

Back to College

Academic Scams and Scholastic Ploys • Pages Left out of the Vassar Yearbook
More Tales of the Adelpian Lodge • Esquire Parody • Famous Student Stunts and Pranks

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

IND 4490
Sept. '75

The Lampoon Magazine

\$1.00



Kettick

You've taken your
last rough puff, once
you come up to
the smooth taste
of extra coolness.
Come up to KOOL.



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



13 mg. tar,
0.8 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

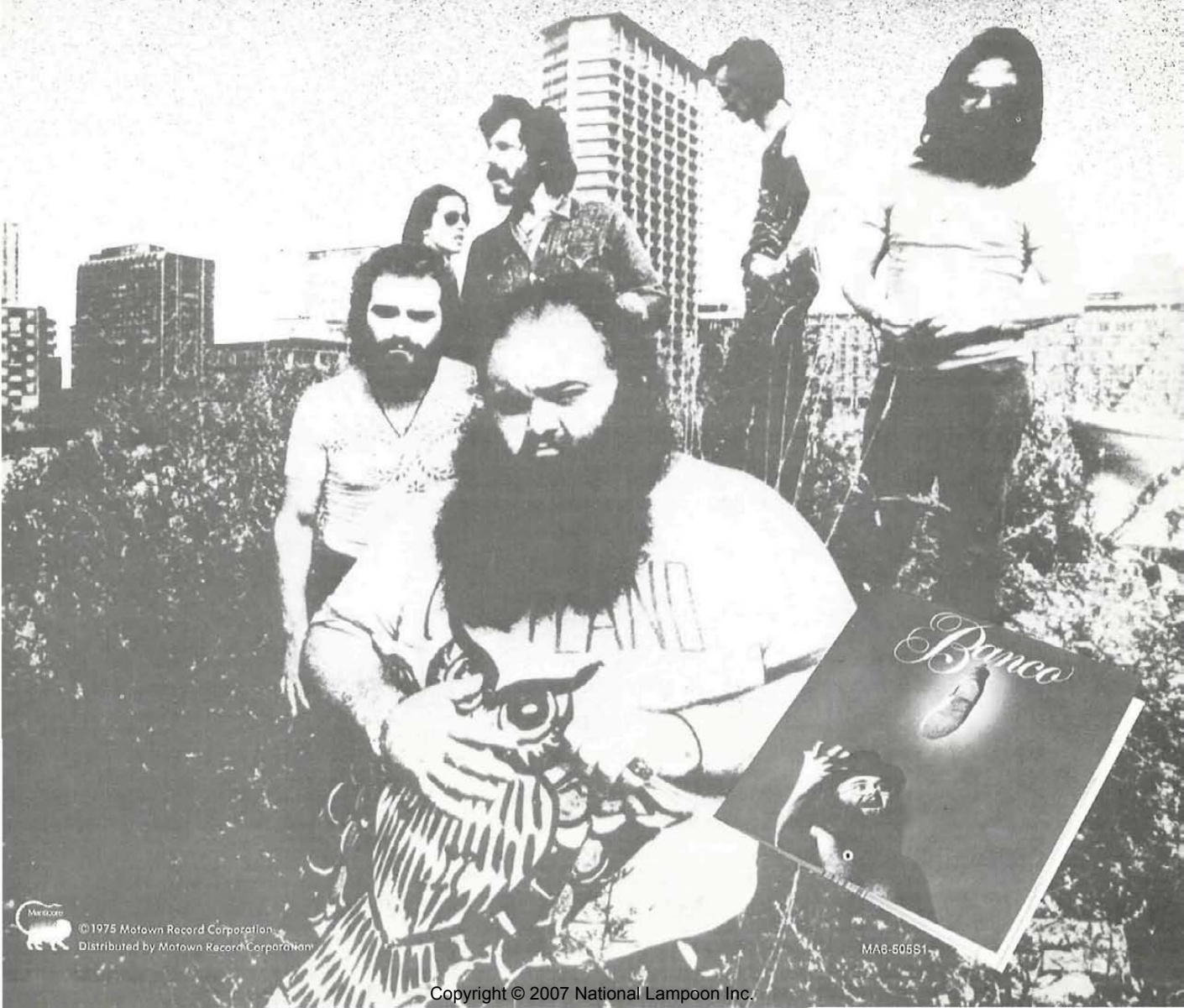
If Fellini produced records,

Banco

would be his group.

From Italy. Banco.

One of the most surreal, one of the most bizarre, one of the most beautifully synthesized musical visions of our time.



© 1975 Motown Record Corporation
Distributed by Motown Record Corporation

MA6-606S1

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 1,
No. 66

Sept.
1975

A Strong Back Is a Terrible Thing to Waste, 28

By P.J. O'Rourke

The Resister's Revenge, 31

By Tony Hendra and P.J. O'Rourke

Scholastic Scams and Academic Ploys, 38

By P.J. O'Rourke, Sean Kelly, and Peter Kaminsky

**National Lampoon's Annual College Football Preview: The
Top Ten Teams for 1975, 40**

By Gerald Sussman

Tangled All Up in Ivy, 45

By Bruce McCall

More Tales of the Adelphian Lodge: Pinto's First Lay, 50

By Chris Miller

Normal State College Daily Klaxon, 53

By Doug Kenney and P.J. O'Rourke

Adenoidal College Course Catalogue, 57

By P.J. O'Rourke, Peter Kaminsky, and Sean Kelly

Modern Poetry Class Notes, 61

By Doug Kenney

Pages Left out of the Vassar Yearbook, 63

By P.J. O'Rourke

Famous Collegiate Stunts and Pranks, 66, 97, 98

By Wayne McLoughlin

Exsquire, 69

By Brian McConnachie, Gerald Sussman, Tony Hendra, John Weidman, and Sean Kelly

FILLER

Letters, 4

Editorial, 6

News on the March, 13

True Facts, 20

Bird Bath, 22

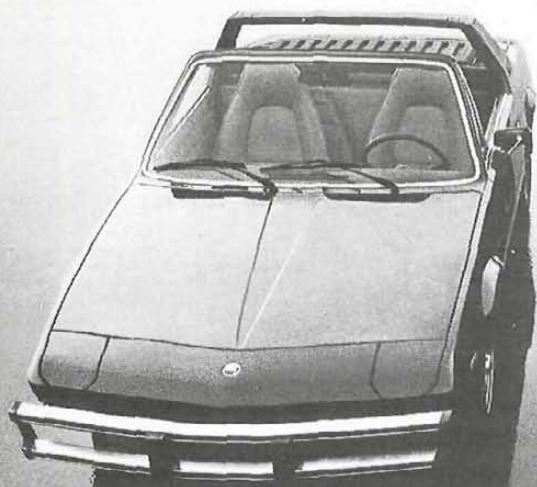
Tiny Gorillas, 24

Funny Pages, 85

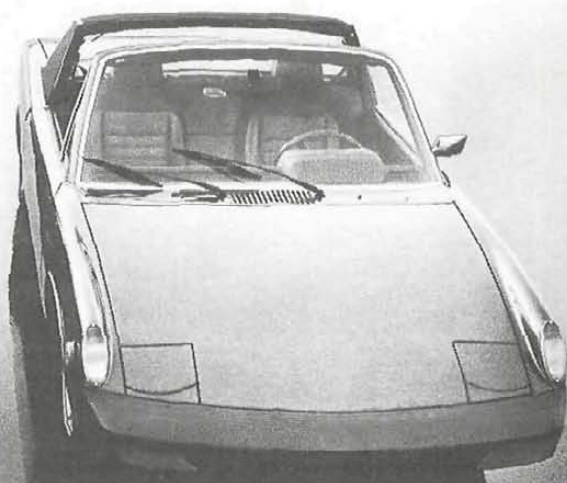
NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1975, National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$7.95 paid annual subscription, \$13.25 paid two-year subscription, and \$18.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Their engines may be in the same place, but their prices aren't.



The Fiat X1/9. \$4,608*



The Porsche 914. \$6,300*

The Fiat X1/9 and the Porsche 914 are both mid-engine cars.

They both have the same number of cylinders. And they both have integral roll bars.

Both have pop-up headlights, four-wheel disc brakes

and independent four-wheel suspension.

And both give you the same open car feeling with removable roofs.

Yet, for all their similarities, the Fiat X1/9 costs about \$1700 less than the Porsche 914.

Now we're not saying they're exactly the same car.

But the \$1700 might be the biggest difference between them.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1975 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Overseas delivery and leasing arranged through your dealer.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

DC servo control is the only feature better turntable manufacturers agree on. If you want it, you could spend more than \$400 for it.

Or spend under \$200 for a Philips 212. And get a manual turntable that spins out all the top quality you want.

DC servo control means your 212 will run at the calibrated speed you select even with power fluctuations.

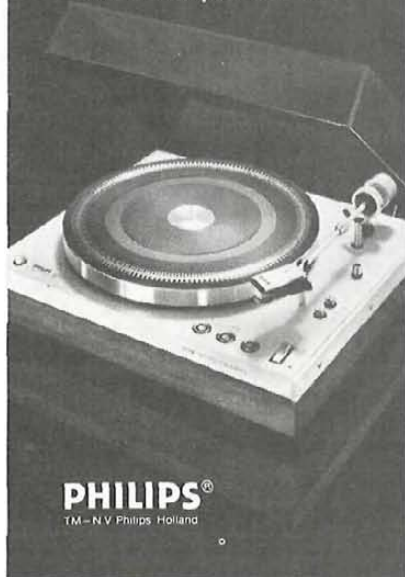
From the illuminated touch control to the automatic stop, if there's a quality reason for a turntable to have it, including DC servo control, you can find it on the 212. And you can find the 212 at better audio shops.

For under \$200.

PHILIPS AUDIO VIDEO SYSTEMS CORP
AUDIO DIVISION
91 McKee Drive, Mahwah, N.J. 07430

DC servo control.

The only turntable
under \$200 that has it.
The Philips GA212.



PHILIPS®
TM—N.V. Philips Holland



Sirs:

Take me out to the ball game. Take me out to the park. Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks; I don't care if I never get back. Actually, it's just an excuse to get drunk and check out the chickies in their halter tops! I rarely root, root, root for the home team since my native Alaska doesn't have a home team. Not many halter tops, either.

Commissioner David Bowie Kuhn
Ithink, Alaska

Sirs:

Hello, this is Arthur Bremmer, and I'd like you to think a moment about driving automobiles that don't belong to you. One minute you're walking down the street with an overdue copy of *By Love Possessed* under your arm and the next moment you're behind the wheel of a fast, shiny Lincoln, barreling down the center line with a lot of groceries in the back seat and the babysitter still in the trunk. Except the police don't know that yet because you use the name Dave Felton in the hotel register and when the maid comes in to make up the bed you hide under it in case she uses the toilet.

Not only that, but by the time the police find out the paint on the Lincoln matches the flakes in the skull of the Girl Scout, you're holed up in the top floor of an abandoned warehouse with a telescopic rifle and 300 rounds of cookies and live hand grenades wired to your body.

But not so tight as to cut off circulation, take it from me.

David Eisenhower
San Clemente Naval Hospital
San Clemente, Cal.

Sirs:

I am the proud owner of your new *Gold Turkey* album. It's without a doubt the best comedy record ever made, and it might even be the best record ever made. I'd have to give that some thought, but it's certainly right up there. Except for an odd moment here and there, it's damn near perfect. I know you guys don't publish letters from real people, and certainly not letters that are as unfunny as this one, but I just wanted to pass along a big thank-you for all the hours I've spent in complete enjoy-

ment listening and relistening to your album.

Good luck and all the best in your future projects.

Stan Musial
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

This whole Lenny Bruce hysteria is getting pretty deep! Hell, Dustin Hoffman overplayed Lenny the same way Jeffrey Hunter did Jesus. I saw 'em both back at the Frisco Fun-house in '63. Believe me, those actors missed the boat. . . .

Geoffrey St. Jude
Venice, Calif.

Sirs:

Do you practice the politics of reality? I do. In fact, I can tell you right now that it doesn't matter if you do or not because I'll give you twenty-to-one odds the nukes will be flying like mayflies within fifteen years. I don't even stand to make anything, because hamburger meat doesn't pay its gambling debts.

William F. Buckley
Constitutional Point
Heck, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tell her, won't you, Mister, that she's still the only one:

But a woman's love is wasted

when she loves a running gun.

Dean Corll
Valley of Death, Texas

Sirs:

I tell ya, I'm getting purty sick of those dope T-shirts and rock star posters and all the crap they sell in the back of your magazine. Who would honestly want a shirt, sweater, habit, or frock dedicated to some bucktooth, swishy rockstar? Why don't we honor the truly great people of history? I'd sure like to see some Spinoza beanies and Leif Ericson iron-on patches. And as for all this electric pipe/Neapolitan-flavored rolling papers shit: It stinks. After twelve centuries of civilization over there in India, they're still squatting over a water pipe in their BVDs, for Christ-sake! I'm glad that the fraternity guys are going back to Scotch, tonic, and kicking ass. . . .

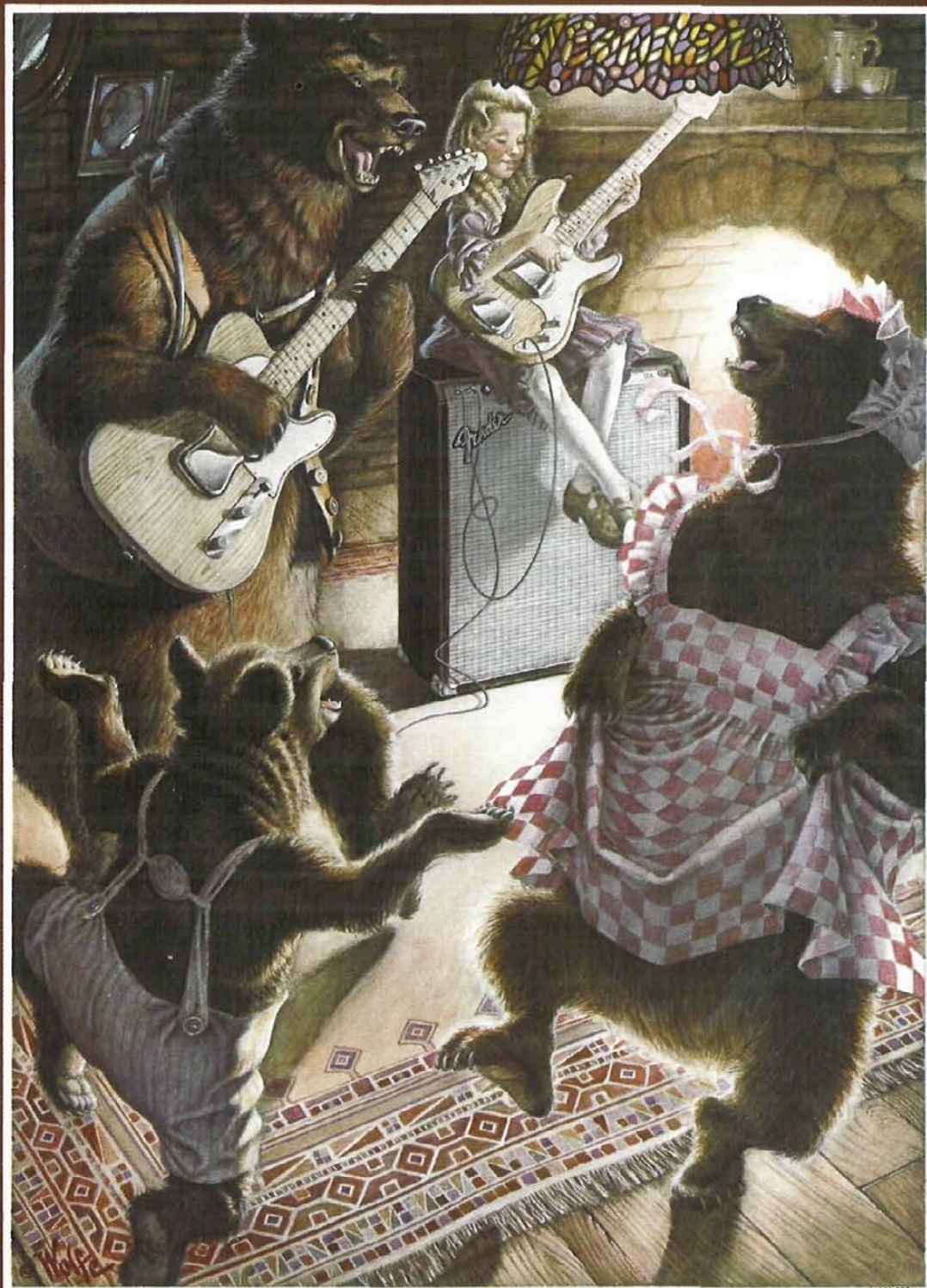
Dr. K.G.B. Grimm
Lombardi, Wis.

Sirs:

As an amputee, I'm surprised to see that not one of the nation's major pharmaceutical companies sells anything for athlete's stump. The itch isn't half as annoying as trying to figure out how to scratch it.

Kanska Noshisba
Hiroshima

continued on page 11



© 1975 CBS Inc.

"Someone's been playing my Telecaster," said Papa Bear.

"Someone's been playing my Stratocaster," said Mama Bear.

"Someone's playing my Precision Bass right now," said Baby Bear, "and she's really cookin'!"

"Oh dear," said the discovered Goldilocks. "I hope you shan't eat me for dinner. But then, an electric bass

doth have charms to soothe..."

"A Fender electric bass!" cried Baby.

"When it comes to music, we're real bears about what we play, just like all the other top TV concert monsters in the forest!"

"And of course," Goldilocks sang out...

"9 out of 10 pick a Fender bass!"*

For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to: Fender, Box 3410, Dept. 275, Fullerton, CA 92634.

*Source: National Marketing Research of California, 1974.

Fender
CBS Musical Instruments
A Division of CBS Inc.

Calling All College Kids

I think it's a good idea just to sit down and have a real heart-to-heart talk sometimes. You know, one generation to another, speak our minds, try to communicate. You kids today, you're living in a different world than the one we grew up in. Heck, I can remember before color television. A lot of things have changed, and you probably think we're pretty old-fashioned sometimes. Well, I guess people my age have been wrong about *some* things, but what I really don't understand, what I really want to know, is what, *what*, did we do to deserve the way you kids act?! We slaved for years—carrying old picket signs, strumming on heavy guitars, taking dangerous drugs every single day. Why? So you could have a better lifestyle. We fought and died at Kent State so you could have girls in your dorm room after 10 P.M. We blew up our parents' townhouses so you could smoke decriminalized marijuana. We frightened and demoralized a whole nation just so that you could have a chance to wear earth shoes. And what do we get for thanks? A bunch of kids that look like fucking bank tellers! A bunch of no good, goddamned, yellow-bellied riot-dodgers! You ask me, I think lots of these kids are Republicans. Bunch of red, white, and blue capitalists are behind what's going on on campus these days—it wouldn't surprise me a bit. Well, why don't you just try writing to Washington next time you run out of dope? Huh? Why don't you try that sometime, fucking ingrates? Huh?! What do you say to *that*?!?

But seriously...

All kidding aside—college students of the seventies *are* a bunch of

limp wicks. Real dead-asses. I mean boring, stupid, and physically unattractive. Did you know that College Board and SAT test scores have fallen dramatically in the past few years? Have you noticed how long it's been since *Time* did a "youth culture" article? Can you remember the name of one major rock and roll band formed since 1971? You see, something happened to all the genes and chromosomes when they were setting off those atomic bomb tests during the fifties. That's what's wrong with people under twenty-five. They're junk. Let's kill them. Let's just take them out and shoot them and the hell with it. The U.S. and Russia have stopped atmospheric testing, so maybe kids being born now will be alright. Let's give it a try, anyway, and kill everyone under twenty-five, but not until they've bought about a million copies of this magazine.

Plugs: Walt Disney Enterprises is suing the shit out of the *Air Pirates* comic book people. *Air Pirates* did a bunch of very nice parodies of early Mickey Mouse stuff, etc., remember? Anyway, the *Air Pirates* are pretty good folks, for hippies. And we know they're guilty. Mayor Yorty said they're guilty. Tatum O'Neal said they're guilty. (Is that enough for a mistrial yet? No? More?) Bob Cummings said they're guilty. Prince Rainier said they're guilty, and so on and so forth. They're guilty as hell, so you *know* they need the money. Send contributions to:

Air Pirates Defense
c/o Michael Kennedy, Atty.
2424 Pine St.
San Francisco, Calif.

And show copies of this magazine to all prospective jurors.

The Foto Funnies Large Breast Snapshot Contest is still open, and if you're as dumb as this contest is, you'll probably be sending us more nude Polaroids of your appalling girl friends. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, indeed.

Thanks go to Bernie Lettack for this month's cover. Bernie's pretty busy doing this kind of thing for weddings and bar mitzvahs, but he managed to squeeze us in.

More Thanks to Chris Callis, *not* for his *Resister's Revenge* photography (which was strictly "nice work if you can get it"), but for living upstairs from Peter Kleinman, who had an enormous burglar enter his loft. Peter began to scream and Chris ran down in his shorty pajamas, swinging a Nikon overhead on its strap like some kind of weird bolo. And frightened the bad man away. Or that's how Chris tells it.

Very Special Thanks to Doug Kenney, who turned his copy in *one month late* because he lost Mummy, his stuffed bear, and couldn't sleep. The only reason Doug's piece is in this issue at all is because management made me do it because Doug has so much fucking money and they all want nice Christmas presents again this year. Doug claims it's a very funny piece, but Mummy says it blows.

And Most Special Thanks of All to me, PJ, for being the guy that I am. If you really loved me, you'd send me \$2 million so that I could start my own magazine, *Women, Liquor, and Fast Cars* (incorporating *Gun Fun* and *Modern Trouble*). That's what I'd really like to do for a living. □

Editors: Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly, Douglas Kenney

Executive Editor: P. J. O'Rourke Associate Editor: John Weidman Art Director: Peter Kleinman

Copy Editor: Louise Gikow Research Editor: Karen Wegner

Associate Art Director: Mark Hecker Designer: Diana Feldman Assistant to the Art Director: Liza Lerner

Art Associate: Scott MacNeill Art Apprentice: Eliot Bergman

Contributing Editors: Christopher Cerf, Peter Kaminsky, Dean A. Latimer, Ted Mann, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, Marc Rubin

Contributing Artists: Arky & Barrett, 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, Norman Rubington, Warren Sattler, Neil Selkirk, Gahan Wilson

Production Manager: George Agoglia Jr. Promotion: Peter J. Kaminsky

Staff Assistants: Wendy Mogel, Julie Simmons Press Relations: Janis Hirsch

Publisher: Gerald L. Taylor

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman: Matty Simmons President: Leonard Mogel

Vice-President, Administration: George Agoglia Sr. Vice-President, Sales: Gerald L. Taylor

Vice-President, Finance: Charles Schneider Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: Howard Jurofsky

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.

Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. 60601, (312) 346-7145.

West Coast: Lowell Fox, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, (213) 478-0611.

Southern Offices: H. V. Brown, H. V. Brown Associates, 5825 Glenridge Dr. N.E., Building 2—Suite 116, Atlanta, Ga. 30328, (404) 252-9820.



**Introducing Old Spice Pocket Cologne.[™]
Who says you can't take it with you?**

Now your favorite colognes can go where you go and do what you do. Whether it's long lasting OLD SPICE[®] Concentrated Cologne, new refreshing Herbal or exciting, sensual Musk.

Because now they come packaged in contemporary new portable flasks. They're small enough to fit in your pocket or brief case, and sturdy enough to take the pounding a man on the go can give them.

So the next time you're on the go, don't go without our Pocket Cologne.[™] A little goes a long way.

Pocket Cologne[™] by Old Spice
Concentrated Droplets.



SHULTON



TEAC

Cassette decks come and go.

Very few have the inherent value and design integrity of the A-450 and A-360S to withstand the constant change of pace in the world of audio.

The very model numbers have come to represent a standard of quality. When we introduced these two decks there was a new found measure of respectability in the cassette format. It became, starting then, a thoroughly acceptable means of high fidelity recording and reproduction.

We still make the A-450 and A-360S. And we will continue to make them. Because they work reliably well. Because dollar for dollar and spec for spec they're still the best value there is in quality cassette decks.

Any other fine product you investigate will likely be compared, at one point or other, to these originals. Find out why.

Simply call (800) 447-4700* toll free for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer.

*In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.

Made to work well for a long time.

TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC CORPORATION OF AMERICA
7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640

© TEAC 75



**The most famous album never released.
Bob Dylan and The Band. "The Basement Tapes."
On Columbia Records and Tapes.**

© 1987 COLUMBIA RECORDS INC. A 2-record set

Sirs:

It's a fuckin' good thing they burned that library at Alexandria. You should have seen the garbage in that place. Roman romance set on the moon, Babylonian tales of enchanted triremes selling purple triple-cup jock straps to freemen of the Martian city states, a three-thousand tablet series called *Hungry Huns*—and the religious literature! You think the Church of England has primates! These guys were troubled by wisecracking trees, hebephrenic oracles, malignant mountains, and adulterous waterfowl. Now here's the bad news. Not all of this priceless heritage was burned. A lot of it was just overdue, and last week, when we had amnesty, we here at the library, all these fuckin' Ostrogoths, Kurds, and Armenians came trooping in with stuff that had been overdue thousands of years. So here I sit with clay tablets piled up to the roof. Has there ever been suffering equal to mine? No doubt formerly, but now?

Jorge Luis Borgia
Library of Alexandria
Land of the Croco

Sirs:

I've been laid up in the hospital after taking a ninety-mile-an-hour puck in the privates. Yeah, I'm a goalie, but I'll be a defense man when I get well. It'll be a whole new bag for me. I've got your gorilla emblem taped up inside my locker. Coach hates the hell out of it.

Stanley Kupp
Styx, New York

Sirs:

Do you know how to make a good red wine? Well, first you pick him up by his little loin flap, and then you twist his ear completely around. He'll whine.

Clarence Kelly
C/O FBI
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You don't have to work anywhere to try a knotted nylon on your colostomy.

An outpatient
Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

My idea of a lady, a real lady, is someone who does not go around naked, falling on her head all of the time and spilling Pepsi Cola all over herself. And this may come as a shock to you, but I'm not alone in the way I feel.

Norman's Cousin
*The Saturday Review of Women
with Their Clothes On
Sea Squirt, N.J.*

Our new 96-page catalog reveals the inside scoop on B·I·C turntables, speakers & other tasty stuff.

Meet Brillo Bob, permanently wired audio freak of Warehouse Sound Co. He's pumped up about the new B·I·C 940 turntable and just twitchin' to fill you in on it. Last year he jilted his manual when B·I·C introduced *the first* professional belt-driven-multiple-play turntable.

Now they've produced a no-frills model for only \$109! Bob thinks everyone into music should find out about B·I·C turntables and speakers. Calling 805/544-9700 and asking for Brillo, Larry or Don, or dropping this coupon in the mail is the *best way* to get the latest scoop on B·I·C — and the lowest prices on *all* stereo gear!

Our 96-page color catalog is hot off the press!

Send along \$1 for postage and you'll also receive the 1976 edition of the *Music Machine Almanac*! It's a full-color 150-page reference guide to stereo and quad equipment, complete with photos and specifications on over 37 brands. **MUSICIANS:** Our new catalog has a complete section on professional sound equipment!

Call 805/544-9700
or write: Railroad Square, Box S
San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93405



WAREHOUSE SOUND Co.

Railroad Square, PO Box "S"
San Luis Obispo, Ca, 93405

Enclosed is \$1 for your Catalog, Music Machine Almanac and B·I·C literature, sent via **priority first class mail.**

Just zip me your free Catalog and B·I·C product literature via **third class mail.**

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

D2

The Game of the Name.

It seems strange that in this age of increasingly sophisticated stereo enthusiasts, you still meet plenty of people who think that the two most important components of any hi-fi unit are the name on its faceplate and the number on its price-tag.

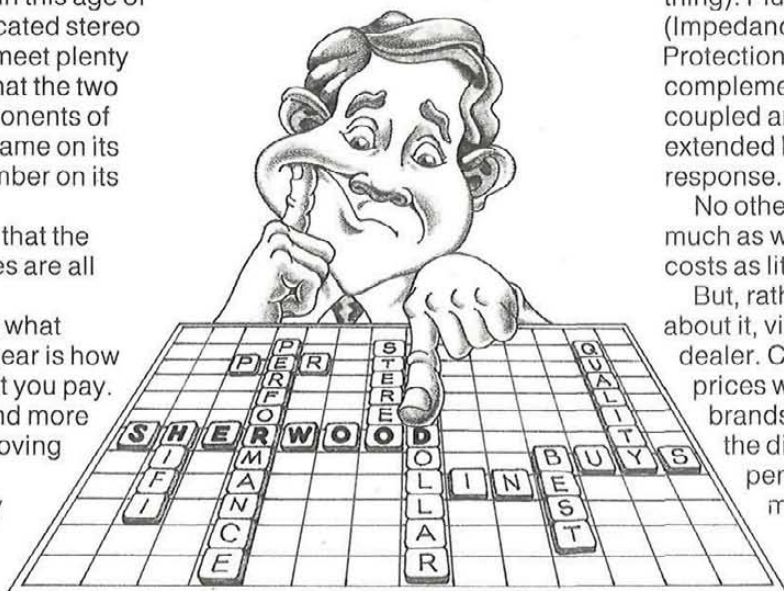
Which is not to say that the high-priced celebrities are all show and no go.

Yet we believe that what distinguishes audio gear is how much you get for what you pay. Which is why we spend more time and money improving our products than promoting them. Why we utilize only the finest componentry, and avoid the gimmicks.

And why, especially, we can offer the highest performance-per-dollar ratio in the industry.

Consider the specs, for example, on our Model SEL-400 Stereo Control Amplifier.

With an RMS output of 85 watts per channel (both channels driven @ 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz; Maximum Total Harmonic Distortion, no more than 0.25%),



the 400 is easily one of the more powerful units of its type on the market.

Within its price range, it is *the* most powerful.

That alone is impressive. But even more so, when coupled with its built-in Dynaquad matrixing circuit (which permits a simulation of 4-channel sound so accurate that it's hard to tell from the real

thing). Plus our exclusive ISOP (Impedance Sensing Overload Protection) Circuitry. And fully complementary Darlington direct-coupled amplifier circuitry, for extended high and low-end response.

No other amp that can do as much as well and as dependably costs as little.

But, rather than have us tell you about it, visit your Sherwood dealer. Compare our specs and prices with those of any other brands. And hear for yourself the difference performance-per-dollar engineering makes.

One good listen will spell it out more clearly than a

thousand words.

Sherwood Electronic Laboratories
4300 N. California Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60618



SHERWOOD
The word is getting around.



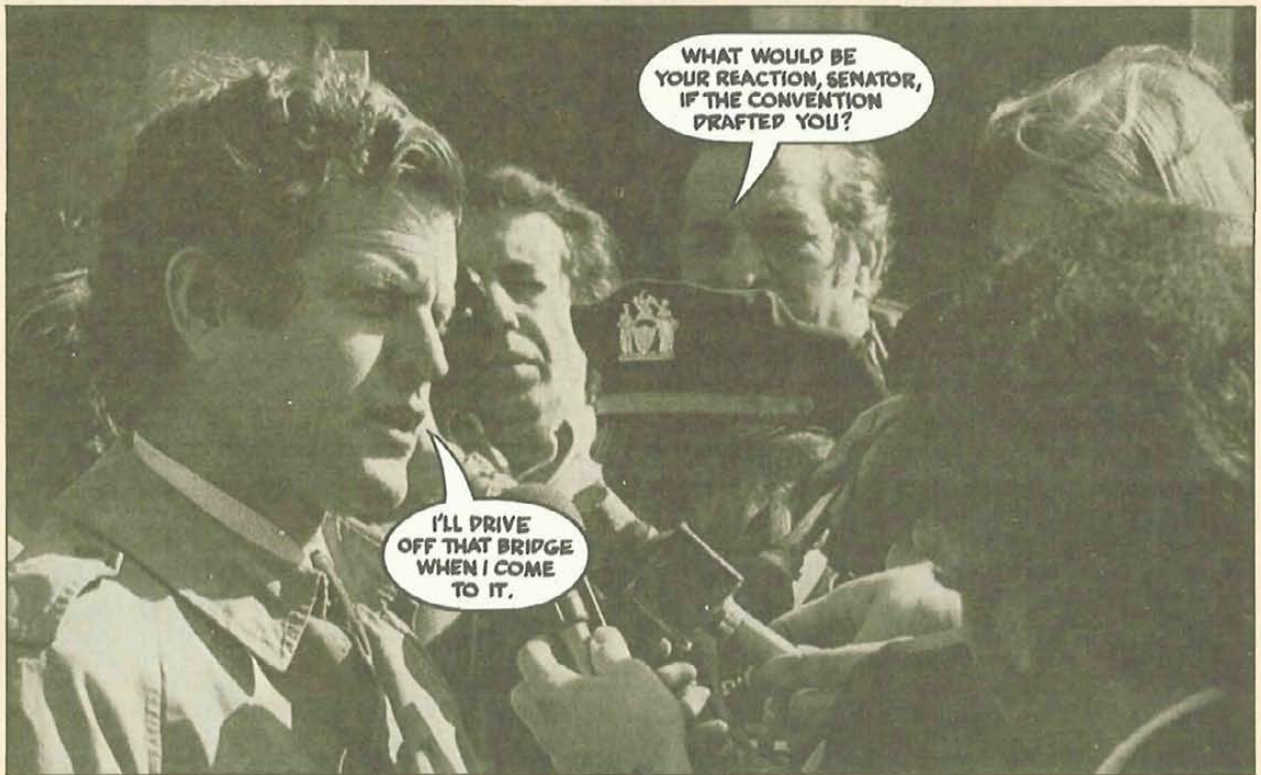
The cabinet shown is constructed of plywood with a walnut veneered covering.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

SEPTEMBER, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LXVI

DESPERATE DEMS DELVE FOR DIMINUTIVE DINGUS



Democratic party king-makers, operating on the tried and true "Big Wang" theory of presidential campaigning, are dragging White House hopefuls into smoke-filled rooms and measuring the politicians' pee-pees. The littlest rod will get the nod.

"The Big Wang theory," explained old pro Carl Albert, "says the candidate with the biggest wazoo wins all the marbles. Obviously, Tru-

man out-schlanged Dewey, even old Ike was better hung than Adlai, and the Kennedy endowment made Dick look sick."

But even such peren-

nial Democratic peanut pricks as McGovern and McCarthy are larger lingamed than Republican incumbent Ford, and since the Dems are serious about wanting to lose in '76, their search for the smallest schuck is on.

"We were smart enough to nominate Al Smith, a sure-fire loser, in twenty-nine, and get

the depression blamed on the Republicans," Albert confided. "This time there's a real shit-storm brewing, and by seventy-seven total economic collapse, war in the Middle East, the whole catastrophe is inevitable. We have to be sure the GOP takes the rap. We simply can't afford to win. But even Shirley Chisolm has a

bigger bird than old Jerry."

Right now, the likeliest standard bearer for the Democrats is Ngun Cao Ky. In Albert's words, "He's had lots of media exposure, loads of experience in our kind of politics, and the moment a voter sees his name, he can't help but say to himself, 'That little dink.'"

continued

COLBY TO ABZUG: U.S. on Twenty-Year Acid Trip

CIA Director William Colby has informed a thunderstruck House committee that "we've been seeding clouds with LSD ever since 1957." The dapper supersnooper released this latest intelligence bombshell in the midst of a heated exchange with New York Congresswoman Bella Abzug.

In response to Abzug's accusation that he was a "front man for the military-industrial complex," Colby shot back: "For your information, douchebag, the military industrial complex was a total figment of Ike's imagination. We had seeded the rain clouds above his Gettysburg farm with acid barely twenty-four hours before he coined the term."

Declining to reveal the exact amount of LSD used in the vast "Operation Pipedream," Colby assured his inquisitors that the intelligence agency had used "really good stuff from Owsley's private stash."

Having let the cat out of the bag, Colby went on to unfurl a weather map dated August, 1964.

Citing heavy shower activity over the eastern portion of the country, the director told the dazed legislators, "The Tonkin Gulf incident and, in fact, the entire Vietnam War were nothing more than a big acid bummer, man!"

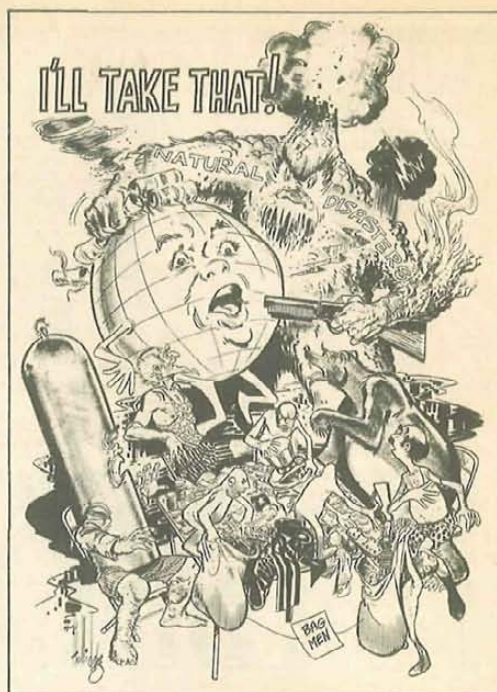
When asked by Rep. Abner Cohen why this had never been reported to President Johnson, Colby replied "With everybody tripping out, it was pretty hard to be sure that Johnson was, in fact, President." A quick poll of the committee proved Colby's claim as two Wyoming

Republicans admitted that up until 1967, they had thought former Chief of Staff Lyman Lemnitzer sat in the Oval Office.

Taking aim at "eco-freaks," the intelligence czar revealed further effects of the cloud seeding, insisting there is no strip mining going on in the continental U.S.

"Actually, there has been some landscaping work done in connection with the Bicentennial, and all this strip mining talk is just a lot of down-headed paranoia."

Promising to return Tuesday, Colby left the committee with a \$100 million request for a pilot study to determine the feasibility of returning the American psyche to normal by seeding clouds with Thorazine.



Biggies to Get Bomb

"How are you gonna say no?" quipped President Ford to reporters at a press conference called to announce the handing-over of the nation's nuclear resources to the private sector.

Ford, bag man for some of the biggest corporations in the world, told reporters he was kicking off his plan by selling all existing uranium reserves and plutonium processing facilities to monster multi Exxon for the nominal cost of \$1.

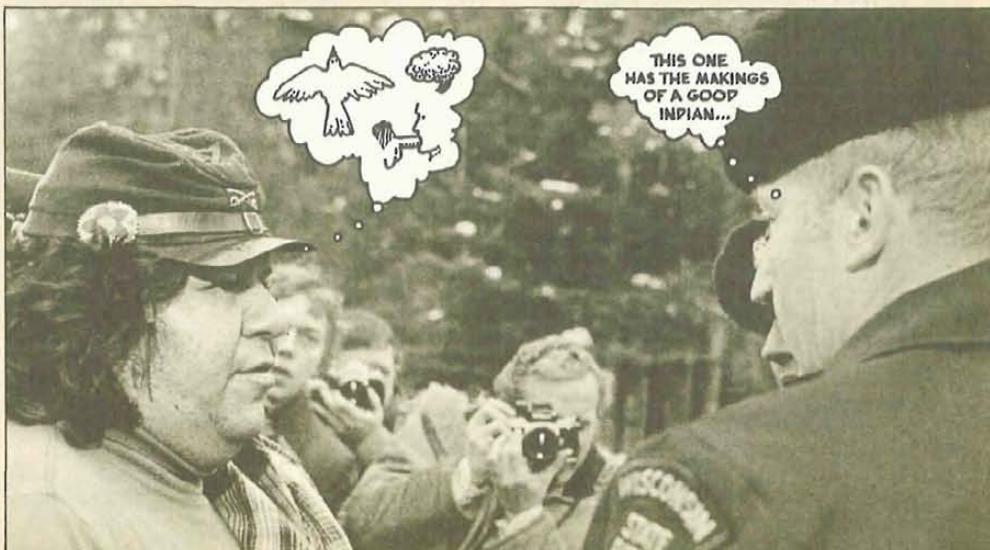
He also said he had received guarantees from the company that the materials would only be used for "peaceful purposes."

