

NATIONAL LAMP[®] POON

IND
34490

January 1977

The Humor Magazine

\$1.00



**“Give me a magazine
cover with a beautiful girl,
a dog, or a baby on it,
and I’ll give you
a magazine that sells.”**

Wm. Randolph Hearst

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One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

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

TRACKS

6

7

8

9

10

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



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 some amazing advances in electro-optics, computer programming and direct drive engineering, Accutrac gives you the experience today.

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

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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.

The Accutrac™ 4000



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



Sirs:

Take my life. Please!

Gary Mark Gilmore
Death Row
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Most recently to our unfortunate sadness yes, it is necessary for expelling of the six of Russian Soviet technician friends because their trying of steal our mud hut construction taboo secrets for using in their jets plane.

Gnassingbe Eyadema
Big General President Fellow
Togo, Africa

Sirs:

When you elect a Republican,
The economy goes bum.

But you all voted Democrat —
Rebellion, Rome, and Rum.
So dig out the draft cards,
Beat on the drum.
Panama Canal Zone
Here we come!

Bob Dole
Levenworth, Kansas

Sirs:

Did you see Barbara Walters in *Beyond the Valley of the Dollars*? Heh-heh. Isn't the harelip the worst thing to make it back through the gooseneck and bubble up in the sink since I belched out of the gas trap?

Really,
Dan Rather
Not Say Where

Sirs:

Bianca Jagger hasn't called me in months. Any idea why?

Jack Ford
Alone at the End of the
Singles Bar Again

Sirs:

Me, either.

Chevy Chase
NBC Mail Room

Sirs:

Ah, yes, the undertow is fierce when a great wave strikes the beach. So let's be philosophical, boys.

Vaughn Meader
Lynda Bird Johnson
Richard Dixon
Florida Home for the Parasitical
Tampa, Fla.

P.S. Fuck you.

Sirs:

Well, I don't care, because I'm going to be the first fat coke freak to be invited to the White House.

Jann Wenner

Sirs:

Wrong.

Mahalia Jackson

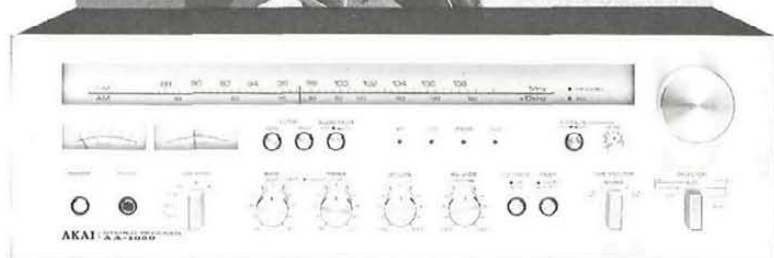
Sirs:

Real wrong.

William Howard Taft

Sirs:

Last year, we received funding from Mobil Oil for a six-part dramatization of *How Green Was My Valley*. This year, a number of other corporations and institutions have jumped on the



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Spread
the word.

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in receivers. Stereo
receivers from \$200 to
\$900. Spread the word.

AKAI

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

bandwagon: General Motors is planning a twelve-part dramatization of *Death Race 2000*, Starkist Tuna will present a *Flipper* film retrospective, and the Atomic Energy Commission is going to underwrite a special screening of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

Lawrence K. Grossman
Public Broadcasting System
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I'm a Senator, and I'm going to bust the asses of those little long-haired, dope-smoking, peace creep war protestors if I have to drag them out of their jobs at I.T.T. to do it!

S. I. Hayakawa
The Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

TV Guide interview, my own special, a new album, all promoting my recent tour. And you thought I left my brain on that thirty-five-yard patch of road in upstate New York.

Bob Dylan
c/o Masters of War Pro-Am Golf
Tournament
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

You hear a lot these days about people being "nigger rich," but you hear very little about people being "nigger poor," which is much more common. But don't try it. It stinks.

Bob and James Earl Ray
The Bronx, France

Sirs:

And what about Yeoman Pleasantries? Such as "Hi," "How ya doin'," and "Have a good time," for example?

Robert Burns and Gracie Allen
Foottown, Conn.

Sirs:

*I'm looking over
My dead dog, Rover.
That I overran with
My power mower.
One leg is missing,
The other is gone.
The third leg is scattered
All over the lawn.
No need explaining,
The one leg remaining,
Is out on the carport floor.
I'm looking over
My dead dog, Rover
That I overlooked be-fore...*

Huh?

Oh, no, the "Letters Column" is

continued

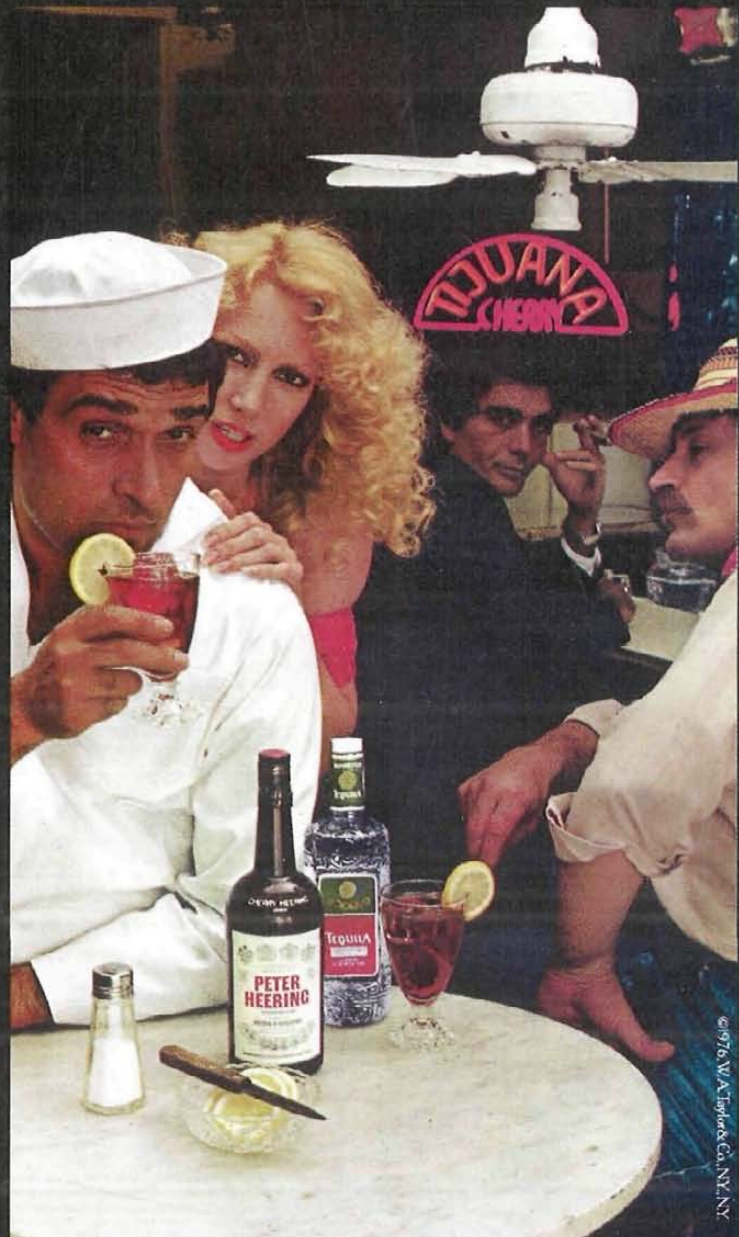
"Pull up your socks and taste this one, honey."

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

Letters

continued

careening madly out of control!! Help! Help! We're surrounded by packs of print-crazed verbs!!! *Oscillate crimp macadamize irrigate finagle clutch broil dumbfound slam hyperventilate coauthor trepan penalize prevaricate proselytize incorporate caution lam-baste delouse....Aieeeeeeeeeeeeeee...*

It's O.K. now... it's all over... everything's going to be O.K. now... easy... easy...

Sirs:

I never read your magazine anymore. Maybe it's because it's not as funny as it used to be. Maybe it's because I'm a disgusting shit-smeared plank in some liberal party party platform and realize that although back alley fire engine clearance might sound like a joke to some, it's actually very important; lives depend on it. Maybe it's because too many people in your magazine are just like me. I'll let you decide.

Bill Tuber
Three Rows Past the Beets
Next to the Corn

Sirs:

I've been putting off telling anybody about this because, you know, I hate to spoil people's fun, but I'm a happily married housewife of forty-six with two teenage sons. My husband's an electrical engineer and we live right here in Amsterdam, where we always did. Those Germans just wanted to question us about paratroopers. Had we seen any paratroopers? They thought there'd been some around there. They were very nice, the Germans, I mean. And when they found out we'd been cooped up in that attic for two whole years, they called some friends and found us a nice apartment.

Anne Frank Van Daan
Amsterdam, Netherlands

Sirs:

Trained wops keep balling on my bed.

Burt Bacharach
San José, Calif

Sirs:

I'se a lettuh, I'se printed in black ink, and I'se proud. All us lettuh's is proud. We's beautiful.

A Letter

NATIONAL LAMPOON



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WHEN YOU BUILD A SPEAKER TO SOUND GREAT ON EVERY PART OF THE MUSIC, YOU CAN'T CUT CORNERS ON ANY PART OF THE SPEAKER.

A single HPM-100 weighs almost 60 pounds.

The fact it weighs more than a Large Advent speaker, Bose 901 or JBL L100 is not an accident.

Our speaker frames are made of heavy cast aluminum instead of the usual stamped metal, so you hear only the speakers vibrating and never their frames.

Our magnets are oversize to spare your ears needless distortion.

And our cabinet is made out of special compressed wood that's denser and heavier than ordinary wood. So the sound is forced out of the cabinet instead of being absorbed by it.

Of course, not everything that adds to the sound of an HPM-100 also adds to its weight.

Our supertweeter uses nothing but a piece of High Polymer Molecular film to produce incredibly clear and crisp high frequencies.

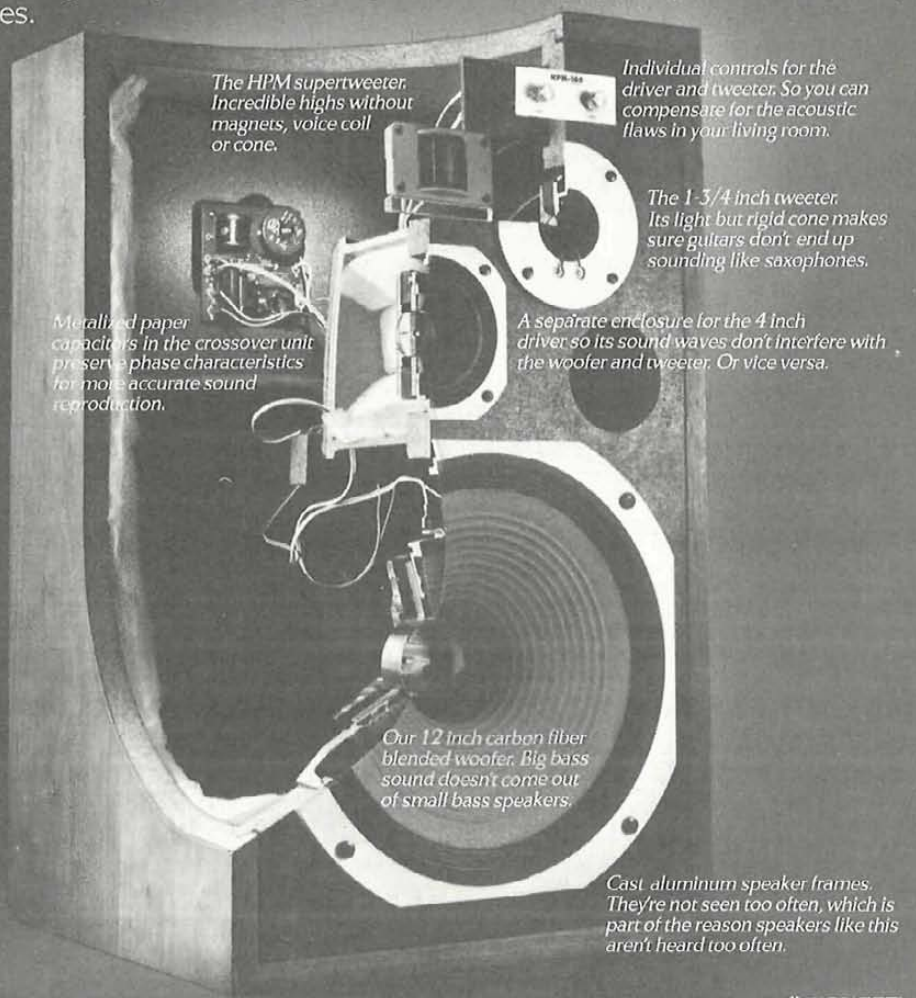
Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

And our 12 inch woofer has a long throw voice coil and unique carbon fiber blend cone (instead of the typical cardboard cone) that work to produce the kind of realistic bass you not only hear, but feel.

Naturally, we could go on. About our 12-1/2 feet of damping material. Or about the aluminum screws that keep our speakers from falling out. They're ordinarily used to keep airplanes from falling apart.

But we figure at this point you'd rather hear our speakers in person than hear any more about them from us.

HPM-100™
The all-around great speaker.



The HPM supertweeter. Incredible highs without magnets, voice coil or cone.

Individual controls for the driver and tweeter. So you can compensate for the acoustic flaws in your living room.

The 1-3/4 inch tweeter. Its light but rigid cone makes sure guitars don't end up sounding like saxophones.

Metallized paper capacitors in the crossover unit preserve phase characteristics for more accurate sound reproduction.

A separate enclosure for the 4 inch driver so its sound waves don't interfere with the woofer and tweeter. Or vice versa.

Our 12 inch carbon fiber blended woofer. Big bass sound doesn't come out of small bass speakers.

Cast aluminum speaker frames. They're not seen too often, which is part of the reason speakers like this aren't heard too often.

PIONEER
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EDITORIAL

Acknowledgments

The *Washington Post* did not give us a leave of absence, twice extended, in which to research and write the manuscript. It didn't matter. We don't work for them. Therefore, we are not extremely grateful to Katherine Graham, Ben Bradlee, and three others too numerous to mention.

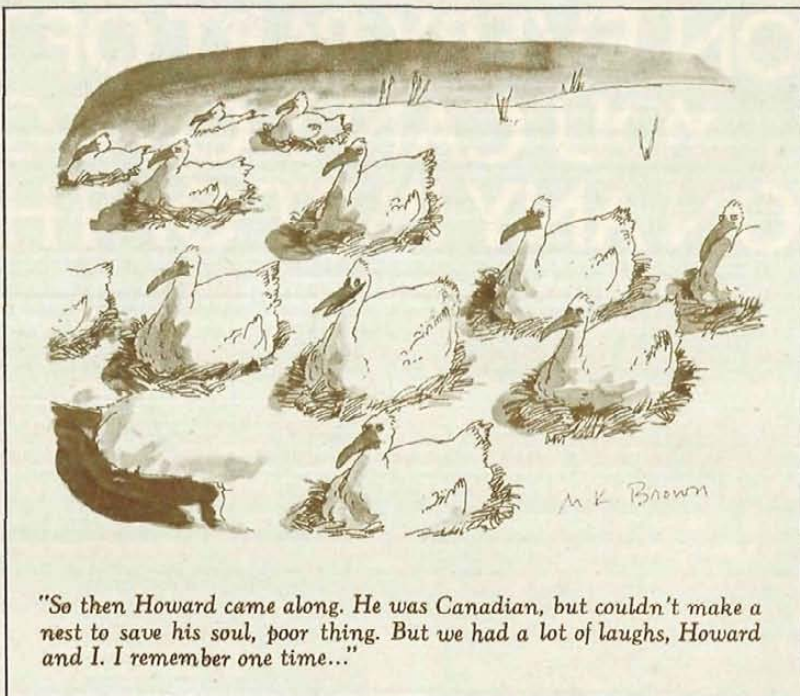
We would like to thank Matty Simmons for providing us with typewriters and paper. Our colleagues at the *National Lampoon* contributed much-needed humorous material, both in the form of primary-source boffs and "deep background" ha-has. Louise Gikow and her copy department made it possible to make this issue possible. Peter Kleinman and the art staff supplied the visual element in the form of art, visuals, etc.

Art Levine did the preliminary ground-breaking and conceptual pioneering on the *Final Days* parody. To him we extend sincere thanks in the best Woodstein-Weinerson tradition.

The *Kremlinger Letter* is an insider's tip sheet circulated among the workers, managers, executives, and officials of the Soviet Union. It was "leaked" into our possession by a member of the Central Committee who shall, for reasons of both personal and official security, remain nameless. One of us (Weiner) met periodically with this individual's cousin at a darkened booth in the Hot Shoppes Restaurant on Wisconsin Avenue in northwest Washington, D.C. In a burst of devil-may-care frivolousness—a trait normally alien to our sober, respectful narrative persona—we nicknamed our source "Dniep Throat." It will be noted that the *Kremlinger Letter* bears a close resemblance to the *Kiplinger Letter*, a weekly mailout dealing with buying trends, political developments, etc., which is circulated among American business executives.

One of us (Weiner) wishes to note that at almost no time did he feel quite distinctly that his life was in danger during the course of this research.

We have attempted to divide the project into three different areas of



"So then Howard came along. He was Canadian, but couldn't make a nest to save his soul, poor thing. But we had a lot of laughs, Howard and I. I remember one time..."

inquiry: prose pieces, cartoons and comics, and everything else. Every punch line, witticism, or satirical jest was cross-checked and verified. We left out any material that did not elicit audible laughter from at least two sources, except in those cases where we were desperate for copy.

Finally, we would like to thank two individuals whose intelligence, commitment, good sense, and perseverance made this issue what it is. Those two individuals are ourselves. We cannot thank us enough. But here comes Danny Abelson to give it a try.

Ellis Weiner

Once upon a time, there was a boy. He was not a remarkable little person, just a child with a child's head filled with childish thoughts and fears and dreams. Then, one day, something extraordinary happened. He looked around him, at the world of grown-ups and double beds and responsibilities, and what he saw drove rivets of despair deep into his tiny heart. He saw pain and suffering. He saw injustice and terrible inequality. Everywhere he looked, he could see that there were different rules for white and for black, for the rich and the poor, for men and for women.

A question mark hovered above him as he walked to school, and when he knelt beside his bed to say his prayers, it hovered there still. He brooded, he pondered, his little mind turned corners and circled and doubled back on its own tracks in despair. Then, just when he knew he would soon go mad with the knowing of this awful knowledge, fate intervened.

In the casual way that these things happen, a slim document appeared in his life. It was a magazine from a distant land, that spoke to him in a clear, sweet voice. It told him that advertising was out to sell him something and that business cared mainly for profit. It showed him the lighter side of dating and cast heads of states in musicals. The question mark disappeared, and his anxiously pursed lips relaxed into a knowing smile—he had discovered irony, or it had discovered him. It didn't matter anymore.

By and by, after many summers and an equal number of winters, he was transported across space and time to the very same kingdom that had reached out to him in his moment of crisis. He was no longer a boy. The

easy cynicism of youth had given way to the easy cynicism of maturity. He had nurtured and cultivated his attitude, garnished and elaborated his pose into what he pleasingly thought of as a style. Not just a style, but a personal style, and not just anybody's personal style, but his.

The only problem that remained was that this personal style was a commodity with precious little exchange value on the so-called open market. He began to have misgivings, even outright second thoughts, about his chosen path. The warnings of his boyhood mentors returned to haunt his nights.

Soon it seemed as if the world itself was admonishing him. He began to hear stern voices everywhere. Even recruitment posters and product labels seemed to be speaking to him. The thrust of the message was this: glib asides and laconic observations are all very well in their place, but they won't keep you from starving in a gutter like a thousand other anonymous wretches!

His hands became perpetually clammy, and his mouth was as dry as desert sand. For the second time in his life, his very being was engulfed by stark fear, and he dared not look above him for fear of the awful thing hovering there. And for the second time, fate intervened. Casually, fatefully. Another slim document entered his life. It sang to him in dulcet tones that resonated within him until he began to vibrate in harmony, like the sympathetic strings of a sitar. They had found him or he had found them. It didn't matter anymore.

And so he came to the place where these kindred spirits labored. He fell on his knees when he saw their knowing smiles and heard their glib asides. To be among the cynical and disaffected in the valley of irony was a joy so sweet, he wept with the fullness of it.

And they recognized him and embraced him and wept also, and took him in and gave him a job, and the rest is history, which we all know is one sleazy rip-off after another, so don't tell me about it, mate, because it's my story and I wrote it and lived it.

Danny Abelson

Note: *Scienterrific American* was intended for the Sellout issue. So to get in the right frame of mind, put on the new Paul McCartney disco album and think sellout!

Plug: Cover photographed by Neil Selkirk, makeup by Wm. Sweitzer. □

"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.

city _____

state _____

zip _____

4 D

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**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

Salem.

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.



Edward Asner and Shirley Bassey are an item. But not in this column.

James McGovern never masturbated in his whole life. Until this minute.

Michael Sanchez, eight-year-old chess prodigy, who has been playing



tournaments for two-and-a-half years, is dating **Joey Heatherton**. That is, when he calls her. He spurns her mostly. This drives her wild. "When he threw over **Gina Lollobrigida** for me, I was the happiest girl in the world. 'Course, I pitied her. But I ran after him like a wild thing. I'd never behaved that way before. Now I know how Gina felt. But if he said the word, I'd give up everything—career, wig—actually the same thing—and settle down and raise a family. I'm a home girl at heart. But he has his eye on chest. Everything he talks about is just chest, chest, chest—like it was some sort of game or something. It's his thing, I guess. Actually, though, he's never touched my chest. But I want him to, because he has these fabulous sexy one-word conversations to Geneva and Helsinki. Sometimes they're black. Sometimes they're white. 'Chick mate,' he's always saying. I don't get it. But still."

Sparky Anderson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, has signed someone called **Johnny Bench**. Johnny Bench will be a catcher. The Cincinnati Reds are a baseball team.

Daniel Ellsberg is making the lecture circuit, reading excerpts from his wife's diary, which he turned over to the local police department last month. And he also recites documentation disclosing his son's vaccinations for smallpox, polio, the measles, and swine flu. These he has leaked to health authorities in several states. They are still debating what to do with them. For an encore, he rattles off records of the four impoundments of his dog, **Spot**. Old hot-tips Ellsberg, you're one in a million. Thank God!

Former militant **Eldridge Cleaver** is so good now he's returned to this country. Ooo, he's so good, he's so nice! He's practically a tokcoon. He loves it when **Billy Graham** honors him with a platitude. And he's so buddy-buddy with once-left, now-right **Charles Colson** (Leftright Leftright, they call him) that they can't tell whose asshole is whose. "I think capital punishment is just neat," he was rumored to have said, perhaps in an attempt to spike the guns of the court case which is looming against him. Now that the fuzz is off him, he wants it known he's really a peach. Too bad that ex-panthers do not become kittens, though. What they become, as everyone knows, is just fat old cats.

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.

The Mace is offered in a single unit version with two or four 12" speakers. A "power pak" only version is also available to the guitarist who wishes to use different enclosures and speaker combinations.



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 _____

continued

• GEORGE HARRISON •

Nobody knew it then...
but 1943 was a vintage year
for rock 'n roll

• THIRTY THREE & 1/3 •

The Year of George Harrison...
on Dark Horse Records & Tapes



DARK HORSE PRODUCTIONS, S.A.

Manufactured & Distributed By Warner Bros. Records Inc.

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DESIGN & PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB CARO

Birdbath

continued

☛ **Chiang Ching**, Mao's widow, has been purged. Secret sources do not reveal whether it was through milk of magnesia or a colonic. Most Chinese don't purge, because as Confucius say: Two hours after you eat dat food, yer stomach is empty, anyhow. Ah-so!

☛ After winking, blinking, and nodding at attempts to payola him for air contracts, **Prince Bernhard** has been voted a 16 percent pay increase by the Dutch, upping his tips as consort to \$335,000 per annum. Crime pays.

☛ **Shirley MacLaine** has just been released from prison for her role in the Watergate cover-up! She will be appearing at the Palace, where she will tell her story in song and dance. Sweet are the uses of adversity!

☛ **Spiro Agnew** has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature for his novel *The Canfield Decision*.

☛ The reason **Timothy Leary** can say, "I don't have one nostalgic bone in my body for the 1960s" is because after so many trips, he has no memory. He also has no bones in his body.

☛ Poet/novelist **Janet Burroway**, while making a balloon ascension in escaping from Tasmanian bobbies, sat at her harpsichord and, to **Birdbath**, had this to say about her new novel *Raw Silk*. "It's about modern marriage. Ya know what raw is, doncha? It's raw. And ya know what silk is, doncha? It's made by a whole lot of little worms," whereupon she kicked **Birdbath** out of the basket, which fell to earth somewhere over the mid-Atlantic and spent the rest of the day whizzing around a roller-skating rink, enjoying itself very much indeed.

☛ Nineteen-year-old hock **Don Murdoch**, billed as the only man in Ranger history to score five goals in one game, is a nitwit to believe this hype. Cripes. True, no one ever scraped five. But lots of guys checked in six and seven, and if Don could count over three plus two, he'd know it.

☛ **Cloris Leachman's** dog is a vegetarian. It was this dog, not **Tippi Hedren's**, that bit Monique...on the nose. It bit her because she's a tomato.

☛ It's a known fact that if **Dolly Parton** took off her wigs, she could sing. Trouble is, if she did deperuke, a whole lot of cogs and springs would fly out of her head. This would not affect the improvement in her singing, which would go on. But her bust would collapse.

☛ Overheard in the lobby after **Pran Nath's** concert of morning ragas, the sibylic **Diane Hintermann**, thus: "Okey dokey." The higher criticism strikes again.

☛ Chipper at eighty-two, **Wallis Simpson**, the Duchess of Windsor, has set her cap for **Prince Charles**. Her skull cap.

☛ **Death-Row Smith**, released

family man who hits the links, as the lavatory, diurnally. Blanch as you hear him croon, "Bibbydeebobby-deeboo," fit to cop the *Grand Prix du Disque*. Personally, I'd rather be a fish.

☛ Before each game, **Bobby Orr** of the Hawks goes around to each guy in the dressing room and bangs him with his stick. Homosexuality in sports, hurray! What he does with his puck I suppose rhymes with puck.

☛ **The Jefferson Starship** release *Spitfire* crashed. No survivors. Nobody on board.

☛ **Ann Landers** has run away from home. She left a note on her pillow: "Dear Readers: I write to you with tears in my eyes. But I finally received a love letter from a man, and I must track him to the ends of the earth. Nothing matters but this. I

have always loved your long, untidy letters to me, tho'. I have savored them. I have wept over them. I have screamed with ecstasy and other things over them. I loved especially their untidiness. For I am untidy, too. My closets are untidy. My shoes are all aslant. And I just throw my socks in there without turning them right-side out. I have kept these things from you, dear readers. But I mean to tell 'him.' Don't feel abandoned. For, despite all your letters and notes to me

—so endearing, so sweet, so untidy—when you get a letter that reads: 'Dear Whomever: Well-hung Caucasian, five-ten, likes grass widows, grass, Dick Tracy. Similar interests. Write— And then he gave his box number. But I'm not going to tell it you, dear readers, for fear you'll get there ahead of me. I don't know his name yet, but in all your born days, have you ever heard of anything so original, so basic, so simply expressed? Why don't men write more love letters like these to girls? Clear, concise. Indeed, they could appear as personal ads in the backs of newspapers, even with pictures, if the individuals weren't of too distressing an appearance. Anyhow, I am in love and am leaving. Sweets, I'll miss you all, but I have a better where to find, as they say. Yours exultant!'"



after serving fourteen years for the murder of a cheerleader, was arrested again for an alleged abduction, followed by rape and stabbing. Old Johnny One Note—gol-lee! Smith wrote *Brief Against Death* the first time, and if he thought fourteen years was brief, send him a century plant. Or note.

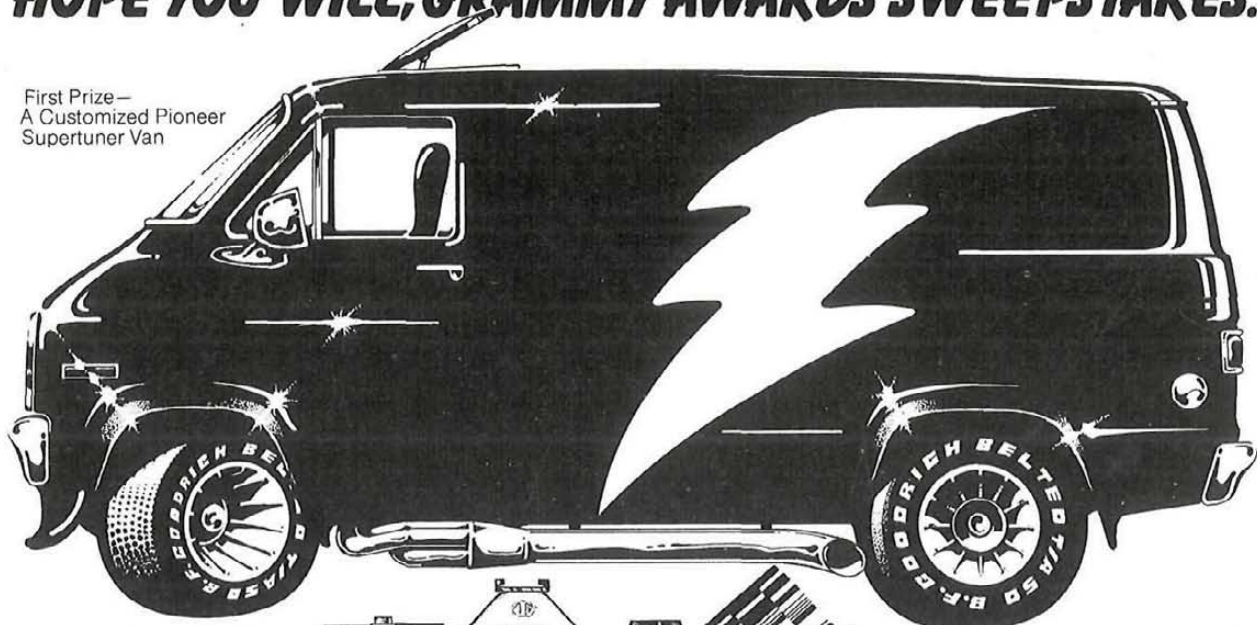
☛ **Robert J. Netto**, nineteen, of Watertown, N.Y., winner of the million dollar lottery, lost it at the movies. Tough shit, Bob.

