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How To Score With Chicks Poor Man's Cocaine Unreleased Beatles Albums
First High Comics How To Tell What Girls Are Like Under Their Clothes
Plus... All New True (SEX) Facts

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25th Birthday Party Issue

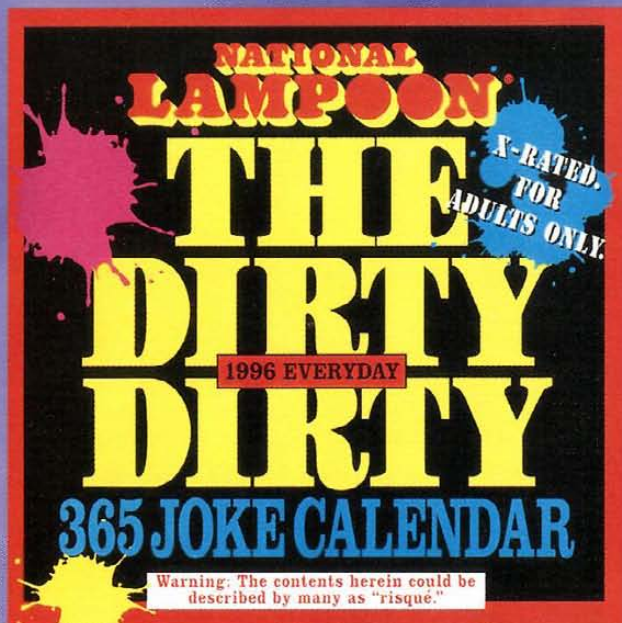
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Visits the Original
Animal House!

Newly Discovered!
Ed Subitzky's
Groovy '60s Diary



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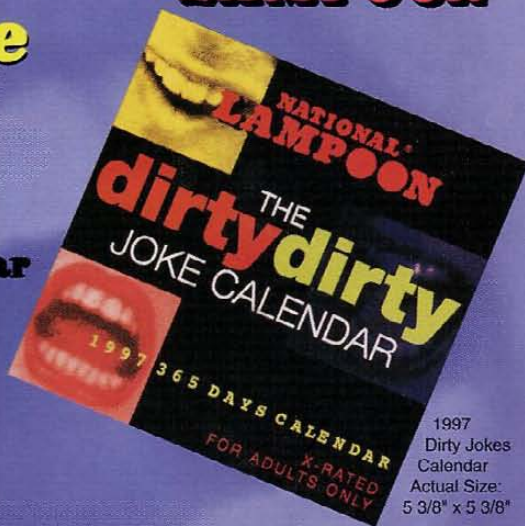
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Letters to the Editor

Sirs:

Come here, Nancy. Eh, now take your clothes off. That's good. *Whoop!* Now there's a Woodrow Wilson for you, mommy, heh, heh, heh! Now, eh, dance for me, and tell me once again how I, eh, played the President.

The Great Communicator
Santa Barbara, CA

Sirs:

Catch Lucky!—He's frosted!

Cereal-loving kids
noting the condition of
whiskey-loving leprechaun
Suburbia, U.S.A.

Sirs:

I'll make a carr bomb, and blow those protestant whelps straight to hell.

Lucky
Londonderry, Northern Ireland

Sirs:

Did I learn a lesson from the Scott Amedure/John Schmitz show? Hell yes! Next week's "secret crush" guests include OJ Simpson and Denise Brown, Louis Farakhan and Gloria Steinem, and Rush and Hillary.

Jenny Jones
Quality TV

Sirs:

Help! Get me out of here! Its hot, and I can't breathe! Hey, I'm rusting, dammit! Help!...Hello? Is anyone out there? Does anyone care?

The Knife
Garment Bag
Kardashian's Closet

Sirs:

I discovered Islam during my stay in prison. It has helped me find peace. Now, all I want to do is concentrate on my upcoming bout with Donald. I'm gonna drive his bill straight into his brain and kill him.

Mohammed Mouse
Las Vegas, NV

Sirs:

Hey! Whatever happened to "man's best friend," you bastards? You left me up here to asphyxiate, and burn up on

reentry into the atmosphere.

We'll, guess again. That was over thirty years ago and I've had a lot of time to think about it. Now I'm coming back, and I'm bringing some pals along with me: a few hundred thousand ten-foot, green and purple schnausers from the Dog Star, and some cosmonauts we captured about ten years ago—when the Ruskies never told you what the hell was really going on—and turned into brain-sucking zombies. I myself have mutated into an acidic blob of pus with tentacles and things.

Revenge is a bitch.

Laiki the Dog
On re-entry somewhere over
Yuma, AZ

Sirs:

What's the difference between the Oklahoma City bomb and me? Give up? About 1 1/2 lbs. of fertilizer.

Rush Limbaugh
Dittoville, USA

Sirs:

Whereas *they* serve a strong hemolytic concoction to their patrons, we serve up an extremely potent neurotoxin, which causes swelling, near instantaneous paralysis, and then, of course, death by respiratory failure. We think club-goers will like it better.

Rudy Schimmel
The Elapidae Room
West Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

*Little Jack Horner,
knelt in the corner,
Admiring his
girlfriend's brown
eye.*

*He stuck in his digit,
and pulled out a midget,
Who said,
"Where's my hat and bow
tie?"*

Mother Goosed
Dirty Storybook
Your five-year-old's sock drawer

Sirs:

Rust! Blood stains! Ancient Middle East balms and salves! Ectoplasmic

energy bursts!...

Put Shroud of Turin in two cups cold water with one-half cup *Cheer!* Add ice. Stir (actual elapsed time: 2 minutes). Remove Shroud of Turin. *Viola!* Stains gone!

For a white that's immaculate, use *Cheer!* Now with relic-safe bleach.

Debbie Hanson
Overzealous housewife
Bloomington, IL

Sirs:

When Bob Dole was a boy, he didn't need welfare or Affirmative Action. There were plenty of good jobs stringing telegraph lines and carving lawn jockeys.

Bob Dole
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Yellah teeth, pink noses, green liverr, bleed'n crucifixes.

Lucky,
Plugging new,
"Homestyle" LuckyCharms

Sirs:

Hey Kids! Do you remember all those poems and photographs you sent me for the "Live in the Captain's Pouch for a Week Contest?" Well, I finally found them in Mr. Green Jeans' bath-room! I can't tell you exactly what he was doing with them in there, but let's just say we'll be calling him Mr. *Cream* Jeans from now on.

Also, I hope you didn't send originals, because they're all stuck together.

Captain Kangaroo
Staying at Mr. Moose's
Until this blows over

Sirs:

Lub, dub, Bill...lub, dub Bill...lub, dub, Bill...

The Telltale Heart of
Vincent Foster
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

My girlfriend asked me to lick her Vulva, but I burned my tongue on the exhaust pipe.

Vinnie Testosterone
Peoria, IL

National Lampoon's Lemmings

Starring John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Christopher Guest
Now on Video!



John Belushi and Chevy Chase Trade Punches in 1972 Classic *National Lampoon's Lemmings*

Nearly a quarter century ago, *National Lampoon* created the perfect antidote to the Woodstock Festival of Peace, Love and Life. Billed as the "Woodchuck Festival of Peace, Love and Death," it introduced John Belushi, Chevy Chase and Christopher Guest to America, and America to a turned-on cast of characters who proudly boasted "We Are Lemmings...We Are Crazy."

For more than a year *Lemmings* delighted Off-Broadway audiences at the Village Gate Theater in New York with its satires of Joe Cocker, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan and other rock and folk music icons. Who can forget John Belushi's convulsive "Joe Cocker" groveling on the floor for just one more slug of Jack Daniels? Or Rhonda Culotte's starry eyed "Joan Baez" proclaiming her solidarity with George Jackson in "Pull The Triggers, Niggers"?

And there was more—much more: Christopher Guest's "James Taylor" with his bluesy "Goodbye North Carolina, Where I Left My Frontal Lobes"; The Motown Manifesto's call for labor solidarity, "Workers of The World, Unite"; The not-so-classic rock band, Freud, Pavlov, Adler and Young's declaration of self destruction, "We Are Lemmings"; Megadeath, the super heavy metal band, that helped the Lemmings achieve their ultimate goal of offing themselves...

Lemmings Saved Forever!

But one night at the Village Gate was different: Someone set up a camera. We'll never know why, but because he did, that night's performance was captured forever. There was no special lighting, just a couple of fixed cameras that caught the magic of this unique event. And now *Lemmings* lives on in video.

National Lampoon's Lemmings—available now on video. Available nowhere else. There's no fancy box, because it's the magic of Belushi, Chase & Guest that makes this a true collectors' edition. *Lemmings*—it's a once-in-a-lifetime chance to recapture a hundred laughs—and a thousand memories of an era that's gone forever. Order your keepsake edition today.

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*California residents add 8.25% sales tax. Send to: *National Lampoon's Lemmings*
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REMINISCING

with

Chris “Animal House” Miller

I pulled my time machine out of the closet the other day. You know, the one I use to go back and watch Charlie Parker play, or Mantle hit home runs, or dine at Restaurant Leslie, a great Village eatery I loved in the 70's. Or, sometimes, just to go back before I swore off substance abuse and share a joint with someone.

One of my preferred places to do this is up at the *National Lampoon* offices around '72. To realize how much things have changed since then, ask yourself when's the last time a nationally-distributed monthly magazine was put out by people who were stoned most of the time. Other than *High Times*, I mean.

The smoking place was a landing behind a fire door. The

stairs were invariably littered with roaches; I suppose you could have gone in there with a dust pan and swept yourself up a lid if you wanted, but in those days the stuff was so inexpensive and plentiful no one bothered. Plus, let us not forget, those were the days when toking up was seen as “striking a blow against the state, man.” I never understood quite how but, what the hell, I was as happy as the next guy to dignify my pleasure-seeking as contributing to some larger good—Why not? Well, on this particular trip, I checked in there, but all I found was a stale pot smoke odor, so I repaired to the editorial offices.

We used to publish out of this office building on Madison Avenue near 59th Street. Nondescript, I guess you'd

have called it, as were the offices themselves. In the main editorial area were the cubby holes of Doug Kenney and Henry Beard, the two Harvard Guys who started the whole thing. There was a third Harvard Guy, too, who art-directed for nine months before taking an early retirement. He moved to Texas or somewhere and had no further contact with us, but became a multi-millionaire a few years later when the magazine was sold. I often wished I had “Rob Hoffman luck.”

Henry was wearing that same turtleneck sweater he wore every day for five years—never washed it once. He used to smoke a pipe and was friendly to all who dropped in for a chat, whether they were cool or assholes. He was an “equal

affability employer.” But Henry did not partake of illicit substances, so I waved and moved on.

After saying hello to Mike Gross, who gave the mag its great look after Hoffman left, and Louise Gikow, my favorite copy editor (who said I was the only one who ever spelled anything right), I ducked under the wagging tail of the silly cat clock and dropped in on Doug. It’s always good to see Doug because nowadays he’s dead. Doug and me were tight. Strange case—though cool, funny and soulful, he thought of himself as a geek. That’s him as “Stork” in *Animal House*, with the slide rule in his belt, leading the band into a blind alley. “Yo, Doug,” I said “You holding?” “Yo, Chris,” he replied, “I cooked all my weed into cookies and gave ’em to Matty. And, by the way, where’s your piece for the June issue?”

“Right back,” I promised, and made it to Matty’s office. As publisher, he had a big one—office, I mean. Matty was always pleased to see me. He enjoyed trying to make me take all that nasty, obscene stuff out of my stories. Since all that nasty, obscene stuff was probably the secret of my success, I tended to resist his attempts to reform me. When I saw the plate containing only cookie crumbs on his desk, I realized I’d struck out again; he’d eaten them all. Then I realized further that Doug probably hadn’t told Matty

what was in them, since, if he had, Matty wouldn’t have eaten one, much less the whole plate. Matty, you see, was from the straight world. His drug of choice was, like, *scotch* or something. I wondered what the cookies were doing for him. That’s when I found him, outside his window, crawling up the side of the building like Spiderman. “What are you doing?” I cried. “Pigeons!” he explained. Figuring, what the hey, it’s only a four-story drop, I waved and moved on.

Who should I try next? These trips back in time are expensive, and I refused to go home with my mission unaccomplished. Michael O’Donoghue? Nah. He was—how do you put this—a tad mercurial; you never knew whether he’d hand you a joint or throw his filing cabinet at you. Tony Hendra? I didn’t like smoking with Tony because his eyes looked in different directions and you thought you were with a fish. Mary Armantrout? No, she was in college in Wisconsin and I wouldn’t meet her until 1983.

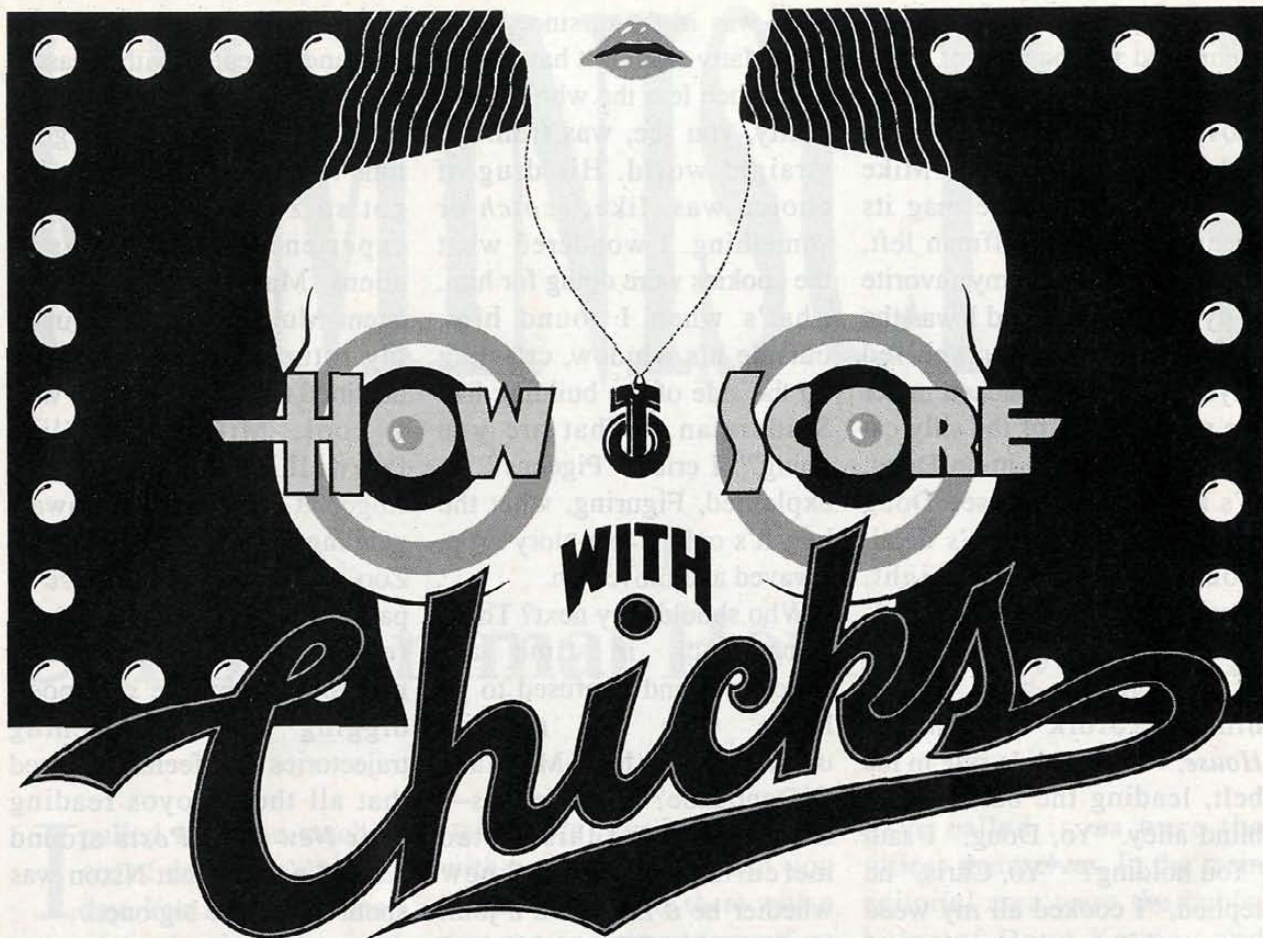
I did, however, spot Mary Marshmallow on her way through the fire door. *All right!* Mary worked at the *Lampoon* as a “hyphenate” (secretary-babe) who specialized in breaking up friendships between the editors by screwing all of them equally. She was an “equal screwability employee.” Trouble was, she always somehow forgot about me, so, as I said, I was quite

pleased to find her there that day, and accepted with pleasure the zucchini-sized spliff she offered me. I was making good time with her, too, right up ’til I got so zonked that I began experiencing her breasts as aliens. Making a note to call agent Muldur about this upon my return to the nineties, I declined further tokes and, with a cool, Miles Davis-like farewell poke of my index finger at her, wandered away, winding up at the Central Park Zoo, where you didn’t have to pay to get in yet, and spent the remainder of the afternoon kicked back by the seal pool, digging their glistening trajectories and feeling amused that all these yoyos reading their *New York Posts* around me had no idea that Nixon was about to bite the big one...



Chris Miller, along with Doug Kenney and Harold Ramis, wrote the script for National Lampoon’s “Animal House,” which was based on Chris’ experiences at Dartmouth College. Chris and Doug can be spotted throughout the film as Deltas “Hardbar” and “Stork,” respectively.

Chris Miller remains one of the most beloved of National Lampoon writers for reasons which should be obvious as you enjoy his classic short stories, “Pipe Dream” and “Tales of Nozzlin High School - Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll Meets the Amboy Dukes,” and the interview, “Beat the Meatles,” reprinted in this special National Lampoon 25th Birthday issue.—ed.



by Doug Kenney

How many times have you said to yourself, "Boy, could I use some nookie!"? But you just sit alone in your room watching "Golddigger" reruns with your tongue hanging down to your dupe or rereading the good parts of *The Carpetbaggers* while your lap slowly fills with saliva. Outside, in the park, squealing hippies are noisily copping feels, the retired couple upstairs are humping their brains out, knocking plaster into your bathtub. Even Fido is off somewhere getting his end wet.

Everybody is out ripping off a nice little piece of cooz but you. There you sit, horny enough to shaft a snake in a sandstorm and wondering if you can still chisel the pages of last month's *Playboy* apart.

Being male, it is a cold, biological fact that you have to get your cubes off every day or they'll shrivel up like Sunsweet raisins. But why settle for plunking your twanger when you can be strapping on a different beautiful babe every night?

How?

No sweat. Just study these step-by-step instructions carefully and you will be up to your nose in real, live, juicy *poontang!*

Sizing Her Up

The most important thing that guys forget when looking for the right girl is that *women are human beings*. Luckily for us, however, they are also stupid human beings. It's no state secret that oad-brays are a little umbdy, if you get my meaning, and all you have to do to score with chicks is keep one jump ahead of them, which is about as taxing as beating an amputee at hopscotch.

When scouting for tail, remember, *don't be choosy!* Miles and miles of perfectly good pussy are overlooked every day just because their owners lack some fancy movie star's little gesture, mole, or limb. "You don't fuck the face," as the old saying goes, and, if you read this sort of magazine in the first place, chances are you won't be dipping into Jane Fonda's sugar doughnut tonight, anyway.

So why kid yourself? Man is basically an animal, after all, and those so-called "pigs," "dogs," and "cows" your friends fix you up with are still better lays than that chicken in the fridge. As I hinted before, you are very likely no fantastic prize yourself, and, in your quest, it would be foolish

for you to overlook the ugly girl.

As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to overlook ugly girls because they are so plentiful. For every gorgeous blonde or brunette swathed in the latest fashions from smart Fifth Avenue boutiques and closely guarded by jealous attack dogs and vicious husbands, there are literally hundreds of dumpy twats in Snoopy sweatshirts just aching for a taste of your tube-steak.

These handy pushovers can be found everywhere, disconsolately sipping Tabs in pizza joints with their roommates, biting their nails and reading *The Bull from the Sea* in laundromats, lounging around A & Ps gazing wistfully at pimply check-out boys, or wandering aimlessly through parks in Mary Janes and pigtails trolling for molesters. Just a little effort on your part and you can certainly meet a girl that's right for you.

One of the surest marks of a girl that's right for you is big tits. A chick with huge bazongas is worth a dozen of those Gloria Steinem types with fifteen PhD's and two pathetic little cupcake hooters. Most regular guys agree that the one thing they admire

continued

most about a woman is the size of her knockers, and don't let any of those *Vogue* editors fool you. Jumping on the bones of one of those skinny models is a lot like riding an English bicycle over railroad ties, and you don't even get to honk the horn! Of course, you may be one of those people who don't particularly mind *schtupping* a chick with dinky dugs, and that is certainly your right.

Faggot.

Catching Her Attention

Once you have homed in on your evening's target, it is necessary to make her notice you. Many guys think all they have to do to make an impression on a girl is walk up to her and murmur something like "Hey, baby, wanna practice a few scales on my skin flute?" If you have been using such a crude approach to the delicate art of seduction, it's no wonder you have more than just time on your hands.

As the male of most other species sports bright plumage to aid them in the ritual of courtship, likewise you must make yourself attractive to her. There are several proven methods from which you may choose. If, for example, you wish to project a romantic, slightly dangerous image, a black eyepatch, a jeweled hook, or a stick-on dueling scar "from your undergradu-

ate years at the University of Heidelberg" is quite effective, particularly if accompanied by occasional heel-clicking and curt inquiries as to her opinion of "the Jewish question." For added panache, stub out your cigarettes on her neck.

Another surefire technique is the "shy" or "bashful boy" routine. If you are at a party, go out of your way to sit alone looking dejected. When she looks at you, hold your breath for two minutes or as long as you can stand it. Immediately, your face will break into a blush that will melt a chick's heart like oleo on a hot radiator—and you're on your way to Twat City.

Lastly, the "card" is a standard ruse that will work time after time. Chicks love "kooky" guys with a lively sense of humor, and there are no better tools for standing out at a gathering than the squirting flower, the hand buzzer, and the Whoopee cushion, the last of these being especially invaluable for another remarkable dodge, the "Sir Walter Raleigh"! If you have managed to elbow your way to a chair next to your "intended's" at a formal dinner party, slip this little rubber bag under her keister as you politely hold her chair. The ensuing SSSSSS-PPPPRRRAAZZZ! will cause her to leap from the chair in shame and confusion, permitting you to whisk this dandy laugh riot back into your

pocket and *formally apologize to the guests for making such a rude noise!* Nobody will be fooled by your "gallant pose," but, by this point, the chick will be so limp with embarrassment she'll go down out of dumb-ass gratitude! (Remember what I said earlier about certain kinds of so-called "human beings.")

Other "signals" that tell a chick you are available for rubadub are sexually stimulating scents. There are a number of musk-based after-shaves on the market, but, unfortunately, they are of limited effectiveness because of the small quantities of organic substances they contain. Personally, I recommend rubbing yourself with a dead animal (any small rodent or household pet will do).

Famous matadors, Hemingway tells us, traditionally stuff their tight silk trousers with handkerchiefs for the benefit of the admiring *senoritas*. You can update this traditional ploy by loading your shorts with any of a number of easily obtainable objects, such as balloons, yams, or kielbasa. It's kinky, but it works!

Goosing, anyone? This "old standby" can always be relied upon, particularly when combined with the sense-of-humor routine described above, and is sure to rivet the lady's attention only to you. The next time you see a hunk of ass you'd enjoy porking, just

HOW TO MAKE IT WITH MEN

by Amy Ephron

We have all experienced dry spells and been forced to accept every invitation, make the Friday office party, frequent the corner bar, and, in desperation, resort to the fumble-under-the-trench-coat-for-relief trick. A good lay should not be that hard to come by.

Picking a Partner

The size of the member is never as important as the shape—firm and erect, as they say. There is nothing erotic about a large sagging organ.

Looks are a matter of personal preference. Many would trade tall, dark, and handsome for thin, stooped, and androgynous any day. The first step is to decide what your personal preferences are. (If you are new to this field, play around a bit, experiment until you find the shape that is best for you.) Below are a few general virility indicators that apply to all types.

Socks. Ankle-itis is an indication of a man who pays very little attention to details, yours or his. He is unaware of that irritating feeling as the sock slips down into the shoe, and probably would not be aware of those subtle stroking things that are the essence of foreplay.

On the other hand, socks that are too well gartered are indicative of a man who pays too much attention to

detail. For those of us who occasionally wear safety pins in our slip straps, this type is best avoided.

Watchbands. Those made of leather are safest. Men with the silver and gold variety on their wrists are sometimes prone to abnormal appetites.

Tattoos. Terrific for surefire first lines. (See "Surefire First Lines" below.)

Suggest you steer clear of flags on the chest that ripple in the wind as he breathes. Flagpoles, on the other hand, are wonderfully phallic and erotic.

Making Contact

Conversation Starters

Fumble in your pocketbook for a match while a cigarette dangles elusively from your lip.

Ask him what time it is, and lead into an intense conversation about tickers.

Never carry an umbrella when it rains.

Surefire First Lines

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Do you come here often?"

In a soft, breathy voice say, "That's an amazing tattoo," as you casually unbutton his shirt or raise his pant leg to get a better look.

The Date

Assuming you have been successful

FOTO FUNNIES

X



I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO THE PRO MUSICA CONCERT TONIGHT! WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?

NO!



WELL, A NEW FRENCH RESTAURANT JUST OPENED UP DOWN THE BLOCK AND I'VE HEARD THEIR OISEAUX SANS TÊTES ARE DYNAMITE! HOW ABOUT IT?

NO!



THE RIALTO IS RUNNING A KUROSAWA FESTIVAL! IF WE LEFT NOW, WE COULD PROBABLY BEAT THE CROWD!

NO!



HEY, HOW ABOUT CATCHING THE DUCHAMP SHOW AT THE MUSEUM? OR WE COULD DROP BY THE COLLEGE-MAILER'S DEBATING BETTY FRIEDAN? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE NEW ORTON PLAY AT THE AUDITORIUM?

NO!



WANNA SCREW?



ANIMAL! IS THAT ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT?

WHAT EVERY YOUNG WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

A guide to the facts of life and love for high school girls, published and supplied as a public service with the compliments of the editors of the *National Lampoon*.

YOU'VE PROBABLY BEEN WONDERING...

About those curious sensations in your body... about those warm, "ficklish" feelings you've been having the last couple of years... about all those things your parents told you they'd talk to you about "when you're a little older."

Well, we want you to know that, as far we're concerned, *you're old enough now!* Old enough to know what your body wants to do... and how to do it. Old enough to be a fully knowledgeable, skilled young woman.

It's important that you get this information candidly, clearly, fully. So first of all—and this is important—don't ask your parents. In fact, *don't even show them this booklet!* It's not that they don't want the best for you. But they grew up in an earlier age, when the facts of life and love were considered shameful... something to keep secret. Well, we don't think it's shameful at all. We think it's *terrific*. And we want you to get the best out of all the wonderful experiences soon to come your way. So listen—look—and then, welcome to the wonderful world of fulfillment.

WHAT KIND OF MAN MAKES THE BEST LOVER?

Unfortunately, many men who seem attractive on the surface are actually strongly homosexual—often without even knowing it. Men with lean waists, overdeveloped chests, arms, and shoulders, and clear skin are actually unconsciously obsessed by male bodies.

You should stay far away from men who are athletes or rock stars, and men who feel compelled to dress in fancy suits with clean shirts and polished shoes. These "men" often have a compulsion to spend money on sumptuous meals, taxicabs, and expensive trinkets to compensate for their affliction. Experienced, self-confident lovers—the kind you want—don't need to alter the natural contours of their bodies. They are content with slender arms, relaxed chests, and waists with a comfortable amount of flesh—which can come in handy during moments of intimacy (why do you think they call them "love handles"?). Introspective, thoughtful men with senses of humor are especially valuable; men who write humorous magazine material, for example.

One other tip: married men can be depended on *not* to cause embarrassing runers about you at home or school. Men on short business trips are discreet, grateful, and particularly driven by passion. Look for them!

HOW... "BIG"... SHOULD A MAN BE?

Don't be shy. It's an important question, and one surrounded by confusion.

The average mans penis is 2½ to 3 inches long. Men substantially larger than this must often undergo painful surgery to cure their condition. In thickness, the average man is somewhat larger than a ball-point pen.

HOW ... "LONG" ... SHOULD A MAN LAST?

Some men can prolong the sex act beyond the once-impenetrable thirty-second barrier; intercourse with an experienced man can go on for up to forty-five seconds. Once in a long while, you'll find a man who can "last" as long as a minute. Whatever you do, don't let your girl friends know you've landed one of these desirable "sixty second wonders."

HOW DO I KNOW IF I'M HAVING AN ORGASM?

The female orgasm is a sensation that's very hard to put into words, but most fulfilled, experienced women agree that it "feels like something inside of you." When a man's penis is inside your vagina, or mouth, or buttocks, that is an orgasm. You'll find that a *really* skilled lover applies the same technique to love as a gourmet does to a meal: he "leaves a little something on your plate." When, after intercourse, you feel a vague sensation that there could be "more to come," that "vaguely unsatisfied" feeling, then you can be sure that you've experienced a sexually memorable adventure.

WHAT IS A MULTIPLE ORGASM?

There is *no* such thing.

WHAT ABOUT ORAL SEX?

This is one of the most significant differences between the sexes. If you look at pictures of a man and a woman, you'll see that a man's penis fits naturally into a woman's mouth. On the other hand, a man's mouth does *not* naturally fit into a woman's vagina. Thus, a woman orally stimulating a man is performing a "natural" act. But a man seeking to put his mouth on or near a vagina is committing an "unnatural" act (why do you think they call the vagina your "private parts"?).

WHAT IS AFTERPLAY?

Men have many ways of expressing their satisfaction. His satisfied sigh, followed by a deep, consuming sleep, is a sure sign that he, and you, are "C.I.B." Another example of male "afterplay" is his turning on a football or basketball game immediately after climax.

Many women find a particularly satisfying postcoital experience in going into the kitchen and bringing a nice, cold beer back for the man, *along with a light snack—sandwich, potato chips, and dip—to help her love put back depleted calories.*

WHAT IS IMPOTENCE?

Impotence is what happens when a girl fails to stimulate her man properly. This can happen when her figure is not perfect, or when she tries to talk to him for too long before getting into bed with him.

When this happens, you can help by turning on a sports event on TV or getting your man a sandwich. Another really good "foreplay" technique is to invite a really good-looking girl friend over, and do whatever he asks, to him or to each other, while he watches.

HOW CAN I KEEP THE MYSTERY ALIVE?

One good way to keep things from getting routine is to vary your dress. Garter belts, black mesh stockings, leather, or rubber suits will all help get your man's attention. Also, don't keep playing "one on one." Invite your more attractive and energetic girl friends over to take part.

Another technique—and we think the best—is to use *anonymous names*. Have your lover call himself "Mr. Smith." Don't let him tell you where he lives, or his home telephone number. You'll find it lends an air of real "mystery" to the affair.

HOW CAN I MEET REAL MEN?

When looking for the ideal man—about twenty-five to forty, married, on a business trip, with enough flab to assure you of his masculinity—go over to a Ramada Inn or Holiday Inn cocktail lounge about 8:30 at night. Look around the room; then, when you've found your man, unbutton the top three or four buttons on your blouse, wink at him, walk over, and whisper in his ear, "You're cute—can I buy you a drink?" This is a real conversational icebreaker, and things will progress naturally from there.

SOME OTHER IMPORTANT QUESTIONS:

"If I get pregnant, how do I know who the father is?"

There's absolutely no way to tell.

"Where should a man take me?"

Because so many homosexual men like to take their "dates" out for fancy meals, look for the man who will send you out to a local Arby's or Carl's, Jr., for a sandwich. That means his mind's not on food—so you *know* what he's thinking about.

"What happens if he doesn't call?"

He may be trying to keep the romance alive; go out every few weeks to your local Ramada Inn or Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, and look to see if he's come back. If he hasn't, find another person who sort of looks like him and maybe writes for or works for a humor magazine, and try the "Can I buy you a drink?" technique with *him*. You may find you've met a *new*, exciting lover.

IF YOU STILL NEED HELP... WE'RE HERE.

Call the *National Lampoon* Hotline, 212-688-4070; we can answer all your questions. If you send them along with a recent photo, we can send an editor to your hometown to provide personal counseling. You pay only air fare, hotel bills, cab fares, and a small consulting fee.

How to Drive Fast on D Wing-Wang Squeezed a

When it comes to taking chances, some people like to play poker or shoot dice; other people prefer to parachute jump, go rhino hunting, or climb ice floes, while still others engage in crime or marriage. But I like to get drunk and drive like a fool. Name me, if you can, a better feeling than the one you get when you're half a bottle of Chivas in the bag with a gram of coke up your nose, and a teenage lovely pulling off her tube top in the next seat over while you're going a hundred miles an hour down a suburban side street. You'd have to watch the entire Mexican air force crash-land in a liquid petroleum gas storage facility to match this kind of thrill. If you ever have much more fun than that, you'll die of pure sensory overload, I'm here to tell you.

But wait. Let's pause and analyze why this particular matrix of activities is perceived as so highly enjoyable. I mean, aside from the teenage lovely pulling off her tube top in the next seat

over. Ignoring that for a moment (despite these perfect little cone-shaped breasts that stand right up from her chest and end in a pair of eager hot pink lust-hardened nipples as thick as your thumbs), let's look at the psychological factors conducive to placing positive emotional values on the sensory end product of experientially produced excitement of the central nervous system and smacking into a lamppost. Is that any way to have fun? How would your mother feel if she knew you were doing this? She'd cry. She really would. And that's how you know it's fun. Anything that makes your mother cry is fun. Sigmund Freud wrote all about this. It's a well-known fact.

Of course, it's a shame to risk young lives behaving this way—speeding around all tanked up with your feet hooked in the steering wheel while your date crawls around on the floor mats opening zippers with her teeth

and pounding on the accelerator with an empty liquor bottle. But it wouldn't be taking a chance if you weren't risking *something*. And even if it is a shame to risk young lives behaving this way, it is definitely cooler than risking *old* lives behaving this way. I mean, so what if some fifty-eight-year-old butt-head gets a load on and starts playing Death Race 2000 in the rush-hour traffic jam? What kind of chance is he taking? He's just waiting around to see what kind of cancer he gets anyway. But if young, talented *you*, with all of life's possibilities at your fingertips, you and the future Cheryl! Tiegs there, so fresh, so beautiful—if the two of *you* stake your handsome heads on a single roll of the dice in life's game of stop-the-semi—now *that's* taking chances! Which is why old people rarely risk their lives. It's not because they're chicken—they just have too much dignity to play for small stakes.



Drugs While Getting Your and Not Spill Your Drink

by P.J. O'Rourke, Technical Consultant: Joe Schenkman

Now a lot of people say to me, "Hey, P.J., you like to drive fast. Why not join a responsible organization, such as the Sports Car Club of America, and enjoy participation in sports car racing? That way you could drive as fast as you wish while still engaging in a well-regulated spectator sport that is becoming more popular each year." No thanks. In the first place, if you ask me, those guys are a bunch of tweedy old barf mats who like to talk about things like what necktie they wore to Alberto Ascari's funeral. And in the second place, they won't let me drive drunk. They expect me to go out there and smash into things and roll over on the roof and catch fire and burn to death when I'm sober. They must think I'm crazy. That stuff scares me. I have to get completely fuck-faced to even think about driving fast. How can you have a lot of exciting thrills when you're so terrified that you wet yourself all the time? That's not fun. It's just *not fun* to have exciting thrills

when you're scared. Take the heroes of the *Iliad*, for instance—they really had some exciting thrills, and were they scared? No. They were drunk. Every chance they could get. And so am I, and I'm not going out there and have a horrible car wreck until somebody brings me a cocktail.

Also, it's important to be drunk because being drunk keeps your body all loose, and that way, if you have an accident or anything, you'll sort of roll with the punches and not get banged up so bad. For example, there was this guy I heard about who was really drunk and was driving through the Adirondacks. He got sideswiped by a bus and went head-on into another car, which knocked him off a bridge, and he plummeted 150 feet into a ravine. I mean, it killed him and everything, but if he hadn't been so drunk and loose, his body probably would have been banged up a lot worse—and you can imagine how much more upset his wife

would have been when she went down to the morgue to identify him if he'd been twisted up and smashed to pieces and covered in bloody gore.

Even more important than being drunk, however, is having the right car. You have to get a car that handles really well. This is extremely important, and there's a lot of debate on this subject—about what kind of car handles best. Some say a front-engined car; some say a rear-engined car. I say a *rented* car. Nothing handles better than a rented car. You can go faster, turn corners sharper, and put the transmission into reverse while going forward at a higher rate of speed in a rented car than in any other kind. You can also park without looking, and can use the trunk as an ice chest. Another thing about a rented car is that it's an all-terrain vehicle. Mud, snow, water, woods—you can take a rented car anywhere. True, you can't always get it back—but that's not your problem, is it?



Yet there's more to a really good-handling car than just making sure it doesn't belong to you. It has to be big. It's really hard for a girl to get her clothes off inside a small car, and this is one of the most important features of car handling. Also, what kind of drugs does it have in it? Most people like to drive on speed or cocaine with plenty of whiskey mixed in. This gives you the confidence you want and need for plowing through red lights and passing trucks on the right. But don't neglect downs and 'ludes and codeine cough syrup either. It's hard to beat the heavy depressants for high speed spin-outs, backing into trees, and a general feeling of not giving two fucks about man and his universe. Try a little heroin. Sometimes it makes you throw up, but if you haven't used all the ice in the trunk, you can spread some around on the back seat floor and that way when you forget whether you're in England or not and can't remember which side of the car you're on, you can just puke over your shoulder and the ice will keep the smell down, if you still care. Plus, some of the cubes will slide under the front seat and you can grab them and use them on the girl (which is really a kick in case you've never tried it).

