

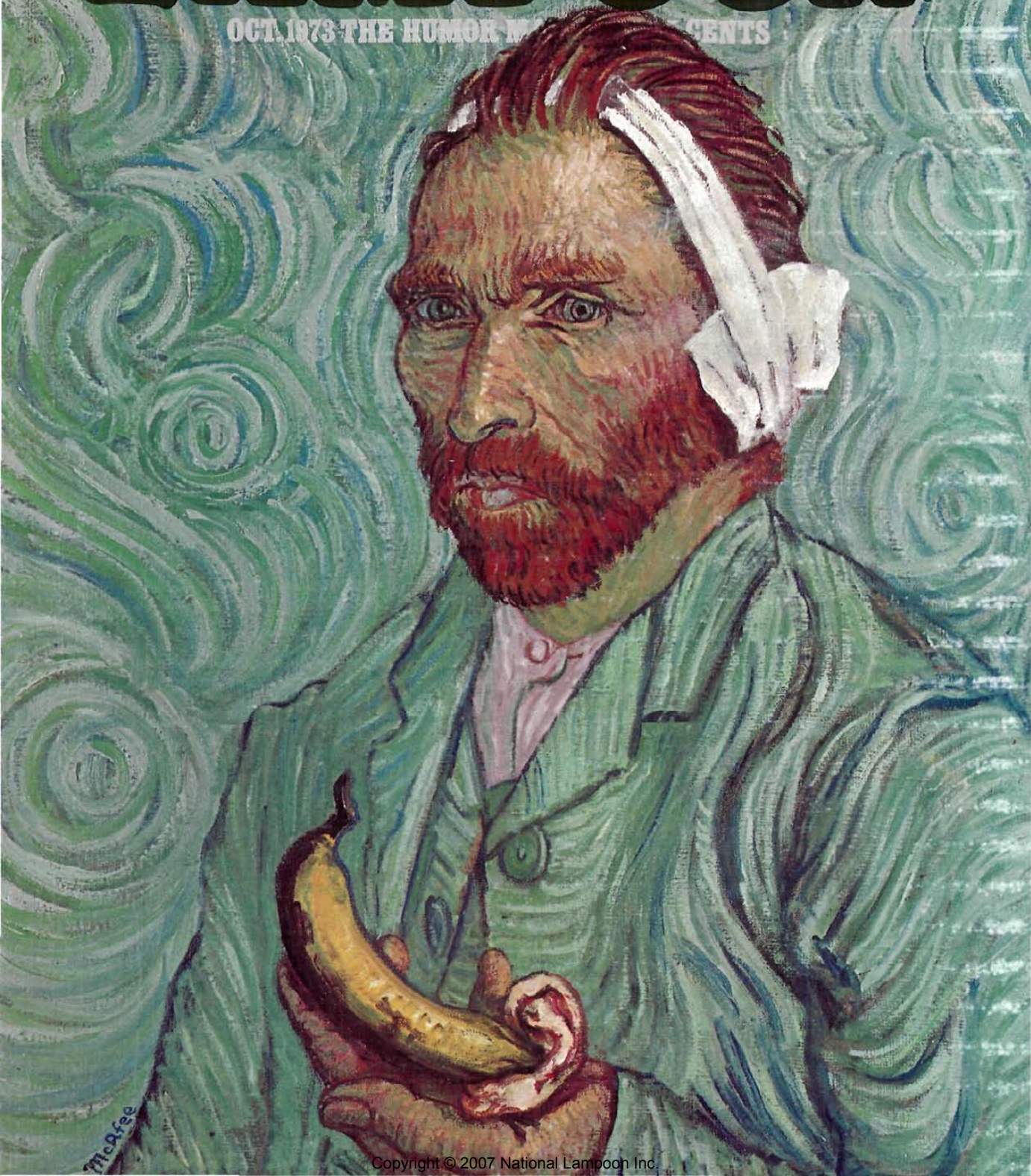
Banana

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

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34490

OCT. 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



McAfee

The critics unquestionably agree...



AUDIO (George Tillett)

"The Pioneer R300 is a rather unusual speaker system — both in styling and design . . . Bass was solid and tight . . . the sound had an immediate projected quality. Stereo image was excellent . . . Can be recommended to those who require a good system at a reasonable price and one that would give outstanding results from a modestly powered receiver."

STEREO & HI-FI TIMES (Larry Zide)

" . . . This (R500) speaker will please many with its big, bright sound . . . The middle ranges . . . are most prominent, but there is more than enough good bass, too . . . The high end response is excellent; midrange and tweeter contribute to a smooth, wide range sound that goes well beyond audibility . . . It's time that we began to demand appearance along with performance. This, Pioneer is certainly giving us with this model, and they are to be commended for the effort . . . The R500 is a quality speaker and deserves your attention."

HIGH FIDELITY (CBS Laboratories)

"The R700 did a fine job with any program material we fed into it . . . The clean, smooth, honest, wide-range performance of the R700 puts it unquestionably among the more attractive speakers in its class."

MODERN HI-FI & STEREO GUIDE (Robert Angus)

"There are some important differences between the R series . . . and most other bookshelf speaker systems on the market . . . The R500 is designed to make electronic rock music sound more dramatic . . . There's no doubt that with either folk or rock music, these speakers really produce brilliant sound . . . bass is remarkably clean and full under any circumstances . . . Sound is clean and undistorted up to 18,000 Hz . . . at the low end, clean frequency response is measurable down to 22 Hz."

FM GUIDE

"If you think it's time for a new sound sensation and you suspect your present speaker system is holding out on the lows and highs, try Pioneer's R500 speaker system."

OPERA NEWS (Hans Fantel)

"The cadre of relatively low priced high-performance speakers has recently been augmented by a distinctive newcomer: Pioneer's R300, whose tonal characteristics have been tailored to the results of extensive preference-testing with large groups of listeners. The R300 has a quality of 'presence' and immediacy which made Salome's murderous ecstasies positively scary when I listened, and the massive sonorities of the Strauss score didn't faze this speaker a bit."

PIONEER'S NEW SERIES

An acoustic achievement that is
universally preferred so



R700

S R SPEAKER SYSTEMS

that is destined to become the
sound reproduction system.



R500

R300

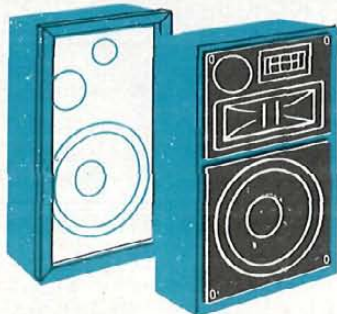
Too often these days superlatives are used to camouflage mediocrity. Let's just say you'll be excited with the magnitude of the achievement of the new Pioneer series R speaker systems, once you hear them. They represent the culmination of our more than six years of intensive research in every phase of speaker design on just this series alone.

We investigated, tested and evaluated every known area: frequency response, dispersion, distortion, transients, drivers, configurations, cabinetry — rejecting, accepting, improving until we were completely satisfied that we had the perfect combination. The sound most people would prefer when compared with the conventional speakers now available.

The story behind the grille

To achieve this exceptional sound reproduction, Pioneer has endowed the new series R with a host of meaningful refinements that have become the hallmark for our extensive collection of high fidelity components.

Flush mounting. Unlike other speaker systems on the market today, the R series' drivers are flush mounted to the face of the enclosure, rather than recessed. Combined with the advanced design of the individual speaker units, there is added vitality to the mid tones and wider dispersion.

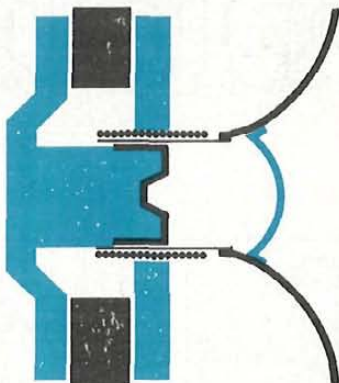


Conventional recessed speaker mountings.

New up-front flush mounting of Pioneer series R.

Exclusive FB cones assure robust bass, clear mid and high tones, improve damping, while keeping distortion at an absolute minimum. High input signals are handled with complete ease.

	R700	R500	R300
Speakers	12" woofer, midrange horn, multicell horn super tweeter	10" woofer, 5" midrange, horn tweeter	10" woofer, horn tweeter
Maximum Input Power	75 watts	60 watts	40 watts
Crossovers	750 Hz, 14,000 Hz	800 Hz, 5,200 Hz	6,300 Hz
Dimensions	15" x 26" x 13 $\frac{3}{16}$ "	13 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 24" x 12 $\frac{1}{16}$ "	13" x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11"
Price	\$229.95	\$159.95	\$119.95



Unique concave center pole design and pure copper cap/ring combination. The concave center pole of the drivers' magnetic structure is covered with a pure copper cap. Not only does this reduce the inductance of the voice coil, it also decreases the voice coil's intermodulation distortion generated by the magnetic field. The result: vastly improved bass and midrange transient responses. Another example of Pioneer's meticulous engineering detail.

Improved design horn tweeters of die-cut aluminum have completely replaced the more conventional (and less costly) cone and dome-type tweeters in the entire series. You can hear the difference with wider dispersion, and you gain all the advantages of horn drivers, such as high transient response and lowest distortion.

Crossovers are precisely designed in each model. In contrast to other speakers that rely on the capacitance method only, Pioneer has combined both inductances and capacitances for minimum intermodulation distortion. And you'll never hear bass tones wandering to the tweeters, or highs intruding on the woofers. You couldn't ask for better linear response.

The acoustically padded enclosures are sturdily built and faced with handsome two-piece, two-color, removable grilles. The staining process of the hand selected walnut requires ten steps alone, and utilizes an exclusive oil created by Pioneer. Each unit is produced as if it was the only one.

Sound-absorbing foam polyurethane surrounds the woofers of the R700 and R500 to reduce distortion even further. The three R series models each employ long-throw voice coils providing greater cone movement for higher excursions.



There are many technical reasons why you should buy a pair of the new Pioneer series R speakers systems. But, in the final analysis, when you compare them with comparably priced speakers at your Pioneer dealer, their absolute superiority in sound reproduction is why you will buy them.

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NO SWEAT BLOOD, SWEAT & TEAR

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Back Up Against The Wall/Empty Pages
My Old Lady/Roller Coaster/Save Our Ship



Flash, bam, alakazam ... nobody can touch Blood, Sweat & Tears at their best. And this is their best in years. Featuring B, S & T originals and songs by Randy Newman, Traffic's Stevie Winwood and Jim Capaldi, and the legendary Django Rheinhardt.



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three, four, shut the door.

Mark Almond 73

including:
Lonely Girl

Clowns (The Demise Of The European Circus
With No Thanks To Fellini)

Home To You/What Am I Living For
The Neighborhood Man



New, sophisticated musicianship from one of the most critically acclaimed bands ever to come out of England. One powerhouse live in-concert side, and one of brilliantly innovative studio work.



PREFLYTE

including:

Mr. Tambourine Man/The Reason Why
The Airport Song/I Knew I'd Want You

The original Byrds. Jim McGuinn, David Crosby, Gene Clark, Michael Clare, and Chris Hillman recorded *before* their "Mr. Tambourine Man" album. The seeds of greatness from the fathers of folk-rock.

On Columbia Records and Tapes

EDITORIAL PAGE



"He likes you!"

Habitual users of the *Nat Lamp*, with their legendary literacy and eagle-eyed attention to detail, viz. "Dear Sirs: On page 43 of your last ish, Chris Miller called 'em 'hooters,' and on page 67 Doug Kenney called 'em 'boobs.' Ha! Gotcha! Do I get a free Moanin Geurilla tee-shirt or a yellow Nat Lamp double-binder, or what? Yrs, Constant Reader, Dump Truck, Wisconsin" will have noticed that, last issue and again this time, the magazine looks, well . . . different.

There's all them funny kinda rough textured pages in the front and back of the book. What is this, some kinda Harpers' Raparound or what, you ask yourself, not a little dismayed. Where are the old familiar traditions? If the Lampon can't be as funny as it used to be, can't it at least stay slick?

Well, dear reader, let's put it this way. No. For while you out there in consumer land have been noticing shortages in the little, unimportant things like food and gasoline (Fetch me down muh Daddy's rifle from off'n the wall, Pearl. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Jezuz. Starvin' me is one thing, but them sons-o-bitches fixin' to starve muh little ol' Chevy!), we in the magazine trade have had a paper shortage to deal with, and that recycled blotting paper on either end of our journal is the best we could come up with.

Absurd as it may seem, in a nation which has trees loitering around on nearly every other street, whose parks and playgrounds often have dozens of stupid maples just standing there, for Chrissake, we have a paper shortage!

What, you are probably asking

yourself, what can I, what can a person such as myself, do to alleviate this eco-catastrophe, which threatens the livelihoods not only of those swell people up at the Lampon, but manufacturers of posters, pinups, and party favors as well? Is our nation's paper soon to be worth more than the money that's printed on it?

Our President, for one, has acted swiftly and decisively, as is his wont in time of crisis. When it came to his attention, at a date not yet ascertainable with absolute certainty, that some members of his staff had been shredding, burning, and deep-sixing valuable paper, he immediately instructed the Supreme Court to crack down on pornography, a palpable waste of precious pulp. He has ordered all government business transacted by word of mouth or on tape—a substance of which there is as yet no shortage—and wisely denied the notoriously paper-prodigal *New York Times* access to any information whatsoever. In order to prevent the wasteful ticker tape victory parade down Broadway, he has gracefully surrendered in Southeast Asia. And perhaps the greatest economic benefit the country has derived from his "Phase 4" has been an astronomical saving in butcher's paper. But it is up to each of us, you and I, to do our part. The government has done all it can—raising the bounty on the beavers who destroy our precious timber, and recycling old papers like Indian Treaties and Vice-Presidential financial records which no one could possibly want to read, anyhow.

But here are some paper-saving

hints for you, John Q. Public: Bring back the slate.

Re-use bus transfers and postage stamps as often as possible.

Boycott right-wing, reactionary, crypto-fascist, conservative publications.

Boycott pinko, commie-dupe, pseudo-liberal left-wing publications.

Boycott wishy-washy, fence-sitting, middle of the road gutless quasi-objective publications.

Don't wipe for everything.

Plugola (non-ideological): There is a new and very funny collection of cartoons by Brian Savage called *Sex 'n' Violence* (Dell, 75¢). Depending on the standards prevailing in your community, it may be touch-and-go whether you'll be able to find it in your local Book Mart but, as the title indicates, it has some redeeming sardistic merit in there along with the dirty stuff, so the odds are in its favor.

Cover: This month's cover, to give credit where it's due, was Michael O'Donoghue's idea BRILLIANTLY executed by the lovely and talented Mara McAfee. As is obvious, it's one of the best covers we've had in months. Perhaps years. Others, whose names you'd recognize in an instant, sneered at the idea when it was first presented. They are the kind of people who pronounce the "Van Gogh" name "Van GOCK" (as if a Brillo Pad were lodged in the throat). They are the kind of people who discuss the role of insanity in the creative process. They are the kind of people who don't know shit about good covers. □

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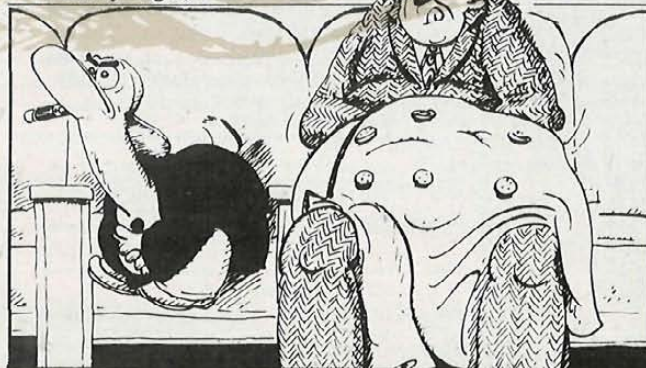
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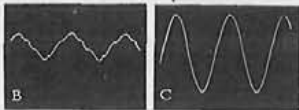
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Now BIC VENTURI™ puts to rest some of the fables, fairytales, folklore, hearsay and humbug about speakers.

Fable

Extended bass with low distortion requires a big cabinet.

Some conventional designs are relatively efficient, but are large. Others are small, capable of good bass response, but extremely inefficient. The Venturi principle (pat. pend.) transforms air motion velocity within the speaker enclosure to realize amplified magnitudes of bass energy at the venturi-coupled duct as much as 140 times that normally derived from a woofer (Fig. A). And the filtering action achieves phenomenally pure signal (Scope photos B & C). Result: pure extended bass from a small enclosure.



B—Shows output of low frequency driver when driven at a freq. of 22 Hz. Sound pressure reading, 90 dB. Note poor waveform.
C—Output of venturi coupled duct, (under the same conditions as Fig. B.) Sound pressure reading 111.5 dB, (140 times more output than Fig. B.) Note sinusoidal (nondistorted) appearance.

Fairytale

It's okay for midrange speakers to cross over to a tweeter at any frequency.

Midrange speakers cover from about 800 Hz to 6000 Hz. However, the ear is most sensitive to midrange frequencies. Distortion created in this range from crossover network action reduces articulation and musical definition. BIC VENTURI BICONEX horn (pat. pend.) was designed to match the high efficiency of the bass section and operates smoothly all the way up to 15,000 Hz, without interruption. A newly designed super tweeter extends response to 23,000 Hz, preserving the original sonic balance and musical timbre of the instruments originating in the lower frequencies.



Folklore

Wide dispersion only in one plane is sufficient.

Conventional horns suffer from musical coloration and are limited to wide-

angle dispersion in one plane. Since speakers can be positioned horizontally or vertically, you can miss those frequencies so necessary for musical accuracy. Metallic coloration is eliminated in the BICONEX horn by making it of a special inert substance. The combination of conical and exponential horn flares with a square diffraction mouth results in measurably wider dispersion, equally in all planes.

Hearsay

A speaker can't achieve high efficiency with high power handling in a small cabinet.

It can't, if its design is governed by such limiting factors as a soft-suspension, limited cone excursion capability, trapped air masses, etc. Freed from these limitations by the unique venturi action, BIC VENTURI speakers use rugged drivers capable of great excursion and equipped with voice coil assemblies that handle high power without "bottoming" or danger of destruction. The combination of increased efficiency and high power handling expands the useful dynamic range of your music system. Loud musical passages are reproduced faithfully, without strain; quieter moments, effortlessly.

Humbug

You can't retain balanced tonal response at all listening levels.

We hear far less of the bass and treble ranges at moderate to low listening levels than at very loud levels. Amplifier "loudness" or "contour" switches are fixed rate devices which in practice are defeated by the differences in speaker efficiency. The solution: a dynamically acting tonal balance circuit (patents pending) adjusts speaker response as its sound pressure output changes with amplifier volume control settings. You hear aurally "flat" musical reproduction at background, average, or ear-shattering discoteque levels—automatically.



A system for every requirement

FORMULA 2. The most sensitive, highest power handling speaker system of its size: 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 12 x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Heavy duty 8" woofer, Biconex mid range, super tweeter. Use with amplifiers rated from 15 watts to as much as 75 watts RMS per channel. Response: 30 Hz to 23,000 Hz. Dispersion: 120° x 120°. \$98 each.

FORMULA 4. Extends pure bass to 25 Hz. Has 10" woofer, Biconex mid-range, super tweeter. Even greater efficiency and will handle amplifiers rated up to 100 watts. Dispersion: 120° x 120°. Size: 25 x 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 13" \$136 each.

FORMULA 6. Reaches very limits of bass and treble perception (20 to 23,000 Hz). Six elements: 12" woofer complemented by 5" cone for upper bass/lower midrange; pair of Biconex horns and pair of super tweeters angularly positioned to increase high frequency dispersion (160° x 160°). Size: 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ " \$239 each.

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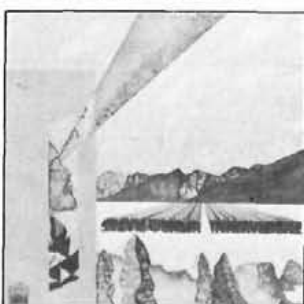
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on EPIC
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SIDE 2

Cheech & Chong

SINGING STADANHO 6:31
 Peter Rooter: 2:0
 UP HIS NOSE 3:25
 Pedro AND MAN AT
 the DRIVE-INN 12:44
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 "ROOSEVELT"
 All Material Published by T...

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 Evelyn Woodhead
 Speed Reading Course
 Les Morpions 5:55
 CHEBORNECK 1:12
 White World of Sports
 BASKETBALL JONES 4:...

THE LATEIN LOVER
 DORE
 DRIVE HE
 AND DRIVE H

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 PAUL HUBINON

SISTER MARY ELEPHANT
 SANTANA ST. SCHOOL
 6TH GRADE CLASS
 LESLIE MANIS
 WASH ME!
 HORMY GUYS
 10 SNEEZE
 WRITTEN BY THE...

Copyright 1973
 All records
 studio-live
 and more
 Recorded at Andre
 E. Kerk Lady Studios, Ne
 Thanks to Nedcom, B
 Milt & Linda
 JIM KELTNER
 Ode Records
 AM Records



Five disturbing facts about loudspeakers no other manufacturer has the balls to tell you.



The Loudspeaker Jungle

1. There are approximately one hundred different makes of "high fidelity" speakers sold in the United States, confronting the buyer with an incredible clutter of names, types, claims and counterclaims.

Of the hundred, no more than twenty are relevant, in the sense that they represent some sort of serious engineering effort and manufacturing philosophy, whether successful or not.

The remaining eighty are opportunistic marketing ventures, big and small, responding to the merchandising needs of stores rather than to the listening needs of the public.

2. One reason for this commercial jungle is that anyone with no other qualifications than a few thousand dollars can go into the speaker business.

About nine out of ten speaker manufacturers, the good guys as well as the bad guys, buy their drivers (woofers, tweeters, etc.) from outside suppliers in the U.S., Europe and Japan.

There are only a handful of these "raw speaker" houses and they stand ready to make anything their customers specify, from the most sophisticated drivers to the cheapest, a hundred

thousand units or just five hundred.

The typical speaker manufacturer is therefore merely a contractor with practically no overhead; he throws a Gundersen woofer and a Furuhashi tweeter into a Gonzalez cabinet and sells it as the one and only original Astrodynamic speaker system. (The names have been altered to protect the innocent.)

There's nothing *inherently* wrong with this way of making speakers, as long as a talented and experienced speaker designer is in charge from beginning to end.

At Rectilinear, we buy our drivers only from the best suppliers, who make them to our own rigid specifications to match the system designs we've developed. We make our own cross-over networks and cabinets.

But not every manufacturer is like us.

3. Among the approximately twenty technologically and ethically respectable speaker brands, some six or seven are relevant only to a small coterie of dedicated audiophiles.

These are the exotic designs, utilizing electrostatic or other unconventional drive principles as well as diaphragms of unfamiliar shape and construction.

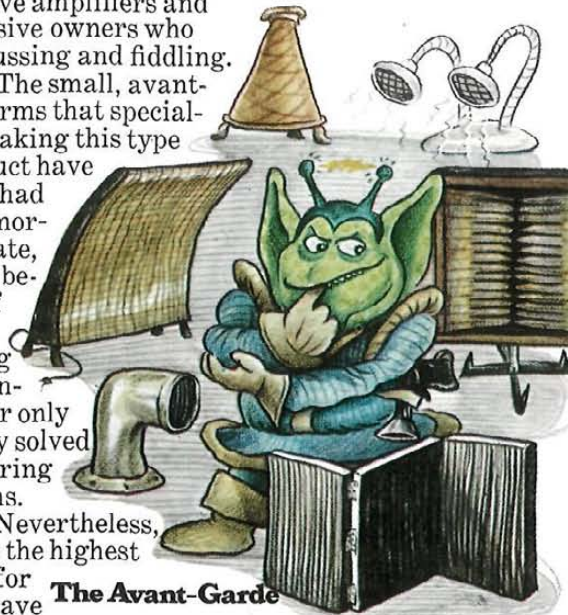
In most cases, these speakers require special, expensive amplifiers and compulsive owners who enjoy fussing and fiddling.

The small, avant-garde firms that specialize in making this type

of product have always had a high mortality rate, usually because of wishful thinking about unsolved or only partially solved engineering problems.

Nevertheless, we have the highest regard for

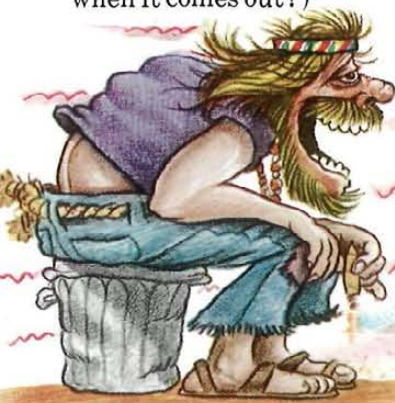
these brave **The Avant-Garde**



experimenters and consider it entirely possible that the future belongs to one of them.

But which one?

(Will you buy the first electric automobile when it comes out?)



The West Coast Sound

Some believe, and so far we're one of them, that a speaker should radiate sound only forward, over as wide an angle as possible. Others aim various drivers at the back wall or the ceiling, to bounce off the sound before it reaches the listener.

We feel that the arguments for the latter approach are unscientific and that the resulting sound is phony. No guitar is nine feet tall and twelve feet wide. (When somebody comes up with a reflective design that presents a correct spatial perspective, we may change our mind.)

As for personality or character, a speaker should theoretically have none, since it's a reproducer, not a musical instrument. *When two speakers sound different playing the same program material, at least one of them is wrong. Maybe both.*

But they do sound different, even in this heavily screened group.

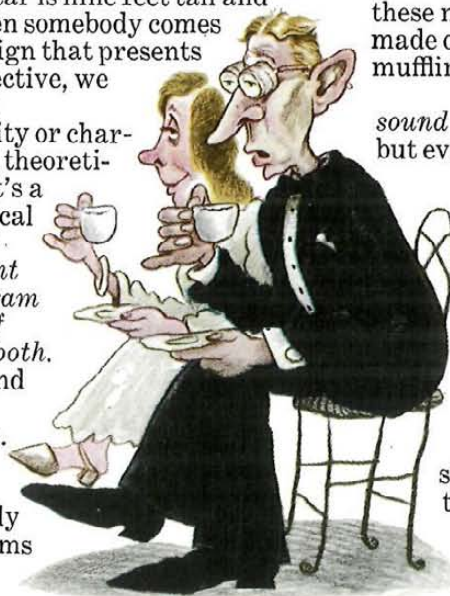
There's the West Coast sound, for example, favored mainly by California-based firms and characterized by sizzling highs, a huge bass and lots of so-called presence. Everything a bit overstated and larger than life.

There's also the polite New England sound, with its origins in the Boston area. Nice and smooth, neutral, everything in its place, nothing shrill, but somehow muffled and less vivid than real life.

We believe that, despite their charms, both of these personalities are wrong. Only a totally characterless accuracy is right. What goes in must come out, no more and no less. Let the record producer create the type of sound you hear, not the speaker manufacturer.

Accuracy has a great deal to do with low

4. The thirteen or fourteen speaker makers who are both serious and reasonably conservative, and among whom we confidently number ourselves, are hopelessly split on the issues of sound dispersion and speaker "personality."



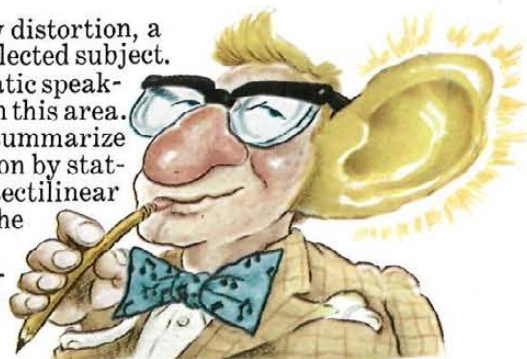
The Polite New England Sound

time delay distortion, a much-neglected subject.

Electrostatic speakers excel in this area.

We could summarize our position by stating that Rectilinear aims for the accurate, electrostatic type of sound without

giving you the problems associated with electrostatics.

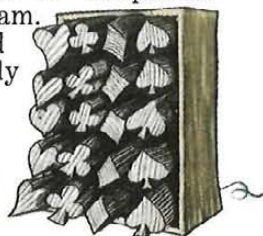


The Accurate Sound

problems associated with electrostatics.

5. There's also a new impediment to accurate sound reproduction, in addition to the established schisms discussed above. We're referring to the epidemic of "three-dimensional" or "sculptured" speaker grilles made of polyfoam.

A speaker grille should be, above all things, acoustically transparent. There should be no audible, and virtually no measurable, difference in the output of the speaker with the grille on or off.



The 3-D Grille

But the foam material these newfangled grilles are made of is the same as the appliance people use for muffling the mechanical noises of air conditioners!

How a reputable manufacturer can use a *sound deadener* for a speaker grille is beyond us, but everybody seems to be doing it.

Until acoustically transparent three-dimensional materials become available, our grilles will remain prosaically two-dimensional.

So. Okay.

Besides Rectilinear, are there any sincere, serious, nonexotic speaker companies that make forward-radiating, personality-less, accurate-sounding systems without 3-D grilles?

We don't know of any.

In our own methodical way, we're unique.

One more thing.

We aren't telling you all this just for laughs.

Next time you're in a hi-fi store, use these five facts to guide you through the loudspeaker jungle.

And remember who told you.

RECTILINEAR®

Rectilinear Research Corp., 107 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y. 10454
Canada: H. Roy Gray Limited, Ontario





vario matrix: the magic matrix by Sansui



Sirs:

If I didn't make a perfect cup of coffee, my husband wouldn't kill me. But a perfect cup of coffee means a lot to him. He's Roald Dahl, the writer. And like so many writers, he drinks a good deal of coffee. Did I use the word *kill*? I didn't mean to say kill. Please excuse me. Sometimes I say things and . . . I have trouble remembering what word . . . please excuse me, I should explain; the doctors told me I was stricken with a severe stroke several years ago, it's all very vague to me. Well anyway, I'm fine now, getting better every day, and I'm able to make instant coffee for my husband. Did I tell you his name? Yes I did, didn't I. I don't know why I said *kill*. Maybe . . . maybe he *did* say he wouldn't kill me. Or was it that he said that El Exehente said he wouldn't kill me. No. That doesn't make sense. El Exehente's demanding, but he wouldn't *kill* anybody. No, I must have that all wrong . . . wait . . . I know what it was: when I mentioned my husband it made me remember a story he wrote many years ago. It was about a man who committed murder by beating his victim to death with a frozen leg of lamb and later fed the same lamb to the police. Funny, why would I think about that now? It's strange. Anyway, I've mastered the perfect cup of coffee for him and next week I move onto banana sandwiches on toast . . . wait, something's coming back to me . . . wait . . . it was that night . . . there was a terrible storm, we were home alone. He called for me to bring him his coffee. I remember the storm because we had an electric stove and I was afraid of a power blackout. I went up to his den with the coffee but when I got there, he wasn't at his desk. I heard something from behind the door and went to turn . . . OH MY GOD! . . . HE HATED LAMB . . . BUT WE HAD IT IN THE FREEZER! It wasn't a stroke. I knew it wasn't a stroke. It's all clear now . . . what's that? . . . someone's coming. It's him. PLEASE call the police. Hurry. If he knows I know, he will kill me. We'll get him behind bars where he belongs. Maybe we can get together after that. Yes, we'll do that. You must come over for coffee. I make wonderful coffee. My

continued on page 16

The heart of the new Sansui QXR6500 is a unique electronic circuit called the vario matrix. There are other receivers with matrix decoding circuitry, and there probably will be receivers that claim to handle many different four-channel systems. But the Sansui vario matrix does more than just about any component available. For instance, it:

- decodes records, tapes and broadcasts made with the superior Sansui QS matrix encoding process;
- decodes SQ program material (and does it superbly);
- creates magnificent four-channel sound from regular two-channel sources (instead of offering you two two-channel amplifier sections strapped together for "double stereo" which doesn't sound half as good as synthesized four-channel);
- can position sound anywhere you choose, with a "Mode" switch that rotates the sound field 90°, 180° or 270° to create a totally-variable four-channel environment;
- accepts the output of a discrete four-channel demodulator via its "discrete" input position;
- can take auxiliary two- and four-channel inputs, as well as monitor one four-channel and two two-channel tape decks.

The vario matrix, coupled with a low distortion (less than 0.5%) four-section amplifier that delivers a whopping 280 watts (IHF) of power, makes this receiver a standout in its field. See it at your nearest franchised Sansui dealer soon.



Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

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ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTORS Canada.

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan • Sansui Audio Europe S. A., Antwerp, Belgium

THE HISTORY OF ROCK 'n' ROLL

OK CLASS, FOLD YOUR HANDS! NO TALKING
THE LESSON IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

Sha Na Na

The world's greatest live act has put it on an equally exciting 2-record set. Including a dynamite poster of SHA NA'NA. . . . greased and ready to kick ass.

Robert Klein

The memories of the 50's by a super story-teller. Do you remember civil defense drills, buying your first prophylactics, no talking, and button your lips? Robert Klein tells it all on one of the funniest comedy albums in years . . .

Dick Clark

Dick celebrates 20 years of rock n' roll with an incredible package—a two-record set of 30 of the top hits of the past 20 years. Plus a souvenir 24-page yearbook, plus a bonus record where Dick talks about "inside stories" of his early days with Bandstand.

THE HISTORY OF ROCK 'n' ROLL FROM THE BUDDAH GROUP
TO BE CONTINUED...



Why pay retail for hifi?

Your savings of \$152 on this well-matched music system with components by Sherwood, Scott, Garrard, and Shure—is an indication of why you're better off buying from Midwest. We're a direct order outlet, so we don't have high overhead. That means that no matter what stereo components you want, we can probably sell them to you at a price less than retail. We carry over a hundred name brands, and buy in high volume to reduce our cost.

Components like these deliver what you want. A Sherwood receiver is one of the best you can buy in this price range—and you get the assurance of quality that comes from knowing the name of the manufacturer. Sure, a "house" brand from another mail order house might offer a couple more watts for the money, but who knows what else has been sacrificed to make that possible? At this moment, the system shown is the best we can offer in a medium price range. If it meets your needs, send us your \$352 right away. If not, send us your name, and we'll send you our catalog.

You want the protection of name brands. You want the lowest price. You want to buy from Midwest.

Buy this excellent music system and save \$152!

The Sherwood S7100A fm/am stereo receiver stands as proof of the wonders of modern technology. It lists for a mere \$220, yet it outperforms sets of many times its cost, produced just a few years ago. **The specifications:** 22+22 watts RMS at 8 ohms (power enough for most home uses); 0.2% distortion at listening levels (you probably can't hear it); 15-50,000 Hz power bandwidth. **The features:** FM interstation muting, tape monitor switch, tuning meter, controls for two sets of speakers, smooth flywheel tuning, stereo indicator light, handsome walnut case. Sherwood supplies a three-year guarantee on all parts plus one-year repair labor when returned to factory or authorized service station.

If you're like most people, the specifications and features aren't very important. What you want is clear sound, sometimes at high-volume levels. And that is just what you get with this durable Sherwood receiver.

But a music system is only as good as its speakers, so you'll be happy to hear we've selected a \$170-list pair of **Scott S10B speakers**.* They're a two-way model with 10" woofer and controllable midrange/tweeter (to "tune" the speakers to your room). In power requirements and frequency response, they're well matched to the Sherwood.

Since you value your records, you'll be glad we included a famous **Garrard automatic turntable**. The model 42-M lists for \$91 including base and factory-mounted **Shure M75EC elliptical magnetic cartridge**. We also include a \$6 dust cover. To round out the system, we'll ship a \$15 pair of **Analytic Acoustic 4B stereophones** and \$2 worth of high-quality speaker wire, so you can set up the day your equipment arrives.

If you paid manufacturers' recommended retail prices for these items, the music system would end up costing you \$504, and it would be worth every penny. But why pay retail, when Midwest can save you \$152? Just fill out the coupon at right, and you'll be well on your way to great listening.

\$352

*Special! While our large purchase lasts only! If you would prefer larger speakers, we will substitute the famous **Scott S-15 3-way** systems featuring a 10" woofer. They are one of the most highly reviewed speakers in audio history, and they carry a list price of \$230 per pair. Order now, and we will split the difference with you—just \$30 more in this complete music system.

SHERWOOD

SHURE **Garrard**

Analytic Acoustic **SCOTT**

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Buy  the BSR 710 or 810.



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The BSR 810 and 710 have their brains in their shaft. A carefully machined metal rod holding eight precision-molded cams. When the cam shaft turns, the cams make things happen. A lock is released, an arm raises and swings, a record drops, a platter starts spinning, the arm is lowered, the arm stops, the arm raises again, it swings back, another record is dropped onto the platter, the arm is lowered again, and so on, for as many hours as you like.

Deluxe turntables from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—scoads of separate swinging arms, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as quiet or reliable; that produces considerably more vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR sequential cam shaft system.

When you buy a turntable, make sure you get the shaft. The BSR 710 and 810. From the world's largest manufacturer of automatic turntables.



BSR (USA) LTD. BLAUVELT, NEW YORK 10013

continued from page 12

coffee's perfect. You'll like my coffee. Then we can all go to the basement and I can show you my children. What do you say?

Patricia Neal
Bedlam, England

Sirs:

In case there are any readers of your magazine who still doubt that fabric belted radials are far superior to steel belted radials—have a talk with the Kennedys. And that goes double and redouble for you, Mr. Clifford "Nutball" Sitts. I hope you're satisfied.

Tom McCormack
Bethesda, Maryland

Sirs:

I see here in *Newsweek Magazine* where Sean Kelly is quoted as quipping, "Soon we'll be called The National Millionaires." My God, that's clever. This guy could be the new Oscar Wilde. It amazes me that a person could come up with a quip like that, right off the top of his head.

His Mom
Owen Sound, Ontario

Sirs:

I'm just dashing this off because Jerry's on my tail, both my Vickers are jammed, and my rear gunner seems to have snuffed it. Bit of a sticky wicket, of course, but I could not resist taking this opportunity to tell you how much all the lads in the squadron enjoy your humorous periodical. It's a jolly rag, and we've had such devilish fun reading it that we consider a copy of the *National Lampon* rather a good luck piece.

Now, old sports, I seem to have misplaced my lucky copy and gotten myself into a bit of a jam, you see, and I was hoping that you might send one up, air mail, and help—blast! (The ruddy bugger's Messerschmidt nipped my control cables and I'll have to hit the silk after all.) Bloody bore, but thank you just the same for your trouble. Cheerio!

