

AN APOLOGY TO LIZA MINNELLI

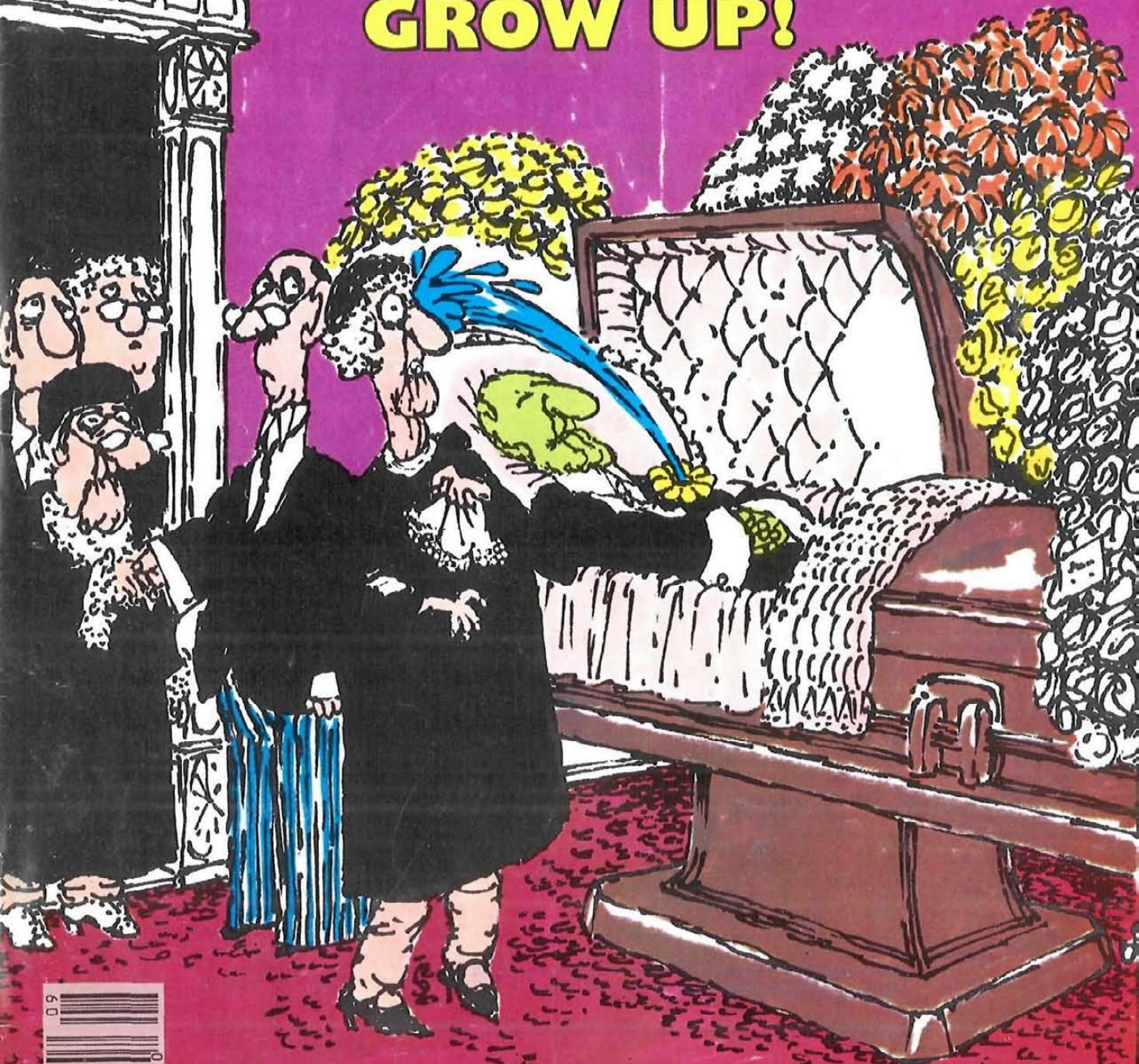
# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

SEPT. 1977

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

\$1.25

## GROW UP!



MATURE DROLLERY

RESPONSIBLE FUN

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*Rodriguez*

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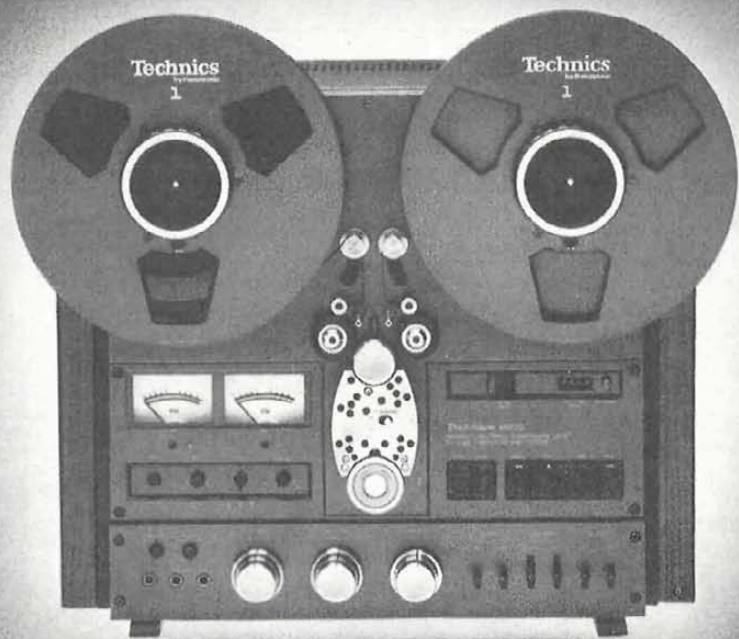
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## MY METER IS RUNNING

I was driving along taking this kid downtown to the hack bureau to get a license, the dopey schmuck (I don't know why he wants to drive a cab). And I was telling him stories about my early days as a cabdriver back in the twenties, when I was a kid. Just as I am about to cross Canal Street heading toward the Municipal buildings, I get a shot from this broad in a Buick with New Jersey plates who went through a light. She took half my right fender and part of my door, and a few of my teeth for good measure. The kid in the back was O.K., but I got a real good zetz in my back that laid me up for a couple of months. I'm suing the broad for a hundred thou. I got this doctor that retouches X-rays. I'm going to nail that cunt.

So what I'm getting at is that I was out of commission for all this time. I got into the accident right in the middle of a story I was telling about my first days as a cabdriver. Like I said, I started when I was fourteen. I was a big, strong kid, and nobody questioned my age. I really thought I was hot shit in those days, driving my own cab, making good tips, meeting all kinds of bimbos and flappers who wanted to fuck my eyebrows off. I told you how Mayor Jimmy Walker adopted me like a son and taught me all the ropes. I met the biggest people in the country through Jimmy. Jimmy used to like to take me to those all-night after-hours parties where you drank the real booze, not that piss they made in the bathtub.

I knew them all. Who do you want to know about? I'll tell you about a good one.

You know who had a big house in New York in those days? Rudolph Valentino. The biggest movie star of them all. He had a secret hideaway in the warehouse section, downtown

*continued*

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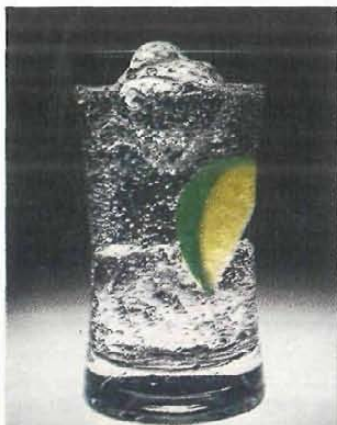
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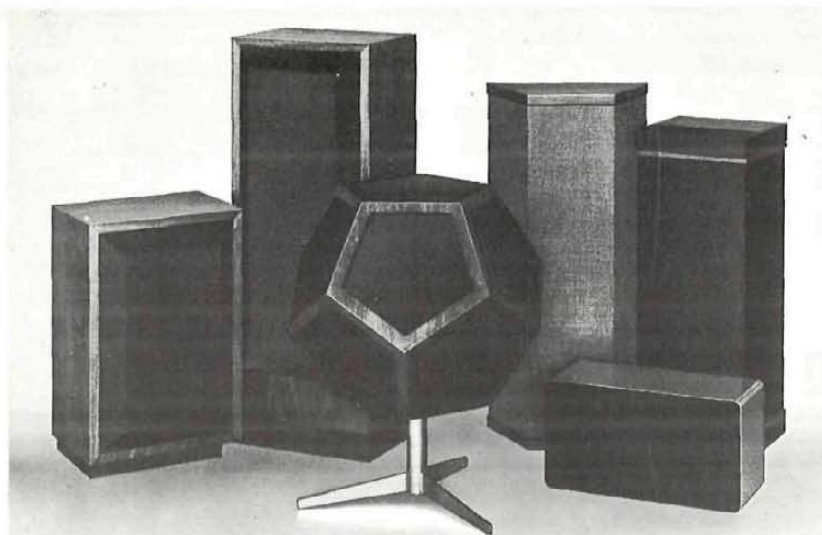
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**BERNIE X**

*continued*

near one of the piers. From the outside, it looked like a real dump. That's how Valentino wanted it. He had to disguise the outside so his fans wouldn't know where he lived. They would've torn the place apart if they knew he lived there. The broads were nuts about him. But I knew Rudolph Valentino better than anyone. Y'know why, doncha? I lived with him.

I'll tell ya how it happened. I was at one of Jimmy Walker's big parties, talking to Jack Dempsey and Isadora Duncan, when Babe Ruth walks in. Well, the Babe had always been my idol since I was knee high to a baseball bat. Jimmy introduced me to him a few times, and he took a shine to me. When the Babe entered a room, everybody stopped what they were doing. He had that quality. You know what I mean. Babe was always laughing and joking and tipping everybody. Even his best friends. If he liked you, he'd give you ten bucks, maybe twenty or a fifty. He was that kind of guy.

But that night, he looked terrible. Nobody was getting any tips. He walked over to Jimmy and motioned him to come into a private room. I looked over at Jimmy and he gave me the high sign. I could come, too. Jimmy liked to hear my advice. I was his official man on the street, the voice of the public. He wouldn't make a move without me.

We went into this room that had a lot of leather books in it. There's another guy already there who is introduced as a big executive from Hollywood.

I never saw the Babe look so bad, worse than his famous hot dog stomachache. He wanted Jimmy's advice. Jimmy was one of his closest pals. The Babe told us his problem. It seemed that Rudolph Valentino was madly in love with him. He wanted to marry him. "But Valentino is a man," I said. Jimmy gave me a funny look. Jesus. I never even thought of the possibility that Valentino could have been a fag. The greatest movie lover of them all. It seemed that Valentino had a crush on the Babe. He would disguise himself and go to the games. He collected pictures of the Babe. He thought the Babe was the most attractive, exciting man in the world. All of this shit was in a letter the Babe showed us. Valentino was raving like a school kid. But the terrible part he saved for last. If

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Babe didn't come to him, he would kill Mrs. Ruth. He had kidnapped Mrs. Babe Ruth and was holding her for ransom. The ransom was Babe himself.

I got a look at the letter. It was written in this fancy style that Valentino liked. I can still remember how it ended: "And so, my beloved Bambino, I beseech you to come to me. I know you will because I am holding something of value to you that you will want returned. I am holding your wife. I detest the word *kidnap* to describe what I have done. I ask for no money. Your wife is merely a pawn who must be used for a higher purpose—to make my dream come true. She is well treated, nay, she is living in splendor at my house, and will be released unharmed when you, my darling Sultan of Swat, come to me. Come to me and I will show you new and magical ways to love. I await your mighty bat, your war club. We will pitch and catch together. Yours forever, Rudy."

Well, the Babe was fit to be tied. He was madder than a wet cat. I never thought the Babe was a raving beauty, if you want to know the truth. But I guess Valentino liked that kind of face. I mean, he went on and on in the letter describing Babe's beautiful nose and his big belly and that shit about his "bat." The first thing Babe says is that he won't do it. He won't sleep with a fairy to get his wife back. He loves his wife, but this was going too far. There was nothing in the marriage vows about sleeping with a homo. He's so mad he tears one of those leather books in half, and Jimmy almost cries. The book is worth ten grand, he says. Anyway, Babe won't do it. Jimmy says the whole thing has to be handled on the hush-hush. No publicity. The guy from Hollywood says the same thing. It seems that he is there to represent Valentino's movie studio. They don't want this to get out to the papers, or it would be the biggest scandal of all time. They don't even want the police to get involved.

Babe's idea is to go in and beat Valentino to a pulp and get his poor wife the fuck out of there. But the guy from the studio says nix to that because he would be destroying their million dollar property, the number one movie star in the country. This is when I piped up with my idea. Why don't I go instead of the Babe, I said. I'm about the same size and even have the same kind of build, with the belly and the skinny legs. The movie studio

*continued on page 28*



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# CONTENTS

Vol. 1, No. 90

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>Insurance Madness, 33</b><br>By Tod Carroll, illustrated by Joe Orlando                   | <b>Trots and Bonnie, 52</b><br>By Shary Flennikin                     |
| <b>Whatever Happened to..., 40, 60, 68, 72</b><br>By Peter Kaminsky and Andrew Zimmerman     | <b>National Lampoon Grows Up, 55</b><br>By Danny Abelson              |
| <b>A Guide to Grown-ups, 44</b><br>By Jeff Greenfield, illustrated by Bob Larkin             | <b>Grown-ups Can Do Anything, 63</b><br>By Gahan Wilson               |
| <b>Amusing Stories, 47</b><br>By Ellis Weiner  | <b>Total Coverage, 70</b><br>By John Hughes                           |
| <b>You Know You're Grown Up When..., 50</b><br>By the Editors, illustrated by Warren Sattler | <b>Health Facts You Better Start Reading, 86</b><br>By Gerald Sussman |



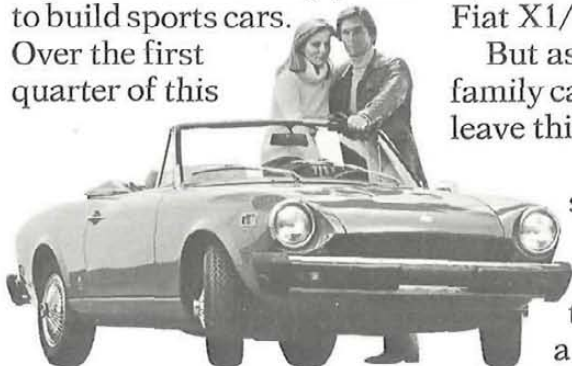
## FILLER

- |                        |                 |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Bornes 2               | The National 19 |
| Editorial 8            | Foto Funny 54   |
| Associate Editorial 30 | Funny Pages 75  |
| Letters 12             | True Section 91 |



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# EDITORIAL

## An Apology to Liza Minnelli

In the June, 1976 issue of the *National Lampoon*, dedicated to celebrating, with tongue in cheek, the publication of our seventy-fifth issue, there appeared a series of bogus congratulatory messages from people and groups ranging from George Bernard Shaw and "The Vagino Americans" to Lenny Bruce. These people and others "congratulated" us on reaching this landmark. We intended these messages to be in the absurd tradition of the *National Lampoon*, and to have no relation to truth.

Included in the messages was one ostensibly from Liza "Minelli" (her name is actually spelled *Minnelli*). The message had an unflattering reference to her mother, the late Judy Garland. It was our belief that no one would think that this message was actually written and sent to us by Ms. Minnelli, and that no one would think less of Ms. Minnelli as a result.

However, Ms. Minnelli was deeply hurt by the reference and by the fact that it was accompanied by her purported signature. She did not agree that the "message" could have no harmful impact, and sued us for the pain we caused her.

We express our sincerest apologies to Liza Minnelli for any harm to her feelings which we may have caused.

There follows Ms. Minnelli's statement of her personal opinions and feelings about the use of her name and the reference to her late mother. Obviously, she does not hold the *National Lampoon* in high regard, and obviously we cannot agree with many of her opinions. There will always be a conflict between freedom of speech and personal feelings, and Ms. Minnelli is, we suspect, not alone in her views.

*At my deposition (a legal procedure necessary to the action I had decided to take against the National Lampoon), Matty Simmons voluntarily appeared and apologized to me. I appreciate and accept that apology. I couldn't help thinking, though, that it would have been more meaningful if it had been given at the outset and without the threat of my lawsuit.*

*Look guys, it's very unusual for me to want to bring a lawsuit against anyone. I did it because what I saw in the National Lampoon seemed so cruel, unnecessary, vicious and unspeakable to me. Mr. Simmons says, "It was our belief that no one would think that this message was actually written and sent us by Ms. Minnelli and that no one would think less of Ms. Minnelli as a result." Despite his apology, I'm afraid he missed the point. I was not defending what people might think of me. It was the gross, inaccurate and vile things you inferred about my mother that really upset me. I know it's chic to be irreverent. Even trendy. But good taste still counts. I am her daughter. I am proud to be. How can I let you assault her memory in this fashion and find humor in it?*

*Mr. Simmons then says that I obviously do not hold the National Lampoon in high regard. Wrong again. I'm all for a good laugh. But never at so high a price.*

*The issue, according to him, seems to be, "What's the matter, honey? Can't you take a joke?" The answer is—yes, I think I can. And I'll continue to try. But a joke at the expense of a great artist whose memory I cherish and respect does not seem to me a joke at all.*

*Thank you for apologizing. I'm sorry, too. I wish it all hadn't happened and I hope this is the end of it.*

Matty Simmons, Publisher

Liza Minnelli

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# ASSOCIATE EDITORIAL

## A Friendly Warning

A word to the wise—there's nowhere to grow but up.

Consider the available alternatives, such as the Ageless Hippie route. You may not believe it now, but those who've been there will tell you that coming off a two-day acid trip on the food stamp line at your local welfare office just doesn't do it after a while. Nor does sleeping on the floor—not only do people and animals and those in between literally step on your face at regular intervals, but sooner or later you wake up one gray morning with your tongue lying on the carpet like a piece of liver and your hair clotted with hash brownie, and you realize that today is the day your little sister graduates from law school.

Then, of course, you might try to hold on to that carefree, hang loose attitude you prize so highly by devel-

oping what the magazines call "an aggressively youthful life-style." One small hitch. History teaches us that those who treat life in the Real World like an endless extension of freshman year at college almost invariably end up lurching forward suddenly some evening while removing their sneakers in a musty locker room. Do you think it's fun winding up your days stone dead at thirty-one with a sock clutched in your right hand, a grimace of pain and surprise on your now frozen features, and a chorus of friends remarking sadly on the irony of *your* being the one to go ("...and he played ice hockey and polo every day and practiced for intramural decathlon on his lunch hour—it just doesn't make any sense!")?

I only bring these unpleasant scenarios to your attention to save you

and your loved ones needless heartache and grief later on. To be frank, these are comparatively benign forms of evasion. Incest, Satanism, and the uglier varieties of psychotic disorder are just a few of the strategies I have declined to elaborate on.

But enough gloom and doom. My point is made, and I can hope to do no more. You can either decide, now that you are armed with the facts, to grow up and take your rightful place as a soldier in the ranks of society's army, or you can sit around reading comics and scratching yourself and waiting for the Enforcement Squads to burst through your door and drag you into the street and beat you to within an inch of your putrid little self-absorbed life.

The choice is yours.

D.A.

## A Responsible Reply

*Peter:* I won't grow up.

*Michael, John, and Wendy:* I won't grow up.

*Peter:* And I won't be an adult.

*Michael, John, and Wendy:* And I won't be an adult.

*Peter:* With a lawyer and accountant.

*Michael, John, and Wendy:* With a lawyer and accountant.

*Peter:* And a broker to consult.

*Michael, John, and Wendy:* And a broker to consult.

I won't grow up. (I won't grow up.)

And I won't wear a toupee. (And I won't wear a toupee.)

Or feel guilty 'bout my diet. (Or feel guilty 'bout my diet)

And some stupid crème brûlée. (And some stupid crème brûlée.)

If growing up means I must wear A jockstrap swimming to protect down there

I'll never grow up, never grow up, never grow uu-up!

(Don't care.)

I won't grow up. (I won't grow up.)

I don't like *Time* magazine. (I don't like *Time* magazine.)

And I think that Jimmy Reston (And I think that Jimmy Reston)

Should be conked upon the bean. (Should be conked upon the bean.)

I won't grow up. (I won't grow up.)

'Cause the opera makes me puke. ('Cause the opera makes me puke.)

And I won't use Aqua Velva (And I won't use Aqua Velva)

Like some cretin from Dubuque. (Like some cretin from Dubuque.)

If growing up means I must read *New Yorker* articles on Margaret Mead

I'll never grow up, never grow up, never grow uu-up!

(Indeed.)

Never gonna play a game

Of golf.

Never wanna see a shrink

Or Ibsen.

Anybody says to drink

A Gibson

(Onion in the glass)

Shove it up his ass!

I won't grow up. (I won't grow up.)

I don't wanna learn to screw (I don't wanna learn to screw)

'Cause the women all are scary

('Cause the women all are scary)

And there's too much stuff to do.

(And there's too much stuff to do.)

If growing up means I must choose Between a pair of Keds and Gucci shoes...

I'll never grow up, never grow up, never grow uu-up!

(Fuck you)

*Michael:* Fuck you.

*All the children:* Fuck youse!

*Peter:* So there.

E.W.

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Side and fingerboard position markers.

A redesigned truss rod that's there when you need it to smoothly adjust the stress throughout the entire neck. Plus a recontoured neck shape to allow more comfortable playability. And a reshaped heel for easier access to the higher registers.

