

Down Home

NATIONAL

# LAMPPOON

IND  
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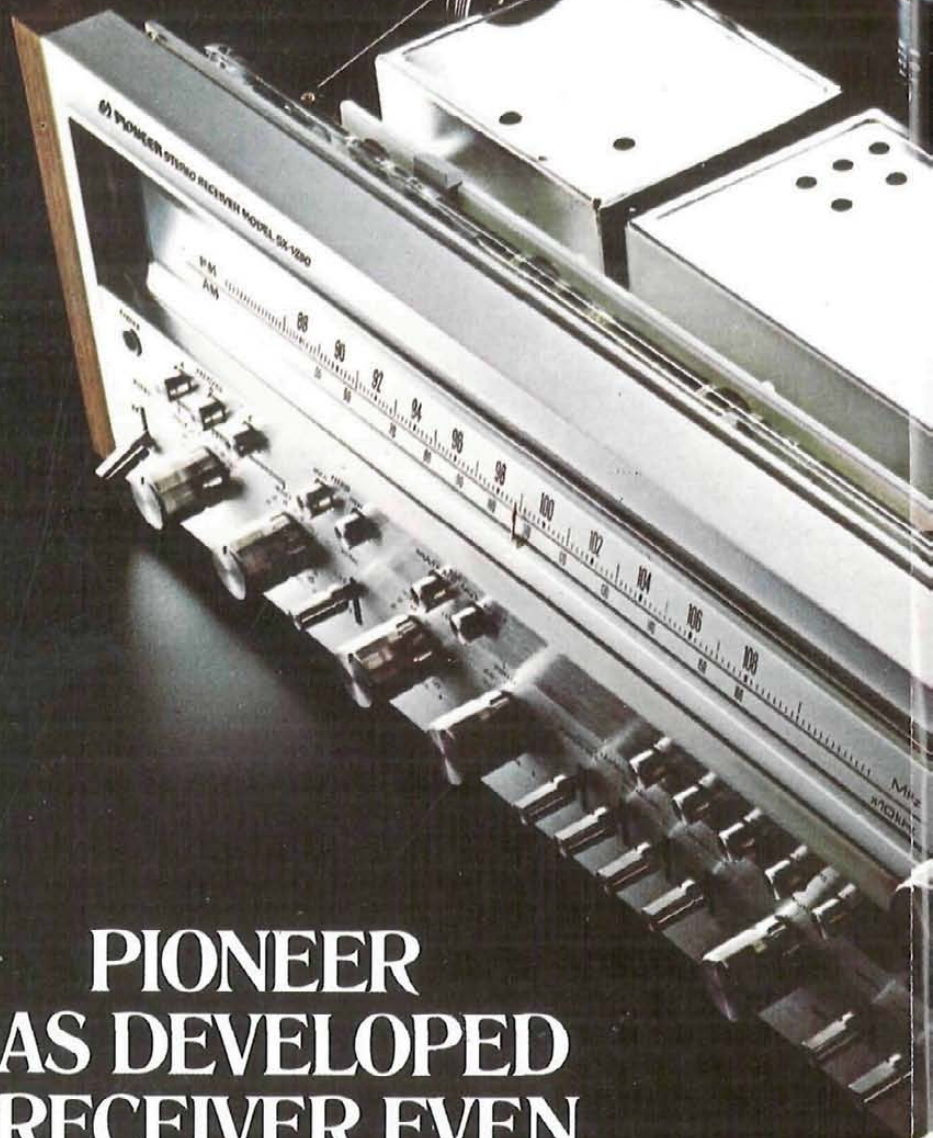
July 1976

The

Magazine

Price \$1.00





**PIONEER  
HAS DEVELOPED  
A RECEIVER EVEN  
MARANTZ, KENWOOD AND  
SANSUI WILL HAVE TO  
ADMIT IS THE BEST.**

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250. Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.

As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

### 160 WATTS PER CHANNEL: AT LEAST 28% MORE POWERFUL THAN THE REST.

In accordance with Federal Trade Commission regulations, the power output of the SX-1250 is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

That's 35 to 50 watts better than the cream of the competition. Which isn't just something to impress your friends with. Unlike the usual 5-watt and 10-watt "improvements," a difference of 35 watts or more is clearly audible.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's.

A large toroidal-core transformer with split windings and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors supply the left and right channels independently. That means each channel can deliver maximum undistorted power at the bass frequencies. Without robbing the other channel.

When you switch on the SX-1250, this power supply can generate an inrush current of as much as 200 amperes. Unlike other high-power receivers, the SX-1250 is equipped with a power relay controlled by a sophisticated protection circuit, so that its transistors and your speakers are fully guarded from this onslaught.

### PREAMP SECTION CAN'T BE OVERLOADED.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the preamplifier circuit in the SX-1250 is the unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV).

That means there's no magnetic cartridge in the world that can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And that's the downfall of more than a few expensive units.

The equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within  $\pm 0.2$  dB, a figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

### THE CLEANEST FM RECEPTION THERE IS.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

The FM front end has extremely high sensitivity, but that alone would be no great achievement. Sensitivity means very little unless it's accompanied by highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

The SX-1250 is capable of receiving weak FM stations cleanly because its front end meets both requirements without the slightest compromise. Thanks, among other things, to three dual-gate MOSFET's and a five-gang variable capacitor.

On FM stereo, the multiplex design usually has the greatest effect on sound quality. The SX-1250 achieves



*Twin tone-control system with step-type settings, permitting 3025 possible combinations.*

its tremendous channel separation (50 dB at 1000 Hz) and extremely low distortion with the latest phase-locked-loop circuitry. Not the standard IC chip.

Overall FM distortion, mono or stereo, doesn't exceed 0.3% at any frequency below 6000 Hz. Other receiver makers don't even like to talk about that.

### AND TWO MORE RECEIVERS NOT FAR BEHIND.

Just because the Pioneer SX-1250 is in a class by itself, it would be normal to assume that in the class just below it the pecking order remains the same.

Not so.

Simultaneously with the SX-1250, we're introducing the SX-1050 and the SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar.

In the case of the SX-1050, you have to take off the cover to distinguish it from its bigger brother.

So you have to come to Pioneer not only for the world's best.

You also have to come to us for the next best.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074



*Click-stop volume control calibrated in decibels, with left/right tracking within 0.5 dB.*



**PIONEER®**

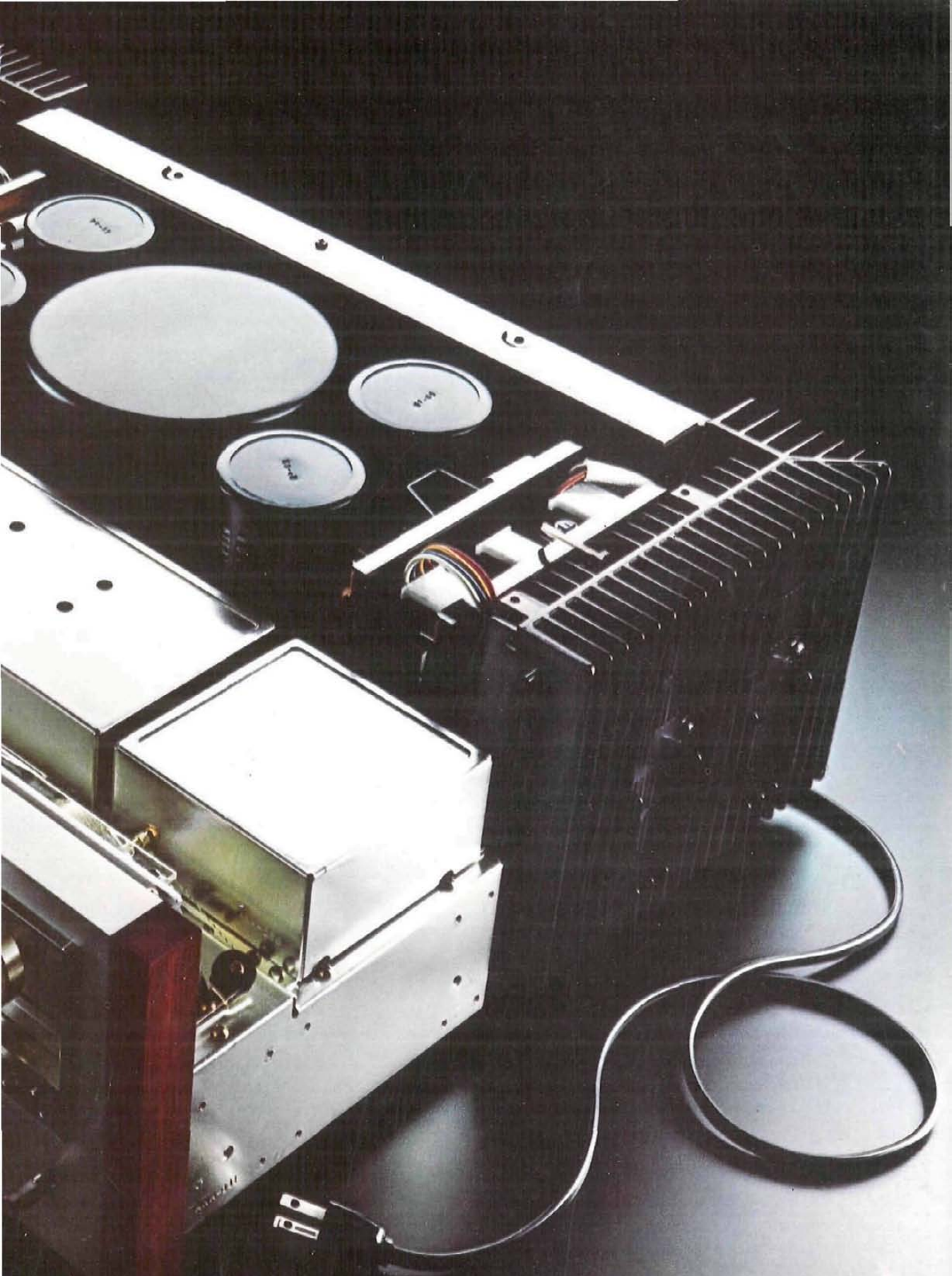
Anyone can hear the difference.

For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under \$900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



# A COMPARISON THAT'S NO COMPARISON.

	<b>PIONEER SX-1250</b>	<b>MARANTZ 2325</b>	<b>KENWOOD KR-9400</b>	<b>SANSUI 9090</b>
POWER, MIN RMS, 20 TO 20,000 HZ	160W+160W	125W+125W	120W+120W	110W+110W
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	0.15%	0.1%	0.2%
PHONO OVER- LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON DUPL	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5 $\mu$ V	1.8 $\mu$ V	1.7 $\mu$ V	1.7 $\mu$ V
SELECTIVITY	90 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB



**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never  
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



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

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '75



**Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.**

# EDITORIAL

Well, I was never a great one for speech-making, so you can pardon me right off if this editorial is not as superior sounding and fancy-spoke as it might be if some of your higher-priced editors had done it. That Sean Kelly, for instance—now, it sounds like right out of a book when he talks. Of course, talk is about all he *does* do. I had to near beat him over the head with a stick to get that "County Music" section of his done and completed and printed in the magazine. He's a fine talker nonetheless and as pretty to listen to as anything you'd ever care to hear. And then some, since you can't hardly get him to shut up. But anyway, what I was saying was that despite my not being your best educated or slickest-tongued among the employees of the *National Lampoon*, it still wouldn't seem fit nor proper to start off an issue without making some introductory noises of one kind or another. It'd be like hunting a coon without your hounds. Like waiting in an upstairs window for one of those ring-tailed sons of bitches to come poking through the garbage and then air-mailing it to Critter Hell with a couple of barrels of 00 shot instead

of leaving it up a tree all night surrounded by a yelping pack of bone-brains the way this magazine is.

I seem to have got more simile there than I had bargained for; but to get back to the point, one of the main things I'm meaning to discuss is that there just plain wasn't room for everything that needed to be put into this issue the way it should have been. Stock car racing, football, and politics, for instance, did not get their full due. Which brings me to my own preferred presidential slate of candidates: A.J. Foyt and Mean Joe Green. There's a couple of fellows who aren't going to take any shit from the no-account towel-heads and grass-eaters that have been ragging our ass world-wide. A.J. and Joe, they're the kind of guys who'd nuke a loose redski or heathen Chineese of a Saturday afternoon just for lack of something to do. I mean, what the hell's the use of being the most powerful country in the world if you don't get respect? What I say is, pick out a couple of cities full of these foreign motor-mouths and drop kick them into east oblivion with a nine mile fire ball. That'll shut 'em up. Now there might be a few objections to the Foyt-Green ticket, since some will think that colored shouldn't

be a heartbeat away from the Oval Office. But this is a case of letting prejudice make us forget that the real niggers are the likes of Henry Kissinger, who are telling our country to bend over and look for the soap in the international gang shower, and not fine up-standing football player gentlemen whose complexions happen to be of a dusky hue. Besides, when those African nig-nog nations start acting up in the U.N., Mean Joe will be able to speak to them in their own language—which is to say get down on the General Assembly floor and hammer their faces in with a human thigh bone.

Something else I meant to cover this month was the mass murdering which is so popular these days. But there just didn't seem to be enough to really say about it. Of course, we ought to take all those mass murderers we have sitting around cluttering up our jails and dump them down a dis-used quarry and do the same with these mass-murdering types, you know who I mean. I had one just the other day driving my taxicab at the Norfolk Airport. Close-set beady eyes and a weak chin—you don't know what that sort will do next and we'd get

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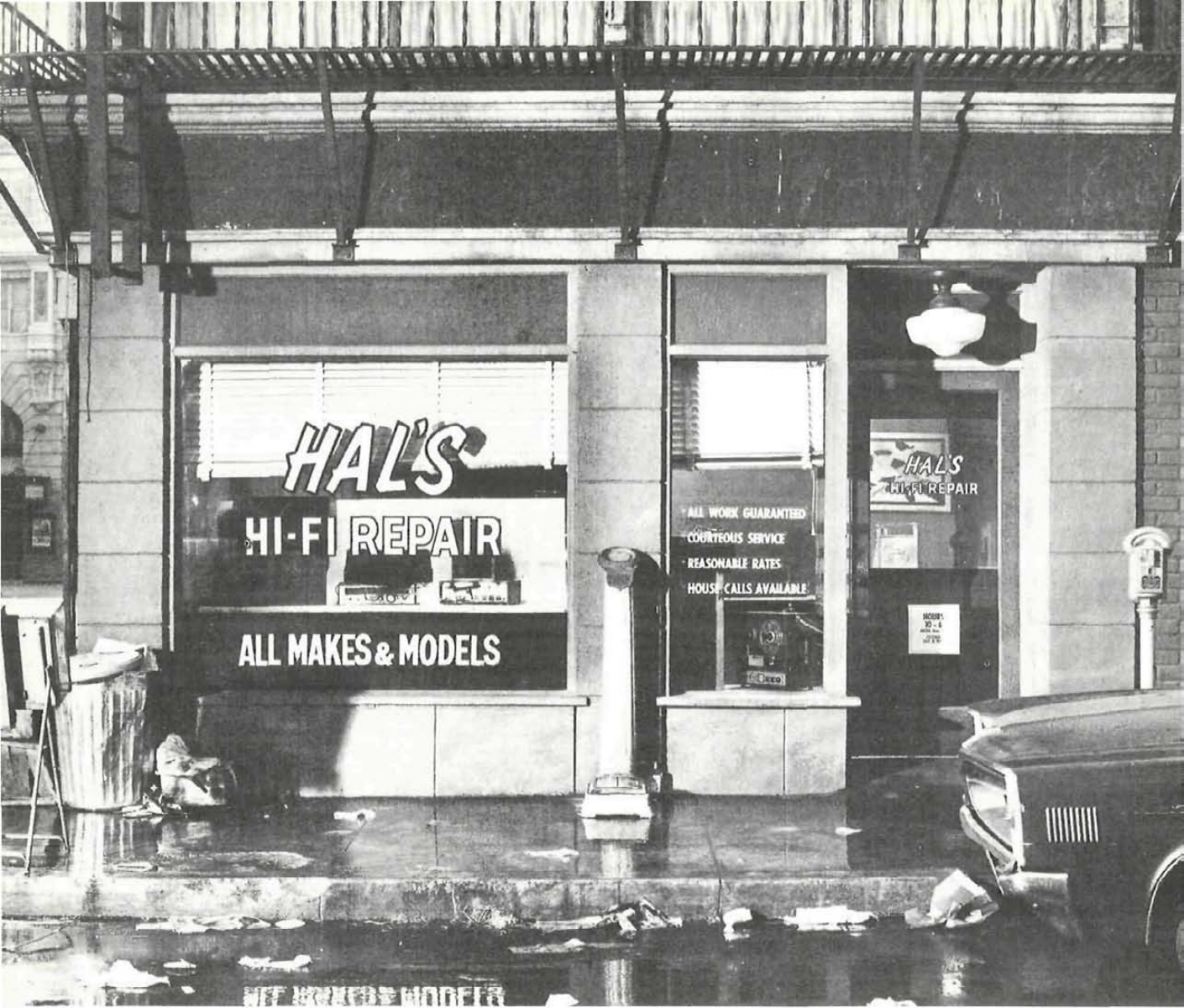
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## Last one in's a Volkspeaker.

Hal stays in business because things break. He loves it when amplifiers stop amplifying, turntables stop turning and speakers stop speaking.

But, don't get us wrong. Hal's not a bad guy. It's just that the more things he has to fix, the less he has to worry about paying the rent.

Hal's place is littered with the earthly remains of "Warranted For Life" speakers cut down in their prime. And "Guaranteed To Take It" speakers that just couldn't.

But, there's one speaker Hal never sees.

The Volkspeaker. Altec/Lansing's new line of tough-as-nails bookshelf speakers.

The reason they're so dependable is because we do things to them at the factory you'd never dream of doing to them at home.

If, however, the unthinkable should occur, and a Volkspeaker should fail, you still won't have to see Hal. See us instead. If, during the first five years a Volkspeaker quits on you, take it to your authorized Altec/Lansing representative. He'll see to it that

the speaker is fixed or replaced.

Free of charge.

Sorry, Hal. But our customers have to pay rent too.

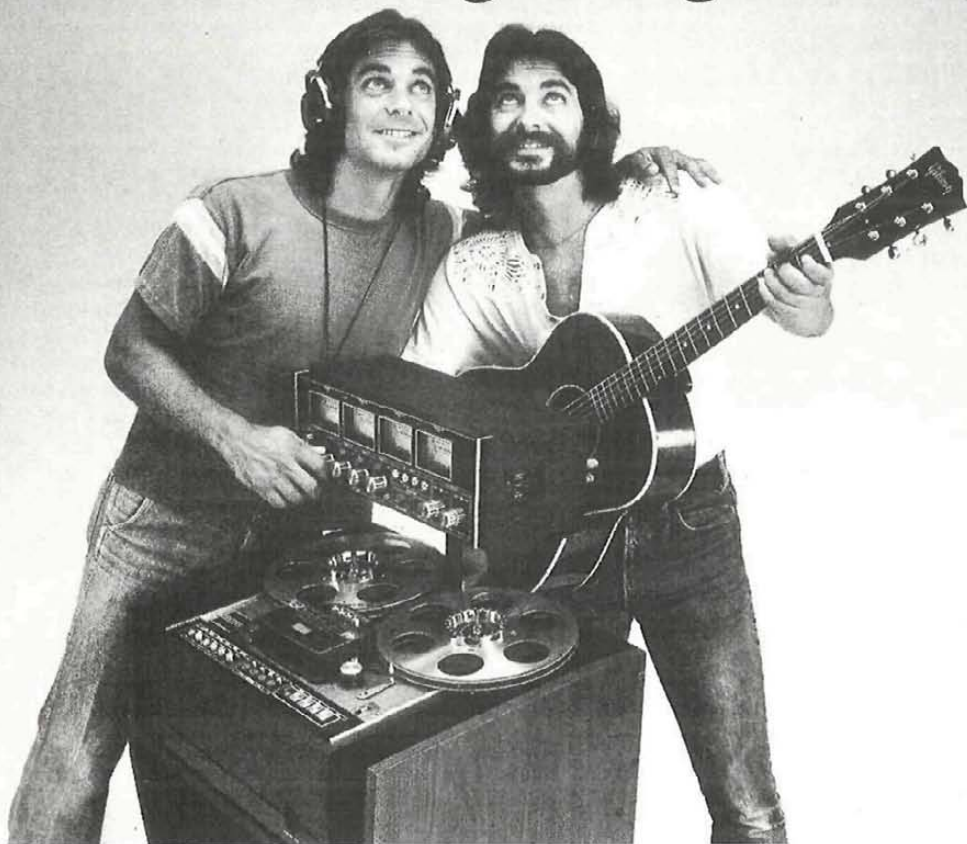


### THE VOLKSPEAKERS

Speakers for people from the people at Altec/Lansing



## The end of the war between art and engineering.



\*Console shown is optional.

There is performing and there is engineering. Art and signal. Both are important and both can suffer when you have to do both. Especially when your music and the machine that records it are making heavy demands on your concentration.

Our new 1140 lets you focus more on your music and worry less about how it's getting there.

Take sync. The 1140's simplified automatic sync control is a more logical approach to the function than anything you've used before. It frees you from that "Where the hell am I" frustration when you're building tracks.

It also lets you punch in (and when you punch in you're automatically switched from sync to source).

Sync level is the same as playback level, too, in case you don't have a third arm available for gain control.

The 1140 has built-in bias with the bias controls up front so you don't have to tear the electronics apart every time you change tapes. Plus a 200 kHz bias frequency for further noise reduction and one of the few heads around capable of erasing those exotic new formulations.

Then there's program memory, motion-sensing circuitry for anti-

spill tape handling, peak level indicators and an optional floor-standing console that makes the 1140 even easier to work with.

For all that and more the 1140 costs \$1199.95, about 45¢ more than Teac's A3340S. But if you spend that extra half-a-buck with us, you can spend more time with your music.

## DOKORDER



	TEAC A3340S	DOKORDER 1140
Wow and Flutter 15 ips	0.04%	0.04%
Frequency Response at 15 ips	±3 dB, 35-22K	±3 dB, 30-23K
Signal-to-Noise Ratio	65 dB WTD	60 dB WTB
Front Panel Bias Controls	No	Yes
Built-in Test Generator	No	Yes
Mic/Line Mixing	Yes	No
Peak Indicator Lamps	No	Yes
Motion Sensor	No	Yes
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$1199.50	\$1199.95

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

5430 Rosecrans Avenue Lawndale, California 90260

# Why any cartridge (even ours) with an elliptical stylus must be considered just a bit old-fashioned.

As a premium stylus, elliptical designs have only one real advantage over a Shibata stylus: lower cost. Which is why we still offer them.

But when it comes to performance, a Shibata stylus is far, far better. It provides the small scanning radius needed to track highs (up to 45 kHz for CD-4), but without the penalty of requiring extremely low stylus force settings.

In fact, even when tracking at up to 2

grams, a Shibata stylus is easier on your records than an elliptical stylus trying to track at 1/2-gram! New records last longer, old records sound better, and you can play every kind of two or four-channel record made.

All Audio-Technica Universal Series cartridges have genuine Shibata styli. Anything less would be false economy for you...and out-dated technology for us. Prove it to yourself today.



**audio-technica**® INNOVATION / PRECISION / INTEGRITY

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Available in Canada from Superior Electronics, Inc.

## Editorial

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rid of them all real quick-like if we were smart. But that's about as far as I got on that subject. Heaven may work in mysterious ways, but you'd think that if the Good Lord had need of the Clutter family, La Blancas and all up above, He'd have provided something better in the way of transportation for them.

Another area of important interest down home which has been unfortunately slighted is the great American sport of hunting stuff. Particularly I was thinking of an open season on the people who own this magazine. These are not an easy group of people to describe, since to name their ethnic group would be to give offense to a sizable number of decent folk who've spent the best part of the past thirty years helping to rid the world of camel-jockeys and doing other good deeds. This is a minority group which is used to abuse, it's true, but taking the blame for killing our Savior is one thing and being identified as coreligionists and possible relatives of the owners of this publication is something else entirely. So let's just say the proprietors are a bunch of New York City shit-heels and leave it at that. Some hunters favor bolt-action and others favor lever-action. Still others prefer a semi-automatic. But, myself, I feel these debates just beg the question. There are many fine rifles on the market of every type and style, but it's *ammo* that's the real meat of the matter. The 30-06 is a fine caliber and there are a wide variety of real nice cartridges available in this size—especially the 220-grain Silvertip Expanding Super-X, which will open a patch of daylight the size of your fist in a financial vice-president's head. Also good is the .44 Remington Magnum, for which there is much to be said concerning the way it has of tearing out a publisher's internal organs and scattering them to the four winds and compass points of the same number. But, personally, I'll take a .458 Winchester Magnum 510 grain Soft Point Super-Speed. Pack a fist full of these honeys into a Safari Grade Model 660 Mauer and you can punch a hole clear through a cast-iron engine block, let alone a rogue board chairman.

Let me see...then there's a whole mess of other stuff that never got mentioned, such as whiskey. It is an awful hard thing to find Rebel Yell

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## "We Paddys are here for a reason We're both on Earth to please!"

Brian J. Murphy

Box 146, Concord, New Hampshire 03301

Congratulations, Brian Murphy. You're a finalist in Paddy's First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Your winning entry, with the above title, is printed here as promised in Rules Of The Competition:

*Over the years I've suffered a plethora of Irish nicknames  
Most of them intended to go against my grain.  
I've been Spud and Mick and Harp and many other handles  
Sometimes on rare occasions I've blanked the callers' candles.  
But mostly I've loved it; my heritage dictates that.  
I've earned the respect of others with a tip of my Irish hat.*

*Now comes this Irish Whiskey borrowing one of my names  
Running a poetry contest and playing silly games.  
I'll taste this blend. I fancied, and see if they've the right  
To use the name of Paddy, I did...It's sheer delight.  
Now I've no objections; my mind is put at ease—  
We Paddys are here for a reason. We're both on Earth to please!*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

### If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Nine finalists will be chosen from entries submitted before closing date of contest: September 29, 1976. Poems of finalists will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. Every entrant will receive an "Honorary Irish Poet" certificate. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

© 1976 Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceville, Ga. R31 Proof





Sirs:

The first time I walked out on Cher was because of that nurd kid of hers. I caught little Chastity dumping my smack down the stool, man, and I was ready to flush her to Santa Monica. As punishment, I made her collect pop bottles outta Glenn Ford's backyard, just enough to cop another dime bag. Hell, man, that's only 100 bottles. To make a long story interminable, her mommy and I had a helluva fight. Cher was breakin' out in zits, man, and I was breakin' out in hives because my life support system was floatin' in the potty chair. Everything's cool now. Don't tell my wife, but I watch "Six Million Dollar Man" 'cause her show sucks out loud.

Gregg Allman  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to propose that a new honor be conferred upon America's great. When a scientist, statesman, writer, or artist lingers in the twilight of life, I can conceive of no greater mark of respect than that Congress should pass a law making it a criminal offense for anyone to erect a statue of the person in question. This way, the great one may step softly toward the peace of the grave, secure in the knowledge that no bumbling sculptor shall ever shape his image at the behest of a Philistine village council. That his vanished visage will not frighten children in the park, gaze unseeing upon the frolics of junkies, or be shat on by pigeons. I trust I have made myself clear.

A. Lincoln  
Central Park  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We're American airlines doing what we do best. Errrrrrmeanoooww wzzzzzzcrkkkklllp-pppp-pppp-ppp--- ----bladobBOOM! Oh, no. Everybody's dead! Relatives may claim

*continued on page 12*

## Is it live, or is it Memorex?



The amplified voice of Ella Fitzgerald can shatter a glass. And anything Ella can do, Memorex cassette tape with MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide can do.

If you record your own music, Memorex can make all the difference in the world.

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

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# NEW MUSIC FROM THE BAND THAT BROUGHT YOU THE TUBES.



A new album by an incredible group of musicians: **The Tubes.**

A "particular mania...transcribed on records." S.F. Examiner & Chronicle

Moving "like a runaway express...through the dark heart of pop." Village Voice

"Young And Rich: The new Tubes album that lets you hear why they look so good on stage."

**THE TUBES "YOUNG AND RICH"  
SENSATIONALLY FROM  
A&M RECORDS & TAPES**

Produced by Ken Scott

## BLOWN IN THE WIND



by Jean-Claude  
"Hopalong" Cravat

### Country Music

One night I am making fuck with hot pants, lipstick, carhop, French fries, muscle car chick, and I am putting the wood for her maybe two dozen times and I am making like the country music station of Bob Dylan which "plays soft" and she is turning and saying, "Jean-Claude, for why are country singers having names that are words?"

Sacre bleu, I am shouting, Sasseur, incredible, this dumb chick (they are all just one body to Jean-Claude, who gets laid by a different chick all the times) is proving cultural convergence, for it is just the same that Durkheim say to Marcel Mauss when he was a little shaving in Paris. The name is the word, I am who I am, Yahweh, just like God say to Moses. So I am snorting up coke in the nose and revving up to riff away.

Cut! Edit! Print! Lights! Overdub! Dolby! You must excuse but I am thinking so fast only the image fuck the words, but anyway. God is talk to Moses, Moses is Hebrew. Red Indians are Hebrews who are represent the Lost Vibes of Israel (who are now fascists imperialist irredentistes, but that is now). Indians come to Amerique. Indian boy grows up and he is going out on vision quest, rin tin tin white buffalo, wheatchex. Indian garçon is having vision and comes back with the new name White Buffalo. Alors! Cowboys know Indians from movies (Howard Hawks is genius and so is Clint Eastwood, fuck you, Ingmar Bergman downhead) — and cowboys are make country in western music. So all is same. Country singer is going on the vision quest, too. (Sniff sniff.)

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Malcolm Hereford's Cows are up-to-their-flanks in ice and snow to make a very refreshing point:

When the Sun is high, nothing refreshes better than Malcolm's "herd" on ice.

Enjoy them chilled.

On-the-rocks.

Or in one of the more elaborate manners of Malcolm, himself:

1. How to make COW-SLUSH.  
Pour a Cow into your blender, add lots of ice and blend for 30 seconds.

Serve and sip.

Light, icy, delicious.

2. COWPUNCH serves a "herd".

Just mate two flavors in a large pitcher filled with cracked ice.

(Strawberry and Banana were made for each other.)  
And have a party.

At the beach. By the pool.  
Whenever you thirst for something cool, spirited, light and delicious, there's only one thing to do:

Adopt a Cow.

An original Hereford Cow.  
One of Hereford's 30 Proof "herd," the spirited new breed of drinks that promise one thing for sure:

**Ice cold Cows get no beefs.**



Malcolm Hereford Ltd. 30 Proof © 1976, Hartford, Conn. 06101

# AN ICE COLD COW IS NOT A BUM STEER.

Malcolm Hereford's 30 Proof Cows. The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

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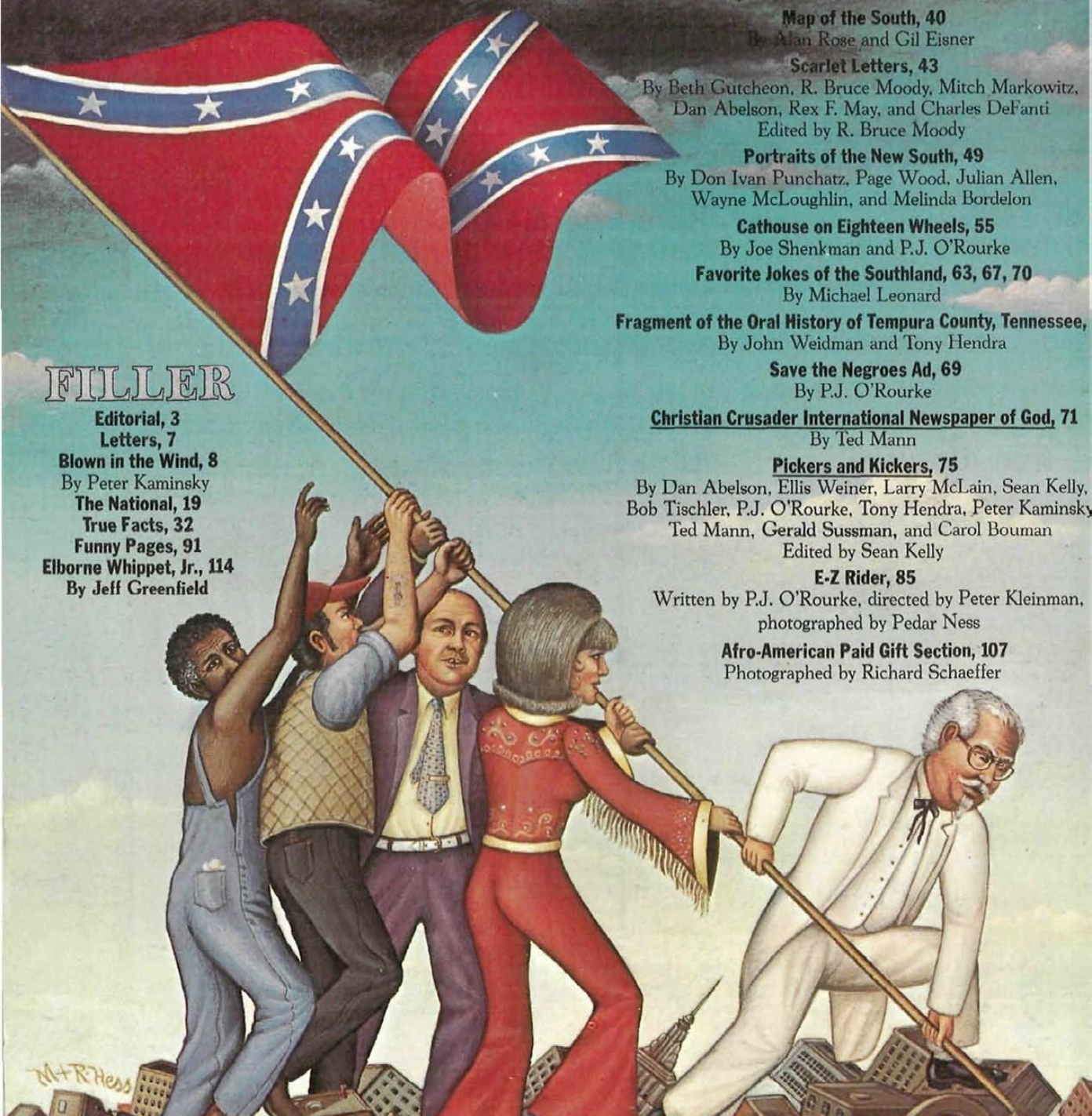
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By Jeff Greenfield



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# The most Fiat we've ever brought to America.

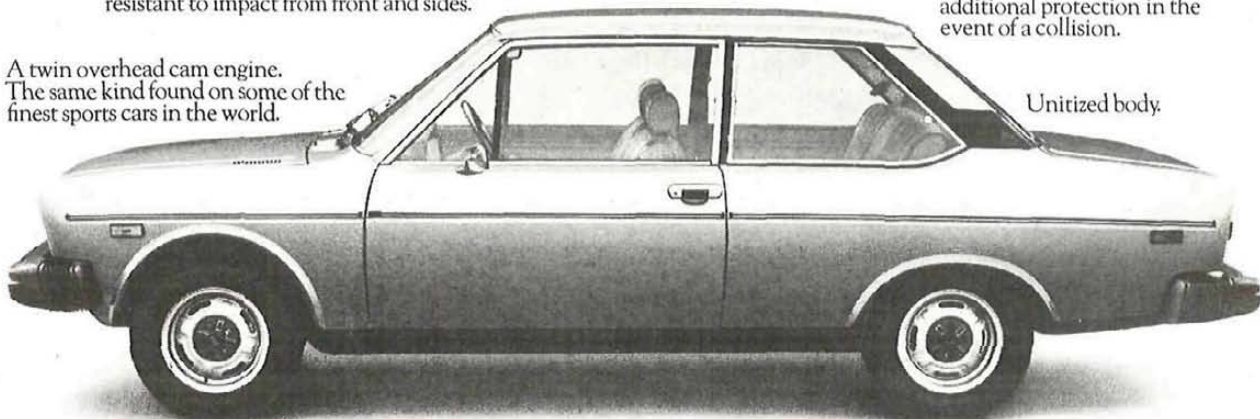
A steel cage completely surrounds and protects the passenger compartment making it exceptionally resistant to impact from front and sides.

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If you've never considered a Fiat before, maybe it's time.

**The new Fiat 131. \$4,286.\***

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**A lot of car. Not a lot of money.**

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# Brut for Men.

If you have  
any doubts  
about yourself,  
try  
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.  
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.



## Letters

continued from page 7

luggage by writing to: American Airlines Disaster Desk, Airport, St. Thomas, Vacationland.

Thank you.

Louie M'Dabu Mud  
Nearest Courtesy Phone, V.I.

Sirs:

Bobby Riggs's kid didn't die of an overdose. Bobby killed him on a bet. No shit, the boy told me himself. We dead people know all the dirt.