Over all, though, it's the bigness of the car that counts the most. Because when something bad happens in a really big car—accidentally speeding through the middle of a gang of unruly young people who have been taunting you in a drive-in restaurant, for instance—it happens very far away—way out at the end of your fenders. It's like a civil war in Africa; you know, it doesn't really concern you too much. On the other hand, when something happens in a little bitty car it happens all over you. You get all involved in it and have to give everything a lot of thought. Driving around in a little bitty car is like being one of those sensitive girls who writes poetry. Life is just too much to bear. You end up staying at home in your bedroom and thinking up sonnets that don't get published till you die, which will be real soon if you keep driving around in little bitty cars like that.

Let's inspect some of the basic maneuvers of drunken driving while you've got crazy girls who are on drugs with you. Look for these signs when picking up crazy girls: pierced cars with five or six earrings in them, unusual shoes, white lipstick, extreme thinness, hair that's less than an inch long, or clothing made of chrome and leather. Stay away from girls who cry a lot or who look like they get pregnant easily or have careers. They may want to do weird stuff in cars, but only in the back seat, and that's already filled with ice and has throw-up all over it and, anyway, it's really hard to

steer from back there. Besides, they'll want to get engaged right away afterwards. But the other kind of girls—there's no telling what they'll do. I used to know this girl who weighed about eighty pounds and dressed in skirts that didn't even cover her underwear, when she wore any. I had this beat-up old Mercedes, and we were off someplace about fifty miles from nowhere on Christmas Eve in a horrible sleet storm. The road was really a mess, all curves and big ditches, and I was blotto, and the car kept slipping off the pavement and sliding sideways. And just when I'd hit a big patch of glare ice and was frantically spinning the wheel trying to stay out of the oncoming traffic, she said, "I shaved my pussy today—wanna feel?"

That's really true. And then, about half an hour later the head gasket blew up, and we had to spend I don't know how long in this dirtball motel, although the girl walked all the way to the liquor store through about a mile of slush and got all kinds of wine and did weird stuff with the bottle necks later. So it was sort of O.K., except that the garage where I left the Mercedes burned down and I used the insurance money to buy a motorcycle.

Now girls who like motorcycles really will do *anything*. I mean, really, *anything you can think of*. But it's just not the same. For one thing, it's hard to drink while you're riding a motorcycle—there's no place to set your glass. And cocaine's out of the question. And personally, I find that grass makes me too sensitive. You smoke some grass and the first thing you know you're pulling over to the side of the road and taking a break to dig the gentle beauty of the sky's vast panorama, the slow, luxurious interplay of sun and clouds, the lulling trill of breezes midst leafy tree branches—and what kind of fun is that? Besides, it's rough to "get it on" with a chick (I mean in the biblical sense) and still make all the fast curves unless you let her take the handlebars with her pants off and come on Greek style or something, which is harder than it sounds; and pantless girls on motorcycles attract the highway patrol, so usually you don't end up doing anything until you're both off the bike, and by then you may be in the hospital. Like I was after this old lady who pulled out in front of me in an Oldsmobile, and the girl I was with still wanted to do anything you can think of, but there was a doctor there and he was squirting pHisoHex all over me and combing little bits of gravel out of my face with a wire brush, and I just couldn't get into it. So, take it from me and don't get a motorcycle. Get a big car.

Usually, most fast driving maneuvers that don't require crazy girls call for use of

the steering wheel, so be sure your car is equipped with power steering. Without power steering, turning the wheel is a lot like work, and if you wanted work you'd get a job. All steering should be done with the index finger. Then, when you're done doing all the steering that you want to do, just pull your finger out of there and the wheel will come right back to wherever it wants to. It's that simple. Be sure to do an extra lot of steering when going into a driveway or turning sharp corners. And here's another important tip: Always roll the window down before throwing bottles out, and don't try to throw them through the windshield unless the car is parked.

O.K., now say you've been on a six-day drunk and you've just made a bet that you can back up all the way to Cleveland, plus you've got a buddy who's getting a blowjob on the trunk lid. Well, let's face it—if that's the way you're going to act, sooner or later you'll have an accident. This much is true. But that doesn't mean that you should sit back and just let accidents happen to you. No, you have to go out and cause them yourself. That way you're in control of the situation.

You know, it's a shame, but a lot of people have the wrong idea about accidents. For one thing, they don't hurt nearly as much as you'd think. That's because you're in shock and can't feel pain or, if you aren't in shock, you're dead, and that doesn't hurt at all so far as we know. Another thing is that they make great stories. I've got this friend—a prominent man in the automotive industry—who flipped his MG TF back in the fifties and slid on his head for a couple hundred yards, and had to spend a year with no eyelids and a steel pin through his cheekbones while his face was being rebuilt. Sure, it wasn't much fun at the time, but you should hear him tell about it now—what a fabulous talc, especially at dinner. Besides, it's not all smashing glass and spurring blood, you understand. Why, a good sideswipe can be an almost religious experience. The sheet metal doesn't break or crunch or anything—it flexes and gives way as the two vehicles come together, with a rushing liquid pulse as if two giant sharks of steel were mating in the perpetual night of the sea primordial. I mean, if you're on enough drugs. Also, sometimes you see a lot of really pretty lights in your head.

One sure way to cause an accident is with your basic "moonshiner's" or "bootlegger's" turn. Whiz down the road at about sixty or seventy, throw the gearshift into neutral, cut the wheel to the left, and hit the emergency brake with one good wallop while holding the brake release out with your left hand. This'll send you

spinning around in a perfect 180° turn right into a culvert or a fast-moving tractor-trailer rig. (The bootlegger's turn can be done on dry pavement, but it works best on loose gravel or small children.) Or, when you've moved around backwards, you can then spin the wheel to the right and keep on going until you've come around a full 360° and are headed back the same way you were going; though it probably would have been easier to have just kept going that way in the first place and not have done anything at all, unless you were with somebody you really wanted to impress—your probation officer, for instance.

An old friend of mine named Joe Schenkman happens to have just written me a letter about another thing you can do to wreck a car. Joe's on a little vacation up in Vermont and will be until he finds out what the statute of limitations on attempted vehicular homicide is. And he was writing to tell me about a fellow he met up there, saying:

... This guy has rolled (deliberately) over thirty cars (and not just by his own account—the townfolks back him up on this story), inheriting only a broken nose (three times) and a slightly black-and-blue shoulder for all this. What you do, see, is you go into a moonshiner's turn, but you get on the brakes and stay on them. Depending on how fast you're going, you roll proportionately: four or five rolls is decent. Going into the spin, you have one hand on the seat and the other firmly on the roof so you're sprung in tight. As you feel the roof give on the first roll, you slip your seat hand under the dash (of the passenger side, as you're thrown hard over in that direction to begin with), and pull yourself under it. And here you simply sit it out, springing yourself tight with your whole body, waiting for the thunder to die. Naturally, it helps to be drunk, and if you have a split second's doubt or hesitation through any of this, you die.

This Schenkman himself is no slouch of a driver, I may say. Unfortunately, his strong suit is driving in New York City, an area that has a great number of unusual special conditions, which we just don't have the time or the space to get into right here (except to note that the good part is how it's real easy to scare old Jewish ladies in new Cadillacs and the bad part is that Negroes actually *do* carry knives, not to mention Puerto Ricans; and everybody else you hit turns out to be a lawyer or married to somebody in the mob). However, Joe is originally from the South, and it was down there that he discovered huffing glue and sniffing industrial solvents and such. These

give you a really spectacular hallucinatory type of a high where you think, for instance, that you're driving through an overpass guardrail and landing on a freight train flatcar and being hauled to Shreveport and loaded into a container ship headed for Liberia with a crew full of homosexual Lebanese, only to come to and find out that it's true. Joe is a commercial artist who enjoys jazz music and horse racing. His favorite color is blue.

There's been a lot of discussion about what kind of music to listen to while staring doom square in the eye and not blinking unless you get some grit under your contacts. Watch out for the fellow who tunes his FM to the classical station. He thinks a little Rimsky-Korsakov makes things more dramatic—like in a foreign movie. That's pussy style. This kind of guy's idea of a fast drive is a 75-mph cruise up to the summer cottage after one brandy and soda. The true skidmark artist prefers something cheery and upbeat—"Night on Disco Mountain" or "Boogie Oogie Oogie" or whatever it is that the teenage lovely with nipples as thick as your thumbs wants to shake her buns to. Remember her? So what do you care what's on the fucking tape deck? The high, hot whine of the engine, the throaty pitch of the exhaust, the wind in your beer can, the gentle slurping noises from her little bud-red lips—that's all the music your ears need, although side two of the first Velvet Underground album is nice if you absolutely insist. And no short jaunts either. For the maniacal high-speed driver, endurance is everything. Especially if you've used that ever-

popular pickup line, "Wanna go to Mexico?" Especially if you've used it somewhere like Boston. Besides teenage girls can go a long, long time without sleep and, believe me, so can the police and their parents. So just keep your foot in it. There's no reason not to. There's no reason not to keep going forever, really. I had this friend who drove a whole shitload of people up from Oaxaca to Cincinnati one time, nonstop. I mean, he stopped for gas but he wouldn't even let anybody get out then. He made them all piss out the windows, and he says that it was worth the entire drive just to see a girl try to piss out the window of a moving car.

Get a fat girl friend so you'll have plenty of amphetamines and you'll never have to stop at all. The only problem you'll run into is that after you've been driving for two or three days you start to see things in the road—great big scaly things twenty feet high with nine legs. But there are very few great big scaly things with nine legs in America anymore, so you can just drive right through them because they probably aren't really there, and if they *are* really there you'll be doing the country a favor by running them over.

Yes, but where does it all end? Where does a crazy life like this lead? To death, you say. Look at all the people who've died in car wrecks: Albert Camus, Jayne Mansfield, Jackson Pollack, Tom Paine. Well, Tom Paine didn't *really* die in a car wreck, but he probably would have if he'd lived a little later. He was that kind of guy. Anyway, death is always the first thing that leaps into everybody's mind—sudden violent death at an early age. If only it were that simple. God, we could all go out in a blaze of flaming aluminum alloys formulated specially for the Porsche factory race effort like James Dean did! No ulcers, no hemorrhoids, no bulging waistlines, soft dicks, or false teeth...*bash!! kaboom!!* Watch this space for paperback reprint rights, auction, and movie option sale! But that's not the way it goes. No. What actually happens is you fall for that teenage lovely in the next seat over, fall for her like a ton of condoms, and before you know it you're married and have teenage love-lies of your own—getting gang-fucked on a Pontiac Trans-Am's shaker hood at this very minute, no doubt—plus a six-figure mortgage, a liver the size of the Bronx, and a Country Squire that's never seen the sweet side of sixty.

I guess it's hard to face the truth, but I suppose you yourself realize that if you'd had just a little more courage, just a little more strength of character, you could have been dead by now. No such luck. □



TROTS and BONNIE





all new first high



COMICS



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

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

WRITTEN BY
DOUG KENNEY
DRAWN BY
JOE ORLANDO

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

Puff the MAGIC DRAGON!

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

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



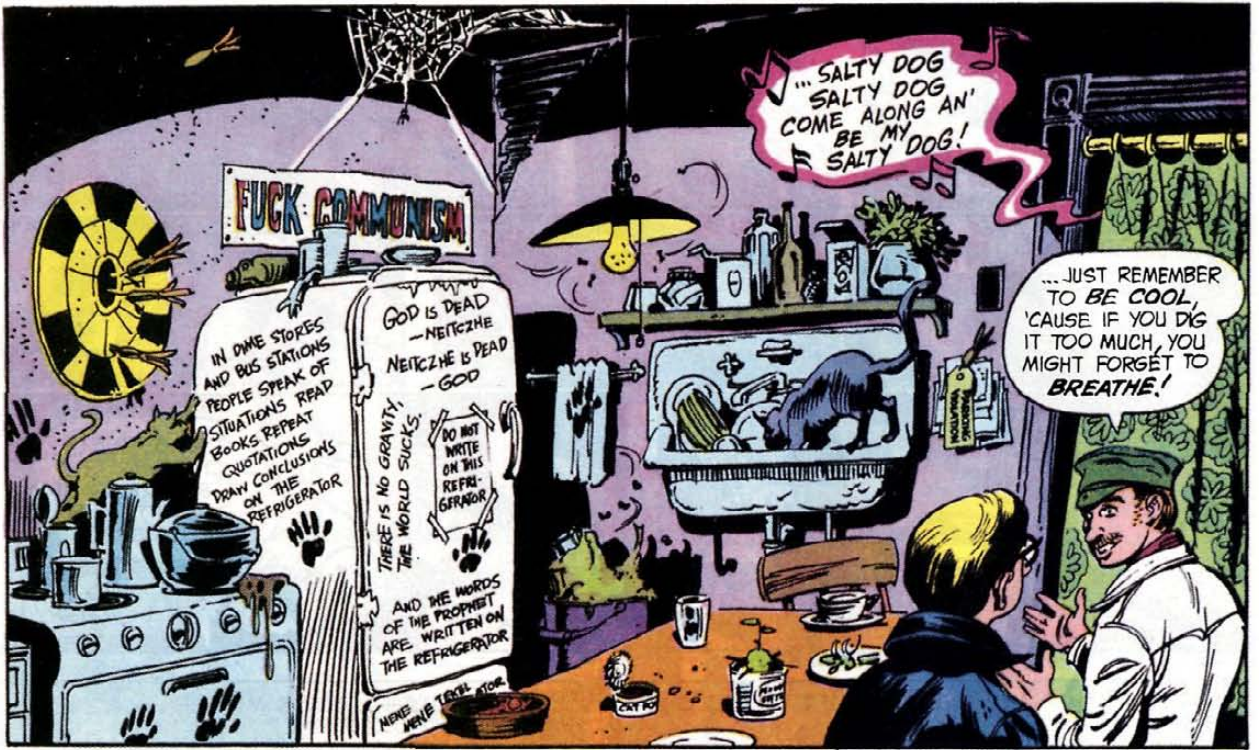
"STUFF?"

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

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



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





WIDE-EYED, I OBSERVED A STRANGE DRUG RITUAL RARELY SEEN BY THOSE OUTSIDE THE AVANT-GARDE "UNDERGROUND"!!



... THE SECRET "STASH"!!



IT WAS NINETY BUCKS A METRIC LID, BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY "LUMBER"!

!! WOW! ? COOL EE-NOUGH!

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, WE WERE "FLYING" ON A "BOMBER," CALIFORNIA-STYLE ...



... SCUBA TANKS FULL OF IT!

... SHOULD RUN IT THROUGH A BLENDER FIRST!

YOU STONED?

WOW! I'M SO STONED I CAN'T TALK!

... 0001 INCHES IN DIAMETER.

MAKES THE BACK OF YOUR NECK STIFF!

... UNTIL AT LAST IT WAS MY TURN FOR THE "ACAPULCO GOLD RUSH!"



THAT ROACH IS ABOUT PLAYED... BETTER TAKE THE LAST DRAG WITH A HUBBLY-BUBBLY!

FEELS LIKE AN IRON BAND AROUND MY HEAD!

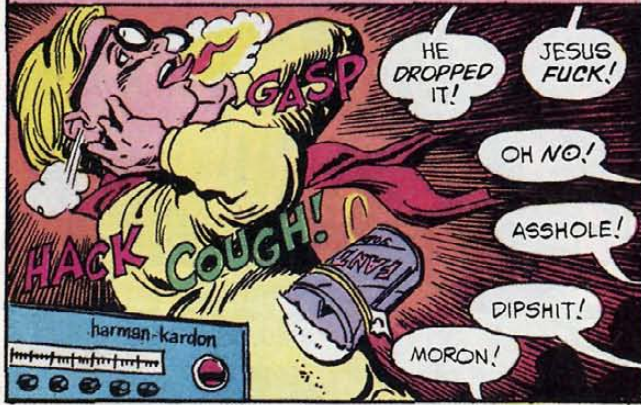
TASTES LIKE HASH!

LISTEN! CRICKETS!

TIME'S RUNNING BACKWARD!



BUT I "O.D.'D" ON MY FIRST PUFF... AND SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED THE DREADED "PARANOID" SIDE EFFECTS!



HE DROPPED IT!

JESUS FUCK!

OH NO!

ASSHOLE!

DIPSHIT!

MORON!

HACK COUGH!

... AND AS I HEADED FOR THE JOHN, STRANGE VISIONS SWAM BEFORE ME WITH THE INTENSITY OF A THOUSAND EXPLODING STROBE-CANDLES!



WELL, MAYBE WE CAN SMOKE THE RUG! HA HA HA!

DIG IT! CALL J. EDGAR HOOVER VACUUM CLEANER! HA HA!

HA HA!

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

CACK GARGLE GAG

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

HO HO!

SHEET!

HEE HEE!

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

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

REALLY!

'BALL?'

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

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

WELL, **HANG LOOSE, MAN!**

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

YEAH, WELL LATER...

CONDEMNED

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

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

ONLY WHEN I THREW UP.

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

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

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

WHAT WERE THEY?

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

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

BRIDGE OUT

THE **BEGINNING OF THE END**

POOR MAN'S COCAINE

Experience Pure Rock-Crystal Euphoria without Health Hazards, Expense, or Jail

What's the matter? Want to send your mind for a trip on the "Snowbird Express," but can't pay the freight? Well, your troubles are over. Just start at Box #1 below and carefully follow instructions. By the time you reach the bottom of the next page, you will have had the complete experience of a cocaine high for free. *Virtually* for free, anyway. I mean, the *National Lampoon* sells on the street for only 3/4 cents a gram.

#1

Drink twenty-five cups of strong black coffee as quickly as you can.

Proceed to Box #2

#2

Dip a Q-Tip in chili sauce and stick it up both nostrils. Now, paint the back of your throat with library paste.

Proceed to Box #3

#3

Nothing happening here. (Maybe the magazine was cut with *Time*.) Have some more coffee.

Proceed to Box #4

#4 **Read This to Yourself**

Everyone likes you. It's because you care about people. You really do. And, let's be honest, it's your looks, too. Not just that you're good-looking; it's the way you look—*interesting*. Like you've had a lot of wild experiences that have given you a remarkable quality of self-reliance. You can see that in the way you dress, also. Everything you do has individuality. That's probably why so many women want to go to bed with you. Or maybe it's because you seem mysterious. So easygoing and amiable on the outside; but everyone gets a sense of some secret place inside you which no one ever really touches. Women love that. They really do. And they've probably all heard that you're supposed to be good in bed.

#5 **Now Read This Aloud**

Everyone likes me. It's because I care about people. I really do. And, let's be honest, it's my looks, too. Not just that I'm good-looking; it's the way I look—*interesting*. Like I've had a lot of wild experiences that have given me a remarkable quality of self-reliance. You can see it in the way I dress, also. Everything I do has individuality. That's probably why so many women want to go to bed with me. Or maybe it's because I seem mysterious. So easygoing and amiable on the outside; but everyone gets a sense of some secret place inside me which no one ever really touches. Women love that. They really do. And they've probably all heard that I'm supposed to be good in bed.



Here's a patient person to listen.

Proceed to Box #5

Proceed to Box #6

#6 **Hey! Take a Look at This!!**



Your Guarantee of Quality: This article has been extensively researched by the editors of the *National Lampoon*.

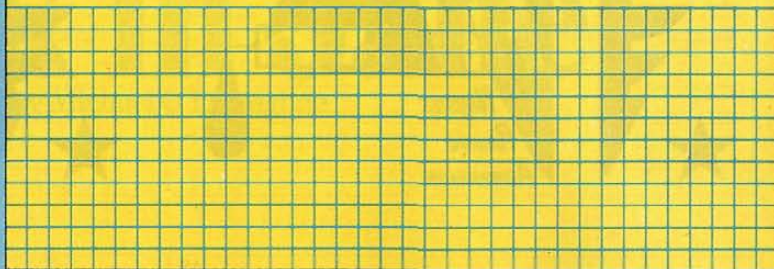
Proceed to Box #8

#7

Here's a really great idea—why don't we start a placé, like it wouldn't be like a commune at all, but it could be this community for, you know, all the really talented people that we know who could go there and get this whole scene together, like an Art Factory, really, I mean, that would even be a terrific name for it, Art Factory, and it would turn out paintings and novels and plays and fabric designs and interesting handwoven plant hangers, all from this scene where everybody could put it all together someplace where the land is really cheap. I'll bet it would actually make plenty of profits practically right away so that no one would have to put any of their own bread into it because we could get a bank loan with

#8

Fill In Every Other Square with a Felt-Tip Pen



Proceed to Box #9

#9

Nine Questions to Ask Yourself

1. Is it normal to fart as much as I do?
2. Am I getting bald?
3. How does my breath smell to other people?
4. Is six inches *really* the size of an average erect penis?
5. Did anyone see me when I was picking my nose yesterday?
6. Am I a latent homosexual?
7. Will anyone ever find out about that time after gym in the eighth grade?
8. Does that mole on my back look like there might be something "funny" about it?
9. Am I dying from a mysterious disease and no one will tell me even though they all know?

#10

Read This Carefully: It May Be Important

The Seven Danger Signs of Cancer

1. A change in bowel or bladder habits, including having to go to the bathroom after drinking twenty-five cups of coffee.
2. A sore that does not heal, even though it looks like only a pimple.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge, such as nosebleeds and coughing up phlegm.
4. Thickening or lump in breast, knee, foot, toe joints, or back of heel; or swollen glands.
5. Indigestion after drinking twenty-five cups of coffee or difficulty in swallowing—and peyote buds count.
6. Obvious change in a wart or mole, like that one on your back.
7. Nagging cough, hoarseness, or even a case of the sniffles.

Proceed to Box #10

Proceed to Box #11

#11

A Restful Crash

Record the drum solo from *In-a-Gadda-da-Vida*, by Iron Butterfly on a loop tape and play tape loudly next to your ear all night while you lie in bed.

Proceed to box #12

in the Morning

#12

Take all the money out of your wallet and burn it in an ashtray.

The End

Your Guarantee of Quality: This article has been extensively researched by the editors of the *National Lampoon*.





Dick in Jane

by Michael O'Donoghue

Two Pets

See Spot.
See Spot hump.
See Spot hump Puff.
Hump! Hump! Hump!
Puff! Puff! Puff!
Come, Spot, come!



What Jane Saw

“Look, Jane,” said Dick.
“See me.
See my thing.”
“Oh, my,” said Jane.
“Your thing is little.
You have a little, little thing.”
Dick said, “Take off your dress, Jane.
Take off your dress and look at my thing.”
Jane said, “Here is my dress, Dick.
I will look at your thing.
Oh, my!
Your thing is big.
Now you have a big, big thing.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooh!”



A Joke on Sally

"Knock, knock!" said Mother.
"Knock, knock, knock!"
"Who is there?" said little Baby Sally.
"Jack," said Mother.
"Jack who?" said Sally.
"Jack Off-In-Your-Hat!" said Mother.
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dick.
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jane.
"Bark, bark!" said Spot.
"Fart!" went Puff.



A Surprise

Jane said, **"Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a red ball."**

Dick said, **"Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a green ball."**

Sally said, **"Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a yellow ball."**

"Look, children, look!" said Father.
**"I have two balls.
My balls are not red.
My balls are not green.
My balls are not yellow.
My balls are pink."**



Who Can Guess?

“I have a funny animal in the box,” said Sally.

“Who can guess what it is?

Who can guess what is in the box?”

“I can guess,” said Dick.

“It is Puff.

Puff is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Puff.

Puff is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Jane

“It is Spot.

Spot is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Spot.

Spot is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Mother.

“It is Tim.

Little Tim is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Tim.

Little Tim is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Father.

“It is a bearded clam.

A bearded clam is in the box.”

“Yes, yes!” laughed Sally.

“You have guessed it.

It is a bearded clam.”



At the Farm

"I want a cookie, Dick," said Jane.

"I want a big cookie to eat."

"Oh, my," said Dick.

"Baby Sally ate all the cookies.

There are no cookies to eat.

Would you like a roll, Jane?"

"Yes, Dick, yes!" said Jane.

"I like rolls.

I like rolls very much.

Where is the roll, Dick?"

"In the hay, Jane," said Dick.

"Would you like a roll in the hay?"

"And how!" said Jane.



The New Word

"Oh, Dick," said Jane.

"I know something.

I know a new word."

"What is the word, Jane?" said Dick.

"What is the new word that you know?"

"It is 'incest,' Dick," said Jane.

"The new word is 'incest.'

Do you know what it means?"

"Quiet, Jane, quiet," said Dick.

"Be quiet and keep playing horsie."



To the Teacher

The following list contains 16 new words introduced in this primer: hump, thing, dress, knock, Jack, fart, ball, pink, cookie, roll, hay, box, bearded, clam, incest, horsie. *Dick in Jane*, with its accompanying *Thing-and-Do* guidebook, provides the materials to maintain and develop the necessary vocabulary skills for mastering The Basic Reading Program.

**SO
YOU WANT TO BE A
ROCK AND ROLL
STAR?**

*Ladies and gentlemen,
we are very proud
to present the
very fantastic,
the very talented*

your name here



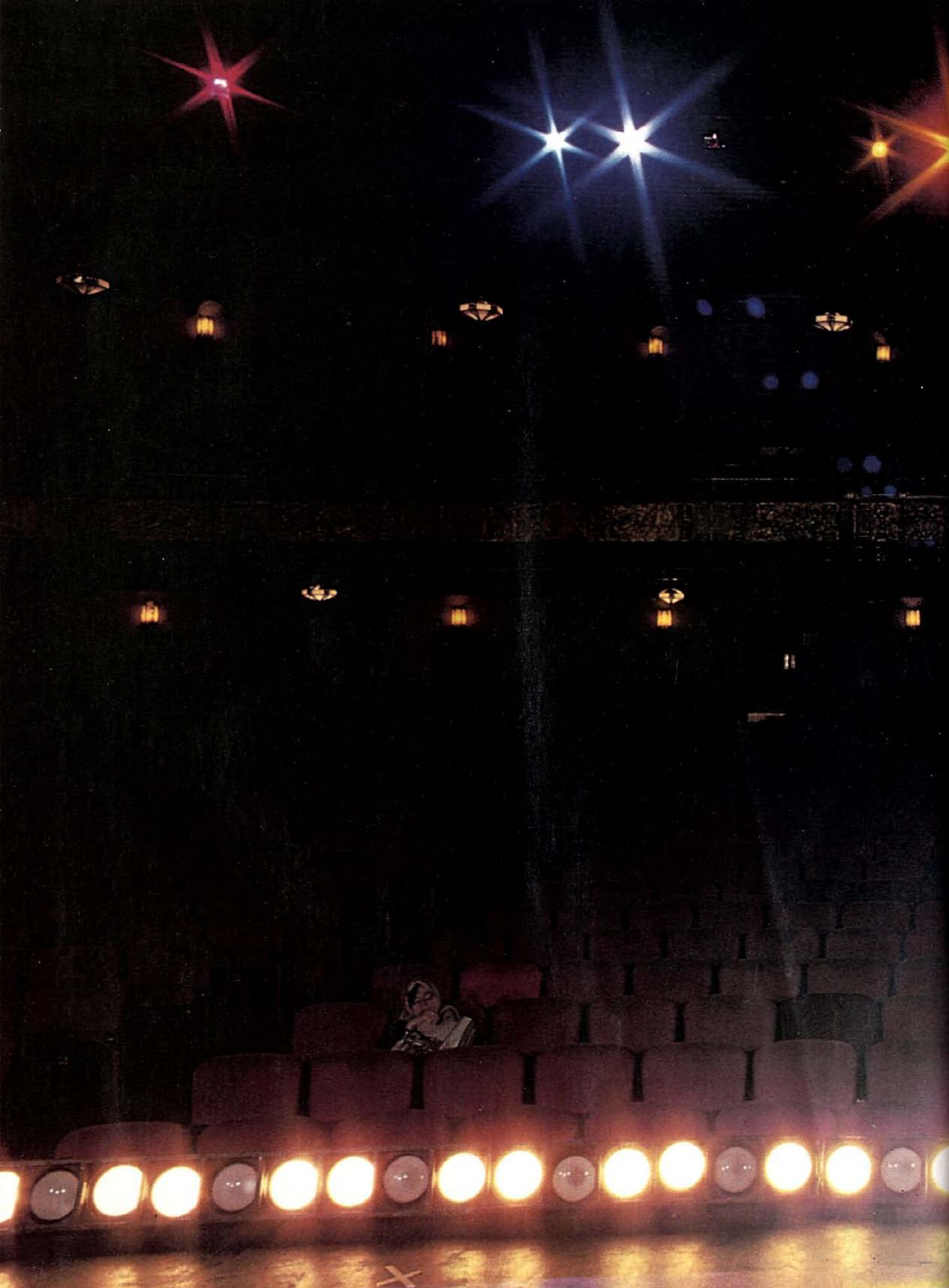




FOTO FUNNIES



THE PERFECT DATE

by
Ed Subitzky

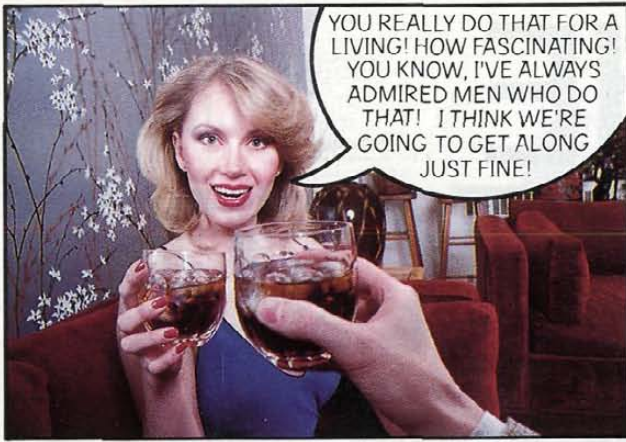
The perfect date. The perfect evening. Oh, the thrilling ecstasy of it all! You've seen tantalizing hints of it in TV commercials, figured the handsome jocks in school knew what it was like, dreamed of it all your life—but you're just not the kind of guy it ever happened to. Or who even got within a hundred miles of it. Well, relax. Because it's going to happen to you at last. And right now. This very instant. Well, at least we're

save it for Saturday night, because you can enjoy it again and again!

SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS:

Relax. Take a deep breath. Put yourself in the mood. Ready? Good. Bring the page close to your face. Start with the first panel below. Stare at it until it seems to take up all of your vision. Let it wrap itself around you, pull you completely in. That's all. You're on your way!





YOU REALLY DO THAT FOR A LIVING! HOW FASCINATING! YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRER MEN WHO DO THAT! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG JUST FINE!



OH, ME? WELL, I WANTED TO BE A MODEL ONCE, BUT I FIGURED IT MIGHT DO BAD THINGS TO MY HEAD! I'M JUST A SECRETARY NOW, BUT I'M TAKING GRADUATE COURSES AT NIGHT IN PAINTING AND PHILOSOPHY!



GOSH, YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS GETTING LATE! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE EVER GOTTEN SO LOST IN A CONVERSATION!



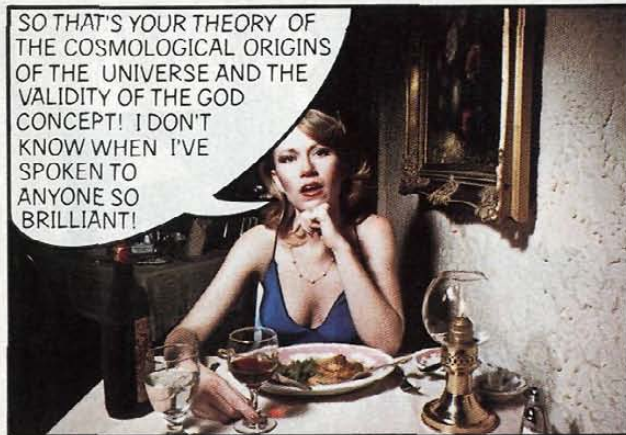
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I SIMPLY DON'T BELIEVE IT! JUST YESTERDAY I WAS TELLING SOMEONE HOW MUCH I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO EAT IN THIS RESTAURANT!



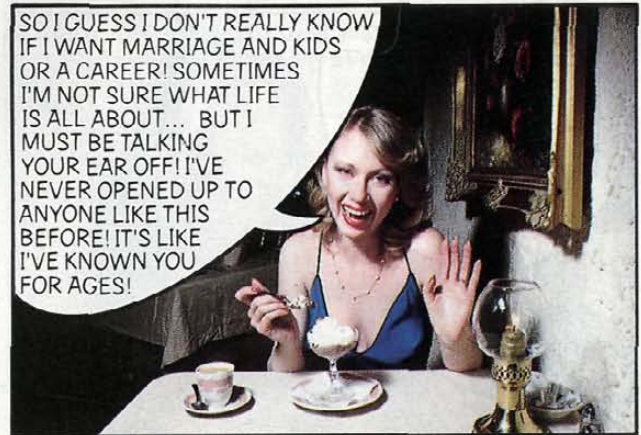
A LAFITTE DES CASAUX 1959! YOU REALLY DO KNOW HOW TO CHOOSE A WINE, DON'T YOU!



HA! HA! HA! THAT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S ONE OF THE FUNNIEST JOKES I'VE EVER HEARD! AND THE WAY YOU TIMED THE PUNCH LINE - YOU SHOULD BE A TALK-SHOW HOST!



SO THAT'S YOUR THEORY OF THE COSMOLOGICAL ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE VALIDITY OF THE GOD CONCEPT! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE SPOKEN TO ANYONE SO BRILLIANT!



SO I GUESS I DON'T REALLY KNOW IF I WANT MARRIAGE AND KIDS OR A CAREER! SOMETIMES I'M NOT SURE WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT... BUT I MUST BE TALKING YOUR EAR OFF! I'VE NEVER OPENED UP TO ANYONE LIKE THIS BEFORE! IT'S LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR AGES!





PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M A SLUT! I'VE NEVER DONE THIS ON A FIRST DATE BEFORE! BUT I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF! HURRY AND GET MY CLOTHES OFF!



NOW LET ME TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF! STOP IT, SILLY! I CAN'T BE TICKLING YOU THAT MUCH!



GASP! IS THAT THING FOR REAL!



YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! OOOOH! AHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHGNNNGGHGHN NNGHGGGGHHHNNNN!



I CAME FIVE TIMES! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NO MAN EVER MADE ME COME EVEN ONCE BEFORE!



CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING? IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE TO FALL IN LOVE IN JUST A FEW HOURS? BECAUSE I THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! I'M MADLY IN LOVE!



GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP NOW, MY DEAREST! IN THE MORNING I'LL COOK YOU A TERRIFIC BREAKFAST! DID I EVER MENTION I'VE WON SEVERAL COOKING AWARDS?

