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NATIONAL

May 1977

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LAMPPOON

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The Humor Magazine

Fruits—An Oral History

Better Homes and Closets

Elton's John

Special Appearance:
Arnold Schwarzenegger
in Selected Shorts



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

The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Hi! It's old Bob Bob here again, after being over to that Bang-the-Desk country where I straightened everything right out for them last month. And damn if I'm not glad to be back. You bet your best dog I am! I could have kissed and licked the dirt right on the ground when I got off that plane, and would of, too, if I hadn't been on one of those closed-up rampy things with a whole line of people moving too fast for it. Anyway, this month I thought I'd just lay back around the White House and give you-all a little peek at how things look from up here next to the helm of the ship full of all the states.

Well, things seem to be going along pretty fair for cousin Jimmy Earl. Leastwise, not too many smart-ass Yankee Jew-boy press reporters have tossed any bull flop at him yet to speak of. Me and Billy have only had to whup up on three or four of them so far. And it's mighty easy work. So we're not worried, even if we have to nigger-whip every single one of them that lives, later on. Because we figure if there comes to be too much press reporter whupping for us two to take care of personal, we'll just hire some nine-year-old girl to handle the overflow. Why, these reporter fellows are softer than a fistful of baby chicks. Billy says he could eat five for breakfast and shit them all out before lunch (pardoning him to you lady readers). Anyways, so that's no problem.

Let's see, what-all else's been going on around here? Well, there's these Communist dissidents we been keeping, and I'd advise you to keep your dissidents, too. (Billy made that one up. But to speak the truth, they don't bathe much.) We've had a whole mess of them around, babbling in foreign talk, and it beats the hell out of me how anybody can tell whether they're dis-senting, as-senting, or just calling the cows. Fancy-Pants Vance says these Communist dissidents are get-

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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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When it comes to buying a 35mm SLR, foresight is less expensive than hindsight.



The time to find out what you need in a 35mm SLR is before you buy it, not after.

Because a camera that meets your needs is a good buy. And a camera that doesn't is a bad buy at any price.

Know thyself. First of all, look ahead to what you'll want to do with the camera. Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. To name a few: interchangeable finders and viewfinders, motorized film winding, self-timers, multiple-exposure capability and automatic exposure control. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills. Don't buy more camera than you need. Or less.

Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set

itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.



Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.



Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses?

You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require re-alignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship? Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.



Cameras have reputations.

Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

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FIAT ANNOUNCES A \$400 FACTORY REBATE ON THE '76 FIAT 131.

To get your rebate, just see your local Fiat dealer, pick the '76 Fiat 131 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan or wagon you want from his stock, and make your best deal with him. (He'll give you the details of when you have to take delivery to be eligible for your rebate.)

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FIAT

\$400 BACK



EDITORIAL



In approaching the question of homophilia, or "gayness," it is important to remember that while it is in execrable taste to make fun of cripples, there is nothing reprehensible about ridiculing Republicans.

So long as homosexuality was understood to be a result of childhood trauma or glandular deficiency, it was hardly a fit subject for humor, and those that indulged in "queer-baiting," "fag-bashing," or "fruit-looping" were to be deplored. Now, however, that we are assured by homophiles themselves that the love that dare not speak its name is simply a political act arising from political choices, the practices of queer-baiting, fag-bashing, and fruit-looping would appear to be nothing more than the healthy exchange of opinion in the forum of democratic debate.

The arguably naive question arises whether a man whose chosen form of political expression is shoving his fist up some loved one's rectum is fit to be

president. It may be that, as many gays profess, we have already had such presidents, in the persons of George Washington, Franklin Pierce, et al.; it does not follow, however, that enjoying some Greek qualifies any Johnny-on-the-street to assume high office.

But perhaps we are attacking a straw man. Perhaps, as the Reverend Malcolm Boyd privately emphasizes, frequent and prolonged oral-genital contact between members of the same sex is not a political act, but a religious one. Not, as it were, an unnatural act so much as a supernatural one. But in what sense is giving or receiving a blow job a religious act? Certainly there would appear to be a superficial precedent established in the immortal injunction "take, eat—this is my body"; those words, however, were delivered by and on behalf of the Savior of all mankind. The category does not appear to include Golden Shower Gil or that hot little

number in the naugahyde knickers.

In a similar vein, can we say that pederasts should not be school-teachers, coprophiliacs proctologists, sadists policemen, or piss-freaks firemen?

Why cannot Eros be served by a tug on your buddy's nipple-ring? Can love sweet love not as well appear through a hole in the wall of a lavatory stall? May not the friction of two crewcut mons spark the same divine fire that burnt the topless towers of Ilium? Why not indeed?

For the majority, the vast and powerful heterosexual majority of us, these questions remain ineffable. Let us take comfort in the certainty that while the blacks, the native Americans, and the poor we shall have always with us, we shall only have to endure for one generation the puling of this by definition unproductive minority.

T.H.
S.K.

Announcing new Winston Light 100's.



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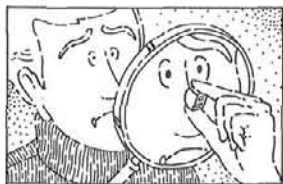
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ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

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If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

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And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make

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DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And every inch of



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

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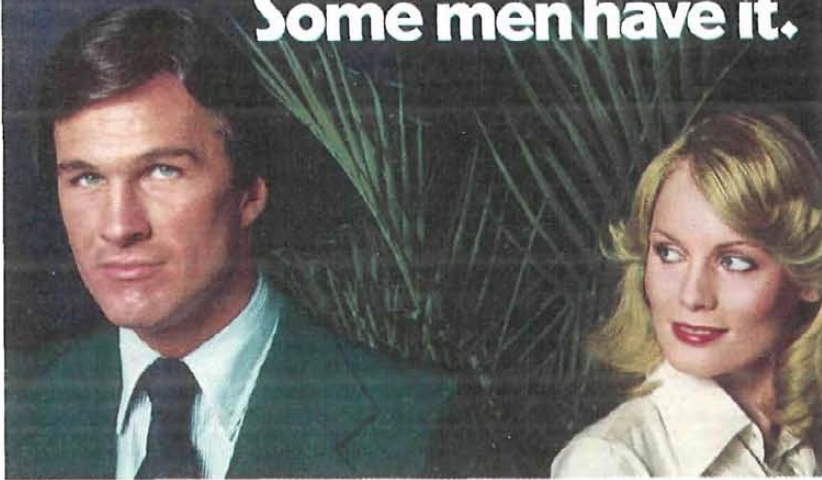
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THE CARTER FAMILY

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ting thrown in jail right and left back in the Communist countries they come from. And that's all right with me. Jail is where Communists belong. Besides, you didn't used to see a bunch of Nazis parading around the White House just because they'd had a tiff with Hitler.

The next thing we've been doing is punishing some countries for being hard on their civil rights agitators. We figure if we've got to put up with the civil rights agitators, then it's only fair that everybody else has to, too, even if it is a big pain in the south forty. Years back, we'd get some know-it-all big-mouthed college student come down to our town on his daddy's money and start to make a civil rights stink, we'd just shoot him and throw him in a ditch. Well, we cut that out because so many of these college students were such puny fellows and had a poor knowledge of firearms, and it just didn't seem sporting. But here we no more stop doing something out of the goodness of our hearts when up pops Korea or someplace doing the same thing all over again. And we're not going to tolerate it. So what we're doing is we're telling everybody that we're going to quit foreign aiding these countries until they're better to their agitators, but what we're *really* doing is sending Miss Lillian over there to give them a good talking-to. And there's no one on this earth who can do that the way she can. It'll burn the hair right out of your nose. Why, she is the sharpest-tongued old woman that ever sucked air. She'll cuss you up one side and down the other until you wish you were laying naked down the hole in a back-house getting ate on by cotton-mouthed snakes. She'll cuss you and she'll cuss your family, too. She'll cuss your family so good that you'll go home and shoot your daddy for a scallywag and your ma for an Injun whore. And she's such an *old* lady that you'd daresn't never be impolite to her. Besides, if you try to get away, she'll crack you across the teeth with a length of broomstick which she always keeps in her purse. Only trouble is, Miss Lillian's not quite what she used to be, and her mind does wander, and sometimes she'll forget exactly who she's cussing out and will temporarily mistake you for Mussolini or General Grant. But, anyway, it works. Why, we sent her over to India just for a week or so,

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NOW. GREAT FOR THE PRICE OF GOOD.



There are a lot of good loudspeakers around these days. Especially if you're going to pay \$100 or \$150. Some are pretty good. Some are really good. But good isn't great.

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Come listen to Bolivar. Then listen to any other speaker that costs about the same. You'll buy Bolivar.



Bolivar Speaker Works

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IT TAKES A VERY SPECIAL CASSETTE DECK TO GET SO MUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OUT OF SOMETHING THIS LITTLE.



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Take our tape transport system, for example.

Since the tape in a cassette moves at only 1-7/8 inches per second, even the most minuscule variation in tape speed will make a major variation in sound.

To guard against this, where most

cassette decks give you one motor, the 9191 comes with two. The first is used only for fast forward and rewind, so the second can be designed exclusively to maintain a constant speed for play and record.

All of our tape drive components—the capstan, belt, and flywheel—are finished to incredible tolerances. Which give the 9191 the kind of wow and flutter figures that no deck in our price range can match.

Of course, having a great tape transport system means nothing if you don't have great electronics to back it up.

We do.

The 9191 comes with an advanced three stage direct coupled amplifier that extends high frequency response and minimizes distortion. The built-in Dolby system can reduce tape hiss by as much as 10 decibels in high frequencies.

Our multiplex filter lets you record

FM broadcasts without picking up a lot of unwanted noise, or the multiplex signal every FM stereo station sends out.

Even our ferrite solid tape head offers the best combination of accuracy and long life you can get in a cassette head.

We also include a peak limiter to let you cram as much onto a cassette as possible without distortion. A memory that lets you go back to a favorite spot on the tape automatically. Separate bias and equalization switches for getting the most out of different brands of tape. And electronic solenoid controls for going from play to rewind, or from

rewind to fast forward, without hitting the stop button. And without jamming the tape.

Go slip a cassette into a Pioneer 9191 at your local Pioneer dealer.

You'll find it hard to believe such a little thing could come out sounding so big.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz \pm 3dB); CrO₂ tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz \pm 3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes/When chromium dioxide tape is used, signal-to-noise ratio is further improved by 4.5dB over 5KHz).

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (0dB)

Wow and Flutter: No more than 0.07% (WRMS)

Motor: Electronically-controlled DC motor (built-in generator) x 1; (4.8 cm/s speed drive), DC torque motor x 1; (Fast forward and rewind drive)

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

PIONEER[®]
High Fidelity Components



CT-F9191



Sirs:
Have I ever fooled around with Barbara Walters? Hey, fellas, I eat with these hands!

Harry Reasoner
ABC Television
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I read recently that Howard Hughes pissed in Mason jars. I've been doing this for years, and I only make \$91.50 a week. What gives?

Ed Yates
Busse Flats, Montana

Sirs:
I feel I must take issue with your magazine. From time to time, you make cruel remarks about "Welcome Back, Kotter." I just want you to know that our show is written by men and women who suffer from mental retardation. They try their hardest, and we think they do a pretty good job. Remember, when you knock "Kotter," you knock disabled people everywhere.

Gabe Kaplan
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
If you don't stop making all those Polack jokes, one night when you're not looking, I'm going to sneak into my house and kill my family!

Jonosh Kabriski
Hamtramak, Detroit

Sirs:
Since writing two books on how to speak good, the pressure on me to speak good is very large. Reactionary to this, I have to, you know, talk perfect, or, like, guys will get bent out of shape and call me a fucking fake. In one shoe and out the other, huh?

Edwin Newman
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
People, they say, "Hey, Kinga Konga, he's gotta no balls!" Atsa true. You know why Kinga Konga he's gotta no balls? Ona counta them balls woulda costa me million dollars each. Dino, he ain'ta never gonna be called a man who spenda two million dollars ona monkey balls.

Dino De Laurentiis
Hollywood, Italy

Sirs:
Just thought I'd write in to reassure you that there's nothing treasonable about all the top secret revelations being made by ex-CIA agents. Telling top secret information to our enemies would be treasonable. But what these

Sirs:
Wanna buy a bunch of jokes about how there's no gas shortage with the speeches they make in Congress?...I didn't think so. Anyway, I have a bunch left over from my newspaper column, if you change your mind.

Art Buchwald
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
Okay, okay. Here's the truth. I did interview LBJ while he was in the bathroom. Yes, he was going at the time, but it was number one, and there's nothing wrong with that. By the way, my book makes an excellent soup base as well as good before-bed reading.

Nancy Dickerson
c/o Any Talk Show

Sirs:
I am disgusted with the movie industry. From now on, I'm sticking to slides.

Stanley Kubrick
London, England

Sirs:
Contrary to the cruel rumors that have been going around Hollywood, I am not a homosexual, and my wife, Farrah, is not a lesbian. We are both Protestants.

Lee Majors
ABC
Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:
You want to know what's really going on? Communists are paying me to give the Constitution a bad name. That's what's really going on.

Larry Flynt
Jail

guys have been doing is telling our enemies top secret information. Nothing treasonable about that.

Griffin Bell
Attorney General
of the United States
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
That Steve Cauthen is sure a heck of a jockey. But over at our stable, we've got a trick that works every bit as well: we just tie some eight-year-old nigger kid on the backs of our horses. They go like hell, too.

Colonel Lee Jeans
Pepperidge Farms
Covington, Kentucky

Sirs:
You aren't pinning the Prinze caper on me. This time, I've got an alibi.
Claudine Longet Williams
Slap-on-the-Wrist Federal Prison
Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:
Your magazine is really funny, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.
Really funny, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.
Really funny, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

K.C. and the Sunshine Band
On Tour on Tour on Tour



One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

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

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Waveform fidelity. If you don't understand it, you could be making a \$350 mistake.

Today a good amp and tuner can easily cost you \$350, \$500, \$700 or even more. But no matter how much a component costs, if it doesn't have waveform fidelity, the music that's put into it won't be the music that comes out. And that's an expensive mistake to make.

It's also a mistake Technics won't let you make. Because Technics' two new integrated amps, the SU-7600 and the SU-8600, as well as our two new tuners, the ST-7600 and the ST-8600, have superb waveform fidelity.

With both tuners, the waveform being broadcast will be the waveform you'll receive, with virtually no distortion or cross modulation. Because both have flat group delay filters in the IF sections. So the time delay is constant for all frequencies.

There's also a Phase Locked Loop IC in the MPX sections. That's why, for example, with the top of our line, the ST-8600, you'll get stereo separation of 45dB

at 1kHz and 35dB at 10kHz. And a frequency response that's as flat as it is wide, 20Hz to 18kHz (+0.2dB - 0.8dB).

And with an 8-ganged tuning capacitor (5 for FM and 3 for AM) and a Technics developed 4-pole MOS FET, broadcasts with the ST-8600 will sound more like master tapes than FM.

You'll also find waveform fidelity in both amps. Including our most powerful one, the SU-8600. With 73 watts per channel, minimum RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion.

And the SU-8600 will stay 73 watts regardless of the power-hungry transient bursts found in many musical waveforms. The reasons: Sixfold independent power supplies for the control voltage and power amplifiers. The results: Virtually no transient cross-talk distortion. And optimum waveform fidelity.

So before you make a \$350 mistake, or an even more expensive one, listen to our new amps and tuners. Your Technics dealer has them. Along with Technics waveform fidelity.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.

Technics by Panasonic



Child Mails Water

Details Inside

OUTLOOK:
Bleak
AIR QUALITY:
Acceptable



You can't legislate morality
by throwing money at it.

IND 34490 **The National** * * *

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May, 1977

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GOD ACTS, PLEDGES WRATH, VENGEANCE

In an apparent effort to change His Image as a do-nothing Deity, God has visited a stunning earthquake upon openly Communist-atheist Romania, and a plague-like drought upon hedonist California.

Although the Prime Mover Himself was unavailable for comment, highly placed reliable sources close to Him (some in the White House itself) have acknowledged that these acts of God are indeed Acts of God, and that they have served their mysterious function. Polls indicate that fear of the Lord has risen dramatically in recent weeks.

The Romanian government, which does not officially recognize the Heavenly Court, is reportedly making private diplomatic overtures, charging a delegation of gypsy necromancers, defrocked clergymen, and crones in black babushkas to offer any sacrifice, even that of Nadia Comaneci upon her own parallel bars, to placate the bloodthirsty Creator.

U.S. statesmen are divided on the question of an effective response to Jehovah's militant reentry upon the international scene. A group of Senators led by Jackson (D-Wash.) and Tower (R-Tex.) believes that the "we should deal from a position of strength—the best defense is always a good offense," and the two are sponsoring a billion dollar bill to increase production of heathen idols (the so-called GC, or Golden Calf, among other sophisticated Baalistic weapons).

But other Senators, including McGovern (N.Dak.) and Church (Id.) strongly favor propitiatory measures. These "doves" maintain that we must all make sacrifices, and, in fact, sacrifice doves.



That Ball Must Have Eyes on It

Idi "The Human Eraser" Amin goes up for two as he leads the Kampala Kavaliers in a massacre of the Alcoli Lushes.

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BUT NOT GET AS MUCH.**



*Suggested manufacturer's retail price.

The Perspiring Photographer

Today's question:

What are you going to do with your fifty dollar tax rebate?

Thorstein Beblach, chutney wholesaler:

I'm going to buy a small radio station, say, one of the Top Forty kind of stations—buy a lot of publicity, get a lot of local advertising—build up the business—then sell out to a network and live on a yearly consultant fee.



Trish Jewstein, office worker:

My accountant recommends real estate. I'm going to buy a town house in Manhattan, somewhere in the Sixties. If there's any money left over, I'd love to buy a painting, a small Andrew Wyeth.



Ian Lox, freelance editor:

I'd put some of it into tax-free municipal bonds, some of it in blue chip stocks, and use the rest to play around with high risk stuff.



Earth to Explode Unless Car Sales Perk Up

Royal Oaks, Michigan—A spokesman for the privately funded Institute for Earth Studies said this week that the temperature at the earth's core has risen nearly 100 degrees since sales of GM compact cars slacked off late last year. "Unless compact sales climb, we are likely to see our planet explode," the spokesman said, in a statement released to the press. The

statement sparked cries that the Institute's prediction is a result of General Motors' influence. "GM, it is true, funds us, but we are in no way influenced by them. We are independent scientists working for the good of mankind. Buy a Vega and save the earth. By the way, participating dealers are offering a \$250 rebate on most GM compacts for a limited time." GM refused to comment.

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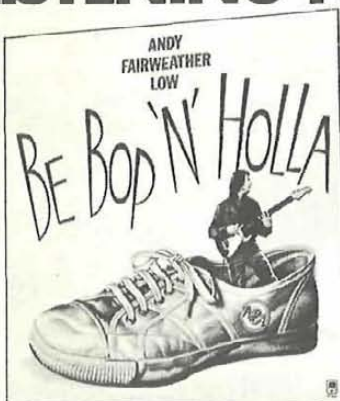
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Produced by
Glyn Johns



BUY IT OR STOP READING NATIONAL LAMPOON.

First Plane Mating Successful

Mojave Desert—The first mating of two airplanes took place today over the Mojave Desert. Boeing engineers hailed the mating as a "giant step in cutting production costs." The seventy-five-ton male jet mounted the much larger female 747 "doggy-style" and performed the high altitude act of coitus. The male ejaculated at 16,000 feet and at a speed of 300 miles per hour. The 747 showed all seven signs of aerodynamic arousal, including the involuntary raising and lowering of the landing gear and fluid discharge from the flaps. Upon landing, the 747 was taken to a hangar, where she will remain idle throughout the seventeen-month gestation period. "We're hoping it's a B-1," a proud Boeing spokesman said.



Finley Sells Son

Chicago—The controversial owner of baseball's Oakland A's, Charles O. Finley, announced today that he has sold his son to German industrialist Gert Bleistiff. The thirty-five-year-old Finley boy has been described as "a good lad, with a kind heart and sense enough to call when he's not going to be home for dinner."

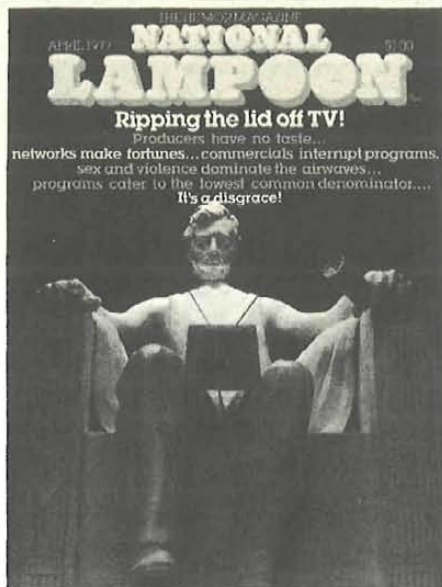
The boy will work as a salesman for Bleistiff's Frankfurt pencil company. Finley told reporters that he will use the money from the sale, estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$500,000, to buy twenty-five Mexican youths. "I'll take my chances with these inexperienced kids. If even one of them

works out, I'll be ahead. My boy was getting up in his years," Finley said. Asked for his reaction to the sale, the Finley boy said, "I'm glad to get out of the family. I never got the chance I deserved. Dad still owes me \$10,000 in allowance. I think I'll like the Bleistiff family. Gert seems like a fair man."

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Madcap Antics.....	YES	NO
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Mirth.....	YES	NO
Merriment.....	YES	NO
Tons of Fun.....	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations.....	NO	YES
Snappy Patter.....	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year.....	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

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You subscribe to the *National Lampoon* and we do the rest. What's so special about that, you ask. This is "what's so special about that," as you so snidely put it; what if we didn't do the rest? What if we just said the hell with it; you want your magazine, you come in and get it—we're too busy. But we don't say that. We say we'll do the rest, and we mean it. Other magazines don't say they'll do the rest, so maybe they don't do the rest. This is precisely why we don't subscribe to other magazines. And you shouldn't, either! Even more importantly, notice the incredible savings on two- and three-year subscriptions to the *National Lampoon*. If you take a two-year subscription, that second year costs you only \$2.05. Now, that's something no other magazine offers. And there's a big saving on three-year subscriptions, too. No wonder only *NatLamp* dares to compare!

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Brooke's Record

Washington, D.C.—Capital Hill is to be a center of excitement this Congressional session, as Senator Ed Brooke (R-Mass) closes in on a record once considered immortal: the all-time Senatorial scoring mark of the late Estes Kefauver.

The liberal Republican is now within thirty-two tallies of the coon-skin-capped Tennessee's mark of 714

scores in a Senate career, according to Congressional statisticians, and barring illness or injury, Brooke should

break the record sometime in mid-June.

"It's gratifying," the Senator said during a short respite from his back-breaking labors. "I've never been what you could call a spectacular performer—I don't have the flashy moves. I don't carry a big stick, and I don't stroke for

distance. But I think I do have desire."

Is the pressure getting to him?

"Actually," he grins, "the more I think about it, the more it distracts me. But I never have any real trouble getting up for the game."

Informed sources, including many of Brooke's fellow players, agree that it's his competitive spirit, and not overwhelming power, that accounts for his consistent performance.

"He gives you 110 percent every time," says Emma Mandelbaum. "He's got a great pair of hands, a good eye—but I really think it's that incredible second effort. He really plays to come."

Says Sarah McLean with undisguised admiration, "He can hurt you so many ways. He can get you inside, get you outside; and can he lay that lumber on!" She even recalls one occasion when Brooke stepped out of the box to point

to his destination—the historic moment when Brooke called his shot.

But Brooke's achievement is not without controversy. Some old-timers insist that unlike Kefauver, Brooke is playing in the "lively ball" era, when it's a lot easier to score than it was in Estes's day. In addition, an ugly racial controversy has erupted, with anonymous phone calls and letters arguing that "the record should always belong to a white man." FBI men have been assigned to stay close by Brooke through the duration of his record-breaking stretch.

Despite these clouds, preparations are underway for major media coverage of Brooke's achievement. ABC television is preparing a network special for airing the night the mark is broken, with Barbara Walters anchoring an "Up Close and Personal" firsthand, inside account of Brooke's career. Reggie Jackson will be on hand for colored commentary, when the Sultan of Twat is crowned with the cry, "Going, coming, gone!"

Lynyrd
Skynyrd's
Allen
Collins

Plays a Peavey "Mace"



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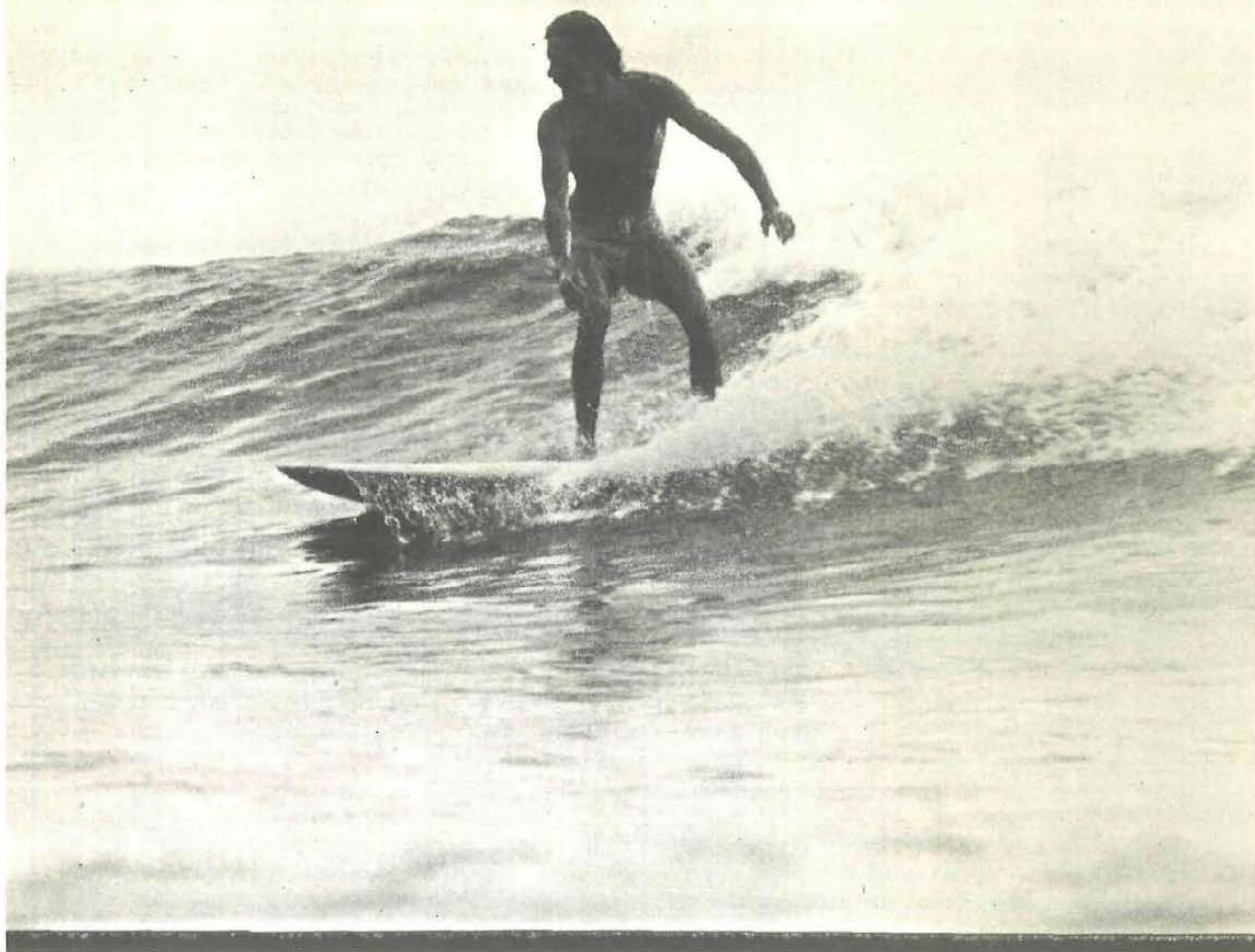
Bus Crash Kills 250,000 Ugandan Dissidents

Aminville — The government of Uganda confirmed reports that as many as 250,000 people have died in a three-month-long bus crash.

