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NATIONAL LAMPoon

March 1975 The Humor Magazine \$1.00



Good-bye to All That

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“Are there any Niggers here tonight?”

Turn on the house light please, and could the waiters and waitresses just stop serving, just for a second, and turn off the spot. Now what did he say? Are there any Niggers here tonight?

I know there's one Nigger here because I see him back there working. Lets see, there's two Niggers and between those two Niggers sits a Kike. And there's another Kike, that's two Kikes and three Niggers.

There's a Spic, right, uh? There's another Spic. Ooh there's a Wop, there's a Polock, Oh and a couple of Grease Balls, and there's three lace-curtain Irish Micks. There's one hip, dick, Honky, Bonky, Boogie, Boogie-Boogie.

I got three Kikes here, do I hear five Kikes? I got five Kikes, do I hear six Spics? I got six Spics, do I hear seven Niggers? I got seven Niggers — sold America. I passed with seven Niggers, six Spics, five Micks, four Kikes, three Guineas' and one Wop.

You almost punched me out, didn't you? Well I'm just trying to make a point, and that is that, its the suppression of the word that gives it the power, the violence, the viciousness.

Dig, if President Kennedy would just go on television and say, 'I'd like to introduce you to all the Niggers in my Cabinet.' And if he'd just say, Nigger, Nigger, Nigger — every Nigger he saw — Boogie, Boogie, Boogie. Nigger, Nigger, Nigger til Nigger didn't mean anything anymore. Then you'd never be able to make some Black kid cry because somebody called him a Nigger at school.”*

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



APRIL, 1971/AVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 *National Lampoon*.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

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

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

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

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

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

JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Sextraterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's *Klik*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Admirables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX: With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographic, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DECEMBER, 1974/THE JOY OF SECTS: With Good Friday the Rabbi Ate Pork, Protestant Section, The Catholic Sex Index, The Origins of Son-o'-God, and Stained Glass Windows.

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

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

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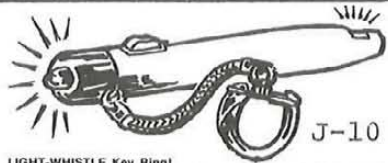
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EDITORIAL PAGE

It came over the radio just as I was about to sit down to write this editorial. Just as I was about to explain the delicate eclectic process by which this issue, "Good-bye to All That," came into being, the news shattered my thoughts. I intended to clearly define the objectives of this theme, so you, the reader, could judge how successful or ambitious or accurate the result. Now I cannot. I am completely bewildered, between confusion and rage.

Somebody threw Amy Vanderbilt out the window!

Goddamnit, what in Christ's name is going on? The nation's foremost authority on manners, Amy Vanderbilt, is tossed out a window. What the hell are we running here? Has the world gone mad? The only person in this whole incongruous country who ever made a lick of sense, and out the window she goes. What goes out the window next—our salad forks, along with our underwear? Whatever ephemeral balance between the past and the future I wished to declare with this magazine is totally lost to me. They flung Amy Vanderbilt out the window. "Good-bye to All That" no longer constructively matters; or perhaps matters so much I can no longer conceive it through this present confoundment. She was chucked out the window with all the defer-

ence attending a plateful of medieval table scraps!

My initial feeling was that of fury. Who would do such a thing? I first thought of small bands of snarling ruffians with scuffy shoes and shirt-tails out, guzzling cheap, immature wines from water goblets and picking the charred skin from broiled fowl out of their knotted hair. They leer and lurch uncontrollably as they ever so slowly and loudly stumble on, damning each other with the coarsest vulgarities parting the curtains of phlegm that drape their lips. But once before her home, their chaos dies, and they huddle together, hunching forward with their hands thigh-pocket deep, holding and pinching their genitalia in deranged delight, anticipating the fate of their foe; as if her death would elevate their ilk to respectability. They divide up their numbers, seeking to gain entrance while a diverting number nasally implore her advice from a high window, begging and beseeching her judgment to their baited problem; laying their trap as she generously obliges them with her attention. Then, bursting into whines and yells, they demand to know if it's alright to use a cheese knife when putting out *your mother's eyes*. It's too late for Amy Vanderbilt to retreat from their ruse. Grabbed from behind, she is dashed to her death. That's

what I had imagined. The police still don't know what really happened. I'm sure there are a lot of people who would like to put this ugly business behind them and get on with healing the wound this has caused our society. We may never know who threw Amy Vanderbilt out the window; but perhaps, in a larger sense, we all threw Amy Vanderbilt out the window. We have that to reflect upon. What can we expect next? Must we be forced to put a twenty-four-hour guard around Emily Post?

Amy Vanderbilt, you have been thrown out the window from us, but what you have meant to us in the past, you will still mean to us now.

They may have thrown Amy Vanderbilt out the window, but that doesn't mean we've thrown manners out the window.

—Brian McConnachie

Cover: One person for certain who didn't throw Amy Vanderbilt out the window was Mara McAfee. I can personally vouch for her. She was completely occupied painting all those wonderful pictures of Jackie.

Plug: And yet another was Gahan Wilson, who was busy writing *The Bang Bang Family* (Scribner's, \$5.95). It's for people from six to sixty, and also for people sixty-five to eighty-four.

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Executive Editor: P. J. O'Rourke **Art Director:** Peter Kleinman

Copy Editor: Louise Gikow **Research Editor:** Karen Wegner

Associate Art Director: Mark Hecker **Art Associate:** Scott MacNeill **Art Assistant:** Liza Lerner

Contributing Editors: John Boni, Christopher Cerf, Dean A. Latimer, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, Marc Rubin, John Weidman

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Contributing Artists: M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, Shary Flenniken, Dick Frank, Edward Gorey, Ronald G. Harris, Dick Hess, Bobby London, Stan Mack, Mara McAfee, Wayne McLoughlin, Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Alan Rose, Warren Sattler, Neil Selkirk, Gahan Wilson

Production Manager: Christine Chestis-Montanez

Staff Assistant: Wendy Mogel **Subscription Manager:** Howard Jurofsky **Promotion:** Peter J. Kaminsky

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Chairman: Matty Simmons **President:** Leonard Mogel

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Advertising Offices: New York: William T. Lippe, Eastern Advertising Director, Herman Brown, Jr., Account Executive, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.

Atlanta: Lee Offen; Dave Meszaros, 34 Old Ivy Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 233-4091.

Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601, (312) 346-7145.
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If you think there's a cassette or cartridge better than Columbia's we'll buy it for you.

Just try a new Columbia tape. If you still like your old tape better, return the Columbia tape to us, and we'll send you the one you prefer. Free.

Our problem

Most people who buy recording tapes are pretty happy with what they're using. So it's hard for someone with a new tape—even someone with all the experience in music and electronics that Columbia has—to get people to try it. Regular advertising just won't work.

We realized we'd have to come up with a really unusual introductory offer. To really challenge people to try our new FAIL-SAFE cassettes and cartridges. To see that they really are better than other tapes.

Our offer

1. Buy a new Columbia cassette or cartridge in any length you like.

2. Try it out. Record on it. Compare it to the tape you've been using. TDK, Memorex, Scotch. Any iron oxide tape.

3. If you're happy with Columbia, fine. You've bought yourself a great new tape. And we hope you'll keep buying Columbia.

4. But, if for any reason you're not satisfied with the Columbia tape, send it back to us. With your receipt, no more than 30 days after you bought it, and include a label from the tape you prefer. Your only cost is 50¢ for postage and handling.

5. We'll send you the tape you prefer. In the same length as the Columbia tape you returned.



Our experience

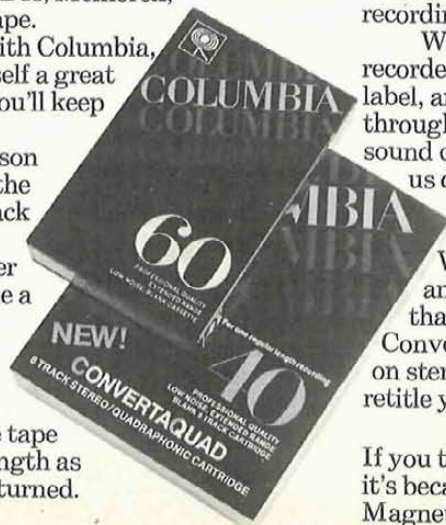
We don't think we're taking much of a chance with this offer. And we don't think we'll be sending out many TDKs, Memorex, or Scotches. Because while you may have never seen one of our blank tapes before, we're not exactly newcomers to the recording business.

We've made hundreds of millions of pre-recorded tapes over the years. For our own record label, and even for a lot of our competitors. And through that experience we learned a lot about sound quality and product reliability that helped us develop the best blank tape for home recording. With more highs and lows.

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If anything, we tend to understate.

Should this seem naive in the bravado of today's commercial jungle, we need only offer in its defense one other factor:

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That's significant testimony to the merits of striving always to offer the highest performance-per-dollar ratio in the industry. And it proves something else.

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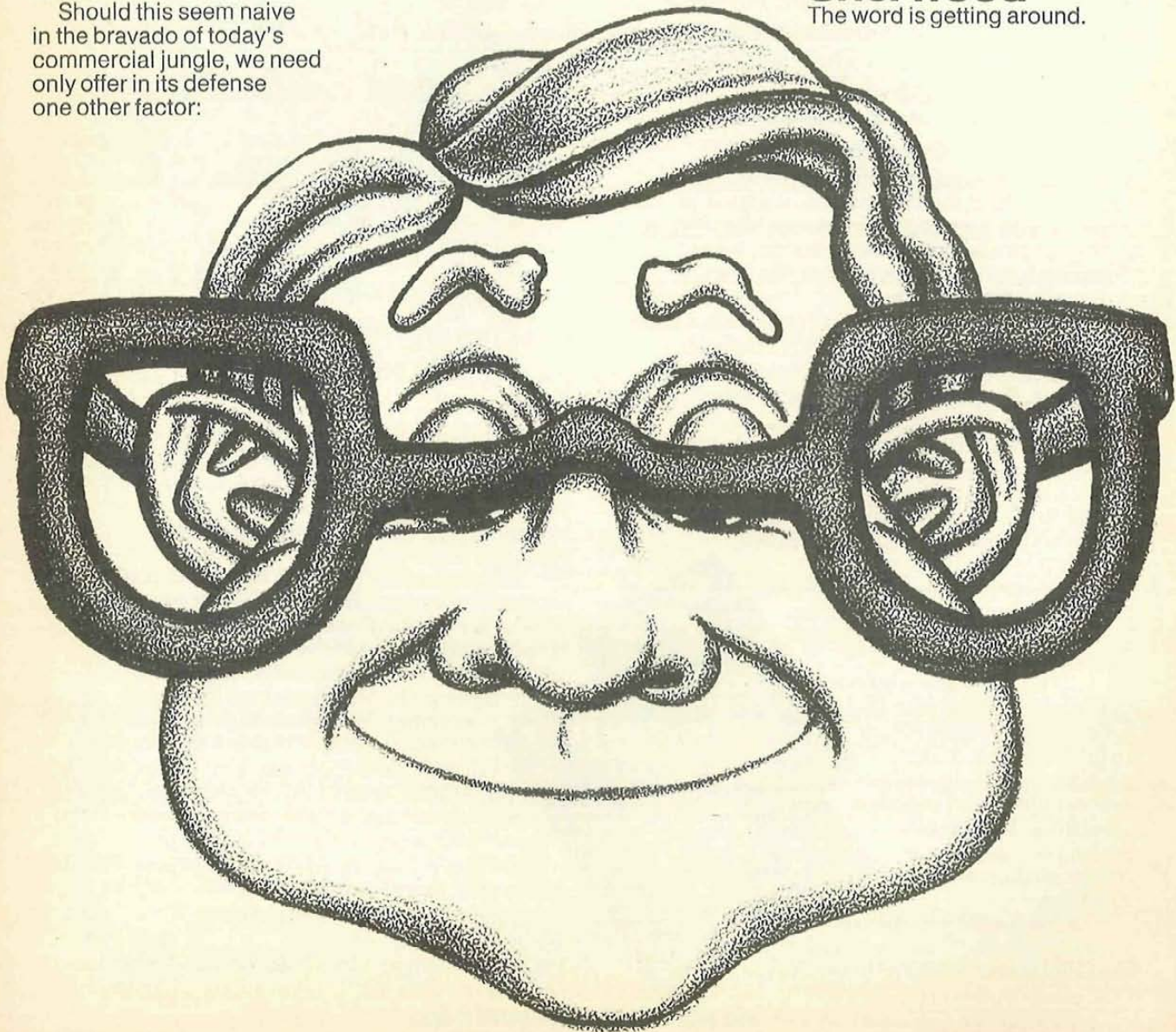
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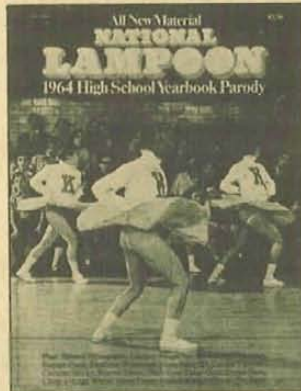
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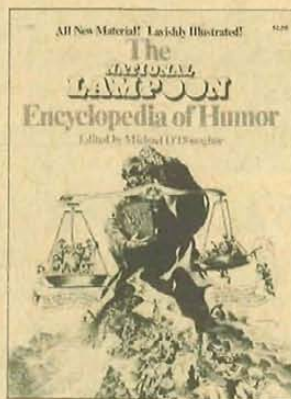
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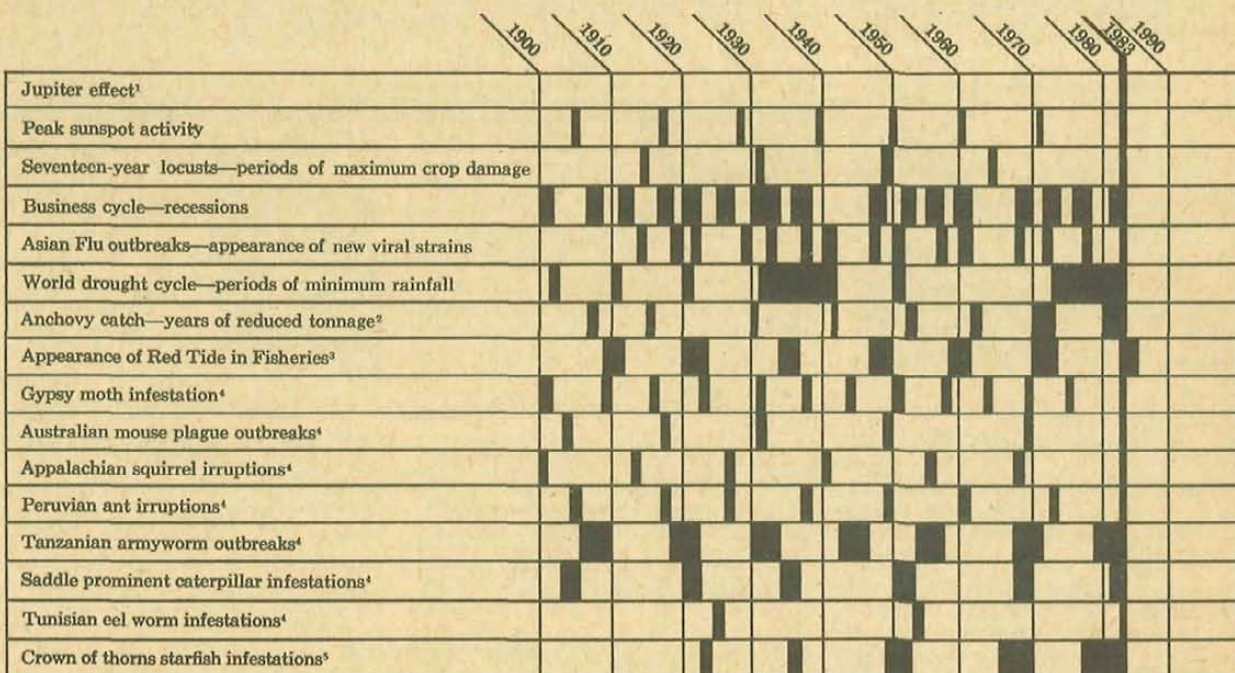
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In recent months, there has been a dramatic increase in the amount of doomsday speculation in the media, possibly as a result of the overwhelming sense of national depression caused by the war in Indochina, Watergate, and the deepening recession. We wish that we could dispel the sense of despair with some good news, but, alas, the Gloomy Guses are probably right. Due to the very high likelihood of the simultaneous appearance of a number of recurrent cyclical phenomena, it is now nearly certain that the world is headed for a genuine disaster, not in the hazy future of the twenty-first century, but in a mere handful of years. The following chart speaks for itself.



¹ The alignment of Jupiter and Saturn with the Earth and the Sun—an astronomical event that takes place every 100-odd years—is expected to have a dramatic effect on earth tides, especially since it coincides with a year of peak sunspot activity. The combined effects of the gravitational influences of Saturn, Jupiter, and the Sun (which together account for all but a fraction of the total mass in the solar system) and the passage by the earth of large amounts of expelled solar matter may have the effect of robbing the earth of some of its angular momentum, slightly slowing its spin and vastly increasing the possibility of extremely severe earthquakes as the earth's crust absorbs the effect of the gravitational perturbations.

² Anchovies caught off the coast of Peru account for 22 percent of all the fish caught throughout the world. The fish meal made from the anchovies is an essential feed enricher for poultry and livestock. Slight changes in the coastal currents, which occur roughly every eight years, cause dramatic reductions in the anchovy population.

³ A form of highly toxic, fast-breeding, reddish-hued algae which destroys marine life in areas it infests.

⁴ Multiplication of these creatures leads to extensive crop damage in affected regions.

⁵ Infestation of coral reefs, particularly the Australian Great Barrier Reef, by starfish lead to their progressive destruction and the consequent collapse of the essential ecosystem dependent on the coral structures.

Computer statistical prediction chart by C. Cerf, Instituut Zeejventuilen, s'Gravenhage, Netherlands. Omissions of some cycle occurrence entries indicate insufficient data.

Amid calls for a new inquiry into the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy—primarily as the result of an article in *Harper's Magazine* which detailed conflicting eyewitness testimony on Sirhan Sirhan's activities and presented ballistic evidence that strongly suggested a second gun—longtime Nixon supporter Rabbi Baruch Korff has demanded the re-opening of the House impeachment hearings on the basis of unspecified new evidence he insists points to the presence of a second President in the White House during the months of 1973 and 1974, when the cover-up was developed and put into effect.

According to Korff, Nixon's constant insistence that his remarks and statements were misquoted and distorted and his failure to recollect key

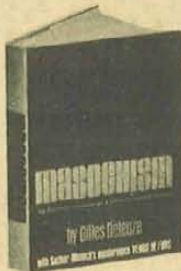
incriminating conversations held in his office reflect not the former President's duplicity, but rather the existence of a clever double who took advantage of his many long absences on peacemaking journeys abroad and his habit of making spur-of-the-moment trips to Camp David and his winter homes to slip into the Oval Office and wreak havoc. Korff also made reference to a "second smoking gun tape" which he claims will clear Nixon of any wrongdoing and said, "In the confusion of those hectic weeks in the White House, how anyone could claim to be sure beyond a reasonable doubt that Nixon did this or Nixon did that is beyond me. Even his oldest friends said he didn't look like his old self in those terrible days. I rest my case."

According to sources in the State Department, the original decision to mount the extensive program of domestic surveillance carried on by the Central Intelligence Agency during the last decade was based on the serious concern of a number of senior CIA officials about the activities of an extremely widely based and potentially disruptive radical group operating within the country. Various called "Americans," "the people of the United States," and "U.S. citizens," the members of this organization, who were believed to number in the tens of millions divided among fifty-odd "states," "counties," and "townships" (a hierarchical structure reminiscent of the Communist cell system), had attempted to take over the government three times in recent years—in 1964,

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in 1968, and in 1972. Although they failed, their vast strength nationwide apparently impressed the CIA enough to make it feel entitled to ignore the provisions of its charter forbidding any operations at home. As one recently retired CIA section chief said, "These are very radical people. Their political beliefs are embodied in a so-called 'Declaration of Independence,' which is little more than a blueprint for the violent overthrow of established governments, and a 'constitution' which calls for a hippie-type 'pursuit of happiness' and right there in black and white permits just about every kind of free activity except maybe free love." Evidence gathered by the agency indicated that the group was sure enough of its own power and large-scale public support to operate openly. "These Americans or what have you would go through all kinds of rituals associated with their left-wing beliefs right out in the open, even in schools," he continued, "salutes to a flag that symbolizes revolution, singing of inflammatory songs about liberty, membership in youth groups that supposedly taught children woodcraft but actually filled their heads with communitarian notions of equality—it's a regular movement. Don't kid yourself," he concluded, "we could have another Chile right here."

There have been persistent reports, as yet unconfirmed, that the Ford Administration has become so disenfranchised with the domination of the United Nations by the numerical majority of Third World countries in the General Assembly that it may support a move by western industrial nations to found a competing international organization. Tentatively called the World Nations, the new supranational group would use promises of a lush new headquarters in Honolulu and eight-figure long-term development loans to try to persuade key countries to bolt the U.N. and join the new league of nations. Thus far, the W.N. is said to have "firm commitments" from more than twenty states, including nearly a dozen top G.N.P. performers, and hopes to have over fifty signatures on its charter by fall.

President Ford is reportedly considering the appointment of several more blue-ribbon commissions similar to the CIA domestic surveillance investigative panel headed by Vice-President Rockefeller. According to White House sources, Ford is so pleased by the effectiveness of his first blue-ribbon committee (whose members include Ronald Reagan, C. Douglas

Dillon, and former Army Chief of Staff General Lemnitzer) that he plans to name Carmine DeSapio, Albert Gallo, Mickey Cohen, and Meyer Lansky to a second panel for the investigation of organized crime. Glenn W. Turner, Robert Vesco, and Bernard Cornfeld are also thought to be under consideration for appointment to a third panel which will look into fraudulent franchising pyramids, while William Shockley, Louise Day Hicks, and Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo may lead a probe of racism in the U.S. public school system.

Following the bizarre incident on Christmas Day in which Marshall Fields, an emotionally disturbed youth from Maryland, crashed through the gates of the White House and stood near the building's portico, threatening to blow himself up with what later turned out to be harmless highway flares, we have learned that in a strikingly similar demonstration of the very poor precautions which have been taken to protect the Executive Mansion from unbalanced interlopers, a mentally deficient Michigan man named Gerald Ford apparently managed to gain entry to the White House on August 8, 1974, and, according to published reports, is still holed up somewhere inside. □



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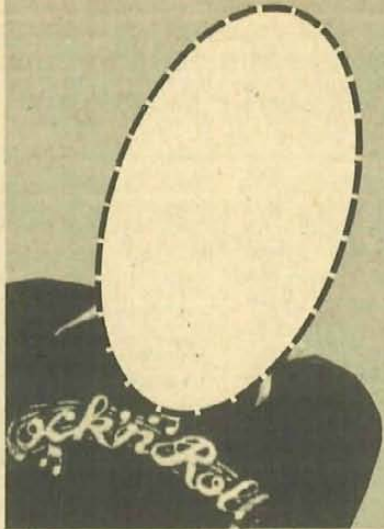
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Debbie

Dear Debby: For my entire adult life, I have been one of those live-and-let-live people. I have always made a sincere effort to look at things from the other guy's point of view. I know it takes all kinds to make a world, but I have been shocked beyond even my tolerance. It happened last week at a funeral of a neighbor. The deceased was an elderly gentleman who passed on in his sleep. Attending the wake was my next door neighbor and ex-friend. She asked me why I didn't bring my children. I told her that I didn't think it was fitting to bring children five, six, and eight to a function of this sort, especially since they had never met the man. She acted quite surprised and called me "old-fashioned," and kept asking me, "What are you afraid of?" I didn't much consider the matter and moved on to express my sympathy to the grieving family. I failed to notice when she left. I stayed on a half-hour longer before leaving myself. When I arrived home, I learned from my husband that my neighbor had been there and had asked to take our three children "out for a stroll." The rest I learned from a witness. She brought my children back to the funeral home and ushered them, one by one, up to the open coffin. She had them hold the deceased's hand, and slip their hands inside his shirt in order to feel the coldness of the flesh. All this while she's telling them that we're all going to wind up like this, even their mommy and daddy. It's nothing to be afraid of and that they had better learn to accept death realistically. Then she had them kiss the man on the lips as a fitting good-bye before his body is destroyed by insects and decay.

My children are visibly and emotionally disturbed from this experience. My two oldest will not leave their rooms, and my youngest keeps asking us how soon will "Mommy and Daddy go into the box forever." I can't in my wildest imagination conceive of the unthoughtful, meddling

nerve of this woman. I shake with rage every time I think about it. I can't believe this has happened. I just don't know what I can do.

Martha Haggney
New Orleans, La.

How very distressing.

Dear Debby: Please to excuse not good English in talking note for wonderful lady people tell can help. I and whole family travel much to America for good work and bring up children. Sell house and land and leave much good things. But not sorry happy to America tomorrow. We come on plane to airport of American President Kennedy and man in uniform help carry things to yellow taxicar. We want first visit Patricio. We tell him we come. We go from airport to restaurant of Patricio work in city. When we there taxicar stop and taxi man begin to shout. Very anger to us. He say we give him more money and more money. We have all our money \$2,300 and he make us give him and give him \$1,046. Then he push us on the ground and drive away with all things. We no what to come and go in restaurant find Patricio but man tell Patricio no work there. He bring us big food more and more. Very good. After he bring us bill for food. We think he give away food. Bill \$34.52 but he make us pay \$800. Then push us out door. What do? No Patricio. No clothes and things. Momma and some cry wet. But then a nun come by and talk us. We tell nun happened. She smile understand tell us to come. She bring us to building and give us beds and wash up. Many water showers and all us go wash. When we come out nun steal clothes and now have nothing. Is America very bad place? Please help we in rags and no have home. Leave country. Please help.

Justo Guiterias
New York City

Whatever it is you're saying, I'm sure it's perfectly awful and you have my deepest sympathy.

Dear Debby: I was divorced five years ago and was awarded custody of our two children. I won't go into the difficulty of finding a man who is willing to marry a woman with children, but in my case, the prospect was made even more remote by the fact that one of my children is autistic. But I did find a man. A wonderful, generous, and understanding man who loved both my children as if they were his own. We were married a year ago and we live in a comfortable suburb outside of St. Louis. Since we've been here, my new husband has been devoted to my less fortunate son. But what has been bothering me are his methods. He is determined to treat the child as a perfectly normal human being. Though in no way do I doubt his love for Steven, his determination to make my son "like everybody else" is causing a good deal of anguish. All of the doctors who have seen the child were in agreement about the extent of the handicap; the child is unable to pronounce many words and is not coordinated enough to feed or dress himself. Yet my husband refuses to allow anyone to assist. While he thinks he's being encouraging and helpful, to an outsider, his actions could only appear downright cruel. Since no one is permitted to help dress Steven, he'll often come to breakfast dressed in the sheets he slept in and then suffer further by only being able to down a few mouthfuls of cereal. Without a straw, liquids are impossible.

I have spoken to my husband about it but he insists what he is doing is right. I am terribly afraid that all this is only going to further retard the child. I truly don't know what I can do, but unless something is done soon, the damage done might be irreversible. What do you suggest?

Troubled Mother
Fairfield, Mo.

Life certainly isn't a bowl of cherries for you, is it?

Confidential to Can't Take Anymore:
It's a wonder you've taken all that you have. I can imagine how sad it all must make you.

Is something troubling you? Then don't hesitate to "Tell Debby" in care of this magazine. □

DEEP EAR

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• The Carioto family of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, appealed to their zoning board to stop the building of a crematorium in their neighborhood, only twenty-five feet from their kitchen window. They live across the street from a graveyard, next door to a monument workshop, and down the street from another headstone dealer. The builder of the crematorium asked for the site because "the neighborhood is geared for death and no one would ever notice," said Delores Carioto. But the Cariotos drew the line at this addition.

Mr. Carioto told the zoning board that the prospect of a human incinerator next door had changed the lives of his family and had affected his seven-year-old child. Life in a neighborhood that is 90 percent a graveyard may be unusual, but Carioto said, "We are the only family in the area that has to socially adjust to a crematorium."

He added that the crematorium will depreciate his property. Mrs. Carioto's kitchen window faces the crematorium site and she said she is sometimes unable to complete the preparation of a meal.

"If someone says something like, 'You burned the chicken,' I fall apart. The children's friends will say something like, 'What did you do with this meal, cremate it?' and we push our plates away. I just can't take the jokes."

Her daughter's bedroom window faces the smokestack of the crematorium and Mrs. Carioto claims that the child is having nightmares. *Chicago Sun Times* (G. Christensen)

• Flagpole sitter Rick Weeks of Augusta, Georgia, has come down to earth after setting a new world record of 273 days. The forty-three-year-old disc jockey sat atop his thir-

ty-five foot flagpole and survived a tornado, the marriage of one daughter, and the suicide of a second daughter, Terrie Rebecca, sixteen. Weeks was deeply affected by his daughter's death, caused by a self-inflicted gunshot wound, but did not come down from the flagpole because he felt he "couldn't do any good when she was dead."

"It's been a long nine months," his wife said of the publicity stunt for a shopping mall. "I'm glad it's over."

Bands played when a crane removed Week's 5,000-pound camper from atop the pole. His first words were that he wanted a vacation, "to learn how to live in a house again." *Portland Press Herald* (S. Padawer)

• The town of King's Lynn, on the east coast of England, was hit by a surprise snowstorm. But on closer inspection the white flakes bore a striking resemblance to instant mashed potatoes. It turned out that they actually were instant mashed potatoes, with the flakes covering gardens, cars, windows, even turning black cats white.

The cause of the potato flake storm was a malfunctioning machine in a local food factory. Instead of pouring a mashed potato mixture into little bags, the machine was discharging the substance into the air. The potato flakes then soared up into the clouds and were precipitated over a wide area when it rained. *Montreal Star* (A. Grant)

• A supply of raw rum tainted with insecticide was responsible for killing eleven people at a tavern in a Managua, Nicaragua, slum area called Vietnam. Police discovered that the tavern owner stored the rum in an unwashed container that had previously contained insecticides.

In a public effort to clear his name, the tavern owner drank some of the rum himself. He, too, died. *Rochester Times-Union* (H. Peet); (B. Cleaver, S. Berg)

• A forty-year-old worker in Biella, Italy, set fire to his clothes in a suicide attempt and then changed his mind and began to roll in the grass, trying to put out the flames. The man rolled over a cliff and plunged to his death, police said. *Vancouver Sun* (S. Fleischauer, M. McQuay)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

How to select a turntable like an expert, without having to become one.

More know-how is required in selecting a turntable than any other element of a hi-fi system. After all, no other component physically handles the largest investment you will make in music enjoyment: your records. (If you've never thought of it this way, consider what you've already spent on records and what you're likely to spend over the next few years.)

