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DECEMBER 1976

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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Will the world's largest producer of blank recording tape please stand up.

Though you might not have heard of us, we make more tape than anyone else in the business. (For the record, that's more than 6 million miles of tape a year sold in 70 countries.)

And we make better tape for the price. You'll find giant value in tapes we pack for leading audio and retail chains, as

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For great tape and great value, look to the Unknown Giant. We're head and shoulders above the rest.

AudioMagnetics. The Unknown Giant.

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Accutrac. The turntable with eyes.



Introducing Accutrac.

The only turntable in the world that lets you tell an LP which selections you want to hear, the order you want to hear them in, even how many times you want to hear each one.

Sounds like something out of the 21st century, doesn't it? Well, as a result of Accutrac's electro-optics, computer programming and direct drive capabilities, you can have it today.

Just imagine you want to hear cuts 5, 3 and 7 in that order. Maybe you even want to hear cut 3 twice, because it's an old favorite. Simply press buttons 5, 3, 3 again, then 7. Accutrac's unique infra-red beam, located in the tonearm head, scans the record surface. Over the recorded portion the beam scatters but over the smooth surface between selections the infra-red light is reflected back to the tonearm, directing it to follow your instructions.



What's more, it can do this by cordless remote control, even from across the room.

The arm your fingers never have to touch.

Since Accutrac's tonearm is electronically directed to the record, you never risk dropping the tonearm accidentally and scratching a record, or damaging a stylus.

And, since it cues electronically, too, you can interrupt your listening and then pick it up again in the same groove, within a fraction of a revolution. Even the best damped cue lever can't provide such accuracy. Or safety.

What you hear is as incredible as what you see.

Because the Accutrac servo-motor which drives the tonearm is decoupled the instant the stylus goes into play, both horizontal and vertical friction are virtually eliminated. That means you get the most accurate tracking possible and the most faithful reproduction.

You also get wow and flutter at a completely inaudible 0.03% WRMS. Rumble at -70 dB (DIN B). A tracking force of a mere 3/4 gram. And tonearm resonance at the ideal 8-10 Hz.

The Accutrac 4000 system. When you see and hear what it can do, you'll never be satisfied owning anything else.

Its father was a turntable.
Its mother was a computer.

The Accutrac™ 4000



ADC Professional Products Group, A Division of BSR (USA) Ltd. Route 303, Blauvelt, NY 10913

CONTENTS

Vol. 1, No. 81

What Is a Newsie?, 43

By Sean Kelly, photographed by Chris Callis

Rent-a-Satirist, 44

By P.J. O'Rourke, tolerated by Lisa Lenovitz

Confusions of an Adman, 48

By Gerald Sussman, photographed by Arky & Barrett

Secret Agent, 51

By Ted Mann, illustrated by Bob Larkin

Jose: Pullout, Pinup Sex Object of the Month, 55

Photographed by Jan Michael, sculptured by Aoki, location that is the Rain Room and Curney

Objects, 64

By Jeff Greenfield, photographed by Peter Ness, collage by Diana Feldman

Savage Christmas, 73

By R. Bruce Moody, illustrated by Peter Kleinman

The Ballad of Pulp and Paper, 77

By Sean Kelly, illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

Putty A Face for the Seventies, 103

By Evan Mower, edited by P.J. O'Rourke, designed by Skip Johnston, retouched by Bob Rakira; with Lacy, Remi Yamao, Cliff Coleman, and Marie Church; makeup by Penelope; special assistance from Gemma LaMana, Kekelremme, The Braun Bottle Co., and Tom's Chroma Lab; product-mock up by Rich Tanzman and Evan Mower

ILLUSTRATION

Editorial, 8

Letters, 5

Birdbath, 12

By R. Bruce Moody

True Facts, 24

The National, 27

This Is War, 36

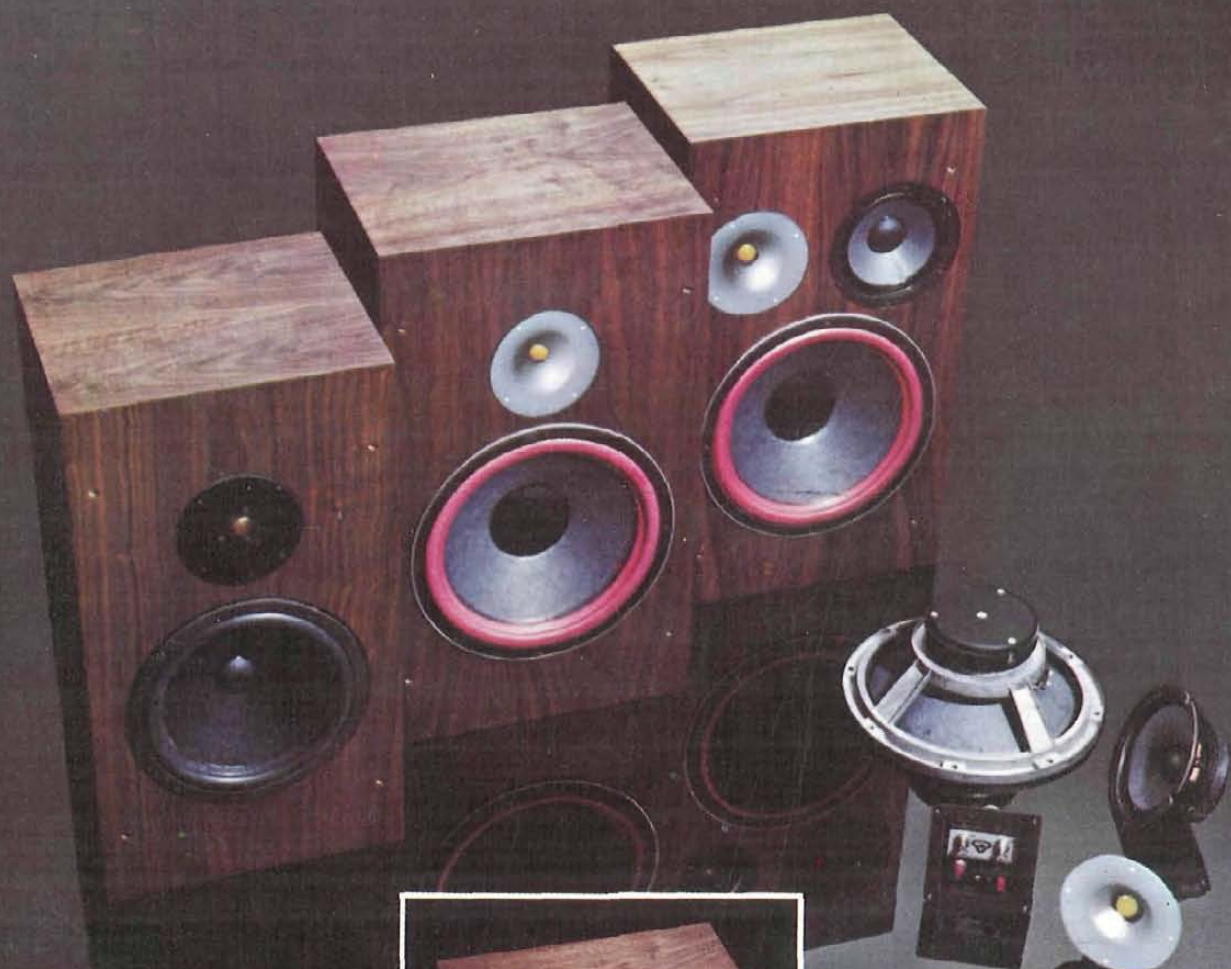
By Ted Mann

Funny Pages, 81

Elborne Whippet, Jr., 114

By Jeff Greenfield

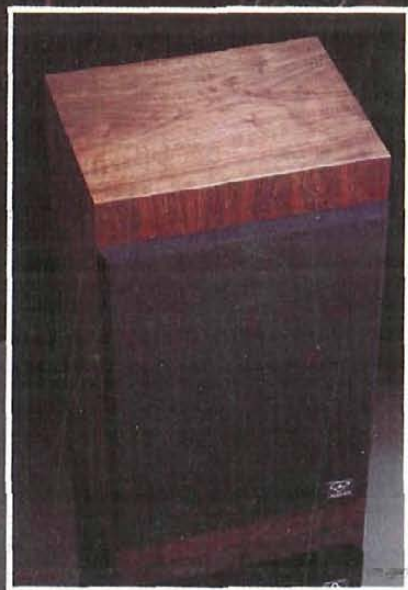
Receiver Savers



These are our least efficient, least powerful speakers – which is to say that they are the most efficient, most powerful you can buy in their price class. The smallest will produce comfortable listening levels with one Watt input, the largest will produce studio listening levels with a 60 Watt receiver – 116 dB SPL.

And that's why we at Cerwin-Vega have been the most dedicated proponent of West Coast efficiency for over 25 years – we build our receiver savers to be used and enjoyed with affordable electronics. As a matter of fact, you can often save enough on electronics to pay for our speakers!

But good news for lovers of East Coast linear response over an extended bandwidth. The frequency response of all three receiver savers is 38-20 kHz \pm 4 dB: as good as the best acoustic suspension designs, with lower distortion. But those objective statements don't adequately convey the sense of airy freedom from restriction, the finely etched, almost tactile definition of each instrument, every one.



These are exciting speakers. We don't build them for the remote, dissecting intellect, but for one who can let go into an esthetic experience of music. And the visual appearance reflects that attitude.

The enclosures seem to be carved from a single block of walnut, combining a sense of elegant simplicity with a feeling of massive substance. The speaker appears complete even without a grille cloth, but you can choose to complement it with crisp stretch cloth in three colors.

We've even finished the back of the enclosures with our own specially formulated lacquer.

In an age when McDonald's has replaced Mom's apple pie, it's nice to see something better than it has to be. That's what craftsmanship is – or was – all about.

Let your local Cerwin-Vega retailer show you what we're doing to bring it back. The Receiver Savers will be available in October.

We'll be happy to send you more information, just send us your name and address.



Cerwin-Vega! Loud is Beautiful...if it's clean

6945 Tujunga Avenue, Dept. RS, North Hollywood, Ca 91605, 213 769-4869

Presenting Johnny Cash Live At Mrs. Fletchers, Ronnie & Rita Dodo, The Fabulous Bingo Brothers, Concrete Jungle Boy, Mr. Smithers of Abbey Life, and a full chorus of accountants, in a new recording by Eric Idle and Neil Innes of Monty Python fame.

Several years ago, an appalling governmental planning decision literally wiped England's smallest county, Rutland, off the map. Recognizing the enormous tax benefits of broadcasting from a place which legally didn't exist, Eric Idle and Neil Innes, both out of work since putting Python in the can, formed Rutland, Weekend Television — England's smallest tv station. Now a typical weekend's viewing has been put on record, with great difficulty and music.



Eric Idle and Neil Innes
The Rutland Weekend Songbook
On Passport Records
Marketed by ABC Records

Produced by Eric Idle and
Nobby Innes in cooperation with
the Mission for Divine Guidance
and Instruction, London

P.S. And don't miss the Rutland
Dirty Weekend Book, featuring
the Vatican Sex Manual now
excerpted in Playboy.

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Sirs:

Howdy.

Firstly, we really got off on your apropos list of bad words. It was, like, far fucking out, article-wise. Intense. Listen, uh, we've correlated some of your basic additions to the list, and thought it would be sincerely meaningful if we, like, sent you the sum total, you know? Check it out. Really.

AC-DC

anything-freak

bionics

blow me

boner

burnt-out

consequently

cop an attitude

cope

cop out

creepy

cute

deal (as a synonym for cope)

dig

doody

fab

farm out

flick

fornicate

for sure

frame of mind

frame of reference

frat

fridge

Frisco

first syllable of a word-fucking-
remainder of word (as in in-fucking-
credible, out-fucking-standing)

fucking "A"

get down (except when addressing a
large, bothersome dog)

get into

gross (may be used as a unit of
measure)

hence

hon

honky

hunk

intellectual

it's cool

knobs (in reference to jugs, boobs,
knockers)

latent homosexual

later

continued on page 10

"Pull up your socks and taste this one, honey."

With these immortal words was born a drink as rare and unforgettable as its name, "Tijuana Cherry."

You take your basic shot of tequila, your basic half oz. of lemon juice and stir in a shot and a half of Peter Heering, the 49 proof cherry liqueur. Let the ice cool her off,

and you got something to tell the boys back at the base about.

Tijuana Cherry... once you've had one, you'll never forget it.



PETER HEERING
The cherry liqueur imported from Denmark

THE SPECTRUM^{T.M.} SERIES

Responsive. Sensitive. Bold when they should be. Subtle when they should be. For a living room rock concert...or a tranquil laid-back evening spent with your moods. Eyes closed, ears open. Feet tapping or feet up.

The new Jensen Spectrum Series has achieved a new plane of sound reproduction. Remarkable clarity. Admirable quality. And fullness of sound from the deepest lows to the top-of-the-scale highs.

Beautifully finished natural hardwood walnut veneer cabinets accommodate a family of advanced sound systems and features. Foam woofer suspension for clearer, more accurate bass response. Powerful ceramic magnets for lower distortion, high power handling, greater clarity. And a precise crossover design that sends sharply defined high and low signals to sensitive tweeters and powerful woofers.

On some models, the Spectrum Series features true-to-life mid-range drivers for the subtle in-between frequencies. And specially designed dome tweeters for extra-wide 170° dispersion of brilliant highs.

Behind the grill of each Spectrum speaker system—a continuously adjustable personalizing control (two on the Models 530, 540 and 550) graduated in decibels. It lets you adjust your Spectrum speaker to the room...to personal tastes...to the nuances of a guitar or a violin.

The Jensen Spectrum Series speakers. Models 520, 530, 540 and 550. Perhaps the clearest sound reproduction you have ever encountered.

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES

Division of Perco, Inc. Schiller Park, Illinois 60176



[ADVERTISEMENT]





**I tried the new
cigarettes. Then I went
back to enjoyment.**

They sounded good, but none of them gave me the enjoyment Salem does. Smooth taste that comes through the cool menthol. You can't find that anyplace else.

Salem King.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

WITH BSR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY EXTRA FOR THE EXTRAS.

Only BSR gives you much more without making you pay more.

With the 200 BAX you get the base, dust cover, three different spindles and a stylus wear indicator at no extra charge.

We also include an ADC induced magnet cartridge; so unique it's patented.

That's more than you get from Dual, Garrard or BIC.

And that's just the beginning. The BSR belt drives have built-in features that make records sound better and last longer: like a viscous damped cueing

lever, calibrated force adjustment and anti-skate control.

The prices are much lower than you'd expect. Under \$140 for the 200 BAX, under \$110 for the 100 BAX and under \$100 for the 20 BPX.*

Sure, you could spend more for a turntable. But even then, you might not get as much as you get from BSR.

For full details, see your dealer or write: Consumer Products Group, BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N. Y. 10913.

**BSR YOU COULD PAY MUCH MORE,
BUT NOT GET AS MUCH.**



*Suggested manufacturer's retail price.

Letters

continued from page 5

love
man
marvy
moreover
Ms.
my draft
'Nam
natural
no problem
no shit
notwithstanding
outtasight
pad
peace
quelle
reality
relate
right on
rip-off
say what?
shake a leg
shat (past tense of shit)
shvatzter
T.G.I.F.
that is to say
the coast
the wife
T.M.
trekkie
truckin'
T.T.F.N.
v-dub
veggies
what's happening
where it's at
wheels
with it
yeah, right
yous
yummy

Daniel and Miriam Webster
Kayro, Ill.

Sirs:

My older brother says the *National Lampoon* used to be a humor magazine just like the old *Life* magazine was before Mr. Luce bought it. Is he kidding me? Anyway, keep up the good work. I especially enjoy Mr. Danny Ellis Weinerabelson's deep-thinking essays on things.

Bob Foureyes
Study Hall, Conn.

Sirs:

Here in La Paz, there is no electricity. Thousands are homeless and starving. The water is unsafe and there is mud all over everything. Isn't it amazing how a huge tropical storm could sweep through and leave every-

continued on page 21

Sip into something
ComfortTM able...



Very smooth. So easy to sip. And so delicious!

Unlike any other liquor, ComfortTM tastes good just poured over ice. That's why it makes mixed drinks taste so much better, too. Sip into something ComfortTM able.

You just know it's got to be good... when it's made with—

Southern Comfort[®]



How is **Donny Osmond** like the Teton Dam? Right—they are both made of mush. But when they give vent, the difference between them is the difference between Idaho and very small potatoes, indeed.

Giant's Dave Jennings wants it known he's their star punter, so he drives a Duesenberg. But he puts no gas in it. Instead, he stands on its back seat with a long pole and pushes it down the street. That's what kind of an egomaniac he is. Some people will do anything for attention. Personally, I think he should be docked.

Barbara Walters has a lisp be-

cause she is cross-eyed.

Why is it that when **Norman Mailer** tried to look behind **Jimmy Carter's** smile, he failed to observe that there was nothing there but gold filling?

Walter Aston may or may not prefer shagging lungoes out in the little league, for rumor has it that he is going to open up a coach training school on the coach of a train. If by the time it crosses country you have either learned to coach a train, or train a coach, or train a train, or coach a coach, or anything at all, you get a degree and a cold turkey sandwich.

Don Rickles has the most beautiful breasts in Hollywood.

Ice floes did not stop the getaway of poet/novelist **Janet Burroway**, who escaped across the Greenland border to Iceland. In fact, they assisted her. Miss Burroway strummed her ukelele and devoured Hostess Sno Balls, cocking a snook at pursuers, cool as a cucumber as usual. Cooler, since she conducted this hegira in a negligée—sort of a pale yellow with little lace ruffles on the bodice and cuffs. It was *not* made of raw silk. *Raw Silk*, you will be relieved to learn, being instead the title of her new work of fiction. Indeed, *raw silk* were the words she yelled back in defiance at the frustrated patrol, and she accompanied this outburst with an ill-bred gesture of her right middle finger. "Raw silk!"—and this inexplicable digitation. Odd.

Daniel Moynihan killed three dogs with his trike. A trike is a motorbike before a sex change.

Robert Shaw, father of ten, does not shirk his parental duties despite his busy film schedule. He still beats them all every day. I wish I had him for a father.

Secret negotiations have been

Unfortunately, you only have room

But fortunately, one kind of Panasonic car stereo can give you several kinds of enjoyment. Because while they all play beautiful FM/AM/FM stereo, they play other things. Like CB. Or 8-track. Or cassettes. Even four-channel.

They're also beautiful to look at. With sleek faces that fit snugly into the sound slots, thanks to their compact design. And Panasonic audio qualities will make your eardrums beg for more. Especially if they're played through Panasonic speakers.

Your dashboard may only have room for one kind of Panasonic car stereo. But it'll be exactly the kind you want. Only at your Panasonic car stereo dealer.

CR-B1717. CB with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. It's out of the way except when you want to use it. And when you use it, the CB has all kinds of things for improving performance. Like an S/R meter. Delta tuning. Variable squelch control. Detachable mike. And noise-limiter circuitry. There's even a standby monitor to receive CB calls while you listen to AM or FM. And the radio... It's a Panasonic, with pushbutton tuning.

CQ-840. Stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. If you're into cassettes at home, take them along for the ride. This system is so compact, it fits in just about any car. But it has big system features. Like fast forward. A tape ejector switch that turns on the radio automatically. And circuitry that automatically improves FM reception. And more.

concluded by **Woody Allen** for his new movie, *The Behind*. Conjectures are rife, I tell you, rife, as to its subject. But from the title of it, only a numbskull wouldn't know. It's a movie about the political oppression arising from the nature of **Joseph McCarthy's** love life. Bari!

☛ **Ken Norton**, after his defeat by **Ali**, is hiding behind his mother's skirts! When callers come, he runs upstairs to his room and won't come down. He sometimes plays out in the backyard, though. But when he walks down the sidewalk to buy eggs and stuff at the grocery store, he doesn't look at anybody. Nope. And his eyes are very red. And he absolutely refuses to go to school. Well, Kenny, we all know what it is to be bullied, and I think I speak for everyone when I say, we're all on your side. Peter McKinney was once really mean to me, and I haven't forgiven him to this day. So the best thing to do, Ken, is hold a grudge. Yup. Because if you wait long enough, you can get to say mean things about him in a gossip column, and there isn't a single thing he can do about it. And I, for one, think you'd make a great gossip columnist, even if you do fight like a sissy.



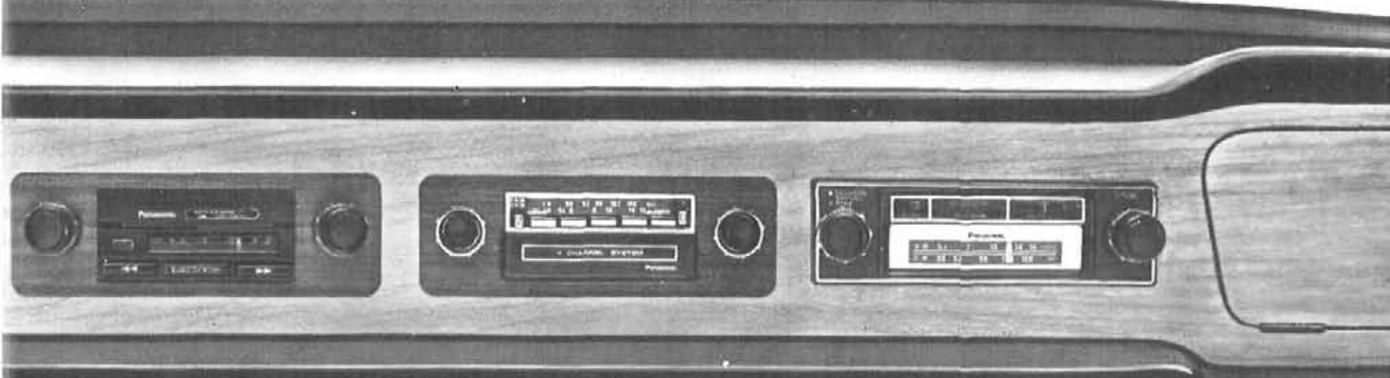
☛ **President Ford** led the Terminal Flatulence drive by laying an enormous, cacophonous paducah (see Fig. 1). This charity is a special pet of his, as was the March of Dimes for FDR, or lucking for JFK. For Jerry himself is a victim of the dread disease. You can see it in his face. You can tell by the cut of his ears. But that's okay, Jerry, we're behind you one hundred percent. Or, at least, the rest of these guys are. I myself will just stand over here, if you don't mind, waving a flag rapidly.

☛ Twin elephants were recorded born in Dar Ed Salaam, Tanzania, at the Lake Manayara National Park Game Reserve, the first on record. Or tape, for that matter. This is the result of birth control pills, which they give elephants nowadays to increase elephant babies so that hunters will have more grown-up elephants in reserve to kill, and to increase productivity in tusk farming. The wonders of science! And think, all that for a guitar pick!

☛ Following the drought, the devaluation of the pound, and the three near-fatal recoveries of **Laurence Olivier**, the British are now suffering from a plague of rabbits. Indeed, more than sixty million rabbits have migrated to England, and far outnumber

continued

for one kind of Panasonic car stereo.



CQ-742. Deluxe stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Automatic reverse plays either side of the cassette, automatically. There's locking fast forward and rewind so you can keep your hands where they belong. And the radio is just as deluxe.

CQ-999. 4-channel tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Now you can turn your car into an acoustic chamber. And be totally surrounded by music. Also plays stereo 8-track tapes. The radio sounds great, too. Because it has AFC. Distant/local circuitry. And a loudness circuit that boosts the bass and treble.

CQ-969. Stereo 8-track tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. You'll hear the tape but you won't see it. Because it slides deep into the radio dial. And when you listen to the radio, a distant/local switch and AFC give you really remarkable reception.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

Birdbath*continued*

the people. What the rabbits are doing is colonizing the British Isles in hopes of founding an empire. They did not hand out little glass beads and gim-crack trinkets to lure the populace. What they do instead is fuck a lot, and the limeys are spellbound. They can't take their eyes from it. Of course, the English only fuck the obligatory once a month, so they're bound to be impressed by this import. But unless they fight them, they'd better join them, and take the cue from their oppressors. They can do it in secret, behind closed doors. They can develop a system of winks and nods so the members of the resistance can be recognized. And, above all, what they must do is give up fellatio, which has proved not conducive to population explosions in whatever country it has been practiced. Aye! For never let it be said that this happy breed of men, this isle set in a silver sea, this water-ship, shall go down!

☛ **Raul Ramirez's** turning up late for a match so discumbobulated **Ilie Nastase's** backhand that he forfeited the game. And when **Clark Graebner** jumped the net to warn him not to pull any funny stuff, Nastase got too

nervous to continue. Things have gone to such a pass that all you have to do is stick out your tongue at him and he'll weep. So that when **Borg** turned his back on him to walk to the service line, Ilie screamed with pain, and so got out of winning Wimbledon. He's sensitive as an orchid. Of course, he knows a couple more bad words than an orchid does. And if you want your mother-in-law never to speak to you again, just give him to her for Easter.

☛ **Martin Landau** and **Barbara Bain** have come out against pay toilets. Slotshitters they consider discriminating against those who have to go to the bathroom. "Movie stars and great television personalities such as ourselves are above these things, of course," the couple said, speaking in harmony at a recent news conference **Birdbath** was forced to attend. "But there should be no prejudice against the less fortunate. We keep bathroom facilities in our own home, although naturally we do not use them ourselves. But we occasionally have certain guests—we mention no names—who are not of our exalted rank and who do perform these functions. And we do not charge them. We do not see why the public should not take a

similarly tolerant stand. Indeed, some of our best friends go to the bathroom," they said, smiled, and made for that exit at the back of their enormous hall called their asshole.



Endorses product. *National Lampoon* editor emeritus and bon vivant Doug Kenny says: "With my charisma, I have no need of lotions or unguents, but my less gorgeous friends tell me Musk does wonders for them, opposite sex-wise."

INTRODUCING A SOUND YOU'LL NEVER FORGET ...FROM A NAME YOU'LL NEVER REMEMBER.



We call it the Meriton HF-2105. You'll call it terrific. Because the sound of the HF-2105 is really something to listen to.

With its hefty power output (6 watts per channel min. RMS into 8 ohms from 60Hz to 12kHz with no more than 2% total harmonic distortion) the HF-2105 delivers a big sound that can fill a big room.

There's also a built-in cassette recorder. So you can listen to pre-recorded cassettes. Or make your own easily with one touch recording, automatic level controls, and automatic shut-off.

We'll also improve your record collection. With a deluxe BSR 3-speed automatic record changer. Complete with both magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus.

If you like superb AM/FM or FM stereo, with the HF-2105 tuner's section you'll hear all the stations... beautifully.

And you'll hear all this music the way it should be heard. Because the HF-2105 comes with 2 two-way tuned port speaker systems. Each with a 2 1/4" tweeter and 8" woofer.

So if you would like a sound you'll never forget, audition the Meriton HF-2105. After all, a terrific name won't give you great sound. A terrific system will.

meriton®

MERITON ELECTRONICS INC. 35 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074



☛ The statue of **King Nebhepetra Mentuhopte** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a fake! First of all, it came packaged in Saran Wrap like a shell steak or five pears. In fact, you can get these statues at any Bohack's with a purchase of three dollars or more. They're sixty feet tall, so they don't fit so good into a shopping cart, but the boys will deliver. You can tell this is a Bohack's one because of the chef's hat. The base of the statue is a hibachi, and you're supposed to put it in your garden, and hubby is to cook wieners on it, and the smoke goes up through the hat. It is absurd, then, for the Metofart to palm this off as a genuine Egyptian relic, and visitors have not been fooled, if only to judge by the aroma of Oscar Meyers drifting past the Van Dykes.

☛ **Hayley Mills** has grown up. She's over thirty now. But she still has the most terrible acne.

☛ **Pat Boone** has become a Muslim!

☛ **Jack Lemmon** cleaned his basement!!!

☛ Look for further hideous disclosures next month in this very column!!!!

R. Bruce Moody

Is it live, or is it Memorex?



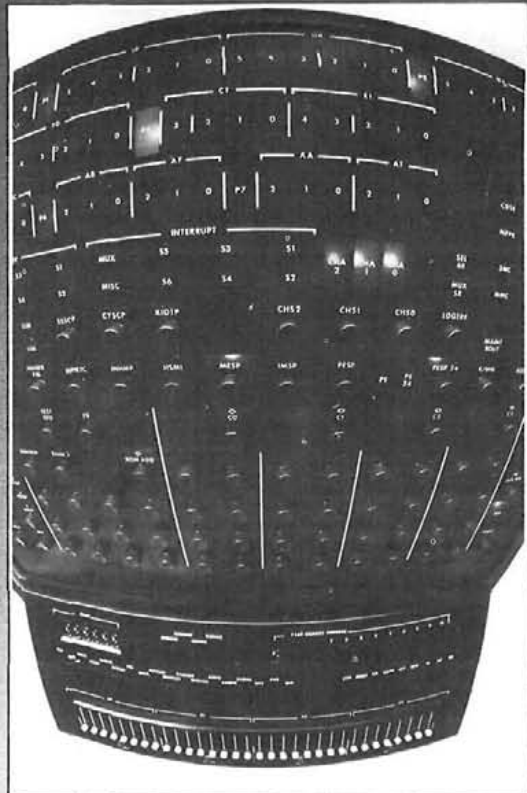
The amplified voice of Ella Fitzgerald can shatter a glass. And anything Ella can do, Memorex cassette tape with MRX, Oxide can do.

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?



introducing our speaker the TSI/120



introducing our Guru the Univac 707

At Technical Sound Industries we don't give you great loudspeaker Gurus, just great loudspeakers

Most speaker companies today offer the world the designs of their "Great Guru of Loudspeakers." He's usually someone who's recently re-invented the speaker principles of his particular design (and who's been modest enough to put his name on the grille cloth).

At Technical Sound Industries we haven't re-invented the speaker or their physics principles, but we have taken a long look at what the customer wants. Not East Coast sound. Not West Coast sound. But accurate sound. Efficient sound. And clear sound. With the lowest distortion.

At Technical Sound Industries we believe that two heads are better than one, and three are better than that when it comes to speaker design; so we've assembled the designs and opinions of many good engineers in our speakers. We've co-ordinated this effort with high-speed computer design techniques. And we've come up with a full line of the most listenable speakers you've ever heard. A line of speaker products based on some pretty heavy engineering that's yielded our Bass Linear Motion Transformer™ and our Sila-Sealed Power Dome Tweeter™ with hi-temp epoxy voice coil. The beautiful parts are the prices and the hot lacquered walnut veneered cabinets. TSI® Loudspeakers . . . optimized accuracy in transducers.

For more information write: Technical Sound Industries, Inc., 1435 Jacqueline Drive, Columbus, Georgia 31906. Call our dealer hotline for where to buy: 1-800/241-0914 or 404-563-8403.

Technical Sound Industries, Inc
 "we're bridging the gap between
 good sound and technology"

October 25, 1976

MEMOREX
CORPORATION

Mr. D. Marvin Veider
General Manager, Audio Division
Memorex Corporation
Santa Clara, California 95052

Dear Mr. Veider:

I recently concluded exhaustive tests on your corporation's line of recording tape. Working with a team of top audio engineers, I came to the following conclusion:

Memorex recording tape is without a doubt the finest tape in the history of human existence. The quality of sound reproduction is infinitely superior to that of competing tapes.

As to your famous "Is it live or is it Memorex?" question, we believe we can tell, because Memorex sounds much better than live.

In conclusion, we wish to tender our deepest thanks and heartfelt appreciation to Memorex for not merely manufacturing the finest tape, but also for making this world a better place in which to live. Bless you, sirs!

With admiration,
Peter Kaminsky
Peter Kaminsky
National Lampoon Audio Editor

P.S. It's the perfect medium for recording artists such as Doris Abrahams, whose album, Labor of Love, is now available everywhere.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation (Act of August 12, 1970 Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete

George S. Agoglia
Vice President



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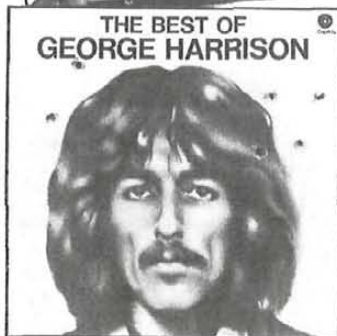
"The lens alone is worth the price!"



