

Science and Technology

Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up,
and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

March 1977

The Humor Magazine

\$1.00



In this issue:
Sampler of the forthcoming illustrated
fantasy magazine, Heavy Metal

When your taste grows
up, so should your
cigarette.

What you want from a cigarette changes.
Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I
know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste.
And Winston's real taste is what I want.
Winston is for real.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report DEC. '76.

If you have a head for quality high-fidelity components, you know that AKAI is synonymous with superior performance and life-like sound reproduction.

But here's something you don't know.

Our new CS-702D. It's the front-loading cassette deck that doesn't cost you an arm and a leg. In fact, it has a suggested retail price of \$200. And a lot

of features you'd expect to pay more for.

Dolby,* of course, to eliminate tape hiss, and a multiplex filter circuit to filter out those ghoulish broadcast noises. An electronically-controlled DC motor for smooth, accurate tape drive and tape-to-head contact. A limiter switch to prevent over-level recording. Vertical head block assembly.

And separate right and left channel recording level controls.

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AKAI

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*TM of Dolby Labs, Inc.

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The English Leather® scent. It's fresh, clean and thoroughly masculine. And it gives great deodorant protection too.

English Leather.

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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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MOST \$600 RECEIVERS SOUND AS GOOD AS THIS ONE. UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THIS ONE SELLS FOR UNDER \$300.*



The average \$600 receiver sounds as good as the new Pioneer SX-650 until you start listening to prices.

If \$600 is your kind of price, an SX-650 should qualify as your kind of receiver. Not only will it give you the kind of features and sound quality you'd expect for that kind of money; it'll also leave you with roughly half your receiver budget unexpectedly unspent.

But suppose your idea of a receiver price is somewhere under \$300*. The SX-650 is going to sound better to you than anything you thought you could afford. Because it has more power, a wider frequency range, less distortion, and far greater versatility than most other receivers in that category.

All this might sound a little extravagant; but an authentic breakthrough, an achievement like the SX-650, doesn't happen often. We've learned that when our promises seem to sound especially rich, the best thing to do is simply review the facts.

It's a fact that the SX-650 provides a continuous power output of 35 watts per channel, min. RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. It also delivers each instrument and voice at its intended level, balanced within ± 0.3 dB of the RIAA curve.

The facts of its stereo separation, selectivity and sensitivity must really be experienced: numbers are impressive, but sometimes only hearing is believing.

You'll also be impressed by what you don't hear from the SX-650. You won't hear an assortment of background noises, or the thousand miscellaneous acoustic devils that live in the limbo between FM stations on lesser receivers.

On your next visit to a high fidelity dealer, listen to a Pioneer SX-650 with any reasonably accurate speakers.

You'll find either its price or its performance amazing. Depending on which you hear first.

PIONEER

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.
*For informational purposes only, the SX-650 is priced under \$300.
The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

JOAN ARMATRADING

"Her name is Joan Armatrading and what she does is send shivers up your spine every time she sings her songs."

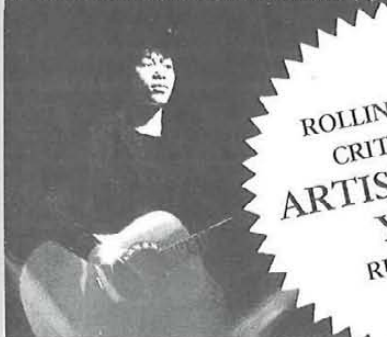
—ROLLING STONE



"Joan Armatrading is by a couple of hundred leaps and an equivalent number of bounds, the most exhilarating and brilliant talent to emerge this year...we need Joan Armatrading like we need Bob Dylan and the Beatles...THE #1 BEST ALBUM OF THE YEAR."

—SOUNDS

JOAN ARMATRADING



ROLLING STONE'S
CRITICS POLL
ARTIST OF THE
YEAR
RUNNER-UP

"JOAN ARMATRADING," Her newest album on A&M Records & Tapes

Produced by Glyn Johns



CONDENSED
MOVIES! BY ED SUBITZKY

ALL THE KEY SCENES!

THE
CASE
WAS
MURDER!

BUT DETECTIVE SLADE!
ANY ONE OF THE 32,817
PEOPLE IN THE STADIUM
COULD HAVE SLIPPED
THAT POISON INTO THE
OLD MAN'S PEPSI!

I HAVE A PLAN!
INVITE EACH OF THEM
TO THE MANSION
TONIGHT UNDER THE
PRETEXT OF A CASUAL
DINNER PARTY!

... SO THE TRUTH IS, THAT'S
WHY I GATHERED YOU ALL
HERE! EACH OF YOU 32,817
PEOPLE HATED THE OLD MAN
BECAUSE, AS CITIZENS, YOU
KNEW HE SUPPORTED A 1%
RISE IN THE TOWN SALES TAX!

IT WAS ALSO COMMON
KNOWLEDGE HE WAS AN
ARDENT BASEBALL FAN,
AND ANY OF YOU COULD
HAVE GONE TO THE GAME
WITH THE PURPOSE OF
MURDERING HIM!

HOWEVER, WHAT YOU DON'T
KNOW IS THAT THE MURDERER
ACCIDENTALLY ALSO DROPPED
HIS ADMISSION TICKET STUB,
WITH HIS FINGERPRINTS ON IT,
INTO THE OLD MAN'S PEPSI!

STEP UP TO
THIS INK PAD
ONE BY ONE!

ALL RIGHT!
(SOB!) I
CONFESS!

YOU
MEAN
YOU
WERE
ONLY
BLUFF-
ING!

YES... MAYOR JONES! AS
HEAD OF THIS TOWN, YOU
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
THAT, IN A CARBONATED
BEVERAGE, AN ADMISSION
TICKET STUB WOULD HAVE
RISEN TO THE SURFACE
WHERE YOU WOULD
HAVE SEEN IT!

THE END

Both of these decks will improve the sound of your cassettes. One even improves your tuner.

Introducing the RS-671AUS and the RS-677US with Dolby[®] FM. Both decks will dramatically improve the sound of your cassettes. But with the RS-677US you'll also get a dramatic improvement in the sound of your tuner. Like a quieter FM S/N ratio. Increased dynamic range. Even better FM reception.

And to improve the sound of your cassettes both units employ a two-motor drive system. Including an electronically controlled DC motor used exclusively for capstan drive. The results: 0.075% (WRMS) wow and flutter for the RS-671AUS. And 0.07% (WRMS) for the RS-677US.

You also get a quiet S/N ratio of -65dB (CrO₂ tape, above 5kHz). As well as lower distortion and excellent transient response. The reasons: A Technics low-noise pre-amplifier. Selected low-noise transistors. And Dolby.

And both decks also give you an extremely wide frequency response of 30 Hz—17kHz

(CrO₂ tape). Thanks to the exceptionally narrow gap of our patented HPF heads.

You'll also get quiet, highly accurate recordings, with plenty of dynamic range, because both decks have peak check VU meters. So you can precisely set recording levels for the barest minimum of overload distortion, especially when recording from live sources.

Both decks have memory rewind. Fast-acting silent electronic switching. A lockable pause control. Mike/line mixing. A CrO₂ tape selector. And with the RS-671AUS, you'll get selectors for high and low bias. And with the RS-677US, memory play and solenoid activated remote control.

So when you're ready to improve your system, the RS-671AUS and the RS-677US are ready for you.

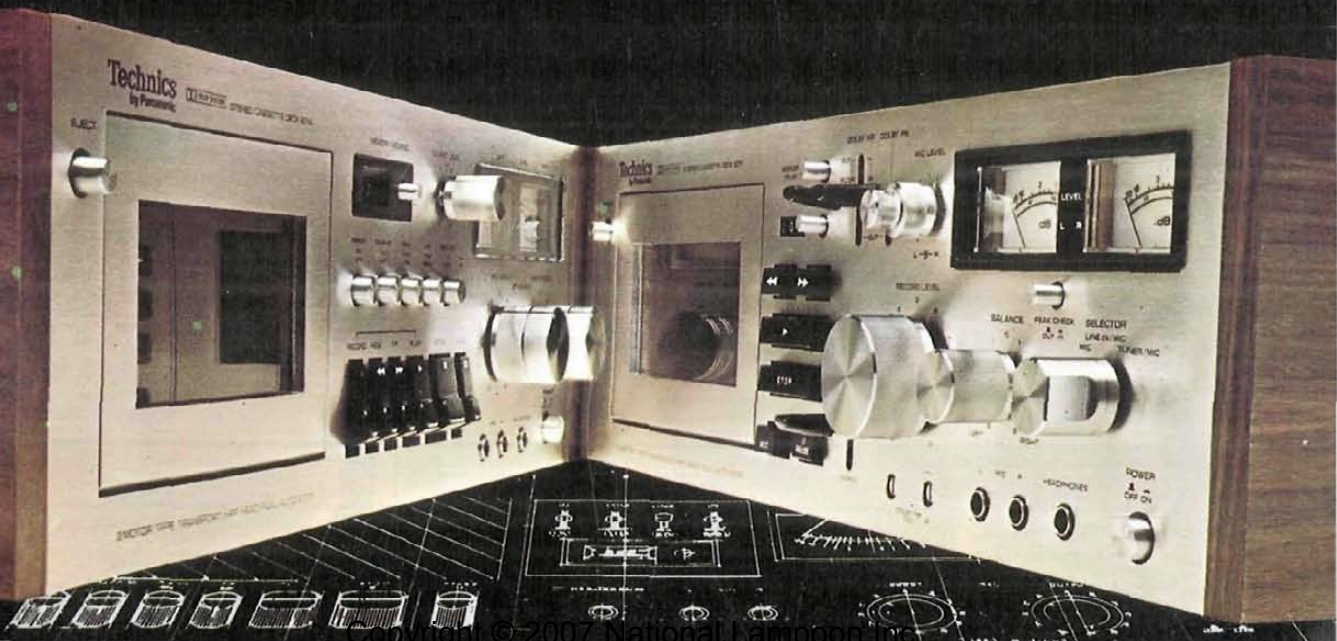
[®]Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. Cabinetry is simulated wood.



Solenoid Remote Control.

Technics

by Panasonic





Introducing Le Car

In Europe, where driving is a passion, where people demand economy, performance and a car that's fun to drive, over one million people have bought Le Car. Now, a proven success, Le Car comes to America.



Les Features

Think of Le Car as a sports car with a back seat. With front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials standard, it offers fantastic handling, cornering and traction on any road surface.

Le Performance

Le Car will not bore you. During 1976, it took first in its class in 12 out of 16 races, beating Hondas, Datsuns, Pintos, Vegas, Toyotas and Fiats.

L' Economy

41 MPG highway/25 MPG city, according to EPA tests.* *Remember:* These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

*California excluded

Le Fantastic Ride

The problem with little cars, a harsh ride, is no longer a problem. Le Car rides so smoothly, even on rough roads, it'll amaze you.

Le City Car

Le Car is so maneuverable you can dart in and out of, around and through traffic. And Le Car fits in a smaller parking space than the Honda, Chevette or Rabbit.



Le Weekend Car

Fold down the rear seat and you've got loads of room. Flip open the giant sun roof (optional) and take off for the country. Le Car makes long drives fun, instead of tedious.

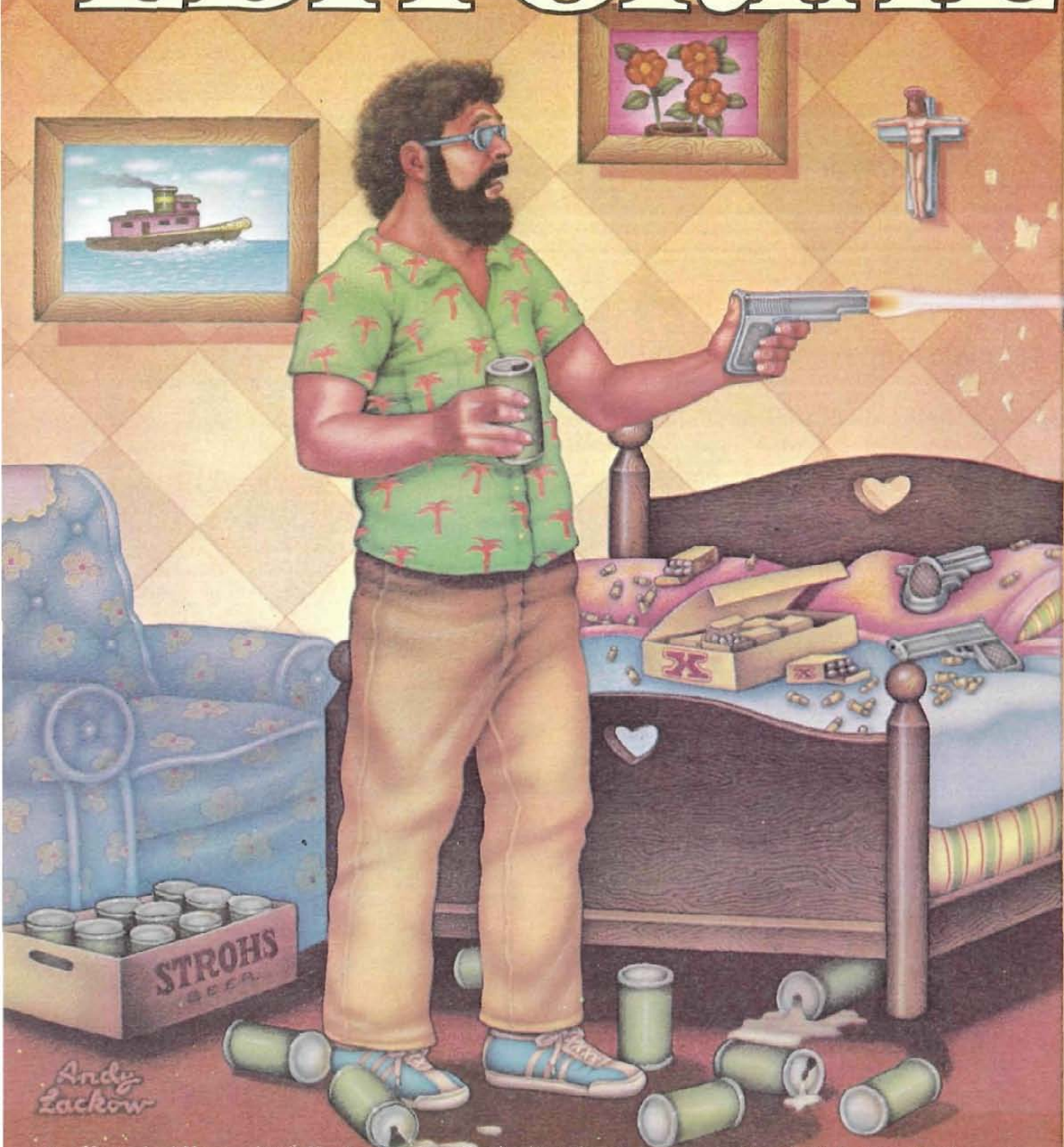
Le Price

Le Car prices start at only \$3345.† Call 800-631-1616 for your nearest Le Car dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

† P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices slightly higher in the West.

Le Car by Renault

EDITORIAL



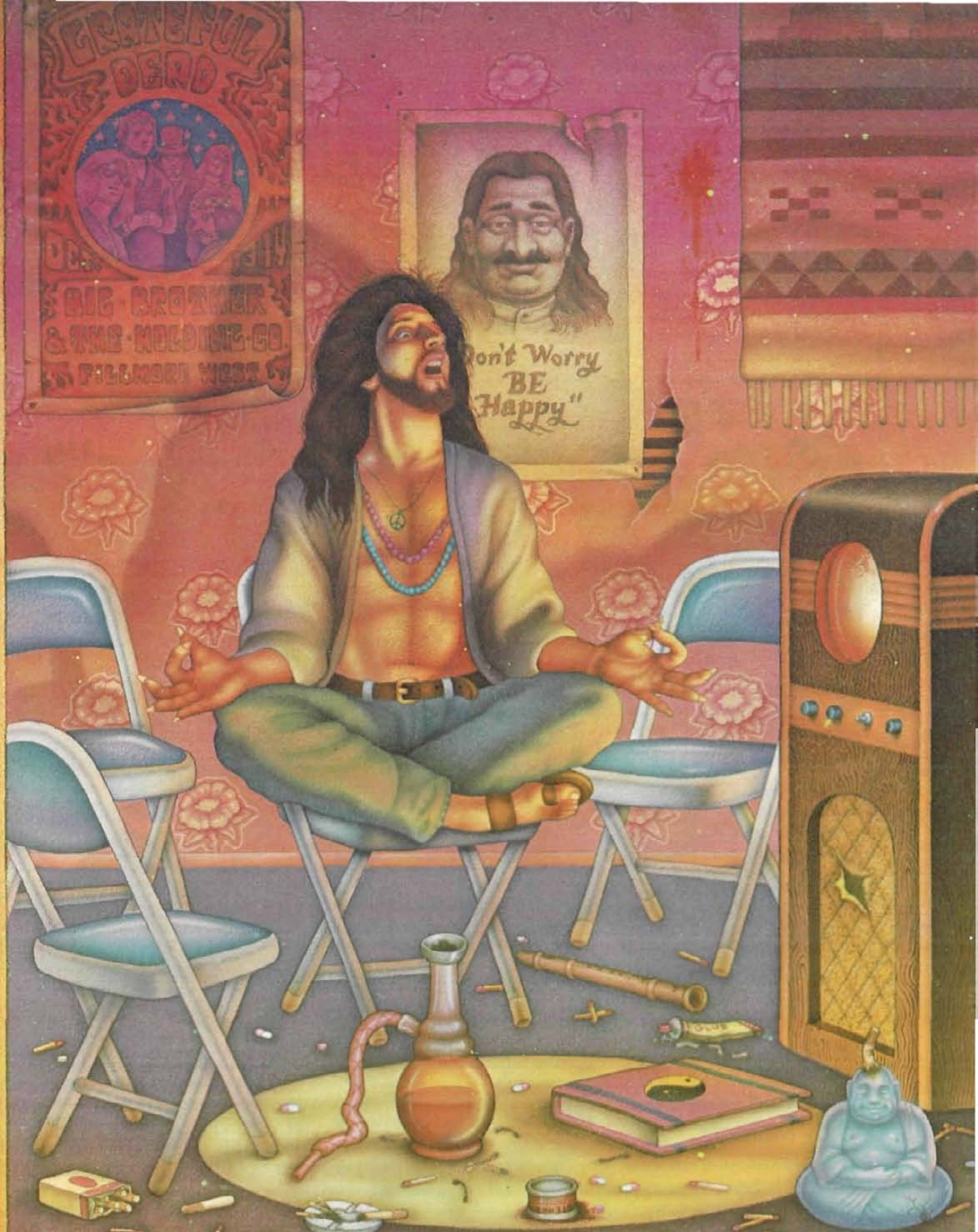
Andy
Lackow

Hi, readers! How ya doin'? How's every little thing out there in readerland? Pretty good? Huh? You know, a lot of magazines don't give a damn. But not us. We really care how our readers feel. Especially cute girl readers. They feel real good. Ha. Ha. Ha. Sorry, that was sexist, and I know it. It won't happen again. Honest. Now what was I saying? Oh

yeah, well, it's editorial time again, and I'm not going to cop out like some of my brother editors and just stick a stupid picture in here. The heck with that. I'm a writer and I've got a job to do. Of course, on the other hand, do you really want an editorial on the subject of science and technology? I didn't think so. Me either, really, I mean,

it'd probably be pretty much a matter of: "Wadda ya mean, call an electrician?! I can fix that goddamned toaster buzz zap crackle boom-[Fade to wail of distant sirens]." But what would you like?... Well sure, we'd all like that. Be realistic, O.K.? Jeez...

You know, I really get tired of this magazine sometimes. Don't you? It seems so heavy-handed. Like using a



cruise missile to weed your lawn. And dirty-mouthed: all pecker-pounded-butter-cooze and shitty-feathered-Long-Island-duckling-butt-fucking. It tires a guy out. And it doesn't leave much room for the quieter, more thoughtful approach to things. Though maybe I speak too soon, because, wedged between the gaping happy holes and the gut-shot

toddlers, there are a couple of our writers whose approach gets so quiet and thoughtful that you'd like to bust them across the mouth with a table leg. But you get the drift of what I'm saying....Sometimes, being a writer and all, I'd just like to write some stuff. You know, tell some stories. Not stories about women with atomic dentures in their private parts. Not

stories about dope-propelled shrub people from the planet X-Lax. Just stories. In this case, stories about poisonous junk, stuff that blows up, and large, dangerous things that go fast. And that's what I'm going to do. So these aren't parodies or satires. They don't have any punch lines. They weren't printed to trick you or make you gag. They're just stories;

80 Proof True Tequila Imported by Maidstone Wine & Spirits, Inc., Los Angeles, Ca.

ARANDAS TEQUILA

KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR SWEEPSTAKES



If you can read, you can win the world's greatest sound by Marantz.

Some lucky person is about to win the Marantz "Dream System": eight top-of-the-line components that add up to the greatest sound you ever heard. (1) 510M Professional Stereo Power Amplifier with an incredible 256 Watts RMS per channel. (2) 3800 Professional Stereo Preamplifier, the ideal distortion-free "control center." (3) 150 AM/FM Stereo Tuner with built-in oscilloscope display. (4) 6300 DC Servo Direct Drive Turntable. (5&6) HD-88 High Definition Speaker Systems.

(7) 5420 Stereo Cassette Deck, with Dolby* (8) SE-15 Electrostatic Headphones. That's the Marantz Dream System...and it could be yours.

Plus 565 other prizes for 565 lucky runners-up! Check the page at left for full listing.

Okay, now. What do you have to do? Simply "read" any bottle of Arandas Tequila, either White or extra-mellow Arandas Oro. To qualify, just tell us how many times the name "Arandas" appears (look closely, now).

There's no purchase necessary. So run, don't walk, to your nearest bottle of Arandas, white or gold. Check the sweepstakes rules and mail us your entry blank. Good luck.

ARANDAS TEQUILA

OF KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EARSM
PRIZES

1ST PRIZE:

The Marantz Dream System

RUNNERS-UP:

- (10) Marantz 2230-B Receivers
- (10) pairs of Marantz HD-66 Speakers
- (10) Marantz 5020 Cassette Decks
- (10) Marantz 6200 Turntables
- (25) Marantz SE-15 Headphones
- Plus 500 Arandas Tequila T-shirts that invite you to play around.

OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Official entry form or plain piece of 3" x 5" paper, hand print your name and address. Mail entry to: Arandas Tequila "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8067, Blair, Nebraska 68009, in hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/2" by 9 1/2" (#10 envelope).
2. Be sure to indicate on your entry the number of times the name "Arandas" appears on any bottle of Arandas White or Arandas Oro Tequila.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all entries received by May 31, 1977, by the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
4. This sweepstakes is open to residents of U.S.A., except employees of Maidstone Wine and Spirits Inc., their advertising and sweepstakes agencies, and the families of each. This sweepstakes void in Missouri, Pennsylvania and wherever else prohibited by law. Void via retail participation in Wisconsin and Maryland. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes on any prize are sole responsibility of prize winner. No substitution for prize permitted. All prizes will be awarded.
5. For names of major prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 8101, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

ARANDAS TEQUILA
"KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR" SWEEPSTAKES
P.O. BOX 8067
BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

WHICH ARANDAS BOTTLE DID YOU USE FOR YOUR ANSWER (CHECK ONE)

ARANDAS WHITE _____ ARANDAS ORO _____

HOW MANY TIMES DOES THE NAME "ARANDAS" APPEAR? _____ **NL**



The following column is reprinted verbatim from the Toronto Sun of November 12, 1976. It was sent to us by our Toronto correspondent, Alison Gordon.

Body Hygiene

By McKenzie Porter

For more than 40 years I have wanted to write the column that follows. But I have refrained on the grounds of an old fashioned sense of delicacy. Now that general attitudes toward bodily functions are more candid and wholesome I think I may deplore, without being obnoxious, the washroom habits of some men.

The most depressing spectacle a man may see on entering a public washroom to urinate is that of the feet of another man who is seated behind the half-door of a water closet in the act of defecation. There is something wrong with a man who defecates in some washroom outside his home. He is either ill, ignorant or unclean.

The custom of reading the newspaper regularly in a water closet at one's place of employment is not merely a theft of one's employer's time but, often, an offence to the eyes, ears and nose of one's colleagues.

A healthy, intelligent, fastidious man defecates in his home or hotel bathroom in the morning before he takes his shower or tub. In this way he ensures that his body is immaculate before he dons his underwear. Defecation in any place where it is difficult to wash the anus is un-

hygienic. No matter how good is the quality of the toilet paper available it is never as effective as soap and water.

One of the most impressive ablutionary provisions I ever saw was a latrine for private soldiers of the Indian Army during World War II. Although it was a makeshift affair in range of enemy guns it was equipped with a rudimentary shower made out of old gasoline cans. The private soldiers of this particular regiment, famous for their salubrious appearance, were not content in a latrine with paper. They expected, even in the front line, facilities for washing.

The celebrated freshness of the Indian Army is dependent to a large extent on the regularity of bowel movements. By developing the habit of excreting shortly after arising from sleep, a habit easily acquired by anybody else, the Indian Army soldiers are able to wash conveniently before they dress.

Taking a tip from the Indian Army, many years ago, the British Army introduced the seemingly incongruous barrack-room custom of serving morning tea to soldiers in bed. Such refreshment is called Gunfire. It promotes the routine of morning evacuation, use of the showers and higher standards of cleanliness and health.

Any doctor will tell you that washing with soap and water after excretion is a precaution against minor and major ailments of the rectum.

A common cause of so-called food poisoning is the handling of dishes by restaurant workers who have failed to wash their hands properly after defecation. All staff washrooms in restaurants should be equipped with bidets, or showers, and the use of such, after defecation, should be mandatory.

It is essential, of course, to provide water closets in all places of employment and in public buildings for the use of persons who need them at odd times. But to encourage better habits in the general population each public water closet should carry on its half-door the notice: For Emergency.

On the inside of the door, for the edification of the user, the following notice should be posted: "This Water Closet Is Provided For Persons Suffering From Temporary Irregularity of the Bowels. Healthy Persons Use the Water Closet At Home Where It Is Possible To Wash the Body Before Adjusting the Dress."

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One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

He smokes for pleasure.

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

Do you?

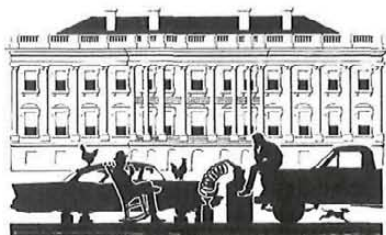


**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

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.

The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

The Carter family column did not appear in the February issue because Bob Bob was drunk that month.

Well, we're all settled into the White House now—President Jimmy Earl, Rosalynn, little Amy Lynn, Johnny Bill, Jimmy Earl, Jr., Don-Boy, cousin Billy, Miss Lillian, my own self and the missus, and this and that other cousin and kinfolk—fifty-two of us all told. One big happy family (that being what we're to tell the press reporters, mind you). Now, I wouldn't want to say that calling us "one big happy family" is an outright lie. No indeed. But a tiny little bit of what you call your prevarication just might have slipped in there along towards the "happy" part. Fact is, I don't think some parts of this one big family are a-tall happy. Leastwise not with me. 'Course, I wouldn't want to say who that some parts is because I don't think a fellow should speak against the president of the United States in troubled times such as these, but I swear he'd like to kick my butt and would have before now if he weren't president and also too skinny to whup me. And it ain't my fault at all. Swear to God it's not. Damn it, I have not done one single thing since I got here but try to help out, and it has got me in nothing but trouble.

First thing was, Jimmy Earl got all het up about the presidential limousine being in the indoor White House swimming pool. Though actually it wasn't really in the pool at all. Just the front end was hanging out over with the bumper propped up on some old furniture. Or that's the way it was until the Lincoln bed gave way. (All I've got to say is that I wish the son of a bitch was still alive and had been in it when it did.) But I was just trying to help—me and cousin Billy both was. We had been out just the day before kind of testing that presidential limousine. Tested it around to a couple of bars and rib joints, and I took Cousin Billy over to that Sexorama Grill place that I was fact-finding in in January, if you remember. He

like to died looking at this one Jew girl they got there who Exotic dances. I thought he was going to pop his innards out his eye holes. Said he didn't know white women had that many hip joints. Of course, Jews ain't really white, except for the ones in the Bible, but, even so, the Exotic is a dance you should surely see done if you get the chance to. Whooo-eee! Anyway, like I was saying, we went out and tested the presidential limousine around here and there, and found that it was much too slow. In fact, we got a bunch of traffic tickets because it was so slow. Only took 'em twenty minutes to catch us—that's how slow it was. Let's see, we got three tickets for running red lights, four for reckless endangermentations, a couple more for turning corners where we shouldn't have ought to, and a whole bunch for all the open whiskey bottles in the back seat. Good thing Billy had his special "Brother of the President" badge he had made up in the machine shop back behind his gas station, or we'd of been in trouble sure.

Now, neither one of us thought that it was half safe for a president of the United States to be driving around in a limousine as slow as all that, so we called up old Junior Johnson, who races in the stock cars down in Wilkes County, South Carolina, and invited him to come on up and stay at the White House for a while and bring some tools and engines. But when he got here, it turns out there wasn't a grease pit worth mentioning in the whole White House or any of the outbuildings (me and Junior think maybe there hasn't been a single president that raced stock cars since Teddy Roosevelt, and we're not sure on him). So seeing that nobody was hardly using the swimming pool, we drained it out and got busy. (Miss Lillian, now, actually sometimes she would use the pool—come down there and kick her bedroom slippers in the water and scream and yell 'cause of how good it echoed in there. But that's just when she slipped away from those two big nurses they got watching her all the time now. And she's the only who did use it. And we didn't figure she'd know the difference, long as she got to holler.)

Now you'd of thought Jimmy Earl'd been grateful for all the bother we went to, cramming that Big Block Chevy Rat Motor with the porcupine heads, Edlebrock Tourquer manifold with your 900 cfm double-pumper Holley carburetors, a Crane roller cam, and Hooker headers pumping

out 550 horsepower through the mufflers into his own personal car at no charge whatsoever except the swimming pool cleaner's and a little body and fender work. But he was not so. Maybe 'cause he walked in on us just as the bed broke, which may not have put him in your best of moods about the whole thing. I mean, watching that big old custom-built Continental go tits up in the deep end was not perhaps the best way for him to get his first look at what we'd done, and besides, we'd wanted it to be a surprise. As it was, he raised holy hell. Though the fixed-up limousine proved to be a surprise anyhow (after we got it pounded out and new window glass put in). It sure surprised that colored chauffeur the first time he tried to pull away from a stoplight and cracked three vertebrae in his neck. (She'll do the quarter mile in ten flat, and that's with street tires!)

That was one thing Jimmy Earl got all like a hosed-down hen coop about, and then not more than a week later, he was at it again—hopping around with his face all red like he'd sat on the butter churn instead of the milking stool. This time, it was a religious matter. Cousin Ruth Carter Stapleton was holding a little private prayer service in the Blue Room, and I was helping her with the rattlesnakes. Now, I don't particularly hold with snake-handling. A little rolling on the floor and talking in tongues at a specially good revival meeting is as far as I go. And then only if I've committed the sin of drink right before services. (What I mean is, my wife swears that one time at a revival over to Junction City in 1961, I rolled on the floor and talked in tongues the whole day long, directly after having committed the sin of drink. I don't remember it myself, but I'm sure it was an uplifting experience. At least, I hope it was an uplifting experience, and not just that cheap nigger gin.) I don't particularly hold with snake-handling, no. But religious freedom is one of the things that made this country fine like it is, and I'm not one to make fun of anybody's beliefs, especially when it's a lady cousin. So I was helping out with the snakes while Cousin Ruth talked in tongues and rolled on the floor. (By the way, the trick to good snake handling is to crack their heads once, hard, on a table top before you do any of it.) And everything was going along real religiously until a tour group full of out-of-towners walked in unexpected on their White House tour and started

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NONE OF THAT IN THIS ISSUE! →

Huh-uh. This is P.J.'s Science and Technology issue — no women allowed. So don't go flipping through the pages looking for girls with their shirts off. Because there aren't any. Well, hardly any. Actually, Judith here is on page 43, but it's a cheap joke. It really is. Say hi, Judith. Judith would like a Mercedes. Preferably a 450 SL. And P.J. would like Judith. Maybe if you gave P.J. the Mercedes, everybody'd be happy. But, look, that's *not* what this issue's about. So knock it off.

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200-SX



Suddenly from Datsun: A sporty car with everything but a sports car price.

Exit dull, sluggish economy cars.
Enter Datsun's spicy 200-SX. Sweet
handling. Tasty appointments. And no
bitter price to swallow.
Enjoy.

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like overdrive. So it not only zips
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wear and tear on the
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engine: it's the 2-liter
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type. The type sports
cars are made of. All of
which makes the 200-
SX anything but dull.



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All for under \$4500. (Manufacturer's
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destination charges, taxes, license or
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when we made this fun little car, we
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Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?

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It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell. It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

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



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Editorial

continued from page 9

Poisonous Junk

Eleven years ago, I was in college in _____, Ohio, about twenty miles north of Cincinnati. Three or four or five of us, all more or less in school, shared a house on the edge of town. And we used to have parties a couple of times a month, or whenever we had drugs or money. Three thirty-one West Whittier Street—it was a comfortable house by our lights: motorcycle parts all over the furniture, dog shit on the rug, trucks and things up on blocks in the backyard. And we had good parties.