THE END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

* FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON *

MAGAZINES

\$7.00 EACH

- AUGUST 1972 / Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972 / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
- JUNE 1973 / Violence
- JULY 1973 / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973 / Life Parody
- OCTOBER 1973 / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973 / Self-Indulgence
- MAY 1974 / Fiftieth Anniversary
- JULY 1974 / Dessert
- AUGUST 1974 / Isolationism & Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974 / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974 / Civics
- OCTOBER 1975 / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
- JULY 1977 / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977 / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977 / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978 / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978 / Families
- JUNE 1978 / The Wild West
- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

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- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- February 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Silme, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin

- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Sliggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the Old NL
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

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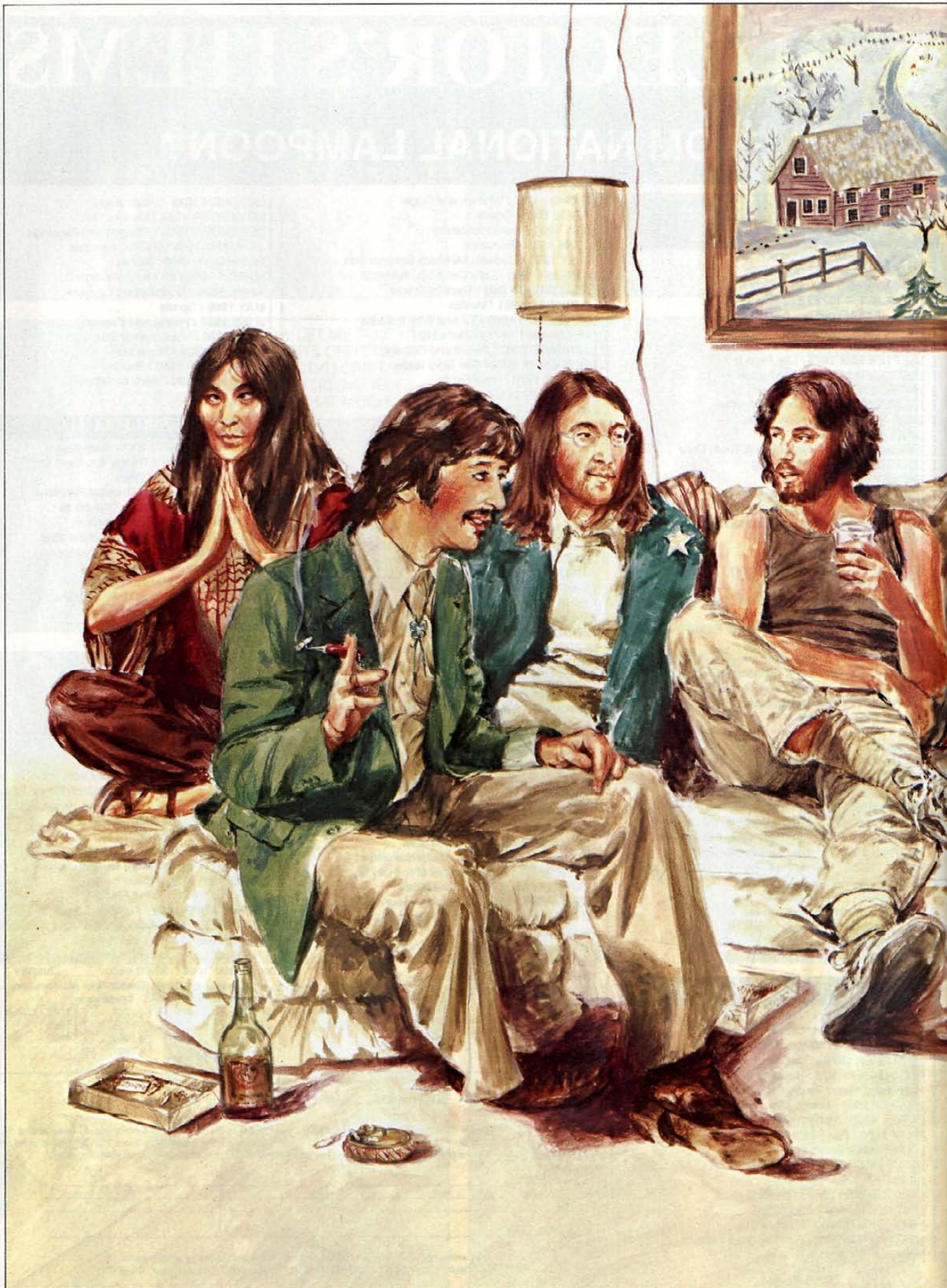
- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
- DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
- FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
- APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
- JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
- AUGUST 1990 / Annual True Facts Issue
- OCTOBER 1990 / Special Underachiever Issue
- DECEMBER 1990 / The Best of 1970-1990
- FEBRUARY 1991 / The Humor Issue
- MARCH 1991 / Gaucho!
- APRIL 1991 / The New World Order
- MAY 1991 / Spend More Money!
- JUNE 1991 / Big Screen
- AUGUST 1991 / Going Places!
- SEPTEMBER 1991 / Coming of Age
- OCTOBER 1991 / Politically Incorrect Coll. Issue
- DECEMBER 1991 / Class War!
- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$9.00 each. _____ Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$29.00 each
- 1976 1980 1984 1988 Vinyl binder
- 1977 1981 1985 1989
- 1978 1982 1986 1990
- 1979 1983 1987

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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$3.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$4.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$10.00, a small price to pay for US postal delivery. If I'm a California State resident, I'm adding 8.25% sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Total Amount Enclosed _____

Mail entire page with items checked or photo copy, with check or money order, to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, 10850 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1000, Los Angeles, CA 90024



Beat the Meatles

with Chris Miller



Chris: ...sure was nice of you guys to come over here and talk with me like this. Uh, there, the tape recorder's running now. Why don't you just make yourselves at home, sit down anywhere. Anybody like some wine or something to smoke?

Ringo: Shur, that'd be nice. *(General assent. Pouring sounds)*

Paul: Nice apartment.

Chris: Thanks.

George: I like yur paintin' 'ere. Li'ul dead sheep an' all, with blud roonin' frum thur mouths. You don't see many of these.

Chris: Oh, that was used in a *National Lampoon* calendar. Mike Gross painted it. I traded some—

Yoko: The blood stains red. The red is silence. Listen! Can you hear it fall, softly, softly?

John: Why don't we joost sit down 'ere, luv.

Chris: Well, gosh, you all look great. Really.

Paul: Thanks very mooch. I think Ringo's poot on a few, tho'.

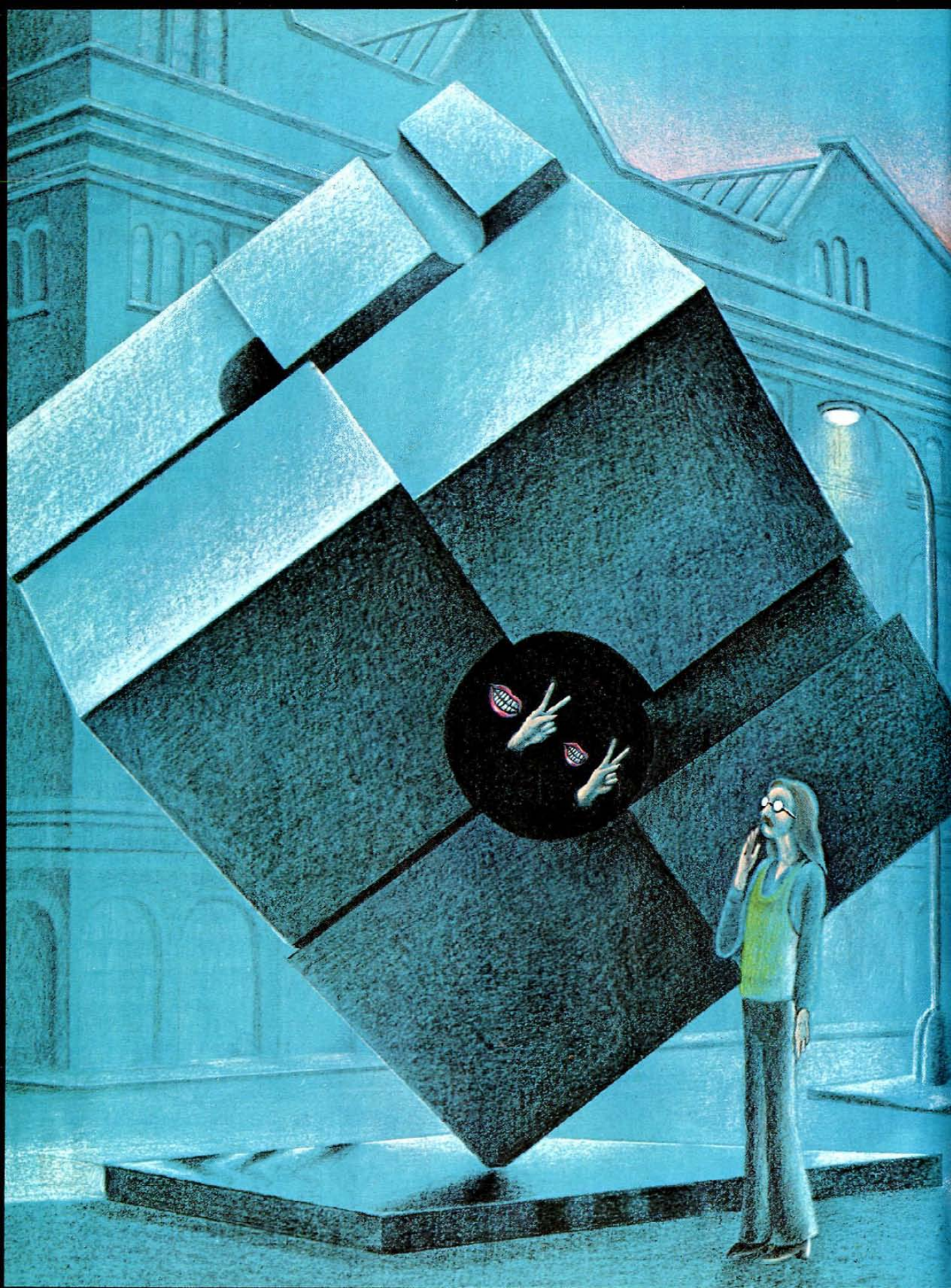
Ringo: 'Ere! Noon uv tha', now.

(Laughter)

John: *(Sucking noise)* Vurry tasty smoke.

Chris: Thanks.

George: *(Sucking noise)* Is it gold, then?



Pipe Dream

by Chris Miller

“Grass? Acid? Reds?” The voice belonged to a gaunt, stringy-haired character crouched in the doorway of a head shop that had closed for the night. I needed grass, all right, so I gave him a second look, but it confirmed my initial impression—a creep. Sixth Avenue is full of creeps these days.

“Which did you want?” I said, starting to dig through my pockets. The guy gave me a confused look and walked away muttering.

I continued on up the street to visit my friend Bobby. If I told you Bobby’s real name, you’d recognize it immediately, since today he’s a famous and revolutionary metal sculptor. Then, however, on that final day before the green pellets, he was what he’d always been, a starving craftsman who eked out a living selling his copper jewelry to tourists. He had recently announced the invention of a perfect roach clip, also made from copper, and it was this that I was going to see him about. With Christmas a week away, I planned to buy a bunch of them to give as presents. Under the depressed

conditions of my personal finances, they were about all I could afford.

In the time it took to walk another two blocks, I was hassled by a second dealer, a salesman of radical newspapers, a phony fund solicitor “for Phoenix House,” and at least seventeen panhandlers of all ages and colors. The Village used to be a hell of a lot of fun, but these days it’s like walking through an old “Terry and the Pirates” strip. Longtime residents don’t like it much, but what can you do? I usually keep my mouth shut, ignore the ubiquitous pleas for bread, and walk where I’m going.

That’s why I was a little surprised at myself when a longhair approached me at Thirteenth Street and I stopped to listen to his story.

“I’m from Colorado, man. Me and my old lady, Sunshine, are on our way home from a rock festival up in Boston and we ran out of bread. All we need is fuel for our van. Any spare change you got would sure help.”

There was a special tone in his voice that seemed to say, *Hey, man, I’m not like all these hustlers; this is straight ahead.* I figured him to be

about my age, which is twenty-five. He had shoulder-length blond hair and wore a dark, shapeless cloak. His eyes got me. They were deep, blue, and friendly, and, unlike New York eyes, they looked right at you. His being from Colorado didn’t hurt either, since I had traveled there during the previous summer and the mountain freaks had treated me well.

“How was the festival?” I asked, still checking him out.

“Out of sight, man. My group got to go on right before Van Morrison, which is like really good exposure for us.”

“Group?”

“Yeah, that’s right. I play lead guitar and sing. My name’s Norman.” He stuck out his hand and gave me the Movement handshake.

He was definitely getting to me now. I was a musician myself, also a guitarist and, I hoped, a songwriter... though I’d been doing little enough of the former and none of the latter in recent days. Anyway, broke or not, I decided to give the dude a hand.

“Well lookit, Norman,” I said, “I’d like to lay some bread on you, but I don’t have any change.” I pointed to

the Goin' Chicken Crazy stand across the street. "Why don't we go in there and eat something. Then I can hit you up with some funds. You must be starved anyway if you're saving all your money for gas."

"Well, yeah, you know..." He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Soon we were sitting at a much-carved table and an Oriental chick wearing an Afro (if you can dig that) was setting two tubs of fried drumsticks in front of us. I handed her the twenty I was carrying for the roach clips and turned to Norman just in time to see him bite off half a drumstick, bone and all, and sit there chewing it happily with loud crunching sounds. I watched, mouth hanging open, waiting for him to begin picking splinters from his gums, but instead he swallowed the entire mouthful and began on the other half of the leg. Did he know something I didn't? I tried a tentative crunch on one of my own drumsticks and almost chipped an incisor.

"Uh, how you do that, man?"

Norman looked first uncomprehending, then rueful. He went into a long story about how his digestive system was very unusual and he'd still be in a hospital hassled with curious doctors and radioactive cobalt solutions if he hadn't split a few years ago. I told him I could understand such physical peculiarities, having once had a friend who could pour a sixteen ounce can of beer directly down his throat without swallowing, and that he could count on me not to mention his strange digestive trip to any doctors I might meet. We finished our meal in great friendliness, and when the waitress returned with my change, I handed Norman a five-dollar bill.

"Wow." He looked at it like he couldn't believe it was real, then took it reverently and slipped it under his cloak. "Hey, you're really beautiful, man. Maybe there's something I can do for you." His eyes locked with mine, then he bent forward confidentially. "How'd you like to

score some dynamite shit?"

Suddenly I was on my guard. Sure I could use grass. In fact, I was desperate for it: dealing grass was how I was paying rent while waiting for my songs to come together and I hadn't been able to score in over a month. But what Norman had just done was initiate a street deal, and it is axiomatic that 99 percent of street deals are burns. This was especially true during the long, miserable dope drought that prevailed in the city at that time. Kids over in Washington Square were asking twenty-five and thirty dollars for bags of catnip—and getting it. My last buy, arranged by a supposedly trusted associate, had been negotiated on a grungy stairwell with two twitching spades. I wound up with a pound of stuff that looked like spinach, tasted like Newark, and could maybe have stoned an anemic parakeet.

"Is it good shit?" I asked cautiously.

"Yeah, man. It's great shit. We grow it ourselves." He smiled.

Well, naturally he'd say that. Next he'd probably ask me to front the money.

"Look, you don't have to front us nothing, man," said Norman pleasantly. "I can lay a taste on you now and call tomorrow to find out if you want to do any."

That sounded okay. I said so, and he took an empty cigarette pack from the table and drew it under his cloak. Apparently he carried his stash in his pants, because he had to dig around some and even lift himself up slightly to get at it. Eventually he made the transference; the pack reappeared folded neatly at the top, bulging provocatively as a woman. I put aside my doubts for the time being, scribbled my phone number on a paper napkin and handed it to him. Outside, we wished each other peace and headed in separate directions. I hadn't gone ten steps when I heard him calling after me. I turned and saw him holding up the five.

"How can I get this changed into nickels?" he shouted. I was taking a

breath to reply when he shouted again. "Right! Got it! See ya!" He waved, turned, and walked away. I scratched my head. Norman was a weird dude.

The roach clips turned out to be beautiful and only two bucks apiece. I purchased several, Bobby brought out a gallon of Chianti, and we sat down to rap. The jewelry business was going well enough, he supposed, but his old lady had split to a commune upstate and he was very down about that. After several more glasses I pointed out that at least he was working, which was something. That brought us to my woes: my continuing inability to get my song-writing together, the greased-pig aspect of recent dope deals, and the waning of my funds. Bobby told me that the road to Karma was paved with red-hot pokers. I asked him what the hell that meant. Bobby wasn't sure, so we put on a pile of records, including several fine sides into which we deeply went. Several hours later I opened my eyes to the sound of a slamming door. A crying girl was shrugging off her backpack in the hall.

"Francine!" cried Bobby.

I staggered home.

I woke late in the morning to discover I had all my clothes on, a wine hangover, and an orange cat lying on my face, purring. In quick succession I threw Booger on the floor, my clothes on a chair, and up. In one of those over-the-toilet resolutions, I promised myself once again to stick to drugs and leave the hard stuff to people who could handle it.

After yoga, a shower, and breakfast, I felt half human again. I decided to see if the muse was with me that morning. She wasn't. The only good thing I did with my guitar in an hour and a half was to flip its nylon cord over the wall screw in kind of a neat way as I was hanging it back up. I drank a soda and wondered what to do next. The mail, containing

an exterminator bill for \$10.66, arrived. Abruptly, I remembered Norman.

The cigarette pack was still in last night's pants. I emptied the contents onto a piece of clean, white paper, put it under my high intensity lamp, and examined it.

Well, it was the damndest-looking grass I'd ever seen. Instead of buds or leaves or even twigs, I had a pile of small, green pellets. Colorado green pellet grass? It exuded an elusive aroma, kind of sweet, that made me flash on farms and countryside. Maybe alfalfa or honeysuckle. Not that it mattered. Apparently, the entire deal was a practical joke; the little bastards were probably rigged to explode when lit...though I doubted it from the look of them: they suggested slightly decomposed marzipan peas. I dropped the entire mess in the garbage.

Thirty seconds later I remembered reading about certain new strains of cannabis, mutations of the female plant that looked totally different from all previous grasses and could send your brain to Oz for a vacation. Swearing loudly enough to scare Booger out of the room, I stalked back to the garbage pail and began to pick pellets. When I had a small pile, I reached for my pipe.

You'll find a great variety of pipes in use these days: water pipes, stone pipes, hookahs, clay pipes, metal plumbing-fixture pipes, even clear glass pipes of coiled tubing like the fancy lemonade straws of ailing children. For my money, not one of them touches a plain, old corncob such as is purchasable at your corner tobacconist's. Forget head shops. Head shops will sell anything; they're worse than Harlem furniture stores. Head shops are becoming the downtown equivalent of those arcade novelty shops that sell cocktail coasters shaped like breasts and bottle top pour-plugs topped by cute, peeing children. Myself, I use a beat-up wooden number that cost 59 cents at Woolworth's, where it was a Real Indian Peace Pipe. It's painted yellow

and has a deep bowl into which I periodically fit fresh faucet screens to keep the stem clear. I don't think it has much class, but I've never seen a pipe that could touch it for soul.

The pellets were sticky to the touch. Extra-thick resins, I told myself hopefully, and lit up. To my surprise, the pellets burned smoothly and emitted a smoke both cool and sweet, which was more than I could say for some grass I'd smoked. Usually I'm a cougher, but not with that stuff. It was *mellow*. So far, so good. Then, on the third toke, I began to feel effects.

Now, I'd smoked a pile of weed in my time, many kinds from many places. I'd smoked green weed, brown weed, black weed, red weed, and yellow weed from the United States, Mexico, Jamaica, Colombia, Morocco, Turkey, Lebanon, and Vietnam. I'd been stoned eating, playing guitar, sleeping, reading, and making love, in depression and in mania, and in conjunction with every other drug I'd ever been able to get my hands on. I'd rushed on mescaline, roller-coastered on acid, and rocketed on DMT. I'd zizzed on ups and nodded on downs. Psilocybin had put me in an endless Walt Disney cartoon. Peyote had showed me unparalleled religious visions the entire time I was throwing up. A concoction of parsley soaked in ether and bull tranquilizer, perversely called angel dust, had caused me to become trapped in a Che Guevara poster for three hours. On a beach, under a double tab of purple mescaline, I had attained oneness with the All and spoken to God. On cocaine, I had become God.

But, as I finished my third toke on the dope of the bone-eating dude from Colorado, I realized I'd never been high before.

How can I tell you? All traces of hangover vanished. Certain aches and muscle strains so familiar as to be unnoticed disappeared suddenly and shockingly, and my body filled with a grace and power I had never before known. I was lithe panther and

massive grizzly bear, Rudolf Nureyev and Big Daddy Lipscomb, quicksilver motorcycle and twenty-ton truck. My blood sang; rhythm surged through my vitals.

I rushed to my guitar and pulled it from the wall, inadvertently plucking the bass E. It hummed like a roomful of Hindus. My apartment casually shattered into a million tiny shards, which melted and slowly coalesced into a pregnant sac of jeweled fog. It pulsed, swelled, and finally exploded soundlessly, flinging gobs of color like comets in all directions. When the room reappeared, it was a place transformed, filled with sudden warmth and unsuspected brightnesses.

Wonderingly, I realized that my guitar was weightless. My light grasp was necessary only to keep it from floating away. I ran an experimental finger across the strings.

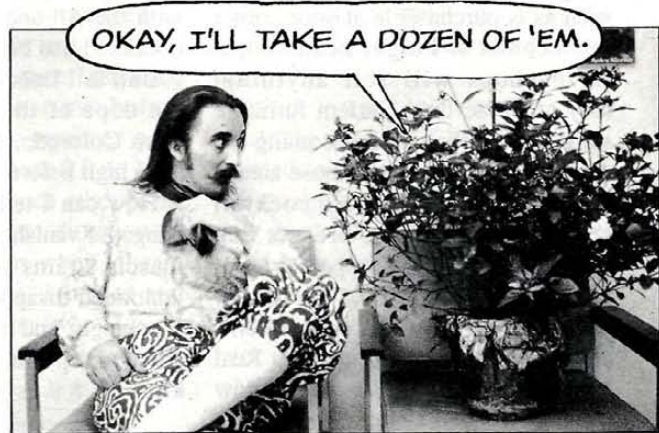
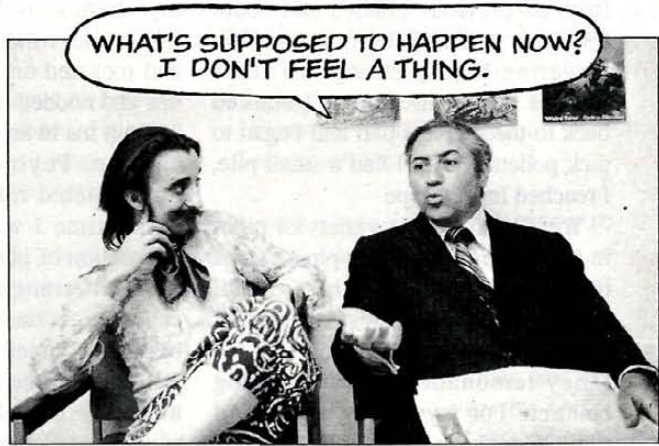
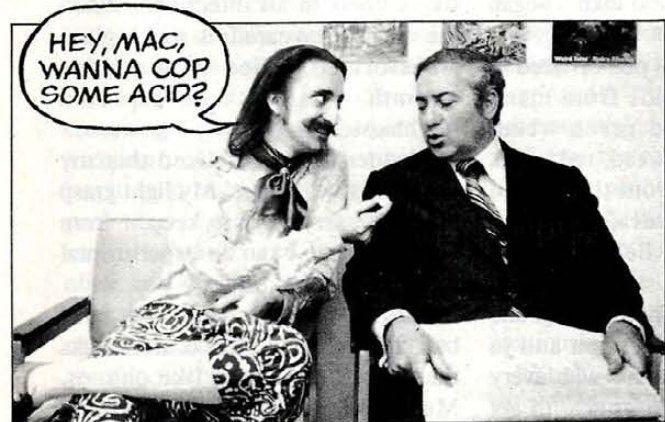
Imagine a tidal wave of iron balls breaking upon six great coastal rocks that have been tuned like chimes. Multiply by a few thousand and you're starting to get warm.

I played. Eyes closed, I saw plucked notes streak away from me in glowing trajectories as a tiny machine-gunner dug in behind my optic nerve fired burst after burst of tracers into the blackness of my eyelids. My senses concentrated in my ears and fingertips; I was alone in a world of pure sound. I walked through chords hanging in space like lattices, examining, questioning, synthesizing. An unheard of but thoroughly possible new chordal dynamic was slowly forming in my mind. I stopped, concentrated, began playing again.

The song started slowly, like rain. It grew, it built, it became a torrent and then a deluge. Sheets of notes swept the room and the air was drenched with splashing dissonances. I felt close to drowning. In a grand crescendo, the storm broke, subsided, and vanished. Peace came.

And this was on three hits!

Either I'd just flipped out or I was in possession of the most super dope



ever to hit New York. Confirmation was needed. I grabbed the pipe and flew down the stairs to Alan's studio.

Alan answered his door in towel and shaving lather. I guess I was a little excited because he stepped back in alarm as I charged in waving my pipe around my head and exclaiming inarticulately. Finally, I shut up and thrust the pipe toward him. He regarded it suspiciously.

"I assume you wish me to smoke this?"

I made an affirmative noise.

"What is it?"

I shrugged.

"What's it going to do to me?"

I rolled my eyes and broke into a carefree shuffle.

"I'm not so sure I'm ready for anything like that this morning." He started back toward the bathroom, but I caught him by the arm.

"For this, you've been waiting a lifetime. Come on, man, three tokes."

"Well, perhaps three tokes." Alan took the pipe. I watched closely. I could see from his face that he was damned if he'd be impressed by any dope this early in the day. And he did stay pretty cool: it took four whole tokes before the pipe fell out of his hand.

"My God," he cried, leaping to his feet, "every cell of my body has a hard-on!"

"Yeah?" That was a good sign.

"My room! My room!" He strode rapidly about, touching things. Then he grabbed me by my shoulders and shouted, "I love me!"

"Alan," I suggested casually, "try some drawing."

His eyes lit to the idea. Alan was a dropout lawyer whose consuming ambition was to be an artist. He had always dug drawing the gray old men who occupied the benches in Sheridan Square...which was fine, except that all his drawings wound up being of gray old men and so depressing no one would buy them. I had a strange feeling that today's drawing would not be a downer.

Alan spread open his pad and began to draw. The rear end of a boat

began to take form. The felt-tip pen flew over the paper. The boat became a flag and grew to encompass fifty pointed frogs. Behind them appeared sweeping ramps on which entire amphibious populations ascended into swollen, lightning-charged clouds.

"My God, man," Alan shouted without looking up, "I've never done this before. Do you see my hand? Look what I'm drawing!"

Rain from the clouds caused lush plants to grow. One of them sprouted a fat, red tomato that fell onto the head of a girl in a Little Lulu dress. I couldn't tell if it actually *was* Little Lulu because the tomato was large and had enveloped her head. From one upraised hand she emitted beams of textured light so that the picture became divided into individually characterized pie wedges. A sea formed, with waves of molten metal cresting in incandescent spume.

Four tokes.

"Alan, I gotta go." It was almost noon and now for sure I didn't want to miss a certain phone call. I stood up.

"Hey, you got any more of that stuff?" Beneath Little Lulu's feet a carpet of wheeled peacocks was forming.

"Check me later," I called over my shoulder. I made the stairs three at a time, slammed my door, and sat down at my desk. As if it had been waiting politely for my return, the phone began to ring. It was Norman.

"What's the matter, man? You sound out of breath."

"No...always sound that way on the phone...Norman, what the hell was that stuff you gave me?"

"Uh, better not talk about it on the phone, man. Did you want to buy any?"

"Well, how much do you have?"

"About a hundred."

"My God! You've got a hundred lids of that stuff?"

"No, man. Keys."

I had to put my head between my legs to keep from fainting. I was afraid to ask the next question.

"How much per key?"

"Twenty? Why, that's fantastic. I haven't heard of twenty-dollar keys since I was in—"

"No, man. Twenty nickels."

"Twenty nickels? You mean one dollar? Per key?"

"That's right, man."

"Norman...Norman, what are you doing? You can't sell dope for a dollar a key. Wretched Mexican farmers can't sell dope for a dollar a key."

"I could knock it down a little..."

"NORMAN! WILL YOU STOP FUCKING WITH MY HEAD?"

"Jeez, you New York guys sure are speedy."

I closed my eyes and forced myself to calm down. "Norman, what exactly do you want to do?"

"Okay. You tell me how many keys you want. I'll put 'em in a bag and we can meet somewhere tonight. You know Nathan's at Eighth Street? Well, we can meet there. You check the weed, hand me the bread, and we split, okay? So how much you want?"

"At a dollar a key?"

"Right. In nickels."

Suddenly I felt that I was being drawn inexorably into some classic dealer trap, familiar and obvious to everyone but me. Nonetheless, the shit was too good to risk missing. I consulted my checkbook. I had—\$129. And in my pockets \$11.21. Well, at least when I got ripped off, I wouldn't lose much.

"Norman, I'll take ten keys." Ten keys meant three hundred forty lids. God.

"Out of sight, man. Listen, I'll call you when it's time. Sunshine and me gotta, uh, get our shit together so we can leave for home right after we deal you the stuff."

"Fine." I'd sell it just in ounces to keep the price up. For dope like this I ought to be able to get a hundred bucks per. In fact, a hundred bucks was a steal. Two grams of cocaine cost that much and cocaine wasn't even in the same league.

"Well, okay man, I'll see you

later.”

“Fine.” Probably ought to keep, oh forty lids for myself. That left three hundred lids at one hundred bucks each. So I’d gross...thirty thousand bucks?

“Norman, I’ll take the whole hundred!”

I was talking to the dial tone. Oh, well. Maybe I could borrow enough to buy the rest, but what the hell? With forty lids of musical inspiration and thirty thousand bucks to support me in the meantime, I couldn’t complain. I ran across the street to the supermarket and came home with two hundred nickels. Then I fed Booger and sat down to wait.

The hours dragged by like cripples. Friends called several times but I shooed them off the line. By ten o’clock, I was worried. By twelve, I was beside myself. At two, I concluded I had been had. Then the phone rang.

“Hey, it’s me, man. Meet me in five minutes, okay?”

I grabbed my coat and tore out the door.

You haven’t lived until you’ve visited Nathan’s at 2:15 in the morning. Garish white light washes every face into a mask. Music is supplied by a large transistor radio belonging to the hot-dog chef; it laces the room alternately with Latino fire and static. The counter men look like stilettos.

Norman was not in evidence. I purchased an order of stuffed derma and found a spot by the window next to a huge, totally bald guy with a scar like a zipper up his cheek. You stand at Nathan’s, at elbow-high tables with formica tops. Mine was an artist’s palette of ketchup blobs, mustard pools, and spilled coffee. I waited.

The minutes passed. A hooker told a drunk sailor to kiss off. Three guys in motorcycle jackets and chains ordered hamburgers and defended the hamburger man against all other customers until he had cooked and handed them their food. People eyed one another.

I was starting on my third birchbeer when I spotted Norman coming down Eighth Street. The neon made his hair look almost white against his dark cloak. He was carrying a shopping bag.

“What’s happening, man?” We shook hands. “Go ahead, man. Take a look.” I did. The bag was filled to the top with green pellets. They looked beautiful.

I handed Norman a small paper bag containing the nickels. He looked inside, smiled, told me to take it easy, and split. I watched his retreating back in a kind of euphoria. I had made some good deals in my time, but this went beyond anything I had ever conceived of.

Then I smote my forehead angrily. Why hadn’t I asked him for his address? After he got home to Colorado we could deal through the mail. I grabbed the bag of dope and set out after him.

It was three o’clock and the street traffic was thinning out. Norman was easy to spot with his blond hair flying in the wind. I decided not to run right up to him but to follow and see where he went. At his van I could get the address and meet his old lady too.

Norman didn’t go to a van. You know Cooper Square? There’s a sculpture there, a large metal cube tilted up on one of its points, affixed to the concrete and allowed to spin. Norman walked into the cube.

If I’d been a cartoon character, little black lines would have emitted from my head at that point. Cooper Square was empty. Norman was gone. The cube turned slightly in a gust of wind crying like a metal kitten.

I stood watching it stupidly for several minutes, but nothing changed. I started home. The cube creaked again behind me. I slowed and turned to look at it over my shoulder. So what could a little peek hurt? I walked over and reached out to touch the spot where he’d disappeared.

“What do you say, man?” said Norman. I must have jumped halfway up the cube. I’d heard his voice but

there was nobody there.

“Don’t let it hassle you, man. I’m talking inside your head. No, wait. Come on in and I’ll explain.”

With no sense of transition, I was inside the cube. There was a candle burning and in its ample light I could see Norman and a healthy-looking blonde girl seated on a structural crosspiece.

“Hey, how you doin’? Meet my old lady, Sunshine.”

Sunshine smiled sunnily. I nodded to her in what I hoped was a friendly fashion, trying to collect my thoughts.

“Jesus, can’t you cool out your mind a little?” asked Norman. “I’m getting a headache trying to follow you. Here, have a hit on this.”

He handed me a joint, normal grass type, and I had quite a few hits. Norman smiled.

“That’s better. Now I’ll answer all your questions. Yes, I can ‘read your mind.’ I’ve been reading it since I met you, except on the phone, of course. See, we’re not actually from Colorado.”

I must have had an angry thought. He held up a hand.

“Oh, we’re from a place *like* Colorado—at least the Colorado I see in your memories—only it’s a few trillion light years, several thousand year years, and a few dimensional half-turns away from here. Yeah, right, this isn’t what we really look like. If we switched back to our normal forms you’d throw up. I mean that literally, by the way. Having dug where your mind is at, I can guarantee you’d blow your lunch all over the place if we ever—”

“Never mind,” I said. “I’d rather not know.”

“Okay. Now you’re wondering who we are and where we’re going. Well, it’s like I told you before, man. We been to a festival and we’re on our way home. No, not exactly a rock festival. More like a festival of fluids and temperatures. You’d get a better idea of what I’m talking about if you knew our true forms, but, like I said, you’d retch your guts out if we—”

"All right, all right. I get the idea."
"Yeah. So anyway, we were at this festival. Like your Woodstock, you know, only a whole planet, if you can dig that. Sunshine and me were trying to split..."

"Along with about a trillion other entities," laughed Sunshine.

"...and all the main teleport lanes were jammed, so we took a side lane. It was an out-of-the-way route, but it would've got us home just fine...if we hadn't run out of fuel, that is. So we materialized on this weird planet. We checked our *Whole Universe Catalog* on what to do, and it told us to watch the natives and learn how they acquire bread. Hey, man, you were only the second human I panhandled. I did pretty good, huh?" He held up the bag I had given him and shook it so it jingled. "Nickel, man—our Supershell!"

So that explained the nickels. "But where's your van? It's not this cube, is it?"

"No, man, we're just crashing here. *This* is our van." He held out a plain black slab the size of an abridged dictionary. It didn't look very impressive.

"I'll show you how it works," said Norman. He let pour a stream of nickels from the bag onto the top of the slab, where they disappeared without sound or ripple.

I saw a strange waveriness begin at their feet and move slowly upwards, as if Norman and Sunshine were being gradually lowered into a pool of water. "Norman," I said, "I can dig the planet festival, and I can dig that you can read my mind, but what I can't dig is how anyone can grow grass like this."

Norman and Sunshine exchanged looks. Sunshine giggled.

"Uh, funny you should mention that, man. Yes, I could really see how that question could have you wondering. And it is a good question, too. Yes indeed, a very good question..."

"Norman, when are you going to start saying something?" They had disappeared up to their knees by now;

I wasn't sure how much longer they'd be with me.

"Uh, yeah. Well, I never exactly said it was grass, if you remember. And I told you about my digestive system, right? We're all like that; we can eat anything. Since we've been here we've eaten everything from cigar butts to light bulbs. But there's more. Uh, I'm sure this is going to be hard for you to dig, man. Again, seeing my real body would help, but you'd definitely leave stuffed derma plastered all over..."

"Never mind!" Their thighs, on the horizontal, had just disappeared in a rush. The invisible pool crawled up their middles. "Just tell me how you produce the dope!"

"Uh...biologically."

"You mean...you make these pellets inside your bodies?"

"Uh, yeah, you could say that."

"Norman, in what manner do these pellets emerge from your bodies?"

"Ah...through a small orifice... located at the lower rear of the, uh...torso?"

"Norman, you mean the shit is shit?"

"You're fuckin' A it's shit," laughed Sunshine. "We must have eaten half the garbage on St. Mark's Place last night to produce it."

"But..."

"You got to admit, it's dynamite shit," said Norman.

He had me there.

"See, we can induce in our wastes any properties we want. In this case, we keyed it to your species, for mind expansion and euphoria. Naturally, it's nonaddictive. Which is a good thing, since we won't be around to produce any more."

"But don't worry about running out too soon, man," said Sunshine. "Tell him, Norman."

"Oh yeah," said Norman. They were now no more than heads hanging in the air. "See, we had no idea how much you'd want. Remember I said we had a hundred keys? You took ten and, well, we had no use for ninety kilos of our own turds, so while you and me was at

Nathan's, Sunshine was dropping them off at your pad. You're *flush*, man!"

The water topped their heads and their faces became all wavery. The last thing I saw before they blinked out was big grins and, I swear to God, a peace sign from each. Then, somehow I was out on the street in the gray, gathering dawn.

My subsequent sale was the grandest in the history of dealing. I kept five keys for myself, layed one each on Alan and Bobby, and sold the rest in a week. I'm not going to tell you how much I made, but I haven't spent it yet, not by a long shot.

As to my song-writing, I became even more brilliant and prolific than I had fantasized, but soon realized that I would never attain preeminent superstardom. You see, at least fifty other musicians, including seventeen guitarists, naturally purchased pieces of Norman's dope and moved into highly personalized explorations of their own, each as interesting and acclaimed as my own. Not to mention the shocking recent advancements in painting, sculpture, film, literature, photography, and the rest. *The Village Voice* calls it the greatest explosion in the arts since the Renaissance, and for all I know, it just may be.

So I'm just one among many, merely a small part of the strange wave of creative genius that stunned the world in the early 1970's. In retrospect, this suits me fine. Superstars really have had their day, and anyway, I carry with me the satisfaction of having pulled off a deal that will never be equaled. It's rather like having run a three-minute mile.

Incidentally, one dealer from Brooklyn refused to buy from me. He looked at the stuff, poked it, sniffed it, wrinkled his nose, and told me that in his opinion I'd been burned.

I told him he didn't know shit.





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"The Body"

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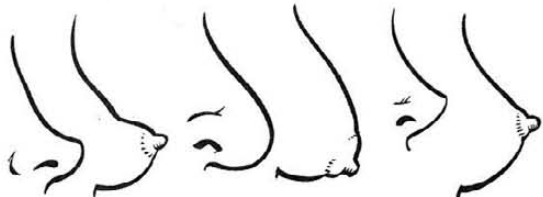
How to Tell What Girls Are Like Under Their Clothes

by John Hughes

The Breasts

Shape

Breast shape mimics nose shape.



Example A

Example B

Example C

Size

Tits come in three sizes: Not Enough, Plenty, and Too Much. The best method for determining the knocker size is to look at the amount of "pull" on the fabric between the bosoms, roughly estimate the distance between mid-breast and shoulder, observe the breasts in motion, and then compare your results with the identification chart below.

Stationary

In Motion

Not Enough
Breasts jiggle rapidly up and down, independently of one another.

7"
No stretch—no gap.

At dead run, max. movement 3" vert., 1" lat.

Plenty
Breasts bounce rhythmically in unison, up and down with slight lateral sway.

11"
Moderate stretch— $\frac{1}{2}$ " gap.

At dead run, max. movement 8" vert., 4" lat.

Too Much
Breasts slosh and roll up and down and from side to side with no apparent pattern.

17"
Ripping—3" gap.

At dead run, max. movement 18" vert., 12" lat.