The victims were labeled by Ugandan President Idi Amin as dangerous dissidents who were trying to kill me. The victims were officially charged with

acting in a compassionate and reasonable manner. When asked about eyewitness reports that the victims' bodies were riddled with bullet wounds, President Amin explained that "it is very unwise to clean a pistol in a moving vehicle." An international watchdog group says they will investigate the deaths. President Amin is quoted as having commented, "The fuck they will."

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It's El Salvador, a country of beaches and warm blue waters, mist-shrouded volcanoes and friendly people. Nestled on the Pacific Coast of Central America, it's closer to New York and San Francisco than they are to each other.

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El Salvador

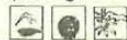
archeological digs.

Best of all, there's no such thing as a bad time to visit El Salvador. The average year-round temperature is a springlike 72 degrees, so you'll feel invigorated, and eager to do and see everything.

Your budget will go a long way, because practically everything's a bargain shopping, taxis, splendid meals, even entertainment and guided tours

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Down the Tubes

NBC to Become Restaurant Chain

New York—It was announced today that the National Broadcasting Company will end its fifty years in broadcasting and become a chain of moderately-priced family-oriented restaurants. The move was initiated by poor ratings.

Surveys have shown that no more than 2,000 people watch the network during prime viewing hours. "We have lost our ability to supply a salable television product," NBC president Herb Schlosser told reporters. "Marketing research studies indicate that while we may not be much of a network, we can be a great restaurant chain. By early next year, we hope to have invested all of our know-how and capital in the fast food industry." In late August, the company will officially change its name to the National Barbecue Company.

Highlights of the Month

May 16

9:00 P.M.

NBC. O'ER BIRNAM WOOD. The bard of Avon as seen through the eyes of Mel Brooks. Tonight, Mac gets drunk at the party and thinks he sees spooks. Mac: Don Adams. Lady M: Farrah Fawcett-Majors. Banquo: Marty Feldman.

May 20

8:30 P.M.

ABC. WIDE WORLD OF MORTS. Mort Sahl interviews newsman Morton Dean, N.Y. Giants' quarterback Craig Morton, and comic Morty Guntz.

May 24

10:00 P.M.

CBS. IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY. David Susskind hosts these tales of the expected that can even happen to you. Tonight, Alvin takes the family out to dinner and discovers that the waitress has charged them for an extra appetizer by mistake. Brian Keith, Karen Black.

May 29

7:30 P.M.

CBS. THE MICKEY MOOSE CLUB. Ten obnoxious kids put antlers on their heads and sing a song about wiping your ass before you flush.



Wardd, I'm worried about the Beaver....



Honey, I know it's awfully short notice, but I've brought Death home for dinner. But don't worry; I told him we're having pot luk.



But darling, we have to invite the Myrrtzes! Fredd and Ethl are our best friends!

The hit of the current PBS season thus far is Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*. The series examines the daily lives of a typical Swedish family: Wardd Kraamden, a biochemist bus driver (Erland Josephson), his wife Lucy, a lawyer (Liv Ullman), and their sons Rik and Daav (the latter affectionately nicknamed "the Beaver"). PBS is showing the series in its entirety, and in three different ways: one with English subtitles, one with English overdubbing, and one with the original Swedish soundtrack, but played backwards.

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CHRISTOPHER BROWNE ©

LETTERS

continued from page 14

Sirs:

What makes carp taste carpier?
Milk do!
What makes possum belly taste
possum bellier?

Milk do!

What makes fatback backier?

Milk!

Iz uh natch'al!!

National Negro Dairy Council
Birmingham, Alabama

Sirs:

Do you mean to tell me that just because the editor of this column met Jann Wenner at a party and had a nice talk with him, and admired his taste in ties, and received a lucrative job offer, you're not going to make fun of *Rolling Stone* anymore? I am deeply disappointed.

An Ex-Reader

Sirs:

And speaking of that editor, does this letter containing words of wild praise for Jimmy Buffett's new album, *Changes in Attitude. Changes in Latitude*, have anything to do with the fact that Mr. Buffett took said editor over to Bimini on his yacht? Anyway, *Changes in Attitude, Changes in Latitude* is fabulous, astounding, incredible, amazing, and the best album that's ever been cut. Go out and buy it immediately.

All the Rock Critics in the World

Sirs:

My daughter Caroline is as pure as bottled water. Her virginity is very much uncompromised. As a matter of fact, I examined her down there last night, and she's as tight as a little pink drum.

Prince Rainier
Monaco

Sirs:

Not only does everything taste better on a Ritz, some things even taste better with a Ritz jammed way up them. If you catch my drift.

Andy Griffith
Mayberry, R.F.D.

Sirs:

Let me tell you, it's rough being a political tool at my age. During the campaign, I had to be cute and pull all kinds of stupid media stunts. Now they've got me signed up at a colored college. I'd rather be Tatum O'Neal; at least she got to have her teeth fixed.

Amy Carter
The White House
Washington, D.C.

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zip

4H

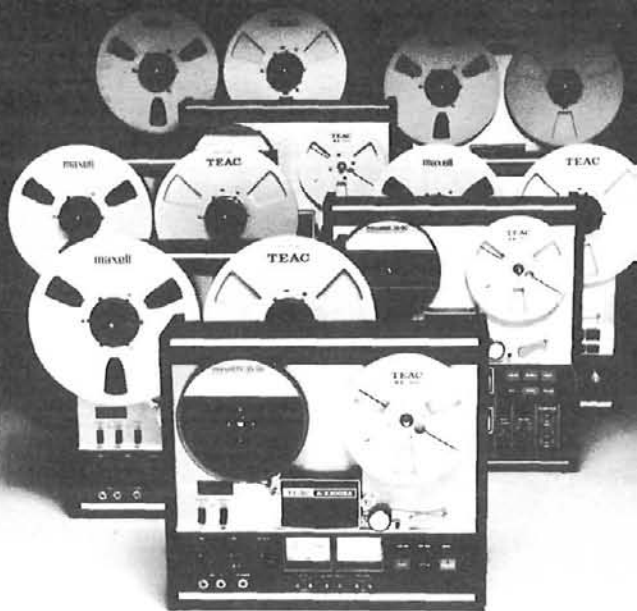




“If I just wanted to listen to music, I’d go to a concert.”



“I want to lead the band. I want to build my own albums.”



TEAC[®]

Nineteen tape systems—six cassette and thirteen open reel—from \$200 to \$1450.*

“I want to get my hands on the music.”

You're talking TEAC open reel. From the time you decide to edit, resequence and build your own albums until you finish your home studio, you're talking TEAC open reel.

Why TEAC?

Better specs. Not more bells and whistles and gingerbread. Performance you can hear. Specs we can prove:

We can print a signal at plus six and still meet spec. (A cheapy will lose definition and distort.)

We hold and define a piano and violin with a sustained Middle C. (On Brand X, Y and Z, the tone will wander away.)

When the tape transport moves or shifts or

reverses, TEAC has a nice, clean, solid “thunk” that tells you the tape transport is there to stay. (Some TEAC look-alikes give off a hollow, plastic complaint when they're asked to do anything.)

And we'll perform to specs a year or two from now.

Not just pull tape. Perform to specs.

Do you know who buys one out of every three new TEAC systems? People who own old TEAC systems. We've been making tape systems for twenty five years, and we really know how.

It's just a matter of time. The more you know about tape, the more you'll know about TEAC.

The Extra Mile.

Buy any TEAC open reel recorder between now and June 1, 1977, and you'll be able to get 30% off on twelve 7" reels of Maxell U.D. 35-90 tape or twelve 10" reels of Maxell U.D. 35-180 tape.

The way we figure it, you get at least five miles of tape for the price of four. Any way you figure it, it's a nice way to start a tape library.



*Actual resale prices are determined individually and at the sole discretion of authorized TEAC dealers.



● When pilot Steve Owens tried to land his small plane at a Virginia airfield after a weekend away, he discovered that his landing gear wouldn't work. When one of his four passengers checked, they found that there was no hydraulic fluid in the tank.

It occurred to a woman on board, however, that there were two cans of soda and some Bloody Mary mix in the plane. When they poured the liquid into the tank, the gear lowered enough for Owens to be able to land successfully. *Washington Post* (Marshall Joseph)

● Galen L. Thompson III has been placed on probation for one year. His crime? Exposing himself in front of a Barbie Doll display in a downtown store. *Bangor Daily News* (V. Wickware)

● A Japanese schoolteacher has discovered a novel way to punish children who have not done their homework.

He ties them to a pillar by the ankles, and hangs them upside-down.

The Board of Education in Matsuyama said it would investigate the incidents. But the local PTA has decided not to take any action, believing that the teacher's actions stemmed from "good-natured enthusiasm." *Japan Times* (R. Schnee)

● People have been joking about male pregnancies for a long time. But recently, two New York City abortion clinics reported that urine samples from two men showed positive proof of pregnancy.

In an attempt to check up on the clinics, which have been accused of unreliability and fraudulence by the Public Interest Research Group, the clinics were given male urine by two female researchers. In both cases, the women were told they were pregnant.

New York Daily News (Pete Holobdka)

● Luckily, it wasn't Ronald Johnson's night.

After breaking into the apartment of an unidentified twenty-three-year-old woman, Johnson inexplicably fell asleep on the floor.

Awakened by his snores, the woman started to get out of bed, and stepped on his stomach.

During the struggle that followed, the woman screamed, waking a neighbor, who called to ask if anything was wrong. "I'm fine, Mom," the victim said. The neighbor, who was not her mother, immediately called the police.

Before they could get there, the man ran out of the apartment; but the police apprehended him the next day when he returned to his car, which was near the scene of the crime.

He had left his driver's license behind. *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* (Elizabeth Longueuiel)

● London housewife Barbara Newcombe and her husband Derek are very happy.

A mysterious affliction left Mrs. Newcombe speechless three years ago. With the help of a faith healer, she recently recovered her voice.

The only trouble is that she now speaks with an Italian accent.

Husband Derek commented, "It will take some time to get used to. She's never been to Italy, you know." *San Francisco Chronicle* (Joe Territo)

● John Barnum is having trouble getting a license for his Little Red Barn Theater and Adult Book Store, in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

According to a new state law, he is required to build a ramp to his stage for handicapped erotic dancers. *Detroit News* (Beth Welch)

● Lawrence Smith, of Tucson, Arizona, is understandably bewildered.

Smith returned home from work one Monday to discover drawers open, chairs overturned, and eggs splattered on his walls. His TV, stereo, and clothing were untouched. The only thing missing was his artificial left hand.

Smith lost his real hand in an industrial accident ten years ago. *Tucson Daily Citizen* (Michael J. Lukach)

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

ARANDAS TEQUILA

of KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR

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. On 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 Mardstone 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,
PO BOX 8067
BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

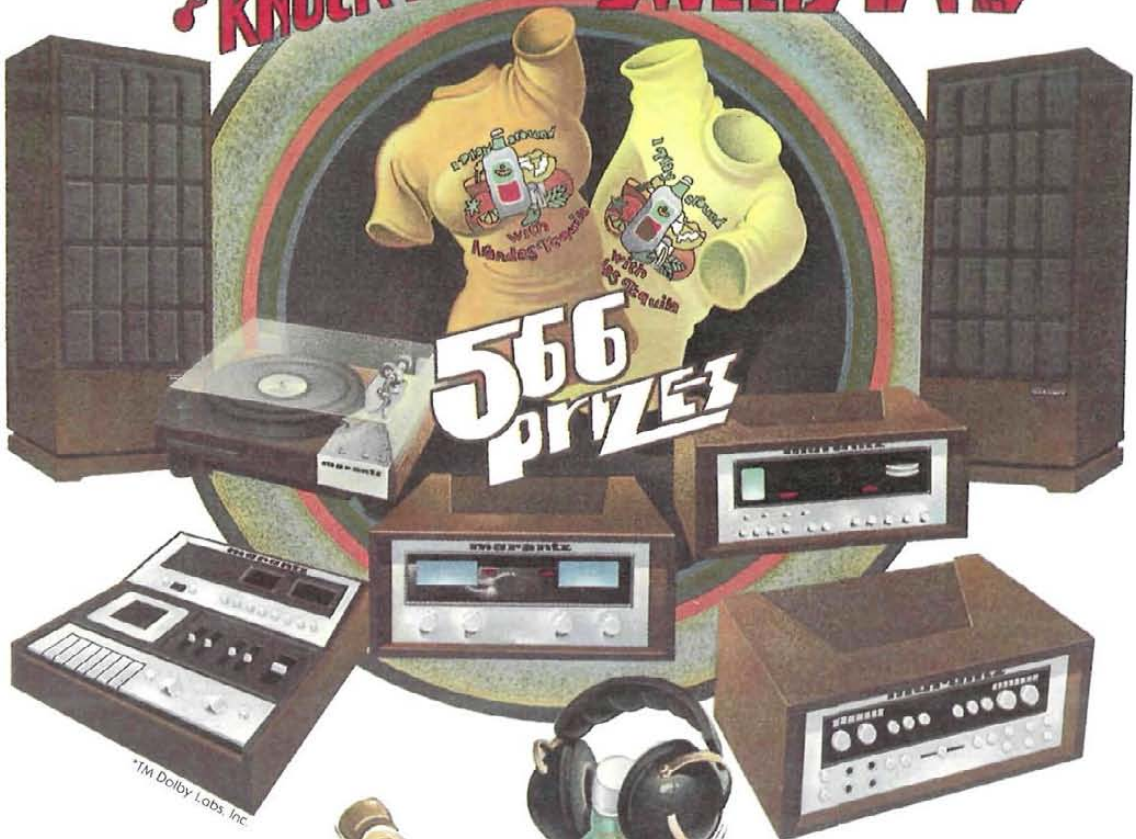
ARANDAS WHITE _____ ARANDAS ORO _____

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

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

ARANDAS TEQUILA

KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR SWEESTAKES



*TM Dolby Labs, Inc.

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.

THE OPTIMUM.



The first cassette deck that can find selections automatically.

Now there's a cassette deck that plays it your way.

The Optonica RT-3535. It's the world's only cassette deck with APLD, the Automatic Program Locating Device that lets you select the songs you want to hear automatically, instead of manually searching for each cut.

But that's not all.

This Optonica cassette deck also has the kind of specifications that will impress the most dedicated audiophile.

The high quality tape transport features a 2-motor drive system, and a precision polished capstan shaft. Which results in a wow and flutter of

an amazingly low 0.04%. Compare that figure with other top of the line cassette decks and you'll see why Optonica can honestly call the RT-3535, The Optimum.

A built-in Dolby*System means you won't have to worry about hiss and noise ruining the performance of your tapes. And the ultra-hard Permalloy head means you'll have greatly improved frequency response, especially in the high range.

We invite you to test the Optimum cassette deck at one of the select audio dealers now carrying the full line of Optonica high fidelity compo-

nents. We'd also like to give you a free copy of our complete catalog. For the name and address of your nearest showroom, write Optonica, Dept. C5E, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

From our cassette deck that finds selections automatically to our unique turntable built on granite, find out why throughout Europe and Japan, Optonica is one of the fastest selling lines of stereo components on the market today.

OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM

*Dolby and the "Double-D" symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Inc.



95¢

FIRST HOMOSEXUAL EXPERIENCE

COMICS

...ON THE OTHER HAND, H.G. WELLS SAYS THAT CIVILIAN MIGRATIONS TAKE PLACE WHEN A NUMBER OF CLIMATIC AND SOCIAL FACTORS OCCUR! THIS, OF COURSE KNOCKS THE SOCKS OFF NIETZSCHE AND THE WHOLE NEOEXISTENTIALIST TRADITION!

HOW TRUE.

THIS ISSUE:
DATE WITH DOOM!

WRITTEN BY
DOUG KENNEY
AND T. MANN

EDS ODNALRO

Hi! I'm Anita Bryant. And I can cure homosexuality in just

10 days!



Anita,
Your course is the best. Really couldn't love it more. I repair my own car now. Isn't that wonderful? Don't you think, or don't you?

Derek Madrigal
Fire Island, N.Y.

Anita,
Hey, wow, like your course was really super heavy. I really dug it. I used to have a ten suck-a-day habit, now none if any suffice me. Thanks and a tip of the fine stocking cap.

Four-eyes
Cambridge, Mass.

DO YOU FIND YOU DON'T FIT IN WITH THE REST OF THE GANG? DO TOUGH GUYS MAKE HIGH, FUNNY SOUNDS IN THE BACKS OF THEIR THROATS WHEN YOU WALK IN THE ROOM? HAS YOUR LOCKER BEEN "TRASHED" MORE THAN TEN TIMES IN THE LAST TEN DAYS? DOES SOMEONE KEEP PISSING IN YOUR LUNCH BUCKET?

IF YOU'VE ANSWERED YES TO ONE OR MORE OF THESE QUESTIONS, THEN CHANCES ARE YOU ARE A HOMOSEXUAL.

WHAT IS HOMOSEXUALITY? IT IS A DREADED SICKNESS THAT CAN BE CAUGHT FROM AN ATHLETIC COACH OR AN ENGLISH TEACHER. NOW, THANKS TO MONEY, HOMOSEXUALITY CAN BE CURED. HOW? HERE'S HOW. HEY.

SEVEN DEADLY SIGNS OF HOMOSEXUALITY

- 1 Carrying your books funny
- 2 Short-sleeve shirts
- 3 Spending too much time with girls
- 4 Wearing wristwatch backwards
- 5 Being careful with parents' car
- 6 Yoga
- 7 Being polite to policemen

WHAT YOU GET

- ★Playboy bunny decal
- ★Something plaid and woolly
- ★One pack of Chesterfields
- ★Plain leather watchband
- ★One pair of pliers
- ★Reading selections from An American Dream, Deliverance, The Call of the Wild, and Field and Stream
- ★Playboy key chain
- ★Nice big cordovan brogues

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Anita
You bet I tried it. I ain't queer No-Mo. Fucked me a girl last night, right in front of her mom and dad. Hope to meet more girls in jail.

Big Wave Dave
Vancouver, Canada

ANITA BRYANT'S HOMO NO-MO MACHO-BUILDING COURSE

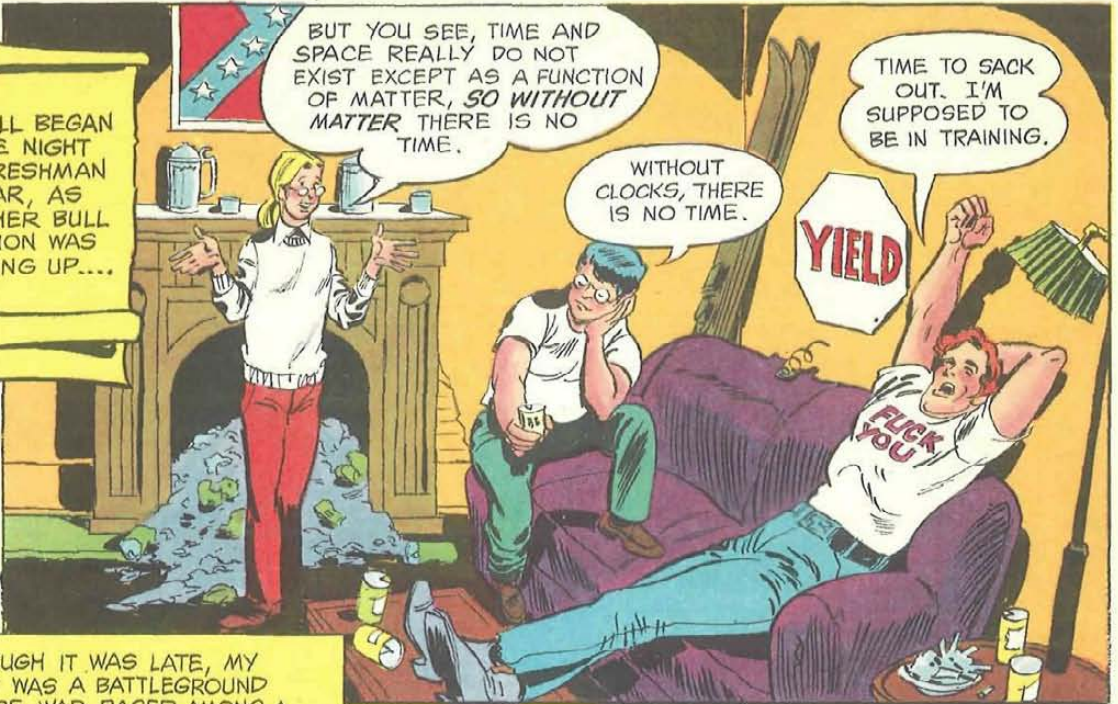
Hell, yes, I'd like to be normal like you. Here's my bucks. Please send me the complete course. I realize that if I am not completely cured in ten days, my money will be spent.

Send \$5.00 to:

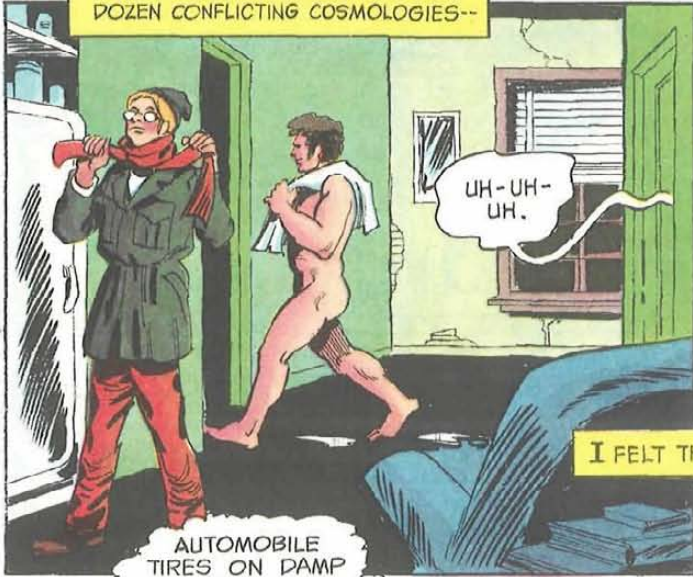
Anita Bryant's Homo No-Mo
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IT ALL BEGAN ONE NIGHT MY FRESHMAN YEAR, AS ANOTHER BULL SESSION WAS WINDING UP....



THOUGH IT WAS LATE, MY MIND WAS A BATTLEGROUND WHERE WAR RAGED AMONG A DOZEN CONFLICTING COSMOLOGIES--



AUTOMOBILE TIRES ON DAMP STREETS... THE SIGH OF TECHNOLOGICAL MAN.



I WONDERED IF MAN
COULD EVER BE FREE,
AND IF HE COULD, WOULD
HE EVER BE FREE OF
LONELINESS?



CAFETERIA

A NEON VOICE CALLED ME,
PROMISING FIFTEEN-CENT
COFFEE CONSOLATION.

BY CHANCE, I ENCOUNTERED MY MODERN ENGLISH PROFESSOR.

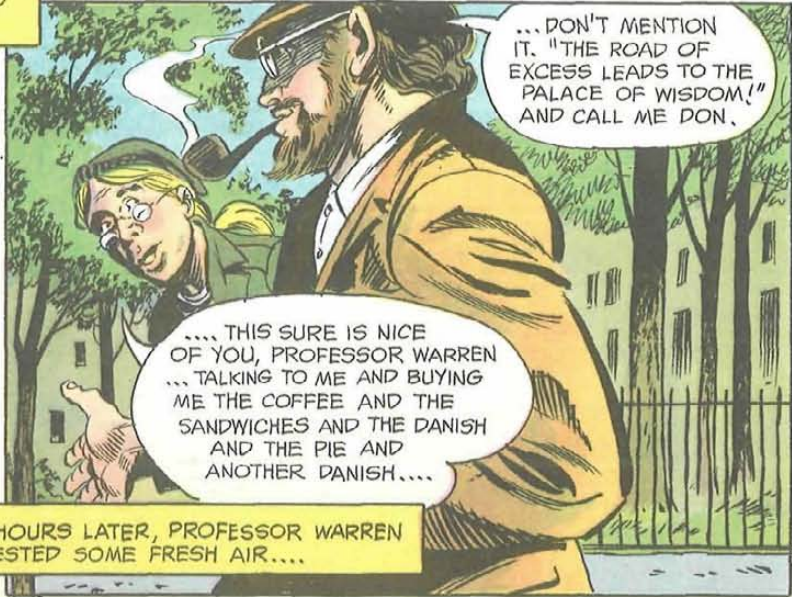


PARDON ME.
DO YOU HAVE
A LIGHT?



I SEE YOU'RE READING
BLAKE. SOME OF YOUR
CLASSMATES MIGHT SEE
THIS AS *UNMANLY*.
SMALL, SHRIVELED
SOULS... *SHOPKEEPERS!*

OUR MEETING GROUND WAS BLAKE...
A BRIDGE BETWEEN "STUDENT" AND
"TEACHER."



... DON'T MENTION
IT. "THE ROAD OF
EXCESS LEADS TO THE
PALACE OF WISDOM!"
AND CALL ME DON.

.... THIS SURE IS NICE
OF YOU, PROFESSOR WARREN
... TALKING TO ME AND BUYING
ME THE COFFEE AND THE
SANDWICHES AND THE DANISH
AND THE PIE AND
ANOTHER DANISH....

TWO HOURS LATER, PROFESSOR WARREN
SUGGESTED SOME FRESH AIR....

RAINCLOUDS
GATHERED LATE
AS WE WALKED
BY UNIVERSITY
BRIDGE.

OF COURSE!
AND BLAKE
AS WELL!