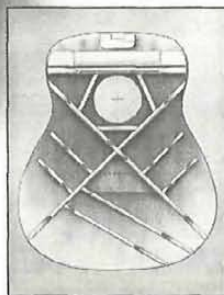
Real wood rosette and coordinated side binding.

A two-piece Indian rosewood back with a real wood inlay.

A solid spruce top, quarter sawn. The best wood for guitar tops, cut the best possible way.

Finishes that provide maximum resonance to the top, extra durability to the back and neck. An internal finish eliminates moisture absorption.

Dual transverse x-type bracing to produce the purest sounds possible.





and we'll quit kidnapping Dutch people. Honest.  
 South Mollucan Terrorists  
 On Our Way to South Molluca

Sirs:  
 All voting in the Politburo is by secret ballot. We sit around a big table, and everybody in favor of a motion raises his foot.

Leonid Brezhnev  
 U.S.S.R., Russia

Sirs:  
 It's pretty, but did it fart?

R. Kipling  
 White Heaven

Sirs:  
 We, too, are very worried about the loss of human rights. So if you have any, please return them to your nearest Revolutionary Committee. Thank you.

Fidel Castro  
 Havana, Cuba

Sirs:  
 Want to know a secret about that close-up pic of me in the "Babe" ads? I had my thumb up my butt when it was taken.

Margaux Hemingway  
 Passé, France

Sirs:  
 We're Croats, from Croatia, where all Croats come from—fur Croats, top Croats, suit Croats, sport Croats, every kind of Croat. All we're asking is our fair share of the retailer's markup.

The Croats  
 Croatia

Memo: To All Staff  
 Re: Endangered Humor Species  
 The last Robert Hall has died in captivity. Let's do everything we can to see that this sort of thing doesn't happen again in the future. Meanwhile, have Ralph Nader, et al, buy their clothes at K-Mart.

The Editors

Sirs:  
 In Brazil? South of the Sahara? Someplace in the Caribbean? Outside Philadelphia? Just tell us where it is,

Sirs:  
 Would you, by any chance, be interested in investing some venture capital in our company, Es-Cargo, Inc.? It's a slow freight operation specializing in small packages delivered by snails. We just went public.

Jacques and Pierre  
 c/o the Kitchen  
 La Côte Basque

Sirs:  
 Well, we burned down all our homes, schools, and hospitals again.

the country.  
 Attorney General Griffin Bell  
 Washington, D.C.

Sirs:  
 One thing that you don't say in Uganda, even in jest, is, "Eat me." Oh no! No! No! Aieeeeeeeeee....  
 gobble gobble gobble  
 (burp)

Messieurs:  
 Here eez zee joke on you. We have deezided not to argue wif zee JFK airport about zee Concorde airplanes going to zare, because eet eez too noizee in New York to land. C'est très droll, n'est-ce pas?  
 Valéry Giscard d'Estaing  
 Paris, France

Sirs:  
 Believe me, in order to get where I am today, I had to kiss a lot of ass. On the mouth.

Barbara Walters  
 ABC Television  
 New York, N.Y.

Sirs:  
 Nice hearing from you! We're having a great time down here! Buzzed through Miami Beach last week and caught Corbett Monica opening for Sammy at the Fountainebleau. Dynamite stuff, great guy! Fill you in on the rest when we get to New York.

Killer Bees  
 Heading North

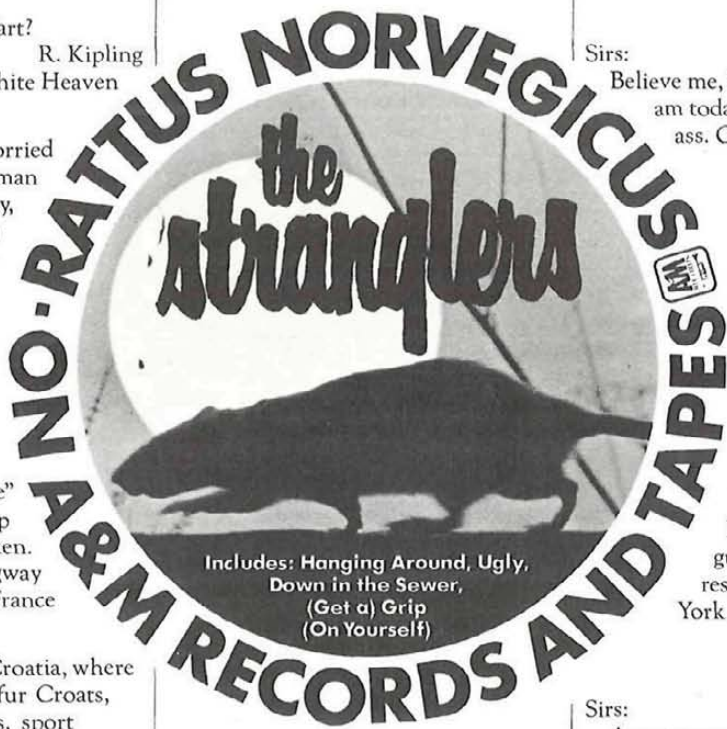
Sirs:  
 Are your writers interested in my amusing Jimmy Carter jokes? I have quite a few. I make many references to the fact that he owns a peanut farm and has claimed to feel "lust in his heart," when actually, you feel that in your dork! Hey, whoa!

I have written for *The Hitching Post*, the giggle rag here at Oregon State, and have had a manuscript accepted by *Cherie* magazine. I have an I.Q. of 110, will work cheap, and can start immediately. What say?

Puppy Blown  
 Mom's Place, Oregon

Sirs:  
 Nice guys finish last.

Shere Hite  
 The Plaza Hotel  
*continued*



The insurance claims should run to \$20 American, easy.  
 Rioting Bantus  
 Soweto, South Africa

Sirs:  
 I wasn't really trying to escape. I was just going to shoot Andrew Young and come right back. Scout's honor. Can I get out of solitary now?  
 James Earl Ray  
 Brushy Mountain State Prison, Tenn.

Sirs:  
 The Post Office. PBS. Amtrak. Welfare. The New York City subway system. Get my point? Just give me the word, and I'll jail every socialist in



**Bill Adams adjusts them for rock...**



**Cynthia Kelly adjusts them for classical...**



**Darrell and Marcia Morgan adjust them for jazz...**



**and Heather Dodge and Bob O'Connell adjust them for however they feel at the moment.**



No two people are alike. And neither is their music. Some people revel in rock. And some find contentment with classical. While others jam to jazz. And then there are those who don't know themselves what they'll be listening to next.

The common denominator is the Jensen Lifestyle Speaker System. The uncommonly accurate speakers. Four of which feature easily accessible tone controls up front behind the

grille. These controls let you customize the sound of your Lifestyle Speaker Systems to fit your music... your room... or your mood.

All down the line, Lifestyle Speaker Systems offer outstanding quality and features

for excellent sound reproduction. Study the specs. Note the fullness of lows, highs, and midrange. Adjust the level controls. Appreciate their subtleties... and see for yourself how easy it is to adjust to good music.

# JENSEN

## LIFESTYLE SPEAKER SYSTEMS

Jensen Sound Laboratories, Division of Pemcor, Inc., Schiller Park, Illinois 60176

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# I AM MUSIC.

No one can duplicate the vital ingredient that sets Marantz stereo apart from the others. Its true musical sound. You experience it with Marantz turntables because wow and flutter and rumble are reduced to imperceptible levels. The only sound you hear is the music on the record.

Like a fine musical instrument, Marantz is designed to be at one with the music. For instance, the Marantz 6300 Turntable has a direct drive, DC servo motor for absolutely consistent speed. Automatic lift and shut-off that's opto-coupled for optimum tracking accuracy.

Some manufacturers can match some of the Marantz features. But none can deliver the true musical sound of Marantz. Not for more money. And certainly not for less. Marantz is music. It's the truth.

**marantz®**  
We sound better.

The Marantz 6300 Turntable comes complete with S-shaped tone arm with viscous-damped cueing, vertical/lateral counter-balancing and anti-skate, anti-static turntable mat, hinged plastic dust cover, and base enclosure constructed of laminated plywood, finished in genuine walnut veneer. ©1977 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311.



## LETTERS

*continued*

Sirs:

Whenever John Kennedy went down town,

We people on the pavement looked at him;

He was a gentleman from sole to crown,

Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,

And he was always human when he talked;

But still he fluttered pulses when he said,

'Good-morning,' and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich — yes, richer than a king —

And admirably schooled in every grace:

In fine, we thought that he was everything

To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,

And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;

And John Kennedy, one calm summer afternoon,

Went to Dallas and got shot right through the head.

Edwin Arlington Robinson Cemetery  
Arlington, Va.

Dear Lorne:

Okay, it's a deal. A thou a week for the iting-wray ob-jay plus all "film rights" to Gilda. But from now on, use my home address. We don't want these letters falling into the wrong hands, eh?

Ted

At the *National Lampoon*

Sirs:

We hear Ted Mann got fired. Well, it doesn't surprise us. He was our son for a while, and we fired him, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Mann  
Isle of Mann, Manitoba

Sirs:

Unlike most rich people I know, I had to scratch and claw to get on top. Just the other night, as a matter of fact.

Errol Wetson  
Horsemeat, Ill.

Sirs:

We're the world's largest democracy. We're also a giant stinking heap of shit. I don't know, draw your own conclusions.

Prime Minister Morarji Desai  
New Delhi, India

# Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?

We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide?

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

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

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



©1977, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052, U.S.A.

# WHAT THE EXPERTS CALLED THE BEST LAST YEAR WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

**"IT CANNOT BE FAULTED."**

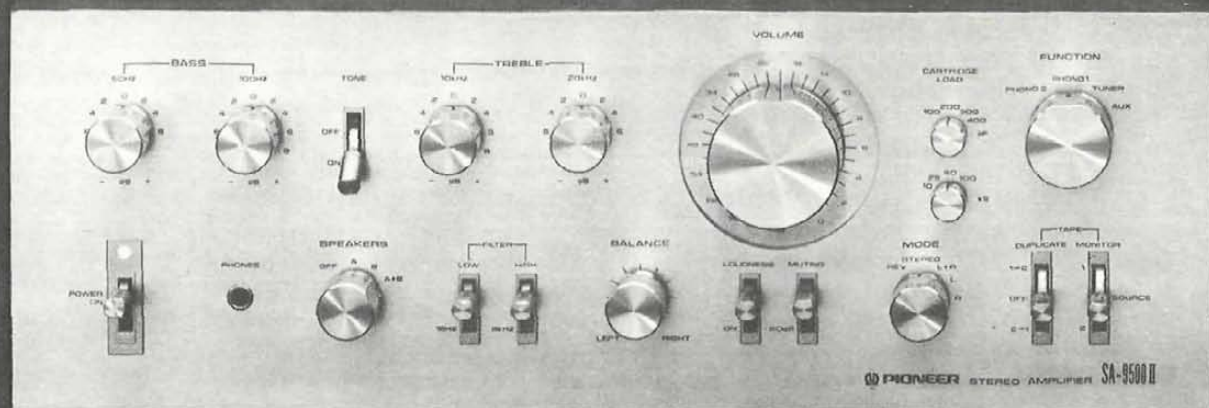
*SA9500 – Stereo Review*

**"AS NEAR TO PERFECT  
AS WE'VE ENCOUNTERED."**

*TX9500 – Popular Electronics*

**"CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BEST...  
AT ANY PRICE."**

*TX9500 – Modern Hi Fi*



SA9500II

Last year, the experts paid Pioneer's integrated amps and tuners some of the highest compliments ever.

The challenge was obvious: to build even better amps and tuners. Amps and tuners that would not only surpass anything we'd ever built before, but anything anyone ever built before. Here's how we did it.

### THE NEW PIONEER TX9500II TUNER: EVEN CLOSER TO PERFECT.

When Popular Electronics said our TX9500 tuner was "as close to perfect" as they'd encountered, they obviously hadn't encountered our TX9500II. It features technology so advanced, some of it wasn't even perfected until this year.

Our front end, for example, features three newly-developed field effect transistors that work to let you pull in beautiful FM reception no matter how far you live from the transmitter. And no matter how much interference there is in your neighborhood.

Where most tuners give you one band for all FM stations, the TX9500II gives you two. A wide band with a new surface acoustic wave filter to take advantage of strong stations, and a narrow band with five ceramic filters to remove the noise and interference from weaker ones.

And where conventional multiplex circuits accidentally cut out frequencies that add depth and presence to music, the multiplex circuit in the TX9500II doesn't. It features a Pioneer-developed integrated circuit that's far more accurate than anything else around. So the music begins to sound as if it's coming live from your living room, instead of from some radio station miles away.

### THE NEW SA9500II AMPLIFIER: HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF THE BEST.

After building one of the world's best tuners, we had no choice but to create an amplifier that could match it.

The result is the new SA9500II. An 80\* watt integrated amp that was designed to let you get every-

thing out of your tuner. Perfectly.

Our output stage, for example, features a new parallel push-pull circuit that reduces total harmonic distortion to less than 0.1%. Well below the threshold of human hearing.

To all but eliminate cross-talk, the SA9500II comes with a separate power transformer for each channel, instead of the usual single transformer for both.

And where some amps give you two, or three tone controls, the SA9500II gives you four. Two for regular treble and bass, and two for extended treble and bass. They're calibrated in 2 dB click stops, which means you have a virtually endless variety of ways to get the most out of your music.

Obviously, both the SA9500II and the TX9500II are very sophisticated pieces of equipment. But all of the engineering skill that went into making them has gone into every tuner and amplifier in our new series II. No matter what the price, no matter what the specifications.

And that's something you don't have to be an expert to appreciate.

## SA9500II—TX9500II

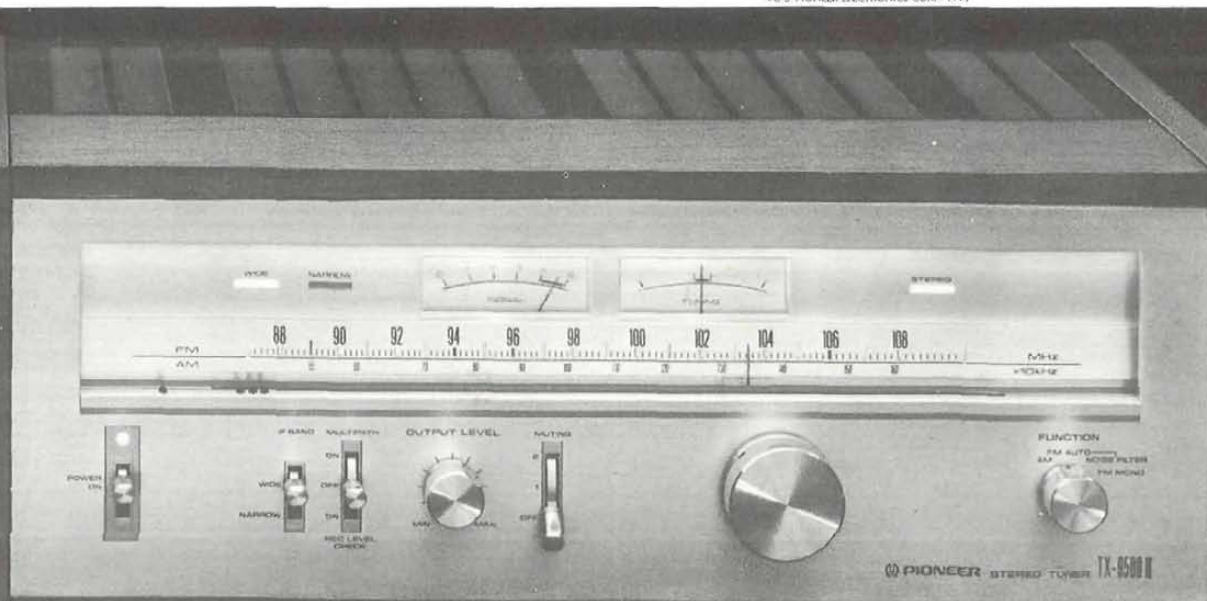
POWER MIN. RMS, 20 TO 20,000 Hz	80	SIGNAL TO NOISE RATIO	Mono 82dB Stereo 77dB
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5uV
PHONO OVERLOAD LEVEL	300mV	SELECTIVITY	(wide) 35dB (narrow) 85dB
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/ TAPE	2/1/2	CAPTURE RATIO	(wide) 0.8dB (narrow) 2.0dB

\*Minimum RMS continuous power output at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

High Fidelity Components

**PIONEER®**  
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

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TX9500II

Feel the Real taste difference.

# Real

The natural cigarette.  
Low tar. Nothing artificial added.

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 natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.



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

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

# Solzhie Knifes Nabo in Lover's Quarrel

Details Inside

**OUTLOOK:**  
Bleak  
**AIR QUALITY:**  
Acceptable



Will the owner  
of a blue Pontiac,  
license plate KZ 168,  
please move it.

IND  
34490

## The National

\* \* \*

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume I, No. XC

September, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

# WHERE KLEAGLES DARE

**Recent demonstrations involving the members of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan have sparked new interest in the organization, begun as a philately club and community choir group shortly after the Civil War by General Nathan Bedford Forrest.**

Since the 1880s, the focus of the Klan's activities has shifted noticeably, from occasional evening gatherings in which groups of blacks were good-naturedly terrified by night riders in white robes and pointed caps, to the more publicized cross-burnings and racist propagandizing of the 1950s—a period in which groups of blacks were good-naturedly lynched, tor-

tured, beaten, and mauled, together with their white civil rights coworkers.

The reasons for the Klan's allure are obvious. The organization has its own intricate system of code words and rituals, and even the most moronic garage mechanic or county sheriff can don a J.P. Stevens sheet, mumble a few pseudo-patriotic platitudes, light a torch, and feel like Genghis Khan.

Crucial to an understanding of the Klan is a knowledge of its own arcane vocabulary. Klan members speak only words beginning with the letter *k*. This serves the dual function of making members readily identifiable to one another, and assuring that the requirements for membership in the Klan do not exclude applicants whose verbal skills may be somewhat limited.

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)



*The Kleagle Has Landed.* Imperial wizard Dale R. Reusch receives a *klout* on the *kisser* from a disgruntled rejected *klapplicant* at a *klourth* of *kluluy Klan konvention*.

# Blackout? Blacks Out!

In the wake of much racist criticism of the behavior of New York's black community during the recent blackout, attempts are being

made to right the balance by presenting its point of view through the national media. Spearheading the effort is ABC-TV, which

plans to present a week-long prime time miniseries in the fall, chronicling the struggle of one large black New York family to re-

alize its lifelong dream of acquiring a free Barcalounger. The series is tentatively entitled, "Loots." In the same vein, the American Union of Civic Liber-

als, or AUCL, has proposed launching a nationwide drive to raise funds for those wrongfully incarcerated for liberating various household necessities from the profit-dominated mercantile system of New York City. The drive, which is to be kicked off by the wholesale pillage of Leonard Bernstein's townhouse, will have as its slogan, "Save the New York 3,500?"

## Alyeska:

# We Put a Teamster in Your Tank

Fairbanks, Alaska—The recent explosion of Pumping Station #8 along the newly-opened Alaska pipeline was caused by the presence of "an astonishing amount of human material" within the pipeline, according to a suppressed government report.

Workmen reaching the scene of the explosion removed the blocked section of the pipe, expecting to discover the huge plastic filter trap, used to remove any

debris in the pipeline in advance of the oil. Instead, they found the shackled, partially decomposing body of former Teamster Union President James Hoffa. When asked if he knew how Hoffa's body was placed inside the Teamster-built pipeline, union official Harry "I'll-Kick-Your-Teeth-In" O'Leary responded, "The person who'd know is out right now, but when she comes back, Alaska."

Further investigation revealed that a substantial number of other individuals, used in place

of the trap, had built up an excessive amount of organic energy which resulted in the fatal explosion. Investigators using dental records and fingerprints believe that among the people inside the pipeline were John Rosselli, Glenn Miller, Jack Ruby, Wiley Post, Judge Crater, Buddy Holly, Roberto Clemente, James Dean, Amelia Earhart, Anastasia Romanov, and Hale Boggs.

Asked how this could have happened, O'Leary said, "I don't know. Juneau?"

## HIGH BIAS.

These cassette deck manufacturers use SA as their reference for the High(CrO<sub>2</sub>) bias/EQ setting:

AIWA • AKAI • DOKORDER • JVC • KENWOOD  
MERITON • NAKAMICHI • OPTONICA • PIONEER  
SANSUI • SHARP • TANDBERG • TEAC  
TOSHIBA • UHER • YAMAHA

And are joined by these in recommending SA for use in their decks:

BANG & OLUFSEN • DUAL • FISHER  
HARMAN/KARDON • LAFAYETTE • ROYAL SOUND  
SANKYO • AND MANY OTHERS.



Load your deck with TDK SA, the deck makers' choice. You'll get clean, quiet, full-range recordings, in a trouble-free super precision cassette mechanism. And join the bias for SA.

**TDK**  
The machine for your machine.

TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. In Canada: Superior Electronics Industries, Ltd.

## ...Newsmakers in the News...



The National has obtained a rare photo of Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps, or, according to a highly placed source, Secretary of the Treasury Albert Blumental.

# Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

## 1. How much camera do I need?

Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

## 2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best?

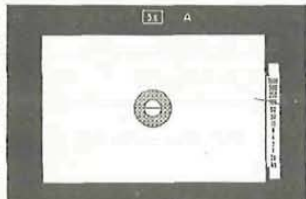
Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you. Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras offer a wide variety of features and prices.

Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.

## 3. What should I look for in the viewfinder?

First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions. Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

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



## 4. What range of shutter speeds do I need?

Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.



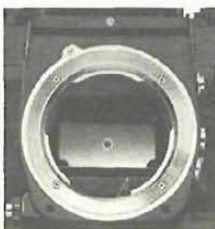
## 5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one?