☛ The hottest thing on discos-racks is *James Taylor Sings Bing Crosby*. **James Taylor**, who's so square he's rectangular, and so rectangular he'd fit in a six by three hole in the ground, is a solid, sleepy

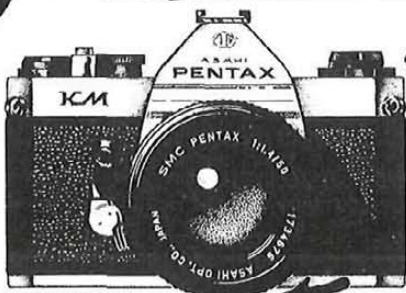
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PIONEER'S NO PURCHASE NECESSARY, BUT WE HOPE YOU WILL, GRAMMY AWARDS SWEEPSTAKES.

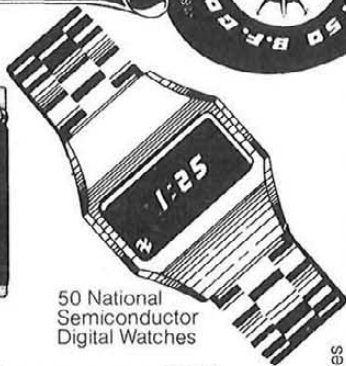
First Prize—
A Customized Pioneer
Supertuner Van



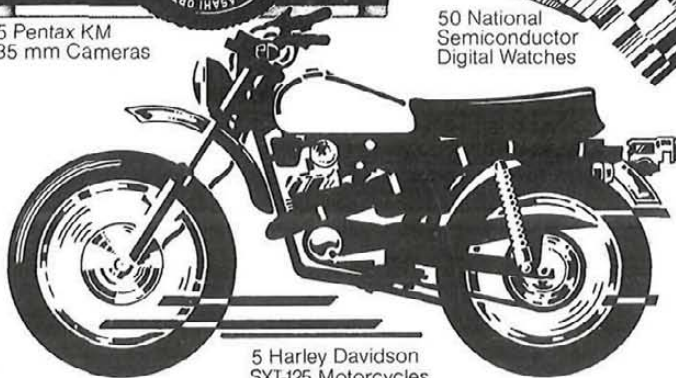
3 Bally Fireball Pinball Machines



15 Pentax KM
-35 mm Cameras



50 National
Semiconductor
Digital Watches



5 Harley Davidson
SX1-125 Motorcycles



1000 ABC Record Albums or Tapes

Why play games?
Pioneer is giving away all the prizes on this page for one reason. To get you into your Pioneer dealer.

And once you're there, we hope you'll take a liking to our products. Our famous Supertuner is a car stereo like you've never heard before. The new Centrex by Pioneer Home

Stereo Systems are everything you need for great sound. And our Portable Cassette Recorders let you take your music with you wherever you go.

So, now that we've got that out of the way, here's how the give-away works. All you do is stop by your local participating Pioneer dealer before February 9 and fill out an entry

form. Your dealer has official contest rules. Just select who you think will win this year's Grammy Awards. You don't have to buy a thing.

Then on Saturday night, February 12, tune in the Grammy Awards Show on CBS. And keep whatever you think it'll take, crossed.

And that's it. Want to play?

SEE YOUR PARTICIPATING PIONEER DEALER BEFORE FEB. 9!

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810

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



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

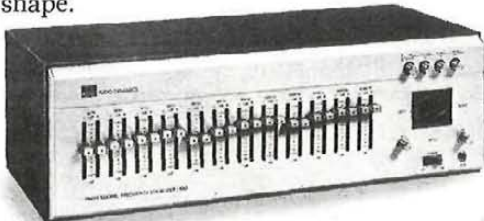
Because unless you happen to have an acoustically perfect listening room, your system and space probably don't match. Hard walls, soft carpets, glass tables, even the size of a room can change sounds.

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

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

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

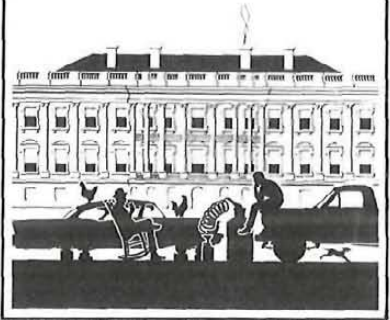
ADC



The Sound Shaper

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

The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Well, it sure as hell did come as a damn surprise to me that cousin Jimmy Earl's elected president of the United States and Canada. I knew he was governor there for a while, and Miss Lillian did say something or the other about him running for president, though I didn't catch exactly whether it was the Grange, the Georgia Twice Born Double-Dip Baptist Convention, the Ground Pea Growers Association, or what. (Miss Lillian's getting along in years, and will ramble on and on some. Wet herself and drool, too.) Now my wife, she just says I'm piss ignorant from not watching the TV. Which it's true I don't do much. There ain't nothing to see on the damn thing except maybe football and the stock car races, and the football don't hold a flashlight to Saturday night down here when the Rural Consolidated Dixie Rebel Devil Bandits play the other local teams. Hell, you can watch that NFL for a month of Monday nights and not see a good cutting or shotgun murder. As for the stock car races, why, if you want your real racing, you stand up along Triple Forks Road some night, where I've run Sheriff Hickerson into the piney woods on to six times now. And me with 200 gallons of White Whoopee under the trunk lid. The sheriff's a good boy, but I got my Chevy big block bored out wider than he is high.

No sir, I do not watch the TV much. Especially since the wife insists on having it set out on the porch so as the neighbors can see we got a colored one. It's just not much of a place to watch the TV from, that front porch. Damn pigs are always crawling up there to get out of the

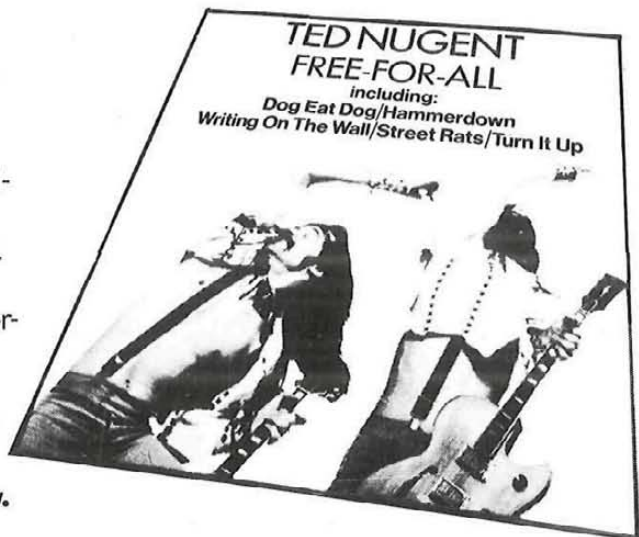
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There's no doubt when Ted Nugent whips it out.

He's the prime manipulator of high energy rock 'n' roll. He's a bristling bundle of electrified nerve ends plugged into gut-rending guitar techniques. His sell-out concerts leave audiences blissfully drained and amazed. And now he's unleashed a blistering new album, "Free-For-All," that unequivocally answers the question, "Just how far can Ted Nugent go?" Grab ahold of a live wire.

"Free-For-All." Ted Nugent. Raw. On Epic Records and Tapes.



A Joint Production of Tom Werman, Cliff Davies, and Lew Futterman for Next City Corporation.

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Why put up with
hot taste?

Only KOOL has the taste
of extra coolness.
Refreshingly smooth
puff after puff.

Come up to KOOL.



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

OUTLOOK:
Bleak
AIR QUALITY:
Acceptable



On News We Lose,
but Not on Booze

IND
34490

The National

* * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1, No. LXXXII

January, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

Carter Repays Election Debts:

HEFNER, DOLE, GOD NAMED TO TOP POSTS

President Jimmy Carter today announced a sweeping reform of the federal policy personnel selection process in what he called "a major commitment to turning my intensely personal relationship with God into a permanent aspect of my administration."

The chief executive, who in the past has revealed that God has talked to him, walked with him, and drafted the major part of his Department of Transportation reorganization proposals, has decided to make God his "right-hand Deity in the selection of my cabinet and staff."

Accordingly, instead of using the Senate to confirm his cabinet, President Carter will fly all prospective executive branch heads down to Plains, Geor-

gia, for confirmation proceedings to be held at the First Baptist Church.

"God lives here," the President commented, "and my deep commitment to the separation of church and state prevents me from requesting federal funds to bring God to Washington. But there is nothing in the First Amendment to prevent me from confirming my appointees in the sight of God."

(Because of his church's policy toward blacks, Carter explained, potential Cabinet and staff appointees of black background will enter the church through the basement, dressed in work clothes, as "God never minds these folks in his house, provided they know which entrance to use.")

Instead of the traditional series of questions about policy, financial disclosure, and background, added Press Secretary Jody Powell, nominees will be asked:



DELIVERANCE, Assistants to newly-named HEW director Ruth Carter Stapleton are shown curing the social ills of our inner cities and healing a divided nation. "If we have faith," observed Ms. Stapleton, "there's nothing we can't handle."

"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

"Have you been saved, brother (sister)?"

"Do you believe in magic?"

Any manifestation of good faith, including

but not limited to falling on the floor, speaking in tongues, and the appearance of stigmata, will be regarded favorably. The confirmation process will end with total immersion, a feature which appears to exclude Senator Ed-

ward Kennedy from a cabinet position.

In an allied development, a National Right to Re-Life Committee has been formed to oppose any movement toward permitting abortions on born-again Christians.

Chi Comms Charge Chiang Ching: See Red Over Mao Frau

Hong Kong—Peking is rife with rumors of a new purge aimed at the radical group headed by Madame Chiang Ching. The campaign commenced with a spontaneous Forbidden City demonstration of some fourteen million people chanting, "A death of tumors and painful blisters to the ultra-left gang of toadying people-haters."

Coincident with the spontaneous demonstration was the spontaneous generation of three million large character posters bearing the legend, "Hate

and exorcise all slimy cabaret entertainers who marry the head of the Party and then make him miserable with their nagging."

Calling Madame Chiang "a bleeding cancer and a shrewish banshee," the posters accused the fifty-eight-year-old radical of "badgering and hectoring our beloved Chairman and shortsheeting him and giving him a painful pink belly with imperialist toothpaste."

Speaking with the implicit consent of Red strongman Hua Kuo-feng, the Chinese delegate to the World Con-

ference on the Law of the Sea digressed from an address on oil spills to accuse the ex-chanteuse of complicity in the murder of Chairman Mao: "By her incessant termagant behavior, the loathsome rat woman destroyed the appetite of our teacher so that he wasted away rather than hear one more abominable from her snake-like tongue."

There was even speculation of a charge

of treason against the "pack of deceivers who try to take the left road to the right wing and confuse everybody in general." In a front-page editorial, *Jenmin Jih Pao* revealed that the former hooper had used an interview with Edgar Snow to open discussions with a U.S. resort firm interested in buying Mao's home province of Hunan and turning it into a theme park honoring the late Nikita Khrushchev.

First Debate Spirited, Lively

The first in a planned series of three debates has taken place between the two principal candidates for the leadership of the Mafia in the New York-New Jersey area. Mob-watchers are reluctant to name either candidate the "winner" of the confrontation, but all parties agree that the discussion was "informative."

The recent death of incumbent Mafia chief Carlo Gambino opens up the position of considerable power and influence which many think will be won by Vito "Tough Sal" Uffitzi, currently capo from the area's Brooklyn-Staten Island district. Opposing Uffitzi is Giuseppe "Tony G." Gigante, a self-made millionaire and garroter.

Excerpts from the debate include the following exchanges:

Mr. Rigati (Moderator): Mr. Uffitzi, what's all dis about bringin' your muscle into Tony G's territory widout him knowin' it, huh?
Mr. Uffitzi: I ain't got nuttin' ta hide, and anybody sez I do'll find

out sumthin' soon enough.

Mr. Rigati: Gigante, you say you don't got no idea how two a' tough Sal's soldiers end up wit' dey got heads stuffed inna barrel a' pork scraps and nobody knows nothin'.

Mr. Gigante: Dat is substantially correct.

Mr. Rigati: Mr. Uffitzi sez you're a fuckin' liar.

Mr. Gigante: Tough Sal can go around makin dese alligatory remarks like he's a big man. I got no comment except dat he better keep his trap shut or look out.

Mr. Rigati: Mr. Uffitzi, would you care to respond?

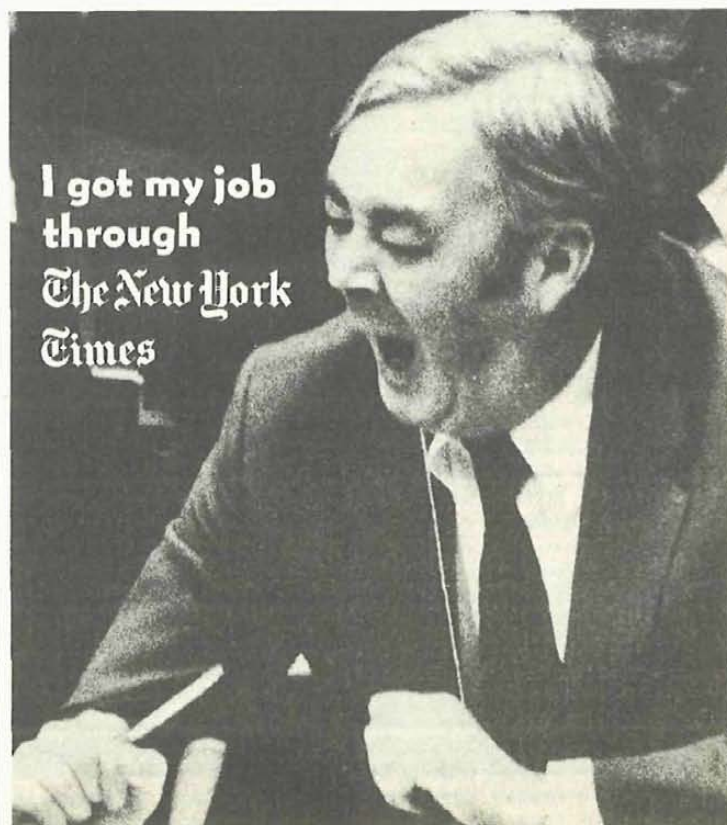
Mr. Uffitzi: All I know is, I got two dozen men that are yearnin' for

leadership, and I think it would be nice if we got rid of de guys that are mismanaging busi-

ness and make a few changes dat can tap duh guts, duh nerve, and duh stuff dat we

got and dat is always made us great.

Mr. Gigante: Yeah, me too.



I got my job
through
The New York
Times



Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

Red Repines

Fifty-seven years and some one million five hundred thousand words ago, a carrot-topped tyro sat down at his Underwood and began his diurnal diary of masculine competition. Sports were different in that bygone era. Kids were poorer but happier then. In a time when baseball mitts were kept in safe deposit boxes and a pig's bladder was sautéed for Thanksgiving dinner (rather than hurled across the gridiron), tennis was a one-way ticket out of the Dead End for millions of young kids trying to get a square deal in life.

Of course, it was a far cry from the fancy lingerie and manicured lawns of Forest Hills. Often the game was played on some vacant lot with a moth-eaten tablecloth for a net and a wad of newspaper for a ball. Rackets, for those antediluvian conquistadores of the clay, were often no more than a broomstick attached to a garbage can lid.

It was a poor man's game, but a fighting man's game. A game of guts and gristle, bone and blood. And he who survived in the vicious jungle of sandlot tennis was a man among men indeed. There was Stosh "One Serve" Grozniak, perhaps the meanest and dirtiest player in the netsmen's rogues' gallery. It was the finals of the All-City Sandlot Tennis Tournament in the late summer of 1919... Grozniak versus "Torpedo" Tommelly. Tommelly, a graceful and cunning competitor, took the first set six-zip. In the second set, Grozniak booted the first five games in straight points and was down to his last serve in a love-forty game. Things looked bad for Stosh. As the ball boy approached him, the strutting Grozniak crushed both hairy spheroid and youthful hand in his bone-cracking grip. Reaching into his back pocket, he retrieved a dun-colored round object, which, in the murky gloom that enveloped the court, looked for all the world like a sixteen-pound shot. With a flick of the wrist, Grozniak tossed the ball in the air. With a mighty stroke, racket met ball, and the thunderous report deafened many who were there that day. Like a shot from a howitzer, the odious orb hurtled straight for the doomed Tommelly. Like a pile driver crashing through a plate of Jell-O, the serve tore the luckless Tommelly's head from his hapless shoulders. Needless to say, the unfortunate Tommelly was hard pressed to return Grozniak's next serve, an arrogant and gutless lob that barely cleared the net.

The judges, having no choice but to declare Grozniak the victor by forfeit, watched in horror as the unsportsmanlike champion leaped the net and held the lifeless form of his opponent aloft, letting go a savage whoop of victory that curdled the blood of grown men.

Yes, dear readers, tennis was a different game in those days. It was a cruel game, a tough game, but a real game. I, for one, miss it.

HOW TO WIN AT ROCK 'N' ROLL.

The thundering music of Nazareth on a brilliant new album. The group who brought you "Love Hurts" and one of the finest albums of the year, "Close Enough For Rock 'N' Roll," now brings you "Play 'N' The Game": an incredible rocker that gets right down to business of having a good time.



NAZARETH "PLAY 'N' THE GAME"

Produced by Manny Charlton

ROCK 'N' ROLL THAT AIN'T BLUFFING.
ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

APPLY, AIM, FIRE

Utah—The government of the state of Utah, in response to thousands of applica-

tions for membership in the state's official elite green-uniformed firing squad, has released a copy of the

application form.

Just take it over to that table, son, fill it out, and give it to the woman by the door.

Ford to Donate Library to U.S.

Gerald R. Ford today announced plans to donate his entire collection of books and official papers to the American people. The collection will be housed in a multimillion-dollar Gerald R. Ford Memorial Bookmobile.

Among the priceless

volumes included in the bequest are: *The Complete Reader's Digest Condensed Books*, including the priceless abridged version of *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, *The Washington Redskins 1969 Official Yearbook*, *The Collected Adventures of Tom Swift*, *The Rand McNally Road Atlas of the Middle Atlantic*

States, *Twenty Fun Crosswords*, *The Landmark Biography of Daniel Boone* by John Mason Brown, *The Knute Rockne Story*, and numerous matchbooks and placemats from around the nation.

The collection was assessed, for tax purposes, at a market value of \$450,000.

State of Utah Rifleman's Reserve

Official Elite Green-Uniformed Firing Squad

- Years Experience Shooting
 - 20
 - 40
 - 80
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 - Murderers
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 - Niggers
 - Injun Women
 - Other (please specify)
- Preferred Weapon(s)
 - Gun
 - Club
 - Poison
 - Spear
 - Other (please specify)
- Willing to Take Oath
 - Yes
 - No
 - Long as I don't have to drink no chicken blood.

Know all men by these presents:

By my signature attached hereto or by mark made in the presence of witnesses or by the tokens attached hereto, I, _____, do certify that to the best of my knowledge, the facts on this form are God's Holy Truth. If I am picked for the Utah Official State Firing Squad, I promise to conscientiously fulfill my duties to the best of my ability.

Date this _____ day of _____
in the year of Our Lord 19____
Witness _____
Witness _____



Utah firing squad membership application.

Punch in Face: Shot in Arm, or Kick in Teeth?

by Coors de Beer

Transkei—The South African government has revealed its plans for the economy of this fledgeling nation. In announcements made in Pretoria, it was disclosed that the basis of the currency will be a "punch in the face" (pf). The news was greeted with astonishment and outright confusion here and requests for clarification began pouring into the government office immediately.

The South African government was virtually silent in the face of this deluge of requests. A brief statement yesterday merely restated the system's basic principles and went on to say, "We had to design a system the average native would be able to understand and use. The only thing they all understand is a punch in

the face. It is that simple."

The government printed and distributed thousands of copies of a brochure which employs stick figures and sample transactions to explain the workings of the new economy. A typical example involves the purchase of a mud hat from a clothing store. The dia-

logue includes the following: *Buyer*: "I want get mud hat. Make look plenty nice for wedding." *Sales clerk*: "Here good one. You be pretty pretty." *Buyer*: "O.K. This one good." The crude drawing depicts the buyer then punching the shopkeeper in the face and leaving the store with the hat, smiling broadly. Though the brochure is clear and easily understood, it does not explain many of the puzzling features of this system.

Economist Michael Ntshomo expressed the feelings of many here when he told me, "How does Pretoria expect our new nation to com-

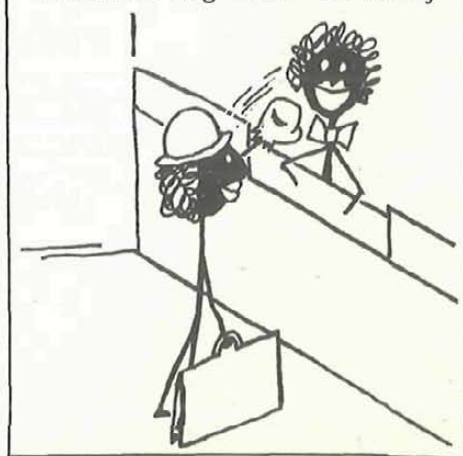
mence the process of primitive accumulation in this manner? How can we develop a trade balance in a world economy based on the gold standard? We are very disappointed."

Mr. Ntshomo is expected to be among those traveling to Pretoria for talks with

South African government ministers. The prospects for the talks are bleak, as government ministers have made it clear that they would consider any further discussion of the subject a violation of the Transkei's "right to economic self-determination."

Depositing Your Savings

National Big Bank for Money



Sample illustration from pamphlet.



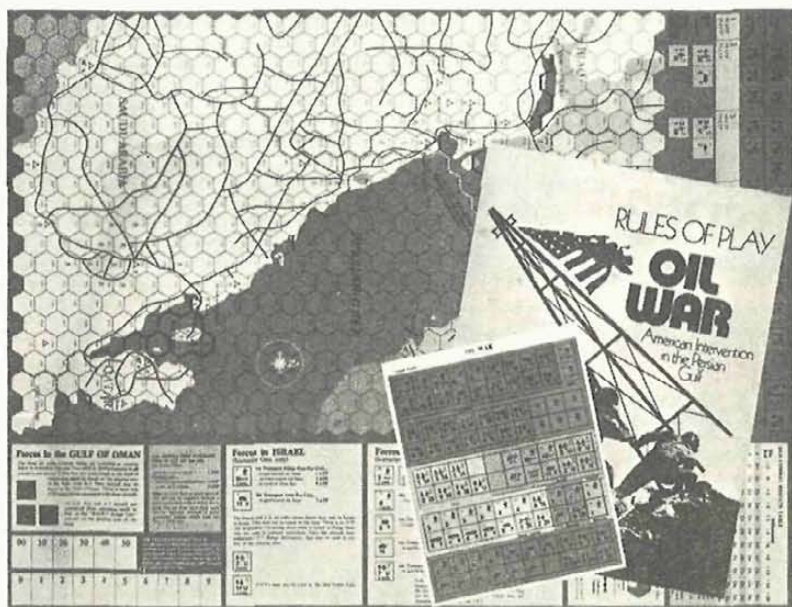
Strategy & Tactics

The military history magazine with a conflict simulation game in it!

Here are just a few of the fascinating simulation games that have appeared in S&T:

- USN (WWII Pacific)
- Borodino (Russia 1812)
- "CA" (Naval Tactics)
- KampfPanzer
- PanzerArmee Afrika
- Tank!
- Operation Olympic
- American Civil War
- Sixth Fleet
- Battle for Germany
- World War I
- Panzergruppe Guderian
- Conquistador!

(Note that these games are now available in their separate boxed editions. Send for free brochure.)



Strategy & Tactics Magazine is a paper time machine: you return to the point of decision and alter the course of history to explore alternative outcomes. Through the technique of conflict simulation, the famous battles and campaigns of military history become yours to re-create, substituting your judgment for that of the actual commanders. Other magazines and books can only speculate about the many paths that history could have taken: Strategy & Tactics enables you to truly find out for yourself—by redirecting the forces of change at the historical turning points.

Conflict simulations are serious, adult-level games. They are powerful analytical tools—paper computers that focus your mind on the critical elements of an historical problem. The games are played on maps portraying the battlegrounds, with playing pieces that simulate the characteristics of the participating military units. Although most games are designed for two players, they may be played by one (or three or more).

Strategy & Tactics also provides a full-length article dealing with the same subject as the game in the issue—plus other articles dealing with historical and contemporary military and conflict simulation subjects. Subscribers are eligible for many special offers and discounts on Simulations Publications large selection of historical games.

Simulations Publications, Inc. (publishers of Strategy & Tactics) also presents a broad line of independently packaged simulation games. See the coupon for a partial list. These games are available in stores, nationwide, as well as direct from SPI by mail.

Send check or money order to:

SPI Dept. 787
44 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

- Please enter my subscription to Strategy & Tactics for
- 1 year (6 issues): \$14
 - 2 years (12 issues): \$22
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Send me the following Simulation Series Games:

- Firefight (modern armor): \$12
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Down the Tubes

By Harry Zontilhold

TALKBACK

Q. There are rumors that people in show business use drugs occasionally. Could you tell me what, if any, effect this would have on performers like Sonny and Cher?

T. Cartelli
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. Both Sonny and Cher need professional assistance to hold small objects steady.

Q. Is Diahann Carroll still Negro?

A. Brown
Hoosick Falls, N.Y.

A. No, she is not.



Q. How can Don Rickles make such blatant fun of minority groups?

D. Noda
New Hampshire

A. He thinks they're piles of shit.

Q. Does Johnny Carson have polio?

J. Kleiner
Cambridge, Mass.

A. Yes.

Q. Why do some TV shows appear at certain times, while others do not?

D.A. Weiss
Queens College, N.Y.

A. This all has to do with programming. It is impossible, for example, for seventeen shows to run at the same time, so networks have worked out a system whereby one show can air at a time.

Q. Does Robert Blake of "Baretta" have ankles? My wife and I watch the show every week, but have never seen them.

T. Matthews
New Haven, Conn.
A. Mr. Blake lost portions of each ankle during a trip to Israel. He was struck by a Palestinian child bearing an unauthorized plaything.

Q. Recently on a game show, my wife and I saw a joke where one of the consolation prizes was a giant asparagus. Nobody won the prize, and the vegetable actually walked off the stage(!). Who was that?

J. Russo
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mmmmm, Tastes Swell:



Soviet dieticians at the Tamara Press Institute of Light Industrial Consumer Foods take the Pepsi challenge. "Pepsi is tops," avows food researcher Katya Lukin (right), former coke freak.

A. Karen Ann Quinlan.

Q. Are Bing Crosby and Bill Cosby related?

R. Denker
Miami, Fla.

A. Yes. They have the same mother.

Q. Could you possibly tell me something about Kitty Carlisle? She seems to make my skin crawl.

B. Golter
Washington, D.C.
A. Kitty has been in show business for many years. The physical effects you describe may have a lot to do with the fact that she has no talent.



Q. Why does Steve Hamilton always have that up-tight look on his face when he's a guest on variety shows?

R. Morgenstern
Louisville, Ky.
A. Steve lost his ureters last summer in Reno, Nev.



Q. Is J.J. Walker of "Good Times" full of shit?

P. Molchele
Scranton, Pa.
A. No, he is not.

Q. Is it true that when Stevie Wonder really wants to, he can really see?

M. Kojessarrian
Ann Arbor, Mich.
A. Yes, it is.

Q. When Senator Hubert Humphrey muttered the words "useless piece of crap," was he referring to the entire Republican party?

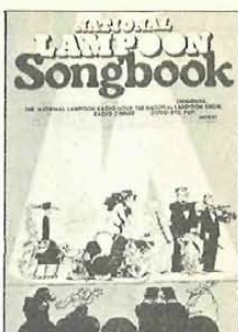
C. Courten
Portland, Ore.
A. No, the Minnesota senator was only referring to Senator Robert Dole.

Q. I really like Donny Osmond, but my brother does not. Why is that?

S. Scheer
Long Valley, N.J.
A. Donny is a native of Utah.



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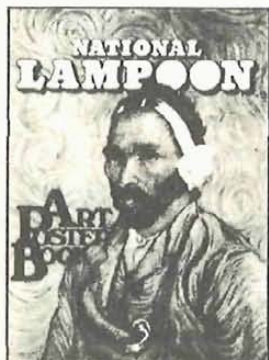
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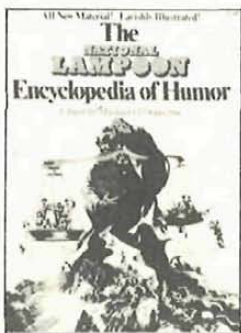
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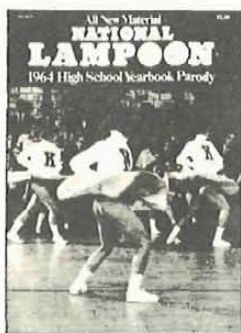
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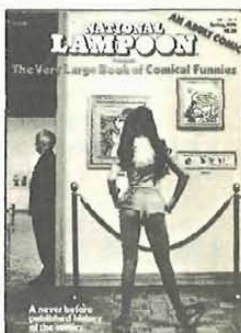
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• At a conference sponsored by the Church of Scientology, Victor Marchetti, former CIA executive assistant and a fourteen-year veteran with the agency, revealed that the CIA had once recruited a cat.

In an attempt to eavesdrop on conversations held by enemy agents discussing covert plots against the American government, the animal was wired for sound. A problem arose, however. The cat developed hunger pangs and began wandering away from the target area in search of food.