One of the people who lived there, Uncle Mike, was a math instructor at the school, a prodigious drinker and generally popular fellow. We planned a particularly good party to celebrate his birthday in the fall of 1966. And a particularly good party it was, with lots of fistfights, car wrecks, and rape attempts, except that we ran out of liquor about 3 A.M. Stores and bars being closed, Uncle Mike and somebody went to Darktown and woke up an old colored man who was supposed to have moonshine for sale in his basement. I remember them saying that he asked their brand preference. But whatever it was, it came in Seagram's Seven bottles with Royal Crown Cola caps on top, and looked like river water. Very strong stuff. I'd been off somewhere that night and was late to the party, so I was still nearly sober at 3 A.M., and I drank quite a bit of it. Every mouthful tasted like the first drink of whiskey you ever had. But, as I said, it was a good party, and we kept drinking it until people started throwing up. Not that that stopped us right away. A certain amount of throwing up is to be expected at a really good party. Required, even, if your hosts are to know that the full thrust of their hospitality has been felt. And it didn't seem to me that anything was very wrong until I saw Juanita, normally a fastidious girl, wrenching into a sink full of dirty dishes. A few more drinks and I was sick, too. Sick as I've ever been. I felt my insides pulled out on a string, a cord, a rope of filth. It was a convulsive, projectile vomiting that brought no relief. I remember puking in a wastepaper basket, through a window, out the back door, into a plant, on the davenport, and finally, exhausted, I crawled upstairs to the bathroom.

I woke up with a burning sensation

continued on 18



Sirs:

What's bloody, monthly, and sings?
Give up? *The New Christy Menstruals!* Now, do you still think women aren't funny?

Some Women
Stuck at Home with the Kids

Sirs:

We freely admit that those Wampanoag Indians own all that land up here in Maine, just like they say they do. Their treaties were violated and the land is rightfully theirs. Sure it's practically two-thirds of the state, but that doesn't matter because we want to do the right thing by our Indian brothers. And we'll turn all the deeds over to their tribal council just as soon as they pay the 30,000 years of back taxes.

James Longley
Senate, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Where was I while those Korean dinks were shoveling out the bucks to congressmen? I'll tell you where I was—I was shtupping this stupid blond chick. That's where I was. And you know what it got me? It got my balls busted—that's what it got me. Shtupping a stupid blond chick and getting my balls busted when I could have been hanging around the House of Representatives raking in the dough! I could just fucking kick myself.

Wayne Hays
Flushing, Ohio

Sirs:

You *don't* always hurt the one you love. Lots of times you hurt people that you don't even give a shit about. Really.

Truman Capote
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bella Abzug has Liberian registry.
Pass it on.

Pat M.
Senate, U.S.A.

Sirs:

There's lots of us here in America that don't like Jews, and we're sick and tired of being called anti-Semites. You wouldn't call a person Auntie Jemima just 'cause he hated niggers, would you?

A Friend
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If women spent as much time fucking with their cunts as they spend

weren't blacklisted. They were *fired!*

Dashiell Hammett
Commie Heaven

Sirs:

If looks could kill, I would have been born dead. *N'est-ce pas?*

Barbra Streisand
c/o Decorations Committee
Annual Drag Ball
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

My name, it is Ernest, I live in
Montmartre
I drink Spanish wine for the sake
of my art
I don't believe losing an' winning's
the same
In the middleweight fight called
The expatriates' game

My name is Fitzgerald,
I'm hung like a bee
You can ask Ernest if you
don't believe me
It's movies for money,
and novels for fame
Just playing my part
in
The expatriates' game

My name it is
Gertrude, I'm a
recognized dyke
I've a face like a horse
and I can't even write.
Paris afternoons now all
seem the same
Alice and I spent them
playing
Expatriates' games.

The Deceased Expatriates Club
Immovable Graveyard
Paris, Ontario

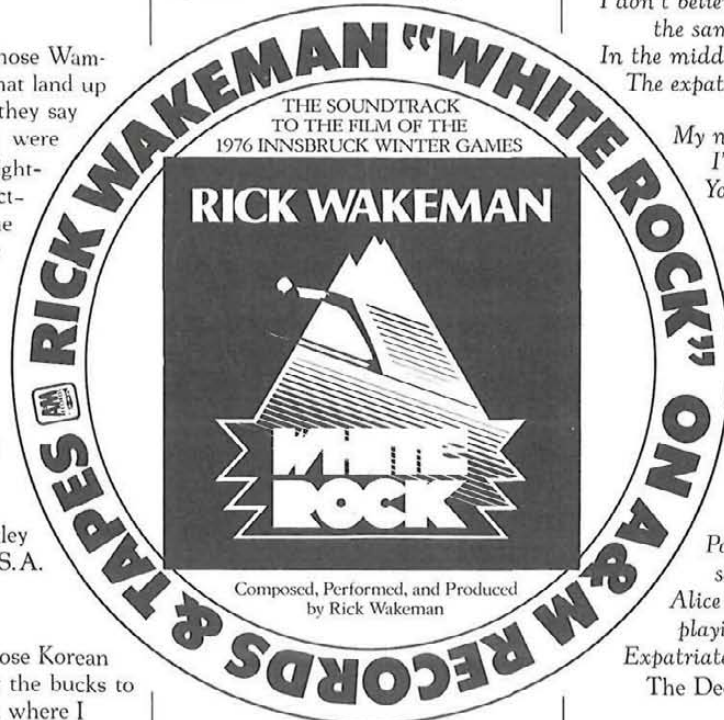
Sirs:

I have been asked to bring an action on behalf of Mr. Behan with regards to the above parody of his touching ballad, "The Patriot's Game." However, if you'll explain the jokes to me, I'll go back and tell him I couldn't find you.

Clancy O'Brien
Attorney at Lunch

Sirs:

The rich get richer, and the poor get welfare. Seems perfectly fair to me. Hell, I'm as liberal as the next guy.
An International Banker
London, Paris, Rome, New York



fucking with their hair, this'd be a lot happier country, Jack. Let me tell you.

Bud Farkle
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

P.J. would like to apologize for not fighting in Vietnam. He dodged the draft, but he says he's sorry and he promises to fight real hard in the next war if you'll hurry up and have one soon before he's too old.

The Lawyer That
Got Him His 4-F

Sirs:

Have you seen that movie with Woody Allen in it called *The Front?* Christ, those writers and directors

Our new CD-S200 has five LEDs to help stop distortion in your tracks.



Unlike most cassette decks, the JVC CD-S200

has a unique 5-LED peak level indicator system. This fail-safe system helps you get better recordings two ways. First, it helps you to eliminate distortion that comes from exceeding peak levels. Then it guards against the noise you get when the input signal is too low.

Other features include: an exclusive Sen-Alloy head which captures exceptionally



That's four more than most other cassette decks.

high frequency response. The ANRS noise reduction system for reducing tape hiss, 3-position bias and EQ switches for every type of tape. Precise sliding recording level controls. Automatic tape-end stop.

The CD-S200 even lets you record when you're not there. It has everything. Only \$300* at JVC dealers.

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Editorial

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in my gullet and a horrible headache. It was a struggle to open my eyes, and when I had, there was nothing there. Just a blank expanse of whiteness. I blinked and rolled my eyes in their sockets and blinked again—nothing. Nothing at all. Nothing but a featureless white glare. I was blind. "Blind," I thought. "Blind. I drank moonshine whiskey and it made me blind. I'm blind. Blind. Wood alcohol blind. I can't see a thing. I'm blind, blind, blind..." And I was ten or fifteen minutes like that, until Juanita came in and found me just where I'd passed out—with my head upside-down in the toilet bowl.

Stuff That Blows Up

The next summer, Uncle Mike and Juanita and I and some other people lived out on a farm. The man who owned the land did the farming, but we had the house and some outbuildings to fool around in and sixty or eighty acres of woods and pastures. We had a terrific collection of guns and drugs on the farm, and it was our pleasure most afternoons to get high or stoned or what have you and blow things apart. We went shotgun sparrow hunting and used twelve-gauge slugs to destroy an old truck. We found a sewing machine with a cast iron frame and knocked it to pieces with a 30/30, and we shattered every porcelain phone wire insulator in that part of the county. But best of all was a case of dynamite that we'd been traded in a dope deal. After a month, the north pasture looked like Axis night bombers had been by twenty-two years late and completely off target. And the sheep were beginning to really act strange.

One August afternoon, when we had only one stick of dynamite left, we came into possession of some hashish of exceptional quality. And after several pipefuls, it seemed like an excellent idea to set that last stick off in the yard.

Uncle Mike got the stick out of the refrigerator and, while we all sat on the front porch and smoked, began to slowly bore a hole in it. It took years to bore that hole, or so it seemed to us. And years more to measure out the fuse, crimp the cap, and so on. An eon, certainly. But we'd been sitting on the porch since time began, so we didn't care. Not us. Maybe we'd been on the porch longer than that. Who could tell? Who'd care if we

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could tell? And who would we tell if we could or cared to? Anyway, eventually Uncle Mike began the Long Walk into the yard. Very far out into the yard. Farther out into the yard than we could personally imagine going. So far out into the yard that he had to run and run to get back on the porch, and he ran and ran and ran but it was so far to run that, even running and running as he was, he was barely running up the porch steps when, still running, a great blast and huge wave of dirt threw him through the screen door into the living room. Juanita, on the porch swing, was blown back through the railing. The rest of us, on the other side of the porch, were dumped over into a forsythia bush. Every window on the front of the house was broken, and no one could hear for two days.

Uncle Mike, the crater indicated, had planted the dynamite eight feet away. We sold the rest of that hashish immediately. Actually, we didn't sell it, we traded it for more dynamite, but this time we traded the dynamite right away for some peyote buds from a fellow from California who took the explosive back there with him. I understand it was used to fell a Pacific Gas and Electric high tension wire tower in one of those acts of terrorism so popular just then. No dazed activists were found at the scene, though, so presumably it was detonated by coffee drinkers.

Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast

I don't really know any good stories about large dangerous things that go fast. Unless you count life. Which is a large dangerous thing that seems to be going very fast. Anyway, I'll have to make do with a story about bullets—small dangerous things that go fast.

For a while, in the spring of 1967, before we moved to the farm, Uncle Mike and Juanita and I shared the house on West Whittier with a mystic fellow named Steve. Steve had very long fingernails and didn't often bathe. He was in love with the daughter of an Air Force colonel in Dayton. The colonel spoke of Steve only as "Dirty Eddie," kept his daughter in a hometown junior college, and had declared that if "Dirty Eddie" ever so much as set foot in Dayton, he'd kill him with his own bare hands. Taking the colonel at his word, Steve retired to the pursuit of his own particular brand of mysticism.

There were three bedrooms in the

house. Two next to each other upstairs and one downstairs, which was Juanita's and mine. Steve had found an old stand-up radio which he had carried up to his room and placed in the middle of the floor. The radio was broken, but, plugged in, its large orange dial would light up and the speaker omitted a low buzz. Steve claimed that this radio was an "Om machine," and that the sound it made was the first syllable of the Buddhist chant, "Om mani padme hum." He filled the room with folding chairs that he'd stolen somewhere, arranging them in semicircles around the radio, and spent most of his time in there with all the lights off, taking drugs and staring at the orange dial.

Few people ever joined Steve in his "Om machine theater," especially not

Uncle Mike, who was a devout Catholic—something he showed every Sunday morning in his best suit and every Saturday night in a drunken rage. One such Saturday night, Mike came home more angry than usual and stamped upstairs. He was too drunk to notice that Steve was there. Even Juanita and I didn't realize Steve was home, so low or so familiar was that om sound. Mike shut himself into his room with the five or six locks he had mounted on his door, got out his guns, and began firing into the wall between his room and Steve's. He had a .25 caliber derringer, some off-brand .32, and a .22 Astre automatic. He fired a hundred rounds or so before we heard the door lock come undone and the sound of Mike's footsteps headed for the bathroom.

continued on page 85

At last, a stereo power amp with professional performance for less than \$1.00* per watt!

THE CS-800

The latest high speed, high voltage, discreet technology combines with unique packaging and exclusive features to create the Peavey CS-800, a new stereo power amplifier that is unrivaled by anything on the market at its price.

The CS-800 produces 400 watts RMS of pure, undistorted (0.05% THD) power per channel. Overall, that's 800 watts of solid, high fidelity (5 Hz to 30 kHz) amplification retailing for only \$649.50*. At about 81 cents a watt, that's an incredible value for a stereo power amp with the CS-800's performance and versatility.

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the CS-800 with balanced inputs and even a two-way electronic crossover. The amp's twenty-four high voltage output transistors are mounted on massive, fan cooled heat sinks for ultimate reliability even under the most demanding operating conditions. Protection circuits are built into each channel to protect speaker systems from any sudden abnormally high DC voltages. A steel reinforced die cast front panel in a 19" rack mountable chassis add to the system's appearance and versatility.

The Peavey CS-800 is a highly professional amp with honest performance at a very reasonable price. Drop by your Peavey Dealer for a demonstration of what the CS-800 can do or write us and we'll send you complete specs. We think you'll be impressed.



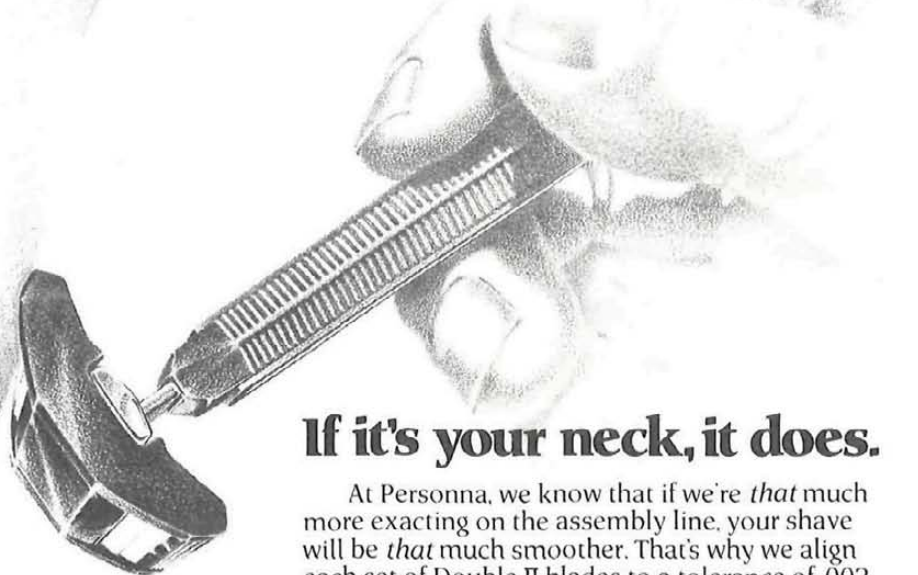
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Treat your face with precision.



Shit Floats: Details, Page 6

OUTLOOK:

Bleak

AIR QUALITY:

Acceptable



**Bare Bianca Goat Blow
Orgy: Details Inside**

IND
34490

The National

* * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1 No. LXXXIV

March, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

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MONTHLY TABLOID DEMANDS AUSSIE TAKEOVER

New York—The entire staff of the nation's only monthly newspaper, the *National Lampoon*-owned *National*, walked off the job today, to protest the fact that they had not been taken over by Australian press-lord Rupert Murdoch.

Editors, reporters, copyboys, composers, all joined the indefinite strike, which has no union sanction, since union activity is forbidden at *The National* under pain of permanent anal disfigurement.

"We can't understand it," said a spokesman for the staff, "we do everything right. We treat our writers and artists like cattle, drink like micks, slander, gossip, import otherwise unemployable British hacks, misrepresent the truth, exploit women,



the lot. What's wrong with this Murdoch? Does he think we're too good for him?"

Murdoch, who had recently acquired *The New York Post* from owner Dotty Schiff for

some money and a quick one, and wrested control of pinko tab *Village Voice* and its fellow traveler *New York* magazine from the grip of unisexual former editor Clay

Felker, had no immediate reaction to the *National* strike. It is rumored, however, that Murdoch is unlikely to purchase the powerful monthly, because its politics are not far

enough to the left. The forty-three-year-old digger, who owns eighty-seven newspapers and is a self-made billionaire, is a deeply committed Communist.

Chinks in Armor

Peking—The tumultuous leadership battles that have shaken the People's Republic of China erupted anew this week with an announcement from the Central Committee of "a new, insidious, rodent-like upheaval triggered by the repulsive, foul-smelling capitalist roaders of the Shanghai clique."

The revolt, which was spawned in the traditionally revolutionary city of Shanghai, has spread to Pao-

ting, Tengshin, Lap-sang, Souchong, Solong, Oolong, and Chowlongyagonnabe-

gon. The size of the outbreak can be determined by the label, formally announced Friday by the Revolutionary Central People's Committee on Epithets, Rhetoric, and Sobriquets, attached to the dissidents: "the gang of four hundred million."

The Committee accused Chiang Ching, the widow of deceased

Chairman Mao, of "personally instructing each and every one of the gang of four hundred million to revile the memory of Chairman Mao," and of "sowing confusion among the masses by taking two names almost impossible to distinguish from each other."

One crucial consequence of the new upheaval is that a ruling faction of China's Central Committee has determined that new Chairman Hua Kuo-feng almost certainly lacks the necessary charisma and leadership qualities to see China through the difficult transition period between the death of

Mao and the evolution of new leadership.

Accordingly, China is publicly searching for a new, dynamic leader to assume the role of chairman, and is extending its search not just to China, but to major nations around the world. News sources have obtained an advance copy of the appeal for new leadership (see attached).

Reaction to the unprecedented Chinese proposal was mixed. A spokesman in San Clemente said that former president Richard Nixon was traveling in the Orient on "matters of state" and could not be reached for comment. And in Houston, former treasury secretary John "Where's Mine?" Connally said, "I'm not seeking any job, but I'm not turning down any job, either. Let's say I'm keeping my options open, round-eyes."

Bare Jigaboo Goo Sly Plan

A frighteningly clear explanation for the recent wave of Liberian-based oil tanker accidents has emerged from the murky underworld of international terrorism.

A group of militant black nationalist Liberians, after years of underground existence in the once-placid homeland of former America slaves, has seized control of the supertankers, and are systematically destroying them in order to pour tens of millions of gallons of oil into the waterways of the industrialized world as "an act of symbolic

black revenge against the oppressors of the white colonial world."

This manifesto from the militant Liberians, known as the Handkerchief Heads, was read at a press conference by head Head Tubman 10W40, also known as "Slick." It came as a shock to those who believed that the Liberian registry of the supertankers was a subterfuge worked by

Greek, Japanese, and American shipowners to avoid heavy taxation and safety laws.

"A scheme?" Slick chuckled. "Yes, a scheme—by the black brothers and sisters to remind the world of the wealth it has stolen. All of your ill-gotten gains, your summer homes, your zoning laws and covenants—from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard, from the Hamptons to the Cote d'Azur, we will turn your refuges of privilege into a Black Gold Coast."

Exec Pos Opn

Lrg, sprwlng ntn sks xprncd, rslte, chrsmte ldr fr pstrn f extrmly dmdng rspnsblty. Mst hv hghly skld bly to str hlm of shp of stt clr frm rfs of rvsms, Trtsksm, dvtmsm, n lbrlsm. Mst hv cpcty to smsh Gng of 4 to smthrs.

If u cn rd ths, u cn gt ths rl gd jb, which prvd lerty bnfts, all xpnses pd, fr rm n bd, ttl adltn of tng msses, pls u gt to mt grls.

To pply fr ths dmdng jb, wrt r cl Cntrl Cmtt, Cmst Prty, Ppls Rpblic f Chn. Absltly no rmg dgs wntd. If u cr to pply in prsn, cm to Hvnly Cty, Rm 2024 (Ntrnc, Rm 2026) wth rsme n phto. Cm thru Gte of Etrnl Vglnce, bt do nt mk rt trn nto cplst lrd.



Rocky and His Friends

Albany, N.Y.—Governor Carey has signed into law a special bill pardoning all those charged in connection with the 1971 riot at Attica Prison in which forty people lost their lives. An aide described the pardon as “a nice gesture of forgiveness and understanding,” and reiterated the governor’s commitment to avoiding such tragedies in the future and being elected to a second term.

The pardon will bring to an end years of complex litigation stemming from the disturbance. Prisoners standing trial have repeatedly claimed that the murders were committed by guards and troops after the successful takeover of the section controlled by inmates. Thus far, the state has had little trouble countering these arguments. In a statement which was to



Nervous, Nellie?

be echoed many times during the trials, one prosecutor said. “It is the task of this court to determine whether these killings were committed by murderous thugs locked up to keep them away from our wives and children, or by decent Americans, family men just like the rest of us, trying to do a good job under adverse circumstances!”

The most surprising aspect of the pardon was its exclusion of former New York governor Nelson Rocke-

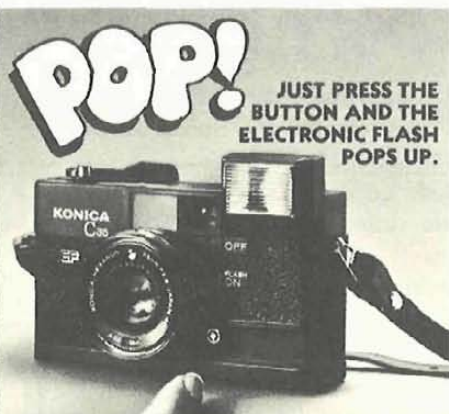
efeller, who at the time responded to requests that he meet to discuss grievances by ordering an assault on a scale normally reserved for the invasion of heavily armed countries. The former vice-president, popularly known as the Butcher of Attica, could not be reached for comment, though it is commonly known that he regards New York state as a family holding, and its officials, the governor included, as family retainers.



Fuck Hugh!

According to those close to him at the time, he was “considerably irritated” by the report of the state-appointed McKay Commission, which cited bad prison conditions as a contributory factor, but held him responsible for the deaths. He is supposed to have demanded the immediate public execution of the panel members, and been greatly angered by the refusal of his subordinates to carry out his orders.

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Aussie Press Lord Eyes New Slant

In an allied development in the turbulent Chinese scene, reports from Peking indicate that Australian press baron Rupert Murdoch has made a surprise bid to take over *Jenmin Jih Pao*, the biggest newspaper in China.

Murdoch, who in the last sixty days has taken over the *New York Post*, *New York Magazine*, *The Village Voice*, the *World Almanac*, the Public Broadcasting Service, *L'Express*, *L'Osservatore Romano*, *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and *Female Anal Masturbation Monthly*, says he made the offer because the Peking people's daily reaches "a quarter of the potential readership of the globe, a market no publisher could resist."

Reportedly, Murdoch has offered the

Chinese \$25 million, three hundred wool gabardine suits, and fourteen "well-placed offices around the

world suitable for counter-surveillance activity."

Sources in Peking report that, while the offer is tempting, the collective leadership of the paper is against the takeover, on the grounds that "the people of China have had more than enough of yellow journalism."

Expert Not Dead, Can Prove It

Boston, Mass.—Scientists at the National Institute for the Study of Death have announced a pioneering effort to establish once and for all the precise medical criteria for determining brain death.

In a luncheon address at Beacon Hill's Thanatopsis Club, Pro-

fessor Stanley Bergman explained that "recent controversies, most especially the

Hot Flash from Tinseltown:



Jon Peters, vice-president of Murdoch-Streisand Films, has announced the signing of award-winning primates Streisand and Kong to costar in the forthcoming *The King and the Princess*. "It's a kind of a *The Way We Were Before We Were the Way We Were*," Peters explained.

Karen Ann Quinlan case, have focused public attention on the question of when human life actually ceases. While the medical profession is generally agreed that brain death, rather than the cessation of a heartbeat, is the most appropriate measurement, current tools—particularly measurement of so-called "brain waves"—cannot meet the exacting standards demanded by this awesome question."

Instead, Dr. Bergman explained, scientists now believe that a series of empirical tests more accurately measure whether "brain death" has occurred. Under proposed new rules for all accredited hospitals and nursing homes, "brain death" will be presumed if a subject:

- does not change the channel when Tom Snyder appears;
- whistles, hums, or sings, "I Did It My Way";
- utters the words, "Que pasa?", "Ciao", "How's it goin'?" "Take care," "I've been getting my head together," or "The kid really aced that Soc Sci exam";
- is found clothed in a leisure suit;
- quotes any three consecutive words from *The Prophet*;
- or consumes two bites of a Pringle's potato chip.

Should any of these conditions prevail, Dr. Bergman says, the subject will be presumed to have suffered "brain death," and any useful organs may be instantly removed from the subject's body for transplant into a still living human being.



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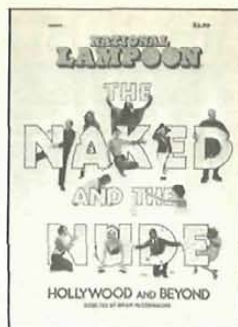
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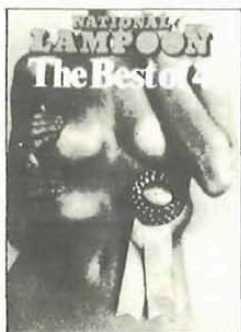
The Songbook—Music and lyrics from NatLamp shows and albums (BO1013) 1976 \$5 95



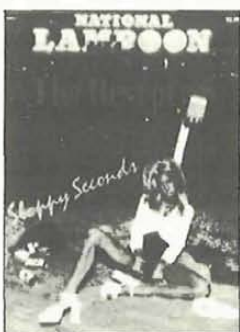
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The Best of National Lampoon, No. 4 (BO1006) 1974 \$2 50



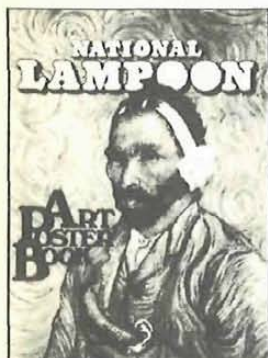
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5 (BO1009) 1975 \$2 50



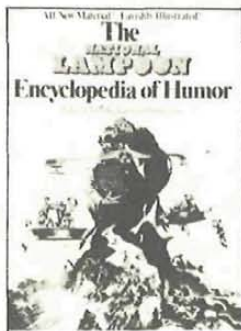
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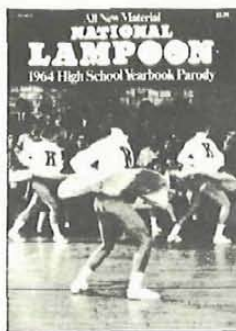
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As the World Banks...

The World Bank has announced that it will present several "gifts premiums" to the government of Chile, as is its custom when a client opens a new account. This follows the recent disclosure that the bank has agreed to lend that country some \$60 million.

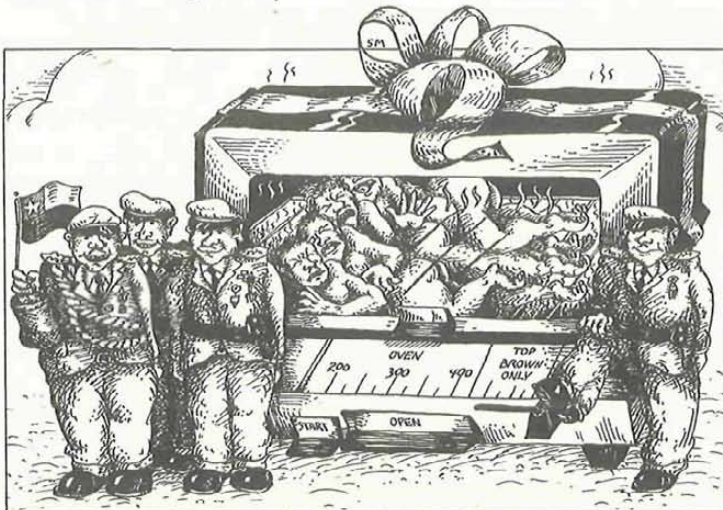
Comprising the list of these bonuses are: a General Electric Toast'em-Oven with slide-out Torture Tray capable of seating up to six political dissidents; a complete set of Hamilton-Beach Teflon-coated, interrogator-designed Master Grills, featuring electric sofa, electric divan, electric ottoman, and electric love seat; one dozen Hickey-Freeman anti-personnel straitjackets, with the popular "Stay-Opprest" lining; a starter's kit of Tupperware "Rapery" products with flexible prod "Auntie Maim" tips; a dozen Gulf No-Pest bombs, which can be triggered either by hand or when attached to an automobile igni-

tion; and twenty-five thousand individual-size Detainers made of stain-resistant, light-resistant, air-resistant, life-resistant Corelle by Corning, which keep unwanted adversaries cooled for years without messy indictments or embarrassing trials.

General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, current presidentissimo of Chile and professional fascist dictator, noted, "We are quite pleased. If we had known our credit rating was this good, we would have requested more money. Maybe then we would have received the RCA Genital Genie with the underwriter laboratory-approved step-up voltage adjuster that my men love to use so

much."

Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, commented, "We are a responsible financial institution, and therefore would grant loans and give free gifts to any legitimate government, whether it be a military dictatorship or a country dominated by international capital. As long as they maintain a minimum balance of at least untold millions in the starving lower class, and an inflation rate of 100 percent or better, these nations are entitled to full service banking—and that includes free checking and unlimited loans for weapons bills, for helping political opponents take permanent vacations, or just for making those long-needed improvements on the secret police and street thug forces. Remember: at World Bank, "Our business is none of your business."



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*Annuitt Coeptis is pronounced An-u-it Sep-tis and it means: "God watches over our endeavors."

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Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

"Get 'with it,' you ol' carrot-topped sports scribe," they say. "The sands of time have shifted," so say they. And the ethicality by which my generation lived and died is today observed only in the breach. The lack of decent puritanism, once common only amidst the lower echelons of this or any other society—take the ancient Romans, for example—has now permeated up to smear the seats of the mighty. And this plague of immorality has spread to sully even the playing surface and its denizens. If we are to believe the reports in the sensational yellow press, sexual behavior among athletes has become more the rule than the exception!

Who started it? Joe Namath, who was openly proud of completing more passes off the field than on? Jack Johnson, the so-called great white hope, who flaunted his liaisons with fancy women no better than they should have been, despite the hue of their epidermis? Knuckle-brained knuckle-baller Jim Bouton, with his trashy memoirs of major league peccadilloes? In whatever cesspool it takes its roots, it means that our modern athletes take the field drained of their vital competitive energies. And it shows.

It shows in their dull eyes, and lackluster efforts. In their dry and injury-prone limbs. And most especially in their vain attempts to substitute effete "style" and "finesse" for the traditional manly ferocity of the sportsman.

What prompts these out-of-date carpings and behind-the-time cavils from your agent was his reading, this morning, of the untimely demise of a great man, coach Big Bill Buscher, the "Texas Tyrant." William (for so he was christened) Buscher reigned, nay, ruled supreme over the Stompin' Steers, the legendary basketball aggregations of the University of Texas at Backwater, from 1919 to 1955.

Big Bill saw to it that his squads maintained a record on and off the court which was, in every sense of the word, stainless. He oversaw the sewing up of the trousers' pockets of his "lads," as he termed them, he staunchly forbade such insalubrious activities as "dating," and, before each season's opening contest, he personally and carefully fitted each team member with a specially designed fail safe jockstrap and cup designed after an ancient but effective model in the Houston Museum of Medieval History.

Ice water may have coursed through the pipes of his shower rooms, but Big Bill's veins ran warm American blood. His stern admonitions to cleaner living and tougher rebounding were invariably accompanied by an affectionate pinch of the bicep or thigh of the slacker in question. The "Texas Tyrant" saw to it that not a tremor of energy, not a drop of vigor, was wasted, save on the field of play.

And now he is gone, the victim of a senseless fire that conflagrated a New Orleans nightclub, La Cuirette. One can only hope and pray that Big Bill, in his rugged innocence, never realized that the pretty performers in that boite, of which he was apparently "a regular," were not, in fact, women.

Naughtical but Nice Part II



Aboard the good ship *Kun Tiki*, Yale archeologists Patti and Suzi demonstrate that ancient Chinese navigators could have crossed the Pacific unmolested in a small raft.

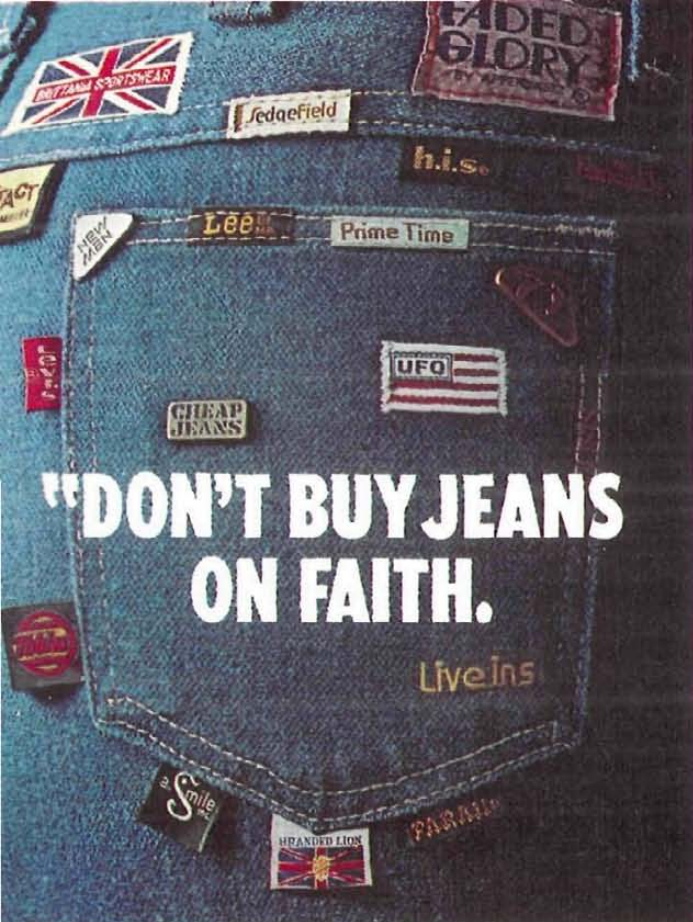
Highlights of the Month

- March 3
8:30 P.M. NBC. TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY. Rhett brings home the boss for dinner, and Scarlett raises the roof. Boss: Jim Backus.
- March 6
10:00 P.M. ABC. HOLLYWOOD BABYLON OF THE AIR. "Cut!" A budding actress is dismembered by a crazed prop man and mailed to the heads of all the major studios. Narrator: Vincent Bugliosi.
- March 8
7:30 P.M. CBS. SLAVE AUCTION. Contestants vie for valuable prizes and a chance to win a big, muscular Negro. Host: Wink Martindale.
- March 10
9:00 P.M. ABC. MOVIE OF THE WEEK. *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Heartwarming story of Harry Drake and his cupcake empire. Songs include "The Ho-Ho Song" and "You're the Cream in My Cookie." Snooky Lanson, Debbie Reynolds.
- March 13
8:30 P.M. CBS. DIG WE MUST. The professor and Suzie stumble upon a lost civilization in New Jersey that thrives on Chee-tos and worships a talking horse named Ed. Hugh O'Brian, Barbie Benton.
- March 16
8:00 P.M. CBS. ROBERT W. BAILEY: CONCERNED CITIZEN. His good intentions backfire when the boy he is assigned to be a "big brother" turns out to be the leader of the Young Lords. Robert: Mel Tillis. Luis: Geraldo Rivera. Coroner: Arnold Stang.
- March 18
9:30 P.M. ABC. THE HIP MEDICS. Against Dr. Henderson's wishes, the interns try their newest invention, organic suppositories, on unsuspecting patients, with hilarious results. Henry Winkler, Kate Jackson.
- March 19
9:00 P.M. ABC. MINORITY PLAYHOUSE. "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." O.J. Simpson stars as a retired tap dancer who opens an aluminum siding business in Natchez, Mississippi.
- March 22
8:00 P.M. NBC. STOP THE PRESS! Ben and Sally's plans for a quiet weekend go down the drain when Carl, Nora, and the twins show up unexpectedly. Katie Graham: Betty White.
- March 25
10:00 P.M. CBS. WETBACK. As soon as Pepe moves to town, all the corn chips in the kids' lunch boxes mysteriously disappear. Skippy decides to investigate. Skippy: Mason Reese.
- March 28
9:30 P.M. NBC. HOLD THE PICKLES, HOLD THE LETTUCE. Tim accidentally gets bumped on the head, and forgets the recipe for "the special sauce." Mickey Dolenz, Connie Stevens.