The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



## 6. Why is the lens system important?

Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.

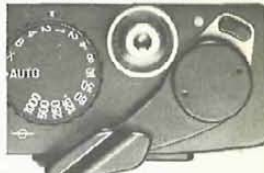


## 7. How fast can I change lenses?

You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards.

## 8. How should the camera feel?

Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film wind lever. If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



## 9. How should it sound?

Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.



## 10. How do I judge craftsmanship?

Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.



## 11. What is the camera's reputation?

Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.



# Minolta

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

# 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.



# ng 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.

**Dear Publisher: Here's my check or money order, payable to:**

*National Lampoon*  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

NL-977

- 3-year subscription—\$14.00 (a saving of \$31.00 over single copy purchases and \$4.00 over subscription price)  
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# Pentagon Panel Probes Paranoid Premier

It was learned today that a joint Central Intelligence Agency/Pentagon panel is presently conducting a top-priority investigation into the mental health of Cuban dictator Fidel Castro. The intensive investigation was ordered by high ranking officials of both agencies immediately after a special screening of the recent television interview taped by CBS correspondent Barbara Walters in Havana.

During the historic interview, Ms. Walters deftly maneuvered the volatile Caribbean strongman into showing his hand early on in the first session. In a sequence likened by many commentators to the famous courtroom scene in *The Caine Mutiny*, the bearded Castro was provoked into an angry, sometimes incoherent diatribe in which he claimed that the CIA was "listening" to him and had tried to "get him" on more than one occasion in the past.

The intelligence community was quick to respond to the outburst. One high-level Pentagon official was quoted as saying, "When we feel we can reasonably infer that a leader of an unfriendly power ninety miles off our shores is in a precarious mental con-

dition, we feel obliged to investigate the situation as thoroughly and speedily as we are able. To speak plainly, crazy, hopped-up Reds within spitting distance of the Fontainebleau make our national security boys real jumpy."

It is not known at this

time whether Ms. Walters herself will be called to testify before the investigating panel. She is reported to have been "shaken and upset" by her confrontation with the bearded revolutionary. According to network officials, she was particularly stunned by his last minute refusal to answer questions concerning major issues cleared for discussion beforehand. These included his views on recent fashion, his repressed feelings of hostility toward a childhood rival named José, and his widely reported habit of sometimes urinating

without lifting the toilet seat.

Though at first reluctant to acknowledge the investigation, a CIA spokesman did consent to answer reporters' questions after the daily press briefing this morning. As to why Castro named the CIA in particular, the spokesman said, "Frankly we have no idea. It could have been the Food and Drug Administration that is persecuting him, the National Endowment for the Arts that hates him. We just don't understand how a disturbed, irrational mind works, that is a question for our psychiatrists to answer."

The tense question-and-answer period ended on a lighter note with the reading of a mock confession of CIA activities aimed at overthrowing the Cuban government: "Since he has come to power, the Central Intelligence Agency has worked night and day to upset and antagonize Fidel Castro. Our scientists have stayed up late inventing a powder to make his beard fall off, and our agents have tried to put LSD in his cigar. And when we could not think of other ways to make him feel sad, we simply mounted full-scale invasions of his island."

## NEWZ QUIZ

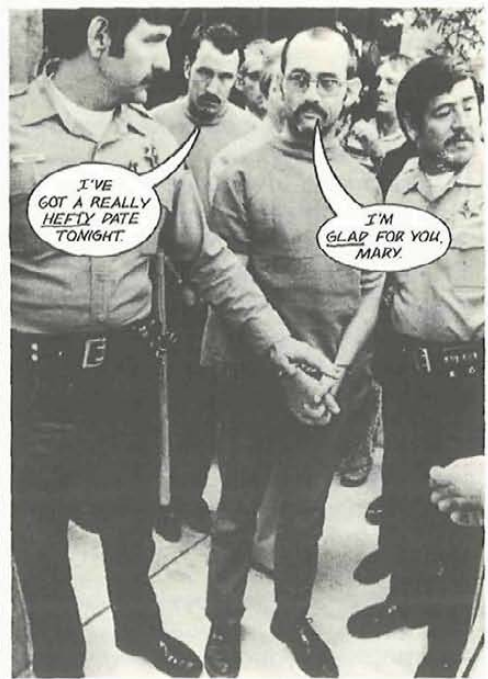
Who defeated Gerald Ford in the 1976 presidential election?

(Hint: He's a white male.)

## Lazy Molester Nabbed

Los Angeles police have arrested the man responsible for dozens of artificial inseminations in the Los Angeles area over the last year. The man, Carlos Tertega, thirty-two, was first taken into custody after a Safeway store manager called police to complain about a man who was making lewd remarks to women in the feminine napkin section of the supermarket.

When police searched Tertega, they found several vials of semen and a syringe. At police headquarters, Tertega admitted that he had committed the inseminations. A police spokesman told reporters that Tertega had tried normal rape once and found it "too tiresome," and had adopted the artificial insemination technique after reading a book on the subject during a visit to his doctor.



## Top Court Criminalizes Paraphernalia

In a landmark decision today, the Supreme Court voted six to three to criminalize all forms of rolling papers, pipes, tin foil, screens, hollow objects, and anything that could be used to produce a flame. Simple possession of any of these could result in a maximum sentence of twenty years in jail, while sale could carry a penalty of as high as thirty years.

"And it won't stop there," said one of the justices. "Lava lamps, incense, brownies, and stereos are next!"

# The Unsinkable Karen Quinlan

Clifton, New Jersey—Doctors, hospital administrators, and federal Medicaid officials are meeting here for a weekend conference to explore what to do in the remarkable case of Karen Ann Quinlan. The twenty-one-year-old Quinlan, who has been in a permanent coma for several years, has survived for almost a year and a half after being removed from a respirator at the request of her parents.

Miss Quinlan, who was expected to die shortly after being removed from the respirator, has instead survived despite the removal of all artificial "heroic measures" to save her life. Doctors assert that there

is no hope Miss Quinlan will ever return to a functioning state; apart from breathing, she is capable only of listening to Barry Manilow records, a medically demonstrable proof of a vegetative brain. In order to relieve

the pressure of Miss Quinlan's presence in the nursing home, at a cost to the taxpayers of hundreds of dollars a day, officials have undertaken "unheroic measures" to preserve Miss Quinlan's life. Two months ago, administrators altered the high-protein intravenous fluid by substituting liq-

uid Fritos and Hawaiian Fruit Punch. Last month, nurses made Miss Quinlan's bed and left two pillows over her face; last week, a pack of dogs was let into Miss Quinlan's room—all in an effort to "let God's will be done," according to Medicaid coordinator Charles Royle.

Further attempts to "restore Miss Quinlan to her natural state" include carrying her along on the nursing home's annual country club outing and testing out her ability to traverse the length of the

club's pool; booking the Quinlan woman on an Outward Bound foray into the Teton Forest; and enrolling her in the Sky-Diverettes Corps of South Plainfield.

"We are willing to abide by the natural order of events," Royle said, as he and Miss Quinlan were prepared for their pre-dawn jog. "But there comes a point at which a life cannot fairly be sustained. We're going to keep working with Miss Quinlan until we find out where that point is."

## Terrorists to Hold Awards Dinner

The International Brotherhood of Terrorists has announced plans to hold a dinner and awards presentation this fall. The group will honor outstanding terrorists and terrorist offensives. An IBT spokesman, Arfi XXX, said the dinner will be held in Algeria, and plans are underway to sell the package to a television network. The categories for which awards will be given include "Best Terrorist Action," "Outstanding Terrorist Male, Female," "Most Damage," "Most Promising New Terrorist," "Assassin of the Year," and the "Yasir Arafat Life Achievement Award." Entertainer John Davidson is signed to host the dinner, and members will arrive from all over the world on various nonscheduled flights.

## KLEAGLES

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

Some key Klan words are: *kleagle* (a high-ranking official); *klavern* (a subgrouping, similar to a boy scout "pack"); *klanwhich* (the official Klan luncheon food, usually a slice of meat between two slices of bread); *Klorox* (any bleach used to whiten Klan ceremonial robes); *Kleveland* (a city); *klam klowder* (a broth made of shellfish and vegetables);

and *klavikord* (a harpsichord-like instrument on which Klanklamber music is played at meetings).

Aside from pro-racism public demonstrations and parades, Klan activities also include a free poisoned lunch program for the underprivileged, and a series of lectures-riots dealing with anti-Communism, anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, anti-vegetarianism, and anti-save-the-whales-ism.



## 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.

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- Forced air cooling

### CS-400 \$424.50 \*

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- 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 \*

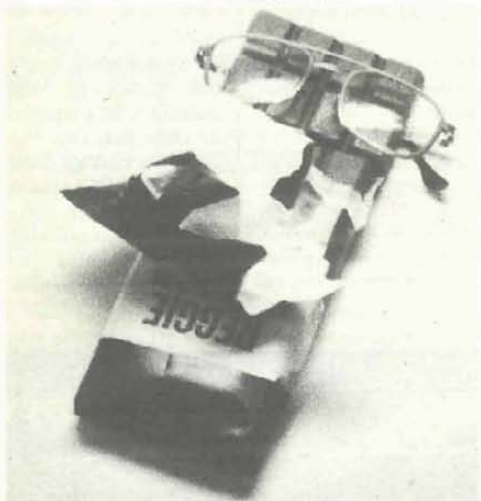
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# Mmm, Mmm, Reggie!



Latest lump of chocolate on the scene? The Reggie Bar, named after the 160 I.Q. slugger Reggie Jackson. The candy bar will retail for \$1.95, which some candy lovers maintain is an outrageous price for a fruit-filled piece of chocolate that turns to shit shortly after you buy it.

# Seattle Slew Raped by Run Dusty Run

Superhorse Seattle Slew was attacked and raped early last night by Run Dusty Run, a horse Seattle Slew has beaten repeatedly.

The homosexual attack occurred after the horses had been bedded down for the night.

Seattle Slew's whinnies of terror were heard by a stable boy, who rushed into the barn and witnessed Run Dusty Run

mounted atop Seattle Slew. Trainer of the Triple Crown winner Billy Turner lashed out at the owners of Run Dusty Run, saying, "I knew that horse was a queer. He

was always sniffing. I realize horses will sniff, but this one didn't just sniff, he *sniiiiifed!*" Seattle Slew's owners, Karen and Mickey Taylor, said that they will retire the

horse. "He'll never win another race. After what's happened, he'll be afraid to let another horse get behind him," Karen Taylor said in a tearful meeting with the press.

## Highlights of the Month

- Sept. 2  
8:00 P.M. NBC. I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS—While traveling on the Merritt Parkway, Andy swerves to miss a squirrel and crashes head on with a school bus. Andy: Bill Bixby.
- Sept. 7  
9:00 P.M. ABC. YOUNG SAM BREAKSTONE—Dramatization of the early years and the events leading up to the discovery of his recipe for sour cream. Lou Jacobi, Molly Picon.
- Sept. 10  
10:00 P.M. NBC. MOTHER, WIFE, U-2 PILOT—Katie is shot down while on a secret mission over the Soviet Union, and Stanley has to put up with the kids. Katie: Jaclyn Smith. Stanley: Jerry Van Dyke.
- Sept. 12  
8:30 P.M. ABC. A MAN CALLED SCHWARTZNAGLE—They laughed when the stranger rode into town, but the laughter soon stopped when he tapered all their trousers. Schwarznagle: Bob Reiner. Sheriff: Buddy Ebsen. Deadeye: Dom Deluise.
- Sept. 16  
9:30 P.M. NBC. TET TROOP—Mayhem in the Mekong Delta as the squad's plans for the sergeant's surprise party are ruined when his birthday cake is defoliated. Forrest Tucker, Anson Williams.
- Sept. 18  
9:00 P.M. ABC. YOUNG MAN WITH A SONNET—Gary Lockwood stars as a hard-hitting, adventurous free-lance poet. Tonight's episode: "C stands for Couplet." Guest stars e.e. cummings, Rod McKuen, and Judith Viorst as Cuddles.
- Sept. 23  
8:30 P.M. NBC. EIGHT OF A KIND—Four sets of identical twins live in a swinging singles apartment building in this new comedy. Tonight, it's too much liquor and pills for Wendy in "A Trip to the Hospital."
- Sept. 25  
9:00 P.M. PBS. FOREIGN FILM FESTIVAL—The Little Theater Group of New Delhi presents "Mahatma Dondi," with guest stars Sabu and the young Stewart Granger.

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## BERNIE X

continued from page 5

can put me in makeup so my face can look like Babe's, and I'll be the spitting image of him. Besides, I can do a pretty good imitation of the Babe's voice, which I proceeded to do, to everybody's amazement. All I got to do is get in the door, show myself as the Babe, and the wife will be released. Valentino may get mad when he finds out he was fooled, but he's not going to kill me. I'll get out of there. I can handle myself. Meanwhile, I'll practice my Babe Ruth voice and walk. Babe has always been my idol, so I've been imitating him for years.

Well, I talked and talked, and finally convinced them that they had nothing to lose. So in a couple of days, Valentino's limousine takes me to his house. It's down by the docks, like I said. On the outside of the building there's a sign, "Acme Tool and Die Works." You'd never dream it was Valentino's place. The next surprise is the house. It looked just like my mother's, only ten times bigger. A kitchen with a chrome and formica dinette set, and linoleum on the floor,

a living room full of *tchotchkes*, which is a Yiddish word for fancy carved furniture and odds and ends, and a complete bedroom set done in what Valentino called Franco-Roman, whatever that means. All his stuff was good quality, of course, but not exactly what you would expect from the world's highest priced movie star. Valentino explained to me that he had one of the most expensive houses in the world up in Hollywood, but when he came to New York he wanted to live in a place like the one he was brought up in, a place that really made him comfortable. He had his Hollywood set designer do the whole place for him. One other thing about Valentino—he loved cheese. He had big pieces of cheese all over the place—all kinds. He liked them to be nice and ripe, so he kept them out all the time, and they smelled up the place. Otherwise, he was certainly the Valentino I saw in the movies. Christ, he was really a hell of a good-looking guy. He was very short, though. Almost all of those old movie stars were short. They wore built-up heels and or built-up hats.

Valentino is acting very excited. I

guess he thought his dream was coming true. I had on my perfect Babe Ruth disguise. I was wearing a white cashmere polo coat, brown and white wingtip shoes, and a big plaid cap, just like the kind Babe wore. And I sounded perfect.

Valentino takes me on a tour of the place, and offers me a drink and a tray full of cheeses. He's surrounded by bodyguards, guys who were originally in the Spanish navy, he says. They all wear these tight sailor pants and funny Spanish hats, and hold fake rifles. Valentino promises to release Mrs. Ruth as soon as I take off my regular clothes and slip into something more comfortable. He has a whole new set of clothes for me. He doesn't want me to see Mrs. Ruth in person, but he lets me look through a peephole to see how well off she is, and I see that he made good on his promise not to harm her. And sure enough, one of the bodyguards takes her out and puts her in a limo. I did it. I saved the wife of my idol. I'm sure the Babe will do something wonderful for me, like arrange a lifetime pass to Yankee Stadium.

Well, now I just have to get out of this crazy place, I say to myself. Tino (that's what my host wants me to call him) gives me this Arabian sheik outfit to wear, like the kind he wears in his movies. He's wearing his Spanish flamenco dancing outfit with the black hat and the shoes that go click-click. It's close to dinner time, and Tino has the place all lit up with candles. Some of the cheese is melting and getting pretty rank, but he doesn't seem to notice it. He keeps staring at me with those Valentino eyes, giving me hot looks. I'm starting to sweat under all those Arabian robes, especially when he makes me sit next to him at a little table with candles on it. He takes my hand in his and starts playing with it like he's a gypsy palm reader. I got to figure out how to get the fuck out of this mess. Suddenly, I feel my face getting all warm and rubbery. I look down at my drink and see that my nose just fell into it. My fake Babe Ruth putty nose melted right off me because my fucking face is too close to the candles. Now all my makeup is coming off in the heat. Tino is staring at me with a crazy look in his eyes, like who the fuck am I and what's going on here. He takes a napkin and wipes all the makeup and shit off my face. He cleans me off. He looks at me with those eyes, and before I can move, he plants a big wet

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## BERNIE X

continued

kiss on my lips that catches me by surprise and practically knocks me off my chair. I tell him who I really am and how I fooled him, and he says yes, I fooled him, but it didn't matter because I was a gift sent to him from heaven. I was much better looking than Babe Ruth. I was perfect, he said. I was the boy of his dreams.

Whoops, whoops, whoopsie, I said to myself. If I don't watch out, I'm going to be attacked by a wild fag. First I'll play along with his game, and then maybe I'll bop him over the head and make my getaway before the Spanish navy can find me. So we eat this fucking weird dinner with all these delicacies that he has flown over—nightingales' tongues, monkeys' balls, whatever—with a lot of sweet wine that is orange in color.

After dinner, he brings in a live orchestra to play tangos, and he gives me dancing lessons. The son of a bitch is really coming on now, holding me tight, dipping me all over the place. Meanwhile, I'm getting kind of sleepy. Before I know it, the room is spinning around me and I keel over in a faint. The last thing I think of is that

the cocksucker drugged my wine.

When I finally wake up, I'm in Tino's bedroom, the Franco-Roman room. Only instead of Tino, there's this very cute little broad sleeping next to me. Not bad so far, I say to myself. If I'm a prisoner, I might as well enjoy myself. I get a terrific blow job. Then I'm ready to throw her a fuck, and realize that she looks very familiar. Holy mother of God. It's Tino. Rudolph Valentino. Only he's a girl. Or almost a girl. I look at him in the light, and I can see he's got a few masculine features also. He's like these guys who go through sex changes. Only he went through his in a couple of hours.

I was a pretty tough kid in those days, and I had already seen a lot of strange things driving my cab around New York City, but this was a real killer. I couldn't believe this was the same guy, or whatever I was supposed to call him. Maybe I should call him an "it."

Anyway, Valentino told me how the whole thing happened. His life as a movie star was driving him crazy—the pressures, the fans wanting to rip his body to pieces, the women following him everywhere. So he started

taking these new drugs from these Swiss doctors that were supposed to make him feel calmer. At the same time, they gave him these hormone injections and youth serums so he could always look terrific. Somehow, the combination started to fuck him up and change his sex glands. Before he knew it, he was growing tits and feeling more like a woman than a man. He'd go back and forth, between male and female. First his body would change in a matter of weeks, then it would happen in a few days. Now he would change from one sex to another in hours. The doctors couldn't get him out of it. His hormones and glands were bouncing around like a rubber ball. When he worked on a picture, the makeup men and the lighting people figured out how to hide his girlish features, but it was getting harder and harder to trick the public. It was a good thing he made silent movies, or he would have really been in trouble. He sounded like Fanny Brice.

This was why he loved men, he said. He loved men because he was now a woman. I couldn't argue with that. In fact, I was getting another hard-on, even though the whole situ-

continued on page 98

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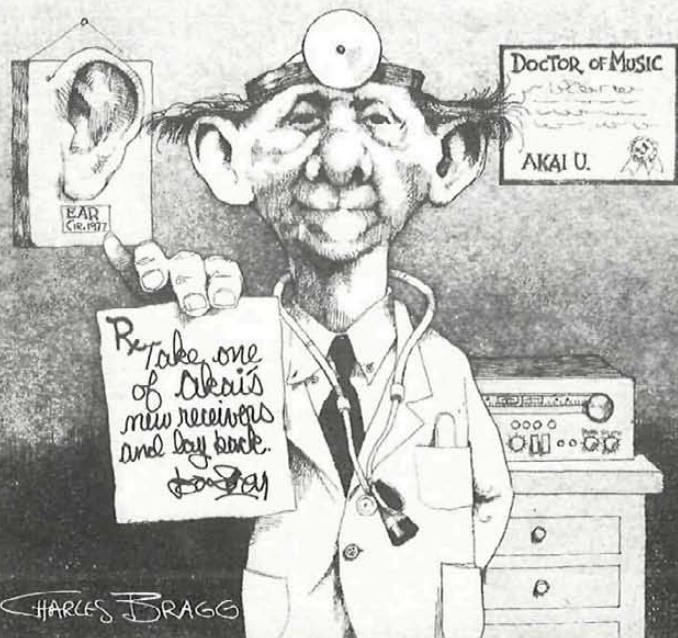
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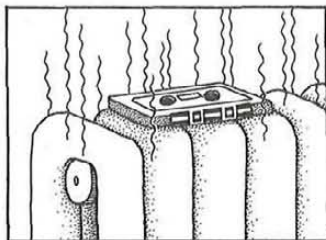
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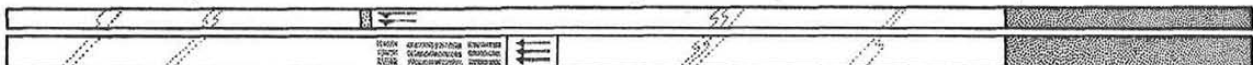
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*Arthur Burns*

## Customize Your Credit Crab for Serious Needs

Their hard shells are ideal for paint, glitter, jewels, and many other decorations—all of which enhance your Credit Crab's credit-controlling ability. For example, Mr. A.S. Oliverio of San Francisco, Ca. writes:

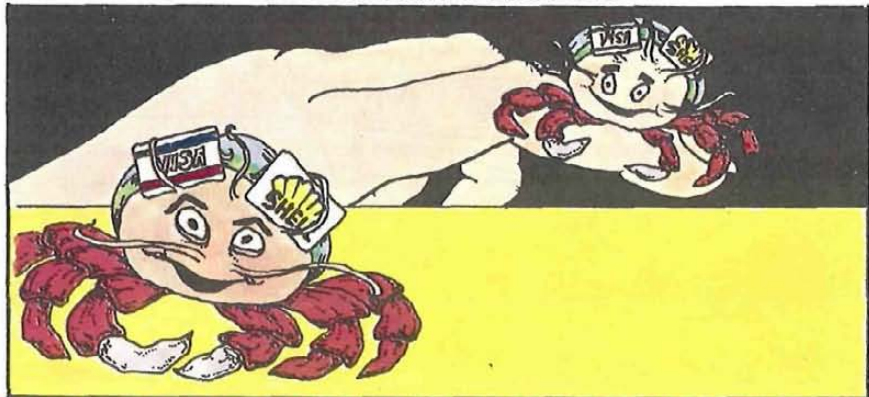
"I had always wanted to have a nice home, but on my salary of \$6,500 a year, I never dreamed I could get one. Then I got a Credit Crab, and that changed everything. I painted him gold and covered his entire shell

with real-looking pearls. I even got a property engraving tool from the police department, and monogrammed my crab, like you see on really swank silverware. Well, my Credit Crab looked like a billion dollars, and felt like it, too, because the bank approved my mortgage on a \$65,000 home the same day I applied! Thanks for everything."