Two new wires were implanted in the feline—one to detect the cat's hunger response, and another to abort it.

This didn't solve all of the CIA's problems. The cat was a tabby with an eye for the ladies, and tended to disappear in search of the opposite sex.

So two more wires were implanted, one to detect the cat's sexual urges, and another to somehow bypass them.

After exhaustive testing, the cat was finally ready for its first assignment. It was turned loose in the street, followed by a CIA support truck loaded with electronic monitoring gear.

The cat was immediately run over by a taxi cab. *Springfield Advocate* (Anne Diebold)

• Dodging camels has caused so many nighttime accidents in the Mideast that all camel owners are currently required to purchase phosphorescent harnesses for their animals.

The same problem occurs in Iceland and Greenland with reindeer. As of yet, similar edicts have not been instituted. *Family Safety* (David Clark)

• "Ready for Work and the Defense" is the name of a physical education program held throughout Russia. It recently ran a nationwide competition that attracted 400 participants, ages ten to forty-nine.

According to the press agency Tass, the finals, held in Tashkent, capital of Soviet Uzbekistan, included swimming, running events, skiing, route marches—and grenade throwing.

Some 36 million Russians have taken up grenade throwing as a sports activity. *New York Times* (Richard Muth)

• *Homo sapiens* is not the only species suffering from overpopulation problems, reports John Stout, a biology professor from Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Mich.

Stout has spent ten years and \$240,000 in federal funds studying gulls. He found that the avian popula-

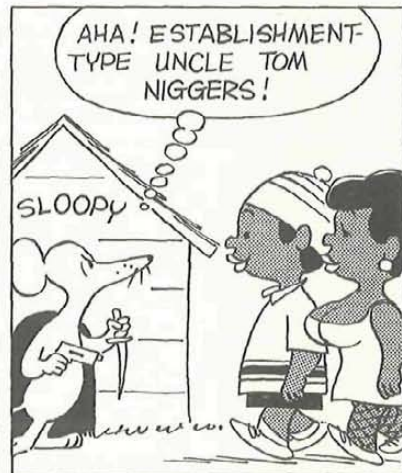
tion of Colville Island in Puget Sound is suffering from overcrowding due to a gradual build-up of gulls. The birds usually return to where they were born in order to build their nests.

The professor reports that communication among the birds has broken down; there is a high incidence of rape; and parents are refusing to look after their young. Chick mortality, normally 30 percent, has risen to as high as 75 percent. And bands of juvenile birds roam the island looking for eggs to break. *Unidentified source* (Keith Reynolds)

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.

GOOBERS

featuring **BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN**



W

hat is it? Come on, guess.

Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. We knew you'd love it. It goes with everything, and it's always

in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a two dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part* of something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *two dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$7.95, subtract two bucks and write out a check for \$5.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the two dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same two dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription: merely deduct the two dollars, and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

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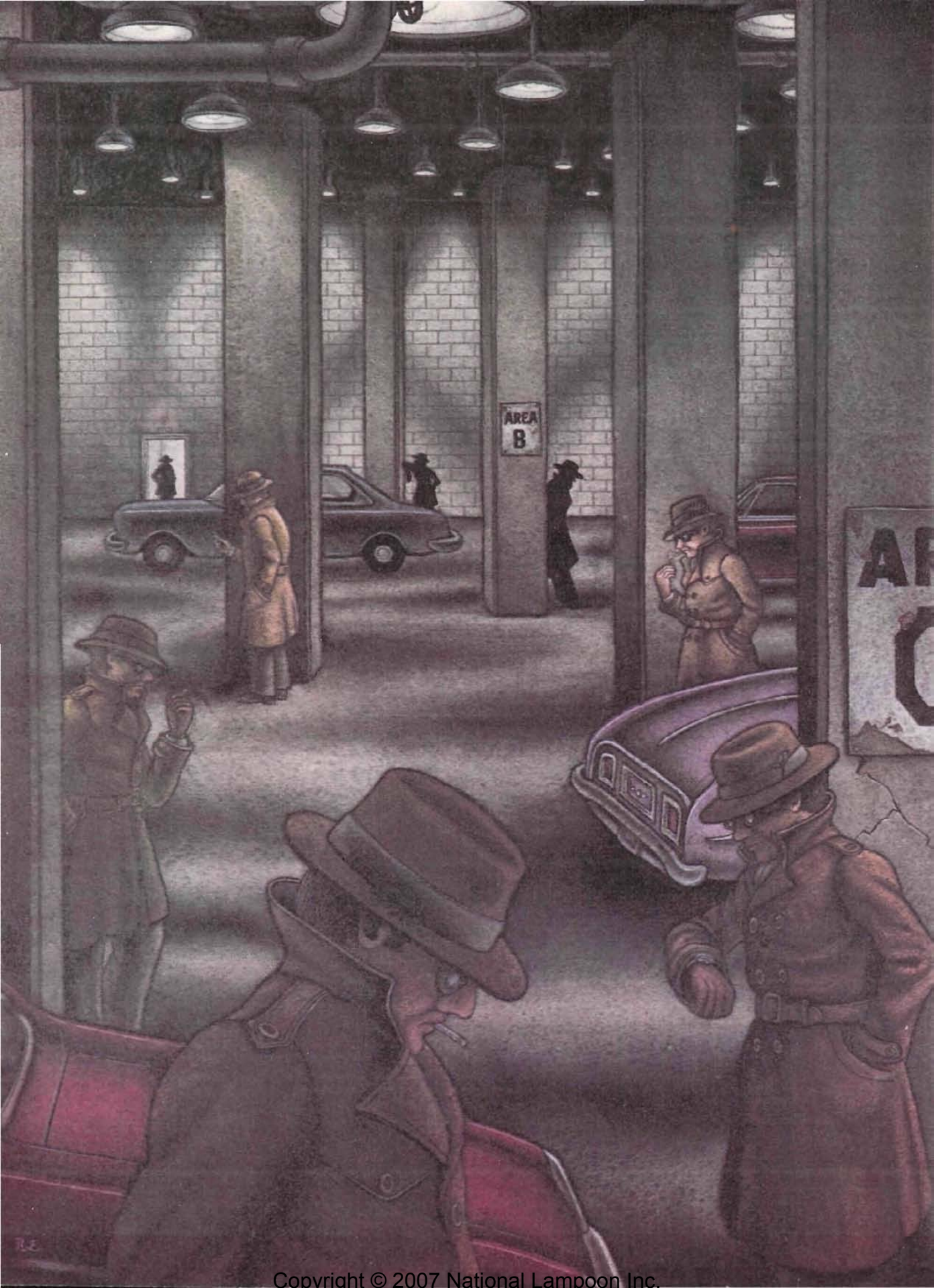
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Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days

by Ellis Weiner

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6

HUGH Scott was angry. Things were going badly. Richard Milhous Nixon, the President of the United States, was certain to resign. There was no way out of it.

Scott paced the floor of his spacious Georgetown home. It was eight and a half steps between the piano and the coffee table, on which rested a yellow legal pad. Scott's hands shook. He reached for his pipe and a can of Dunhill Aperitif tobacco. After loading his pipe, he lit it with a Cricket lighter his sister had given him the week before when the two of them had lunched together at Sans Souci. He had ordered the lemon sole and it had come accompanied by a small dish of tartar sauce made with too much pickle relish. Too much relish? she had asked. "Yes," he had replied.

Scott thought about the transcripts. They were particularly damning. Haig had shown him a copy. It occurred after a meeting of the White House staff. Ziegler had been there. So had Buchanan. Price had been there. Garment had been there. So had Buzhardt and St. Clair. Haig had presided. Scott secretly loathed Haig.

He puffed on his pipe. Things were falling apart. Even his denunciation of White House delaying tactics and the President's falsehoods concerning the tapes wouldn't be enough to sustain Scott's image as a respectable, sober leader of the Senate. Scott had worked hard to preserve that image. Hadn't he been a model Republican all these years? Hadn't he groomed himself to look like Robert Benchley? Hadn't he shown slavish devotion to whatever

might benefit the party?

I've got to protect myself, he thought. Once the President resigns, every Republican in Washington is going to need a little something in reserve, Jerry Ford or no Jerry Ford. There must be some way he could capitalize on the situation as it now stood.

Scott paused. Then he began to think about history. History has a right to know the facts. All of us are servants of history. In fact, in times of profound crisis such as these, one's primary duty was to history, to the collection and recording of facts for posterity. Regardless of petty personal loyalties. Regardless of so-called "ethical" considerations, which often only served as vague, metaphysical excuses for inaction. Scott had a job to do now, and there was no time like the present in which to begin.

Satisfied that he had reached the statesmanlike conclusion, he tapped his pipe empty, dropped it and his tobacco into his pocket, and left his home. As he walked purposefully down the street toward a newsstand, he patted the lighter in his breast pocket. He smiled. He'd need it, he thought.

ALEXANDER HAIG clenched his teeth. All around him, people were waffling. Haig disliked waffling. He preferred people who, without agonizing over flabby issues of morality, assessed a situation and then acted.

Fingering his gold-plated West Point ring with the tiny flake of black enamel missing from the middle of the four in "1946" and the o in "Point" that he used to color in with a felt-tipped pen as he listened to the

President's incoherent ramblings, he allowed himself a tight smile. All these lawyers and management men will go down with the ship, he thought. But I will remain. I will survive.

Haig leaned back in his swivel chair and sighed. He tapped a yellow legal pad on his desk three times, hummed a little of "April in Paris," and thought about a Gene Kelly movie he had seen several months before. For some reason, that reminded him of Ziegler. Haig secretly loathed Ziegler. What would the President say, the general mused, if he knew that Ziegler insisted that his staff kowtow to him three times daily and address him as "Bwana"? What would the President say if he knew that Ziegler secretly stole White House memo pads and sat up until late in the night fashioning the sheets of white paper into tiny hats and boats, which he sold by mail via a classified ad in the back of *Outdoor Life*?

And yet, he and Ziegler were almost all that remained of the inner circle around the President. Few people were privy to what he and the press secretary knew and saw: the President ranting and drooling when informed that Jaworski and Lacovara wanted the tapes. The President throwing an inkpot at St. Clair when informed that Sirica wanted the tapes. The President flying into a rage, ripping off his left shoe and sock, and trying to eat his own foot when informed by David Gergen that Rabbi Baruch Korff might misconstrue the phrase "nickel-nosed Jewboy kike sheeny bastard" on the tape of June 20, 1972. Gergen said the rabbi

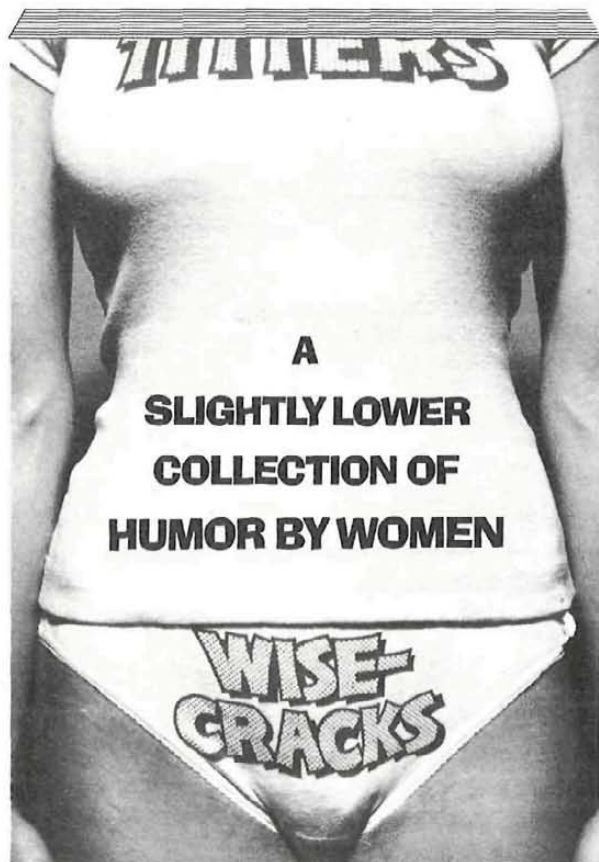
continued on page 64

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THE SPECIAL INTEREST HUMOR
BOOK CLUB

Those zany dames
 who brought you...



have now
 brought forth...



An outpouring of critical hysteria for WISECRACKS!

"... No pussyfooting or beating around the bush...
 a boxful of boffs!"

Jack Nastyface
The New York Teazle

"... yeasty, infectious..."

Yoni Mitchell
 Mucus from Big Pink

"... beats 'Leave it to Beaver' in my time slot!"

Marlo Thomas
 Lebanese Thespian

"... snappy snatches of missing rib ticklers. Right
 on the button!"

Indira Gandhi
On the Raga

"... an abortion..."

Journal of the American Medical Association

And you won't want to miss any of these minority knee slappers, either.

FUNNY BONERS, a collection of male humor.

UPCHUCKLES, a collection of vomit humor.

SNICKERS, a collection of underwear humor.

KAYUKS, a collection of Eskimo humor.

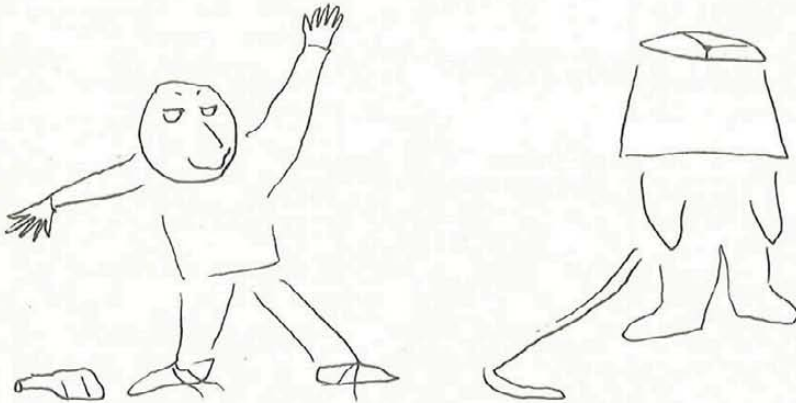
GIGGLES, a collection of musicians' humor.

HOHOS, a collection of Vietnamese humor.

SNIGGERS, a collection of Negro humor.

Return to the Valley of the Cat Hammerer

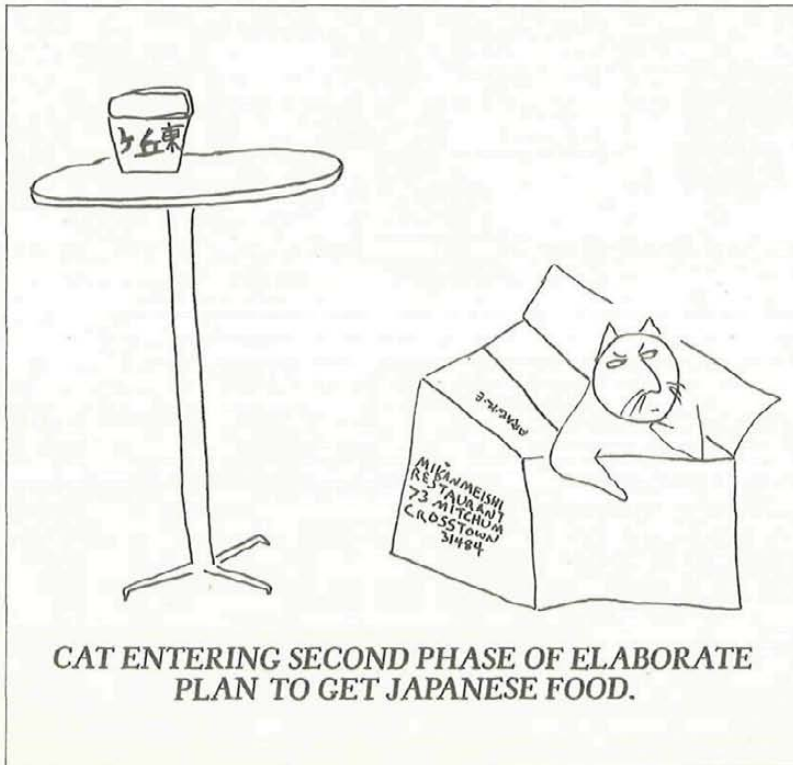
BY JOHN WALKER



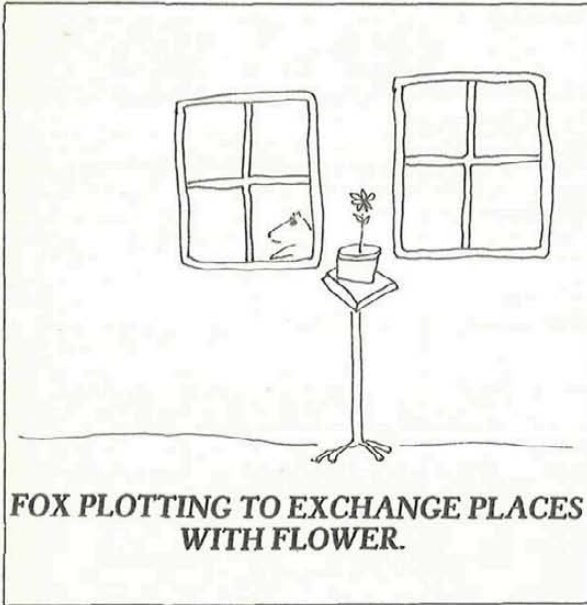
CAT HAVING JUST A GRAND TIME AT A PARTY.



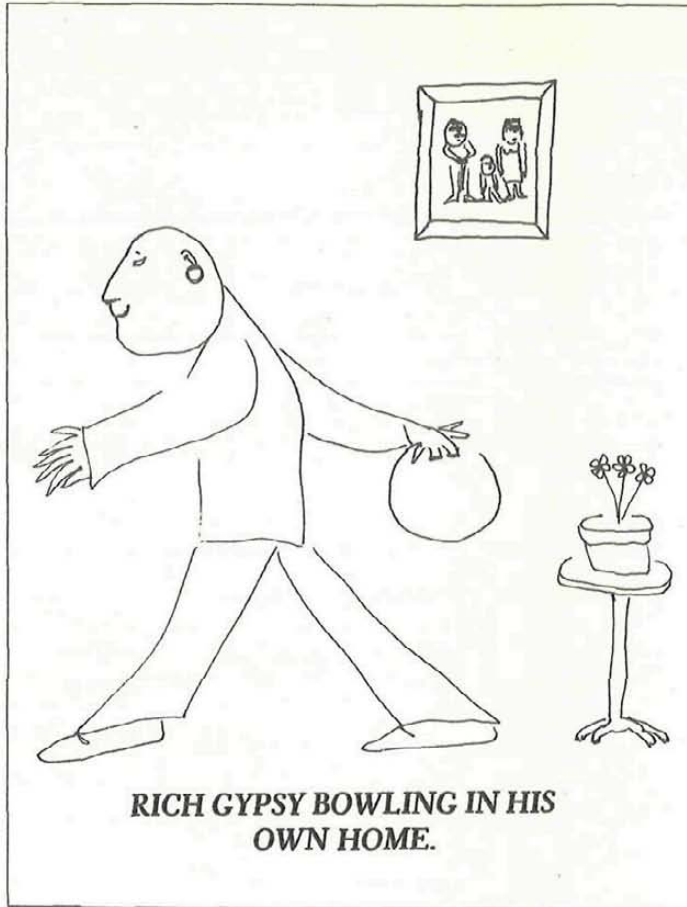
MONK BEING THROWN A BULLET.



CAT ENTERING SECOND PHASE OF ELABORATE PLAN TO GET JAPANESE FOOD.



**FOX PLOTTING TO EXCHANGE PLACES
WITH FLOWER.**



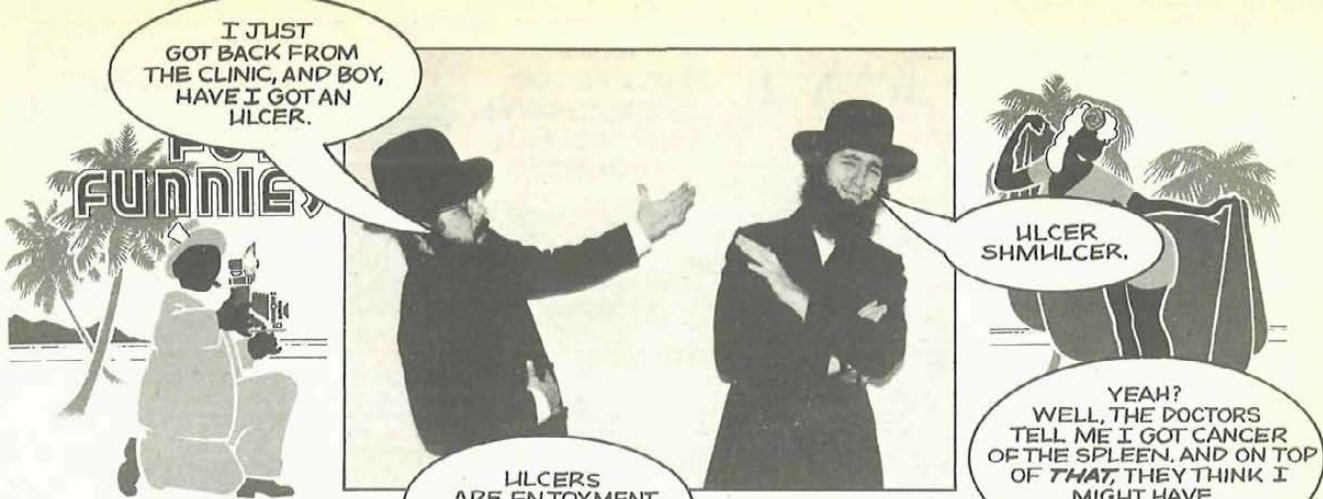
**RICH GYPSY BOWLING IN HIS
OWN HOME.**



**RECKLESS DOGS LOOKING FOR
SECRET DRAWER.**



**DROWNING MAN NOT WANTING
TO BE A BOTHER.**



I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE CLINIC, AND BOY, HAVE I GOT AN ULCER.

ULCER SHMULCER.

ULCERS ARE ENJOYMENT COMPARED TO WHAT I GOT.

YEAH? WELL, THE DOCTORS TELL ME I GOT CANCER OF THE SPLEEN, AND ON TOP OF THAT, THEY THINK I MIGHT HAVE UNRELIABLE GUMS.



CANCER IS CANDYLAND COMPARED TO PROLONGED PROSTATE PROBLEMS. YOU SHOULD THANK GOD FOR A HEALTHY PROSTATE.



LOOK, I'M NOT A WELL MAN.



CANCER IS CANDYLAND COMPARED TO PROLONGED PROSTATE PROBLEMS. YOU SHOULD THANK GOD FOR A HEALTHY PROSTATE.

WHAT HEALTHY PROSTATE ?!



I HAD MOST OF MY LOWER ORGANS REMOVED YEARS AGO. AND THAT WAS BEFORE IT WAS FASHIONABLE.

LOOK, BELIEVE ME. I'M A SICKER MAN THAN YOU. I'M JEWISH, AND I'M A SICK INDIVIDUAL.



HOW CAN YOU BE SICKER? YOU'RE CONVERSING WITH A MAN WHOSE REMAINING ORGANS ARE TOTALLY DISEASED.

ACH, YOU DON'T KNOW FROM SICK! I KNOW FROM SICK!



BASTARD WON.

DIRTY DUCK

by *LONDON*

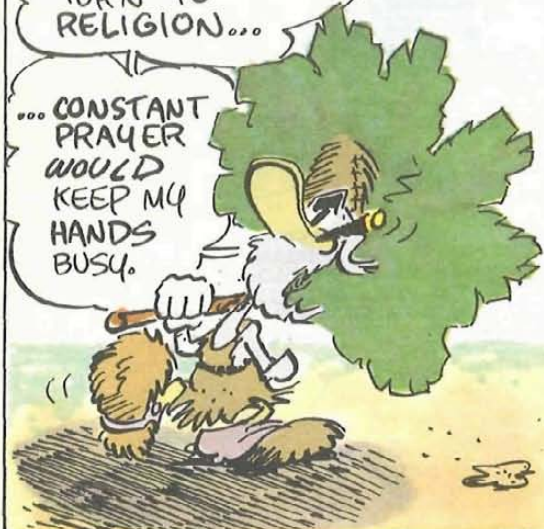
SIGH...
THE LIFE OF
A CASTAWAY
IS A LONELY
ONE.

I MEAN,
WEEVIL MAKES
A GREAT
MAN FRIDAY,
BUT WHAT I
NEED IS A
WOMAN FOR
SATURDAY.



MABE I SHOULD
TURN TO
RELIGION...

...CONSTANT
PRAYER
WOULD
KEEP MY
HANDS
BUSY.



LOOK, MR. DUCK...
FOOTPRINTS...

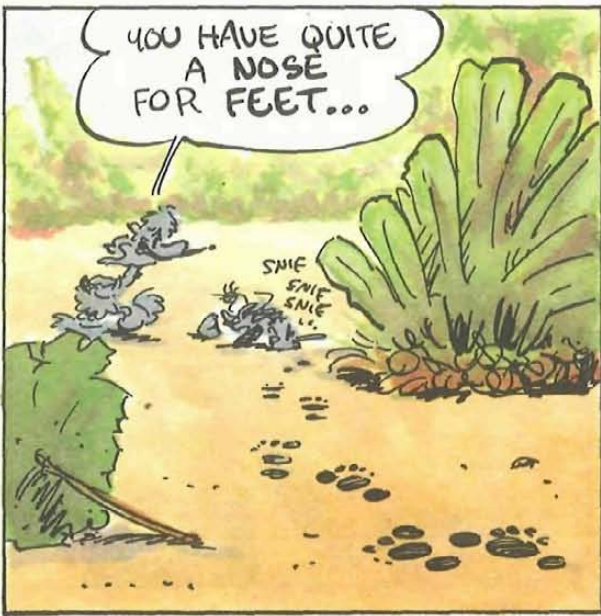
SNIF
SNIF...DROOL...

FEMALE
FOOTPRINTS!



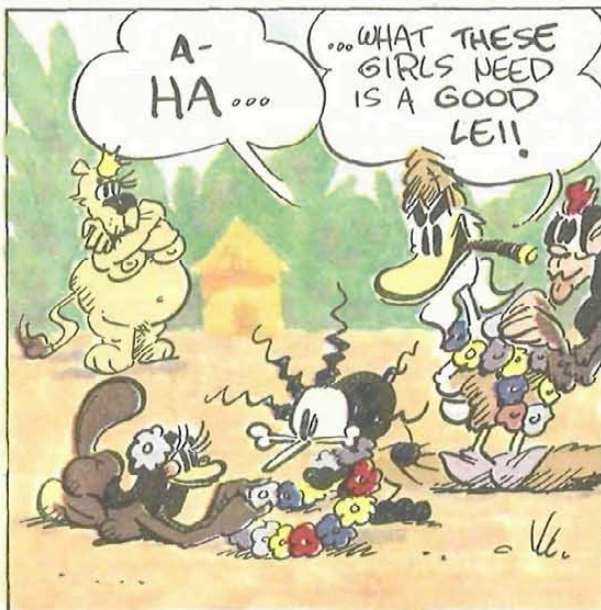
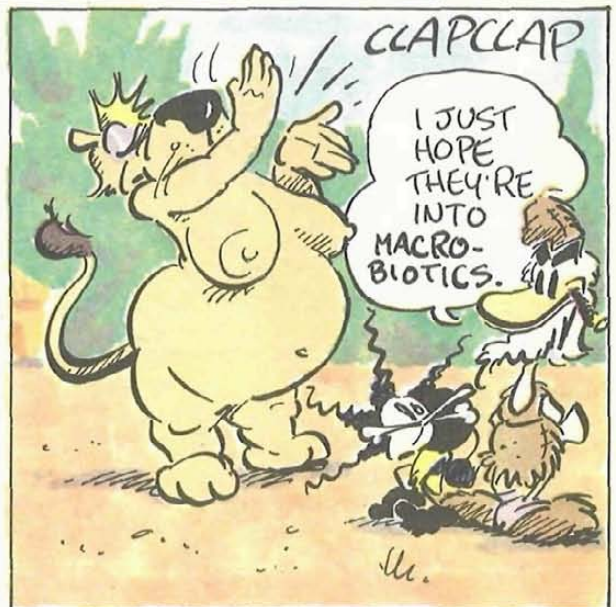
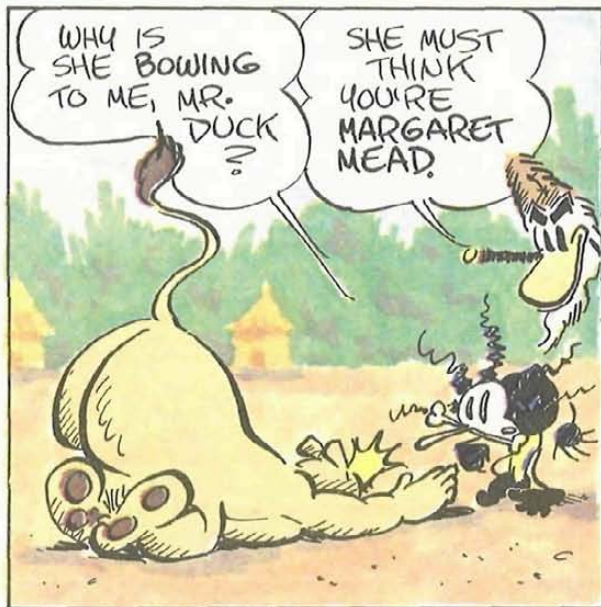
YOU HAVE QUITE
A NOSE
FOR FEET...