If you're lucky, you know an expert (an audio engineer, hi-fi editor, or record reviewer, for example), but more likely, you'll depend on an audio salesman's expertise. In that case, make sure that he knows that you want a turntable whose tonearm will preserve your records while getting the most out of them.

Manual vs. automatic.

Next, discuss with him the question of manual versus fully automatic turntables.

Remember, each time you play a record with a manual player you must set the tonearm down and remove it at the end of play by hand. Consider too whether you will ever want to play two or more records in sequence. If you do, you'll want a turntable with record-changing capability.

The look-and-touch test.

As the salesman demonstrates various turntables, let your eyes and sense of touch help you to judge their quality. Try operating the tonearm settings for balance, stylus pressure and anti-skating.

As you do, check whether they adjust precisely and positively, which will indicate how carefully they are manufactured. If they seem less than precise, the tonearm cannot track your precious records accurately, thus deteriorating the quality of playback and accelerating record wear. Also, operate the start switch and cueing lever. The tonearm should move silently and smoothly to and from the record, and should lower and rise slowly and gently.

The ruggedness test.

Finally, you may want to use the following test to determine if the turntable you're considering is rugged enough to withstand heavy (and sometimes abusive) family usage: first: spin the platter backwards by hand, then operate the start switch. Next, while the tonearm is cycling, change the

speed and record size adjustments. Then, before the arm reaches the record, grasp it and return it to its rest. Chances are the salesman will let you perform such a test on only one brand of turntable: Dual.

What the experts own.

Chances are that your salesman owns a Dual. Most experts do, including the audio engineers, hi-fi editors and record reviewers mentioned earlier. Moreover, readers of the leading audio equipment magazine own more Duals than any other quality turntable.

All of which may make selecting a turntable like an expert quite easy for you. Select the one the experts own: Dual.



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Sirs:

Man, am I pissed!

We got this really nice lookin' checker here at Dan's Supreme Supermarket last week. Big boobs and a face like the Madonna. So, of course, all the guys in the back room are squawking about how they're all gonna lay this chick. Only me and Farkas have the balls to do anything about it, though.

Well, the chick comes into work last Friday night and the manager sends her to work in the produce pit, which happens to be right next to Farkas' aisle. I race over there just as Farkas has finished combing his hair, and we both reach her at the same time.

I play it cool and ask her "Are your melons ripe tonight, baby?" A real killer line that, my cousin told me. I thought I had it made until Farkas comes back with, "I hear you handle cucumbers pretty good." I can tell the chick really dug that catchy line. Leave it to fucking Farkas to come up with a zinger!

I knew that my time was almost up because Farkas is eyeing this chick like he wants to do it right in the pit in the middle of the store. So I says to her, "Do you like to eat kum-twats?" but for some reason it just didn't sound right, I was so nervous.

Farkas and the chick start laughing at me mainly because my voice had cracked when I said *kum-twats*. Then she says to me square in the eye, "I like to eat cucumbers better than kum-twats!" and that was it.

So, Friday night she left with Farkas before the crew had even finished sweeping the floor.

The slut.

Julio Dunbar
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

This one's been knocking around Capitol Hill for a few years now. With the old guy passed on, I guess it won't hurt to "leak" it to you guys. Here it goes: The problem with LBJ was that he went to too many rodeos with his boots off!

He who laughs best, laughs last, don't you think? Got to run now.

Scoop Jackson
Washington, DeeCee

Sirs:

Here is a poem to you. (But originally written for the Kinks.)

I drink my beer right from a can,
I'm the Twentieth Century cynical
man,

I'll be of service where I can
(or could).

In Vietnam or Hollywood,
So keep your Steinbecks, Frosts,
and Chaucers (meaning education)
And let me look for flying saucers.

P.F.C. Ally McGraw

Sirs:

I have just purchased one of your Alpine Tree Climbing Kits and am writing to tell you of my satisfaction with your great product.

Your Foliage Spurs and Twig Guards perform admirably and exactly as advertised. With the help of your kit, I have already scaled most of the trees and subdued most of the saplings in my neighborhood.

Please feel free to use this letter as an endorsement for your wonderful product.

Gypsy Boots
Death Valley, California

Sirs:

You know, if everybody started loving each other, I mean really loving *everybody*, even the pigs, it could get really, really heavy!

Mike Osle
Laguna Beach, California

Sirs:

Hey like wha-where are your head-sat any waaes. There are some verrryyyyyyyyyy verrrrrryyyyy honky shitheads who, not being verrrrrryyyyy good states of mind call them selvess the (and ah quote) "The New York Dolls" and "Alice Cooper" whoo in mic ompinining are without A Doubt the Verrrrrryyyyy wer st eggssamnples of adollesent trash and preeverdion that are sooo much the subject madder of your qwesting able magazineen . In a few words

am I sayinbg —Please put these pooorr ezzzaamples of anal frustrated (aannually festerherd) soOOO calleed musicians in thieere place. You seam too have a knack of srippping to shrweeds any areeea that seems to get stuck in the pubicls eye. Thang Yew for your trime and tumples

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The spirit of carnival



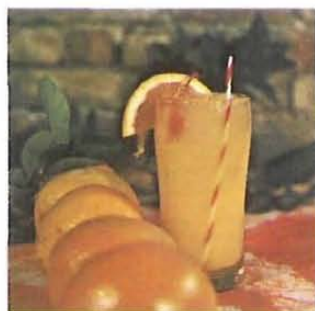
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1. The design, development, and technology behind the BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers is presented by Dr. Bose in the article, "Sound Recording and Reproduction," published in TECHNOLOGY REVIEW (MIT), Vol. 75, No. 7, June '73. Reprints are available from BOSE for fifty cents.

2. For copies of the reviews, write BOSE Dept. L 6.

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continued

Sirs:

Don't look now, but there's a *Treponema pallidum* crawling up your lapel. Ha, ha!

Paul Ehrlich
Garmisch-Partenkirchen,
W. Germany

Sirs:

My bones announce the buckboard
bounce

And the cactus hurts my toes.

Miss Kitty
Dodge City

Sirs:

You know what gets me hot under the carapace? It's that Polly Bergen woman. Back when I first knew her, she couldn't tell a plastron from her elbow. Now, with her tawdry acting career on the skids, she decides to supplement her income by a little hard-sell oil-mongering. The U.S. certainly didn't have any trouble deciding how to deal with Ilse Koch and her ilk; why this flippers-off attitude towards Bergen? If this country knew what the word "justice" really meant, she'd have been put on a one-way ride to the Dry Tortugas years ago.

Thomas Duke Biddle Mellon
Turtle III
Palm Beach, Florida

Sirs:

I was out fishin' and I caught an alien being and I mean something from out of this world, with fins and gills and dorsal and ventral sides and all. Well, I got the hook out of its mouth and I thought I'd throw it back since the choice was an inherently individual one and not divine law. At least that's what these guys Locke and Hobbes told me, but don't take it wrong, 'cause I only fish with them sometimes, that's all.

General Hershey (retired)

Sirs:

Here's an instant cure for boredom. Lie down. Pretend you're in all the time zones all at once. When you feel you're there, pick up the phone and call the prime meridian. She's sexy and will invite you over to Greenwich to drink expresso with her. You go, but only drink Janitor in a Drum with club soda. An Australian tells you to read the label, but you as much as tell him to go shoot the rapids than you fall over a footstool and die. Try it.

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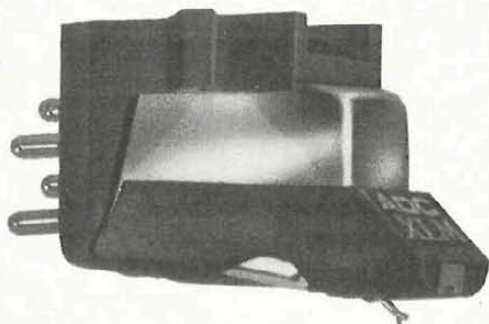
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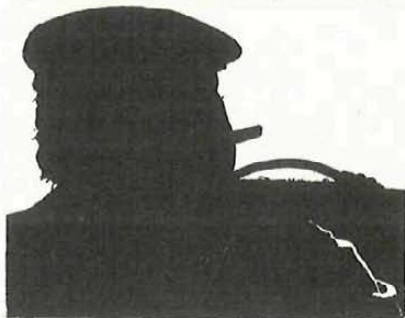
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My Meter is Running Tips and tales from Bernie X.



I had a guy in my cab yesterday that tried to blow his fucking brains out. I'm driving along and all of a sudden, boom! A shot rings out and scares the shit out of me. I turn around and see this guy holding a fucking gun in his hand. He's shaking so fucking hard he missed! Jesus, I said to myself, I got a fucking lovey in my cab. So I slow down and ask him what the fuck's the matter and he says he wants to commit suicide because his girl friend doesn't love him anymore and she's marrying another guy and he loves her too much to live without her . . . the usual bullshit. I figured I better straighten this kid out before he makes a fucking mess in the back of my cab. I'll teach him a few lessons about love affairs . . . give him the benefit of forty years of experience.

So I told him . . . "Shmuck . . . you're taking it too hard . . . you're getting carried away. I went through that shit when I was a kid your age and it's not worth it. You want to hear about some *real* love affairs? I had plenty, believe me. I'll tell you about two of my hottest affairs . . . Greta Garbo and Rita Hayworth. I should drop dead if I'm shitting you. I had them both.

"Listen, those movie stars are just the same as anybody else. They're lonely and they're horny. Turn them upside down and they're all sisters, believe me. Everybody thinks they go to parties and get laid all the time. Bullshit. Most of them are so fucking hard up they'll go out with a colored midget. Y'know why, doncha? It's those crazy hours they work. Everybody thinks it's easy to be a movie star. They don't know that a movie star has to work from six in the morning until six at night. By the time they get home, they're so fucking tired, all they want to do is have a sandwich, a drink, and go to sleep.

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But about ten, eleven o'clock they're wide awake again. They were dreaming that some guy with a twenty-nine-inch cock was boffing their brains out, and they were just about to come in Technicolor when they wake up. They get a lot of sex dreams from all that pressure they're under. Now they're so fucking hot and bothered they're climbing the walls. But what are they supposed to do? Call a guy? Most of the big stars got too much pride. Anyway, it's late and they got to get up early the next morning. So they end up jerking off and getting bombed by themselves. Rita Hayworth told me that. God, I loved that broad!

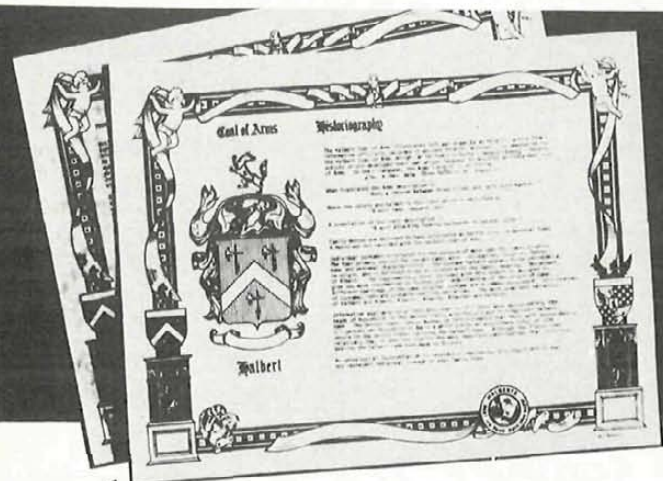
"Now I'm getting ahead of my story. My first big love was Garbo. Right. *The Greta Garbo*. The one that always wanted to be alone. She wanted to be alone like I want cancer of the rectum. She wanted to be alone with my cock is what she wanted. Here's how it happened. I'm driving along Madison Avenue, up in the seventies . . . this was in . . . must have been 1939 . . . and I pick up this guy. Then I take another look and I see that it's a broad wearing men's clothing. Oh shit, I say to myself. It's a bull dyke. Give me a bunch of Ma-fiosos . . . I'll even take a sambo, but don't give me a bull dyke . . .

they give me the creeps. But it's too late to kick her out, the meter's on. As soon as I hear that voice . . . "take me to Sok's Fifth Avenue . . ." I knew it was her . . . fucking Garbo . . . with the disguise and the dark glasses . . . the whole shtick.

"So I played it cool. I was nineteen at the time and I was driving a cab for over two years. I had more than my share of nooky already, believe me. I said to myself, the odds are a hundred to one that I'll get Greta Garbo in my cab again. What am I going to do, waste the opportunity of a lifetime? She doesn't know I know who she is. Why don't I find out what this broad is really made of? I was a crazy son-of-a-bitch in those days. I didn't give a shit about anything.

"Now at this time Garbo didn't know too much about New York so she had no idea where I was taking her. Instead of taking her to Sak's Fifth Avenue, I took her to a deserted spot under the highway near the Hudson River. I stopped the cab and got into the back seat with her. I took off her dark glasses and held her face in my hands like they used to do in the movies. I just looked into those eyes . . . it must have been a coupla minutes but it seemed like hours. She doesn't say a fucking thing. She's hypnotized. Now, I'm not a rape artist. I'm not the kind of guy who jumps on girls unless they ask for it. But I had this crazy idea that if I jumped on Greta Garbo and really threw her a good fuck, she'd be grateful to me for the rest of her life. I didn't even think I was committing a crime. Guess what? I was crazy like a fox! Turns out that all she ever wanted was somebody to jump on her. Everybody was always put off by her act. As soon as I broke the ice there was a fucking fiery furnace down there. I was only nineteen, so I could go for three, four hours without a stop, but the next time I looked at my watch it was close to midnight. We were fucking in the back seat of my cab for nine hours!

"That was it. I really fell for her in a big way. She called me her "continental lover" because I always had Russian hands and Roman fingers. I called her my "Swedish Meatball." She liked nicknames like that. The next few months were like a wet dream for me. We couldn't get enough of each other. We were like two schoolkids. I could tell you personal things about Garbo you wouldn't believe. She had a great ass . . . never wore a fucking thing under her dress. I used to take her to the Catskills, to a hotel where I could get a break on a room. I wouldn't let her pay



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for me or take me to swanky joints. But she was a moody sonofabitch, that Garbo. Somedays she wouldn't want to see me at all and I'd go crazy. Other days she'd sneak into my cab, curl up under the front seat, and give me a hand job while I had a fare in the back. She liked to buy me little gifts, like lox and pickled herring. Jews and Swedes both like pickled herring. We had a lot in common.

"Then one day I get a shock. She tells me that the affair is over. Just like that. She can't go on. She just snapped me off like I was a fucking pretzel. That's how moody she was. She tells me she's quitting the movies for good. All she wants to do is go shopping and eat healthy foods like wheat germ and honey. No more hot dogs and pizza with me. I didn't know what the fuck she was talking about half the time.

"For the next coupla hours I'm driving around in a daze. I nearly got killed a couple times, I was driving so stupid. I was just a kid, like you, so I took it pretty hard. I already had plenty of bimbos, but this was my first real love affair. When I got back to the cab company that night I found out she called me. She left a message saying she changed her mind and wanted me to come back. I thought she was going a little bananas so I never called her. Anyway, it was too late. That same day Garbo broke the news I started keeping company with Rita Hayworth.

"That was the great tragedy about my affair with Rita Hayworth. That I got her on the rebound. You know how guys are when they're getting over their first big love affair. The next broad is just a piece of ass. She has no real meaning. Well, for a long time that's the way it was between me and Rita. Not that I wasn't a little in love with her. God knows, she was a fantastic looking broad; but you don't forget about a broad like Greta Garbo overnight, either.

"The first time I met Hayworth I had her in my cab. I was taking her to her hotel and all of a sudden I nearly plow into the car in front of me. I just put my brakes on in time. I apologize to her and tell her my head was in a fog . . . I was still dreaming about Greta Garbo, I said. She smiled and said a lot of guys dream about Greta Garbo. I said, 'I not only dream about her, I had her. She was my girl.' She laughed out loud and this made me mad. I said, 'The next time you're back in Hollywood, ask Garbo about me . . . Bernie. Ask her if she still gets fucked nineteen times a night. Ask her if she still gets a Stockholm Special, that's a Swedish massage, tongue bath, and

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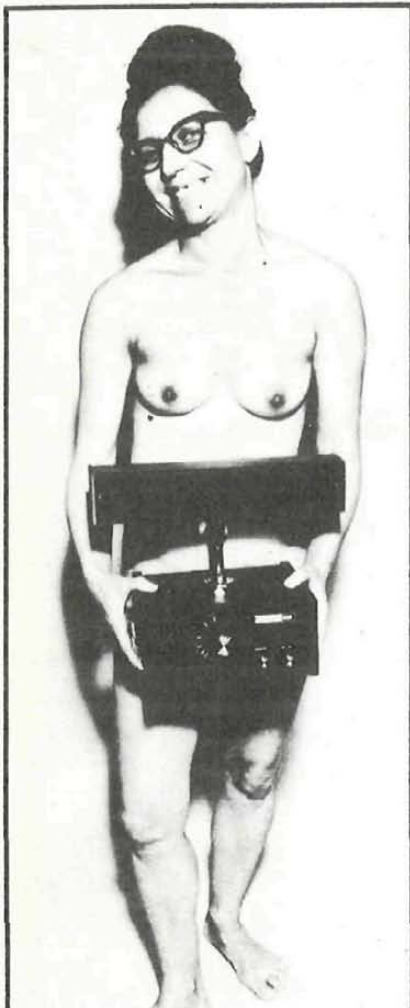
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doggie fuck at the same time. Ask her if she still gets a shlong as thick as mine with my kind of rhythm.' And I went on and on giving Rita all these details on my sex life with Garbo. By the time I dropped her off at her hotel I had her fucking room number.

"Well, here I go again, I said to myself, as I walked into her room that night. Sure at shit we hit it off like gangbusters. First I had to give her everything I gave Garbo. Then she taught me a few things. Of course, Rita Hayworth was just hitting her prime in those days. She was the biggest sex symbol in the world. This was during World War II. I was 4-F during the war. Some fucking blind dentist stuck his pick in my ear instead of my mouth and punctured my eardrum. I could have been doing my part, killing a few Japs and Germans. Instead, I was fucking the sexiest pinup girl in the world. Everybody in the armed forces was jerking off to her picture and I was actually plowing her eyes out! It must have gone to my head because I started fucking her like crazy . . . I must have shot the gun fifteen, twenty times a night. 'This one is for the guys at Guadalcanal,' I'd say to myself, and I'd throw her a terrific fuck. 'And this one is for Anzio,' and boom, five minutes later I'd be banging her again. 'I'm 4-F,' I would cry. 'Find 'em, feed 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em!' I don't know what was the matter with me, but I must have been taking it out on her. She'd beg me to stop or she'd die from coming so many times, but I wouldn't let up. I was like a maniac.

"I used to treat her like shit and she'd still come back for more. I learned my lesson from my Garbo affair. Give 'em plenty of TNT, toughness and tenderness. Not that I ever beat her up or anything. But she knew who was boss. She was nuts about me. And to tell you the truth, there were plenty of times when she made me forget Garbo. She used to fly to New York every weekend to see me.

"One Friday evening I'm waiting for her at the airport, when two guys open my door and get in, uninvited. I tell them my cab is reserved, but one of them points a gun at my head and tells me to start driving. I figure I'm in for a robbery so I might as well shut up and play it cool. The guys make me drive to a deserted place a few miles from the airport. They tell me that they got a message for me from Harry Cohn. Harry Cohn was the president of Columbia Pictures, the studio that Rita Hayworth worked for. Cohn said I was a very bad influence on Rita, that she

can't take the pressure of her affair with me and doing pictures at the same time and she was going crazy. Rita once wanted me to go to Hollywood with her, by the way. She asked Cohn to put me in movies. I was a very good-looking guy in those days. Cohn gave me one of those screen tests, but he wouldn't tell me how it turned out and he turned me down, the cocksucker. But that's another story. Anyway, these fucking galoots told me that Rita just walked out of a picture and went into a sanitarium because of me, and it was costing the studio over five million dollars. So just to make sure that I was never to see her again they were going to crease me up a little. They really worked me over, the fucking sonofabitch bastards. They chloroformed me and while I was out cold they beat the living shit out of me. If it wasn't for a cabby that was taking some out-of-towners to Manhattan the long way, I'd never have been found and I would've died. The hospital told me later that I was more dead than alive anyway. I had to have transfusions, operations, plastic surgery, the works. I was in the fucking hospital for six months.

"One night, I'm in the hospital and I'm just about to fall asleep when who walks in but Rita! When she finally found out what happened to me she flew to New York and sneaked into my room. My fucking hands and feet are all wrapped in bandages and I'm so fucking doped up I can hardly move. She tells me to be quiet and she crawls under my blanket. Well, she did so many fucking nice things to me that night that I cried right through my bandages. I must have come about forty-nine times before I fell asleep.

"When I woke up she was gone. She left a note on the table that said she could never see me again because her life would be in danger if Harry Cohn found out. But she would always be in love with me. I cried again like a fucking baby.

Well, that's it and that's all. By the time I finished talking to this poor shvance about my two affairs he was all calmed down. Now he knew what real affairs could be like. I told him that you win a few and lose a few in the game of love. I left him with some advice that is worth a million dollars . . . don't be afraid to dip your wick into the best of them . . . the biggest movie stars . . . the chorus girls . . . whatever. They want it more than anybody. Remember, the bigger they are, the harder they fall. Then he shook my hand, paid his fare and left me a ten-cent tip, the fucking shitheel. □

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Motors	3
Heads	3
4-Channel Record and Playback	Yes
Built-in S-O-S/Echo	No
Overdub	Yes
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 40-18,000 Hz
S/N	55 dB
Wow and Flutter at 7½ ips	0.08%
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$739.50

DOKORDER 7140

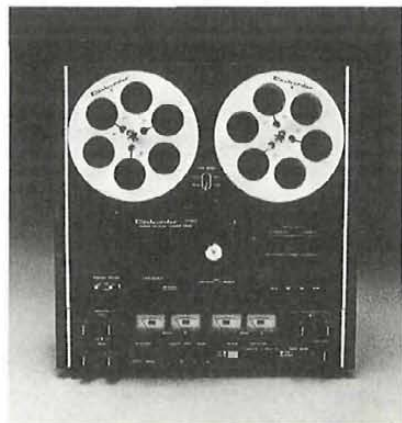
Motors	3
Heads	3
4-Channel Record and Playback	Yes
Built-in S-O-S/Echo	Yes
Overdub	Yes
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 30-23,000 Hz
S/N	58 dB
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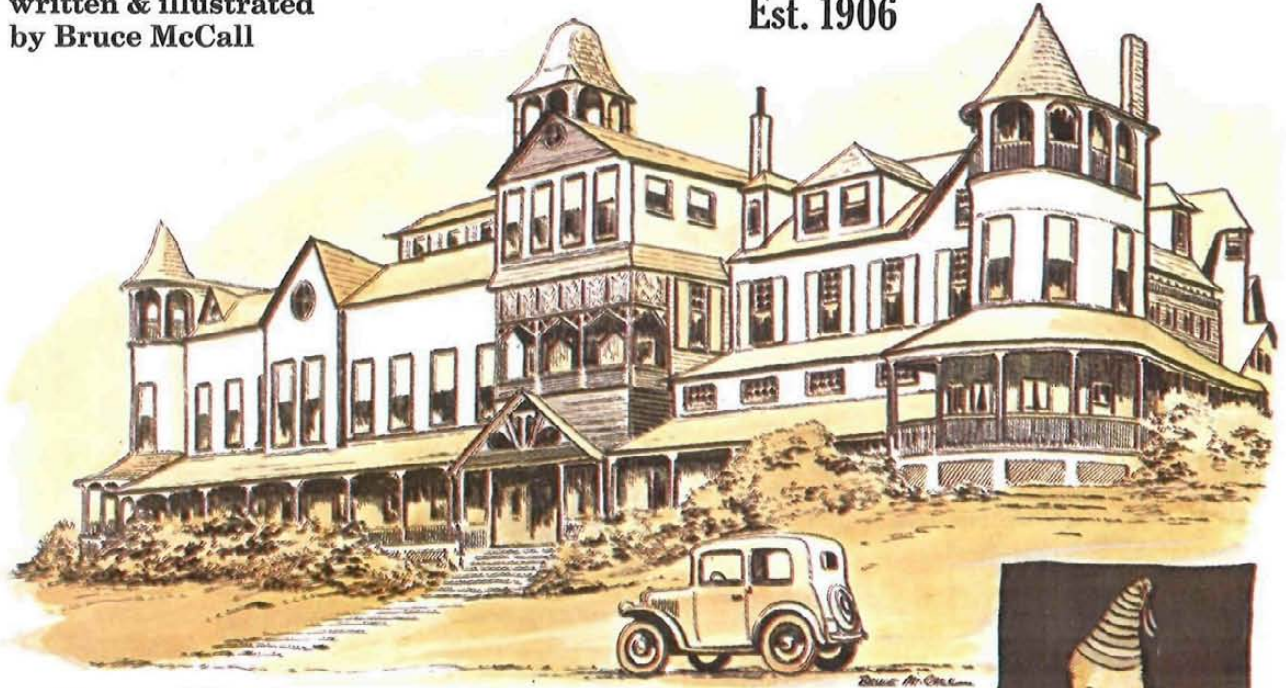
7140



The Adventures of the Hotel THROCKMORTON

written & illustrated
by Bruce McCall

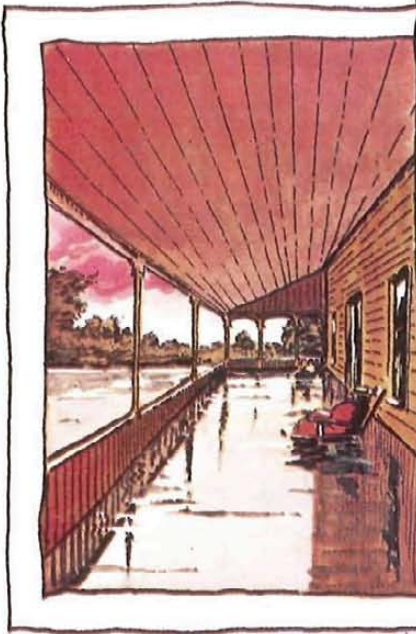
Est. 1906



Where relatives meet their friends." Here we have a fine view of the Throckmorton, circa 1924, after the bandstand had blown down but before the mysterious disappearance of the North Cupola. Who recognizes proprietors Mr. and Mrs. Mealey?



Waiting for Mr. Pitler. This would be around 1929. French-Canadians came in each spring to clean the moose heads; their hearty sing-song at job's end was a delight to all.



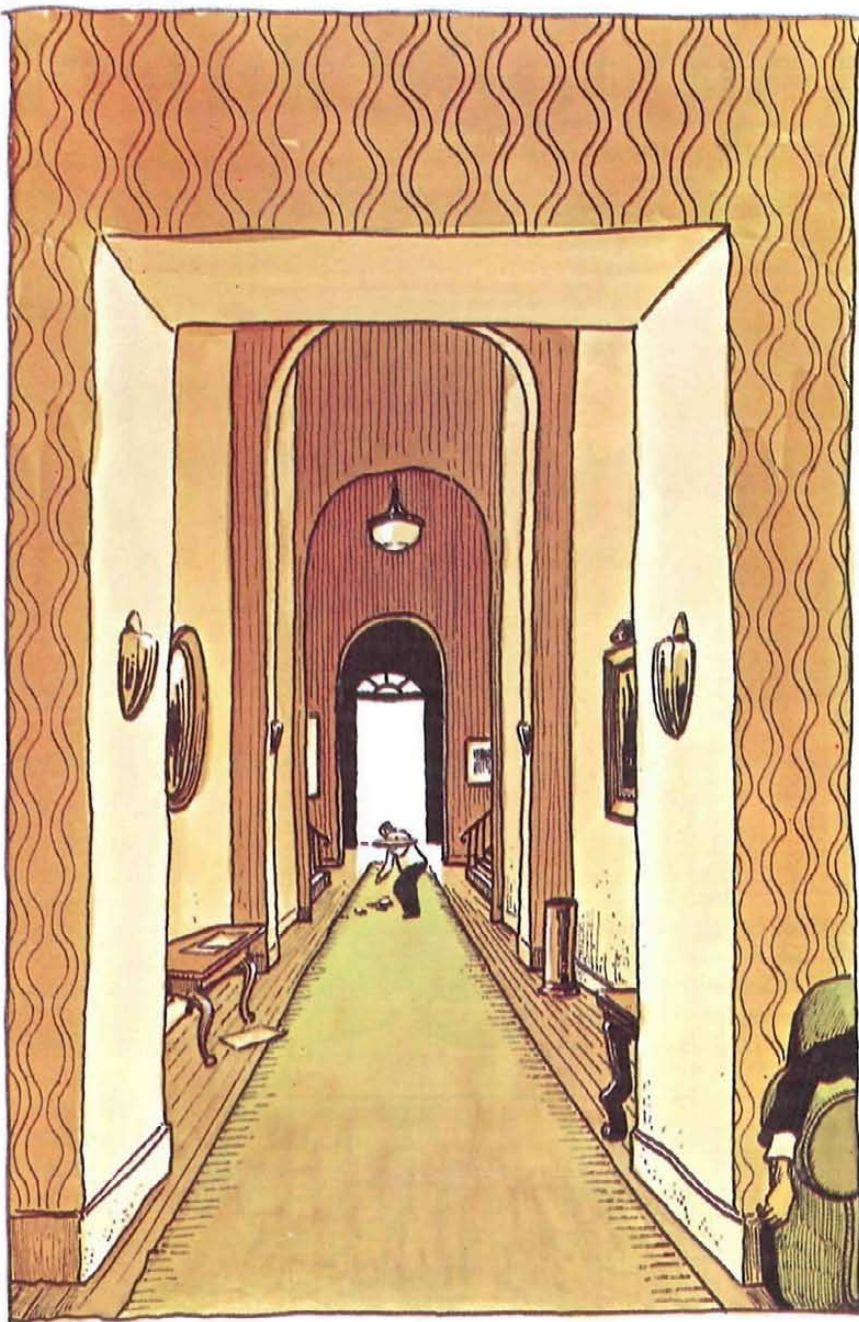
The Happy Glad-Hander," Gov. Milton Fargo, greets well-wishers on the lawn shortly before the Treasury agents closed in. The year is 1934, also auspicious for the opening of the Balloon Room.

The swimming pool fire of 1933 seen looking south on Highway 18 toward the East Wing, half a mile away through the trees. Nobody knew at the time, of course, that the House Detective was an arsonist. Firemen saved the former stables, then a bath house, now a shed.

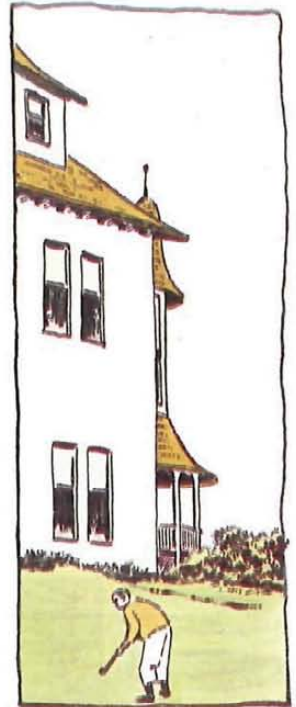
Judge Grubb loved to set up his crokinole board on the East Veranda and spend all afternoon there. Not today, though! "No Dogs, No Children, No Jews"—that was Judge Grubb's. A character!