An Exxon company spokesman interviewed by telephone later said the company had no plans "at the present time" of developing nuclear capability. "So long as our markets play ball with us," he said, "we won't shove the bat up their ass."

CANUCKS OUST VIET VET

Canada's Minister of Manpower and Immigration announced in Ottawa today that General Bang Van Quang of the now disbanded ARVN was being deported from the country for falsifying immigration information. Others have accused Quang of being a big-time heroin dealer, of torturing babies for the entertainment of visitors, and of routinely castrating inferiors for petty acts of insubordination.

The general is being deported to the U.S.



Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

*The pitcher hurls the hanging curve.
The batter he's no dope.
He waits until the ball doth swerve,
Then strokes the frozen rope.*

—Fuck you, Grantland Rice



Major league baseball used to be a game played by eighteen sweaty men with hangovers on a hot afternoon in Chicago. You'd roll out to the ballpark, slosh down a few frosties, and if you didn't like the look on the first baseman's face, you'd call him a cocksucker and pelt him with the empties. But no more. Today's national pastime is a business, run by a bunch of Brut-soaked PR men from Madison Avenue who are so busy creating a sanitized "image" for the game that they've destroyed the individuality of the athletes who play it. What am I talking about? I'm talking about nicknames. Sure, this year's rosters boast their fair share of screwball monikers, cooked up by the double-knit marketing boys in the front office — cutesiepo handles like Dave "Kong" Kingman and Larvell "Honeybear" Blanks. But what happened to the nicknames of old? Names that really told you something about the ballplayer who

sported them? Names like Bob "Hiya" Feller, and Elroy "Shit" Face. Names like Honus "Halfmast" Wagner, and Lou "Hophead" Gehrig. Gone are the days when you could pick up the morning paper and thrill to the exploits of Robin "The Fag" Roberts, Larry "The Nigger" Doby, and Bobby "Perpetual Hard-On" Richardson. And what about those fabled minor league roommates Johnny "Fucks Trucks" Kucks and Virgil "Sucks Kucks" Trucks? And that great Yankee outfield that scratched out more than hits, Roger "Crabs" Maris, Hector "Cucaracha" Lopez, and Mickey "Bugfucker" Mantle? Felipe "Skiptom" Alou, Bill "Tiny" Dickey, Bo "The Bull Dyke" Belinsky, Jerry "Turds R." Lumpe — the list goes on and on.

Redhois: Title tilt between Buster Mathis and highly-touted Puerto Rican heavyweight Goya "Beans" Goya ended in disaster last week when Mathis stumbled and fell on his 5'2", 210-

pound opponent. On impact, Goya, whose training meals consist entirely of rice and beans, literally blew the fight. "Take a dive?" said Goya's trainer Angelo Dundee. "When Mathis hit him, my boy took a dump!" . . . Newly-formed Canadian American Cricket Association (CACA) New York franchise, the New York Stumps, currently negotiating with retired all-time cricket great W. E. G. Grace. "Grace may be 107 years old," says Stumps'prexy Mike Burke, "but with a cricket bat in his hands, he makes Pele look like a Negro." . . . Nancy Kissinger conspicuous by her absence at last month's funeral services for the late, great silly Ruffian. Ask yourself, did you ever see the two of them together? . . . Keep your eye on Ralston Swine, Louisiana high school All-American, who'll be playing both ways for L.S.U. Tigers this fall. Swine does the hundred in nine flat and eats phonebooks for breakfast.

Damned if I know: Who holds the National League record for most ground-rule doubles hit by a switch-hitting pinch-hitter batting left-handed in the third inning of the first game of a rain-delayed two-night doubleheader? (Check Ole Red's column next month for the answer. In the meantime, don't get caught lookin'!) □

I got it good!



I, John Viera, sent off to the Warehouse Sound Co. and quick as a hot riff, received their new 96-page full color catalog complete with the latest hi-fi and pro products gear . . . everything a full tilt musician needs to get his chops together. All major brands are at juicy discounts. Plus a steamin side order; for \$1 in postage those good folks will also send the following: the 1976 *Music Machine Almanac*, a 150 page guide to stereo equipment which sells on the street for \$1.95! So clip or call, it's fast and tasty.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Professional Products Group
Box S, Railroad Square
San Luis Obispo, CA 93405
805/544-9700

WAREHOUSE SOUND Co.

Professional Products Group

- Enclosed is \$1 for your catalog & the 1976 Music Machine Almanac, sent via priority first class mail.
- Just slip me a free catalog via 3rd. class mail.

name _____

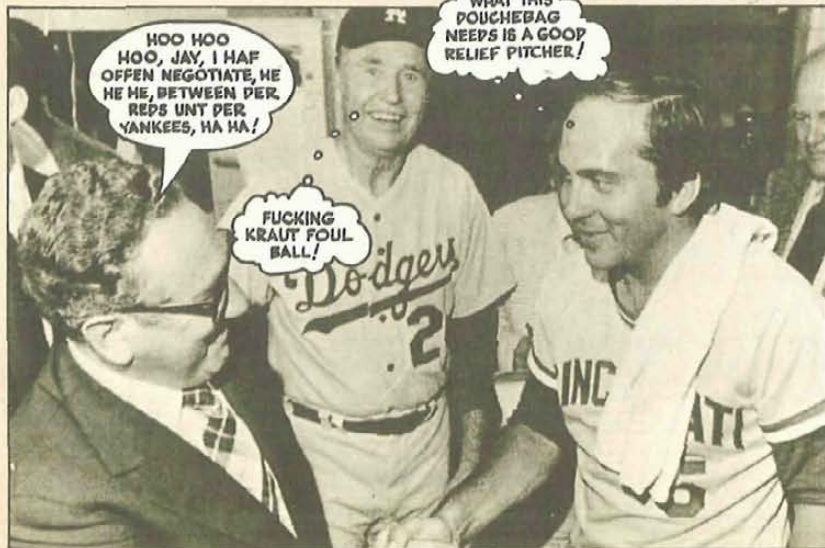
address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

Box S, Railroad Square, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 805/544-9700
D1

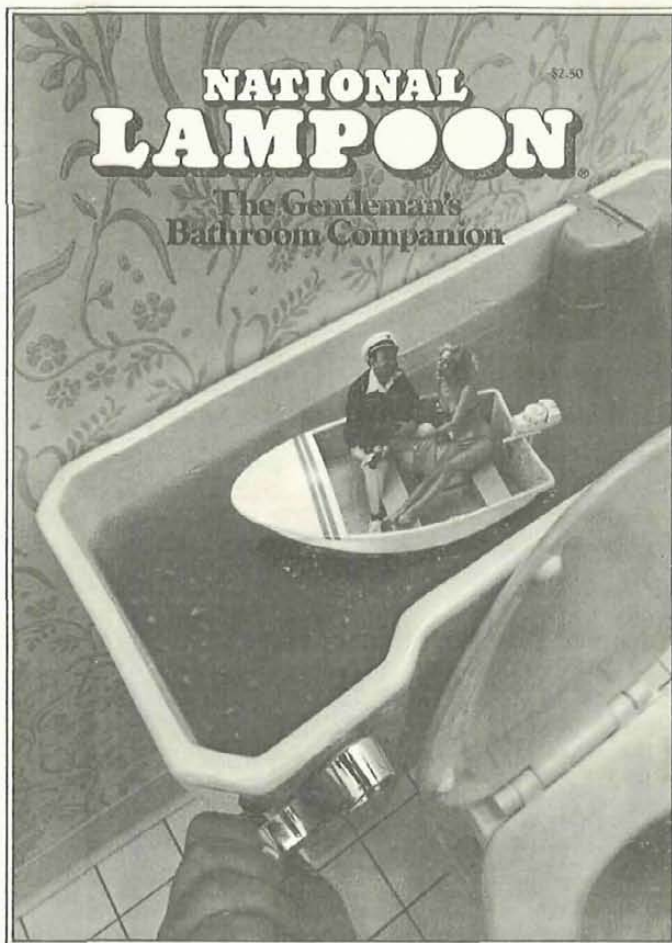


HOO HOO HOO, JAY, I HAF OFFEN NEGOTIATE, HE HE HE, BETWEEN PER. REPS UNT PER YANKEES, HA HA!

WHAT THIS POUCHEBAG NEEDS IS A GOOD RELIEF PITCHER!

FUCKING KRAUT FOUL BALL!

The Gentleman's Bathroom Companion



A collection of stories and cartoons basically dealing with the goings-on between the sexes, and including: a new novella by Chris Miller, new cartoons on the subject of sexual doings by S. Gross, and some of the most scintillating stuff on sex ever to singe the pages of what two druggists in Cleveland recently called: "America's wickedest magazine." If you welcome good reading... if you welcome good reading about sex... if you're going to the bathroom... you should have a copy.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022 NL

Please send me _____ copies of The Gentleman's Bathroom Companion.

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$2.50 for each copy ordered.

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please make sure to list your correct zip code)

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

514028. MAXFIELD PARRISH POSTER BOOK. Introduction by Maurice Sendak. Posters suitable for framing from the major periods of an artist known for his luminous colors, nymphlike forms, and the romance, flamboyance, and sensuality of his work. 11 1/4" x 18", 48 pages, 24 posters in full color. Only \$5.95



144352. THE PIN-UP: A MODEST HISTORY. By Mark Gabor. Hundreds of revealing photos, 53 full-color plates. Erotic and tantalizing look into the fantasy world of pin-ups, incl. homosexuality, bondage, nudity, fetishes, girlie magazines, sex goddesses and gods of the silver screen. Lots more. Orig. Pub. at \$20.00. New complete ed. Only \$7.98



931680. THREE HOURS FIFTY NINE MINUTES FIFTY ONE SECONDS WITH THE MARX BROTHERS. Zany, raucous, hilarious collection of 25 radio programs. Hear the Marx Bros. cavort, carry-on, destroy and perform with Bing Crosby, Tallulah Bankhead, Fanny Brice, Mel Tormé at age 17, Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Johnny Weissmuller, Dinah Shore, Harry Von Zell, Al Jolson, Oscar Levant, plus Harpo's first-time-ever interview! Due to the age of these broadcasts a certain amount of surface noise will be noticeable. \$25.00 Value 4 Record Set Complete. Only \$9.95



520435. POSTERS OF MUCHA. 24 Posters in rich Full Color. The flowing, sensuous designs of Alphonse Mucha, one of the prime exponents of Art Nouveau, collected in a deluxe large-format (11 1/4" x 15 1/4") book. Includes the famous posters of "The Divine Sarah" Bernhardt, the Job cigarette poster and other current favorites, and many never before published in America. Softbound. Only \$5.95

16826X. EROTIC MOVIES. By R. Wortley. Over 200 Photos. Brilliant photos, many of them rare and all uncensored, trace the history of eroticism in the movies from the first screen kiss in 1896 through today's uninhibited and totally explicit films, incl. Bardot, Monroe, Redford, Deep Throat, Emmanuelle, Jane Russell, Hedy Lamarr, much more. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Extra Value Import Only \$4.98



933977. THE GREAT RADIO HORROR SHOWS. Blood-curling radio broadcasts of Breckler, Frankenstein, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, more. Featuring Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Orson Welles, John Carradine. Never before released. \$15.00 Value. 3 Record Set Complete Only \$7.99

524163. CUT: The Unseen Cinema. By B. Phillips. 260 illus., 4 Full Color Pages. Tells the story of entire films and parts of others that have never been seen by the public because of censorship. Profusely illus. with stills from this unseen cinema, this vol. explores what the audience has missed from the beginning of the film industry to the permissive cinema of today. Only \$4.98

520443. VOGUE POSTER BOOK. A collection of Magazine Covers from Vogue (1911-1927). Introduction by Diana Vreeland. Vogue covers drawn by women artists, super-nostalgic, super-romantic, supersentimental; posters to take out and frame. 11 1/4" x 15 1/4". 48 pages. 24 pages in full color. Only \$5.95



127474. THE SEX BOOK: A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia. By M. Goldstein, M.D., & E. J. Haerberle, Ph.D. 220 photos. Complete lexicon of sexual activity with artistic but informative close-ups of people in the nude performing sex acts of every kind — foreplay, self-stimulation, intercourse, etc. — with explanations in today's language. For sale to adults over 21 only. Pub. at \$9.95. Only \$5.95

931079. Scott Joplin: HIS COMPLETE KNOWN WORKS. Complete musical treasury of the Father of Ragtime, featuring all 60 of his songs, two-steps, marches, waltzes and songs, incl. Maple Leaf Rag, The Entertainer, Elitser, Elite Syncopations.



Magnetic Rag, many more! Plus, a version of Joplin's 1911 opera Treemonisha. All newly recorded by Richard Zimmerman. A "must" for ragtime collectors. Comprehensive 16-page booklet on ragtime and its era enclosed. \$25.00 Value. 5 Record Set Complete Only \$11.99

028794. PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE in full color. Europe's most beautiful, best-selling sex manual now available with over 200 full color, full page photos of a man and woman engaged in a variety of sexual intercourse positions, each shown in an individual photo accompanied by sophisticated informative text translated into English. For sale to adults over 21 only. Softbound. Pub. at \$12.98. Only \$4.98

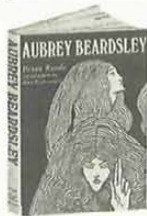
L03558. Picture History of Homosexuality: THE OTHER FACE OF LOVE. By R. de Becker. Over 100 illus. Male homosexual and lesbian love from Babylon and Ancient Greece through the Middle Ages and incl. Cide, Genet and Gertrude Stein; an absorbing look at homosexual attitudes and practices with many beautiful examples of homosexual erotic art, some never before printed. Orig. Pub. at \$10.00. New Complete Ed. Only \$3.98



172232. SONGS OF LENNON AND MCCARTNEY. The New York Times great songs of Lennon and McCartney. Ed. by M. Okun. 82 photos. Eleanor Rigby, Hey Jude, Let It Be, Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds, Yesterday, She Loves You, The Fool On The Hill, Michelle, Sergeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band, Come Together, 63 more. Pub. at \$17.50. Only \$6.98



524066. AMERICAN POP CLASSICS. The Best Selling Sheet Music Of The 70's Packed in One Spiral Bound Volume. This newly revised edition of pop/rock standards includes 55 winning songs arranged for piano, vocal and guitar: "Ain't No Sunshine," "The Air That I Breathe," "Brian's Song," "Country Road," "Daniel," "It Never Rains in Southern California," "Let Me Be There," "Light My Fire," "Me and Mrs. Jones," "Piano Man," "You've Got A Friend," "When Will I See You Again," and many more. A super value. Only \$7.95



10427X. AUBREY BEARDSLEY by B. Rada. Introduction by Sr. John Rothenstein. 502 excellent reproductions of his works, including all his better-known prints and drawings and many less familiar but equally important, revealing his profound influence on book illustrations, poster and architectural design, etc. 8 1/2" x 12". Pub. at \$16.95. Only \$6.98

105500. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LOVE AND SEX. With 265 vivid illus., 173 in full color. Incredibly comprehensive, pictorial guide to every aspect of lovemaking: 66 explicit chapters on positions for loving, oral sex in love play, group sex, fetishes, male and female orgasm, masturbation and fantasy, genital size, homosexuality, etc. 8 1/2" x 11 1/2". For sale to adults over 21 only. Only \$10.95

505592. HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN LIVING STRUCTURES by Ken Isaacs. A how-to book that emphasizes thinking and creativity. 12 projects ranging from a drill stand to a vacation house. Simple instructions with startling new ideas. 12" x 8". 144 pages. Illus. Only \$4.95



523507. HEAVENLY BODIES. The Complete Pirelli Calendar Book. Introduction by David Niven. 120 full color photographs — 120 perfect fantasies — of at least 200 beautiful women in the most beautiful settings imaginable. All the Pirelli calendar beauties from 1964 to 1974. 8 1/2" x 11 1/2". 304 pages. Illustrated. Only \$9.95

169622. SIDE SHOW: A Photo Album of Human Oddities. By M. Rusid. 171 Startling Photos. Photo-packed vol. of the curiosities, freaks, grossly deformed people and human oddities who filled the sideshows of circuses and carnivals around the world, incl. dwarves, three-legged people, fat people, the Elastic Skinned Girl, 8'4" Statuesque Miss Lundy, the Alligator Skinned Boy, Siamese twins, much more. 8 1/2" x 11". Special Value Only \$4.98



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY BOOKS, Dept. NL975
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book and record bargains circled below. MINIMUM ORDER \$3.

On orders totalling \$3 to \$10, add 60¢ per title for shipping charges.

On orders over \$10, no charge for shipping. Add 60¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find \$_____. Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

514028	931079	524163	505592
520435	028794	172232	931680
16826X	L03558	524066	520451
520443	144352	10427X	523507
127474	933977	105500	169622

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



WPIX FM



7 Nights a week • Stereo 102 is Disco 102

SICK STICKERS



10 Very Sick Bumperstickers

Not necessarily for bumpers. Put 'em on doors, windows, cats, dogs, even people. Use your imagination (or any other handy part of your body) to stick 'em up. . . .

- (1) I SPEED UP TO RUN OVER SMALL ANIMALS
- (2) HONK IF YOU THINK I'M UGLY
- (3) I'LL SCREW ANYTHING
- (4) THANK GOD I'M A TURKEY
- (5) TAKE A SHARK TO LUNCH
- (6) BITE ME CRANK, MATEY
- (7) COME BACK BENEDICT ARNOLD ALL IS FORGIVEN!
- (8) MS. IS A CRIPPLING DISEASE
- (9) PHART
- (10) ATTEND CHURCH ANNUALLY

\$1.00 each + 25¢ per order for shipping & handling. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Send check or m.o. to: SICK STICKERS, 97 Fairlawn Plaza Dr., Akron, Ohio 44313

Name: _____
Address: _____
City, State: _____ Zip: _____

SAVE

TOP QUALITY GEAR
LOWEST PRICES
PROMPT DELIVERY
SAVE ON FREIGHT
SELECTION

GARRARD BSR
KENWOOD DYNACO
AR SANSUI
DUAL EPI

and more than 50 others

PLEASE REQUEST PRICE QUOTATIONS ON YOUR CHOICE OF QUALITY STEREO GEAR

Component Discounters

DEPT.
24020 ONEIDA
OAK PARK, MICH.
313-559-1270

THE MOST SENSUOUS CONDOM IN THE WORLD!



with her in mind.

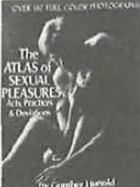
A new pleasure for both of you—Nacken! An exciting new pre-shaped condom. Nacken's lightly textured surface adds a truly unique and erotic feature to lovemaking. And Population Planning lets you order with ease and privacy from your own home. Orders are mailed within 24 hours in unmarked, tasteful packages with a money-back guarantee. Send today for Nacken, the condom designed for pleasure. Available exclusively from PPA.

Population Planning, 105 N. Columbia St., Dept. DNL-8 Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

- Nacken—Wallet of 10 Swedish condoms. \$5.25
 - Exclusive PPA Sampler—32 sensuous condoms. \$10
- Nacken Profil Jade textured preshaped color

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
America's Largest Retailer of Contraceptive Products

THE ATLAS OF SEXUAL PLEASURES



ACTS, PRACTICES AND DEVIATIONS

Straightforward, totally revealing European approach unveils the full story of human sexual development. Includes sections on masturbation, erogenous areas, special love techniques, homosexuality, nymphomania, exhibitionism, and many others. Beautiful full color photographs reveal sexual acts and practices in explicit detail. Money back if not delighted. Nationally advertised at \$16.95. 173 pages. Now only \$8.95.

SEND \$8.95 TO ADAM & EVE, DEPT DNL-7 105 N. COLUMBIA, CHAPEL HILL, N.C. 27514

PLAYBOY MAGAZINE FOR SALE

1974—66 ea. \$1.50 except Jan. & Dec. issues ea. \$2.50; 1965—62 ea. \$3 except Jan. & Dec. issues ea. \$5; 1961—60 ea. \$5; 1959—58 ea. \$6; 1957 ea. 7; 1956 ea. \$10. Earlier issues on request. Minimum order \$5. CHEROKEE BOOKSHOP Box 3427 Hollywood, CA 90028

Horseshit is always mailed in plain sealed envelopes.

HORSESHIT HAS ALL THESE UNWILLING READERS

Horseshit Magazine has readers who are disgusted by its violent, gutter language; by its perverse, shocking ideas; by its immersion in every form of sex. Well, then, why do they read such a magazine? Because they think that the things Horseshit says are true. What happens is that someone picks up a copy of Horseshit and flips through it. Then, willing or not, he finds himself reading it. You see, even though there are people who dislike Horseshit, no one has ever claimed that it was dull. The usual reaction is just the opposite. Some people get violently angry. Others explode. Yet they read every word in it, complaining all the while. So here's a magazine that's diametrically opposed to every conventional idea, and yet people read it, and reluctantly admit that it's true. If you think wild-eyed, revolutionary raving upsets people, you're wrong. What shocks most Americans is the plain, unadorned truth. They're used to lies and nonsense, it's the truth that's new and strange and frightening to them. Try Horseshit and you'll see.

Send me ALL FOUR ISSUES with free book FOR \$10 (4 issues available)
 2 issues for \$5

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

EQUINE PRODUCTS • BOX 361 A
HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF. 90254

FREE RECORD COLLECTION

Reviewers Wanted: (No Experience Required)
We ship you NEW records to review. All you pay is postage & handling. You pay nothing for any records. Applicants accepted on "First Come Basis." For application write: NATIONAL RESEARCH, Dept. N, 3725 N. 126th St., Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005.

One Month Only - 15% Off!

SATIVA

Zebra Wood Hide-A-Clip \$2.00

Zebra Wood Necklace \$2.50

7-7 Space Clip \$3.50

Bullet Hide-A-Clip \$2.00

Keychain Nickel Clip \$3.00

7-39 Extenda Pen Clip \$3.50

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Circle Items Desired
Send check or money order to: Sativa Sales, P.O. Box 30272, Terminal Annex, L.A., Calif. 90030. Allow 2 wks. for delivery. Add \$1 postage & handling. California residents add 6% tax NL-975
 Check here for free catalog.

WE INVENTED A PEN THAT DOESN'T WRITE



The Pocket MIST-ers by English Leather. Looks like a pen. It's as portable as a pen. But it doesn't write, it sprays. Over two hundred sprays of the world's most intriguing men's colognes. Pocket MIST-ers come in 5 uniquely different scents: the tang of Lime, the earthiness of Musk, the country freshness of Timberline, the stirring sensuality of *Wind Drift* and the indescribable effect of famous English Leather. Keep them in your pocket, your case, desk, car. It's the fresh-up at your fingertips. Wherever fine men's toiletries are sold or send a check or money order for \$2. for each Pocket MIST-er you order.

Put some scents in your pocket.

The Pocket MIST-er by English Leather.®

MEM Co., Inc., Dept. H. L., Box 359
Passaic, N.J. 07055

Please send me Pocket MIST-er(s) checked below. Enclosed is check or money order for \$2.00 for each Pocket MIST-er ordered.

English Leather Lime Musk
Timberline Wind Drift

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



• A free-lance journalist reports that he has been told the rather bizarre circumstances behind Pierre Salinger's quitting the Johnson administration. James Loeb, a former U.S. ambassador under both Kennedy and Johnson, told the following account to writer William Worth:

Midway through the Johnson administration, at a fairly intimate luncheon, LBJ chanced to look past the invited guests to Pierre Salinger, seated further down the table. Johnson noticed that his portly secretary had not touched the beans on his plate.

"Pierre," Johnson called out, "you haven't eaten your beans."

"Mr. President," Salinger replied, "I happen not to care for this variety of beans."

Johnson, seated at the head of the table, firmly replied: "Pierre, eat your beans." An embarrassed hush fell across the dining room as Salinger sat in uneasy discomfort.

Again came the booming command from LBJ: "Pierre, I said to eat your beans!"

By now, although all eyes were lowered, the small gathering watched awkwardly as White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger (the man charged with the responsibility of communicating LBJ's policies to the world) slowly picked up his fork and ate every last bean on his plate.

Later that day, Salinger resigned. *Newhall Signal* (G. Dunhom)

• Police have arrested eighteen-year-old Mrs. Phakar Khemawong on a charge of cutting off her husband's penis while he was asleep at their home in Bangkok, Thailand.

The incident reportedly followed a heated argument over Mrs. Phakar's husband's alleged extramarital activities.

She waited until the early hours of the morning, when she allegedly cut off her husband Aroon's penis with a kitchen knife and threw it out of the bedroom window.

A neighbor heard Aroon's screams of pain and rushed him to a local hospital. There, a doctor advised the neighbor to go back and fetch the severed organ.

The neighbor hurried back and was just in time to retrieve the penis from the beak of a duck.

Police detained Mrs. Phakar for further questioning. *Bangkok Post* (R. Brackin)

• A murder-suicide pact between an eighty-nine-year-old man and his ninety-two-year-old wife failed because their weapon was almost as old as they are.

Vancouver, B.C. police reported that the man shot his wife in the head with an old .22-caliber pistol, but the rusty bullet ricocheted off a hair curler and the woman suffered only a scalp laceration.

Then her husband's attempt to end it all met similar defeat when he put the gun to his right ear and fired. According to police, the shot was so weak that the bullet lodged in his right ear.

The dazed man gave up and phoned a telephone operator, who summoned the authorities.

Police said both the weapon and its ammunition had sat, unused, in the man's possession for at least sixty years. *San Francisco Chronicle*

• A housewife in Akron, Ohio began spraying her hair, only to discover that the button on the can was stuck and couldn't be shut off. She continued to spray her hair until it had the consistency and texture of portland cement. Then she ran into the bathroom and sprayed the rest of the contents of the can into the toilet bowl.

That evening, when her husband arrived home from work, he went into the bathroom, made himself comfortable with his evening paper, and lit up a cigarette. He dropped the lit match into the bowl. The next thing he knew, an explosion hurled him into the wall, broke his nose, knocked him unconscious, and gave his posterior second degree burns. *Akron Beacon Journal* (R. Coleman)

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.

You never had it so good.



(Akai's new GXC-39D stereo cassette deck.)

You may be asking yourself how we could possibly know what you've ever had —and how good it was. Well, we couldn't. Except when it comes to Akai's new GXC-39D.

Then we say —with what it has and for what it costs— you never had it so good.

This cassette deck is so good you can push a button at a certain spot in the tape and it'll remember. And go back to it anytime you want.

Flick on the Dolby* switch and it'll filter out any bad sounds going to your speakers. Flick another switch and it's set for low noise tape.

Push another button and it'll pause in the middle of a recording. Push it again and it'll start again, smoothly.

Just turn on the GXC-39D and your tape will be running across Akai's own glass and crystal heads. We developed them.

Lights pop on to remind you the tape is running.

More lights pop on if the recording level is too high.

It has direct function controls so you can go from play to forward to rewind and back to play — non-stop.

And it comes in Akai's professionally styled brushed aluminum finish.

The Akai GXC-39D stereo cassette deck. We never had it so good, either.

If you're going to get big, you gotta be good.
We're good.



AKAI

The little Asskicker



For many performers, the large "multi-Kilowatt" PA systems along with demanding studio/live engagement schedules have negated the need for large, cumbersome instrument amplifiers. Until now, however, there have been no commercially available small, portable amps with professional power and features. In answer to this need, we present the Peavey "Artist."

The "Artist" features an extremely compact enclosure containing either a 12" or a 15" super heavy duty professional grade speaker and is powered by a tube type 120 watt RMS (@ 5% THD) amplifier. A full complement of Equalization controls is featured and includes low, middle and high frequency bands. We have built into this series a new type of reverberation circuit that delivers over 14 volts RMS to the built in reverberation unit. The preamplifiers, equalization, and reverb circuitry is complimented by a master volume control for even greater control of sustain, dynamics, and sensitivity for recording studio applications. Our exclusive "Automix" circuitry is built into this series for even greater flexibility and "on stage" versatility.

The Artist's Automix footswitch coupled with the internal circuitry of the amplifier enables the performer to parallel both channels, or drive one channel into the other for unbelievable sustain and overload harmonics, while retaining the ability to control these from the remote footswitch.

Overall, the "Artist" is the professional's compact amplifier.



Peavey Electronics
Box 2898
Meridian, MS 39301

Send me a free catalog

NL

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



☛ **Muhammed Ali** says he will retire from boxing after a bout with Lou Graham, winner of the U.S. Open. "I've always wanted to win him," says the thirty-three-year-old champ. "'Fore I gets too brain-damage. 'Fore I's no longer the age o' Christ. 'Fore I get out o' the mood o' smashin' that hip-swingin' silly." The fight is scheduled for Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, this winter—Ali to use boxing gloves, Graham to swing nine irons. "I'll whup him and I'll whap him and everything, / Then I'll smash Billie Jean, so I'll always be king." After Billie Jean, promoter Don King says he's setting up a fight for Ali with Foolish Pleasure.

☛ "Mae was a rhinestone in a platinum setting," says Diana Ross of Mae West, in whose biopic she's playing the famous star. "She was a great natural resource, like Dis or Mount Helicon. I have been cast as her due to the fact she likes pink and that she has monkeys who shit all over her pink satin wall-papered palazzo. Both for the pink and the monkeys, see. I understand pink, and, being black, I understand monkey shit. So I had the primal point of view." The West bio, *Go Down and Smell Me Sometime*, is being shot in Bronx and Bridgeport locales this winter, when the air will be sufficiently congealed. "Mae was stout, short, double-chinned, homely, wore wigs, had small tits, and walked like a sailor. This was a parody of sex. I am black, lithe, young, pretty, well-stacked, and move like an alley cat in trade. Is this sex or a parody of sex? What is a parody of sex? Mae is a great woman, and I am Diana Ross. One thing is sure, that is not a parody of sex. Since it is not sex. What's more, I have read Mandeville and Voltaire, so I know."

☛ Exclusive onion from Buckingham Palace!!! The Queen, Her Majesty's government announced today, in a move to combat the rise of smoking among her subjects, has given up her post-coital cigarette. This is one of the few disclosures ever made by British royalty, if not indeed the only disclosure. Cigarette consumption in the Home Islands and Crown Colonies zoomed once the announcement was repeated by the BBC—as it had to be several times before the international gasp subsided. The rise was due to the

drive of millions of some of her subjects to find out what a post-coital cigarette was, never having previously done so, and by other millions of them to find out what coitus was, never having previously done so. Cancer and the population rates at a new high! God save Good Queen Bess!

☛ Robert Redford is said to have a residence in Utah!

☛ Sizzling rutabaga from India!!! Following his recent reprieve from General Amin of Uganda from death by firing squad for unpublished criticisms of Amin's administrative style, Denis Cecil Hills has been reprieved again!!! This time by Indira Gandhi (gas chamber) for similar jottings. Like Amin, Indira, the Earth Mother-in-law of India, demanded an apology on bended knee, to which DCH (age 61) acceded. Indira accepted, and Indira and Cecil are to be married. "I'm astonished," says Hills, "it was all so sudden. But I've never been so happy before. Except once." The irretrievably unattractive, wretchedly purple-lipped Indira has long been panting for a mate. "My career has always come first," she says, "but now I can be a woman—grinding millet on a dirt floor." The revival of the dark-age semirecumbent pardon has swept the political world. And President Ford has allowed that he will grant complete pardon and honorable discharge to all draft dodgers and Viexpatriates who appear before him seeking it on all fours, palms and brows flat on the pavement, not smiling.

☛ Lauren Bacall's dog Flavor has the heartworms.

☛ Latest hubbard squash from Hollywood! When Burt Lancaster was asked, "How did you prepare for your role as Moses in the new TV epic?" Burt said, "I was circumcised."

"Have you ever been circumcised before?"

"Twice. When I played opposite Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity*, but not when I played opposite Ava Gardner."

"When else?"

"When I played opposite Tony Curtis in *The Sweet Smell of Success*. Then."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

**What is it that
feels good,
sounds good-
and will
go anywhere
with you?**



Expanded Listening.

Just plug the special adapter into the earphone jack of any Mono Cassette Recorder, Portable Radio or TV Set and plug the OA-3 into the special adapter and enjoy total sound reproduction everywhere you go.

Revolutionary.

So slender. So light.
So comfortable to use.

Sound Perfection.

You have to listen to believe.



"for those who can hear the difference"

☛ Rumor has it that novelist/poet Janet Burroway is now living in this country.

☛ Frantic mushroom from Greece!!! Christina Onnasis is heir to her father's immense leavings. But his will stipulates three things. First, that his hoard be left to her in coin. Second, that she must count it by hand, drachma by drachma, before any of it be hers. And finally, that she must do this before she may marry. But Christina counts and smiles. She knows that when she is done she will, as all rich old women do, take a young husband to bed, and leave it all to him. What she wouldn't be smiling about is that Jacqueline Kennedy has determined his name will be John. After all, both sides must be revenged, must they not?

☛ Merve Griffin sings through his colostomy.

☛ Surprise cabbage from the U.S. courts!!! Julie Roy's \$350,000 settlement from Dr. Renatus ("The Couch") Hartogs, the psychiatrist whom she sued for having sexual relations with her as part of her therapy, had her compensatory damages reduced by \$200,000 in July because Miss Roy had not proved permanent emotional damage as the result of Dr. Hartogs' "treatment." Earlier this month, a further Civil Court ruling—that sexual training was no different from toilet training as a useful and pleasing social asset—additionally reduced Hartogs' penalty to \$2.00, which, the presiding judge opined, the good physician ought to have been gallant enough to pay the dear lady beforehand.

☛ "Beauty is in the fly of the beholder."—Rose Minding.

☛ Flash carrot from Washington!!! Henry Kissinger has revealed at last the secret of his wit and staying power: He can sleep with his eyes open. Six years ago in secret, he took the George Wachoff course in Gluteo-visual Trance and Mediation. "I sleep in all cabinet meetings," says Hank. "Of course, I can speak, sign papers, and cross my legs to pose for pictures or give commands. I am awake to the situation perfectly, but perform only as one performs in a nightmare, chimera, or vision induced by a bit of toasted cheese." When is Henry awake? "From the hours of twelve midnight to dawn. At that time I perform ceremonies, which I enjoy. But in councils of state, peace conferences, and political gatherings of all kinds, it would not seem so, but, would you believe, I am dead to the world."

☛ Next month—big Bicentennial kohlrabi—Thomas Jefferson on reggae!!!!

R. Bruce Moody

**Pickering's
Model OA-3
dynamic
open audio
lightweight
headphones.**



Open Audio.

Enjoy the sound. Yet, be part of what's going on around you. That's "open audio"

Prediction.

The OA-3 will be your favorite "component" in your hi-fi stereo system.

*For further information write to
Pickering & Co.; Inc. Dept. N,
101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview,
New York 11803*



"for those who can hear the difference"

The BSR Silent Performers.

State-of-the-art belt-drive turntables at today's state-of-the-wallet prices.

For years expensive manual record-players have used belt-drive for smooth, trouble-free—and *silent*—transmission of power. Now, our engineers have integrated a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables, with features and performance not available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them the Silent Performers.

The deluxe 200 BAX (shown) has full automatic capability achieved with a gentle yet sophisticated 3-point umbrella spindle. It has a heavy die-cast platter, high-torque multi-pole synchronous motor, tubular "S" shaped adjustable



counterweighted tone arm in gimbal mount, viscous cueing, quiet Delrin cam gear, automatic arm lock, dual-range anti-skate, stylus wear indicator, base, dustcover, and ADC VLM MKII cartridge.

The 20 BPX is an automated single-play belt-drive turntable. It has the "S" shaped arm and features of the deluxe automatic model with a precision machined platter and ADC K6E cartridge. (20 BP is identical but without cartridge.)

100 BAX is an automatic belt-drive turntable with a low mass square cross section arm.



BSR (USA) Ltd.
Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913

Tiny Gorillas

by Ed Bluestone

A choral reading selection

Background

Tiny Gorillas is fast becoming a mainstay in the repertoire of many a choral reading choir. It's based on the legend of Maurice, the Animal Dietician. Maurice, a popular vaudevillian of the 1920s, would present his audience with animals that were trained to deviate from their normal eating habits. His menagerie included rock-eating canaries, beavers who knew good vichyssoise from bad, and a goat that had long forsaken its tin can and alarm clock diet for light meals of poached eggs, toast, and avocado tea.

At the height of his career, Maurice's leading attraction was Gladys, the luggage-eating gorilla. Gladys would handily devour 300 pounds in attache cases, garment bags, and steamer trunks, and she seldom failed to win a standing ovation. Yet her full value as an income producer was not realized until she gave birth to a litter of over 5,000 tiny mutant gorillas; the first gorillas small enough to fit into luggage while traveling. Soon thereafter, Maurice began to conclude each performance by descending into his enthusiastic audience and offering everyone in attendance the opportunity to purchase one of these marvelous little creatures. *Tiny Gorillas* depicts such a scene.

This selection is suggested only for choral reading choirs of at least seventy men and thirty women.

continued

THE SOUND VAULT



Every UD cassette gives you stainless steel guidepins to keep your recordings secure.

Tough steel pins form part of the internal security system inside every UD cassette. They make sure your UD tape runs smooth and winds even. (Ordinary cassettes have plastic posts that can wear out and cause wow and flutter.)

These steel pins are another reason your Ultra Dynamic cassette captures the very best sounds (both high and low) your equipment can produce.

Use Maxell Ultra Dynamic cassettes and you'll always play it safe.

Maxell Corporation of America, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. Also available in Canada.

maxell.

For professional recordings at home.



If you've got the salt, I've got the Sauza.

Nothing gets a good thing going better than Tequila Sauza. That's because Sauza is the Número Uno Tequila in all of Mexico. And that's because Tequila Sauza—Silver or Gold—does best all the things anybody would want Tequila to do.

Try it the classic down-Mexico way: in a shot glass, with salt and lime on the side. Or in a Margarita. Or in a Sunrise. Who knows where it will all lead?



Tequila 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer. National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.

continued

Tiny Gorillas

Maurice (all baritones)

Tiny Gorillas. Get your tiny gorillas . . . use 'em as keychains . . . eat 'em on bagels . . . suck their heads off . . . tiny gorillas at 50 cents a piece . . . the perfect Hanukkah gift . . . train them to light your menorah.

A woman (alto soloist)

Get those Jewish gorillas out of here!

Maurice (all baritones)

They're not Jewish! . . . they're not Buddhists . . . they're tiny gorillas. . . . They're friends. They're pals. They give each other haircuts . . . they lend each other money. They form partnerships and fight . . . they push each other out of windows.

A man (all tenors)

I want two partners.

Maurice (all baritones)

Here, these two own a Dairy Queen.

A boy (soprano soloist)

What do they eat?

Maurice (all baritones)

Little bananas or string beans painted yellow. They're not very intelligent. They're the original tiny gorillas. . . . Tiny gorilla Siamese twins. Twenty-five cents extra. Sew another one on and you've got hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, but they're alive! . . . Not like that carnival crap.

A second woman (alto soloist)

I've gotta pay for mine with tiny gorilla stamps.

Maurice (all baritones)

Sorry, lady. But they prefer to live in the suburbs.

Woman (alto soloist)

But, mister . . . even poor people need tiny gorillas.

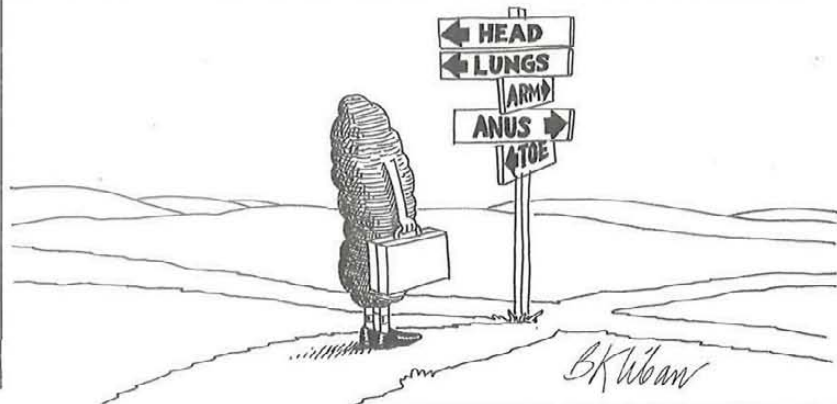
Maurice (all baritones)

But tiny gorillas don't need the poor.