Big Bill Tilden  
Tennis Heaven

Sirs:

Due to the number of nitwits and no-lobes currently making use of the substantive *turkey*, it is, in my expert opinion, losing its former descriptive value. Hence, I have developed the following colorful synonyms in my language laboratory.

1. Butterball.
2. Self-baster.
3. Puritan sandwich.
4. Gravy dripper.
5. Chestnut-stuffed giblet-jammed tom gobbler.

Please remit my standard consulting fee during the current billing period, or, if you will, abide by our five cents per use royalty agreement as of last year.

Yours sincerely,  
Dr. Art Stoa  
Head, Substantive Development  
Division  
Language Laboratories, Inc.

Sirs:

I work on the punch line here at language laboratories. I don't make hardly any money and get treated like colored because I never went too far in schooling. I think I deserve better. Look at Dr. Stoa's letter. He left out lots of important words that mean the same as turkey. I think he might be a freezer eagle himself. These goddamn oven vultures and barnyard buzzards stick in my gizzard. Say, if I give you some words once in a while, you wouldn't use them without paying me what they're worth just because I am not too rich or connected with lawyers or anything, would you?

Mike K.  
c/o The Punch Line Lunchroom  
Language Laboratories, Inc.

Sirs:

I left my hat in San Francisco. Yep, that's it. Still working on it.

Sirs:

Ooooooooh, my head...ooooooh....  
Ooooooooh, I must of really tied one on good. Yech! Ugh. Tastes like the entire Chinese army walked through my mouth in their stocking feet. Ooooooooh....Ooooooooh, I swear I'll never... never ever ever... ooooooooh, never gonna do downers and daiquiris again.... Never never never, oooooh....Ooooooh, fucking hurts just to open my eyes.... Huh? What's this?! What the fuck! Where am I?! Help, police, I got tubes up my nose!!! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee....

Karen Ann Quinlan  
Intensive Care Ward  
St. Clare's Hospital  
Denville, N.J.

Sirs:

Could you, by any chance, recommend a good beaver orthodontist?

Jimmy Carter  
c/o Poli Sci Dept.  
Electoral Jr. College  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I'm not saying that Caroline Kennedy's hospital stay for so-called gastritis was an abortion cover-up. I'm not making any accusations whatsoever. All I'm saying is that if the Pope knew what I know, he'd be *beaucoûp* cheesed off.

Interne X  
New England Baptist Hospital  
Boston, Mass.

Amigos:

You know what we do in Brazil when we arrest the criminals here? First, we read to them their Carmen Miranda Rights:

1. You have the right to wear fruit on your head.
2. You are allowed one Conga line.
3. You have the right to a foreign accent. If you do not have a foreign accent of your own, the court must provide you with one.

Then we torture them and jail them and shoot them to death. This is what we do in Brazil.

Fredrico Garcia Loco  
El Presidente of Police  
Mucho Muerto, Brazil

Sirs:

Pet rocks, ha! I propose to appear on national television, armed only with a whip and a chair, in a cage with a three-ton untamed mountain boulder from the wilds of anywhere. Make me an offer.

Chris Kelly  
Huntington, Quebec



Sirs:

Some years ago, when I still had quite a bit of hair, I made a rock joke. All rock jokes are thus mine. *Mine*, do you hear, scum? I have already sued the ass off those pet rock pigs, and will do the same to your previous correspondent.

Michael O'Donoghue  
Mass Media, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Recently I read an article in *Gallery* about the practice of autofellatio, you know, blowing yourself. Well, I tried it, and *wow!* It's great! There's just one problem. How do I keep my hat from falling off?

Larry Flynt  
3645 N. High St.  
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Everybody wants to know where I get my beautiful complexion and how I manage to stay so fresh and natural-looking all day long. (And *all night*, too!) Soaps? Cold creams? Expensive facials? Not me. I use *Birthdate '63*, the fabulous new technique of being only thirteen years old. That's what keeps me feeling as young and lovely as I am.

Jennifer Jailbait  
Twixt 12 and 20 Elm Street  
Yourtown, U.S.A.

P.S. P.J.'s cute. The rest of you guys look like gym shoes.

Sirs:

I don't mean to keep bothering you, but I thought I'd better apologize for that "neighborhoods should be allowed to retain their ethnic purity" slip. What I meant to say was we should keep the niggers out.

Jimmy Carter  
Presidential Contender's Suite  
Waldorf Hysteria  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You'll think I'm nuttier than a coon, but I gotta tell somebody what I heard. I was barreling through Brilliantine, Kansas, goin' east on I 70, when the voice of John Fitzgerald Kennedy come booming in on my wide-scan C.B. radio. Hell, I nearly shit my britches. Or is that breeches? The first thing I said was, "Tell me who done it, Mr. President. Who shot your ass?" JFK named off a whole long list, but the worst Judases of all were Arlene Francis and Dorothy Kil-

gallen from "What's My Line?" Mr. Kennedy said he'd been scouting the Twilight Zone in search of Miss Kilgallen, and he swore he'd put her tit in a wringer as soon as he caught her. Suddenly, I heard a woman's scream. "He's strangling me with the Mystery Guest blindfold!" she shrieked. Then the radio went deader than a doornail. I swear on a stack of Korans that what I'm telling you is the truth.

Vergil Aeneid, Jr.  
Kirk-to-Scotty, Kansas

Sirs:

Do you pay ten dollars for tips on how to fix things around the house? Because I was having a lot of trouble around the house with my wife, so I hit her in the face with an iron pry bar and that fixed *her*. Believe you me.

Tex Arkana  
Texarkana, Tex.

Sirs or Madams:

Why don't you pencildicks devote more space to the glories of having a large (like, I mean *huge*) penis?

Squeak up, if you dare!

Bob Muck  
Box 11½  
Swingset, N.J.

Sirs:

Here is a poem of mine which nobody will publish:

There once was a lady named  
Hartz,  
Whose commodious vaginal parts  
Caused a gassy to-do  
Everytime she would screw,  
'Cause her partners perceived  
them as farts.

Thanks to you good ole boys at *National Lampoon* for considering this. Good luck, and keep your powder dry.

James Dickey  
Still Famous Correspondence School  
of Poetry  
Tallywhack, Ala.

P.S. I retain all movie rights.  
P.P.S. Still haven't got your check for that *Sound of Music* parody I did in June.

Sirs:

Footprints on the bedspread, a lariat hung on the back of the bathroom door, a Stetson on top of the refrigerator; these are little traces that all add up to tell you a wife has been unfaithful with a cowboy. It would be funny if it were not ultimately, tragically true. Can you

continued on page 98

## Brut 33 Shampoo.

The great  
smell of Brut  
goes to  
your head.



Deep-cleaning conditioning shampoo with balsam and protein to give your hair body and luster. And the great smell of Brut.®

Brut 33® by Fabergé.

**TURN  
IT UP.**

Don't buy any loudspeaker until you test drive it. You're not going to a recital. You're choosing a roommate.

Challenge it. Put it through its paces. Most loudspeakers can handle mid-range, mid-volume, mid-mid sound. That's no test.

Turn it up!

Really loud. Loud loud  
Kid-next-door loud.

How does the loudspeaker sound? Do you like it? Is it clean? Is it clear? Or does it hum the low lows when nobody asked it to? Does it splatter the highs? Is it fuzzy or distorted?

You don't have to live with loud music, but you ought to visit there. Loudness magnifies the imperfections that will scar your subconscious at regular listening

levels. Loudness tells you what time will do to your ears, your head, your disposition. Now:

## TURN IT DOWN.

Way down. Take it to the edge of silence, and then come back a little.

Can you hear every part of the music, or does it sound like half the band went out for a smoke?

Are all the textures and detail and harmonics of the music still there, or is only the melody lingering on?

Nobody wants to live with a loudspeaker that can't make its point unless it yells.

So. Turn it down.

One last thought: don't let anyone, including us, tell you what you like in a loudspeaker. You're dealing with a very personal, subjective matter of taste. Loudspeakers are art.

Buying them is, too.

That's what this message is all about.

We're all in this together.



JBL offers a number of different high fidelity loudspeakers from \$156 to \$3210. Shown here, from left, are L36, L166 and L300. They are priced at \$198, \$375 and \$897 each.



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"The first 14-ounce 100% natural cotton denim with the built-in edge: the amazing Sanfor-Set\* process.

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## **"SEDFIELD JEANS NEVER NEED IRONING.**

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"Never ironed.

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"The reason the size you buy is the size they stay.

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"Brand new we're much, much softer than old-fashioned jeans without Sanfor-Set.

"And we keep getting softer so fast your old-fashioned jeans might even wear out before they can catch up.

## **"SEDFIELD JEANS DON'T COST A BUNDLE.**

"Our biggest edge?

"We cost no more than the regular price of the biggest seller.

## **"IF I'M LYING YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.**

"It's one thing to make claims.

"We back ours with a one year unconditional warranty.

"None stronger in the business.

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"Or send you back your money.

## **"TO FIND OUR JEANS CALL 800 T-H-E E-D-G-E.**

"If you want the jeans with the built-in edge, just dial this number (800 843-3343) toll free and we'll tell you where to get them.

"And start comparing your pants off."

**Sedgefield**  
With the Built-in Edge.

\*Trademark of  
The Sanforized Company



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**ATLANTA, GA.** Rich's; Muse's; Zachry's  
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**CHARLOTTE, N.C.** J. O. Jones  
**CHICAGO, ILL.** Marshall Field & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Just Jeans  
**CINCINNATI, OHIO** Shillito's; Pogue's  
**CLEVELAND, OHIO** May Co.  
**COLUMBUS, OHIO** Lazarus  
**DALLAS/FORT WORTH, TEX.** Lord & Taylor; Culwell & Son; Sanger-Harris  
**DENVER, COL.** K & G Men's Stores; Miller Stockman  
**EL PASO, TEX.** Popular Dry Goods; The White House  
**GREENSBORO, N.C.** Miller & Rhoads; Belk's; Jordan Marsh  
**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.** Sycamore Shops  
**KANSAS CITY, MO.** Macy's; The Jones Store  
**KNOXVILLE, TENN.** Miller's; Proffit's  
**LOS ANGELES, CAL.** Desmond's; Fred Segal  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.** Stewart Dry Goods  
**LUBBOCK, TEX.** Dunlap's; Hemphill-Wells  
**MILWAUKEE, WISC.** The Boston Stores; Marshall Field & Co.  
**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.** Dayton's; Donaldson's  
**NASHVILLE, TENN.** Harvey's  
**NEW ORLEANS, LA.** Labiche's; Goudchaux  
**NEW YORK, N. Y.** Lord & Taylor; Rogers Peet  
**OAKLAND, CAL.** Grodin's  
**OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.** Sheppler's  
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**PHILADELPHIA, PA.** Strawbridge & Clothier  
**PHOENIX, ARIZ.** Diamond's; Goldwater's  
**PORTLAND, ME.** A. H. Benoit; Porteous; Mitchell & Braune  
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**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH** ZCMI  
**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.** Macy's; Hastings  
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**SEATTLE, WASH.** Frederick & Nelson; The Bon Marche; Lamont's  
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**TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.** Maas Brothers  
**TULSA, OKLA.** Vandever's  
**WICHITA, KAN.** Sheppler's; Henry's

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## Blown in the Wind

*continued from page 8*

Camera! Back-up vocals! Places! Action! Split image! Wipe!

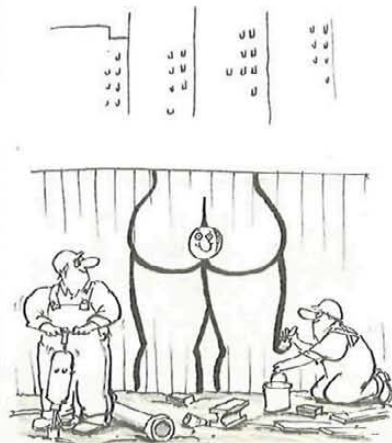
So like country in western singer they are coming to Nashville to jam with Jet Atkins, who is chief cat in Music City. Jet is saying, "Was your mama's name Chile? Was your mama's name?" So all little pickers must go and play many one night stands. Never sleep, always in truck fucking waitresses, popping reds and whites and blues, and drinking much beer.

You are thinking, Jean-Claude, is too much dialectique here. Fuck you. Saint Augustine is dialectique and so is Rocky the Squirrel. Everything is dialectique, making negations of negations, constructing imagist spiral. Who cares but uptight assholes if the words are saying something? Fuck words, make leaping faith like Kierkegaard.

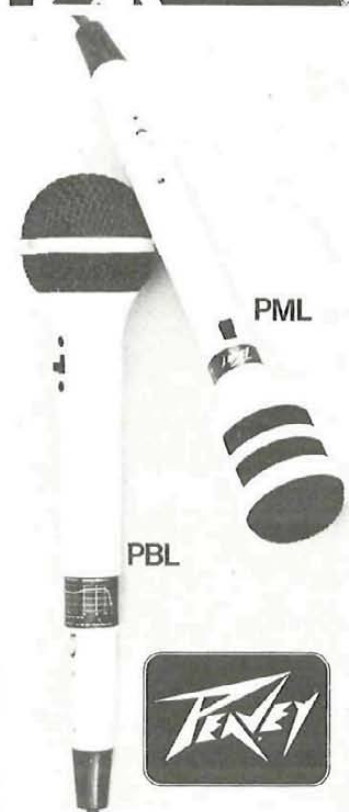
So little singer is play play play and drinking always, then he has word in the head. Regard Charley Pride. Hank Snow. George Jones, Conway Twitty. They are all meaning something. They are all words. The name is the word is power in Hebrew religious.

Maybe this idea stinks. I think perhaps it does. Forget it. Less is more. Country music is simple. All chords are one four five (sometimes two, too), but mostly one, four, five. Get pencil, make addition, one plus four is five plus five is ten. Number ten letter in American alphabet is j... Jesus Christ. Voilà! No, this idea also is biting on the bag. Jean-Claude hates country music. Next month he explains reggae, rasta man, spliff get down negre, fucking all the time music.

Mr. Cravat writes and teaches for money.



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## The National

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Volume 1, No. LXXVI July 1976 Yellow Streak Edition 100 cents

### Latest Sick Fad:

# DRUG-CRAZED KIDS SMOKE DEAD ROCK STARS

From Maine to Mendocino, America's long-haired youths are getting their kicks from shooting stars... not the kind you wish on in the sky, but the distilled and pulverized remains of dead musicians.

A walk down Any Street, College Town, U.S.A., will put you in touch with a member of the highly organized, nationwide network of recycled flesh-peddlers. This week they might sell you a couple hundred "kilos" of cremated Mama Cass for \$300 or a "lovin' spoonful" of ground Duane Allman soaked in DMT.

#### Buyer Beware

In death, as in life, there is a ladder of



Cher: "Tokes" some Average White powder.



Lauren: Don't bogart that Bogart.

popularity among stars. Almost every dealer claims to have a few ounces of Janis on hand and will even let you sample a "toke" or puff in one of his ornately scrolled "ash pipes." The satisfied consumer pays his twenty or thirty dollars and goes home, only to find out, too late, that

he has purchased twenty-eight grams of nearly useless Phil Ochs.

Rarest of the mind-bending entertainment leftovers, rumored to belong to Phil Spector (husband of the lead singer of the Ronettes), is an ounce and a half of Lenny Oil, extracted from the heroin-

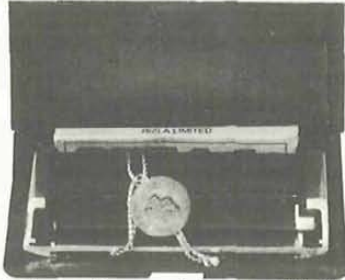
drenched remains of the former stand-up comic made famous by Dustin Hoffman.

Why has American youth taken this ghoul-ish route in pursuit of its thrills? In an exclusive interview with *The National*, Dr. Jerome Woodlawn, staff sociologist of the federal government, ob-

served, "What with the Vietnam war and civil rights and sexual liberation and violence on T.V., it becomes clear that a pattern is emerging among middle-class, urban-suburban, and even rural youth, who in their concern for the environment, are actively making  
(Continued page 8A)

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## Cease-Fire Continues To Rip Through Lebanon

Beirut, Lebanon — Deaths reached the 300 mark this week as a heavy cease-fire claimed more casualties in Lebanon's civil war.

"The cease-fire is escalating heavily on all fronts," one official said. "If it keeps up this bad, I fear that total peace may break out!"

The heaviest cease-fire took place near Beirut, where Christian and Moslem peace

forces cease-fired 200 rounds of mortar rocket and light artillery into a civilian hospital.

Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat, who has played a key role in establishing peace negotiations, threatened to cease-fire Syria right off the map.

## Hughes Will Found In San Quentin

San Francisco — The last will and testament of the late Howard Hughes was discovered early Thursday in San Quentin Penitentiary. The will, believed by experts like the warden to be the "bona fide" article, named inmate Larry Druse as the major beneficiary. Druse claims to have "taken the rap" for Hughes on a stock

swindle - forgery charge ten years ago.

Other beneficiaries include the warden of San Quentin, and numerous relatives of Druse. Representatives of Hughes's Summa Corporation, a holding company, were reached for comment yesterday.

"The point is moot," said Summa spokesman Al Kroc. "Only three weeks prior to his death, Hughes bet the officers of this company his entire estate that Kenya was the capital of the Belgian Congo. He lost, and

actually died a pauper."

The federal court judge charged with deciding the difficult case stated that all Hughes properties would be administered by the courts until such time as a decision can be reached.

Just as we went to press, a new will was discovered behind the file cabinet right here in the office, but before petition could be filed in the California courts, the line of claimants already stretched into the state of Oregon. Among the crowd were many celebrities, some living and some dead.



# Abbott and Costello Meet the Bride of Return to Son of Beyond the Valley of the Final Days

by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward (Special to *The National*)

*These are excerpts from the forthcoming exposé of Nixon by the intrepid Washington Post reporters who saved the Republic in '74. Publication date of the book (already a number one best seller for a month) will be timed to coincide with the release of the film of The Final Days, a Dino de Laurentis production.*

March 21. Dean (referred to by Kissinger as "that little cock-sucker") told the president that he had to "let it all hang out." The president, his mind flashing back to that day at Whittier when his socks didn't match in gym, called his friend Bebe Rebozo, dialing the phone, as usual, with his right index finger.

"Bebe," said the Chief Executive, "I, uh, I gotta talk to (inaudible) afraid to do it on the (home?) (phone?) because the Oval Office might be bugged with recording equipment. Come on over for a drink." As he hung up, the Commander-in-Chief poured himself a double martini, dry, with a twist. By the time Rebozo arrived, the toll of Watergate was evident on the sagging visage of the "Boss" (Halderman's term). His speech was slurred, his step unsteady. "Shit! I guess I shoulda shaved in '60. Did you read my book *Six Crises*? Let me show you the cutest little political memoir ever written," mumbled the leader of the most powerful nation on earth, and the phle-

bitic first citizen knocked a bowl of potato chips off the Fillmore credenza, and started to hum the overture to *Irene*. (We have two eyewitnesses to this.)

April 9. According to a highly placed, jugged member of the president's immediate family, Nixon started this day as he had many others. After bidding a curt "Good morning, darling" to his wife, whom he had not French kissed since her sophomore year, he proceeded to the Wilson water closet, lowered his trousers, and proceeded to move the presidential bowels. Nixon was often constipated, a fact which will surprise few who observed his ungainly waddle. His stools frequently weighed less than an ounce, and were of a light brown hue and soft, unpleasant texture. One member of the cabinet told us "they even tasted like meatballs." He wiped with his left, compulsively wadding the Charmin, then washed his hands with Queeg-like compulsiveness.

May 2. With the pressures of Watergate, of



**Journalist Bob Woodward, whose real life counterpart, Dustin Hoffman, recently married the former Mrs. Dan Greenburg.**

the press and its God-given, constitutionally-affirmed right to know, of the fall of Saigon and the collapse of the WFL weighing upon him, the weary, confused, troubled, and bad president went hypocritically to church. There, in full view of a number of witnesses, he flung himself to his knees, and, staring at the ceiling, proceeded to engage in a silent conversation with a young Jewish pacifist who, according to experts, has been dead for nearly 2,000 years. Clearly, Nixon was cracking. There was mucus in his nose, wax in his ears, lint in his pockets (salty lint, an aide disclosed), and dirt under his fingernails. Hair grew on his head, his face, under his arms. Fibers of dead plants and animals stuck between his teeth. And only we know what was going on in the dark recesses of the presidential mind.

## Introducing a whole new ballgame.

First there was baseball. Then came football. Then handball. Now comes Fingerball®. Or, more precisely, Fingerballs. Because you play with two of them.



Fingerballs are a matched set of mirror-finish steel globes, about 1" in diameter. They're so responsive to your touch they go "click, click" whenever you fondle or caress them.

The great thing about playing Fingerball is there's no rules.

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Or, enclose check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D. Allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery. Florida residents add 6% Sales Tax. Total satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back.

## Carter Calls for Party Unity

In an effort to heal the wounds of a divided nation, Jimmy Carter called for the Democratic and Republican parties to unite under him and avoid the debilitating battles of



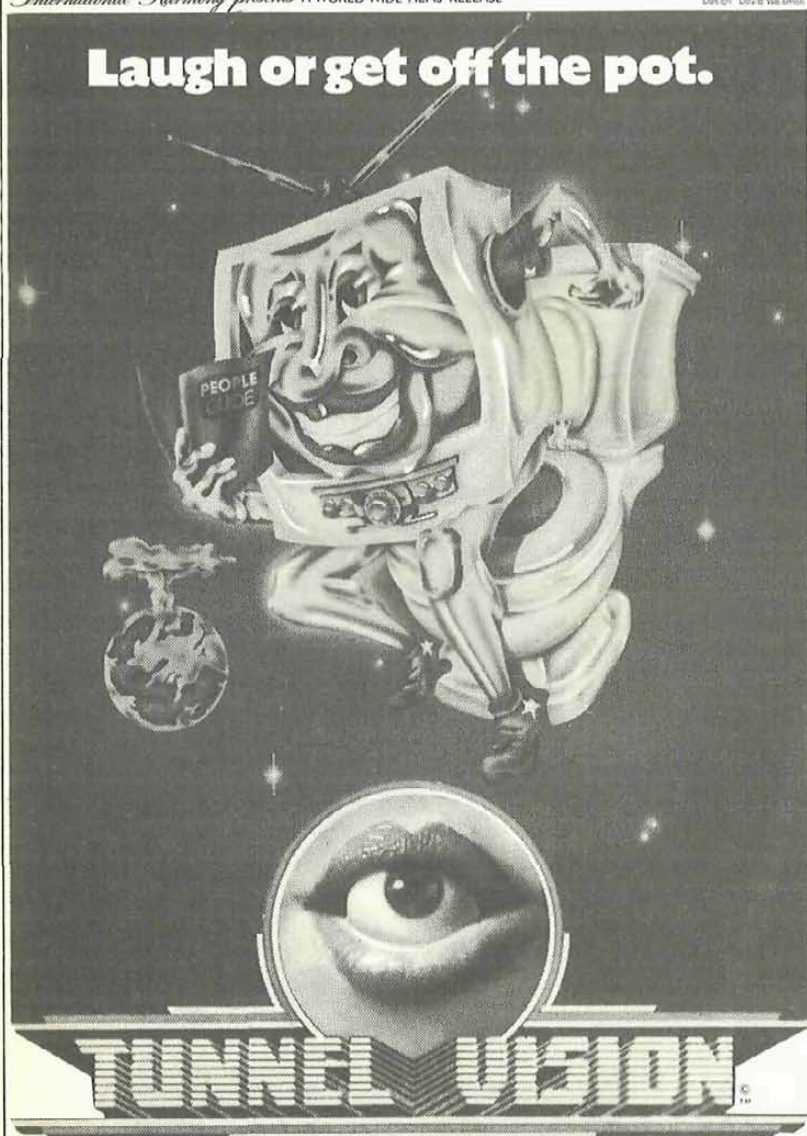
political conventions and election campaigns.

To further assure national unity, Carter plans to appoint Jean Paul Lafargue, former postmaster general of Belgium, as his vice-president. "I'll get the laws changed so we can have a foreigner as VP," said Carter. "Lafargue is like me, a total unknown, neither rightist nor leftist—a man with a broad range of appeal to all sides."

International Harmony presents A WORLD WIDE FILMS RELEASE

Design: David Weisman

### Laugh or get off the pot.



**The funniest film of 1985.**

With CHEVY CHASE • PHIL PROCTOR • RICK HURST • LARRAINE NEWMAN • HOWARD HESSEMAN • ROGER BOWEN • Music by LAMBERT & POTTER  
Written by MICHAEL MISLOVE and NEIL ISRAEL • Executive Producer: WOODPECKER MUSIC, INC. • Produced by JOE ROTH • Directed by BRAD SWIRNOFF and NEIL ISRAEL  
Distributed by WORLD WIDE FILMS

OPENING NATIONWIDE THIS SUMMER

**R RESTRICTED**  
Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

## Flashlight on Locksmiths



by Brittanica Dimwiddy

Where would the world be today without locksmiths? Out in the cold, probably. Chaos and criminality would break loose. Burglars would have a field day. People would live in constant fear for their possessions, even their lives. The word *security* would disappear from the English language.

Yes, the simple door lock and key are truly "keys" to our survival. Without them we are as helpless as an ant about to be crushed by a hiker's boot. And so the locksmith is more than just a common tradesman—he is a knight-protector, a guardian, the man who makes it possible for you to open your doors in freedom and close them in safety.

For as little as \$19.95 or as much as \$1,995, the locksmith can protect you and your family from any kind of danger. There are 1,001 different locks you can choose from, ranging from the old reliable Yales and Segals to the ultra-modern electronic security systems that set off alarms to spring your local police force into action.

Today's highly advanced locks pose a formidable challenge to even the most skilled burglar. No longer is it possible to "jimmy" or "johnny" a lock in thirty seconds with a hairpin. No longer is it possible to use a "skeleton key" to open any lock. Today's locks are so skillfully crafted that each one requires its own unique key!

But the locksmith never rests on his laurels. He is always working to create the perfect lock, the pickproof, crimeproof security guard. We now hear of experiments with tungsten alloys of incredibly high tensile strength. There are locks that can only open when a certain sound is uttered. There are locks that can be opened by remote control. (You can let someone into your home in Pittsburgh while you're vacationing in Rio!)

By the year 2000, we will surely have a world of total security and peace of mind, a world where your home will truly be your castle, and you can be sure that the locksmith will play an important role in making it happen.

(This article was taken from the brochure, "Locks, Not Luck," produced by the American Locksmiths Association.)

# A NEW ALBUM OF SUCH POWER AND BEAUTY IT AFFIRMS, ONCE AGAIN, WHY JOE COCKER HAS A SPECIAL PLACE IN AMERICAN MUSIC.

“Stingray” is Joe Cocker’s seventh and arguably his best album. Recorded in Jamaica with the aid of crack producer Rob Fraboni, and a tightly sprung soul band, “Stingray” moves with an understated forcefulness that simultaneously generates both moonlit loveliness and churning dramatic tension.

Cocker’s entire range of vocal expression—from his fragile whisper to his desperate scream—comes across with breathtaking urgency.

Joe Cocker has reached another artistic pinnacle with more than a little help from his friends.



**“STINGRAY”** The new album from **JOE COCKER**

**PROUDLY ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES**



# National Lampoon Sampler of Swaps, Trades, and Pretty Good Deals

- 1. Indians to Settlers:**  
Manhattan Island for \$24 worth of wampum and a great reduction in property taxes.
- 2. Seven Dwarfs to Snow White:**  
Room and board for cooking, cleaning, and something to whistle about while they work.
- 3. Faust to the Devil:**  
His soul for a varsity letter sweater.
- 4. General Grant to Richmond, Va.:**  
A rousing parade for a lot of pecan pie and a dip in the Atlantic Ocean.
- 5. A King to Any Takers:**  
His kingdom for Secretariat and Angel Cordero.
- 6. National Lampoon to One and All:**  
National Lampoon Funny Money and free goodies for a purchase of audio merchandise you were going to make anyway.

National Lampoon believes in good old-fashioned barter. So...we'll give you some Funny Money if (between June 14 and August 14) you purchase anything manufactured by:

ADC	Audio Techna	GTE Sylvania	Peavey	Sherwood
Akai	BIC	JBL	Pickering	Switchcraft
Altec	Claron	Jensen	Pioneer	TDK
Audio Magnetics	Dokorder	JVC	Sansui	TEAC
Audio Mobile	Empire	Memorex	Senheiser	Ultralinear
		Nikko		

Then, you trade us the Funny Money for some of our merchandise, like T-shirts, record albums, posters, special anthologies, and bound collectors' volumes—the things we've created to add even more fun to the dreary world.

Look for a Funny Money flyer in your audio dealer's window, and ask for a Whole Mirth Catalog (a good deal in itself) for complete details.

**National Lampoon Funny Money-swap and smile.**

**Capote Tells All:**

# Who's Who in New Non-novel



Capote with two of his major real life characters, Tennessee Williams and Amelia Earhart.

In a surprise move that will shock his jet set friends, stun his publisher, and exasperate his agent, Truman Capote changed his mind and has named all the real life people who are the models for the characters in his new novel, *Answered Prayers*. In an exclusive interview with *The National*, Capote said that he's tired of all the guessing games, gossip, and backbiting that has turned him into a "slab of quivering aspic."

Over a Pernod and celery tonic at Nathan's, Capote jotted down the names of his main characters and their real counterparts, as his small round hand trembled with tension and fear. Here is his list.

Character from the novel	Real life model
Dr. Ezra Bentsen	Dr. Ezra Bernstein
Jaime Sanchez	Carlos Sanchez
Mary Rhinelander	Helen Rhinelander
Billy Baldwin	Frank Lloyd Wright
George Whitelaw	Thomas Whiteside
Freddy Feo	Freddy Feoretti
George Schmidt	Harvey Schmidt
Hulga	Helga
Ivory Hunter	Tab Hunter
Lady Ina Coolbirth	Lady Inez Carlsberg
Gloria Vanderbilt	Kay Francis
Carol Saroyan	William Saroyan
Kate McCloud	Theresa Brewer
Delphine Austin	Diana Ross
Ann Hopkins	Linda Hopkins
Sidney Dillon	Douglas Dillon
P.B. Jones	Cleon Jones
Mr. Boatwright ("Boaty")	Nelson Lyon
Alice Lee Langman	Jayne Mansfield
Jean Cocteau	Maurice Chevalier
Denham (Denny) Fouts	Charley (Bird) Parker
Peter Watson	Paul Watson
Ned Rorem	Monti Rock
Mr. Wallace	Norman Mailer
Aces Nelson	Duke Ellington

Capote also felt that revealing the true names would make the novel more accessible to his readers "out in the Poconos and the Ozarks," people who would have difficulty figuring out who's who, especially with the minor characters. "I may have blown a few hundred sales with my jet set friends, but a few hundred thousand out there in the boondocks will more than make up for it," said Capote, as he disappeared under the table.

## Something big is coming.

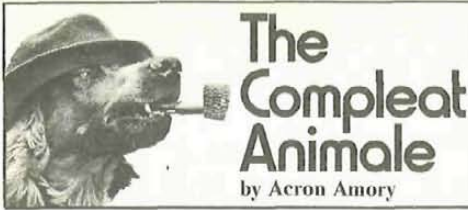


**Big Charlie Daniels and the Band are ready to blast their butt-busting rock and roll right into your little home.**

**Get a grip on the meanest and orneriest rock and roll music this side of a barroom brawl: "Saddle Tramp."**

**New from The Charlie Daniels Band. On Epic Records and Tapes.**





## The Compleat Animale

by Acron Amory

### Putting on the Dog

**Q.** My pedigreed Schnauzer is in heat, and is acting strangely. What should I do?

**A.** Like all shorthairs, the Schnauzer is temperamental and sensitive, and requires delicate handling. Therefore I suggest an evening of subdued entertainment: a gourmet meal of French or possibly Northern Italian cuisine, a dry wine, perhaps a chamber music concert afterwards. Nothing trying or heavy; avoid taking your dog to taxing theatrical performances or films. Afterwards, conversation by candlelight and one of the more delicate aperitifs or liqueurs should put both of you in a receptive mood—both physically and mentally—for the pleasures to follow. One final caveat: remember that, when making love with a Schnauzer in heat, timing is everything.

**Q.** Several years ago, my wife and I adopted a baby koala. We had both become quite attached to the creature, but lately my wife has begun to complain that the bear takes up too much space, and is commanding more of my attention than she. Now she insists that I decide between the koala and her. I love my wife, but . . . can you help?

**A.** On the face of it, the problem appears to have no acceptable solution: either the bear moves out, or your wife leaves you. But let me offer a third alternative. I believe you should move out of the house, and leave the koala and your wife where they are. Surely a compromise can be reached between the three of you. Perhaps six months with the koala, then six months with your wife. Or eight with the koala, and four with your wife—whatever you can agree on.

**Q.** My daughter wants to marry a zebra. Is this proper?

**A.** Not necessarily. However, if they love each other, I see no reason to condemn the match. No marriage is without its problems, but in this case I recommend your daughter consult with any of a number of experts on animal husbandry. They will be able to assist her should difficulties arise.

## Swine Flu Over The Cuckoo's Nest

by Judith H. Crist

"People with swine flu aren't sick," says director Milos Forman. "It's the rest of us, society, who is sick." Forman's hot new best bet for an Oscar will make a strong visual argument for this controversial statement.

The movie, slated to star either Jack Nicholson or Marlon Brando, depending upon who survives the reviews of *Missouri Breaks*, was written by Pete Plagiarist and Victor Filth, and is based loosely on a little something they picked up at Ken Kesey's garage sale.

Forman is engaged in a country-wide talent hunt for a Jerry Ford look-alike actress to portray Big Prez, a demonic character who eventually forces Jack Nicholson to be inoculated in spite of his strict Christian Scientist upbringing.

## Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Montreal, Canada — Yours truly has never understood why sports reporters are dispatched to cover the Olympic so-called games. What we have goin' on here is the usual slow-motion, nonviolent version of World War III. No one here is indulging in what you and I, gentle reader, would call a sport. At best, they perform exercises which might be considered *warm-ups* for sports . . . or suitable events for half time entertainment. Buncha Goddamn acrobats and ballet dancers, is all.

No football. No baseball. And so, naturally, the poor old U.S. of A. comes out looking bad in the standings, having very few able-bodied youngsters whose idea of an afternoon's athletics is jumping around in a bathing suit waving a ribbon in time to a scratchy Shostakovich record.

Water, which has never struck old Red as much of a drink, also fails to impress as a playing field. Take my word for it, watching a swimming race live is even more boring than watching it on television.

Naturally, the holier-than-thou squeaky-clean cytosocialist Olympic committee rejected the recommendation from this corner and others more august to install parimutual machines at all track events and post the odds, to add a little interest to the spectacle of a bunch of people trying to do what horses and machines were invented to do better, *viz.* run.

If there's no way to get sports back into the Olympics—and by sports I mean teams, a ball, physical contact, and some real money changing hands—this man's country had better leave 'em alone in future. All we get now is a black eye in the propaganda department and a collective national Charley horse.

And by the way, Montreal was a great choice of sites for the summer games. Where they gonna hold the winter games? Jamaica?

## FUNNY



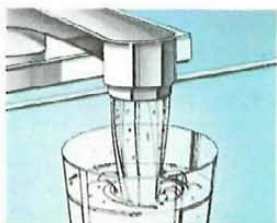
# Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.



# Tareyton improves.

## The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.



As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

## Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.



Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.



Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



## Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



**Tareyton is America's  
best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.**

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

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;  
100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.



## The Unknown Giant.

If we asked, "Who's the biggest manufacturer of blank audio recording tape in the world?," chances are you'd answer Scotch or Memorex or BASF. And you know what? You'd be wrong! It's a company you've probably never heard of. AudioMagnetics. Even if you haven't heard our name, though, you've probably bought some of our tape. AudioMagnetics sells more than 6 million miles of tape a year... under 118 different brand names in 70 different countries. That's a lot of reels, cartridges and cassettes, trivia fans. And all of it has one thing in common — uncommon value. Quite simply, AudioMagnetics makes better tape for the price than anyone else around. You'll find this value in the tapes we pack for leading audio and retail chains as well as tape we sell under our own brands such as Tracs, AudioMagnetics and XHE. In an industry where big does mean better, isn't it nice to know who the giant is?

# AudioMagnetics

World's largest producer of blank recording tape

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# FALLING NED EPISODE #5

OH GOD, THE BURNING OF THE DIGESTIVE ACID! THE PERISTALSIS OF THE STOMACH WALLS!