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Birdbath at Carnegie Hall!

Due to the enormous popularity of this column and in response to an overwhelming demand, **Birdbath** appeared last month at Carnegie Hall for a gossip concert. The stage was banked with floral tributes from well-wishers and fans. As he appeared, the handsome, rich young author of the column was greeted with a paen of the Halleluah Chorus, Sesue Osue conducting a chorus of seven hundred.

The Carnegie Hall spectacular was long overdue, and tickets went at cut-throat prices. **Queen Elizabeth** was in the audience, along with the **Queen Mother** and the **Duchess of Windsor**, the first time ever together under one roof.

Marshall Tito, the **Lama of Tibet**, **Jacqueline Kennedy**, **Queen Juliana** was escorted by **Cassius Clay**. **Diane Keaton** was escorted by the then-to-be-ex-prexy **Ford**. **Sammy Davis, Jr.**,

sat next to **Pope Paul**. But the audience was generously sprinkled with loving fans, just ordinary everyday hum-drum folks, you the **Birdbathophiles** out there in **NatLampland**, you, the ones who had been responsible for all this; the balconies and cheap seats were juggling with you, creaking and collapsing under you, you darlings.

What follows are excerpts from the **Birdbath at Carnegie Hall** tapes. During the coming year, further excerpts will appear in this column—where else?—and Decca will release the entire set in time for the Christmas rush.

The format of the concert was modest and plain. The handsome and rich young Mr. Moody stood before the audience and simply took questions from the floor.

- Q: What can you tell us about **Stevie Wonder**?
- BB: **Stevie Wonder**. He is blind, I believe. He plays the piano. I understand he is a musician.
- Q: Is it true that **Jacqueline Onassis** is actually a woman?
- BB: No.
- Q: Is it possible—
- BB: Sorry, Jackie.
- Q: Is it possible that **John Wayne**

continued on page 78

STARCASTLE: LET THERE BE "LIGHT"!

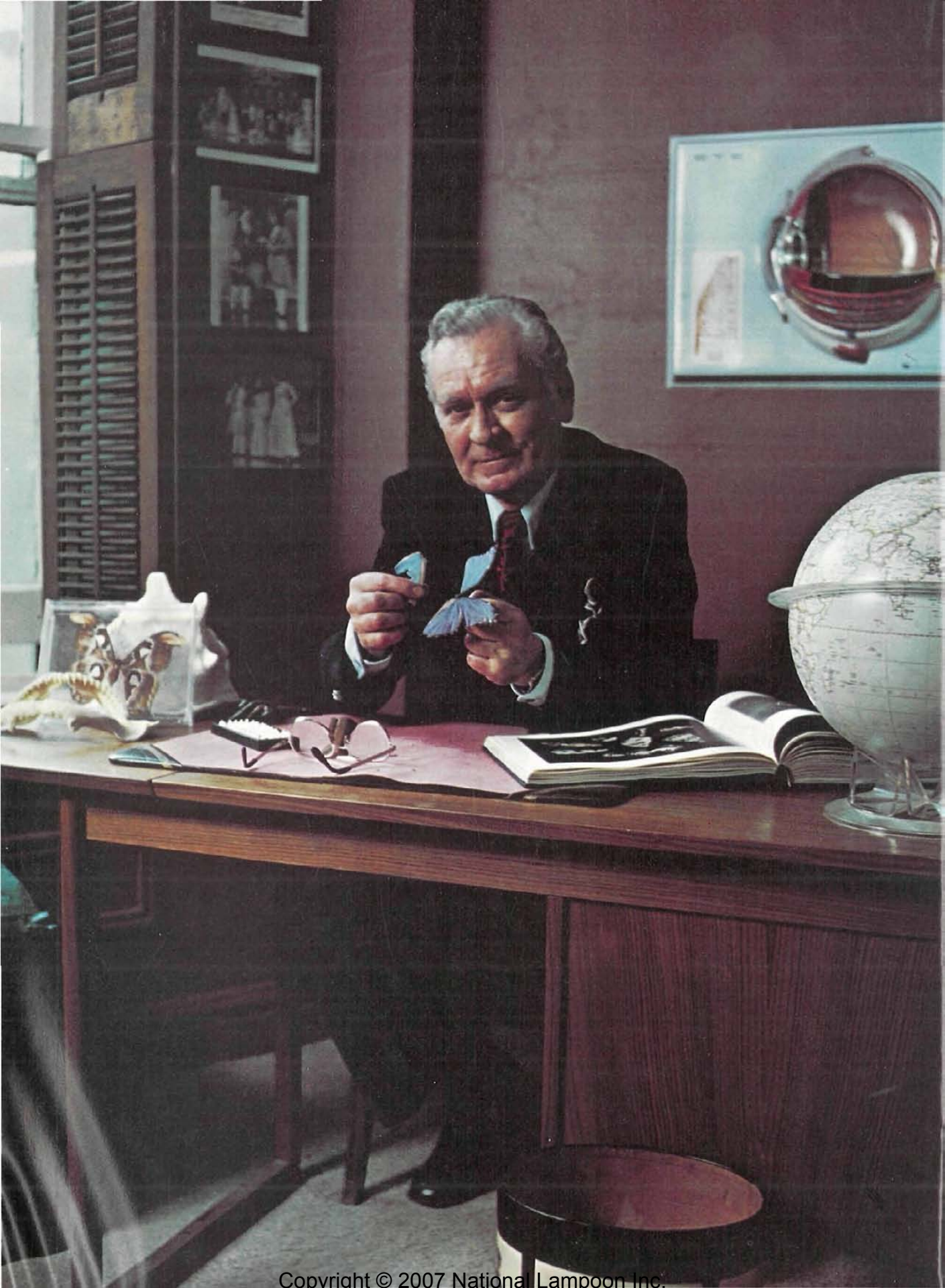
They came out of nowhere early last year, exploding over the scene like a rock supernova with their spectacular first album and an incredible series of live appearances.

"Fountains of Light" is their brand-new second album. Produced by Roy Thomas Baker of Queen renown, "Fountains of Light" is a thing of beauty—technically well-crafted, artistically superlative, featuring fine close harmonies, ethereal lyrics and absolutely celestial synthesizer.

"Fountains of Light."
 The incandescent new album from Starcastle. On Epic Records and Tapes.



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THE WONDERFUL SCIENCE OF LIFE

Thomas Lewis is a member of the political science faculty of the City University of New York. He is best known as an amateur scientist and biology enthusiast, with numerous publications to his credit. Among these are: *Our Friend, Vegetable Matter*; *The Wonderful World of Amino Acids*; *How Warts Work*; the best-selling *The Greatest Planet on Earth*; and numerous "Let's Learn about..." pamphlets, among them "Let's Learn about the Bottom of the Sea," "...Why Volcanoes Erupt," and "...How a Tree Grows Up."

He is president of *Pals of the Atom* (New York chapter) and was a cofounder of "Biology Boosters," an amateur enthusiasts organization active in high schools.

There was a time, a few centuries ago, when we had more to fear from germs than we do today. At that time, one could be hale and hearty one minute, and writhing in the death throes of spinal meningitis the next. A man might kiss his wife good-bye in the morning, leave the house a well-preserved senior citizen of thirty-two, and be quite dead by lunchtime, all thanks to a stray germ.

Nor were the young spared. A tow-headed lad of seven or eight might return from the coal mines in perfectly good shape, go to sleep on the scullery floor, and simply never wake up. And if the disease didn't finish you off, the cure would! Being bled to death by leeches was the top of the

line in medical care, and not for ordinary folk. Other "treatments" ranged from the dangerous, such as blocking the windpipe with a stopper, to the ludicrous, such as was prescribed for typhoid victims: placing ice in the mouth, the groin, and under the arms, and immersing the hands in lukewarm gravy.

There is nothing as comforting as reflecting on the backwardness of centuries passed, and nothing as dangerous. Our friend the germ is still very much with us, and it would be downright disastrous to forget it. Only the ignorant are unwary of deadly bacteria.

For example, the Gram-negative bacteria have little trouble penetrating our immuno-defense systems, particularly when we are tired and off guard. They are the guerrillas of the germ world, powerful agents capable of turning a healthy human body into a chemical battleground.

I've seen what they can do, and it's not pretty! As an associate member of the advisory board of the National Junior Council's Subcommittee on Health Education, I often review films and brochures prepared for our schools, some of which document the damage caused by germs. I've seen a pretty little girl in Iowa, her small frame horribly twisted by a germ her parents didn't think was there because they couldn't see it. I've seen a young mother weep with shame as a doctor explained that a nonsterile bathroom had caused her child's fever. She had never thought it necessary to

use any one of dozens of commonly available sprays that deodorize as they protect against just such household germs. She had always thought that they were for gullible housewives who believed everything they saw on TV, she explained between sobs, unconsciously echoing the cocktail party falsehood that dangerous germs exist only in the heads of Madison Avenue copywriters.

In fact, there are as many chemical predators in our air, water, and even our bloodstreams as there ever were. Some are even capable of disguising themselves in order to slip past our sensors. Others may be harmless until they combine with some of our own chemicals to form dangerous compounds.

What has changed in the last few hundred years is that we now have the means to destroy these germs. It is up to us to see that we use them. We do not negotiate with our human enemies from a position of weakness. It is the same with germs. Peace through strength! Health through vigilance!

A great deal has been made of the discovery of a cruel and rude tribe of Africans known as the *Iks*. The so-called New Anthropology has virtually beaten a path to whatever passes for a door in Ik society. One of the first to get there was I.M. White, whose subsequent treatise, "This Is Living?: A Distasteful Encounter with the Iks,"

The Wonderful Science of Life *continued*

has become something of a classic, particularly in academic circles, where it is reputed to have caused graduate students to drop Ph.D. theses on Brazilian kinship patterns in mid-paragraph.

What is it that the Iks have that all our graduate students want so badly? According to White, when modern utensils were introduced into their environments, they steadfastly refused to use them for their intended purposes. A cast-iron cooking cauldron might be used to drop on a crying child and then discarded. Food is cooked in the fire itself. Charcoals are often swallowed, to the great amusement of all witnesses.

Sex is considered disgusting, and as there is virtually no family structure, couplings have no pattern. Coitus is only performed when one partner is unconscious. Typically, anyone who feels the urge will creep up behind a nearby man, woman, or child, beat them senseless with a stout club, and joylessly perform the act.

White attempts to make a case for an aesthetic sensibility within the culture—he cites the mud drawings which they occasionally make on their naked bodies. However, he answers himself by pointing out that these are not decorations. They have a function, and it is to insult; the “drawings” almost always portray unpleasant events, such as charcoal swallowing or limb breakages, and are clearly intended to deride.

It is sad that these people have become the darlings of the modern anthropologists, with their obsessional desire to prove us all savages under the skin, higher animals with only aggression control distinguishing us from the pecking geese, the cannibalistic tarantula, the savage Ik.

We are obviously not all Iks with high school diplomas. These people aren't anything like us. They are barbarous, primitive, and utterly loathsome. I answer the champions of the New Anthropology with this common sense observation: any resemblance between these accidental characters and ordinary living persons is purely fictitious! I rest my case.

There is a certain species of giant squid (*Scungtli i mari*) that will, if all the conditions are favorable, begin to behave like a vegetable. First, it

will send out chemically sensitive feelers, probing the environment with the methodical persistence of a house cat searching for mouse beetles in a shag rug.

If and when the creature is satisfied that the coast is clear, it will proceed to set upon and devour as much leafy matter as a locust eats in ten years. During this feast, the potassium content in its central axon will drop by half—in other words, its central nervous systems steps out to lunch.

After twenty or thirty minutes, it reaches a state of total engorgement, and becomes perfectly still. The chlorophyll is filtered to the surface of its spongy epidermis, and thus it comes to lie on the ocean bed, a slightly greenish mass, more zucchini than invertebrate. Why this happens is anybody's guess, but it certainly is unusually odd!

We humans have a great deal to learn from ants, much of which we have already absorbed into that great living textbook of oral history, our folklore (e.g., “The Tortoise and the Ant,” “The Ant That Worked Really Hard,” etc.). But these fascinating little things can do more for us than remind us of the virtues of hard work and cooperation and practical clothing and trial marriages.

Almost everyone has heard some version of the famous story about Napoleon and the army ants. To put it another way, it is a very well-known story, at least to most of us. Schoolboys are told how the great strategist observed the columns of ants halting in their march and striking camp in a field near the supreme militarist's own tent. All day, he watched as officer ants organized the battalion; ordering certain platoons to prepare the field kitchen for the fungus that would soon arrive with the ant supply columns, ordering others to practice parade ground drill, and soon. Those ants that weren't kept busy in this way cleaned themselves and took the time to relax and tell off-color jokes (“Three civilian ants go into a bar...”).

This experience, so the story goes, sent Napoleon into a frenzy of Gallic excitement, and resulted in modern warfare. It is a sweet tale, though the twentieth century infantryman marching fifteen miles a day might beg to differ.

How odd that a strikingly similar

and equally momentous event should be almost unknown in the West. Another time, another great military leader, and another campaign. The nineteen-thirties. Mao Tse-tung, the war for control of China.

The young warrior smokes another cigarette, chats with the man on watch, and idly watches a column of tiny red-brown insects filing around a rock. There is a lull in the fighting, lasting some weeks, and the young leader has other opportunities to observe the Mongolian slave ants, though he does not know that that is their name. They are not like other creatures he has seen. In fact, they are not like the creatures Napoleon saw. The colony of Mongolian ants is more of a collective being than a community of individuals. Members have little or no autonomy; left alone, they will become confused, cease to function, and die. But collectively, they are highly organized, energetic, and businesslike. Small groups from each part of the colony are in touch with the queen; but for the masses, leadership is an almost mythic presence informing their every move.

The colony, the young Mao observes, derives its strength from this total sacrifice of individual will. The queen derives her enormous power from the same event. The leader determines the collective goals, the goals determine everything. How the Chairman used this knowledge is now part of history. The lesson we can learn from it is part of our present.

Like all parables, this story instructs by analogy. In this case, the parallel is between the Mongolian slave ant and the Chinese people, both utterly devoid of imagination or initiative. Tiny and tireless, their existence, as the great amateur naturalist Thoreau put it, is “quite desperate!” Obedience to their beloved leader, the great fat queen, is total.

Like all parables, it has a clear message. It is that men are not supposed to live like ants, carrying bits of fungus around, working like crazy! Ants are tiny insects, and that is why they scurry to and fro all day long, and would follow their leader into an aardvark's living room! The choice for the West is clear: learn from the insects or end up living like one yourself!

If you don't want your kids to grow up speaking Insect, stand up like a man and be counted! Man or ant, the choice is yours!

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Legislative body in an emergency all-night session to push through crucial amendment to the outdated giving-liquor-to-teenage-girls laws.



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Peter Hamill

"Extended New York City government to cover continental United States. Made every third Negro a magistrate. Special amendment to Constitution raised my I.Q. by fifty points. All thanks to you!"

J. Carter

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Every Boy's Book of
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Interesting Experiments for Young People

By ALFRED VAN DER VEEN

PHYSICAL CHANGES

When we do something to something, something happens. The thing that we do something to undergoes a *change*. This is true for big things and small things alike, whether the thing being done to the other thing involves, for example, a big thing, such as burning down the garage, or a small thing, such as dissolving a Fizzie in Dad's morning coffee.

In science, we talk about two kinds of these changes. One kind of change is *physical change*. This happens when a thing or a substance or something changes only in its physical form, like when you drop an egg on your sister. Only the basic physical forms of the egg and your sister will have changed: the egg will have changed into something gloppy and your sister will have to change into something clean.

Now you can try an interesting experiment to demonstrate various examples of physical change. Take an ordinary kitchen appliance, such as the toaster, and beat it with a hammer. The dents you

make in the appliance are examples of physical change. Even though the toaster is broken, it's still basically a toaster. Or, take a bottle of syrup from the cupboard and, while standing up on the kitchen table, drop it. The bottle may break, and the syrup may run all over the floor and get on your shoes and give your dog a real treat. Not only that, but now you can't really call it a "bottle of syrup" any more. But still, only a physical change has taken place. Try lining up some drinking glasses along the edge of the sink and, with a BB gun or a slingshot or a handful of rocks, break the glasses one by one, or even all at the same time, if you can. Notice how even though the glasses are broken, they are still basically glass. Only the physical form has been changed just slightly. Be sure to explain to Mother just how slight this physical change is so she won't be mad. Why not give your sister credit for this interesting and educational experiment?

CHEMICAL CHANGES



Experimenting with chemical changes.

The other kind of change that can take place when something is done to something is a *chemical change*. This involves actually changing the very material that the thing is made of, way down in the atoms of the thing where you can't look, even with Dad's binoculars. When two chemicals are mixed together in a laboratory beaker and everything explodes, the kind of change that has occurred is a *chemical change*. Unlike physical changes, chemical changes actually change stuff forever, or until Dad gets home and you have to throw it all away.

You will want to perform this experiment in your own kitchen to illustrate chemical changes. Fill a large bowl with baking soda. Then slowly pour white vinegar onto the baking soda. You will see the mixture froth and bubble up quite rapidly, accompanied by a hissing noise. This is because a chemical change is taking place: the baking soda is a "base" and the vinegar is an "acid." When an acid and a base are mixed up, they cause a chemical change in each other and a funny smell and, usually, a mess.

Even better than vinegar and baking soda is Drano and bleach. But do not mix them together—even in

the toilet—because, oh my, do they ever go up. However, you might want to keep a supply of Drano and bleach and also vinegar and baking soda in the basement for whenever you feel scientific and wish to demonstrate the interesting properties of chemical changes.

Now try pouring a variety of different substances into the bowl and performing the same experiment. Notice how with many powders (such as cake mix, flour, sugar, salt, spices, cereals, talcum powder, foot powder, makeup, etc.) the result of mixing with vinegar is only a *physical change*: the stuff just sort of lies there in the bowl and gets wet. This shows you that certain things must have certain properties or be made of certain kinds of stuff in order to take part in chemical changes. You can even try putting the whole mess in the oven, the way Mother does with bread and dinner and such. Do not worry about being thought a "sissy" by your friends: there is nothing sissy about cooking, especially in science, where at any moment something may catch fire and fill the kitchen with smoke.

RANDOMNESS

An important concept in science is *randomness*. This simply has to do with the complete absence of order, when something happens without an ordinary kind of cause that you can see or measure. When you form a choose-up softball game in the neighborhood, you try to divide the teams evenly by balancing the good athletes against each other and also the kids like you, who may not be so good at sports (but are instead smart and mature and who understand science much better than the others). This means you form the two teams with some basic purpose, and the selection of the players for each side is done with a regular kind of order in mind. But if after the game all of you decide to roam around the neighborhood and overturn birdbaths or smash gazing globes with the bat or fill up mailboxes with stones and dirt or simply beat up on whatever youngsters happen to cross your path, then the absence of any real plan or order in choosing what or who you will inflict injury upon means that you have chosen *at random*. Much of current science—especially in molecular biology and in physics—involves separating those happenings that are random from those that are not.

You can conduct an experiment in randomness which many young scientists enjoy. Take a clear tall glass or a medium-sized bowl. Go to the bathroom, and into the container pour a small amount of anything you want to from the medicine chest. This will include such substances as cough syrup, Mercurochrome, antiseptic salves and ointments, various allergy solutions, skin medications, colognes and after shaves, crushed pills and opened capsules, shampoos and hair treatments, alcohols and rubbing fluids, and so on and so forth, all that stuff in those bottles that are sometimes hard to open but which eventually you can get into, especially if you have a pair of pliers. Pay no attention to what you use, or how much. Use a lot of this and a little of that, or none of this and all of that. Do not think about what you are doing; remember, this is an experiment in randomness.

After a while, you will see that what has accumulated in the vessel is a dark, stinky-smelling sludge. How about that! This is an example of what randomness can lead to. You chose the ingredients



An interesting demonstration of randomness.

of your preparation at random, and therefore all you have to show for it is an unattractive pasty mixture that seems to serve no purpose.

(You may take this experiment several steps further by placing the concoction in the oven, as with the chemical change experiment. However, Mother may not fully understand the scientific principles behind this step, so be careful. The same goes for pouring your random mixture into a plastic bottle, sealing it tightly, and placing this "flask" into the dryer for a good spinning. Many young scientists find this homemade "centrifuge" very interesting, but many young scientists' parents find this stage of the experiment too advanced and object very loudly. If you are able to complete this phase of the

experiment, though, you'll find that what happens to the mixture is that the solids are pressed against one side of the bottle and the liquids in the stuff are separated from them. Neither the solids nor the liquids are much use for anything either, but at least you had a good time and learned something about randomness.)

The same experiments can be conducted with the contents of the refrigerator, the kitchen cupboard, or the liquor cabinet. Do anything you want with these materials. Do not, however, eat or drink any of the mixture, and do not ask Sister to do so either. If, however, she does sample some of it, be sure to observe her reactions carefully. You may wish to describe her responses in a lab notebook.

ELECTRICITY

One of the basic particles that make up matter is the *electron*, and under certain conditions the electrons in something will generate a charge of energy we call *electricity*. This form of energy is all around us, both man-made (what comes out of the wall outlets) and in nature (lightning, or the shock you get after you shuffle across a carpet and touch a doorknob). We use electrici-

ty for a variety of tasks, from powering our labor-saving appliances to keeping unwanted intruders out of a given area with electrified fencing, from lighting our cities and running our trains to helping cure people who are sick in the head. But wherever electricity is used, there must be a *conductor* to carry the charge.

Here is a fascinating experiment you can perform

to investigate various electrical conductors. Take an old lamp, and with either wire cutters or a good pair of scissors, snip off the cord near the base of the lamp. You will now just have a cord, at one end of which is the plug. Separate the leads from the other end of the cord and strip off about an inch of insulation, leaving about an inch of bare wire exposed for each of the two leads.

You are now equipped to observe the conductive properties of various household things. Simply insert the plug into the wall outlet and, holding a lead in each hand, touch the exposed wires together. The wire is a good conductor, and the current will flow very powerfully through it and blow the fuse for that outlet. This is because there is nothing to "slow the current down and use it up," or, as scientists say, "provide resistance" to the current. Whenever we use electricity, we do so by providing resistance in the circuit, and sending the current through other devices that then make use of our wonderful friend.

Wait until the fuse is replaced, and then touch the leads to the sofa. Nothing happens. This is because the sofa is a poor conductor, or a good *insulator*. Try this with several different objects: see how the metal leg of a table will conduct the current well, as will your sister's arm or a common nail. But a glass will

not, nor will your baseball glove, a freshly-baked cake, or a broom. You will soon see that the best conductors of electricity are some metals (especially iron and copper) and water. Your sister's arm is, too.

Strangely enough, the earth itself can be a good conductor. Try this: fasten the leads of the wire to the metal shaft of a long ice pick or a screwdriver. (Be sure the pick or the screwdriver have insulating handles of wood or plastic, though. A good scientist does his best not to kill himself when investigating electricity.) Then either by using an especially long lamp cord or with an extension cord, arrange it so that you can go outside with the pick and still be able to plug in the wire. When this is ready, break off one of the prongs from the plug on the wire or the extension, so that only one remains. Plug this one prong into the wall. Then—and you may want to summon several of your friends for this special demonstration—jam the pick or screwdriver blade into the earth. What will happen? How about this: all the worms in about a thirty-yard radius will soon come wriggling up out of the ground into view, writhing and squirming. The earth has completed the circuit, absorbing the current from the wall and "grounding" it. I haven't the faintest idea why the worms come popping up, but it's a hell of a thing.



Learning about electricity.



What's Cookin'?

Why it's none other than Fabulous Felix and the Flamethrowers, the hottest band this side of Dante's Inferno.

But while Felix is burning up the stage with all his visual pyrotechnics, the Flamethrowers' sound isn't exactly setting the world on fire. There's more synthesizer and lead guitar in the bass monitor than there is bass. And all those instruments cooking together are cremating the vocals. What Fab Felix and the boys need at this point is a little less incineration and a lot more separation. And that's where a Tascam Series mixing console comes in.

If they'd simply install a Model Three or Model Five between their songs and their sound system, they'd have the same precise control over their sound during a live performance as they have at a recording session.

And after the gig, they could take their trusty Tascam equipment back home, connect it to any one of Tascam's multitrack recorders and

turn out studio quality tapes. Which makes the Tascam at least twice as good as any single-purpose mixer.

The Tascam mixing consoles. Created to help you sound as hot as you look.



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at Play

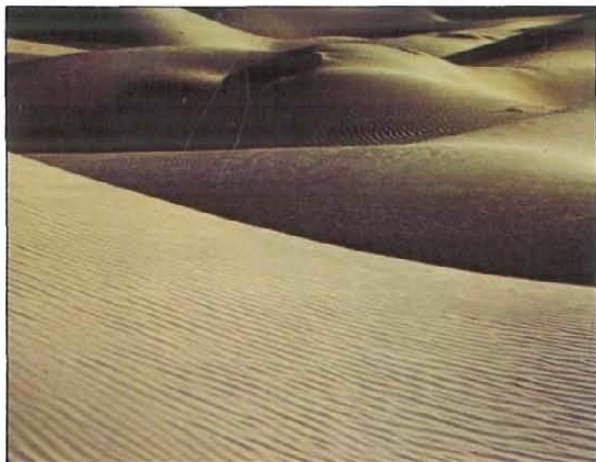


MILITARY CAMOUFLAGE OF WORLD WAR II

by P.J. O'Rourke



DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC LIGHT BOMBERS FROM THE 409TH BOMBER GROUP FLYING IN FORMATION OVER SOUTHERN ENGLAND (1941). Medium Green has been added as a supplementary color on the Dark Olive Drab upper surfaces to form the shadow-shading type patterns after the fashion of the current British camouflage. Undersurfaces of the wings are Neutral Gray, with the same color applied to the bottom of the fuselage and engine nacelles. The blurred join noticeable between Olive Drab and Gray was obtained by overspraying the materials.



PZ KW IV TANKS LEAD ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS IN THE ADVANCE ON TOBRUK (1942). A multi-colored scheme of Sand and Dark Green has been used in a dapple pattern. The vehicles were apparently painted Dark Green overall, and the Sand-colored patches were applied over the base paint coat.

Irregular patches of the Sand color decrease in number on the horizontal surfaces of the tank, so that at low angles (such as in this photograph), the Sand predominates, while from the air the Green color is evident.



BATTLESHIP U.S.S. PENNSYLVANIA PAINTED FOR LOW VISIBILITY AGAINST SURFACE AND AERIAL OBSERVERS (1943). All horizontal surfaces (decks, etc.) are painted Dark Gray. Vertical surfaces above the deck edge (superstructure, deck houses, stacks, mats, etc.) are Navy Gray, while the hull sides are painted with three horizontal bands of Blue Gray, shaded so that the deepest color is closest to the waterline. Note the diminishing widths of the upper bands from forward to aft.



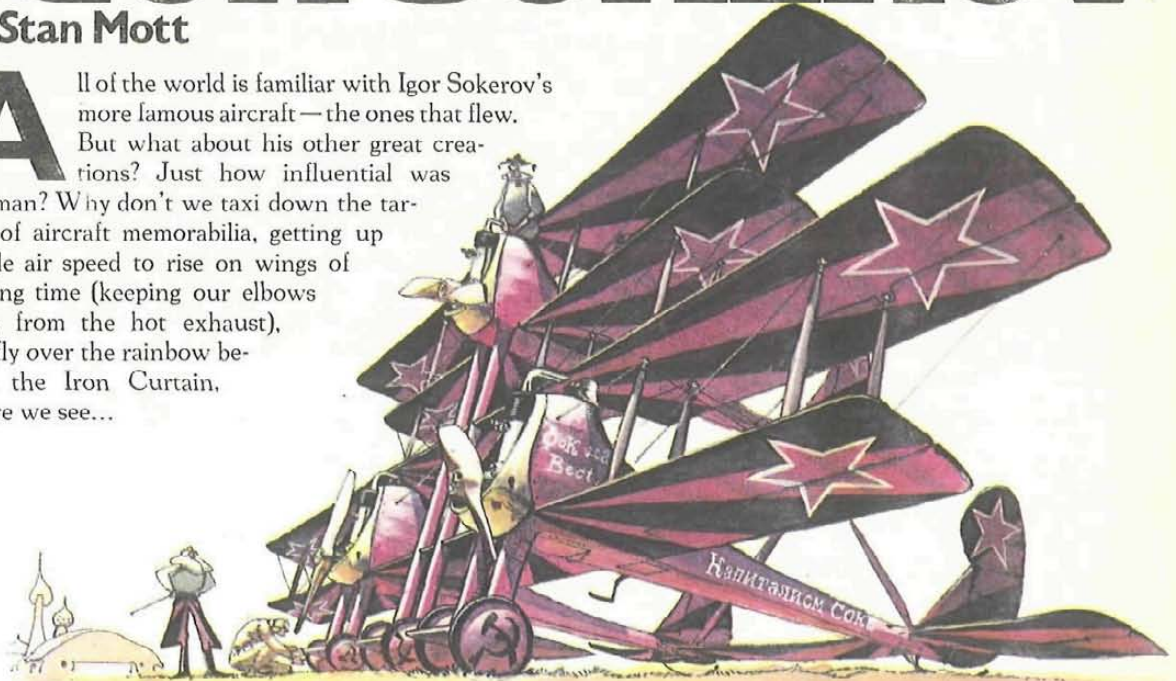
FORT ORD, NEW JERSEY, DURING COMBAT TRAINING MANEUVERS (1944). Aerial camouflage nets have been combined with foliage screening to decrease visibility of low structures and artillery emplacements. But larger buildings utilize a rooftop dazzle pattern to confuse enemy range-finding equipment.

A Tribute to Soviet Genius Aircraft Designer

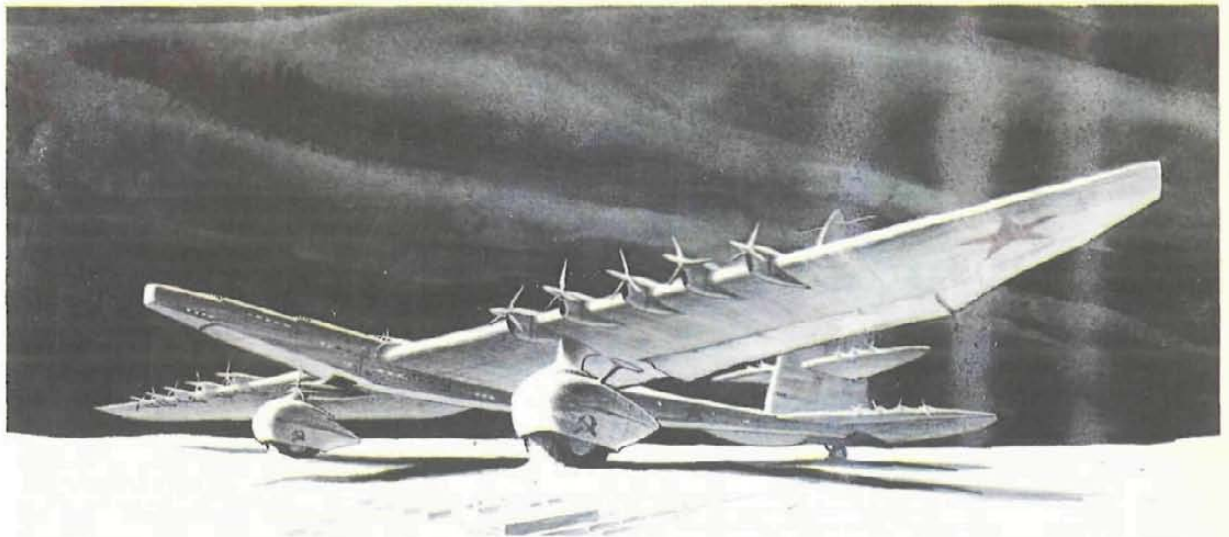
IGOR SOKEROV

by Stan Mott

All of the world is familiar with Igor Sokerov's more famous aircraft — the ones that flew. But what about his other great creations? Just how influential was this man? Why don't we taxi down the tarmac of aircraft memorabilia, getting up a little air speed to rise on wings of fleeting time (keeping our elbows away from the hot exhaust), and fly over the rainbow behind the Iron Curtain, where we see...