## And They Make Great Companions, Too

It seems like these generous little animals just can't do enough for you. Name them! Take them skiing, shopping, anywhere people with good credit go!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF CREDIT CRAB PET



**Apollo Credit Enterprises Dept. 300  
302 "G" Street  
West Covina, California 95016**

I am elated at the prospect of saying good-bye to my credit frustrations forever. I may buy a piece of income property, take a trip to Paris, pay off the car—who knows? Please rush my Credit Crab(s) to me right away. I understand that you cannot accept checks, stamps, money orders, or bank drafts—I enclose \$9.95 for each Credit Crab, in cash.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Credit Crabs. Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Send me a Credit Crab decorating kit, \$4.95.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



KIM STAPELEY WAS A FORMER STUDENT OF MINE--A FINE YOUNG MAN, BUILDING A WONDERFUL FUTURE FOR HIMSELF... UNTIL...

# HE BOUGHT HIS FIRST POLICY





I JUST LOVE THAT FEELING I GET WHEN I'M PROTECTED, DON'T YOU?

WELL, I'VE NEVER... I MEAN... I DON'T...

NOW YOU'VE GOT THE PICTURE, KIM. AND DON'T FORGET THE DISABILITY WAIVER OF PREMIUM AND NON-FORFEITURE BENEFITS - WHICH INCLUDE, OF COURSE, THE REDUCED PAID-UP INSURANCE BENEFIT AND THE EXTENDED TERM BENEFIT.

HEY... THIS IS ALL RIGHT!

COME ON, BABY, EXAMINE THIS PLAN WITH ME -- YOU'LL FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER, I PROMISE.

I DON'T KNOW... WELL... I GUESS THIS CASH VALUE FEATURE COULDN'T HURT... AND I DO LIKE THE FIVE PERCENT LOAN RATE...

THAT ONE, SEEMINGLY HARMLESS POLICY WAS ALL IT TOOK. SLOWLY, THE INSIDIOUS DEMON BEGAN TO ASSERT A POWERFUL STRANGLEHOLD ON ITS UNSUSPECTING PREY.



PLANTS 'N' STAIRS  
KIM STAPERS PROP

WHAT'S WRONG, KIM? YOU LOOK A LITTLE PALE AND JUMPY!

OH, IT'S NOTHING... NOTHING THAT A LITTLE BETTER DENTAL CARE COVERAGE WOULDN'T TAKE CARE OF!

HMMM... MAYBE I CAN HELP.



QUICK... A PEN!



BUT THE FEELING OF SECURITY AS ALWAYS, WAS SHORT-LIVED. KIM'S CRAVING FOR INSURANCE AND THE MONEY TO PAY THE PREMIUMS HAD GRADUALLY OVERWHELMED HIM. WHEN I SAW HIM IN THE PLANT STORE SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE SCENE WAS NOT PLEASANT.

MY GOODNESS, HELLO, KIM! HOW ARE YOU DOING?

PROFESSOR STILLWELL... I'M FINE... I GUESS...



KIM... YOU... THE PLANTS... YOU LOOK SO RUN DOWN. IS THERE... SOME SORT OF TROUBLE, KIM?

OH, HEH-HEH, NO -- JUST CAUGHT ME AT A BUSY TIME, PROFESSOR. EVERYTHING'S REALLY BEEN GOING JUST GREAT.

I HATED TO PRY, BUT I HAD TO TALK TO KIM'S GIRL, KAREN.

NO... I HARDLY SEE HIM... AND WHEN I DO, HE ACTS WEIRD.

ALMOST OBSESSED!

DETERMINED TO LEARN THE TRUTH, I CALLED ON MY OLD FRIEND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

DAN, I SUSPECT INSURANCE!

LOOK, THIS CABINET'S FILLED WITH FILES OF YOUNG "POLICYHEADS" FORCED TO EARN \$400 A DAY TO SUPPORT THEIR INSURANCE HABITS.

CAN YOU DO SOMETHING?

JESUS CHRIST.

MEANWHILE...

PLEASE! J-JUST ONE MORE POLICY!

SORRY, KIM... I NEED MONEY OR A NEW CUSTOMER!

IT WAS THE SAME OLD STORY TO SUPPORT HIS GROWING HABIT, KIM APPROACHED AN UNSUSPECTING FRIEND...

YOU KNOW WHAT I DO WHEN I FEEL UNPROTECTED, LOUISE?

WHA...WHAT, KIM?

I GET A LIFE-PAID-UP-AT-65 PLAN... AND IF I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT YOU AS A PERSON, I WOULDN'T BE ASKING YOU TO TAKE A MOMENT RIGHT NOW TO INVESTIGATE ONE!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW... I NEVER TRIED ONE BEFORE...

NONSENSE! THIS PLAN IS TAILOR-MADE FOR YOU. LET'S FACE IT, YOU PAY THE DOCTOR, GROCER, AND LANDLORD... DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO START PAYING YOURSELF?

WELL, O.K., I GUESS THIS ONCE WON'T HURT!

HOW SADLY MISTAKEN SHE WAS. ONE POLICY LED TO ANOTHER. SOON, THERE WAS NO HUMILIATION TOO GREAT, NO SHAME SHE WASN'T WILLING TO ENDURE FOR...

MORE COVERAGE!

OOOH...OOOH, KIM... MORE PROTECTION!

MEANWHILE...

OH MY GOD.

I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, PROFESSOR! I FOUND THIS KEY IN KIM'S ...

HUNDREDS OF PAYROLL STUBS! WHY HE MUST BE WORKING TWENTY-THREE EXTRA JOBS TO SUPPORT HIS INSURANCE PROGRAM!





# INTRODUCING COMPONENT STEREO WITHOUT COMPONENTS.

Audio experts agree on very little. But they all concur on one thing. So far, components are the best approach to high fidelity.

But there's no rule that says you just can't put those components together in one neat package. And still get all the sound.

Without all the hassle.

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And now, thanks to a lot of time, energy and solid-state technology, we proudly present the new Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer.

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**2.** Professional front-loading.

**3.** Automatic 3-speed changer with free-stop-hinge dust cover.

**4.** Audiophile features include loudness contour, stereo/mono switch, click-stop bass and treble, concentric volume and balance, plug-in jacks and selector switch for additional speakers, head-phone jack, auxiliary input, 300 ohm FM antenna hook-up.

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**6.** Low-mass tone arm has moving-magnet ADC cartridge, with pressure and anti-skate adjustments, and precision damped cueing.

**7.** Full-range, 3-way speaker system is controlled by a precise frequency divider network for

powerful, yet clean sound. A 4-inch mid-range speaker has crisp, clear audio response. Cabinet dimensions: 22½" h x 10½" d x 13" w.

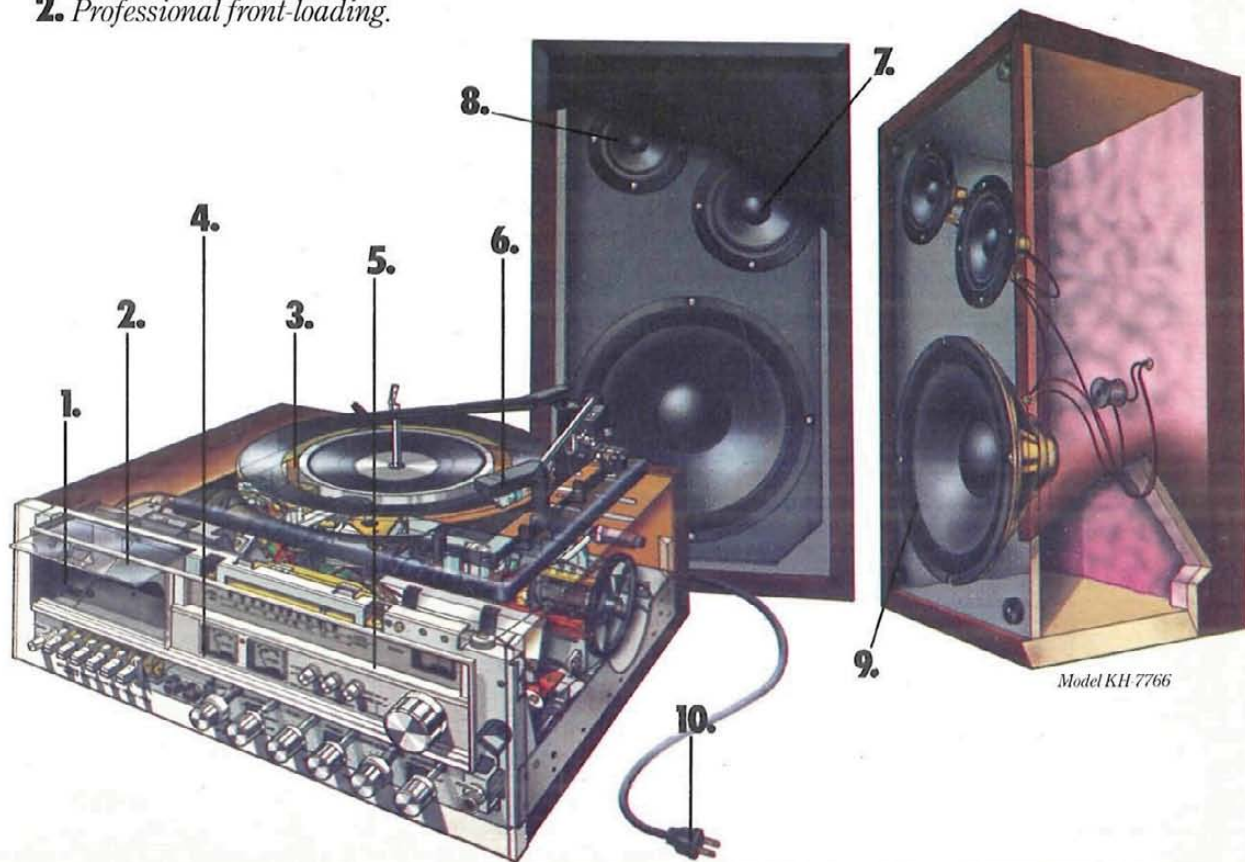
**8.** Efficient 3-inch tweeter gives sharp highs. Knitted grille fabric is acoustically transparent.

**9.** Big 10-inch woofer is perfectly matched to amplifier output for maximum driving power and minimum distortion.

**10.** Here's your installation kit. Find a wall socket and you'll be up to your ears in music.

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**CENTREX**  
by PIONEER



For more information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 11, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.

# Whatever happened to...

## CANDY

Candy took a last loving glance in the mirror at his darling new body. "Oh, *damn*," he thought, "I've forgotten my shorts again." A purple flush of embarrassment stole across his inexpertly shaven face as his eyes took in the perfect, artificial honey-pot cleaver that the nice Swedish doctor had given him. Donning his custom-fitted jock and skin-hugging shorts, he gave a last, admiring tug at his newly grown little moustache, imagining himself some dashing Russian cavalry officer off to woo the restive Anna Karenina.

"You have no time for daydreaming, Candy, old boy," he spoke inwardly. "You have an eager young student waiting to learn the inner Zen secret of the perfect backhand lob. So off you go."

Stepping onto the tennis court, his eyes took in a pert young California girl poured into the skimpiest of tennis outfits, her face obscured by large reflector sunglasses and her hair tucked up under a floppy white hat. The handsome new man, who had but recently been a lovely young girl, thought for a moment that he had come upon a fawn preening herself, and that he, Candy, was the proud stag there to instruct his young one.

Candy snapped out of his reverie and noticed that his acolyte was seated most peculiarly, her shapely legs wrapped around the pole that supported the net, her pert pelvis pumping furiously against the upright stanchion.

"What a dear—" thought the perfect man. "She's so eager to learn that she's devised her own warm-up exercises."

Clearing his throat, Candy sought to attract the attention of his disciple, who by this time had finished her

curious exercises with a passionate yell and now lay sprawled, panting, across the court, with a dreamy wet look in her eyes. "Oh, hi, Teach," she said. "Is that a can of Wilsons in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

"Er, actually it is a can of Wilsons," answered Candy, thinking to himself how charming it was that the young student wished to work beyond the rigid formalities of the teacher-pupil relationship. "Are we ready to start the lesson?"

"You bet your little *lingum* I'm ready," responded the girl, stepping out of her shorts so that her short white skirt barely concealed her glistening merkin.

Taken aback, the lovely man reasoned thus: "I must remember to stay at the beginners level. This anxious young thing is obviously so nervous at the thought of studying with an advanced player that she has broken into a sweat which has made her pants sticky and uncomfortable. But a good teacher can turn this apprehension into a positive learning force."

Summoning up his newly acquired masculine habits of command, Candy spoke. "The first thing one must learn to do in tennis is to grip the racket *firmly*, like so."

The nymphet tried to imitate her instructor, but, try as she might, she could not wrap her hand neatly around the racket. Rather, she closed her fist around it and raised her middle finger, which she then stuck furiously between her delicious thighs. When Candy tried to correct this bizarre grip by placing his hand on top of his student's, he only compounded the error as both hands and racket found themselves between the well-soaked legs of the sweet young girl.

"No, no, darling," remonstrated the

dear man, "you've got to think of the racket as an extension of your arm."

"I can't grip the frigging thing," responded the girl. "It's too fucking small. How about if I just grab your ol' wazoo and practice on *that*." And so saying, she ripped off her instructor's shorts and grabbed his recently installed muscle of love.

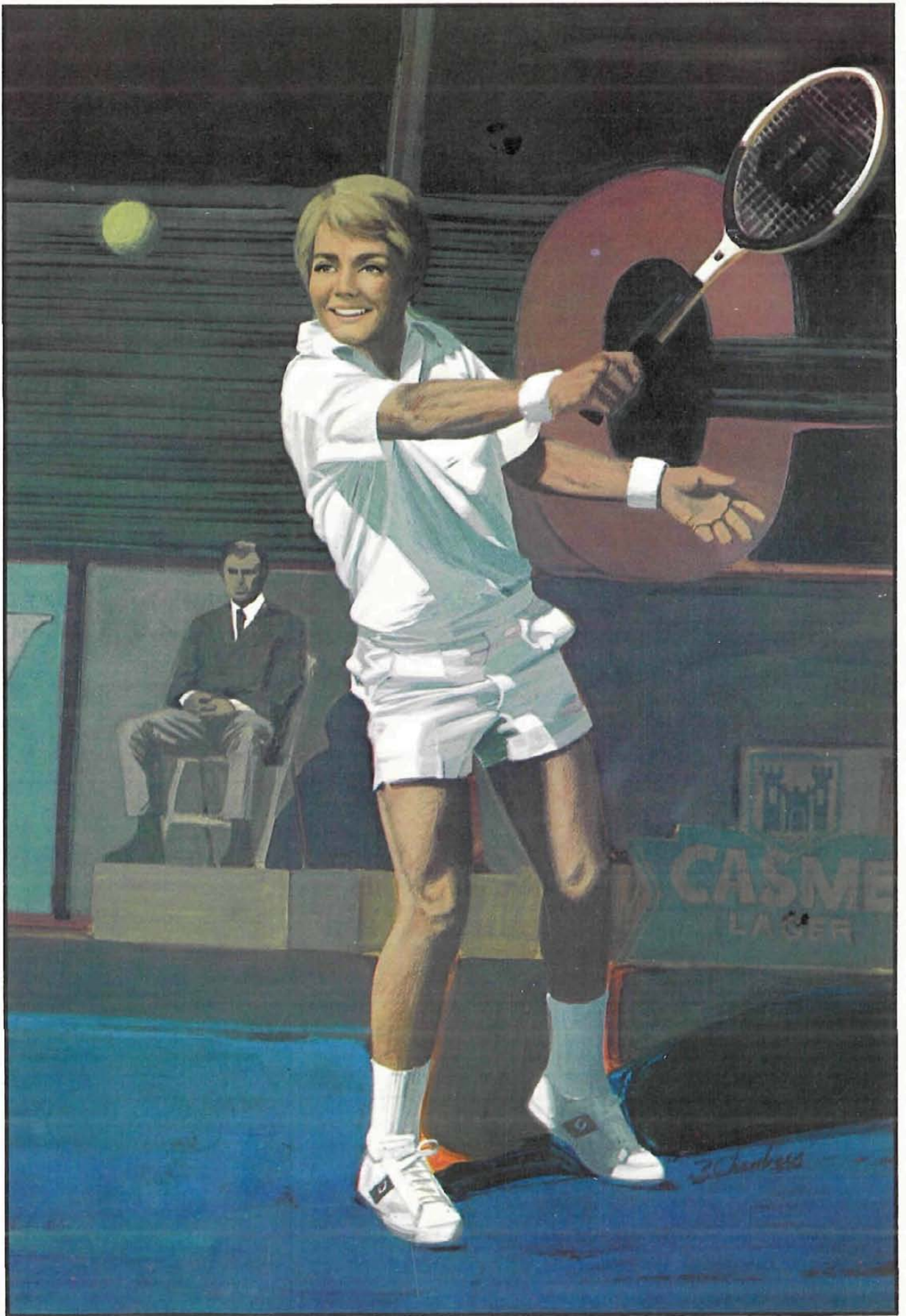
Not wishing to cool his student's ardor, the tactful teacher was loath to utter a word in protest. Oh, well, he thought, I guess we can only learn from our mistakes. Soon this silly goose will see that this is *no way* to learn tennis.

By this time, the silicone sacs in Candy's new wand had acquired an unnatural, a *Frankensteinish* life of their own.

"Slurp, slurp, glup, oh Jesus *Cwist* I wove it!" moaned the eager student as she fell over backwards, taking Candy with her, so that the two thrashed on the grass, looking for all the world like a four-legged beetle trying to right itself.

With each second, the girl's sucking grew more intense, and Candy felt the wholly novel sensation of a throbbing male climax welling up within him. In her furious passion, the fabulous young girl now knocked away her hat and glasses to reveal her blond, blue-eyed, heart-shaped countenance. With her pert, full breasts and fabulous *derrière*, she reminded Candy of another girl long ago. A perfect girl who had known gurus and hunchbacks. A darling girl who had given birth to her own father's child, and then surgically sacrificed her very womanhood in a fit of remorse. Gradually, the image struck home, and Candy's true feelings rang out even as the hot artificial fluid spurted from him.

"Good grief. I'm daddy!" □



Andy Lackow

# QUANTA



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The first thing you should know about renting a car if you're under 24 is to come to National Car Rental.

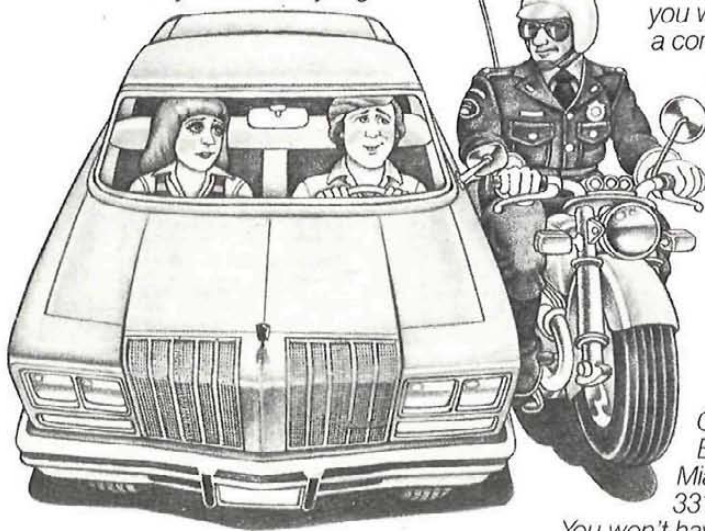
Because face it:

When it comes to renting a car at most places you've got problems before you even start.

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And you're hardly high



on the corporate ladder so you don't make a lot of money.

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So what does this mean when you want a car?  
Do you borrow Uncle Louie's?  
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Sometimes. But when you really need to rent a car we'd like to have you ask us.