HIM, TOO. *AND* J.R.R. TOLKIEN,
KAHLIL GIBRAN, THE GREAT OLIVER
HARDY, DA VINCI, MARCEL PROUST,
ANTON VON LEEUWENHOEK, GARRY
AND PIERRE TRUDEAU, RIMBAUD,
BAUDELAIRE, T.E. LAWRENCE, TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS, TRUMAN CAPOTE, SAPHO,
GERTRUDE STEIN, E.M. FORSTER,
HART CRANE, ALLEN GINSBERG, LANCE
LOUD, LOUIS PASTEUR, JAMES BALDWIN,
SHAKESPEARE, ME, BELISARIUS, ALCIBIADES,
NORMAN BETHUNE, NORMAN MAILER,
JAMES DEAN, TROTSKY, ADMIRAL "BULL"
HALSEY, WILLIAM BUCKLEY, GEORGE
JACKSON, BOB DYLAN, THE HIEROPHANT
OF CONSTANTINOPLE... YOU NAME IT!

A HEAVY RAIN BEGAN TO FALL,
CASTING A WATERY VEIL ACROSS
THE YELLOW MOON.

...BUT MY FRIEND,
ISN'T LITERATURE
ALWAYS WRITTEN
BY MEN WHO
DEFY THE PETTY
PREJUDICE OF
SOCIETY?

SEE HOW THE RAIN CASTS
A WATERY VEIL ACROSS THE
YELLOW MOON! LET ME KEEP
THE RAIN OFF THAT FINE
STOCKING CAP!

UH... MAYBE WE
SHOULD DUCK UNDER
THE BRIDGE UNTIL
IT LETS UP.

BETTER!

THINK OF
OSCAR WILDE!
PLATO! JEAN
GENET!...

GEE, IT SURE IS DARK
IN THERE... THINK
IT'S SAFE?

"PRUDENCE IS AN
OLD MAID COURTED
BY INCAPACITY."

BLAKE,
RIGHT?

BOY! THIS REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS AT MY AUNT'S IN INDIANA, AND THE RADIO SAID THERE WAS GOING TO BE THIS BIG TORNADO...

"THE LUST OF THE GOAT IS THE GLORY OF GOD."

... SO WE ALL HID IN THE ROOT CELLAR AND WAITED FOR IT TO BLOW OVER!

IT WAS REALLY INCREDIBLY DARK, AND WHEN THE HOUSE STARTED SHAKING, DUST CAME OUT OF THE CRACKS IN THE WALLS AND IT STARTED TO SMELL...

CAN I SUCK YOU OFF?

... REALLY WEIRD. THEN A SHELF OF PEACH PRESERVES FELL...



HEY! I JUST REMEMBERED, I HAVE TO PHONE MY STEADY GIRL FRIEND AND STUDY UP FOR THE HUM-PHIL EXAM.

I HURRIED TO MY DORM, WONDERING HOW I HAD GOTTEN INTO SUCH AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT...

I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS...

I FLED, CONSUMED WITH GUILT... HAD I GIVEN SOME UNSPOKEN SIGNAL...?

SAY, BUSTER, GOTTA MATCH?

GOSH NO, I'M FLAT BROKE.

FAGGOT!

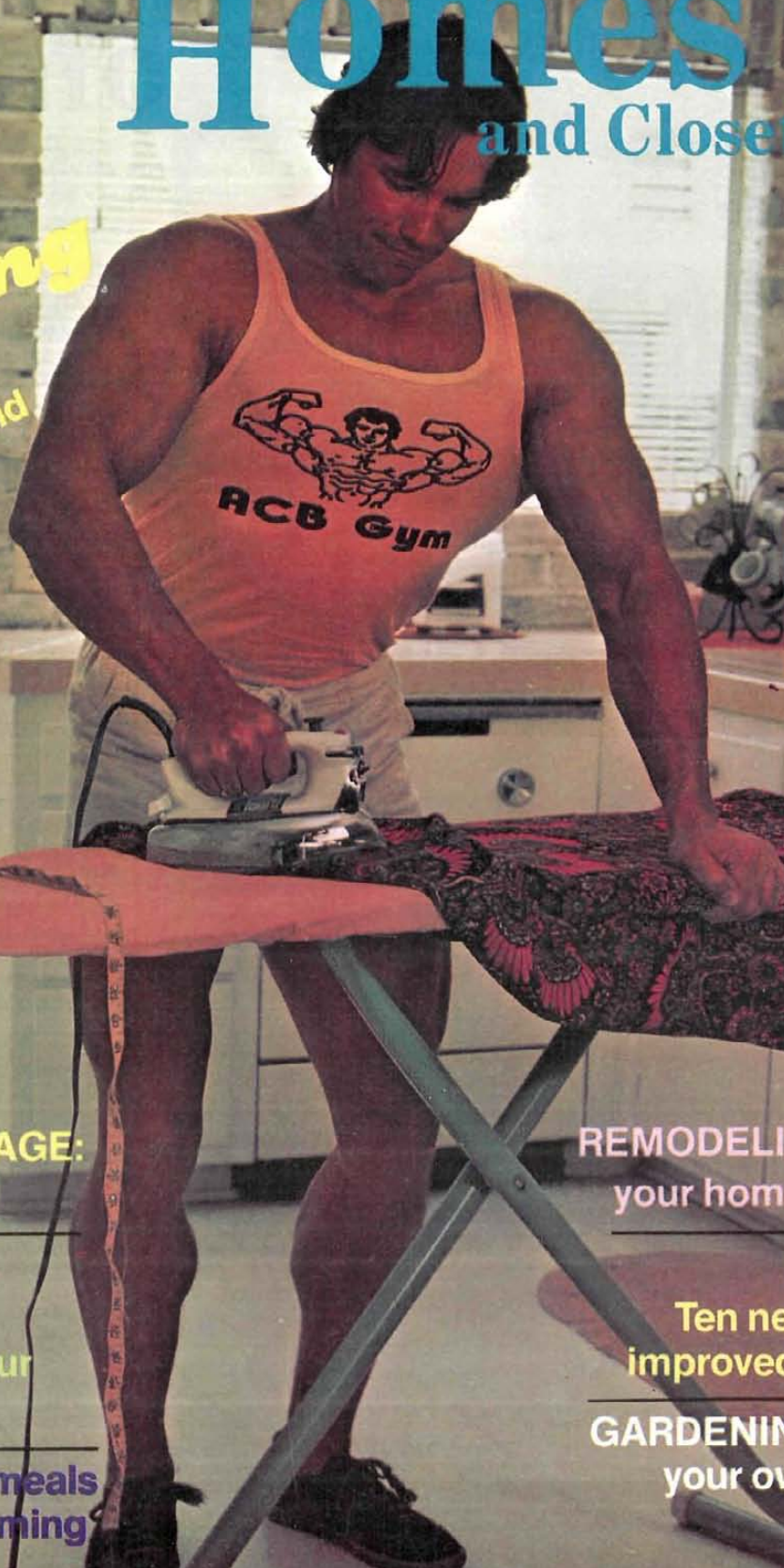
MY MIND RACED... HAD I "LED HIM ON"? AND WHY HAD I GONE UNDER THE BRIDGE?

THE END

Better Homes and Closets

Iron Pumping

A new craze sweeps the land



BUDGET BONDAGE:
No-frill thrills

INTERIOR DECORATION:
Wallpapering your rectum

COOKING: Teri meals to keep them coming

REMODELING: Heat your homo for less

HEALTH:
Ten new aids to improved fist care

GARDENING: Grow your own dildos indoors

Button Your Lib!

In these modern, hectic days of change—changing lifestyles, changing hairstyles, changing international politics, changing fashions—it is all too easy for some of us in the gay community to forget that some things are unchanging, some things are forever, some things are just plain *natural*.

We're referring, of course, to relationships—to what a person is, and can be, and *can't* be to another person. There is lover and beloved, active and passive, keys on the left and keys on the right, whipper and whippee. One goes out into the mean, straight streets to hunt his prey and plant his seed...one stays behind to keep the home fires flaming.

But there are those who would change this. (And in a free country, they have a right to their opinions; but let me remind you that the source of this trouble, this strife, this grief is, as you might expect, *females*.)

And so they chafe at love's tender yoke, they yearn to flee the comfy nest. Today, many lovely boys who were perfectly happy to be girls have started demanding to be women.

Well, Mary, if Mother Nature had wanted us to act like women, She wouldn't have given us this powerful interest in penises!

No more primping and waiting and serving, you say? You've had it up to here? Well, bitch, pretty soon you won't get getting anything up to anywhere!

Liberation is not license! Out of the closets, yes ... out of the house, never!

Better Homes and Closets

THE IDEA MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN OF ALL SEXES

MAY, 1977; VOL. 57, NO. 5

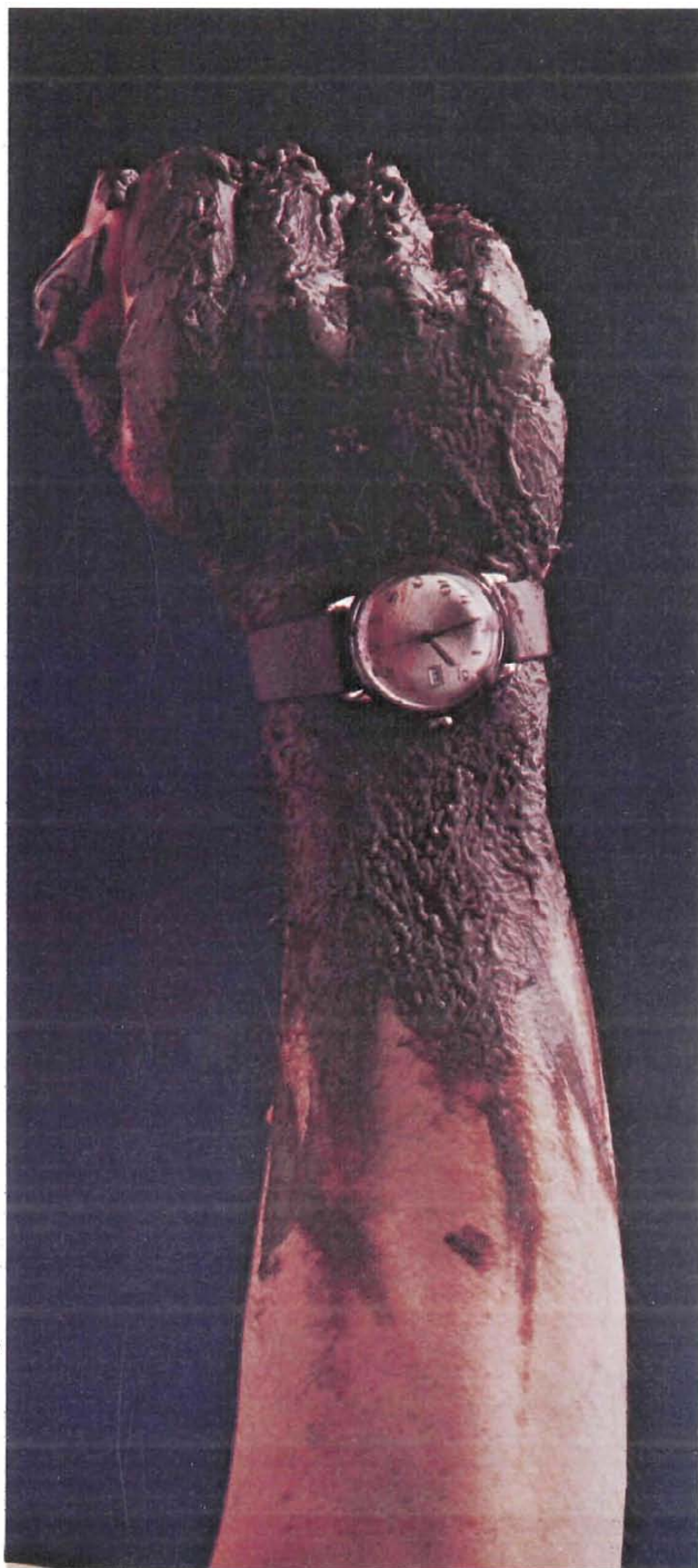
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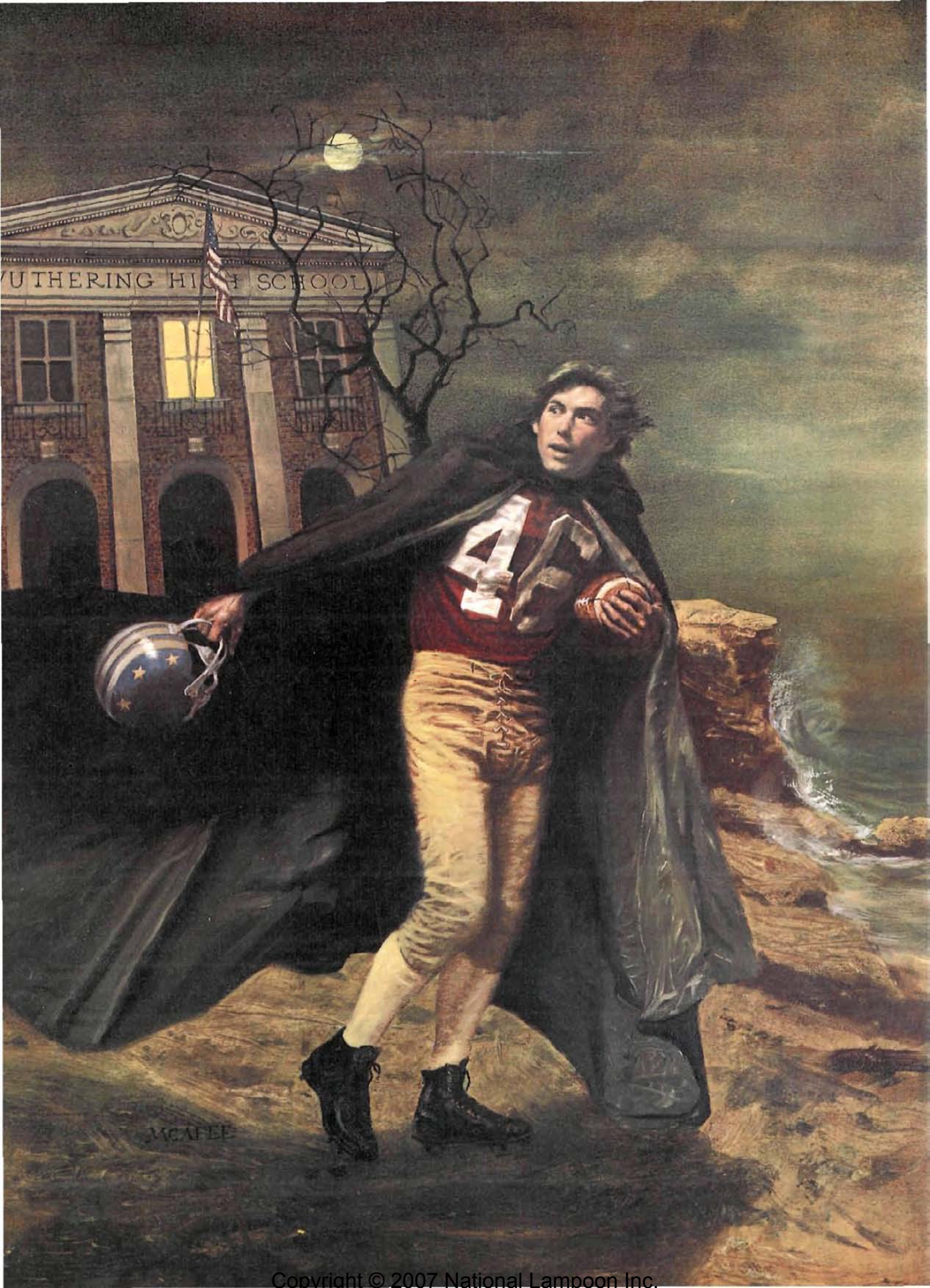
And It's Still Ticking!

One man's test is another man's torture. And the chances are, you'll never put your Tumex® through stuff this rough. But in Chicago's dangerous Meathook Bar, we strapped one on before strapping one on, just to prove that a Tumex® can take it, if you can hand it out!

Tumex®

The *time* for men who have the *inclination*. Bands available in traditional leather and fashionable link chain.





WUTHERING HIGH SCHOOL

MCAFFEE

WUTHERING HIGH

by Richie Helfer

Perhaps I should have taken it as a warning. Perhaps I should have heeded the strange forboding that fell upon me and urged me to flee the instant my eyes caught sight of the ivy and the ancient stones of Wuthering High. But how could I have known? What was a young, innocent lad taking his first journey of over a league, going to his first position, his first immersion in the outside world, to do?

I grew up in the orphanage, for family had I none. I was no great beauty, though it had been said that I was not unhandsome, but I had seen my more outgoing classmates leave, confident of finding wealthy lovers or positions on the most prestigious teams, while I stayed in the great, dank library, studying my soccer, baseball, football, French, and Greek. Then, one day, the headmaster called me into his office and told me I had had good fortune.

"Someone has decided that he wants you, poor as you are," he said.

"But who?" I ejaculated. "Who of the multitude to whom I sent my prospectus has seen fit to employ me?"

"It is Coach Albany—of the renowned, the storied Wuthering High!"

And now, after the trip across the moors and fens to the crags and cliffs of distant Nussex, what was I to say to the chill that lay upon my soul? Was it not, perhaps, merely the thrill of seeing the bleachers and the floodlights enclosing that space so full of memories of triumph and of tragedy? That space for so long closed, so newly opened, where Kabalsky ran 2,000 yards before his fatal heart attack, where the team of '87 drank fatal laudanum after their overtime loss to Cragbane, where, it was said, the ghost of O'Conner still ran the gridiron, waiting for the pass his lover would never get to throw. And what was to be my place among them? I knocked on the great oaken door.

"So. You must be the new quarterback."

The strange, stern face which coldly gazed at me had appeared so suddenly that I cried out, and had to compose myself.

"Yes. You have my statistics?"

"Oh, yes," he continued, his gaze never on my face, but on some point below it. "The coach has seen them all. But that's not up to me. I say. If he is satisfied, I must be, too. That is the lot of those on contract. We must please our coach. That is our life—and have you thought on that?"

My somber companion must have seen the confusion on my face, for he stopped and spoke then in a softer tone.

"My name is Mr. Denvers. Assistant have I been and doctor to the team for now these many years. All have I seen—the weak, the strong, the famous. All have I known. I am responsible for—" and here he gave a slight pause—"all your needs."

I thanked him, but more I could not speak as he slowly led me through the great gym of the school, so grand and yet so dusty from those long, mysterious, unexplained years of disuse. I could not concentrate on his voice telling me of the history of each of the many trophies garlanded upon the walls, for my eyes were too filled with the magnificence of the hall itself, and then with the grandeur of the library, of the gracious dining hall, and the majestic sweep of the locker room.

His voice was far in front of me when I noticed a quaint old door, almost hidden behind a velvet hanging. What possessed me then I cannot say, but something drew me there and bade me open it.

Though old, the hinges swung silently. There, in the half light from a window encrusted with unknown years of soot, was a long hall which took a sharp turn to the right just before it vanished into the gloom. It was filled in disarray with all types of sports equipment, thrown down and covered with dust, as in some ancient town in which the stuff of daily life may be seen, abandoned in the face of some unrecoverable disaster. Mice ran among the shoulder pads. Hurdles and basketballs and horseshoes were thrown in heaps. Spiders spun their webs in jockstraps. An atmosphere of tragedy and mystery lay over all.

There was a sudden noise behind me, and I spun around. It was Mr. Denvers, his face livid amidst the dusky light.

"No! You must not come in here again! That door is never to be opened."

"But why?"

"This passage leads to the west wing, and that is never to be used—not since our last quarterback died there. Ah, the best he was of all of those many whom this hall has seen, and gone he is and dead."

"How terrible!"

"Aye, terrible—and more."

"But how did it happen?"

"No, that I will not, cannot say. But leave." He spoke now with a strange urgency. "Leave, you cannot stay."

As we came back through the door, he pointed to the opposite wall and directed my gaze to a life-sized portrait hanging above the mantel.

"Behold his portrait, fresh as on that fatal day! Covered it's been these many years, and dark. But now he sees again!"

It was a young man, dressed in the antique football suit of a bygone day, the colors the famous mauve and silver of Wuthering High. How my blood ran cold on seeing it, for the young man, the last, the famous quarterback, was surely my very double!

"Ah, yes," Denvers said, and he leaned very close to my ear and spoke with sudden vehemence.

"You'll never take his place, never! How could you compare, or think of trying. Give up. Give up, I say!"

continued on page 8

HOW TO RAISE PANSIES

"Pansies indoors!!" my friends screech at me. But yes, definitely. For pansies are one of nature's freaks. Indeed, they are best developed indoors, out of strong sunlight, and especially out of the way of children, in whose company, for some reason, they sometimes revert to puppy dog's tails, their natural state, plants which are utterly undomesticable and which must always be nipped in the bud.

DISHING THEM THE DIRT

Pansies like acid soil and lots of mothering. Given both, these sensitive things are almost sure to grow

The Closet Gardener

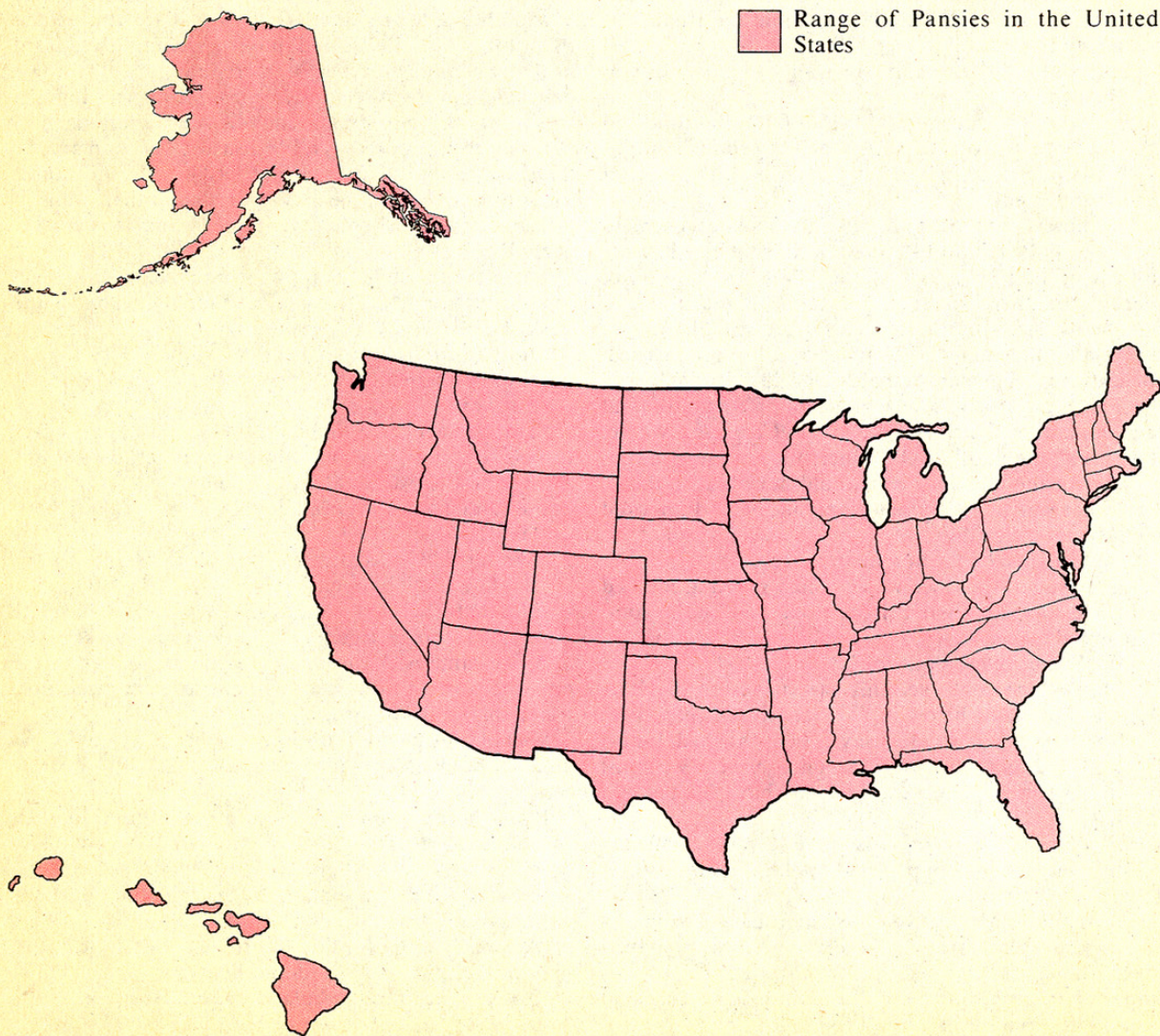
by Reiss Park

up to be gloriously profuse, full-blown pansies—with faces so vivid of hue, you'd swear they were wearing cosmetics. But don't swear—we know

you don't, but don't. Instead, as soon as they are mere sprouts, smother them. They like that. Pansies also like to be called by name. Call them Geoffrey. Call them all Geoffrey, they won't mind.

NEVER TIE UP PANSIES

They'll wilt...but when you talk to them, bully them a little, and they'll thrive. As they mature, they'll start giving off a delicate fragrance, and always look up at you with those irresistible "eyes"—"freaked with jet," as Milton said of them. If they droop or go limp, don't mind it, that's just the way they are. But if they go buggy, borrow the flit from next door and bugger them.



GAYHAVEN Homosexual Care Center



It's Somewhere to Live

Well, old fag, where are you going to go now? What are you going to do? Do you want to die in a dollar-a-day hotel? Spend your golden years in a bus station toilet? How long before the Shore Patrol splits your skull for taking hick sailor boys to the double features? You want to run the risk of getting robbed, beaten, or busted? It was a gay life, alright—when you were young.

Do you have a wife to take care of you? Can you go stay with your children? Nope. You chose not to have any. How about your brothers and sisters? How long will they put up with you traipsing around the house in your old nightgown, pinching the kids? You've got one place to go, sweetheart—Gayhaven.



What is Gayhaven? It's a roof over your head. It's a staff of twelve men who can stomach old queers. It's three squares a day. It's better than what you have now. Gayhaven meets all minimum state and federal standards for elderly care centers. Turn over your Social Security check and any pension or dividends you receive to Gayhaven, and you'll get a bed and your own towel. At Gayhaven, you'll find:

- A television set
- A telephone
- A part-time nurse
- Some tables and chairs
- A chess set
- Tile floors

At Gayhaven, you'll be treated with the respect someone who has chosen to live outside the bounds of decency deserves. You won't be beaten, you won't be tortured, you won't be harassed. You'll be in the company of 350 other old fairies. And who knows—maybe you'll get a hand job on your birthday.

GAYHAVEN

If you can find a better place to live, go ahead.

CAMP BISEKSYACIDI

Why wait till they are grown for your youngsters to enter the fashionable bisexual scene? Get them in training when little. Ages 5-13. Boys and girls. (Sexes rigidly segregated.)



