

# NATIONAL LAMPOON<sup>®</sup>

JULY  
1977

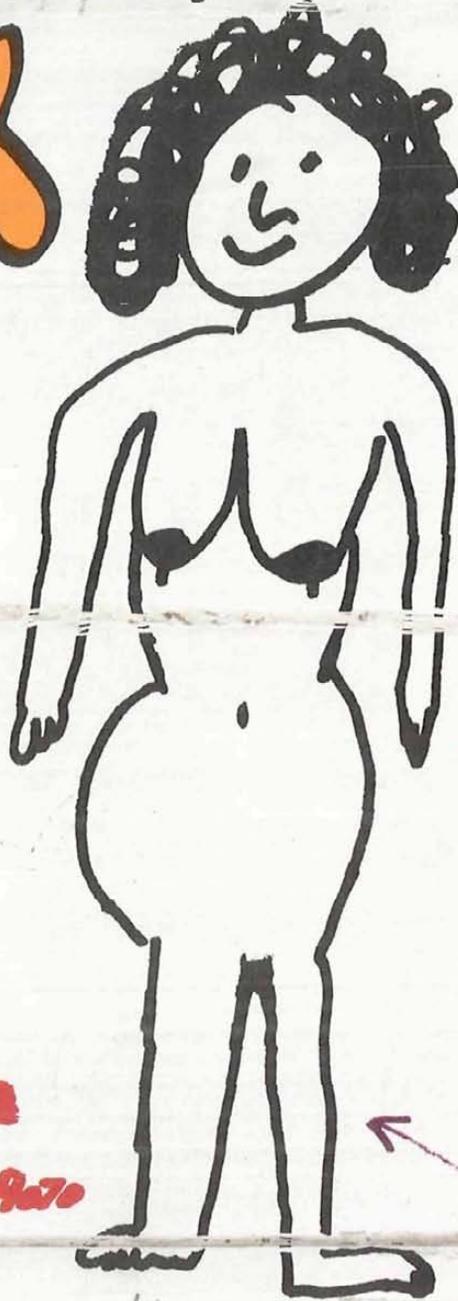
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## Les Features

Le Car is a sports car with a back seat. With front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials standard, it offers fantastic handling, cornering and traction.

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Le Car will not bore you. During 1976, it took first in its class in 12 out of 16 races, beating Hondas, Datsuns, Pintos, Vegas, Toyotas, and Fiats. Le Car combines great performance with 41 MPG highway, 25 MPG city.\* *Remember:* These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. \*California excluded

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## Le City Car

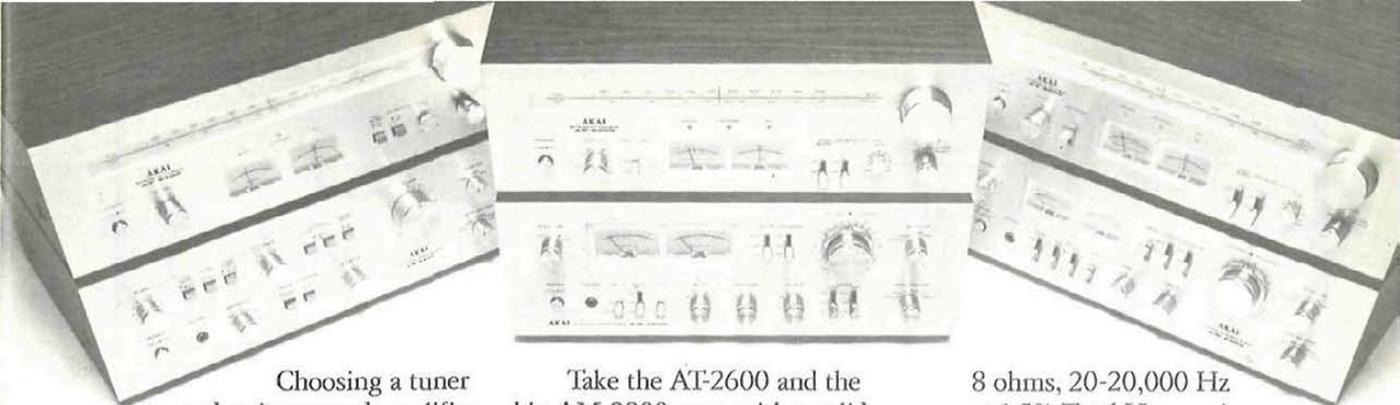
Le Car maneuvers in and out of, around and through traffic. And it fits in a smaller parking space than the Honda, Chevette or Rabbit.

## Le Price

Le Car prices start at only \$3345.† Call 800-631-1616 for nearest dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

†P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof, Luggage rack and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices slightly higher in the West. Renault U.S.A., Inc. ©1977

## Le Car by Renault



Choosing a tuner and an integrated amplifier is a lot like choosing a mate. You look for things like compatibility, performance, appearance and, of course, fidelity.

AKAI just made the process of matching component separates foolproof with a new line of tuners and integrated amplifiers. Paired on the grounds of total compatibility. And priced to be affordable.

Take the AT-2600 and the big AM-2800 amp, with a solid 80 watts, RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .08% Total Harmonic Distortion.

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8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at 1.5% Total Harmonic Distortion. And the AT-2400 tuner.

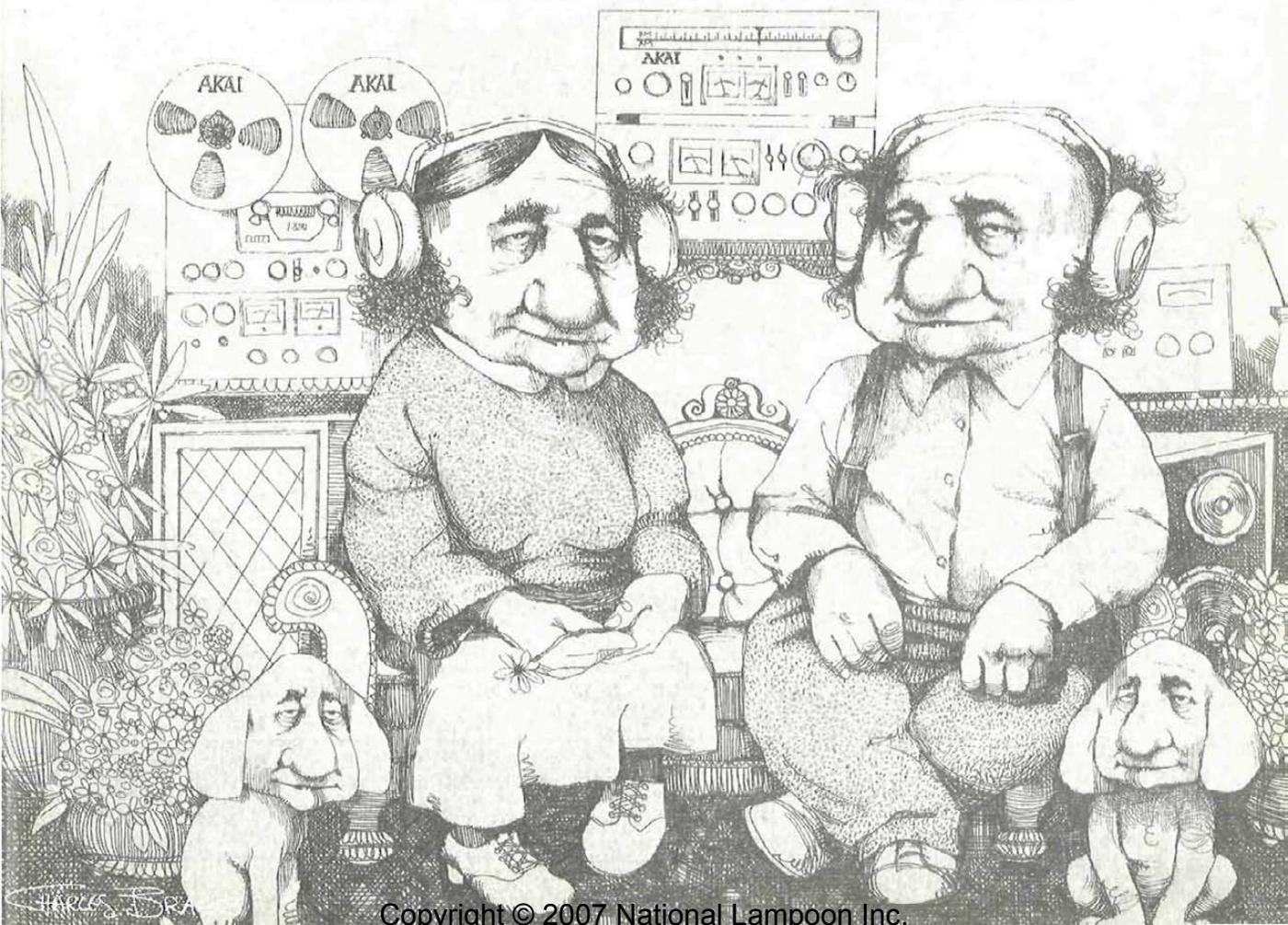
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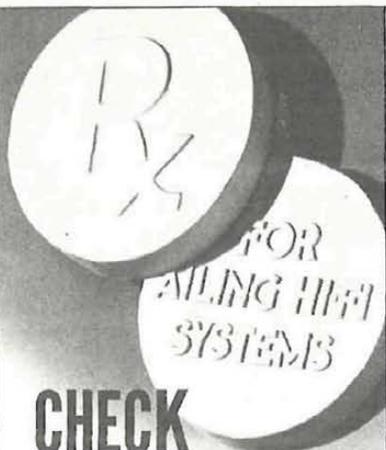
To hear the new separates, see your AKAI dealer. And live in perfect harmony.

**AKAI**

For a 18" x 24" poster of this Charles Bragg etching, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. NL, 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224, ATTN: Couples.

## AKAI INTRODUCES THE PERFECT COUPLES.





## CHECK YOUR PATCH CORDS

(UNLESS THEY'RE BY SWITCHCRAFT)

An inferior patch cord (that all-important but often overlooked connecting cable between the various components in your system) would easily be the source of reduced power output and of hum, intermittent shorting, buzzing, howling and other strange noises that defy both description and tracking down. You can often prevent them, or cure them with Switchcraft Molded Cable Assemblies. Among other things, they feature electrically-shielded "hum-proof" handles, built in cable clamps to relieve strain on terminals, precisely soldered connections, and molded seals throughout to bar moisture, minimize noise, eliminate shorts and deliver full power. There's a length and type for EVERY system in the Switchcraft line of Molded Cable Assemblies—and best of all, they cost only pennies more than noise-inducing connecting cables.



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# THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have

no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

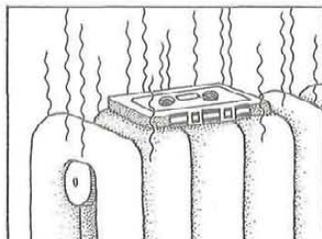
## WE CLEAN OFF THE CRUD OTHER TAPES LEAVE BEHIND.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put special non-abrasive head cleaner

## OUR TAPE COMES WITH A BETTER GUARANTEE THAN YOUR TAPE RECORDER.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

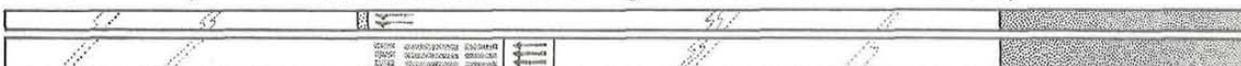
So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a problem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.



Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

equipment that can put it to good use.

## THE REASON OUR TAPE SOUNDS SO GOOD IS BECAUSE IT'S MADE SO CAREFULLY.

Every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope. Because if every particle isn't perfect, the sound you hear won't be either.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape,



Every employee, vacuumed.

on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

## OUR CASSETTES ARE PUT TOGETHER AS CAREFULLY AS OUR TAPE.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material. And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for stronger cassettes.

## GIVE OUR TAPE A FAIR HEARING.

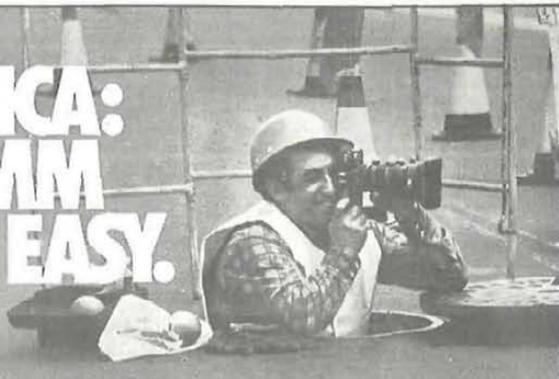
You can hear just how good Maxell tape

You'll be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey. 07074.

# KONICA: 35 MM MADE EASY.



## THE KONICA TC COMPACT AUTOMATIC.

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See the exciting TC at your Konica dealer. Or write for full details to Konica Camera, Dept. 5205, Woodside, New York 11377.



● The fire company in Portland, Tennessee, charges \$100 for calls outside of town. R.D. Dickson called them when his home caught fire.

While he and the fire chief bickered over some money he owed them for several previous visits, his home burned to the ground. *Philadelphia Bulletin* (Marty Flynn)

● William Porter had been accused of armed robbery. He had an alibi—he was home watching TV at the time—but he had been alone, and no one could support it. No one, that is, except for the American Broadcasting Company.

Porter related, in court, the details of the plots of "Happy Days" and "Laverne and Shirley" on the evening in question. The next day, videotapes of the shows were shown in court. They had been provided by ABC to aid Porter in his defense.

The stories matched. Porter was acquitted. *The Worcester Telegram* (David M. Corkum)

● Wyoming Sheriff's Deputy Lt. Art Terry is getting a little tired of jokes about worms.

He's the man who was assigned to the case involving the theft of eleven million worms, worth \$50,000, from Bernard Gibson's wholesale worm ranch on January 17.

Rather than looking for 500-pound robins, as some jokers have suggested, Terry theorized that the "worm-rustlers" came equipped with a heated truck, to keep the worms from freezing. *The Laramie Daily Boomerang* (Madison)

● They've raised the price of nothing. A can of Florida sunshine, which used to go for 49 cents in most variety and souvenir shops, has gone up to 69

# Sport our new 3060



## You may get to take it to the Superbowl

Or the World Series, NBA Playoffs, Indy 500, U.S. Tennis Open or the Kentucky Derby Trials.

We think the world's first portable FM/AM radio-cassette recorder with a built-in TV deserves a sporting introduction. So we're giving you the chance to win a trip for two to your favorite sports classic. Or you might win lots of other prizes—including the new 3060.

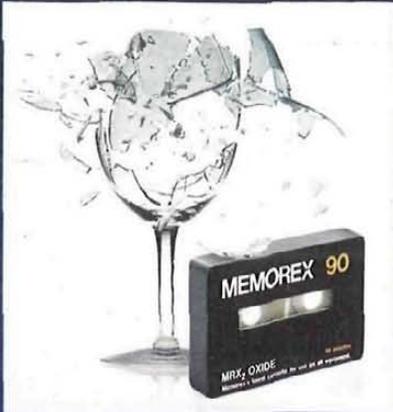
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To enter the JVC Super Sports Sweepstakes, just drop by your nearest JVC dealer for an entry form. You can get his name by dialing 800-221-7502 toll-free outside New York. There's no purchase necessary.

While you're there, check out our latest innovation—the sportiest portable FM/AM radio-TV-cassette recorder ever.



# Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?



We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide?

It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell.

It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

**MEMOREX** Recording Tape.  
Is it live, or is it Memorex?



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Santa Clara, California 95052 U.S.A.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**The natural cigarette is here!**

# **Announcing Real**

**Taste your first low tar cigarette  
with nothing artificial added.  
Feel the Real taste difference.**

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. New Real does not. It doesn't need to. We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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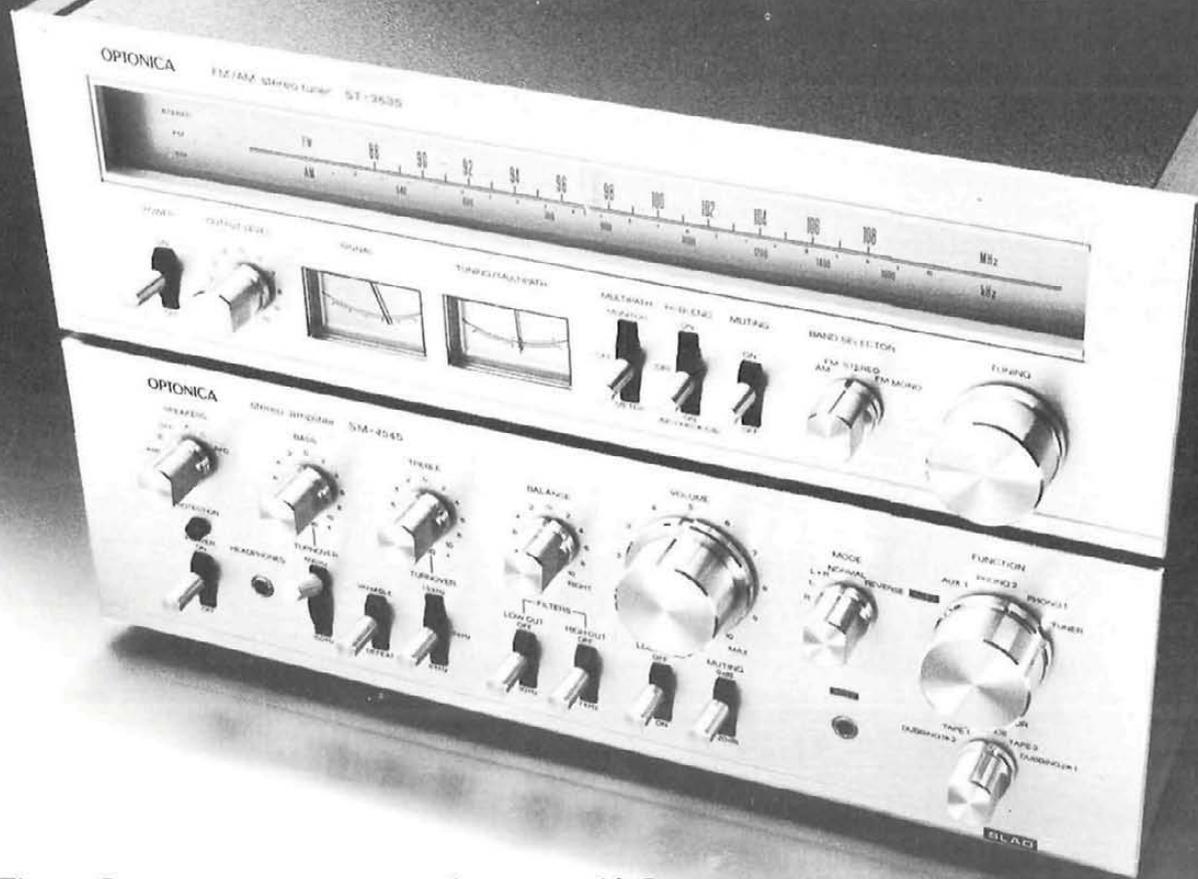
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# THE OPTIMUM.



## The first tuner and amplifier that won't scare you into buying a receiver.

Most people buy a receiver instead of a separate tuner and amplifier because they think it's easier to handle, less complicated, not as frightening, even less expensive.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Which is amply proven by the Optonica ST-3535 tuner and the SM-4545 amplifier, a pair so easy to get along with, and so easily affordable, you'll be glad you didn't settle for a receiver.

The Optonica ST-3535 tuner is designed for clear reception and high sensitivity and has a built-in meter that detects multipath distortion.

And here's a feature we bet you won't find on a receiver: an air check calibrator to give you an accurate FM Air Check. Just flip on the switch and a level signal equivalent to that of

the FM signal is generated. Then all you have to do is set the recording level to 0 VU on the tape deck.

Why does Optonica call its amplifier the Optimum? Just try to find a receiver or amplifier that can match our newly developed SLAD (Spikeless Amplifier Design) circuitry, designed to prolong the life of your amplifier by eliminating notching distortion at high power output. This also results in excellent low distortion characteristics with 0.1% total harmonic distortion at 65 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20 kHz.

We invite you to test the Optimum tuner and amplifier at one of the select audio dealers now carrying the full line of Optonica stereo

or night (In Illinois dial 1-800-322-4400), for the name and address of your nearest Optonica showroom, where you can see the complete Optonica line and pick up your free copy of our catalog. Or for further information, write Optonica, Dept. A7E, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

From the first tuner and amplifier that won't scare you into buying a receiver to our unique turntable built as steady as a rock, find out why throughout Europe and Japan. Optonica is one of the fastest selling lines of stereo components on the market today.

**OPTONICA** THE OPTIMUM.

*You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone. JBL's new L212: a totally new picture of high performance sound, from the people who wrote the book.*

You hear the whole sound first. And when you catch your breath you search for words to describe the depth, the detail, the etched precision of the music.

That stunning pair of three-way speakers is sending clean, undistorted sound to every corner of the room. At every frequency. At every level. Loud or soft. High or low. It doesn't matter. The energy is constant.

You're experiencing three-dimensional imaging: Vocal up front. Lead guitar two steps back and one to the left. Drums further back. The piano closer, almost off the right edge of the sound.

Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.



Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated, blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too.

They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is \$1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

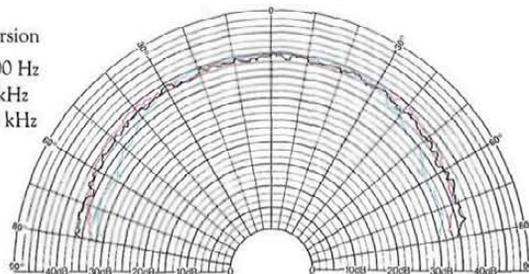
In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

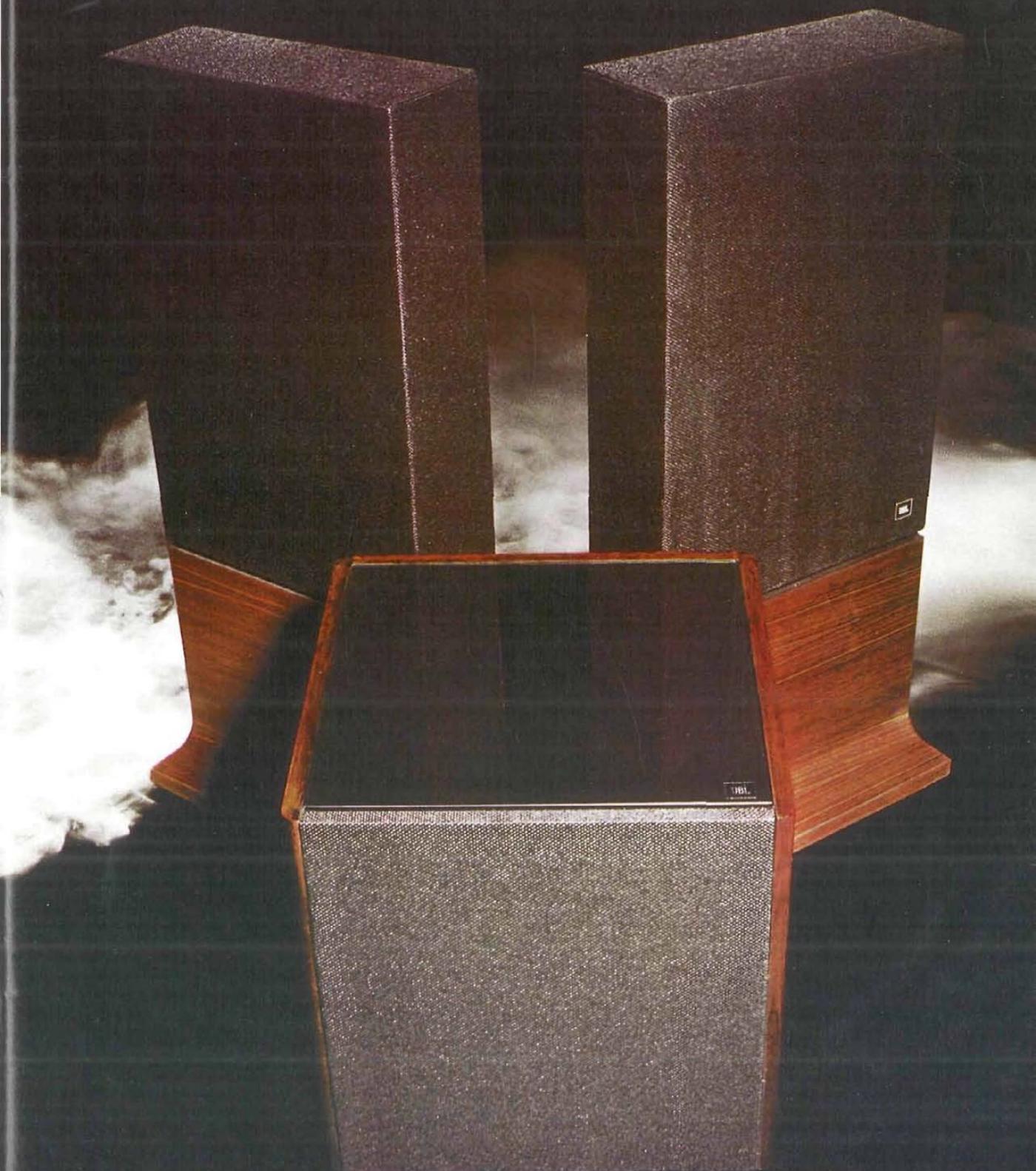
Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.

