

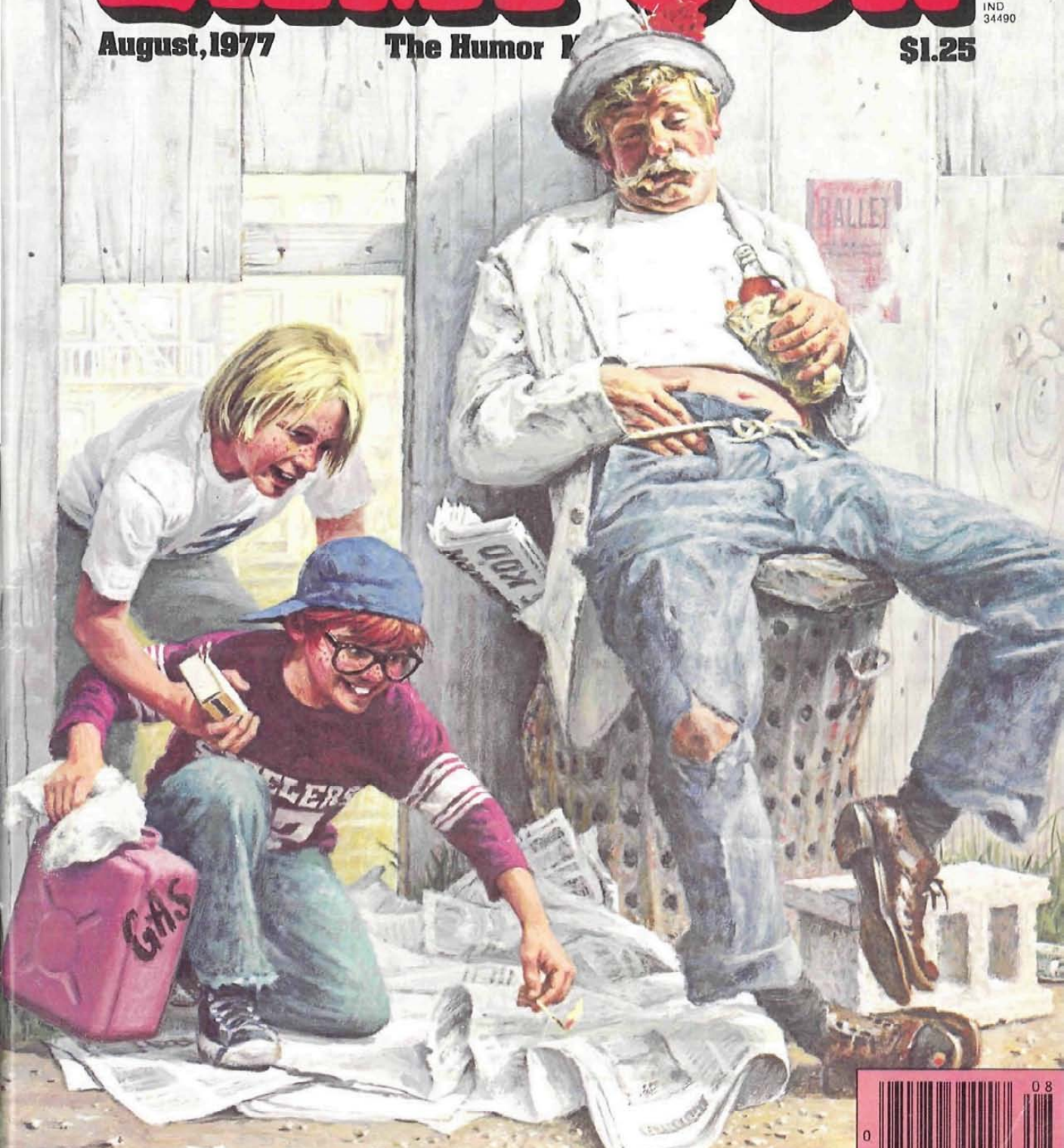
# CHEAP THRILLS NATIONAL LAMP<sup>®</sup> POON

August, 1977

The Humor M

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34490





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



**The natural cigarette is here!**

# Real

**Taste your first low tar cigarette  
with nothing artificial added.**

**Feel the Real taste difference.**

Your cigarette enhances its flavor  
artificially. All major brands do.  
New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep  
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All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

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Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural  
cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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

A single HPM-100 weighs almost 60 pounds.

The fact it weighs more than a Large Advent speaker, Bose 901 or JBL L100 is not an accident. Our speaker frames are made of heavy cast aluminum instead of the usual stamped metal, so you hear only the speakers vibrating and never their frames.

Our magnets are oversize to spare your ears needless distortion.

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

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

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

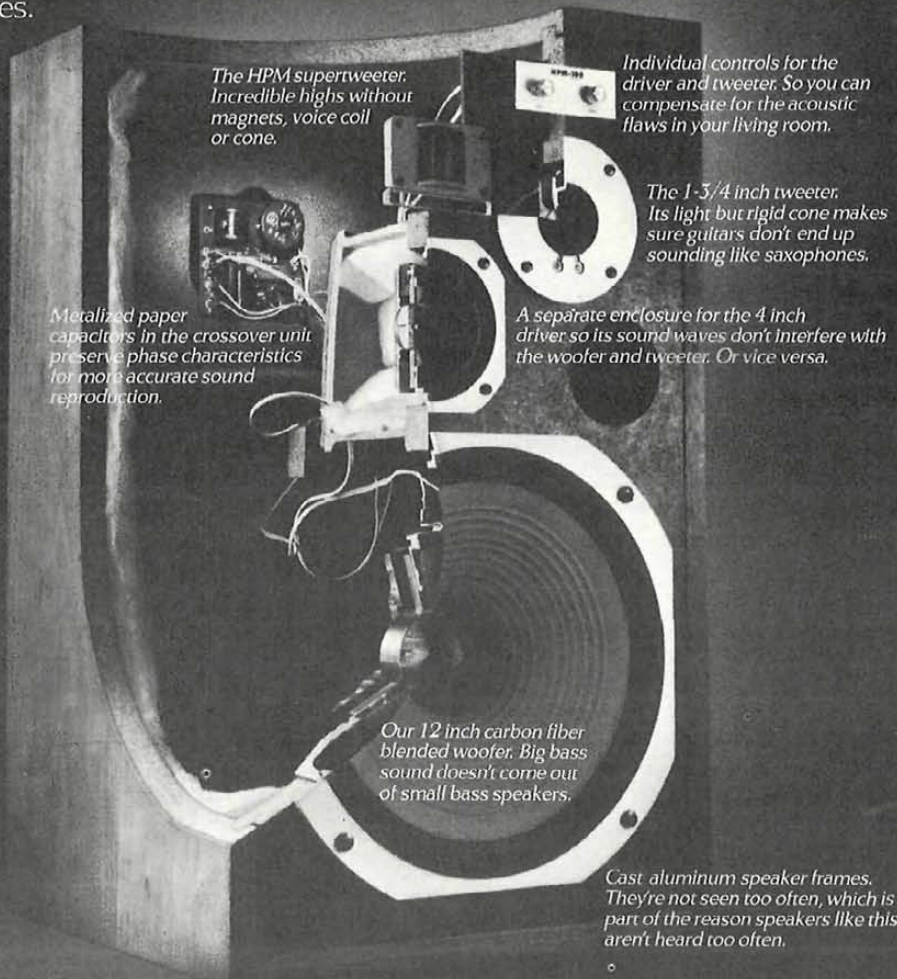
Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

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

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

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

**HPM-100™**  
The all-around great speaker.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**PIONEER**

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# NATIONAL LAMPOON



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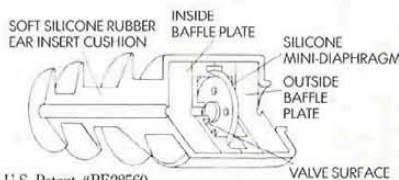
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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©CHRISTOPHER, BROWNE

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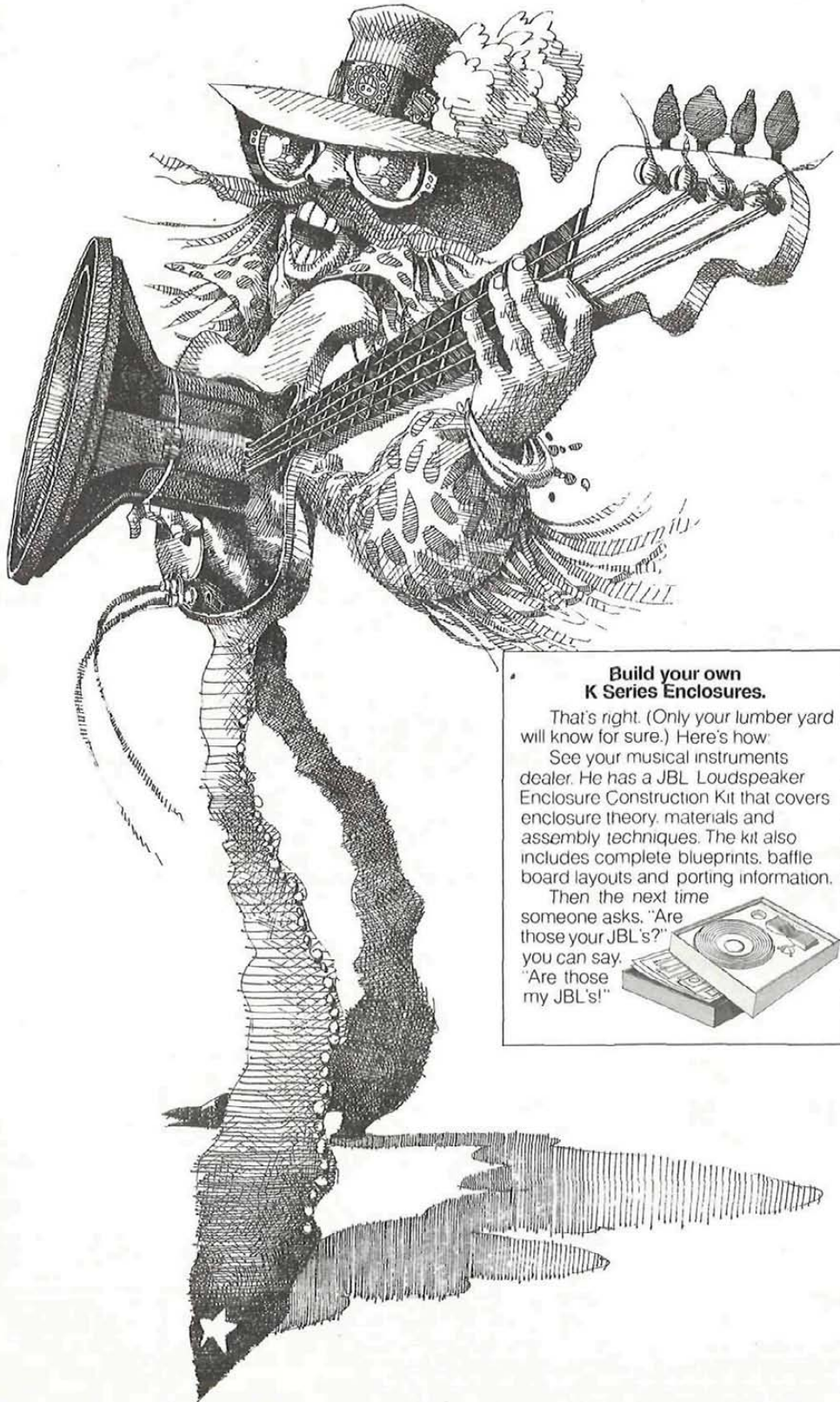
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# FILLER

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JBL's K Series. Six speakers. Each built to do something perfectly: electric bass, organ, lead or rhythm guitar, voice. \$99 to \$240. Some of the finest musical instruments ever made are loudspeakers.

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K Series Enclosures.**

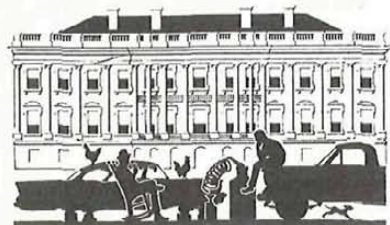
That's right. (Only your lumber yard will know for sure.) Here's how:

See your musical instruments dealer. He has a JBL Loudspeaker Enclosure Construction Kit that covers enclosure theory, materials and assembly techniques. The kit also includes complete blueprints, baffle board layouts and porting information.

Then the next time someone asks, "Are those your JBL's?" you can say, "Are those my JBL's!"



## The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Well, I just got back from over to Europe where I have been with Cousin Jimmy because Miss Lillian said I had to. She said that there wasn't a single one of our neighbors

that lived near there, nor any members of the Georgia Twice-Born Double-Dip Baptist Convention how as she knew of, and Jimmy Earl might get into all manner of devilmint and no one the wiser, so he wasn't allowed to go that far away alone. Miss Rosalynn said she'd sooner spend a week down a well with a sack full of cats than get high-hatted by a load of foreign ladies with paint on their faces and the Pope in their hearts. And Cousin Ruth is, well, "resting" back in the West Wing padded parlor Jimmy Earl had made for her after she tried to faith heal a moving semi tractor trailer. She said it was "possessed by demons," but it just looked like a

pig truck to me. That left it up to myself or Billy, and I keep my mouth shut better than he does and don't get into so many fights and win more of those that I do, so I went.

Cousin Jimmy was over there to get a look at the Presidents of Great Britain and Italy and Paris, France, and a whole load of other Presidents and the Queen of England and the Sheik of Araby and who the heck knows who-all else. Beats me why, Jimmy Earl, he's the high muck-a-muck of all the United States, and if he wants to see somebody, he ought to just tell them to get their hind end over here and ask why on the way. But that ain't how he works, even with colored countries.

The first place we went off to was London, which is across the Atlantic Ocean from New York City, and everybody there talks just like a sissy, and I think they are getting beer which is homemade in somebody's basement and don't know it. They drive up and down the wrong side of the street, too. You can't half blame us for having that Revolutionary War. A man'd do practically anything to get away from beer like that. Plus traffic must have been a real snarl before we threw them out.

First off we got over there, we had a whole gang of Presidents over to the hotel, and I don't know what the hell is wrong with those Secret Servicers, but there were German and Japanese snuck right in with the rest. I told Jimmy Earl, but he didn't pay no never mind. I don't know what gets into him sometimes. Why, Pappy was still shooting Yankees in 1928, and we only been done fighting Germany and Japan these twenty or thirty years now. A thing like that might flare up again at any minute. Specially since we haven't gotten around to having our war with Russia yet, so that all concerned could have a chance to patch things up the way the North and the South did in the Second World War.

Well, there we sat with a whole mess of Presidents on our hands. I had to sit next to the Italian one, who was mouthing off, saying "lira" this and "lira" that and "lira lira lira," and I ain't one, so I hit him. That's when Cousin Jimmy said I ought to go over to the rest of Europe. Which I did, and they won't talk anything but this foreign talk over there, and they pretend not to understand you no matter how slow you speak. Then they've got these foreign countries all over the



## The Peavey CS Series

Last year when Peavey introduced the CS-800 Stereo Power Amp, professional sound men and engineers acclaimed it as the most versatile high performance power amp available for under \$1,500.00.

Now, there are two superbly engineered additions to the Peavey CS series, the CS-200 and CS-400. These new high performance amplifiers are built with the same meticulous quality control and engineering standards that go into the CS-800.

We invite you to compare the features designed into the CS series. You'll see why no other power amp offers the value built into a Peavey.

### CS-200 \$324.50 \*

- Monaural power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicator
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

### CS-400 \$424.50 \*

- Stereo power amplifier
- 200 Watts rms per channel
- 20 Hz to 50 kHz response
- Less than 0.1% THD
- Less than 0.2% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling

### CS-800 \$649.50 \*

- Stereo power amplifier
- 400 Watts rms per channel
- 5 Hz to 60 kHz response
- Less than .05% THD
- Less than 0.1% IMD
- LED overload indicators
- Loudspeaker protection system
- Balanced input and electronic crossover capabilities
- 19-inch rack mount
- Forced air cooling



\*Suggested Retail

Peavey Electronics, Corp. / Meridian, Mississippi 39301





place. More than you can count. You can't half walk across the room without being in a different one. And their food's something awful. Most places you just get an itty-bitty little bit of it covered up with cheese flavored gravy stuff and you *don't* know what's under there and I expect you wouldn't want to know if you could find out which you can't because they pretend not to understand you. Not that I give a damn. I figured all the Europeans I'd ever care to talk to came to America already. "Which way to someplace with less foreign countries and more side meat?" I suspect they asked as soon as they'd got a good look around at the place where they were from, and they left all the stupid ones home.

Next, me and Cousin Jimmy Earl met up again in the Switzerland Mountains, where we went to see the President of the Syrians.

Now, I'd always thought that the Syrians were part of the Freemasons and Shriners that Billy belongs to that go to Atlanta every year and drop paper bags full of water out hotel windows. But it turns out they're a country, too, one of those Arab ones, though what they're doing up in the Switzerland Mountains is more than I can say. Their President seems like a nice enough fellow, however — if maybe "touched with the tar brush" some — and as soon as I found out he was Arab, I told him right off that I understood perfectly well why he wanted to whup up on the Jewish fellows, as many of them are smartasses and from up North. But I told him to watch out because there was one down in Tallapoosa that I owed time payments for a gas stove I got the wife which got broke and so I didn't pay on, and if the Jewish fellows he was having troubles with were anything like that Tallapoosa one, he might just wake up to find the sheriff and a peck of lawyers knocking on his house door getting ready to sell off the whole country of Syria at an auction sale the way they did the stove and my icebox, too. Just then, Jimmy remembered that he maybe had forgot to turn the tap off in the Oval Office powder room and asked me if I'd run back and check to see if the carpet was ruined. Me, I was glad to go. Especially as that singing they do in the Switzerland Mountains is but a pale imitation of Mr. Hank Williams the way I heard him last at the Grand Ole Opry in 1948, when the wife and I were just married.



## "I've always wanted Bose 901's, but won't I need a 100-watt amp?"

The original Bose 901 was probably the most critically acclaimed loudspeaker ever. But a lot of 901 admirers didn't buy them because they thought they'd need a big, expensive amplifier. Now comes the new Bose 901 Series III. In every dimension of sound reproduction it is superior to the original 901. Yet, due to a unique new high-performance driver with a stronger-than-steel, precision injection-molded frame and an ultra-high-efficiency voice coil, it can produce the same sound volume with a 15-watts-per-channel receiver as the original 901 with 50 watts (in fact, we suggest that anything over 70 watts is simply unnecessary).

The Bose 901 Series III: the speaker you've always wanted has become a lot easier to own.

**BOSE**<sup>®</sup>  
Better sound through research.



The high-efficiency driver.

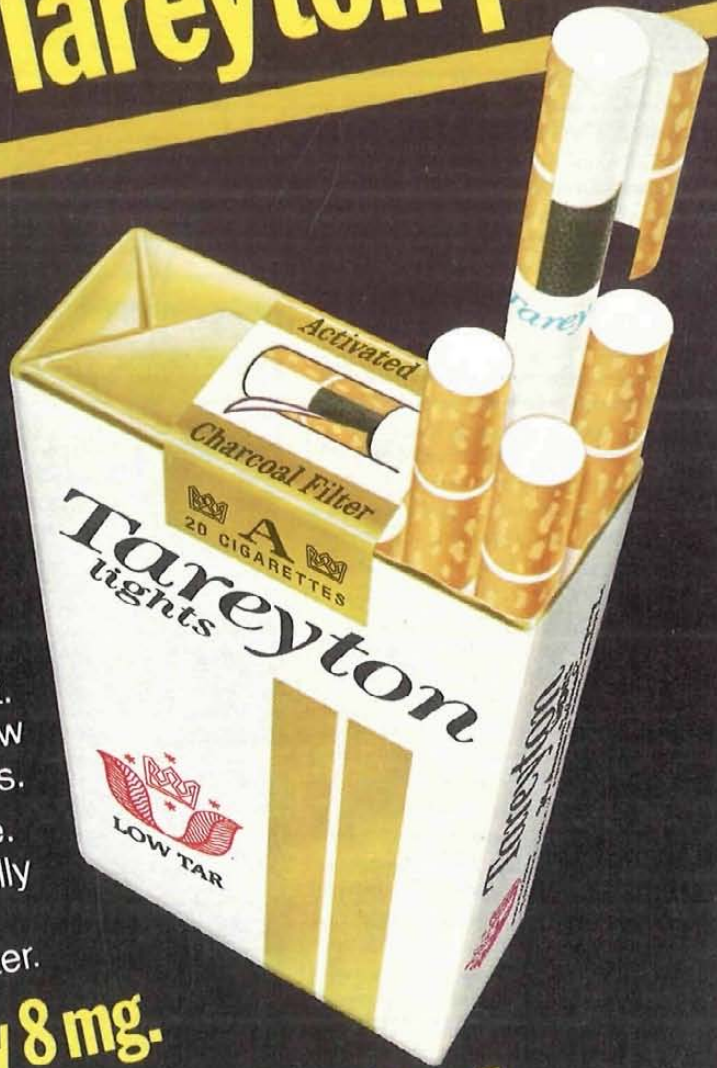
For comprehensive literature, send \$1.00 to Bose, Dept. NL8, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701. Patents issued and pending. Cabinets are walnut veneer.

# Low-tar

# with that Tareyton plus:

## Flavor improved by charcoal.

Charcoal filtration is used by the U.S. Navy in atomic submarines and by NASA to freshen the air in spacecraft. Charcoal is also used to mellow the taste of the finest Bourbons. Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.



### Only 8 mg.

# Tareyton lights

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



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

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# EDITORIAL

PJ, speaking, Mr. O'Rourke, actually — that's what my friends call me. This is the Cheap Thrills issue. Cheap Thrills? Yes, well, I don't know whether you know this or not, but times are hard in the periodicals trade, and it's getting so that magazines will do just about anything to sell an extra copy or two. So Cheap Thrills it is....

Speaking of cheap thrills, you really ought to try some bald-faced self-indulgence. I'm going to. Right now:

You know, you *do* outgrow this stuff. I'm afraid the *National Lampoon* is for people who are filled with what you call your bitter, impotent, adolescent rage against life. But, hey, I don't hate life. I think it's a giggle. Sure, there's plenty of stupidity, but that just makes it easier for me to beat you at poker. And sure there's lots of horror and tragedy, but without horror and tragedy, what fun would it be to have enemies to make life horrid and tragic for? And who needs a magazine to point this out, anyway? Well... *National Lampoon* is still good for laughs. Right? You think so? Then you got the wrong boy here. Fistful of young tit, glass of Jack, and a couple of barrel rolls in a Gates Lear jet — that's my idea of laughs.

So much for self-indulgence. I mean, I could go on. I could tell you some pretty funny stories about the owners of this thing, for instance. They been flopping around lately like fish down your pants' front. But the last time I made a critical remark (July '76 — I believe I said something to the effect of how I'd admire to cut loose on them with a box full of hollow points), one owner felt obliged to print a response right here in the magazine. Now, in the first place, you'd think he'd know better than to get into a pissing fight with a skunk. And in the second place, I'm an editor, and it ain't my editorial policy to fill this magazine full of lame rant from no-dollar jockeys. So we'll shine that one on. Or, I could go after my fellow editors. But they're not such bad guys. You just wouldn't want to lead their lives on a leash. (Not that



"I'll give you five bucks if you let me sniff your cart."

you'd care to take mine for a run in the park.) Or I could make fun of you, the reader, but I figure you're already out a dollar and a quarter, and that's about all the punishment you deserve.

Well, there must be something else to talk about.... There's a new True Section in the back of the book. Four pages of stuff that's all true. Big deal. You can pick up this week's *Time* and get 108 pages of stuff that's all true. Or that's what they told you in school. What else is going on? Let's see... I'm going to take some time off and work on a new *National Lampoon* special, sort of like the *High School Yearbook* parody — set in the same place, Dacron, Ohio. This time it's Dacron's Sunday newspaper, the *Dacron Republican Democrat*, with all the comics and magazine sections and so forth. Should be fun. For me. Then, if I have any sense, I'll get a real job.

Are any of you guys out there Cardinals? You know what that is? You get initiated with a big glass of

beer (whiskey if you're a Marine). You sit at a table with a glass and say, "Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff," take one drink, set the glass down, tap the tabletop with both hands, tap the bottom of the table with both hands, stand up, and sit down. Then you say, "Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff Puff," take two drinks, set the glass down twice, tap twice on both sides of the tabletop, and stand up and sit down and stand up and sit down. Then you do three of everything, finishing the glass. You have to start over again every time you fuck up until you get it right or puke. After that, you're a Cardinal. Being a Cardinal gives you the privilege of asking any other Cardinal, "Are you a Cardinal?" any time, any place, even at funerals or in church, and he has to answer, "You bet your sweet ass I am!" in a loud voice or he owes you a beer.

Just thought I'd ask. Give my love to Mom and the kids.

P.J.

# The Jensen Jensen Sweepstakes

Win a complete Jensen-equipped car stereo system... and this Jensen-Healey sports car to go with it.

Our Jensen car stereo speakers sound better when there's a car around them, so we're including this Jensen-Healey sports car in the Grand Prize.

It's everything you'll need for a little traveling music... a rare, limited production modern automotive classic, complete with AM-FM tape deck and an outstanding speaker system from Jensen, America's No. 1 name in car stereo speakers. Altogether, it's a Grand Prize valued at over \$10,000.

Because after all, one good Jensen deserves another.

Or cash in on any of these other great sounding prizes.

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**3rd—5 Clarion AM/FM Stereo Multiplex Radio/Cassette Players** For great sounds in your car, the Clarion Model 666A with AutoReverse. A perfect match for any of the broad line of Jensen car speakers. Like the 6" x 9" Triaxial® the coaxials, and the Jensen surface mount speakers.

**4th—5 Pairs of Jensen Lifestyle® Speakers** The speakers that adjust to

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**JENSEN**  
SOUND LABORATORIES

DIVISION OF PEMCOR, INC.

## Jensen has a lot in store for you

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**6" x 9" Coaxial.** The world's most famous car stereo speaker features a separate woofer and tweeter for sharp, clear tones and wide ranges you never expected in your car.

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**Surface Mount Speakers.** The speakers that install almost anywhere... with the same great sound that made Jensen Number 1.



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1. Fill out the official entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper hand print your name and address. Mail to Jensen Jensen Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4455, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Entries must be received by October 31, 1977.
2. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. Only one winner per household.
3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing to be conducted by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization, whose decisions will be final.

Jensen Jensen Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 4455, Chicago, Ill. 60677

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Have you owned a car speaker before? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

I am male \_\_\_\_\_ female \_\_\_\_\_, 18-25 \_\_\_\_\_, 26-35 \_\_\_\_\_, over 35 \_\_\_\_\_

4. Chances of winning determined by number of entries. All 241 prizes will be awarded. Approximate retail value \$16,500.00.

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6. All entries become the property of Jensen Sound Laboratories and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail within 60 days after close of sweepstakes. Any taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the winners. No substitution or transfer of prizes.  
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Sirs:

Well, you've seen Andrew Young in action. Got any questions about why there aren't more Negroes in high government office?

Hamilton Jordan  
Carter White House  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

From here to *where!*

James Jones  
Quibly's Funeral Parlor  
Sagaponach, N.Y.

Sirs:

How did a Ford Granada compare in tests of smoothness and quietness with a \$20,000 Mercedes Benz? Fine. Now, try to get laid because you own one.

Daimler Benz  
Overhead Valve Heaven

Sirs:

Our latest cruise missile was a warhead that will teach everybody in Vladivostok to tango.

Gen. George Brown-Out  
Pentagon City, Virginia

Sirs:

Quick! Which one of us would you most like to see cornholed by a rhino in a pit full of squid?

Margaux Hemingway  
Erica Jong  
Cher Allman  
Patty Hearst  
Sally Quinn  
c/o People Magazine

Sirs:

You guys are into the youth scene, right? Well, would you please get the Eagles to give back all the towels and soap and ashtrays they took?

Ed Murch  
Mgr., Hotel California  
Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

Cuba, si! Yankee, no-limit-on-the-number-of-cigars-or-bottles-of-rum-

you-can-purchase-for-export!

Fidel Castro  
Habaña, Cuba

Sirs:

How come it's no longer fashionable to be Jewish?

The Entire Staff of the  
New York Review of Books  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let alone colored!

Sammy Davis, Jr.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Hi, I'm Walter Mondale, and I'm responsible for some pretty important things in the Carter administration. Unfortunately, one of them just

3. "Hondo"
4. "Broadside"
5. "Sugarfoot"
6. "Shindig"
7. "Hawk"
8. "Rango"
9. "Shane"
10. "Daktari"

David Wallechinsky  
and Irving Wallace  
Look for us under zero  
in the Dewey Decimal System

Sirs:

I'll tell you, the airlines would make a whole lot more money if they served hand jobs instead of them little steaks.

A Frequent Flyer  
The Friendly Skies  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

In my opinion, and certainly off the record, the ideal woman is one that turns into a six pack and a smoke after you fuck her.

William Masters  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We hear so much about drag queens these days; how come we don't hear more about drag bronx?

John Paul Jones  
and Ringo  
Westchester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's an idea for a cartoon: A "sea of people" with a shark fin in it. You can send this over to the *New Yorker* if it's not for you.

Peter Benchley  
My-Dad-Was-Funny, Mass.

Sirs:

Wow! I could have gotten laid this morning. Instead, I got up and had a V-8. Actually, that's a fib. But I could have had orange juice.

Bing Cosby  
Bing Cherry Lane, Calif.

Sirs:

There's a broken heart for every piece of litter on Broadway.

Georgina Spelvin  
Times Square, N.Y.

Sirs:

Was it Buddy Holly live? Or Buddy Holly on Memorex cassette tape? I couldn't tell.

Big Bopper  
Studio Zzzzzz  
continued on page 28



slipped out the screen door, and I'm scared to death it's going to dig up all the neighbor's flower beds.

Carter Dog House  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

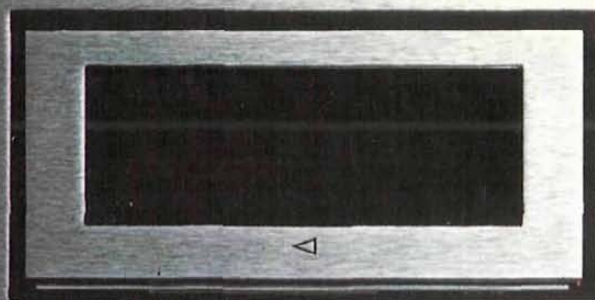
I almost blew up my high school when I went there, but we couldn't find any dynamite. Can I still join the revolution?