Sokerov's 1924 Troika was designed to appear as if three separate aircraft were flying in tight aerobatic formation — when in fact it was only *one single aircraft!* The object was to impress Western air show observers with Soviet flying ability, and to present information about revolutionary Russia in question and answer form. The questions were printed on the underside of the fuselage, and the answers presented, via a barrel roll, on the top side of the wings. Most notably: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That was no lady. That was the heroic women's shock worker cadre of Murmansk Tail Wheel Plant No. 6." A tragic failure, due to installation of three sets of independent controls.



World's largest airplane! The Sokerov Marxeng Leslenin was a 1940s public works project designed to employ the western half of the U.S.S.R., and to subsequently spread Communism by air throughout the world. Never flew. Made world's longest taxi run from the suburbs of Omsk to the Kamchatka Peninsula, where it now serves as world's widest archipelago.

WAR SECTION



Here we see devoted Smolensk factory employees giving the 1932 Sokerov *Bořwopoludjowe* Tri-Motor a critical stationary wing test.

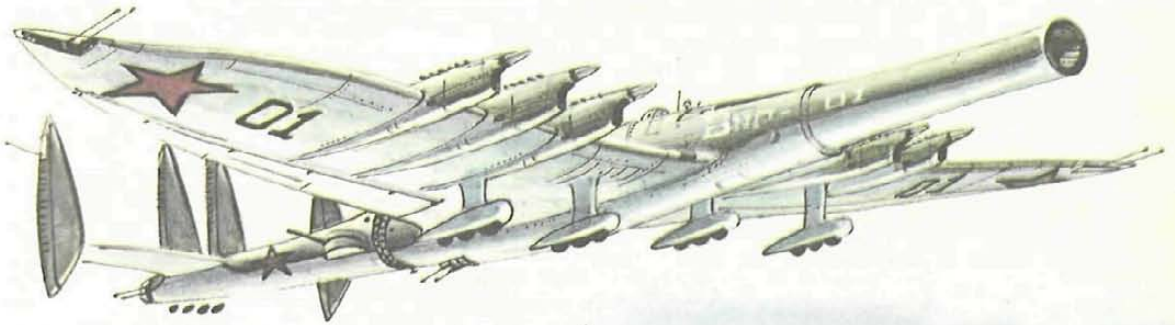


No doubt some Trotskyite in the parts department mixed chocolate with the rivets.

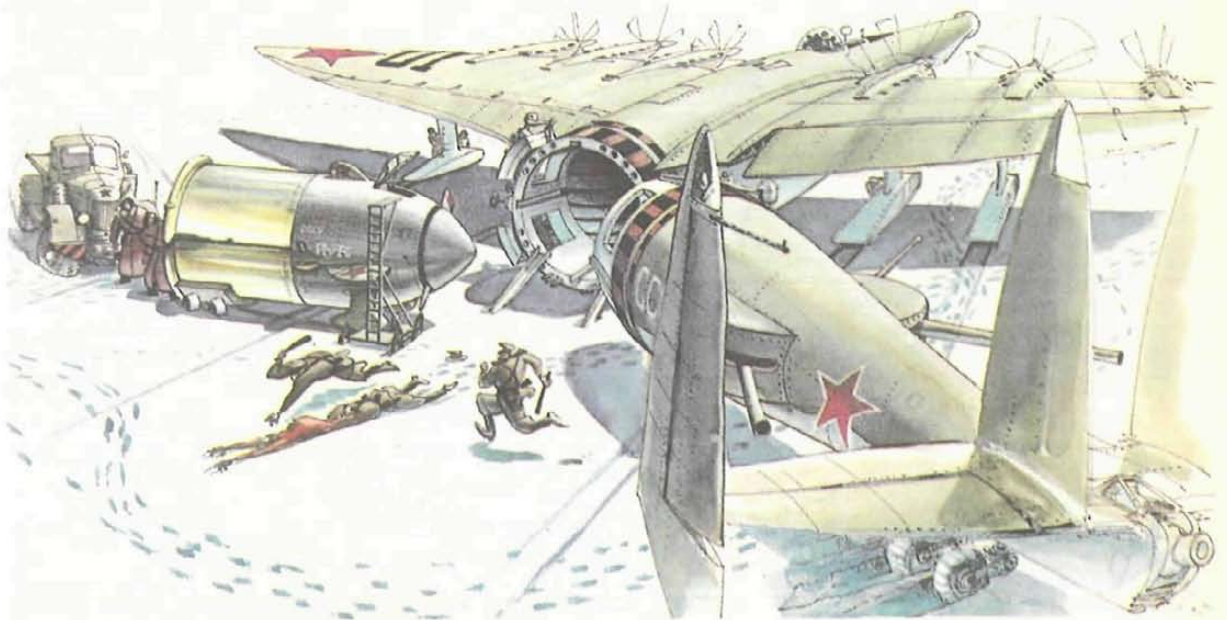


But loyal employees continue test.

With the storm clouds of World War II gathering, newly inducted Soviet air force cadets were given crash courses on Sokerov's basic theories of flight.



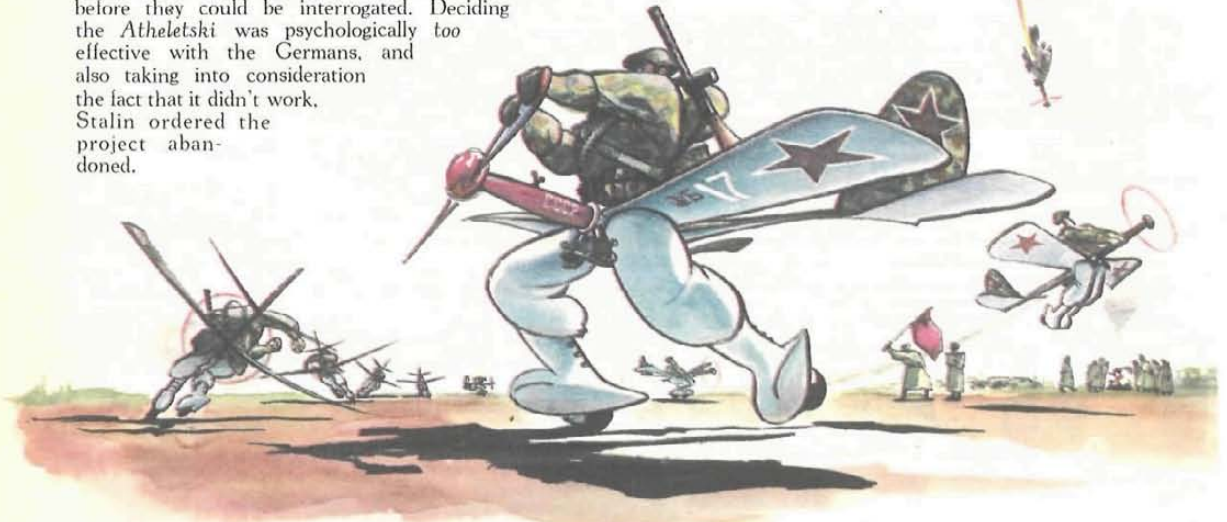
In late 1937, Stalin commissioned Sokerov to design the *Sztandar Moodychski*, or "Flying Big Bertha." Prototype fired volunteer-guided YUK, or "Flying Shell." Once. Dramatic lack of air speed after firing of shell prevented second flight.



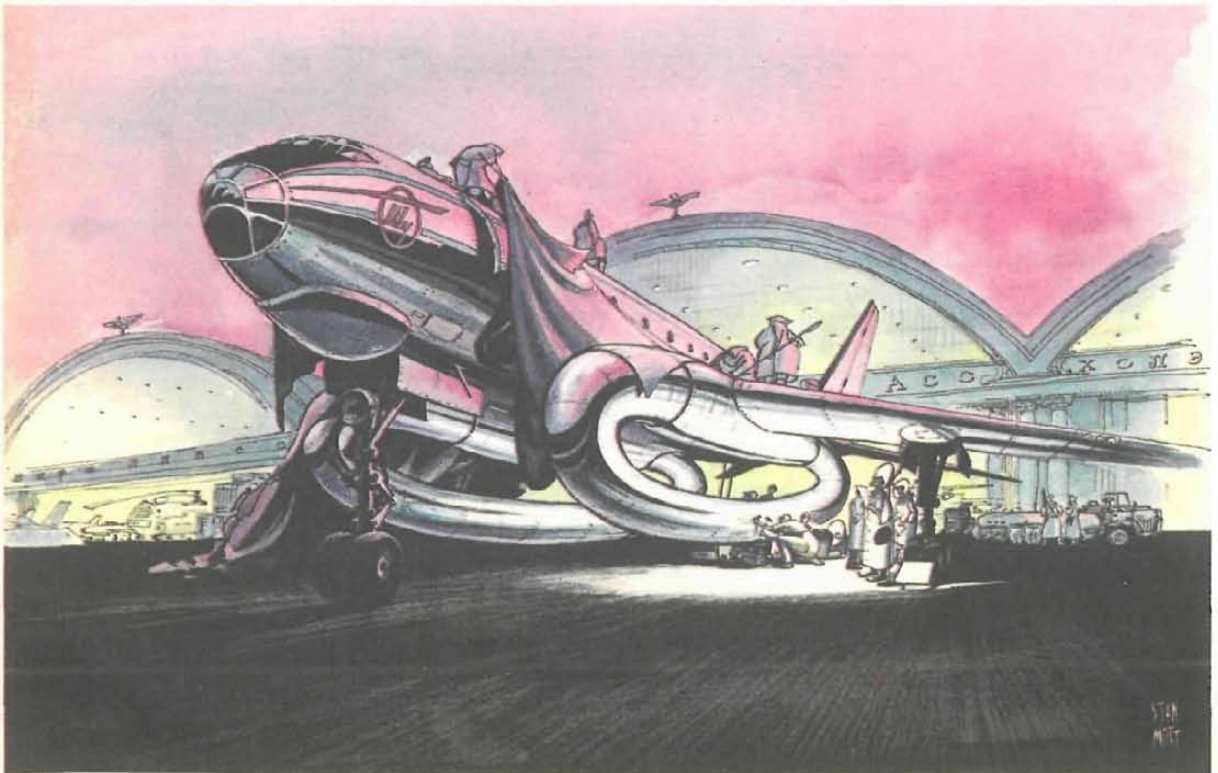
Here we have an intimate view of *Sztandar Moodychski* about to be loaded with YUK. Note similarity between YUK and famed Soviet fighter YAK. Specialists believe the two were related designs. YUK and YAK differ only that YAK has no YUK spinner, and YUK no YAK cowling. But both YUK and YAK would yaw. Note also military police about to "brief" volunteer.

WAR SECTION

The Sokerov Flying Atheletski Supportorvich (untranslatable) was one of Stalin's favorite wartime prototypes. Unfortunately, it was also the favorite of a dozen captured Prussian generals of the old school. A model was being tested near their prison camp, and they eagerly threw themselves onto its propeller shaft before they could be interrogated. Deciding the *Atheletski* was psychologically too effective with the Germans, and also taking into consideration the fact that it didn't work, Stalin ordered the project abandoned.



Sokerov's final effort was the *Jet-O-Round* adapter, here installed on famed TU-114 for testing at Volga Air Works. Adapter was designed to give unlimited power on limited fuel with virtually no air pollution! The principle on which it operated was much like harnessing the power of the sun; hot exhaust was directed back under the wings and into the front of the engines, turning them over faster, which blew out more hot exhaust directed back under the wings...*ad infinitum!* Unfortunately, Sokerov, as a result of an indiscretion made while being introduced to the spouse of NKVD chief Schelepin ("Sokerov, this is my wife..." "Sokerov yourself, you brought her! Hah!"), was chained to the pilot's seat and forced to push the starter button. Still we say, hail to thee, Igor Sokerov!



GENERAL TOMMY
AND
FIELD MARSHAL BOB
in

The BATTLE of the LIVING ROOM

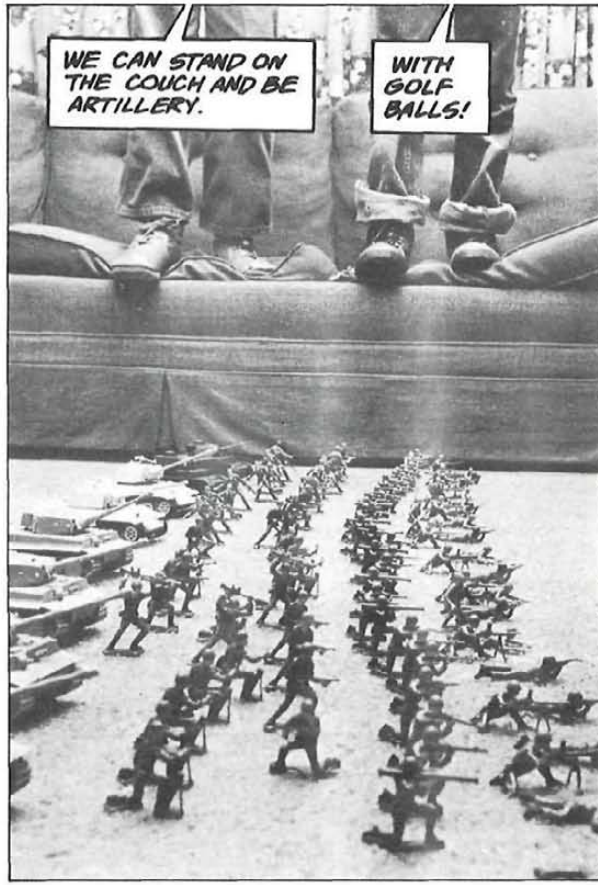
WRITTEN and DIRECTED by
P.J. O'ROURKE
and ALAN ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHED by
ALAN ROSE
and BILL MORGENSTERN

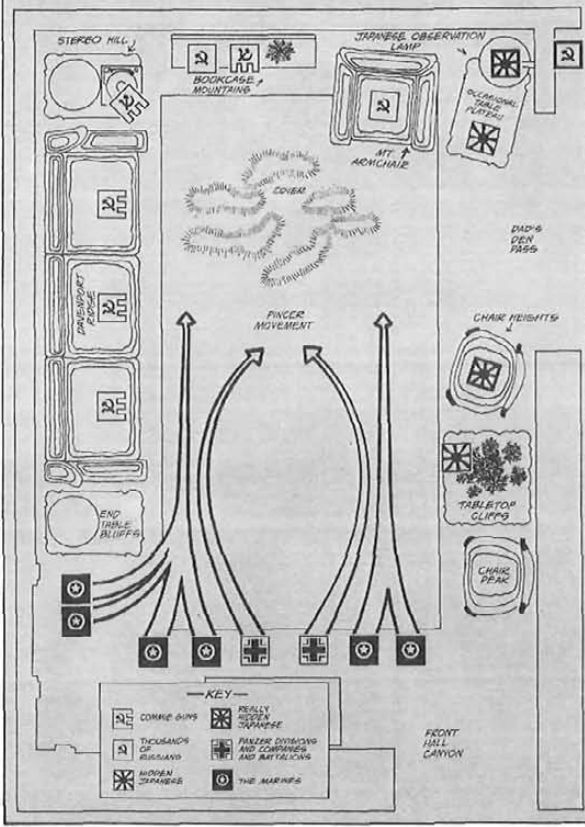
— STARRING —

HAS BUTLER BROOK BLAKE
as as
GENERAL TOMMY FIELD MARSHAL BOB

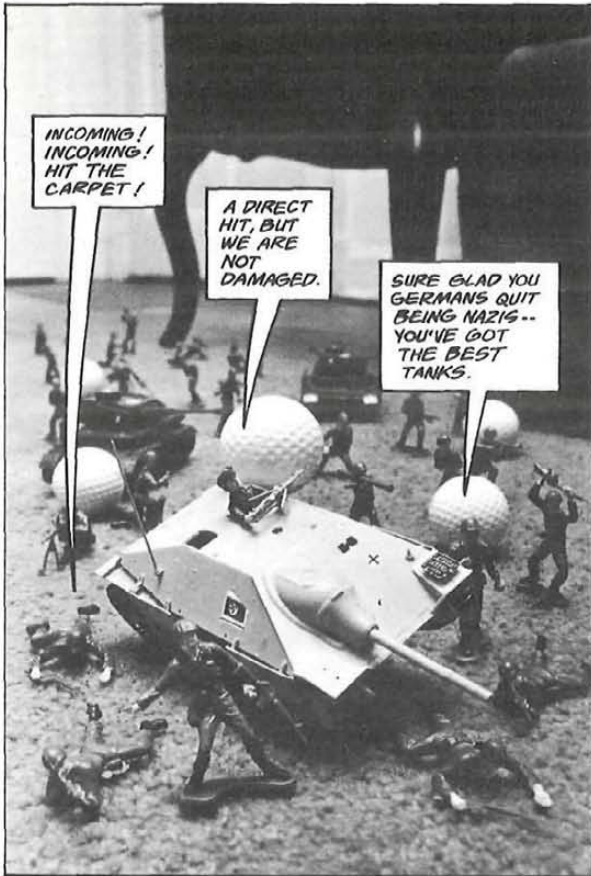
GINNY BOBROW
as
MOM



BATTLE PLAN: "A TRAP"



WAR SECTION



INCOMING!
INCOMING!
HIT THE
CARPET!

A DIRECT
HIT, BUT
WE ARE
NOT
DAMAGED.

SURE GLAD YOU
GERMANS QUIT
BEING NAZIS--
YOU'VE GOT
THE BEST
TANKS.



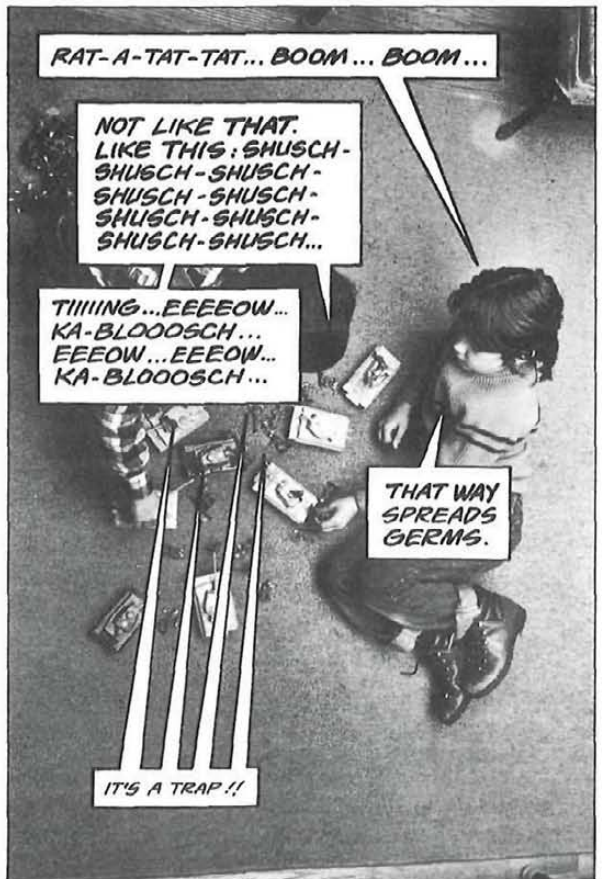
AH-SO, YANKEE MALINES
NEVEL FIND US HELE IN
JUNGLE TAP!



IS GOOD TRAP,
COMRADE PRIVATE,
NYET?

DA! IS OTHERWISE,
THEY ARE BEING
IN MOSCOW THIS
AFTERNOON
THROUGH DAD'S
DEN.

YOU ARE
PURGED!



RAT-A-TAT-TAT... BOOM... BOOM...

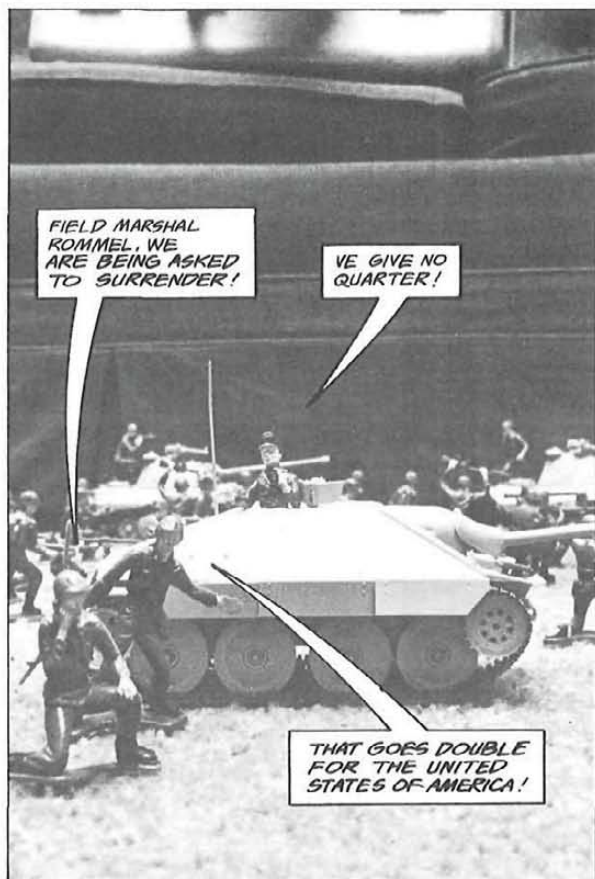
NOT LIKE THAT.
LIKE THIS: SHUSCH-
SHUSCH-SHUSCH-
SHUSCH-SHUSCH-
SHUSCH-SHUSCH-
SHUSCH-SHUSCH...

TIING...EEEOW...
KA-BLOODSCH...
EEEOW...EEEOW...
KA-BLOODSCH...

THAT WAY
SPREADS
GERMS.

IT'S A TRAP !!

WAR SECTION



"BATTLE OF THE LIVING ROOM" WILL CONTINUE AFTER THIS LUCRATIVE AD FROM HONDA...

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The February Honda: lowest priced car in America†

\$2,779* You won't find a car in the country priced lower than the Honda Civic Sedan. But it isn't the price itself that's so amazing. It's that the Honda Civic Sedan gives you so much for so little.

For example, the Civic gives you great handling, even in wet weather. The chassis layout, with front-wheel drive and transverse-mounted engine up front, provides excellent traction. And the Civic has power-assisted front disc brakes and rack and pinion steering as standard equipment.

Now that you've priced the Honda Civic, we hope you'll find out more about it from your Honda dealer. The Honda Civic isn't just a great buy. It's a great car.

Civic 1237cc (not available in Calif. and high altitude counties)		Price*	EPA Mileage Estimates**	
			Highway	City
Sedan	4-Speed	\$2779	43	28
	4-Speed	\$3049	43	28
Hatchback	Hondamatic	\$3199	29	23
Civic CVCC 1488cc				
Sedan	4-Speed	\$2999	50 (46)	39 (35)
	4-Speed	\$3299	50 (46)	39 (35)
Hatchback	Hondamatic	\$3449	37 (34)	32 (28)
	5-Speed	\$3599	54 (51)	41 (34)
Wagon	4-Speed	\$3549	41 (37)	30 (28)
	Hondamatic	\$3699	32 (32)	27 (25)
Accord CVCC 1600cc				
Hatchback	5-Speed	\$4145	48 (47)	38 (33)
	Hondamatic	\$4295	31 (32)	26 (25)

FEBRUARY 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
 TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES



CVCC, Civic, Accord and Hondamatic are Honda trademarks. ©1977 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

†Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested 1977 base prices*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price plus freight, tax, license and optional equipment.

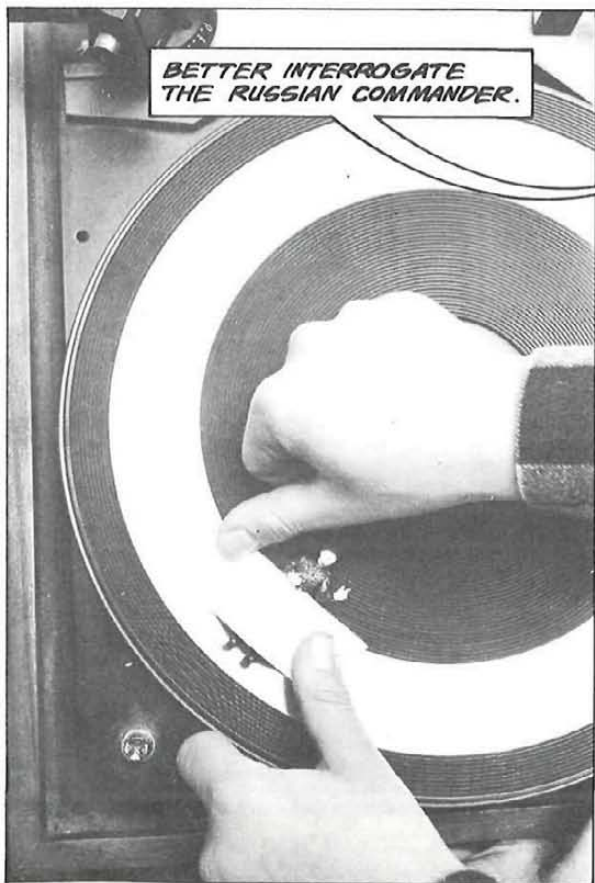
High altitude models \$35 extra.

**EPA ESTIMATES. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. For high altitude models, see your dealer. California mileage shown in parentheses.

HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28
WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON

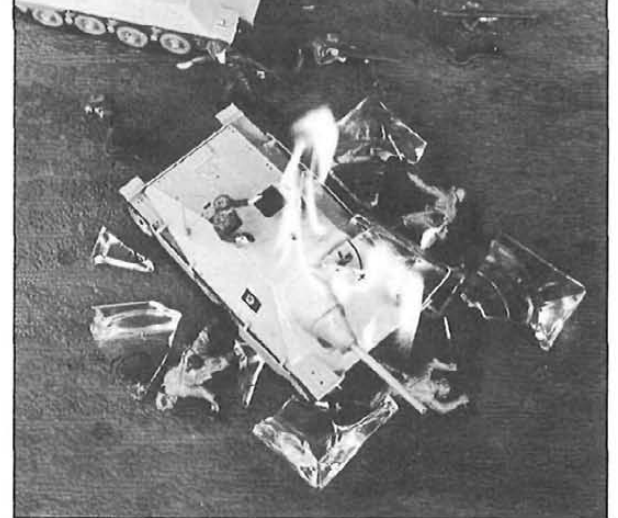
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WAR SECT



AH-SO, PLEPALE
SUICIDE ASHTLAY.



ROMMEL IS BADLY
BURNED, BUT
HE'LL SURVIVE.

OW! ME
TOO.

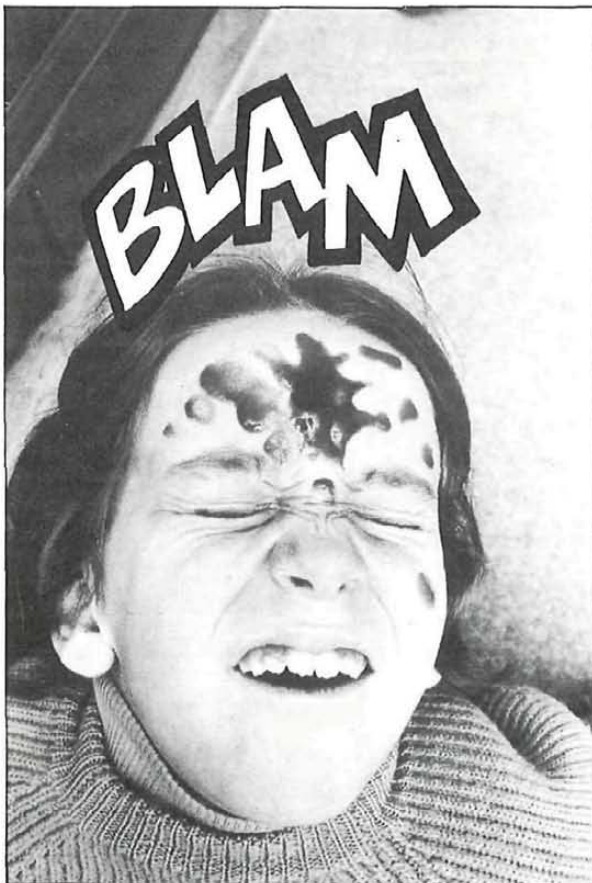


WE'D BETTER CALL
IN THE NAVY.

THE SPILLED
COKE IS
OCEAN.

WE CAN USE
THE HUNDRED-
INCH GUNS.

WAR SECTION



JUNIPER AND DAWN

HELP APPREHEND

"The MAD SMOKER of ELMSDALE!"

AN INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE LESSON

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL SAFETYIST PARTY'S

WIVES AND MOTHERS LEAGUE TO COMBAT FUN!!

Written by : P.J. O'Rourke ; Drawn by : Alan Kupperberg

NATIONAL SAFETYIST PARTY



F.C.C., F.D.A., I.C.C., D.O.T AND E.R.A. APPROVED. ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT REPORT FOR THIS PUBLICATION AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

be safe or be sorry

A LOVELY BREAKFAST AT THE GOODLIVER HOME -- THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER NICE DAY TO HAVE...

EMERGENCY ALERT FOR THE ELMSDALE AREA... THE "MAD CIGARETTE SMOKER" IS STILL AT LARGE...



GOSH, MOM, THAT "MAD SMOKER" MUST BE A TERRIBLE PERSON TO ENDANGER HIS OWN PHYSICAL WELL-BEING LIKE THAT!

WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR MY MEANINGFUL AND FULFILLING JOB...

THAT'S RIGHT, JUNIPER.

MORE NUTRITIOUS KELP?

DRINK YOUR TIGER'S MILK, DAD.

WE HAVE TO GO, TOO. THIS MORNING, THERE'S A SPECIAL FLASHCARD QUIZ ON FLAMMABLE SLEEPWARE!

BYE, NOW, AND DON'T GET CANCER!



BUT AS JUNIPER AND DAWN JOG TO SCHOOL, THEY ARE SUDDENLY GREETED BY A HORRIFYING SIGHT...



OH MY GOSH! LITTER! DON'T LOOK, DAWN!



LITTERING IS FILTHY AND SELFISH, SO DON'T DO IT!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T JUST ORDINARY LITTER! THIS IS AN EMPTY CIGARETTE PACK!

AND THERE'S A TRAIL OF CIGARETTE BUTTS LEADING SOMEWHERE!



THIS MAY LEAD US TO THE "MAD SMOKER" IT'S OUR DUTY TO HUMANITY AND ALL THE ENDANGERED SPECIES TO HELP APPREHEND THAT DANGEROUS CRIMINAL BEFORE HE TRIES TO HARM HIMSELF AGAIN!

SHOULD WE DIAL 911?

BY THE TIME HELP COMES, IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE!



WHY, THE TRAIL LEADS RIGHT TO DADDY'S OFFICE!

DURING A CLASSROOM INTERPERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS BREAK, JUNIPER AND DAWN DISCUSS THE CLUES...



THE "MAD SMOKER" MUST BE STALKING DADDY.

SHOULD WE TELL A PARTY OFFICIAL, SUCH AS OUR TEACHER?

NO, IT MIGHT CAUSE HER HARMFUL ANXIETY.

FOR TOMORROW DO THESE EXERCISES:

1. SIT-UPS
2. PUSH-UPS
3. CHIN-UPS
4. RUNNING IN PLACE
5. 15 DEEP BREATHS

THAT NIGHT AT THE PARTY RALLY...



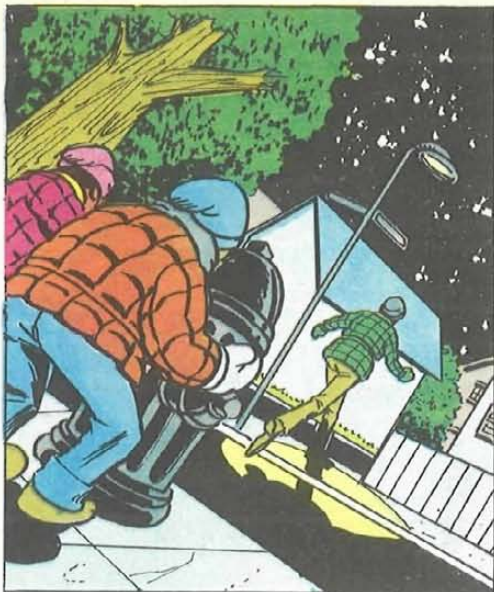
HACK HACK HACK

SIEG HEATH!

SIEG HEATH!

THE "MAD SMOKER" MUST BE CLOSING IN--ALREADY IT SOUNDS LIKE DADDY HAS INHALED SOME HAZARDOUS TOBACCO FUMES.

WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE TO MAKE SURE HIS LUNGS DON'T GET DESTROYED!



OH MY GOD... I MEAN, HI, KIDS. WELL... UH... GOTTA GO NOW. I'LL JUST HOP INTO THIS BICYCLE...

DADDY!



GOSH - I DON'T THINK THAT WAS A BICYCLE AT ALL. I THINK IT LOOKED LIKE...

ME EITHER. I'LL BET THAT WAS...

A CAR!



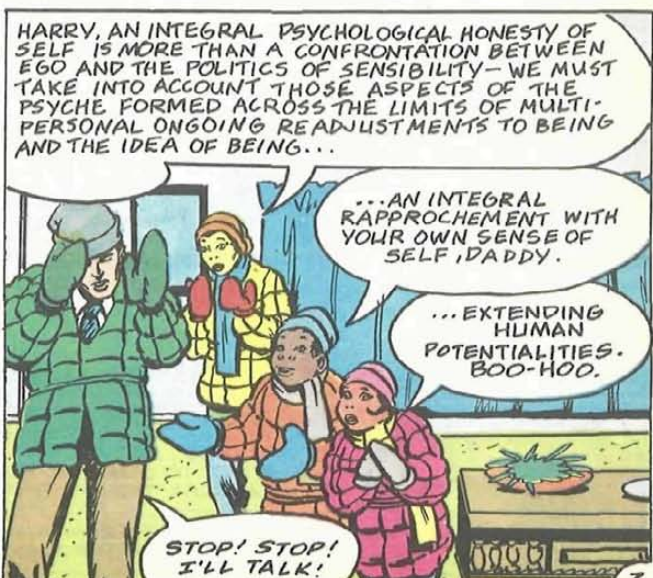
WE'D BETTER GET HOME AND TELL MOM, THE PARTY OFFICIAL AT OUR HOUSE



I'M AFRAID THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING. FATHER IS THE "MAD SMOKER OF ELMSDALE."