Frequency Dispersion

~~~~~ at 400 Hz  
~~~~~ at 2 kHz  
~~~~~ at 10 kHz



JBL CHANGES THE  
PICTURE OF SOUND.



# EDITORIAL



## **PORNOGRAPHY: A Catechism of Clichés**

Q: What are we?

A: No prudes.

Q: With what degree of confidence can this be asserted?

A: **Certainly.**

Q: To what are we opposed?

A: **Censorship.**

Q: To what metaphysical extent?

A: **Absolutely.**

Q: How far, however, do matters seem to have gone?

A: **Too.**

Q: What meteorology of ethics has changed?

A: **The moral climate.**

Q: What monarchical mores no longer apply?

A: **Victorianism.**

Q: Nor do the precepts of which Calvinist sect?

A: **Puritanism.**

Q: But what must we be careful to distinguish between pornography and?

A: **Eroticism.**

Q: Eroticism how medically diagnosed?

A: **Healthy.**

Q: Frankly, what do we find most pornography?

A: **Boring.**

Q: What surgical term would we apply to the photographs in many periodicals?

A: **Gynecological.**

Q: How do we characterize these men's magazines?

A: **So-called.**

Q: What, in the words of D.H. Lawrence, do these pictures do dirt on?

A: **Life.**

Q: What are they to women?

A: **Demeaning.**

Q: And?

A: **Exploitative.**

Q: What economic term describes

our press?

A: **Free.**

Q: How won was this freedom?

A: **Hard.**

Q: What medieval phenomena must be avoided?

A: **Witchhunts.**

Q: Are we advocating one?

A: **Far be it from us.**

Q: But what must we distinguish from liberty?

A: **License.**

Q: What goes with rights?

A: **Responsibilities.**

Q: With what extremity in what?

A: **Hand in hand.**

Q: Where does education begin?

A: **In the home.**

Q: Where does the answer lie?

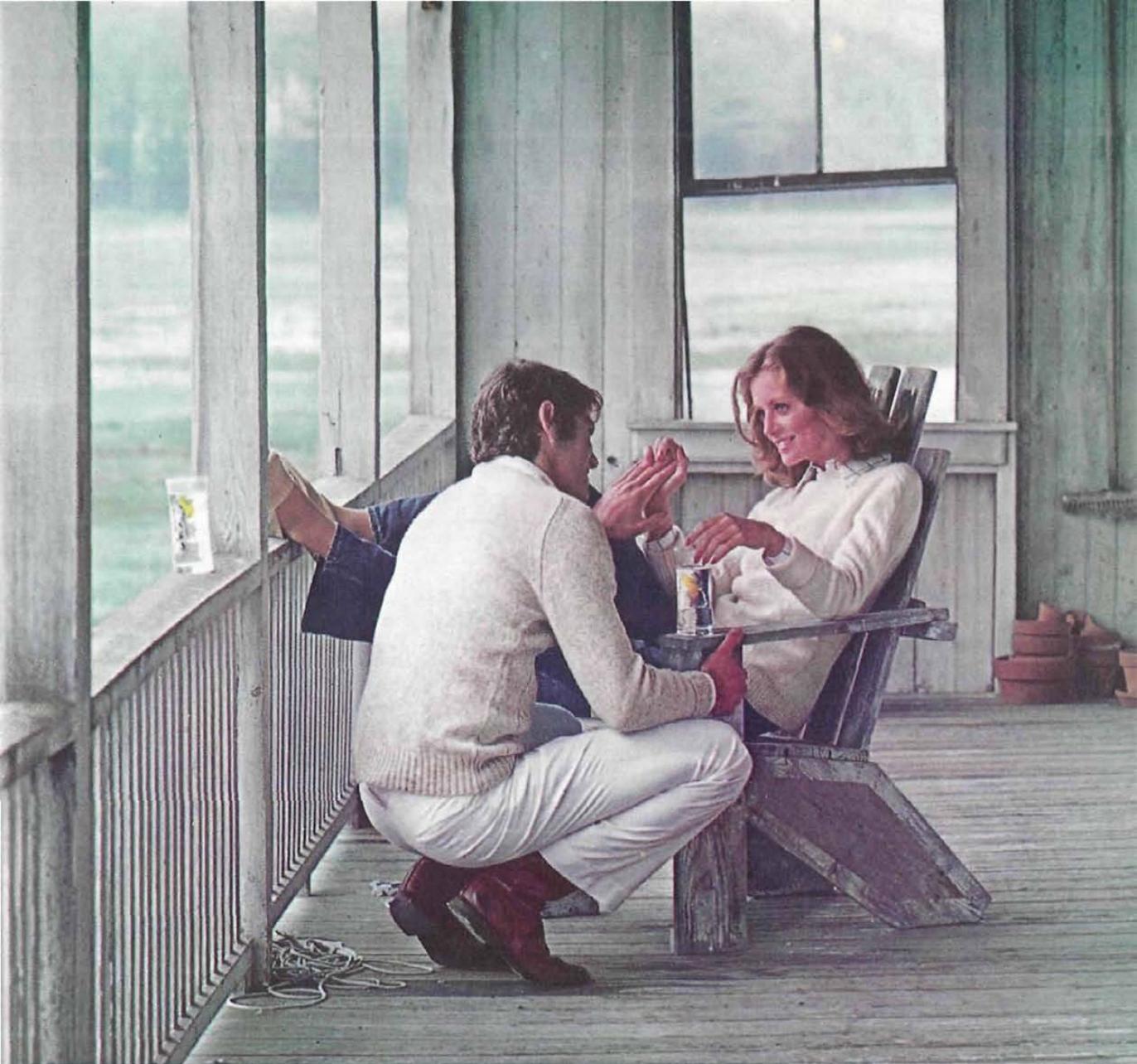
A: **In education.**

Q: With what degree of temporality?

A: **As always.**

Q: What off are we doing here?

A: **Jerking.** □



**You know the day is in your hands.  
You're a white rum drinker.**



White rum and soda

The day reflects your mood—smooth and sure. The kind of day that comes often to a white rum drinker—a person of confidence.

After all, it took confidence to move to white rum in the first place, at a time when fashion dictated drinking gin or vodka.

But you found out for yourself that white rum was better tasting and smoother.

Little wonder. All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at

least a year, in contrast to gin and vodka which aren't aged at all.

And now that the word is out, fashion is following you.

White rum is turning up with soda, tonic, vermouth, orange juice and other mixers—in all the drinks that used to be made with gin and vodka.

Enjoy white rum, knowing that you had the confidence to discover it first.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**



For free, "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-5, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.  
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## TRUE FACTS

continued from page 4

cents in some stores, and as high as 98 cents in others.

The can contains, according to its label, "...60 percent pure Florida sunshine mixed with 12 percent tropical breeze and 26 percent pure Florida air. All ingredients are homogenized to make up a mixture that cannot be duplicated anywhere else." *Baltimore Sun* (Steve Robinson)

• Vincent Johnson and Frazier Black walked into an Austin bank and tried to cash a \$200 check. It was made out to a Nancy Hart. They had her deposit slip, too, and they wanted half the sum deposited in her account, and half in cash.

The check was forged, and the deposit slip stolen; but no one would have known except for one small thing.

The teller they approached was Nancy Hart.

"It was a one in a million chance occurrence," said a detective. "If I never solve another case, this one makes it worth it." *The Wichita Eagle* (Sara Rhyne)

• Francis Thompson, of Durban, South Africa, is on trial for the attempted murder of two hang glider pilots, at whom he reportedly fired with an air rifle.

At the trial, his wife provided a motive for Thompson's actions.

According to Loran Thompson, a hang glider pilot flew over her garage, where she was doing some nude sunbathing, and made sexual advances to her. *Edmonton Journal* (E.H. Wolfe)

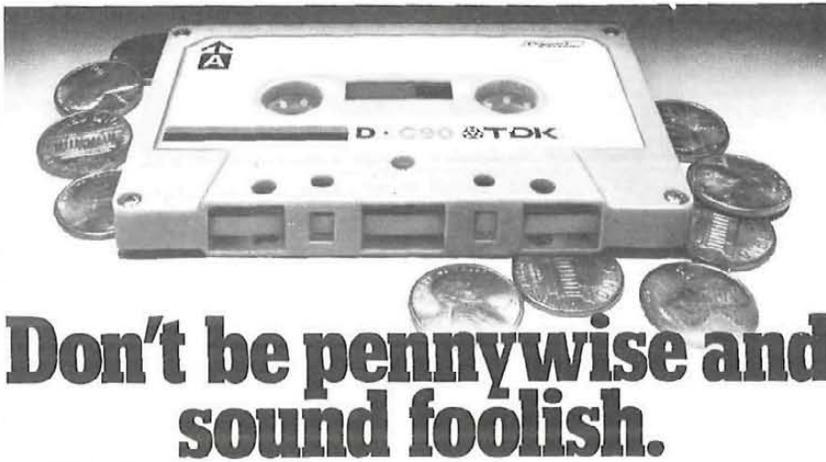
• Mary Poppins is an English basset hound with an insatiable appetite. Although her father was a pedigreed champion, owner Jane Burridge despairs of teaching her pet any manners.

Recently, the fourteen-year-old dog ate a mixture of yeast and unbaked dough that had been left, prior to baking it, in front of the fire. When the yeast rose, the dog swelled up to about twice her normal size.

Jane rushed Mary to a vet. "She is going down slowly," he later reported. *The Roanoke Times* (Ray Gordon)

---

Ten dollars in cash will be given for items used. Send entries to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.



# Don't be pennywise and sound foolish.

When you buy cassettes, it's really a matter of getting what you pay for. And since most of them look pretty much alike from the outside, some people buy strictly on price alone. But by paying a few pennies less, they actually get a whole lot less for their money.

With TDK, you get consistent quality. Inside, our famous TDK tape records all your music, across the entire sound spectrum, with virtually no distortion, coloration or dropouts. Outside, our cassettes themselves are

checked over and over again to give you jam-proof, reliable performance. Even economical TDK D (Dynamic) cassettes regularly outperform many other brands on the market today—even some that cost more.

Sure, TDK D cassettes cost more than off-brand "cheapies". But on the other hand, they keep you from being pennywise and sound foolish. Look for them in the red, orange and black striped package.



TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. In Canada: Superior Electronics Industries, Ltd.

## "I've always wanted Bose 901's, but won't I need a 100-watt amp?"

The original Bose 901 was probably the most critically acclaimed loudspeaker ever. But a lot of 901 admirers didn't buy them because they thought they'd need a big, expensive amplifier. Now comes the new Bose 901 Series III. In every dimension of sound reproduction it is superior to the original 901. Yet, due to a unique new high-performance driver with a stronger-than-steel, precision injection-molded frame and an ultra-high-efficiency voice coil, it can produce the same sound volume with a 15-watts-per-channel receiver as the original 901 with 50 watts (in

fact, we suggest that anything over 70 watts is simply unnecessary).

The Bose 901 Series III: the speaker you've always wanted has become a lot easier to own.



The high-efficiency driver.

**BOSE**  
Better sound through research.

For comprehensive literature, send \$1.00 to Bose, Dept. NL7, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701. Patents issued and pending. Cabinets are walnut veneer.

**"...the Sansui tradition:  
solid, well thought out...  
right up there with the best...  
a fine value..."**

## High Fidelity Magazine, Dec. 1976

"SANSUI Model 7070, a stereo FM/AM receiver... under \$520."

"Here is yet another receiver in what we have come to think of as the Sansui tradition: solid, well thought-out, neither barebones nor feature-encumbered, delivering performance that is right up there with the best..."

"Some 'extras' are immediately apparent when you lay an inquiring finger on the controls. The tone knobs are stepped... and include a MIDRANGE as well as the usual BASS and TREBLE... two phono inputs... mono mike input with its own mixing level control... There also is output-power metering..."

"One special feature of the 7070 is its provision for outboard decoding of Dolby FM broadcasts..."

"The tuner section is excellent — at least good in every respect and near-superlative in many..."

"The amplifier section is rated at 18dBW (60 watts) per channel and actually will pump out 1/2 dB [10 watts] more before exceeding the distortion rating at any audio frequency. More impressive, harmonic distortion is far below Sansui's 0.3% rating at all tested power levels, exceeding 0.5% in few

measurements... Intermodulation too is low..."

"... If your expectations are high, there's very little about the 7070 that we think might disappoint you. Feel and finish of the parts is excellent, as we have come to expect of Sansui. The capable amplifier section has enough power for use with two pairs of speakers... the tuner section is among the best; the ancillary functions... are comprehensive and efficient. All in all, a fine value for the money."

In every power and price range, Sansui offers you a receiver in their tradition of excellence. Visit your nearest franchised Sansui dealer today and select the model that is right for you — from the new luxury Model 9090DB with full Dolby\*\* capability, at less than \$750\* to the no-frills Model 221, at less than \$180\*.

\*Approximate nationally advertised value. The actual retail price will be set by the individual dealer, at his option.  
\*\*Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

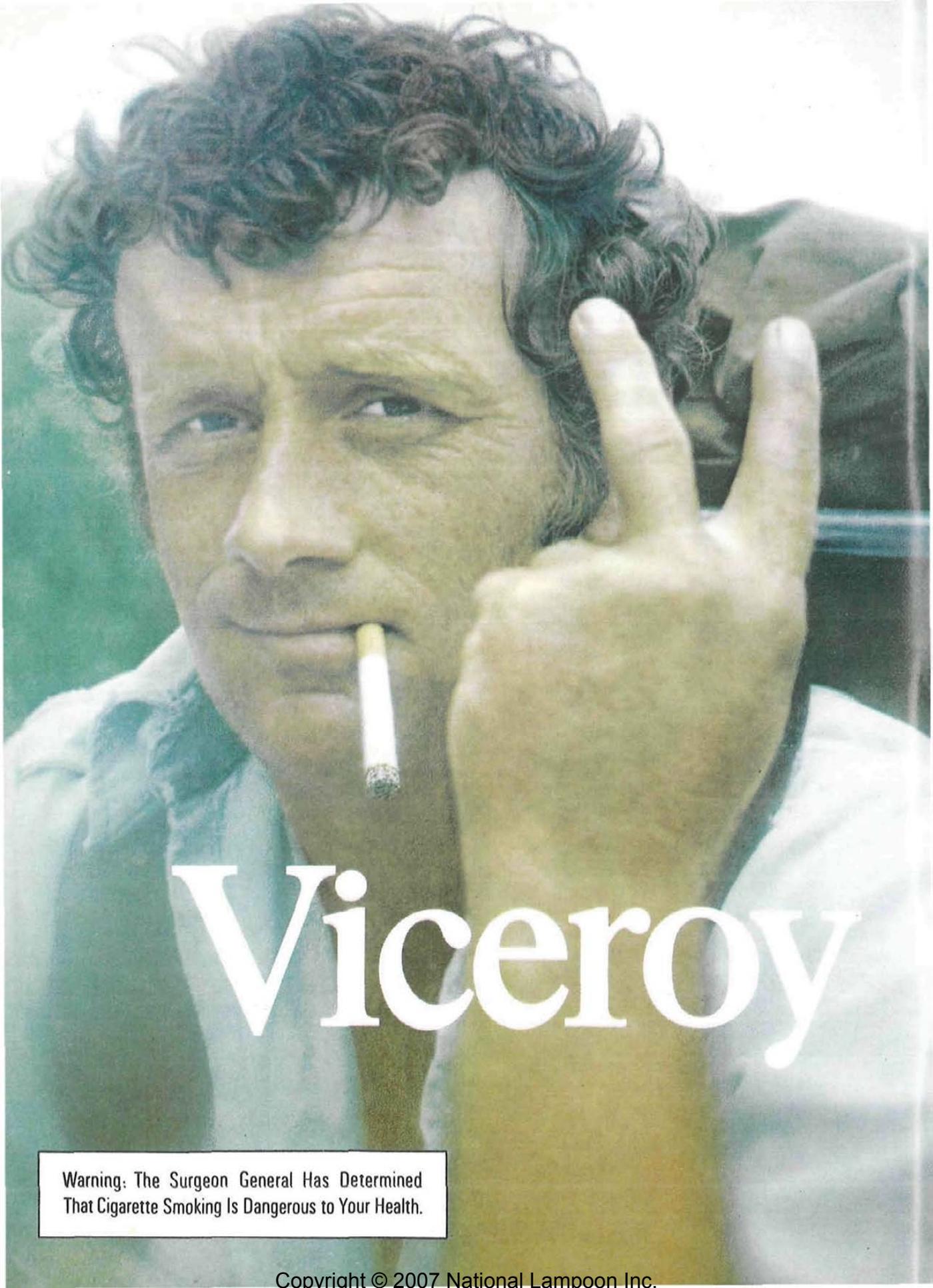
**A whole new world of beautiful music.**



Simulated  
woodgrain  
cabinet.

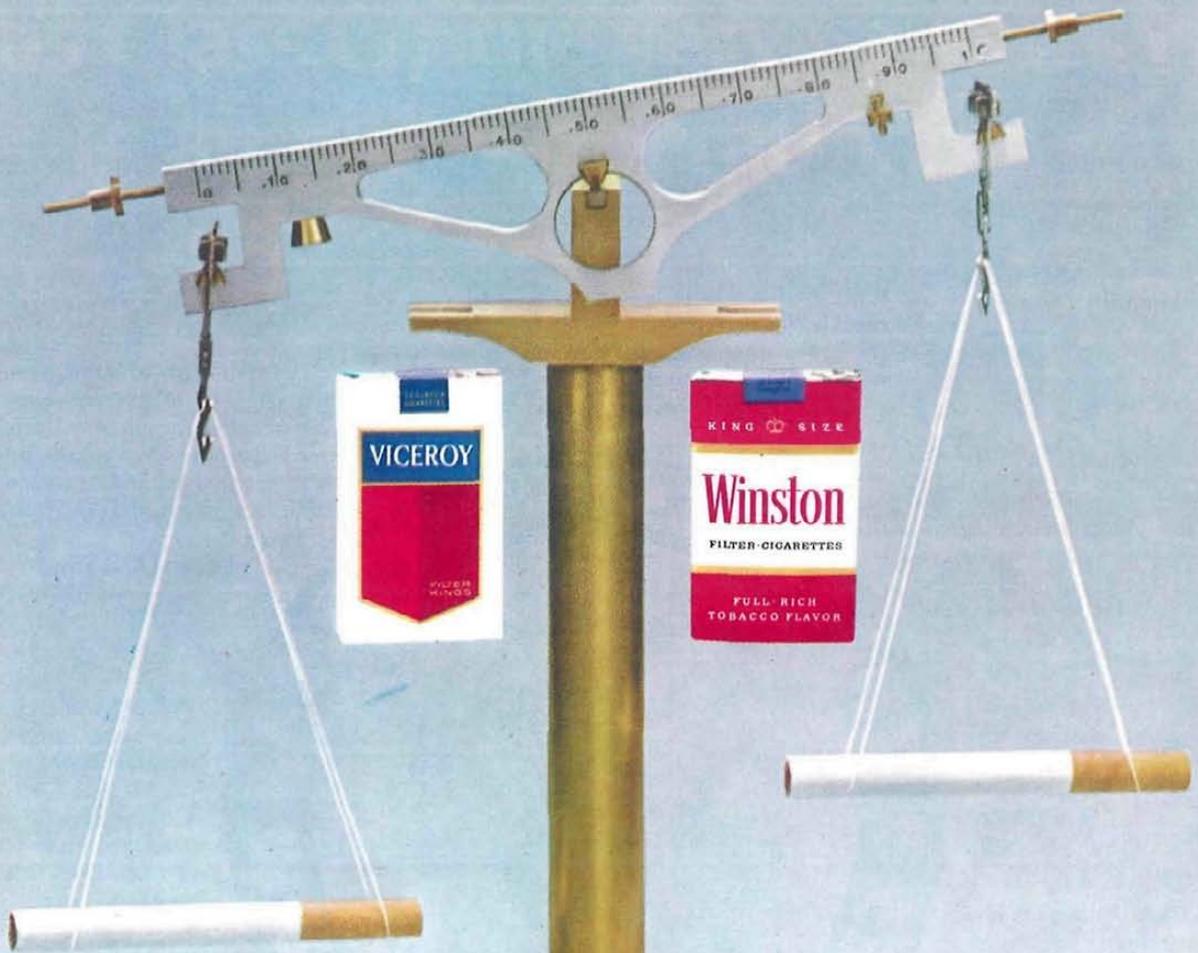
**SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.**  
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**Sansui**



# Viceroy

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



More Tobacco  
& Less 'Tar'

...than  
Winston or Marlboro.

Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more*<sup>1</sup> tobacco & a *lower*<sup>2</sup> 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than Winston or Marlboro.

1. DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).
2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR': (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR'; WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR'; MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR'; AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)



Sirs:

Sure, Coke adds life. But when I blindfolded her, she preferred Pepsi.  
Fatty Arbuckle  
Biltmore Men's Bar  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I recently purchased a Water Pric shower massager for my wife, Julie, to help ease her...tensions. She loves it, and is literally climbing the walls. Do you think I should have gotten her a hand-held model?  
David Nixon Eisenhower  
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I found out that she has to wax off the hair over her lip.  
A Friend at  
ABC News  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is with great sorrow that I inform you that Pluto, the playful pup, who entertained so many of us with his delightful madcap antics, was accidentally erased today at 3:56 Pacific Standard Time. He was a dear friend.  
M. Mouse  
Beverly Hills

Sirs:

I'm fourteen, and a sophomore at Helen Keller High in Walleye, Wisconsin, and I don't know very much about drugs, but I want to get into them. But I think I got gypped. Is there any such thing as whole wheat cocaine?

Don't Use My Name, Okay?

Sirs:

I'm not bitter about it, sweetie. At least not any more. That's life. It's dog eat dog out there. Madison Avenue told me they'd make me a star, right? We went to the right parties, and baby, it was *heaven!* I used to get *all* the big phone calls. For a while there, I was making those Big Bucks! Really. Sank ten big ones into a microwave

sauna. And then—nadaville. Deneuve came along and cleaned up. Cars, perfume, the *works!* I thought I was numero uno, but this cunt eats me for breakfast.

Poppin' Fresh  
Sutton Place, N.Y.

Sirs:

This is a letter bomb. You're dead now.

A Terrorist  
3214 South Point Road  
Vernan Hills, Ill.

Sirs:

Marisa thought this one up as we sipped champagne over Zurich. It goes, "What is it you get after an

ssss sound that made my "Benny and the Jets" a rock standard. Ta-ta for now.  
Elton John  
The Press Club

Sirs:

Patton was perfectly right to slap that soldier, and what's more, should have shot him in the face with both his guns. (Don't publish this till I'm dead.)

General Omar Bradley  
Tomb of the Well-Known Soldier  
Arlington National Cemetery  
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

You want to know what we're going to do next? Well, we're coming out with a book on anything we goddamn please. And a movie. Maybe two. Because we're *superstars*, and we can do anything we want, and don't you forget it.

Bob and Carl Woodward  
and Bernstein  
Hollywood, D.C.

Sirs:

While I was undergoing cardiac surgery, someone who looked a lot like Jimmy Carter sneaked in and committed adultery in my heart. Does that count?

Anonymous  
Gibbs, Georgia

Sirs:

The only Marley I recall was a ghost, like myself but not so holy, in a piece of Christian nonsense called *A Christmas Carol*. Why pay this Jamaican weedhead? Send money direct to:

God  
c/o Estate Haile Selassie  
Zurich, Switzerland

Sirs:

Can you help me? Everything I touch turns to money. Even my pecker is green, and has a picture of Thomas Jefferson on it.

Nelson Rockefeller  
Nowhere Near Attica, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you know what it's like to have someone shit on your face? If you're interested, contact me, or ask Elliot; he knows.

Barbarian Streisand  
Holier-Than-Thou, Las Vegas



emasculatation?" And the answer is—a cockroach!!! Who says the jet set doesn't have a sense of humor?

Stewart Mott  
Vacancy Towers  
Le Grand Pomme, N.Y.

Sirs:

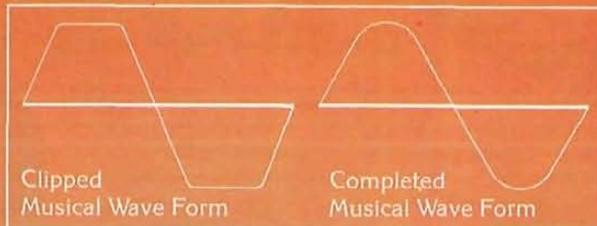
Contrary to popular opinion, there is no irony in my songs. None. What there is is ironing. Ironing is my hobby, you see. Of an evening, there's nothing I'd rather do than watch telly while pressing Bernie's shirts, slacks, hankies, and ascots, not to mention unmentionables. It's a relaxing, useful pastime, and reminds me of my mum. Also, it's very inspirational. My GE steam iron actually gave me the idea for the sibilant

# Only Hitachi's SR/903 Receiver has Class G, "the very newest class in amplifier operation."

Stereo Review  
January, 1977



Stereo Review went on to explain that this exclusive circuitry "uses...a low power and a high power output stage operating together... At low signal levels the lower power stage drives the speakers. The transition to the more powerful output transistors...takes place smoothly at the point where it becomes advantageous to do so."



The point they're talking about, of course, is where certain portions of the music you listen to demand more than the rated output to sound like they should. (Rated output on the Hitachi SR/903 is 75 watts continuous power per channel, both channels driven into an 8 ohm load, 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.1%

total harmonic distortion.) So when your music really gets thrilling, Class G cuts into a standby amplifier. Then, for just a moment, the SR/903 can pump out a lusty 160 watts per channel—without clipping.

One look at comparison wave forms will show you what we mean. See how the sound from the conventional amplifier has the top of its natural arc clipped off. That's when you'd get clipping distortion. But the same musical peak graphed on the Hitachi SR/903 is complete. So the sound you'd hear would be clean and crisp.

As a wrap-up, Stereo Review said Class G delivers "much higher overall efficiency than a conventional device, and this brings immediate dividends...in reduced weight, size and power consumption."

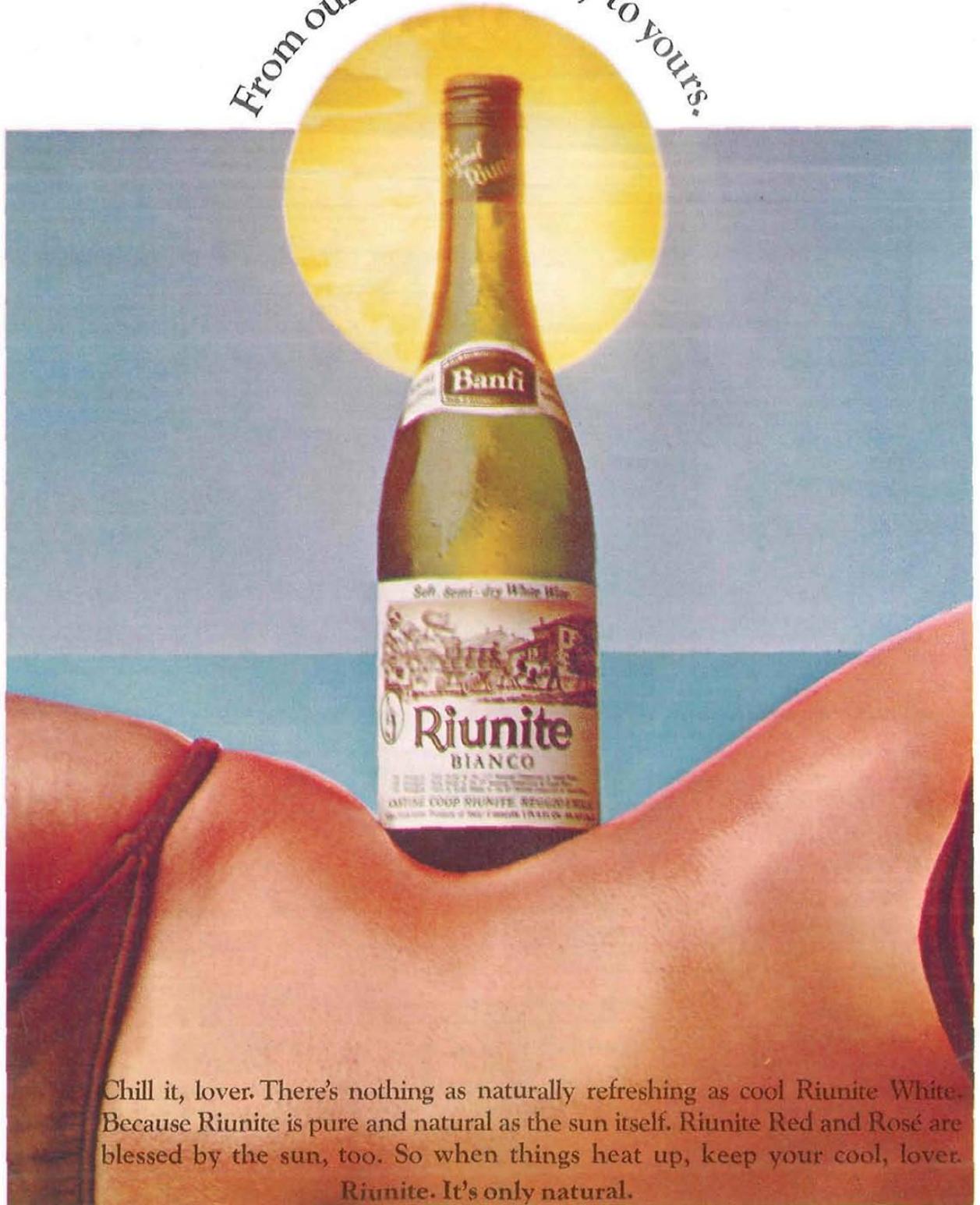
All they neglected to mention was that Class G doesn't cost you any more.

## Hitachi SR/903 Typical Specifications

| Amplifier                                       | Rating                |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Power, minimum RMS, at 8 ohms, 20 to 20,000 Hz  | 75 watts              |
| Total harmonic distortion at rated power output | 0.1%                  |
| FM Tuner                                        | Rating                |
| Usable sensitivity (IHF) 300 OHMS               | 1.6 $\mu$ V (9.3 dBf) |
| 50 dB quieting sensitivity                      | 3.1 $\mu$ V (15 dBf)  |
| Signal/noise ratio 100% mod                     | 74 dB                 |

 **HITACHI**  
When a company cares,  
it shows.

From our heavenly body to yours.



Chill it, lover. There's nothing as naturally refreshing as cool Riunite White. Because Riunite is pure and natural as the sun itself. Riunite Red and Rosé are blessed by the sun, too. So when things heat up, keep your cool, lover.

**Riunite. It's only natural.**

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# The Don King Story:

# Pro Boxing under Dark Cloud

Details Inside

**OUTLOOK:**  
Bleak  
**AIR QUALITY:**  
Acceptable



Those who flunk history  
are doomed to repeat it.

IND  
34490

# The National

\* \* \*

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume I, No. LXXXVIII

July, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

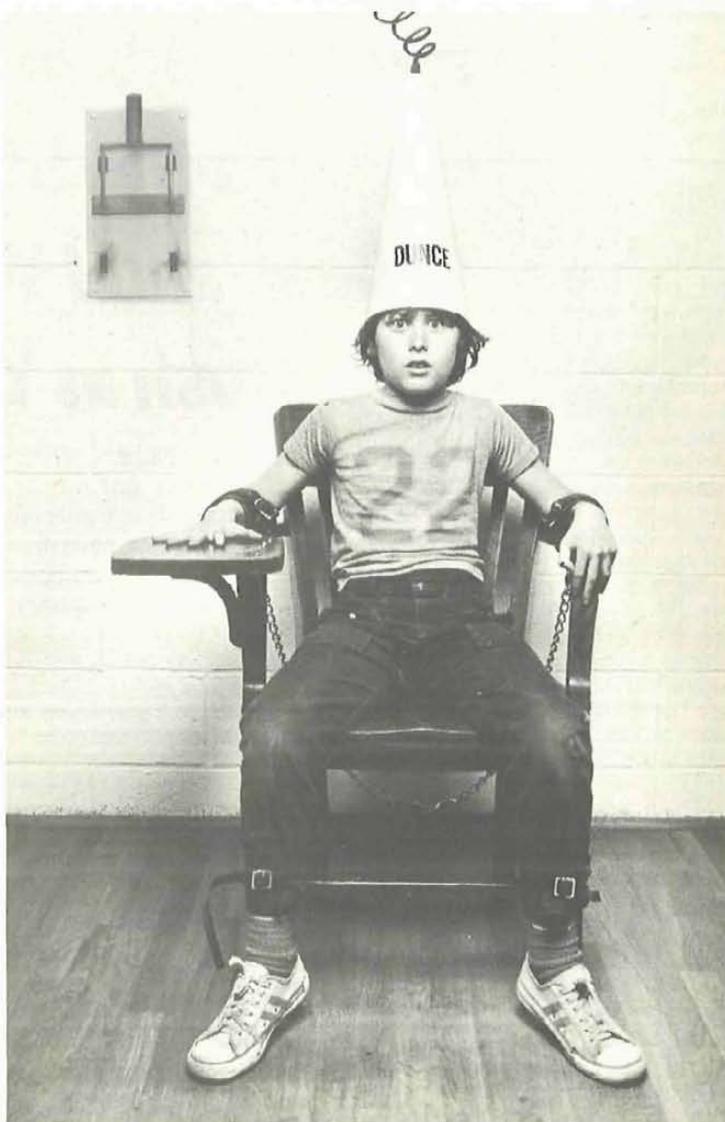
# SUPREME COURT OK'S TOT DEATH PENALTY

In a rare unanimous decision, the Supreme Court today ruled in favor of a lower court decision upholding the legality of capital punishment in the nation's public schools.

The original case, *The State of Alabama v. Bobby*, grew out of the death-by-safety-patrol-firing-squad sentence of a six-year-old student

who had been apprehended with an overdue copy of *Tubby the Tuba*.

Speaking in favor of the decision, Chief Justice Warren Burger observed, "There is, in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, a long tradition that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. The court cannot help but note that many of our present generation of adults would have greatly improved their lot had they been executed in their early years."



F is for Fry: Naughty student Bobby gets ready to "ride the lightnin'" into the afterlife following flunking grade on spelling test.

# NORTH SEA OIL REPORT

Scotland's North Sea Oil Reserve—

## Oil and Gaelic Go Together

The recent North Sea oil spill is the one dark spot on the dramatic reemergence of Scotland as an international power, a position this rocky, heathery land of whisky and oats has not occupied since the Great Month of Haggis in the spring of 1215 B.C.

When oil was discovered off the Scottish coast at the beginning of the seventies, the new influence that the Scots acquired over their previous masters, the British, manifested itself in many ways. New titles were bestowed on previously impoverished commoners: the Duke of Oil, the Laird of Loch Tane, Lord Rigadon, and the Chief of Skye, to name but a few who in turn adopted measures transforming the culture and image of their newly rich land. The ancient place names of the outer isles were changed to ones more suited to their new function—Spill, Crude, Cape Derrick, and so on, only Muck retaining its original Celtic form. Bodies of water once pure and useless were also renamed in honor of American partners: Loch Efuller, for instance, and the Firth of Filth; and popular folk songs underwent

startling lyric changes —“You Take the High

Test and I'll Take the Low Test” and “Hooray for the Barrels of Bonny BP.” It was even mooted that the national sport be declared to be Gulf, and that the Church of Scotland should henceforth be known as the Church of

No-Nox.

Whatever the long-term effects of these upheavals will be, it seems unlikely that the trend towards a radical commercialization of the once worthless nation north of the border (re-named the Baggipeline)

will be adversely affected by the minor mishap in the North Sea. As Lord Sinclair Earl of Offshore is quoted as saying in the wake of the recent spill: “It daesna worry me a wee bit. There's nae fuel like a fossil fuel!”

## The Check's in the Mail, It's the Standard Deal, and I Won't Gush in Your Sea

Outraged Norwegian sunbathers, whose annual one day “festival of fun by the shore” is threatened by a ten square mile oil slick now approaching their coast, have persuaded the American oil company responsible for the spill to take “extraordinary measures” to clean up the North Sea.

A crack team of California cocksuckers, starlets, chorus boys, publicists, and agents will be parachuted into the chilly North Atlantic, with instructions to swallow every drop of the spreading, viscous ooze.

The slick is the result of a massive explosion that tore the lid off an ac-

tive oil well some ten days ago. “That was no ordinary blow job,” a company spokesman told us, “and that's why we've sent for the best.”

The team, described as the finest of its kind in the world, is renowned for its versatility and resourcefulness on the job. A group resumé released to the press states: “The team can boast of expe-

rience ranging from parking lots to the Polo Lounge, from London drawing rooms to assignments down under. Criteria for selection are stiff, and two things are considered essential: a good head, and the ability to work under pressure without choking.”

Considerable attention has been drawn to the danger of fire associated with large oily bodies. Team members themselves were apparently aware of this danger. “Honey,” one young man en route to the site told the assembled press, “we've all been burned on this kind of deal, more times than I could shake a stock at.” Details of the safety measures have not been made public, so it is still not known at this time if the controversial “no gag” order will be put into effect.

F  
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Y



# Intercourse \$ Up .3%

According to leading economic indicators, the price of sexual intercourse rose nearly one third of one percent last month. The increase is the highest since September, 1974. While the cost of normal sexual intercourse actually declined, higher prices for the now popular perverse sexual intercourse methods accounted for the overall jump. Typical

street price for painful stand-up bus station anal intercourse is approximately \$40, whereas six months ago, the cost was only \$38. The price of a grade D, end-of-the-month bargain bin fuck is \$17.50, compared to \$6.75 ten years ago. Experts expect a similar rise in the price of hand jobs, blow jobs, plate jobs, rim jobs, and dry humping.

## Food Company Admits Selling Twinkies with Devil Dog Fillings

Following the Oldsmobile-Chevrolet engine fraud, hundreds of manufacturers admit "substitutions," must recall millions of items

Special to *The National*

In the wake of the Oldsmobile-Chevrolet fraud, the makers of Twinkies now concede that certain shipments of their product contain Devil Dog filling rather than their own, but are clearly labeled "Twinkies." Millions of Twinkie buyers have already been defrauded, but it would be "impossible to compensate them," said a Twinkie spokesman. Twenty million Twinkie packages are being recalled.