A Volunteer

Sirs:

Bet you want to know the ten most obscure one-word-title TV shows ever, huh? It took us a week and half to compile these guys:

1. "Grindl"
2. "Maya"



**D-800**

Frequency response: 30—18,000Hz  $\pm$ 3dB

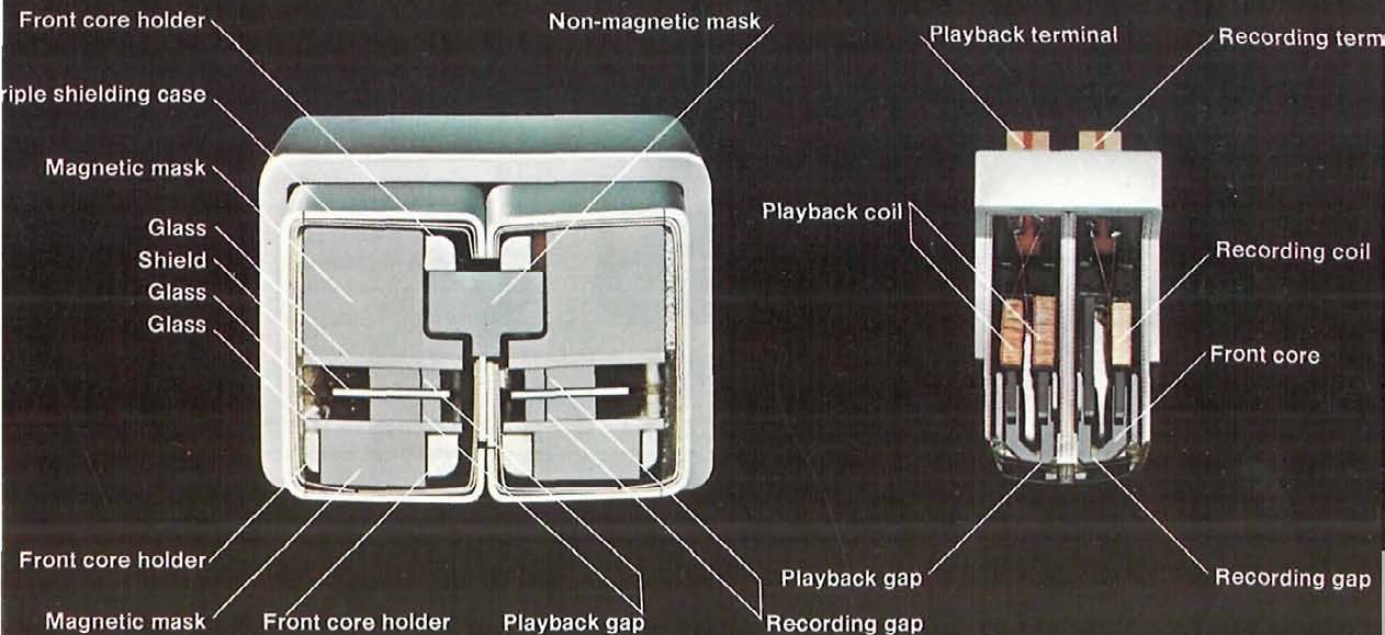
S/N ratio: More than 55dB (Dolby off)

More than 63dB (Dolby on)

Wow & flutter: 0.05% W.R.M.S.

Heads: Record and Playback combination: ferrite head

Motor: Phase-controlled DC servo motor



# Three heads above other cassette decks. Hitachi's R&P Head.

Two-head decks are compromise performers, because they use a single head for both record and playback.

To insure no-compromise performance, Hitachi developed the R&P 3-Head system. It uses 3 heads, like professional reel-to-reel decks. And these unique record/playback heads have separate and optimum gap widths extending both dynamic range and

frequency range significantly.

The Hitachi R&P head is capable of playback monitoring, so you can compare the original source with your tape, a moment after it's recorded. And as an added benefit, its single housing eliminates height and azimuth adjustment problems.

Add up the benefits. You'll agree that Hitachi's decks are three heads above other cassette decks.



**HITACHI**  
When a company cares,  
it shows.

## The Doobie Brothers



## Livin' On The Fault Line

The new album.  
Produced by Ted Templeman.  
On Warner Bros. records & tapes.



It is with great reluctance and after a good deal of consideration and drink that I, the supreme commander of the *National Lampoon* volunteer army, must once again buckle on my briefcase and put all my loyal troops on immediate alert.

Members of the NLVA, bid your loved ones good-bye and gather mallets and pans, ropes, ladders, and flashlights, and prepare yourselves to invade the wasteland of Canada. War is imminent.

As my loyal rifle-haulers and mangonel serfs know, the NLVA was formed almost two years ago. Churned from the cream of the magazine's readership and led by the most brilliant Canadian military strategist since Vincent Massey, our purpose was to invade Canada and bring to heel the arrogant frostback, who strutted unchecked in his plaid cloth jacket, an ambulatory affront to decency and tailors.

Then, when all was in readiness, the invasion was canceled, and the NLVA demobilized. Why, when we had been months in the planning, was the invasion halted? So some of my officers asked during their courts-martial. At last the story can be told.

As the NLVA perched, flags aflutter, on the brink of invasion, your leader received what by Canadian standards was a substantial bribe, and an invitation to address the entire wasteland of Canada via their radio network, the CBC.

Naturally, your general recognized the futility of addressing the cringing Canuck via the primitive kerosene-fired transmitters employed by the CBC. The broadcast signal is so weak that it requires a force nine gale to blow it over the back fence. Had their network been as efficient as a twenty-dollar CB radio produced by the Gladding Corporation, I would have advised all frostbacks to turn themselves in to the nearest American-owned supermarket and await further orders.

The offers of radio time and money (rifles and skins) were made by Can-



ada's strong man, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Trudeau, terrified that I would invade the country and establish a "new millenium with freedom and justice for all," was willing to try anything to preserve his power. He even offered to make me "King of the Indians," an offer which I spurned.

Men, these proposals were rejected as being too small not soon enough. Pierre Trudeau was ordered to New York, where I promised to dictate the humiliating terms of his surrender. Scant hours later, my border watch reported that a Piper Cub displaying the arms of the prime minister (notably the *bar sinister*, connoting the illegitimacy of his rule) was flying south.

Four hours later, the prime minister knelt in my office, listening to the terms of his surrender.

1. You will do a jig in the presence of Queen Elizabeth.

2. You will wear at all times a coat hanger in the back of your jacket so that your shrugs will cause you as much pain as they cause all decent people.

3. You will never publish or cause to be published another book of your writings.

4. You will divest yourself of all shares of Champlain oil; all profits to be donated to poor people, whose names I will send you at a later date.

This document, noble Spartans, he signed with disgusting alacrity; and so it was I ordered the demobilization of the NLVA.

Now, however, he has tried my patience to the bombing point. He has had the temerity to arrest one of my most loyal officers, Colonel Keith Richard, on a trumped-up charge of heroin addiction. Men, I have known the colonel for many years. He has played in our regimental band, and has never taken heroin of any sort, brown or white. He is deeply involved in working with youth groups, and has participated in many musical seminars around this country.

So it is that once again, men, we must hammer our dollars into heavy machine guns and our heads into helmets long used to make stew, and prepare to pour like a tide of liquid justice northward, as far as the ice holds.

Unless Colonel Richard is released and his medicine returned to him, we shall invade and we shall conquer and we shall redistribute the wealth to ourselves. One man, one subdivision. Thank you, men, and stand by.

T.M.

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## AT THE CHILD ECOLOGIST



# I won't settle for anything less than taste.

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.

But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.  
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.  
I won't settle for less. Would you?



Winston King. Winston 100's.

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

# Anita Sings: Never on Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday, or...

Details Inside

OUTLOOK:  
Bleak  
AIR QUALITY:  
Acceptable



Is that a moped  
between your legs,  
or are you just glad  
to see me?

IND  
34490

## The National

\* \* \*

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume I, No. LXXXIX

August, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

### Cuba to Recognize U.S.

# “THE VENCEREMOS AND ANDY SHOW”



# ISRAEL TO ARABS

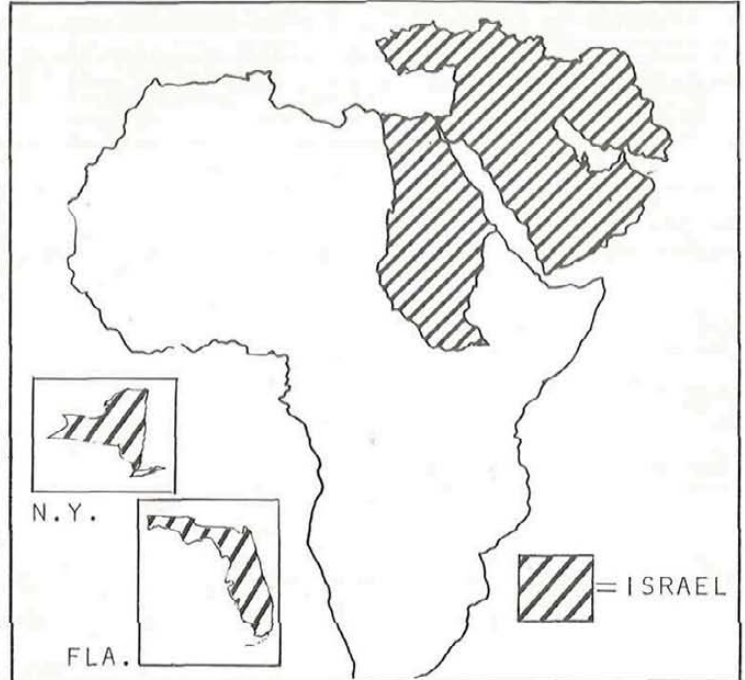
## We've Only Just Begin

Premier Claims All Lands in Bible

Menahem Begin, feisty cardiac victim and former terrorist who heads the dominant right-wing party *Likud* in Israel, has announced that the birthright of the chosen people extends to all lands mentioned in the Bible. In the course of a lengthy description, Begin claimed, "for starters:"

From Si-nor, which is before Egypt, even unto the borders of Ekron northward, which is counted to the Canaanite; from the south, all the land of the Canaanites, and Me-a'-rah that is beside the Si-do'-ni-ans, unto A'-phek, to the borders of the Amorites; and the land of the Gib'-lites, and all Lebanon, toward the sunrise, from Ba'al-gad under mount Hermon unto the entering into Ha-math, adding that this real estate naturally included Ki'-nah, and Di-mo'-nah, and Ad'-a-dah, and Ke'-desh, and Ha'-zor, and Ith'-nan, Ziph, and Te'-lem, and Be'-a-loth, and Ha'-zor, Ha-dat'-tah, and Ke'-ri-oth, and Hez'-ron, which is Ha'-zor, A'-mam, and She'-ma, and Mol'-a-dah, and Ha'-zar-gad'-dah, and Hesh'-mon, and Beth-pa'-let, and Ha'-zar-shu'-al, and Be'-er-she'-ba, and Biz-

joth'-jah, Ba'-al-ah, and I'-im, and A'-zem, and El'-to-lad, and Che'-sil, and Hor'-mah, and Ziklag, and Mad-man'-nah, and San-san'-nah, and Leb'-a-oth, and Shil'-him, and A'-in, and Rimmon: all the cities are twenty and nine, with their villages; and in the valley, Esh'-taol, and Zo'-re-ah, and Ash'-nah, and Za-no'-ah, and En-gan'-nim, Tap'-pu-ah, and E'-nam, Jar'-muth, and Adullam, So'-coh, and A-ze'-kah, and Sha-ra'-im, and Ad-i-tha'-im, and Ge-de'-rah, and Ged-e-roth-a'-im; fourteen cities with their villages; Ze'-nan, and Had'-a-shah, and Mig'-dal-gad, and Dil'-e-an, and Miz'-peh, and Jok'-the-el, La'-chish, and Boz'-kath, and Eg'-lon, and Cab'-bon, and Lah'-mam, and Kith'-lish, and Ge-de'-roth, Beth-da'-gon, and Na'-a-mah, and Mak-ke'-dah: sixteen cities



Proposed state of Israel.

with their villages; Lib'-nah, and E'-ther, and A'-shan, and Jiph'-tha, and Ash'-nah, and Ne'-zib, and Kei'-lah, and Ach'-zib, and Mare'-shah; nine cities with their villages; Ekron, with her towns and her villages; from Ekron even unto the sea, and that lay near Ash'-dod, with their villages; Ash'-dod with her towns and her villages, Ga'-za with her towns and her villages,

unto the river of Egypt, and the great sea, and the border thereof; and in the mountains, Sha'-mir, and Jat'-tir, and So'-coh, and Dan'-nah, and Kir'-jath-san'-nah, which is De'-bir, and Anab, and Esh'-temoh, and A'-nim, and Goshen, and Ho'-lon, and Gi'-loh; eleven cities with their villages; Arab, and Du'-mah, and E'-shean, and Janum, and Beth-tap'-puah, and A-phe'-kah, and Hum'-tah, and Kir'-jath-ar'-ba, which is Hebron, and Zi'-or; nine cities with their villages; Ma'-on, Carmel, and Ziph, and Jut'-tah, and Jez'-re-el, and Jok'-de-am, and Za-no'-ah, Cain, Gib'-e-ah, and Tim'-nah; ten cities with their villages; Hal'-hul, Beth-zur, and Ge'-dor, and Ma'-a-rath, and Beth-a'-noth, and El'-tekon; six cities with

their villages; Kir'-jath-ba'-al, which is Kir'-jath-je'-a-rim, and Rab'-bah; two cities with their villages; in the wilderness, Beth-ar'-a-bah, Mid'-din, and Sec'-acah, and Nib'-shan, and the city of Salt, and En-ge'-di; six cities with their villages.

In the same announcement, the premier-elect also argued that his principle, and therefore Israel, could be logically extended to include other Biblical territories, such as Ur, Babylon, and the lands of the Nile, even unto its source. In response to questions from reporters, Begin did not close the door on going so far as to include the dry land which God called earth, nor the gathering together of the waters he called seas.

## Teens Try to Sell Negroes

Annapolis—In yet another example of the adverse effects of television viewing on young people, Maryland law enforcement agents arrested seven youths in connection with a slave ring. According to the agents, the youths, males aged

fifteen to eighteen, flew to Gambia, took ninety-eight blacks hostage, and brought them to Annapolis on a commercial liner. Once in Annapolis, the youths distributed handbills offering the blacks for sale.

"We saw 'Roots' on

TV," one of the youths told reporters. "We thought we could make good money selling slaves."

The youths had planned to use the money they made from the slave sale to buy stereo equipment.

# Molucs Seek Dutch Treat

Assen, the Netherlands—A new set of demands by the South Moluccan terrorists was sent today to the Dutch government from a traffic jam which has been held by South Moluccans for three and a half years.

The ten-point program was issued by a masked terrorist who told a throng of accredited terrorist-journalists that he had been chosen "official terrorist press secretary" by a coalition of gunmen and hostages, who two months ago announced formation of a Provisional Government of

the Hilversum Limited, to plan policy and programs for the seized traffic jam.

The demands include:

- Jell-O as an optional dessert to accompany government - supplied meals;
- A greater variety of reading material, in-

cluding "material to appeal to the illegitimately suppressed affectional and sexual interests" of the terrorists:

- Two days more of vacation time for the gunmen;
- Retirement benefits for the captors indexed to the average inflation of common market nations;
- A WATS line in addition to the telephone lines installed eighteen months ago.

The most far-reaching demand was for the Dutch government to commence a massive landfill operation in the Indonesian archipelago to reclaim North Molucca, which sank beneath the Indian Ocean 300,000 years ago.

"It is intolerable," the statement said, "that we South Moluccans should be denied the right to be attacked and invaded by a North Molucca. The lack of a North Molucca is disorienting, dismaying, and an act of geographic genocide by the Gouda-loving Dutch. If Korea, Vietnam, and Ireland can

have a northern adjunct, we Moluccans are entitled to no less."

If the landfill demand is met, the statement said, the

terrorists are prepared to negotiate the issue of day care for the children born to the Moluccans during the extended siege.

# Better Laetrile than Nader?

Radical consumer groups and Ralph Naderite lobbyists have called for what amounts to vertical divestiture within the closely-aligned apricot and pharmaceutical industries, it was learned recently. The proposal, similar to those made concerning the oil industry, is in connection with the production of the drug Laetrile, long a subject of fierce debate within medical and government circles as a supposed cure for cancer. Laetrile is produced from apricot pits.

"The drug companies are pigs, we all know that," commented lobbyist David Sheldon. "But what the public does not know is that the apricot interests are pigs, too. At this very moment, interlocking directorships are being established between the major drug and apricot companies of the U.S.

"What we propose, therefore, is that legislation be passed prohibiting those companies who grow apricots from growing apricot pits. We demand total separation of the apricot-growing process. Those who grow the pits may not grow the pulp. Those who grow the stems may not grow the fuzz on the skin."

Sheldon concluded, "This way we assure that those interests concerned with the apricots remain strictly concerned with the apricots, and those with the pits, the pits."

A spokesperson for the pharmaceutical industry was brief in his response. "If this measure is passed, it will result in higher prices for Laetrile. Laetrile serum, and probably, Heart's Delight Apricot Nectar. Our only recourse will be to perfect an apricot that can grow without skin, fuzz, stem, or pulp, and with a Laetrile capsule in its center instead of a pit. If we can't do that, then we may have to forget the whole thing, and keep pushing vitamins."

# Penis Faces Prison Sentence

Memphis—A Memphis jury has found porn star Harry Reems guilty in a controversial trial that stirred emotions and attracted scores of show business personalities who have rallied support for Reems. In sentencing Reems, the judge said, "We have nothing against Mr. Reems. It's his penis that we're after." The penis in question was sentenced to serve two years in the Tennessee State Penitentiary. The state's attorney, however, is not satisfied with the conviction and sentence, and is seeking to try Mr. Reem's testicles as accessories.



# Thirty-Six Compelling Reasons Why You Subscribe to the

1. *National Geographic* isn't as funny as it used to be.
2. It's cheaper than heroin, and it's legal in almost all parts of the country.
3. It's full of creamy, chocolaty goodness, and low in calories.
4. It's printed on paper made exclusively from ecologically sound trees.
5. We stood for the rights of the Sulu insurgents before everyone else did.
6. In a world where human caring counts for less and less, the *National Lampoon* still runs a full 108 pages (give or take a few).
7. Cheap solar energy will not be a reality for many years to come.
8. It's as American as baseball and making love in the back of a '63 Chevy with oversized tires and fuzzy seat covers.
9. If all the editors of the *National Lampoon* were laid end to end, we'd be very surprised.
10. Tug McGraw reads it, and he's a famous baseball player (you could look it up if you don't believe us).
11. If you keep reading all those "egghead journals with the small print," you'll ruin your eyes.
12. Famous philosopher George Santayana said, "Those who don't laugh at jokes are doomed to become them."
13. The *National Lampoon* is a small, neat, attractive package that travels anywhere. You can read it at the bottom of a mine shaft.
14. Each issue of the *National Lampoon* is chock-full of trendy topical references like go-carts, backgammon, and frozen yogurt. See? We got so many we can give them away.
15. If the *National Lampoon* printed up-to-the-minute stock market quotations, you would have them at your fingertips in every issue.
16. Otis Redding would have wanted it that way.
17. We're on to Cybill Shepherd's game.
18. Adds inches to your bust. Use it to slice tomatoes.
19. We're the magazine for you and you're the audience for us. And no man is an island and we're all in this together and no one is safe. Let it be.
20. We're working harder to give you, the public, a better magazine.
21. We're not afraid to laugh at the truth.
22. Contains no dangerous flame retardants commonly used in kiddy pajamas.
23. Mars needs women.
24. Our motto, *Ars gratia pecuniae*, is written in real Roman Latin.
25. We're not afraid to call a spade a Negro.
26. Many of us got high on marijuana before it was legal.
27. Today's young people are turning on to the taste of life.
28. One man, let's call him Mr. Failure, didn't subscribe to the *National Lampoon*. Within moments, his life was exposed as a petty, useless sham.

# ing and Irrefutable Absolutely Must National Lampoon

- 29.** *National Lampoon* writers have enormously satisfying sexual experiences and can do things you couldn't dream about.
- 30.** *National Lampoon* readers come to work when they want to and don't take guff from anyone, because that's the kind of guys they are.
- 31.** The whole humor thing is so damn big these days.
- 32.** *National Lampoon* writers write about wonderful things that never even happen to them.
- 33.** We hire the handicapped. We have two Canadian editors.
- 34.** Like the immortal *Aeneid*, the *National Lampoon* is written in a linear romance language. So if you can read the *National Lampoon*, then you are well equipped, in regard to "deep structure," to read the *Decameron* in the original Tuscan.
- 35.** O.K. This is a little tricky, but bear with us, if you will. Ours is a complex and fragile economic system. Look at it this way: we all have a job to do. And we all depend on others to do our respective jobs, whether they be farmer, riveter, or postman. We make Joke A. You pay us. We go to Dentist B and pay him. He buys potatoes, and so on down the line. If you don't do your job as a joke consumer, then all this good humor will spoil and become stale. But worse, the whole free enterprise system will be destroyed. And then you've got anarchy.
- 36.** We may not be the best humor magazine, but we're way ahead of whatever is in twelfth place.
- 37.** If you read the *National Lampoon*, you use a lot less of our precious energy resources than if you were to drive in your car to Guadalajara with the radio on loud and the heater and windshield wipers and blinkers turned on.
- 38.** If you don't buy the *National Lampoon*, the back issues pile up in the storeroom. The extra weight tips the continental shelf, and the whole continent springs up like a giant mousetrap, hurling Los Angeles right into Vienna.

And if all of the above are not enough to convince any clear-thinking person to whip out pen and checkbook and send along the subscription blank right over there on this page, then we still have another great reason why you should subscribe to the *National Lampoon* today:

Our big two- and three-year deal! If you take a two-year subscription now, the second year costs you only \$2.05, and there's a big saving on three-year subscriptions, too. Who else can give you all these reasons to subscribe to a humor magazine? If we wanted to, we could give you more than 1,000 great reasons, but we don't want to.

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# Queen Tells Subjects: "You Shouldn't Have!"

An obviously astonished and delighted Queen Elizabeth II burst into tears at the high point of an impromptu national ceremony of thanksgiving held in her honor today. The uncharacteristic display of emotion, described by the Privy Council as "royal tears of joyful surprise," was greeted with sympathetic smiles from the audience, which included prime ministers of twenty-five countries and senior jurists with traditional white whigs.

Most of those assembled in Westminster Hall appeared to regard the outburst as an understandable, delayed response to the week-long Jubilee celebration that constituted a grateful nation's surprise party for its Queen.

The week of festivities was inaugurated unknowingly by the Queen herself, when she consented to torch a bonfire commemorating her twenty-five years on the royal throne. To her great consternation, she discovered that the three-story bonfire was only one in a chain of similar fires, stretching from one end of Britain to another. The

hastily rigged satellite communications system also enabled the stunned royal party to view fires being lit as far away as New Zealand.

Upon returning to Windsor Castle, the still youthful monarch found the route lined with cheering subjects, their already numerous ranks swelled by the addition of 2.6 million tourists. While she had been distracted by the bonfire ceremony, the streets of this capital city had been draped with bunting and the shops filled with commemorative souvenirs, as though an enchanted wand had been waved over the ordinary contents to delight the monarch.

On sale this week are products ranging from simple Jubilee coffee mugs to an elaborate embroidered portrait of the monarch with the legend, "Elizabeth Regina II. When she reigns, it pours," believed to be a reference to England's quarter century damp spell. The deluxe edition of the tapestry is priced at £125, or about thirteen U.S. dollars.

The following evening, the fifty-one-year-old Queen found that a two-hundred-year-old gilded carriage, replete with a team of white horses and liveried footmen, had been laid on to transport her to a gala performance in her honor at Covent Garden. Before leaving the theater, she was invited backstage to meet the performers, and is reported to have been almost speechless with delight by the close of the evening.

But it was only today that the overwhelming excitement of all these gala events managed to break through the royal composure. At

the close of the Westminster Hall ceremony, a dry-eyed but smiling Queen gently rebuked her subjects for going to such lengths to celebrate a simple anniversary; nonetheless, she was unable to conceal her obvious delight.

"My Lord Mayor, all we can say at this moment is that you really shouldn't have," she

told the gathering. "You are all very naughty to have made such a fuss over a little Jubilee when a small marchpast would have been plenty. But really, I could not have been more thrilled with your lovely gifts, they are just what I wanted, how did you know. I hope you are feeling well."

## Our Vanishing Technology

Chief Mike Oldsmobile is an Indian—an Indian who lives in Britain, near London's Heathrow Airport. Chief Oldsmobile is not happy these days, for he fears that the Concorde may soon vanish from the skies.

Chief Oldsmobile may be right. There are very few of the warehouse-sized bald jets left in the world, and right now, their existence is being threatened by consumer groups, environmentalists, and cost-cutters.

These groups argue that the Concorde's landing and takeoff noise might have the same effect upon an airport's neighbors as thunder does on a gopher colony, and that its high altitude pollution may destroy the earth's protective ozone outer garments.

Exactly how many Concorde are left in the world? Perhaps five or six. Certainly not

more than ten. The threat to these rare machines is very real, and if we do not take steps to insure the preservation of this priceless part of our technological heritage, we will have to answer to our children when they ask us, "Who killed all the supersonic transports?"

What are Chief Oldsmobile and others like him doing to insure that the Concorde is not allowed to become extinct?

"Well," says Oldsmobile, "many things. We are attempting to have the United Nations declare the vehicle an endangered species. We are encouraging wealthy Arabian conservationists to contribute money so more can be bred to stock airport preserves in the Middle East. We are giving away free rides to congressmen and their families."

## Fear 8,000,000 Spared in Chinese Quakes

Peking—Chinese officials expressed concern that as many as 8,000,000 people may have survived a series of earthquakes that rocked northern Chinese provinces early this month.

Leaders had seen the quakes, which all measured better than 7.5 on the Richter scale, as a way to meet clothing, food, and housing

quotas for the new year. The Chinese are hoping that floods brought on by the crumbling of earth dams will give them at

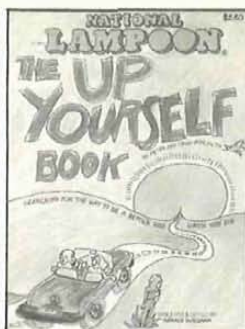
least a portion of the fatalities they so desperately need. U.N. offers of aid for the stricken areas were called "insensitive, cruel, and a deliberate attempt to tamper with the internal instability of China and its peoples."



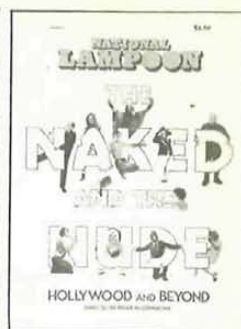
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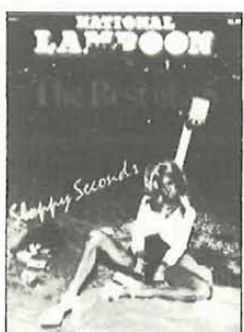
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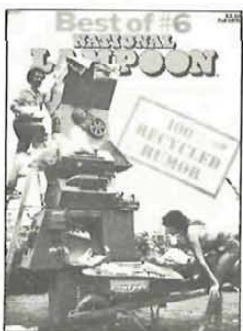
**The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** (BO1009) 1975 \$2.50



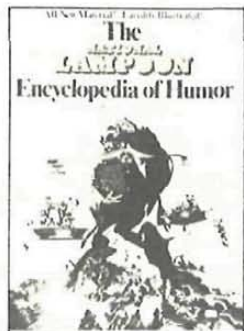
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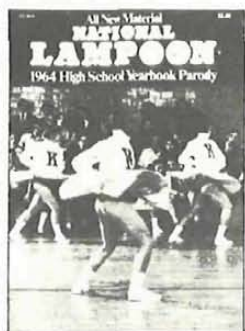
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# Jockey Shorts Out

Tragedy struck the world of horse racing recently as wonder-boy whiz kid prodigy smarty-pants pint-sized small change tiny terror Steve "Super Bug" Cauthen, the sixteen-year-old jockey, suffered a racing mishap when his horse, Blue Turnip, stumbled and fell. The horse suffered a sprained left front ankle, and is recuperating satisfac-

torily in Walter Reed Horse Hospital.

Cauthen, however, had to be destroyed.

"We had no choice," declared Cauthen's trainer, Angel "Devil" Fulano. "Stevie had a broken arm, a broken collarbone, and three broken ribs. If Mr. Ames (the horse's owner, Harley Ames) had had to pay for his medical expenses, he would not have been able to take his wife on

a vacation trip next year. So he decided to shoot the boy."

Cauthen was shot at home, in his bed, attended by his twelve-year-old wife, his mother, and the horse's mother, Pink Turnip. A short memorial service followed the shooting. Cauthen's body was not interred, however, as it was the young man's wish that his corpse be donated to a glue factory.

## STAR TALK

\*\*\*\*\*

# Annual Tony Awards Huge Success

New York—Celeb watchers were treated to a real eyeful recently as famous Tonys from around the world rendezvoused for the annual Tony Awards ceremony.

The star-studded affair was hosted by everyone's favorite Tony, the unspeakable Tony Orlando, who also walked off with the awards for Greasiest, Smarmiest, and Most Dressed Tony.

There were few surprises, as Tony Quinn once again took the prize for Best Imitation by a Tony of a Semiliterate Third World Type. Best Leisure Suit with Pants Tucked into Thigh-Length Boots went to aging teenager Tony Curtis, while Best Supporting Tony was captured by Tony Randall for his role in "The Odd Couple."

Organizers of the event predicted an even larger ceremony for next year's Oscar Awards. Those in the running for the highly coveted statues include Oscar Hammerstein, Oscar Gamble, Oscar Bonavena, and Oscar Mayer Weiner.

# U.S. Fills Canal

President Carter revealed today that the Panama Canal has been completely filled in. "We cannot justify our presence in Panama," Carter said, "so we have taken our canal and have gone home."

## New Use for Clitoris Found

Chicago—An independent research firm has discovered that the nerve endings found in the human clitoris last longer and illuminate better and more economically than the tungsten now used in light bulbs. The company, Electrogenitalia Research, says the first of the so-called clit bulbs will be available within ten years.