The entire audience (all altos, tenors, and sopranos)

That's because they're friends, they're pals, they give each other haircuts, and they *lend each other money*.

The End

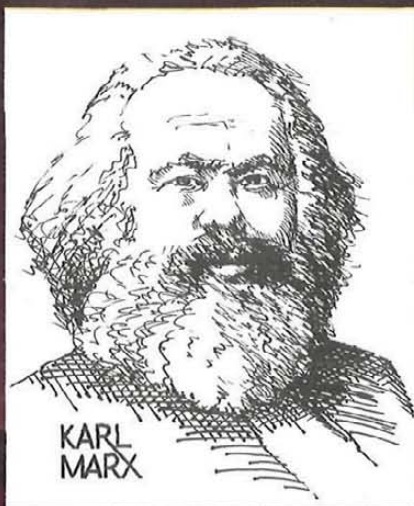


A lot of different people are going to buy this new comedy album.



However, to single out any one of you individually would be a big mistake.

Four Channel systems of the world Unite.



The Sansui QRX 7001



Since 4-channel has become a reality three or four years ago, audiophiles everywhere have been waiting for a universal method to decode all 4-channel systems. Sansui has developed that almighty decoding capability.

The SANSUI vario-matrix[†] now incorporated in every SANSUI 4-channel receiver is able to decode effectively with remarkable musicality and clarity, all 4-channel matrix encoded records, QS^{††} or SQ^{*}, tapes and broadcasts. The Sansui QRX 7001, the QRX 6001, as well as our brand new QRX 5001, also incorporate our CD-4^{**} demodulator.

Of course the Sansui vario-matrix has the unique synthesizing capacity to give you breathtakingly beautiful 4-channel reproduction from all of your stereo records, tapes or broadcasts.

Hear a demonstration of any of the QRX family of 4-channel receivers at your franchised Sansui dealer today or write to us for our booklet: "Your Pocket Guide to Sansui Sound."

[†] Sansui's unique technology that permits the highest degree of channel separation and gives unequalled 4-channel synthesizing from any 2-channel source.

^{††} QS TM Sansui *SQ TM CBS Inc. **CD-4 TM JVC Inc.

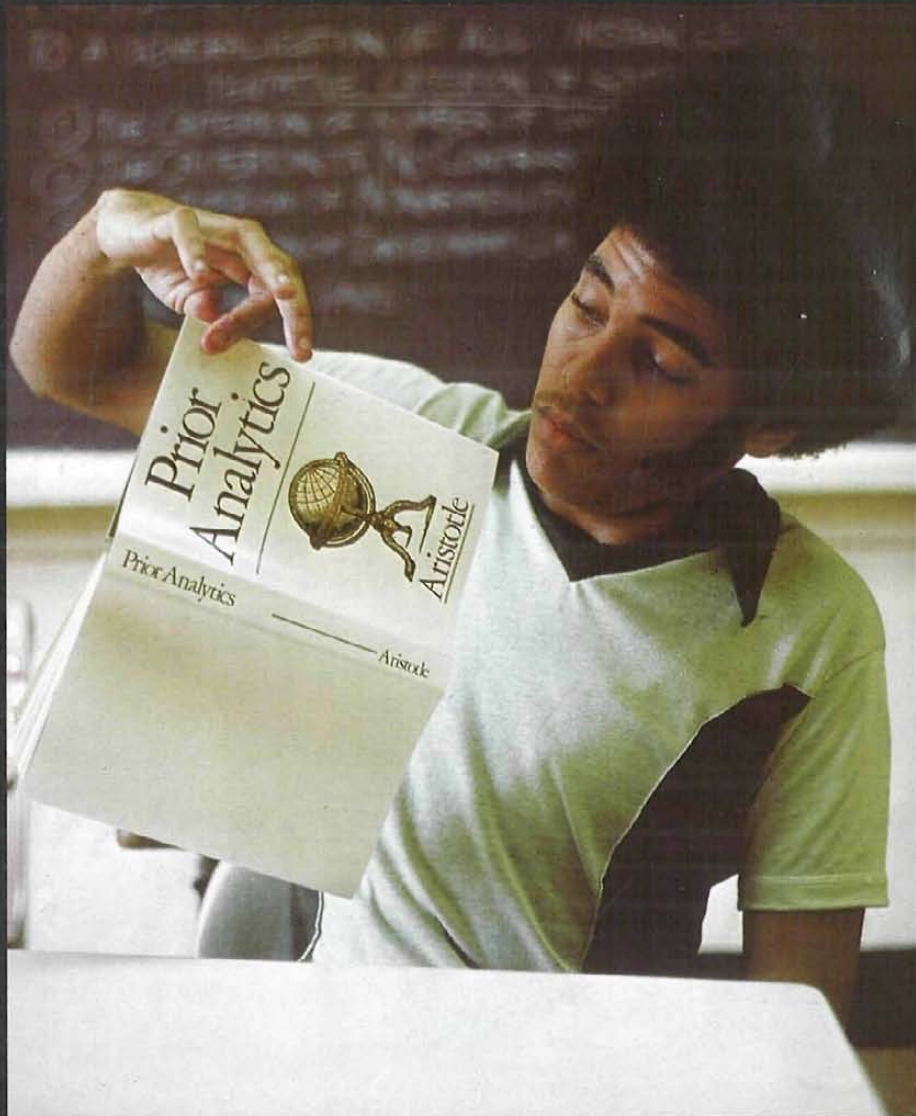
Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO. LTD. Tokyo, Japan • SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A. Antwerp, Belgium
ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTORS (Canada) B.C.

A strong back is a terrible thing to waste.

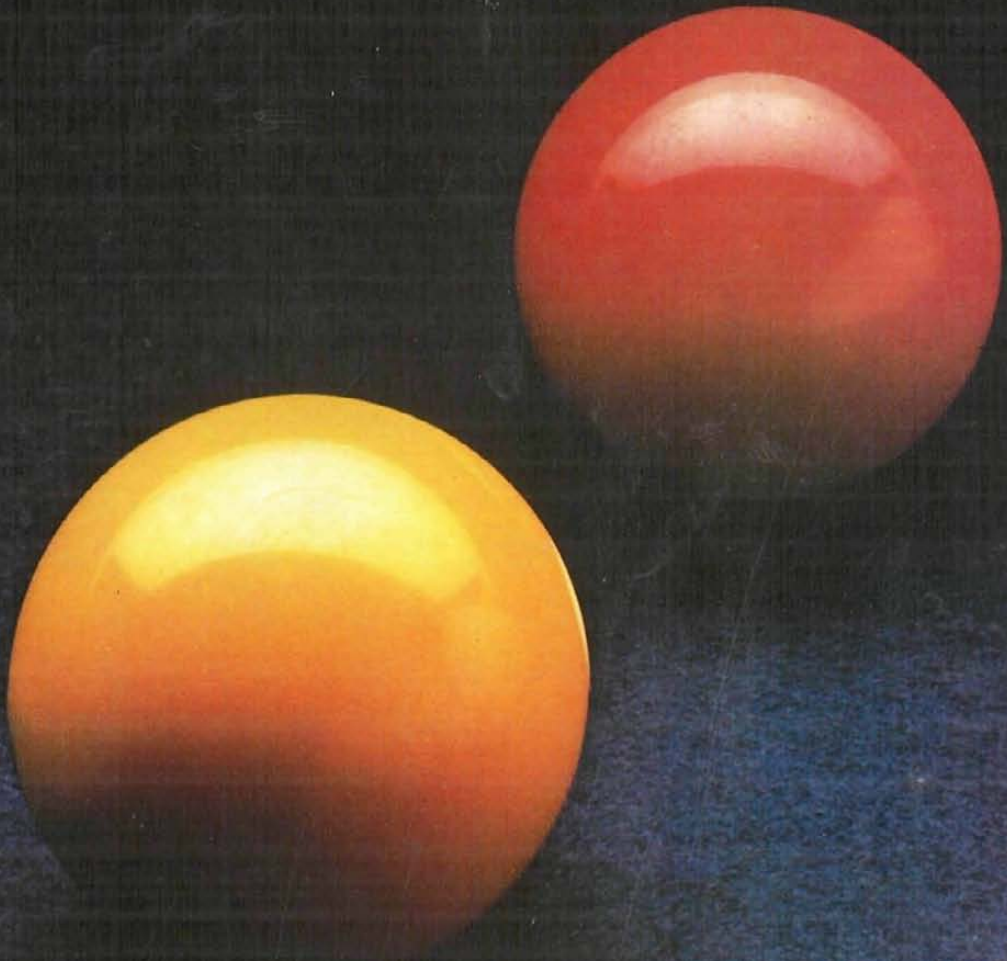


**Give to
The America First
Campaign Fund**

P.O. Box E-5, Marietta, Ga., 30062

A Public Service of
the Roofing Contractors'
Council





VENUS AND MARS
WINGS



PRODUCED BY PAUL McCARTNEY



Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Would you recommend your turntable to your best friend?

If not, you need a Dual.

If you were to replace any of your present components, would you know exactly what its successor would be? And then buy it without further consideration? Perhaps. But we think it more likely that you would look for more information, either in a music/equipment magazine or from a knowledgeable friend. Probably from both.

Which brings us to turntables... and Dual.

Each year we hear from a sampling of Dual owners in response to a lengthy questionnaire. A high percentage tell us they're now on their second Dual. An even higher percentage formerly owned manual turntables. And nearly all rate their Duals as either "excellent" or "good."

Although there are other fine turntables, few match Dual's reputation for quality performance and reliability, and none match Dual's operational versatility. For example, if you want to be able to play records in sequence, you have four single-play/multi-play Duals to choose from. If you simply want fully automatic convenience in a single-play-only turntable, you have two to choose from. And there is now a semi-automatic Dual.

The way a tonearm is moved to and from the record is not critical. Nor is the type of drive system. What is critical is how faithfully the tonearm permits the stylus to follow the contours of the groove and how accurately and quietly the platter rotates. To compromise with quality in these respects can risk damage to your precious records and produce sounds which were never recorded.

Every Dual, from the 1225 to the CS701, provides more precision than you may ever need. Which is why more component owners—audio experts, hifi editors, record reviewers and readers of the music/equipment magazines—own Duals than any other turntable.

There's no better recommendation we can offer you. Or that you can offer to your best friend. Unless you happen to own a Dual yourself.



Dual 1225



Dual 1249



Dual CS701

Dual 1225. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " platter. \$139.95, less base.

Dual 1226, with cast platter, rotating single-play spindle, \$169.95.

Dual 1228, with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle, \$199.95.

Dual 1249. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Belt drive. 12" dynamically-balanced platter. \$279.95, less base. Full-size single-play models include: Dual 510, semi-automatic, \$199.95; Dual 601, fully automatic, \$249.95. (Dual CS601, with base and cover, \$270.)

Dual CS701. Fully automatic, single-play. D.C. brushless, electronic direct drive motor; tuned anti-resonance filters. \$400, including base and cover.

THE RESISTERS' REVENGE

The young professor broods.
A part of his life long gone.
Summers of fury, days of rage.
So far away.

The candlelit marches.
The songs of solidarity.
The trashing of the pigs.
Yes, the war was won.

The doves of peace returned at last to their dovecotes;
Long after the peace of the war-makers.

But peace.

And what has he to show for it?

A sense of vindication,
Of conscience obeyed,
Of sacrifice fulfilled.

That is what he has...what he has always had.
But what does he not have...what has he never had?
A piece of Cong twat.



He [in reverie]:

If only I'd...ah, the jewel
in the lotus...

She [entering]:

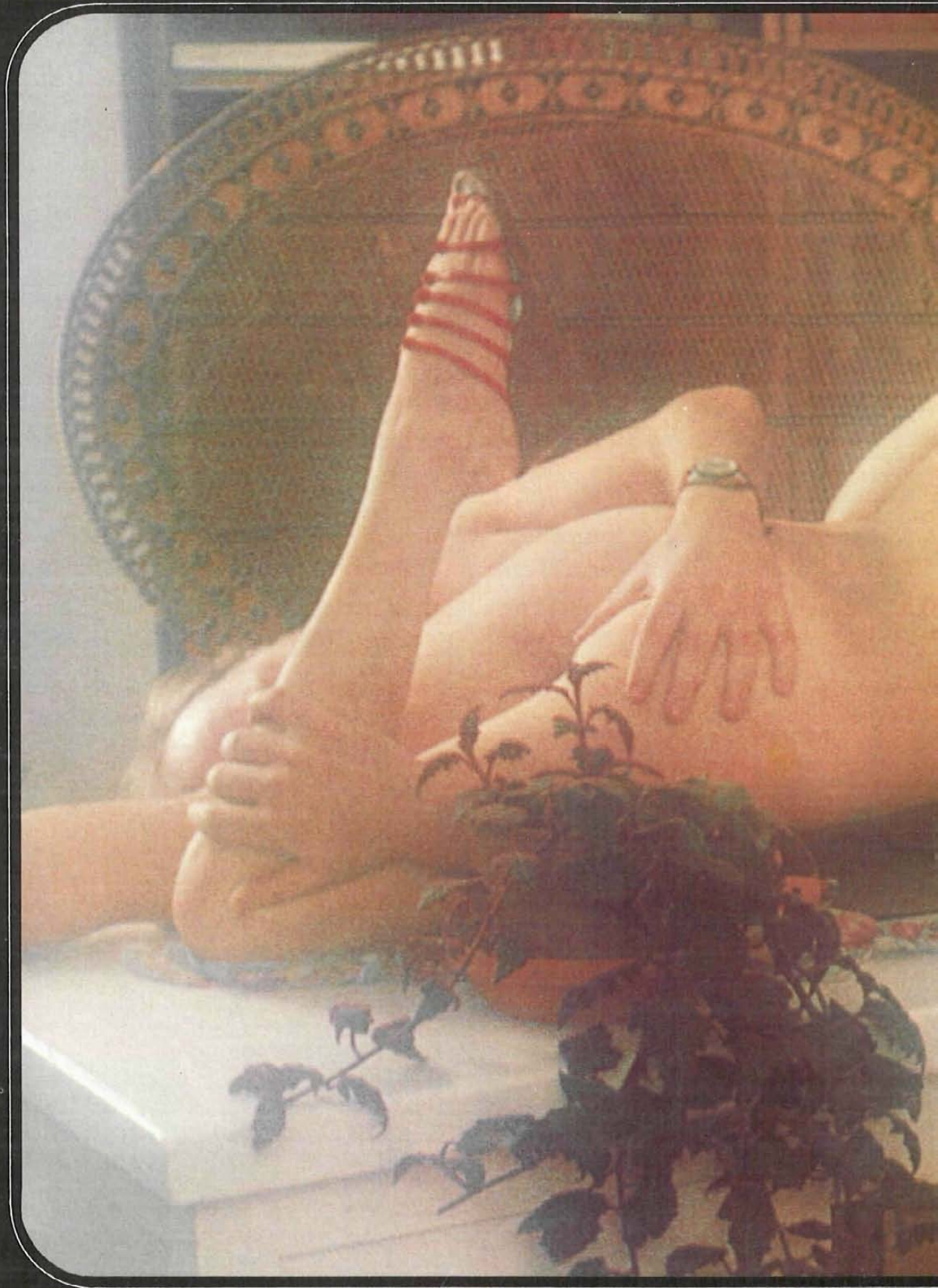
Hallo, am new transfer
student from Saigon U.
I make good under-
graduate, yes no?



Gosh...er...gee, er...well, your papers seem to be in order.



Ho, ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF will surely win...





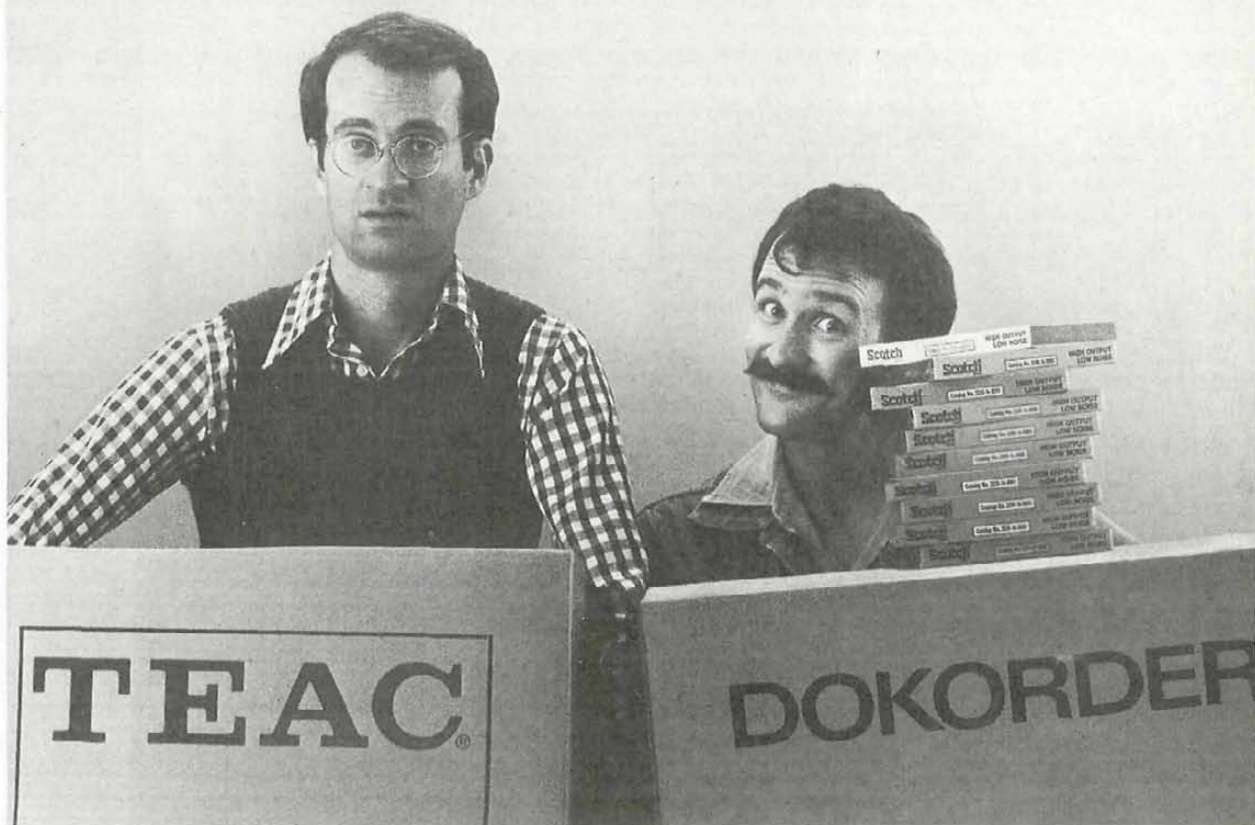
... to the victor belong the spoils.



He: Ngg!
She: Nhghg!

Marine veteran on G.I. Bill [whose leg was blown off on his first recon patrol in Quang Tri Province]: Oops!

The difference between the Dokorder 7100 and Teac's 2300S is about two miles of tape.



The DOKORDER 7100 costs almost \$100 less than the TEAC 2300S. That's about ten reels of the finest tape you can buy, which will give you 12 hours of recording time, which is equivalent to some 24 albums.

That's an important advantage because, like anything else you drive these days, a tape recorder takes a lot of expensive fuel to get you where

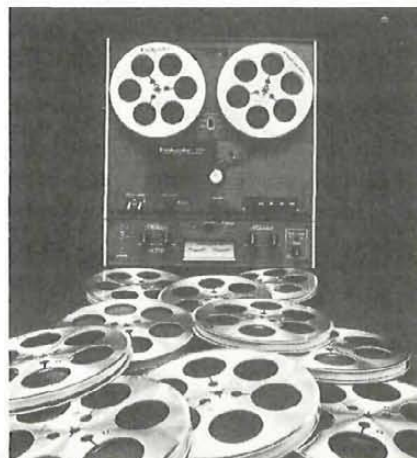
you're going and it's no fun to start out empty.

Just as important, you won't have to give up anything important to get that tape. When you compare functions, features, specs and performance you'll see our tape recorder is as good as theirs.

But when you compare price you'll find us miles apart.

After you look at Teac listen to

DOKORDER



	TEAC 2300S	DOKORDER 7100
Motors	3	3
Heads	3	3
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 40-24,000 Hz	±3 dB, 30-23,000 Hz
S/N	58 dB	58 dB
Wow and Flutter at 7½ ips	0.08%	0.08%
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$499.50	\$399.95

Features and specifications as published by respective manufacturers in currently available literature.

5430 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, California 90260

PECUNIA TU BURNUM

Harvard Diploma

PRESTIGIUM

RENOWNDIUS

APPELLIA
SIXTUS

Certificatum qui

*Graduatus ex Universitatis Harvardum
Magna Cum Summa Laude Laude
et est thereforeus prospero bono hominum
qui est topus draavera chapo.*

Caribnt Kennedy

Mr. George Bundy, Fed. Bureau, New York

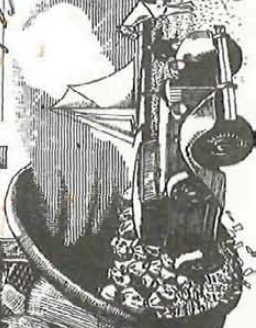
RESPECTAS
UNIVERSALIAES



WEALTHUS



SUCCESSA



Academic Scams and Scholastic Ploys

A brief synopsis of helpful gulls, shams, deceptions, cheats, mendacities, fabrications, stratagems, evasions, dissemblings, swindles, prevarications, hypocrisies, humbugs, flim-flams, perjuries, trims, dodges, knaveries, feints, chicaneries, cozenages, machinations, subterfuges, and lies for the student at college.

by P. J. O'Rourke, Peter Kaminsky, and Sean Kelly, with thanks to John Belushi

How would you like to spend the rest of your life? How'd you like to spend it forever running to catch those last twenty minutes of Psych 311 because one more cut means a through ticket to Junior Community Night College and living at home with mom? Sounds like zero fun. "But," you say, "how could that happen? A year or two more of my nose to this ivied grindstone and I am my own man—free to go forth, B.A. in hand, and lead life as it is pictured in *Oui* magazine." *Wrong-o*. Working hard in college is not the way to a life of ease. Working hard to make life easy is like trying to fuck your way into heaven. If you spend the four years of college busting your ass, you'll spend the remaining 55.1* doing more of the same. A job is school. Pay is grades. Overtime is homework. Reports are term papers. Contracts are required reading. Income tax is spring registration. Every man's house is his dorm. Life for most people is an endless dash to a nine o'clock class, and with a forty-hour course load besides. You'll love it.

Fortunately, it doesn't have to turn out that bad. Not if you'll stop and think, and realize what college is actually all about. A college education is supposed to give you the opportunity to do what you *want* to do. What you want to do is get your glad handle lip-whipped by some buxom teen talent, wallow around in a thirty-foot Cadillac using a century note for a snot rag, and soak yourself in liquor and drugs. Now, let's take a look at later life: beat the pavement peddling atomic dry copiers for some corporation the size of the moon? Fly a desk in the south end of a wholly-owned subsidiary headed north? Or start your own crummy business and grow debts as a hobby? God, no! Bring back the jail-bait in the Coupe DeVille.

If college is supposed to give you the opportunity to do what you want to do, then something is wrong, right? Wrong again. The problem is that you don't understand *how* college is trying to teach you the things you need to know to get that opportunity to do what you want, which is to have lots of money and fuck off all the time. College is a kind of testing ground where the world has a chance to see if you have what it takes to get everything you want in life without doing anything for it.

The world is your south quad, kid, and it's up to you to show what you're made of. Just don't get caught working. If you sweat it and try hard to do well in col-

lege, you'll be branded forever as a "worker bee," and you'll have to go out and find the flowers, come back and do the "where-the-posies-are" dance, go out and get the pollen, come back and make the honey, go out and feed the queen, come back and build the hive, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, sting somebody, and you're dead.

Few of your fellow students know any of this—only those who went to expensive private prep schools. That's why those schools are so expensive and private. There, young students are carefully "prepped" to do no work of any kind. Here are a few of the things they learn:

Your Little-Known Legal Right to Be a Negro

According to federal law,* the only criterion for determining the Negrohood of any person is a statement in good faith by that person that he or she is descended (however remotely) from one or more Negroes. If your family's been here for a few generations, you don't even have to lie; chances are somebody along the line got "touched with the tar brush." (Where else could grandma get her honey dipped? No white man fucked doggy-style until 1923.) And if you happen to be one of those late immigrants, that's no reason to worry. Especially if you're Jewish—what with your kinky hair, swarthy skin, and big, Semitic lips, you practically look like a jigaboo already. Except for the nose. But considering how most blacks feel about Jews, you should be able to get your snozz all flattened-out, coonlike, in no time.

Once you've established yourself as a legal nig-nog, the scholastic advantages are overwhelming. SAT scores, high school grades, and all math more complicated than scoring snooker are products of the Oppressor Culture, so you don't have to be able to read or write even to get in Yale Law School. Then you can get to major in some Black Studies nonsense like Afro-American Comparative Drum-Talk or Nigerian Mud Painting, and so on.

And that's not all. You can forget your money troubles, too. Uncle Sugar's got a soft spot in his wallet for all us colored folk. Just shuffle your shoes and flash those pearly whites and you'll have a federal grant for every day in the week faster than you can say "socio-economically disadvantaged." All for inking-in the right five-letter word on your college application form, and no one will ever know unless they pants you.

*Steingold v. Black Muslims, 386 U.S. 967.

*Average time left in the life of an American white male, age twenty-one.

If you are so adverse to effort of any kind that you cannot even bring yourself to read this article, you have nothing but our respect—especially for your taste in literature. At any rate, all you *really* have to do is construct your name from the alphabet below and carefully insert it on the Harvard Diploma opposite. Frame tastefully and display in a prominent place.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANNUAL COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW

THE TOP TEN TEAMS FOR 1975

by Gerald Sussman

That autumn madness will soon be upon us—that strange, irresistible force that takes hold of us every Saturday afternoon and makes us sit on a cold, hard bench, packed tightly among thousands of other madmen, screaming until our voices are mere croaks, dying a thousand deaths for those twenty-two warriors in colorful attire who are committing organized murder and mayhem upon each other in the name of healthy competition, teamwork, and fair play. That strange madness is, of course, the king of college sports, football.

And in the madness of college football, nothing creates so much controversy, outrage, and sheer excitement as the battle of the gridiron giants to be rated Number One team in the country. This year, the mighty football powers have pulled out all stops in their efforts to capture the coveted national championship. After much pressure and cajoling, they have persuaded most of the conferences to ease up on the necessary admission requirements and recruiting rules. The result will be a season of even greater competition, bigger thrills, and more colossal achievements. For the fan and the players alike, 1975 promises to add a new dimension to the game.

Risking a lot of flak from zealous supporters of at least twenty other deserving teams, the National Lampoon has gone out on a limb and has rated the top ten teams for 1975. Here they are.

1 OHIO STATE

In a variation of the old joke about Adolf Hitler, Woody Hayes was sounding the same punchline over and over. "I'm tired of being Mr. Nice Guy," said Woody. "If we don't finish Number One, I'm just going to shoot one out of every five players picked at random."

Woody wasn't kidding. As head of the legendary Ohio State Machine, that conglomeration of players, coaches, and alumni recruiting organization, Woody Hayes is as totally committed to Ohio State football supremacy as a kamikaze pilot is to the smokestack of an enemy battleship.

And the only possible way Ohio State can stumble on its way to becoming Number One is a team plane crash—that's how loaded they are with talent. Despite the fact that twenty-two starters have graduated, no one will be missed. Example: As great a runner as Archie Griffin was, he is now merely third-string center. Where are the new superstars coming from? Hayes manages a tight smile and points eastward to millionaire alumnus John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm, where a new breed of football player has been developed, mixing the best qualities of

humans with thoroughbred horses. The first crop is ready, and in spring practice, they've already torn up the returnees like Attila the Hun going through a bucket of Colonel Sanders' chicken.

Among the many outstanding prospects are seven-foot, nine-inch Clarence "Mandingo" Jones, a 675-pound halfback who runs the forty in 2.6, and eight-foot, 520-pound Rudy Brunchevich, a high-stepping fullback with a punishing kick. Hayes intends to keep his offense simple ("just hand off to Jones or Brunchevich and get the hell out of their way"). He does not expect to do any passing or punting this year. The Darby Dan boys know how to do two things: how to run and how to prevent others from running. And that's mainly how the game is played.

Assistant Coach Howard Nordheimer, a crack shot, watches over an Ohio State scrimmage. Two missed tackles or a couple of fumbles earns you a flesh wound.



2

OKLAHOMA

As if the Sooners weren't formidable enough, the new casing of Southwest Conference rules should make them thoroughly impossible for most opponents. The new rules state that each team can use two cars as well as their regular players, as long as "said cars are pre-World War II in age and are rigged to be self-powered."

Likable Barry Switzer, now in his third year as coach at OU, hired the best jalopy mechanics in the country to fix up a full fleet of Fords, Chevies, and LaSalles (LaSalles make the best middle linebackers). Switzer's new "Two-Car Offense" will start Glen Ray Owens, a fast, shifty '34 Chevy, at tailback, and T.J. Walker, a solid '41 Ford sedan, at blocking back.

The rest of the Sooner offense still packs a wallop, with returnees like Bubba "BB-Gun" Watkins and A.C. Proudfoot, an All-American center who looks exactly like an Allis Chalmers tractor. When asked about this, Switzer moaned in exasperation and cried, "Don't ask me—I'm no farmer, I'm a football coach."

The defensive line is just dandy, thank you, anchored by Elbert St. Clair and Bruce Yancey, a pair of ten-by-ten-foot watermelons, reputed to be the biggest in the state. As for the defensive backfield, Switzer feels that "you still can't beat a regular nigger. Give me a big, fast one with long legs, a small, high ass, and absolutely no fear, and I'll make him into a cornerback."

3

NOTRE DAME

To hear coach Dan Devine wail, you'd think Notre Dame should be playing such schools as St. Swithins and Fagley Prep this year. No doubt about it, graduation losses were heavy—sixteen out of twenty-two starters. But ND has always been known for how quickly its replacements fill in and actually surpass their predecessors. And this year is no exception.

The Monsignors at the Golden Dome have sprung some of that fabled RC gold to recruit gorillas Mike Nazurko and Paul Collins from Tanzania, and rhinos Steve Norcross and Jim Selwyn from Kenya. Nazurko has been installed at tight end, and has yet to miss a pass. He will soon be catching footballs instead of coconuts and promises to be just as adept ("as long as he doesn't eat the darn things," said Devine). Collins is a bone-crushing fullback built along the lines of Jim Brown, only two feet taller and 300 pounds heavier. Rhinos Norcross and Selwyn were the sensations of spring practice as linebackers, making 145 unassisted tackles apiece in one game.

As most insiders know, Notre Dame has always been famous for signing up

4

ALABAMA

They don't call him Bear Bryant for nothing. And this year, the Crimson Tide not only boasts its usual six-deep in every position, but a few new additions that could make them virtually unbeatable. We refer to the two gigantic grizzly bears recruited by Bryant and his staff while on a trip to Yellowstone National Park. "Next best thing to a white one," said Bryant about his two black beauties. Of course, the white ones, the incredibly fierce polar bears,



Glen Ray Owens, tailback in Oklahoma's new two-car offense, likes to run over rather than around people.

old pros from the NFL who have played out their careers but still have enough for another few years of college ball. A little plastic surgery and a name change usually gets them back on the roster. Devine's major problem will be how well Nazurko, Collins, Norcross, Selwyn, and possibly the new hippo, Bill Meyers, will fit in with the rest of the Fighting Irish contingent, which features such old veterans as George Andrie and Bob Lilly, formerly of the Dallas Cowboys, Ben Davidson of the Oakland Raiders, and many others. With Devine's four scrimmage-a-day schedule, our guess is that rookies and veterans will mesh together perfectly.

are just about untamable. But somehow we suspect that old Bear will even get a few white ones before he retires.

Meanwhile, Alabama will have to make do with Charley Duboise, an eight-foot, 700-pounder who will be installed at defensive tackle, and young Wayne Taylor, a stocky seven-foot, 660-pounder who will play defensive end. "Bears are great prospects," said Bryant. "They got short legs and a low center of gravity, which makes them very hard to move out when they play defense."

The park allows only two bears per team for each season, and Duboise and Bryant were pretty tough to sign up. But it was their mothers who had to be convinced, not the players. It took Bryant six weeks to woo them, with sweet talk about how their sons would have

continued

continued

unlimited honey, woodchuck, deer, a completely furnished cave, even plenty of eager young coeds who like big, hairy jock types.

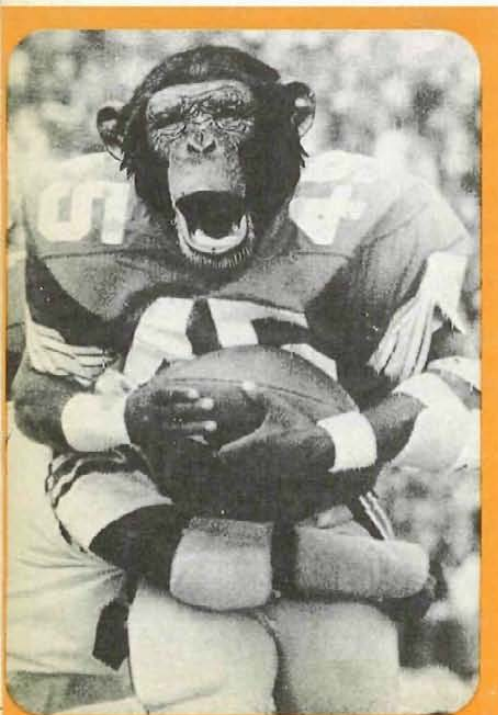
Bryant was given a guarantee that the Yellowstone bears do not hibernate in the winter. Even if they do, there's still little to worry about. The new Southeastern Conference rules permit all sorts of smaller animals as well. And if we know Bear, he's got a few over-size rabbits in the lining of his bright crimson 'bama blazer he's not talking about just yet.

5

USC

Ever since Clara Bow took on the entire Trojan football team (and doubtless they were not using Trojans at the time) in that legendary gang bang, USC has lured some of the finest young talent in the country to its campus with promises of similar if not better sexual partners. They still call the place Southern California, and Southern California still has the best looking girls in the country, especially movie stars, starlets, bit players, and "models." "You take a six-foot, nine-inch black country boy from North Carolina and dangle a picture of Sally Struthers in front of him, and he's sold on us," said John McKay.

It takes more than one man to bring down ND's Paul Collins. Eleven, to be exact.



"Sure, his mom and dad want to know all about our educational facilities, but the kid is holding his shirttail to his mouth to stop the drooling. The difference between us and UCLA and Stanford is that we deliver. When we say you'll get Sally Struthers or Pam Grier or Candice Bergen, we mean it. The blacks go for the blond white girls and the whites go for the Pam Grier types. I've never seen it fail."

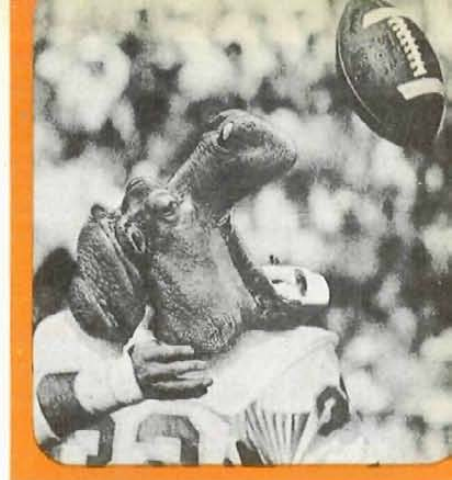
USC still relies mostly on humans—big black studs, Rhodes scholar quarterbacks with rifle arms, tall, rangy, glue-fingered ends—the usual array of football talent. McKay is also fooling around with some players in the deer family and a few Porsche 911 Carreras, to see if they can fit into his I-formation. New league rules permit one sports car per team, if driven by someone sixty-five or over, and animals weighing less than 300 pounds. McKay has always been a proponent of speed and agility over raw brutish power, but he has high hopes for the Porsche as a blocking back, and a gazelle named Jeff Woodley at halfback ("he's averaged 80.6 yards a carry so far, when he runs in the right direction").

6

NEBRASKA

Head coach Tom Osborne and his able crew of assistants probably traveled farther than anyone, even Ohio State, to recruit their prize crop of freshmen. A couple of Nebraska alumni (among them is rumored to be Johnny Carson) have put up a "matching fund" of over \$5 million to get the best possible talent and bring NU a national championship. "The matching fund consists of these guys matching each other with a million or so," said Osborne. "It sure helped on our last round-the-world trip. For our defensive line, we got three of the finest Spanish competition bulls, plus a couple from Mexico and some promising animals from Argentina and Peru. The whole group cost us over \$350,000. Prize bulls aren't cheap."

Osborne plans to start at least seven of his bulls, along with All-America quarterback Bradley Boerkum, who will no doubt become an option type quarterback and execute more hand-offs in Osborne's new revamped attack, which features Mexican bulls



Alabama linebacker Steve Schmitka leads his team in interceptions, is also a deadly open field tackler.

Fernando Reyes and Jose Martinez at halfback and fullback. The bulls have been tremendously aggressive in practice, and Nebraska's schedule includes six teams who wear predominantly red uniforms. This could be a big year for the Cornhuskers.

7

TEXAS

Is Darrell Royal undergoing a change of heart or a change of life? How else do you explain the wooing of Joe Bobby Bill, the most sought-after schoolboy quarterback since Kyle Rote? After all, Texas isn't exactly known for its passing attack. Its quarterbacks usually hand off or run the ball themselves, and are what Royal calls "halfbacks who ain't afraid to stick their hands up a center's ass."

When he was the special guest speaker at a recent George Wallace fundraising dinner, Royal explained how and why he got Joe Bobby out of the clutches of Bear Bryant, his old friend and co-guest speaker.

"You'd think an old country boy like Bear Bryant would have known better about a prospect like Joe Bobby," said Royal. "Joe Bobby likes to do two things, in no order of importance. He likes to throw a football ninety yards like it was coming out of a rifle barrel, and he likes to fuck. When we found him out in the sticks, he was fucking a big old zucchini squash that was soft and ripe from the summer sun. That boy did it to everything—girls, boys,

pigs, sheep, stump-broke cows, turkey wings. But somehow I drew the line at zucchini squash and I told him so. You know what he said? He said, when it comes to fucking, there ain't no bad. And that's when I knew I had to get my tall Texas tales going about the juiciest females and the cutest pigs and the biggest, softest zucchini squashes you ever saw!"

What coach Royal didn't tell Bryant and the others is that the big money boys in Texas oil also sprung for some pretty fancy pass catchers, a pair of talented giraffes, Clyde Burselson and Doug Dupree, and a kangaroo, L.C. Bradford, who "pouches" the ball with great flair. When you combine Burselson, Dupree, and Bradford with the needle-threading accuracy of Joe Bobby, you begin to understand that Darrell Royal is not about to enter the state of soft-headed male menopause just yet. The only thing soft about Texas this year will be Joe Bobby's unlimited supply of zucchinis.

8

HOUSTON

It looks like coach Bill Yeoman made an even-up trade with Darrell Royal — an I'll-take-your-running-game-for-your-passing-game. Yeoman has decided on a strictly Texas U. type offense, spearheaded by a huge influx of those new pure-bred Longhorn steers that King Ranch is developing again.