Other manufacturers admitting "substitutions" are the makers of Chee-tos, which are actually Frito's; Raisin Bran, which is actually Post Toasties; and Adidas running shoes, which are actually Pumas, but with three stripes added.

In the wake of these admissions, the music group Poco has con-

fessed that they are the Eagles, and Foghat said they are really Kiss. In turn, the Oakland As said they are actually the Yankees, and the "Saturday Night Live" TV show said they are really the *National Lampoon*.

However, all products and people will still maintain their unique differences through clever advertising.

# QUANTA



## BRAINS AS WELL AS BEAUTY.

AFTER YEARS OF THINKING, DESIGNING AND TESTING, BSR PRESENTS TWO BRAND NEW IDEAS. TURNTABLES THAT COMBINE THE LATEST TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES WITH SPACE-AGE STYLING. QUANTA.

AS WELL AS THE RELIABILITY AND CONVENIENCE YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT FROM EVERY BSR PRODUCT, THE QUANTA 550 TURNTABLE INCORPORATES FUNCTIONS THAT REQUIRE NOTHING MORE THAN THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND AND OF COURSE THE RECORDS YOU WANT TO HEAR. FUNCTIONS LIKE SMOOTH, QUIET BELT DRIVE, A PRESSED ALUMINUM PLATTER WITH STROBE LIGHT MARKINGS THAT ASSURE YOU OF

ACCURATE RECORD SPEEDS, AN AUTOGLIDE™ UMBRELLA SPINDLE, A 24 POLE MOTOR WITH ELECTRONIC OSCILLATOR SPEED CONTROL, A BIDIRECTIONAL VISCOUS CUEING, AN ADC INDUCED MAGNET CARTRIDGE, AN 'S' SHAPED TONEARM, DUST COVER, BASE AND MORE.

QUANTA TURNTABLES ARE MORE THAN JUST EASY ON YOUR EARS. THEY ARE FUNCTIONALLY DESIGNED TO PLEASE YOUR EYES, TOO.

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BRAINS AS WELL AS BEAUTY.

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# Brezh Boo-Hoos, Will Lose Jews to Cruise

A public demonstration in protest of the treatment of Russian Jews has had far-reaching results. Conducted last May Day (May 1) in New York's Battery Park, the rally was said to be the cause of Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev's decision to voluntarily turn himself over to authorities of the World Court in The Hague, Netherlands, for trial.

Now in a related development, Brezhnev has stunned both free world and iron curtain countries alike by agreeing to reverse his country's stand and to permit Russia's Jewish population to emigrate. The burly Soviet Party leader broke down after a se-

vere cross-examination by the Court's chief prosecutor, Mr. Hamilton Burger King.

"You're right, you're right, we persecute them, it's terrible, oh my God, what have we done...!" sobbed Brezhnev after a relentless salvo of questions and accusations. Clearly moved, he then continued. "We never intended it to go this far! Just a little oppression, that's all it was supposed to be! I swear!" Those assembled in the courtroom's gallery gasped when Brezhnev, a large and emotional man, suddenly collapsed in tears.

Plans are now being finalized to accomplish the mass emigration by sending the USSR's three million plus Jews

on a round-and-round-and-round the world cruise aboard the luxury liner *Leviticus*. The itinerary calls for sightseeing stopovers in some two hundred countries, as well as sailing very slowly past thirty-two more.

On-board facilities will include 6 acres of shuffleboard courts, 7,000 deck tennis courts, 13 cocktail lounge jazz combos, 512 costume balls based on an "April in Paris" motif, 2 impressionists, and a crew of 300 empowered to perform civil ceremonies, religious services, and minor surgical operations.

The cruise will take twelve years. Passengers will be advised to wear warm socks.

## Thar She Blows



Exxon engineer Trixie vows to lick pollution in the North Sea.

## Drought Blamed on Teen Scientists

Sacramento police and F.B.I. agents have arrested twelve youths in connection with the recent California drought. The boys, all members of the Young Men's Science Club, a national organization of high school science students, are charged with unlawful possession of rain clouds.

Police were tipped off to the scheme when they stopped a van which contained a rain-laden cloud. The driver of the van was not able to provide a reasonable explanation, and was taken into custody for questioning. Later in the day, the boy revealed the bizarre plan to reroute storm clouds from the High Sierras to a deserted warehouse out-

side of Sacramento. The motive, the boy said, was to study the effects of a long-term drought on girls' breasts.

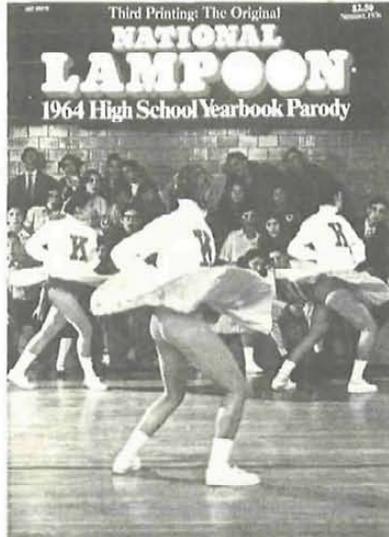
The boys are scheduled to appear in court later in the month. If convicted, they face up to twenty years in prison and \$50,000 in fines. California residents were relieved to learn of the arrests and the return of the nearly 5,000 clouds confiscated by police. Governor Jerry Brown spoke briefly with reporters, saying, "We are relieved to have our water back. I personally am tired of going to the bathroom in twos and threes." Water conservation measures were suspended, and people were instructed to return to "wasteful measures of the past."

# Free National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody with Every Subscription

You remember the 1964 High School Yearbook? A painstaking recreation of the 1963-64 school year at C. Estes Kefauver High School in Dacron, Ohio, complete with a lot of cute teen-age models, it was written by Doug Kenney and the fabulous P.J. O'Rourke (who is also writing this ad), plus the talented Sean Kelly, Chris Cerf, Ed Subitzky, et al.

It was a good shot, and every home should have one.

Of course, you have to pay the full subscription price of \$7.95 to get this freebie, but, what the hell; if you need money, go out and mug somebody.



**Buy a two-year  
subscription to the  
National Lampoon  
for only \$10.00**

You get a Yearbook and you save \$20.00 over what it would cost you to buy the magazine on the

newsstand. Since you save \$20.00 and spend only \$10.00, you actually make \$10.00 on this deal. And if you believe that, you'll believe anything.

**Buy a three-year  
subscription to the  
National Lampoon  
for only \$14.00**

Less than 39 cents a copy—a price so low that it probably means P.J.'s in cahoots with the guys in the mailroom, and we're going to grab all the money and go to Mexico.

But the corporation bigwigs who own the National Lampoon will still have to send you your Yearbook and subscription. It's the law.

**National Lampoon Dept. NL777  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022**

- one-year subscription plus a free High School Yearbook—\$7.95
- two-year subscription plus a free High School Yearbook—\$10.00
- three-year subscription plus a free High School Yearbook plus P.J., Mark, Angel, and Jimmy down in Mexico—\$14.00

For each year, add \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Hi.  
I'm Peter Kaminsky,  
editor of the  
National Lampoon.

You've been  
so good to us  
over the years,  
there's a little  
something  
we'd like to do  
for you.

Have  
you ever been  
NLSFASed?



# National Lampoon Summer Fun Audio Sweepstakes

## 1,000 Winners

Pick up your entry blank at your local participating audio dealer. Enter as often as you like—no purchase necessary. What are you waiting for? You can't win if you sit there.



### Grand Prize

Le Car by Renault... the new fun car  
with the incredible ride from Renault  
(1 Winner)

- First Prize**  
Harley Davidson  
SXT-125 Motorcycle  
(1 winner)
- Second Prize**  
Minolta  
35mm SRT201 Camera  
(2 winners)
- Third Prize**  
Panasonic  
Ten-Speed Touring Bike  
(4 winners)
- Fourth Prize**  
Bancroft Tennis Racquet  
(5 winners)
- Fifth Prize**  
Mem Gift Sets  
(100 winners)
- Sixth Prize**  
National Lampoon  
Specials  
(887 winners)



## White Cagers: Endangered Species?

The Federal Athletic Protective Association announced today that the North American Caucasian basketball player (also known as the great white hooper) has been included on the endangered species list and will be placed in protected wildlife zones beginning September 1.

"You see what my man Dawkins did to Cowens?" noted FAPA Deputy Administrator Lester Lamar. "You see blond boy Barry fold in the clutch? We can't find five white dudes to play this game, and if that's not an endangered species, I don't know what is."

Lamar added the rapidly aging bodies of John Havlicek and Rick Barry, the continued affliction suffered by New York Knick Phil Jackson at the hands of an unknown disease which destroys all coordination, and the retirement of Debuture Bill Bradley, has left the Caucasian basketball player "in real danger of total extinction" by 1985.

The FAPA has established a special Whitelife Athletic Zone in a suburban Indiana location—exact identity kept secret to prevent vandalism—to attempt to keep the hooper alive; the location has long proven one of the few habitats friendly to the development of the Caucasian basketball players.

Lamar observed: "These test-tube hooplers, so to speak, do not yet display the full vigor of the aboriginal variety. We are encouraged to find that some have acquired the capacity to dribble, but so far, none of the white hooplers have shown any ability to shoot."

## Death Really Not That Bad, Evangelists Say

Pomona, California—At the First Annual Conference of Evangelists, Ministers, and Preachers held here last month, Dr. Billy Graham and several other leading religion promoters shocked Christians everywhere by disclosing that death was not as bad as some people made it out to be.

"Any shift in one's lifestyle is a little hard to take at first," Dr. Graham told the audience, "but sometimes, death is just what the doctor ordered."

Death, of course, has been known for some time as that point in life where everything stops.

But Dr. Graham stressed that death—far from being a setback—can be the chance of a lifetime. "If you're prepared for it," he added, "it can really help one's career take off." He pointed to several

famous personalities who exploited it on their way to fame and fortune—including Karen Quinlan, Michael Rockefeller, and Paul McCartney.

"When that big day comes, you will have trouble making important decisions," Dr. Graham said, "but be ready for a change in scenery."

The post-mortem itinerary, he added, should include places and things the average person never gets to see.

"A friend of mine from Ohio was no sooner in the ground than he was sprouting wings and floating through the clouds. His self-confidence was soaring."

The destination Dr. Graham described was Heaven, a spiritual resort which has almost surpassed Arizona in popularity.

*She's a teenage baby and she turns me on  
I'd like to make her do a nasty  
on the White House lawn.*

*Francis Xavier Zappa*



## The Peavey CS Series

Last year when Peavey introduced the CS-800 Stereo Power Amp, professional sound men and engineers acclaimed it as the most versatile high performance power amp available for under \$1,500.00.

Now, there are two superbly engineered additions to the Peavey CS series, the CS-200 and CS-400. These new high performance amplifiers are built with the same meticulous quality control and engineering standards that go into the CS-800.

We invite you to compare the features designed into the CS series. You'll see why no other power amp offers the value built into a Peavey.

### CS-200 \$324.50 \*

- Monaural power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicator
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

### CS-400 \$424.50 \*

- Stereo power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms per channel
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

### CS-800 \$649.50 \*

- Stereo power amplifier
- 400 Watts rms per channel
- 5 Hz to 60 kHz response
- Less than .05% THD
- Less than 0.1% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- Loudspeaker protection system
- Balanced input and electronic crossover capabilities
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

\*Suggested Retail

Peavey Electronics, Corp. / Meridian, Mississippi 39301



## FDA to Ban FDA

Washington—The Food and Drug Administration today has called for a complete ban of itself. An evaluation of a decade of testing has revealed that the FDA is responsible for over one million cases of cancer in laboratory animals. In a tearful briefing session with members of the press, Dr. Richard Swenn of the FDA said, "We are a very real public threat. Through direct action on our part, we have caused countless cases of cancer. Just this morning I completed a series of injections which has resulted in the formation of a lung tumor in a rat." Dr. Swenn went on to say that as of September 1, 1977, all FDA personnel will leave the country for Kuua Atoll, in the Pacific.

## Frost Warning Dept.



Perfectionist-producer David Frost personally supervises the recording of the haunting love theme from *The Nixon Tapes*, surprise hit of the TV season. The tuneful ditty, which Frost believes "has a real shot at bubbling under the charts," is titled "How Can I Play 'Hail to the Chief' When I Can't Even Breathe Down Here?"

## Highlights of the Month

July 2

9:00 P.M.

NBC. **W.A.S.P.** The W.A.S.P. team swings into action when someone hijacks a Wonder Bread van. Smith: Brian Keith. Smitty: David Soul. Smythe: Martin Milner.

July 4

8:00 P.M.

CBS. **TWO HUNDRED AND ONE.** Walter Cronkite looks at the nation's 201st birthday celebration. Included will be a bowling party in Detroit, a bingo game in St. Louis, and assorted barbecues. (Till midnight.)

July 6

8:00 P.M.

ABC. **KATE SMITH: A MOON AND HER MOUNTAIN.** Kate is joined by the Kotter Kids and the cast of "Charlie's Angels," for no apparent reason.

July 9

8:30 P.M.

CBS. **THE MERRY MAILMEN.** Corky and Frank mix up the zip codes, and the live donor organs are sent to Miami by mistake. Corky: Don Knotts.

July 13

10:00 P.M.

PBS. **FOREIGN FILM FESTIVAL.** Tonight, the searing drama of pre-Civil War Spain is seen in the stirring Spanish classic, *Mi Madre el Auto*. With Gerardo Van Dyke.

July 15

8:00 P.M.

CBS. **HERE'S WANDA.** Wanda and Gertie are talked into lobotomies by a door-to-door salesman. Uncle Binky: Gale Gordon.

July 17

9:00 P.M.

PBS. **I REMEMBER IT WELL.** Eric Sevareid, Studs Terkel, Alf Landon, and Lowell Thomas reminisce about things that never happened.

July 20

10:00 P.M.

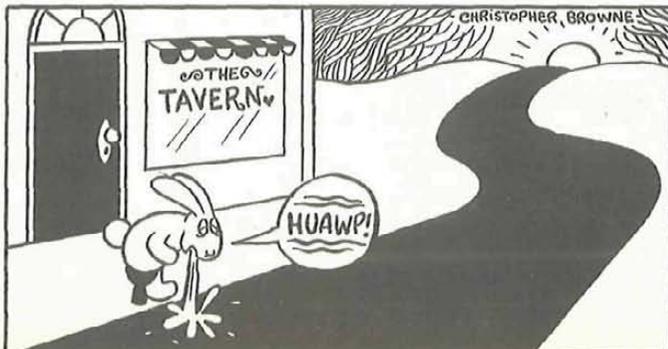
NBC. **THE NON-EVENT.** Tonight, "Dean Martin Roasts Captain Kelly from Gilette," with Mr. Whipple, Aunt Bluebell, and Mrs. Marsh.

July 22

9:00 P.M.

ABC. **YOUNG DR. JUNG.** Carl's head gets stuck in an accordion, and when he gets it out, he can't remember his theories. Arte Johnson, Monique Van Vooren.

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# One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and  
Domestic Blend**

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance. The advantages of Empire are threefold. One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our diamond stylus to float free of its magnets and coils. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures longer record life.

Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection. The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530



## EMPIRE

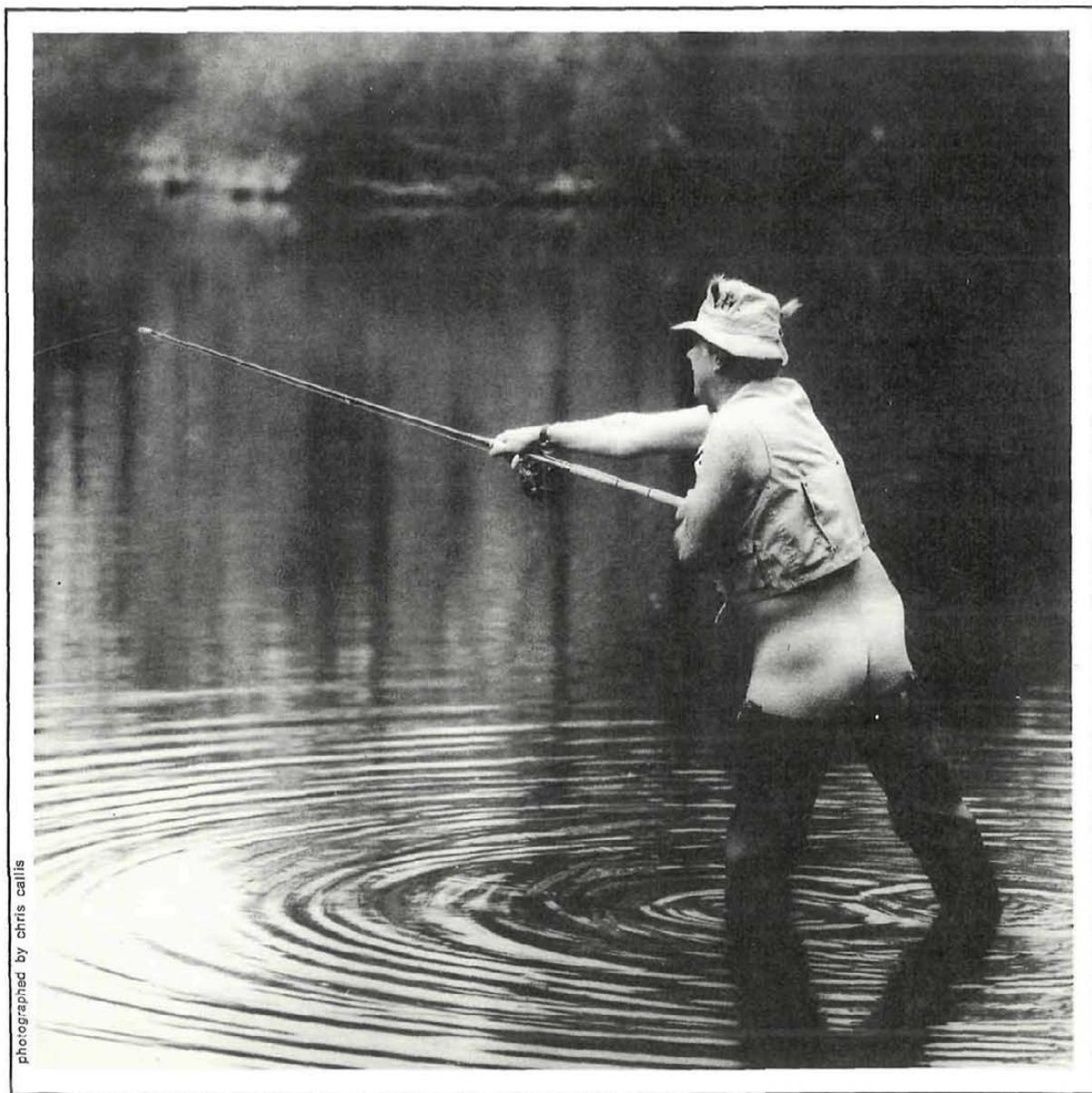
Already your system sounds better.

| MODEL                                                                                                                | 4000<br>D/III                  | 4000<br>D/II                   | 4000<br>D/I                    | 2000Z                          | 2000<br>E/III                  | 2000<br>E/II                   | 2000<br>E/I                    | 2000<br>E                      | 2000                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| FREQUENCY RESPONSE                                                                                                   | 10Hz-50KHz<br>± 3 db           | 15Hz-50KHz<br>± 3 db           | 15Hz-45KHz<br>± 3 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 1 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 2 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 2 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 3 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 3 db           | 20Hz-20KHz<br>± 3 db           |
| TRACKING FORCE RANGE                                                                                                 | ¾-1¼ gm                        | ¾-1½ gm                        | 1-1¾ gm                        | ¾-1¼ gm                        | ¾-1½ gm                        | ¾-1½ gm                        | 1-2 gm                         | 1¼-2½ gm                       | 1½-3 gm                        |
| SEPARATION:<br>15Hz to 1KHz<br>1KHz to 20KHz<br>20KHz to 50KHz<br>20 Hz to 500Hz<br>500Hz to 15KHz<br>15KHz to 20KHz | 28 db<br>23 db<br>15 db        | 26 db<br>21 db<br>15 db        | 24 db<br>20 db<br>15 db        | 20 db<br>30 db<br>25 db        | 20 db<br>28 db<br>20 db        | 20 db<br>25 db<br>18 db        | 18 db<br>23 db<br>15 db        | 18 db<br>23 db<br>15 db        | 18 db<br>21 db<br>13 db        |
| I. M. DISTORTION<br>@ 3.54 cm/sec                                                                                    | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .08%<br>2KHz-20KHz             | .1%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .15%<br>2KHz-20KHz             | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              | .2%<br>2KHz-20KHz              |
| STYLUS                                                                                                               | .2 mil<br>bi-radial            | .2 mil<br>bi-radial            | .2 mil<br>bi-radial            | .2 x .7 mil<br>elliptical      | .3 x .7 mil<br>elliptical      | .7 mil radius<br>spherical     |
| EFFECTIVE TIP MASS                                                                                                   | .4 milligram                   | .4 milligram                   | .4 milligram                   | .2 milligram                   | .6 milligram                   | .6 milligram                   | .6 milligram                   | .9 milligram                   | 1 milligram                    |
| COMPLIANCE                                                                                                           | 30x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 30x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 30x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 30x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 20x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 18x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 17x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 16x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne | 14x10 <sup>-4</sup><br>cm/dyne |
| TRACKING ABILITY                                                                                                     | 32 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1 gm  | 32 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1½ gm | 30 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1½ gm | 38 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ .9 gm | 32 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1 gm  | 28 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1½ gm | 28 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1½ gm | 28 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 1½ gm | 32 cm/sec<br>@ 1KHz<br>@ 2 gm  |
| CHANNEL BALANCE                                                                                                      | within 1 db<br>@ 1KHz          | within 1 db<br>@ 1KHz          | within 1½ db<br>@ 1KHz         | within ¾ db<br>@ 1KHz          | within 1 db<br>@ 1KHz          | within 1½ db<br>@ 1KHz         | within 1½ db<br>@ 1KHz         | within 1½ db<br>@ 1KHz         | within 1½ db<br>@ 1KHz         |
| INPUT LOAD                                                                                                           | 100K ohms/<br>channel          | 100K ohms/<br>channel          | 100K ohms/<br>channel          | 47K ohms/<br>channel           | 47K ohms/<br>channel           | 47K ohms/<br>channel           | 47K ohms/<br>channel           | 47K ohms/<br>channel           | 47K ohms/<br>channel           |
| TOTAL CAPACITANCE                                                                                                    | under 100<br>pf/channel        | under 100<br>pf/channel        | under 100<br>pf/channel        | 300<br>pf/channel              | 400-500<br>pf/channel          | 400-500<br>pf/channel          | 400-500<br>pf/channel          | 400-500<br>pf/channel          | 400-500<br>pf/channel          |
| OUTPUT<br>@ 3.54 cm/sec                                                                                              | 3<br>mv/channel                | 3<br>mv/channel                | 3<br>mv/channel                | 3<br>mv/channel                | 4.5<br>mv/channel              | 4.5<br>mv/channel              | 7<br>mv/channel                | 7<br>mv/channel                | 7<br>mv/channel                |



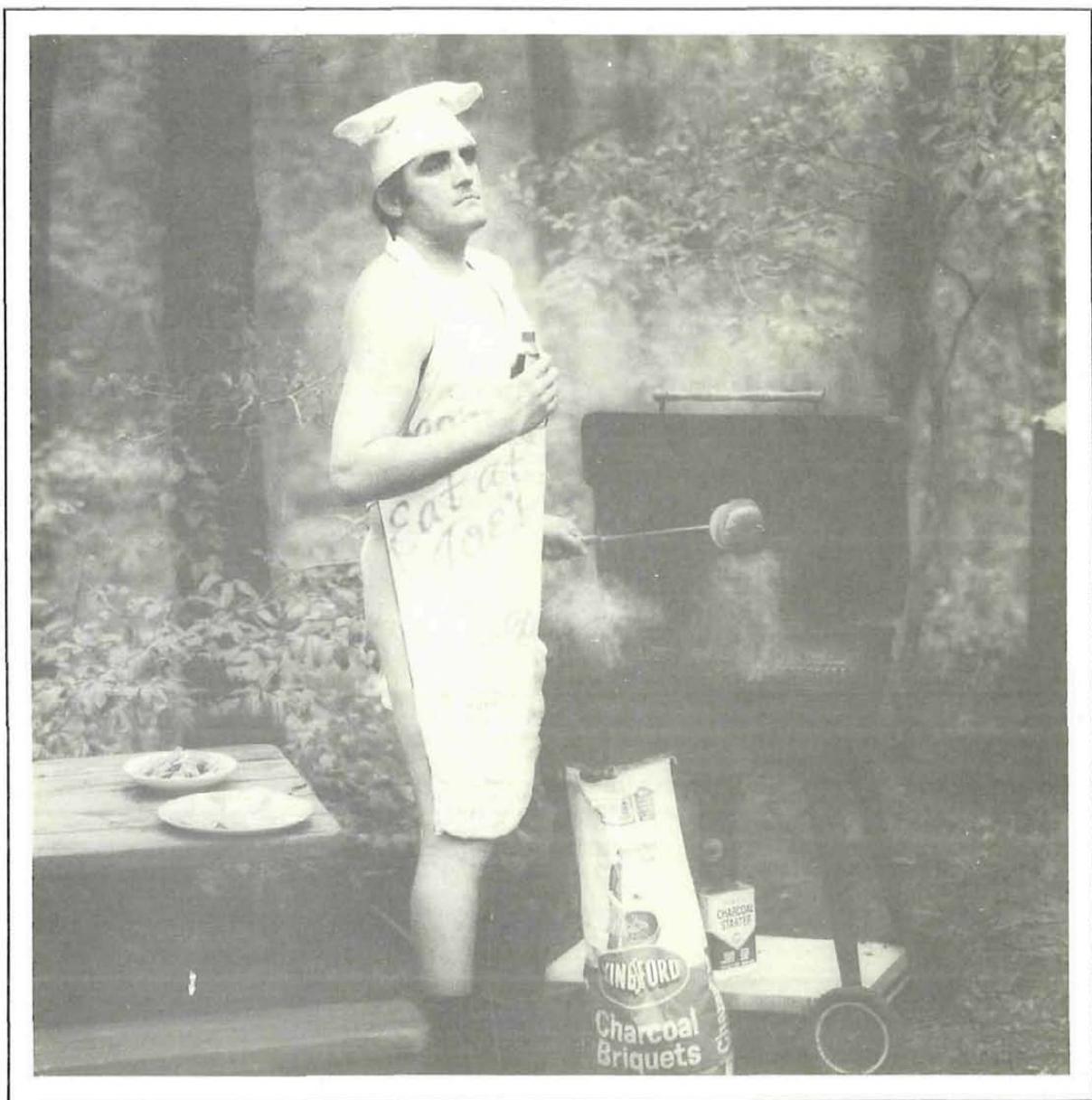
# The Goy

**L**ike the lusty centaur, his thighs aglisten with earth wet, he strides exultantly through the honey-dewed zephyrs of a morning that is spring eternal. He is the goy — carefree and tattered in his T-shirt, sockless in his Weejuns.



photographed by chris callis

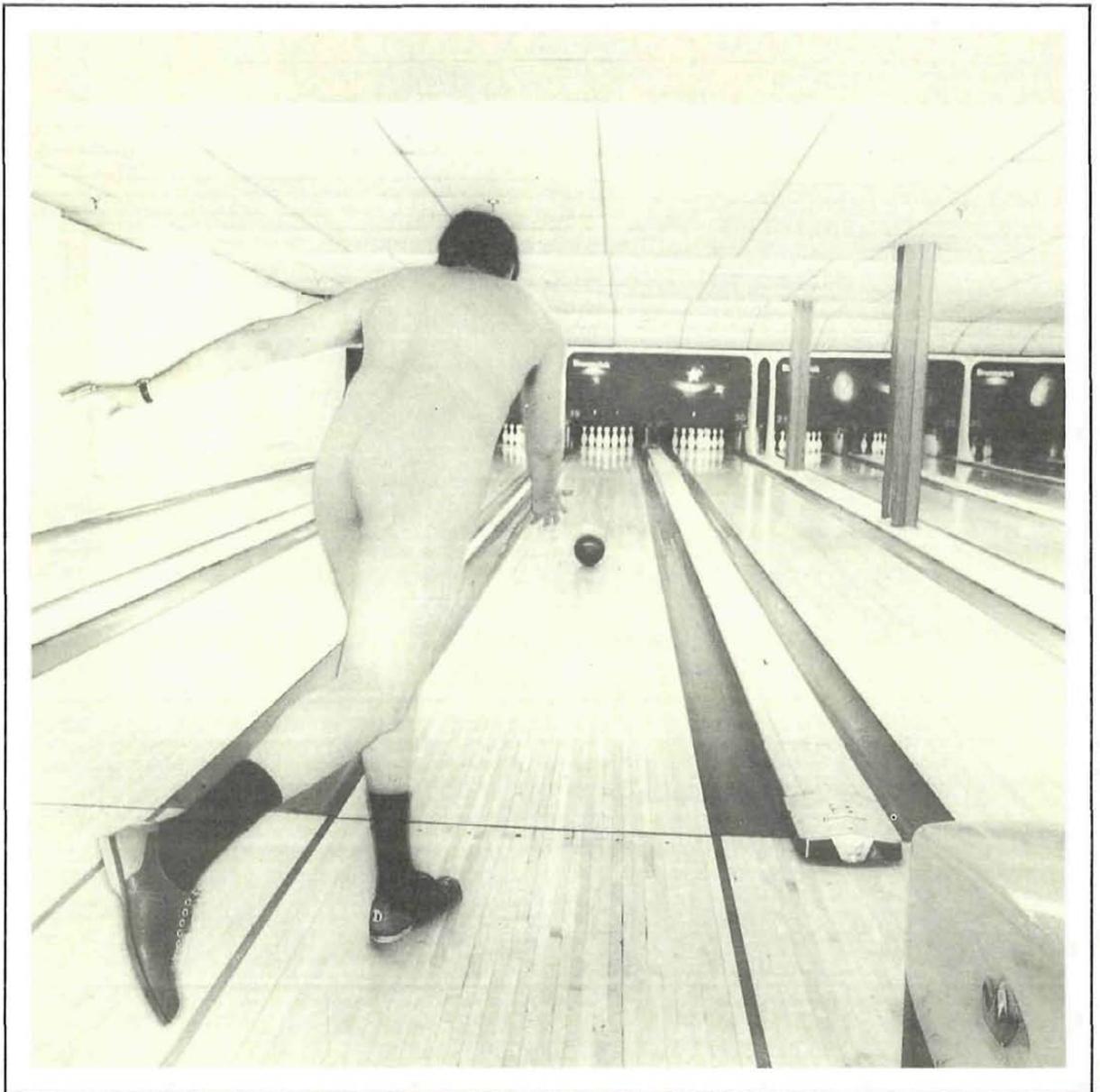
**N**ot for him the crass convention of the herd. The goy roams whither he will. Like trumpet-horned Aries, he bleats defiance. What care he who thinks what of whom.



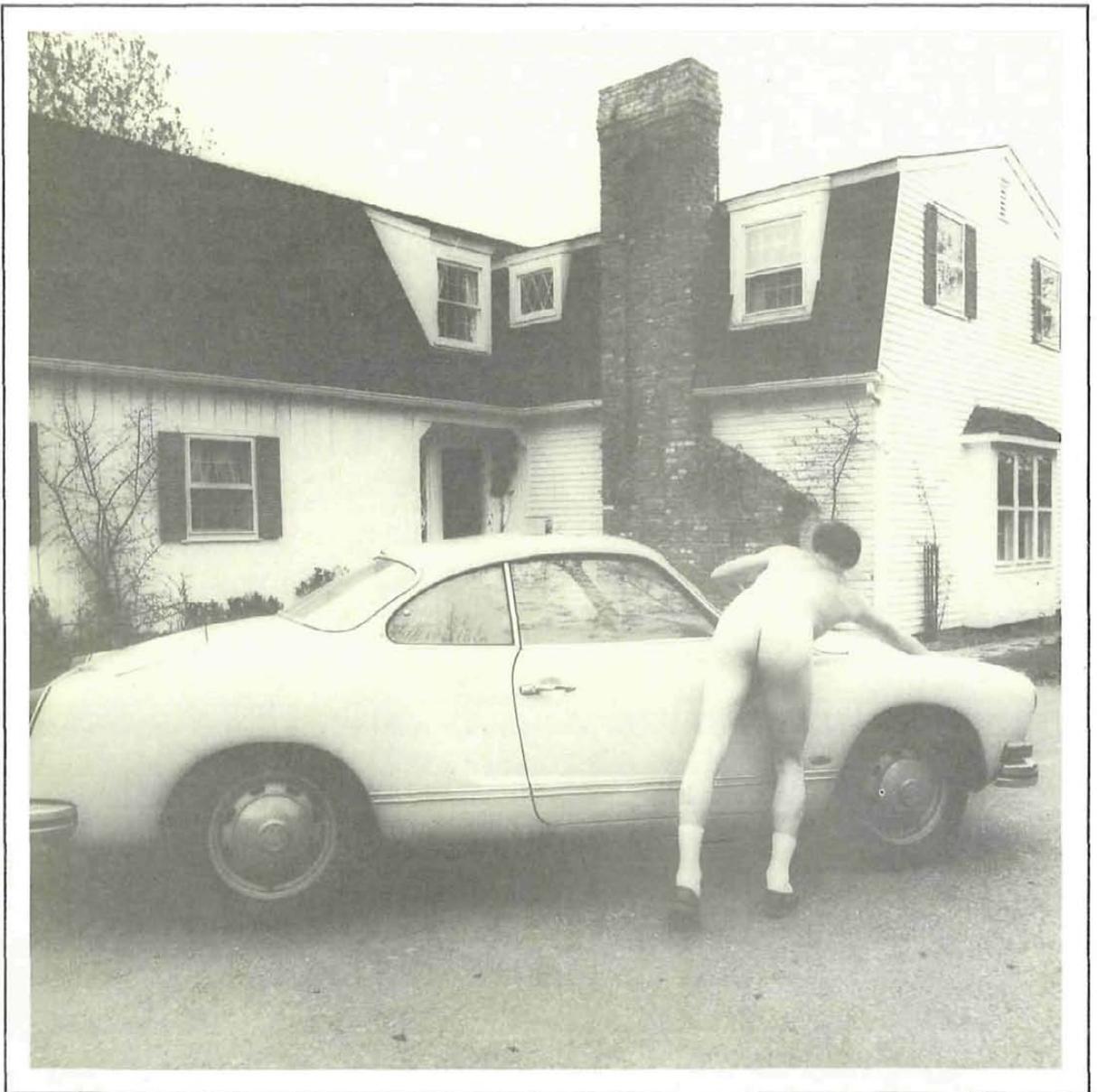
Come with us, away from the world of ashen skies, grimy streets, and dusky immigrants, to a place where the sun always shines on a race of happy men with well-proportioned noses.



**F**rom locker room to steam room, and from bedroom to fitting room, we have stalked the goy to the haunts of his secret heart. For twenty years, we, the editors, have culled tens of thousands of artful, tasteful, delicious images to create this photographic essay.



**P**ainter, put aside your palette!  
Poet, let go your pen! The goy, that  
wild, shy beast of flesh and blood,  
sinew and muscle, bicep, forecep,  
and tricep, pec and lat, is herein  
captured forever. □



# DIRTY DUCK



© 1977

**VERMAN** meets **THE FLIT!!!**

by *M. Flume*

FOR SAVING THE LIFE OF THE GRAND LAMA, SCHOLARLY, BESPECTACLED SIR RODERICK DAVIES WAS GRANTED STRANGE POWERS...