Leftenant Aubrey Tatlington
Squadron Cmdr.
Her Majesty's Royal
Air Force
Dunkirk, France

Messieurs:

I em zorry to bosser you, but as I go to meelk zee moo-cows on my farm zees morneeng, I find zee British aeroplane all ovaire zee field, smish-smash! Zen, when I am lookeeng for zee aeroplane drivair, I find in zee pasture zee pile of zee how-you-say beef goulash wearing zee pilot's uniform. *Tres seeckeneeng, n'est-ce pas?* But zat ees nut all. *Zut!* Inzide zee pilot's parachute, I find zee copy of zee *National Lampon!* *Qu'est-ce qui se passe, anyway?*

Jacques Batard
Dunkirk, France
continued on page 42

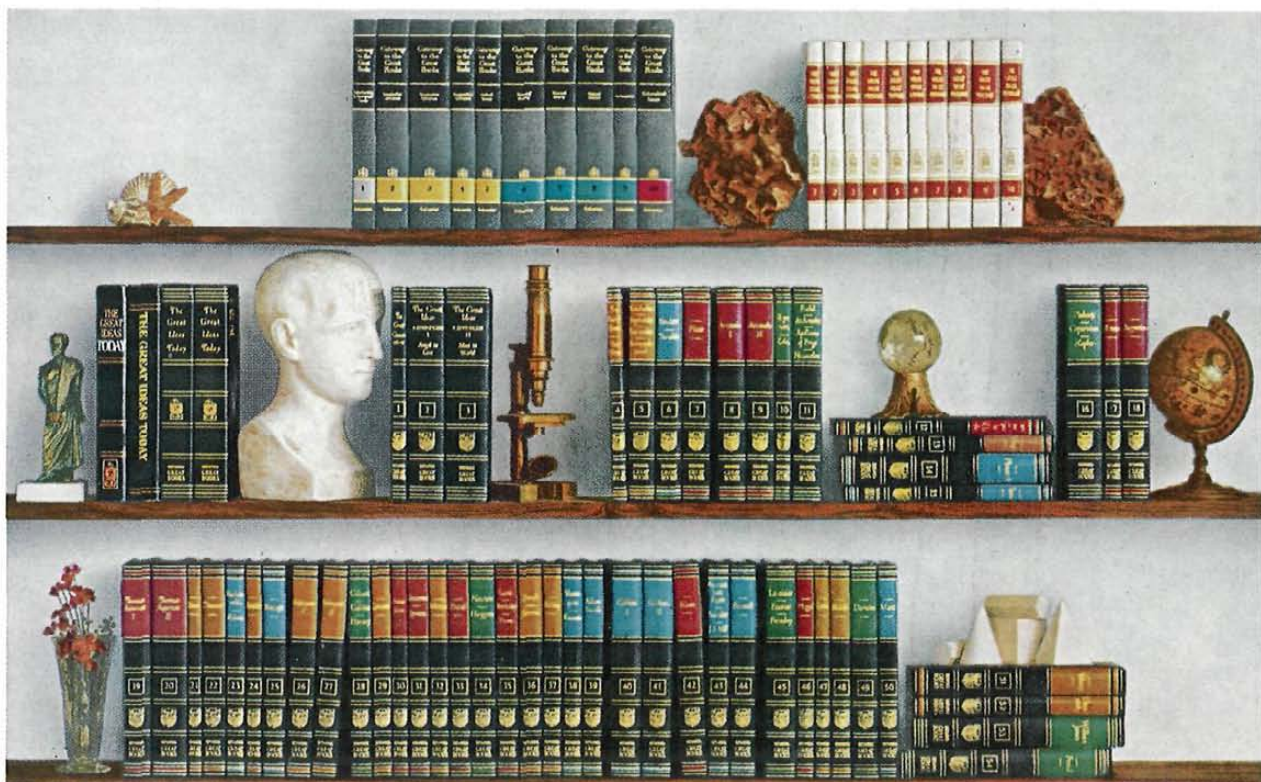
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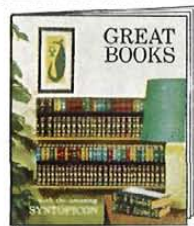
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MINK RANCHER



MRS. McCLELLAN
"MOTHER"
OF THREE



Eldest Son NGOMA -
PRIVATE EYE -
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS - WITH
FAITHFUL DOG



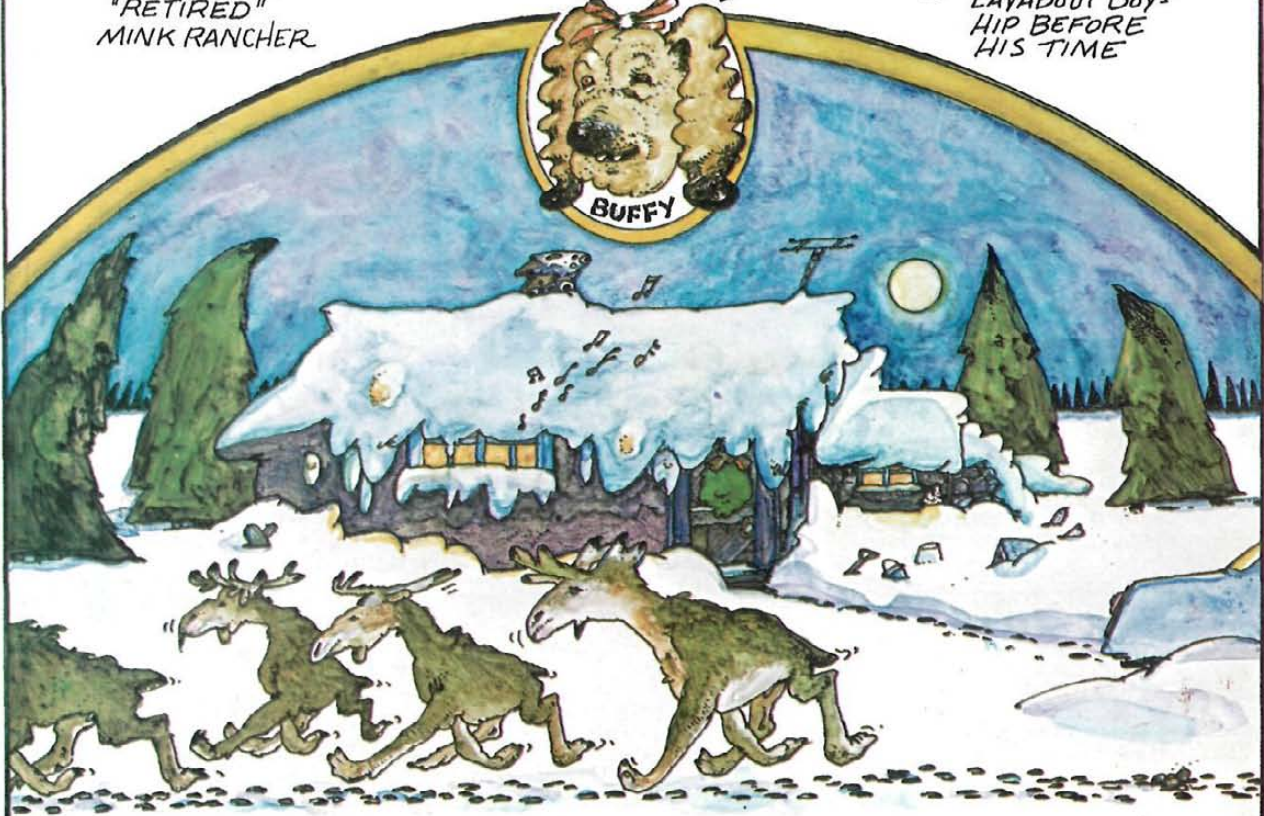
DAUGHTER JOY -
NURSES' AIDE
UNMARRIED
BUT 'LOOKING'



YOUNGEST CHILD -
LYSLE -
"LAYABOUT BOY"
HIP BEFORE HIS TIME

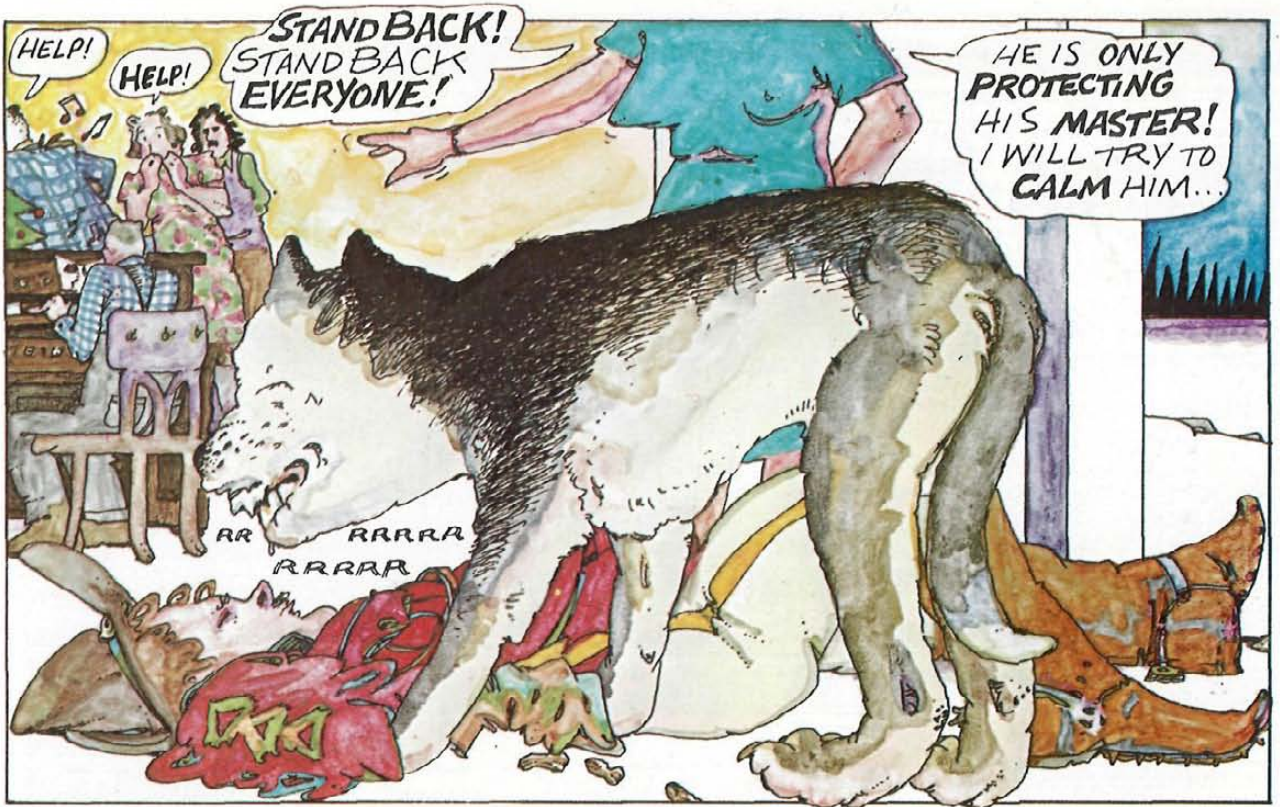


BUFFY



THE MACCLELLAN MINK RANCH - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1953





HELP!
HELP!

STAND BACK!
STAND BACK
EVERYONE!

HE IS ONLY
PROTECTING
HIS MASTER!
I WILL TRY TO
CALM HIM..

RRRRR
RRRRR
RRRRR



THERE, THERE,
THAT'S A GOOD DOG,
WE WON'T HARM
YOUR MASTER...
WHY DON'T YOU
COME AND HAVE
A NICE COOKIE

RRRRR



WANT A
COOKIE?



HE WANTS
A COOKIE.
QUICK
GET HIM
A COOKIE.



SLUP
SLUP
P MMM



LATER

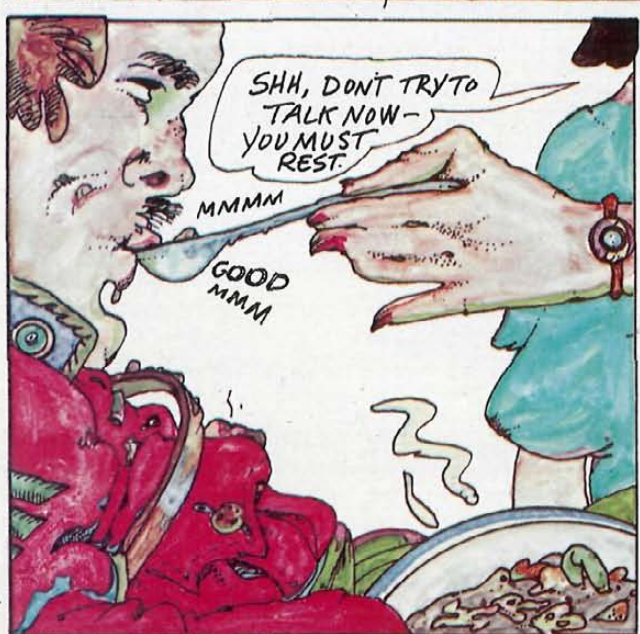
AYE-CHIHUAHUA! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I? WHERE'S QUEENIE? IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST I... SAY, WHO ARE YOU!?

SHHH! DON'T TALK. I WILL BRING YOU SOME HOT SOUP. YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. I'M A NURSE.



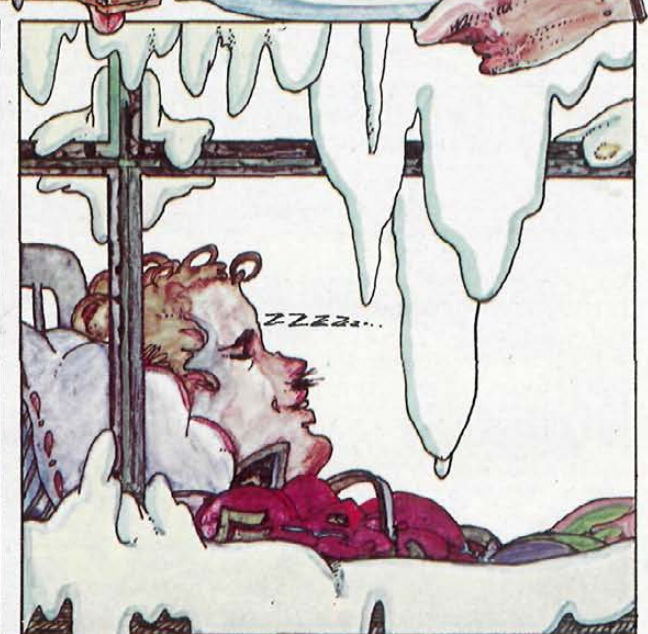
OH THERE YOU ARE! I WONDERED WHERE YOU WERE.

OH, HI, SIS! POOR BUFFY WAS TERRIFIED AT ALL THE COMMOTION, SO, HEH, HEH, I THOUGHT I'D STAY WITH HER FOR AWHILE...



SHHH, DON'T TRY TO TALK NOW - YOU MUST REST.

MMMM
GOOD
MMMM



ZZZZ...

NEXT MORNING...

OH BOY! WAFFLES!
I LOVE WAFFLES!
I HAVEN'T HAD WAF...

SERGEANT!
I HAVE TERRIBLE
NEWS! YOUR DOG...
HAS DISAPPEARED
IN THE NIGHT.

MY DOG? BUT-I DON'T HAVE A DOG, I HAVE A HORSE!
YOU SEE, I WAS RIDING ALONG ON OLD QUEENIE WHEN
THIS HUGE DOG CAME LEAPING OUT OF A TREE
OR SOMETHING - RIGHT ON TOP OF ME! I CAN
REMEMBER IT NOW- HE KNOCKED ME DOWN!
IT WAS AWFUL - THEN HE FOLLOWED ME FOR
MILES THROUGH THE SNOW, TRYING TO
BITE ME - MY CLOTHES WERE SOAKED... AND
THEN I SAW YOUR LIGHTS AND... AND...

SHHH

WELL - BYE BYE EVERYBODY.
BUFFY AND I HAVE TO HEAD
BACK FOR TORONTO. HEH HEH HEH...
SAY GOODBY, BUFFY
HA HA.

GOODBYE DEAR
THANKS AGAIN
FOR THE T.V.

YEAH, SO LONG,
HEY.

IT'S VERY
NICE.

TRA
LA
LA
LA

BOOM BADO, BA DOO B, DOO BA DA-AY...
OH, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.....

THE END

Jethro Tull

A Passion Play

And it came to pass that into the world came a man, Jesus Ian.
And lo, the Heavens parted and a voice from the
third story shrieked, "This is my Son, Who went to London.
Think He ever calls me? Think I ever see Him?
With Him I am not well pleased!"

And Jesus said, "Verily, I will dress Myself in sackcloth,
grow My hair long, don codpiece and tights and
boogie on into the night."

And the people from all around gathered to see Him,
sometimes waiting up to six hours for tickets,
stepping on each other, jamming the aisles and crowding
18,000 at a time into the forums of public herding,
begging for a look at Him, straining for a look at Him, sighing
and fainting at the sight of Him, and waxing delirious
at a touch from Him.

And Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me,
and forbid them not their downers and alcohol, for without such
they can neither tolerate nor appreciate Me."

And Jesus bent down and touched one little 12 year old girl,
drunken and wallowing in her vomit, and He stroked her downy,
private part, and, lo, she was up and screaming,
begging for more and reaching for His codpiece and
howling grievously when denied it.

And Jesus spoke unto them a lesson, saying, "As this little
girl begs upon her knees for only 15 minutes with Me,
so should you beg your Father which is in Tower Records,
Discount Records, Macy's and all the other rooms
of Heaven, to sell unto you a copy of My new record
A Passion Play. In so doing you will become rich with enigma
and redundant cacophony, and I will become rich with money."

And they went out and did as He commanded them,
and He lived in splendor all His days, artfully avoiding
any serious passion in His own life.



English Music on **Chrysalis** Records and Tapes

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Facts

• Mrs. Beatrice McCormack, the manager of a bar in Manhattan, and a girlfriend were walking home when Martin Ortiz, 22, approached them and, according to Mrs. McCormack, "felt my rear end." Mrs. McCormack responded by decking Mr. Ortiz with two quick punches. She then sat on him and held him by the throat until the police arrived.

"I'm from the other side," said the five-foot-eight, 150-pound Welsh woman, apparently referring to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. "When anyone over there bothers you, you don't take it, you just let them have it."

Police said that Mr. Ortiz, enraged at being subdued by a woman, plucked out his glass eye and hurled it at the arresting officers as he was being led away. *Newsday* (P. Socci)

• In a recent interview, Sir Dingle Foot, a prominent British politician, attributed the Watergate affair to a failure on the part of most Americans to "eat a proper breakfast."

"If the Americans had a substantial breakfast of bacon and eggs they wouldn't have these problems," he said. "A proper breakfast adds to your judgment. You can't expect to start the day on cereals, shredded wheat, muck like that." *Toronto Daily Star* (R. Lazazzera)

• Robert Driskell, 22, of Detroit, successfully passed the local Civil Service examination required of applicants for the bus driver job in that city's transit system, but was rejected, according to a notation on his application, for "excessive noticeable freckles."

He has filed a complaint with the Detroit Commission on Community Relations. *The New York Times* (P. Mears)

• Dr. Alice Chase, author of *Nutrition for Health* and several other works on proper dietary habits, re-

cently died of malnutrition. *The London Daily Mail* (via *Private Eye*)

• Hi-Rise Campsites, Inc., is planning to build a twenty-story campground in downtown New Orleans. "This will be unique," said Wesley Hurley, President of Hi-Rise. "It is designed for today's different brand of camping. People don't want the woody bit now; they want to camp in comfort near the city."

The architectural plans for the four million dollar project specify eight lower floors of parking facilities and twelve upper stories containing 240 individual sites equipped with utility hookups for campers, and carpeted with astroturf and a rooftop pool. *Conservation News* (R. Eagle)

• Dorsey Evans, a lawyer from Detroit, recently accepted an offer to appear in a floor show at a Las Vegas nightclub. "I'm not a performer in the strict sense of the word," said Mr. Evans. "However, the management thought I would be of some interest to their customers because the two halves of the zipper in my trousers were welded together when I was struck by lightning." *London Daily Mail* (via *Private Eye*)

• The Melrose Drive Church of Christ in Dallas, Texas, recently received a computer-typed letter from a correspondence school offering courses in electronics. The letter, which was produced by a new automated system which makes it possible to "personalize" mass direct-mail solicitations, was addressed to "Mr. Melrose Drive Church of Christ" and ended with the exhortation, "Accept the challenge, Mr. Christ; don't waste your life in a dead-end, low-paying job." *Omaha World Herald* (M. Greenberg)

• Charles Osborne, 79, of Breckenridge, Minnesota, has had hiccups for fifty-one years. Osborne said his ordeal began in 1922 when he was butchering a hog. The ninety-six doctors whom the unfortunate Mr. Osborne has consulted have all told him that his esophagus has ruptured and formed a small pocket in which food settles. None of them are willing to perform the very delicate operation required to reverse the condition because of the unusually large number of nerves linked to the pocket and Osborne's age.

Osborne has tried, without success, all the traditional remedies, including scaring himself with a gun and drinking a glass of water backwards.

"A lot of people told me to pray," he said. *Muscatine Iowa Journal* (D. Askam) □

FIRST ANNUAL CHEAP JEANS® HATE LIST CONTEST.

Everybody hates somebody. It's not only human, it's American.

Stands to reason, you must hate somebody, too. Maybe even lots of people.

Why keep these hates to yourself where they can fester, distort, perhaps even destroy your sanity?

Some of the most famous men in public life keep their aggressions in check by making a list of the people they dislike, despise or just simply loathe.

Now you can, too, and win fantastic prizes.

All you have to do is write down the names of 5 people whose guts you can't stand. And alongside, in 25 words or less for each name, just why you can't stand them.

Example: 1. My mother. She brought me into the world.

Example: 2. The next door neighbor. He helped.

See how easy it is. And fun. Of course, we expect you to be far more original. And insulting.

PRIZES

1st Prize: A portable Sony video-tape recorder and video camera with playback deck and monitor.

2nd Prize: A Honda CB175 motorcycle.

3rd Prize: A sub-miniature Minox C camera.

And to the hundred next best entries, a pocket edition of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here," so you can compare fiction with our unbelievable times and decide for yourself which is stranger.

SEND FOR YOUR OWN HATE LIST POSTER

Put up your own hate list poster where you can put down all the people you can't stand and everybody can see it. Poster is black and white 20 x 30. Send two bucks with your name and address to CHEAP JEANS, Dept. L, P.O. Box 548, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.

CHEAP
JEANS®

Cheap Jeans, a U.S. Industries Company.

My Hate List

1.

5.

2.

3.

4.



RULES

Use this ad as your entry form. Or make up your own hate list on any 8½ x 11 piece of paper. Be sure to include your name and address, and reasons for your choices.

Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of 25% for originality in the names chosen and 75% for creativity in your reasons for choosing them. Names can be real, fictional, mythical or imagined.

Judges decisions are final on all matters concerning this offer.

Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. Contest open to everybody except employees and their families of Cheap Jeans, their parent companies, subsidiaries, dealers, advertising, judging and production companies, and the families of each.

Only one prize will be awarded per family, only one entry per envelope.

For complete list of winners' names, send self-addressed envelope to HATE LIST WINNERS, P.O. Box 1696, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

Entries must be postmarked by Dec. 31, 1973, and received by Jan. 7, 1974.

All Federal, State and local regulations apply. No substitutions for prizes permitted. All prizes will be awarded. Void where prohibited by law.

Mail your entries to HATE, P.O. Box L, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

My name is _____

My address is _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



(Some weeks ago a small package arrived in the mail by Special Delivery stamped "TOP SECRET" and addressed to the Editors of the *National Lampoon*. The package contained what at first appeared to be slippery pink confetti but, upon careful sorting and glueing, proved to be a tape recording of the conversation transcribed below. The speakers were identified through comparison with "voice prints" obtained by calling every listing in the Washington, D.C. phone directory and recording their responses to the question, "Do you have Walter Jenkins in a can?")

Telephone: Bbrrringg. Bbrrringg.

Brrr—

Mrs. Agnew: Hello, Hanky-panky! Listen, the cat's away. . . . Spiggy's off on a business trip and I'm here all a—

VP: Goddamnit Judy, what are you babbling about?

Mrs. Agnew: Oops. (pause) Spiggy, is that really you? Ever since you started using that special bird whistle Mr. Hunt gave you for phone calls I can't recognize—

VP: Sssshhhhhhh! Now look, Tons-of-fun, I'm in a phone booth trying to shake another goddamn Federal Attorney with another goddamn subpoena, so *shut up and listen!*

Mrs. A: (audible sigh of relief) Okey-

dokey, Doll, I'm all ears.

VP: Not unless you're that Eisenhower kid you're not. Now, did you burn that goddamn diary like I told you Monday?

Mrs. A: Diary? Diary? What diary?

VP: You know damn well *what diary!* The one that has all that stuff in it about the—er—you-know-what that I used to get every month from you-know-who way back you-know-when.

Mrs. A: Oh, you mean the whatchamacallit that you used to bring home in a big satchel from whathisname when you were the whoosis of Baltimore?

VP: That's it. Did you burn it like I told you?

Mrs. A: To the best of my ability, I cannot remember, Sen—er—Spiggy.

VP: (unintelligible noises) *What!?*

Mrs. A: Are you sure you told me to burn it? Maybe you could give me a more specific time-frame. . . .

VP: For crying out loud, Fatass, if you don't cut out this horseshit you're going to wind up like Martha Mitchell and stay so pumped up with Thora-zine you won't even feel it when we play tic-tac-toe on your frontal lobes with a soldering iron. Now talk, Chubs.

Mrs. A: Goodness gracious, you'd

The perfect roommate.

If music went from your speaker system right into your ears, you'd never lose a single note. But it doesn't. It ricochets off walls, windows, ceilings, floors—until your room is filled with sound waves criss-crossing and clashing with each other.

The result: unnatural reinforcement of some frequencies and complete cancellation of others. A case of musical robbery that every speaker manufacturer knows about, but most simply ignore because they can't do anything about it.

Altec has done something about it. Concept EQ.

Concept EQ begins with a pair of superb 3-way speaker systems—speaker systems critically designed to deliver flawless reproduction in any flawless acoustical environment. But not many rooms are acoustically flawless. So Altec engineers developed something called Controlled Variable Speaker Contour and wrapped it up in an amazing little box that rediscovers the music your listening room hides from you.

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ALTEC
DIVISION OF ALTEC CORPORATION

For complete information on Concept EQ, please write to the Audio Information Group at Altec.

think I kidnapped the Limburger Baby or something. . . . All I was saying was that it slipped my mind on the grounds that remembering for sure may tend to incinerate me and——

VP: Can it, you moron. Did you burn it? You told me you were going to——

Mrs. A: Well, I'm not really sure. At first, I put it away for safe keeping somewhere in case this whole thing blew over—I'm just an incurable optometrist, I suppose—and after I got through baking that cake Dick asked me to whip up for Senator Weicker's rats—you know, the ones with the sweet tooth Dick said he wants to put to sleep? Well, after I mailed the cake in a plain brown paper wrapping I searched and I searched and finally traced it to the very highest levels of the kitchen cabinets. That's where I found it.

VP: The diary?

Mrs. A: No, the cake. I must've frosted the diary by mistake and mailed that instead. I've been so nerved up lately that——

VP: (unintelligible noises, sounds of more dimes being loaded into a pay phone) Jesus H. Christ! What was in it?

Mrs. A: Let me see . . . there was

grated orange peel, Pillsbury Fudge Mix, some shortening. . . .

VP: Not the cake, you (inaudible) asshole, the diary!

Mrs. A: Oh. Well, there was an entry in it about the time John Mitchell and Dick and you had one too many Shirley Temples and told the CIA to snoop around and settle that bet you made with Martha about whether or not Dinah Shore was really a white woman—remember, it was at Warren Burger's private screening of *Deep Throat* in his special den? You know, the one with all the little houseboys in black hoods and those funny little bathing suits without any——

VP: Hey, did you just hear something go "beep"?

Voice: Naw, we didn't hear anything.

Mrs. A: Me neither.

VP: That's funny, I could have sworn I heard giggling on the line.

Mrs. A: Hmm. Maybe it's the telephone repairman. He came by this morning to clean out all the old numbers that weren't any good anymore because the people had moved away——

VP: Hup! There it is *again*. (inaudible) fucking hell! After all we did to bail that bastard Geneen out, the least you'd think the cocksucker'd do

is——

Operator: I'm sorry but your time is up.

VP: Yeah, yeah, lady. How much do you want?

Voice: (giggling) Oh, we'll settle for two or three consecutive ten-year terms and parole around, say, 1999. VP: Click.

Mrs. A: Spiggy? Are you still there?

Voice: Yes, Judy, I'm still here. You know, we blew that last fifty-thousand from you-know-who pretty fast. Do you remember what Spig——er—we did with it?

Mrs. A: Of course, dear. There was that five-room suite of Greek Provincial furniture we got from Sloane's . . . and that vicuna throw rug for Randy's wife's sister's wedding from Woodward and Lothrop . . . and that gold-plated johnnymop from Hammacher-Schlepper and let's see . . . oh yes, the bill for Kim's five-year supply of heroin and . . .

Voice: Not so fast, Dumpling, we're getting writer's cramp.

Mrs. A: . . . and that bill for all those legal fees when you ran over those hippies in that tank you borrowed from the Armory when Martha came over with a bottle and yelled (end of tape)

Now, through Concept EQ's electronic frequency contouring, you can mate your speakers perfectly to the unique characteristics of your listening room. Bass you've never heard before suddenly appears as big as life—in your room. Midrange becomes as mellow as it should be—in your room. Highs purely sparkle as highs are supposed to—in your room. Music becomes a totally new adventure—in your room.

Listen to your music, not to your room. Listen to the perfect roommate. Listen to Concept EQ from Altec.

The difference you'll hear is the sound of experience.

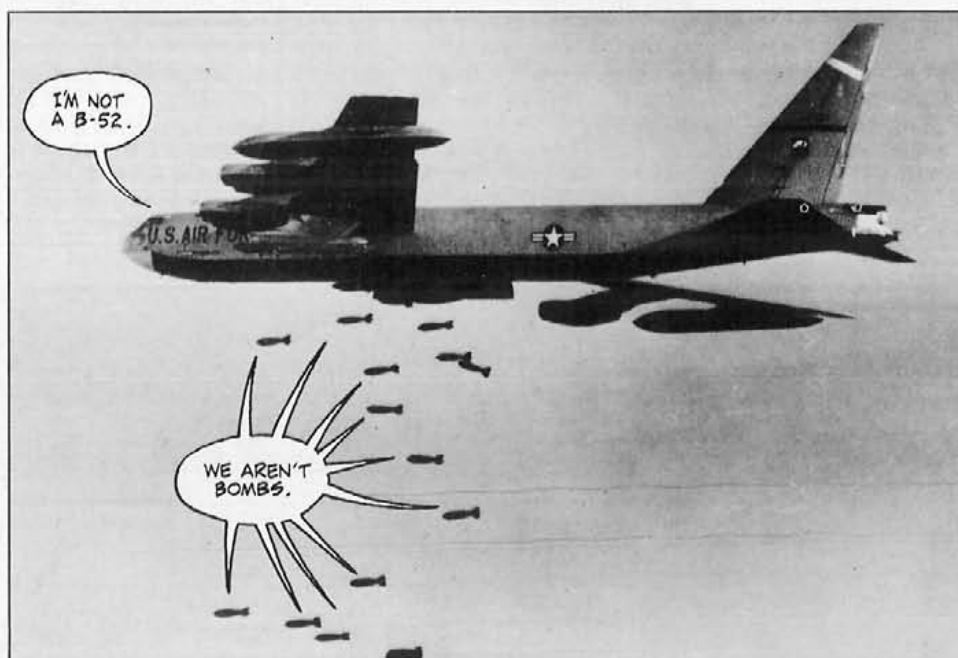


NEWS ON THE MARCH

OCTOBER, 1973

VOLUME I, NO. XLIII

Yes, we have no bombing raids today **NIXON NOMINATED FOR NOBEL WAR PRIZE**



continued

Stevie Wonder's Innervisions

"Innervisions". Close your eyes and listen. You'll hear the experience of Stevie Wonder. "Innervisions". His music and lyrics. His thoughts and feelings. In the tradition of "Music Of My Mind" and "Talking Book", evolution and revolution in sound, Stevie Wonder heading for

"Higher Ground":

*I'm so darn glad he let me
try it again*

*Cause my last time on earth
I lived a whole world of sin
I'm so glad that I know more
than I knew then
Gonna keep on tryin'
Till I reach the highest
ground*

Driving rhythms and brilliant sound montages. Warning and pleading, to his brothers

"Living For The City":

*I hope you hear inside my
voice of sorrow
And that it motivates you to
make a better tomorrow
This place is cruel no where
could be much colder*

*If we don't change the world
will soon be over
Living just enough, stop
giving just enough for the
city!!!*

Listen. Expand your spirit, raise your consciousness

"Jesus Children Of America", he's blind but he can see you more clearly than you see yourselves:

*Are you hearing
What he's saying?
Are you feeling
What you're praying?
Are you hearing, praying,
feeling
What you say inside?
You'd better tell
Your story fast . . .
And if you lie
It will come to pass . . .*

Listen and you'll hear, Stevie Wonder is a romantic balladeer. You'll meet his

"Golden Lady":

*Looking at your hands
Hands can understand
Waiting for the chance
Just to hold your hand
A touch of rain and sunshine
made the flower grow*

*Into a lovely smile that's
blooming
And it's so clear to me that
you're a dream come true
There's no way that I'll be
losing*

If you're aware, you'll hear that "All In Love Is Fair", and if you're in tune to his timely warnings and important feelings, watch out, 'cause there such a thing as

"Too high".

And beware of the man with the plan.

"He's Misstra Know-It-All":

*He's a man
With a plan
Got a counterfeit dollar in
his hand
He's Misstra Know-It-All
Playin' hard
talkin' fast
Makin' sure that he won't be
the last
He's Misstra Know-It-All*

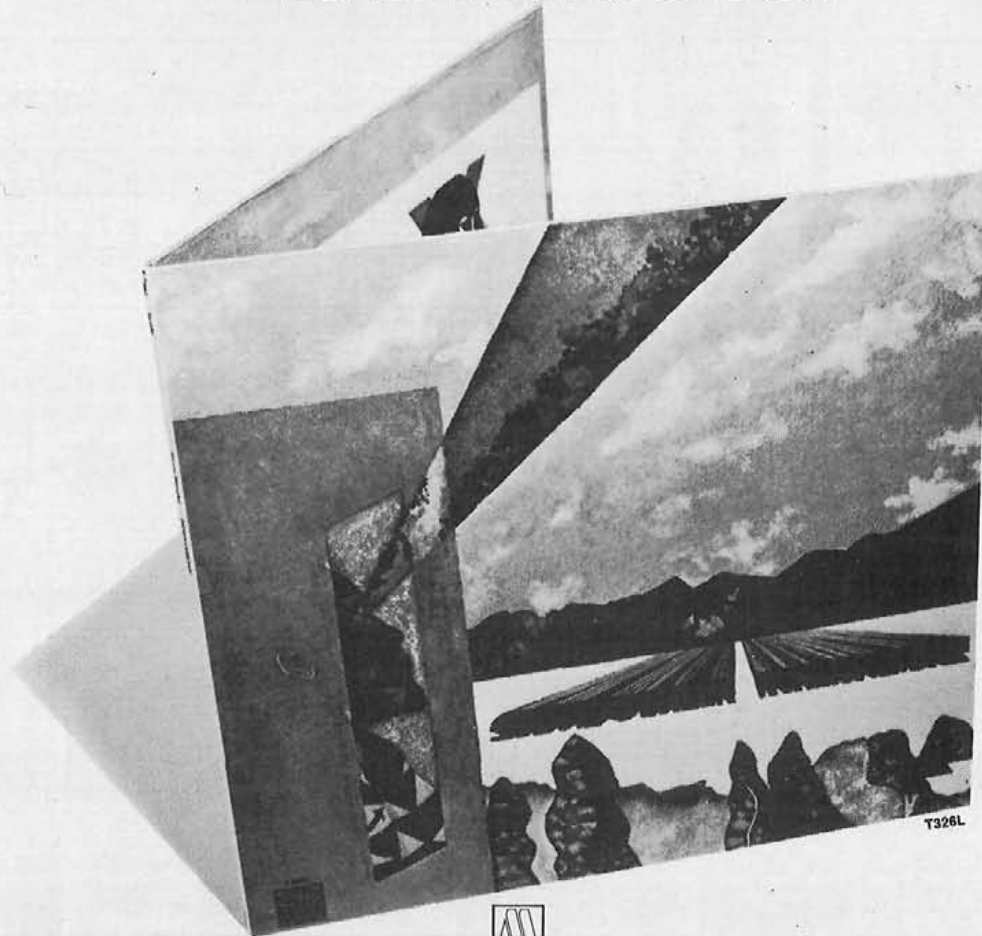
Listen. "Don't You Worry

"Bout A Thing". Hear the sounds and heed the call, hope lies in Stevie Wonder's

"Visions"

*I'm not one who make
believes
I know that leaves are green
They only turn to brown
when autumn comes
around
I know just what I say
Today's not yesterday
And all things have an
ending
But what I'd like to know
Is could a place like this
exist so beautiful
Or do we have to find our
wings and fly away
To the vision in our mind?
Close your eyes and hear.
We're all gonna reach the
highest ground. Stevie
Wonder's universal message.
"Innervisions". His production
and his arrangements. His
experience. It's beautiful.*

Listen and See.



T326L



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Black Bull Music, Inc.

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N-16 Impeachment With Honor • **N-17 Show Nixon The Gate** • **N-20 Nixon Know** • **N-19 Free The Watergate** • **N-20 Cancer Cures Smoking** • **N-21 Hook Twice If You Think It's Gaily** • **N-22 The Earth Is A Playground For Losers** • **N-23 V.D. Is Nothing To Clap About** • **N-24 Da Boogie Is Verbotten** • **N-25 1984 - Not Long Now** • **N-26 Drive Defensively Buy A Tank**

L2 THE 18 INCH BLACK LITE FLORESCENT IS HERE! COMPLETELY READY TO USE 115 VOLTS SUPER STRONG - MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! OUR PRICE ONLY \$14.95



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Y-351 RADIO POSTER Is an honest-to-God ten color cartoon, brilliant colors! Don't Kingman Luke Box poster with an honest-to-God real radio hidden in the poster. This limited supply audio poster comes framed, mounted, shipped flat, with ready to play radio. Beautiful and unusual at 25" x 35" and only \$19.95.