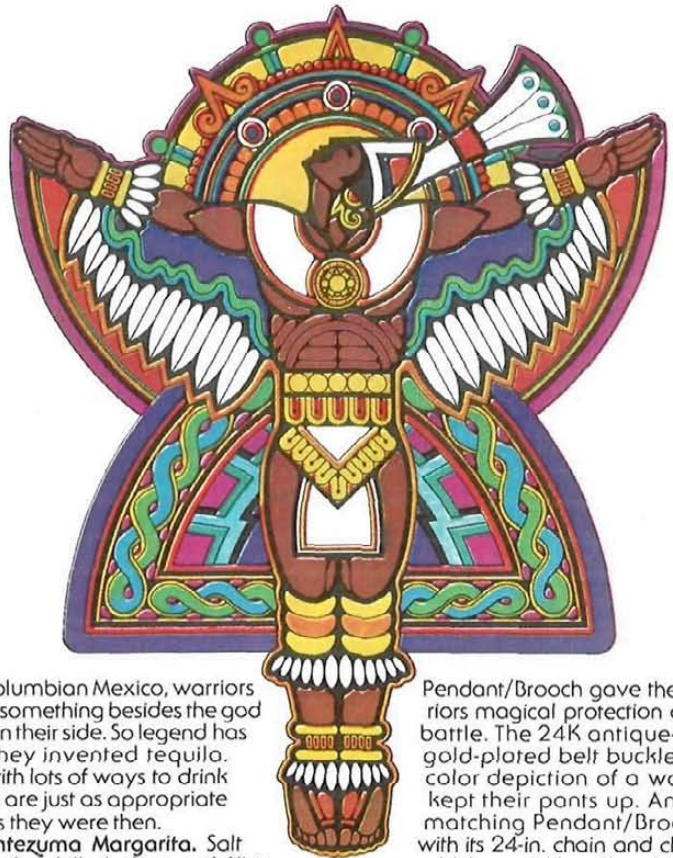
**FART**

WHAT IS DAT GREAT, UGLY, FARTING CONDOR DOING, FLYING UP IN DE SKY? AND WHY DOES IT REMIND ME OF POOR NED WHO JUMPED FROM MY MOUNTAIN ASHRAM?



NEXT: NED COMES THROUGH  
*Graham Wilson*

# HOW THE AZTEC WARRIORS KEPT UP THEIR SPIRITS.



In Pre-Columbian Mexico, warriors needed something besides the god of war on their side. So legend has it that they invented tequila. Along with lots of ways to drink it. Which are just as appropriate today as they were then.

**The Montezuma Margarita.** Salt the rim of a chilled glass and fill it with ice. Then pour in three parts Montezuma Tequila, the tequila proudly made in the tradition of the ancient Aztecs; two parts lemon or lime juice, and one part triple sec. You can keep up a lot of spirits with this one.

**The Horny Bull™ Cocktail.** Fill a glass with ice, pour in an ounce of Montezuma Tequila, and top it up with orange juice or a reasonable facsimile. Two, and you have no fear of anything at all.

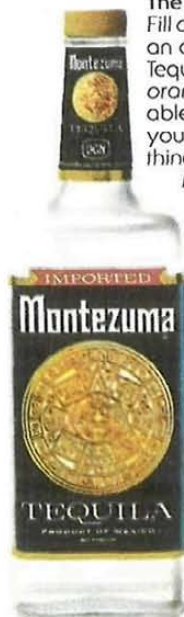
**Magic Aztec Jewelry.** The Aztec Warrior Belt Buckle and

Pendant/Brooch gave the warriors magical protection during battle. The 24K antique-finish gold-plated belt buckle, a 7-color depiction of a warrior, kept their pants up. And the matching Pendant/Brooch—with its 24-in. chain and clasp—could be quickly offered to the advancing conquistadores while a hasry retreat was being beaten.

Now you can get either piece for only \$4.95. Look for the special Montezuma display at your local store. Or fill in this coupon. And remember Montezuma Tequila wherever you go.

## Montezuma® TEQUILA

the noblest tequila of all.



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When ordering, please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer ends May 31, 1977. Offer void in any state where prohibited or restricted.

© 1976 80 Proof Tequila Imported and bottled by Barton Distillers Import Co., New York, N.Y.







At TEAC, our fundamental mandate for any new product is performance and reliability. First and finally. Qualities that are measurable in terms of mechanical stability and inherent design integrity.

These are essentials. Because our technological resources established the cassette deck as a true high fidelity component. So we demand that a new product possess that measure of TEAC quality.

And that's what distinguishes the A-170. Compare it with other inexpensive cassette decks with Dolby, please. Just call (800) 447-4700\* for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer. We think you'll agree it's a value you can rely on.

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

# A-170

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### how can you really afford anything less?

#### TEAC.

The leader. Always has been.

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TEAC Corporation of America/7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, Ca. 90640 ©TEAC 1975



# Facts

● John Gunset, eighteen, of Omaha, Nebraska, was stranded on Interstate 74 after his car had stalled.

Police said that Gunset issued a distress call on his citizen band radio. Shortly after, a driver answered the call. Stopping his car across the highway, he approached Gunset, pulled a knife, and robbed the beleaguered motorist of \$54. (B. Conniff)

● The Reverend William Victor Welch pleaded guilty to a charge of shoplifting phonograph records, and was fined \$200.

According to prosecutor William White, the minister used a collection box with secret compartments. One of the compartments accommodated long-playing albums, while another was just right for singles.

Welch says he got the idea while "puttering around in his garden shed." *The Las Vegas Review Journal* (R. Bevilacqua)

● Gibbon Hedley, forty-nine, of Teeside, England, a jilted husband who turned himself into a human bomb, has been jailed for five years for killing his wife's lover.

Hedley told the local court how he decided to kill Wilfred Rutherford after learning that he was having an affair with his wife, Sheila.

Hedley stuffed explosives under his coat, hung a battery detonator around his neck, and hunted down Rutherford. Then he pressed the button. Both men survived the explosion.

Hedley staggered toward Rutherford and battered him to death with the battery box. *The Pittsburgh Press* (D. Medic)

● A dead housefly, discovered in President Ford's suite in a Paris hotel, set the Secret Service on a top secret assassination alert. A thorough search of the room where the president was to meet with French leader Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, turned up the carcass of the dead insect.

Expressing concern that the bug might have been killed by poison gas, the Secret Service jettied the corpse to Washington for

an expert autopsy.

Government doctors concluded that the fly had died of natural causes. *The New Haven Advocate* (P. Lentini)

● Five women employees of the Kraft cheese factory in Liverpool, England, have brought suit against the management under a recent equal rights statute.

Women employees are forbidden to use a raised catwalk inside the plant, because management claims that men can look up their skirts as they take the shortcut between two departments. Since women can't make the trip between the two sections, the management holds that they cannot do the same work as men and therefore should not receive the same pay.

Kraft pays men \$84 per week, while women make \$60. The five women have expressed a willingness to wear slacks to work, thereby removing their underparts from direct observation on the catwalk. The court has reserved judgment. *The Toledo Blade* (B. Kovacs)

● A shopper in Missoula, Montana, walked into the pet department of the K-Mart department store and asked to see a canary. Told that there were no canaries in stock, he asked to see a parakeet. When the clerk brought out the parakeet, the shopper grabbed the bird from the startled attendant, bit its head off, and spit it out at a small boy standing nearby, beside his mother.

With blood still dripping from his mouth, the man then walked to the checkout counter, paid \$11.50 for the dead bird, and left the store, telling the manager that he didn't care to discuss the incident. *The Missoulian* (S. Christensen)

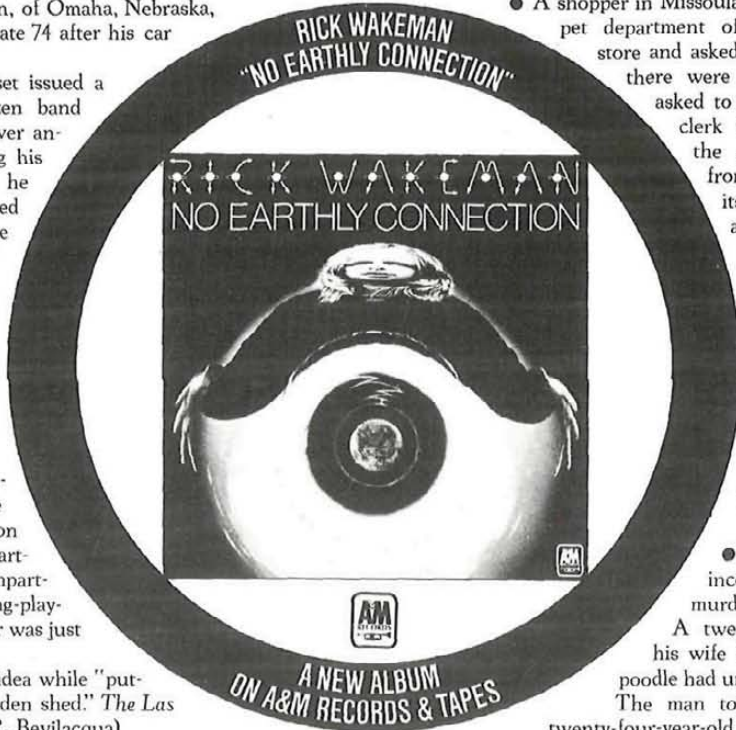
● Police revealed that a dog's incontinence led to a savage murder in Bonn, West Germany. A twenty-one-year-old man killed his wife in a fit of anger after their poodle had urinated on him.

The man told police that he and his twenty-four-year-old wife had visited some friends that evening, and returned home after they stopped for a drink in a tavern. He proceeded, as was his custom, to undress completely. As he sat watching television in the nude, his wife fell asleep. She was still fully clothed.

After the television station shut down for the night, the man put on some records and sat back to listen. At that time, the couple's six-month-old poodle jumped into his lap and urinated on him.

Infuriated, he began to hit the dog. His wife, awakened by the noise, reproached him for beating the animal, whereupon he choked her into unconsciousness, stabbed her, and cut her throat. He then donned swimming trunks and requested that neighbors call an ambulance and the police. *New York Post* (Whoever sent this in, please identify yourself. Our paper shredder cut your name into small pieces. There's ten dollars waiting for you.)

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



# A new high performance additive for your car

The all-new Jensen stereo speaker kits won't help your car go faster. Or run better. What they will do is maximize the performance of your radio or 8-track in a way you never thought possible.

## The next best thing to home speaker sound.

When our engineers designed these new Jensens, they incorporated all the things we know about making home speakers. That's why inside you'll find features like Flexair® woofer suspension and powerful Syntox-6® ceramic magnets. They combine to provide rich sound reproduction you won't find in any comparably priced car speaker.

## Another Jensen first—true coaxial car speakers in 4", 5 1/4" and 6" x 9" sizes.

Jensen is the only company that offers a true coaxial speaker in three compact sizes.

Sweeter™, our new space-saving solid state tweeter, is one of the reasons why. It allowed us to develop two revolutionary new models—the Jensen 4" and 5 1/4" coaxials. Together with our 6" x 9" model, they now make it possible for anyone to obtain home speaker sound quality in his car.

## Ask your local Jensen dealer for a demonstration.

You won't know what you're missing until you hear these new Jensen car speakers perform for you.

For a free catalog, write Jensen Sound Laboratories, 4310 Trans World Road, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.

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*"Black and Blue." The Rolling Stones*



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Cecile Therrier  
14 years  
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Jules Ross  
20 years  
Woodworker

Edward Ross  
17 years  
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At Bancroft, we're about the last company still hand-crafting our top quality rackets.

Together, the people you see here have 214 years of experience.

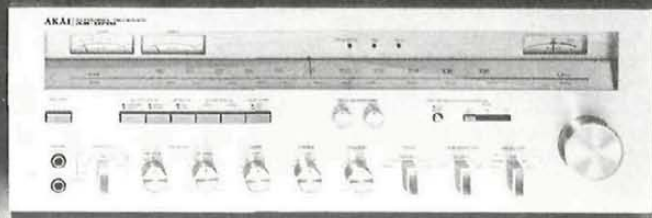
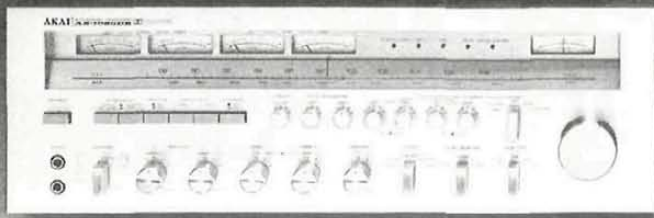
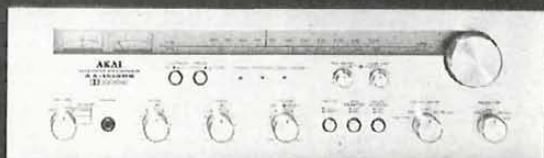
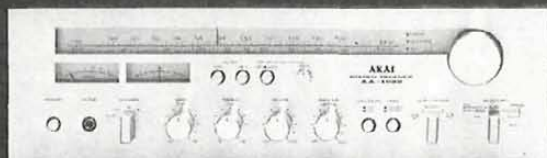
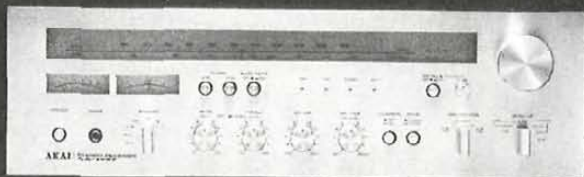
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They know the kind of top pros that make our rackets.

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If big cities, big taxes, and big labor are sending your operating costs right through the ceiling, here's six good reasons why South Carolina is just the right kind of place for you to do business.

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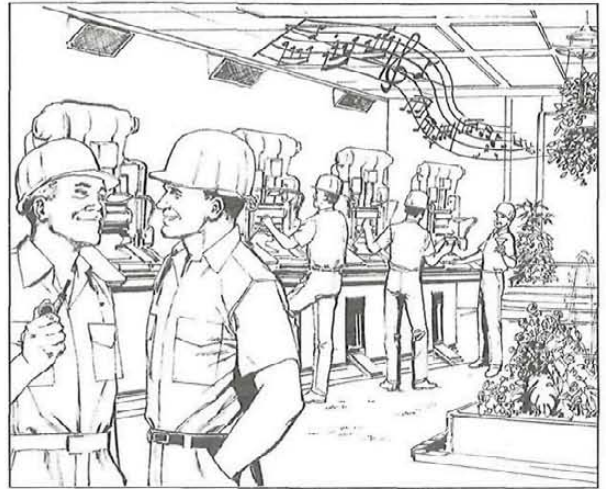
Many states force corporations to pay sky-high local taxes for schools. Not South Carolina. The third highest illiteracy rate in the nation proves that we mean what we say when we say low school taxes. It also means an endless supply of blue collar labor.

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South Carolina is America's leading textile



## Down South

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## South Carolina

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Surfer Stomp **Marketts**  
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Surf City **Jan & Dean**

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Balboa Blue **Marketts**  
Underwater **Frogmen**  
Muscle Beach Party **Frankie Avalon**  
Surfin' Safari **Beach Boys**

### Side 3

Sidewalk Surfin' **Jan & Dean**  
Surfin' Hootenanny **Al Casey**  
Let's Go Trippin' **Dick Dale & the Del-Tones**  
Surfin' Bird **Trashmen**  
Pipeline **Ventures**

### Side 4

Ride The Wild Surf **Jan & Dean**  
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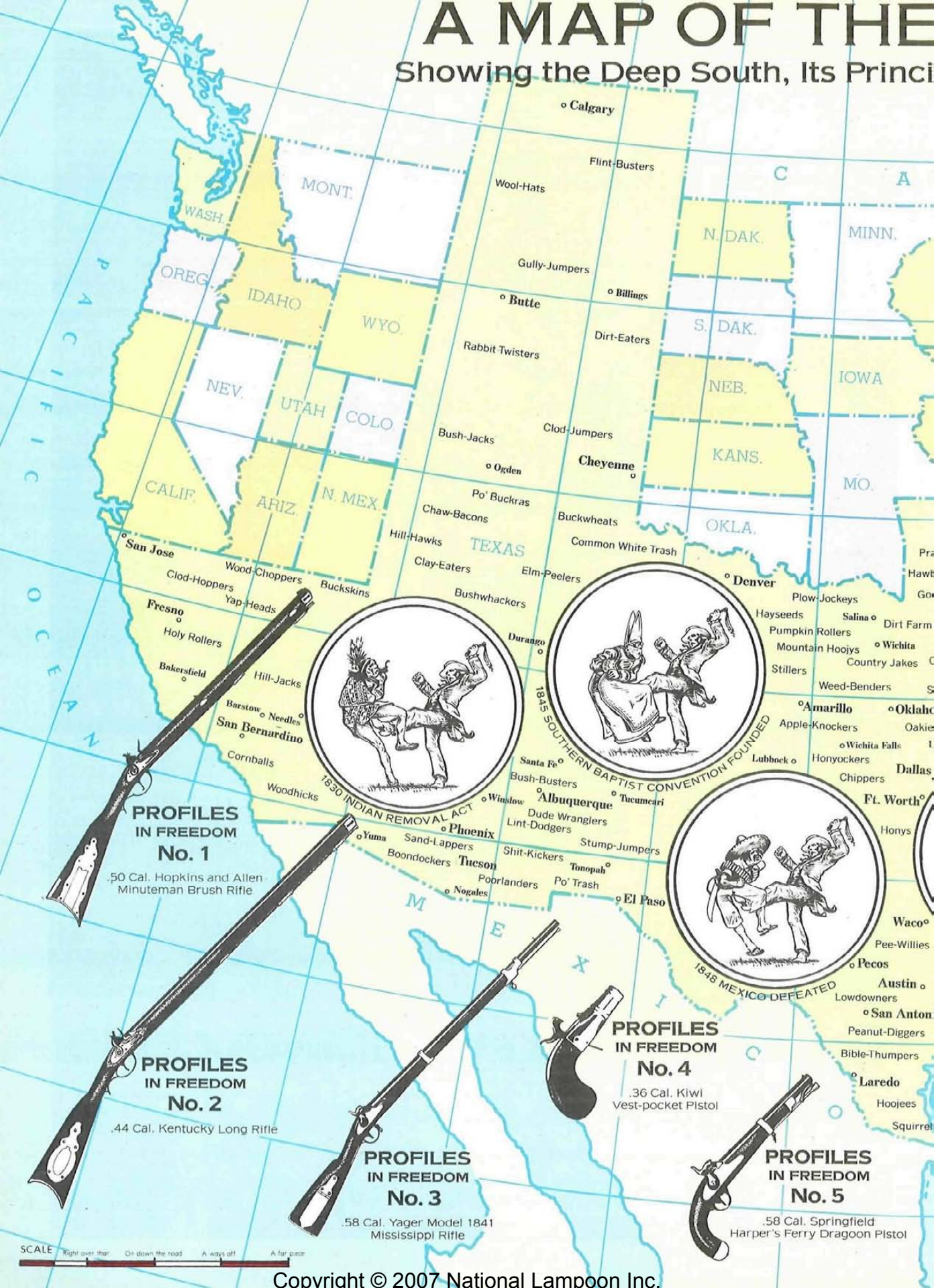
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## Showing the Deep South, Its Princ



**PROFILES  
IN FREEDOM  
No. 1**

.50 Cal. Hopkins and Allen  
Minuteman Brush Rifle

**PROFILES  
IN FREEDOM  
No. 2**

.44 Cal. Kentucky Long Rifle

**PROFILES  
IN FREEDOM  
No. 3**

.58 Cal. Yager Model 1841  
Mississippi Rifle

**PROFILES  
IN FREEDOM  
No. 4**

.36 Cal. Kiwi  
Vest-pocket Pistol

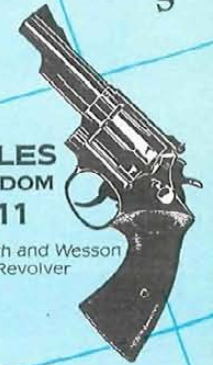
**PROFILES  
IN FREEDOM  
No. 5**

.58 Cal. Springfield  
Harper's Ferry Dragoon Pistol

SCALE Right over that On down the road A ways off A far piece

# UNITED STATES

Cities, Historical Events, and Peoples



**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 11**

.357 Magnum Smith and Wesson Snub-nosed Revolver



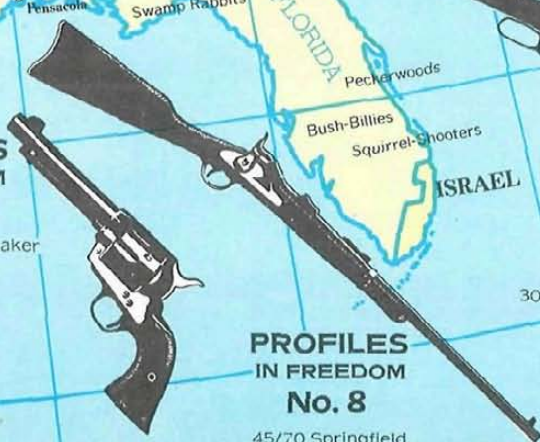
**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 10**

Model 1100 Remington 12-Gauge Sawed-off Automatic Shotgun



**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 9**

30/30 Winchester Model 94



**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 8**

45/70 Springfield Cavalry Carbine



**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 7**

.45 Cal. Colt Peacemaker

**PROFILES IN FREEDOM No. 6**

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Geography buffs will want to get a look at the Thirty-Fourth Parallel in sultry Saluda. (We've also got the Thirty-Third. And don't forget the Thirty-Fifth, which is just a short drive from the quaint old town of Industrial Lesslie.)

Geologists and reptile fanciers have a field day in South Carolina. There are **miles** of roadbeds made of pebbles that are **older** than Christ! And every ounce of asphalt paving was once part of a **gigantic dinosaur!**

Come to South Carolina this summer . . . you can take lots of color pictures.

**South Carolina**  
Europe was never like this.

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Address all inquiries to South Carolina.

---



# SCARLET LETTERS

A garland of prose and poetry  
upholding the genteel traditions and lineage  
of discriminating culture in the Old South...

*edited by*

R. BRUCE MOODY, M.A.

*"Yesterday is another day..."*

## EUDORA WELTY RONDO IN E SHARP MINOR

**W**e was all getting on fine together until Stella Rondo come back. (You should of seen the hat she was wearing.) She run off with Mr. Whitaker, which everybody knows he was sweet on me first, only Stella turned him against me: told him I had two eyes to the left of my nose, which is a lie. Now back she comes with a two-year-old girl child nobody ever heard about. Says the child's adopted.

So at table I say, "Why, but that child's the image of Papa Daddy, without the beard."

"Say what?" shrieked Papa Daddy. He was trying to butter his toast.

"Papa Daddy!" says Stella Rondo. "Sister says you look like a turd." Which I never, because he doesn't. Papa Daddy was trying to put the straw in his chocolate milk. "Why, I didn't say any such of a thing," I said. But Papa Daddy was that mad, he marched straight out onto the porch and tried to set down in the hammock. Stella Rondo's little girl blew lunch.

It would be the Fourth of July! Along down come Uncle Rondo, slumping this way and that. "Been poisoned," he said, but of course it was just he had drank up the shoe polish. He was wearing a yellow tutu and a pair of argyle socks.

I said, "Well, I think I better go on and start the tuna noodle pimento bake." Somebody had to. So Stella Rondo says, "Uncle

Rondo, Sister's saying you look like a fruitcake." I usually credit Uncle Rondo with the brains of the family, but this had to be the holiday. He sat there and played Marienbad and pick-up sticks with Mama, but he was against me, and later, for a joke like, he snuck into my room and shot me in the shoulder.

So I said, "Well, I have my pride and I know when people are against me," and I started to load the kitchen clock and all the rhubarb chutney into my little red wagon. Then I went and took the radio. My, but they were shitting bricks! But it was more mine than anybody's, I made most of the payments, and besides, no one else knew how to plug it in. "Wait a minute," says Uncle Rondo, "I'll lend you my army cot."

"Don't try to stop me," says I. "It's too late for that. You forget, I'm the postmistress of China Grove, Mississippi, and there's a good square foot behind the stamp machine I can move into down at the P.O."

So here I am, and I want the world to know I'm happy. Peace, that's what I like. Never mind if the town takes sides against me and stops buying stamps, weren't but two of them that could write anyway. I been here fifteen minutes and I swan, I never was so happy. They can come and beg me to come back. I'll just smile sweet as pie and tell them to blow it out their nose.

—BETH GLITCHEON

## TENNESSEE WILLIAMS IT IS EASTER SUNDAY AND I AM IN ST. CLOUD! A Passion Play

*This is the first known play ever written by the renowned dramatist. It was penned when he was age seven and presented at his elementary school assembly as the Easter play, by his own second grade class.*

**T**he set represents in nonrealistic fashion the interior of a swimming pool at the YMCA, city undetermined. The ceiling is low, and the walls are dark, as if streaked with mold, and cobwebbed. A huge double bed lies adrift in the middle of the pool upon which lies a young man of remarkable personal beauty, like a sacrifice on an altar. He is clad only in a puce, I believe is the name of the hue, loincloth of some diaphanous material, whose ends trail into the water several yards on each side. The actions of the play occur in the rainy season, and although there are no windows, there is a disconcerting sense of an atmosphere of perpetual dusk hanging over all. From the ceiling hangs a cross of tarnished gold, and, clutching on it, as if for very dear life, a mass of gore-red bougainvillea. Tied to the bed and clicking its mail-like shell at intervals is a large tortoise or armadillo.

Because of the practical impracticability of filling the Joel Chandler Harris Public School of Biloxi auditorium with water at this time, and because its chlorine would have a smarting influence upon the eyes of onlookers, the characters of the play will appear gently to drift about the stage in simulation of genteel aquatation. From the offstage wafts the frail lyric of a Sicilian organ-grinder, played either by the Sicilian or his monkey, as the case may be.

Into this setting, a beat or two after the curtain rises, floats a female figure garbed in the raiments of no known age, by which is meant age historical or chronological. She wears a large picture hat with a light but impenetrable veil, shoulder length pale yellow gloves, and a long lavender sash. There was a bird on her hat, but it flew, and on her bosom a brooch of the Pleiades, but they went out.

CAMILLE

So this is Moon Lake. My stars!

[ All too briefly, the Pleiades on her narrow bosom light up and then sadly grow extinct.]

Well, I am Marguerite Gautier of glorious memory and hill, Camille, so how could you possible wonder? Yes. [ She looks at the figure drifting on the iron bedstead, himself adrift on seas and bayous of stained lace.] Young man! Young man! What is your name? [ The

young man does not answer, but continues to drift and dream. However, at an appropriate moment, a sign is borne on the stage by a black-clad figure out of the Kabuki which reads: Orpheus.]

CAMILLE

Orpheus! Orpheus! That's a noble name, and of my twenty-seven gentleman callers which I had, and when I say had I do mean to make it clear that I had them, in one lifetime, oh, lifetimes ago, not one or at least not very many of them had the divine and poetical name of Orpheus until this moment. Come here.

[ The bedstead remains in relatively the same position, anchored it may be by the armadillo, scorpion, or giant land crab from the dense fern-forest jungles which surround equatorial communities and the often run-down hotels which are their single and sometimes, I may say, singular attractions.]

CAMILLE

Well you may wonder, those of you not entirely devoid of that noble and nowadays rare capacity, what I, Marguerite Gautier, the Lady of the Camellias, am doing vegetating in this most remote and unaristocratic of ports of call. Looking for Easter eggs. It's like a plot, do ya know what I mean?—a plot. Not a plot of ground such as you might find in a bone orchard or as ten thousand acres of the finest bottom land this side the Valley Nile, nor do I mean the plot of a play, of which this vessel of dramaturgical art is, I am happy to say, entirely devoid. But a destiny. For I have been as rich as the Valley Nile, and now have just come from long constraint in the bone orchard, as I do each year at this time, to search at Easter for eggs, I, Marguerite Gautier, artist and star! In real life my name is Mildred Duncock and I am six-and-a-half years old, in certain lights, but these are not the lights. Young man! Youth! [ He does not stir.] So it's a destiny...cursed, like Sisyphus, I wander from the grave and come jukin' down here to hunt them, those eggs of Easter. Young man—oh, won't someone, some stranger, proffer that kindness upon which I have always relied, upon that and upon my flask of Larkspur Lotion, the ingredient specifications upon whose



pint bottle container I always think of as the zip code of Buddha... no? Yes!

[ Enter the Rose—the first of three no-neck monsters—carrying a large painted Easter egg.]

ROSE

I am the Rose.

CAMILLE

So you are. What is that you're carrying, young person?

ROSE

It is a egg.

CAMILLE

Heavens be praised! Is it for me?

ROSE

Sure.

CAMILLE

Why, this is not a real egg! This is a Fabergé original, and I'll take it, let go, but only, you understand, for monetary considerations. It does me no good, none at all, I declare, but material possessions are a comfort in a time of stress, are they not, and I will not refuse your kind gift, good-bye.

[Exit Rose.]

CAMILLE

[ Looking at the egg ] Paradoxical the artificiality and affectation that are possible in this winter of cities in this day and age, but, someone...please...have the goodness and generosity of heart to appear with real eggs, real ones, so that I can return to my oubliette, tomb, so that I can die and go on dying...

[ Enter Jonquil, bearing an egg.]

JONQUIL

I am the Jonquil.

CAMILLE

Who would have known? I'll take what you've got and anything else besides.

[ Jonquil hands her the egg.]

CAMILLE

Chocolate! I said *not* chocolate! Strawberry! Strawberry! But

strawberry or chocolate, it's all one. Not a true egg. Not a proper egg. Not the real thing! Phony! Fraudulent! And bad for my complexion, white as cream in the August shade. [ Hands the egg back.]

[ Jonquil stuffs the egg into her mouth.]

CAMILLE

God love us, chew, chile, chew your food. Masticate! The good Lord gave us teeth as an aid and abetment to our digestions, not to display the barbaric wonders of our nature before folks. Who's next? [ Exit Jonquil.]

[ Enter Myrtle, carrying an ostrich egg, or egg of the tortoises of the Far Tortugas.]

MYRTLE

I am Myrtle.

CAMILLE

Mercy me!

[ Well she might cry, for Myrtle, floundering in the pool, cannot swim, goes under, descends seven times and on the seventh, drowns. She is born out by a Kabuki dancer in a T-shirt.]

CAMILLE

Well, that's it! Three chances is all you get on the crap table of life. So I go back again, putrifying for another three hundred and sixty-five. But wait! Just one moment! That young man over there, asleep like a lily on a Chinese lagoon. A paddle boat with the nomenclature of Desire propels me towards an appointment with destiny. [ She is at the bed.] You, young gentleman of Orphic appellation, though you are silent as the grave from which for so many years I have ascended, perhaps you...you...asleep, or half-asleep—can it be?—in your beautiful dream have not, not quite yet, been torn apart by ferocious nereids? [ As she speaks she gently, slowly lifts the green loincloth which surrounds his smooth and ineffable thighs.]

ORPHEUS

Eeeeeek!

[He sits bolt upright, clutching the loincloth to his breast and singing out in the high piping seven-year-old voice of the total castrator.]

ORPHEUS

Why, I haven't any either. Miss Alma!

[ Blackout. Pyrotechnical display. Curtain.]

—JO DUFF

## ALLEN TATE DEAD CONFEDERATE ODE

Row after row with strict ontology  
The headstones yield their impervious symbols  
Smothered with significance of no consequence  
That hound bitch, mummy, or sophomore may unravel.  
Pile up, casual significance!  
Assure us that death is serious,  
That stinking acres of rebel bodies or verse  
Will either stay dead, or not,  
But who's to tell?  
The subject of this ode keeps me pissed—  
An essential ingredient of being Southern.  
Fly with me in my verdurous obscurity,  
My virile impotence!

See, see the strophes  
Flying, plunge, and expire

Though Kentucky heat is not ferocious,  
The darkies complained about the wages.  
Shame. Too much chicken causes cancer,  
And the Confederate dollar can't be

Devaluated any further.  
Would we have our incestuous bones picked clean?  
Who's to bother? Who's to care?  
Poor Audie Murphy's gone, like Quantrill  
(Though the circumstances were quite different),  
And who's to gallop across Shiloh, Bull Run, Antietam  
On strips of celluloid? We lost.  
And now even this heavy ambitious strophe  
Forces me to close it.

Heave ho, strophe  
Out you go

Turn your eyes to this epode  
Which makes the form correct.  
Like long, lean skeletons  
With a Southern drawl,  
We talk a lot, but make so little sense.  
Yet it sounds so charmin', y'all.

—CHARLES DEFANTI

WILLIAM FAULKNER  
LIKE I LAY DYING

-KLORA-

So I threw out rancid eggs and baked them yesterday, overtaking this odor. We depend a lot on our chickens, which are good layers, what few we have left after the possums and Negroes. But after they were going to cost so much more, Mr. Sully thought, and after I promised that the difference is the number of eggs which would make it up, I had to be less careful, him callin me a "jew" and all. We could have stocked cheaper hens, but I gave my promise to Sully, who himself admits that a good breed of cows or chickens is time better spent rather than ridding a field of rodents which can't be used in stews or traded for molasses.

-DRULE-

Under the quilt she makes no more a hump than a molding floorboard would, and the only way to tell she's breathing is by imagination. Don't know why she's spending noon watching Cass's building outside when she should be passing on, like a normal dyin' "ma." But Cass better get them box measurements right for her this time 'cause now he knows you don't get by with a tight fit like you can with galoshes when you're placing someone in soil. True, Cass?

-KLORA-

"She ought to taken some bowls of egg when she saw or gave you her word," Kate says. The Lord can see into the heart, 'specially when someone promises to buy and mash a rotten dozen but won't.

It will soon go to ugly smell.

Sweltering as it is, the quilt is drawn up to her loin and we can hear him outside every time he takes up the hammer, coughing and cussing from smashing fingers 'stead of the bolts. We could hear his banging and crying even if we were deaf. Not if we were dead.

Smellin' like sacks of manure and pickled hocks.

-ARSE-

If it's the Lord's will that she pass on it's not my place to question his decree because I can't stand firm facing a blue sky talkin' questions to the Lord. Friends would notice I was talkin' to myself there.

-MA-

Fools tell what I owed my children and to Arse and God, but I didn't have sufficient to go around. I did not even ask either one what he would give me in return. That was my duty not to ask. I gave Arse children. I did not ask for them. I did not even ask him how many there were. My father said getting ready to stay dead is

like getting ready to lay with colored. I knew at least what he meant and that he could not have known because unless there are certain strange trials, a man cannot know anything about giving birth.

-ABBIE-

Pa said she'd catch her death from the fever. It warmed the house when the stove burned out and we didn't have to shovel coal into ma. The heat just came. My poor ma was makin' supper one time from food she pulled out of the outside ground where the edibles grow into the air from the earth or toward more dark. Below our feet in the field near a fence is where Ben's pup's gone 'cause the poison snake was put below, but it didn't grow. Ma's gettin cold and ready to visit Ben's pup.

-MA-

Bein' passed on is not what the Rev. Fleuk thinks he knows.

-ABBIE-

Smellin' like days of heat on meat outside or cream soured natural. I can't know any time of things felt since ma became tired, then sick, then dead. Before she'd be mad and look away if she didn't want to talk. Now she just looks at me like skunk cabbage after days.

-MA-

When the water bubbled up and away and the sun slanting quiet in the trees, when it was worst after the last one had left with his dirty little snuffling nose, I would go down the hill to the spring where I could be quiet and hate their insides and that seemed to be the only way I could get ready to stay dead. Arse asked me if I have aloneness. He was after aloneness to wed.

"No, I have people in Lincoln."

His mouth fell a little and recovered. Then more.

"Well, I got property, I'm lefthanded. I got a good name with several syllables. I know how town folks are and I'll talk with yours..."

But it wouldn't have been simple. "They might listen," I said, "but they don't much answer." He was watching my face. "They're in the cemetery, plain, buried and make a habit not to discuss."

-ARSE-

I stoop in the sultry room among them. In her face the blood left in simple, molded waves and she is greenish looking, the thick, pale, cheap green of chipping paint along a rented cottage.

- MITCH MARKOWITZ

THOMAS WOLFE  
LOOK HOMEWARD, SCRUMPTIOUS

Eliza stood on the porch in the twittering morning greenlight. Gene knew exactly what she was going to say before she said it:—

"You best be off and fetch the Dr. Pepper, son, for Mr. Gant's breakfast." And thus it was, and thus it was each and every morning from thence stretching back to the maw and abyss of primordial time, this ritual, this moment, seven-fifteen with the aubade wrens chuckling and speaking. Why, already he could see the dim light playing over the dusty shelves of Bascom's Grocery, two tick-toek minutes across the street and back. Each and every morning he would go, and each and every morning come back, back, the memory of Bascom's cracked linoleum, like a map of all Asia, piercing his being and breaking his heart. He knew he must go, and he knew, as inevitably and irretrievably as he knew the paper boy would turn from Main Street to deliver *The Altamont Horn*, that he would return, and soon, soon, the can clutched in his hand.