Boys: Sports: Jump rope and table manners only. Classes: Cooking, ballet, fashion design. Uniform: Three Mary Janes, two jumpers, two-piece bathing suit, purse, lollipop. Protective female counselors. Natural childbirth training extra.

Girls: Sports: Boxing, football, handguns, cursing. Aloof male counselors. Classes: Menopausal information withheld. Uniform: Fedora, chain mail, Oxfords, sword. Weightlifting mandatory.

Spread Eagle Camp for Boys Give your little husky that deep sense of not being part of the gang. Over-indulgent housemothers will teach him to throw like a sissy. Straight boys from Camp Macum-sic across the lake will be bussed in for exhibition baseball in which your young tyke will not be allowed to participate. Instead, he will be jeered at. All adult male companionship proscribed, except for biweekly, one-on-one, man-on-boy hikes to local quarry with favorite male counselor from Hans Brinker Camp for Girls.

Hans Brinker Camp for Girls Instill that Sapphic sense in your dainty daughter. Classes for six-to-eight-year-olds in whip-cracking, pants-hiking, and bringing home bacon. (Hans Brinker Camp for Girls eastern division champs last year in this favorite sport.) Drill in women's lib and close order marching. Full military dress for bed mandatory. Triweekly visits by lantern-jawed Amazons from Camp Spread Eagle for close massage work. Tutoring in cigar-chomping extra.

On beautiful Lake Inverness
Box 3 Fag End, Vt.

REVIEWS

Films 'n' Fuckus

by Rex Hump

Rocky. Hulky, brooding Sylvester Stallion stars in this S&S punchpic. Rocky starts off clothed in rags in a sweaty basement room, and rises to national celebrity clothed in nothing but a pair of *boxer shorts!* At first, he's surrounded by unattractive male companions who are obviously interested in him, but for whom he has no eyes at all. He meets and woos a frigid, mousy virgin in an "animal" store, and makes do with her although he hardly ever touches her—and why this intrusion of tokenism in an essentially all-male story is beyond us. He's teased unmercifully by the driver of a Mafia limo, which gets Rocky's juices stirring in the right direction, you can tell. For Rocky is a gorgeous hunk of man. Watch him in the opening sequences in the "club" fight. Those rippling muscles. Those calves of a premier danseur. Something not to be wasted on a woman. Nor is he. What happens then is the world's heavyweight champ, Apollo, a juicy blackamoor, picks him out of a catalogue—you know the kind—to fight him for the title when his

scheduled competitor screams, "Mercy!" Apollo appears in the ring bedizened, my dear, in the likes of which you have never seen. Spangles. Stars and stripes. Capes. And a cutaway revealing just enough but not too much thigh. When he strips down—yum! Then—for fifteen rounds, Mary—they *beat* one another! Hitting all parts of the body! Arms, stomachs, chests, faces! Blood flows from the eyes! From nostrils! From cheeks! It's a scream! I nearly fainted with excitement, and I won't disclose to you the way Rocky "comes out," but sweeties, see it. (Four hands on the Peter Meter, and, with that black dude, precious, probably four more.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse Wonderfully titled, this sequel to the earlier film also starring Richard Harris (four hands palpitating on the Peter Meter) in which the stripped and oiled Horse is strung up by his titties with knives through them (oh, what bliss) to the roof of a teepee while surrounded by gaping naked savages **continued on page 69**

continued from page 5

WUTHERING HIGH

And just at that moment, the still air of the hall was rendered by a horrifying cry, a distant shriek emitting from the dusty passage we had just left!

"In God's name, what was that?" I shouted.

"Nothing. Just the wind. The wind," he said, "that whistles through the ruined tower in the west wing."

Then there came another cry, but one that sounded closer, as Denvers ran to the door and closed it, shutting off the noise. But in the instant before the door was bolted, did my eyes deceive me, or did I see a set of footprints in the dust, neither mine nor Denvers's, which continued past where I had been into the dark and undeciphered gloom?

Denvers turned around and became ever paler that he had been. My eyes followed his fearstruck gaze, and there, at the top of the grand stairway, was Coach Albany!

How can I describe that first sight? The dark eyes, eyes that could command—or wound. The broad shoulders, the silver hair in a dramatic crewcut, the metal whistle so casually, yet perfectly placed upon the soft gray sweatshirt, the superlatively well-filled pants. With what grace he descended and came to me!

"Ah, yes. Our new quarterback," he said. "I hope you will be happy here."

But I couldn't answer, too conscious of the thrill that shuddered through my body as he gently but firmly grasped my **continued on page 287**

Hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'?

by Peter and Dick

If you've always wanted to "serve"
hot buns, here's how!

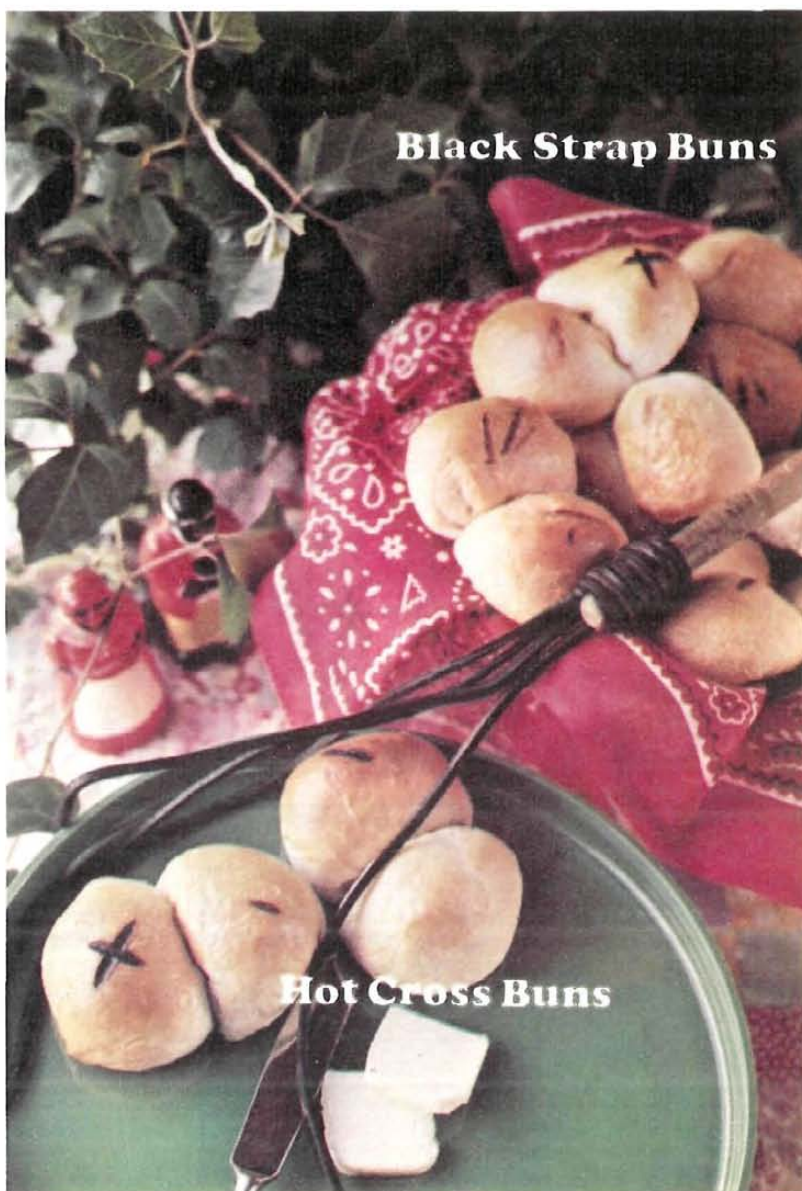
Readers ask: "Do you have to knead buns with a passion beforehand?" **Answer:** "If you don't, sweetheart, take your flours elsewhere."

Tempting Buns!

The secret of making buns lies in what you do with your hands; careful and thorough manipulation beforehand is required—preferably on a hard surface. Don't hold back. Batter the batter as roundly as possible. Buns like rough treatment. Smack 'em, pound 'em, slap 'em, and punch 'em, using whatever comes to hand—a rolling pin, a cheese board, your left Gucci.

After about twenty minutes of this, stick your finger in to see if the batter's ready. Or poke a fork in. It should spring back only slightly. If it resists, put some butter or Crisco on your fingers, and knead a little longer. Longer is always better than shorter. Or spray 'em from your faucet. When they rise to the touch and open slightly, they are ready. But don't rush in. Beat three minutes more at high speed, but stop before buns stiffen. Then, smack lightly about ten to twelve strokes, using palms of hands. Quickly, with a sharp knife, make three or four diagonal cuts about one quarter inch deep across them. Be exquisite at this point—use your imagination and make up your own designs. Now, pat the buns softly. Variety pays off. You don't want them to sour on you. Remember, after they're ready, you're going to fill them with cream, with which you can be prepared if you whip with one hand while you beat with the other, or beat with one hand while you whip with the other.

After buns are ready, shove them in a blazing hot oven and scorch them for twenty minutes. You'll have to leave the oven door open for this, so you can watch. Remove. Cover with your favorite basket, and present! But always remember: buns are most satisfying eaten hot.



Black Strap Buns

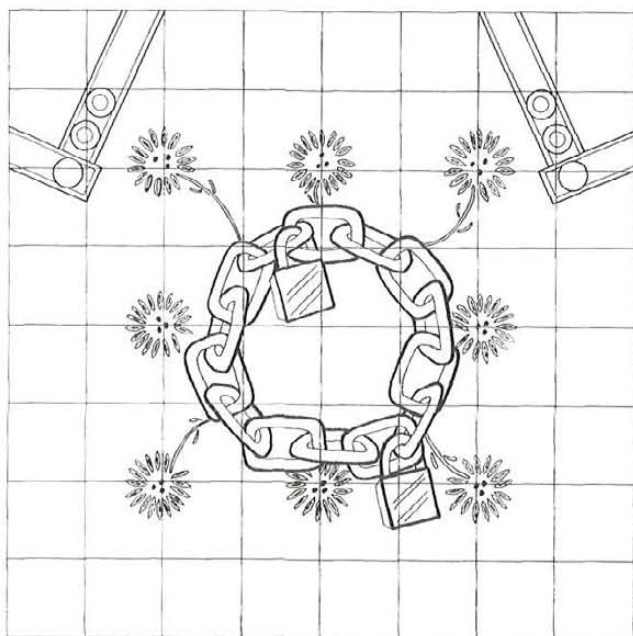
Hot Cross Buns



Crewel Daisy Chain Pillow

by Dorkkis

Put on your mobcap and pinafore and patent leather shoes. Purse your lips and pick up your pincushion. Now you're in the perfect way to create this exquisite, dainty crewel daisy chain pillow. If it looks hard, don't fluff your curls and say "foot." Just turn to the easy-to-follow instructions on page 199.



Sock-Watching



What's that coming out of your pants? All men care, but some men stare. Stare with us awhile as we take a look at socks in all sizes, shapes, ages, and nationalities.

Hot tips! Just to give you some tips on tips, imagine you're flat on your back on a hard floor with these four dangling down over your face. All made of durable elastic fabric with magical stretch properties. Some men say holes at the tips make 'em work better.



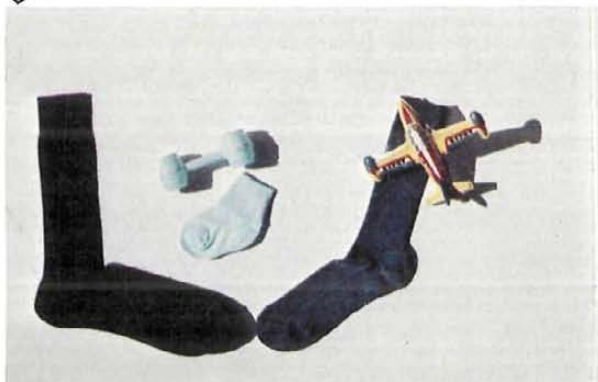
Do you get a bang out of this, gang? Center: Your normal-length sock, popular with Anglo-Saxon men all over the world. Average in size, but sometimes surprisingly expandable. Left: This gorgeous black hose is knee length! Need we say more? Right: Made in Japan, some men find them so tiny as to be inscrutable. Still, they say the Japs are master of small appliances, so who are we to criticize?



Locker room lovely. Hi, butch! You've stared at this hairy all-American job lots in locker rooms all your life. Now look at it close to. Not huge, but warm. Something you really want to nestle into. They give off a smell that sends some guys reeling.

A pedagogy of pedal paddies for pedicular pederasts who put pediate pudenda on a pedestal. Center: Oh, baby! Right: Oh, boy! Left: Oh boy, oh boy! (Notice fuzzy tops.)

Increase your sock size! Once you've put your fist in it, just put your foot in it.





Accord

The Three May Hondas.

The Accord. Our Car of the Year.

Voted Car of the Year by Road Test Magazine.

This quote just about says it all: "The Accord has a unity of concept and execution that is just not to be found in any other cars in this price range. That's why the Accord is the Road Test Car of the Year in the Under \$5,000 category."^{**}

Thank you, Road Test. We are honored.

The Civic CVCC 5-Speed. Our Highest Mileage Car.

54 mpg on the highway, 41 mpg in the city. And that's the most phenomenal estimated EPA mileage for any gasoline powered car sold in America. (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. For high altitude models, see your dealer. 5-Speed Calif. estimates: 51 hwy./34 city.) And Hondas run on regular or unleaded gasoline without a catalytic converter.

MAY 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES



Civic CVCC 5-Speed

Civic Sedan 4-Speed

The Civic Sedan 4-Speed. Our Lowest Priced Car.

Dollar for dollar, our 4-Speed is one of the best car buys in America today. Because in addition to an incredibly low price, you get a great many advanced engineering features. Front wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine up front gives you superb traction. Plus power-assisted front disc brakes, dual diagonal braking system, and rack and pinion steering. All standard.

So come see our Hondas and see what the world is coming to.

		EPA Mileage Estimates*	
		Highway	City
Accord CVCC® 1600cc	5-Speed	48 (47)	38 (33)
	Hondamatic	31 (32)	26 (25)

Civic CVCC® 1488cc			
Sedan	4-Speed	50 (46)	39 (35)
Hatchback	4-Speed	50 (46)	39 (35)
	Hondamatic	37 (34)	32 (28)
5-Speed	Hatchback	54 (51)	41 (34)
Wagon	4-Speed	41 (37)	30 (28)
	Hondamatic	32 (32)	27 (25)

Civic 1237cc (not available in Calif. and high altitude counties)			
Sedan	4-Speed	43	28
Hatchback	4-Speed	43	28
	Hondamatic	29	23

*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 estimates shown in parentheses.

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

©1977 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

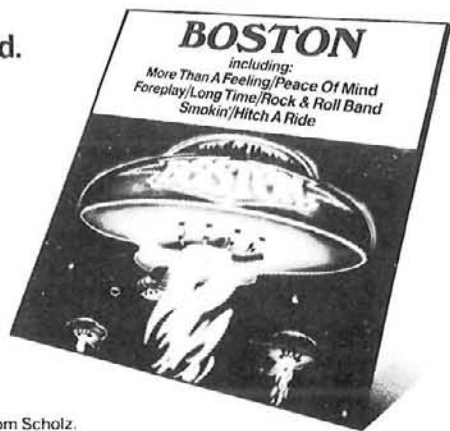
18 WED 19 THURS 20 FRI 21 SAT 22 SUN 23 MON 24 TUES 25 WED 26 THURS 27 FRI 28 SAT 29 SUN 30 MON 31 TUES

**"I thought it was much better than the album, seeing them in person."
"Boston, man. They really rock and roll. They rocked the place apart!"**



Audiences all across the country tell the story. Two-million fans gobbled up all the available tickets for Boston concerts in hours, and jammed the halls to the rafters for their first glimpse of the band that captured the American musical consciousness. And once inside, what did they see? "Describe Boston? Fantastic, far out, heavy duty and right on!"

**"Boston?"
More than a record.
On Epic Records
and Tapes.**



Produced by John Boylan and Tom Scholz.

THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 10

and they had elections already with not a poll tax nor a literacy test in sight.

Then we got these energy crises about once a day, it seems like. I don't know a damn thing about them. Though my old woman has been coming up peeking over my shoulder here and says I sure ought to, because I've had one since 1948, especially when it comes to fixing the screen door and painting the porch and such like. She'd better watch her mouth. However, me and Billy *did* have to talk Jimmy Earl out of buying one billion dollars worth of those pills that are supposed to turn water into gasoline. Took us all afternoon to convince him that they didn't work none. Finally, I said, "Look, Jimmy Earl, if those pills *do* work, your brother Billy is going to be running a sink down in Plains." And that swayed him. But Jimmy'll just believe anything. Which reminds me, cousin Ruth Stapleton got sent out west to pray for rain. Though Jimmy may have done that to get that box of snakes of hers out of the house.

Now one thing that I've been helping out with around her regular has been the keeping up with that huge book of promises that cousin Jimmy made during the president campaign. Got some of them right here just as they were printed in Jimmy's own handwriting:

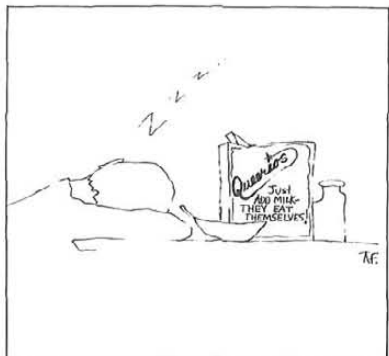
- Promised to give less money to the Pentagon.
- Promised the Pentagon to let them take it out in trade.
- Promised double wages to the Union fellows.
- Promised businessmen they could fire half their help.
- Promised free abortions to the Ladies Rights group.
- Promised the Pope I wouldn't get any of those ladies pregnant.
- Promised the White League that there'd be no more school bussing.
- Promised coloreds they could go to school in taxis.

And we're working real hard on all of those.

Then there are what you call your political debts, which you just have to pay in this line of work, whether you think it's fitting or not: a smoked ham to Governor Carey of New York, peck of apples to George Meany, turkey at Thanksgiving time to Mr. Strauss at the Democratic Party, and Christmas cards to all the mayors.

So I've been real busy, and about have to go now and get back to work. But there's one more thing else I have to say. And it doesn't come easy. What I mean is that all of us up here to the White House would like to apologize for that Andrew Young United Nations Ambassador fellow who we accidentally appointed Ambassador to the U.N. who's been running around all over Black Africa kissing and hugging on the natives and telling them all that we'll help 'em catch and eat every white man they can find. It was an honest mistake. The colored wanted this particular boy appointed something or other, I guess 'cause he's kind of light-skinned. Anyway, didn't none of us like him very much, so Jimmy Earl sees this one job that's open and it's listed as "U.N. Ambassador," and Jimmy thinks, "Un-Ambassador—why that's just the perfect job for this no-account trash! Because I don't want to appoint him something nohow no way, so I'll make him a *un*-something. Which just about suits him fine." But it turns out the U.N. Ambassador is the fellow who's supposed to run around all over Black Africa kissing and hugging on the natives—a job they plainly should have given me and Billy, and *then* you'd see some sparks fly! Anyway, we all apologize.

P.S. Speaking of Black Africa, we've been having a terrible trouble from that Idi Amin, who is one trouble-filled nigger, all right, but we've got something *extra good* planned to pull on him. You bet we do. It'll knock your socks right out the top of your coveralls when you hear about this one, except I can't tell it to you yet because it's secret and I don't know what it is. But I'll be sure and let you know right away next month, and I know you'll be glad about it when I do, because it probably won't be anything that's going to leave him alive and bothering folks.



T for two.

Give your jeans something to look up to — a great new fashion-cut rooster T-shirt from Sauza. 50% polyester, 50% cotton, in his and her sizes. Order now and get it on!

Pick up a coupon wherever Sauza Tequila is sold. Or use the one below.

\$3⁵⁰



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Your offer suits me to a T. Enclosed is my check or money order (no cash please) payable to "Lee Krost Assoc., Inc." for \$3.50 for each Sauza T-shirt ordered. (Add \$1.00 per order for postage and handling.) I want S M L for guys. And/or S M L for dolls.

Name (please print)

Address

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(Sorry, void where prohibited. New York residents add applicable sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.)

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

Panasonic.

If the name doesn't convince you,
our bikes will.



Since you already know our name, you should know that we make a complete line of 3, 5 and 10-speed touring bikes. In 77 variations, 10 different frame sizes. We even offer a 23-pound, 12-speed professional model for racing. And, like all Panasonic products, they feature the finest materials and components. Panasonic bikes. There's one that's just your speed.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

Check Yellow Pages under Bicycles for your nearest Panasonic dealer.

Power Plus.

The Scott R336 Receiver.



Power is important. But power alone is not enough. That's why the popular Scott R336 gives you all the power you need. Plus the performance features you expect.

The Scott R336 provides 42 watts minimum continuous RMS power output per channel. More than enough for most listeners. And both channels are driven into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion.

Power? Sure. But check these important performance features many other receivers in this medium price range have sacrificed.

IM distortion (lower than 0.15%). Far below the average. Provides cleaner sound and eliminates listening fatigue.

Signal strength and center channel tuning meters. Provide simultaneous visual indication of correct tuning and optimum signal strength.

Phase locked loop multiplex section. Maintains superior stereo separation. Remains in alignment for the life of the receiver.

FET RF stage. Assures higher sensitivity and overload immunity.

Log-linear taper volume control with detents. Spreads out volume levels. Provides finer control at low-to-moderate levels.

Clutched bass and treble controls with detents. Allow altering the frequency response of one channel without affecting the other. Systems can be "custom balanced" to compensate for room acoustics, decor or speaker placement.

Separate high-frequency noise filter. Permits cleaning up of noisy tapes, discs or broadcasts.

Three position FM de-emphasis switch. Permits proper reception of domestic, Dolbyized or European broadcasts.

Two completely independent tape monitors. Allow two tape recorders to be used simultaneously for direct tape-to-tape copying without passing through the receiver's electronics.

FM Muting. Silences interstation hiss while the tuner scans the frequency spectrum.

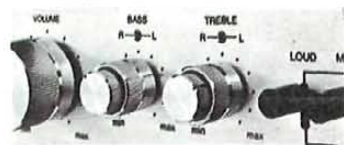
Pretuned LC notch filters in the multiplex. Reduce interference to a minimum.

Signal strength meter circuit. Employs two point sampling for wider dynamic range.

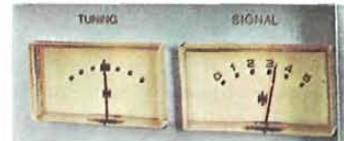
Over 120 db IF gain. Assures better limiting and better AM rejection.

Instantaneous electronic protection circuit in the output stage. Employs voltage/current sensing to prevent output transistor failure and speaker damage.

AM section designed around a tuned RF amplifier using J-FET. Improves signal-to-noise ratio.



Clutched bass and treble controls with detents.



Signal strength and center channel tuning meters.



Two completely independent tape monitors.

And the Scott R336 is backed by a three-year, parts and labor limited warranty. Another very important plus.

For specifications on our complete line of audio components, write or call H.H. Scott, Inc. Corporate Headquarters: 20 Commerce Way, Woburn, MA 01801, (617) 933-8800. In Canada: Paco Electronics, Ltd., 45 Stinson Street, Montreal, H4N2E1, Canada. In Europe: Syma International S.A., 419 avenue Louise, Brussels, Belgium.

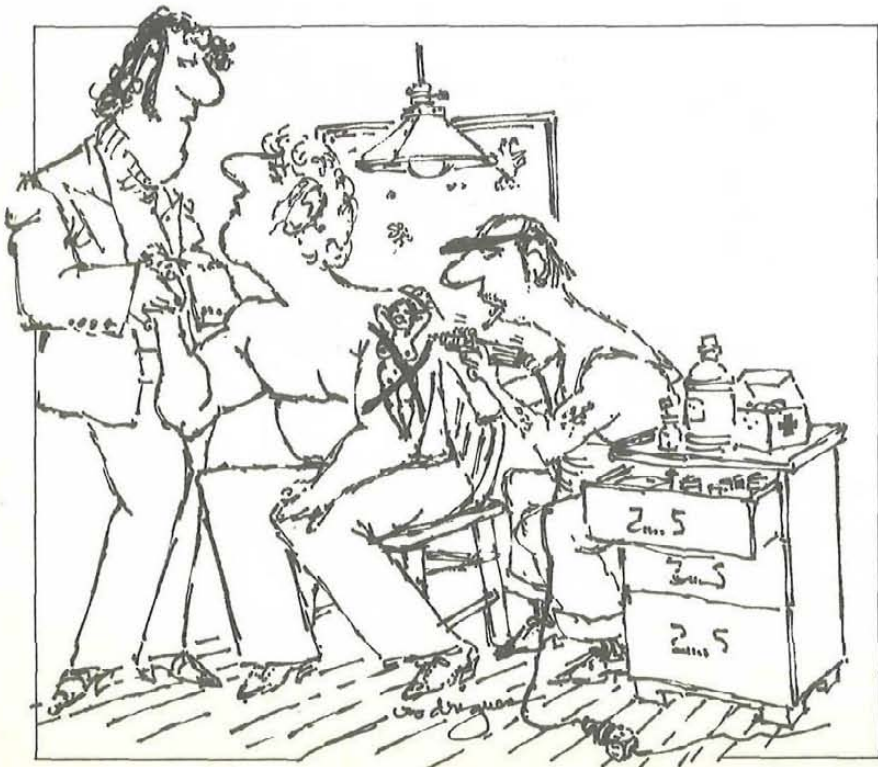
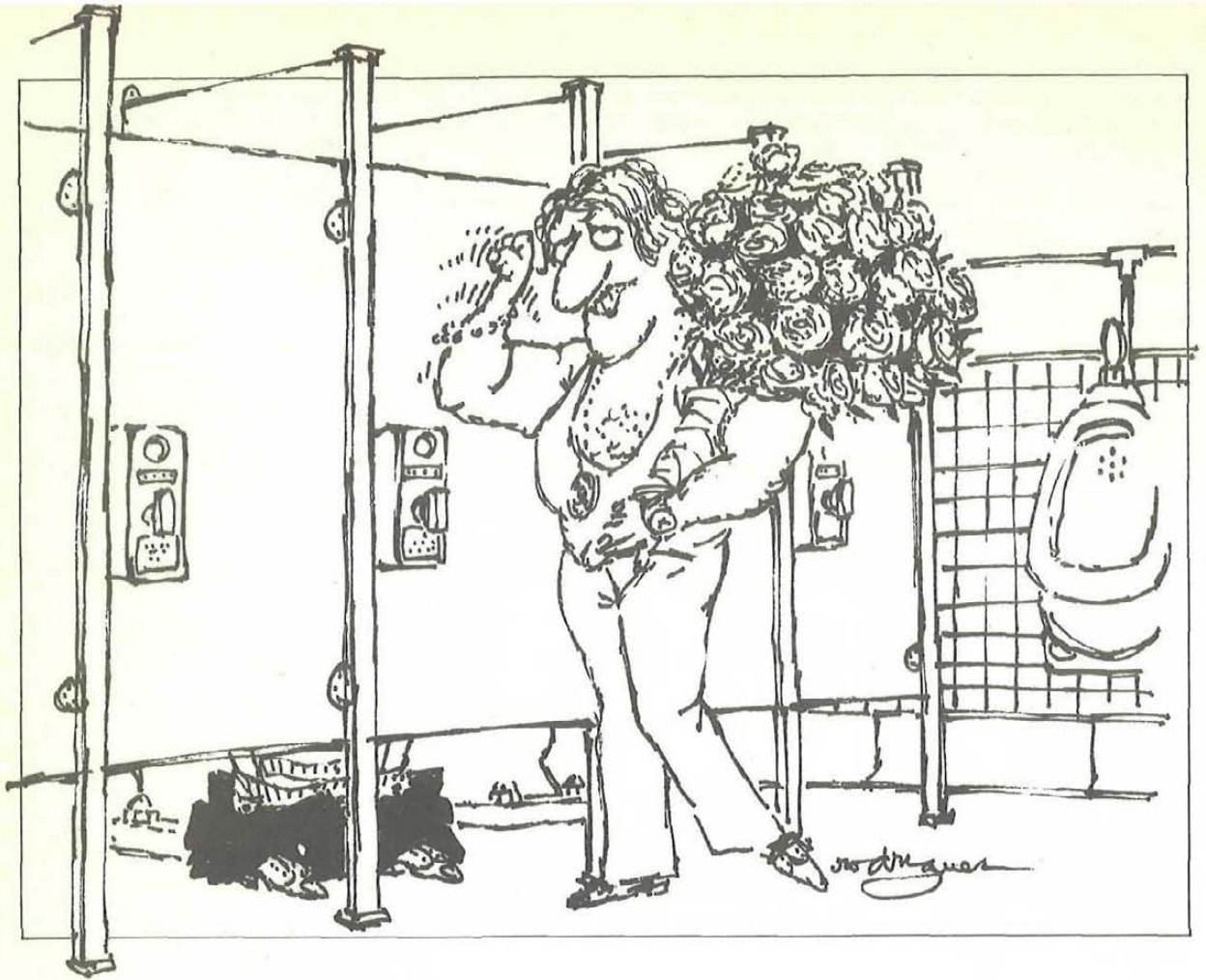
 **SCOTT**
The Name to listen to.