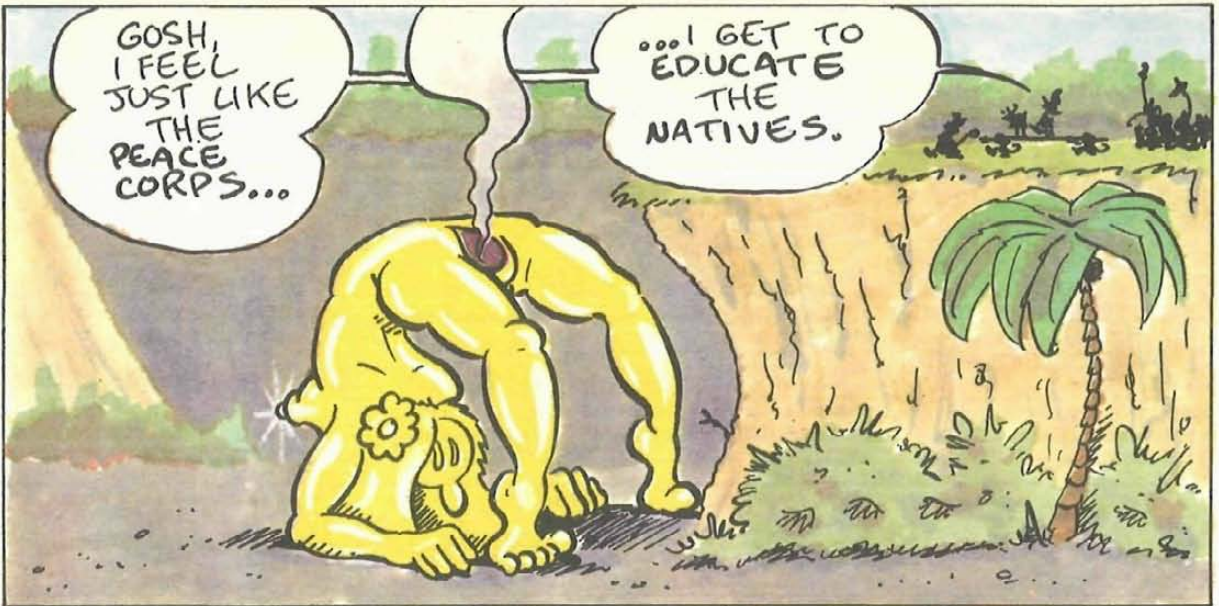
SNIF
SNIF
SNIF...



...AMAZON
APE
FEET!







GOSH, I FEEL JUST LIKE THE PEACE CORPS...

...I GET TO EDUCATE THE NATIVES.

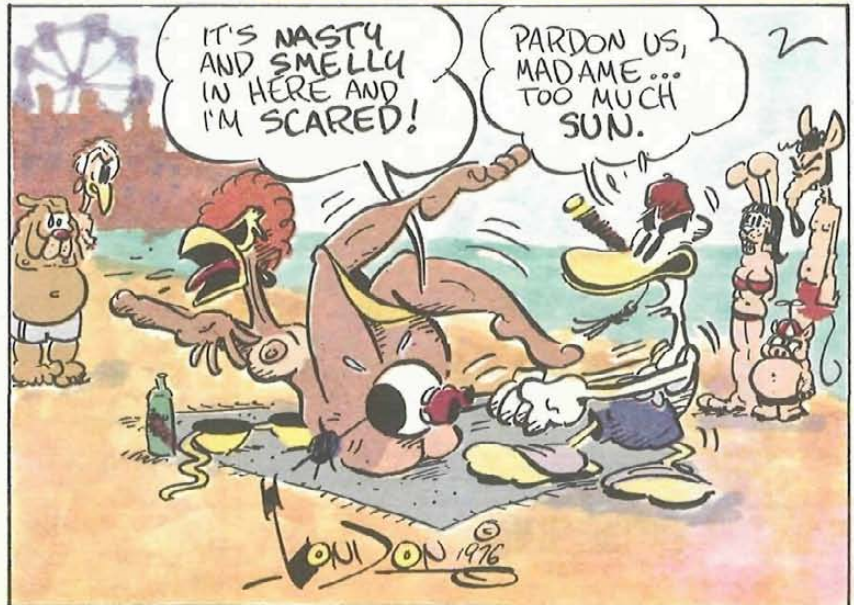


OH WELL, LOOK AT IT THIS WAY ~ GREAT SEX SYMBOLS MUST MAKE GREAT SACRIFICES.



MR. DUCK! - WHERE ARE YOU?!

DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE IN THIS PIT!!



IT'S NASTY AND SMELLY IN HERE AND I'M SCARED!

PARDON US, MADAME... TOO MUCH SUN.

ON ON 1976

for ungainly consumptive automobiles.

Here, our prices go up--but for an entirely other reason!
Can you divine it? There is no need, for we tell you in a winking of an eye: It is because our goods are of improved quality!
That is some good dealing, and we don't mean perhaps!

Do not forget to be aware of our superior space program. Soon there will be more vehicles orbiting around the Earth with people and machines inside them. A big machine will go to the moon and stand up on it. This will mean many jobs for workers in the industry that manufactures big machines.

And what of little machines...and electronic devices...we will use those as well.

Come, let us continue to manufacture these items!

We will make use of them all!!

Here is a report concerning heavy industry:

Dump trucks and steamrollers will be arriving off the lines of assembly in a short time. Look for them driving past the street of your dwelling very soon! And did you know that steam shovels and road-paving apparatus cannot be far behind?

Investment options for your money:

Purchase large quantities of oilcloth, feldspar, surgical instruments, and salmon. Keep them in your apartment and enjoy the usage of them. They are the fruits of improved Soviet industry!

Highly trustworthy sources in the Party have assured us that soon everyone will have adequate money to spend on things.

Such as which things, you may desire to ask?

We take delight in that query. We will answer it.

Such as toothpaste flavored with mint, for one thing...and insulated galoshes, as well...Are you not happy that the list has no end to it? It contains the enumeration of such boons to daily living as lettuce, gypsum, washable floor coverings, and industrial-capability antioxidation agents in various colors of the rainbow.

A brief word with regard to the government's economic plans:

Looking out from here, it is steady-as-long-as-you-go.

Gov't desires growth, seeks largeness on all levels.

What does this mean to you?

Here we give it to you in the shell of a nut: Look out down the road for straight-ahead activities. There is no riskiness. There is nothing to fret about concerning unplanned-for happenings.

At the prospect of such a future, we laugh heartily.

This glorious outcome of circumstances gives us pleasure.

Does it not have the same effect on you?

We are certain that it does!

Therefore, let us continue to enjoy living in this manner.

Is that not a good idea?

You wager it is!

Yours in very truthfulness,

Alexander Kremlinger

THE KREMLINGER MOSCOW EDITORS

Jan. 7, 1977

THE KREMLINGER MOSCOW LETTER

Circulated weekly to workers, officials, and other purchasers of goods since 1963--Vol. 14, No. 1

THE KREMLINGER MOSCOW EDITORS

452 Nevsky Prospekt, Moscow, U.S.S.R. Tel: 245-4331

Cable Address: Kremlinger Moscow USSR

Dear Comrade:

Moscow, Jan. 7, 1977

Let us attempt to calm your fears concerning bauxite: There is nothing that need cause you worry in this matter, as many figures released by the government are optimistic.

Our supplies of this mineral are adequate for a period of several months...if not more!

After that, who can know what anything will be like?

Are you worried about Romanian tin deposits? Don't. We have heard official rumors which assure us that everything will be adequate.

Upon the matter of housing: Soon there will be several more. Not only this, but apartments for families of one and even two persons. Should you hasten to place your own name on the List of Those

Waiting?

By all means!

May we make some bold predictions concerning the next quarter?

Be prepared to anticipate an excellent harvest of parsley.

Not only this, either. Many shoes are being produced.

Is this not wonderful!?

Trends in consumer purchasing continue to exist.

Look for these phenomena...

Workers of every occupation purchasing food.

Party officials and government functionaries summering on the

Black Sea...

Why not, may we inquire? Do you object to this?

Then redouble your efforts, and you will join them soon!

Here is LARGE NEWS concerning labor:

There have been no strikes for a long time!

Why is this?

Of course! Worker satisfaction pervades everything!

Collective ownership is the name that this game is called...

of the means of production by all people...of all people by their elected Party...of this same Party by the glorious Central Committee...

Now you are glad you asked.

What of occurrences in foreign countries?

Last year, a large earthquake existed in China.

Many objects fell down because of this...some of these were people...

President Podgorny has visited Albania in triumph.

What an eventful year!

In the West, everything is bad.

There is inflation that runs away in America: The result? Everything becomes costly in its expense. Workers must accrue their wages in order to purchase American dungaree clothing and gasoline

HUMANATION

The inevitable path man must take to resolve the otiose enigma of automation is to be part of automation itself. Man must become the machine. Only by harnessing our raw manpower can we solve what was once thought to be unsolvable—the Herculean, nay Sisyphian problems which have proliferated out of the iniquities of modern technology. When humanation is adopted, there will be no energy crises, because all machines will be powered by man. There will be no cataclysms in our ecological hierarchy, because manpower is natural, organic, clean. And there will be no unemployment, because every human being on earth will be needed to emulate the labyrinthian complexities of modern technology, while still providing us with its unquestioned advantages.

We can only echo the words of Lewis Mumford, one of our great philosophers, historians, and city planners, who climaxed his plea for humanation by asking, "What do you want, dignity or dollars?" □

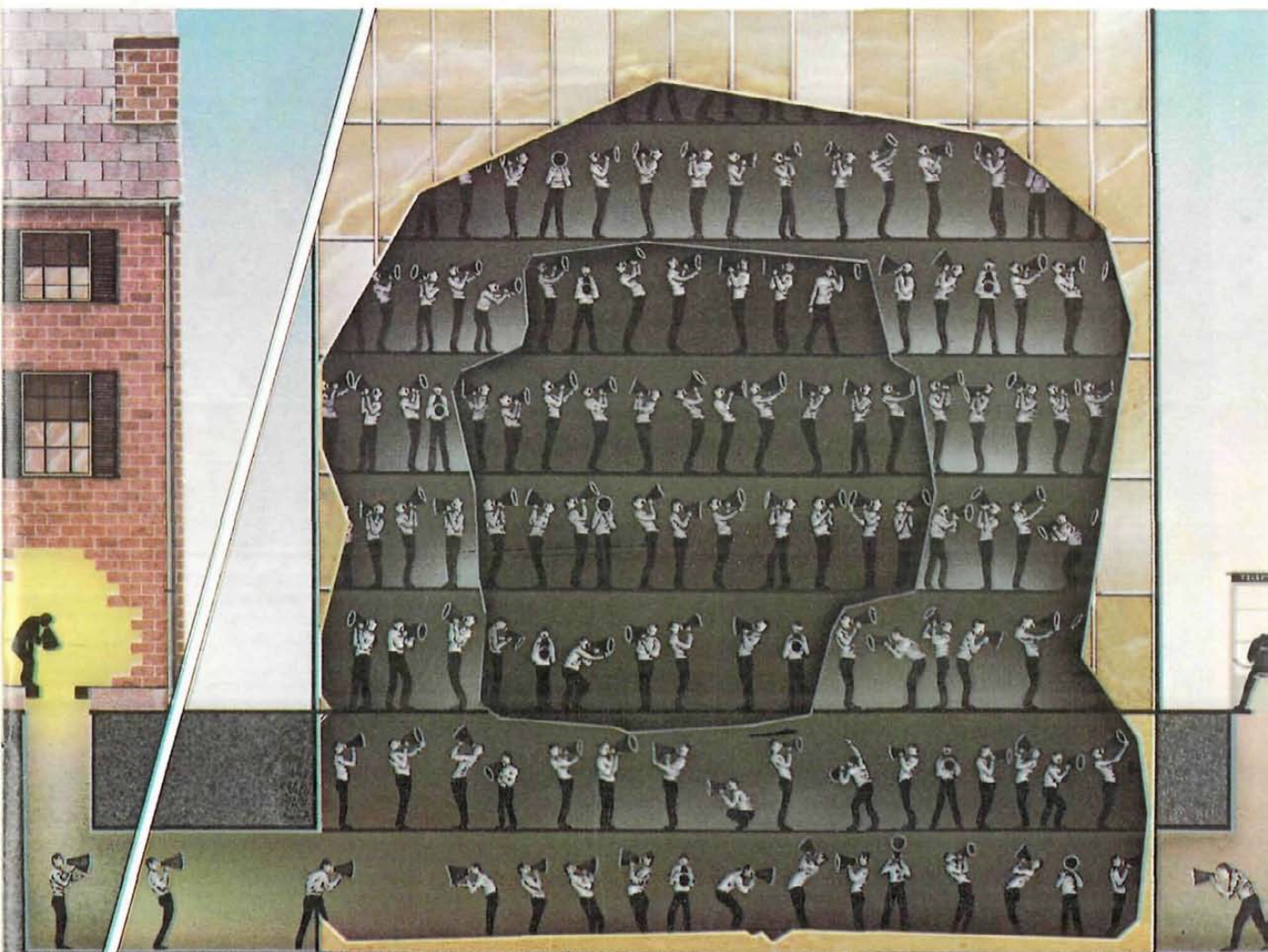
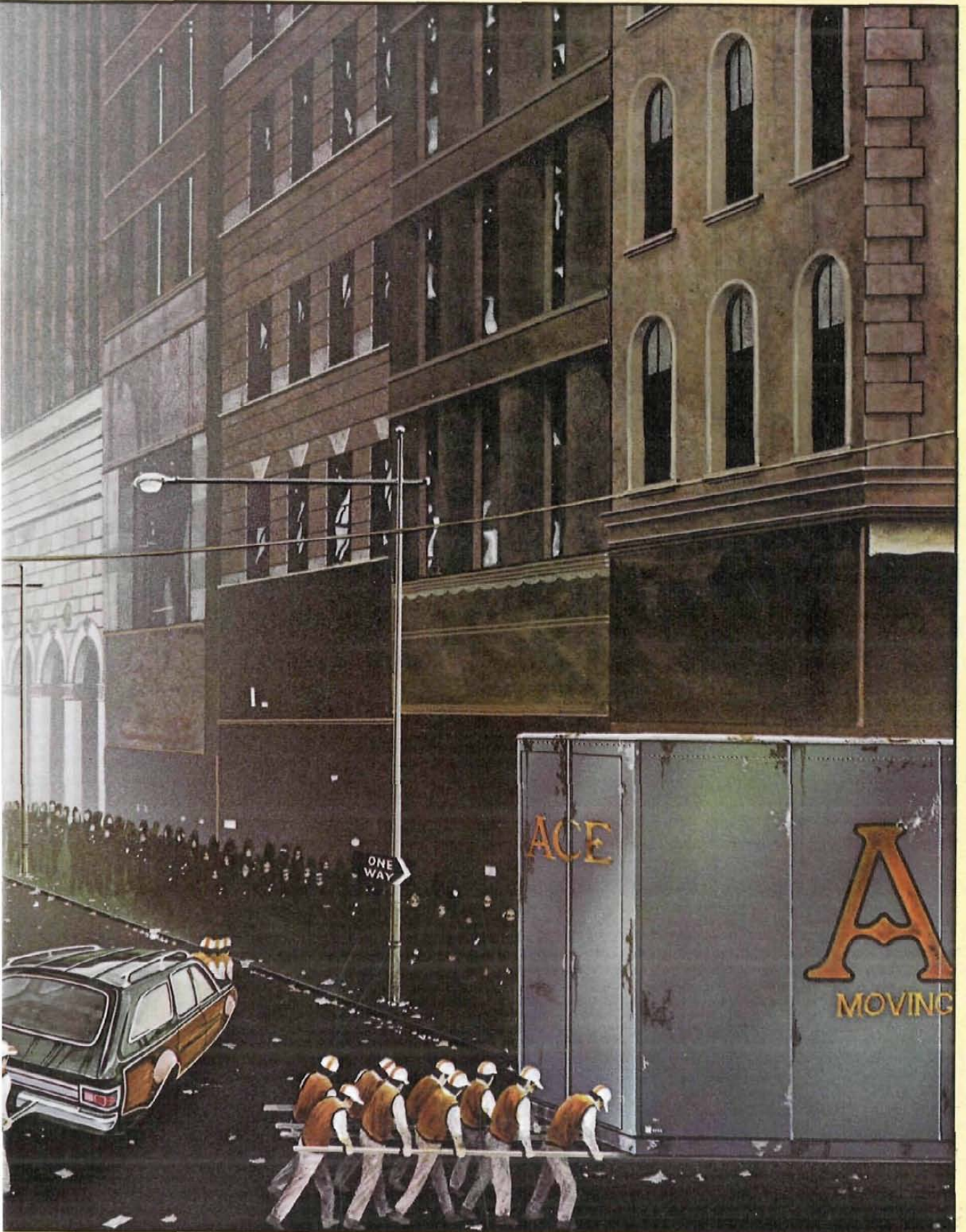
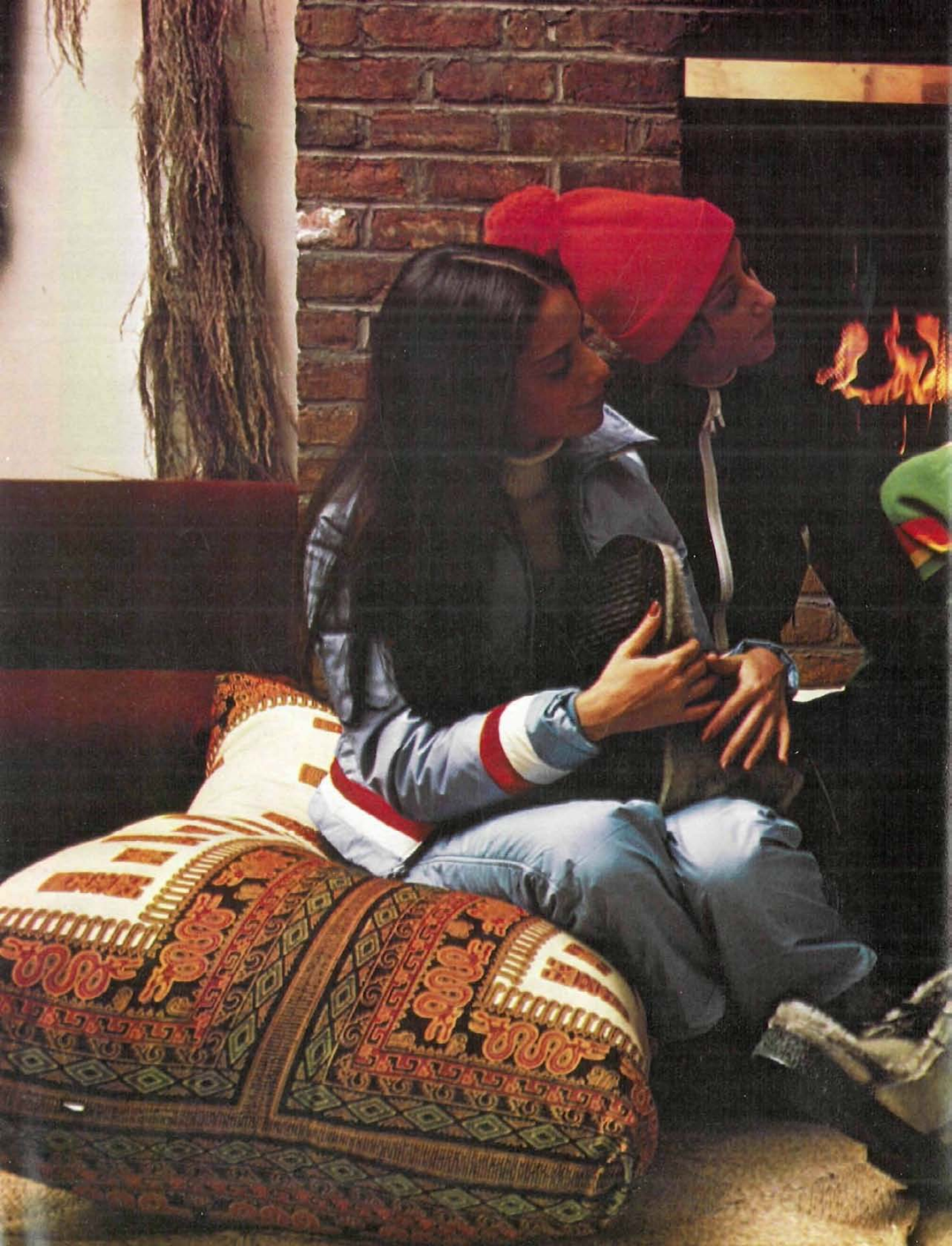


Illustration by Wayne McLaughlin







Surprise Poster #14



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



*Suggested manufacturer's retail price.

Birdbath

continued from page 12

Assassiness Sara Moore has been signed to star in *The Kathryn Grayson Story* for MGM. "I never really wanted to shoot President Whatsname. I just wanted to burst into song. Like this. Chirychiry-bim! Let go of my throat. Stop it, you're hurting me!" Birdbath had meant to, and looked fixedly at Miss Moore before it released its garrote. It knew she had never attempted to kill anyone, and therefore should not be starred in any pictures. But if she is, then Miss Grayson, whom we always thought was so lovely and ever-so-sweet, with that valentine face and those irregular lower teeth, should sink them into Miss Sara's epiglottis. Or wait! No! Since all who hear the graceless Moore will perish, all we need do is arrange a concert for a joint session of Congress, and let Miss Moore complete the work she so altruistically set about a year ago.

The CIA plot to make Castro's beard fall out by dusting his shoes with a depilatory of thalium salts failed, as we all know. It was not a nice try. Still, bouquets of roses to the CIA for their efforts. They'll be coming by messenger, and when they do, inhale deeply, boys, inhale deeply.

Again, the dopey old CIA, in interrogating Lt. Victor I. Belinko, actually believes that the plane he landed in Japan was a real MIG-25, Russia's newest and top-secretissimus fighter, despite the fact it proves to be an inexpensive, underpowered rattletrap. The old Ruskiens are trying to give us false confidence! We know a thing or three about that confidence game, however, and Birdbath thinks both Belinko and his biplane should have been sent home at once, with a note from the teacher, Francis Gary Powers.

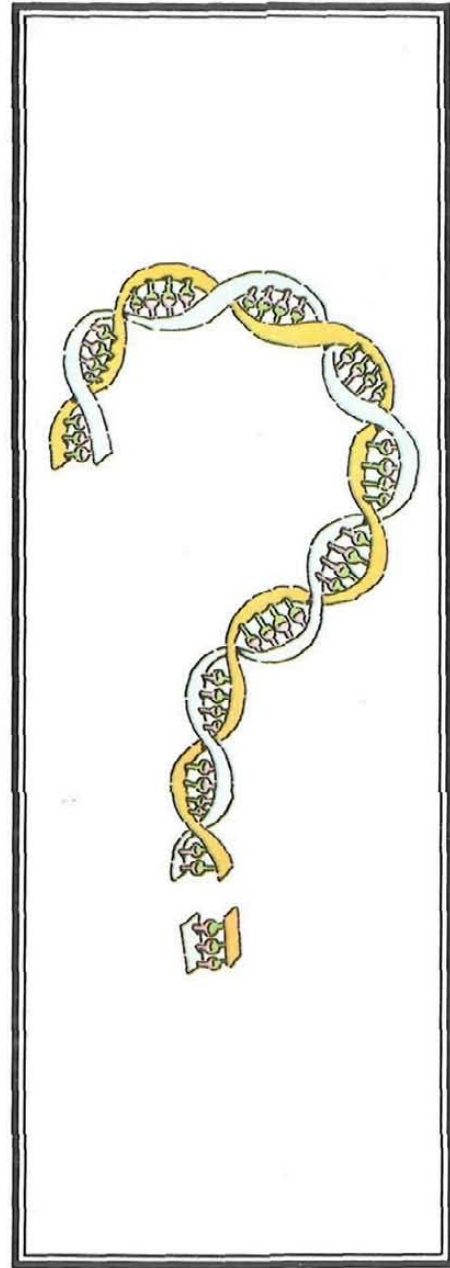
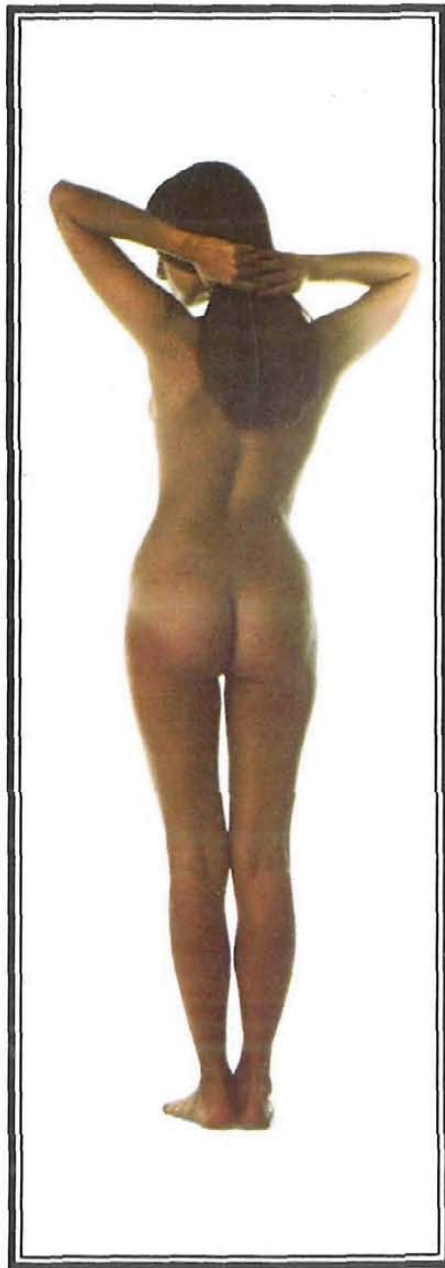
Assassiness Sara Moore will sing the national anthem at the inauguration this month. Watch for it.

continued on page 83



Officer, arrest that man. He's part Spanish.

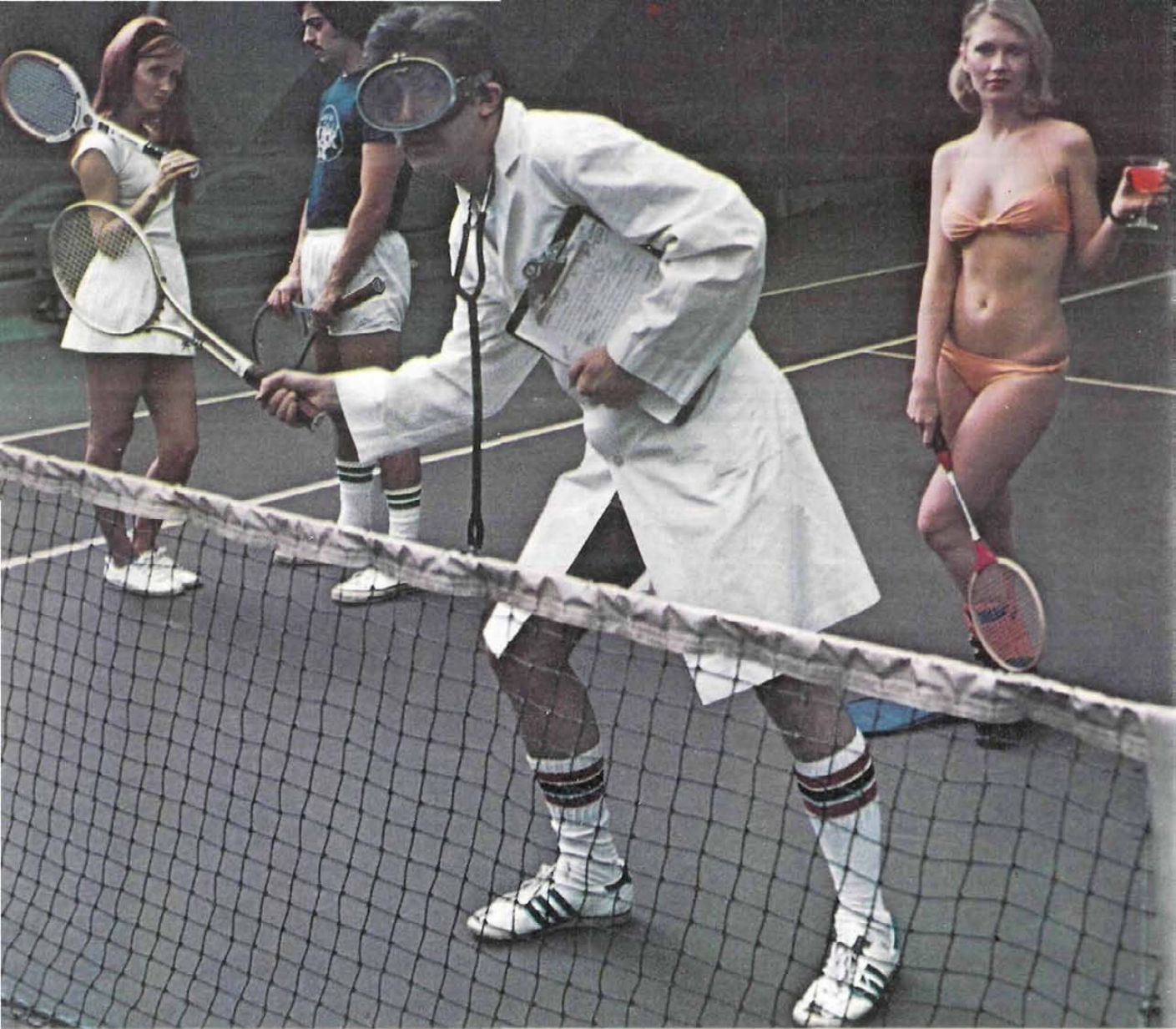
SCIENTERRIFIC AMERICAN



INSIDE THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION

\$1.25

January 1977



WHO ARE THE SCIENTERRIFIC AMERICANS?