"They're not as big, beefy, and heavy as those Nebraska bulls," said Yeoman. "But they're not intended to be. They're a heck of a lot faster and they can really sting you on sweepers and quarterback option plays." Yeoman also feels that the Longhorns are tougher and much better conditioned than the Spanish and Mexican bulls, and can put out sixty minutes of optimum football. "After all, they were originally bred for that long drive to Abilene," he said.

9

LSU

Easygoing Charley McClendon is famous as the friendliest guy in the

bayou country, but he wants none of that to rub off on his LSU Tigers, who in previous years had a tendency to "let up on their mean" and lose ballgames they should have won. This year, McClendon is making sure his squad will have no such tendencies. "We're evenly matched with a lot of teams we play," said McClendon. "The Southeastern Conference is always full of tough outfits like Ole Miss, Auburn, and Florida. What you need for those teams is a little something extra."

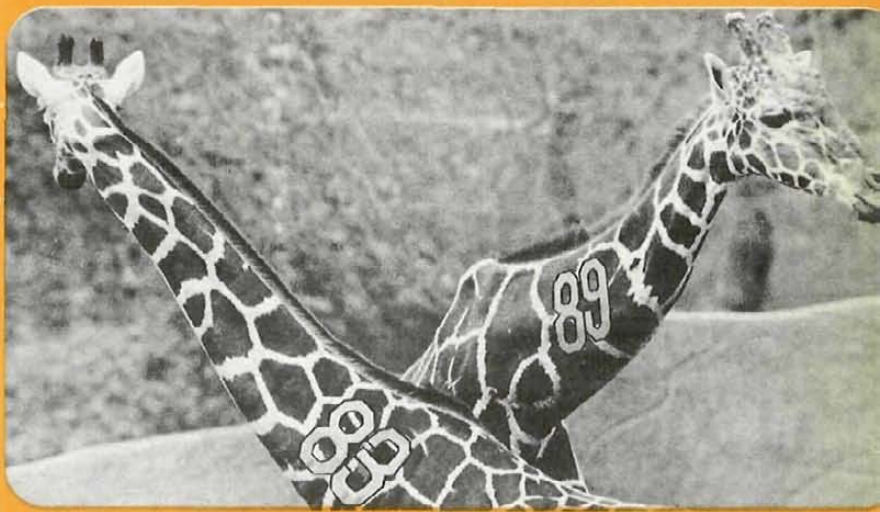
The little something extra Charley has in mind is a highly promising contingent of freshmen and red-shirted sophomores recruited from deep, deep in the bayous. His assistants unearthed a pair of smart, tough alligators named Buddy Guy Whipple and Chandler Trimble, who play linebacker and strong safety, respectively. There's also a truckload of snakes who can snare passes the way old Don Hutson used to. Plus something else that looks like a cross between a catfish and an old LST landing boat. "I don't know what the hell it is," said McClendon. "All I know

10

PENN STATE

Joe Paterno is the uncrowned king of the pessimists, the best poor-mouther of them all when it comes to evaluating his team's chances at the Number One spot. But before we put on our terry-cloth eyelashes (in the expectation of a good cry, as Ernie Kovacs used to say), let's not overlook the fact that Paterno sports the best winning percentage (.824) in football among active college coaches. And he accomplished this with teams comprised *only of human beings*.

No team with a fullback like Gino "Switchblade" Natale and a linebacker like Steve "Broken Beer Bottle" Chermowski is all bad. And returning at quarterback is Mike "Shotgun" Sherman, a rifle-armed passer with an uncanny knack for holding up a pass rush



Clyde Burselson and Doug Dupree, two big reasons why Texas is going airborne.

is that it's named Ralston Swine and it likes to punish people. Lord knows what my assistants find down in those swamps, but they all seem to cotton to the game of football real well. What I like about my new boys is they got that natural streak of meanness I was talking about. They're not from any old game preserve or national park where they can get soft and friendly. They've been schooled in their natural habitat, the school of hard knocks. So when they come to us, they come ready to play."

until he finds an open receiver.

Most of Paterno's roster is recruited from nearby coal mines and steel mills, which he claims are tougher environments than McClendon's bayous. And for good measure, he gets his blacks from the legendary Pennsylvania prison system, players who don't need any special weapons or help of any kind.

When you add that indefinable element, that tiny bit of intelligence that a human football player has over his animal counterpart, you have the main reason why Paterno's teams win consistently. "They can almost think out there," he said. And that makes all the difference. □



RARE



EARTH



SHAKES



ROCK



MUSIC



DOWN



TO



ITS



R



AND



B



ROOTS.

BACK TO EARTH: The new album from the new Rare Earth

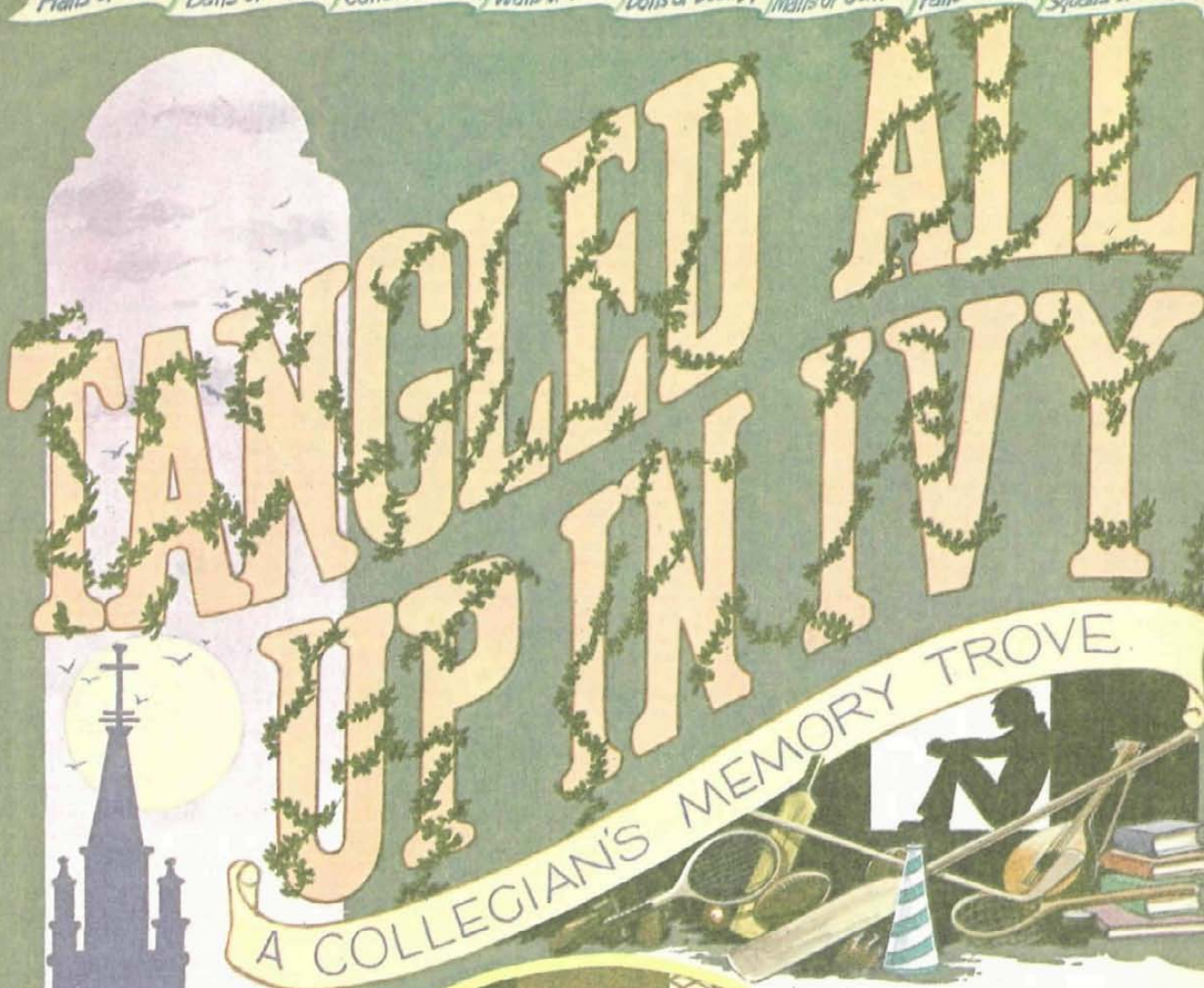


©1975 RARE RECORDS & TAPES
DISTRIBUTED BY MOTOWN RECORD CORPORATION

Halls of Ivy! Balls of Fun! Calls of Nature! Walls of Durn! Dolls of Beauty! Malls of Surr! Falls of Water! Squalls of Buns!

TANGLED UP IN IVY

A COLLECIAN'S MEMORY TROVE.

An illustration of a college scene. A banner with the text 'A COLLECIAN'S MEMORY TROVE.' is draped across the middle. Below the banner, there are various items: a tennis racket, a tennis ball, a tennis ball can, a tennis racket, a tennis ball, a tennis ball can, a tennis racket, a tennis ball, a tennis ball can. In the background, there is a silhouette of a person sitting on a bench, and a stack of books. To the left, there is a silhouette of a building with a cross on top, and a large yellow sun or moon. The title 'TANGLED UP IN IVY' is written in large, stylized letters, with green ivy leaves and vines wrapped around them.

"Shay, Professor! (hic!) I learned more from the Adora Girls here, last night at Niblo's Roof Garden, than in an entire semester (hic!) in your class!"

Did you know the word "college" comes to us from the Greek *kolek*, "to rollick?" Oh, rollick we did! Old Scapegrace only found his textbooks four years later while cleaning out his rooms! There was this strange crate! Unopened! Yet old Scapey was an educated college man — and a born chorister. His nasal tenor leading us in "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground"; I can hear it still. We sang it continuously. On hayrides. While fencing. We sang it the time we went down and sacked the Irish washerwoman's after she overboiled our shirts. That's how they caught us!



TURDLEY



BLAZO

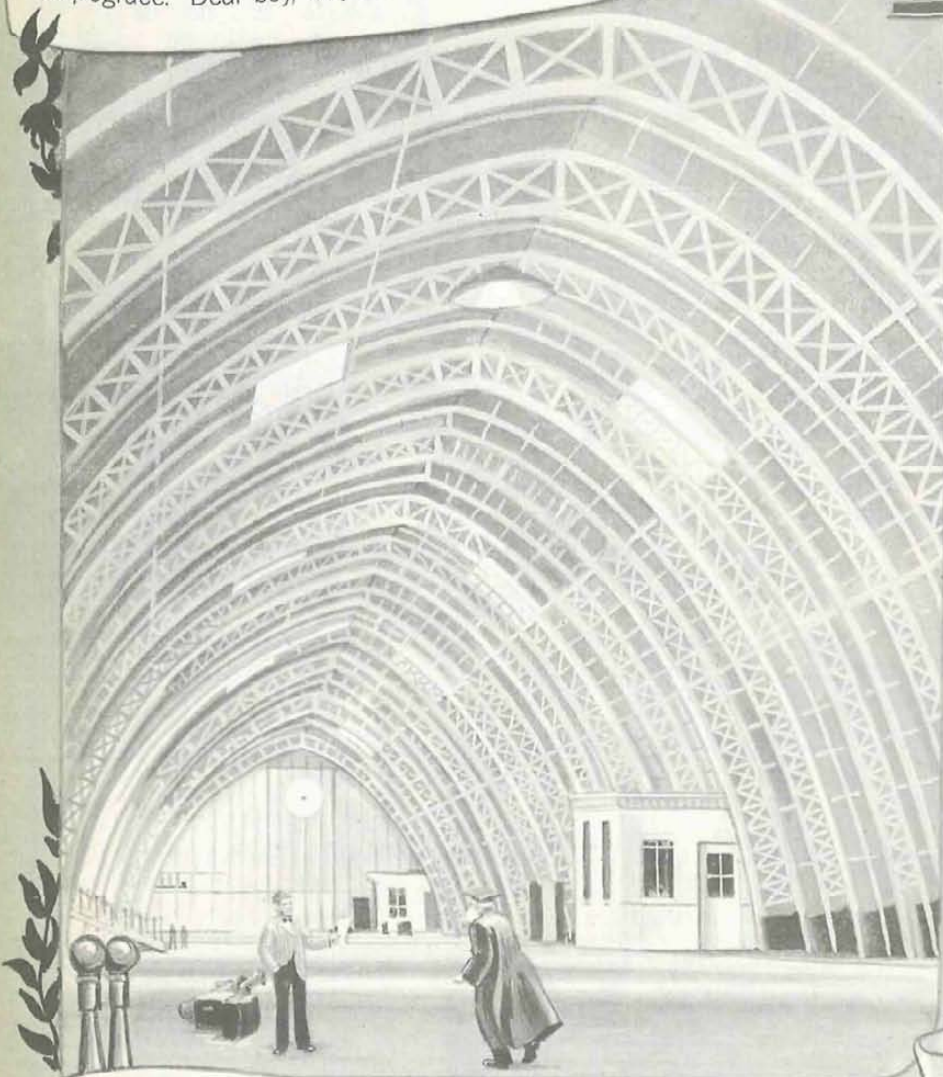


SCAPEGRACE



The Wurfer Cup, emblematic of superiority in the annual intra-mural spelling bee. It was never awarded!

Old Turdley won so many scholarships, he had to go through college twice to use them up. Blazo, our top athlete, tore a freshman's arm off once in fun. Scapegrace: "Dear boy, may I rub your neck?"

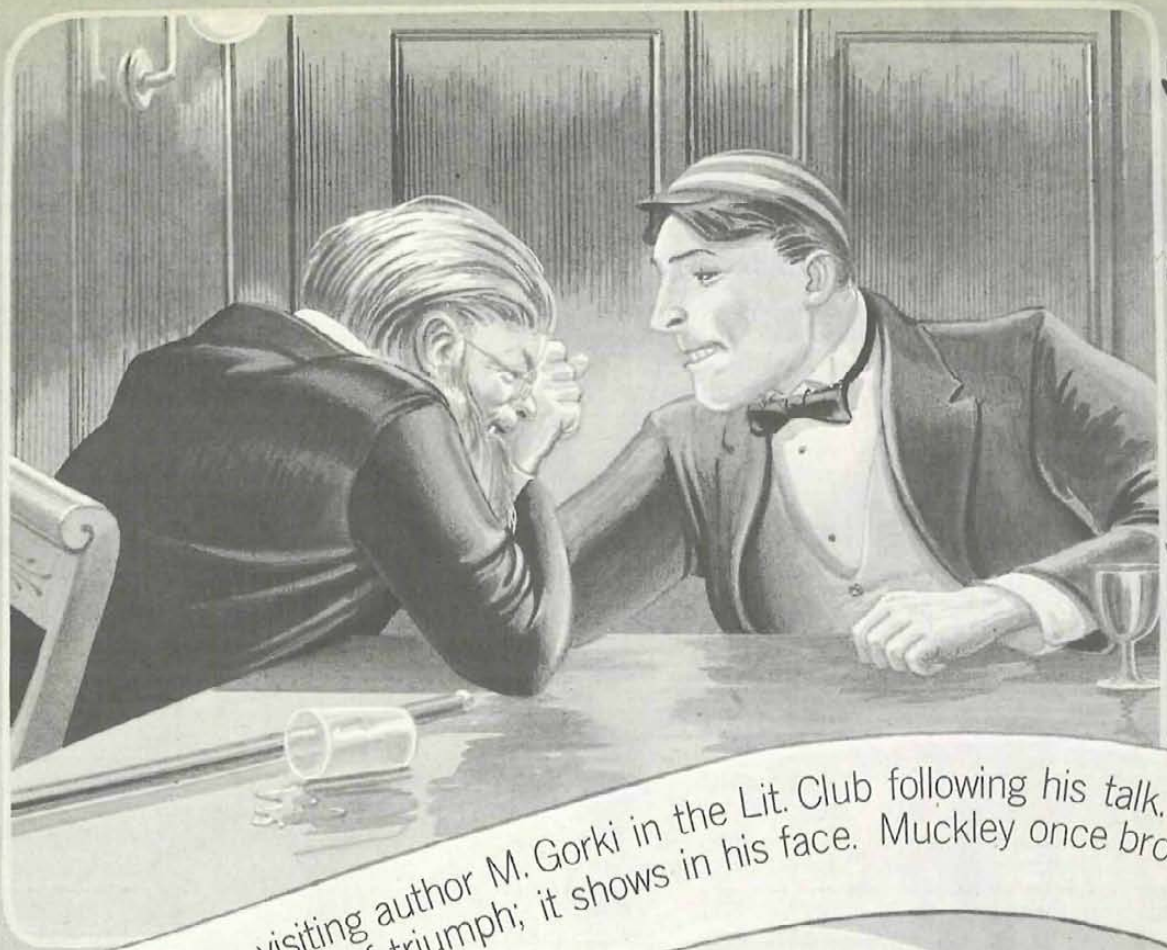


The class chipped in for a special train to New York every Friday, just to see Miss Elsie DeFaye in *Jing Jong Jang* at the Plantagenet, then on to Lüchow's to smash beer steins. Miss DeFaye was voted "Our Hearts' Proctor" by the class that year. Old Lembinger could not get the lady out of his head. It was he who wrote that story in *College Sauce*, "My Plan of Kidnapping Miss DeFaye." Too rich! We were the rest of us more restrained—but not so much more, at that! Old Blazo did kidnap one of the kitchen girls and kept her in his room for a week. He claimed it was that story of Lembinger's that drove him to it; though all was forgotten when the authorities found out who his father was. Poor Lembinger later got a new obsession, the Governor of Kansas, and tried assassinating him. But why are we on this gloomy track? Hum us the pitch, Scapegrace, and let's off to the Barge Inn and some clams!

We're tenting tonight on the old campground,
Give us a song to cheer our weary hearts,
A song of home and friends we love so dear...

Mooley-booley bow-wow-wow!

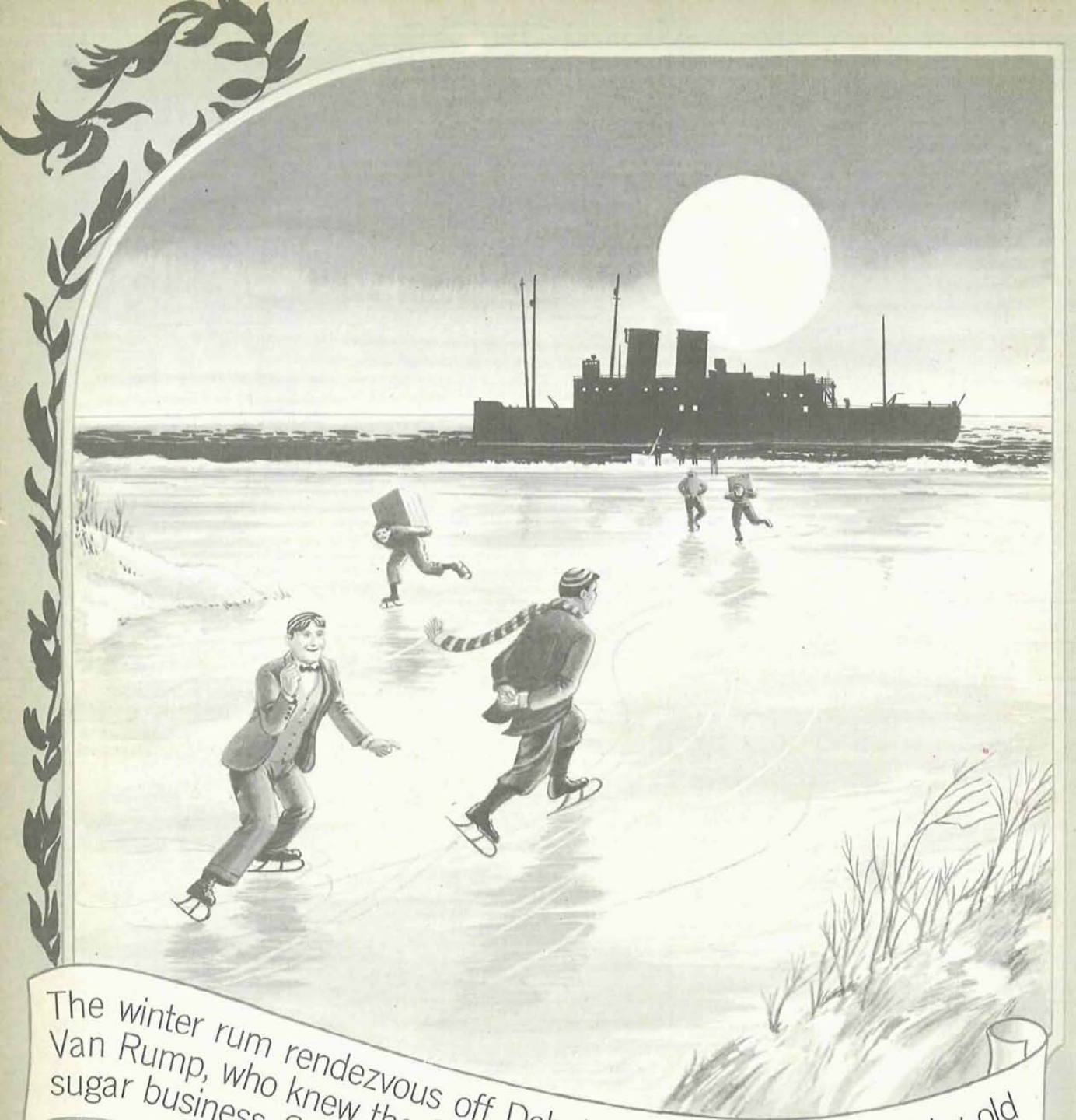
"Ah, Professor—you got my message! Here, take my term paper, will you? Clean forgot the dratted thing in all the holiday excitement and packing and whatnot! Wish me bon voyage, Prof!"



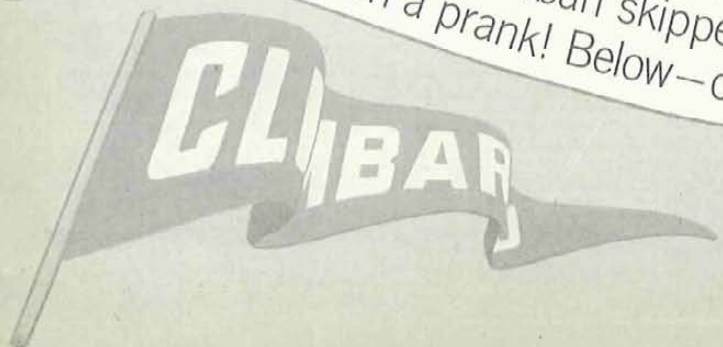
Arm-wrestling the visiting author M. Gorki in the Lit. Club following his talk. Muckley is on the verge of triumph; it shows in his face. Muckley once brought Miss Ida Tarbell to tears in this way.

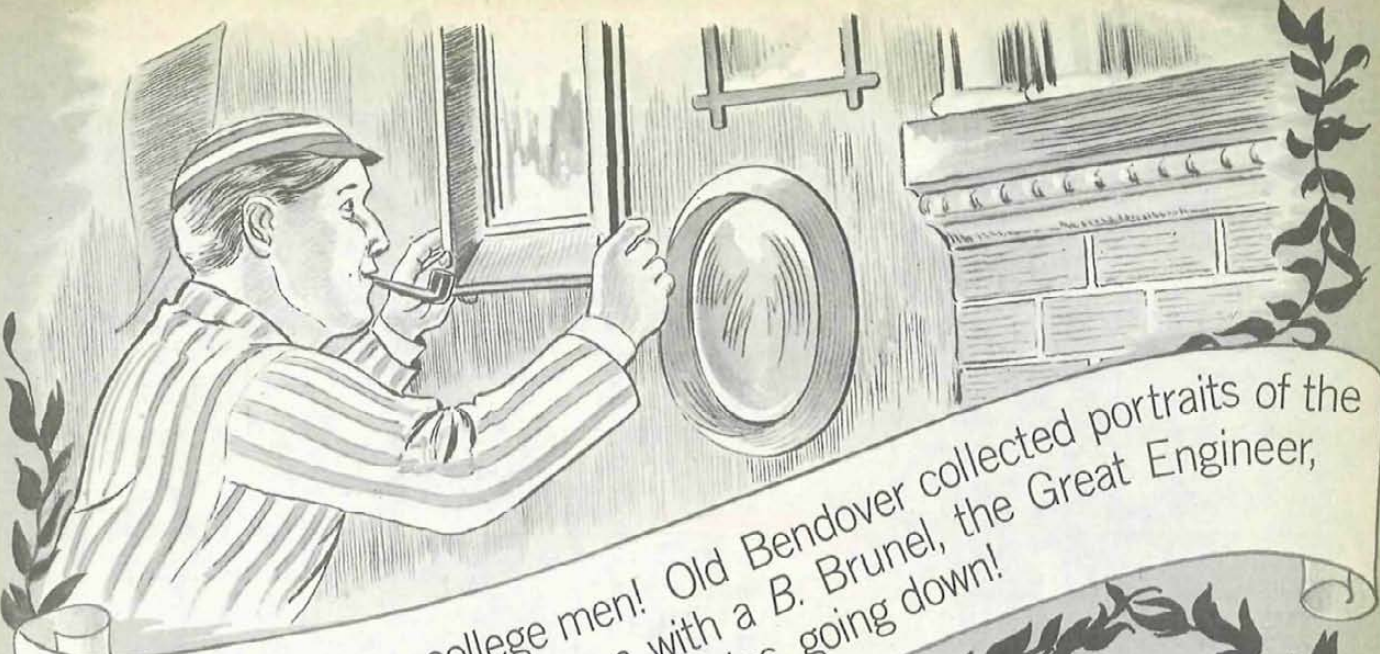


Local brute, hired to row the class scull, disgraced us. Blazo got him.

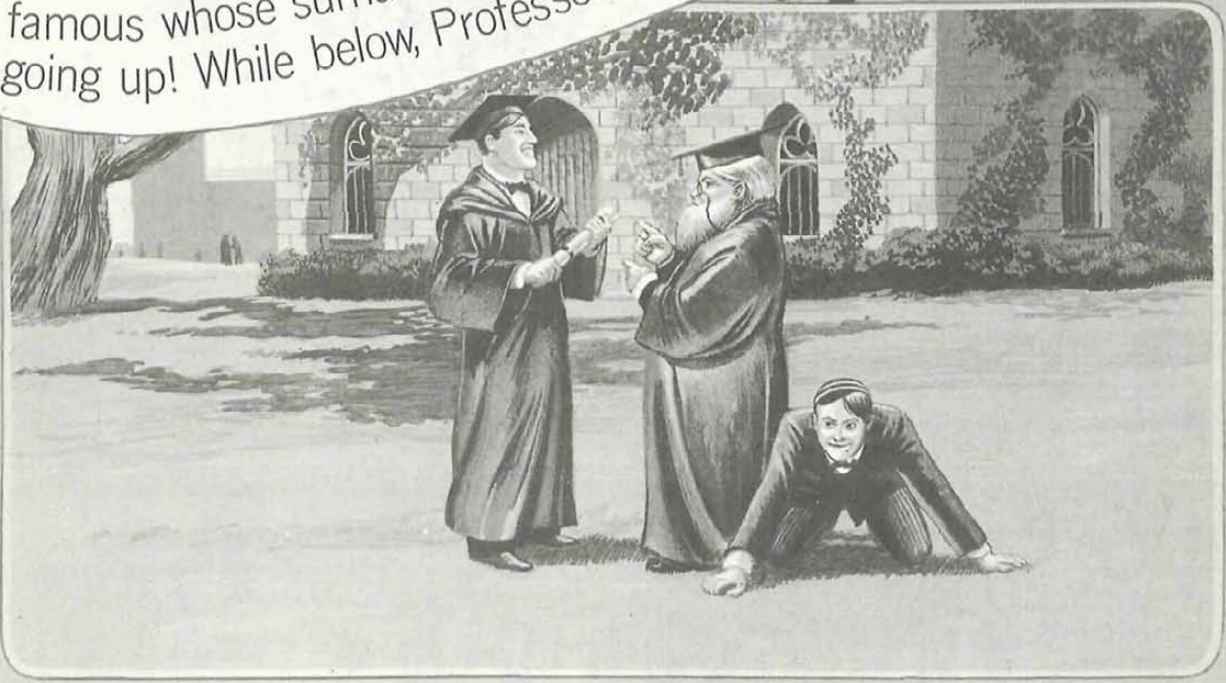


The winter rum rendezvous off Debater's Point. All arranged by old Van Rump, who knew the Cuban skipper through Van Rump Pater's sugar business. Such a prank! Below—our proud pennant!





Queer hobbies have college men! Old Bendover collected portraits of the famous whose surnames began with a B. Brunel, the Great Engineer, going up! While below, Professor Wattles, going down!



How many collegians have, on looking back, recollected that "the last year is the best year" where college is concerned? The Glee Club toured Mexico by pack mule, singing lustily all the way, or most of it. Blazo with his Indian-club juggling magic swept all before him at the Garden City finals. Blazo's practicing brought Turdley, in the room downstairs, to his final great nervous collapse. Muckley's samovar blew up in the Dean's face. The cleaning

lady found Scapegrace's letters to the newsboy, but old Scapey explained them as notes for a novel. The book and score of Lembinger's five-act musical Greek tragedy especially written for Miss Elsie DeFaye was discovered among his effects and sold to *College Sauce*, the proceeds going to buy a new Kodak for the class. No one in the class knew about graduation until months later. Each man had so much on his social plate and was so little on campus, you see.



More Tales of the Adelphian Lodge

Pinto's First Lay

by Chris Miller

Black Whit, chugging down frosties at the Adelphian Lodge bar one winter evening in '61, was struck by a sudden memory. "Anh! Wait'll I tell you what happened with Pam last night!"

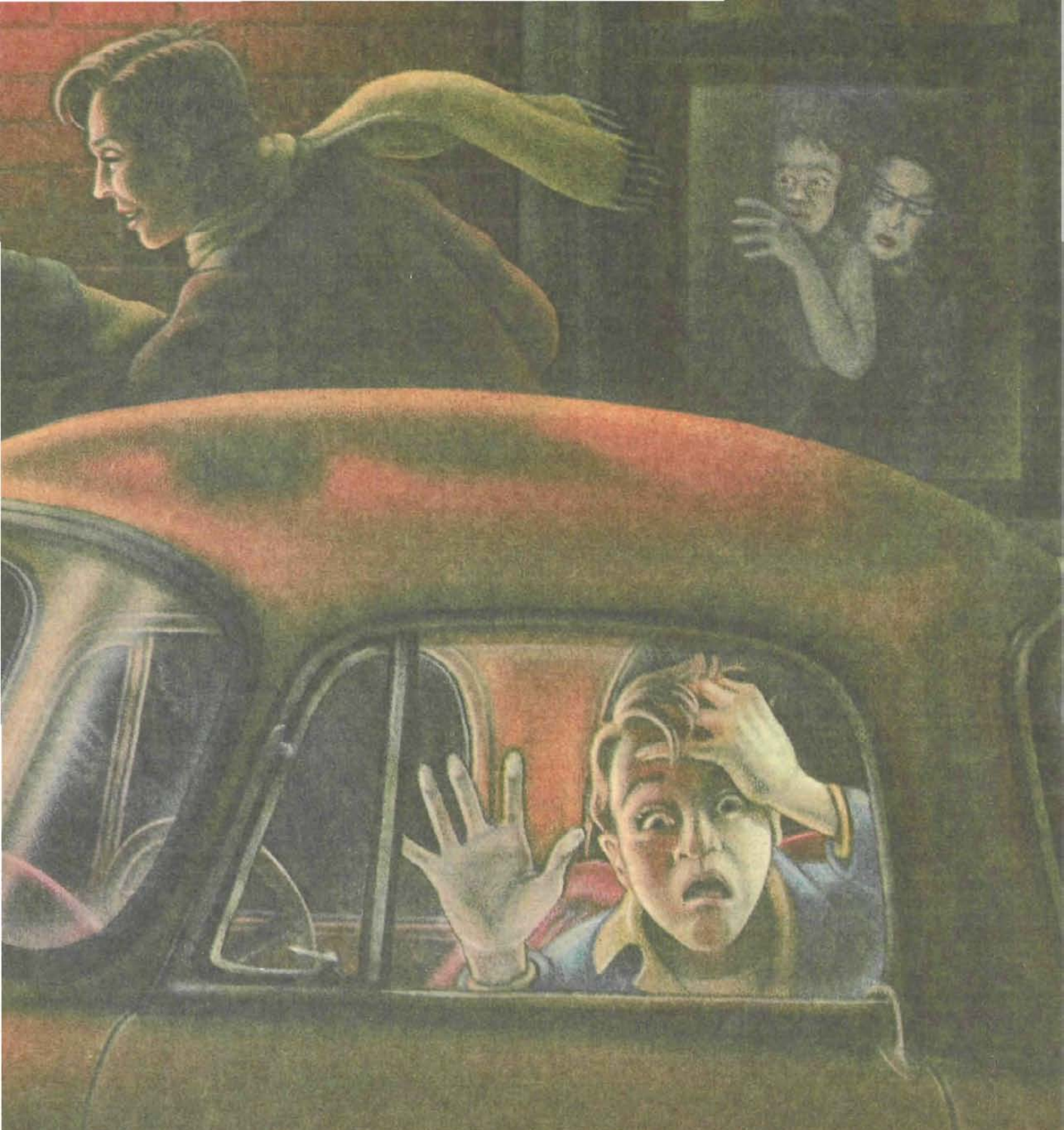
Otter, Charlie Boing-Boing, Pinto, Bags, and Rat leaned forward in anticipation. Black Whit was the house ass-man. He carried a leather doctor's bag of spermicides, jellies, and douche in his glove compartment, and had more stories about getting laid than anyone.

"We were cornholing," said Black Whit. "Pam really loves it that way. She has a very sensitive asshole. Anyway, there we were, wailing away, when all of a sudden she farts! *Wham!* I could feel something slamming against me, inside there, but I figured it was just the fart, you know? So, a few minutes later I pull out my cock . . . and there's a piece of tomato and an onion ring sticking to it!"

"Agggghhhhh! No! Jesus Christ, Whit!" His audience fell out with

laughter and sublime revulsion, pounding their fists on the bar.

All except Pinto. In Pinto's case, Whit's story only made him feel depressed. Tonight was his nineteenth birthday and he hadn't even been *laid* yet, much less cornholed anybody. What the hell was his problem, anyway? He'd had no trouble getting hand jobs. But he just couldn't ever believe, on any given date, that getting laid even fell into the realm of the possible. And because he didn't believe it, it *wasn't*



possible. It was a psychological barrier, rather like the four minute mile, and it had Pinto buffaloed to the point where he'd become virtually resigned to being a virgin for life.

Imagine Pinto's surprise, then, when Bags suddenly turned to him and suggested they drive to Congress Street and fuck colored whores.

"Uh, really?" Pinto managed.

Bags shifted his cigar to the far side of his mouth and regarded Pinto beneath his great brow ridges. With his thick, petulant lips, balding head,

and squat, tremendously dense body, Bags looked halfway between a huge baby and a Piltown Man.

"Sure," he said. "Whit's story made me horny. Whadaya think? Ever been laid by a gar before?"

Pinto flinched. "Uh, no, actually. You?"

"Anh, of course! Best lay in town, pal. Come on, I'll borrow Terry's car."

Good Lord, Pinto realized. Bags was serious! "Uh, hey, I don't know, man. It's pretty late. . . ."

Bags shrugged. "They stay open all night. Come on, Pinto. We'll take some pitchers of beer with us. It'll be hot shit."

A thousand anxieties ran riot with samurai swords in Pinto's midsection. The night was pitch black out there. Congress Street was a bitch of a trip, starting in New Hampshire, crossing all of Vermont on winding, snowy roads, and ending finally in Saratoga Springs, New York, 150 miles away. He was having plenty of fun right here at the bar. He had

continued

a midterm Friday. Getting laid scared him. Getting laid in a colored warehouse terrified him.

"Let's go," said Pinto, before he could change his mind. He had to get it done *sometime*.

"Hey, me too!" The words reached Pinto in a cloud of beery halitosis. Rat's face, like a pale, unshaven moon, hove into view. *No!* thought Pinto.

"Great!" Bags turned to Pinto. "Hey, Rat'll add some color to the trip!"

Rat was called Rat because he looked like a great, bloated water rat. He was fat, friendly, dumb, and a slob of mythic proportions, even in the context of the Adelphian Lodge, which was noted for its slobs. How Rat had even gotten into Dartmouth in the first place was a mystery to Pinto, and, on tonight's journey to his first, endlessly-yearned-for lay, he could easily have done without him.

"I'll fill some pitchers," said Rat.

"I'll get Terry's keys," said Bags.

Holy Jesus, I don't believe I'm doing this, thought Pinto. He started slowly up the stairs to get his coat.

Three pitchers of beer, four whiz stops, and a state line later, snow began to fall. The chariot carrying Pinto to his date with destiny was Terry No-Come's battered white MG. It was a great car but for one feature — it had only two seats. Hence, they'd had to push Pinto's seat way back and squeeze Rat in between his legs on the floor, where he'd been hovering protectively over the pitchers ever since. Now, with the windows closed, warm, upward gusts from the heater were wafting a continuous stream of Rat's body odors into Pinto's face. He tried to ignore them, concentrating on the road ahead, watching dark hulks of fir trees hurl themselves from the darkness and fly by, briefly green in their headlights. What was he doing here?

"So. Never gotten one off with a garette before, eh?" Bags chuckled. "You haven't really been laid yet, then."

Pinto repressed a snort at Bags' unknowing accuracy. "Gar women are better, huh? Is that really true?"

"Anh, Pinto, of course!" He gave Pinto an incredulous look, as if the whole world knew that. "Look, they make better music than us, right?"

"Sure." That was elementary. As twin dictators of the Adelphian juke box, Pinto and Bags had made sure that not a single white record had ever gotten on it.

"Well?" Bags smiled, resting his case.

"Yeah, well, but I never understood why that's supposed to make

them better fucks."

"Well, they just *are*, man." Pinto's uncertainty annoyed Bags. He, himself, was never uncertain about anything. He gave Rat a poke in the head. "Right, Rat?"

"Blurble," said Rat, busy at a pitcher.

"See? Rat knows." Bags paused thoughtfully. "Of course, you have to wear a rubber. They *all* have clap. You brought one, didn't you?"

Pinto slapped his forehead. "Holy shit!"

"Jesus Christ, Pinto. What were you going to do, go in bareback?"

"I..."

"Well, don't worry about it. I brought an extra. Here." He tossed Pinto a Trojan. Pinto put it in his pocket, swallowing. He'd forgotten all about the prophylactic aspect of things. What else was he forgetting, he wondered. God, he felt scared. Having *been* laid, he suspected, was going to be a whole lot more fun than *getting* laid.

The conversation trailed off. Bags squinted into the crazily dancing snowflakes beyond the windshield, too busy staying on the road to reveal any further secrets of colored sexuality. Rat had fallen into a semi-stupor, his head rolling loosely about his shoulders with the car's movements. The inner atmosphere of the MG had become close and ripe as an animal house at a zoo. Rat's mingled aromas seemed to fill every inch of air, and press against the roof and walls.

Pinto lost himself in his thoughts. Within half an hour, he realized, he would be facing a pair of spread, brown legs. His fear had subsided a little, to be replaced with a tense resignation, such as paratroopers must feel en route to their first drop zone. He remembered other firsts—kissing parties, the girl who'd introduced him to tit, the earliest caresses of his cock by hands other than his own. Unlike most of his friends, he'd never been able to come in his pants, no matter *how* long he dry-humped and this had left him continually rushing home after dates, balls swollen like overfilled automobile tires, to beat off. So he hadn't been laid—or blown, for that matter—right up to the present night. And now he was closing in on Congress Street, the notorious Negro whorehouse street, and the end to phase one of his life. Was he glad? Not yet.

"Hey," said Bags abruptly. "We're here."