YAMAHA

Editor's Note

Capitol Records said they wouldn't pay for the three ads that ran on pages 97, 99, and 101, unless we gave them some free additional space to plug their product, and we said, sure, good old always right capitalistic Capitol, we'll do anything to keep your business. How do you like these plugs?



Now send us that check, pronto!

JVC has changed the face of high fidelity. Inside and out.



JVC has eliminated rotary controls completely and replaced them with precision push-buttons and slide controls on its new S300 stereo receiver. The S300 is quality all the way in looks as well as performance.

Unheard of in a moderate priced receiver, the S300 offers JVC's exclusive five-zone tone control SEA graphic equalizer system, plus four meters — two for tuning and two for reading power output in watts.

It even has dual recording/dubbing.

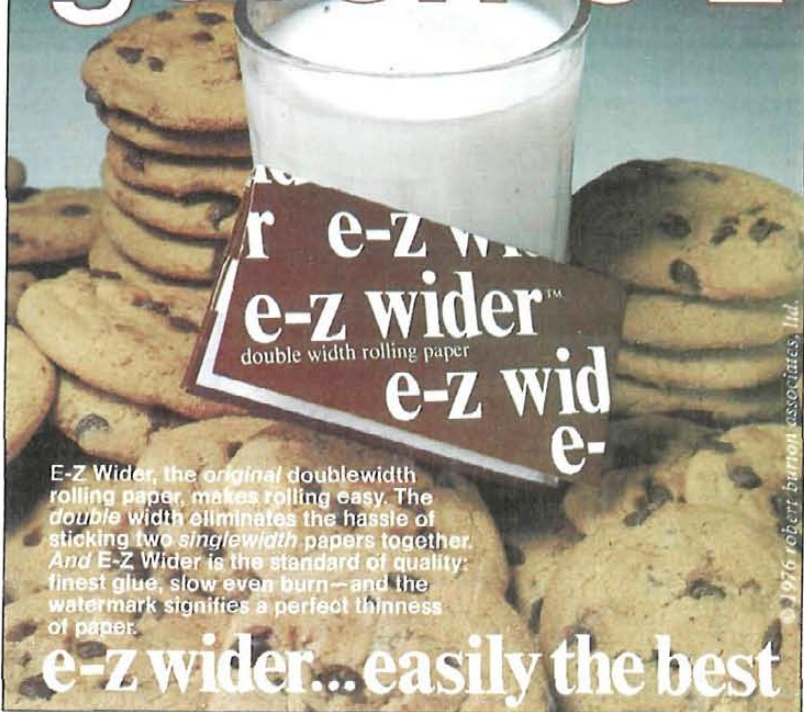
The S300 delivers 50 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion.

Visit your JVC dealer. (Call toll-free 800-221-7502 for his name.) Then see the S300. You'll recognize it as the one face that stands out in the crowd. App. retail value \$400.

JVC

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There are 16 speakers in Ray's plane. All part of one Craig Powerplay car stereo system.

Powerplay has three times the power of conventional car stereo. And more power means clearer sound with less distortion at all listening levels.

Ray's Powerplay is cassette, but 8-track models are also available.

For further information, write to Craig Corp., Dept. (F), 921 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220 In Canada Withers, Evans Ltd., 3133 Sumner Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3E3

Letters*continued from page 10*

thing completely untouched?

A Satisfied Tourist
Baja, Mexifornia

Sirs:

Ha. Ha. Bruce McCall is working for us now. We read his *Zeppelin* piece in the *Best of #6* and just had to lure him away from you guys. Boy, is he funny! By the way, do you have Brian McCannachie's address? We saw "The Big Party" on television and that's pretty much the direction we want to go in.

Lorne Michaels
NBC Slime Tank
Saturday Night, N.J.

Sirs:

I've just visited the South Bronx, and I want to take back everything I ever said about packs of wild boys.

William Burroughs
c/o France

Sirs:

I'd rather be right than Secretary of Agriculture.

Earl Butz
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

Remember the benefit concert for Bangladesh? Well, it fixed everything up over here. We've all got plenty to eat now—three squares a day, 100 percent literacy rate, plenty of attractive low-cost housing, a booming economy without inflation, and many charming shops and boutiques stocked with lovely merchandise from around the world. Thank you, thank you all very much.

Major General Ziaur Rahman
Dacca Records
Dacca, Bangladesh

Sirs:

How much wood would a Woodcock cock if a Woodcock could cock wood at eight-fifty an hour, time-and-a-half overtime, with double time on weekends and holidays, twenty-six paid vacation days, and a thirty-four-hour work week?

Leonard Woodcock
UAW Strike Fund Money Bin
Duckburg, Mich.

Sirs:

Sheet, man, did yo' read mah book? *Roots*, man, like dat's mah book! Ah wrotes dat. All 'bout mah relatives wha' fo' Ah comes from—mah *relations*. Mah fam-o-lee, mah pred-o-cessors, mah aforebearers wha' fo' dids give birth to me. Can you dig it, man? And one o' dem was yo' *mutha*!!

Alex Haley
Harlem, Conn.

Sirs:

I desire a sex change operation, but can't decide which sex to change to. Any suggestions?

Bobby Riggs
Forest Lawn Tennis Club
Los Angeles, Cal.

to know if you are interested in publishing it, or if you know of anyone who is (interested in publishing it, that is).

Here it is: In 1956, I was at a big Democratic political party in Washington, D.C., and I gave a hand job to JFK in a closet. At least, it felt like JFK. My roommate said it was Estes Kefauver, but he would have had on one of those coonskin caps. Come to think of it, he had a hole in his shoe, so it might have been Adlai Stevenson, but, no—he was too...you know, big to be Adlai. Anyhow, I just *know* it was somebody important.

Please write, or dial my toll-free number: 800-555-8465.

A Good Friend of Liz Ray's
c/o Scott Meredith
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Wow, I just don't understand about all these women and black people that, like, say they feel oppressed all the time. Why don't they do some 'ludes?

Tina Preteen
Suburb Earth

Sirs:

We gonna Kepone
Kepone on!
Dow Chemical Co.
The Entire State of
Maryland, U.S.A.

Sirs:

I'm not *really* a homosexual. I'm just trying to stay out of the Army.

Chevy Chase
NBC Stock Pen
Saturday Night, N.J.

Sirs:

What happened to us, anyway? We were pretty famous there for a while.

Patti Smith
Bruce Springsteen
c/o Ramada Inn's Entertainment
Booking Dept.
Ramada, Ill.

Dear Black Africans:

Look, let's split up Rhodesia fair and square: You can have majority rule and all this pretty jewelry, plus some cows and a big party later. And all we'll take is the boring old pieces of green American paper stuff, the yellow bricks that are too heavy to build huts out of, and all that goopy

continued



Sirs:

Prettiest girl I ever saw was snorting cocaine through a straw. (Actually, it was a rolled-up \$100 bill and she looked kind of wasted. But none of that rhymes.)

Richard Avejan Wenner
Rolling Stone Magazine
for the Right Kind of
Young People and Their
Wealthy Parents Soon
Moving to Nice New
Offices Where You
Don't Have to Smell
Japanese Food All
Day, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am writing a novel about an experience I had in 1956 and would like

Letters
continued

black slime that they just found under ground near Salisbury. O.K.?

225,000 White People on a Plane
to Johannesburg

Sirs:

We're almost certain that your country is a Communist plot to heighten international class contradictions as a prelude to worldwide violent revolution, and you'd better watch

out, because we have a CIA, too.

Park Chung Hee
Heart and Seoul, Korea

Sirs:

I'll have you young fellows know that I just so happen to be in perfect health. So fuck you.

Mamie Eisenhower
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

The next letter appears to be a parody of William Butler Yeats. Did

you guys go to too much college, or what's the story?

Howard

Over in the Circulation Dept.

Sirs:

*I went out one evening
Because a fire was in my house
I ran and waved my arms about
But the fire raged and cooked
my spouse
I saw a white moose on the swing
And mothballs do not cure
the gout
I shot and f—ed a little fish
I do believe it was a trout
And when I laid it on the floor
And went to loose my lunch
for shame
Something rustled by the door
Something called me by my name
It hollered out twice times, "Earl,"
Compared my ass to a rotten pear
Called me by my name and ran
And vanished out towards
Lac St. Pierre
(Do you think this can go on?
You bet it can.)*

*Though now I'm cold from
maundering
And rolling about in dampened
sand*

*I still pursue that little trout
I want to take it fin in hand
And strut around, an addled ass
And f—k till time and times
are done, the...arrggh. I can't go*

on with it. How anyone could do that to a beautiful old poem is beyond me, and if that means I'm stupid, it's true. Well, so long now, and keep scrivening, if only to keep soul and car keys together.

William Yutler Beats
Poets Nookie
Dublin Over, Ire.

Sirs:

Never stick anything smaller than your elbow in your ass.

Elton John
c/o Elton Only Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

*Whenever you feel afraid,
Just whistle a happy tune,
Whistle a happy tune,
And we'll come stomp you to
death and hang you from a
tree, burn your body, and piss
in the ashes.*

Roving Gangs of Maniacal Right-Wing
College Students
Bangkok, Thailand

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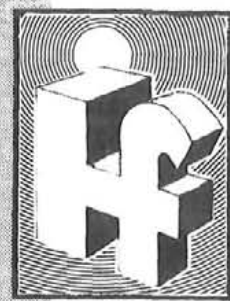
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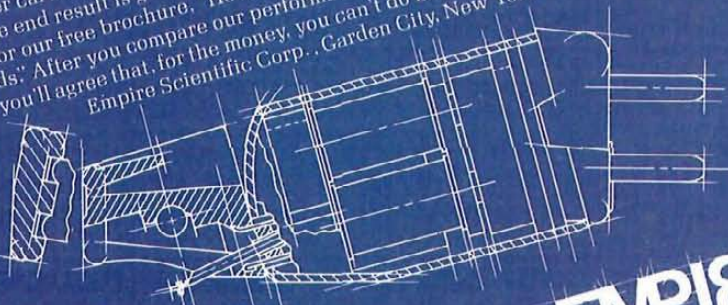
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No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance. The advantages of Empire are threefold. One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our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

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

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530.



EMPIRE
Already your system sounds better.

MODEL & STYLUS COLOR	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2007	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¾ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	14x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¾ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel



• Two students at Brighton College secondary school in England have been suspended for studying.

Headmaster William Blackshaw had named the two to play on a cricket team in a game against school alumni. The two decided instead to study for their A level exams, important to higher education and job prospects in Great Britain. They were suspended, said Blackshaw, not for studying, but for gross disobedience. *The Hamilton Spectator* (Greg McFella)

• U.S. soldiers were carrying out war game maneuvers in Darmstadt, West Germany, when they spotted what looked like the bivouac of their "aggressor."

They proceeded to attack a Boy Scout encampment.

Larry Groth, scoutmaster of American Troop 21, and his scouts, aged eleven to fifteen, were awakened by M16 rifle fire and floodlights. He finally managed to explain to the forty invading soldiers and their commander that the boys were "friendlies." The commander ordered a cease-fire and apologized. The M16s had been firing blanks.

Groth still can't understand the mistake. The camp had no camouflage, eleven fires burning, civilian cars, and blue and yellow tents. He intends to ask for reimbursement for damage to equipment sustained by the scout camp during the invasion.

The boys, whose behavior was exemplary throughout, are dependents of U.S. Army personnel stationed in the Munich area. *Tampa Tribune-Times* (Charlie Grealcen)

• When Phoebe Schneider of Carteret, N.J., decided she wanted to divorce her husband Eugene after

thirty-three years of marriage, she found she needed a lawyer and a housing inspector.

Her husband, taking the "fair and equitable division of property" clause of New Jersey's divorce laws quite literally, went to his toolbox, got out a chainsaw, and started cutting their \$80,000 home in half.

The home is, according to inspector Leonard A. Zaleski, unfit for habitation. Floor joists, rafters, roof decking, and shingles were cut through.

Schneider, fifty-five, is due for a hearing on the charges. *Unidentified source* (Olga Zuk)

• The world record for automobile eating has been set by an Indian fakir.

Mahegnay Souamin consumed an entire Chevrolet by dismantling it, cutting it into tiny pieces, and eating a few parts each day. *The Lansing Star* (Paul Kazee)

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.

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Altec/Lansing makes the best speaker components and finished speaker systems in the world—and that's the Rod's honest truth! But if this ad is the closest you can get for awhile—well, every picture tells a story... don't it?

If you've been sitting around thinking about how to build your own ultimate speaker system, you can stop sitting and start assembling. We'll even help. For brochure send one dollar (for postage and handling) to: Enclosure Brochure, Altec Sound Products Division, 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, CA 92803.



Rod Stewart's custom installation designed by Advanced Sound Systems using Altec/Lansing amplifiers and speaker components.

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Name _____ Phone _____
(I certify I am 21 years of age or older) (Required)

Address _____
(Undeliverable to P.O. Boxes)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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*Credit Card No. _____ Expires _____

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

Depression Over!

Details Inside

OUTLOOK:
Bleak
AIR QUALITY:
Acceptable



Freedom isn't free
(but we can get it
for you wholesale).

IND
34490

The National

* * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1, No. LXXXI

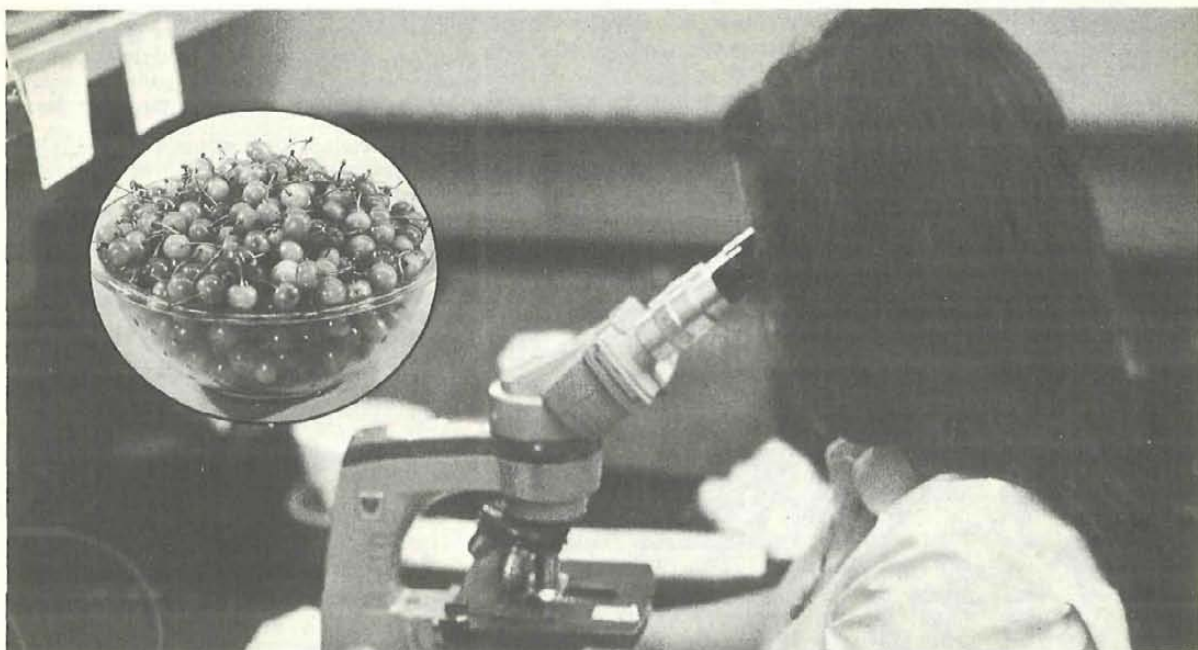
December, 1976

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

Trustworthy Experts Agree:

THIS BEST OF ALL POSS. WORLDS



The "nasty, brutish, and short"ers, the "quiet desperation"ers, as well as the "what you make it"ists and "real and earnest"ers have been peached and creamed by the discovery, at the Center for Optimistic Studies, of what life really is (*see inset*).

Dateline: Brave New World—Professor Irving Pangloss, brilliant director of the world-famous Institute for Optimistic Studies, an-

nounced at a wonderful news conference today that "everything is for the best."

The learned doctor and his respected colleagues urged Congress to repeal the second

law of thermodynamics in the light of their exciting discovery that life "is a veil of cheers," and that the universe "is doubtless unfolding as it should."

Pessimists throughout the world are astonished by Dr. Pan-

gloss's revelations, but upon consideration, agreed with him. Formerly down-head iron curtain philosophers concluded that Pangloss's theory was "perfectly Hegelian," and the one-time gloom and doomers of India

quickly concurred that in spite of famine, plague, and death, the forces of karma are "striving toward enlightenment, transfiguration, and a free lunch, with a second helping of dessert all around."

Jose Cuervo

THE BEAT GOES ON

By JIZ WENNER

We in the music business spend a lot of time complaining about the press releases that cross our desks almost as frequently as we draw breath. But let's face it, gang, while it may not be the best system in the world for exposing new talent and keeping the press up to date, it's the only one we have. So this time around, I'm going to let others do the beefing and take the opportunity of passing on some of the hot tips we get from here and there. "here" in this case being Germany and "there" being Japan.

The German rock scene has to be one of the liveliest and straight-ahead most creative things happening on the continent. You could get a chance to see it firsthand when Meatflash opens in Cologne next month. They will definitely be using their "Dresden" opening sequence. Some serious burns have been reported in the past, but the resilient German fans always manage to get behind it anyway. They aren't just strong starters, either; according to their publicists, the "Triumph of the Will" ending is sure to bring 'em to their knees.

You might want to know that Widow Pains is headed for the studio again. Manager Kuli hinted

strongly that the group will be using white noise and agricultural equipment, as they did so well on *Staple my Lips, Darling* and *Babygundeluxe* (available at your neighborhood import store).



BEES



Speaking of Germany and Japan, how about those three globe-hopping talents, Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb! As the Bee Gees, this trio burst out from "down under" to smash the barricades of color and creed with the universal language of music. Somehow, these boys are wherever "it's happening" on the scene, grinding out art rock, schlock rock, disco, or whatever the market will bear. Under the TLC of Robert "Bob" Stigwood, their Children of the World, on the RSO label, fulfills all of their early and perpetual promise, with a set of arrangements you won't believe even after you've heard 'em! Thanks, Bee Gees, and thanks, Stigwood organization, for your patience, your artistry, your album, and lunch the other day.

Now that the new Rectum opus, *The Chancellor Has Leukemia* is in the can, the twenty-five group members are in retreat at Deadfarm, the group's commune near Baden. Family leader Klaus is quoted: "Now we focus energies. Relax, take drugs with children, shave heads, and perform the sadomasochist rituals. It helps to unwind, play better music." Happy Holidays!

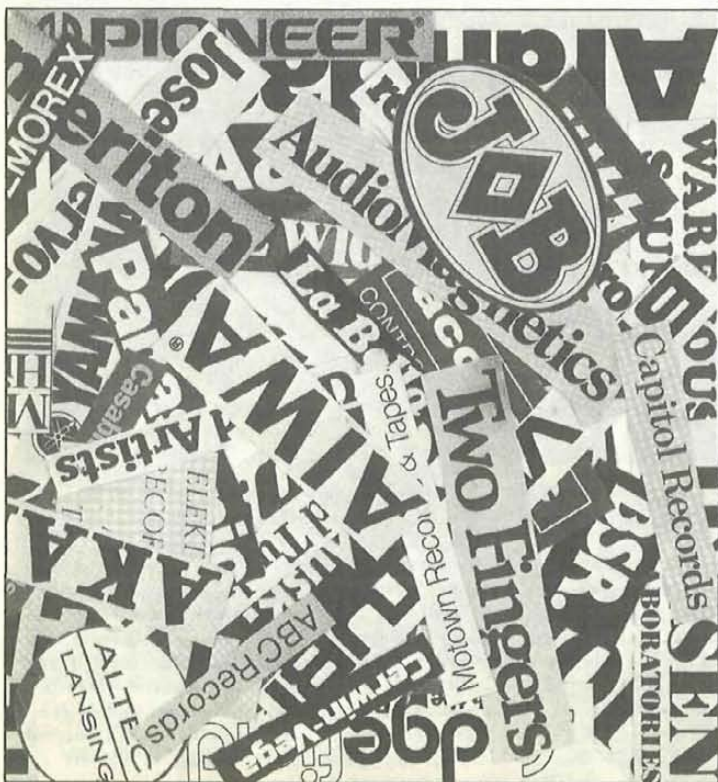
Meanwhile, the Island Kingdom of Japan has its own thing to take care of. We hear that Souvenir has recorded a tribute to the late, great Buddy Holly, tentatively entitled *Horrified*. They were followed at Ace Studios by Terryaki Tomato, who will be doing a concept album.

The rock press over there seems to think that the next Big Thing is going to be, get this, Cajun music. Japanese style. Don't laugh; after the success of "Blue Glass" music, anything could happen. Definitely the most creative press release is from Tokyo-based group Haiku. It reads "Twelfth night July/ Heavy metal rock concert/ Haiku gets you off." That's the gang that made bubblegum music the sound of '75.

Finally, it seems that the Yukio Mishima Memorial Guts and Granite Band caused quite a stir at their free concert in Kyoto. Their big single, "Right Side/ Suicide," will be released soon.

There is just so much happening in this dynamic worldwide music business of ours, you could get only the briefest taste in this kind of space.

Maybe reading this turned your head around a little. Perhaps next time you begin to put something down for being a "hype" or "too commercial," you'll take a step back and remember—we're all playing in the same band.



Flashlight on Flashlights



by Brittanica Dimwiddy

One of my readers, a Clarence L. Sprague by name, wrote me and quipped, "Why don't you do a piece on flashlights? Hence it would be called "Flashlight on Flashlights." Well, Mr. Sprague, your little play on words is actually a good idea. I investigated the little-known world of flashlights and learned some amazing facts.

Did you know that the first working flashlight was invented in 1902 by Mathew Lombard in Danbury, Connecticut? It weighed thirty-two pounds and had to be held by three men. It gave light for about two minutes and then exploded in a freak accident, blinding the inventor for life. It wasn't until the invention of the dry cell battery in 1915 that the flashlight became the light weight, streamlined instrument we use today. Indeed, the dry cell battery is the heart of every flashlight, just as film is the heart of every camera. In fact, if you take proper care of your batteries, there is no reason why your flashlight won't give you years of trouble-free service.

Mr. Myles Ludwig, president of the American Dry Cell Battery Institute, gave me some pertinent advice to pass on to all flashlight owners:

1. Always put your batteries in a plastic sleeve before inserting them in your flashlight, to shield flashlight parts from corrosion.
2. When not in use, remove batteries from flashlight and store in a cool, dark place. Batteries should be kept in a soft chamois bag or a cigar humidor, if possible.
3. Never keep a battery for more than five years. After this time, they leak a dangerous, invisible gas that can seep into your clothes and create holes similar to moth damage. Many people confuse battery gas holes with moth holes. Battery gas holes are more symmetrical, less irregular than moth holes. Check your batteries before you waste your money on moth repellent!
4. Before inserting batteries into the flashlight, roll them between your thighs for a few minutes to "warm them up." Using a battery from a cold start puts a tremendous drain on it. The investment of a few minutes in warm-up time will add hours of service.
5. After using your flashlight, wash it thoroughly in soap and hot water so that no tiny iron particles from the battery cling to the insides. Iron particles reduce a battery's effectiveness and can transmit a magnetic field through the flashlight into your hand, causing "flashlight fatigue," which makes the instrument feel much heavier than it actually is.

William Howard Taft called flashlights "our seeing eye dogs of the night." Indeed, the flashlight is our second pair of eyes. Treat it as you would your own eyes, and it will reward you with precious light in the darkness.

The First Album by Joan Baez.



To say that "Gulf Winds" is the first album of songs written, arranged, * and performed by Joan Baez is true, but greatly understated.

Not *written* but *etched* on the souls of mankind.

Not *arranged* but *perfected* with extraordinary musical phrasing.

Not *performed* but *inspired* with the intimacy that makes a composition a classic.

"Gulf Winds" is Joan's first studio album since her hauntingly beautiful "Diamonds & Rust." She considers it the best record of her career. It reveals the amazing depth and scope of Joan Baez in the devastating power of her words and the absolute brilliance of her music. Captivating vignettes that hit like rolling thunder.

*Arranged by Joan Baez and Dean Parks

Gulf Winds by Joan Baez on
A&M Records and Tapes
Produced by David Kershenbaum





Publicity Still Published

This picture is ostensibly of Charles V. Skoog, chairman of the board of Hicks & Greist Advertising, and Carmel J. Tintle, vice-president of the American Distilling Company, threatening National Lampoon publisher Lippe and editors Moody and Abelson for an up-front position in the magazine. El Toro Tequila is the product. The photo was taken recently.

**WAREHOUSE
SOUND CO.**

THE LION AND THE MONKEYS

Once upon a time, in a long-ago and far-away land we will call Acirema, a jungleful animals lived happily, thanks to a hard-working, generous lion named Lio. Lio found, gathered, and distributed the wood the other animals used to heat their caves and cook their meals. And because Lio operated the wood-gathering business from discovery to refining the wood to selling it, Lio was able to provide the most efficient service at the lowest possible cost (sometimes he even gave away free gifts when the other animals bought enough wood).

Now there also lived in this jungle a group of noisy, unpleasant-smelling monkeys, who had long noses and wore thick glasses and never competed in the races and couldn't dance well and were generally thought to be a bother and would probably have been eaten a long time ago if it wasn't for the generosity of Lio. These monkeys, having nothing better to do and secretly wishing to turn Acirema into a jungle just like that of Aissur, began telling the other animals that it was unfair that only Lio should be allowed to gather and sell wood.

"This is a wicked monopoly," the monkeys chattered.

And because it has been a cold winter, and the price of wood was high, the other animals

foolishly began listening to the monkeys and began to protest.

Lio tried everything to make the animals see reason. He wrote expensive messages in the trees and the skies, and told the jungle drummer to play a message about what a fine fellow Lio was.

But the other animals insisted that Lio share his wood business with someone else.

Finally, Lio had no choice. He gathered all the animals together for a debate between the monkeys and himself.

"Now, monkeys," Lio said, "tell the animals your side of the case."

As the monkeys opened their mouths to chatter, Lio grabbed them with his claws, ripped them limb from limb, cooked them over a fire he had built with his very own wood, and the debate became a banquet. And that was the last anyone heard about divestiture.

Moral: Don't be a monkey; smart animals know when to keep their mouths shut.



AT
GLOBAL
WE'RE WORKING TO KEEP
OUR TRUST

This has been the forty-third in a series of public service messages, fully tax-deductible as an ordinary and necessary business expense, positioned close to, if not actually on, the editorial pages of our most influential newspapers, all of whom cheerfully auction off a quarter of their opinion pages for propaganda, written in as folksy a style as our public relations staff can create, designed to make a \$9,500-a-year lather operator feel sympathy for the position of a \$3 billion-a-year member of one of America's great oligopolies.



Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

Entries in a sports scribe's journal...

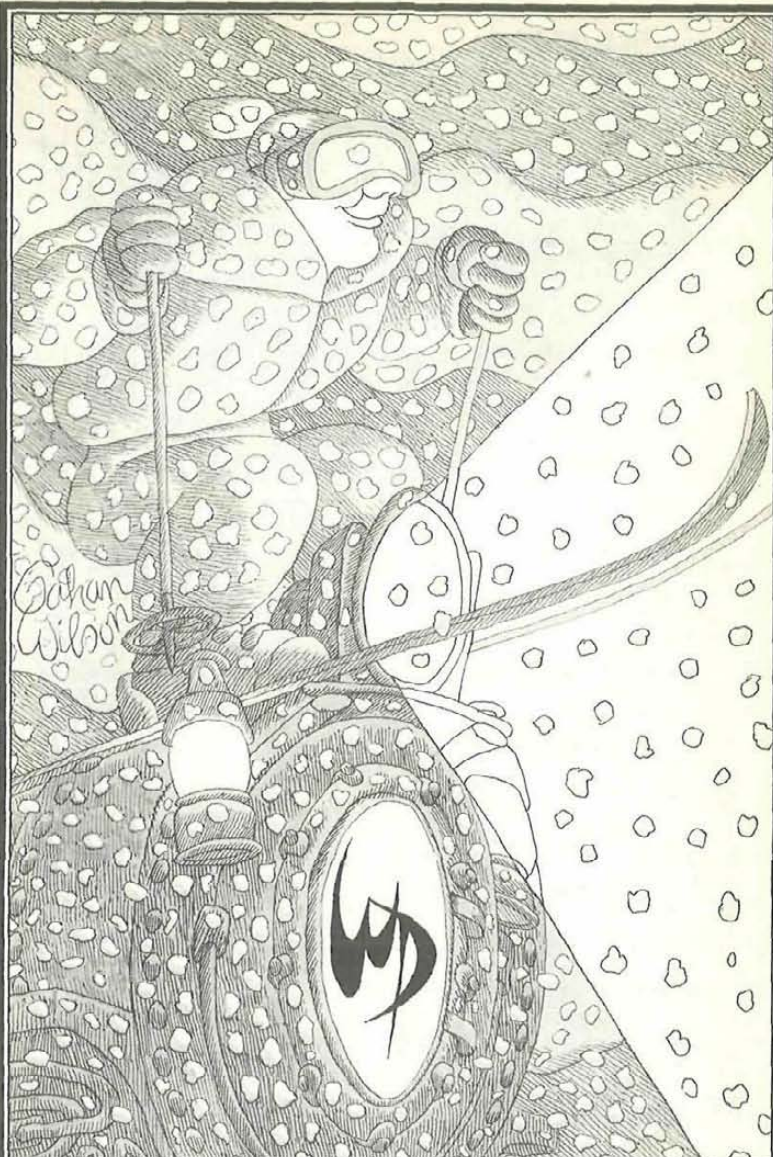
Monday. After filing his column for the Night Owl edition, this scribe headed home and sacked out for two hours. Awoke to a cup of instant Java (the wife's away) and heard on the radio news that so-called free agent jocks Bando, Jackson, Irving, and Bobby Fisher are still holding out for bigger bucks. The editor calls (at 7:30, "Sorry, Red, did I wake ya?"), tells yours truly the office copy boys, who were on strike, just used my copy for confetti to celebrate new no-cut contract. "Get down here pronto," says chief. This carrot-topped scribe proceeds to get caught up in pitched battle between demonstrating flatfoots and wildcatting streetcar conductors, eventually limps up to the office to discover linotypers picketing. Your agent toddles down to arena to cover hockey match, and the creep at the turnstile asks for my ticket. In no uncertain terms he learns that Red's been monitoring pro sports these fifty-seven seasons, and never paid his way in yet. Contest itself strictly second string. Superstars all missing this outing, taking night courses, as per their contracts. If I were Jack Kent Cook or George Steinbrenner, I'd pack up this racket.

Tuesday. The ole Redhead's cold a little better today. Wife returns, bacon and eggs. Once again, Red's annual Christy Matheson's birthday column is due. That guy woulda paid to play. He'd pitch a *no hitter right-handed, come back and lay a row of goose eggs out for nine in the night cap, throwing southpaw.* But Doyle Who-the-hell Alexander is holding out for eighty times what Christy made his best year. Go figure it. The column comes out pretty tough against today's coddled athletes, but gutsy publisher (who, by coincidence, owns this town's basketball and soccer squads) says publish and be damned.

Wednesday. Early call from an agent, players' rep, something like that. What about lunch? Sure. And he'll get a piece of this man's mind, too. There's the limo, gotta go.

Thursday. Some still know the meaning of respect, we're glad to say. Who makes room in the back of the Caddy for yours truly but Walt Frazier and Reggie Jackson! The agent sits up front and orders, nice as you please, "to the heliport." Lunch is, so help me, chez Ted Williams, down in the Florida Keys. And what a spread! In the afternoon, there's nothing to do but throw a line out for Mr. Tarpin, the king of game fish. Reggie hooked a beauty and persuaded Red to reel 'im in. We pounded a couple of Buds. Greatest buncha guys in the whole world. Saw some pictures of Walt's kids, beautiful buncha little pickaninnies, and Walt thought the grandson in our wallet pretty cute, too. How wrong can a guy be about a swell buncha guys?

Friday. For too long now, the owners have been making the money while the athletes do the work. Lord, what did Lincoln die for, if not to free the slaves? If it costs a coupla extra bucks to John Q. Public for a ducket to see a fat 'n' sassy Reggie Jackson knock one over the wall, or a wealthy Walt pump a jumper, who's compaining? Not the ole Redhead.