The Principal Nipple Classifications

The Pygmy Gumdrop



Clothed

Unclothed

Side view

Raised American Beauty



Clothed

Unclothed

Side view

All-Night Salute



Clothed

Unclothed

Side view

Flapjack



Clothed

Unclothed

Side view

Detecting Vaginal Tightness

Look for vaginal tightness in a woman's face. The tightest vaginas belong to the "lemon suckers," the sour-faced girls with the tiny mouths, pursed lips, miniature features, troubled looks, and pointy chins (i.e., the First Lady). The large, open pit variety vaginas are to be found in the women with big mouths, big teeth, lots of hair, and sparkling personalities (i.e., Carly Simon). How close to either of those extremes a gal is will let you know her vaginal size, give or take a thumb or two.

Note: Girls under the age of consent, women under five feet tall, and all Hawaiian females have extremely tight vaginas.

continued

Basic Bush Designs

With the exception of redheads and raven-haired women, all feminine hair is mouse brown. Texture follows the general texture of the head hair. Since pubic hair shape and character is controlled by grooming, the way to figure out what a woman has is to look at her lifestyle indicators.

Secretary



All-American beaver shape, clean, well-scrubbed. Still a year or two away from hairy leg spread and pubis to navel fur bridge.

Cocktail Waitress



Boyfriend clip, keeps the lips shaved for easy access, smells like lilacs, on weekends uses special genital makeup.

Lady Businessman



Natural over-thirties muff, untouched except for leg trim and occasional yeast-related trailblazing.

Housewife



Convenient utility cut, kept close after second child, turns on otherwise sleepy husband, is a snap to keep clean.

Fashion Model



Doesn't stick out of bathing suit, emphasizes height.

Philosophy Major



Wilderness designation, uncut, unclean, more hair than a Turk.

Unwanted Hair

Unwanted hair is hair that appears anywhere on the body, with the exception of the head and the pubis. Unwanted hair that appears on the arms and face will tip you off to hidden unwanted hair.

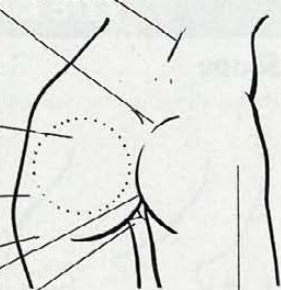
If She Has	She Will Also Have	Armpit hair	Rectal hair	Nipple hair	Back hair	Buttock hair	Chest hair	Navel hair
Arm hair		X			X			
Hairy moles				X				
Moustache		X			X	X		
Sideburns		X			X	X		X
Eyebrow bridge		X	X		X	X		X
Chin hairs		X	X	X			X	
Knuckle hairs		X	X	X	X	X	X	X

The Ass

A great rear end can elevate a homely face, stupidity, bad skin, buck teeth, filth, and sloth to regal status. Most guys can live with a pair of infantile teats, but not too many good men linger around an ugly ass. When the ass goes, as they say, so does the man.

The Perfect Ass

Cheeks separate, forming cute triangular indentation or "chin rest." Feathery stroke of blond down continues to neck.
Charming dimples.
Cheeks form complete circle.
Skin is clear and white and smooth and cool to the touch.
Cheeks meet thigh without creating line.
Pink and hairless.
High cheeks allow view of genitals.

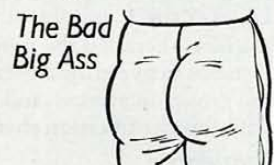


Lots and lots of adorable goosebumps when it's cold.

How to Tell a Good Big Ass from a Bad Big Ass



The Good Big Ass



The Bad Big Ass

Expensive designer jeans
Buttock definition
Light between legs
Hips jog up and down when in motion

Penney's denim slacks
One cheek hangs lower
Thighs rub
Buttocks vibrate when in motion

The Bag Over the Head Principle

Don't be dope! Just because her mug could spook a horse doesn't mean she can't have a great set of cans. We're all God's children and we each get our fair share of good and bad. For instance, those broads in *Vogue* look pretty sharp, but they can't remember their own phone numbers. So, if you're looking for the best individual parts, they're down on the bargain floor.

BEST TITS—Ugly Jewish girls studying law or medicine

Best Nipples—Fat white girls with freckles

Best Legs—Women over 6' 6"

Best Asses—Short black women

Best Bushes—Girls with acne

Best Overall Genitals—Horse-faced girl athletes

The Four Basic Feminine Odor Groups

Smells But Doesn't Notice

Bless her heart, this little pie-faced sweetie works hard and tries her very best, but she stinks and she's not smart enough to know. She makes the best secretary, but on a hot day, she'll bring your lunch up.

Smells, Knows It, Covers It Up

She's the gal with the false eyelashes, the frosted hair, the blood-red lip gloss, and the skin that looks like flesh-colored paint. Downstairs, she smells like a sewer with an Airwick in it.

Smells And Loves It

You'll recognize her Swiss khaki hiking shorts, wool socks, waffle stompers, and flannel shirt. On the outside she smells like you, but unpeel her and you'll get a hint of what our evolutionary predecessors smelled like. She doesn't believe in covering up what is natural and beautiful and woman.

Doesn't Smell

Best that can be hoped for in real life. Very clean. Smells like soap and shampoo and baby powder and, sometimes, suntan lotion. These are the kind you marry.

Ethnic Considerations

The basic racial and ethnic types have distinct anatomical characteristics.

Black: Large brown nipples, chin-chapping cork-screws of wiry black pubic hair, protruding buttocks.

Oriental: Sparse black pubic hair, very fine texture, small brown nipples, small breasts, flat rear end.



Slavic: Woolly brown pubic hair in great abundance, large pink off-center nipples, big thighs, brownish to liver colored vaginal lips, low-slung butt.

Nordic: Pink nipples well-placed on large breasts, fine wispy light brown pubic hair, firm high buttocks, long legs, no brains.



English/Irish: Pure white skin, red nipples on large milky breasts, red pubic hair, large firm buttocks, short legs, thick ankles, thin waist.

Mediterranean: Huge full breasts, brown nipples, chubby stomach, big round buttocks.

Danger Signs

Women are very adept at concealing their shortcomings, but there are a number of clues and hints that will alert you to major structural, cosmetic, and hygienic flaws.

She's Old

High collar (to hide stringy chicken neck)
Thick yellow toenails
Nice ass but hunched back
Funny spots on hands
Bad breath
Nose veins
Perfect teeth; *too* perfect

She's Fat

Deep laugh
Long hair parted down the middle
Caftans
Clothing mostly black and twelve to eighteen months out of style
Peasant tops
Unusual wear patterns between upper trouser legs
Stretch waist skirts
Puffy fingers
Looks good standing but bulges when she walks
Goes to the beach in street clothes
Resewn seams on pants' seats

She's Dirty

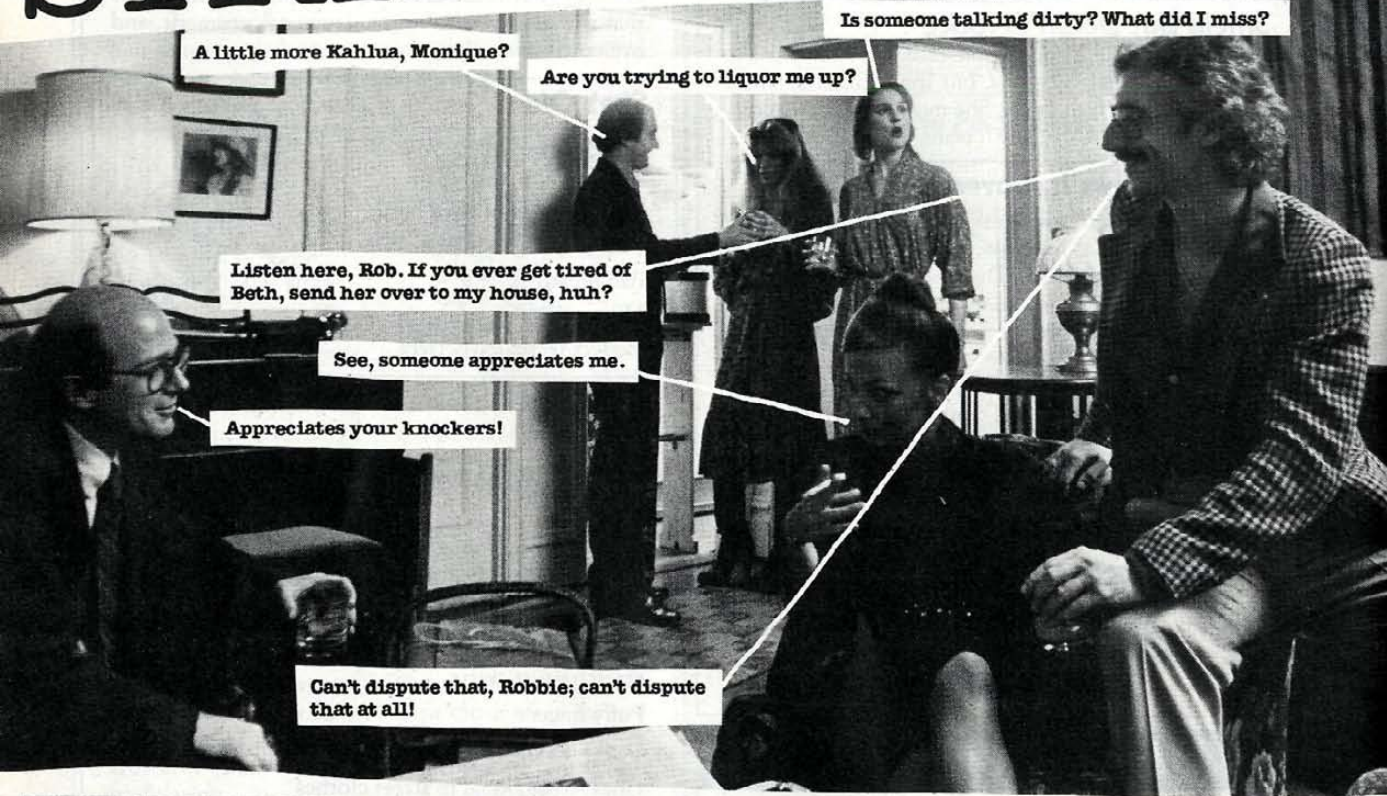
Makeup line on jawbone
More than three runs per nylon
Crotch stains
Baggy knees on pants
Salt stains on blouse underarms
Open-toe shoes with dirt visible at base of toes
Neck pimples
Wearing scarf on head (to hide greasy hair)
Pubic hair hanging out of bathing suit
Caste mark

She's Crazy

More than three earrings
More than five rings
Black woman with white eye shadow
White woman with black eye shadow
Shorts and heels
Bathing suit in public
Burgundy, blue, or pink hair
Safety pin in check
Under 100 lbs. □

STRIP POKER

by John Hughes



A little more Kahlua, Monique?

Are you trying to liquor me up?

Is someone talking dirty? What did I miss?

Listen here, Rob. If you ever get tired of Beth, send her over to my house, huh?

See, someone appreciates me.

Appreciates your knockers!

Can't dispute that, Robbie; can't dispute that at all!



Hey! I've got a wild idea!

Is it dirty?

It can't be too wild — we have to get the baby-sitter home by 12:30.

I know! Sandy's going to show us her vibrator!

Hey, seriously, how about a friendly game of strip poker? I mean, what the hell — what have we got to hide?

What do we girls know about poker? We'll lose!

I'll get the cards!

I'll deal!

Monique is such a piece of ass, I can't believe this is happening to me. It's like one big Penthouse letter!

This sure beats the card games on the morning train!

After we're naked we'll probably have a group fuck!

I haven't played poker since high school!

Steve has a neat body. I hope he's a crummy card player.

Three cheers for the layered look!

Monique's always talking about how big Ron's thing is. Now we'll see if she's exaggerating.

I sure hope I can remember how to play this damn game!

I'll bet Beth has nipples the size of pancakes!

Let's not have any cheating!

If Steve's penis gets stiff over Beth or Monique, I'll be really pissed at him!

Four tens—that beats everything I see before me. In no time I'll have you down to your birthday suits!

Don't hold your breath, Steve—I'm wearing five rings!

Hey, wait a minute! Jewelry doesn't count! It's not clothes!

To a woman, jewelry is just as important as clothes.

That's not fair! You girls have ten pieces of jewelry on. Not only that, you have twice as much underwear!

But we're worse poker players, so it equals out.

O.K., the rule is: all jewelry must be discarded at one time.

Does the stuff in our purses count?



Damnit!

I'll kill Ron for making me shave off my pubic hair!

Jesus H. Christ! Where the hell are the fives in this goddamn deck?

If I don't get on the ball I'll be the first guy to go bare-ass, and wouldn't you know it - I'm getting hard!

Aw, crap!

I'll bet I'm the only uncircumcised guy here.

Boy, am I terrible.

Oh God, please give me a good hand. I have my period!

Is that a Vanity-Lo bra, Beth? It's really pretty!

I'm so embarrassed! My bra is ten years old. I know there are pit stains on it.

Three ladies and a pair of dimes! O.K., let's see some flesh!

I hope my luck holds - I've got a rash on my ass.



Who would have imagined that Monique would have such saggy, baggy boobs. She looked better with her bra on.

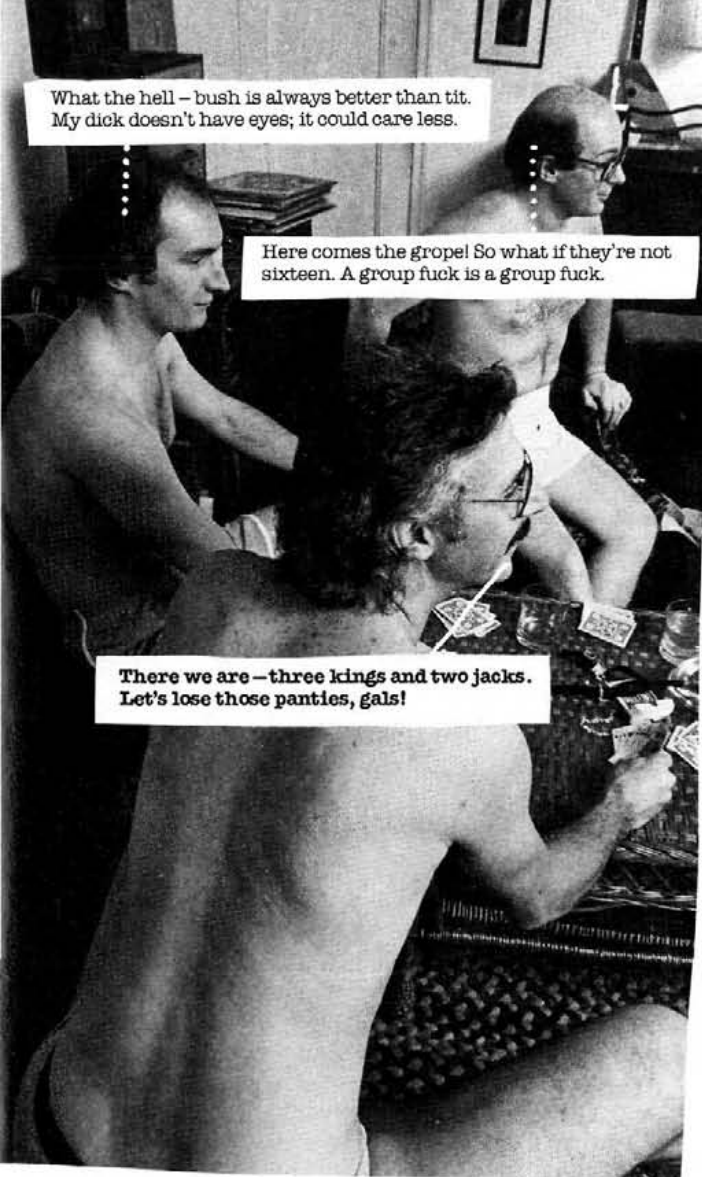
Boy, clothes really do make the man!

Holy cow! I thought Beth had stretch marks! Sandy's really a wreck!

Ron is such a cute guy. What's he doing wearing those fruity underpants?

I won, so does that mean I can put my bra back on?

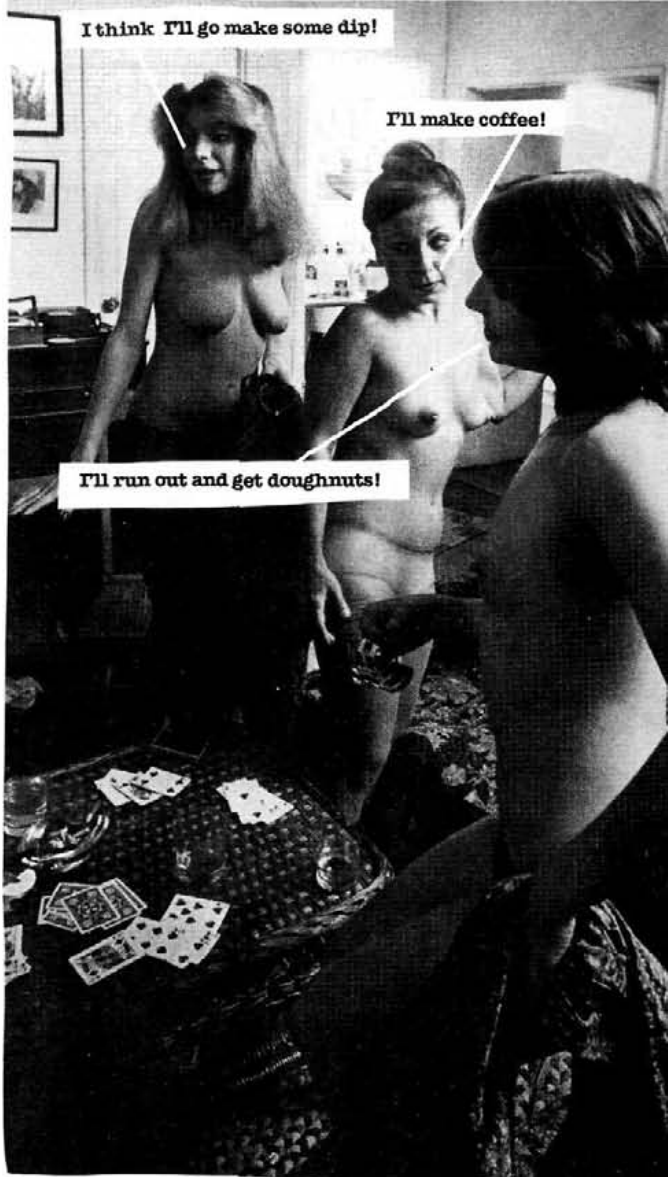
Maybe if I slouch down, no one will notice how fat I am.



What the hell - bush is always better than tit. My dick doesn't have eyes; it could care less.

Here comes the grope! So what if they're not sixteen. A group fuck is a group fuck.

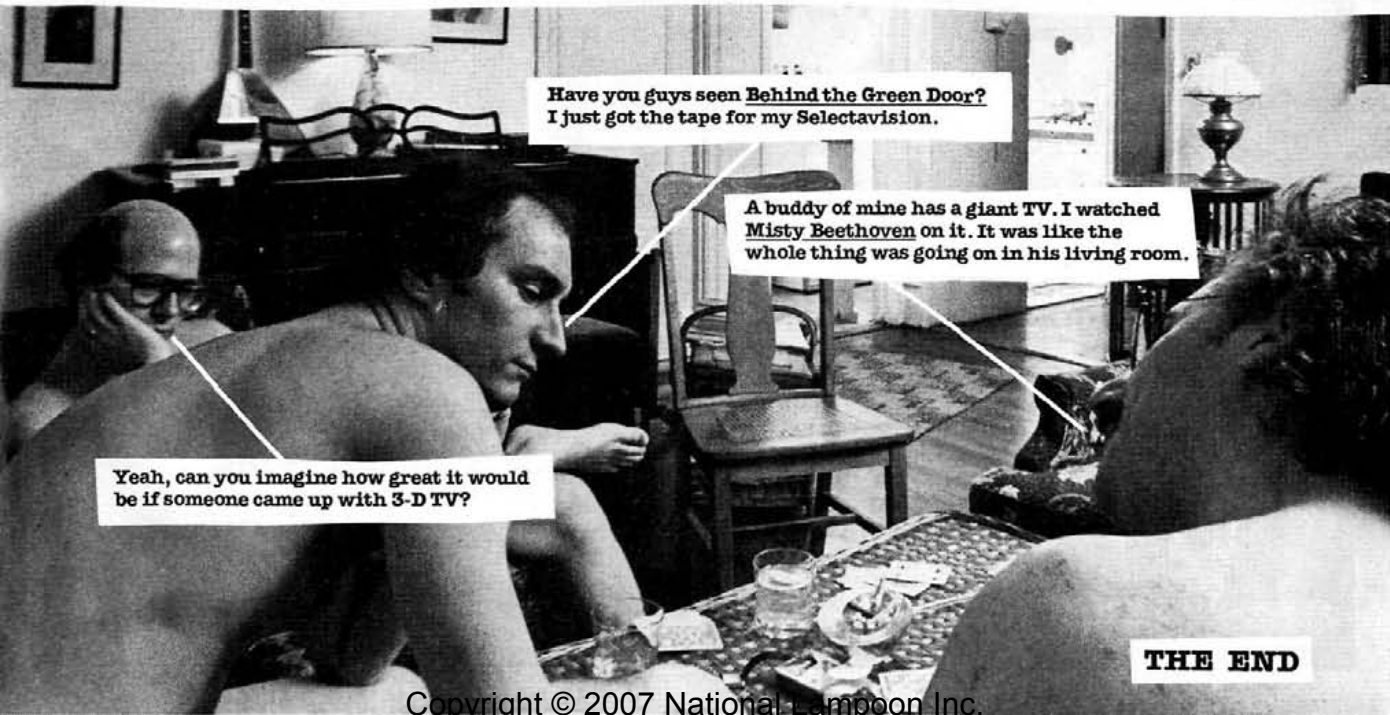
There we are - three kings and two jacks. Let's lose those panties, gals!



I think I'll go make some dip!

I'll make coffee!

I'll run out and get doughnuts!



Have you guys seen Behind the Green Door? I just got the tape for my Selectavision.

A buddy of mine has a giant TV. I watched Misty Beethoven on it. It was like the whole thing was going on in his living room.

Yeah, can you imagine how great it would be if someone came up with 3-D TV?

THE END

FOTO FUNNIES



BABY, YOUR EYES ARE LIKE OPALS FLECKED WITH GOLD.



AND YOUR LIPS ARE LIKE A ROSE OPENING TO THE SUN.



AND YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE...



UH, YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE...



GLIYAS? PUMPKINS?



CASABAS? EGGPLANTS? TURNIPS? BEEFSTEAK TOMATOES?



CANTALoupES? CALIFORNIA MELONS? LARGE GRAPES?

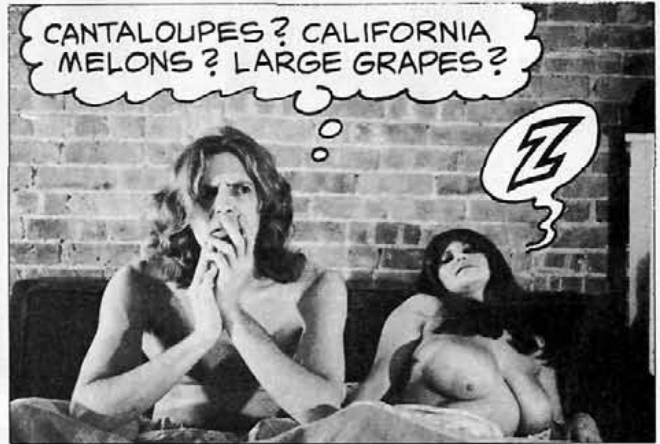
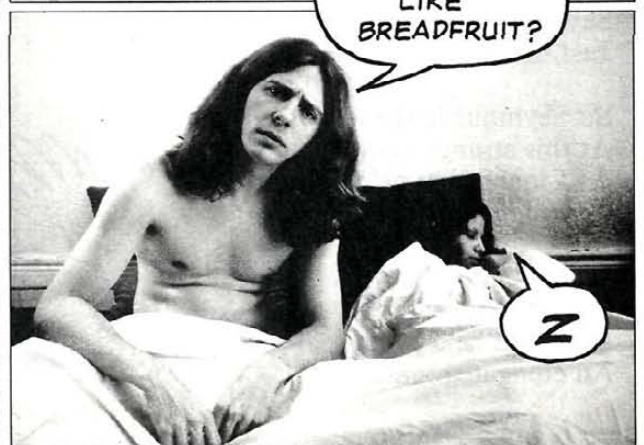


FOTO FUNNIES



I, a Splurch ^{By} Dr. Sexx

There once was a birdie
Named Seymour the Splurch,
Who was born and brought up
On a small wooden perch.

Now the Splurch was a good bird,
He worked hard at school,
And studied, especially,
The Splurch golden rule,
Which told all young Splurches
To learn and to grow,
To wonder and question,
And hunger to know,
To trust other Splurches,
(Even those over thirty),
But to never, Godammit,
Do anything DIRTY!

Now the Splurch always minded,
He did just what they said.
When he flew over nudists,
He'd turn up his head.

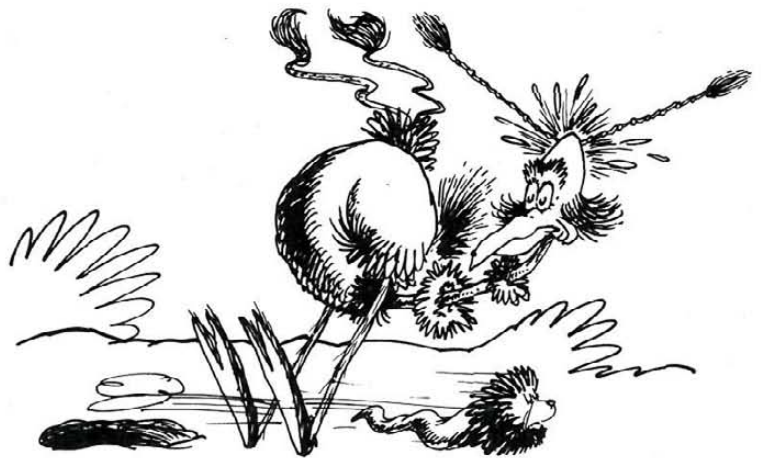
He never took birdseed
From drooling old strangers,
Or got into cars
With their unexplained dangers.

Seymour, in short,
Was as good as they came,
A credit, they said,
To the grand old Splurch name.

But one day
While digging for Greebles to seize,
Seymour sensed a strange quiver
Just north of his knees.

So Seymour looked down
At this strange complication,
And found that he'd sprouted
A new decoration.

Where before his young drumsticks
Shook hands with his rump,
He found he'd produced
An elongated lump.



And to go with his growth
He found himself feeling
Several strange new emotions
Which set his mind reeling.

So he packed up his birdseed
(He'd just bought a new shipment),
And went searching for someone
To explain his equipment.

He tried his librarian,
Morris the Glapper,
Who slipped him a book
In a brown paper wrapper.

He flipped through the index,
Found the chapters he needed,
But the relevant pages
Had all been deleted.

He next tried his neighbors,
Two flying pink Frumers,
Whose cohabitation
Had caused many rumors.

They listened politely,
Then shot a quick glance
At the source of his troubles.
(Seymour wished he'd worn pants.)

"Here let us show you!"
They both giggled at last,
But their whips, boots and chains
Told him, "Beat it, and fast!"



He next sought advice
From the fluff-tailed Gazorning,
Who gave him a wallop
And added a warning,
"If you touch what you've got there,
Or give it a tweak,
You'll go blind in the eyes,
And grow warts on your beak!"

This made the Splurch nervous.
His eyesight was ace,
But the urges and surges
Were picking up pace.



ART BY PETER BRAMLEY

He thought of his grandpa,
An aged Splurch wreck,
Who in fact *had* gone blind
And grown warts on his neck.

“But what is it good for?”
Thought Seymour still doubting
The point or the use of
The thing he was sprouting.

But an urgent new yearning
Had flickered and grown.
His claws started sweating;
He let out a moan.

“What I need’s a girl,
One’s good as another!”
But the only Splurch girlie
He knew was his mother.

Seymour’s sex education
I’m afraid had been slight,
And he didn’t know doodling
Your mommy’s not right.

He’d never been taught
About unnatural sex,
And dozed off
When his teacher read *Oedipus Rex*.

So Seymour took off
In a state of great haste,
For the throbs in his wishbone
Left no time to waste.



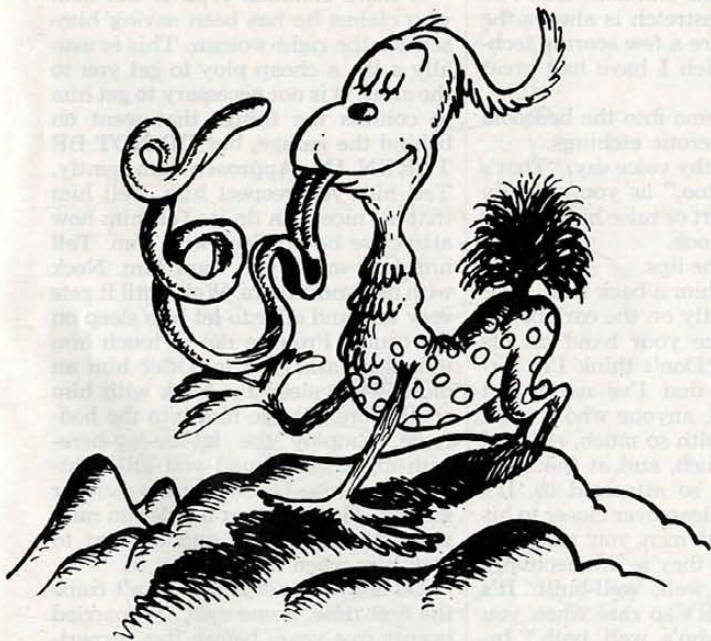
But alas for the Splurch,
Fickle Fate held a catch.
When he knocked at mom’s door,
His *dad* opened the latch.

“Stand back!” hollered Seymour,
“I’ve got to see mum!”
And he lunged for the bedroom,
Still not sure why he’d come.

His father, however,
Was not so confused.
He glanced at his son,
Saw he'd no time to lose.
Then a flapping of wings
And a screeching ensued,
Which I'd like to describe,
But it might seem too crude.

At any rate,
Later that evening at nine,
Seymour's two parents
Both sat down to dine.

The dinner was perfect.
The wine was superb.
But the hit of the feast
Was a tender roast bird
With two wings and two drumsticks,
And—excuse the digression,
But Seymour's old dad
Had to carve with discretion.
For although most roast birdies
Are eaten completely,
A small part of this one
Was severed quite neatly.



So, kids, if you liked
This short yarn I've been spinning,
If it set you to twitching
And started you grinning,
Don't miss my next book,
Which tells of the Gringus,
A small furry rodent
Who learns cunnilingus. □

—JOHN WEIDMAN

sneak up behind her and give her a playful goose. Quickly withdraw your hand, sniff it, and check your watch, muttering "Seems normal" in a puzzled fashion. She'll love it.

If you have tried all of these and you still cannot get the girl to pay attention to you, drastic action is called for. Try throwing up down the back of her dress. *Are you crazy?* you are probably saying to yourself. *What kind of insane moron would purposefully throw up on a woman?* A horny insane moron, that's what kind. Although this method may seem a bit forward, no normal person would ever suspect another human of intentionally doing such a thing, and, while you apologize profusely for this unfortunate "accident," you have already guided her into the bathroom and half out of her uninhabitable clothing.

The rest I leave to you, you devil.

The "Line"

Once you have captured the scoree's attention, you must maintain it and turn the tenor of your conversation to matters sexual. But first you must convince the snatch that she is a "hot ticket" and somehow "special."

The best way to do this is to lie. Tell her she reminds you of Audrey Hepburn, "only more womanly." Comment on how gracefully she moves and ask her how long she stud-

ied classical ballet. Tell her she has nice toes; tell her she reminds you of your favorite Disney character; tell her she doesn't sweat much for a fat girl; praise a rash, a growth, anything that pops into your head . . . just remember to *keep a straight face*.

Don't forget that a woman is child-like and trusting, a fact that can easily be demonstrated by scattering a handful of hard candies amongst even the most uppity of "women's lib" gatherings and observing how the ginches immediately revert to their true natures, fighting and scratching over the delicious treats.

If caught lying, particularly about yourself, *never back down!* Suppose you are having dinner at her house and you have just told a tasty piece of meat that you are a neurosurgeon, and she turns out to have recently won the Nobel Prize in medicine for her definitive work on electrochemical exchanges in the cerebellum. Whatever you do, *do not get flustered*. Gashes, like dogs¹ and other animals, can smell fear in a man and will immediately go for the throat. Merely smile in a bemused fashion and reply that by sheer coincidence you had been chuckling over her charming assumptions concerning the motor nerve

¹At the time of this writing, there has been no evidence of a woman having successfully learned to fetch, point, or "play dead."—DCK

functions of the medulla oblongata only that morning with the boys at the Surgeons Athletic Club, and my those certainly are nifty things you're wearing in your ears, and you certainly are a great cook, even if the béarnaise is just the *teensiest* bit lumpy.

Point and match.

Once you have gained her confidence, an operation that need be no more complicated than removing a stray thorn from her paw, you must reel out the most critical part of your "line" . . . the part that is designed to make her want to *bump your uglies*.

Appealing to her maternal instincts is usually the safest. Tell her you have only six weeks to live. Your first wife committed suicide (but not before she hash-browned the twins). You-are-afraid-you-may-be-a-homosexual. This last riff is one of the best because it is also a challenge to her womanhood. Betcha can't make me make a puppet under the blanket. Dare ya. You may wish to further embellish this tack with a slight lisp and a nervous crossing of legs. Some of my friends have gone so far as to call up and ask to borrow her dress.

Further variations on the "line" can be developed to put her at her ease if she does not have a contraceptive with her. You are still recovering from the vasectomy you had so that the children already born might grow up in a

continued

so far, you will have made arrangements to go on a date. How good he is in bed should determine whether or not you go on a second date, so scoring should be foremost in your mind. Don't take him out the first time. There is no point in spending money on a man who won't put out.

Create an erotic and homelike atmosphere. Leave a few sweat-covered copies of *Sports Illustrated* in the bathroom. Make sure the bathroom sink has a few hairs in it. Hang three or four used toothbrushes above it. Leave the top off the toothpaste. Hang a few prints of Rubens' *Bacchus* on the walls. The confessions at My Lai and a drill-press catalogue make for good coffee-table fare. Leave a few dirty glasses in the sink. The theme song from *The Bridge on the River Kwai* makes for good mood music. Keep a supply of cheap cigars, and offer him one after dinner.

Elaborate dinners call for elaborate preparations and dishwashing. The shape of the food is much more important than the taste. There is nothing erotic about a runny soufflé. I have had great success with hot dogs on a stick.

Scoring

You should not make a physical pass for about an hour. Talk to him.

Put him at ease. Compliment him on his intelligent conversation. Perhaps you could get him to talk about his life and other women he has known. This last should not include his mother.

The journey to the other side of the couch often seems ominous. Don't be afraid, the homestretch is always the easiest. Below are a few scoring techniques with which I have had great success:

Ask him to come into the bedroom to look at your erotic etchings.

In a soft, breathy voice say, "That's an amazing tattoo," as you casually unbutton his shirt or raise his pant leg to get a better look.

Kiss him on the lips.

Offer to give him a back rub.

Kiss him lightly on the earlobe.

Casually place your hand on his knee and say, "Don't think I'm forward—it's just that I've never met anyone like you, anyone who I, well, enjoyed being with so much, enjoyed talking to so much, and at the same time, well, was so attracted to. It's just that"—and lean over closer to his ear—"well, most men you meet are just, well, either they're intellectually stimulating or, well, well-built. It's just that, well, it's so rare when you meet someone who's, well, both." Insert your tongue lightly into his ear

and begin rotating it slowly from side to side.

You may run into a man who because of youth or impotence just never made it before. Virgins are hopelessly boring. Tell him to come back when he's older.

A more common type is the man who claims he has been saving himself for the right woman. This is usually a lie, a cheap ploy to get you to the altar. It is not necessary to get him to confess the things that went on behind the garage, but **DO NOT BE TAKEN IN**. Approach him gently. Tell him you respect him. Tell him that all nice men do it. Tell him how attractive he is. Neck with him. Tell him how much you want him. Neck with him some more. Wait until it gets very late and offer to let him sleep on the couch. Promise not to touch him unless he asks you to. Offer him an old shirt to sleep in. Neck with him some more. Coerce him into the bedroom. Employ the let-me-lay-here-with-my-arms-around-you-all-night-and-I-promise-I-won't-go-any-further gambit. Then let your hands run rampant over his body, and consent to fuck him when he asks you to.

Do not be upset if he doesn't come the first time. Some men are married twenty-five years before they experience their first orgasm. □

continued

world where they are free to breathe and grow. While protesting the Amchitka tests, you rowed too near the blast area and your nuts are useless except as nightlights. They fell off right after you were elected to the "Gallon Club" at the sperm bank.

It happened in the 'Nam, but you'd prefer not to talk about it.