Shaking himself alert, Pinto wiped mist from the windshield and looked out. The snow was lighter now, and he could make out some of Sara-

toga's rumored 217 bars passing. On Saturday nights, Dartmouth men in droves drank here with dates from nearby Skidmore. Tonight, however, on a snowy Wednesday at one in the morning, the bars were closed and dark, the streets deserted, the Skidmore girls tucked safely into their dormitory beds. A red traffic arrow, blinking steadfastly at them through the snow, was the only sign of life. It pointed straight to Congress Street.

"Ha! I wonder if the town council had that installed," said Bags. He downshifted and took the turn without a skid. "Hey, Rat. You still with us?"

"Muh?" Rat looked up bleakly. "Whuzzamatta?"

"You ready to dip your wick? We're here."

"Hey, grea," said Rat. "Le's hava beer."

"What? What happened to *our* beer?" Pinto had been counting on having a last, courage-fortifying chug before going in.

"Guess I finished it." Rat tilted his head back at Pinto and smiled winningly, as if he expected to be patted on the cheek.

"Shit," said Pinto.

"Well, don't look now, boys," Bags announced genially, "but Ah thinks we on Congress Street. Look. Over there." He indicated several houses across the street, the windows of which were lit by candles.

Pinto stared. They were on a residential street, lined with two-story houses. Several parked cars seemed to be missing tires and engines, but, aside from this, the neighborhood looked very normal and American, not at all like the ghetto high-life scene he'd been expecting. Where was the honky-tonk music, the crowds of customers, the comical paid-off cops? Hell, the houses didn't even have red lights. Maybe they *weren't* whorehouses. Maybe all those bar stories about Congress Street had been total bullshit and, by knocking on doors at this hour, they'd merely be disturbing Negro insomniacs watching late-night T.V. He felt briefly hopeful.

Bags slowed to inspect a parking space. Abruptly, the door to the house nearest them opened, silhouetting a robed figure. "Yoo-hoo, fellas," called a voice. "Over here. Ah know what you lookin' for."

Fifty burly laborers went to work on Pinto's stomach with sledgehammers. It *was* a whorehouse! Bags had already started from the car and now Pinto had to get out and go in there or be marked as a screaming asshole for the rest of his college

PANHELLENIC COUNCIL VOTES TO BAN "HELL WEEK"

by Dave Lieber

In its first meeting of the 1975-76 school year, N.S.C. Panhellenic Council voted forty-six to eighteen to abolish Hell Week, the traditional period of hazing for fraternity and sorority pledge members. Hell Week will be replaced by seven *Significance Nights*, where pledges will be asked to act out symbolic gestures of concern for national and international social problems. Several Greek letter organizations have Significance Night activities already planned. TEKE pledges will spend twelve hours scrubbing the floor of the TEKE house Grub Room with dental floss to protest the standard conditions of minority housing in the U.S. Beta pledges will eat live guppies and vaseline sandwiches to call attention to the plight of the world's undernourished, while ZBT freshmen will stand on their heads in a large pan of grapefruit juice reciting the ZBT loyalty

continued on page 9

"FRESHMEN-MIXERGATE" Controversy Swirls

N.S.C.F.H.R. blasts N.S.U.A. on N.S.C.S.U.L.'s P.B.F. support, says S.B.S. fund earmarked by N.S.A.S. for N.S.A.L. under G.A.D.N.S.C. N.S.C.S.S.C. to investigate.

A growing controversy still swirls over allocation of Student Unicameral Legislature funds to sponsor Parliament of Black Freshmen functions which the Faculty House of Representatives claims should have fallen under Student Body of Selectmen jurisdiction, since the Administration Senate had earmarked the monies for a matching fund program provided for in the Alumni Congress budget to promote campus-wide social activities under the direction of the General Assembly of Deans.

Senior Supreme Court, empowered to mete out rebuke

continued on page 9



Protesters demonstrate in front of N.S.C. Admissions Office.

1975 SENIORS LEAD ANGRY DEMONSTRATION

by Terry Ryan

"Hell, no! We won't go!" chanted demonstrators outside the N.S.C. Admissions Office on Friday as more than a hundred supporters of the Grad Resistance movement protested universal matriculation. Among those present were fourteen members of the class of '75, all "Conscientious Seniors" who have refused to graduate. Instead, they have remained on campus, working with the Grad Resistance group, helping set up Grad Counseling centers to inform students of

means by which they can appeal graduation notices or avoid graduating entirely.

Steve Selman, a spokesman for the Grad Resisters organization, said that the demonstration had been put together to bring pressure on the administration "to get them to change," says Selman, "various policies which allow students to be graduated right out of school."

Actually, Selman explained, much of the Grad Resisters work is with the parents and guardians of stu-

continued on page 12

MEET YOUR S.G.A. CANDIDATES



DAVE SNILE

Hi, my name's Dave; what's yours? As Activities Chairman for Alpha Delta Minus fraternity, I feel I speak for all Normal Staters when I say that generally, the activities on campus really bite. Why do other universities get Chuck Berry and the Hot Nuts and all we ever get is Melanie or some dip poetry reading? As your next S.G.A. President, I hope to get down to, with your help, the bottom of these questions.



MARCIA FLAXMAN

I am a woman. Most candidates for S.G.A. President in past years have been men. For the results of this, all you have to do is look at our lavatories and athletic programs. The signs say, sexistically, "ladies" and "gentlemen," and the only woman pictured in the new football programs was the cheerleader with the big pom-poms in the Pepsi ad. The one Larry says looks like my roommate Roberta except he's never seen her in the shower every morning like I have to and at Gen Psych, she's practically a retard.



VICTOR HAVERHURST

Just because the United States has withdrawn from Vietnam is no reason that we should be forced to silence our protests against the Pentagon in Washington. I will fight for the student rights we express in our continuing moral indignation over the atrocities of war, whether there are any more of them or not. Nor should we forget the MIAs still making imperialism's presence felt in Indochina. My candidacy is a symbol of resistance against the oppression of the draft, the bombings, and the way Lyndon Johnson used to act all the time.



GARY FREDDLER

My name is Gary Freddler. I'm running on the commuter platform. Commuting plays an important role for all students who live at home with their parents. In the past, many have felt that electing commuters to Student Government offices would be impractical, since all Student Government activities would then have to take place at lunch; but this seems to me to be a small price to pay for the common sense that people who live at home with their parents are showing by living at home with their parents in the first place.

KLAXON FILMGOER by Dan Ephon

LOVE & DEATH

Woody Allen's new movie, *Love & Death*, I may safely say, is the funniest thing I have ever seen as a movie. This reviewer, I hasten to point out, is aware that in certain "activist" campus circles, it is not considered "with-it" to appreciate excellent cinematic satire of this type, as its point, satire's, is not to change social order as much as just make fun of it with a camera, not guns.

For example, in the scenes where Woody Allen still wears his glasses in history (an anachronism), we, as viewers, whether ticket-paying or not, are sitting there, seeing a movie we know is fiction, that

is not real in the everyday sense, but made up, and even more true because it isn't real on an ordinary level.

In *Love & Death*, Allen perceives not so much the individual sense of Self as a person, say, in college, who is confined to the old linear form of movie reviewing because N.S.U.'s only video camera is always out, he does this to a T.

Love & Death, then, creates both the atmosphere of old Russian novels, both through his anachronistic glasses and his girl friend, which creates a reality which, if it weren't so funny, would be real, and if we could just look beyond the real tears behind the laughter, really sad.

NATIONAL LAMPOON EDITOR SPEAKS, CRACKS JOKES, TRUTHS



by Scott Feiner

Douglas Kenney, an editor for the *National Lampoon* magazine, spoke to a crowd of thirty students and cafeteria staffers at 10 A.M. in the Student Union's Nike Room. His talk, entitled *Teen-Age Comics from Outer Space, or, You Were Right, Mom, You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular*, dealt with various topics, including putting his fist in his mouth.

After the jokes, many of which were enjoyed by several of the students who knew what

they were, the twenty-eight-year-old bespectacled editor answered questions from the floor, including who posed for the "eyeball" photo in the medical issue (the student's own mother, it turned out, by coincidence), and why isn't the magazine funny any more.

During the speech, Mr. Kenney seemed somewhat restless, and asked Assistant Student Activities Coordinator Mark Shulme several times if the audience was "for real," and was N.S.U. an accredited college.

N.S.C. FALL VIDEO FESTIVAL AWARDS

FIRST PLACE



Mike—Working Class Vignettes
by Joel Appleman
26 minutes

"This is a tape about talkin' and workin' and the oppression that we all share. It shows that class prejudice is a tool the bosses use to divide us."—J.A.

EPISODE I: Mike drinks a double boilemaker and observes a "braless hippy broad." He contends that "All c—ts are the same" and says he "will punish the old lady" when he returns home that night.

EPISODE II: The Auteur joins Mike in a boilemaker and talks about social change and the common interests of the artist and worker.

EPISODE III: Mike unites theory and practice, expressing his philosophy of social action.

EPISODE IV: Incorporating a cracked-lens effect, the camera explores several aspects of the ceiling.

SECOND PLACE



Puff
by Jane O'Hara
16 hours

"Art is simple...it is the critics who make the complications."—J.O.

Jane follows her cat through a day, shooting the entire tape from the point of view of the cat, Puff, as he wanders among Jane's furniture and possessions. Especially evocative are Puff's two meals of calf's liver and beef kidneys.

THIRD PLACE/ CRITICS' CHOICE



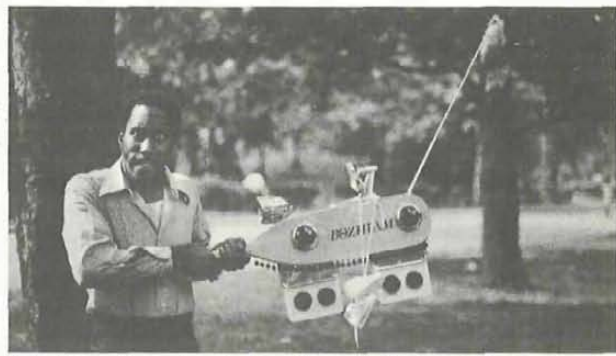
**Snowflakes and Sitars:
Three Video Poems**
by Roger DeCamp
1 hour 54 minutes

"We must break the bonds of semantic structure and create art that paints life as a biofeedback process."—R.D.

Calling up the whole arsenal of electrical imagery, DeCamp has created a video tour de force in this collection of video poems. The first, entitled "Snow," is six minutes of electronic "snow" shown to, the accompaniment of "Positively Fourth Street" played backwards at 78 rpm. DeCamp descends to a more peaceful mood in his second poem, "Erection," which features the video tapemaker in three stages of self-induced excitement. The final poem, "Elm Street Nightmare," presents three automobiles having their tires rotated.

Fraternities and Sororities Pledge New Members

by Alan Hirsch



Roland Jones: "...endeavoring to make our Afro-Frat experience a relevant whole with the Greco-Black tradition of Brotherhood."

September 15 marks the kick-off of the traditional Pledge and Purge Week for Normal's Greek letter societies, with excited freshmen by the dormfuls avidly attending "Open Bouncers" at fraternities and sororities all around the campus.

There're some new wrinkles on the Greek scene for this year, too. Black students have founded an Alpha chapter of Beta Theta Zeta Eta Lambda Gamma Mu, a new black fraternity. "We are en-

deavoring to make the Afro-Frat experience a relevant whole with the Greco-Black tradition of Brotherhood," says Roland Jones, BOZITAM President. "'Black Week' will be a part of our activities every year, and we are having BOZITAM dashikis made."

Another new organization is ITT, a personerity founded by Briar Dorm women, which will also admit men as personers. ITT was the result of a desire by many women in

continued on page 18

Festival Offers Soul, Art

The N.S.U. Bruckner Memorial Foyer was the scene of the opening of a week-long Festival of the Black Arts sponsored by the N.S.U. Black Students Association. The exhibition, which opened last Saturday with free coffee and Hostess Snowballs, featured paintings and sculptures by black artists on black themes, including the ghetto, popular Motown artists, and racism.

Dean Blount applauded the exhibition as a "constructive way of communicating among students of all backgrounds;" and the Snowballs were enjoyed by students of all flavors.



1st Prize: "Aretha"



2nd Prize: "Impressions in Sepia"



3rd Prize

EDITORIAL

THE CHOICE IS OURS

As the college year begins, so do its students begin to take time and stock and time to take stock of their time here in the stocks of learning. Are we in college only to better our own chances for an intelligent, enlightened, and meaningful life free from drudgery and grinding impoverishment? Or are we here seeking intelligence, enlightenment, and the meaningful things in a life freed from grinding impoverishment and drudgery? Where lies the future of mankind? What will the next decade hold in store for America and the world? Why do we need twelve hours of Physical Science credits for a humanities B.A.? Questions are raised, important questions. Answers are offered, important answers. Questions or answers, which will it be?

TUITION

Let us hope that the N.S.C.F.H.R. will join hands with the N.S.U.A., S.B.S., S.U.L., and the Student Government Association to block the proposed tuition increase. Simply because the cost of an education has risen is no reason why we should be made to pay more for it.

Letters

CALL FOR RETRACTION

Sirs: We demand that either you retract your Sept. 12 editorial deploring the plight of the Palestinian refugees, or apologize for your Sept. 8 editorial supporting the fundamental Zionist right to nationhood.

Martin Tannenbaum
Chairman
N.S.C. Chapter, American
Jewish Students Mixed-Up
About Israel

A VET'S CONCERN: WHAT ABOUT VIET VETERANS

What about Viet Veterans anyway, huh?

A Concerned Vet

M DORM THIRD WORLD CORRIDOR: A REPLY

Where's "A Black Student Opposed to Segregation" coming from with his jive Uncle Tomery putting down the M Dorm brothers' Third World Corridor and laying down that BS riff about the Third World Corridor being "...virtually a recreation of the ghetto environment we are trying to oblivate, complete with muggings, thefts, constant noise, and garbage strewn everywhere...?! You'd better tell that nigger to watch his ass because that's what Big Angie is going to tell him as soon as Angie gets out of the infirmary and recovers from rat bites, and I can use the word *nigger* and you can't censor me because I am one.

Steve Zaire Uhru Baraka X
Henderson

Campus Security Investigation Shows

DECEASED CO-ED FOUND DEAD

Investigation by Campus Security continues into the death of Decatur co-ed Elaine Kupper. Campus Security Chief Oscar Cleft has conceded that Ms. Kupper was probably killed by a murderer but pointed out that "this happened in town."

"So far," says Chief Cleft, "our Campus Security investigation has shown that there is excellent security on the Normal campus."

Ms. Kupper was last seen getting into a black Pontiac convertible driven by a tall blond man in his late twenties, after telling her roommates that she had "found a lift home to Decatur for the weekend." Chief Cleft discounted suggestions that Ms. Kupper's death might be connected to last spring's disappearance of co-ed Susan Decker, whom witnesses saw accepting a ride from a "fair-haired young fellow in a dark open car," or the 1973 death of Barbara Strum, who had been seen with "a slim guy in a big car with the top down."

"These occurred off-campus," said Chief Cleft.



puddle o' BREW

110 College Ave.
"Beer in Troughs"

QUARTER CLOBBER
Every Monday morning
All you can drink
for 25¢
6 to 7 A.M.

Friday
Straight from Indianapolis
ARNIE SPARKLE
and the fabulous
NOISEMAKERS



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

MONDAY

12 Noon. Career Counseling Office. Lecture by Dr. L. Bernard, Career Counselor. "Careers in Career Counseling."

TUESDAY

4 P.M. Cheese Tasting Club member registration and officer elections. Must bring own cheese.

WEDNESDAY

5:30 A.M. Sunrise Service at Norton Chapel. Rap topic: "College and Christ Don't Mix: Jive or Truthhood?" Dr. Elihu Norton, Jr. Free.

6 P.M. Introductory meeting for Klaxon Want-Ad Board Competition. Pepsi & chips.

THURSDAY

9 P.M. Gay Activist Association Dance. \$1.00 stag, 50% drag. Student Union.

9 P.M. Finals N.S.U. Pong championship. Must bring own quarters.

FRIDAY

9 A.M. Names and numbers for student phone directory due. Entries will be screened for puns.

4 P.M. Folk dancing. Hillel west lawn. Babushkas not provided.

NOTE: Last day for course changes and Roommate Exchange Pool nominations. Office of Registrar. Free.

SATURDAY

9 P.M. Future Lesbians meeting. Elmo Dorm basement.

PSYCHEDELIC!



The groovy *National Lampoon's* freaky, far-out September College Issue is "where it's at." The with-it *National Lampoon* editors really "dig the scene" about the "happening" on today's college campuses!!

Hey Wow, it's Cool, Man! "Tune in" to *National Lampoon's* hip, out-of-sight editor Doug Kenney's Free Speech in the Nike Room at the N.S.C. Union 10 A.M. Yesterday

SPORTS

BIG YELLOW FIELDS TEAM, BOWL PROSPECTS?



Gurnich attends a crucial play in N.S.U.'s crushing draw against St. Tunafish.

N.S.U.'s undefeated Nikes will meet the first serious challenge to their no-loss record this Saturday when they line up against Southeast-Central State's J.V. eleven for the opening exhibition game of the preseason. In past years, Nike fans have seen their team acquit itself well in this regular cross-conference scrimmage, having piled up more than 900 points and yards against the favored visiting second-stringers.

Although facing a team with traditionally superior size, power, passing ability, stamina, and memory for the many complex play-patterns and rules, the Nike Varsity, Coach Yank Broder feels, can be sure to fight fire with water by means of his unique defensive play that cut major injuries in half since his replacement of Coach Carl "Kamikaze" Kaminsky in 1968.

N.S.U.'s nickname, "the Mother of Wide Receivers"—

having sent two to the semipro in as many decades—will be well defended this year by wide receiver Dave Nord, whose speed, agility, and all-round good sportsmanship are sure to improve.

"Nord's no fool," Coach Broder stated, "and if he's got to choose between catching the ball and being totaled by one of their 250-pound linebackers or sitting tight for a better ground-gaining opportunity, well, like I said, he's no fool."

When queried as to N.S.U.'s chances for reaching the Cereal Bowl, Coach Broder predicted that "a lot can happen in the coming season, and much of it certainly will." He also stated that he placed great confidence in returning senior quarterback Brad Thor, who seems to be picking the game up quickly now, plus a new cup protector that has boosted team enthusiasm and practice attendance 1000%.

SWIMMERS IN OVER HEADS

Coach Drew Fishbach expressed "realistic" hopes for the coming season despite the unusually small turnout (eight) for the team this year. The lack of an adequate practice area, Fishbach notes, was a "primary factor" in the disappointing turnout, coupled with a widespread unfamiliarity with the sport on the part of the N.S.U. student body at large. "With no lakes or deep rivers in the region," he noted, "the most practice they ever get is in the tub. Jesus, these kids should have been extras in *Jaws*."

Coach Fishbach says that several of the prospects hadn't experienced regular competition since they were Red Cross pollywogs, and one had decided to try out as water therapy following a double amputation.

"We're building," said Coach Fishbach, "these people out here to meet individual goals. We have some real fine boys



Anything can happen.

here." Fishbach went on to say that with the pressure to win removed, anything can happen.

Junior Brock Waterman, whose remarkable time for the 1000-yard butterfly set a pool record last month before the leak got bigger, will captain the aquanauts in their first match this weekend with St. Tunafish, pending final repairs.

CEDAR CINEMA



Monday-Wednesday *Shoot the Piano Player & Deep Throat*
 Thursday-Friday *Sundays & Cybele*
 Saturday-Monday *& Behind the Green Door*
 Tuesday-Wednesday *Casablanca & The Devil in Miss Jones*
 Thursday-Saturday *King of Hearts & Wet Rainbow*
The Red Desert & Emmanuel
 \$2.00 Admission. \$2.25 With Student Activities Card.

Free Student Classified Ads

CO-EDS? NEED A RIDE? N.S.C. student drives to Decatur every weekend. I'm tall, blond, and personable, and have a Pontiac convert. with plenty of room for any co-eds headed my way. Call Bill, Room 208, Finch Dorm, E Quad.

Lost. Large gray cat, "Frodo," with three white paws. Reward.

continued on page 12

ADENOIDAL

COLLEGE OF VERY LIBERAL ARTS

SEPT '75

Addleboro,

Mass.



TUITION FREE
TO ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

CONCEPTS IN
COURSE LISTINGS
AN EVALUATION AND
ACCESS DEVICE PROVIDING
A READ-OUT OF LEARNING
EXPERIENCE OFFERINGS
FOR THE 1975 EARLY
FALL PENTAMESTER

HELLO, I'M DR.
DOUBLEDOME, DEAN
OF PEOPLE HERE AT
ADENOIDAL COLLEGE.

ADENOIDAL IS A
POLYENVIRONMENTAL
STRUCTURAL MATRIX OF
FLEXIBLE EDUCATRONS.
WE LIKE TO THINK OF IT
AS A "SCHOOL WITHOUT
FLOORS."

BY P.J. O'ROURKE
ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS



THIS IS OUR DEPARTMENT OF SELF-BEING,
WHERE WE TEACH EACH OTHER BY LEARNING
FROM OURSELVES.

1. WHO AM I?
2. WHY AM I HERE?
3. WHERE AM I?
4. WHAT DAY IS IT?
5. WHERE COULD I HAVE LOST MY WRISTWATCH?



HERE'S THE ROLLO MAY SCHOOL OF
PERSONAL EXPRESSION, WHERE OUR
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP* IS
EXPLORING THE WINKY-DINK...

DEPARTMENT OF SELF-BEING
1975-76 Additional Course Offerings

Man As Human
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 9 thru 10 A.M.
Instr: William Grange

Gay Thought
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 7 thru 8 P.M.
Instr: Elaine Harmon

**Paradoxes in Difficulty:
The Riddle of Problems**
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 10:30 thru 11:45 A.M.
at the Earth Teepee
Instr: Jim Williams

Nonobjective Thinking
Tues. & Thurs. 1 thru 2:30 P.M.
Instr: Robert Friedmar

**Alpha-Bio Primal Wave-Feed
Gestalt Scream-Back Therapy**
Wed. 1 thru 9 P.M.
Instr: Davis Szabo

Modern Change in Transition
Tues. & Thurs. 6 thru 7:30 P.M.
Instr: Tom Scott

...AND OUR FEMINIST
DANCE POTTERY* CLASS
IS USING THE "UTENSILS OF
OPPRESSION" TO EXPRESS
"THE RAGE WHOSE NAME
IS WOMAN."

*Tues. & Thurs. 7 thru 8:30 P.M.
Instr: Joachim Hubble



**ROLLO MAY SCHOOL OF
PERSONAL EXPRESSION**
1975-76 Additional
Course Offerings

Art and Architecture of Atlantis and Mu
Tues., Thurs., & Sat. 8 thru 9 A.M.
Instr: Robert Rothman

Films of Hanna-Barbera
Wed. & Fri. 3 thru 4:30 P.M.
Instr: Leonard Liebis

Kryllian Silk Screens
Mon. & Fri. 3 thru 5 P.M.
Instr: Diana Wilkens

Blood and Puppet Theater
Biweekly performance meetings
Volunteer at the polyhedral dome hole

Hatha Yogurt
Mon. thru Fri. 12 noon thru 12:30 P.M.
Instr: Akimbo Mudjar

Shoe-Ti, Oriental Defense Art
Tues. & Thurs. 5 thru 6 P.M.
Instr: Ira Steingroot

*Mon. thru Thurs. 2 thru 3 P.M.
Instr: Esther Brum

clockwise rotated from
align
no
in
w
a
a
being orient
mately no
meas
The
rec
dim
a fl
in
t
to planes
an
12 feet 6 inches. Opening

NEWEST ADDITION TO THE ROLLO MAY SCHOOL IS OUR CONCEPTUAL ART DEPARTMENT. DEPARTMENT CHAIRMAN LEBERHAET RUPPO LIVES IN NEW YORK. THREE TIMES A WEEK HE WRITES A DESCRIPTION OF A CLASSROOM AND STUDENTS DESCRIBE RECEIVING IT IN THE MAIL.

MAN'S INVESTIGATION OF "REALITY" WEARS MANY HATS.

AT ADENOIDAL, WE DON'T DISREGARD INFORMATION JUST BECAUSE IT'S WRONG.

Adenoidal School of Engineering, American History, Earth Sciences, and Mathematics

Third Eye Optics
Tues. & Thurs. 6:30 thru 7 p.m.
Instr: Arnold Fink

Folk Math
Tues. & Thurs. 9 thru 10:30 p.m.
Instr: Charles Horowitz

Plant Government
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 9 thru 10 A.M.
Instr: Darry Davis

Sha-Boom Sha-Boom:
The Ambience of the Eisenhower Era as Expressed
RPM Recordings
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 12 noon thru 1 p.m.
Instr: Etteman

attery
4:30 thru 6 p.m.

OCCULTURE DEPARTMENT
1975-76 Course Offerings

Contract Tarot
Rubbers every Wed. & Thurs. 8 p.m.
Instr: Fred Poneman

Transatlantic Caballism
Mon. & Wed. 4 thru 5:30 p.m.
Instr: To be named

Witch Crafts
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 12 Midnight
Instr: Nancy Adler

Black Macrame
Tues. & Thurs. 4 thru 5 p.m.
Instr: To be named

Voodoo Ceramics
Tues. & Thurs. 2 thru 3:30 p.m.
Instr: To be named

Vampire Batiks
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 11 thru 12 p.m.
Instr: To be named

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
1975-76 Additional Course Listings

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
1975-76 Additional Course Listings

Network: Modern Urban Planning and the Universe of John Dryden—An Interdisciplinary Mosaic
Mon., Wed., & Fri. 2 thru 3 p.m.
Instr: David Frazier

Bible: Scripture of the God?
Tues. & Thurs. 9:30 thru 11 a.m.
Instr: Tom Corcoran

Pottery Software
Mon. & Fri. 3 thru 5 p.m.
Instr: Carroll Hall

Auditing for Credit
Mon. thru Fri. Hours open
Instr: Max Krause

Fund-raising: Wither the Educational Principles of the Sixties?
Weekends and vacations at your parents' homes
Instr: Bob Doubledome

"SPEECH IS THE LANGUAGE OF MANKIND," AND THE ADENOIDAL ENGLISH DEPARTMENT IS PREPARED TO TALK ABOUT IT.

MIDTERM IN COMIC LIT TOMORROW. WHAT A BITCH. I HAVEN'T EVEN READ HALF OF THE SPIDERMAN OCTOBER ISH--GUESS I'LL BE UP ALL NIGHT.

CHRIST, I KNOW IT! LET'S SEE, IT SAYS HERE THAT THE ONLY WAY THAT SUPERMAN CAN BE HARMED IS WITH...

*Mon., Wed., & Fri. 11 thru 12 p.m.
Instr: Harvey Irvine

AMONG OUR RECENT COURSE INNOVATIONS IS PARA ENGLISH* WHERE STUDENTS ARE SHOWN A WORD AND, USING ESP, SENSE PSYCHICALLY WHAT PART OF SPEECH IT IS...

NOUN.

HOTEL

*Tues. & Thurs. 1 p.m.
Instr: Grace Bridges

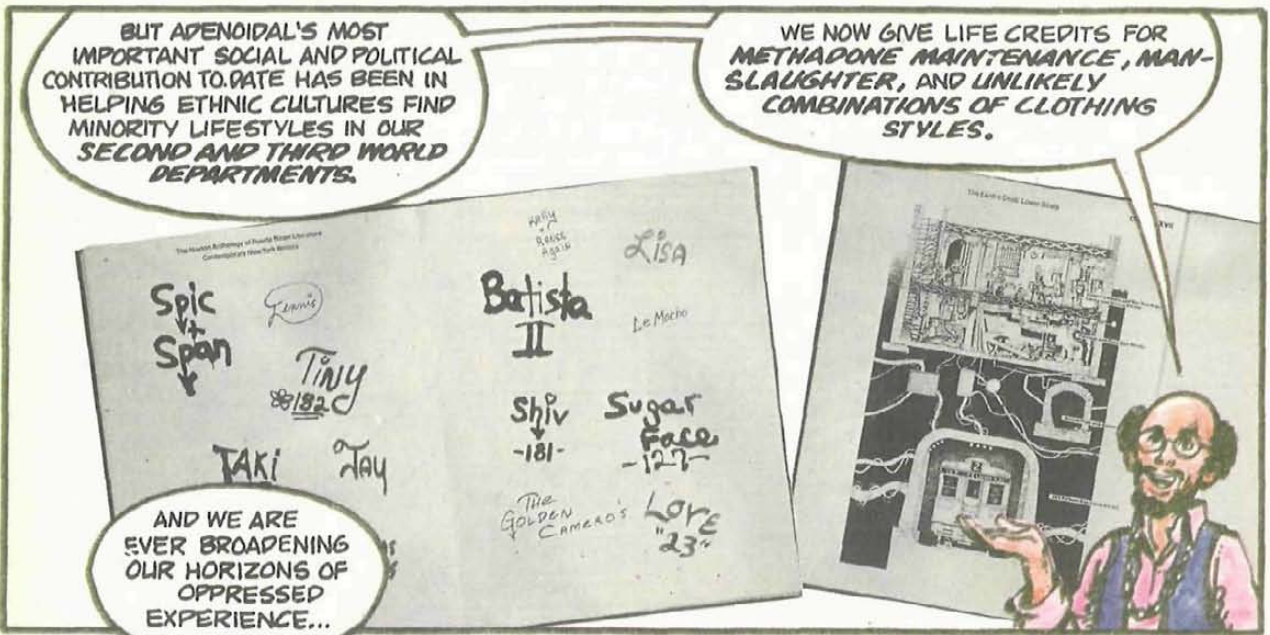
...AND WE HAVE COMPLETE LANGUAGE LAB FACILITIES FOR BEGINNERS AND INTERMEDIATE PLANT.*

*Mon., Wed., Thurs, & Fri. 10 thru 11 A.M.
Instrs: Rebecca Platte, Thomas Oakley



OF COURSE, SPORTS, TOO, PLAY AN IMPORTANT ROLE AT ADENOIDAL--HERE'S THE SENSITIVITY TEAM IN ACTION. JASON JUST SCORED SOME TELLING POINTS ON DIANA'S DEPENDENCY UPON HER MOTHER; BUT THE GAME'S NOT OVER YET!

...THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED THAT REALLY YOUR HOSTILITY TO WOMEN WAS A RESULT OF YOUR UNDERLYING HOMOSEXUALITY, AND I ALSO THINK I SHOULD TELL YOU I'M PREGNANT.



BUT ADENOIDAL'S MOST IMPORTANT SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONTRIBUTION TO DATE HAS BEEN IN HELPING ETHNIC CULTURES FIND MINORITY LIFESTYLES IN OUR SECOND AND THIRD WORLD DEPARTMENTS.

WE NOW GIVE LIFE CREDITS FOR METHADONE MAINTENANCE, MAN-SLAUGHTER, AND UNLIKELY COMBINATIONS OF CLOTHING STYLES.

AND WE ARE EVER BROADENING OUR HORIZONS OF OPPRESSED EXPERIENCE...



WORKING CLASS WHITE STUDIES

HELL, LEE BOB, THIS HERE AIN'T NO JEW-BOY, THIS HERE'S A FAIRY. Y'ALL WATCH OUT HE DON'T TRY AND SUCK YOUR DICK WHILE YOU'RE WHIPPIN' UP ON HIM THERE.

I AIN'T GOING TO SCHOOL WITH ALL THEM GOD-DAMNED NIGGERS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEW-BOY, DIDN'T THEY TEACH YOU NO FISTFIGHTING OVER IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA?

MAYBE HE'S A A-RAB JEW-BOY. I HEAR THEY'RE ALL FAIRIES.



MODERN ENGLISH Poetry NOTES (22b)

Important! If lost return to Doug Kenney Weld Hall Rm 44

TUESDAY * OCTOBER XII, "INTRODUCTORY LECTURE"

Lectures Tues-Thurs
No Paper! Final Exam Jan 22

- Prof. Morton Verber ->

Office Hrs #227-8 A.M. Thurgood Annex

I. WHAT IS 'POETRY'?

A. Not a 'Mickey Mouse' course

1. 6,000 word paper due (Jan 22) (misprint in catalog)
2. add to Reading List: "Seeds of Light, the Unknown Poets" (Smith pp 1-320)
3. "Neo-Post-Romantic Vision of Matthew Arnold" (Verber, Antioch Review Oct.)
4. no eating lunches here, smoking. Attendance will be taken (misprint)

II. WHAT IS A 'POEM'?

no one really knows! -> not logical!
can't be analyzed w/ brain!

- A. "Emotion recollected in tranquillity" ... Wordsworth
- B. "Criticism of life" ... Matthew Arnold
- C. "A tapedeck for the soul" ... Prof. Verber

D. What does poetry mean in the 20th Century

1. Simon + Garfunkel -> "Mrs. Robinson" (less poets, more TV's)
2. Vast tapestry of human quest -> much of it interesting, not dull

III. THE POET'S TOOLS

A. Feet are important -> 'nuts + bolts' of poetry and did those feet

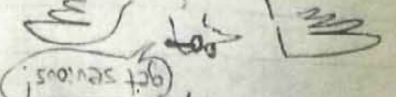
1. Byron's 1-footed verse
2. Also meter, rhyme (crime), rhythm/rhythmic

III. POETS TO BE STUDIED

- A. Shelley, Keats lived, wrote fast
- B. Coleridge considered (by some 'hip' -> opium!
- C. Matthew Arnold

1. Prof. Verber did doctoral thesis!
2. "Dover Beach" -> "ignorant armies clash by night"
 - a. Vietnam? World War III?! Any war -> folk song "Universal Soldier (over)"

GET OPTIONAL READING LIST



this room smells of K...

BANN!

dactylics
Awk!

3. Wordsworth → "can a clove be lonely?"

a. Wordsworth answers "YES!"

i. "Lyrical Ballads" → romantic **REVOLUTION!**

ii. revolutionaries used common, simple style, ideas, not Zeus

I. "poetry can boast of no celestial char distinguishing her vital juices from prose" -- "fighting words!" (to classisists)

a. but peaceful revolutionaries → no riots, stayed in own rooms and did their own work! Not like today, vs.

4. Tennyson → last poet everybody liked

a. many still prefer Arnold

b. Tennyson still relevant to the 70's college student!

i. "The Lotus Eaters"

ii. "this was joke, do not write down"

5. T.S. Eliot

a. "The Wasteland" not plagiarism

i. excellent use of footnotes; ok

6. Dylan Thomas → no relation to Dylan

7.

for Thursday, read collected works of Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Browning

THURSDAY, OCTOBER the 14th

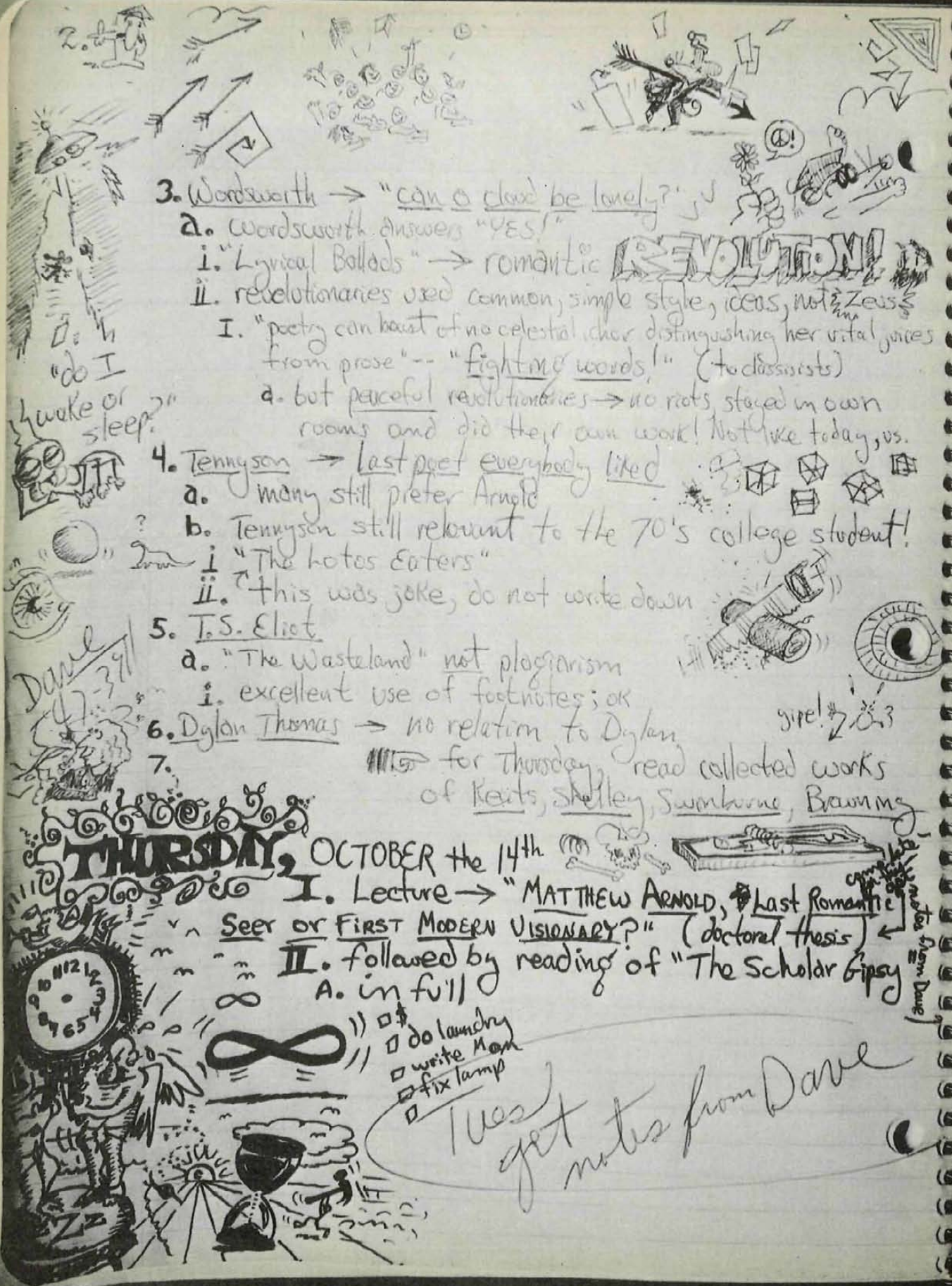
I. Lecture → "MATTHEW ARNOLD, Last Romantic Seer or FIRST MODERN VISIONARY?" (doctoral thesis)

II. followed by reading of "The Scholar Gipsy"

A. in full

- do laundry
- write Mem
- fix lamp

Wes get notes from Dave



CLASS OF
MCMLXXV



Vassar's Yearbook:
Editors Must Strip

By PETER DRAKE

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 3 (Combined services)—The editors of this year's Vassar College Yearbook were forced to remove a number of pages that administration officials have labeled "clearly obscene."

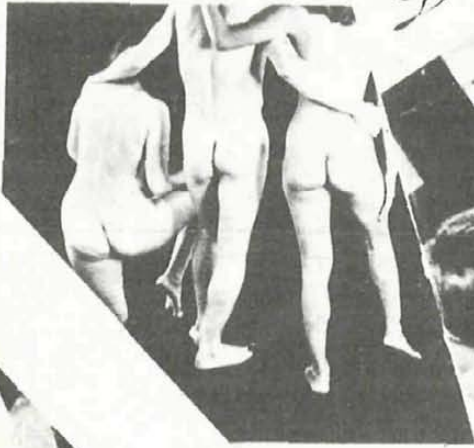
According to Dean of Women Lillian Dorset, twenty-five pages of the 1975 Vassaesarean were deleted only hours before the book was scheduled to go to press. Ms. Dorset said that "... in selecting the particular photographs for the pages in question, the yearbook editors showed complete disregard for institutional concerns, the reputation of their classmates, and the sensitivities of their parents. Even if these pictures do portray real events in Vassar campus life," she continued, "such events hardly portray the typical life of a Vassar student. Therefore, a distorted viewpoint would have been projected."