GOOBERS



FUNNY



# BANG!

## KISS

### LOVE GUN



**CosplayWorx**  
KISS and Related Merchandise

PRODUCED BY EDDIE KRAMER AND KISS

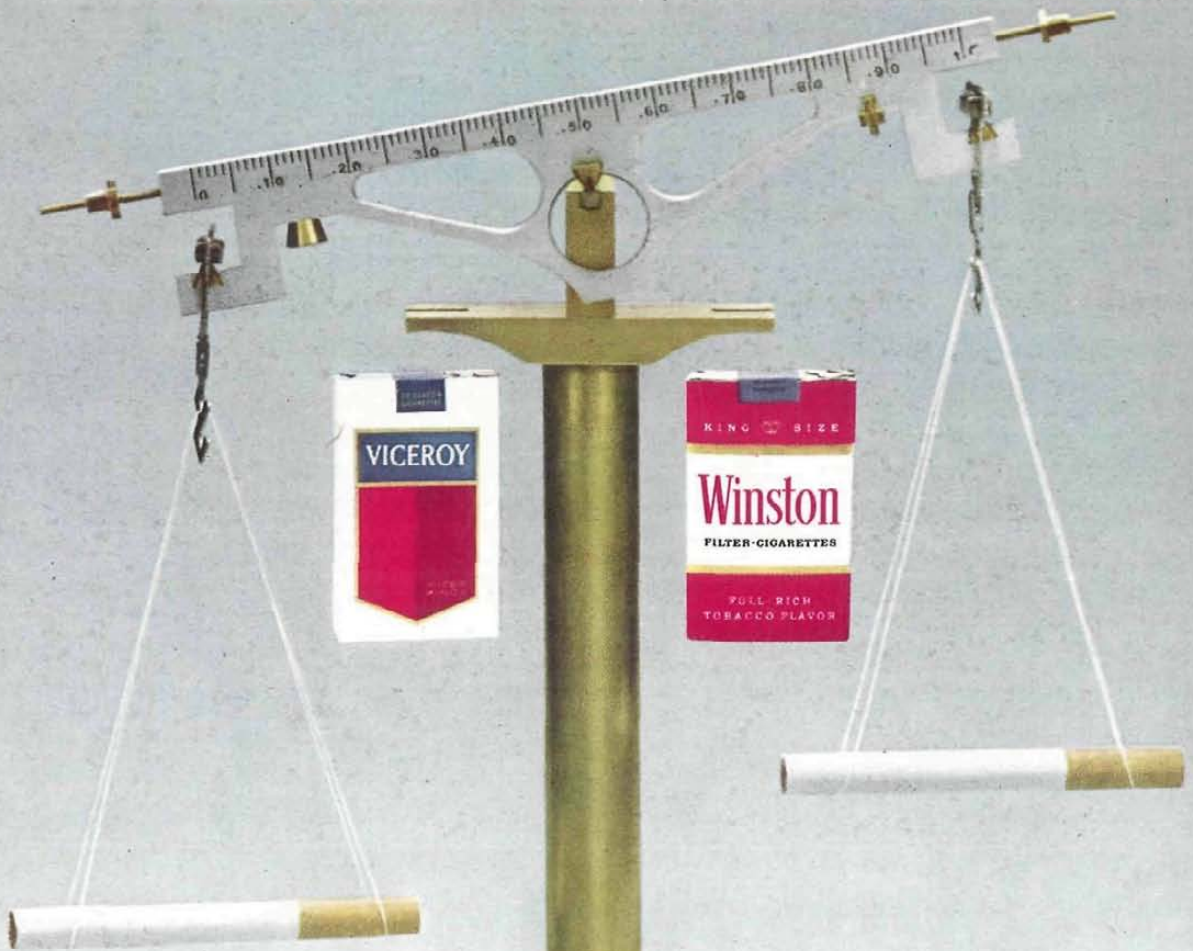
**rock  
steady**

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A close-up photograph of a man with dark, curly hair. He has a cigarette in his mouth and is making a hand gesture with his right hand, showing his index and middle fingers. He is wearing a light-colored shirt. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a jacket or bag.

# Viceroy

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



More Tobacco  
& Less 'Tar'

...than  
Winston or Marlboro.

Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more*<sup>1</sup> tobacco & a *lower*<sup>2</sup> 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than Winston or Marlboro.

1. DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).  
2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR'. (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR'; WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR'; MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR'; AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)

**LETTERS**

*continued from page 12*

Sirs:

I found a cure for cancer, but then, gosh darn it all, I lost it! Maybe it's in my other suit. I'll check and get back to you.

Dr. Howard Potlzimmer  
P.O. Box 3400  
Laetrile, Ind.

Sirs:

In April, I mailed you a check for \$49.99 for *The Complete History of Music from Peking Man to Manilow*, Volumes 1-1000, plus the Record Vacuum and Needle Energizer. I have received nothing. Furthermore, I can't find O'Rourke Industries in the phone-book. Are you ripping me off?

Sidney P. Ovary  
111 Main St.  
Leisure Suit, N.Y.

Sirs:

Millions for defense but not one penny for tribute; but lots and lots for foreign aid.

~~Zibrign~~  
~~Zbignibrew~~  
~~Zubnubigr~~  
O.K., you try to spell it!  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I put that \$20,000 in a U.S. bank, not intending to show a lack of confidence in the Israeli economy, but to get the electric blanket and the bone china set.

Y. Rabin  
Waldorf Astoria  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If you write at night, wear white.

Tom Wolfe  
(Not the important, boring one.)

Sirs:

In response to your last, I am too fit to eat with the pigs.

David Frost  
The Western Dog House

Sirs:

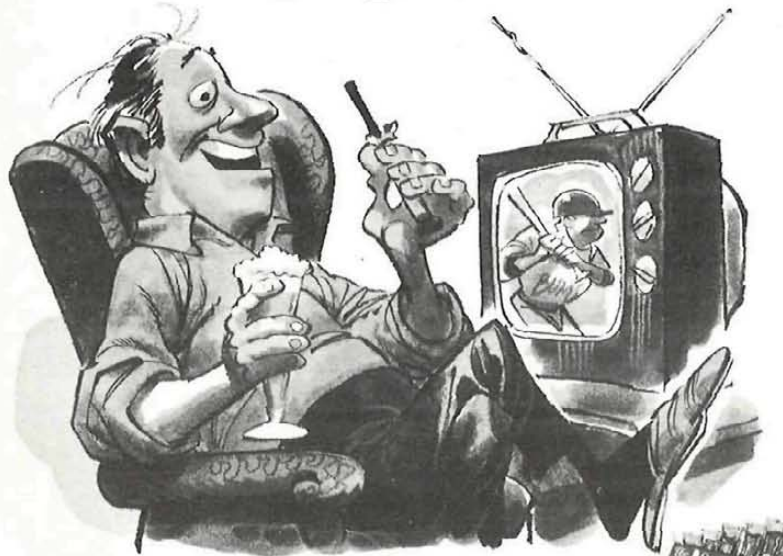
How much muck could a woodchuck upchuck if a woodchuck could upchuck, etc?

Answer: Allowing for seasonal variation, a woodchuck will upchuck between ten and forty c.c.s of greenish muck comprised of common grains, berries, wide-leafed foliage, and locust dung. Please feel free to call on me anytime when I am not at home.

Sincerely,  
"The Old Scout"



# Beef up your beer.



Pick up a Slim Jim® five-pack with your next six-pack. The chewy, all-meat snack will show you very quickly why it became so much at home in bars.

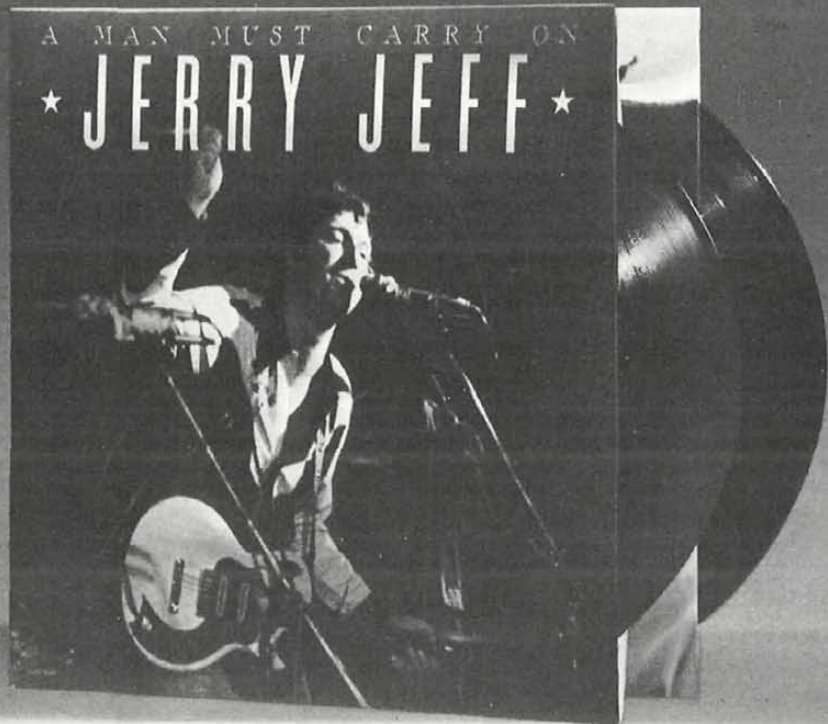
**A little less than a meal. A little more than a snack.®**



# ★ JERRY JEFF ★

Jerry Jeff Walker  
A Man Must Carry On

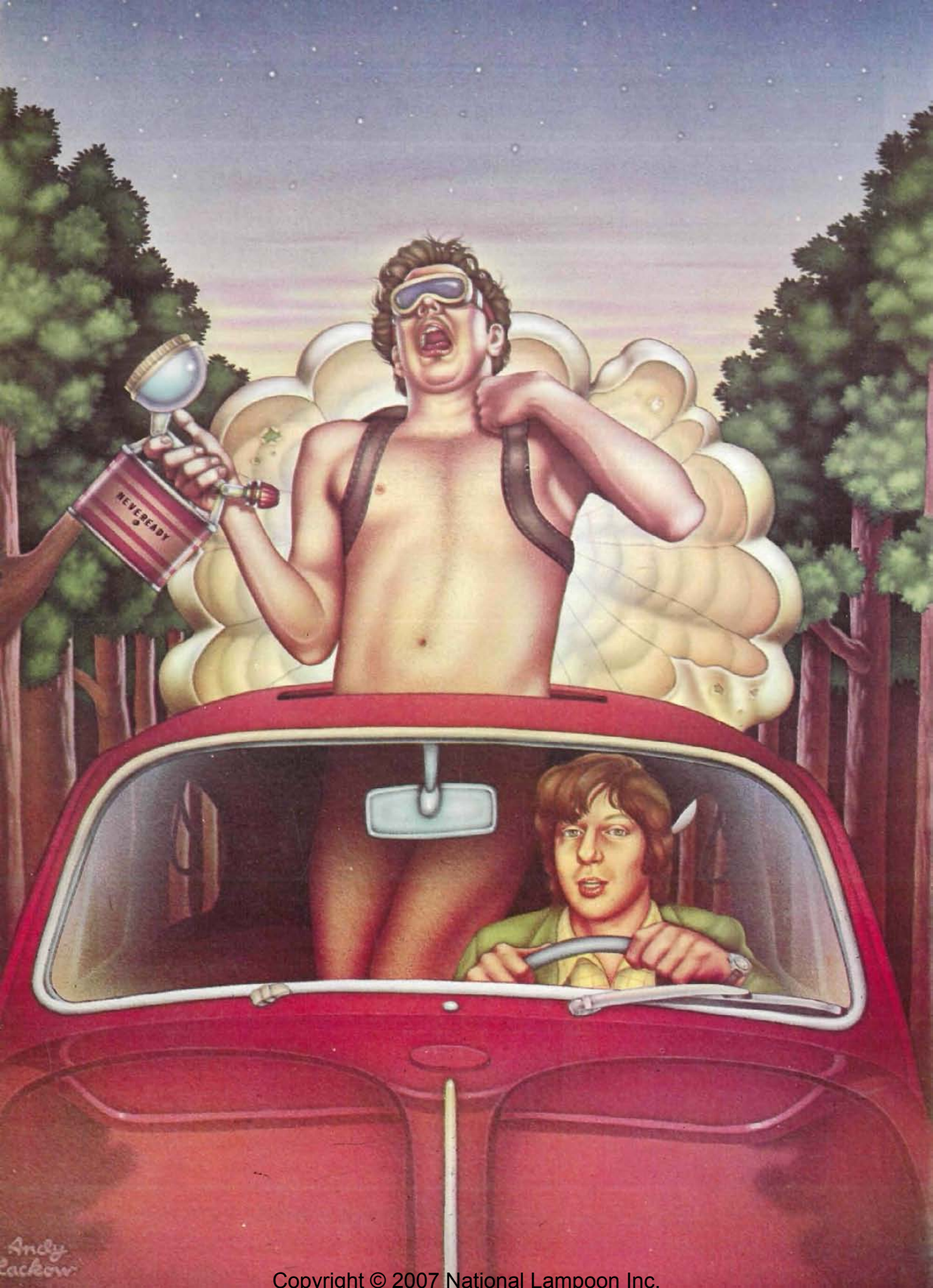
Recorded live, in Luckenbach, Texas and other locations across the U.S. This two record set is filled with Jerry Jeff classics like "Mr. Bojangles," "Up Against The Wall, Redneck," "L.A. Freeway" and many others. This album is a tribute to the late, great "mayor" of Luckenbach, Hondo Crouch, who passed on, but with friends like Jerry Jeff, his legend will live on forever.



Produced by Michael Brovsky A Free Flow Production/Groper Music Production MCA2-6003

MCA RECORDS

© 1977 MCA Records.



Andy Lackow

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# MORE TALES OF UNCLE MIKE

by P.J. O'Rourke

*"Tales of Uncle Mike" began as the editorial for the March, 1977 issue. If you didn't see that, you're shit out of luck, and have to send us \$1.50 to get one. Or send us a picture of your wife or girl friend in flagrante delicto with a pony. That won't get you a March '77 National Lampoon, but it will make your life more interesting later on when you're rich and respectable and*

*you remember that we have the photograph in our possession. Anyway, these particular "Tales of Uncle Mike" aren't about Uncle Mike at all. But it's the same \_\_\_\_\_, Ohio, where I went to college a dozen years ago or so, and where Uncle Mike was a math instructor, and where we both had more fun than we're likely to have again soon, says the doctor.*

## The Haunted Garage

Friends of mine and, later, Juanita and I, came to live in the haunted garage because of Bill Forrester and a job he had tending bar in the little town of MacGonigill, about two miles from school.

There are plenty of stories about Forrester himself, though they have nothing to do with the haunted garage. He liked to have people drive him around in his old Volkswagen while he stood up through the sun roof, naked except for an Army surplus parachute and a pair of ski goggles. He'd ride around at night like that, shining a big flashlight at pretty girls. One night he saw a girl who was prettier than most. The prettiest girl he'd ever seen, he claimed, and he pulled the rip cord. The car was going about forty when the chute opened, and Forrester was pulled out the sun roof in a cloud of rotted silk. There was a lot of explaining to be done in the emergency room, and the police were plagued all night by local reports of a man from Mars.

Then there was the time Forrester had too many drugs and too much liquor and thought he was a woolly spider monkey, and climbed to the top of a neighbor's TV antenna before he remembered that he wasn't. It was an awful job getting him down. The more so since spider monkeys have no sphincter control.

And then there was the time we had an indoor bicycle race and Bill missed the turn at the top of the stairs and went through the closed window,

bike and all, and walked away without a scratch — something that very often happens to drunks, fools, and people in stories, and, of course, Forrester was all three. Fortunately, it was a stolen bicycle. But none of that has anything to do with the story of the haunted garage.

Esther's Wagon Wheel, the bar that Forrester worked in, was owned by a rich hillbilly woman Esther Bengy, who was about eighty years old. Back behind the building, in what must have once been tourist cabins, was a whorehouse operation run by her brother Jake, who was even older. Jake and Esther hated each other, and argued constantly. They were so old that they couldn't remember from one minute to the next what they were arguing about, but that didn't stop them. One night, Jake walked into the Wagon Wheel with a 30/30, and Esther pulled the shotgun out from behind the bar. He emptied a whole clip and she fired both barrels and neither one of them hit a thing. They *did* wake up a bum who was dozing outside, however, and he ran out into the road and was killed by a car.

Forrester got killed, too, six years later, flying a scout plane in Vietnam. But that's not a very good joke, is it? Seemed funny enough with the bum, though.

Anyway, Esther Bengy had a big house back in \_\_\_\_\_, on the outskirts of town. Behind this house was the haunted garage. The house itself was haunted, too. A wealthy farmer had built it about a hundred years before, and then some awful fate befell him (I never did quite get the story),

and ditto for the next six families that lived there — wife murders, child starvings, incest, suicides, and a headless Episcopal minister or a sea chest full of human thigh bones locked in the attic, depending on who you listened to. But the garage was haunted independently, and by a more contemporary group of ghosts. It had been built as a small stable, then used as a garage for years, and finally made into an apartment in 1959. There was one large room with an oil heater, a little kitchen and a bathroom at the back, and a narrow ladder up to what had been a hayloft and was now a bedroom. The first tenant was a lady graduate student with leukemia. She spent her last year there, and died in the place. She then became the first ghost, and supposedly, no one wanted to live there afterward. But the place was really no bargain. It was built flat on the ground and had no insulation, so it was cold in the winter and damp in the summer, and the oil burner functioned the way oil burners do, which is to say it didn't.

When Forrester went to work at the Wagon Wheel in the fall of 1962, Esther Bengy asked him if he knew anyone who would like to live in her "carriage house" for a very modest rent. Sure, said Forrester, he knew people who would live anywhere. So, for the next five years, Forrester's friends moved in and out of the garage, and more ghosts accumulated.

Woody Upton lived there in 1962 and '63, and there were a lot of parties, as there always were when someone had a place out of earshot-shot of those who'd mind. Woody got a girl

*continued*

## TALES OF UNCLE MIKE

*continued*

from Kentucky pregnant, and she came to one very boisterous party in her ninth month even though everybody said she shouldn't. And, big as she was, she was drinking and dancing and carrying on the same as anyone else until she fell down on the floor in labor. There was some panic and screaming and running for the door; then, everyone froze. She was a strong, husky sort, this girl, and she got her underwear off and hiked up her skirt and gave birth right there, to dead twins. The fetuses were laying on the floor all bloody and not breathing, the girl was crying, and people were standing everywhere with no idea about what to do, and then the lights went out. It was only dark for a couple of seconds and when the lights came on again, no one seemed to have moved. But the dead twins were gone.

I don't know what happened after that. I wasn't there myself, and this story always seemed to break down in the denouement. But everyone who's told it to me agrees the twins were gone. And they were supposed to haunt the place, too, as was Remy Miller, who lived there next with his lover, Phil.

Remy and Phil were frail, effeminate types, and very attached. They lived in the garage for only a couple of months in the summer of 1963. Then they went to Cincinnati, where Remy had a job teaching high school. Bob Werhauser and his pregnant wife Lil moved in after them, even though Lil was frightened of the place. She had the baby in December, and a few days after she came home from the hospital Bob had to go away someplace for a month. Maybe jail, I don't remember.

Remy and Phil were in town a lot that winter. They'd drive up for parties at Uncle Mike's or other places, and they had come to a party at Forrester's one Saturday night when Lil's baby was about two weeks old. It was a good party, as all remembered parties are, but I'm told that this one was better than usual, and that there was plenty of drunkenness, fighting, and confusion. About two in the morning the phone rang, and Uncle Mike, who was sitting next to it on the floor with a bottle, answered, and it was Lil. She said Remy was out at the garage banging on the door and threatening to rape her. Uncle Mike laughed and

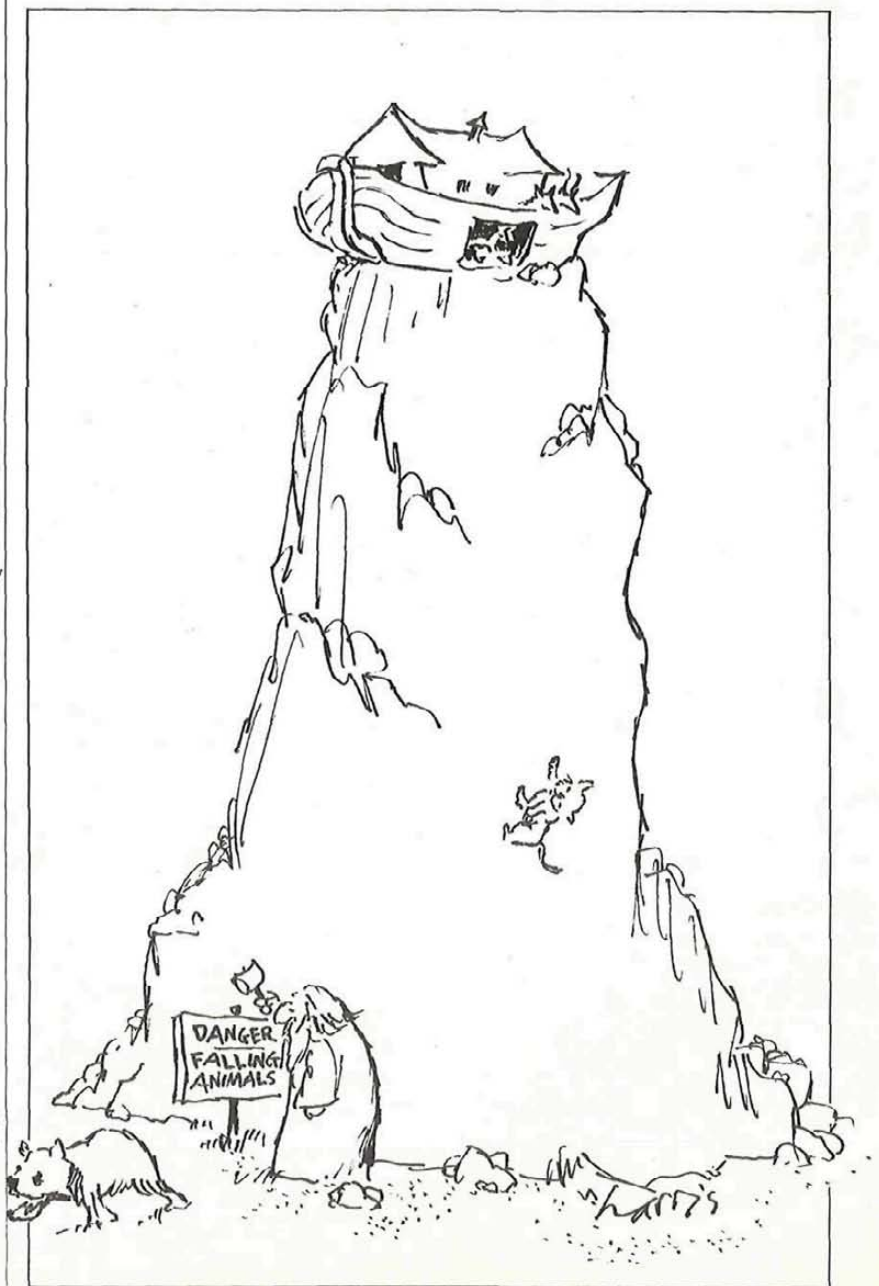
hung up. A few minutes later the phone rang again, and Lil insisted it was true, and Mike says that he thought that that was a great joke and that he laughed even harder. The third time she called she was screaming, and said that Remy was breaking in through the door. One hundred and twenty pounds of faggot and a two-inch stable door — Mike said to cut it out, will you, and the fourth time he just let the phone ring.

It rang for ten minutes, and Remy stayed at the garage for a week. (Under exactly what circumstances no one has ever found out.)

Eventually, though, Remy went back to Cincinnati and back to work and living with Phil, and that was the end of it until the spring of 1964, when some of Remy's students came to see him at home and found him and Phil passed out with the gas on.

Remy died. But whether it was an accident, murder, or suicide, no one knows. They were both alive when the ambulance came, and Phil recovered quickly. But Remy was comatose, laying under an oxygen tent in a welter of life-supporting tubes and hoses for a week. At first, they wouldn't let Phil see him, and when

*continued on page 86*



The Magazine of Bored Middle class Teenagers

# KICKZ

Vol. 12 #10

August 1, 1977

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"Smoke it, Fuck it, Break it!"

-Wienie  
1959-1976

## HARRY HOSE: CLAZZIC KICKZ

Harry is a big man with a beard of purple acne scars and what he calls "the hairiest nostrils in the universe." He is dressed in a white T-shirt that says, "I Dump in My Sleep" across the front. As he talks, he cleans his ear with a shoestring potato.

"I'm a body artist," Harry sez. "I use my body to create re-vulsion in people."

Harry has been the self-proclaimed Superstar of Disgusting, Gross Behavior for most of twenty-nine years. He was a childhood sensation when his "live fart" was heard coast to coast on a network kiddies' show in 1954. He made headlines as a teen when he pantsed crippled baseball star Roy Campanella. When he married his thirteen-year-old first cousin in 1969, he lost much of his following. To prove to his fans that he had neither turned straight nor been settled down by marriage, he shaved his wife's bush and ate it at a press conference.

Today, Harry makes his living by traveling around to college campuses with his "Harry Hose Circus of Disgust." The circus features the Human Snot Machine, a woman with 120-inch tits, a transsexual woman who can fuck herself, and a 108-year-old Negro man who eats flies.

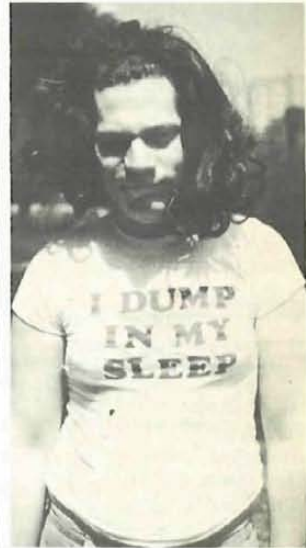
"I love entertaining people," Harry sez. "I have show business in my urine."

Harry's stunts boggle the mind. His Pressed Wang on Stain-

ed Glass is a religious mind-fuck. The courage of his School for Crippled Kids Beat-Off is stunning. He takes your breath away with his King Kong Fart Attack. To watch him work in phlegm, sperm, pus, and dandruff is inspiring. He can make a Kotex come to life.

Harry Hose is indeed deserving of his title. He has earned it through a lifetime of hard work and dedication.

"When I die," Harry sez, "I want to be eaten by hogs. Cunt hogs with their period."



## LETTERZ

Speak your mind,  
spill your gutz,  
let us know how you  
feel.

Dear KICKZ,

You suck. A lot.

Jim Allison

Harrison, New Jersey

Fuck you--Ed.

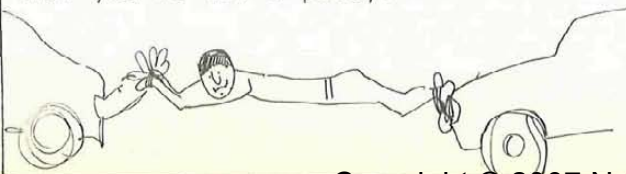
Dear KICKZ,

I really liked your article on blowing up mailboxes. The pics were great and the words were very heavy duty. A lot of guys I know who get off on blow-

## HUMAN HITCH by Dodge Dart

I just got back from my aunt's house in Houston, and have I got a motherfucker of a stunt for you! A couple of fourteen-year-old daredevils who live down the street worked this one out with their older brothers. It's called the Human Hitch. Try it yourself and see if it doesn't give you the rush of a lifetime.

You need two cars. Position yourself between the rear of the first car and the front of the second car. Grip the rear bumper with your hands. Have a buddy secure your grip with rope. Insert your feet into the space between the front bumper and the grill and have your buddy lash you in tight. Have two buddies drive, making sure they maintain the same speed (differences in speed can tear you in two). Try some hairy turns, bumps, quick stops. The Human Hitch is not only a great stunt--it's a dynamite way to prove that you're not a pussy.



ing up mailboxes learned a lot. I did, too. Now let's see something on late night library book return slots.

Peter Fisdalg  
Detroit, Michigan

Dear KICKZ,

In my twenty-five years in publishing, I have never been so outraged. Your magazine panders to the already dismal moral character of the young, and provokes these animals to do further damage to themselves, their families, and the country in general. You should be arrested.

Arthur Fredricks  
Publisher,  
Teen Activities Magazine

Hey, Art. Eat shit--Ed.

Dear KICKZ,

I dig getting really spaced on insight shit and mind tripping and I really dug your article about rock politics. Like, how many guys would know how much fucking influence the Allman Brother's Band would have on how the fucking country gets down. Like I had to get straight to really fucking ponder over the fucker. This dude Carter sounds like a smart as shit motherfucker, but like he must be a studio musician, 'cause like I got every fucking Allman Brothers album and I seen them every fucking time they played Tucson and like I never saw this Carter dude once. What's he play?

Bosco Ribitch  
Tucson, Ariz.

Carter is the president, which is sort of like playing lead.

## WAY TO GO

If you've pulled off a really heavy duty number, KICKZ wants to hear about it.

Way to Go! Larry Munson,  
Pontiac,  
Mich.



"I dry-humped a college girl."

Way to Go! Ben Lwellyn,  
St. Louis.



"I derailed the Wild Mouse at Fun World."

Way to Go! Doug Hobart,  
Gene Moreno, Des Moines.



"We completely disrupted the Ice Capades and stole a tit squeeze off Dorothy Hamill."

Way to Go! Jack Stemple,  
Tucson,  
Ariz.



"I ripped off 400,000 feet of insulated cable from the phone company."

Way to Go! George Brown,  
Denver,  
Colo.



"I forced two Girl Scouts to beat off my

## Suicide Sam

Dr. Sam, a certified suicide doctor, answers your questions about the Big Dive.

Dear Doc Sam,

I'm really freaking. My girl friend says I am a jack-off, my parents want to send me to military school. My younger brother flushed my stash down the toilet. I can't get into school at all. I hate to work and I don't have any bread. My face looks like a tostada. My feet smell, my breath smells. I have about eight hairs on my dick, and everybody laughs at me in gym class. When I laugh really hard, I fart. The guy who scores my downs got busted, and I've been doing a lot of oven cleaner. I got fifteen tickets on New Year's Eve and the cops say I won't get my license until I'm fifty-five. And just about ten minutes ago, our dog took a huge dump on my receiver. I'm ready to take the Big Dive. Should I?

Super-Fucked  
Appleton, Wisc.

Super-Fucked--You really have problems. It looks to me like everything's tangled up. I don't see any way to get out of it. See you in heaven, kid.

Dear Doc Sam,

A couple of months ago, you told me to kill myself because of my deformed balls and all the grief they cause me with girls. I took a whole bunch of pills and was just about through dying when my parents found

pumped. Since then, I have gone to a priest and a doctor and all that, but I still want to kill myself because my balls are still the size of pencil erasers. What should I do?

Small Balls  
New Orleans

Small Balls--So many young people make the same mistake when they try to kill themselves. They take the pills and go up to their rooms, put on some tunes, and lay down to die. After they miss dinner, the parents get suspicious and go upstairs. They find you and pump your stomach and then it's priest city. Take the pills and get out of the house. Go to a double feature, go hide in the woods. Don't waste pills by staying home.

Dear Doc Sam,

My parents bought me a used Rambler for my birthday. I wanted a van. I don't think I can live with a Rambler. Should I turn out the lights on myself? My friends think I'm stupid to kill myself over a car. What do you think?

Unhappy  
Toledo, Ohio

Unhappy--It sounds to me like you have a bunch of morons for friends, or a bunch of guys who already have vans and don't have to drive Ramlers. I wouldn't be able to handle a used Rambler, either.

Dear Doc Sam,

I have terminal cancer, and every day is living hell. My head is shaved and my skin is gray. I am

in constant pain. No drugs can stop the pain. It's pure agony. My father is unemployed and my treatments cost \$5,000 a week and he's sold everything he owns--even the house. We are living in an unheated trailer next to the garbage dump. My sisters are working as prostitutes to help pay for my treatments. I won't last much longer, but the doctors say it'll cost at least another \$100,000 to keep me alive. I can't stand it anymore. Should I kill myself?

Concerned  
Baltimore Dump  
Baltimore, Maryland

Concerned--Now just hold on. It's probably a trick. A lot of terminal cancer patients' families pull this stunt. Get tired of putting out all those bucks and they do the poverty routine. Don't fall for it. Hang in there.

## BEATER CARZ

by  
Four Speed Monroe  
Maybe you've ripped the bottom out of your Trans Am, or overturned your Scout while you've been out having fun. These are the times when you say to yourself, "Fuck, do I wish I had my Dad's car." There is a better solution--the beater car. This is a vehicle designed for fun, built for destruction.

For a few hundred dollars, you can make your own beater car, and save your Trans Am all the trouble and wear. Tell your old man you want to learn about cars, and he'll give you a few bucks and a place in

the driveway.

Drive down to Coloredtown or Spicville and look on the lawns for an old Dodge, Chevy Impala, Plymouth Satellite, or bread truck. Give the guy a bottle of wine and \$100 for the car.

Get yourself four old snow tires and put them on. Attach a wooden bumper like tow trucks have (a four-by-four tied to the front and rear bumpers will do O.K.). Remove the trunk lid for added seating, and weld a couple of large hooks to the frame for towing and dragging stuff.