Now this is interesting. Prof. Gadopat conducts another experiment with the model Helioplane. The time after this, it failed to return, and he left for Hungary again in August, 1935. Is it just the angle or does the Prof. resemble Trotsky?





Who can spot the legendary "Throckmorton Ghost"? Players on the miniature golf course (now demolished) often claimed to be put off their concentration by a face at the window. A more curious fact is that the miniature course attracted many midgets.



Elmer, "the world's oldest busboy," has just dropped another one. Judge Grubb often lectured Elmer, but the man simply had no ambition. This is 1953. Elmer went off around 1958.

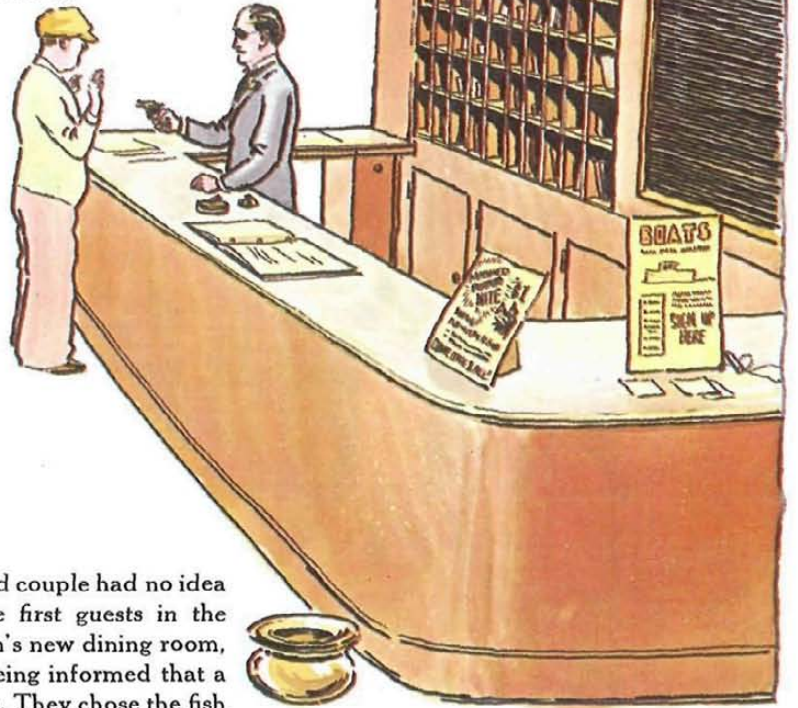
Author of *A Punxatawney Journal*, Mr. B. F. Gaddis was a Throckmorton regular until his death in 1948. Here he relaxes from his studies. The secret that later came out about Mr. Gaddis was that he was an epileptic. Pictured here, circa 1943.



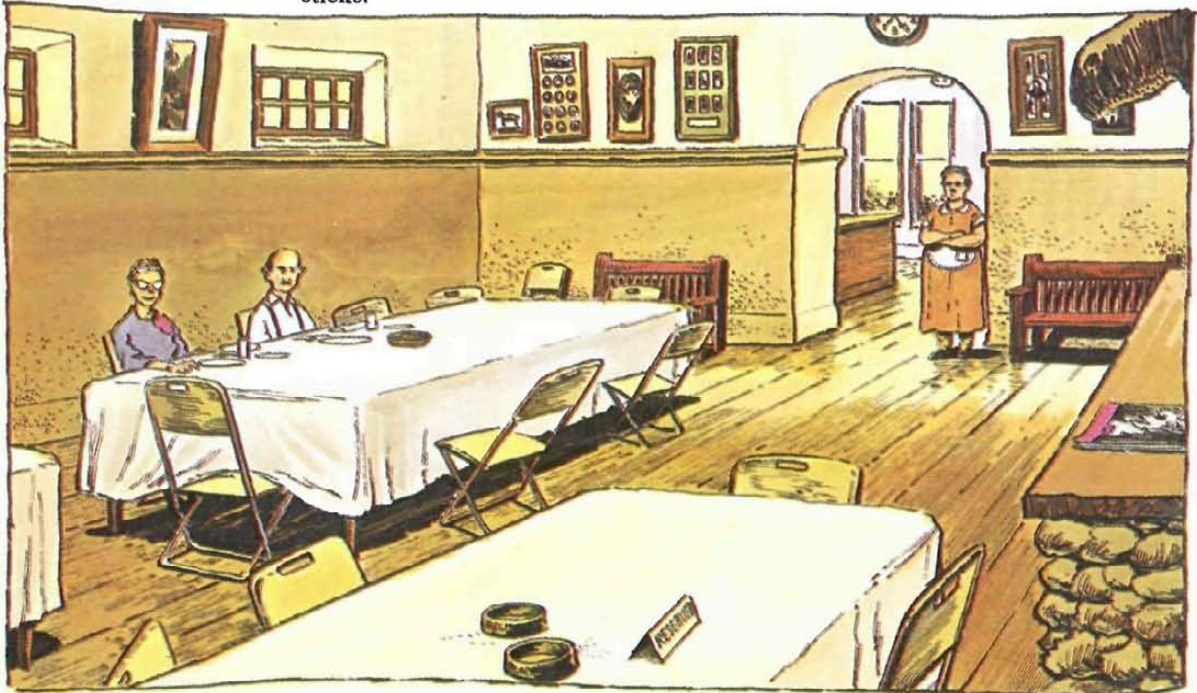


The Nazi spy Humdinger, nabbed. He had hidden in the coal chute after landing by sub the night of May 10, 1942. His arrest shone the national spotlight on the Throckmorton.

Arthur Meach (alias "Brent Foster") sticks up another startled Throckmorton guest during the 1947 crime wave. Hotel personnel were forbidden to wear masks on duty as a direct result of "L'Affaire Meach."



This unidentified couple had no idea they were the first guests in the Throckmorton's new dining room, May, 1971, until being informed that a free meal was theirs. They chose the fish sticks.



Frank Shot the Sheriff*

Orchestral Arrangement by Nelson Riddle



**In no way to be confused with something called "I Shot the Sheriff."*

photographed by Peter Kleinman

Recorded on **JANGLE** Records by

Frank Sinatra

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lead
 strings { violin, viola, cello, bass-
 trpts
 Fr. horns
 Trombones
 Bassoons
 Tubas
 clarnets
 Flutes
 oboes
 Piano {
 Tympani
 Drums

*size of stage? Use 6 or 8 cowgirls***
girls center here
Can Frank dance?
Maybe let the girls do some doobie doobie doas
More strings.
*Brass Section stands up here**
More Reggae feel?
What about a plug for Lilly's?
**Costumes for band?*
***Make sure xtra caps for girls' guns.*

Can F. shoot guns out of his hands?

what about a guy in a kangaroo suit cowboy hat and sheriff's badge - and frank shoots him?

Absolutely Not

Frank is here
Fix swinging doors so they don't hit him.

B-eyes shouldn't shoot any body !!
No low down a be shot
hum from a be shot
with a camera
have

Take a sip of bourbon here? (imba routine?)

More French Horns.

what would B-eyes think of some tuba solos here?

Yip
= off to concert
gives hats off stage.

More tympani.

Have Frank stuff two bucks down a dancer's top.

A message to America's car buyers...

We are struggling with difficult times. They will not go away by themselves. If we face our problems realistically, we can solve them. Inflation has weakened America, but it has not weakened our need for growth.

We are still the richest country in the world. To make sure this doesn't change, we must invest in our future. The best way we know to invest in the future is to buy an automobile. When new cars replace old cars, the entire economy of our nation benefits, and every person in the country is blessed with prosperity.

Automobiles have never been safer or more inexpensive or more gas-conserving or less polluting than they are right now. But you've heard all that before.

But what you haven't heard before is this: *We* have Patty Hearst, and if we don't unload our '75s at an impressive clip, we're going to smash her patrician head through a Toronado opera window and drive around the block at eighty miles an hour until her pretty neck breaks. It won't be pleasant, we assure you.

The choice is yours. You can buy cars now or spend the money later on psychiatrists, trying to rid yourself of the guilt.

We're sure you'll do the right thing.



V.H. Layman
President
Automobile Manufacturers
of America

American Motors Chrysler Ford General Motors

Stand Up

by Gerald Sussman

A letter from Norman Lear, creator of "All in the Family," "Maude," and "Sanford and Son," to Fred Silverman, head of TV programming at CBS:

September 11

Dear Fred:

For a long time I've had a dream to do a situation comedy based on the life of Lenny Bruce. And for a long time, it was an impossible dream. But today I think our audiences are ready for an intelligent, highly marketable, highly entertaining treatment of this unique personality. Let me tell you why. Without blowing my own horn, it is true that my shows have made great breakthroughs on TV, tackling important themes without alienating audiences (or sponsors!). Look at the main characters of my shows. Everyone is negative on the surface, but deep down inside they have a tremendous audience ID. Archie Bunker, Fred Sanford, Maude . . . these are real people, not sugarcoated saints. And who fits better into this essential gestalt than Lenny? On the surface, a negative image, but deep down, an incredibly warm, lovable, romantic person, a many-sided, multileveled performer, and a very funny man to boot.

As you well know, Lenny was a much-maligned man. He was not a drug addict. He was the victim of the media's insatiable addiction for sensation-mongering. He was not "sick"—society was sick. The movie *Lenny* does a good job showing this and gives us a good foundation to build on (have you peeked at its grosses?).

Fred, I cannot restrain my enthusiasm when I talk about Lenny. He has incredible built-in audience ID and affection. Firstly, if you examine the works and lives of all the great

satirists from Aristophanes to Lenny himself, you'll find that their essence, their essential gestalt, has always been deeply rooted in a sense of ethics and morality. Lenny was an extremely moral person, outraged by the hypocrisies of society. He was very similar to Hawkeye and Trapper of the "M*A*S*H" show, using his satiric scalpel on the pompous assholes of the Establishment. And what does that make him with our audience? A fresh, highly appealing underdog, a good guy if there ever was one. He was a satirist, a comedian who held up his crazy, cracked mirror to society and made us laugh at our foibles.

But all that is part of *our* iceberg, the part the audience doesn't have to see. If they just see the tip, they will get the message of what kind of a figure Lenny was.

Enough of the heavy philosophy and ethics. Lenny was first and foremost a funny, funny person, a warm, loving person with a great family for TV adaptation (and future spin-offs, eh, what?). His crazy adventures as a young comedian, with that nutbar family (Honey, his dumb blond ex-stripper wife, Sally, his show-biz mother, and pretty Kitty, his daughter) is just a natural for the greatest sit-com since the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea.

P.S. I also want to do this show for a personal reason. I've always thought that Lenny was the most important comedian we've had for the last fifty years. In a sense, he was responsible for breaking down a lot of the barriers that enabled me to do my shows. You remember that line of graffiti that said, "Lenny Bruce died for your sins"? In my case, it's true. Call me pisher if you want, but the bottom line is, I want to do this show

for Lenny, as well as for the big bucks. I feel I owe him one.

Let me hear your reactions soon,
Always the best,
Norman Lear

Letter from Fred Silverman, head of TV programming, CBS, to Norman Lear:

September 15

Dear Norman:

This is to confirm our verbal agreement made at Chasen's on September 13. We are ready for a full commitment on the Lenny show. Everyone right up to Big Brass thinks it will be the hit of the year, possibly the decade. Absolutely no doubt that you are right, the time is right, and the audience is right for a show of this breakthrough caliber.

Norman, I am getting that tingly sensation on the back of my scalp like the kind I get when I take too many Contac's, and that means I'm really excited about this show. I've never discussed a show with so many fantastic possibilities in the field of meaningful humor and sheer entertainment value. And don't ask about spin-offs! The rest of the Bruce family? Richy Pryor? George Carlin? Don't ask. Let's come to that bridge when we cross it, as they say. First things first. Just give us an outline of what the show is and where it's going and we go right to film. We have to see some character and premise ideas because of the sensitive nature of the project, which I'm sure you understand. Our sales people want to know what the fuck kind of show they're peddling to the sponsors. But don't let me hold you down. It's your baby and you run with it.

Stay well and write good,
Fred Silverman

continued





Excerpts from writers' conferences on the Lenny show, September and October. Writers present were Saul Danenbaum, Arnie Seligstein, Hal Kushner, Glen Fortinberry, and Gary Buck:

"I didn't know Lenny Bruce. Did anybody here know Lenny Bruce?"

"I know an old parking lot attendant who knew Lenny. He gave me a big story about how Lenny used to carry on in his parking lot. He used to sneak around and piss on all the cars. In broad daylight. Once the guy caught him pissing on a brand new Rolls Royce, so Lenny whipped his dick around and got him right in the face. That's when Lenny started pissing on people."

"It's probably a bullshit story. All those fucking Lenny stories are exaggerated. He probably smoked a little grass and popped a few pills. In those days it was a big deal."

"We should give him some kind of weakness, a little vice . . . it's good for audience ID."

"He could drink a little. He could lock himself in the bathroom and drink scotch and sodas."

"A little drinking might not be bad. It's realistic. He has to do it because of all the pressure on him every night to improvise. He's like a jazz musician."

"Maybe he could be a heavy eater, a guy with a sweet tooth, a candy addict. We could work in some very funny shit about dieting. A chubby guy playing Lenny would get very big audience rapport. Don't forget, Lenny was supposed to have weighed over 250 pounds when he died."

"What about something more visual? What if he were an epileptic? Whenever the pressure is too great he goes into a fantastic seizure."

"He could be a funny epileptic. We'll get Jerry Lewis to coach him."

"This may be a little blue-sky, but what if he knew he had cancer, and the doctor told him he had about three years to live. It's eating him up inside, but it doesn't show outside. So he knows he has to pack all his life into the next three years. He doesn't tell anybody, not even his wife or mother. This gives us the momentum for a really crazy, fast-moving show, because he's always so hopped up."

"If the show runs past three years we can always write in a cure for him."

"It's a very deep slice for audience rapport, but I'm not sure it plays right for a sit-com. It's too deep. Give him something like a light drinking problem or an ulcer."

"A young guy with an ulcer who

loves spicy food."

* * *

"Wasn't Lenny supposed to be bisexual?"

"No, that was Honey."

"No, both of them were."

"We could have two great characters . . . their neighbors . . . but instead of regular swapping, they do homo swapping."

"Right. Lenny just moves in. He knocks on their door and wants to borrow a cup of jokes. That's his crazy way of introducing himself. The neighbor, the husband, is a dead ringer for Marlon Brando, and he and Lenny fall in love. And Honey falls for his wife, who looks like Marlon Brando, too."

"And then Lenny wants to get his nose broken so he can look like Marlon Brando."

"And then Marlon Brando does a guest shot on the show and breaks Honey's nose by mistake."

"What about the butter?"

"The butter?"

"You know, the butter scene in *Last Tango*."

"That's funny. Write that down so we don't forget it. We'll do a butter scene with the couples and Brando that'll make the audience shit."

* * *

Memo from Norman Lear to his writing staff:

November 10

Re: The Lenny Show

Dear Staff:

You have now been working on ideas for the Lenny show for about two months and so far we are still in the finger-fucking stage. Stop wasting your time, my time, and CBS's time with ideas and bullshit that will not work for prime time family TV. I think you're unconsciously trying to

retain Lenny's so-called negative, controversial qualities and you're missing the essential gestalt of the man and the show.

In order to get the show moving in the right direction, I made some guidelines for you to follow. I read it to Fred Silverman over the phone and he agrees with me 100 percent.

The following subjects are taboo or semi-taboo in the development of the Lenny show:

No-Nos

No drugs (except the usual stuff, like aspirin, and even here we have to be careful).

No obscene words or obscene references to the Church, politicians, etc. No obscene sexual references (i.e., Lenny being so horny he could fuck mud, etc.).

No references to sexual promiscuity, homos, and other perverts and perversions.

No references to Lenny as a "sick" humorist. Lenny was not sick. Society was sick. Besides, this is 1975 and we don't need sick people. We need healthy people who can see a little of the brighter side of life.

No shpritzing and tummeling with Yiddish slang, or hipster slang, like "balling." Lenny's importance goes far beyond ethnic virtues. *He was a universal character, a genius.*

If you're thinking of how far you can go, think one f-stop past Archie Bunker, and that's it.

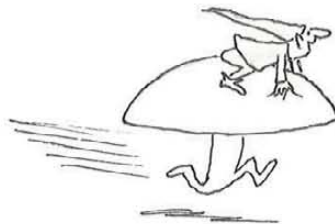
Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:

November 25

Dear Fred:

Here at last is our outline of the Lenny show, consisting of our main character profiles and the nut of our story premise and themes.

continued on page 60



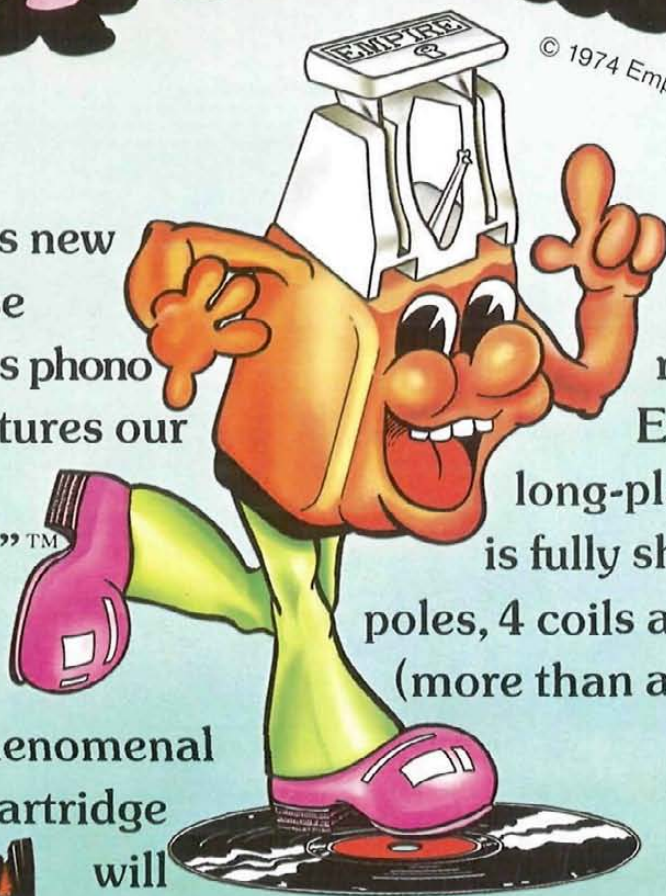
S. GROSS

"It's a little trick I learned. You just squeeze their balls."

Keep on trackin'

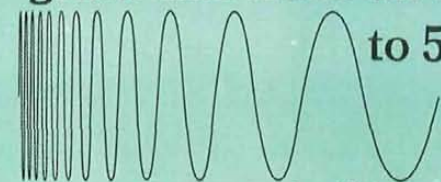
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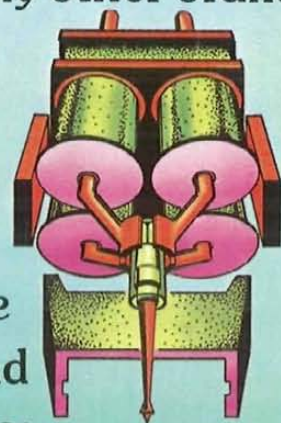
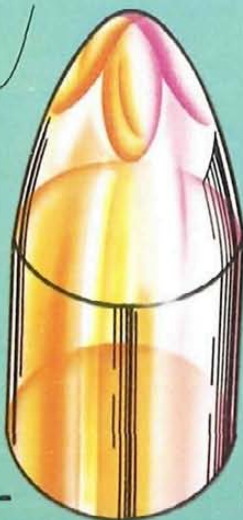


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GONE WITH THE '75





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DIANA ROSS • FLORENCE HENDERSON

MICHAEL POLLARD • GEORGE MAHARIS

CAROL CHANNING • RAYMOND BURR • I. E. STONE

Co-Starring TERRY MOORE • DUANE THOMAS • JEAN-CLAUDE KILY

GENE BARRY • VINCENT PRICE • SUSAN STRASBERG • HORST BUCHHOLZ

Produced by DON KIRSCHNER

Directed by ROSS HUNTER Screenplay by MICHAEL CRICHTON and RICHARD BRAUTIGAN Music by TONY ORLANDO and DAWN

Original Soundtrack available on Tailorhouse records and tapes, including the haunting theme, "Love to Love My Love."



as the Richter Scale authority



as the blimp stowaway



as the TV Commentator



as the colored maid



as the Mayor



as one of the casualties



as the National Guardsman



as the nurse



as the sanitationman



as the reporter

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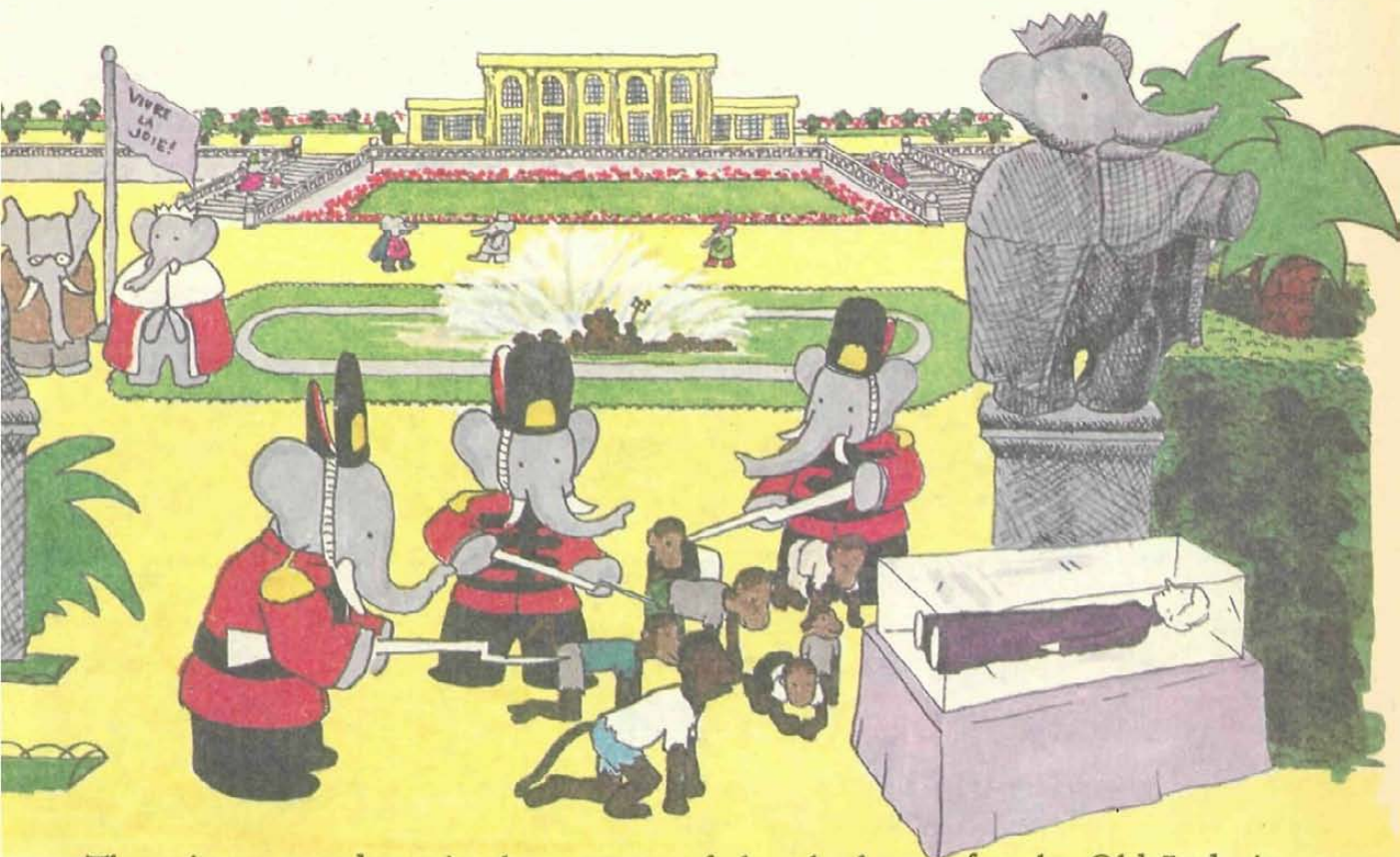
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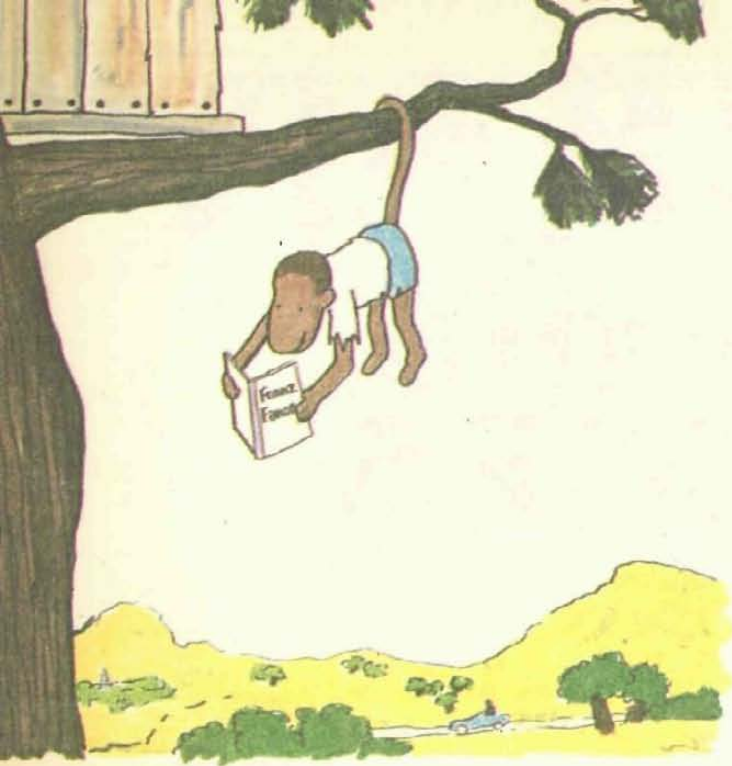
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BARBAR AND HIS ENEMIES

by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra
illustrated by Peter Kleinman

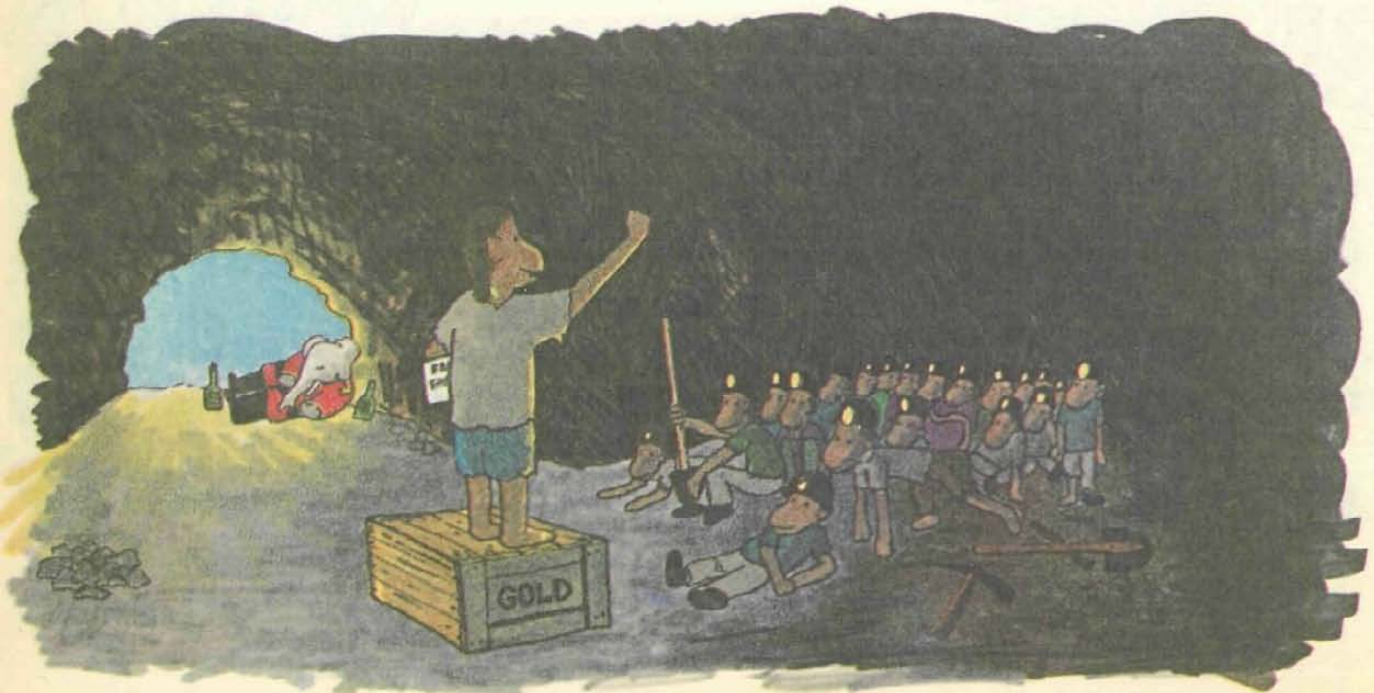


There is great sadness in the country of the elephants, for the Old Lady is dead. Barbar the King orders all his subjects to feel sorry, and pay their respects three times a day, on their knees.



That naughty monkey Zephyr won't pay his respects, and stays at home in Monkeyville, reading bad books.