...TO STAMP OUT THE WORLD'S VILENESS. IF SIR R. BUT PLACES HIS LIPS ON GARBAGE, HE BECOMES SUPERPOWERED...

**VERMAN!!!**

NOW, IN REMOTE TENAFLY, NEW JERSEY, A TERRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS CRIME IS BEING ENACTED.

HERE, SCIENTISTS HAD DEVELOPED A CURE FOR THAT MOST DREAD OF MAN'S DISEASES: ANAL WARTS! FOR A TINY PARASITE, SYMBIOTIC TO THE CORSAGE ORCHID, WAS DISCOVERED TO DEVOUR THE UNSIGHTLY WART SPORE.

THE ENTIRE WORLD EXPELLED A GUST OF RELIEF!

AND EVERYWHERE, THE GREEN CARNATION IS REPLACED BY THE WART ORCHID.

BUT NOW, THE ORCHID IS FACING CERTAIN EXTINCTION!

A PLAGUE WRACKS THE GREENHOUSES OF NEW JERSEY.

EARLY ONE MORNING, SIR RODERICK COMES TO INVESTIGATE.

ODD. THE PARASITE THAT EATS THE PARASITE IS BEING EATEN BY A PARASITE. LET ME NIBBLE YOUR CAKED JOY RAG, CARETAKER, AND I WILL BECOME A PARASITE THAT WILL EAT THE PARASITE THAT IS EATING THE PARASITE THAT EATS THE PARASITE THAT EATS THE PEOPLE.

... SO BE IT.

**VERMAN!!!**

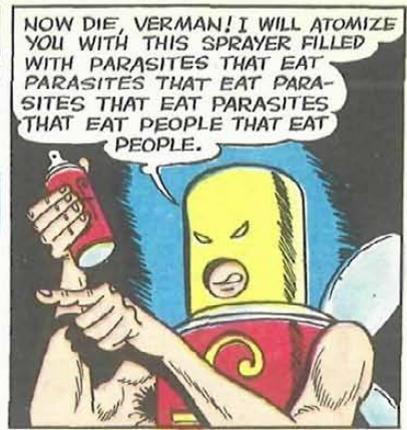
NICE TRICK! NOW WATCH THIS...



THE FLIT!!!



I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE ROOMED TOGETHER AT MILITARY ACADEMY.



NOW DIE, VERMAN! I WILL ATOMIZE YOU WITH THIS SPRAYER FILLED WITH PARASITES THAT EAT PARASITES THAT EAT PARASITES THAT EAT PARASITES THAT EAT PEOPLE THAT EAT PEOPLE.



BUT FIRST, A KISS BEFORE DYING. FOR OLD TIMES.

OH, ROD, DO YOU STILL CARE?

YOU MADE A MAN OF ME THEN...



YOU MAKE A MAN OF ME NOW.



THE FLIT TAKES VERMAN INTO HIS "TOOL" SHED...

TOOL SHED

OH, ROD! EEK! OW! YOU'RE STILL THE SAME AS...

WHILE OUTSIDE, ALAS, THE PARASITES THAT EAT THE ANAL WARTS VANISH FOREVER.



EVERRRR.... OL SHED

POW!



YUK! I'M COVERED WITH ANAL WARTS. THEY'RE EATING ME DEAD!

YOU ALWAYS WERE A PAIN IN THE MY-MOMMY-SAID-NEVER-TO-SAY-IT.



WHAT A CRAB. YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME.

I DID, YOU LITTLE NANCE...

I'M MELTING, MELTING...

BUT I REFUSED TO SACRIFICE MY EGO ON YOUR ALTAR.



WELL, THE FLIT HAS FLOWN!



BUT SO HAS THE PARASITE THAT ATE THE ANAL WARTS!

FUCK YOU, VERMAN!

THANKS, BUT I PREFER TO SIT THAT ONE OUT.

the End



I'M GONNA ENTER THE GOLDEN GLOVES, GONNA SHOW SOME STYLE.

FLUNNY, MOST JEWS ARE AFRAID OF NIGGERS.



I KNOW A FEW BOXERS. WE'LL GET THEM TO COACH YOU... DOWN AT GLEASON'S GYM, HOME OF CHAMPIONS....

SOME OF THE GREATS TRAIN HERE. PRESTO RESTO, AMONG OTHERS.

THEY'LL PLINCH HIS HEAD OFF. SERVE HIM RIGHT FOR SCREWING ME OUT OF THE ALI TICKETS.



LET'S GO IN HERE. I WANNA START TRAINING RIGHT AWAY.



THIS IS MESHUGGA RAY KLEINMAN, THE KOSHER BUTCHER.

SCRAWNY. DOOMED. PROBABLY DRINKS STERNO AND SLEEPS IN THE WOODS.

PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

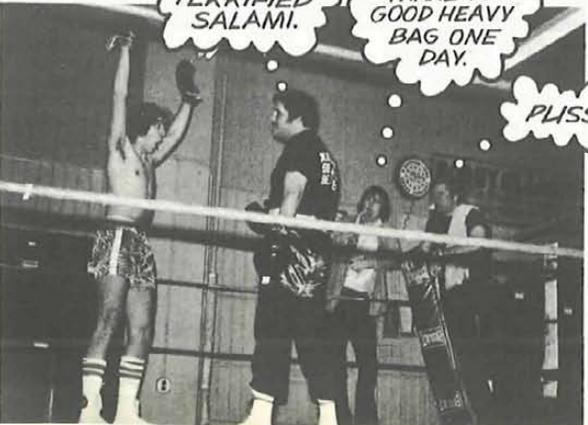


THE NUMBER ONE OVER-WEIGHT CONTENDER.

160 POUNDS OF TERRIFIED SALAMI.

MAKE A GOOD HEAVY BAG ONE DAY.

PLISSY.



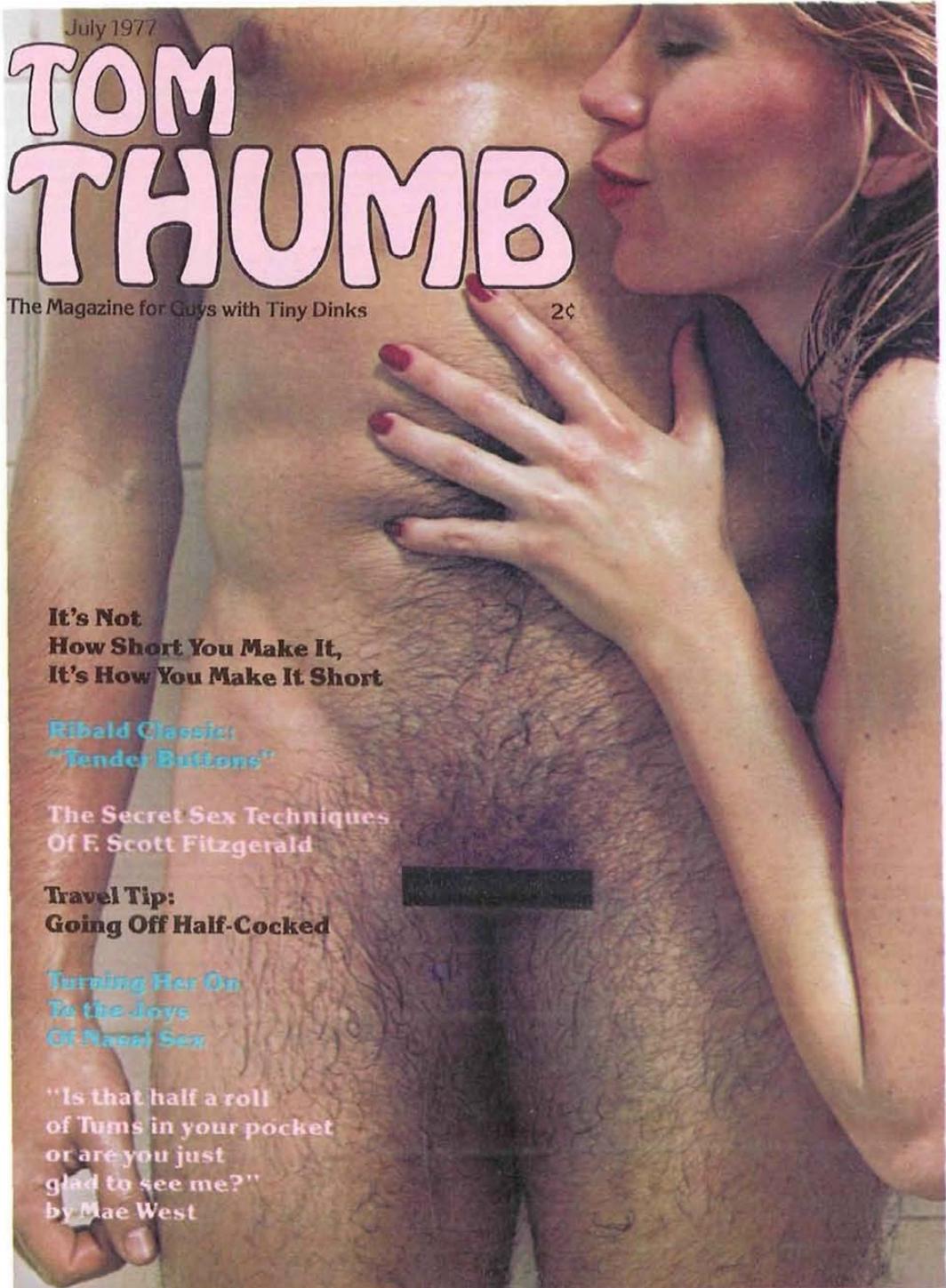
# Different Stroke Books for Different Folks

**T**he sexual revolution is over, and they won. *Qui*, those chic playboy and playgirl hustlers in the gallery of their high society pent-house! They're getting more now than they were getting then, and even then they were getting more than you and I are now. And we can only watch them disport in their tanned and lovely drip-dry bods, our noses pressed against their centerfolds, you say?

No more!

TwentyFirst Century Communications, the folks who bring you *National Lampoon* and *Heavy Metal*, announce the imminent publication of the following new wave of special interest soft core smut. Magazines that tell you precisely what you want to hear about the desirability of you, of the kind of creep you're afraid you are. Magazines that reach out and touch, with love, those parts of you most loathsome to yourself, your friends, your lovers.

Let the word go forth: there is a new generation of skin mags, conceived in greed and nourished on inadequacy. Personalized, unashamed, constitutionally protected paper aids to onanism, whose only aim, ambition, and ideal is to separate you, whatever your proclivities, fantasies, or failings, from your ill-got gelt.



The Mag for Gals Who Are Frigid and Love It!

\$1.95

# ICE BOX

Volume XVII

July, 1977

**How to keep 'em coming back for less!**

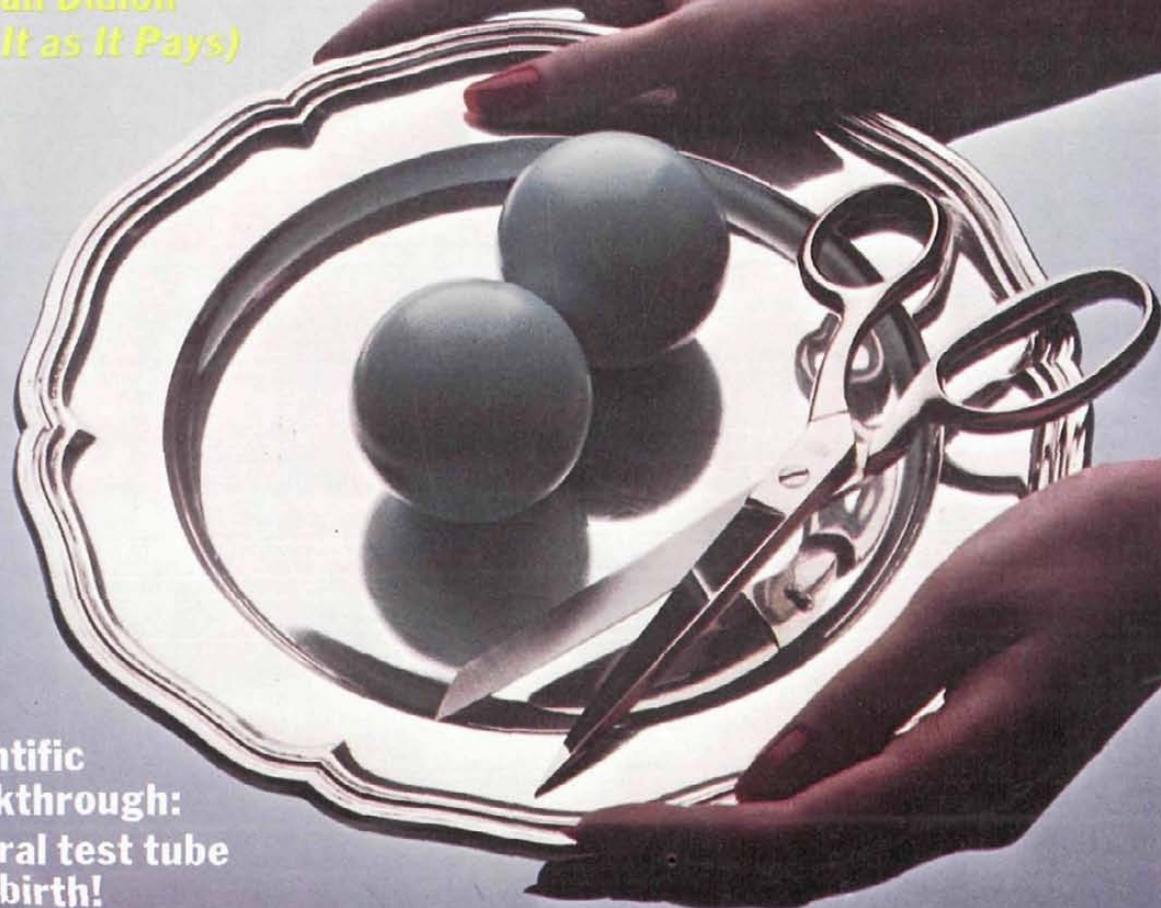
"I'm saving it for my second husband,"  
says Dorothy Hamill!

Hadassah: The Anti-Insemination League

**Clamp down on chauvinism:  
Do-it-yourself vaginismus!**

**"If that's a roll of hundreds in  
your pocket, I'm glad  
to see you"**

by Joan Didion  
(Lay It as It Pays)



**Scientific  
breakthrough:  
Natural test tube  
childbirth!**

Girls say yes to men who say

July, 1977

\$1.25

# OOPS!

The Magazine for Premature Ejaculators

**Vidi, veni:**

**The shortest date  
in the history of the world**

**The man who came at dinner**

**Donald Sutherland profile:  
The wet look lives!**

**Fashion Briefs:  
Disposable  
undershorts**

**"Is that  
snot on my skin  
or were you just glad  
to see me?"**

**by Farrah Fawcett-Majors**

**Fiction:  
"Love Is Always Having  
to Say You're Sorry"**

# REPENTHOUSE

July 1977

\$1.95

**PHOTO FEATURE—  
THE GIRLS  
OF THE VATICAN  
NUDE MOONIES  
AT PRAYER**

**FEELING GOOD  
ABOUT FEELING  
BAD ABOUT  
FEELING  
GOOD**

**MOTHER  
MAYBELLE  
CARTER  
BARES THAT OLD  
RUGGED CROTCH**

**TURNING BOTH  
CHEEKS AT ONCE**

# THE PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Welcome to the first issue of Repenthouse, the magazine of sex and religion. Repenthouse was born during the presidential campaign of 1976, when Jimmy Carter's interview with Playboy nearly cost him the election. Thanks to Repenthouse, however, this problem has been solved. No longer will public figures be forced to choose between a desire for publicity and the political danger of appearing in sexually explicit magazines.

Naturally, Repenthouse will feature an enormous number of the filthy, full-color photographs of women's bodies which are so vital to the success of a modern magazine. Our unbelievably lewd layouts, our visual excursions in the furry world of pink and purple, will leave the viewer gasping for breath.

At the same time, however, monthly installments of "The Repenthouse Philosophy" will scourge and excoriate our readers' wanton voyeurism. We will fearlessly attack moral depravity and pornography until enjoyment of our incredibly libidinous pictures becomes virtually impossible. Remember the Repenthouse motto: "Sex is fine as long as you don't enjoy it."

But we won't stop there. Repenthouse will lash out at the moral laxity of those whose sinful search for publicity prompts them to appear in our pages. With Repenthouse denouncing the subjects of its own interviews in such scathing fashion, not even the most ardent political opponent will possibly be able to find anything negative to add.

But Repenthouse is not without compassion. We are aware that our shockingly salacious illustrations will simply be too much for most sinners to resist. We are pleased, therefore, to announce that Repenthouse will offer both transgression and absolution between the same covers. On the last page of each issue, our Repenthouse chaplain will forgive those who have succumbed to the carnal enticement of our disgustingly shameless photographs. That's the Repenthouse pledge: no matter how many times our readers weaken, even if they come back month after month after month to drool over each fold and furrow in our disgracefully revealing pictures, we'll always be there to give them another chance to be sorry. (This should result in a significant saving of time for people who previously have had to look for sin and salvation in different places.)

On the editorial side, Repenthouse is honored to present fascinating articles by the finest theological minds of our age. We suspect that our competitors have been printing "quality" writing by "name" writers in order to provide their readers with an excuse for ogling centerfolds. But the Repenthouse dedication to divinity is not literary camouflage. We sincerely believe that anyone who has been exposed to our despicably explicit artwork is in need of moral guidance.

In the months to come, Repenthouse will help keep you abreast of America's new era of power and piety. We know you'll want to pray for regular Repenthouse features such as "My Favorite Sin," "Fifty Things to Do That You'll Really Need Forgiving For," and "Censor Your Own Centerfold" (our special erasable paper lets you strike back at indecency). And you certainly won't want to miss our unforgettable photo essay on "The Obstetrics of Being Born Again."

Welcome to Repenthouse.

*Matty Simmons*

# REPENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

# JIMMY CARTER

**Repenthouse:** Mr. Carter, in a not-so-recent interview with *Playboy* magazine, you stated that you lusted after women in your heart.

**Carter:** We have that saying down south.

**Repenthouse:** Have you always lusted after women this way?

**Carter:** Shit fire, boy, before I was married and reborn, I used to lust after 'em in swimming pools.

**Repenthouse:** Would you say religion has played an important part in your life?

**Carter:** Rosalynn has had a lot more time on her knees since I've been president; if you print that, you bastard's ghost, it'll cost you the first amendment.

**Repenthouse:** Have you always obeyed the Biblical admonition to be fruitful?

**Carter:** I was in the Navy, and I was an officer. Anyone who's been to sea has heard the "arrghs" coming from behind the wardroom door.

**Repenthouse:** What did you enjoy most about military service? Polishing the weapons? The long hard ones? Sticking the old six-incher in a well greased breech?

**Carter:** Smooth as two dollar whiskey, ain't you?

**Repenthouse:** Sorry. When did you get your discharge?

**Carter:** Could have been any one of your relatives.

**Repenthouse:** How did you become involved in politics?

**Carter:** Well, I learned to compromise early on, and I compromised so many Georgia politicians that I wound up with the governorship the same night that the Macon Confidential Photolabs and Safe-Tee Document Company's storage vaults were blown across the state line by Negro or Negroes unknown.

**Repenthouse:** Did Jack Kennedy help to convince you that there was more to politics than a handshake and a slap on the back?

**Carter:** Jack was a lesson to all politicians, though in my opinion, foreign policy during his administration weren't worth a roasted fart. Hell, I'd steam up Adlai and use him to run a methane limo. Chicken shit.

**Repenthouse:** Do you mean that?

**Carter:** I would appreciate a chance to set the record straight. I sinned there. Actually, I respect Adlai and what he stood up for very much. It was enjoyable to say that about him, but I know it was wrong; I have repented.

**Repenthouse:** That's very much the *Repenthouse* philosophy. We believe...

**Carter:** I'd like to fuck your publisher.

**Repenthouse:** What?

**Carter:** I'd like to pop my floppy up his poo-box and give all that rich compost a stir, that loamy mulch left over from hundred dollar lunches; and I'd like to do it while Ham Jordan cuts a grumbler in his face. Ham looks healthy, but his gut is sicker than Fat Boy Boyd's after he knocks back a dozen moon pies and a case of R.C. Cola.

**Repenthouse:** Yes?

**Carter:** Well, no. I repent. Forgive me. Praise

the Lord. With great praise.

**Repenthouse:** Whew, that was grotty! You're really a *Repenthouse* reader; sebaceous, polymorphous, and guilt-ridden.

**Carter:** I've repented.

**Repenthouse:** That's what it's all about.

**Carter:** Thank you, you two-faced little smut peddler.

**Repenthouse:** I'm sorry I won't dignify that statement by being able to think up a reply to it.

**Carter:** What would you do if you were God? Huh? Well?

**Repenthouse:** I suppose meet with my archangels after they've been fully briefed by the various angelic committees and subcommittees. Together, we'd shape some sort of policy responsive not to the needs of special interests, but to the needs of nature as a whole.

**Carter:** Would you make deals?

**Repenthouse:** Where necessary, but I would attempt to avoid breaking any of the known laws of physics. Now, say, if a black hole wanted to swallow some nonaligned solar

system in return for supporting a supernova in an adjoining quadrant of influence, I would.

**Carter:** Talk, that, talk. Boy, you're a lip symphony.

**Repenthouse:** Sorry.

**Carter:** Anything else?

**Repenthouse:** I repent.

**Carter:** Praise Him with great praise.

**Repenthouse:** *Repenthouse* will be keeping a close watch on your activities in the White House.

**Carter:** Let he who is without an S&M center-fold throw the first stone. I repent.

**Repenthouse:** As long as you're here, would you like to see some of the outtakes from *Pellegrina*, the *Repenthouse*-financed movie stalled in production? I promise you you will be sorry afterwards.

**Carter:** By all means.

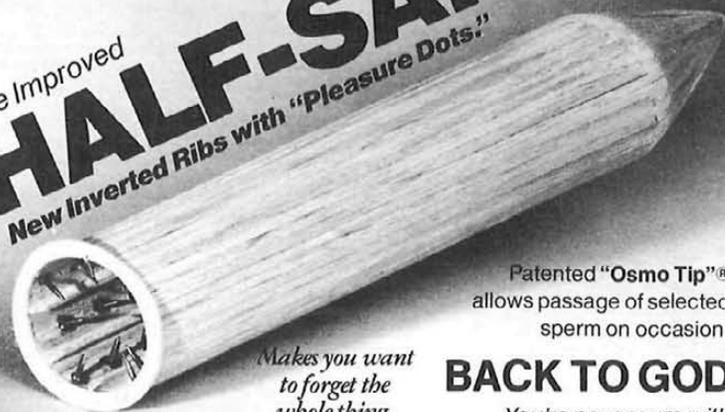
**Repenthouse:** Roll 'em, Jack.

**Carter:** Pass the popcorn...hey, what the fuck is this!

**Repenthouse:** Thank you, Mr. President. I repent.

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DEGRADING, SINFUL

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**HALF-SAFE** condom  
New Inverted Ribs with "Pleasure Dots."



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to forget the  
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Optional:  
THE TOTAL  
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by many  
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\* The HALF-SAFE random splinter keeps you aware of your mortality.

# CRUISING FOR A BRUISING

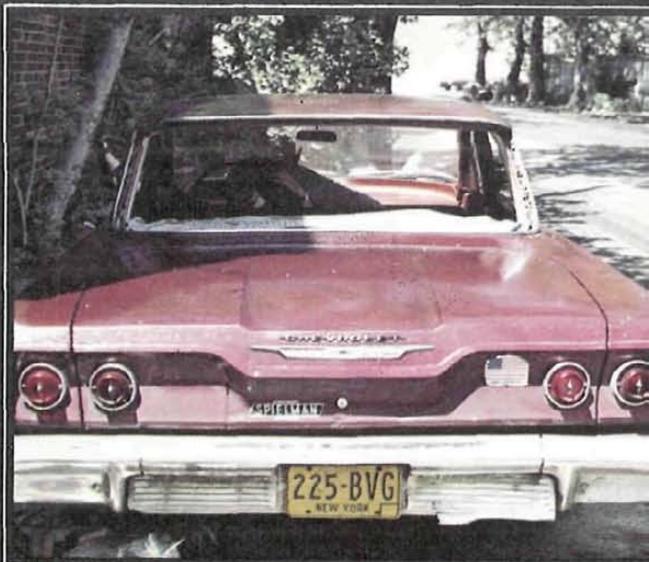
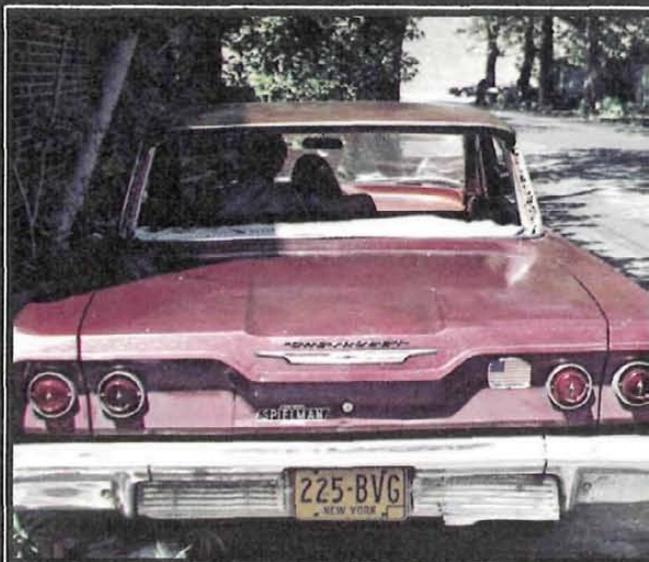
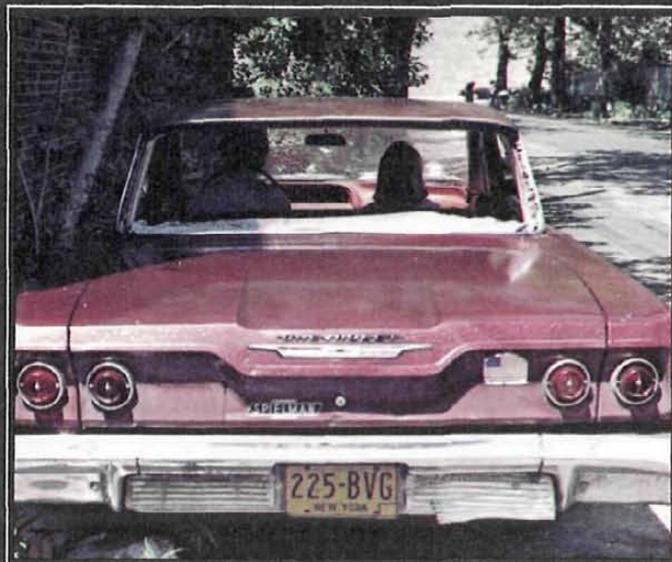
Once there was a young man—just about your age, he was—let's just call him... Johnny. He was a fine athlete, an honors student—his whole life was before him. Johnny had been accepted by one of the finest colleges, and the day or rather the night, before he left to become—a lawyer, I think it was—Johnny went out on a last date with his best girl. Let's call her... Mary.

Mary came from one of the best families in the parish. She was a pretty young thing, popular with all her classmates. A decent young woman, with the promise in her of a lovely young wife and mother.

That night, with the full moon shining—and maybe it was the music on the car radio, maybe they'd had something to drink, or smoke, I don't know—to celebrate Johnny's success, they went parking. And one thing led to another, as it will.

For the first time, they sinned, a mortal sin against holy chastity.

*continued*





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Immediately, their braces locked; she clamped up on him; got in the family way; they both contracted a terrible disease; the exhaust pipe blocked, causing asphyxiation; a terrible great truck ran them down; the lover's lone killer struck; they found her on the gearshift; they found every part of his body but one; she was paralyzed, a human vegetable; she was killed and he went mad with the guilt of it; they were found dead—in the act.

Who knows if they had a chance to make a perfect act of contrition? I pray they did. But I doubt it.

---

# 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, "ticklish" 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 as we're concerned, *you're old enough now!* Old enough to know what your body wants you 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 a sense 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 rumors 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 man's 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 be can 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 "G.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 here.



# SOME OTHER IMPORTANT QUESTIONS:

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

There's absolutely no way to tell.

*"What's the best way to keep my teeth and skin looking healthy and shiny?"*

One of the best and most frequently neglected natural substances is *semen*. The more you can somehow get on your teeth and skin, the better you'll look.

*"What are some 'loving nicknames' we can use?"*

You should always call him "Mr. Smith." You can also call him "King Kong," "master," or "stud." Men often call their favorite lovers "Hey, you" or "Uh, Miss?"

*"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.

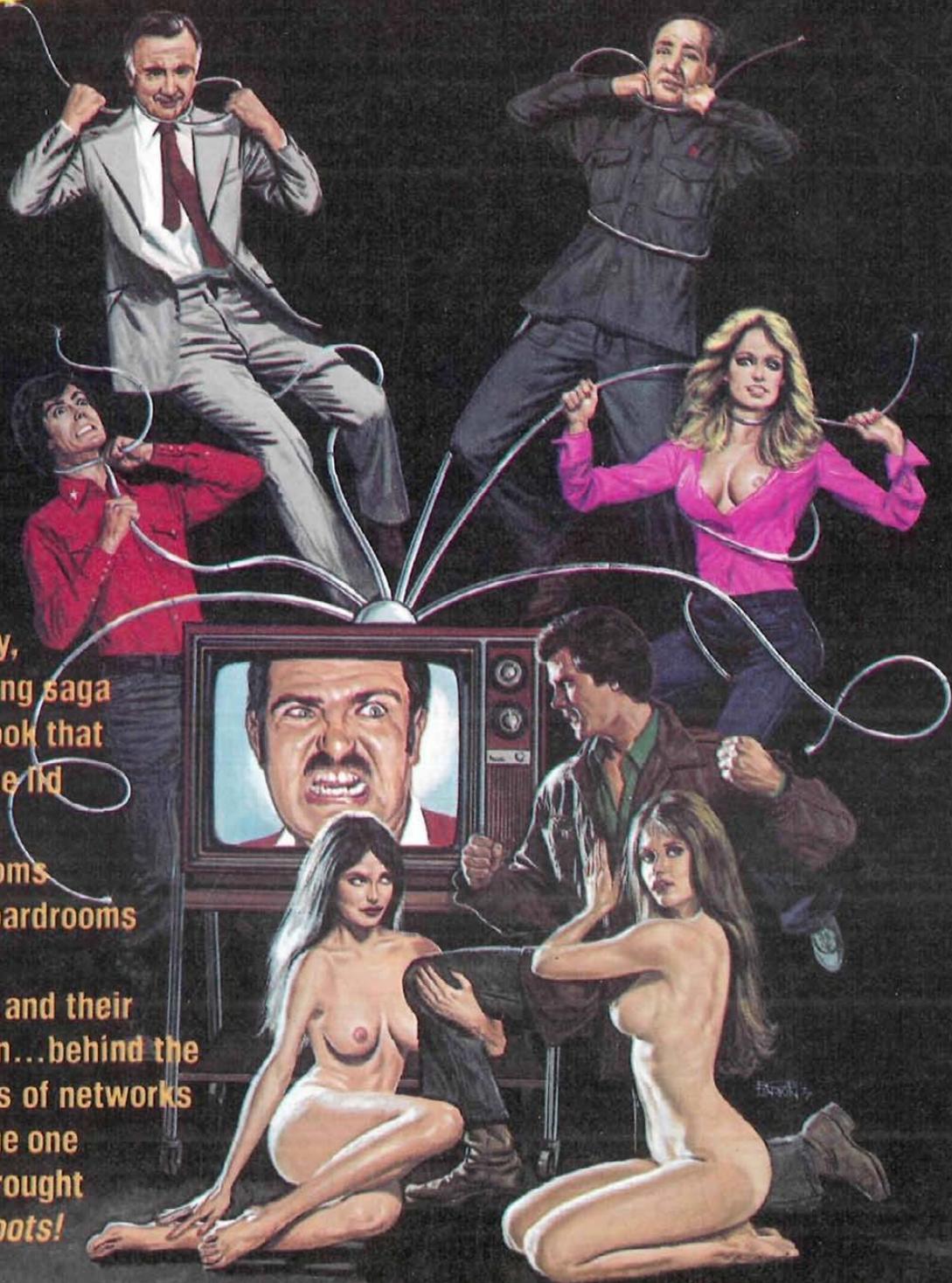
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# THE GUILT-EDGED MIND RAPERS'

by Jeff Greenfield

A lusty, brawling saga of a book that rips the lid off the bedrooms and boardrooms of the men...and their women...behind the scenes of networks like the one that brought you *Roots!*



## PROLOGUE

*The sun is warm here on the island of Penang, off the Coast of Malaysia. So is the sand and sea; so is the body of Kathy, my beloved, who's now inside our little hut, preparing our midday meal of delicious Malaysian food: tropical fish, fruit, and cheese.*

*It's a good life, I suppose, even though I don't know how long they'll let me live. But when I think back to just a few short weeks ago, to my plush existence as a \$400,000-a-year program executive with one of America's major TV networks, when I think of the luxury, the power—and above all, of the horrible, monstrous conspiracy that lay beneath the tinsel and the platinum—it's almost too much to believe.*

*Yet it's true—all of it. And this is my attempt to tell you what I've learned; so that we can stop this mind-boggling scheme before it's too late. Yes, just a few short weeks ago I began to learn about it. Yes, just a few...short...weeks...ago...*

## CHAPTER ONE

The early morning New York sunshine slanted into the penthouse, gleaming off the Baccarat champagne glasses that stood on the Bokhara rug which lay in the master bedroom of my sixteen-room duplex penthouse atop one of Sutton Place's older luxury buildings.

"Mmmmmmm," came the throaty growl of the luscious honey blonde

with tanned skin, erect breasts, and a hard, round behind who called herself Cindy—they're all named Cindy or Vicky, I've noticed. She sinuously wriggled out from under the blue satin sheets.

"Oooooohhhhhh, Jack, that was...incredible," she whispered, licking my car. "Was it really a dozen times?"

"Mmmmmm," I murmured, feeling the warm sense of arousal building again in my groin. "And you don't believe that nonsense about thirteen being bad luck, do you?"

Cindy giggled her approval and mounted me for another joyride. Soon she was approaching her climax, writhing and moaning, "Oh, my God, Jack, you're so big, you're so thick, you're so deep, you're so masterful, ohhhhhhhh..." She collapsed onto my chest, all but unconscious with total joy and satisfaction.

I chuckled indulgently, and patted her hard, round behind as I jumped into the shower-sauna-gym-racketball court and then dressed quickly—Turnbull and Asser shirt, H. Huntsman suit, Lobb shoes. "I'd love a rematch," I said, "but right now there's some hard-nosed business to attend to."

I buzzed downstairs, and by the time I'd finished the forty-floor ride in my private elevator with the four screen TV console, my Bentley was waiting to speed me to the midtown

headquarters of Transnational Broadcasting Company—and a rendezvous with an unbelievable destiny.

## CHAPTER TWO

As I strode through the marble and glass lobby of the Transnational Broadcasting Company, two college-age kids cornered me.

"Aren't you Jack Wellborn, vice-president of prime time programming, East Coast, of TBC?" one of them asked.

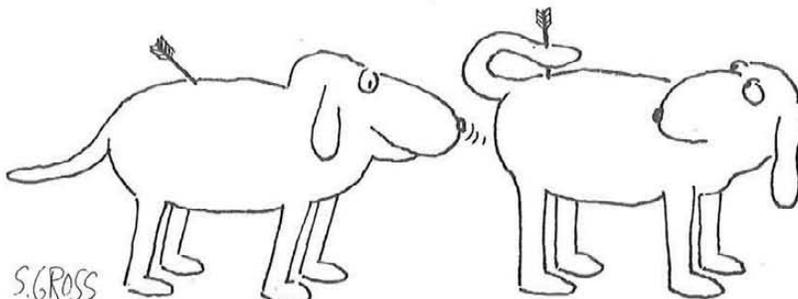
"Guilty," I quipped.

"We just want to tell you," the other said, "that we still think 'The Young Porpoises' was the grooviest program that ever was, and we want you to keynote the Fifth Annual Porpoise Convention. We drew 15,000 'Porpies' last year," he said with pride.

"I'll see what I can do," I said, but there was a lump in my throat as I rode the executive elevator up to my sixty-eighth floor office. "The Young Porpoises" had been my baby; I mother-henned that show from conception through development through a script-by-script shaping into a show that I feel had a little something to do with making people hate each other a little less. Some observers still think it was a special showing of "The Young Porpoises" that stopped a war in Central America with its simple message that "it takes all kinds of people—and other living things—to make a better world." All I knew was that it could have been bigger than "Star Trek." And then, Fred Golderman, senior programming vice-president, canceled the show—and no one knew why. Oh, he sugarcoated me with the new title, the salary, the office, the vacations, the cars, the stock options; but he never said why he'd taken that show off the air.

\* \* \*

"Jack, Jack!" Angie interrupted my reverie as I walked past the Klee and the De Kooning into my four-room suite of offices with six TV sets, four cassette players, squash court, Jacuzzi, hot tub, and water bed. Angie was my efficient, good-humored, and thoroughly luscious thirty-four-year-old secretary-researcher, hangover-curer, and bodyguard. She had no life of her own; frankly, she was completely devoted to me and to a certain portion of my anatomy. I couldn't believe she never shared her hard, lean body with anyone else—but she'd often told me that once a month with me was better than twice a night with any other man



in the world. Now she seemed terribly upset.

"What happened, Angie?" I inquired.

"Please—please," she gasped. "First, I need it so bad." Angie collapsed to the floor, groping for my zipper; soon she had my hard masculinity in her fist, and was guiding it into her sweet, luscious mouth. She had a tongue and lips like a Shower Massage, and I came like Old Faithful. She greedily swallowed every drop.

"Now," I said, straightening my clothes. "What is it you're so upset about?"

"It's—it's Mike Donne, senior development vice-president, and one of your closest friends," she sobbed. "He's—he's dead!"

### CHAPTER THREE

"But who—how—where?"

A voice from behind me, unctuous, soothing, yet somehow ominous, said, "I can explain, Jack."

The voice belonged to Fred Golderman, thirty-four-year-old compulsive, ruthless, ambitious programmer. With Donne's death, Golderman would take over the top programming job at TBC. As Golderman gestured, the light shone off his solid gold lapel pin, tie tack, and cuff links, all with the "100" number. Golderman had never explained the meaning of this symbol.

"Donne was waiting for an elevator," Golderman said, "and somehow fell into an open shaft."