The beater car will save you costly repairs and will do any job better than your conventional car. When the beater car wears out, you just drive it through a drugstore window and get a new one with the insurance.

## KICKZ INTERVIEW: OZZIE STUPID



KICKZ interviewer Leslie Zits met Ozzie Stupid, lead singer of Puke, in his dressing room at Crampz, a New York punk club, after a command performance for Punk King Kim Fowley.

KICKZ: How would you describe your music?

STUPID: I dunno.

## THE HISTORY OF DESTRUCTION Part 15: HOUSE SMASHERZ

After World War II, the United States had a housing boom to accommodate all the new families caused by the war. Last minute fucks by soldiers going to kill Nazis and Japs resulted in millions of babies who needed homes. These houses were being built in huge quantities, so huge that at night they were left open, even when they were almost finished. This gave rise to house smasherz, who would go into the new homes and smash windows, toilets, bathtubs, kick out walls, knock down supports, and mess up fresh concrete. Harry Gimbel was the most famous of the early house smasherz. He claims to have wrecked over a thousand new houses in Levittown, New York. In 1954, experts believe that the Levitt family had him snuffed.

House smashing is still very popular, especially in new suburbs, where big subdivisions provide many choice targets. Government figures suggest that as many as 20 percent of all new homes are vandalized, which is pretty funny.

In urban areas, office buildings, apartments, and public monuments are substituted for houses.

After the houses grow old and Negroes come into the neighborhood, the houses are killed for good. This is called arson, and it is part 16 of the History of Destruction.

KICKZ: Some people have compared your voice to a monkey's screech. Do you agree?

STUPID: I dunno.

KICKZ: How did you feel when "Eating Styrofoam" hit number one?

STUPID: I dunno.

KICKZ: I understand that you are working on a live album.

STUPID: I dunno.

KICKZ: Well, thanks for talking with us, and good luck on your upcoming tour.

STUPID: I dunno.

## RECORD REVIEWZ

### Intensive Care

Boredom

Tight, ass-kickin', ass-lickin' rock 'n' roll from this new band. Vocals by Peter Baldspot are dynamite. Although

Mystery Lunchmeat is weak on lead and Humphrey Butane is nothing better than a very average drummer, the total sound is incredible. Especially "Trash Compactor Lady" and "Heart of Mud."

### Dry Heaves

The Audrey Space Lepers and Urine Band

The Space Lepers came on strong with their first album, Fucking Good Record, but they have gone straight into the shit-catcher with this "concept" album. While a good subject (dry heaves and their pain and frustration), the connection between not having anything to puke and racial injustice is too broad and is never adequately made. Race

records are a drag, anyway, and there's nothing more boring than listening to somebody sing about poor blacks. Fuck poor blacks. Fuck the Space Lepers. If you buy this, fuck you.

Death on my Breath  
Telephone

Telephone has never been one of my favorite bands, although their following is enormous. Fans will obviously like this new record. No innovations, nothing really new, just more two-chord progressions and minute-and-a-half songs. One exception, "I Hate People," is a solid rocker with sensitive lyrics that reach down and squeeze the heart: "I hate people. I hate life. I hate breathing. I hate strife." If you like Telephone, get it. If you don't, don't get it.

Rumours  
Fleetwood Mac

Buy this for your mother and then take a knife and cut the fuck out of it.

**MOVIE REVIEWZ**

by  
V.D. Klein

This week: Hygiene  
201 and Driver's Ed.  
Class Film Festival

Highway Death

This is a scare film produced by your state police. It is intended to frighten young drivers into driving like old people. A lot of good, solid violence, crashes, blood, gore, even a decapitation. I especially liked the school bus crash scene. Color is good, production is adequate,

the acting is passable. \*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$

Social Diseases

This is a government flick designed to scare young people into not fucking until they're twenty-five. The plot is simple-- a young boy and a young girl (\*\*\*\*) meet and fall in love. One night he visits a prostitute and picks up the Drip. He gives it to the girl. She gives it to another buy when she finds out her boyfriend cheated on her. She gets pregnant, and we assume her pussy rots and the baby is born with brain damage. The guy loses his meat and goes blind. Good shots of deformed wangs and some pussy shots that make you gag. Good laughs, excellent grossness, bad/good acting and authentic prostitute footage. \*\*\*\*

**Fadz**

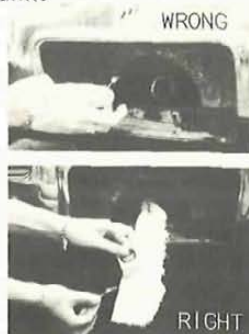
The Big Newz in Boston is spray painting school kids. In Detroit, everybody's getting off on self-inflicted dick tatoos.

The parents in Kenosha, Wisconsin, are shitting wolverines over local used Tampax Wars. Denver looks real good for safety pin swallowers. St. Louis is the place to be if you're into derailing commuter trains. Wasting water is the latest thrill in Marin County, Ft. Lauderdale is going birdshit over gangs of kids breaking into intensive care units and unplugging the old folks. Lumberjacking (cutting down utility poles) is catching on in Des Moines. New York Yankee fans are hav-

ing a good time throwing full beer cans at millionaire ballplayers. Mass public beat-offs are shaking up St. Paul, Minn. A good time in Grosse Pointe, Mich., these days is blowing the whistle on your old man's tax return.

**Safety Tipz**

Always use a fuse when torching a gas tank!



**Buy the ATOMIC BONG!**  
**New from Stoned Science, Inc.**

Now--the same scientific principles that destroyed hundreds of thousands of lives in World War II can be used to destroy hundreds of thousands of brain cells.

Introducing the Atomic Bong. Stoned Science, Inc., has taken a conventional smoking device and equipped it with a microreactor, making it the first atomic smoking device in the universe. You load it with your smoke, turn the reactor switch to "critical mass," light up, and say goodbye to life as you know it now! In laboratory tests, the Atomic Bong stoned 300 people with half an ounce of Kansas utility grade grunt weed. How does it work? That's a trade secret; but we'll tell this much--the smoke is hurled at Mach 2 through the roof of your mouth, directly into the brain cells, for a buzz that lasts for hours, days, and even months.

At head shops everywhere.



FIFTY-TWO ISSUES FILLED WITH TRASH, BAD TASTE, AND ANTI SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS. SHOW THE WORLD YOU COULD CARE LESS-- SUBSCRIBE TO KICKZ.

**DISGUSTING T-SHIRTS**

\$3.95

- \*Puke
- \*Dead Nun
- \*Inflamed Asshole
- \*Gian Scab
- \*Scratch 'n' Sniff Urine Stain
- \*"Kill Retards"
- \*"My Parents Are Dead"
- \*"My Sister Gives Head"

Fuk Ent., Ltd.

635 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y.

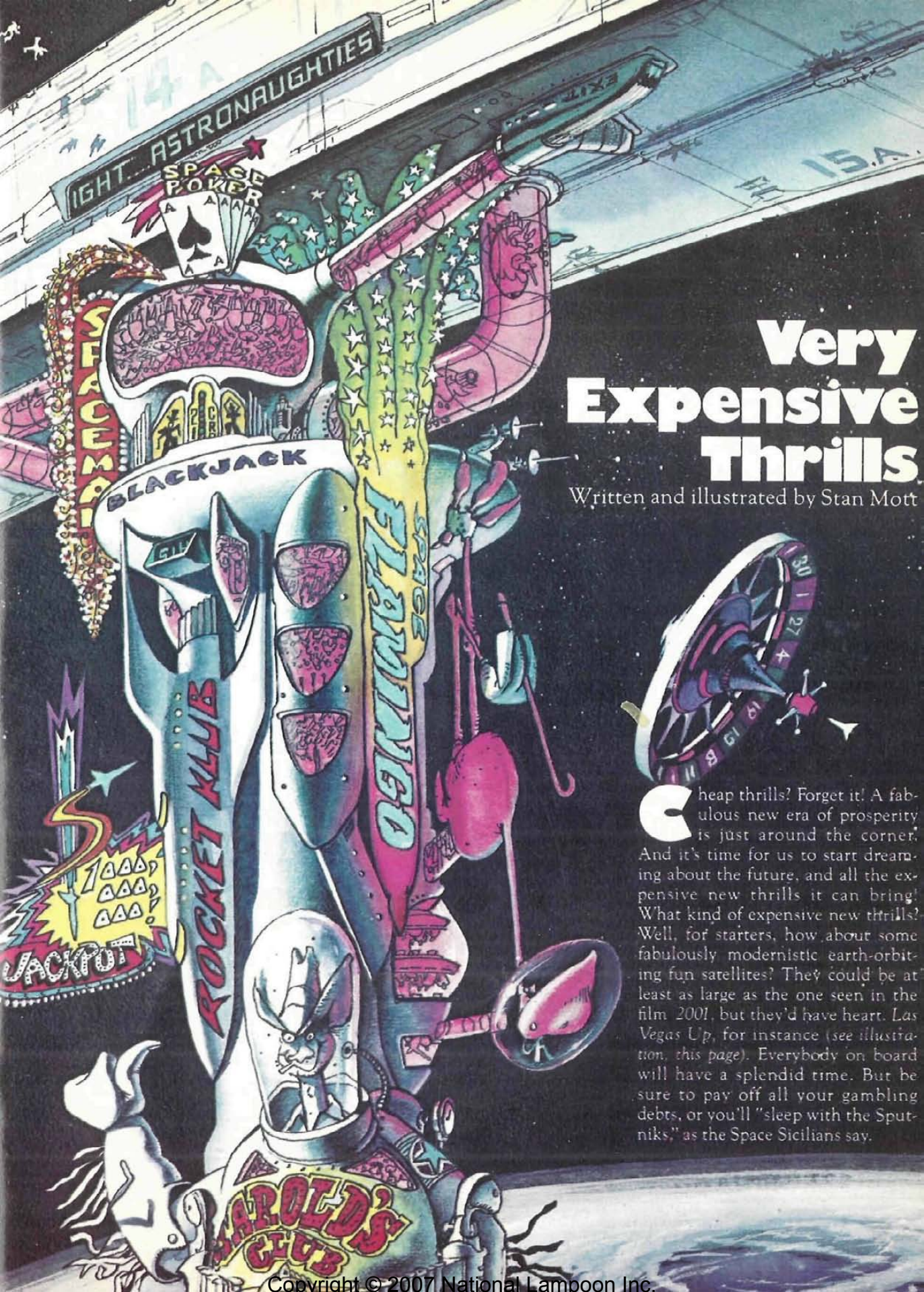
Circle: Small Medium Large Hog Extra-Hog

**A MESSAGE TO DRUG USERS**

Drugs are dangerous. They are also fun. Drugs are harmful to the body and mind. They are also fun. Most drugs used by young people are either illegal or used illegally. They are also fun. So the question you must ask yourself is, "Do I want to take a chance on ruining my body and mind, going to jail, or dying? Or do I want to have fun?" In making up your mind, the publishers of KICKZ would like to remind you that without fun, life is like death, prison, and mental and physical retardation.

**NEXT ISSUE**

- RAISING HELL IN THE GARDEN
- FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS: HOW TO TELL WHEN SHE'S MENSTRUATING
- WASTING A-V EQUIPMENT
- TEARING UP GOLF COURSES WITH SNOW CHAINS ON IN THE SUMMER.



# Very Expensive Thrills

Written and illustrated by Stan Mott



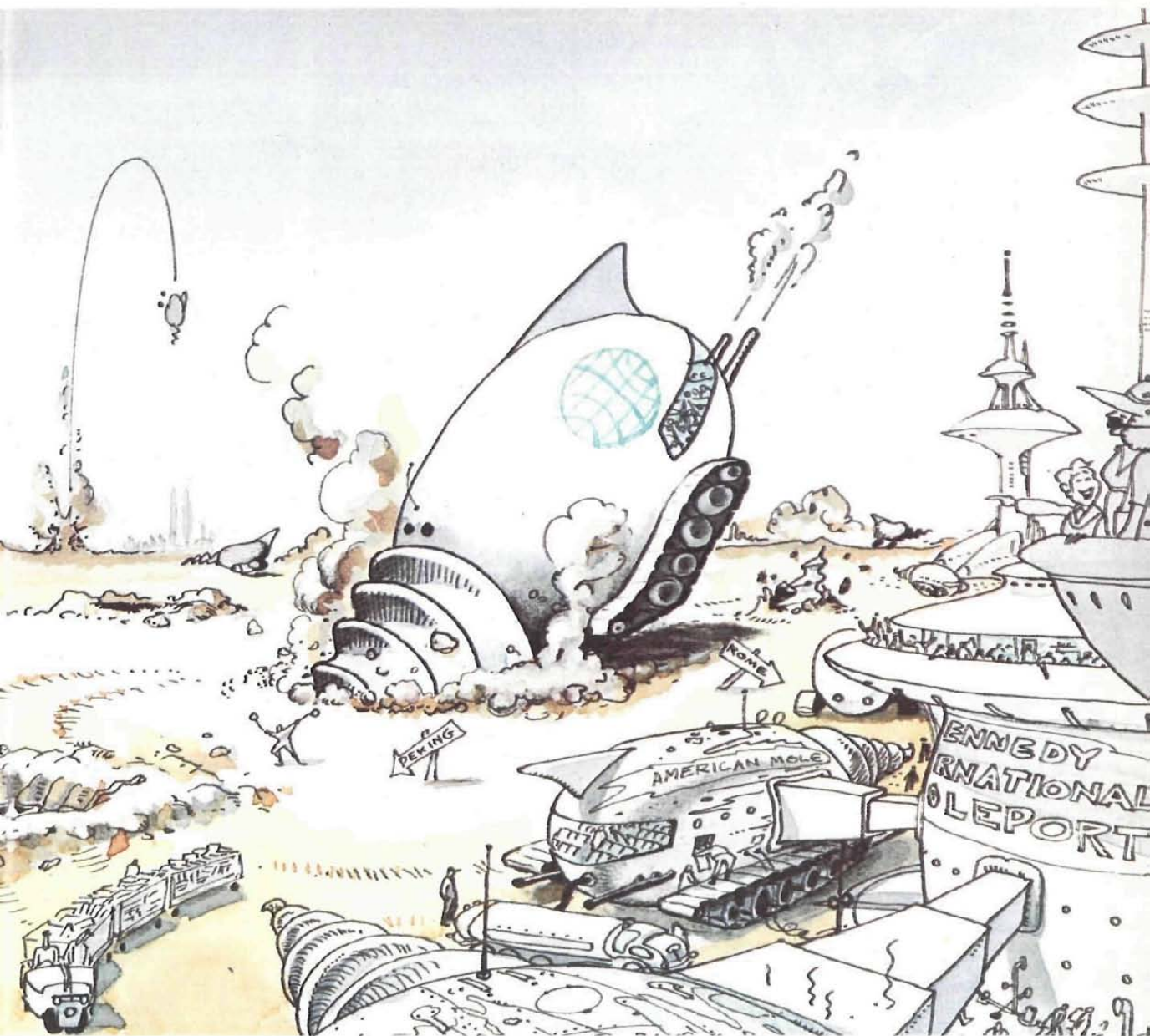
**C**heap thrills? Forget it! A fabulous new era of prosperity is just around the corner. And it's time for us to start dreaming about the future, and all the expensive new thrills it can bring. What kind of expensive new thrills? Well, for starters, how about some fabulously modernistic earth-orbiting fun satellites? They could be at least as large as the one seen in the film *2001*, but they'd have heart. *Las Vegas Up*, for instance (see illustration, this page). Everybody on board will have a splendid time. But be sure to pay off all your gambling debts, or you'll "sleep with the Sput-niks," as the Space Sicilians say.



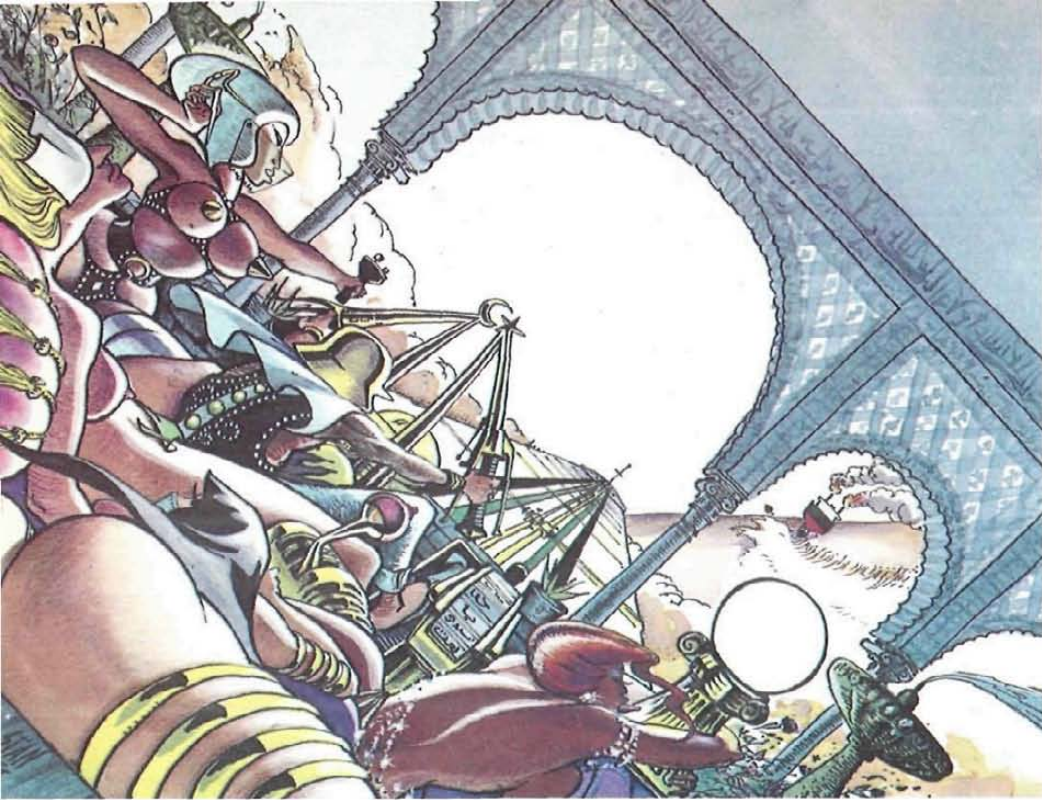
**T**he zero gravity red light district in Las Vegas Up will be located at the rotating hubs of these satellites. They'll feature some new varieties of a very old profession. Just imagine *Taxi Driver* taking place on the ceiling!

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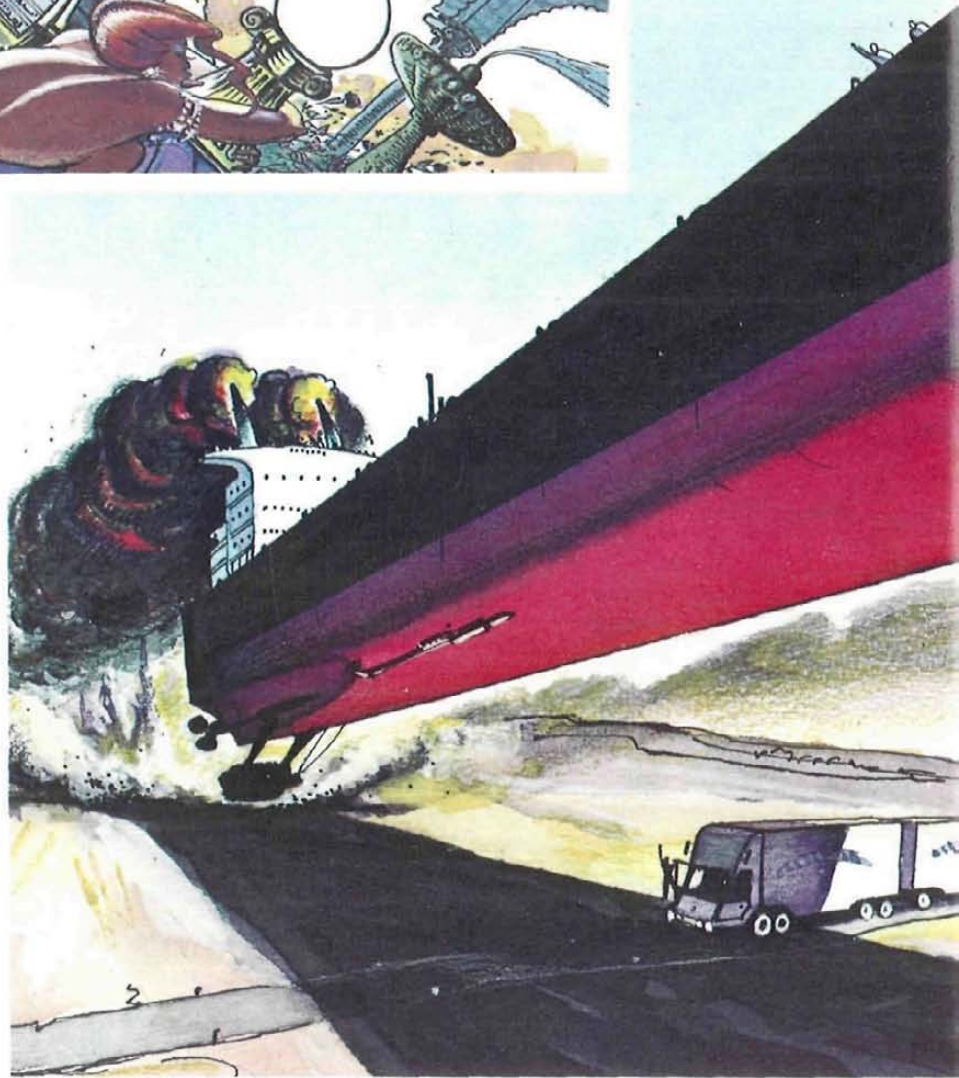


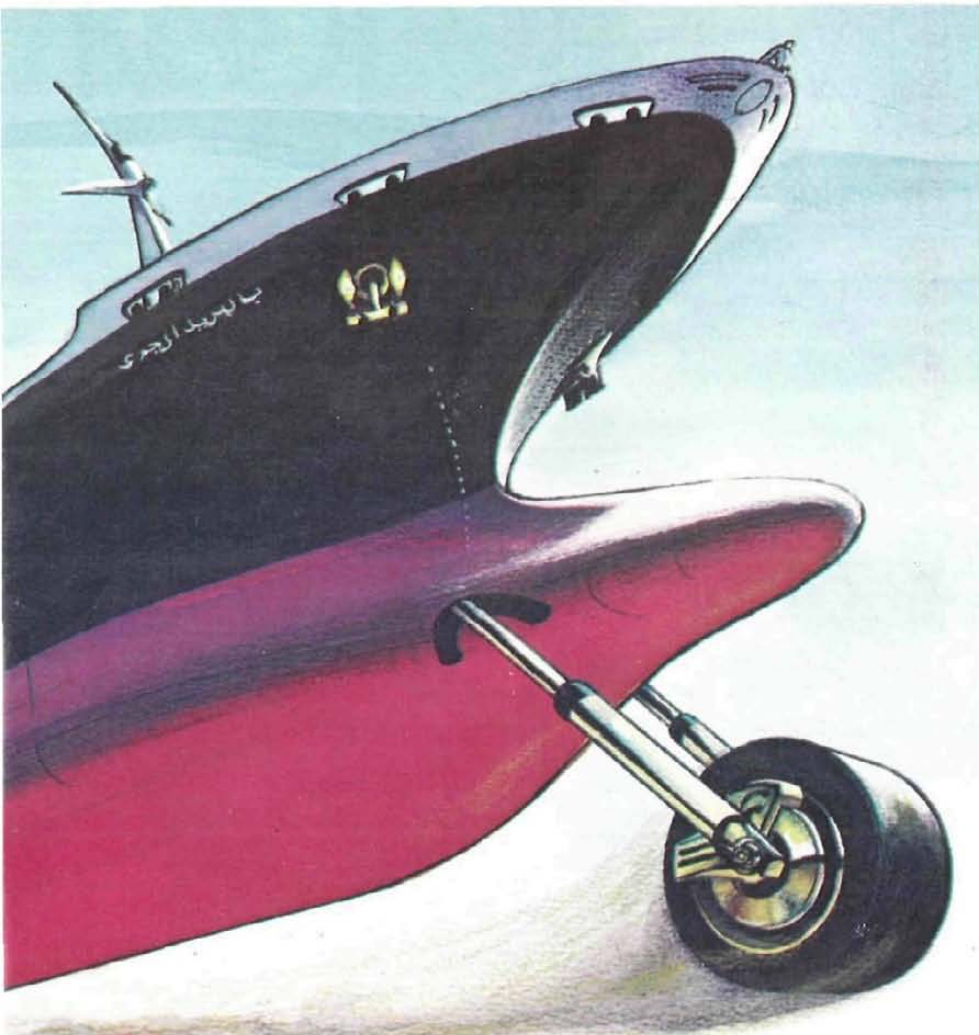
**N**o doubt there will be great and unforeseen breakthroughs in international transportation, too – such as the *moleplane*, which will replace the jet airplane. It will eliminate noise and air pollution, and provide us with direct transportation to places like China and New Zealand. On Sundays, families will visit *moleports* and watch all the activities. The moleplane will allow us to literally take a peek inside spaceship earth. We will discover many large caverns and develop them; but wisely. So onward, into the future, and perhaps Las Vegas Down!



**W**hat's this, Moby Knievel? No indeed. It's only another pesky oil sheik showing off his two-wheeler. Solar energy will be harnessed, making petroleum and the tankers which transported it nearly useless. So the sheiks, still incredibly wealthy, but deeply frustrated because nobody needs them anymore, will vie for world attention by converting supertankers into motorcycles and racing them around the Nefud. This bike, the *Golden Gleam* (so called because all running gear is cast out of eighteen karat gold) "pulls a wheelie" to give another traveler a friendly buzz.

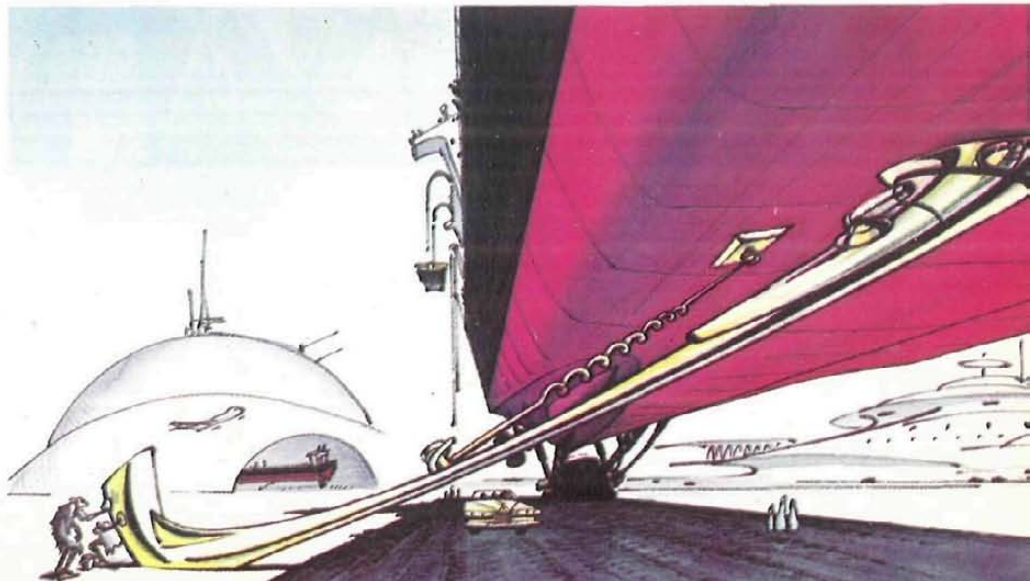
*Right.*

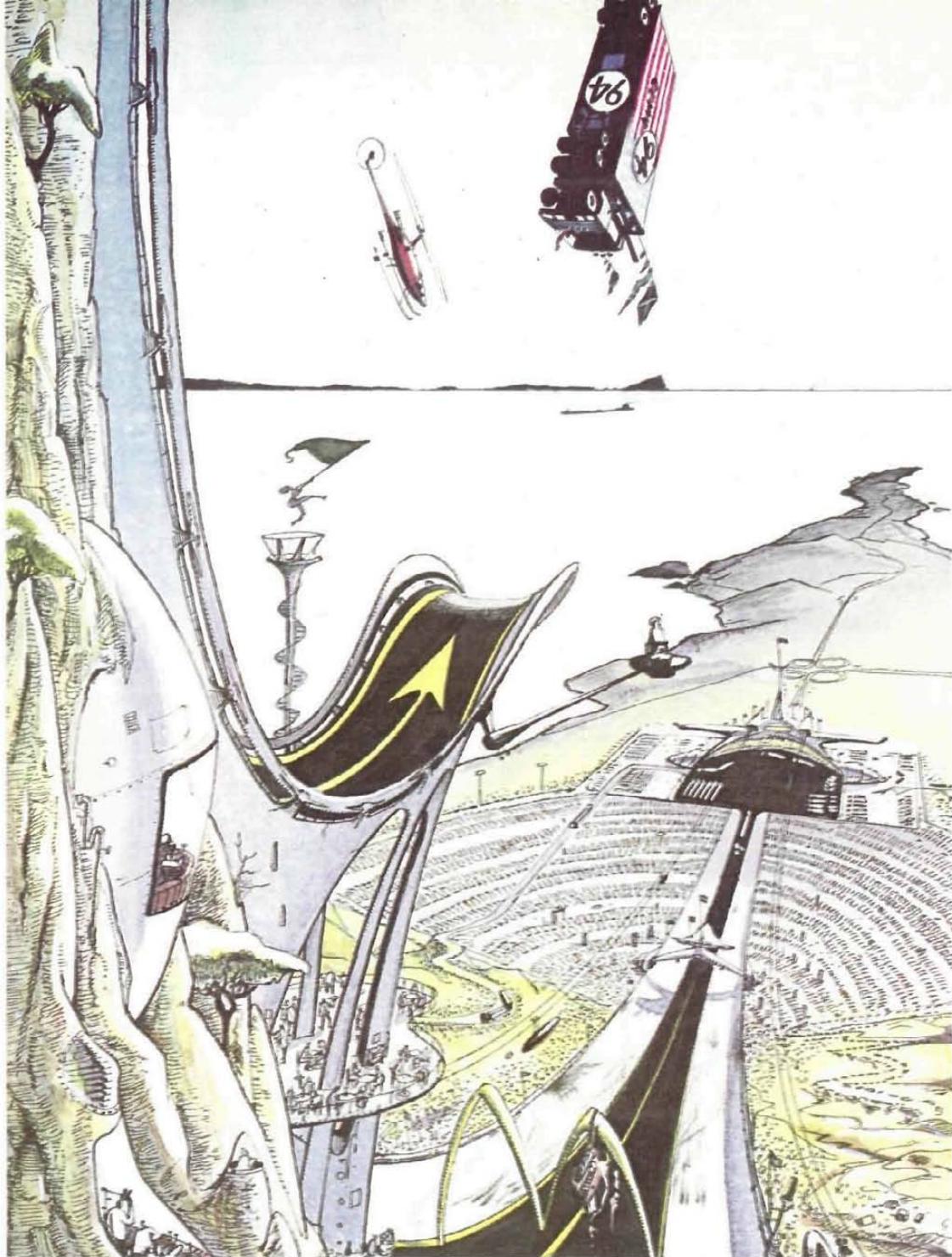




**H**igh up on the bridge of 750,000-ton *Golden Gleam*, we see the officers hard at work. Behind Mr. Wonderful at the risers, starting upper left, is navigator, first mate, captain (four stripes), and wiper. Note Alhambra superstructure, Saudi racing colors (on deck), Borg-Warner custom six-speed golden crash box, lucky ball, and skipper's ass. *Opposite page, above.*

**H**ow do you hold up the world's largest golden motorcycle? With the world's largest golden kickstand. Note golden Rolls Royce tenders. *Below.*





**F**inally, one of the more spectacular sports of the future will combine the popular but obsolete semi-tractor trailer with ski jumping. There will be many classes, from VW kombis to mobile cement mixers to twenty-eight-wheel semis. There will be pros and amateurs, independents and factory teams. But basically there will be only two jumping categories: acrobatic and distance. (Anyone not making it over the McDonald Chicken Bar, erected in celebration of the famed Sanders-McDonald merger, will either be laughed or scraped off the course.) Here we see, with the TV chase helicopter in hot pursuit, a hands-off-the-wheel pro taking an eighteen-wheel CCMV (cross-country moving van), horns and lights blazing, through a double gainer tuck and roll back flip—a real contender for the national finals! □

# NEW KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.

And KOOL's refreshing coolness, too.