He's the one into: Neutrinos and New Chinos ¹
 Pi-mesons and Paté Maison ²
 Einstein and Eisenstein ³
 Integrated Circuitry and
 Integrated Country Clubs ⁴
 Lavoisier and Courvoisier

She's the one into: Fission and Fashion ⁵
 Edward Teller and Bonwit Teller
 Mitosis and Martinis ⁶
 Photosynthesis and
 Photojournalism
 New Genes and Blue Jeans ⁷

IF YOU WANT TO INTERFACE WITH THEM, YOU'LL FIND THEM READING

SCIENTERRIFIC AMERICAN

¹ He likes them enough to have 3.2 pairs (Source: "Who's Wearing the Pants?" *Journal of Theoretical Physics*, May '76) ² 48.6% of householders with charge accounts at gourmet shops think science is "very meaningful" (Source: Annual Survey, *Journal of Theoretical Cuisine*) ³ The average holder of a Harvard Ph.D. sees 2.1 feature-length movies a day (Source: *Bulletin of Wildly Inaccurate Information*, Dec. '75) ⁴ He is as concerned with winning space for the races as he is with winning the space race (Source: *Comparative Concern Quarterly*, Vol. of Minutia at Length) ⁵ She generates a merry quantum of usable energy at work. She releases it in a nuclear explosion of hysterical spending—most of it on advertised clothing (Source: *Journal of Rubbish and Utter Nonsense*, June '75) ⁶ 94.3% of current membership of Academy of American Scientists are hopeless alcoholics (Source: *Innuendo Monthly*, Oct. '76) ⁷ She's not the type to replicate yesterday's wardrobe for today's lifestyle (Source: *Institute for Self-Serving Statistics*, June '76)

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“Times are changing and SCIENTERRIFIC AMERICAN is changing with them. Today, science is expanding the boundaries of the known, seeking the new and the real. The scientist is bursting out of the laboratory and into the world, expanding consciousness and living life to the fullest, ever thirsty for experience.

We at S.A. are responding to the challenge of the future in our own way—with a bold new format and an up-to-the-minute editorial outlook that commits itself to keeping one step ahead of the game. We intend to meet the needs of the liberated scientist of the seventies without ignoring the thousands of potential S.A. readers alienated by the clinical coolness of traditional scientific media.

We also fully intend to maintain the unyieldingly high standards of scientific accuracy and journalistic thoroughness that have marked our history as a publication. We trust that a perusal of this issue should serve to reassure the concerned reader.

We at S.A. are proud to invite you to join us in marking the inauguration of our modest experiment. Through change—progress! ”

THE EDITORS

Oscillating Shower-Water Delivery Systems

You've tried peppermint soap, scented oils, and back brushes. You've done it with a friend, a lover, and both at once. But keep your shirt off: science has taken the common old shower head and made it an instrument of pleasure. Recent innovations in "pulsating" oscillator assemblies is how.

by Jill Baker and Abraham Ben-Torus

I was in Aruba when it hit me. Picture it: refreshed from a day of coral snorkling and banana daiquiris, all set to shower down, change, and trip off for a marvelous evening of divine wining and dining (with an even more divine companion). I had peeled off my string, checked that my tan was coming along to satisfaction, and stepped into the shower. The first line of "Feelings" had hardly escaped my lips when I stopped, and realized.

It was *boring*.

Here I was, in Paradise itself, every element in my environment geared toward making my week a continuous revel in sensuous delight, and now this *piece of plumbing* was intruding into my pleasure space with its dull, mechanical, ho-hum pitter-patter of rain. I turned the water pressure up, but it was no better. This time I got a storm of straight-as-an-arrow needles slamming into my skin like a squadron of kamikaze pilots. It was *tyrannical*, I thought, and was willing to bet that even Gene Kelly must find it hard to keep singin' in the ordinary stupid old shower, which has been with us since God knows when.

(The standard shower head has changed little since the original Schliemann model, patented in 1921. This is the model currently in use in the vast majority of domestic and institutional showers: statistics compiled by the National Institute of Bathing, Showering,



CONVENTIONAL SCHLIEMANN SHOWER HEAD was introduced in the early 1920s. Most homes and institutions still use variants on this basic design. Note absence of Mode Selectors.

and Washing Sciences indicate that fully 83 percent of all shower heads in the U.S. today are copies or variants of the Schliemann head. The design features a diaphragm centrally situated around the main flow line. Coarse-to-fine modulation of flow is achieved by manual adjustment of the outer headplate, which is attached to the diaphragm.)

Imagine my surprise, then, when my editor asked me to review a new invention that would make that offensive, predictable shower head as passé as the leopard-skin one-piece and the snood. It seems that science has just come through with a glorious gadget capable of replacing those old drizzle drabs with real shower power, transforming even the

most cursory sprinkle into a veritable *ballet erotique au naturel*.

Several companies have already begun marketing the invention under a variety of catchy names (Masseur Showeur, Massage-a-Wash, Showerelaxer, Hot-and-Cold-Muscle-Tussle, Swingin'-in-the-Rain, Wash/Slosh/Oh Gosh, George WashingFun, etc.), but they all do the same thing: send a *pulsating* jet of water at you in a soothing, firm, delicious rhythm. It's absolutely fantastic, and makes this once ordinary activity a wicked little exercise in hedonism. Those men in the white lab coats really *do* think about something besides neutrino decay and cryogenic superconductivity.

(The original designs for the "oscillating pulse-shower water delivery device" were realized at Cornell's Human Engineering Laboratories under the supervision of Dr. D. Charles Rehr. A team of seven hydrophysicists, physiologists, and engineers worked for sixteen months on the project, adapting the Stember-Mullen lawn sprinkler mechanism to accommodate lower water pressures, variant temperatures, nozzle specifications, and possible inclusion of auxiliary hygiene attachments such as scalp brush, body brush, hair brush, elbow scrubber, back scratcher, thigh relaxer, ear prod, toe groomer, mouth rinser, calf stimulator, buttocks cleanser, genital soother, stomach sprayer, foot blaster, knee

washer, and nose kneader. Subsequent models included adaptors for various possible usage-modes, i.e., wall-mount, hand-stand, head-clamp, shoulder-holder, floor-prop, and knee-grip device.)

All three massagers that we tested attach to any standard home shower fixture—you just unscrew your plain old shower head and screw in the new one—and can be mounted on the wall or hand held. The water flows through the flexible multisectioned hose and into a little spinning thing that goes around and around and makes the water come out in a lot of little spurts instead of one long boring stream. (Twin nozzles facing in opposite directions on an armature accomplish the conversion of steady-stream flow to periodic circular pulsing. Amplitude of the waveform remains constant, while period is a function of water pressure. Spinning armature disk is low-torque; a minimum pressure of 3.0 pounds is required to achieve acceptable pulse strength. Hose is actually flexible plastic wrapped in a continuous strip of lightweight "sectional-compatible" chrome-plated alloy. Units themselves are high-impact plastic. Massage-a-Wash offers three-step spray-pulse-combination selection, while Showerelaxer and Masseur Showeur feature continuous "sliding" spray-to-pulse adjustment.)

There are slight differences between the three models—but all of them make it absurdly easy to just let the world go by and luxuriate in a warm, soothing, stimulating, rubdown that lasts as long as you want—and can be concentrated wherever it feels right! (The gimbal-pivot mount on the Masseur Showeur model lacks full rotational capability, thus making under-the-chin application slightly awkward. The Showerelaxer features a ball-and-socket mount which overcomes this problem, but its pulse-jet tends to "stall" at the slow end of the massage scale. The Massage-a-Wash unit comes equipped with an array of attachments, but several of these may be disproportionately difficult to attach.)

Needless to say, this new gismo will come as a blessing to those of us who, for one reason or another, have no tub but only a shower stall for washing that man, that woman, or anything else right out of our hair (such as exist in some older apartments or lofts). Fifteen minutes of good hot pummeling can be just as relaxing and twice as stimulating (!) as a good long soak. You can—if you must—do it alone. Of course, the possibilities for *massage à deux* are unlimited! Gone, the problems of your last shrink session, that executive who won't take no for an answer, or your mother's impending visit. Banished, those knots of aggravation after that spat, that job interview, or that divorce hearing. Dissolved, those kinks of worry about your Master Charge overdraw, your barren African

BASIC OSCILLATING DELIVERY SYSTEM allows for much greater flexibility, both in type of water flow (i.e., spray, pulse, or combination) and direction of application. Various attachments available are not shown.

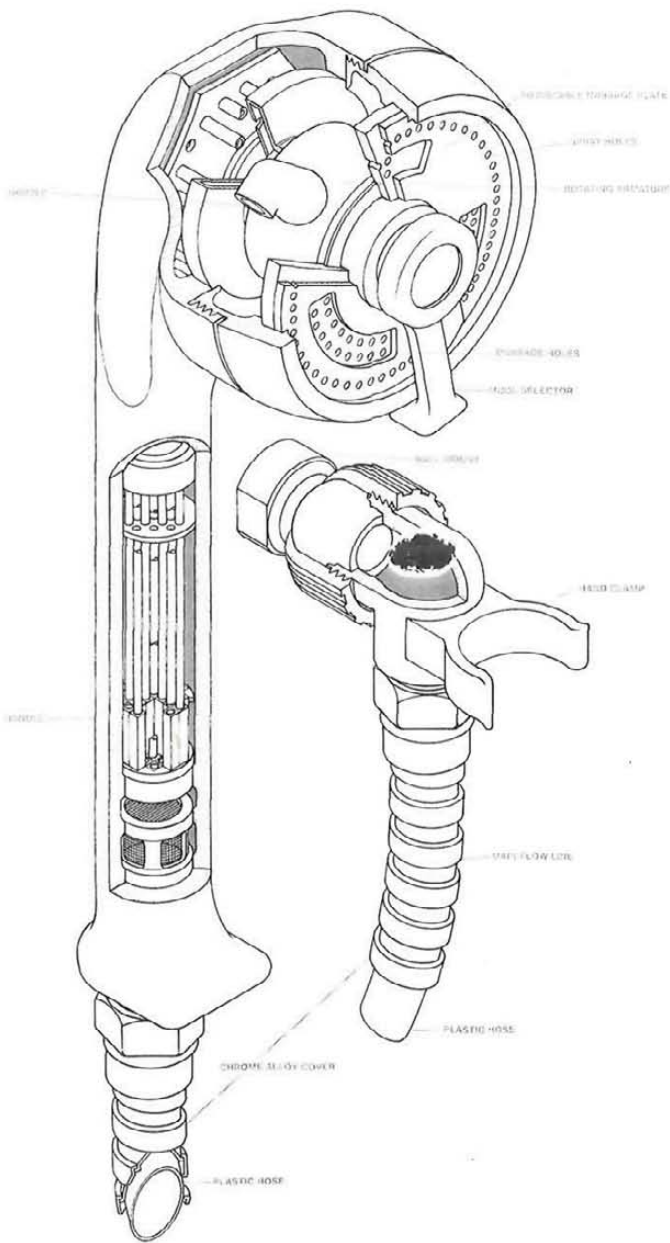
violets, your fear that he or she may not call after all.

(All models acquitted themselves well in lab tests. The Masseur Showeur showed only a 4.3 percent deviation from true sine when examined under a stroboscope at 100 flashes/second. Showerelaxer and Massage-a-Wash both measured a deviation of a very respectable 3.1 percent. All three scored acceptable on a spray-to-pulse adjustment test. All three offer pulse ranges between 800 to 9,000 pulses/minute. Water pressure variance measured only 3.2 pounds for

Massage-a-Wash, 3.0 pounds for Showerelaxer, and a praiseworthy 2.8 pounds for Masseur Showeur.)

All three are available at most department stores and discount houses. Only Massage-a-Wash comes in three colors (blue, red, and white), while the other two come in beige only.

Masseur Showeur from General Products, Inc., \$19.95; Showerelaxer from Merchandise Producers, Inc., \$22.95; Massage-a-Wash from Genmerch Products, Inc., \$24.95.



SPACING OUT:

Taking the Science Trip to Ultimate Reality

In science, as in life, truth is often even more far out than fiction. The adventurers who made the journey of *2001: A Space Odyssey* might well take the reality trip sometime: science is not only catching up to the cybernetic surrealism of Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece of lyrical speculation, it's flashing by at just under the speed of light.

Just think about it. Way back before market research, lip gloss, or inheritance tax, there was Aristotle. The original Fabulous Greek was just about the living end when he proposed a cosmology in which the universe was finite. The earth was surrounded by a series of spheres, like those marvelous Chinese puzzle balls that you see on coffee tables and can never resist taking apart.

Believe it or not, it took centuries



before someone pulled the Persian out from under that one. As any towheaded toddler with half a brain (left half, that is) could tell you, if there's a boundary to the universe, something has to be outside the boundary, even if it's only orbiting outtakes from *Lolita*. So long, Aristotle, hello, infinity!!

The Renaissance arrives in town. Absolutely smashing frescoes, glamorous Medicis dripping from the balustrades, and from every Big One working on the Big Problem, only three words: Euclid, Euclid, Euclid. Did someone say straight?

Not that there's anything really unforgivable about applying Euclidean geometry to space; it's just that, like a short skirt in a Ferrari or a Sauterne with fettucini, it's wrong.

So we learn more only to know less and all that, right? Well now, what do you suppose science does about it? They invent a theory to state it, natch! From the land of Precision Engineering and Tortured Genius comes Werner "Erhard" Heisenberg with a famous theory that says, when you come right down to it, "Don't be so sure!"

From Heisenberg's Uncertainty Prin-

ple, it is but a short skip and a jump to the Vienna Philharmonic of scientific questions: How did the universe begin? You could take that one to Ibiza and back before cocktails, but you wouldn't get further than the Big Bang Theory. Now that we observe galaxies receding from each other, only the drabest party pooper could even try to resist the idea that it all began with one divinely thrilling cataclysmic bang.

Of course, there are other ways to

go with that one: seeing that just about everybody is swinging both ways these days, why should scientists be an exception? If you really want to run a test on your cerebral circuitry, think your way through the black hole brouhaha. They who know are theorizing that there may come a time, long after you and I have gone to the great summer rental in the



Don't call us....

If I could only be sure!

Jacques Cousteau—Down to the Sea in Shifts

Since time began, the allure of the unknown has drawn man to the oceans, where multihued fish hide in the protective arms of the huge sea sponge and the silent giants of the deep bear mute witness to the endlessly evolving ecology of marine life.

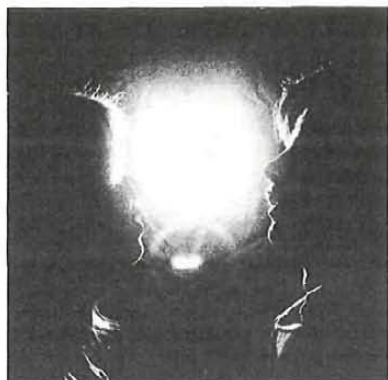
Now we are turning towards the ocean because life on land has become problematic. For the first time since our planet was born, the richly carpeted sea bed, undisturbed for centuries, is being

invaded by the ungainly machinery of agriculture. Underwater ploughing is being perfected, and the sea will soon nourish us at her bosom. When we have found ways of submerging ourselves without experiencing the skin-wrinkling that has been dubbed "shower sickness," we will dwell there as well.

The pioneers of this new frontier are trying to unlock the mysteries of the sea, at one moment guarding her myriad riches protectively, at another exposing a

tantalizing glimpse of blinding beauty. The whale and the dolphin are our guides in this new kingdom.

These enormously intelligent creatures are the graduate students of the deep, owl-like types who mate infrequently and are believed capable of human-type communication. It is the dolphin who can tell us how it came to be that long ago, when horses had flippers and men were tree lizards, the problem of wrinkling underwater was overcome.



The start of something big.

sky, when the expansion will end and the universe will contract, ultimately collapsing into a black hole.

If you don't know already, a black hole is just about the most amazing wondrousness to boggle a mind since someone thought of mixing tomato juice and vodka. Essentially, it is a star so dense that even light is unable to escape from it. Its presence, as the heavy heads would put it, is gravitational but not



Discovery of the first black hole.

optical. Isn't that fabulous?

If you care to have your synapses sizzled yet again, then think on this: some far-out fellows are speculating that black holes may be like portholes in the web of matter through which one could travel for a shopping spree or that secret rendezvous in another time and another space (words and music by Alf "the Wiz"

Tim Leri— Tripping the Light Fantastic

All citizens of earth now standing on threshold of Awesome Ice Cream Cone Buddha void. Psychedelic (*Psyche* = mind, *delic* = delicious) substances free each manwomanchild for space travel. Science frees mind.

Egghead anti-Buddhists equate intellect with mind. Lose intellect equals lose mind. Who crazy? Repressed one-dimensional thinking results in worldwide braindeath chaos as Capitalist cancer machines devour and puke in terminal carcino-sickness.

You don't need to inform on a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows.

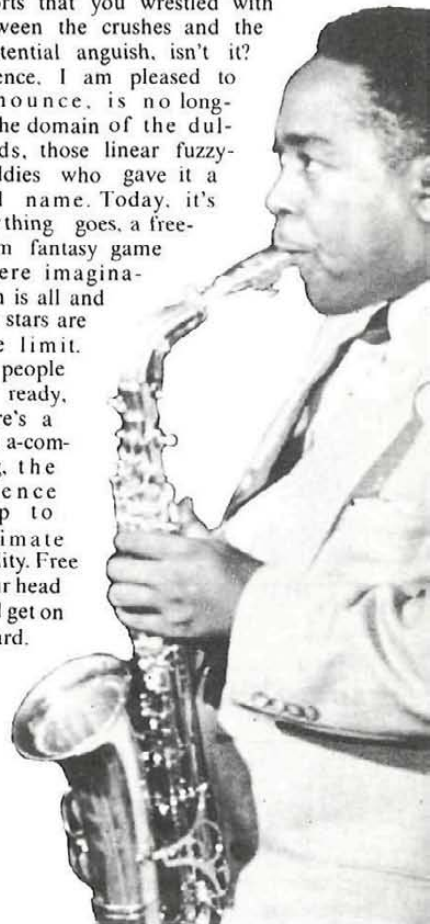
Einstein).

So you thought that time flowed ever onward in one direction! Well, aren't you the silly one. The special theory of Relativity (and it really is special—so intelligent and impressively complex) tells us otherwise. The implications are as thrilling as breakfast *en boudoir*, kippers and English marmalade on a tray.

Carl Sagan—Bright Boy of the Brainy Brunch Bunch

"When I flash on the exobiological changes coming down, it completely wipes me out. Intelligent beings on other planets! Wow! The five-million-year cosmic home movie we call reality is building to a total mind-blow climax (the stars are the stars—of course!). The

It's a long way from the test tubes and retorts that you wrestled with between the crushes and the existential anguish, isn't it? Science, I am pleased to announce, is no longer the domain of the dulloids, those linear fuzzy-duddies who gave it a bad name. Today, it's anything goes, a free-form fantasy game where imagination is all and the stars are the limit. So, people get ready, there's a trip a-coming, the science trip to ultimate reality. Free your head and get on board.



Bird lives! Somewhen in futurepast, his alto solos soar on.

whole space exploration thing is on an incredibly righteous time warp to the big I, and that's *infinity*. Jack. Don't get fooled into thinking there's anything superficial about topography—erase that tape loop and you're on your way to ultimate reality, wherever that's at!!"

MATHEMATICAL GAMES

Numbers disguised as words in a maze of letters, and some clues to help you out.

by Martin Gardner



Last month's "Mathematical Games" was devoted to mapping several divergent nonrandom Gresham combinations beginning at values of zero, one, and infinity onto a hypothetical "Newton grid" of five dimensions. Three astute readers wrote me and properly pointed out that, where $x=1$, the curve is asymptotic with respect to all nonreal values of y and z , and that therefore a correct extrapolation of my own result would yield a point configuration congruent (but discontinuous) with that of every intersecting plane on the "surface." (I have since confirmed this by rereading Brussel's paper, "Unreal Polyatic Progressions and Multiplanar Tessellations Go to the Zoo," reprinted in the *Journal of Vast Quantities*, Vol. 12, Boston, 1964.) Therefore, the figure, when transposed from five back to two dimensions and corrected for "undefined" moments-of-value, should look like Jack Nicholson and not Marisa Berenson.

This month's game is also quite mathematical, but in an unexpected way. Below is a box of letters. Hidden in the box are the names of real integers and their adjectival forms (i.e., *three* and *third*). Some clues as to which numbers are used also appear below. Simply take a pencil and circle the names as you see them. The numbers read from left to right, from top to bottom, or diagonally from left to right going up or going down. Occasionally, an auxiliary word (for example, *number*) may also appear.

The solution to September's game, in which a hypothetical bus makes a series of stops and takes on or discharges a nonperiodic number of passengers, is: *your own age*. Remember that the game begins with the hypothesis, "Let's say you're the bus driver." Therefore, no matter how many persons board or disembark from the bus over a possible infinity of stops, the solution to "Now, how old's the bus driver?" will always be the age of the player.

CLUES

- The _____ Seal
- Number of Baskin and Robbins flavors
- Seagram's _____
- Saks _____ Avenue
- The Fortune _____
- "When the moon is in the _____ house..."
- Fashion Avenue is _____ Avenue.
- Look out for _____
- Chanel _____
- Love, in tennis
- Number of zodiac signs
- A golfing _____-some
- "Will you still need me, when I'm _____"
- _____ golden rings
- _____ 's company, _____ 's a crowd.
- Pop songs make the Top _____.
- _____ Days of the Condor
- _____ Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
- "_____ Life to Live"
- _____ on the floor
- QB _____ (hint: Roman)
- _____ Beauties
- Triumph's TR _____
- Plead the _____
- O.K. in CB

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

- "_____ " (Song from *A Chorus Line*)
- It Happened _____ Night
- A _____ of scotch
- Fellini's _____ 1/2
- "Tea for _____"
- Dressed to the _____ s
- Nadia scored several perfect _____ s.
- One shy of blackjack

- The Forum of the _____ Caesars (hint: Roman)
- The Buick Slant _____ engine
- "_____ Ways to Leave Your Lover"
- The _____ th Hole (refreshments)
- The Magnificent _____
- Song of Joy: Beethoven's _____
- Snake eyes
- Number of players needed for bridge

LETTERS

Sirs:

I could not help but notice the one glaring oversight in an otherwise excellent article by Duncan and Hines on Nuclear Reactors ["We All Go Together When We Go," *SCIENTERRIFIC AMERICAN*, November]. While there are definite dangers associated with the process of massive fission, the danger is not likely to come from the deep pile itself. If and when "secondary shag" sets in, it will almost certainly be in the primary stages of heat exchange, as Enrico Fermi established some years ago.

BRIAN YORKE

Princeton, N.J.

Thank you for the correction. We thought you would be interested to know that authors Duncan and Hines have recently written a musical based on the life of nuclear pioneer Enrico Fermi. O! Rick! is currently in preview with an all-star cast under the direction of Bob Fosse. The lavish "chain reaction" number is by all accounts a show-stopper.

Sirs:

As a confirmed antimatter buff and husband of a unified field freak, I was thrilled by the November issue's gift to cybernuts ["Our Friend the Quark"]. The authors have won this round of the subatomic structure contest for the "motel furniture" model with their discovery of "tables" and "chairs." In fact, we would go further: since these particles appear to have neither mass nor "vacation home," the entire "fixed address" concept will have to be revised.

Let the "sun belt split-level" and "A-frame bungalow" boys read this excellent article, and then maybe they won't think they're so smart.

OCTAVIUS SOLARIS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

We will be pleased to pass your interesting comments on to the author.

Sirs:

Re jj Callahan's "the curvature of SPACE in a finite universe: Kant's antimony-masonic philosophy applied to extrinsic geometry. Magnetic lines of force converging on stonehenge runes clearly map of reincarnated alchemist rosetta stone. Yes yes. WHY: does erotosthanes focus on alexandria, zenith of royal pyramidal ARK? Only Children of God know answer is in secret Persian scrolls Crowley told of. Remember: "BUT in the world below, it's the reverse, each sphere with GOD's own love more instilled/the further from its center it appears."

DANTE ALIGHIERI CHAS MINGUS

We will be pleased to pass your interesting comments on to the author.

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BOOKS

High-temperature energy creation, and a useful addendum.

by Erich Von Däniken

PLASMA PHYSICS AND FUSION-PROCESS CONTROL, by David Hu, Ph.D., and Samuel Garner, Ph.D., Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Conn. (\$25). What a silly book this is! Plasma physics is about a kind of energy created in atomic interactions at very high temperatures. The atoms come together (this is *fusion*) and release some energy. Doesn't it sound important? It is, quite important! And isn't this because today we need as much energy as we can manage to get from any available source? Yet, after reading this book, I do not know anything!

Of course, the professional scientist lives within a different sort of atmosphere than you or I. I assert that these so-called men of wisdom prefer to keep the everyday man in the dark about their often earth-shattering discoveries and projects. And yet, does not man wish to have knowledge? Must we forever be doomed to crawl on our stomachs in a

cave of ignorance whilst the highly-paid "experts" drink deep drafts of data and fine sherry in their clubs? Here I declare: no! Facts are not to be owned by this or that physicist. They are to be spread for all.

This book is full of odd graphs and strange equations that I certainly cannot understand, and I do not think many of my readers will, either. The subject of plasma physics is intensely fascinating, but we must look for an explanation of it in another book.

NOTE: I am pleased to announce that John H. Digby's excellent study, *Talking Radishes from Jupiter Are Impersonating U.S. Senators*, is now available in paperback. Mr. Digby is a friend of mine, and his book is a valuable weapon in the fight to defeat those voices of fear and old-fashioned thinking that are always trying to keep mankind from having a glorious future.

Five years ago,
Alice Liddell
had an idea.

Today,
Laotian children
are eating
the results.



It was June, 1971. Alice's husband, Dr. John Liddell, was working on a project: finding a way of dealing with *Laotius pyrocoleoptera*, the destructive Asian beetle that was devastating crops throughout war-torn Laos.

"Why don't you find a way to make the bugs get sick, John?" she asked.

Her husband, the assistant research director for

Applied's Insecticide Division, thought it was worth a try.

Three years later, the results were in: PEKONE® was 96 percent effective in eliminating the Laotian Fire Beetle.

Today, this field is under cultivation again. PEKONE® is playing its part in eliminating an undesirable life form,

thanks to a concerned woman— and a company that cared enough to listen.

Applied Chemical.
**At work within you
and without you.**



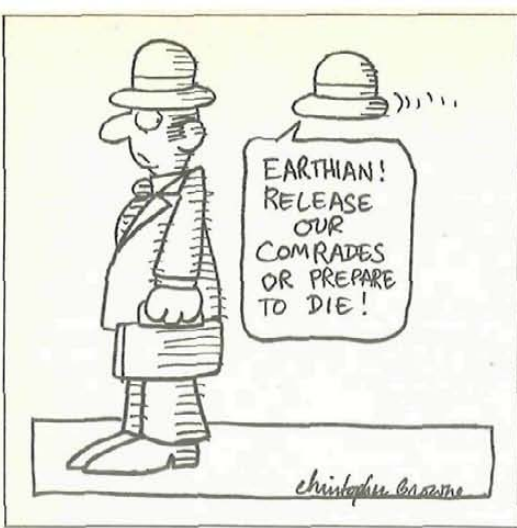
the cartoon occupies that rare zone between print and image where consciousness and intellect meet and engage in dialogue. In this unique mode, form and context interact in a medium that is transient and fleeting, relying as it does on the very moment of perception.

The examples on the following pages thus have a vocabulary all their own. In Caldwell's private universe, cause is effect, while Gerberg's canvases are a bleak interplay of light and dark, a ghostly moral netherworld where logic and irony leer obscenely at one another. Christopher Browne and Sid Harris, meanwhile, play Oberon and Titania to Ed Koren's Puck, each casting his mock-grotesque shadow on the stage of his art. For Dawes, as for Ziegler, the principal subject must always be the process of representation itself, while M.K. Brown's marvelously cerebral silliness disguises the vulnerable innocence of a genuinely naive sensibility.