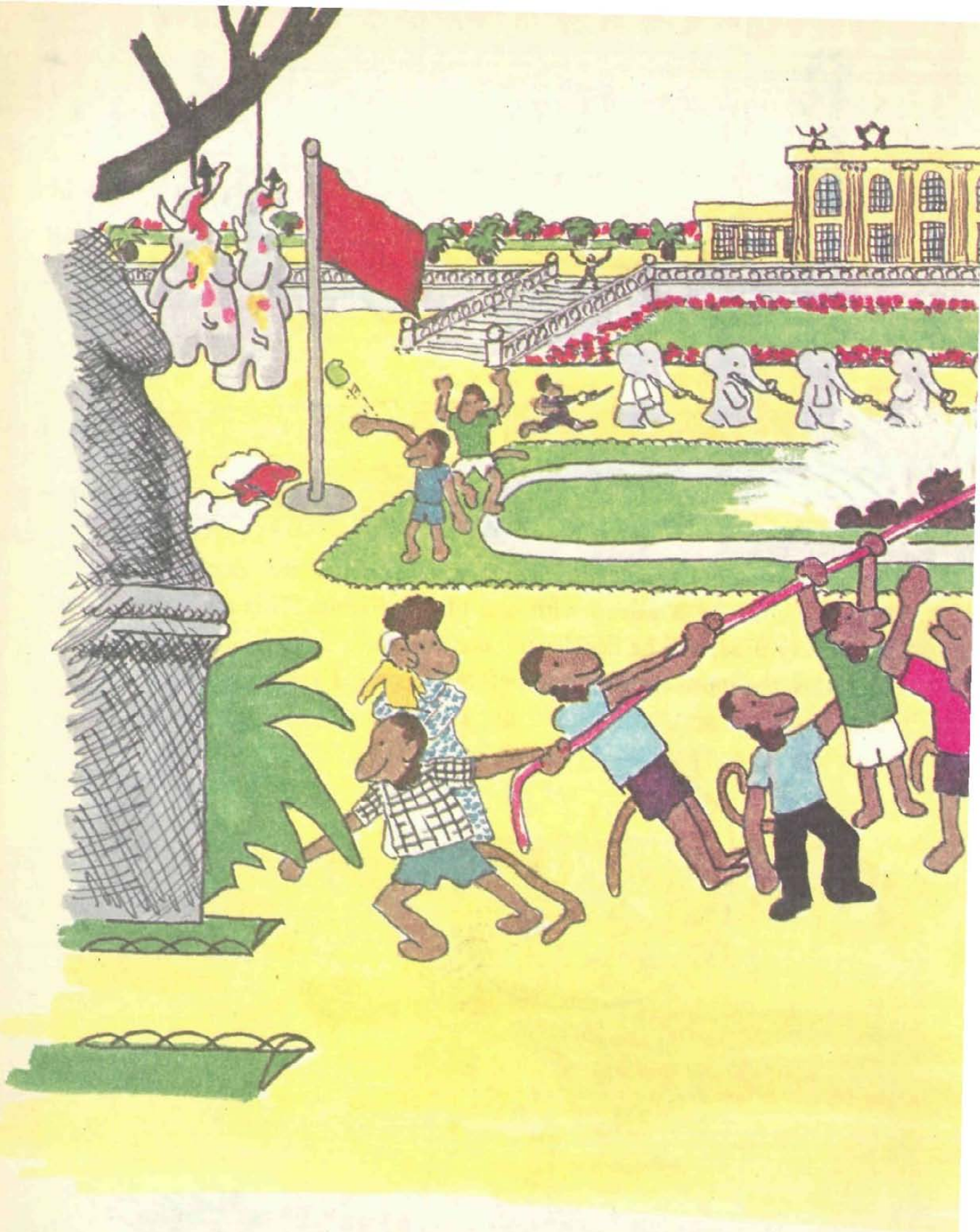
Mischievous Zephyr goes down into King Barbar's gold and diamond mine, and keeps everyone from doing their work. What a troublemaker he is! Soon some of the monkeys decide to be like him, and be lazy. They even say unkind things about King Barbar and their Queen.



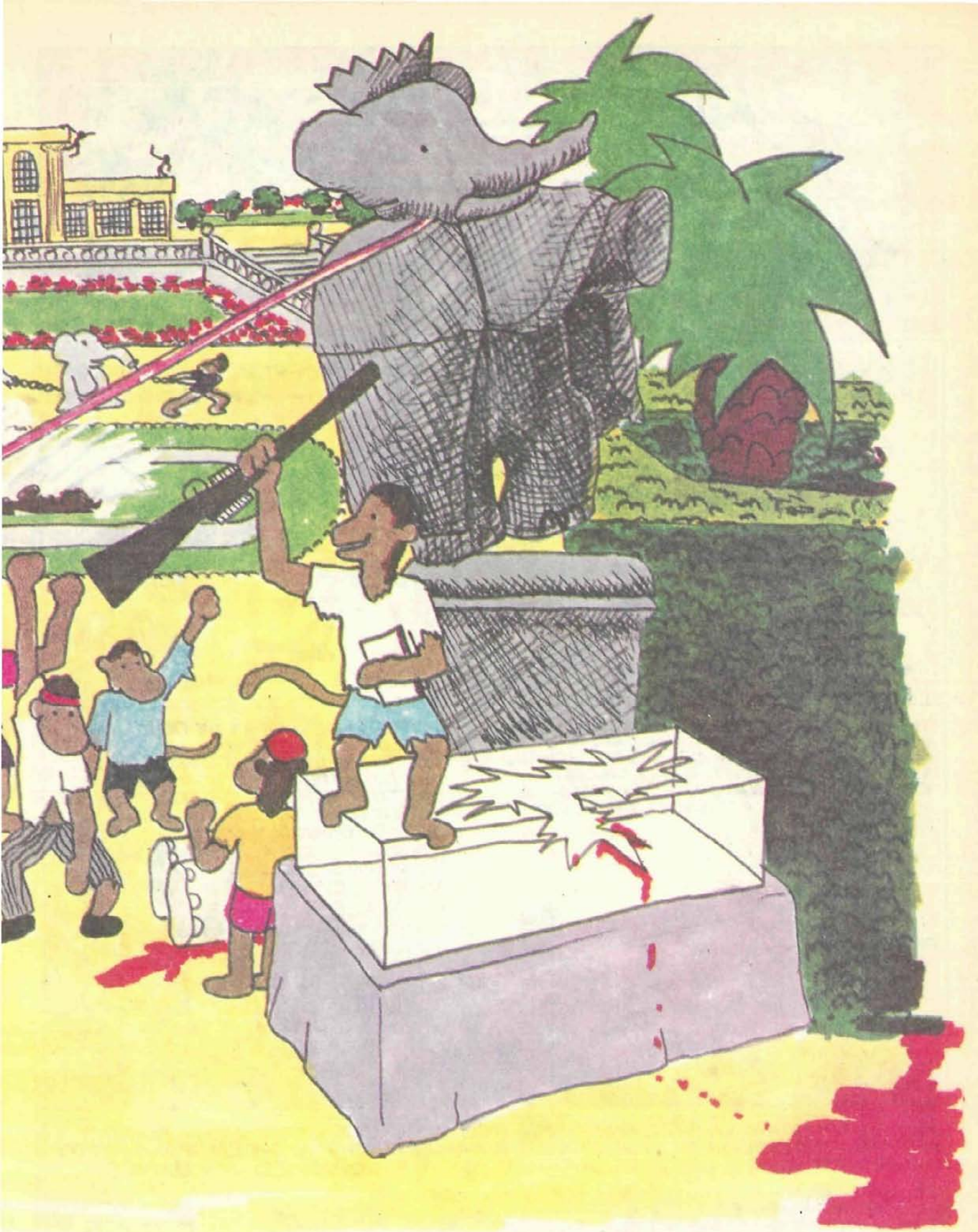


The pranks of Zephyr and his friends get even naughtier! Zephyr hurts old Caligula, while he is asleep with one of his friends. This all makes King Barbar very tired, and he decides to take his family for a holiday in Switzerland. Alas, the monkeys stop him before he can get away.





What is this? Those silly monkeys have moved into the palace, and strung up Barbar and the Queen on meat hooks! And all the other elephants are being

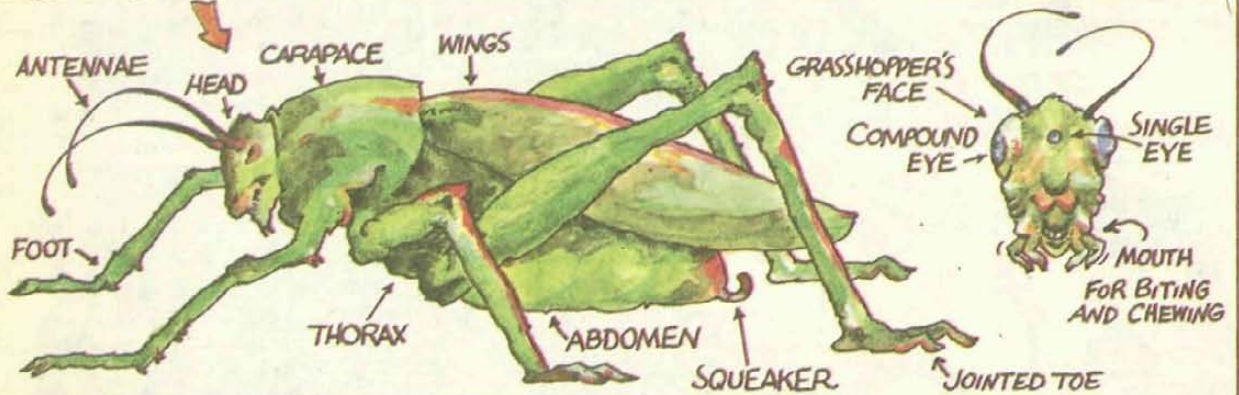


sent back to France. Where will they live, now the Old Lady is dead? They will have to join a circus! Long live President Zephyr!

THROADS INTO SCIENCE

BY M.K. BROWN

Insects: INSECTS HAVE SIX LEGS AND THREE SECTIONS OF THE BODY; HEAD, THORAX & ABDOMEN. THIS GRASSHOPPER IS A TYPICAL INSECT. OTHER TYPICAL INSECTS → 



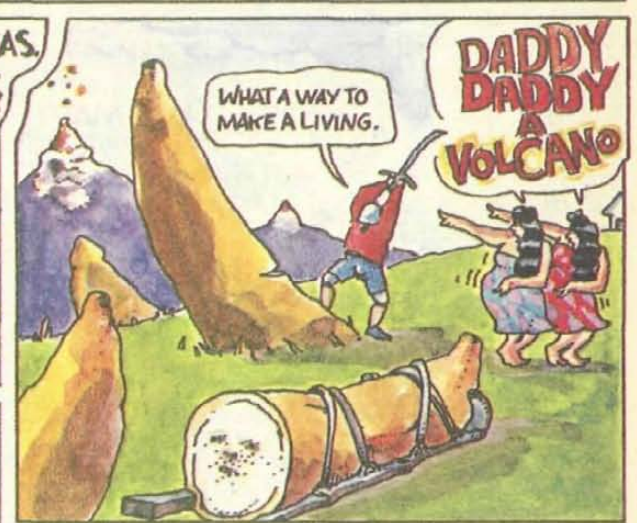
IN SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD INSECTS ARE USED FOR TRANSPORTATION, AS IN HAWAII, WHERE IDEAL CONDITIONS ENCOURAGE COLOSSAL GROWTH. HERE, A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL ON A GIANT CICADA SHELL NARROWLY MISSES THE KIND OF TRAGIC ACCIDENT WHICH CAN SPOIL A VACATION.

INSECTS, HOWEVER, AREN'T THE ONLY THING TO FLOURISH IN HAWAII. THIS THOUGHTLESS FISHERMAN (ONCE A PALE AND BITTER BOY) IS, IN FACT, HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE IN BEAUTIFUL MAUI, THE "LAND OF THE GIANT BANANA."



NOT USED FOR EATING, MAUI'S GIANT BANANAS FUNCTION SOLELY AS TOURIST ATTRACTION AND ARE, IN FACT, A BURDEN UPON THOSE ENTRUSTED TO THEIR CARE. THIS FIELD OF BANANAS IS READY FOR HARVEST, AND, AS ALWAYS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, THE AIR IS CHARGED WITH DANGER....





THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...



MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE

SAY, CAPTAIN, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS WEATHER....

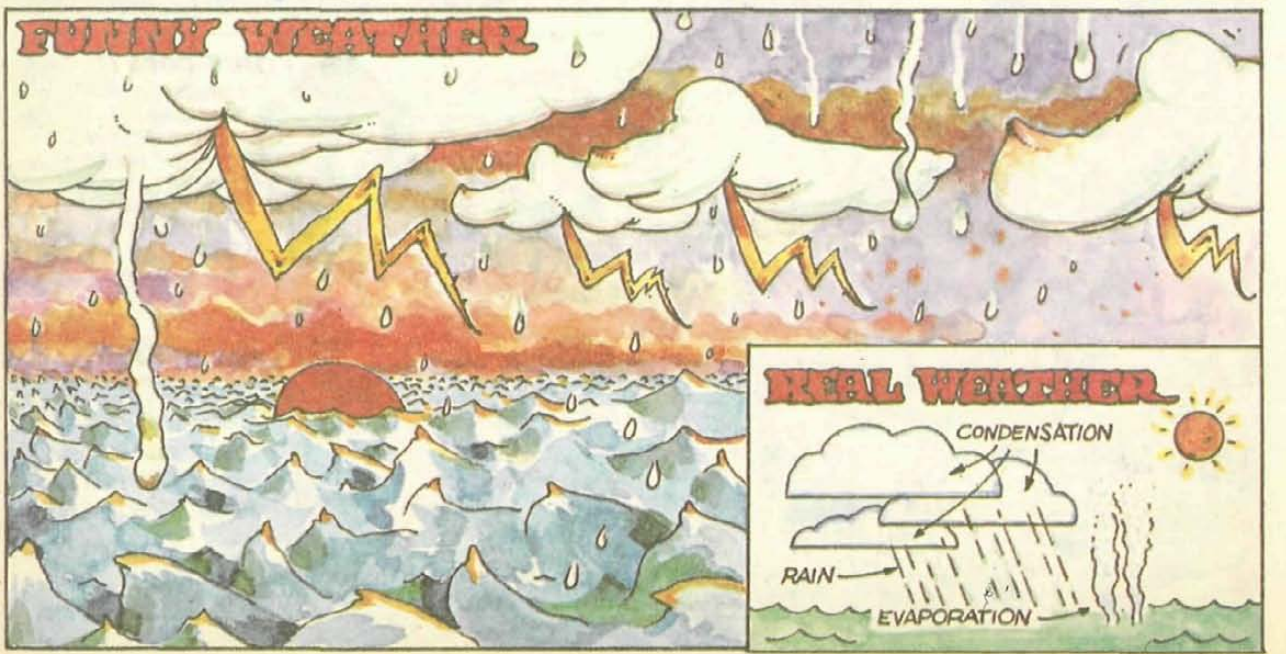


WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?

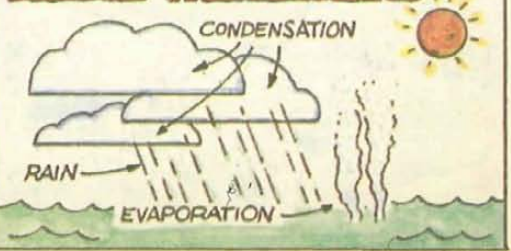
I DON'T KNOW, SIR...

IT JUST LOOKS "FUNNY."

FUNNY WEATHER



REAL WEATHER



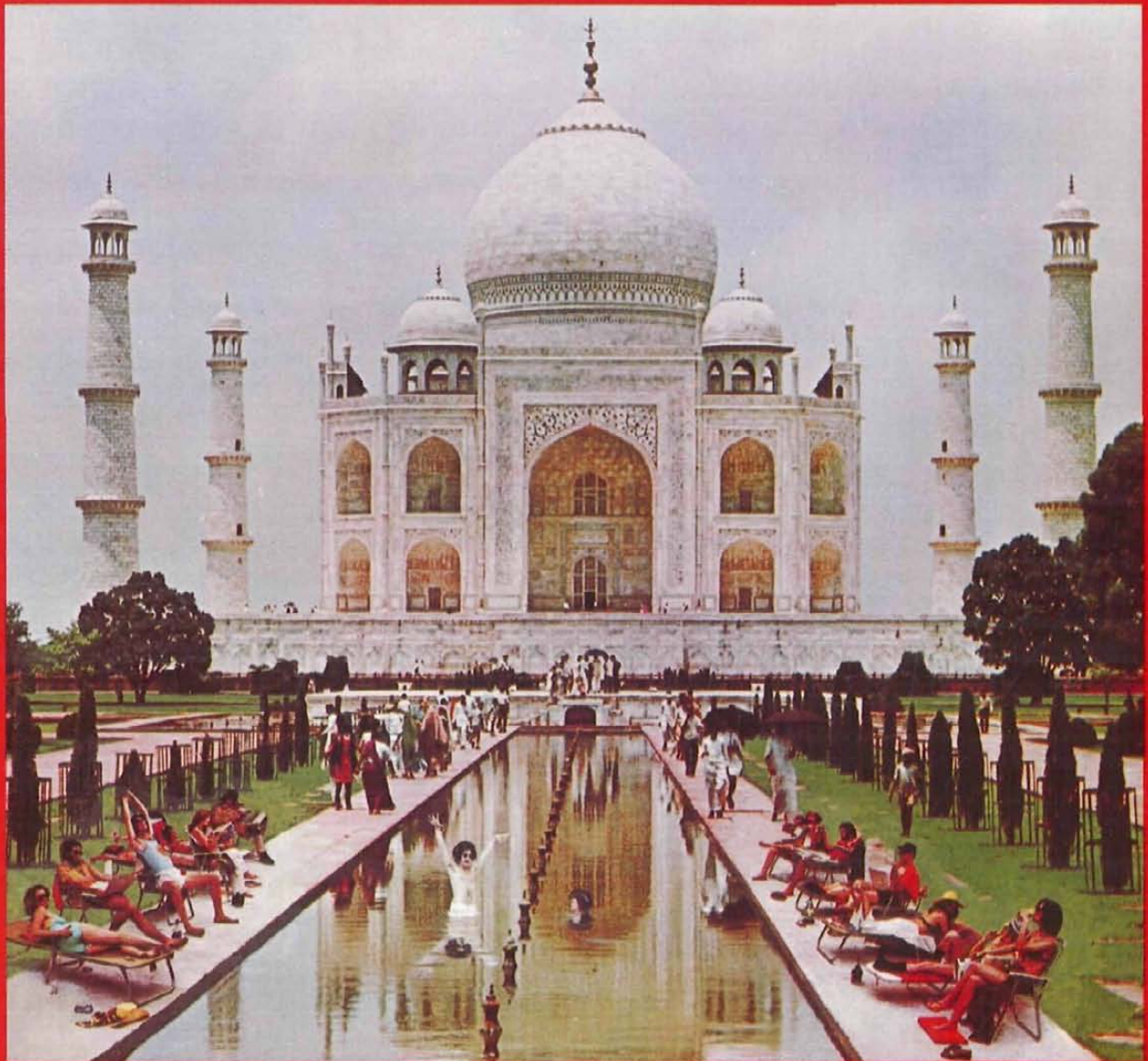
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Oop North you can ride the Mersey Fairy or visit Wigan Pier, where little George can mine real coal with his very own pony!

Bardland, way down upon the swanny Avon, boasts the Royal Shakespearean Panto Company's current hit production, *Mac and the Beanstalk*, with Graham Chapman as Lady Mac.

Dip with duchesses and bathe with barons in the Olympic-size Bath Bath with its special Beau Brummell Jacuzzi and Jane Austen Social Whirlpool.

Fall under the spell of Arthur's Magic Kingdom—where kids thrill to the merry-go-Round Table—and test your strength on the *Sword in the Stone*. You may be Pendaragon! Dancing knightly in the enchanting Avalon Ballroom.

Play bowls with Drake as amazingly lifelike Spanish galleons sail up the Channel through the miracle of Armadarama.

Visit the terrifying (and fun!) House of Horrors on the windswept moors of Bronte-Land. Shutters bang, ghostly laughter rings out, and then you find yourself sliding down the famous Heath Cliff.

Get a peek at the royal knickers when Princess Anne tries her abortive jump across the River Ouse. Her Highness becomes Her Lowness promptly every day at noon.

At Coventry, you can experience all the frantic fun of fabulous Blitzland, where the Luftwaffe brings huge buildings down around your ears, sirens wail, and air raid wardens calmly make pots of "char." Afterwards, dine at the exclusive Epstein Room of the Coventry Cathedral Inn. Guaranteed kosher.

The Upstairs Downstairs Roller Coaster is just one of the many exciting features of Olde London Towne. You can also debate the great in the fabled House of Commons, eat beef at Old Bailey's, take your little princess to the Tower and shake hands with St. Thomas More. Don't lose your head, now!

'Neath canvas spires forty funny Dons cavort, squirting sherry at one another in one tiny common room. See A.J.P. Taylor and his incredible trained PhDs.

The Stonehenge Ride—if it feels right, Druid!

The Dover-Dunkirk Boatride. This splendid simulation of the darkest days of World War II may be the finest hour of your life. You'll be strafed by realistic Stukas and guided by your own personal Winniematon. Fight them on the beaches and win a cigar.

It makes good sense to drop your pence in
Englandland
 The world's biggest antique.

Holy Cow! You're sherpa have a good time when you

Ski India

Yes, the lushness of India! Now the country that stopped even Alexander the Great is yours for the stopover—and at a price you don't have to be a maharaja to afford. Your holiday starts in

Agra,

site of the incomparable Taj Mahal. This gorgeous mausoleum, constructed by Shah Jahan in memory of his favorite wife, has been called the greatest erection man has ever raised for woman. Since 1650, men have undergone weeks of long and tedious travel just to marvel at its perfect beauty, but you can enjoy it from the comfort of the Mahaliday House—right next door. And as the sun sets, and the white towers lose themselves in gray and violet haze, the bright lights come on, for Agra never sleeps. Dine and dance at "Ravi" Shankar's—the best in steaks, the best in jazz. Have cocktails at the Shiva Club, where the waitresses are "all arms" to serve you. During your days, tour the palace where Shahs gathered to trade in ink futures. See where the Indians, with a centuries-old frugality, have taken the city graineries and turned them into the world-famous Turban Museums. Or how about some inexpensive temple rubbings? (More expensive rubbings can be arranged through your driver.) After three days, it's time to move on to

Mount Everest,

the high point of any tour! Spend a week up close to the stars at the modern, fully oxygenated Mount Everest Lodge, enjoying the world's best and most spectacular skiing. Sample the over 13,500 uncrowded miles of ski runs, which accommodate all abilities, from novice to "untouchable." Don't worry about the right time of year; it's always right at Everest, where over 450 feet of annual snowfall makes every day a white Christmas. (The Tibetan language has over twenty-five expressions for "It's snow!") And when the sun sets far below you, dine to the sounds of Mantrack piped authentic music in the Dali-a-While Room, or simply have a midnight sip of a China Sunrise in the firelit Yeti lounge. You'll be sorry when your week is up, but don't worry; there's no better place to return to earth than

Varnasi (Benares),

holy city on the Ganges. Pilgrims come by the thousands every year just to splash in its tan waters, and thousands more come to see the famous spot of Mahatma Ghandi's assassination. You'll stay for four days at nearby Kiplingville. Kiplingville has had such distinguished visitors as Douglas Fairbanks, Irving Berlin, and Paul Hornung. While there, you'll be taken on a fine tour to the room where Mahatma Gandhi helped Rudyard Kipling write *Dracula*. You will also receive a membership in the elegant Holy River Swimming Club. Remember—for a pure spirit, you can't beat their bar! And as you return to your old familiar faces and places, you'll see them in a different light, because you're a different person. For now you know the mysteries of India.



You never know when God will call on you. So this year, before it's too late, why not call on Him?

Easter Tour of Europe and the Holy Land

And what better way to start your trip than in

Madrid,

in deeply religious Spain, land of a strong and simple faith. Worship in *Nuestra Señora de los Gridos de Dolor*, an entire basilica built with the pesadas of the faithful. Visit the world's largest hairshirt factory, see the cells where kings and poets flogged themselves until the walls were red, and, in the old city, see the grandeur of the Torquemada memorial in the Plaza Mayor—which once doubled as a bull arena and a burning ground for heretics. Speaking of which, the first thing you want to do is see a bull-fight (the only thing besides the Mass that starts on time). Then take in the Prado, one of the world's great museums, housing such masterpieces as Velasquez' "Martyrdom of Sts. Petrus and Virgilia" and "The Massacre of the Innocents," Zurbaran's "Martyrdom of Santa Clara," and El Greco's "Agony in the Garden." If you get tired of sightseeing, just linger in a friendly café over a glass of "sangria." (The name means "holy blood.") Don't take too long, though, for soon-you must go where all roads lead, to

Rome.

It's true: Rome wasn't built in a day. That's why we give you *four* days to see it! Where else can you climb steps designed by Michelangelo, drink from fountains designed by Bernini, and use a DaVinci toilet which amazingly foreshadows modern plumbing? Marvel at Saint Peter's, "The Biggest Church on Earth." See the Borghese Gardens, the famous flea market—and the beautiful Spanish Steps, where Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck fell in love. Just wander the streets of Rome at night and you will always find a surprise. But great as the secular pleasures of Rome may be, they pale before the city's eternal significance. For the highlight of your stay here, tour members are assured of an audience with the Pope and his housekeeper. After this, nothing could be a climax except

The Holy Land

itself. Yes, with the recent troubles now over, Easter in the Holy Land is a more peaceful and meaningful time than ever before. Our tour will give you full time to see all the major surviving sights. Stand in awe of the crater where Christ was born. See the Crater of Olives, the Ashes of Gethsemane, and the Crater of Beatitudes, sight of the Sermon in the Crater. Visit Tabgha, traditional site of the multiplication of the protons and electrons, as well as the Basilica of the early warning. Marvel at the spot of Mary's ascension, which itself ascended recently. Worship at St. Fermi's, the oldest church in the Holy Land, built almost eighteen months ago. You will have five days you'll remember the rest of your life, in a land so holy the very earth itself is faintly glowing.



Partly Sane, Raspberries, and Time

CINEMA

if not the greatest film since *Citizen Kane*, certainly the best of the week.

■ Jay Kuntz

Nuts!

DAVID AND LISA, PART TWO

Directed by STANLEY KRAMER

Screenplay by

STANLEY KRAMER and TERRY SOUTHERN

Sexy cine-siren Valerie Perrine is as woefully wasted as an almond in a nut bar in this cretinous follow-up to the original heartwarmer, *David and Lisa* (TIME, Dec. 28, 1960). She and costar Dustin "Ratso" Hoffman por-



PERRINE—ALMOND IN A NUT BAR.

tray the two ex-asylummates, now employed as high school vocational guidance counselors, who encourage directionless students to "Go crazy, if you've nowhere else to go."

Stanley "Guess Who's Coming to" Kramer should know better, but seems to find liberal *lumpen*-philosophy (Negroes-arc-Nice, Crazy-is-Cute) irresistible. The movie proves highly resistible, indeed.

The premise that a group of serious seventies' students would ape the manners of madmen doesn't just strain the suspended disbelief of the viewer—it Charley-horses it.

■ J. K.

Spicy Meatball

I, MINISTRONE

Directed by FEDRICO FELLINI

Screenplay by FEDRICO FELLINI

Il miglior fabbro serves up yet another intellectually touching, yet emotionally brilliant chef d'oeuvre, in this.

THE NATION

nothing," as Theodore "Teddy" Roosevelt opined, "but fear itself."

The Crazy Craze

Who now remembers stuffing sophomores into phone booths? Or stuffing goldfish into sophomores? Where are the streakers of yesteryear?

For a very noisy minority of undergrads at Eastern Methodist University, in Snakeville, Ill. (pop. 17,013), all that's old hat. They've taken to wearing their sports coats backwards (like straitjackets) and interrupting lectures with screams, giggles, and grotesque calisthenics, in an effort to "loon-out" their profs.

Says EMU's testy prexy Dwight D. Winterbottom, 63, "It's a phase they're going through. You know kids today." But leader of the student "Looners," Harry "Beefy" Chaplin, 167 lbs., disagrees. "This thing will sweep the country. Arrgh! Yatta-yatta!" promises looner Chaplin.

Today, there are over 2 million Hula Hoops gathering dust in 27 warehouses in 31 states. And "looning" will doubtless go the way of all fads.

²Twenty-two sophomores in a Puce, Ohio (pop. 11,089) phone booth in April, 1952, and 284 goldfish in Seymour Steinberg, Notre Dame, Jan., 1931.

THE WORLD

and to date not even the whippet-lean Generalissimo (128 lbs.) can explain the mania in Spania.

JAPAN

Rooning

To greet visiting Heads of State (aging Jomo Kenyatta, 81, of Kenya is due later this month), the snake-dancing students of Tokyo (pop. 10,873,422) have something new up the sleeves of their kimonos.

Under the influence of a heady mixture of the astonishingly popular, poorly-dubbed Daffy Duck cartoons on Tokyo TV (Neilson ratings of 7.9), and traditional Zen-Buddhist teachings (*koans*, or silly stories), Tokyo's volatile youth have undertaken the practice of Rooning, the oriental art of acting wiggled-out.

Doubtless, riot-control-trained Tokyo police will reduce the Rooners to a bunch of assaulted nuts. But given the present condition of the yen (falling), the Yin (failing), and the Yang (fooling), maybe Japan's young Rooners have something to be crazy about.

THE PRESIDENCY

Hanging Tough

After a spartan breakfast of a single poached egg on whole wheat toast, President Gerald "Jerry" Ford got down to the business of a busy day. The White House swimming pool

CANADA

Homage to Catatonia

Since Expo '67, symbol of Canada's emergence as a second-rate power, its citizens have been falling asleep in the bastard-gothic halls of Parliament, across the wheat-infested prairies, even in French-speaking Québec (where the natives *fait comme un doormouse*), Canadians have been dozing off at a great rate (one every 76 seconds). Asserts nationalist-psychiatrist Wilder Psmith, 46, of Regina, "It's our distinctive Canadian way of going insane." Other authorities quietly agree.



LOONER PERRINE—SWEET AND SCHIZY.

PEOPLE

Young man-about-town John "John-John" Kennedy was there, practicing spastic terpsichore with his washed-denim blue eyes carefully crossed. Cher was there, in a spangled Halston bolero straitjacket. Gloria Steinem had a strikingly unfeminist banana in her ear, and her frenzied friends, the Kissingers, dressed as Napoleon and his horse, scrawled on the walls with what looked like chocolate bars. The occasion for these frantic antics was the gala opening of Washington's first Ga-Ga club, the Loony Bin, a benefit affair. Said Loony-Bin proprietor Antonio "Cucko" Cuccoldi, "If you thinks any of this is going to charity, you're crazy!"

Wild and wacky Valerie Perrine, zany star of the madcap smash, *David and Lisa, Part Two*, which grossed \$16,000,000 in one week, drooled becomingly all over her necklace-bib of linked paper dolls, as Paramount moguls announced her signing to play the lead in a musical remake of the hysterical hit, *Harvey*. Sweet and schizy Valerie then ate the contract, while flash bulbs popped.

FORUM

can say is, "Alright, Mr. Wiseguy writer, if you're so smart, why aren't you the President?"

Omar Fruggle
Shit 'n' piss, Texas

The Looning Fad

These kids running around pretending to be crazy are crazy, if you ask me. They should all be locked up, like I was when I was a kid.

(Mrs.) E. Blight
Grottyville, Calif.

What's so wrong with high-spirited hijinks? When I was young, it was pantry raids.

Avery Fresser
New York

It's better than burning down ROTCs and banks and brassieres, anyway.

Maj. Dwaine Dymme (Ret'd)
Maysville, Ga.

Re: Looning. After streak-freaking, and shrieking?

Nelson Rockefeller
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Rockefeller is an expert on penal methodology, and Vice-President of the U.S.A.

Man of the Year: the Looner!
(Mrs.) R. Droptrou
Niles, Mich.

Those crazy kids, who've made us all take a look at ourselves, the so-called "looners."