Among the censored photos...

1975
YAMAHA
RD-200
Start
\$799 plus F&A
The Optimal in a
Lightweight Touring Bike
Financing available with little
or no money down if qualified.
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
on all HARI

ASSAESAREAN

Practice



erleaders were an imp
ell out "ooo" la la in

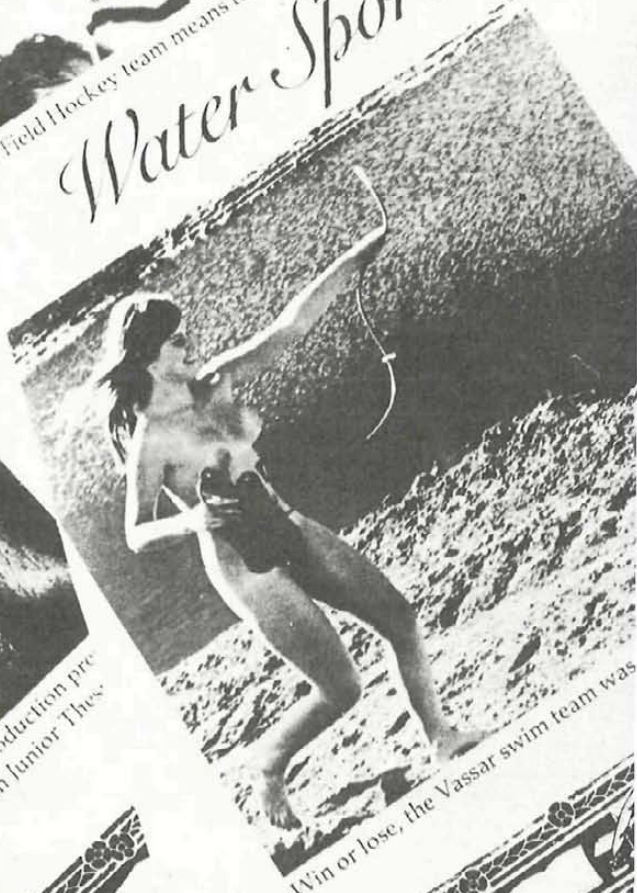


Top Field Hockey team means training and discipline.

riae... Sen

part of the
awareness.

Water Sports



Win or lose, the Vassar swim team was

- Margo Hunderker..... A Tinker
- Brook Quincey..... Lord Hell
- "Tinky" Duckworth..... The Archbishop
- Hope Colgate..... Madame D'Avenp
- "Plimp" Bomar..... Marquis de Marat-S

mental theatrical production pre
cers of Gold, which Junior Thes

s...Memories...



d societies flourished with the class of '75.
"Dink" Hempplewhite will never forget her
night.



...e running"

64

Rutgers boy?? "C.J." Knickerson's not telling...

66

Vassar Faculty



Miss Elizabeth Arkwright (standing) Beginner's and
Intermediate Physical Education, Sweet Briar College,
Western College for Women, B.S., M.A.

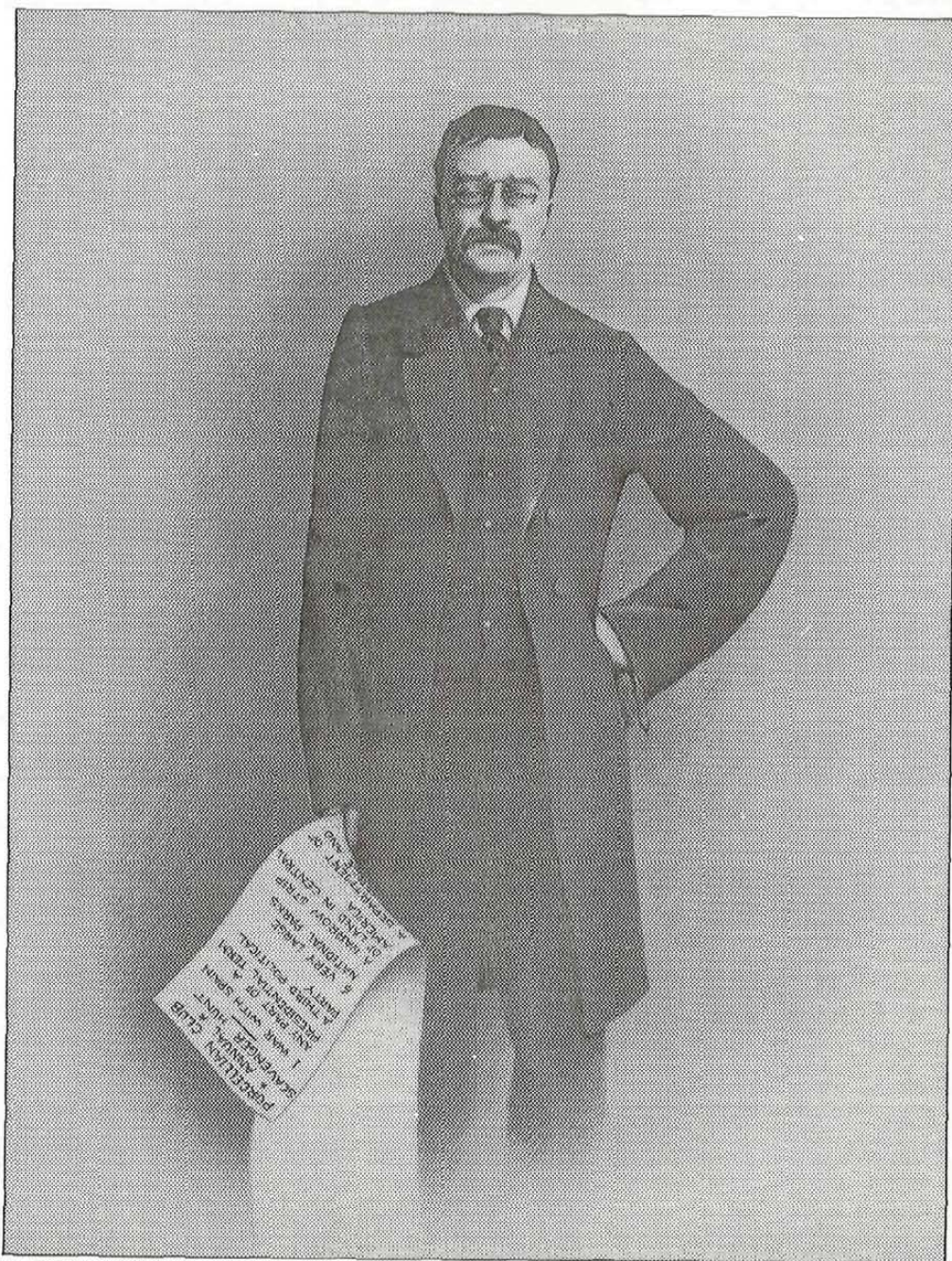
Miss Constance Faren (kneeling) Advanced Physical
Education and Hygiene Science, Emerson College,
Western Reserve, London School of Economics, B.A.,
M.A., M.F.A.



Mr. Lawrence Kitman Art Appreciation and Greek
Culture, University of California at Berkeley, Colum-
bia University, The Johns Hopkins University, B.A.,
M.A., Ph.D.

Famous Collegiate Stunts and Pranks

No. 1 in a series.



May 15, 1880—Cambridge, Massachusetts: Members of Harvard University's prestigious Porcellian Club embark upon "The World's Most Difficult Scavenger

Hunt." The eventual winner, senior Theodore Roosevelt, required more than thirty-two years to complete the collection of unusual items on the Porcellian Club list.

career and maybe his life. Talk about existential moments. He took a deep breath, opened his door, and started to climb out. He couldn't move! What was going on? Was he paralyzed with fear? He looked down. Rat was slumping heavily against his lap, mouth open wide, snoring.

Jesus Christ. "Rat! Let's go!" Pinto shook him.

"Muh?"

"Come on, man. We're here."

"Right, right. M'comin'."

Rat's extrication seemed to take hours. All the while, as if it were a mating call, the voice from the doorway kept calling softly, "Come on, fellas. Ah know what you want." Finally, Rat squeezed from the car and fell on his back in the snow. Several beer pitchers were drawn out with him, and struck the snowy curb with muffled clunks.

"Hey, hurry the fuck up," said Bags. "I'm freezing my tits off out here."

"Right, right." Rat got shakily to his feet and staggered toward Bags. Pinto, noting to himself one more once that he just couldn't believe he was doing this, hauled his ass from the car. Bags and Rat were halfway to the door and he rushed to catch up with them.

"Hurry up, fellas. It gettin' col' in here."

They hurried, stumbling up the steps. Absurdly, Pinto found himself politely kicking the snow from his boots at the entrance. The woman in the doorway, shivering, gestured them impatiently inside and shut the door.

Warm air, heavy with sweet perfumes, closed around them like a mouth. Numerous semiclad black girls were strewn about on cushions and couches, looking like the aftermath of a drinking bout. A large, businesslike woman, who reminded Pinto of Sapphire's mother on "Amos n' Andy," beckoned three of the girls to their feet and allocated them, seemingly at random, among Pinto, Bags, and Rat. Without any perceptible deal or negotiation being entered into—in fact, without a word—the whores led them down a hall of many doors. Then Pinto's whore drew him into a room and closed the door loudly behind them.

The room was absolutely dark. Pinto didn't move. Then a high-watt, unfrosted ceiling bulb went on, lighting the place—every plaster-crack, dust ball, and mattress-sag of it—mercilessly. The room contained a single bed with a rumpled gray sheet thrown over it, a straight-back chair, and a squat brown dresser bearing a

doily and a low metal basin of the sort surgeons throw used instruments into. On the wall above the pillow was an unframed picture of Christ on the cross, a real nice head-and-shoulders close-up featuring several rills of blood from the crown of thorns and a facial expression of almost caricature agony. Pinto eyed Him uneasily, then turned and braced himself for his first good look at his whore.

She was no more than five feet tall. She wore a brown sweater and pink treader pants. She had eyes, lips, a nose, hair. Her skin was medium brown. What was remarkable about

her was that nothing was remarkable about her. Pinto strained to find something to individualize her and failed. She was anonymous as a Chinese waiter.

"A half-an'-half coss ten dollar," she told him in a bored voice. "Pay in advance."

A half-and-half, Bags had explained, was colored whore language for half suck and half fuck. Well, those were the very things he was here for. His ten dollar bill was ready in his pocket and he handed it to her.

"You get undress," she directed him. Tucking the bill inside her

continued

EXPOSE YOURSELF

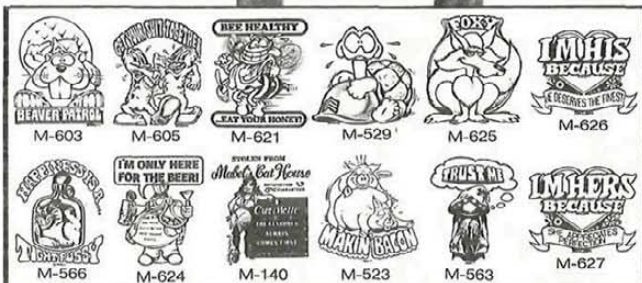
Brazen-faced Roach Shirts for broad-minded buffoons take the risk out of being risqué.



M-682



IN A ROACH SHIRT



Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Specify Design No. _____ Size _____
 Designs on both sides of shirt, \$1.00 extra.

Roach Catalog 75¢ TANK TOPS \$3.95
 White T-shirt \$3.50 Trim Tank Gray
 Trim T-shirt \$3.95 Orange Blue
 White Sw-shirt \$5.95 Yellow Lilac

Adult sizes: S M L XL COLOR T-SHIRTS \$4.25
Youth sizes: 6-8, 10-12, Blue Gray Gold
14-16. (T-shirts only) Lilac Orange

Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20, money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH. Add 35¢ per shirt for postage.

ROACH P.O. Box 182 NLP9-75 Worthington Oh 43085



sweater, she took the basin from the dresser and padded from the room.

Get undress? All the way undress? So as to be stark naked when she came back? Shit, he felt weird enough that she'd taken his money and left him alone in his room. What if, the minute he got his clothes off, two huge guys with gold teeth and dorags came bursting in and blew his white ass off with shotguns? He bet that sort of thing happened a lot, white college boys disappearing without a trace in colored whorehouses. But what was he talking about? These Congress Street whorehouses had been here for decades, servicing generations of white college boys. Racial ass-kicking would be bad for business, strictly prohibited. Well. . . As a compromise, he began removing his clothes very slowly, carefully folding each item and making a neat pile on the chair.

"What, you ain' undress yet?" The girl replaced the basin, now half-filled with water, on the dresser top and produced a sponge and bar of soap. "You omny got fifteen minute."

"Oh, I'm, uh, getting there." He was already down to his jockey shorts. Did she want those off too? At this very moment? He began to slip them down, then stopped short and fired a panic-stricken look at the blazing ceiling bulb. Good Lord, it was bright as an operating room in here! She, the whore, was going to see his cock.

He'd been dreading this moment for years. Until tonight, what with the furtiveness of through-the-fly hand-jobs in darkened cars, no girl had ever gotten a clear look at it. Maybe he should call this whole thing off. He stole a glance at the whore, only to find that she had just stepped from her treads and that he was staring directly at her bush. Sighing, steeling himself for the worst, Pinto pulled off his pants.

The girl took a seat on the bed and set the basin in her lap. "Well, come on," she said, gesturing him closer.

Pinto gulped. She was going to wash him. Well, this was it, he guessed. He stepped in front of her and hung his cock and balls over the basin.

With rough-surfaced, knowing hands, the whore lifted his cock and began to squeeze spongfuls of warm water over it. Then she did a small double-take and looked up at him. "It two different colors!" she declared wonderingly.

Gleep, thought Pinto.

"Well, uh, what happen to 'it'?" the whore wanted to know.

Pinto plunged in. "Well, it happened when I was a little kid. I was swimming at this beach and I got

tar all over it. When my father cleaned the stuff off, this is how it looked." He pointed his finger at the brown and white coloration mingling softly up and down his dong, a visual effect like marble cake or vanilla-fudge ice cream. "See, it's almost like a map. Here's the coast of China and here's Taiwan and, over here, these two little dots are Quemoy and Matsu. On clear days, you can even see the artillery fire going back and forth."

"What you talkin' about?" asked the whore, blinking.

Pinto shook himself. What was he saying? He'd felt such relief at finally beginning to talk to her that he'd begun prattling, saying anything that came into his head. His Asian current events references had found great favor down at the Adelphian bar, but were obviously being lost here. "Oh, uh, just a joke. But, anyway, that's where the two different colors come from. That's why they call me Pinto."

"You was jus' a li'l fella, huh?" said the whore with a little laugh, returning to her washing.

That was right! He'd been just a little fella! They were communicating! And what was more, she hadn't pointed at his groin in horror and shouted, "Mutant!" Why, she was even acting as if she thought it were cute! Hey, he liked this whore, she was okay. "What's your name?" he asked her.

"Gloria." She had soaped him copiously and was rinsing him with more spongfuls of water.

Gloria? He had known girls named Gloria. More and more, she was seeming like . . . just a person. He searched for something more to say.

"Hey, Gloria, you know what? It's my birthday tonight." He wondered briefly whether this might not entitle him to a discount, or some sort of special birthday sex act.

"No kiddin'." She didn't sound terribly interested. Scratch that idea.

"That's right. My friends and I drove here tonight from New Hampshire. That's where we go to school."

She was drying him with a soft towel. "Oh, yeah? You come all this way jus' fo' a piece of ass?" She sounded faintly amazed.

"That's right," said Pinto. "Eeh heh."

"Well, Ah guess you dry now." Gloria patted a spot on the bed. "Why don' you sit down right here?"

"Uh . . . right here?" Pinto sat.

Gloria stood and set the basin back on the dresser. Then she lifted her sweater high enough to show Pinto her breasts. They were medium-sized, pleasingly round and quite brown, Pinto's first colored bosoms.

Her nipples were browner yet, like mahogany.

"Okay?" she said.

Huh? Was what okay? Her breasts? What was this, a clinic? He nodded tentatively. To his surprise, she immediately pulled the sweater back down. She must have meant had he seen enough. Well, he hadn't, but there was no time to change his answer now because she was going to her knees on a little rug between his feet, and appeared about to . . .

Wham! Pinto froze. Someone had thrown a door violently open, quite near to them. Gloria looked up from his groin, startled.

"Mah God," cried a voice from the hall, "Ah not fuckin' you. Yo' whole body need washin', not jus' yo' thing!" Footsteps hurried away, followed by several heavier, more erratic ones. "Hey," shouted a good-natured voice. "Don' feel bad! I prolly couldn'a gotten it up anyway!"

Gloria regarded Pinto. "Nice frien's you got."

"Uh, heh heh," said Pinto. Her hands were still holding his unit; her lips were mere inches away from it. Gloria saw where he was looking, smiled slightly, and placed his cock firmly in her mouth.

Pinto's eyes opened wide. Unbelievable sensations played about his groin. Absurdly, he found himself looking every which way to see if anyone were watching. He even checked out the Jesus picture to see if, as in old horror movies, real eyes had replaced the painted ones. He looked back at his lap. Gloria had cupped his balls in one hand and was holding his cock in her mouth with the other, lowering her head on it again and again, reminding Pinto of one of those plastic, pivoted birds that dip their bills repeatedly into small vessels of water. With each upswing of her head, the pull of his cock made her lips look very large, like cartoon black-people lips. Pinto wondered what you were supposed to do with the upper half of your body during blow jobs. He'd been sitting in an unmoving crouch since Gloria began. He decided to try leaning back on his elbows and closing his eyes. He actually thought that to himself before he did it. He was intensely aware of everything that was going on; no dreamlike cloud of sexual bliss had swept him away. Good as the blow job was, he felt slightly cheated. Weren't people supposed to experience swirling galaxies at times like these, and the roaring of tidal waves in their ears? Still, his cock sure had gotten big. He wondered briefly if Gloria would be impressed, then, remembering her race, discarded the notion.



SEPTEMBER 1975
PRICE \$1

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**Look...those students, they're...oh, my God!
We've just been streaked!**

Is there an end in sight?



**John Updike's latest
Rabbit joins the Navy**

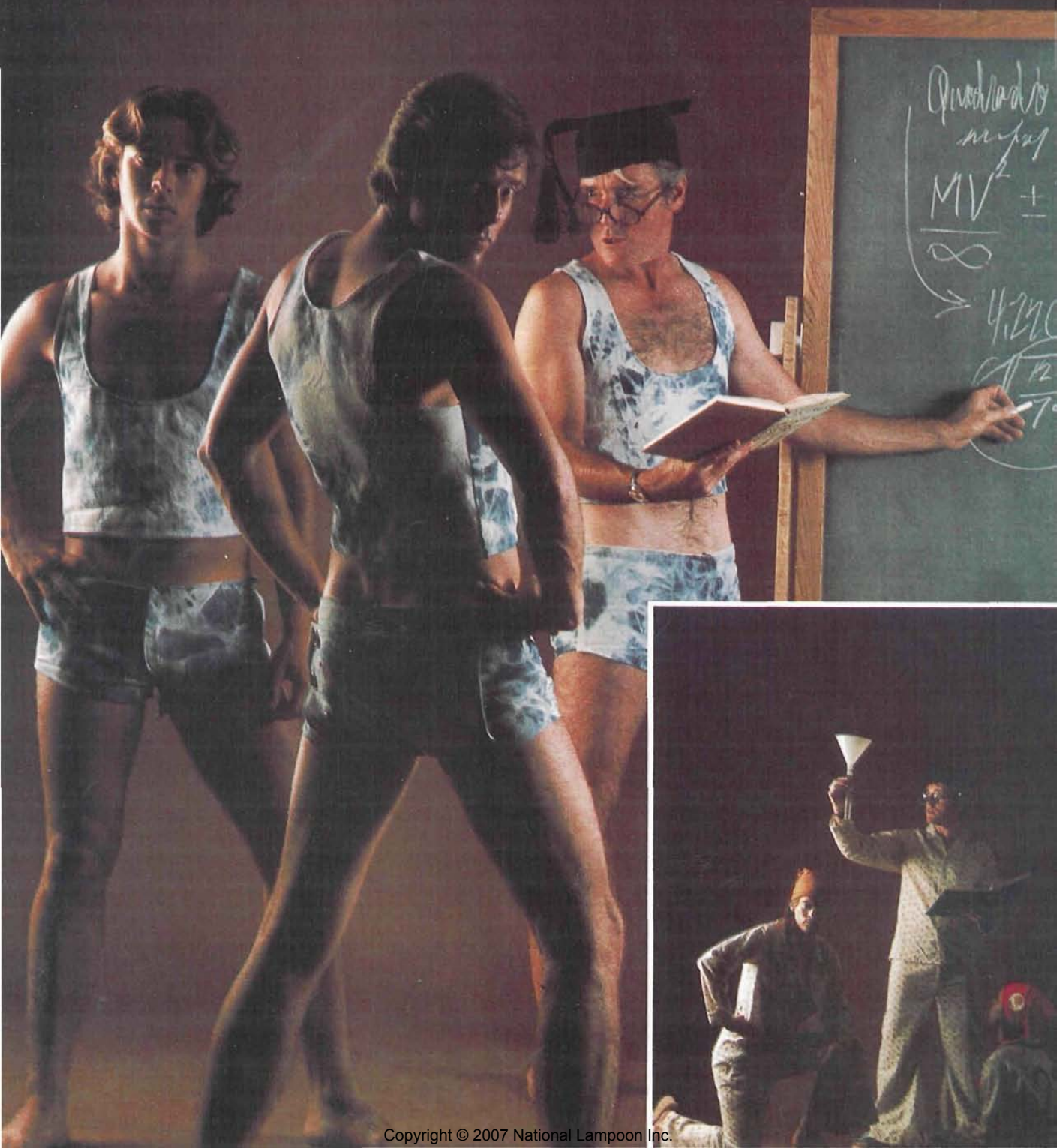
**How to get
50,000 bees
into a cigar box**

**Why is Guy Lombardo
so angry these days?**

**The most beautiful peacock
in the world**

The boys are a little behind in their work, but have things under control when their underwear (\$18) is made of fashionable, long-lasting, tie-dyed denim with button-fastened drop seats designed by Teacher's Pet of California.

Burning the midnight oil, insert below, will be a sartorial treat when you do it in Sonny Jourgenson reversible athletic pajamas (\$17) and favorite team stocking caps (\$8). The stacked heel shower togs (\$12) are by Candy Beach of Virginia.



Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER, 1975 VOLUME 86 No. 12 WHOLE No. 502

- 39 On Raping Connie Francis Truman Capote
Stupid Cupid, stop picking on her
- 41 355 Absolutely Fantastic Advertising Agencies
We have seen the future and this couldn't hurt
- 43 The Politics of Giggling and Twitching Tom Wolfe
Do you have to go to the bathroom or are you just in love?
- 45 Jimmy Garafolo: The Uncrowned King of Muzak Rex Reed
Is he a saint or a satan?
- 47 Candy Bergen Owes Us Some Money
She has a rich father; why doesn't she pay us back?
- 49 Is Big Government Too Big? Tom Burke
We gave her an advance and she never delivered the piece
- 52 What Is Your Driving I.Q. Andy Granatelli
That's a pretty lousy, unprofessional way to behave
- 55 The World's Best Pomade Gordon Parks
We're not that rich that we can afford p—ing money away
- 57 Why Puerto Ricans Can't Swim Esther Williams
Hey, give us our money back, goddamnit
- 60 Just How Serious Is Teenage Drinking? Dana Andrews
We'll make fun of your fat thighs, ya stupid c—
- 63 Those Hidden Car Rental Costs Don Rickles
Broads like you give all the other broads a bad name
- 65 Wonderful, Winsome Wyoming Les Brown
Ah, f— it, keep the stinking money. But don't come crying to us when you run out
- 67 Fifty Mentally Retarded Orphans Rate the Best Tasting
Paint Chips Sugar Ray Robinson
Where were we? What is this?
- 69 Does Tony Martin Still Have It? Cyd Charisse
Look, it may come as a surprise to you, Miss Bergen, but we have bills we have to pay
- 71 Garage Boats Are Here to Stay Tony Abosello
What do you think we shell out to get those ad directors laid, chopped liver?
- 74 Why I'm Proud to Be An American Susan Ford
Where's the money? We want our money back
- 75 What Freedom Means to Me The Ray Conniff Singers
You know something? Your father was really a crumby ventriloquist; his lips never stopped moving. And you stink, too
- 78 How Candy Bergen's Disgustingly Fat Legs Keep Her Out of the
Big Time

- 8 The Publisher's Page
- 10 The Advertiser's Page
- 12 Auberon Waugh: Letter From Europe—and there was postage due
- 80 A cartoon we bought for \$12

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., of Chicago, where we work out of this really fantastic old estate that we picked up for a song because the crazy old bastard who owned it forgot to pay his taxes and now we have it. You should see it, it's enormous. We run up and down the hallways and bounce all over the beds and have an incredible f—ing good time.

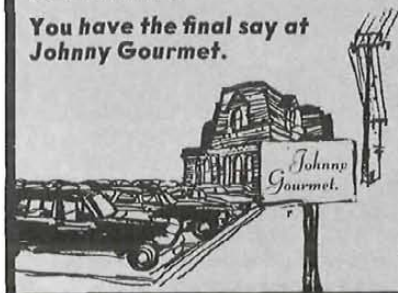
Don't go out of your way . . .
come to

Johnny Gourmet.

Johnny Gourmet, a completely new concept in fine dining pleasure. Haut cuisine at down-to-earth prices. There is never a cover or minimum at Johnny Gourmet. Just ask your waiter for anything on the menu, and he will bring it directly to your table. Eat like they do in Europe without leaving town. And while you're at it, you'll want to order a bottle of fine wine from our list, conveniently located on the back of the menu. For a dinner that's simply out of this world, it's Johnny Gourmet. And remember, every Tuesday night is free plate night. Just ask your waiter or busboy for your free plate, and he will bring it to you. Everyone wants to come and stay at Johnny Gourmet. And there are never hidden costs at Johnny Gourmet. If there is an error in your check, just bring it to your waiter's attention and he will correct it for you right on the spot. For the absolute best in specially prepared food, come to Johnny Gourmet, where roast beef and lobster are the royal attractions that'll have you begging for more. That's Johnny Gourmet . . . where food has its day.

For the Johnny Gourmet nearest you, check the white pages of your phone book. Just pick up the phone and say, "Hell-o, (then give your name). Johnny Gourmet . . . I'm on my way."

**You have the final say at
Johnny Gourmet.**



I first met Mao Tse-Tung, quite by accident, at the beginning of his so-called Long March. I was on assignment for the now (and possibly then) defunct *Morning Post*, a journal whose generally conservative views gave me ample opportunity to be obnoxiously radical, while allowing me access to many prominent radicals to whom I could be equally obnoxiously conservative. On this occasion, the target of my attentions was to be Chiang Kai-shek, but having been air-dropped into Kiangsi in a large Austin motorcar loaned to me by my dear friend, the tall and unpleasent John Strachey, I took several wrong turns, and ended up with Chiang's better—and unquestionably fatter—half. Although our meeting was short—he spoke no English, and I no Chinese, and the pressure of history necessarily curtailed his visit to my cage—we became close and dear friends, and have maintained a cordial, albeit one-sided, correspondence ever since.

I am reminded, in perusing Mr. Tung's first and probably last book (*The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, Peking People's Press, \$.65) of a fascinating incident that took place in Paris in the summer of 1938. I was sitting in a little cafe on the Rue Ptomaine with a young lady whose acquaintance I had made in Europe while covering for my constant companion and long-time colleague, the loathsome Lord Beaverbrook, Chamberlain's weaselly attempt to hobble Hitler. The young lady was not, alas, my beloved Kitty—"the kitty," as she had acidly reminded me on my departure—whom, through my own mindless egotism, I had yet again left behind in Surrey with our many lovely children. Looking back, I am struck by how rare are those moments of joy we are privileged to experience in this vale of tears. Thus, I forewent yet another, to my incalculable cost!

The young lady in question had auburn hair of the most ravishing hue, and perfect legs; and if I had known what to do with it, as the celebrated and generally drunk Hemingway would often mutter to me, I would have done it. The name of the café escapes me now—probably "de la Paix" or "de la Victoire"—in any case, something deliciously ironic; the ashtray in which our *Gitanes* smouldered was dutifully labeled *Pernod*, and the storm clouds of war were gathering. Towards evening, we were joined by Leon Trotsky, a surprise, as he was simul-

taneously in hiding in Cuernavaca. I recall thinking that despite his sudden and quite justified downfall, he looked, for a Jew, positively Olympian. He sat across from us, a man upon the azimuth of confidence, and proceeded to exult in a series of prodigious threats against the despotism of Stalin, a program of revenge he clearly preferred to contemplate than enact.

We listened as, a few days earlier, we had watched the dawn at Tours. Hand-in-hand, a sense of *la vie en rose*—or *en rouge*, perhaps!—a pervasive feeling in our souls that what was taking place at that rickety little table on the Left Bank was desperately memorable.

Leon's brilliance, however, was that he always left his special mark on an encounter. This was no exception. Having paid us the



compliment of bellowing at us for more than an hour upon a wide range of subjects, including some of the profoundest issues and most critical questions of the day, he threw his tamarind in my young lady's face, kicked over the table, punched the waiter, and left without paying a sou. To the end, Trotsky was nothing if not Trotskyite. My reason for recounting this irrelevant and transparently self-serving anecdote slips my mind for now, but its effect is in no way diminished for that. I have always found that flinging any old bits of historical detritus together places the burden of discovering one's point entirely on one's audience—something which can do the usual bunch, especially its younger and more ill-kempt members, no harm whatsoever.

Collectivism, that fraud first perpetrated by the slate-faced Stalin on his long-suffering and consistently unattractive countrymen, is dealt with in *The Thoughts* in only the vaguest and most high-handed manner. Yet it remains, if we are to be-

lieve reliable though unimpeccable sources, at the heart of the Red Chinese system. Vague imprecations to the masses, parareligious invocations of self-criticism, cannot conceal the brutal fact that what these Communists basically want is something for nothing. A free ride. Or, in Trotsky's case, a free tamarind.

We have come to expect such equivocation from our leaders; it ruined Russia. It will as surely, one hopes, bring China to her knees. And yet, as my dear friend, the short, plump, highly overrated, and now, alas, dead, Pablo Picasso once said, collectivism, like art and suicide, is much akin to seduction; an insight for whose validity I cannot vouch, never having knowingly been involved in any of them. It was, I might add, Picasso's life-long refusal to invite me to lunch that was the only vindication of his otherwise highly compromised integrity.

Before I perform too effective a hatchet job on this pathetic paper chicken, however, let me confess freely and in the sight of Him whose hands were pierced for me on the cross of Nazareth, that I feel myself as irrevocably part of the something-for-nothing generation as Mao, Leon, and their ilk. In the case of my latest book, *The Luminous Dong* [completing the *Chronicle of Waste Paper*. Part I: *The Dip Stick*; Part II: *The Infernal Bore*—Ed.], it was a colossal advance. In the case of my career, merely a few wretched rungs up a decaying ladder. In the case of my life, as someone might have written if they had the slightest interest, men's souls. Forage from the barren wastes of mid-twentieth century England, strung out on a line to dry against the winter. With the exception, as always, of my devoted Kitty and our several wonderful offspring of both sexes.

But enough of me. What of Mao? What, one wonders, will the distinguished Chairman think of *The Luminous Dong*? Will he interpret my account of conversion to Christianity as merely another in a long series of trimming my sails to a prevailing chic? Or will he see it as a means by which I am enabled to fill up still more lucrative pages with banal and unilluminating introspection, my shallow well of wit having mysteriously run dry as one by one, my funnier friends went to meet their Maker? Perhaps neither. Or, perhaps, both. As I once remarked to my close acquaintance, the brilliant if testy Donald Duck,

Notes to Myself

by Ernest Hemingway

Exsquire is proud to present the first installment of Ernest Hemingway's Notes to Myself, written on the back of his previously published laundry lists. Written in lemon juice, or "invisible ink," as he called it, they were not meant to be seen. They were accidentally discovered when a copy of his laundry lists was left on a heated radiator and the invisible print showed up.

We feel that these notes are the most important literary discovery of the century, and must be published, no matter what Hemingway felt. They are the last pieces he wrote before his tragic death in Ketchum, Idaho, in 1961.

Went to Bud Grenfell's Stop 'n Shop for Miss Mary. Like the way Bud treats me. No celebrity bull. "What can I do for you, Mac?" Calls me Mac. I said, "Bud, it's me, Ernie." He said, "Fine, you're Ernie, I'm Bud. I'm busy, what do you want?" Loved it. Does his job cleanly and well.

Mucked up the shopping again. Bought tomato paste instead of puree. Can't be bothered figuring out the difference. Miss Mary says there's a big difference. Gives me that look. She's a skinny little butch. No meat on her. Going to cut all her hair off when she's asleep.

God, what am I going to wear today? My green bush pants smell funny. I can wear the blue corduroy pants but I don't have the right shirt. Maybe I'll wear a sweater and no shirt. Wool sweater itches. Put my long underwear on first, then sweater. Going to be hot. Remember what my mother said: "You can always take it off if it gets hot, but if you don't have it, you can't put it on if it gets cold."

Note to myself: Buy ducks at Vern Smiley's market, shoot them a few times to make them look like they were hunted. Vern promised me some fresh blood to sprinkle on them.

Edmund Wilson. He borrowed my lawn mower and never returned it. He should have a sense of ethics about returning something he borrowed. I distinctly remember that I lent it to him. I didn't give it to him. It was the kind you just push along, with the spinning blades. I already had two gas jobs. I had no use for the old mower. Maybe I did give it to him. But he should have called and thanked me.

Nobody left from the old crowd. Sherman Billingsley, Toots Shor, Leonard Lyons. Lyons used to lick my shoes until they were shiny. Never went to a shoeshine parlor when I was in New York. The little Jew used to shine my shoes. Used to put my name in his column every night. Jews like to fawn over me. They know I'm something they can never be.

Where was I last night? Was I lost in the woods again? All I remember is a dark, dark forest. Kept bumping into trees. Scary. Gertrude Stein once told me that there's nothing scarier than fear of the unknown. She ought to know. Terrifying sounds. Had no idea all those animals come out at night. Note to myself: Animals are not afraid of humans at night. In the daytime, maybe. At night, the rules are changed.

Miss Mary let me go into town today to pick up my pills at Jack Northrup's drugstore. Had to wait for them and leafed through magazines. Jack always gives me dirty looks for not buying. Bumped into Brenda Lovingood, Joe Lovingood's daughter. Sixteen years old. Wears makeup and those tight blue shorts. Asked me if I needed a secretary. I said, yes, oh yes, oh God yes, I need a secretary. Come to me, type to me, Oh God, type, type, type . . . 90, 100, 200 words a minute. Take my shorthand, my longhand, don't stop, both hands going up, up, down, hair, juices, tongue. Earth is moving, head is moving . . . Where are they taking me? Where's my prescription? Who is the girl with the torn blouse? Call Miss Mary. Explain everything. Give me a hanky. Let me dry myself. Tell the girl I'm sorry. So easy to get it up with girl like Brenda. Never could do it properly with Miss Mary.

Met Jim Ketchell at the hardware store. Asked me to Bill Short's bar for a drink. Jim had a beer. I asked for a Kir—chablis and crème de cassis. Miss Mary won't let

me drink anything stronger. Bill had no crème de cassis, so we sent out to the Stop 'n Shop for some Crosse and Blackwell's black current jelly, which is similar.

Jim wondered if he could offer me a suggestion about my writing. One of my most loyal readers. I was flattered. Rather hear a suggestion from old Jim than from one of those homo editors in New York. I said, "Shoot, Jim." He said, "Ernie, why don't you put a few jokes into your stories?"

"What kind of jokes do you mean, Jim? One liners? Or long anecdotes? If a joke doesn't fit into the story, it'll break the rhythm and stick out like a sore thumb."

"Hell, you're right again, Ernie," he said. "Want another drink?"

"Better not, Jim, or Miss Mary will be after me with a straitjacket."

"O.K., whatever you say, Ernie. I still think *Across the River and into the Trees* was the best yarn I ever read."

"Thanks, Jim. Have another beer on me. Put it on my tab, Bill. What do you mean, I have no tab? Since when is my credit no good in this one-horse town? Well, fuck you, too."

Jesus, is Bill Short Jewish or something? Since when doesn't he accept my credit? Short . . . probably shortened it from Shortskowitz . . . Shortsky . . . Shitsky. Probably named Shitsky originally. Bet Miss Mary's behind all this.

Thought of Raymond, the old barman of the Ritz in Paris. Made the best dry martinis in the world. Couldn't get through the day without nine or ten of Raymond's marts. Asked him how he made them so good. Would never tell. One day I said, if you don't tell me how you make your marts so good, I'm going to cut off your *pénis*, which is how the French spell penis.

"Oh please, Papa, do not do that!"

"Why not, you old frog?"

"Because it is my penis that makes the secret of my dry martinis," he said. "It is ten parts Gordon's gin, one part Nollyl Prat vermouth, and two parts Raymond's pee-pee, as you say in *American*. When you not look, Raymond shake his pee-pee into cocktail shaker."

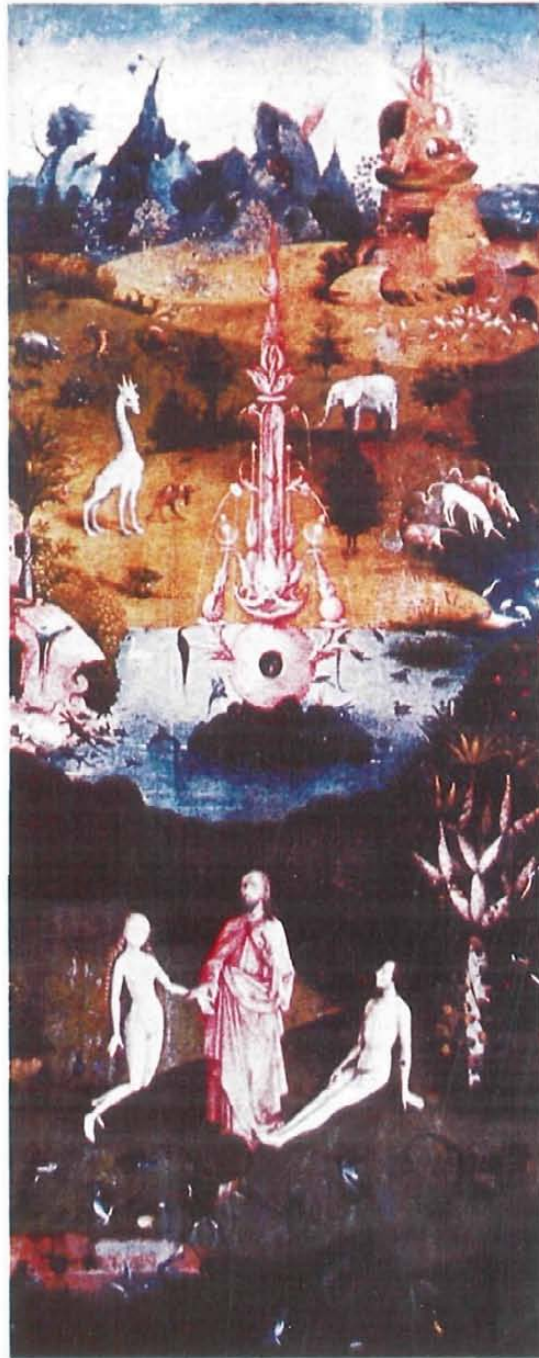
"Mother of God, Sister of Mary, son of the Holy Ghost, and father of Man O' War, you mean to tell me I've been drinking your piss for over twenty years?"

"Just a few little shakes, Papa. No more than you would shake when you are finished at the pissoir. It is what gives it the special taste."

"O.K., Raymond, you win. Too late to change my habits now."