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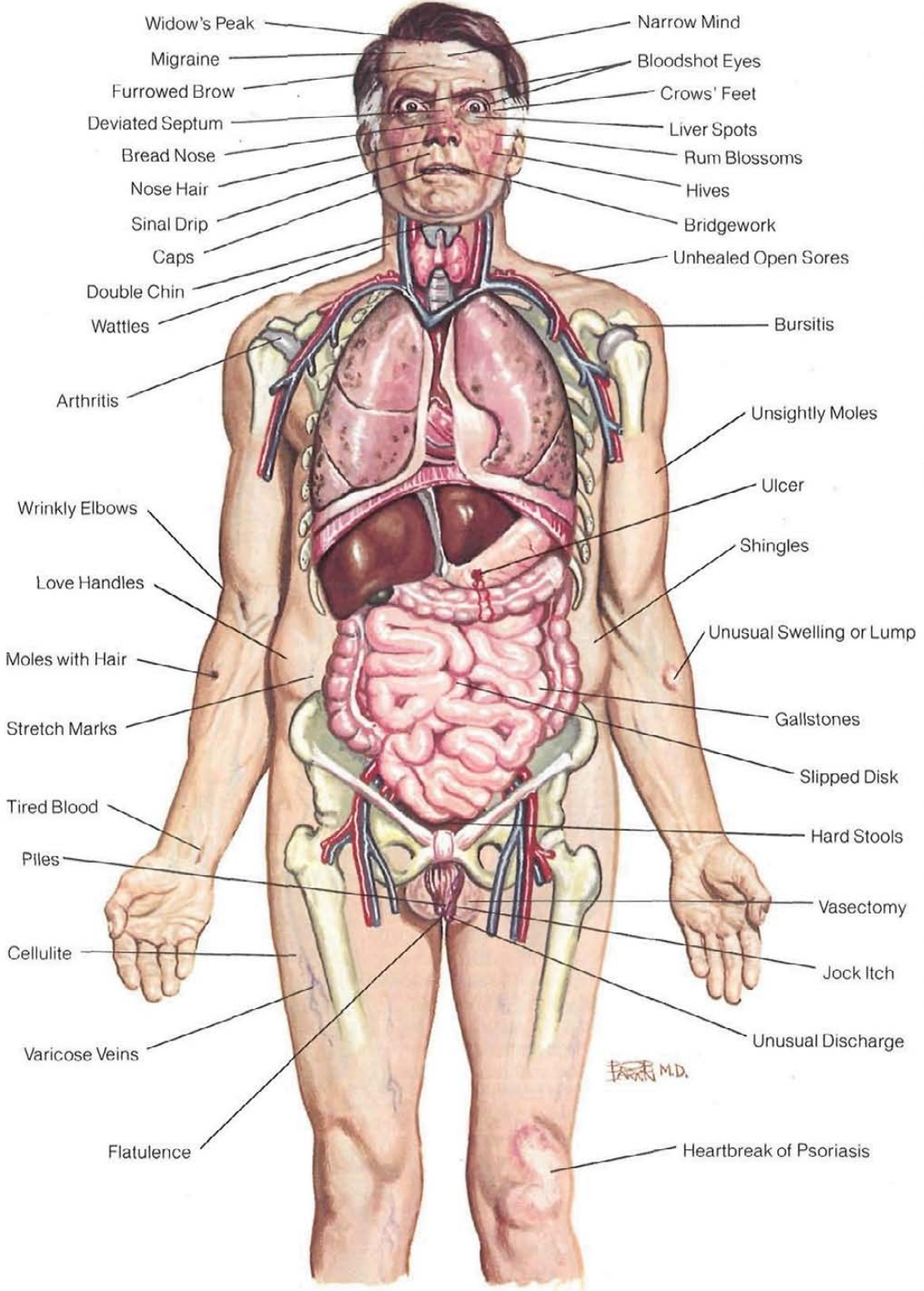
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# Homo Grownupus Adultus



# A Guide to Grown-ups

By Jeff Greenfield

## A Note to the Novice

For many of you, the very idea of conversing with an Adult is ludicrous. The undeniable physical distinctions in appearance and demeanor between them and us suggest that the gap cannot be bridged with language. (Ironically, many Adults share this view.) To be sure, the mottled, wrinkled skin of the typical Adult, the rheumy, joyless eyes, the pinched, angry, downturned mouth, the distinctive accumulations of flesh at the belly, thighs, and buttocks, and above all, the wearisome aura of defeat and despair that seems to surround the Adult like an ozone layer, all serve to create a repellent air that makes the prospect of communication distinctly unappetizing.

But, we beseech you, persevere, persevere. For once these physical barriers are breached, you will find

much to admire about Adult culture and society. The texture of their clothing, the thickness of their rugs and steaks, the age of their whiskey, the power of their automobiles, the resolution in the images of their color television sets, all bespeak a way of life rich in rewards and satisfaction most of us can only imagine. And communication with Adults has been proven an effective method of winning access to some of these satisfactions.

## Easy Words and Phrases

Despite what you may have been told, not all of Adult language is inaccessible to you. Some of their most frequently-used words and phrases do, indeed, have meaning when rendered into terms you yourself use all the time. Here is a brief checklist; when you hear these terms, simply consult this book to see what the Adult is talking about.

When They Say...	They Mean...
Boss	Hassle
Good	Boss or Bad
Bad	Lousy
"We should do this more often."	Fuck off
"Let's have lunch after the first of the year."	Fuck off
Impressive	Neat
Neat	Tight-assed
Jazzy	Far out
Far out	A long way off (As in, "The Joneses live far out, don't they?")
Perhaps	Negative
Negative	I'm not going to die just now
Positive	I may die soon
Bus depot	Terminal
Terminal	I'm going to die pretty soon
Benign	I'm not going to die just yet
Sit in	Audit
Audit	Maybe I'll get off with a fine
Wet your whistle	You wanna get stoned?
Bird can't fly on one wing	I'm gonna get stoned
Cat can't walk on two legs	I'm getting stoned
I'm perfectly fine	I'm stoned
I'm stoned	I'm drunk

## Idiomatic Expressions

Regrettably, many common Adult expressions cannot be rendered explorable except by deep immersion in the culture, society, and lifestyle of these people. This is not as impossible as it may seem; in fact, many people find entrance and immersion into Adulthood virtually impossible to resist. These phrases may seem baffling to you now; but believe us, before you know it, you will be using these terms as though you have been an Adult all of your life:

### Hemorrhoids

How about Thursday, sixish?

My Avis wizard number is...

I'll have my girl call your girl.

Door-to-door time

Legroom

Condominium

Do you want to talk about it?

Intensive care

Will you shut up so I can get some sleep?

Deductible

Motor home

Depreciation

Portfolio

Estate

Sanka

Tylenol

Mylanta II

I told you not to call me at the office.

Upper G.I. series

Episode

He was so young!

Anxiety attack

Hyperventilation

The help

Prostate

Semi-erect

Support hose

Support payment

Triglycerides

The club

The heart

Four hearts

Palpitations

Remission



Output shaft (Record guide,

Rotor

Magnet (8-pole)

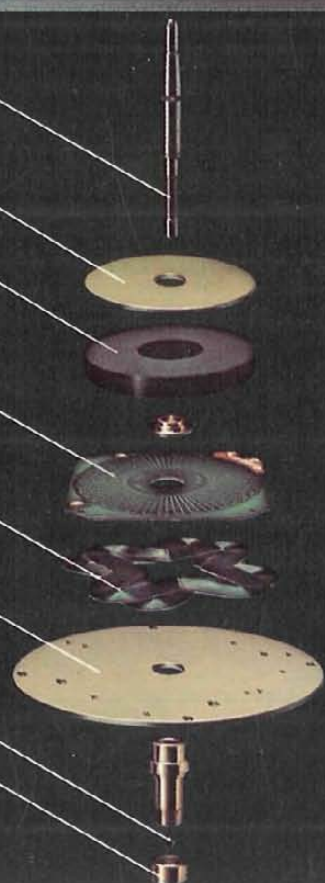
Speed control

Drive coil x 2

Yoke

Ball

Cap



PS-58  
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2 Motor:

Unitorque DC servo motor  
16-pole gear motor  
automatic mechanism  
0.025% W. R. M. S.

Wow & flutter:  
S/N ratio:  
CARTRIDGE

Vertical magnet type  
Frequency response: 20Hz-20,000Hz

Type:

Frequency response: 20Hz-20,000Hz



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# Hitachi's Unitorque™ Motor.

Hitachi's Unitorque motor turntable is unlike any other turntable in the world.

Brushless. Slotless. And coreless. It uses two star-shaped flat coils for balancing and distributing torque evenly.

The unitorque motor is a non-commutator DC servo motor with an 8-pole rotary magnet and flat, square-coil configuration. The construction is completely free from brushes, slots and cores, and free from motor "cogging" or

pulsations. In fact the performance is so perfect...tests show wow and flutter at 0.025%, an almost 40% improvement over conventional motors. The torque generated is even, balanced, almost flawless.

And when you generate flawless torque, you not only get flawless speed. You get what you really want in a turntable.

Flawless music.



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Volume 3

September 1928

25 Cents  
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# AMUSING STORIES

Mature Scientific Fiction

HUGO GREENBACKS  
EDITOR

*In This Issue:*  
**"The Great War  
with Mars"**

by  
**R.M. Willis, Ph.D.**



# The GREAT WAR with MAIRS

By R.M. Willis, Ph.D.

Author of "When Robots Ruled Chicago"

## I.

"Still tinkering with your brain ray, Watkins?"

The aging man who rasped this provocative taunt sneered blackly at his younger but brilliant colleague, Dick Watkins. Watkins, a gifted physicist, did not allow himself to be bothered by the challenge.

"Yes, Dr. von Schmidtloff, and I only pray that I get some positive results in time to aid Earth in this horrible war."

Dr. von Schmidtloff, a distinguished if ill-humored anthropologist, laughed in a cynical manner. "Brains won't win this war with Mars, my idealistic young friend. If my life-long studies in the history of the animal we call man has taught me anything, it is that the creature *Homo sapiens* enjoys conflict and destruction. Indeed, he thrives on it! No, this war will be won—if at all—by weapons and armaments. In short, by brute strength." The older scientist puffed obnoxiously on his foul-smelling cigar. "Unless, of course, the two so-called 'civilizations' wipe each other out, thus destroying all organic sentient life as we know it on both planets!"

Dick wanted to reply to this last idea, but did not, because he had to show respect for this elderly, famous scientist who was both highly influential in the Institute for Advanced Studies and a great scholar in his own right. However, von Schmidtloff's negative views concerning everything were well-known, and came as no surprise to the young, dark-haired, handsome physicist, whose specialty was in the field of electro-energetics and thought.

"Perhaps you are correct, sir," replied Dick. "But in that case, I hope my research will enable us to expand our powers of intelligence to come up with the very weapons you yourself think necessary to defeat the Martians."

So saying, Dick excused himself, and left the lab. Crossing through corridor B-4 of Space Station One, he made his way up from the research

level to the observation level. He procured a glass of synthe-juice at the bar, and reclined in a hydromatic sofa-couch to gaze out the wide, curving quartz wall at the vast, eternal infinitude of star-filled empty space.

What if the anthropologist was right, he thought bleakly? Everyone knew that the war was going badly for Earth. The Martians possessed larger and faster spaceships, and their Z-ray weapon could not be matched by any Earthling device. Oh, the Earthlings had managed to wreak some destruction and havoc on several Martian cities...but in retaliation, the dreaded Martian fleet had vaporized Brazil, resulting in a terrible loss of life and property.

What if Earth lost the war? What horrible consequences would then ensue? It was unbelievable to contemplate, yet as a scientist, Dick knew the necessity of gathering facts and taking everything into account. He had always been skilled at such matters, and was widely noted for his own intelligence. Well then! he thought with wry irony. If I'm so all-fired smart, why can't I figure out this brain ray problem? If only he could solve the magnetic-gyro flux equations! After all, he had established that thought was a matter of electrical impulses through the nerves of the brain. He was certain that intelligence was a matter of "voltage," that the more current of thought one could generate, the more intelligent one was. And yet, was intelligence everything, reflected the young man, whose career had been widely praised both by his peers and his superiors? For surely, if that were so, Dr. von Schmidtloff would not be so hateful and ill-humored. Wasn't he an extremely intelligent man, one whose dedication to science was well-known? No, there was an *additional* element to the human personality that Dick knew was just as important as intelligence.

Perhaps I am still too young to know what everything is all about, he thought in a humble manner. First I must be content with investigating intelligence. The other thing will follow

later, I trust.

But what Dick did not know was that Dr. von Schmidtloff was at that very moment concealed behind the nylon drapes in the next room, watching his every move and planning to do something terrible.

## II.

"More Venusian wine, Dick?"

Professor Davis smiled genially as he poured the blue liquid into the outstretched glass of the young physicist, who was his beautiful daughter's fiancé. The professor's eyes wrinkled mirthfully and sparkled with a wisdom far beyond his sixty-three years of age. He was the wisest man Dick had ever known.

"Thank you, sir," Dick replied. "I think the main reason I spend so much time seeing Sheila is that I get the opportunity to enjoy your excellent interplanetary wine cellar!"

At this the table roared, and Sheila, who was blond and as intelligent as she was attractive, blushed a deep red color. "Dick!" she chided. "And I thought it was because you loved me!"

"Of course he does, my dear," her father declared. "But he knows that the mark of a truly intelligent man is the love, not only of a pretty girl, but of fine wines as well."

"Daddy!" Sheila protested volubly.

"Ah, you protest, but it is true. True intelligence means more than a mere aptitude for smartness." The professor leaned back in his four-dimensional swivelchair and lit a beautiful pipe, hand-carved by Lwhe tribesmen from the petrified chocolate forests of Jupiter. "I refer to an attitude, a philosophy, if you will. And it means many things."

"Such as what, sir?" Dick inquired intelligently.

The professor looked wise, and said softly, "Such as the ability to know the difference between ability and knowledge. And the insight to know the good from the merely large. And a sense of what one is doing in all things—even if one does not know what anything is, or who is doing it."

"Sometimes I don't know anything

about anything," Sheila remarked ruefully, and her father chuckled with a lovable attitude.

"You are still young, my dear. You have the youthfulness of one who is not yet older. But in time, I am certain you will attain this quality—after all, you have a good man to help you here in Dick—"

"Daddy!"

"But seriously, sir," Dick interrupted. "What about the war with Mars, and my superior, Dr. von Schmidtloff?"

Professor Davis frowned, and a dark cloud gathered on his face. "A pity. Von Schmidtloff was a brilliant man—still is a brilliant man. But there is a case in point. He does not possess this quality. He is a man who has

who has been a world-famous biologist for forty years, which he was.

"And personal career is never as important as mankind. This is a law of nature. No, my children, von Schmidtloff and his sort lack that one key trait that separates a man of wisdom and intelligence from a crazy person or a wretch. And what is this characteristic, Dick?"

Dick gazed into the older man's steely gaze and realized they were discussing the very subject that he himself had been ruminating over thoughtfully that very afternoon! "What, sir?"

Professor Davis puffed his petrified chocolate pipe, the rich aroma of Uranian sea tobacco filling everyone's nose. "Maturity," he said.

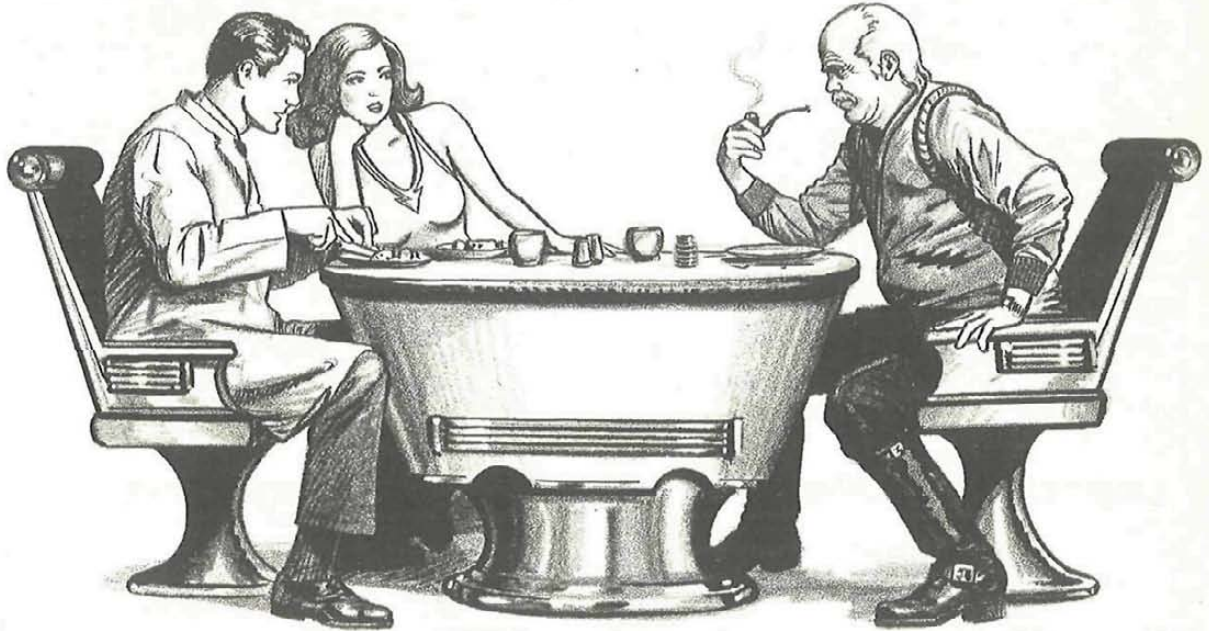
of an older but young-spirited man. "Better not let your future husband hear you say that." And everybody laughed, unmindful of the horrible dangers that were to come.

### III.

"They destroyed South Dakota!"

Dick heard the news as he was making his way toward the lab. The Martians had launched another successful attack on Earth, and an entire state had been vaporized. Then bulletins had started coming in from all over, and everyone on the space station knew the awful truth: Earth was losing the war. It now seemed only a matter of days.

I've got to hurry, thought Dick. Unless I perfect the brain ray soon,



"Maturity is the secret of wisdom, and of life itself. We could all do with a good deal more maturity....Why can't we all be more mature? Why can't Earthlings and Martians alike perceive this?"

grown old, but not up. Petty spitefulness and greed rule him. He is more interested in advancing his own career than in the good of mankind. He is under the pathetic illusion that he can accomplish this most dubious end by developing a weapon that will destroy the Martians forever. He cannot see that war is nothing more than a group of people behaving like apes." The professor's eyes blazed fiercely as he spoke enthusiastically about these things which he really believed in.

"Von Schmidtloff and his ilk believe that all of life is merely a game—yes, a game, to be won or lost, and the devil take the losers! But living organisms are not footballs, and as a scientist he should know that," said the professor, with the authority of one

There was a moment of silence, which was deafening.

"Maturity is the secret of wisdom, and of life itself. We could all do with a good deal more maturity. But, I fear, it is only the mature man who knows this. Why can't we all be more mature? Why can't Earthlings and Martians alike perceive this? And why can't mankind be exactly what its name implies: full of kind men? Why?"

"Oh, Daddy!" Sheila sobbed, and leaped up from her chair and ran around the table to throw herself around her father's neck and collapse, weeping, onto his shoulder. "You're the wisest, kindest man that ever lived!"

The professor winked at Dick genially, and chuckled a mirthful chortle

there may never be another chance!

He walked swiftly down the corridors and entered the lab, and soon was busily engaged in doing experiments with large voltages and samples of brain tissue. The procedure called for focusing large beams of high-voltage electrical energy at a sample, and afterwards conducting a series of I.Q. tests on the tissue to measure its intelligence. The sight of the gray, spongy brain matter responding to Numeral Sequence Memory drills and Ambiguous Shape Identifications was a disconcerting one, even to the professional and dedicated career scientists that lived and worked on the station.

But not to one in particular: Dr. von Schmidtloff.

*continued on page 88*

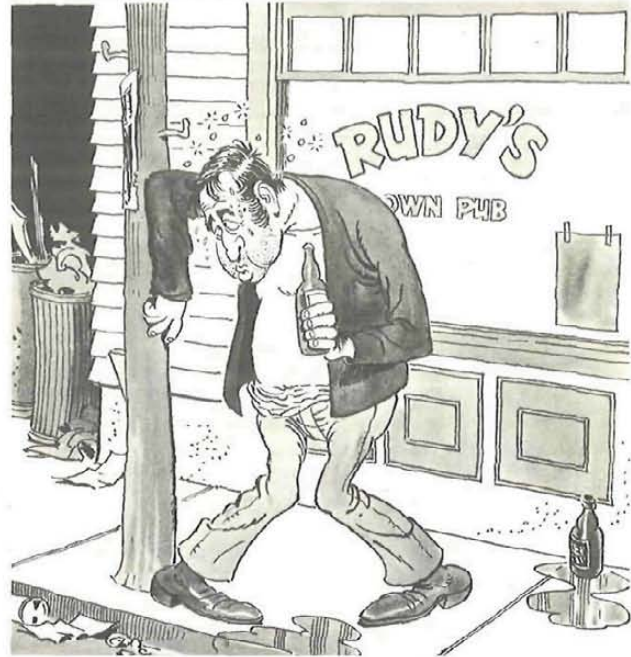
# You Know YOU'RE GROWN UP

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



You realize that you're sexually attracted to your friends' children.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



Throwing up isn't what it used to be.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



Your barber asks if you want your nose and ear hair trimmed.

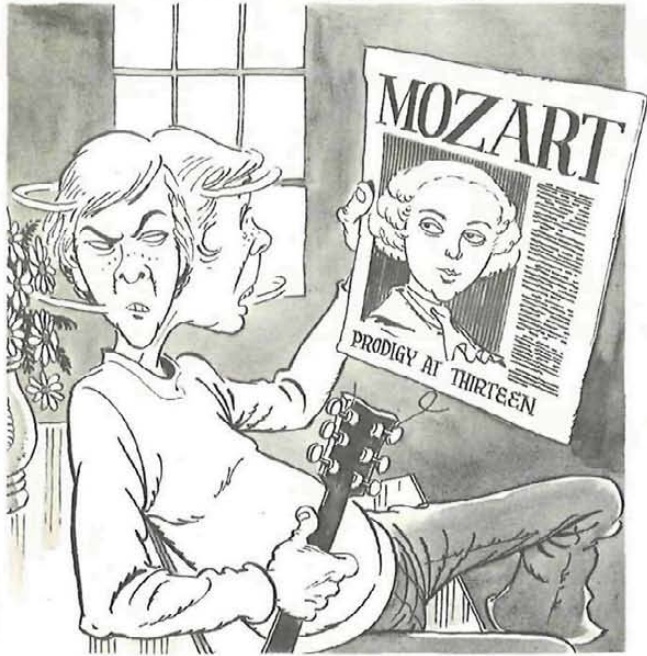
**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



You start thinking of things as deductions.