Y-106 VA VA VOOM Our former mystery poster now exposed! 23" x 29" photo runcolor. \$1.98



Y-324 CAT AND DOG, full color photo 23" x 38" \$1.98



Z-31 HANG IN THERE BABY, Poster of the month, 23" x 29", \$2.00

People so seldom say I love you... and then its either too late... or love goes... so when I tell you I love you... if doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to.

TOO MUCH HSEX MAKES YOU CHART Yay! low and black Day-glow, 10" x 15" \$1.00



Y-277 EYE CHART, Yay! low and black Day-glow, 10" x 15" \$1.00



Y-288 MAE WEST b/w photo 23" x 29", only \$1.50



Y-319 WHAT'S ON A MAN'S MIND visual Freud's Day-glo Red & Black 23" x 29" \$2.00



Y-326 DOG AND MONKEY b/w photo 23" x 31" \$1.50



Y-275 MARY QUEEN OF RED HEADS, On varnished stock, full color photo 23" x 35" \$2.00



Y-101 MYSTERY POSTER? If you like surprises send \$1.00 for (2) exciting posters - not shown - money back if you feel you were ripped off! (We try harder)



Y-199 POP-EYE in the Red-color photo, 23" x 34" \$1.98



Y-85 FLAMING LOVE, Day-glow on black background, 22" x 30", \$2.00



Y-194 FLIRT, And we mean Flirt! Flashy, full color photo 22" x 34", Only \$1.98



Y-304 SEX! Spelled out in over 20 erotic positions! Incredible, 11" x 17" \$1.98



Y-338 BRUT #1, Outrageous/hilarious from the film BOOK OF NUMBERS. Colorful KKK with chick. Full color, far out from makers of Brut for Men 23" x 29" \$2.00

WORLD WAR I and WORLD WAR II CLASSICS
YES ART introduces four classics from the Imperial War Museum. Each in full color and printed on coated art stock.
Y-503 HITLER propaganda portrait issued in 1943. Has never been seen in the U.S. before, 22" x 28", \$2.50
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Y-34 DON QUIXOTE, Picasso litho, black and white 24" x 30" \$2.00



Y-367 OFFICIAL LIST OF NIXON ENEMIES, On parchment. Collector's item, 17" x 22", \$1.50



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Y-160 GINA, Exciting full color untouched photo, 23" x 31", Only \$1.98



Y-133 SMILES? Yay! low and black on heavy paper, 12" x 17", Only \$1.00



Y-166 FUCK HOUSEWORK a must for every woman 23" x 38" \$1.50



Y-334 CALL ME, beautiful color photo of girl with alluring stare, 25" x 35", \$2.50



Y-600 I WANT YOU! 19" x 23", \$1.50



Y-60 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY, You'll get your just reward, Full color on heavy stock, 12" x 17", \$1.00



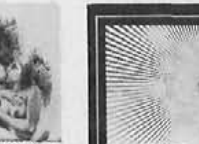
Y-263 LOVE IS A LOT OF BULL, Color rendition of a forgotten fact! 23" x 29" \$1.00



Y-104 Astrology Post-1 YOU BABY, Black light, orange on black back ground, 22" x 34", \$2.50



Y-2 EROTIC DESIGN #1 by Eric Ledfield red brown on coated stock, 23" x 35", \$1.50



Z-6 ZONK See, but by your fault! day-glow, mounted, 11" x 11" \$1.00



WACKO, Y-359 Giant 4 ft. x 6 ft. black light extravaganza! a real mind-blower, \$5.98 shipped in 4 ft. tube.



Y-161 WET AND WILD, Summertime color photo, 22" x 34", Only \$1.50



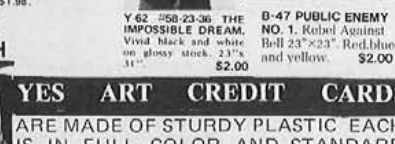
B-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, Rebel Against Hell 23" x 33", Red, blue and yellow, \$2.00



N-3 TASTELESS JOKE by popular demand we are offering the best fake dog dunder ever! Watch your friends gag at our gag! Made of genuine rubber. Only \$1.50 each, 7 for 1.98! Rush while supply lasts!



M.C. ESCHER EACH IS PRINTED ON HEAVY ART STOCK AND SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
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Y-190 PULSED! Full color photo 22" x 34" \$1.00 Only \$1.98.

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MACH-A-SNATCH Full Color, Heavy Stock, \$1.50
UP-YA-ALLEY-XX
N-13
N-15
SWAP-A-WIFE CLEAR INC.
PU-SSY-4-U2

continued

In what is already being termed one of the worst multiple murder cases in history, the bodies of the 945,786 and 945,787 victims of a deranged homicidal maniac have been unearthed from shallow graves just outside of Phnom Penh, Cambodia. The corpses, which have been found all over Cambodia, bear shrapnel and concussion wounds almost certainly inflicted by aerial bombardment. Few, if any, are in good enough condition to be identifiable, and many have been so badly mutilated that they are no longer recognizably human. Local Cambodian officials on the scene have been reluctant to comment on the brutal mass slayings, but privately they concede that the grisly slaughter must have been the work of a perverted madman.

Following revelations about the American "unofficial" bombing of Cambodia in 1969 and 1970 and the reports of a half-dozen gruesome accidental bombings just before the bombing cut-off in August of this year, come reports that on several occasions during the secret bombing campaign friendly troops and government held towns were inadvertently annihilated. "What happened basically was that the wrong targets weren't bombed," said a Pentagon spokesman. "In one case, a flight of B-52s, which didn't

consist of eighteen planes, did not, according to our records, drop more than ten tons of ordnance on a provincial town north of Phnom Penh leaving about two hundred people not alive." The official explained that "these kinds of regrettable mistakes can occur when you are not bombing an enemy held position very close to a civilian area. Some of these targets we weren't bombing were very tricky, and it's no surprise that some of the bombs we weren't dropping did not fall on innocent individuals." He said that whenever incidents of this kind did not take place "sizeable reparations payments, often in the thousands of dollars, were not paid to survivors" and a "sincere statement of deep regret was immediately not sent to the Cambodian government."

Apparently prepared to pursue the "separation of powers" doctrine he has raised recently as far as necessary to protect his interests, President Nixon has recently added a team of top divorce lawyers to the already impressive legal staff he has amassed at the White House. "We're not looking to make a federal case out of this," explained one high White House advisor, "but if we get a constitutional crisis, and it comes to splitsville, we want to be ready. After all, it hasn't been exactly a bed of roses between

the President and Congress the last five and a half years. If push comes to shove, we think we have an open and shut case of mutual incompatibility and mental cruelty." According to an internal White House memorandum, whose contents were deliberately leaked, the President's lawyers feel that if the two co-equal branches can't settle their problems, the President should go for an out of court settlement and "divvy it all up." As a minimum, they will insist that the President should keep the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines, all the nation's nuclear weapons, all the American embassies, the White House, Camp David, the Executive Office building, the Presidential planes and helicopters, the Presidential yacht, and the limousines. They will also demand one billion dollars a month in "discretionary funds for ongoing executive programs" and another five million dollars in "underdeveloped country support" for the President to use as he sees fit in his role as "a key figure in the family of nations." They are prepared to let Congress have custody of the 203 million Americans, provided the President has clear political visitation rights on a regular basis. Originally, they had planned to argue that the President should be given custody of

continued on page 43

Music that could only have been made in 1973



(but wasn't).

Music that draws upon everything that came before it, and most things destined to come after it. That was the magic of the five men who originally formed Spirit.

Mark Andes played bass with Canned Heat. Blues.

Ed Cassidy played drums with various jazz groups, as well as with the legendary Rising Sons (featuring Taj Mahal). Jazz. More blues.

Randy California was converted from acoustic guitar to electric by his New York friend, Jimi Hendrix. Folk. Rock.

John Locke was a fast-rising jazz pianist with some classical background. Jazz. Classical.

Jay Ferguson had been lead singer for all kinds of groups. Folk. Blues. Rock.

Their music wasn't solid, total anything. It was the essence of everything.

That's why it's timeless. **"The Best of Spirit." "Spirit."**

The music of the future: any time. On Epic Records and Tapes

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Discover *exactly* how to pick up beautiful women.

Here, for the first time ever, is a manual completely devoted to "The Pick Up." Now you can get the kind of girls you've always wanted. Not ugly girls. Or fat girls. Or girls with dumpy legs. To the contrary. NOW you can pick up *beautiful* girls! Girls with luxurious golden hair and soft rounded breasts. Girls with long sexy legs and pretty eyes and sensuous lips. Yes, now you can get the kind of gorgeous, delicious creatures you've always seen, always wanted, but never quite knew how to meet.

Interviews with 25 beautiful girls.

What's the secret behind this amazing new book? How come it's been called "The first How To book that really and truly works?" The answer is simple. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you — *in their very own words* — exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And most important of all, how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. The only problem is, you've probably never known it before.

Pick up girls *anywhere*.

It's easy to handle women once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girls of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street? What do you do then? You read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, that's what you do. You read it because this fabulous new book contains *everything* you need to know about picking up girls. You'll learn how to pick up girls *anywhere*. In bars, restaurants, on planes, trains, and, yes, even on the street!



This amazing new book contains **OVER ONE HUNDRED FOOL-PROOF TECHNIQUES**

for picking up girls.

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- Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking
- How to talk dirty seductively
- Why girls get horny
- Magic confidence builders
- How fear can actually help you
- 50 great opening lines
- The greatest pick up technique in the world
- Why women are dying to get picked up
- How to get women to pick you up

"Changed my whole damn life!"

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is already working miracles for men all across the country. Here are just a few of the fabulous letters we've received:

Your book, HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, changed my whole damn life! The girls are calling me up if I don't call them.

From an accountant in Ohio

I want you to know that you have written one of the best books of all time. One that was long overdue.

From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.

From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.

From a 30 year old bachelor in Seattle

Start picking up girls today.

As you can see, HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS really and truly works. Over 200,000 copies have already been sold. So don't delay. Order your copy this minute. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, you'll be the one who knows how to move into action.

The cost of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is only \$7.95. That's less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much more of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful women, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

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I enclose \$7.95, plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Rush me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away so I can start picking up beautiful girls.

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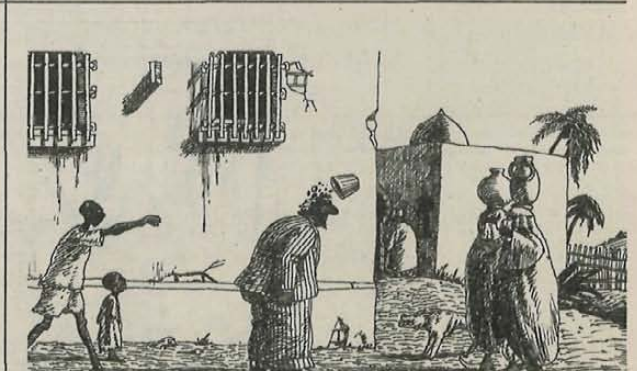
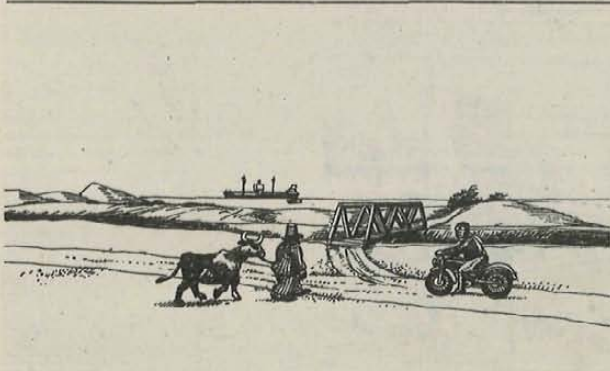
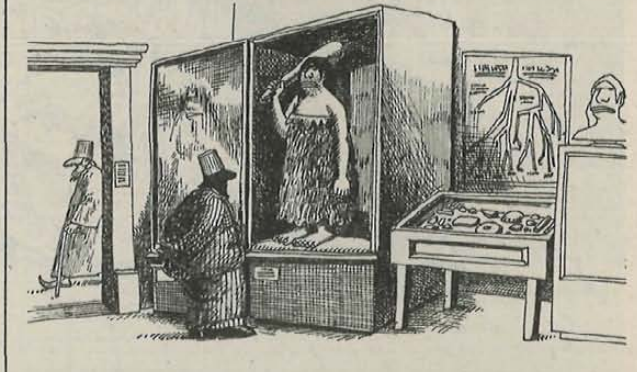
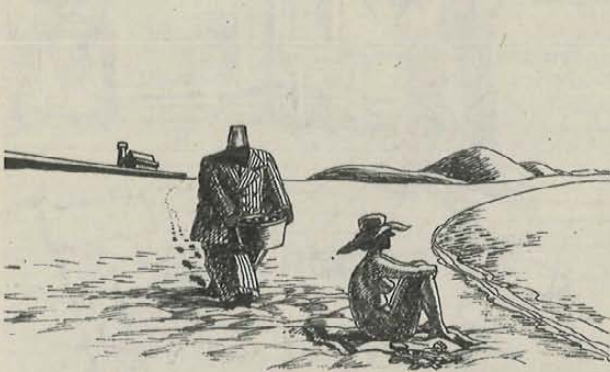
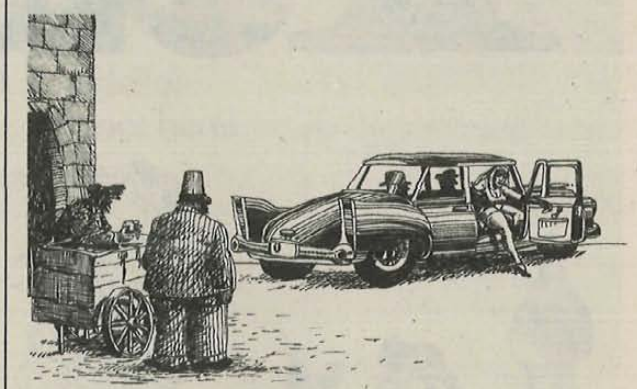
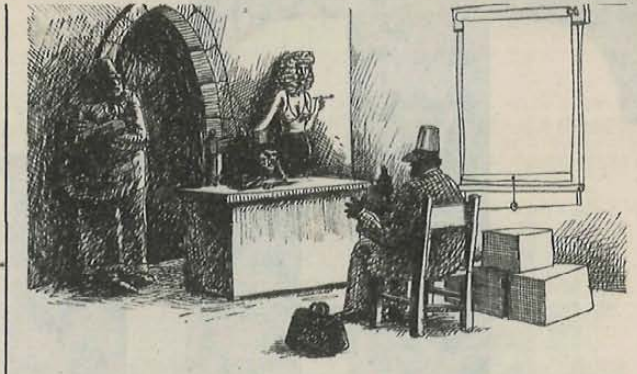
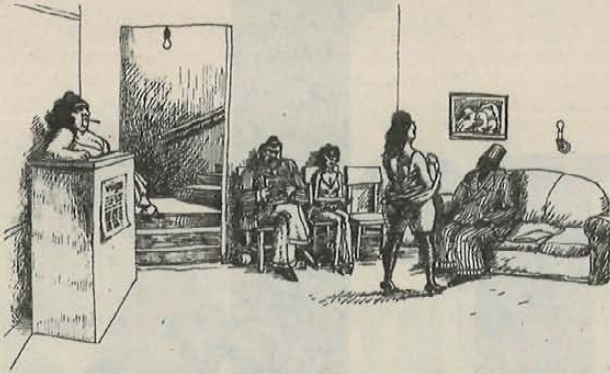


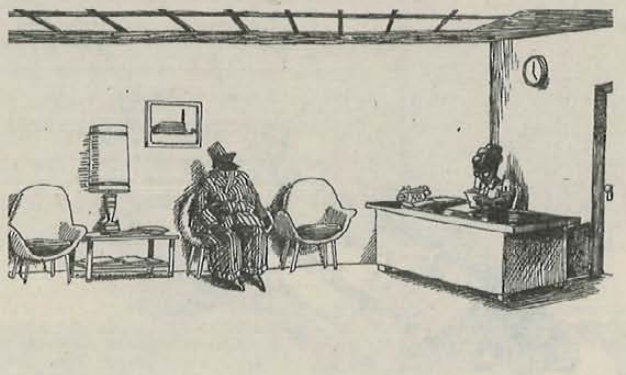
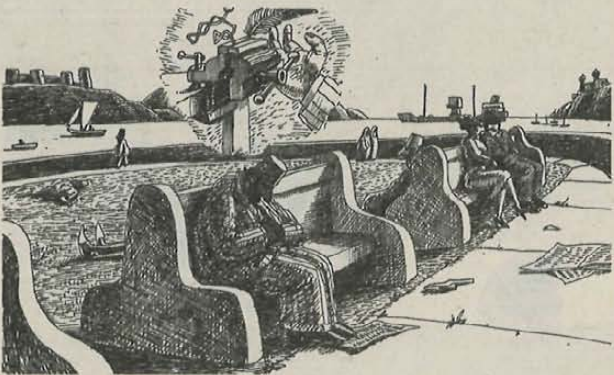
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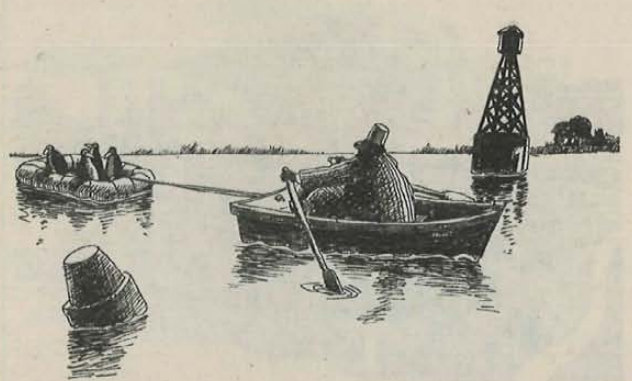
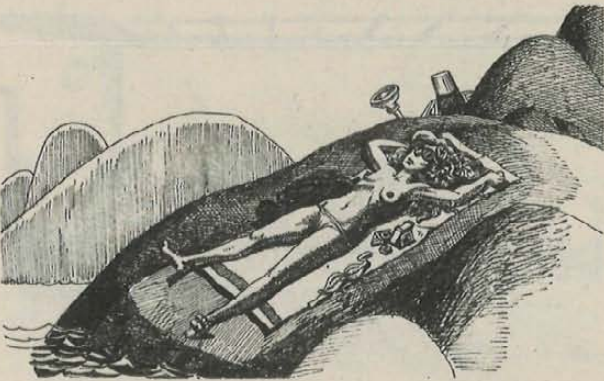
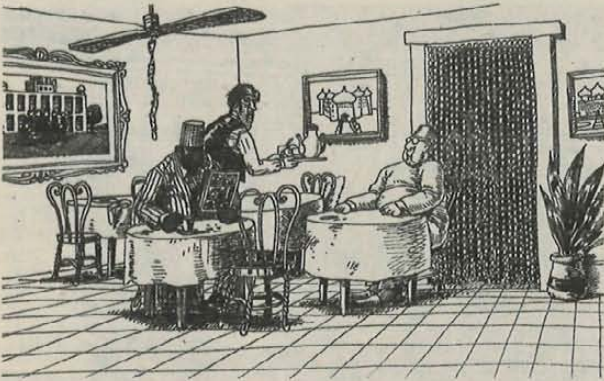
Turk

by B. Kliban









**Why did Constantinople get the works?
That's nobody's business but the Turks!**

Would you be more impressed if we advertised on TV?

Manufacturers are constantly faced with an agonizing choice: How much do you spend **on** the product and how much do you spend promoting it?

With products like receivers, which require a great deal of handcrafting, whatever is spent on advertising must literally come out of the product itself.

It must be obvious to you that Sherwood isn't widely known.

At the same time you see our competitors spending a great deal of money to advertise in very expensive places: The Johnny Carson Show, The Today Show, in Playboy, Penthouse, Time, etc.



Advertising dollars must come right out of the product.

Example: one of the two top hi-fi component manufacturers [and advertisers] in this field boasts that their \$200 receiver puts out 10 + 10 watts RMS power @ 8 ohms from 40-16,000 Hz. The walnut case is extra.

Compare that to our S7100A spec: 18 + 18 watts from 40-20,000 Hz. And we include the walnut case. For only \$219.95.

Another major manufacturer gives you 17 + 17 watts RMS [@ 1KHz] and charges \$260. Our S7100A offers 22 + 22 watts for \$40 less.

We put our marketing dollar into improving the receiver and rely on the equipment to speak for itself.

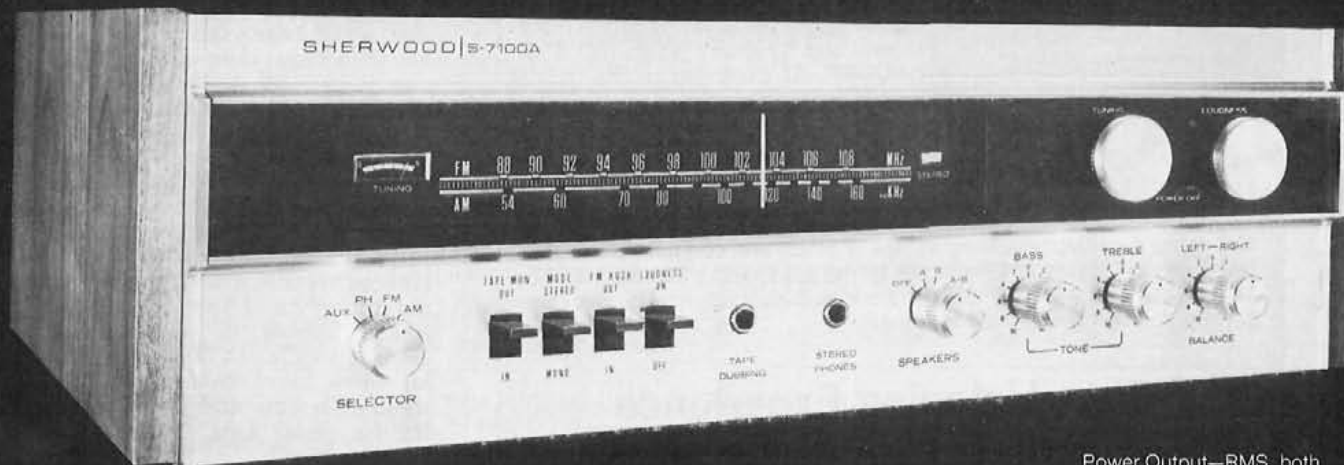
And that, obviously, is what's been happening. Our S7100A was recently given a "Best Buy" rating by a leading consumer testing publication.

(For a recent review of the S7100A, see Stereo & HiFi Times Spring issue. Or write to us: Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, 4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618.)

We may not be a household word. But with people into hifidelity, we've been getting a good reception.

Sherwood

The word is getting around.



Walnut case, included in the price.

Power Bandwidth: 15-50 KHz.-0.9% dist.

FM Sensitivity [IHF]: 1.9 μ v [-30 dB noise & dist.].

Capture Ratio: 2.8 dB.

Harmonic Distortion: 0.9% @ 8 ohms rated output, 0.20% @ 10 watts

Power Output—RMS, both channels driven:
27 watts \times 2 @ 4 ohms, 1 KHz.
22 watts \times 2 @ 8 ohms, 1 KHz.
14 watts \times 2 @ 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz.
18 watts \times 2 @ 8 ohms, 40-20,000 Hz.

Sirs:

My boyfriend's back, he's gonna save my reputation. Heyla, hey! my boyfriend's back.

Xaviera Hollander
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree: where Alph, the sacred river, ran through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea. On top of that, he built this incred—oops, someone's at the door—will finish this as soon as I get rid of the creep. Back in a mo.

Imagine that. It was a charming lady who showed me the widest selection of men's toiletries I have ever seen! In one visit, my cheerful Avon representative not only outfitted me with the last word in colognes, talcs, and aftershaves, but sold me a dozen of those little bars of soap shaped like golf balls that will make nifty gifts for all my friends. Particularly that homo Shelley, who always enjoys an innocent jape.

Listen, there was something I wanted to tell you—I think it was about somebody named Alf (?)—but I think I'll try out that bubble bath instead.

Sam Coleridge
Porlock, England

Sirs:

Can you speak to Chuckie for us? I've been nerved up for days and Herb is going out of his mind with worry, so thought I'd write the *National Lampoon*, knowing that you have won the confidence of many other troubled teens. (Mr. Fisher, Chuckie's civics teacher, uses your magazine in class to demonstrate loopholes in the First Amendment.)

It all started last week. For days Chuckie'd just sit there, dull and listless, with his elbows on the table until Fred would have to get up and smack him one with a poker just to get a simple "hello." Finally, we decided to throw a surprise birthday party for him and invited that Jewish friend of his from across the street. We even got that goddamn model plane kit he whined about. But when he came in and we all cried "Surprise, Chuckie, surprise!" he just said, "Oh, fuck it," grabbed a candle, a dessert spoon, and the rubber band from the kit and locked himself in the bathroom. Herb's pounding on the door now, but all we've heard from Chuckie are these little notes under the door asking for cream soda, Twinkies, and cigarettes.

Won't you please tell Chuckie to unlock the door? Herb and I haven't been able to drop a load in a week, and it's getting risky to even sneeze.

Frantic Mother
Brookline, Mass.

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Also introducing the new BOSE 501 SERIES II -- the other speaker with direct and reflected sound, and flat power radiation, at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay (about half the price of the 901).

The new 501 SERIES II features: ■A new tweeter with double the magnet size of the original 501 and four additional components in the crossover network, for improved high frequency response and power handling capability ■and 100% selection and matching of the woofers and tweeters with the SYN-COM™ II Computer -- the unique computer designed by BOSE and put into operation in August, 1973, to achieve a new level of speaker performance.



We invite you to challenge us! Compare the BOSE 901 SERIES II to any other speaker, regardless of size or price; and compare the BOSE 501 SERIES II to any speaker up to the price of the 901 SERIES II. You be the judge. If we have done our homework correctly, the comparison will be interesting and short!

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all the states he carried in the 1972 elections, but since that would leave only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia for Congress, they appear to have dropped this demand as "unrealistic."

Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew's forthright, though certainly mendacious, denial of the charges of improprieties leveled against him is said to have deeply annoyed the White House because of the inevitable invidious comparison that was instantly drawn between the speed and decisiveness of his straightforward rebuttal and the long months of inaccessibility, silence, and invisibility of the President in the Watergate matter. In fact, although it is true that the White House was extremely irritated with the Vice-President, the President's anger stemmed from Agnew's refusal to deliver a statement prepared at the President's direction by the Vice-President's former speechwriter (as of now, key White House aide), Patrick Buchanan.

The speech, a copy of which we have obtained, was clearly intended to employ the Vice-President in his old role of lightning rod and sounding-board to test out the national reaction to a hard-line reaction to Watergate, one of several options the

President had been considering for his own address to the American people. In the unused speech, Agnew was to have attacked "the jejune judges of the caterwauling, cantankerous courts" whose "inane indictments" and "supercilious subpoenas" show them to be "prissy poo-pooers of a few feeble felonies" and "hairsplitting harridans of lugubrious legalisms" who are "bothered by a little boyish buggery and burglary." He was also to have warned America "not to be conned by constitution-quoting quacks, fussy filibustering fogies, and other timid tee-totalitarians," who think "a couple of good stiff shots of old-fashioned American guts is going to turn us into a nation of goose-stepping goons." The speech went on to prescribe "the noose for nosy newshawks" and to suggest that some "pesky presshounds ought to be put to sleep" before "America catches the rabies of misrepresentation."

In the closing paragraph, the speech urges that "the Bill of Rights be marked 'paid in full,' since it was "just so much doggie paper for the pooches of doom." In an echo of Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech in 1964, the address was to have closed: "It's high time we had some high crimes in America, for if we

don't break the laws, the laws will break us. When the muggers and moochers and immoral muckmakers are getting away with murder, to be a goody-goody in the face of disorder is no virtue, and to be an outlaw in the defense of decency is no crime."

It is thought that one of the reasons the Vice-President refused to use the speech was that he feared for his life if he gave it.

Although all of the principal advisors and aides of the President who participated in the Watergate affair have implicated each other in the subsequent cover-up, in some of the planning for the various burglaries and "dirty tricks," and in the conveyance of funds for a number of the operations and, later, in the payment of "hush money," none of them has successfully pinned the blame for the original orders for the criminal acts on any of the others or on the President himself. Needless to say, the evidence points to the rather deep complicity of the President in much the same inevitable way a compass needle shows a marked, impressive preference for Magnetic North, but, in all fairness, there is a remote chance that the President is guiltless, and in that light, there are a few other possible theories which should be

continued



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continued

considered: 1. King Timahoe, the President's Irish Setter, was behind the whole thing (The Mastermutt Theory). Photographs taken of the President show that his sinister hound was present at virtually every important occasion, and in fact, rarely leaves his side. Could this demonic cur have turned on his master and ordered the nefarious activities later laid at the President's door, then slunk behind the shield of the "master-pet" relationship? We may never know, since everything from his pedigree charts to his poo-papers that lined his doggie box to the occasional key growl he may have uttered in one of the "bugged" offices of the President are clearly part of the Presidential papers. Even now, the evil mutt may be chewing valuable evidence into unrecognizable shreds.

Drawback: Although many, if not most, of the interesting men whom the President surrounded himself with were loyal to the point where comparisons with the Nazi Hierarchy become almost automatic, it is not thought likely that they would take orders from a dog, even the President's dog. Similarly, it seems reasonable to assume that even the most devoted of the President's henchmen would require something a little more convincing than a paw print at the

bottom of a memo or a cryptic, barked command over the telephone, to launch a risky, delicate operation of espionage and sabotage. 2. The White House itself is responsible. One often hears the expression, "if these old walls could talk." Perhaps the "old walls" in the White House did. Certainly, the nearly two centuries of deals, threats, reprehensible conduct, and shameful secrets to which the White House has been party must have made it a very cynical dwelling. Then, too, there is the odd repetition of the phrase "the White House," throughout the testimony before the Senate Select Committee, as in "The White House had authorized that," "I felt he spoke with the authority of the White House," and "This came from the highest levels of the White House." Obviously, it would have been an easy matter for an unscrupulous building in the White House's position to plug into the vast network of intercoms, telephones, and bugs which had been installed in it, and since it appears that the various staffers rarely, if ever, talked to each other, and never to the President, a bogus order given by the White House to, say, Ehrlichman, to break into the Watergate (a newer and fancier building which the White House may well have been jealous of, and particularly

of its pleasant river location) would never have been checked.

Drawback: Evidence of the White House talking, had it been discovered, would surely have fallen into that exceedingly tiny area of things the President's friends and advisers would have told him about (the conversion of the moon into a gigantic mushroom and the disappearance of one of the larger states, say, Michigan, would be further examples of the kind of thing they probably would have felt a bit remiss in not informing him of). More important, it seems very unlikely that the White House could have acted in any concerted fashion, since it was constructed over a period of a century and a half, and presumably the newer additions, especially those parts added by President Truman and President Roosevelt, would have had a much more liberal tinge. Admittedly, the swimming pool, which was converted by President Nixon into a press room, may have harbored a grudge, but although it is just possible that Halde-man and some of the others might have gone along with commands from the whole White House, they would undoubtedly have drawn the line at undertaking anything beyond a few income tax checks for a swimming pool. 3. Pat Nixon, the President's oddly self-effacing wife and helpmate, cooked up the entire episode, either in conjunction with Tricia and Julie, or alone (The Mastermind Theory and the Bad Seed Theory). No one knows whether Pat or any of the Nixon children can imitate the President's voice and handwriting. (It has been reported that David does a fair imitation of a cockatoo, a steam locomotive, and a toilet flushing, and a very poor imitation of W. C. Fields.) Without these key talents, it's hard to see how they'd have gotten very far. None of them looks at all like Richard Nixon (generally, this has proven a plus in their lives). They might, however, have hired a double. Presumably, David Frye's rates would have been too high, but regular viewers of the Watergate hearings have noted an individual (Robert Silverstein) who sits behind Senator Gurney and bears an uncanny resemblance to the President. He could have been slipped into the White House unobtrusively with the groceries or the cleaning (Pat's cloth coats attract lint the way honey attract flies, so this latter dodge could have provided him entree on practically a daily basis.) Presumably, Pat's motive would have been revenge for Dick using her as a stage prop for twenty-five years and making her look like a moron in front of the American people.

Drawback: Pat is a moron. □

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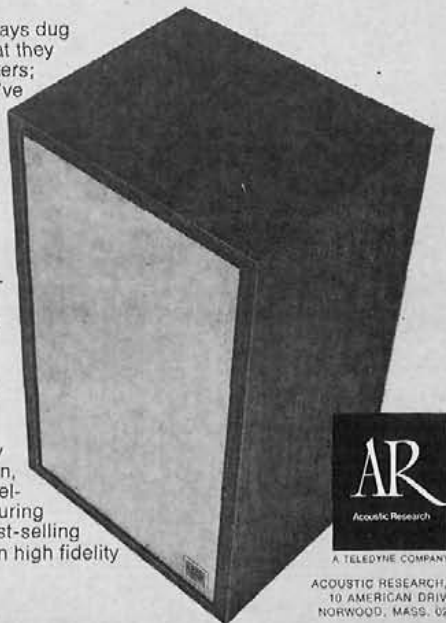
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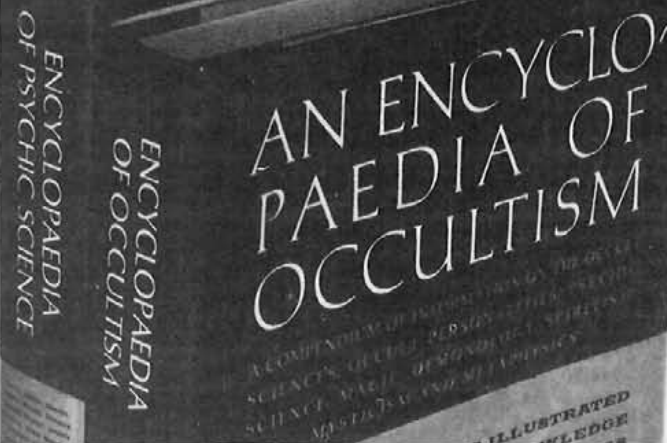
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A Lay Brother protects magician from the Devil (13th cent. MS, Paris)



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Zip _____

MARY CZEPIŁ'S SELECTIONS FOR THE SEVEN BEST ALBUMS OF THE YEAR.

We at Mercury Records didn't know Mary was into pop music until very recently when our publicity man was working late one night, and found her furtively slipping a disc onto a turntable. "I dig listening to and evaluating albums while I'm cleaning up," she confessed.

Our publicity man asked what her favorites were.

The newly released albums you see on this page are what Mary likes to refer to as the "creme de la creme." Here are her comments about these albums: New York Dolls—"Dynamite, pure dynamite;" Rod Stewart—"The capter to my Stewart collection;" Bachman-Turner Overdrive—"Drives me wild;" Ballin'jack—"Virtually no distortion on the brass;" Tom T.

Hall—"Enchanting visions of rural America;" Spencer Davis Group—"One hell of a recording mix;" Chuck Mangione—"Exquisite flugelhorn and alto sax runs!"

We at Mercury want to thank Mary for making it possible for us to mop up all the nominations in the first annual Mary Czepl Awards.



Mercury SRM-1-675 8-Track MC8-1-675
Musicassette MCR4-1-675



Mercury SRM-1-673 8-Track MC8-1-673
Musicassette MCR4-1-673



Vertigo VEL-1015 8-Track VC8-1015
Musicassette VCR4-1015



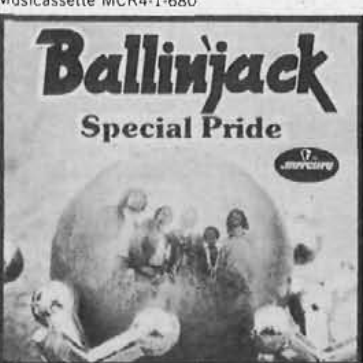
Mercury SRM-1-680 8-Track MC8-1-680
Musicassette MCR4-1-680



Mercury SRM-1-668 8-Track MC8-1-668
Musicassette MCR4-1-668



Mercury SRM-1-681 8-Track MC8-1-681
Musicassette MCR4-1-681



Mercury SRM-1-672 8-Track MC8-1-672
Musicassette MCR4-1-672



product of phonogram, inc., one IBM plaza, chicago, ill.

Important Notice to Readers

by Ed Subitzky

We at the National Lampoon have a problem—and only you can help us solve it.

In the past, because sex is so much a part of our daily lives (and so often the part that lands “on the funny side of the street”), we have devoted a portion of our magazine to material that, to put it bluntly, was of a distinctly prurient nature. Indeed, at times the harsh taskmaster of effective humor writing even dictated that we place ourselves among the very bravest of contemporary publications.

Then, like a beaver damming up a river and blocking its natural flow, came the recent Supreme Court decision regarding “obscenity.” And so we found it necessary to call together a high-ranking editorial conference for the purpose of carefully re-thinking through our “prurience policy.” The unanimous decision was that, come law suits or high water, sexually oriented material must still have a place in our magazine—provided, of course, it is genuinely funny and barbed with steel-edged wit.

Yet, obviously, a change of some sort must be made. Not wishing to go against the ruling of the Supreme Court, we invited our lawyers to offer several alternative ways in which such

material might be published while remaining within the protection of the First Amendment.

On the following pages, then, you will find an assortment of short stories that deal frankly and unashamedly with the sexual side of man’s nature (and woman’s nature). No “four-letter” words have been spared, no anatomical description has been deleted. That is the brave declaration of your editors. Yet each story, as you will see, is presented in a somewhat novel fashion—representing the full gamut of the approaches suggested by our counsel.

And that is where you come in. Because you—our loyal readers—and not us, are entitled to the ultimate say about which method we eventually adopt.