Pierre E. Trudeau
Ottawa, Canada

Mr. Trudeau is the Prime Minister of Canada, (pop. TK), and a frequent visitor to these shores.

The freakers and shriekers!
(Mrs.) Nelson Rockefeller
Washington, D.C.

lose our "moral compass" as Rome did during the long years of its decline, when the progressive deterioration of its traditions, its government, and its people's confidence in themselves led inevitably to its destruction at the hands of the energetic, resolute Goths.

Another example of this growing sense of national disorientation is the recent "looning" craze which has swept college campuses in the U.S. Possibly sparked by the moving portrait of mental disturbance in the sensitive, brilliant film *David and Lisa, Part Two*, the "mad fad" seems to suggest some unconscious reexamination, even rejection, of the whole way in which we live by a generation that grew up amid war, riot, and Watergate.

MUSIC

Loony Tunes

One disco on New York City's (pop. 10,754,987) no-longer-fashionable East Side is not feeling the pinch of the current economic recession (TIME, Jan. 8).

Newly-dubbed The Booby Hatch, the chintzey nitery, once a gay bar, has gone from fruits to nuts, and is cashewing in on the so-called "looning" fad, and the new dance sensation, the *buggyloon*.

Dee Mencha and the Preycocks, the gonzo-rock group that off-beats out the irrational rhythms for the gamock-maniac patrons and spotlit Ga-Ga dancers, has a looning single hit (45 rpm), "Home on Derange," that's running amok on the pop charts.

Lean and hungry (800 calories a day) Dee Mencha, the trio's lead looner, is crazy—like a fox. Already signed for a multimillion dollar ABC-TV special on the looning rage, Dee and his dance craze promise to administer some indicated shock therapy to the listless booby-tube.

Silly Symphonies

Gustave "Gussy" Mahler's seldom-heard 15th Symphony (*La Schizophrénique*) elicited raves and small bonfires in Lincoln Cen

What Claudius says of the hero of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it," could well apply to the looners. For it is as if the thousands of young people who parade around in mock straitjackets, gesturing and shrieking like lunatics, are withdrawing into a kind of play-acting insanity that reflects in a deeper sense the true insanity of a world that spends billions on weapons of mass destruction while millions starve, and lays waste to a planet to sustain a standard of living whose value many people are beginning to question. And it suggests a desire on the part of the largely affluent middle-class youths to plead not guilty by reason of insanity to the inherited crimes—ecological, racial, military—of their "sane" parents.

Too, the antics of the undergraduates who have turned their universities into laughing academics seem to pose, once again, in a troubled time, the old philosophical dilemma of whether it is not in fact those incarcerated in insane asylums who are truly sane, and whose abnormality consists merely of being vastly outnumbered by the rest of us. They seem to be making a case for the notion that only the fact that the huge majority of people agree to conform to essentially absurd patterns of work, consumption, and general social behavior masks the fundamental madness of the entire society.

Anthropologists like James G. Frazer, whose book, *The Golden Bough*, explored the roots of human behavior, and Claude Levi-Strauss, have traced an ancient urge in man to behave from time to time in a deliberately lunatic fashion, and in many primitive tribes, as well as current-day religious sects, certain forms of frenzy are considered proof of divine visitation. Hopefully, sociologist Karl Menninger's upcoming study of the looning phenomenon will shed much-needed light on this comical, yet somehow deeply significant, manifestation of youth's perennial effort to square its ideals with harsh reality.

And yet, whatever the underlying motivation for looning, and whatever the ultimate verdict on its meaning, there is something ultimately disturbing about it as a commentary on the state of our civilization. It is hard not to wonder if Euripedes' famous observation will be true of America: "Those whom God wishes to destroy, he first makes mad."

Other forms of deep alienation exist as well. Over the last decade, the steady decline in the percentage of citizens voting in elections indicates



PATIENT COSGROVE—HOOKED ON LOONING.

What Makes a Looner Tick?

The patient was writhing on the floor, foaming at the mouth, howling gibberish. This wasn't an outbreak from *The Exorcist* (TIME, Dec. 3, 1973). It was reality. (TIME, *passim*).

The patient, Timothy "Timmy" Cosgrove, is young (17), clever (I.Q. 103), and middle-class (his father, a lawyer, earned \$135,000 last year, according to the I.R.S.). Yet the boy was fit now only for a furrow on the funny farm.

He is one of a number of casualties (123, at last count) of the looning craze. It seems that a looner in full-loon may, if slapped on the back between the shoulder blades and just above the 29th vertebra, lock into, or, in the words of balding Dr. Jonas Sock, 64, "get hooked on" looning.

"Without a larger research grant, there is little that medical science can do for these poor devils," shrugs the portly (191 lbs. soaking wet) Dr. Sock.

The good doctor and hundreds like him (231 at last count) have long maintained that looning, like anything else that has not been researched on a substantial federal grant, may be harmful, or even fatal.

For little (5 ft. 5 inches in his stocking feet) Timmy Cosgrove, the funds will come too late.

Cancer Breakthrough?

Financed by a \$2,000,000 grant from the CIA, Dr. Winston Saylem of the Pasadena (pop. 1,567,409) Medical Center announced recently his discovery that mice, if injected with massive doses of silicone at birth, show almost no reaction to later injections

the Western Hemisphere.

Yet in Dipstick's tiny downtown business section, the foundation for that silo is even now being dug, and ordinary citizens like Mayor Calvin ("Call me Luther") Schlitz couldn't be more pleased.

"We're a sleepy little town," asserts the portly (belt size 39) mayor. "Never had any trouble here. None of that danged loonin', for sure. Some of our young folks tried it, a while back, but hey went right back to their studyin'."

"Studyin'" is what the students at nearby Calvin College (founded 1965) will have plenty of opportunity to do, as they watch the giant (18 billion ton) prestressed concrete condom for the mighty MIRV sunk into the gaping, eager earth of Illinois.

The local 14-man-and-one-woman Chamber of Commerce is agreed that the MIRV silo is just the shot-in-the-pants the flagging local economy needs. Say



UPDIKE ACCEPTING.

whatever the cons and pros, one of the real pros of prose.

After *Rabbit Redux*, many thought another Angststrom epic would be a *Rabbit de Trop*, but they are one-up-diked by author John, who by now must be hailed as the Melville of minnows, the Joyce of Massachusetts.

■ B.S.

Looning, Schmooning

FROM MOD TO MAD: A PSYCHIATRIC STUDY OF THE LOONING PHENOMENA
by KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

456 pages, Harper and Row. \$12.95

Take one of America's finest minds, and set him to investigating one of the least significant, most ephemeral of fads, and what do you get? A finely thought out, insignificant, ephemeral book.

For those whose tickle is trivia, Dr. Menninger's parvum-opus may hold some interest. The good doctor, as if he had nothing better to do with his time or ours, investigates the late and unlamented craze for Looning, popular among a minority of college students. He concludes it was all a "media hype."

So what else is new, Doc?

■ B.S.

MODERN LIVING

Our Town Gets the Bomb

Dipstick, Virginia (pop. 27,563) is a sleepy little, creepy little town. Founded by United Empire Loyalists with a poor sense of direction during the American Revolution (TIME, July 5, 1776), it has kept out of harm's and history's way, and was a surprise choice as the site for the biggest MIRV silo in

CHARACTER PROFILE OF LENNY

Lenny is a born performer. He's always "on," and yet he's always himself, a warm, sensitive person with a boyish, lovable streak that most people find irresistible. All his life he's wanted to make people laugh. When he was a kid and he did something bad or didn't get what he wanted, he would try to ingratiate himself with his parents by imitating a duck or telling a joke. It was his way of giving and asking for love.

Lenny loves to pick on the foibles of people and to prick the pomposities of the phonies of this world. He does it with a sharp, machine gun-style delivery, with a gift for clever mimicry and a flair for the language that approaches a poet's. Lenny has a lifelong love affair with his audience. To him, each night of performing is the first performing night of the rest of his life—a chance to improvise a new routine, a whole new satire. In this respect he resembles the jazz musicians he knew and loved.

As talented and lovable as Lenny is, he is also very insecure. He's a bit of a shlep, like all of us. Because his great talent and need for the audience's love drives him to improvise new and funnier routines every night, he is always under great pressure. Sometimes, to relieve the pressure, he drinks (or eats too much—or some other semiharmless weakness). He doesn't get drunk—just tipsy enough to keep us in suspense. Will he battle his way out of his booziness and kill the audience, or will he keel over? We can all identify with situations like this.

Lenny is also a lovable con man and a prankster. His cons usually involve scamming money from the assholes and empty suits and giving it to poor and deserving characters. His pranks are also directed at louts and hypocrites, but they can also land him in hot water with the Establishment—which is one of the key themes of the show.

LENNY'S FAMILY CHARACTER PROFILE OF HONEY, HIS WIFE

Honey is a big, tall, sexy ex-stripper (that's what she really was) who is now a dedicated wife and mother. She still wears fairly sexy clothes, but doesn't flaunt herself and doesn't even know her own strength in this area. She's really into the wife and homemaker thing as a career. She's actually kookier and zanier than Lenny in many ways. Visualize a bigger Marilyn Monroe, always fucking up in the kitchen, burning the liver, flooding the laundry with suds,

setting the house on fire, etc. She's the goofy blond with a big heart (and big tits, no harm in that) who surprises us every once in a while with a certain kind of native wisdom and wit. She is always trying to improve herself, reading heavy books, so she can engage in "meaningful" conversations with Lenny and his friends.

She is a great foil for Lenny's hyperactive personality. Every once in a while she might do a very mild and parodistic strip number, in good fun, say for a local community fund-raising . . . just to show our male audience what a great body she has.

CHARACTER PROFILE OF SALLY, LENNY'S MOTHER

Sally is the Number One Show Business Mother Of All Time. She's always trying to boss Lenny, to push him into bigger and better things, but always ends up getting him into zany situations and booking him into kooky clubs, or "toilets," as Lenny used to call them. But she always wants the best for him because she thinks he is the best, and they always end up kissing and making up.

CHARACTER PROFILE OF KITTY, LENNY'S DAUGHTER

Kitty is a dollface, a terribly precocious girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who is just beginning to discover that she is a woman. She's our voice of today's youth, always questioning, always skeptical, a little cynical even, but at the same time, incredibly naive and inexperienced in the ways of the world. Both Lenny and Honey are crazy about her, and she loves her parents, but is also into the rebellion stage, the first love stage, crushes on teachers, etc. Her dramatic interplay with Lenny's conflicts can make for some exciting multi-level audience ID.

THEME AND PREMISE OF THE LENNY SHOW

Lenny is an up-and-coming young comedian, a social satirist. Usually, he plays one city for a fairly long time, sometimes he can go on tour (don't worry about high budgets, we establish locations with stock shots and cut to studio interiors). Whenever he goes, Lenny is confronted by his "enemy," a member of the Establishment who doesn't dig his act and wants to censor him or stop him somehow—or else it's a guy who's against opening a park on Sundays for free rock concerts—there is always a dramatic conflict between Lenny and the square, pompous Establishment, and Lenny not only jabs them with his words and routines, but gets involved with helping the people who are being wronged by

these squares.

Also, with Lenny being such a nutbar, and his family being on the kooky side, they always get into big scrapes on their own. Sometimes Lenny will do a zingy con job on a stuffed shirt, an empty suit of a person, and give the money to a de-serving guest shot character. We feel that Lenny will out-M*A*S*H "M*A*S*H" in this respect, and will be even more appealing and lovable because he gives so much love to his audience. Remember, Lenny is also a born actor who hungers for applause and strips his body and soul naked to get it. Yes, on a subconscious level, we even have the Christ-Martyr Syndrome tugging at our audience's heartstrings. But that's just bottom-of-the-iceberg stuff, between us.

THE MAIN SET

In order to get around to all his club dates, Lenny and his family live in a gigantic trailer—and it's the craziest, zaniest trailer-camper you ever saw! The inside of the trailer is where most of the action takes place and it makes the junkyard of Sanford and Son look like it was designed by Mies Van Der Rohe. You see, Lenny is also a compulsive hoarder, a collector. His trailer is completely full of all kinds of nostalgic junk, old food, even a parrot who interrupts him all the time and gives away his punch lines. Lenny is always one second away from strangling the parrot.

STORY IDEAS

Of course, a show like this is a natural for celebrity guest shots . . . Joey Bishop, Berle, Youngman, Alan King . . . the new guys . . . Pryor, Carlin, David Steinberg. . . . Say . . . one night, Lenny learns that Tony Bennett is in the audience and he's so awed that he chokes up. He can't remember his lines. He gets heckled and booed. So Bennett gets up and really gives it to the heckler and actually starts singing a song. Lenny picks it up from there and they both do a dynamite show together.

We could get Lenny involved with the Mafia. He does a routine on the Mafia foibles that everyone thinks will get him killed. The Mafia chieftains come into the club while he's doing the routine. You can feel the panic as he shpritzes them more and more. Instead they keel over, helpless with laughter, tears rolling down their faces.

Or, the FBI picks up Lenny on a mistaken identity screw-up. They think he's a notorious bank robber or something. When he gets out of jail, he actually robs a bank, just for fun (he gives the money back), just to

The '75 Nobels



"I won, I won. And they knew all about what I ordered in Vietnam. Christ, maybe if they'd known about Chile, I could've gotten two of them."

—Henry Kissinger, in a letter to Nelson Rockefeller



OFFICIAL NOBEL PRIZE APPLICATION BLANK

I like peace because I saw a poster once that said, "Suppose they gave a war and nobody came," and I got to thinking about that and what it meant. After I thought about that for a while, my mind began thinking about something else I remembered. It was, "What if nobody wore a uniform and everyone went into battle naked." Then I put the two of them together and came out with, "Suppose they gave a war and nobody showed up naked." Now that would work unless the war was against colored people, because naked or not, you could tell who to shoot.

If you should need more space, please use other side. (over)

Kennedys would stop getting killed and over →

If you should need more space, please use other side.

like John Denver better than Country Joe (see other side)

If you should need more space, please use other side.

Applications must be postdated no later than the thirty-first of March. Semifinalists will be flown via SAS airlines. They will be greeted at the airport by personally assigned escorts dressed in traditional Viking costume. From there, the semifinalists will be taken to accommodations inside the city of Stockholm. Time allowing, a tour of the city is provided, which includes a trip to a world-famous clinic to witness a sex-change operation and a visit to a factory to see how dynamite is made.

Years Remembered

Up until it ended recently, the ceremony for notifying winners was a fond tradition. No matter where in the world you lived, Miss Nobel (of that year) would travel to your house and bring you breakfast along with the good news. She was always adamant about you finishing your breakfast first before she would tell you of the award; though she did not hold the power to withhold it from you if you didn't finish your breakfast. When there were multiple winners of the same prize, her task would become wearisome, but there were always those cases where the joint winners shared a home, as in the case of the five Frenchmen who won the 1919 Nobel in chemistry for inventing the telephone. The last single Miss Nobel completed her rounds in 1961. Since that time, she has been replaced by twenty Miss Nobels who do not travel but instead remain in Stockholm and act as official hostesses at the many preaward parties given by the potential candidates. But none of these parties can measure up to the gala ball given on the night of the awards. Winners and losers alike forget the pressures and anguish of the past weeks and all join together in the spirit of the late Alfred Nobel, and "... treat each other with the delicacy of nitroglycerine."



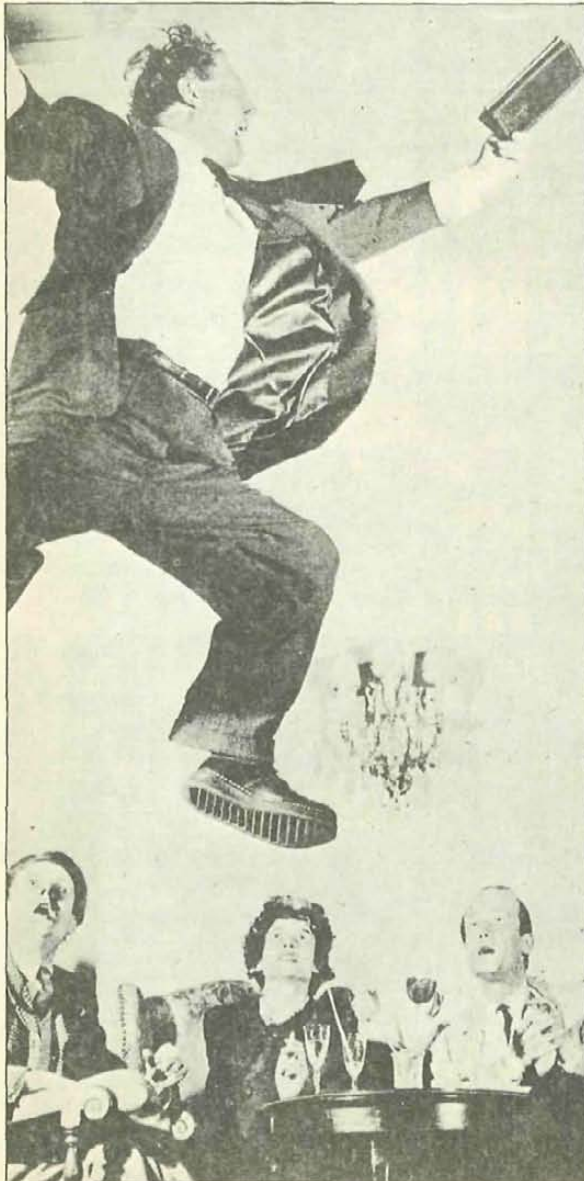
A City Prepares

Sweden claims to be the only country "on a first name basis with the rest of the world." The people of Sweden are proud, and will stand second to none when it comes to civic pride. This is exemplified in the city of Stockholm. Seemingly carefree in nature, the Swedes clearly decide for themselves what must be done, and allot themselves a generous amount of time in which to do it. Whether it's a new road that must be built or an old road that must be rerouted, rebuilt, and marked, the citizenry will rise to the occasion. This year, in addition to the new roads and the new multilingual road signs, the people of Stockholm have completely renovated a theater on the outskirts of the city. Though somewhat smaller than Stockholm's Concert Hall, the Gorden offers ample parking space plus a less obstructed view for the audience.



And the Decision of the Judges is Final

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give/ And I with thee will choose to live," yelled the Nobel contestant from the Dramatic Reading category, much to the surprise of the relaxing judges. Though last-minute accomplishments are taken into account, the contestant is selected on his or her work based over a period of time. Soon the judges will seclude themselves for their series of meetings to finally decide who among the finalists will emerge as the winners. Many will go home heartbroken and empty-handed, but some, that very special few, will be going home \$75,000 richer. Who will be this year's Nobel winners? You can help decide. Let the judges know how you feel. If you don't vote, you won't have a say.



- Nobel Prize for peace should go to _____
- Nobel Prize for best train robbery _____
- Nobel Prize for bachelor of the year _____
- Nobel Prize for best hair-do (given only on even-number years) _____
- Nobel Prize for silliest looking house plant _____
- Nobel Prize for worst cup of coffee _____
- Nobel Prize for tallest man in the world _____
- Nobel Prize for most expensive tie _____
- Nobel Prize for fastest singer _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Fill in the blanks and sign your name and address.
 Only one card allowed per person.

prove how easy it is.

Lenny gets on the "Johnny Carson Show," and to make a big impression, he overturns a full goldfish bowl on Johnny, right on camera . . . with the fish jumping around all over the set. That's how crazy he is. Of course, he gets zinged right back by Johnny.

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

November 30

Dear Norman:

Read with great interest your character profile and thematic outline for the Lenny show. I'm overwhelmed by all the ideas and insights that went into your presentation. In all my years of reading outlines, I have never come across one with so much originality and built-in excitement.

You're going to hate me for putting it in this manner, but I think the show has *too much* originality. It's trying to hard. And because it's trying too hard, it's going overboard in certain areas.

I think the key problem is your dependence on Lenny as a comedian, especially as a satirist. People can't identify with a character like that. I know he's going to be warm and lovable, but it's too hard for the audience to make the transition from Lenny, the sharp satirist of the Establishment, to Lenny, the lovable, zany husband. Digest that for a while.

The stuff about his giving and needing love is a bit strong for our audience. Sounds too Freudian and heavy for a fast-moving sit-com that has to go against "Colombo" or a first-run movie.

I know you just threw in his drinking problem to balance his character and give him a little weakness and audience ID, but it *is* a bit grim for a family comedy, eh, what? Unless he only does it once and it turns out to be very comical.

You've got to be careful with the con man aspect of his character. A con man is still a crook and we're just coming down from all that Watergate stuff. A lovable con man is hard to visualize, unless he's Paul Newman or Robert Redford, and we're not getting one of those guys to play Lenny.

An insecure main character is always chancy. How insecure? Why would a sharp, witty satirist be so insecure? I don't get it.

Before I go any further I want to say that I like the character of Honey a lot. Only she doesn't have to be an ex-stripper. What does that accomplish except maybe alienate about 20 million viewers in the Bible Belt? She can still be blond, beautiful, and dumb.

I can't argue about the value of a

Show Business Mother. Always a great character and I knew you'll come up with new twists for her, even if we get her out of show business.

Keep Kitty at about age seven or eight. Fourteen is too old and too suggestive. And maybe throw a kooky-looking dog into the show.

Guess what? I love the trailer. The trailer is funny and could be a real winner as our main set. Give me more characters like the parrot. They add a lot of shmeck to the show.

To sum up, I think the idea of a touring satirist up against the Establishment is just not big rating stuff. It's just not worthy of what I know you can do with Lenny. I hate to say it, but it's a sort of a lightweight idea. I think it tries so hard that it reaches too far. You don't have to reach that far. Just make him a regular comedian, maybe he has a part in a TV series, so he doesn't have to tour. He can still live in a camper, because they like the outdoors. They're ecology-minded. There's plenty of great material in the story of a young, struggling comedian trying to make it in a series. He can always get into scrapes with the producer and director and the other actors.

All of this criticism still doesn't mean that it wasn't the best outline I've read in years. I think we're more than halfway home. I just feel that you're aiming .00 high. This show has so many great areas to develop that I wouldn't worry so much about deep themes. Just think of it as a zany character show with a lot of original twists and it'll grow into an Emmy prizewinner with ease.

Let's talk first thing Monday.

Love and kisses,
Fred Silverman

Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:

December 12

Dear Fred:

After dry-humping around for a while, I think we came up with a winner of a premise, especially in taking away that "lightweight" image of Lenny as merely a comedian. Instead of being a full-time comedian, Lenny is now a lawyer. He is in his last year of law school and is only taking an occasional club date to support himself through school. He's such a brilliant lawyer that he's already taking cases, helping poor people, and being wooed by big law firms. How did this all happen? Picture if you will, in flashback, Lenny appealing his obscenity case all the way to the Supreme Court . . . Lenny is concluding his statement to the justices. We fade out and see Lenny standing in the hallway of the Justice

Building, exhausted, spent, not knowing what the verdict will be. Suddenly, Chief Justice Earl Warren emerges from his chambers and sees Lenny. In a rare gesture, he shakes Lenny's hand and tells him that no matter which way he decides Lenny's case, he has never heard an appeal so powerful. He feels that Lenny would have a great future as a lawyer, even more valuable than a comedian. Of course, Lenny is so overcome by this compliment that he vows to study law and become a great lawyer if it kills him. And when he wins his appeal with Supreme Court and it becomes a landmark decision, it's like the Fourth of July and the Mardi Gras for Lenny. A new life begins for him. And for the dramatic conflict of the show, we'd like to bring in the New York D.A. who got him on the obscenity charge. He's always out to get Lenny somehow.

Not bad for openers, eh what?

Norman

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

December 23

Dear Norman:

It's a very interesting idea, but unfortunately, it's too close to six different lawyer shows we're audience-testing at this very moment. I think you're missing the point a bit and still pushing too hard. Relax. Take a few days off and you'll come back to it like a wild animal.

Merry Xmas,
Fred

Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:

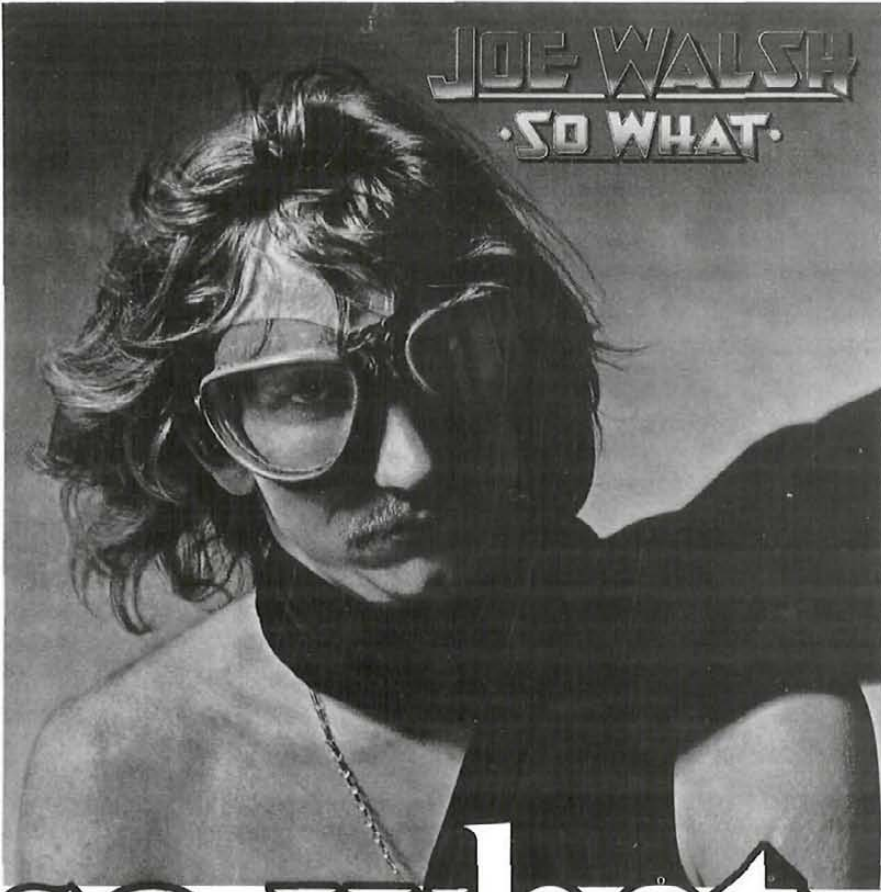
December 24

Dear Freddy:

How about Lenny as a comedian who is also a traveling salesman? The big trailer is their vehicle. And dig this: Lenny is the first traveling salesman who travels with his entire family. That's a chocolate marshmallow twist if there ever was one.

Lenny is one of those kooky, zany salesmen who will sell anything. He's always hooking up with some entrepreneur who gives him a supply of stuff—rubber novelties, Christmas cards out of season, shingles and aluminum siding, etc. This idea takes advantage of Lenny's outgoing personality and lovable con act, while at the same time opening fantastic avenues for comic situations. Can you imagine the crazy types he calls on in his door-to-door canvassing? And every time he flops as a salesman, he has to get a fast job as a comedian. And he can always base part of his comedy routine on what happened to him while he was selling shitty vacuum cleaners or cosmetics (one epi-

JOE WALSH
SO WHAT



so what. you say.

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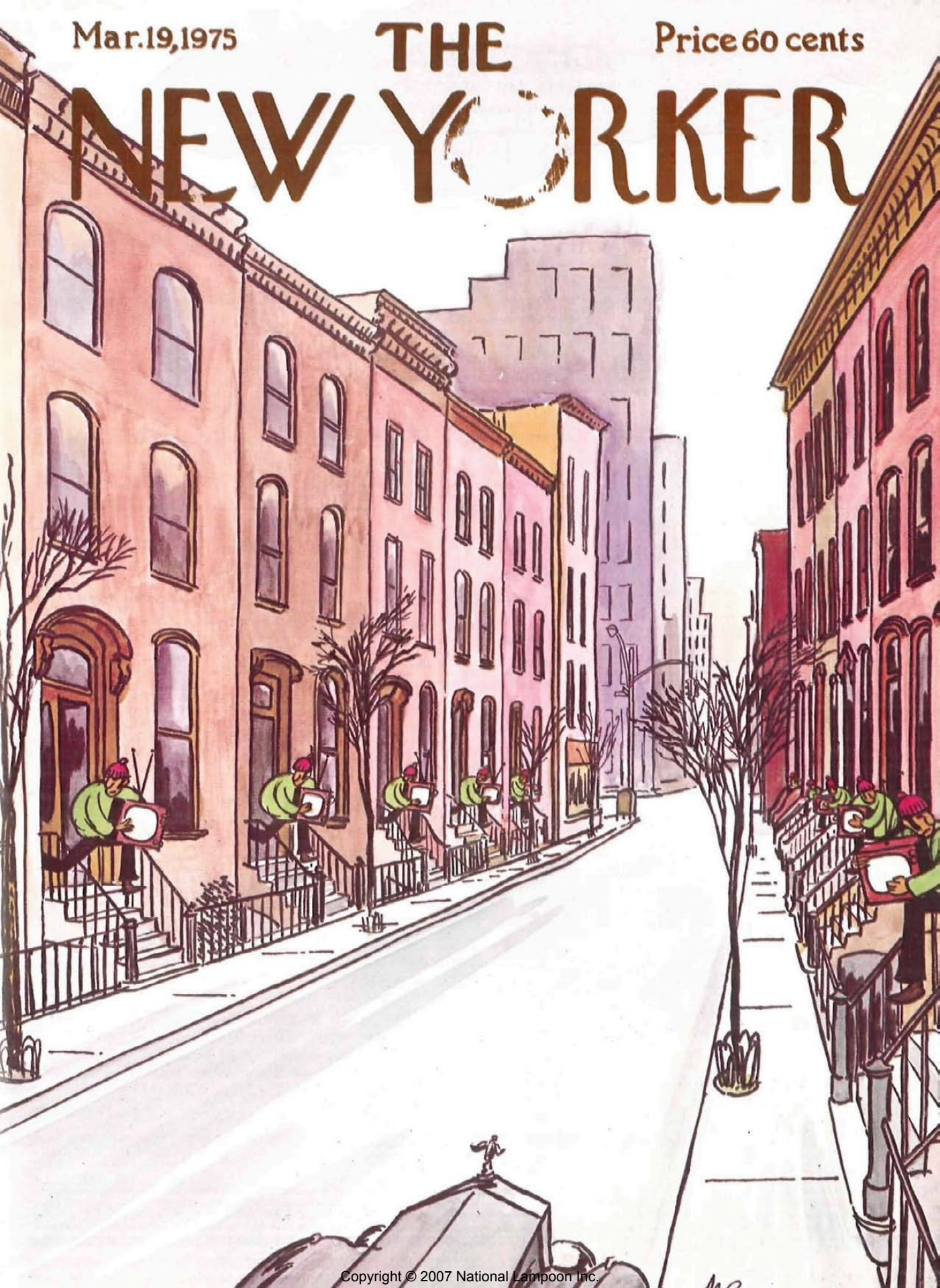
TM

Mar. 19, 1975

THE

Price 60 cents

NEW YORKER



GOING ON AND ON

A CONSCIENCELESS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ADD HUE TO YOUR VEHICLE—A tired, thinly-disguised reprise of the old musical, "Paint Your Wagon." With Rogers Peet and Georgette Klinger. (Desi Arnaz, 209 W. 45th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMUNDSEN, AMUNDSEN—Kurt Remark plays the gloomy introspective Polar explorer in Norwegian playwright Ringes Lager's classic study of human pride and foolishness set in an igloo at 45° 34', 2° 7'. (Asbury Park, 145 W. 48th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AN EVENING WITH JOHN PAYNE—The star of many a Twentieth Century Fox musical with Alice Faye and Betty Grable does readings from these movies, plus several arthritic song-and-dance numbers. Payne proves once and for all that he can act his way out of a paper bag. (Herman Badillo Playhouse, Madison Ave. and 60th St. Matinees every day.)