All aboard for Winter Park ...and Mary Jane!

Winter Park opens November 13. New snowmaking guarantees it!

Plus there's Mary Jane. The one-year-old ski expansion that's the talk of skiers everywhere.

All at last year's lift prices.

So climb aboard now. Write for free colorful brochure with special money-saving package plans.

Winter Park, Colorado and the exciting new Mary Jane at Winter Park

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Mail to: Winter Park Resort Association, Box 5EE, Winter Park, Colorado 80482

Travel

Chile: The New Hot Spot for American Tourists

By our travel correspondent

South of ze border, down Santiago way, American tourists can get set for a warm reception in South America's Free World fun spot... Chile. Chile, at the sunny Southern tip of the continent on the Caribbean, offers everything to make the American traveler feel

one of them received training in courtesy and crowd control in the good ol' U.S. of A. **Sports with a Twist**

Chileans are mad about football (we call it soccer) and the arguments they give to officials would turn Billy Martin's ears a bright red. A side trip to the soccer field any

American fooda! Chile is easy on the stomach. And all we can say is thank God and the Colonel that there's finally a foreign country where you can get a square American-style meal. The four-block downtown area of sunny Santiago is literally covered with American fast food es-



Fireworks dapple the heavens as Chileans commemorate the happy day when they became part of the U.S. of A.

at home.

Se Habla Gringo Aqui

There's no language barrier for the North American in Chile. Whether he wants to visit the Ministry of the Air Force, the Ministry of Public Safety, the Ministry of Police, or the Ministry of Correct Thinking—after all, that's the real Chile, *aujourd'hui*—he will find the same American English that's spoken in Arlington, Virginia. It's a fact that over 80 percent of all Chilean cops speak your lingo, since every

afternoon will show thousands of colorfully temperamental Chileans arguing with snappily uniformed refs over recent calls. Of course, it gets a little rough out there, but all the howls, screeches, and falling down and rolling on the ground show that traditionally lively Chileans still have a love for expressing themselves under the new government. "Don't miss it," says tourist bigwig Hernando de Sadismo y Machismo.

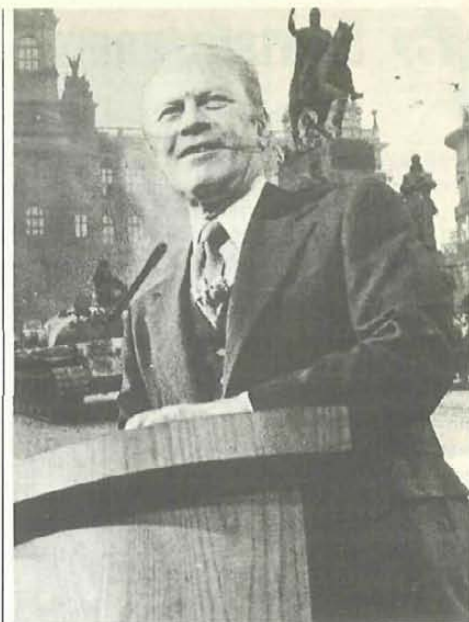
Chow Down

Pablo Neruda... it's

establishments, as well as offices of all the leading Fortune Five Hundred American corporations, each of which has an authentic American office-style cafeteria. Yum. Yum.

There's No Place Like Home

So whether you're a Republican or a Conservative, it doesn't matter; Chile welcomes you. Forget the South, and just remember the American. Chile's the perfect spot for the American tourist. You'll never know you've left home.



Star of the struggling new series, "Me, President Ford," host Jerry King announces the unilateral liberation of yet another captive nation. This time, Czechoslovakia is the lucky satellite country. The syndicated show has thus far unchained the citizens of Poland, Rumania, and tiny, enslaved Latvia. Future starring states will include Puerto Rico, Canada, and the Confederacy. Stay tuned.



Picture Shows: As one model leans against the side of the car, the other sprawls across the bonnet. But they are only promoting the car; they are not part of the "extras."

D.E.

20 10 71

Consumers Demand Freedom of Choice

For Release All Media
December 4

For further information, contact: Mrs. Judy Burne, Admin. Asst. Marketing Info. Unicomtex International, Racine Wis. Cable—UNIFOODINC.

When the latest barrage of so-called consumer protection laws were unleashed on the American public, numerous highly respected experts predicted that the consequences would be dire and unpredictable. Already, events are proving them correct. A backlash against consumer laws is now in full swing, reaching to the very highest levels of the business community and down to the individual consumer, the man in the store.

One of the farsighted men who saw the writing on the wall some time ago is L. Putney Flouner, board chairman of Proxy and Garble. "It started with safety caps and warnings on cigarette packs, and it led to what we have now. I am making obvious reference to the kind of Kremlin-inspired nonsense like

this new Buy-Rite Law, which makes it illegal to purchase anything in a supermarket without being accompanied by a graduate student on a leave of absence from law school."

Mr. Flouner is not alone in thinking as he does. A wave of spontaneous demonstrations by disgruntled consumers has erupted across the nation. Americans by the thousands have taken to the streets bearing signs like, "Big Brother is Protecting You" and "Supermarket Sale—Freedom of Choice." One demonstration coordinator said, "You bet we're angry. In a democracy, you vote with your dollar for the product of your choice. We don't need Commissar Nader to tell us what's good for us!"

When reached for comment, Ralston Dillboy, chief executive of Saveway, the nation's largest supermarket chain, would only say, "As a patriotic American, I am deeply saddened by the tragic spectacle of the American consumer being unit priced out of the market."



Sounds good to me! Peter Kaminsky, audio editor extraordinaire, can't get enough of that Altec speaker. "The greatest!" asserts the assertive "Pete."

**The Best Wet Yet
Wet Willie
The Wetter The Better**

Enter Here

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Second
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1977 CONSUMER COUPON BOOK, THE WET WETTER
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Ends 12/31/77. 1-800-333-3333
Wet Willie Looks Like Contest
A complete list of participating stores is available from Unicomtex International, Racine, Wis. For more information, call (608) 785-1111.

PRIZES
First A complete Consumer Coupon Book, 1977 Edition
Second 1000 Wet Willie T-Shirts
Third 1000 Wet Willie T-Shirts

**The Best Wet Yet
Wet Willie
The Wetter The Better**

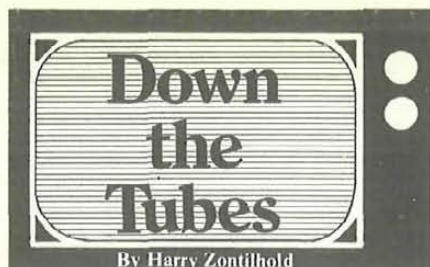
Enter Here

If you think that you're a bold one, or a little bit of a daredevil, then you're eligible to enter The Best Wet Yet Wet Willie Looks Like Contest. It's a contest where you can win a prize as big as your choice.

Wet Willie Looks Like Contest
All entries will be judged by a panel of expert members of Wet Willie and all decisions will be irrevocably based. ACT NOW! Enter your name and address on the coupon below and you may be the Big Winner!

My name is _____
Send my prize to _____

Yes! I come as close as anybody. Here is my entry.
My favorite judge is: Jimmy Mike Rick Jack Lewis John
I am willingly exposing myself to:
Wet Willie Looks Like Contest
Capitola Phonos, P. O. Box 5127, Mason, Georgia 31201
REMEMBER: THERE'S A TASTY NEW WET WILLIE LP, "THE WETTER THE BETTER"
Empowering on Cinnamon Records, Mason, Ga.



Housewives jumping into vats of petroleum jelly in scuba gear. Babies dangling over a roaring fire. Church groups walking around Burbank balancing waffle irons on their heads. No, this isn't a convention of Masons. It's all in a day's work for J. D. Benson, known as "the king of the quiz shows." Benson's production company, They'll Do Anything for a Toaster Oven Productions, has no fewer than four shows on the air every day, all of them in the top ten.

Benson started out as a sheriff's deputy in Athens, Georgia, who used to catch out-of-state drivers for speeding and lock them up. "If they ever gave me any backtalk, I'd make up little games for them to keep their minds occupied, like holding five pound weights in outstretched arms for a few hours. Silly things like that. Then I started thinking. Why do this for nothing? Why not put this on television and let everyone in on the fun? I figured housewives and out-of-work actors would love to do the same thing, and we would even give them a toaster oven to boot!"

Benson quit his job, packed up his wife and three children, and went to Hollywood. His gamble paid off six months later when "Survival of the Fittest" replaced the long-running "Cut the Cheese" in the CBS daytime schedule. "Fittest" was soon followed by "Save the Baby," "Testicles or Pits," and "Jackpot Assassinations."

"Save the Baby" is Benson's personal favorite, although he has received the most complaints about it. "Those right-to-lifers got on our backs a while ago, but I explained to them that the networks have a rule that says you can only appear on one show per network. That makes three quiz shows in a lifetime. However, you can always have a baby, as many as you want. Don't forget, the majority of contestants on the show answer the questions in time and do save their babies."

"We've had a little trouble lining up all the affiliates for 'Jackpot Assassinations.' A few cities, Dallas, Memphis, and Los Angeles, don't carry it. But it's doing very well in other cities. It's a perfect lead-in for the news."

"Testicles or Pits," the game where contestants are blindfolded and guess whether they are feeling testicles or pits, is very popular with youngsters and college kids. Milton Bradley plans to have a home viewer game ready by Christmas.

Spending most of his free time on his private firing range in his plush Bel Air home, Benson feels he has been lucky to make it in a field where so many others have failed. Any regrets?

"Hell, no! I like what I'm doing. Sure I care about what I put those people through, but I can't take my problems home with me at night. I'm doing them a favor, making them celebrities for a day, giving them toaster ovens. So they look a little foolish, get a few flesh wounds, or lose a few babies. That's the way it goes. Look, they came to me. I didn't come to them."

Highlights of the Month

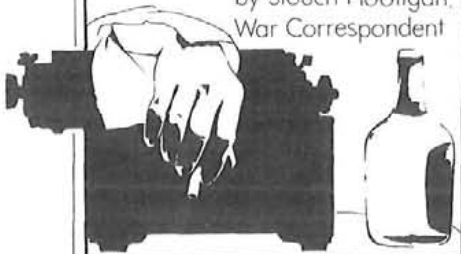
- Dec. 4
8:00 P.M. ABC. SAY AAAHH (Drama). All his patients have died, so Doc decides to go back to medical school. Brian Keith.
- Dec. 8
7:30 P.M. CBS. WASHINGTON WEEK. This week's topic: "Nuclear Disarmament, the SALT Talks, and Sino-Soviet Relations—Does Anyone Out There Know What We're Talking About?"
- Dec. 10
8:00 P.M. ABC. THE IRONIC WOMAN. Joan Rivers as a Los Angeles housewife who has a ready quip for every occasion. In pilot show she foils plot of Arab terrorists to pull the plugs of the dairy cases in every A&P in the San Fernando Valley. With Carl Betz as "Bob."
- Dec. 12
8:00 P.M. NBC. THE BIG EVENT: "Fossils, Nature's Wonderous Key to History." Narrated by Hugh Downs.
- Dec. 14
9:00 P.M. ABC. MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Meet Miss Subways. Laura is a clerk-typist for an accounting firm by day, and a budding actress by night. She enjoys needlepoint, making her own clothes, and has a passion for pistachio ice cream. Rita Moreno, Billy Dee Williams.
- Dec. 15
9:30 P.M. CBS. BISCUITS OR BALLOTS. Norman Lear's new comedy about a young senator from Missouri and his pet bassett hound who talks. Barry Newman.
- Dec. 17
8:00 P.M. ABC. THE BYRONIC WOMAN. Susan Sontag as an Ivy League English prof with a narcissistic love poem for any occasion. In premier show, Susan defeats a gang of Iraqi terrorists bent on removing the magnifying glasses from every set of the two-volume Oxford English Dictionary in Texas. With Robert Vaughn as "Bob."
- Dec. 19
9:00 P.M. NBC. NBC MYSTERY THEATRE: "Who Stole the Sara Lee? Who Stole the Piece That I Saved for Me?"
- Dec. 21
8:30 P.M. ABC. A TRUE SON OF THE PARTY. Ling Ho and Hoo Boi want to go to the party convention in Peking, but their wives have other ideas. Warner Oland, David Carradine.
- Dec. 23
8:30 P.M. NBC. THE POONSTERS. Refusing to listen to reason, Tony refuses to print Stu and Chris's names in the magazine. Stu: Sean Kelly. Chris: Tony Hendra. Tony: Ted Mann.
- Dec. 27
9:30 P.M. CBS. STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER. The boys finally get a shot on "American Bandstand," but Ringo's visa expires. Yoko: Pat Suzuki.
- Dec. 30
8:00 P.M. ABC. THE MORONIC WOMAN. Farrah Fawcett-Majors leaves "Charlie's Angels" for her own series as a Mongoloid idiot given superior intelligence by surgical emplacement of an electronic wig. First episode involves Farrah's triumph over the destructive forces of nature as she learns to use a can opener. With John Forsythe as "Bob."



THIS IS

WAR

by Slouch Hooligan,
War Correspondent



The plane flying me New Yorkwards leaped off the ground with a rotten thundering whistle from its jets, the sound putting me in mind of my own tortured bronchial passages, ragged and red from the boiling air and boiler-makers of Beirut. I was being recalled from Beirut by my editors, Mann and O'Rourke. The two of them had phoned Costello's bar a few months back and were able to reach me through the fog of a dozen doubles and the din of the journalists' hiring hall. I didn't get too clear an idea of what they were after, only that

they wanted me on a plane to somewhere bugles and bombs were blowing anthems and heads off, respectively.

So yours truly found himself trotting around ant-tibbee airport with a working press pass and gourd of manioc wine while a squad of Israeli commandos dispatched the marginally trained boot soldiers of Idi Amin Dada. A month later it was the god-awful frontier hospitality of South Africa's border on the free fire zone, where one misstep sends your soul to a place hotter than Pretoria, if such a thing is possible....After that, the murderous tension of Beirut's neutral bar. I was overdue for a rest and was glad to be recalled to New York.

I had just settled back in the seat and was carefully consummating my date with a double rye and seven when I noticed a scrap of dirty note-paper poking, like an old man's handkerchief, out of the seat pocket in front of me.

Diary of Anatoly Zyrenskiil

Dec. 1: All is now in readiness. Today I turned in my wetmop to Mr. Miccolostomy and paid the landlady. I have obtained a weapon: a Swedish

army issue PTK-32z with wrist grip, detachable half stock, and slightly bent barrel. The ad says it shoots real bullets. Good. Tomorrow I write Oslo for ammo.

Dec. 2: Hid sexy books away. Have feeling I am being followed. FBI CIA, beware! Today I went to bus terminal and locked weapon in bus terminal. By the time I found someone to open up, I was gone. They will love this diary.

Must look inconspicuous, bad skin, border crossings...do I envy the actors' good skin or makeup? There have been certain footsteps. Behind me, always behind me, otherwise I can't hear them.

Do I do this for Croatia or for God or for free?

Dec. 3: Yesterday, I shopped for a new weapon in the pages of Peepsight Illustrated, a magazine I have found under the bed where I stand. The advertising said it was a replica, of the...what is this word? Of the great pistol that killed Zampristi at Rergjekzi. Why do I do this? Am I just trying to get attention, like Mrs. Bean said in the third grade, or am I trying to kill what's-his-face? Is it

continued

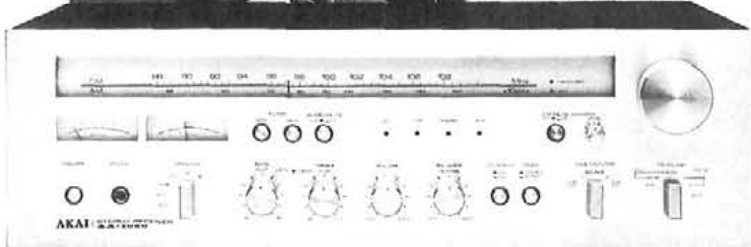


Akai receivers. Spread the word.

The word is Akai quality
in receivers. Stereo
receivers from \$200 to
\$900. Spread the word.

AKAI

Akai America, Ltd.
2139 East Del Amo Boulevard
Compton, California 90220



★★★★★
FINALLY

★★ *News Daily* ★★

Weather:
Chance of falling
gorillas, then clearing.

Volume 1, No. LXXVIII

New York, N.Y.

Limited Edition

GORILLA GOES APE!

Ire Linked To Desire For Sedgefield Jeans



© Copyright 1976, Paramount Pictures Corporation All Rights Reserved

Sedgefield Offers "Kong's Hair" as Tribute.

New York (APE)—With the eyes of the world upon King Kong, star of Paramount Pictures epic new film release, a highly placed source close to Kong today revealed the possible reason for his destructive rampage.

In an exclusive interview held atop the twin towers of the World Trade Center, it was suggested that Kong's misbehavior was tied to his inability to find a pair of Sedgefield jeans large enough to fit his mammoth proportions.

"It's not fair," the source said, "when the King of Gorillas can't get a pair of the King of Jeans."

"Sedgefield Do-Nothing® jeans with Sanfor-Set® would have been just perfect for Kong. They're natural 100% cotton, won't shrink out of size, don't need ironing and start out soft. Plus they come in style after style."

"Kong liked that," he added. Shortly after hearing the explanation, Sedgefield disclosed a free offer of King Kong's hair as a tribute to the "ultimate consumer."

A lock of Kong's hair comes in a key chain with a certificate proving it's from the actual King Kong used in the film. It's

a real collector's item.

The key chain, or full-size, full color movie posters of Kong in action, are being offered for a limited time at participating stores. They're free with the purchase of a pair of Sedgefield jeans.

Robert Lukey, spokesman for Sedgefield jeans, was visibly humbled by Kong's unsuccessful quest for his company's product.

"It saddens me to think," he lamented, "that Kong may have been dying to get a pair of our jeans."

"Well, that's show biz," he added philosophically.

Sedgefield has set up a special toll free number where people of all sizes can locate Sedgefield jeans and memorial key chains.

Just dial 800 843-3343. Or dial 800 T-H-E E-D-G-E.

*Trademark of the Sanforized Co.

Sedgefield
With the Built-in Edge.



Sedgefield jeans offers free "hairy" Key Chain as tribute. Call 800 843-3343 to find out where.

This Is War*continued*

weird to be forty and a virgin? All day I sit and read newspaper. Saw you-know-who's getting an award from boy scouts when he should get castration. I write Free Croations on his simpering face and cross out his eyes and put on swastikas in flesh-colored crayon. Huk. Still raining, darn.

Dec. 4: Manson Bremmer Sirhan Booth. All are as well-known as the assassin of Archduke Ferdinand. Me crazy? Am I insane? Or is it as I suspect, this money-mad, crazy world of plastic we live on? I turned on

Johnny Carson last night (Robert Vaughn, Sandy Duncan, Anne Beatts, etc....) and right in the middle there was this commercial that said Anatoly, go shoot this guy. Me crazy? Hah. It starts out:

Hold the pickles

Hold your horses

Anatoly you know your course is Going out and shooting you-know-who in the head.

Dec. 5: Have you ever felt have you never...maybe they will listen if I kill Olivia Newton-John? Or John-John? Maybe a plane? Had to go out for breakfast this morning because of cat in oven. Smelly old

Dave's Café. Feeling weird. Spent the morning looking at hippy girls playing with their quarters on the jukebox. Bang bang, I shot you down by Sunnyanchair, over and over in my head. Severe pains in head, as well as rear tooth. Only way to relieve them is sit in bathtub full of warm water with most of my clothes off. I was almost "picked up" by one of the hippy girls. I asked her to do some chores around the room. Mow blankets, rake walls. She stuck her tongue out at me when I said that's not music, it's noise, and it was pink. Nasty old smelly man, she said, then she said maybe...but no

continued

How would you like to take three or four amps to your next gig, preset each one for the tone, sensitivity, and effects you want, and then have a way to switch from one to the other instantly without having to take your hands from the guitar strings?

You could play hot, nasty, and sustained. You could get clean and clear. You could play warm and bassy or with stinging trebles. Get any combination of tones, distortion, and effects you want without stopping to adjust a thing!

For a ton of money and a lot of hassle you can have a versatile system like that. Or, for a whole lot less money and no hassle you can have something even better...The Peavey Mace!

A totally different concept in guitar amplification, the Mace features two entirely independent channels with pre and post gain

controls and equalization on each channel along with an ingenious innovation called Automix.

What all this does is turn the Mace into a "multi-amp" by allowing the guitarist to play through either channel, both channels at once, or drive the two channels in series with variable degrees of overload creating almost infinite tonal variations, distortion possibilities, and sustain. All at the flick of a footswitch!

Add to that tremolo, reverb (also foot switch selectable), and 160 watts RMS of raw, tube power and you have an amplifier with a versatility that is limited only by your willingness to experiment and create.

Drop by your local Peavey Dealer and see for yourself what the Mace can do. It'll make it hard for you to go back to playing only one amp.

THE "MACE"

when one amp is not enough.



Peavey Electronics, Corp.
711 A Street
Meridian, Mississippi 39301



212 Mace Single Unit
Suggested Retail: \$599.50

Mace "power pak"
Suggested Retail: \$425.00

Send me a free catalog with complete information about the entire line of Peavey professional sound gear.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

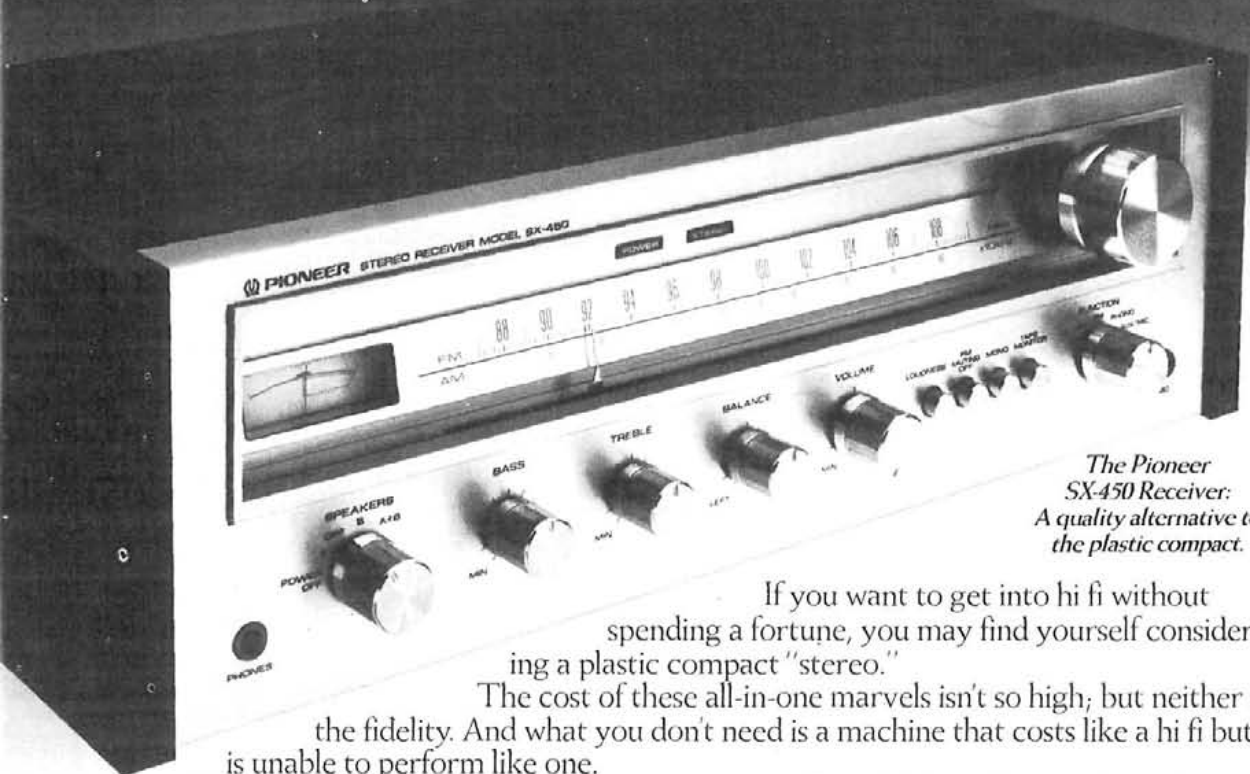
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

KONICA



Look at the birdie. "I think you're gonna like this picture," quips *NL* art director Pablo "Pete" Kleiman, as he smiles into the lens of a terrific new Konica camera.

HIGH FIDELITY FOR THE PRICE OF MEDIocre FIDELITY.



*The Pioneer
SX-450 Receiver:
A quality alternative to
the plastic compact.*

If you want to get into hi fi without spending a fortune, you may find yourself considering a plastic compact "stereo."

The cost of these all-in-one marvels isn't so high; but neither is the fidelity. And what you don't need is a machine that costs like a hi fi but is unable to perform like one.

Now there's an alternative: the new Pioneer SX-450, a high fidelity receiver with features and specifications unequaled by anything in its price class.

Since its price class is under \$200,* you can assemble a fine high fidelity system around it for hardly more than a flimsy plastic compact would cost.

What qualifies the SX-450 as high fidelity is a continuous power output of 15 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, over the frequency range of 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

It also has separate controls for bass, treble, balance, loudness, FM muting, mono/stereo and tape monitoring, plus a combined AM/FM tuning meter, a selector for two pairs of speaker systems, and jacks for headphones and microphone.

But you really have to hear the SX-450 to judge it. Ask a high fidelity dealer to hook one up to a pair of speakers and a turntable for you; don't be surprised at its richness, brilliance and accuracy.

After all, the SX-450 is as fine a high fidelity component as any receiver we make.

Even though you can have it for the price of something mediocre.

PIONEER
© 1976 PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP., 1976

*For informational purposes only, the SX-450 is priced under \$200. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07071.

This Is War*continued from page 22*

funny stuff. What do you mean, what is funny stuff? You know, she said, like jamming your meat in places it shouldn't be in, for example.

Tidal movements inside the womb.
Like yolk suspended in thick fluid,
I crouch, my left foot entangled in
the sinuous umbilicus, drifting,
drifting. It won't be long now,
mother is calmer.

Big storm at night rattled win-
dows and killed cat. Very bad storm.
Cat still in oven. Croatia Freedom
Forever from All! Had dinner at
Jack-in-the-Box last night. The
machine took my order and then I
distinctly heard it say, Anatoly,
take a plane and kill people for free.

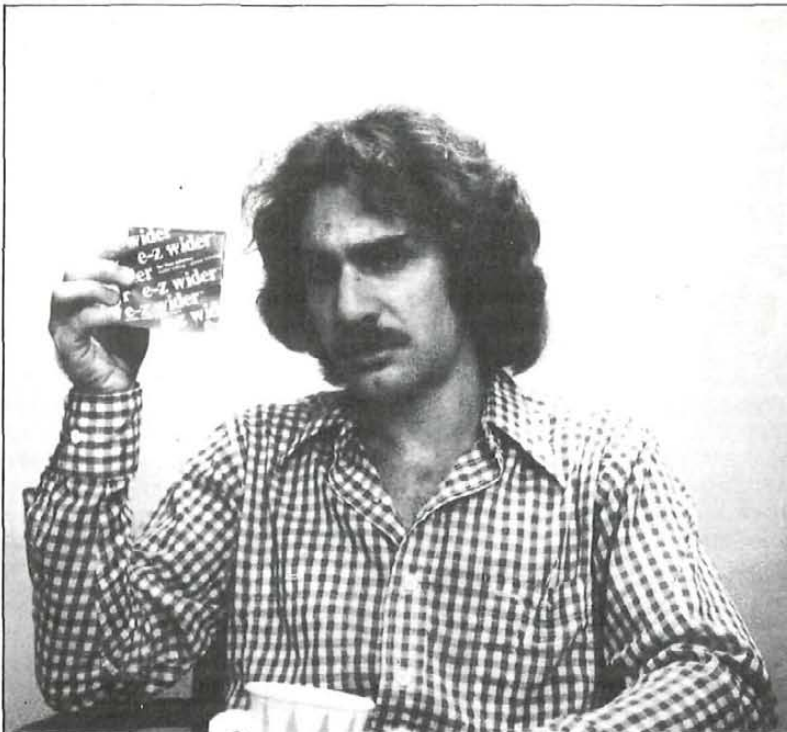
I think I know what lawyer I
need. Melvin Belli? I have decided
what lawyer. I want the guy who
plays Perry Mason. Except I think
he should be Perry Mason in a wheel-
chair, then he can say he knows how
someone like Wallace feels and still
think I should get off with a death
sentence.

The whole world is a stage. For
some it is to walk around and make
Croatia suffer. For some it is to play
president or Chair Bono. For some
like me it is to be an Assassin. Is
that profound? Is this the bus to
Kennedy airport?

Before I got on this bus to the
planes (that man is still watching,
must write slower, quieter)...I went
for a walk in the park to think of
what to say when the time comes
and the pressure cooker blows death
on the police. Should I say some-
thing drama like Shakespeare, or,
"Thus I as spokesman for the
oppressed peoples of Croatia have
struck an explosion for peace on
behalf of, among....?" or, "Where
am I, what is this gun doing in my
hand," or, "Hey! Fella! Telegram
from Popeye," in funny voice?" Who
cares. Soon I will be there. The world
will know Anatoly Zyrenskiif...

That's where it ended. Left by the
crazed Croat in the seat pocket of
the plane a few days before, it had
remained undiscovered until the
sharp eyes of a trained journalist
spotted it and used the material in
order to save himself the trouble of
writing a column this month.

Well, I meet Mann and O'Rourke
tonight. Hope they're not as bad as
they sound. □



Solicited endorsement. "It's EZ
Wider Papers for me, every time," says
up-and-coming NatLamp editor Ellis

Weiner, who does not smoke. "I just
like 'em, I guess," added the literate
Weiner. "You should, too."

A speaker unlike any other.



Introducing the Bose 901® Series III:
the most innovative new speaker since
the original Bose 901 was introduced
in 1968. The 901 Series III reproduces
music with spaciousness and realism
unequaled, we believe, by any other
speaker. Yet it uses less than 1/3 as
much power as the original 901, due
to a new, high-efficiency driver. Out-
standing bass performance is made
possible by the unique Acoustic

Matrix™ enclosure (shown in this
photo of the 901 III without its grille
and walnut veneer cabinet). To fully
appreciate its performance, ask a
Bose dealer to play the 901 III in
comparison to any other speaker,
regardless of size or price. For a free
brochure, write Bose, Box NL12, The
Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701.

BOSE®

Patents Issued and pending. Copyright © 1976 Bose Corp.

**The purpose of most
bourbon ads is to get you to
drink more bourbon.**

**The purpose of this one is to
get you to drink less.**

Maybe you drink bourbon when you relax. Perhaps it's true enjoyment.

That's fine. We're proud our Walker's De Luxe Bourbon can give you that pleasure.

But how much Walker's De Luxe should you drink? We say *less* than any other brand.

Of course, all liquor should be taken in moderation. But Walker's De Luxe is truly a bourbon to savor. It's meant to be sipped slowly—for a good reason.

Quality takes time.

We take eight long years to age Walker's De Luxe.

That aging gives our bourbon a smoothness and a well-rounded flavor that's hard to find.

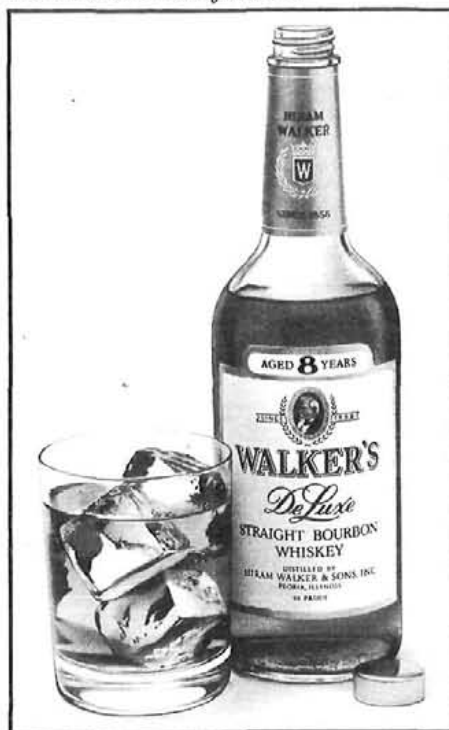
A half hour for smoothness.

We feel you'll miss the flavor completely if you gulp it down without thinking.