"That's silly," I said. "Those elevators are foolproof. Besides, Donne told me he was onto something important about some kind of...of... conspiracy that—"

"Never mind that," Golderman said, cutting me off with a wave of his hand. I could swear a thin bead of sweat formed over his lip: Golderman never sweated.

\* \* \*

As Golderman left my office, the buzzer on my intercom rang. It was Angie.

"It's Walter Krankit, grizzled news chief and a veteran of the Murrow-Friendly era of hard-boiled professional news," she said. "He'd like to come in for a minute."

"Send him—hold it," I said as a feminine giggle under my desk told me Krankit would have to wait a few minutes. For hiding under my desk was his daughter, nineteen-year-old Fiona Krankit; the Wellesley sophomore, here on an internship, had de-

veloped an absolutely animalistic attraction for me. She lived for sex the way a lion lived for antelope meat. Now she was crouched, face down, her Diane von Furstenberg dress hiked to her armpits, her bikini panties around her ankles.

"Put it where I like it best, Jack," Fiona moaned, and I obliged.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's so tight, it's so—ooooohhhhhh," and she came, bucking and thrashing all over my Karastan carpet.

"Now, get out quick—the back way," I whispered, patting her hard, round behind.

"That's the way I like it, Jack," she giggled. Fiona was barely out the door when her father, Walter Krankit, burst in, waving a sealed envelope.

"Jack," he said grimly, "when you see this—you won't believe your eyes!"

### CHAPTER FOUR

"You don't think I'm off the wall, do you, Jack?" asked Krankit.

"Hell, no, Walter," I said. "You were gophering for Murrow in the middle of the Blitz—you researched his McCarthy exposé; you're crusty, hell, yes, but damn it, you've got some commitment, some humanity."

"All right," Krankit said grimly. "Just before Donne took that last elevator ride, he told me he'd stumbled on a page from Fred Golderman's secret diary. He gave me the page in a sealed envelope and told me to open it only if he died in the TBC building under suspicious circumstances."

I slit the envelope open, and we looked together at the page from Golderman's secret diary with disbelieving eyes. *Dallas, November 22, 1963 (it read). All set. Get dough to L.H.O. and other gunmen. Tell Zapruder 12:30 P.M. is go time. Point camera directly opposite grassy knoll. Sign contract at 1:03 P.M.*

"Can you possibly figure out what this means?"

"Well," I mused, "it seems that Golderman may have planned President Kennedy's assassination in order to have a spectacular piece of footage for a special TV program. Remember, Walter, TBC was a brand-new network in '63—buying the exclusive TV rights to the Zapruder film was our first coup. It built the network. So it looks like Golderman planned JFK's death to build ratings."

"My God," Krankit said.

I shared his concern. I've lived in

this corporate gold-plated jungle long enough to care as much as the next guy about a forty-five share, but murdering a president was really stepping over the line. I decided that Golderman bore close watching. But right now, other things were on my mind. I picked up the phone and in a moment heard a delicious voice on the other end.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is that you, Kong?" Kathy giggled, using her pet pillow-talk nickname for me. Kathy was a curator for the Museum of the American Indian. She had round, firm breasts and a gorgeous ass, and she also loved Truffaut and Fellini, funny little Italian restaurants, and long walks in the rain. She was a real gem in my rhinestone and tinsel world.

"It sure is, honeypie," I answered. "Let's drive through the New England woods. Spring is coming."

Little did I know it was to be the last peaceful weekend I'd ever spend.

### CHAPTER FIVE

Kathy and I took my Jag up to New England and spent a weekend devouring caviar, lobster, champagne, strawberries, cheese, and each other. Whenever we went to a bucolic, pastoral retreat, Kathy's sexual tastes grew kinky. This time, she'd begged me to take my Sulka ties and bind her to the four-poster bed. Then, seeing the beseeching look in her eyes, I'd gotten out my suede Gucci belt and whipped her lovingly on her bountiful breasts and hard, round behind. "Ooohhh," she moaned as she writhed, "it's so easy for me to dominate every other man I know, but with you, Jack, I need to be tamed, oooooohhhhh!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mmmmm, Jack, you're the best," Kathy said, snuggling under the downy quilt.

"Yeah, baby," I said, patting her cute little behind and jumping into my Hermes suede jacket, Meledandri pullover cashmere, and country flannel slacks. "But right now, I have a feeling something's up."

"It sure was last night," Kathy giggled.

"No, really," I looked out the window, where a thirty-foot black limousine with drawn curtains had been parked suspiciously all weekend.

Just then, Emily the innkeeper knocked on the door, summoning me to an urgent telephone call. I ran into the hall and picked up the phone. It

*continued on page 78*





## You can make it in a Honda.

Congratulations,  
you made it this far.  
What's next? Hard to say.

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## THE HIPE REPORT

continued from page 51

20. Describe the first time you ever fell in love. Was it related to sexual activity, such as intercourse or "69"? Describe the first time you had a "crush" on someone. Was it related to sexual activity such as "making out," "necking," or "heavy petting"? Does a person get a crush only from heavy petting? If the petting were not so heavy, would this prevent the person from being crushed? If you fall in love on a person, will this crush him, too?

### IV. LIFE STAGES

21. How old were you when you first masturbated? To orgasm? To music? Did you know that I was twenty-nine? That I just "got it" two years ago? Isn't that pathetic?

22. How old were you when you had your first orgasm with another person? How old was the other person? How old were you when you had another person's first orgasm? How did you manage that?

23. What were your feelings about "losing your virginity"? How did you feel when you found it again? If not, i.e., if it is still lost, what are your feelings about that? How do you feel about your feelings?

24. Have you ever had sexual feelings for anyone in your family? Brothers or sisters? Parents? Have your parents ever had sex? Have they ever had children? What does this suggest about you? Isn't it true that you are an orphan, found on the doorstep many years ago?

### V. THE ENDING

25. Have you ever faked an orgasm? Why? Are you at least believable? Have you ever faked arousal? Vaginal penetration/intercourse? Paying attention?

26. How do you feel about fellatio (oral stimulation of the penis)? To orgasm? How do you feel about "performing" cunnilingus (oral sex) on another woman? How do you feel about "performing" cunnilingus on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera?

27. Do you think your vagina and genital area are ugly or beautiful? What other parts of your body do you like or dislike? What are your favorite internal organs? Describe in detail your favorite square inch of skin. Do you think noses are silly, or okay? What about toes?

28. Have you ever been afraid to say no to someone for fear of "turning them off" or "making a scene"? Have you ever been afraid to say yes to someone because they

"turned you off" or you "hated their guts"?

29. Do you think sex is in any way political? Do you think politics is in any way sexual? Have you ever had sexual relations with a politician?

30. What do you think of the "sexual revolution"? What do you think of the "industrial revolution"? The "French"? The "Russian"? Were these revolutions in any way sexual? You want to bet?

31. Have you ever had sex with a man simply because you were afraid to say no to him? Would you define this as rape? Have you ever not had sex with a man simply because you were afraid to say yes to him? Would you define this as impotence?

32. Do you live with a man? Is he as insensitive and as frustrating to live with as my man? Can I tell you about it, at length and in boring detail, until you want to scream?

## MASTURBATION

"Do you enjoy masturbating?"

**Most women said that they did enjoy masturbating, but that psychologically, it didn't seem like much more than masturbation, really.**

"Physically I enjoy it, yes. Psychologically, I don't know yet. I have tried time and time again to masturbate my psyche, but nothing seems to work. I usually just end up holding a vibrator up to my head and messing up my hair. Am I doing something wrong?"

"It super feels good, and everything, and I like it, because it's me and I'm into liking me."

"I like masturbation, yes, but I don't like the fact that I like it. I do like the fact that I don't like the fact that I like it, however, and the women's movement has helped me in this."

**Some women, however, felt guilty about it, and were thus unable to bring themselves to do it. Supposedly.**

"When I was a child, my twin sister was hit by a train while masturbating. Then the nuns told me I would go to Hell forever if I touched myself. I asked them what I should do, and they told me to touch them, so I did. I have never been able to masturbate since then. But at least I'm not dead, or a nun."

"Feel guilty. Can't do it. Tough shit. Fuck it."

**One woman—myself—was unable to masturbate to orgasm until two years ago.**

"I only thank God I've discovered how at last, and now I do it all the time and in

various locations throughout the city and the nation."

## TYPES OF MASTURBATION

### TYPE 1A

This was by far the most prevalent technique used. Basically, it entails lying on your back and using a vibrator, finger, hand, etc.

"I lie on the bed with my blouse on and buttoned, but my slacks or jeans open and unbuttoned but not off completely. I pull them down to about my knees—well, not all the way to my kneecaps, actually, but to just above the caps. I mean that the seam of the jeans, just where the bottom of the belt path meets the rest of the garment, is approximately even with the top of my kneecaps. The belt is open, of course. The zipper is unzipped. Believe me, I've tried it with the zipper zipped, but it just isn't as good. My underpants are also down, but not as far as the jeans. I generally pull them down until the elastic waistband is even with a line segment containing the points which mark the midpoints of a line segment between the center of my kneecaps (assuming that the caps are actual circles, which mine are not) and the center of my thigh, even with the point at the very tip of my vagina. Then I set the vibrator to medium (Regulo 4), and touch it to my clitoris at a point just about an eighth of an inch off center. Then I come and come and come and come and come and scream like a lunatic."

"My parents were both born in Warsaw, so I prefer the 'Polish' technique. I hold my finger out in a stationary position against the clitoris, and have six strong potato farmers move my entire body back and forth in short, quick strokes."

"On back in bed. Vaseline on finger tip. Up-and-down rubbing. Massage breasts with other hand. Legs spread. Slap bare feet together in time to record on stereo. 'Night in Tunisia.' Dizzy Gillespie. Get excited. Squeeze legs together. Bite down on sheet. Orgasm. Do this for six hours."

"My mother was very frank about masturbation, so I have a very healthy attitude toward it. I like to make it an activity for my entire family. I lie on my back with my head propped up with pillows. My children stand to either side of me and toss rose petals all over my naked body. My husband sits beside me and feeds me Pepperidge Farm Milano cookies at regular intervals. I leaf through porno magazines as I stroke myself with one hand and play with a vibrator with the other. Sometimes I stroke the vibrator and my husband plays with me or himself or the children. It's very beautiful."

### VARIATIONS ON TYPE A—IA,—IA,

IA, Women who, during some of the time

continued on page 86



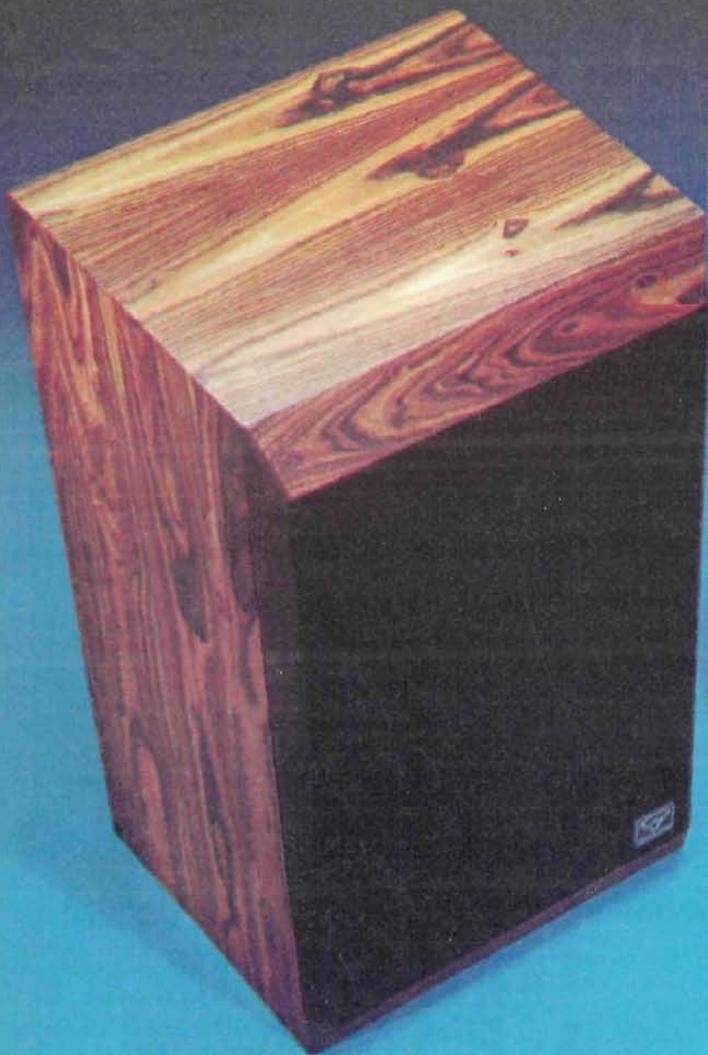
The KOOL BOX.  
Flip open  
extra coolness.

Come up to KOOL.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

©B&W T CO.



# Thermo-Vapor Suspension

The Cerwin-Vega S1 is the most elegant and exotic shelf speaker currently available. The rare Yucatan rosewood<sup>1</sup> facade only hints at the marvels inside. A sophisticated sixth order Butterworth vent tuning, integrated with an active equalizer filter, increases the effective bass performance to surpass much larger enclosures. The wave of the future in quality shelf speakers surely will be such a system.

Even this is not good enough for the S1.

We have developed an elegantly simple improvement in bass enclosure technology; we call it Thermo-Vapor Suspension.<sup>2</sup> By filling the S1 cabinet with a soft, inert gas which is more

compressible than air, a lower system response and more controlled damping is achieved.

The drivers are precision aligned die-cast units having the highest magnetic motor drive efficiencies in the industry. The low crossover of 300 Hz to a 6" midrange driver assures low intermodulation at loud levels. A damped dhorn, high frequency unit (moving mass, .1 gram), operates at a low pressure density extending response to 20 kHz with vanishing coloration.

The S1 has impeccable technical credentials too numerous to detail here so write Cerwin-Vega for full performance specifications or see it, hear it, Feel it, at a selected dealer.

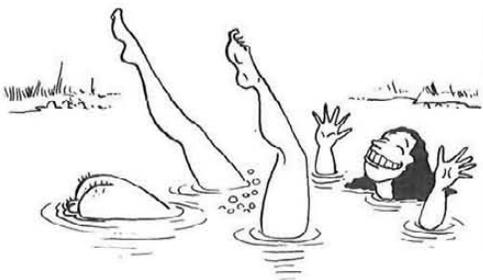
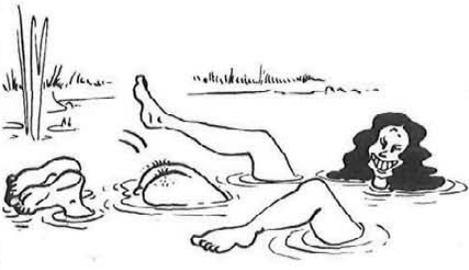
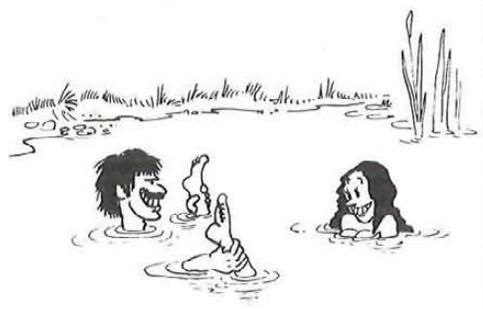
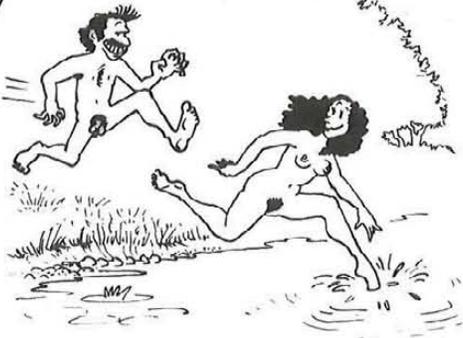


**Cerwin-Vega!**

Cerwin-Vega! 12250 Montague Street, Arleta, California 91331, 213/896-0777  
In Canada: Cerwin-Vega Canada Ltd., 19 Malley Road, Scarborough, Ontario, 416/752-7530

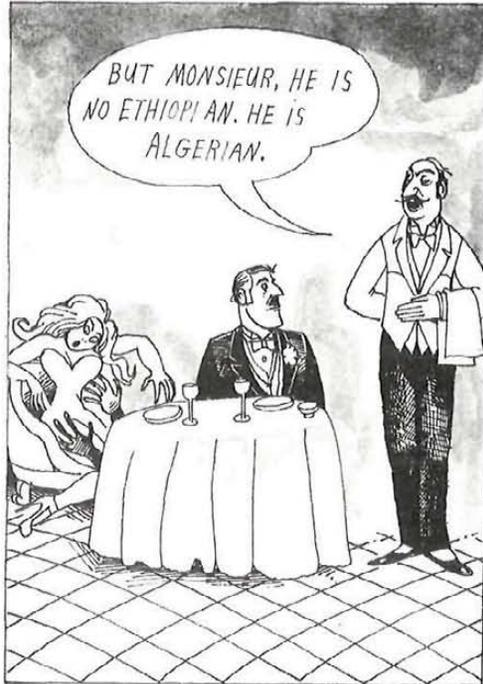
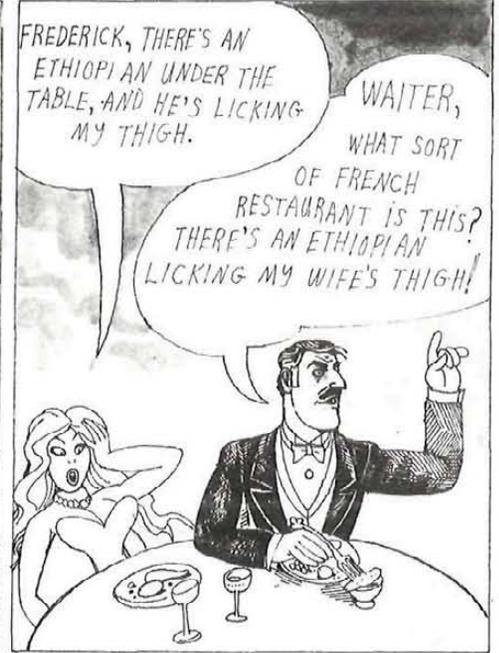
<sup>1</sup>Walnut is standard  
<sup>2</sup>Patent Pending

MUFF DIVING



©76 SHARY FLENNIKEN

# EATING OUT *by Randy Jones*



**N**ineteen twenty-six was a bad year for matinee idols with squeaky voices, elegant leading ladies with Flatbush accents, pantomime comedians, and others in Hollywood who became instant nobodies through the introduction of the motion picture sound track.

For Larry Fartoff and David Belcher, two enterprising young sleaze merchants with some success in the one-reel stag film trade, whose first feature film, *Adventure in Nudism*, was released that fateful year, the advent of sound meant artistic and financial disaster. The pair fell in tandem, or pushed each other, out a top story window in the Flatiron Building in the winter of '29, when even their attempts to get their film banned as obscene in Toronto attracted no distributors—or customers.

*continued*

# “ADVENTURES IN NUDISM”

**CONDEMNED  
BY LAW!  
SHUNNED  
BY SOCIETY!**

**TIMELY AS  
TODAY'S  
HEADLINES!**



**WHO ARE THESE**

**CLOS**

WE REGRET SO  
MANY WERE  
UNABLE TO  
SECURE SEATS  
**COME  
EARLY!**

**FILLMO**

**BY ORDER OF SHERIFF  
COUNTY OF PHOSPHOR  
IN BEHALF OF DECE**

Now, half a century later, the irrepressible Vince "Vinnie" Scumbaggi, the skin-flick czar, has resurrected Dave and Larry's opus, dubbing in a sound track collaged at random from a half dozen of his previous hits; it is box office boffolo wherever, in this great land, nostalgia is a synonym for perversity.



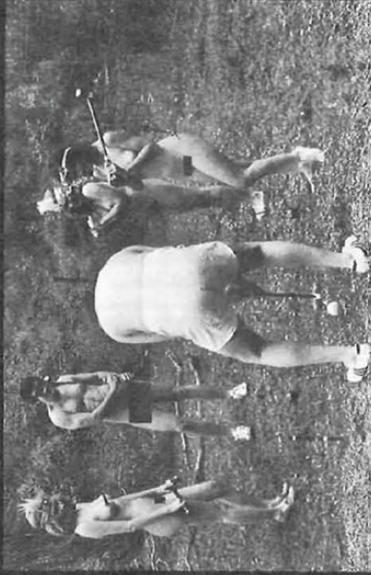
**Jenny:** Hi! We're just three working girls off on a vacation from the hot noisy city.  
**Alphonse:** Well, isn't this a coincidence! Gerard and I happen to be on holiday, too. We're going to our farm, would you like to join us?  
**Judy:** A farm? A real farm? With ducks and cows and animals?  
**Gerard:** Heh-heh, heh-heh.



**Vickie:** Where are our clothes? What have you done with our clothes?  
**Judy:** What kind of farm is this? Where are the animals?  
**Alphonse:** You are the animals! In this microcosm of society, we are the masters! Now, get down on your hands and knees while I shove this knockwurst  
**Gerard:** Heh-heh! Heh-heh!



**Judy:** I'm getting tired of being an animal on this farm. I know in a real Utopian society, all classes would reap the benefits that this society has to offer!  
**Jenny:** You're right! The workers control the means of production! Sexual revolution now!  
**Vickie:** Right on! My means of production are sore!



**Vickie:** Now the tables have turned! Drive your throbbing rod!  
**Jenny:** Slam it home! Slam it home! Right on! Ohhhh!  
**Alphonse:** ... can't... take it... please... please...  
**Gerard:** Heh, heh... phew... heh... phew.  
**Judy:** It's good! It's good!





**Judy:** Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh my God!  
**Alphonse:** Come on. Faster! Faster!  
**Jenny:** More! More! Don't stop!  
**Vickie:** Oh, it's too big! Ohhh!  
**Gerard:** Heh-heh! Heh-heh!



**Judy:** Please untie me! You're hurting me! Please. no more whips!  
**Vickie:** Oh God! Oh my God! My God! Oh no! Nooooo! Ahhh!  
**Alphonse:** Take that. and that. Gerard! One of them is trying to escape!  
 Catch her and bring her to me!  
**Gerard:** Heh-heh. Heh-heh!



**Alphonse:** You should never have run away my dear! When will you understand that we are your masters and you must do whatever we tell you!  
**Jenny:** I wish that I was back in the city. This is a repressive society!

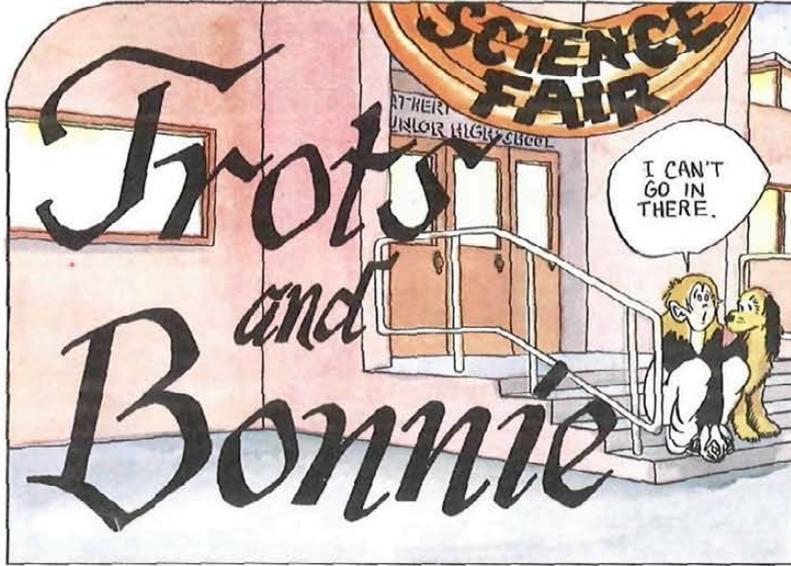


**Judy:** Well, how does it... ohhh. feel. ahhh. to be on the bottom.  
 uh-hhhhh. for a... ooooo. change?  
**Jenny:** Yeah. oh my. oh my. oh my god!  
**Alphonse:** I've learned my. oh yes. lesson!  
**Vickie:** Yippie. oh-hhhhhhh. ka! ah-hhh! Ride 'em, cowwwwboy!  
**Gerard:** Heh. ohhh. heh. ah-hh!

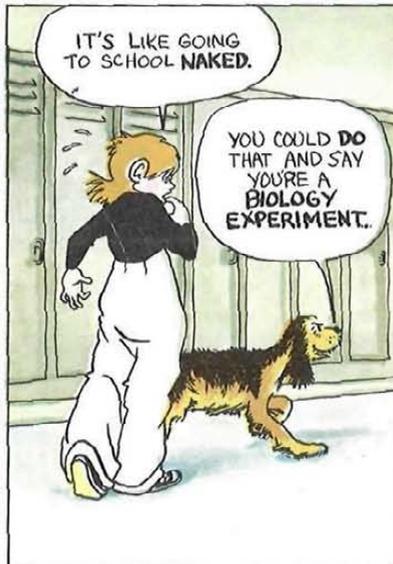


**Jenny:** Well, I guess that we've proven the classes can work together in peaceful coexistence.  
**Alphonse:** You're right! We were selfish being the farmers all the time! It was fun to be an animal!

The End



# Trots and Bonnie

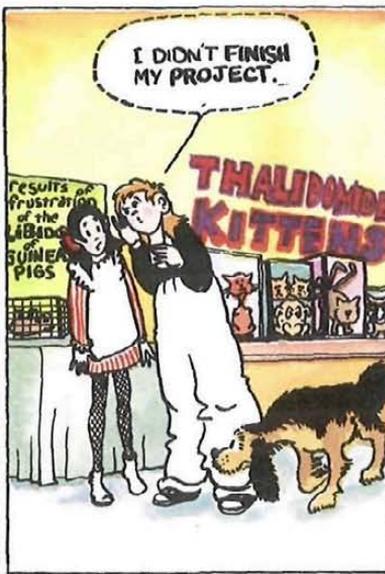




BONNIE!

WHY SO GLUM?

DON'T YOU LIKE FAIRS?



I DIDN'T FINISH MY PROJECT.

THALIMIDE KITTENS

Results Frustration of the LabBOD

GUINER PIGS

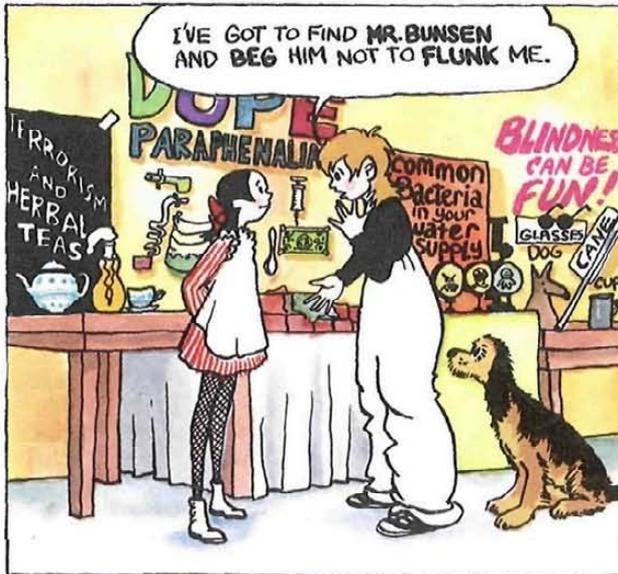
Coca Cola AND Tooth



OH! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!

THEY ANNOUNCED IT OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER THIS MORNING!

PROSTATE CANCER IN SPERM WHALES



I'VE GOT TO FIND MR. BUNSEN AND BEG HIM NOT TO FLUNK ME.

DUPE PARAPHENALIA

Common Bacteria in your water SUPPLY

BLINDNESS CAN BE FUN!

GLASSIE DOG



HE'S WITH THE REST OF THE SCIENCE TEACHERS...

... AT MY EXHIBIT!

BRYCE ANDERSON a fetus at 14 years

POLLUTION and how we Deal with our DEVILATE

SEE YOURSELF CLOSED CIRCUIT TV



ALCOHOL TOLERANCE TESTING CENTER

MR. BUNSEN'S THE ONE WITH THE WHITE SOCKS.



FIRST, YOU DRINK THIS... THEN SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT TO THE DOOR.

I DIDN'T DO MY SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT 'CAUSE I HATE SCIENCE!

BECAUSE SCIENCE ISH CA-CA.

THASS WHY!

© 76 SHIRLEY KENNIKEN

## MIND RAPERS

continued from page 61

was Angie, and her normally imper- turbable voice sounded stricken.

"Jack, Jack," she sobbed. "It's Krankit—Walter Krankit, the news divi- sion president. He's—he's dead!"

### CHAPTER SIX

"But how—who—where?" I asked, back in my New York office after a frantic five-hour dash to TBC head- quarters.

"It was an accident, Jack," Fred Golderman said, idly doodling "100" over and over again on a scratch pad. "He got dizzy and crashed through a floor-to-ceiling plate glass window in his office."

"Don't believe him, Jack," Angie hissed at me. "Krankit left this for you—said to only open it in the event of his death."

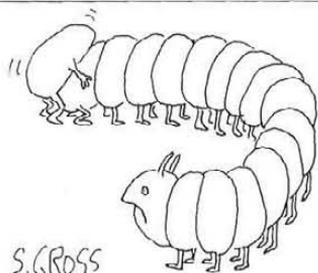
I hastily excused myself and went into my office, where I opened the envelope Angie had given me. When I read Krankit's note, I couldn't believe my eyes.

*Jack (the note read): I've just discovered that Golderman planned the 1973 oil embargo to force people to stay home and watch more TV. Still checking about deaths of Mao, Chou, and others. But the really horrible plot is about to begin. I can't write more—I think they're after me, no, no, arrrrrggghhh...*

And the note trailed off. What, I wondered, was this monstrous plot of which Krankit wrote? I was still puzzling over this when Kathy burst into my office.

"Jack," she blurted. "It just came over the wire. There's been a terrible series of accidents at the other net- works. ABC says that Henry Winkler, Cindy Williams, Farrah Fawcett- Majors, and the entire Osmond fam- ily have been wiped out in oddly coincidental accidents. CBS says a private plane just missed crashing into Mary Tyler Moore's company. And NBC says that Angie Dickinson and James Garner are missing."

I smashed my fist into the teak desk.



"Golderman," I hissed. "It was bad enough when he planned the killing of the president of the United States. It was bad enough he killed the Chi- nese Chairman, and shut off oil to the United States. But now he's gone too far—now he's killing off the talent. He's got to be stopped!"

I noticed Kathy was reaching for me, loosening my belt and lowering my slacks. When she'd seen that deter- mined look in my eye—the glint of a future network television president, fully competitive, yet not without commitment and idealism—she just couldn't control herself. She began to tongue me all over my cock, balls, ass, and thighs. And just before I yielded to the whirlpool of sensation, I thought to myself of all that I was risk- ing in my struggle to stop whatever fiendish work Golderman and his allies were up to. Then it was over, as I came like a fountain all over Kathy's Ultima II lip gloss.

### CHAPTER SEVEN

The next few weeks proved my the- ory. Except for the writers, producers, and stars connected with TBC, the creative television community was awash in fear. James Komack was a living vegetable, the brilliance that had spawned "Welcome Back, Kot- ter" snuffed out by the sneaking of lead-based paint into his luncheon yogurt. Norman Lear's studio was an armed camp, with tanks and machine guns protecting his company, but chilling his creativity. And with the death of Krankit, Golderman had ordered the network news on TBC re- duced to five minutes, so that he could put on a twenty-five minute cop show.

"My God," I said to myself late one night. "It's like 1984! I've got to do something!"