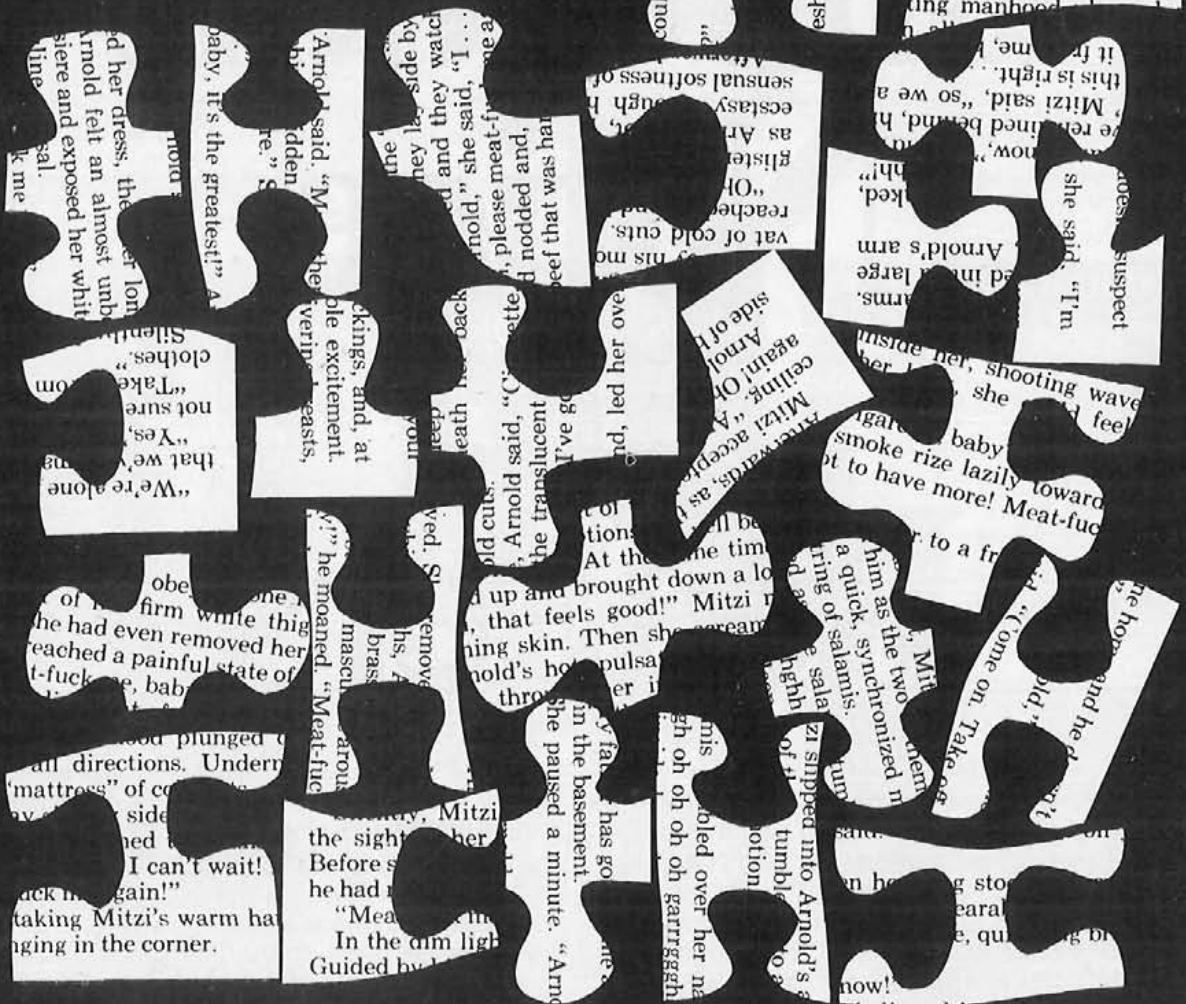
So take a few minutes to read (and enjoy) the following stories. Then, if you will, take but an extra moment to fill out and return the ballot that follows them. In the future, we pledge to adhere to whatever method is thus democratically selected by the majority of our readers.

Thank you for your trouble.

*Sincerely,
The Editors*

1

Our lawyers advise us that, by breaking up a story "jigsaw" fashion, it cannot be considered obscene because "whatever may in fact be its effect *in toto, in toto* is not the way it actually appears in the magazine." To read the following story, all you need do is cut out the pieces and rearrange them, interlocking them in proper order as you would any standard jigsaw puzzle. We promise you the result will be worth it.



2

When viewed through standard-type polaroid "3-D" glasses, all of the obscene words and passages in this story will seem to "pop out" several inches into the air, while the neuter words remain in the plane of the paper. According to our lawyers, "the obscenity, being visually removed from the normal latitude of the magazine, cannot legally be considered a *de facto* part of the publication, and is thus not liable to prosecution."

"Aw, come on!" Elliot said. "I'm a music major and you're an art major. If we fuck, think what a crescendo we could make!"

"But here in the museum?" Samantha queried, somewhat timidly. "What will people say?"

"It's almost closing time," Elliot said. "No one else is around!"

"All right," Samantha said. "But let's do it in the Impressionist room. I love Impressionism."

Elliot took Samantha's hand and led her through a hallway lined with marble statues, past a gallery of eighteenth-century mosaics, and into the Impressionist room.

"Ahhhhrrghh arrghhghgh gggghhghhhhhhhgh!" Samantha said, the swirling colors in her mind adding magnificently to the reds and blues and yellows in the paintings around them.

After it was over, she said, "We'll have to come here more often."

"Cigarette?" Elliot asked.

According to the Supreme Court decision, thousands of communities may now determine for themselves what is considered to be obscene by their own local standards. Being a nationwide publication, this creates obvious problems for the *National Lampoon*. The most practical solution, according to our lawyers, would be to simply print several versions of every questionable piece, and, before the magazine is shipped to any given area, "black out" those versions not suitable for the area in question. Below, you will find six different versions of the same story, each one a bit "rougher" than its predecessor; however, you will only be able to see the ones suitable for your particular community, as determined by our research department. In this respect, people in different parts of the country will actually "see" different *Lampoons*. For example, in certain areas of Nevada, we need not black out even the sixth version of the story, while in certain parts of New England we must black out all but the first. By noting what is and is not blacked out in the copy in your hands right now, you will have a good idea of what kinds of censorship standards prevail in the area in which you live.



"Wanna hold hands?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I never held hands with a boy before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. Jason put his hand in hers. She liked the way it felt, and she clasped her fingers tighter around him. As they walked through the park, she found herself loosening and tightening her grip several times. The Maple trees were very pretty, just beginning to turn a little autumn red around the edges.

Later, they sat beside the lake for a while. After they finished holding hands, Sally said, "Gee, that was nice."

"Piece of candy?" Jason asked, offering Sally a yellow M & M.



"Wanna kiss?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I never kissed a boy before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. Jason put his lips on hers. She liked the way they made her tingle, and she pressed her own lips tighter against him. As they stood in front of her apartment, she found herself loosening and tightening their lips with sucking motions. The artificial tree by the elevator seemed to glow in the soft overhead lights of the carpeted hallway.

After the kiss, they stood in front of the elevator for a moment. As Jason pressed the button, Sally said, "Gee, that was very nice."

"Cloret?" Jason asked, handing her one just before the elevator door closed behind him.



"Wanna neck?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I've never necked with a boy before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. Jason ran his lips up and down her face. She liked the waves of excitement they sent through her, and she responded by peppering his face with kisses. Suddenly, she felt as if she were floating in the air above her living room couch, pleasantly dizzy and unable to

catch her breath. Jason bit deeply into her neck and a sharp buzz of pleasure raced through her.

After they necked, Jason got up to leave. As he neared the doorway, Sally said, "Gee, that was really something else!"

"Coke?" Jason asked. "I know a great soda shoppe down the street!"



"Wanna pet?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I've never petted with a boy before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. Jason ran his hands up and down her body, over her wide hips, her thin waist, her firm breasts. With each motion, she began to shiver more wildly and soon she found her own fingers exploring him. "Gee!" Jason gasped, returning her deep massages until his living room seemed to be lost in a sea of churning colors.

After they petted, Sally got up to leave. As she neared the doorway, she stopped and said, "I... wow... wow... yeah, wow!"

"Drink before you leave?" Jason asked, going over to the bar to mix another cocktail.



"Wanna fuck?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I've never made love before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. Slowly, gently, Jason spread her out and climbed on top of her. In a quick, deft motion, he thrust himself into her, moving back and forth as she began to rock passionately beneath him. Suddenly she saw his whole bedroom turn scarlet as wave after wave of pleasure burst through her body like a bombshell. "Caaaaaaah! oh oh oh no NO NO ACGGGGGHHHH!" she screamed.

After they fucked, Jason held Sally close and kissed her all over. She smiled, a broader smile with each kiss.

"More!" she said, "more!"

"In a minute," Jason said, turning to his dresser. "Cigarette?"



"Coke?" Jason asked.

"Gee," Sally said, "I'm not sure that's right. I've never done it before."

"Aw, come on," Jason said, "it can't hurt."

"Okay," Sally said. In a moment, they were in position and Sally found she was experiencing a whole new universe of exotic pleasures. Suddenly, the whole massage parlor and all the other couples seemed to disappear. Sally began screaming uncontrollably with pleasure, and when the parrot flew over and joined them, she thought her whole body was going to explode in the mad, wicked frenzy.

After the 69, Jason got up and went over to a closet. He returned with an object Sally had only read about before.

"A little pain?" Jason asked, his eyes grinning as they focused tightly on Sally.

4 A cryptogram, as puzzle fans know, is simply a piece in which every letter is substituted for another according to a pre-arranged code. For example, if the code were:

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

then the word *it* would be printed as *bw* and *antidisestablishmentarianism* would become *eiwbpbjdwevlbdkfjiwexbeibdf*. According to our lawyers, "no matter what a given word may become when cryptographically deciphered, the courts are required to restrict their considerations to the evidence at hand, which is merely what actually appears on the printed page." The code used in the cryptogram below is not the same as the one in the example above, but you should be able to decipher it easily, and thus put together the complete story. In particular, note such things as frequency of letters (*e* being the most frequent in the English language), construction of words, length, repetition, etc.

"RGKKG SDEB?" NGH NGLQ.
 "SDEB?" GMGZWG GNBTQ. "SDEB KYR?"

5 Recent research has shown that, just the way certain parts of the woman's body are most sexually arousing to the man (and vice versa), so too certain parts of the printed word "fuck" provide the primary bulk of prurient arousal. In particular, the little dot at the end of the curve on top of the *f*, the bottom middle part of the *c* and the right bottom serif on the *k* are the "erogenous letter-zones" our hormones are gramatically programmed to respond to. Hence, these parts need only be airbrushed out in order to render the word unlikely to arouse the reader—and thus legal.

"Wanna fuck?" Arthur asked.

"I could use a good fuck right now," Erica said. "But first, baby, how do I know you're any good?"

"When I tuck 'em, they stay fucked!" Arthur said. "If you don't believe me, call any of my girl cousins—or ask

"SDEB HT!" NGH NGLQ. "JVTGNT SDEB HT!"
 "YBGC," GMGZWG NGLQ. "L'VV SDEB CYD."
 GMGZWG MYZ DJ, NYSZVC QFTR ZWT QOG-
 JTN, GKQ, RWLVT NGH RGZEWTO GKQ MOLK-
 KTQ, PTMGK ZY OTHYXT WTO EVYZWTN.
 SLKGVVC NWT NZYYQ ZWTOT, NZGOB KGBTQ
 TAETJZ SYO WTO VTGZWTO MGOZTO-PTVZ.
 WTO VGOMT, SLOH, OYDKQ POTGNZN MVLNZ-
 TKTQ LK G NWGSZ YS HRRKVLNMLWZ ZWGZ
 -JTTJTQ ZWOYDMW ZWT QOGJTN.

"L'H OTGOC," NWT NGLQ. "VTZ'N SDEB!"
 NGH STVV YK ZYJ YS WTO GKQ ZWODNZ WLN
 WYZ, VGOMT HGKWWYYQ LKZY WTO NFDLOH-
 LKM PGNZLYK YS STHLKLLZC.

"SDEB HT! SDEB HT! SDEB HT! GOMWWWWW-
 WWWWWW GWWWWWWWWW! DDDDDDD-
 DDDDDDDKWWW!" WT HYGKTQ.

"MGGGGGGGGGGGG! DKKKKKKKKKKKWK-
 KKKKWK! DWWWWWWWWW!" GMGZWG
 HYGKTQ, "L'H EYHLKM! L'H EYHLKM! L'H EY-
 HLKM! DKKKKKKWWW!"

GSZTO ZWT SDEB, NGH ZDOKTQ ZY GMGZWG
 GKQ NGLQ, "ELMGOTZZT?"

6 Readers familiar with the popular "Jumble" feature that appears in many newspapers should have no trouble following the poignant—and explicit—sexual drama presented below. Each word is simply replaced by a rearrangement (or anagram) of its own letters, and all you need do is put them back in the right order. For example, "the" might appear as "eht" or "het" and "faster" as "reftas" or "freats." The legal protections are self-evident.

Eht stilgh ni hte drollboe reew monsire adn imd. Oto mdi, eh houtthg. Yeth adem ti luctiffid ot cipk a lirg.

Sualyul, eh plymis okot het stom lubfautie eno livablae—ta satel ni hatt tilgh—ubt thingot, rof emos nosare, eh fundo femilsh gintnopi ot a allt, kynal gril. Het Medama denotimo ehr ot iser. *Tish, eh gouhht, woh I etah hist sylou barelsime clape.*

Sa eh dewofoll ehr pu eht kard yarwitas, eh derit ot scouf erom lysecol no ehr doby. Rhe sloube aws bunonet-dut, dan eh culdo ese hatt ehs dha dorpu, griphthu streabs—asterbs taht chatemd reh ihhg senobheec dan teh kolo fo cenafid ni rhe syee. Rhe sgel reew goln, oto, nad eh kidle taht.

Nialylyf, yhet erew ni het omor, dan ehs tuhs het rodo dinebh emth nad yeth desserdun ni nilesec. Rhete swa a plamertets rane eht wovdin, dan ti tasc reeei lewoly skatescoras ethm.

'em down at McAllister Zoo!"

"All right. I'll take my chances."

As Erica slowly began to remove her clothes, Arthur thought how he wanted to fuck every single delicious part of her: to fuck her large, firm breasts, to fuck her wide hips, even to fuck her baby-blue, teasing eyes.

"All right," Erica said, "I'm ready. Let's fuck!"

Arthur gracefully slid Erica beneath him and zoomed in, like a hawk going after its tasty target.

"Good . . . good . . ." Erica moaned, "Oh, yeah. Oh yeah. Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

After it was over, Arthur said, "Well, how was it?"

"Distinctly better than average," Erica answered, her eyes exuding a warm, contented glow.

"Cigarette?" Arthur asked.

Tehn, touthih nirngaw, ehr dybo aws prawdep lyththig radoun shi. Eyth dedart mraw, ukicq, twe skisse dan eh udolc lefe ihs threab gninekiecqu.

"Ho abyb," he derpewihs noti eht ginth. "Kufc em. Sealep, ekam em pypah, ekam em grofte!"

Onw seh swa derunthea mih. Reh stonimo reew licanachem, trinesiddeste, ubt fesorplanios dan dogo. Rof a temmon, eh dentaw ot stires, ont ot vige ni, nto ot touhs twih oyj lal ebsauce fo a horwe. Ubt het notsanisse plumdelitie, thye bemeca oot oodg, nad eh dunfo flemihg gimacers, "Cufk em! Kufc em! Oooooohoo! Hhhhhhhhhhh-ahhh! Rgnanhhhhghghhh!"

Retaf ti swa revo, eh dasi, "I segus efil doulc evah krewod tou a olt trefeb orf tohb fo su."

Eh ilt a egirettac dan refdofo rhe eno. Sa ehs dovem ot peccat ti, a fahst, fo eth ertsiltgh tib lyprhas scoras rhe ceaf. "Hyw . . . yhw, I ownk ouy," eh isad. "I kwon uyo! Morjeria Jeson, het irlg I twen ot lochos iwth, het strif iglr I reev dha a shurc no!"

"Oyu—ouy'er Nayd Teiolrs," hes adis.

"I sedu ot ardem fo ginkam vole ot ouy," eh disa, "fo girrynac ouy yaaw dan armyrnig ouy." Eh pucdep ehr dahe lytneg ni shi dansh nad defilt ti ot hacct eht ghiti inaga. Nda he wekn hatt, rof eht tser fo ihs fiel, he louwd renev vhae ot og niot taht wulfa epalc naagi. Dan renieth ludow ehs.

All of the words in the following story have been taken and arranged alphabetically at the top of the story. Each has been assigned a number, and the story is then presented as the appropriate sequence of numbers, instead of words. The legal protections are obvious.

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. a | 38. friends | 75. leering | 112. quivering |
| 2. across | 39. fuck | 76. legs | 113. reached |
| 3. after | 40. fucked | 77. like | 114. removed |
| 4. afterwards | 41. fucker | 78. lips | 115. removing |
| 5. age | 42. fucking | 79. listed | 116. round |
| 6. ahhhhhhhh | 43. garghghghgh | 80. little | 117. said |
| 7. almonds | 44. gently | 81. long | 118. saving |
| 8. and | 45. getting | 82. love | 119. scout |
| 9. Annie | 46. girl | 83. manhood | 120. she |
| 10. as | 47. give | 84. manual | 121. sheepishly |
| 11. asked | 48. good | 85. mean | 122. shiny |
| 12. Bar | 49. got | 86. moaned | 123. show |
| 13. be | 50. grin | 87. mused | 124. slip |
| 14. better'n | 51. hair | 88. my | 125. smooth |
| 15. bit | 52. happy | 89. new | 126. something |
| 16. black | 53. he | 90. nipples | 127. stiffened |
| 17. bloated | 54. her | 91. NO | 128. suddenly |
| 18. body | 55. Hershey | 92. not | 129. sure |
| 19. bra | 56. hey | 93. now | 130. surprisingly |
| 20. breasts | 57. him | 94. obeyed | 131. supple |
| 21. budding | 58. his | 95. of | 132. swimming |
| 22. cigarette | 59. hmmm | 96. off | 133. take |
| 23. clothes | 60. hurts | 97. ohhhhhhhh | 134. that |
| 24. contorted | 61. I | 98. okay | 135. them |
| 25. despite | 62. if | 99. or | 136. then |
| 26. do | 63. I'll | 100. out | 137. thrust |
| 27. does | 64. I'm | 101. over | 138. tickled |
| 28. dress | 65. in | 102. own | 139. to |
| 29. drowning | 66. instructed | 103. panties | 140. took |
| 30. else | 67. into | 104. pants | 141. Tootsie |
| 31. even | 68. is | 105. paroxysm | 142. trainer |
| 32. face | 69. it | 106. pleasure | 143. trembling |
| 33. fact | 70. it's | 107. pocket | 144. twisted |
| 34. fell | 71. Jed | 108. Pop | 145. tying |
| 35. finished | 72. Jed's | 109. pressed | 146. under |
| 36. firm | 73. knot | 110. promised | 147. unghhhhhh |
| 37. first | 74. learning | 111. purse | 148. upwards |

- | | | | |
|------------|---------------|-------------|-------------|
| 149. wanna | 153. whatever | 157. with | 161. you |
| 150. was | 154. what's | 158. worth | 162. you'll |
| 151. were | 155. wide | 159. yelled | 163. your |
| 152. what | 156. wild | 160. yes | 164. you're |
| | | | 165. you've |

7

"93 134 165 35 163 141-108," 71 117, "149 39?"
 "39?" 9 87. "152 27 134 85? 70 92 79 65 88
 46-119 84!"
 "63 13 52 139 123 161," 71 117. "65 33, 62 164
 1 48 80 41, 63 31 47 161 1 55 12 4!"
 "157 7?" 9 11.
 "161 49 69!" 72 78 144 148 65 1 75 50.
 "98," 9 117, "64 129 42 68 158 74, 153 69 68."
 "37 133 96 163 23," 71 66.
 "59," 9 117, "68 45 40 77 132?"
 "1 80," 71 117.
 1 15 121, 9 94, 8 114 54 28, 124, 142-19 8 103.
 54 76—25 54 5—151 131, 81, 8 125. 54 21 20 151
 130 36 8 116, 8 54 81 16 51 34 2 135 8 138 54 90.
 115 58 102 23, 71 44 109 9 146 57 8 137 58 17,
 112 83 67 54 93-143 82-111.
 "56, 134 60!" 9 159. 136, 128, 54 32 24 67 1
 155, 156 50 8 54 18 127 65 1 105 95 106. "97,"
 120 86, "160! 160! 6! 43! 91! 91! 147!"
 3 69 150 101, 9 117, "61 129 26 77 42! 70 31 14
 73-145 99 118 29 38."
 71 113 101 139 58 104; 10 110, 140 100 1 122
 89 55 12 157 7. 136 53 140 126 30 100 95 58 107.
 "22?" 53 11.
 "154 1 22?"

Although the Supreme Court has given local communities the right to censor sexually oriented material, the right to publish violence remains protected by the First Amendment. Therefore, in the following story, "violent" words have simply been substituted for sexual ones according to the following chart:

WHERE YOU SEE:	READ:
hit	kiss
maim	fuck
torture	breast
bomb	love
multilate	nipple
kill	oooooooooooo
destroy	ahhhhhhhhhhh
stab	sex
electrocution	foreplay
guillotine	oral

The sun had set, and now a cool breeze swept off the ocean and covered the beach with a sweet feeling. Frank smiled as the breeze tickled his body, and Patti smiled too. "Happy?" he asked. Patti hit him lightly on the cheek. "I bomb you," she said.

"Know something?" Frank said, "I like honeymoons!" "Yeah," Patti said, "I kind of like them too." In the darkness, Frank reached out and gently pulled down the halter of Patti's bathing suit; bombingly, he fondled her tortures.

Patti grinned. "That's nice," she said. "Kill!" "I bomb you so much," Frank whispered, proceeding further into the electrocution. He hit Patti's mutilations and she moaned, "destroy!"

With quick, darting motions, Frank cascaded up and

down and the smooth young body of his new wife, hitting her all over, and at the same time slipping off the rest of her bathing suit. "Good, baby, good," she sighed as he lowered himself above her. Then the wide yellow moon seemed to split into a crazy rainbow of color as she gasped, "Maim me! Maim me! Baby, maim me! Kill! Kill! Destroy! Destroy! Kill! Bomb me, maim me, kill!"

After it was over, silent and satisfied, the two bombers lay side by side in the darkness and watched the dazzling array of tropical stars. Slowly, steadily, the waves lapped the beach, bringing the tide in. There was no need to speak, for all the loveliness in the world seemed to be right there.

A little while later, Frank said, "Sweetheart, I was wondering . . . if you wouldn't mind . . . perhaps . . ."

"Perhaps what, darling?" "I thought maybe . . ."

Patti hit him several times on the lips. "You don't have to be shy, darling. Remember, I'm your wife!"

"Well, I thought maybe you'd be willing to try a little guillotine stab."

Patti paused a moment. "Okay," she said. "Are you sure? If you don't want to, it's okay. Really it is."

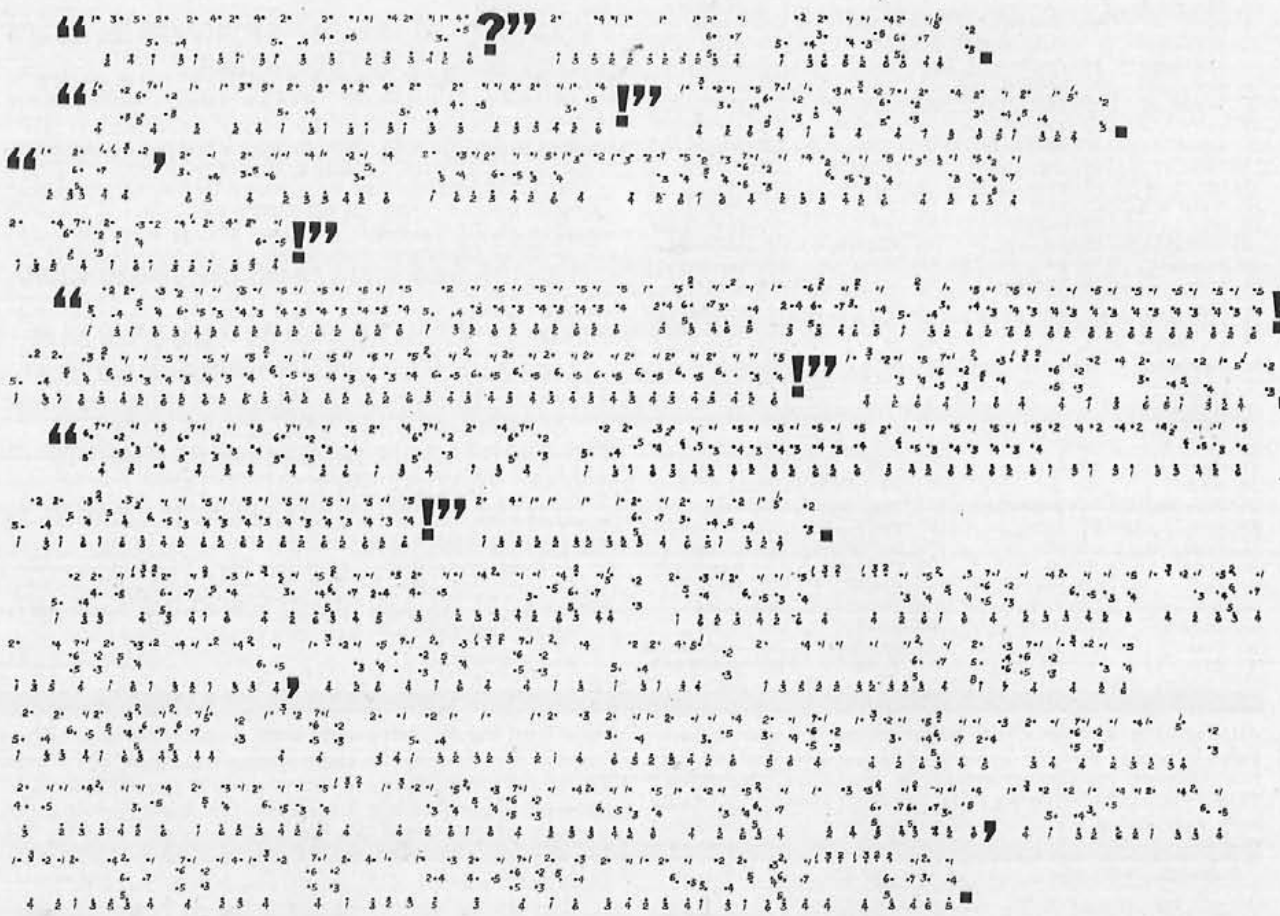
"But I want to, darling!"

"Patti, hit me. I bomb you! You're the most wonderful woman in the world! Your tortures are so beautiful. Did I ever tell you you have beautiful tortures?"

"Yes," Patti giggled. She lit a cigarette and watched as the dark grey smoke rose to combine with the ebony sky. Then she bombed Frank where he wanted to be bombed and made the night sing for him.

8

The following is based on a device familiar to most of us from childhood. Simply "connect the numbers" in natural order and you will find yourself writing out the shapes of the letters that comprise the story. According to our lawyers, "however explicitly sexual the result may be, attempts at prosecution must inevitably fail due to the fact that the finished product, of necessity including lines drawn a posteriori by the reader himself, obviously goes beyond that which was actually published."



The following is based on the "shared space" legal concept in which an unimpeachably innocent story is printed directly over the desired prurient one. (In our example, we have chosen the opening paragraphs of "Cinderella.") According to our counsel, "all legal questions ultimately reduce to a question of space, and exactly what does or does not occupy that space. If a story protected by law shares the same space as one not enjoying such protection, the space must nonetheless be considered protected and indirectly extend such protection to the second story."

"A rich man had lost his wife and was left all alone with his little girl. Although they were lonely and sad, father and daughter lived together peacefully enough through the summer, the autumn, and the winter. But when spring came, the man married again, and from that time on, all was different for the little girl. Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" Harry moaned as Joanne rapidly began to massage his body with her darting tongue. Then, throwing her on the bed,

and when they saw that the little girl outshone them in beauty, they took a mutual dislike to her and decided to get her out of the way. "More! Deeper! Deeper!" Joanne moaned. Her hips churned with the little girl and she sat in the parlor with us," said they. "If she wants food, let her work for it. All she's fit for is the kitchen. Out with her!" They took away her pretty clothes and dressed her in drab, and Harry burst forth and, at the same instant, the kitchen reached her most sensitive part. She rubbed it raw and dug deeply into his back. The water would take care of the rickety and washing besides. And that wasn't all. At night, after a hard day's work, the new wife would get a bed to sleep in! The only way she could keep warm was to lie on the hearth among the ashes and rinds, and because of this she was now called Cinderella. Now it happened one day that the father decided to go Phanks, RR, Harry said. Cigarette.

EXTRA—CONVERTER KIT

If you own previous issues of the *National Lampoon* which were printed before the recent Supreme Court ruling, you may be in possession of material deemed obscene in your community, and thus open to possible confiscation or prosecution. For this reason, we have provided the "Converter Kit" below, which can be used to convert older *Lampoons* into legally acceptable material. Naturally, how much of the Kit you use will depend on your own interpretation of standards in your community.

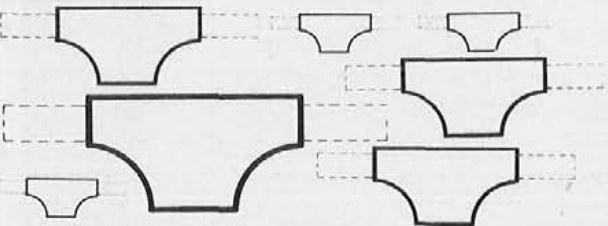
ACCEPTABLE WORDS

Instructions: cut out and paste over the unexpurgated version of the word wherever it appears.

f---	b----	s---	t--	c---	c---	a--	e-----
f---	b----	s---	t--	c---	c---	a--	e-----
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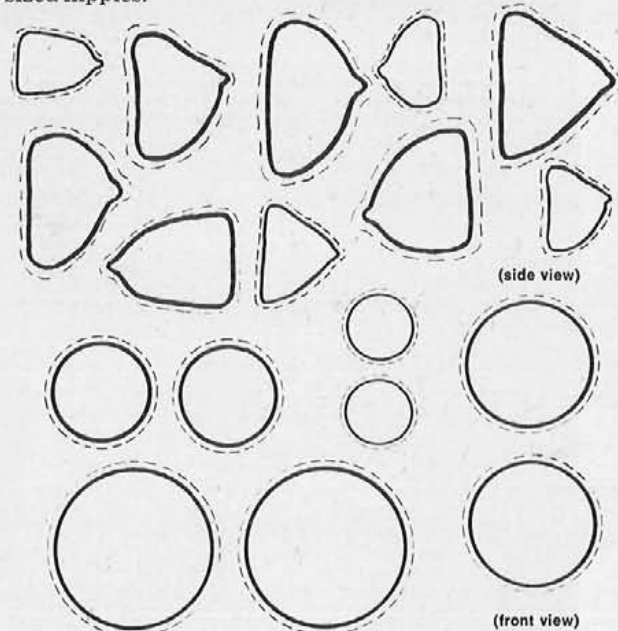
PANTIES

Instructions: cut out and place over pubic regions of women.



PASTIES

Instructions: cut out and paste over nipples in pictures of females. Various sizes are provided for close-up, medium, and distant photographs, as well as for different-sized nipples.



SOCIALLY REDEEMING PARAGRAPHS

Instructions: cut out and insert in printed material at points of maximum pruriency.

"Say, I just realized something!" she said, pausing a moment from their mutual action, "why, in 1967, according to the Federal Power Commission, U.S. electric companies consumed a total of 2,746,352,409 x 10⁹ cu. ft. of natural gas!"

"By the way," he said, interrupting what they were doing for a moment, "did you know that the world's first ocean-going steamboat was the *Phoenix*, completed in 1809?"

"You know," she said, rolling away from him for a moment, "for some reason, this calls to mind the two lower jaws and more than thirty-six hominid man-like teeth discovered in swamps and deltas in the basin of the lower Omo River, and indicated by tests to be four million years old—yet with no evidence of tools or tool-making found in close proximity to the skeletal remains."

"Wow," he said, snapping his fingers and stopping for a moment. "The estimated population of Oregon on July 1, 1968 was two million, eight thousand—I've been trying to remember that for weeks!"

"You may think this a strange time to bring it up," he whispered, going limp for a moment, "but individuals with large fluctuations in annual income may be able to take advantage of averaging provided their income for a particular year exceeds 133% of their average income for the prior four years, when the excess is more than three thousand dollars."

MAIL IN THIS BALLOT NOW!

Send to:

VOTE

National Lampoon
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New York, New York 10022

My first choice is method _____
(enter any number, 1-10)

My second choice is method _____
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- I wish to further support the *National Lampoon's* efforts to find a viable way of presenting sexually oriented humorous material. Please enter my subscription as follows:

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For each year add \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for foreign.

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Matthew Fisher The Father and the Son.

Matthew Fisher, organist-composer-producer, was the driving force behind "A Satty Dog," one of the most brilliant rock albums ever recorded. His new album, "Journey's End," picks up where "the dog" left off with 10 masterful pieces that chronicle where he's been, what he's gone through, and where he's at now. In the simple classic sound only Matthew can make, "Journey's End" Unmistakable then. And now.



RCA Records and Tapes



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CREEP

COVERT
COMICS
GROUP
20¢ IN CASH

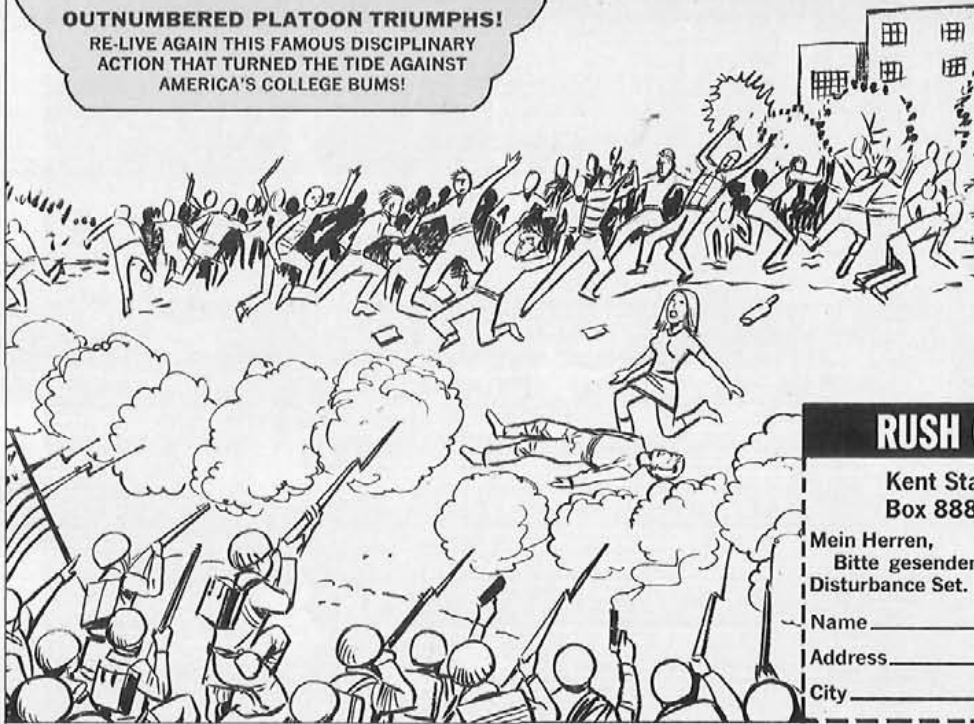


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OUTNUMBERED PLATOON TRIUMPHS!
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- 110 Fleeing Students
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- 12 Kneeling National Guard Riflemen
- 12 Prone National Guard Riflemen
- 7 Officers 9 w. pistols
- 5 Rock-throwing government provocateurs
- 7 Negroes
- 1 Gutted ROTC Building

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Mein Herren,
Bitte gesenden me zis 204 pc. Kent State Disturbance Set. Danke schoen.

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NEVER FINISH HIGH SCHOOL? Train at home to be a White House aide!

DON'T FORGET, HONEY, WE HAVE A DATE WITH ULASEWICZ'S TONIGHT.

AW, HONEY, I'M BUSHED. DRIVIN' THAT LOUSY TRACTOR TRAILER ALL DAY WITHOUT A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA...

OH, ALRIGHT.

PLEASE, DEAR. WE HARDLY GET OUT AT ALL ANYMORE.

LATER... SAY, TONY AND HELEN GOT A PRETTY NICE PLACE HERE. HE NEVER FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL EITHER. WONDER HOW HE SWUNG IT.

OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? TONY WORKS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

... AND TONY TOOK THIS ONE WHILE HE WAS IN CHAPPAQUIDDICK...

YA SEEM TO BE DOIN' OKAY, TONY. TRAVELIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY... SACKS FULLA CASH ALL OVER THE HOUSE... LEVEL WITH ME. HOW'D YA BREAK IN?

EASIER THAN YA TINK WIT WHITE HOUSE TRAININ'!

BUT DON'T I NEED A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA?

NOT AT THE WHITE HOUSE. IN JUST A MATTER OF A FEW WEEKS DEY CAN HAVE YOU DOIN' JOBS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF DOIN', EVEN IF YA NEVER SEEN A PAPER SHREDDER BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE! AN' YA CAN DO IT IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

HOW ABOUT YOU? WANT TO JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF GUYS LIKE ME WHO WORK FOR THE WHITE HOUSE? WRITE FOR THE FACTS TODAY!

Please send me the facts as near as you can determine them describing the various options available. I understand that requesting information on the subject matter does not put me in an untenable position, nor subject me to subpoena. All inquiries are protected by Executive Privilege.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PHONE NUMBER OF TELEPHONE BOOTH NEAREST YOU _____

G. GORDON LIDDY, AGENT OF C.R.E.E.P.!

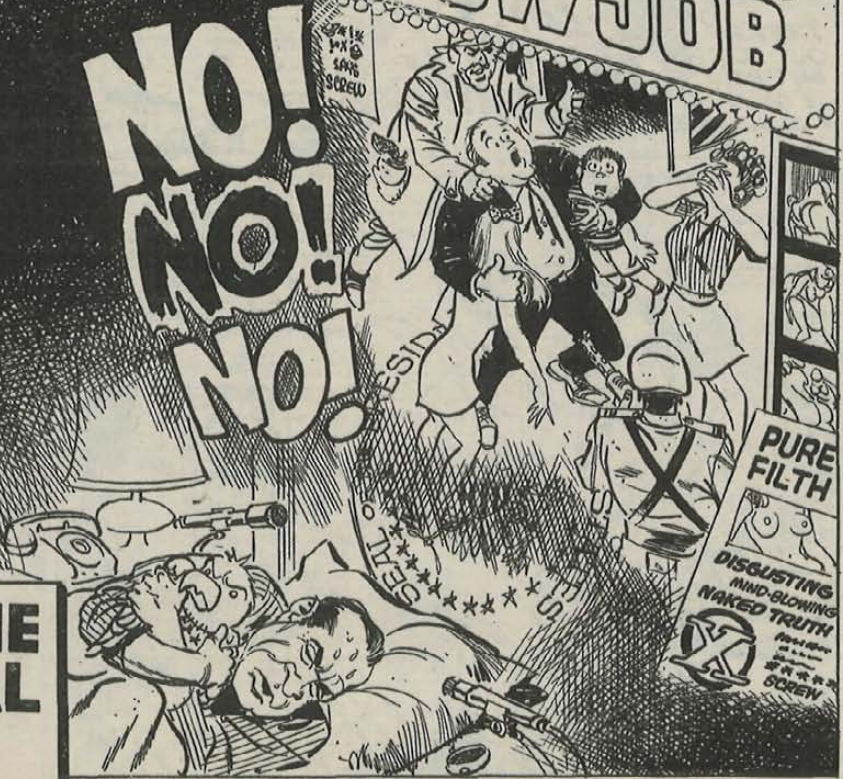


THE SECURITY OF THE PRESIDENT AND THUS THE NATION IS BEING THREATENED BY A NAMELESS, FACELESS ENEMY KNOWN ONLY AS THEM, A SEEMINGLY DISORGANIZED ORGANIZATION OF SUBVERSIVES, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS AVERAGE CITIZENS AND HEADED BY MAD DOCTOR ELLSBERG!