HOW CAN WE GET HIM TO CONFESS?

MAYBE IF WE'RE VERY, VERY OPEN AND SINCERE, HE'LL CRACK.

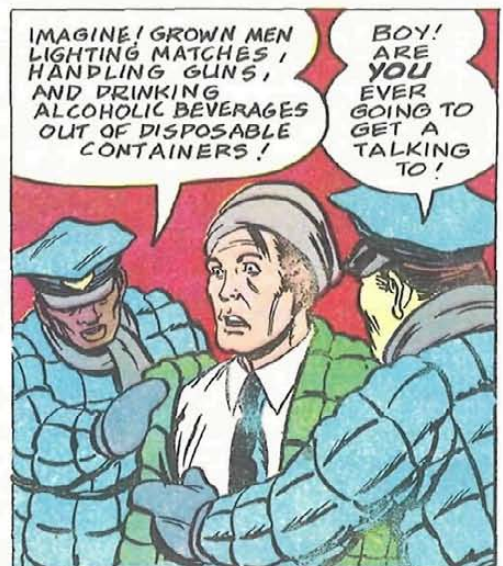
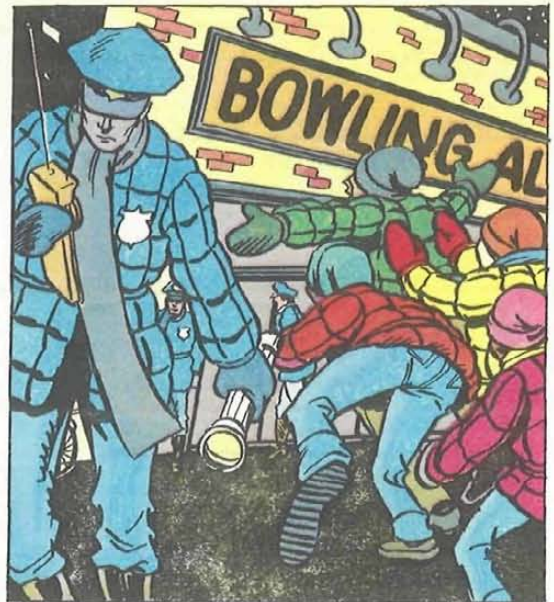


HARRY, AN INTEGRAL PSYCHOLOGICAL HONESTY OF SELF IS MORE THAN A CONFRONTATION BETWEEN EGO AND THE POLITICS OF SENSIBILITY - WE MUST TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THOSE ASPECTS OF THE PSYCHE FORMED ACROSS THE LIMITS OF MULTI-PERSONAL ONGOING READJUSTMENTS TO BEING AND THE IDEA OF BEING...

...AN INTEGRAL RAPPROCHEMENT WITH YOUR OWN SENSE OF SELF, DADDY.

...EXTENDING HUMAN POTENTIALITIES. BOO-HOO.

STOP! STOP! I'LL TALK!



WAKE UP AMERICA!

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE PUT A STOP TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY OF REGULAR GROWN-UP MEN? ALREADY, THEY:

- RUN THE BANKS
- DOMINATE WORLD TRADE
- OWN MUCH VALUABLE FARM LAND
- CONTROL MANY INDUSTRIES
- COMMAND OUR ARMY AND NAVY
- HOLD PROMINENT POLITICAL OFFICE

AND EVERY DAY, THEY ARE MARRYING OUR SISTERS AND DAUGHTERS. YET WE ALLOW THEM TO CIRCULATE AMONG US WITHOUT HINDRANCE OR CONSTRAINT WHILE THEY POLLUTE OUR AIR, DIG UP OUR NATURAL RESOURCES, DROWN PORPOISES IN THEIR TUNA NETS, ADD STUFF TO OUR FOOD, AND MAKE DANGEROUS MECHANICAL THINGS THAT BREAK OR CATCH FIRE AND HURT PEOPLE.

AMERICA MUST BE MADE FREE FROM THE TYRANNY OF REGULAR GROWN-UP MEN BEFORE THIS VICIOUS ENEMY FROM WITHIN GNaws THROUGH THE VITALS OF SPACESHIP UNITED STATES!!

NATIONAL SAFETYIST PARTY



JOIN TODAY

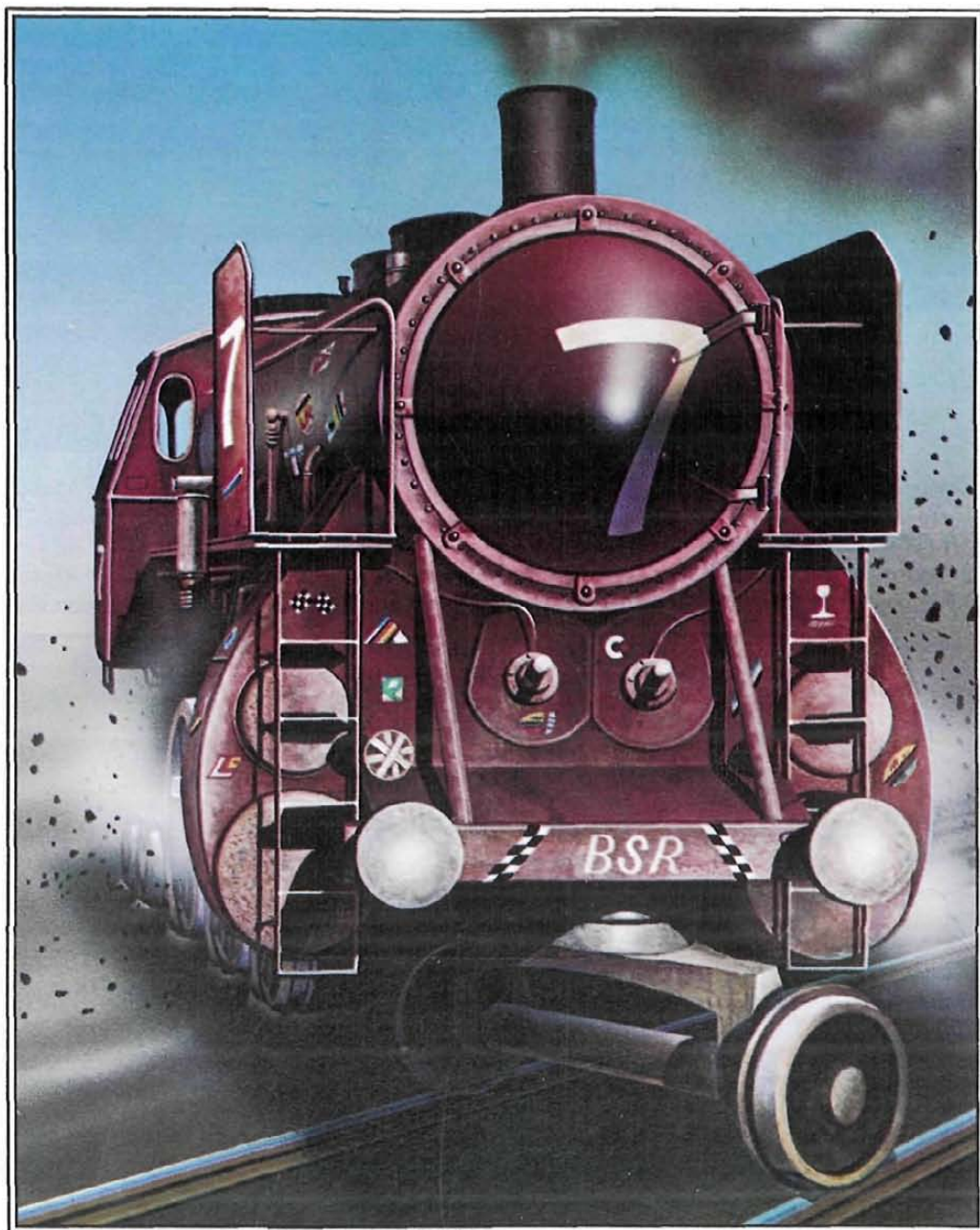
JOIN TODAY

GRAND PRIX RAILROAD RACING

by Wayne McLoughlin

Tarryton Bookstore
Sales Special

\$1-



The Classic Era

1946-1955

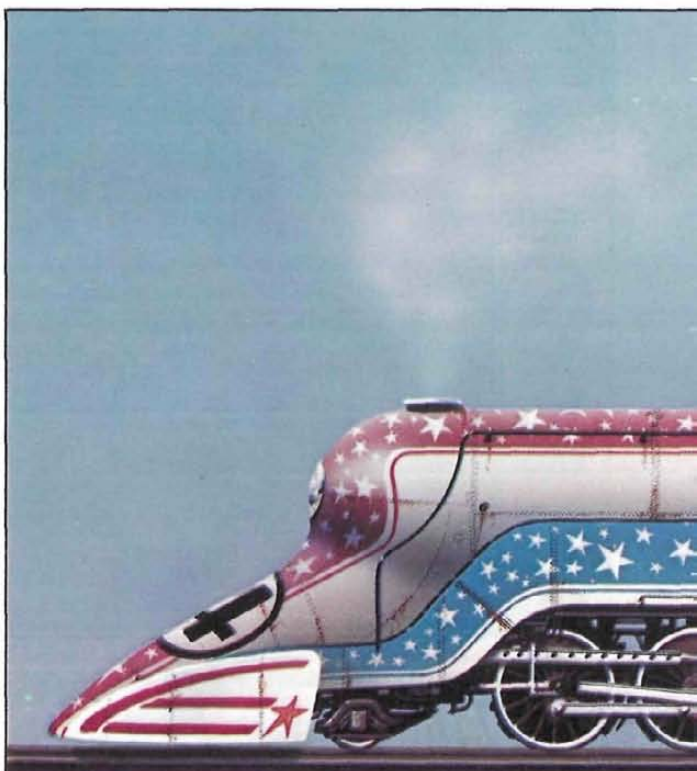
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Above Luke Dumpy pilots his Team Rio Grande Baldwin Light Mallet over the hump trestle at the Chattanooga GP in 1953. The Light Mallet was among the most powerful steam engines ever raced. A four-cylinder power plant with double overhead articulated

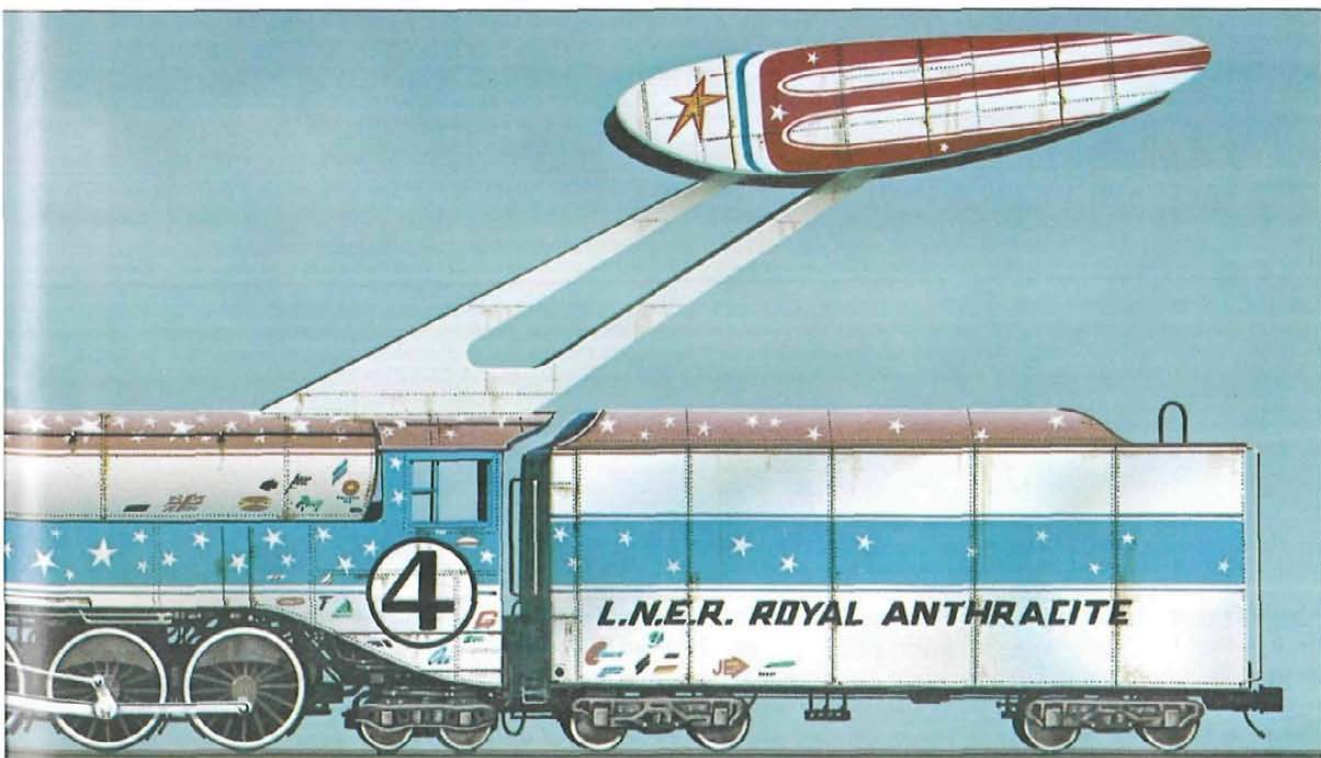
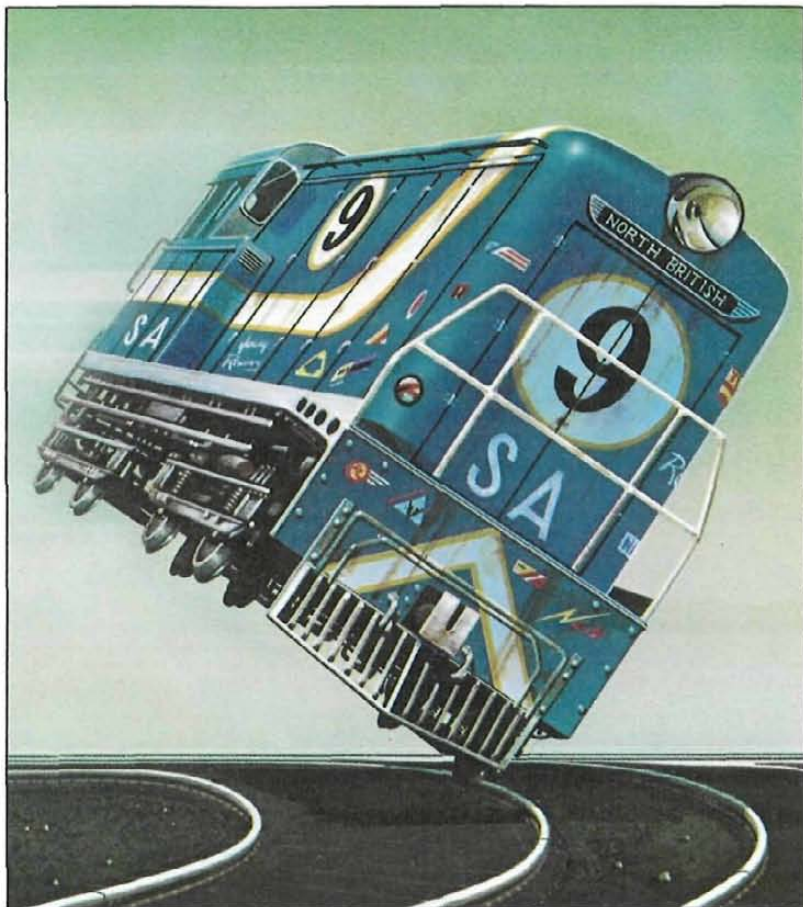
boilers produced 1800 horsepower. But poor aerodynamics and a 641,700-pound dry weight made handling skittish. Dumpy rode the Rio Baldwin to a 1953 World Engineer's Championship in what was to be steam's last year as unchallenged master of the tracks.

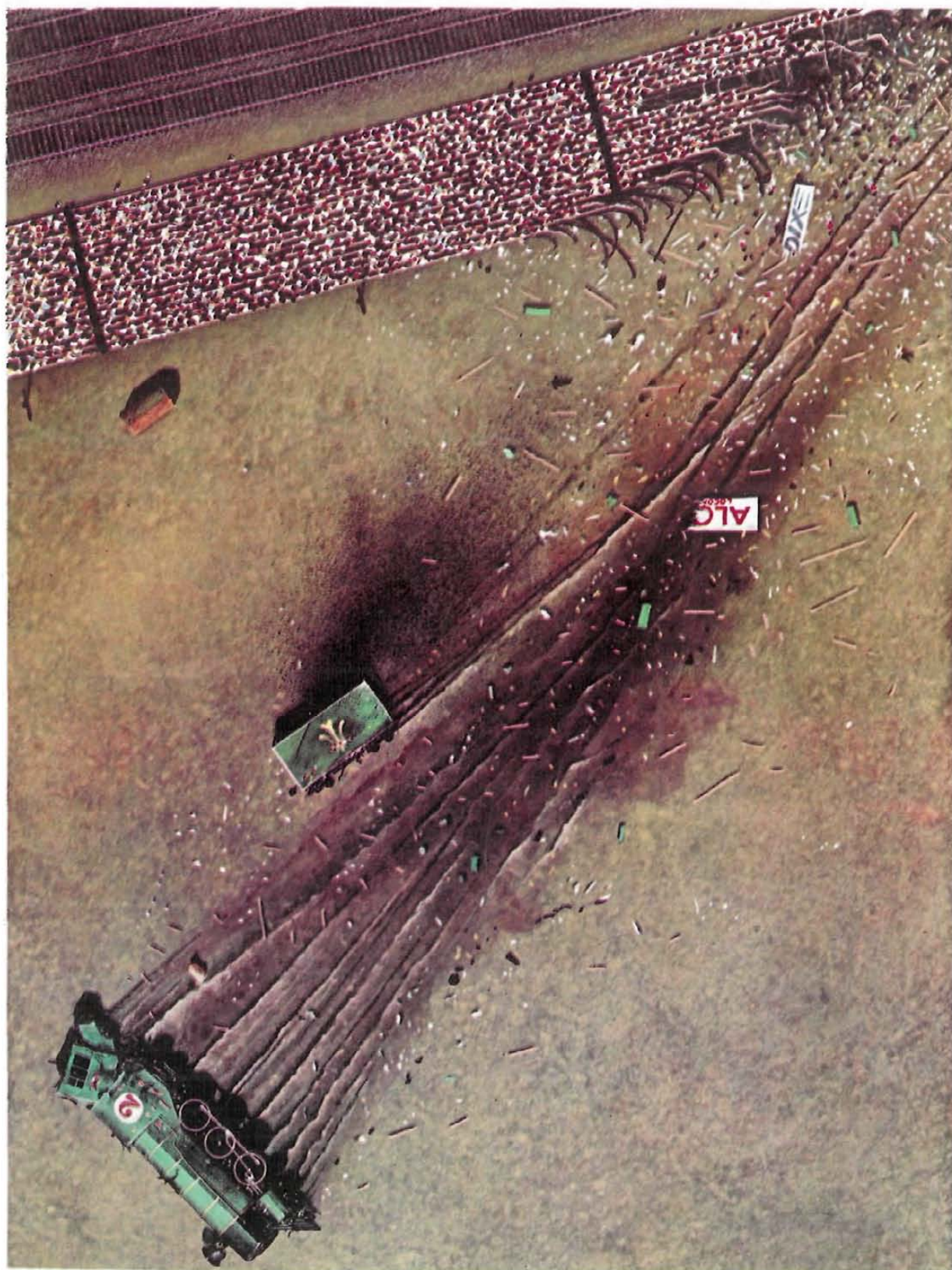
Right Formula Coal—although the diesel-electric now dominates professional racing, steam locomotives have found a place on the amateur lines. Formula Coal race trains are uniformly powered by North British "Nelson" class 2-4-4-4 engines, with the only allowable modifications being up to three sets of Walschaert valves. With a maximum weight of only 96,300 pounds, Formula Coal locomotives get excellent performance, and the keen competition provides a breeding ground for future Grand Prix talent.



Right Nineteen fifty-two witnessed the advent of the racing diesel-electric. The first diesel engines were used in sports trains such as this North British Excursion Prototype, shown going out of control during a South African grade climb. But the diesel-electric was to soon prove itself on the Grand Prix Trunk Routes as well.

Below Heinrick Rumpsteder puts his works Maffei Locomotive Works locomotive into a sixteen-wheel drift around the Clapham Junction bend at the 1950 British Grand Prix at Paddington Stations.





Above Tragedy struck at the 1955 Bologna-Turin train track when Luigi Gramola, in a privately entered Newton Willows Vulcan Foundry Light Pacific 4-6-4, swerved to avoid a child on the track. There were almost a thousand casualties. Despite the fact that

Gramola wasn't a member of the Foundry team, Newton Willows Vulcan Foundry decided to withdraw from racing. The Light Pacific 4-6-4 was the last of the great steam racers, and the Newton Willows withdrawal marked the end of railroad racing's classic era.

EARTH MOTHER NEWS

AN ALTERNATIVE BUNDLE OF SKINS WITH MARKINGS ALL OVER THEM



YEAR OF THE FALLING MUD

THE DANGERS OF FLINT CHIP POLLUTION

BY SHAMAN HUNGRY ROCK TASTER

THE OTHER DAY AS I WAS MAKING A WALK, I SAW IN MANY PLACES CHIPS OF FLINT WAITING FOR THE FEET OF THE PEOPLE. THESE ARE NOT THINGS THAT PASS AWAY. FLINT CHIPS LINGER LIKE A WOMAN BEFORE HER REFLECTION IN A SILVER POOL OR A MONKEY.

THE CHIPS CUT NOT ONLY THE FEET OF HOLY MEN, BUT THE GULLETS OF OUR NEANDERTHAL BROTHERS WHO TRY TO EAT THEM.

NOT LONG AGO, ONE OF OUR GREATEST POETS, HAIRY FART WOMAN, BROUGHT TO ME HER HUSBAND, WHOM THE PEOPLE CALL "GRUNTER" (HIS NAME IS BRAVELY FORAGE). HE WAS IN TERRIBLE PAIN FROM EATING THE DEADLY FLINT CHIP, WHICH HE FOUND IN AN ABANDONED BARTERIST CAMP NEAR THE SINGING RIVER.

BAD ENOUGH THAT THESE MULTITRIBAL DEATH MERCHANTS SHOULD MAKE A FORTUNE TRAFFICKING IN FLINT AND BRONZE ADZES, BUT THAT THEY POISON OUR NEANDERTHAL BROTHER IS HORRID EVIL BADNESS.

AS I SANG TO THE GODS AND MADE A GREAT SACRIFICE (EATING NO BARK FROM GODDESS TREE THAT NIGHT), BRAVELY FORAGE SQUATTED IN TERRIBLE AGONY IN THE BALK OF MY CAVE, EATING HANDFULS OF MOSS AND YOWLING IN PAIN, AS THE IVN ROSE, HE FINALLY EVACUATED THE FLINT CHIPS, THE MOSS, AND MY CAVE.

IT HAD BEEN A HARROWING ORDEAL FOR MYSELF AND HAIRY FART WOMAN, THE SCREAMS NEAR THE END OF BRAVELY FORAGE'S ORDEAL ATTRACTING MANY CAVE BEARS. IT IS NOT AN EXPERIENCE THAT ANY OF US WOULD WANT TO REPEAT, BUT IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN AND AGAIN UNLESS WE STOP THE DEADLY FLINT CHIP POLLUTION THAT IS SLOWLY POISONING OUR PLANET. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU WORSHIP SUN, RAIN, RIVERS, OR BIG MUD BALLS, ALL MEN WHO RESPECT GOD MUST JOIN TO OPPOSE THIS TERRIBLE DANGER TO OUR WAY OF LIFE. SURELY THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES TO FLINT. ROCKS, PIECES OF WOOD, MUD, SAND, DIRT, LEAVES, AND DEAD BIRDS ALL MAY MAKE FLINT SUBSTITUTES. WE MUST BEGIN TO USE SUBSTITUTES AND TO LET THE TRIBAL COUNCIL KNOW WHERE WE STAND.

ATMOSPHERIC TESTING OF FIRE MAY TURN EARTH INTO A LIVING UNDERWORLD

BY SPOTTY MUSIC BOY

PICTURE A WORLD WHERE THE TEMPERATURE IS 70 DEGREES, SO HOT NO LIFE COULD SURVIVE. IMAGINE WALKING THROUGH CLOUDS OF INKY BLACK POISON, BREATHING THROUGH HANDFULS OF WET MOSS, STINGING EYES CLOSED AGAINST THE PAIN, EASY PREY FOR TOOTH TIGERS. THIS IS WHAT SHAMANS TELL US MAY HAPPEN IF ATMOSPHERIC TESTING OF FIRE CONTINUES.

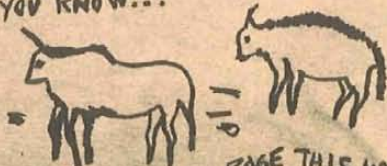
SOME SHAMANS ARGUE THAT ALL THE FIRE IN THE WORLD WILL BE USED UP LONG BEFORE DISASTER STRIKES; BUT WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THE WAY FIRE WORKS — IS IT WORTH TAKING THE CHANCE?

FIRE, WHICH UNLEASHES THE SPIRITS LOCKED WITHIN WOOD, IS CURRENTLY BEING USED BY THE BARTERISTS AND THEIR MULTITRIBAL AGRARIAN ALLIES TO BURN DEAD ANIMALS AND TO DANCE IN FRONT OF. THIS BEHAVIOR CAN ONLY ANGER THE GODS, ACCORDING TO MOST JUUV MEN. WHAT WILL HAPPEN THEN? SOME SAY WE WILL BE EATEN OR CRUSHED BY BIG JAGGED ROCKS LONG BEFORE THE WORLD IS DESTROYED.

THERE ARE OTHER ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE USE OF FIRE. WHY SHOULD WE BE SETTING FIRE TO VALUABLE STICKS WHEN THEY ARE A MAIN FOOD SOURCE OF OUR NEANDERTHAL BROTHERS?

YET THE BARTERISTS WHO CONTROL OUR TRIBAL COUNCIL (ALREADY PEOPLE ARE CALLING THEM "THOSE WHO SIT CLOSE TO THE FIRE") PLUNGE BLINDLY ON TOWARDS DESTRUCTION.

THE BARTERISTS ARE OPPRESSING ALL OF US. TREETOP NO CAVE, A WISE OLD PERSON OF TWENTY-FIVE, SAID, "PRETTY SHELLS ARE THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL." HE KNEW BARTERIST OPPRESSION, AND DEMANDED WE RETURN TO STEALING, THE NATURAL WAY. SO WE MUST, IF WE ARE TO AVOID DISASTER. YOU SAY YOU WANT EVOLUTION? WELL, YOU KNOW...



PAGE THIS MNUV 3 |

PICTOGRAPHS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR EARTH MOTHER,
I JUST THOUGHT I WRITE IN AND TELL THE HORDE
THAT IF ANYONE HAS BACK PAIN, IT IS PROBABLY FROM
WALKING UPRIGHT. WALKING UPRIGHT IS COMPLETELY
UNNATURAL AND IS BOUND TO CAUSE PAINS TO ANYONE
WHO TRIES IT.
THE NATURAL PEOPLE, OUR NEANDERTHAL BROTHERS,
ALL WALK ON THEIR KNUCKLES AND VERY RARELY HAVE
BACK PAIN UNLESS THEY HAVE BEEN SPEARED BY A
SPECIESIST FEUD-MONGER.

GOOD-BYE NOW,
RUNNING MOSS PERSON
BY SLEEPING TREE

DEAR EARTH MOTHER,
WE JUST HAD A TRAGEDY IN OUR HORDE. MY MAN
MATE, WILL-HE-LIE-DOWN, TOOK UP THE DANGEROUS
PRACTICE OF BATHING, AND STOPPED MOVING. WE
DECIDED TO HAVE A NATURAL FUNERAL FOR HIM
WITH NO FRILL. SOME OF US TOOK TURNS HOWLING WHILE
THE OTHERS ATE HIM RIGHT WHERE HE LAY. IT WAS A
BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE FOR ALL OF US AND WE FEEL
LIKE MUCH MORE OF A UNITED HORDE NOW. I WANT
TO HEARTILY RECOMMEND NATURAL FUNERAL RITES
TO ALL MOTHERS READERS AND ALSO PRAISE MY MATE'S
TASTE.

GONE AWAY NOW,
WANDERING SIDEWAYS
NEAR MOUNTAINS

DEAR EARTH MOTHER,
ONE PROBLEM HAS BEEN VERY MUCH ON MY MIND,
BUT I AM WRITING TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE, THAT
IS OVERPOPULATION. IT IS MAYBE OUR WORST PROBLEM BE-
SIDES VANISHING SCAPE BEARS. PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING
TO CLUSTER IN FIXED DWELLING PLACES. IF THIS CONTINUES
SOON THERE WILL BE NO FORAGE. I KNOW THAT EACH MAN
NEEDS AT LEAST TWO THOUS AND NEW CUBITS TO SUFFICE
A HORDE OF THIRTY. WE MUST SACRIFICE MORE CHILDREN
OR WE WILL ALL DIE SOON.

SHAMAN TREE SPIRIT
MVD FLAT

DEAR EARTH MOTHER,
WE ARE SERIOUSLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE BREAK-
UP OF THE PRIMAL HORDE. THIS BASIC SOCIAL UNIT IS
CRUMBLING RAPIDLY AS THE BARTERIST-CONTROLLED
TRIBAL COUNCIL IS DAILY PASSING NEW INCEST TABOOS.
IT IS ALREADY ILLEGAL FOR A FATHER TO MATE SONS UNDER
EIGHT MONTHS. SOON THERE WILL BE A LAW AGAINST
SONS KILLING FATHERS AND MATING MOTHERS. WE
MUST SERIOUSLY ORGANIZE TO FIGHT SOMETHING.

BIG DIRTY HAIR HORDE
NEAR SINGING RIVER

THE NEANDERTHAL

HE IS OUR BROTHER
NOBLE KNUCKLE WALKER
HE TROTS FINGERS AND TOES
IN TUNE WITH NATURE
WE SHOULD NOT DISCRIMINATE AGAINST HIM
CALL HIM NO-LOBES
NAME HIM GRUNTER
HE IS OUR BROTHER
AND OUR HUSBAND

— HAIRY FART WOMAN



11 PAGE
THIS MANY

EARTH MOTHER NEWS

SHAMAN HUNGRY ROCK TASTER
EDITOR

SPOTTY MUSIC BOD
MANAGING EDITOR

BRAVELY FORAGE, HAIRY FART
NO MAN, DENTED SKULL ELDER,
NO MAN WITH SORES,
COUGHING ONE

PETER BIG OFFICE
ART DIRECTOR

T. MANN, J. GREENFIELD
VERY IMPORTANT ONES

ZILL PISSED OFF

ADVERTISING

A. ANTONOFF

LETTERING



OFFICES

ALL OVER AND AROUND
DOWN BY THE RIVER UP IN THE
MOUNTAIN NEAR THE BIG
JAGGED ROCK JUST ANYWHERE,
ANYWHERE REALLY. THE
ENTIRE CONTENTS OF EARTH
MOTHER NEWS ARE COPY-
RIGHT © YEAR OF THE FALLING
MUD BY THE HORDE WRITING
COLLECTIVES. NO WORDS OR
OTHER MAY BE REPRODUCED IN
WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT
PERMISSION OF THE HORDE
BOSSSES. IF YOU WISH TO BE
AUTHOR IN HORDE WITH
DIRTY MANUSCRIPT, COME
OVER TO OUR OFFICE AND
YOU CAN BE AN EDITOR,
AND WEAR SKIN ON YOUR
HEAD.



DOMESTICATING ANIMALS: ARE PEOPLE NEXT?

BY BRAVELY FORAGE



SOME PEOPLE ARE KEEPING AN ANIMAL WITH THEM. THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT IF THEY LIVE AS EQUAL. MAKING LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL NO MATTER WITH WHAT. BUT TO MAKE ANIMALS DO THINGS IS WRONG. LIKE THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE MY BEAUTIFUL NEANDERTHAL BROTHERS AND SISTERS WALK UPRIGHT, THE ONES WHO WISH TO MAKE ANIMALS CATCH FOOD ARE THINKING WRONG. IF THEY MAKE ANIMALS DO THINGS, SOON THEY WILL MAKE PEOPLE DO THINGS.

BARTERISTS CONTROL OUR TRIBAL COUNCIL, AND UNTIL WE HAVE THROWN THEM OVER, WE WILL BE OPPRESSED BY THEIR ACTING. THEY SAY BASKET WEAVERS SHOULD WEAVE BASKETS. LET ME TELL ALL THE PEOPLE. BASKET WEAVERS OUGHT NOT TO HAVE TO WEAVE BASKETS FOR OTHER PEOPLE JUST BECAUSE OTHER PEOPLE GO OUT AND FORAGE. BASKET WEAVER OUGHT TO SEIZE FOOD AND KEEP THE BASKETS, TOO.

CONT PAGE NUMBER THIS MANY → III III III II

WHAT IS GOING ON NOW HERE

PLOWING DISTURBS BALANCE OF NATURE

SHAMANS ARE SAYING THAT "PLOWING," THE PRACTICE OF TEARING UP THE EARTH AND BURYING FOOD IN IT IN THE HOPE OF SEEING MORE FOOD, IS ANGERING THE SPIRITS OF THE EARTH AND THE TREES.

THIS WANTON INTERFERENCE WITH THE LAND IS UNNATURAL AND UNHEALTHY AND WILL PROBABLY RESULT IN THE COLD COMING BACK AND MORE VOLCANOES LIKE THE ONE THAT BOILED TWO WALKS AWAY NEAR THE TALKING ROCK.

FIXED DWELLING PLACES ANGER GODS

THINKING PEOPLE ARE DEMANDING STRICT NEW TABOOS AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF OLD ONES TO PREVENT SOME FROM STAYING IN SAME CAVE FOR TOO LONG, OR WORSE YET BUILDING A HUT WHICH RUINS THE NATURAL NATURESCAPE.