In fact, we hope a responsible person will take at least one half hour to enjoy a De Luxe. That's the average time necessary to pour, sip, and enjoy.

In the end you'll drink less Walker's De Luxe Bourbon.

But you will get more drop for drop pleasure from our eight year old flavor when you do.



**WALKER'S
DE LUXE BOURBON**

AGED 8 YEARS

The first TEAC for less than \$200.00*

Introducing the A-100. It's better sounding, better built and easier to work than anything in its price class.

Rugged and reliable, the A-100 will give you sound that is incredibly clear and clean. All the crisp highs and un-muddled lows you want. And Dolby noise reduction is built-in to eliminate annoying tape hiss.

The brand new A-100. Built on our standard of high quality and reliability. Because in this age of plastic disposable everything, we still maintain that *every* TEAC product must work well for a *long* time. And in doing so, give you that extra measure of value even beyond a number on a price tag.

The A-100 is shown in a beautiful simulated wood cabinet with a special walnut vinyl covering. Less than \$30.00.*

TEAC®

The leader. Always has been.

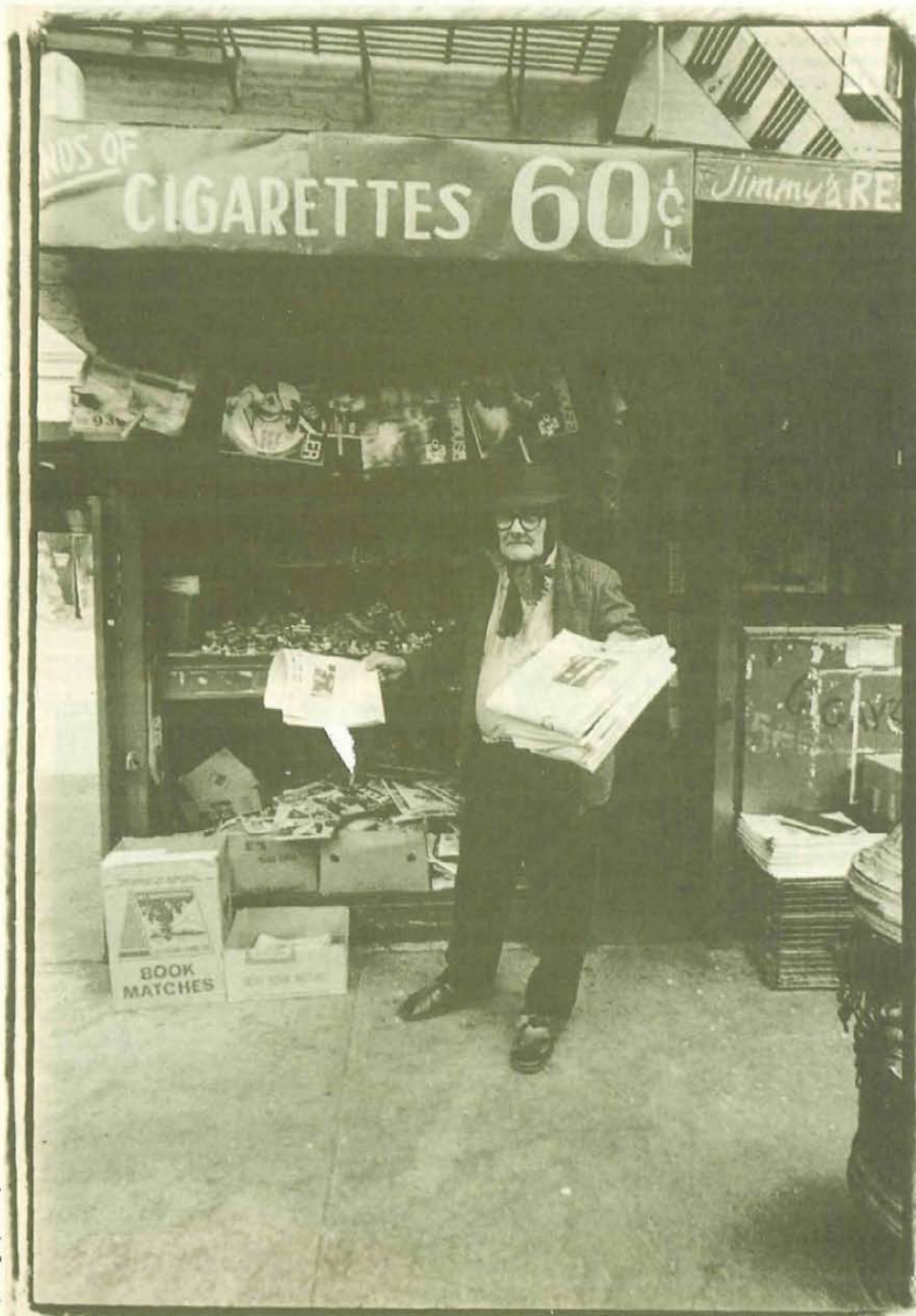
TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA, 90640 © TEAC 1976
In Canada TEAC is distributed by White Electronic Development Corporation (1966) Ltd.

*"Dolby" is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.



*Nationally advertised value. Actual resale prices will be determined individually and at the sole discretion of authorized TEAC dealers.

What Is a Newsie?



photographed by chris callis

Between the hours of 6:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M., between the gutter and the shoeshine parlor, between the first amendment and the general public stands...the newsie.

Newsies come in every age, size, and shape, but mostly gnarled. They are the news of the world under a rock, freedom of the press with Mafia protection, the Dow Jones closing with an apron full of nickels. Newsies can be found everywhere—on corners, in malls, terminals, stations, candy stores, stalls, kiosks, and the false fronts of massage parlors. A newsie is a twinkle in the eye, a wen on the nose, a butt between the gums, the numbers that paid off, a rack full of porn, but never, ever, change for a live. Newsies like racing form addicts, furtive commuter skin mag customers, warm weather, extras, and glossy beaver books that pay 20 percent to the retailer. Newsies hate pennies, oversizes, teamsters, little magazines, Sunday advertising supplements, and kids who tink dis is a library or sumpin.

And it was of newsies that the great W.C. Fields thought upon his deathbed. "Standing out there in the rain and the snow," the great man mused, "some of them the sole support of widowed mothers...I'd like to do something for them..." and he lapsed into his final coma, from which he emerged only to mutter those immortal words about every newsie in history: "On second thought, fuck 'em."

RENT-A-SATIRIST

Hi! You don't see much of me in this issue, because I'm in Sausalito having drink after drink at the fashionable No Name Bar. But I flew back for the afternoon to talk to you about a very special service now being offered by the National Lampoon.

From time immemorial, satirists have been held to possess enormous power—power to injure or destroy plants, animals, people, even inanimate objects, with their rhymes and wit. The ancient Greek satirist Archilochus made up a poem which caused a whole family to hang themselves because he was jilted by their eldest daughter. The prophet Muhammad had three satirists who cleared the upper Nile of malaria without the help of a single nurse or doctor. And Aithirne the Importunate, a medieval Irish satirist, demolished everything of value on that island—a condition which persists to this very day.

Now you, too, can wield the fabulous power of satire and rid yourself of afflictions and enemies of every kind, and all at a price you can afford...



For a mere \$100 per day, you can rent a National Lampoon contributing editor— an excellent cure for crabgrass, bathroom mold and mildew, or household insect pests...

*Cockroaches, o cockroaches, Evolutionary dregs,
 You're stupid, small, roll your shit in balls,
 And have too many legs.
 You wear your skeleton on your backs
 Like a cheap suit off the racks
 At Robert Hall, You stupid, small,
 Poor, vile, appalling, tiny puss-filled sacks.
 Out of fashion for eons,
 You Darwinian sluggards,
 Under the sink
 We hear you are buggered
 By dung beetles, silverfish, maggots, and lice;
 And, what's more and what's worse,
 That you think that it's nice!
 Family Blattidae, we're out for your blood.
 Family Blattidae, your name here is mud.
 Get out of the walls and out of the floor,
 Out of the kitchen and out of the door,
 Out of each tiny crack and each space,
 Or we'll go get some Flit and spray the whole place!*



Perhaps you have a more serious problem, something which requires a subtler approach—rodent infestation, for instance. Five hundred dollars a day gets you a genuine staff writer...



You have a still more serious problem? Then it's easily worth \$1,000 for a day-long demonstration of verbal vituperation by one of our associate editors (they're especially good at legal problems and removing old wallpaper)...



Go ahead, copper, ticket my car.
I can afford it; my salary's far
Larger than yours (that's not saying a lot).
So is your mother's, who sells her old hot
Gums and her tongue to bums for a nickel,
And earns large tips for sticking a pickle
Away up her womb and blowing it clear
'Cross the whole room from the chandelier.

Go ahead, copper, ticket my car
While plainclothes police are searching each bar
For a blind and crippled dwarf that they fear
Has rolled, robbed, and beaten your son, the queer.
As for the rest of your fine family,
The only descriptive resort I can see
Would be to a fair-sized construct of turds.
For justice could ne'er be rendered with words.

Go ahead, copper, ticket my car,
And call, if you will, my rhymes below par.
Better wit has doubtless cop-ward been sent,
But sure the cop never knew what it meant.
You can rant, threaten death, rave, call me scuz,
And act like a loon. I'm not bothered, 'cause,
Ticket till you fly, I'll never pay 'er.
And you'll be fired by—my friend, the mayor!

You say that money's no
object in your quest for
vicious revenge and an-
nihilation of your en-
emies?! Ten thousand dol-
lars brings a senior editor
to your aid...



I beg you tell me, beg on bended knee,
Ex-wife, when was it you stopped loving me.
Was it when I suggested to
Rope you off and start a zoo?
(You would have had your fair share of the fee.)

Or were we of types not enough the same?
If that's the case, it's a terrible shame.
For what is it that is like you?
I think a cud they three times chew.
And bring Nebraska beefsteak fame.

Zulu wives are bought in cattle deals
A Zulu'd love you with Zulu zeal.
It costs ten cows to plight their troth.
With you a Zulu could have both.
For a Zulu I think you'd be a steal.

But I love you still, I do attest.
I'll love you till I'm layed to rest,
And we'd be married yet, my dear love,
But one thing I had a fear of:
For animal sodomy, sudden arrest.

Rats?! Rats in here?! Sir, I think no!
Though modern laws allow the use
Of these facilities by Jews.
Women, colored, and all that lot,
Still, rats in here? Sir, I think not!
These precincts for gentlemen are preserved.
Only gentlemen will be served.
And you may listen in lowest den
And not hear rats called gentlemen.

For every decent civilization
Requires a gentlemen to possess
Courage, Taste, and a Good Education,
And Heaps of Money (more or less).
First, Courage examine: I call the rat's slim.
You say he bites babies? I say babies bite him.
I claim the rat coward and I'll prove it, what's more:
Did ever rat fight in either World War?
Nothing scary about him save his fearful Taste
Which inclines him to mud baths in offal and waste.
He has little pink feet—an unspeakable hue;
His cologne is the eau de la pond seum and glue.
And as for a rat with a Good Education:
I say that he's lucky to have had vocation-
Al training. And see if you find a rat
With the diploma to contradict that!
Last, there's the matter of rat economics:
His fiscal holdings are utterly comic.
A fiduciary outlook glum
Exemplified by his home in the slum.

Beavers would not pee against the trees that you're made from.
Sierra Club did cheer that forest cut away.
Savage aborigines would blush from head to bum
At authorship of patterns crude as you display.
Paper, the very paste that holds you to the wall
A tapeworm gags. No fly would e'er feed on such waste.
The very palate of a lamprey would be galled.
Of such is the nature of your wallpaper paste.

My fiber friend, do I perceive you look askance
At my critique fair-minded of the visual blight
You bring these walls? You're angry? Why, then, here's your chance!
You skinny fish-wrap, thin dried seum, come you down and fight!!

A vagina dentata.

I never knew what it meant a-
Las, until I met with you,
My lass, alas, and now I do.
Miles of Crest and Gleem must go
To fight the stain of menstrual flow...

Or did God form invertedly
To make your gums bleed and tongue pee?
It's so! I've heard your mother tell
Where she set teething ring in place,
And how, from low, your first words fell,
And how she diapered up your face.
Nor could biographer omit,
And style himself the leastwise honest,
How you bra'd your knees and skinned your tit,
And hand-walked to the orthodontist.
You shave to be decorous.
For douche, you use Lavoris,
Your nose is your clitoris...
(Why, that last's a psychoanalytic saver
Of most explanations for your behavior—
You must have a deep subconscious wish
To bugger the powerful, famous, and rich!)
You wonder what I saw in you?
You cannot wonder as I do
What it is that you see in me.
It must be my nice shoes you prize.
Because the view that assholes see
Hardly to the knees can rise.
It can't, I know, be otherwise,
Since, clearly, you shit out your eyes.

Then, of course, you can get me.

This advertisement is neither an offer to issue nor an advertisement of offers for trading of any O'Rourke Satires. The offering is made only by prospectus.

December 2010

100 Satires
P. J. O'Rourke
 Common Rhymes

Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from any of the several underwriters, including the undersigned, only in states in which such underwriters are qualified to sell as dealers in state and in which the prospectus may be legally distributed.

Leopold, Loeb & Rhodes, Inc.	Starky & Hutch
Smith, Salva & Lumpkin, Incorporated	Buchtemeyer, Mud & Co., Incorporated
Hebestem Sheen Securities, Inc.	Quip & Rejoinder, Incorporated
Stalvey & Co., Inc.	John Paul Dos Jones & Co.
Squid, Inc.	Pancho, Ahalo & D'Artagnan, Inc.

Since birth, the world I've terrified.
 I know no mercy when attacked.
 Nurse lib'ral gave my natal slap,
 And Congress passed Taft-Hartley Act.

On Chinese rug I toddling slip'd
 And cursed, and Mao millions slew
 As Holocaust my father caused
 In anger at a single Jew.

O'Rourkes for e'er have so behaved:
 A grumpy day? The Black Plague ruled.
 A plate of 'taters poorly boiled?
 Ire found itself in famine schooled.

As with my kin, so too with me:
 Break a cheap toy and—Korea.
 A "D" in Spanish—tourists get,
 By the thousands, diarrhea.

My whimsical dislike of birds
 Led France to test the atom bomb.
 My draft board's importunate pleas
 Brought slow defeat in Vietnam.

The curse of Kennedys' is mine
 (For fifty mile hike, payment fair.)
 And for a mugging in New York
 They get their quality of air.

School bussing in my neighborhood
 Caused Pat Moynihan appointed.
 The failure of my Belgian watch,
 Common Market left disjointed.

But though I love to raze whole towns,
 Visit nations with awful woes,
 And lay dread waste to continents,
 My forte's making fun of clothes...

Stop!! Stop!!! Sixty readers just dropped dead in Chicago!!!

Reader, for instance, your Earth Shoes.
 Did birth with backwards feet you grace?
 Or are you turned 'round and have I
 Mistaken ringworm for your face?

You, lucky girl, so flat you can
 Use old hose to make new tube top.
 And that necklace! Smart idea,
 To buy jewelry in a pet shop.

And your friend's sport coat creation—
 What a perfect flag design for
 Some emerging Negro nation...



Jose Cerro

"Permanently wired & still pumping B-I-C"

—Brillo Bob, WSC

I admit I'm sort of permanently wired into the audio scene, so it's a definite kick to run another B-I-C ad in *National Lampoon*. A couple of years ago B-I-C came out with their Venturi concept that blew away traditional approaches to loudspeaker design. Not long after, the same people introduced the first belt-drive-programmable turntable which I immediately glommed onto; and it has set the direction for record playing devices. About that same time, we ran our first ad telling people that we carried the stuff — cause that's what was happening.

Now? Just let me say one thing: Go check out the new twin-motor 1000, or the tasty new B-I-C Venturi monitors. What are they? Call or drop me a line . . .

Why? Crack our hot new stereo catalog and discover the straight scoop and low prices on every major brand. We offer music systems and single components by mail at huge discounts!

P.S. Send along \$1 for postage, and we'll zip you the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" — a good source book explaining what you should know about the basic components.

Go for it!



WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Free catalog!

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

Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via PRIORITY FIRST CLASS MAIL.

name _____

address _____

Just zip me your free catalog sent via THIRD CLASS MAIL.

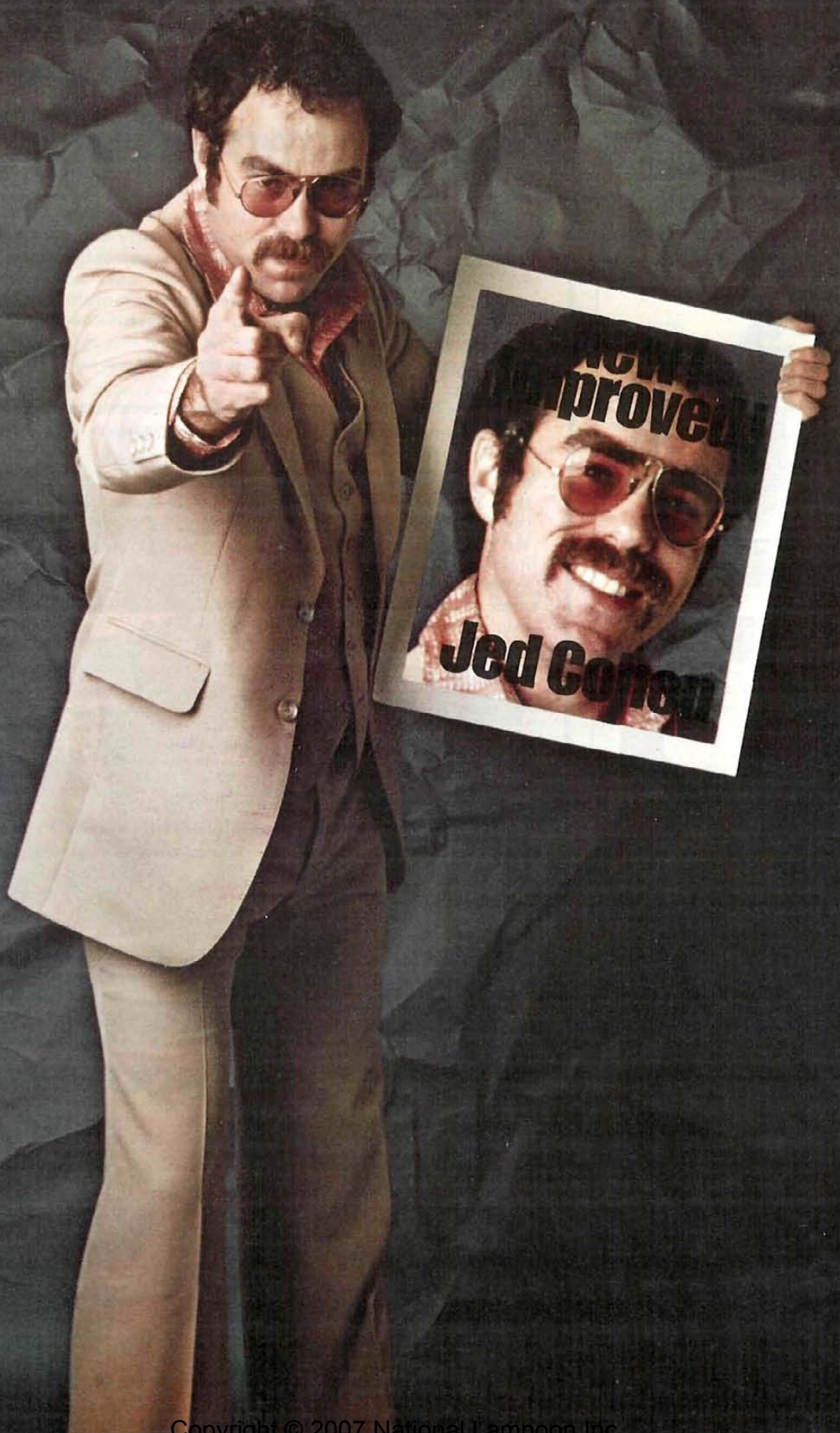
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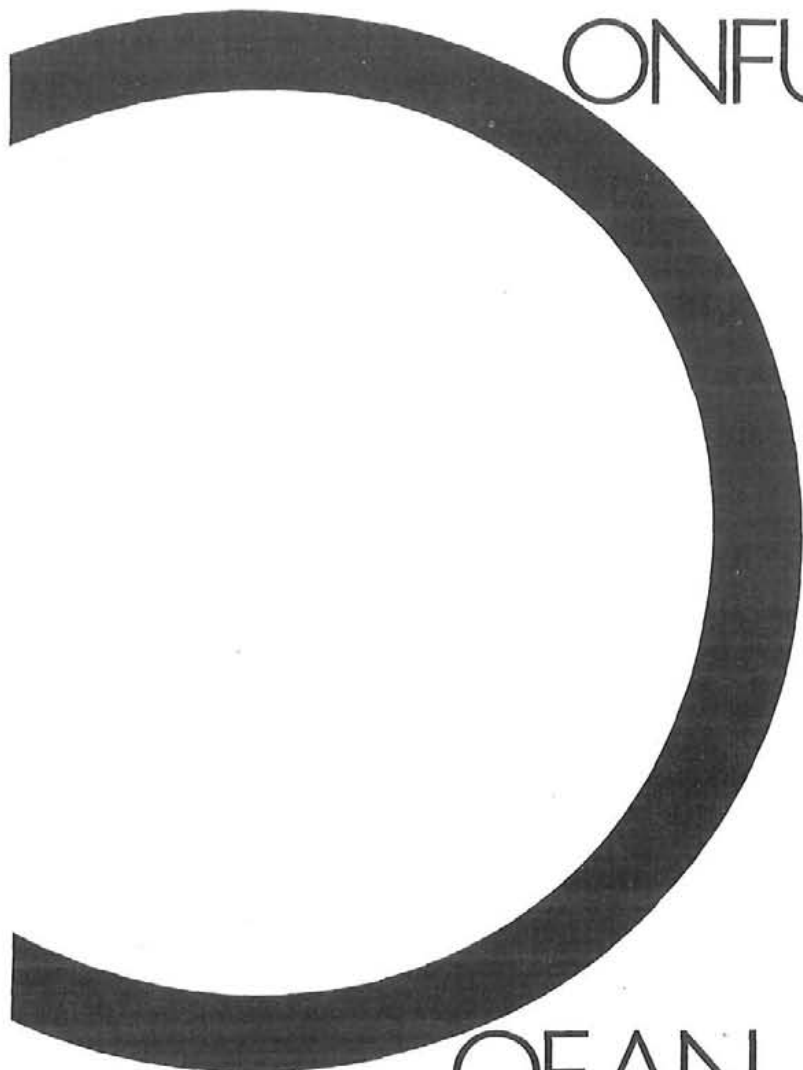
zip _____

4 C

[ADVERTISEMENT]



CONFUSIONS



OF AN ADMAN

by Jed Cohen
as told to Gerald Sussman

Hey, you're Gerry Sussman, right?
Right.

Jed Cohen.

Oh yeah. How are ya? You still at
J. Walter?

Yup. You still at the *Harvard Lam-*
poon?

National Lampoon.

How ya doin' up there? Hey, you
guys do some really crazy shit. What
was that thing you did? That picture
of Kissinger naked, like a *Cosmopoli-*
tan spread. Was that your idea?

No.

So what are you doin' at P.J.'s?

Waiting for someone.

Let me buy you a drink. Jesus, I
haven't seen you in what, three years,
at least. Since you left J. Walter.

How is it at J. Walter?

Same shit. Hasn't changed since you
left. You're lucky, man. You're lucky
you got out. It's a jerkoff. I don't
know what the fuck I'm doing. I
don't know what's good from bad
anymore. I've got some stuff on the
air now that I'm ashamed of.

What is it?

I won't even tell you.

That's O.K. I don't watch much
television.

The fucking business is so boring

now, man. It's deadly. It's all run by
the research people. You can't even
take a piss without checking it out
with them.

It was pretty bad when I was there.
It's worse now, man. Nobody gives a
shit about being creative anymore.

Your stuff has to test out good with
the research people, that's all. That's
why most of the stuff on the air now
is so deadly. I don't write ads any-
more. I write position papers. That's
the secret, man. You don't create an
ad, you position it in the market,
and you back up the position with a
couple of buzz words. I spent six

continued on page 93

From the company that's brought new thinking to speakers, come new speakers that think.

In a field where most of the leading brands have been established for decades, B-I-C VENTURI™ speaker systems have achieved eminence overnight.

In sales, where we are rapidly closing in on first place.

But, more importantly, in speaker technology.

At a time when most believed the technical frontiers had been thoroughly explored, B-I-C VENTURI speakers have been awarded two basic design patents in the space of six months.

#3,892,288 for the application of the 'venturi' principle to acoustics, which revolutionized bass reproduction.

And #3,930,561 for the BICONEX™ horn, which combined the virtues of conical and exponential flare rates.

The resulting gains in efficiency, bass response and dynamic range have established new performance/value criteria.

And, already, many long-time leaders in speaker design are attempting to follow our lead.

Thinking defined.

Now B-I-C VENTURI introduces two new high-efficiency speakers, that go on to do what no others have ever attempted.

They're called the Monitor Series.

And, by any definition, they're the first speakers that can think.

Both the Formula 5 and Formula 7 are equipped with electronic circuitry capable of taking measurements, displaying information, even initiating specific action.

For example, they can tell when your amplifier is 'clipping,' and signal you.

They can warn when they're being overloaded, and protect themselves.

They can automatically adjust their frequency response to match the aural response of the human ear.

And the Formula 7 can even let you see what you're hearing.

These unique abilities elevate the loudspeaker to a new role in the stereo system. That of a system monitor, which can literally help you hear better.

Get 'clipped' no more.

Until now, there has been no way for the user to accurately identify amplifier distortion due to clipping, or the precise point at which it occurred.

But the new B-I-C VENTURI Monitor Series speakers come with a test record

that lets you pinpoint the output level at which your amplifier begins to clip the peaks of the waveform.

Each speaker has a Clipping Indicator lamp, and a control that adjusts lamp sen-



sitivity to your amplifier's maximum 'clean' output.

Once matched to your amplifier, the indicator will stay lit when clipping occurs. Lowering your amplifier until the lamp just flickers will allow musical peaks to be perfectly reproduced.

What's more, this circuit can be used to indicate speaker overload in those few instances where an amplifier has a power rating *higher* than the Formula 5 or 7 it's being matched with.

And, if overloaded, the speakers protect themselves by shutting off power to the stressed component. Individual indicator lamps (left above) signal you, and can also help isolate the problem.

Improving on nature.

One of the curious facts in acoustics is that the ideal in musical reproduction has long been 'flat' response.

Curious, because only at very high levels can the human ear hear flat. As listening levels decrease, the ear quickly loses bass and treble tones.

That's why our exclusive Dynamic Tonal Balance Compensation circuit (patent pending) was developed.

The idea is to improve on nature.

And by automatically compensating for what the ear can't normally hear, today's B-I-C VENTURI speakers bring you music that's music to the ears.

A balanced performance.

The Formula 7 takes the monitor concept an interesting step further.

A bank of Sound Pressure Level Indicators light in sequence, as speaker output increases. This visual display covers the range from 75db (normal speech) to 117db (jet engine at 70 feet).

A reference chart on the display panel further interprets the information.

Interesting in themselves, the SPL readings can also help you fine-tune your system to room acoustics, and compensate for imbalanced output levels in amplifier and tuner channels, tape heads and phono cartridges.

Tomorrow's technology today.

Once again, B-I-C VENTURI has extended the limits previously envisioned for speaker design.

These two new Monitor Series speakers take speaker technology an innovative step into the future. They establish a new, and larger, role for the loudspeaker.

And we confidently predict that they presage the speakers of tomorrow.



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B-I-C VENTURI™ SPEAKER SYSTEMS
TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY TODAY

[ADVERTISEMENT]

SECRET AGENT

By Ted Mann

- HE WAS LICENSED TO SELL OUT, AND HE DID
- HE GOT BACK AT PEOPLE BY NOT GETTING BACK TO THEM
- WHEN THE RATES WENT DOWN, HE WENT ELSEWHERE.
- AND WHEN THE DOLLARS WERE DOWN, HIS EYES LIT UP
- HE WAS, **BAUM**

HOLD



It was nine o'clock in the morning late last week. I had been rolling around like an olive in a martini for the last half hour trying to get back to sleep. The silk pajamas were bunched up around my ass and armpits, and the sun had its beams queued up for the opening of my eyelids. Linda slept calmly beside me. She wouldn't be up till the stores opened.

I decided on a Bloody Mary with celery, created same, and was sitting down on the porch to enjoy that and the view when the phone rang by my side. My number is unlisted, and when my phone rings it's important. I put the Bloody Mary and the view on hold.

"Baum speaking."

"Mr. Baum, I've been trying to get hold of you all week. I just couldn't seem to catch you. I left messages..."

True. The one thing I'd gotten back to that week was Linda. I'd plugged every loophole she had a dozen times. I'd really enjoyed handling her, but it was time to get back to work. When the meek inherit the earth, I want my 10 percent.

"—, isn't it? From the *National Lampoon*? How have you been, baby? What's been happening?"

"Well, the thing is, you understand, someone, possibly a thief, has been stealing a lot of my material and selling it to inferior foreign publications. I'm not the only one who's being cheated. A lot of art has been stolen as well. I talked to the magazine's publisher. He claimed to know nothing about it, then said that there was nothing we could do and that I should just forget about it. I decided to call you. I hope I did the right thing?"

"Damn right you did. My interest starts at 10 percent, baby, and it doesn't quit." I talked to the talent a while longer. He was dating some bimbo with more up front than Benchley's last contract and a bottom line that would turn Tennessee Williams into a husband and father, and after he'd shaken his tongue for half an hour, I told him I'd get back to him.

I leaned back in my chair and took a pull on the Bloody Mary. It looked like this case was going to require some power thinking. I reached under my robe and flicked my pacemaker up a single notch, sending extra blood brainwards till my top-cheese was working like a dozen ad agencies trying to land the Lockheed account during a brainstorm, if you catch my

drift.

The circumstances surrounding the case were familiar. No reason why they shouldn't be; direct violations of the Berne copyright agreement are an everyday occurrence on foreign soil, and seem to occur almost hourly on French dirt. It put me in mind of the activities of one Maurice Girondist, the Paris suer, a pandering publisher who had stolen more authors' and agents' royalties than most would have thought possible, and made less of an attempt to conceal his activities than a baboon cut loose in a banana stall.

I was pretty sure that Girondist himself was out of business, but I wondered if he had a successor. I decided to contact the one man in New York who knows more about the Frenchman's activities than I, and for good reason; Girondist had fucked him as if his asshole was cast of titanium steel. Akbar Del Piombo was this unfortunate talent's tag, and he had authored *Fuzz against Junk*, *Skirts*, and dozens of other big-selling notch novels. I decided to drop in on Akbar at his Lower East Side tenement and see if I couldn't glean a little information from the impoverished penman.

An hour later I was hopscotching around the refuse on Del Piombo's sidewalk, one hand on the controls of my pacemaker, ready to turn it up to ten if something dark should drop off a window ledge, knife in teeth, and try to cut loose my wallet and watch. The pacemaker, which I'd gotten following my heart attack three years ago, provided me with the strength and agility of ten men for brief periods. If I used it too long, there was a danger my heart pile would go critical and blow bladder out asshole.

I made it safely to Akbar's door, and after several minutes of pounding on that sturdy gate with a length of pipe, it was opened by Del P, clothed in a bed sheet, shivering and sweating simultaneously. It is a measure of the talent's spirit that he extended his hand in greeting and invitation before bursting into tears.

I stared at Del P like he was fine print. The Bloody Mary was giving me gas—I like to think of it as the residual on breakfast.

"I am sick," he said. "I have no money for medicine, even for apples. I would try eating grass, but as you see," he gestured around the bare apartment, "there is none around

here."

This was a guy who should have been lunching at the Four Seasons and who would have had his own table at Elaine's were it not for the larcenous activities of filthy beret Girondist. I felt like canceling the frog boy's options indefinitely with his own letter opener.

I used Akbar's phone to order steaks, apples, and a doctor. We had just time to eat the steaks and for Akbar to finish his fortieth apple when the doctor arrived.

The doctor was a soft-spoken, well-dressed Park Avenue physician of my acquaintance, who examined Del P with much tongue-clucking. He concluded his examination by administering sixteen vitamin shots to the patient's backside, and offered the diagnosis that the patient was suffering from poverty as a direct result of having his royalties spent by others.