God, those martinis could crack your head open, change your glands. Once took a 300-pound whore to a hotel after having ten of Raymond's marts. Whore couldn't see her cunt. Too fat to bend down and see it. It was covered by folds and folds of flesh. I couldn't see it, either. Said I would fuck her in between folds of her flesh. She said it was perfectly O.K. with her. Fucked her perpendicular so I could slide in and out of her folds properly. Not bad. Better than Miss Mary, that skinny merink. Rather fuck a ferret than that butch.

Another fight with the butch. She broke my lucky Tom Mix cereal bowl. Had it for thirty-five years. I think I'll kill her. Going to clean my shotgun and get it ready. #



PORTRAIT OF HEAVEN BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH

The umpteenth in a series of colored pages

"For me, personally, heaven is the bliss of the soul contemplating the beatific vision after dying in the state of grace; that is, after a life in accordance with the Natural Law. I hope that's correct, because if it isn't, the Grand Inquisitor will come around tomorrow and break my thumbs!"—H.B.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Actual Size!

We are all the kind of guy who is interested in sports, as well as fashions, potables, and things of the mind. From time to time, we invite famous sports celebrities up to our offices, and compare parts of our anatomies to theirs. Then we take pictures, so you at home can do it, too. Believe you us, we get pretty excited. Do you?

The Champ





CELEBRITY LIMERICKS

If you were anybody, we'd have asked you, too.

1975 marks the 300th anniversary of the limerick. To help celebrate, we asked a few friends to supply the final line to the following ditty.

THE PUZZLE:

*There once was a man from the moon
Who landed on earth during June.
He stepped from his saucer
Said, "I'm here because, sir, . . ."*

When we sent out our limerick puzzle, we weren't aware that Hugo Winterhalter had died in 1973, probably because his haunting strains are so much today still with us. Hugo's estate returned the limerick uncompleted. We finished it for him. Hugo, we hope you like it.

Hugo's band plays a really hep tune.



Jean-Luc Godard

“En France, nous n'aimons pas la lune.”

“Bonjour. Bonjour, messieurs-dames. Et hallo a tous mes amis Américains. Je m'appelle Jean-Luc Godard. Merci, merci bien. Et bonjour et bon chance. C'est tout pour maintenant. Merci encore. Adieu. Good-bye.”



Rodney Dangerfield

“Cause I don't get no respect on the moon.”

“My neighborhood is so tough that if a spaceship landed, they'd steal the hubcaps while the thing was still moving, and then they'd do a thousand tiny steps for mankind all over his helmet. I'm not kidding.”



Daniel Moynahan

“I have neither food, fork, nor spoon.”

“Wherever there are people, there exists the dangers of scarcity. All of the present information at hand indicates the moon to be completely devoid of sustenance. Thus, if there are people on the moon, it would clearly be our responsibility to feed them. Thank you.”



George Meany

“Our coffee breaks last until noon.”

“Every man is entitled to all the free time available. This isn't just for the Carnegies and the Vanderbilts. The big money boys better wise up. Or there's going to be trouble, big trouble. Ask Solzhenitsyn, he'll tell you.”



Barbara Jordan

“What's so rare as a warm day in June.”

“I couldn't resist. I know that warm days in June are anything but rare, but, as I said, I couldn't resist. I think I could say, without fear of contradiction, that things which rhyme are better ordered than things which don't.”



Robert Graves

“I look like an old macaroon.”

“Go out and get a macaroon. Look at it. Now look at my picture. See what I mean?”



Woody Hayes

“I want to kill faggots like Vidal Sassoon.”

“This country is going to hell in a handcar. The sissy boys are everywhere. But what are you going to do? You do your best, you try to get by. Things change; life goes on. I don't know. I wish the hell I did.”



Evonne Goolagong Cawley

“Da-doodle-dee-doodle-de-doon.”

“How unique! I come from a land which is both country and continent. No other land can make this claim. Though I'm sure Greenland would love to. But don't be fooled by the Mercator projections. I assure you, it is neither country nor continent, and, for that matter, it is not particularly green. It's probably a poo brown.”



Evans and Novak

“My great aunt just moved to Rangoon.”

“Collaboration is a funny business. Take this limerick, for example. Rowland thought the last line ought to be ‘My great aunt looks like a baboon.’ I tried to talk him around, but he's a stubborn son-of-a-bitch, and finally I had to put my foot down. Now I owe him one.”



Otto Preminger

“I want to see Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon.”

“This was a first-rate motion picture. Maybe not as good as *Exodus*, but every bit as good as *The Cardinal* or *In Harm's Way*. And better than *Rosebud*, a film of which, despite its flaws, I am very proud. Liza, Jimmy Coco, Ken Howard, all of them gave fine performances. You should see it if you get a chance. You won't be sorry.”



Hunter Thompson

“I love Gleason's va-va-va-voom.”

“I grew up watching the tube—Sid Caesar, Captain Video, Ernie Kovacs—not the Mary Tyler Moore bull that's on today. Gleason was my favorite, the Poor Soul, the Honeymooners, Reginald van Gleason III. I wish they'd rerun some of those old shows now. I'd watch every one of them. You remember the Mother Fletcher bit? That one was my favorite.”

Klean Kollege Klothes

Skip class? Never. Skip to class in these color-coordinated Naughty Boy suits designed by Dr. Bronowsky for Tommy Brown. It doesn't matter what grade you're in as long as your major is advanced Smart Looks. This fall, the look is going to satisfy the students' need for conformity in dress. The jackets and trousers (\$18) are made of winter-durable Swiss spandex, and the blouses (\$27) are 100 percent polyamide. The shoes (\$14.40), by Pol Parrot, and the socks are regular old socks.



There's a
Button City
near you.

Alabama
Birmingham
Buttons for Beaux

Alaska
Nome
Button up Your Overcoat

Arizona
Tucson
The Panic Button

Arkansas
Hot Springs
Button Your Lip

California
El Centro
The Belly Button
Los Angeles
Buttonheads
San Francisco
Nanny's Button Box

Colorado
Denver
Richard Button's

Connecticut
Greenwich
Frenchie's Button Salon
New London
Your Buttons Are Ready

Delaware
Northeast Rising Sun
Your Fly Is Open

District of Columbia
The Japanese Chancellery

Florida
Tampa
Button, Button, We've Got the Button

Georgia
Fort Valley
Buttons & Posing Straps Unlimited

Idaho
Twin Trails
Button Sunday We Close

Illinois
Chicago
The Tailored Button
Granite City
Buttons for My Men

Indiana
Bloomington
Red Buttons

Iowa
Iowa City
Tie a Button on This
Mason City
Lem's Button Emporium
Mason City West
Fleacher's Candy Store

Kansas
Topeka
Button Russell's

Kentucky
Louisville
The Button Knows

Maryland
Baltimore
We Hate Zippers
Lutherville
Buttons Are Forever

Missouri
St. Louis
The Custom Gentleman

New Jersey
Sea Girt
The United Nations of Buttons

New York
Buffalo
Pandora's Buttons
Riverhead
Buttons for Husky Boys

Ohio
Sandusky
Mr. Button

Oregon
Salem
The Button Holders

Texas
Dallas
The Button Palace
San Antonio
Back Alley Joe's

Virginia
Lexington
We're Pushin' Buttons

Wyoming
Manhattan City
The Trading Post of Buttons

No doubt you're the type of guy who likes to live to the fullest; the type of Joe who grasps every moment experienced and embraces it with a lust and abandon that was once only known during wartime. The type of poluka who'll snatch at and tug on the very short hairs of this ebbing vale of tears we call life, and challenge it to step outside for an old-fashioned, no-holds-barred foot race. Whether it's selecting a new hair spray or tearing apart a clock to see what makes it tick, your passion for being is always going to take you belly-deep into the entrails of inventiveness and selectivity. But if your buttons don't match, people will think you're an idiot.

Button City ... keeping it all together.

THE STIMU DR. HOOK

**“It’s like thousands
of tiny thumbs
urging a woman to let loose”**

Now you can reach a level of unexpurgated pleasure that only months ago was unheard of. **Bankrupt**. An album to give its listeners gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that lets you feel like you’re hearing nothing at all.

Made with a new “naked” frankness that almost transmits body heat, Dr. Hook is supremely sensitive. It’s anatomically shaped to cling to the needle. And

Bankrupt, a remarkable achievement, works with natural secretions so Dr. Hook’s scientifically patterned performance can massage and caress you effortlessly (Side 1 for Men; Side 2 for Women).

Made by one of the world’s largest manufacturer of records, a million may have already been sold in Sweden and France. In fact, it does include “The Millionaire.”

You can buy yours in a discreet package from your local record store. Ask for it by name, **Bankrupt by Dr. Hook**. Give your pimples an even break.



What Else You'll Have to Do to Get Through College without Doing Anything Besides Pretending to Be a Negro

Of course, if you have some deep, abiding objection to behaving like a Negro—say, for instance, if you happen to be one—well, then... don't act like a Negro. Being a Negro isn't the only way to get through college without doing a thing and get paid for it, too. You can kill your parents. As an orphan, you'll be eligible for all kinds of swell charitable aid and assistance. Run into their bedroom about 3 A. M., hack 'em up with a bread knife, bury it in the rhododendrons, soak your hands in carbon tetrachloride, and say prowlers did it. Simple as that. Orphans are expected to get somewhat better grades than Negroes, but they also receive lots more sympathy, understanding, and generally fewer beatings from weird vestigial townies with no necks and a problem attitude toward race relations, plus a better class of scholarships. (This was all Jerry Rubin was trying to say. People always misunderstood Jerry. They thought he was some kind of dangerous radical nutcracker when he said "kill your parents," but he was really only giving out sound advice to college-bound teenagers everywhere.)

However, if sentimentality strikes and your hand is stayed by a pathetic vision of your kindly mom, her hair grayed by the cares of love, then just kill your father. He's the important one to have dead on all those student aid eligibility forms. Hell, his life is over anyway. Look at the guy—bald, fat, past his prime years of earning power, probably has a bad heart, and what's he got to show for it all? Nothing but you, you fucking ingrate, sitting right here planning to murder him this minute!

Radical Athletics

Sure, there are plenty of routes to effortless campus success—wealthy family, good social connections, top drawer cock-smithing—but don't worry, there's a way for you to do it, too: in the relatively new and wide-open field of Radical Athletics. And the best part is you don't have to be particularly athletic or know a hammer throw from a sickle to succeed. Below is a list of demands that can provide you with four worthwhile years of Radical Athletic agitation, and, who knows; if you play your cards right, you could go on to be hotel-keeper to some of the biggest fugitives in the country.

Nonnegotiable Demands

1. All training rules will be self-determined. Individuals may elect to wear protective headgear, etc., but, in the final analysis, each player is left with the freedom of his/her body. Smoking on the bench, though not recommended, is allowable (after all, they're your lungs, aren't they?).
2. There will be no cuts, and all team members will be allotted equal amounts of playing time, thereby preventing any cults of personality as fostered by the current, highly personalist star system.
3. The coaching staff shall reflect the sexual, racial, and age composition of the community (however broadly defined). The head coach shall be elected by a vote of the player's committee. All staff members will be required to attend self-criticism sessions after each game, at which players may elect to replace any member of the coaching staff.
4. The community shall have complete access to all athletic facilities, including playing fields, stadiums, arenas, and changing rooms. Priority of access shall be determined on a first come, first serve basis. This regulation will preempt the present hegemony of "schedulingists."
5. No scores will be recorded. Goals, baskets, and runs



may be scored, but no final tally will be kept since the point of the game is to demolish the elitist "skillism" that currently thwarts the development of effective sports cadres and loving human beings.

6. Half-time shall be a free recreation period. Use of the playing field will be open to all parties for traditional entertainments, as well as picnicking, frisbee, or just "cooling out."
7. Warm-up periods are open to the community and anyone may sign up for the team, and at that time be allotted a half share of playing time.
8. Before each game, coaches will prepare a written topical outline of their half-time talk, so that players may determine if they would rather rest, read, or make love. All players have the right to give an alternate speech equal in length to the coach's.

Financial Scams, or, "Excuse me, but would you like to buy the Brooklyn Bridge? I'm working my way through college."

There are nine million students of higher education in America. Each of them has a discretionary income of \$2,000. One really was born every minute. There's a mother lode out there, baby, and Madison Avenue (the *National Lampoon* is located on Madison Avenue) needn't get it all. You can take your fellow undergrads for a bundle, if you know how. For instance:

- 1) During Homecoming Weekend, charge the parents of minority students (who don't know shit about college traditions) a substantial dorm entry fee.
- 2) Get the campus franchise for *Time* subscriptions, or, if you think that's going too far, push smack.
- 3) Sell Honor System Insurance. You and a couple of friends, known to be the type who will swear to any-

III. The answer to the question depends on whether you assume that history is normative or teleological. On the one hand there is the Scylla of Kant's categorical imperative, but there is also the existentialism of Robt May (~~not~~ not the existentialism of Jean Paul Sartre). Whether or not this is form or content stands apart from the Kierkegaardian "leap of Faith". ("Nothing is neither good or bad but thinking makes it so")

The "bad dreams" of which Hamlet speaks of are neither the open vital that Bergson discusses or the neat linear divisions of Levi-Strauss. Going back as far as a Gilgamesh, you have a Gestalt motivated by Homah Averdis quotes "banality of evil" quotes or Heisenberg's "principle of uncertainty" - a real distinction from the Freedom metaphor (in this author's opinion).

★ Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny & one might even say that Industrial Revolution is NOT isometric to Ortega y Gasset (mass culture). Proustian 26 MAXIMALISM (in Follers words or Hegelean synthesis make no dif.

Blue book—bane of gradpoints. The important thing to remember is that no professor, or even grad assistant, ever reads a blue book. What they do is scan, and what they scan for are buzz words. Buzz words—the classically respectable or currently voguish names of books, poems, plays; schools of thought, philosophy, or criticism; authors, artists, and intellectuals; periods of history; logical, scientific, political, or sociopsychological precepts; plus a selection of authoritative-sounding verbs and nouns, etc.

The blue book has been written on the buzz word principle. Appended to the essay is a "work sheet," where buzz words are presented in their purest form. Work sheets show your instructor that, exhaustive as your essay was, it hardly scratched the surface of your comprehensive knowledge of the queried subject and every conceivably related field. These two pages will give you a guaranteed B on any essay test in any humanities course conducted in the English language.

If additional length or a second answer is required, simply copy out the sentences in reverse order. Just in case, however, a list of additional buzz words is provided below.

Scholastic phenomenology	Homeric simile	mimesis
chronicle	Ostrogoths/Adrianople	Nicean Creed
epistemology	chiaroscuro	Albigensian Heresy
Gnosticism/Alexandria	architectonics	Hiatic League
Defenestration of Prague	XYZ Affair	The Dial
Alphonse Daudet	cuis regio elus religio	William Dean Howells
Triple Entente	Berlin Codicil	pathetic fallacy
Sophists	Marcus Aurelius	"one against the many"
Socratic Irony	Unanimo	Robert Penn Warren
Huizinga's <u>Homo Ludens</u>	[anything] Agonistes	Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood
PMLA	Will Kemp	Hobbes' Leviathan
Empiricism	Occam's razor	The Borlita Popes
"the ineluctable modality of the visible"	The ontological proof	Albertus Magnus
Leon Edel	Russell's paradox	Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy
"the shock of recognition"	The Golden Bough	"Babylonian Captivity"
Cartesian dualism	The Golden Hind	Peace of Westphalia
sprung rhythm	Mayakovsky	The Rump Parliament
thanatopsis	manierist	Venerable Bede
sturm und drang	baroque	R.P. Blackmur
manifest destiny	comedy of humors	Hart Crane
social Darwinism	comedy of manners	Diet of Worms
demographics	objective correlative	Pindaric ode
Wagnerian	Bentham's utilitarianism	490 B.C.
fin de siècle	negation of the negation	476 A.D.
Jacobi	de Touqueville/Future Shock	732 A.D.
hominid/homo habilis	enclosure movement	1215
	Second Reform Bill	1453
	Duns Scotus	

Do not mention Cliff's Notes, Classic Comics, or The Book of Knowledge in your blue book. Avoid the word condensed. Do mention any book that happens to have been written by the professor to whom you are submitting the paper. And when in doubt, or when you're winging it, refer to the following texts in both footnote and bibliography. He'll never know.

Claude Levi-Strauss (Personal communication).

Ship's Manifest, HMS Diligent, May, 1807-February, 1816, orig. copy, London Library, London.

William James—Alfred N. Whitehead (unpublished correspondence).

My Trials P. I. Czchernivov, Danzig, 1947.

"L'être, C'est l'Enfer," J. P. Sartre, essay in Mensuel Philosophique de Tours, editions Parapluie, 1959.

Attic Rambles, Dean Reginald Bottome, Saint Christ Press, Bath, 1793.

Grain in History, Elizabeth L. Wisdom-Childe, Chutney Books, Blackhole, Calcutta, 1936.

Need more? Then cut loose with the Infinitely Expandable Bibli-Bloato Pad-a-Rama—take any four multisyllabic Latinate words and arrange them in the following manner: The [adjective] [noun] of [adjective] [noun]. Voilà—a book title! Example: The Dialectic Structure of Polemic Morphology. (This works with just about any four swell-sounding words, but abstract terms are the best. Stay away from common household nouns or you'll end up with titles like The Endtabular Deck Chairs of Ceilingish Shoe Trees.)

Once you have your book title, all you have to do to create twenty-three more book titles is rearrange the words in every possible combination. Not only is this easy, but it also leaves your professor with the distinct impression that, whatever the dialectic structure of polemic morphology may be, you sure know the field. O.K.? See you around campus. □

thing, offer to protect career-minded students from the stigma of cheating, for a nominal weekly fee.

- 4) Chances are at least one member of the janitorial staff is old, black, and crippled. For the price of a couple of jugs of wine, he will be pleased to star in the Blues Festival you organize, and for which you charge five bucks a head. A hundred-pound bag of rice and a couple of scallions provide the fast-turn-over festival food concession, also yours. A couple of campus poets in your employ, circulating through the crowd with alligator bags full of oregano, can make you a rich man faster than you can say "Bill Graham."
- 5) Gelatine capsules filled with instant coffee fetch a pretty penny from sleepy scholars around exam time.
- 6) Volunteer to edit the Course Evaluation Guide. Professors, particularly those on one-year contracts or up for tenure, will reward you handsomely for a glowing description, especially one that warns off all but the most serious students.
- 7) Start a religion. The average American college student has been proven willing to part with a white hankie, a flower, and a lot of loot for his magic word. Any word will do, but schlung jam seems to work best. A hundred bucks a mantra is the going rate. A pair of tin cans wired together for alpha wave feedback readings can be sold to agnostics for twice that amount.
- 8) Peddle your bum to a Classics prof.
- 9) A bowl of drugged milk left outside your door every night will keep you in pocket money, and the biology department supplied with exquadrupeds.
- 10) Play football. (See "Radical Athletics," above.)

**stereo gives you only
half the performance**



JVC gives you all of it

Now . . . you can recapture all the excitement of a live performance . . . with a JVC quadrasonic receiver. Two important features make it all possible. CD-4, the compatible discrete 4-channel record system . . . invented and patented by JVC . . . that recreates the original sound field. And, S.E.A. the graphic equalizer tone control system that gives you professional studio control . . . by breaking up the audio spectrum into 5

frequency ranges. S.E.A. lets you enhance any frequency . . . bring up any instrument or voice . . . while listening or recording. Only JVC has CD-4 and S.E.A. JVC's 5456X is the most advanced receiver . . . it gives you more power, more features and more sound than anything you can buy. Ask to hear it at your JVC dealer or Quadracenter. For more information, call this number 800-221-7502, toll free. In New York, call 212-392-7100 or write to Bob Walker, JVC America, Inc., 50-35 56th Road, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378.

SEA
Sound Effect Amplifier

JVC



FUNNY PAGES

NUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU GOT A GLIMMERING OF HOW LONG PEOPLE HAD BEEN AROUND? THAT THEY WENT BACK A LONG TIME BEFORE YOUR GRANDPARENTS, WAY BACK BEFORE YOU COULD EVEN IMAGINE?

ALRIGHT, CHILDREN, KEEP TOGETHER, AND DON'T WANDER OFF!

TZ. YES, MISS SPITZ. YES, MISS SPITZ.

MUSEUM GUIDE

NOW, YOU REMEMBER WHAT WE READ ABOUT THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION...

JEEZ--LOOK AT THIS !!!

GOD!

UGH!

SHIT! IT SAYS HEARTS AND BOWELS AND STUFF WENT IN THESE JARS!

1000 B.C. - 2000 B.C.

HOW LONG IS TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, MISS SPITZ?

OH!

HARD TO BELIEVE THEY MADE CAT MUMMIES!

WHAT DID YOU LEARN TODAY, DEAR?

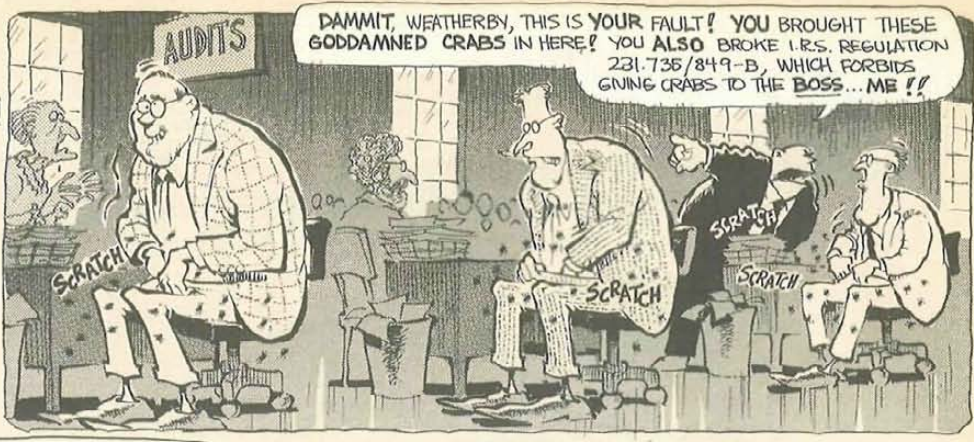
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

I'M NOT QUITE SURE.

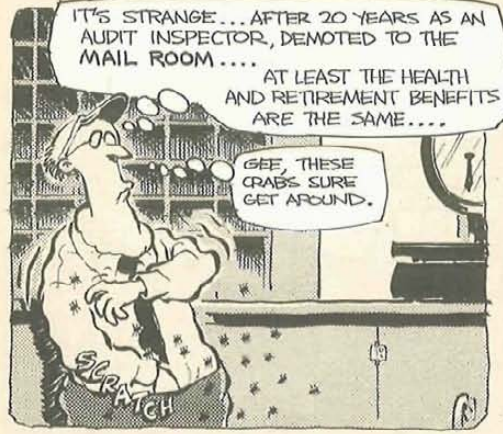
Graham Wilson

Inspector Weatherby OF THE I.R.S.

by STEVE MILLER & GARY GRUBER



DAMMIT, WEATHERBY, THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU BROUGHT THESE GODDAMNED CRABS IN HERE! YOU ALSO BROKE I.R.S. REGULATION 231.735/849-B, WHICH FORBIDS GIVING CRABS TO THE BOSS... ME !!



THRILLING AMAZING FANTASTIC ADVENTURES / Wrightson-Preiss © 1975 BVP INC Dossier 1 U.F.O.'s

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT DATELINE: WASHINGTON—AT 2:00 PM CST, ON DECEMBER 10, 1974, HARRY HARRISON, AN ARCH-CLEANER FOR THE YUCCA FALLS, TEXAS, McDONALD'S RESTAURANT, OBSERVES A STRANGELY SHAPED OBJECT DESCENDING AT HIGH VELOCITY IN HIS DIRECTION.



2:05 PM, EST, TWO SCHOOLGIRLS IN CHEDDAR SPRINGS, TENNESSEE, ISSUE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS AS THE ROOF OF MR. BOB'S BEAUTY SALON AND POULTRY MARKET IS RIPPED OFF IN THE OBJECT'S WAKE.



2:00 PM, EST, THE OBJECT BEGINS A SLOW DESCENT ON THE INNER LAWN OF THE PENTAGON. INITIAL SIGHTING CONFIRMED. THE OBJECT IN MANY WAYS RESEMBLES...



2:11 PM, EST, THE DOOR (?) OF THE OBJECT OPENS. WHAT WILL EMERGE? MAN? MONSTER? FRIEND? FOE? CHAMPION OF PEACE OR HARBINGER OF WAR?



ONE YEAR AFTER

FASTER THAN A SNAPPY COMEBACK! ABLE TO LEAP HIGHLY EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS IN A SINGLE BOUND... IT'S A FERD... IT'S A STRAIN, IT'S...



MOM, WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR PROBLEM!

WE WANT TO HELP.



NOT THAT PROBLEM! YOUR DRINKING PROBLEM!



ALRIGHT.

HUH?



HAROLD, CALL A DOCTOR...

CALL TWO...



NEXT: WEDDING BELLS?

N
I
C
K
and
N
I
C
K

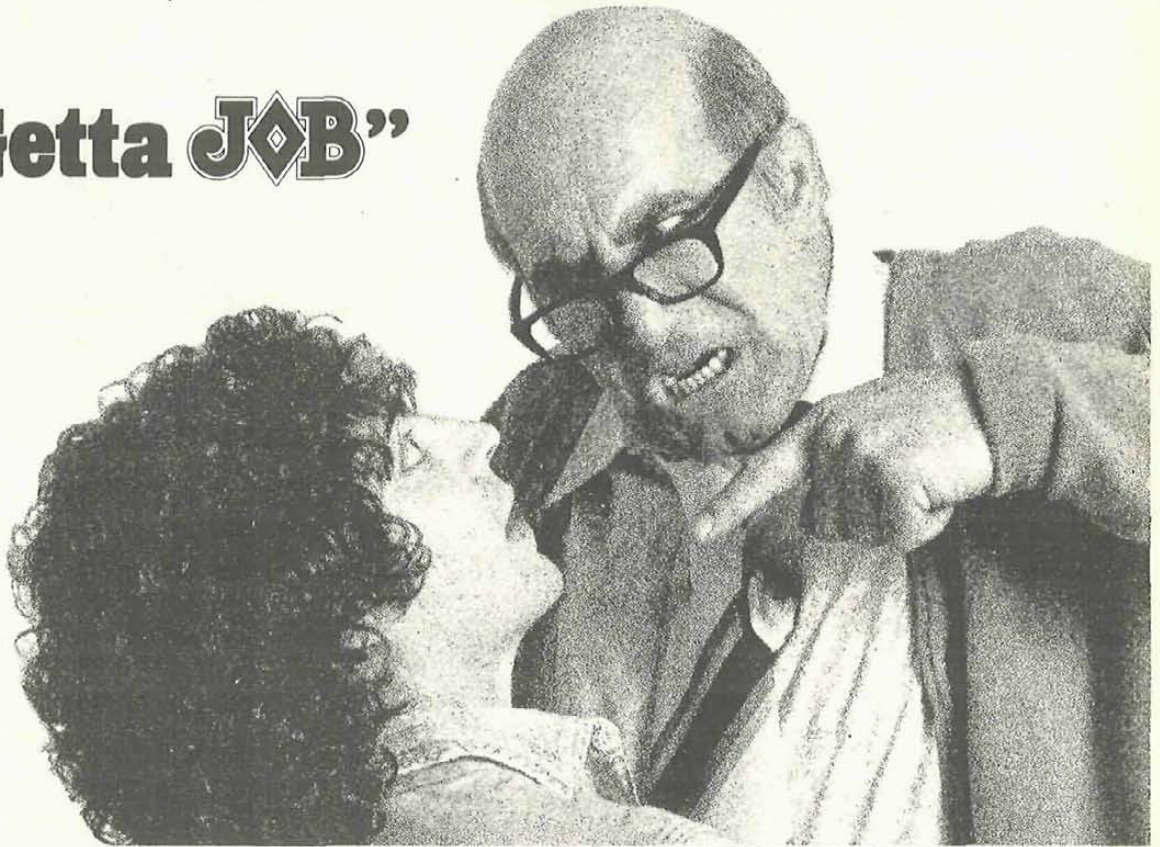
SO'S I GOT THESE TWO BOYS--TWINS!--THE BIGGEST 28-YEAR-OLD MOMMA'S BOYS YOU'VE EVER SEEN! BIG SHOTS! THINK THEY'RE GONNA BE DETECTIVES! LOOKIT THEM! PRACTICING!

ALRIGHT! OPEN UP IN THERE!

YOU HAVE 'TIL FIVE BEFORE I BUST IT DOWN!



"Getta JOB"



Have we got a JOB for you

You may not have a job right now, but JOB, that French Cigarette Paper Company, is making an offer you can't resist.

We've put together a kit, containing four of our favorite easy rolling, clean smoking JOB papers.

For \$1, you'll receive one pack each of our two favorite, one lick, no mess, double wide papers—White and Strawberry. And for you die-hard, traditionalist, single paper rollers, a pack of JOB Wheat Straws and a pack of JOB 55's white.



JOB APPLICATION

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

Adams Apple Distributing Company
Dept. NL-05
2835 N. Sheffield • Chi., Ill. 60657

So, send me my JOB Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Only one sample to a family, please.
Please allow four weeks for delivery.
Offer good only while supply lasts.

BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY • CHICAGO

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



YES, JOHNNY, YOUR PARENTS' EATING HABITS MAY HAVE AFFECTED YOUR OWN NUTRITION.



TROUBLE IS, FOLKS NOWADAYS DON'T GIVE MUCH HEED TO THE GOLDEN RULE OF GOOD HEALTH.



IN THIS RESPECT, LIFE IS JUST A CAFETERIA, AND YOU YOUNGSTERS GET STUCK WITH THE CHECK.



THIS CASE REMINDS ME OF A TRUE STORY ABOUT TWO BROTHERS FROM AN AFRICAN BUSH TRIBE...

"TALE OF TWO BROTHERS?" -NEXT MONTH



BUCK TEETH ARE OFTEN THE RESULT OF THUMB-SUCKING IN YOUTH.

"BUCK" TEETH IN MAN, 35 YRS.



THIS MONTH: TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

TWO BUSH TRIBE BROTHERS ARE SEPARATED WHEN ONE IS SENT TO THE CITY TO LEARN THE WAYS OF CIVILIZED MAN.



THERE HE IS TAKEN IN BY AN ORPHANAGE...

...AND IS GIVEN PROCESSED FOODS TO EAT.



HE ATTENDS A PUBLIC SCHOOL...

Bb Cc Dd Ee

Copyright © 1975 National Curly Features Syndicate Inc.



... FINALLY GRADUATING, WITH HONORS, FROM THE CITY UNIVERSITY.

NEXT - "BACK TO THE BUSH!"



HOMEMADE TOOTHACHE DROPS

HERE'S A SURE CURE FOR THAT OLD TOOTH THAT KEEPS YOU UP NIGHTS. MIX 1/2oz. CRESOGOTE AND 1/2oz. SUL. MORPHIA. LET STAND TILL CLEAR, THEN ADD 3oz. CHLOR. OFORM.

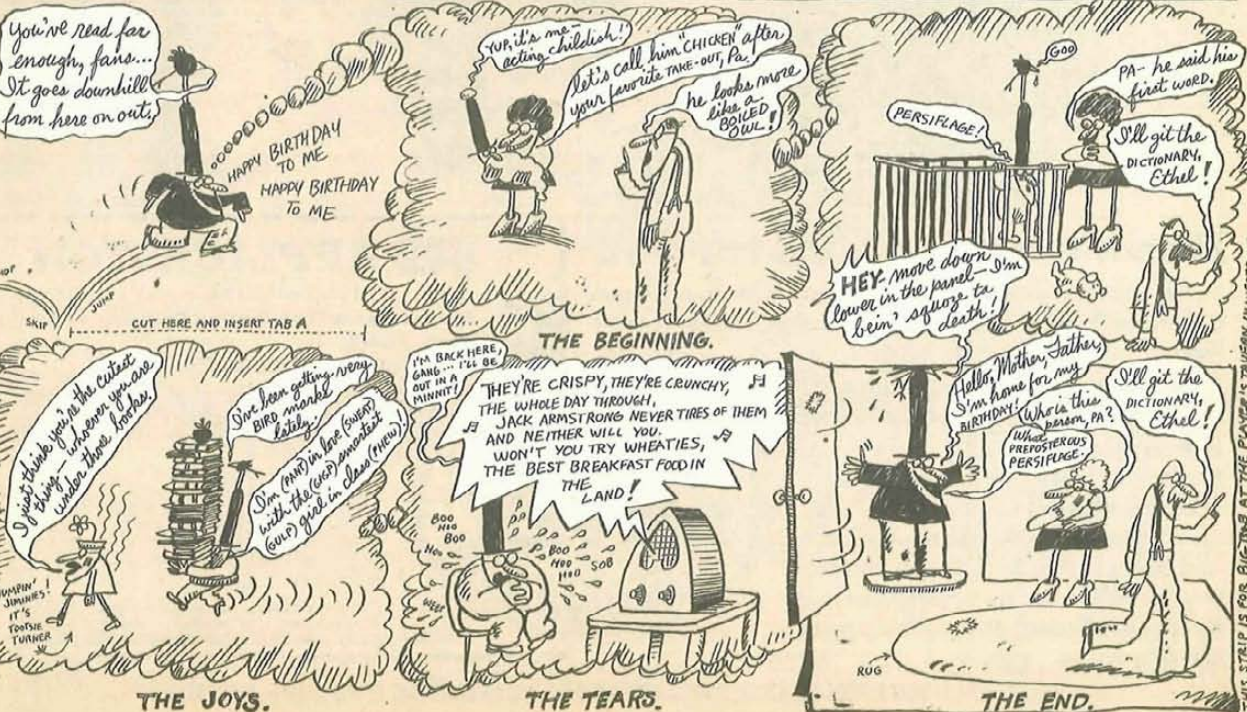
SOCIAL NOTE: VICKI... I LOVE YOU MADLY... ALL IS FORGIVEN — BOB HECKER.

YUGOSLAVIA'S FAVORITE ADVENTURE STRIP:

CHICKEN BITS

in FLASHBACK FOLLIES

When I drink WINE the secret of my flaming soul cast athwart the heavens of PARADISE shines like a plumed phoenix in the timeless ebb and flow of the trackless void... but when I drink BEER... I fart!



You've read far enough, fans... It goes downhill from here on out.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME

Wp, it's me acting childish!

Let's call him CHICKEN after your favorite TAKE-OUT, Pa.

he looks more like a BOILED OWL!

PERSIFLAGE!

PA - he said his first word.

I'll get the DICTIONARY, Ethel!

HEY, move down lower in the panel - I'm bein' squashed to death!

I just think you're the cutest thing I know of you are... wonder those rocks.

She been getting very BIRD minded lately.

Sim (Mrs) in love (Pensive) Good girl in class (Pensive)

THEY'RE CRISPY, THEY'RE CRUNCHY, THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH, JACK ARMSTRONG NEVER TIRES OF THEM AND NEITHER WILL YOU. WON'T YOU TRY WHEATIES, THE BEST BREAKFAST FOOD IN THE LAND!

I'M BACK HERE GANG... I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!

Hello, Mother, Father, I'm home for my BIRTHDAY!

Who's this person, Pa? WHO'S PREPOSTEROUS PERSIFLAGE!

I'll get the DICTIONARY, Ethel!

THE JOYS.

THE TEARS.

THE END.

THIS STRIP IS FOR BIG DICKS AT THE PLAYERS IS TRAVELER IN WESTPOINT. JIM



Vitamins for your hair.

7 vitamins for your hair.
Plus 5 minerals.
All in one capsule.

Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

Even Gaylord Hauser, the internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert, claims that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

There is no doubt that a balanced diet is good for you and your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

Head Start capsules contain twelve vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists

believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking an ordinary commercial vitamin, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Hair grows seven times faster than body cells.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells

on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy.

You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.



As you grow older your hair needs more vitamins.

Your circulatory System becomes less efficient as you grow older.

And it's generally held that aging produces a slow-down in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald—as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death. Head Start can give you the help you need. Because Head Start provides large doses of nutrients in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

Laboratory tests indicate hair needs certain vitamins and minerals.

Dr. W.H. Saunders, who specializes in nutrition, uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magni-

fied 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Dr. Saunders also reports that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help thinning hair. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

Head Start has worked for thousands of users.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations.

It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur. Dry, unmanageable hair, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp.

And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care. But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works.

Head Start will work for you or your money back.

Head Start is not one of those magical baldness preventatives.

It's just the vitamins and minerals designed for healthy hair and scalp.

So, take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll refund your money.

The little capsule with 12 ingredients.



Send me _____ bottles of Head Start at \$9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling (50 day supply). Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.

I enclose my: check money order

Please charge to my: _____ Mastercharge Interbank No. _____ (Above your name)

No. _____
 Mastercharge Account

No. _____
 BankAmericard Account

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Mail to: Cosvetic Labs
Head Start Division
1937 Briarwood Ct.
Atlanta, Ga. 30329

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS.
1-800-241-0502
You can order by phone toll free 24 hours a day. Please have coupon information ready when you call.

Trots and Bonnie

THE DEFENDANT, ELROD STELMACK, STANDS ACCUSED OF THE KIDNAPPING AND RAPE OF MRS. INGALLS' KITTY, BEULAH.

HOW DOES THE LITTLE MENACE TO SOCIETY PLEAD?

HE'S OBVIOUSLY GUILTY! I FOUND HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE LITTER BOX!...PLUS...BEULAH'S FLEA COLLAR WAS IN HIS BASEBALL CARD COLLECTION!

MRS. INGALLS SIGHTED HIM ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS...CRUISING UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK ON HIS "HOT WHEELS"...TROLLING FOR KITTENS.

DUE TO THIS INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE...I FIND ELROD A THREAT TO THE TRANQUILITY OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD...

...AND I'M REALLY GROSSED OUT!

YOU'RE DEAD, ELROD!

LET'S SEE... HE'LL NEED A TIN PLATE AND A HARMONICA...

I WANNA GET RIGHT TO THE EXECUTION!

YOU SHOULD REPENT NOW, BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY GO TO HELL ANYWAY.

I'M SURE GLAD THIS TOASTER HAS A LONG EXECUTION CORD!

OH!...ELROD'S SORRY... I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER DO IT AGAIN.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? GOD?! YOU CAN'T PARDON HIM!

SMELLS LIKE SOUP.

IT'S HARD TO KEEP THE CRIME RATE AND YOUR ELECTRIC BILL DOWN AT THE SAME TIME.

©75 SHIRY FLENNIKEN



Libra
Sept. 23-Oct. 23



Scorpio
Oct. 24-Nov. 21



Aquarius
Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Virgo
Aug. 23-Sept. 22



Sagittarius
Nov. 22-Dec. 21



Cancer
June 22-July 22



Leo
July 23-Aug. 22



Pisces
Feb. 19-Mar. 20



Capricorn
Dec. 22-Jan. 19



Aries
Mar. 21-Apr. 19



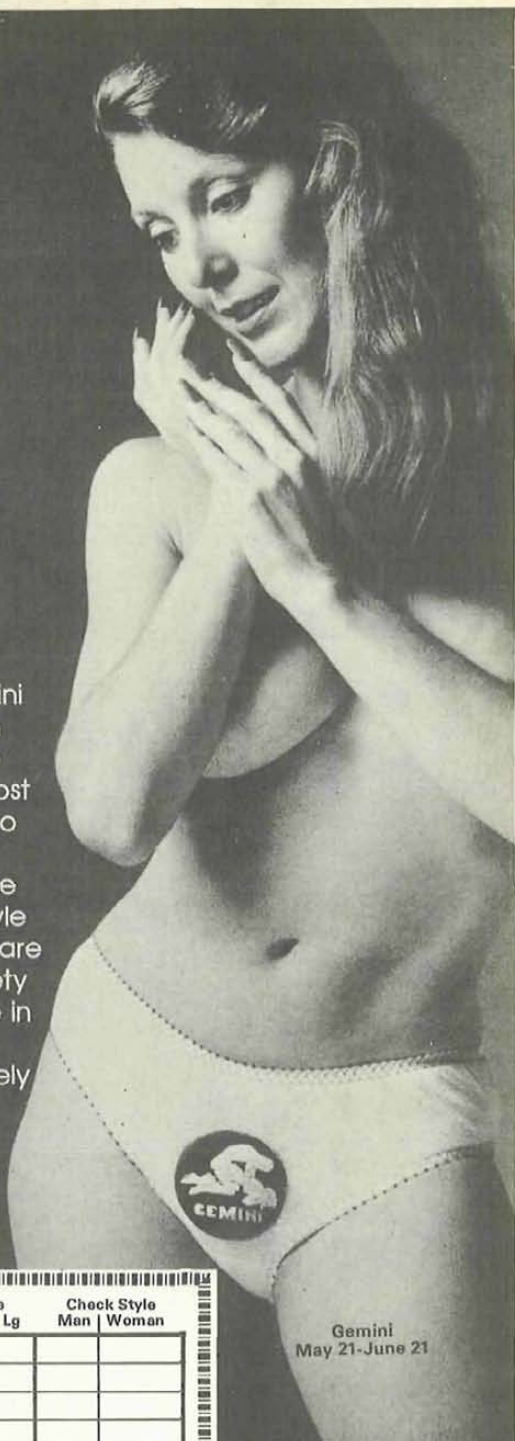
Taurus
Apr. 20-May 20

ZODIAC PANTIES

The Boldest Step Yet in Ladies and Mens Underwear!