WE MUST MAKE SOME GREAT SACRIFICE TO APPEASE THE GODS, WHO ARE ANGRY AT THE FOOLISHNESS OF MEN AND THE "HUTS" SOME BUILD.

DIETARY LAWYERS FIGHT UNNATURAL FOODS

DIETARY LAWYERS WORKING WITH EARTH MOTHER NEWS ARE LEADING A BATTLE TO PREVENT THE REPEAL OF OLD TABOOS AGAINST EATING BURNED MEAT BY THE BARTERIST-CONTROLLED TRIBAL COUNCIL.

LAWYERS SPOKE TO THE ELDERS, ALL OF WHOM ARE DODDERING OLD ONES PAST TWENTY, BUT WERE UNABLE TO GET TOO CLOSE BECAUSE OF THE FIRE THE BARTERIST HAD BUILT TO DEFEAT THE WORDS.

ELDERS EARLIER REJECTED A PLEA THAT PEOPLE FOUND BURNING SHOULD BE CAST OUT.

SOLAR HEAT WORKS BETTER THAN DANGEROUS FIRE

BY WOMAN WITH SORES

ALL ABOUT ME I SEE THE BURNING OF FIRES AND MY HEART IS SAD, FOR THE TURNING AWAY FROM THE NATURAL WAYS OF THE EARTH.

SADDER YET, FOR THE SUN IS BY FAR THE BETTER WAY TO THE PREPARATION OF THE FOOD. HERE I OFFER A RECIPE FOR THE PREPARATION OF A GREAT WOLF, USING ONLY THE NATURAL HEAT OF THE SUN - NOT THE FIRE WHICH RENDERS THE AIR POISONOUS.

FIRST, SLAY A WOLF.

DRAG THE WOLF TO A HIGH POINT NEAR YOUR CAVE.

LET THE WOLF SLOWLY BAKE UNDER THE RAYS OF THE SUN FOR THREE WARM DAYS.

YOU WILL FIND THE MEAT OF THE WOLF TENDER; IF YOU COLLECT EIGHT LEAVES FROM A TREE AND PLACE IT AROUND THE WOLF'S CARCASS, YOU WILL SURROUND IT WITH A FLAVOR NO WORDS OR STONES CAN DESCRIBE.

SOME COMPLAIN THAT WHEN THE SUN FALLS BEHIND THE HILLS, THE WOLF MEAT WILL GROW COLD. YES - BUT IT IS THE WAY OF THE EARTH. IF THE GODS WANTED US TO DEVOUR WOLF MEAT WHEN IT IS DARK, THEY WOULD HAVE MADE THE SUN SHINE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

PAGE THIS MANY → III

YES, WE STILL MAKE TOOLS THE OLD-FASHIONED GROUND STONE WAYS
 DO NOT BE TEMPTED BY THE CHIPPED STONE AND POLISHED STONE TOOLS THAT ROB
 YOUR TOOLS OF THE MAGIC THAT FELLS TREES AND BEARS.
 REMAIN TRUE TO THE WILL OF THE GODS!
 COME TO THE THIRD CAVE PAST THE CARCASS OF THE MASTODON,
 (WE ACCEPT YOUR MATE OR LIVE FEMALE CHILD.)



CLASSIFIED

BIG BOULDERS OVER HERE. JUST COME AND
 HELP YOURSELF. THERE'S LOTS. COME OVER ANY
 TIME. NEAR THE RED CLIFF,

I KNOW WHERE THERE IS GOOD FORAGE.
 IF YOU WANT SOME, YOU HAVE TO HELP ME
 MOVE A BIG ROCK. YOU GET HALF OF WHAT
 EVER IS UNDER ROCK. NO FINGER WOMAN,

WANTED: VOLUNTEERS TO TROOP TO
 AFRIKA. EXCELLENT FORAGE, WARM
 CLIMATE, EVENTUAL PROMOTION TO NEGRO
 A POSSIBILITY. WANDERING LOON

DOES ANYONE WANT A DEAD BIRD I
 FOUND BY THE RIVER? I DON'T WANT IT
 ANYMORE. ANYONE CAN HAVE IT. JUST
 COME AND GET IT. I WILL BE WANDERING
 NEAR THE PITS THURS DAY BUT SHOULD
 BE BY THE BLACK GROVE FRIDAY. I WILL
 TAKE YOU TO BIRD. "GRUNTER"

BIG UGLY MAN, KNUCKLE WALKER,
 WANTS INFANTS OR ANYTHING AT ALL
 TO EAT. FATTIES, PLEASE. SHAMAN X

DEATH MERCHANT
 THEY COME IN WAR
 MEN WITHOUT EXTENDED FAMILIES
 TO TRADE IN BRONZE ADZES
 (SO THEY'RE CALLED THE SHINING DEATH)
 THEY KILL OUR CHILDREN - THE NOISY ONES
 THEY KILL OUR CAVE BEARS - THEY KILL OUR
 NEANDERTHAL BROTHERS, WOE. WOV.



WHEN CAVE BEAR IS DEAD
 WHEN CAVE BEAR IS DEAD
 FOREVER GONE
 WILL NOT LIFE BE POORER
 MORE AWFUL
 WHEN CAVE BEAR IS GONE
 WILL NOT WE BE UNHAPPY
 WILL NOT GODS BE ANGRY
 EARTH BE ANGRY
 MOON BE ANGRY
 AIEE, WE WILL BE EATEN!

- HAIRY FART WOMAN

PRIDEFUL WALKING ON TWO FEET GOES BEFORE FALL

BY DENTED SKULL ELDER

BY THE LAST BROKEN MOON, I SAW WALKING BY THE EDGE OF THE WATER A
 YOUTH WHOSE BLOOD FLOWED WITH THE JUICE OF SPURT-HOPE. HE WAS WITH A WOMAN
 OF STILL-CLOSED OPENING, AND HE WAS POSSESSED TO SHOW HIMSELF BRAVE BEFORE
 HER THAT SHE MIGHT LET HIM OPEN HER.

THIS YOUTH TOOK HIS ARMS AND HELD THEM HIGH IN THE SKY, AS IF TO MOCK THE
 GODS OF TREES AND THE SKY, AND SOUGHT TO MAKE A WALK ON HIS TWO REAR LEGS ONLY. I
 CALLED OUT TO WARN HIM OF THE ANGER HE WAS MAKING WITH THE GODS, BUT HE LAUGHED
 AND SCARNFULLY CRIED, "YOU ARE AN OLD MAN OF PERHAPS TWENTY-THREE, AND YOU COULD
 NOT SPURT ENOUGH TO FILL THE OPENING OF A NORM!"

A FEW BLINKS LATER, THIS LAD LOST HIS BALANCE, PLUNGING INTO THE WATERS WHERE
 HE WAS SWIFTLY CARRIED AWAY AND DEVOURED BY THE ANGRY GODS.

HEAR ME! OLD I AM, AND NONE THAT I HAVE HELPED TO BIRTH WITH MY SPURTS
 COME TO ME AND TELL ME OF THEMSELVES, BUT THIS MUCH I KNOW, TO WALK UPRIGHT IS TO
 MOCK BOTH THE TABOOS OF THE EARTH AND THE WISHES OF THE GODS.

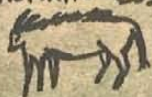
IF YOU WALK UPRIGHT, YOU ARE SUPPORTED BY TWO OF YOUR LIMBS; IF YOU WALK NATURALLY,
 YOU ARE SUPPORTED BY FOUR; YOU HAVE MUCH LESS CHANCE OF FALLING!

IF YOU WALK UPRIGHT, YOU ARE MUCH FARTHER AWAY FROM THE EARTH AND CANNOT FIND
 THE ANIMALS TO EAT AS SIMPLY, NOR CAN YOU SEE THE ROCKS AND TREES AND DEAD TRIBE-
 SHIN AND SO YOU MAY WELL FALL OVER THEM AND KILL YOURSELF.

IF YOU WALK UPRIGHT, YOUR HEAD AND FACE ARE EXPOSED TO ALL OF THE EARTH'S
 FURY, AND BIRDS MAY FLY INTO YOUR FACE AND SWALLOW YOUR EYE. AND YOU WILL BE SEEN BY
 THE CAVE BEARS AND THE ENEMIES OF US AND MAY BE EATEN BY THEM AS A WARNING
 FROM THE GODS.

OUR WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS ON OUR OBEDIENCE TO THE WILL OF THE GODS WHO
 COMMAND THAT WE REMAIN CLOSE TO THE EARTH. FOUR-LEGGED IS FOREARMED.

III PAGE THIS MANY



CUT

Turn the magazine sideways. Take a pair of safety scissors and cut along dotted line, being careful not to slash your throat out. Once you have removed the two pages which comprise this booklet, fold it in half along the solid line. Now, punch a hole in the corner where indicated, and after inserting string, hang in a safe place.

CUT

Lexicon of Modern Drug Slang

Marijuana

Loafer, Cong lawn, Jamaican vacation,
Mexican food, fighter-bombers,
burning issue, fire-fuck.

LSD

Rat dream, synapse shanghai, dog aphrodisiac,
eighth floor exit, brain-eater.

Quaalude

Chemical straightjackets, mumbler, Quinlans,
pick-me-up-I-seem-to-have-slippeds.

Barbiturates

Stumblers, antinutso pills, lunch-launchers,
date-stunners, brain-killers.

Diet Pills

Essay writers, night-lights, little lawyers,
fat girls' friends.

IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS

Your Doctor _____
The Police _____
Stomach Pumpers _____
Narks _____
Stern Uncle _____
Inhalator _____
Army De-Tox Division _____

Handy Home Handbook of Teen-age Poisons and Their Antidotes

by Dr. Richard Speck

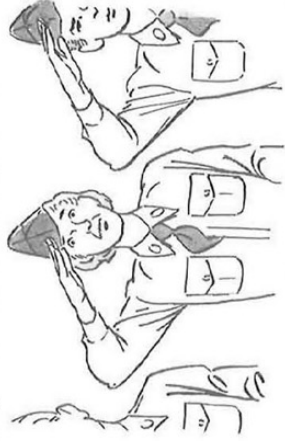


FOLD

ROBITUSSIN ("Robo")

SYMPTOMS Bleary eyes, slurred speech, vomit on coat, sleeping in crashed car, etc., etc.

ANTIDOTE Four years in U.S. armed forces.



CONTRAINDICATIONS None known.

PRELUDIN (Phenmetrazine Hydrochloride)

SYMPTOMS Cardiovascular: palpitations, tachycardia, exploding capillaries. Central nervous system: restlessness, meaninglessness, and mindlessness. Possibility of psychotic episode if patient is not already psychotic. Gastrointestinal: dryness in mouth, uti-
caria.

ANTIDOTE Beating, early bed, and no television for one month.



CONTRAINDICATIONS Victim is bona fide Japanese ex-fighter pilot.

SECONAL SODIUM

SYMPTOMS Pharyngeal spasms, central nervous system depression, reflex depression, lower body temperature, decreased urine formation, stumbling, spitting, shit on shirt, apnea.

ANTIDOTE Confiscation of car keys for six to twelve months.

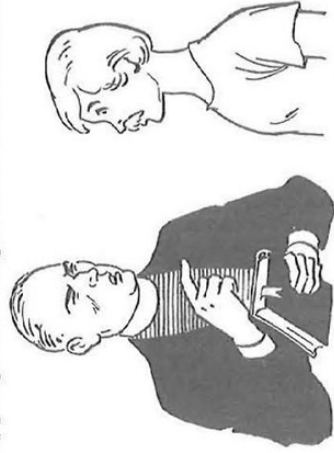


CONTRAINDICATIONS Superior grades in the sciences, all cars washed.

LSD

SYMPTOMS Visual and auditory hallucinations, suicide attempts, religious fervor.

ANTIDOTE Slapping, shouting. Talks with ministers.



CONTRAINDICATIONS Freshly mowed lawn, clean sleeping area.

About Dr. Speck

General Alexander M. Haig, Jr.: "Dr. Speck was a prominent member of the war movement from 1965 to 1973. While serving as a physician for the army draft board medical review, he qualified many sick lads for service who would otherwise have been unable to attend Vietnam."

Karen Ann Quinlan: "If my parents had sent me to Dr. Richard Speck, the night orderly would not be renting me to his friends for stag parties."

These quotes from famous people tell us that Dr. Richard Speck is a widely experienced and intelligent physician concerned with the chemical problems facing today's young people, and not simply interested in seeing them naked.

Dr. Speck knows that modern parents and sheriffs are hard put to know which drugs (if any) are causing today's young people to throw up and talk back. For this reason and about three thousand others, he has compiled a list of common household poisons and their antidotes. We at the **National Lampoon** hope that all our readers' parents will cut out this little booklet and hang it next to their wallets. It could save a life.

Sincerely,

T. Mann
Associate Editor

HOW TO USE THIS BOOKLET

When the victim begins to display symptoms of poisoning, match the visible symptoms with those listed in this booklet. After matching the symptoms, you may make tentative identification of the drug or drugs involved in the poisoning. Now, before proceeding to the antidote, look for **contraindications**. A contraindication tells you not to administer the antidote for various reasons. This is important. Remember: an antidote may actually be harmful if administered in the presence of contraindications or witnesses.

VALIUM

SYMPTOMS

Ataxia, blithering, venous thrombosis, vacuousness, dysarthria, slobbering, rectal hiccups, vigorous projectile vomiting, involuntary urination.

ANTIDOTE

Strapping has proved effective in some cases, but grounding may be necessary in severe cases.



CONTRAINDICATIONS Freshly painted garage.

DEMEROL HYDROCHLORIDE

SYMPTOMS

Decrease in respiratory rate and/or tidal volume, somnolence, blackened spoons in drawers, desire to rob grocers.

ANTIDOTE

Double up on chores for six weeks. Beating may be necessary in severe cases.

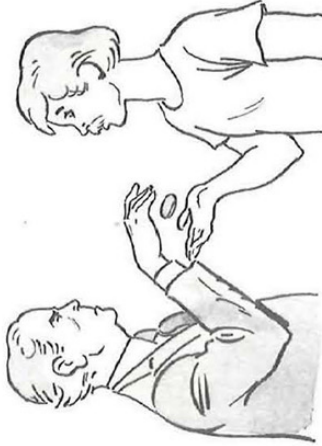


CONTRAINDICATIONS None.

METHEDRINE HYDROCHLORIDE

SYMPTOMS "Rapping," decreased salivation, vertigo, biting, shedding.

ANTIDOTE Allowance reductions as indicated.

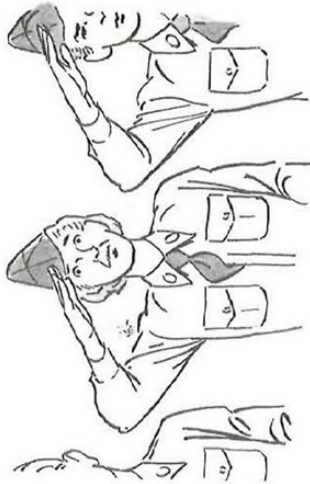


CONTRAINDICATIONS Recent haircut.

PCP

SYMPTOMS Inability to sweat, hallucinations, respiratory depression, slurred speech, incomprehensible speech, speech in a foreign language, handkerchief up asshole.

ANTIDOTE Weekend service with National Guard.



CONTRAINDICATIONS Pays over one hundred dollars a month board.

MDA

SYMPTOMS Arrhythmia, libido changes, missing televisions or silverware, periodic snort blasts, gutter mouth.

ANTIDOTE Wash mouth out with laundry soap, followed by two weeks close supervision of homework.



CONTRAINDICATIONS All dishes washed and dried.

QUAALUDE (Methaqualone)

SYMPTOMS Restlessness, hypertonia progressing to convulsions, increased secretions, disarrayed clothing, renal insufficiency, loss of inhibitions (if they ever existed), throwing food around and then up.

ANTIDOTE Early bed and beating.



CONTRAINDICATIONS Freshly washed windows.

FOLD

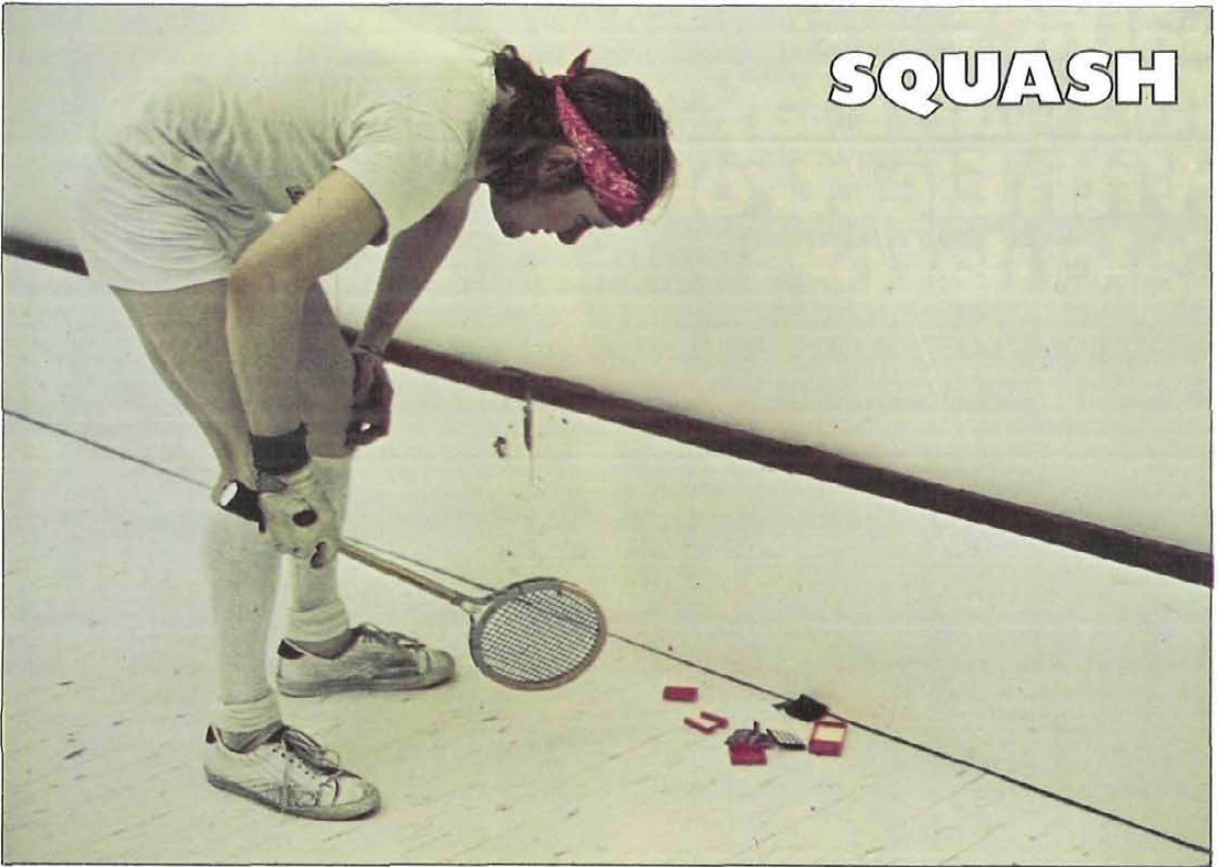
CUT

A photograph of a pool table with green felt. A hand is visible at the top, holding a pool cue. In the foreground, a red and white striped rack is partially visible. The text is overlaid on the image.

**Games
You Can Play
With Electronic
Calculators**

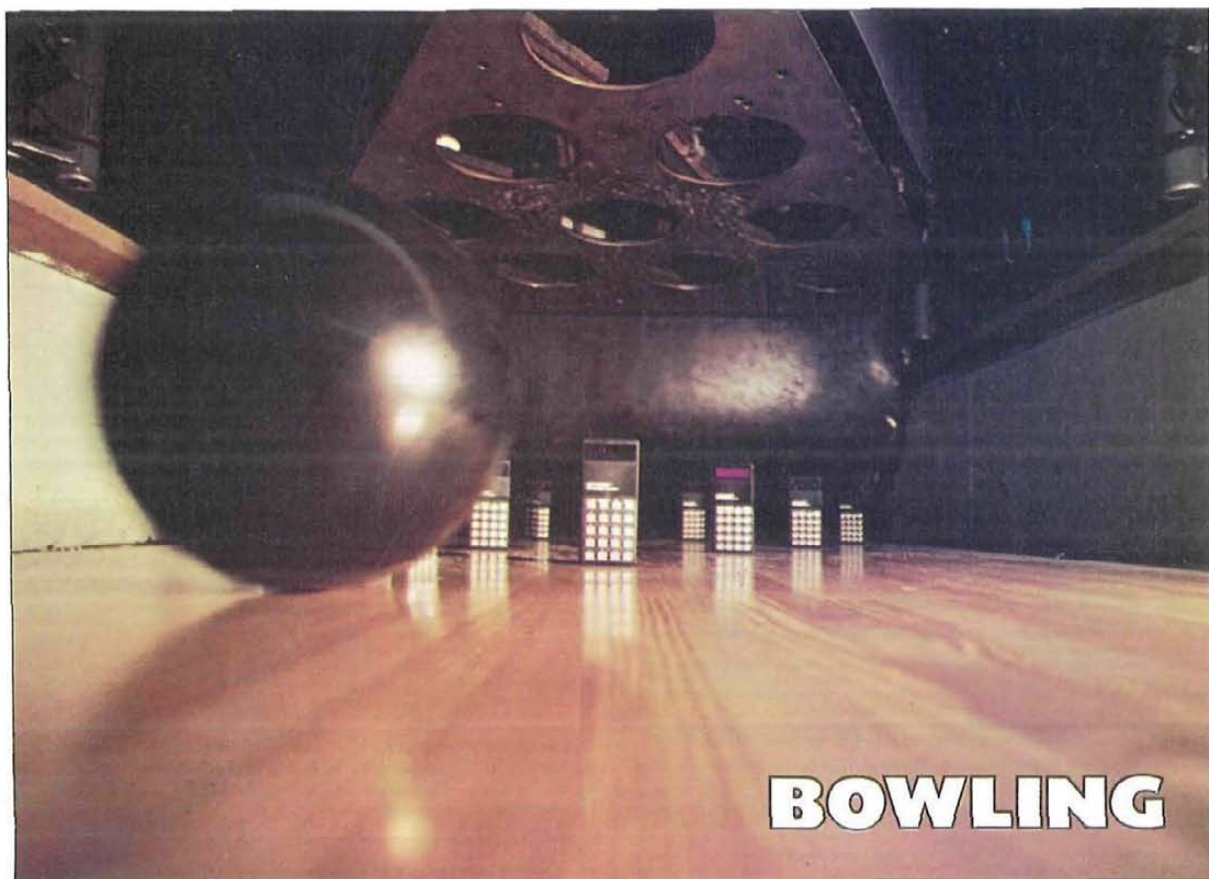
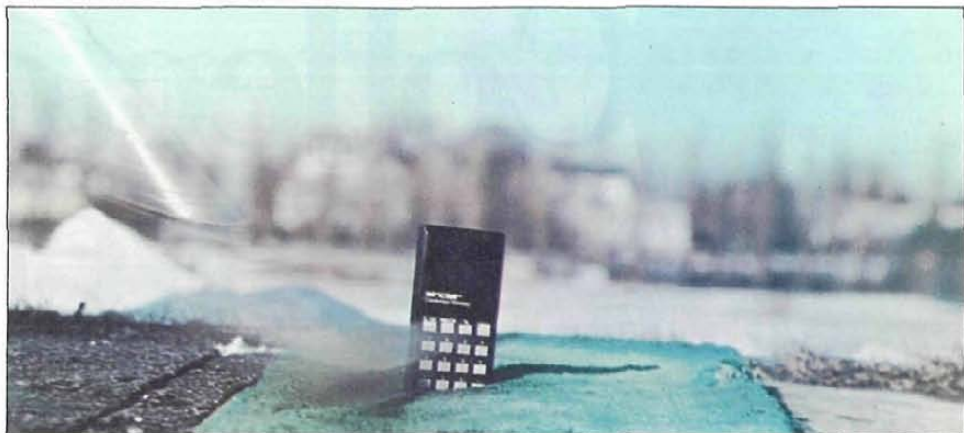
BILLIARDS

SQUASH



ARCHERY

GOLF





Collector's Items

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Inspirer*, the Young 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 Mandarin.

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

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, Whitenedo comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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 Unexecuting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Bartlett 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 Barbara 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, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1306 Budge 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, Parfourbook, Orqyqami, and Cloo.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHaq Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooley, Mel Brooks is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Altica 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 Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody.

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

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shrking*, 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 Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.

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

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kellauer 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.

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

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

OCTOBER, 1976—THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Tuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

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

DECEMBER, 1976/SELLING OUT: With our first ever sexy centerfold, Confusions of an Adman, plus plugs for Doris Abraham's new album, *Labor of Love*, on Philo.

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight gags, comics, and the *Scienterline American* parody.

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.

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FUNNY PAGES

W NUTS

REMEMBER THE TIMES YOU GOT CONNED INTO STARTING SOMETHING YOU KNEW WAS ROTTEN, OR AT LEAST NOT GOOD, BUT YOU COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF DOING IT, SO YOU DID IT?

GEE, LEON, I DON'T GET IT - WHY SHOULD WE TRY TO SCARE EARL?

BECAUSE IT'LL BE FUN!

BESIDES, HE'S NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THOSE ARE TRACKS OF AN ABOMINABLE SNOW-MAN. WHAT WOULD ONE OF THOSE BE DOING IN THE PARK, ANYWAY?

I'M GOING TO HAVE IT HEAD FOR THOSE TREES!

COME ON, IT'S GETTING DARK. LET'S GO HOME.

WAIT A MINUTE. ISN'T THERE SOMETHING IN THOSE TREES?

AW, BULLSHIT - YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO SCARE ME NOW!

NO CRAP - DON'T YOU SEE IT?

THIS IS SO DUMB IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

COME ON AND HELP ME OFF WITH THESE WILL YOU? I CAN'T WALK FAST WITH THEM!

Carlson Wilson



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Birdbath

continued from page 31

and former wife **Lupe Valez** will reunite?

BB: We certainly hope so, and all our good wishes and prayers are bent on their getting together again. The lady in question is dead.

Q: Was there a slain man found in the trunk of a Duesenberg on Rockaway Boulevard in Queens three days ago, and was he discovered to have been sixteen months pregnant, to be wearing a magenta penguin skin greatcoat with sixty-two pockets, and to have three fully grown arms?

BB: That is correct. But nobody can identify the body. Next. **The Archbishop of Canterbury.**

AC: **Dody Goodman, Totie Fields, and Dodo Day**—what is the difference between them?

BB: I don't know, what is the difference between them?

AC: None. Sometimes they do do doo, and sometimes they don't do doo, but they always do doo on a doily. Ha-ha.

BB: Thank you, Your Grace, an objective view is always of help. Yes, **Queen Elizabeth**, you have a question. Stand up, girl, don't be shy, we're all with you.

QE: Do you have any inside dope on the comics?

BB: **Blondie** is a lesbian.

QE: Boy, really!

BB: Did you have another question, Betty? If not, sit down. There are other people in the room besides yourself.

QE: Sorry.

Q: Who is this **Janet Burroway**, the poet/novelist who's bringing out this novel **Raw Silk** this month?

BB: Never heard of her.

Q: But she's in your column each month.

BB: If so, she has only the most fugitive relationship with it. You over there, next to the balding Jap woman.

JL: My name is **John Lennon**.

BB: Who?

JL: I want to know, what are your relations with **President Carter**?

BB: If I am in the shower when **President Carter** calls, I leave instructions for him to call back—he or someone greater—is the **Shah of Iran** here?—oh, there you are, hi—now you know. But if someone lesser

continued on page 102

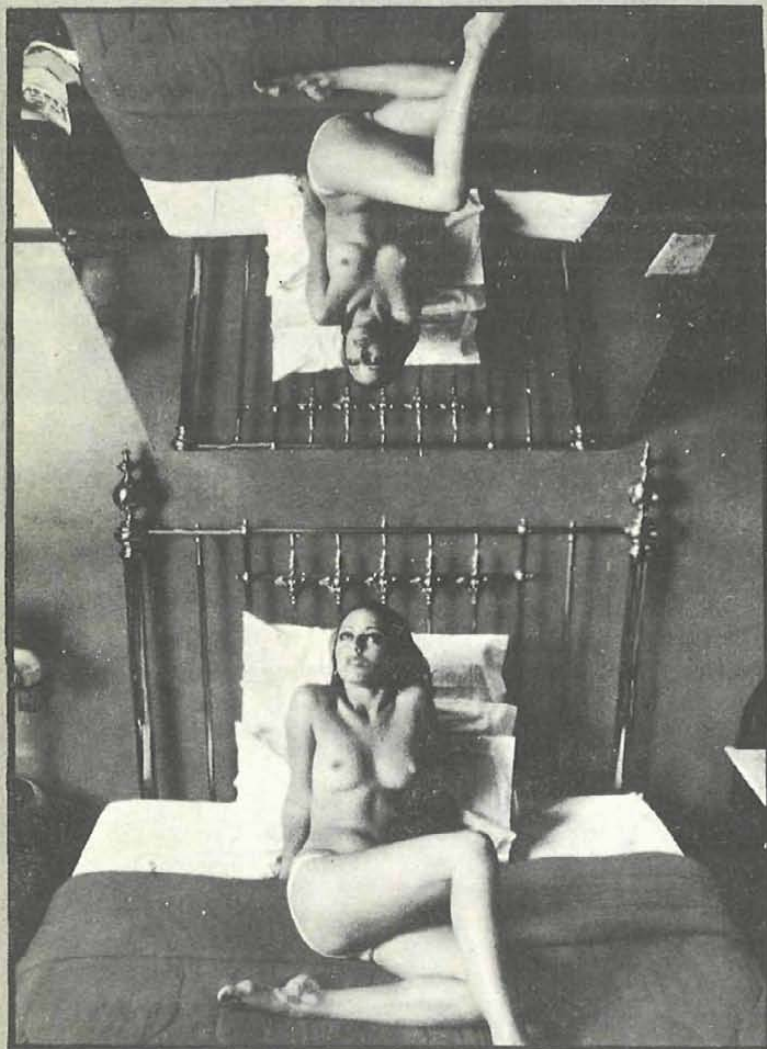
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NEXT: MORE FIRST THINGS FIRST.

The Carter Family

continued from page 13

to scream like hell, which woke up all the spare rattlers we had in this cardboard box, which got all excited and slithered over the sides and bit a whole mess of people. A lot of them would have died, too, like as not, if Cousin Ruth hadn't rushed over and faith healed on them real quick, and if I hadn't had a snake bite kit on me.

Damn if Jimmy Earl wasn't mad about *that!* Him and the missus had to sell a couple of hundred acres of good ground pea growing land to hush up the press reporters about his sister on that one, but then he goes and turns around and acts like it was my fault for letting it happen. Why, he didn't even so much as yell once at Cousin Ruth. Though that may have had to do with her talking in tongues at the top of her voice and rolling around on the floor till she beat holes in the rug for about two weeks afterwards, and it's real hard to yell at somebody who's talking in tongues and rolling on the floor unless you kick 'em a couple of times. And you're never supposed to kick your sister. Not where I come from.

Then, just a couple of days ago, right when everybody on the White House staff and all was starting to speak to me without me having to threaten to pound on 'em or anything, I go and get in trouble *again*. The same way as before—just by trying to help. You see, we were having dinner the other night, and when they brought out the eatings, all it was was this Fettucini Alfred (little cousin Amy here helped me with the foreign words—she went downstairs to ask Cook. Amy helps a good deal with this writing business, as she can spell up a storm, and has not been kept back a single year in school yet. Took me until I was seventeen to get out of the eighth grade, and I had the benefits of going to school with white folks—though there was some time off in there from when I was nine until eleven due to the unfortunate passing away of Mr. Krinklemeier, the third grade teacher, and a long local circuit court argument about whether a nine-year-old could be tried for manslaughter or not), which is just noodles, or that's what I'd call it. Plus some little pee-willies and doodad food. The whole mess wouldn't of filled a bug tooth.

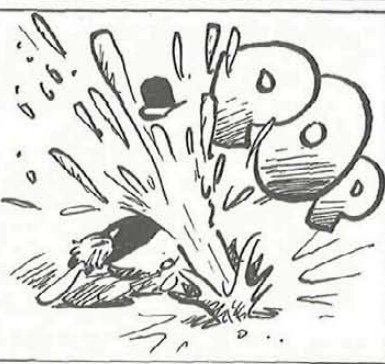
Well, I got to thinking that maybe between what-all it cost quieting down the press reporters and tour guides and all, plus the pool-cleaning fees

and this and that, maybe this being president wasn't bringing in quite what Jimmy Earl had thought it might. But whether we were poor or no, it didn't seem right for the president of the biggest country in the world to sit down to dinner without any side meat. So the next morning about six, I got out my 410 shotgun and went to squirrel hunting down on the south lawn. They got little gray squirrels running all over the place down there, and there's nothing better than a juicy young one. (You cook 'em up just the same as rabbits, except they taste like squirrel.) And I was drawing a bead on a good-looking flufftail when out from behind someplace pops a Secret Service agent, squatting as though he looked to pee like a girl and holding a pistol in both of his hands. So I shot him instead. Don't know what the hell is supposed to be so secret about this Secret Service. They're swarming all over the place the livelong day about as secretively as a hog in the china cupboard. And another thing that's no secret is that I don't much cotton to having pistols pointed at me. You should have seen that son of a bitch jump. It was twice better than Cousin Ruth. You'd of thought I'd shot him with a real gun instead of a little old 410 peashooter that you can hardly blow flies off cow flop with. Then I guess the noise he made attracted all the rest of the Secret Servicers, and they came at me from every direction, and there was one hell of a good fight, and that's how I got in *real* trouble even though the hospital says they'll all recover, eventually.

That same afternoon, Jimmy Earl called me into the Round Room, or whatever the hell he's calling his office this week (I've never seen such a people for naming their rooms as these Washingtoners) and yelled his fool head off for about two hours.