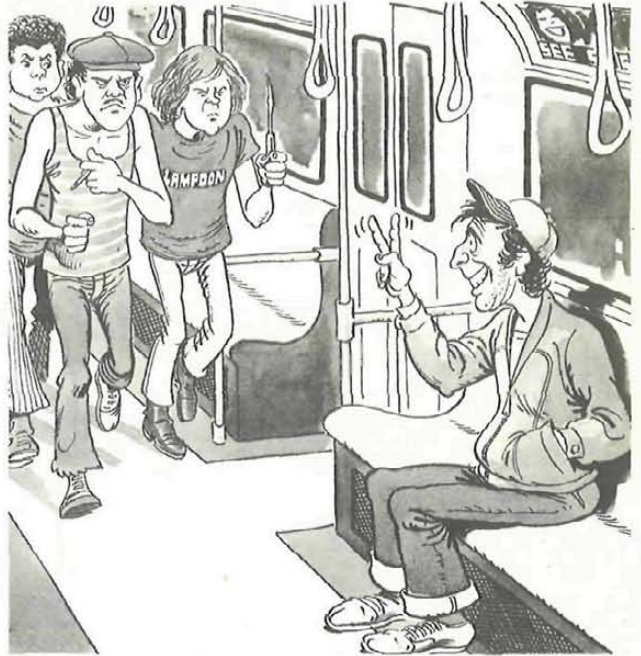
# GROWN UP When...

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



You start noticing the ages of people who have made it.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



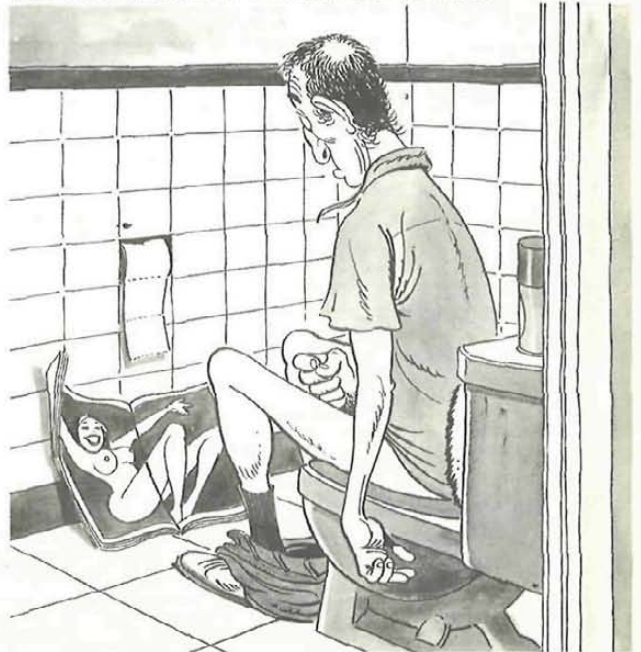
Young people in groups make you nervous.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



It occurs to you that you're making love in order to fall asleep.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP WHEN...**



You realize you haven't jerked off since January.

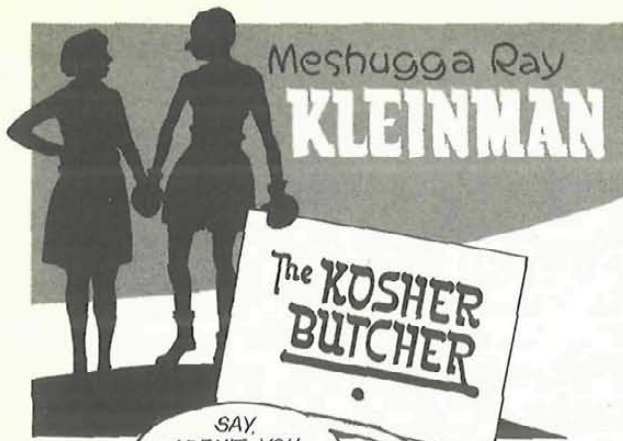
# TROTS AND BONNIE



## First Flame







Meshugga Ray  
**KLEINMAN**

**The KOSHER BUTCHER**

YOU COULD BE THE BEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD, BUT IF YOU PONT HAVE HEART, THE OTHER GUY'S GONNA KNOCK YOU DOWN AND SPIT ON YOUR STOMACH.



WHAT PIV YOH SAY?

GLYY CHHHH NXCKZZZ.

APPEARS TO BE TALKING YIDDISH.

SAY, AREN'T YOU CHLUCK WEPNER?

WELL, I'D JUST LIKE TO SHAKE THE HAND THAT KNOCKED ALI ON HIS ASS.

THAT'S RIGHT.

WHY DON'T YOU SHAKE THE FOOT THAT HELPED OLT?



WELL, IT SHURE HAS BEEN NICE MEETING YOU AND HIM.

SO LONG, NOW.

YXXZZZKACK-BLUEG.

...HIS MIDSECTION OVER. THAT WAS IN PALLAS. WELL, IN THE SIXTH ROUND, MURPHY GOT HIT JUST ONCE BY BURKE, AND BY THE END OF THE ROUND, HE HAD QUIT AND WAS ON WELFARE.



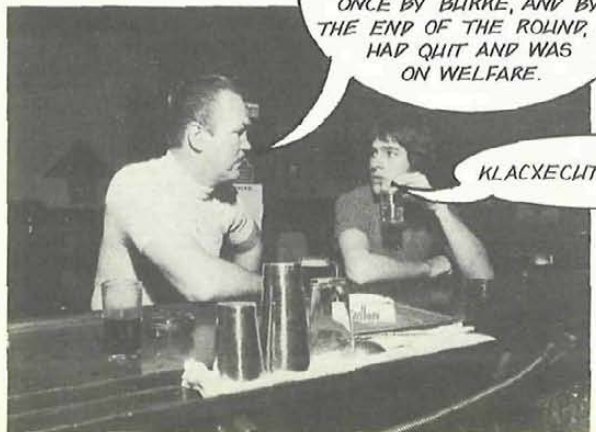
LIKE I WAS SAYING. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS HEART. I REMEMBER A FIGHT ONCE WHEN SHITCASE MURPHY HAD PAT BURKE ON THE ROPES FOR THREE ROLINFS, WORKING...

GRAXCCXAX? NE66LEXKA-KAX.



KLACXECHTOWRAAXX.

XXCL.IX.



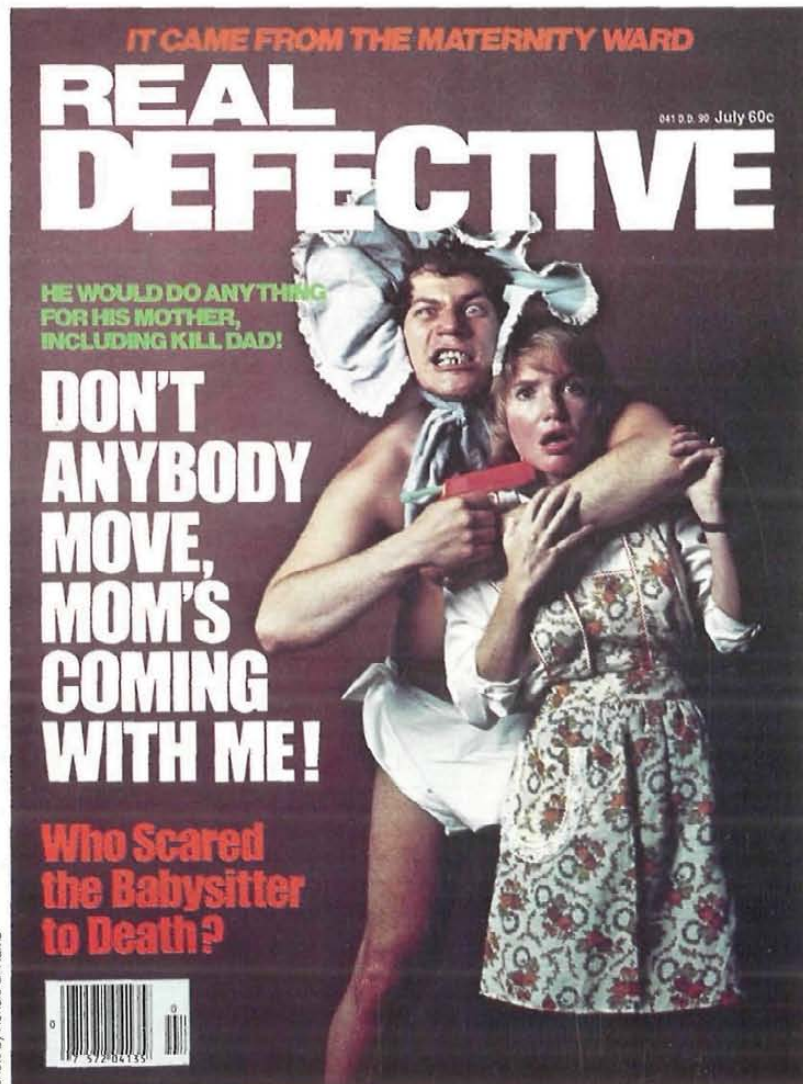


# NATIONAL LAMPOON GROWS UP

## A Reflective Journey Down the Boulevard of Boffs

by Danny Abelson

It is a sad fact of modern life that we seldom have an opportunity to pause on the Threshold of Adulthood and collect our thoughts before plunging on into the House of Life. This issue represents just such an opportunity for the *National Lampoon*, and not surprisingly we have decided to use the precious time to review the story so far, to take a look at where we're coming from in hopes of gaining deeper understanding of where we're at.



An excellent example of early National Lampoon. A fictional magazine is brought to life in the rendering of its cover. The title is derived from a minor alteration of the title of a currently popular periodical. (A popular device in the early days: *Spots Illustrated*, *Prayboy*, and *Lime* magazine are just a few examples.) The aggressive tone of the picture, as well as the shrill declarations surrounding it, betoken as yet unchecked libidinal drives—an oral infant unaware of all save its own needs.

Here we are well into a more complex phase altogether. The single photograph has been superceded by the Foto Fumetti, and the parental duo is portrayed in a steamy, ambiguous zone of drives and inhibitions, self and not self, id and primitive ego. Interestingly enough, we see that both parents are "made foreign"

by the addition of bowler hats, foreign periodicals, and even British inflections of speech. The somewhat threatening figures are thus kept at one remove by the adaptive technique of distancing, a device obviously not restricted to adapted children.



By the beginning of the Middle Period, we begin to witness the typical characteristics of adolescence, with its attendant confusion and emotional turmoil. This parody of a highly respected journal of the time was written during a period when the magazine focused increasingly on the powerful and glamorous, the wealthy and

stylish. These often vitriolic attacks reflect a deeply repressed identification with these ostensibly despised authority figures, the so-called identification with the aggressive.

While the title chosen for the magazine has obvious enough sexual reference, the word porker being a current synonym for sodomist, the representation of

the wealthy Brahmin with a pig's snout is a cryptic and surreal touch whose exact meaning remains elusive. The neo-Dada sensibility that informs this aspect of the parody is considered one of the identifying characteristics of the magazine's so-called McConnachie phase.

••• P R O F I L E •••  
PUBLIC SERVANT-I

One uses the time en route to Roaring Rocks to read and reread the small square note card sent in acknowledgment of an interview request, as if this casual document might yield some precious clue to the nature of the man one will shortly be meeting. At the top of the peach-colored card is a small reproduction of a French engraving entitled, "Le Boucher," a stylish but wholesomely unpretentious drypoint rendering of a popular nineteenth-century subject. Beneath the engraving, in a tasteful script, is the name *Nosten A. Fleerocker*. Even this somewhat idiosyncratic spelling is ambiguous; is it attributable to dyslexia, a perceptual disorder the ex-vice president is said to suffer from, or is an indication that the man is so isolated and arrogant that he is either unaware of normal linguistic conventions or considers himself above them?



Nelson A. Rockefeller

The imported gravel crunches satisfyingly beneath the limousine that ferries guests from the gatekeeper's lodge to the feudal castle that is blandly referred to as "the main house." The chauffeur, a personable young albino woman, wears her horticultural expertise lightly while offering botanically exact descriptions of the shrubs lining the manicured driveway. Each of the plants, one is told, is as unique and special as an adored child to her employer, who personally interviews the gardeners, all of whom must be under four feet tall and descended from the

As one peruses the priceless and beautiful objects displayed in a downstairs waiting room, one's eye is startled by the sight of a clumsy, plump object in amongst the delicate Sevres and solemn Oriental pieces. Like a familiar face in unfamiliar surroundings, the cracked plastic piggy bank is not immediately identifiable. One smiles involuntarily, it is so odd an inclusion in such a context, and then one remembers the story, told long ago, of young Nelson's identification with the character of Charles Foster Kane in *Citizen Kane* and of the commission.

to recommend a symbolic object analogous to the sled "Rosebud" in Orson Welles's classic study of greatness.

It is hard not to wonder, as one strolls down one seemingly endless corridor after another en route to "the main study," why there appears to be no sign of occupancy within the mansion that Stanford White was said to have considered an expression of all that is worth saving in the great European architectural tradition. If one has done any research at all, and in this case one has spent the better part of two years delving into the background of this at once very public and defiantly private man, one must know of the Spanish Infantry division, the four dozen under-chefs, and the team of jesters that are permanently on call within the walls of the house.

On first entering the spacious suite that serves as command post for the extensive family operations, one is immediately struck by the sense of warmth and intimacy that pervades the place. Despite the fact that the area is large enough to effortlessly house a grassy embankment with a major Henry Moore grouping as well as a number of large scale canvases and a mural by Diego Rivera, it maintains a sense of proportion that would be remarkable in a room half the size. One is so busy digesting these first impressions that one does not immediately notice the presence of another man, naked and quite hairless, standing perfectly still on a small metal

The enormous popularity of the Cheese Wizard feature suggests that readers strongly identified with the strip's defiantly idiosyncratic character types. Here is a world free of troublesome authority figures, so overwhelming to an adolescent, where one can regress to earlier modes of gratification at will. Thus we see examples of impul-

sive phallic aggression and speech patterns unfettered by adult grammatic convention, in the strip below.

A close formal analysis of the language itself reveals a further aspect of the feature's appeal—an intricate system of code phrases and colloquialisms constitute a language virtually unique to the strip. (In this strip,

for example, rap means "sharp blow," pecker denotes "trunk," and so on.)

# CHEESE WIZARD

**BURP**

DIS CARTOON MESSIAH'S GOT TO DO SOME **BIG ASS ASS SCORING** TONIGHT!

DAT SURE WAS DE **GIANT RAP OF SINATRA** I LAID ON DOSE TOAD TURD BRAINSUCKERS BACK DERE!

**HOLY CRAP**

DAMN IF IT AIN'T LONGER DEN AN **ELEPHANT'S PECKER** SINCE I HAD A BEER!



In this recent comic, we observe a new synthesis of all that has come before. Here, humor is derived from the arena of everyday life. This is the real world—the world of families and social life, where the protagonist moves in relationship to others—to father, mother, friend, obligations. With the resolution of basic conflicts, we are able to tolerate

authority—no longer the castrating, punishing father—and also face members of the opposite sex, no longer symbolic of the desired parent.

The drives and control mechanisms are still with us, but now exist in harmonious relationship to the whole. The long trial of adolescence is over, and we find ourselves, having traversed the

long tunnel to adult selfhood, ready to take our rightful place in the great dance of life.

Even the most hopeful among us knew it had to happen, and now it has. The National Lampoon has grown up. □



---

# GIDGET

---

W hoozat? well I'll be fucked the big kahoona is home terrific listen before you start whining about what a rough day you had mr super cool executive who can't get it up except for every other leap year let me tell you I haven't been what you'd call surfing at la joya all day either eleven o'clock in the morning it's quiet time right I finished my nails took a shit and was just wiping off my nair and thought I'd have a little toot on the old flask hey that's real cool why don't you hang your goddamn pants on a goddamn hanger for a goddamn change will you sloppy little lunch box a little consideration huh for the other people who live here I'm not the goddamn maid you know anyway I just settled back into bed with a double screwdriver to watch the diamond head game since that's the closest I'll ever get to hawaii

as long as I'm hooked up with a cheap bastard like you when the friggin' dishwasher quits on me holy toledo I say I'll be fucked if I'm going to wash all those glasses by hand so I call up the little molihine at whirlpool and he comes over and says he doesn't have time to fix it so what am I gonna do huh so I throw him a fuck and he fixes the goddamn thing everything is swell what I can't hear you in there you want me to get you some toilet paper whassa matter your ass glued to the seat so anyway there I am catching some bennies out by the pool when this hot dog comes to clean out the filter so I'm just trying to be friendly and offer him a drink and wouldn't you know it my groovy new two piece just falls off and this hairy surfer thinks I want him to hang his whole ten inches straight up me so I gotta go down on him to get the goddamn

pool together I mean I ask you how does that stack up against your crummy memos and your cootie bug board meetings hey flush the goddamn toilet and close the goddamn door do you think I like looking at your hairy ass shooting me a moon a little consideration huh where was I oh yeah the goddamn doorbell rings and some little jungle bunny selling mints or some goddamn thing and I know I better put out for him because even the young ones get crazy around white broads so I figure what the hell this wave can take one more surfer and I know you'll never find out who's been in there today cause you never get close enough cause you had such a hard day at the fuckin office get your own goddamn dinner better still let's go out for burgers and shakes you never take me out anymore jesus christ you're so uncool. □



# Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

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

Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

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

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530



## EMPIRE

Already your system sounds better.

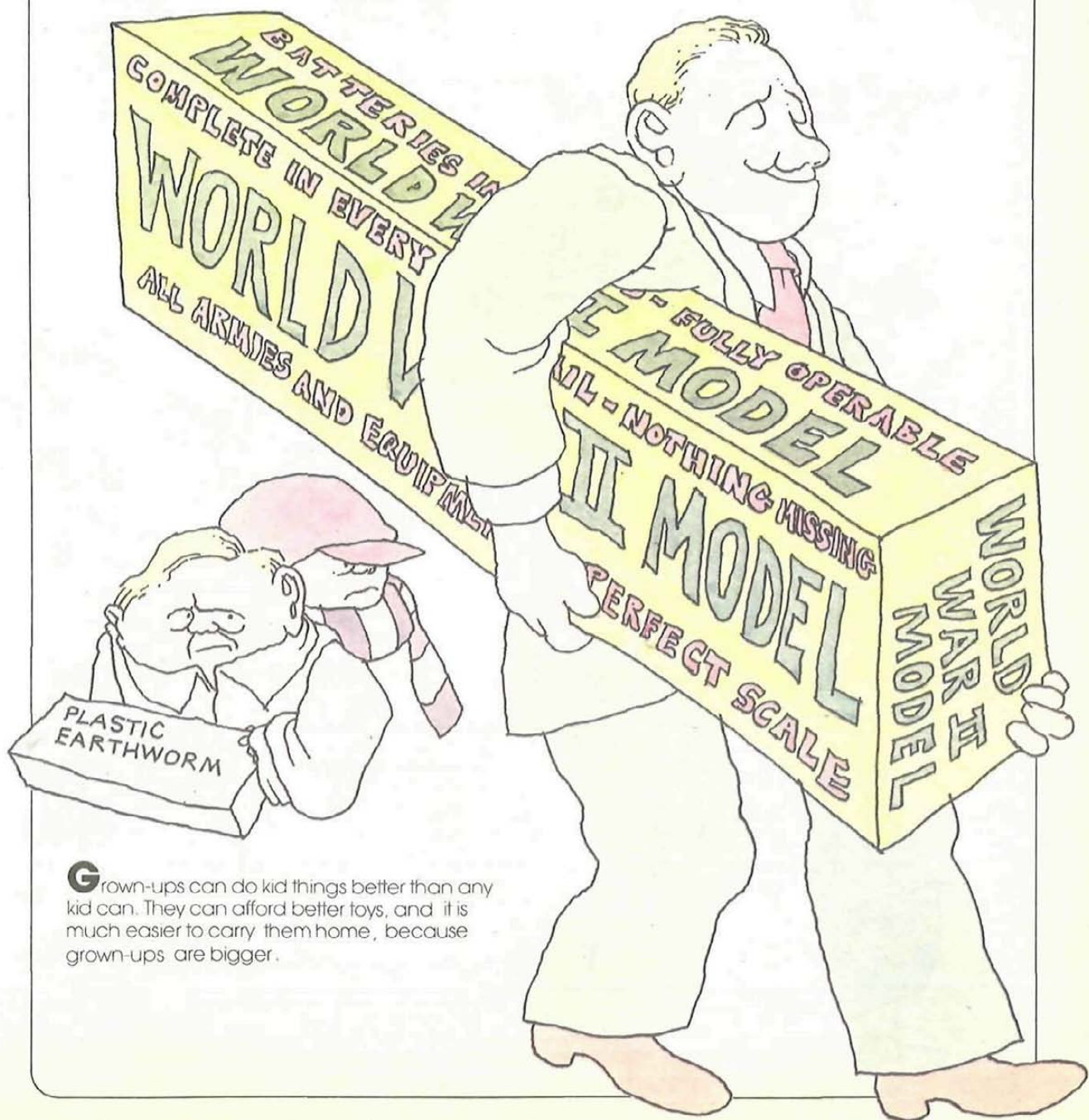
MODEL	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2007	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm.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



# Grown-ups Can Do Anything

by Gahan Wilson

If you are a kid, then you know grown-ups have all the fun. If you are a grown-up and not having all the fun, then you've forgotten what you knew when you were a kid.