I'd heard that Fred Golderman was flying to the Coast for some highly se- cret meetings, so I booked myself on another airline that would arrive in L.A. at the same time. I tried to enjoy myself—the meal of foie gras, lobster bisque, rack of lamb, Caesar salad, brie, soufflé, and Chateau Margaux helped, and so did the three hours I spent in a lavatory with two comely stewardesses. They were amazingly limber; using the sink and toilet to brace themselves, they wound their long legs around their necks so that they presented whatever apertures to me I cared to use. And when we hit an air pocket, my strokes grew so powerful one of the ladies laughingly

complained she could feel me "all the way up to my throat." But still, I was distracted.

I thought of the bloodshed, the cynicism, the money-grubbing that always found room for gore and vio- lence, but canceled a "Young Por- poises" and other meaningful shows that could change the world. I thought about the sleazy sex and cheap, lurid pandering. And then I thought about Kathy and New Eng- land, and maybe getting out of this racket, teaching at Bennington, living in a quiet cabin in the woods. Who needed the Bentley, the Jaguar, the penthouse, the silk shirts, the boat, the private jet, the women, the Jacuzzis, the stock options, the din- ners at Joe and Rose's or Chasen's or the Palm or Mike Manuche or Per- ino's or La Scala?

When we landed in L.A., I spotted Golderman heading for a car. I swiftly commandeered a Hertz Maserati and began to follow him. For hours we drove north, along hairpin turns, with tires squealing and brakes screeching. It was on the Maserati radio that I heard of the killing of Alistair Cooke, and the kidnapping of the entire cast of the "Carol Burnett Show," effectively stilling television's finest satiric voice. The news only heightened my determination to stop this fiend.

Finally, Golderman's car stopped at the foot of a hidden driveway. I fol- lowed him as he pressed a secret but- ton in a tree, revealing an incredible stone and glass mansion. I managed to sneak inside and followed Golderman as he entered a heavily guarded room. Using my judo and karate abili- ties, I silenced the guards and, with my heart in my mouth, opened the door to the secret room.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

### CHAPTER EIGHT

There, seated around the gleaming, burnished heavy oak conference table, were the most powerful people in the world.

There was Shiekh Yameeni, wily Svengali to the oil-rich state of Aba Dabba.

There was Reverend Slung Yung Moon, sly mastermind of a fanatical religious cult whose dupes poured millions of dollars a day into the "minister's" mink-lined pockets.

There was Nelson Rickenfallow, former governor of a powerful North- eastern state, but more important, the most powerful member of the awe-

continued on page 90

# Don't tell me taste isn't everything.

I expect one thing from my cigarette.  
Taste. And only Winston gives me the taste  
I like. Winston is all taste all the time.  
And for me, taste is everything.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston King Winston 100's.



## THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?

The Ginseng root has been blamed for centuries for the evils of the flesh.

While skeptical of its legendary aphrodisiac powers, English Leather has created a new men's cologne around this herbal root.

The result, a strangely gratifying effect on you and those around you. More than just a scent, it's a mood that envelops.



Mysterious how something one person puts on himself can make two people lose their heads.

For "Root of All Evil" poster (20" x 24"), send name, address, and \$1 to MEM Company, Inc., Dept. GM, P.O. Box 359, Passaic, N.J. 07055 with check or money order payable to MEM. Allow 4 weeks.

**GINSENG COLOGNE  
BY ENGLISH LEATHER®**

The scent of the centuries.

\$5 at fine toiletry counters everywhere.  
MEM COMPANY INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972 AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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# 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 worthwhile 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 dildoux 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

## 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 Shakespeare, 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, balling, frigging, 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, Knoedler'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): belt, pants, zipper, knotted shoelace (toaths and curses, 446.28d): pull, lick, suck, jerk, average: poppers, surprise, doubt, dismay, fear, experiment, sniff, rush, blast, cock, 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 am!" (Emerson): strapping on, greasing up, new kink, shaving in, fart: "Full of supper and distempering draughts" (Shakespeare): falsetto scream.

*n.* "You okay?" (Dickens); embarrassment, explanation, shrug, my thing, postcoital cigarette: pre-coital cigarette, what's-his-name: what's-his-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

E 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 Agraphna 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? Ah!" cried Dmitri.

"Mitya," asked Alyosha gently. "Did you actually do these things with Agrafena 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 news paper syndicates, 1943-47; exec. editor Louisiana Digest, New Orleans, 1947-52; mgg. editor American Mag., Los Angeles, 1953-55; pres. Continental Publications, 1956-; Pres. Iowa Charities Foundation. Served to capt. USN, 1942-46; Republican. Presby. 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 Ingersoll Inst. N.Y., 1955-56; research assoc. Ohio Dental Sch., 1958. Columbus, instr. dental surg. U. of Pittsburgh, 1959-64; 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, Fla. Office: Fla. U. Dept. of Dental Surg., Ames 10

**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. Ch., 1937; m. Lillian Groats, June 8, 1937; children—Robert, Ralph, Lilly. With Condor Corp., N.Y.C., 1937-; controller, 1959-; Mem. Cos Cob Bd. Repts., Cos Cob Tennis Authority. Served to 1st lieut. USAAF, 1943-46; Transviteite, 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

**M**Y SLEEP of eight Hours was quite restful, due, as I was afterwards assured, to a Potion that had been added to the Hogsheds 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, spluttering 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 Iruron

*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 sardinius 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!**

# Which sounds better? Technics Direct Drive. Or \$149.95\*.

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It also includes the kind of performance most high-priced turntables can't beat. Like wow and flutter at an incredible 0.045% WRMS and undetectable rumble at -70dB DIN B. And instead of 78 separate elements to control the motor, now there's a one-chip IC. That means more accuracy with fewer parts.

And the tonearm: The Technics computer-analyzed universal S-shaped, low mass, static-balanced type with negligible tracking error and sub-

sonic resonance. Which, in plain English, means better performance.

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\*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

## Technics

by Panasonic



## THE HIPE REPORT

continued from page 64

they masturbate, enter their vaginas, but leave soon thereafter.

IA<sub>2</sub> Women who, during most of the time they masturbate, enter their vaginas and stay awhile, perhaps taking snapshots or doing sketches.

IA<sub>3</sub> Women who, all of the time, enter their vaginas during masturbation and stay the night, leaving the next day with a promise to return some day.

IA<sub>4</sub> Women who occasionally enter their vaginas to obtain lubrication, only to be told that there is none, because "the energy crisis means that there is also a petroleum crisis."

IA<sub>5</sub> Women who enter their vaginas at the moment of orgasm, only to be told by a resentful clitoris, "Oh, so now you show up! After I do all the work!"

### TYPE II

Type II is the same as Type IA, but instead of lying on your back, you lie on your stomach.

"I lie on my stomach, and with the right hand commence to petting, teasing, urging, tickling, prodding, and stimulating the clitoral area. This is very difficult, since I can't reach the clitoral area when I lie on my stomach. It isn't very exciting, is it? No orgasm, either. No wonder I always fall asleep so quickly!"

"Usually I lie on my stomach, with my left hand stimulating my left nipple. I rub myself back and forth on the bed. Sometimes, if I'm really horny, I actually put my nipple into my mouth. Or, I'll put my left hand into my mouth, and my nipple into my clitoris. Or, I'll put my stomach into my clitoris, and lie on my left hand. This last way is the most exciting, but the problem is that when I orgasm, it isn't the clitoris that does it. It's the nipple. Can you help?"

"I lie on my stomach, and use both hands. I sometimes try to use three hands, but cannot, as I only have two."

### TYPE III

Type III is my own personal type, which I am pleased to share with you at this time. I lie on my side, and place a satin pillow between my legs. Then I breathe very carefully to a count of one, two—one, two, three, four, and stroke my clitoris with a piece of fruit (peaches work the best!). But none of this helps until I concentrate on my favorite form of interpersonal stimulation, i.e., cuddling and "being nice." After about two minutes of fantasizing about being held and snuggled and everything, I orgasm.

## ORGASM

"Orgasm is wondrous, a renewal of life energies and cosmic union with truest

Being and essence, a divine upsurging of love and blissful emotion that makes me one with the utterly ineffable fact of the self-affirming beauty of life, and which makes me a better human being."

"Waves thundering in a chasm...flowers bursting toward heaven with color and fragrance...comets streaking across the mild night sky...trailing fire and magnificence...this is what orgasm means to me."

Sex consists of more than orgasm—there is also kissing, touching, and "feeling up." But now women are "allowed" to enjoy sex "too," and orgasm is "suddenly" "important." The "question," therefore, "is" this: "what" "is" "orgasm," "and" "how" "do" "women" "get" "it"?

### IS ORGASM IMPORTANT?

Most women said that orgasm was important.

"Orgasm is important."

"I would say that yes, orgasm is important."

"In terms of importance, I would think that orgasm has some."

"Importance-wise, yes, re: orgasm."

But some women said they felt "pressured" to orgasm.

"Sometimes my man stands over me with a horsewhip and says things like, 'You better come, you miserable bitch,' and I feel pressured, sort of."

"I've been with men who demand that I orgasm repeatedly to 'prove' my high degree of 'sexuality.' Fuck that! I don't need to prove anything to anybody! I'm too intelligent to need that sort of crap, and anyway, I'm also too sensitive to have to prove how intelligent I am. Besides, I'm much too mature to think that sensitivity is related to intelligence in any sexual way. If men can't see how enlightened I am spiritually, tough. I say the hell with all their macho competitiveness!"

Some women felt "left out" or even resentful if their partner orgasmed and they did not.

"I have been married for twenty-two years, and in all this time, I have never orgasmed. My husband orgasms every time we have sex, however, and I do not think this is fair. I have been considering mentioning this to him, but am afraid he will call me a 'castrating bitch,' or other similar epithet."

"Dig this, cause when my lover comes and I don't, I feel pissed off and like resentful, and like I want to kill him, which like I did once. Wow!"

In sum, most women feel that orgasm is important and desirable. And, based on the findings represented in the Masturbation section of the study, our conclusion is that women know how to

bring themselves to orgasm quite efficiently. (I know I do.) Yet isn't it true that, as a rule, we still depend on men to initiate the activities of sex, and to "give us" orgasms? And isn't it true that, more often than not, they fail to do so—whether out of "inability," not caring, or plain ignorance? It is certainly true with the man in my life, let me tell you. And I've tried every way I could think of to communicate this to him. But he won't listen when I tell him face to face; no, he'll only believe it if he reads it in books. It makes you stop and think, doesn't it?

"Yes, it makes me stop and think."

"Absolutely. I have stopped, and now I am thinking."

### WHAT DOES ORGASM FEEL LIKE AND LOOK LIKE?

"What does orgasm feel like?"

"Throbbing, pulsating, electrifying, exploding, galvanizing, and so forth."

"Physical well-being, mental health, a positive attitude, and malice toward none."

"Wow! Yow! Ah, yahoo! Yippee! Zowie-zoom! Ka-zoom! Ah, ya-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Quite nice, or, rather, nicely."

"A complex of feelings, actually. My breasts seem to beckon through a haze of time. My vagina says yes to life. My clitoris beats out a primal jungle Morse of unleashed wantonness, and my thighs become twin stages on which the vast panoramic spectacle of human history is enacted before my very knees."

"What do you look like during orgasm?"

Some women said they looked like animals.

"My body arches, my legs flail about, my arms flap up and down, my head spins arounds in a complete circle, my mouth opens in a hideous grimace, my feet stamp up and down, and horrible noises come out of my nostrils."

"I grow a long tail and a tough, scaly outer skin, and large jaws lined with razor-sharp teeth. I look like an alligator, I guess. At least, that's what my husband says."

But other women said they exhibited few obvious external signs of orgasm.

"I look quite composed and self-possessed. At most, my eyebrows rise up. But even this is rare."

"My body becomes completely still, and remains that way for up to three days."

### IS ORGASM DIFFERENT WITH OR WITHOUT INTERCOURSE?

Some women preferred clitoral orgasms to the "emotional" sort, suggesting that penile penetration resulted in a less satisfying orgasm.

continued



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## THE HIPE REPORT

continued

"Clitoral orgasms are sharp, clean, pure, whole, pear-shaped, complete, well-proportioned, smooth, firm, and pleasingly proportioned. The other kind are vague, wide, airy, open-ended, evasive, hypocritical, self-contradictory, and lie while under oath."

"Clitoral orgasms are LSD, Jimi Hendrix, and a machine gun to the gut. Vaginal orgasms are chicken soup, Edith Piaf, and being pelted with bean bags."

However, many women did enjoy the psychological and generalized body-pleasure of "emotional" orgasms—particularly the post-orgasmic phase.

"After we make love, I like to lie there and fantasize, and pretend that we've just made love and are lying there fantasizing."

"When I come with Mike inside me, I know he is mine, and I am his, and we are together, and he isn't out banging that blond cost accountant who—oh my God, what am I saying?!"

"Emotional orgasm is nice, too, what with cuddling and snuggling and all!"

These findings begin to suggest that orgasm due to penile penetration isn't all it's cracked up to be, no pun intended. This possibility, linked with the findings concerning masturbation, place the activity of intercourse in a very interesting light. Therefore, before we proceed any further, we must find out—once and for all—what women feel about intercourse itself.

## INTERCOURSE

We must now ask whether intercourse supplies sufficient stimulation to trigger orgasms, whether clitoral or "emotional."

### DO MOST WOMEN ORGASM FROM INTERCOURSE?

"I... I really don't know how to say this... I... you see, I... well, um..."

"I've spent two hours staring at this question, and have finally decided to admit it: no, most women do not orgasm from intercourse. I do, though. Sometimes."

"I do not orgasm from intercourse. I am afraid that may mean I am not normal. I would rather be normal than anything. In our society, it is very important to be normal. If one is not normal, one runs the risk of being considered abnormal."

"I find it difficult to have orgasms at all, let alone during intercourse. I grew up in a very restrictive environment, with a mother who was afraid of sex and a father who was afraid of bugs. I've tried many different strategies to get in touch with myself emotionally and all, but nothing seems to help. God, I'm so unhappy. You may not be able to tell, but

my child was kidnapped just last week. My husband gave me this questionnaire just to take my mind off my troubles, but it's no use. I don't know what to do. Can you lend me a quarter?"

"Sex in utopia? My goddamn clitoris would be in my vagina, so I could come when I fuck! And my eyes would be in my mouth so I could watch while I eat! And my mouth would be in my urethra, so I could sing when I piss!"

"Frankly, I resent having to play with my clitoris every time I have sex. I am a forty-two-year-old woman, and I expect my clitoris to be grown-up enough to be able to play by itself while I have sex."

"I rarely orgasm when I intercourse, but I often climax when I self-stimulation!"

"Do you ever fake orgasms?"

"I do fake them. Oh God, I do! I'm sorry! I know I've been living a lie all these years! Please forgive me! I'll never do it again!"

"Yes, I do. I am a very insecure person, and find it necessary to not only fake orgasms, but also to fake arousal, hunger, digestion, and respiration."

"I only do so during masturbation—and it never works. I always can tell when I'm faking it, and then I get insulted and hurt."

"Certainly not! If a man can't give me pleasure, and leaves me frustrated and irritated and keyed up and unsatisfied, let him suffer about it!"

Some women said that they did orgasm from intercourse, but frankly, I don't believe them. Take a look at these responses:

"Yes, I usually orgasm during intercourse. However, I must tell you that I am a compulsive liar, and nothing I say should be believed."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do come during intercourse. But then, I also come during ordinary conversation, and from sneezing, too."

"Yes! I do! Is that what you want? Are you happy now?"

"I do come from intercourse. It's easy for me. You know why? Because I'm a man! I sneaked into your office and stole a questionnaire and sent it in! Ha-ha! Fuck you!"

## FINDINGS OF THIS STUDY

Do most women orgasm from intercourse? In fact, the answer is no. Only 30 percent of those women who have had intercourse reported that they orgasmed as a direct result of penile insertion and thrusting. The other 70 percent of those who responded said they orgasm from "some other cause."

"If you can't orgasm from intercourse, what's the story with you?"

Many women report guilt feelings, frustration, and self-condemnation, due to the fact that they cannot orgasm during intercourse. And so, many fake it. I know what they mean. I have been inter-coursing since the age of thirteen, and not once have I ever orgasmed. At first I, too, thought it was me, that I was "hung up," "neurotic," etc. But discussion with friends and consciousness-raising sessions with sister feminists opened my eyes to the very widespread reality that *hardly anybody* orgasms from intercourse. I have since tried to communicate this to my lover, but you know how men are. He just wants to stick it in, pump it off, and come. Well, maybe by now he's beginning to get the message. And if he doesn't believe me, maybe he'll believe these reports:

"I've never come with a man inside me, but maybe that has something to do with the fact that I have this hate-hate thing for men in general, and have never met a man I really respect, and think that basically most men are inferior to me anyway, and have never actually had a man inside me, and have really never had sex with anyone, really."

"From clitoral stimulation, yes. From penis inside going in-out, no. Feels good when yes. Feels bad when no."

There are many reasons women give for not being able to orgasm during intercourse. They blame themselves, their family life, and society. They blame their bodies, their lovers, or some mysterious "reason." The fact is, women—most women—do not orgasm from "vaginal stimulation." And yet we have seen that women can orgasm from masturbation. This brings us to the next section of the study, in which we inquire as to what actually "works" for "women."

## CLITORAL STIMULATION

### HOW HAVE MOST MEN HAD SEX WITH YOU?

The following responses reveal that the overwhelming majority of sexual activity for women has been modeled after the reproductive pattern (dominated by the activities of the male) and consisting of "foreplay," "insertion," "thrusting," "orgasm," "finishing," "getting off," and "crawling over to the TV to see if the Yankee game is still on."

This is how women describe their usual sexual activity with men:

"Jabbing me with that thing."

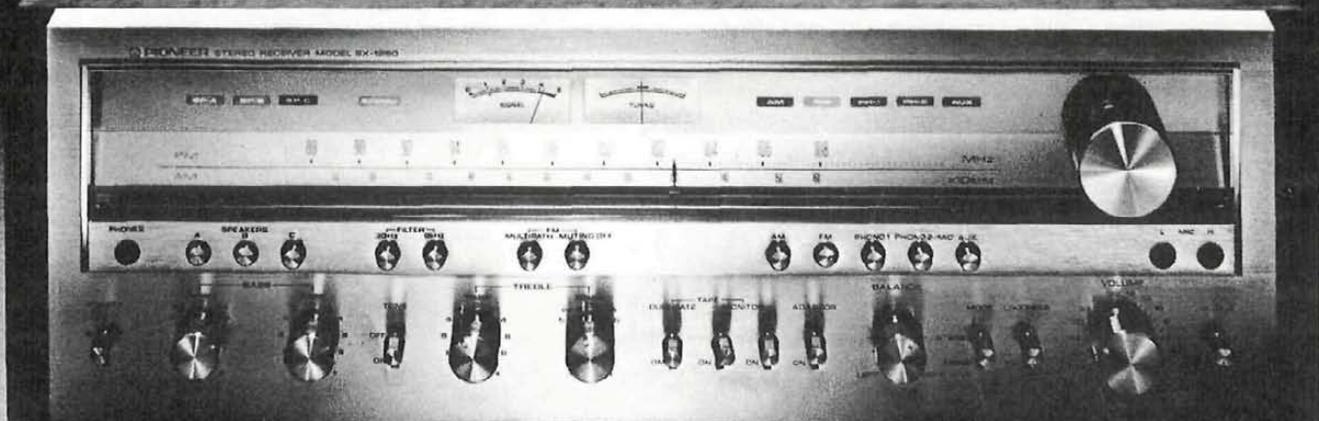
"Shoving the pole in and out until I want to puke."

"Incessant poking with the stiff penile member."

"In the dark, crude fumbling, shoving it in, coming, The End."

continued on page 97

# WHY THE FIRST HIGH POWERED RECEIVER IS STILL THE BEST HIGH POWERED RECEIVER.



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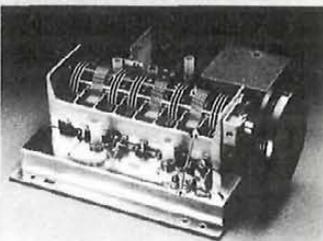
find that we took the time to shield every critical section. So spurious signals from one section can't leak into another. And dirt and dust can't get in to affect performance. So the SX 1250 not only produces

crisp, interference-free sound when it's new, but still sounds great as it grows old.

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less susceptible to voltage variations. And less likely to leak noise. Which means you get a cleaner, clearer sound.

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## MIND RAPERS

continued from page 78

some Rickenfallow family, whose holdings in banks, oil, airlines, real estate, and fast food franchises totaled more than fifteen billion dollars.

There was Prince Bernard, aging prince consort of a cheese-loving lower European nation, who had been accepting millions of dollars in bribes from the world's most powerful corporations.

There was Katherine Grum, publisher of some of America's most powerful publications, seated next to Robert Midrock, the New Zealand press baron who had recently taken control of some important opinion-molding magazines. (I couldn't help noticing the swell of her breasts, and the look of frankly erotic interest in her eyes.)