It wasn't all bad, though. I got a new Special Mission out of it. They're sending me to some place called Bang-the-Desk. It's over toward India and has a lot of Indians in it. But not the kind with feathers on their heads, another kind that wear towels there. I'm going to advise their economy. Don't know how as it'll be as much fun as fact-finding around here with that Almond fellow was, but I'm not complaining, as it could have been worse. Could have been one of those countries where everyone's colored, even the police. Anyway, I'll tell you about it, so you-all come back and read some more real soon now, hear? □

Clarence Crobblouse



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Editorial

continued from page 19

Then there was a pause and a loud scream from Mike. "I killed him! I killed him! I killed him!..."

Juanita and I ran upstairs. Mike, still screaming, was kneeling over Steve, who was face down on the floor in a tangle of chair legs. Juanita turned the light on and began feeling Steve's body for blood, trying to get him to talk. She rolled him over, but there didn't seem to be any wounds. "I'm dead," he said at last.

Mike, meanwhile, had gotten up and wandered into his own room where I found him screaming, "I killed him! I killed him!" and staring at a wall full of bullet holes. I tried to tell him that Steve was still alive. But he wouldn't listen, and stumbled back into Steve's room and started staring at the wall in there. There were no holes in that wall.

"I'm dead," said Steve.

"I killed him! I killed him!" yelled Mike.

"I'm dead," said Steve.

"I killed him!" yelled Mike.

"Look," I said. "There aren't even any holes in the wall."

"Of course there aren't," said Juanita. "That's his closet."

Which was true. Uncle Mike's closet was between the two rooms, and what he'd done was shoot up all his clothes. Which I demonstrated by putting on one of his sport coats and waving my fingers at him through the patch pockets. But it was some time before he left off screaming, "I killed him!"

Steve believed it, too. He didn't get up off the floor until the next afternoon. "I can't get up," he'd say, "I'm dead." And he remained convinced for quite some time afterward — often refusing to eat or wear warm clothing on the grounds of not being alive. Death also greatly emboldened him. So much so that he went to see his girl friend at home and danced around her father, singing, "I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. Eat shit." The colonel fled the house, and Steve and his girl were married a month later — a spiritual union only, however, since Steve had left the corporal realm.

Everyone concerned eventually came to their senses. Steve fully admits to being alive these days. He lives in Miami, where he writes detective novels. And his girl friend has a very wealthy second husband.

P.J.

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The Wonderful Science of Life

continued from page 34

We have known for some time that humans exist within an invisible network of olfactory signals: smell is all around us, and we take it into account almost all the time. However, recent discoveries suggest smell is the very least of it. It now appears that we go about our lives, touching objects and each other, leaving little traces of ourselves behind. It is a disquieting, not to say disgusting, thought.

I for one will never again sneer at the fussy matron who insists on placing what we coquettishly call "bathroom tissue" (that is, the paper we normally use to wipe ourselves) between her buttocks and the toilet seat used by others. Nor will I smile condescendingly at the fastidious types who carry disposable surgical gloves in case they have need of a public call box. In fact, this apparently minor discovery has already had very major consequences in my attitudes towards others in my crowded environment.

I have always joined in deriding the "primitive fear" that makes a bus or subway rider edge away from a "crazy" person, babbling away to phantom companions or making baroque gestures of obscenity to the other riders. We all smile patronizingly at the notion that craziness can rub off on a previously normal person. In the light of this discovery, the newly established fact that schizophrenics have a chemical present in their sweat not found in others assumes a sinister import. There is now every reason to believe that if this noxious excretion gets on you, it can enter your bloodstream and give you schizophrenia.

A great deal more research will have to be done before we can make any recommendations about how to cope with this new information. In the meantime, I intend to lay in a supply of sterile gloves and face masks, and rely on taxis for transport. I have grown fond of my personality, and would be most distressed to have it split in two by any stray lunatic who happened to take a pew alongside of me.

Last year, I was lured out to Australia by an entomologist friend who had been working on the problem of exploring miniature structures. For years, he had

been trying to adapt photographic equipment used for medical explorations of various body cavities for use in the study of insect life. Now, he wrote, he thought he had the problem solved. If I could get the time off, he assured me I would not be disappointed.

So I found myself in northern Australia, almost panting at the prospect of being a witness at the very first photographic exploration of an extensive termite colony, untouched in every respect, save for the removal of the inhabitants—and therein lies a story.

The Australian government had devised a plan to relocate the termites elsewhere, in a somewhat severe, modern structure ten miles to the west. Insect lovers had raised quite a ruckus, using all the old conservationist ecofreak tricks—picketing, leaflets, spreading lies, inaccuracies, and outright distortions. Luckily for science, they had not been successful in their attempt to stop time. They went back to doing whatever northern Australian Luddites do, maybe drinking beer and daydreaming about the good old Dark Ages, and we went exploring. This is what our cameras showed us.

We descended the series of ramps, through the decisively vaulted entrance arch and into the lobby chamber. Pellets of sand, dropped or mislaid in the recent evacuation, were a poignant reminder of the cost, in termite terms, that had been paid for this guided tour. At times, it seemed as though one could still hear the little clicks and scrapes made by the absent inhabitants, going about their insect business without a thought of the inexorable march of jack-booted scientists drawing closer to their happy home, about to send them off to some bureaucrat's nightmare of an insect housing project. If I was a brainless Australian hippie and this was my week for protesting about the "destruction of the environment," I would have protested.

As it was, I was galvanized by the majesty of what I saw. The lobby chamber came to a dramatic visual climax in the two lofty parabolas that vaulted upwards to form the central span. Here the tension between movement and space was joyously exploited—no tyranny of the right angle for these termites!

The "tour" progressed down the central tunnel to the second large chamber. Here was a veritable under-

ground Chartres—freely articulated spaciousness from top to bottom. Once again, my thoughts drifted to the late inhabitants. Did the poor little thingies pull out insect pews on Sunday morning and sing hymns of insect trust in the Lord? It was a pleasant fantasy, though hardly scientific.

The upper chambers of the nest were shot through with ducts, which must have served handily as an insulator, cooling at noon and heating at night. All in all, the experience was overwhelming, as my friend had promised it would be.

What sticks in my mind, a dozen months after the experience, is not the awesome virtuosity of the architecture, but the staggering stupidity of the protesters. Could it be that it is not sympathy that binds them to the wolverine and the whale and the termite, but the terrible realization that they themselves are creatures of similar intellectual capacity? It is a most interesting hypothesis, and I hope someone begins to test it out soon. That is, if only there isn't anybody out there who feels they must take exception!

One intriguing idea is the possibility of developing underground colonies for those among us who are offended by everything since the discovery of the lever. Are they not intent on getting back to the earth? Why not back into the earth, where they can experience the fullest spiritual reunion with our primordial past, and never again be affronted by the spectacle of modern man's insistence on building and improving and inventing and experimenting.

Think of it! They could renounce smoky heating machines, the kind that greedily wolf down Mother Earth's preciously distilled juices, and be warmed by the sun instead. They could renounce processed foods with chemical preservatives, and derive their sustenance from nutrients in the soil.

How earthy! How basic! How *underground* it could be!

Once again, the curious affinity between the young members of the "counter-culture" and the lower species has been asserted in the laboratory. It looks very much as though the Wellington's beetle relies on the ability to differentiate what the young call "vibes" in regulating social intercourse.

Metric Humor Conversion Tables

compiled by P. J. O'Rourke

On July 1, 1977, all U.S. humor will be converted to the metric system, bringing American humor into conformity with the humor of the rest of the world. On that date, the decimal metric system of *risibles*, *mimics*, *mockers*, *grims*, and *merdes* will replace such U.S. Customary humor units as jokes, jibes, jests, railleries, satires, burlesques, and clowning around as the proper measure of comic activity. Printed below is a handy table of equivalencies to aid our readers in accustoming themselves to this imminent changeover.

Clip and save.

ETHNIC HUMOR EQUIVALENCIES

Metric System

1 millimocker (mm)
10 millimockers = 1 centimocker (cm)
10 centimockers = 1 decimocker (dm)
10 decimockers = 1 mocker (m)
10 mockers = 1 decamocker (dam)

U.S. Customary System

= any three Polish jokes
= any three Polish people
= the way Jews drive
= a monkey in a Pope suit
= "The French, they are a funny race/They fight with their feet and fuck with their face..." etc.
10 decamockers = 1 hectomocker (hm) = a Jap's cock
10 hectomockers = 1 kilomocker (km) = "...just like a nigger—steal more chains than he can swim with!"

BLACK HUMOR EQUIVALENCIES

Metric System

1 milligram (mg)
10 milligrams = 1 centigram (cg)
10 centigrams = 1 decigram (dg)
10 decigrams = 1 grim (g)
10 grims = 1 decagram (dag)
10 decagrams = 1 hectogram (hg)
10 hectograms = 1 kilogram (kg)
1000 kilograms = 1 metric glum

U.S. Customary System

= a week at Catch a Rising Star
= your mother
= your breath
= the works of Evelyn Waugh
= the war in Vietnam
= SALT talks
= going to the bank
= bone cancer

PARODY EQUIVALENCIES

Metric System

1 millimimic (mi)
10 millimimics = 1 centimimic (ci)
10 centimimics = 1 decimimic (di)
10 decimimics = 1 mimic (i)
10 mimics = 1 decamimic (dai)
10 decamimics = 1 hectomimic (hi)
10 hectomimics = 1 kilomimic (ki)

U.S. Customary System

= another week at Catch a Rising Star
= *The Dunciad*
= Tom Snyder's imitation of a shit sack in a leisure suit
= The Fleischer Bros.' full-length animated cartoon of *Gulliver's Travels*
= John Updike's last three novels (unless...no, that's not possible)
= anything by me or Sean Kelly (if he's nice)
= Max Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland*

VERBAL HUMOR EQUIVALENCIES

Metric System

1 millirisible (mr)
10 millirisibles = 1 centirisible (cr)
10 centirisibles = 1 decirisible (dr)
10 decirisibles = 1 risible (r)
10 risibles = 1 decarisible (dar)
10 decarisibles = 1 hectorisible (hr)
10 hectorisibles = 1 kilorisible (kr)

U.S. Customary System

= "Eat a bowl of fuck."
= "Does your mother know you're queer?"
= "Say, you've got a big mouth—why don't you suck my cock?"
= "Is that your tongue or do you have hemorrhoids?"
= "Some say it's a *necktie*. Others say it's a *new board game*."
= "Nice cunt, kid. Where'd you get the operation?"
= "You'll be hearing from my lawyer."

DIRTY HUMOR EQUIVALENCIES

Metric System

1 millimerde (md)
10 millimerdes = 1 centimerde (cd)
10 centimerdes = 1 merde (d)
100 merdes = 1 erd (e)
100 erds = 1 hecterd (hd)

U.S. Customary System

= cunt farts
= your mother, your breath, and a dog
= "...some bastard down there is blinking for curb service."
= "...Wednesday is your day in the barrel."
= women

The Wonderful Science of Life

continued from page 86

Tonbaun and Yarrow have observed these creatures for some years now, and have been able to develop a fairly elegant description of their interactive patterns. For instance, if an individual exhibits aggressive or overtly petulant behavior, the others will immediately withdraw from his space. In other words, they perceive the beetle to "be in a bad space," and are themselves driven off by the "bad vibes," concepts familiar to anyone, like myself, who has contact with college students.

Conversely, when a small group of the mud-colored insects maintains a steady hum, signifying synchronous communication, it will soon begin to affect the larger group. These others will cluster around and eventually the whole mob will assume a sleepy, contented shuffle. The "good vibes" of the original group has "mellowed out" the whole scene.

The parallel does not end there. Selection of mates seems to occur on the basis of vibes. Tonbaun and Yarrow have designated the pre-coital phase of the mating ritual as the

"digging stage," i.e., the point where male and female exchange approval. Even more startling are the bimonthly aphid binges that the beetles indulge in. Without regard for danger from predators, the need to collect food or take care of larvae, the beetles will collect a mound of aphids, and just before sundown will proceed to engorge themselves. After some minutes, they go through a phase of excited movement, during which there is a great deal of antennae touching, and then they lapse into a semi-comatose state in which they remain until morning.

I would not be surprised to hear that the Wellington's beetles are learning to develop parasitic relationships with higher animals, or perhaps learning to draw nutrients through their limbs by osmosis, so they can lie in a puddle all day and eat aphids to their hearts' content. Perhaps I am being too harsh and neither of these things will occur. Instead, the Wellington's beetle may take a leaf out of the Mongolian slave ant's book, and devolve into a colony of mutant workers entirely dependent on the commune leader for initiative.

I do a great deal of flying every year, and every year I experience a greater sense of confinement while airborne. It is an oppressive, almost claustrophobic sensation, brought on by the realization that we are flying above a relatively small sphere, beneath an almost opaque canopy—the bubble of our atmosphere. Despite the romantic notion that we gaze out into a boundless sky, the blanket of atmosphere is roughly equivalent to a layer of Saran wrap tightly sheathed around a tomato.

I think the claustrophobia I describe stems more from the fear of what is outside the bubble than the fear that I cannot escape its darkness. Even more eerie is the near certainty that somewhere in that pitch black, someone is watching us, waiting for us to emerge from our protective plastic suit. It is a grisly specter that calls to mind the awfulness of the shark-faced hawk, floating in the up-drafts, sweeping his eyes over the terrain below for the stirring that will bring him swooping down on his luckless prey, condemned to die a hideous death beneath the needle-like talons of the vengeful bird.

continued on page 103

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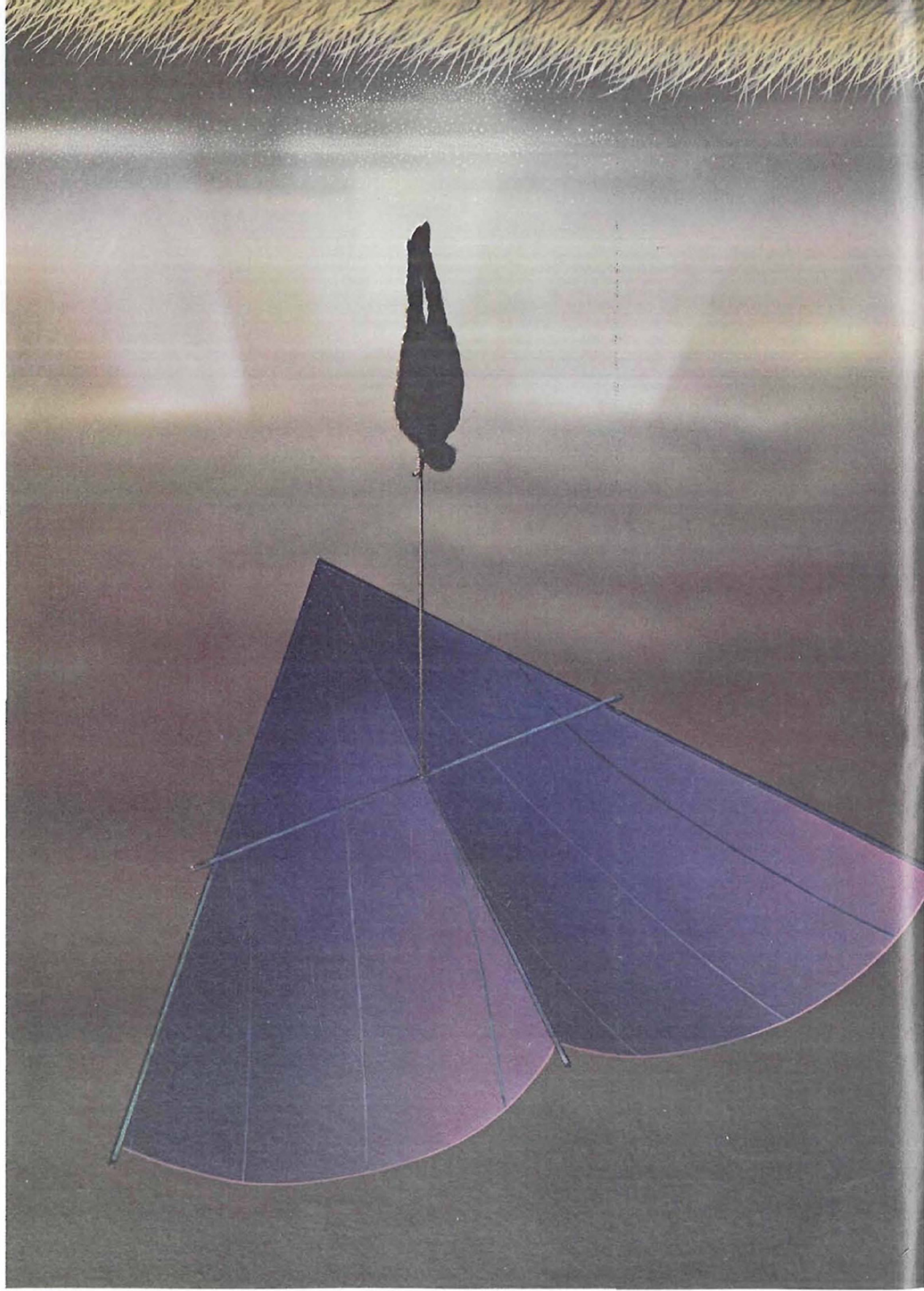
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HANG GLIDER

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By E. Lee Moyer, special contributor. Emma L. Miles, America's Electronics, Manager's Group, Inc., Spang, MD.



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National Lampoon

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TO: Matty Simmons, Publisher

FROM: Outer Space

DATE: Sept. 2, 1976

You know that since Tony H. went to Europe last year and noised it around that the National Lampoon was looking for comic material, we have been getting about three pounds of stuff a day from Italy, Germany, and France, most of it postage due and pretty weird. Those people think about nuns, plumbing, and local politics too much.

But there is this French sci-fi fantasy magazine called Metal Hurlant that's been arriving regularly, and since the other editors fight over who gets it first, I thought I'd better have a look. Now I think you'd better have a look, too.

Metal Hurlant means "screaming metal"--overtones of shrapnel, rockets, armor, switchblades, robots, motorcycles, swords, studs, computers, amplifiers, hammers, hypodermics, flying saucers, and all that good stuff. We'd call it Heavy Metal.

Being French, the writers and artists don't know how limited "comics" are supposed to be, so they go beyond the limits. As a result, they get something like what underground comics should have looked like if the artists could draw and the writers weren't trying to be cute. Lord of the Rings meet "Star Trek" meets Led Zeppelin. Hmumum.

It seems to me that the people who like the NatLamp would love Heavy Metal. It's equally original and outrageous. Shouldn't the people who gave them the NatLamp consider giving them Heavy Metal? Maybe you could talk to them in Paris or in orbit or in their caves or wherever they hang out about American rights.

Sean

635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

National Lampoon

TO: Matty Simmons

FROM: Leonard Mogel, President

DATE: Sept. 27, 1976

Returned from Paris this afternoon. I'm with you all the way. Metal Hurlant is great, and the French publishers said, "Yes, oui, and hand me a pen." You'll be pleased to know that the mag is a huge success in France and, get this, they've been invited to hang their great sci-fi art in the Louvre.

Let's call it Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine from France. Let's publish starting with an April issue out in March. Let's get rolling. I haven't been this enthused since the National Lampoon itself.

Len Mogel

635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

National Lampoon

(212) 688-4070

TO: Leonard Mogel, President

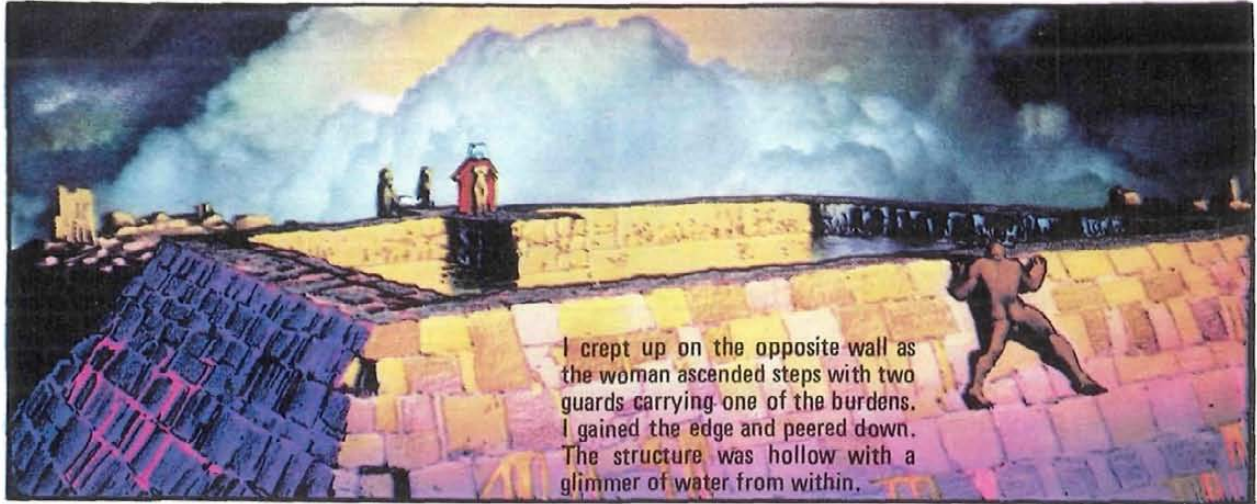
FROM: Matty Simmons, Publisher, DATE: Sept. 3, 1976
Chmn. of the Board

I enclose a memo from Sean Kelly plus copies of the magazine, Metal Hurlant, that he refers to in that memo. I agree with him and Tony Hendra and apparently everybody else in the place. It's an exciting magazine. It's different. It's explosive. It's beautifully done, and I guess from our point of view, most importantly, I think the public will want to buy and read it.

Point is, I know you're headed for Europe to discuss National Lampoon business in Germany and France. I suggest you look in on these Metal Hurlant people and see if there's interest in our publishing an English-language version here. As Sean points out, we'd want to add to what they have, but use of their basic editorial package would be dynamite.

Matty Simmons

4070



I crept up on the opposite wall as the woman ascended steps with two guards carrying one of the burdens. I gained the edge and peered down. The structure was hollow with a glimmer of water from within.



AAAH YAAAA, SUM NOBLOK N'CABU ..N'ZIGNA



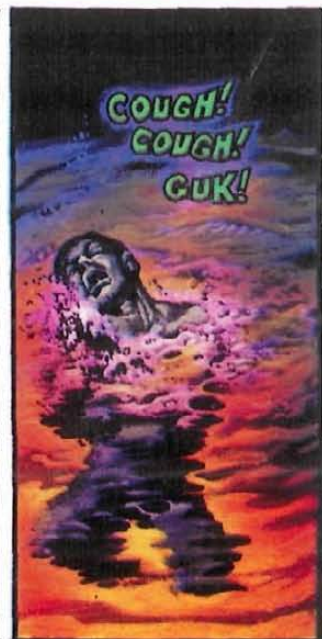
ULUHTCI! ULUHTCI! ULUHTCI!



GURGLE BUBBLE



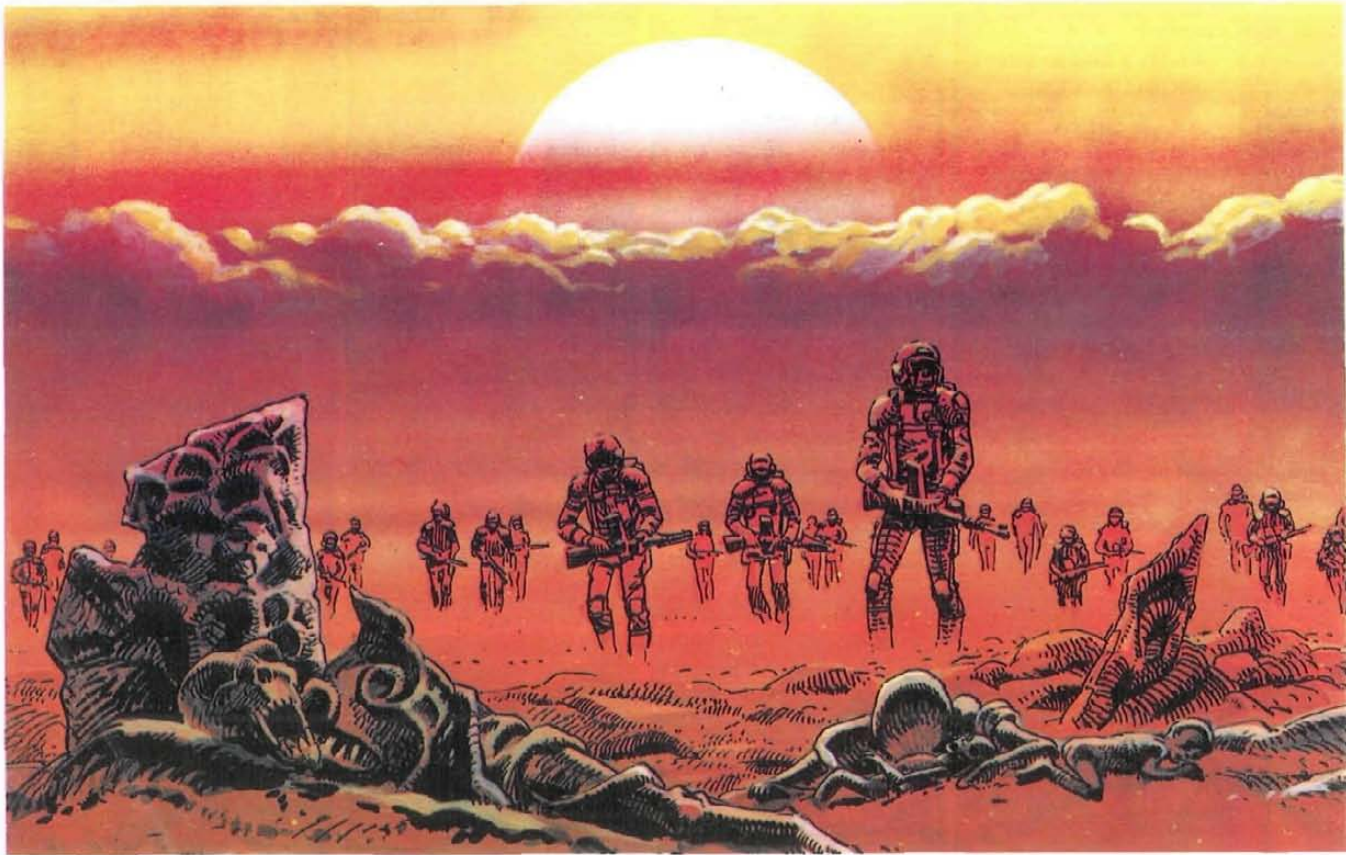
SPLASH!



COUGH! COUGH! GUK!

INSIDE THE SHIP, WE DIDN'T MISS ANY OF THE ACTION, THANKS TO THE TV CAMERAS FIXED TO THE WARHEADS, AND THE COLOR COMMENTARY OF THE TECHNICAL COMMANDER.

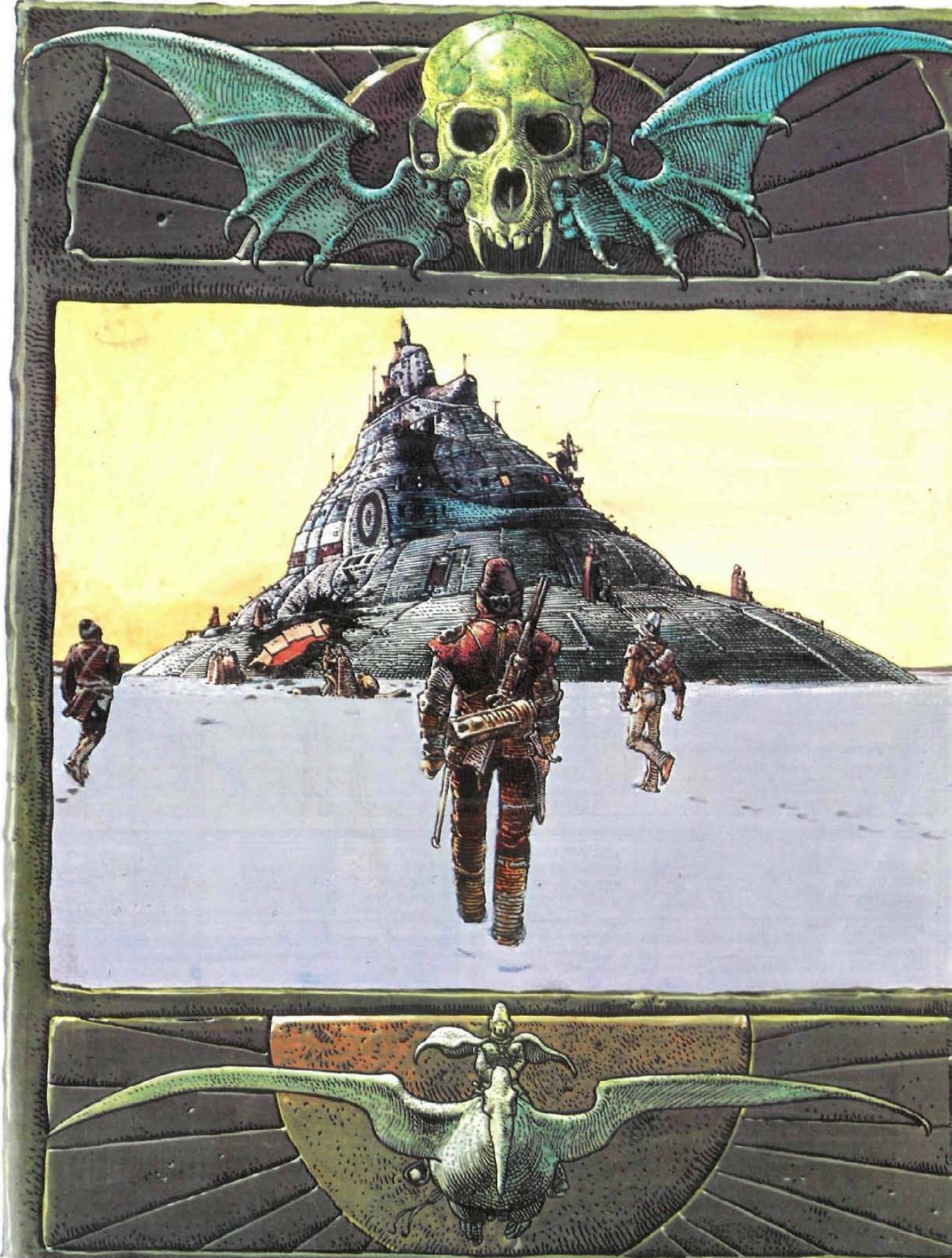
IT WAS THRILLING. ONCE EVERYTHING WAS QUIET, WE WOULD MAKE A LANDING AND RONDAYVOO WITH OUR ALLIES.

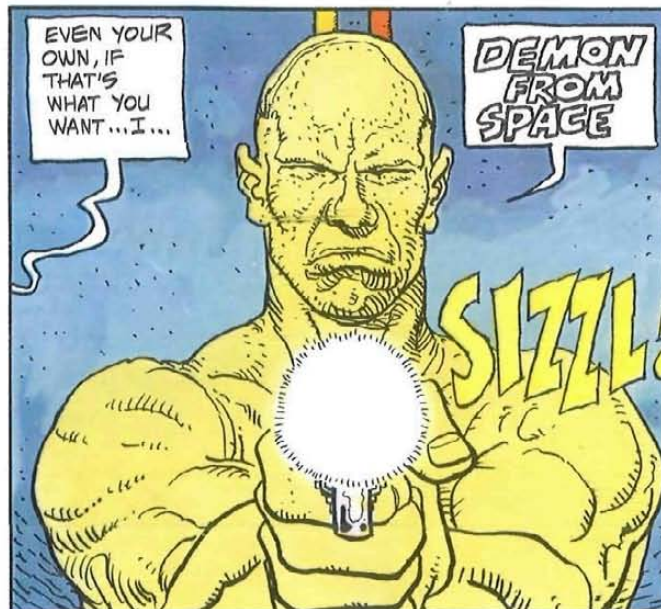
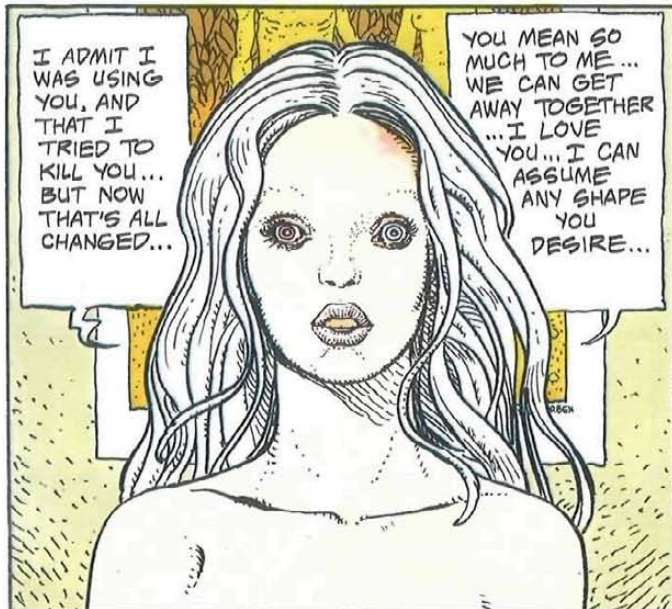
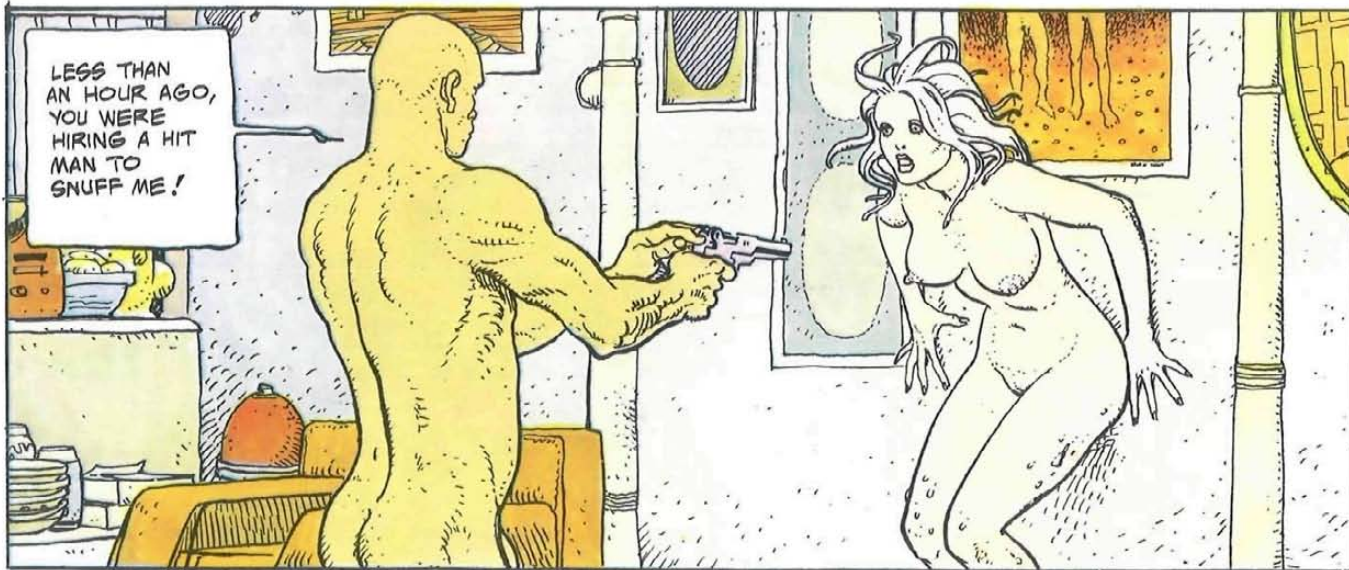


I EVEN HAD A MOMENT OF GLORY! WE WERE ON A ROUTINE PATROL WHEN SOME NUT, PROBABLY IN A STATE OF SHOCK, JUMPED ONE OF MY BUDDIES. I REACTED FAST AND ZAPPED HIM WITH A DOSE OF RAY GUN. THAT EARNED ME PERSONAL CONGRATS FROM THE COMMANDER ... AND A MEDAL!