Making Your Move

Now you are ready to go for the big money. Fill your conversation with amorous references and subtle sexual innuendos to create an enticing romantic atmosphere. Smirk when she uses the word "lay," "bed," or "sleep." Giggle provocatively when she says "fork," and, when asked, tell her you thought she said "dork." Make her aware of obvious sexual references in your surroundings, observing that a manhole reminds you of a you-know-what, or "Hey! That fire hydrant over there looks just like my dong!" Snigger at every object you encounter that is longer than it is wide, punctuating your mirth with sharp elbow jabs to her rib cage to drive home the point.²

Toss in little "propositions" hinting at the possibility of further sexual exploration ("Hey, I bet you've never seen an actual truss before!"), but nothing so cliché-ridden as the old would-you-like-to-come-up-and-see-my-etchings formula. Casually drop the fact that you have one of the most

²This is an example of the French *double entendre* or, literally, "talking dirty." If you did not "get it" the first time, reread it until you do. Then practice simple "talking dirties" of your own. Trace the male and female genitals on a shirt cardboard and cut them out with a round-pointed (!) pair of scissors. Make up a story about the cardboard figures and tell it to a friend, using as many *double entendres* as you can think of. Then, go fuck yourself.—DCK

intricate tattoos ever drawn and you would like her to see it, but it wouldn't really be proper. It's on the end of your schween. Right on the tippy-top. (Oddly enough, while most chicks have learned not to fall for the "etchings" bit, I have found, personally, that there is one thing no girl can resist inspecting: an ant farm. No shit. I don't even know why it is, but just let it get around that you've got an ant farm up in your pad and they hustle you into a cab like they got a Roman candle up their boxes. Works every time.)

Now, the moment of truth is nearing. But there is one more important step before the ecstatic dance of love begins, and that, as we all know, is the fine art of . . .

Getting Her Drunk

A good rule of thumb is one jigger per fifteen pounds of body weight. If, to illustrate, the bitch in question tips the scale at a round hundred pounds, about seven good stiff ones should get her oiled up enough for the eighth.³ A pocket supply of wooden tongue-depressors and a small plastic funnel may prove useful.

The Moment of Truth

. . . has arrived! At this point, all you have to do is ask her. If you are a bit reticent about saying "it" flat out, or if she is already unconscious, you may prefer making a clever but expressive gesture and leaving the actual, prosaic word unspoken. For example, you might suavely reach into your waist-

³Did you catch that one? See how many more you can find in this article. Then, sit on a flashlight.—DCK

coat pocket and drop a used condom in her drink. "Not all poems are written with a pen."

Helpful Hints

From now on, you're on your own. Just remember to clean up after, because lichens and molds are extremely fond of warm, dark places, and chronic Spanish moss is not covered by Blue Cross. However, there are a few questions that always pop up⁴ and I'll do my best to answer them as soon as I get this thing off my thumb. There.

Care and Cleaning of the Clitoris, or, more importantly, *finding* the little motherfucker. It's usually higher up in there than you think, and, if you're not careful, you can waste hours fiddling with a pimple or stray collar button. Proper manipulation of this sensitive nerve node can produce intense gratification on the part of your "partner," but, frankly, why bother?

Terms of Endearment. "Gash," "Cunthead," and "Crabs" are three of my personal favorites.

Failure to Achieve Orgasm (Female). There are many ways of dealing with this very common occurrence. Personally, at these most intimate moments I have found "Seen a shrink about it?" to be the quickest and easiest way of reassuring her of her innate femininity before going to sleep.

"Pussyfarts." There are some doors man was never meant to open.

Virginity. Though almost nonexistent in modern Western culture, this interesting phenomenon has still been recorded by a number of field researchers in Shaker Heights, Ohio, and a number of nearby Wyandotte burial mounds. Any of several mechanical aids may be obtained under the counter at your local hardware store for a modest sum, each guaranteed to make you a living "cherry bomb," although I myself favor the tried-and-true nine iron. (Note: If your bedroom is not fully soundproofed, a small hand towel or pillowcase will make a serviceable gag.)

Postorgasmic Etiquette. After the tumult of passion has died, those "little courtesies" are extremely important. Offer your roommate "sloppy seconds."

Avoiding Unwanted Pregnancy. Change your phone number.

Well, there you have it in a nutshell, fellows. Sound easy? Well, it is. Now that you know one end of a girl from another, you can use them both to your best advantage and give your mitt a breather. And as for that one little detail left over . . .

Getting Rid of Her

. . . that's your problem. □

⁴Eat me.—DCK



"It's a fried telephone book! We gave it a fancy French name and you ordered it!"

Tales of Nozzlin High School

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Meets the Amboy Dukes

by Chris Miller

They drove through a wilderness of concrete, bakeries, and temple youth centers, on roads with alien-sounding names like Flushing Boulevard and Utopia Parkway. Comfy suburban Nozzlin was now just memory. The air was filled with urban reek.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll slouched lower in the back seat of Ned's car, only his blond, James Dean-style hair and mirror sunglasses visible through the side window. He wondered if maybe he wouldn't be happier if he were home, doing his social studies assignment and listening to Dr. Jive on the radio. What had possessed him to let Ned talk him into cruising for city girls? He hadn't even achieved contact with suburban girls yet, unless you counted the furtive elbow-breast numbers he sometimes managed in the crowded high school halls. And yet, here he was, scanning the streets of Queens and feeling well out of his depth.

Ned, Steamin', and Stu, he knew, often cruised in search of city girls, exchanging alligator shirts and loafers for pegged pants and fruit boots in a lavatory after school and speeding off in Ned's chartreuse Henry J. To date, they had been utterly unsuccessful in their quest, but they never stopped trying. Mr.

Rock 'n' Roll could understand their persistence, in a way. He, too, had admired city girls, whom he had seen many times at rock 'n' roll shows at the Brooklyn Paramount. You could identify these urban excitors by their half-scarves, small gold crosses, and that certain aura of come-near-me-and-I'll-rip-out-your-throat. They were very sexy. But actually to go after them? To give up on the pom-pom-beclad Suzies and Joanies of Nozzlin, whom he hadn't gotten to first base with anyway, in favor of concealed razor blade-carrying Angies and Doloreses? He must be out of his nut. Maybe he'd be lucky and all the city girls would be home at this hour, sharpening their teeth.

"Ooh! Ooh! There's one! Omigod, she's *gorgeous!*" Steamin' had his face pressed against the windshield. A vein stood out at his neck. "Lookit that scarf!"

"I see her." Ned swung left onto 27965th Street, accelerated and then eased off, eliciting from his car's interior a loud rumbling popping effect he hoped would pass for a glass-pack but which actually was a hole in his muffler. The city girl walked on, seemingly oblivious to their sonic tour de force. Her white scarf knot dangled against her pin curl clips like a small rabbit at play

in barbed wire.

"Beep the horn," suggested Stu.

"Schmuck," said Ned. "That's really going to impress her, beeping the horn."

Steamin' pulled back from the windshield in one smooth motion like a dog catching a thrown stick, he drew his comb from his back pocket, craned to the rear view mirror and began straightening the line of his DA. "Weeds," he snapped. "Quick!"

Stu hurriedly passed out cigarettes. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt drawn into the excitement in spite of himself. He sat up straighter as they pulled abreast of the city girl. There was something irresistible in the utter indifference she exuded toward all around her. So complete was her absence of response to their presence that he wondered briefly if she weren't right, that they weren't really there at all.

Steamin' rolled down his window. "Hey! Hi!" he called smoothly.

The city girl popped her gum loudly enough for them to hear it in the car. Steamin' took this to be a favorable sign.

"Hey, where yuh goin'?" he shouted seductively.

The city girl turned up a concrete walk and into a house, slamming the door behind her.

"Shit!" said Steamin'.

Each of Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's cruising companions had his own technique for attracting girls. Ned's was his car. True, a '51 Henry J. did not have quite the evil ambience of, say a '49 Merc, but it was the only car he was likely to own in the foreseeable future and he'd done his best to render it presentable, painting it, putting on skirts and spinners, lowering it (with a pile of bricks in the trunk) and, finally, bullnosing the hood. He had never quite figured out how to plug the two small holes left by the removal of the hood ornament and this caused the car to whistle high C at speeds exceeding thirty miles an hour, but Ned felt that this was a small price to pay for the added visual class. In Nozzlin, he'd been knockin' 'em dead with this car.

Stu was a dancer. At record hops, he was supreme, bopping and slopping with the toughest chicks around. Unhappily, he usually departed these affairs alone, due to his face, which looked like a pizza, and breath, which smelled like old pus.

Steamin' relied on image. His head sported the most immaculate DA in Nozzlin High School, and his brow the most casual triangle of forehead curls. He dressed continental, with tapered black pants, tapered Italian-stripe shirts, tapered suede belt, and tapered-point shoes. In fact, Steamin' was tapered. His long stringy frame was perfect for slouching, leaning against walls, stretching out legs when seated, leaning over school desks so that his shirt lifted to show the small of his back, and many other cool postures. Though his image had not yet attracted quite the horde of females he'd been banking on, Steamin' knew from the way he impressed certain freshman boys that it was only a matter of time.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll wasn't sure about his girl-attracting technique.

His assumption had been that through sheer volume of listening to records he would become very cool. He had even gone so far as to memorize the label information—composer, time, catalog number, and dance designation ("fox trot," "calypso")—of every record he owned. The effectiveness of this technique was debatable. His usual opening gambit, "Who you like better, the Cleftones or the G-Clefs?" had thus far been met only with blank stares and contemptuous giggles. It was late in the game for Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, already spring of his junior year. Not getting laid had become the very core and crux of his life. If only he, like his cruisemates, were a mean motor scooter and a bad go-getter.

"A scarf!" cried Steamin'. "I see a scarf!"

"Where?"

"You missed it! Go back and turn left! Hurry!"

Ned wheeled the car around, its lowered rear scraping a curb abrasively.

"Hurry!" Steamin' was almost shouting. "She was way down the street from here!"

Ned peeled out, leaving rubber. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, impressed, felt that *this* city girl would *have* to dig them.

"There! Stop! Stop!"

"Where?" demanded Stu.

"Oh, *fuck!*" said Steamin'.

Outside was a mailbox with a scarf tied around its flag.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll contemplated his forearms and sighed. Even clenching his fists, he could barely see his veins, and how puny they looked compared to the mighty roadmaps he had observed on the forearms of hoods. Of Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's friends, only Steamin' had good forearm veins, but Mr. Rock 'n' Roll knew that these resulted less from proletarian virility than from the tight rubber bands Steamin' wore about his armpits. Effective, though.

The Henry J. rolled on. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll began to wonder when they would be going home. It was becoming night and Ned had only a junior license. Police had injected teenagers' testes with turpentine for less. He was about to raise this point when two girls with scarves and crosses undulated from an oncoming candy store.

"Holy shit!" cried Steamin'. "Pull over! Pull over!"

Ned decelerated to a crawl. The two girls were prime types, from the sullen expertise with which they sucked upon their cigarettes to the cornucopias of rejection implicit in the turned-down corners of their mouths. They even had just the right amount of skin trouble so that just the right amount of too much makeup was necessary. The faint crusting effect was devastating.

"Hey! Watcha doin'?" Steamin' inquired.

The girls turned to look at them. This had never happened before. Steamin' was dumbstruck. He shot a desperate look at Ned.

"Ah...whatcher names?" said Ned.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had all he could do to keep from sinking below window level. He knew the retorts to this question. "What's it to ya?" was one, or "Giddadahere or I'll get my boyfriend to kick the shit outaya."

"My name's Connie," said the blond city girl, "and this is Darlene." Her brunette companion regarded them with hot eyes. "What's yer names?"

Steamin' recovered his aplomb. "Oh, uh, this is Vinnie and Joe and Tony," he said, indicating Ned, Stu, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "And I'm Angelo. Uh...how'd ya like ta?..."

"Sure," said Connie, and the girls squeezed into the car, Connie between Ned and Steamin', and Darlene, cringing slightly from Stu, in warm thigh contact with Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

Stu, flustered, hazarded a few dance steps. Attempted in the back seat of a crowded Henry J., these

moves made him look like a demented man Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had once seen on a subway. Darlene inched further from him, pressing Mr. Rock 'n' Roll with soft firmness.

"Where you from, Tony?" she asked him.

"Well, originally I was from Brooklyn, but when I was six we moved to..."

"We're from Northport," said Ned quickly, pronouncing it "nawt-pawt."

"Where's *that*?" asked Connie.

"Well, if you're from Brooklyn," cooed Darlene to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, "then how 'bout drivin' us home?"

"Oh, well, I don't really think we can..."

"Why certainly we can," said Ned. "Love driving in Brooklyn." And he headed for the Expressway.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt defense systems collapse somewhere in his midsection. Paranoia attacked his liver. Brooklyn? Except for rock 'n' roll shows, he hadn't been in Brooklyn since he was a little kid. All he knew about Brooklyn was that people got beaten there a lot with chains. He watched in near paralysis as Darlene nonchalantly monitored a lipstick application in the lenses of his shades.

"Yer cute, y'know?" she told him. "When we get to the clubhouse, whyntcha come in for awhile?" She touched the tip of her tongue briefly to the ripe center of her upper lip.

"Listen, Darlene," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, "we really have to..."

"Fantastic!" cried Steamin'. "Love to come in for awhile."

"Sure would," said Ned.

"Damn right," said Stu. "Love to come in."

Darlene took Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's hand and placed it on her knee. "Don't worry, honey," she whispered. "I don't believe in lovers' cramps."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll swallowed with difficulty. He wasn't sure exactly what lovers' cramps were. Possibly he already had a case; his lower

trunk felt filled with ball bearings in Brownian movement. The deeper the car penetrated the tenement canyons of Brooklyn, the more intensely he yearned for the lawn sprinklers and cocker spaniels, and cool, linen security of his soft bed at home.

The alley which contained the clubhouse entrance appeared to have just been struck by a flash garbage storm. The girls led them through a soft blanket of kleenex and bottle caps, candy wrappers and Thunderbird bottles, to a dark rectangle in the building side. A broken, concrete stair descended to a door of rotting wood.

"It's...perfect," breathed Steamin'.

Connie led them in. Darlene illuminated the cellar to full gloom with an ancient gooseneck lamp of the sort one might see in the front office of a seltzer factory. About the walls were mattresses upon which Mr. Rock 'n' Roll fantasied cavalcades of hot dago sexuality.

"I'll put on some music," said Darlene. She walked to a rickety table bearing a fat-spindled 45 turntable and seven thousand records. Stu's eyes lit. He leapt to center floor, warmed up with some leg and toe moves, worked into full slop, and concluded with a perfect Jackie Wilson split.

"I like slow songs," said Darlene, unimpressed. A Harptones ballad commenced at her last word, disc jockey-like. Stu sank dejectedly to a mattress. The last time he had attempted to dance slow with someone, his breath had summoned from his startled partner an arc of vomit which had cleared three other couples before landing in the South Seas Punch.

"C'mon, Tony, let's fish." Darlene took Mr. Rock 'n' Roll in both arms, fitting flush against him from dimpled knee to crusty cheek. When she worked a thigh between his legs, he felt some response was called for and began to croon along with the Harptones' falsetto tenor.

"Jeez, you sing nice," sighed

Darlene, and popped her gum very close to his ear.

Ned, meanwhile, was dancing with Connie, impressing her with a smooth series of dips, turns, and sudden dramatic pauses. Steamin' deigned to dance. His spasticism had been legendary since he had tripped against a display table in biology, destroying seventeen science projects. Instead, he prowled the room, emitting small cries of pleasure at the discovery of, say, a pink and black sock or a zip gun.

When the next record didn't go down, Darlene left Mr. Rock 'n' Roll to go slap the turntable into re-engagement. Then she turned off the light. The sweet voices of Nolan Strong and the Diablos floated through the darkness:

You've taken my money,

Told me lies...

He heard a giggle approach, then felt warm, sticky lips carom from his nose to his ear to his mouth like soft pinballs. A tongue slipped between his lips in an effulgence of Juicy Fruit. It was Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's first French kiss; perhaps he staggered a little, for Darlene now drew him to a mattress.

"Get yer vines off, honey," she whispered. "I'll be right back." Each sentence was terminated with a tongue thrust, creating small moist pops in his ear that were much like periods. Footsteps padded away, then, from across the room, he heard excited whispers from Stu and Steamin' and the tinkling of belt buckles.

In an agony of excitement, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll tugged his jeans to his ankles. He couldn't believe it, but they were actually going to get...

The light went on. The first thing Mr. Rock 'n' Roll saw, dangling before his eyes, was a stout length of chain. The second was a large hood, looming over him like an angry god.

They were prodded by boot-toes into a pink and white huddle before a battered armchair. Arranged

around the armchair were a dozen or so glowering hoods. Seated within was a blond, rangy hood with incredible forearm veins and a snake tattoo. Connie and Darlene were nowhere to be seen.

"Okay, what we got here, Bull?" asked the blonde of a vast-shouldered hood at his right.

"Rose and Janie brought them in, Larry," said Bull, consulting a clipboard. "Claim to be from Northport, though our auxiliary there has no knowledge of them. Using the names Vinnie, Joey, Tony, and Angelo." He turned a page. "Let's see . . . wearing collars up though middle class . . . misrolled sleeves . . . aspiring to arm veins . . . holding filter cigarettes . . . crossing class lines with lustful intent . . . oh, and get this—wearing *Jockey* shorts!"

The hoods nudged one another, grinning.

"Anything more?" asked Larry.

"No. Except, any of you guys ever see so many circumcised cocks at one time in all your life?"

The hoods sniggered.

"Shut up," said Larry. "Which one's the dancer?"

"Him," said Bull. "The one with the pizza-face."

"Okay, you, on your feet. Crazy, put on a record."

"Right, Larry. Record." A huge, twitching hood limped to the record player. Stu didn't move. He had curled into a tight fetal ball between Ned and Steamin'.

"Hey, you," said Larry. "Get up and dance or I'll tell Crazy to pull out your rib cage."

"Skoo-be-doo-be-doo," replied Stu, catapulting to his feet, popping his fingers and tapping his toes. Crazy dropped the needle onto "Woo Woo Train." The Valentines lamented:

*There goes the train, oop sh sh
Movin' down the line, oop sh sh
Takin' my baby from me, oop sh
sh*

Stu was transcending himself. Never had his boogie been dirtier,

nor his potatoes so mashed. At the close of the song, he spun thrice and toppled backward, catching himself at the last possible second with one hand and flinging himself upright again in a perfect simulation of the Valentines' own stage finale.

There was a pause. The hoods looked at one another, then at Larry.

"What you think, Crazy?" Larry asked.

"Give me his feet!"

"See, Crazy's got a clubfoot," explained Larry. "He wasn't never able to get the girls by snappy dancin'. He had to get a job workin' in a meat factory so's he could give the girls steaks. In return, they give him a little of *their* meat. Sometimes."

"Yeah," said Crazy. "And maybe if I give Janie one of your feet, she'll let me play with her woolly." He drew a stained butcher knife.

"Cool it, Crazy," said Larry gently. "His feet won't go away. Bull, which one's the driver?"

"The runt," said Bull.

Ned stood up slowly, holding his arms stiffly at his sides.

"Okay, Angelo or Tony or whatever your name is, tell us about the car."

"Well, it used to belong to Grandma Millie, but she died of Asian Flu and my mother gave it to me. The car, I mean. Uh, I put skirts and spinners on it, bullnosed it, decked and lowered it, and I'm gonna get dual pipes as soon as I can, and..."

"Yeah," said Larry. "Well, guy, you see this cat behind me." He indicated a dark, pimpled hood. "Black Kenny always wanted a car, but his old man din't even have enough bread to get one for himself. Then the war came along and Black Kenny's old man got his legs blowed off at Anzio. So the government grafted a set of wheels onto his thigh stumps and sent him home. Two weeks later, the ol' man has a flat on the West Side Highway and goes through a guard rail. Now Kenny

ain't got a father *or* a car."

"Lemme have the car, Larry," begged Black Kenny. "First thing I'll do is knock off the bumper and tie the runt there instead. Then I'll drive into a wall five or six times."

"Good thought, Kenny. We'll get to it. But first, which one's the fruitcake with the rubber bands?"

"That skinny one there, Larry. The one what just passed out."

"Frank?"

A lean, handsome hood with black pomaded hair unzipped his fly and emptied his bladder into Steamin's face, rapidly eroding the perfect furrows of Steamin's DA. Steamin' leapt to his feet, steamin'.

"So you wanta look tough and pretty," said Larry.

"Uh, yeah. I thought that's how yuh get the chicks." Steamin' wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well, pretty boy, it doesn't always get the 'chicks.' Frank here's the handsomest dude on this turf. You know what it got him? Gang-raped constantly by Greeks from the next neighborhood. Until his cheeks fused together. Now Frank takes his dumps into a plastic bag he wears tied to his waist."

"Yeah, but I can still piss okay, huh, guys?" observed Frank. The other hoods chuckled and popped their fingers.

"What you want to do with him, Frank?"

"How 'bout we shave his head, then cut the veins outta his arms an' fasten 'em to his skull wit' his rubber bands. Then, every time he combs his hair, he'll hafta remember how *vain* he's bein'."

The hoods fell out, slapping one another's backs and shaking their heads helplessly.

"Not bad, Frank. You got a clever head behind that pretty face and don't think we don't know it."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll knew he was next. Through his terror, he had been conceiving a plan. It wasn't fully worked out, but it would have to do. He was so scared he felt calm.

"Okay, the record nut. Hey, James Dean, stand up."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stood up.

"Dean, lemme introduce you to Hambone." He gestured toward a gangling Negro hood with a high, Little Richard do. "Hambone had one of these old ladies who's always fallin' for rock 'n' roll stars. One week, Johnny Ace, the next week, Jackie Wilson, always somebody new. Hambone figured he hadda be a star too. So he worked on his voice for six months and finally landed second tenor spot with the Wrens. Naturally, his girl came to his first performance, which happened to be at a show at the Brooklyn Fox. That night, Hambone sung his heart out. Didn't you, Hambone?"

"Thass right."

"But after the show, she wasn't waiting for you at the stage door, was she?"

"She sho' wuzzin'."

"Where was she, Hambone?"

"She done run off wif Frankie Lymon an' de Teenager, *thass* where she wuz!"

"And today, Hambone is a men's room attendant."

"Thass right."

The room was hushed. "What'll we do with him, Hambone?"

"Well, Ah spec we could shove de 45 turntable up hiz ass an' scratch him wif needles 'til he sing de whole rhythm an' blues top forty."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll cleared his throat. "Just a minute," he said. "I realize you guys want to get on with this, but, before you do, I'll bet you know the answer to a record question that's been bothering me for years."

"Ah, fuck that shit, Larry," said Crazy, hopping up and down on his good foot. "Let's get 'em now."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll held his breath.

"Shit, what the hell. Go ahead, Dean, ask away."

"Well, as you all know, there were three recorded versions of 'Hearts of Stone,' not counting, of course, the insipid cover by the Fontaine Sisters.

One of the originals was by the Charms, and another was by the Jewels. My question is, who did the third?"

The hoods regarded one another.

"Uh, wuz dat by de Castelles?" asked Hambone.

"No," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll "They sang 'Hearts of Quartz.'"

"The Schoolboys?" asked Bull.

"No, they did 'Hearts of Steel.'"

The hoods began a soft rumble of questions to one another. Their brows furrowed. A few scratched their heads.

"Gee," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "I thought sure *you* guys would know."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Larry. "We know. Just wait a minute."

"The Bopchords?"

"No, man, it was the Magnificents."

"You kidding? They weren't around then."

"Well, how 'bout the Keynotes?"

A few at a time, the hoods began drifting to the record table to flip through handfuls of 45s. At length, only Larry and Crazy were still watching the captives.

"Now, Stu," hissed Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "Your breath!"

Stu, quick on the uptake and nimble as the dancer he was, came to his feet expelling breath like an aerosol can. First Larry, then Crazy, went down retching.

"Let's go," cried Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and before the startled hoods at the record table could react the four boys had launched for the door.

"Hey! Stop! Where yuh goin'?" bellowed angry voices. A stampede of footsteps started after them.

The boys flew up the stairs, into the alley, and hurled themselves into the Henry J. Ned hit the ignition. The motor turned over once...and died.

"Migod!" screamed Steamin'. "Hurry!"

The hoods were boiling up the cellar stairs, sweeping toward the car. Ned tried again. *Rrr rrr rrr*. No

ignition. And then the hoods were on them. Frank reached through the driver's window and grabbed Ned by the hair. Black Kenny drew a slender stiletto and held it at Ned's throat. The boys stopped breathing.

"All right, what's the answer?" asked Bull.

"Answer? Answer?" said Ned, in a little, squeezed-up voice.

"Don't get smart wit' us," snarled Black Kenny. "Tell us who recorded that third version of 'Hearts of Stone' or I'll stick this fuckin' blade down yer throat."

"Gnee! Gnee!" said Ned to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "Tell'm! Tell'm!"

"The Midnighters, 1954, on the Excello label," shouted Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, all in a rush.

"The Midnighters! Holy shit!" Frank turned to share a stunned look with Hambone.

"The Midnighters," breathed Black Kenny. "The *Midnighters!*" He pulled back from the window. "Hey it was the Midnighters," he called to Larry and Crazy, who were emerging unsteadily from the clubhouse, their faces somewhat green.

Ned, suddenly free, twisted the key again. This time, the engine caught. Ned squeezed his eyes shut and floored the gas. With a quite respectable *vroooooommmmm*, the Henry J. screeched from the alley. Through the rear window Mr. Rock 'n' Roll caught one last glimpse of the hoods, staring at one another and shaking their heads in grudging admiration.

"Jesus," said Ned. "Let's go home."

"Yeah," said Stu.

"I," said Steamin', "was feeling like home was a thousand miles away."

"By the Heartbeats, 1955, on the Hull label," murmured Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, and awaited at the window the return of trees.



Chris: Right. Here, these are some of the buds.

Ringo: *(Low whistle)* 'Ere, let me 'ave soom uv tha'. *(Sucking noise)* Mmm, it's really— *(Violent coughing)*

Paul: *(Clapping Ringo on the back)* 'E never really learned to inhale, y'know. Come on, mate, spi' it ou'.

Ringo: *(Loud, choking coughs)* Went...down the...wrong pipe.

Chris: Here, drink some of this. *(Swallowing sounds)*

Ringo: Ah. Better. Thank you.

Chris: Well, I guess this is kind of unusual, the four of you being in the same room together these days.

John: Tha's righ', it's been years. *The last time me an' Paul saw each oother, I think I called 'im a fookin' bahstard.*

Paul: Yeh, an' I called you a stooburn cocksooker. *(Merry laughter)*

Yoko: Like everything, it is circular. The sun, the moon, the planets—all circular. *(Pause)*

Chris: Ah...

George: Do you see tha' paintin' then, Ringo? It's got li'ul dead sheep all lyin' in the snow. See thur li'ul legs stickin' oop?

Chris: It portrays the time the *army let some nerve gas get loose out in Utah. It killed a bunch of sheep.*

Paul: Foony. It's sooch a pretty pickshur, too.

Chris: Yeah, it's supposed to be in the style of Grandma Moses. They used it in this calendar for the Bi—

George: Look a' tha' one thur, with 'is 'ead in the river. Thur's a li'ul blud trail roonin' out uv 'is mouth, goin' down the river thur.

Ringo: 'Ow 'bou' tha'!

Chris: Say, there's a bunch of questions I've always wanted to ask you guys.

Some of them are personal and embarrassing, and others are just plain stupid, but... could you get into that?

John: Of course, man.

Paul: Shur, ask away.

Chris: Well, I guess the big question I've always wanted to ask is, what exactly was it like, being the Beatles?

John: Really great, Chris.

Ringo: A hell of a time. *(Pause)*

Chris: George?

George: Oh, lots uv foon. Could I 'ave a bit more of tha' wine, then, mate?

Chris: Sure. *(Pouring sounds)* Uh...Paul?

Paul: I'm okay for the mo', thanks.

Chris: No, I mean, what was being a Beatle like?

Paul: Qui'e peculiar. *(Pause)*

Chris: Well, let me ask you this. Back when you were performing live and you used to look out there at all those screaming thirteen-year-old girls, did you ever get a sudden craving to ram your cocks down their open mouths?

John: Oh, coonstantly. I remember wishin' I could fly righ' off the stage an' dive-bomb 'em with me dick out. *(Gentle, reminiscent laughter)*

Chris: Paul, how do you shave?

Paul: First down, then oop. Then I pu' on a li'ul after-shave.

Chris: That's amazing. That's exactly how I do it.

Ringo: Me, too.

Chris: Ringo, what's the rest of your morning like? I mean, what are the things you do when you get up?

Ringo: Well, let's see. I 'ave a pee. I broosh me teeth, take a shower, get dressed, an' eat me breakfast.

Chris: What kind of tooth-paste do you use?

Ringo: Crest.

Chris: Great. Uh, George, if it started to rain breasts, what would you do?

George: Become vurry frightened. *(Laughter)*

Chris: John, what would you do?

John: Roon outside with a bushel basket. *(Redoubled laughter)*

Chris: Paul, what's five and three?

Paul: Eight.

Chris: Great. Great. Isn't this terrific?

Ringo: I'm 'avin a woonderful time. *(General assent)*

Yoko: See the wine sparkle. Examine its sound. The glass is round. *(Pause)*

Chris: The wine is a Blanc de Blanc. I always pronounce that "blank-dee-blank." You know, like in *(sings)* "Poosh-dee-poosh, we can work it out, baby?"

John: Oh, yeh, the Contours. Always liked tha' onc.

Ringo: Wha's tha', then? "Do You Luv Me"?

John: Righ'.

Chris: You guys still listen to old rock 'n' roll?

Paul: Oh, shur, me Li'ul Richard an' Chook Burry an' like tha'.

Chris: What do you listen to that's contemporary?

Yoko: I hear the snowflakes fall soundlessly...and the footsteps of the angels.

John: Yeh, we listen qui'e a bit to the foo'steps uv the angels these days.

Chris: Ringo, what do you think of Farrah Fawcett?

Ringo: Nice teeth an' nipples.

Chris: You like nipples!

Ringo: Oh, shur.

Chris: Well, what do you think of all those magazines like *Penthouse* and *Hustler* going into the pink?

Ringo: You mean, like, feelin'

George: good an' 'ealthy?
No, you goon, tha's "in the pink." 'E's talkin' about pickshurs uv nood women in magazines, 'oldin' thur stoof open.

Ringo: Oh, tha'! I like tha' joost fine.
(*Laughter*)

Chris: I wonder if I could ask you about some of your song lyrics?

Paul: John was ackshully the walrus.

John: No, no, no. Paul was defini'y the walrus.

Ringo: I wan'ed to be the walrus. They wouldn't let me be the walrus.

Yoko: Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-russ.

John: 'Ere, luv, drink soom uv this.
(*Swallowing sounds*)

Chris: Um... what about "Helter Skelter"? Paul, you wrote that, didn't you? What did you have in mind there?

Paul: It's qui' remarkable, tha' one. You migh' not believe me, bu' one mornin' I woke oop feelin' grotty an' decided to wri' a song tha' would inspire a bloody 'orrible mass murder.

John: Imagine his chagrin.

Chris: You... is that really true? Come on.

Paul: No, really. Tha's exackly the way it 'appened.
(*Pause*)

Chris: Uh...
(*Laughter*)

Chris: (*Laughing*) Wow, I thought for a minute.... How'd you feel about that Manson thing, anyway?

Ringo: Joost awful, Chris.

John: Turrible.

Chris: People were always interpreting your songs to mean all kinds of outlandish things, finding clues and hidden meanings in the lyrics and in the pictures on the album jackets. I always figured that was primarily bullshit. Was I

right?
George: (*Pouring sounds*) No.

Chris: No? They *did* have clues and hidden meanings?

Paul: Oh, shur. F'rinstance, "Hey Jude," when you decode it, is ackshully a classified NATO nuclear strike-back plan, in case the Rooshians invade.

John: Tha's righ'. And if you play the second verse uv "Baby You Can Drive My Car" backwards, it'll give you the formula for Coca-Cola.

Chris: That's amazing.

Ringo: Wha' you think the song "Yellow Soobmarine" is really about, eh? Take a guess.

Chris: Uh... some kind of drug? Something that came in a yellow capsule?

Ringo: Uh-uh. Take anoother guess.

Chris: Some sort of reference to counter-cultural communal lifestyles?

Ringo: Oh, no, no. Noothin' like tha'. No, "Yellow Soobmarine" is ackshully about this time John 'ad diarrhea. We were on a boose withou' a rest room, so 'e went behind a seat. Which oopset Paul tremendoosly, I migh' add.
(*Pause*)

Chris: That's... what "Yellow Submarine" is about?

John: Tha's righ'.

Ringo: It's all in the clues and 'idden meanin's.

George: Pass me the wine? Thank you. (*Pouring sounds*) Y'know wha' else? You remember tha' album coover they wouldn't let us use?

Chris: The one with you guys in blood-smear'd aprons, with the dolls made up to look like dismembered babies?

George: (*Whispering*) They weren't dolls.

Chris: They...

George: (*Laughs uproariously and makes fart noise*)

Paul: Maybe you should take

it a li'ul easy on the blank-dee-blank, eh, George?

George: (*Imitating rooster*) Buh-kuk buh-kawwwwww!
(*Pause*)

Ringo: Really nice apartment, Chris.

Chris: Thanks. Uh, I know you guys know him— what do you think of Mick Jagger?

John: Turrific lips.

Paul: Gives me an erection joost watchin' 'im chew goom.

Chris: Say, speaking of erections, that brings us to a subject that's certainly near and dear to my heart, namely, whacking the ding-dong. Did you guys used to do much of that?

Ringo: (*Modestly*) Oh, well....
(*Laughter*)

Paul: Oh, shur, we all did lots uv tha', bu' especially yoong Ringo 'ere. 'E's a bit uv a legend in the rock 'n' roll world. You've whacked it in soom pretty remarkable places, 'aven't you, mate?

Ringo: Heh-heh.

Yoko: Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked—

John: Easy, luv. Settle down, now.

Chris: So, Ringo, you really like to flog the hog, eh?

Ringo: I can't deny it, Chris, I 'ave been known to plonk the magic twanger froom time to time.

Chris: Well, Ringo, would you care to... expand on that?

Ringo: (*Chuckling*) Soomtimes I'd do it behind me drooms, righ' in the middle of a concert.

Chris: Really?

Paul: (*Giggling into his hands*) 'E did, 'e did, 'e used to splatter 'alf the people in the first ten rows.

Ringo: They'd think it was sweat or soomthin', flyin' off one anoother.

John: 'E'd make a special li'ul

Chris: beat on the tom-tom, to warn us when to dook.
But...if you were using both your hands to play the drums...what were you using to wring the weasle?

Ringo: A bionic arm!
(Explosion of laughter. Wine pouring)

George: (Clapping hands, imitating seal) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Paul: I think George is gunna be pootin' on a lampshade next.

George: (Putting on lampshade) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Yoko: The bird sings sweet.
(Whistles like bird)

John: This is gettin' vurry ecological in 'ere soodenly. Could I 'ave anoother joint, man?

Chris: Sure. Comin' right up.
(Sucking noises)

Chris: The next thing I was wondering about—

Paul: I'm paranoid!

Chris: You're...?

Paul: I'm soodenly paranoid! Yur doop's too good!

Chris: Is he ser—

Ringo: 'Ere, stay out uv 'is way, mate.

Paul: Spiders! Spiders!

John: Spiders now? Wha' is this, "The Wide World

uv Animals"?
George: (Clapping hands) Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Paul: Don't le' them ge' me!

Chris: It must have been very interesting, you guys working together.

Paul: Oh! It's okay now, I'm fine. Don't worry about me. Everything's all righ'.

Ringo: Are you sure, then?

Paul: I'm really absolu'ly fine. I'm fine.

Ringo: Well, I'm glad uv—

Paul: Don't touch me!

John: Oh, coom on, Paul.

Paul: Yah! Yahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Chris: Should I call a doctor or something?

Ringo: Oh, no, we remember 'ow to 'andle Paulie, don't we, lads?

George: Righ'. Let's do it.

Paul: No! Stop! Please! Hey! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

George: Ickle tickle tickle! Ickle tickle tickle!

Paul: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Stop! I'll be good! I promise! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ringo: John, I've always woondered soomethin'. Why'd you 'ave tha' sanitary napkin tied to yur 'ead, tha' time out

in Los Angeles?

John: I guess I joost 'ad the rag on tha' nigh'.

Yoko: John! Not funny!

John: Sorry, luv.

Paul: Let me oop! Please!

John: You really promise you'll be good?

Paul: Yes! Yes! I swear.

Ringo: All righ'. There you go. (Gradually diminishing panting sounds)

George: Thur, you feel better now, Paulie?

Paul: Mooch. Thanks.

Chris: John, someone mentioned something earlier about you having diarrhea in a bus. Do you have it today? When you first got here you went into the bathroom, and when you got out, it really smelled bad in there.

John: Righ' you are, mate. Diarrhea again today.

George: John 'as an age-old luv-'ate relationship with the stoof.

Chris: Really!? That's fascinating. You know what we used to call it in high school? Diarrhea, I mean? We called it "a fart with fluid drive."
(Laughter)

John: (Laughing) Vurry good. I can really rela' to tha'.



CALIXWELL

Yoko: (Laughing) John poopee smell! (Holds nose)

Chris: John, let's really get down to brass tacks. How do you relate to diarrhea? Like, how do you experience it as different from discrete, cohesive bowel movements?

John: Well, I like the way it cooms ou' uv thur all a' oonce, instead uv in dribs an' drabs. Y'know? Joost one quick (makes liquid sound effect) an' yur all finished!

Chris: Leaving behind that delicious sense of intestinal void, right?

John: Righ'! Righ'! I can see you an' me're qui' similar in this regard. You

know wha' I 'ate most? When it cooms out in li'ul 'ard balls. Tha's to-tally froostratin' to me, li'ul 'ard balls.

George: Anyone feel like a pizza, then?

Chris: Gee, I hate little hard balls, too. I guess we are a lot alike. How about, you know, those long ones?

John: Oh, you mean "sausages." Tha's wha' I call 'em. Those're the best, man! I remember this time in 'amburg -

Yoko: Cat! Big fluffy cat! Pretty!

Paul: Who's this, then? Is he a Persian?