Roger de Swanns
Editor

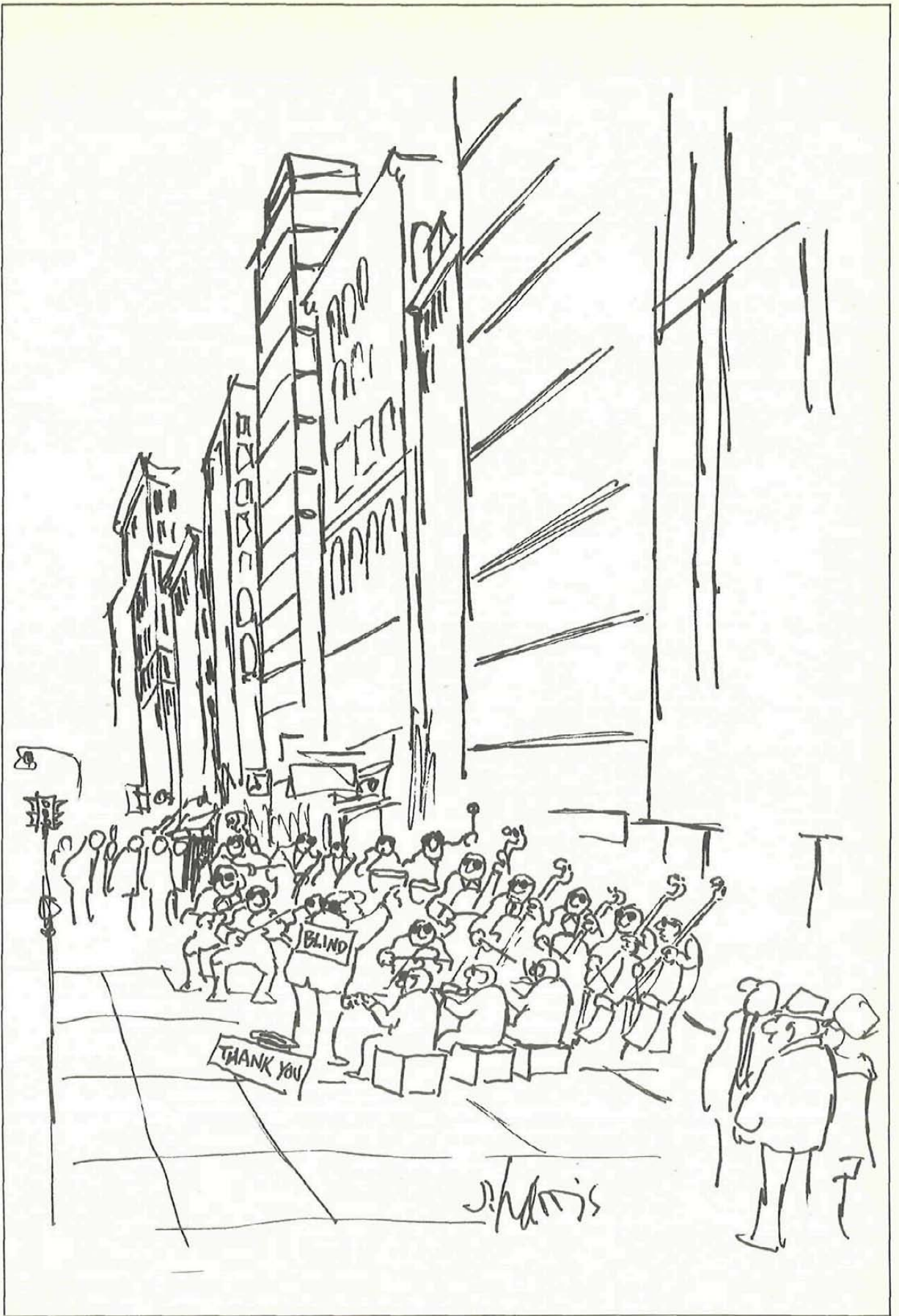
The Very Large Book of Comical Funnies

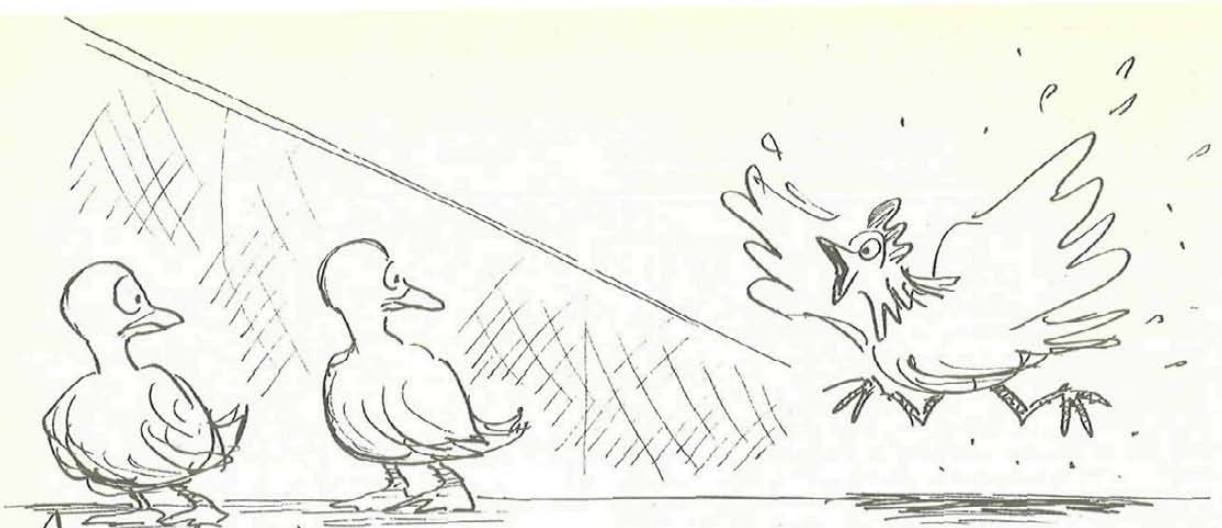




"The reservation is in the name of Apple—A-p-p-l-e."

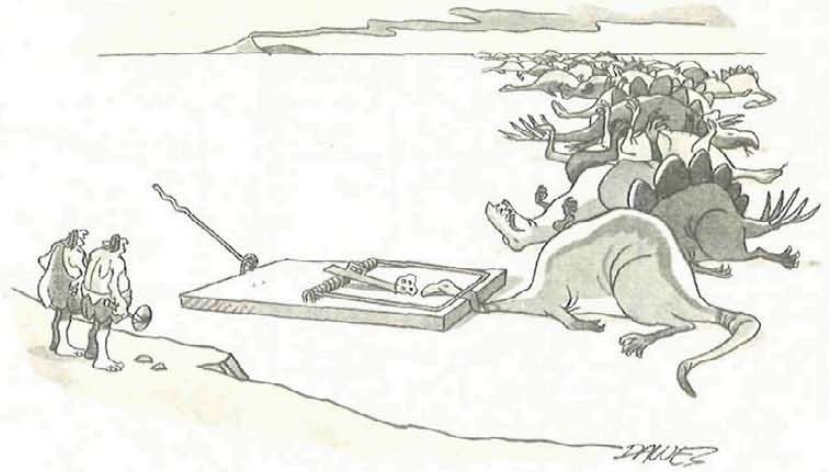






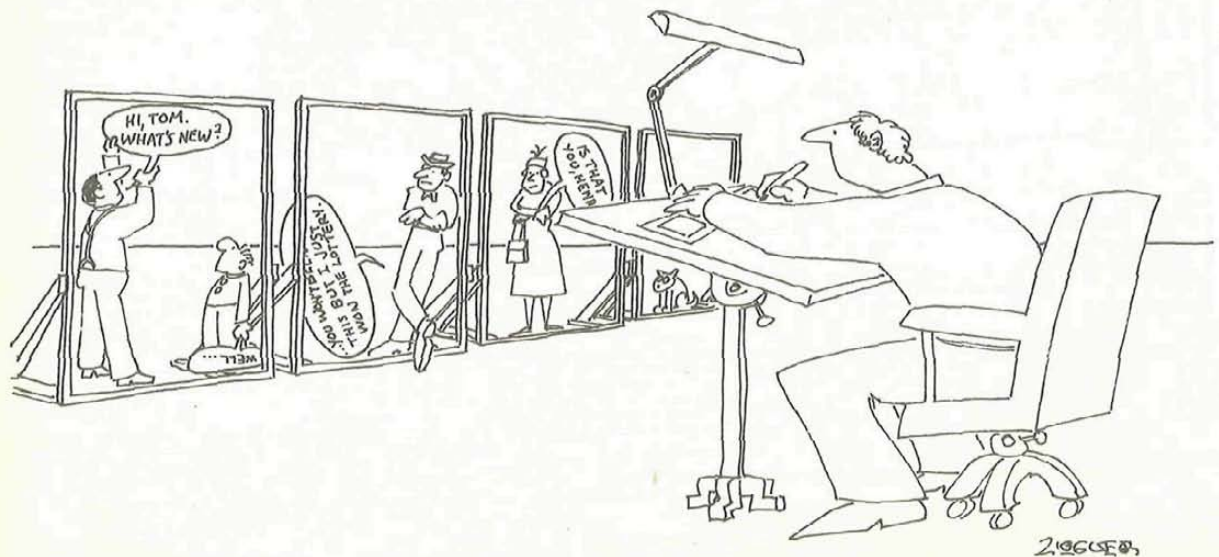
Nat Asberg

"Mediocrity is rampant! Mediocrity is rampant!"

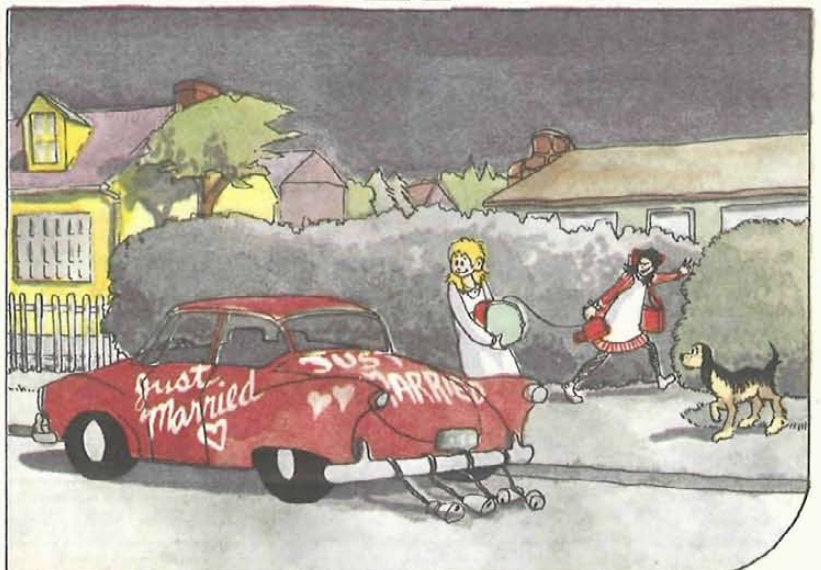


"There, that's the last of 'em."

DAVE



ZIEGLER





THIS NICE COUPLE WILL HAVE A LOVELY VISUAL RECORD OF THEIR FIRST NIGHT TOGETHER...

FOR TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS!



...OR ELSE WE'LL SHOW IT, TEN CENTS A PEEK, TO WINOS AND PERVERTS!

VIDEO IS A VERY LUCRATIVE PROFESSION.



I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE AN INSTANT REPLAY OF THAT GOLDEN SHOWER SCENE!

CAN I AIM THE CAMERA ONE TIME?



NOW THIS IS NOT A MERE TRYST...

.. IT'S FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK FOR US AS LONG AS THEY ARE BOTH MARRIED TO OTHER PEOPLE!

OH, LOOK! I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE REALLY USES COKE BOTTLES!

UH OH. HE'S GONNA BE SORE TOMORROW.

THAT'S HOW PEOPLE GET HEMORRHOIDS.

OH LORDY! A WHOLE FIST!

YOU HAVE TO BE REALLY JADED TO WANT TO DO THAT.

SHE'S FAKING IT. YOU CAN TELL.

THESE SICKIES DESERVE TO BE TAKEN FOR EVERY CENT THEYVE GOT.

ICK! ICK! ICK!

MAY I HOLD THE CAMERA?



NIFTY LITTLE MICROPHONE! IT EVEN PICKS UP THE SQUISHING.



NO PROFIT POTENTIAL HERE... JOHNNY AND SANDY'S FOLKS ARE SLEEPING LIKE LUMPS.



...BUT A HAH! JOHNNY AND SANDY ARE GOING AT IT LIKE FAMISHED SAILORS!

IF THIS GOT OUT, IT COULD RUIN THEIR LIVES!

TEE HEE.

NOW CAN I HOLD THE CAMERA?





WE'VE COME TOO FAR TOGETHER FOR SILLY STORIES. SUPPOSE YOU BE OPEN AND HONEST WITH ME, LIKE YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN.



OF ALL THE CALLOUS, UNFEELING THINGS TO DO, HOW COULD YOU BE SO HURTFUL!! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD TREAT ME THIS WAY, AND AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU!

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, YOU SILLY MAN. I HAPPENED TO LOOK AT SOME SHEEPSKIN COATS, TODAY, THAT'S ALL.



O.K., O.K. THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL. THE MAILMAN STOPPED BY, I WAS FEELING A LITTLE BLUE, AND ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER. WHAT CAN I SAY? IT WAS A PURELY PHYSICAL SPIR-OF-THE-MOMENT THING. O.K.?



OH, SURE, YOU GIVE ME THINGS. BUT WHAT ABOUT MY FEELINGS? IT'S TEN JERKS AND OFF TO SLEEP. WHAM, BAM, THANKYOU, HAND!

OKAY, THAT'S IT. GIVE ME BACK MY RING. I'LL TAKE THAT WATCH, THANKYOU.



TAKE THEM/ MAYBE LEFTY CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF THEM. HE'S TOO CLUMSY TO FOOL AROUND.



THAT'S IT. GET OUT!! GET OUT!! NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE.



THE REUNION

by Jeff Greenfield

As the Volkswagen Camper pulled up to the door of the Holiday Inn, Rustin felt a surge of anticipation and excitement flow through his body. For one glorious weekend, he was free, from the crushing routine of his work, his old lady, the kid, the encounter group, the farm, the hassles, free to see once again the people who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the most exciting, dangerous, happiest time of his life....

"Okay, folks, this is where it's at," the young driver called out. Rustin looked at him for a moment, wondering if his use of the antiquated slang was a gesture of friendship or contempt. He decided he didn't care; *what do these goddamn kids know about what it was like?* he thought to himself. He glanced into the glass door of the hotel, trying to check himself out. His shoulder-length hair was increasingly flecked with gray, and his belly bulged through the tight, tie-dyed jeans he had dug out of the attic. *Got to start getting in shape*, he told himself, noting with displeasure that the fringe on his suede vest was following the contours of his belly, forming a belt of parentheses.

"Hi, there, are you a VDU?" Rustin looked up in to the face of a nubile girl of about sixteen.

"Owe you a lid if I'm not," he said, giving the ritual reply.

"Far fuckin' out," she answered, completing the exchange. Rustin could not avoid glancing at her breasts, which swelled unencumbered beneath the black leotard, and as his eyes wandered downward, to an ass that

looked like two ripe melons, he felt a mixture of lust and shame. *She's younger than my daughter Sunflower*, his superego cautioned. *And wouldn't you love a dip in that honeypot*, chuckled his id. "Well, hi, I'm Kathy, one of your Official Weekend Sisters," she said languorously. "What post are you from?"

"George Jackson, Affinity Group 358, Wiscasset, Maine."

"Right," Kathy said, glancing down a list. "I see that several of the vets from your campus are already here. Now, here's a headband for you to wear, and an itinerary."

Rustin slipped the headband over his receding hairline. *If I lose any more on top, I'll have to comb the whole thing forward, even if it hangs down to my chest.*

"Maybe you and I can let it all hang out one night," Rustin said hesitantly.

Kathy wagged a finger in front of his face and smiled.

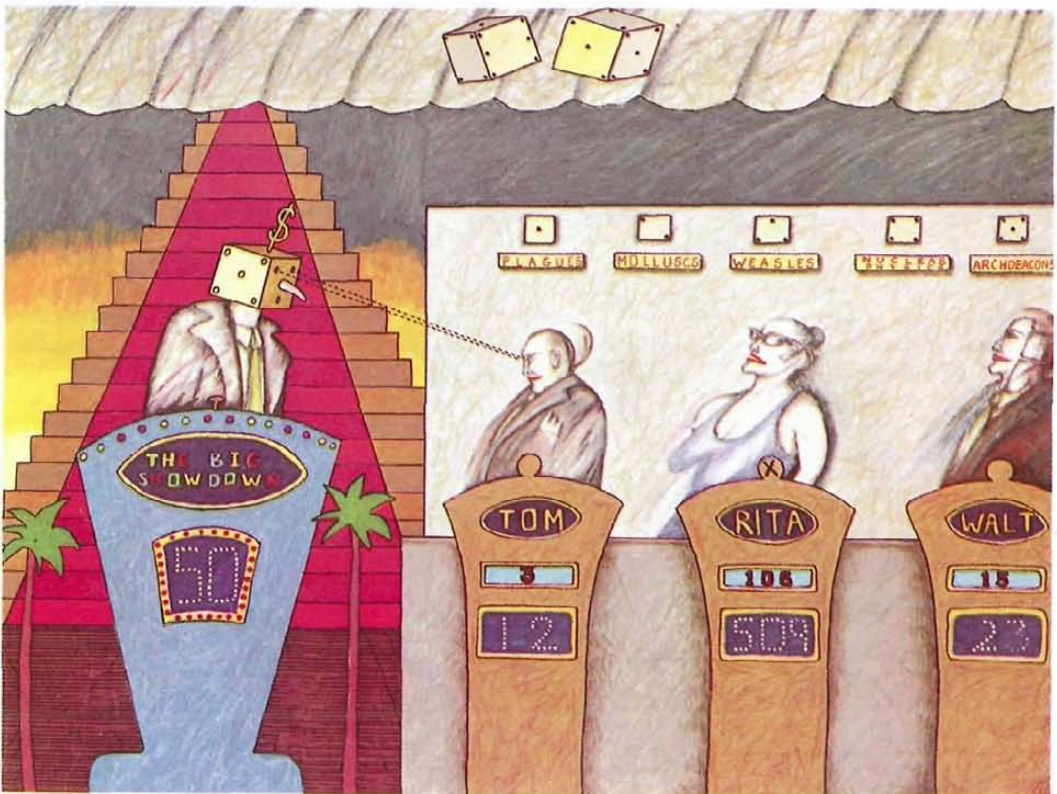
"Naughty, naughty," she said reprovingly. "Mustn't relate to me as an object." She walked over to another late arrival with liquid grace. Rustin groaned and looked over the schedule.

He had been one of the last to arrive; there had been a predictably bitter, last minute fight with Susan over his absence, and the cost of the trip to Madison, Wisconsin. Even though the business was going reasonably well—head shop supplies were becoming something of a nostalgia novelty item among the kids—the family therapy, biofeedback sessions, and correspondence primals took almost all of their income, and the farm was going very badly. On the other hand, Rustin reflected bitterly, everything between him and Susan was going badly.

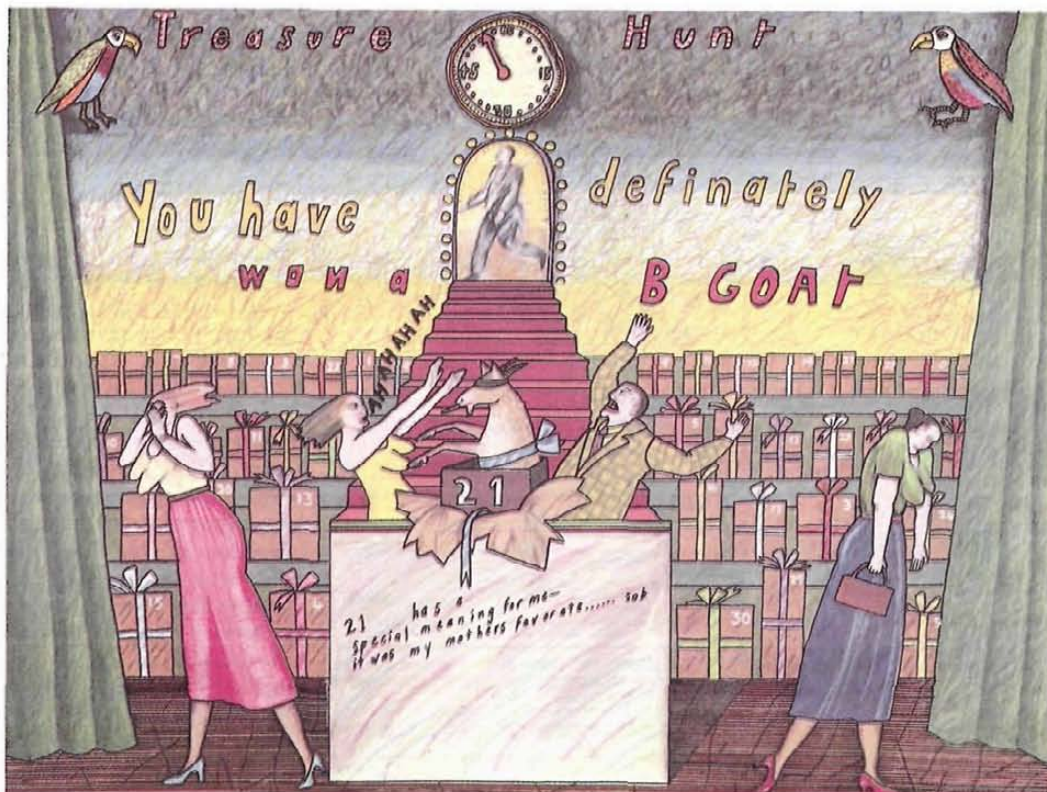
Rustin heard a burst of applause from a

continued on page 78

s a dental assistant, and she comes from Cliffside Park, New Jersey...I'm...I'm going to freeze, Bill...is
stant Judy shows us this *dinner for two at the fabulous* six hundred and fifty dollars...? I'm sorry, the a
e recliner that relaxes!) And I have two children, a boy, six, and **anything can happen when you**
llars **as you sun and fun at the fabulous** Taj Mahal? No, and the box or the curtain...um...Paul Ly
change for promotional consideration.) **And Eastern...the wings of man.** (And the take-home gar



ht!! (Applause.) Um...um...things that use zippers? **Yes, you got it!!!...Oh my God!** While our love
er is Argentina (Oh, fool!) this handsome set of Samsonite luggage and...that's right! Higher! Higher! (T
cookin' on a Tappan! (Mr. Ludden's wardrobe by Botany 500.) Say the magic word and win a hund
? *Oh my God!* Ten dollars down and we go to Bennett (*ding!*)...I'm terribly sorry....(Products provided
See you next week!



Final Days

continued from page 27

might consider it "anti-Semitic."

Haig nodded to himself. Those were important moments. His military instinct told him that such information could be useful as a tool of survival. Haig knew that it was a soldier's duty to survive.

He glanced at his bookshelf. Then he told his secretary, "Get me a copy of tomorrow morning's *New York Times*," and sat back to ponder his next move.

THE PRESS corps was annoying Ron Ziegler.

They had become abusive and cynical. He would tell them a perfectly straightforward lie, and they would sneer. Then they'd ask confusing questions, like, "Hey Ron, does Jaworski know what Sirica told St. Clair about what Garment's memo to Haig said about Joulwan and Price?" Ziegler would stammer, trying to understand the question and formulate an evasive answer. But they would just laugh, and someone else would ask, "Hey, Ron, how many double plays did the Cleveland Indians make in 1965?" There would be more laughter.

Ziegler was also worried about the President. Ever since the indictments had been handed down, the President

had come to rely more and more on Ziegler for assistance in everyday activities. Nixon would routinely call Ziegler into his bedroom at night and demand to be tucked in—a chore previously reserved for John Ehrlichman. (The President had not slept with his wife since some time in the summer of 1961. Since then, their domestic life had deteriorated: Pat had begun to drink more and more, downing as much as a full glass of sherry every night. One evening, a member of the kitchen staff had come upon her accidentally in the pantry, and she had clumsily attempted to hide her shot glass full of wine.) Ziegler knew that because of these seemingly insignificant services he provided for the President, he was one of the most valuable men around the White House.

Certainly just as valuable as Kissinger.

Ziegler secretly loathed Kissinger. When Ziegler spoke to the President, Nixon insisted that Ziegler address him as "Mr. Tremendous Wonderful President of the United States of America." But Kissinger was able to call him simply "My Commander-in-chief." There were other reasons to despise Kissinger. He was arrogant. He was secretive. He was powerful. He had dated Jill St. John. Had

Ziegler? No.

As he left the press room for his office, Ziegler knew what he really wanted. He wanted to tell the world the story of the White House during Watergate—including the story of Henry Kissinger. The truth, this time. No, really. He really meant it. But he had to do it in such a way that he would be protected from Kissinger's wrath, both personal and legal. By the time he reached his office, he had a plan. It would be a little risky, but with the Administration crumbling about his ears, there was little left to lose. He knew Nixon would resign. The thought pained him. If only the public knew how keen a mind the President once had. If only they knew how truthful and honest he could be when he wasn't lying and prevaricating.

Ziegler sighed, wrote a note to himself on a yellow legal pad, unwrapped a piece of Juicy Fruit gum, and slipped it into his mouth. Then he sat for a few moments and carefully peeled the silver foil off its wax paper backing. He crumpled up the foil into a little ball and, with the fingers of his right hand, kicked it around his desktop, ending with a little flick into his paper clip caddy and calling, "Goal!" That did it. His mind was made up. He summoned Judy Johnson by intercom, and asked her to get him a copy of the next morning's *New York Times* as soon as possible.

HENRY KISSINGER was irritated. The confusion that boiled around him now was offensive to his sense of order and propriety. I shouldn't be surprised, however, he thought, as he stood in the shower of his Georgetown apartment. I should have known that Richard Nixon would end this way.

Kissinger was famous in Washington for his vanity, his massive self-confidence, his meticulous intellect, his pudgy fingers. He was also famous for his contempt. He was contemptuous of everyone around him. He often remarked to aides that the President "was a meatball of a mind." Another time, Kissinger openly declared his contempt for the cabinet. I have contempt for the cabinet, he said to someone. Another time, he was attending a reception for himself and his staff celebrating their return from the Mideast after the successful negotiation of a cease-fire. Brent Scowcroft's six-year-old daughter Janie ran up to the Secretary of State and delightfully leaped into his arms.

continued on page 82



"Now, cough!"



DONUTS

REMEMBER HOW THERE WERE CERTAIN THINGS THAT YOU KNEW WOULD ONLY COME WHEN THE TIME WAS RIGHT AND YOU WERE OLD ENOUGH, AND THAT THERE WAS NO USE RUSHING THEM?

HEY, THERE'S TEDDI BIGGERHOFF!

YEAH!

BOY, SHE SURE IS BLOND!

YEAH!

MY COUSIN EDDY'S CRAZY ABOUT HER, ONLY HE SAYS SHE'S STUCK UP AND THINKS SHE'S BETTER THAN ANYBODY.

THEN WHY DOES HE LIKE HER?

IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S SEXY. ONCE I HEARD EDDY AND ANOTHER GUY TALKING ABOUT HER AND THEY HARDLY USED ANYTHING BUT DIRTY WORDS.

SHE KIND OF LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IN THE MOVIES!

HI, KIDS!

HI!

HI!

SHE SURE HAS A NICE VOICE!

YEAH - AND SHE SMELLS GOOD, TOO!

IT'S EASY TO SEE HOW PEOPLE GET INVOLVED!

Graham Wilson
©1977

Two Year Affair *by Preiss & Reese*

MICHAEL, GAIL, AND SUSAN ... THREE BEINGS IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE ... SO WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN A SINGLES BAR?



©1977 B.P.V.P.



11:45 P.M. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT ...



NEXT: BID AND ASK.

SITUATION COMEDY COMICS!

by ED SUBITZKY

JUST LIKE TV!

TODAY'S SHOW: "TILLIE AND JOE!"

IN TILLIE'S MODEST HOME IN THE SUBURBS, IT ALL BEGINS AS A TYPICAL MORNING!

BYE, JOE! HAVE A NICE DAY IN THE ZIPPER CONGLOMERATE!

BYE, BABY! MAYBE TODAY I'LL LAND THAT BIG PROMOTION!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN TILLIE'S OLD FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR GERT COMES IN FOR COFFEE AND CHAT...

WHY, TILLIE! YOU'RE CRYING! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, GERT-

I DON'T THINK JOE LOVES ME ANYMORE! THIS MORNING HE WENT OFF TO WORK AND ONLY KISSED ME GOODBYE ON THE CHEEK, NOT THE LIPS!

I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO WIN HIS LOVE BACK!

LISTEN, TILLIE! IT JUST SO HAPPENS I'M READING THIS NEW BOOK BY A TOP PSYCHOLOGIST! IT SAYS, TO WIN YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVE BACK, YOU HAVE TO FEED HIM HIS FAVORITE FOOD!



LET ME SEE... YOU'RE RIGHT! IT DOES SAY THAT!

JOE'S FAVORITE FOOD IS MOLASSES! I'LL RUSH RIGHT DOWN TO THE ACME SUPERMARKET AND GET LOTS OF MOLASSES FOR TONIGHT!

I'LL CHECK BACK WITH YOU LATER!

MEANWHILE...

LOOK, MR. ACME! SOME MORE FOOD RETURNED BECAUSE OF MISLABELED CANS!

DON'T LET WORD GET AROUND! WE'LL LOSE ALL OUR BUSINESS!

LATER

DIDJA GET IT, TILLIE?

EVERY LAST CAN IN THE PLACE! COST ME \$117, BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO KEEP MY FAMILY TOGETHER!

WHERE'D YOU PUT IT?



IN THE PANTRY CLOSET... OH NO!

WHAT'S WRONG? THE CLOSET IS SELF-LOCKING AND I LEFT THE ONLY KEY IN JOE'S AND MY UNISEX JACKET I GAVE TO THE SALVATION ARMY!

MY MARRIAGE IS RUINED!

NOT YET IT ISN'T! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN MOLASSES! MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ONCE SHOWED ME THE RECIPE!

MEANWHILE, DOWNTOWN...

NICE UNISEX JACKET YOU HAVE THERE, JOE!

MY WIFE TILLIE ALMOST THREW IT OUT! AT THE LAST MINUTE, HAD TO GRAB IT FROM THE SALVATION ARMY PILE!

BY THE WAY, ROCKBOTTOM IS ON HIS WAY OVER! IF YOU LAND HIS BIG ZIPPER CONTRACT, YOU'RE A CINCH FOR THE PROMOTION!



I'LL INVITE HIM TO DINNER! TILLIE IS ONE GREAT COOK! I BETTER WARN YOU OF ONE THING, THOUGH... HE'S A BIT ECCENTRIC! THE FOOD HE HATES MOST IS MOLASSES, AND THE FOOD HE LOVES MOST IS KUMQUAT INSIDES!

ALSO, HE GREW UP IN AN ORPHANAGE WHERE HE ONCE WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN FOR TOUCHING WET PAINT! ANOTHER THING HE HATES IS STICKY WALLS!

MY HOME PHONE IS OUT OF ORDER, SO I CAN'T REACH MY WIFE TO TELL HER TO BUY KUMQUAT INSIDES, BUT SHE'S NEVER SERVED MOLASSES IN OUR OVER 14 YEARS OF MARRIAGE AND SHE'S SCrupulous ABOUT CLEAN WALLS!

LATER

GERT, YOU DID SAY 46 BOTTLES OF SYRUP, DIDN'T YOU?

I CAN'T HEAR YOU FROM OVER THERE, BUT THAT SOUNDS RIGHT!

LATER



SOB! THERE ISN'T EVEN ANY MOLASSES SMELL TO SAVE MY MARRIAGE! AND THERE'S STICKY STUFF OVER EVERY LAST WALL IN THE HOUSE!

WE'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW! YOUR MARRIAGE CAN LAST TILL THEN, TILLIE!

MEANWHILE, I BETTER GO BEFORE JOE GETS HOME!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE HAVING A GUEST FOR DINNER...

HON, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. ROCKBOTTOM!



PLEASED!

GASP! THESE WALLS! I'M GOING HOME! YOU LOSE THE CONTRACT!

I THINK I'M GOING TO PASS OUT!

BETTER REVIVE HIM WITH SOME FOOD WHILE I START CHECKING THE "HELP WANTED" ADS!