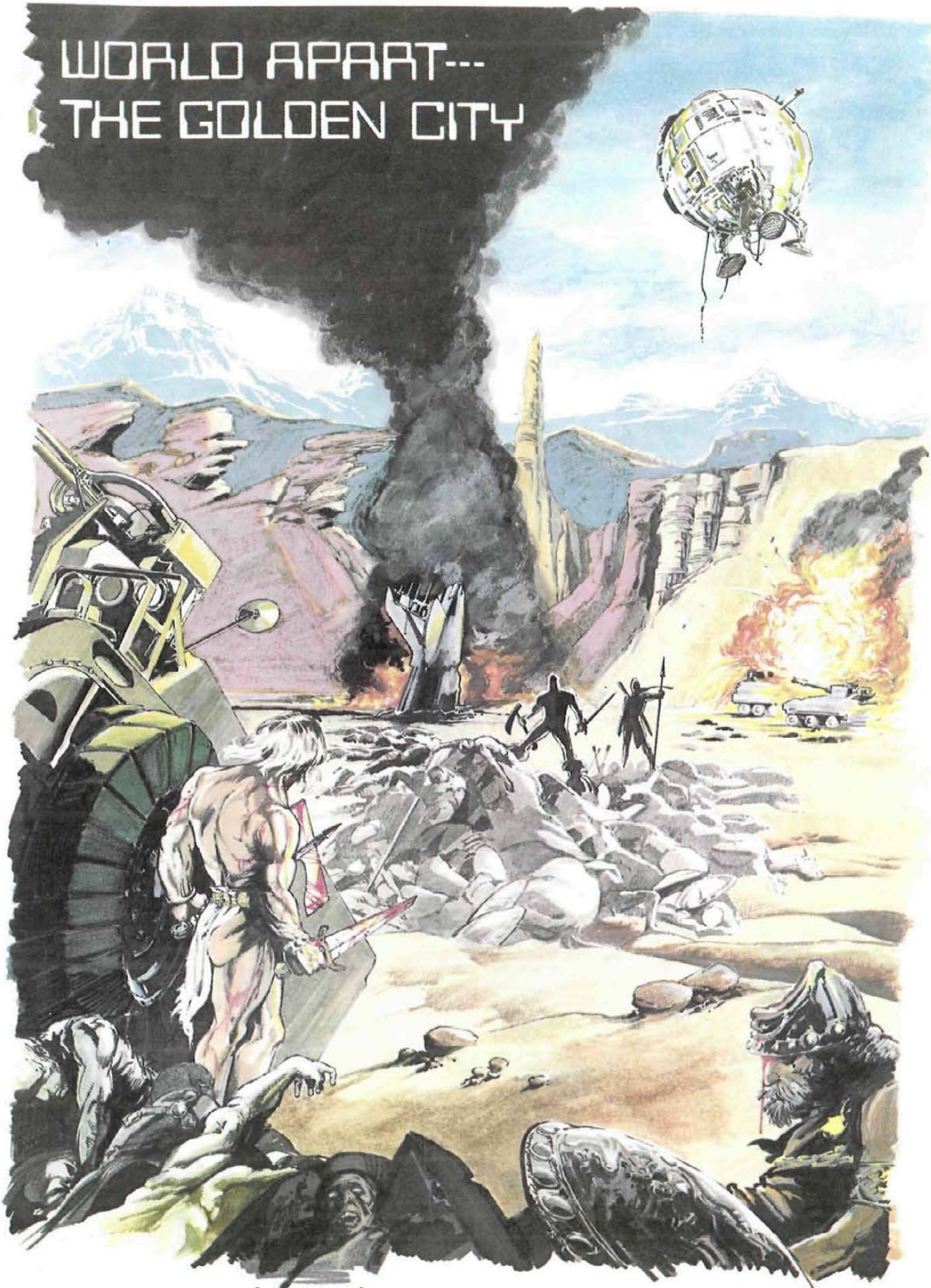
ARZACH, dazzling visions of demons and dreamscapes by "Moebius."



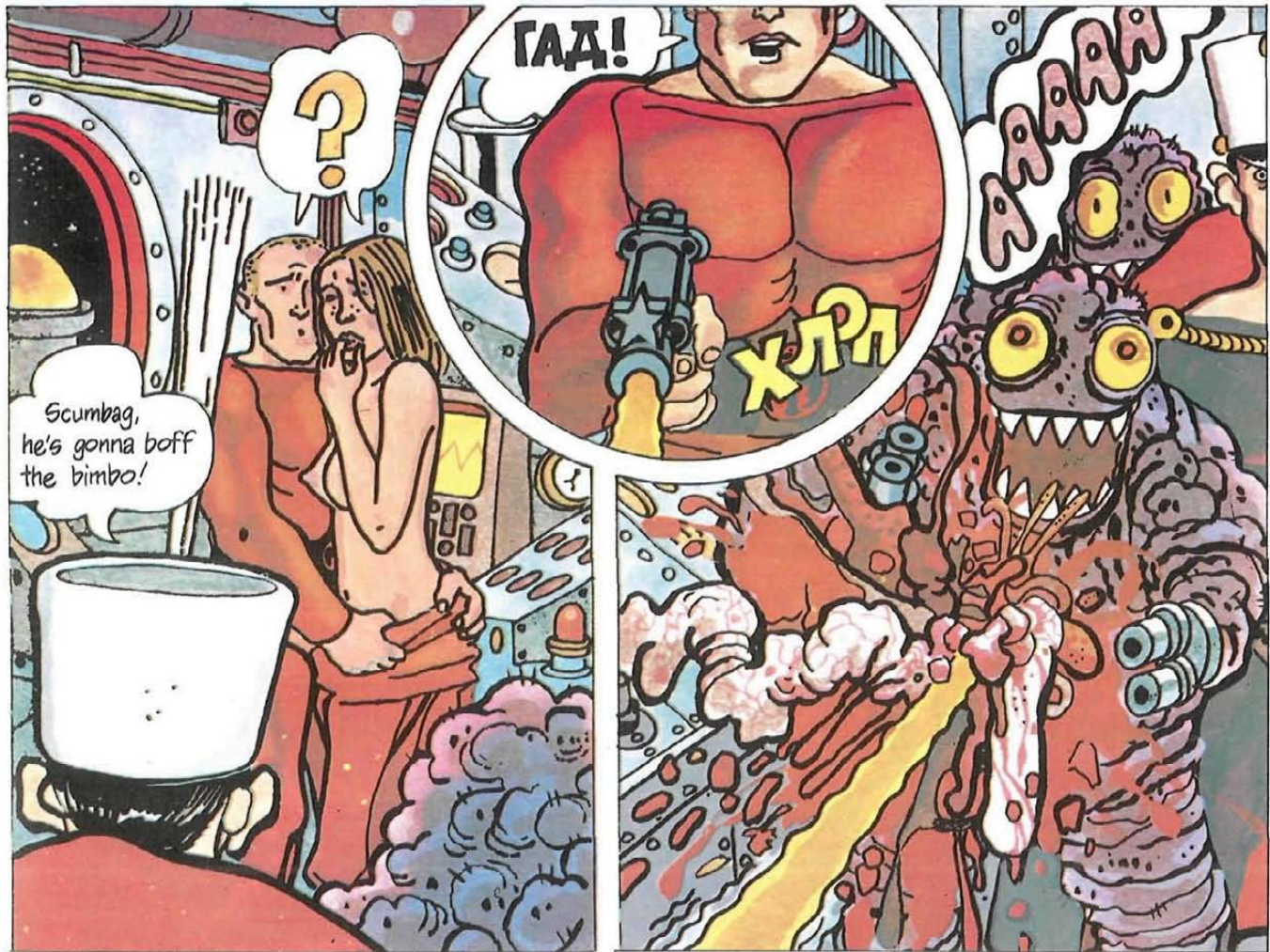
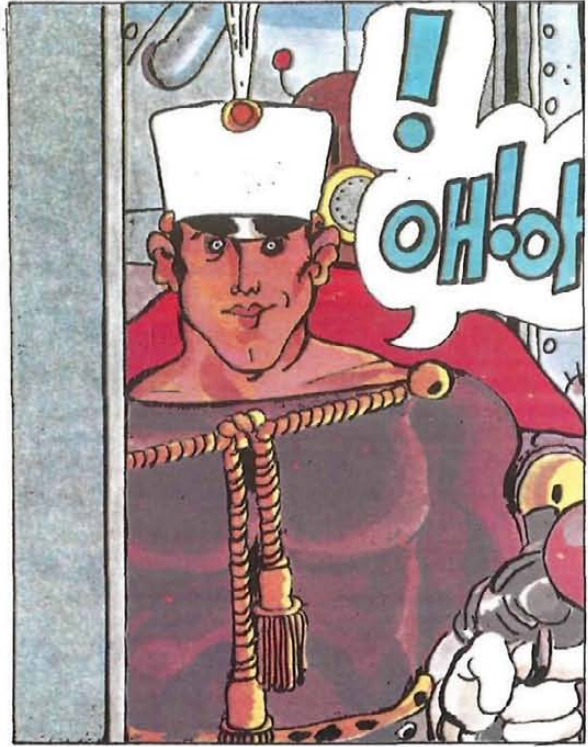


WORLD APART, Ed Davis' continuing epic of a savage warlord at the world's end.

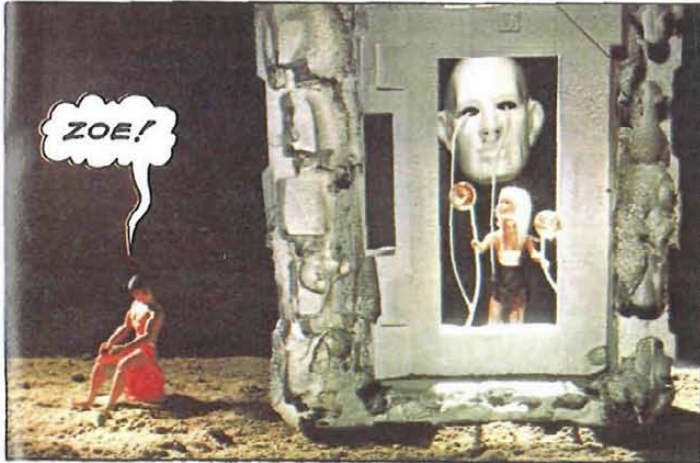
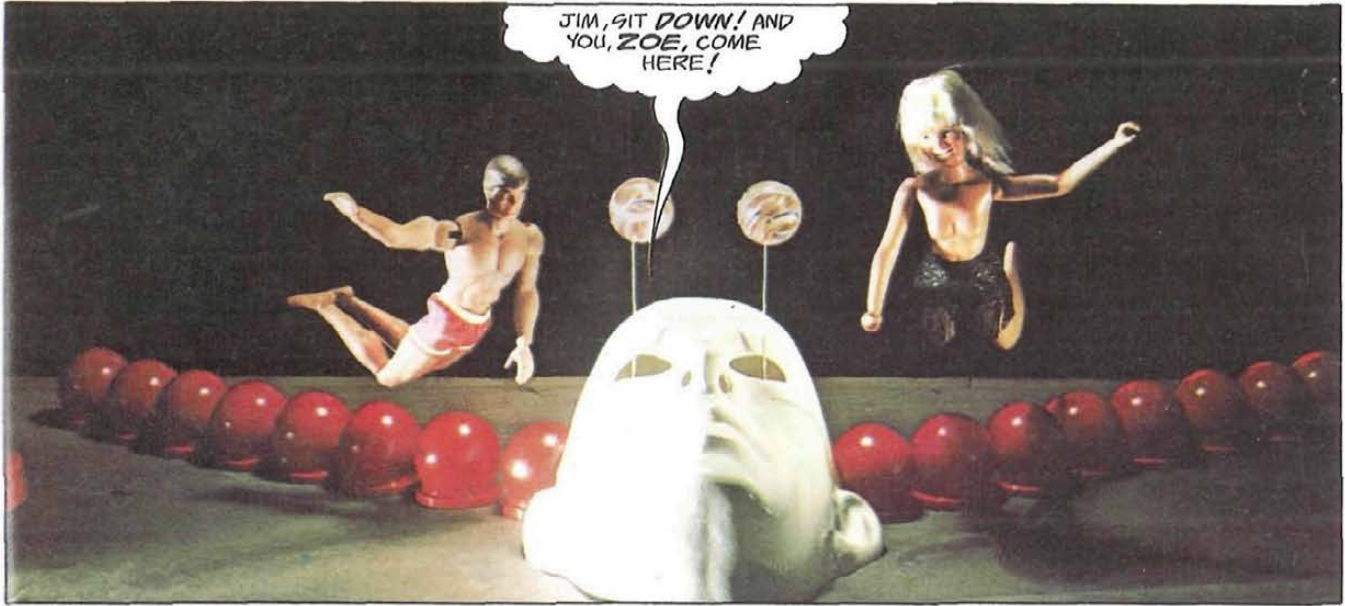
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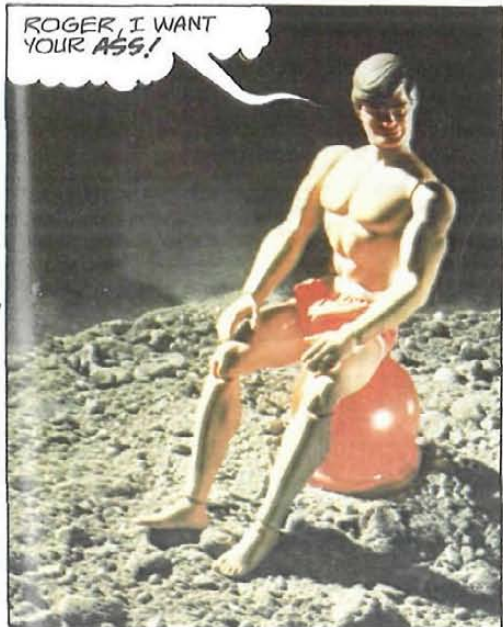
ROGER!

WHO ARE YOU? --

--THAT **ALLOWS** YOU TO PLAY WITH ME AS IF I WERE SOME **MASS-PRODUCED DOLL?!?**

ROGER!

DON'T YOU HAVE A **HEART???**

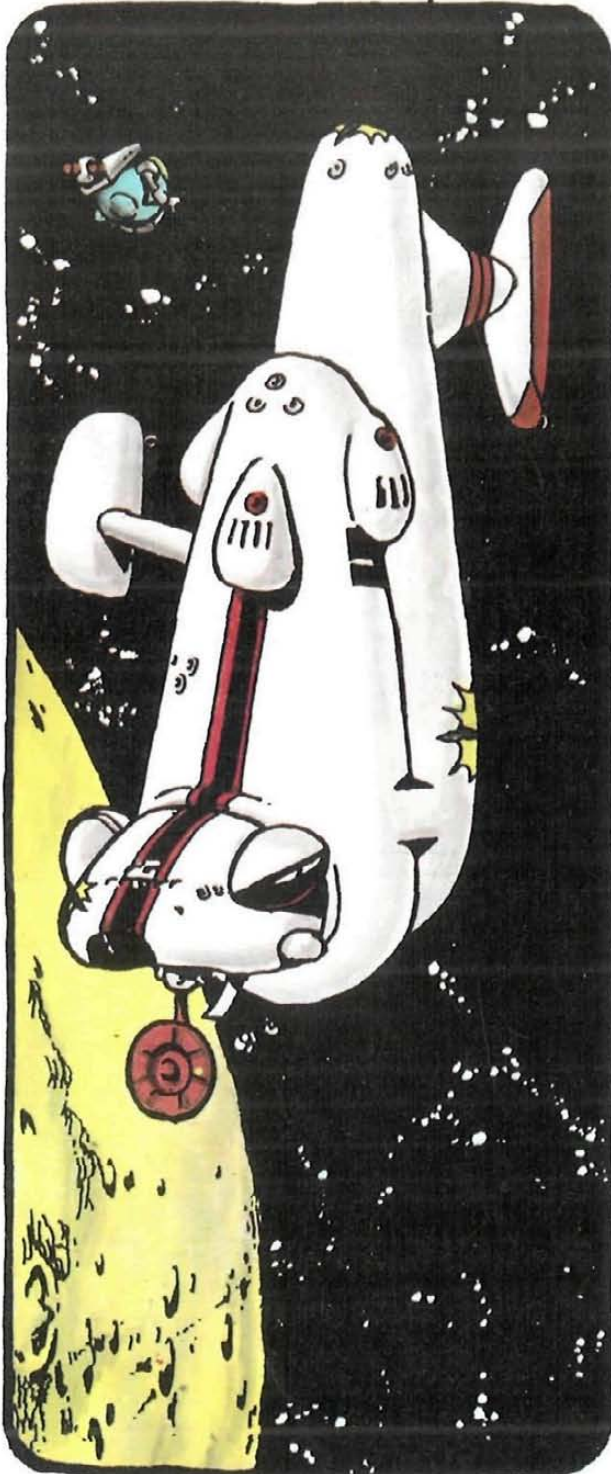


PHYSICALLY; CLEAN-SHAVEN. PSYCHOLOGICALLY; PARANOID TENDENCIES. REVIEW GUILT MECHANISMS. EMOTIONS; IN ACCORDANCE WITH THOSE OF THE MODEL 'JIM!' REDUCES HIS ABILITY TO THINK CLEARLY.



WHY DON'T WE JUST MOVE AWAY FROM THE MOON BEFORE THE APOLLO COMES BY?..

YOU IS BUSTY, BUT DUMB! WE CAN'T MOVE OFF UNTIL WE START DA POWER FACTORY SO ITS EASIER JUST TO SHOOT EM' DOWN.. LOGIC..



SCREWBOS, YOU BETTER HAVE ONE OF YER' STUPID, RUSTY 'SCREWS' CHECK THE OIL NEXT TIME !!! WHERE'S, DR. ELECTRIC?

MY, SCREWS' IS GOOD BOYS, THEY MAKE LOTTA' MISTAKES, BUT THEM LEARNIN' LIKE BLUE-LIGHTING.. THEY JUS' NOT GOOD AS 'SYNTHETICS'..

DR. ELECTRIC, HAVE WE GOT THE APOLLO ON OUR TRACKING SCREENS YET?.. HUM?..

ALL OUR PORTS ARE LOCKED ON.. APOLLO GONNA' PASS WITHIN' 100 YARDS, SO, ONLY A MORON WOULD MISS AT DAT RANGE.. LET'S GO UP TO THA WHEEL HOUSE..



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Birdbath

continued from page 78

- calls, I step out of the shower. President Carter and I take showers together, he in Washington, I in New York. This is so he will not find me in the shower when he calls, and we have it carefully timed, although Carter sometimes has these emergencies. Or thinks he does. The relations between President Carter and myself are excellent, just at present, excellent, and if he continues on his present course with me, they will remain so. You over there.
- Q: I'd like to know what **David Bowie's** favorite ice cream is.
- BB: Leather sherbet. David, are you here? No, don't stand up. Just checking. Yes, you with the stubby fingers.
- Q: Does Queen Elizabeth shave under her arms?
- BB: Betty, you can answer that better than anyone. Stand up, that's it. Put your crown on, dear, and speak up: do you shave under your arms?
- QE: Corblimey!
- BB: Answer the question.
- QE: Nah.
- BB: You may be seated. Next?
- Q: Does **Ricardo Montalban** wear a corset?
- BB: Get that man out of here. Guards, take him, remove him at once! No, he is *not* to have a refund!!! Yes, hurt him!!!! Such impertinence, and in these hallowed precincts, too. Over there.
- Q: What can you tell us about **Robert Redford**?
- BB: Robert Redford takes out the garbage every day from the Manhattan Supermarket in Bayside, Long Island. He's trying to get out of it, but hasn't been able to find a way. Bob, do I have that right?*
- RR: Yes.
- BB: In the mezzanine.
- Q: I understand you are very learned as well as handsome and wealthy and young. Do you understand questions of advanced physics?
- BB: I understand them perfectly.
- Q: Would you tell us then, what is the purpose of space?
- BB: The purpose of space, young sir, is so that when you roll over at night, you don't find every-
- thing in the universe in bed with you.
- Q: Could that really happen?
- BB: It might. Or, when you sat down to have a cup of coffee, it might be in the sugar bowl. You don't know where you're going to find it.
- Q: It's creepy.
- BB: You find it so. Space is nothing more than when you put a tuna fish sandwich between your teeth, you don't bite into the moon.
- Q: What is the purpose of time, then?
- BB: My, aren't we the inquisitive one! The purpose of time is that one can have a four minute egg; that's all that can be said about time.
- Q: Thank you.
- BB: *Pas de tout*. Over there.
- Q: Do you think it's appropriate for a gossip columnist to take up our time and money discussing time and space? I'm really pissed.
- BB: Sit down, how dare you! You are obviously a mean-minded, bad-tempered little dunce! Time and space are very great celebs, the Abbott and Costello of physics. The theory of relativity has a huge PR, none bigger. Legends in their own lifetimes. Next, that child with the hare-lip. That's it, stand up. Stop slouching or I'll stick the broom down your dress. Or is it just natural?
- Q: That's just the way I am.
- BB: What is your question? Is it, "Why was I ever born?"
- Q: What I wanted to ask, please, was what you can tell me about the private life of **Julie Christie**?
- BB: What business is it of yours?
- Q: I was just curious.
- BB: Curiosity killed the cat. Beware. In your case it could kill the dog. Julie Christie has never had an abortion.
- JC: I would love to, but I never met the right man!
- BB: She is also famous for her grin and continual look of perplexity. Nothing has happened to her in fifteen years. Its name was **Warren Beatty**.
- WB: You're just jealous!
- BB: Shut up, Warren, you know that isn't true, and if you dare say another thing, I'll have you thrown out. Ladies and gentlemen, Warren and I are the best of friends, nothing more. When we stay over at one another's houses, we share the same bed and talk till four. But we do not even shake hands before we roll over and say "nite-nites." The women on either side of us have long since gone to sleep, as women do do when you neglect to fuck them. Warren and I take showers together and foot-wrestle in the nude, but that's it. Guards, you have your instructions, will you please escort Mr. Beatty to the door. Throw **General Amin** out, too—he just rolled his eyes.
- Q: Sir, Mr. Birdbath!
- BB: Yes, child.
- Q: Where, if you know it, will famed sculptor **Alexander Calder** be buried?
- BB: In Mobile.
- Q: What can you tell us about the secret life of **Don Prudhomme**, top drag racer? What makes him so special?
- BB: Nothing. He wears a bra and panties under his crash suit, just like all the others. Will the young woman with the goiter please stand up?
- Q: **Joan Sutherland** is so ugly, with that big jaw and all. How can you explain her success in opera, looking like she does?
- BB: There is a loudspeaker system and turntable installed in her jaw with recordings of **Teyte**, **Tetrazzini**, **Patti**, **Melba**, and **Grayson**. Joan cannot sing a single note, but as amplifiers get larger, so must her jaw.
- Q: **Gary Gilmore**—the right-to-die killer of Utah—philosophically speaking, what did you make of his proposed marriage?
- BB: The firing squad *and* marriage?—obviously a suicidal temperament. But let me rest for a moment, friends, for a small intermission. No, don't rise to your feet and cheer. Oh, how gratifying. Is someone timing the applause? Gracious, throwing their hats up in the air, too! Roses, orchids, bouquets pelting down. Coins, whole wallets! Diamond necklaces! I really should stop them, but they can't help it, they're just like children, the dears. Thank you all. Thank you all so very, very much. See you later.

R. Bruce Moody

The Wonderful Science of Life
continued from page 88

It could certainly be argued that we have sent metal capsules into space, some of them with human cargoes, and that so far we have seen no signs of a response, belligerent or otherwise, from the black depths. While I applaud this noninterference, I am not in the least comforted by it.

I look at it this way. Is it not likely that those among us who have made sorties into space and returned were simply allowed to return? I imagine that whatever intelligence is out there is eager to secure a hostage from the most advance species, i.e., man. Furthermore, I imagine they would be particular about what kind of man. Not to put too fine a point on it, a cleaning woman from Omsk or a nicely groomed test pilot fresh out of Cal Tech would each constitute a somewhat inferior catch to an urbane, versatile intelligence like myself. If I can galvanize a cocktail party by reflecting on the subtleties of Bach's later motets or the amorous habits of Swenson's Titmouse, think how useful I would be to that hairless extraterrestrial mutant.

It is at this point of my in-flight reverie that I begin to feel faint. By the time the descent begins, I am sweating profusely, somewhat nauseous, and even groaning involuntarily. Once on the ground, the symptoms disappear, but the thought remains.

I have never been a proponent of territorial arrogance. However, as a scientist, I must insist that the chances of there being something out there are excellent, and as a man who values his freedom, I must insist that we begin formulating policy to deal with him or them or it, before they begin dealing with us. How this will be done depends on all of us.

For my part, I offer these two proposals. The first may seem immodest, but I think it is nevertheless sound: that we recognize and begin protecting one of the biosphere's most important natural resources: educated *Homo sapiens*.

The second is this: that we end the ludicrous practice of lofting totally unarmed, unprotected capsules, crammed with advanced technology, into space. Our absurdly naive indifference to defense must give way to a more practical policy.

Nice guys, let us remember, make many friends, give no offense, and finish last. □

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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. — As thoughtful, responsible observers have noted for some years, the Supreme Court of Warren Burger has gone a long way toward bringing American justice back from the abyss of judicial Bolshevism, toward the safe clearing of caution. In its firm refusal to surround the criminally pigmented with so-called "Constitutional" protections, by restraining the excesses of irresponsible and salacious publications against the flimsy claims of "free speech," the Burger Court has put the prudent back into American jurisprudence.

To gain further insight into the remarkable mind of Chief Justice Burger, this correspondent visited the jurist in his elegant offices in the Supreme Court building. After knocking on the inner office, I was greeted by the white-maned Burger, who was firmly gripping a Walther PPK .45 automatic, which the judge laughingly referred to as "my dis-integrator. This town is two-thirds dark at high noon," Justice Burger chuckled.

After discerning my identity and laying down his arms, Chief Justice Burger explained some of the reforms he intended to pursue now that the Supreme Court was clearly in the hands of those reflecting "a sane judicial philosophy."

"You can gain some clue to our way of thinking," the judge said, as he modeled his new tapered robe in his floor-to-ceiling mirror, "by reading our pregnancy disability decision — where we said there was no discrimination because it applied to pregnant men and women." (He paused to giggle. "I just knew that would drive the Steinems and Abzugs and all those other snatchdragons off the deep end!")

"Anyway," Chief Burger continued, "I believe we know now how to restore some balance into some of the more excessive decisions of my predecessor, that nigg —" and the Chief Justice continued with some insightful observations into Mr. Warren's social

outlook.

"For example," Justice Burger noted, "we have before us a case claiming racial discrimination in the zoning of a Michigan suburb. The plaintiffs claim the zoning is racially biased. But under our pregnancy case reasoning, that's clearly not so. This suburb excludes any citizen — of any race whatsoever — with thick lips, nappy hair, an exceptional ability to dance or to dunk basketballs, and who can't be seen in the dark. It's aesthetic zoning, not racial."

The jurist revealed one more alteration in Supreme Court decision — to brighten up the decor, the traditional black robes will be swapped for white ones, and the justices will be hooded in order to prevent reprisals from disappointed litigants. I left Mr. Burger as he entered into a confidential conference with his private secretary, who softly murmured, "Heah come de judge."

* * *

Initial indications suggest that, contrary to the bleats of the perennial naysayers and finger-shakers, the Jimmy Carter White House is amply fulfilling its pledge to bring minorities into the most crucial levels of executive department operations.

White House Press Secretary Jody Powell, who has swiftly grasped the verbal subtleties of his office, comments that "while it is true that blacks and women are not fully represented in the level of decision-making, they are more than fully represented at the level of policy-implementation."

"For example," says Powell, "we have given blacks exclusive charge of White House domestic operations. This includes the Bureau of Edible Resource Preparation and Delivery, the Department of Incremental Habitability, the Utensil Detoxification Agency, and many other vital White House operations, even extending to the removal of excess material of the most classified matter — even excess material produced by the First Family itself. Blacks in almost exclusive number are permitted entry into the most intimate quarters of the

presidential family; you can judge how much Jimmy trusts these people by the fact that he believes cleanliness is next to godliness, and you know how much he cares about godliness."

As for women, Press Secretary Powell notes that all but the most complex and classified material is prepared by female White House staffers, who have full charge of the Agency for Inter- and Intradepartmental Memoranda Preparation and Transmittal, as well as the Bureau for Verbal Message Reception, Notation, and Redirection.

"Does Jimmy Carter give women a critical role?" asks Powell rhetorically. "Look at it this way. Anyone calling the White House is met by a woman's voice before speaking to anyone of any authority whatsoever. If that isn't a piece of the action, I'd like to know what is."


* * *

It is commendable to see President Carter moving resolutely to fulfill other campaign pledges, while preserving the essential continuity that means so much to this beleaguered nation. For example, Mr. Carter pledged to cut the defense budget by \$5 to \$7 billion. At the same time, such responsible figures as General Curtis LeMay, James Schlesinger, and Evans and Novak (as well as this pundit) have urged President Carter not to let America's armed might falter.

In a brilliant example of conflict resolution, the president has decided to build the B-1 bomber — at a cost of tens of billions of dollars — by asking the Congress for an Aerial Mass Transportation Act.

"After all," says White House transportation advisor Dean Rusk, "the B-1 bomber certainly transports people at a high rate of speed. So the production funds can be assigned properly to the Transportation Department, thus cutting the defense budget by billions, while keeping America secure."

Good work, gentlemen! Now let's see if we can't transfer the cost of missile silos to the Department of Agriculture. □



"I was kicking around the harbor that night in Kuala Lumpur. It was quiet except for the distant Javanese saloon songs that echoed across the water. Then I heard it. Soft at first. Then louder. A voice

"...her voice was honey, and I was a hungry bear."

so enchanting, a melody so mesmerizing--it was as if her voice was honey and I was a hungry bear. I followed that voice through streets of stumbling sailors. Down a dark littered alley an oil lamp flickered through an open window. I threw one leg over the splintered ledge and climbed into the room. In the smoky dimness of the yellow lamplight I saw a vision that haunts me still. It was not the beautiful Malaysian songstress I had imagined--but a Superscope stereo music system! At first I thought her voice came from the AM/FM stereo radio. But then I saw the record spinning on the built-in automatic turntable. The sound through the three-way extended range speakers was incredibly real! Luckily with the built-in 8-track recorder/player I could tape that honeyed voice. Now I'll always hear her, wherever I am. But what of the girl herself? I may never find her. But I did find that in the world of sound, Superscope is everywhere."

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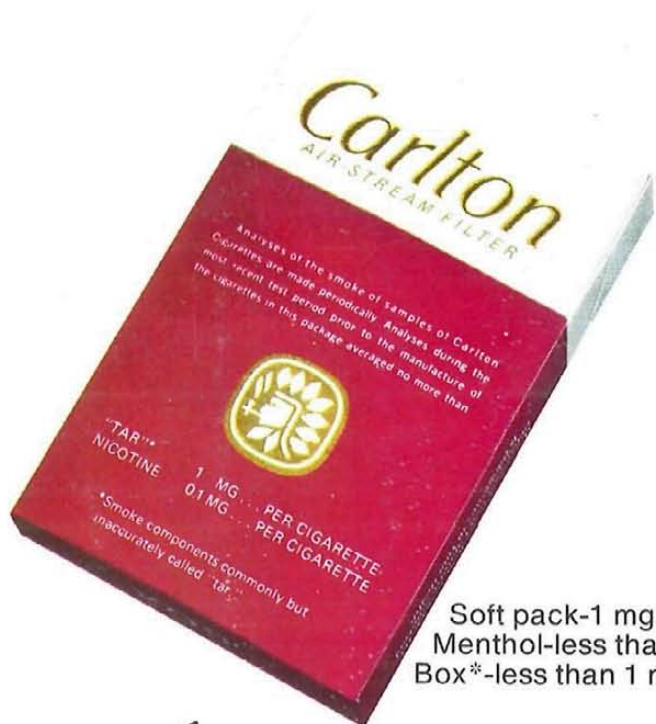
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Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 1	0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.