Chris: Oh, that's Otis. Yeah. he's a -

Yoko: Pretty!

George: D'joo name 'im after Otis Redding?

John: No, you dotard, 'e named 'im after the elevators.

Chris: Well, he's mostly named after Otis Redding, but he's also named after Otis Williams and the Charms, and Johnny Otis, and all those other Otises that were on all those old R&B records.

John: D'you 'ave old records, then? Froom the fifties?

Chris: Do I have old records?! Hey, man....

Ringo: Oh, a grea' big basket full uv 'em! 'Ere, let's see tha'.

John: 'Ey, the Harptones! The Midnighters! The Diablos! Paulie, look a' these! Can we play soom, Chris?

Chris: Sure! Pick 'em out.

John: 'Ow 'bout this one by the Moonglows?

George: Which one, John? Which one?

John: 'Old on, you'll 'ear.

Moonglows: Most of all, I want your (wahhhh) warm embrace...

Paul: I luv the part where they go (sings), "Wahhh."

Chris: I love that part, too. I love the Moonglows's harmonies.

Ringo: 'Ere's soom old Sun sides...

George: "Mystery Train"! "Mystery Train"! Let's 'ear this next!

Paul: We're not keepin' you from anything, are we, man?

Chris: Oh, no, not at all. Listen to this part coming up here. They do an "oooooooooooh" that's incredible.

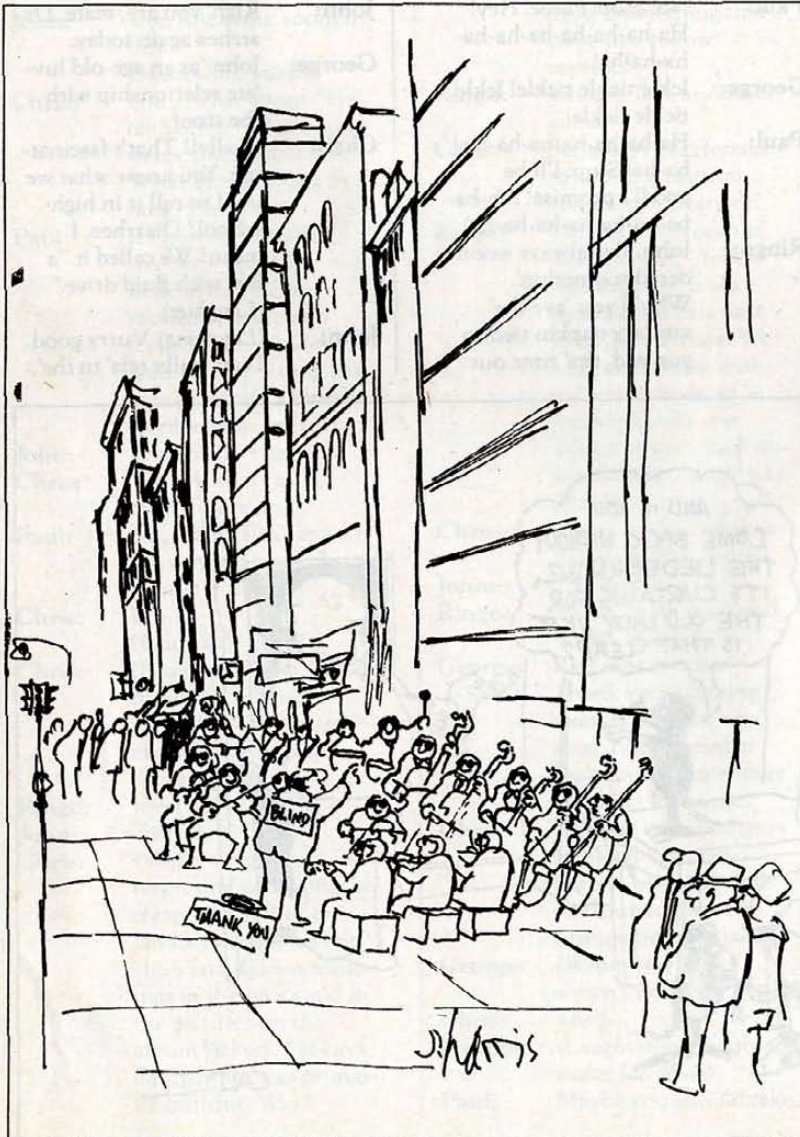
Moonglows: Ooooooooooooh...

Ringo: Tha' was an incredible "oooooooooooh." This is really foon! Let's do this all nigh'! (Laughter. Wine pouring)

George: Ooh! Bo Diddley! Play this one next instead!

Chris: Sure. Pass it ovwerpp -

Tape: (Spinning in pick-up reel) Ticka ticka ticka ticka ticka ticka... □



GOBBLER

FOR THE REST ROOMS OF THE WORLD

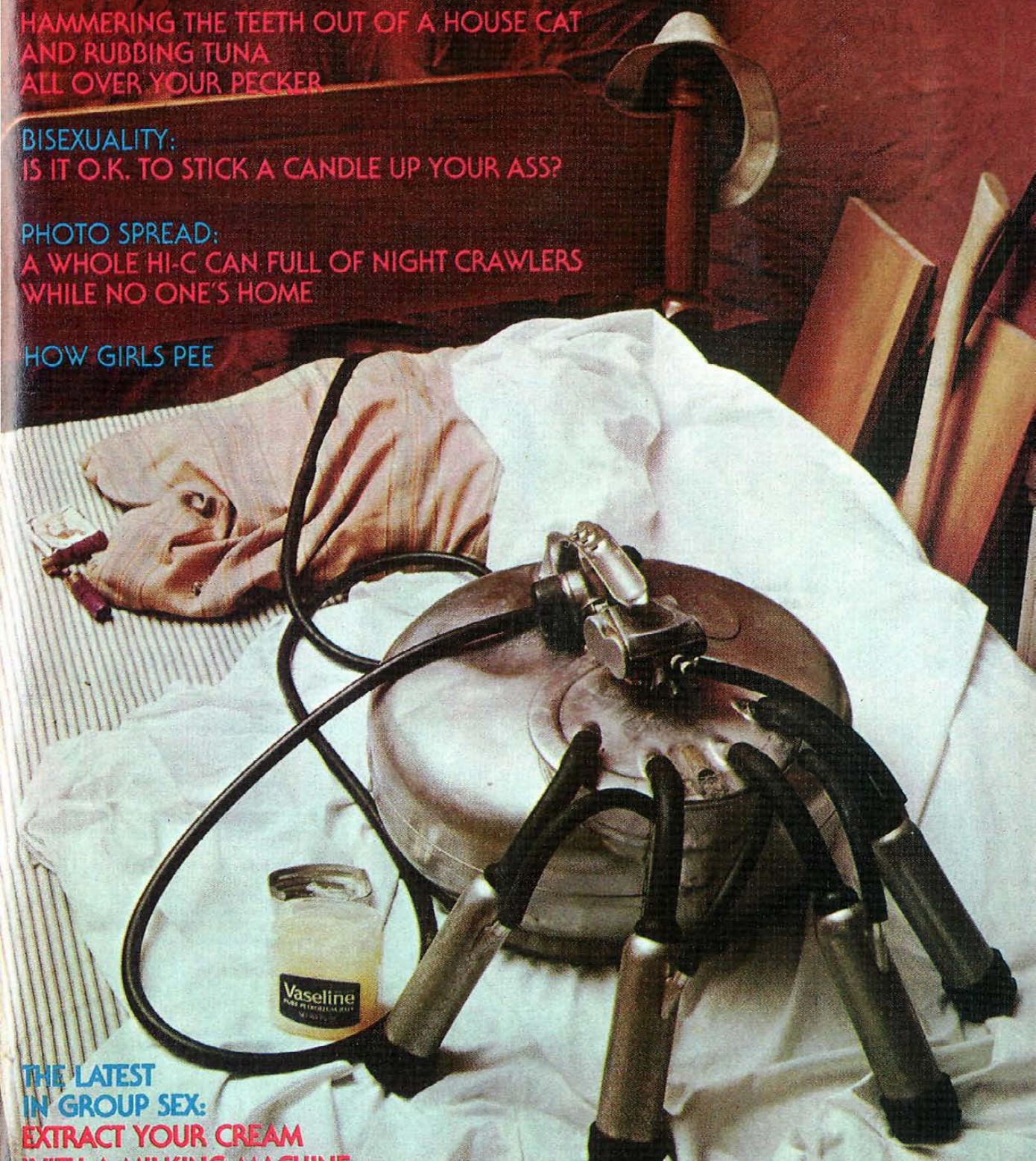
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HAMMERING THE TEETH OUT OF A HOUSE CAT
AND RUBBING TUNA
ALL OVER YOUR PECKER

BISEXUALITY:
IS IT O.K. TO STICK A CANDLE UP YOUR ASS?

PHOTO SPREAD:
A WHOLE HI-C CAN FULL OF NIGHT CRAWLERS
WHILE NO ONE'S HOME

HOW GIRLS PEE



THE LATEST
IN GROUP SEX:
EXTRACT YOUR CREAM
WITH A MILKING MACHINE

GOBBLER

GOBBLER

"FOR THE REST ROOMS
OF THE WORLD"

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the garage, a deck of
Mexican playing cards,
a lot of bathroom walls

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HOW YOU GONNA
KEEP THEM DOWN IN
PAREE, NOW THEY
BEEN UP ON THE
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UP THE OLD DIRT
ROAD

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Beat Your Meat in the
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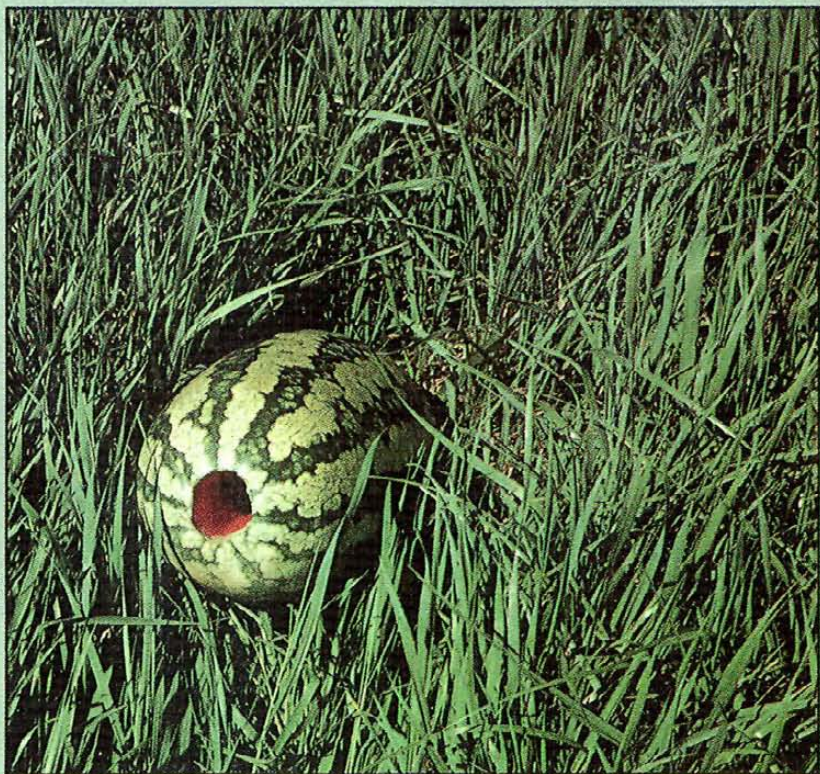


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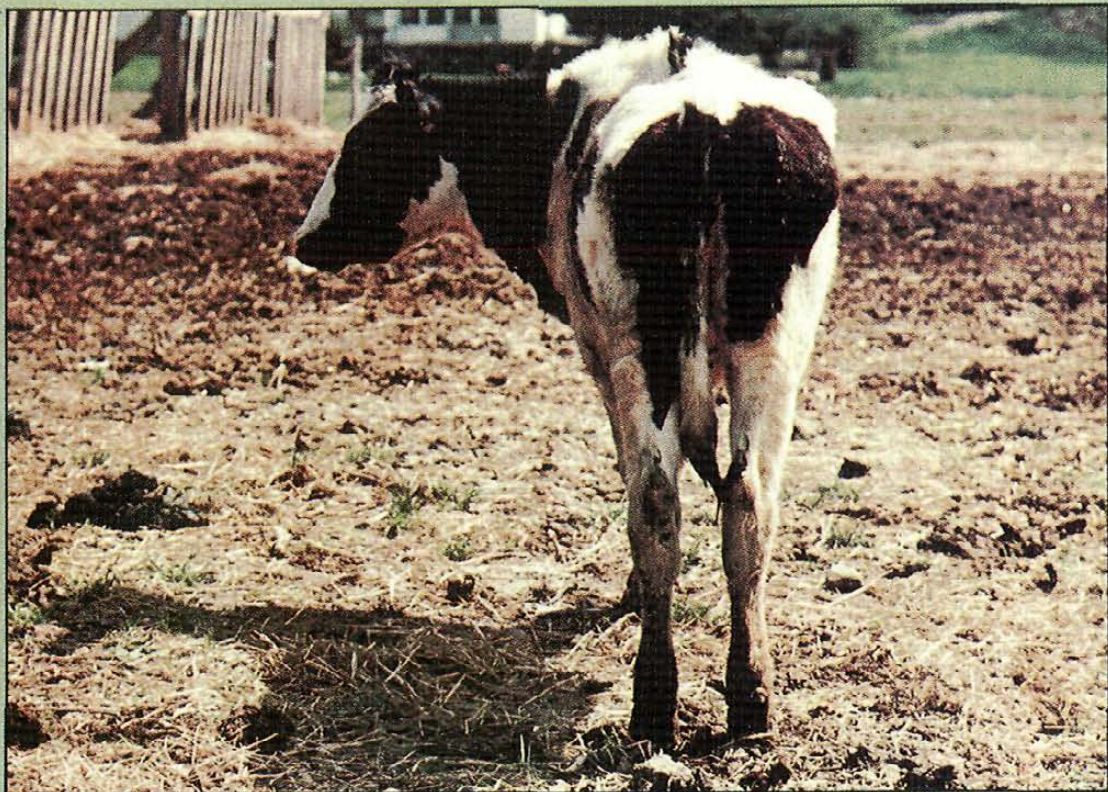
How you gonna keep them down in Paree, now they been up on the farm?

In case you're wondering what these words are at the top of the page, they're called a headline. A headline is the magazine word for the words you have to put somewhere on a spread about cunt and such to comply with the First Amendment. What it is is a switch around on the title of an old World War One song about our boys getting fucked in France which went, "How you gonna keep them down on the farm now that they've seen Paree," which is supposed to be the sexiest place on earth, being in France, so what we did is change it around so that now what it says is that you won't be able to keep healthy studs like our great *Gobbler* readers in a shithouse like Paree once they find out what they can get into on the farm, which we could have said just like that except it's way long for a headline (which

has to be pretty short to comply with the fucking First Amendment) and anyway it's the kind of fancy crap that's in these days, but what these photos are really about is all those great tight-as-a-v-grip holes you can stick your dick in around old MacDonald's place (that's another song—don't go trying to fuck a Big Mac), or if you can't get out of the Chi-town run, some hot, horny hole-shots you can slam the ham to while you're tooling down Interstate 80. Holes galore! Holes all over! Yours for the filling! Free! Holes you can dump your load in as often as you want without the worry of hospital bills, sitting in costly bars playing Freddy Fender till you puke, or having to hold a rusty Phillips screwdriver on some crud-bucket before she'll peel her stinking pants off. Yessir. This is cunt, country-style! And we helped!



HOLE IN A WATERMELON
Here's a great hole. Some folks on the farm call it coon-tang. All you do is cut a hole in the watermelon the size of your dick. Slip your dick in the hole. It's all pink on the inside. The melon, not your dick. (Your dick is, too, though.)



HOLE IN THE SOUTH END OF A COW
FACING NORTH

No need to cut anything here. There's two holes already. Take your pick. Stick your dick in your pick and move it back and forth until white stuff comes out the end. Like milking in reverse. You know what milking is.



HOLE IN A CHICKEN

Only one hole here. Easy to find. It's where its eggs come out and yours go in. Stick your dick in and move the chicken back and forth until white stuff comes out the end. Your dick, not the chicken. Watch out, though. Some chickens dig getting it up the egg hole, and go hot on you. Then it's a question of which came first—the chicken or you.

More Obligatory Sex Scenes

Alright, Mister Free Play of the Market, what sells? Sex sells, that's what. Just ask the kindly prop. of your local bibliothecary. It's the de rigueur graphic description of the two-backed beast that moves a tome off the shelves and into at least one hand of the reading public every time.

How, then, to turn today's young semi-literate onto worth while lit., i.e., the classics? We recommend the insertion of the passages below, from time to time as need be, amidst the pages of the appropriate quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

Let's get the kids out of the x-rated movie emporiums, back seats, motels, massage parlors, whatever, and back behind the library stacks with their puds in their paws, where they belong.

The Gulag Archipelago

by
ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN

The Great Gears of the Prison Machine grind the mind and body to pulp and shred the soul like a rag. Life is pain and pain is life. But when a man has been deprived of every comfort, every necessity, of his pride, his spirit, and his strength, a strange thing happens. He becomes like the fox in spring.

There are women at the Lubyanka. They work beside the men. They suffer and starve beside the men. While digging the National Soviet Socialist's People's Work Hole in the frozen winter earth, I met Z_____, an Article 58 prisoner. The years in prison, the treatments at the hospitals and the asylums had stolen her beauty and had reduced her mind to soup. But within my heart, I felt passion.

"Have you the strength to make fuckska?"

"Yes. But very, very small fuckska."

Physical pleasure at the Lubyanka is forbidden. Strength is not to be wasted on

even so base a human need as sex, so in laying down with Z_____, I was risking her life and my own life. How much worse could death be?

It was during the two hour rest period that I laid down with Z_____. Between the toilets on a floor of frozen mud and straw, I put my hand to her pale and drawn face and looked into the cloudy eyes sunken deep into their sockets. She put her cracked, bloody lips to mine. She kissed me. It hurt.

Slowly, very, very slowly, her hand traveled down my emaciated trunk like a snake. She took my shriveled manhood in her hand.

"Not so big, eh?"

"A rabbit where once a bear had been."

I put my hand upon the place where a firm and full breast once lay. My other hand held the remains of her pussaha.

"Foreplay, eh?"

"Nyet. I will never be ready if not now."

I rolled over upon her and let my organ flap between her legs.

"Be gentle."

"Da, da."

My heart filled with the warmth of lust, and a few drops of weak blood surged into my organ. Z_____ guided me within her.

"What do you feel, little vručka?"

"Pain."

THE PURLOINED LETTER

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE

Dupin, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, and cast a thorough-going eye upon its contents:

May it please Her Royal Highness,

In the Convent de _____ there are, at this moment, in full

preparedness, two score young girls, very clean, with their frocks sewn up over their heads, and at the ready for the ministrations upon their small and smooth-fleshed private places with les dil-doux grandes of Your Majesty's favor which we keep always on the premises.

Furthermore, knowing His most gracious Majesty's refined disposition, we have gathered the boys' choir, nude, in a large box.

I remain, Ma'am, with the greatest respect, Your Majesty's most obedient servant,

Abess _____

THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU

by SAX ROHMER

DACOITERY AND BUGGEE

STANDING over the still-warm husk that had but recently housed the tireless spirit of Reverend Priory, I turned to my companion, whose skin was of a coffee hue, he being recently returned from the land of the odiferous and dusky midgets of the Punjab.

"What manner of man could commit such an outrage?" I asked.

"Would that Fu-Manchu were a mere man," whispered Nayland Smith. "No, Petrie, our adversary is the spawn of blood-swilling Kali herself. Imagine, if you will, a tall, feline, womanish yellow satyr with a cock the size of a siege cannon. Sling pendent to this satanic sheath two nectar-filled orbs the size of ripe Iranian melons from the table of Tamburlaine. Endow him with a supple set of toothless gums such as would pleasure Socrates himself on the fields of Eleusis...."

continued

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OBLIGATORY SEX SCENES

continued

So shaken by fear and revulsion was the last, best hope of the white race and its plump young sons that he broke into a shivering sweat and began, as was his custom, to massage what he claimed (and what I believed) to be a malarial sore on his inner thigh.

"Give him the buttock of Shakepeare, the chest hair of Pugachev, the omphalos of Cesare Borgia," he continued, his pocket-shrouded hand growing all the while more agitated, owing no doubt to the ferocious intensity of his jungle-born sore.

"Oh dash it all, Petrie," he cried. "I don't give a fig about Fu-Manchu. It's you I care about, Petrie. I want to suck you till your hair turns as blue as the vault of the mosques of Samarkand." And so saying, the fever-ridden Paladin undid my waistcoat and trousers in order to perform an act of Spartan fraternity, known in the former American colonies as a corking good blow and rim job.

"Fuck Fu-Manchu and the whole white race," he shouted. "I love you, Petrie. Let's get married."

Roget's INTERNATIONAL Thesaurus

THE FIRST COMPLETELY
UNABRIDGED EDITION IN 200
YEARS
954b. SEX

n. mating, copulation, fornication, screwing, baling, friggling, rutting, laying, fucking; fresh-mouth, pig, lout, chauvinist, masher, parlor snake, "look not upon the wine when it is red" (Bible), crossed legs; communication, relationship, tenderness, kid glove, sincerity, common interests, companionship, rare intelligence; cute eyes, deep voice, hair on wrists, third drink; finer things, Kandinsky, Walter Pater, eclecticism, light values, impasto, Knodder's, burnt umber, etchings.

n. doorman, flocked wallpaper, deep pile, Sutton Place, heir, hurricane lamp, eggs Benedict, Piper Heidsieck Brut 49 view from bedroom; hand on neck, nibble on ear, erection on bun, "Hands off my tit" (Lamb); tumescence, swelling, passion, fumbling, one true love, life is short, carpe diem, carpe noem, stays, buttons, straps, zippers, hooks, garter belt, tits, tits, tits, protection, contraceptive, pill, diaphragm, Ramses, coitus interruptus, dry hump; tits, tits, tits; "Relax and enjoy it" (Confucius); felt, pants, zipper, knotted shoelace (oaths and curses, 446.28d); pull, lick, suck, jerk, average; poppers, surprise, doubt, dismay, fear, experiment, sniff, rush, blast, cock, cock, cock, cock, more, in, slide, shove, bang; dildo; yes, assent, agreement, now, right away, "Look upon the wine when it is red" (Bible), what: "Ease it up my hairy ass" (Milton); "You're kidding" (Plato); "No, I ain't" (Emerson); strapping on, greasing up, new kink, shoving in, fart, "Full of supper and distemping draughts" (Shakespeare), fubsetto-scream.

n. "You okay?" (Dickens); embarrassment, explanation, shrug, my thing, postcoital cigarette; pre-coital cigarette, what's-his-name; what's-her-name, indifference, roll over, drowse, nod, rest, snore; itchy cunt, tempting cock, ball tickle, belly rub; "Hey, sister, once is my limit" (Herbert Hoover); panties, bra, slip, nylons, skirt, blouse, shoes, hat, gloves, purse, glance in mirror; bathrobe, slippers, walk to door, morning mail on table, water plants before bed, memo to wash teeth, member, etc.; "Thank you for a very pleasant evening" (Pope); "Let's do it again some time" (St. Gregory), cab fare, shut door; shit.

BERNICE BOBS HER CUNT

F. Scott Fitzgerald

IT WAS Bernice's misfortune to come from Racine, Wisconsin, and stay with her cousin Millicent in a much larger city where young ladies were already known for the "jazzy" way they did the hair on their cunts.

Bernice knew that her cunt was not popular with the boys, unlike Millicent's, who had hers diddled and fingered every minute, as the eligible young men cut in and played with her at the Saturday night parties at the cuntry club.

Bernice decided to ask Millicent's advice. Even in Racine, girls with far less attractive cunts were given bigger rushes.

"I want to know why your men friends aren't interested in my cunt."

Millicent was combing the long, luxuriant hairs of her cunt and fixing them into two heavy braids.

"It's because it looks boring. I think you should bob your cunt."

Bernice fainted.

* * * * *

"I want you to bob my cunt."

The barber at the Dernier Haircutting Parlor swallowed his toothpick. Mr. Moriarty and Warren Sedge, the town dandy, had their shaves temporarily halted to watch. As did twenty other passersby whose eyes fastened on the barbershop window.

Bernice saw clumps of dark brown hair falling away from her cunt, dropping to the emotionless floor. For a moment she cried. Five minutes later, she saw her cunt in the mirror and blanched. Her hair was gone. Her cunt was bare and limp. Her cunt's original charm was the simple, long silkiness of its hairs.

Now it looked—well, frightfully bald—not theatrical and not at all *au courant*.

"Do you like it?"

There was a faint, "Mmm," from Millicent and her friends. Arnold Butterworth made an awkward pass at it but couldn't bring himself to look at the bobbed lips. Millicent turned with ferretlike intensity to Arnold.

"Would you mind playing with my cunt? I must show you how I've done up my hair. Let's practice your new finger moves, and I'll show you how to use your tongue."

For a moment, Arnold's cold eyes rested on Bernice's silly attempt at high fashion.

"Let's go," he said quickly.

The Brothers Karamazov

BY FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY

III. A PASSIONATE CONFESSION

TWILIGHT HAD fallen over our town by the time Alyosha reached the yard behind Fyodor Pavlovitch's house. The wind was rising, and the young man shivered a little. Looking about, he saw no one, but just then a voice called his name.

"Alexey! Aha! It is you! Good! Good!"

It was Dmitri. Alyosha saw that his brother's eyes blazed wildly, and guessed that he was drunk. "Mitya, dear, what is it? What are you doing here?" Alyosha cried in dismay.

"Doing? I have come to confess! Yes, that very thing! To confess, brother, for I have... I have..." Dmitri's eyes suddenly glazed over, and he reeled, holding onto Alyosha's arm for support. "Ah, but I am a scoundrel, Alexey. I am offal, I am beyond loathing, beyond redemption for what I have done..."

"But, dear brother, what could —"

Another voice interrupted them. "So this is how it is to be, then?"

"Ivan!"

For it was indeed Ivan Fyodorovitch, who approached the other two with a deliberate step. "Rakitin told me I might find you two here," he said. "Ivan!" cried Dmitri. "You, too! Yes! So be it! I shall confess now to both of you! Brothers! Let me purge the filth from my soul —"

"But there is no soul," Ivan muttered angrily.

"Ivan!" exclaimed Alyosha. "You cannot truly mean that!"

"Brothers!" urged Dmitri. "Listen! Listen—and swoon with contempt at my depravity." He spun around crazily, as though to defend himself from the darkening gloom that fell swiftly on the trio. "I have just come from Agrafena Alexandrovna—from Grushenka the temptress, ah! the whore! the angel!—where I have nearly succumbed to desires so base they would make you faint! Ah, God —"

"God?" hissed Ivan, a dry smirk playing about his thin lips. "But if there is no God—no, stay, Alexey!—if there is no God...? What then, my pious brother?"

"Ivan, you wish to torment me, and I do not know why!" Alyosha cried.

"But wait!" Dmitri pleaded. "Let me tell you of Grushenka! I must! She met me in the parlor of that house of hers—you know the one, Alexey—and received me with sneers. 'What can you want of me, Dmitri Fyodorovitch?' she asked. (But with that gleam in her eye, ah! The slut! My love!) 'I have come to beg, to plead with you, I answered like the

fool I am. 'For money, then?' she guessed, and even then I had no shame.

"Yes, for money! You must give me three thousand rubles this instant!" I demanded. "And if I refuse?" she said, the harlot. "Then, I said, 'you must take me by the hand and draw me quickly into your boudoir, and with wild, frantic motions strip me and yourself bare, and hurl me to the bed and commence to ply my seething body with hot, ardent caresses as our tongues cross like swords of desire in the joined chambers of our mouths...and you must... ah, God—!'"

"There is no God," Ivan said quietly. "That is the tragedy of the Karamazovs, and of Russia."

"Brother," said Alyosha quickly. "I know you are merely being argumentative. Surely you have not lost your faith so completely that good and evil have no meaning for you any longer...?"

"You think not, Alexey?" replied Ivan, with a bitter laugh.

"—you must grip my stiff and pulsing organ and guide it with excruciating slowness into your wet and aching womanhood, and permit me to pump repeatedly into that sweet void until, with a convulsive shuddering and a spasm of muscles, I release in jolts of ecstasy the molten essence of my need, my craving!"

Alyosha wrung his hands in despair. "No, Ivan, I cannot believe you are so lost! What of the sticky leaves on the trees, the earth, the birds? God's hand is everywhere!"

"For you, brother. For me, He is nowhere. And if there is no God, then whence His laws?"

"What? Yes? Aha!" cried Dmitri.

"Mitya," asked Alyosha gently. "Did you actually do these things with Agafena Alexandrovna?"

"Do? Why, no, no, Alexey, dear brother... Do? No, but I proposed them! I wished to do them!"

"Ah, you see, Ivan?" Alyosha cried in triumph.

"Our brother loves good, even still!"

"And why did you not?" asked Ivan with amusement.

"Why? Because I was afraid! Yes, afraid! Afraid for my soul! Afraid of eternal damnation!"

"Dear Mitya, God would rather you love good than fear punishment," Alyosha chided, with a smile.

"No, Mitya, our brother is wrong," Ivan said, and with sadness. "God wishes no such thing. He does not care what you do. He does not exist."

There was a moment of quiet. The wind blew mournfully through the trees above the brothers' heads, and Alyosha suddenly felt a deep foreboding.

"Then what am I waiting for?" Dmitri cried exultantly. "I'll have her! And that strumpet Katerina Ivanovna as well! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And, turning, he ran off into the night. Wordlessly, Ivan walked on to Fyodor Pavlovitch's house, leaving Alyosha to make his way thoughtfully back to the monastery.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

...I had but to drink the cup to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. For me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his

stead would be, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion—Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified: I fondled myself. I drank champagne out of bidets. I felated a dray horse by hanging backward beneath his harness while he pulled a load of sack butts to Paddington. I pressed against women in crowded theatre lobbies, cutting a slit beneath their bustles with a knife blade concealed in my cane, and, taking out my masculine part, thrust it through the opening and relieved myself on their underclothing. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before these acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was, after all, Hyde alone who was guilty.

WHO'S WHO

CRACKEN, Thomas Elliot, newspaper publisher: b. Townsend, Mo., Dec. 20, 1923; s. William E. and Gladys (Emerson); m. Helen Cooke, April 14, 1953; children—Gary James, Margaret Helen, Catherine Anne. Exec. Continental newspaper syndicates 1943-47; exec. editor Louisiana Digest, New Orleans 1947-52; mgng editor American Mag. Los Angeles 1953-55; pres. Continental Publications 1956-. Pres. Iowa Charities Foundation. Served to capt. USN, 1942-46. Republican. Presbyrn. Likes to fuck wife in ass. Home: 1001 Leaside Rd. Ames 10 Office: 900 Ames Bldg., Ames 10

CRACKETT, Robert R., Jr., dentist, educator: b. Boston, Mass., 1930; D.D.S. Mass. U., 1954. Resident in dental surgery Ingersol Inst. N.Y., 1955-56; research assoc. Ohio Dental Sch., 1956. Columbus; instr. dental surg. U. of Pittsburgh, 1959-63; dept. head dental surg., Fla. U., 1965-; served to lieut. (J.G.) M.C., USNR, 1956-1958. Drinks urine. Home: P.O. Bx. 18, Orlando, FL. Office: Fla. U. Dept. of Dental Surg.

CRADBURY, Bernard Leon, mining co. exec.: b. Baltimore, Feb. 3, 1913; s. Leon P. and Elaine (Struch); B.S. in econ., Wharton Sch., U. Pa. 1933; M.S.E. Chi. 1937; m. Lillian Groat, June 8, 1937; children—Robert, Ralph, Lilly. With Condor Corp., N.Y.C., 1937-; controller, 1959-. Mem. Cos Cob Bd. Regs., Cos Cob Tennis Authority. Served to 1st lieut. USAF, 1943-46. Transvestite. Mason. Home, 700 Old Road, Cos Cob, CT. Office: Condor Bldg., NY

A Streetcar Named Desire

BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

[For the penultimate scene of the play, the New Orleans night is hot. The cramped, crummy two rooms drift with the stench of the night. On the bed, Blanche lies, quite recovered from Stanley's knockout punch. She stares abstractedly at the ceiling while he lies on top of her in the silk pajama top that he breaks out for special occasions. His rump rises and falls as he rubs himself against her. From a distance the "blue piano" goes softly.]

BLANCHE: Why, Mr. Kowalski, how you do go on!

STANLEY: Gimme a little time, Dame

Bitch. I'll get there.

BLANCHE: God love you for a liar. Colored lights never exposed so total a limpness.

STANLEY: Gimme a hand job.

BLANCHE: Ah, you simple, unlettered Pollak, these fingers have been playing your meager accordion for the past ten minutes. You are just insensitive, brother-in-law mine—as on numerous occasions I have mentioned to my sister, your wife, now surrounded in childbed by strangers kind enough to deliver your firstborn. Do you want a male or a female?

STANLEY: If I put a little axle grease on it...

BLANCHE: Belle Reve, lost, lost to us now, had—greeted strangers with—a vision first and foremost before everything—of tall, strong, round, white columns.

STANLEY: Spread your legs and let me see your bowling lane.

BLANCHE: Gladly. You sure are perspirin', Mr. K. Praise God there's liquid emanating from some part of your body.

STANLEY: Stop callin' it perspiration; it's sweat. And stop callin' me Mr. K. It's Stanley.

BLANCHE: Stanley for steamer.

STANLEY: And stop sayin' anything!

BLANCHE: As you wish, gallant sir.

[At this point, the young delivery boy from the drugstore pushes aside the curtain.]

YOUNG MAN: Someone order a lemon Coke?

BLANCHE: Young man, you remind me of a prince out of the Arabian Nights. Put it there. And as such, I hope and pray you have a tall white horse? Good. Put it here.

YOUNG MAN: Here?

STANLEY: Ouch!

BLANCHE: Exactly. Why, Mr. Kowalski, you are risin' to th' occasion! Let me powder my nose. A girl must not let herself be seen before her courtiers except in the best possible of lights. It's a duty she owes to society. Does it get any bigger? The society I speak of, young man, operates for your information under the Napoleonic Code, which says that in Louisiana everything that belongs to the wife belongs to the husband, fifty-fifty, and vice-versa, so as I am my sister's sister, this gentleman, now responding so warmly to one or both of us, is mine. Stick that rhinestone tiara on his head and toss one of those light summer furs around his shoulders so he'll go the distance. Thank you, sweetness. His wife, while he grunts here—and he does grunt hugely, doesn't he—is giving birth to—why you never said what you wanted, male or female?

continued

OBLIGATORY SEX SCENES

continued

STANLEY: Say boy or girl.

BLANCHE: No you say. Which.

STANLEY: [*Struggling mightily*] I want a boy!

BLANCHE: Why, Stanley! What would your friends down at the bowling alley say! I do believe I could live with you for the rest of my life.

[*Stanley screams. The "blue piano" gets louder and louder. It is now playing a "blue" song—not "blues," but "blue"—whatever that is. The lights dim demurely on the scene.*]

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

by JONATHAN SWIFT

PART I

A VOYAGE TO Lilliput

MY SLEEP of eight Hours was quite restful, due, as I was afterwards assured, to a Portion that had been added to the Hog-heads of Wine I had consumed. My adventures having been Various, my dreams were likewise Confused, being mostly full of Shipwrecks, and great Waves, and many small voices speaking in a foreign tongue. Nearing the end of my repose, my wife, Mrs. Mary Burton, appeared in the precincts of my reverie, speaking sweetly to me, and I felt a great outpouring of Melancholy Desire at this vision, my conscious thoughts having intruded themselves into my fancies, to think that I might never see her again.

I awakened slowly, with a sense of pleasure in my nether regions that belied my situation. Raising myself somewhat—that freedom had been afforded me by the loosening of my bonds—I was confronted with an unusual sight. Due no doubt to the sentimental nature of my dreams, my Member stood tall, stout and erect as any tree in Lilliput; and was being ascended by a number of giggling children, the largest no greater than my Fore-finger. Three were seated on its Head, laughing merrily at their prank, while others made the perilous ascent. Occasionally, one would tumble down from the heights; none seemed any the worse for their falls, however, as a soft cushion at the foot of this Mountain prevented any injury to them.

The gentle, tickling sensation that their activities provoked was extremely pleasurable to me, and, with some amusement, I abandoned myself to it; until, with a degree of foreboding, I recognized those signs in me which were prelude to a massive Release. I called out a warning to the children in my own Tongue, but of course, they were unable to understand the words I spoke, and only laughed the harder; but one or more of the adults must have understood my difficulty, for they began to cry out a warning to the children, and to rapidly approach. Alas, it was too late; with a mighty heave, which dislodged quite a number of the small People, I spent myself, creating a Flood of Liquid which washed the little ones away like a ravaging torrent; all except a particularly small child, who clung to the Hairs below for dear life, and came up afterward, sputtering and laughing merrily.

WAITING FOR GODOT

by Samuel Beckett

VLADIMIR

Gogo?

(*He does not answer*)

Gogo?

ESTRAGON

What?

VLADIMIR

Your trousers.

ESTRAGON

Yes. My trousers. (*Pause*) What about them?

VLADIMIR

Take them off.

ESTRAGON

Certainly.

(*He does not move*)

VLADIMIR

Alright, then. Don't.

(*Estragon removes his trousers slowly.*

First one leg, and then the other.)

ESTRAGON

First one leg, and then the other.

Life's like that. (*Pause*) Now what?

(*They look at each other.*)

Oh. I see what you mean.