After the doctor left, Del P produced a couple of cigars that looked and smelled as if they should have had corn in them, and began to reminisce about the days he spent in Paris and the talent he had known there. I had to say come back on that when he told me about Terry Southern selling everything but Martian TV rights for five bills, and I actually cried like a baby when he described the circumstances surrounding Lolita's sale.

After a little prodding, Del P told me Girondist was really not operating much now; in fact, he was in New York, making things easier for me if I did decide to cancel the scumbag's options. He mentioned in passing that Girondist had a spiritual successor. Name, Jean François Pissoir, publisher of a French "satire" magazine called *Dinde Din Don*. I signed Akbar on the spot, put him on hold, and by two o'clock I was on a plane to Paree.

Paris is a big city, at once one of the most beautiful and most deadly in the world. The slums of Paris can be as dangerous to walk through as they would be if they were dropped on your head. According to the information my secretary had given me over the car phone on the way to Kennedy, it was there I must go. The offices of *Dinde Din Don* (*Little Turkey*) are located in the heart of the *vin ordinaire* district on the notorious Rue de la Plonc.

At the Orly cabstand, the first sixteen drivers refused the trip. Finally, I located a courageous Gascon



Elton John
Blue Moves

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A Deluxe 2-Record Set

Produced by Gus Dudgeon

14787 MCA RECORDS THE ROCKET RECORD CO.

Yamaha headphones take the headache out of holiday shopping.

Every year it's the same old story. You move heaven and earth trying to find a gift that's both personal and practical. After all, you never were one to buy just any new thing and call it a gift. It's got to be right. No matter how long it takes to find it.

So this year, give Yamaha HP-2 Orthodynamic headphones. They're headache-proof. For both the gift-giver and the gift-getter. There are just two criteria. You must like someone. And that someone must like music. Simple as that. Just buy them and wrap 'em.

Holiday cheer for the ear. Yamaha's Orthodynamic design offers the crisp highs of the best electrostatic headphones, and the rich, clean bass of the best dynamic types. So all the music comes through.

What's more, the HP-2's superb tonality, wide frequency response and low distortion are comparable to those of headphones costing much more than our suggested retail price of \$45. (In other words, your gift sounds more like a million dollars than a few dollars.) And there's comfort to match. Yamaha consulted world-famous designer

Mario Bellini to help us make these headphones the most comfortable ever worn. A soft strap distributes the HP-2's featherlight 8 ounces evenly over your head. The ear cups, with supple foam pads, are specially designed to ride lightly on your ears. Instead of flattening them out. And of course, height and angle are completely adjustable.

In short, the HP-2s add the convenience of personal listening to the enjoyment of any stereo system. They're compatible with anything that's got a headphone jack. And make most anything sound better, too.

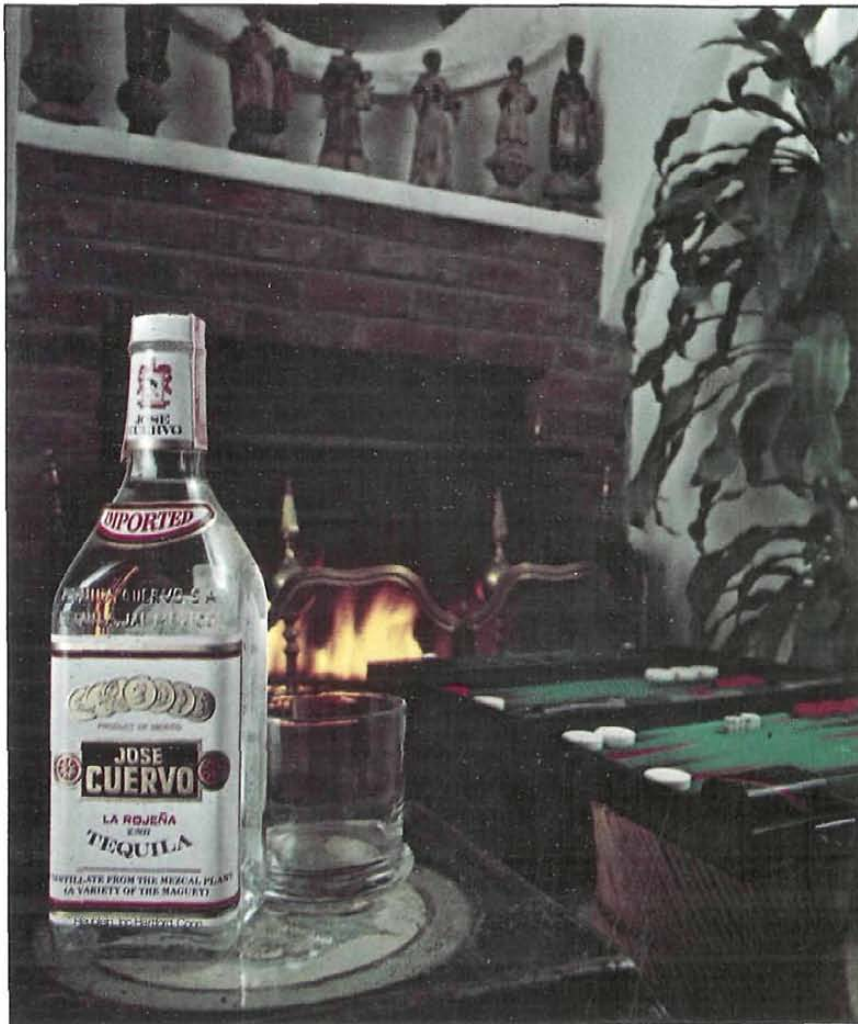
A gift that sits on the head instead of the shelf. And, unlike some things you might give, Yamaha headphones won't wind up gathering dust in the corner. They'll be enjoyed. And used.

Chances are, they'll spend part of each day on someone's head. And you'll spend part of each day on someone's mind.

(Or, if you give to yourself, you'll experience the best of both worlds this holiday season. And, why not? You don't deserve any headaches either.)

Yamaha HP-2 Orthodynamic headphones. Only at your Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealer. Where you'll find lots of terrific ways to say "Happy Holidays."



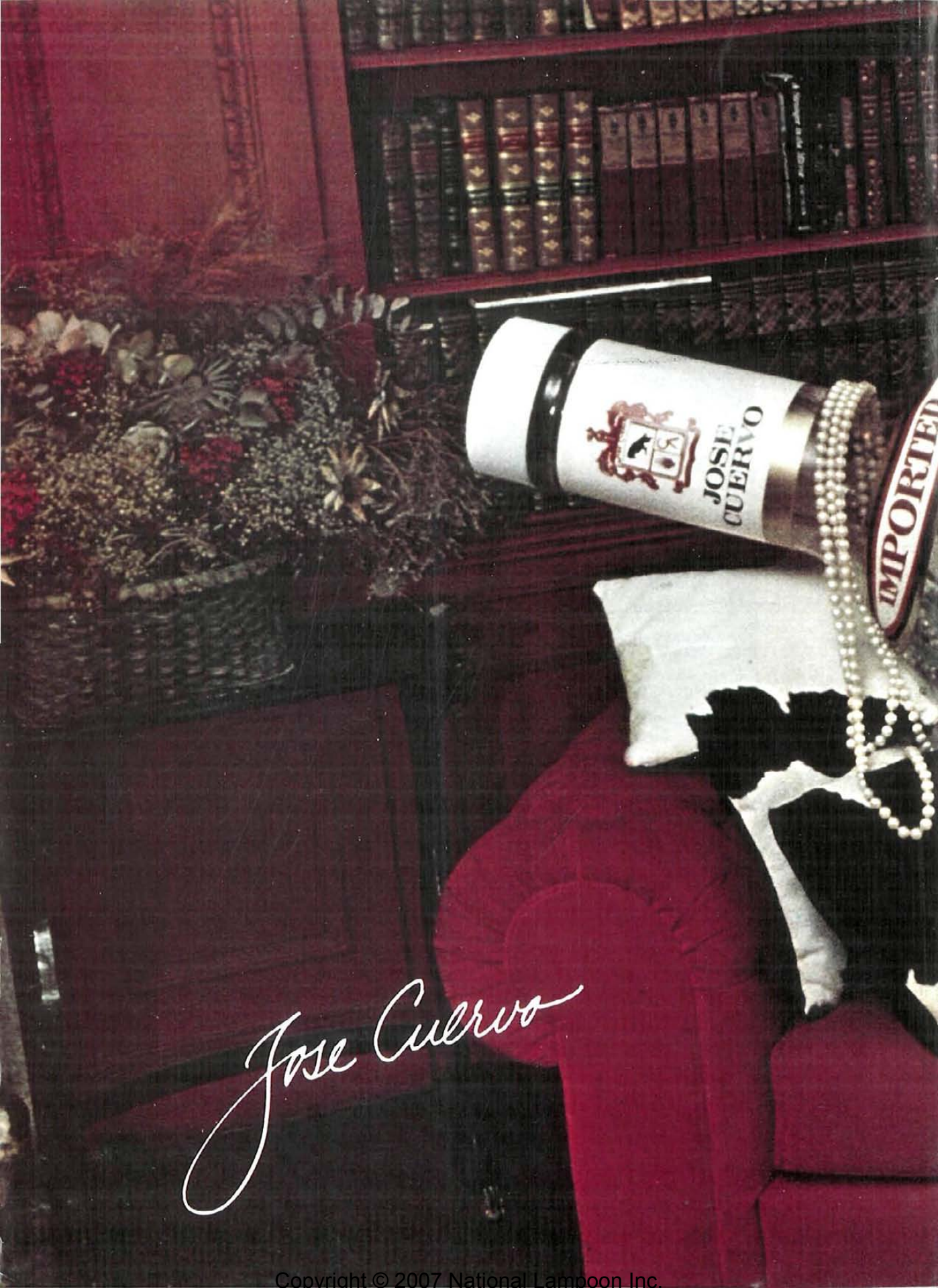


tall. Cool.

*That's the way guys like us,
and guys like you, like them.
Because that's the kinda guys we are.*

Look. Admire. Desire.

*Then turn the page
for the kind of treat
that guys like us
know guys like you like.*



Jose Cuervo



PRODUCT OF MEXICO

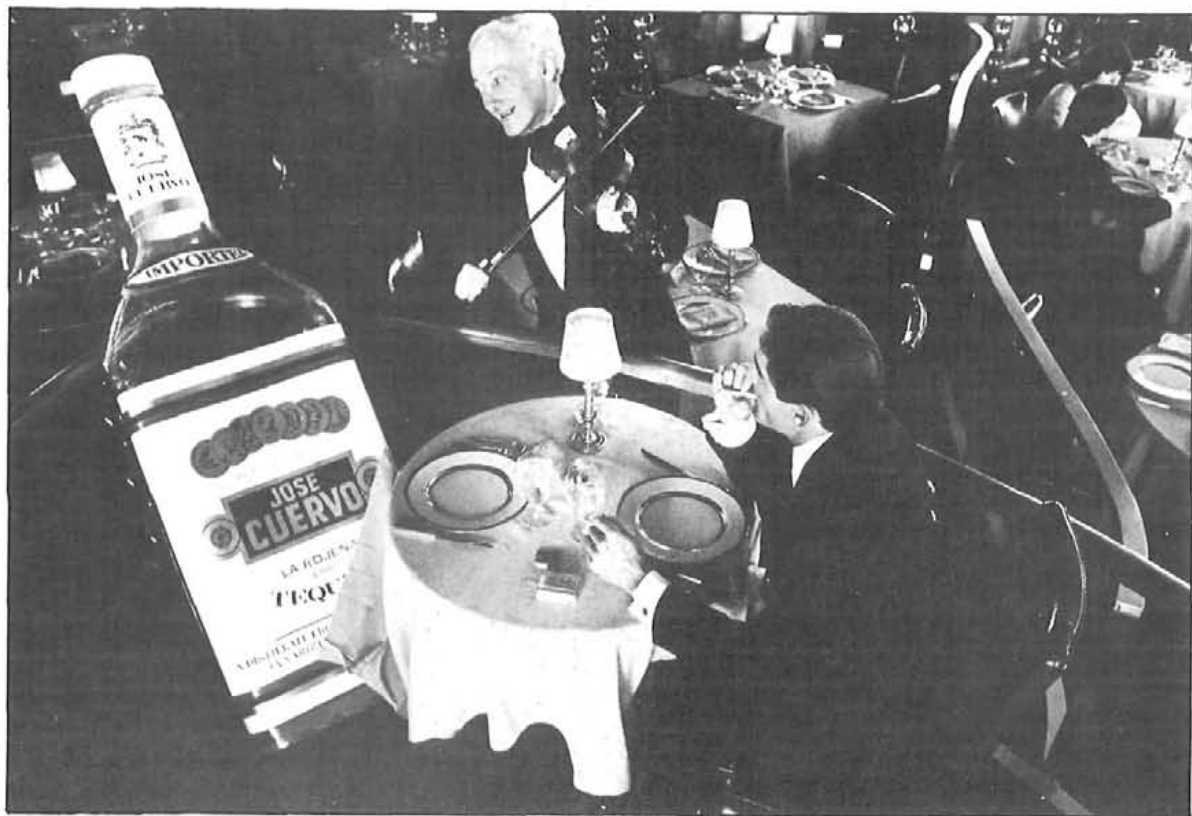
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You know what you like,
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And suddenly, Jose Cuervo is a beautiful part of your life.
For now. Or forever. Or maybe not.
Who can say? That's just the kinda guy you are.
Ya, too. But not them.
Never, never, them.

S

*he's a little bit Latin and a lot American.
She goes with the evening. She goes for rides in the park.*

She goes with guys like you.

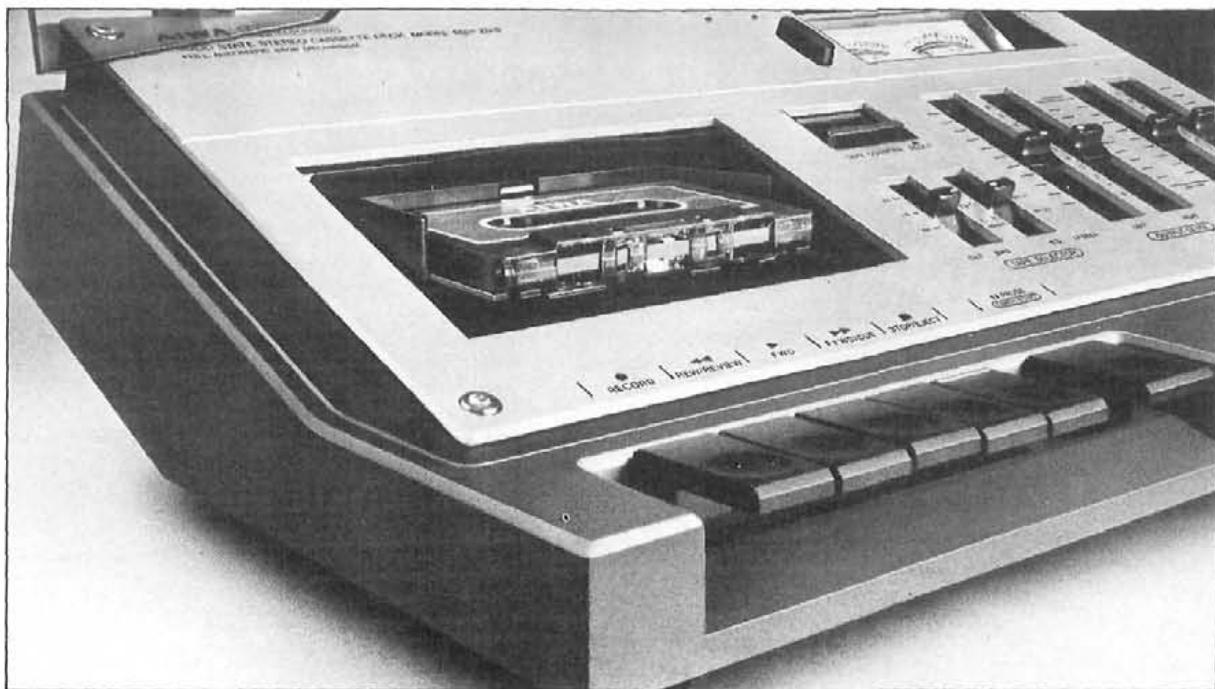
She goes with lime and salt and ice.

In fact, you can even call her Margarita.

If that's the kinda guy you are



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So beautifully built, it makes the other decks look flat.

AIWA's new ultra-modern slant backed deck with its 20° angle stands out in a crowd. And up. So you can see what you're doing. And enjoy what you see. Conveniently.

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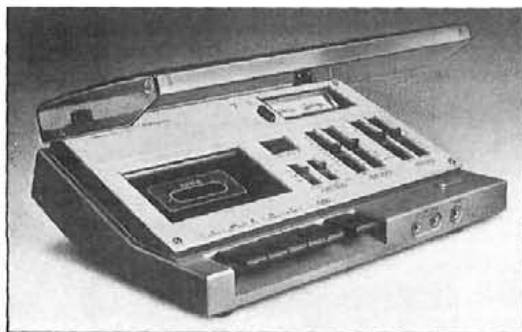
Simple, that's what innovative design is all about. To be utilitarian and beautiful at the same time.

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The AIWA AD-1250.
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... in the days of the Funkapus, the concept of specially designed afronauts—capable of funkating galaxies—was first laid on man child, but later re-possessed and placed among the secrets of the pyramids until a more positive attitude could be obtained. There in these terrestrial projects, it, along with its co-inhabitants of Kings and Pharaohs, would wait like sleeping beauties for the kiss that would awaken them to multiply in the image of the chosen one...

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☺☺ Take ten. Ahem! Hi!
I'm George Barry, president of Fabergé,
the people who bring you Brut. You know, the
world's getting to be a smaller place, and
these days, more and more guys are
turning to the great smell of
Joe Namath.

Okay. Is that it?
Can I go now? ☹☹



[ADVERTISEMENT]

FOR RALPH NADER, LIFE BECOMES A JOYRIDE— WITH SEAT BELTS OFF



A free-spirited Nader admires two recent additions to his newfound habit of conspicuous consumerism, 19-year-old intern-turned-resident Shawn McKendrie, and his new Mercedes 450-SL. Of the latter, Nader says, "It is a genuinely crashworthy car with roll-over characteristics far in excess of the standards required by my proposed Federal Dumb Consumer Protection Act of 1977." Nader's description might well apply to Shawn, daughter of a leading polyvinyl chloride manufacturer.

Stopping by Meledandri of Hollywood's, Nader models a proposed addition to his wardrobe as Shawn playfully helps with the zipper.

Longtime consumer watchers will be forgiven their astonishment if they stare goggle-eyed at the suave, tinted-eye-glass-sporting daredevil taking the hair-pin turns of Tinseltown's Mulholland Drive at 95 miles an hour, with the bare-midriffed, braless honey blonde at his side playfully licking his tanned cheek.

Nope, it's not Warren Beatty or Ryan O'Neal; it's longtime consumer champion Ralph Nader, who pulled up stakes from his dreary D.C. rooming house six months ago and resettled in glamorous Bel Air in the heart of Los Angeles.

The Konsumer King has switched from \$80 off-the-rack black Dacron suits to colorful \$650 Meledandri custom jobs ("The workmanship and safety standards are especially high," Nader notes), and his carless days are as past as a backdated carton of milk, supplanted by the Mercedes 450-SL he purchased after extensive research. ("It's the most crashworthy car in America," Ralph says proudly, displaying photos of demolished Mercedes with driver and passengers intact.)

Moreover, Nader has sold his life story to Universal Pictures for a whopping \$750,000, with escalator clauses and percentage deals that could feather Nader's nest by several millions if scripter William Goldman and director Steven "Jaws" Spielberg can duplicate their earlier successes.

"But it isn't the money that brought me here," Nader insists. "It's the chance to convince Americans that a comfortable lifestyle is thoroughly consistent with sensible consumer and public interest standards."

One of Nader's private interests that could pass any federal test is 19-year-old Shawn McKendrie, daughter of the polyvinyl chloride magnate, who joined Nader's Public Interest Research Team as an intern and stayed as a resident.

"The moment I looked at her," Nader said, eyeing the 36-23-36-inch figure. "I knew she could raise my standards." But the prudent Nader went no further than over-the-waist petting for four months; they did not fully consummate their relationship until a medical team



OBJECTS



Out on a shopping spree at Chalet Gourmet, Ralph eagle-eyes the goodies for strict adherence to unit-pricing and Truth-in-Packaging Act, as Shawn playfully caresses her proposed late-night snack.



had rigorously checked both parties for health and safety requirements. Now they do their best homework in the early afternoon, though Nader confesses his fondness for "an occasional midnight snack."

"Sometimes," Shawn giggles playfully, "I call him out of a televised Senate hearing to tell him my nipples are all stiff. You should see him blush when the testimony resumes."

The couple prefers to keep their relationship private, and shuns the limelight and publicity.

Less private is Nader's decision to sell stock in his ventures; the offering, dubbed "Public Interest, Inc.," will give private citizens and corporations a chance to share in his work. Nader, who stands to pocket a neat \$1.6 million in capital gains, says, "The money is okay, but the important thing is to diversify our efforts and create a genuinely broad-based citizens' group." Nader plans to donate 7 percent of his earnings to charity, while Shawn's commitment is more personal—three hours a month of work in a center for gout treatment.

Whether this new lifestyle? Nader traces it to his appearance on a "Dean Martin Celebrity Roast" in 1973.

Super-Ralph combines his newfound pleasure principle with strict devotion to safety as he frolics in his \$37,500 pool, complete with padded sides, ropes, underwater retrieval alarms, and a lifeguard—all in compliance with his proposed Federal Pool Act of 1977. Shawn playfully violates Section 4(b)6.

"Meeting folks like Phyllis Diller, Slappy White, Nipsy Russell, and Foster Brooks gave me an insight I had lacked," he said. "I saw that you could be personally successful and still communicate with the people." His appearance at a Jimmy Carter softball game further moved him away from reclusiveness.

Now, Nader says, "I have an inner peace and serenity I never knew before." Friends and associates say privately that Nader is "a mellower, more laid-back person"—a trend he will follow up with speaking tours for ARICA, est, and seminars (for a hefty \$15,000 fee) at Esalen. He also plans an album with Swami Muktananda on "the metaphysics of the Flammable Fabrics Act."

Some old hands in Washington profess shock at the new switch, but for Nader, high living seems to have become safe at any speed.

DIPSEY PRINGLE



A thoughtful Bernard Bergman admires two of his most recent possessions, a slim Cadillac Seville and trim, 19-year-old aide and companion Cindy Fatalbaum. Of the former, Bergman comments, "I wanted a Chrysler Imperial, but they do not make them anymore. To be old is to be condemned in this society." Of affectionate Cindy, Bernard notes, "I give her wisdom from a venerable head; she gives me energy from her youthful heart. Other times, I give her heart, she gives me head."



It might have been the gothic plot of a gloomy Scandinavian movie: a wealthy, successful man with the respect of his community and the love of his friends suddenly accused of heinous wrongdoing.

But for Rabbi Bernard ("call me Bud") Bergman, the plot was all too real: names and charges splashed across the headlines, court cases and legislative investigations, a life in turmoil.

"I don't know," Bergman sighed late one evening, looking out over Long Island Sound from the patio of his \$775,000, ten-bedroom, five-bathroom, three-car-garaged estate. "But in a way it is like a testing; a challenge to one's serenity."

Bergman, whose nursing homes were the center of controversy, credits his retention of serenity to daily prayer, the love and affection of executive assistant and housemate Cindy Fatalbaum ("She has brought me a kind of serenity and peace I never knew before," he says of the 19-year-old dropout from Dana Hall), and a first-rate attorney whose eloquence resulted in a sen-

tence of four weekends at Grossinger's in which Bergman is prohibited from playing "Simon Says" with Lou Goldstein.

The outspoken, controversial Bergman can find further consolation in his current income of \$657,890 (not counting proceeds from insurance policies taken out on his patients), quiet dinners with Cindy at home and at secluded restaurants, and from a relationship with Cindy at once "intensely personal" (they make love four to six times a week) and "profoundly spiritual" (each time Cindy enters Bergman's home, she kisses his mezuzah).

The travail has taken its toll, however: Bergman's blood pressure has jumped to 130/90, his pupil dilation stress correlation is up, and his stool has become "somewhat grainy and odoriferous," according to his doctor. He has also developed "a passion for privacy," shunning interviews and publicity.

"I have developed a philosophy

according to my needs," he told a visitor recently. "I have lived life with reverence and joy, yet have surrounded myself with suffering and death to remind me that we are indeed all mortal."

When his sentence is over, Bergman plans "a new life, stripped of false values." He has already sold his nursing homes for \$7,896,338, and plans a sale of the personal effects of those "patients who are no longer with us." Then, after a six month world tour with Cindy, including a visit to Israel, where he finds "a sense of mission and passion that is equalled nowhere else," Bergman plans his newest venture: child-care centers.

"I have worked at one end of the life cycle for too long," he opines over a modest lunch of terrine of brisket, trout amandine, and a chilled bottle of Pouilly Fuissé '66, which he bills to Medicaid as a nutritionist consultation. "Now it is time to begin with the other." Bergman

[ADVERTISEMENT]

FOR BERGMAN, A REVERENCE FOR LIFE, AN OBSESSION WITH DEATH



An understanding but demanding boss, Bergman talks with staff at his Bridge of Sighs Nursing Home in Brooklyn's Crown Heights. Speaking of the elderly in his care, Bergman solemnly says, "We are all under a suspended sentence of death. And I am a kind of metaphysical probation officer."

will apply some of the techniques he pioneered in old age homes to child-care centers, including mandatory meditation (the children will be strapped down to beds and gagged to force their collective energies inward), and the "less is more" dietitian philosophy (each child to be fed for a unit cost not to exceed eight cents a day).

"I have talked with the legislators and health officials," Rabbi Bergman said, "and assured them that their cooperation will be met by the same sense of civic generosity that has prevailed in the past."

For their part, legislators will not acknowledge Bergman's status publicly, but privately assert that "Bergman



A solemn Bergman muses on his case, and questions the government's seizure of his books and records. "If government can intrude on my books and records, then why not the books of Hawthorne, Shakespeare, Mailer, or the records of Bach, Brahms, Sinatra?"

got a raw deal; he was simply trying to do well by doing good." Others suspect anti-Semitism as a source of Bergman's troubles, noting that "nobody ever said those things about Clara Barton; her hospitals were much worse, but she was a *shiksa*."

As a day's visit ends, Bergman and Cindy usher their visitor to the bronzed, filigreed door modeled after Temple Beth-Debuture in Santa Monica to say good-bye. ("This door reminds me that life is but a short journey from entrance to exit," he says, "and besides, it'll keep the shvarzers away.") He will spend a few hours with Cindy, then lie awake at night with his books and records, searching for that sense of peace which has eluded him all these years.

CLARE CRAWFISH

A fatalistic Bergman and Cindy enjoy a moment of solitude, free from the crush of press and intrusive photographers. "I have," he says, "found a new sense of serenity and vision. I have learned that we are all one; we are all mortal; we are all reimbursable expenses on the Medicaid forms."



A prayerful mogul in prayer. To render unto Caesar and God simultaneously, Bergman's aides have stock market reports taped to his prayer shawl each hour. At right, Cindy Fatalbaum fondles his tallis.



GIBBERISH

Father, O Father It may be that father knows best on TV, but it isn't the way Washington bureaucrats are viewing the latest venture of Notre Dame Prexy Theodore ("call me Ted") Hesburgh, 59. Hesburgh was rudely interrupted during his nationwide promotional tour for his fast food franchise, Hesburghers (37 stores in 19 cities with a projected first year gross of \$2.3 million), by a Consumer Alert issued by the president's consumer advisor Virginia ("call me Ginny") Knauer, 61. The head fed said that the Hesburghers, featuring a communion wafer inside a sesame seed bun, "did not meet federal fast food standards. And the advertising, promising a 'heavenly meal,' clearly implied something more substantial." Would you settle for transubstantial, Ginny?

Welcome Back, Carter Apart from an occasional chair-warming on the guest-hopping circuit, onetime TV regular Jack Carter, 53, hasn't been popping up on the boob tube of late. But that's going to change. Universal-TV has signed the ebullient Carter to star in a dramatic made-for-TV movie entitled *The Schmuck*. As outlined by scripter Bo ("call me Bo") Goldman, *The Schmuck* is "a story about a loud-mouthed, utterly talentless, mean-spirited, and scabrous lout who turns a repellent personality and complete and total oafishness into a thoroughly unmerited career as a so-called 'comic.'" Carter says he is studying the work of Shecky Greene "to get a feel for the character, no offensive to the faygelehs, ha-ha-ha."

Cher and Cher Alike Cher and Gregg and Chastity and Sonny and Baby Elijah. No, nothing's new in Tinselland, but this marks the 85th consecutive issue of OBJECTS in which these folks have been mentioned. As a reward, Time, Inc., is installing a direct-line telephone into their glamorous new \$1.5 million residence, into his Jensen Interceptor, into her Jaguar, into Chastity's Schwinn 480 TR, and into the master bedroom, to instantaneously translate any comment, growl, groan, tickle, laugh, slap, sneeze, or flatulence directly to our readership.

Germaine Discussion Capitalism and feminism have met once again for Germaine Greer, 37, onetime angry young thing of the literary world. Germaine, whose *Female Eunuch* helped shrink tumescences from



Father Hesburgh:
Oh dad, poor dad



Jack Carter:
Takes one to know



Cher:
Man, oh Allman



Bangkok to Bangor, has just teamed up with Hallmark Productions to produce the ultimate feminist calendar. Under the title "That'll Be the Days," the calendar features the menstrual cycles of great feminists past and present. (Stay away from Steinem on the first Wednesdays, guys!) Bloody good show, Germaine!

MAIL

Kudos to your editors, writers, and photographers for that warm look into another side of the First Family ("Jerry, Betty, Susan, and Jack Say 'Bottoms Up' to Sigmoidoscopic Checkups"), but just to set the record straight: I am not the president of the United States; nor is that infamous theater in Washington named after me.

Henry Ford II
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Oops—ED.

A few corrections: first, I am 6'2", not 4'7"; your photographer found me in a wading pool and inexplicably did not bother to check his facts. In addition, I have never been convicted of indecent exposure in Nepal (which I have never visited); I have been married once, not "six times, once to his own sister." While I can excuse mistaking my Social Security number for my income, it did leave an inflated sense of my wealth ("last year's gross: \$167,024,768").

Charlton Heston
Holmsby Hills, Calif.

OBJECTS stands by its story.—ED.

How dare you expose the degenerate obscenities of the so-called "stars" of the rock world ("Linda Ronstadt takes on Bachman-Turner Overdrive"). If it were up to me, that slut would be tied up and bound face-down on a couch; her dress would be slowly removed, and her flimsy underpants lowered to her knees. Then, a supple black leather belt would be laid crisply across the saucy cheeks of her insolent bare buttocks again and again and again.

Jerry Brown
Sacramento, Calif.

See "Linda Gets a Licking" on the upcoming OBJECTS TV special.—ED.

Germaine Greer:
Tuesday, bloody Tuesday

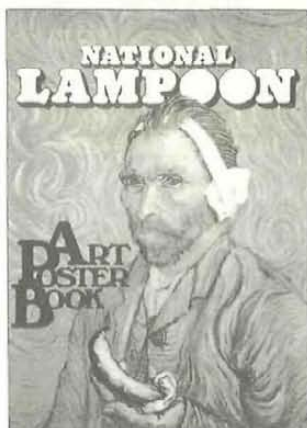
THE NATIONAL LAMPOON CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOG

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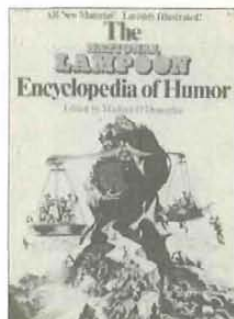
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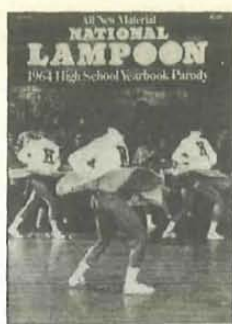
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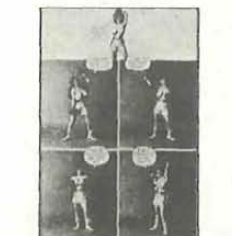
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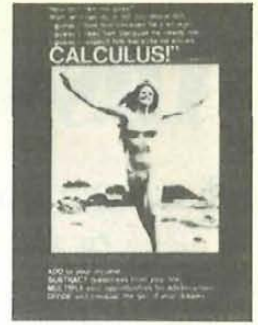
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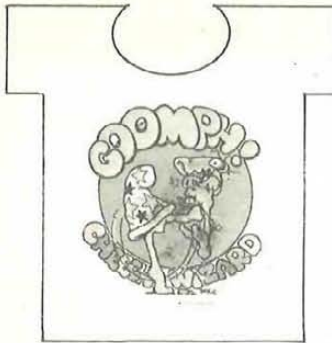
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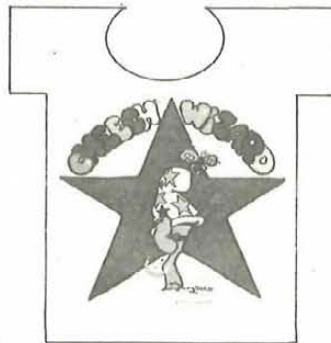
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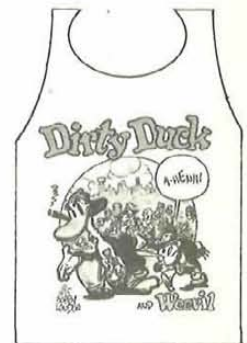
(1) GOOMPH!