At last, a low "tar" menthol cigarette with satisfying taste.



KINGS

LONGS

## mg. 'tar' in both sizes.

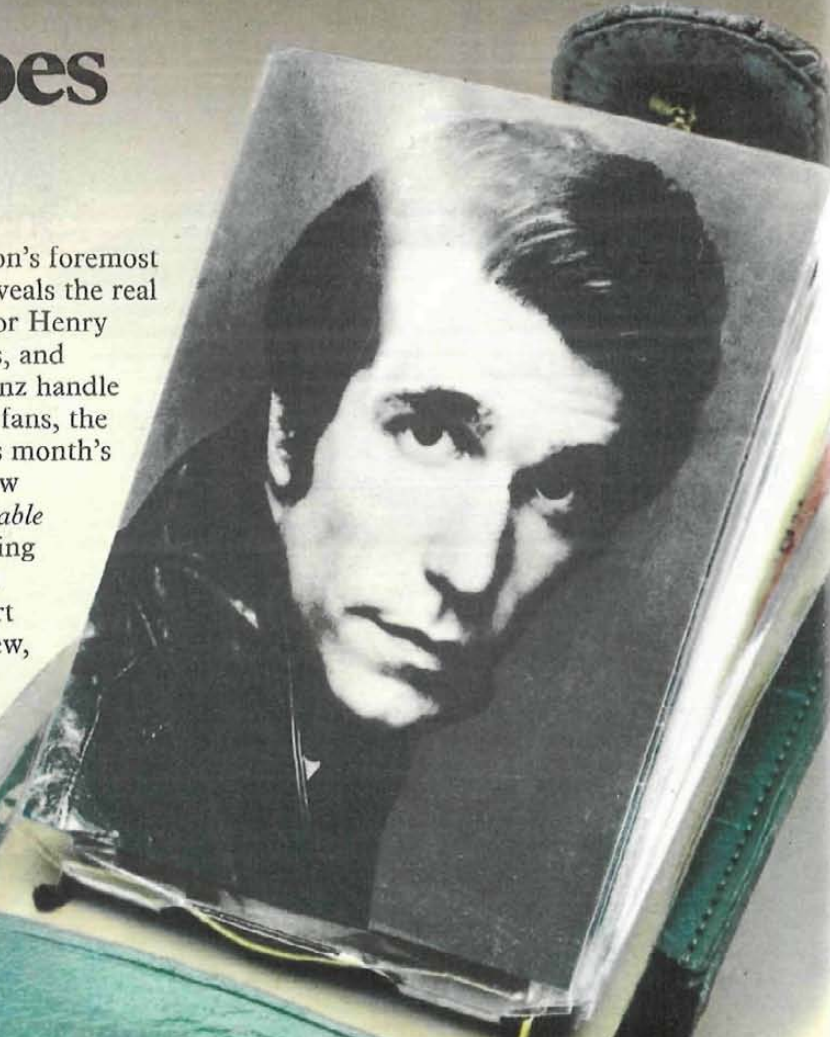
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

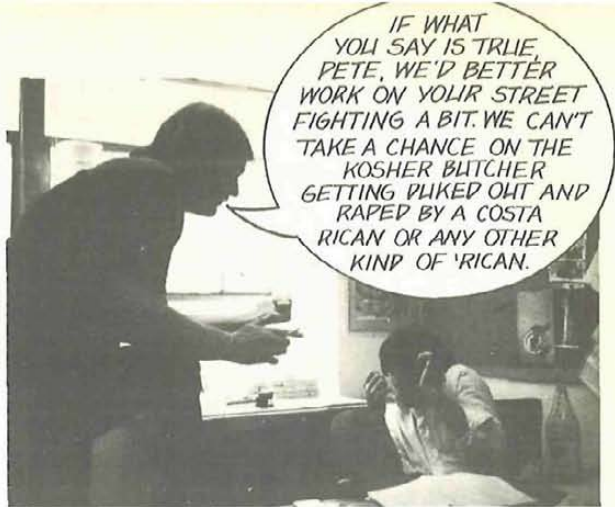
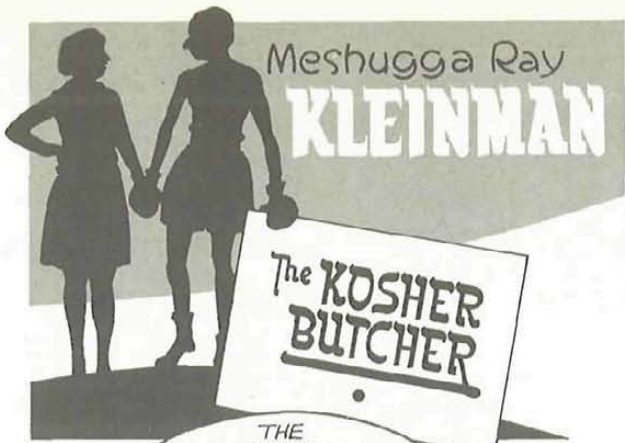
© B&W T CO.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

# The Fonz goes all the way.

In this month's *Playboy Interview*, television's foremost character child of the Fifties, the Fonz, reveals the real person inside the black leather jacket. Actor Henry Winkler openly discusses what success has, and hasn't, done to him. How does the real Fonz handle life amongst the groupies and overzealous fans, the ever-present offers of sex? Find out in this month's **PLAYBOY**. Also, be among the first to preview the new John Le Carré novel, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, destined to become a blockbusting best seller and motion picture. The World War Two epic *A Bridge Too Far* didn't start out as a disaster film, but for the cast and crew, it became one. You'll learn why in this month's **PLAYBOY**. Pro-football fans can't afford to miss Anson Mount's annually quite accurate *Pro Football Preview*. The teams we select for this season's Super Bowl? Pick up the current issue of **PLAYBOY** and see. It's at your newsstand now.





LATER THAT DAY, IN NEW YORK'S FAMED BELLS OF HELL BAR...



# Can I get a job at the National Lampoon?

An Answer to Readers' Inquiries  
by P.J. O'Rourke





I guess a lot of people want to work at the *National Lampoon*. I mean, every morning there's a fresh pile of résumés on my well-polished desk top. But I think you ought to know that that desk top is a very temporary way station on each résumé's pathetic journey from its stamp-licking owner to the "circular file" on the floor beside my feet. In a word—well, in three words—we ain't hiring. So this is a very brief article: "Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*," you ask. No. The end.

O.K. I'm done. *Gotta split now... who's editing this, anyway? Sean? Hey, Sean, I finished my piece. Yeah, it's on your desk. I'm going to the Hamprons. Bye...huh? Whadaya mean? Fuck you! You're what's too short... huh? Oh, Christ. O.K. O.K. All right, already...*

But, as I was saying, there's lots more to getting a job at the *National Lampoon* than just finding out whether you can get one or not, which, as I mentioned, you can't. There are other things to be considered. Lots of other things. Important things. Things that I'll make up right after I have this quick drink.

Was "Get a Job" a stupid idea for an issue, maybe? It seems to presume that the *National Lampoon* readers are all college kids about to, you know, embark on the stormy sea of full-time employment. Which is not the case. At least, not according to the statistical crap shovelers over in our marketing department. They say the average reader is a twenty-four-year-old bank president in Canada, or something like that. Oh well, it wasn't my idea. All grown-ups can leave now, but anybody who's still taking money from home has to stay and lick the chalk trays clean.

What's with you college kids, anyway? What's the big deal about getting a job? Why does that subject prey so on your little minds? Back when I was in college, anybody who mentioned "career objectives" would have been laughed right out of the crash pad. Not that anybody ever did. We were living in the *here and now*. We fucked more, fought more, and took more drugs than you'll ever see in the movies, Jack. And with never a thought for the morrow. Sha na na na na, *live for today!* Corporate recruiters used to come on campus—in those days, they were *begging* people to take jobs. They'd go down on their worsted twill knees and plead with us to come be chairman of the board at GE. And do you know what we used to do? We'd kill them. That's right. We used to *kill* corporate recruiters and use the skin off their ass to make *stash pouches!*

Man, we ruled the world. We'd riot all day long. Jesus, it was fun. The cops were crazy scared of us. They'd fire off a tear gas canister and we'd catch it in our teeth, chew it up, and spit it back at them. We used to blow up buildings just to get our hearts started in the morning. We took no crap. And at night we fucked. Fucked and fucked and fucked and fucked. There was sex everywhere in those days. Beautiful women, fashion models and movie stars, would come up to us in the street and give us blow jobs just because they liked the patches on our jeans. We did it all night long in groups of a hundred and more, and we never slept. We didn't need sleep. We had



APPLICANT #2



NOW  
SEND IN THE  
GAYS WE MIGHT  
REALLY HIRE.



drugs. Boy, did we have drugs! We had drugs to get it up. Drugs to keep it down. Drugs to make us good or bad. And drugs to make us ugly. We had drugs that wrote our term papers, washed our socks, and waxed the motorcycle in the barn. We had drugs you never heard of, and you never will, because we used them all up and there ain't any more.

Fighting, fucking, and taking drugs. That's all we did. If it moved fast, we fought it. If it moved slow, we fucked it. If it didn't move at all, we shot it in our arms. And all the time we were doing this, we took LSD every fifteen minutes, just to keep in constant touch with God. God used to ask us what to do. No shit. "What do you think?" He'd say. "Plague in India? Famine in the sub-Sahara states? Rain at Woodstock?" We saw God all the time.

That's what it was like going to college in the sixties. And today? Today, all us flipped-out SDS hippie weirdos are doctors, lawyers, and captains of industry. We're making tons of money and living in the lap of luxury, while you, the hard-working, responsible grind, grovels at our feet begging for a job the way you are right now.

There's something wrong with your generation. You have no style of your own. You let your thinking be done by "consumer advocates" and all manner of sensitivity slobs and inner peace creeps. Your music is derivative and, incidentally, awful. You dress in baggy Levis, club-footed "Earth Shoes," and great mounds of puffy duck fur. For fun, you backpack—oh, odious pastime! Your women are fat. They lead you around by your dinkies and make you apologize every time you say "girl."

But I seem to be getting off the track....Let's pretend that there's one of you out there who's not an asshole. (Gosh, I wish I knew how to be charming. Doug Kenney is charming. Doug could have said something like that and it would have been really cute. Know what I mean? He tells you to "sit on a flashlight" and you laugh like loons. I tell you to sit on a flashlight and you get vivid mental pictures of shattered lens glass, poinry bulb filaments, and sharp protruding switch buttons where you wouldn't want to have them. Oh, well....) Assuming that there is, among you readers, one to whom this article does not apply—who's been reading it because there's nothing on the tube—let me now address myself to him. To you. You know who you are. Not you! And definitely not you in the Kiss T-shirt. You. Right? O.K. You're a talented guy. I know you're a guy because women have too much internal plumbing to be funny. (They're set up solely to propagate the species, and when you know that a fistful of your own uterine accoutrements are all that stand between man and the fate of the prerodactyl, life is no laughing matter.) You're a good writer, I realize that. You're funny, too. I loved that *Secret Life of Plants* parody you did. Especially that part where they bribe the maid to take them over to the Jersey Meadows so that they can cross-pollinate with the wild liverwort. And your script for an all-white production of *Porgy and Bess*? Hilarious! And Polish jokes—you do great Polish jokes. How about that "bridge over the Vistula" one? Where the construction company forgets to shuffle? Ho-ho, that was good. No, there's no doubt in my mind that you have talent. I'd hire you in a minute. But do you really want the job? I'm asking this for your own



APPLICANT #4

good. Think it over, hard. Hasn't it occurred to you that maybe the *National Lampoon* is a little, well, passé? Not quite the done thing for the late seventies? There's that hatred for authority, for instance. It's not chic to hate authority anymore. It's chic to be authority. Then there are all those Jewish names on the masthead. That certainly runs contrary to the fashionable new anti-Semitism. And, of course, there's the ugliness of it all—all those grotesque pictures and gutter language. So non-U. Listen, as a young man at the start of your career, you'd better realize that the mode of today is to be graceful, rich, pretty, powerful, and faintly liberal in the eighteenth century sense of the word. The *National Lampoon* represents none of those virtues. Well, some of us are kind of rich, but, anyway, let's examine this simple checklist:

<p><b>The right people to mildly satirize, who will then think you witty and invite you to all their parties.</b></p> <p>Alice Roosevelt Longworth The Maharani of Jaipur Ben Bradlee Garry Willis Henry Ford II Princess Yasmin Khan Tip O'Neill John Cheever Zbigniew Brzezinski</p>	<p><b>The wrong people to have anything to do with.</b></p> <p>Gloria Steinem Abbie Hoffman Jane Fonda Eldridge Cleaver George McGovern Ralph Nader Bella Abzug Andrew Young Jerry Brown</p>
--	--

Which group of people do you associate with the *National Lampoon*? Right. So why don't you go work for television? It's the coming medium, it really is.

Then consider what it would be like to actually work here. The offices are a dump. Some of the secretarial help is fetching, but they all have giant boyfriend in Brooklyn. The magazine is owned by a group of ex-Armenian rug dealers who were lured to New York from the commercial sewers of the Levantine by the reek of soft-core gelt. Messieurs Hendra, Kelly, and myself conduct the day-to-day management, but the rug dealers intervene constantly—mostly by bursting into our offices and squealing in porcine rage for hours over some misspent \$1.25 or three-buck due bill. Hendra, Kelly and I run the magazine via a sort of troika arrangement—you remember how well that worked in Russia? We are in perpetual disagreement. Especially Hendra and I. I think he has poor taste in clothes, and he thinks I have no talent. Kelly sides with whoever's not out of the room. Did I say we run the magazine? Yeah, right. We



APPLICANT #5

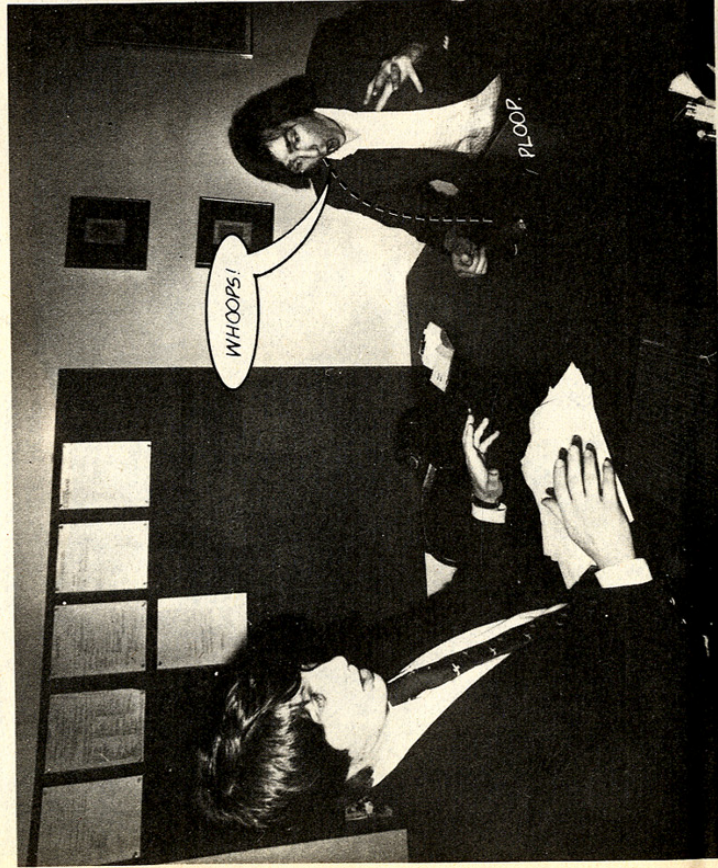
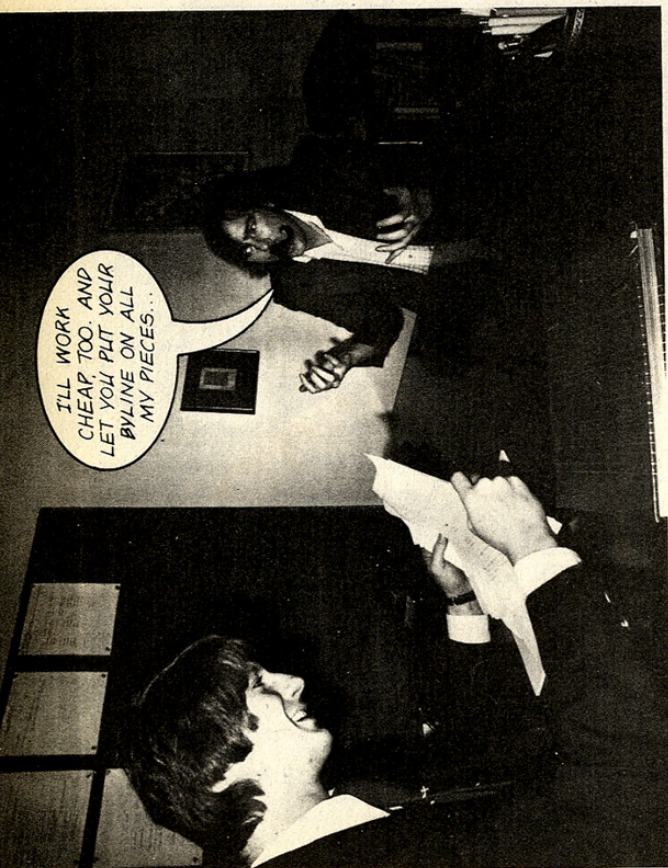


run this magazine like you, the voter, run this country. Actual control is in the hands of a disorderly pack of quarreling, drunk, pettish editors and writers who detest us, each other, and themselves in about that order. The political situation at the *National Lampoon* resembles central Europe before the Peace of Westphalia, and thus our monthly product has the same coherence and stability that the Holy Roman Empire was famous for.

And where would you fit in? You'd be lowest of the low. Subassistant copy editors would lord it above you. You'd be made to grovel before the strange (and often not too clean) contributing editors who roam our offices like barbarian hordes. You'd be sent out for coffee. People would make fun of your haircut.

Also, you'd have to move to New York. A tough town. Apartments are rented by the hour. Two or three hundred dollars a minute is about normal. The air quality is terrible. You can't get health insurance unless you promise to wear a scuba tank. And no one goes outdoors without an armed guard. You'd be lonely, too. Who would you hang out with? I certainly don't want you littering up my social set. Hendra? He spends all his time playing nude squash with wealthy golf widows. Kelly? He won't even speak to you unless you talk French, and no crummy Quebecois accents, either. How about Gerry Sussman, and Kleinman, the art director? Well, they're usually pretty wrapped up in a cluster-fuck with the photo models. Besides, they hate guys. Peter Kaminsky, now he loves guys, but he isn't queer, so that leaves you out. You'd better brush up on your Wittgenstein and learn to play three-dimensional Go if you expect Weiner and Abelson to give you the time of day. And you can forget Ted Mann. He hangs out in a bar so tough that they moved Harlem uptown to get away from it.

You're still not convinced? Let's talk to your Mom about this. I've got her on the phone right now. "Hello? Uh-huh. Yes, Ma'am...no, Ma'am... yes, Ma'am, that's right... yes, Ma'am, that's perfectly true... yes, I'll be sure and tell him... I certainly will... thank you, too. Good-bye, now." She's *furious*. She says you were the best-behaved child. Really. And you always did so well in school and always minded her. She and your dad were so proud of you. Then your started to go around with that crowd at the Pizza Hut. She wanted you to be a lawyer. You could have gone to med school. She didn't raise her son to be a *National Lampoon* writer. She said that she's sure that if your father had known that you were going to turn out to be a pornographer, he would have left the rubber on. That's what she said. She said that she was *positive* that night that he was pumping a load of brain surgeon scum up her baby tubes. And then she said that if she'd known that it was going to turn out like this, she would have given him a hand job. Ha! Ha! Ha! I didn't really have your mother on the phone at all. That was the time recording. I told you you didn't want to work for the *National Lampoon*. You don't want to work for the *National Lampoon* because you're just going to get jacked around like that all the time. O.K.? Look, here's a wire coat hanger. You bend it like this and like this. See? Now, go steal a car and get out of my life. □



Cut out and mail to:  
 Personnel Department  
 National Lampoon  
 635 Madison Ave.  
 New York, New York 10022

### APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SEX  Cute girl  No job

PHONE NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_ First \_\_\_\_\_ Middle \_\_\_\_\_ Last \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

WHEN'S YOUR DAD NOT HOME?

DATE OF BIRTH (1955 or after only, please)

EDITORS THAT YOU'LL "DO IT" WITH:  
 O'Rourke  Hendra  O'Rourke  Kelly  O'Rourke  Other  O'Rourke

REFERENCES: Give below the names of three persons you've blown.

1.	Name _____	Phone No. _____	Did you swallow it?
2.	_____	_____	_____
3.	_____	_____	_____

**PHYSICAL RECORD**

Chest \_\_\_\_\_ Waist \_\_\_\_\_ Hips \_\_\_\_\_

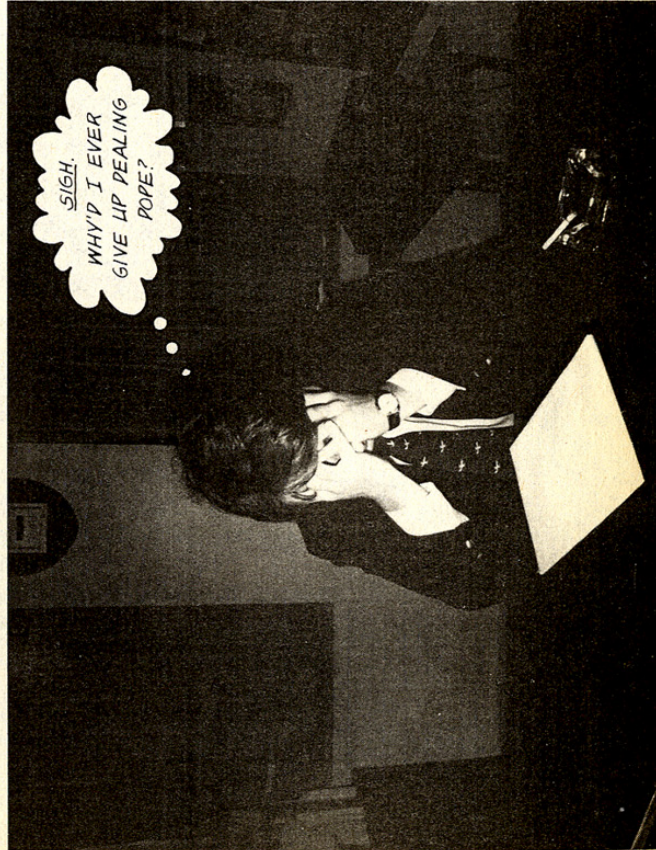
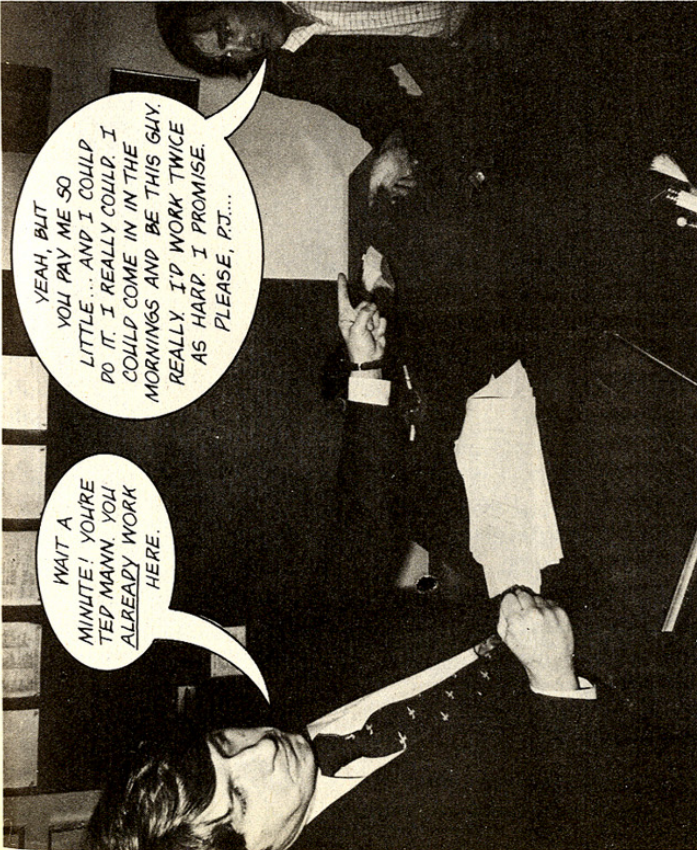
Weight \_\_\_\_\_ Birth Control  Yes  No, but I'm not Catholic

List anything funny-looking about your body: \_\_\_\_\_

I authorize investigation of all statements contained in this application. I understand that misrepresentation or omission of facts called for is cause for getting tied up and spanked.

DATE \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

ENCLOSE NUDE POLAROID \_\_\_\_\_



# PUT SOME FUN BETWEEN YOUR LEGS

Let everyone know you're bicycling for the fun of it...  
with a T-shirt, Backpack or Self-Stick Reflecting Patch.



**YES, I'D LIKE SOME FUN BETWEEN MY LEGS.  
PLEASE RUSH ME:**

\_\_\_ **FUN SHIRT(S)**—100% cotton    womens  sm  med  lg  
@ \$3.95 + 55¢ per shirt            mens  sm  med  lg  
for postage & handling

\_\_\_ **BICYCLING BACK PACK(S)** (doubles as an over-the-shoulder bag) Natural canvas printed in Bicycle Racing Green!  
@ \$7.95 + 85¢ per bag for postage and handling.

\_\_\_ **SELF-STICK REFLECTING PATCH(ES)** (made of reflecting mylar)  
@ 75¢ per patch—postage & handling included.

\_\_\_ **PACKAGE DEAL(S)**—Buy a shirt and a backpack and get FREE patch—ALL 3 FOR \$11.90 + \$1.25 postage & handling.

I enclose check  money order  in amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

N.Y. state residents add 8% sales tax.

**NAME:** \_\_\_\_\_

**ADDRESS:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CITY:** \_\_\_\_\_ **STATE:** \_\_\_\_\_ **ZIP:** \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: 21st Century Communications, 635 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N.Y. 10022, Dept. FUN.

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# Wasted Times

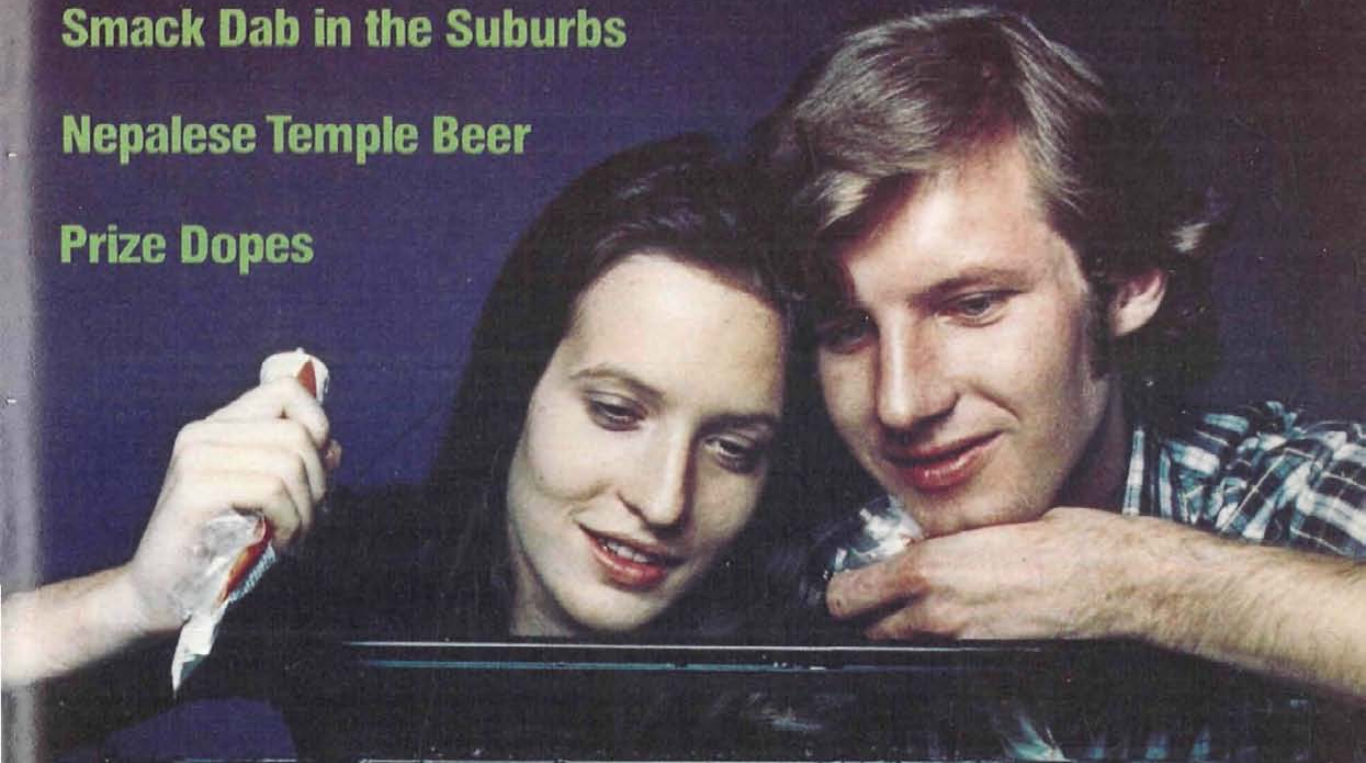
August 1977

\$1.75

Smack Dab in the Suburbs

Nepalese Temple Beer

Prize Dopes



Me and You and a Dog Named Glue



# Wasted Times

A HARD DRUG IS GOOD TO FIND

August 1977, No. 24

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**RAPS:**

**There's No Business Like Snow Business:**

For dealers, Coke is a natural

R.U. Holden 17

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Eyelids, earlobes, and other places where needle marks are virtually undetectable

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My cat thinks he's a dog, my fish get off on LSD in the tank, I grow actual dope plants indoors, plus Polaroids of readers smoking joints

62

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Current prices on "the street"

71

## Tracks

### The Fascist Nightmare of 1984 Is Alive and Well and Raping our Young

Every year in America, the storm-trooper goon squads of the Brain Police bust thousands of peaceful heads, most of them young, for getting it on with Mother Nature. While thousands are hungry and sad, and kids go to bed at night without getting a decent education, the government of our country sees fit to spend millions of dollars mounting a Vietnam-like invasion of our very own sons and daughters, raping their civil rights and bringing the war home to them in their own houses.