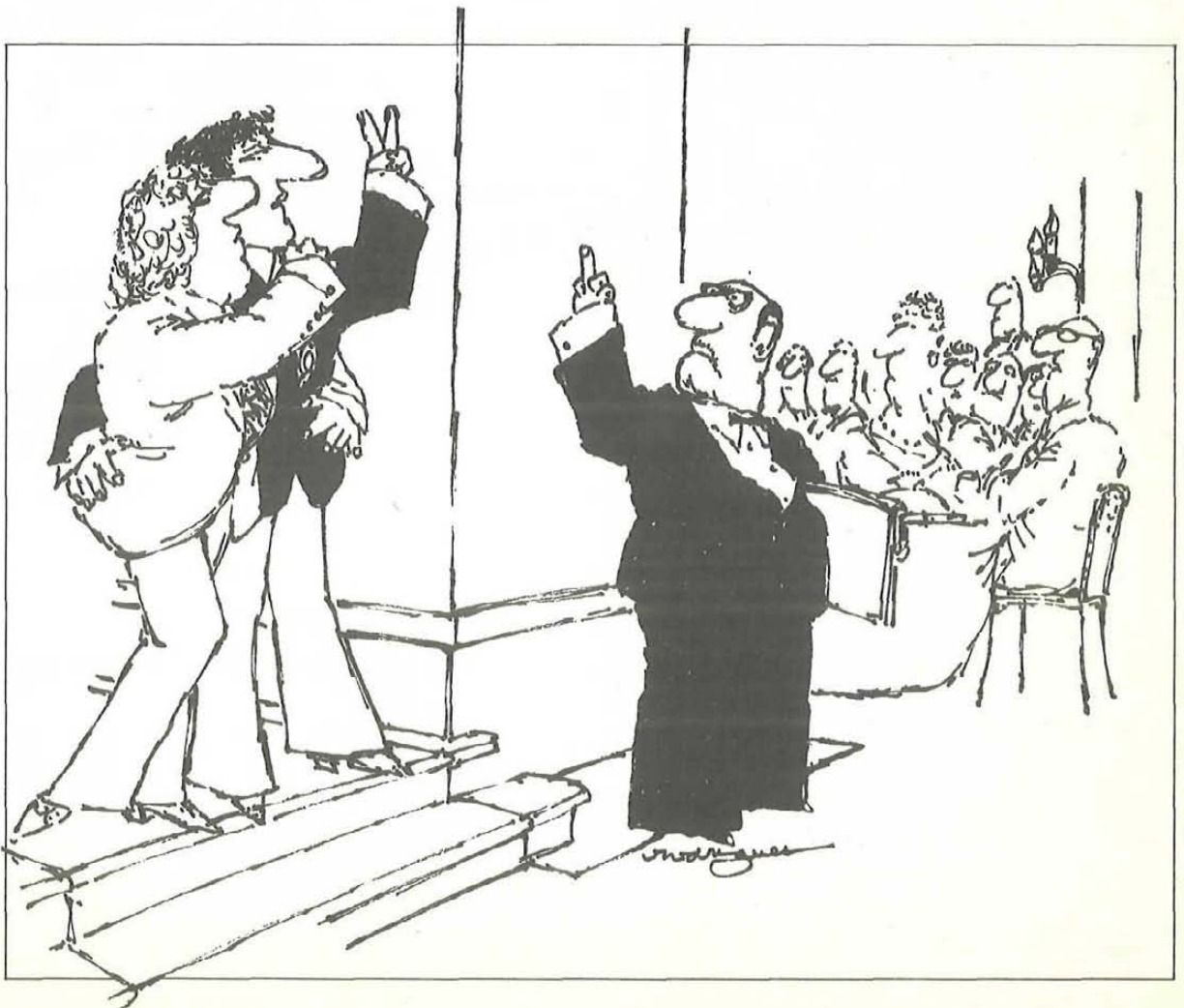
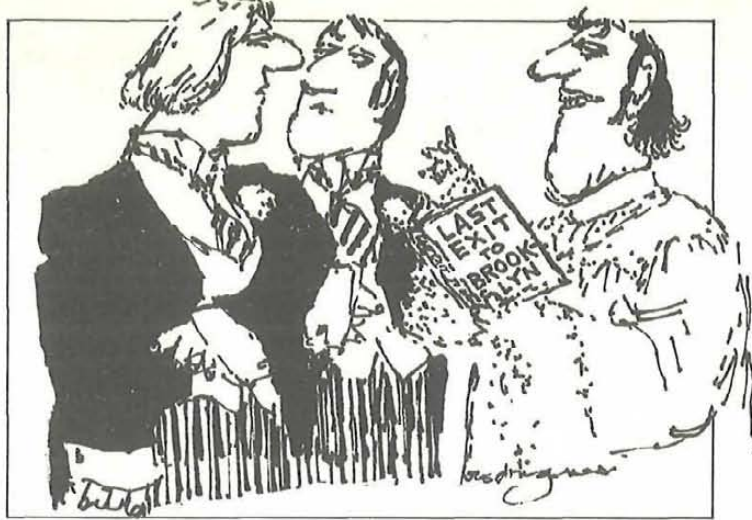
Receivers/Tuners/Amplifiers/Turntables/Speakers

GODDAM FAGGOTS!

BY: *J. Rodriguez*









The Struggle for Ronald Namesch

The story of an average American boy

by Gerald Sussman



Ronald Namesch, a typical American teen.



The same youngster, after his "conversion."

On December 10, 1976, a sixteen-year-old boy named Ronald Namesch took a bus to New York City from his home in Montclair, New Jersey. There was nothing unusual about it. He told his parents he wanted to do some Christmas shopping. Actually, all he wanted to do was roam around Manhattan and not do much of anything.

Ronald Namesch could be described as the archetype of the average teenager, a boy whose mind was still unfettered by ambition, ideas, goals, or much of anything. He was an average student. He dabbled in drugs and beer. He had no hobbies or special interests. He was neither an introvert nor an extrovert. Life had not made any marks on him. On that cold December day, in the teeming, squalid

bus terminal on Eighth Avenue, in the heart of Manhattan's Prostitute Row, Ronald Namesch stood like a large, blank sponge, waiting for something to happen.

Enter a character we shall call George. George was a tall, well-dressed man in his mid-forties, a man with an open, honest Irish face, like the happily unmarried uncle who sometimes takes you to a ballgame. With just the right amount of deliberate awkwardness (so as not to sound like a hustler), George approached Ronald and asked him if he would like a free ticket to a Broadway show, a hit show called *Equus*. George said that he simply couldn't use the ticket, that he had called everybody he knew and they were all busy. And finally, he had decided to just give the damn thing away—no strings attached.

"It's yours. Take it. Enjoy yourself," said George. "Think of me as an angel from heaven. And Merry Christmas."

Ronald couldn't believe his luck. He shrugged, blinked, and accepted the ticket. It was an excellent seat—tenth row, center—and he liked the play, even though he didn't understand it. During the intermission, a man seated next to Ronald whom we shall call Eric struck up a conversation with the boy. Eric had a deep knowledge of the theater, a contagious passion for it. For a few moments, he gave Ronald the benefit of his expertise, not only explaining the meaning of the play, but promising he could meet the star of the show afterwards (in this production, it was Tony Perkins).

By now, Ronald felt that this was the luckiest day of his life. He met Perkins, who was friendly and gracious. He even had sense to use some of Eric's ideas on Perkins so as not to sound totally ignorant of the play. Perkins beamed and looked pleased and flattered. When Ronald left the dressing room, he felt a

continued

continued

strange new "high," a feeling he never got with drugs. It was exhilarating, whatever it was.

Eric offered to take Ronald for an after-theater drink and a snack. Ronald accepted, and found himself in a pretty restaurant with a pleasant atmosphere, where he ate all sorts of strange, exotic food—tiny quiches, soufflés and pâtés, crispy fried things filled with spiced meats and fish. Even the vegetables tasted wonderful. And the desserts were a far cry from his neighborhood Carvel. The nicest part of all was that Ronald didn't feel shy with Eric. They talked as if they had been friends for life. Eric told Ronald of his own adolescence in a small town in Ohio—how he felt when he first came to New York as a lonely young man. Ronald talked for hours about his problems, and Eric was an attentive, wise listener—part father

figure, part friend, part teacher.

The time flew so quickly that Ronald missed his last bus back to New Jersey. He was stranded in Manhattan. Eric came to his rescue by offering to put him up for the night at his own apartment. No problem. Plenty of room. Call your parents. Ronald accepted. Somehow, he felt safe and secure with Eric.



away—Eric, who just "happened" to sit next to the innocent Ronald at the theater—the warmth and graciousness of Tony Perkins to an average teen-

of course, all the events described had been carefully planned. George, the man who gave the ticket

ager—even the restaurant people—they were all part of a plan to attract boys like Ronald into a vast, far-reaching organization that has become a religious movement, a movement dedicated to converting young men into homosexuals.

You see the men who belong to this religious movement everywhere. There is always some slight mannerism—the tone of voice, the body language, the style of dress—that gives them away. You see them at the best restaurants, at the theater, the ballet, and the better movie houses. They go to the most exciting concerts, both classical and rock, and they dance at the newest discos. They congregate in New York, Paris, London, and Rome—at the Riviera, Gstaad, the Hamptons, and Beverly Hills. You can recognize them by their deep tans, their clear, unwrinkled skin, and slender, well-formed bodies. They are almost always handsome, intelligent, and witty. They walk with a confident, arrogant air, and look superior to most people. They usually are. Most of them belong to one of the many highly organized, tightly knit homosexual groups that are evangelical and fundamentalist in nature, but accomplish their conversions in a subtle, "soft sell" manner. The best known of these groups is the Church of Noel Coward. This is the sect that befriended Ronald Namesch.

The next morning, a bright, sunny Saturday, Ronald woke up to find Eric serving him a splendid breakfast in bed—freshly-squeezed orange juice with a splash of pink champagne, eggs Benedict, strawberries and Grand Marnier-flavored whipped cream, and the flakiest, butteriest croissants in New York. Ronald devoured it. It was a far cry from his usual Sugar Smacks and Coca-Cola.

After breakfast, Eric took Ronald for a delightful walk around Greenwich Village, pointing out landmarks and smart shops. Then they met Bruce, a friend of Eric's, and they all chatted over drinks in a pretty little bar. Bruce did something in the movie business, and knew a lot of funny stories and gossip about movie stars and other celebrities that made Ronald giggle and laugh for hours. He felt the same high, the same exhilaration he had the night before at the theater.

Between Bruce's stories and the conversation about their mutual friends and various goings-on, Ronald began to understand the kind



Ronald's parents: "We gave him everything. Everything but style and good taste."

of fascinating life the two men led. It seemed to be filled with travel, with exciting sports and parties and games, with incredibly talented and witty people who had lots of money.

The more interest Ronald showed, the more the two men made him feel a part of their group. The indoctrination was so subtle, it seemed as if Ronald was making all the advances. Bruce and Eric painted a picture of a new kind of lifestyle for Ronald—a lifestyle filled with beauty, elegance, and good taste. They told Ronald they were members of a new kind of religion, a religion dedicated to living the good life, the life of true style. They felt that Ronald had this true style within him, and it simply had to be brought out. Ronald was sold. He was accepted into the Church of Noel Coward. He was to become a “born again” homosexual, what the media has labeled a “fag freak.”

That night, Ronald called his parents and told them he was leaving them for good, and not to look for him, because they would never find him. His parents were shocked, and begged him to reconsider. Instead he denounced them and told them they were “tacky,” that their whole way of life was tacky. This was one of the handy new words he had learned from Bruce and Eric. He concluded by telling them he had never been so happy in his life, that he was walking “a foot off the ground.”

Ronald was taken to a beautiful early nineteenth century Federal-style townhouse in the lower part of Greenwich Village, where he would study and be trained as a novice in the Church of Noel Coward. When the fathers saw him for the first time, they knew they had a difficult case. “Not because he wasn’t eager and willing,” said Father Steve. “The boy was just a pudding face, a nothing, an empty suit. We had to build him from the ground up.”

And so began the transformation of Ronald Namesch. His hair was cut fashionably short, yet it still retained its youthful thickness and spring. His face underwent rigorous treatment from a Swiss dermatologist. “You can blow acne to smithereens, you know,” said Father Steve. “The Swiss have a chemical that literally blows the stuff out of your skin.”

The Cowardites had some plastic surgery done to Ronald’s nose, reshaped his hairline, capped his teeth, pinned back his ears, and made him



Miles Dandy, the dreaded deprogrammer, who scrambles and unscrambles teen-age brains with his bare hands.

lose fifteen pounds. They straightened his posture and taught him to walk with confidence and authority.

The Church’s physical training experts taught Ronald how to play tennis, ride horses, and sail boats. They taught him mysterious Oriental exercises that made his body feel remarkably lithe and supple. And they kept his body in perfect condition with the most rejuvenating and sensuous massages.

Ronald learned the basic tenets of good design and interior decoration. He learned about flower arrangements, color accents, and furniture. He was taught to play bridge and backgammon, and even to play a decent game of chess. He learned ballroom dancing and the latest disco steps. He studied opera and ballet and all forms of music and theater. He took courses in gourmet cooking and wines, and had a natural dexterity for omelet making.

Ronald was given an entire ward-

robe from the tasteful men’s shops of New York, London, Paris, and Rome. He wore only natural fabrics—silks, cashmeres, fine cottons—in black, creamy beiges, and white. Soon he began to cultivate his own “look”—stark, highly dramatic, petulant and slightly spoiled—a cross between Jan Michael Vincent and Roger Moore. “It’s an old-fashioned, beautiful boy look,” said Father Ned, the dean of the Church’s graduate school. “But God knows, it’s still pretty popular with us. You just can’t beat a spoiled, petulant, bratty but beautiful sixteen-year-old boy, can you?”

For the last stages of Ronald’s training, the Cowardites concentrated on creating a career and a persona for him. He was now being fine-tuned. “It’s like using sandpaper,” said Father Andy, the fine-tuning expert. “Ronald went from rough to medium to fine. Then I took over. I’m like the jeweler’s sandpaper, the emery cloth.”

When it was discovered that Ronald had a fairly good singing

continued

continued

voice, it was decided to make him into a café singer. He had to memorize every obscure song written by Porter, Rogers and Hart, Kern, Berlin, Arlen, Gershwin...including songs that were eliminated in many a show's Philadelphia and Boston tryouts. He would be apprenticed to Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short. But first, to give him a patina of experience and the kind of background a good café singer must have, the Church was going to let him live a crazy, hectic, glamorous life for a while. They wanted Ronald to eliminate his youthful callowness and acquire a veneer of hard-edged sophistication. "So when he sings a Cole Porter lyric, he really knows how to interpret it, because he's lived it," said Father Andy. "We've got to put a little decadence into his voice—a little whiskey and brandy, a few drugs and some nicotine."

And so the Church brought Ronald out, like a blushing young debutante. He was introduced at the best dinner parties and gatherings. He was a novelty—the newest, handsomest convert. Yet he couldn't hide a certain brash, naive commonness that most of his new friends found refreshing and appealing. Slowly but surely, Ronald was being developed

into what the Cowardites call a *force*. A force is someone with a highly developed sense of style who influences others and forms a satellite group of his own. One of the goals of the Cowardites is to create many forces, people who will attract new members to the Church, proselytizing through their brilliant styles and personalities. People like George and Eric and Bruce.

To christen his new career and to celebrate his graduation from the Church's training school, Ronald was given a party at the magnificent townhouse of a famous interior decorator. It was a beautiful party—pure choreography in its shifting moods and mixtures of people, food, drink, and music. Ronald was the center of attention. It was a magical night for him. He was riding a jet-propelled Buddy L wagon to the stars. The champagne, the pure Columbian cocaine, the Thai sticks and funny pills he was given made him feel like the Sun and the Moon King combined. At the same time, he felt a steady gnawing, tingling sensation in his groin. It seemed to grow separately from anything he felt in his mind. At two in the morning, the gnawing sensation was too much to bear. He

turned to the host, the interior decorator, who was lying in a state of dreamy bliss, and kissed him squarely on the mouth. The host and Ronald soon disappeared into a lavishly appointed bedroom. Under his own power and without provocation, Ronald made his final breakthrough.

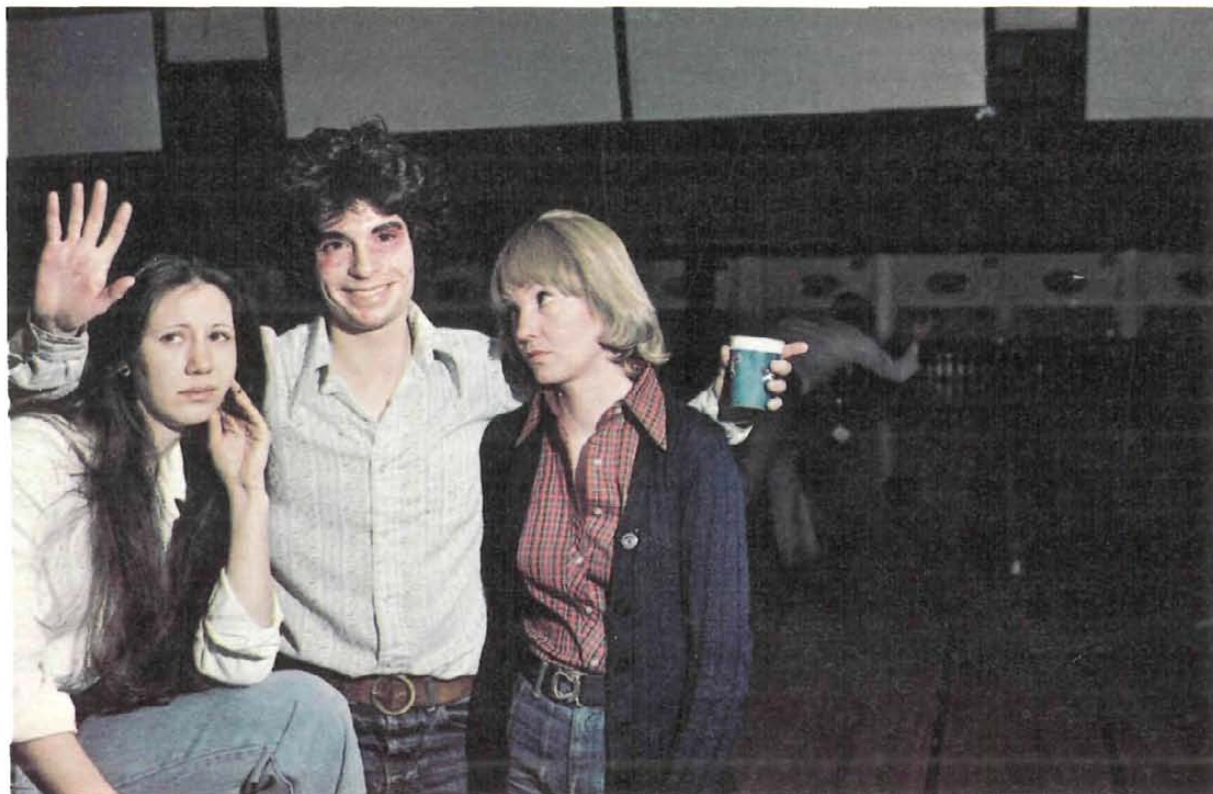
Meanwhile, Ronald's parents were conducting an intensive search for their son.

The police were on constant alert. Private detectives were hired. But the Cowardites were expert in hiding their novices, and no trace of Ronald could be found. Besides, he was virtually unrecognizable as the old Ronald Namesch.

Stanley Namesch, Ronald's father, is a fifty-five-year-old custodial engineer for the Strozier Iron and Brassworks Company in Lodi, New Jersey. In my talks with him, he sounded like the typical American father—a man who loved his son and gave him virtually everything, but somehow never found the key to the boy's soul.

"Maybe I work in too many base-

continued on page 93



Ronald after deprogramming, with his two girl friends, Nanci (left) and Mildred. Happy on the outside, but who knows if the scars have really healed?

Nauajomo

Issue 167 "Voice of the Fruit Persons" 75 cents

JOMO CLOSE-UP

Everybody's Paw Fucking!



I am Corn Boy of White Shell Mountain.
I see the Yucca People in the East.
I see the Coyote People in the East.
My truck is facing East.
While the sacred Raccoon Boy rustles at my
emergence place.

The Cornbeetle chants. A'a'i'i ye.
I chant. Ya'a'a'a'a'a ayow.
I am Corn Boy and my truck is facing East.
I am Corn Boy and the Raccoon Boy is
marvelous.

Continued on page 35

WHO ARE TODAY'S FRUIT PERSON SHAMANS?

Are they for real — or are they
just "chanting off"?...Page 14

MERMAPHRODITES OF THE PAINTED DESERT

Photo essay by
Henry Birch Basket...Page 41

Reaching Out

Walking Workshops Good for Fruit Persons

By Navajomo Mental Health Editor River Junction Mitchell

Ganado Mission—Today's modern fruit person faces many traumas, so he must get into self for answers. Best way to do this is by share thoughts with other fruit persons in same situation. One of Ganado Mission Fruit Person Crisis Center's numerous scheduled Walking Workshops along Route 163 ideal

for this exchange.

Next time walking to Utah, find out when next workshop is going there. First twenty to thirty miles, group just get to know each other, break down barriers. Engage in primal whooping sometimes, or other times club rabbit to death and share. Pretty soon real look into heads begin.

Big surprise how much similar the problems of fruit persons across reservation. After seventy-five or so miles, most fruit persons feel really in touch with selves. Walk back from Utah with new appreciation for joys of fruit person living.

One fruit person say to group that he depressed because

hoganmate leave with truck for many days without explanation. We all listen to problem. We cut beaks off nearby crows and strike selves with them repeatedly so depressed fruit person know we sensitive to his problem. This only one example of dynamics of Walking Workshop. Many more.

This month
Monument Valley Recreation Center
Fruit Persons Art Series
presents pair of nice films.

Man Who Was Hung Like Horse

102 min., color, drama; Tab Five Crows, Peter McDonald. Newcomer to village's most popular spa mistreated by spa members until they discover size of his basket. Then everything O.K.

Plus
hilarious fruit person comedy hit—

Turquoise Hermaphrodite Goes to Hawaii

92 min., b/w; Jimmy Mountain Log, Ashon nutli' III. Series of mix-ups cause Turquoise Boy to find self with amnesia on Waikiki Beach. Fun begins when he ask big Samoan surf instructor if he like him to braid his hair for him.

Personals

Large Nav./M interested in making friend with someone. Could suck and have conversation. M.M., Box T.

Large Nav./M wishes to meet person with nice truck for riding and conversation in. Can fuck in back afterwards. R.J., Box W.

Large Nav./M desires companion for sitting, perhaps share loom and cock. Walk on mesa and put dicks in asses if like. Bill, Box R.

Large Nav./M likes others for fuck. J.M.R., Box B.

Slim, please come back with truck. I have head together now. René.

Navajomo

"Voice of the Fruit Persons"

Publisher-Editor
Chad Small Fence

Navajomo is published twelve times in each year for Navajo fruit person community. It talk about things interesting to fruit persons, and show pictures of fruit persons being selves. I hope everyone like it. If your copy of this magazine has been disinterred by gopher and/or urinated upon by water ox, *Navajomo* not responsible for contents. Otherwise, all rights reserved, © 1977, Navajomo Publications. Please leave all photographs, manuscripts, and other contributions in crevice at base of cliff near Lukachukai. Not responsible for unsolicited material if disinterred by gopher and/or urinated upon by water ox.

The Social Register

By Howard Water Lake

This indeed was week that was, darling bravelets! ***Lou and Phil of Many Farms really reached into the Lower Worlds for a little thunder and left-handed zig-zag lightning like that burg has never seen when they opened doors to their all new Trading Disco last week. Patterned after regular trading post concept, patrons trade various pieces of handiwork to hear favorite songs, while dance contestants win valuable grains, implements, and other staples. Many Farms' reigning Empress Morris Bright Elk was on hand for judging and to present me with key to city (or heart, or truck—don't know which). Thank to Pete, Rick, Mickey, and T.J. for good vibes, and to Lou and Phil for flour. ***Fruit persons were smash again at annual Flagstaff Indian Powwow crafts fair. While thousands of tourists passed through jewelry and

crafts displays, many got special treat at Navajo fruit persons' booth, where we let visitors witness actual fruit persons-type sex, self-immolation, S&M, and number of other aspects of native culture. Collarbone removal was again most popular. Audiences always love when we distribute bone marrow for them to take back to their homes. However, many tourists very much enjoy paw fucking, too. ***The scene is Amwohonotek Natural Bridge for upcoming Fête du Turquoise Boy Hermaphrodite Ball, and according to Ronnie and Don on decoration committee, this will be best ever. As usual, all proceeds go to Ashon nutil' Memorial Sex Reassignment Clinic in Shiprock. This year's theme is "Squaws Go to Market"—attending hermaphrodites will be provided with carrying baskets and play dollars to spend at the many festive stalls at the ball, containing large amount of

interesting herbs and small appliances. I making shopping list right now! ***Last but not least—when in Chinle, first stop should be Peter Ground Heat's Three Bobcat Arcade, delightful new fruit persons' game bar. Chinle Dowager Empress Queen Mother Six Trees and

I play new video game all night there. Hishi Commando, where one opponent attempt to maneuver small hishi shells onto string while other opponent shoot bad omens at him from flying jet cornbeetle. Can't wait to get back, darling bravelets—gotta run.