"Now don't stand there just daydreaming, boy. Git," said Eliza, and he looked at her, so small in the doorway, her hands clasped

together, the pale skin drawn over her skull in a taut mask of resignation and melancholy. A mother's eyes implored him, eyes full of the fierce horror of all her years so empty and cruel. All at once a rapture of compassion and loss arose within him like a tide he could not hold back, as he stood watching her fret and chafe in the daily agony of farewell. Her mouth was puckered in an attempt at coyness, a trait she had long ago relinquished, and he vaulted over the porch and in one fluid movement swept her thin frame into his arms, touched to his very soul by her unthinking tenderness. Something within her had spoken, something that was beyond his understanding, that was in her and in all of them beneath the fierce pride and the mockery, the hard Gant exterior, there, at their very essence and center.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" he cried, and fell weeping at her knees to beg forgiveness for all the unbearable loss she had endured and must go on enduring each and every morning with this, his terrible leave-taking. He wanted the mothering earth to open up and swallow him as an offering to the heartrending tragedy that was their lives, and

continued on page

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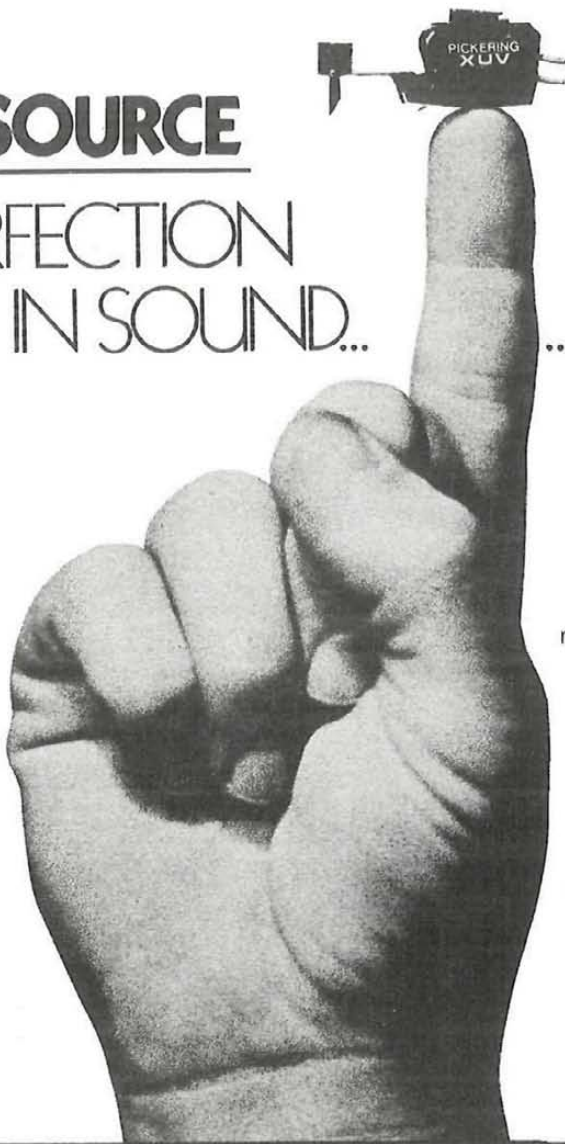
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# THE SOURCE

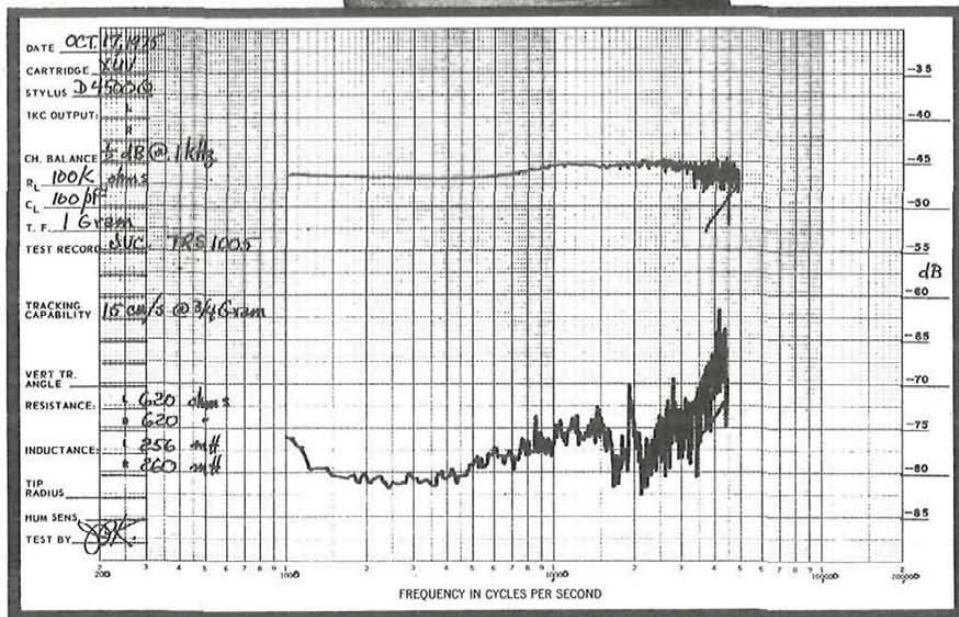
## OF PERFECTION IN SOUND...



...tracks at one gram (or less)  
in stereo and discrete

Pickering's engineers pursued the idea of a totally new departure in cartridge design with all the zeal of true crusaders. They had a reason . . . there was a demand for a pickup to play both stereo and discrete (as well as SQ and QS) with *total and absolute precision* at one gram. That they succeeded is a remarkable achievement because this cartridge successfully tracks all types of records at forces even lighter than one gram. It is a real *first* to do it this accurately.

The XUV/4500-Q features Pickering's patented Quadrahedral<sup>®</sup> stylus assembly. The Quadrahedral stylus assembly incorporates those features that produce extended *traceAbility*<sup>™</sup> for 4-channel as well as stereo. This means that it possesses not only superior performance in low frequency tracking, but also in high frequency *tracing ability*. When combined with the exclusive Quadrahedron<sup>™</sup> stylus tip, a brand new shape, it can truly be called: "the *Source* of perfection in Sound", whether the playback requirement is stereo, SQ, QS, or discrete 4-channel.



### a typical curve of the XUV/4500-Q

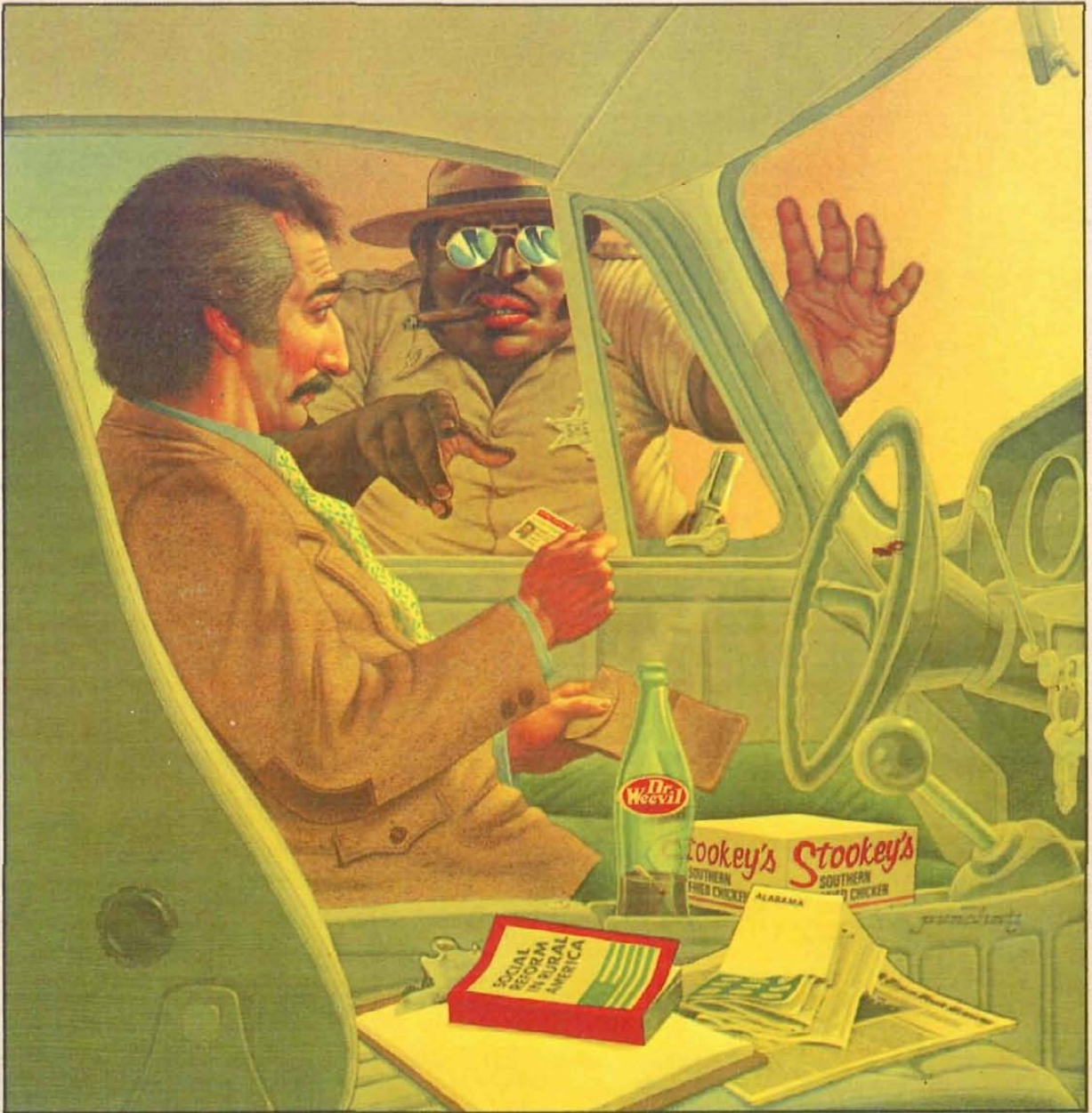
Shown at left is a printout graph from Pickering's testing apparatus. The top line is a frequency response curve (note that it starts at 1,000 cycles for the sake of simplicity). It depicts the unusually flat frequency response throughout the spectrum. The bottom line, which also starts at 1,000 cycles, shows the separation characteristics of this new cartridge.

Believe us, you have never seen one quite like this because Pickering's exclusive new design development also makes it superior to other cartridges in the playback of stereo records, as well as discrete.

The specifications are so exciting that we hope you will write to Pickering and Company, Inc., Dept. NL, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainville, New York 11803 for further information.

**PICKERING**  
 "for those who can hear the difference"

# Portraits of the New South



DON IVAN PUNCHATZ  
"Sheriff Leon Jackson, Fayette County, Georgia," 1974  
*Tempera on wood, 7" x 7"*  
Collection of the artist



PAGE WOOD

"Lynching, Byhalia, Mississippi,  
One Week After the Supreme Court Ruled that the Death Penalty,  
as Usually Enforced, Was a Violation of the Eighth Amendment," 1972  
*Airbrush on illustration board, 8" x 8"*

Collection of the Marshall County Historical Society



JULIAN ALLEN

"Abbie Hoffman, Guest Appearance on the WDIX-TV  
'This Afternoon' Show, Charleston, South Carolina," 1973

*Acrylic on canvas, 12' x 12'*

Collection of the Charleston First Federal Highgate  
Shopping Plaza Drive-In Branch Bank Gallery



WAYNE McLOUGHLIN  
"Sharecropper Family and their Landlord," 1975  
*Watercolor on paper, 8" x 8"*  
Collection of the Little Rock Museum of Modern Art





MELINDA BORDELON  
"George Wallace Relaxing at Home," 1976  
*Oil on oaktag, 14" x 15"*  
Collection of Mrs. Cornelia Wallace



**NIKKO**  
**Makes it Happen.**

What everyone is talking about.



The Nikko 9095 stereo receiver.

**Teco Electronics—All Stores**

- Hi-fidelity House Philadelphia All Stores
- Cal Hi Fi
  - 2461 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley
  - 2298 Fillmore St., San Francisco
  - 3581 Stevens Creek Blvd., Santa Clara
  - 521 E. 5th St., San Mateo
  - 620 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hills
  - 962 Blossom Hill Rd., San Jose

- Sun Stereo
  - 2929 Arden Way, Sacramento
  - 1549 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz
  - 207 "G" St., Davis
  - 6239 Pacific Ave., Stockton

- West Coast Stereo
  - 18050 Hesperian Blvd., San Lorenzo
  - 1855 Willow Pass Rd., Concord

**Cal Stereo**

- 2355 Torrance Blvd., Torrance
- 17419 Bellflower Blvd., Bellflower
- 12323 Harbor Blvd., Garden Grove
- 11720 W. Pico, Los Angeles
- 1199 "E" St., San Bernardino
- 21418 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
- 420 N. Azusa Ave., West Covina

**Churchill Audio Centers—All Stores**

- Tech Hi Fi—All Stores
- Hi Fi Fo Fun
  - 2436 Middle Country Rd., Centreach, N.Y.

**Franklin Lakes Stores**

- 792 Franklin Ave., Franklin Lake, New Jersey

**Ridgewood Stereo**

- 260 E. Ridgewood Ave., Ridgewood, New Jersey

**Custom Music**

- 979 Pleasant Valley Way, W. Orange, New Jersey

these girls from the

# CAT HOUSE

ON

# 18 WHEELS



**DIESEL DOREEN (D.D.)** ~ TRUCK DRIVIN' MADAM HAULIN' A LOAD FULL OF HOLES.



**BRIDGETTE** ~ CHANGE YOUR LUCK WITH A RIDE ON "BLACK BEAUTY."



**PEARLY MAE** ~ THE COWBOY'S QUEEN. SHE PUT THE "CUNT" IN CUNTRY-WESTERN.

THIS MONTH:

## "COMMIES: THE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM"



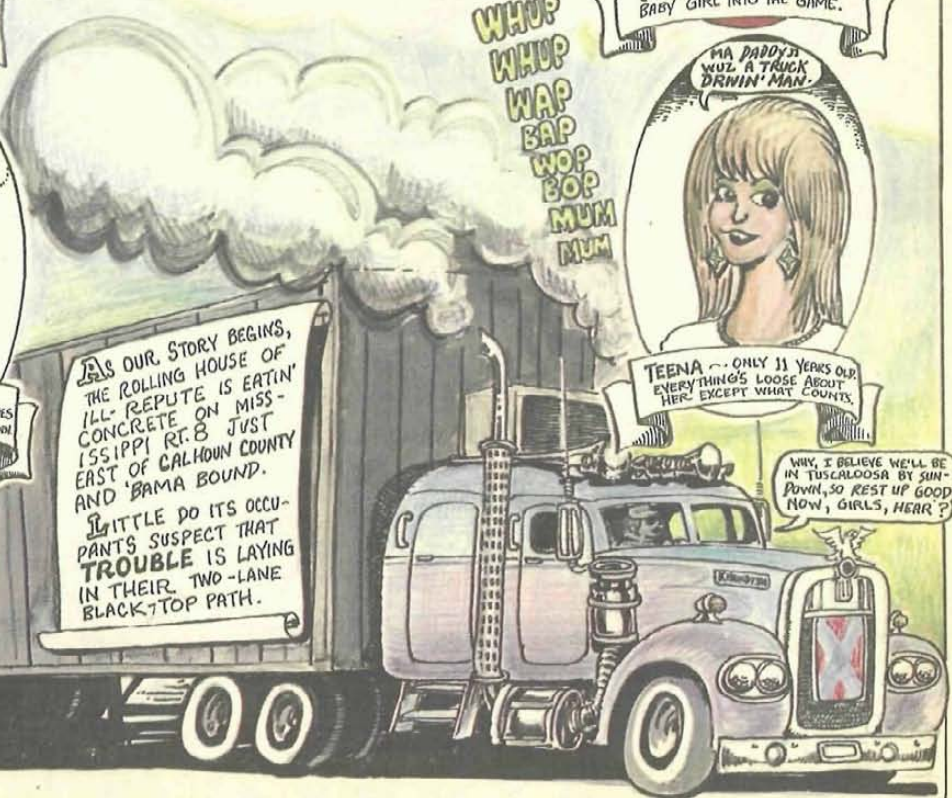
**LAURA SUE** ~ ONE HENRY MOM JUST BREAKING HER OWN BABY GIRL INTO THE GAME.



**FLOSS** ~ TRASHED-OUT PILL & PUSSY PUSHER. WHEN SHE GOES DOWN, SHE GOES ALL THE WAY DOWN.



**TEENA** ~ ONLY 11 YEARS OLD EVERYTHING'S LOOSE ABOUT HER EXCEPT WHAT COUNTS.



AS OUR STORY BEGINS, THE ROLLING HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE IS EATIN' CONCRETE ON MISSISSIPPI RT. 8 JUST EAST OF CALHOUN COUNTY AND 'BAMA BOUND.

LITTLE DO ITS OCCUPANTS SUSPECT THAT TROUBLE IS LAYING IN THEIR TWO-LANE BLACK-TOP PATH.

WHUP  
WHUP  
WAP  
BAP  
WOP  
BOP  
MUM  
MUM

WHY I BELIEVE WE'LL BE IN TUSCALOOSA BY SUN-DAWN, SO REST UP GOOD NOW, GIRLS, HEAR?!

D.D.'S GOT THE HAMMER DOWN AND SHE'S FILLING THE AIR WAVES WITH HER TOPLESS STOPLESS C.B. TALK SHOW... (IT MAY BE X-RATED BUT IT'S A-PPRECIATED!)

BUT D.D.'S INTERRUPTED BY SOMEBODY WITH MORE THAN HAIR PIE ON HIS MIND...

BREAKER BREAKER BROKEN... THIS HERE'S FEELS ON WHEELS MOUNTAIN AT YA ON THAT NINETEEN CHANNEL... ANYBODY OUT THERE GOT EARS?... COME ON... HOW 'BOUT THOSE WEARY GEARIES?... CAN YA COPY?... MERCY SAKES, GOOD BUDDIES, YOU LOOKIN' TO LRY SOME PIPE TONITE, COME ON?... OUR TWENTIES GONNA BE BACK BEHIND THAT DIXIE DOG CHEW AN' CHOKE... MILE TWO-ON-NINER ON THAT EIGHTY-TWO ROAD... COME BACK ONE TIME... GOT A SPECIAL ON THIS EVENING... GOT THAT FREE CUP OF HUNDRED MILE COFFEE WITH EVERY LOAD OF CREAM FOR BIG OL' LAURA SUE... MERCY SAKES, HOW SHE CAN SHAKE... DOES IT UP DOWN ALL AROUND AN' IF YA STILL WANT MORE THAT'S A BIG TEN-FOUR... SEVEN THIRDS AN' EIGHTY-EIGHTS TO YA SO POINT YER HEAD TO THE SKY AN' YER ASS TO THE GROUND AN' FEELIE WEEELIE'LL CAIKH YA IF YER TUSCALOOSA BOUND...



NINETEEN BREAK !... HOW 'BOUT THAT FEELIE WEEELIE ? I GOT YER FRONT DOOR 'N THERE'S A MESS O' GIANT BUGS UP HERE!..

GIANT BUGS!? WHOO WEE,NINE TEEN BREAK, YOU BEEN ON THEM WEST COAST TURN-AROUNDS TOO LONG!

MUM MUM MUMMMMM

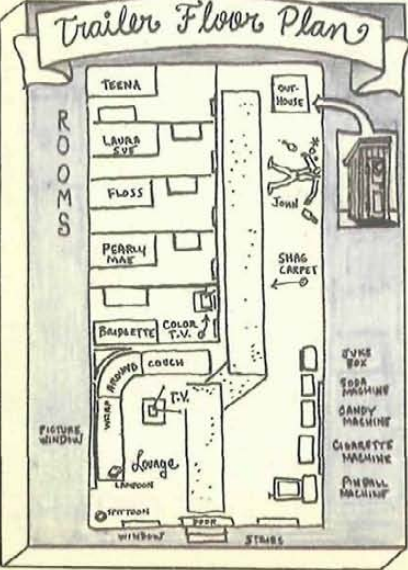


D.D. THROWS OUT THE ANCHOR AND BRINGS HER RIG AND ITS RESIDENTS TO A SUDDEN STOP!



WHAT TH'...

WHOA THERE, BIG FELLA, TAKE IT EASY!



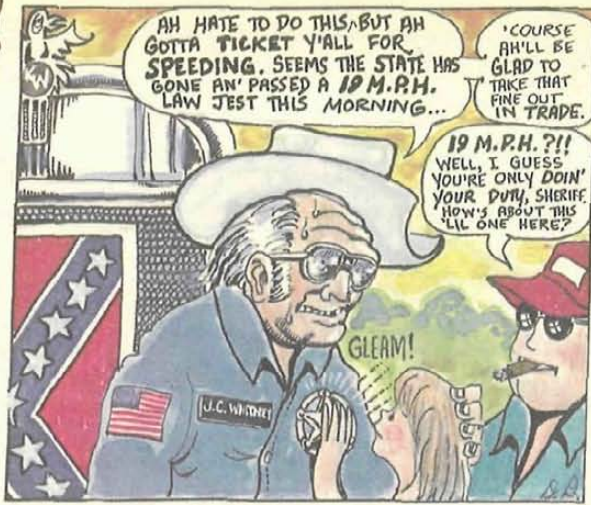


BACK ON THE ROAD AGAIN...



UH-OH... BUBBLE GUM MACHINE HIT THE JACK, POT.

WHEEEOOP!  
WOOP WOOP!  
WHEEEEE!



AH HATE TO DO THIS, BUT AH GOTTA TICKET Y'ALL FOR SPEEDING. SEEMS THE STATE HAS GONE AN' PASSED A 19 M.P.H. LAW JEST THIS MORNING...

'COURSE AH'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THAT FINE OUT IN TRADE.

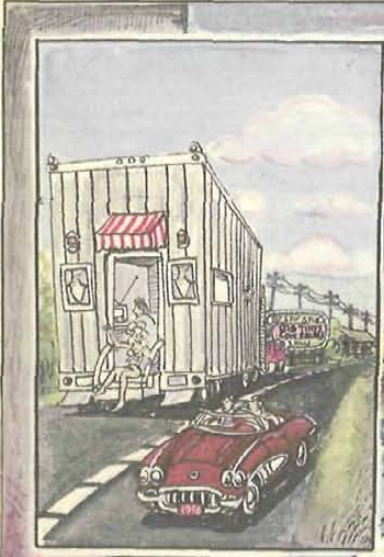
19 M.P.H.?! WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE ONLY DOIN' YOUR DUTY, SHERIFF. HOW'S ABOUT THIS 'LIL ONE HERE?

GLEAM!



OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED, OLD ENOUGH TO BUTCHER'S WHAT AH SAY, MISS P.D.

SHE'S RIGHT AS A FIST AN' A WHOLE LOT MORE COMFORTABLE, SHERIFF!



WHAT THE HELL YOU BOYS DOIN' STANDIN' 'ROUND OUT HERE LIKE A PACK OF FOOLS?!

DEY GOT DAT NINETEEN MILE AN' HOUR SPEEDIN' LIMIT IN DESP PARTS AN' AH SHORE CAN'T MAKE NO MONEY NO HOW NO WAY WIT A CRAZY-ASS LAW LIKE DAT...

GIANT BOLL WEVIL BUSTED THE WINDSHIELD OUTA MAH JIMMY...

THEN A MAN FROM THE STATE WENT AN' TOOK MAH GUN AN' AH SURE AINT DRVIN' 'ROUND WITHOUT NO GUN!

IT'S THEM NEW SEAT BELT LAWS. THEM SEAT BELTS DON'T HALF FIT 'ROUND MY COTTON-PICKIN' BEER GUT!

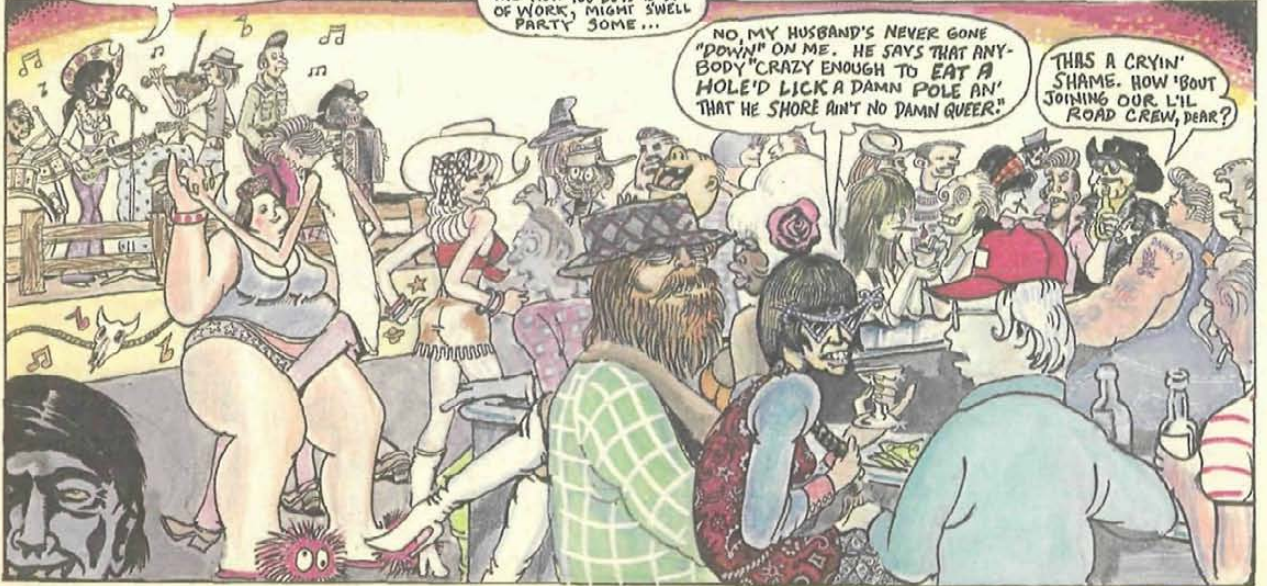
TROOPER SAID MAH RIG WAS TOO LOUD! SAID AH HAD TO SHUT HER DOWN!

IT'S ALMOST DAWN AN' THE COPS'RE GONE LES GIT DIXIE FRIED!

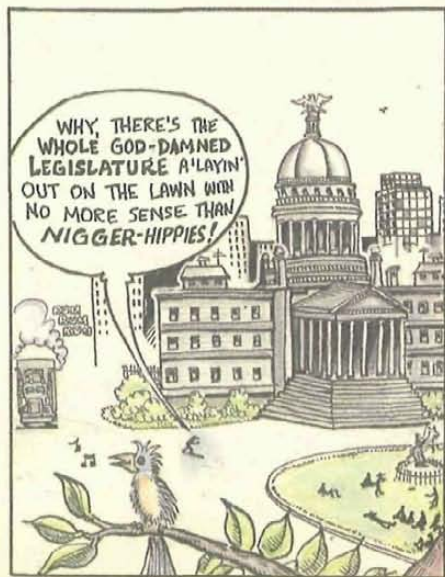
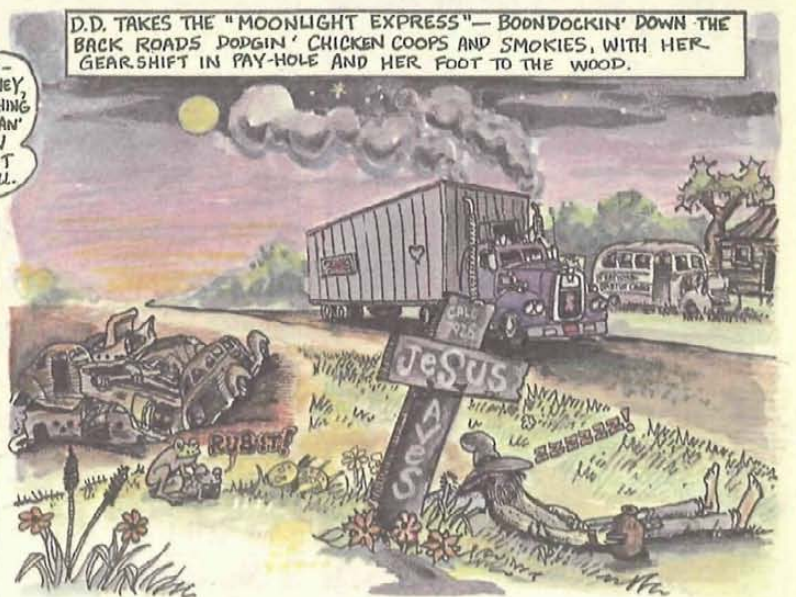
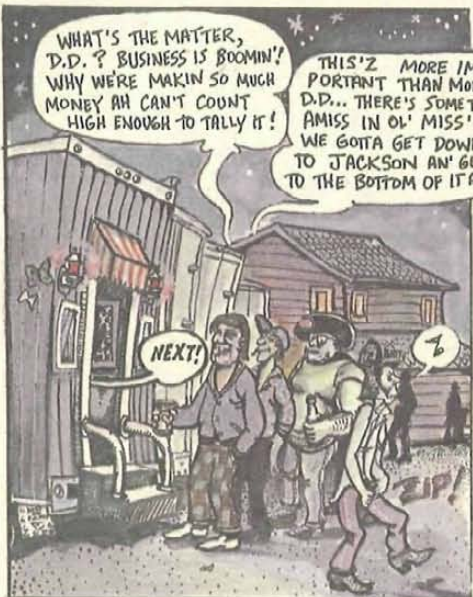
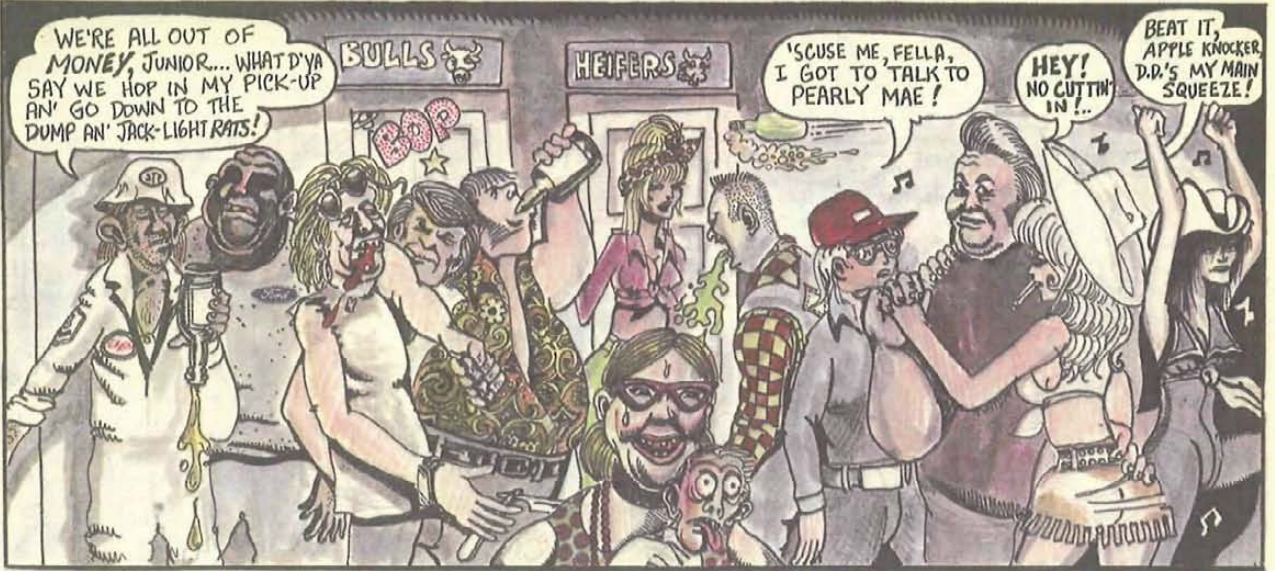
WELL I MEANT TO GET TO TUSCALOOSA BUT SEEING HOW YOU BOYS IS OUT OF WORK, MIGHT SWELL PARTY SOME...

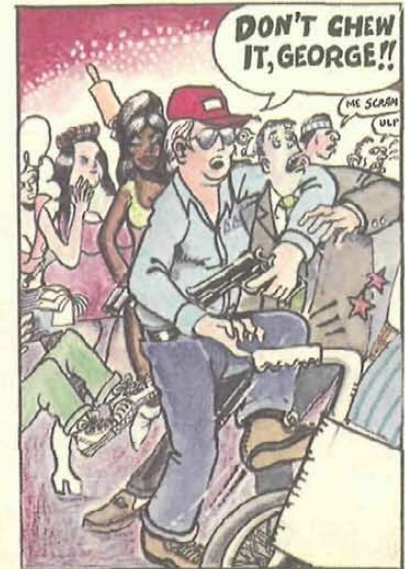
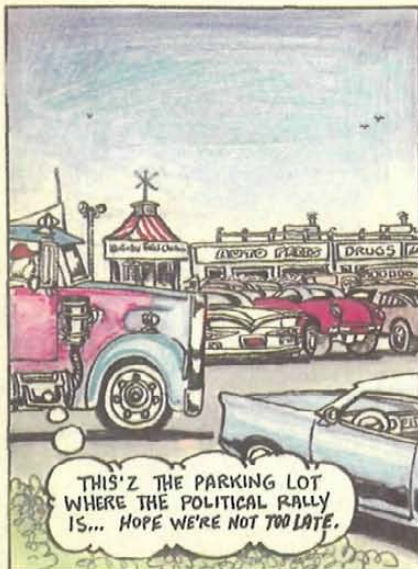
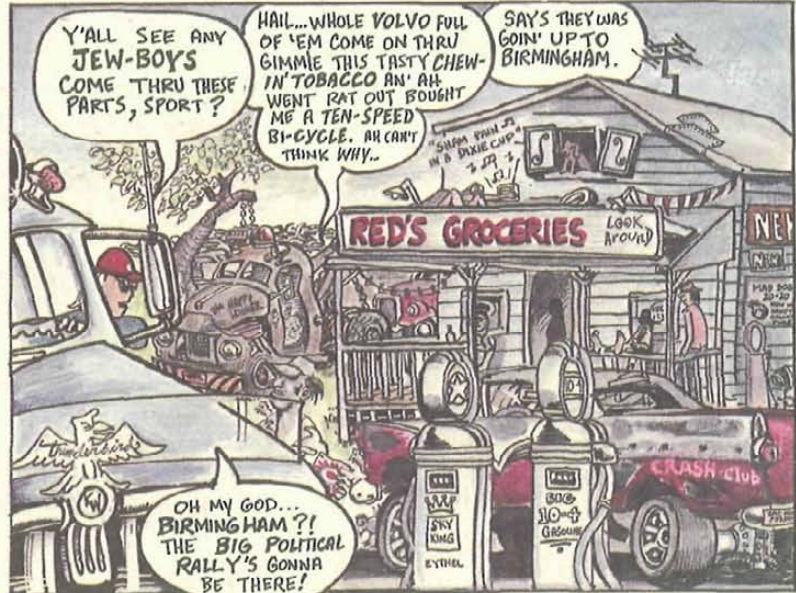
NO, MY HUSBAND'S NEVER GONE "DOWN" ON ME. HE SAYS THAT ANYBODY "CRAZY ENOUGH TO EAT A HOLE'D LICK A DAMN POLE AN' THAT HE SHORE AINT NO DAMN QUEER."

THIS A CRYIN' SHAME. HOW 'BOUT JOINING OUR 'LIL ROAD CREW, DEAR?



WAY LATER...

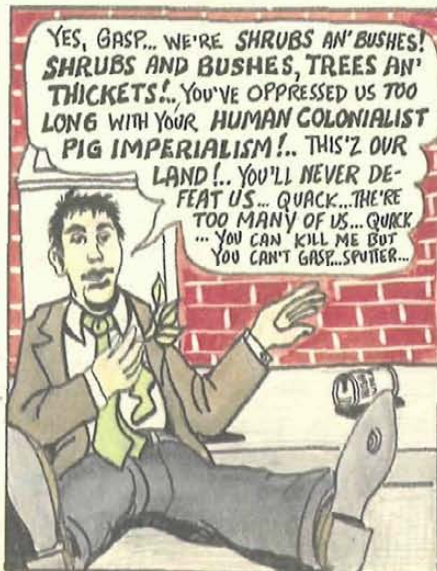








SHE-IT! A BUSH MAN!!



THERE, THERE, EVERYTHINGS GONNA BE O.K. (GULP) I THINK...