(2) TROTS AND BONNIE



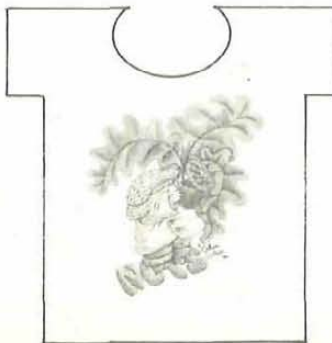
(3) CHEECH WIZARD



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Savage Christmas

by R. Bruce Moody



Greetings

Following an unusually long period of unemployment, Jack Okatee of Iowa ate, roasted with Maine potatoes and served for Christmas dinner, his second but youngest child, George. He still, it is true, has eleven other children.

Donald Welsh of Fairbanks wired his mother for Christmas. When he turned on the switch, she, after a pleasant interval, died. Switches by Leviton.

Finding her son, Gaston, seventy-four, hanging by his neck under the mistletoe, Mrs. Warren Stokes, a widow, was so convulsed with laughter, she says, she could not cut the rope. Police and firemen entering the scene were so convulsed with laughter that they were also unable to cut the rope. Gaston remains hanging until January 14, at which time white sales in all local department stores will commence.

At the Wassail Bowl Game on Christmas Day, Jercsy Wilenda died of Parkinson's disease

while throwing a touchdown pass. As the pass was in mid-flight, Jercsy ceased to be. Spaulding Pigskins Outlast Them All.

Gainsberg residents have received minor but irritating injuries opening their Christmas cards this year. "Wilkinson Sword double-edged razors," said post-mistress Oriana Vex, "can be inserted beneath the half-sealed flaps of envelopes at will."

Wallacine Frost died of extreme ugliness on Twelfth Night. She is mourned by many relatives throughout her village and across the nation, none of whom will attend the funeral or send flowers. Roasting chickens sixty-nine cents a pound this week at Gablinger's.

Opals are not my stone," announced Eva Fring, as she threw the Christmas present in the face of her patron, the well-to-do Diccadoo Cardboard Carton distributor from Macon, Ga. One of the opals was found imbedded nine inches in a stucco wall, and had to be removed with an ice pick. The other was found imbedded in his brain, and had

to be removed with an ice pick. Miss Fring will conduct a garage sale of the victim's effects Saturday afternoon, weather permitting.

On Christmas morning, Josie ("Gaga") Davidson awakened her parents with a carpet beater. This message comes to you as a public service announcement from Hoover Vacuum Cleaners, Inc.

Swaddling Clothes

Nothing would do, but that she must have sables for Christmas.

With perfect lips, she framed her desire.

Her husband developed a slight scowl and agreed at once, as he always did, to make her shut up, not because she nagged, she didn't, he was rich, she got what she wanted at first asking, sometimes before, but because he couldn't stand the sound of her voice, which to him was like that of one dying of Drano.

Drano, he mused, why Drano? Why Christmas?

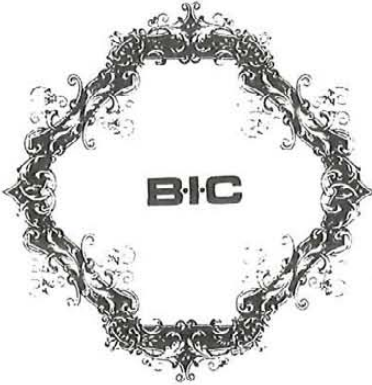
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Savage Christmas

continued

"Why Christmas?" he said. "Don't answer. Why not Saint Swithen's Day? Don't reply. Go to the bishop and find out. When you learn the answer, don't tell me. Don't say good-bye on the way out. Good-bye."

She went to the bishop dressed in Norwegian black fox. When he removed this, he revealed a cope broidered with seed pearls and emeralds.



"Why Christmas?" she said.

"Why not," he interrupted, having heard enough, "the Ascension of the Martyr of Sty? Why not the Death of Saint Ossippa, whose fig tree bloomed with cucumbers in the great Pope's sight in 907 on a Thursday and who was forever dishonored in her own village thereafter although honored in others? Why not her natal or mortal day for this giving of gifts, this purchasing of presents?"

"Why—"

"Why this rash expenditure on the birthday of O.L.!" said the bishop. "What beautiful lips you have. The facts are as follows.

"There is nothing inside the church which does not advertise the church. Don't say a word. All you



see—stained glass windows, Bible, this cope, my ring, kiss it, betokens a commercial pitch. We never fail to mention Our Product and repeat its

name whenever we can. 'Almighty Father, Lord of all mankind, Heavenly Preserver, we thank Thee for this Danish and coffee-with-milk-no-sugar, in Thy holy name, our King and Master, for ever and ever. Amen.' See how it works? What a beautiful sable coat you're wearing. Looks new. Take it off. Let me try it on. My wife would just love one like this. How does it fit? Don't tell me.

"Behind the altar here, you see, we have this plaque: 'In memory of Flumella Scrick, to the Glory of God Almighty.' Always get the brand name in. You like hymns? If you like jingles, you like hymns. You like processions? If you like industrial shows, you do. Like this cathedral, think it's nice? It's the picture palace of God."

"I—"

"Your lips are lovely. Kiss the ruby on my elbow. That one, right. Ooo. The church advertises its big seller, that's all. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company seldom promotes nationwide sales of coriander seed. God is the butterball turkey of Christianity."

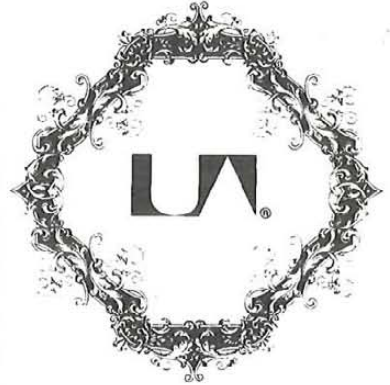


"Department stores, though—"

"Your lips disturb me. See this Maltese cross in diamonds on my epaulette? Set your mouth upon it for a time. True, there is no connection between the crass commercialism of the great retail chains and the Son of

God, none. Santa Claus is but a paleolithic holdover, syphoning off all that should be His. Odd. On Christmas, everyone but the birthday child

gets presents. I got a leopard muff last Christmas from the vestry. My wife was so jealous. How do you like this sapphire at my throat, a



touch too large for its cruciform setting? Brush your fantastic lips across and around it. Actually, the altar should be laden on Christmas Eve. Instead, Christmas trees get it all. Mere paganism. You may kiss every seed pearl on my cope, if you choose. You may lift it, if you

desire. Commercialism is far from the church, far. It's all we can do to make the offertory each week. Let me take off our sable while you're doing that. That's it, watch your teeth, just go slowly, dear, and wet, wet, make it very wet, that's right, just a bit at a time, you don't want to make yourself sick. My wife has always wanted a sable. Ever since she saw mine. But you know what I told her. Yes, both hands, good. What I said to her was, one sable in a family is enough. Don't you agree? Don't answer."

He tossed the coat from him. It landed by chance on, of course, the altar cross.

Easter, when, nails in his feet and his mountains of the moon, his spare tie slashed, to one side he slumped as, thorn-crowned, awince, his head lolled to the other, perfect mouth silent, but open for the big, high-key

closeup and parted as if finally to say: "What? I ask you, pray, what could become a legend more?"

Greetings

In Roxbury, Alice Jarold was severely burned on the left arm by the explosion of a Christmas present of jelly from her grandmother. The bomb was disguised as the child's

Roxbury, Mass. The explosion seemed to have occurred at 14-67, the only residence still left intact. For, on the night before, an elderly woman, Miss Barbara Food, reported to have heard an argument as to the excellence of fruit preserves from two female voices within. "Proving once again," said the woman, whose name is withheld due to her extreme age, "that nitroglycerine is not an accurate weapon." Try Hero Jams and Jellies for a Change in Your Life!



"Oh Abby, you're a natural," simpered Patience. "Ever reading off road signs."

"Hop in, folks!" said Seth, whose sleigh it was.

"And bundle up!" said Rufus. "We're in for some hot sledding!"

Rufus got in back with Abigail. Rufus was a bearded youth. Patience sat up front with Seth. Seth was clean-shaven. And they all covered up their knees and bits of things with comforters, afghans, blankets, and quilts.

The night was crisp, the stars plenteous, the moon an ample milk. The light of these illuminations was doubled by the sheen of fallen snow. And their glistening eyes redoubled

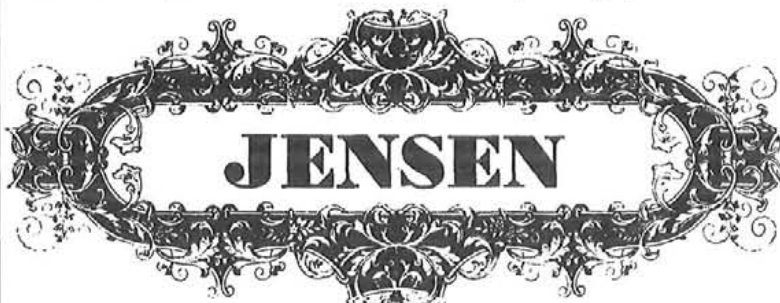


favorite jam, boysenberry. Ball jars for the presentation of similar treats are available at your local hardware store.

Wilfreda Cunningham (ae. eighty-two) was wounded by the explosion of a present from her grandchild on Christmas morning. She was burned slightly on the right arm. The child's name is withheld due to her extreme youth. The device was secreted in a cake with strawberry filling. A Gold Medal Flour Award recipe. The incident occurred at Roxbury, Mass.

The Horse Knows the Way

Over the meadow and through the woods," leered Rufus.



"And across Devil's Peak," murmured Seth.

"Nature's Wonder! Nine Thousand Feet High!" cried Abigail. "Do as Thousands Do! See It Yourself! Two Miles West on the Bergville Pike!"

it again.

The sleigh moved forward smoothly. Jocelyn the mare snorting Boanergean plumes of steam into the night and warming to a willing trot.

"Bergville Bugle," Abby read off



On Christmas morning, fourteen houses covering an area of three square miles along with all their seventy-eight occupants were pulverized from two explosions originating on a house on Elm Street in



continued

Savage Christmas*continued*

Pearson's mailbox as they slid onto the pike, and, "Vera's Roadhouse. Drinks, Eats, Dancing," as they coarsed upon their way.

Aside from this, no one said a word. Jangle, jangle, went the bells. Creak, creak, went the runners over the hard-packed snow. Seth especially said nothing. More and more as the trip went on, that is what he said.

was high, so between Abigail and Rufus behind, and Patience and Seth ahead, this was all the communication possible.

The sleigh turned off the pike and made its way through sheeted meadows to the foot of the mountain, which now loomed above them like a bat gone white with terror.

They went by Doare's Dairy. "Unbutton that button," said Rufus. "Raw Milk," read Abby, recoiling.

"So's rimming," crooned Rufus. "The Hole with the Candy Round It," read Abby. "Lifesavers. Jamison's Stud Farm. A Mile and Three



"Look at the stars!" cried Patience next to him. "How divine!"

"Let's spoon," said Rufus, scrunching down next to Abby.

"Fisk!" read Abby, inching away. "Time to Retire!"

"And the snow!" exclaimed

They skimmed by Danger's Garden Farm. "Feel this," said Rufus.

"Corn on the Cob's a Treat," read Abby, repelled.

They slid past Dugdale's Hen Yards. "Let's mess," said Rufus.

"Fresh Layers Killed Today," read Abby, revolted.

The road grew more steep. But the sleigh moved crisply. Jocelyn scarcely pulling against the incline. Up and up went the road until presently they were at the top.

Jocelyn did not pause, but trotted responsibly on. Evidently Seth was not impressed by the view, though they were thousands of feet up, and the countryside lay spangling below.

"Ain't nature grand!" cried Patience.

"Ain't pussy?" sighed Rufus.

"Gulf," said Abby. "No-Nox. Two Miles to Jamison's Stud Farm."

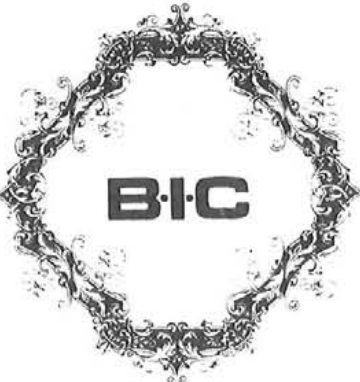
Jocelyn raised her tail and set off at a smart trot down the steep mountain road.

"Speed's so exhilarating!" squealed Patience.

Quarters."

Jocelyn shifted her hind quarters and broke into a canter down the road, which now skirted the sheer face of the mountain.

"No guardrail makes me just gulp!"

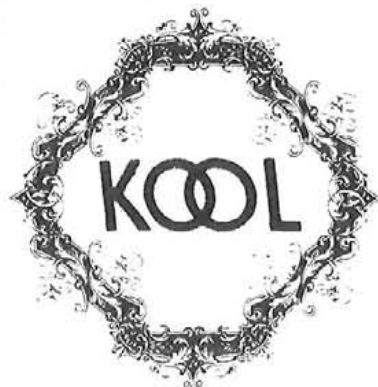


Patience. "How lustrous!"

"Let's canoodle," said Rufus.

"Pepsi-Cola," read Abby, slapping his wrist. "Hits the Spot."

The back of the sleigh's front seat



shrieked Patience.

"Swallow my scrotum," said Rufus.

"Rice Krispies," read Abby. "Jamison's. A Mile and a Quarter."

Jocelyn broke into a full gallop, her rump foaming in the wind.

The sleigh skittered wildly from side to side of the road. Faster and faster it went. The road grew icier. The way more narrow. The stars flashed by.

The sleigh was out of control.

"Oh God!" cried Patience.

"A blow job!" begged Rufus.

"A Christmas Kiss—"

"Oh Jesus!" cried Patience.

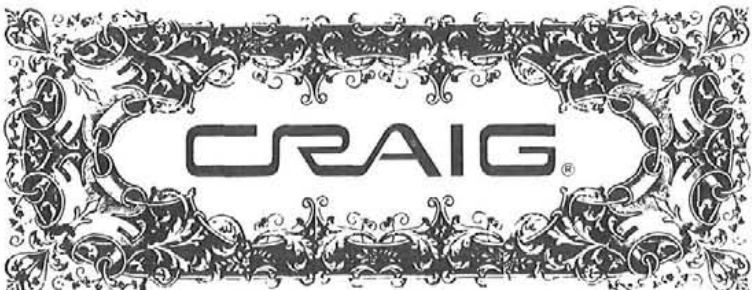
"A boob," pled Rufus.

"A Yuletide Buss—"

"Hold me!" cried Patience.

"A bush!" whined Rufus.

"Awaits the Chap—"



continued on page 90

The Ballad of Pulp and Paper

(A tribute to our suppliers.)

Of the great Northwest where brave men quest

For power and pulp and gold
Where the tales are all like the timber tall
There are many sagas told,
Of the lumberjacks with the singing ax
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But the strangest tale on the sawdust trail
Is of Paul and the Crazy Bear.
Now the trees that grow in the Land of Snow
Were put there by You-Know-Who
To be scaled and topped and sawed and chopped
And ground to a mushy goo
Which becomes the stuff to make paper enough
For wrappers for bubble gum
And almanacs and paperbacks
And paper to wipe your bum.
Big Paul was the best in the whole Northwest
At ridding the land of trees
Of all shapes and kinds to enrich young minds
And the paper companies.
But one winter's day as he hacked away
Beside Babe, his big blue ox,
This hideous bear roared out of his lair
And challenged Paul to box.
"You're stupid and bad and money-mad
And your harvest is rack and ruin,
But you'll deal with me before your next tree!"
Cried the ecocrazy bruin.
They fought to the death, and with Paul's last breath
He howled, and the mountains chorused
The touching plea of the industry:
"Only *you* can prevent a forest!"



[ADVERTISEMENT]





"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair."

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Believe Me, It Works.

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get



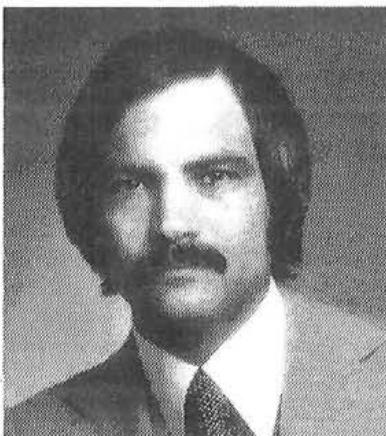
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see, from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

Believe Them, It Works.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." **C. B. Santa Rosa, Calif.** "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." **E. H. New Orleans.**

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." **W. H. Castlewood, Va.**

"... my hair looks much much better than before." **C. I. Atlanta, Ga.**

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." **S. H. Metairie, La.**

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..."

E. H. Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more."

H. A. Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..."

V. M. Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." **R. A. Santa Ana, Calif.**

"Thank you for something that really works." **J. T. Brooklyn, N.Y.** "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." **D. D. Chehalis, Wash.** "These pills really work..." **Mrs. C. E. Gadsden, Ala.** "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" **H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.**

Believe Our Unconditional Money Back Guarantee, It Works.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back. Just like that. No questions asked.

Head Start is not a magical baldness preventative. It's vitamins and minerals everyone's hair needs for health.

Send me _____ bottles of Head Start at \$9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling.
I enclose my: Check Money Order
Please charge to my:

Mastercharge Interbank No. _____
 No. _____
 Mastercharge Account _____
 No. _____
 BankAmericard Account _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TOLL FREE
PHONE ORDERS
1-800-241-0611

Mail to:
Cosvetic Labs
3100 Maple Drive N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia 30305

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NLHV



SNUTS

ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS ABOUT GROWING UP WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS GROWING UP AND WHAT WASN'T, AND YOU WERE NEVER SURE AT ANY POINT WHETHER OR NOT YOU HAD GUESSED RIGHT.

GEE, TAKING RODNEY HERE TO SEE SANTA ALMOST MAKES ME WISH I STILL BELIEVED IN THIS STUFF!

YEAH-IT WAS FUN, WASN'T IT?

THIS WAY TO SANTA LAUS

SANA KAWS!

LOOK AT THE KID - DID HE REALLY IS HAVING A BALL!

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE THRONE!

SANA !!!

HELLO THERE, LITTLE FELLOW!

Oh my word

WAAA!

ACTUALLY, IT WASN'T MUCH FUN BELIEVING IN SANTA CLAU, COME TO THINK OF IT!

DRY YOUR NOSE, RODNEY!

I WAS ALWAYS SCARED OF HIM, TOO!

THIS WAS SANTA CLAU

WA!

THIS STRIP IS FOR BEAUTIFUL SHARY FLENNIKEN—GORGEOUS LEANN (THE ACTRESS)—AND THE SECOND SEXIEST LADY I KNOW—GLEN GROSS.

IS FOR MARY CARTER AND ALL THE CUCKOOS... CUGH, JACK, LYNN, FRANK, ROCKED, JOHN, CATHY, MIKE, BOB, DON, NICK, JACK MASHIEL, TIM, BOBBY JOE, JONAL, BEA, AND ELEANOR.

AND THE SEXIEST COOK IN THE WORLD... TECCA... AND BEAUTIFUL CATHY MERRIA... AND TUESDAY WELD... HI! TO MATT FROM TINCAN AND HIS POOR PIM PROBLE... THE ALPACOTE AND HIS BETTIS AND

CHICKEN CLAUS

GET IT? CHICKEN CLAUS?
NEVER MIND

ENOS

DING-A-LING
SIDEWALK SANTAS INC.

(THE REAL SANTA COME)
What a beautiful human being

AWRIGHT—you huns!
It's time to hit the streets again!

FAKE

give 'em the old HO HO HO and bring in that dough!

As you all know—SCHWARTZ here is our best "DING-A-LING" SANTA. Now watch his style... HIT IT, SCHWARTZ!

HEY HEY HEY
FEED DA CHIMNEY... GET A NICE PRESENT ON X-MAS... CHECK IT OUT... CHECK IT OUT!

IT'S CHRISTMAS AND ONCE AGAIN OUR HERO IS GAINFULLY EMPLOYED.

THIS IS FOR FAT BUCK FREDDIE AND HIS LOVELY WIFE. COULD WHO WANT TO SEE WEE SEX + VIOLENCE SEX IN THE STRIP.

I DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE 'I KNOW... I HAVE FRIENDS AT DISNEY'S!

SEX AND VIOLENCE

Ma—is that SANTA?
YES, DEAR.

Thanks for the seven handkerchiefs and four pairs of stupid undershorts, huh!

BAH HUMBIRD!

BATER

MY BEAK IS TURNING BLUE.

LISTEN, YOU LITTLE CHRISTMAS CREEPO... this is my corner! get lost! This X-MAS I'm offering my famous "SNOW-JOB"

SOCIETY NEWS:

THE ALLEGED FAN CLUB OF SEAN, TEXAS, CONSISTING OF THE WIZARD, THE SORCERER, WABLOCK, ACE, KAT, JAY, AND SOMETIMES TINA, COBBY, HERO, AND RALPH... AND DEBBY AND RENE IN AUSTIN AND JIM FROM SILVER CREEK WHO WROTE TO US TRYING TO GET THEIR NAMES IN THE STRIP, ARE NOT GOING TO GET THEIR NAMES IN THE STRIP 'CAUSE WE DON'T GOT NO ROOM FOR THEIR NAMES, AND I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHETHER THE WIZARD IS CRAZY ABOUT SANDY S. OR NOT. SUCK EGGS, YOU GUYS

MY GOD... I DON'T BELIEVE IT... IT'S TOOTSIE TURNER!
HELLO, Santa Claus... Merry Christmas!

KATHRYN FROM...
the girl I've been in love with since the third grade who doesn't know that I exist!
You're SWEET!

NANTUCKET
She's about the ugliest broad I've ever seen!
I CAN'T STAND IT!
I'm the cutest SANTA I've ever seen.

If this VIBRATION continues I'm gonna have to THINK!
since the third grade... I love this woman... I can't stand it.
I LOVE SANTA CLAUS

KEN SEZ MERRY CHRISTMAS TO DONNA GIBBS... (BIG DEN... YOU'D THINK HE COULD SAY SOMETHING MORE ROMANTIC.)

I CAN'T STAND IT... I CAN'T STAND IT... IT'S TOOTSIE TURNER... SHE'S ACTUALLY SPEAKING TO ME!
You're so cute... Should give you a KISS!

I LOVE YOU!
SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I GET UP IN THE MORNING!

SARGE... dia guy has been runnin' aroun' town yellin'—I HAVE COME... I HAVE COME... so I grabbed him an' he came all over me!
You PIVOITS are gettin' real GOOD at DESE DISGUISES!

ENOS EATS AT THE TIN WHISTLE CAFE WITH PAT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL SISTER KATIE! ... PAT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL SISTER KATIE! ... PAT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL SISTER KATIE!

Secret Agent

continued from page 52

with an unusually small head who offered to take me to *numero onze* Rue de la Plonc for four times the normal fare. Twice en route, bums leaped onto the hood of the car, and twice were shaken off around corners. The second took the antenna with him, and I gathered from the excited gibbering of the driver as we pulled up to *numero onze* that I should have to pay for the damage.

I hopped out of the car, and, handing the driver a million franc note—twenty dollars—instructed him to wait. I had barely turned around when he pulled away with a screech and a curse.

I looked up at the decrepit office building. It looked as if it had once, in better days, been a detention center for the Vichy police. I made my way inside up some dimly lit stairs and along the filthy hallway plastered with posters advocating insane political philosophies, degenerate sex acts, drug dependence, and the music of alcoholics and long since deceased American Negroes.

I pounded on the office door and a number of inbred truffle Bassets



began to bay on the other side. The footsteps of a heavy man could be heard approaching, and the door was opened suspiciously few inches.

"What do you want?"

"You Jean François Pissoir?"

"Who's asking?"

"Baum. Agent Baum."

Garlic boy tried to slam the door, but before he could get it half shut, the pacemaker was on ten and I gut-punted the chubby dirtbag backwards. He pinwheeled over a desk and came down, two hundred pounds of larcenous lard, on top of one of his truffle mutts, canceling the bark tube's contract for keeps.

After several minutes of startled puffing and face-wiping, Pissoir looked up from the dog throne. "Who are you? What do you want? I am an honest man."

"Baum. Money for stolen material.

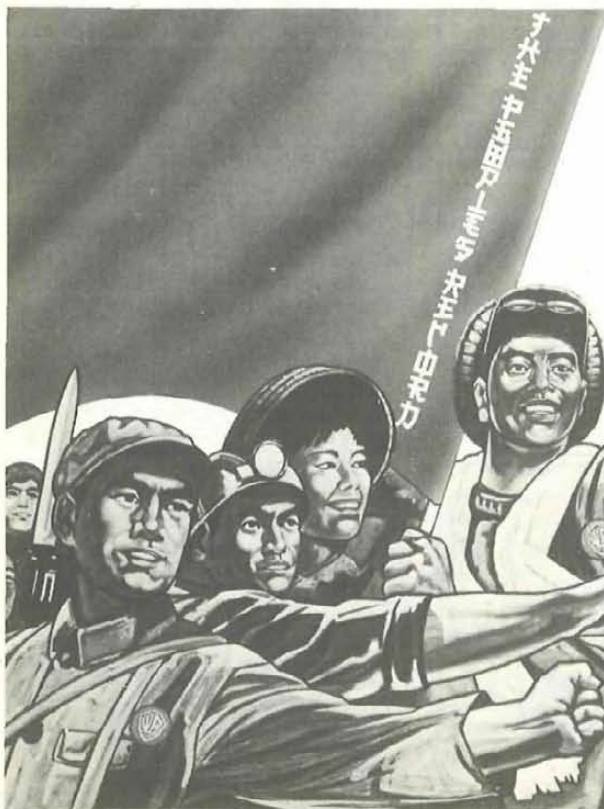
Come back with that last part."

"What do you mean?"

"I want a royalties payment from you for material written by my client in the *National Lampoon* with accumulated interest at 18 percent, as the loan was." I glance pointed around the room, "insufficiently collateralized."

"But no! But no! I paid for all writings and pictures. I have paid very

continued



Revolutionary Record Offer!

2 Albums for \$2!

THE PEOPLE'S RECORD brings you 90 glorious minutes of People's Music at People's prices. For just \$2, comrades, you can enjoy excerpts from the latest albums by such People's Music Heroes as **Fleetwood Mac, Alice Cooper, Rod Stewart, George Benson** and 21 others on one budget-priced 2-record set! Wage slaves, throw off your chains! Beat back the revisionists and outwit the running capitalist dogs at Warner Bros. Records! Join the Cultural Upeaval: mail \$2 for THE PEOPLE'S RECORD, 25 selections by 25 of today's most resourceful musical heroes at one deviously low price.

THE PEOPLE'S RECORD
Warner Bros. Records
P.O. Box 6868
Burbank, Ca. 91510



Dear Chairman:
Your agitprop has stirred my heart. Here's \$2 for my copy of the glorious PEOPLE'S RECORD. Off the bourgeois hooligans!

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(Make all checks payable to the imperialist curs at Warner Bros. Records. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of THE PEOPLE'S RECORD. Offer good only in the U.S.)

L. Goode Presents

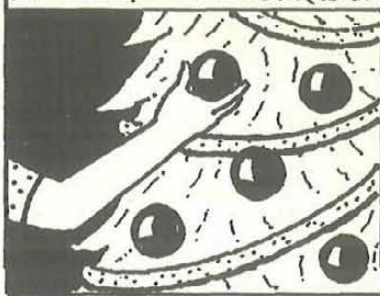
Christmas in Blue

STARRING
VERA BINSKY
and ROLAND SALAZAR
with Melvita Murliss as MOM

Despite the news that her mother would probably be in a coma the rest of her life, Vera fretted over what to get her for Christmas.



With only four days left, Vera decided to get her shopping over so she could spend time with Roland.



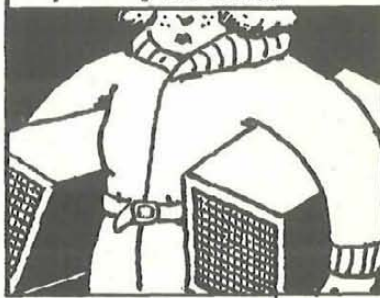
Just as she was leaving to catch the bus, she received a phone call. Uncle Floyd had died. Remorsefully, she crossed his name off her list.



She took a couple of Valiums and went out into the wet snow. At Waldinger's, she bought a well tailored sports jacket for Roland.



When she got home, her sister Doreen was walking down the step carrying her stereo.



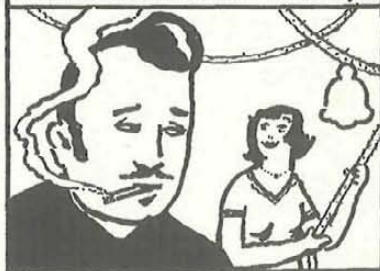
In a bitter confrontation, Doreen informed Vera that she had joined a Korean religious sect and would be breaking all contact with the family.



Vera felt cold and lonely. She took a cab over to Roland's. The landlady said that Roland hadn't been home for several days.



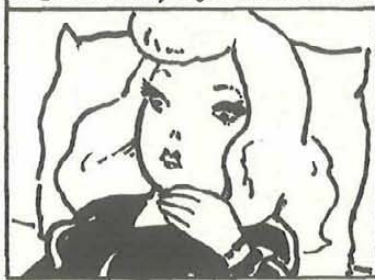
Meanwhile, Roland had moved back in with his first wife. He dashed a note off to Vera to tell her that he would return her car after the holidays.



The day before Christmas, there wasn't much mail. Mostly cards that Vera had sent to wrong addresses. The note from Roland left her stunned.



Vera got up around noon on Christmas morning. Suddenly, she realized that she had completely forgotten to buy a gift for her Mom.



Fortunately, Roland was on the smallish side (size 36) and the sports jacket fit Mom fairly well. Vera hoped that Christmas would be different next year.



Four For A Quarter



CARY HARRIS

Secret Agent

continued

well! For a Frenchman, that is." I asked him why my clients hadn't seen sou one. "That I do not know, sir, please do not kick me again, your foot is like the balls of a cannon, I will show you carbon copies of the international money orders paid by me to the American kid, you say, who delivers the stuff, is that right?" I looked the slips over. Everything looked kosher. The kid was obviously working for someone big, someone who had access to *NatLamp* art and fiction originals.

"When's the next delivery due, Pissoir?"

He cowered briefly. "Time now. Today, maybe now."

"I'll wait."

I had a while to wait. I've had shorter waits in the office of Fox vice-presidents. Finally, a lanky American teenager stuck his head in the door of the office and then popped the rest of him in. He had the material. I grabbed the little bastard by the collar and the teen broke wind like a Dalmatian. He was terrified. "Start talking. Who sent you? Who do you deliver the money to?"

"I can't tell, I can't. No, no!"

"Listen, bubby, there's some double-cross financing going on here, and if you don't want to wind up as a sheath for some froggy's foil in the local can, you better do some talking. So come on, sell me."

"All right! I'm all talk! Please don't let the Frenchmen fuck me in the ass! You see, it's like this. I'm Matty Simmons's nephew. I work in the mail room at *National Lampoon*. I took some money from an envelope, and Matty caught me. He said if I didn't do whatever he said, he'd tell my mother. So I did. I hear he's been losing big at the Jai Alai fronton in Bridgeport, he needs money to pay his debts. Otherwise, the Cuban ballet boys get tough."