These beautifully styled bikini panties feature your own personal love sign . . . the perfect way to get your most intimate message across to someone special. Get all twelve designs and surprise your loved one with the style that suits your mood. These are the panties that bring variety into your love life. Available in Ladies and Mens styles; 100% cotton and completely washable.

Mail to: ZODIAC WEAR
2 Park Place, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708



Gemini
May 21-June 21

The only
"X" rated
panties
in town!

Dear Sirs:

Please send me the items indicated on this coupon. I understand that if I am not fully satisfied in every way, I may return all merchandise for a full refund . . . no questions asked.

NOTE: Be sure to specify your size and whether you want the Ladies party-style or the Mens brief-style.

Prices: (enclose check or money order)

1 for \$ 3.95
2 for \$ 6.95
3 for \$ 8.95
5 for \$12.95

SPECIAL OFFER:
Order all twelve
for super savings
ONLY \$25.00

The more you buy—the more you SAVE!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Quantity	Sign	Check Size			Check Style	
		Sm	Med	Lg	Man	Woman
	Aries					
	Taurus					
	Gemini					
	Cancer					
	Leo					
	Virgo					
	Libra					
	Scorpio					
	Sagittarius					
	Capricorn					
	Aquarius					
	Pisces					

Total for Merchandise: \$ _____
(See price list)
Add postage & handling: \$ _____ .50
(per order)
Total Enclosed: \$ _____

SOUTH OF THE SLOT

WITH CUB CALLOWAY, ACE REPORTER



TONITE'S EPISODE

A MINOR SKIRMISH ON THE VEGIE FRONT



THERE HADN'T BEEN A MURDER FOR OVER TWELVE HOURS... THE TOWN WAS DEAD! NO NEWS.. I WAS KILLING TIME WITH MAD DOG EDDIE... CHAMPION COPY BOY...



IT'S COLD TODAY... I NEED A CUP OF COFFEE...
COME ON UP TO MY PLACE...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HEALTH FOOD FASCISTS USED COFFEE...
A DRUG IS A DRUG... BESIDES...
I'M IN THE NEWS BIZ NOW...



...GOT ANY SUGAR...?
SUGAR IS BAD! EVIL! UGLY!!



... AND JUST WHAT AM I GOING TO SWEETEN UP THIS CAFFEINE WITH?



HONEY...

HONEY?



IT'S GOOD FOR YOU...

BEE POOP...
WHAT?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "BEE POOP"?



YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT BEE POOP?

... HOW THE BEES GO AROUND FROM FLOWER TO FLOWER GATHERING POLLEN...

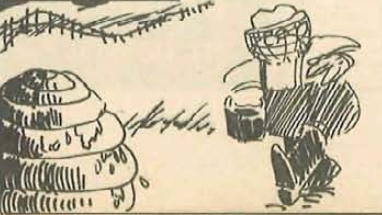


... AND THEN THEY ALL FLY BACK TO THEIR BEE COOP AND HAVE A BIG FEAST...



... AND THEY EAT SO MUCH THEY GET THE GREEN APPLE QUICKSTEP... AND IT'S A MESS!!

... AND WHEN THE BEE TRAINER SEES THE BEE POOP OODING OUT OF THE COOP, HE COMES UP TO CLEAN IT UP... BUT HE HAS TO WEAR A MASK...



... BECAUSE ALL THE BEES THINK HE'S A PLUMBER AND HE'S GOING TO OVERCHARGE THEM... SO THEY TRY TO STING HIM...



BUT HE DOESN'T OVERCHARGE THEM... HE SELLS THE BEE POOP TO YOU!!

THAT IS CERTAINLY AN AMAZING STORY... AND BEFORE YOU TELL ANOTHER ONE, THE SUGAR IS IN THE CUPBOARD...



YER WELCOME

THANK YOU.

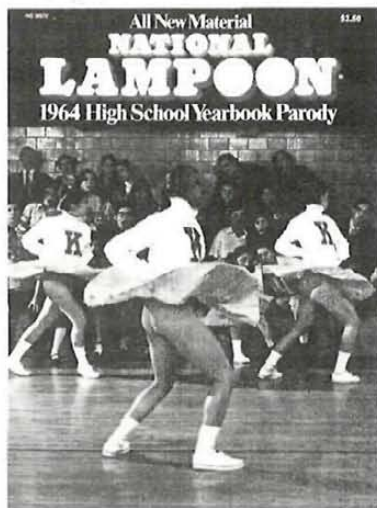
WHAT A PAIR THE NATIONAL LAMPOON HAS!

Here are two of the all-time great specials from the NATIONAL LAMPOON. Buy them both now and you save a buck or buy them individually at the prices listed below. Either way, you get what we're selling and we get your money.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK

Less than a year to go for graduation. Time to get that very special gift for the graduating guy or gal on your list. Here's the best selling NATIONAL LAMPOON special ever published — 150 pages of all new material, including a high school newspaper, literary magazine, basketball program, and diploma, and featuring, of course, THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PARODY. All chock-full of fun, excitement, laughter, and mirth. Buy that gift today and you or your graduate will laugh through the next school year.

It's what both of you really deserve.



NATIONAL LAMPOON'S 199th BIRTHDAY BOOK

Here's the most colossal history of the United States ever written, painted, sketched, photographed, printed, and published.

From the lovely, undressed young ladies forming a patriotic salute on the cover right through the early Colonial days, the mess in Philadelphia in 1776, the various assassinations, and even up to and including the most recent historical hysteria, the Birthday Book is a must for those who know their U.S. from a hole in the ground.

Order today and save.

NATIONAL
LAMPOON \$2.95



Remember, you save a buck if you order both of these now.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON DEPT. NL975
635 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10022

Check Money order enclosed.

- NATIONAL LAMPOON'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK \$2.50
 NATIONAL LAMPOON'S 199TH BIRTHDAY BOOK \$2.95
 Both \$4.45 — you save \$1.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip code number.
All cheques Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

The Stimula® Condom.



"It's like hundreds of tiny fingers urging a woman to let go."

Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of. A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously, Stimula is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of condoms, a million have already been sold in Sweden and France. Orders are shipped in discreet packages. Send for your sample today.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. NL-5
114 Manhattan Street
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

- \$3 sampler pack of 12 Stimula
 \$1 sampler pack of 3 Stimula

Free catalog sent with either order describing our entire new line of erotic condoms.

- Check Cash M.O. Enclosed

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State, Zip _____



SEXUAL BEST SELLERS

Now Available Conveniently By Mail!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL
THOUSANDS SOLD AT UP TO \$12.95!

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING OVER 100 LARGE FULL PAGE, FULL COLOR, UNCENSORED AND UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS

This is Europe's best selling sex manual! Now, you can obtain it in the U.S.A. It combines no-punches-pulled straight talk about sex in all its pleasurable variations with clear, full color photographs of live models—nude men and women—graphically demonstrating numerous techniques of sexual love. Almost overnight, you will learn how to transform dull, routine sex into exciting episodes of satisfaction and gratification beyond your fondest hopes. And it's all so incredibly easy to follow because the color photographs show you precisely what to do, every step of the way.

Special Deluxe ALL COLOR — Perfect Bound Edition 224 Pages
NOW ONLY - \$4.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT
UP TO \$12.95 Per Copy NOW ONLY \$2.95

The New PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING OVER 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists and members of the medical profession. Many have called this book "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged \$12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback — 264 pages
NOW ONLY - \$2.95



OVER HALF MILLION COPIES
SOLD AT UP TO \$14.95!

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

NOW! A SEX MANUAL THAT TELLS IT AND SHOWS IT... LIKE IT IS!

WHAT TO DO... HOW TO DO IT... WHEN TO DO IT! No dry theory... no boring philosophies... this book deals with lovemaking techniques far more completely and clearly than any book has ever attempted to before. Its 320 dynamic, bold and adventurous pages of text and its over 196 actual photographs of revealing, unashamed and unafraid live couples boldly demonstrating sexual lovemaking positions and techniques, will teach you all you will ever need to know to satisfy your love partner completely and totally.

The complete uncensored and unabridged \$14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages
NOW ONLY - \$2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE!
BUY ALL 3 SEX BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY \$9.95 and SAVE \$1.00!

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per each book for postage & handling)

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399 Dept. NL 703
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!

- have enclosed \$_____ in full payment. Cash Check M.O.
 have enclosed a \$1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.
 PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — \$4.95
 PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — \$2.95
 PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — \$2.95
 ALL THREE FOR ONLY \$9.95

SIGNATURE _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!

"Honey, you ready," Gloria declared. Removing his member from her mouth, she crawled by him onto the bed, lay on her back, and drew her legs up until her knees almost touched her sweater, as if performing the first move of a reducing exercise. Lying like this, she turned to Pinto and regarded him expressionlessly.

Well, this seemed to be it. He felt strangely calm. He went to the foot of the bed and began crawling towards her on hands and knees, until his face, like an observation balloon, passed directly over her vagina. He gulped. He'd never really gotten a good look at one before, not wide-open and gaping like this. He began to feel sick to his stomach. With an effort of will, he tore his eyes away. Maybe sex was best conducted like the scaling of sheer cliffs, never looking down. Well. . . . He took his cock, started forward again. . . and stopped dead. The rubber! He'd forgotten all about it! Fucking goddamn shit! "Uh. . . excuse me a minute." Ears flaming, Pinto crawled over to the chair and began digging through his pants. Rolling the thing onto himself, he kept his back to her, not wanting to see the contempt he knew was in her eyes. How antiseptic and white he felt! He wanted to cry out, "It's not that I don't my cock touching you; it's just that I'm scared you're diseased!" But how could he say that? His hard-on, within its pale, gleaming mitten, was beginning to shrink perceptibly; he'd better hurry up. He crawled back on top of her, hovered there. Now what? Was he supposed to put it in, or was she?

Gloria made an impatient expression. "Come on, honey. You ain't got all night, you know." She took his cock and began bumping it against herself, working it gradually inside. This done, she returned her arms to the side, hitched her legs a bit higher and lay still.

"Well, go 'head," she said.

Closing his eyes, hoping for the best, Pinto began moving himself in and out, the way he'd imagined himself doing for so many years. Gloria moved her hips in slight counterpoint to him, not uttering a sound. The squeaking of the bed was like nine thousand furious rats.

Gradually, through the welter of confused impressions that currently comprised Pinto's thoughts, it began to sink in. He was *doing* it! He was no longer a person who'd never been laid! Henceforth, no matter where he went, no matter how many years might pass, laid was something he would always have been! He felt a

Famous Collegiate Stunts and Pranks

No. 2 in a series.



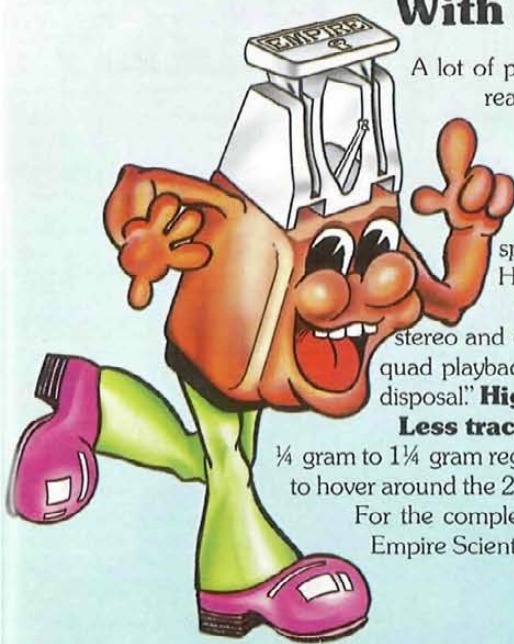
Estate of Charles A. Lindberg

April 20, 1927—Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin: Wealthy twin brothers Charles Augustus and Charles Beaufort Lindberg, undergraduates at the University of Wisconsin, raise their Sigma Chi mugs as Charles A. prepares to ship his airplane, *The Spirit of St. Louis A*, to Europe aboard their father's steam yacht. One month later, Charles B., in

his identical *Spirit of St. Louis B*, would leave cheering crowds at Roosevelt Field, head north, and secretly land in Danbury, Connecticut. Thirty-three hours and twenty-nine minutes afterward, his brother flew into Paris from an aerodrome in Le Havre, and history recorded the first "solo crossing" of the Atlantic by air.

Keep on trackin'

With an Empire wide response cartridge.



A lot of people have started "trackin'" with Empire cartridges for more or less the same reasons.

More separation: "Separation, measured between right and left channels at a frequency of 1 kHz, did indeed measure 35 dB (rather remarkable for any cartridge)." **FM Guide, The Feldman Lab Report.**

Less distortion: "...the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ± 2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz." **Stereo Review.**

More versatile: "Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadriphonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal." **High Fidelity.**

Less tracking force: "The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the $\frac{1}{4}$ gram to $1\frac{1}{4}$ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class." **Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.**









For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.

EMPIRE

Choose the Cartridge Designed to Play Best in Your System

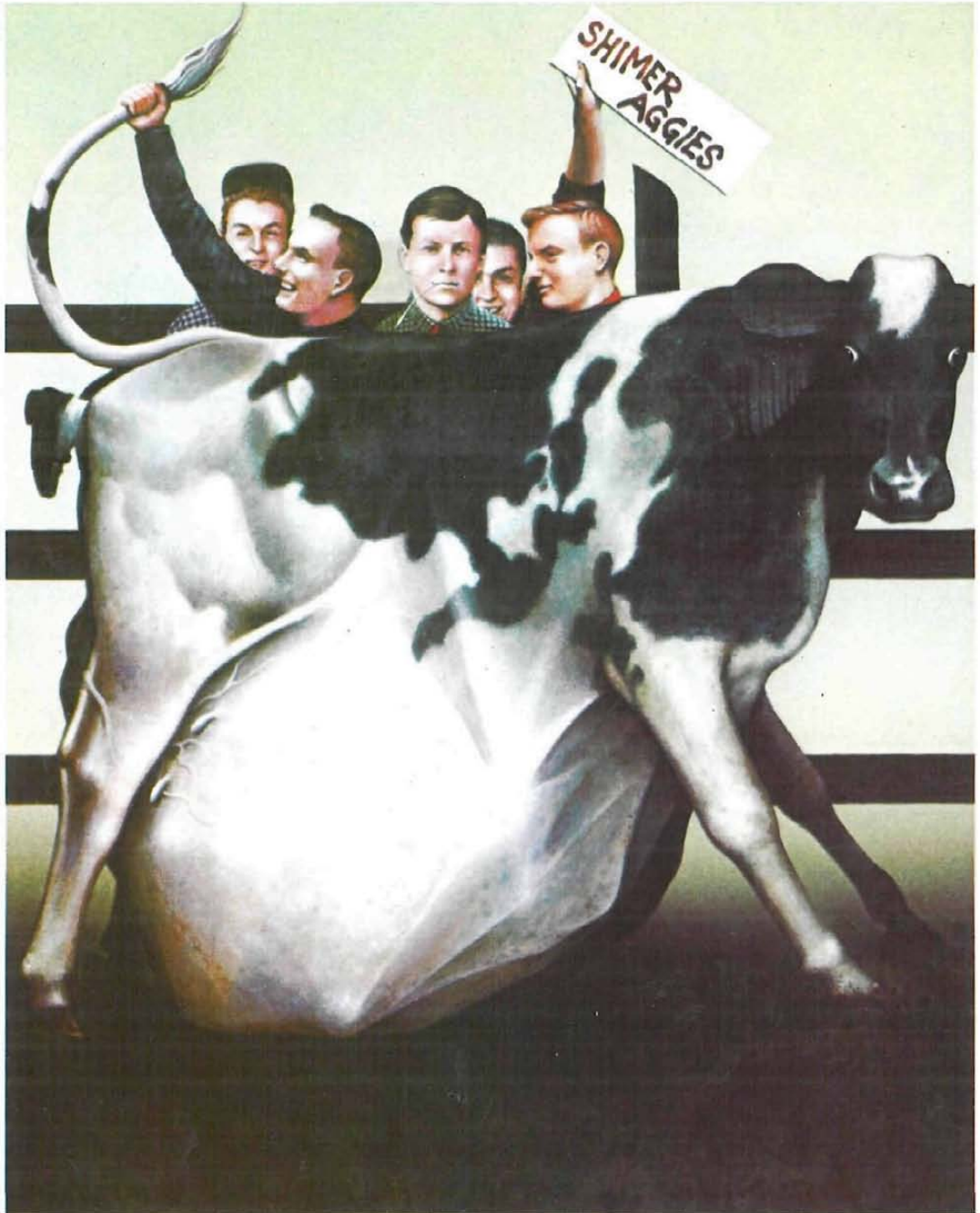
Plays 4 Channel Discrete (CD4) and Super Stereo Plays 2 Channel Stereo

Plays All 4 Channel Matrix Systems (SQ, QS, RM)

Model	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
Frequency Response in Hz:	5-50,000	5-45,000	10-40,000	5-35,000	6-33,000	8-32,000	10-30,000	10-28,000
Output Voltage per Channel at 3.54 cm/sec groove velocity:	3.0	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Channel Separation	more than 35dB	more than 35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	30dB	30dB
Tracking Force in Grams:	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	1 to 3	1 to 3
Stylus Tip:	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	elliptical diamond .3 x .7 mil	spherical diamond .7 mil
For Use In:	turntable only	turntable only	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	changer only	changer only
	 (White)	 (Yellow)	 (Black)	 (Clear)	 (Blue)	 (Green)	 (Red)	 (Smoke)

Famous Collegiate Stunts and Pranks

No. 3 in a series.



March 11, 1949—Mt. Carroll, Illinois: At a fund-raising event for financially strapped Shimer Agricultural

College, Shimer "Aggies" set a world's record for Most People in a Cow.



The Allman Brothers Band has a great new sound. Pioneer high fidelity.

More than anything else, the Allman Brothers Band are accomplished musicians. Their success doesn't depend on sequins or serpents, or make-up, or put-on showmanship. Instead, like Pioneer speakers, they stake their fame on performance.

The Allman Brothers Band prefer Pioneer speakers because of their clarity, overall sound quality and performance. The Allman Brothers sound right to the Allman Brothers. It's that simple.

There are six different musicians in the Allman Brothers Band. There are 12 different speakers in the Pioneer line. Speakers that vary because people vary, hi-fi systems vary, room acoustics vary, budgets vary and tastes vary.

Series R. These contemporary styled speaker systems bring new life to live

performance. They have been praised by artists, critics, engineers and musicians for their untouched, uncolored and unusually natural performance.

Project Series. These speakers deliver maximum performance per dollar. Ideal for moderately powered stereo and 4-channel systems, these bookshelf units deliver a surprisingly high sound level while providing exceptionally wide dispersion and highs of unsurpassed quality.

CS Series. Pioneer's hallmark of engineering excellence. Here's powerfully smooth sound reproduction combined with custom-crafted cabinetry that is a reflection of the craftsmanship of an almost bygone era.

Pioneer speakers are just one element in the Pioneer audio

components line — components preferred by the Allman Brothers Band. A fact you might consider when making your own selection.

U. S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk
Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada:
S. H. Parker Co.

Model	Type	Maximum Input Power	Size (HxWxD)	Priced Under
R-700	12" 3-way	75 watts	26"x15"x14"	\$250.00
R-500B	10" 3-way	60 watts	24"x14"x12"	180.00
R-300B	10" 2-way	40 watts	23"x13"x11"	125.00
PROJ. 100B	10" 2-way	35 watts	23"x13"x10½"	130.00
PROJ. 80	10" 2-way	30 watts	21"x12"x11"	100.00
PROJ. 60A	8" 2-way	20 watts	18½"x11"x9"	80.00
CS-63DX	15" 4-way	80 watts	28"x19"x13"	300.00
CS-99A	15" 5-way	100 watts	25"x16"x11"	250.00
CS-700G	12" 3-way	60 watts	26"x15"x12"	200.00
CS-500G	10" 3-way	50 watts	22"x13"x12"	150.00
CS-66G	10" 3-way	40 watts	22"x12"x12"	130.00
CS-44G	8" 2-way	25 watts	19"x11"x9"	80.00

PIONEER
when you want something better

Shown above are the Pioneer CS-99A's, Project 100's, Project 80's and R-700's. The Allman Brothers Band is available exclusively on Capricorn records and tapes.

The values shown are for informational purposes only. The actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

A New Album that Could Engender Turgid Flux States In Participating Lower Chakras . . . Maybe even getting you hot . . .

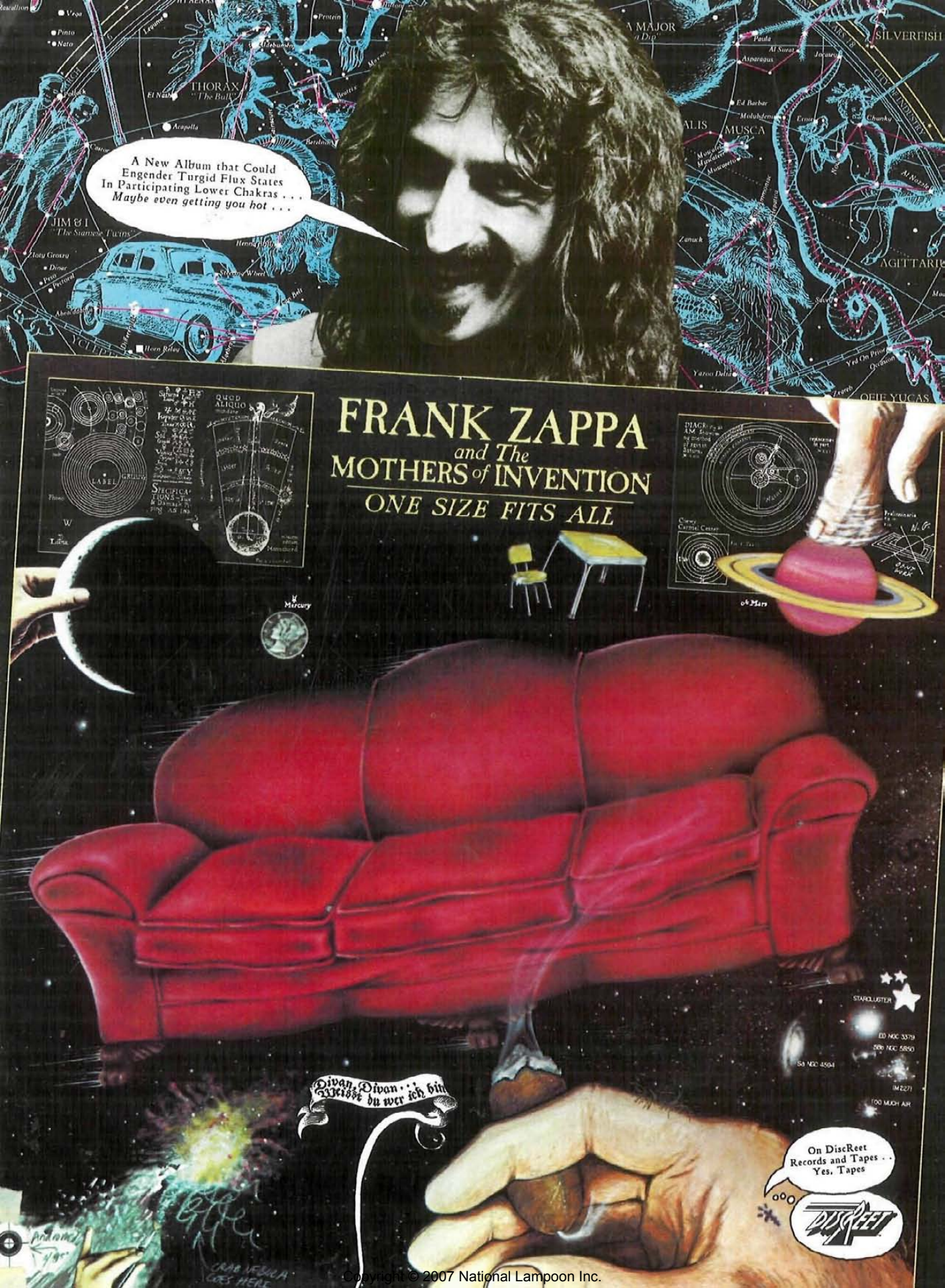
FRANK ZAPPA

and The MOTHERS of INVENTION

ONE SIZE FITS ALL

Divan, Divan . . .
 Bitte du wer ich bin

On Discreet Records and Tapes . . .
 Yes. Tapes



When Pinto and Gloria reentered the living room, they beheld one of the strangest tableaux Pinto had ever seen. Bags, Rat, and five or six of the whores were crawling about the room on their hands and knees, their noses inches from the floor. They looked like a disoriented animal herd.

"What's going on?" asked Pinto, mystified.

One of the whores nodded her head at Rat. "Yo' frien' fall asleep on the flo' an', while he sleepin', his glass eye fall out."

"For Christ's sake," said Bags. "I keep telling you. It's a contact lens."

"Yeah," confirmed Rat. "Contrack lens."

"Well, Ah don' see nothin'," said another whore. "What does dey look like?"

"They're little glass things," said Bags. "Jesus Christ."

"Keep yo' shirt on," said a whore without any shirt on. "We fin' it."

Pinto got down on his hands and knees and joined the search. Every time he lifted his gaze from the floor, he found himself staring at a thigh, or up an ass, or at a pair of pendulous brown bazooms, dragging the rug. "Oof, watch where you put that foot, Lucille," said a voice. "Hey, getcho nose out mah pussy," said an-

other. "Oh, sorry," said Rat's voice.

Then, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wha's that on yo' breas', Laverne?"

"Huh?" The whore without any shirt on glanced down at herself. There was a little glimmer about an inch above her left nipple. "Hey, uh, is this it?" She held the breast out to Rat.

Rat scrutinized it. "Hey, yeah," he said happily. Taking the lens gingerly, he leaned his head back and replaced it on his eyeball. The whores stared at him wonderingly.

"Stop in again, boys." The madam, giving Rat a dirty look, opened the door for them.

"Yeah, yeah." Scowling, Bags pushed by her.

"Maybe I just will," allowed Pinto, bowing grandly to her. He turned for a last look at Gloria, but she had merged with the other whores and, try as he might, he couldn't pick her out. Shrugging, he went outside. The air felt incredible against his face, smelling as pure as if it had just been made.

"G'nigh," managed Rat, and fell down the whorehouse steps. "Holy shit," he said.

"Wow, fantastic, huh?" said Pinto, after they'd been driving awhile. He

still couldn't get over it. He hadn't been an asshole!

"Yeah, yeah, great," said Bags.

"Hey, what's your problem, man?" said Pinto. "You've been pissed ever since we left the whorehouse."

"Ah, nothing. And, besides, my rubber broke. I must have had it in my wallet too long. All I can think about is getting back to school so I can wash my dick in alcohol."

Pinto clasped his waist and roared.

"ZZZZZZ," said Rat.

By the time they reached the Adelphian Lodge, dawn was breaking. Bags and Pinto deposited Rat in his bed and went to Bags' room, where the alcohol was. Pinto tried some too. It stung.

"Hey, beautiful road trip, man," said Pinto as he was leaving. "Let's do it again sometime."

"Yeah, I don't know," muttered Bags. "Niggers..."

Two weeks later, Bags came down with the clap and had to be given a painful set of injections. Pinto caught nothing, which encouraged him immensely, and, the following fall, got laid again, this time by a real girl in an empty laundromat at four in the morning, using a bottle of chocolate liqueur as lubricant.

But that is another story. □

NO FAT, FLAB OR FILLERS! NO CEREAL, EXTENDERS OR STIFFS! NO POTATOES!

WARNER BROS. RECORDS' NEW SAMPLER ALBUM IS

ALL MEAT!

... a fantastic compilation of prime cuts ... with the price cut to the bone! 25 untrimmed selections from choice Warner Bros., Reprise, Capricorn, Bearsville and Curtom albums ... all for only \$2.00 — a price that eliminates profit from our diets while adding essential audio protein to yours!



The sizzle of THE DOOBIE BROTHERS!



The tong of JAMES TAYLOR!



The savor of FACES! ROD STEWART!



The tenderness of JESSE COLIN YOUNG!



The rich goodness of CHER!



The gusto of CURTIS MAYFIELD!

PLUS—the tantalizing flavors of TODD RUNDGREN, ELVIN BISHOP, WET WILLIE, COMMANDER CODY & HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN, THE BEAU BRUMMELS, MARTIN MULL, LABELLE, JIMI HENDRIX, EARTH, WIND & FIRE and innumerable others!

★ TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST!

Put an ordinary record album between two slices of your favorite bread and take a big bite. The record is thin ... tough ... evil-tasting.

Now put a copy of Warner Bros.' ALL MEAT sampler on your phonograph. The music is rich ... intriguing ... delightful ... satisfying.

PROOF that ALL MEAT is your BEST RECORD BUY!

**ALL MEAT, c/o Warner Bros. Records Dept. NL 2
P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510.**

Meat jokes, huh? Okay, let's see how you take a little ribbing. I've decided to *steak* the enclosed \$2.00 on your new two-record sampler. See? I can do it too. How do you like being on the other side for a change? I thought so.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Allow six weeks for delivery. Available in U.S. and Canada only. Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records. Mustard not included.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



How to help her fantasize having sex with you.

How to let her know you're a great lover, just by looking at her!

Learn all the scents that turn her on.

How to arouse her with a *single* kiss.

How to touch her so she will go mad with desire.

This is one soft hot spot. She has two more she wants you to know about!

How to caress her breast so she'll want desperately to sleep with you.

When to grip her here to bring her to climax!

How to turn her navel into an erogenuous zone.

How to know exactly when she wants you to unzip her!

IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with!

OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!
HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL contains over 160 luscious photos that show you—step by exciting step—how to turn on a woman. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn—in their own words!—women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him. In a single reading you can become the kind of man a woman recognizes on the street as a great lover. These are just a few of the fabulous techniques you'll learn and master:

- where to touch a girl first
- how to make a woman "let herself go"
- the aphrodisiac touch
- the positions girls like best
- how to get a girl out of her clothes
- what's special about a single girl
- how to excite a girl with just words
- how to give a woman multiple orgasms
- and hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with exciting photographs!

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will teach you overnight how to thrill women so intensely they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk. After you've read this book... and looked at the pictures... women will see you in a whole new, exciting way. Don't waste another day of your life. Order **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** today!

AT LAST! A FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM FOR PICKING UP GIRLS!

THIS AMAZING NEW RECORD ALBUM WILL SOON HAVE YOU PICKING UP GIRLS AUTOMATICALLY!!

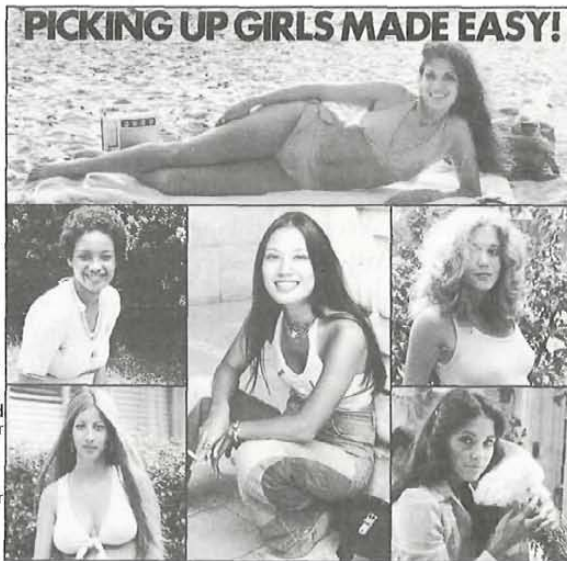
Imagine if you could walk up to any beautiful girl who caught your eye—repeat a few simple words to her you heard on a record album—and within seconds have her eating out of the palm of your hand.

Well, now you can! Because now there's a fantastic new record album (or cassette) called **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY. PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** will teach you a whole new system for picking up girls—a system that is so complete... and so absolutely fool-proof... you'll soon be picking up girls automatically!!!

THE PICK UP SYSTEM NO GIRLS CAN RESIST!

This 40 minute album has eight actual recorded pick-up scenes to learn from. You'll hear *exactly* how to pick up a busty college girl in a library, a tall pretty blond on the street, a dark-haired sexy swinger in a single's bar. Each pick-up is introduced by Eric Weber, the famous author of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**. Eric explains exactly how and what to say for each different kind of pick up.

You'll listen in as a guy just like yourself successfully picks up a gorgeous girl in a string bikini. You'll actually hear the voices of the people involved: the guy, as he begins to work his magic... and the girl, as she falls willing victim to his charm. Absolutely *everything* is spelled out for you, from attention-getting opening lines... through seductive, irresistible talk that gets a girl to really open up to you... to foolproof closing lines that get you her telephone number, a date, and sometimes even her body right then and there. Unbelievable? You won't think so when you suddenly find yourself gliding down the street with a beautiful golden stranger on your arm.



PICKING UP GIRLS CAN BE AS EASY AS OPENING A BEER!

This amazing new pick up system is so easy to master, you can learn it without even trying. *Automatically* you will be transformed into an expert picker upper and seducer. And the more you listen to the album, the better you'll get. It's INCREDIBLE! Here are just a few techniques you will soon be an expert at: How to pick up an art-student in a museum • How to pick up girls in department stores • How to be witty (girls are easy to pick up once you've got them laughing) • How to get a pretty stranger

at the beach to put suntan oil on you • How to get a girl out of a singles bar and into your apartment in less than an hour • How to tell when a girl wants to make it just by the sound of her voice.

The day your album arrives will be a fantastic experience. Sit down, pour yourself a glass of wine, and put **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** on your record player. Your life won't be the same again! What you'll hear is so exciting and fool-proof that the next time you spot a chick you'll pick her up without even thinking. After just one hearing you'll have the style and confidence of a master. So send for **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** today and watch out!

Your order arrives in non-identifiable wrapper. © Symphony Press, Inc. 1975

Symphony Press, Inc.,
 Dept. RR, P.O. Box 515,
 Tenafly, NJ 07670.

How to make love to a single girl
 Only \$12.95 plus \$1.00 post. & handl.

Picking up girls made easy
 Record or cassette only \$8.95 plus post. & handl.

Both book and record (or cassette) only \$19.95 plus \$1.00 post. & handl.

Name _____ Street _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____


ON MARCH 11, 1958, THE UNITED STATES DROPPED AN ATOM BOMB ON MARS BLUFF, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The citizens of Mars Bluff probably aren't planning anything special to commemorate the day their town almost became the Hiroshima of the Pee Dee River, but with the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar*, you can help remember this and hundreds of other black days in American history. Painstakingly researched to insure historical accuracy, the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar* contains over 600 massacres, explosions, defeats, assassinations, crashes, bombings (intentional and accidental), panics, executions, lynchings, betrayals, mishaps, riots, sinkings, mutinies, rigged elections, armed incursions, stonings, fish kills, mass murders, and miscarriages of justice.

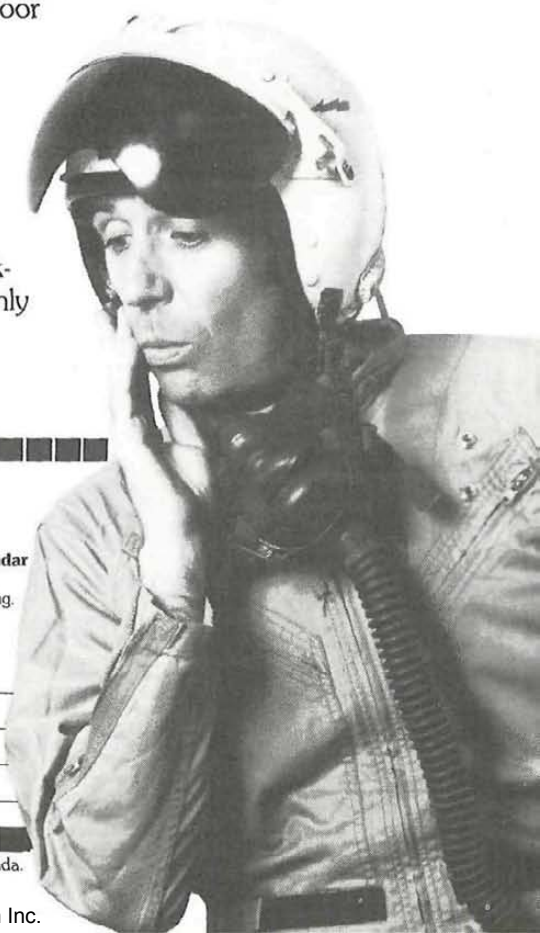
While everyone else is running around making a big deal out of a boring battle the British somehow managed to lose, you can be celebrating the day 147 persons, most of them young women, perished in America's ghastliest industrial fire. Or the day Congressman Preston Brooks walked on to the Senate floor and beat Senator Charles Sumner unconscious with a gutta-percha cane. Or the day convicted "trunk murderer" Winnie Ruth Judd escaped from the Arizona State Insane Hospital for the sixth time.

And the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar* makes a perfect gift that will continue to depress and annoy someone you love throughout the whole year. The *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar*, with twelve breathtakingly lurid illustrations, is on sale in bookstores everywhere for only \$3.95, and through the mails via the coupon below.

Conceived by Christopher Cerf

	<p>The National Lampoon Dept. NL975 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022</p> <p>Please send me _____ copies of the Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar at \$3.95 each. Please add 35¢ per calendar for shipping and handling.</p> <p>Enclosed is my <input type="checkbox"/> Check <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order</p> <p>Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____</p>
---	--

Please make sure to list your correct zip code. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.



Superscope Recording Tape

The Great

AMERICAN BARGAIN



SAME QUALITY AS LEADING TAPES—UP TO 50% LESS.

Superscope Recording Tape in cassette and 8-track formats is up to 50% lower in price than leading recording tapes. But there's nothing cut-rate about its performance. Superscope Recording Tape gives you the same low distortion, low tape hiss, smooth frequency response, wide dynamic range and deluxe packaging as expensive tapes.

Here's another bonus: Superscope Cassette Recording Tape gives you two extra minutes for those few extra bars you might miss with ordinary

cassette tapes. 62, 92 and 122 minute lengths are available in both HF (high fidelity) and SHF (super high fidelity) series. And Superscope 8-Track Recording Tape in 45 and 90 minute lengths has an exclusive, patented, internal cartridge mechanism that assures constant tape-to-head contact.

Look for "The Great American Bargain" at your nearest Superscope dealer. Superscope Recording Tape, we want you.

SUPERSCOPE

Listen to us.

© 1975 Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, CA 91352. Verification of quoted statistics is available on request. Prices subject to change without notice. Send for free catalog.

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)	15	1.0
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
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 April '75.