Are we going to stand by while the men from NARC turn the American dream into a national nightmare of epic bad trip proportions?

Are we going to allow bully-boy terror tactics to destroy our young country's

faith in itself, eroding the people's belief in the constitution as the rich get richer and the revolving doors of justice grind to a halt?

Even as you read this, Washington is plagued by a credibility gap, while down below the breadline, it's business as usual. Every day, planned obsolescence lays waste to our nation's natural heritage, and the real America is elsewhere, on the smog-choked freeways and in the deserted bus stations of the decaying inner cities, glutted with the teeming refuse of our consumeristic society.

Bad words are not obscene. Bare buttocks are not obscene. Dying from neglect because no one took the time to care is obscene. Outdated laws that sit

on the books are obscene.

We cannot remain silent any longer. Fortunately, there is a way we can do something to change what must be changed. The JUST TYPICL way. By supporting a national organization dedicated to justice through Your Persistence in Congressional Lobbying, decent citizens who believe in this country reaffirm their trust in all that we have come to hold as worth preserving and protecting in these United States.

Only decriminalization can remove the odious stigma of lawlessness from the "victimless criminals" amongst our young. Thus we reiterate the timely slogan of the 1977 TYPICL campaign: "Waste your head, not time!"



# UP, UP, AND AWAY!

by Emil Nitate

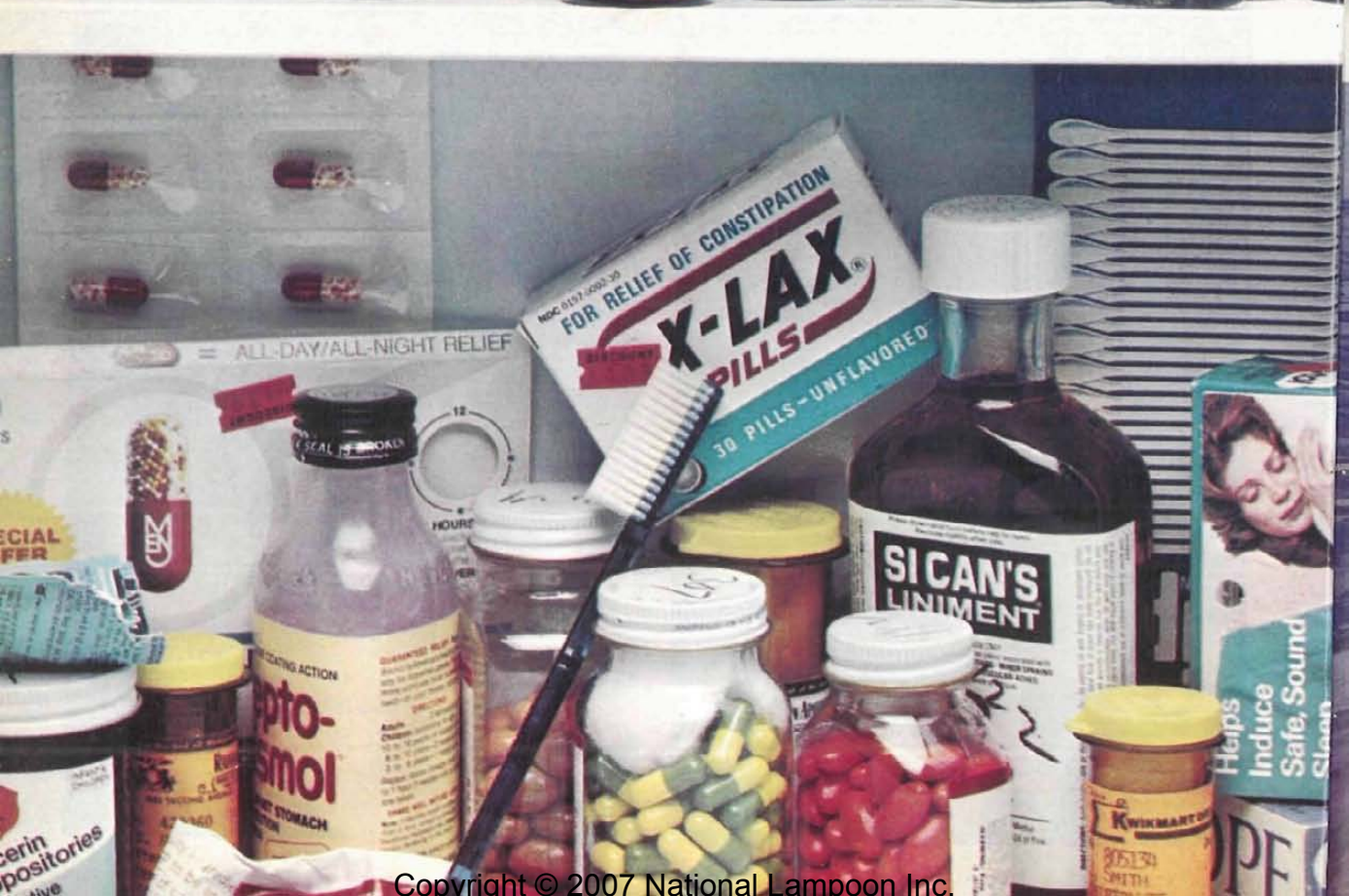
**A**ll you need is a taste up front and you're hooked for life. Adventure. It's out there waiting for anyone with a head for highs and a body to take you there. And even if it's been a while since you last made contact with your body, you know you have one—there's one for every head. Been that way for years.

What's more—it just ain't right to leave the poor bod' stuck back there in your pokey apartment while you careen around the cosmos on board the latest fleet of intergalactic cruisers. So take a tip from this month's pictorial feature freaks and hit the high road to Adventureland, another exciting day trip in This Snorting Life!

(1) It's a gas! Laughing gas, to be precise, just the thing for aquanaughties at twenty fathoms. Ever hear of the undersea kinkdom? (2) Outward bound. Just tell the bus driver you're getting off downtown. Then all you need are good sneakers for climbing and a tab of pure sunshine for luck. (3) The big H. America's mainline to the world. A discreet fix before takeoff, and it's up to the heli-pad atop the Pan Am skyscraper for a free fall to infinity, a smile a minute!



Westchester Gold



# HASHPIPES OF THE GODS?

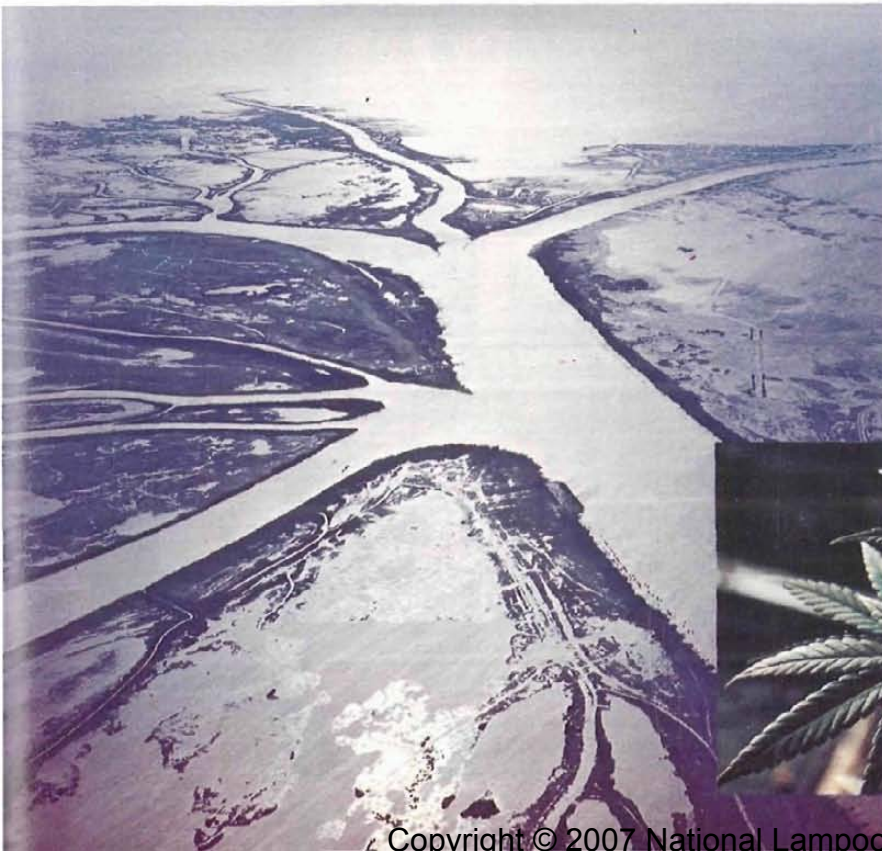
by J. Bob Oppenheimer

Was Jehovah a God-head? Consider the poppies of the field. Look at the colors on the cover of the *Smiley Smile* album. Taste the inside of the Mars bar when you're wasted on primo Nepalese. The Divine Doper made the planet to support His habit. But where does God keep His stash, His rolling papers, His rolling papers, His copy of *Be Here Now*?



Krakatoa, awesome and magnificent in the vast fastness of nature's firmament. Primitive islanders intent on discovering America and enigma-shrouded ancient and mysterious ancient Maya worshipped the smoke from the topleless towers of Mu (present-day New Zealand). Seen from Jupiter, the mighty volcano looks like a hash pipe filled with great smoke. The parallel is too close to ignore.

*Cannabis sativa* (your basic boo) bears an uncanny resemblance to the Nile River delta, where ancient Egyptians built pyramids to keep their swords and razor blades sharp, so they could conquer the world and shave. Although the Egyptians (who loved drugs) lived on this delta, they couldn't see the cannabis configuration, except when they were in outer space. Maybe they decided to live here after Ancient Astronauts hired them as guides to the land of the mysterious, ancient Maya.



## Trading Across the Counterculture

"I could have been just another Ivy League dropout," says Jules Laverne Trent III. "Then I realized that it would be selling out for me to *not* try and change the system from within by working with Dad here, and learning about the whole money trip that's really where it's at in our society."

As we rapped with Jules in the Wall Street offices of Trentex Diversified, Inc., we realized that this brave pioneer of high finance is not only adding mellow karma to the way business is conducted on "the street"—he's laying the groundwork for a society free from the shackles of capitalistic money madness.

We asked Jules how he managed to

remain faithful to the tenets of Woodstock Nation when faced with the pressures of the corporate jungle.

"It's not easy," he said, "but when profits meet or exceed quarterly projections, bad vibes are minimized."

With that, the counterculture hero revealed a brushed gold cigarette case and deftly flipped open the lid, exposing a neat row of thinly rolled joints. He reached across the desk for his digital lighter. At the touch of a button, the familiar J.T. III readout burst into flame. In seconds, the unmistakable aroma of baby Hawaiian Christmas tree buds filled the air.

"I'd offer you some..." explained the spacy executive, "but at today's

prices..."

(1) Well fortified with Colombian primo, Jules adds his expanded consciousness to the vote on the foreclosure of a consistently unprofitable orphanage. "Two Different Worlds" might well be Trent's theme song—throughout the whole meeting, he has a reserve joint sewn into the lining of his jacket. (2) For Jules, a membership in the prestigious Commodity Options Sales Club means simply having a quiet place to get away from it all—and not a change in values. While his straight colleagues sleep, Jules secretly nods. (3) "I wonder how many heads know the significance of the pyramid and third eye on the one dollar note?" queries Jules. "I had this framed to remind me of where my values are at. You see, my trip is altering the system by making it more responsive to the needs of the cats I deal with—your mid- and upper-level commodities investor. To paraphrase the words of well-known folk-rock hard Bob Dylan—"Something is happening, and you don't know what it is: do you, Mister Dow Jones?"



### WORLD'S FIRST STONED CROSSWORD

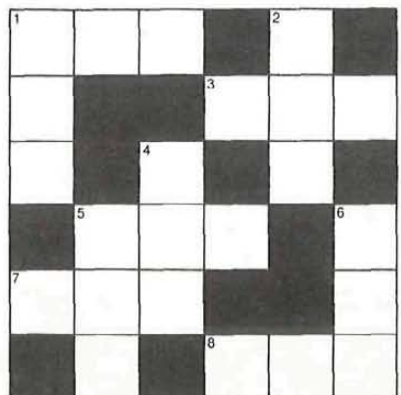
#### Clues

#### ACROSS

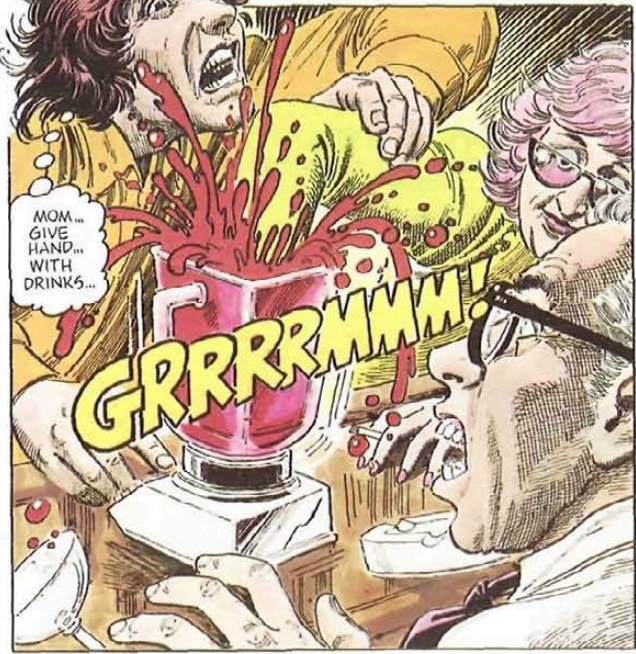
- 1 Far \_\_\_\_.
- 3 \_\_\_\_rageous!
- 5 "What a loudm\_\_\_\_h."
- 7 \_\_\_\_of sight.
- 8 "Where did you go?" (Reply) "\_\_\_\_"

#### DOWN

- 1 \_\_\_\_to lunch.
- 2 "We're all \_\_\_\_of papers right now."
- 4 "Going \_\_\_\_of My Head" (song).
- 5 Tripped \_\_\_\_.
- 6 \_\_\_\_of control.



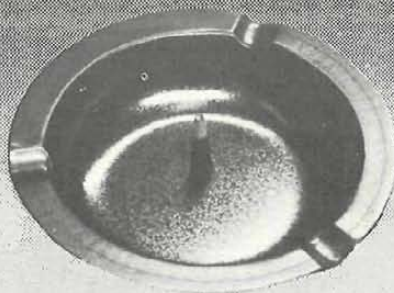
# TYPICAL TALES NO. 29...



# Freakhouse presents...



**Slam On Your Brakes If You're Stoned.**



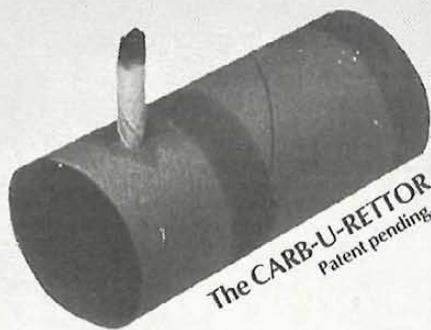
I'm after your ash!



The back-to-basics roach clip. The original. The best.



Uncle Sam will thank you, and so will your nose.



The CARB-U-RETTOR  
Patent pending.

Order from FREAKHOUSE Productions, Box 3310, Sausalito, Ca. 32451

Please send me:

- Carb-u-rettor .....\$12.99
- Incense Holder ..... 5.99
- Classic Roach Clip..... 4.99
- Coke Snorter..... 4.99
- T-shirt #1 ..... 11.00
- #2 ..... 11.00
- #3 ..... 11.00
- Bumper Sticker ..... 3.99

Quantity	Amount
_____	\$ _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
<b>Total:</b>	<b>\$ _____</b>

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

California residents add 6% tax. Dealers inquiries invited.

PRICED TO GO!

DOWN HOME \* Country \* TRASH

# AMUSEMENTS

## NOVELTIES FIREWORKS

GAS COLD BEER and **BAIT** *LIVE A LITTLE GO TO HELL!*

*Lucky* **CHEAP THRILLS** with WORDS TO YOUR FAVE BLASTS FROM THE PAST and of course DOPE, DAMES, & DOOM...

*Holy Moley* TELLS HOW!

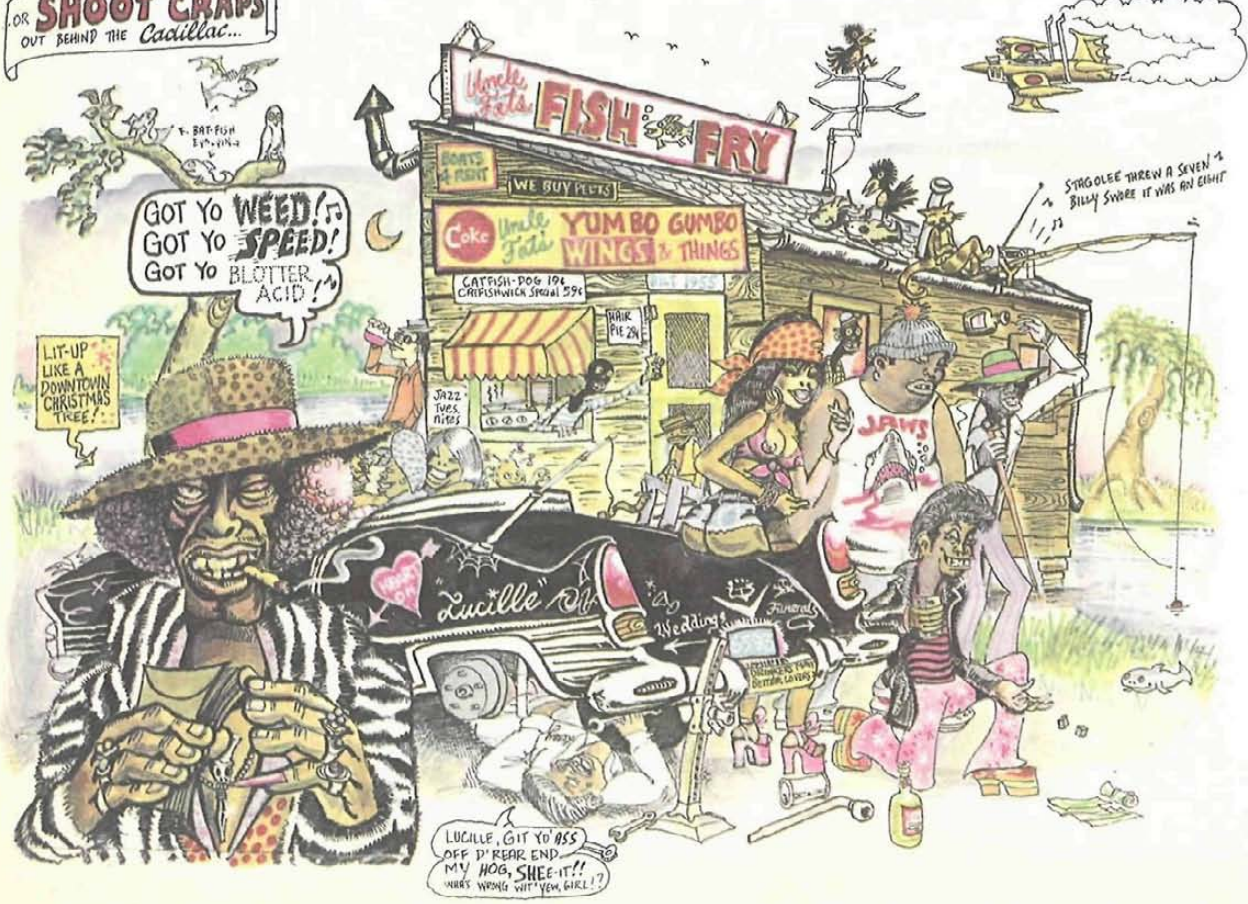
**STANDING ON THE CORNER, WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS GO BY...** DON'T COST NOTHIN' TO LOOK!  
 EYE-BALLING THE HOT PANTS ON THE KOOL CHICKS OVER COLD BEERS... THERE'S LONG, TALL SALLY 'N' RUNAROUND SUE ~  
 AMPHETAMINE ANNIE 'N' LI'L LATIN LOOP DE LU... HONKY TONK ANGELS ~ A DEVIL IN BLUE JEANS... DUNGAREE DOLLS 'N' BAR ROOM QUEENS.



# SHOOT THE BREEZE DOWN AT THE LOCAL BEER JOINT...



OR SHOOT CRAPS OUT BEHIND THE Cacillac...





...Y'ALL COME BACK SUNDAY NOW FOR THE BATTLE OF THE BANDS, WHEN "KAPITAIN KRUNCH & THE H.B.G.B. BOYS"  
 JAM IT JELLY TIGHT WITH "THE LIVERPOOL FRUIT LOOPS." AND THE AMPS CAME TUMBLING DOWN.

EAT FENDER TELECASTER, PUNK SCUM!

**FUNK!**

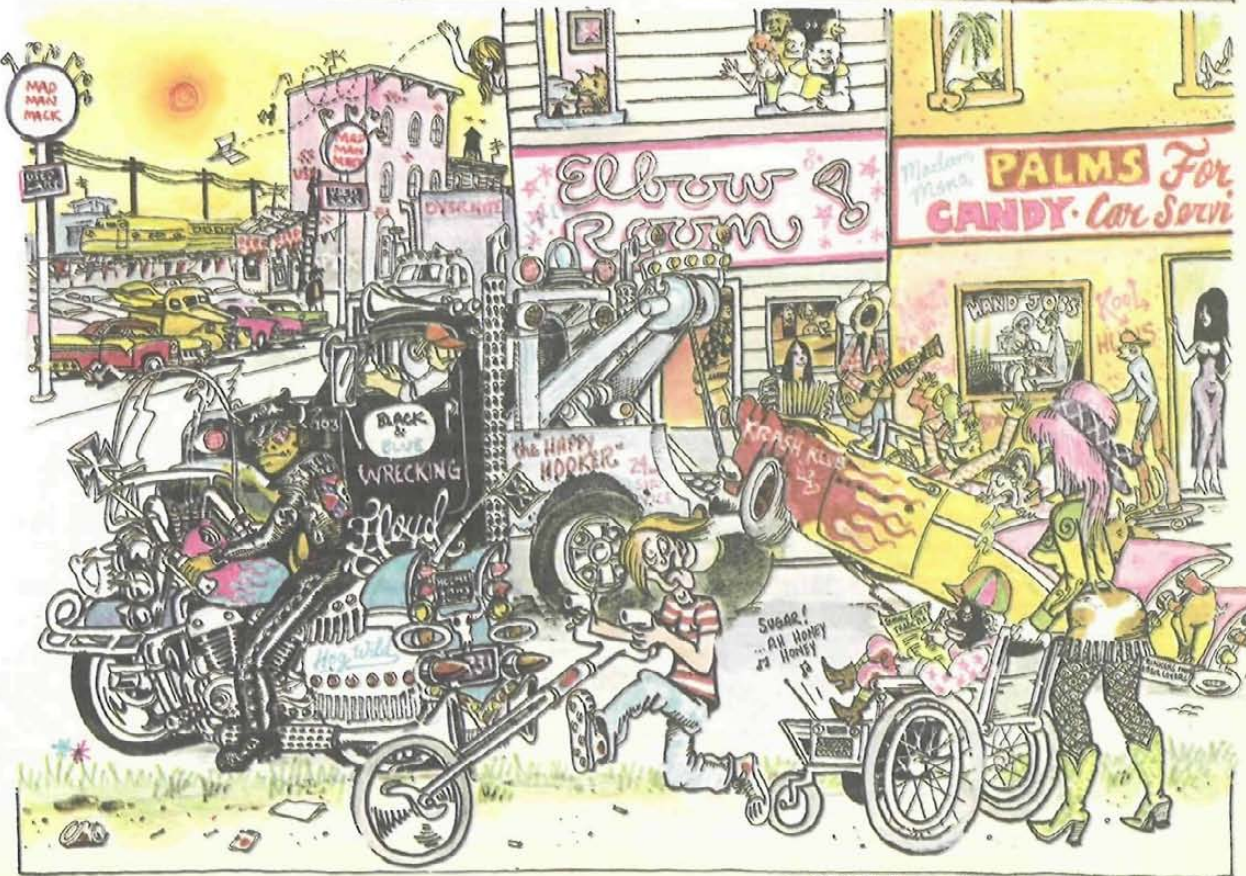
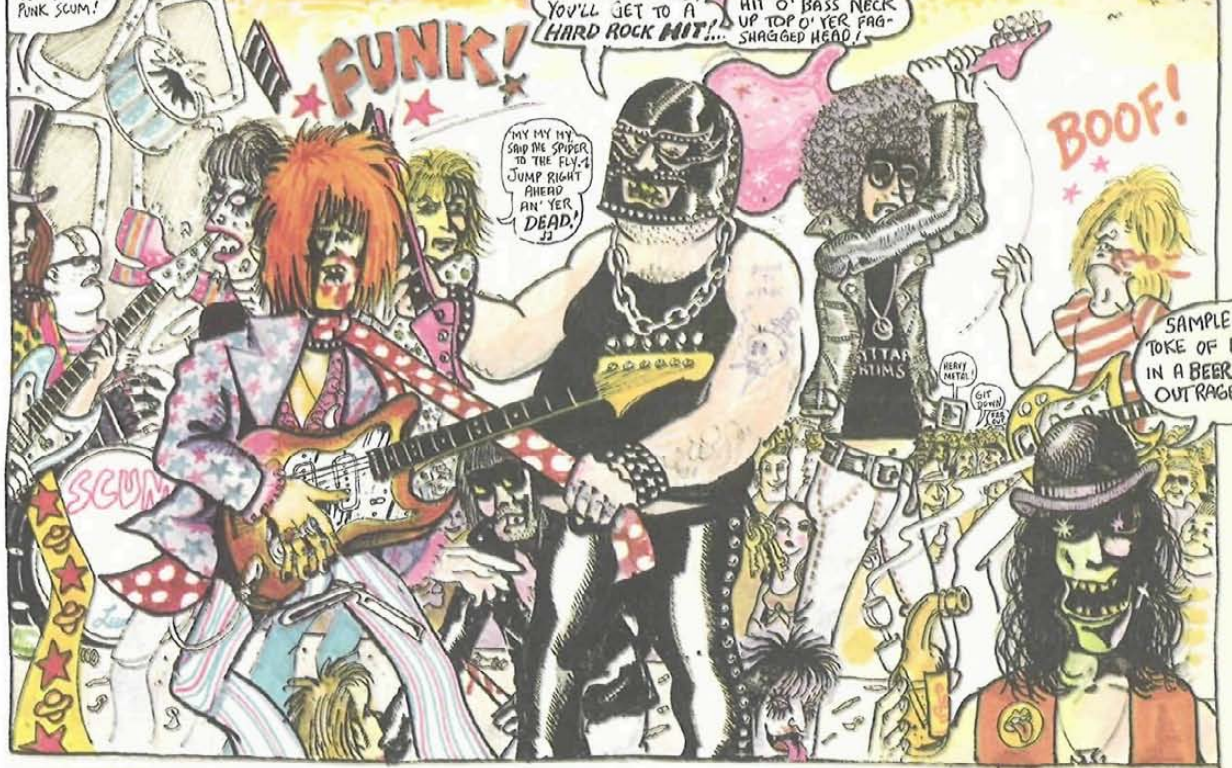
THIS'Z THE CLOSEST YOU'LL GET TO A HARD ROCK HIT!...

...A ROCK HARD HIT O' BASS NECK UP TOP O' YER FAG-SHAGGED HEAD!

MY MY MY SHIP ME SPOKE TO THE FLY-I JUMP RIGHT AHEAD AN' YER DEAD!

**BOOF!**

SAMPLE A TOKE OF BOO IN A BEER BONG! OUTRAGEOUS!



... AND REMEMBER, GETTING THERE'S HALF THE FUN.

SNIFFIN' GLUE IS THE CHEAPEST HIGH IN TOWN



PUT DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON Old Time Religion...



There are 2 PATHS to Eternity

YOU CAN GO INTO THE LONG AGES OF ETERNITY

with a **WHITE HEART**

or a **Black ONE...**

**DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!!!**

it means

**HEAVEN**

For this one is

or **HELL**

For the other!...

**FOREVER!**

... IT NEVER ENDS ...

SEEK A CATS  
FUNK ROCK  
FORNICATION  
LET OVER CUIS  
WATERS  
PHARLAI  
BONDS  
WINE STAYS  
MIRAC  
METROSEXUALS  
HONK BONES  
PO PIVOTAL  
TIGHT  
BUSHY  
COAT  
CROSS-COUNTRY  
SPLASHY  
A MURDERY  
THE REGENCY  
SLIP  
SLIP THIS  
HOT PAINTS  
HOT DOGS  
HOT WIRING  
LARS  
MAKING OUT  
TOP 40 RADIO  
DAYTIME T.V.  
B & D ; B & LAM  
WORKING OFF  
DARS  
LIVE  
PEACE  
PLACE  
LOVE  
BINGO  
EAGLE  
BEER  
LUV  
PEOPLE  
ETC.

letter forms by Roy Barber

The title "Sleeping with the Stars" is rendered in a highly stylized, neon-like font. The words are arranged diagonally within a light blue, multi-sided geometric frame. "Sleeping" is in orange, "with the" is in yellow, and "Stars" is in pink. The letters are thick and have a glowing, 3D effect.

---

by Gerald Sussman

At one time or another, everyone has had a fantasy about sleeping with a star. Who hasn't dreamed of sleeping with Marlon Brando, Mick Jagger, Marilyn Monroe, Linda Ronstadt, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, or any other personal favorite among the superstars, past and present? Well, the next best thing to sleeping with the stars is an actual look at how *they* actually sleep. With and without their cooperation, Gerald Sussman and his photographer, Ronald G. Harris, have gathered hundreds of live, unretouched pictures of your favorite stars at bedtime. Do they sleep in the nude? Do they wear pajamas? Nighties? Other interesting costumes? What do they look like in their most intimate and revealing moments? It's all been recorded in their forthcoming book, *Sleeping with the Stars, or, 1001 Nighties*.

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## Mick Jagger

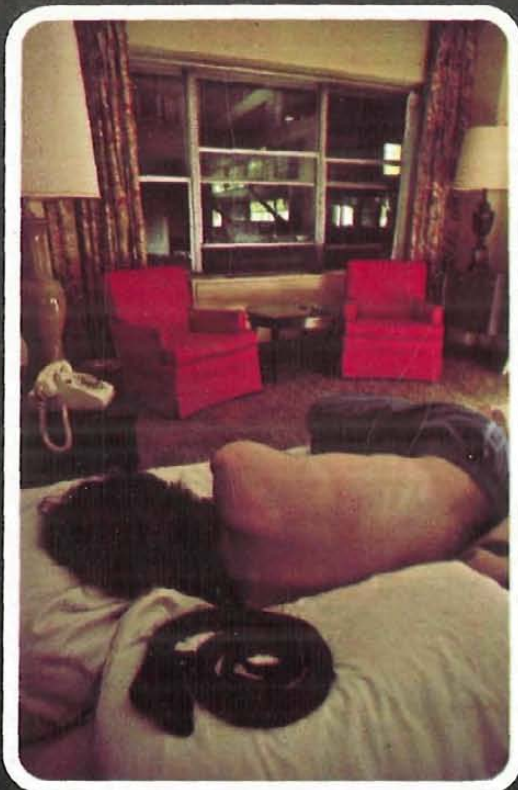
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Even when Mick is asleep, he exudes an aura of danger, of living life to the fullest. That's why he shares his bed with a hooded Egyptian cobra, a large poisonous snake that accompanies him everywhere, and usually cuddles up next to him on the pillow or curls up "in the vicinity of my crotch, y'know," says Mick.