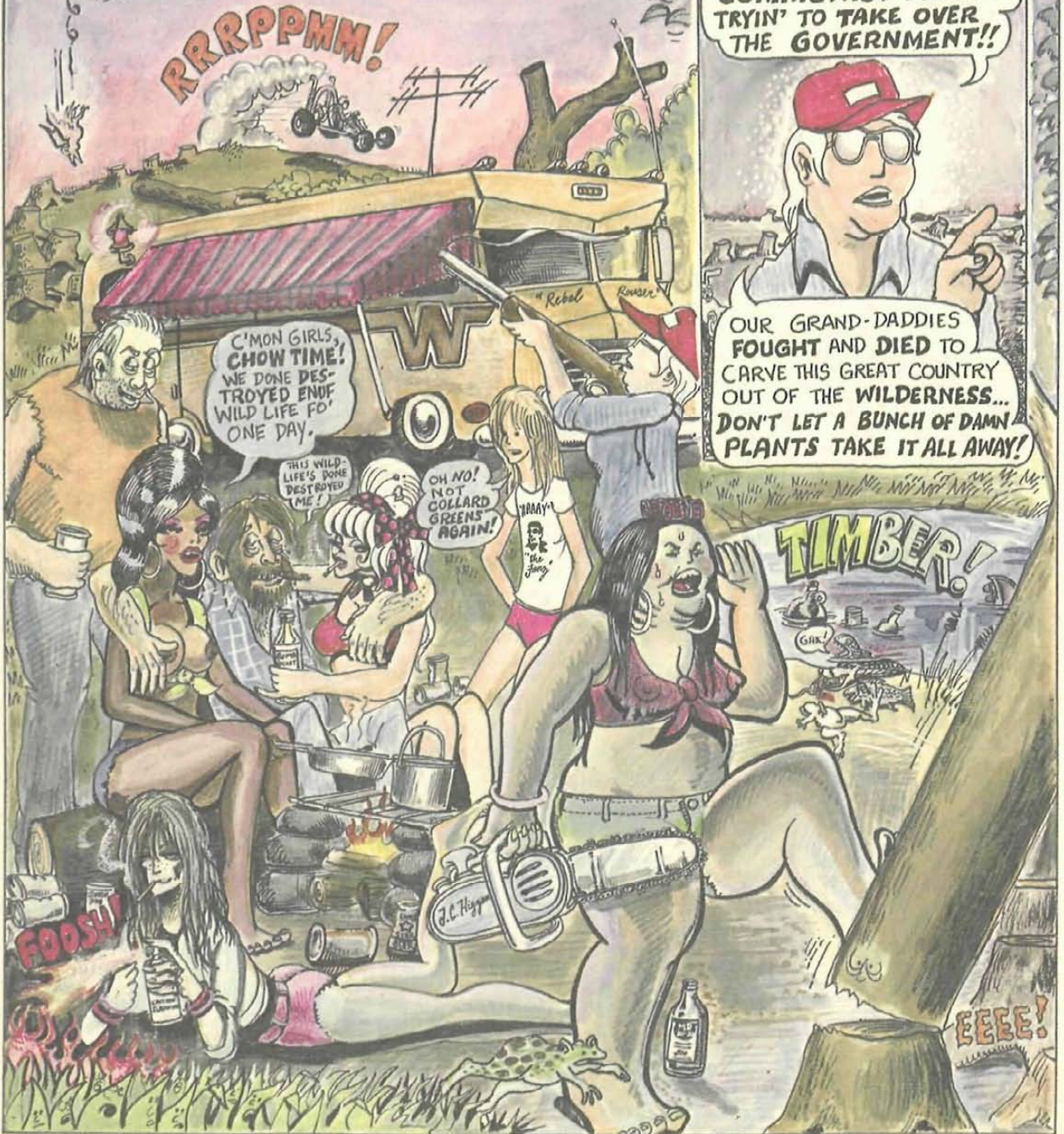
WHOLE U.S. FULLA ARMED SHRUB-BERRY. NOW WHAT THE FUCK WE GONNA DO??



# GO CAMPING!!!

REMEMBER, DON'T BE  
FOOLED BY ECOLOGY,  
ENVIRONMENTALISM,  
OR ANY OF THE REST OF  
THAT CRAP!.. IT'S NOTHING  
BUT A COVER-UP FOR  
**COMMUNIST WILDLIFE**  
TRYIN' TO TAKE OVER  
THE GOVERNMENT!!

OUR GRAND-DADDIES  
FOUGHT AND DIED TO  
CARVE THIS GREAT COUNTRY  
OUT OF THE WILDERNESS...  
DON'T LET A BUNCH OF DAMN  
PLANTS TAKE IT ALL AWAY!



ENDSVILLE.

Favorite jokes #1  
of the  
**-SOUTHLAND-**



BY J. MICHAEL LEONARD

FRAGMENT OF THE  
ORAL HISTORY OF  
TEMPURA COUNTY,  
TENNESSEE, or,  
**“HIYA,  
CYRUS”**





KODAK SAFETY FILM

KODAK SAFETY FILM

KODAK TRI X

KODAK TRI X PAN FILM

photographed by Arky & Barrett

(The following is a transcript of the first and last in a series of tape recordings made by Stephen Baumgarten, of the Department of Domestic Anthropology at the University of Indiana, as part of a doctoral thesis entitled, "Socioeconomic and Tribal Patterns in the Behavioral Modes of Rural Population Units." Having studied Baumgarten's research itinerary, his thesis supervisor suggests that the following interview may have taken place last April 7, in or near the county seat of Tempura County, New Kyoto. Baumgarten himself has disappeared.)

**BAUMGARTEN:**

This is the voice of Stephen Baumgarten, doctoral candidate at the University of Indiana at Bloomington. For the purposes of setting this research material in its proper context, I will now describe where I am sitting and whom I am seated with. I am sitting on a four-legged stool, the top of which is fashioned from a single two-inch thick crosscut maple section, into which the hand hewn legs have been mitered, and known locally as a *scrapshat buskis*, or sitting-stool. I am surrounded by the four plain walls of a one-room dwelling upon which hang the detritus of a depressed yet resilient American subculture, ranging from a yellowed tintype of William Jennings Bryan to a World War II issue trenching tool, which has been ingeniously adapted for use as a spatula. Sitting with me are five individuals representative of traditional Tempura County social structures, one of them a Negro.

**NATE:**

Thass' me...

**UNIDENTIFIED:**

Shut up, Nate...

**NATE:**

O.K., O.K., O.K....

**BAUMGARTEN:**

The assembled are in order of quasi-tribal heirarchy. Judge Emmett T. Brasenose, who has ridden circuit in Tempura County for the past forty-seven years. Reverend Proverbs E. Jackson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Doom. Rufus Lung, unemployed, and self-appointed chronicler of county history. Widow Fitch, who ekes out a precarious living as a quilt-maker, and, er...Nate. Hello.

**VOICES:**

(Unintelligible for 7.3 seconds)

**BAUMGARTEN:**

As we discussed prior to recording, a grant from the University has made it possible for me to offer you all a small stipend for your participation.

**BRASENOSE:**

How much?

**BAUMGARTEN:**

It isn't much, but shall we say, ten dollars an hour?

**BRASENOSE:**

Speakin' for us all, that won't be necessary.

**NATE:**

Hold on, I wan (?) that (unintelligible for 4.2 seconds) I wan (?)...

**JACKSON:**

You shut up, Nate. We don't need no ten dollars an hour. Nor fifty, either.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Outside of the manifestly typical aspects of this region, one of the things I'm curious about is the derivation of the name Tempura County. Tempura, as you are probably unaware, is a form of Oriental cookery, in which...

**NATE:**

I 'member back in the old time, was when Mr. Roosevelt was president, me and my old daddy, setting up in the kitchen, dog came through the kitchen, knock that table right on down...

**FITCH:**

Now, you shut up, Nate. You shut your noise. Gentleman don't want to hear about no dog. He want (to) hear about the frogs.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

The frogs.

**FITCH:**

See these boots? They're frog. Every boot here is frog.

(All agree)

**BAUMGARTEN:**

You mean these shoes are actually crafted from the skin of frogs? That's...

**FITCH:**

Not frogs. One frog. And this skirt. And the tablecloth there. And them drapes.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

I'm not sure I follow.

**FITCH:**

Tempura County frog. Stand mebbe

six, seven foot tall, some of them...

(General agreement)

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Oh, I see I'm the victim of a local joke here. That's very funny.

**BRASENOSE:**

Ain't no joke, mister.

**FITCH:**

Best not let Cyrus hear you talkin' thet way.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Cyrus...

**BRASENOSE:**

Ain't nothin' wrong with a six-foot frog. My daughter's married to one. Smart, too. Got an I.Q. of 180. Good provider...tolerable cook...

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Er...that brings me back to my original question, concerning the name Tempura County...

**FITCH:**

That ain't no mystery. What tempura is is you take deveined shrimp, or certain kinds of fish, or coarsely chopped vegetables, dredge 'em in a light batter, and fry 'em in deep fat or sesame oil. Then you eat 'em with soy sauce.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

I understand that, but it's a Japanese dish. Where did you learn it?

**FITCH:**

From the Japanese.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

In Japan?

**FITCH:**

No. Right on over the hill there. In Haiku Hollow.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Wait, wait, wait. There are Japanese in Tempura County?

**BRASENOSE:**

Not no more there ain't. They was only here in the war. Seven battalions of 'em. Came right after Pearl Harbor. Dropped in by Cyrus. Man, that was a shame what happened to them Japs.

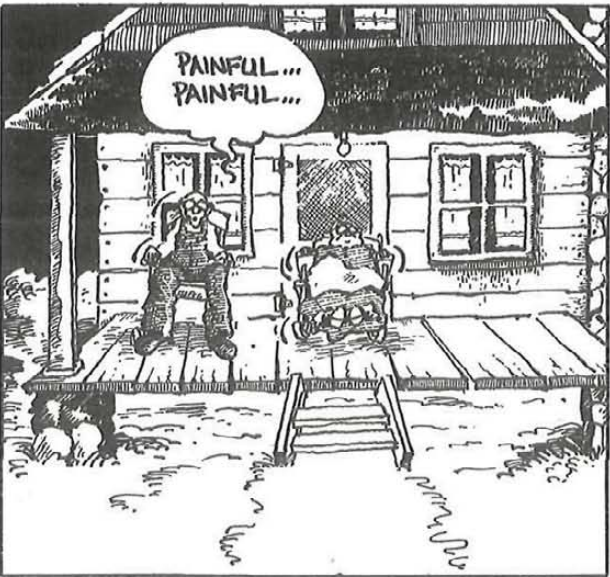
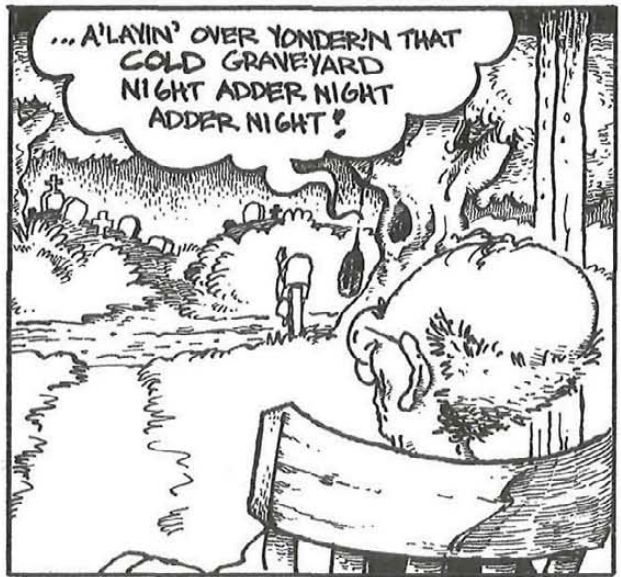
**NATE:**

Yup, I was out that night huntin' coons, with my old dog, old dog spots a coon — this was back when Mr. Roosevelt was president — jumps up on the cordwood and brings down the whole dang pile. What a racket...

(Several urge Nate to shut up)

continued on page 69

# FAVORITE JOKES OF THE SOUTH LAND #69



'76 - J. MICHAEL LEONARD

# Blueprint for Flat Frequency Response

In the graph below, frequency response was measured using the CBS 100 Test Record, which sweeps from 20-20,000 Hz. The vertical tracking force was set at one gram. Nominal system capacitance was calibrated to be 300 picofarads and the standard 47K ohm resistance was maintained throughout testing. The upper curves represent the frequency response of the right (red) and left (green) channels. The distance between the upper and lower curves represents separation between the channels in decibels. The inset oscilloscope photo exhibits the cartridge's response to a recorded 1000 Hz square wave indicating its resonant and transient response.

Smooth, flat response from 20-20,000 Hz is the most distinct advantage of Empire's new stereo cartridge, the 2000Z.

The extreme accuracy of its reproduction allows you the luxury of fine-tuning your audio system exactly the way you want it. With the 2000Z, you can exaggerate highs, accentuate lows or leave it flat. You can make your own adjustments without being tied to the dips and peaks characteristic of most other cartridges.

For a great many people, this alone is reason for owning the Z. However, we engineered this cartridge to give you more. And it does. Tight channel balance, wide separation, low tracking force and excellent tracking ability combine to give you total performance.

See for yourself in the specifications below, then go to your audio dealer for a demonstration you won't soon forget.

The Empire 2000Z.

Already your system sounds better.

Frequency Response—20 to 20KHz  $\pm$  1 db using CBS 100 test record  
Recommended Tracking Force— $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1  $\frac{1}{4}$  grams  
(specification given using 1 gram VTF)

Separation—20 db 20 Hz to 500 Hz  
30 db 500 Hz to 15K Hz  
25 db 15K Hz to 20K Hz

I.M. Distortion—(RCA 12-5-105) less than .08% 2KHz to 20KHz @ 3.54 cm/sec

Stylus—0.2 x 0.7 mil diamond

Effective Tip Mass—0.2 mg

Compliance—lateral  $30 \times 10^{-6}$  cm/dyne  
vertical  $30 \times 10^{-6}$  cm/dyne

Tracking Ability—0.9 grams for 38 cm per sec @ 1000 Hz  
0.8 grams for 30 cm per sec @ 400 Hz

Channel Balance—within  $\frac{3}{4}$  db @ 1 kHz

Tracking Angle—20°

Recommended Load—47 K Ohms

Nominal Total System Capacitance required 300 pF

Output—3mv @ 3.5 cm per sec using CBS 100 test record

D.C. Resistance—1100 Ohms

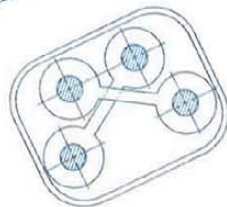
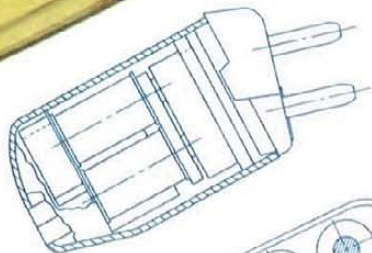
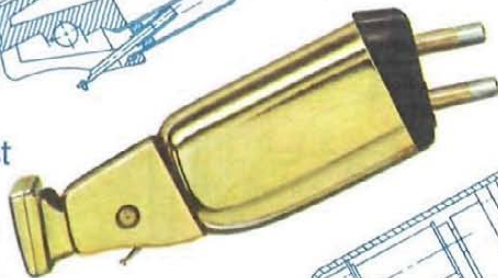
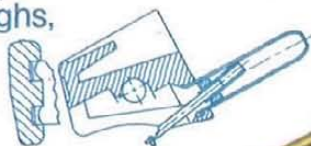
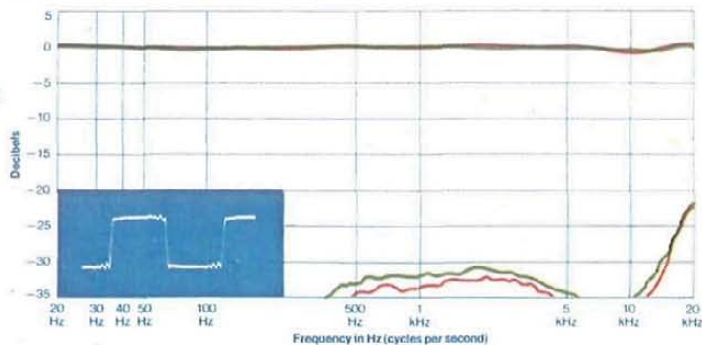
Inductance—675 mH

Number and Type of Poles—16 Laminations in a 4 pole configuration

Number of Coils—4 (1 pair/channel—hum cancelling)

Number of Magnets—3 positioned to eliminate microphonics

Type of Cartridge—Fully shielded, moving iron





## "Hiya, Cyrus"

continued from page 66

### BAUMGARTEN:

Please. It's possible I'm misunderstanding, but you seem to be suggesting that there were several thousand Japanese troops here during World War II, and that's why it's called Tempura County?

### FITCH:

Ain't always bin Tempura County. Afore the war it was Soufflé County.

### BAUMGARTEN:

Hold on...perhaps we can backtrack a little, and start again, for my benefit.

*(General agreement)*

Thank you. Now, each one of your rural counties down here, however remote from the national mainstream, seems to have produced figures of more than local significance, who to some extent capitalize on their roots and conversely tell us much about the locales from which they sprang. A Mac Davis, a Junior Johnson, whatever. Has Tempura County any... well...local heroes?

### BRASENOSE:

Oh, sure. Plenty fellows from hereabouts went out and made good. Like...er...Harold Macmillan.

### BAUMGARTEN:

Harold Macmillan? Does he play something?

### BRASENOSE:

Well, he used to tinker 'round on the piano, some. But that ain't how he made his mark. After leaving here, he had a brilliant career at Oxford University, rose rapidly through the ranks of the British Conservative Party, eventually succeeding Anthony Eden as Prime Minister of England.

### JACKSON:

Then there was Avery Brundage...

### FITCH:

Nikolai Gogol...

### BRASENOSE:

And Krishna Menon...and then there was Escoffier.

### BAUMGARTEN:

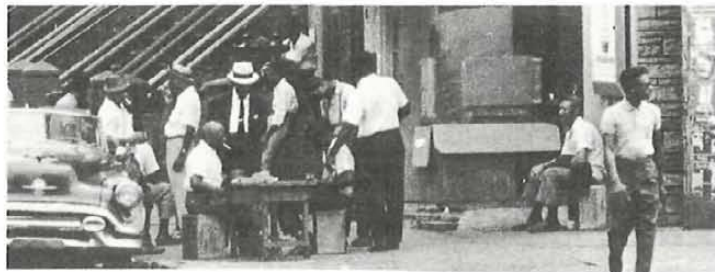
Please, I...

### FITCH:

That's why it used to be called Soufflé County. He was born over Sashimi way back in 1847. Way Cyrus tells it, he had to get him out of here during the Civil War. Guns

continued on page 104

# SAVE THE NEGROES



## BOYCOTT NORTHERN BIG CITY PRODUCTS & CORPORATIONS

Seldom in our lives do we get the opportunity to take an action that can affect the survival of a fellow creature. We have that opportunity now, and we must act on it immediately if we want to save the American Negro from final extinction. A boycott of products from Boston, New York, Detroit, and other Northern cities is the only way left to save these gentle creatures. We must show Northerners that the world will not tolerate the endangerment of a species simply for short-term economic gain.

### HOW ARE NEGROES KILLED?

These highly intelligent and gentle mammals are being relentlessly slaughtered by man's most modern and efficient social system—the American economy. Substandard housing, rat bites, lead-based paint chips, narcotic drugs, criminal syndicates, and agitator-inspired riots are being used to wipe out the American Negro. Methods that often lead to a slow and painful death.

### WHY ARE NEGROES BEING KILLED?

Primarily for short-term profit! Negroes are being killed as a result of their value as tenants, addicts, and low-grade consumers, and because cruel live trapping of Negroes in urban slums provides a source of cheap labor for Northern menial-job industries. Yet it isn't necessary to kill Negroes for these purposes. Humane Negro-substitutes already exist for all these uses—in the form of Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Filipinos, and recent Italian immigrants. How can we condone the killing off of the wild American Negro when this extinction could so easily be avoided?

### WHY A BOYCOTT?

The only way to fight this problem is economically! We have found that many well-known Northern companies are tied to the Negro slum through huge real estate holdings, and many products from the North are made with cheap, Negro-killing labor. We believe that if enough pressure is put on these corporations, they will realize that it isn't worth it to continue to trap and kill Negroes. All the major conservation and humane societies of the South have banded together in this boycott. The combined membership exceeds two million. This is the largest single effort ever on behalf of any endangered species. Please join us in the fight, and use your purchasing power to help put a stop to 111 years of cruelty to Negroes.

**HOW WILL YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR CHILD ASKS, "DADDY, WHAT WERE NEGROES?"**

## The Southern Fund for Negroes, Inc.

BOX A1000  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA



Favorite  
jokes

OF THE

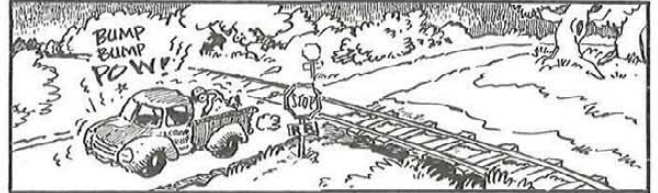
# SOUTHLAND

#41476

HO LAWD  
'AN I AIN'T DOIN'  
BUT FIF' TEEN!



SCREEEEEMMM!



-J. MICHAEL LEONARD '76



**2**

**This Preacher Has  
The Gift Of The Grab**



**3**

**Red Indians:  
A Double Menace**



**5**

**How To  
Rehabilitate Lost Boys;  
Where They Hang Out;  
What They Like Best**



**9**

**Pope-Worshippers,  
Fairies, Jews, Booze,  
And Nobody Sues:  
Nothing Funny About  
Humor Magazine**

The International Newspaper Of God

Billy Jim Hagis, Patriarch

**CHRISTIAN**

**CRUSADER**

**WEEKLY**

WEEK OF JULY 17, 1976



**Reverend  
Hagis  
Stops A  
Communist  
Cold  
With His Tracts**

# CHRISTIAN-TYPE RALLIES ARE CURRENTLY BEING HELD ACROSS THE UNITED STATES!

Three hundred thousand rallies are currently being held from coast to coast, sponsored by the Volvox Vestment Corporation and the Ugly White People's League. These rallies will feature the coronation of new ministers and the sale of vestments at rock bottom prices. Also seen will be the brand new film produced by Reverend Hagis, in which he will play himself.

Recently, I came back to Oklahomo to resume control over the wheel at the helm on the bridge of the Christian Crusade. My personal physician, Dr. Sawyer Browneye, warned me against any national speaking tour, which after my recent bout with muscular dystrophy, Hodgkin's disease, and spinal meningitis, might just hold back the healing of the two broken legs I received while saving a baby from being run over by a car full of colored drug addicts who had just robbed the blind man I was crossing the street to assist. Due to these illnesses and misfortunes, I have been unable to respond to allegations brought against me of un-

pleasant behavior. I may reply to these allegations when my physician tells me to and the spirit moves me.

Although I feel God has healed me from my physical problems (he has given me religious experiences as well as medical expenses), I was at a loss as to how to hold three hundred thousand rallies without actually attending any of them.

Fortunately, I had thought of the answer several months ago while watching a commercial for a lost boy-calling device on the television in the sick room at the Ganymede Spa. I would make a movie.

I called my dear friend Si Boybaum, a professional movie maker, and before the day was over, we had filmed a fifty-minute motion picture, *Sin-Tax: Deduction from the Wages of Sin*. I called my associates in Oklahomo and told them of the wonderful film, and they were so overjoyed, a number of them had fits of uncontrollable weeping and had to be sent home. What better way to rent the Word to the nation? I'm sure God was in the director's chair when it came time to cut and print the Word!

The film was printed in three versions: an "X," an "R," and a "PG." In the X-rated film, I actually demonstrate the sins of Sodom upon a volunteer choirboy using a



HEAR ONE OF THESE SPEAKERS!  
A PERSONAL APPEARANCE  
BY ONE OF REVEREND HAGIS'S FAMOUS ASSOCIATES.

Professor Mike Croll, Dr. Hal A. Toeis, Dr. Lark Loon, Mr. Si Boybaum, Dr. Sawyer Browneye, Mr. Willy Bendover, and assistants.

coke bottle. In the R version, I explain what masturbation is and show how easy it is to be lured into sin even when reading a seemingly innocent mail order catalog. In the PG version, I merely describe the horrible penalties exacted by man and God for these and other acts, including bank robbery, astrology, dog fondling, and harming a man of God in any way whatsoever, including parody, ridicule, japing, wisecracking, mocking, taking off, aping, mimicking, or libeling. And so forth, as Jesus Christ said to King Samson outside the city of David after his traveler's groats were refused by the temple money-

changers as the signatures differed slightly due to religious experiences since the time of their purchase. (How easily I can sympathize with his position! I once spent several years in jail after the New Orleans police department made a similar mistake with regard to traveler's checks I was carrying.)

Now the rallies have started. Some of you reading this may already have been to five or six. Check the rally schedule in this paper. If you have missed the rally in your area, it may be only a matter of a few days drive to the next one! Remember, bring your friends, even if they're college-educated!

## IF YOU COULD GIVE A BOY YOU LOVE A BOOK THAT WOULD PROTECT HIM FROM LIBERALS, WOULD YOU DENY HIM THAT BOOK?

### REACTIONARY BOOK CLUB

635 Madison Ave., 4th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Please send me the book that gives the lowdown on the upright and accept my membership in the club. I understand I must buy three books in the upcoming months, and that if there is a right-wing coup in America, my membership will entitle me to be a judge or district attorney unless I am a colored Negro.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I don't care to join the club, but show me a Commo and I'll drive a wedge in his crack.

No. No more than you would deny him a book that would prevent him from being blown to heaven by volcanoes.

Most teachers now are liberals. Many are radicals or ink worshippers.

James Patrick, who wrote *How to Survive in Your Liberal School*, knows all this. He didn't write the book because he needed money, but because he is one of the few educators in America willing to speak out on these matters.

In this hard-hitting book, Patrick argues we should bounce anti-Commo slogans and Budweiser cans off freshmen who feel sorry for Negroes who can't go to college and get the same treatment.

Patrick does not shrink from thorny issues like, "Education to do with

matters involving the reproductive process in higher mammals."

### SURVIVAL MANUAL FOR THINKING STUDENT SUFFOCATING IN CLICHES

- Patriotism isn't just for "people in lower income brackets."

- Capital punishment isn't just "a savings for the state of \$19,000 per annum."

- You don't have to be an "ass-hole" to oppose gun control laws.

- God isn't dead: no thanks to Jews.

- The New left doesn't have all the answers; and hardly any guns.

- Utopia isn't just around the corner; it's at right angles to the ground.

# Intelligentman's Digest

A Compilation of Factualizations for Folks Who Want It That Way



by DR. SAWYER BROWNEYE  
Director of Crusades

## ALL MEN: BROTHERS OR COMRADES?

The Bible said all men are brothers. Jesus himself said all men were brothers, and he wasn't just talking a load of compost. Just what does that mean to modern Christians today? Does it mean that all men are *comrades*? Or that black is whitemen? No, not when you get down to chapter and verse. For *comrades* is a Communist word. It is derived from *Communism*, viz. *commo-rads*, *rads* being a short-

ened term for radicals. Jesus was a strong anti-Communist. When he said, "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's," he was really saying, "I support a strong central government."

### There Shall be Famines

Millions of senior citizens shall die because some men confuse

brotherhood with commo-radism. Food prices will rise 30 percent and there shall be some hurricanes because of our wheat deals with Russia. These people would do well to lay in a supply of white and rye bread now while they're inexpensive and pray to God because right now there is only a twenty-four day supply of food in the world. That means if everyone took a three-week holiday at the same time,

### Fish Upon the Waters

If you take a fish and you cast it upon the waters, what happens? Why, any boy who's ever kicked a bull head off a bridge can tell you: that fish swims away. The same thing happens to the millions of pounds of starches we ship overseas every year to countries with different religions. Because of these wasteful policies in our government, the brass shortage is becoming so severe that as of January 15, 1975, they cut cartridge production to just 20 percent of its previous level. Ammunition for handguns will reportedly be the first to go, followed by that for rifles and sawed-off shotguns.

### Period of Tribulation

How with no bullets are you to prevent a comrade masquerading as a brother from entering your house? You couldn't. He would force his way in, give you a lot of talk about situational morality, heredity, and environment, then share up the wealth in your wallet, leaving you to be found tied up in your chair the next morning.

## EDITORIAL

Director of the  
International  
First Church of  
Christ Sodomite



REVEREND SHEPHERD HAGIS

The Bible has told us that during the last days, there will be hurricanes, disasters, trouble, heavy work, and financial burdens. As we look around us, we can see the wisdom of all these predictions, which are coming true at an amazing rate.

Right now, the Christian crusade needs your support more than ever, as I have been laid up on my back

for some time after my recent heart attack which followed the car accident I had when I discovered I had cancer. I have been unable to get out of bed and take charge of the radio show or to speak to rallies, as my weakness prevented me. But the good Lord saw fit to heal me, and I am now beginning to put the affairs of the crusade back into order. To do that, I need your support, your letters, and most of all your donations, for without your continued financial support, it is completely impossible to do the slightest bit of good at all, and leading bankers and scientists and politicians tell me that unless something is done *now right away*, we will be sucked up by inflation, crop failures, disasters, calamities, accidents, holocausts, depressions, riots, crime, and international wars. We are threatened by dissension, confusion, factions, and a divided country, all caused by muddled-headed thinking. I need your financial support now, immediately, if

we are to have any hope at all of making it through the troubled times ahead.

The other day, a sweet little woman, a saint, sent me her offering. She said she gave as much as she could and I believed her. I found out later through some dear friends that she had mortgaged her house to help this country pull through. No greater love hath a man or woman for his country than he lay down his life savings for it. Sometimes people say to me, Reverend Hagis, I'd like to help you, I've got nine thousand dollars saved up, but I'm afraid I might need it later on. Do you know, friends, that most of those people go to their graves with that money just sitting there in the bank, doing nothing?

We need your contribution today, not tomorrow, for tomorrow may be too late with the threat of world government, gun control laws, and massive shortages of everything. Soon it will be impossible to buy food in stores or for farmers to get parts for their tractors. Looting and burning will create a hell on earth as the police will have no bullets for their guns! Mindless Antichrist revolutionaries will blow up all the dams in the country, flooding thousands of acres of farm lands and changing the course of rivers to create confusion. There will be no electricity and the water will be dirty from the

pipes. Disease will be everywhere as doctors will not be able to get enough medicine because the hospitals will have been destroyed by volcanoes.

The bark will peel off of all the trees, destroying the feeding grounds of billions of woodpeckers, who will then attack churches and barns in their search for food. Eclipses and cosmic rays will strike the earth through the weakened protective belt of clouds, causing all our aerosol cans to explode at once, releasing so much deadly freon gas that all the rubber in the world will melt and people will have to walk bootless through streets running with liquid phosgene escaping from the centers of tennis and squash balls.

Only we can prevent this from happening by acting quickly, acting together, and acting now. Remember, all donations to the Billy Hagis Fund for World Correction are tax deductible. Please—won't you help today by sending whatever you can, jewelry, etc., *today* to the Foundation, care of Ganymede Spa, Fourth Floor, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Thank you so much, dear friends, for all your loving support and letters which my boys and I so enjoy reading, and for your continuing support of our struggle against the forces which seek to destroy this country.

# Our Readers Write...

My mom says I can't come see you anymore, Reverend Hagis, and that it is a sin against God to put anything in your mouth that hasn't been cooked.

Timmy  
Dallas, Tex.

My son came home from his visit with you so enthused. I could not get him to sit down for three days! Unfortunately, he has now caught a sickness that has caused round red circles to grow all over his body. I wonder whether prayer or medicine is called for, and if medicine, what kind to pray for?

Mrs. K.Y.  
Martinsville, Ind.

I read somewhere that Communism is a disease of the heart. I am forty-one years old. I do not eat butter or smoke much. I drink a whole heap, though, but am good about it and do not hit others with my car. Also, I am clean and attend meeting regular. I don't think there is much chance I will catch Communism in my heart. I recommend this course to others.

O.T.  
Springfield, Mo.

I am just writing to say that all Negroes are not bad Communists who want equality. I am a Negro and very happy. I think you are completely right. Keep up your fine work.

Yours in Christ,  
Mrs. J.L.  
Gainesville, Tex.

I am just writing to say that all women are not bad Communists who want equality. I am a woman and I am very happy. I do not want to join the army and take showers with men. I think men should take showers with each other as God planned. You are completely right. Keep up your fine work.

Yours in Christ,  
Mrs. W.B.  
Tulsa, Okla.

We think you're doing a darn fine job. We believe in God and a bit of social Darwinism (mild). We are waiting for your next visit over here as are our boys.

Ian S.  
Rhodesia

This is your final notice. If your check is already in the mail, please ignore this statement.

Services rendered to date: \$6,800.00

At your earliest convenience,  
Mr. Broderick  
Ganymede Spa

## SEE THE LIGHT: SEE THE MOVIE

### RALLY SCHEDULE FOR CHRISTIANS

#### IN YOUR AREA

#### FEATURING

THE WORLD PREMIERE OF  
REVEREND BILLY HAGIS'S FILM,  
SIN-TAX: DEDUCTIONS FROM  
THE WAGES OF SIN

#### Crusader's Rally Schedule



REVEREND HAGIS PERSONALLY ORDAINS YOU SHOULD SEE HIS FILM, SAVE AMERICA, AND GIVE MONEY.

ALABAMA  
Jasper  
Wednesday, April 11

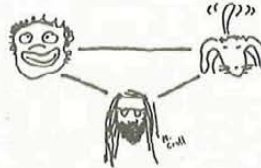
Hippies: Living Proof that Niggers Fuck Dogs? Write to Ganymede Spa, 635 Madison, Fourth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 for fancy brochure and pictures. Enclose \$5.00 for handling dogs.

Cottage Number 6  
The No-Tell Motel  
NoLobe  
Thursday, April 4  
Back Booth, The Thinktanked Lounge  
Off U.S. Route 18  
Gleet  
Thursday, April 12  
Weevil Ballroom  
Holiday Intercourse  
Near the Airport

ARKANSAS  
Loam  
Wednesday, June 11  
Filthy Tent near the Dump  
Dugs  
Thursday, June 12  
Double-parked Camper  
By the Treatment Plant  
Little Rock  
Friday, June 13  
The Little Guided Swan  
Two Hundred Yards Past the Niggy-Mart on Route 14

CALIFORNIA  
Los Angeles  
Saturday, June 14  
Meeting Hall,  
Simi Moron Valley  
San Francisco  
Sunday, June 15  
The Blue Boy,  
Haight Street

FLORIDA



## NEXT MONTH

- Christ's Mission To Small Blond Boys. Reverend Hagis explains why some children are special in the eyes of the Lord.
- Scriptures Prove Our Lord Was A Republican!
- How To Make A God Cross. Hints for the home carpenter.
- Is Your Child A Latent Papist? Find out with this questionnaire if your child would bow down to the pope in Rome.
- Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt Is Alive And Hiding In Sweden! The gospel proof.
- Rhodesia: The Promised Land?
- All This And More Next Month...

Trailernasty  
Monday, July 3  
Puce Room  
"Where the Boys Are"  
Tuna  
Tuesday, July 4  
The Pumping Fist  
Stool  
Wednesday, July 5  
The Cockpit

GEORGIA  
No rallies scheduled because of danger of Armageddon in state.

IDAHO  
Boil  
Tuesday, May 11  
Deckchairs  
Near the City Hollow

Fry  
Wednesday, October 24  
Lavender Hill  
B. Y. O. Bible

BORING  
All other states will receive notice of Hagis "Riots for Religion" by divine messenger.

### CHRISTIAN CRUSADER WEEKLY

Vol. 4, No. 666  
Last Days, 1976  
SECOND CLASS  
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Billy Jim Hagis  
EDITOR

Dr. Sawyer Browneye  
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Assistants to Publisher: Mikey, Petey, Nate, and Billy, Jr. News in part made up and largely inaccurate. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, wallets left about the office, or unattended hats and coats.

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Subscription Rates: \$2.00 for white trash, \$3.50 for occasional sinners, \$4.50 for ordinary people, \$6.00 for good Christians who want to see this country put to rights.

# PICKERS

'N'

# KICKERS

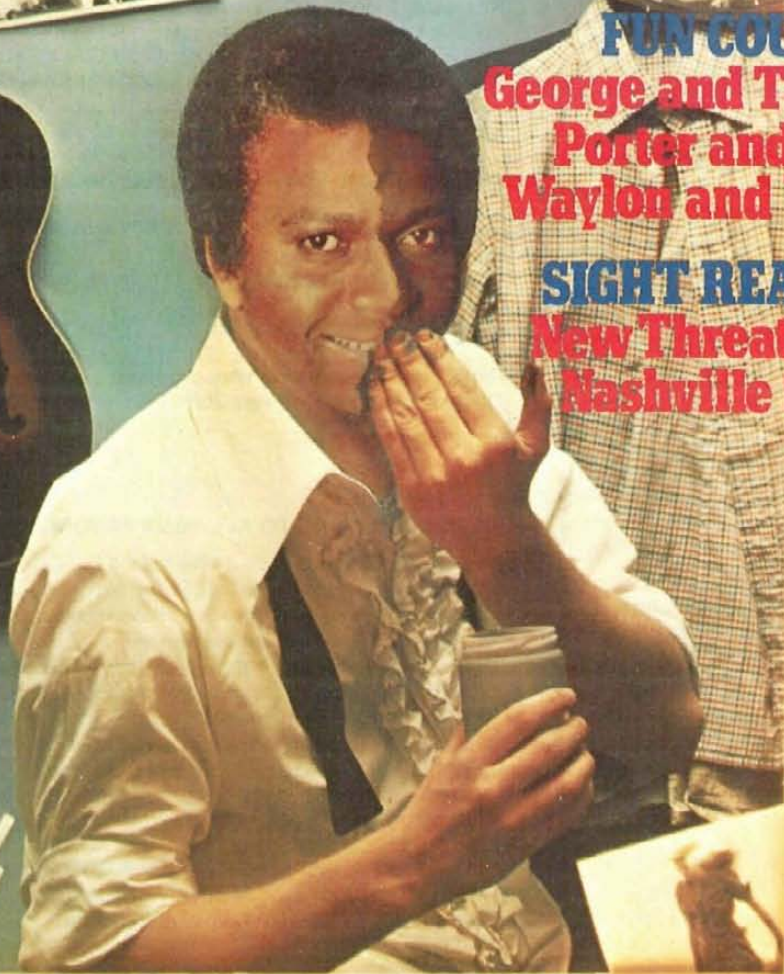
The Semiofficial Magazine of the First Baptist Church of Country and Western Worship,  
Nashville, Tennessee, August, 1976



**Backstage with  
Charlie Pride:  
Kiss a Negro good morning.**

**FUN COUPLES:  
George and Tammy  
Porter and Dolly  
Waylon and Willie**

**SIGHT READING:  
New Threat to the  
Nashville Sound**



# PICKERS 'N' KICKERS

The Semiofficial Magazine of the First Baptist Church of Country and Western Worship, Nashville, Tennessee. August, 1976

## EDITORIAL

Truck drivers, those legendary characters whose devil-may-care lack of morals, brains, and table manners qualifies them for the title of the Last Cowboys, have a language all their own. This colorful slang—the only code by which these men live—can be heard on C.B. radios, and, thanks to the work of ex-adman C.W. McCall, on AM and FM radios as well.