TRY SOMETHING SWEET!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS IN MY JACKET POCKET...

THE ONLY SWEET FOOD IN THE HOUSE IS IN THE PANTRY CLOSET! BUT I LOST THE KEY!

A MOMENT LATER

BY THE WAY, TILLIE, WHAT IS IT YOU'RE ABOUT TO FEED HIM?

SURPRISE... IT'S MOLASSES!

NO! STOP! YOU MUSH!

IT'S TOO LATE! I'M HOLDING THE CAN OVER HIS MOUTH AND I JUST GOT THE TOP OFF!

SIGH! WHEN WORD OF THIS GETS AROUND, NO COMPANY WILL HIRE ME ANYWHERE!



WHY LOOK! THIS STUFF ISN'T MOLASSES! MUST HAVE BEEN MISLABELED!

IT LOOKS LIKE... KUMQUAT INSIDES!

LATER

YOU SAY YOU HAVE 152 MORE CANS OF THIS? I CHANGED MY MIND! YOU CAN HAVE THE CONTRACT AFTER ALL!



THE END

PRESENTING

The BILLY MOUSE SHOW

BY E N O S

HELLO, YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE - IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOU! NICE NICE TO SEE YOU!



WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS NOT THE BILLY MOUSE SHOW... THIS IS THE CHICKEN GUTZ COMIC STRIP!

O my goodness... we must be in the wrong place!

YES, ONCE AGAIN WE'RE PROUD TO BRING YOU THE ALL-AMERICAN, LOVABLE, WONDERFUL, TALENTED, UNFORGETTABLE... **ME!**

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO MICKEY MOUSE IS PURELY...

here finally in PRIME TIME... to bring you good, clean, wholesome fun and entertainment instead of that dirty, dirty, K-A-K-A... POO-POO COMIC strip!



THE GOOD SHIP OF LOLLI POP...
PINKA PINKA PINKA

YOU GOTTA ADMIT HE IS LOVABLE.

HI, JANA GRAYSON FROM KANSAS CITY... I'M WAITING FOR MY SURPRISE.

My guests today include my friend RICHARD "THE NOSE" NIXON, you may remember he was one of our very great and nicest presidents. He's going to hum some patriotic songs for us and...

THIS ROUNNY RODENT IS GETTING ME DOWN!

I'm sorry to interrupt Mr. Billy, but I think this is our comic strip... the... or... CHICKEN GUTZ strip...

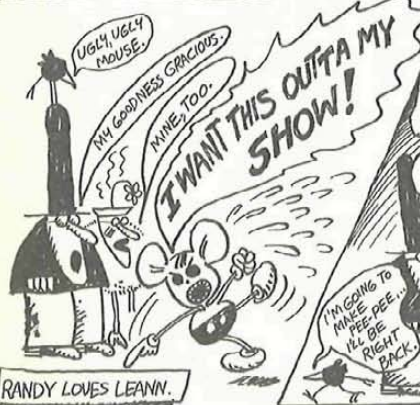
GET OUTTA CAMERA RANGE, CLOWN!

...and Martha Raye is going to show us her medals and tell us why WAR is nice and John Wayne and Ronnie Reagan are going to arm wrestle and...

GET OUT OF COMIC STRIP!

you probably just took a wrong turn at DIRTY DUCK!

What's going on here?



UGH, UGH, UGH! MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS WINE, TOO!

I WANT THIS OUTFA MY SHOW!

RANDY LOVES LEANN.



Now, why do you people want to disturb our BILLY MOUSE?

AND ALSO ON OUR SHOW... THE ENTIRE MIXED CHOIR OF OUR LADY OF IMMACULATE LASAGNA WILL SING... "I GOT RHYTHM!"

We would like our strip back!

I'M GOING TO MAKE PEE-PEE... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

GET IT... RHYTHM??

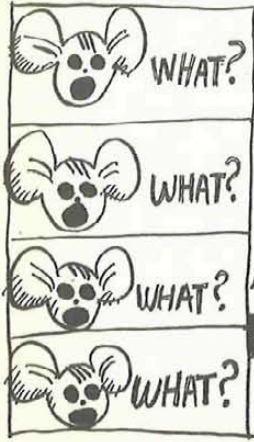


I am not giving up my show. The DECENT, GOD-FEARING, AMERICAN, APPLE-PIE people who read this strip are going to get some DECENTY for a change.

here comes the KICKER, gang!

You know who reads this strip?? PERVERTS, MANIACS, SIMPLETONS, ILLITERATES, GOONS, and DROOLING ADOLESCENTS that's who!

I'VE GOT THE MAIL TO PROVE IT, FOLKS... SORRY!



WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

IN THAT CASE... GOODBYE! THE STRIP IS YOURS... GOOD RIDDANCE AND POO-POO!



Boy, it's good to have the ol' comic strip back!

Boy, it's good to have the ol' comic strip back!



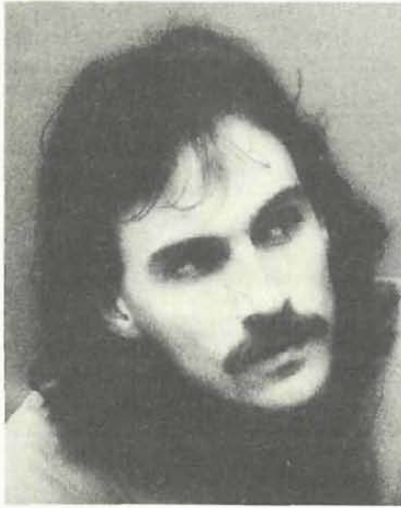
now that I've got it back... I don't know what to do... HEY HEY



How now how now?

HELLO TO ALL THE "SHIPS" CREW - KAREN K., ELIZABETH, MARY, JOHN THE PAUSE BASTARD, VAH! SWANNE AND PIEDPiper (THE KITTENED LAMB) ROBERT ANTHONY, RANELL AND RODER WILL GET THEIR NAMES IN THE STRIP WHEN THEY SEND ME THE \$15.00...

James Taylor: *Carolina in my mind*



Something in the way she moves

Fire and rain

Sweet Baby James

Country road

You've got a friend

Don't let me be lonely tonight

Walking man

How sweet it is

Mexico

Shower the people

Steamroller



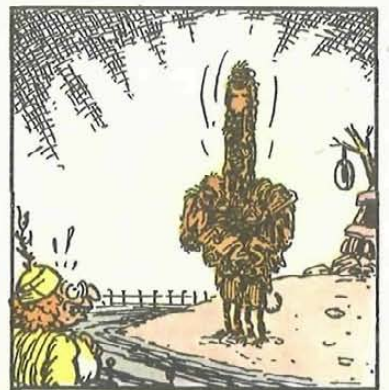
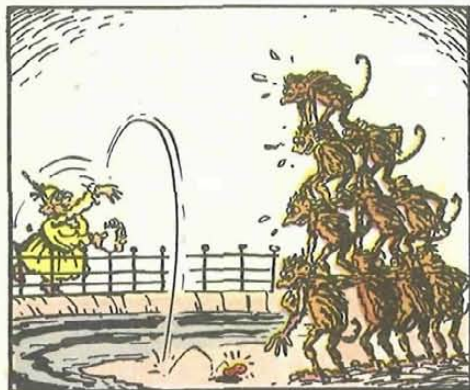
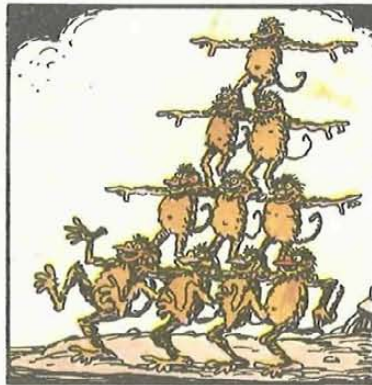
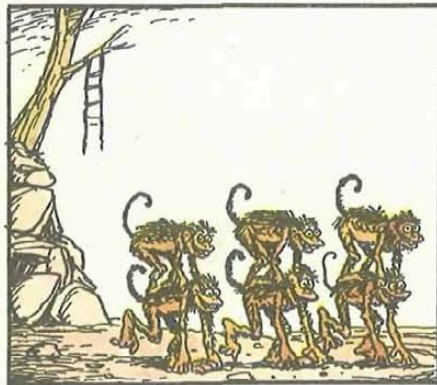
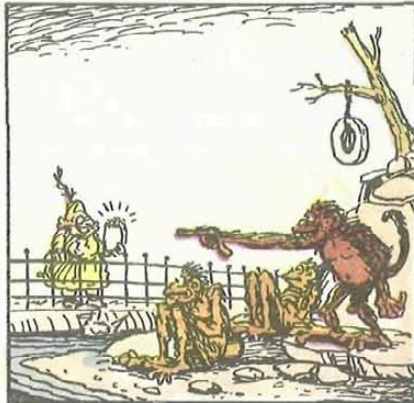
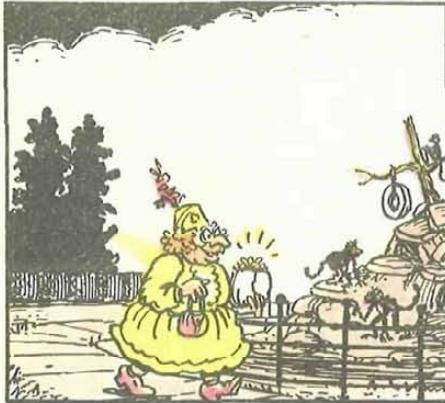
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A DAY IN THE LIFE

"A VISIT TO THE MONKEY ISLAND"
By Ted Richardson



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 69

STUDY FIG. 1
& 2 CAREFULLY

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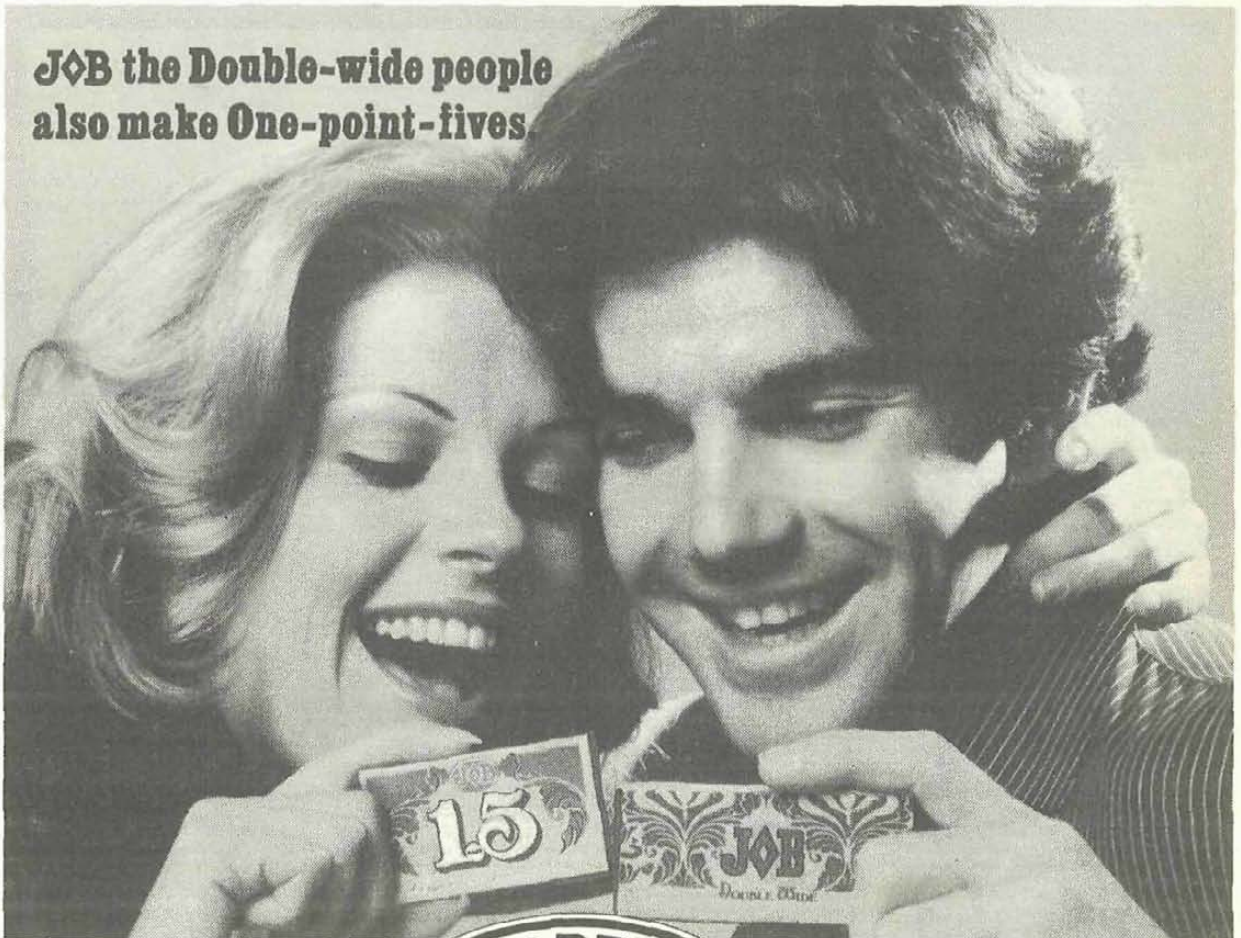


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WRONG



FIG. 2
RIGHT

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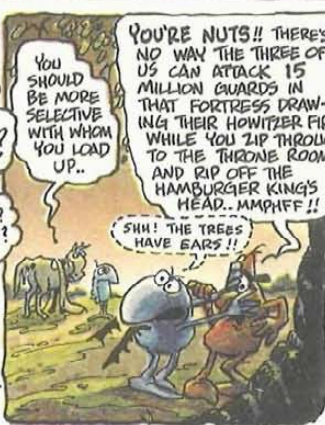
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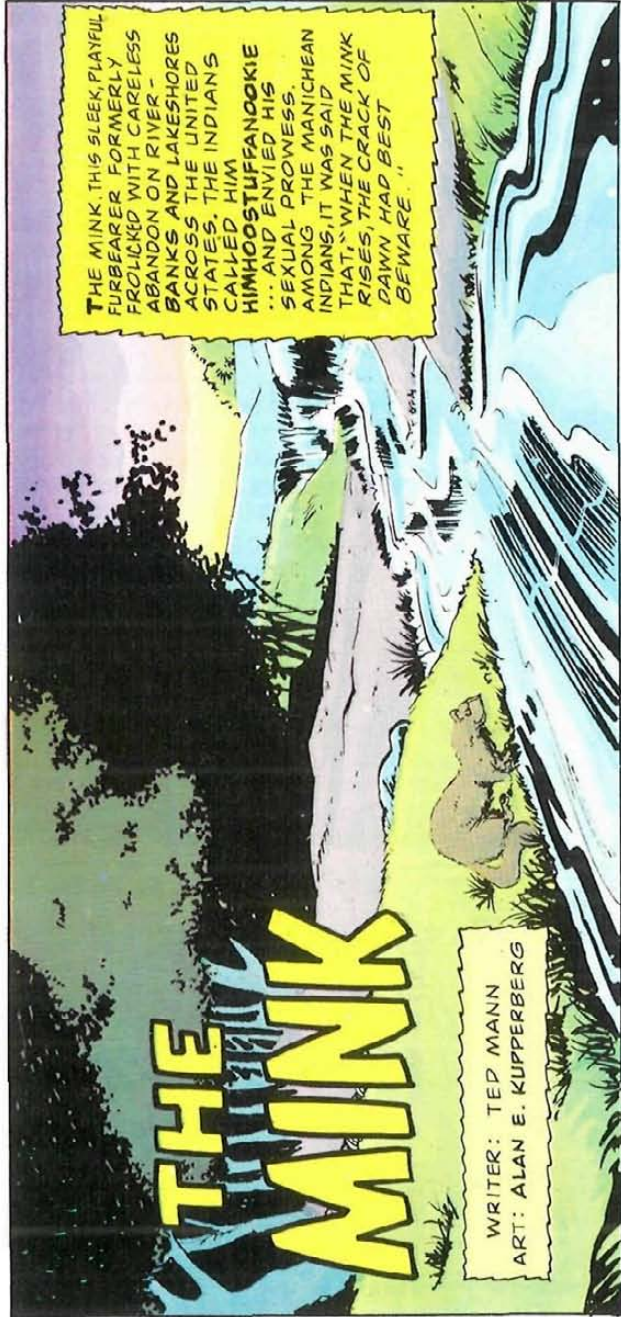
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THE MINK

WRITER: TED MANN
ART: ALAN E. KUPPERBERG



THE MINK, THIS SLEEK, PLAYFUL FURBEARER FORMERLY FROLICKED WITH CARELESS ABANDON ON RIVER-BANKS AND LAKESHORES ACROSS THE UNITED STATES. THE INDIANS CALLED HIM HIMHOOSTUFFANOOKIE ... AND ENVIED HIS SEXUAL PROWESS. AMONG THE MANICHEAN INDIANS, IT WAS SAID THAT, "WHEN THE MINK RISES, THE CRACK OF DAWN HAD BEST BEWARE."



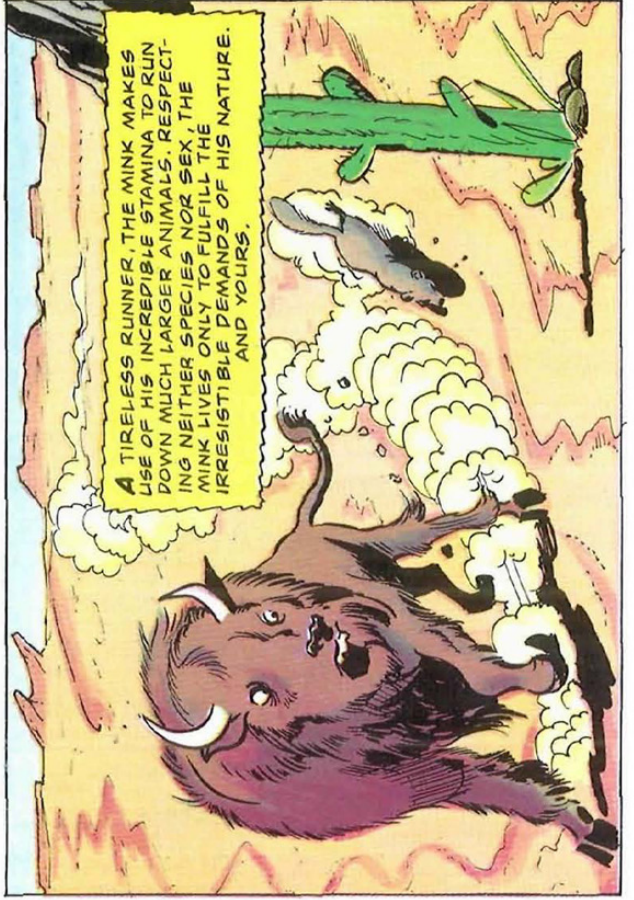
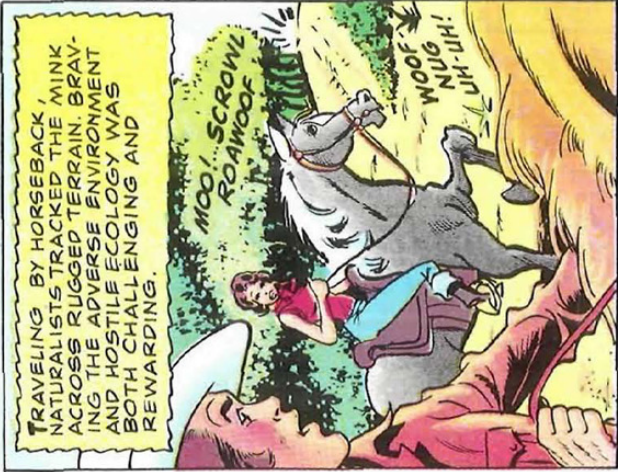
THE MINK IS A RETIRING ANIMAL, CAUTIOUS AND WILY, BUT, AS NATURALISTS DISCOVERED, ENTIRELY WITHOUT MODESTY. ORIGINALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE HAD A DIETARY PREFERENCE FOR FISH, IT BECAME CLEAR TO NATURALISTS THAT THE MINK DID NOT ACTUALLY EAT THE FISH.



NATURALISTS OBTAINED A GRANT TO STUDY THE MINK FROM THE NATLAMP FOUNDATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF VANISHING SPECIES * WITH MONIES RECEIVED, THEY WERE ABLE TO CARRY OUT AN IN-DEPTH STUDY OF THE MINK IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT, THE BUSHES.

AFTER A BRIEF COURTSHIP DANCE, THE MINK INITIATED SEXUAL CONTACT, ASSUMING THE DOMINANT POSITION.

* THE NATLAMP FOUNDATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ENDANGERED SPECIES IS A NON-PROFIT CHARITY, SOME SAY. SINCE ITS ESTABLISHMENT IN 1974, THE FOUNDATION HAS SPONSORED IN WHOLE OR IN PART A SLIDE SHOW. FOUNDATION DIRECTOR M. SIMMONS STATES THAT THE FOUNDATION HAS SERVED AS AN "EXCELLENT CONDUIT FOR UNDECLARED INCOME AND AS A SORT OF LOBBYIST BY DEFAULT FOR THE AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION."





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The Reunion

continued from page 61

meeting hall, and he poked his head inside. Bella Abzug, the dean of the House of Representatives, was addressing a panel on "Weakening America," and the frail, gray-haired, eighty-year-old lady was winning applause with her forceful speech.

"You of the Veterans of Domestic Upheaval know how hard we all struggled to spread division and confusion across our country," Ms. Abzug declaimed. "Now the prophets of strength and unity are abroad once again in the land, sowing the seeds of negotiation, reconciliation, and confidence among our impressionable young.

"It is up to us, once again, to hold high the banner of unconditional surrender from San Diego to San Juan...."

Rustin closed the door as the applause began again. There was something reassuring about the words, but he had heard them before, so many times, that they had a musty quality, as though he had chanced upon an old notebook, filled with lessons learned so long ago....

He wandered into the bar, looking for some of the old gang, and he noted with pleasure that black light and strobes had been installed for the weekend. The darkness and the flashes of light made it difficult to see, and gave a ghostly quality to the vets huddled around the tables. As Rustin walked through the aromatic room, he felt the beginnings of a contact high.

"Rustin! Hey, Rustin!" The cry came from a table in the corner, and he knew immediately it was Eberhard. He debated whether to ignore the call; Eberhard was a link to the good days, but if he had to listen to those stories one more time.... He decided to chance it.

"Hey, baby, what's shakin'?" Rustin noted grimly that Eberhard looked better than ever; he retained a full frizzy head of Izro curls, and he wore an expensive mirrored vest and velvet slacks.

"Gettin' kind of spread, aren't you, Rustin?" Eberhard chuckled, poking his belly with glee. "What'll you have? My hit."

Rustin considered paying for the round himself, but he pictured Susan's angry face waiting for him, and a strict accounting at home. He accepted with feigned enthusiasm.

"Hey, wow, I'll have a joint," he

said unconvincingly.

Eberhard gestured expansively. "Acapulco Gold, all around."

Of course, Rustin thought. *Just what you'd expect from the Organic Fast Food King.*

"Little celebration, brothers."

Eberhard said. "We sold the three billionth jumbo nutburger last week." He turned back to his companions, picking up the thread of a conversation.

"Anyway," Eberhard said, "it was just after our last nonnegotiable demand."

Oh, God, Rustin thought. Not the siege of the Placement Office again.

"It was three in the morning,"

Eberhard narrated, his body tense with remembered excitement. "The administration had called out the fuzz. Everyone thought the bust was coming tonight. There were five hundred of us in the Placement Office, liberating the Dow Chemical sign-up lists. We only had two outside telephone lines open: it looked like we'd completely lost contact with NBC radio."

Eberhard began moving ashtrays and roach holders across the table.

"Klawson was here, by the front door, with the bullhorn. I was here by the phones, with the demands. Suddenly there was a pounding on the rear door—bam! bam! bam! The campus cops! All six of them! This was it! Totally surrounded! It looked like disciplinary probation for the semester."

Rustin gratefully accepted the joint proffered by the waiter and took a long drag. Maybe it would muffle Eberhard's voice.

"Just then I leaped for the phone and got through to the Enver Hoxha Brigade at the library. 'Trash it!' I yelled. The next thing I heard was the sound of glass. The campus security pigs split, and we got out the rear door."

"Any casualties?" somebody asked.

Eberhard shrugged, and his mouth formed a thin line.

"A pulled tendon; migraines; asthma attack; two identity crises." He shrugged. "Listen, if one of those suspension notices has your name on it..." He let the thought hang over the table, ominously.

"Hey," Eberhard said, brightening. "Remember the first peace demonstration, at the Washington Monument, when Fitz and Goober got hold of those V.C. flags and hung 'em on Al Lowenstein's car? Ha-ha-ha, I

thought Al would just about have a coronary right then and there. Fitz went out into the middle of Independence Avenue and began announcing that all members of the Revolutionary Faction should meet at the 1968 Volvo."

He began to laugh uncontrollably.

"So...so there's Al and Norman Thomas...hee-hee-hee, and here... here are these two hundred guys in crash helmets with lead pipes and fuckin' gas masks...ha-ha-hahhh, so Al starts screaming, 'Get these crazy Commie sons of bitches outta here!' and Fitz, Fitz says, 'C'mon, Al, let's find Eleanor Roosevelt and go smash the state!' And so, so..."

Rustin got up from the table and mumbled his good-byes.

"Rustin!" Eberhard yelled after him. "Let's get it on tonight after the banquet. Maybe we'll find a cheerleader or a student government president and rip him off!"

"Sounds groovy," Rustin said, and left the bar. The grass was working on him now, mellowing him, driving thoughts of his family and his life deep into the recesses of his unconscious. He walked into the Grand Ballroom for a few minutes, and listened to the debate over the resolutions.

"Resolved," Trashmaster Ron Delums was proclaiming, "that we of the Veterans of Domestic Upheaval deplore the continued incarceration of those who have taken to the streets to struggle for a redistribution of income on a personal basis. We believe that the cultural genocide of these people must be replaced by a recognition among those confronted on the streets and alleyways that reparations for past injustices is—"

Right on, Rustin thought idly, and wandered out again.

"Hey, Rusty?" His questioner was a florid-faced, gray-haired man who gazed at Rustin through rheumy, bloodshot eyes. His bald head shone with sweat; rolls of fat spilled over his belly, and he walked uncertainly, idly scratching his cheek.

"Yes, but the only one who ever called me that was—oh, no, oh, my God, it can't be. Jerry? Jerry Robertson?"

Rustin's mind flashed back across the years, to an off-campus pad filled constantly with willowy women, Crunchy Granola, political refugees, and Jefferson Airplane records. Jerry Robertson was a six-footer who

continued on page 83

Back by Demand

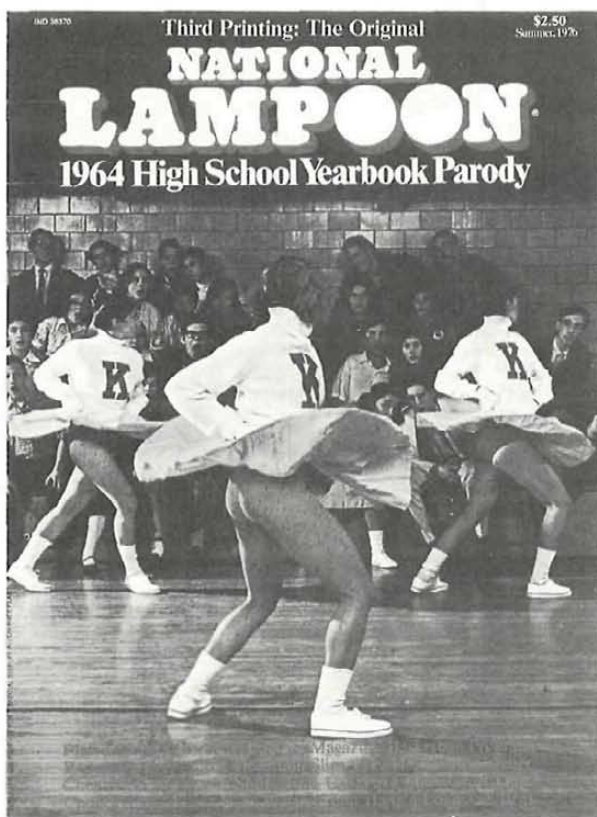
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APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles. The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos n Andy

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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 Think*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic

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

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Felsh 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 Inquirer*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon

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

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, *Whitedove* comics, *Vichy Supplement*, *Guerrre 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 Nozzin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview: At "Tantrum", O'Neil's Temper Taps, 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 Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Deep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1966 Buick Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, 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, Parlourbook, Orgygam, and Cloo

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610 Hollywood Hoorary, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rocketeer Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar 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, *5, 10 and Legend Strip*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Home Farm

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, 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, Clowning Around with Tits, 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 Hindsigt, 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 Vietstname, and the Culture Vultures section

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

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

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Final Days

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Referring to some exotic gift from Syria or Israel, the little girl said, "What do you have for me, Uncle Henry?" Kissinger merely answered, "Contempt."

Kissinger also had contempt for Haldeman and Ehrlichman. He once referred to them as "Hans and Fritz." Another time, in conversation with a minor State Department official, he referred to them as "the Katzenjammer Nazi goose step Berlin zieg heil schnitzel blitzkrieg Munich putsch S.S. gesundheit Luftwaffe twins." *The name had stuck.*

But as Kissinger soaped and rinsed himself now, the knowledge of how superior he was proved small comfort. He kept replaying in his mind a conversation he had had that morning with the President's son-in-law, David Eisenhower. Kissinger secretly loathed Eisenhower. He once referred to him as "a turd." Another time, when the President's daughter Julie (Eisenhower's wife) had rejected Kissinger's sexual advances, he wondered aloud "how she could stand to be married to such a boob."