Mick thinks poisonous snakes are sexy, dangerous, and highly symbolic. He seems relaxed and at ease with his snake (who is named after a famous record executive). But at the same time, Mick realizes that if he gives off a bad vibe, his life could be snuffed out in a moment. "I'd be bored to tears if I had to die slowly," he said. "When I go, I want to go in my sleep."

The photograph was taken with a hidden camera planted in a modest New York hotel which we cannot identify. Mick likes to use modest hotels that are off the beaten path, rather than the obvious luxury spots. This is how he avoids the crush of fans, groupies, and freeloaders.

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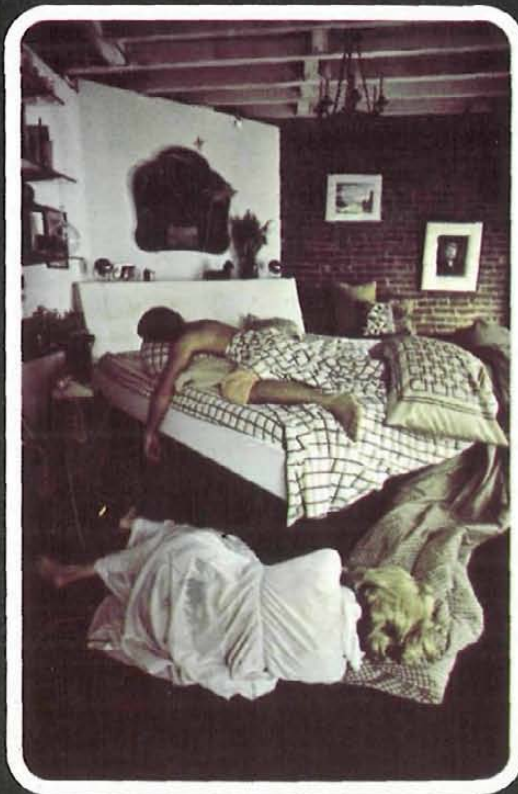
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## Paul Newman

---

Paul is a physical fitness nut, as we can easily see by how youthful he looks for his age. Every morning he does five hundred sit-ups and push-ups to keep his tummy as flat as a washboard. Unfortunately, the anticipation of all this exercise starts the moment he goes to bed at night. He tosses and turns constantly. He pulls at the sheets, yanks at the pillows, and makes life generally miserable for wife Joanne Woodward, who usually ends up on the floor. Joanne curls herself into a tight ball on the bed so that when Paul knocks her over, her body receives less of a shock. Luckily, she is also a heavy sleeper, and the floor is padded with carpeting.

---



---

## Farrah Fawcett-Majors

---

Farrah likes to sleep lying on her left side, but admits to being terrified when she hears her heart beating. "I can hear it as clear as a bell. It seems awfully fast, even for a person as busy as I am," she said.

At the last minute, Farrah reluctantly turns over to her right side to avoid the *thump-thump* sound, and in a few minutes is off to slumberland. She is a multitented, multimillion dollar property who is in excellent health. She simply has a phobia about hearing her heart beating. "I don't want to know what's going on in there. It's inside me, and I don't want to hear it or know about it."

Incidentally, husband Lee is happy when she moves from left to right because her famous hair tickles him like mad when she lies on her left side.

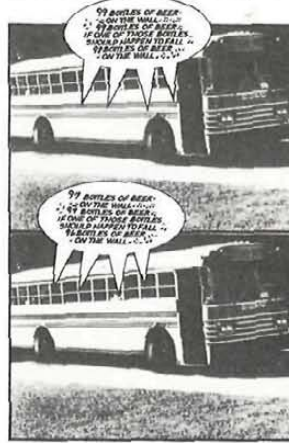
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# FOTO FUNNIES



100 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL  
100 BOTTLES OF BEER  
IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL  
99 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL



99 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL  
99 BOTTLES OF BEER  
IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL  
98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL

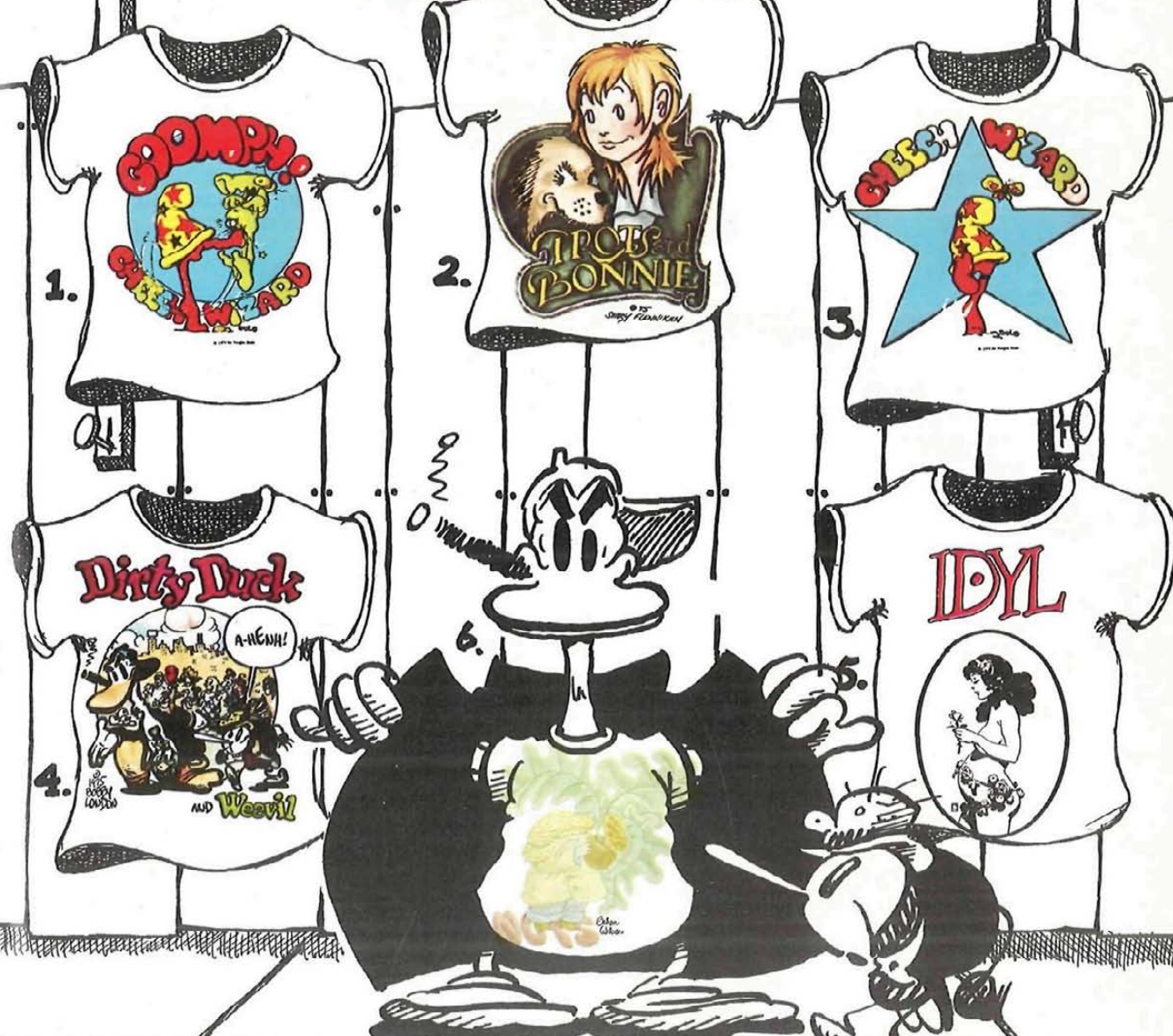
98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL  
98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL  
97 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL

99 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL  
99 BOTTLES OF BEER  
IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL  
98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL

98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL  
98 BOTTLES OF BEER  
IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL  
97 BOTTLES OF BEER  
ON THE WALL



# BIG T-SHIRT FLASH



FLASH YOUR FAVORITE NATIONAL LAMPOON COMIC CHARACTERS WITH THESE FULL COLOR T-SHIRTS AND TANK TOPS. THESE SHIRTS HAVE THE COLORS DYED IN AND WILL NOT PEEL OR CRACK.

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 NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

PLEASE RUSH ME MY FLASHER T-SHIRT  OR TANK TOP   
 SIZE: SMALL  MEDIUM  LARGE  EXTRA LARGE   
 STYLE NUMBER 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ENCLOSED IS \$5.95 FOR EACH SHIRT  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_  
 INCLUDE 60¢ PER ORDER FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

# POOR MAN'S COCAINE

Experience Pure Rock-Crystal Euphoria without Health Hazards, Expense, or Jail

What's the matter? Want to send your mind for a trip on the "Snowbird Express," but can't pay the freight? Well, your troubles are over. Just start at Box #1 below and carefully follow instructions. By the time you reach the bottom of the next page, you will have had the complete experience of a cocaine high for free. *Virtually* for free, anyway. I mean, the *National Lampoon* sells on the street for only 3/4 cents a gram.

#1

Drink twenty-five cups of strong black coffee as quickly as you can.

#2

Dip a Q-Tip in chili sauce and stick it up both nostrils. Now, paint the back of your throat with library paste.

#3

Nothing happening here. (Maybe the magazine was cut with *Time*.) Have some more coffee.

Proceed to Box #2

Proceed to Box #3

Proceed to Box #4

#4

## Read This to Yourself

Everyone likes you. It's because you care about people. You really do. And, let's be honest, it's your looks, too. Not just that you're good-looking; it's the way you look—*interesting*. Like you've had a lot of wild experiences that have given you a remarkable quality of self-reliance. You can see that in the way you dress, also. Everything you do has individuality. That's probably why so many women want to go to bed with you. Or maybe it's because you seem mysterious. So easygoing and amiable on the outside; but everyone gets a sense of some secret place inside you which no one ever really touches. Women love that. They really do. And they've probably all heard that you're supposed to be good in bed.

#5

## Now Read This Aloud

Everyone likes me. It's because I care about people. I really do. And, let's be honest, it's my looks, too. Not just that I'm good-looking; it's the way I look—*interesting*. Like I've had a lot of wild experiences that have given me a remarkable quality of self-reliance. You can see it in the way I dress, also. Everything I do has individuality. That's probably why so many women want to go to bed with me. Or maybe it's because I seem mysterious. So easygoing and amiable on the outside; but everyone gets a sense of some secret place inside me which no one ever really touches. Women love that. They really do. And they've probably all heard that I'm supposed to be good in bed.

Here's a patient person to listen.



Proceed to Box #5

Proceed to Box #6

#6

## Hey! Take a Look at This!!



**Your Guarantee of Quality:** This article has been extensively researched by the editors of the *National Lampoon*.



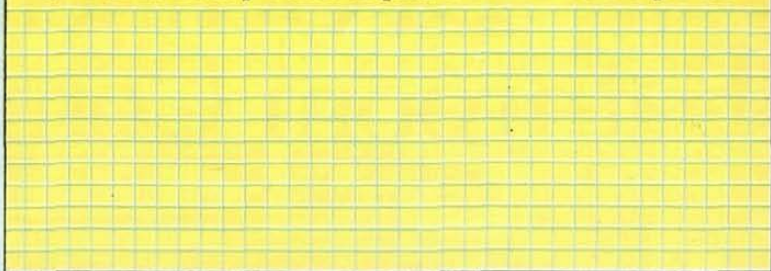
Proceed to Box #8

#7

Here's a really great idea—why don't we start a place, like it wouldn't be like a commune at all, but it could be this community for, you know, all the really talented people that we know who could go there and get this whole scene together, like an Art Factory, really, I mean, that would even be a terrific name for it, Art Factory, and it would turn out paintings and novels and plays and fabric designs and interesting handwoven plant hangers, all from this scene where everybody could put it all together someplace where the land is really cheap. I'll bet it would actually make plenty of profits practically right away so that no one would have to put any of their own bread into it because we could get a bank loan with

#8

Fill In Every Other Square with a Felt-Tip Pen



Proceed to Box #9

#9

Nine Questions to Ask Yourself

1. Is it normal to fart as much as I do?
2. Am I getting bald?
3. How does my breath smell to other people?
4. Is six inches *really* the size of an average erect penis?
5. Did anyone see me when I was picking my nose yesterday?
6. Am I a latent homosexual?
7. Will anyone ever find out about that time after gym in the eighth grade?
8. Does that mole on my back look like there might be something "funny" about it?
9. Am I dying from a mysterious disease and no one will tell me even though they all know?

#10

Read This Carefully; It May Be Important

The Seven Danger Signs of Cancer

1. A change in bowel or bladder habits, including having to go to the bathroom after drinking twenty-five cups of coffee.
2. A sore that does not heal, even though it looks like only a pimple.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge, such as nosebleeds and coughing up phlegm.
4. Thickening or lump in breast, knee, foot, toe joints, or back of heel; or swollen glands.
5. Indigestion after drinking twenty-five cups of coffee or difficulty in swallowing—and peyote buds count.
6. Obvious change in a wart or mole, like that one on your back.
7. Nagging cough, hoarseness, or even a case of the sniffles.

Proceed to Box #10

Proceed to Box #11

#11

A Restful Crash

Record the drum solo from *In-a-Gadda-da-Vida*, by Iron Butterfly on a loop tape and play tape loudly next to your ear all night while you lie in bed.

Proceed to Box #12

in the Morning

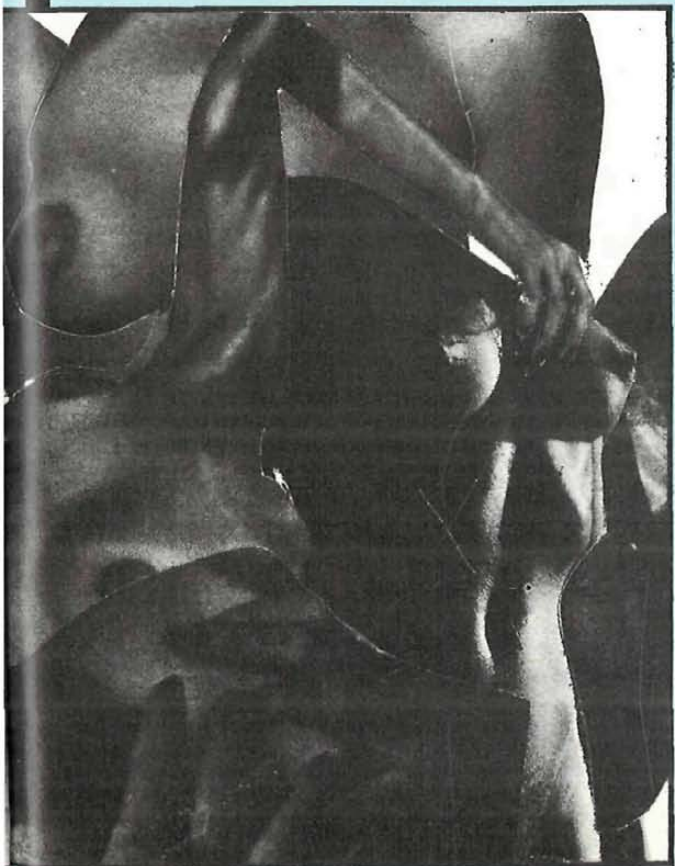
#12

Take all the money out of your wallet and burn it in an ashtray.

The End

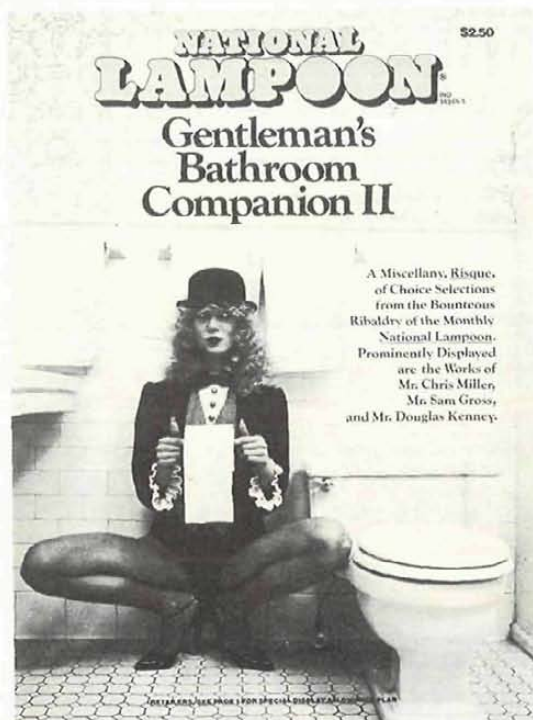
Your Guarantee of Quality: This article has been extensively researched by the editors of the *National Lampoon*.

Proceed to Box #7



We, the editors of the *National Lampoon*, à vous présentons

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**BUNTS**

REMEMBER HOW LONG SOME DAYS IN SCHOOL SEEMED TO LAST? ESPECIALLY FRIDAYS? ESPECIALLY FRIDAYS BEFORE A LONG WEEKEND? BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT THERE AND SIT THERE AND...

...ADABLADA, ISAAC NEWTON  
BLADABLABLADABLABLA LAWS OF  
MOTION DABLA...

*John Wilson*

OH, GOD, THIS HAS TO BE OVER SOON!

©1977

...DABALADABLABLADALAH  
AHDA 1642-1727 DABLAH  
DAH REFLECTING TELESCOPE.

WHAT'S THIS DUST ON MY PAPER?

...ADABLABLALADA OF THE  
SPECTRUM ADABADAH...

AND MY FINGERNAILS  
HAVE GOT ALL LONG!

OH, MY GOD-I'M DYING OF OLD AGE! I'M NOT GOING TO LIVE THROUGH THIS GODDAMN BORING CLASS!!!

AB  
ABDABAH  
ABADADAH  
ABABA  
AR

NO DOZING, THERE!! NOW YOU TELL ME WHAT ISAAC NEWTON SAID ABOUT GRAVITATION AND DO IT NOW!!!

YES'UM!  
YES'UM!  
HE, AH--

# THE ÆSOP BROTHERS

## THE STORY THUS FAR:

LOOK HERE!!! I'M WEARY OF COMBING A SYNOPSIS MONTH AFTER MONTH, LOOK UP LAST MONTH'S ISSUE!!!

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT THIS STRIP CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THE ÆSOP BROTHERS IN THEIR CHILDHOOD YEARS.



NNYA, NNYA, NNYA!!! DIRTY UNKIES!!!

MA, HOW COME YOU'RE UNCONNECTED?

WELL, I WAS ONCE, BUT A WICKED WITCH UNCONNECTED ME FROM MY DEAR SISTER...

MA, HOW COME ONLY UNKIES LIVE AROUND HERE?

WE'RE POOR, ALEX, SO WE HAVE TO LIVE HERE WITH ALL THE WRETCHED UNKIES AND THEIR BONGO DRUMS AND KNIVES AND GUNS...



NNYA-NNYA, NNYA-NNYA, UNKIES DON'T WET THE BE-ED!!! THEY DON'T WET THE BE-ED!!!

MA, WHO'S PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONNECTED TO?

TO ELEANOR ROOSE... OH!!!

**KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!**  
**WHO WILL AFFECT THE DESTINY OF MARIA AND THE ÆSOP BROTHERS!**



NO, IT'S JUST MRS. KAPIS FROM UPSTAIRS RETURNING A BORROWED PAN...

CONTINUED

Studio

black or white

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PIKE OF THE MOON (AUG. JANUARY 1977)

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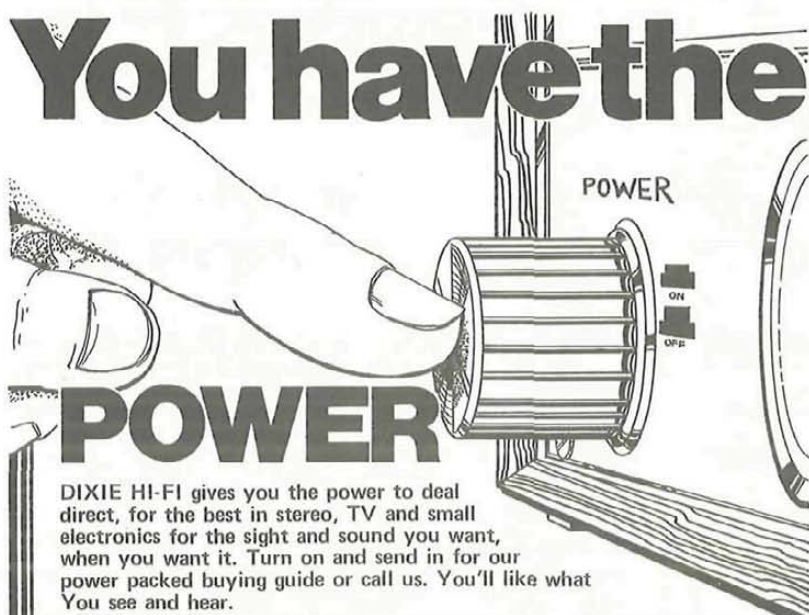
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IF YOU'VE READ THIS STRIP BEFORE, PLEASE DON'T REVEAL THE ENDING. THANK YOU-COME AGAIN; AND TUESDAY WELD SUCK EGGS.

# CHICKEN

→GUTZ  
©-SEE! by  
E N O S

disregard last telegram.

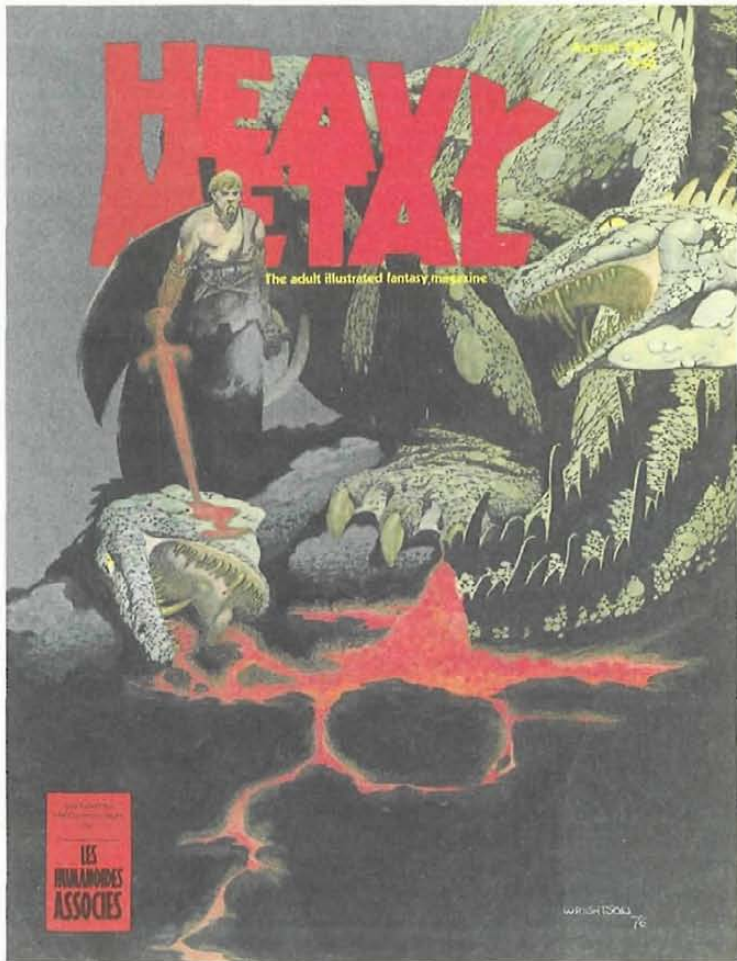
HELLO TO THE HEBREW ABORIGINE LIGHT-BULB WONDERSHIPERS, WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPELL 'ABORIGINE' AND WHY DOESN'T SNOOKI LAFRANTE LOVE US ANYMORE 22222222

NO ONE WILL BE SEATED AFTER THE FIRST THREE PANELS.



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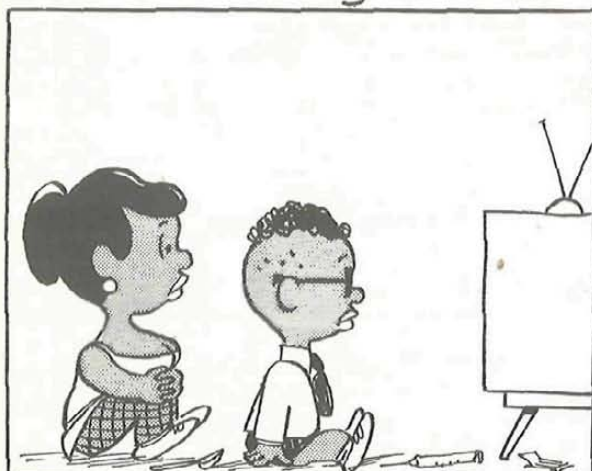
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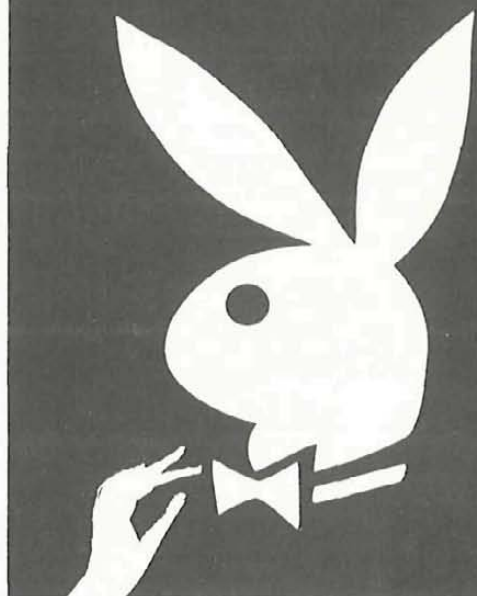
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# TED MANN'S DANGER RANGERETTE

F. THORNE

IN THE LAST EPISODE, DANGER RANGERETTE WAS ORDERED TO PUT RADIO COLLARS ON ALL THE INDIANS IN THE NATIONAL PARK BY SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ANDRUS. GUILT HAS DRIVEN THE RANGERETTE TO THE BRINK OF SOCIAL DRINKING...



...THEN HE SAID I WOULD HAVE TO BAND ALL THE INDIANS IN THE PARK!

POLITICIANS ARE HUMAN RUINS. INTERESTING FOR WHAT THEY WERE.



SAY, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING... SOUNDS LIKE A BLOODY GOOD STORY THAT, ACTUALLY.

COULD I BUY YOU A DRINK?

WHY, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.



LITTLE DID DANGER RANGERETTE KNOW THAT SHE WAS TALKING TO THE DREAD GEORGE GORDON: THE MOST FEARED REPORTER EMPLOYED BY THE STAR.

SO HE SAYS TO ME, SO I SAYS, THEN HE SAYS, SO I SAYS TO HIM...

DANGER RANGERETTE BROKE THE SACRED FOREST RANGERS' OATH OF SECRECY...



Star ANDRUS BANDS INDIANS

RANGERETTE BARES ALL!



MEANWHILE, IN ANDRUS'S SWANK WASHINGTON OFFICE...

I'LL HAVE HER CHOPPING A NATURE WALK ACROSS THE KLONDIKE!

I'LL MAKE HER COUNT ALL THE SALMON IN THE STIKINE RIVER!

ANDRUS, THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO SEE YOU.



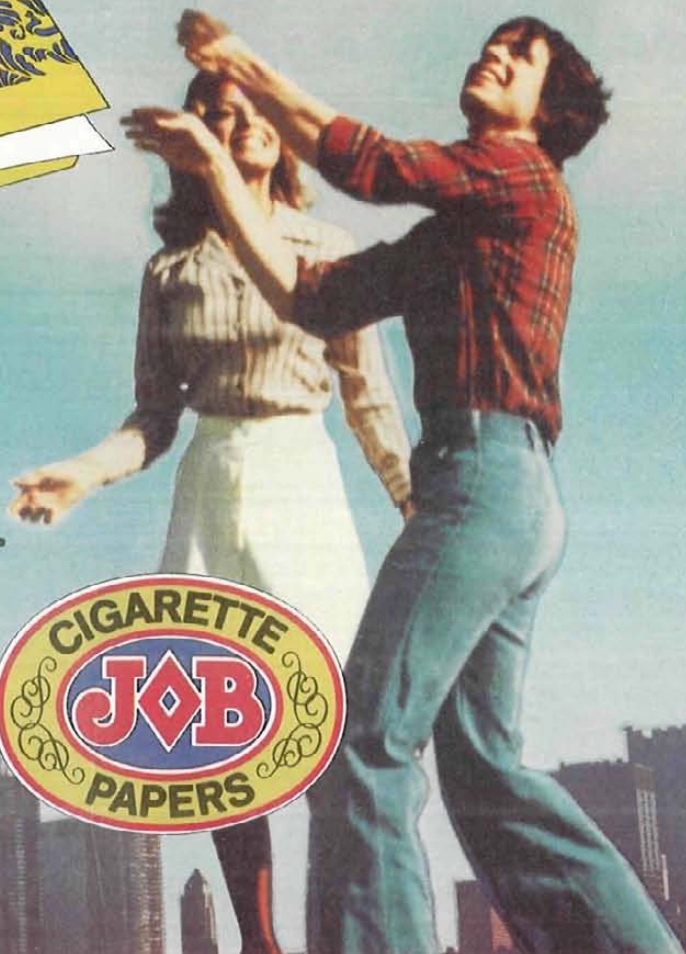
YOU WILL PUBLICLY APOLOGIZE TO THE INDIANS, AND PROMOTE THE RANGERETTE TO HEAD OF HER DISTRICT!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, MR. PRESIDENT.

ANDRUS CHECKED; BUT FOR HOW LONG?