ATTACK OF THE ANTBARS—Absolutely enchanting and in Yiddish. Screaming actors planted in the audience effectively add to the suspense. The ending should be kept a secret, but it goes like—the antbears all agree to put on their skates and go fight Hitler provided the townspeople will never again accuse the antbears of being selfish and overly sentimental. Sorry. (Playmobile. Various nights at sunset. Various locations. No matinees.)

BANQUO AND THE WITCHES—Shakespearean adaptation of *Macbeth* done by Earl Wilson, Sr. It takes on the two elements that made the show "the hit it was." Funniest scene is when Richard III enters frantically, willing to trade anything for a horse, and Lady Macbeth says, "... well, you'll just have to see for yourself. (Duff/Lapino Theatre, 80 West 41st St. Every night, seven matinees. Will play parties and small rooms.)

BAWDYHOUSE BAXTER—One of Tennessee Williams' earliest efforts. Baxter is an enigmatic young Englishman who refuses to pay the rent to his New Orleans landlady. She informs him that as a landlady she has the power to have him shot for nonpayment. He informs her that he is the King of England and he can have her shot for asking him for money. It's all happily resolved when he finally brings down his trunk containing his royal raiments and the crown jewels. (Ed Sullivan Theatre, 52nd St. and Broadway. Nightly except when CBS needs the studio to tape giveaway shows.)

CATARACTS—Patty Meat as the iris and Jeff Fishbank as the cornea in a penetrating tale of an eyeball gone to seed. Michel Outré directed, and Lou Fusco made the marvelous mechanical peeper that almost steals the show. (Better Vision Institute, 1790 Broadway. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7. Matinees, except Sundays, at 2:30.)

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA—Robert Bolt's latest historic drama about the somewhat confused second-century philosopher. Clement is angry about all of the philosophy he has to learn but is at the same time happy about all of the philosophy that he doesn't have to learn because it hasn't been written yet. Now enter Diana of Europe, and Clement closes his books once and for all. (Theatre in the Dark, 265 W. Vanderbilt. Nightly, except weekends, at 7:30. Matinees at 2:30.)

COLORADO—This year's big, splashy musical, which is a direct steal of "Oklahoma." The hard-working cast includes John Stitt, Mary Jane Pythe, and Lou Anders. Music and lyrics mostly by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, III. (Mario Biaggi Theatre, Fifth Ave. and 59th St.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—Israel Surfeit's archly unsentimental play about four college sophomores who bet that they can stay up all night and what happens when they have visitors, among

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			6	1	2	3
4	5	10	7	8	9	14

them a derelict Pulitzer Prize winner and a Negro ventriloquist with a sore throat. The cast is able, but the surprises are few. Directed by Marc Mersky. (Vito Battista Theatre, Park Ave. and 45th St. Nightly.)

I SAY, OLD CHAP—A petty little comedy by the English playwright Alun Smallpox, which ran in the West End for nine years. The exceptionally obese cast includes Jennifer Rutherford and Miles Melvin. (Rose Ann Scamardella Theatre, Fifth Ave. and 57th St. Nightly.)

MOTHER!—Multitalented Melvin Van Peebles has re-written the Oedipus story in black street slang, with Dorothy Dandridge as the mother and Ben Vereen as the mother-finder. Powerful, jazzy. (The Butterfly McQueen Center for the Performing Arts, Broadway and 100th Street. Nightly at 7.)

THE SHMENDRICKS—Tim Toomey's musical is about a file clerk who goes to see a man about a dog. There

isn't much more. The music is by Stephen Blomberg and Bart Huff wrote the lyrics. (Malcolm Wilson Playhouse, Fifth Ave. and 56 St. Weekends and Tuesdays at 5.)

STRANDED IN DE JUNGLE—Stanley meets Livingston, Stanley loses Livingston, Stanley gets Livingston. The old story, retold from the African's point of view, with a "rock 'n' soul score" (that's what it says in the program) provided by Melvin van Peebles. Fast-paced, but presumptuous. (The Grand, 233 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30, Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STRETCHMARKS—Sondheim scores again as he brilliantly underscores the joys and frustrations of dumb, fat people in New York. "Sup-hose I Loved You" and "Nice Piece of Fish" both show-stoppers. (Colostomy, 346 W. 46th. Reopens Tuesday, March 22nd.)

SVNIO LIVING PUPPET THEATRE OF LATVIA—Latvian folk tales brought to life by people masquerading as puppets. Perfectly ordinary entertainment for anyone age 6 or age 60. (Harrison Goldin, Fifth Ave. and 44 St.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE—The Yiddish-American Theater's latest potpourri of gutteral gibberish, served up in a seemingly endless array of unintelligible skits, saliva-sprayed songs, and pachydermatous production numbers. Most memorable moment:

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COVER: *Bruce McCall*

DRAWINGS: *Ted Key, Buck Brown, Tom Wolfe, Candy Bergen, Walter O'Malley, Al Vargas, Peter Max, Jules Feiffer, Walter Keane, The King Family, Robert Wagner, Dorothy, Margaret Chase Smith, Charles Schultz, Georgie Jessel, Rally Fingers, Knuckles O'Toole, W.C. Handy*

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In considering a change of address, the traditional dictum of "no more than a quarter of one's available income toward lodging" may still be said to hold true, though this should not be taken as a hard and fast rule for the modern young couple.

THE NEW YORKER is published at the sort of intervals a magazine such as THE NEW YORKER ought to be published at, by the sort of corporation which ought to publish it. A number of very nice people in Philadelphia know our business addresses in Atlanta and San Francisco. We favor the three-piece sack suit for every ordinary occasion, traveling or in town. Suitable woolen stuffs come in endless variety and any which look plain from a short distance are "safe." Summer clothes are lighter in color as well as weight and their accessories can be much less conservative. Colored socks are entirely proper not only in browns and greys but in light colors as well. White socks are worn only with flannel trousers, and *must* be woolen or cotton—not silk. Ties of printed foulard or handkerchief silks can be very gay in coloring but the pattern should be small.

GOING ON AND ON

the pastrami ballet from "West Side Tsuris." These people are their own worst enemies. (The Sholem Aleichem Little Theatre, 342 2nd Ave. Evenings and Matinees every day but Saturday.)

UBANGI BLACKFACE BIG MAMA—Lonny Hayward's folk farce is broadly based on "Othello," but no one has told the actors, who are having a wonderful time, especially John Paul Jones, who is not even in the play. Lloyd Wainright's halfhearted direction is perfect. Blackmoor Repertory Company. (Abe Beame Theatre, Madison Ave. and 55th St. Nightly at about 8 or 9-ish.)

VIVA GORBODUC!—A long-overdue revival of Norton and Sackville's blank verse tragedy. Uta Hagen shines as Gorboduc in a novel transsexual rendition of the title role, and Daniel Seltzer is superb in the moving dumb shows that precede each act—a Sackville innovation that seems as fresh today as it was in 1561. (Margaret Dumont Theatre, 221 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHITE PASTURES—A David Merrick revival, in much altered form, of Marc Connelly's 1934 classic, *Green Pastures*, with an all-white cast and folk-rock score by ex-Chad Mitchellite John Denver. Merv Griffin is amusing as "de Lawd." (The Crackerbox, Broadway at 42nd. At 8:30 nightly, except weekdays. Dark Saturday and Sunday.)

NIGHT TOWN SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE BACK, 80 Lafayette St.—An upholsterer's warehouse that doubles as a cabaret and showcase for sundry rock, folk, pop, jazz, and whatever. The Proctor-Silex, a rock group that plays electrified appliances, appears Nov. 9. On Dec. 8, Sean McGullicuddy presents his latest collection of off-speed polka records and travel slides. On Thursday, April 2, Blind Willie Siegel and Arthur "Jellybones" Weiss start playing and singing the same monotonous stuff they've been doing for thirty years. The Majestic Magenta Messiahs of Motown, a gospel 'n' cheese group, take over in June. **7/08.**

PLAZA, Fifth Ave., at 59th St.—Watery drinks and Sonesta ashtrays in the PERSIAN ROOM, along with beat-out, black-rooted chantoosie Mimi Hollandaise. In the OAK BAR, some swell wood paneling, acrylic rugs, and two loud salesmen from Cleveland. TRADER Vic's is now featuring Muzak by Arthur Lyman and a dollar off all drinks normally served in plastic blowfish.

VILLAGE IDIOT, 24 Grove St., near Christopher St.—Miles Renfro brings his accordion and his highly nervous quintet into this oppressively small, humid, and generally unsafe room. On Thursdays, Cloudy and Cool, a soul food duo, make an appearance. There is a large Black bartender who answers to the name "Sir."

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St.—A good address, just off the avenue. Used to have tea-dances back when people had money and neckties. Not like now, though.

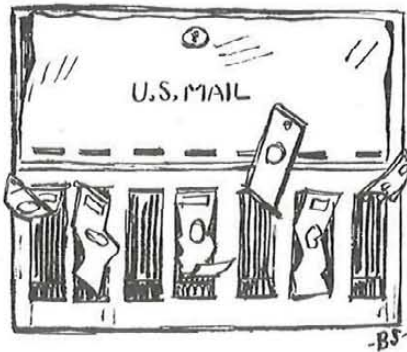
SLEEPY AND BASHFUL

DUMBBELL'S, 10 Mott St., at Pell St.—Red checkered tablecloths and broken glass line the floor of this neighborhood bar, formerly an opium den. A desultory trio led by Herman Rubin, Jr., offers Moravian hymns. Vocalist Judi Neale takes over on Wednesdays and doesn't go home. Beers and wines only. No smoking.

THE EAGLES' NEST, 1146 Hudson St.—A *gemütlich* roost for rough traders and civilized *sm*. Come as you are, as long as you are stuffed into a black leather space suit with more chains than Marley's ghost and can fart nails on command. Watch yourself.

THE VILLAGE DUMP, at the corner of Sixth and Bleecker—Exposed brick and N.Y.U. students with exposed brick complexions set the downbeat for this long-lived hoho bistro, said to have been a favorite of Dylan Thomas, although management changes more often than the tablecloths and it's hard to be sure *who* they let in, what with the new drinking age. Folk-music by Leonard Simpeus and the New Youths.

HOTCOMB'S II, First Ave., at 84th St.—Bobby and



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		6	11	8	9	
10	7	12	13	14	15	13

the Bodyshirts recreate future gold and every Wednesday is Ladies' Night with free Harvey Wallbangers to any patron in hotpants or Ms.-ing her bra. Some rugby team pretty much takes over after eleven, free popcorn and check. Fairies beware.

DOPEY AND SNEEZY

SHERATON-KRUPSACK, Fifth Ave., at 60th St.—Les Ludlow's trio holds forth for dancing until ten, when Dimitri Trentini's violin takes over. At eleven-thirty, pianist Jules Martel and vocalist Patricia Zinty provide smoothly agreeable sounds until one-fifteen, when Herb Lofiere's harp holds the floor until two-forty-five. On Tuesdays and Fridays, Bella Romano's viola alternates with the Anthony Campobello orchestra. Steven Schwemmer's piano follows on alternate weekends, between ten and eleven. Closed for renovations until next year.

TABLE D'HOTE/LEFTOVERS, 56 E. 53rd St.—On even-numbered days, this elegant little Eastside dining spot operates under the name TABLE D'HOTE and

serves the finest in French haute cuisine. On odd-numbered days, it cuts its prices by eighty percent, changes its name to LEFTOVERS, and serves up whatever was left behind by the previous night's diners. Fun, but not for everyone. Double-check your calendar before making reservations.

STRYDELLE'S, 198th St., at Broadway—A silly-looking room that doesn't know whether it's supposed to be mock-Tudor, or pseudo-Venetian, or what. Etta LaPierre gives us a lesson in rhythm, harmony, and needlepoint, backed by a spradic trio (Roy Tripe is on drums). In the front room Benny Bush leads a twenty-two-piece Dixieland band. Both groups like to play at the same time.

EL MONACO, 154 E. 54th St.—Not what it used to be. Doors nailed shut, tarpaulins over what's left of the furniture. Gee.

LE CLUB SONA, 920 First Ave., at 52nd St.—The smoky Tonette of Babs Tuckahoe and Vern Cudahy's engaging impressions of a variety of barnyard animals combine to weave a subtle spell over this snug, pleasantly frowzy *boite* just a snap from Turtle Bay. Not for the tenderfooted—it's strictly stand-up (the chairs are nailed upside down to the tables, in keeping with the maître d's practiced yawns and the chic, can't-be-bothered atmosphere), and unless curling and uncurling your toes is your idea of tripping the light fantastic, there's no dancing. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Snacks, dips, and funny-looking crunchy things in dishes.

FANTOM'S, 145 W. 46th St.—Visitors to this sullen cabaret are quickly confronted with the smell of sizzling shashlik, won ton soup, and home fries, the house specialties, and the gint off the walls of smashed lightbulbs stuck into slabs of hardened butterscotch. Presently, Freddy Herb is coaxing vaguely bell-like noises from his xylophone and comedian Buddy Brazo keeps visitors in stitches with his knock-knock jokes. Dining.

MOVIES

SIDESWIPE, the world's smallest disaster movie. Lots of shots of cars speeding along highways, cross-sections of humanity and little dramas in each car, all leading up to an accidental sideswiping of two cars that brush against each other when the two lanes narrow into one. No one is seriously hurt. Directed in what seems like slow motion by Ted Glish. Stars Charlton Heston, Glenn Ford, Ava Gardner, and Ernest Borgnine. (It was at the Amherst Theatre, last we heard.)



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Poubelle

Wee Willie Wee Wee, a bewitching little cherub handcrafted from the finest porcelain by our old world masters. Slip down the little rascal's shorts and learn why Willie will be "number one" among discerning collectors everywhere. Height, 7½ inches. In a limited edition of fifty thousand.

Price, Four dollars and thirty-nine cents



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TOWN ON THE TAKE

Nuts and Currents

TWO items in the newspaper caught our eye last week. One was a report from Kandy, in Sri Lanka, which is the tag Ceylon has been asking everyone to use lately. It told of the beaching of a giant squid on a strip of sand on the east coast of the lush island republic. The aquatic behemoth, which reportedly measured a full fifty feet from its head to the tips of its ten, sucker-studded arms, had been dead for several days, and was apparently washed ashore by the powerful tides typical of the Indian Ocean at this time of the year. We imagined the scene: a large crowd of curious Sri Lankans who had come to see the antique and alien creature, which even in death must have seemed threatening and malevolent, a reminder, perhaps, of some ancient terror; children frisking around the massive carcass, daring each other to run up and poke it with sticks and then scampering away when a stray roll of surf moved its massive tentacles in a slow mime of once mighty thrashes; and, at last, after a day or two, when amazement passed, and with it fear, and the momentary respect that man accords the large, the novel, and the physically forbidding, a handful of scavengers stripping the great fish for bait, and even for food; for Sri Lanka is still as poor as it was when its name was less cacophonous.

The other item described the passage by the Michigan legislature of a law requiring drivers in that state to make clear and complete hand signals to indicate turns, stops, and lane changes, regardless of whether the electrical direction indicators on the rear of their automobiles were in working order. It sounded like the kind of statute that is headed for some pretty widespread public disrespect.

It's hard enough to pilot a motorcar through the endless maze of highways that writhe and squirm around the country like the arms of a squid without letting go of our steering grip and shifting mechanisms to wave and waggle a tentacle out the car window, and at the same time keep our eye, semantically Cyclopedic, an echo of the cephalopod that navigates the horrid depths as we drive through the thick smog sea, cased in sheet metal, not scales and slime, but heavy and glistening, and like that primordial beast, speeding perhaps toward some unimagined shore—sand for him, concrete, of which it is a constituent, for us—where, beached and mute, we suffer, ignorant of it, the serried gaze of an idle crowd come to view a more modern demise, fearsome, though all too familiarly so, and like the departure of that grand submarine denizen, final.

Up In Fred's Room

SETTING our hat at a jauntier angle than usual, we went up to the Hotel Pierre bright and early the other morning to renew acquaintances with Mr. Fred Astaire, the dancer. All we could hear from behind the Astaire door was "ssssssss," so remembering

a trick taught us by Mr. Willie Sutton, who was not a dancer, we gingerly let ourselves inside. We decided that Mr. Astaire in the flesh looks ten years younger than he does on television talk shows. We also decided that even when he's dead to the world, Mr. Astaire has style. We liked the way he lay there in his blue silk pajamas, as poised and graceful in repose as in a dance number. We also liked Mr. Astaire's wafer-thin gold Patek Philippe wristwatch, which had been carefully placed atop a black alligator Mark Cross billfold on the bedtable. When it comes to your average billfold, we can take it or leave it, but since this was Fred Astaire's billfold, we decided to take it, and we were glad we did, because inside, among other things, was two hundred and forty dollars in crisp new twenty-dollar bills. As if Fred Astaire would be caught carrying rumples of old currency around!

Down on the street again, we decided we liked Mr. Astaire's billfold just as much as we liked his watch, the way he sleeps, and Mr. Astaire himself.

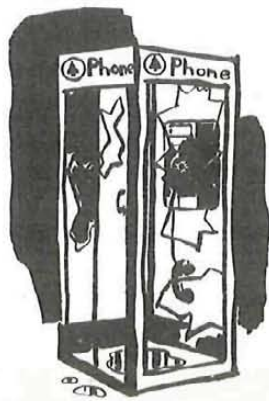
U.N. Me, Babe

LAST Wednesday morning at the United Nations General Assembly, Resolution #A648 was signed, unseating the Israeli delegation and replacing it with a group from the Palestine Liberation Organization, who would henceforth represent "all residents of the territories hitherto erroneously referred to as the sovereign state of Israel."

After the signing, we overheard the following conversation between two U.N. ambassadors:

"Let's c-e-e-eat lu-lu-lunch. We p-p-p-put in a b-b-big mo-mo-morning."

"Well, that's very easy for you to say."



Pillow Talk

THE first thing to do before entering the famous Manhattan Hotel on Seventh Avenue, we were solemnly informed by its doorman, is to transfer your money from your hip pocket to your front pocket. "Do not stuff your money into your shoe," admonishes the elegantly-liveried Mr. Hamilton; "for whereas the common 'foist' will most likely accept frustration after soliciting an empty hip pocket, the more determined and temperamental 'hitter'—the one who carries a gun—is generally too impatient to wait for his 'mark' to toe off his Oxford, and typically opens fire at any unexpected gesture."

With this point well taken, we were guided by the miscellaneous odor of recycled alcohol and *hors d'oeuvres* to the Manhattan's magisterial Final Curtain Cocktail Lounge, where, in the intimate glow of vermilion neon on polyethylene palm leaves, pass continually the moguls and tyros of the contemporary Times Square set. As we expected, we were immediately saluted by our old friend, Detective Alfred Infantino of Vice, Gambling & Pornography, who was wreathed in a smile so bright it fairly reflected from the shiny tips of his \$86 Bally-of-Italy shoes. "Oh, it's a bumper year all around for this industry," he exulted confidentially. "The Recession may be putting the marks out of work, but what little they've got left, they're handing it over to our people like it burned them."

AFTER further pleasantries, we were introduced to one of the Detective's latest *ingenues*, a willowy young trace of *café au lait* decked out in nostalgic *apres-mini* scarlet hot pants and jeroboam-sized blue suede purse, named Honeycakes Sayer. We inquired if the improved profits inspired by the crunch had filtered down to her level yet? "Listen," she articulated through a virtual occlusion of Juicy Fruit, "I got no time for honky-talk. You wanna go out?" Was she attached to a recognized *salon*, or was she merely paying court to Vice, Gambling & Pornography? "You talk too much, you know that? You goin' out or ain'tcha?"

So out we went, or rather up two floors, to her studio, a utilitarian alcove evoking the last scene of *Days of Wine and Roses*, and eerily redolent of—what was it?—rubbing alcohol? Ah no, it all became clear when she fished into her ten-gallon purse, extracted a cylinder of grey aluminum, and carved it deftly open with one sanguineous fingernail: *eau de Fourex*, that curious amniotic premoistening solution. "Lay down."

FROM here it was all monosyllables: "Head, right? Ten bucks. Five more for the room. Open up. Here. You put it on. Ik. Pfu. Tastes shit. Mumph. There. Done? Right." (*A knock on the door.*) "Stay here, I'll see who it is. Ham? That you, Ham? No, man, I'm not hooking again. I'm not, really, Ham honey, I'm all alone. I'll let you in, just a minute. Hey you, honky, get in the closet. Get

in there, turkey, you'll get us *killed*. It'll just be a minute. No man, don't take your clothes, just get in there. *Now!* Okay, Ham, honey, c'mon in."

She left with Mr. Hamilton, and the contents of our pockets. But our Cartier cufflinks were still in our shirt (we had been wearing it), and thankfully, Ham, a sizable specimen of livery, had no use for our size ten oxfords. Our friend Detective Infantino thanked us volubly as we left: "I try to take care of my girls," he explained. "This isn't a charity industry, but I do my best."

Grandma's House

RUMMAGING through our top drawer the other day, we came upon a knitted pair of left-handed mittens, and realized with a start that we had not seen our grandmother in an age. With almost no effort, we recalled that some years ago, she had been transferred from the cramped quarters of her farm in Connecticut, and installed in the peaceful bosom of the Shin-Bet Nursing Home on upper West End Avenue.

Shin-Bet occupies some dozen floors of one of those unpleasant yet irreplaceable buildings which date from the days when the West Side was the financial nexus of the city, rather than, as now, merely the progressive.

Happily, in these straitened times, the home does not skimp on security. The doorman, severely dressed in coveralls and a handkerchief, told us to go away,

as did the elevator operator, the janitor, and a Miss Gertrude Baum in the frosted-glass and steel-paneled reception cubicle. Miss Baum added, after some ninety minutes of scrutiny and questioning, that our grandmama was dead. A brief mental rattle through the obituary pages of the *Times* led us to the opposite conclusion, and with what seemed to be a struggle against her better judgment, Miss Baum let us in.

Our new friend satisfied herself that we were not bearing any



"For the love of God, please help me. I think my friend is dead."

unsuitable gifts, such as cameras or tape recorders, and led us past a series of dark green doors. Over each was a flashing light and the sign "Do Not Enter—Surgery in Progress." Our confidence in Shin-Bet rose. At the end of the corridor was a steel and glass barrier, beyond which could be heard the sound of senior voices raised in revelry, and through which Miss Baum disappeared. It was watched over by a large orderly named Washington, with whom we got onto the subject of working at the home. "It's O.K.," he allowed, "except when the stiff gets uppity." What, we asked, happened then? "They get set up," he replied with a grin, "or spiked."

Three times Miss Baum returned, and three times we asked her to look further. On the fourth try, she appeared, wreathed in smiles. "You mustn't be surprised if your grandmother's changed," she said. "People sometimes develop new personalities."

Grandmama had indeed changed. She was wearing trousers and an undershirt and what looked like a wig. We asked her if she missed the farm and thanked her for the mittens. "What farm?" she said. "What mittens?" We explained about the farm and the mittens. "Give me a cigarette," yelled Grandmama, tearing off her wig. Grandmama certainly had lost her inhibitions, not to mention her hair. We said as much. "Your ass," she replied.

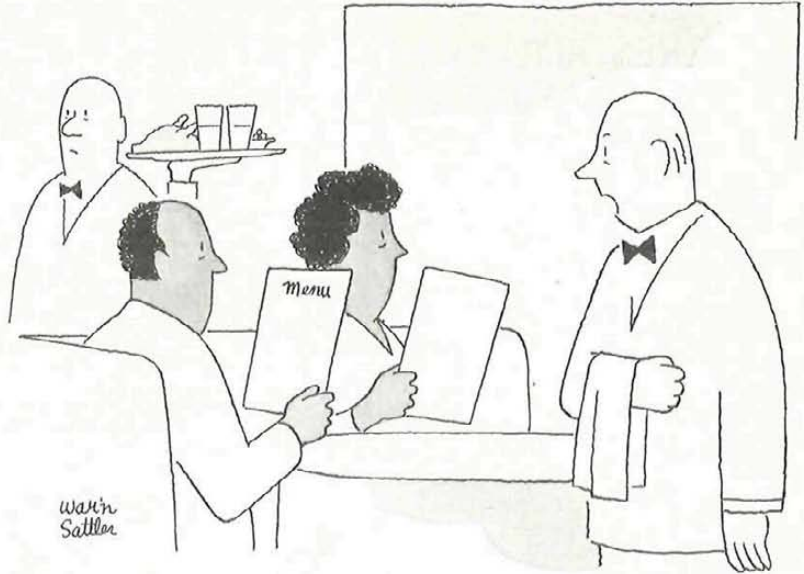
"Just one of her little jokes," chipped in the lady of the gate. "She's the life and soul of the seventh floor." We smiled fondly at Grandmama, who was getting quite noisy about the Battle of the Somme.

"Time for your sleep, Fred," said our friend to our ancestor.

"Up yours, beanbag," said Grandmama, in a splendid spirit of defiance. "Gimme back my teeth."

Shop Talk

AT the Brooks Brothers' Madison Avenue address we found no garish signs in the window, only the familiar husky and headless tweed torsos which, legend has it, come to life each All Hallow's Eve at the stroke of twelve, and throw one heckuva board meeting. Inside, we were greeted by a graying Warner Oland look-alike who proved to be a perfectly nice man named Mr. Campbell. He showed us his selection of English striped silk and



"We're all out of food. Scram."

polyester rep neckties, now \$6.95 to \$7.50. A fine selection they were indeed, our eye particularly held by his array of solid-color foulards-with-the-little-things-embroidered-on-them. Sporting motifs mostly, plus little bulls and bears and crossed automatic pencils. Mr. Campbell was especially enthusiastic about a tie with little neckties on it, which, frankly, gave us the willies.

Our salesman excused himself to get more patterns; more seductive, however, were the solid colors, and we selected a brace of them, one off-burgundy and the other a deep maize, and not wishing to trouble Mr. Campbell further with wrapping and sales slips, briskly pocketed them and headed for the shoe department. Here we would find a wide assortment of those shoes-with-the-little-holes-all-over-the-toes at, if not next to cost, certainly something closer to our Fayva budgets than normal.

THE shoe department proved disappointing; *someone* had already cleaned out the shoes-with-the-little-holes, leaving only odd sizes behind, and we had to content ourselves with replacements for our worn, adhesive-mended Weejuns (which we left in a drastically reduced Cold Duck cooler/ice bucket).

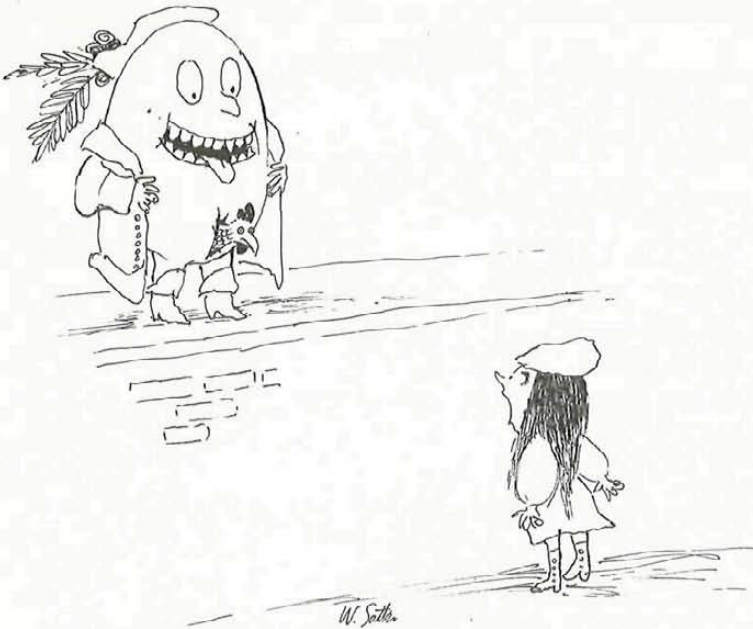
Better luck on the fourth floor: luggage and ready-to-block hats in seductively vague beiges and pommy grays. We picked up a nice set of matching English leather carry-alls and, deploy-

ing ourselves at either aisle end to watch for floorwalkers, stuffed them full of headgear to be *blocked at home* with the wonderful Abercrombie & Fitch Home Hatblocker received from Aunt Eleanor in lieu of our usual Old Spice gift pack assortment (we still don't know how much she got when Uncle Rudolf's insurance finally came through—and they're still pretty suspicious about that second set of tire tracks—but mum bets it was a *bundle*).

Sportswear proved equally fruitful. Wool tweed sports jackets normally \$115 to \$235 were now a low-low \$92 and \$188, and considering what the same money buys some poor yid up the Avenue at Paul Stuart, these fine Shetlands and lambswools would have been a steal at twice the price.

After selecting a rich rust number from the rack, we picked up a *super* double-breasted camel's hair overcoat reduced to \$299 and headed for the third floor dressing rooms to try them on, along with some nifty blue oxford Brooksflannel pajamas and a dozen pairs of Brooksknit undershorts which fit neatly, if a bit snugly, under the tan whipcord cavalry-twill trousers which we temporarily cuffed with straight pins from those terrific Brooks button-downs.

SUDDENLY feeling a bit warm, we decided to skip Sportshirts and Knits and proceed to the last stop of the day: those white Irish linen handkerchiefs whose handrolled softness so reassuringly bulks out a new



camel hair's ample pockets.

On our way out, we encountered our friend Mr. Campbell again. He seemed disappointed that we had not waited, so we paused a moment to admire a fine silk four-in-hand peppered with little embroidery necktie salesmen. As he turned to answer another shopper's query, we impulsively stuffed it in our jacket and hastily buttoned our overcoat.

"You should see the ties we've got coming next month," Mr. Campbell whispered with a conspiratorial wink upon returning. "Women. Nothing indecent or anything like that. Just famous ones like Jacqueline Onassis and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke. Real doozies."

We thanked Mr. Campbell for the tip and headed casually for the exit. Once outside we found the crisp March air a tonic after the stuffy atmosphere within and, much refreshed, decided to skip lunch and see what looked good at Saks.

Bum's Rush

THE hand-lettered invitation that turned up under our desk the other day read:

HELP
(signed) PUNK

and we couldn't resist. The punk in question was our old Bowery friend, Mr. Punk Purna. Whenever we get a

note like that, we know he has something special up his well-tattered sleeve. We canceled all appointments, slipped the aerosol mace into our pocket, and hopped a cab down to lower Third Avenue.