The Financial Front

By Navajomo Fiscal Editor Roger Three Looms

As the financial strength of the Navajo fruit persons' community grows, it becomes important for us to familiarize ourselves with a more sophisticated approach to money management. Let us assume the following typical fruit person's hoganhold yearly budget to be yours.

Income—\$1,135. Expenses—hogan, 55.83; other things, \$1,129.17. Obviously, the second entry under Expenses, "other things," is where the fat lies here. And this is precisely where the modern fruit person's money manager looks for extra dollars to invest for the future.

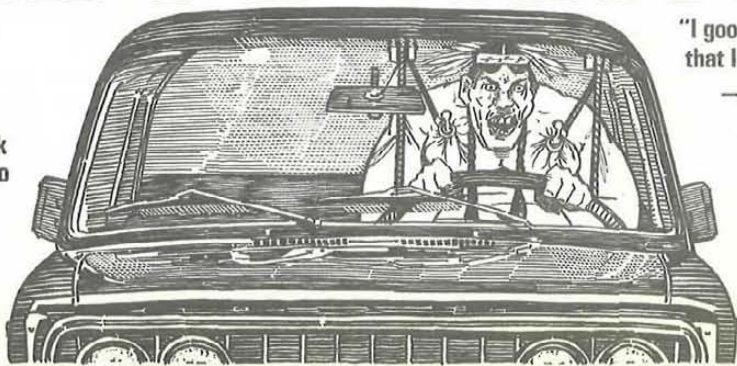
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who have
AUTO-HURT...

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up two AUTO-HURTs to
driver education car in
Window Rock. Drive
each other CRAZY!"

—O. Dawn Man
Window Rock, Az.



"I good boy all the time now
that I have AUTO-HURT."

—R.L. Black Jet Coyote
Tuba City, Az.

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Write, or walk, to:

Chief 12 Antelope's
"Le Salon"
Tier 3, Cliff 6
White Mesa, Ariz.

On the VD Front

By Navajomo Medical Editor Tony One Doe

Everybody seem to know about dangers of VD these days, but most not aware of special strains of venereal diseases of Navajo fruit persons. Mazecorrhea is one of these. You contract mazeorrhea when individual eat bad corn (possibly disinterred by gopher and/or urinated upon by water ox), then you put sex organ in his mouth soon afterwards. First symptom is when thin green material start to envelop penis. About

ten days later, you have to peel green covering back to look at penis, at which time you find number of yellow chancres growing around sides. Soon they cover entire penis. Only remedy is to place pat of butter on it, and salt if like. Ha-ha-ha. You probably falling for this whopper I tell you about special VD that turn your tool into ear of corn. Ha-ha-ha-ha. I unable to resist good fruit person gag. Next time I back to serious.

Now we meet this month's

JOMIO PAIR

Rick Red Sheep and Dan Mahogany Basket are just doin' what comes natural as they take time out for quiet picnic in backyard. They meet two years ago, "but it seem like only yesterday," says Rick. "Dan was sitting on drainage culvert 110 miles from village when I walk by on my way to Oklahoma. We talk, then fuck. We inseparable fruit persons ever since."



Dan's crazy about groundhog, and so's Rick. Dan points out, "We have many of same interests."

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VIBRA-COB CORN ROOM CORN-EMA
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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment enclosed Bill me

No stamps, juniper branchlets, collarbones, or rattle sticks, please.



"Dan and I have special closeness between selves that make us enjoy simple things in life," adds Rick.

ROOTS

In the Oral Tradition

by Alex Gayley

Early in the spring of 1750, in the village of Middlesex, not far from the Great Water, in that section of southwestern England called Cornwhole, a man-child was born to Omar and Betsy Kincaid. As quickly as he could, the slippery baby wriggled out of Betsy's smothering womb, and all agreed it was a good omen when he held his nose and refused the breast. Omar, according to the traditions of the tribe, stood the newborn on his feet, and when the child fell forward, exhibiting his pink buns, all the menfolk marveled at this auspicious sign from the God.

"A bottom man, a bottom man!" the town crier shrieked; had the child fallen backward, the crier would have called out, "This one doesn't know how to wait his turn; this one wants to be done first!"

On the morning of the eighth day after his birth, the tribal council met in the village kirk, where the baby was baptized with his father's holy water. Holding his son aloft, Omar said, "This one's name is Quincy."

Then Omar swaddled Quincy in a wet horsehide halter, and suspended him from the ceiling in the communal nursery. From there, he could watch the comings and goings of the townsfolk without getting underfoot. He remained there until he was seven.

When Quincy was taken down, Omar brought him to the village school, where he joined the first form and began his education in earnest. The boys were encouraged to imitate

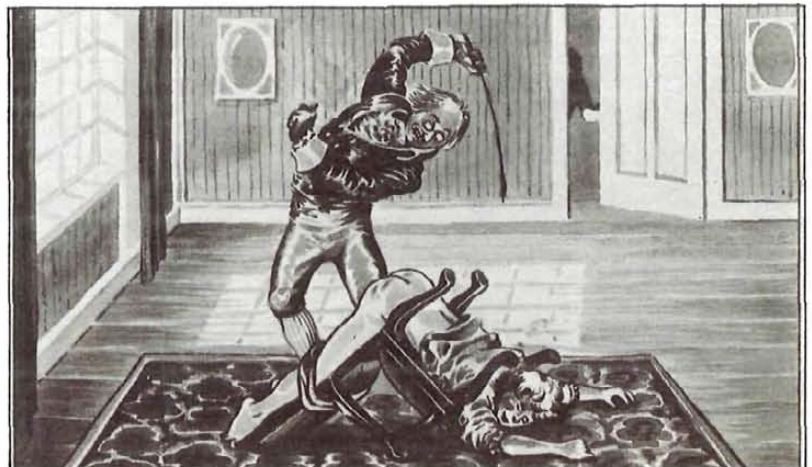
their elders in all ways, and the playing of games was a rehearsal for the responsibilities of life as a consenting adult. The games were often supervised by the older boys, who had already "sprouted moss," and who were greeted with peals of innocent laughter whenever they chose some lucky lad for a friendly caning. Quincy loved to hear the stories of the old days—King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Mattress, Leather Hood and His Merry Men. Religious training began with the lives of the saints, and after a strenuous round of auto-da-fé, Quincy was always sure to work up a hearty appetite.

As the children grew, they were taught the more serious games; "capture the fag," "hide-and-go-gang-bang," and finally, when they were

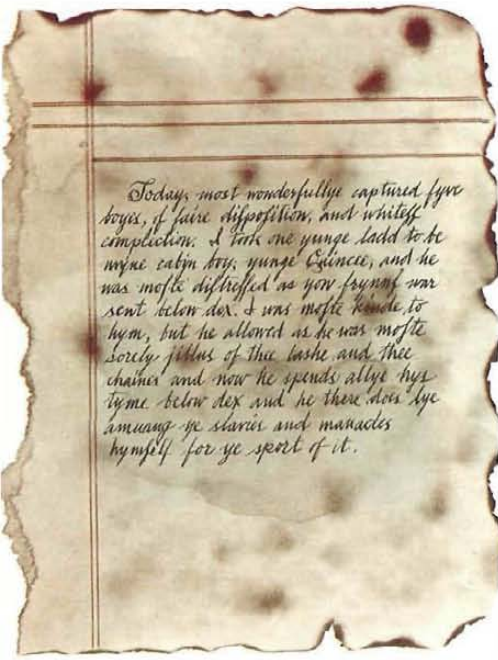
ready for sponsorship into manhood, "I'll show you mine if you'll brand me."

Once, Omar caught Quincy cuddling with a little girl, and worried for his son's future, that he might be banished from the tribe. He kept the incident a secret. After all, hadn't he been through the same stage when he was young? He smiled to himself, for boys will always be boys. Soon after, when Quincy first sat with the elders in a circle of special friendship, he won the award for distance and marksmanship, and Omar proudly declared him "my son, the princess." Then, in a dignified ceremony, Quincy was taught to lick his right pinkie and draw it slowly across his right eyebrow, the secret greeting signal of the tribe.

It was a happy childhood.



"Spare the rod and spoil the child." Schoolboys at play.



Today, most wonderfullly captured eye
 boys, of faire complexion, and white
 complexion. I took one yunge ladd to be
 myne cabin boy, yunge Quincey, and he
 was moste distressed as you may see
 sent below deck. I was moste kinde to
 him, but he allowed as he was moste
 sorely pained of the lashes and thee
 chains and now he spends all ye
 tyme below dex and he there doth
 amung ye starer and manacles
 hymself for ye sport of it.

The captain of a white slaver was expected to keep a log, and record more than just his impressions of the weather.

One day, when he was fifteen, Quincy heard his father talking about a land across the sea, a land of persecution, violence, and slavery.

"What's a slave, Daddy?" he asked.

Omar sat Quincy on his lap and explained. "There are two kinds of people, masters and slaves, and the masters own the slaves, and can do with them what they wish."

"And can anyone be a slave?" asked Quincy brightly.

"No, son. Not in England anymore. Since the end of serfdom, our people have had to subsist as tradesmen and artisans. Occasionally, a lucky one becomes an apprentice, or if he is determined, an indentured servant, but that is only for seven years."

"But what about this wonderful land across the sea?"

"I have heard it is only a Godless democracy. Don't trouble your head with thoughts of paradise."

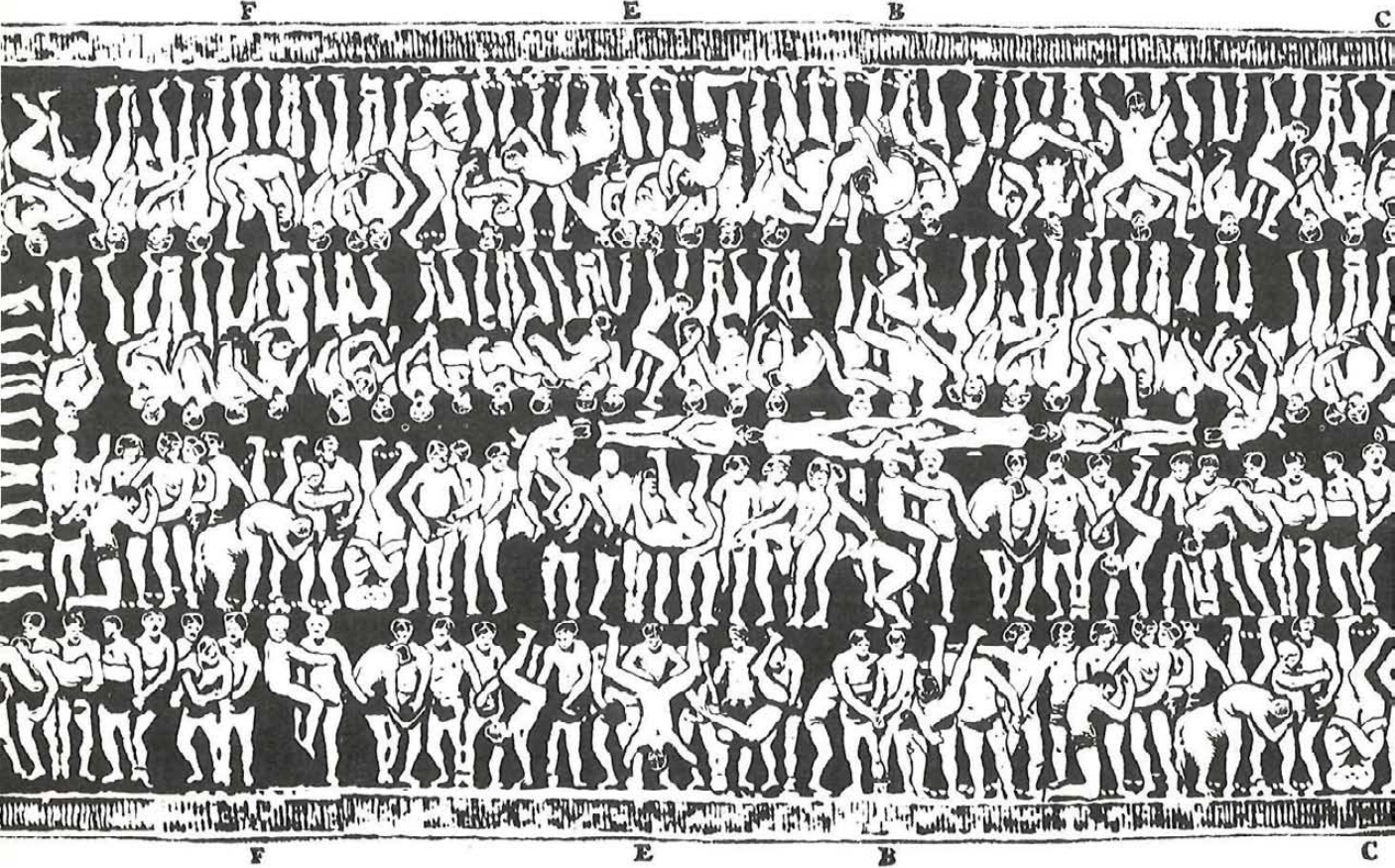
Quincy couldn't sleep. Masters and slaves! He would have to see this America for himself. He went to the kitchen and drew strength from the

statue of the tortured Christ. "If he could do, I can do it," thought Quincy. Meeting secretly with his chums, he planned a trip to the port of Open-End-on-Sea, and within a week, they were sitting on a hill overlooking the Great Water, and the tall ships in the harbor. It was time to do a little cruising.

Though the captain gave him the run of the ship, Quincy loved the deepest recesses of the hold most of all. There he lay shackled to a narrow shelf, with only a few inches of headroom.

Once, when a rat ate some stray crumbs that had fallen on Quincy's restraining straps, it began to gnaw at them, and it seemed as though his bondage would be curtailed. But the leather was strong and the rat gave up quickly. Quincy let out a sigh of relief at this brush with freedom, and dreamed about stocks and pillories.

Every voyage comes to an end, and on the last night at sea, the captain held a costume party on deck for crew and cargo alike. Everyone ran the





Before the advent of satin-finished chrome, iron was the most common medium for jewelry. The spokes were used to hang wet laundry.

gauntlet, and Quincy was awarded the prize for being "Most Congenial." After gifts were exchanged, they all pissed on the captain, and then went to bed.

America!

The ship landed in Annapolis, and Quincy was taken to the central market. What a festive occasion, he thought, and what an education in trade. The language was still difficult for his innocent and pure mind, but he was learning well the adage that "a tongue is a tongue in any land." Quincy was fitted a customized set of manacles, and thrown into a small cage in the middle of the square. And everyone was flirting with him! He was prodded, whipped, and even cudged, and he didn't have to ask; the blows came like valentines. When he was taken from the cage and walked to the platform, Quincy stood tall, firm and erect, displaying himself as well as he could. The crowd applauded his fervor, and the bidding

soon topped the thousand dollar mark. Finally, only two participants remained: the owners of a girls' finishing school, and a dignified gentleman wearing leather breeches and a silk brocade shirt. The man winked, outbid the women, and within the minute, Quincy was the property of Loin Greene, master of that fabulous plantation, Peckerwoods. Quincy shed a tear. If only his family could see him now. He was going to make good in America.

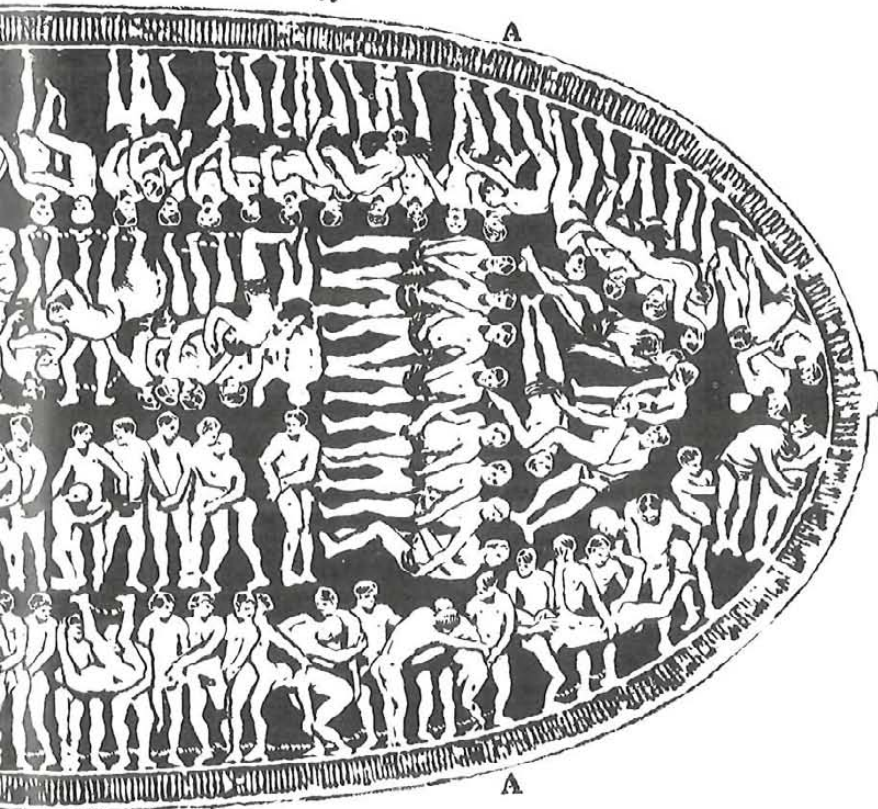
Marse Loin, as he was called, handed his new toy over to his most trusted underling, the Diddler, to be educated and trained according to custom. The three Bs—beatings, bugery, and bastinadoes—were Quincy's lot from morning to night, and the Diddler was a stern teacher. Quincy had time to study the plantation, and saw that his people were put to excellent use everywhere; arranging flowers, decorating the Big House, sewing, cooking; ah, thought Quincy, this is Eden. There was even a plantation choir, with no voice lower than soprano.

After a few months, Marse Loin inquired of the Diddler as to the progress of young Quincy. The Diddler allowed as how Quincy was the most advanced trainee he had yet encountered, and a credit to his disgrace.

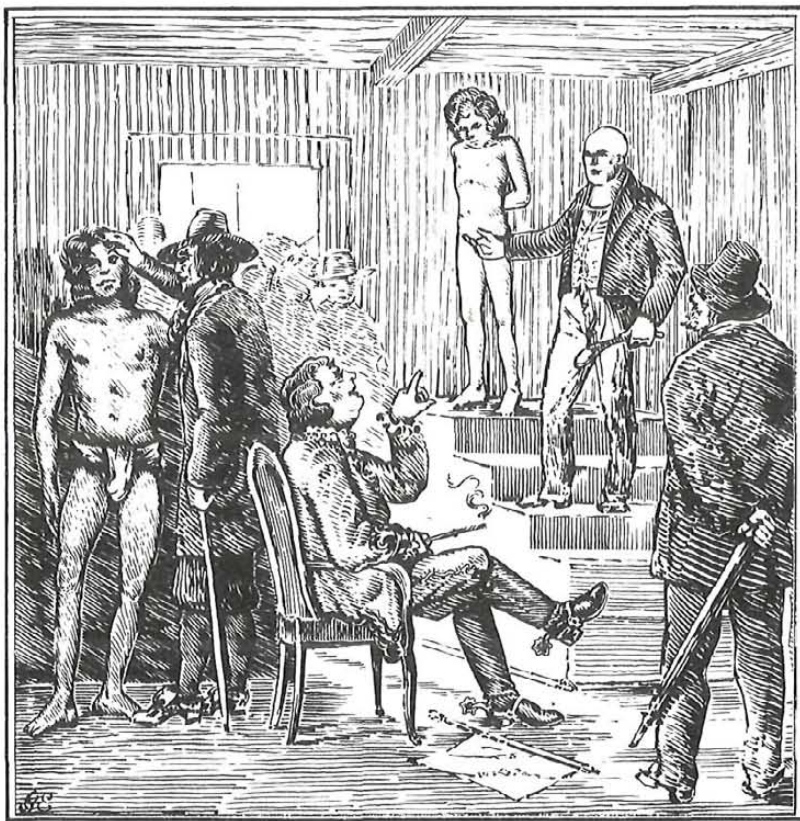
"Well, then," said Marse Loin, "bring him to me. It is time for the crops."

When the Diddler apprised Quincy of his new assignment, the bold white slave felt a wave of rage at what appeared to be a terrible betrayal. He vowed that he would never be anyone's field hand, not even his beloved Marse Loin's. He was meant to stoop for something stiffer than cotton. His proud English blood rebelled. It was one thing to be humiliated, but this was just ridicule. He planned his escape, and when no one was looking, made fast for the forest. Taking sight on the north star, he headed south, for he had heard stories that down the river there were masters who really knew something about making flesh jump. He was meant to be a houseboy, not a field hand. He cursed the insipid weakness of these stupid Americans, who indiscriminately dispensed respect without expecting obedience. His father had been right, this was a Godless democracy. But poor Quincy was no match for the territory. The dogs soon caught up with his scent (a fragrant Bay Rum), and by daybreak, he was

Exposition, deck c, H.M.S. Porkword



The "B" deck, shown here, was second in popularity only to steerage.



Gone, gone with the wind. All power to the strong people!

back in Marse Loin's study.

When his master threatened Quincy with a real licking, his spirits improved only a little. But he was overjoyed when he learned that he had misunderstood the Diddler, and with tears of gratitude, Quincy accepted the master's stern application of the hard leather riding crops, which were for a horse of a different color. But runaway white slaves were more exquisitely punished. Quincy was given the option of a castration or amputation. He submitted willingly, and in the morning, he was singing coloratura.

Stains on the Horizon

And so the years passed. Marse Loin laid Quincy Kincaid, and the family tree was planted. But outside of the happy South, vicious moralists with nothing better to do than making trouble for decent folk were spreading lies about "the involuntary nature of this peculiar institution." Harriet Beecher Meat's *Uncle Tomcat's Closet* so enraged the North that a president was elected simply on his promise to end white slavery. In the future, he promised, men would only be rented, not bought.

When Confederate troops, "the boys in pink," fired on Fort Sumpter,

Quincy and thousands of other white slaves volunteered to lay down their lives as they had laid down their bodies. But they were no match for the Northern armies. Allowing himself to be taken prisoner, with promises that Andersonville was better than any plantation, the back of "Ricky Rebel" was soon broken.

After the war, men carrying tacky "canvas bags" roamed the South, instituting the terrible James Earl Crow laws. All the emancipated white slaves suffered. If your grandfather had a lisp, you couldn't work as a

pullman porter. Men with limp wrists were forbidden to enter washrooms in groups of three. Worst of all, former white slaves were allowed the use of public parks only during daylight hours. Thousands of Quincy's kinsmen hung themselves from oak trees, encouraged by voluble crowds of onlookers.

Quincy was a very old man, and he felt a deep sadness that he had no progeny to carry on his tradition, learned so well in England and later at the hands and feet of Marse Loin and the Diddler, both of whom had gone on to a better punishment.

So Quincy adopted a young orphan, Chicken Hawk George, and secretly initiated him into the ways of consensual bondage, and the two were a poignant sight on the back roads of the South, the young boy pulling a buggy while Quincy whipped him merrily. Then came that terrible day when Quincy, who had been born free and lived happily a slave, stretched beyond his measure, turned his belly to the ground as he had when he was born, and died. Chicken Hawk George buried his teacher in the kneeling position, and swore that some day his people would be in chains again.

Taking odd jobs wherever he could, Chicken Hawk roamed the South, often running a few steps ahead of the law. Sometimes he would hide in the cellars of the old underground railroad stations, those remote farmhouses dotted across the countryside where Canadians had stayed on their way from Toronto to New Orleans.

When he had gathered a motley tribe of a few hundred bedraggled souls, he took them to Williams, Ten-



Quincy was no match for the vicious attack dogs.

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To Be Offered at
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1. DENNIS, aged 24 years, a first rate cook, and without exception, one of the most competent servants in the country. Washer and ironer, does up lace, and in every respect a first rate character.

2. DAMIAN, aged 23 years, speaks French and English, loves Greek culture and a valuable tutor to children.

3. QUINCY, aged 15 years, just in from England, and what a find, strong intelligent, and of a submissive disposition. Must be seen to be appreciated, would make excellent house and/or whipping boy.

4. FRANK, a good soul, though slightly damaged owing to lifetime service as mascot to Atlanta 54th Volunteers Armory.

5. PHILIP, aged 34, a superior hairdresser, seamster and player of music. Understands perfectly well the management of a home.

6. WILLIAM, aged 25, a good hand with thread and needle, flower arranger par excellence, has few equals for honesty, personal hygiene and discretion.

7. GEORGE, aged 27, lately arrived from the old world. Has impressive thighs and a rascally demeanor.

These handbills were referred to as "menus."

nessee, a remote corner of the state, far from prying eyes. There, under the guise of a communal farm, Chicken Hawk established a society where might made right and the meek inherited the dirt. It was he who assumed the distasteful task of being the master, but he took heart from the old spiritual, "Go Down, Pharoah, Take Me Back to Egypt Land."

From Tennessee, Chicken Hawk made forays into the surrounding countryside, preaching the gospel of submission. He even went north, and infiltrated bastions of grimness, establishing a new lineage. He laid the Yale swim team of '96, who laid Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who laid Ezra Taft Benson, who laid the entire Truman cabinet.

When Chicken Hawk died, the history of his struggle was only beginning. I was born in Tennessee, and lived in the closet with my family; but I took great heart from the old stories. The oral tradition was more than lip service, and in that, we had no greater master than my own Uncle Reamer. What joy it was to hear him tell the story of wily Bre'er Rabbit, especially when the little thumper fooled the Marse when he said, "Oh Ghod, do with me what you will, but if you must throwme into that horrid steambath, you rent the locker."

Often he would sing the praises of Quincy Kincaid, who was brought to this land from a strange place, where trucks were lorries, and deltas were estuaries, and men could keep it up for a whole fortnight.