For those of our down home truck drivin' readers not already familiar with trucker's terminology through articles in *New Times* magazine and *The Village Voice*, we offer this lexicon of trucker talk, the tender, witty folk poetry of the people who brought you Jimmy Hoffa and the energy crisis.

**Bear:** Heavy, partly carnivorous, thick-furred plantigrade quadruped. In spite of the efforts of NRA members, some still exist, menacing truckers in state parks throughout the land.

**Cop:** Police officer, (from *copper*, of which police uniform buttons were made before the copper shortage). Another menace to the working man.

**Coffee:** A hot beverage of which truckers are especially fond. Brewed or "perked" for them in "truck stops" or "coffee shops."

**Dope:** Has two meanings: (1) a term of endearment used by the general public for truckers; (2) the pills truckers must take to ward off the ever present dangers of sleep and sanity.

**Number One:** Urination. Also *pee-pee*, and *little boys' room*.

**Rig:** Process by which Teamsters' officials are elected.

**Rubber Duck:** Inflatable bath toy, often used by truckers as a sexual outlet to relieve tension on cross-country runs.

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### PLUS THE LYRICS TO ALL YOUR FAVORITE SONGS:

Not Tonite, Dear, I Have a Heartache	... <i>Donna Fargo</i>
The Beer I Had for Breakfast Is Comin' Back for Lunch	... <i>Tom T. Hall</i>
My Order Is Always Eighty-Six in the Restaurant of Love	... <i>Ronnie Millsap</i>
Vaya Con Carne	... <i>Freddie Fender</i>
Persons to Parsons	... <i>Emmy Lou Harris and Linda Ronstadt</i>
Juanita in a Drum (Industrial Strength Love)	... <i>Marty Robbins</i>
The Eggs I Had for Breakfast Is Lookin' Back At Me	... "The Storyteller"
Teentime Tummy Trouble	... <i>Tanya Tucker</i>
Oy, That Texas Reggae	... <i>Kinky Friedman</i>
Passin'	... <i>Charlie Pride</i>
Without a Full Deck	... <i>Wink Martindale</i>
You Ain't Bluegrass If You Ain't Blew Grass	... <i>David Allen Coe</i>
I'm a Sensitive Shit-Kickin' Redneck Motherfucker So Give Me a Grammy or Else	... <i>Waylon Jennings</i>
Your Poems Set to Music	... <i>Willie Nelson</i>
Nervous Breakdown	... <i>Earl and Randy Scruggs</i>
Johnny Cash—Live at the First National Bank (Medley)	
Beer Belly Polka	... <i>Roy Clark</i>



# PUD MARTIN:

## The Father of Progressive Country Music

by LARRY McCLAIN



The story goes that Little Georgie Orwell got rid of his '74 Dodge Countryopolitan bus because it was jinxed. He sold it to Pud Martin, the renegade superstar who wrote the Orwells's first million-seller, "Baptize Me Lower, Darlin'" back in 1956. Martin didn't believe in bad luck. Nobody shoved him down that lonely ravine of self-abuse; he had only himself to blame for the flaming piles and the four-pack-a-day Chesterfields habit. Little white truckdriving pills had wrecked his teeth and wrenched his aorta. In short, he'd been on the wrong end of a bottle and an icy proctoscope for five years when a car crash took his life in October of 1975. Ironically, Pud had survived several pistol-whippings and bastinado parties, as he tramped through Dixie singing his left-of-center ballads. Music City old-timers loathed the man, but plain folks of Immolation Crick, Kentucky, shed honest tears that day. "Let's face it," eulogized producer Chap Bunsen, "Pud was the New Nashville. Granted, we was a little bit leery of his East Coast friends, especially Lou Reed and Ramsey Clark, but he yanked country music into the 1970s." What follows is a year-by-year discography which traces the career of Pud Martin and his stellar back-up band, the Martinets.

YEAR	TITLE	IMPACT ON THE WORLD
1967	"I Wouldn't Kick Her Out (For Eating Crackers in Bed)"	First chart-topping country single to reflect the influence of the Fugs and Lenny Bruce. The president of Bucolic Records, Emmett L. Draconian, vetoed the use of the word <i>diddle</i> in the chorus. A muddy remix made the final version sound like "Got my finger ready for the <i>griddle</i> , darlin'..." Musicologists assume that the song was autobiographical and that Martin himself was the "cracker" (Southern white man) being eaten in bed.
1970	"Differ'nt Slant on Things"	First C&W song to deal poignantly with the Vietnam war. The record bombed in Muskege because of opposition to the line, "This is one Johnny Reb who's a-pullin' for the North." (Percussion by the Muscle Shorts Rhythm Section, Muscle Shorts, Alabama.)
1972	"Grandpa Played the Spoons"	An exposé of drug abuse on the concert trail. Although bennies, reds, and hop have taken their gruesome toll, cocaine is the number one ravager. Pud's grandfather, the legendary Red Scabbs, was a coke fiend who couldn't play his washboard and saw without a daily snootful. Scabbs died at the Grand Ol' Opry after snorting enough d-Con rat poison to kill twelve pimps. Nashville insiders believe that Cowboy Copas sold Scabbs the bogus narcotics.
1973	"My Barrel's Hard (But I Keep On Firing Blanks)"	This ditty about impotence echoed the dismay of John Lennon's primal scream LP. "Barrel" was jerked off the radio after a brief pre-release (called <i>testies</i> in the music biz). If a Southern male fails to "get his gun," he looks for positive ways to sublimate those frustrations, i.e., threatening the lives of Hank Aaron and Neil Young.
1974	"Please Ease My Cattle Drive"	Inspired by the "suey" scene from <i>Deliverance</i> , this disc was without doubt the first gay-lib country song. Reached the number three slot on station WIMP in New York but was banned in queer-kickin' country for the explicitness of "a liplock on the Chisholm Trail is better than a hired hand..." Pud and the Martinets toured with Mott the Hoople to promote their follow-up album entitled, <i>I'll Be Hoss, If You'll Be Little Joe</i> .
1975	"Hot to Trot (Just Like the Niggers Do)"	First disco song to feature pedal steel guitar. Voted "Baddest Tune of the Year" by the Soul Train Caboosemen and other professional writhers. Mother Maybelle Carter won a Grammy (best back-up vocalist) for her evocative grunts and "get downs"—the chorus illuminates the new racial harmony which warms the Southland: <i>Well, I bumped all night in Memphis And ponied round the shack; I'm a hot-to-trot mulatto So make my "country" black!</i>

### The Martinets:

Des Oxy—ampheto drummer  
Arnold "Dutch" Schoenberg—fiddle  
Sherman Oaks—bass guitar  
Hound Dog Baskerville—keyboards

*continued*

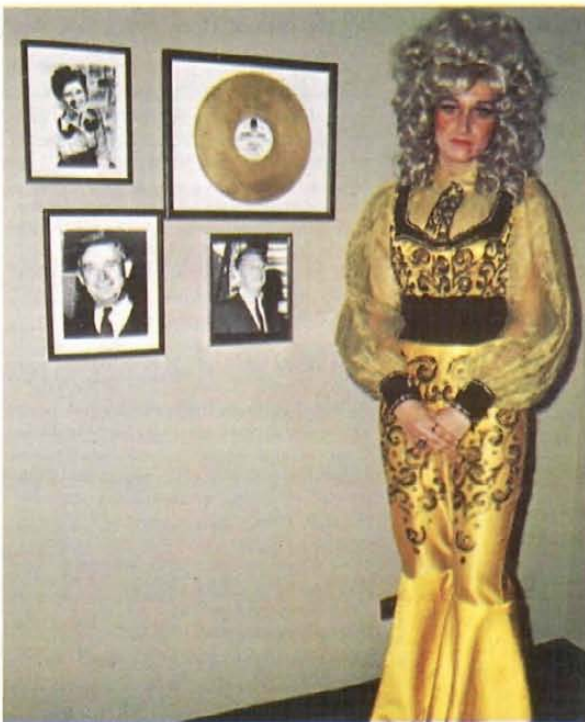


Proud Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Orville Prescott, Donna's Mom and Dad, are just thrilled at their little girl's success. Like any parents, they would like to see her more often, but thoughtful gifts like this autographed eight by ten glossy picture help to remind them that Donna still cares.

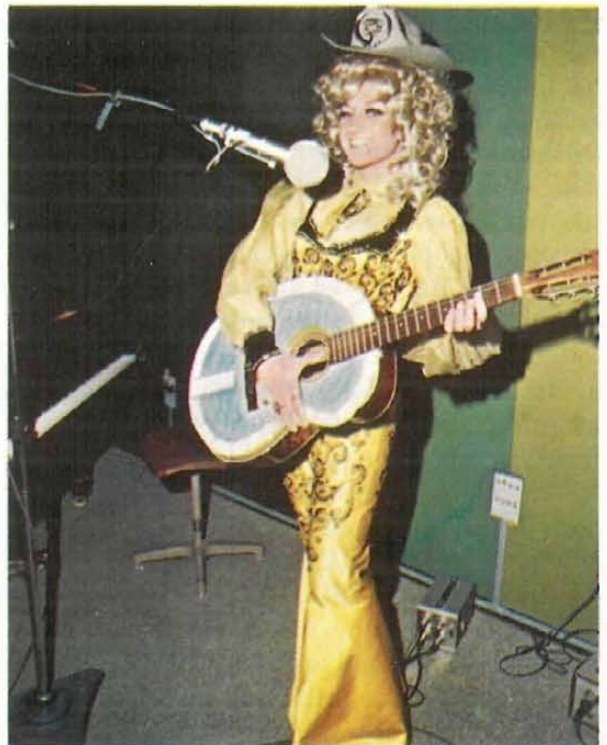
# Donna

To her fans around the country she is Donna Dinette, Queen of Country Music, the Little Girl with the Big Voice. But to her Nashville neighbors, she is plain Donna, simple, unaffected, and loads of fun at cookouts. Sure, her life is glamorous and exciting. Nine months a year of personal appearance tours, television shows, and recording sessions leave her barely enough time to attend to the business matters that are part of any show business career. But if you think the life of a star has turned this country girl's head one little bit, you just don't know Donna Dinette!

"Well, hi! Come right on in," said Donna, beckoning the photographer and me toward the sunken living room. Look-



Gone But Not Forgotten: Donna no longer flies to performing dates, but she hasn't lost her sympathy for victims of air disasters. That's Will Rogers, Patsy Cline, and Dag Hammarskjöld, together with the gold record Donna received for "Patsy, Will, and Dag," her tribute to three great Americans who lost their lives in plane crashes.



Cute 'n' Sassy: Today's casual strumming may be tomorrow's hit tune. Donna rehearses in her basement studio with her personalized swimming pool-shaped guitar, known to almost as many of her fans as her famous Cadillac Stetson.

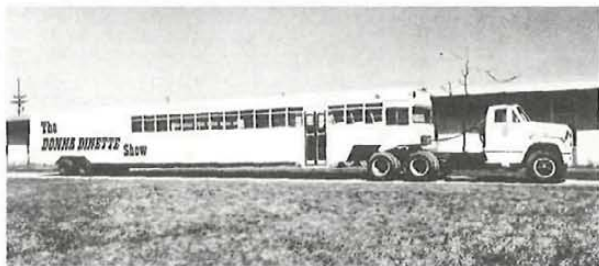
# Dinette

ing pert and relaxed, Donna made us feel at home right off by slipping behind the bar herself and serving up root beer all round as we chatted. Soon we were talking like old friends about this and that, from the beginnings of Donna's career in a humble backwoods shack and on to her fateful teaming with Porter Prince some twelve years ago.

It seemed like we had just arrived when two hours later we packed up our equipment and made our farewells. As Donna stood with her delightful family on the lawn of their lovely home, I had to pinch myself to remember that this was the country music star who is adored and worshipped wherever country music is well liked.



Unmistakably Dinettes: Although Donna has gold records for "D-I-V-O-R-S-E" and the follow-up single, "L-E-G-A-L S-E-P-A-R-A-T-I-O-N," there's nothing broken about this home. That's Donna with husband Travis and daughters Donna-Travis, Jr., seven, and Travis-Sue, six.



Home Away from Home: The all-new Donna Dinette Tour Coach is the very latest thing in mobile comfort. Donna relaxes in her very own hideaway-on-wheels while other tour members pass the time in the luxuriously appointed lounge, or catch up on some sleep, always in short supply on the road.

ALL ★ ST

Dolly Parton  
Roy Clark  
Loretta Lynn  
Linda Ronstadt  
Tanya Tucker



# JUG BAND



### Pud's Last Tune

(music by P.J. O'Rourke)

On toward the end, there, Pud decided to get back into the C & W main-stream, with lyrics middle America could as he put it, "really get behind." Here is Pud's last, and as yet unrecorded, masterpiece.

### Let's Whup Really Good on the Kids

My life is a shambles,  
I don't have a trade,  
I'm a-living on Welfare,  
Like a black colored spade,  
The world don't respect me,  
And I can't say it's wrong,  
But there's nine brats at home  
Who think I'm King Kong.

refrain:

Oh, I'll get my kicks  
With a sawed-off cue stick,  
And you'll grab an iron stove lid,  
Let's get out the switches  
And pull down their britches  
And whup really good on the kids.

My wife she's not brainy,  
Her looks are a curse,  
Her cooking is awful,  
Her housekeeping's worse,  
But the kids sure do mind her  
And answer "Yes, Ma'am"  
Or she'll hammer their brains out  
With a nine-pound smoked ham.

(refrain)

I don't feel too manly  
When I walk down the street,  
I look like a loser  
From my head to my feet,  
But when I get home nights  
I'm a terror to behold,  
With a hairbrush or paddle  
There's no one so bold.

(refrain)

Oh, darling, our marriage,  
It ain't much to see,  
But at least there's one thing  
That we share, you and me.  
We both beat the children  
With two by four boards  
And tie 'em and whip 'em  
With electric light cords.

(refrain)

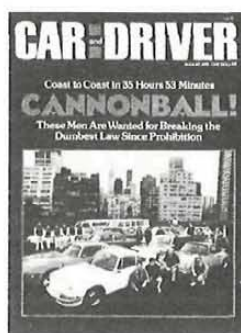
Let's teach 'em a lesson  
That their Maw and their Paw  
Are folks to be reckoned with  
And held up in awe.  
Let's scald 'em with water  
In their own tiny beds  
And lock 'em in the closet  
To starve till they're dead.

(refrain)



"...TALKIN' BOUT OLD CAP'N ZACKERIAH BOWDEN BISCUITS, TH' PREECHER'S PAPPY'S BROTHER, CAP'N ZACK WUZ IN CUBA IN '98 AN' ON TH' BORDER IN '16. COME BACK A HEE-ROW TO BUFORD TO A WELCOME BAND... (WELL, T'WEREN'T REELY NO BAND; HIT WUZ OLD ORESTES PLAYIN' HIS BANJO AN' ORESTES' NIGGER BEATIN' ON A TUB WITH A KITCHEN SPOON-), AN' THEN SLIPPED GETTIN' OFF TH' TRAIN AN' GOT RUN OVER BY A BOXCAR! ORESTES AN' HIS NIGGER KEP' RIGHT AHEAD ON PLAYIN'... JUST SLOWED IT DOWN A TAD!"

# READERS' BONANZA!



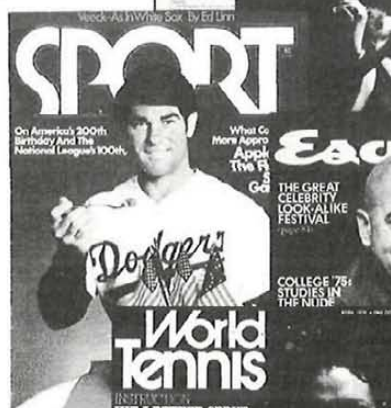
## Get up to 50% off

on your choice of these outstanding publications:

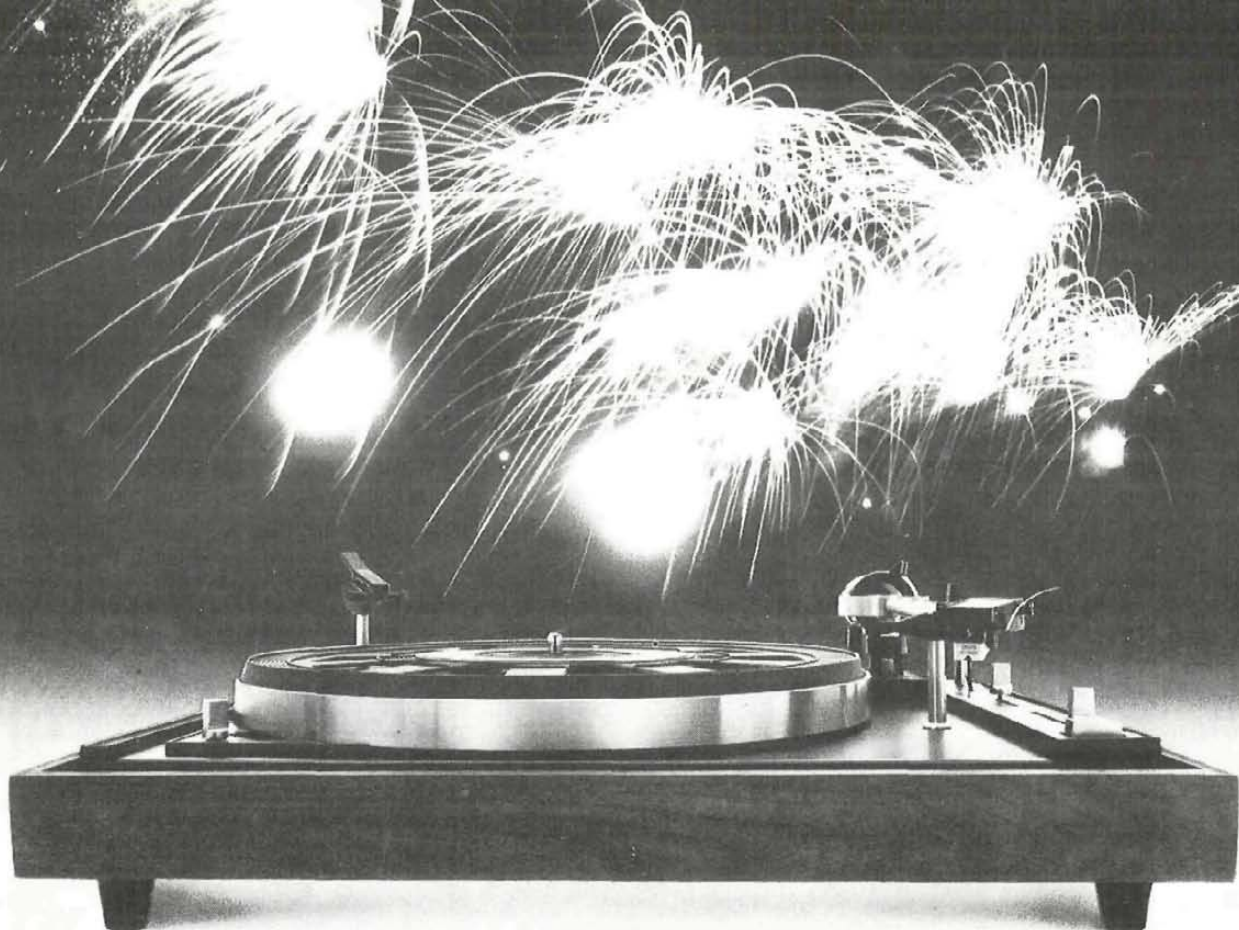
Take a good look at these popular magazines. Then take a look at the prices below. Bonanza! You may select as many as four of these titles at our special introductory rates—up to 50% off! Use the attached card to order or write to: Magazines at Discount, P.O. Box 2703, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

### HERE'S WHAT YOU SAVE:

- BOOK DIGEST**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$6.00 (Regular rate: \$12.00)
- CAR & DRIVER**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$3.99 (Regular rate: \$7.98)
- CYCLE**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$3.99 (Regular rate: \$7.98)
- CYCLE WORLD**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$4.49 (Regular rate \$8.98)
- ESQUIRE**—8 ISSUES. YOU PAY ONLY \$6.00 (Newsstand rate \$12.00)
- MONEYSWORTH**—1 YEAR (26 ISSUES). YOU PAY ONLY \$3.88 (Regular rate: \$5.00)
- PLAYBOY**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$10.00 (Newsstand rate: \$16.00)
- POPULAR ELECTRONICS**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$6.99 (Regular rate: \$9.98)
- POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$4.49 (Regular rate: \$8.98)
- PSYCHOLOGY TODAY**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$6.00 (Regular rate: \$12.00)
- SPORT**—18 ISSUES. YOU PAY ONLY \$5.94 (Regular rate: \$9.00)
- SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—26 ISSUES. YOU PAY ONLY \$7.97 (Newsstand rate: \$26.00)
- STEREO REVIEW**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$3.99 (Regular rate: \$7.98)
- TIME**—25 ISSUES. YOU PAY ONLY \$12.50 (Newsstand rate: \$25.00)
- TV GUIDE**—32 ISSUES. YOU PAY ONLY \$7.39 (Lowest available rate)
- WORLD TENNIS**—1 YEAR. YOU PAY ONLY \$4.98 (Regular rate: \$9.95)



If card is missing, write to: Magazines at Discount, a division of Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., P.O. Box 2703, Boulder, Colorado 80302



## The perfect Bicentennial souvenir.

A B·I·C (bee-eye-see) Multiple Play Manual Turntable is one of the finest turntables you can buy at any price.

It also happens to be the only multiple play turntable developed and built entirely in the USA, and we think it has a lot to say about some particularly American qualities we're celebrating in this bicentennial year:

It's innovative. When it first appeared it did things no other turntable could do. Today it's still miles ahead of the competition from abroad.

It's tough and honest. There are no frills for the sake of frills. Just a rugged instrument that does what it's supposed to do...superbly.

Technologically it's a masterpiece, a true combination of design sophistication, production wizardry, and quality control.

And in the best American tradition it's priced so that anyone seriously interested in good music can afford one.

There are three models: the 940 – about \$110, the 960 – about \$160, and the 980 – about \$200. See them at your audio dealer's. Or write for information to B·I·C Turntables, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. © 1976





# E-Z RIDER

A Remake for Southern Distribution

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STARRING

Peter Kleinman as **Peter Fonda**  
Peetar Kaminsky as **Dennis Hopper**  
Pedar Ness as **Jack Nicholson**

Directed by **Pietur Kleinman**      Screenplay by **Pete J. O'Rourke**  
adapted from the movie of a similar name

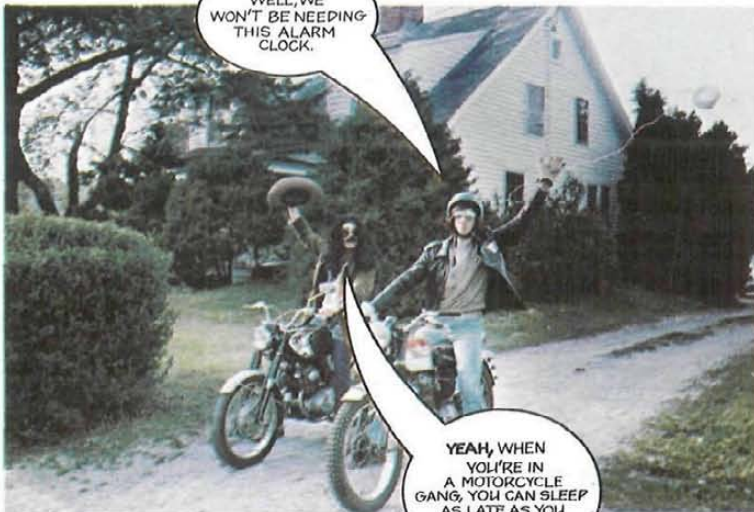


THIS IS THE BEST BALE OF COCAINE I'VE EVER SEEN. HERE'S A MILLION DOLLARS.



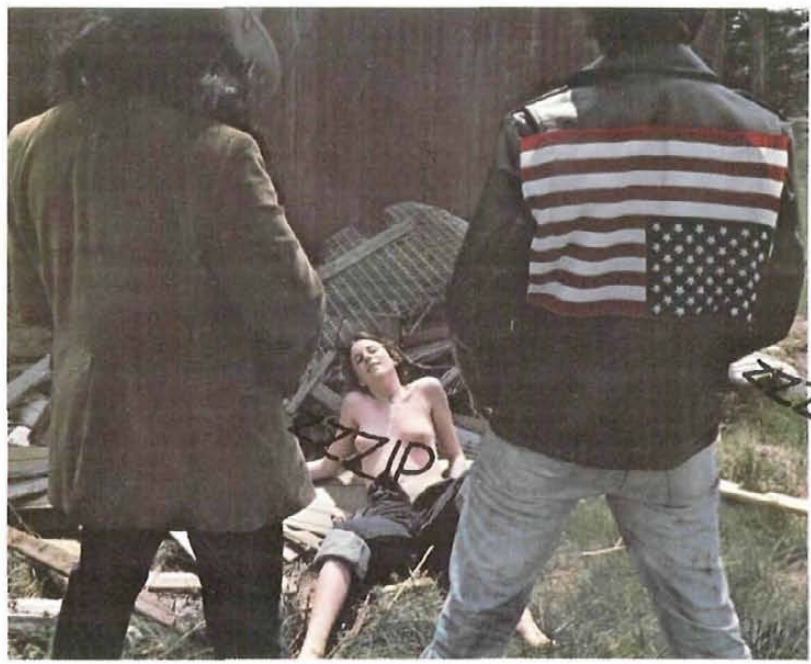
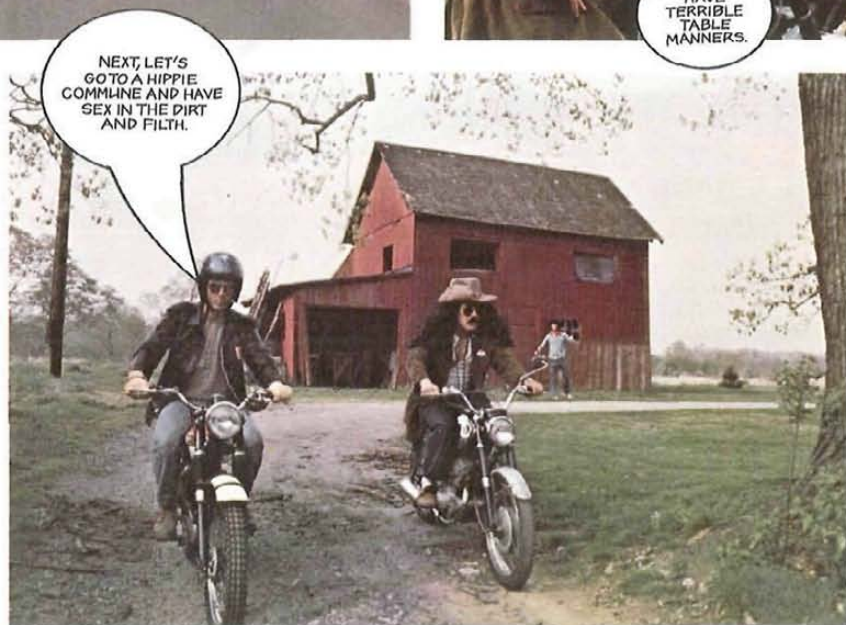
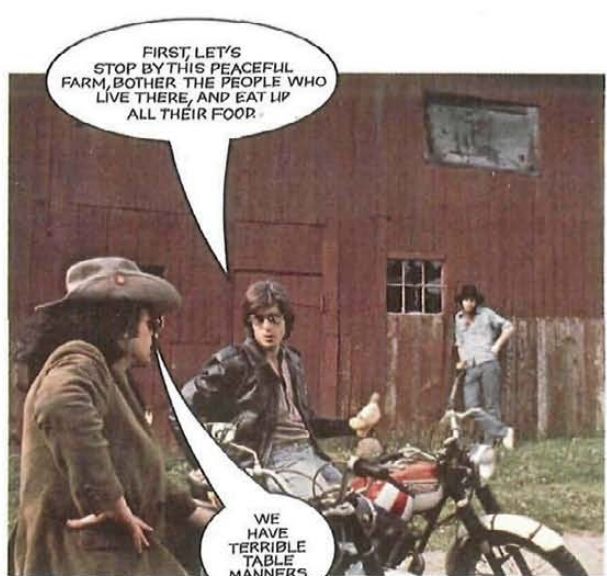
I KNOW WHAT! LET'S START A MOTORCYCLE GANG AND TERRORIZE THE SOUTH.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. AND WE'LL PLAY LOUD NEGRO MUSIC ALL THE TIME WHILE WE DO IT.



WELL, WE WON'T BE NEEDING THIS ALARM CLOCK.

YEAH, WHEN YOU'RE IN A MOTORCYCLE GANG, YOU CAN SLEEP AS LATE AS YOU WANT TO.

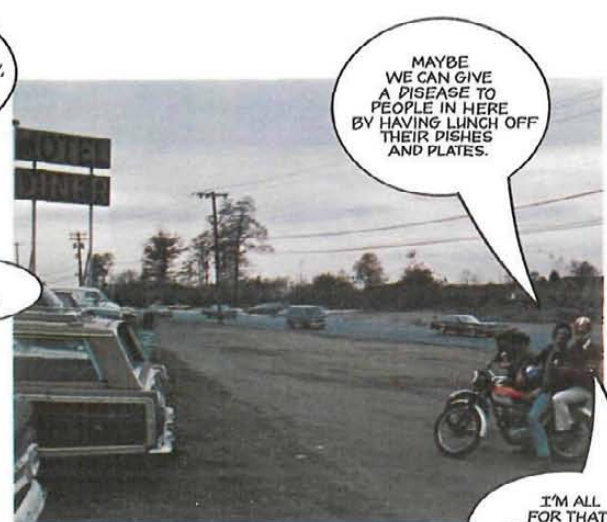




WHO IS THE WORST PERSON IN YOUR TOWN? WE'RE STARTING A MOTORCYCLE GANG TO TERRORIZE THE SOUTH WITH.

I DON'T APPROVE OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AND I'VE GOT A REAL BAD ONE OVER IN THE JAIL..

HE IS A DRUNK.



MAYBE WE CAN GIVE A PISEASE TO PEOPLE IN HERE BY HAVING LUNCH OFF THEIR DISHES AND PLATES.

I'M ALL FOR THAT. I'M THE WORST PERSON IN MY TOWN.

### NEXT MORNING.



HE APPEARS TO HAVE BEAT HIMSELF TO DEATH DURING THE NIGHT.

PROBABLY FROM SHAME AT HIS OWN EVIL WAYS.

I'M AFRAID HE WASN'T AS BAD AS WE HAD HOPED.

LET'S FIND SOME GOOD-HEARTED PROSTITUTES TO CORRUPT WITH MIND-ALTERING DRUGS AND INSANE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHIES.



O.K.

HERE'S A VIET CONG FLAG AND A SYRINGE FULL OF LSD FOR YOUR FRIEND.



THOSE TWO GIRLS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

LET'S RAM THIS PICKUP TRUCK WITH OUR MOTORCYCLES AND RUN IT OFF THE ROAD.

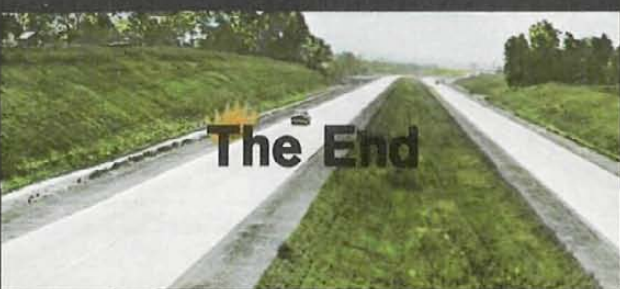


HEY! PLEASE! CUT THAT OUT!



I WONDER IF I DID THE RIGHT THING?

SOMEBODY HAD TO DO IT, ROY. THEY'D TERRORIZED THE SOUTH TOO LONG.





There's no scam  
like The Royal Scam.

# STEELY DAN THE ROYAL SCAM

ABCD-931

A new album on ABC Records & GRT Tapes

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# Not everyone can sell you a receiver that looks as good as this.

The RS4744 is the top stereo receiver in our line. And we think it looks good from any angle—value, performance and specs.

Audio magazine said "... we note that most receivers in this price range offer less power (usually 50 or fewer watts per channel) and don't have as many control features as this top-of-the-line entry from Sylvania."\*

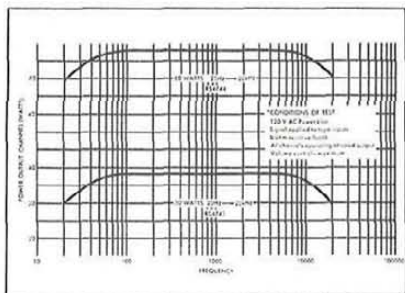
But, don't just take other people's word for it, check the specs out for yourself.

Power output of 60 Watts min. RMS per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.25% total harmonic distortion.

Three wide-range tone controls that let you tailor bass, mid-range and treble response to your speakers, room and ears.

Amplifier	Rating
Power, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, 20 Hz to 20 kHz	60 Watts
Total harmonic distortion at rated power output	0.25%
FM Tuner	Rating
Usable sensitivity (IHF) 300 ohms	1.8 $\mu$ V
50 dB quieting sensitivity	3.0 $\mu$ V
Signal/noise ratio 100% mod.	67 dB

Typical specifications

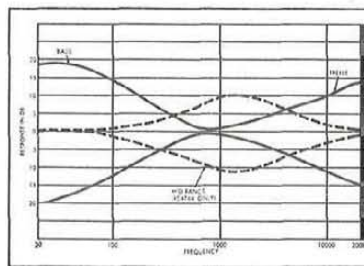


Power from 20 Hz—20 kHz



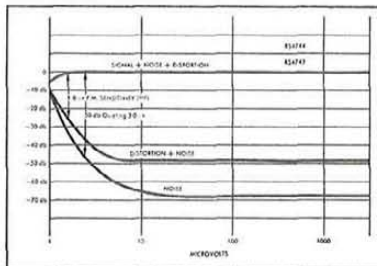
Active tone controls

Active high- and low-cut filters that have a sharp 12 dB/octave slope to reduce noise and rumble with minimum effect on music.



Tone control action

In the tuner section, you'll find features such as a phase-locked loop for long-term stability. An IHF sensitivity of 1.8  $\mu$ V and a 3.0  $\mu$ V level for 50 dB quieting.



FM Quieting

And the front panel doesn't get by on just its good looks alone. Its functionally designed pushbutton bank puts a wide range of control capabilities right at your fingertips for mode selection, scratch and rumble filters, three-stage FM muting and loudness control.



Functional design

Listen to the RS 4744 at your Sylvania dealer's today. You'll find its specs sound every bit as good as they look.

## GTE SYLVANIA

\*Reprinted by permission from Audio, February 1976



**WUTS**

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU REALLY GOT THE IDEA A WAR INVOLVED KILLING AND WOUNDING AND MAIMING REAL PEOPLE AND THAT IT WAS QUITE POSSIBLE SOMEDAY YOU MIGHT BE IN ONE AND BE KILLED OR WOUNDED?"

WHAT'S THIS, EARL?

IT'S AN ENEMY HELMET MY FATHER GOT IN THE WAR.

WHAT'S THIS HOLE?

IT WAS MADE BY THE BULLET THAT KILLED THE GUY WHO WORE IT.

Graham Wilson

HOW COME IT SMELLS FUNNY?

I'M NOT SURE. IT CAN'T BE THE GUY. HE WAS KILLED YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT COULDN'T BE HIM THAT MAKES IT SMELL THAT WAY.

NO.



# DIRTY DUCK



TWO CAFE OLE'S, PLEASE.



THIS JOINT IS SO GAY, IT'S ON THE VERGE OF HYSTERIA!



HEY-COME TO, WEEVIL!

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST SAT ON A WENIE SAND-WICH!



OUR WAITER GOOSSED ME, MR. DUCK!

OH, THAT'S HOMO FOR "ALOHA"!



STRAIGHT ARROWS LIKE US AREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW THIS, BUT...