All of them wore golden "100" lapel buttons, cuff links, tie clasps, or brooches. Hanging from one wall in the incredibly posh conference room were calendars, timetables, and a diamond-encrusted schedule for all four television networks. I noticed that the TBC schedule was radically different from what I had proposed: gone was the musical version of "The Young Porpoises"; gone was my ground-

breaking sitcom about the Chicano and the crusty ex-army chef who owns a diner, "Spic and Span." Instead, there was just another lineup of cop shows, doctor shows, all with a violent, numbing sameness.

Then I looked to the head of the table; and I saw seated on a golden throne, the figure of...of... Fred Golderman!

"So it's...it's tr-true..." I gasped.

Golderman smiled viciously.

"Yes, Jack," he said. "And I congratulate you on your brilliance, courage, and indomitable will. You alone have penetrated the innermost recesses of our little—ahem—consortium."

"But who—how—why—what are you after?" I stammered.

Golderman rose from his throne, his eyes ablaze with horrifying fanaticism.

"What am I after?" he intoned.

"The same dream I have pursued since my twisted, alienated youth, during which my only happiness was lying in front of my television set, having my mind twisted. The same dream I have pursued with absolute intensity every waking moment of my life.

"A hundred rating!" Golderman

screamed, as the others around the table rose and screamed with him. "A hundred rating! A hundred share!"

Again and again, the horrible scream reverberated through the room.

"A hundred rating!

"A hundred share!"

"A hundred rating!"

"A hundred share!"

"Now you understand this symbol," Golderman said, pointing to his lapel pin and cuff links. "Now you understand why talent at every other network is dropping like flies. I will not rest until every television set in the world is tuned to TBC. Do you know, Jack," Golderman keened, "I have bribed the FCC to require a tiny device in every transmitter which will induce electroshock in any viewer who tries to change the channel off a TBC affiliate. In six months, we will turn the entire world into one vast TBC viewer! And nothing—no one and nothing—can stop us!!!"

I had heard enough. I wrenched myself free from the two bully-boys grabbing me and strode to the table.

"Listen, Golderman," I said quietly, and somehow the room was silent, and the world's rulers were listening

continued on page 110

# POCO · INDIAN SUMMER



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Produced by POCO and Mark Henry Harman

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"If you meet a Canadian who believes in the brotherhood of man, who knows that violence is no solution to international differences, and that small, underdeveloped nations may have much to tell us, you have not met a Canadian; you have met a Communist. Don't get confused."

McKenzie Burger King  
Five Prime Ministers Ago

There comes a time when every subject is boarded up. Its barbed shafts fill with water, its pit premises rot; and, all the laughter long since mined and shipped to high-paying foreign markets, it becomes a dangerous play area. Is this the case with Canada? Are her vast humor resources played out?

The answer is no, thanks to NatLampCo's unique laughter management system. For every joke NatLampCo rips from the common clay of Canada, another two are planted. This wise policy, initiated by me, will insure that Canada's boff resources continue to increase as the American market expands.

Naturally, this policy was opposed here in America. The American editors of this magazine were all for roaring into the northland and ripping out every last joke, regardless of future consequences.

"Sure," they said, "we'll just move on to Mexico or somewhere... what do we care if the fucking frostbacks don't have a gag between them by 1978?" In the long run, this kind of attitude can only hurt Americans. My plan prevailed only after I cut the publisher's dog in half with a chain saw, and fellow Canadian Kelly took advantage of another editor's yawn to stuff a live jackrabbit down his gullet.

It is for the aforementioned reasons that I am most troubled by anti-developmental activities by certain ungrateful Canadians.

Papers such as the Winnipeg

*Trappers' Dispatch* and the Toronto *Cow Terrier* have been stepping up their anti-Canadian humor development propaganda. In one horrifying instance, a Toronto prosecutor actually seized an entire issue of *NatLamp* (October 1975), provoking this response: If I ever meet the gentleman, I'll whip out my floppy and hose down his suit.

In order to appease these ram-paging hoof-handed nationalists, we have added a cost of living rider to our already huge kickback and bribery program. In addition, editor Kelly has informed me that he has resumed his practice of purchasing incomprehensible manuscripts from Canadian journalists. Hopefully, this new stockpile of wit will not be plagued by the mysterious fires that so often struck that file cabinet in the past. Uh-oh, do you smell smoke?

We hope within three to four months to again have this column operating at peak efficiency.

Ring, ring. Uh-oh, the phone. Hello? Just a minute, I'm on the typewriter. Can you hang on? Important? All right. Oh, no. After all our hard work! The ungrateful cuttlefish!

You wouldn't believe what happened! Some French Canadian just blew up a railway trestle over the Saint Lawrence, and two boxcar loads of jokes were destroyed! Sure, we've got insurance, but what good does that do? These jokes are lost forever. What's more, three of our prospectors have disappeared near Swift Current, and it looks like they may have been kidnapped by poets from a literary magazine. Christ, what can these people be thinking of? Oh, no, there's the Telex. More bad news...

CanCorn  
NatLampCo  
New York

Can consumer strike. Consider punchline demands excessive. Followers of Carl Barks demand strip-mime in Foto Funny stop immed. No strong response likely to be considered show of weakness. Please Telex response immed to strongman Trudeau. Appears willing to commit troops if nec.

Agent Ottawa.

Well, readers, it looks like there are some tough decisions to be made. If you have any opinions, please keep them at home where they belong.

T.M.

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e-z wider any size many flavors

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# FUNNY PAGES

**WUTS**

REMEMBER HOW AS A KID YOU WAVED BETWEEN BEING SURE YOU WOULD NEVER LIVE ALL THOSE YEARS NEEDED TO BECOME A GROWN-UP AND WONDERING IF IT WAS WORTHWHILE, SINCE THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE SICK?

DEAR, RUN DOWN TO THE DRUGGIST AND GET MY MEDICINE.

AW, MAW, IT'S THE RERUN OF —

GET MY MEDICINE.

O.K.

ARE YOU IN AGONY NEED QU RELIEF

KAF! WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW HOW IT ALL COMES OUT.

SUF! SORF! SNORF!

KAFFA! KAFFA! KAFFA!

JEEZ!

COULD I PLEASE PICK UP MY MA'S PRESCRIPTION, MR. PESTLE?

CERTAINLY, SONNY.

NO PAIN  
NO SWEAT  
NO SKIN  
EYES  
BOWEL  
BLOCKAGE  
5 WAYS

I GOT YOUR PRESCRIPTION, MAW.

I WISH TO GOD IT DID ME ANY GOOD!

Calvin Wilson

# GOOBERS

featuring  
"Bad, Bad  
Leroy Brown"

by Mays & Sattler

BA-A-D APPLE  
KIN SPILE DA  
WHOLE BUNCH,  
GIRL...



# JESSE WINCHESTER



## NOTHING BUT A BREEZE

**JESSE WINCHESTER WAS BORN ON MAY 17, 1944, in Shreveport, Louisiana.** His father, stationed there as an air force major at the time, descended from a prominent Memphis family, related by blood to Robert E. Lee, and to the founders of the city of Memphis. Jesse's great-great-great-great grandfather was responsible for getting Davey Crockett into national politics, while his grandfather gave the eulogy at jazz musician W.C. Handy's funeral.

In 1967, at the height of the Vietnam war, Jesse moved to Canada rather than participate.

In 1970, Jesse was "discovered" by The Band's Robbie Robertson, who produced his now legendary first album *Jesse Winchester* that included such classics as "Yankee Lady" and "Brand New Tennessee Waltz." Since then, those, and songs from his three subsequent albums have been recorded by

such artists as Joan Baez, Jimmy Buffett, the Everly Brothers, Wilson Pickett, Fairport Convention, Babe Ruth, and Jonathan Edwards.

His own albums have received critical praise throughout the world.

*The Washington Post's* Tom Zito wrote, "...Winchester is the master of the simple lyric, a sentimental view tempered by a sense of humor." Robert Hilburn of the *Los Angeles Times* calls Jesse's style "warmly caressing and personal," while John Swenson in *Rolling Stone* said his songs have "rich, emotional impact."

In 1977, Jesse has recorded a new album, *Nothing But a Breeze*, produced by Brian Ahern. Now a citizen of Canada, Jesse was among those affected by President Carter's pardon, and is doing his first American tour this spring and summer.

Nothing But a Breeze/Jesse Winchester on Bearsville Records & Tapes



# THE ÆSOP BROTHERS

...THE STORY THUS FAR:  
DMITRI ÆSOP, FATHER OF THE  
ÆSOP BROS., IS TOLD AT THEIR  
BIRTH THAT THE INFANTS ARE  
SIAMESE TWINS. INTERPRETING  
IT TO MEAN THAT THEIR TRUE  
FATHER IS AN ORIENTAL, HE  
ABANDONS MARIA AND HER  
SIAMESE TWIN BOYS!!! (STUPID!!!)



...WHAT AM I TO DO?  
ABANDONED BY  
DMITRI - SHUNNED  
BY FAMILY AND  
FRIENDS...  
... I DON'T WANT TO...



...I DON'T WANT  
TO, BUT I MUST,  
FOR MY CHILDREN...



DO YOU THINK  
THAT  
THAT  
IMPORTER  
ORIENTAL  
OBJETS  
D'ART

...HELLO-O-O-O,  
HANDSOME!!!

**A-HA!!!**  
**SO THAT'S**  
**HER GAME!**  
**MARRY A**  
**SIAMESE**  
**THUS GIVING**  
**HER SIAMESE,**  
**TWINS SIAMESE**  
**NAMES.**  
**VOILÀ - LEGITIMATE.**  
**LET US RETURN FOR**  
**THE SIAMESE**  
**COURTSHIP RITES.**



...YEKKKUUH!!!  
HE MAKES MY  
FLESH CRAWL!!!



WHAT THAT?!!



YEKKKUUH!!!  
MAKE FRESH  
CLAWL!!!

CONTINUED

## THE HIPE REPORT

continued from page 88

"Kiss, brief fondle, suck tit, stroke mons, massage pubis, insert phallus, rhythmic undulations, scream, clutch, clench, come, faint."

"Most of the men I've slept with couldn't care less what I want or need. Or, if they said they did, it was certainly out of guilt, not out of any consideration for my feelings or pleasure. They have been cowboys, who jump on and ride, or hit men, who shoot bang bang (I'm dead!), or simply the usual run of male chauvinist pig creeps. It burns me up. I like sex. I like holding another body and sharing pleasure. I get off on it. So sue me. But men are a washout, a total loss, as far as I'm concerned. I can think of maybe one man who might be able to satisfy me, but he's been dead for two thousand years, physically speaking. At this point, the only partner I can really get it on with is the Mother Superior, and even she is beginning to get a little iffy about cunnilingus. Says the other sisters are beginning to talk."

Obviously, the classic male-dominated form of sex isn't providing what these women need. Then what does?

"If intercourse does not enable you to orgasm, what does?"

"Masturbation."

"Masturbation."

"Masturbation."

"Masturbation."

"If your answer is 'masturbation,' why is this?"

"Because only I know where it feels good."

"Well, basically, because my sensitive area sort of moves around a bit...usually it centers on my clitoral region, but when I am really stimulated, it moves up my thigh, onto my arm, etc. Once it moved over onto the clock radio, and once it went out the door, caught the F train up-town, and I finally caught up with it standing in front of that new Frank Stella at the Museum of Modern Art. What a turn-on, coming at the MOMA!"

"If you must know, it's because I'm the only one who knows just how and where to stimulate myself. Men have a penis you can usually see, and once you locate it, all they need is for you to stroke it until they come. But my clitoris is a tricky son of a bitch, and only I can handle it, ha-ha."

Evidently, most women feel they really don't need the classic form of "fucking" to attain orgasm. And indeed, these findings seem to be confirmed by "common knowledge." It is not very surprising to discover that most women masturbate, and are able to do so to orgasm. And it is certainly not very shocking to learn that many women (in fact, most) do not orgasm from standard intercourse. But, by putting these two facts together, the con-

continued on page 108

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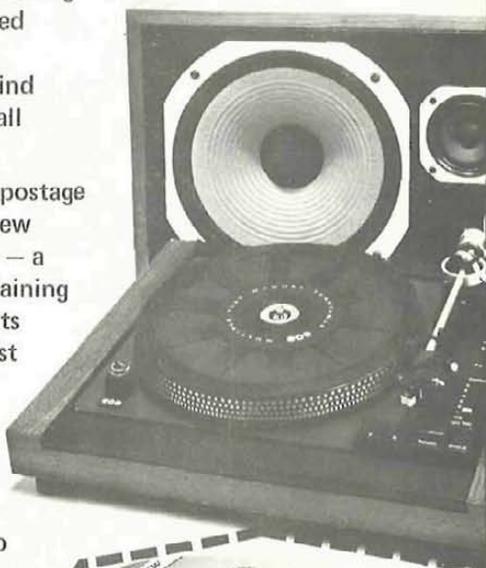
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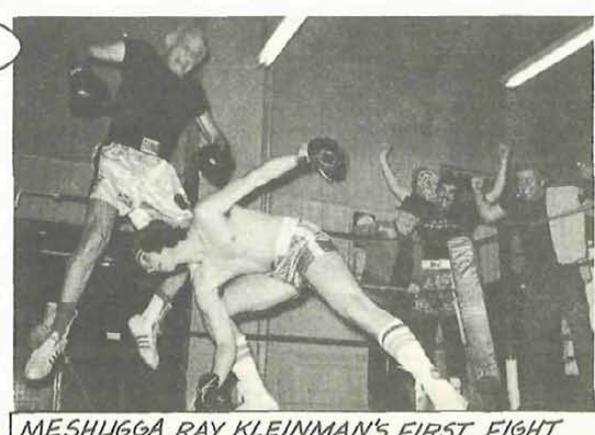
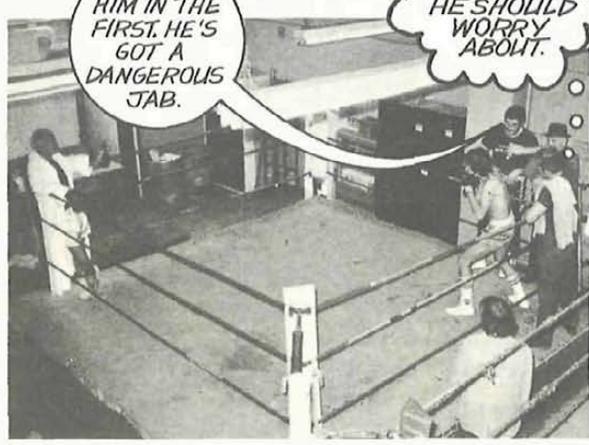
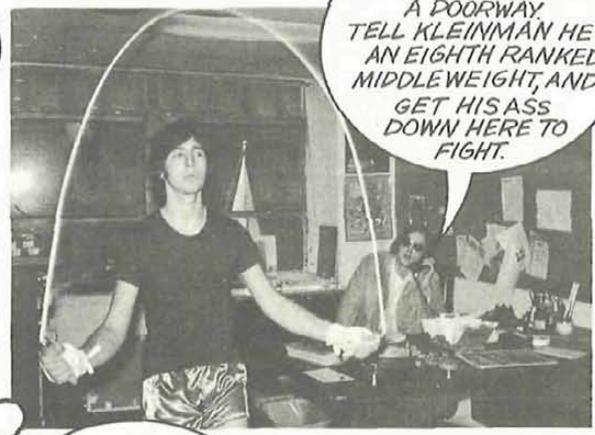
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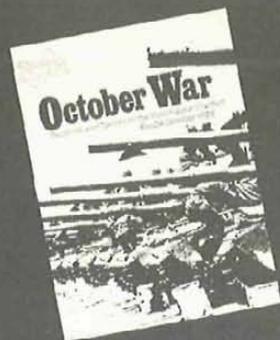
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4K





MESHUGGA RAY KLEINMAN'S FIRST FIGHT WAS STOPPED AFTER THE KOSHER BUTCHER REPEATED NICKLES "THE GALLO TANKER"



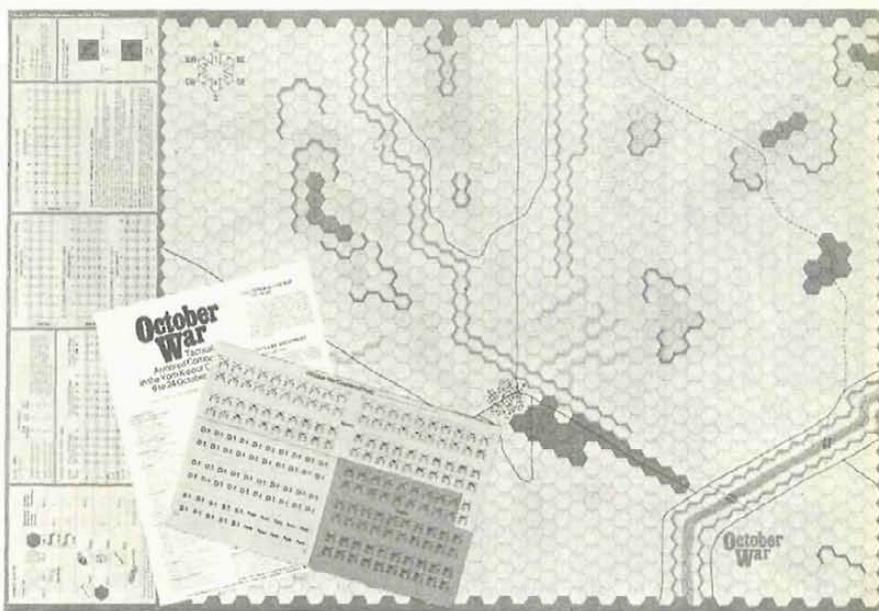
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- Sixth Fleet
- Battle for Germany
- World War I
- Panzergruppe Guderian
- Conquistador!

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Strategy & Tactics Magazine is a paper time machine: you return to the point of decision and alter the course of history to explore alternative outcomes. Through the technique of conflict simulation, the famous battles and campaigns of military history become yours to re-create, substituting your judgment for that of the actual commanders. Other magazines and books can only speculate about the many paths that history could have taken: Strategy & Tactics enables you to truly find out for yourself—by redirecting the forces of change at the historical turning points.

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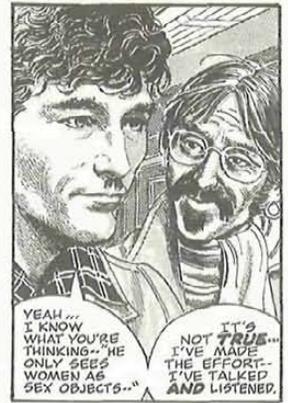
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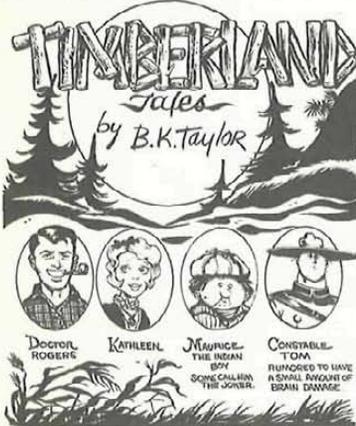
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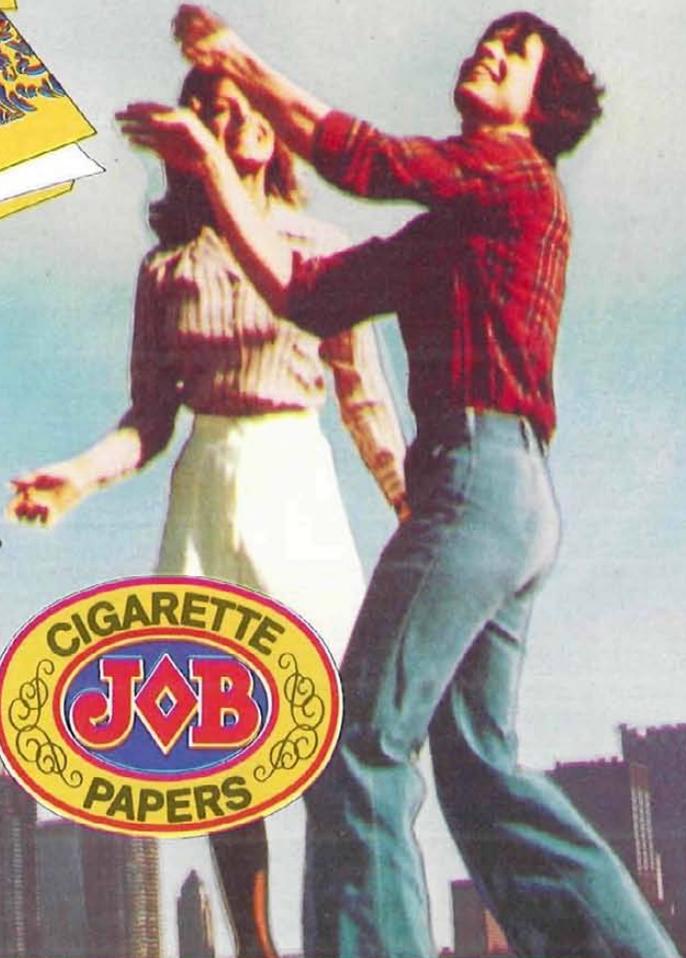


THERE IS AN OLD CANADIAN SAYING: "TIME UNFOLDS THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE, I THINK," WHICH HOLDS A CERTAIN MEASURE OF TRUTH. AS ONE GROWS OLDER, EXPERIENCES TODAY BECOME KNOWLEDGE FOR TOMORROW. AND SO IT IS FOR YOUNG MAURICE.





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CONCLUSION  
of  
ANOTHER  
TRUE-LIFE

# Western Romance

by M.K. BROWN  
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## Synopsis

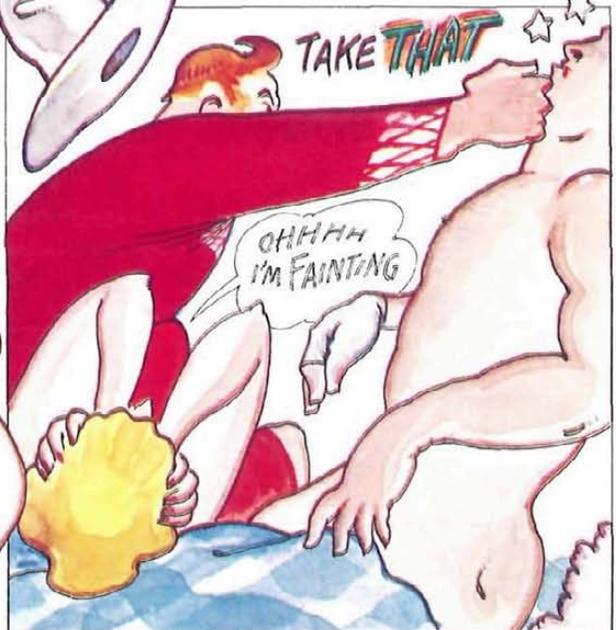
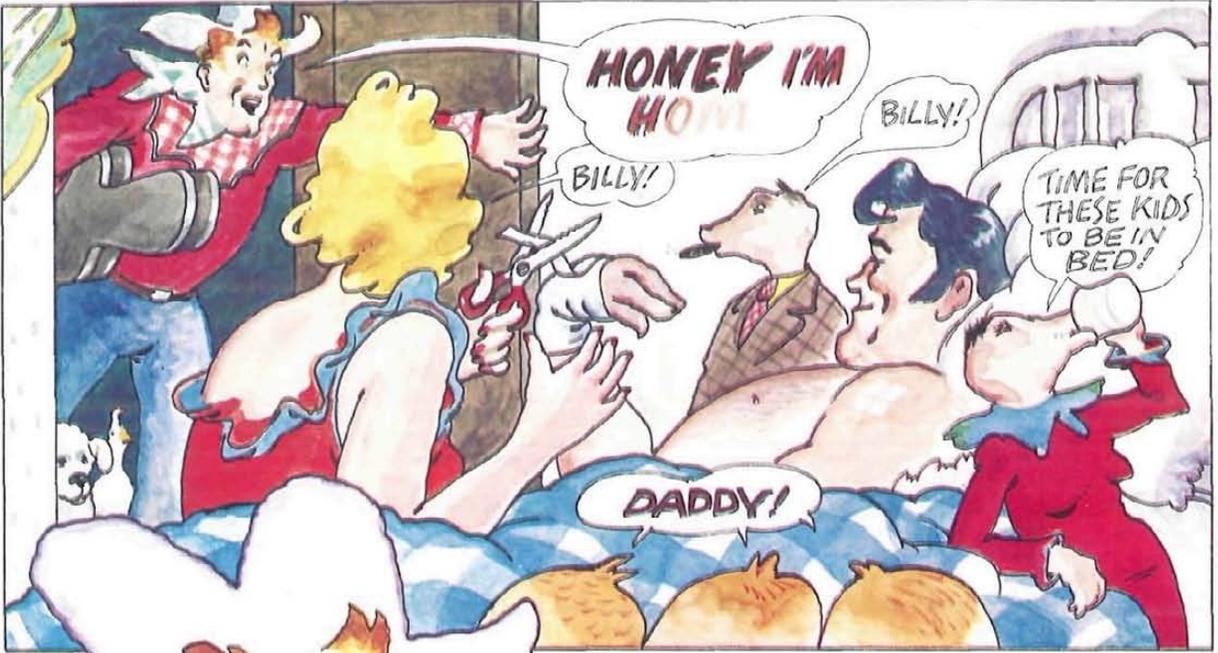
**PART 1** LOLLY BARROWS, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF CECIL & MAE, MARRIES YOUNG BILLY BARNS, FORMER SCOUT. BY SHEER COINCIDENCE LOLLY'S REAL MOTHER, WHO WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH, RECOGNIZES HER AT THE WEDDING, AND COMFORTS LOLLY WHEN BILLY IS CAPTURED BY INDIANS ON THE HONEYMOON. BABY AMANDO, BORN TO CECIL & MAE ONLY MINUTES AFTER LOLLY'S ADOPTION, IS GROWING UP, A SMALL BUT FORCEFUL CHILD.

**PART 2** BILLY WORKS THE LAND WHILE LOLLY TENDS THE STOCK UNAWARE OF CHANGES WHICH ARE TAKING PLACE INSIDE HER BODY. ASSISTED BY DR. OLSON, LOLLY GIVES BIRTH TO TRIPLETS. DURING THE EXCITEMENT BILLY IS ABDUCTED ONCE MORE.

**PART 3** AT THEIR NEARBY ENCAMPMENT THE SAVAGE INDIANS HAVE THEIR WAY WITH BILL. MEANWHILE, IN SPITE OF LOLLY'S EFFORTS, THE FARM TURNS TO SEED AND THE CHILDREN GROW, NAMELESS & UNRULY. ONE DAY A PASSING STRANGER, T. R. COCKBURN, SEES HER PLIGHT AND STOPS TO HELP. AT THAT VERY MOMENT BILLY IS RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY AND BEGINS THE GRUELING JOURNEY HOME, UNMOLLIFIED BY GIFTS OF PEACE.

**PART 4** WHILE BILLY TRUDGES DAY & NIGHT, DISHEVELED AND ENRAGED, AT HOME HIS WIFE IS OCCUPIED WITH MATTERS OF ANOTHER SORT, NAMELY T. R. COCKBURN, WHO, INJURED IN A NASTY FALL FROM TRICK HORSE DIABLO, GRATEFULLY RESPONDS TO LOLLY'S KIND ATTENTIONS BY PUTTING IN A FEW DAYS WORK AROUND THE PLACE. HIS WOUNDS REOPENED BY THE ARDUOUS TOIL, TED COCKBURN IS PERSUADED TO RELAX WHILE LOLLY BANDAGES THE SWOLLEN FINGERS. IN THE MOONLIGHT JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR AN EXHAUSTED BILLY BARNS COMPLETES THE LAST LAP OF HIS JOURNEY HOME AND OUR STORY RESUMES







THE FOLLOWING DAY FINDS LOLLY AT HER CHORES AS USUAL, THOUGH STRANGELY SUBDUED & LACKLUSTRE



LOLLY LOLLY! LOOK HOW BABY AMANDO HAS GROWN!

HELLO LOLLY!

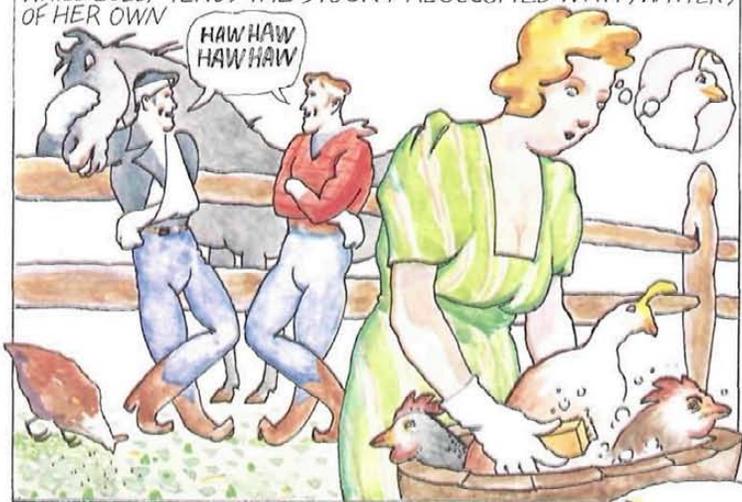
WHAT IS SHE DOING, MOTHER

AND SO YOU SEE, AMANDO, IT'S BEEN HARD ON LOLLY- AND NOW WITH BOTH BILLY AND MR. COCKBURN LAID UP... THE STRAIN... I'M WORRIED ABOUT HER



I SEE

THE DAYS TURN INTO WEEKS - STRANGE ALLIANCES ARE FORMED WHILE LOLLY TENDS THE STOCK PREOCCUPIED WITH MATTERS OF HER OWN



HAW HAW HAW HAW

HOLD STILL DAMN IT - HOW'S GRANNY GOING TO GIVE YOU ROSY CHEEKS IF YOU KEEP MOVING AROUND?!



YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A WAY WITH KIDS, INGA

AND THEN ONE NIGHT THEY TIED ME UP AND MADE ME EAT A SNAKE, TED, IT WAS AWFUL

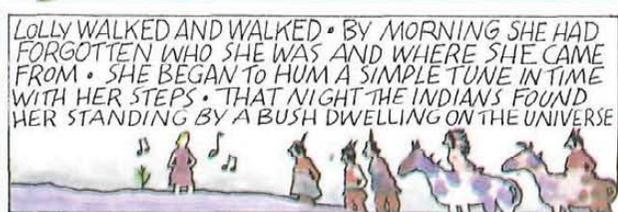
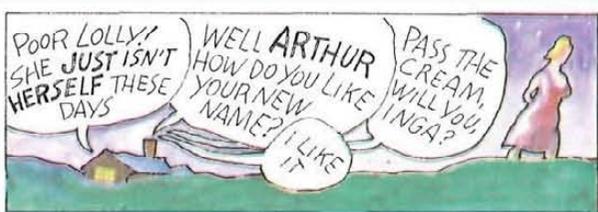
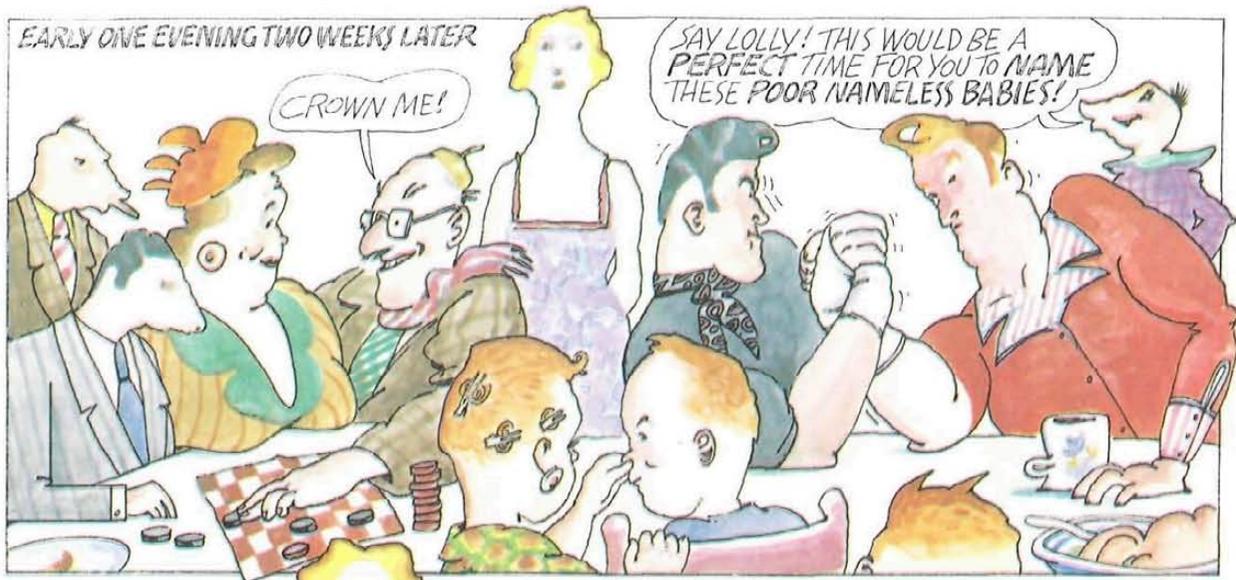


OH YOU POOR GUY

DR. OLSON! YOU EXAMINED ME YESTERDAY AND I'M NOT EVEN SICK - TEE HEE



CALL ME FRANK



**THE REST IS HISTORY** ✱

SOME SAY THAT **TED** AND **BILL** BECAME THE BEST OF FRIENDS—THAT **YOUNG AMANDO** WENT AWAY TO SCHOOL (THIS TIME FOR GOOD) — THEY SAY THAT **MAE & CECIL, FRANK** AND **INGA, GARTH** AND **ARTHUR** AND **ANNETTE** ARE DOING FINE, STILL LIVING IN THE LITTLE HOUSE IN TEXAS WHERE, FROM TIME TO TIME THEY VENTURE FORTH IN SEARCH OF **LOLLY**, UNAWARE THAT SHE IS NOW AN **INDIAN QUEEN**, LIVING IN A NEARBY SETTLEMENT AND HAVING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE **TIME OF HER LIFE**.



## THE HIPE REPORT

continued from page 97

clusion we reach is, I would say, profound:

*Women do not need men for sexual satisfaction.*

### DO WOMEN NEED MEN FOR SEXUAL SATISFACTION?

No, I already said that they do not.

### MY GOD! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

I was getting to that. At first glance, it would seem that sexual contact between men and women is in danger of becoming obsolete, except for purposes of reproduction. After all, if women need only themselves to provide adequate clitoral stimulation to orgasm, then why should they put up with the insensitivity, the chauvinism, the exploitation, and the oppression visited upon them by men? However, if we recall the findings of the Orgasm section, we remember that there are really two kind of orgasms for women: what used to be called *clitoral* and *vaginal* orgasms, and which I have called *clitoral* and *emotional* orgasms.

It is this second that most women find to be of almost equal importance as a basic physical sexual release. (Some women, in fact, prefer it to the clitoral orgasm.) This suggests the next question.

### WHAT DO MEN DO FOR YOU THAT YOU CANNOT DO FOR YOURSELF?

Some women mentioned *cunnilingus* (oral stimulation of the clitoris).

"I appreciate cunnilingus a great deal because my lover shows by his willingness to engage in stimulating activity 'down there' that he is a person first and a phallus-wielding male second. That a man should negate his penis-bearing identity in deference to the consummately intimate activity of eating my cunt demonstrates a respect for my being that transcends mere phallus-vagina identity-roles. However, some men feel that their masculinity is jeopardized by the nonuse of their organs in pleasuring me, and often hasten to emplace their hitherto 'obsolete' cocks inside me just at the preorgasmic moment of peak stimulation. The resultant sudden cessation of gobbling my box and consequent rude enthrustment of the reclaimed dick causes me great distress and negative reinforcement, whereupon my immediate tendency is to either weep bitter tears of remorse or smash their skulls with a massive ashtray kept at my bedside for that express purpose."

"Cunnilingus! What can I say! What can I say! What can I say!"

"I love it! My husband, who is quite a

witty fellow, often has hilarious conversations with my genitals when he is 'down there.' Trouble is, I ask them to speak up, and they just start whispering!"

"I enjoy cunnilingus, but the only time I've ever tried it was when my husband was kicked out of the army. We were making love and he began to eat me, and then he stopped and said he couldn't because my vaginal discharge made him gag. So I told him his dishonorable discharge made me gag! We got divorced a week later, and today he is a millionaire and I am dying of an incurable and rare disease."

**Another function men can perform is that of simply being there.**

**"What else besides direct clitoral stimulation can men provide?"**

I'd like to answer that one myself. You see, let me tell you about my lover Steve. He's a good-looking guy, has an interesting mind, respects me as a human being, and has a nice body. But we just aren't clicking in the sack. I like long, slow lovemaking that consists of more than the "old in-out in-out," but that seems to be all he has time for. I've told him about this repeatedly, but he just laughs and says, "Sheere, you've got so many reasons and arguments for why you're frustrated, you should write a book." Some understanding! And all I really ask of him—now that I've finally figured out how to masturbate successfully to orgasm—is that he hold me every now and then, and maybe just lie there for ten goddamn minutes being nice. Is that too much to ask?

### IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

**Most women said that no, that was not too much to ask.**

"My boyfriend gets me so mad. Right after sex, he jumps up and goes to the kitchen to get some cookies or something. All I can do is act hurt and mad and say, 'You don't want to cuddle or be nice or anything!' And it's true, 'cause he doesn't!"

"All I ask for—and God knows I don't ask for much—all I ask for is a little hug. Just a little hug after he's climaxed and thrashed around like a hooked fish. That's all. Please. For the love of God, just a little hug. An embrace. Please."

"To me, the feeling-close with another human being is an Ultimate. The sex thing is fine, as a pleasure-activity. But the warm-embracing is a love-act, a caring-for-the-other that brings a body-sense of well-being."

"The best thing I like about Ronnie is after he would have come, he holds me and we just lie there, and he says warm and tender things like, 'Gee, that would have been fantastic, wouldn't it?' and 'You know, I think that time would have been the best of them all,' and things like

that. He makes me feel so good, makes me feel like a real woman when he tells me how great it would have been. If only he hadn't got his thingie shot off in 'Nam.'"

"I super get off on snuggling and cuddling and giggling and stuff."