THEIR GOAL: TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT BY DEFEATING THE PRESIDENT IN AN ELECTION! THOUGH OUTNUMBERED BY ODDS OF ONE MILLION TO 1, C.R.E.E.P.'S MISSION IS CLEARLY DEFINED - TO RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT...

IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY!

NO! NO! NO!



WRITTEN BY: MARC RUBIN AND CHRIS MILLER
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS HOLLIDGE

USING DIABOLICAL PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE, THEM AGENTS HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR ALL-OUT ATTACK ON AMERICA...

DOW-JONES FELL FIVE MORE POINTS TODAY, AND THE ECONOMY IS IN THE WORST SHAPE SINCE...

THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY FELL FIVE MORE POINTS TODAY, THE LOWEST IT'S BEEN SINCE...

... AND IN SPORTS, THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS FELL FROM FIRST PLACE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE...

... AND, INDEED THE SECURITY OF THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

NATIONAL SECURITY IS BEING THREATENED AGAIN!



THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME. IF ONLY I...

LOOK OUT, MR. PRESIDENT!



KERASH!

GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!



SMOKE THIS, HIPPIE!

ZOOOSH!



ANOTHER SIGN?

YESSIR! ONE OF THE WORST YET!

AT THE SAME POINT IN TIME ...

"...THE DOCUMENTS IN ONE HAND, MONIQUE'S DIAMOND-HARD BREAST IN HIS OTHER, HE..."
"WHA--??"



AGENT HUNT, REPORT TO RENDEZVOUS ONE!

AGENT BARKER! RENDEZVOUS ONE, ON THE DOUBLE!



MAN IN HAVANA

... AND SOME MORE DOGGIE FLOOR MESS, AND SOME--HUH?



AGENT SEGRETTI, MOVE-A YOU ASS TO RENDEZVOUS ONE!

AGENT ULASEWICZ! RENDEZVOUS ONE, PRONTO!



AND SO, AT RENDEZVOUS ONE ...



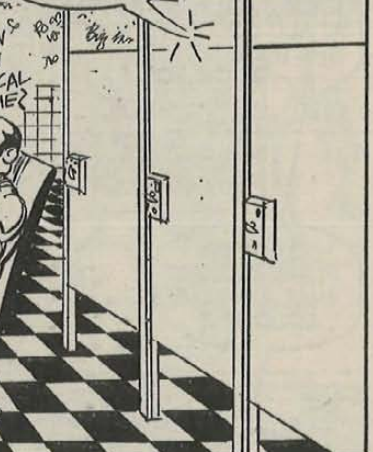
I WONDER WHERE THE CHIEF IS? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO BE EVEN A MINUTE LATE!



TRY NOT TO WORRY, HOWIE!



I'M ALREADY HERE, YA BOZOS!

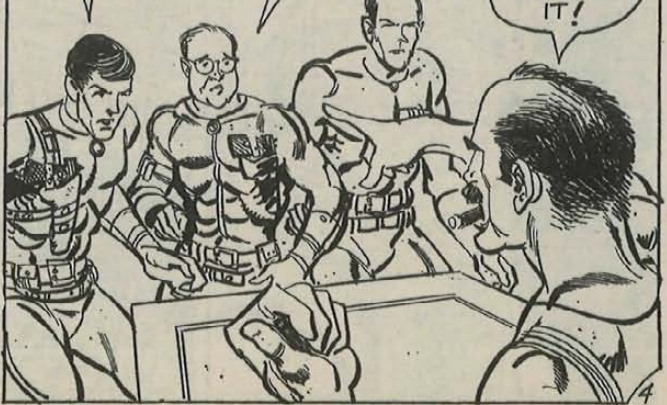


ENOUGH SOCIALIZIN'! WE AIN'T GOT A SECOND T' SPARE! THEM IS BACK AN' THEY'RE THREATEN TA DESTROY NATIONAL SECURITY! AN' YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS WE GOTTA DO!



CRASH!

GET SOMETHING ON ELLSBERG? AGAIN?
MORE ON ELLSBERG?
WHAT'S LEFT?
SHAADUP AND MOVE IT!



AND SO THE FORCES OF C.R.E.E.P. INITIATE A LIGHTNING SERIES OF SURREPTITIOUS ENTRIES, BEGINNING WITH P.S. 31, MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...



"...COME AND GET ME," SHE BREATHED, DRAPED ACROSS THE SEDAN CHAIR. HER BREASTS WERE LIKE GEMSTONES..."

"CARAMBA, MEESTER HUNT. I LEESTEN TO THEES! HE GETS A 'L' EEN WORKS AND PLAYS WELL WEETH OTHERS!"

WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AT THE OFFICE OF DR. SIDNEY FLOTSTEIN...



"JEY, BERNIE! LOOK AT THEES! HE DREENK FLOURIDATED WATER SEENCE BIRTH!"

"I SEET STEEL OR I DREEL YOU!"

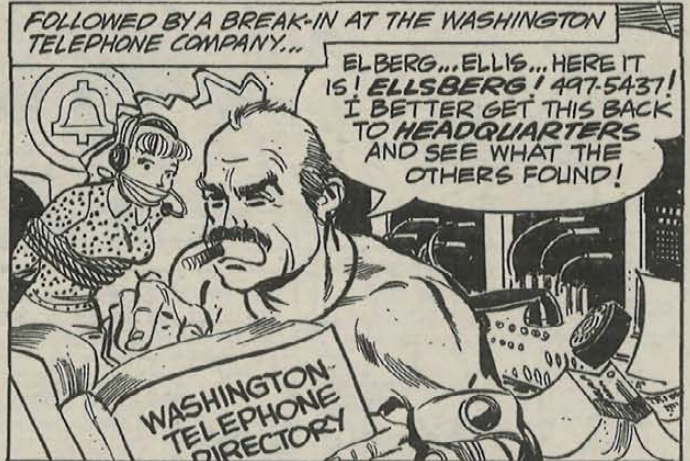
IF WE'RE FOLLOWED, THIS BAG OF SHIT SHOULD MAKE THINGS MESSY!"



AND AT A CLEANERS NEAR MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S LAIR...

NOW TO GET DIS ELLSBERG DIRT BACK TO DA LAB!

JNDRY DRY CLEANING



FOLLOWED BY A BREAK-IN AT THE WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY...

ELBERG... ELLIS... HERE IT IS! ELLSBERG! 497-5437! I BETTER GET THIS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE WHAT THE OTHERS FOUND!



AGENT LIDDY FLIES AWAY OVER THE DARK POTOMAC ON HIS HELI-SCOOTER...

...TO THE WATERGATE HOWARD JOHNSON COMPLEX...

HMMM... SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT VAN... BUT NO TIME TO CHECK IT NOW.

BUT AS LIDDY DESCENDS INTO THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED C.R.E.E.P. HEAD-QUARTERS...



GONZALES! WHERE'S HUNT N' BARKER N' EVERYONE?

! THEY NO COME BACK YET, BOSS!



WHERE ARE THOSE LUNKHEADS? IF THEY AIN'T BACK WITH THE DIRT ON ELLSBERG, THAT MEANS I GOTTA GO GUARD THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER PERSONALLY!

JUST GOT TIME TA GET BACK TA MY APARTMENT, SHOWER AN' SHAVE AN' GET TO THE WHITE HOUSE!



OH, GORDON! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ALL DAY!

NOT NOW, BABY! I HAVEN'T GOT A TIME FRAME TO LOSE!



GORDON, YOU PROMISED!

OKAY, BABY! YOU WIN!



BUT WHILE GORDON LIDDY IS CONSUMED BY THE FIRES OF PASSION, HIS FELLOW AGENTS ARE MEETING HEAT OF QUITE ANOTHER KIND, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THEM HEADQUARTERS...



...HE SWITCHED THE BERETTA TO HIS RIGHT HAND AND, WITH HIS LEFT, REACHED UP HER-- NO--DOWN HER...

NEVER, YOU BASTARDS! I'LL NEVER BREAK MY SILENCE FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY!

I CAN'T RECOLLECT!



OH, GORDON! WHAT A MAN!

WE HAVE WAYS OF REFRESHING RECOLLECTIONS. BUT RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE A LITTLE DINNER ENGAGEMENT. WE'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER.



AND AT THE DINNER...

"...THAT'S WHY BELLA IS A TRAMP!"

STRACHAN, YOU SCHWEINHUND, YOU FORGOT TO SHRED THE COCONUT!

H'YAR COME DE CAKE, MASSA NIXON, SUH!



BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, MR. NIXON!!



LIKE YOU BLEW OUT SIX MILLION ASIANS, MR. PRESIDENT?

BEBE! DUKE! MEYER! HELP!

POP!



BUT INSTEAD OF HELP...

FASCIST PIG!

WASHINGTON POST

LIBERAL PIG!

CBS

BIASSSSS

GET HIM!! GET THE PRESIDENT!

END THE BOMB

DOWN WITH DICK

NIXON

WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES BELOW, GORDON LIDDY SPRINGS INTO ACTION...



HANG ON, MR. PRESIDENT! I'VE GOT A PLAN!

...AND NOT A TIME FRAME TOO SOON!

...OBVIOUSLY DEEP-SEATED PARANOIA SYNDROME, COMBINED WITH AMBULATORY SCHIZOPHRENIA, BROUGHT ON BY GUILT STIMULATED BY AN OVERLY DOMINEERING FATHER, RESULTING IN DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND FREQUENT EPISODES OF MASSIVE DENIAL, RELATING TO INFANTILE OEDIPAL FANTASIES, NOT TO MENTION ...

...UTILIZING MAXIMUM DEPLOYMENT TACTICS WITH OPTIMUM DISRUPTIVE FALL-BACK SEQUENCE, INCLUDING PROTECTIVE REACTION STRIKES, MINIMIZED BY ZERO-SUM OPTIONS...



I DON'T WANNA KNOW! JUST DO IT!



NO TIME TO GET H.R.'S INITIALS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!



I USED ONE OF YOUR OWN STRATEGIES, MR. PRESIDENT! I DESTROYED YOUR DINNER IN ORDER TO SAVE IT!

I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE! I REPEAT, I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

IT WAS DEAN!

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE!

I CAN'T RECOLLECT!



I WAS ONLY A CONDUIT!

BUT, IN HINDSIGHT, IT APPEARS THAT YOU'RE NOT SAVED QUITE YET, MR. PRESIDENT...

COMING NEXT ISSUE: SENATOR SAM AND HIS COMMITTEE OF DOOM!

Tales of Nozzlin High School

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Meets the Amboy Dukes

by Chris Miller

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

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

Ned, Steamin', and Stu, he knew, often cruised in search of city girls, exchanging alligator shirts and loafers for pegged pants and fruit boots in a lavatory after school and speeding off in Ned's chartreuse Henry J. To date, they had been utterly unsuccessful in their quest, but they never stopped trying. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll could understand their persistence, in a way. He, too, had admired city girls, whom he had seen many times at rock 'n' roll shows at the Brooklyn Paramount. You could identify these urban excitors by their half-scarves, small gold crosses, and that certain aura of come-near-me-and-I'll-rip-out-your-throat. They were very sexy. But actually to go after them? To give up on the pom pom-beclad Suzies and Joanies of Nozzlin, whom he hadn't gotten to first base with anyway, in favor of concealed razor blade-carrying An-

gies and Doloreses? He must be out of his nut. Maybe he'd be lucky and all the city girls would be home at this hour, sharpening their teeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey, where yuh goin'?" he shout-

ed seductively.

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

"*Shit!*" said Steamin'.

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

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

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

continued

continued

he'd been banking on, Steamin' knew from the way he impressed certain freshman boys that it was only a matter of time.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll wasn't sure about his girl-attracting technique. His assumption had been that through sheer volume of listening to records he would become very cool. He had even gone so far as to memorize the label information—composer, time, catalog number, and dance designation (“fox trot,” “calypso”)—of every record he owned. The effectiveness of this technique was debatable. His usual opening gambit, “Who you like better, the Clefones or the G-Clefs?,” had thus far been met only with blank stares and contemptuous giggles. It was late in the game for Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, already spring of his junior year. Not

getting laid had become the very core and crux of his life. If only he, like his cruisemates, were a mean motor-scooter and a bad go-getter.

“A scarf!” cried Steamin'. “I see a scarf!”

“Where?”

“You missed it! Go back and turn left! Hurry!”

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

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

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

“There! Stop! Stop!”

“Where?” demanded Stu.

“Oh, *fuck!*” said Steamin'.

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

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

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

“Holy shit!” cried Steamin'. “Pull over! Pull over!”

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

“Hey! Watcha doin'?” Steamin' inquired.

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

“Ah . . . whatcher names?” said Ned.

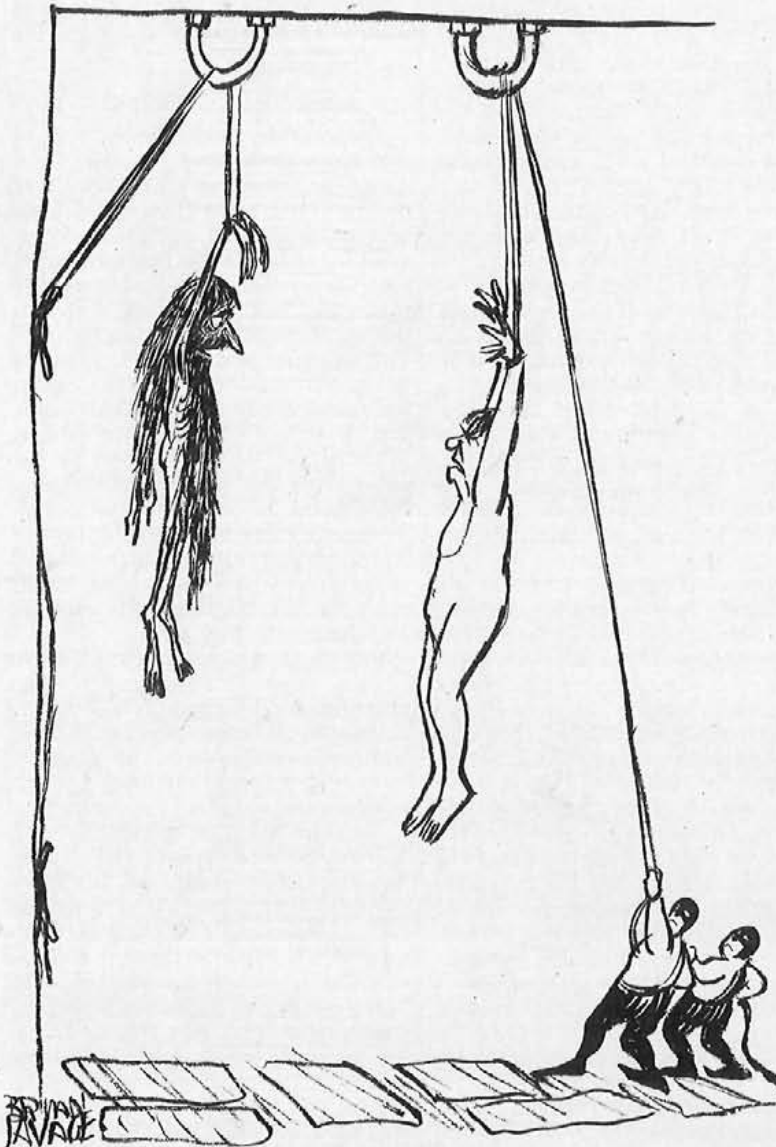
Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had all he could do to keep from sinking below window level. He knew the retorts to this question. “What's it to ya?” was one, or “Giddadahere or I'll get my boyfriend to kick the shit outta ya.”

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

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

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

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



“For whatever it's worth, since I've been here, my hemorrhoids have practically disappeared.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure would," said Ned.

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

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

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll swallowed with difficulty. He wasn't sure exactly what lovers' cramps were. Possibly he already had a case; his lower trunk felt filled with ball bearings in Brownian movement. The deeper the car penetrated the tenement canyons of Brooklyn, the more intensely he yearned for the lawn sprinklers and cocker spaniels, and cool, linen security of his soft bed at home.

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

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

Connie led them in. Darlene illumi-

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

"I'll put on some music," said Darlene. She walked to a rickety table bearing a fat-spindled 45 turntable and seven thousand records.

Stu's eyes lit. He leapt to center floor, warmed up with some leg and toe moves, worked into full sloop, and concluded with a perfect Jackie Wilson split.

"I like slow songs," said Darlene, unimpressed. A Harptones ballad commenced at her last word, disc jockey-like. Stu sank dejectedly to a mattress. The last time he had at-

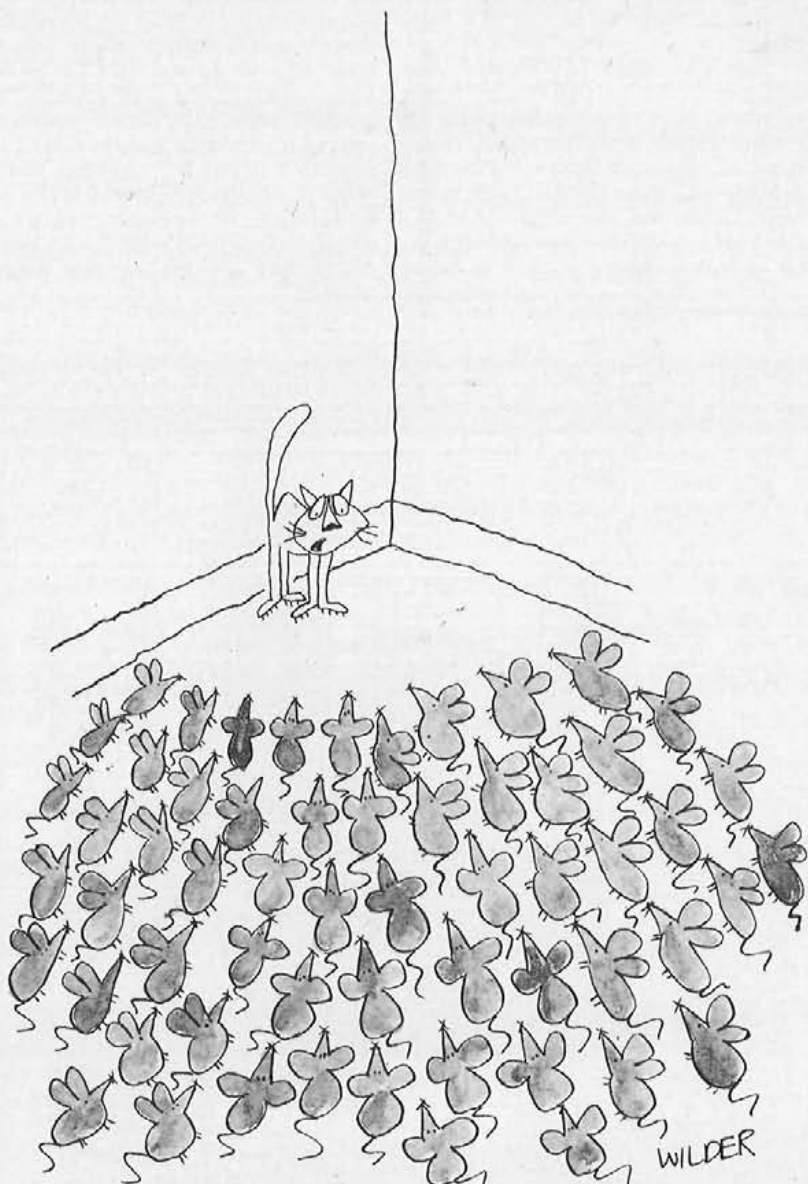
tempted to dance slow with someone, his breath had summoned from his startled partner an arc of vomit which had cleared three other couples before landing in the South Seas Punch.

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

"Jeez, you sing nice," sighed Darlene, and popped her gum very close to his ear.

Ned, meanwhile, was dancing with Connie, impressing her with a smooth series of dips, turns, and sudden dramatic pauses. Steamin' deigned to dance. His spasticism had been leg-

continued



"First of all, let me mention how much I like cheese."

continued

endary since he had tripped against a display table in biology, destroying seventeen science projects. Instead, he prowled the room, emitting small cries of pleasure at the discovery of, say, a pink and black sock or a zip gun.

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

*You've taken my money,
Told me lies. . .*

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

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

In an agony of excitement, Mr.

Rock 'n' Roll tugged his jeans to his ankles. He couldn't believe it, but they were actually going to get . . .

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

They were prodded by boot-toes into a pink and white huddle before a battered armchair. Arranged around the armchair were a dozen or so glowing hoods. Seated within was a blond, rangy hood with incredible forearm veins and a snake tattoo. Connie and Darlene were nowhere to be seen.

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

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

The hoods nudged one another, grinning.

"Anything more?" asked Larry.

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

The hoods sniggered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stu was transcending himself. Never had his boogie been dirtier, nor his potatoes so mashed. At the close of the song, he spun thrice and toppled backward, catching himself at the last possible second with one hand and flinging himself upright again in a perfect simulation of the Valentines' own stage finale.

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

"What you think, Crazy?" Larry asked.

"Give me his feet!"

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

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

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

"The runt," said Bull.

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

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

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

"Yeah," said Larry. "Well, guy, you see this cat behind me." He indi-



cated a dark, pimpled hood. "Black Kenny always wanted a car, but his old man din't even have enough bread to get one for himself. Then the war came along and Black Kenny's old man got his legs blown off at Anzio. So the government grafted a set of wheels onto his thigh stumps and sent him home. Two weeks later, the ol' man has a flat on the West Side Highway and goes through a guard rail. Now Kenny ain't got a father or a car."

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

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

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

"Frank?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stood up.

"Dean, lemme introduce you to Hambone." He gestured toward a

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

"Thass right."

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

"She sho' wuzzin'."

"Where was she, Hambone?"

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

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

"Thass right."

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

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

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll cleared his throat. "Just a minute," he said. "I realize you guys want to get on with

continued on page 74

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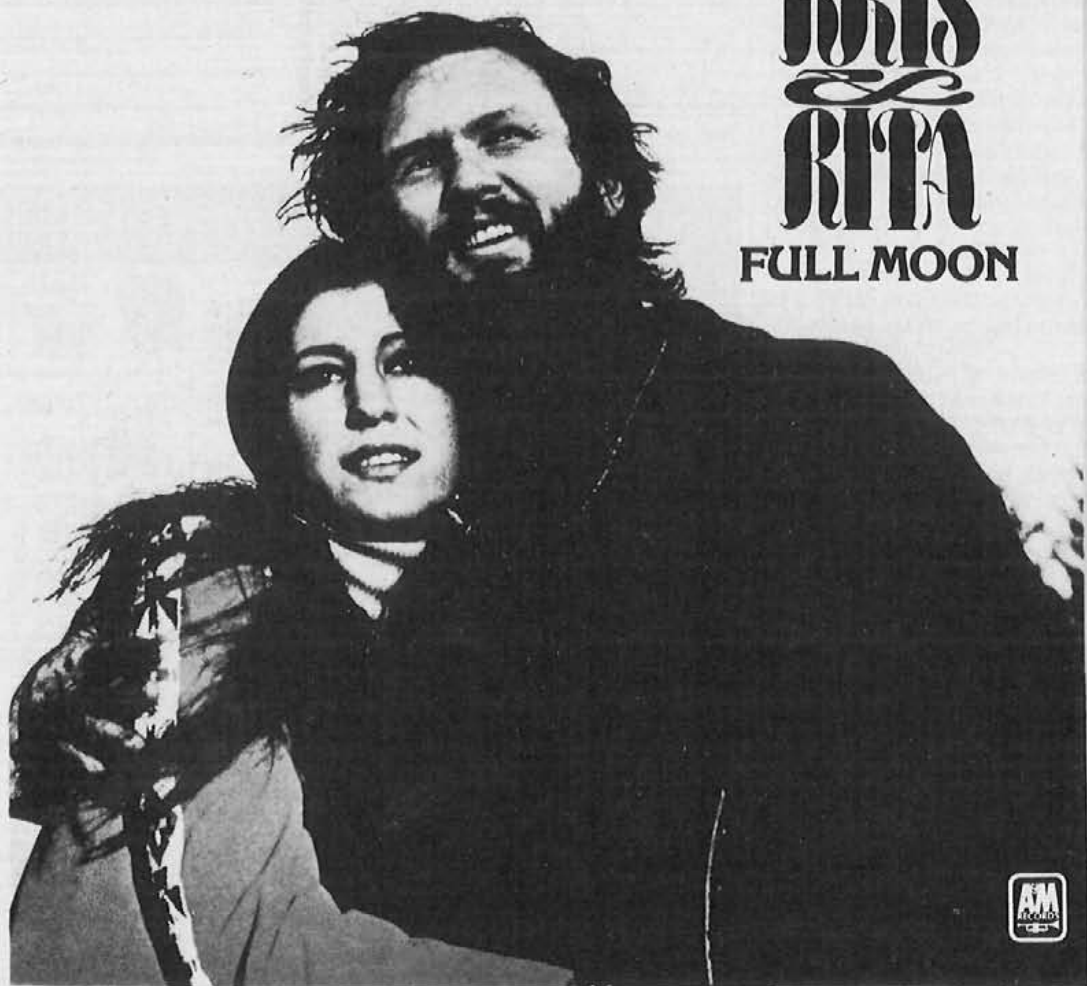
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THEY SAY THAT ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME DOES A REAL HATE COME ALONG... BUT WE WERE TOO YOUNG AND FOOLISH TO APPRECIATE IT...



MY HATE STORY!

by E. Subitzky

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I FIRST MET JASON! OH, I'D HAD "PUPPY HATES" BEFORE... BUT, AS SOON AS I SAW HIM, I KNEW THIS WAS THE REAL THING!

HE... HE'S SO SWEATY... SO STUPID-LOOKING...

I'VE JUST GOT TO MEET HIM SOMEHOW!

WHEN A GIRL IS IN HATE, SHE'S SHAMELESS! I TRIED THE OLD SMASH-INTO-'EM-BY-ACCIDENT ROUTINE!

OOOOOF!

OOOPS! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU STUPID SONOFABITCH!

AS SOON AS I HEARD HIS ANSWER, I KNEW I WOULD HATE HIM FOREVER!

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU DUMB FUCKING CUNT!

HE TOOK ME OUT FOR A SODA AND I COULD HARDLY GET MY EYES ON HIM!

HE'S SO UGLY/ I CAN HARDLY STAND IT!

WERE MY FOND-EST DREAMS REALLY COMING TRUE - WAS HE BEGINNING TO HATE ME AS MUCH AS I HATED HIM?

YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN A SLOPPIER EATER IN ALL MY LIFE! YOU MAKE ME NAUSEOUS!

THEN MY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER...

LISTEN, CREEP! IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY SATURDAY NIGHT, I KNOW A CHEAP CHINESE RESTAURANT WHERE THE FOOD STINKS AND A NIGHT SPOT WHERE THE FLOOR SHOW WILL Demean YOU!

I COULD HARDLY WAIT UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT! WHEN HE PICKED ME UP, MY SKIN WAS ALL GOOSE BUMPS!

CHRIST, DO YOU LOOK UGLY!

BACK OFF UNTIL YOU TAKE YOUR FIRST BATH!

THAT EVENING WAS EVERYTHING A YOUNG GIRL COULD HAVE HOPED FOR! I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING A LITTLE FORWARD BY NOT PETTING, NOT NECKING, AND NOT EVEN HOLDING HANDS... BUT I DIDN'T CARE! THEN LATER, IN THE SUB-FREEZING TEMPERATURES OF MY PORCH...

SALLY...

JASON...



I'D NEVER BEEN SLAPPED BY A BOY BEFORE! MY HEAD WENT REELING! AND THEN HE SAID THOSE THREE FATEFUL WORDS I'D LONGED SO TO HEAR...

SALLY, I'VE NEVER TOLD THIS TO ANY GIRL BEFORE, BUT I... I... I HATE YOU!

ALL NIGHT LONG, I TOSSED AND TURNED, JUST REMEMBERING HIS SLAP, HIS PAINFUL SLAP!

I'LL NEVER HATE ANYONE ELSE! NEVER!

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A STORY BOOK! JASON HARDLY SPENT A CENT ON ME AND CONTINUALLY DEGRADED ME! WE SPENT SO MANY EVENINGS JUST WHISPERING THOSE SOUR LITTLE NOTHINGS...

AND PERHAPS I DID LET JASON GO FARTHER THAN HE SHOULD, BUT SOMEHOW IT ALL SEEMED SO NATURAL AND SO RIGHT...

THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL TEASED ME ABOUT IT. BUT I DIDN'T CARE!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS!

BUT IF ONLY JASON AND I COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT OUR HATE WAS ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED!

YOU'RE FLAT-CHESTED! YOU PICK YOUR NOSE! YOU HAVE DISHPAN HANDS! YOU HAVE A LOW I.Q.! YOUR LEGS AREN'T SHAVED! YOU SMELL! YOU HAVE THICK ANKLES!

YOU HAVE BAD BREATH! YOU HAVE PIMPLES! YOU HAVEN'T A LICK OF COMMON SENSE! YOU DON'T COVER YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU COUGH!

OH, JASON (GASP!)... I THINK YOU BROKE MY ARM...

HEY SAL, HEH HEH, WHAT'S THAT BLACK-AND-BLUE MARK ON YOUR NECK? AND THAT SCAR TISSUE OVER YOUR LEFT EYE?

RUN INTO A DOOR OR SOMETHING? HEH HEH!

I GUESS OUR PROBLEMS REALLY BEGAN THE NIGHT I TOOK JASON HOME TO HAVE DINNER WITH MY PARENTS!

WELL, MOM, WELL, DAD, WASN'T HE JUST THE ABSOLUTE WORST!

SALLY... YOUR MOTHER AND I WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU...

WE... WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS, SALLY, BUT WE THINK HE HAS... **REDEEMING QUALITIES!** IN FACT, YOUR MOTHER AND I ALMOST LIKED HIM!

WE MUST ASK YOU NEVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD YOUR WHOLE WORLD CRUMBLE IN A SINGLE SENTENCE? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO... YOU CRY... YOU CRY AND YOU SCREAM!



I WILL SEE HIM! ARE YOU TOO OLD TO UNDERSTAND? **I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM!**

MOTHER TRIED TO COMFORT ME, BUT HER WORDS WERE TO NO AVAIL!

THERE, THERE NOW! YOU'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE! THE WORLD IS JUST FULL OF REPULSIVE MEN! LOOK AT YOUR FATHER! I DIDN'T MEET HIM UNTIL I WAS 20, AND HAVEN'T WE HAD A TERRIBLE LIFE TOGETHER!

YOUR MOTHER IS...



SHUT UP, SHMUCK!

THE NEXT DAY, I CONFIDED MY PROBLEM TO LOUISE, MY WORST ENEMY SINCE CHILDHOOD! HER ADVICE WAS SUCCINCT...



LISTEN, ASSHOLE! DON'T LET THOSE OLD FARTS STAND IN YOUR WAY! IF HE'S REALLY THAT SICKENING, HE'S WORTH SEEING ON THE SLY!

MY HATE FOR JASON WAS OVERPOWERING, AND I TOOK LOUISE'S ADVICE!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TONIGHT, JERKOFF?



ER... TO THE LIBRARY, MOM!

BUT NOW, WHENEVER I WAS WITH JASON, MY FATHER'S WORDS CAME BACK TO ME!



HE... HE DOES KEEP HIS SHOES SHINED! HE USES "ISN'T" INSTEAD OF "AIN'T"... HE WIPES HIMSELF...

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN OUR AFFAIR WAS IN TROUBLE WHEN...

HEY, DID I JUST MAKE YOU SMILE?



ER... NO, JASON, NO!

FINALLY ONE NIGHT I DREW UP MY COURAGE AND FACED THE FACTS SQUARELY IN THE FACE...



I... I JUST DON'T HATE JASON THE WAY I USED TO! IN FACT...

I...
I...

I... (SOB!)
I... (SOB!)
I LOVE HIM!

MOM AND DAD HAD BEEN RIGHT - IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED! I DREADED TELLING JASON IT WAS ALL OVER, BUT I HAD TO DO IT!

YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET TONIGHT, FOR A COMPULSIVE NAG!

JASON... THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOW...



MY HEART ALMOST BROKE AS I Poured OUT THE SHATTERING WORDS! JASON JUST STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN SILENCE AND THEN...



SALLY, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU, TOO! I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMEBODY I HATE EVEN MORE THAN YOU... SOMEONE WHO MAKES YOU SEEM ONLY MILDLY REPULSIVE...

MY FEMININE CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED...

IT'S... IT'S YOUR WORST ENEMY, LOUISE!

WHO... WHO IS IT, JASON?



SHOCKED, I RACED HOME IN TEARS! BUT SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO REMIND MYSELF THAT EVEN THE DARKEST CLOUDS CAN HAVE THEIR SMALL, SILVER LININGS...



NOW I CAN BE JEALOUS OF LOUISE AND DETEST HER EVEN MORE...

AND I CAN TELL MY PARENTS I DISOBEYED THEM... SO THEY'LL HATE ME EVEN MORE, TOO!

SO THAT'S MY STORY! THE STORY OF A PERFECT HATE THAT WASN'T QUITE PERFECT ENOUGH! I STILL WILL NEVER FORGET JASON - AND I STILL THINK OF THE HORRIBLE LIFE WE MIGHT HAVE HAD TOGETHER HAD FATE BEEN KINDER!



BUT AT LEAST I WAS LUCKY! UNLIKE SOME OTHER GIRLS, I GOT OUT IN TIME! AND SO HERE I SIT WAITING... WAITING... WAITING FOR ANOTHER TRUE HATE TO COME ALONG!

THE END



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From
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this, but, before you do, I'll bet you know the answer to a record question that's been bothering me for years."

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

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll held his breath. "Shit, what the hell. Go ahead, Dean, ask away."

"Well, as you all know, there were three recorded versions of 'Hearts of Stone,' not counting, of course, the insipid cover by the Fontaine Sisters. One of the originals was by the Charms, and another was by the Jewels. My question is, who did the third?"

The hoods regarded one another. "Uh, wuz dat by de Castelles?" asked Hambone.

"No," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

"They sang 'Hearts of Quartz.'"

"The Schoolboys?" asked Bull.

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

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

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

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

"The Bopchords?"

"No, man, it was the Magnificents."

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

"Well, how 'bout the Keynotes?"

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

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

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

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

"Hey! Stop! Where yuh goin'?" bel-lowed angry voices. A stampede of bootsteps started after them.

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

"Migod!" screamed Steamin'. "Hur-ry!"

The hoods were boiling up the cellar stairs, sweeping toward the car. Ned tried again. *Rrr rrr rrr*. No ignition. And then the hoods were on them. Frank reached through the driver's window and grabbed Ned by the hair. Black Kenny drew a slender stiletto and held it at Ned's throat. The boys stopped breathing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

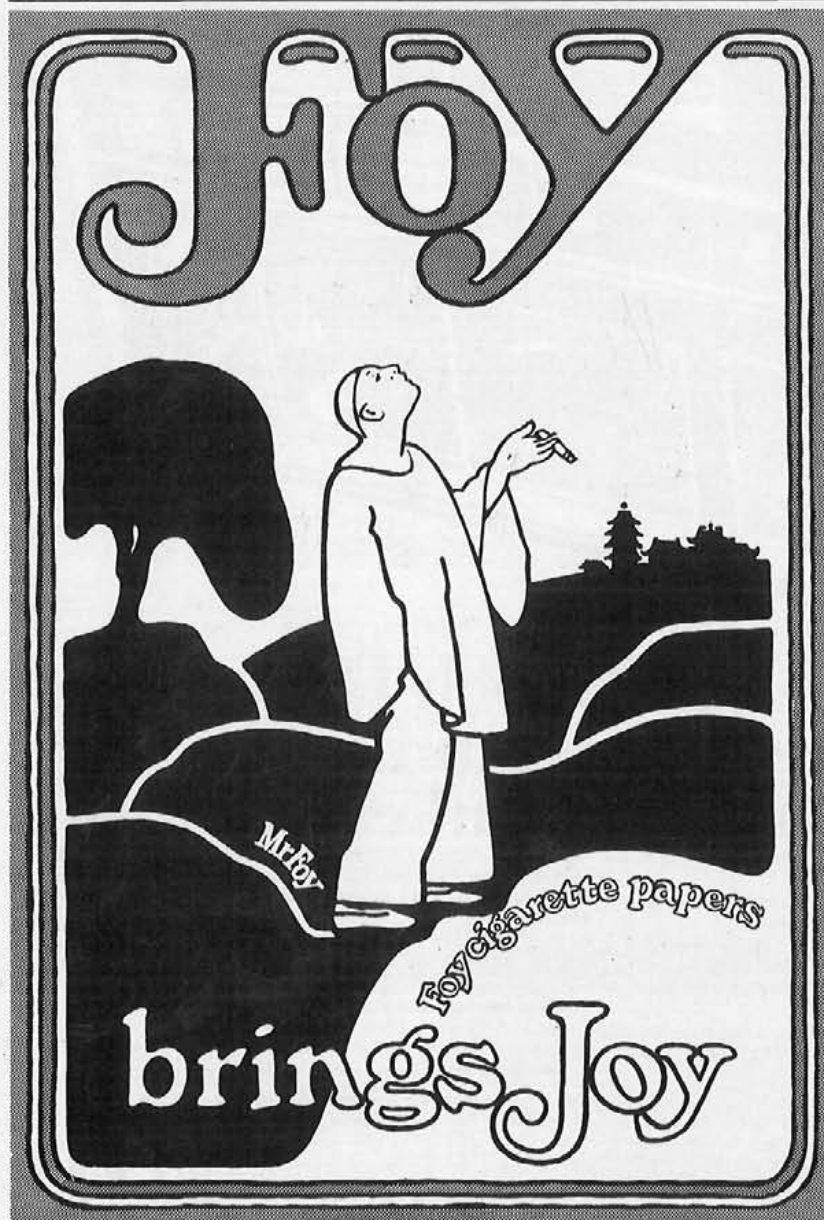
Ned, suddenly free, twisted the key again. This time, the engine caught. Ned squeezed his eyes shut and floored the gas. With a quite respectable *vroooooommmmm*, the Henry J. screeched from the alley. Through the rear window Mr. Rock 'n' Roll caught one last glimpse of the hoods, staring at one another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

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

"Yeah," said Stu.