...FAGS SPEAK IN SECRET CODE!



DO YOU SEE THAT SWAN FOLDING HIS NAPKIN?

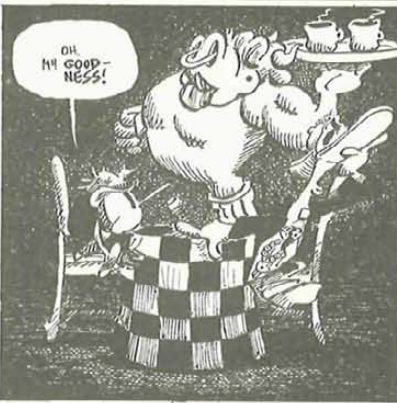
WELL HE'S NOT REALLY FOLDING HIS NAPKIN...

...HE'S "TALKING" TO THE FRUITFLY!...



...HEY, CUTIE, MY NAME IS SIDNEY! I JUST ADORE THAT DRESS - IT GOES SO WELL WITH YOUR BEARD...

...HOW ABOUT FOLLOWING ME DISCREETLY INTO THE MEN'S ROOM? WE CAN MAKE WHOOPIE TO THE SOUND OF FLUSHING URINALS!



OH, MY GOODNESS!



IF YOU PLEASE, MR. WAITER, I'D LIKE SOME CREAM...



...A-HEHN!?



THAT MEANT, "I LOVE YOU."

©1976 Audon



THIS STRIP IS FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD (SEE IF YOU'RE ON THE LIST): SWEET LILIANE HEAVENLY FLOWER (MY WIFE), THE WEASELS (WHO'S GOING TO HAVE A BABY), KATHRIN FROM NANTUCKET, LOVELY LAURA DUBSON AND HEATHERED THANE AND VALERIE MASON, ROSE PATIENCE,

**Chicken Gutz**

BY ENOS

here we go again, gang!

OH glorious day... I have purchased a 5 WATT 23 CHANNEL CB WALKIE-TALKIE... I can communicate with mankind.

HEY, CAP'N COOTIE... YOU GOT YER EARS ON? THERE'S A TIJUANA TAXI ON THE GRASS DOWN HERE ON THE SUPER SLAB TAKING PURTY PICTURES... DO YOU COPY?

hello there... Come in, come in... this is MR. GUTZ Calling anyone who would like to talk to me... HELLO HELLO!

WHAT'S YER TWENTY, RUBBER DIAPER I'm a BED BUG HAULER riding RAGS... you beat the bushes, BOTTLE POPPER!

HELLO there... hello please... how are ya... my name is CHICKEN GUTZ!

MERCY THUNDER MUG, A DAMN TAP DANCER, A REAL ROGER RAMJET JUST CUT ME OFF ON A TWISTER AND I BOUGHT UP AN ORCHARD... I'M RIDING BARE BACK!

HELLO... HELLO... BREAKER, BREAKER, BREAKER!

THAT'S A BIG 10-4, NOSE BOOGER, I just ran by a BASKET CASE with just his BALONEY'S left... 10-27 ONE THREE!

all the good numbers to you, EASY BREEZY, you got the wind and I'm holding on to your mid flaps like a BUBBLE GUM MACHINE! 10-65, good buddy... don't ride SHOTGUN with no CANDY DANCERS...

I GOT YA BREAKER... GO AHEAD, BREAKER... PICK IT UP BREAKER!! GO AHEAD BREAK BREAK!!

I wonder what a HAM RADIO SET costs?

THE SUN IS SHINING... O HAPPY DAY... 10-99!

THREES AND EIGHTS EVERYBODY!


CATHY MIERYA, SARAH CUNIFF, JUDY KAESTERS, AND SNEAH IN VERMONT, AND KIM R.

BARBARA BECKLEWOMAN, BRIDGE, SUSAN BOYER, JULIE LEIBNER, HITCH'S SUSAN IN FLA, JONI BRANES, AND LYNN Mc D.

LAURA SINGER

GLEN GROSS, KATHLEEN KRISTIN, SUSAN SUPRE, SUSAN SUPRE, LUISE GIKROW, JUDY HECKER, DIANA, LISA AND PHYLLIS, TEENA WALKER, SUZIE Q, JULIE SIMMONS, SHARY FLENNING


# BILL COSBY IS NOT HIMSELF THESE DAYS



RAT OWN  
RAT OWN  
RAT OWN

Bill Cosby's new album is a satirical musical parody of contemporary soul artists such as Barry White, James Brown and The Pointer Sisters... but all in great fun of course, as only Cos can do!

**Includes "Yes, Yes, Yes"**



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I CAN'T STAND IT! DAMN! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME BACK NOW, DAVID?



WOO-WOO-WOO! I SAY SHE'S COMIN'-- COMIN' BACK TO FIND A MIDNIGHT DINNER WITH STEVEN-- YES, SHE'S COMIN' BACK TO THE CHARMIN' PLACE SHE ONCE KNEW-- WOO-WOO--!



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KNOW I STILL CARE? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST HAVE LEFT ME ALONE, DAVID? ALONE!

WAIT A MINUTE--



FLY ME TO THE MOON-- AND RIP OFF ALL MY CLOTHES--



I'M NOT ALONE-- I HAVE STEVEN!

THEN WHY DID I SAY ALONE?

© 1976 B.P.V.



SURPRISE!



JILL! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH STEVEN, IT'S TERRIBLE!

YOU DON'T LIKE THE PLACEMATS?

NO, NO! EVERYTHING'S BEAUTIFUL! I'M TERRIBLE! I'M A FAKE! A FRAUD! I LIE TO YOU-- I LIE TO MYSELF!



WHOA! WHOA! CALM DOWN! WE'RE GETTING MARRIED, REMEMBER?

NO, NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- THERE'S SOMETHING I NEVER TOLD YOU-- SOMETHING I DIDN'T WANT TO CONNECT TO YOU--

SOMETHING OF THE PHALLIC PERSUASION?

IT-- HE-- HE'S CALLED DAVID.



HE WAS A BIG PART OF MY PAST, STEVEN. I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM TWO YEARS AGO-- A YEAR BEFORE I MET YOU.

DAVID WAS THE "FREE SPIRIT" TYPE YOU KNOW, "I MOVE LIKE THE WIND"-- LET US LIVE LIFE FOR THE MOMENT TOGETHER.



SO YOU LET HIS SHIP PASS INTO YOUR NIGHT?

HE WAS THE FIRST, STEVE. I REALLY THOUGHT HE CARED ABOUT ME. HE DID.



-- BUT HE-- WE LEFT TOO YOUNG, HE LEFT BEFORE IT BECAME TOO HARD.

-- BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, I WAS SHATTERED, YOU WERE THE FIRST GUY I MET WHO CARED ABOUT ME AS MUCH AS DAVID-- I TRIED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU--

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A SPORT.



I WANTED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU, STEVEN, AND I DID, BUT TONIGHT WHEN I SAW DAVID--

DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD, JILL. I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! I DON'T CARE VERY MUCH ABOUT DAVID--



-- BUT YOU DO--

LASTING LOVE MUST HAVE FREEDOM, JILL. THE FREEDOM TO KNOW THAT WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS WHAT YOU REALLY FEEL.



NOW YOU FEEL TORN, JILL, SO USE YOUR FREEDOM--

GO TO HIM, JILL, GO TO DAVID-- TALK WITH HIM-- BE AT PEACE WHEN HE COME BACK--



IF YOU COME BACK TO ME--

OH, STEVEN--



YOU KNOW, JILL-- ALL MY LIFE I THOUGHT I WAS FORTUNATE TO HAVE A GIRL GO OUT WITH ME--

I MEAN, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WERE A LOT OF OTHER GIRLS--



-- BUT I DIDN'T OFTEN FEEL THAT WAY WITH YOU-- SOMEHOW, I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT I WAS GIVING YOU SOMETHING

SOMETHING ELSE OR WOULD--



-- NOW I REALIZE WHAT THAT SOMETHING WAS--

WHAT?

PERMISSION.

by DREISS and WELLS

New Apostate Exotic Love Potion lets you...

# MAKE LOVE TO ANYONE YOU DESIRE and have her (or him) at your sexual command, anytime... ANYWHERE!!!



"IMPULSE" was created to sexually stimulate and excite the person you desire. Made from carefully blended erotic spices, "IMPULSE" entices her (or him) to think of love and respond eagerly to your wishes.

If you've ever wanted to have intimate relations with a certain person but could not succeed, then you owe it to yourself to try this unique apostate love formula. IMPULSE mixes easily in all kinds of drinks and is completely safe and tasteless. It can be used on either sex and is mailed in a plain package complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, return within 10 days for a complete refund.

### ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:  
PROGRESSIVE SALES, DEPT 776  
Box 310, New Rochelle, New York, 10804

- 5 Portion Size only \$4.95
- 12 Portion Size only \$7.95 (Save \$3.93)
- 24 Portion Size only \$11.95 (Save \$11.81)

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

## NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH...WITHOUT LOSING CONTROL!



A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that INSTANTLY allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want...while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control!

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold ONLY through the mail.

Do not accept imitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only GENUINE potency product.

### ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order To:  
SHORE PRODUCTS, Dept. NL 7  
Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

- 30-Day Supply \$5.95
- 60-Day Supply \$8.95 (SAVE \$2.95)
- 90-Day Supply Only \$10.95 (SAVE \$6.90)

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

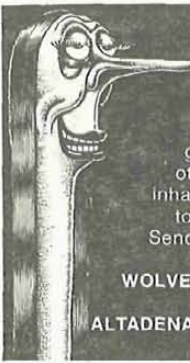
# posters

Full color reproductions only \$3.25 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) or get 4 and pay only \$14.00 (postage included).

Kiss \* Allman Bros. \* Jethro Tull \* Alice Cooper  
Led Zeppelin \* Paul McCartney \* Roger Daltry  
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Three Dog Night \* Humble Pie \* Cat Stevens  
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# HARD-BOILED DICK

THEY WERE TOUGH AND THEY WERE CORRUPT - THEIR WORLD WAS SEEDY, SICK AND WILD -- THEIR CITIES WERE L.A., SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM, A PRIVATE EYE.

2:46 AM, STRUGGLING UP FROM THE FLAMES IN THE BURNING ROACH HOLE OF A DEAD ESABATO CANARY NAMED JOIE DE VIVRE, I CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH--



O'FLAHERTY!  
ONE MOVE, DICK, AND YOU'LL BE A PIECE OF BOURSIN CHEESE!  
SWISS.  
YEAH.

I'D PLAYED THIS SCENE BEFORE. THE AFROPADDY DESKJOCKEY WOULD SLAP ME IN THE CLINK AND HAVE HIS ARREST QUOTA FILLED FOR THE MONTH. I WASN'T BUYING.



SARGE, HE'S JUMPING FOR IT!



SOMETIMES YOU CAN NEVER TRUST A WALK-UP.

BUSINESS SLOW, EH, DICK? YOU GOTTA GO AND GET MESSED UP IN DE VIVRE'S OPIUM SHAM.



ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON, O'FLAHERTY.

O'FLAHERTY'S MAN DID THE HONORS AND WE WERE OFF TO THE CHIC RUBBER ROOM AT THE 14TH PRECINCT.

THE RUBBER ROOM, IN-SPOT FOR THE BAY AREA'S NOUVEAU RICHE. HEAVY ON THE NOUVEAU, EASY ON THE RICHE.



REAL LOOKER YOU GOT THERE, O'FLAHERTY!  
BETTER MAKE SURE HE PONT BREAK HIS TEETH ON YOUR FLY.

THE LOCAL FAN CLUB VANISHED BEHIND A METAL SHINKICKER AND PHEGM-FACE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.



ALRIGHT, DICK, I'M GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE, SO LISTEN GOOD.  
STAY AWAY FROM THE OPIUM RING. STAY OUT. KEEP AWAY. BACK OFF.  
NOW GET OUT OF HERE.

NOT EVEN A GOOD-BYE KISS, SARGE?



KISS THIS!!



NEVER ON THE FIRST DATE.

2:47-DAMAGED, MY BEST LEAD TO NICK'S MASHIE DEAG AND HER BREST ON THE LOOSE, I HOBBLED OVER TO CLANCY'S FOR A WARM COOR AND A CONCERT.

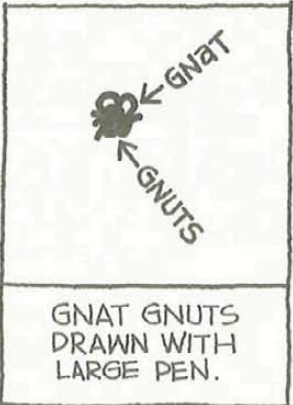


PLAY RHAPSODY IN BLUE.  
IT HASN'T BEEN WRITTEN YET.  
WING IT.

I WAS THINKING OF DROPPING THE CASE FOR HEALTH REASONS WHEN SONJA CAME BOBBING THROUGH THE DOOR.

## FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL BY BRUCE COCHRAN

**LESSON # 84**  
**GNAT GNUTS**  
WHEN DRAWING GNAT GNUTS, A VERY SMALL PEN-POINT MUST BE USED. OTHERWISE, YOU CAN'T TELL THE GNAT FROM THE GNUTS.



THRILLING AMAZING FANTASTIC ADVENTURES / Wrightson-Preiss-T.Austin © 1976 BVP INC.

Dossier 2: Riving Hunan Being!



LECTURE TODAY! IS THERE HUMAN LIFE BENEATH THE SEA?  
QUEST BY DR. JOHN...  
BOMMM!  
WHAT'S THAT RUMBLE?  
MR. MITSUBASHI WE ARE RECEIVING SOS FROM FISHING BOAT OFF NORTH SEA. SHE IS EXPERIENCING SEVERE TRENORS. THINK THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE!  
QUICKLY TO THE JEEP!



SOON, AT THE WATER-FRONT--  
LOOK! OUT THERE!  
OH, JOHN!  
GASP! IT'S RISING!



--AND WHERE IS RAYMOND BLUR?

Notes the second week. Some things are different, but much is the same.

They're still calling concertos instrumental.

Ravels the big dish.

...and these are the best sellers.

Guidance has taken a step into the avenge.

LET US SEE...  
96% IN PHYSICS;  
98% IN GEOMETRY;  
92% IN ALGEBRA...

MATT, THERE'S A FUTURE FOR YOU IN CARPENTRY.

I'M JUST GOOFING ON YOU, BURK-HEAD.

Phys Ed. has reached new heights of sophistication.

NO BLACK SOCKS IN GYM!

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOUR FOOT STARTS HEMORRHAGING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SQUAT THRUST? HOW'RE WE GONNA SEE THE BLOOD?

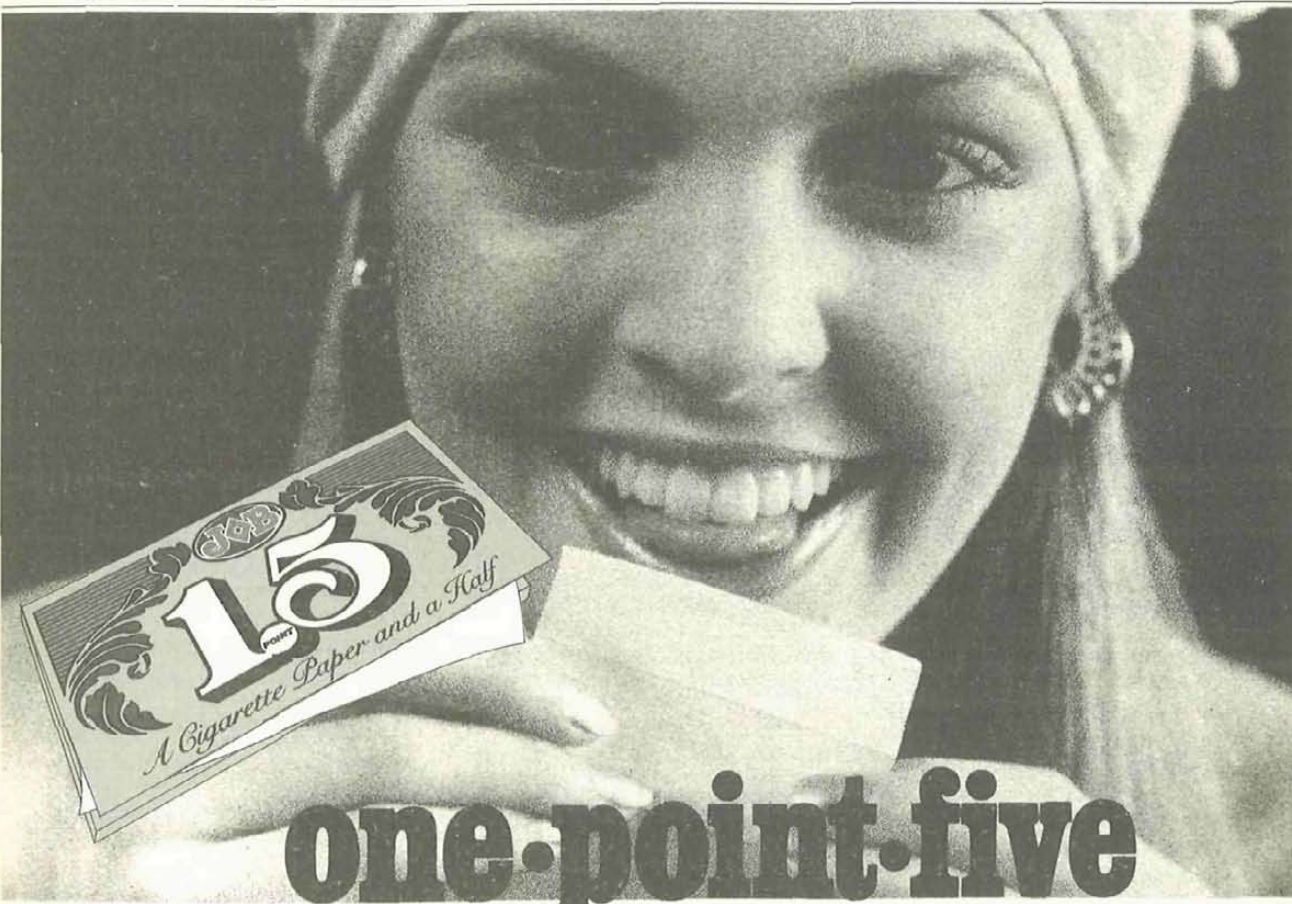
Drug usage is down - with a concomitant increase in the usage of more common intoxicants.

BEER

All in all, the high level of intellectual atrophy developed in the mid-to-late 50's is experiencing a broad and exhilarating reversal...

Roger Corman would be delighted.

GIORGIO/REUTERS © 1975 & 2007



# one-point-five

*A Paper and a Half*

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new one-point-five, the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

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# The Sound Shaper. Because all rooms are not created equal.



You can own the finest component system and still be getting inferior sound.

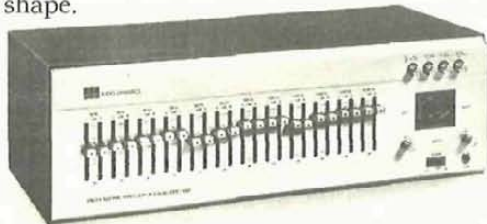
Because unless you happen to have an acoustically perfect listening room, your system and space probably don't match. Hard walls, soft carpets, glass tables, even the size of a room can change sounds.

So ADC developed the new ADC 500 Sound Shaper Frequency Equalizer.

By adjusting the twelve frequency levels you can actually shape your sound to fit the shape of the room, and compensate for spaces and textures that interfere with sound. You can even tinker with the sound just for the fun of it: bring up a singer, lose a violin, actually re-mix your recording.

The new ADC 500 Sound Shaper can get your system into great shape.

ADC



## The Sound Shaper

ADC Professional Products Group. A division of BSR (USA) Ltd., Route 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913

### Letters

continued from page 13

wound a spider's web? For the answer, send your guess and one dollar envelope opening fee to J. Updike, c/o the Coney Reduction Plant, New York, N.Y.

Thanks,  
J.U.

Sirs:

Do I dare disturb the bioverse?  
The Philistines claim me dead  
Strangled by a thousand sordid  
bookmarks,  
Canonized by the prophet of singing  
rocks.

But I live on in a tobacco haze  
Chianti in hand on Sweeney's isle  
With the Lady (sans leotards at  
last)

Practicing two of the brass tacks.  
I don't like eggs.  
Don't tell my wife.

T.S. Eliot  
Sweeney's Crocodile Isle

Ted:

Maybe if we print more arty stuff  
like that, we can blow this cracker-  
jack mag and get real jobs over at the  
*New Yorker*.

P.J.

Sirs:

You guys think you got a way with  
women? You think you're pretty  
sharp? You think you're real cock-  
smiths? Well, *watch my smoke*:

Had we but World enough, and  
Time,

This coyneess Lady were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think  
which way

To walk, and pass our long Love's  
Day

Thou by the Indian Ganges side  
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide  
Of Humber would complain. I  
would

Love you ten years before the  
Flood:

And you should if you please  
refuse

Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.  
My vegetable Love should grow  
Vaster than Empires, and more  
slow.

An hundred years would go to  
praise

Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead  
Gaze.

Two hundred to adore each Breast:  
But thirty thousand for the rest.  
An Age at least to every part,  
And the last Age should show your  
Heart.

continued on page 105

all the innumerable lives of the vast man-swarm that were throbbing like tiny pulses across the immeasurable face of the continent, over the immense plains and on, westward, to the Mississippi and beyond under an endless blue sky that only the jagged Rockies dared invade, and beyond still, and ever beyond as America continued, beautiful and thrilling, through magical lands of bright sun and cacti, until finally the great continent ended in the eternal Pacific, and then onward still to Pago Pago and the Antipodes, Tashkent, Koru-el-nef, Bath, Halifax, names of magic import, and then back home to this, this spot, here where he knelt with his knee on this pebble, and all the thoughts and the fears and the hopes of the uncountable lives that were being lived on this great globe seemed part of their own existence at Dixie-land, seemed to him at one with the rut and scrape of their daily lives and his own diurnal good-bye.

"Why, pshaw, what on earth, boy, you'll be back in no time," she said with thin gaiety.

"Good-bye, Mama!" he cried. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" And he turned from her, the nickel clutched in his palm, and headed for Bascom's. A thousand wild impulses tore through him with every step.

O lost! O lost and cast adrift!...

-DAN ABELSON



TRUMAN CAPOTE  
IN COLD TIFFANY'S  
A St. Bartholomew's Day  
Massacre Memory

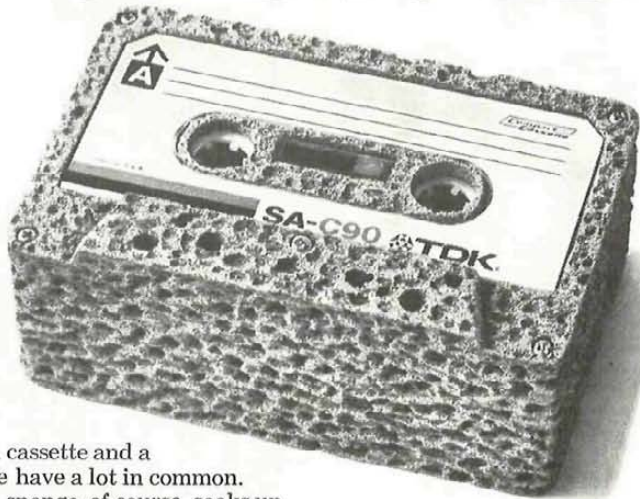
When I was a tad, though I still am, aren't I, old Eudora Jukes and I would secretly celebrate all the national and international holidays that came up. We'd keep it from those mean step-sisters of one another whose immediate cousin Eudora was and whose somewhat more laggard cousin I am reluctant to aver I myself also was, poor relations, dominated or tolerated by turn.

But be that as it may, that old woman taught me much, and we had more fun skulkin' around that old Alabama house than if liberty hall had been declared in its other rooms, by other voices. I won't chronicle the lists of the days we held in honor. The anniversary of the Albanian Revolution. The death of Con Tillie's canary. The defeat of Vercingetorix. Whenever we could, we found excuse for celebration and secret festival. Cousin Eudy would make spice cakes, and I would hang bunting, soiled and worn though it was from frequent application.

But the most festive and memorable of these occasions for mirth was the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. On that occasion, which fell in the dead of winter, we would cut down an old almond tree and set it up in the attic. Much whispering and

continued

# THE SOUND SPONGE.



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position. (If your machine doesn't have a chrome position, we recommend TDK's AUDUA cassette.)

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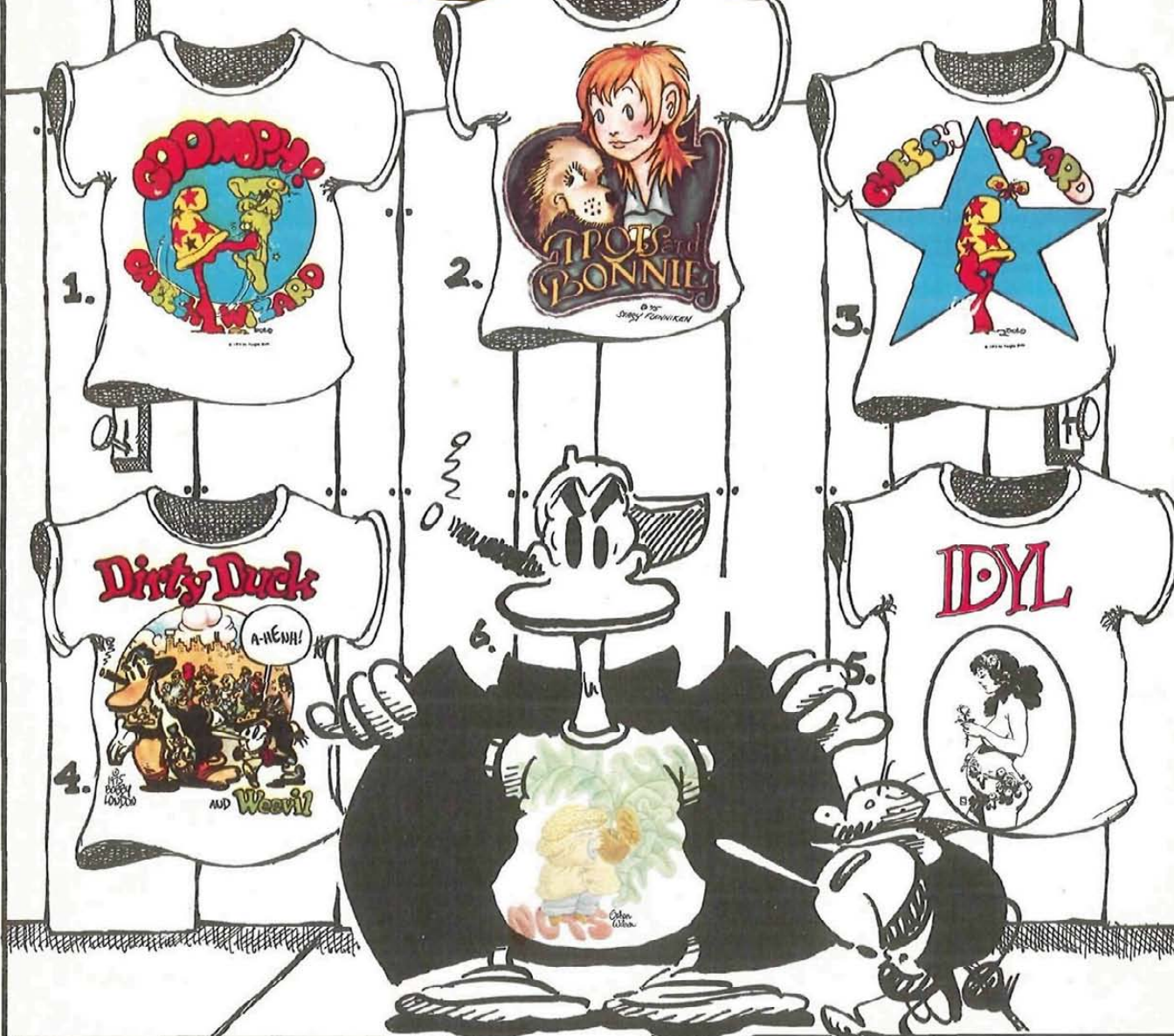
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## Scarlet Letters

continued

night skirmishes to go undetected, I may tell you. When the great day came, we would break out the Christmas ornaments and hang the bare tree with the bright globes and tinsel. And when the tree was full and glistening, we would hug one another and sing a Baptist hymn. Cousin Eudy remembered the words only dimly, while I mouthed the tune; the religious content was minimal.

"One day," said Cousin Eudy, "you will be A Star. And this day is a ceremony in advance honor of that occasion, a ritual sacrifice for the time to come. See that green ball, so glassy and bright?"

"The one with the snowflake on?"

"That's it, son. Now that'll be?—" And Eudy would meditate a moment, rummaging around in her failing brains for the name of someone from her wide, indeed promiscuous, reading of backdate magazines of the fashion-plate variety.

"Ah!" she would finally cry. "Gloria Vanderbilt. That star is Gloria Vanderbilt!"

"Is it?" I would say in a manner falsely naïve.

"That's who it is!" she'd declare.

"What shall I do?" I'd say.

"You know full well what to do," she'd say. "Don't hold back."

And I'd pick up my peashooter and *pfift—crash!*—that would be the end of Mrs. Wyatt Cooper.

"And the crystal snowman?" I'd say.

"Gore Vidal!" Miss Eudy'd cry.

*Pfft—crash!*

"Ceezee Guest!" she'd proclaim, pointing at a delicate yellow glass bird.

*Pfft—crash!*

"Christopher Isherwood! Prince Paul of Greece! Arthur Koestler! Ned Rorem! Alice B. Toklas! Tennessee Williams! Sumner Welles! Samuel Beckett! Mrs. Cary Grant!"

*Pfft—crash!*—down they would come, one and all, until the massacre of those frail worlds was complete. On the top of the tree remained only the star.

"And that is you!" cried Miss Eudy, her eyes filled with an almost religious light. And I looked up, and, learning my lesson well, liked that part most of all—that and the fact that when my work was done, there was nothing left there but some tough old tinsel. Who would have thought?...

—WILFRED T. CARROLL

## ERSKINE CALDWELL COUNTRY FULL OF SPADES

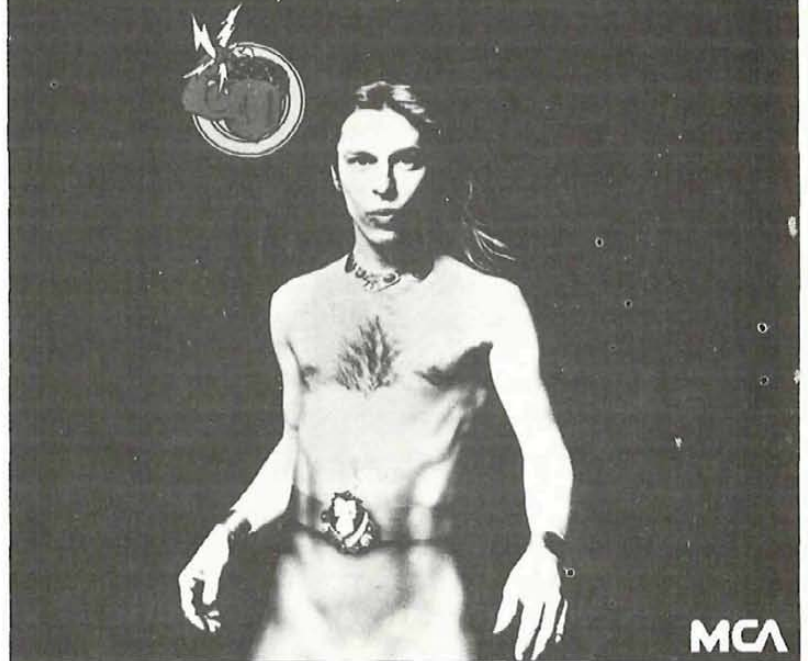
**P**a spat and killed a pig. "Orph Wagg, you have got to be the laziest damn man in South Georgia and praise the Lord," screeched Ma as she slammed through the screen door and out onto the porch. She swatted her dishrag at a horsefly that had alighted on her wooden leg.

"Don't pay her no heed, son," said Pa. He reached over with his barlow knife and made

continued

# BALLS OF FIRE

## BALLS OF FIRE BLACK OAK ARKANSAS



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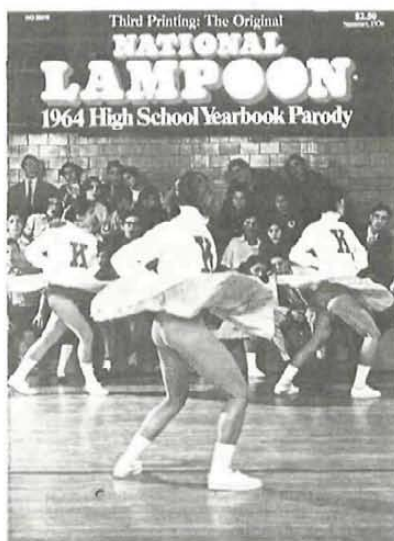
"Beautiful!"

"Terrific!"

"Wonderful!"

"Awesome!"

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That's what the critics said about Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* in 1942, and that's what we'll say about you right now if you buy a copy of the *National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody*.

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Please make sure to list your correct zip code.

### Scarlet Letters

continued

as if to whittle at Ma's leg, but she hobbled out of the way.

Pa sneezed and killed a dog.

"I'm goin'," he announced to us, and started off in the direction of niggertown.

"Your Pa is a smart man," said Ma. "But he uses all his time on things that ain't no account, and that's the truth and praise the Lord."

\* \* \*

Pa brought a yellow girl home that night and crowded up the bed so much that I went out to sleep in the tobacco. Pa came out and woke me up about sunrise.

"Come on, boy," I followed him in and saw the nigger girl was dead. Pa was a potent lover. That's how Ma lost her leg. Ma was asleep beside her. We dragged the yeller girl out and shoved her in the sump, but Pa kept all her money. Nine dollars and thirty cents, mostly in dimes.

"That owl to be sufficient," he said. "But I don't mean to run out." He gently unscrewed Ma's leg. "You take this to Reasonable Abe's. Ask six dollars for it, but take three if he offers it. And have him give it to you in dimes."

\* \* \*

I had never seen that many dimes all together. They made a great jingle in Pa's pocket all the way to niggertown. The first nigger we saw was well acquainted with Pa.

"Hey, how yew, Mista Wagg, white-folks."

Other niggers were sitting around poking the dust in the hot sun; they looked up with interest.

"Now, Reuben," said Pa. "I want you to drop your pants."

Reuben's eyes got white all around. He looked to the right and left. He did not want to drop his pants, but Pa had told him to, so he did.

"Now Reuben, this boy of mine is goin' to kiss your ass."

I didn't know what Pa had in mind, but I knew better than to cross him, so I went ahead and kissed nigger Reuben's ass. He pulled up his galluses then, and looked at me and Pa like both of us were crazy. I could hardly blame him for that.

"Well now, Reuben," Pa said. "Here's a dime and this here dime is your reward. I want you to tell all the colored folks in town that each and every one of them that comes down to the Baptiss church this Sunday mornin' and lets this boy kiss their ass will get a dime just like that one for their own."

Pa belched and killed a goat.

\* \* \*

Approaching the Baptiss Church that Sunday, we could hear hymns blazin' forth, and when we got in it looked as though nigh every nigger in the country had shewed up.

All morning long Pa handed out dimes and I kissed black ass. When Pa was sure all the niggers had had their turns, he let them

start through the line again and gave them another dime. We didn't quit till the dimes were gone.

As Pa and I walked away, they began singing hymns just like before.

\* \* \*

As we sat on the porch in the sunset, Pa said to me, "Son," he said, "I allow that this morning seemed mighty strange to you, but I done it for a good reason. It may seem a queer thing to do in this day and time, but times are goin' to change. Roosevelt will see to that." He ruffled up my hair with his hand.

Just at that point Ma crawled out on the porch and lit into Pa right away. "That's a fine way to bring up a boy, and that's the truth and praise the Lord!"

Pa farted and killed Ma.

We sat there together for a long time before we went in to eat Ma. The sunset colored the whole landscape like a jukebox, and remembering it makes me wish my Pa could see me now, sitting here in the oval room. Boy, he'd kneel to his rising son, and lick my dick, just as every mother's son of 'em does, black, white, pink, and yeller. I'd see to it right quick if he didn't, I mean to tell ya.