## TOWARD A NEW THEORY OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

### THE FUTURE OF INTERCOURSE

We have seen that women mostly do not orgasm from intercourse. We have also seen that, for many women, the best part of intercourse is the holding-cuddling-being nice phase that follows male orgasm—if it does in fact follow it, and the male does not light up a cigarette and get restless to put on a record or the television or get a snack. Unfortunately, many males do just that, and thus cut short this crucial phase of being-together. (Steve does it a hell of a lot.)

What is needed, therefore, is a new theory and practice of female sexuality—which means, of course, a new theory and practice of male sexuality, for those females who have sex with males. Intercourse seems to have outlived its usefulness as a ritual of oppression. Therefore, from now on, intercourse only for reproduction. Period. Oh dear—I've made a sex joke.

In place of being humped and stabbed and throttled with the erect penis, we must move toward a more generalized acceptance and endorsement of self-stimulation in the clitoral area. This is the most effective and efficient means of orgasming, and now we know it. Let men do the same for themselves, whether manually, or with whatever horrid and revolting vagina-substitutes they use (raw liver, an apple core, a chicken, mud, etc.). But then let us both come together in blissful sharing and warmth, and let us not consider sex "good" unless we have enjoyed that crucial but heretofore underappreciated latter phase.

There will be many women who prefer intercourse, and naturally this is their right and prerogative. Intercourse, for the small minority of women who find it satisfying, may still be performed—as, indeed, may any form of sexual activity. What is needed is a new awareness of women's abilities to orgasm *by doing it for themselves*, and of the importance of holding, snuggling, cuddling, and being nice.

This, as it happens, is exactly what I have been telling my partner for months. I can only hope that all this effort has been worth it, and that he gets the message. It hasn't been easy, writing six hundred pages of different attitudes toward everything from touching your nipple to cunnilingus with a dachshund. You try it sometimes.

continued on page 112

Minolta by Minolta by Irving Penn.



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# MINOLTA

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## MIND RAPERS

continued from page 90

to me. "You and your kind will never win. All you can do is kill me. But there are still thousands of Young Porpies out there; people of all races, creeds, income, and educational levels, who want something better than the mindless drivel you're feeding them. Go ahead—wipe me out; but there'll be others to take my place—to fight for diversity on network schedules—to temper profits with social responsibility!"

Golderman only smiled.

"Nice speech, Jack," he smirked. "Too bad it's your—*curtains* speech."

"Wait!" someone shouted. It was Katherine Grum. "I want to interrogate this man—*privately*. We publishers have ways of—*discouraging*—difficult creative minds." She motioned me into a small anteroom off the conference suite. Then, suddenly, she was on the floor tearing off her clothes.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, the minute I saw you I knew—I don't care about the conspiracy to rule the airwaves, I don't care about unparalleled wealth and power, I've got to have you—do it to me, Jack, oh, my God!" She was naked now, rubbing me with her

slickly wet *mons veneris*.

"Sure, baby," I said, ripping off my clothes. I saw her eyes bulge as she looked at my crotch. "Just one little favor."

"Anything," she gasped, "anything!" "Get me out of here after."

She stopped. "They'll kill me, torture me—but I don't care. Just give it to me—hard, harder, oooooohhhhhh!"

She came three times in five minutes; then, she staggered to her feet and led me through an underground passage. I blew her a kiss, and ran down the path to my car. Before the guards knew what was happening, I was away. Free—but for how long? And where could I hide from this all-powerful conspiracy of the gilt-edged mind rapers?

## EPILOGUE

*So here I am, on the island of Penang. Golderman is right, of course; no one will believe this story. It's too crazy. But—but what if I pretend it's a novel? You know, disguise the names, change a few details, pretend it's all made up.*

*Can it work? Will the book clubs distribute enough copies to help alert the thoughtful, book-buying public to the menace of mindless television? Will the paperback houses commit themselves to*

*enough publicity, promotion, and advertising to get the full, horrible story out? Will the few remaining independent movie companies help tell the tale so that millions more will know? And will those good forces enable me to obtain total financial security from even the most fiendish of Golderman's plans to silence all dissent?*

*On these questions, the future of mankind, and a great medium for entertainment and enlightenment, rest. Now I must finish this "story." For Kathy is calling; the sun is setting over our modest, but not inelegant villa; the cook, gardener, and maid are gone now. It's time for dinner, wine, and a night of sweet, sensual love to wash away the burdens of my struggle for a better world. I will fight again tomorrow.*

The End??????????



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# Collector's Items



**DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS:** With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life, Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

**MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bulgernomics, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

**MAY, 1972/MEN!** With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Taft.

**JULY, 1972/SURPRISE!** With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

**AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY:** With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

**OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES!** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Waits, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADE:** With Sgt. Striver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Atdai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

**DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics # 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

**JANUARY, 1973/DEATH:** With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

**MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With *The National Insider*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

**APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE:** With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster # 4, and *Ivory* magazine.

**MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

**JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE:** With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

**JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY:** With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

**AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS:** With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics # 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

**SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitenedo comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

**OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?!** With Saga of the Frozen North, G Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

**NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS:** With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

**DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE:** With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

**MARCH, 1974/STUPID:** With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

**APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL:** With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyranic' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

**MAY, 1974/50TH ANNIVERSARY:** With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgernomics, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

**JUNE, 1974/FOOD:** With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wine-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

**JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

**AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizeable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster # 7, and True Menu.

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stores, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Bartart Comics*.

**OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE:** With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

**NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and *Watergate Down*.

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With *Barbar and His Enemies*, Gone with the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* Parody.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Buick Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

**JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE:** With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worst Monster, ParLOURBOOK, Orqwaam, and Cloo.

**JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT:** With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

**SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With The Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody.

**OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE:** With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deal, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm.

**NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK:** With Ferdinand and the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shrinking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

**DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody.

**JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE:** With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

**FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS:** With *Simply*, Picasso, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts.

**MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION:** Out with Blow Me, the Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody.

**APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.

**MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS:** With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietnamsame, and the Culture Vultures section.

**JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY:** With Kefauver High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

**JULY, 1976/DOWN HOME:** With E-Z Rider, Cathouse on Wheels, southern literature, *Christian Crusader Weekly*, a map of the New South, and *Pickers 'n Kickers* magazine.

**AUGUST, 1976/COMPULSORY SUMMER SEX:** With Marilyn Chambers, Lite on Uranus, The *Hustler* parody, a portfolio of Sam Gross, and Early American Fucke Art.

**SEPTEMBER, 1976—THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer.

**OCTOBER, 1976—THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

**NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starting Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.

**DECEMBER, 1976/SELLING OUT:** With our first ever sexy centerfold, Confusions of an Adman, plus plugs for Doris Abraham's new album, *Labor of Love*, on Philo.

**JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scienterific American* parody.

**FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.

**MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY:** With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast.

**APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and Dinan's Dumpster.

**MAY 1977/GAY ISH:** With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Froots*—An Oral History, a report on Navajonios, Goddam Faggots! by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody.

**JUNE 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

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## THE HIPE REPORT

continued from page 108

**WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?**

Nothing. Just a slip of the typewriter. And now I would like to thank all of the five thousand women who helped with this study by returning the questionnaire—

**FIVE THOUSAND? BEFORE YOU SAID IT WAS THREE THOUSAND.**

Did I? Three thousand, then. I must have been thinking of something else.

**JUST A SECOND. WHERE EXACTLY ARE THE ANSWER SHEETS FROM THOSE WOMEN?**

I don't know. I lost them. I ate them. Mind your own business.

**YOU DON'T HAVE THEM, DO YOU? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?**

Nothing. Leave me alone. Get out of here.

**THEY NEVER EXISTED, DID THEY? YOU'VE MADE ALL THIS UP, HAVEN'T YOU?**

Oh, fuck it. Yes, I did. Everything, questions, answers, the works. As long as you've read this far, you might as well know the truth. It was the only way I could think of to get my man to cuddle me more. That's all I ever really wanted. Not national fame, not sexual notoriety, not a book listed simultaneously on both hardcover and paperback best seller lists. Just some nice snuggling after sex. Jesus

Christ, now I wonder if it's been worth it, frankly.

**WHY WOULDN'T IT BE WORTH IT?**

Because it turned out too damn long. Steve's been reading it for three weeks now, nonstop. I haven't been cuddled in a month! What kind of person wants to sit and read six hundred pages of repetitious and redundant answers which repeat themselves over and over?

**YOU'D BE SURPRISED.**

I guess so. Anyway, it's my reply to his "you're so frustrated you should write a book" remarks.

**BUT DOESN'T THAT MEAN THAT MOST OF YOUR SO-CALLED RESEARCH IS A FRAUD? AND ALL THIS EXCITEMENT ABOUT YOUR "FINDINGS" IS JUST—**

—a lot of public relations baloney, yes. I know. I guess I found out how to masturbate, and got carried away. Look, just think of it as being like the Castaneda books, or like *Roots*: whether or not it's true, it gives you something to talk about in bed.

**"TALK"! WHAT ABOUT MAKING LOVE?**

You call ramming a woman with your rod just so you can come "making love"? Forget it. The honeymoon is over for you guys. We demand equal orgasms—even if we have to do it ourselves.

**AH, FUCK YOU.**

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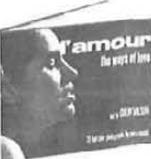


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by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Cousin or no cousin (and, truth being, he's only a third one and removed some couple of times at that), I am about fed to the back teeth with this here "Carter Administration" — which is what the press reporters call Jimmy Earl's being president. Why, when cousin Jimmy got himself elected, I figured there'd be some damn changes around this country. Like cheaper truck tires and shotgun shells, for instance. Or maybe we'd get that Vietnam back in our sights again, and send them a lick or two of what we sent the Japanese along towards the end of the second of the last two World Wars. Blow the slant right off the eyes of them Vietcong, and leave a hole in the map for that country. You can't tell me it wouldn't serve them right. Besides, all the good ones got out and are living over here anyway. Hell, we got one down to Junction City and he pays for everything at the 7-11 in big old lumps of gold.

Or I thought maybe we'd get ourselves into a war we could win right. Such as like with Mexico, which we have whipped already several times good. Including once when Robert E. Lee and Jubal Early themselves both helped, and another time with Teddy Roosevelt. Though that was actually against Spain that particular time, but I understand Spain is just like Mexico except in Europe.

The least thing I figured was that with Jimmy Earl president, we'd be done for good with the school-bussing. I figured that's the *least* damn thing he could do. I thought the only thing we'd be using those school busses for would be loading up pantywaist Communist college teachers and taking them all out and dumping them in a pit. But no, there wasn't none of this stuff that happened.

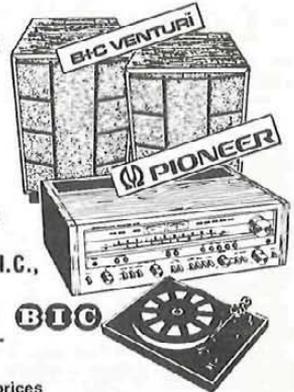
Why, it's been six months now and we haven't had ourselves a single war, not even a little bitty one. Hell, we were invited over to a perfectly good war in Africa, and we didn't say so

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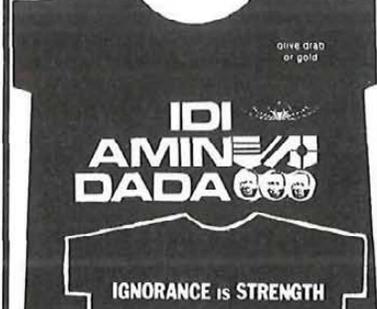
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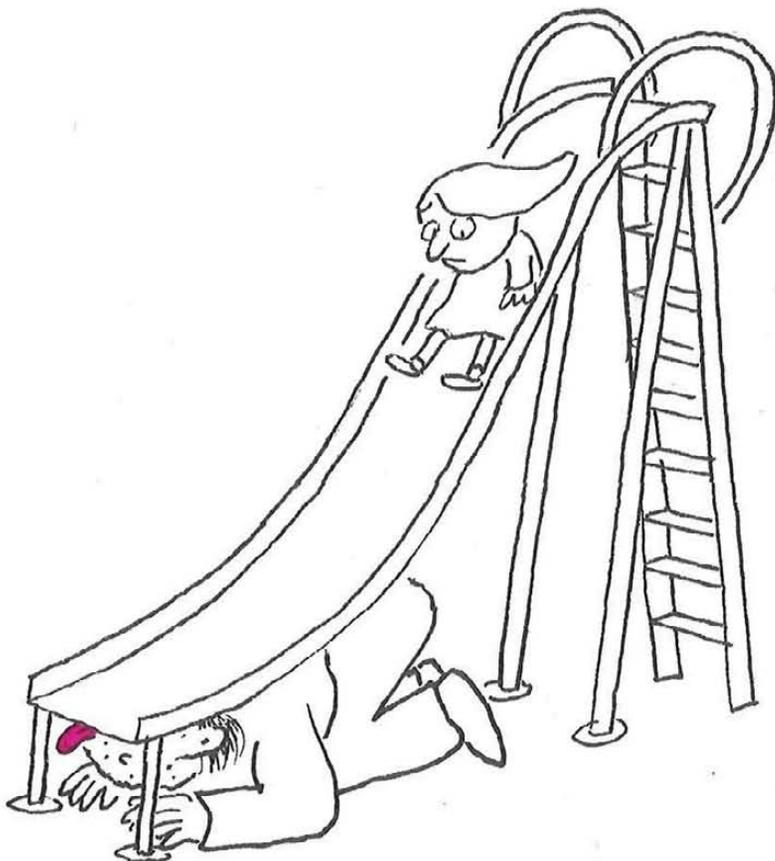
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much as a "pardon-us" for not going. And do you know why? Race prejudice. That's right. Don't get me wrong, mind you, I'm as strong on the race question as ever I should be, and I believe that if God had wanted us to treat the Negroes same as ourselves, He wouldn't have made them so colored-looking. But there's a pile of difference between a proper belief against miscegenating your marriage vows and packing the races all up in a school together and so on, and outright, lowdown trashy nigger-hating. There's a lot of fine darkies, and I'll whup the man who says different, and double whup the man who says a true Southerner don't treat them that has

it coming to them good down here, the way we do. So when a whole country full of darkies over in Africa without any white folks at all and not hardly knowing how to vote or which end of a watermelon is up goes and gets in a war and calls us up and asks us to help and we say no—that's race prejudice. And that's not how nobody is taught to act in church.

So what has Jimmy Earl been doing up in Washington, D.C., if we're not having a war (the president being commander and chief of the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps when there's one on, and not really having much to do when there isn't, as far as I can see)? Well, I'll tell you, because I've been there. First thing, he spent about three months changing his

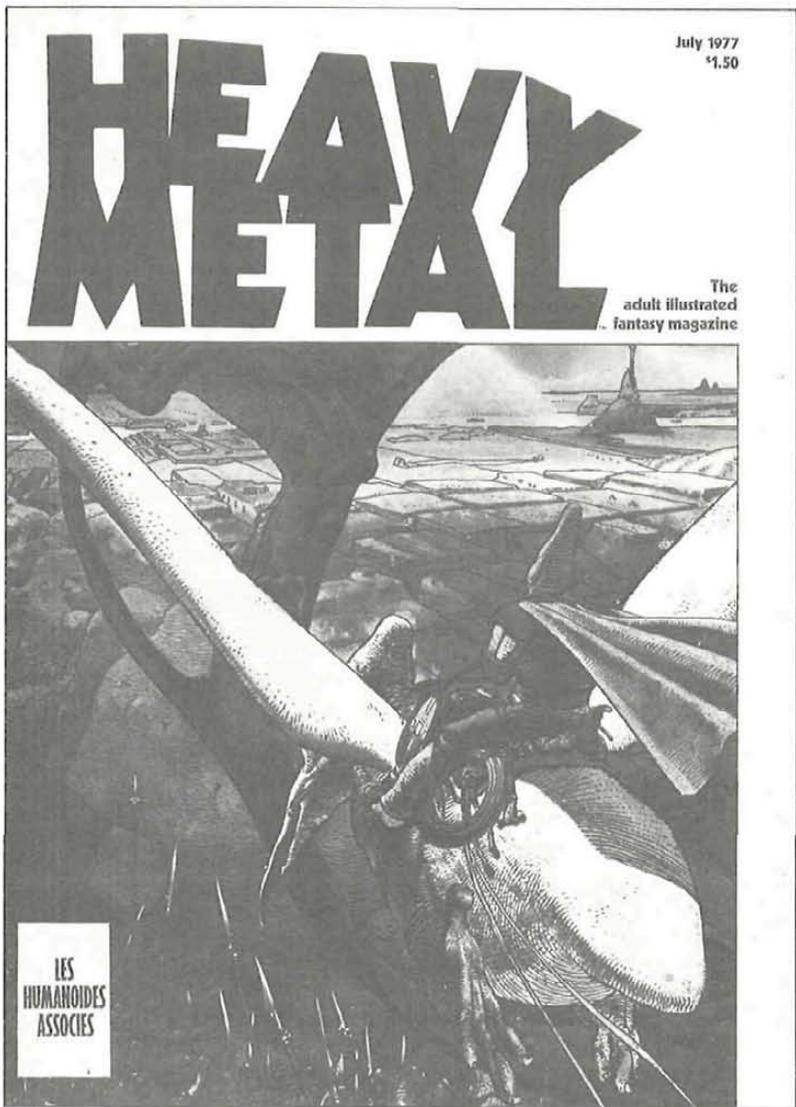
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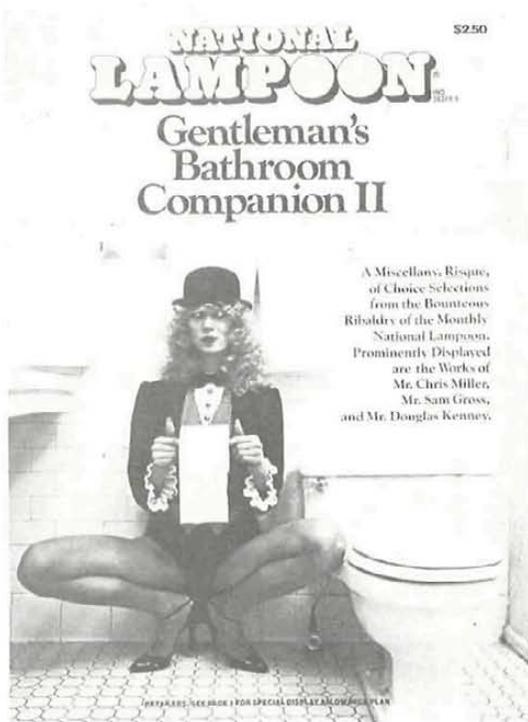
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**THE CARTER FAMILY**

*continued*

mind about whether he was going to give us all fifty dollars or whether he wasn't. First he was, and I went out and made a down payment on an automatic shotgun. Then he wasn't, and I had to take it back. Then he was again, so I bought the wife a new gas stove on time. Then he wasn't again after all, so I would have had to take the stove back, too, except she grabbed me by the head and dented up the top with my face so bad that they won't take it, and now I owe for it all, and it doesn't work right, besides.

Then the next thing was he took all this time out to tell the Communists what to do with the Jews in Russia. Now, I don't understand that. Do you think those Communists would take any time to help us figure out what to do with the Jews in New York? Neither do I. The hell with helping Communists. We got enough problems with our own Jew-boys. Especially the one down to Tallapoosa who I owe \$250 for a stove.

Then he got a bug in his pants seat to do with that energy crisis. Now, the way I understand it is this: we need a whole lot of gas and oil. More than we've got down in Texas or in our filling stations. And some Arab fellows over in Arabia have all the gas and oil you could think of and then some, but won't give it here. Well, a camel makes a pretty large target to my way of thinking, and I just do not see what the hell the problem is. And I told Jimmy Earl as much. But he said no. "Fighting is wrong," he says. "Fighting is wrong." Well, I'll tell you, a little fighting didn't stand in the way of Jubal Early and General Lee when we needed a California and Mexico had some. Damn if that Jimmy Earl ain't a sister boy.

So instead of going over to get the gas and oil the way we should do, cousin Jimmy's got everybody mooning around all pointless like a suckling calf with steaks for a mother. He says we should all get "sun energy." Well, I've done my share of laying around in the sun, and I've never noticed how as it gave me any extra energy to speak of. But he says that's not what he means. What he means, he says, is that we could run cars and stuff off of sun power. He's getting crazy as his damn sister Ruth. I know for a fact that you can leave your car out in the sun the whole day long and not get a thing for your trouble but blisters on your back

porch from the seat covers. And speaking of cars and trucks and such; he wants us all to drive foreign ones because they're littler, and which I won't do. Especially not the foreign ones from Germany and Japan, because you never know when we might be getting into another war with them, and then if they invaded, there'd be all these cars and trucks over here that they'd made themselves and so know how to work real well, and they could just jump in and drive off, and we could lose that way. It pays to be careful about these things. And as if sun power and foreign cars and trucks weren't bad enough, he's all wild-eyed now about windmills, too. Says we all got to get

windmills and that will fix everything. Well, I've already got a windmill and it sure beats me what he's talking about. I mean, a windmill is a fine thing for pumping water, but if you can figure out how to run my tractor off it, call and let me know.

So that's how it's been up in Washington, D.C., and I tell you, it's enough to drive a man into being a Republican and, hell, I'd be one if they hadn't sicked the niggers on us right after the War amongst the States. Anyhow, I wish you-all would write in and let Jimmy Earl know how you feel the same way about all this as I do, and maybe if you do, we can get us some dates with a belly dancer as soon as Arabia surrenders. □

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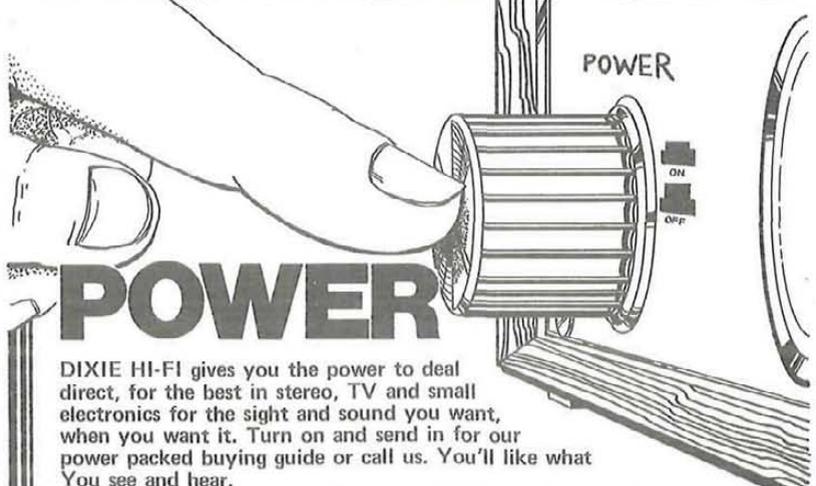
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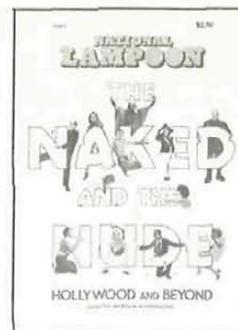
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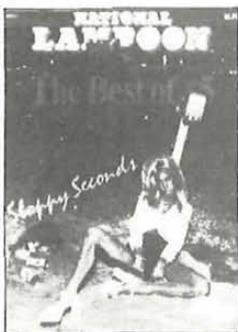
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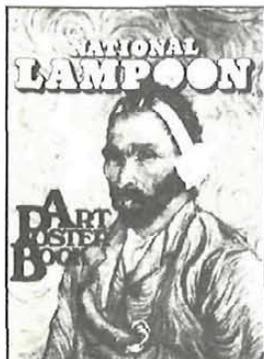
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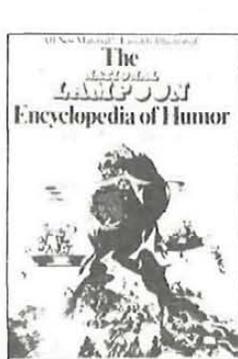
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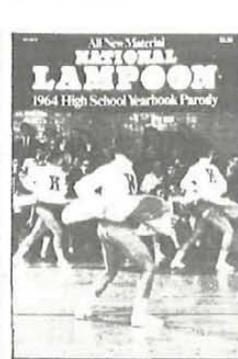
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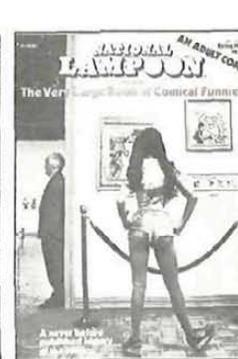
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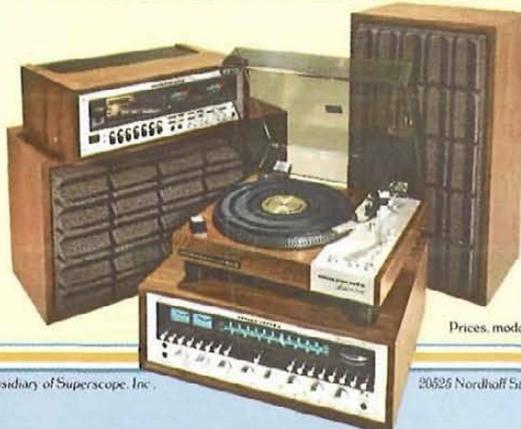
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