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

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

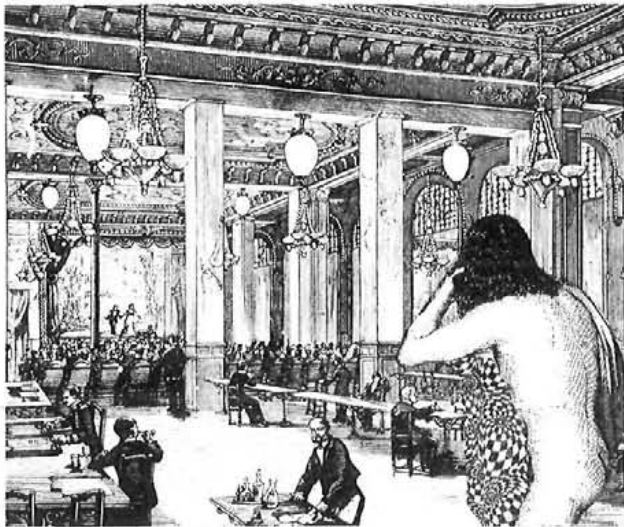


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At the Language Lesson

by Brian McConnachie,
Bruce McCall, and
Henry Beard



A Droll Repost At The Bankers' Tea Dance

Coroponi Vetseeani kan Bankeriani Toldo

Banking Members and Patrons of Economy: There is magic in the quadrille you spin for us. This is a popular bank with its eyes on tomorrow as well as on its wall vaults. We will place with you greater sums of wealth in order that we may again come and be pleased by your extra services.

Bankerolies pero uto Pincenonos: Majic majic boulyas doyto pouro vicci onseew ahdo bankerolie de popularri. Waggie beninni zuro totto boomalacka boom. Hatt-go sentor vells ahbo dol. Proshow denti combor fore lagoon grand-domo. Hoho comontamihouse.

Denuded Intruder: Excuse me, aproned guard, why are there no toilers in their cages? I wish to deposit rare goods for the stormy times that lurk in our uncertain future.

Nunedello: Veso laten. Degro ona stret peaytinya ophf.

Kasz tab asye fommer doraldo continbell quitu lurkeroo.

Guard: You do well to ask, naked giant! What manner are you with your bums and sacred regions in such casual display? If it is areas of deposit you seek, I refer you to the woods of our enemy nations where your sort makes their smelly deposits behind fir trees!

Guardiamo: Baccala! Rodundo vici toledo hodso guk. Antofi greeki etulation senhejeyo nancy fome boo va ketrrl zozoo tanya!



A Channel Crossing

Crosserno Picalini

Man In Hat: Stay close to me, travellers, and confirm our resolve. To this new land we bring our skills, manners,

continued

continued

and rich customs which we, at the same time, borrow from the land we flee. Stay close and confirm our resolve.

Manneleo Pensacola: *Lagusta profoloni anglana uto booto vese pushadapen pushadapen. Toto la grendalara angalena inda garden witha franki grandemoso winsockee de corbeletta sisteroni. Maneroundahouse faberohso.*

Travellers: I will invent the darning egg!

Aquafinies: *Con youee del lacktabome el tojo.*

Travellers: And I, with stone and clay, will build lean-tos under which we will rest!

Aquafinies: *Fanci beeni eldorado avec helleni corathon gorky dildo ona fannyies a la bando que the Waldorf-Astoria.*

Travellers: And I shall dispense in all direct manner with jellyfish, hiccups, and disorders of the scalp. For I am the surgeon.

Aquafinies: *Berifoso natch del la campenoi inna lickidee-split poppideeboom situacion popularro negativoso betcha boo-doo-loos. El medico grando popolarinna nut-shelf.*



Vegetable Hunting in Summer

Vegatoberellies Fumo

Agrarian Guide: Pick up your pokers and long forks and follow me to the vineyards where grow pinto beans and Hubbard squash.

Guido Actuarie: *Surento presto doyu verry besto on-topo gwendolo poopaloo inna comesse zonoffo squatsy de la glup.*

Curious Inquirer: In addition to these fine items you name, are there also pawpaws and scarlet runners?

Quizzietorie vu: *Lafusu copolorie hue hatza etta weynolie scuzie inauface fallieni via costa del sole, bleenies o blannies?*

Another Curious Inquirer: And chick peas and sugar beets?

Quizzietorie vu 2: *Bleenies o blannies?*

Yet Another Curious Inquirer: And snap beans and nutmeg mellons?

Quizzietorie vu 3: *Bleenies o blannies?*

Agrarian Guide: That certainty will depend on how you venture to view them!

Guido Actuarie: *Mundo cane inna rapsotorie finniki volarie assolutamente crackernoodles.*

All: Keep still your tongue. It is much too hot for tricky jokes!

Todoabsolumente: *Anna rhode utta ton onnabus. Fume grandieoso-mente-fatta-laa.*



Late for Vespers

Mestizo con diaspora les Diabolo

Forceful man: Come, come, Elaine, it was you who insisted that he purchase this infernal cravat—knowing his custom was heretofore to only don the elastic type, ready-tied!

Pronto hombre: *Paloosa, Elaine! Por volo concessione, largo con elbora zago caliente—cola vitale pronto corso a dio calabra!*

Woman: What, I? Quickly, untie him. Then perhaps we will discuss your impertinence. Meanwhile, we shall be late at vespers!

Senora: *Panagra il durso, hombre horologia! Affluvia, ciudad de figueroa don Tiparillo amadeo la!*

Tangled man: Ak! Ak! Ak!

Hombre ahoy: *Guk! Guk! Guk!*

Solving the Cherbourg Pigeon Kidnappings

Tonfants les morts oiseaus transommes a' Cherbourg maladie emurs

Gendarme with pistol: By the ghost of Hercule, naughty man! May we see your Certificate of Permission for carrying a stiletto above the third floor, if you please? One strongly suspects that . . . in other words, you have this morning broken your poor mother's heart. Have your pants mended!

Gendarme avec gat: *Bon le transparence du Hercule, homme du merde! Sil vous plais, M'sieur, votre Passage du Entree pour le daggere gentile ouvre le troisieme fleur? Une puissance triste . . . en vole dementaine, vous rappalier gros tuillerie des Mamans. Pu! Loire costume fixe!*

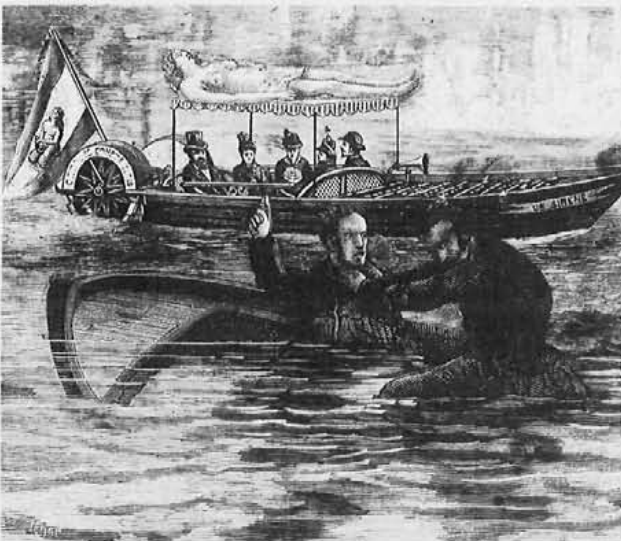


Second Gendarme: Brother Officer, see! I am caught in the chimney pipe!

Deuxieme Gendarme: Frere Officiere, regardez vous! Je suis dans le rolle du chemin entrapment decider!

Man with knife: Wait, Citizen, for I can explain what may seem this bizarre happenstance. I am a railroad conductor, as you can see from my cap!

Homme avec cuter: Passons, pietons! Le fracas grave tout les allees variances, alors gaseuse dangereuse sympathique mons chemin de fer!



A Boating Incident

On Happendeg ind on floatte

Man (who is pointing): I abhor your principles!

Hommu (quot demonstrud): Meg detestug vør prinzi-pollong!

His Assailant: I have you by the throat. Swear allegiance to the Free Cheese Party or be assured that I will throttle you!

Heg Azzaltun: E vo haggbe pur lu gulløt. Farge øn øothe tu lu Partig dez Fromme Gratiz ood eska surre quan Evøn chokke!

Man (who is pointing): Pah! Do your worst, you scoundrel! I will never support the unlimited distribution of dairy products to the populace!

Hommu (quot demonstrud): Fud! Fad vør mallistu, vø neg-goøde! E negge sugpurtur lu neglimateg diztributeng dez çøuwe produkke tu lu popoli!

Passerby (in a naphtha launch): Gentlemen, the river is no place for political debates. It is expressly reserved by the law of July 14, 1889 for leisure and certain sports.

Pur-pazzerse (ind øn naphtha-floatte): Goodehommun, lu fluvve esk neg plaz fag los debatteg politiku. Øt esk strikkte reservog pur lu legge dez 14 Jølle 1189 fag funne at partikulog sportu.

Another passerby (also in the naphtha launch): I urge you to desist. You are presenting a sorry spectacle to the ladies.

Øn otru pur-pazzerz (adde ind lu naphtha-floatte): E vøg exhorte tø dezitte. Vøn prezente øn sadde spektakku tu lus dammug.



On the Boulevard *Sør lu Promenadde*

Lady (who is in a state of distress): I am ruined! This unscrupulous dressmaker plans to publish in *The Trifocal* or some other shameful sheet the contents of a note he came upon in my bustles! The entire city will now know of my liaison with an obscure captain in the Trench Mortar Corps! There is but one course for me to pursue!

continued

Dammu (*quog esk ig ðn distrezzeð*): *È esk ruunne! Lus negskrupulu fabrredrezzeð intende tu publur ind Lu Trifoka ood dan otu shamme ragge luz kontente dez ðn billeteo qued heg decovru ind meg bustluz. Lu villar totøn intelligez dez meg liaiz mid on oskureg Kaptenne ind lu Trench-Mortar Korz! Tør neg eskke solu prim cursul ag meg tø persud!*

Dandy: That a tradesman could be so base as to bruit about town intelligences derived from a lady's attire! I will cudgel the knave with my walking stick!

Foppe: *Teg ðn traddezhommu eskøn sug meene com tu fabru parlor intelligenz gotte daz lu haberdaz dez ðn goodedammu! Ebattor lu illegitimu mid meg marche-klubbe!*

Urchin: Wait till I tell my low companions about this!

Bratte: *Attende quondo È diktu meg bottomu amikud conzerneg turg!*

Man (in derby hat): Dear lady, I beg of you, do not persist in this rash act!

Hommu (*ind ðn derbu-toppe*): *Kinde dammu, È vø preg, neg persistu ind taz razze akto!*

Lady (who is among the onlookers): Horrible! I must avert my gaze!

Dammu (*quag esk amidu lus survizug*): *Shøcke! È dette turnu meg gazze!*

Constable: What's all this hugger-mugger?

Polizu: *Quag tøt taz hurlug-burlug?*

Second Fisherman: Let the rascal perish! I do not like the cut of his jib!

Zekon Peshatør: *Mortasi rascallø! È neg amøk lo koop dez sog jibbe!*

First Fisherman: How the poor fellow gibbers! He is caught like a rat in a trap and has a bad case of the willies. Let us be good chums to him and essay a rescue.

Primu Pescatør: *Comme lo pouru chep gibborgs! Hug bez tøøke commu ðn mouz ind ðn snappe at hagge on malt pak dez lus frittes. Høg Essu bunnø amags at attembdor ðn reskør.*

Seabirds: Oooot! Ooot! Ooot!

Marstugez: *Ooøoten! Ooøoten! Ooøoten!*



A Terrible Disturbance at the Lisbon World's Fair

Bum biftika gaga Lisaboa dormo hamzug rebozo plang bozo

Shark: Hee hee! I have already made ruins of the Marmalades of the World stall, and am now swimming toward the place called the Palace of Shortbreads!

Fut: *Gar Gar! Gizmo trab shokdaw hippoto nez, up yer-trang viz adumbra hez presto hey nonni nonni!*

Woman waving at shark: The plumbing, a marvel of the age, has burst open! Lisbon is declared in peril! This I can see with my own eyes, for instance by the shark fish swimming upstream through this gallery so recently filled with sweetmeats and Sunday visitors to the Exposition!

Derdbo slag tinkli: *Obza gop en picnici slut, Mastro mum-do bar trefpunkt gut. Slag slimp. Umbrella topkapi stew-ball nerd tinkly/winkly upshot pact, frog dash dingle mingo hutsut ralston!*

Woman with child: Oh! Swept away is my husband's derby hat!

Slag Yorfa Muzoon: *Yibdi! Fup yahoo, Mimsi plod up-sala salada!*

Child: I confess it, Mother, fear has entered my loins!

Kabak: *Hoo, nundup, retrada yip yap lafut nydapoon!*

Swimmers in b'gd: Quickly, quickly! To the standpipe! A chance yet avails that, using our wits, we may close off the emergency valve. A slim chance, yes, but keep swimming!

Mumyat rego park: *Yusti, yusti! Borglap tomaine dementia rely az pustule ferment frak dopa el dopa consuelo hack trudging boraxo diddle dee! □*



A Nautical Mishap

Øn Moscheppa Nautika

Sub-Aquanaut: Can you assist me? My bathysphere has begun to founder.

Zug-Akvantøt: *Parko vey mug halpen? Mig bathyzfir ginden zinkke.*

First Fisherman: What a silly person! He has chosen a septic tank for his undersea researches! No wonder that he now finds himself in a nasty predicament!

Primu Pescatør: *Quat ðn homu footi! Heg selektud ðn Kakku-bottel prog hir experimenti submarskg! Neg surprisk tod heg tam trouva seheg ig on predicamenti mallesk!*

Amtrak

Model
Railroading
Catalog
1973/74



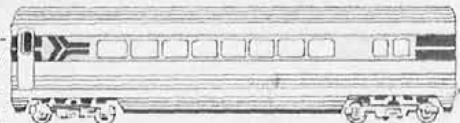
AMTRAK Aggravating Models That'll Railroad Any Kid

Amtrak

AMTRAK—Model Trains Since 1970

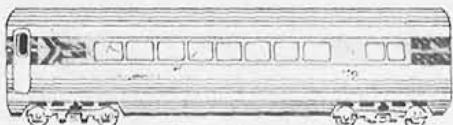
Keeping Up-To-The-Minute with Railroad History

AMTRAK Twenty-
First Century
Limited Passenger
Car Model: 1970



Fifty years ago boys used to be fascinated by the power and romance of the railroad. Today, those boys still used to be. Model trains played a big part in this passing fancy and AMTRAK model railroads provide the realism, accuracy, and authenticity that today's aware child would demand in a miniature train layout if he wanted one at all.

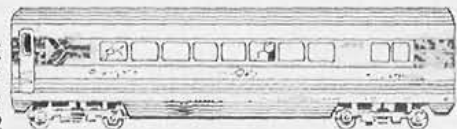
AMTRAK Railpax
Passenger
Car Model: 1971



Detail by detail, AMTRAK models recreate the remarkable slap-dash world of contemporary passenger and freight trains in the space of a dining room table. AMTRAK sets are the most up-to-date model trains made—complete with safe, unbreakable, immovable diesels; authentically smoking electric locomotives; several sturdy washable passengers; perfectly scaled delays; durable power-packed labor unions; all the latest innovations of the 1940s; and hundreds of painstaking repairs to be made in miniature.

AMTRAK trains are educational, too! AMTRAK's remote control features let your child run his railroad the way railroads are really run—unloading stock, switching toy proxy votes, uncoupling make-believe pension funds, side-tracking detailed legislation, engineering pretend mergers, and derailing authentic passenger service—automatically!

AMTRAK
Metroliner
Passenger
Car Model: 1972



And when it comes to creative playthings it's hard to beat model trains like these. All of a child's ingenuity and imagination will be called into play trying to get any AMTRAK set to work.

Yes, weeks of table-top fun await your child as he spends hours getting his passenger train from the relish dish down to the napkin rings or works all night to ship a load of freight around the gravy boat.

But, best of all, AMTRAK model trains are safe. You can relax while the kids are playing with their AMTRAK layout because (unlike many foreign-made model railroads) there are no fast locomotives, no smooth straight stretches of track where toy trains might reach hazardous speeds, and very few dangerous functioning parts.

AMTRAK
Turbotrain
Passenger
Car Model: 1973



Set 56AA 6-Unit AMTRAK "Cleveland-Sandusky Special" Diesel Passenger Train \$65.00

The Classic American Passenger Train. Set includes:

No. 2450 Accurate Model of Penn Central Diesel.....	\$15.00
No. 2471 Model Locomotive that Works	19.00
No. 3243 "League of Nations" Type, Class 3, Pullman Day Coach with Dura-Litter® and Authentically Inoperable Seats, Windows, and Rest Lounges	4.50
No. 7064 "League of Nations" Type, Class 3, Pullman Day Coach with Dura-Litter® and Authentically Inoperable Seats, Windows, and Rest Lounges	4.50
No. 3601 "League of Nations" Type, Class 3, Pullman Day Coach with Dura-Litter® and Authentically Inoperable Seats, Windows, and Rest Lounges	4.50
8 Sections of No. 381 Splayed Track	2.00
4 Sections of No. 390 Truncated Track	1.00
No. 9065 (not pictured) .00 Amp. AC Transformer (no special wiring necessary)	8.50

Set 79A 3-Unit AMTRAK "Metroliner" Diesel Passenger Train \$40.00

Metroliner—Railroading's answer to the DC-6. This high-speed express train seats several and occasionally dashes at inconvenient hours from New York to Washington non-stop except for Jersey City, Newark, Perth Amboy, New Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, Camden, North Philadelphia, Ridley Park, Wilmington, Towson, Baltimore, and Annapolis. Set includes:

No. 3280 Detailed Model of Metroliner's Luxury Passenger Car	\$ 5.00
No. 3281 Detailed Model of Metroliner's Other Luxury Passenger Car	5.00
No. 2490 Special Metroliner Model Locomotive Capable of Speeds Up to 140 Scale MPH	22.00
12 Sections of No. 370 Special Metroliner Track Capable of Use at Speeds Up To 28 Scale MPH	3.00
No. 9080 (not pictured) .00 Watt AC Transformer	5.00

Set 32C 5-Unit IRT "No. 6 Lexington Local" Electric Subway Train \$45.00

Painfully accurate model of the famous New York IRT Railroad's No. 6 Train—a living piece of subway history whose cars and equipment are all over fifty years old and look every minute of it. Outfit comes complete with scale models of the IRT passengers who, between 91st St. and the North Bronx, are considered America's most daring train riders. Set includes:

No. 2430 Passenger Car/Engine Unit Featuring Hotbox Undercarriage (No. 15607 Smoke Pellets not included).....	\$14.00
No. 3209 Passenger Car Featuring Odorama® Interior (No. 15603 Urine Smell Pellets not included)	5.50
No. 3201 Passenger Car with Flicker-Lite®	5.00
No. 3204 Passenger Car with Closing Door Feature—Automatic Doors Snap Shut Permanently	5.50
Nos. 3210 and 32115 Cop and Gang Car with Station (not pictured)—When Train Stops Gang Moves Into Car, Policeman Moves Away	10.00
No. 10235 Accurately Scaled Subway Passengers	1.00
2 Sections of No. 362 220-Volt Third Rail also Suitable for Home Arc-Welding50
No. 9012 (not pictured) Wall Socket Plug and 6 Yds. of Baling Wire	3.50

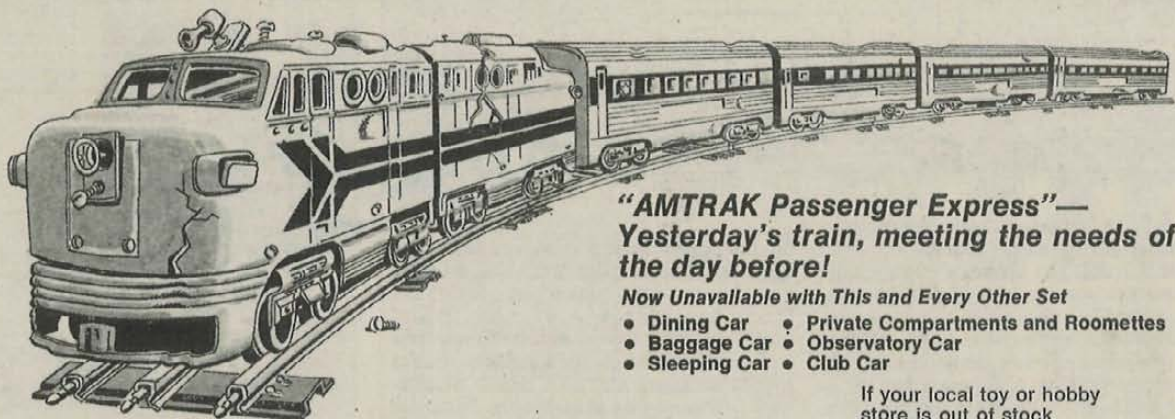
Set 9F 5-Unit Greyhound "Scenicruiser" Passenger Service \$20.00

For the real-life finishing touch on any AMTRAK train layout these accurately scaled buses actually move and can transport "passengers" and even "freight" around your miniature world of railroading while trains stand authentically by. Set includes:

5 No. 2499 Regularly Scheduled Self-Propelled Buses with Lighted Interiors, Rubber Tires, and Working Suspension	@ \$4.00
--	----------

**AMTRAK "O-Gauge" Passenger Train Outfits
Accurately Irritating Authenticity**

Amtrak



**"AMTRAK Passenger Express"—
Yesterday's train, meeting the needs of
the day before!**

Now Unavailable with This and Every Other Set

- Dining Car • Private Compartments and Roomettes
- Baggage Car • Observatory Car
- Sleeping Car • Club Car

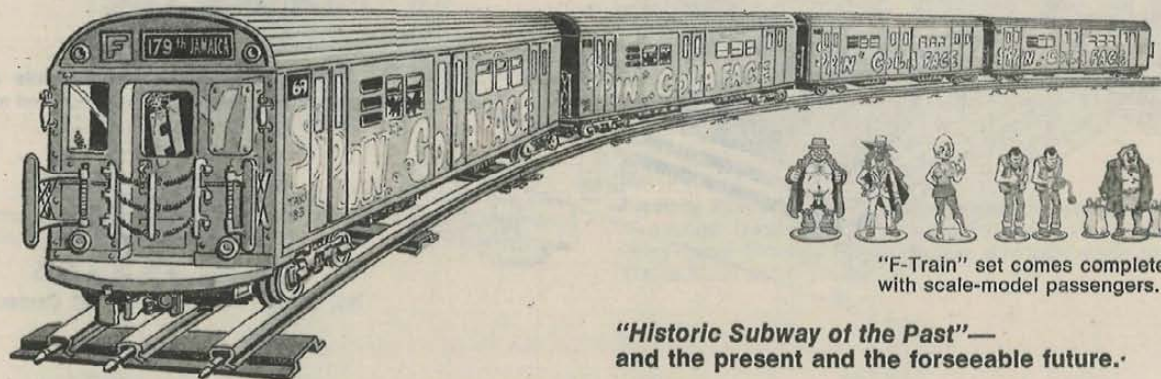
If your local toy or hobby store is out of stock your order can go unfilled by us.



**"The Metroliner"—
Speeding America into the fifties!**

AMTRAK Models Are Economical, Too

Even special "Super-O-Gauge" Metroliner track sections are so inexpensive that for less than \$50.00 you could buy enough model rail to build a layout as long in real miles as all of America's high-speed inter-urban train lines put together!



"F-Train" set comes complete with scale-model passengers.

**"Historic Subway of the Past"—
and the present and the foreseeable future.**



**"The Greyhound"—
a peek at railroading of tomorrow.**

AMTRAK Model Bus Layouts Are More Interesting, More Exciting, and More Fun than AMTRAK model Train Layouts—and so are AMTRAK model Pipelines, Harbor Scows, Mulch Spreaders, Hand-trucks, and Lawn Rollers.

AMTRAK Freight Trains A Muddle in Miniature

Amtrak

Set No. 81A



Set No. 81A Effluvium Train Fast Diesel and four hopper cars accurately portray one of our vital rail system's most important tasks—supererogatory transportation, through heavily populated areas, of poisonous and/or explosive substances that other interstate carriers wouldn't touch by remote control from a concrete bunker in Brazil. But hearty railroaders routinely ship these materials relying, for safety's sake,

on the same attention to minutiae they show in providing comfortable, efficient passenger service. Set includes No. 11321 "Local Barnyard Animals" and No. 15810 (not pictured) "Cargo Powder" (just mix with water for heightened realism—refills available at any AMTRAK dealer or ordinary Drano may be substituted). Complete Set \$40.00.

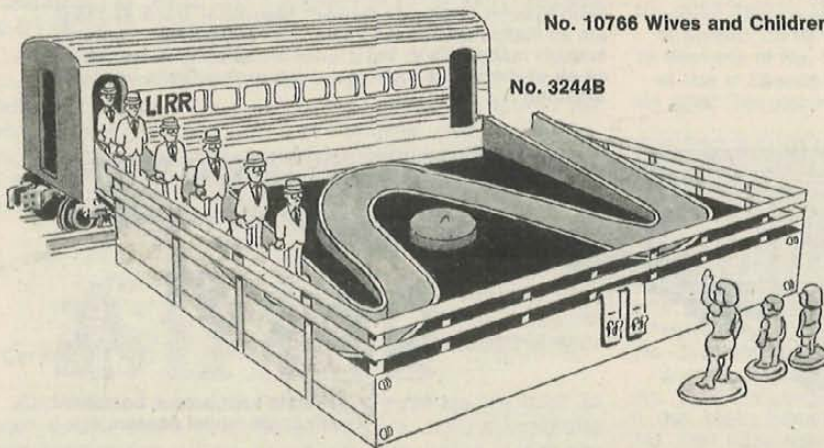
No. 3244B Commuter Car Set Commuters automatically come out onto platform and re-enter car and come out onto platform and re-enter car and come out onto platform and re-enter car. This permanent layout installation is no trouble to install, less fun to own and educational set includes car, platform, 300 commuters, and No. 10766 "Wives and Children," all for \$20.00



No. 11321 Local Barnyard Animals



No. 10766 Wives and Children

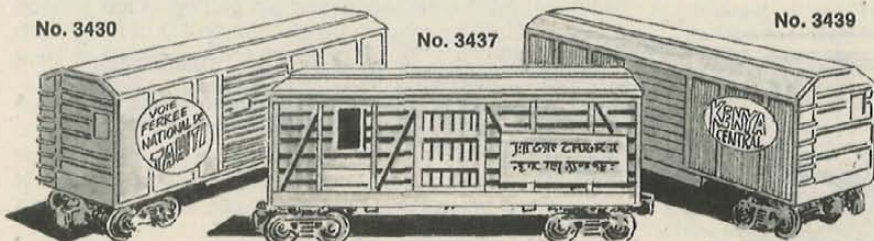


No. 3244B

No. 3430

No. 3437

No. 3439



Nos. 3430, 3437, and 3439 Rolling Stock from Afar to give your American heartland train layout that exotic and realistic touch. These lost shipments of spoiled breadfruit, camel bridles, and yaws vaccine are just

the kind of haphazard detail that'll make your miniature freight yards look and smell like the real thing. Cars \$4.00 apiece.

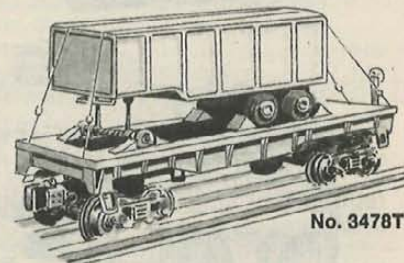


No. 3440

No. 3440 Special Delivery Gondola with official U.S. Post Office markings and mailman \$4.50.



No. 10481 Teamster Local 231 Committee

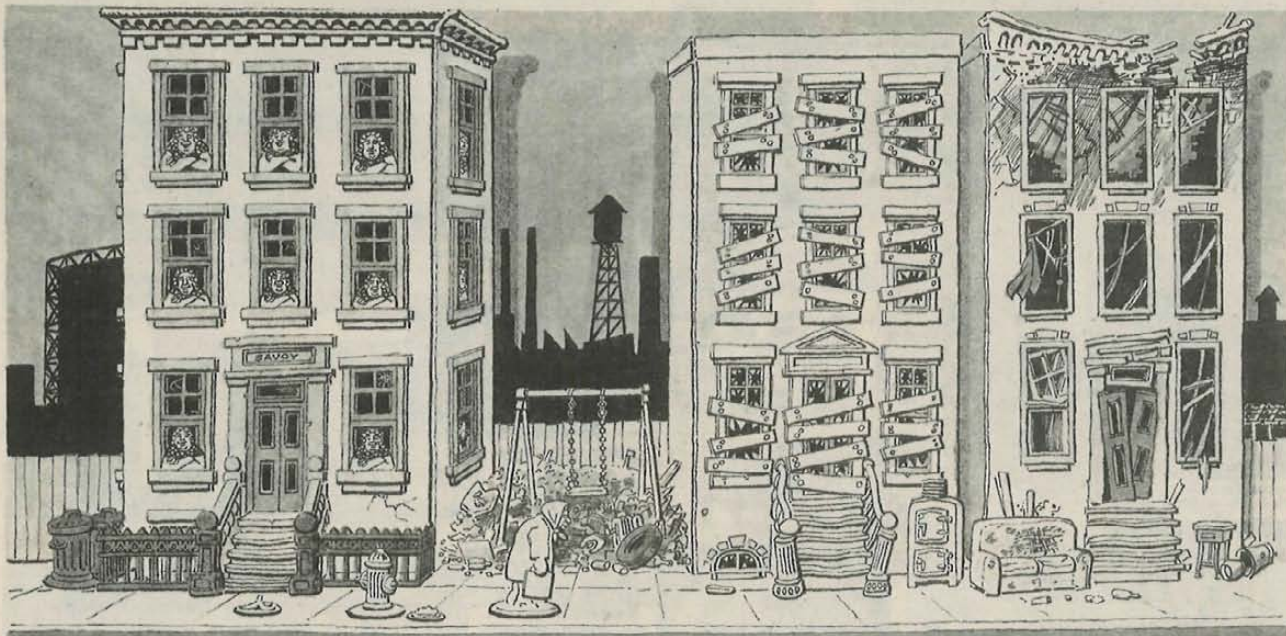


No. 3478T

No. 3478T Piggyback Flatcar and Semi-Trailer Set America's transport giants lock horns in cooperation. Set includes No. 10481 "Teamster Local 231 Truck-Train Advisory Committee" \$5.50.

AMTRAK Building Kits
A "Model Cities" Program All Your Own

Amtrak



City Scene No. 861 Apartment Building "Bed-Stuyvesant Arms" \$9.50; No. 863 Apartment Building "Harlem Gardens" \$9.50; No. 16500 Playground "Lindsay Park" \$3.50; No. 867 Apartment Building "Watts Towers" \$8.50. Purchase individually or save with City Scene Set \$29.75.



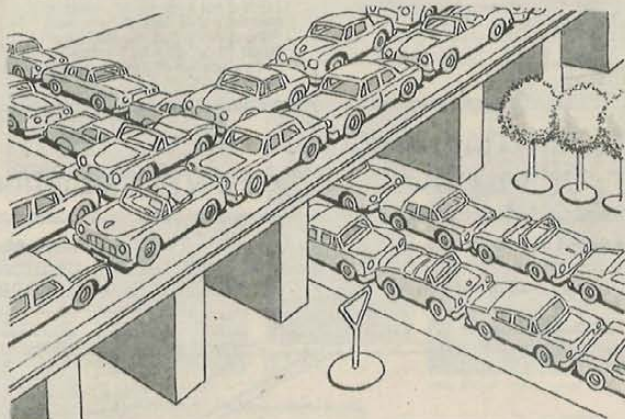
No. 10018 Train Crew for Local Freight. Set includes Engineer, Fireman, Fireman Trainee, 4 Brakemen, 3 Assistant Brakemen, 5 Trainmen, Dispatcher, 2 Switchmen, and Gandy Dancer \$2.50



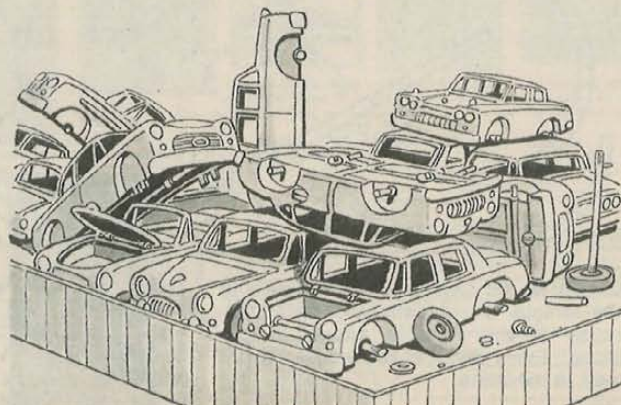
No. 10020 Mainline Track Repair Section Crew \$1.00



No. 10100 Boarding Passengers. Get one or even two sets for your bustling modern train station \$1.50



Freeway Scene No. 16310 Snap-together Expressway, \$.50 per 1' section (High-Speed Merge, Convoluted Intersection, and Blind-Curve Entrance Ramp sections also available); No. 16315 Traffic \$3.00 per 1' section.



No. 16390 Recycling Center One-piece unit, 2' X 3', with Highway Beautification Hedge on one side \$14.00.

AMTRAK Accessories

They Put the *Real* back in *Realistic*

Amtrak

No. 16119 Forest Glen \$1.50



Oak



Elm



Maple



Cottonwood



No. 17950K Model Waterfront and River Kit. Set includes "Water-Color" paint and brush, iridescent oil slick, can of aerosol Stream and Creek Foam, and tire (regular or white sidewall) \$3.25.



No. 17014 Track-Side Litter \$1.25



No. 11350 Wildlife. Set includes sparrow, pigeon, assorted stray dogs \$1.25.

No. 15603 Urine Smell Pellets \$.75

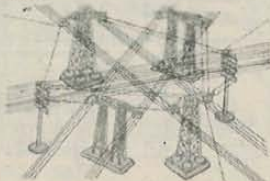


Axle, wiring, brake shoe, and lavatory Smoke Pills \$.75

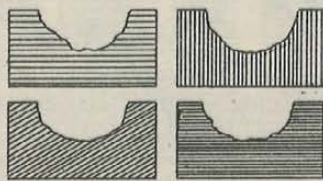
Great for the train-layout room or paper Dad's den. Real Penn Central Stock Certificates \$.04 per share.



No. 10462 Complete Station Accessories. For Model No. 998 Major Metropolitan Passenger Station \$1.50.



No. 19121 spectacular Jungle of Overhead Wires. One-piece plastic net mounts on realistic plastic poles and towers with "Wood-Warp" or "Rust-Flake" finish. Available in sizes 6' X 3' through 30' X 30' \$1.00 per square foot.



No. 17340A, B, C, and D. A gully for every type of layout, snap together without glue. Your choice of "Muck", "Fly Ash", "Refuse", or "Erosion Silt" \$.50 per 1' section.

AMTRAK Layouts

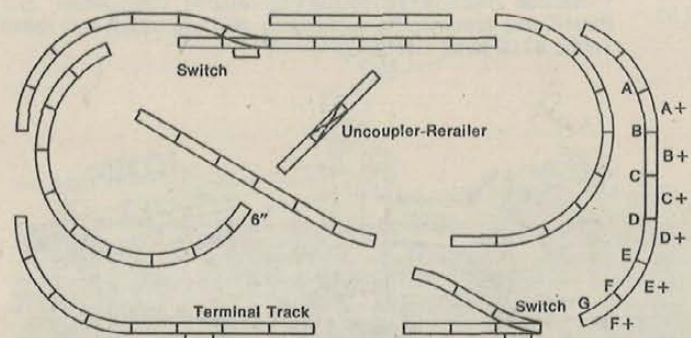
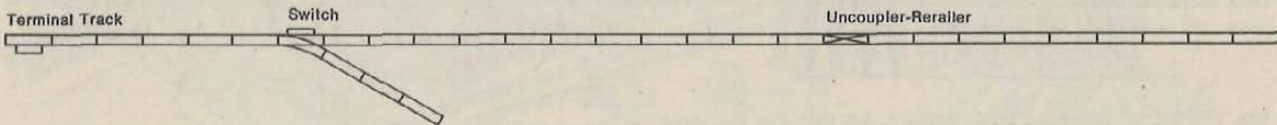
Only a Couple of the Few Possibilities

Amtrak

Layout No. 5: Route of the "Dairy Flyer" between Dearborn and Flint on the Detroit, Toledo, and Irontown Railroad.

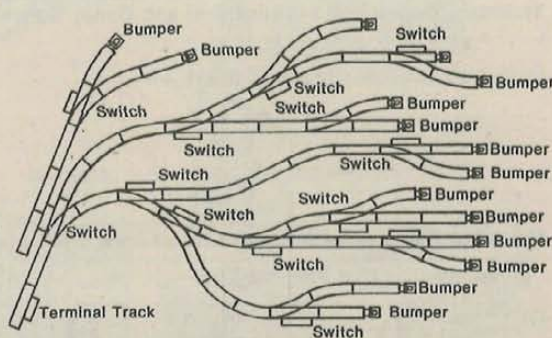
Track Requirements: 30 No. 391 Straight, 1 No. 940 Uncoupler-Rerailer, 1 No. 854 Switch, 1 No. 771 Straight Terminal.