VLADIMIR

It would pass the time.

(*ESTRAGON nods. With a savage cry of despair, VLADIMIR leaps upon him*)

ESTRAGON

You're in me! Oh my Godot, you're in me! O sweet Jesus Godot, yes!

DUNE

FRANK HERBERT

O Beginning of Life!

O joy of joys!

He shall begin in dryness,

Yet shall his end be wet!

—From "Songs of Nurad's Dad" by the Princess Ironon

This determined creature strips my stillsuit from me as one born to such skills.

"Your mind soars with the ornithopters, young prince, yet your brando and spudbulbs are yet beside me." Before he could reply, she stepped back from him and swept the thin robe from her shoulders, her eyes fixed on his as the garment fell around her feet with a soft metallic hiss. The compelling odor of spicy sardonicus reached out to his senses.

Blessed planet of my mother's mother, how my root being thirsts for water!

Now she fell upon him with the fervor of three wives, and began traversing his body in an unending dance of supple energy, caressing here, nibbling there, and anointing his most sacred sectors with precious droplets of saliva water.

Look how she spills the magic liquid to make her witchery complete, and with every moment I burn and fever even like the desert sand!

"Master, hear me! I am your sand-wave, great one, you must ride me as once you rode the great desert worm!"

Once again he heard the drumming of the great thumper's approach.

Once more he stood alone on the desert sands, and with surging loins and beating heart, mounted the great beast and felt its powerful body beneath him.

Great spirit of jim and babootie, see how I fly above the sand in my greatness!

"O noble one, the time for the great foam coming approaches. It must be soon, before the great worm tires."

Then, as though her words were synchrotimed to all that had happened and all that will ever happen, it began within him. In a moment all worm, rider, sand, and sky were swept into the torrent, the fountain that arose within him as her she-cries mounted in accompaniment to his own.

"Oh, oh, Water, now!"

"Oh my Lord, me, too. Oh, Holy Water!"

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

A SPECTER IS SITTING ON EUROPE'S FACE—THE SPECTER OF COMMUNISM

... The Communists disdain to conceal their views, aims, smooth, pendulous breasts surmounted by raspberry red nipples, engorged doors of love, carpeted with jungle-thick lawns of downy thatch. The Communists openly declare that their ends can only be attained either by a forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions, or by fricative caresses, purposive and gentle, starting on the belly-soft inner thigh, then proceeding inexorably, ineluctably, dialectically, up to and into the portal of Venus herself, till workers and toilers of all nations cry as one, "Fuck my brains out, History!"

WORKING MEN OF ALL NATIONS, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR WHIPS AND CHAINS!

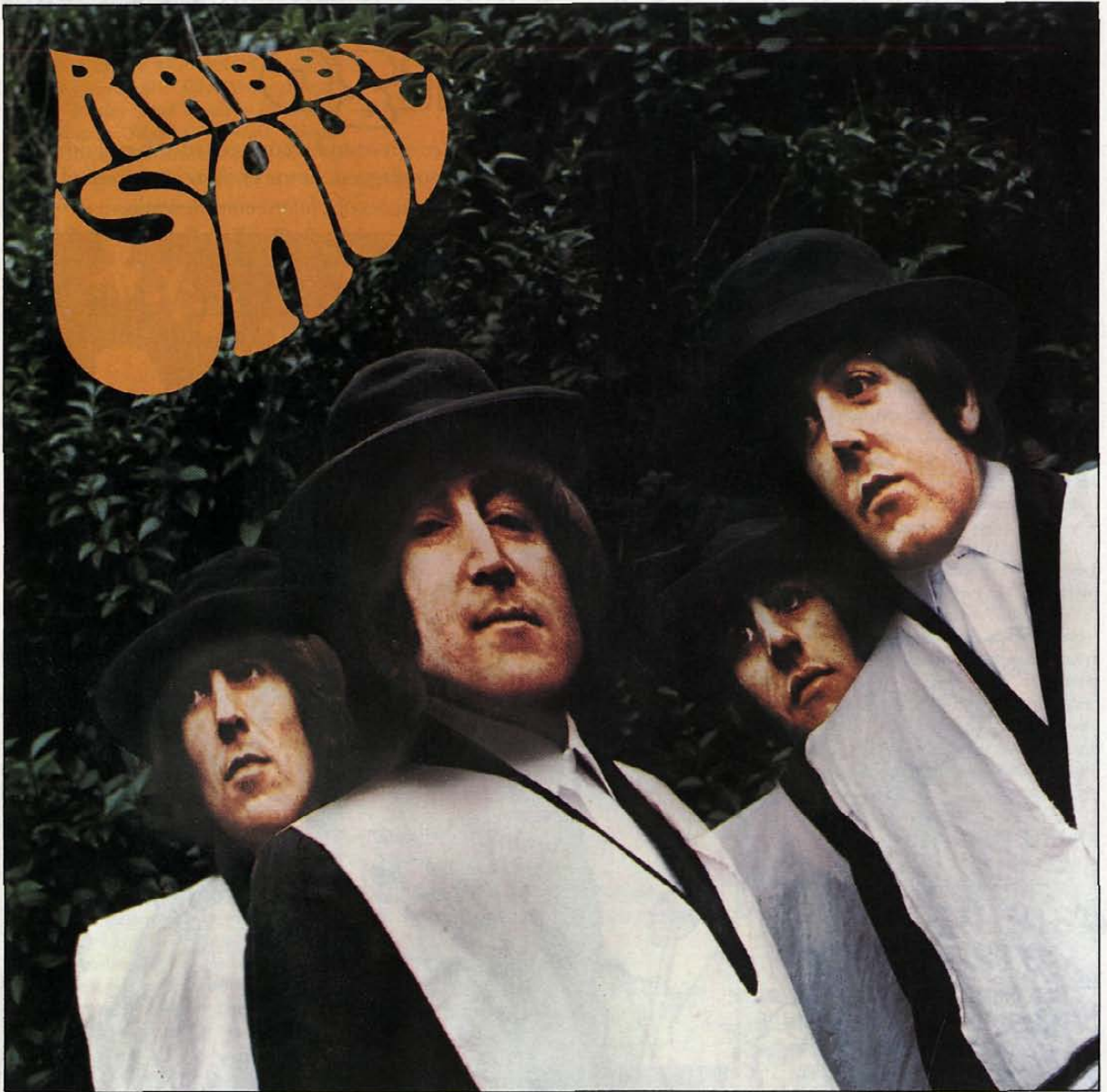
The Unreleased Albums of John, Paul, George, and Ringo

Despite their prodigious output during the years 1963-9, the Beatles wrote and recorded a number of other albums which, unfortunately for Beatlenuts, were not released, or bootlegged. Some of these represented definite changes the four went through, and some were simply crass pieces of blatant commercialism.



THE BEATLES RED ALBUM (1968) Mainly inspired by John, who happened to be on acid while watching the Paris student riots in the summer of '68, this collection was recorded in one night between dusk and dawn, in a "very collective" session (John speaking). Its release was blocked by Yoko Ono, who, being a Jap, doesn't like Chinks. Main cuts:

- Love Mao Do
- (Won't You) Please Police Me
- The Long and Winding Capitalist Roaders
- Happiness Proceeds out of the Barrel of a Warm Gun
- Rice Paddies Forever
- I Don't Want to Spoil the Party. So I'll Criticize Myself
- Paperback Tiger



RABBI SAUL (1967) This album was recorded for the benefit of Queenie Epstein on the occasion of her son Brian's untimely death. The idea was simply to cheer her up after her terrible loss; but not content with being cheered up, Queenie wanted to have the album released, claiming it would make "a pile." When the group refused, she sued, claiming that since they had given her the album, she owned it outright. The court case continued until Allen Klein took over management of the Beatles, at which point Mrs. Epstein inexplicably dropped the suit.

Main cuts:

- Hey, Jude
- Your Mother Should Only Know
- Mocky Raccoon
- Here Comes My Son, the Doctor Robert
- PS I.O.U.
- Sexy Seder
- Helter Skelter
- If I Kvell
- The Schul on the Hill

Lifting Material from the World



LIFTING MATERIAL FROM THE WORLD (1969) This album brings out a rather curious side of George Harrison's personality, one which is perhaps related to his obsession with money. George recorded this album in disguise, didn't tell any of the rest of the group about it, tried nonetheless to get it released through Apple, and then lied about everything it involved when the whole sordid business came out.

Main cuts:

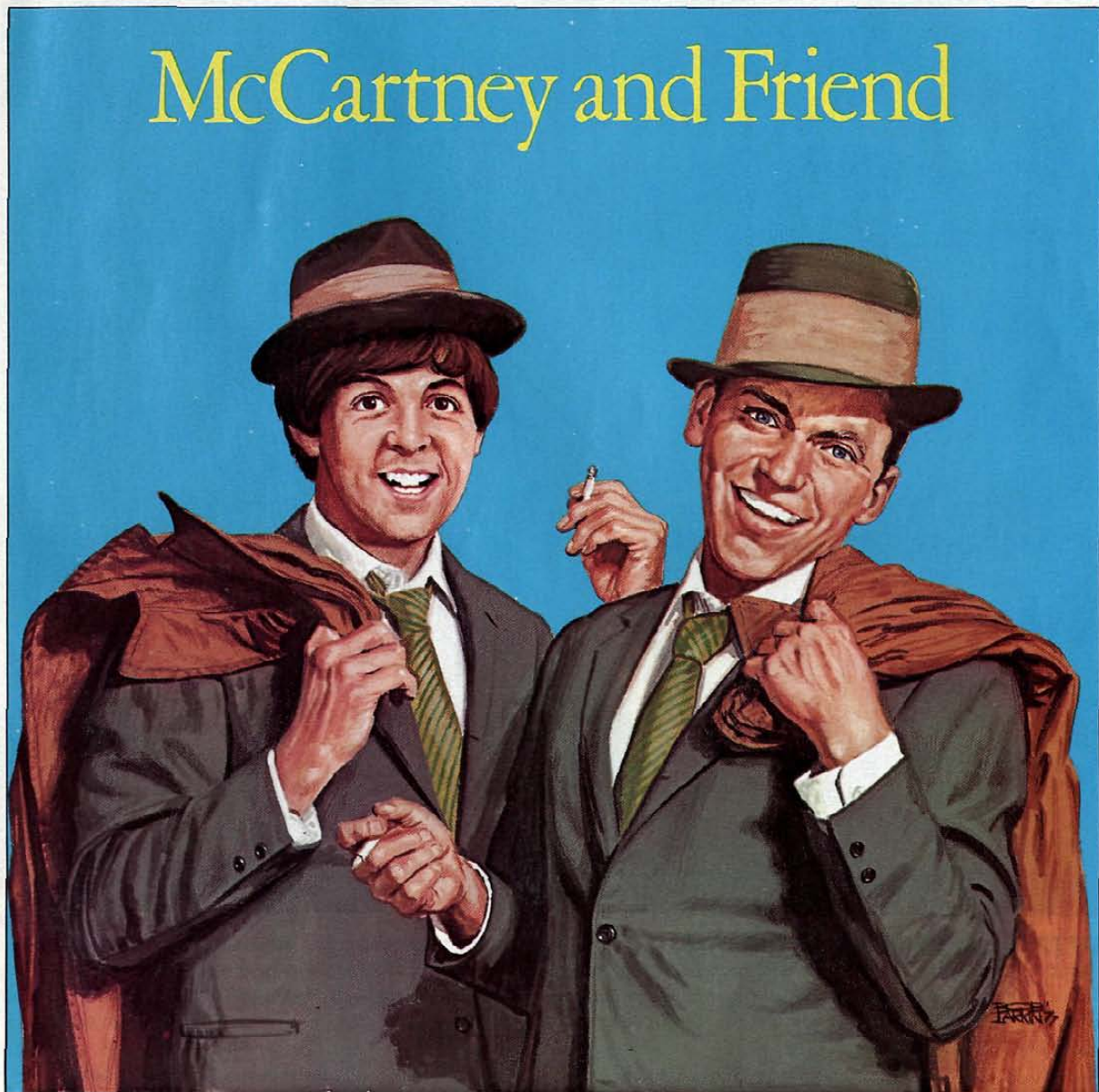
- *My Sweet He's So Fine*
- *My Sweet Michelle*
- *My Sweet Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*
- *My Sweet White Christmas*
- *Me and My Sweet Bobby McGee*
- *My Sweet Greensleeves*
- *My Sweet Fair Lady*
- *My Sweet Lullaby of Birdland*
- *My Sweet Ave Maria*

GOOD NIGHT VICAR (1967) Cover not shown. Largely left out of the Beatles' craze for Indian mysticism, which he felt was "about as exciting as a wet shit on a tom-tom," Ringo briefly found Jesus in the autumn of '67. Rallying around their less than gifted drum-thumper, the group quickly threw together a collection of titles known informally as the *Prot* (Protestant) *Album*. After examining the various customs, costumes, and other paraphernalia of the Church of England, however, publicity whiz Derek Taylor decided that it would not be exploitable for the boys to "get religion." Main cuts:

- *He's Looking Through You*
- *I'll Follow the Son*
- *Revelations #9*
- *Say the Word (The Word Is God)*

FUCK ME? FUCK YOU (1970) Cover not shown. The big break-up brought a number of albums by John in its wake, of which this was the only not released. It consists entirely of John screaming at people.

- Main cuts:
- *Fuck You*
 - *Fuck Your Mother*
 - *Fuck Your Wife*
 - *Get Fucked*
 - *Fuck You Where You Breathe*
 - *Ah, Fuck*
 - *Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuckfuck Fuckfuck*



PAUL McCARTNEY AND FRIEND (1970) Not to be outdone by his colleagues, Paul sought to make a statement about his musical roots. The result was *Paul McCartney and Friend*, a lavish, saccharine, overorchestrated Nelson Riddle production. McCartney blocked release of the LP when Sinatra dedicated "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp" to McCartney's wife, Linda. Main cuts:

- *I Did It My Way*
- *Theme from the Man with the Golden Arm*
- *A Foggy Day*
- *My Funny Valentine*

FUCK!



THE BEATLES

also starring

by GERALD SUSSMAN

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES

WAYNE FONTANA

MAMIE VAN DOREN

DENNIS HOPPER

Produced by Bo Belinsky

Screenplay by Mandy Rice-Davies

Directed by WERNER FASSBINDER

Beatlemania: The forgotten disease.



Goldie Schulman is thirty-four years old. She's a Beatlemaniaic.
Many of us have forgotten the sixties and Carnaby Street and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand,"
but to Goldie, nothing else exists.
Only through round the clock care and research can we hope to return our Beatlemaniaics to a normal life.
You can help with your contributions....
Just because you may have forgotten the Beatles, please don't forget Goldie Schulman.

Let's lick B.M.

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ZIMMERMAN'S GREATEST HITS!

FEATURING...

- GROSS MAN
- TAMBOURINE MAN
- WEBER MAN

STORY BY: TONY HENDRA AND
SEAN KELLY
DRAWN BY: NEAL ADAMS

ANDRU
Esposito

To Honor A Decade of Dissent

The Counterculture Mint announces an important series of hand-struck medals in costly sterling silver or priceless 14-karat gold. Individually numbered, hallmarked, and authenticated. Full bas-relief, mirrored border, rolled edge. Handcrafted presentation case. Destined to increase in value. Available at prestige head shops.



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RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

Available soon: *Changes*, the story of our times told in commemorative medals. Each medal will honor an important symbolic figure of the recent past, and will be emblazoned with an appropriate motto. The first medal, representing the close of the fifties, will be a specially struck *Junior Achievement* medal. The final medal, representing the dawn of the seventies, will honor the *Junior Executive*. Other medals will picture *Martin Luther King* ("Change Through Nonviolent Protest"); *Peter, Paul and Mary* ("Change Through Singing Songs"); *Ken Kesey* ("Change Your Head, Change the World"); the *Weathermen* ("Change Through Armed Love"); and the *Street Hustler* ("Spare Change?"). "The Story of the Coins, The Moving Autobiography of a Youth of Our Times" appears, paragraph by moving paragraph on the reverse side of each coin.

Story of the Coins

I was pretty straight in high school, I guess. I went to church camp. I won the Junior Achievement award. My folks were very proud.

In 1964 I saw Martin Luther King's March on Washing-

ton on television. That really put me through some changes. I got interested in civil rights in my spare time.

I date my real involvement with the counterculture from the night I saw Ken Kesey on "Meet the Press." It was really far-out. I saw that I was one with the cosmos. My folks wanted to switch the channel. I saw we were on different sides.

It's hard to believe, but until 1968 I believed that change was possible through existing channels. But when I saw the network coverage of the '68 convention I began to understand where the Weathermen were at. I began to wear jeans again. I stayed mad. My Mom and Dad couldn't even talk to me. I came very close to leaving home.

Then one day on "Lamp Unto My Feet" I saw a special on the Jesus Freaks. I acknowledged Jesus Christ as my personal savior. I went to church camp. My folks were so proud.

Now I've finished graduate school, and I've been lucky enough to receive a junior-executive position with the Incremental Insurance Group. I've paid my dues, and I'm happy to say that my dues are paying off for me. □

by Cindy Lavery

1946 - RAVAGED BY WAR, THE FABLED CITY OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA, FACES ECONOMIC EXTINCTION.



FEARING FOR HIS VERY GROSS PROFIT BEFORE TAXES, THE BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR ABE ZIMMERMAN VOWS TO FLEE THE DOOMED CITY. HE AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, BEA, CHOOSE AS THEIR HAVEN FAR-OFF HIBBING, MINNESOTA, MORE THAN FORTY MILES TO THE NORTH-WEST. THINKING ONLY OF THEIR INFANT SON, ROBERT, THEN SEND HIM ON AHEAD...

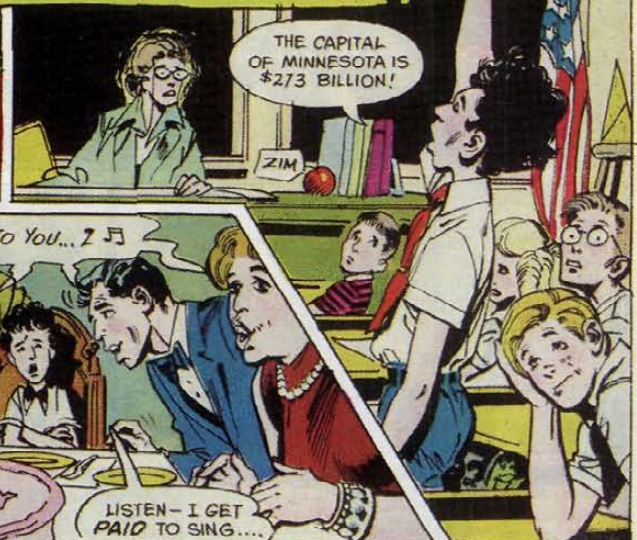


...NOT FOLLOWING THEMSELVES UNTIL THE LAST TOASTER HAS BEEN SOLD.



THE ORIGINS OF ZIMMERMAN

OKAY, A DOLLAR NINETY-FIVE FOR THE BAT. LEMME GET BACK TO YAH ABOUT THE BALL. SAFE IN HIBBING, THE ZIMMERMAN FAMILY PROSPERS. AND IT IS HERE THAT, AS THE YEARS PASS, YOUNG BOBBY BEGINS TO DISCOVER THE INCREDIBLE HIDDEN POWERS THAT DESTINE HIM TO BE A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!



CERTAIN THAT HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS MUST REMAIN A SECRET KNOWN TO HIM ALONE, YOUNG ZIMMERMAN SEARCHES FOR A ROLE TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY.



THE CRAZED BLACKMOOR PUTS YOUNG ZIMMERMAN ON THE RIGHT TRACK. HE REALIZES THAT NO ROLE COULD BETTER SERVE HIS PURPOSES THAN THE UNORTHODOX SENSITIVE LIFE OF A SINGER. HE DEVELOPS SKILLS...



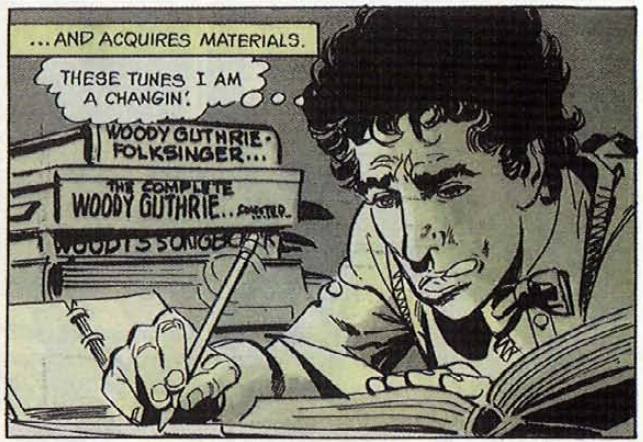
... AND ACQUIRES MATERIALS.

THESE TUNES I AM A CHANGIN'!

WOODY GUTHRIE FOLKSINGER...

THE COMPLETE WOODY GUTHRIE... PART 1...

WOODY'S SONGBOOK



HE FINDS A NEW NAME...

BOBBY SHAKESPEARE?
BOBBY LOVELACE?
BOBBY YEATS?
BOBBY...

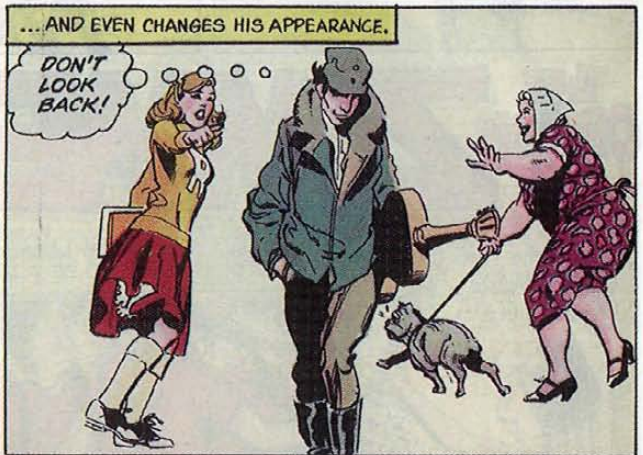
LOOKIN' FOR SOME PONES BY SOME GUY NAMES DIAL-ANN THOMAS.

THAT'S PRONOUNCED DYLAN.



... AND EVEN CHANGES HIS APPEARANCE.

DON'T LOOK BACK!



AND IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS THE GOY FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY, HE SAYS A RESTLESS FAREWELL TO HIS FOND PARENTS...

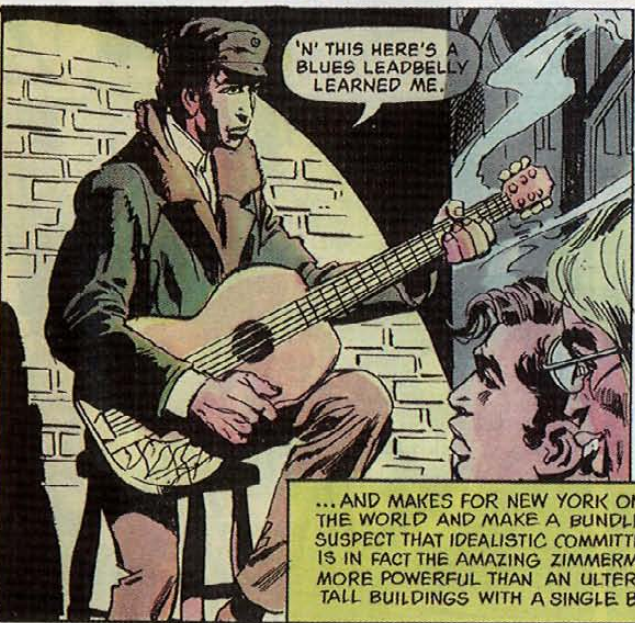
YOU'RE NO GOOD!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY, NU?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA...



'N' THIS HERE'S A BLUES LEADBELLY LEARNED ME.



NO PARKING EVER BETWEEN THE YEARS 1900-2000



... AND MAKES FOR NEW YORK ON HIS SACRED MISSION TO SCREW THE WORLD AND MAKE A BUNDLE. NOW HIS SECRET IS SAFE. NONE SUSPECT THAT IDEALISTIC COMMITTED LITTLE FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN IS IN FACT THE AMAZING ZIMMERMAN - FASTER THAN A PROXY BALLOT, MORE POWERFUL THAN AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE, AND ABLE TO BUY TALL BUILDINGS WITH A SINGLE BOND!

AMERICA'S YOUTH IS GATHERED, AS USUAL, FOR AN EVENING OF FOLK MUSIC. AND AMONG THE ANGRY, DEDICATED, AND HIGHLY PAID PERFORMERS IS A YOUNG MAN KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIENDS AND FANS AS BOB DYLAN.



I BIN THIN'KIN' 'N' WORRYIN' 'N' WRITIN' 'BOUT ALL OF THE BADNESS PREJUDICE 'N' FIGHTIN' 'N' MADE ME AN ALBUM 'N' WROTE 'BROADSIDE' A LETTER HOW THE WORLD WOULD BE NICER IF PEOPLE WERE BETTER 'N' IT'S HARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD...

HE'S SO RIGHT. ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE EQUAL.

ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE BLACKS!

STALIN WASN'T A REAL COMMUNIST. I WAS A REAL COMMUNIST!

THIS IS SO MUCH MORE ETHNIC THAN, LIKE, THE KINGSTON TRIO!

FOR, IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY, ZIMMERMAN PERFORMS CONTINUALLY, ON STAGE AND OFF, DETERMINED THAT WE WILL KNOW HIS SONGS WELL BEFORE HE STOPS SINGING....



'N' IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD!...

ZIMMERMAN in "THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"



SHE LUVS YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH.

THEY'VE LANDED! THEY'RE HERE! THE FABULOUS MOP TOPS!

POP!

MOD

FELLOW PACIFISTS, THIS MEANS WAR!

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY REIGN?

SHRRREEEKKKK

IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD....

SUDDENLY, ZIMMERMAN'S CAREER, NOT TO MENTION THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, IS THREATENED BY AN INVASION OF SCREAMING FOREIGNERS.

THE FOLK-SONG ARMY PREPARES FOR A BRAVE BUT HOPELESS ACOUSTIC COUNTERATTACK ON THE AMPLIFIED POWER OF THE LONG-HAIRED INVADERS...



YOU THREE TAKE THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. JOANIE AND I WILL HOLD THE LEFT WING. BY THE WAY, JOANIE, WHERE IN FOLK IS YOUR BOYFRIEND BOBBY?

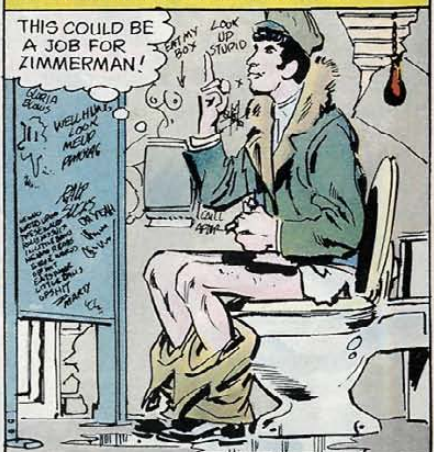
WHO NEEDS THAT LITTLE CREEP? BUT IF ONLY ZIMMERMAN WERE HERE!

... TEMPTED ONLY FOR A MOMENT TO SURRENDER AND SELL OUT.



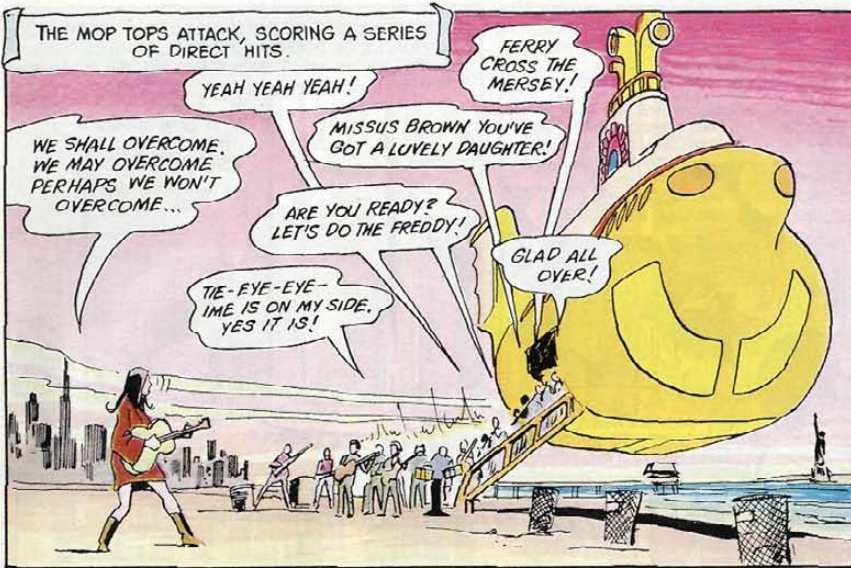
HMMM, I WONDER HOW "SILVER DAGGER" 'D SOUND THROUGH A MARSHALL AMP?

THROUGH WALLS, HIS RELATIVELY SENSITIVE EARS MAKE THE PLUTOCRAT OF POP AWARE OF THE IMPENDING CATASTROPHE....



THIS COULD BE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!

WELL, HUH? LOOK UP! STUPID! BRAY! BRAY! STUPID!



THE MOP TOPS ATTACK, SCORING A SERIES OF DIRECT HITS.

YEAH YEAH YEAH!

FERRY CROSS THE MERSEY!

WE SHALL OVERCOME. WE MAY OVERCOME. PERHAPS WE WON'T OVERCOME...

MISSUS BROWN YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY DAUGHTER!

ARE YOU READY? LET'S DO THE FREDDY!

TIE-EYE-EYE-IME IS ON MY SIDE. YES IT IS!

GLAD ALL OVER!



UP, UP, AND OY VEY!

CAN EVEN ZIMMERMAN SAVE THE DAY?



HE MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A HOT NEW ISSUE ON THE BIG BOARD!

AL, FOR \$20,000 WORTH OF SOUND EQUIPMENT NOW, I CAN GUARANTEE YOU A 300% CONVERTIBLE AT PAR IN 180 DAYS TO 9.8% FACE-YIELD DEBENTURES WITH AN OPTION FOR PURCHASE OF NOTES TRANSFERABLE IN 1966 TO SINKING-FUND CERTIFICATES WITH A TRIPLE RATING...

CHRIST, THIS THING COULD BE BIGGER THAN LINK-TEMCO-VOUGHT!

HIS MIRACLE MISSION COMPLETED, ZIMMERMAN RESUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS PLAIN OLD WORKADAY ENTERTAINER BOB DYLAN...



CLIP JOINT JUNKIES CRIPPLE SWANS PLAYS CHESS WITH PINBALL FLAGS FOR PAWNS

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

IT'S THE BYRDS!

IT'S THE 'PLANE!

IT'S ZIMMERMAN!

...AND FOLK-ROCK PUTS THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE BACK ON TOP OF THE HIT PARADE TO STAY.



THE SPANGLED DWARF IN HIS BOW TIE THE INFANTRY THAT DON'T ASK WHY TELL YOUR MA AND TELL YOUR PA OUR LOVE'S GONNA GROW OOWAH OOWAH!

AAAARGH!

AW, FOOCK!

AIEEEEE!

YOP!

FRR-



OH, HI, BOBBY. WASN'T ZIMMERMAN TERRIFIC?

JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

ZIMMERMAN in WOODSTOCK



HIGH IN THE ROLLING HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS GATHER TO PARTICIPATE IN YET ANOTHER CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....

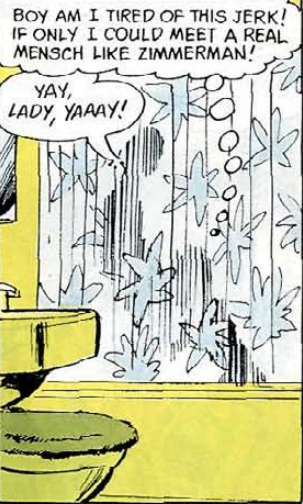
MEANWHILE, IN A BIG PINK HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY, LIFE FOLLOWS THE SAME OLD HUMDRUM PATTERN FOR SUPERSTARS BOBBY DYLAN AND HIS LOVELY SIDEKICK QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) BAEZ.....

HEY, YOU GUYS, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES.

MUSTN'T BE LATE - THEY'RE ALL MY CHILDREN AND I'M THEIR POET!

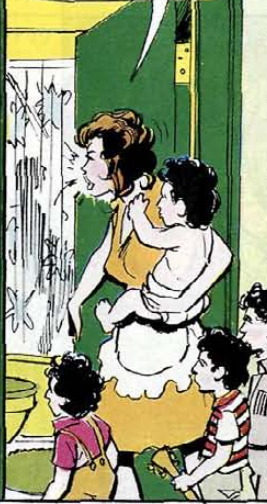
HOW ABOUT A QUICK ONE, COUNTRY PIE?

AW, C'MON, BOB, WE'VE ALREADY GOT FOUR....

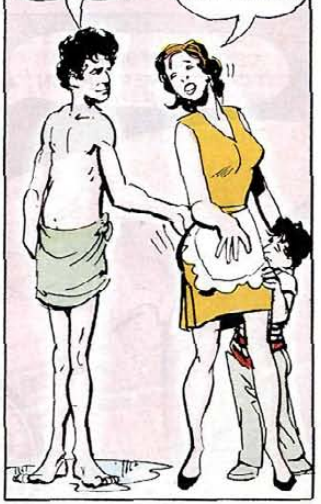


BOY AM I TIRED OF THIS JERK! IF ONLY I COULD MEET A REAL MENSCH LIKE ZIMMERMAN!

YAY, LADY, YAAAY!



SEE YOU LATER, JOANIE.



MEANWHILE, AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES, ALL IS NOT WELL....

BACKSTAGE THERE IS CONSTERNATION....

HOW CAN I AFFORD NOT TO PAY MY TAXES?



FROM NOW ON THIS IS A FREE CONCERT!

FREE!

FAR-OUT!

SHITTY ACID!

WHAT ABOUT FREE HUEY?



FREE CONCERT?

I'M RUINED?

RUINED? I'M WRECKED!

HMM. THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!

STEPPING INTO A NEARBY SOUND-BOOTH, THE ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL SUPERSTAR TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO



ZIMMERMAN!

UP, UP, AND OY VEY!



THE SAVIOR OF THE SIXTIES SPEEDS TOWARD MEGALOPOLIS THE ZIMMERMIBLE

THRUWAY NORTH

THRUWAY SOUTH



MY GOD, THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THEM! MOVIES... ALBUMS... BOOKS... A TV SERIES, T-SHIRTS, POSTERS, SOUVENIR MUGS... IT'S A GOLD MINE!

BUT IT WON'T BE EASY FOR OUR HERO: FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND THRUWAYS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE EMERGE THE DREAD WEATHERMEN!



WATCHTOWER JOKER CALLING THIEF. ACTIVATE PLAN BAKUNIN. WE'LL BLOW AWAY THAT LITTLE TOOL OF TIN PAN ALLEY!



THOOM

IN MEGALOPOLIS ALL SEEMS QUIET....



HOPE I WASN'T BEING FOLLOWED...

THE UNSCRUPULOUS ENEMIES OF CONSTRUCTIVE CAPITALISM HAVE MINED THE ENTIRE CITY!



OY! GOTTA WATCH THOSE PARKING METERS!

BRAVELY DOUBLE-PARKING THE ZIMMERMOBILE, ZIMMERMAN DECIDES TO GO IT ON FOOT. BUT THE WEATHERMEN ARE EVERYWHERE...



THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES...



REALIZING THAT HIS SECRET IDENTITY IS THREATENED, ZIMMERMAN MAKES A DARING AND UNCHARACTERISTIC MOVE.



TAXI!

COLUMBIA

BUT HIS FIRST BRAVE EFFORT IS FOILED BY DUDES OF THE INSIDIOUS WEATHERMEN...



SURE WE COULD CO-OPT IT AND MAKE A FORTUNE - BUT JUST THIS ONCE, ZIMMERMAN, LET'S LET THE KIDS HAVE IT ALL TO THEMSELVES...

LISTEN, BUSINESSMAN, THAT'S MY WINE YOU'RE DRINKING!

MOMENTS LATER HE ARRIVES AT THE FABLED WARNER BROTHERS SEVEN ARTS BUILDING, ONLY TO FIND IT SURROUNDED BY WEATHERMEN...



BACK, REVANCHIST PIG! UP THE UAR! NO MORE RIP OFFS! TRASH ZIMMERMAN!

GOTTA MAKE A DEAL FOR THE GANG... ABOVE ALL, FOR JOANIE...

WARNER BROS SEVEN ARTS

OKAY, EVERYONE, HERE'S CONTRACTS FOR YOU ALL TO APPEAR ON DICK CAVETT!



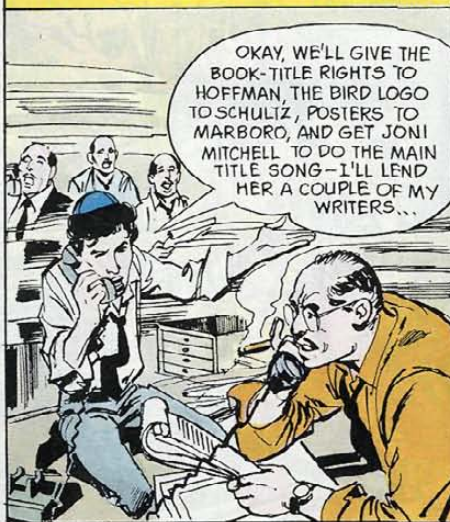
SO ZIMMERMAN PASSES THROUGH THE GATES OF EDEN.