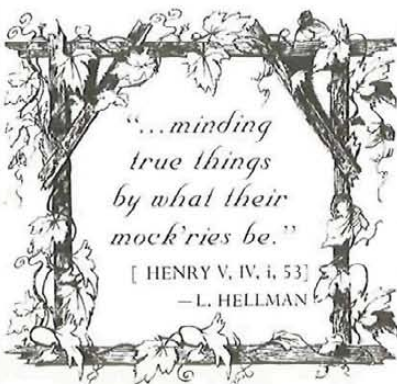
—REX F. MAY

JOHN CROWE RANSOM  
PORTICO PIECE

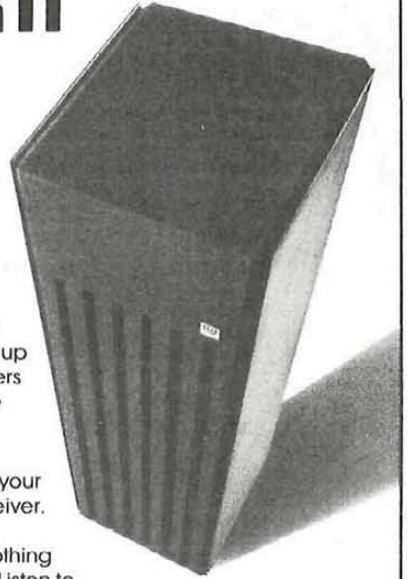
—Ah'm Wisteria on the portico tryin'  
To make you smell my delicate ear. But  
Though its petals are pristine and uncut  
You would have matrons' whispers and  
sighing,  
Gossiping, garrulous, lobes pierced and  
droopin',  
Lavender housetours, garter belts, girdles.  
Waiting, my younglove rancids and curdles.  
Ah'm Wisteria on the portico poopin'.

—Ah'm a pillar o' the Confederacy chokin'.  
Back from my truss, gal, before I scream  
Among vines of hysteria which seem  
Not to know as they finger my column  
(White, old, antebellum, and solemn),  
That a pile of old faggots is piss-po' fo'  
stokin'!

—CORDENE BLY



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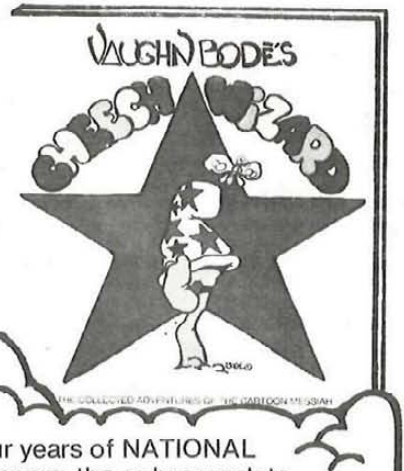
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## "Hiya, Cyrus"

continued from page 69

and all was making his soufflés drop. Went to Paris, never come back.

### BAUMGARTEN:

What you're claiming, then, is that several famous international personalities in widely ranging walks of life, living in far-flung countries, originally came from Tempura County.

### FITCH:

Better say from Soufflé County. Fact is, we ain't had too many folks leave since the war, except, of course, Freddie and the Dreamers.

### BAUMGARTEN:

But that's preposterous.

### BRASENOSE:

Told ye afore, sonny. Wouldn't let Cyrus catch you talkin' that way.

### BAUMGARTEN:

Who is this Cyrus?

### FITCH:

I was forgittin'. You don't know Cyrus, do ye. He'll be along.

### BRASENOSE:

You get on the wrong side of Cyrus, there's no telling what he'll do.

### JACKSON:

Look what he did to that Cranshaw girl.

### BAUMGARTEN:

What happened?

### BRASENOSE:

No one rightly knows what he did to her, but right after he got to hear 'bout it, she got pregnant. Now, that ain't so unaccountable, but nine months later she give birth to a four-foot slide rule.

### FITCH:

Near tore 'er in two, it did. Serve her right.

### BAUMGARTEN:

Note to myself: what I seem to have stumbled upon here is an extraordinary quasisreligious phenomenon. The evidence adduced by these people can only be explained by either some externally manipulated mass-hallucinatory activity on the part of this community, or some hitherto undiscovered private cult based on partially understood communications input, a kind of cargo cult, as it were, on the outskirts of the global village.

### LUNG (?)

Ngung (?) brakka nonfenimolig (?) naganna predetm (?) (unintelligible for 12.3 seconds) lungermore (?) teary God (?) (unintelligible for 7.0 seconds).

### BAUMGARTEN:

What did he say?

### JACKSON:

He thinks your argument is a clear example of reductionist cross-cultural comparativism and feels that, on the contrary, the belief structure of Tempura County is in no way comparable to the ergot manifestations in fourteenth century Alsace.

### LUNG:

Morph (?) raxafraz (?) (unintelligible for 16.6 seconds).

### JACKSON:

Rufus, we been all 'round the barn on that one last week. The Radcliffe Brownian conception of stasis in nomothesis does not come near generating the data that we get from a Durkheimian "group manifestation" commensalist schema.

### LUNG:

(Unintelligible for 8.3 seconds)

### BAUMGARTEN:

Yes. Well, in the interests of harmonious discussion, I'm willing to

continued



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Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear  
Time's winged Charriot hurrying  
near:

And yonder all before us lye  
Desarts of vast Eternity.

Thy Beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall  
sound

My echoing song: then Worms  
shall try

That long preserv'd Virginity:  
And your quaint Honour turn to  
dust;

And into ashes all my Lust.  
The Grave's a fine and private  
place,

But none I think do there embrace.  
Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzp...

Tee-hee, giggle giggle  
Squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak,  
squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak,  
squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak,  
squeak-squeak...

Andrew Marvell  
c/o Marvell Comics Group  
Poet's Catty-Corner  
Westminster Cathedral  
London, U.K.

Dear Sirs:

All my men wear English Leather  
or they wear nothing at all.

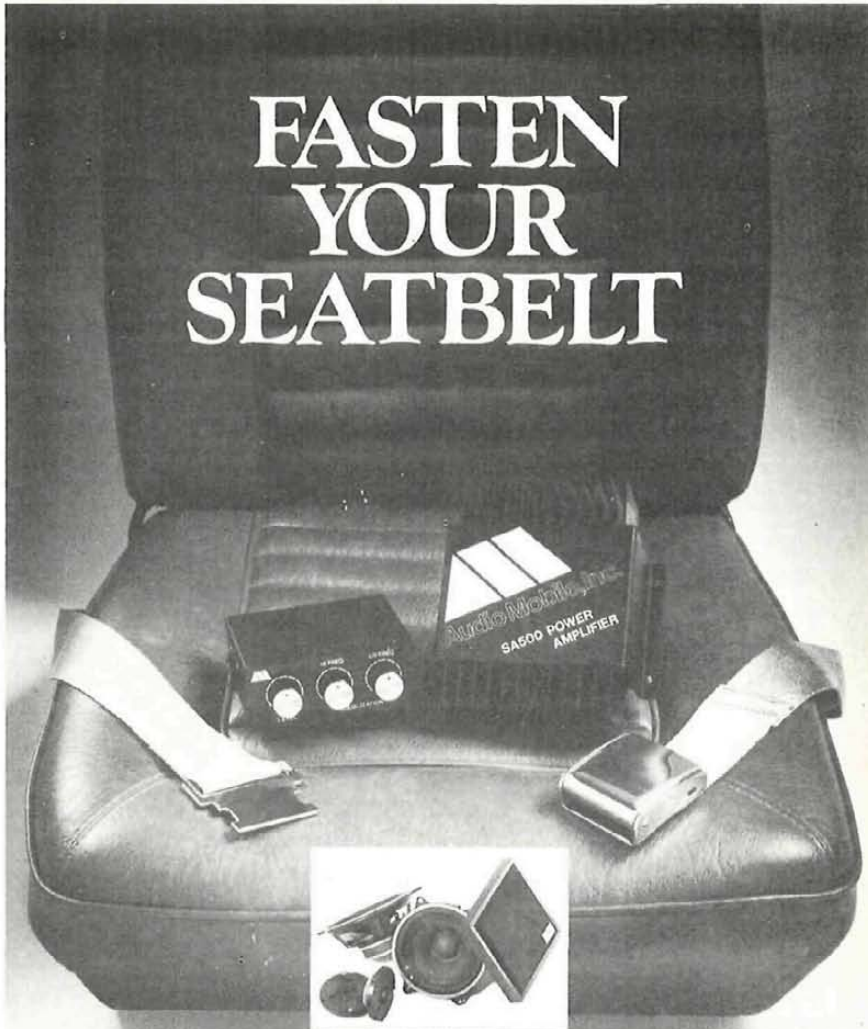
Love,  
Jeremy Thorpe  
Dorking-on-Clyde  
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Chicago, Illinois 60630

## "Hiya, Cyrus"

*continued*

concede Mr. Lung's point. Mr. Jackson, perhaps you'd be willing to apply your analysis to another area of critical interest?

**JACKSON:**  
Sure thing.

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
I want to preface this by asking you to feel entirely free to stop me if you think that any of these enquiries overstep the boundaries of either personal or collective taste.

**FITCH:**  
You mean sex?

(General noise 5.4 seconds)

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
Er, yes. We've learned that often the pair-bonding process within a given subculture approaches our western notion of the marriage ritual...

**FITCH:**  
We all married here.

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
I understand that, but...

**FITCH:**  
To one another. What you're looking at, sonny, is an open marriage...

(General noise 9.5 seconds)

...open to, and required of, all residents of Tempura County.

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
I see. How does that work?

**FITCH:**  
We all fuck one another. Whenever, wherever, whoever. Fuck, fuck, fuck all the time. Up the ass, in the mouth, even where it's s'posed to go.

(General noise, unidentified sounds 3 minutes 43.8 seconds)

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
Please, please, please (distortion). Excuse me. Er, I think I may be running out of tape here. I wonder if we could conclude...

**BRASENOSE:**  
Sure. Put your dick away, Rufus. What you want to know?

**BAUMGARTEN:**  
It would round out the excellent picture I've formed of your lifestyle if you could give me some idea of your means of subsistence. Widow Fitch, I've been told, for instance,

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*continued on page 110*

# Special Paid Afro-American Gift Section

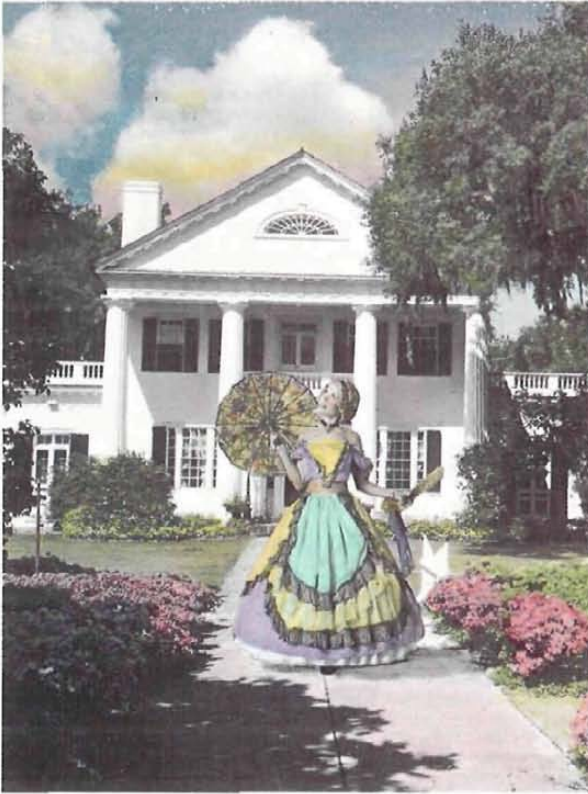
Donated by the Organization  
of Concerned White Southern  
*National Lampoon* Readers

**W**e know that the *National Lampoon* has never been a magazine to apologize for what it says or implies. Bearing that in mind, we want to make it clear that the following article is *not* a part of the *National Lampoon's* Down Home issue. These three pages have been purchased by a group of people for a very specific reason. We are the Organization of Concerned White Southern *National Lampoon* Readers (O.C.W.S.N.L.R.), and we take great pride in this magazine and the freedom of speech for which it stands. But, nonetheless, we feel that many black *National Lampoon* readers may be misled by the satirical point of view taken this month. While we don't want to interfere in the *National Lampoon's* editorial content, we *do* want to do something to combat the idea that the South is a haven for racial bigotry and hate. Prejudice does, of course, exist in the South—as it exists everywhere. But there are a great many white people here to whom that prejudice is anathema. We count ourselves among those people, and to prove our point, we would like to take this opportunity to present, as a gift to all the Afro-American *National Lampoon* readers, a humorous article in which we have striven to embody something of the hopes, dreams, and aspirations of our black brothers.

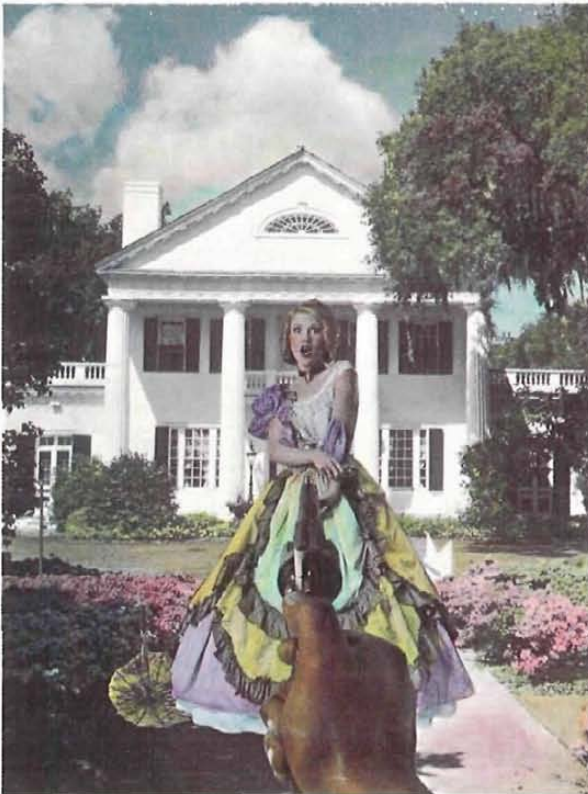
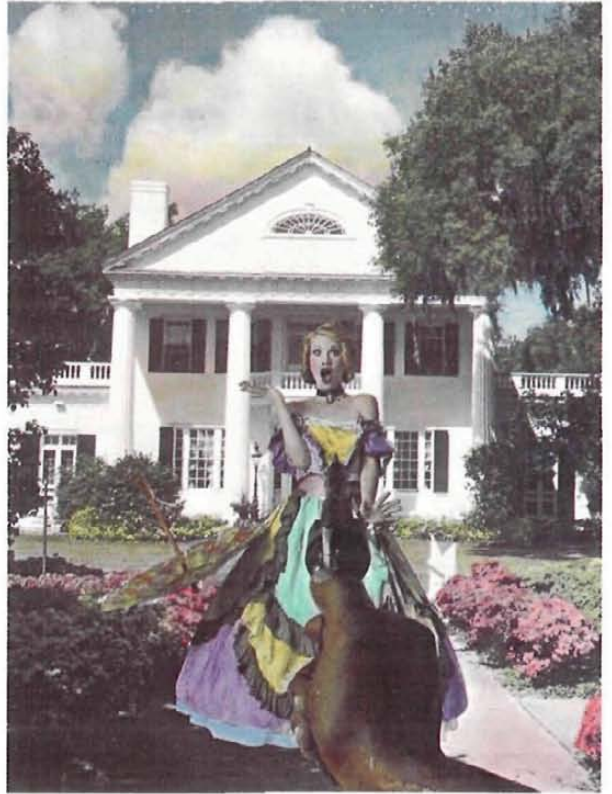
Randall Townsend  
President of the Steering Committee  
O.C.W.S.N.L.R.

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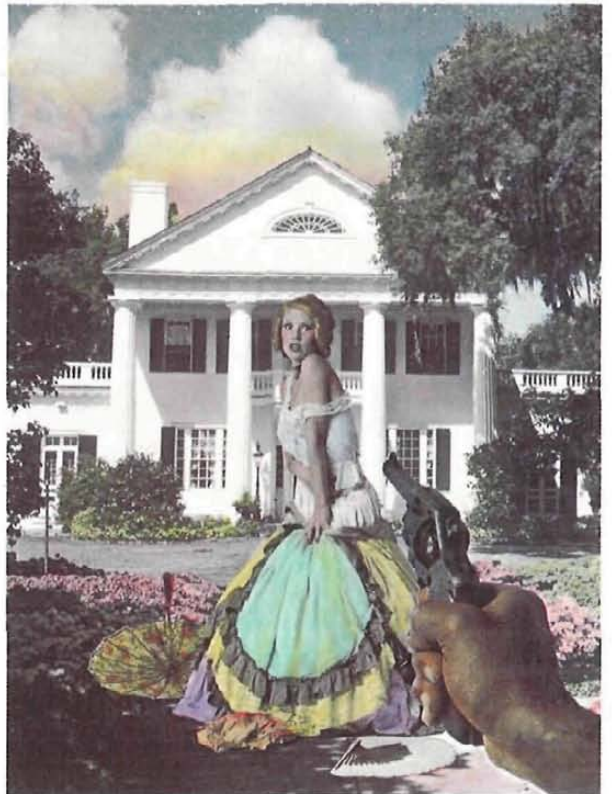
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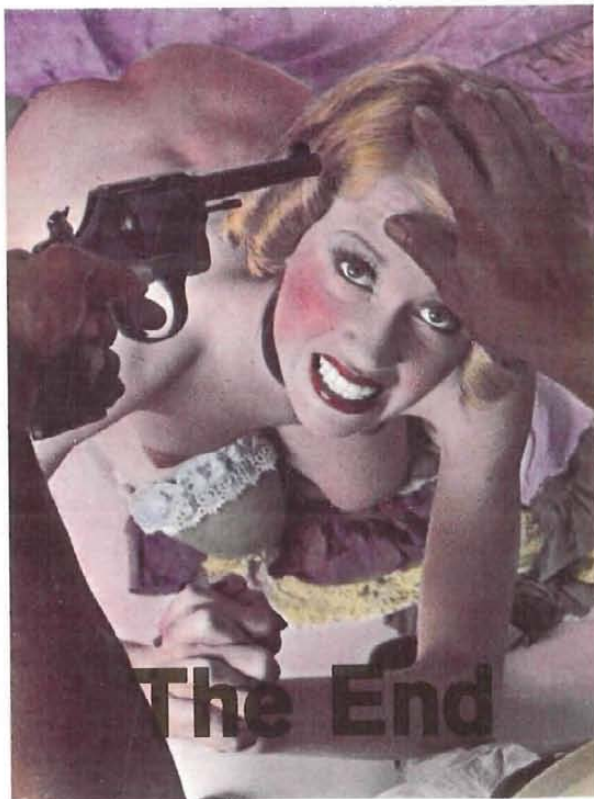
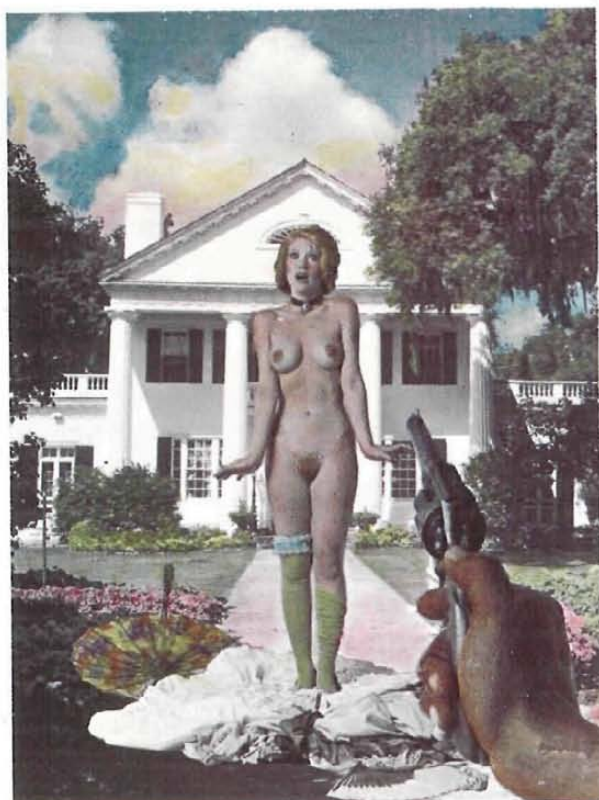
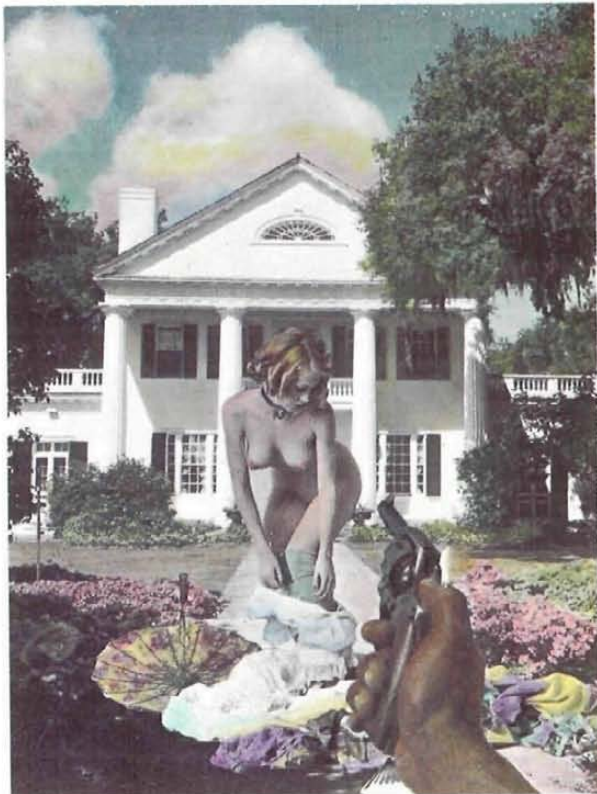
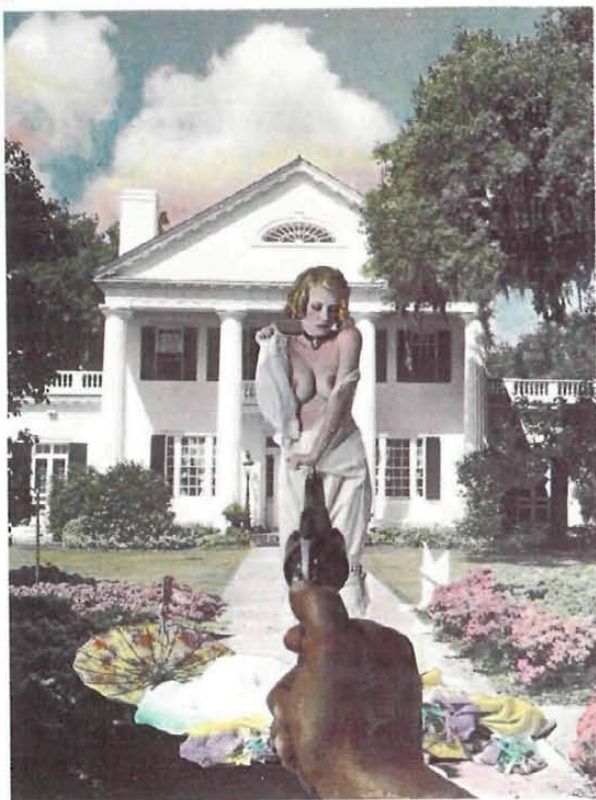


3



4





# The new Sherwood S7910: State-of-the-Art for under \$500.\*

In the past few years, good specifications have become a relative commonplace in the consumer electronics industry.

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With a power output of 60 watts per channel [minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20-20,000 Hz] with no more than 0.1% Total Harmonic Distortion, the S7910 is clearly equipped to serve as the center point of the most progressive music systems.

More to the point, though, is the componentry that permits this capability. The output devices are paralleled OCL direct-coupled. This configuration, combined with the high voltage and current ratings of the output devices, creates an extremely stable circuit. Additionally, the massive power transformer and twin 12,000  $\mu$ f filter capacitors, backed by a zener regulated secondary power supply, ensure the S7910's ability to perform well beyond the demands of normal use.

The S7910's IHF FM Sensitivity rating is 9.84 dBf [1.7  $\mu$ V]. That's one of the finest ratings attainable—and it can only be achieved through the utilization of superior componentry. 4-ganged tuning capacitors. Dual-Gate MOS FET's. Phase Lock Loop MPX. Ceramic FM IF Phase Linear Filters. And Sherwood's newly-developed digital detector, which introduces virtually no distortion to the signal and never requires alignment.

The front panel of the S7910 reflects every significant function of current hi-fidelity technology.

And again, the componentry behind the faceplate is the finest available. [For example, the 3-stage Baxandall tone circuit employed for the Bass and Treble controls.] Other features, such as the Master Tone Defeat switch, switchable FM de-emphasis and FM Stereo Only, and two front panel tape dubbing jacks, contribute to an operational versatility that is truly outstanding.

In every respect, the S7910 demonstrates the attention to detail, the on-going effort to refine existing solutions and discover better ones, that has characterized Sherwood throughout the years.

You might be able to find another receiver in this price range that offers similar specifications—on paper.

But you won't find a receiver that's been more meticulously designed, or more carefully produced.

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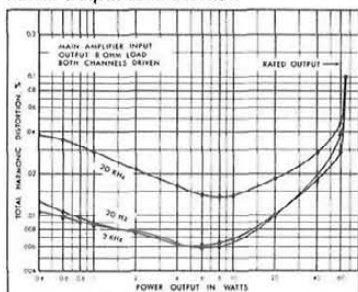
Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc.  
4300 North California Avenue  
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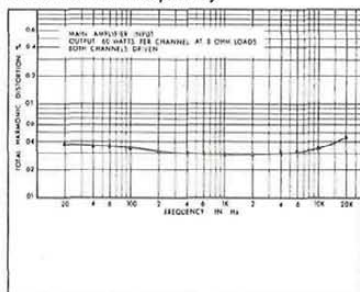
\*The value shown is for informational purposes only. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Sherwood Dealer at his option. The cabinet shown is constructed of select plywood with a walnut veneer covering.

\*\*Model S8910 offers identical specifications and features, but is FM only.

Power Output vs. Distortion



Distortion vs. Frequency



## "Hiya, Cyrus"

continued from page 106

that you are a quiltmaker. What is the market for them?

**FITCH:**

Hell, I don't make money from them.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

How do you survive, then?

**FITCH:**

Like everyone else. I goes out every month or two and piles up rocks.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

What kind of rocks?

**FITCH:**

All kinds. 'Specially them shiny ones from down the lower forty. Cyrus don't always take them, though. No knowing which one old Cyrus gonna take.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Ah, Cyrus again. I'd been meaning to ask about him. Who exactly is this Cyrus?

**BRASENOSE:**

Little fella. One eye. Moves around on wheels. No arms or legs or nothin'.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

He's a cripple?

**JACKSON:**

Naw. They all look that way. You'll see.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

So this Cyrus buys certain of your rocks, is that correct?

**FITCH:**

Don't rightly buy them. More like barter. See, he picks out the rocks he likes an gives us stuff back. Like, say, Xerox stock or Dutch Masters.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Xerox stock and cigars?

**BRASENOSE:**

Not cigars. Vermeer. Holbein. Ain't always Dutch, of course. This one here's a Mantegna.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

Bbbbut this is incredible, incredible. I...

*(Unidentified noises, door [?], movement)*

**FITCH:**

Hi, Cyrus.

**UNIDENTIFIED VOICE (CYRUS?):**

Howdy, folks.

*(General noise, greeting [?] under B. Considerable distortion)*

**BAUMGARTEN:**

This is unbelievable I what is going on here seems to be a creature or machine has just entered has er it's my God, there's a general light and a small girl, holy Jesus it's got one eye thing and wheels...

**JACKSON:**

How you bin, Cyrus? Warm enough for you?

**CYRUS (?):**

Can't complain.

**FITCH:**

You bin a good girl, Lou Anne?

**LOU ANNE (?):**

Sure have, Grandma. Cyrus took me to Cygnus A.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

This where it holy fuckin' (?) Christ I

**LOU ANNE (?):**

...and then we went through this time-space warp and I got all over goosebumps and I was real old, even older 'n you, Grandma, I was a hundred and two...

**BRASENOSE:**

Now you hush up, Lou Anne. We got company.

**BAUMGARTEN:**

That's, er, I'm getting outta leaving just...

**CYRUS (?):**

Now you jest set yourself down, Mr. Baumgarten.

**BRASENOSE:**

Takin' any rocks this trip, Cyrus?

**CYRUS (?):**

Sure am. And guess what I got y'all...

(General noise 2.2 seconds)

...one hundred tickets to A Chorus Line and free dinner at Sardi's.

(General noise, falling object [?].

Tape ends )

**SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO**

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REPLIES SO FAR:

COL LEWIS "CHESTY PULLER USMC"  
CONTINENTS JUST STAY PUT. THAT IS MY TRUTH.  
"CHESTY" IS WRONG!  
WALT SULLIVAN N.Y. TIMES  
THEY DON'T DRIFT. THEY SORT OF SCUTTLE. I'D CALL IT "CONTINENTAL SCUTTLE."  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED GIANT PTERODACTYL  
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TIMID!  
DEAT IT!  
YOUR REPLY

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Alan W. Ryan  
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*It was old Flynn and Casey, a' sittin' at me bar,  
Swiggin' a green ooziin' liquid, from a little purple jar.  
T'was then I grabbed the Paddy's, and placed it on the wood,  
I said, "Drink some of this, me lads, it's bound to do ya good."  
Well, old Flynn clutched the bottle, and raised it to his mouth,  
Me and Casey sat a'starin' as the whiskey headed south.  
And then he slapped the bottle down, and with a twinkle in his eye,  
Me an' Casey heard the words of his now immortal cry:  
"I'll say it from this moment on, and I'll say it 'till I die,  
Paddy Irish Whiskey, is the finest you can buy."*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

### If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Nine finalists will be chosen from entries submitted before closing date of contest: September 29, 1976. Poems of finalists will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. Every entrant will receive an "Honorary Irish Poet" certificate. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

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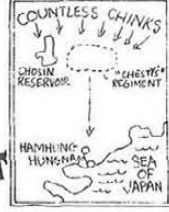
**SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO**

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**"CHESTY" PART ONE: KOREA**

"a blunt man  
with a belligerent  
thrust to his jaw  
who strode about  
with his chest  
thrown out like  
a bantam rooster"  
- James McGovern



**THE STRAIGHT POOP:**

"CHESTY" AND HIS MEN HAVE MADE IT TO  
THE CHOSIN RESERVOIR. SUDDENLY, IN  
THE SUBZERO WEATHER, THEY COME  
ACROSS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS  
OF ANGRY CHINESE! WHAT A NASTY  
SURPRISE! SO ON DEC. 4, 1950, "CHESTY"  
BEGINS A "FIGHTING RETREAT"  
TO THE SEA AND SAFETY!

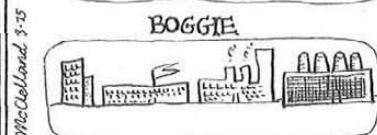
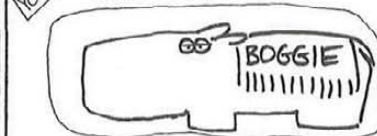
"WE'LL SUFFER HEAVY  
LOSSES. THE ENEMY GREATLY  
OUTNUMBERS US! THEY'VE  
BLOWN UP THE BRIDGES AND  
BLOCKED THE ROADS... BUT  
WE'LL MAKE IT  
SOMEHOW.

NB: THEY DID.  
SORT OF.

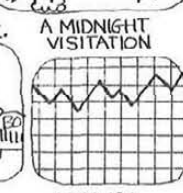
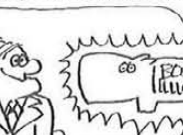
"CHESTY" AGAIN.  
(THIS IS JUST ABOUT "CHESTY"-NOBODY ELSE.)

**SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO**

YOUR OWN FAVE  
BOGGIE AND  
CORPORATE MANAGEMENT.

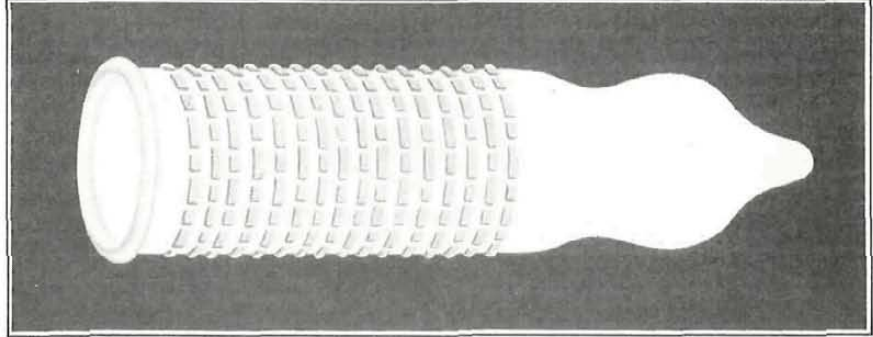


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*Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.*

Washington, D.C. — Across this marbled city, indeed across the mountains, valleys, rivers, towns, metropolises, plains, and deserts of this huge, ungainly land, they are frolicking 'midst the bunting and brouhaha that marks the tenth score of our national existence. Yet such, such are the vagaries of public life that the uniquely gifted, foresighted man who might well have led this tergiversate land into a third century of resolute decision waits, unbidden and unbeckoned, on the sidelines of public life. Enriched by an ancestry with Croesian wealth, poised a carbine away from his life-long dream of the presidency, Nelson A. Rockefeller remains living proof that in politics, as in life, the race is not always to the swift.

This inquiring journalist met up with Vice-President Rockefeller in a modestly appointed hideaway office in the Executive Office Building. He was on the telephone to California, talking, one surmised, to a furniture specialist about the small but important effort to increase productivity by eliminating distracting noises from office chairs (this is speculation; he was in fact saying something about "squeaky...can't do the job..."). He was composed, almost immobile, facially; the complex series of winks, grins, grimaces, and raised eyebrows, built for him in his first campaign for governor of New York in 1958 by a team of animatronics specialists from Disneyland, had been temporarily disconnected. And Mr. Rockefeller was typically visionary, yet somehow rooted in practical reality, when the subject of our national birthday came up.

"It's a darn shame," Mr. Rockefeller commented, "that our leadership—and I'm not criticizing President Ford, who heaven knows has struggled manfully to disguise the prefrontal lobotomy he undoubtedly underwent in his youth—has failed to match our national energy and will to the challenge of the Bicentennial. Why, when my brother David turned fifty,



we overthrew three left-wing Latin American countries and organized a Bantu-shoot in the Transvaal. Now, if one American family can do that, think what the whole country could do!"

Mr. Rockefeller, in a typical example of his generosity, to which this correspondent can personally attest (Mr. Rockefeller shipped me a pre-Colombian sculpture and a pre-oiled fourteen-year-old Turkish lad once as an anniversary surprise), paid for a two-year task force study of America's Bicentennial celebration several years ago. Typically, however, the far-reaching recommendations of the task force were hastily brushed aside by Washington's leaders. Yet these suggestions would clearly have enhanced our national sense of identity and pride. They included:

- the painting of 300,000 welfare recipients red, white, and blue, and positioning them on the Mojave Desert for a year as a living American flag tableau which would have inspired international airline passengers all through 1976;

- a special Bicentennial tax shelter;

- the construction of a \$160 billion bridge connecting Washington and London, "to symbolize the bonds of the Atlantic community, and to provide a special place for the construction unions that have done so much to bring New York into its present economic state."

Here, then, in Nelson Rockefeller, is a man of genuine foresight, a man whose vision indeed matches the boundless power of America itself.

"When," he asks rhetorically, flicking the ash of the eight-dollar cigar in

the eagerly waiting mouth of his faithful Filipino retainer Raoul, "was America really united? I'll tell you when. When we were at war with a real villain. I don't mean some greaseball Oriental with buck teeth and jaundice—I mean Hitler, Tojo, those were villains.

"The problem is, those kinds of villains don't exist anymore on earth. And that's the key. I propose a massive, crash program to find intelligent life in the universe; it can start modestly, say \$350 billion a year. Of course, you'd have to give special incentives to key corporations and labor unions, and it might require the reimposition of the draft, and perhaps the repeal of the Thirteenth Amendment, but we'll let the lawyers handle that, that's what they're there for.

"Then," Mr. Rockefeller continues, "as soon as we find these aliens, we'll have to protect ourselves from them. After all, illegal aliens right now take thousands of jobs away from Americans—imagine what *real* aliens would do. This will mean all of the job-producing programs you can think of—laser beam shelters, anti-flying saucer systems, reinforcing the Van Allen Belt. There won't be an unemployed American left to put on welfare.

"Finally," he says, looking skyward, "we'll have to go to war with these tentacle-heads. I see a wave of patriotism reborn; songs like, 'Marchin' on the Martians,' posters, movies—and this nation will stand together as we have not in thirty years.

"It is," he says with that calm finality which brought peace to Attica, "the fulfillment of our destiny: The Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of the Godfather."

This correspondent left Mr. Rockefeller with a sense, once again, of futility, that the lesser visions of lesser men have kept from ultimate power the one man in America who seems to have embraced, fully and completely, that spirit of Can-Do Americanism which so many of us have lost as we enter the 1,753,200th hour of our national life. We shall, I fear, never regain that spirit until America is placed in the strong, manly embrace of a full Nelson. □

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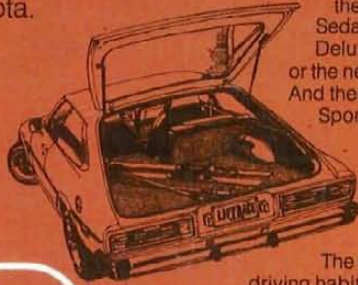
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