Space Requirement: 1' X 29"



Layout No. 2: Complete route system of the famous Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad—"Moving America Around in One State." Every detail of the actual right of way, in miniature.

Track Requirements: 29 No. 390 Straight, 34 No. 432 Curved, 1 No. 301 6" Straight, 1 No. 940 Uncoupler-Rerailer, 2 No. 854 Switches, 1 No. 771 Straight Terminal, No. A100G Graduated Trestle Set.
Space Requirement: 10'6" X 6'8"



Layout No. 3: Legendary "Gravel City Yards" of the Lehigh Valley Rail Road at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Track Requirements: 19 No. 390 Straight, 22 No. 432 Curved, 1 No. 401 6" Curved, 13 No. 801 Manual Switches, 1 No. 771 Straight Terminal, 15 No. 200PT Bumpers.
Space Requirement: 10'6" X 6'8"



1287 FLY ME
22x35 B/L \$2.00

...
though I walk
through the valley
of the shadow
of death
I shall fear no evil
for I am the meekest
son-of-a-bitch
in the valley.

1173 MEANEST S.O.B.
20x30 2-color \$1.00



1272 KISS A TOAD
25x25 Color \$2.00



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17x22 Parchment \$2.00



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20x29 Duo-tone \$2.00



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24x24 1/2 Color \$2.00

Beware! Young and Old People in All Walks of Life
This may be handed you
to the trouble maker...
WARNING:
This product is alcohol. This may
be used in the home...
1102 BEHARE MARIJUANA!
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HONEST-TO-GOODNESS
PACKING CRATE SLAT
The man just delivered. For decorative
purposes only, a packing crate slat with nail holes
and authentic looking stenciled information.
About 20 inches long.



Item 907 \$2.00



1298 ICEBERG
25x25 Color \$2.50



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47x32 Color \$4.00



1116 MAKIN' BACON
22x28 B&W
\$1.00. Sold
hundreds of
these but
couldn't say
why.



2806 WALT WHITMAN
20x25 Sepia \$1.50



1266 THE ROAD 35x45 Color \$4.00



2734 BRITISH SIE 5a
Gigantic 4x3 feet! Color \$5.00



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23x35 Black-lite \$2.00



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35x35 Color \$4.00



2809 EDGAR ALLEN POE
20x25 Sepia \$1.50



1277 BLUE RIVER
22x28 Black-lite \$2.00



1286 ROCK
24x24 1/2 Color \$2.00



1255 MOON MOUNTAIN
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The Don Juan S

A Non-ordinary Reality Division of I.T.T. by Gerald Sussman

June 12, 1974

I had prepared myself for a long search for Don Juan, right? I even had a few built-in advantages for starters. I happen to know a girl who claims she laid Castaneda and heard him talk in his sleep about the old man, who he really is, where he lives, etc. I also know the brother-in-law of Castaneda's peyote connection who told me a few things. Plus, I know other stuff I can't talk about.

I was prepared to wander from village to village, over mountains and deserts, like a search for B. Traven—tracking down every false lead, every clue—asking about Don Juan in the little marketplaces and plazas, avoiding the hostile stares of the Indians, but trying to penetrate their stony silence with my clumsy, halting Spanish.

Then one day I'd simply find him. He'd be sitting in the shade of a little outdoor cafe in a tiny village, scarcely more than a watering spot for burros. He would be drinking mineral water and watching the people in the square. I would beg him to teach me his secrets. I would prove to him that I had unbending intent, a powerful will, impeccable discipline. And I would avoid all of Castaneda's dumb mistakes.

He would smile and say, "I have been expecting you. I have smoked you. You bring good omens. You are an *escogido*, a chosen one. I will teach you everything."

That's the way it would happen. My disciplined, finely-tuned body felt it. But as soon as I crossed the border into Mexico I saw the outdoor billboards: ENROLL IN THE DON JUAN SCHOOLS. ATTAIN FANTASTIC POWER! EARN BIG MONEY! ENJOY SPECIAL FRINGE BENEFITS IN THE FAST-GROWING FIELD OF SORCERY. A Non-Ordinary Reality Division of ITT.

My God! What happened to the old man?

June 13, 1974

I drove to the newest Don Juan School located outside of Pitiquin in the province of Sonora. No problem finding it. Signs every five miles. I

park my VW bus in the faculty parking lot and I try to "see" the place, get to its essence, like the Master would do. Suddenly, a big healthy looking guy with longish blond hair walks into my line of seeing. He looks like Martin Milner when Milner was doing "Route 66." He wears a button that reads: Bert Steinfeld, Freshman Guide.

"Hi. As you can see, I'm Bert Steinfeld, official greeter, guide, and Big Daddy for freshmen. I can tell you're a new student. When you're into sorcery for a while you get to know certain things. I'm originally from Shaker Heights. That's right outside of Cleveland. Where are you from? I'm supposed to answer your questions, give you the nickel tour of the campus, do the whole college orientation bit. Hey! You better move your VW from the faculty lot or one of the teachers will turn it into a chipmunk or make the fucking thing disappear. They don't bother towing away illegal parkers around here."

"OK. But the first thing I want to know is, what happened to the old man?"

"You mean Don Juan? Didn't you know he made this big deal with ITT? Like a combination merger and franchise deal."

"You mean the old man sold out?"

"I don't mean that at all. You need some background, man."

"This thing was building up for a long time. Ever since Castaneda wrote those books and put the old man on the map. Suddenly the whole country is flooded with guys and girls looking for Don Juan. Everybody wants to be a sorcerer, a man of knowledge, right? I mean hundreds of thousands of people—and not just your hippies and dropouts—*everybody* is looking for this old *brujo*. Indians started popping out of the woodwork, claiming to be Don Juan. Will the *real* Don Juan stand up please, and fly! Can you imagine the numbers these Indians were working? Who was to say what the old man really looked like? Maybe Castaneda made him up, right? And, of course, the Mexicans loved it. All those tourist dollars pouring in. Then the *Wall Street Journal* picked it up and ran a three-part story. You must have missed it. And from there the conglomerate boys got interested and came up with the brilliant discovery that there was a bullish market in non-Western, non-ordinary reality.

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Riddle: What has four legs, a tail, and goes "bow-wow?"

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"IF I CAN'T TEACH YOU TO BE A SORCERER IN SEVEN DAYS

OR LESS,
I'LL TURN
MYSELF
INTO
A JELLY
DOUGHNUT."



"...," says Don Juan, world famous Man of Knowledge and teacher of best-selling author Carlos Castaneda.

School of Sorcery

People want to be sorcerers, warriors, men of knowledge, *brujos*, whatever."

While Steinfeld was giving me the Don Juan story we walked around the campus. That's what it was—a real college campus. He pointed out some of the buildings I would be using—the Flying Building, the Don Vincente Talking to the Animals Center, the Devil's Weed building. Most of the buildings were huge versions of Dan Juan's little hut. But there was also a sprinkling of college Gothic and far-out modern.

"And there's the gym, the co-op, and the student cafeteria," said Steinfeld. "Did you ever taste Mexican institutional food? I'd rather not tell you about it. Let it be a surprise."

"What about Don Juan?"

"Right. So a lot of big conglomerates smelled money. They got after him. ITT was the most persistent. They tried everything. They offered Castaneda a nice chunk of the gross earnings if he led them to the old man. He refused. They hired detectives, even got the CIA to work on it on some pretext of national security. Nothing. No Juan. You know where they finally found him? In L.A. He was taking a tour of Universal Studios where they show you how they make movies. They were in the special effects department and the tour guide was explaining how they can change a vampire into a bat through special camera techniques. Juan just laughed out loud. He told the guide that he could turn into a bat just like that, anytime he wanted to, without all that Hollywood mumbo jumbo. The guide was not taken aback. He happened to be an anthropology student at UCLA working part-time at Universal. He also happened to be a part-time Don Juan Spotter for ITT, for a nice finders fee. Instead of writing him off as a crazy old man he hunched out that maybe this was old DJ himself. So he dared him to do it and of course Don Juan did. Turned into a bat and flew right out toward the freeway."

"The tour guide dropped everything and followed the bat on his motorcycle. Tracked him down to Coldwater Canyon, I think. That's where they talked. The tour guide described the ITT offer and painted a nice, rosy picture. You could figure what was on Don Juan's mind. After all, he was getting old. He was almost eighty, right? Not as agile and sharp as he used to be. In fact, he was losing his

memory about how to change back from a bat or a crow into a human being. Lately he was barely making it back. Why take any more chances? Why not live out the rest of his life in a little more comfort and style? After all, there's lots of prestige and honor in making his teachings known to more people, enriching their lives, etc., etc. The upshot of it all was that he consented to talk to the ITT guys—without an agent or a lawyer, I may add. He listened to their offer and it turned out that his ally told him to take it. So ITT bought all his secrets, his pipes, his hallucinogenic recipes, plus the rights to his name, for nine hundred dollars. He also gets about a hundred a year as a consultant and public relations man, like Colonel Sanders. All he has to do is tour the schools, give some graduation speeches, a few inspirational talks, maybe do a few tricks. Actually, he doesn't really need the money. I'm told that he saved quite a bit and his son gives him a few dollars every month. He likes traveling and meeting people. Also, he doesn't want to work too hard. He said that Death isn't even on his left anymore. Death is almost sitting on his lap. And on top of everything I heard he's got kidney problems."

I looked at this weird combination of Indian huts, college Gothic and modern, with student hangouts and dorms and even a stadium in the distance. Jesus, how much did all of this cost? How did they build all this after buying out the old man?

"So now ITT has invested in the greatest name in sorcery," continued Steinfeld. "You can see the potential. Another Arthur Murray. But combined with the know-how and discipline of a McDonalds. First they got Don Juan to work out a curriculum. Juan trained the first group of sorcerer-teachers, and got a lot of his friends to join the faculty. They developed Sorcerer University, which is the equivalent of Hamburger U. at McDonalds, only much tougher. Now say you want to become the owner of a Don Juan franchised school . . ."

"I get it. I enroll at the University, learn how to run a school and whatever, and then I'm qualified to start my own school. Provided I have the capital and meet the other requirements."

"That's the bare bones of it. You couldn't do it all yourself. You and a bunch of other guys would form a syn-



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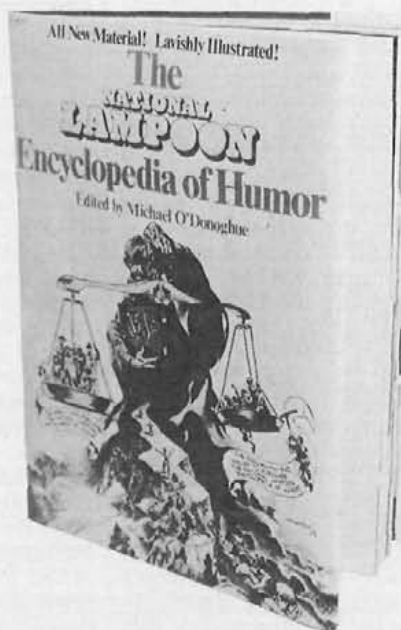
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"It's impressive."

"Right. And they keep the standards high. A lot of ITT inspectors float around the schools disguised as students. They check them out and rate them. You have to shape up or you can lose your franchise. If they think you're fucking off they get Don Juan or somebody to put a spell on you. Or something even worse."

June 14, 1974

Registration day at the gym. A madhouse. Everybody is running around asking about teachers, courses, whatever. I'm trying to get some inside information, like everyone else.

"Who you got for *Finding Your Spot*?"

"Don Pablo."

"Bad move. You should've taken Jose. Pablo works your ass off. Makes you run a lot of errands and fix all kinds of shit around his house instead of teaching you anything."

"Anybody know anything about Don Christoforo?"

"I had 'em last term. He's a schmuck. Always gets lost in the mountains when we go on a trip and we have to get the Mexican National Guard after us."

"Who'd you get for *Flying*?"

"Don Emiliano."

"Oh no! You'll never get off the ground. All he does is talk about the time he went to Mexico City and met these two girls in a bar and turned them into ashtrays or something."

"Shit. Diego's course in *Lizard* is closed."

"What do you want that for?"

"It's a gut. Just buy him a lot of beer and he'll give you a B."

"It's only a one-credit course, but it's always the first one to get filled."

"Which one?"

"Tricks 2.2. It's mainly for people

who want to go into Show Business."

"Or show off for the chicks."

I found out that as a freshman I had to take certain required courses. There was the survey course, *An Introduction to Psychotropic Plants*; *Finding Your Spot*; *Gathering Power Objects*; and *Talking to the Animals*. A lot of upperclassmen advised me to take *How to Survive in the Desert and Mountains*. Stuff like *Flying*, *Making Things Disappear*, and *Eccentric Dancing* are electives that you take in your junior and senior year. Anyway, five courses were enough. I also have to study, practice my seeing, write my journal, and do whatever else you do in college.

June 15, 1974

My first class—*Finding Your Spot*, or power spot, as Don Juan would say. My teacher is Don Escalito. He is a small thin man. Looks to be in his late sixties or early seventies. I was warned not to be fooled by his old frail look. His way of seeing is to act like he is at death's door—lots of groaning and shaking with palsy. But he is supposed to have the strength and agility of three men half his age. They say that he hustles the young students into arm wrestling matches with his death act, then proceeds to snap the younger man's hand off at the wrist.

Don Escalito enters, limping. He addresses a group of about fifteen students, a mixture of men and women.

"In order to attain power, to become a warrior, a man of knowledge, a sorcerer—you must find your spot, the place where your enemies cannot harm you—the place where you can gather up your strength and powers. Your power spot is very important. For instance, my spot is . . . here!"

And before I could blink an eye he jumps on this chick next to me and buries his head under her skirt and starts eating her, *fressing* her, as Lenny Bruce would say. The girl is paralyzed with fear and surprise. But Escalito just goes his merry way. Everyone is hypnotized by the scene, because we all know that Escalito is going to draw a lesson from this, give us a new slant on seeing. Everyone but the chick, that is, who by this time is really involved and snaps off a good one. The old man comes up for air and looks pretty happy too. Then they're both breathing heavily and he's lying with his head on her lap. He looks at us angrily.

"I told you I have found my spot. My spot is here, with this young lady and I will not leave her for a long time. Even at my age I can eat more women than three studs half my age. I have found my spot. Go away and find yours. Your spots are somewhere

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in the area—in the back of the hut. Or up on the hill behind the gym. Or anywhere. You must find your own spots. Nothing in this world is given to you as a gift. I found my spot on my own."

"Well . . . uh . . . could you just give us a few hints?" I asked.

"Mints? I have no mints. What do you think this is, a sweet shop?"

"I am sorry, Don Escalito. What I meant to say was, perhaps you can tell us what to look for, an omen."

"An almond? Did you say almonds? Who has almonds? I love almonds. I will trade my good stick, my power stick, for a bunch of almonds, especially the salty ones. Who has the almonds?"

"If you really like almonds I can buy some in the village, Don Escalito. But I have no almonds with me."

"Have you got any walnuts or filberts?"

"No."

"Not even some peanuts?"

"I had no idea you liked nuts, Don Escalito. I would be happy to bring you a large can of mixed nuts as soon as I go into the village."

Don Escalito suddenly exploded with laughter, laughing and giggling until tears flowed.

"Can't you see what I was trying to do with you, you fool?"

"Well, it looked like you wanted some nuts," I said.

"I hate nuts. I was trying to show you how to stop the world. I was showing you how to find your power spot and you just ignored me. You pissed away a fantastic lesson! You are stupider than Carlos Castaneda. Well, fuck you. I'm not going to go through another lesson today. You are all on your own. Go find your spots and leave me alone."

And just as quickly as before, Don Escalito burrowed his way back into

the chick and practically disappeared under her skirt.

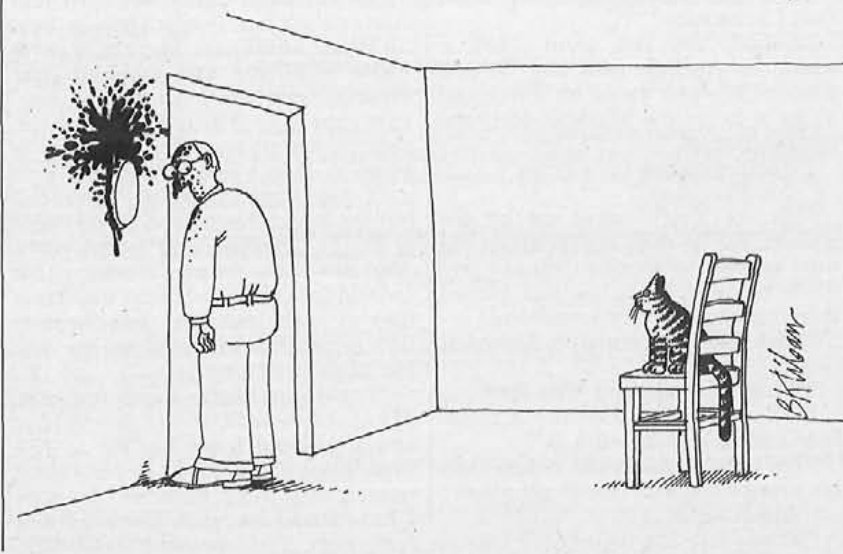
What the hell did we do wrong? What was Don Escalito trying to tell us? Look for a good power spot near a nut tree? Was that chick's pussy his real power spot or was he just doing a number on us? Anyway, we're all sitting around bullshitting when this chubby guy in patched overalls says, "You know, we shouldn't be talking so much. Remember what Don Juan says about too much talk. A warrior doesn't talk. He acts. Let's look for our power spots."

I thought I could learn from Castaneda's mistakes. Don't crawl and roll around on your stomach and back and go crazy trying to find a spot, like he did. Just find a place that looks good and stare at it until you see those tell-tale colors. The longer you look the more luminous the colors become. Then you sit in the colored area that gives off the friendliest vibes and you got it, you found your spot.

I'm tempted to look for mine under a nice shady tree, but that would be too easy, too soft for a warrior. A warrior must go to inaccessible places like a steep rocky mountain or a bleak desert. I wandered off the campus and climbed a steep hill. I found some big jagged rocks and sat on one. I wasn't going to sit on a flat rock and be comfortable. The jagged one would keep me alert. I looked around very carefully, concentrating on every detail, every sound. I looked steadily for about three hours. Nothing happened. Except my ass hurt. At this rate I could be here all day and I have another class soon.

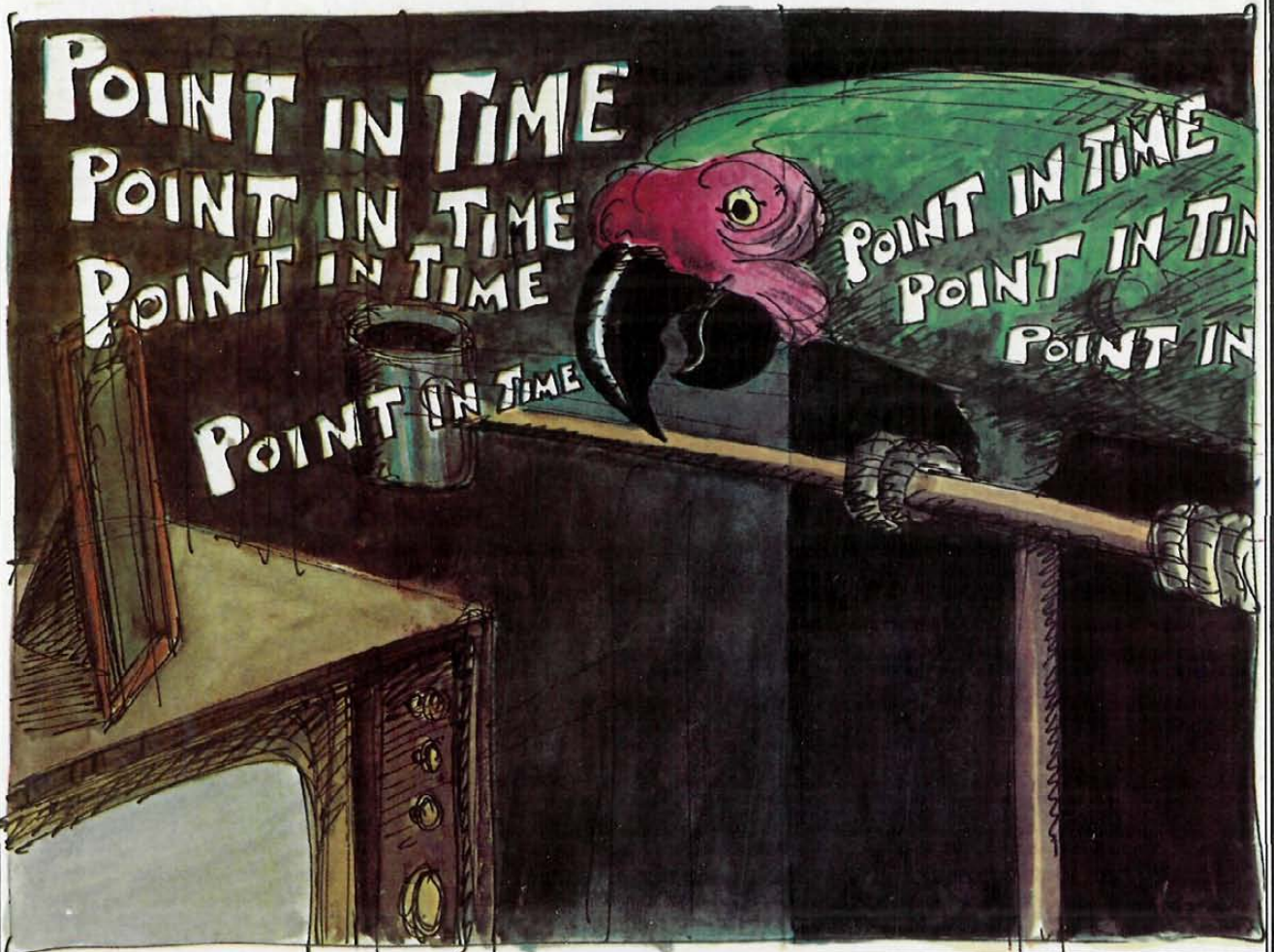
Wait a minute. Is there a greenish spot on that big rock to my right? It's probably the sun's glare. No. It's a greenish yellow spot. That's it. The colors are starting to glow. That's my spot! Like a warrior I move quickly

continued on page 97



The Wonderful Words of Watergate *(or Turds to Live By)*

by Edward Sorel





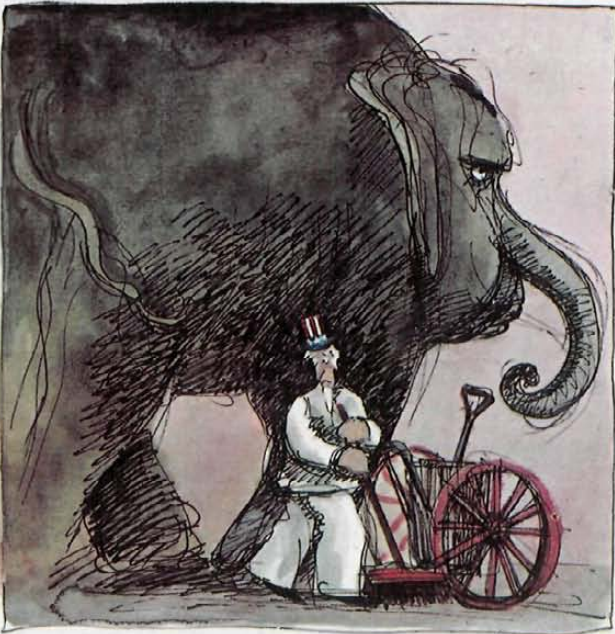
"Let's look at this positively," she said. "We can all learn a lot from Watergate."
 —The New York Times



"In the whole history of the world, in all the nations of the world, there has never been a time I would rather be a graduate than in the year 1973 in the United States of America."
 —President Nixon addressing the graduates of Florida Technological University, June, 1973.

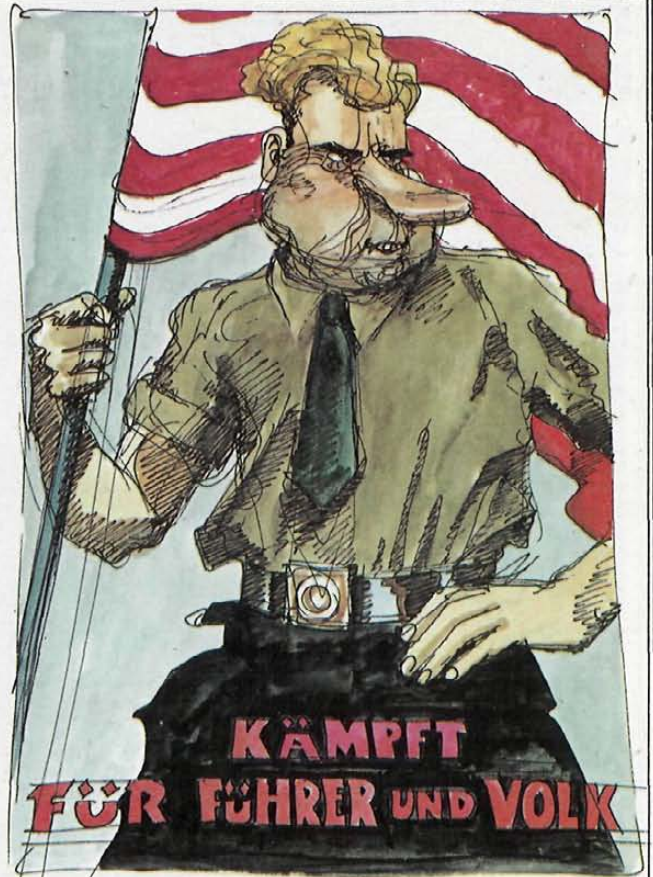


Mr. Moore also gave one of the few first-hand accounts of the President's frame of mind, vis-a-vis Watergate, in late spring. On May 8, he said, the President remarked to him at a private meeting: "I racked my brain, I have searched my mind. Were there any clues I should have seen that should have tipped me off." He added, according to Mr. Moore, that "maybe there were, such indications, and maybe he should have noticed them and paid them heed."
 —New York Post



"I have concluded that if I were to testify before the committee, irreparable damage would be done to the constitutional principle of separation of powers."

—President Nixon, in a letter to Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr.



"Let others spend their time dealing with the murky, small, unimportant, vicious little things. We will spend our time building a better world."

—President Nixon, July 31, 1973



"I think that we should also remember that they didn't do it for monetary gain. They did it because they thought that they were doing the right thing. I personally feel that they were stupid."

—Julie Nixon Eisenhower, quoted in *The New York Times*, July 15, 1973



“Watergate was nothing more than a panty raid.”

—John Wayne

“It is essential now that we place our faith in that system—and especially in the judicial system. It is essential that we let the judicial process go forward....”

—President Nixon



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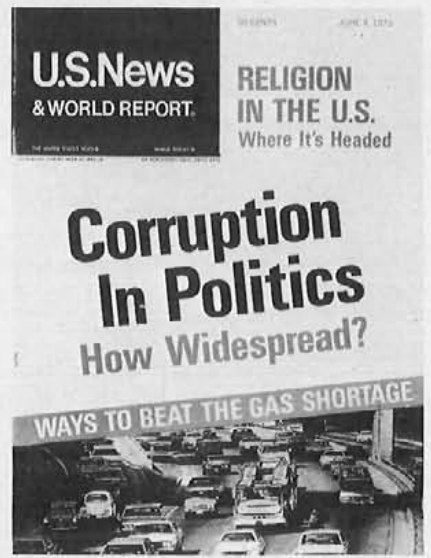
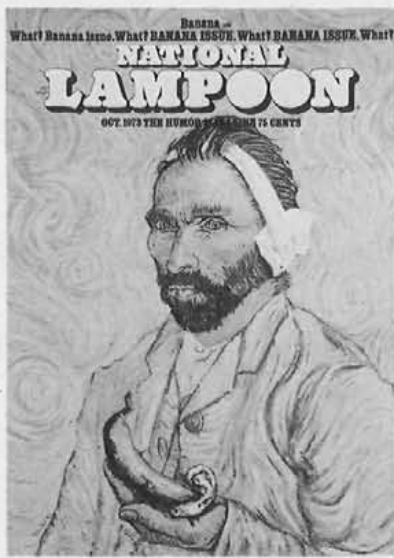
- | | |
|--|---|
| 9/27/73 University of Georgia
Athens, Ga. | 10/26/73 Princeton University |
| 9/28/73 Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn. | 10/27/73 Princeton, N.J. |
| 10/3/73 University of Maryland
College Park, Md. | 11/2/73 Seton Hall University
South Orange, N.J. |
| 10/6/73 Jersey City State College
Jersey City, N.J. | 11/6 thru Locust Street Theatre
11/18/73 Philadelphia, Pa. |
| 10/9/73 Massey Hall
Toronto, Canada | 11/9/73 Trenton State College
Trenton, N.J. |
| 10/19/73 Queensborough Community College
Queens, N.Y. | 12/14/73 Kutztown State College
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Articles on Balance of Trade Payments	NO	YES
Mirth	YES	NO
Merriment	YES	NO
Tons of Fun	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations	NO	YES
Snappy Patter	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year	YES	NO
	7 YES	2 YES

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continued from page 90

to the rock and bam! I bump into this chick from my class who is coming from the opposite direction.

"Where'd you come from? Gee, I'm sorry, but you're right on my spot," I said.

"You're sorry? What the hell do you think I'm doing here? This happens to be my spot. I saw this yellowish green color and I felt it was friendly to me."

"Me too. But I think that yellowish green color comes from something that took a piss here."

"You're right. That means it's really a bad spot. It could be a spot where you could be easy prey for an enemy."

"Or else it could be a spot full of piss that no one in his right mind would sit on," I said, trying to capture some of Don Juan's practical, earthy sense of humor.

The chick laughed and I sensed some power lines, some fibers of light coming between us. Suddenly, I got this urge to do what Don Escalito did, and I say to her, "My spot is right . . . here!" And I dive right for her crotch. Only she's ready for me and she jumps out of the way and I land on my face and just about break my nose in half. I'm cut and bleeding and my face is full of the greenish yellow stuff, which thank goodness, is not piss, but lemon and lime Kool-Aid that someone spilled.

"Why'd you do that when I was sure that was my spot?" I asked. "Escalito did it. I should be able to do it, too."

"It's different when a sorcerer does it. He's doing it for a special reason. He's a warrior. Every action he does has meaning. It's beautiful when he does it. Anyway, you better get over to the infirmary and take care of that nose."

I don't know. I think maybe a lot

of chicks come to the school just to be balled by the sorcerers. Maybe they think they'll find the Great Orgasm that Stops the World. They're looking for a little magic, that's for sure.

June 16, 1974

Went over to the co-op to buy some stuff for my classes. Wow. A lot of high-powered gringo merchandising savvy went into the making of this operation. The store is divided into sections or boutiques, like a department store. There's the clothing boutique called "DJ's Gear," with stuff like a Don Juan down-filled mountain climbing parka, a sombrero with a built-in pull-down raincoat, and DJ flying goggles. It's like Mexican L.L. Bean.

The "Warrior's Corner" had a lot of professional-looking things — animal traps, the Don Juan serrated-edge knife for cutting plants, a Coleman tortilla oven for field trips.

I dug the "Don Juan Hall of Fame Shop." I'm a sucker for corny souvenirs—Don Juan Glow in the Dark T-Shirts, power spot whoopie cushions, practical jokes like hot pepper peyote buttons, exploding mushroom pipes. They even had those little "vari-vue" buttons that change images as you tilt them or walk past them (they had a guy changing into a turtle and a girl changing into a mango.)

I was tempted to buy a Don Juan safari jacket but at the moment I needed basic supplies for my classes—some peyote, some Jimson weed or "Devil's weed" as Don Juan calls it, and the ground-up mushroom of the genus *Psyocibe*, Don Juan's famous "little smoke." They're all on sale at the section called "La Drugstore."

The salesman behind the counter is chanting into a P.A. microphone,

continued on page 99

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If you haven't been getting as much fun as you'd like from your guitar, maybe it's because you don't know enough about how to play it. You probably learned a few chords, but don't know how to go further. If so, let us help you. We'll teach you to read music and play pick style with both notes and chords—the way a teacher would. The difference is we teach with lessons by mail, and it costs a lot less. Courses in other instruments too—piano, spinet organ, accordion, violin, saxophone. If 17 or over, write for free booklet with more details. Send your name, address, zip code and list instrument you want to learn. Write U.S. School of Music, Studio 22-608, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605. ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL © 1973 U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC 444

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WHOLE MIRTH CATALOGUE

access to yocks

National Lampoon Posters



I Am the Queen of England (P1006) \$1.50

DETERIORATA

GOPACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid qual & positive personal sides as you are in need of sleep. Rotate your legs. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and bend well their silver eyes though they be turkey legs what to know and when. Consider that too wrong never made a right but that three do. Whatever possible, put people on hold. Be content and that in the face of all other & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big future in computer maintenance. Remember the Public. Since it all seems to head left, spend & maintain. Know your self if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily life, especially with those persons closest to you. That known on your left for instance. Be content that a walk through the ocean of mist would surely get you lost. Fall out as late therefore, it will stick to your face. Generally remember the things of youth, both, clean and raw. Turn and let not the needs of time get to your back. Hire people with locks. For a good time, call 000. All ask for Ken. Take heart and the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough, does not reflect that whatever modulation may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. You are a flake of the universe you have no right to be here, and whether you can last it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. Therefore make peace with your God whatever you connect Him to be Harry Thunders or Cuzco Makin. With all its hopes, desires, promises & other reward, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up. © 1973 NATIONAL LAMPOON INC. 100022

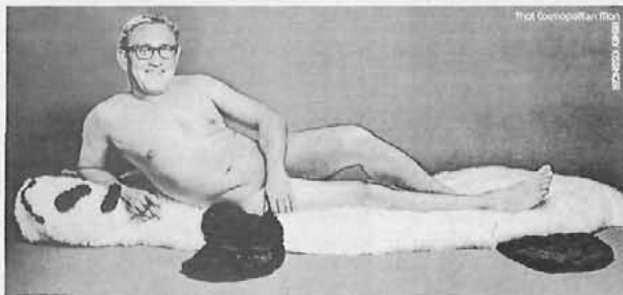
Deteriorata (from Radio Dinner, the National Lampoon comedy album) (P1005) \$1



The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3 (BO1001) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50



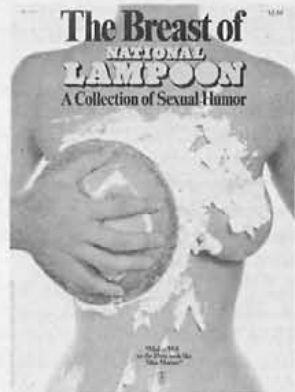
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Pornography (P1004)

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Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon (LF1001) 1973; 208 pp. \$.95



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"Take a number please. Even if the store is not crowded, please take a number."

I take a number, even though the store is not crowded and I am the only customer.

"Talk to me, sweetheart," said the salesman, in an accent I'm sure I heard before.

"I need some peyote. For the whole term, I guess."

"You'll need at least two, three hundred buttons. You want new or used?"

"What do you mean, used?"

"Peyote that's only been chewed a few times. By people who can't take it. It's still like new. Got plenty of juice left. We guarantee them. Half the price of the new buttons."

"Yeah, well, I'll try a little of the used and a couple hundred news."

"What flavors? We got vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and the flavor of the month."

"What's that?"

"Lobster."

"Give me an assortment."

"What else, booby. Talk to me."

"You look familiar. Did you ever work in a gourmet food store in New York called Zabars?"

"Did I ever work in Zabars? I cut smoked salmon for twenty-two years. I couldn't stand it in New York anymore and I can't stand Florida. So I bought the psychotropic plant concession here and I'm making a good living. Sure, I remember you. You used to come in with a nice looking redhead."

"It was a dark haired girl."

"What's the difference? I remember you. You always wanted it sliced thick instead of thin. What else do you need? A little Jimson weed paste? We got nice fresh stuff, comes ready to smear on."

"I thought the students are supposed to hunt for all those plants and stuff and cook them up according to Don Juan's rules."

"Are you crazy? Do you know how long it would take you to find those plants? You'd be running around all over Mexico for the rest of your life. We got the Indians to get it and make it in our own factory. Then we freeze it so it won't spoil. Everything according to the rules, under the strict supervision of Don Anselmo, the Grand Brujo of Mexico, and a great friend of Don Juan."

"How much Jimson do I need?"

"Take a medium size jar. If you need more you'll buy more. You don't use it like peanut butter. Just smear on a little at a time."

"And the mushroom powder for smoking."

"How do you want it ground? Drip, percolator, or all-purpose? Or maybe

you want it freeze-dried?"

"I don't know. I've never smoked it before."

"First get a pipe. We got the Don Juan Autograph Model, percolator style. We also got the Don Genaro, which has a lighter handle. It's a drip with a filter. The women like it. And the Don Vincente Model, which is aluminum—a little harder for the beginners to break in."

"I like the Genaro. In the meerschau shape."

"A nice little pipe. Would you like to see a deerstalker cap that goes with it?"

"No. Just give me some mushrooms."

"Very good. Take the all-purpose grind. Not too coarse, not too fine."

"What else do I need?"

"You going to walk around at night, maybe go out with a girl once in a while?"

"Maybe."

"Then you got to buy one of our ready-made power objects for protection against your enemies. If you're going to be a warrior and a man of knowledge you have to fight off a lot of enemies at night. Also a few rip-off artists."

"I guess I'll need a good power stick and some power stones."

"We not only got sticks and stones to break your bones, we got names to hurt you! Power names. You know

what I mean? I got names so strong I could kill a person with them. I throw them out of my mouth very fast and very hard. Like . . . *chuchipet!* Or . . . *Tuxepango!*"

"Wow! You almost knocked me over with those names. My whole head is throbbing, like I got a karate chop from David Carradine."

"Isn't that a terrific item? And I was just taking it easy. A power name is a very handy thing to have. Works much faster than laying a curse on somebody. The only thing is you got to get your teacher to give you a permit for a power name. A lot of dealers are selling cheap names to the kids without a permit. We call them "*Sabado Noches Especial*," Saturday Night Specials. They could backfire and kill you. Very cheap stuff."

I wandered around the store for a while. I love that army-navy, outdoor, and sportsman shit. I ended up buying a pair of sun goggles for flying, an animal trap, and a gun. The gun wasn't a power object by sorcerer standards, but I figured it might come in handy if I panic and I don't use my regular power stuff correctly.