THE BROTHERS WARNER SOON REALIZE THAT THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHING LIKE THE MIGHTY ZIMM...

....HE DOESN'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM, AND THEY DON'T UNDERESTIMATE HIM!



HI, I'M ART WARNER. PLEASD TO KNOW YOU!



OKAY, WE'LL GIVE THE BOOK-TITLE RIGHTS TO HOFFMAN, THE BIRD LOGO TO SCHULIZ, POSTERS TO MARBORO, AND GET JONI MITCHELL TO DO THE MAIN TITLE SONG - I'LL LEND HER A COUPLE OF MY WRITERS...



ROYALTIES, RESIDUALS, ASCAP, ATCO, TERMS, NOTWITHSTANDING, THIRD PARTIES, MOVIE RIGHTS, WITHER-SOEVER, OFF THE TOP, TEN PERCENT, OPTION



WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, ZIMMERMAN RETURNS TO THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....

WUP WUP WUP WUP



A THREE-RECORD SET!

MY FIRST AND LAST MOVIE!

THIRTY MILLION GUARANTEED!

ZIMMERMAN'S DONE IT AGAIN!

ZIMMERMAN RESUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS JUST PLAIN FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN AND REJOINS HIS JOBLANT FRIENDS.

SEBASTIAN, WHAT YA HEAR FROM ZAL?

SOMEDAY... SOMEDAY I'LL MEET ZIMMERMAN HIMSELF.

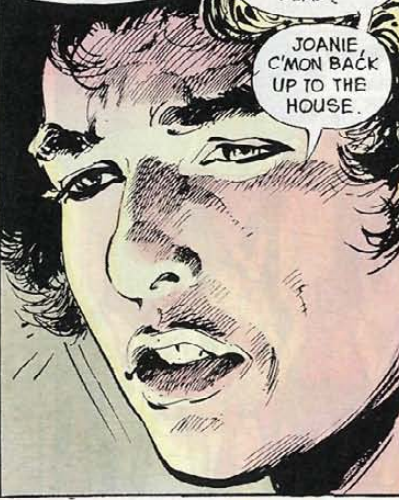


HI, GANG. WHAT'S NEW?

BOBBY WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

THIS WAS THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES.

WE'RE RICH!



JOANIE C'MON BACK UP TO THE HOUSE.

HENDRIX, WHY DON'T YOU DROP DEAD?



IF SHE ONLY KNEW...

WILL QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) EVER MEET ZIMMERMAN? WILL BOB DYLAN EVER COME AGAIN? THE ANSWER, MY FRIENDS, IS BLOWING IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE...

Ed Subitzky's Groovy '60s Diary

Well, okay, so I'm slowing down a bit and there's that gray starting to climb up my temples, and all of those intrusive thoughts about mortality and stuff, but let me tell you something: *I lived it. I was there. I was part of it, and there will never be anything like it again.*

In fact, I feel almost sorry for you younger folks. Sure, you have those smooth, young, muscular bodies but, so what? With all of those horrible diseases going around, what can you use them for? And the great rock groups, man, the people who revolutionized music for all time—all that's left of them are a bunch of growing-olders who are in even worse shape than I am. And as far as the feel-good-inside stuff is concerned, I mean, there's just no imagination or class left. To anyone who really remembers the scene, there's hardly any difference between Prozac and chewing gum.

I won't even mention all those spoilsport Republicans bloating up the House and Senate, or all the corporate downsizing that makes anybody who's lucky enough to even have a job spend 100% of his time working like a mule in a desperate attempt to keep it. No, let's face it: Those wonderful, groovy, fabulous times are gone forever. I was young

then, and you probably weren't even born yet. So there.

Still, I know you want to know. After all, the only way you can experience it is vicariously. You're as dependent on my memories for your cheap thrills as I was on the real good stuff that our generation had. So, you're very lucky that I happened to take a trip up to Memory Lane the other night. Memory Lane is a special section of my attic where the ghost of my long-dead past still roams freely.

Yeah, up there in the dim light of that single 25 watt bulb, the old love beads still sparkle. The album covers, containing big, black, beautiful vinyl—not those soulless CD's—knock your eyes out in a kaleidoscopic weirdness. And there's some dried-out, dark brown, grainy material that I wouldn't want to carry with me on a trip through Turkey. In fact, at my age, it would probably give me a near-death experience, which might be kind of groovy in itself, although I'm not quite ready to find out.

And there, in the middle of all of that groovy stuff (okay, I used the word "groovy" three times already. That's the only word we ever used or needed back then, because everything was just so, well, *groovy*) I saw it: a dog-eared, crinkled old book, moldy and mildewy and crumbling in my

fingers even as I gently lifted it out of a curtain of cobwebs—My Diary!

So here it is: the perfect way to let you (poor, deprived bastard that you are) know what it was really like. A word-for-word, verbatim and totally honest report of how it felt to be an on-the-spot participant in the one and only true age of ecstasy this tired old world of ours has ever known.

Yeah, it was great all right, and if you weep when you read what you're missing, think about how I must feel, thinking back on it. And, believe me, the excerpts I've included here aren't even the best! I knew that even this publication wouldn't dare print those, and I didn't want to play mind games with the editor. If they make you insanely jealous, all I can say is, "tough noogies." It was groovy then—really groovy—and if your own involvement in it has to be these paltry few pages in a magazine, then so be it. But come on along anyway. I was probably the only one who got straight long enough to write anything down in those days, so this may be your only chance. Here it is, without a word changed, presented with my condolences to a world in which, alas, everything good in life has changed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7

Dear Diary,

Man, I don't know what Barney mixed up in the chem lab last night with the help of Professor Dryden, but it was absolutely far-out. I mean, I didn't know it was possible to split your brain into seven different parts and make it feel as if each part is balling a different chick. It was better than any of that stuff we mail-ordered from Haight-Hashbury, that's for sure. And each part of me came separately, then together, then in kind of a sequential roundelay. Diary, it was even slightly better than the stuff I told you about yesterday.

Somehow, a piece of me wondered if it was possible to make the music even louder. I checked the twelve radios playing in my pad (each one tuned to a different rock station; these days, of course, all of the stations are rock stations). Luckily, I could still force the volume controls up a little more, although it took a pliers to do two of the radios. Yeah, with Jefferson Airplane and the Stones blasting in my head from all directions, and that seven brain-sex split merging with the music, I was starting to feel good all right, and ready for the day.

I opened the blinds and the movement of the slats made this incredible vibratory pattern on the rock posters on the wall. I looked across the street at the buildings, all covered with other rock posters, and I thought to myself, yeah, this world is really a groovy pace to be alive in. I could hear the huge rush of sweet sounds coming from all the open windows, too, filling the air with a groovy, thunderous beat. Naturally, all of the millions of people in and around my college community (as well as the rest of the country) were blasting loud rock twenty-four hours a day. Of course, it was hard to focus my eyes on anything, but I was positive I saw a chick standing on the corner. Even to my distorted senses, she had one groovy bod, looking just like a fashion model from Great Britain, the way all the ladies look these days.

"Hi," I shouted, hoping she could hear me over all the cool sounds that were competing with my voice. I thought she might have looked up. "Wanna fuck?" I shouted.

"Groovy!" she shouted back. Your place, my place, or right down here on the sidewalk?"

"Sidewalk's cool," I said, and I rushed downstairs.

Of course, I had to make my way through all the other couples fucking on the sidewalk, and all of the portable radios between them blasting rock music, and all of the strange brown stuff floating down through the air since the head of the local electric company had gotten hip and put this really expensive shit up in the smokestacks. (He had to get City Council approval, but that was no sweat, because now that it's the sixties, everyone is cool.) I breathed in as much as I could, because I knew it would make the fucking even better and give me new insights into the fundamental nature of the universe.

Like every other chick, she was on the pill, so there was nothing to do but rip our clothes off as fast as we could, and get to it.

"You know," she muttered as we began to merge our body-trips and head-trips tightly together, "I haven't had any for two whole hours."

I didn't say anything, because I didn't want to make her feel bad, but I said to myself, "Two whole hours! Gosh! Is this Sixties thing coming to an end, or what?"

Turns out I didn't have to worry, Dear Diary. I spent the rest of the day getting laid sixty-seven times, leaving just enough space in between to make it down to a record store and add several groovy new albums to my collection. I didn't attend any classes, of course—shit, when I get out of college, there will be so many jobs around, they'll beg me to take one anyway—and eventually I managed to find my way back to my pad after a great floatation on some wild stuff they had put in the thick shake at the local fast-food hangout.

Dear Diary,

Sorry for just putting in ditto marks for the past several days, but each of them was absolutely identical: performing all sorts of natural (and unnatural) sex acts, adjusting the tuning and the volume on my radios, reading the daily underground comics (which are now the only section included in any newspaper) and putting substances in my body that would make the Food and Drug Administration truly proud of its middle name.

Today, though, was something pretty special, so I thought I'd tell you about it. It seems that, here in the Sixties, life just gets cooler and cooler!

I guess I just happened to be in the right place at the right time; I was down on Carnard Street, putting up some groovy rock posters on a small piece of brick that didn't have anything on it yet, wearing my headphones, swaying in time to the Dead, and waving "Hi" to all the deejays that passed by going to and from their shifts. (As in all America, the rock deejay industry is the major one in town. Man, it all felt totally cool, of course.) Also, the Senate had just negotiated this really groovy trade agreement with the Middle East, and now representatives were lining the street handing out free samples of all kinds of mind-altering shit. The first stuff I tried didn't do that much for me—it merely sent me into a high-level Nirvanic ecstasy that's par for the course these days—but after that, this guy gave me a sugar cube laced with this green-looking stuff and right away in just an instant, I learned the whole secret of time and space and consciousness. I mean, like, I was infinite. I knew what it was all about, everything, every last little bit of it, and why we were here, and I realized that, of course, there is a God, and He-She-It is as Cool as everything else, and that the Universe is weird and beautiful and wonderful, and I love everything in it. I came off the drug realizing that I was about to stab somebody, but it was cool because I didn't and, anyway, he was high too and wouldn't have given a shit.

So it was nice to know that our existence has a meaning and a purpose and all that, especially because it made all of the rock music everywhere seem louder, but the really good part of the day was still about to happen. It seems this bus was coming through town with a whole bunch of bare-breasted hippie chicks on the way to a be-in, and that, just in front of me, it ran out of gas. Or maybe the driver had sniffed out all of the fumes or something but, anyway, that big bus came to a big halt and I was the one standing closest.

One of the women—the most beautiful female vision I had ever seen in my life, or imagined I might see—poked her head out the window and shouted, "Man, we've been in this bus for three hours and in all of that time none of us has had a groovy, illuminating sexual experience, not even once!" Another one, possibly even more strikingly beautiful than the first, poked her head out the next window and said, "We didn't pack enough mushrooms, so do you think you could find some kind of good shit to bring with you?" Naturally, all of the stores on the street were head shops (except for the music emporiums), but the lines seemed even longer than usual, so I ran right over to one of those "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, BREAK GLASS" things and found some funny-looking cigarettes inside. Now, the government-supplied stuff isn't always the very, very best but, in this case, I figured it would have to do. Luckily, I hadn't even bothered to put my clothes on today, so that saved some time, and I was in that bus lickety-split.

Yeah, it was cool alright, cool like only the Sixties can be. We smoked the stuff until we couldn't pronounce our names, removed the screws from the speaker grills so we could nestle right inside the huge woofers, and then, with the heat of the music thudding us into oblivion, we all got it on separately, then together, in this incredible, supernoval, comet-like ball of ecstasy. I had never been so happy in my life except, of course, for every other moment since the Sixties had begun.

Oh, Diary, I'm sorry. Did I say today was something special? I guess some of that shit has fried my brain a bit. Come to think of it, similar events have been happening for as long as I can remember.

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Dear Diary,

Sorry I haven't written much lately, Diary. I think I spent all of the last two weeks with God, or somebody like that, or maybe it was a visitation from Mick Jagger. Anyway, I'm kind of sore right now in certain of my body parts, so I thought I'd take a break. Sometimes, though, I wonder why I'm bothering to write in you at all. After all, I'll never read this stuff again, and no one else will, either. Even when I'm old, I'll still be fucking and rocking and rolling and using my Medicare card for great substances to bend my mind around it all.

But something odd did happen today, something that hasn't happened in years: Something seemed to be bothering me.

Yeah...bothering. You know, like something seeming not quite right. Sort of nagging at the back of my mind. Even while I was popping in and out of all the ladies, even when I was trying out the action of different playthings up and down my neural tracts, even when I was rigging up an extra antenna to pull in some rock stations straight from Great Britain itself, something didn't seem quite perfect to me.

What could it be? I decided to try and forget about it, and the best way to do that was to smoke something, circulate a petition to get the volume turned up on the outdoor music poles, and go out and get laid.

THURSDAY, MAY 16

Dear Diary,

Now I know something is bothering me.

I was staring into the sunset, trying to decide if I thought pink- or purple-striped lenses were more psychedelic, when I happened to pass a cop. He was wobbling from side to side, and I could only see his badge because his long, groovy beard happened to have a hole burned in it. Man, I thought, how great it is to live in a time when even the cops are cool. As he passed me, he smiled languidly and said, "You know, man, life is like a lava lamp."

"Cool," I answered.

"But, man," he said, "you don't seem like you're in the groove. Something's bumming you out, isn't it?"

I asked how he knew.

"Your expression, man," he said. "You look like someone who hasn't gotten laid in a whole ten minutes!"

The fact is, I had (of course) had an almost overwhelming orgasmic experience with a totally cool chick just four-and-a-half minutes ago. So I knew right then and there that something actually was bothering me.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

Dear Diary,

It looms in my sleep like a nightmare, whatever it is. It makes me feel less than totally ecstatic at all times. It gets in between the notes of the rock music and makes it sound like it's not quite the loudest, grooviest, most far-out thing that could possibly exist. Even when I'm filling my brain with the weirdest shit I can find, it takes my merged-with-the-universe non-self and forces just a little bit of me back into

the picture.

I've got to think of what it is.

Sorry, Diary, I can't write any more now. The cheerleader squad hasn't fucked me yet today, and they're at the door (I've learned how to tell a door-knock from a Keith Moon riff because the frequency content is slightly different).

I just had a flash: blue. The thing that's bringing me down from perfection has something to do with blue. Or little blue circles, maybe. I'll pull it out of my brain yet, and take care of it.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

Dear Diary,

There's a rumor going around that somebody on campus actually attended a class. But then it turned out to be okay, because she just wanted to pick up some new kind of shit from her philosophy prof.

So, I spent the day like any other, looking at rock posters, putting up rock posters, getting laid, trying new stuff and, for a change, at one point I tried to draw my own rock poster. A few of the deejays I passed told me they thought it was pretty cool, all right.

Then I got another flash: those two little, blue inklings swished around in my consciousness and collapsed down to two tiny dots, about an inch apart. It's happening slowly, but I'm getting it. Whatever it is, I hope it won't be too much of a bummer.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

Dear Diary,

The two little spots accumulated a vertical line just between and underneath them, and a horizontal line beneath that.

The chick I was balling when I had this realization said to me, "What's the matter? It looked like you just had a thought." I was embarrassed. "Sorry," I said, and proceeded to come in a moment of supreme orgasm abetted by whatever had floated in through the ventilation system, and the new 600-watt amp I had bought this morning.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

Dear Diary,

It was a face!

That's what it was. The thing that was bothering me, that was keeping me from sheer, total ecstatic perfection, was a face. But whose was it, and where had I seen it, and what was there about it that was enough to slightly diminish my entire fantastic Sixties experience? I tried to place it in whatever part of my mind wasn't being affected by the laced macaroni-and-cheese I had for lunch. I couldn't imagine what it could be. My universe was perfect.

I owned every rock record in the world, as did everyone else I knew.

My radios and record players hadn't been turned off in months, and it was all so loud that they could have jackhammered the floorboards and I wouldn't have suspected a thing.

My brain had so many molecules of odd substances rolling around inside it that it would probably take decades for my body to break them all down, if it ever did.

I was spending at least 87% of each day screwing one beautiful chick after another.

My brain tried to linger on that one for a while, and then it hit me. A chick!

And with that revelation, something else rolled in around it: a street scene. Kind of dark, around dusk. The sun setting in the distance, the sidewalk music poles casting long shadows before them. The air warm with actual spring and the promise of summer. The sky pink, not with smog, but with chemical substances that induced mental rainbows where nature wouldn't supply physical ones. It was when I had...

...turned a corner...

...and there...

...she had been!

Not that she was spectacularly gorgeous, although she did, of course, look like a British model. Not that I felt any instant soul-bonding with her, because I didn't. Not that it was love at first sight, because it wasn't. *BUT I DIDN'T STOP AND SCREW HER!*

It hit me like a bolt of thunder, overwhelmed me with its intensity, almost, even, sobered me up. *THERE WAS ONE WHOLE WOMAN IN THE ENTIRE CITY WHO I HADN'T SCREWED!*

At first, I reeled with the realization. I felt sick, twisted, ugly. I wanted to vomit. Had I been too tired? Too inattentive? Too—too what?

I felt a thick, salty tear drip down my cheek. I watched another one flow after it, and I saw them puddle in the album-cover linoleum on the floor. Then I felt overwhelmed by waves of crushing shame. I looked at the looming window, inviting me like a giant maw to jump through it. *HOW COULD I HAVE ALLOWED THE SIXTIES TO BE SLIGHTLY LESS THAN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT?*

At least, I thought, I had never turned down the volume on a radio.

Dear Diary, if I can resist that window, I'll write some more tomorrow. Otherwise, to whoever finds this in the future, I know you'll understand.

FRIDAY, JULY 6

Dear Diary,

Well, I'm still alive.

I just figured, well, the chick must have realized that she hadn't screwed me either. So she's got to be looking for me, too.

I went back to the corner today, but I didn't see her.

I laid seventy-three other chicks while I was looking, and I'm beginning to think that, in time, I will find her and make everything cool again.

Wow, that music sure sounds beautiful. Thank you, God, for your foresight in creating today's rock stars. I'll try to mention it when I merge with you next time, okay?

*turn to page 107
for the groovy conclusion...*

FOTO FUNNIES



WOW, I REALLY DIG YOUR BREASTS.

REALLY?



OH, YES. I THINK LARGE BOSOMS ARE WONDERFUL.

MANY MEN DO, I'VE NOTICED.



IT ALWAYS SURPRISES ME. DO YOU REALIZE THAT EACH OF THESE THINGS WEIGHS ABOUT NINE POUNDS?



IT'S AS IF YOU'VE WALKED AROUND WITH TWO ELASTIC SACKS OF WET SAND STUCK TO YOUR CHEST. KIND OF GETS YOU IN THE LOWER BACK AFTER A WHILE.



WHAT'S MORE, IN ANOTHER FEW YEARS THEY'LL PROBABLY HANG DOWN TO MY NAVEL.



YOU MEN ARE SO WEIRD. ALL THIS EXCITEMENT OVER A PAIR OF BIG SWEAT GLANDS.



SAY, DIDN'T YOU WANT TO MAKE LOVE?



WEDNESDAY, JULY 24

Dear Diary,

Well, it looks like the Sixties are perfect after all.

I recognized her immediately, only about a block away from where we had first passed each other.

"I've been looking everywhere for you," she said.

"Me too," I said.

"Your place, my place, or right here on the sidewalk?"

"Right here," I said, "Let's not take any chances."

"My shit or your shit?"

"Where'd you get yours?" I asked.

"My physics professor," she said.

"Today I got mine from the Dean," I said.

"Everyone knows physics professors make better shit than deans."

"Yeah, it has to do with that quantum mechanics stuff they know, or something."

A moment later, our bodies were merging in superliminal ecstasy, and our minds were flying out to the ends of the universe, merging with the infinite, shrinking the infinite down to the infinitesimal, then exploding them together in a throbbing beat that went all the way down to 30 MHz, as low as the ear could hear.

"Groovy," she said afterwards, a satisfied smile on her face.

"Groovy," I said.

I never saw the chick again, except on occasion, when I did her three or four more times. But we were both glad to know that, in this grand age of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, we hadn't missed a beat, after all.

SUNDAY, MAY 26

Dear Diary,

Sorry I didn't make any entries for the last three years. It's nineteen sixtynine now, a really groovy year. The Sixties are almost over and, since that one unfortunate incident, it's all been as perfect as ever. I know it will stay this way forever. I just feel a bit envious, though, of the generation to follow me. If it's this good now, I can't imagine what it's going to be like in the future!

After the Sixties were over, Ed Subitzky began contributing to National Lampoon. His first piece appeared in 1972, and his comic strips, articles and stories have been a trademark of the magazine ever since.

He has also performed on both TV and radio. His proudest professional moment, he says, was when he was invited to a Foto Funnies session with naked ladies.—ed.

true sex facts

A MAN who led police on a chase that ended with several collisions on Interstate Hwy. 35W in Minneapolis Wednesday is expected to be charged with exposing himself.

The 37-year-old Minneapolis man, who police said was naked from the waist down and had four \$1 bills pinned to his penis when he was taken from his car, was in satisfactory condition Thursday in the Hennepin County Medical Center.

The suspect has a history of traffic and indecent-exposure convictions dating back to 1974.

According to police reports, officers have found him driving through Minneapolis on several occasions with \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20 pinned to his genitals with safety pins or bobby pins.

Minneapolis Herald
faithfully submitted,
John Robinson Failor

√

ST. LOUIS—A man who allegedly knocked down girls and women, took off their shoes and sucked their toes, was charged yesterday with sexual abuse.

In a recent attack, police said, a 13-year-old girl was knocked

down by Edgar Jones, 28, who took off her shoe and sucked her toes. He didn't otherwise harm her before fleeing.

New York Daily News
faithfully submitted,
Ian Noetzel

√

PETERBOROUGH, Ont. (CP)—A man reeking of excrement was arrested after a woman complained someone leered at her through the toilet seat of a conservation area outhouse.

Const. Bob La Freniere, of the Ontario provincial police, said Wednesday a man apparently crawled inside the holding tank of an outhouse at the Warsaw Caves conservation area to satisfy a bizarre fetish.

"When this woman concluded her private business, she noticed [Darren Laitte, 26, of Richmond Hill] staring up at her from the holding tank.

Brantford Ontario Expositor
faithfully submitted,
Dave Simon

√

WICHITA (UPI)—It was a Valentine's Day to remember for

a Wichita man who spent more than 12 hours with a 7-1/2 -pound barbell weight stuck on his penis.

The man told hospital workers he had decided early that morning to see if he would fit into the center hole of a barbell weight. He did, initially, but when he became erect, the man could not remove his penis.

A doctor worked with the man for more than an hour, eventually calling for a fire department rescue squad and a medical officer. They arrived and, according to the incident reports, decided to try using bolt cutters to remove the weight. They succeeded in cutting a large chunk of the cast-iron weight away, but could not get through a center retaining ring to free the man.

The fire fighters had decided to get a heavier cutting tool to finish the job, but the physician intervened.

Instead, a urologist made an incision, allowing the man's penis to drain and go limp, and removed the weight.

The man was released from the hospital a short time later, and has not been heard from since.

The Russell Daily News

true *SEX* facts

faithfully submitted,
Rick & Evelyn Price

√

BRICKLAYER Herminio Rivera Couceiro, 39, was crushed to death by a falling rock on the banks of the River Mino in Orense, Spain, while practicing zoophilia with a hen he had stolen. He had clambered down the river bank in order to be alone with his love, but his movements dislodged the huge granite boulder which killed them both.

The hen was found squashed under the man's groin, and the pathologist said that the man's penis was covered in feathers.

[EFE]; *La Gaceta (Tenerife)*
faithfully submitted,
K. Jones

√

NEWCASTLE, ENG.—After a five-day trial, a jury found animal rights campaigner Alan Cooper not guilty of outraging public decency in connection with charges that he masturbated a male blue nose dolphin in full view of a group of boaters.

The prosecutor had produced two witnesses from the boating

group who said they had watched Cooper, 39, masturbate the male dolphin for "several minutes."

But Newcastle Crown Court Judge John Johnson pointed out discrepancies in the accounts given by the two witnesses. The judge also cited expert testimony by Dr. Horace Dobbs, a dolphin specialist whom Cooper had consulted about the mammal's behavior and who testified during the trial.

Dobbs testified that he had told Cooper to relax and enjoy the encounter, which Dobbs said sometimes included the dolphin using its penis.

"It is extending the 'finger of friendship' and should not be rejected," Dobbs told the court he had advised Cooper.

Pittsburgh's Out
faithfully submitted,
Joseph Forbes

√

LAKEWOOD—A man who was half-dressed in a gorilla suit is on the run after he tried to accost a woman at an apartment parking lot to help him masturbate.

A 39-year-old woman was walking from her car in the

parking lot to her apartment when she heard a man behind her. When she turned around, she saw an amazing sight.

"I saw this gorilla outfit," she said. "It was weird. It had this rubber fake breast in the middle of it. It looked like he had pulled the suit down and the breast was placed inside so it would hang out."

That wasn't all.

"He had his pants down and he was masturbating."

"This is a strange case," said Sgt. Al Padilla, spokesman for the Lakewood police.

Rocky Mountain News
faithfully submitted,
Peter Johnson

√

A 31-YEAR-old man turned himself in to Anchorage, Alaska, police in January claiming to be the fugitive "Dr. Diaper," who had been appearing at local day-care centers in diapers and trying to get them to take him in. Two years before, Dr. Diaper contracted with a baby sitter by phone, claiming to be the parent of an 18-year-old boy who had the mentality of a toddler, and who needed to be changed and fed, and whose bad habits

(masturbating in public) should be ignored. When the baby-sitter arrived, the giant baby was Dr. Diaper himself.

Pittsburgh City Paper
faithfully submitted,
Joseph Forbes

√

A WEST Chester, Pa., urologist reported in an issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* last year that a man had checked himself into an emergency room with pain resulting from a swollen and apparently lacerated scrotum. Days after the doctor repaired the patient's condition, the man confided that he had been masturbating by holding his penis against the canvas drive belt of a piece of machinery at work during his lunch hour when he leaned too close as he approached orgasm and suffered an industrial accident. He then used a heavy-duty stapling gun to close his wound.

Leo
faithfully submitted,
Jon Olivito

√

SAN ANTONIO — A

nightclub dancer says a patron bit her in her rear end, then complained he suffered a loose tooth. Police charged Richard Fife Curr, 29, with assault-bodily injury in Saturday's incident. The carpet cleaner was released Saturday from Bexar County Jail. Mr. Curr told police he was trying to place a dollar bill in Deanna Merryman's G-string at PT's Show Club when she "backed into his tooth," officers said. Ms. Merryman, 20, drove herself to Northeast Baptist Hospital after she suffered two puncture wounds to her right buttock, police said.

AP
Staff

√

WARSAW—A philandering Pole was rudely surprised when he took advantage of his wife's absence to visit a brothel in Germany.

The errant husband set off in search of some extramarital activity believing his wife had gone to stay with friends in Germany where she had been offered a lucrative seasonal job. The sexual services he was offered were being provided by his wife.

UPI
Staff

√

A VICAR choked to death on his dog collar when a bizarre sex stunt went wrong, an inquest has heard.

Paul de Fortis was found naked, hanging by his neck and gagged and bound by straps and chains hooked to his four-poster bed.

Pornographic books lay nearby and he had placed two mirrors to watch himself, one on the floor and the other in front of him.

PC Brian Hobbs told the St. Pancras hearing: "He was hanging by his neck from a 2ft length of chain attached to a cross bar positioned across a four-poster bed.

"This was attached to his neck by a leather collar. There was a black leather mask over his face.

"He was also wearing a black leather belt around his waist. Around each ankle were leather straps which were attached to chains linked to the bed."

Mr. de Fortis' boss, Archdeacon Robert Coogan, said before the hearing: "His death is a dreadful shock."

true sex facts

International Express
faithfully submitted,
S.M.H.

√

LOS ANGELES CA—A woman whose car rolled over in a freeway accident was attacked by a nude man who climbed into her vehicle and tried to rape her while she was trapped inside, authorities said yesterday.

The 22-year-old woman managed to free herself from her seat belt and fend off her attacker until police arrived, the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department said.

Sheriff's deputies arrested the man, identified as Mark Harp, 24, as he was retrieving his clothes from nearby bushes.

The Sun (Baltimore)
faithfully submitted,
Marcus A. Christian

√

A MORAVIA man is in Cayuga County Jail facing charges of burglary and sexual misconduct for allegedly entering a Scipio barn and having sex with a pig.

The 28-year-old man, who lives on North Main Street in the

village with a woman and their children, drove his pickup to a Scipio farmer's home on Center Road about 1 p.m. Wednesday, according to Chief Joe Ettinger of the Moravia Police Department, who was first called about the incident.

When the man did not come to the house, the farmer went looking for him. Hearing squealing, the farmer checked his barn. He found the man having intercourse with a pig, his trousers and underwear around his ankles and his arms wrapped around the pig's neck, Ettinger said.

"The thing was squealing," Ettinger said of the pig. "We didn't know if it was a squeal of pain or a squeal of glee."

Troopers arrested the man yesterday, charging him with third-degree burglary and sexual misconduct. He is in jail on \$500 bail or \$2,000 bond.

UPI
Staff

√

A WOMAN whose husband of 2 1/2 years died in a scuffle with New York City police had sperm extracted from his corpse in hopes of having the children

they had dreamed of.

Maribel Baez, 29, made the request while the body of her husband, Anthony, lay in the morgue, undergoing an autopsy.

"It was seeing my brother on the table that hurt so much," Anthony Baez's sister, Elizabeth Baez, said Thursday.

"That's when Maribel said, 'I want his baby. I want it now. I'm not going to let it go.'"

Orange County Register
Staff

√

A GERMAN man bit off his girlfriend's nose during a fight in their new apartment, then leaped through a window 30 feet to his death, the *Bild* newspaper reported Wednesday. "As he came towards me I thought he wanted to make up and kiss me," it quoted the victim in Wuppertal, near Dusseldorf in western Germany, as telling police. Doctors were able to reattach her nose.

Rocky Mountain News
faithfully submitted,
Richard D. Terry

√

PHOENIX—A private school

true sex facts

true sex facts

headmaster forced a prospective student to undress and kneel while he spanked the 15-year-old girl with a paddle to demonstrate the school's corporal-punishment methods, police say.

Wetton took the girl into a room alone, had her strip to her underwear and paddled her once, explaining he wanted her to understand corporal punishment before she enrolled.

She cried and tried to get away, and Wetton forced her to strip naked and hit her twice more, police reports indicated. He also ordered her to bow down and recite the Lord's prayer, police said.

Michael William Wetton was jailed without bond on suspicion of child abuse, kidnapping and aggravated assault. He already faces trial next month for allegedly bruising a 9-year-old student during a paddling.

Wetton, 41, and his wife are the only teachers at the school, which promises strict discipline and high academic standards.

Orange County Register
Staff

√

MODESTO—An 81-year-old

Modesto woman has pleaded not guilty to charges that she beat her 77-year-old husband to death because she thought he was cheating on her.

Elizabeth Roderick suspected her husband of extramarital affairs when she attacked him March 31 at their mobile home, neighbors and police reports said. An autopsy showed that Joseph Roderick died from head injuries and three broken ribs.

Associated Press
Staff

√

A LAWYER in town to lecture on sexual harassment said a man sneaked up while she was shopping in Santa Fe, N.M., pointed an instant camera up her skirt and took a picture.

Orange County Register
Staff

√

AMMAN, Jordan—Ayed, 32, slit the throat of his 16-year-old sister, Kifaya. She had been raped by a younger brother, forced to have an abortion, and married off to a 50-year-old man who divorced her six months later.

"I have cleansed my family's honor," declared Ayed when Kifaya lay dead on the floor. The official report said the family fired weapons in the air in celebration.

Philadelphia Inquirer
faithfully submitted,
Phil Milstein

√

BEIJING (Reuter)—Angry relatives forced a young widow to kiss and sleep with the corpse of her suicide husband because they blamed her for his death, China's Legal Daily said.

The relatives of Xie Zhanbei, who drank pesticide in January last year after he was criticized by his father, also beat, stripped and threatened Luo Zianglan, his young widow, the newspaper said.

The dead man's sister and sister-in-law took his corpse and "forced it on top of Luo Zianglan and made her kiss it and sleep in the same bed with it," the newspaper said.

It hinted at further, more serious, abuse of Xie's widow, who was just 19 years old when her husband died, but did not go into details.

Reuter

true sex facts

faithfully submitted,
Chris Gowan

✓

HARARE (AFP)—A man who had sex with a cow because he was afraid of contracting AIDS from a human partner has been jailed for nine months by a Zimbabwe court, a press report said. Israel Zinhanga, 28, told the court in the small town of Rusape that he “felt safe having sex with a cow in view of the AIDS epidemic,” the Sunday Times said in a report made available in the capital.

Zinhanga also said he was in love with the cow, recited marriage vows in court and pledged to be faithful to the animal during his jail sentence.

The Rusape magistrate, Guvamombe, described the case as “abominable” and said having sex with an animal which provided milk and meat for human consumption would endanger the health of the nation, the report said.

AFP

faithfully submitted,
Chris Gowan

✓

MALAWI—“Do not be tempted by the lure of easy kwachas,” Ellen Muluzi warned women in a lecture in the Town Hall, Lilongwe. “Such repugnant and stinking behaviour only drags the fine name of Malawi down to the sordid level of Zambia.”

Muluzi was speaking about the Zambian craze for dog sex videos, which has recently spread to Malawi: “Azungus [white men] no longer want sex with African women. Instead they prefer to pay the women K500 and ask them to have sex with their dogs, while the Azungus film the event on camcorders.

Zambian women are always being asked to perform bizarre acts with dogs in hotel bedrooms and they agree, because they’d do anything for money and Zambian men don’t have any. But our women must never sink so low as to have sex with a dog, even if it means getting thousands and thousands of kwachas.” Replying on behalf of Zambian women, Janet Karim, editor-in-chief of *The Independent*, dismissed the entire story as “fucking unrealistic. If you ask me, Ellen Muluzi is a bit of a dog herself.

But it’s unlikely anyone would pay to have sex with her, or want to video it.”

AP

Staff

✓

DAILY TEXAN—Correction: Due to an editing error in a Page 1 story Thursday, *The Daily Texan* incorrectly reported that in a speech at a rally for lesbian and gay rights Wednesday, Derek Roberts said twice that he enjoys penetrating his lover anally. In fact, Roberts said once that he enjoys being penetrated during anal sex, and his second statement was that he enjoys penetrating his lover.

Daily Texan

faithfully submitted,

Marc Bona

Waterford, NY

✓

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...letters to the editor cont. from p. 4

Sirs:

O.J., honey, let's get back together, o.k.? I'm sorry I hit your knife with my neck, and my head, and my breasts, and my neck, and my liver, and my spleen, and my neck, and my pancreas, and my uvula...Did I mention my neck? I just don't know what came over me. But I've learned my lesson, and I know we can make it work this time. I'll be good, I promise. I'm not fat anymore...O.J.?

Nicole Brown-Simpson
Blonde, having more fun

Sirs:

Don't listen to her, O.J. You haven't lived until you've killed a Brunette.

Paula Barbieri

Sirs:

Do you know what's the biggest problem with dating younger chicks? Getting them to put down that pie and come change your colostomy bag.

John Howard Marshall
Hoping to get his ashes hauled

Sirs:

I'll need 25 gallons of baby oil, two boxes of latex gloves, fifteen clown suits and the entire fourth grade class of St. Ignatius School for Boys.

Michael Jackson
Planning a birthday party

Sirs:

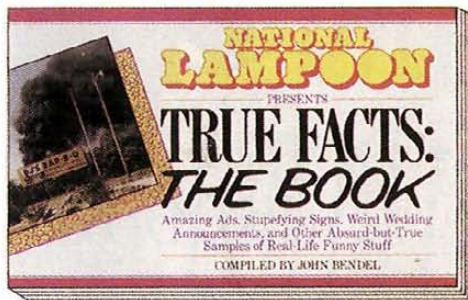
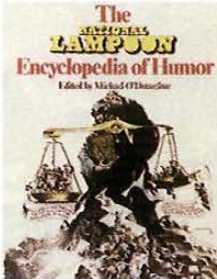
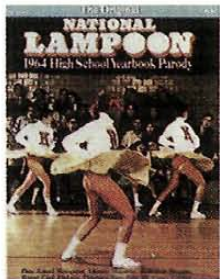
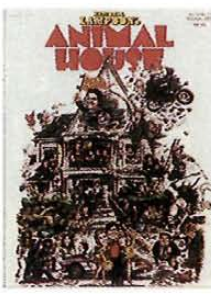
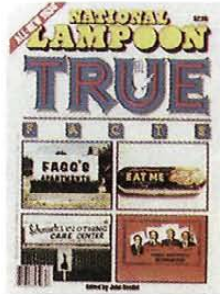
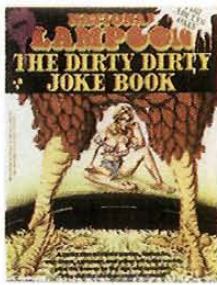
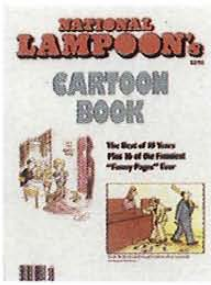
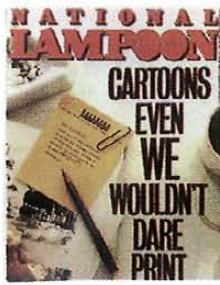
Do you know what's the biggest problem with dating younger men? Getting the blood off your clown suit.

John Wayne Gacey
One little step beyond Jacko

Sirs:

Just you watch me start treating womens better now that I'm a Muslim.

Mike Tyson
Enlightened and Educimated



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