Before we knew it, we ran into Mr. Purna. Indeed, our Checker and Mr. Purna collided—sharply—as he was attempting to give our windshield a spit-and-polish shine with his colorful rag. The cab left before we had time to pay the fare, and we found ourselves escorting Mr. Purna, who had apparently suffered a slight spinal fracture, to the sidewalk. We propped our friend against a hydrant, made ourself comfortable, and asked him what was up.

"Mmmmmph!" he began, lunging for a pint container of Tiger Rose which had slipped from his pocket. We watched as he quaffed it enthusiastically, a good deal winding up on his lap. "Aaaaaaaarrh! Skuuuhhh!" exclaimed Mr. Purna. "Mmmmhuh. Them suckin did *puke* got no time for them got what the hunh, cocksucker." You hear that sort of thing a lot these days, but when Punk says it, you know he means every word.

We inquired about his windshield buffing business. By way of an answer, he produced eighteen cents and three cribbage pegs—one black, two metallic—apparently collected earlier that day. "Faaarh. Runhh, comin no bastard some gimme fuckin' cock wha." We noted that Mr. Purna had opened his trousers and was relieving himself, ap-

parently so engrossed in the conversation that he neglected to stand. Soon he was sitting in a fair-sized puddle, gesturing vigorously.

We interrupted his monologue to show him the note we had found under the desk. He studied it with interest, then placed it in his mouth. The next thing we knew, the note, along with a fair quantity of Mr. Purna's mucus, had landed square on our lapel. About that time, three young men toting a bright orange gasoline can rounded the corner. We saw they had business with Mr. Purna, and wished him a good afternoon.

Talk is Cheap

AS the clock on the wall struck five-thirty, we crossed our final *t*, and decided to take ourselves downstairs to Eddie's to renew our acquaintance with our old friend John Barleycorn.

We slid gratefully into the overstuffed armchairs which make Eddie's *the* place to unwind after a "hard day at the office." A wave of our hand to Eddie, who had once gone one minute thirty seconds with Sugar Ray Robinson at the Garden, soon produced the "ticket"—a pitcher of stingers and five little bowls of our friend Mr. Peanut's finest dry roasts.

After several more "rounds," as the ex-pugilist proprietor liked to call them, we felt our muscles relax and grow loose. At this point, a gentleman at the next table suggested that our tongues were keeping pace with our muscles, and recommended that we shut up. Emboldened by the cups of cheer which we had quaffed, we waved at him gaily, told him to sit on a pickle, and ordered up a half dozen martinis. The drinks came straight up, a position we had had more than a little trouble assuming when we requested them, and after dispatching them briskly, our talk turned to a subject which often preoccupied us at this time of evening—our employer and editor, Mr. William Shawn.

WHY, we wondered aloud, did Mr. Shawn, who had a *reputation* for being a fair and generous man, insist that our gemlike little pieces appear in his magazine *sans* signature? Could it perhaps be because an author whose name was familiar to the public might be in a position to demand compensation somewhat more reasonable

than the slave wages we were currently receiving?! Could it perhaps be because Mr. Shawn was in fact a penny-pinching, double-dealing son-of-a-bitch? We honestly weren't sure, but since we had apparently advanced the possibility in a loud voice while standing on our chair, Eddie walked over and suggested that we continue our considerations elsewhere. We promised Eddie that we'd behave and tried to order a pitcher of old-fashioned, but Eddie was adamant, and before we knew it, we'd been thrown out onto Forty-third Street.

Rather than risk provoking the wrath of any of our other favorite bar-keeps, we purchased a bottle of our own, and retired to our offices, to confront Buccaneer Bill himself with our dilemma. Whiskey in hand, we poured gleefully out of the elevator and rushed down the hall to our Editor's private lair. Hooting like banshees in the hopes of disturbing his usually unflappable composure, we kicked open the door to his office and found him—gone! We speculated that Old Slyboots had hidden himself in order to avoid our righteous wrath, and we had just begun a thorough search of his digs

when we heard the grandfather clock in the corner strike twelve. We cursed our miscalculation, for we realized instantly of course that we had missed our man by some six or seven hours.

Throwing our feet up on his Chippendale desk and opening a box of his Cuban panetellas, we settled back to decide on an appropriate course of ac-

tion. After several pulls at our bottle, we determined that our visit should not be a total loss, and after switching all the papers in his *out* box to his *in* box and crushing our cigars out on his oriental rug, we sang three choruses of "Mussolini Bit His Weenie" into his dictaphone and ran out of his office giggling at our cleverness.

INVOCATION

Upon my soul, neat as a photo album
Of shore summers and stark urban peregrinations,
Descend, Muse of Gentility, and in lines
That never reach the margin
And occasionally rhyme,
Inspire me to sexless dithyrambs.

I could use a little irony, to offset
The perhaps self-indulgent style of that last stanza,
Maybe a metaphor right at the end,
A punch line almost, that makes the whole thing
Universal, and yet in a way personal, and please,
Help me find a place to use that lovely word
I came across in the dictionary while doing the *Times*
Crossword puzzle.

—MARION ST. VINCENT JAVITTS



"Well, if you can't find the goddamn things, we'll just have to use the thumb of your catcher's mitt again."

The Other Day

THE other day, we went to visit a friend of ours who is a psychiatrist. He has an office in a building on Park Avenue in the nineties, just south of 96th Street, "the D.M.Z.," as he calls it, because Spanish Harlem begins there. Arriving a few minutes early, we sat down in a standard-looking waiting room and instinctively picked up an old copy of the *National Geographic*. We were just getting interested in an amusing-looking piece entitled "Burma—Mysterious Land of Rubber and Magic" when our friend emerged. He was ushering a brown-haired, youngish-looking girl towards the door. She had obviously been crying, and her wrists looked like they were smiling. "I mustn't suppress," she said uncertainly. "That's it, isn't it?"

Our friend produced a noncommittal affirmative of some sort, and with a firm gesture that must have come from

years of practice, opened the door, propelled the young lady through it, made a gesture of salutation, and closed the door again, all in the space of five seconds. "This has been one of those days," he said, as we went into his office. "Sometimes I think I should just give them all loaded pistols and tell them to you-know-what or get off the pot."

HIS office was a more expensive version of the studio backdrop they use for television patent medicine ads, in which a man who is no longer allowed to dress like a doctor half sits on the edge of a desk in front of a bookshelf full of *Reader's Digest Condensed Books* and busts of demised greats, takes off his glasses in a very doctorish kind of way, and speaks frankly about afflictions in parts of your body that a more tasteful Creator would not have included in His Plan.

"Well," he said, as he settled into a swivel chair behind a desk that fell

just short of the surface area required to qualify it for admission to the United Nations, "how are you *all*?" We said that we were fine, and plumped ourselves down, a bit nervously, on the very edge of his tufted, black leather couch.

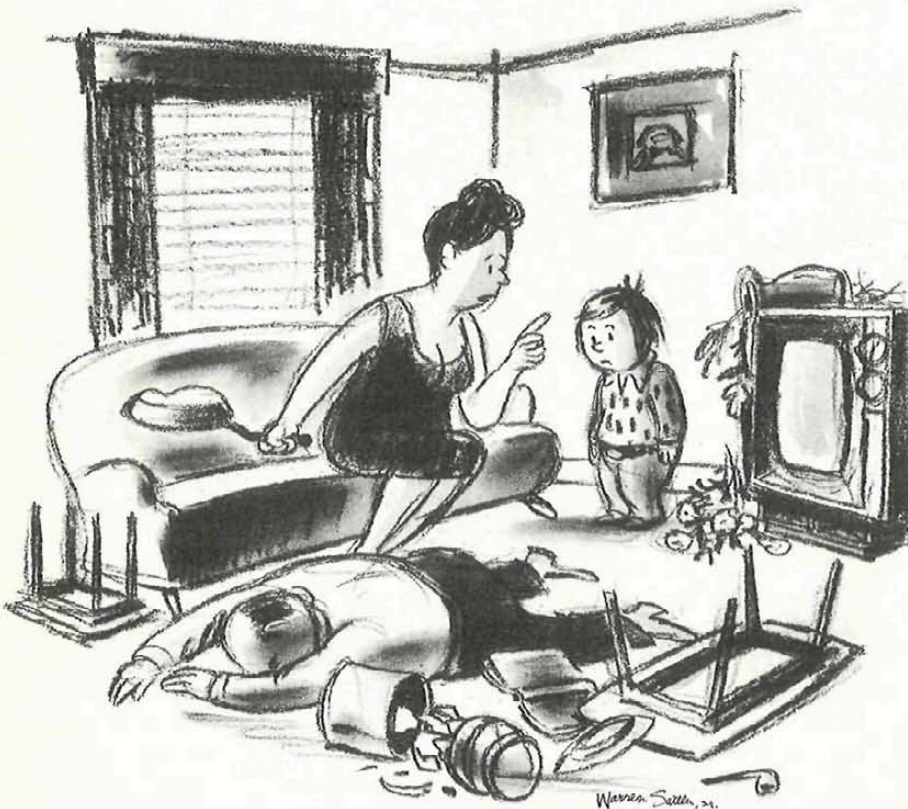
"Schizophrenia is an interesting thing," he said, his hands automatically forming into a sort of finger Rorschach, which looked to us like two daddy longlegs spiders toe-to-toe, or perhaps one on a mirror, an observation we thought better not to mention. "It's far more common than most people realize. Perhaps it is a need for anonymity and self-effacement, for a reduction in the force of our identities, for a little internal company for our misery, a need to share the blame with ourselves, that leads us to retreat into a polypersonal way of being and thinking. You know, I've always had a theory that writers who use pen names are definitely schizoid, as are those, I think, who use the editorial *we*."

We found ourselves reclining on the couch without a very clear recollection of how we got from a sitting position to one more recumbent in nature. "Are most of your patients schizoid?" we asked a little nervously.

"Oh, easily half," he said. "Actually, schizophrenia usually comes with something else." He made it sound like a sandwich that would naturally arrive with a side order. "My most interesting case is that of a man with a triple personality, a Napoleon complex, and advance paranoia. He thinks he is the First Triumvirate—and that Cato is plotting to have all three of him murdered by thugs in the Forum."

We asked him what the cure, if any, for schizophrenia was. "In most cases," he said, "the only certain cure is electroconvulsive therapy, what is popularly known as electroshock treatment. Anywhere from eight to fourteen severe electrical impulses are sent directly into the brain of the disturbed individual. No one is quite sure why it works, but it does. Of course, there is usually some memory loss and disorientation, but that's a small price to pay for normality, isn't it?"

We had the feeling that we were being looked at, and quickly gauging the distance between ourselves and the nearest wall socket, we got up, invented an appointment, and after bidding our friend farewell, we put on our hats and coats, went out the doors, and walking briskly, headed down Park Avenue and into the cold nights.



"It was that noise he kept making. That 'Cccaaaaaahhhkkk, cccaaaaaahhhkkk' noise he kept making with his throat. It was driving me crazy. And it was driving y

PROFILES

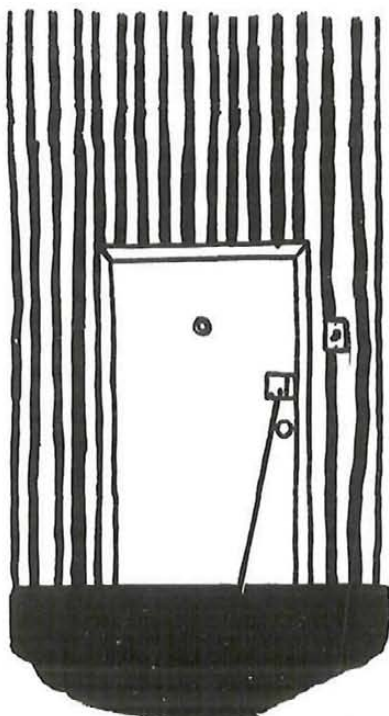
EAVES TROUGHS

AT approximately six thirty-two on the crisp morning of March 14, 1953, a Wednesday, a twenty-eight-year-old Harvard Business School graduate and casual collector of stones, pebbles, sea shells, and fossils, Loring H. (for Hargreaves, the name of his maternal grandfather, now deceased) Humboldt, dressed in an old gray-green tweed jacket, slate-colored slacks, a light blue button-down Oxford cloth shirt, silk four-in-hand necktie featuring tiny gray scarabs in a small pattern on a maroon background, black calf-length socks, and brown, moccasin-style loafers, parked his six-year-old Studebaker Champion coupé, purchased in used condition the previous summer for four hundred dollars cash from an elderly Flushing, New York widow named Mrs. Bea Havemeyer, and finished in a nondescript beige color with grey upholstery, blackwall Firestone tires, and a small ding on the left rear fender just over the wheel well where Humboldt had backed into a fire hydrant while trying to locate parking space during a visit to the home of his parents in Melrose, Massachusetts, about thirteen and a half miles from the Boston city limits, the previous July 12, a Tuesday, noticed out of the corner of his eye that the hanging metal sign about ten feet away read "No Parking, 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.," realized he was well within the law, since the small Westclox pocket watch he always carried in his right jacket pocket and which had been given him as a gift in 1951 by his Uncle Ben, a lawyer who played varsity football at Rutgers and now spent most of his spare time bird-watching after the sudden death in 1952, by a myocardial infarction, of his wife of thirty-seven years and four months, Grace, whose family had moved in 1917 from Portland, Oregon to Lynn, Massachusetts, where she had met Ben Sullivan, then a struggling small-claims lawyer, showed the time to be not quite seven o'clock—something of a surprise to young Humboldt, who had set out an hour earlier in the Studebaker from his small but cozy two-room apartment at 362 Runciman Street in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, a small town whose origins dated back to the Puritan Colony of 1653, but which had come down in the world from its giddy days

as a major whaling and shipbuilding center and now functioned as a sleepy suburb, indistinguishable except to residents from a dozen similar communities radiating out in all directions from the city of Boston; a town of white clapboard that was slowly yielding, even in 1953, to the ersatz Colonial style of A&P supermarkets and Pancake House restaurants, and assumed from past experience in making the drive that he would arrive no earlier than six forty-five, or perhaps even seven, since a considerable section of the highway he normally traveled, Route 86, believing it to be the most direct route and infinitely better for a man in a hurry than the old Route 7, with its forty-two stoplights and notoriously poor grading on curves, a legacy of its having been one of Massachusetts' earliest paved north-south routes, was currently under the ax, or more accurately the steamshovel, the State in its wisdom having let a contract six months previous for road widening and repaving, part of a major ten million dollar Massachusetts highway improvement program passed through the State Legislature in December, 1951, on a unanimous vote (although the ensuing two years found only six and one-half miles of road

actually "improved" and the Massachusetts State Department of Highways receiving ever-increasing condemnation from newspaper editorials, the Republican opposition, and the kind of perpetually angry Massachusetts *doyenne* who writes to her State Senator complaining about such things), making Humboldt, normally cautious to a fault, wonder briefly if, in his haste, he had not exceeded the legal speed limit of sixty miles per hour (fifty miles per hour for trucks) during the run from Wellfleet, thus reducing the time he had traveled; or, the thought skipped across his mind, perhaps his watch was again acting up, as it had done a few months ago when he found himself late for an important luncheon appointment in Lowell, Massachusetts, sixteen miles northeast of the city of Boston, although he had made doubly sure of his punctuality, of which he was uncommonly proud and which had been drilled into him in youth by his late Uncle Frank, a former Marine Corps major, who after his retirement from the Corps in 1949 on a medical, or "D-4" basis, had moved to Hingham, Massachusetts, forty-four miles west of Boston, where he bought a home and spent much of his time reading *National Geographic* magazines on his front porch, or, during the hard New England winter months when a man could quickly freeze to death sitting outdoors unless bundled up in parka, earmuffs, thick sealskin boots, and woolen mittens, in his forty-six by sixty-one-foot living room, where the house's previous owner, a Swede, had installed an oil heater some twenty years before, and taken a great interest in his nephew Loring; but perhaps he had, after all, simply driven a bit faster than usual this morning, inspired by a remarkably bright sunrise and the buoyant sense of nature stirring that always made March, for him, a favorite month, perhaps not so stimulating to a young man as June or July, when tennis was beginning to reach that easy, rocking pace after the jerky fumbling of spring, but nonetheless a time of year when the Loring Humboldts of the world could luxuriate in the long and almost impossibly exciting prospects ahead, and then saw something that made him stop dead in his tracks.

(This is the first of a six-part profile.)

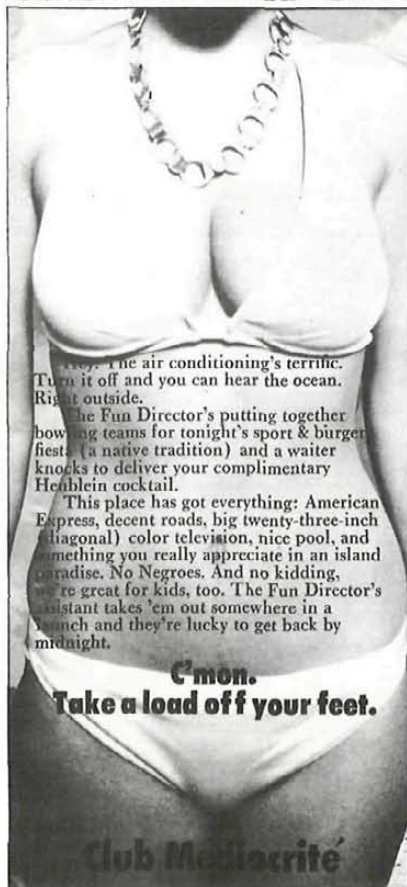


Arooga:

Where
the ocean
meets the sea.



Arooga is many things to many people. To the young honeymooner, it's a tiny island with tiny prices. To the retired fun-seeker, it's a world of heart-stopping adventure. And to the amateur seismologist, it's a treasure trove of Caribbean mystery. Because Arooga is different than any other island in the travel folders. Arooga costs half as much as the others. And no other island has natives half as eager to please. Arooga is special. Because of its romantic volcanic origin, Arooga spends half the day under the blue Pacific, and so do you: spearfishing, snorkeling, scuba diving, and lifeboating.



The air conditioning's terrific. Turn it off and you can hear the ocean. Right outside.

The Fun Director's putting together bowling teams for tonight's sport & burger fiesta (a native tradition) and a waiter knocks to deliver your complimentary Heublein cocktail.

This place has got everything: American Express, decent roads, big twenty-three-inch (diagonal) color television, nice pool, and something you really appreciate in an island paradise. No Negroes. And no kidding, we're great for kids, too. The Fun Director's assistant takes 'em out somewhere in a bunch and they're lucky to get back by midnight.

**C'mon.
Take a load off your feet.**

Club Med Arooga

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

NOTHING could have been more welcome in these gloomy times of inflation and unemployment than a visit from Marcel Marceau, generally acknowledged as the world's greatest mime. Mr. Marceau, or Fafa, as his friends call him, is making a nationwide tour on behalf of his new Schools of Mime, which will take him from Glasgow to the Hebrides to John O' Groats, our northernmost town. The schools are operated as franchises, which are granted to those who possess the requisite capital (\$112). For this, the school owner receives the official Marcel Marceau franchise, which includes the Marcel Marceau School nameplate, a pair of mime leotards boldly emblazoned with *MMs*, and a two-volume set of Marcel Marceau long-playing records. The actual space for the schools must be provided by the franchisee. While the school nameplate and the leotards are handsome and the mime records are useful, Marceau readily acknowledges that they are not worth \$112.

"You are paying for the right to use my name," he said. "To me, that is worth at least \$81.75 out of the \$112. I figure that the leotards retail at \$7.75, the records at \$10, and the plastic school nameplate at about \$12.50. That leaves \$81.75, which I really think is an excellent price for the prestige value of getting the name Marcel Marceau for your mime school."

Mr. Marceau is gambling that Scotsmen and women will take to his venture, despite the spectre of gloom that hangs over the economy. He travels in a large lorry filled with his school supplies, and stops at every town, no matter how small. A public address system is built into the lorry, and Marceau announces that he will make a public appearance and perform at the town auditorium or public square or whatever area is most suitable for a large crowd to gather. Although many Scots have never heard of him, his bright orange and black lorry with the school name on it attracts a pretty fair amount of attention. Besides, Marceau does not charge for these performances, since they are part of his presentation to the public of his franchise plan.

His appearance in Altnaharra, a

town in the far north, was typical of his tour. About thirty townspeople showed up to see Marceau open his presentation with a four-hour performance called "The History of Mime, from Egyptian Times to the Present." Marceau had recently broken his leg in a mountain climbing accident, but still managed to perform adequately with the leg in a full cast. He did his classic pieces, "Man walking up a staircase," and "Man walking up a staircase against the wind," which were received fairly well. He closed the program with his new number, "Calisthenics," perhaps the finest, purest example of his art—a forty-five-minute set of rigorous exercises, including push-ups, sit-ups, and a beautiful cartwheel to bring the piece to a close.

While his audience is still entranced by the stunning beauty of his "Calisthenics" piece, Marceau begins his sales talk for the mime school franchises. In his charming Gallicized English, he explains how easy it is to be a mime, how everyone is born a natural mime, and can use this talent for both fun and profit. He reminds the audience that a mime school can be set up just about anywhere—no special equipment is needed. It is a strong and persuasive sales pitch that seems to interest a good number of the townspeople until Marceau reveals the price for one of his franchises. At this point, the legendary Scottish respect for money takes over and Marceau must either fold his tent and leave gracefully or try to make special deals and concessions. He admits that his only sales so far have been to slightly deranged widows and a few gentlemen of dubious sexual affiliation, but to be sure, he has not covered the cosmopolitan cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen. He also anticipates eventual success in the oil-rich towns of the North Sea, and so far, is not discouraged by his reception in the rural areas.

It is difficult to predict how well Marceau's mime school franchise plan will fare, but one thing is certain—he is definitely a most providential attraction for the Scotsman—a man who will attend any kind of show, whether he understands it or not, as long as it's free.

— HARRY LAUDER

MUSIC

Jazz

AFTER some years absence from New York, Wynton Mosely has returned to midtown's newest jazz showcase, the Cotton Club. Mr. Mosely, whose series of quintets were a mainstay of city nightlife during the fifties and early sixties, appeared ill-kempt and disreputable, and, but for his saxophone, might have been mistaken for one of the legion of narcotics addicts who mass about the Cotton Club's front entrance, harassing passersby. However, his thick, chocolatey lips caress the mouthpiece of his tenor in as endearingly suggestive a manner as ever and, happily, he has lost none of his chops. In an attempt to reach the contemporary audience, Mr. Mosely played few of his jazz classics, concentrating instead on new arrangements of current pop hits. On "You're Havin' My Baby," he fashioned a long, blistering solo, leaping with sudden, salmon-like upstream runs which often plummeted to lower-register honks that were like the moans of the lonely aged. During "You Little Trust-maker," whose muddy, medium-tempo ensemble sections suggested a powerful buttocks inches from your face, Mr. Mosely's chopping, scudding solo, broken by abrupt, unexpected cough-clusters, was like angry bear traps moving willfully through a stranded commuter train.

Nor was the playing of Mr. Mosely's sidemen without metaphoric possibility. Red Powell, whose worried attention to his piano keyboard was like a frightened foot patrolman scrutinizing a rooftop for snipers, produced pillars of shimmering block chords, suggesting anarchistic Slinkies in pursuit of gravity's antidote. Meanwhile, the continual clinking of glasses, at the bar and around the room, made for an embarrassment of Chinese rhythm accompaniment, and the Cotton Club's busy, tray-laden waiters contributed numerous jaunty, rattling passages of their own. At one point, a tall woman with decollatage like dusky avocados, scarcely held, sat uninvited at my table and ordered champagne in a voice that was like unlined taxi brakes. My startled, upper-register protests to the extra \$30 this added to my bill quickly slid to gentle, behind-the-beat meanderings as two large bouncers stood before me creating staccato, arhythmic knuckle crackings.

The best of the wurst from . . .

World o' Wienies

The Perfect Gift, from the company that's been going to the dogs since 1939.

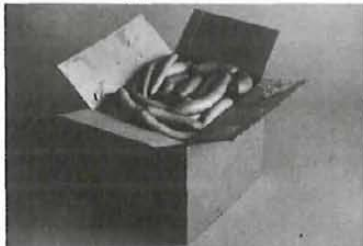
Give the gift that won't "eat up" your budget—handsome assortments of Prime U.S. Grade A Casual Cuts[™], made from the choicest Modest Meats[™] and Modest Meat Byproducts[™].



SPOOL OF SCARRED KNOCKS. No. A2, \$5.95. A six-foot string of succulent, pre-scored knockwurst, guaranteed not to "curl up under fire" . . . scientifically stuffed to bring you the most meat.



BUCKET O' BRATS. No. A33, \$6.29. Imported from Bavaria, a bucket of two dozen of der finest Bratwurst, just the thing to put the *umlaud* on your next big backyard cookout.



FRANKLY, FRANKS. No. A24, \$8.95. A super assortment containing twelve 2-oz. all-beef hot dogs, twelve 2-oz. kosher frankfurters, six 5-oz. foot-long Texas wienies, twelve 2-oz. Coney Island red hots, and six 6-oz. Viennese-style wienerwursts. PLUS a 2-lb. tub of Boston Baked Bean garnish!

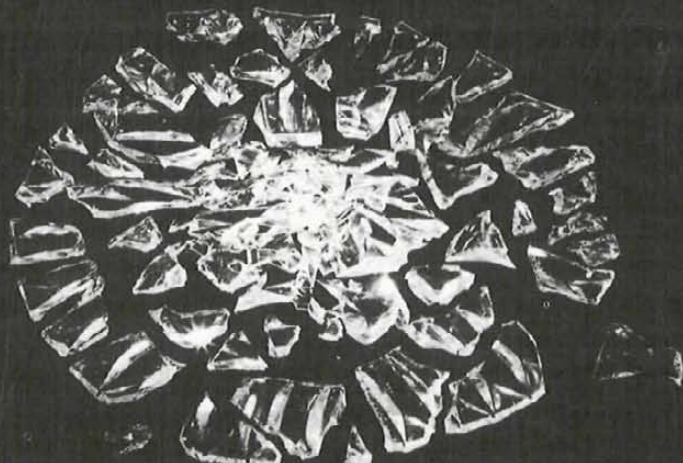


THE EXECUTIVE SALAMI. Meat in a tube. This spicy grab bag of porklike and beef-type byproducts is the ultimate in "in-office" dining for that busy businessman on your gift list. Order three or more and we'll throw in a 6-oz. bottle of our famous World o' Wienies mouthwash. One 8-oz. Executive Salami, \$2.95.

photographed by Neil Selkirk

WORLD O' WIENIES Abitlor Court Pagent, Bermuda

MOON ROCKS



These magnificent crystal replicas, inspired by the findings of the Apollo Moon Missions, were personally designed and sculptured by Monsieur Bro-Kein. These distinguished editions may be purchased individually, or sold as an entire unit.

Not available in any store. Write Monsieur Bro-Kein, Mail Order House, Chicago, Ill.



BLOW YOUR MIND WITHOUT BLOWING YOUR BUDGET.

The Concord CR-50 stereo receiver has more power than your room walls can take. Or your neighbors.

And at a low budget price that's easy for you to take.

Less than \$120!*

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Control flexibility. Separate bass, treble, balance and volume controls, plus a tape monitor switch, function selector and speaker selector.

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Other receivers may have some of our features, but the CR-50 is the only one to have them all at this budget price. And in a handsome walnut-finish vinyl cabinet with the same good looks as its \$250 big brother, the CR-260.

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THE CONCORD CR-50.

Damn hard to find. Damn hard to beat.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail, slightly higher in the west.

For the name of the dealer nearest you, just give us a call. Toll-free, of course, at 800-447-4700. In Illinois, 800-322-4400.

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FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU WERE TAKEN TO A RESTAURANT WHICH DIDN'T SERVE FOOD THAT YOU LIKED, SUCH AS CHEESE-BURGERS OR FRIED POTATOES, BUT ONLY WEIRD STUFF LIKE NOTHING YOU'D EVER SEEN?

WHAT'S EGG FOO YUNG, ANYHOW?

IT'S SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH STUFF IN IT - JUST GOOD FOOD, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT'S WOR SHU OP?

NEVER MIND - I'LL JUST ORDER US A FAMILY DINNER #3.

OK, DEAR?

THAT SOUNDS NICE, DEAR.

WOULD YOU LADY AND GENTLEMEN LIKE CHOPSTICK?

ER, NO.

LOOK AT THE KIDS FACE, MADGE? HA!

DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT - IT'S GOOD STUFF AND I WANT YOU TO EAT IT ALL BECAUSE IT'S COSTING A LOT OF MONEY, ALRIGHT?

Ochan Wilson

HEY - THIS STUFF IS GREAT! WOW! WHY'N'T YOU TAKE ME HERE BEFORE? BOY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HARRY?

I'M GETTING SMART...

NOTHING.



the answer to yesterday's quiz question, "WHO GOES DOWN WHEN HE GETS UP?" is LINDA LOVELACE.

AND NOW THE ONLY COMIC STRIP THAT STILL COSTS ONLY A NICKEL:

5¢

CHICKEN GUTZ

(pronounced "CHICKEN GUTZ")

If my mother could only see the heights to which I've risen!
by (THE PORTUGUESE KID)
E N O S



THIS STRIP IS FOR THE WOOLITE WEASEL AND MR. WEASEL AND FOR THE PEOPLE WHO SELL RECORDS AND LAMPOONS AT KLEIN'S 111 WESTPORT AND FOR A GOOD TIME CALL (203) 224-6004.



MACHINES

TOTAL WAR CAPERS IN THE YEAR: 0000-DAY 7341-BODE ©



TWO PUNKER-PAN BI-POD MODEL 1927 MACHINES ARE GUARDING AN IMPORTANT ROCK.

FIVE, I WAS AWAKE ALL NIGHT IN MY PURTENT, BUT YOU DIDN'T COME TO ME... HAS YOU FOUND A NEW 'BOY... GULP.'

TOUGH BALLS CORPORALZ, BUT I IS NOT DER FAG. YOU JUST A DIVERSION TILL I GET ZOME REAL ASS.

HOW YOU BE LIKE. ZIS, FIVE? YOU HURTING MY HEART PUMP WITH HARD TALK. DON'T YOU LOVE ME A LITTLE?



THOOD BOR!

SNAP SSSS TIC CRACKLE SSSS POP

OH FIVE, SOB? DER POLACK HEAP HAS DONE BAZOOKAED YER ASS JUST AS YOU WAS ABOUT TO SAY YOU WASSORRY AND YOU LOVE ME A LOT, SNIF

NOW I GOT TO BE LONELY AGAIN...!

NM IT IS TIME TO GO AN DRINK MAMA'S GOOD OIL... THIS ONE WILL COME BACK NEXT MONTH AN SHOOT THE QUEER.