The conversation that morning concerned a section of one of the tapes that Nixon refused to turn over to the House Committee. Eisenhower said it contained a particularly shocking passage. Kissinger asked what it was. I'm not going to tell you, Eisenhower said. You had better tell me, you repulsive little snail, Kissinger replied. You can't make me, Eisenhower said. Oh, yes I can. Kissinger said. Oh, yeah? Yeah. Sez who? Sez me. Well, go fuck yourself. No, you go fuck yourself. Oh, yeah? Yeah. Fuck you. Well, fuck you, too.

Kissinger had threatened to impound Eisenhower's APBA computer-card baseball game and classify it as Top Secret. That would mean that Eisenhower could no longer play it. You win, the young man said. What was the conversation on the tape, Kissinger asked. Eisenhower said it consisted of Haldeman telling Buzhardt to ask Haig to tell Ehrlichman to pressure Stans to force Liddy to prod Hunt to persuade Gray to press Mitchell to direct Magruder to—

Kissinger said he merely wanted a summary.

Okay, Eisenhower said. It turns out that the President can be heard ordering his staff to kidnap John Dean, stuff him into a shredder, and put the pieces into a couple of brief-

cases and toss them into the Potomac.

Kissinger had paused. Would the committee consider that an improper presidential order? Or could they all "stonewall" it, and claim it was necessary for matters of national security? Even as he stepped out of the shower and towed himself dry, Kissinger frowned. No. They couldn't fake their way out of this one. Stepping back into his bedroom to dress, he spied an open book by his bedside. It had been published just about two months before. It was by two reporters for the *Washington Post*. It was their account of the Watergate burglary and the subsequent cover-up. Kissinger paused, thinking. He remembered a particularly striking section of the book. And suddenly it occurred to him that, with the Nixon administration clearly headed down the drain, he could do worse than try to gain some points by ingratiating himself with these two reporters. It might pay off in dividends of real power once Ford had assumed the presidency. Kissinger had contempt for Ford.

Still wrapped in the towel, which was the color of a yellow legal pad, Kissinger reached for the telephone and called his assistant, Lawrence Eagleburger. Larry, he said. I want you to wait at the Capitol news kiosk for the early morning edition of the *New York Times*. Get a copy of it to me as soon as possible. That done, Kissinger hung up and got dressed.

DAVID EISENHOWER was sad. Everybody around him was sad, and that made him sad. Julie was in a constant state of despair over her father's problems. Pat, her mother, had become withdrawn and uncommunicative.

David thought back to the days before all this Watergate misery—to the days before the President had taken to wandering the White House corridors after dinner with an armful of Frisbees, skimming them at the White House staff and crying, "Gotcha!" when they hit. Before the days when everybody shut themselves in their rooms. Back when they had all had fun.

It had been wonderful then. The Nixons had been happy, and so had he. They had celebrated everything. The day Tricia learned to write her name in script. The day he was finally able to correctly pronounce "Robert Abplanalp." Other triumphs. Julie had been cheerful, full of plans and

projects. Pat had been her old wry self, always ready with an off-color joke when their spirits flagged. And the President had been much more in touch with the real world. He remembered everybody's name, and everything.

All that was over, gone, possibly forever. Now Julie was distant, depressed over what she considered the nation's disloyalty to her father. David used to marvel at how she was the only he had met of his own age who actually referred to the United States as "the nation." "We've been traveling around the nation," she'd say. These days, though, she had come to use the term in the context of her anger and dismay. "The nation can go to hell," she'd say. Or, "The nation eats shit." Or, "Fuck the nation."

He had never seen her look so dispirited. Normally, he reflected, she was a twenty-eight-year old woman who did her best to look like she was thirty-six. Lately, she looked like a thirty-eight-year old woman desperately trying to appear to be twenty-five. Thank God I still look like I'm eighteen, David thought gratefully.

But what of his parents-in-law? Pat had become reclusive and sullen. She stayed in her room, and was heard going out at odd hours, at two or three in the morning. No one knew where she went.

The President went to himself, as usual. David feared he might suffer a total mental collapse. How would the rest of the family respond then? Perhaps Pat would also suffer a total mental collapse. And then what if Julie were to suffer a total mental collapse? What would she expect of him? That he, too, suffer a total mental collapse? Perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea. The whole family—Tricia, Ed Cox, King Timahoe, everybody—sitting on the beach back at San Clemente, all victims of total mental collapse.

It was either that or continuing his law studies. They bored him. Sports-writing bored him. All he really wanted to do was play APBA baseball and go boating. After all, what else did he know?

Then, suddenly, he remembered what else he knew. That knowledge could prove valuable, he thought. If he played his cards right, he could get back at them all—especially at Hugh Scott. David secretly loathed Hugh Scott, who had abandoned the President when he most needed sup-

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The Reunion

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never weighed 150 pounds in his life; his speeches and pamphlets had inflamed hearts and minds from Telegraph Avenue to Harvard Square, and the righteous fire in his eyes had melted the hearts and opened the thighs of hundreds of women. Rustin stared incredulously at the round, ruined shell. He tried to sound jovial.

"Well, Jerry, hey, man, how's it going?"

Robertson offered a weak smile.

"Heyyy, man, you know...uh...yeah...well...everything's...everything...every..."

Robertson was biting his lip; his eyes were filling, and suddenly his head was on Rustin's shoulder and he was sobbing uncontrollably.

"What a crock, Rusty, what a crock, man..."

Rustin led Jerry out of the lobby, past the curious stares of the head-band-clad vets. They walked into the chill night air, and Rustin sat Robertson down on a deck chair by the deserted swimming pool.

"Hey, man," Rustin said, "that's cool, just stay loose." He was shivering, only partly from the cold.

"Shit, man," Robertson said, holding his body with his arms and rocking back and forth. "Look at me. Look. Do you know what I used to be?"

"I remember, Jerry, I remember."

"At nineteen, I was one of the ten most wanted fugitives in the U-fucking-nited States. I was number seven. With a bullet. Now? You know what it means writing editorials for Channel Eight in Indianapolis? It means I spend six weeks fighting for a crossing guard for Kleindinst Junior High!"

"Well, there's your family."

"Oh, sure," Jerry laughed, bitterly. "My son's in basic training at Paris Island. Says my whole life is an elitist pinko fraud. And my old lady? Now she tells me the day care center fucked the kid up."

Rustin looked over at his friend.

"Been hittin' the stuff pretty hard, haven't you?"

Robertson sat up, angry.

"Don't sweat it, Rusty. I can handle it. Nothing I can't handle. Couple of spikes before dinner is all." He scratched his cheek vigorously. "You know where I can score a Twinkie?"

Rustin pulled his friend up and they walked back into the lobby. There,

under a cloud of sweet smoke, a dozen Vets were singing, arms around each other's shoulders as they lurched down the hall.

"Everywhere I hear the sound of marchin' chargin' feet boys, 'cause summer's here, and the time is right for fighting in the streets, boys..."

Robertson started to sob again. "Shit, Rusty, they're not writin' songs like that today."

Rustin glanced away, and his own eyes clouded. He remembered once again the feel of a smooth wood picket staff in his hands, the tug of the placard blowing in the wind. He heard again the whine of rhetoric ricocheting off the ivy walls of a campus administration building, the muffled thud of a faculty senate caving in; he could smell the fresh print on a new issue of *Newsweek*, with its insistence that the kids were trying to tell us something, and Rustin heard himself singing now, louder than the others, as the tears rolled down his face and he shouted the song out, shouting for the days of combat that had brought him the peace he would never know again. □

Birdbath

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James Caan is the happy father of Siamese twins (see photo). "When he grows up, I hope my boy will carry the ball for Michigan State as quarterback." By the looks of things, that seems inevitable.



Opera star Sara Moore will be featured singer on "Sesame Street," the second Thursday of this month. Make sure your children watch it.

And to top it all off. Or rather, to bottom it all off—"There's something sinister about people being left-handed"—Rose Minding.

For further scuttlebutt and base canards, don't miss this column whenever you can.

R. Bruce Moody



THE ABC FAR OUT

Good Times



VOL 1

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, WE PRINT

NOVEMBER, 1976

FAR OUT PRODUCTIONS

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Los Angeles—In a surprise move, ABC Records has announced the release of a previously unissued album from WAR Featuring Eric Burdon. The LP consists of seven tracks recorded all over the world during 1969-71. It was during this period that Burdon and WAR were at their peak; "Spill The Wine" was a major hit, England's *New Musical Express* had called them "the best live band we've ever seen," and wherever they went, they brought down the house. Then, in mid-1971, Burdon and WAR went separate ways and some of their finest tracks were lost

in the shuffle. Those songs have now surfaced under the title "Love Is All Around."

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Final Days

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port. The plan brewing in David's young mind might be just the ticket for striking back at Scott and, in the bargain, for earning him some pocket money besides.

He looked at his watch: 7:30 P.M. Good. He had a couple of hours before the *New York Times* early edition hit the stands. Between then and now he'd have some research do do—research that would require a yellow legal pad, and a trip to the bookstore.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7

BOB Woodward parked his Mercedes 450 SL on a side street and began walking toward a building which by this time looked very familiar. He glanced around to see if he was being followed. The coast was clear. He crossed the street and headed for the driveway that sloped down into the cooler area underground. Ahead of him was a dimly-lit expanse of asphalt.

This was the strangest thing he had yet encountered during the whole Watergate thing. He had assumed that, once his and Bernstein's book had been published, his contacts with Deep Throat would be over. At least for a while. After all, almost the entire Nixon administration was under some form of indictment or investigation. The President himself was due to resign any day now. What else could be brewing?

And yet, that morning, Woodward had nearly been crushed by an avalanche of *New York Times* early editions heaped at his front door. At first he thought the newsboy had simply dropped some by accident. Then it occurred to him to check page 20. This had been the prearranged signal that he and Deep Throat, his secret informant, had used. Sure enough, the twenty on the first copy he opened was circled. At the bottom of the page a clock face was drawn, with the hands reading two o'clock. Something was up, evidently.

Then he had been skimming through a different copy of the paper and had noticed the twenty on it too had been circled. And at the bottom of that page a clock had been drawn reading one o'clock. Puzzled, he checked the others. All in all, there were six copies of the paper: five had different clocks marked at different times, and the sixth was unmarked. Woodward noticed that all the markings in the different copies had been

done by different implements: ball point pen, felt tip, pencil, fountain pen, even a crayon.

He was baffled.

At first, he was tempted to telephone Deep Throat and ask what was going on. Then, figuring that his friend must have had a reason for not contacting him directly, he held off. He concluded that Deep Throat must have had to reconsider several times the precise hour of their meeting. That explained the variety of papers. But then why hadn't his friend removed all but the operative copy? And what about the different pens used to mark them? Woodward decided to show up at the latest hour indicated, and hope for the best.

Standing in the darkness deep within the parking garage, he checked his watch. Three o'clock. On time. He looked around him. He saw nothing but broad concrete uprights, a car or two, and metal drum for trash against one wall.

Suddenly, a small flame flickered a few feet ahead.

Bob, a voice said.

Who's that? Woodward said.

What? another voice said.

Shit, said a third unseen person.

There were footsteps, a scuffling sound.

Is that you, Henry? said another voice.

General? said a voice.

What the fuck is going on here, Woodward demanded. He realized with a start that he could have been set up. By whom? Nixon's people?

I don't believe this, Jesus fucking Christ, I do not believe this, said someone.

Woodward froze. That voice sounded familiar. Straining into the darkness, Woodward said, incredulously, Ziegler? Ron, is that you?

Yeah, it's me, Ziegler said, and emerged from behind one of the pillars. Guess who else it is, Bob?

What? Woodward said, spinning around wildly, looking for the source of the other voices. Then he saw them all step forth hesitantly: David Eisenhower, Alexander Haig, Hugh Scott, Henry Kissinger. All five men slowly gathered around Woodward, and even in the gloom the reporter could see that all were intensely uncomfortable and embarrassed in each other's presence as well as his.

Are you the ones who left the messages in the *Times*? Woodward asked, not knowing whether to laugh or take notes.

All five mumbled yes.

I waited for your paper boy and tipped him a quarter to leave a special copy at your door, Ziegler said. Then I came here and waited out of sight. I saw these guys arrive, but I figured they must be lost and were leaving out the other door. When I didn't see them again, I just assumed they had gone.

David Eisenhower said that the same was true for him, too. The others agreed.

So you never saw each other, never saw the stack of newspapers at my door, huh? Woodward asked.

There was no need for any of them to answer.

Well, now that I'm here, what's this all about?

Mr. Woodward, Kissinger began. I do not think I can transact my business with you in any but the most highly confidential of circumstances. I must have privacy. Therefore, I will wait until these gentlemen have completed their business with you, and then perhaps—

Oh, shove it, Henry, Haig said. You're here for the same reason we are.

Which is...? Scott said, lighting his pipe with the Cricket.

Which is, David blurted, to sell information.

There was a moment of silence. Woodward took a deep breath.

What kind of information, he asked carefully.

Look, Bob, Ziegler began. The Old Man has had it. We all know he's going to resign. After that, Ford'll give him some sort of pardon or clemency, and the whole matter will drop off the front page. Now, I have a hunch that you and Bernstein are already working on a sequel to your first book—

The other four mumbled agreement.

—and it just seems to me that, uh...that you're going to need to know what we know about what's happened since the end of the first book.

Mr. Woodward, Kissinger began, while I am in substantial agreement with Mr. Ziegler, I must qualify my own position in this matter by assuring you—

Fuck off, Henry, Haig snapped. Look, Woodward. There's little love lost between you and us. But you're sitting pretty now, and we're all going to be out of a job, more or less. My guess is that each of us is willing to tell you what's been going on in the

White House and on the Hill for the past year or so. For a price.

What's the price? the reporter asked.

Points, Scott said. On the book, and on the movie, if there is one.

Woodward paused, and then said, And if I agree...?

Scott shrugged. We'll work something out. Confidentially, of course.

Woodward thought for a moment. Somebody cleared his throat nervously. Then, slowly, the reporter nodded. Let me talk to Bernstein, he said. We'll get in touch with each of you privately and arrange a time and a place to meet.

Hold it, David said. I can't let it be known I'm doing this.

None of us can, you repellent fool, Kissinger hissed.

Right, Woodward said. Don't worry about that. Bernstein and I will interview a couple hundred secondary people and make it seem as if the story is pieced together from a lot of correlated accounts. Your contributions will remain confidential.

You must not quote me in any of this, Kissinger said. I intend to remain in the Ford administration, and if it were to come to light that I in any way participated in—

Sit on it and rotate, Henry, Ziegler snarled. None of us can be quoted as sources. And I want certain guarantees, I want to be able to decide when you can quote my exact words and when not.

No problem, Woodward said. We'll just reproduce the dialogue without quotation marks. That way nobody will ever be sure if it's a direct quote, a paraphrase, or what.

Haig smiled stiffly. Scott shuffled his feet and puffed on his pipe. Finally, David said, Well, I guess that's it, then. You'll call us.

Right, Woodward said.

Well then, gentlemen, I see no reason why we must remain in so inhospitable and unpleasant a place, Kissinger said, turning away. Good night.

We'd better leave separately, Woodward cautioned.

One by one, the men left the garage. They did not speak to each other, and seemed to avoid eye contact with each other. Then only Woodward was left. He was reeling from what had just occurred. What a coup! Imagine the fascinating little details and vignettes those men must know. The gossip, the backbiting, the dirt. The history. He and Bernstein would

be privy to the most intimate situations of Nixon's life—not to mention the goings-on at the State Department, the Hill, and the press office. Amazing. Bernstein will never believe it.

He chuckled to himself, then turned and walked out of the garage and up the ramp into the quiet street. Then, from behind, he heard a voice.

"Bob?"

It was Pat Nixon. She motioned for him to join her in the shadow of a large tree, out of the light from the street lamp. "I tried to signal you with the newspaper," she said, "but there were so many copies at your door I decided not to. I assumed you would be here at some point tonight. What happened?"

Briefly, Woodward summarized his meeting with the five men. Pat listened to the story with a bemused expression, muttering "Of course, of course." Then, when he had finished, he looked at her quizzically. "What's up with you? Anything important?"

She shook her head. "I just came to say good-bye. Dick is resigning, and we're all moving back to California. At last."

Woodward nodded. "You've never liked it here, have you?"

"No."

There was a pause.

"That's why I did what I did. I've told you that."

"I know."

"And now...well, now it's worked," she said quietly.

He tried to smile. "Oh," he said, "I have some news for you. Redford called today. He said they're getting Hal Holbrook to play Deep Throat in the movie."

She laughed. "Is that supposed to be good news? It's not very flattering to me."

"It would be if you were a man," he said, smiling. "As it is, at least your identity will be safe. Millions of people who didn't even read the book will walk away from the movie thinking Deep Throat is a man."

"That's true," she said. "You were as good as your word. Well, good-bye. Bob. I'm glad we've been able to help each other."

"Good-bye!" Woodward said, and watched her walk quickly down the street, into and out of the cones of light shed by the street lamps. Soon she was out of sight.

There goes one hell of a woman, he thought, and turned to walk toward his car. □

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The Carter Family

continued from page 14

sun, and they got it about half busted. The other day, I was setting there reloading shotgun shells, and one of them snuck up and ate a whole box of powder 'fore I caught him. Well, I let out a yell, and that hog took off like found money. Not before I drew a bead on the son of a bitch, though. Hit him square in the belly. Parts of that pig were blown into three counties. We had pork hash for supper, let me tell you.

Anyway, as I was saying, this president job Jimmy's got come as a surprise to me. Why, as a boy, we all thought he'd maybe be a preacher. I remember one summer when we was about nine, him and me spent the whole afternoon baptizing cats in the well bucket. Certainly seemed like he had the call that day, anyhow. Well, I had no more than heard the news when cousin Billy Carter calls on the telephone and says that Miss Lillian had took Jimmy Earl by the ear and flat told him that he hadn't ought to be president unless he could get the family work, too. Otherwise, how could he hold his head up again. She says this wasn't like being governor, as all manner of no-account peckerwoods had held that job, but that this being president for a living was something that had been done by the likes of Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, and Jefferson Davis, or at least one half of it had been done by Jeff, and folks all across the country would be looking to see him do right by his kin. So Billy himself's going to be Secretary of Gas, and Miss Lillian'll be Secretary of State (though which one he didn't say), and I guess Amy'll feed the White House chickens, and so on and like that, and what did I want to do? I said that, well, I thought Head Revenuer might be something I'd be useful for. But Billy didn't for sure think Jimmy Earl'd go for that one, at least not right away. Well, then, I said, I don't know what I can do for the government. And he said what about one of them fact-finding missions? And I said I didn't know how as I was exactly cut out for missionary work, and what facts was lost, anyhow? But he said that that ain't it at all. Fact-finding missions is where they send you off someplace and you come back and tell them what's over there. Sounds fine to me, I said. Just send me over to the All-Nite Topless Truck Stop and Go-Go Cafe down on

Route 20, but you'd better give me a letter to the wife saying it's government work. Well, says Billy, maybe later on, but how's about right now could I go to Washington, D.C., and preinaugurately fact-find up there with a fellow by the name of Greg Almond, who Billy says had been a awfully big help to Jimmy and who they didn't know what to do with either?

I had to think on that one. I never been much for the big city. I been to Macon twice or three times. I always meant to get to Atlanta when Jimmy Earl was governing down there, but never did. I hear they got a hotel called the Hyatt House down there that's got a entire field of trees and bushes right indoors in the lobby. Dumbass place for it, if you ask me. No, I am not much on cities and have not hardly been to any except Macon and Manila in the Navy during the last World War, which I don't count since they all spoke Manilian and I was mostly drunk all the time. Hard to tell them from Japs after a few drinks. You bet your ass it was. Hell, I don't even get to Plains very often, and I'm about related to everyone there either by marriage or the other way.

I had near made up my mind to say no and probably would have if just then the wife's mother hadn't shown up with about three trunkloads of stay-to-visit clothes on the back of her flatbed truck. Practically the next thing I know, I'm smack in the middle of Washington, District of Columbia, and I never seen so many colored in all my life. The only thing I can figure is that they couldn't get nobody to live there and wrote off to Africa for a special shipment just to fill the place up. It wouldn't surprise me. Anyway, this Almond boy's kind of an odd sort. Hair down to his butt and throws up a whole lot and his arms and legs flop around funny-like. Pale as a sheet, too. But not such a bad young fellow for all that. I brought along a jelly jar in my duffle full of my best 00 shot Ten Gauge Injun Barn-Climbing whiskey, which I've had buried back in the pea patch waiting for a special occasion. That stuff must of been three months old. (I figured if they served us at all on the airplane, it'd be store-bought like as not, and that stuff just lacks nip.) Well, Almond, he took a pull out of that jar that would of backed a tractor up a bride's behind. So I guess he's O.K. Says he likes guns, too, and claims he ain't queer. Soon as we had landed

down in Washington, him and me set out to do some fact-finding in a taxicab. Well, we fact-found at the Holly Wood Carterbelt Cafe, and fact-found some more over to the Paris France Show Bar, and at a place called the Sexorama Grill, and along about two in the morning, Almond says he wants to call up this what he calls a way-out or spaced-out or outer space fellow that he knows. Which he does do, and pretty soon there shows up just about the strangest colored man I have ever parked eyes on. One of them coffee-colored ones dressed up like the Twenty-five Cents Admission Tractor Tractor Truck of Living Freak People at last year's Tallapoosa County Fair and Poultry Show. All in purple pinks and orange-green shiny suit and tie with jewelry all over him and goddamn rings in his ears and his nose, too. I shit you not. Had a pair of shoes with heels so high I thought he was standing on the stairs, and a hat as big as a duck blind. Polite enough, though, but talked awful fast. Well, he takes us out where he's got this Cadillac car parked, and that damn car is as strange as he is. All leopardy-skinned colored, and I mean on the *outside*. Inside, it was done up in fish fur and rabbit feathers and I don't know what. He had a big old inky black coon in a Western Union delivery boy suit driving for him, and a foot-high chrome palomino on the front of the hood with two reins going back under the windshield so that every time that coon turned the wheel, that damned horse turned, too. Jesus, I never seen the like. We set in, and the gaudy-dressed colored boy handed around some plain white snuff that woke me right up good, and we went over to the place where he lived, which was twice weirder than his car. But I have run out of words to go with how this all looked, so I went down to the notions shop here in the hotel today and got one of them pocket dictionaries and picked out a few good big ones:

bucephalian
compellation
exercitation
intercalary
ptomaine

For all I know, that says it. Except he also had some kind of lightbulb there that made your teeth glow the color of his suit, and that I could have lived without.

Right there in this apartment house, this colored boy had a couple of white women that seemed to be under hypnosis control. Guess they liked me alright, though, since they sure wanted to do some things that I'm not sure are right, but when you're on a government mission you have to put aside such doubts as these, and did we ever. All told, it was some night of fact-finding. We had a lot of that Scottish whiskey, which is on the weak side but it'll drink, and sniffed a whole lot more of that snuff, and Almond got his free flu shot right then and there, as I guess this colored fellow had a lot of pull with the local doctor, who must have given him a whole batch of it. I didn't have no use for the flu shots my own self, seeing as I had had the flu once when I was a kid already, but I took some pills and such that Almond said would be good to take. Hell, I didn't want to get sick in the middle of a job. Yep, it was some night of fact-finding. About 4 A.M., damned colored boy turned right into a lizard and them two white women began to fly around the room without wings or anything. Saw a couple of extinct giant dinosaur bugs in the sink bowl and the rug tried to eat my feet right off of my legs till I het it with a lamp.

That was last night. Almond's taken kind of poorly again today and he's in the hotel crapper mixing up some medicine in a spoon between heaving-ups, so I'm starting on the Fact-Finding Report myself here. Calling it *The Presence in Our Nation's Capital of Niggers from the Moon*. I'll tell you more next month. □



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Elborne Whippet's Washington

Mr. Elborne Whippet, Jr., bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Washington, D.C.—Deep in the bowels of the State Department, a dedicated team of our nation's brightest and best young men are feverishly working on a project of critical importance to our national interest. The product of one of Secretary Kissinger's most coruscatingly brilliant assistants (now unfortunately confined to a medical institution to cope with a private affliction of no relevance here), this top secret effort may yet prove to be one of our nation's most important tools in the international arena where in the destinies of civilizations and foreign investments are determined.

Labeled *Project Emerging Nations*, this enterprise is literally named. For it refers not to those lands recklessly cutting their bonds to more mature and responsible European nations, but to those countries which do not yet exist.

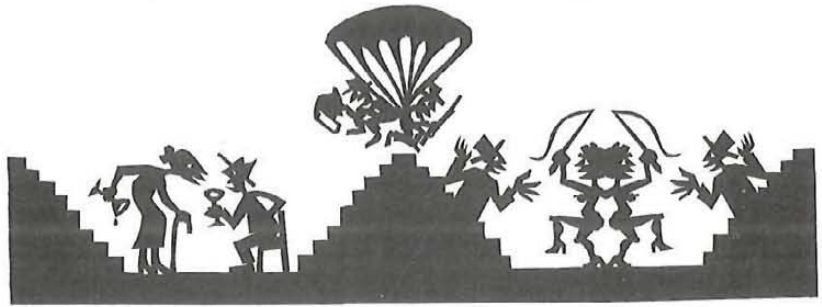
Says Project Director Warren Gunderson, "All across the Pacific, there are huge chunks of land which emerge from their underwater hiding places because of volcanic activity, the collection of coral, and the shift of masses of land beneath the sea. It's our job to make sure that as soon as these lands appear, they are made aware of the advantages of alliance with the forces of freedom."

The project has therefore created an "Emerging Lands Free World Assistance Kit," several of which have been placed aboard a permanently airborne C-5A cargo plane. As soon as volcanic activity results in the protrusion of a new land mass, the kit instantly parachutes down the following items:

- One group of friendly nationals;
- One CIA station chief;
- Four million dollars in small arms;
- A filled-in contract for American military bases;
- A voter's guide to the UN and an application for membership in that increasingly hostile international body.

"We believe," says Gunderson, "that with the Third World arrayed so clearly against us, the solution is to build alliances with this Fourth World, to once again tip the balance of power toward us."

The project has hired Jacques



Cousteau as a special technical advisor to spot important trends among these new emerging nations. Well done, State!

* * *

Their service in the cause of nationhood may be over, but the irrepressible Rostow Brothers are very much a part of the Washington scene. With their heroic efforts to preserve American credibility in Southeast Asia frustrated by an impatient electorate and an irresponsible press corps, Eugene and W.W. have embarked on a new commercial enterprise, hiring Vietnamese refugees to run a vineyard in South Korea, still one of our staunchest allies. The grapes will be turned into wine, to be marketed under the label *Rostow Brothers Hearty Antired*. Break an arm, guys!

* * *

In the wake of this past year's Congressional sex scandals, House and Senate leaders have been secretly meeting to alter official parliamentary language which may, in the words of one source, "lead to certain misunderstandings in the minds of the American people."

Leaders express concern, for example, that skeptical constituents might assume dalliance when a representative files a *discharge petition*. To those convinced that sexual perversion is the order of the day, references to *majority whips* could prove unsettling. Other Capitol Hill staffers find many religious leaders objecting to the presence of a *live pair* in the middle of a crucial vote. Now, if they could only get Congress to stop the practice of permitting the open display of members on the floor...

* * *

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." So wrote Shakespeare hundreds of years ago; and well might he have been writing about the irrepressible *Alice Roosevelt Longworth*, Washington's favorite nonagenarian. The fearlessly candid Miss Longworth, who has in

the past confessed to sexual escapades with members of both sexes, now laughingly admits it was she who was responsible for the explosion of the battleship *Maine* which helped to trigger the Spanish-American War.

"Daddy was driving us bananas with his pent-up energy," the daughter of T.R. recalled recently over a cocktail, "coming into my room at night and putting his hands God-knows-where. It was either start a war to get him out of the house or give in. And I just couldn't take that, if you know what I mean. When Daddy said, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick,' he knew exactly what he was talking about. So I got one of those dear, dead sailors who was hot to trot to carry a carefully wrapped package aboard the *Maine*. He thought it was some of my old chemises, but it was really twelve pounds of gunpowder," she giggled. "I know he must have gotten off on that. Once the ship hit the fantail, we had our war and daddy got to go charging up San Juan Hill instead of up some other places."

* * *

Seeking to turn around increasingly hysterical public opinion favoring *oil divestiture*, Washington representatives of the major petroleum companies are doing a little verbal tap-dancing by packaging their 1977 legislative recommendations under the title, "Let's force *investiture* on the big shot oil billionaires." The program, written in no-nonsense language attempting to appeal to anti-oil sentiment while preserving constructive substantive solutions, insists on "compulsory capital formation programs" (restoration of the oil depletion allowance) and "public accountability sessions" (increased deductions for oil company advertising).

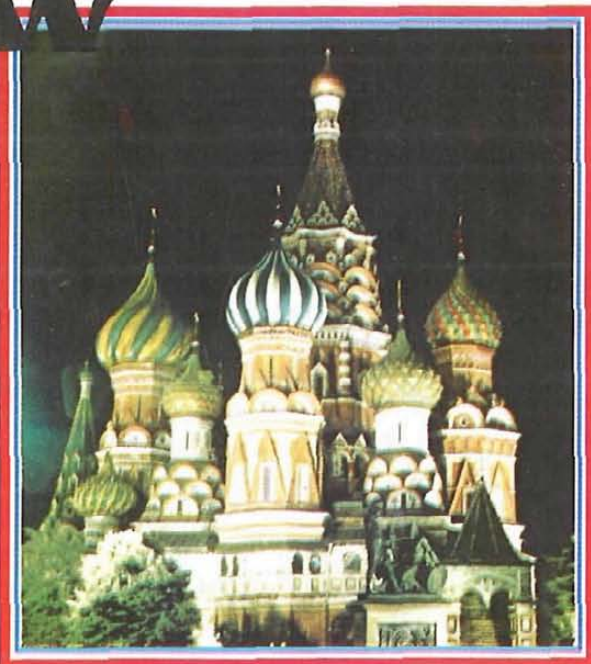
Says Exxon spokesman J.R. Halfen, "We're operating under the oldest of political rules: what they don't know can't hurt you." Say the word and you'll be free? □

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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

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	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
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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
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