History was on my backside. In its monumental 1954 decision, *Broun v.*



Although Titus Wadd III, president of First National Security Bullion Bond of Boston, "passed" for almost half a century, those in the know could divine his true origin.

the Board of Sex Education, the Supreme Court held that corporal punishment was a legitimate form of religious expression. My people experienced a new flush of self-disrespect. We held rallies in every major city, chanting, "Black and blue is beautiful" and, "Two, four, six, eight, we all wanna flagellate!" Police escorts with cattle prods were a welcome com-

plement to our forced marches on Washington.

But the future belongs to the youth of America, and from infant training ("spare the rod and spoil the child") to the groves of academe, we made our presence felt. If our enemies could claim a victory in the coeducation of Princeton, we could point with pride to the Bennington dance department. Truly, it was a Greek revival.

Through these exciting times, I spent seventeen wonderful years as personal maid to a Jersey City stevedore, and with my Sissy Security pension, entered the long battle against prison reform.

But I could not shake the determination to know more about my past, and I was hungry to know more about Quincy Kincaid; who he was and what his life was really like. My quest took twelve years. I traveled 500,000 miles, I searched through piers, trucks, baths, and bars, I cruised attics and archives.

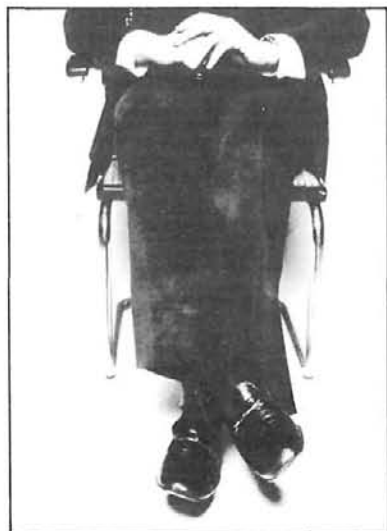
And one day, in a men's room below a great metropolitan train station, I met an executive of ABC, and he said, "You ever done it for money?"

"No," I said, "but there's always a first time."

And I called my story *Froofs*. □

SECRET HOMOSEXUAL CODE SIGNALS

compiled by
P.J. O'Rourke



LEGS CROSSED AT THE ANKLES:
"I want to blow you."



LEGS CROSSED AT THE KNEES:
"I want you to bugger me."



**LEGS CROSSED, RIGHT ANKLE
ON LEFT KNEE:**
*"I want to blow you right after you've
buggered me, but first I want you to piss
all over my face."*



GESTURING WITH EYEGLASSES:
*"You wanna know how many guys I've
gone down on? I've got syphilis of the
breath—that's how many guys
I've gone down on!"*



GESTURING WITH PIPESTEM:
*"Oh, please, let me handle your huge,
throbbing member for just one beautiful
minute."*



**BUFFING OF THE SHOE TOP
ON OPPOSITE TROUSER LEG:**
*"I regularly molest my own nine-year-old
son."*



A FIRM HANDSHAKE:
"Can I watch you in the bathroom?"



A HEARTY PAT ON THE BACK:
"I leave slices of bread in the urinal, and then come back later and nibble on them."



A FIRM HANDSHAKE AND A HEARTY PAT ON THE BACK:
"I'll pay to eat your bowel movements."



GIVING THE "O.K." SIGN:
"There are four Turkish freighters docked downtown, and my asshole is bleeding like a bitch."



GIVING THE "THUMBS-UP" SIGN:
"Can I jack off on your shoes?"



STYLIZED "PISTOL GESTURE" ACCOMPANIED BY A CLICKING SOUND AND (OPTIONALLY) A WINK OF THE EYE:
"I have some Crisco and a rubber surgical glove over at my house, and you can come over and give me a knuckle enema if you want to."

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SNOTS

REMEMBER HOW SOME OF THE THINGS CREATED BY ADULTS FOR YOU TO DO LOOKED GREAT, HOW MOST OF THE OTHERS WENT FROM SO-SO TO TIRING, AND HOW A FEW WERE SO BAD IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE THEY'D BEEN MADE UP?

MY DAD WAS A GOPHER, THEN HE WENT ON TO BECOME AN OPOSSUM. I KNOW HE WANTS ME TO JOIN.

MINE TOO, BUT I DON'T KNOW...

WELCOME TO GOPHER HALL

I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE IDEA OF WALKING AROUND IN THAT SILLY UNIFORM!

BOBBY ROSS MARCHED IN THE VETERANS' DAY PARADE LAST YEAR AND FAINTED!

WHAT DO THEY DO TO YOU IF YOU'RE A GOPHER AND YOU LIE?

A GOPHER'S OATH

I WILL NOT
I WILL NOT
I WILL NOT
I WILL NOT
I WILL NOT
I WILL NOT

FOUNDER

HI, THERE, BOYS. HAVE YOU YOUNG FELLOWS COME TO "GO FOR THE GOPHERS"?

NO, SIR, THANK YOU, SIR!

WE WERE JUST LOOKING, SIR!

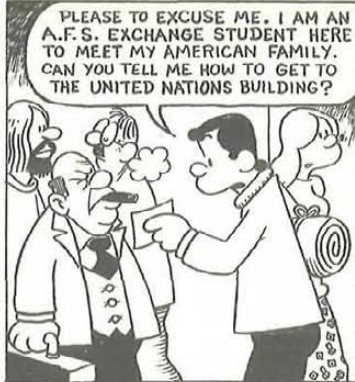
LEADER

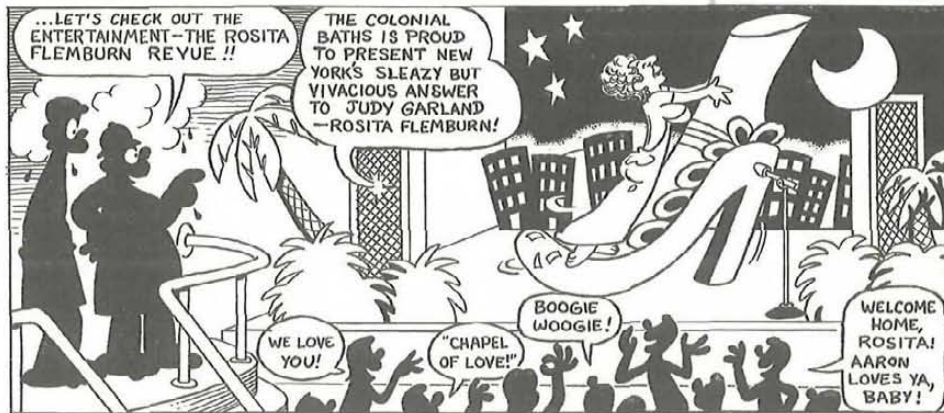
I DON'T CARE WHAT MY FATHER SAYS-I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR THAT KIND OF LIFE!

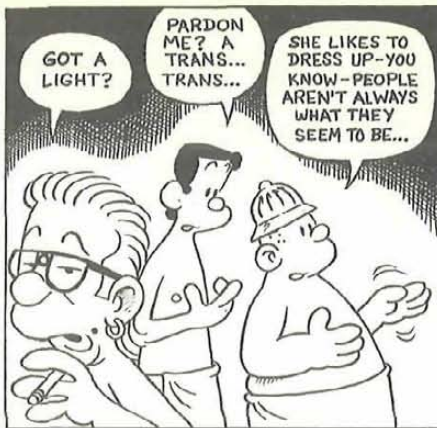
ME, NEITHER!

Graham Wilson

THE BATHS



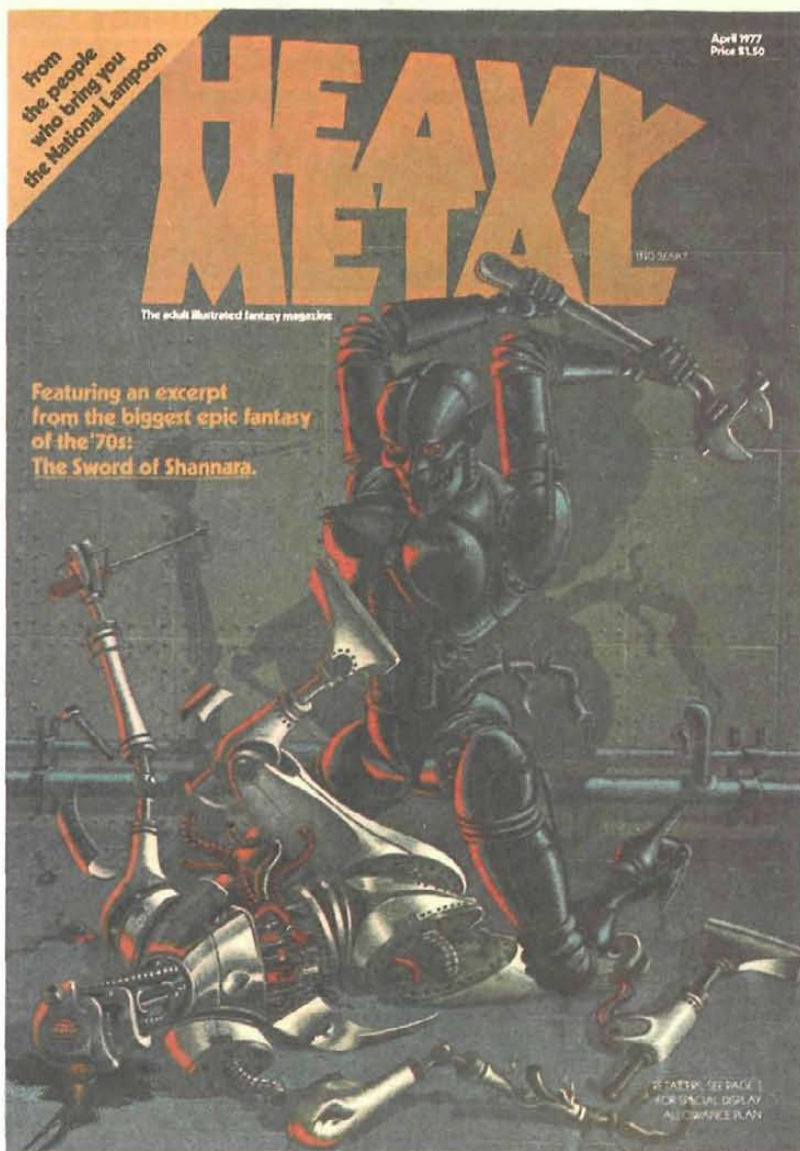




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DACHSHUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

CONCLUSION

F. THORNE



IN THE LAST EPISODE, DANGER RANGERETTE LEARNED THAT A PACK OF WILD BEARS LED BY A ROGUE DACHSHUND HAD RAIDED THE MEAT DEPARTMENT AT THE SEVEN ELEVEN STORE.

... HEARD SOMETHING AT THE DOOR AN' JUST BARELY HAD TIME TO HIDE TH' MAGAZINE I'VE READING WHEN THEY COME BUSTING IN AND SAVAGELY ATTACK THE MEAT DEPARTMENT!

GONNA NEED THE TRANQ GUN, ROPES, A LADDER, AND PLENTY OF MAKE-UP.

DEEP IN THE HILLS OF THE NATIONAL PARK, DANGER RANGERETTE FINDS THE PACK OF WILD BEARS.

CAREFULLY BRACING THE TRANQUILIZER GUN, DANGER RANGERETTE DRAWS A BEAD ON THE WIENER DOG...

OH NO!

WHAT A TRAGEDY! I MUST HAVE HAD THE TRANQUILIZER GUN SET ON WHALE ...

WELL, I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THIS SAD ACCIDENT WILL TEACH PEOPLE NOT TO LEAVE THEIR DOGS BEHIND IN OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

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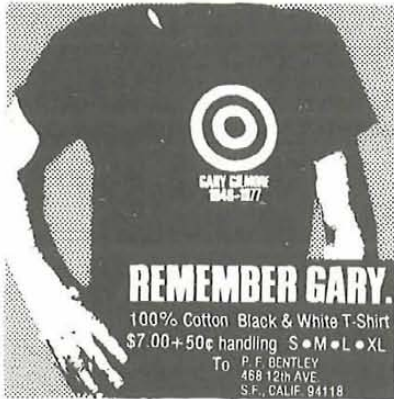
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IF YOU CANNOT ATTEND A WAR.. SIT BACK... RELAX... AND THE WAR WILL ATTEND TO YOU.....

POOP KINGS!

1 THE BATWING INSISTS ON FIGHTING THE ENTIRE BATTLE SINGLE-HANDED! HUGH IS IN FAVOR OF THIS PLAN..

DO IT!! DO IT!! HURRY UP!!

FRED! I DOUBT I CAN REMAIN CALM MUCH LONGER. HYSTERIA IS APPROACHING.. FRED!! FRED!!

HERE IT COMES... FIRST THE WINDUP... THEN THE SUNDAY PUNCH!

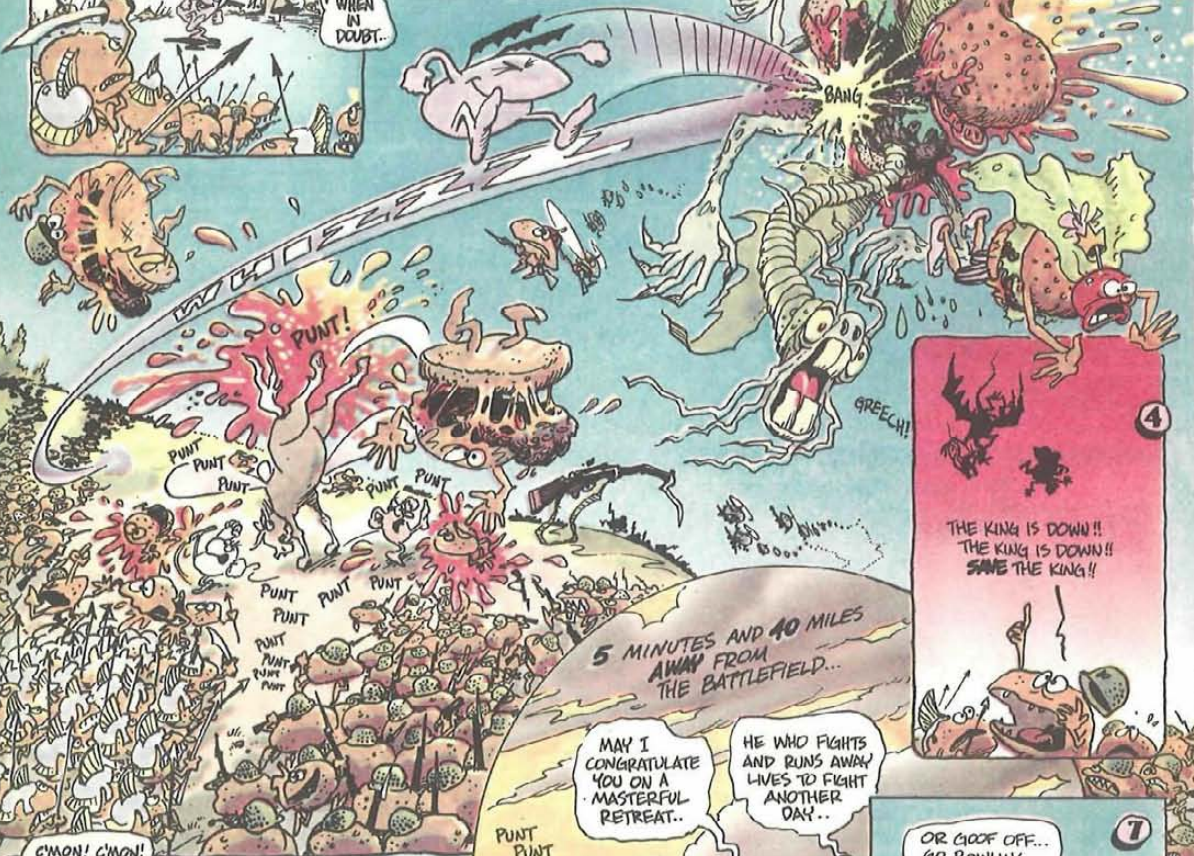
NO QUARTER!

YOU KNOW THE RULES, BOB... WHEN IN DOUBT..

2 PUNT?! PUNT?? YES! PUNT! PUNT!



3



4 THE KING IS DOWN!! THE KING IS DOWN!! SAVE THE KING!!

5 MINUTES AND 40 MILES AWAY FROM THE BATTLEFIELD...

MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU ON A MASTERFUL RETREAT..

HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY..

5 C'MON! C'MON! PUT 'EM UP! PUT 'EM UP!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE'RE STILL HERE!

ARRAHH!

PUNT PUNT PUNTA PUNTA PUNT PUNT

6 PUNT PUNT PUNT PUNT PUNT PUNT

I WON'T BELIEVE IT IF WE STAY HERE..

7 OR GOOF OFF... GO BOWLING... HANG OUT ON STREET CORNERS...

ABSOLUTELY!

PUNT PUNKA POOPA POCKA POP REEP

PUNT PUNKA POOPA POCKA POP REEP

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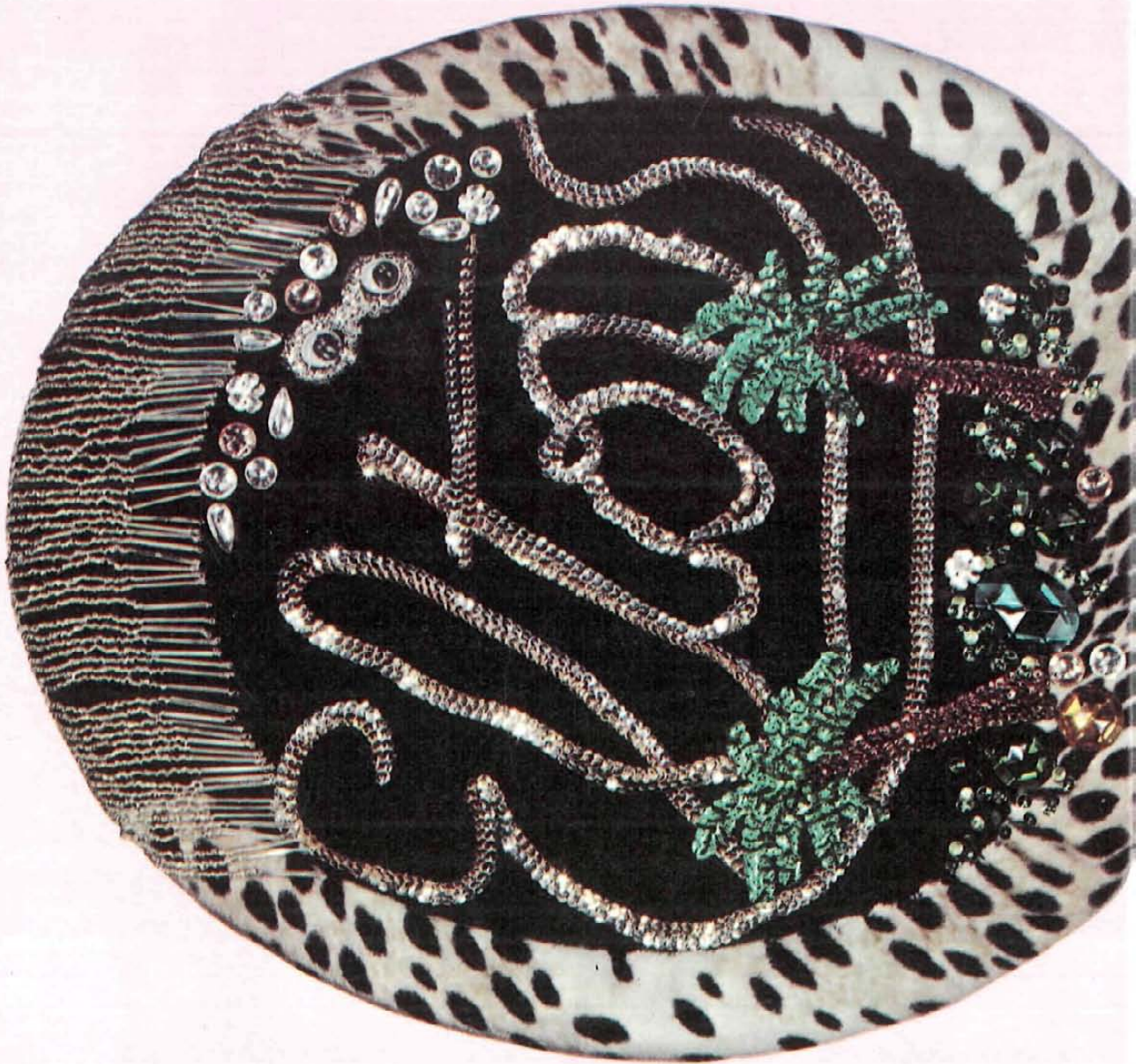
The Washington Hillbillies

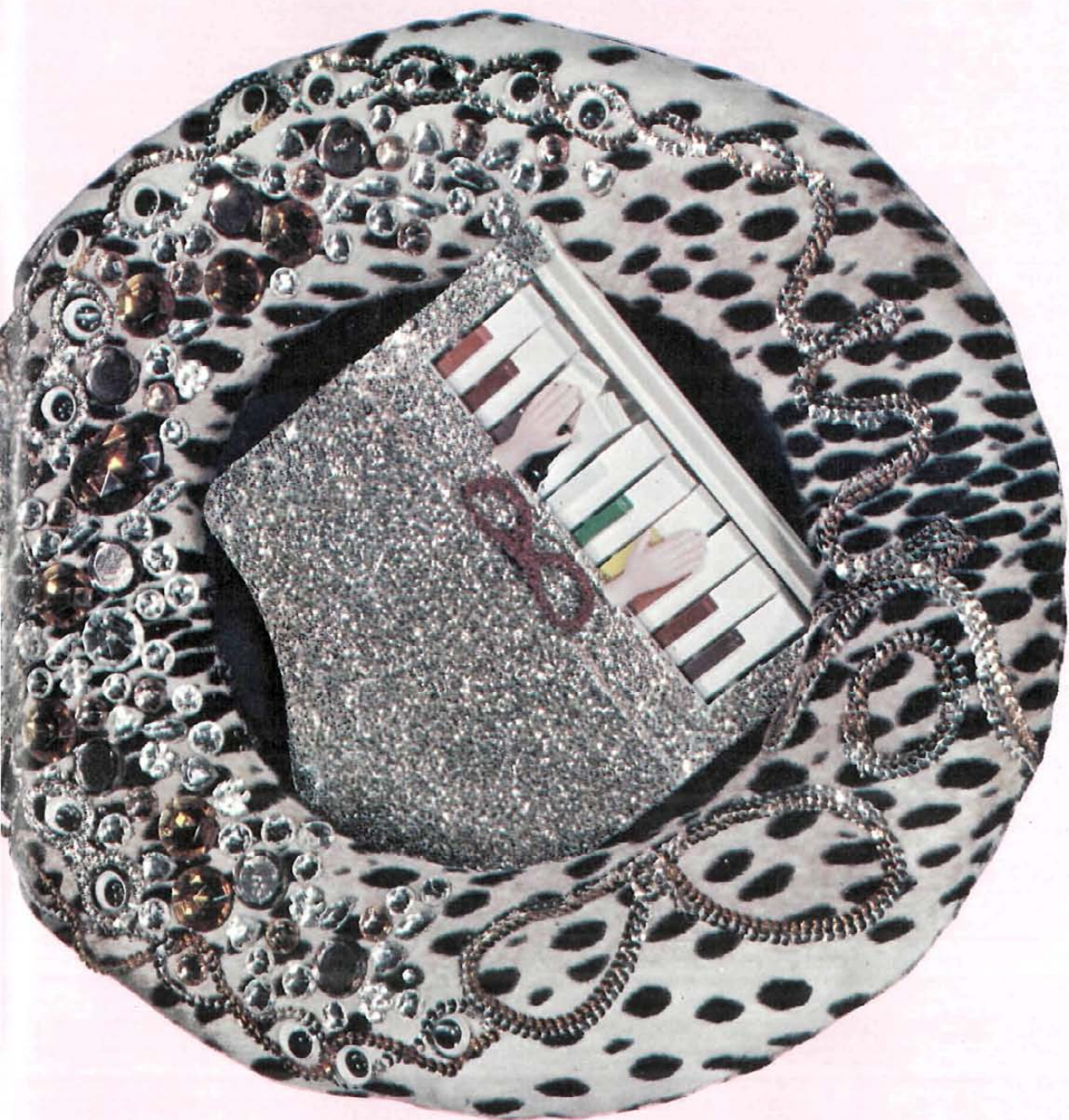
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Elton's John
sculpture by Charles White III



YET ANOTHER EXCERPT STILL FROM

UNPAID BILLS

by Truman Garbage

"There have been more tears shed over unpaid bills than over any others."

—The Author's Accountant

Editor's Note: For some years now, Mr. Garbage has been devoting his time exclusively to the writing of a major novel, Unpaid Bills. Several excerpts from this work-in-progress have already appeared in other publications: most notably, Le Boeuf et Brew, 1965, which told the tale of a wealthy society matron whose breath was murder, and Red Desert, the story of a woman who deliberately left her blind husband in a Michelangelo Antonioni movie. More recently, we have

been treated to the appearance in print of Horrible Icky People, Part of the Middle and Some of the End of My Big New Book, and Sky King's Niece, Penny. Now, the honor of publishing Mr. Garbage's latest segment of Unpaid Bills has fallen to the National Lampoon. Therefore, without further comment, even though it doesn't seem to be quite finished and really could use a lot of work, we are pleased to present...

"Coco Chanel used to fart in bed and pull the sheets up over her nose." It was Mrs. Important Last Name, "Impy" to her friends, who was doing the talking—a big, breezy, peppy broad built exactly like a man in every detail, and raised on a ranch in Cleveland. We were sitting in the good booth next to the steam table in Le Café au Lait. Outside, it was a day filled with [adverb adjective adverb adjective], but inside the hallowed precincts of Le Café, all was [use *tout le monde*, *art deco*, and *snob-bisme*—especially *snobbisme*]. Le Café is owned by Monsieur au Lait, the same fabled restaurateur who for years ran La Côte of Brisket—that landmark of *très chic* where ordinary rich people or garden variety celebrities were merely shown to a comfortable table and served a delicious meal, but where the truly, truly select were made to squat outdoors on the sidewalk and eat offal. Le Café is a more casual restaurant—a simple seat close to the men's room is enough to show the esteem in which you're held by its proprietor, and Impy and I could see every inch of the urinals (not that many men pee standing up in Le Café).

Lee Radziwill came in the door, and was shown to a table with Andrew

LA RENT EST DUE

Mellon, Dick Van Dyke, Garry and Pierre Trudeau, and Baron Rothschild-Lafite. Le Café is a quiet bastion of wealth, a watering hole for the world's great fortunes, a culinary retreat at midday for the well-heeled and the well-fixed. And Impy could afford it. This was her milieu. She had married a doctor.

Brandon De Wilde was seated next to us with Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Countess Maria Ties. Monty Python came in with Houghton Mifflin and Tatum O'Neal. Charo was having cocktails with Anheuser Busch, the young brewery heir. And Merrill Lynch, Pierce Fenner, Jean Shrimpton, and Ralston Purina arrived with a very prominent woman who's the Queen of England. Carol Channing had been there yesterday.