**G**rown-ups can do kid things better than any kid can. They can afford better toys, and it is much easier to carry them home, because grown-ups are bigger.

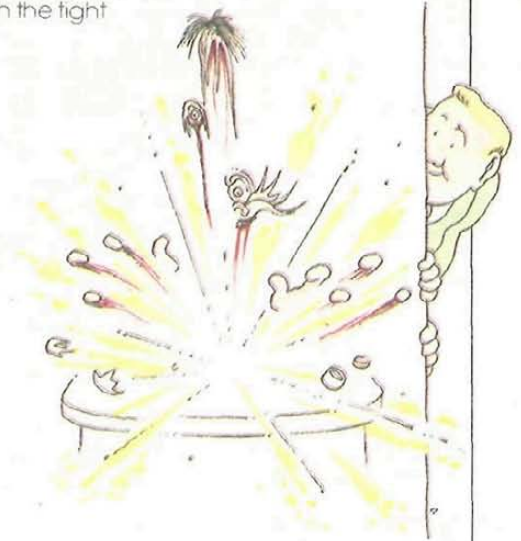


**G**rown-ups can live just like they want to. They don't have to clean up or put things in order, and if they want to break something, they can go right ahead and do it.

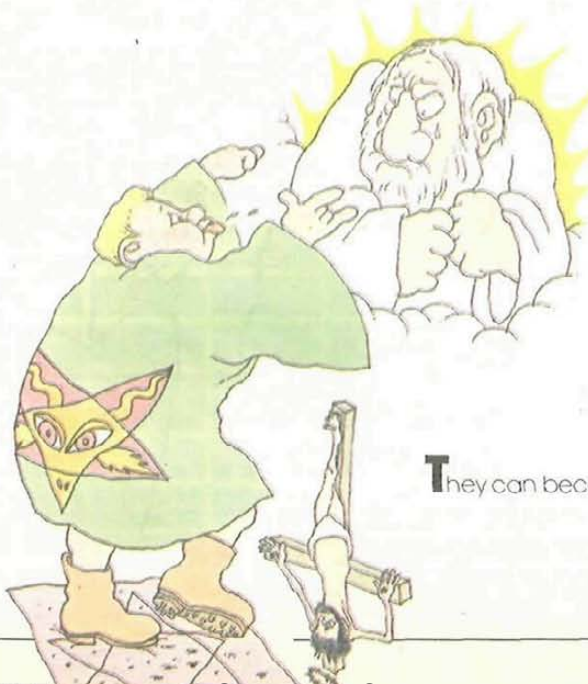
**T**hey can tell lies and get away with it. People will go blocks out of their way because they believe a grown-up's directions.



**G**rown-ups can do things kids only dream of. They can come right into the schoolroom and rape that French teacher with the tight sweaters.



**T**hey can switch the physics instructor's chemicals around so that he blows himself up.



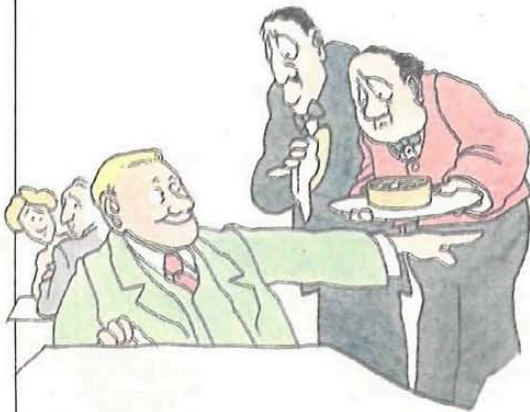
**T**hey can become a Satanist and show God



**I**t's completely up to them what they do for a living. They can take up crime.



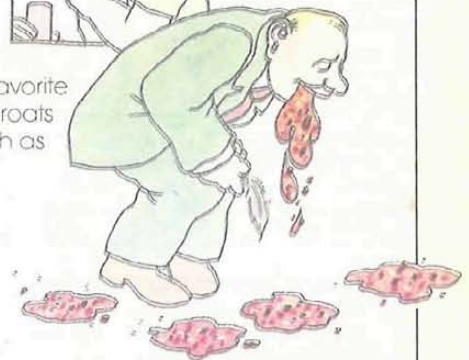
**T**hey can become an industrialist and get rich manufacturing flammable baby suits.



**O**n the more personal side, they can order creamed onions, which they always hated, and then send them right back when they come.



**T**hey can also eat as much of their favorite foods as they want, then tickle their throats with a feather, puke, and eat as much as they want all over again.



**I**f they feel like it, they can forget the business with the feather and just get fat. Nobody will say a word to them. They can also stay up as late as they want night after night.



**T**hey never have to brush their teeth again if they don't feel like it.



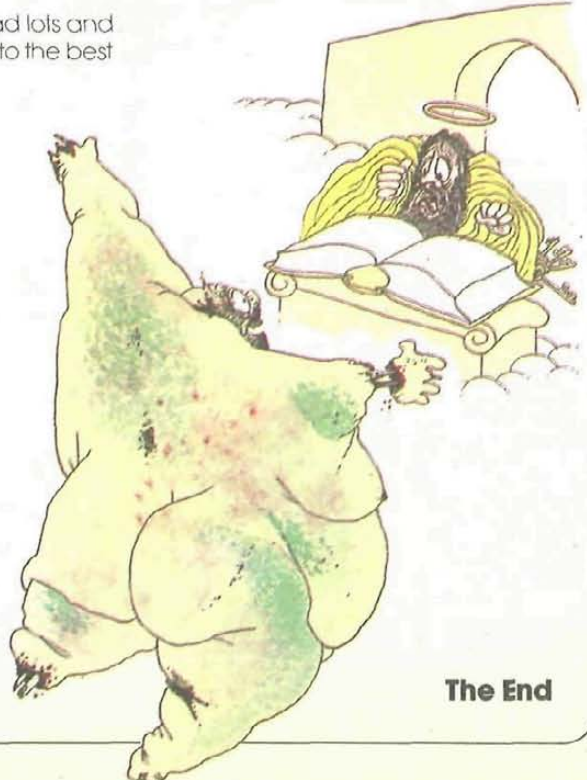
**T**hey can do all sorts of weird things.



**T**hey can put absolutely anything they want into their bodies.



**T**hen, when they've had lots and lots of fun, they can go to the best hospital in the world.



**A**nd when they die, they will find that is only the start of what a grown-up can do!

**The End**

# THE OPTIMUM.



## Free maxell tape just for listening to the first cassette deck that finds music automatically.

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

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

But that's not all.

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

The high quality tape transport features a 2-motor drive system, and a precision polished capstan shaft. Which results in a wow and flutter of an amazingly low 0.04%. Compare that figure with other top

of the line cassette decks and you'll see why Optonica can honestly call the RT-3535 Mark II, The Optimum.

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

We invite you to listen to the optimum cassette deck and in return, we'll give you the Maxell UDC-90 cassette tape absolutely free.

Just call toll-free 800-447-4700 day or night (in Illinois dial 1-800-322-4400) for the name and address of your nearest Optonica showroom. Or write Optonica,

Dept. C9E, 10 Keystone Plaza, Paramus, New Jersey 07652. Then pick up your free copy of our catalog, listen to the RT-3535 Mark II and get your free Maxell cassette tape.

Come in soon... the free tape offer (good only at participating dealers while the supply lasts.) ends September 30, 1977.

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

**OPTONICA** THE OPTIMUM.

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

# THE GRADUATE

THE POSTGRADUATE (CONTD)

182. INTERIOR. BENJAMIN'S OFFICE

BENJAMIN

(ANGRILY INTO PHONE) I don't care if those fireproof pajamas of ours give cancer to the entire Brady bunch. I have three million gross lying on the shelf. What the fuck do you want me to do? Eat them? (SLAMS PHONE, TURNS TO PLUMP, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN IN CHAIR FACING DESK)

C.U. WOMAN

CUT TO: C.U. BENJAMIN

BENJAMIN

Oh, hi there, beautiful. What can I do for you?

MRS. JONES

I'm answering your ad for a secretary. Here's my typing test. (HANDS PAPER TO BENJAMIN. PAUSE) Mr. Braddock.

BENJAMIN

Typing, shmyping. Do you have a daughter?

MRS. JONES

Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I have twins, Midge and Pidge. They go to Contra Costa Vocational Community College.

BENJAMIN

Very interesting. Do they fuck?

MRS. JONES

(INDIGNANT) Why, Mr. Braddock, well, I never...

BENJAMIN

Never what, never screwed? Where did your kids come from? The stork brought them? But listen. Don't get excited. Here, have a stinger (HANDS HER A DRINK), and while you're at it, why don't you change into this? (HANDS HER NEGLIGEE FROM DESK DRAWER)

MRS. JONES

Well, really, I'm a secretary, not a floozy. Anyway, don't you think I'm a bit mature for you?

BENJAMIN

That's it! Scold me! I love it! You're not too mature. I love flabby old broads with big varicose veins that look like road maps!

MRS. JONES

(SEDUCTIVE) Why, Benjamin. I think you're trying to seduce me.

BENJAMIN

Trying? Shit. If you ever want to take a memo in this town again, you'll get undressed, pronto, and dominate me like I've never been dominated before.

183. INTERIOR. LOBBY OUTSIDE BEN'S OFFICE.

HOLD ON: OFFICE DOOR

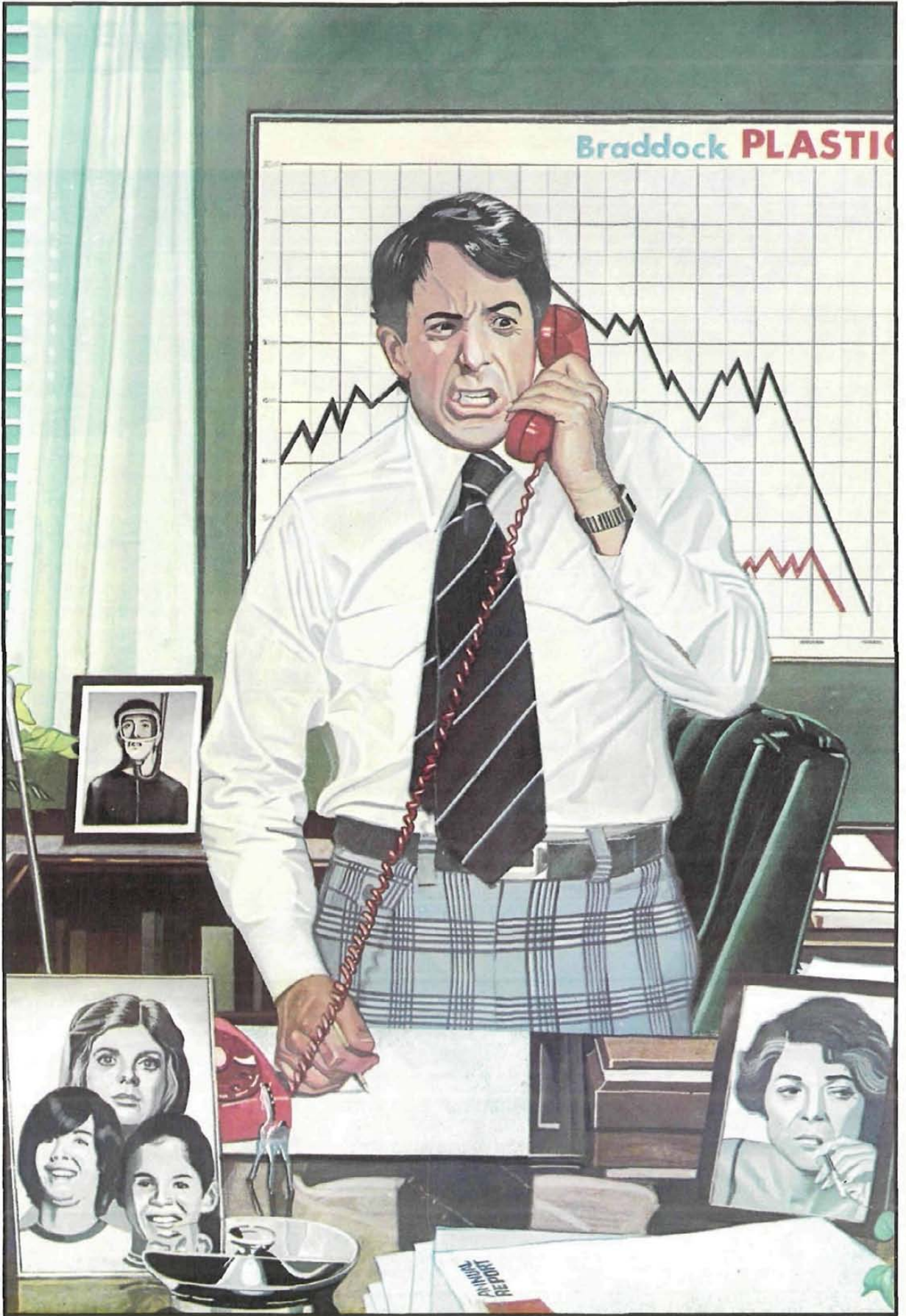
SFX: CREAKING OF BED.

PASSIONATE MOANS, SCREAMS, ETC.

BENJAMIN

(THROUGH DOOR) Oooh, coo coo ca choo! Oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph DiMaggio! Oooh, coo coo ca-fucking choo!

MUSIC: PAUL SIMON'S "FIFTY WAYS TO LOVE A LOSER," UP, HOLD & FADE



# Are you covered





# for Elk Damage?

Marge and Bud Freeman had mortgage insurance, fire, theft, property, and life insurance. But they overlooked one very serious threat to their new home. Elk. Bud and Marge, like thousands of Americans, thought that they were covered against everything—until that elk came in and chewed the joists, ripped up the flooring, ate the drywall, and gravely wounded a building inspector and union carpenter. The money to pay for the damage and the costly lawsuits came from Bud's pocket. That unexpected cash outlay ruined the Freemans' plans for a vacation, a sewing room for Marge, braces for their daughter, and college for their son. And the elk? He's fine.

Total Coverage Insurance Company of Ohio has a unique new plan that could have saved Bud and Marge a lot of money and a lot of future. It's called the Breathing Free Comprehensive Existence and Inconvenience Insurance Plan, and it protects your family against over 400 calamities not normally covered by ordinary insurance programs or policies. For one low cost, you are covered against everything from army ants to failure to urinate at the ball park. Take a look at just a few of the situations you are protected from with the Breathing Free Plan!

## Constipation

There are those days when your body just doesn't work right. There's nothing you can do but sit. TCO will pay you CASH for every unsuccessful minute you spend in the powder room.

## Menstruation

Five out of ten Americans are troubled by menstruation. It can ruin vacations, business meetings, outings, and slacks. TCO protects you against the unfortunate consequences of menstruation. You will receive CASH if your menstrual period falls on a holiday, honeymoon, vacation, or doctor's appointment.

## Integration

Supreme Court decisions, President Kennedy, and the mobility of the American Negro have dealt a crippling blow to white real estate values. Overnight, your home in-

vestment can lose as much as 60 percent of its value. TCO will guarantee the pre-Negro invasion price of your home while a special race relations expert from TCO will try to relocate the Negroes.

## Embarrassment

You could go on for hours with something rude hanging out of your nose, you could smell bad, your fly could be open, you might bend over to pick up a napkin and, boom! Embarrassment can make life difficult. TCO understands this, and offers you CASH for each embarrassment. **Plus**, a TCO representative will try to cover up for you. If need be, we'll even have your suit cleaned!

## Jews

If you have kids, it can happen to you. Your son or daughter can come home with a Jew and a marriage license. If this tragedy should strike your family, TCO will pay you a generous CASH fee plus a TCO representative will help explain the situation to friends and relatives. (Gentile coverage available for Jewish policyholders.)

You'll also be protected against:

House and Body Odor	Broadcast Interruptions
Phlegm	Incorrect Bus Fare
Fish Attack	Lawn Mower Collision
Rainspots on Suede	Scotch Guard Failure
Kitchen Spills	Dry Turkey
Ignorance (Sudden)	Nicks and Cuts
Sore, Red Eyes	Clams
Gags and Jokes	
Erection, Loss of	

...and much more.

Don't leave the door to your family's safety, security, and happiness open to uncertainty. Call a Total Coverage of Ohio representative today and ask about the Breathing Free Plan. And while you're at it, ask how much Bud Freeman likes working three jobs.

## Total Coverage Insurance Company of Ohio

**A responsible company serving responsible people with responsibility.**

---

# YOSSARIAN

---

Yossarian knew it was just as preposterous to fear they would strap him into the electric shock console as to believe that the Starkist-to-Stockholm bus could turn into his old B-25 bomber.

"So you still maintain that the Starkist-to-Stockholm bus turned into your old B-25 bomber?" asked a weary Dr. Shortthrift.

Yossarian nodded.

"Doesn't it strike you as somewhat unusual for a B-25 bomber to be cruising down a public highway?"

"Now that you put it that way, it does," conceded Yossarian.

Dr. Shortthrift allowed himself a smile. For two months, he and the electric shock console had gotten nowhere with the trembling, emaciated creature sitting opposite. According to the dossier, twenty-eight-year-old John Yossarian had deserted the United States Air Force in 1944 for the haven of a neutral Sweden. He had married an industrialist's only daughter, sired an only son, and settled down in the suburb of Starkist. It was hard to reconcile such an auspicious career with this fifty-eight-year-old patient, who looked to be at least seventy. A very tired, agitated seventy. Dr. Shortthrift shifted expectantly in his chair. He had developed a sixth sense about patients' breakthroughs, and could see one coming.

Yossarian continued thoughtfully. "Yes, that was unusual. A bomber alone like that wouldn't stand a chance against flak. Don't you see that leaves them absolutely no excuse for not taking me along. McWatt was avoiding me! Me, the lead bombardier! And I'm the best there is at dodging flak!" Yossarian proudly nuzzled a pair of tarnished silver wings pinned to the collar of his straitjacket.

"Do I understand you to say that the bus driver was avoiding you?" Shortthrift let escape a slow, impatient hiss.

"No, no. Not at all. McWatt's a pilot. There are no bus drivers on a B-25 fighter-bomber."

Shortthrift decided to skirt the issue. "Perhaps he wasn't avoiding you at all. Maybe he just didn't see you."

"Is that any better?" asked Yossarian bitterly.

It was certainly no better than his reception at the consulate the day he applied for combat duty to the startled military charge d'affaires, Captain Drum. Captain Drum knew Yossarian well. For five years, Yossarian had lent a hand at the American draft counseling center not two blocks from the Consulate. Not three months ago, he had doused Captain Drum's army green army Catalina with a bucket of hog's guts.

"The United States Air Force

doesn't require your services, Mr. Yossarian." Captain Drum sneered at Yossarian's name the way he sneered at every name unattended by the rank of at least captain.

"Captain Yossarian," corrected Yossarian. "You see, Drum, when I left Italy in 1944 I was a captain. Since nobody from the Air Force has told me anything to the contrary, I still must be Captain Yossarian, volunteering for flight duty in Vietnam, sir!" Yossarian saluted and clicked his heels.

Captain Drum eyed Yossarian suspiciously. He knew the kinds of games these deserters played. This one was angling for twenty-nine years of back pay.

Yossarian suspected that Captain Drum knew what he was up to. Drum had somehow gotten wind of Yossarian's plan to divert the B-52s, which were now bombing Hanoi, back to Italy, where they would drop expiating bombs on the sites a young and innocent Captain Yossarian had bombed twenty-nine years ago and thereby erase any trace of the bombs a young and guilty Captain Yossarian had dropped twenty-nine years ago.