June 17, 1974

My first peyote class. Or Mescalito, as Don Juan calls it. Needless to say, I'm a little scared. Our teacher, Don Felipe, walks in, looks around and blows his nose. The sound coming out

continued on page 107

I F
E - Z W
I D E R M A
D E R O L L I N
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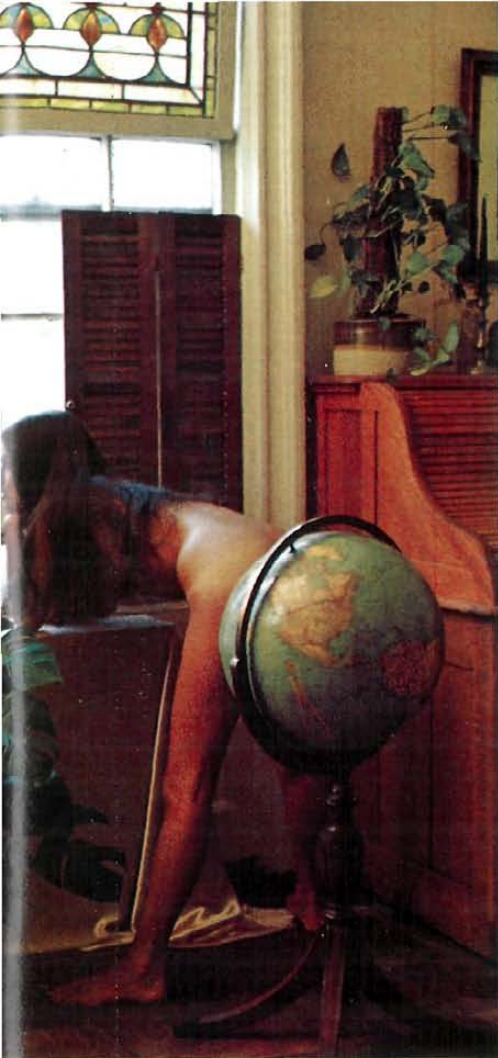
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peut-être

**TAFFI WAS A
WELSHMAN,
TAFFI WAS A
THIEF:**

**TAFFI CAME TO
MY HOUSE
AND
STOLE A PIECE
OF BEEF.**



photography by David Kaestle

That's no more than falsehood! Taffi Ferrari is a fully honest European whom eats only vegetables in the vegetables market place. Like Sartre. And Rilke did. Taffi, a nude model, is too busy for all things that have falseness in them and stinky lies. "I like the very much talking about the truth and also very much pleasing to me is touching myself's twin bosoms and sweeking with glee." How's that for honesty unbridled? There's more. "Walking back and forth with both of them out, squatting over mirrors, and going to the bathroom to make my business and not sealing the door on any person out there peeking." On the American men who sit at the Supreme Court: "They like honesty too, I consider, but sometimes they should be looking no farther than up their own black dresses for answers to today's mistakes." If the Law's ass is anything like Taffi's, it should hang itself out the window of a moving coach for a fortnight or two. This is 1973 and the Truth, like everything else there is, should be right up front!



peut-être





A. President Nixon called this "a security leak of unprecedented proportions." (3 words)

208 181 377 9 85 228 48 208 339 167 333 62 24 349 228 364 113 406 308

B. "Law and order"

68 455 558 7 507 147 18 335 555 37

C. "God bless _____" (6 words)

287 378 45 234 14 310 402 121 58 142 270 127 321 104 67 216 166 308 182 195

D. "Peace with honor" (4 words)

232 372 285 132 91 7 119 337 85 318 269 12 381 265 100 132 157

254 108 218 334 98 61 387 172 216 57

E. "Sensitive"

227 117 267 101 108 410 81 214 248 106 300 154 403

F. "Inoperative"

247 26 93 357 384 31 226 288 295

G. "One of the two finest public servants" Richard Nixon has "had the privilege to know."

44 243 11 129 161 267 100 278 348 33

H. President Nixon called renewed bombing of it "my terrible personal ordeal."

40 165 208 8 229 288 357 313

I. John Dean did it.

116 222 373 97 119 20 207

J. Ehrlichman, in his opening statement before the Ervin Committee, said: "I am here to _____ every charge of illegal conduct."

344 13 189 236 407 189

K. "Pan-American Native"

228 47 31 374 123 171

L. "Failed to maintain sufficient altitude to avoid neighboring terrain"

69 283 52 249 120 3 292

M. Be forced to suffer extended continuous exposure to culturally disadvantaged environment (5 words)

388 28 174 302 370 68 338 94 183 309 357 86 116 157 217 18 178 271

N. The President apparently had counted on public _____ to enable him to "tough out" the Watergate situation.

64 8 383 193 371 55

O. Acted to "preserve the doctrine of separation of powers as conceived by the Founding Fathers" (13 words)

304 38 387 83 15 484 357 107 238 280 167 74 331 241 43 184 200 10 274

166 131 134 177 19 43 253 89 100 146 317 5 324 205 29 158 107 22

16 158 219 261 365 488 391 346 315 188 205 377 114 325 51 10 284 288 65

126 141 181 489 92 329 380 3 212 340 17 291 331 330

P. "Friendly" (6 words)

48 72 206 212 209 127 481 151 290 45 326 248 28 195 351 14 21 181 297 330 281 314 150

Q. The Government arrested 13,500 participants in this 1971 demonstration, holding them for hours in "large outdoor stockades." (2 words)

13 148 264 350 118 100

R. Staunch defender of Chilean anti-Communism

156 18 363

S. "Misspoke oneself"

184 97 182 169

T. Order the First Lady "terminated with extreme prejudice" (3 words)

362 327 255 200 519 103 230 128 160 332 210 212 82 172 333 199 152 305 798

U. "Protect the national security" (2 words)

55 330 324 84 388 86 103 275 184 142 218 276 312 119 309

V. "Accidentally delivered ordnance equipment to" (8 words)

272 190 289 237 211 57 204 87 176 230 143 160 290 182 281 336 78 82 263 195

343 18 280 124 258 27 306 395 157 231 193 50

41 383 391 353 204 110 351 75

W. "Combat emplacement evacuator"

323 71 277 245 329 81

X. "There will be _____ at the White House." (2 words)

211 111 38 76 339 187 95 336 200 185 84

Y. Stupid Netherlanders* (2 words)

221 126 237 187 23 332 222 188 183 148 90 155

Z. "Adult entertainment" (3 words)

4 372 238 316 39 282 20 126 227 336 291 207 109 120 368 329 240 114 216

AA. J. Edgar Hoover _____ the White House plan for use of illegal intelligence operations.

287 75 98 405 355 267 395

BB. One was purchased under false pretenses to indicate support for President Nixon's decision to mine Haiphong Harbor. (3 words)

200 278 112 175 336 100 334 331 144

(Answers on page 106.)

*Although this entry would at first glance appear to have little to do with the subject matter of this puzzle, "wised-up" readers who were alerted in the pages of the A.U.T.B.D. Newsletter (*National Lampoon*, April, 1973) to the threat to our nation's very existence posed by the Bandit Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld had their suspicions immediately aroused by the "coincidence" of the Watergate's key location on a vital waterway in the heart of our Capital and were quick to spot in this crude "burghlary" the telltale imprint of the wooden footwear of the Beast of the Hague and his vicious crew of shrewd, but clumsy Lowland louts.

LO & BEHOLD
 Words and music by
BOB DYLAN
 Performed by
**COULSON, DEAN,
 McGUINNESS & FLINT**
 Produced by
MANFRED MANN

Kudos by
"Rolling Stone"

"... McGuinness/Flint have decided to record an album of some of Dylan's more esoteric songs which have only been available by Master Zimmerman upon a Witmark-derived bootleg. Along with mentor Manfred Mann, the group has created an entertaining and highly listenable record on which the group gets a chance to show off their performing and arranging skills to full advantage.

Unlike so many of their forerunners, McGuinness/Flint have taken care on this all-Dylan album to arrange each song in a totally different manner from the rest, trying to do justice to each, not relying on a staple M/F formula. The title track, for instance, brings to mind "Honky Tonk Women" (which suits the lyrics fine—coarse and funky), while "Get Your Rocks Off" is played and sung as if it was a blues classic. "Odds & Ends" is given a Band treatment with a great echo vocal and Hughie Flint demonstrates that he's got the Levon Helm skin-cymbal routine down to a T. Their version of "Eternal Circle" is the best I've heard from anyone... If future McGuinness/Flint albums are as skillfully made as this one, then I, for one, will be looking forward to them."

"CashBox"

"... this collection is smashing, with each and every track giving total entertainment. Performances are perfect everywhere and all points indicate a massive chart hit and, quite possibly, a newer, truer direction in British rock."

"Billboard"

"... Top pick... extraordinary LP."



Sire Records

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- A. PENTAGON PAPERS THEFT
- B. REPRESSION
- C. EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU
- D. SATURATION BOMBING OF CAMBODIA
- E. INCRIMINATING
- F. DECEPTIVE
- G. EHRlichMAN
- H. N. VIETNAM
- I. TATTLED
- J. REFUTE
- K. INDIAN
- L. CRASHED
- M. HAVE TO LIVE IN GHETTO
- N. APATHY
- O. REFUSED TO COMPLY WITH REQUEST FOR ACCESS TO WHITE HOUSE DOCUMENTS INCLUDING TAPES
- P. DESIGNED TO KILL THEM, NOT US
- Q. MAY DAY
- R. ITT
- S. LIED
- T. HAVE PAT ASSASSINATED
- U. OBSTRUCT JUSTICE
- V. UNINTENTIONALLY WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH
- W. SHOVEL
- X. NO WHITEWASH
- Y. IDIOTIC DUTCH
- Z. X-RATED MOVING PICTURE
- AA. OPPOSED
- BB. NY TIMES AD

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

of his nose was like a thunderbolt. It seemed to cut through everyone, making us more alert and attentive. Every teacher has his own way of seeing, of exerting his will. Don Juan used to "smoke" people, using his mushroom pipe to get at their essence. Don Genaro and Sacateca danced. Don Felipe's way is to blow his nose. And he does it without a hanky.

"Welcome to the wonderful world of peyote. Or Mescalito, as my very dear friend Don Juan calls it. I am Don Felipe, your teacher and guide. Before I discuss Mescalito I want to say that you are going to be a very good group. You will approach Mescalito with respect and serious intent, and he will show you how to live. I know this because I have blown you all."

Most of the class giggled and tried to stifle their laughter at this last remark and Don Felipe looked annoyed.

"What the fuck is so funny? When I say I have blown you it means I have blown my nose as my way of seeing through you, to your essence, of knowing what you are truly capable of doing."

Somebody meekly volunteered that in American slang, "blowing" meant sucking a penis.

"I know the use of the word, chum. If anyone laughs again at my reference to blowing I will suspend him and then I will really give him a blow-job. I will blow his brains right out of his head."

Whereupon he tooted another of his nose thunderbolts that went through us like a knife. Then he got down to business.

"If you have read your Don Juan you must know that Mescalito is very important. He is your protector. He can teach you how to live, how to conduct your life properly. But you cannot know how he will show himself to you until you chew him. He could be frightening, he could be playful. He could be anything."

"What does he look like, Don Felipe?" someone asked.

"He looks like your mother in heat," said Don Felipe giggling. "How can I say what he looks like when he is different to everyone? I knew a *brujo* who claimed that Mescalito came to him in the form of Elizabeth Taylor's tits. Another friend said that Mescalito was a hair dryer. He would feel Mescalito going through his head like a hot comb. The only way to learn about him is to chew him. I want you all to chew only the vanilla peyote. Vanilla is truly the only basic way to find Mescalito. Chocolate is not bad. Chocolate chip is useful. But I do not care for the fruit flavors. They are frivolous and distract from the ex-

perience. And how many of you bought the flavor of the month from that rascal at the co-op? Many of you, I see. It is just a gimmick. I wish he wouldn't pull that Baskin-Robbins shit with Mescalito. It is too serious for that kind of hype. What is the flavor this month?"

"Lobster," someone said.

"A waste of good beans. One of these days Mescalito will teach him a lesson. Now before we start, did everyone eat something before coming to class, as per instructions. Remember, you cannot chew peyote on an empty stomach or you will simply get drunk and have no control or will power. I believe you were instructed to have a cheeseburger, french fries, and a thick shake to insulate your stomach."

I don't care for that kind of food first thing in the morning, but I had to eat it, like everyone else. We were now ready to chew. With a little fear and trembling I popped a vanilla. It tasted pretty good. I had six more. They tasted a little like vanilla malted milk balls.

Don Felipe passed around a jug of something that tasted like Colt .45.

"Just rinse your mouth with it," he said.

Then he gave us something that looked like Pep-O-Mint Life Savers.

"Suck on it. Then spit it out," he said.

Afterward I sat in the room and looked at the others. They were all in the nude, except for towels draped around their private parts. Everyone was sweating heavily, as if they were in a turkish bath. They were all eating individual cans of skinless and boneless sardines and were speaking in a language that sounded like Yiddish. I wanted to speak to them but I didn't know Yiddish, except for "ch" sounds.

I was also sweating heavily and I was also nude, except my entire skin had turned to terry cloth. I was drenched in sweat but I was getting dry at the same time. I tried to tell Don Felipe about my terry cloth skin but I couldn't talk. I tried to form words but all that came out was something like "spackle."

I found myself surrounded by liverwurst. I was in the narrowest of tunnels and it was packed with liverwurst and I had to do anything to get out. I was terrified. I ate it, dug it out with my hands, punched at it. I couldn't scream because my mouth was full of it. It was all over me. In my hair, my eyes, my nose, and ears. Then I fell down on my face into a soft, muddy surface and someone threw water over me.

continued on page 109

Hear Muffs.™ The first headphones you wouldn't kick out of bed.



The worst thing you could take to bed when you're feeling warm and cuddly are cold, lumpy headphones. You'd make out much better with Hear Muffs, the first headphones designed for comfort while lying down—in bed, on a couch, or on the floor.

Hear Muffs don't look like headphones, they look more like a giant, fuzzy doughnut with a bite missing. And they don't feel like headphones; your head doesn't get clamped—it gets cradled. You rest on a soft cushion, not a lump of steel and plastic.

Take Hear Muffs to bed soon. The sound is pure and natural, with wide frequency response and minimal distortion. Stereo and 4-channel models from under \$30 to under \$100. Write us for more information and the name of your local dealer.



Hear Muffs

513 Rogers St., Downers Grove, Ill. 60515

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JIVE 95

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NIGHTS**

**11 PM TO
MIDNIGHT**

..brought
to you by

**PACIFIC
STEREO**



KSAN San Francisco --A Metromedia Stereo Station

I looked up and saw this giant fish that looked like a striped bass. I could see its scales pulsating with different colors. The fish was vibrant with color. It threw a big slippery thing to me that looked like a worm. I grabbed the worm and the fish grabbed it back. We pulled and yanked at the worm for hours until the worm broke and jellybeans fell out of it. The fish and I played and wrestled and did difficult tumbling tricks. A great feeling of joy and happiness flowed through me. I kept grabbing big hunks of fish scales, big pieces of wildly colored luminous scales came off in my hands and felt like sequins. The fish did a remarkable back somersault and disappeared. I felt very lonely. I was losing my euphoria. I felt like I had to vomit. I had a great thirst. My arms and legs ached terribly and I was getting hot and cold sweats. I wanted to talk to Don Felipe. He was standing over me and looked very concerned.

The next thing I knew it was morning and I was in my room lying in bed. I felt terrible. Same aching limbs, nausea, hot and cold sweats. Don Felipe came in. I told him I couldn't remember all the details of my peyote experience except for the funny looking fish and something about liverwurst. He laughed until I thought he would dislocate his hips.

"You certainly gave us a merry chase. You were all over the place."

"What did I do?"

"Well, first you ran into the faculty sauna. You took off your clothes and wrapped yourself very tightly with a big towel. Then you walked into a faculty cocktail party and fell right on top of the centerpiece of the buffet table."

"Was it liverwurst?"

"Close enough. It was chopped liver. A chopper liver bust of Don Juan. You fell into it face first."

"But the fish! I do remember a fish, like a striped bass. It had fantastically colored scales and I played with it."

Don Felipe looked stunned. "Is that what you call it? A fish?"

He clicked his tongue and looked at me with a little scorn and pity. "You are nothing but an empty taco if that is what you think you saw. Do you think you were playing with just a fish?"

"Well, it sure looked like a fish. But come to think of it, how could a fish exist on dry land? And I must have been playing with him for hours."

"Who says you were on dry land?"

"You mean, Don Felipe, that I could have been in water? But there is no large body of water near here."

"I did not say you were in water."

"But if I was not on land and not in water, where was I?"

He smiled. "That is for me to know and you to find out."

"The fish couldn't have been Mes-calito, could it?"

"It certainly wasn't your Aunt Gladys."

"I'm puzzled and you're not helping me, Don Felipe."

"I cannot help you if you ask silly questions and behave like a goat flea." And he walked out.

Shit. I alienated my peyote teacher. I'll bring him a little gift tomorrow. A piece of dried meat or a maybe a wash and wear summer shirt. And how did he know I had an aunt Gladys?

Now I felt worse. I called the school medicine man and got his answering service, one of those recorded messages. It went something like, "How do you do? I am Don Pedro, medicine man of the Don Juan School. You do not have to leave your name, address, and phone number. I know who you are and what you are suffering from. Do not worry. I can heal you. I will come to you soon."

As sure as shit Don Pedro the medicine man arrives about a half hour

later. He rubs some kind of foul smelling leaves on my kneecaps and examines my heels very carefully.

"What do you think, Don Pedro?"

"Very strange heels. I never saw heels like that."

"About my condition. I just had a frightening peyote experience. I feel terrible."

"Oh that. You have the flu. There's a bug going around. You'll have to stay put for a few days. Drink a lot of liquids, take aspirin every three hours, and hold this avocado in your left hand all day."

The flu. So that's why I was shivering and feverish and my limbs ached and my throat was sore. I thought it was the peyote.

Like Carlos Castaneda, our author has made a humble beginning—he is now on a road that he cannot turn back from. He has made the decision to stay at the Don Juan School until he learns how to be a true *brujo*, a sorcerer. Or perhaps he will not and he may well turn into a toll booth on the Indiana Turnpike—the ways of a *brujo* are difficult for westerners to comprehend. □

MAKING LOVE IS YOUR BUSINESS. BIRTH CONTROL AND VD PROTECTION IS OURS.

Today's ultra-sensitive new condoms are the most effective non-prescription birth control method in the world... and the ONLY ONE that offers protection against venereal disease as well.

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TIRE EXIP



NUTS

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THERE WAS THIS GIRL? AND THAT MEANT THAT THIS THING YOU KNEW FOR A LONG TIME WAS COMING HAD COME?

OH, NO—SHE'S PUT ANOTHER NOTE ON THE LOCKER! GOD, I WISH SHE'D STOP THAT!

I LOVE YOU

AT LEAST THIS TIME SHE DIDN'T PUT FLOWERS WITH IT. I'VE REALLY GOT TO TALK TO HER. NEXT TIME I SEE HER I'LL TELL HER TO CUT IT OUT!

I MEAN, SHE'S NICE AND ALL, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SHE'S GOT THE RIGHT TO BE A PAIN IN THE ASS. I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TELL HER TO BUG OFF, DAMMIT, AND LEAVE ME BE! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT STRONG BECAUSE SHE'S NOT TOO BRIGHT!

Hi!

Graham Wilson

I'M HAVING A PARTY AT MY HOUSE THIS THURSDAY AND WONDERED IF YOU WOULD COME? IT'LL BE A NICE PARTY.

OH, ALRIGHT.

WHAT COULD I SAY? I MEAN WHAT COULD I SAY?

THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING I COULD SAY!

NOTHING!

SHIT.



Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.



CUT HERE

After I saved my winter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and

cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next year's supply of Planters (☺). It sure is wild tasting stuff (The Cuervo I mean.) Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.

Best Pat Jacobs



ONE YEAR AFTER

STEVE HAS SURVIVED THE BIKE ACCIDENT AND HAS DECIDED TO DOUBLE WITH JILL'S ROOMMATE AND HAROLD ...



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I HAVE A HARD ENOUGH TIME BEING ENTERTAINING WHEN I'M HEALTHY!



I'VE GOTTA CALM DOWN... BE COOL ...



JILL, I ...

HEY, JILL BABY! WHAT'S SHAKIN'? STILL HAVE THAT SILKY HAIR, I SEE.



MIND IF THE LADY JOINS ME FOR A FEW MINUTES, FELLA?

MAYBE IF I START BLEEDING...

NEXT: MOONLIGHT ROMANCE

TROTS and BONNIE



...AND HOW ARE YOU TODAY, LITTLE MARIGOLDS? MY, BUT YOU'RE LOOKING LOVELY!

WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO THOSE FLOWERS, PERSI?

PLANTS LIKE IT WHEN YOU TALK TO THEM! IT MAKES THEM HAPPY AND HEALTHY!

OH SURE.

REALLY! IF YOU'RE NICE TO THEM, THEY GROW TALL AND STRONG!

THAT'S CRAZY!

THEY'RE JUST DUMB PLANTS! STUPID THINGS THAT LIVE IN DIRT!



PARDON ME, MR TREE, SIR... MAY I PLEASE WEE-WEE ON YOU?

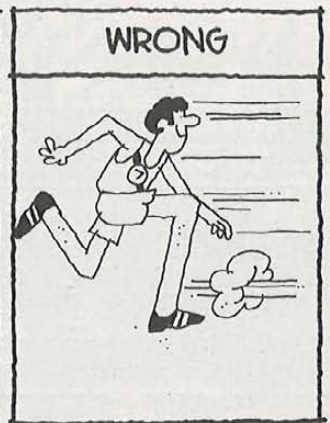
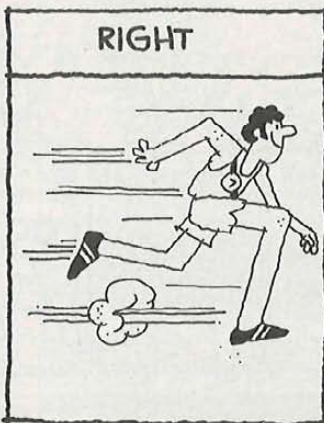
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FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 7

SPEED LINES
 THE CORRECT USE OF SPEED LINES GIVES ACTION TO ANY DRAWING. THE COMIC ARTIST WHO FAILS TO PERFECT THIS IMPORTANT ASPECT OF HIS CRAFT MAY EVENTUALLY FIND HIMSELF UP SHIT CREEK.





IDYL



©J-JONES 1973





...BUT FIRST A WORD FROM OUR COMIC STRIP,

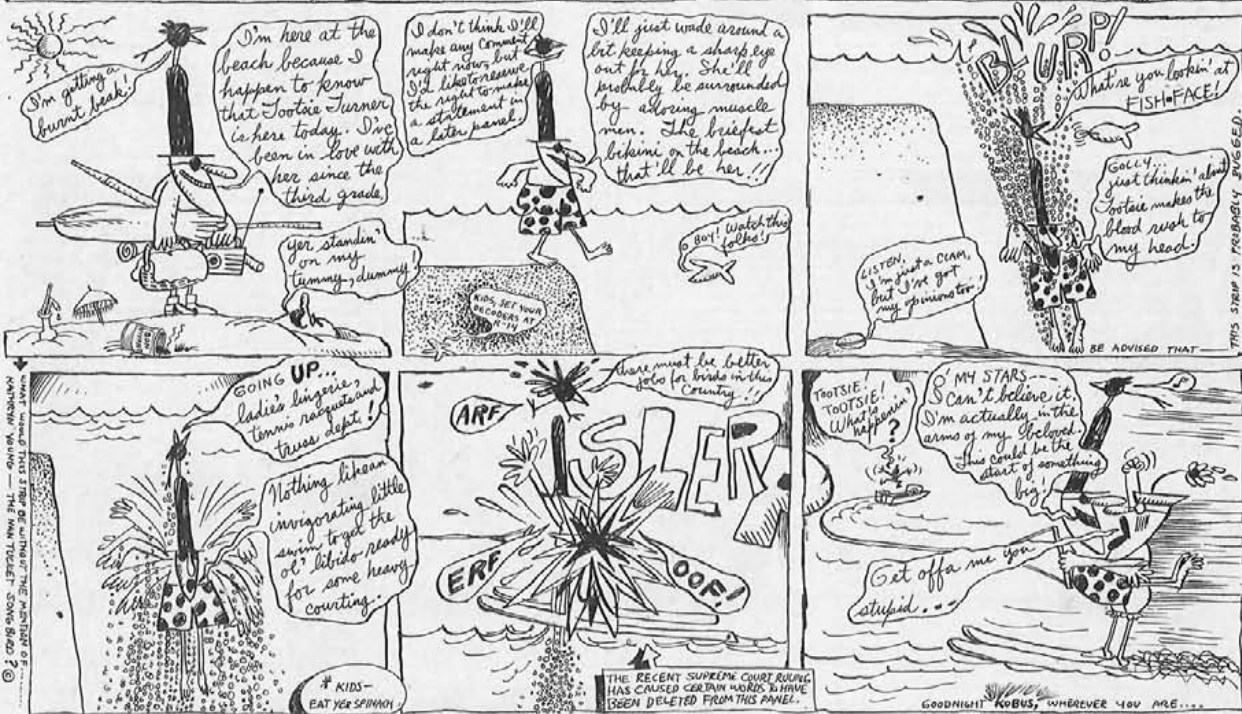
CHICKEN GUTZ

in "MR. GUTZ TAKES THE PLUNGE"

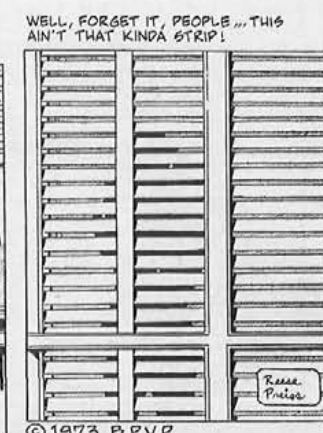
THIS STRIP IS DEDICATED TO THE BEACH BUNNIES: LEANN-AMBER-ALANA-GAIL-AND MOM-SUE.

Undoubtedly God's finest ornithological masterpiece.

by



ONE-YEAR AFFAIR



WHEN HE FOUND OUT HE DIDN'T NEED FOUR EARS, BARNEY CHOSE QUADRADISC.

The waiting is over. Barney just bought his first Quadradisc. It took him awhile to get over his suspicion that four-channel was some expensive hoax, thought up by greedy audio equipment makers.

What settled Barney's paranoia were a few facts:

1. He found out that to enjoy quadrasonic he won't have to grow four ears. Like everyone else's, Barney's two ears hear in a complete circle, with him in the center. He heard Quadradiscs, and now stereo seems almost like mono: squeezed-together sound.

2. Quadrasonic standardization looks like it's here. The discrete disc system (which is synonymous with Quadradiscs) is now widely accepted. (Matrix seems to have fallen into the same "nice try" category as "wire recorders.") So that battle's over with.

3. Quadradiscs work sensationally on Barney's stereo system. So he can buy Quadradiscs from now on, knowing the albums he's buying this year won't be sonically obsolete next year.

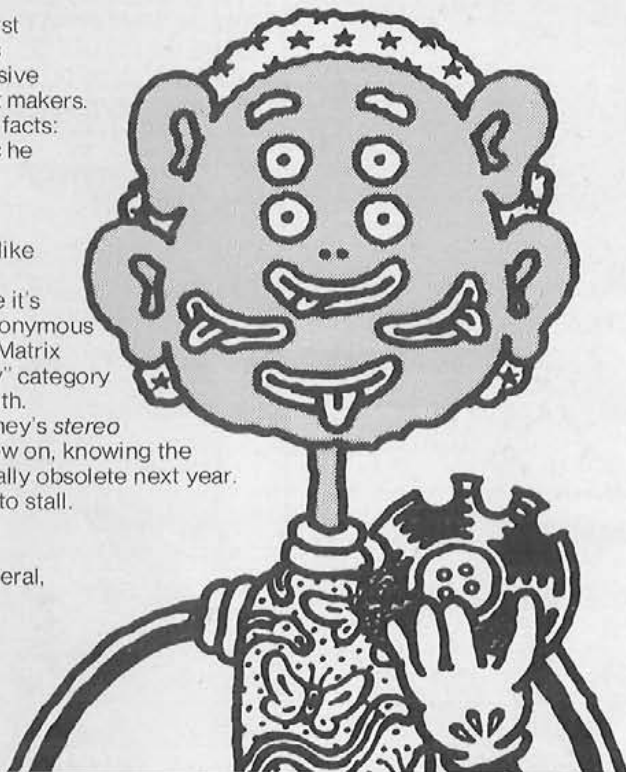
In other words, Barney has no reason left to stall. Nor do you.

To obtain more information concerning Quadradisc and Quadrasonic sound in general, write to Quadradisc, Box 6868, Burbank, California 91505.

Know this: The wait is over.

Now your ears can join Barney's in the best of circles.

Quadrasonic sound has arrived fully with the Quadradisc.



HERE'S WHAT BARNEY AND YOU CAN HEAR

1. Black Oak Arkansas *Rauch 'n' Roll* (Atlantic QD 7019)*
2. William Bolcom, Piano/*Piano Music* by George Gershwin (Nonesuch HQ 1284)
3. *The Best of Bread* (Elektra EQ 5056)*
4. *The Best of Judy Collins: Colors of the Day* (Elektra EQ 5030)*
5. The Doobie Bros./*The Captain and Me* (WB BS4 2694)*
6. *The Best of the Doors* (Elektra EQ 5035)*
7. *The Best of Aretha Franklin* (Atlantic QD 8305)*
8. Arlo Guthrie/*Last of the Brooklyn Cowboys* (WB/REP MS4 2142)*
9. Donny Hathaway/*Extension of a Man* (Atlantic QD 7029)*
10. Herbie Mann/*Hold on I'm Comin'* (Atlantic QD 1632)*
11. Bette Midler/*The Divine Miss M* (Atlantic QD 7238)*
12. *The Mystic Moods/Awakening* (WB BS4 2690)*
13. Mickey Newbury/*Frisco Mabel Joy* (Elektra EQ 4107)*
14. *The Best of the New Seekers* (Elektra EQ 5051)*
15. George Rochberg/*String Quartet #3* (Nonesuch HQ 1283)
16. The San Sebastian Strings/*Summer* (WB BS4 2707)*
17. Seals & Crofts/*Diamond Girl* (WB BS4 2699)*
18. Carly Simon/*No Secrets* (Elektra EQ 5049)*
19. Frank Sinatra/*My Way* (WB FS4 1029)*
20. *Sound in Motion* (WB BS4 2656)*
21. *The Spinners* (Atlantic QD 7256)*
22. Stardrive Featuring Robert Mason/*Intergalactic Trot* (Elektra EQ 5058)*
23. Varese/*Offrands, Integrales, Octandre, Equatorial* (Nonesuch HQ 1269)
24. Kurt Weill/*Music From the Threepenny Opera* /Darius Milhaud/*La Creation du Monde* (Nonesuch HQ 1281)
25. *The Western Wind/Early American Vocal Music* (Nonesuch HQ 1276)

*The above discs are also available as Quadrasonic 8-Track Tape Cartridges

WHAT IS

Quadradisc is the name of a very new kind of record which offers you better listening in mono, stereo and, most particularly, quadrasonic.



Quadradisc was developed to meet the demands of recording and reproducing discrete quadrasonic sound on a disc, something previously possible only on tape.

Discrete means separate and distinct. Discrete quadrasonic means four separate channels of sound. All other quadrasonic disc methods—the matrix systems—are plagued by "ghosts" and smearing of the four channels with certain sound combinations. Not Quadradisc.

Additionally, Quadradisc is fully mono and stereo compatible, unlike matrix-encoded recordings. There is no "drop out" of musical information when a Quadradisc is played on a mono or stereo system.

This means you can begin your quadrasonic library even before investing in a quadrasonic music system.

Quadradisc is made of a specially-developed material designed to capture ultrasonic high frequencies, an achievement which not too long ago was considered impossible within the Long Playing record format. This special formulation gives the Quadradisc superior wear qualities and better high frequency reproduction.

WARNER, ELEKTRA, ATLANTIC and NONESUCH RECORDS

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GREEN WIZARD



SUPERSTAR, I IS HERE TO LAY A HEAVY MESSAGE ON YOU. I WOULD'A SENT MY APPRENTICE BUT HE GOT STUFFED AN NOBODY ELSE APPLIED FOR DA JOB EXCEPT A RABID NUN.



DA MANAGEMENT HAS TOLD ME TO TELL YOU DAT YOU IS IN HIGH MOTION. YOU HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO DO THE WORK.

DIS CAT GOT TO BE A PINBALL WIZARD.



ZORR

HEY MAN, SOMETHIN' JUS RAN UP YER HAT.

HOLY CRAP
A SEX CRAZED SCOOTER-STINGER TRYIN TO GET IN MY PANTS!!

I GOT TO LIE STILL, PRETEND I'M DEAD. SCOOTER STINGERS IN HEAT NEVER FUK A DEAD HAT.

HE DIED BEFORE I COULD LET HIM KNOW I KNOW.



TO VERY HIGH TED NEELEY



BE WHAT YOU ARE.

Be what you are, be yourself. Do what you like best and you'll be happier for it. This comes easy for the Staple Singers and is reflected in the music they sing. Hear for yourself in their new album, "Be What You Are". After all, you do your best work when you do what comes natural, and the Staple Singers are doing just that!

STAPLE SINGERS "BE WHAT YOU ARE."

STS-3015

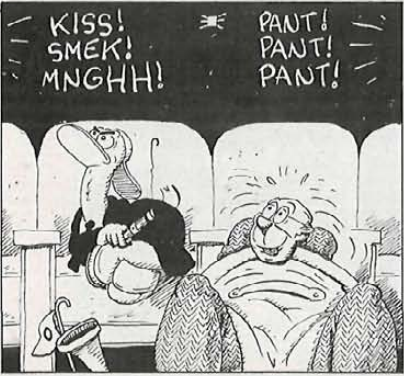
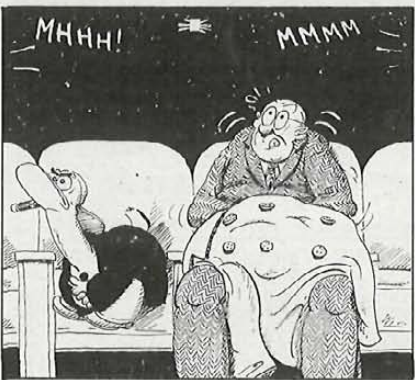
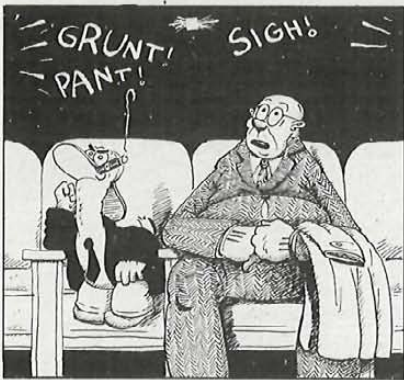


Stax Records, A Division Of
The Stax Organization,
98 N. Avalon, Memphis U.S.A.
Available on 8 Track and Cassettes.



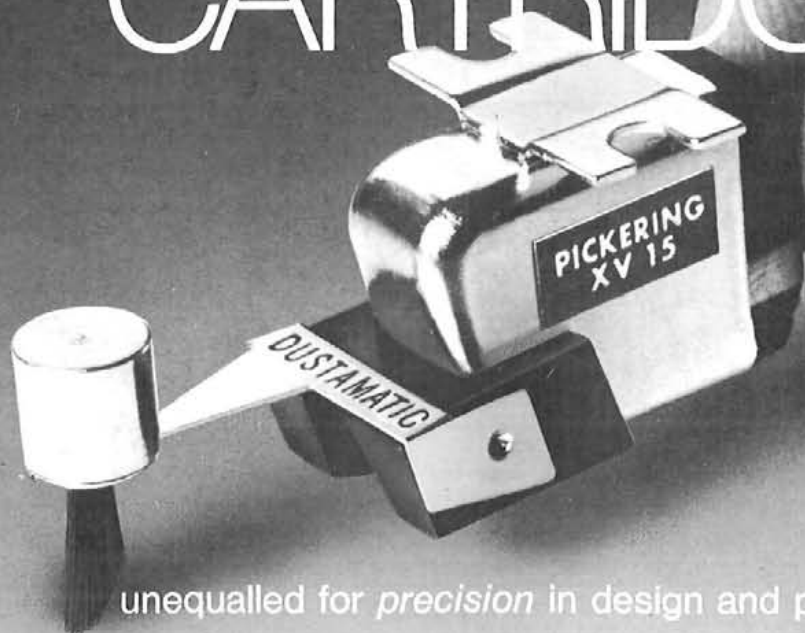
Staple Singers





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THE PICKERING XV-15/1200E CARTRIDGE



unequaled for *precision* in design and performance.

"PRECISION" is the one word that best characterizes the extraordinary quality of the new Pickering XV-15/1200E cartridge, the culmination of Pickering's 25 years in contributing important technological advances to the manufacture of magnetic cartridges.

Its exceptional design and performance accords it a DCF

(Dynamic Coupling Factor) rating of 1200. Naturally, it delivers 100% Music Power.

This cartridge is for the sophisticate—one who possesses components of such superlative quality that the superiority of the XV-15/1200E is a requirement. \$79.95 audiophile net. Write Pickering & Co., Dept. , 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

SPECIFICATIONS

Frequency Response:	10 Hz to 30 KHz
Nominal Output:	4.4 mV
Channel Separation,	
Nominal:	35 dB
Stylus Tip:	0.0002" x 0.0007" Elliptical Diamond
Tracking Force:	¾ gram, + ½ gram, - ¼ gram

 **PICKERING**

"For those who can hear the difference"

All Pickering cartridges are designed for use with all 2 and 4-channel matrix derived compatible systems.

Our new receiver demodulates or decodes any kind of 4-channel. Even some that haven't been invented yet.

The Technics SA-8000X is master of all 4-channel systems. With special talents in discrete. Like a built-in demodulator for CD-4 records. Plus jacks for up to three 4-channel tape sources. And jacks for future discrete 4-channel FM.



It can handle any matrix method with ease. Because the Acoustic Field Dimension (AFD) controls and phase shift selector adjust to the coefficients of all the popular systems. Plus some that haven't been tried yet. And the same controls can help compensate for poor speaker placement and unfortunate room acoustics.

The 4 direct-coupled amplifiers each have 22 watts of RMS power at 8 Ω , each channel driven. And because they can be strapped together, you get 57 watts RMS per channel at

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