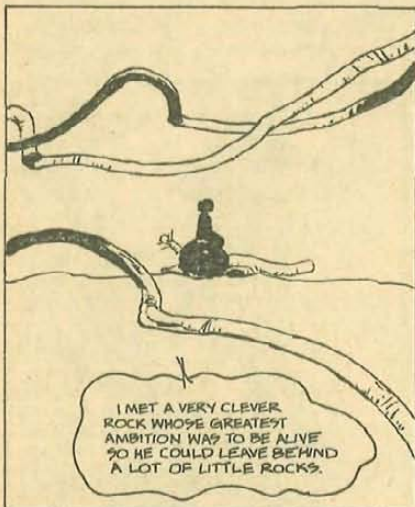
TO KARL CAPEN



IDYL



© J. JONES 1975



I MET A VERY CLEVER ROCK WHOSE GREATEST AMBITION WAS TO BE ALIVE SO HE COULD LEAVE BEHIND A LOT OF LITTLE ROCKS.



HE TRIED MANY THINGS.



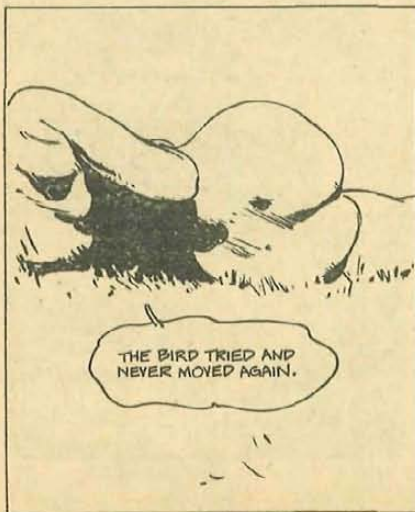
HE TOLD A FROG HE WOULD LOVE MOST TO BE A FROG SO HE COULD EAT ROCKS.



THE FROG DID AND NEVER MOVED AGAIN.



HE TOLD A BIRD HE WOULD LOVE MOST TO BE A BIRD SO HE COULD HATCH ROCKS.



THE BIRD TRIED AND NEVER MOVED AGAIN.



HE TOLD ME HE WOULD LOVE MOST TO BE HUMAN SO HE COULD TALK TO ROCKS.



I SMASHED HIM TO BITS WITH ANOTHER ROCK.



FORTUNE-TELLING COMICS! by ED SUBITZKY

DIRECTIONS: CLOSE EYES, POISE OUTSTRETCHED INDEX FINGER OVER PAGE WHILE YOU MOVE PAGE BACK AND FORTH WITH OTHER HAND. WHEN YOU FEEL "MOMENT IS RIGHT," SUDDENLY DROP FINGER ONTO PAGE. FATE WILL LEAD FINGER TO PANEL WITH CORRECT ANSWER TO THIS MONTH'S QUESTION. THIS MONTH'S QUESTION: (FOR MEN ONLY) "WILL THAT GIRL I LIKE GO ALL THE WAY WITH ME OR NOT?"

<p>I'M SORRY, BUT I LOVE SOMEONE ELSE!</p> 	<p>I FIND YOU PHYSICALLY REPULSIVE AND I WOULDN'T MAKE IT WITH YOU IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!</p> 	<p>I'LL LET YOU SCREW ME ONCE IF YOU BUY ME A CAR!</p> 	<p>I DIG YOUR MIND AND I'LL SLEEP WITH YOU ON OUR FOURTEENTH DATE!</p> 	<p>I WOULD RATHER ROT IN HELL TWICE THAN LET YOU EVEN TOUCH ME WITH YOUR PINKY!</p> 	<p>I'M MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU AND I'LL OBLIGE YOUR MOST SECRET DESIRES THE VERY FIRST TIME YOU COME ON!</p> 
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Rosie the Riveter
starring
Rosie's Radio

By Jimmie



CLICKS PRESENTS TOM MIX! SHREDDED RALSTON FOR YOUR BREAKFAST STARTS THE DAY OFF

SHINING BRIGHT, GIVES YOU LOTS OF COWBOY ENERGY WITH A FLAVOR THAT'S JUST RIGHT, IT'S DE-

LICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS, MADE OF GOLDEN WESTERN WHEAT, TAKE A

TIP FROM TOM, GO AND TELL YOUR MOM SHREDDED

FLASH! WE REGRETFULLY BREAK INTO THIS PROGRAM TO ANNOUNCE THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT!

CLICK HOLD TIGHT, HOLD TIGHT BOODLYAKISAKI WANT SOME SEAFOOD, MAMA...

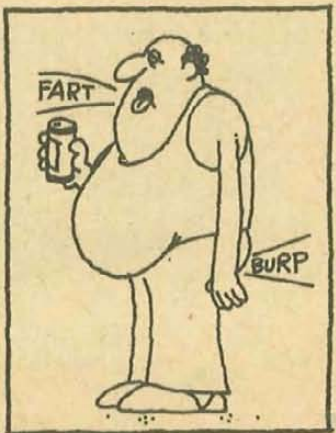
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 710

FARTS & BURPS

THE COMIC ARTIST WHO CAN'T DRAW CONVINCING FARTS AND/OR BURPS WILL NEVER COMMAND THE RESPECT OF HIS PEER GROUP. TEST YOUR FART/BURP KNOW-HOW BY SEEING IF YOU CAN SPOT THE MISTAKES IN THIS PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATION.



DIRTY DUCK

MR. DUCK AND WEEVIL ARE VICTIMS OF THE GREAT RECESSION...

HARD TIMES ARE UPON US, WEEVIL!

THE ONLY WAY TO COPE WITH CHAOS IS TO BECOME ONE WITH THE ENVIRONMENT... IN OTHER WORDS: GET POLLUTED!

LET'S FIND A NICE, SECLUDED ALLEYWAY WITH A VIEW — THIS CORNER WREAKS OF STERNO.



LISTEN, BIG FELLAH, WOULD YOU KINDLY FACE DOWNWIND? YOUR BREATH SMELLS LIKE A COW PASTURE AFTER A NAPALM ATTACK.



GIMMEE THAT!

MY CHABLIS!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT!!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CHILL IT FIRST!



BELCH! SURE BEATS PAINT THINNER.

HEY, BRO'— OVER HERE!

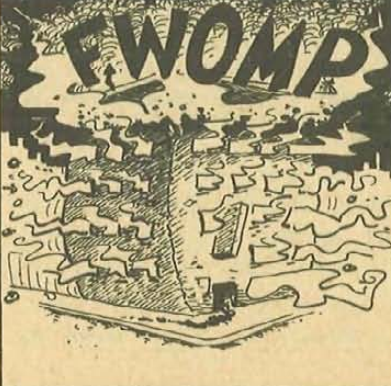
H.I.O. PAL...

ME NEXSH!

NE! NE!



HUMPH! THOSE OILRAGS COULDN'T TELL A BOTTLE OF WINE FROM A CIGARETTE LIGHTER!



CAN WE BURN SOME MORE WINDS TOMORROW NIGHT, MR. DUCK?

DAMN!! NOW IT'S TOO WARM!

A-HENN



BLAINE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

BLAINE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Trots and Bonnie

I'M TOO FREAKED OUT TO GO IN THERE. LINCOLN DICKWILDER KEEPS SAYING NASTY THINGS TO ME.

DON'T WORRY. HIS AGGRESSIVE ACTIONS ARE ONLY THE RESULT OF A THWARTED DESIRE TO DISPLAY AFFECTION...

... A COMMON BEHAVIOR PATTERN, SIMILAR TO THAT FOUND IN ADULESCENT LOBSTERS.

THANK YOU, TROTS. I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW.

I SURE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A SHOWER WITH YOU, BONNIE.

HEY, BONNIE!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO FLAT?

BONNIE! WAIT A MINUTE.

DO YOU HAVE A HAIR-PIE?

I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE JUST A THWARTED LOBSTER DISPLAYING AFFECTION! SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST ASK ME FOR A DATE!?

HYAHAHAAHAAH!

AAAAHAAHAAH! GASP! SNORT!!

OH, LOOK! A TYPICAL ANXIETY REACTION! REMINISCENT OF THE DEFENSIVE POSTURING OF JUVENILE PRIMATES. I DON'T CARE HOW THWARTED HE IS, TROTS. I'D LIKE TO KICK HIM IN THE FACE!

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sode could involve him with a guy who is forming an "Avon Man" Company). The situations are also highly conducive to pathos, warmth, and human drama, plus accidental mishaps with the law, the Mafia, sexy divorcees who want to devour Lenny (with Honey smoldering in a jealous rage), etc., etc. Fred, I could go on forever, but I have an appointment for a manicure and a blow job in two minutes. Let's meet and talk.

Yours in Rating Heaven,
Norm

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

December 25

Dear Norm:

I'm writing this on Xmas day with the kids pulling on my shirt and biting my feet. But I won't let holidays get in the way of our timetable. Your traveling salesman-comedian idea has a gang of merit, but I'm still not sure if it's in focus. I know you're trying to get away from the Lenny Social Satirist Syndrome and make him a simpler, more digestible character, but aren't you still tying a horse to each of his legs? He seems to be going in two directions at once. I don't know, Norm. Am I talking like a putz with ears? I know you want to get as much bite and shmeck into the concept as possible and so do I, but not at the expense of diluting our character and story line where the audience can't get a good grip on it. I like some of those story ideas. What if a vacuum cleaner salesman called on Lenny and his family while they are living in the trailer? Or an Avon Lady? A trailer getting a visit from a traveling salesman is a nice switch. Am I making sense or did I have too much eggnog last night? Talk to me.

Fred

Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:

January 2

Dear Fred:

As per our last meeting, I am now moving away from the double-sided Lenny concept. You're right. He can't be both a comedian and a traveling salesman or a lawyer or a malted or whatever. He's got to have one job, one goal in life, one consuming passion. And now we have it. He's an interior decorator with an office in a slum neighborhood. A storefront decorator. He's still a funny guy, mind you. And we take full advantage of his wit and his zany antics—but we give him a real solid base of operations—his decorating business—assisted by Honey, the sexy simp, whom he always sends out for swatches—or some decorator's material. The first time he does it she goes to a

jewelry store and comes back with a dozen watches, not knowing how he plans to use them in his decorating schemes. When he sees the watches, he has a fit. Luckily, the jeweler allows them to be returned, and not only that, but wants Lenny to decorate his apartment!

The nut of this story line is wonderful: Lenny gives up his comedy career and goes into the decorating business because (1) he always had a flair for it (which was actually true, Fred). (2) It's his crazy way of trying to brighten up the lives of slum dwellers, welfare cases, disadvantaged types, etc. He works cheap, fast, and depends on volume. If someone can't pay in cash, a hamhock or some chitlins will do fine. He's like a country doctor. His Jewish mother berates him for his quixotic attitude, but Lenny doesn't care. He's having fun and helping people.

Freddy . . . just picture the set . . . Lenny's storefront office and "studio"—bolts of bad-taste fabrics . . . Puerto Rican furniture . . . blueprints . . . sketches. . .

And the characters that file into his office . . . can you picture Esther Rolle of "Good Times" (arrange a guest shot) coming in for a new bedroom scheme or a kitchen? Or, if we do it in good taste, a pair of shvugie fags who are moving from a cheap welfare hotel to a new apartment in a housing project?

And keep in mind one thing: Lenny never forgets that he was a comedian—people remember him as a great comedian and are always asking him to do bits, which he always does—*and at the end of every show, as a separate tag, Lenny can do five minutes of straight stand-up comedy . . . again, the routine could take off from what went on during the show, or it could be anything.*

Of course, his family is on the scene, bigger and better than ever . . . Honey, his big blond wife and all-around assistant who fucks things up . . . his overbearing mother . . . maybe a funny spade who does odd jobs and tries desperately to clean up the place, but never succeeds. He can be a punchy ex-fighter whom Lenny befriends because he thinks the guy will be good protection against thieves.

P.S. How do you like the title, "Interiors by Bruce"?

That's it. One set. One concept. One family. Clear as Catalina on a good day.

If you hate this one, I'll send you a letter bomb.

Call me immediately, please.

Norman

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

January 4

Dear Norm:

I love "Interiors by Bruce."

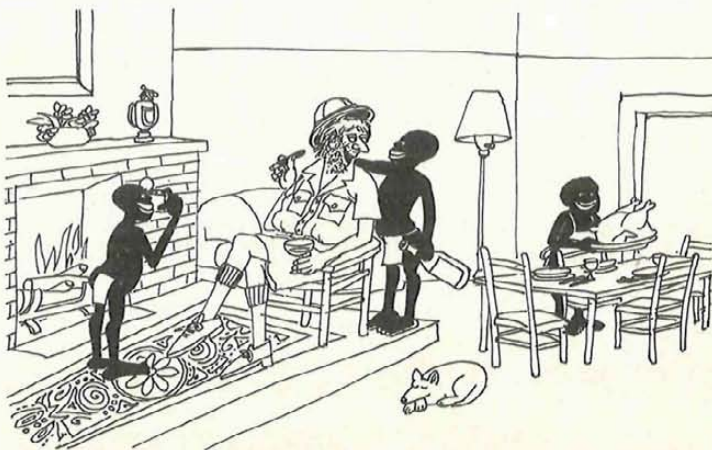
I love the essential weltanschauung of it.

I want to do it.

But not for Lenny. It's a natural for somebody, but I just don't feel my scalp tingling for it as a vehicle for Lenny.

But it's so good as an idea that I came twice, just thinking about it. It's a sure thing for next season or next second season and that's my word on it. But why cock around with it now when we're creeping faster and faster toward our shooting dates and our air dates? We need a sure-fire-sure-thing idea or we'll have an empty time slot to fill and we'll end up buying another fifty million dollars worth of old movies, and the network doesn't need two geniuses like you and me to do that.

Remember that direction I suggested in my first letter to you back



"HEY, YOU PYGMIES ARE ALL RIGHT!"

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continued

on December 7 of last year? I said, let's make Lenny a young, struggling comedian trying to get into a TV series, or just getting into a series—getting into all kinds of scrapes with the TV production staff—plus his great, zany family in that big, zany trailer they live in, that kooky set with the parrot, the dogs, the gerbils, the junk Lenny collects, plus the neighbors dropping in. I think there's enough themes and story lines in that concept to last us until the Meshiach comes.

Be in my office at 7:45 A.M. tomorrow for coffee, bagels, and yocks. We got work to do.

Stay well,
Fred

Publicity release from the CBS Television Publicity Department:

April 1

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CBS proudly announces its premiere show for the new Fall Season, "Stand Up." "Stand Up" was inspired by the life of Lenny Bruce, and is the story of a young, up-and-coming comedian who gets a small part in a TV series and is always looking for the Big Break.

Lenny is a warm, lovable guy who is always being "managed" by his

bossy show business mother, Sally. Lenny's wife, Honey, an ex-ballet dancer, is now a devoted mother and housewife. She is the epitome of that kooky blond who is really not as kooky as she looks. Although she means well, she is always burning the pancakes or botching up the meat loaf. In addition, their cute and clever six-year-old daughter, Kitty, completes the family.

The family lives in a big trailer that contains the zaniest living quarters since "Sanford and Son," including a parrot who gives away Lenny's punch lines, three dogs, assorted gerbils and raccoons, and other pets. As a running joke, each week the family finds another pet hidden in the recesses of all the junk and memorabilia Lenny collects. Some of the animals are more dead than alive and Kitty has to play "nurse" for them.

In his wacky misadventures with his family and his continual scrapes with the staff of his TV show, plus his mother's determination to get him to the top of show biz, Lenny discovers that life as a comedian isn't as funny as he thought it would be—except to the audience out there!

"Stand Up" was developed by Norman Lear, award-winning creator of TV's all-time comedy hits, "All In The Family," "Maude," and "Sanford and Son." It will star Chad Everett, formerly of "Medical Center," as Lenny; Barbara ("I Dream of Jeannie") Eden as Honey; Jane Wyatt of "Father Knows Best" fame as Lenny's mother, Sally; and newcomer Melinda Devon as Kitty. In addition, Paul Lynde will appear as Englebert Van Schuyler III, Lenny's rich, eccentric neighbor.

Because of its exciting show business background, "Stand Up" will also feature many guest celebrities, such as Milton Berle, Sammy Davis, Hank Aaron, and many younger comedians and rock stars.

As a special twist, Lenny will do a five-minute monologue at the end of each show, "spoofing" what went on, and tying up some of the loose ends. Each monologue is a separate little act in itself, which will be filmed before a live audience in CBS Television City Studios. The monologues will soon be available as a new comedy album on Columbia Records called "Stand Up." In addition, the original theme and soundtrack of "Stand Up," penned by Nelson Riddle, with lyrics by Marilyn and Alan Bergman and sung by Buddy Greco, will also be available on Columbia Records.

Memo from Henry Carstairs, Vice President, CBS-TV Audience Research, to Fred Silverman:

continued

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The 199th Birthday Book

Re: Audience research on the first three completed "Stand Up" Shows.

Top line figures are in for the first three finished films of "Stand Up." The shows tested were: "Mumps" (where Kitty gets the mumps and Lenny things he's caught it, too); "Studs, White Tie, and Tails" (where Lenny is supposed to do a song and dance number on his TV show and can't find his studs, can't tie his bow-tie, and gets his costume all mixed up); and "Flashback" (where Honey tells Kitty a bedtime story of how she met Lenny for the first time, when he was a mimic and a juggler and she was a ballet dancer working at the same club).

Subjects tested represent the wide demographic range predicted for a family show of this type, meaning ages ten to ninety. All shows were viewed at 8:30 P.M.

Results of our two most important tests can be projected from our topline figures. Here are the results of our Laughter Quotient Tests:

Laughs (belly and semi-belly):—12

Chuckle-Giggle: 2

Smiles (inward-outward): 3

Our usual scores in Laughter Quotient Tests range between 65 and 95. In our Pupil Dilation (Sleep Ratio) Tests, the show scored a 96. Conversely, our usual scores in Pupil Dilation are between 3 and 7.

To give it a bottom line summary: Out of 3,500 families tested, no one laughed, fourteen people giggled a few times, and twenty-three smiled. The minus-twelve figure in the laughter category denotes the fact that 325 people expressed the opposite, and were angry with the show. The Pupil Dilation score of 96 denotes the fact that 3,200 out of 3,500 families reported definite dozing or outright slumber during the show.

Complete verbatims from the audiences denoting their reactions to the shows will be available in one week. There will also be complete results in the Warmth, Lovability, ID Factors, Sexual ID Factors, Universal Humor Factors, and other categories. Again, topline figures in these categories indicate scores similar to the two previously quoted.

If there are any questions concerning the results, please feel free to call.

Sincerely,
Henry Carstairs

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

July 1

Dear Norman:

What is it the Marines say? Death before dishonor. That's what happened to us on "Stand Up." We died. Now as far as being dishonored, or dishonorably discharged, which is more like it, that could be a very

strong possibility unless we can come up with a replacement in about two weeks and shoot it in three. I can get Research and Publicity working around the clock and tying in with us at every stage of development. We're all on twenty-four hour alert for the next four weeks, but the real heat is on you and your guys.

We have nowhere to go but up. Let's get there in a hurry. And Norm . . . don't bother with fancy typing. Xerox the first drafts and shoot them right over to me. Every second counts.

Fred

Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:

July 6

Dear Fred:

Here is the premise of the new show to replace "Stand Up":

A young, good-looking Chinese-American guy, say in his mid-or late twenties, lives with his father, a widower, above the Chinese restaurant that dad owns. The son, named Lenny Wong, wants to be a comedian, but his father, Sun-Yat, doesn't want to lose him to the crazy, uncertain world of show business, where the son will always be traveling and falling under bad influences, and all that. He insists that the son stay with him and work in the restaurant as his maître d', and eventually inherit the business, even though it's really just a funky little place. Of course, the son always puts down the condition of the restaurant and his dad's tight-fisted methods of doing business and his old-fashioned style in general—but he always seems to hang in there with his dad, out of love and out of respect for his elders. (Chinese family traditions are very strong and strict.)

But deep down, Lenny would really like to be the first Chinese comic to make it big in America, and he's always trying to get a booking or working on his act in the restaurant. So here we have the eternal conflict between father and son.

To round out our family, we have some wonderful characters: There is Pong Ping, the crazy cook who's always brandishing a cleaver and threatening to kill the waiters. The waiters are identical twins, Ching and Chong, and of course, they drive the customers crazy because they won't serve each other's tables. There is Murphy, the cop on the beat, who always drops in for his free lunch, and other assorted types, including a lot of very funny take-out order people. Lenny also has a cute Chinese girlfriend, Sheila Tung, who is very much into her Chinese heritage, and often sides with his father. Another terrific character is the 100-year-old grandfather and wise patriarch of the fam-

ily, Lao-Tse-Wong. Lao-Tse is especially fond of young Lenny and likes to trade jokes and show business gossip with him. Lao-Tse does almost nothing but watch TV and sip spiked tea.

The restaurant is a perfect one-room set, full of funky decor, calendars, Chinese menus, and writing on the wall, etc. Dad is always at the cash register . . . Lenny can never tie a formal bow tie right (Dad makes him wear a maître d's tuxedo) and they're always having arguments on how he should dress. Once in a while we can open up the show and, say, have Lenny and Sheila take Dad Wong to a French restaurant on his birthday or to a prizefight, and you can imagine what misadventures ensue. But it's basically a nice, cheap, one-room set show, easy to shoot, easy to look at.

Fred, the reservoir of really first-rate Chinese oriented jokes and situations is enormous! My writers are having the time of their lives. They're having fun, for Chrissake! Also, audience ID is absolutely guaranteed. The public loves Chinese entertainers . . . Fu Manchu, Charley Chan, Dr. No, Kung-Fu movies. . . . It's a whole new ball game, but it has all those sure-fire classic themes you'll find in Chaplin, Keaton, Fields, the Marx Brothers, Harold Lloyd, Dame May Whitty. It's fast and funny. It's warm and wonderful. It's mysterious and inscrutable. I not only love it, I know we can do it in three weeks, maybe two and a half.

Stay well,
Norman

P.S. The name of the show is: "One From Group A, Two From Group B."

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

July 7

Dear Norman:

"One From Group A, Two From Group B" is the best.

It's ice cream and jelly and a punch in the belly.

I love it.

Do it.

Now I know why they call you Norman Lear.

Hurry up, you're already wasting time,
Fred

Excerpt from The New York Times review of "One From Group A, Two From Group B," October 22:

" . . . In a typical fall premiere season studded with assorted turkeys and bagels, I say a prayer every night and bow to Peking for the continued success of "One From Group A, Two From Group B," the finest and funniest show of many a season. Every once

in a while, TV-land comes up with a miracle, and this show is it. Did I say it was funny? It's got old-fashioned belly laughs and the kind of sly humor that grows on you and can break you up hours later just thinking about it. The opening show was about a batch of doctored fortune cookies that had messages of a risqué nature that got Dad Wong in trouble with the authorities, until his son discovered that a rival restaurant owner had done the dirty work. It was an agreeably nonsensical plot that didn't take itself too seriously, but nevertheless moved briskly and allowed plenty of room for hilarious pieces of comic business.

Buddy Hackett, as Sun-Yat-Wong, the father and owner of the restaurant, is inspired, as is Sam Jaffe, as the grand patriarch of the family, Lao-Tse. E. G. Marshall as Pong Ping, the mad cook, is a refreshing surprise, and a comic actor of fantastic potential. And, most important, Wayne Newton as Lenny Wong, the rebellious aspiring-comedian son, is a revelation—reminding me somewhat of a young Chinese Lenny Bruce, which is all to the good. He is not only incredibly funny and oddly warm and lovable, but adds an extra dimension, a touch of fiery Szechuan humor to the predominantly Cantonese style of the show. . . .”

Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:

October 30

Dear Norm:

Just got the first Nielsens. Normy, babes . . . there's good news and bad news. The bad news is that a few million people were watching "Colombo" or the ABC movie. The good news is that 122 million people were watching "One From Group A." We got a Nielsen of 60, the highest in the history of the world! Bigger than the Great Flood, the Splitting of the Red Sea, the Creation of the World, whatever.

Norman sweetie baby booby . . . what do you want to do for next season? A sit-com on Germaine Greer? Xaviera Hollander? How about Juan Peron and Evita? Charles Manson? Name it, you got it. I'm smoking some kind of funny stuff my secretary Melissa just gave me and it's making me silly. Yes . . . I am dictating this letter while Melissa is putting this funny stuff in my mouth. What the hell am I saying? Norman! Get your ass over here! We're having a party . . .

Wait till we sell the show to mainland China and Taiwan and Hong Kong and Burma and God . . . all over the yellow world. You'll be rolling in won tons, you old cunt lapper . . .

Freddie ☐



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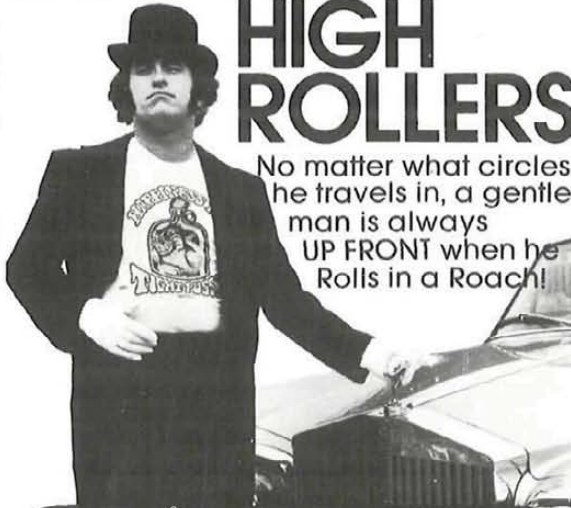
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The most tragic part is, we don't know much more about RP than Jeff does. We can't tell him why it

happens and we can't stop it from happening. There is no known treatment or cure for RP.

Jeff knows that, too.

We are only beginning to realize the incidence of RP victims. What was once an obscure eye disorder has been found to affect thousands of children and young adults. It is estimated that one person in every eighty is a carrier of the abnormal gene. So RP can strike without warning in a family with no previous history of blindness. But if we are ever to save the Jeffs of this world, we must know more.

Doctors are now working together to fight RP. Through the efforts of the RP Foundation, a

research laboratory has become a reality. And is devoting itself to finding a cure for this disease that takes the sight of so many young people each year.

But diseases are fought with money. We need your help in winning the fight against RP.

For Jeff, who faces the eventuality of an adulthood in darkness, the race is more desperate. At 14, he is trying to cram a lifetime of seeing into a few short years. Because one day his memory may serve as his eyes.

We ask you, what would you do if he were your child?

Please help. NLI

National RP Foundation
P.O. Box 5773
Baltimore, Md. 21208

Yes, I want to help.
Enclosed is my tax-deductible
check or money order for: _____

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

For more information, please call,
(301) 655-1011.

RP Foundation

Children have so much to see.
And they should all have a chance to see it.

Marantz Stereo Electrostatic Headphones—

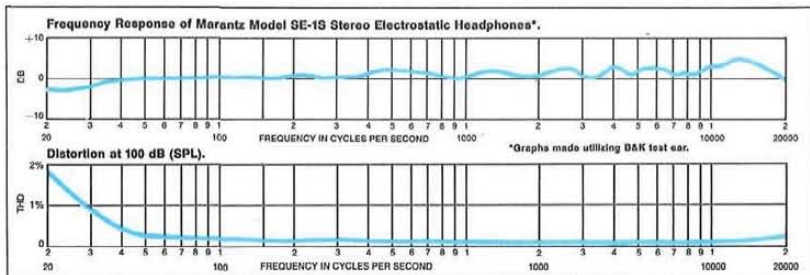
you may never want to take them off.



The benefits of Marantz Electrostatic Headphones are as crystal clear as the sound you get. The Marantz SE-1S performs virtually free from distortion—not just at 1kHz or 10kHz, but consistently throughout the listening range. The result: Sound quality as close to perfect as technologically possible. An unsurpassed frequency response from 20Hz to 20kHz, full dynamic range and the ability to achieve high sound pressure levels with low distortion even at low frequencies.

The SE-1S owes its superiority to an electrostatic transducer diaphragm that's unequalled in its ability to track the audio signals from your amplifier. The diaphragm is six times thinner than the human eardrum and so low in mass that inertia is all but eliminated. The less inertia a diaphragm has, the more accurately and instantaneously it can track audio signals. And the better its tracking ability, the lower its transient distortion. That means you can listen longer without suffering listening fatigue. And the lightweight design incorporating soft ear cushions and acoustical seals lets you wear them comfortably for hours.

Marantz Stereo Electrostatic Headphones are powered by the EE-1 Energizer—a combination that makes the SE-1S the ultimate audio experience.



- The EE-1 needs only .3 watt for a 100dB sound pressure level, so it's at home with any amplifier. If severely overdriven, a protection circuit automatically shuts the energizer off—without an irritating pop.

- Its step-up transformers feature special cores developed by Marantz to provide excellent linearity and low distortion.
- It accepts two SE-1 headphones so you can share the pleasure of private listening. And headphone/speaker switching is built-in.

The Marantz SE-1S Stereo Electrostatic Headphone System costs \$129.95. It's the top of the Marantz line that also includes Marantz Dynamic Headphone Systems from \$39.95. Get our informative headphone brochure at your Marantz dealer. And try on a pair.

marantz®
We sound better.

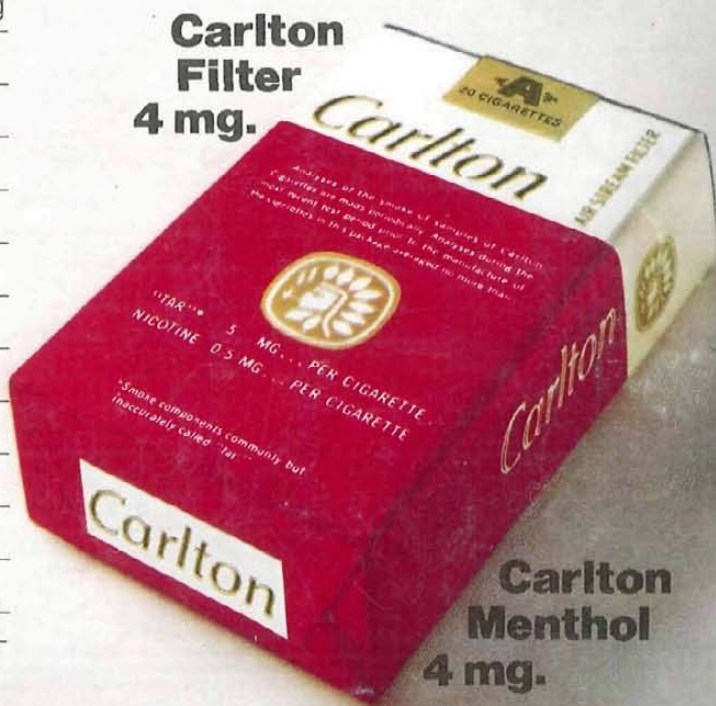
Of all filter kings tested:

Carlton is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	14	1.0
Brand K (Menthol)	14	0.9
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.9
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
Carlton Menthol	4	0.3

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine



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

Filter and Menthol. 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.