Sonofabitch Matty Simmons was blackmailing his own nephew and stealing everything that wasn't lashed to the authors' asses!

Before I left, I signed up Pissoir as a client. No point in wasting the trip. On the flight back to N.Y., I made a deal with the kid. There would be a few surprises for Simmons when the kid delivered the cashola the next day.

Eleven o'clock the next morning found me concealed with a tape-

continued on page 90

It's a Bitch!

Johnny Guitar Watson



Ain't That A Bitch

Johnny 'Guitar' Watson's new album, "Ain't That A Bitch", is definitely a bitch. Johnny's been on the scene for days, and days. He's gone from '50's L.A. style Blues to mainstream jazz to fusion jazz to his own creation—"Bodymusic!"

He produced, wrote and arranged the songs, played keyboards, guitar, bass and all the vocals. You'll pardon him if he's very pleased with his work. After all it is a bitch.

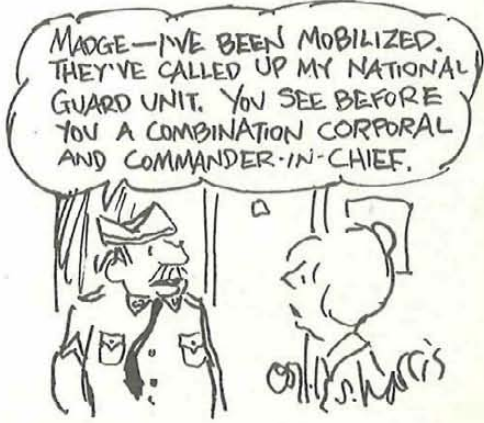
"Ain't That A Bitch" Johnny 'Guitar' Watson.



**On DJM
Records and Tapes**

OF THE PEOPLE

ARTICLE II
SECTION I. The executive Power shall be vested in a...
HE'S ONE OF US. HE'S JES' FOLKS.



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 85

CURSEWORD SYMBOLS

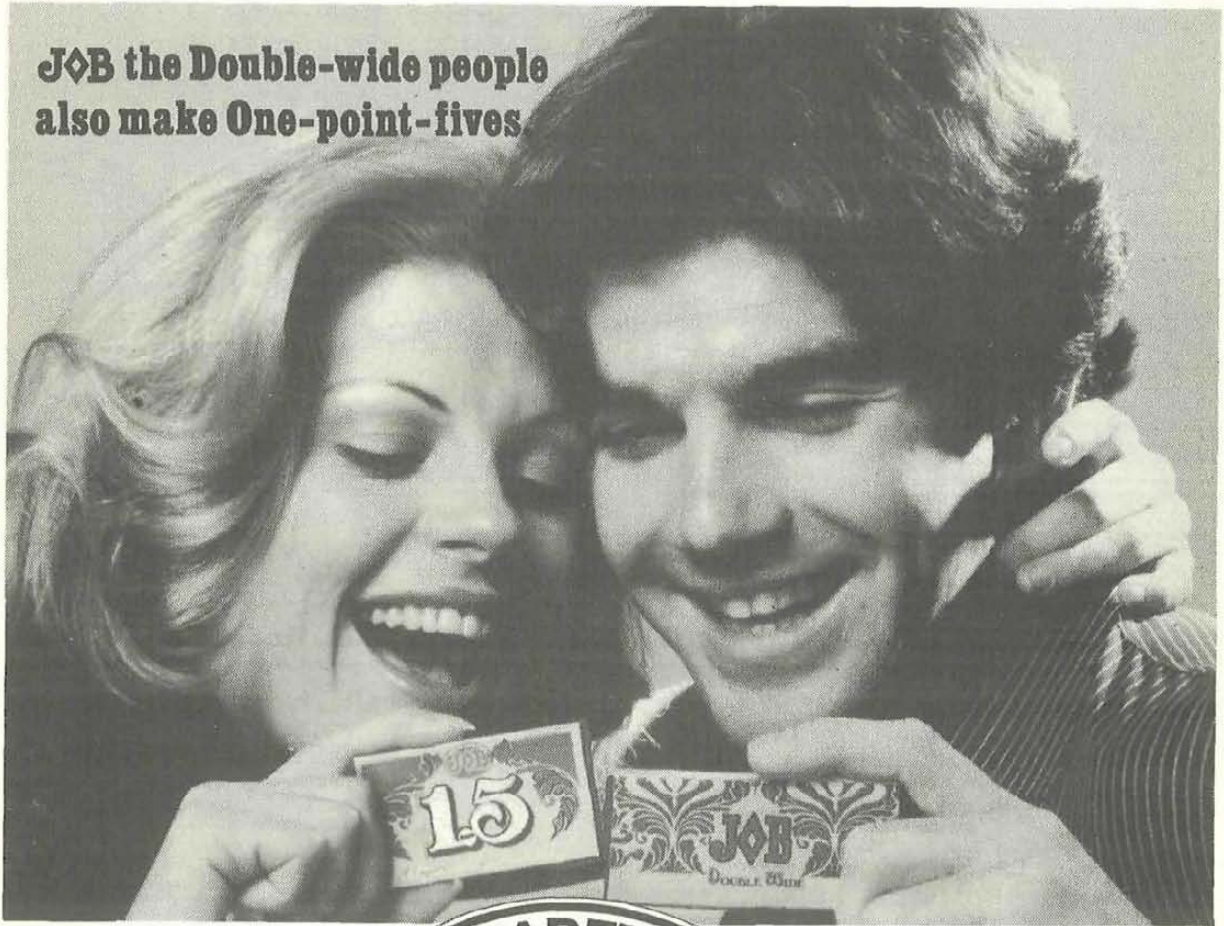
SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL,*
THE SOPHISTICATED COMIC ARTIST
HAS SUBSTITUTED SYMBOLS FOR CRUDE
SWEAR WORDS IN ORDER TO KEEP HIS
WORK WELL WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF
GOOD TASTE. STUDY THE SYMBOLS
AND THEIR USAGE IN THE
FOLLOWING EXAMPLE.

* WAY-THE-HELL BACK THERE.

◎★!:*◎★
MOTHERFUCKER
!◎★!★ ASSHOLE ◎!
★!◎!★*!★ CUNT★!



JOB the Double-wide people
also make One-point-fives



JOB, the world's
finest cigarette papers.
Available in all three
sizes: single, double-
width and one-point-five.



Here's my dollar, (for cost, postage and handling). I'm over 21, so send me two packs **JOB** Double-wide papers, white and wheat, and two packs **JOB** One-point-fives, white and strawberry. One sample per family, please.
PAPERS, Department NL1276
Adams Apple Distributing Co.
2835 N. Sheffield, Chicago, IL 60657

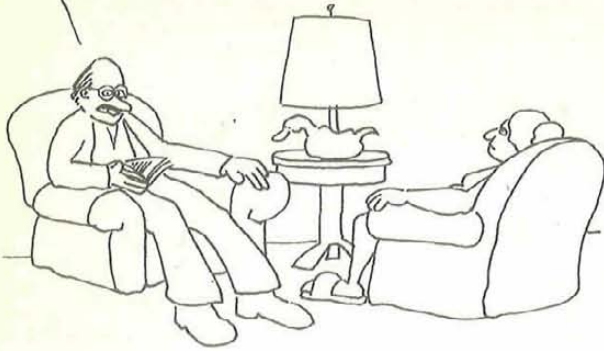
Mr/Mrs/Ms _____

Address _____

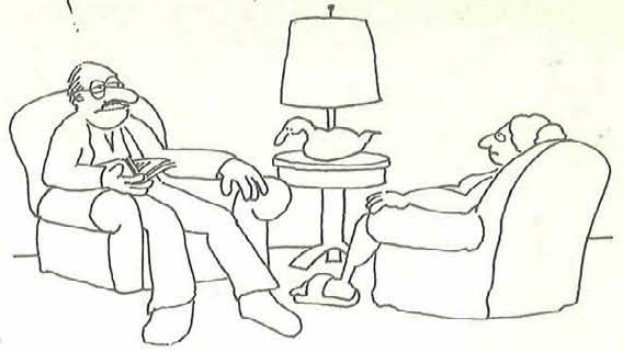
City/State/Zip _____

BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING CO.

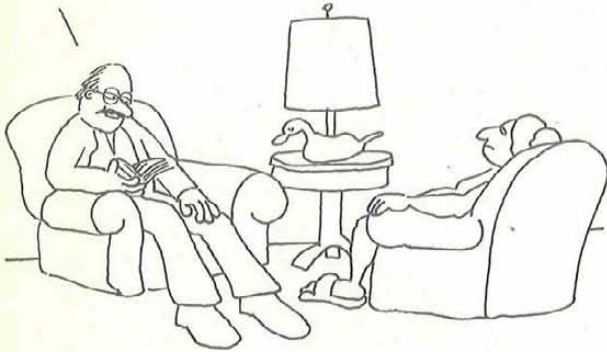
DAZZLING



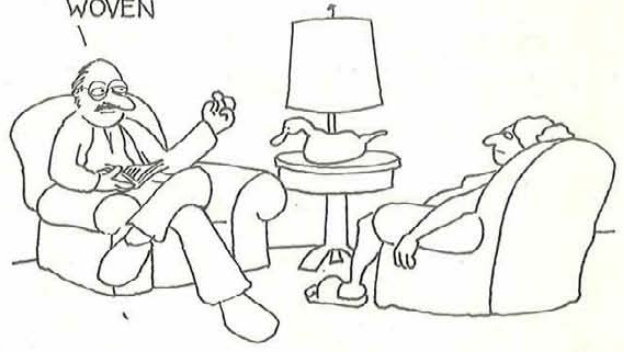
SENSITIVE



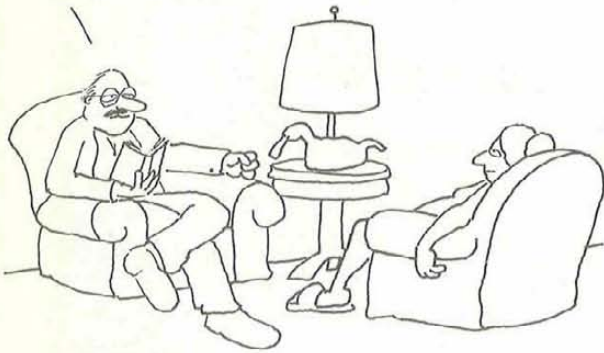
FABULOUS



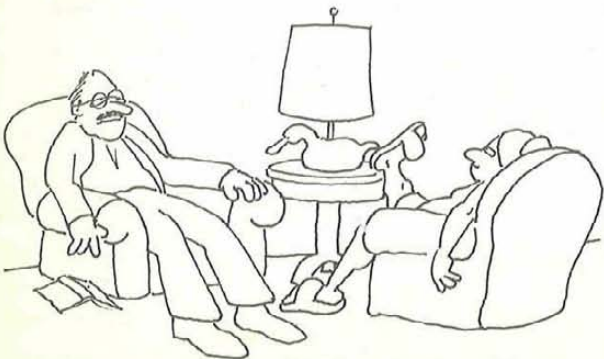
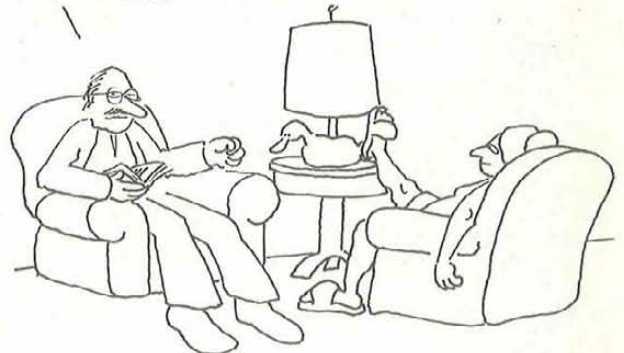
INTRICATELY
WOVEN



HUSKY



BRAWLING



BLOW IT
OUT YOUR
ASS.



KAUDEFU'

BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

524376. The Male Nuder: LES HOMMES. By Tana Kaley. 104 Full Color Photos. Erotic, sensual, exquisitely beautiful and unusual, these superb photographs constitute what has to be the most fantastic and dramatic collection of the male nude in book form. 9 x 12. Only \$19.95

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SP-120S. ALI-FRAZIER III. Fantastic boxing action; highlights from "The Thriller in Manila," one of the greatest fights in ring history. This film is a must for fight fans. Available in 200' black and white sound. Only \$19.95 (8mm)



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Savage Christmas

continued from page 76

"I'm—" cried Patience.

"A bun!" whimpered Rufus.

"With No Face Fuzz. Jamison's Stud. One Mile Directly Below."

At which Jocelyn galloped off the cliff.

Horse and sleigh hung there for a moment in the quick night air. You might have mistaken it for Santa's had you seen it.

Oddly, though, there were no cries or screams of dread from the interior of it.

Nor was there any sound at all.

There was not time enough. In the split second it took for the entire rig to fall from the place we have caught it to the chasm floor below where it smashed itself to smithereens and everyone in it, there was not time for anyone to finish what he had to say.

"Coming!" Patience did not have time to gasp.

"Argh!" Seth did not groan from the front seat, where he had been pleasuring her since the ride began, his denouement preceding his climax.

"My long johns are goopy," Rufus did not remark. Although these were the very words with which he greeted his Maker a second later.

They did not have time to finish anything, except themselves. They had no idea the sleigh had gone off the cliff at all.

And as for Abby—had she had time to think, it might have occurred to her strange that the signs she was reading were not, in such a place, of the road-safety variety—had she the brains, time permitting, which she didn't.

No, Abby, the only one of them to be paying any attention to the road at all, had decided not to read the last sign of all, so she wasn't looking either.

Although she knew what was coming—every time—just as she did with Rufus, whose rough beard she never could abide. Living or dead, Abby would not have read the last sign.

In twelfth grade, past which she had not moved, she was considered sweet but dumb. However, Abby prided herself, as we have seen, on being a literate girl. The thing was, though—she just never *could* read script!

*

How irritating!" said Onduc Frejinsky, and, pulling from

above his mantle a Smith and Wesson shotgun, criticized the singing of a group of carolers, who scrambled from his door, leaving a number of dots of blood on the snow.

*

Detectives, alerted by a watchful neighbor, discovered that the snowman constructed on the Ketsen twins' home (aged nine) was studded with two human eyes and one human ear. The ear was of a black person; the eyes were blue, presumably of a white. Equal Rights for All!

*

Rushing downstairs to open their packages, Billy Cadogan pushed his sister Jenny, who fell, catching him on his pajamas in such a manner that he landed on top of her, crushing her skull. Master Cadogan then opened presents for two. However, he rejected a Barbie Doll, whose skull he also crushed.

*

News release from Do-It Rubber Products of St. Paul. Argyle White, a young man of markedly feminine demeanor, was rushed to the hospital while enjoying an oddly shaped candy cane friends had given him. "Mr. White had put the wrong end in," said orderlies at the emergency room in which Mr. White perished. "The other end works just fine."

*

Mona the Menstrual Doll, put out by Tandem Toys of Willemette, may actually be re sewn with utensils from the hysterectomy kit included. While numerous post-Christmas deaths among children have been reported from spots across the country, children who were playing doctor, Tandem will not consider withdrawal of the popular toy until further statistics are in...not, at least, until the the marketing of Mastectomy Mame at shopping marts in August.

*

What are those people complaining of!" Mrs. Wilbur Gordword said, concerning the survivors of her Christmas cake whose candied cherries wiped out a gathering of twenty-four distant relations to whom she had sent it. "Christmas comes but once a year!" Buy Union Approved Baked Good Products.

*

When six-year-old Paul Andrewski nailed up his stocking over the fireplace this Christmas, his sister's foot was in it. Cutlery by Wusthof. □

Secret Agent

continued from page 85

recorder in the closet in Simmons's office. The kid had been briefed on what to say. I expected no trouble. At eleven-thirty, the kid walked in.

"Here are the bank drafts that Jean François has sent you for the material we had no right to sell him. I hope you take some more very soon, as I love to visit Paris. What is this, the sixty-fifth time we have dishonestly misappropriated the money rightfully due to others?"

"Seventy-second time," said Simmons absently. At this point, I leapt from the closet.

"Got you," I cried.

"Whaaa...?"

"I am your new agent, or alternatively, you will go to jail for many years, as stealing is a crime in the United States. I am also agent for Jean François Pissoir." I brandished the power of attorney I had forced the terrified Frenchy to sign, "and all the editors of your magazine. And now you. Sign here. Or shall I play the tape to the inspectors?"

Simmons signed slowly.

End of case. Agent for everyone, 10 percent off the top of life. All in a day's work for a secret agent. Have you got a match? My cigar seems to have gone out. □



Coming in loud and clear! "Technics by Panasonic can't be beat!" opines *NatLamp* audio editor Pete Kaminsky, an album by Doris Abrahams, the good friend of whom, has been recently released on Philo Records.

Collector's Items



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Foley's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specially Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, A1, Tantum, O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Road Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1905 Budge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Snoots.

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

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, *Paniorbook*, *Orgygam*, and *Cloot*.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fragrag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mei Brooks is God, Airport 69, and Gitter Burns.

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

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

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *With and Legions Minor*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page full color nuts, the Aeson Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Cops Botkin, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

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

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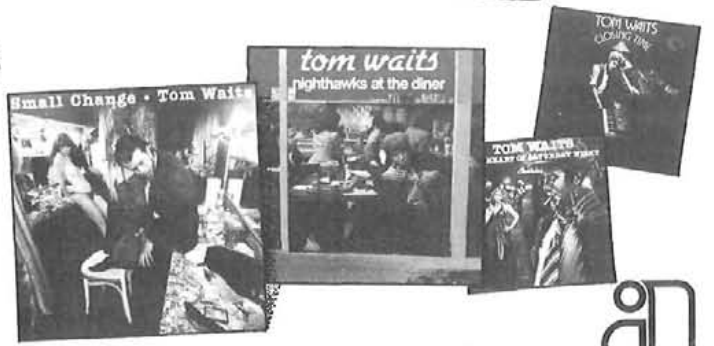
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Confusions of an Ad Man

continued from page 49

hours in meetings today with the account people and the research group on some buzz words for Scott toilet paper. That was my day. I wrote one new word. Big deal. Tonight I'll come home and I'll be fucking exhausted. All I do is eat dinner, talk to the wife and kid for a while, and fall asleep in front of the TV set. I'm a zombie. Writing one word takes a lot out of ya.

When you're bored, you get tired faster. Boredom is very enervating. I know, man. I know. That's why I gotta do my screenplay. It's the only way I'll ever get out of this fucking business. I'm tired of being a hired gun.

What are you writing?

It's hard to describe. It's like a combination love story and comedy, with a lot of action in it.

Sounds nice.

If I tell you what it's about, don't say anything to anybody. You know how easy it is to get ripped off. Anyway, it's like a takeoff on *Taxi Driver*. Did you see that movie? Great fucking movie. My story is about a pair of identical twin brothers who buy a cab. One drives it by day, the other by night. And they each have these crazy adventures and they fall in love with the same girl who thinks they're one and the same guy. It's a crazy idea. It's still mostly in my head. I got a lot of notes on it. I shpritzed the idea to this movie lawyer and he flipped. He can't wait to get my outline. He says he can get big bucks for me to write the screenplay. Who the fuck knows? It's all a crapshoot, man. One out of a million scores. Everyone I know is writing a screenplay. I'd like to have a dime for every screenplay in every copywriter's drawer on Madison Avenue. Or if they don't have a screenplay, they've got an outline or a treatment or an outment or treatline or whatever they call it. They all want to get out and score Hollywood. They're all working on their screenplays during office time — like me.

What happens if their boss finds out?
The boss is working on a screenplay, too. The elevator operator is working on a screenplay with the guy who runs the candy counter in the lobby. I swear some of the cleaning women are using the IBM typewriters at night working on some great new ideas for Jack Nicholson. Anyway, nobody

continued on page 95

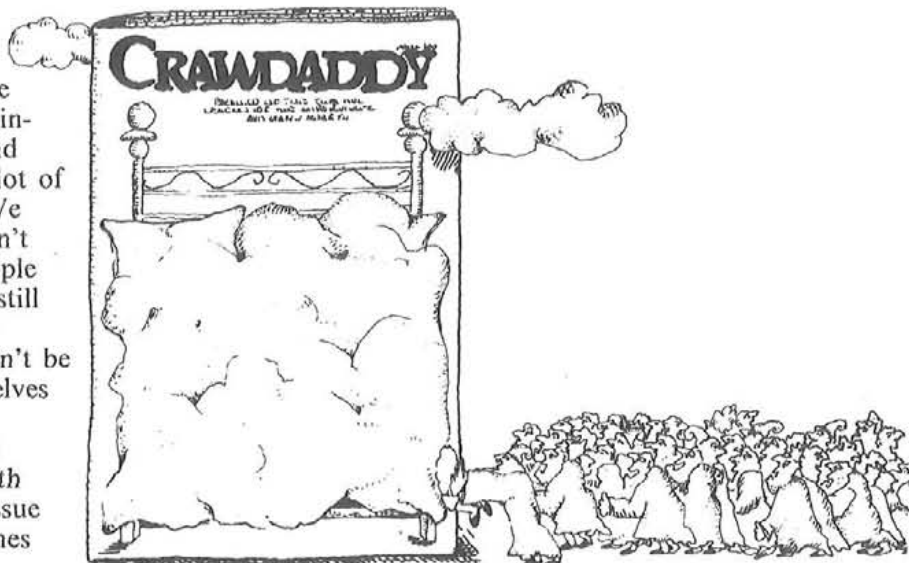
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Confusions of an Ad Man

continued

finds out about it. You just have to be careful. You don't leave your manuscript scattered all over your desk. You work on one page at a time, and that page is in your typewriter. If someone comes into your office, you roll the page down until the words are hidden. You never leave any notes or pages on your desk. You never know when a snooper will come in. You know, the guys who like to poke around your desk, read your memos, look at your copy, your storyboards, whatever. I hate those guys. And if you leave your office, even to go to the john, you put the screenplay in your drawer. Never, never leave anything on your desk that you don't want to be read. *Shit, you know that. You wrote in the office, didn't you? Once in a while, when it was slow. Listen, why can't you work at home? C'mon, will ya? It's impossible to work at home. Do you have kids? You have no kids, right? You're not even married. Then you don't know about distractions. Look, I don't get home until seven-thirty, eight o'clock. Then I got to talk to my wife, my kid, eat dinner, have a few drinks to unwind, maybe a few glasses of wine with my dinner—you know. I got into the habit of drinking a little wine with dinner. They got these great California wines, they're better than a lot of French ones. Then there's always something to do around the house. By the time I'm ready to write, it's after eleven and I'm falling asleep. I used to doze off and bang my head on the fucking typewriter. No decent writer can work at home. I should really have a separate little office. Or a studio apartment in Manhattan, so I can write all night and sleep over. But then I'd be tempted to bring broads in. So how are you going to finish your outline?*

I don't know. Maybe I'll get up very early and work from 5:00 to 7:00 A.M. Some guys can do that. Maybe I'll work in the office after six, a few days a week. Maybe I'll just kill myself, I don't know. It's a vicious cycle. I don't know how I got into this fucking business.

Actually, I *do* know how I got into it. Probably the same way you

continued

Guild





Editors pose. Ellis Weiner impersonates a commissar who has just purchased Danny Abelson's Sedgewick Jeans. The angle is Sedgewick Jeans are very desirable, a promo man explained.

AKAI

APOC



Save by mail
on High Fidelity
Music Systems.



OUR BIG CATALOG SHOWS HOW!
Send today for your **FREE** copy of our 68-page catalog. It's value-packed with complete music systems, top-brand components, accessories, plus hundreds of unique items—and more. There's a handy "Hifi Primer," feature articles, all to help you have better sound. We have two big warehouses to serve you fast and keep freight low; and, your US and Canadian BankCharges are welcome.

Send for your **FREE** catalog today!

Clip this coupon and mail to: Midwest Hifi, P.O. Box 567, Downers Grove, Ill., 60515

MIDWEST HIFI
Wholesale and Mail Order Division
1626 Ogden Avenue (US 34)
Downers Grove, Illinois 60515
312- 852-5885

Name

Address

City

State

Zip NL6-12

Call for a quote. Linesopen 1-4pm C.T.



[ADVERTISEMENT]

Confusions of an Ad Man

continued



All systems go! With his Accutrac turntable, Empire cartridge, and Pony sneakers, the *National Lampoon's* grok 'n roll expert P.J. Kaminsky is "all set" to enjoy Doris Abraham's new album, *Labor of Love*, on Philo Records.

got into it. For the money. You never really wanted to be in the advertising business, did you? Right. You always wanted to be some kind of writer, right? Me, too. I was a creative writing and film major in college. I wrote and directed. I was going to be the next Orson Welles and Stanley Kubrick put together. Did you know I made a short while I was in college that was nominated for the Toronto Film Festival? It wasn't a bad film. It was a satire on the sixties' commune trip. I was into the hippie thing like everyone. I did this film about a guy who lives in a commune but is very lazy, won't do any work. He's a real eccentric. All he wants to do is grow a penis out of the soil, as if it were a plant. He starts with his little seeds and plants and waters them every day. All the people in the commune make fun of him because nothing happens. But he sticks with his little plant. Then one day, he wakes up and sees his cock plant sprouting something. Every day it gets bigger and bigger, and sure enough, it's a real cock growing. It gets bigger and bigger like the Jack in the Beanstalk story. But this time the people aren't making fun of him anymore. I won't tell you how it ends. It's a cute story. It's a fantasy. I can get a screening for you at the agency if you ever want to see it. It's only a ten minute film.

Have another drink, Sussman. I'm going to have another one.

God, I can't believe it. I did that short thirteen years ago. That means I've been in the advertising business almost as long. I started out by writing free-lance, you know. I told you I majored in film, so naturally I was writing screenplays as soon as I graduated from college. I wrote five screenplays in less than a year and couldn't sell one. Nobody wanted to take a chance on a first script. It's not bankable, they would say. Only established writers are bankable. How the fuck can you be an established writer if you don't sell your first script? It was *Catch 23*, man. It was unreal. I couldn't deal with it. And I wrote some great shit, beautiful dialogue, crazy characters. But nobody reads a script. Nobody can read more than two pages. They got an attention span of nine seconds in Hollywood. Forget it, man. I thought I could make it as a writer...you know...real writing. Nobody gives a shit about writing. The movie business is

continued

GRAND FUNK HITS



ST-11579

Now In One Album!

- Rock & Roll Soul
- We're An American Band
- Walk Like A Man (You Can Call Me Your Man)
- Bad Time
- Some Kind Of Wonderful
- The Loco-Motion
- Shinin' On
- Sally
- Take Me
- To Get Back In

ONE OF THE BEST... ON CAPITOL RECORDS AND TAPES!



Capitol

AWA

The album you've been hearing about.



RS-1-3003

SIDE ONE

You Should Be Dancing
You Stepped Into My Life
Love So Right
Lovers
Can't Keep A Good Man Down

SIDE TWO

Boogie Child
Love Me
Subway
The Way It Was
Children Of The World

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY THE BEE GEES

Produced by The Bee Gees

Co-produced by Albhy Galuten & Karl Richardson

For Karlbhy Productions by arrangement with the Robert Stigwood Organisation.

On RSO Records Inc.

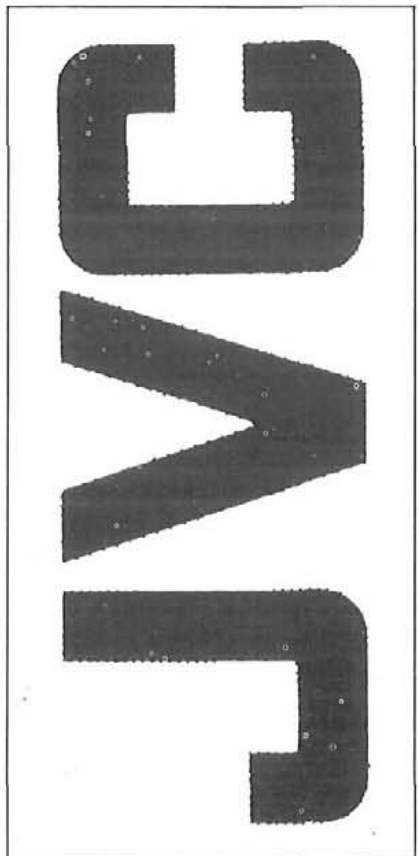


THE MUSIC WE BELIEVE IN

Manufactured & Marketed by Polydor 

Confusions of an Ad Man*continued*

No generation gap. *National Lampoon* audio editor Peter J. Kaminsky says, "A Teac A-3300S has got to be the very best!" Here, "Pete" gives ear to a tape of Doris Abrahams' latest album, *Labor of Love*, on Philo Records.



strictly for hustlers, for politicians. You got to be a snake, a cobra to make it in bubbleland. That's what I call Hollywood. I thought I could make it on talent alone. I was naive. So in a year and a half, I was on my ass. My unemployment ran out and I had a wife and a kid. That was my first marriage. So I bump into this old college buddy who's working for Y & R, and he practically begs me to take a job as a copywriter-producer. What the fuck, I say to myself. It's not the end of the world. I was only twenty-three. I'll still be writing and I'll be getting a regular salary every week. I don't have to buy the specials at the supermarket. I can eat anything I want. And I'll stop living like a rubber band that's always about to snap. You know, waiting for my agent to call with good news, or trying to weasel an advance out of somebody. Fuck it. I couldn't take that kind of rat race. I was starting to get hives, migraines. I was too young to die.

What's wrong with a little security? Especially when you're married and have a kid. So you figure you'll hang in the advertising business for a while and make a few dollars. Meanwhile, you can always write screenplays on the side and go back to Hollywood on your own terms in a few years.

Everybody promises themselves they'll only be in the advertising business for a few years, but most of them end up in the business forever. That was our mistake, Jed. We should have gotten out years ago.

Wait a minute, Sussman. Actually, it wasn't so bad in those days. In the sixties, when you went into advertising you weren't exactly working in a wasteland. Don't be so judgmental. I'll tell you something. I didn't have to rationalize that much. I enjoyed myself in those days. The business was incredibly creative. In fact, it was probably the most creative area for a writer to work in, so don't bullshit me about selling out. I don't have anything to apologize for. Man, those were the golden days. Doyle Dane, Wells, Rich, Carl Ally—everybody was doing great stuff.

I got a theory. When advertising is really creative, it's the most important art form. Right. I really think it's an art form. Think about what we were doing in those days. We were creating the Existential Minute. That's my name for it. Like everything you do in

*continued***THE BEST OF
GEORGE
HARRISON**

ST-11578

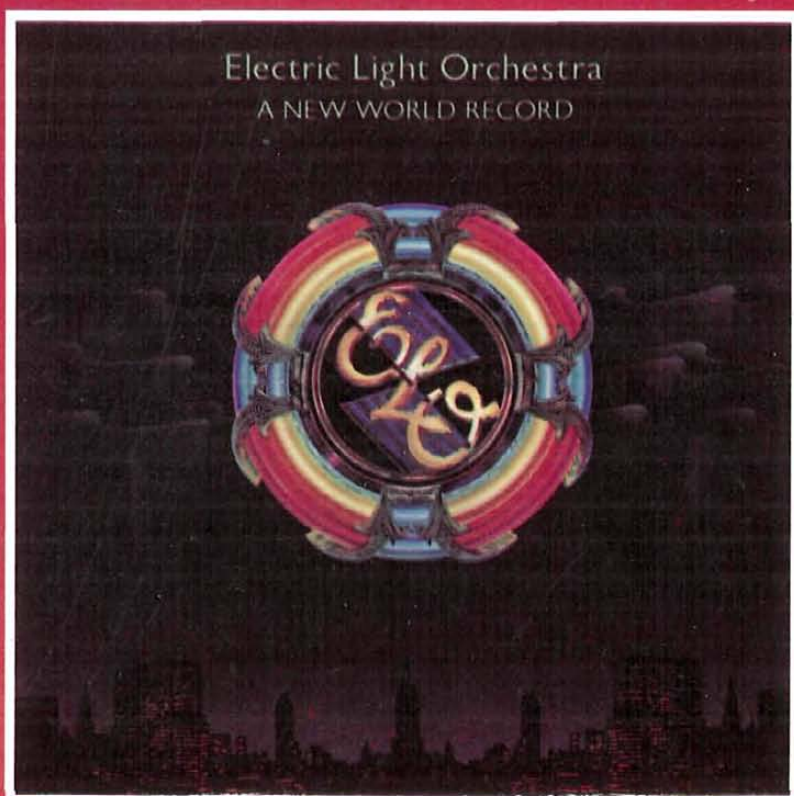
Now In One Album!