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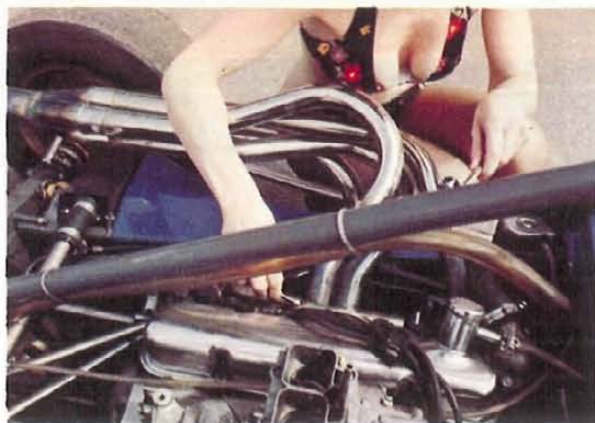
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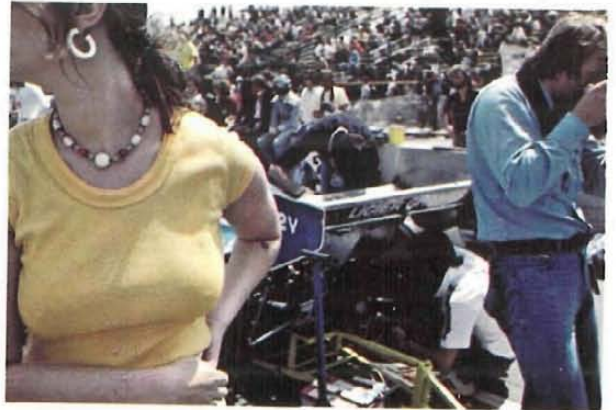
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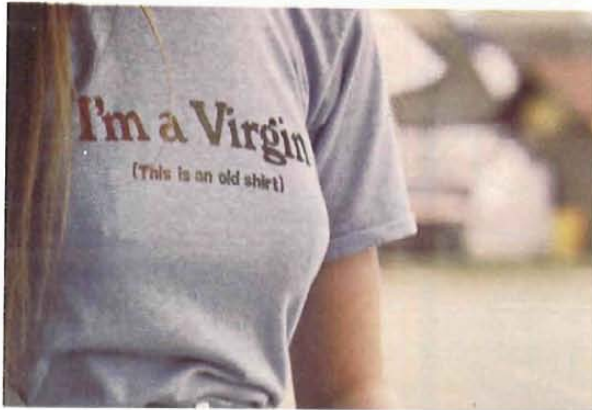


# They Hang Out at Race Tracks



photos by Dont'z





## TALES OF UNCLE MIKE

continued from page 32

they finally did, Phil paused for a second in the doorway, and then, with a hysterical scream, rushed to take Remy's body in his arms, knocking the I.V. unit and plasma bottles apart and collapsing the oxygen tent. Remy died that night and, they say, came back to haunt the garage.

Juanita and I moved in in the fall of 1966. Meanwhile, a number of people had lived there, the last one being my friend Jerry, who wrote unpublished novels and drank himself to death at twenty-nine. But that's another story, even though I've just told it all right here. It was Jerry who warned me about the ghosts. He said they made noises upstairs in the loft, like dragging chains and moaning horribly. And that he thought that those were pretty corny noises for ghosts to make, and told them as such. After that, he said, they made noises like greased sumo wrestlers. Whatever *that* sounds like. And he said to watch out for the oil burner especially. It used to turn white hot and sing Gregorian chants to him. He was sure all four of them lived in there some of the time. Finally, he tired of the racket and got ready to leave (owing Esther Bengeny

three months). He said that the ghosts seemed sorry. And that for the last three weeks, they made no more frightening sounds — only plaintive sighs and an occasional baby's cry in the night. But one evening, he said, while he was writing a letter with his new address in it, black inky stuff dripped from the ceiling and covered the street number. But there wasn't really a ceiling. It was just the bottom of the loft floor on one side and the top of the loft floor on the other. No place for black inky stuff to come from. He checked.

Jerry was tipping the glass pretty hard by the time I heard all this. He used to keep bottles of gin in the refrigerator, and every now and then he'd open up the door and show them a vermouth label. He called this a "Hemingway martini," and he was drinking two quarts of it a day the last couple of years. So I didn't pay much attention to him.

The garage was a little spooky, though. At night, it always seemed darker and windier out there. And there was a big, dark, bloodlike stain in the middle of the living room floor. Some nights you could hear an occasional *knock-knock-knock* on the northeast corner of the roof, where

there were no tree branches on the outside or plumbing on the inside. And sometimes the rungs of the ladder would creak, one at a time, like something was going upstairs. Not much of a haunting, I suppose, but it was only a garage. Anyway, nothing of a straightforward supernatural sort happened for the first four months Juanita and I were there.

Well... there *was* this talking dog.

Esther and Jake Bengeny had a brother, Luther, who was even older yet than they were. He lived down in the Indiana hill country along the river, and he'd show up every now and then, apparently on foot, with an old-fashioned octagonal barreled rifle and a little dog, Boz. Luther claimed he used Box to hunt bears and mountain lions back in Indiana, and it was no use arguing with him; he was deaf as a brick. One afternoon, Uncle Mike and I walked around the corner of the garage and Boz was standing there by the wall and said, "Hello," plain as that.

Not much of a talking dog, either. But it *did* talk. It just didn't have much to say. Besides, it was killed by a collie the next morning.

So Juanita and I lived on at the garage from October into February, perfectly contented, considering how old we were. It was a very mild February, I remember. Warm enough to smell hay rotting in the thawed fields. It was almost like spring. Which might have been what put Juanita in mind of getting married and having a baby. Or maybe it was the puppy I gave her for Christmas. Whatever it was, she brought the subject up one morning late in that month and talked about it all day, especially where we'd live and so on, and on into the night while we lay in bed together. I woke up about three that morning, coughing and gagging. The loft was filled with smoke and I couldn't wake Juanita or the puppy, though I slapped both of them. I got Juan under one arm (she wasn't a big girl) and the puppy under the other and somehow made it down the ladder like that. I have no idea how. Even the opening through the loft floor wasn't wide enough for the three of us. Nor am I given to fears of any kind, let alone strength. But somehow we got downstairs, where the oil heater was puffing out black fumes, and we made it through the door. Once outside, Juanita came around, but her lips were blue and there were blue crescents in the quick of her nails. We walked three blocks

continued on page 95

# LORDS OF FLATBUSH

OR OF THE U.S.A.?

25 YEARS AGO we began selling name brand audio components at discount prices to people throughout the U.S.A. We started in a small warehouse in a section of Flatbush, Brooklyn, and as our business grew many of our neighbors around the warehouse began to refer to us as the "Lords of Flatbush." Today we are one of the largest audio distributors in the U.S.A. Our brand new warehouse, still in Flatbush, is one of the largest and the most modern facilities of its kind. You too can buy name brand audio components such as the fabulous Pioneer, B.I.C., B.I.C. Venturi components featured here, at prices you won't believe. Over 25 years of experience has made us America's #1 Value Leader. Who knows—**TODAY FLATBUSH—TOMORROW THE U.S.A.**



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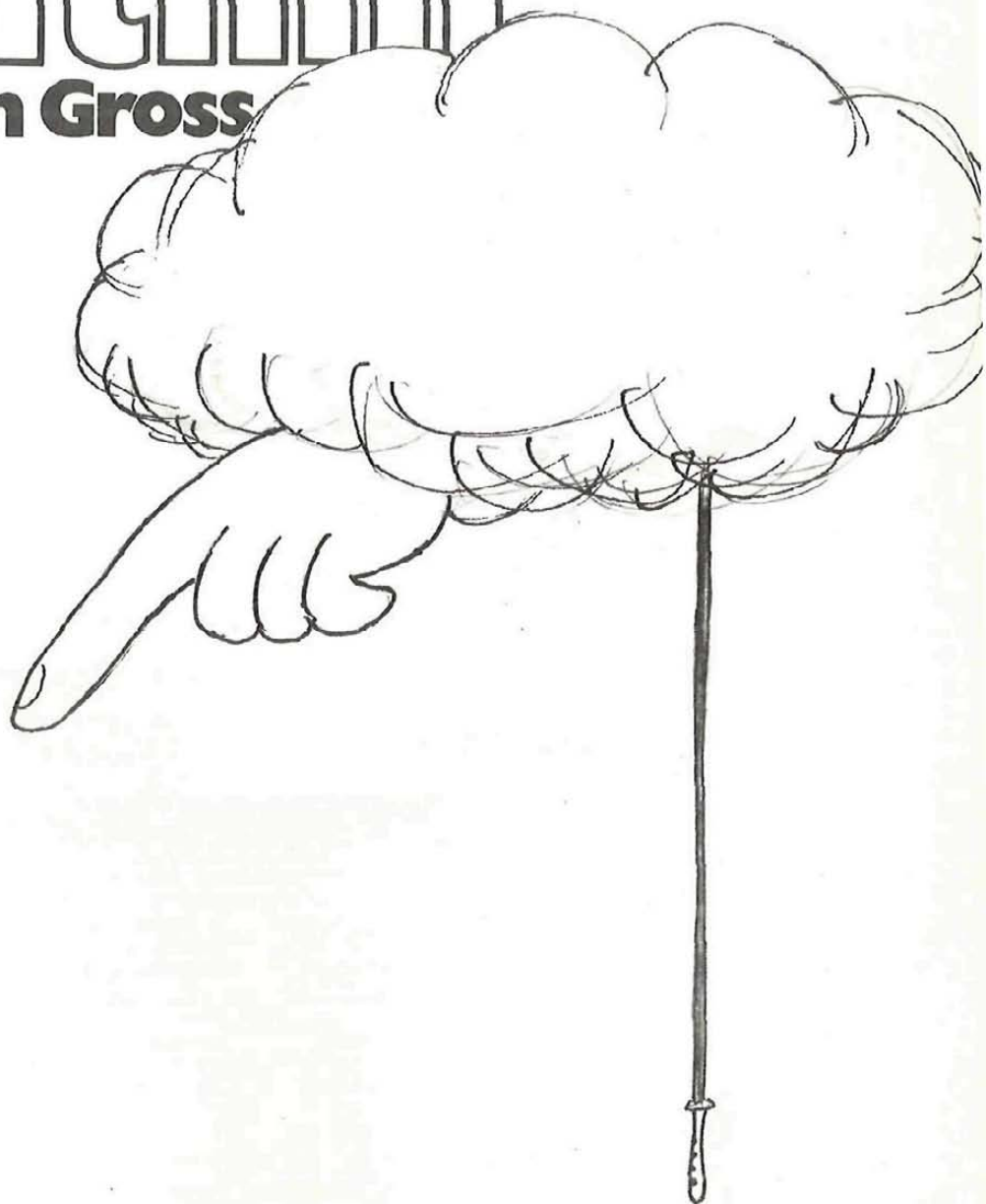
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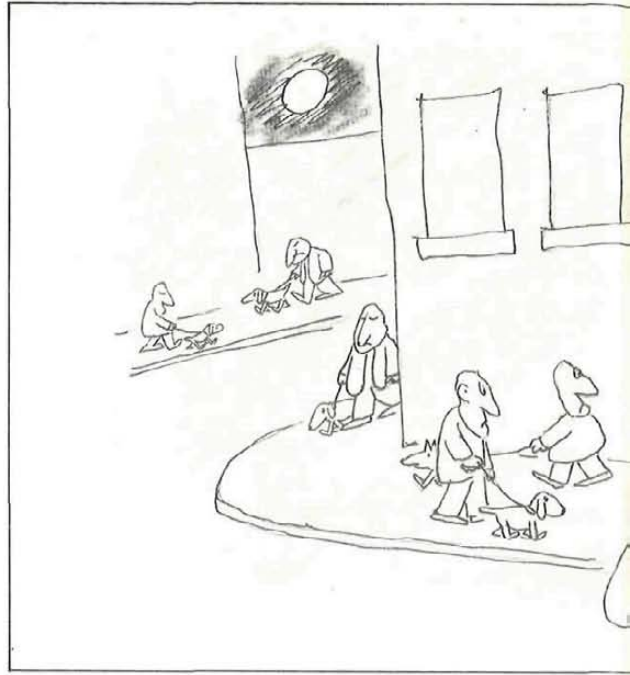
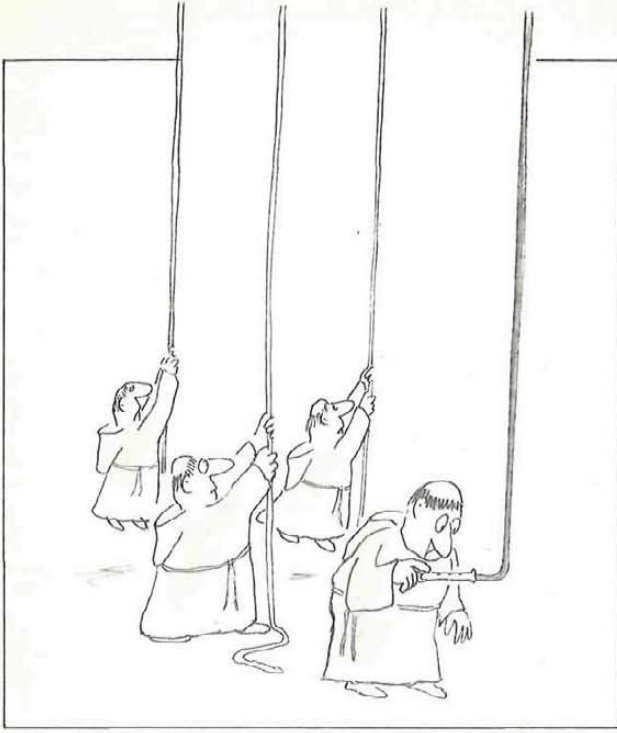




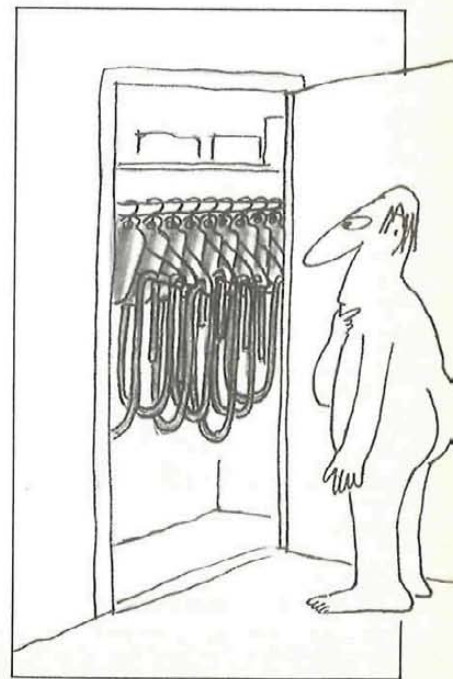
# The Enema Within

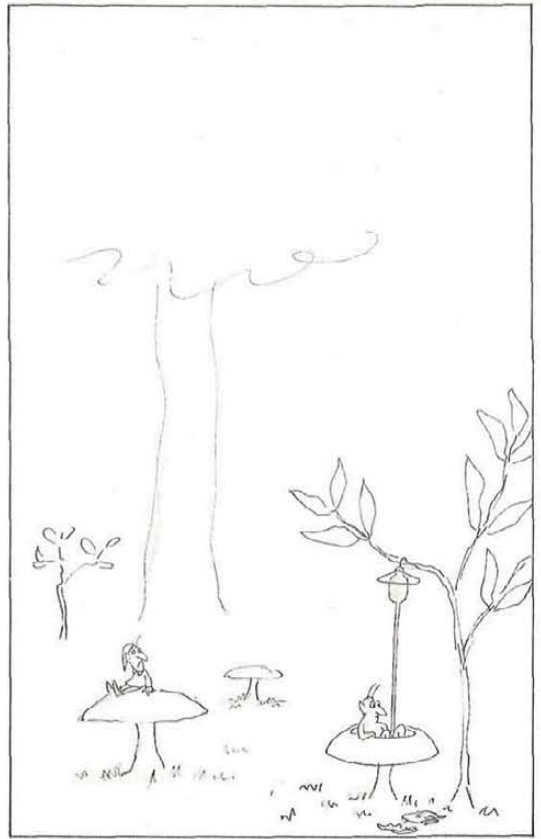
By Sam Gross





"Thanks for getting me out, but I would have preferred you splitting him open with the ax."







# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

● Frank Speck, of Philadelphia, Pa., had a vasectomy operation in April, 1974. His doctor assured him that he and his wife would no longer need to use contraceptive measures. Mrs. Speck became pregnant several months later.

Mrs. Speck decided to have an abortion, which was performed in December by a second doctor. Shortly thereafter, she gave birth to a daughter, Francine.

The Specks are suing both physicians. *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (S.L. Rodeffer)

● Filbert Maestas, of Colorado, stole a number of cardboard cartons from a meat packing plant there, presuming that they contained frozen cuts of beef. The packages were actually filled with 1,200 cow rectums.

Maestas was convicted of theft, but appealed on the grounds that the police had laughed at him in order to extract a confession. According to the court records, the arresting officer had said to Maestas, "You won't believe what you took... 1,200 beef assholes!"

Maestas is reported to have replied, "If I go to jail for stealing beef assholes, I'm really going to be mad."

The Colorado Court of Appeals let the conviction stand. *Rocky Mountain News* (Ernie Lendler)

● Italian film director Mario Monicelli and actor Alberto Sordi were charged with cruelty to animals after Milanese police viewed their new film, *Un Bourghese Piccolo Piccolo*, in which Sordi kills a fish with a rock. *New York Post*

● During deliberation on a New York bank robbery case, members of the jury addressed these questions to the Federal Court judge:

"I want the judge to ex-

plain—isn't it evidence enough to convict Mulligan of the robbery because he spent lots of money and therefore had cause to rob a bank?"

"I want the judge to explain why else would these defendants be here in this case if there was no guilt in some area relating to the bank robbery?"

And, "I want the judge to explain why Mulligan's wife isn't in the court if he is not guilty!"

A mistrial was declared. *New York Post*

● Gerald McGroth, of Montreal, assaulted Allan Pesant, stabbing him in the stomach. Pesant was rushed to the hospital, where it was discovered that the knife wound had revealed a critically infected appendix. Doctors completed the emergency operation; Pesant recovered, and McGroth was sentenced to sixty days in jail. *Montreal Sunday Express* (Pat Fry)

● A man entered a store in Great Falls, Montana, and asked the woman clerk if he could pay for a pack of ciga-

rettes with "currency from eastern Canada." He then handed her a \$25 bill.

Using the standard discount rate, she gave him \$23.25 change.

"It had the funny color of Canadian money," she said. *Toronto Star*

● Larry Burnstin was arrested for standing nude on a street corner in San Francisco. The charges were dismissed for lack of evidence, whereupon Burnstin walked out into the courtroom hall and dropped his pants.

Burnstin explained that he was "merely expressing his joy." He was booked for indecent exposure. *Toronto Star*

● The corporation which is the principal producer of fuel for atomic power plants in West Germany is named *Nukem*. *Forbes*

● Charles P. Dyer of Portland, Maine, doused himself with lighter fluid and set himself on fire while awaiting sentencing in Maine Superior Court.

After the fire was put out, Judge Lewis Naiman proceeded with sentencing while, according to the trial transcript, the defendant "lay on a stretcher with his eyes in a closed position."

The Maine Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal, ruling that the self-immolation was the "act of an exhibitionist," and that Dyer was not entitled to resentencing. *AP*

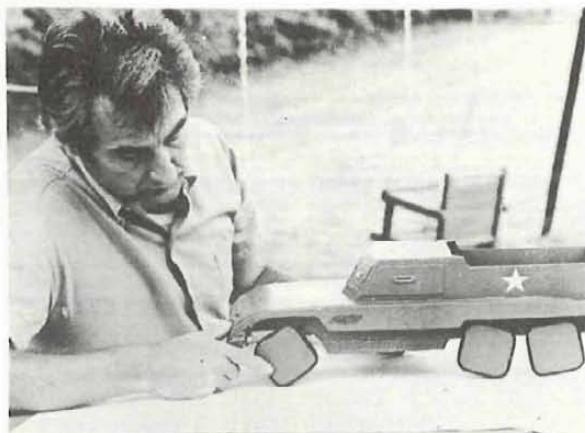
● A French motorist's Citroen stalled on a railroad crossing. Unable to move the car, he fled. A freight train hit the automobile, derailed, tore up 300 feet of track, and spilled twenty box cars loaded with beer into an adjacent river.

Three cranes had to be rented to remove the remains of the freight train. Rail service was disrupted for six weeks. The beer killed all the fish in the river and put local fishermen out of work for the season. And the locomotive engineer sued for two cracked ribs.

The total claim against the motorist's insurance company exceeded seven million dollars. *Road and Track* (Roy V. Young II)

● While spectators stood, terror-struck, a gorilla at a fair in Huddersfield, England, bent its cage bars apart and charged the audience. One brave member of the crowd grabbed an iron bar and struck the beast over the head. Unfortunately, it wasn't a gorilla. It was a stuntman, Mike Towell, in a gorilla suit.

A news dispatch from Huddersfield said, "Police want to question the would-be hero, who was last seen running from the tent pursued by Mr. Towell, who had blood streaming from a head wound which required six stitches." *Boston Globe* (K.C. Liddeil)



Albert Sfreda, of Bethlehem, Pa., has invented a square wheel. According to the UPI story which accompanied this photograph, the square wheel produces "impact forces" which "increase relative to increased speed. This allows for a smaller and lighter vehicle than the conventional types." Patent is presumably pending.

**T**

## Landmark Legal Cases

by Lawrence Hochberger

After an evening of drinking at a Yale class reunion, Dudley Guilford went to relieve himself in what he thought was a bush. The bush turned out to be the top of a tree, and he fell off a balcony.

The court held that Yale could have foreseen Guilford's use of their property and awarded him damages for his injuries.

*Guilford v. Yale University  
Supreme Court of Errors of  
Connecticut (1942)*

An advertising campaign for Camels cigarettes featured a well-known gentleman steeplechaser, fresh from the ride.

One of the photographs had the steeplechaser holding a saddle in front of him, and part of the saddle, hanging between the man's legs, looked as though it belonged to him and not the saddle. The ad's text quoted the steeplechaser as saying the cigarettes "restored" him, and the picture bore the caption, "Get a lift from a Camel."

A Federal Court agreed with the man that he had been defamed, and ruled that the advertisement was "grotesque, monstrous and obscene... representing plaintiff as guilty of indecent exposure and as being a person physically deformed and mentally perverted."

Damages were rewarded.

*Burton v. Crowell  
Publishing Co.  
Circuit Court of Appeals (1936)*

Dr. Max Feldman put a patient under anesthesia for dental work, whereupon she grabbed a stranglehold on his testicles.

The patient then sued and won a \$500 verdict because Dr. Feldman broke her finger in an attempt to free himself.

*Wolfe v. Feldman  
City Court of New York (1936)*

**R**

## Bullshit

"I don't think there is a heart in America that isn't full of compassion for her parents."

—*Superior Court Judge E. Talbot Callister, in sentencing Patty Hearst to five years probation*

"...attempts to create and hold a moment by recording the character of an object in relationship to a family of disparate objects randomly brought together. I despair at the transitory nature of existence."

—*Margaretta Gilboy Goldstein discussing her paintings in the "Gallery" section of Ms. magazine, May, 1977*

"I am the only man in the world who can go and be loved by the Jews as much as the Moslems."

—*Muhammad Ali, on a BBC radio interview, explaining why he wants President Carter to make him an ambassador for world peace*

"Mexico! The amigo country! Where the excitement hasn't lessened... the beauty hasn't diminished... and the fun hasn't stopped in over two thousand years!"

—*Tag line to the Mexican Tourist Council's latest television spot*

**U**

## Literary Notes

A Doubleday printing error has resulted in a number of copies of *Gone with the Wind* being sold with the cover and dust jacket of Alex Haley's *Roots*.

No objections have as yet been voiced by the readers.

Harlequin Books, Ltd., of Toronto, Canada, is participating in a packaging deal with the makers of Kotex feminine napkins. A new Harlequin romance is being included as a free premium in 100,000 specially marked Kotex boxes. The Harlequin novel that was selected for the giveaway is *The Honey is Bitter*, by Violet Winspear.

The following is from Liv Ullman's autobiography, *Changing*:

"I am invited to dinner at Hugh Hefner's, publisher of *Playboy*. Upon our arrival we

**E**

have to pass through several electric gates with built-in television cameras.... Only a few weeks previously in this same neighborhood bestial murders were committed without any other purpose or motive than the murderer's delight in killing those who, in his eyes, were too rich and successful.

"The *Playboy* king is wearing terry-cloth pajamas. Some girls walk about with long furry rabbits' ears fastened to their heads and little round tails on their bottoms.

"We look at films: A dog makes love to a girl. I think of Pet and hope she will not discover what I am doing."

### Spot Quiz

1. Do you think that the dog was really making love to the girl?
2. Is it likely that "Pet" will actually discover what Ms. Ullman is doing?
3. Why, in your opinion, did the Manson family overlook this particular gathering?

From *Blue Skies No Candy*, by Gael Greene:

"He smells sweet, even his sweat is mildly sweet. His asshole tastes like apple cider."

Ms. Greene is the food editor of *New York* magazine.

## Recent Notable Headlines

*"Unethical and totally repugnant"*

U.S. agency proposed to bypass ban on human testing by carrying out tests on Mexicans

*Toronto Globe and Mail 5/12/77*

*Toronto Star 2/7/77*

**Canada's like a pizza, says ethnic council chief**

*Toronto Globe and Mail 4/29/77*

*New York Times 5/31/77*

**Runaway boy, 15, hid in abandoned building, badly burned in blaze started by firemen**

**AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL DENIES TORTURING HOGS**

LONDON, May 26 (AP)—An animal

*New York Post*

**Nassau cops back Looney as FBI chief**

leaders of Nassau's Chiefs in urging "ment and promotion" in the com-

*Toronto Star 4/21/77*

*Toronto Globe and Mail 3/25/77*

**Ontario will fight TV violence: Davis**

**Group alleges U.S. Government kept report on secrecy a secret**

*Washington Post 2/16/77*

**Fire Threatens 25,000-Year Deposit of Sloth Dung**

By Paul Hodge

The arid Arizona climate had pre-

When the cave was reopened late

ony curator Dr. Clayton Ray yester-

—of either re-

last month and found full of smoke,

dis-garbed the cave and the endan-

T

## Spoilers

### BOOKS

*Falconer* by John Cheever: Faragut escapes.

*Dolores* by Jacqueline Susann: "Jackie" marries "Ari" for money, but the marriage is unconsummated, and "Jackie" learns that love is really the most important thing in the world after all.

*Interview with the Vampire* by Ann Rice: The bad vampires burn up the little girl vampire and Lewis the vampire hero bites the reporter in the neck.

*The Gemini Contenders* by Robert Ludlum: The mysterious document turns out to be proof that Christ was abducted by disciples before he could be crucified, and died by his own hand three days later. The good twin, Adrian, triumphs.

*Oliver's Story* by Erich Segal: Oliver does not marry the rich department store heiress.

*Agent in Place* by Helen MacInnes: Tony Lawton beats out the KGB by capturing triple agent Parracini after under-

R

cover KGB operative Rick Nealey is murdered by his own people.

### MOVIES

*The Deep*: The hero blows himself up along with the underwater cache of morphine to prevent the revolutionaries from getting it.

*Audrey Rose*: Audrey died in a car crash and was reincarnated in the body of a New York rich kid who burns up while reexperiencing Audrey's death under hypnosis in the courtroom confrontation between the two sets of parents.

*Annie Hall*: Woody Allen does not marry Diane Keaton.

*Star Wars*: Luke Skywalker, the young spaceship pilot, saves the galaxy with one second to go, and smuggler Han Solo helps.

*Black Sunday*: The blimp blows up, and nobody gets killed who shouldn't.

*The Eagle Has Landed*: Michael Caine, the good Nazi, dies, and Donald Sutherland, his IRA co-conspirator, cops out and gets married.

*The Car*: The car is apparently self-guided and gets blown up by the sheriff.

U

## Your Tax \$ at Work



Baltimore headquarters of the City of Baltimore Housing Authority of Baltimore City, Baltimore, Maryland.

The National Labor Relations Board is being sued for unfair labor practices by a union representing its own lawyers. *Fortune*

After one and a half hours of debate, the Connecticut legislature passed an act declaring the praying mantis state insect of Connecticut. *Toronto Star*

Inspectors from the Occupational Safety and Health Administration inspected the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's offices and cited themselves for exits blocked by furniture and trash, poorly maintained fire extinguishers, and improperly posted safety notices. *Fortune*

### Masthead

The True Section is edited by P.J. O'Rourke with the assistance of Sean Kelly, Ted Mann, Danny Abelson, Ellis Weiner, and Peter Kaminsky.

E

Research Editor: Katrina vanden Heuvel  
Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyon, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellerd.

Contributions to the True Section are warmly solicited. We will pay \$10 for every True Fact or other true item used, \$20 for every black and white photograph of something funny that really exists, and \$30 if the photo's in color. Send entries to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Include return postage for anything you want returned. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

**Editor's Note:** *The items which appear in the True Section are gathered from reliable news sources and are, indeed, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. Every now and then we get fooled, but not very often, and we will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the National Lampoon is fictional. Our lawyer advises me to say that so we won't get sued so much. Although, since our lawyer only gets paid when we get sued, his advice may be suspect. Anyway, it's true—everything we say is false except the stuff that's true. If I make myself clear. P.J.*

## Why There Are So Few Republican Golf Pros



# What's Your Sign?



photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Alan Rose



photo by Peter Kleinman



photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Alan Rose



## TALES OF UNCLE MIKE

continued from page 86

in our underwear over to Uncle Mike's house. And we decided to stay there for the rest of the winter, where we'd be safe from the oil burner — an oil burner that hadn't been lit in three weeks.

I was back in \_\_\_\_\_ last year, and the big house is now "Shaperstein's Furniture Universe," and the haunted garage is "Dinette Town." I hope it's a happy arrangement for all concerned.

*The End. No, I should tell at least one real Uncle Mike story. I mean, I've got it in the title and everything. But just a short one:*

### How Uncle Mike Met His First Wife

Tammy Omertti, Uncle Mike's first wife, was a tough lady. She always carried a .38 in her purse — something I'm sure Uncle Mike didn't know the night he met her. She was pretty, too, and built USDA Prime.

Uncle Mike used to drink in a place called Mac and Flo's, down an alley off \_\_\_\_\_'s main street. In fact, it was there that I met him myself. He was

out on the bar's little porch, banging his head against a cinder block wall. When somebody introduced us, Mike stopped for two seconds and said, "Hi. How are you?" civil as you please, and went right back to banging his head. He says he doesn't remember why.

One night, Tammy and a girl friend wandered into Mac's while Mike was on a toot, and when Uncle Mike got a look at Tammy, he almost fell down dead. She was a dream come true, he says, an Italian — which Mike is — vision of paradise. Or would have been if she'd had a plate of spaghetti carbonara with her. (That's Uncle Mike's comment, not mine.) Anyway, he was in love, so he walked over to her table and said, "I got fifteen dollars. Wanna fuck?"

She threw a bottle at him, and he went running away, laughing and howling and tipping over chairs. But he wasn't so happy when he got back to the other end of the bar, and for the next half hour he stood there, looking sheepish and getting drunker until, at last, he bought two quarts of beer and took them over and gave them to Tammy and her friend. "I'm

sorry. I don't know what came over me," he said, "I'm really sorry. I want to apologize. I really do. I'm sorry that I said that about the fifteen dollars. I only got ten!!!"

There was such a commotion that Vinny, who owned the place, had to come out from behind the bar with his ball bat, and Uncle Mike and Tammy were married two months later. □



# De Poor De Colored De Marines

# 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 Bugiemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comic Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n Andy.

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our 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 Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove comics, Vichy Supplement, *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.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, Ai Fantum, O'Neil's Temper, Taps, and Bat Day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Batfart 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, Prnson Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

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

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

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

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, 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 Worstest Monster, Parlourbook, Orqyqami, and Cloo.

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

**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 Deal, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and the Impromptu Chicken Dinner.

**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, Couches in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

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

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

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

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

**JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY:** With Kelauser 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, Calhouse 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 Truck 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 Buckie 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 *Scanterrific 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, T.V. magazine, Monday Night Sleep, *PBS Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumpster.

**MAY, 1977/GAY ISH:** With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Froots—An Oral History*, a report on Navajomos, Goddam Faggots by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody.

**JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

**JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn pics, skim books, stroke mags, and the Last, True-Life Western Romance.

## THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

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