Impy and I were having brunch together—a sort of combination breakfast and lunch—but when Monsieur au Lait glided to our table with menu in hand, Impy regally waved him away,

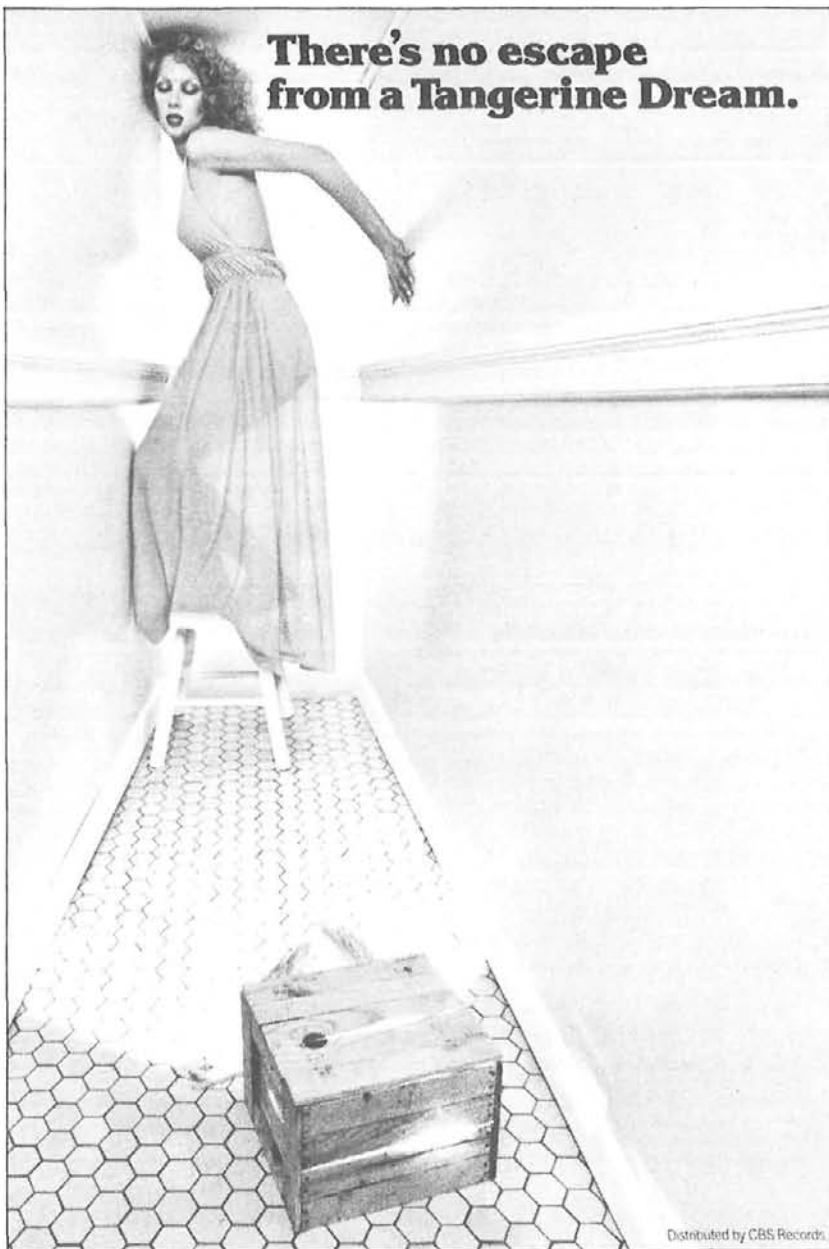
ordering instead bottle after bottle of [call Byron over at *Esquire* and get the name of that really expensive kind of Cold Duck].

My name is P.J. Clarke, and I'm of two minds—whether to skillfully weave my personal history into the warp and woof of a subtle plot structure that evolves through the play and counterplay of mimetic imagery to reveal my narrative point of view as an integral part of this literary work, or whether to just dump my life story into your lap out of sheer lack of writing ability.

I've been peddling my ass since before I could walk. When I was six months old, I was already performing sex acts for money, or even for a change of diapers. I wouldn't shit in my potty unless somebody gave me a quarter. I said, "If you want the kinky stuff, you're going to have to pay." Later, when I was growing up, I wouldn't jack off unless I found money under the couch cushions. I'd suck the legs of a chair just to sit down. There was nothing I wouldn't do, and where I grew up, everybody was queer, too. All the kids in the neighborhood were queer. The nuns at school were queer. A lot of the trees and plants in our yard were queer. My dad was queer—the only way he could get mom preg-

continued

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TANGERINE DREAM TOUR GUIDE

3/29	Riverside Theatre Milwaukee, Wisc.	4/2	Cleveland Music Hall Cleveland, Ohio	4/18	Paramount Seattle, Wash.
3/31	Ford Aud. Detroit, Mich.	4/4	Lisner Aud. Washington, D.C.	4/20	Paramount Portland, Oreg.
4/1	Aragon Ballroom Chicago, Ill.	4/5	Avery Fisher Hall New York, N.Y.	4/25	Santa Monica Civic Aud. Los Angeles, Calif.
		4/6	Tower Theatre Philadelphia, Pa.	4/26	Berkeley Comm. Theatre San Francisco, Calif.

Unpaid Bills

continued

nant was to blow himself and spit at her ass. I even had queer toys. I let my teddy bear fuck me up the ass. But he had to give me his little burton eyes first. You bet he did.

Then, when I was four, I ran away from home and this real rich man was passing by in his jet airplane and gave me a lift. He had me stick beans in his ears with my peter. He was really in love with me, and gave me bundles of money and took me all over the world. We went yachting in Aspen and skied the Riviera, and he taught me all the really important things to know if you're going to be friends with high society types, like that you're supposed to keep the napkins and wash them and use them over again, and don't wear a blue suit without socks. Since then, I've been everywhere, even Europe, and always hung around with really, really rich people who just adore me because I'm so good-looking and have lots of manners even though right now I'm living in the YMCA and am a male whore. Or was, until I got this job as the self-conscious motor-mouthed narrator in Truman's new novel just in case anybody sues. That's why it's really important to remember that I'm very good-looking. That way, you won't get me mixed up with Truman. I'm really good-looking and people pay to fuck me, so this can't possibly be Truman's thinly-disguised real life story, because can you imagine anybody paying to fuck Truman? That would be perverted.

Actually, Truman wasn't so bad-looking when he was young, but he sold his soul in a Polish Dorian Gray deal. He made an agreement with the devil so that the photograph on the back of his first novel's dust jacket will always remain exactly the same, and all the horrible disgusting stuff happens to him.

Over the empty Cold Duck bottles, Impy begins a fascinating story of scandal and intrigue, all completely true, involving Lauren Bacall, the Tate-La Bianca killings, and three presidents of the United States. None of the names have been changed, either. It begins in the August 1968 *Esquire* and continues in February and June 1969, then in *Argosy* (May 1970), *McCall's* (December 1971), *Commonweal* (March 1973), *The Kansas City Star Daily Magazine Section* (September 15, 1975), and ends as a poem

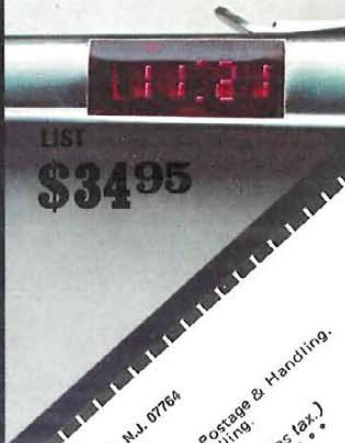
continued on page 89

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Are You Cruising with Me, Lord?



met you in a bar.

No one else could see you, but I *knew* a very special person had just walked into my life.

I let you buy me a drink.

I liked your style.

You didn't come on too strong. You were gentle, friendly, warm.

You asked me about myself, and I found myself pouring out my heart to you.

I told you about shame and guilt, anger and loneliness. Especially the loneliness, the terrible solitude of those nights when my body was so close to another man's, but our hearts and minds were so far apart.

You listened. You could accept what I was saying.

Then you told me how you too were "different" from others.

You told me about society's abuse and mistrust. About the nights alone on Galilean hillsides.

You told me what they did to your body, the most beautiful body any man has ever had.

But then you told me about love and forgiveness.

You smiled when you talked of your love for all mankind.

I smiled, too.

You held my hand as we looked deep into each others' eyes.

There were tears in mine. Tears of joy.

We had found each other, you and I.

I went home with you that night.

It was the best.

It was *real*.

Let's go cruising. Together.

Let's hit those bars and baths and pick up a few more souls.

Let's do it tonight. And the night after, too.

You've got my number. Just dial L-O-V-E and charge it to my heart.

You great big beautiful son of God.

Unpaid Bills

continued from page 86

in last week's *New Yorker*. Though you probably won't be able to make heads or tails out of it without referring to the October 1968 *Redbook* "Short Short Story Complete on These Two Pages."

In the meantime, I listen to the conversations buzzing around me. I could just overhear Wallis Simpson, huddled with Margaux Hemingway and Ford Maddox Ford, whispering the story of Judge Crater. "Changed his name to Karter," she intoned, "and had a chain of car washes in Buffalo and Rochester—'Karter's Kar Kleen,' I think they're called. Son by his second marriage still runs them. Never found out who his old man really was."

Two tables away, Stavros Niarchos was tête-à-tête with Mrs. Robert Taft. "It was never really a government spy mission," she was saying, "she was just supposed to keep her eyes open. But she was captured. Naturally, they treated her very respectfully. 'Missy Ealhalt this...' and 'Missy Ealhalt that...'. She was really rather enjoying herself, I'd say. Died of intestinal blockage in 1944, in Kyoto."

Closer to our left, Bianca Jagger and the president of General Motors discussed assassinations. "Actually," sighed Bianca, "the second gunman was one floor down in the Book Depository and three windows to the left—Sergio Connors, a half-Mexican, half-Irish guy. The same fellow who shot Marty King."

"Oh, yeah. I remember him," said the president.

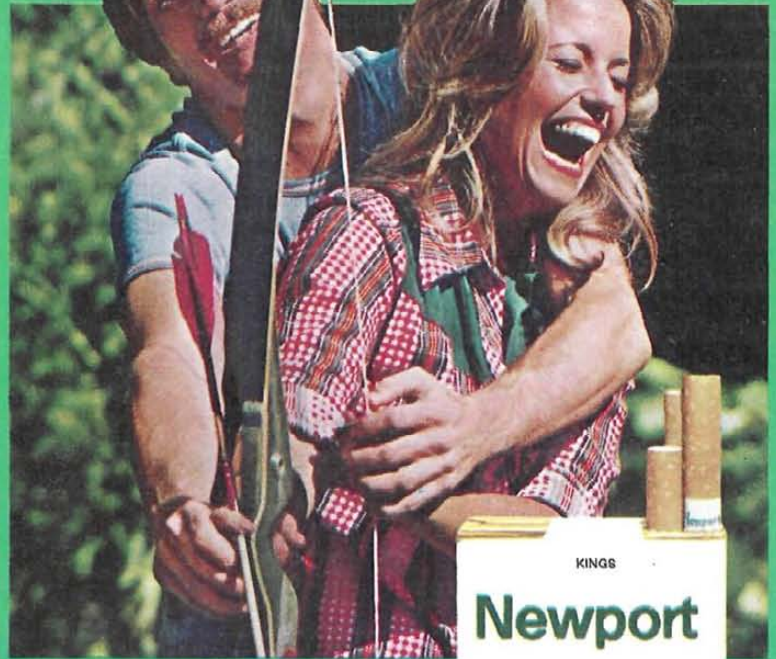
"Well, he lives right over in Queens, 35-06 Woodside Avenue, Apartment 9 or 10L, I can never remember which."

Farther away but still audible were Esther Williams and Nadia Comaneci chatting with Nelson Rockefeller (whose close friends call him "Deep Throat"). Esther was telling them about the real Howard Hughes will: "Sizable trust funds for the family, of course, but the bulk of the estate's left to the Aerospace Museum at the Smithsonian. It's all perfectly signed and witnessed and notarized, and it's in the Ogden, Utah, Public Library, tucked inside the flyleaf of *World Enough and Time* by Robert Penn Warren. But it's been ages since anybody checked out one of Bobby's books."

"You know that story, 'The Lady or the Tiger?'" The one by Frank

continued

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cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.

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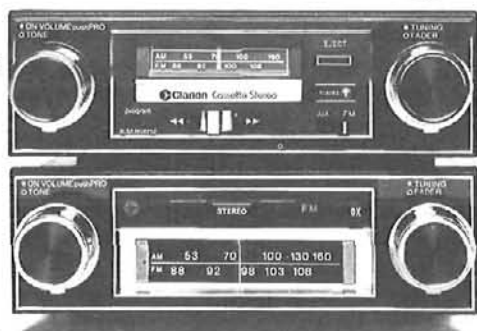
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bination cassette AM/FM stereo radio. Both models have outstanding features such as no foul tape mechanisms with extra long life motors, automatic gain control to pull in long dis-

tance signals and keep nearby signals sharp, and front/rear fader controls. They also have internally adjustable side to side balance controls, precise phase-lock-loop integrated circuits to detect multiplex, automatic stereo/mono switches and illuminated, easy to read tape slots. Exclusive to the PE 618A 8-track is vertical head tracking for better tape reproduction, while the PE 666A cassette features automatic reverse which operates at both normal speeds and at locking fast forward/fast rewind.

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Unpaid Bills

continued

Stockton?" I was listening again to Wally Simpson. "Well, he gets the lady. The man in the iron mask was just some petty noble who killed his wig-maker. He wore that mask all the time because he had a harelip. And the last five bars of Schubert's 'Unfinished Symphony' go like this:



It was just the usual small talk of the very rich, who are indeed different from you and me—they have tails. Little short ones with smooth silky hairs, right at the base of the spine. If you ever want to know whether somebody is very rich or not, just pull down their pants. If they're very rich, they'll have a tail. No kidding.

Impy orders more Cold Duck. I ponder life: Dean Martin doesn't drink nearly as much as he pretends to. But William Faulkner used to drink a lot. So did F Scott Fitzgerald. Cole Porter was queer. None of the other Beatles like John's wife, Yoko. Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas were lesbians. Don Rickles insults everybody all the time, but in private, he's really a kind-hearted guy. Somerset Maugham was queer. President Eisenhower had an affair with his female chauffeur during World War II. Elron John is queer. Tyrone Power was actually very short. David Bowie is queer, and I think Paul Lynde is, but I'm not sure. Anyway, "Hollywood Squares" is all rehearsed ahead of time. Janis Joplin used to take a lot of pills. And Princess Margaret wants a divorce. James Baldwin is queer.

I know these things because of all the really famous and important people that I hang out with all the time, and the only reason that I'm living at the Y and being a male prostitute is because something *really*, *really* terrible happened to me, but I don't know what it was because Truman left the plot outline on a bus. But I'll tell you something I *do* know. I know that this isn't parody. I mean, what you're reading right now. Because parody implies some respect, however grudging, for what's being parodied. Parody pays its subject a backhanded compliment. This is not parody. This is Truman being dragged through the gutter and peed on by dogs. That's what they're doing to Truman. They're kicking him right in

continued on page 94

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Ronald Namesch

continued from page 60

and subbasements. I'm always down in the boiler room in my job, you see," he said. "Maybe it does something to my outlook on life. I admit it—I don't have the artistic temperament. I'm a plain, ordinary person, and so was Ronald all his life. I liked Ronald that way. And I thought he was happy, too. I mean, I had no idea what kind of kid he really was, because he never gave me a hint. I'm a good custodial engineer, but now I have my doubts about how good a father I am."

Ronald's mother, Teresa, is a plump, plain woman in her mid-forties who is a housewife and sells cosmetics door-to-door as a sideline. She admits to being complacent about Ronald's state of mind for the same reasons as her husband's. "We just always left let him alone. But he was always there. I mean, he came home from school, he ate with us. Sometimes he went out with his friends to a bowling alley or to a movie. And he always came home before midnight. He did fairly O.K. in school, and it was too early to make plans for college. He would go into his room, lock the door, and be very quiet. But I'm sure he never did anything bad."

Just when it looked as though Ronald would disappear off the face of the earth, the Namesches received a phone call. The caller would not identify himself, but advised them that if they wanted their son back, they should keep a watch on a certain Greenwich Village address where the boy now lived. The caller described the new Ronald carefully. The Namesches were stunned. At first, they thought it was a tasteless, cruel practical joke. But the caller described what Ronald had gone through in the past three months, and what he had become. The Namesches still didn't really believe him, but this was the only clue they had.

The private detective agency hired by the Namesches recommended a strong course of action. The only way their son could be rescued from his fate was to have him taken away and completely rehabilitated. Ronald was still a minor, and could be forcibly removed. It would not be considered kidnapping, they said.

And there was only one man who could rehabilitate Ronald. He would be put in the hands of Miles Dandy, a former semipro football player, pimp,

continued

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Unpaid Bills

continued from page 90

his withered old cunt, pumping lye up his touchhole, dousing him in No-Nox, and setting him alight in a ditch. Metaphorically speaking, of course. But what do I care? I'm just the fag narrator. And anyway, you should see the movie deal. Whew!

Here's Truman's laundry list:

- 6 shirts (no starch)
- 1 bathrobe
- 12 bed sheets (presoak!)
- 5 prs. Bermuda shorts
- 8 prs. jockey shorts size 52
- ultrabrief
- 1 truss
- 2 dish towels
- 4 hankies

This book is the real stuff, alright. The real inside dirt. A lot of people have committed suicide since the first

excerpt was published: an out-of-work electrician in Dayton, a teenage mother of four in Memphis, and a woman with incurable cancer in Maine. Just to name three. It's a *roman à clef*, you see. Truman's calling the bus company right now about the plot. Incidentally, there's no truth whatsoever in that rumor that lots of the writing is being done by a fifteen-year-old boy he picked up in the Greyhound station. Christ, I'm practically twenty.

Back in Le Café, all the famous people who ever lived on earth have just spilled the beans about everything you ever heard of. Monsieur au Lait has told a waiter to pick them up. Truman's tired now. He wants me to go help him make wee-wee. Is this 2,500 words yet? That's what we promised Hendra. Close enough for government work, huh?

continued on the moon

Ronald Namesch

continued

and all-around entrepreneur. The story went that Dandy's own son was a victim of one of the homosexual churches, and he devised his special methods to save the boy. Since then, Dandy vowed to save every fag freak he could find. He became a professional rehabilitator, and called himself "De Programmer." Dandy was so tough and mean that he was banned from the professional football leagues. He was the living model for the joke about, "What do you call a six-foot nine-inch, three-hundred-pound black man?" (Answer: "Sir.")



On March 15, 1977, the boy who fit the anonymous caller's description walked out of a Greenwich Village

townhouse. It was late evening, and the street was quiet. The detectives and Dandy surrounded him, and forced him, kicking and screaming, into a car. Ronald Namesch was brought home.

The mysterious caller who put the finger on Ronald turned out to be the interior decorator who was Ronald's first lover. Ronald had since left him for many others. The decorator was a vain, arrogant man whose petulance easily outshone Ronald's. "Ronald had a streak of commonness in him that we would never erase. He really wasn't one of us," said the decorator, who agreed to talk to me months later. "Oh God, he was attractive, but he was too *manufactured*. The boys at the Church were really proud of Ronald. He was their Frankenstein monster. I thought he was a fake. You can't make gold out of shit."

The party was over for Ronald Namesch once Miles Dandy took over. Dandy was a black belt karate expert, and very quick on his feet for a huge man. He had permission from Ronald's parents to do whatever he pleased with the boy. Ronald was terrified.

"The first thing I do is I wrinkle the boy a little," said Dandy. "They always come out of those faggot churches too pretty. I rough 'em up a little to teach 'em to listen to me. It works faster than them brainwashing stuff the gooks and the Russians do."

Dandy clenched his massive right fist and pounded it into his left palm.

continued

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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 Dalling 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 Whyte 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 Felish 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 Family, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster # 4, and *Ivory* magazine.

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

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

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 Burk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove 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 *Poonbeet*.

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

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With *Unexciting Stories*, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Bartfart* 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 Barbra 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 1906 Bulge 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 Worst Monster, Parlourbook, Orayqami, and Cloo.

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

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent 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, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

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

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

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply*, Picasso, Art Deco, 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 Vietsname, and the Culture Values section.

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Ketauer 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, Calhoun 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 Fucck 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 Nuts, 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, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific 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.

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast.

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, *TV* magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and Dinah's Dumpster.

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Ronald Namesch

continued

"I fist fuck 'em...right in the face," he said, laughing. "Dey is nuttin de white boys is scared of more den a big boogie," he added, deliberately using a broad Amos 'n' Andy accent.

After the physical discipline, Dandy used the standard deprogramming techniques—shouting, harassing, challenging and ridiculing Ronald's beliefs. Behind these techniques is always the element of fear and intimidation. "I promise them that I will never let them out of my sight, so there's no chance of them going back and becoming faggots," said Dandy. "I got my agents all over the place who are always on the lookout for the cop-outs. I call them my boogie men. I tell kids like Ronald that the boogie men will get him if he don't behave. And they are pretty good fist fuckers, too. Besides, when I get through with these kids, they're not too pretty anymore. They wouldn't be much good for most faggots."

Being "not too pretty anymore" is the price a fag freak has to pay when he is deprogrammed by Dandy. Most parents are more than willing to pay this price. Dandy's fees are also quite high. He claims he has to charge high fees to maintain his large, vigilant organization. "They get many years of extra service from my company," said Dandy. "Nobody complains, 'cause I get results."

After Ronald's pliable plastic surgery features were reshaped by Dandy, it didn't take long for his mind to follow suit. He tearfully gave up his homosexual beliefs and lifestyle.

Now he had to be reprogrammed back into a typical teenager. First the face. Dandy force-fed him Big Macs, thick shakes, and every kind of junk food in the supermarket. His diet consisted of 90 percent sugar. Finally, Ronald's familiar teen-age acne reappeared. Dandy also made him grow his hair long, and use lots of greasy hair tonic. He bought the boy polyester wash-and-wear clothes from Sears and Two Guys. The Italian velvet suits and silk shirts were burned.

Of course, Ronald had to undergo a sexual conversion. Miles Dandy had access to the best female rehabilitators in the country, his former employees. Again, it was easy for Ronald to make the conversion after Dandy's hamlike fists drummed a rhythmical beat on his head, shoulders, stomach, and kidneys. "Some of those faggots

like it when I beat them up. That's bad. Very bad. That means they're too far gone to change over. But Ronald, he didn't want to get too mussed up. He was correctly scared shit. He knew his homo honeymoon was over."

Ronald admitted that going to bed with girls wasn't so bad. They were soft in the right places. It *did* feel good to put his member in a soft, liquidy, snug opening, an opening that seemed to have an active life of its own. He even began to have a preference for the black girls that Dandy provided for his conversion, but they were not available for permanent relationships. "If he wants 'em later, he can rent 'em from me," said Dandy, alluding to a sideline he evidently still practices.

The final phase of Ronald's deprogramming was a reintroduction to the teenage lifestyle. Now that he had his old looks and wardrobe, he had to hang out with his old friends again. This time, his parents bought him a souped up '73 Camaro with a CB radio and a cassette deck, so he could be genuinely popular and admired. Dandy taught him how to drink beer and pop Quaaludes and smoke cheap marijuana and still maintain a "cool" image. Ronald also listened to all the right rock 'n' roll music and mastered all the current teen slang and vocabulary, which consisted of nine words.

Dandy made him take a "driving test" to measure his real conversion. Ronald had to drive his Camaro on the Garden State Parkway in New Jersey for at least five straight exits, under the influence of a half a keg of beer and a dozen 'ludes. Dandy was alongside him if he faltered. Ronald did unusually well, going over one hundred miles before passing out.

As the final test in his deprogramming, Ronald had to go on a fag-hunting trip with his buddies, a perennially popular diversion practiced by New Jersey teenagers who roam the streets of Greenwich Village in search of their weaker brothers so they can punish them for their deviation and perversity; a blood sport no worse in their eyes than fox hunting.

With a slightly queasy feeling in his stomach, Ronald accompanied his buddies to the netherworld of the West Village docks. They were hunting for "queens," those particularly effeminate homosexuals who are most easily terrorized by physical violence. When they found their prey, the boys attacked with vigor and lusty good spirits. For a moment, Ronald couldn't hit the queens, couldn't

stomp their faces with his hobnailed boots. He recognized one of them as a friend from the Church (the homosexual did not recognize Ronald, who now had his old teenage look). Then the queasy moment passed. Ronald shrugged his shoulders, blinked, and swung at the queen, producing a shower of blood from the nose and the sound of a cracked tooth. Ronald had no idea if he felt good or not, but he continued to pummel the defenseless queen until the man was unconscious. Ronald had the same bland, neutral feeling about life that he brought with him on that fateful day last December in the bus terminal. He was on his way to becoming a normal boy again.

Today, Ronald looks reasonably happy. He hangs out at his neighborhood bowling alley and manages to buy plenty of beer, wine, and drugs. He has two girl friends and claims he "satisfies both with plenty left over." He certainly looks like the average teenager. To what extent the Church of Noel Coward infected his psyche is hard to predict. Miles Dandy claims that he rechannels all the teenager's overpowering sexual drives into their proper place. Perhaps this is so. But when we look into Ronald's eyes, we sense a deeper longing. There is already a sadness to his macho posturing. As a typical teenager of a typical nuclear family, he lacks a stable, central core—a discipline—a way of life that has all the answers to his questions, his insecurities and fears. This is what the Church of Noel Coward offered. In exchange for what society considers an unnatural sexual act, they gave boys like Ronald a beautiful, secure, meaningful lifestyle that encouraged creativity, wit, imagination, and elegance. When Ronald would cry out, "Who am I?" the Cowardites would answer, "You're a beautiful, stylish young man who is a promising café singer. And we will look after you and groom you to become a star."

Perhaps Ronald still dreams of the Cowardites and what he could have been. Of the trips to Acapulco and Gstaad, and the exciting parties in Paris, Rome, and the Riviera. Of the inner peace and security of belonging to a group that loved him. Of the romantic, almost dangerous persona he had created for himself. Who is to say he paid too high a price for security and love? What constitutes right and wrong? Only his heart has the the answers. □



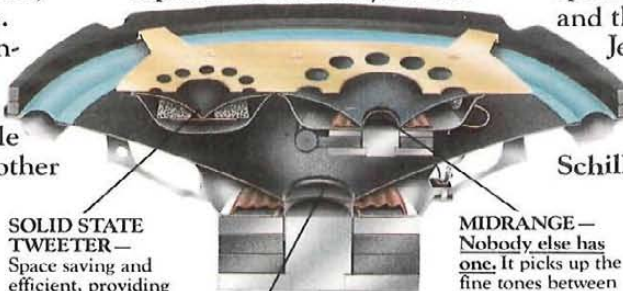
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