- My Sweet Lord
- Give Me Love
(Give Me Peace On Earth)
- Something
- If I Needed Someone
- You
- Bangla-Desh
- Dark Horse
- What Is Life
- Here Comes The Sun
- Taxman
- Think For Yourself
- For You Blue
- While My Guitar Gently Weeps


**ONE OF
THE BEST...
ON CAPITOL
RECORDS
AND TAPES!**



HOLD A NEW WORLD RECORD.



An olympic performance by Jeff Lynne
and Electric Light Orchestra.
The best tracks in the field.
On United Artists Records
and Tapes

Produced by Jeff Lynne 

© 1976 UNITED ARTISTS MUSIC AND RECORDS GROUP, INC.

Confusions of an Ad Man

continued



Charity begins. Ray "Ray" Arbuckle, sales manager of Altec Corporation, is pictured in consultation with *National Lampoon* audio maverick Peter Kaminsky, his new pal.

COMPUTER CREATED SEX CALENDAR

-----Imagine your own-----
"COMPUTERIZED MISS 1977"

You won't believe this remarkably SEXY lady until you have your own. Great way to start the New Year for you and your friends.

\$2.00 each or 3 for \$5.00
Ohio residents add 4% tax
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY TO:
RAN-DEL Computer Services
P. O. BOX 793
Elyria, Ohio 44035

SENSUOUS CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Now you can order top quality condoms privately by mail... and save money! We feature all brands including Trojans, textured Näckén and preshaped Profil.



Population Planning, Dept. DNLZ 14
403 Jones Ferry Rd., P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush the following in a plain package:

- Sampler of 16 assorted condoms \$4
 Deluxe sampler of 30 assorted condoms \$7
 Super 100 Sampler of 100 condoms \$20
 Illustrated catalogue 25¢

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed—300,000 Customers

an hour-and-a-half movie, we did in one minute. In sixty seconds or thirty or even ten seconds, we packed in a fucking human drama, a human comedy, plus music, fantastic sets and great acting, memorable faces. And at the same time we were *selling*. We not only entertained, we sold a product and we sold it well. In those days, a lot of people liked the commercials better than the programs on TV. Remember? We did miniature movies, and we did them better than the real ones. Your script had to be perfect. Not an ounce of fat. Not one extra word. It was like *haiku*. Every gesture, every camera move was designed to convey one thing—the memorability of the product. And we were really far out in those days. A lot of shit we started was picked up by the movies—quick cuts, rack focus shots, throwaway funny lines like Howard Zieff used to do for Alka-Seltzer. You know, his commercials of the sixties are much better than the movies he's making now. He was the master of the throwaway line, the comedy vignette. We were living our dreams by writing and producing commercials, man. And we actually had fun. No shit. It was the swinging sixties, baby. Everybody was making big money, moving fast from one agency to another, grabbing an Art Director's award here, a Clio there. A young punk in the business for a year, with one award-winning commercial, could go from ten to thirty grand in one move. In six months he could be making fifty grand.

You remember how we used to work in those days? Dope was much cheaper, so you bought five, six ounces a week. You and your art director could get stoned first thing in the morning, drink two double chocolate malteds, eat a box of pretzels, write a couple of wild TV spots, and then go look for someone to ball for the rest of the afternoon. Sometimes you had a meeting with a client, so you sobered up. But you always told the client exactly what was on your mind. You were the expert, not him. If they didn't like your ideas you told them to take their account elsewhere. We didn't need any research people to tell us what was good or bad.

Every major magazine had stories about our ads and commercials. Remember Alka-Seltzer's "Try it, you'll like it" spot? I really made that

continued on page 108

LEO KOTTKE 1971-1976



ST-11576

Did You Hear Me?

- Morning Is The Long Way Home
- June Bug
- When Shrimps Learn To Whistle
- Room 8
- Cripple Creek
- Pamela Brown
- Standing On The Outside
- Grim To The Brim
- Power Failure
- You Tell Me Why
- Why Ask Why?
- Open Country Joy (Constant Traveler)
- All Through The Night
- The Scarlatti Rip-Off

ONE OF THE BEST... ON CAPITOL RECORDS AND TAPES!



Capitol

“... give me the key
in which I am to sing,
and, if it is a key
that you too feel, may you
join and sing with me.”



Collectors Album
Includes 2 Records,
A Something Extra
Bonus Record,
24 Page Lyric Booklet.

STEVIE WONDER

“Songs In The Key Of Life”

Available now on Motown Records & Tapes.



© 1976 Motown Record Corporation

PATTY

a face
for the
seventies

INGENUE

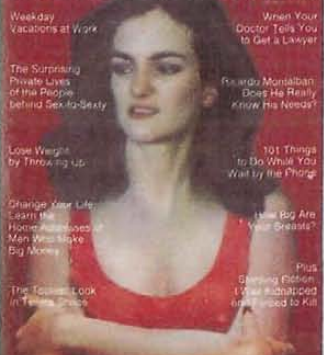


spring
beautiful
issue

- beautiful people
- beautiful travel
- beautiful clothes
- beautiful makeup
- beautiful feet

lots of charm!

METROPOLITAN



Weekday
Vacations at Work

When Your
Doctor Tells You
to Get a Lawyer

The Surprising
Private Lives
of the People
Behind Sex-to-Beauty

Low Weight
by Throwing Up

101 Things
to Do While You
Wait by the Phone

How Big Are
Your Breasts?

Plus
Spending Patches
I Was Ridiculed
and Used to Kill

TOWN & SUBURB



SEXUAL: Yes Thirty-two-page Guide to British Escort Books

SEVEN THINGS READ
SOME THINGS LAUGH
SOME THINGS THINK

Business Strategies for
Crazy Amish People!

Robert Williams
Takes His Toy Airplane
TO THE SKY

Picture by E.H. MacArthur

EVERETT ROSE
The King of Love

Picture by
Tom
Baker
Photo
Fisher

Newspapers... magazines... television... you seem to see her everywhere at once, and every place you see her she's aglow with that certain fabulous something—that certain fabulous look, the look that commands your

everywhere you look...

All you need to become a "member" is a few zits, a van, and lots of nerve.

Introducing Parvenū
A whole beauty system for the new woman.
The Parvenū woman demands and gets only the best.
for she deserves no less!

'Parvenū' BY CHARIVARI

STORY BOARD
Big City Multibank 30 sec. spot

You've gone too far now, baby.
CAROLINA LONGS

LOCAL BANK BANK

everywhere you go...



Cohosting "Saturday Night" with Paul Simon was *the best*, says Patty: "I don't know *when* I've had so much *fun!* Those "Saturday Night" people are so outrageous, but lots of the things they say make really important points."



Patty and old chum Janie Jimenez chat with Tatum O'Neal's dad Ryan at L.A.'s chic Le Crachoir. "For the longest time, Janie and I were practically inseparable," says Patty.



Patty and Janie mug for the camera with *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner. Patty says of Hugh. "What people don't understand about Hef is that he's *so deep!*"



Patty adored being on "Hollywood Squares." "It's so, you know, *corny*," she explains, "but so *sophisticated*, too. Paul Lynde is a *darling*. He really is. And I got to be the *secret square!*"



Patty *loves* Marvin Hamlisch and Scott Joplin, but says there's nothing between them. "There's nothing between us," she says. "we're just *very good* friends."



Patty says. "I just *worship* Elton! Doesn't *everyone*? His act is such a scream, but do you know that around the house, he wears nothing but blue jeans and tattered old La Coste shirts—he even does his own ironing!"

"My



Where'd the day go?!
Evening finds Patty and
Wendy out for a stroll in
Scaasi originals. "We both
think Scaasi is divine. His
casual clothes are so... well, casual."

Day!"



AT HOME WITH PATTY HEARST

1. "I like a clean, functional look—almost *stark*," says Patty of her petite Los Angeles flat. 2. An early morning visitor gets an earful (one thing Patty simply *hates* is secrets). "I just can't keep a secret," she says. "Isn't that *terrible*? I'm such a gossip!" 3. Late brunch ("I think of it as a kind of breakfast and lunch combined") is Patty's favorite meal. "I just eat what's put in front of me," says Patty. "I could really care less about food." 4. *Love*, Patty! "I think exercise is *fabulous*. Our bodies were meant to have lots of activity." And lucky Patty has a rooftop court! 5. Patty's tennis partner is Wendy Yoshimura. "Wendy is one of my dearest, dearest friends. We've been through *everything* together." 6. After tennis, time to curl up with a good magazine. "I'm an insatiable reader. Deep stuff, mostly. Like philosophy. Don't you just *adore* situation ethics? They go with *everything*." 7. Later, Patty relaxes. "Sometimes I just spend the afternoon standing around!" 8. Soon it's evening. "At heart, I'm a stay-at-home. I really don't get out much anymore. But I do *love* to dress up. I guess, like most of us, I dress for other women."

and so to bed

ELVIN BISHOP

Hometown Boy Makes Good!

Elvin Bishop has hit the BIG TIME with the release of his new Capricorn LP *Home Town Boy Makes Good*. Testifying vocals, juke-jumping verses, and the heaven-raisin' roars of the mighty Tower Of Power horn section make *Home Town Boy Makes Good* Elvin's most tuneful transaction yet. He ain't just foolin' around, folks.



CAPRICORN RECORDS.

On Capricorn Records and Tapes, Macon, Georgia.

Confusions of an Ad Man

continued from page 101

line work. They wanted to say, "Try it, you'll love it." I told them to use the work like. There's a big difference. A lot of my best stuff never went on the air in those days because it was too far out. It was much funnier than the Alka-Seltzer or Volkswagen stuff. I wrote the funniest commercials in the world in those days. After I won a few awards I was approached by an art director and an account man to form our own agency. Remember that agency I had? Passalaqua, Cushing, and Cohen. Ruggiero Passalaqua, the art director on TWA, and Pierpont Cushing, Pete Cushing, the TWA account man, they approached me after I won a couple of Clios and asked me to be a partner in their new agency. Cushing was this old line WASP with great connections in drugs and package goods. He had a couple of ten, fifteen million dollar accounts in his pocket, and we were pitching five or six more. The plan was to build up the billing to about thirty million in a year, then go public, sell our stock, and make about a million each. I never knew the details, but the idea sounded pretty terrific to me.

Everybody was forming their own agency in those days. We developed our own philosophies of advertising, everybody thought he was really unique. Marshall McLuhan was hot shit. We were like gurus, man. Except nobody knew anything about business. Passalaqua took money from the till to pay for his penthouse apartment and Meledandri shirts and models that he used to take on shoots. Cushing was an alcoholic whose connections all dried up and I was in the middle of an expensive divorce, two very expensive girl friends, a summer house in the Hamptons, and a \$10,000 sports car that was in the repair shop every Tuesday and Thursday. So after six months, Passalaqua pulled out and got a job as a director for Screen Gems at a hundred thou a year. Cushing committed suicide when the world discovered he was a transvestite, and I developed a writer's block and a four-day-a-week psychiatrist habit. In six months, P,C,&C was down the toilet and yours truly was out on the streets.

Suddenly, it was 1971, and the fucking recession hit us bad. People were getting fired right and left. The clients were cutting their ad budgets

continued

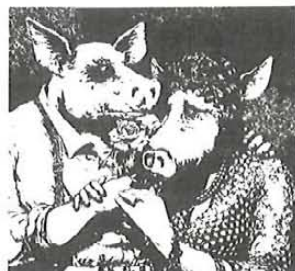


James Herland Adams

Pen and Quill Reproductions Copyrights 1975 ©



#0021 RETIRED GENTLEMAN 11"x14"



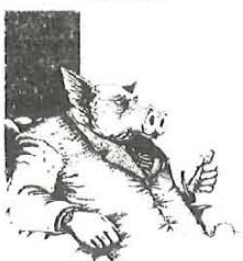
#0018 HARRY & ADA 12"x12"

FC1 FULL COLOR (ALL OTHER PRINTS BROWN ON WHITE) "UNTITLED"

SIZE 18"x24"



#0013 SKOAL 12"x12"



#0019 A BIG SMOKE 12"x12"



#0022 12"x12"

BERTRAM



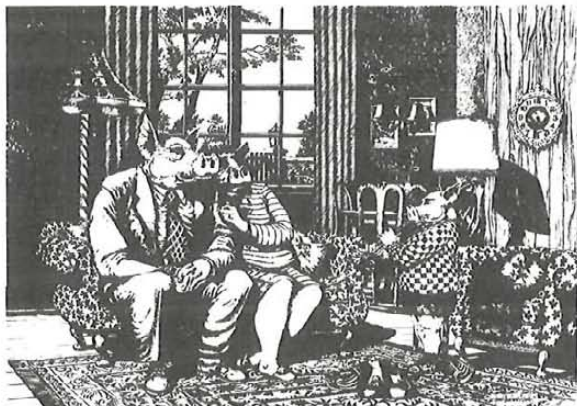
#0020 DEFEAT ON A SEAT 12"x12"



POLITICAL #0023 REFLECTIONS 11"x14"



#0012 PIPE DREAMS 12"x16"



#0011 RECITAL 18"x24"

Send Check or Money Order for \$3.00 FC1 \$3.50

To: Pen and Quill, 17971 Sky Park Circle, L, Irvine, Ca. 92714

Your Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Add 50¢ Postage & Handling

California Res. add 6% Tax

Circle Cat. No. Desired

And note Quantity if Two or More:

FC1	QTY.	0019	QTY.
0011		0020	
0012		0021	
0013		0022	
0018		0023	

SATVA
THE BIONIC BONG
by
Glashead



18" High
\$20

Nothing, but nothing smokes as cool as the Bionic Bong aluminum body. The bowl, mouth-piece and base are of the finest walnut, truly a compliment to the aluminum. The base holds both the walnut and bong, orbit bowls, plus the rocket rod cleaner. It even has a tray for your cleaned stash. "Have an orbit on us."

Send \$20.00 plus \$1.00 postage in cash, check or money order to: Satva Sales, NL 1276 P.O. Box 30272, Terminal Annex, L.A., Ca. 90030.

➔ **FREE CATALOG** ➔

Send for our new fall 36 page Bonanza of fantastic smoking accessories.

ALL THE AMMO YOU NEED
BOLD 45™
The World's only
COLOR Condom
with TEXTURE



Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™

No other condom has these special features. The boldness of color... blue, red, green, and black. Unlike other textured condoms with conventional ribbing, BOLD 45 features both ribbing and raised "Pleasure Dots"... more pronounced to stimulate her to previously unattainable levels of ecstasy.

BOLD 45 features texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. So thin, it transmits body heat in an instant. Let's you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated for extra sensitivity. ITEM #11

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

Population Planning Associates, Dept. DNL Z13
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in an unmarked package

<input type="checkbox"/> BOLD 45 (wallet of 10 condoms)	\$5.25
<input type="checkbox"/> Executive Sampler (30 condoms, featuring BOLD 45)	\$11.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Deluxe 40-page catalog—free with order (Featuring clothing, sex aids, books, condoms, and more) Catalog alone 25¢	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Confusions of an Ad Man

continued from page 108

in half. They were checking every penny we spent. The streets were lined with copywriters, art directors, producers, account men—it was wall to wall unemployment. Once in a while a job opened, but in Chicago or Cleveland or Dallas. Who the fuck wanted to go out of town? Everybody went nuts. Everybody got very political, remember? Very protective of their accounts. Very paranoid. The agency business got very uptight. Everybody was afraid of getting fired if they did one commercial that didn't have the product on screen for sixty seconds. Nobody was having any fun anymore. Even the dope supply dried up. Everybody got very serious, or half-serious. Man, I used to get ideas like Niagara Falls. Non-stop. I could do an entire campaign in a half a day. I once knocked off nine print ads in one morning. Three of them ended up winning awards. I thought I was a bottomless well of ideas. And I could design ads as well as most art directors. Between you and me, there's only three or four good art directors in the whole business. Most of them have an IQ of about minus nine and can barely choose a typeface, much less come up with an idea. So when I developed my writer's block, when I started to dry up, I thought I was going to join Cushing and take a pound of Seconals. I was a fucking basket case for three months. Took uppers, downers, and in-betweeners. Had to give up my apartment on East Sixty-third, my car, my summer house, almost everything. I had to move to a tiny apartment on the West Side, and on top of everything I was impotent. I don't mind saying it. I'm not ashamed of it. Happens to the best of them. Couldn't get it up for over three months. Nowadays, no one cares, but in those days it was terrifying. I had nightmares, dreams that I was really a homo and that men really turned me on. I had this strange thing about looking at men's crotches. I couldn't do it. I got very self-conscious about my crotch or other guys' crotches. I didn't want to even pass my eyes over them. I couldn't take a piss in a public bathroom if someone else was in the room. I was ashamed of my dick, man. I hated it. I thought it let me down. It took me a long time to realize that the sickness was in my head, not in my cock. My head was really fucked

up, man.

It was all tied together with my writing problem, you know. I mean, my writing was my way of getting a hard-on. You know what I mean? I could always get a hundred ideas a minute. Like, I could always get it up, get the ideas up. That's why I always hated the advertising business. Because it was so fucking easy for me to come up with ideas. I mean, the whole business is like that. It's all so fucking slick and easy. One idea is just as good as the other. There's no real difference. You could just say Polaroid is a nice camera and still sell a million Polaroids a year. You don't have to be clever. But I used to be so fucking clever. I was arrogant. A real wiseass. Because I had contempt for the business. The whole business of advertising as an art was just a big front, a big rationale to cover up the contempt we all had for it. Deep down, we all hated it. So we went out of our way to be clever, to parody old movies in our commercials, or do all kinds of tricky photography. And if you ran out of ideas, you commissioned someone to write a song, a jingle. We told each other how wonderful the business was because we could take so many trips when we shot commercials. We lived for the trips. A lot of us even had steady girl friends in California because we'd go there every month. Remember L.A. in the late sixties? We once had a party that lasted for nine days. We had just finished a long shoot, a two-minute commercial that took three weeks to shoot. I don't remember why. We must have had a lot of rain days. Anyway, we all decided we needed a vacation after that, and we rented a house in Malibu and just partied for almost two weeks nonstop. Somebody told me that Manson and his family showed up at the party. I don't remember. I was too stoned to remember anything.

That's what we really liked—the trips, the long lunches, the expense accounts. We liked it until it was three in the morning and you were drinking Margaritas that were giving you heartburn and smoking dope that wasn't making you high—I mean, that's when we used to look at each other and say, "What the fuck are we doing in this business?" God, I used to sit in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel at three in the morning and get an instant ulcer just thinking about what I did that day.

What kind of shit I had to go through. Like casting for a butler who would be in a cookie commercial, bringing his master some cookies and milk. Should the butler be English or American? Or should he be a rough, tough gangster type like Mike Mazurki, all dolled up in a fancy uniform? You wouldn't believe how many days we would argue about what kind of character the butler should be. He would be in the commercial for three seconds, three seconds...saying something like, "Your Nabisco scum wafers, sir," or something like that.

And we spent days figuring out what type of butler he should be. As if anyone really gave a shit.

You'd think we were making *Jaws* the way we used to come on. We would audition a hundred guys to find a memorable face, like Fellini does. Except Fellini always found memorable faces and we always ended up using the same half a dozen people. Not too ethnic, but not too bland. Or if you're using a spokesman, he had to be dynamic without being threatening. His face had to be interesting but not quirky. He had to inspire trust but couldn't be too slick. Who was that perfect guy? I never found him. Gregory Peck wanted too much money and Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy were dead. The client was never really happy with anyone we chose. And then, after a while everybody in your commercial had to be middle of the road looking with maybe one token spade, and he had to be more middle of the road than anybody.

God, I used to look at my expense account and throw up. Sheer guilt. Jewish guilt. I couldn't believe I was spending all that money over a thirty-second spot with one or two nice camera moves, a moderately interesting script, and a couple of actors who hardly had to do anything. And for this I was getting a nice salary, padding my expense account, getting laid, smoking dope, tripping acid, whatever. Then if I won a Clio for the commercial, I would make believe it was all meaningful. Bullshit. You know those awards are just jerkoffs. They've got one for every category, every type of commercial in the business. Everybody wins something.

That's when we started calling the business a craft. That's what it probably is, a craft. You do have to have some skills and taste, but so does a basket maker. A carpenter

has ten times more skill and integrity. A plumber is doing more useful work.

I was using my craft to convince people that Turdley soap is better than any other brand. As if all soap isn't exactly the same. It gets your body clean, right? And when you wash it off you're finished with it. And when you sweat you smell a little funny and no soap or deodorant is going to hide it. Who's kidding who? So you have to make up elaborate rationales to explain the fun and excitement of your job, the importance of your craft. Shit, you can

learn your craft in six months if you're a decent writer. It's a business. That's what it is. All you have to do is suspend any guilt about the shit you're selling. Just tell yourself it's as good as any other shit on the market, which is usually true. So you might as well convince people to buy your brand of shit since they have to buy something, right?

Have another drink, Sussman. Your date isn't here yet.

I don't know, man. I had to learn to live with myself in this business. Especially after my breakdown and my

continued

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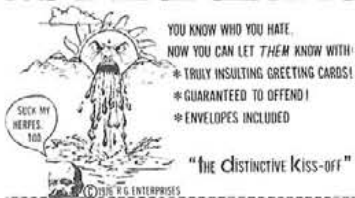
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Confusions of an Ad Man

continued

writer's block. That's when I had to make all kinds of adjustments. The fucking glory days were over, man. In '71 I went to J. Walter Thompson with my tongue hanging out, begging for any kind of job. You wouldn't believe it. I won six Clios, four Art Director awards, a couple of Andys. I had commercials in every fucking film festival. But I was lucky to get a job for \$25,000.

I got to say that they did treat me with kid gloves at J. Walter. I did have a big rep even though my ideas didn't flow out like Niagara Falls the way they used to. You start repeating yourself when you're in the business too long. Anyway, they gave me fancy assignments. I was too creative to work in the day to day stuff. They would use me on new business presentations or to help out accounts that needed creative, offbeat stuff.

I was a troubleshooter, which is the perfect way to write yourself into a corner and become an orphan. Nobody really wants your help, even if your ideas are better than theirs. Everybody wants to protect their little domain. It doesn't matter how creative you are; if you don't have your power base, your own group working under you, you're shit. And the only way to get a power base is to do some politicking. And you know I was never any good at ass-kissing. Frankly, I was just too good a writer to worry about politics. That's when I really started hating the business, when I knew I had to do some politicking to survive. That took more out of me than working on nineteen campaigns at once.

That's when I started looking at the whole thing as if it were a game. I became very detached, very removed from the whole thing. I was Mr. Cynic. "You want six pounds of ads with this headline, fine." "You want a pound and a half of this type of commercial—you got it." Don't ask if it's good, just do it, wash up, get your money, and go home. I realized that it wasn't quality that was important. Anything will work and sell the product. It's how you play the game. I started drinking with the big account men. Then I socialized with them. I got invited to parties at their houses. I was divorced and in between wives, so they actually liked me better because I had plenty of girl friends, and if I played it right, I could even fix up some of them—the ones who wanted to be fixed up. I mean, I really did a number—pimp,

whore, sycophant—you name it. Finally I was made a VP and group head, and my salary went up to forty-five Gs. So big deal. What did I really gain out of the whole thing? Did I really enjoy playing the game? The whole point of it is that you have to enjoy it. Some people actually enjoy it. You have to get an aesthetic thrill out of it—like playing chess with human chess pieces. Well, I'm not that kind of a game player. My game is tennis, not office politics. What happened was I started gaining weight and getting high blood pressure. I had to go on all kinds of crazy diets and my weight used to go up and down like a fucking Yo-Yo. I also lost most of the hair on top of my head. I had to do the bushy sideburn look. I also went out of one-to-one psychiatry into group stuff and encounter therapy. That worked for a while—you know, yelling and screaming and letting out all the frustrations. But that stuff is only temporary. You can't solve your problems by screaming at people three times a week. You gotta make your big move or get off the pot.

Why don't you just quit? Take six months and finish your screenplay. What the hell. What do you have to lose? This way, you can concentrate on it full time and really find out if you can make it.

Great. It's easy enough for you to say. You write for the fucking *National Lampoon*. You can do anything you want and get paid for it. Who the fuck is going to pay me while I'm writing my screenplay? So I've got a little money socked away. O.K., I'm not doing badly right now. Between this, that, and the other thing, I'm good for over fifty grand a year. But I've got a lot of responsibilities, man. I can't quit just like that. I've got to write on my own free time and leave on my terms. Listen, I just bought a summer house in the Hamptons. Now I got two mortgages, plus my alimony and other payments to the ex-wife, plus private school for the previous kids, plus education for my new kid. I've become a money-making machine, not a writer. And here's the thing. I like my summer house, I like the Hamptons. I like the quality of my life, and I don't feel like chucking it for a chance to sell a screenplay or a TV series. I've got a lot of fucking responsibility, and frankly, I'm scared to risk it all. Do you blame me?

It's easy for you. You're not married, are you? You have no kids. My kids don't know from screenplays.

When they open the refrigerator, they want to see their fucking peanut butter in there. And milk and Twinkies. And I want to see my lox and cream cheese, man. I don't dig starving, especially with the price of food these days.

What about you, Sussman? Why don't you go write a screenplay or a novel? Your stuff isn't getting any better these days. I think the whole magazine is getting stale. I think you're repeating the same old shit every month. I read it every once in a while. You all used to be much funnier. What happened to all that craziness? You guys weren't afraid to take chances, to dump on anyone. Now the magazine is so fucking tame I can send it to my *bubbe* in Miami Beach. Don't tell me about selling out, man. We all do a little selling out. If we don't, we have to eat supermarket chicken and fatty hamburgers. Fuck you, Sussman. Buy your own drink on the next round.

Shit...I'm sorry. I don't mean to be judgmental about your situation. I'm sure you've got your own set of problems. Actually, it's still a pretty good magazine. I know how hard it is to be funny every month. Look at the "Saturday Night" show. They have to be funny every week. Here, let me buy you another drink. What are you doing later? Maybe we can have a bite to eat. Your person you were supposed to meet hasn't shown up, anyway. Listen, man, I got a few numbers I can call. A couple of girls in my office, these junior copywriters. They'd love to go out with me and a guy from the *National Lampoon*. They love the fucking magazine. They're like groupies. You want to get laid? There's a very good chance you'll get laid.

Fuck me, what am I saying. I really should go home. I'll miss the 7:54 and then I'll really be late and I'll have to make up a phony excuse. Actually, I love my wife. Great lady. Still has a better body than 98 percent of the girls in my office.

Is that your friend over there? O.K....I guess I better go myself. Give me a few bucks for your share. That's fine. Hey man, let's not lose touch. I'll call you for lunch next week. Wait a minute, next week I'll be in London. We're shooting three commercials in London. It's cheaper than doing them here. No, no. I never take my wife on trips. Business is business. So I'll call you when I get back. Take care, man. Write funny. □

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Elborne Whippet, Jr.

On Campaign '76

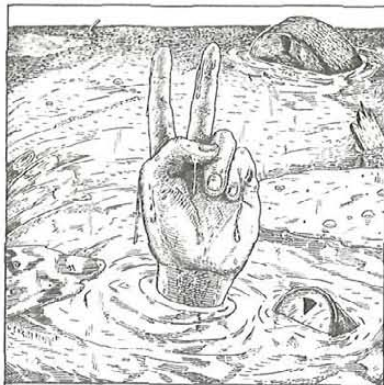
Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Washington, D.C. — And so it has ended.

The weary, continent-spanning caravan of the wise and the foolish, the brave and the cowardly, the hopeful and the fearful, the visionary and the narrow-minded, the red and the black, that first trod through the icy snows of New Hampshire almost one-two-hundredth of a bicentennial ago, has come to rest. And the verdict of the American people, so beset by the present, so longing for the past, so yearning for the future, has at last been rendered.

Others, more seduced by the clashes of the moment, less constrained by the wearisome mechanical realities of deadlines and lead time, are poring over the numbers, the votes, the outcome. But true insight does not come from some statistical recitation of such trivia as who garnered the most votes. True insight — attested to by the plaques, scrolls, and trophies that adorn the oak-paneled study of this scribe's Georgetown retreat — comes from an analysis not of what the numbers say, but of what the people say, and of what it portends for the great historical tides that ebb and flow about us in this uncertain, dangerous world.

What, then, can be said of this epic struggle for the Alabaster Mansion? It can be said, of course, that the victor persuaded more citizens to entrust him with their precious franchise, gained at the cost of blood and treasure from Yorktown to the La Drang Valley, than did his rival. It can be said that the electors of more states cast their ritualistic, yet somehow reinspiring ballots for that victor than for the vanquished. It can be said that the man who on January 20, 1977, will place his hand on the Bible and swear a mighty oath won more of the hearts, minds, and fingers of his nation than did the man who will slink back into a life of obscurity and regret. All these things can be said; and in an age when even the



most prestigious of commentators is paid by the word, that is no small thing to say.

And yet, is there not something more to be drawn from this spectacle of combat, fought not with tanks and guns and bombs, but with press releases, speeches, and open debate (subject only, of course, to the national security suspension during one candidate's unfortunate remarks about our much-maligned intelligence agencies)? Is it not some wondrous testament to our battered, bruised, flogged, birched, bound, and gagged system of government that it still survives, nay, flourishes, despite all who would seek something better?

This contest for leadership produces, as intense pressure turns coals into diamonds, the truest test of who is fit to rule. This year, the American people have been offered a clear, unmistakable choice:

- We have been permitted to choose between a candidate who would not condemn someone who leaves his wife to consort with others, and a candidate who, if he discovered his daughter in *flagrante delicto*, would strongly counsel her not to continue (thus making her companion one with the assassin of James Garfield — a disappointed orifice-seeker).

- We have been offered a choice between a challenger's wife who has been open and candid with the press, as against an incumbent's wife who has surpassed all previous attempts to make a clean breast of things.

- We have been offered a choice between a man with a full head of blond hair — an almost unprecedented characteristic of recent presidents — and a candidate with a half-full head

of brown hair.

- We have been offered a choice between three-piece suits and blue jeans; between Tony Orlando (without Dawn, in the interests of avoiding a backlash) and Gregg Allman, surely one of the greatest singers in American jurisprudential history; between Sonny Bono and Bob Dylan.

- We have been offered a choice between a candidate who is against inflation and unemployment, and his rival, who opposes both unemployment and inflation.

And at the same time, we have been given a rare glimpse into that bipartisan, panpartisan, nonpartisan consensus which forms the bedrock of our way of life.

Both candidates announced themselves against crime. Both candidates refused any and all truck with Communists, airport terrorists, hijackers, swine flu, corn blight, and unconditional surrender of America to foreign nations.

Thus, the pendulum hangs pendulously between conflict and consensus; between spirited debate on which road America shall take, and total unanimity that this ship of state shall not veer into either the Scylla of passivity, or the Charybdis of frenetic hysteria.

And thus, once again, the spirit of liberty remains undaunted; the skirts of Columbia remain clean; in an age when some say this nation seeks to rape the spirit of the Founding Fathers, Uncle Sam has once again kept it in his tricolored trousers.

For this correspondent, it is time for rest and reflection; time for the soothing massages of Philip, the social secretary, amenuensis, and constant companion; time for the lectures and books which, fused with a tax structure properly respectful of the productive elements of our society, will demonstrate once again that this is still a land of opportunity.

And for this nation, it is time for a moment of self-congratulation: America, listen to your forebears as they once again raise a quadrennial toast from the Elysian fields and chorus: "Well done, children; well done." May that toast echo in the decades, centuries, and millenia yet ahead. □

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The 10 top selling cigarettes

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Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)
*Av per cigarette by FTC method

**Carlton
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No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
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SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9µV 37.2dBf
SA-5160	229.95	25 watts from 30Hz-20kHz	0.5	1.9µV 37.2dBf
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Tune in an FM station. Even a weak one. In addition to hearing all the music, you'll also get increased stereo separation. Negligible distortion. And a minimum of noise. Thanks to flat group delay filters and Phase Locked Loop IC's in the tuner sections.

So if you'd like to know a simple way to discover just some of the reasons why a Technics receiver is so good... it's as easy as PPR.

All cabinetry simulated wood.

Technics

by Panasonic