To allay Captain Drum's suspicions, Captain Yossarian had brought along his good friend, Lieutenant Nately. "Just to show you how much baloney those rumors of me wanting to bomb Bologna really are, Drum, I've brought along Lieutenant Nately

continued on page 95

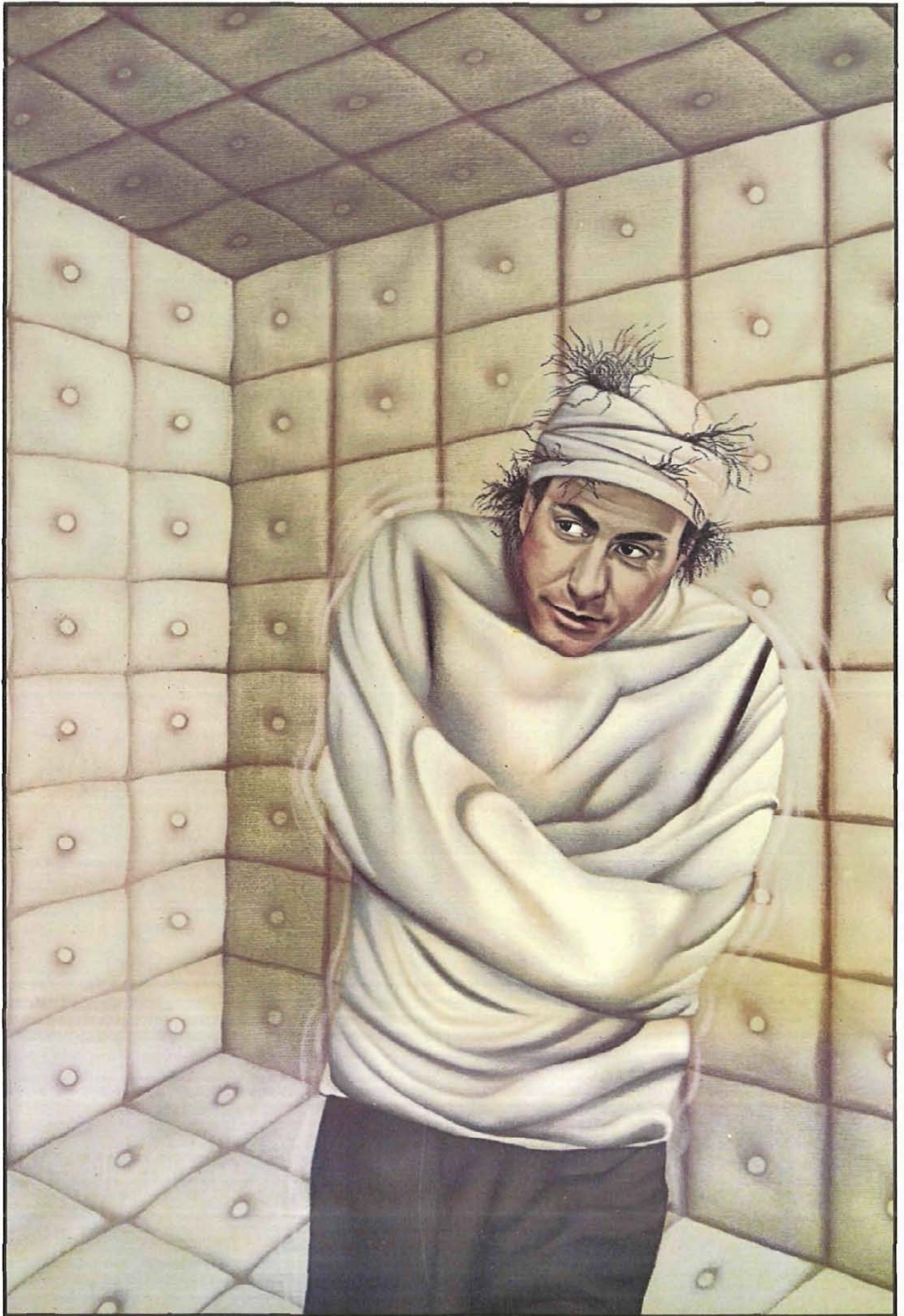
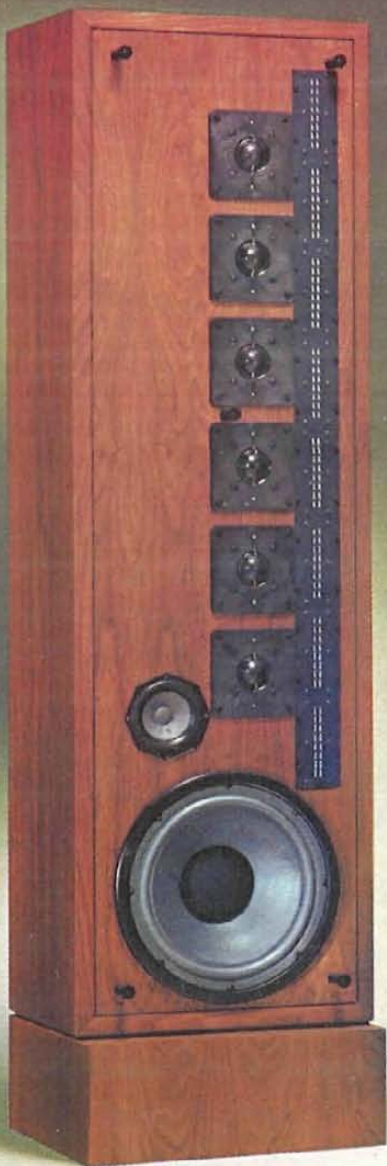


illustration by Melinda Bordenon



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to a new low.

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Now there's a speaker at \$139 (\$145 east of the Mississippi) that has actually been compared to our phenomenal \$1200 Quantum Line Source™.

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It was conceived with much of the same advanced technology and all of the commitment to excellence that gave birth to the Quantum Line Source.

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# FUNNY PAGES

**COCONUTS**

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES, VERY RARELY, YOU WERE FREE TO DO JUST WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO, AND REMEMBER HOW, VERY OFTEN, YOU WENT AND BLEW THE CHANCE?

OH, BOY—I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE PLACE TO MYSELF ALL EVENING!

THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FIX UP A PLATE OF COLD CUTS, SO I CAN EAT ANY FOOD I WANT!

GEE, THAT'S FUNNY—WHEN I ADDED GRAPE JELLY, THE WHOLE THING TURNED GREEN!

I THINK IF I SIT HERE QUIETLY, I WON'T HAVE TO VOMIT.

...AND I USED UP ALL OF THE MARSHMALLOWS...

*Graham Wilson*

GOD, DON'T KILL ME FRED-AR. HAHHA. HA HI.

## How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start . . . Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.



We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, *The How To Hi-Fi Guide*, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.

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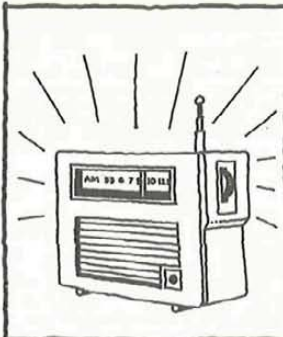
DA

**FAMOUS  
COMIC  
ARTISTS  
SCHOOL**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

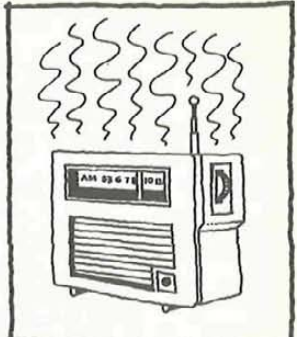
**LESSON # 87**

**NOISE  
LINES**

IF YOU CAN'T DRAW  
NOISE LINES,  
"YOU AIN'T GOT  
A HAIR ON YOUR  
ASS," TO QUOTE  
AN OLD  
DORIS DAY  
EXPRESSION!



**RIGHT**



**WRONG**

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**JOB HIT KIT:**

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TO: Papers, Adams Apple Dist Co/5100 N Ravenswood, Cgo, IL 60640

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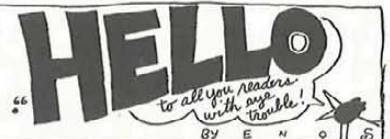
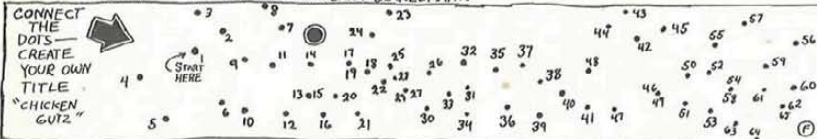
BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY·CHICAGO, IL60640

# Two Year Affair *by Preiss & Reese*

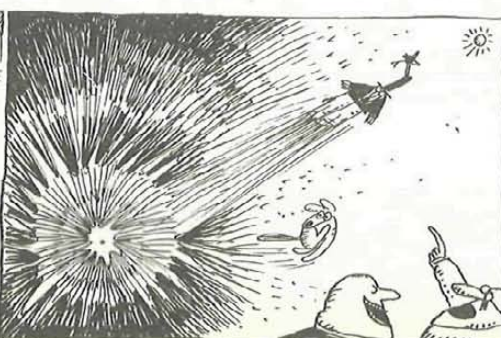
IT IS SOMETIMES SAID THAT A CHANGE OF SCENERY IS THE BEST WAY TO ALLEVIATE A PERSONAL PROBLEM. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU TAKE THE PROBLEM WITH YOU.



AT LAST -- THIS STRIP IS FOR BARBARA BECKELMAN!!



HELLO + LOVE TO KALIFORNIA KRISTIN. WELCOME TO PANEL #1, READERS.





# "Heavy Metal is fantastic! It's better than being stoned. Almost!"

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Circulation of Heavy Metal has tripled since it first went on sale in mid-March of this year.

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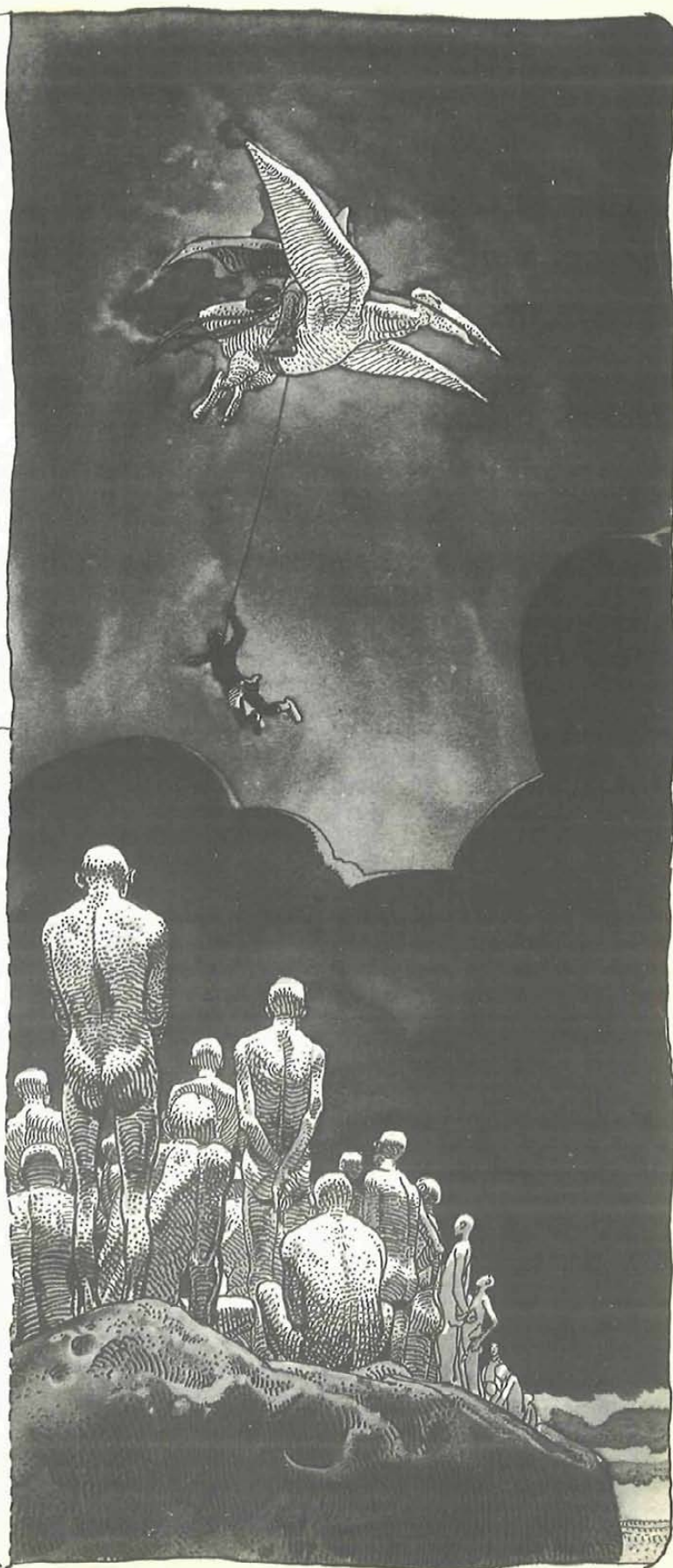
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# A SMALL, UNBURSUVE TITLED UNDERPATED, SOPHISTICATED REFLECTING THE QUIET EIGNTY OF THE STRIP!

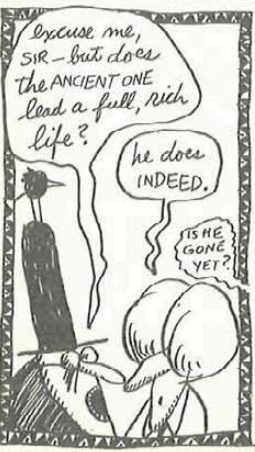
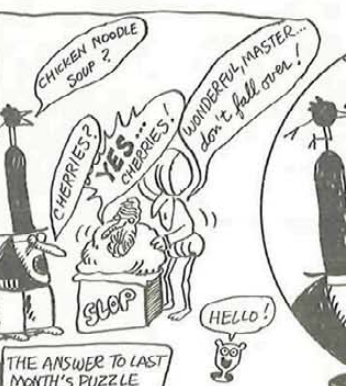
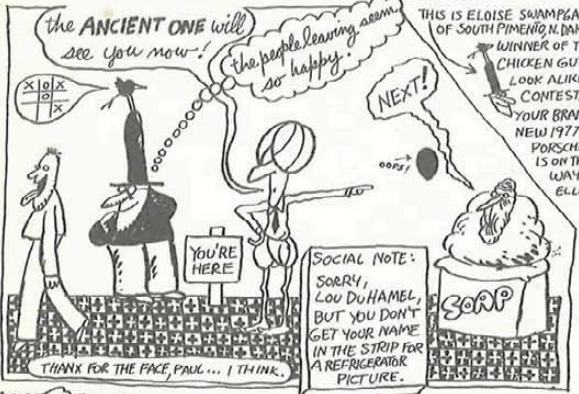
I'M AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

CHICKEN GUTZ

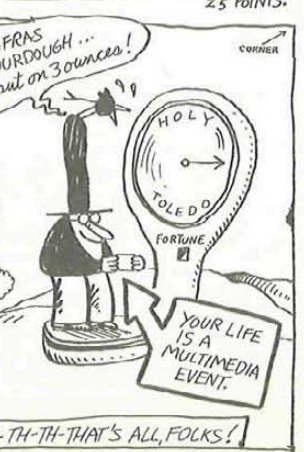
THE ONLY STRIP IN THE WORLD THAT IS ALSO AN EYE TEST.

by E N O S

At long last - the answer to that age-old question - WHAT IS LIFE?



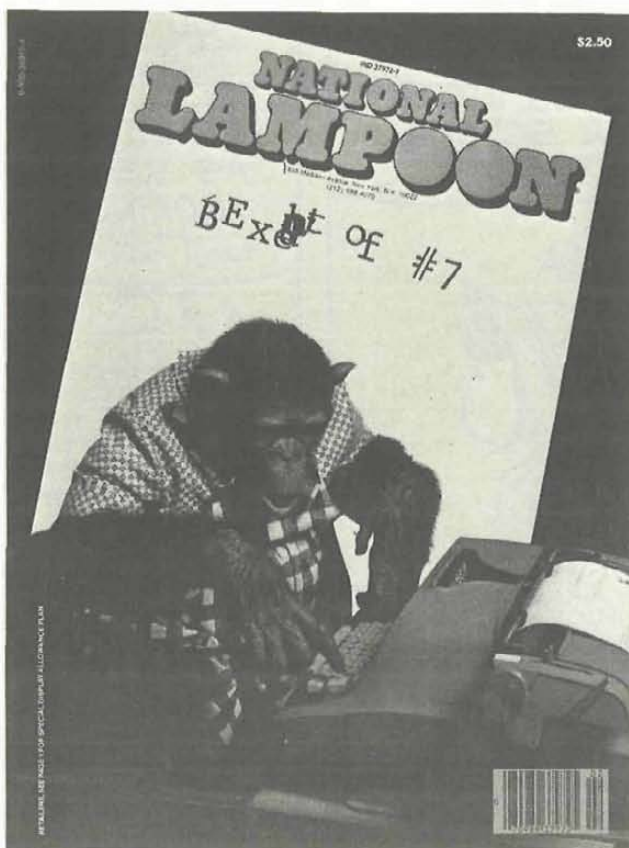
WE PAUSE FOR A SMALL MOMENT, DEAR READER, TO LET YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH... AND NOW THE BIG FINISH



IF THIS STRIP DOES NOT MAKE SENSE TO YOU - YOU ARE WELL-ADJUSTED AND NORMAL.

(APOLOGIES TO P. PIG)

# From the National Lampoon The Best of Number Seven



A collection of wry, witty, ribald, and reasonably offensive material from the pages of what has been called the *National Lampoon*, including the writings of such literary noteworthies as Chris Miller, Sean Kelly, Doug Kenney, P. J. O'Rourke, Tony Hendra, Gerry Sussman, Jeff Greenfield, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Edgar Guest, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Johnny Bench, and Roosevelt Grier.

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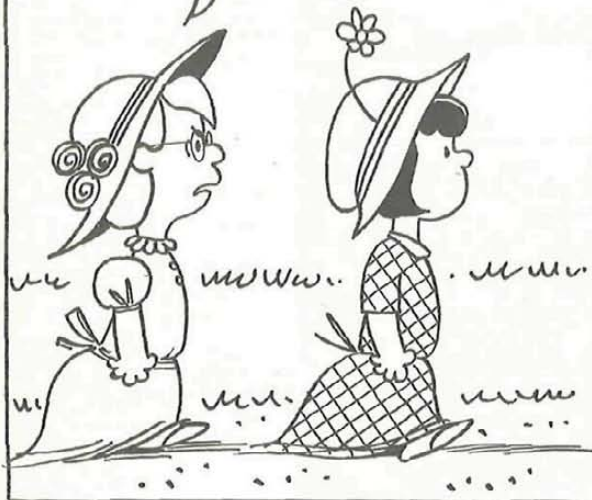
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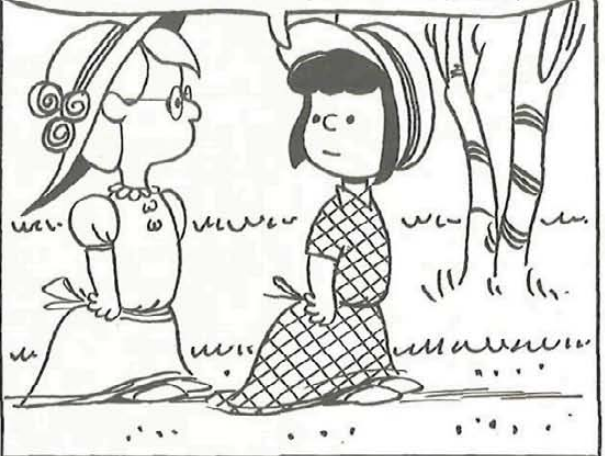
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# GOOBERS

WELL, THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN, MARGIE... SOME JUDGE HAS DECIDED TO BUS US INTO KING GRAMMAR SCHOOL WITH ALL THE COONS!



YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY, VANILLA VICKI... THE BLACK CHILDREN ARE JUST AS HUMAN AS WE ARE, AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING TO KNOW THEM!



MY DAD SAYS THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A NIGGER IS A SUCK-ASS, NIGGER-LOVING WHITE LIBERAL!



(SIGH) I WISH GARY TRUDEAU WERE DRAWING THIS...



# "I was a victim of turntable hype."

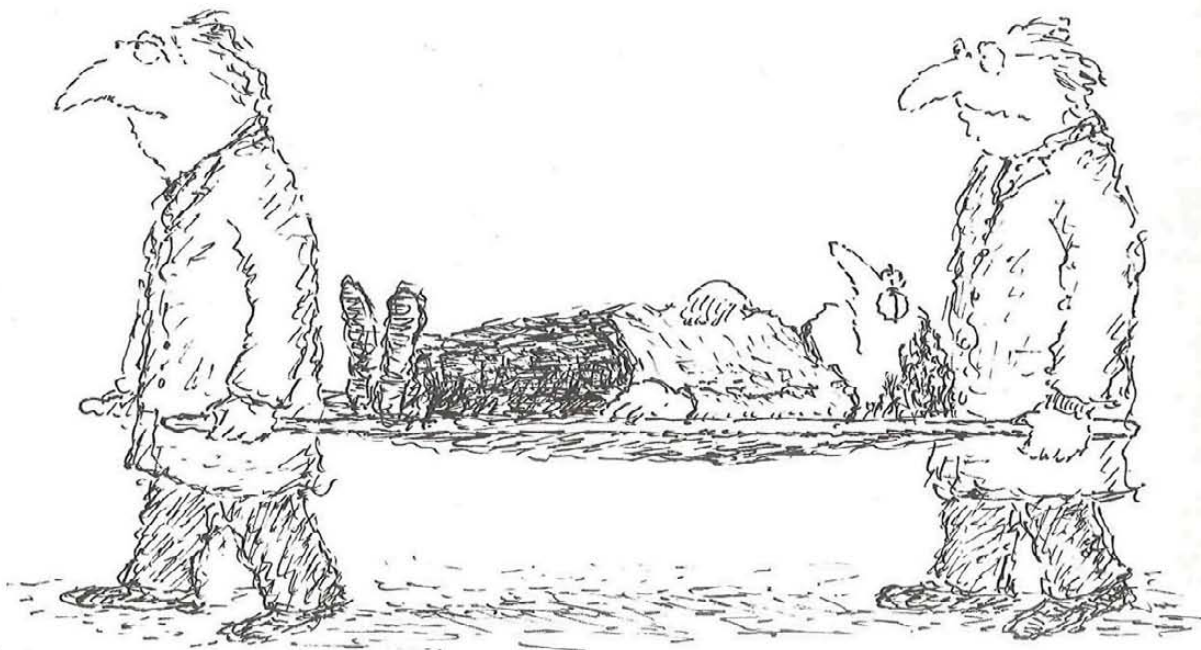
"It was the same old con you've heard before. Only a single play turntable can give you best performance.

And I believed it all until I started shopping for a new turntable.

What I discovered was that B·I·C has re-written all the old rules.

It's built in the USA so you're not paying for import duties, an ocean voyage, or currency fluctuations.

And, it's been engineered with fewer parts which not only saves money, but improves performance.



*Koran*

Plug a B·I·C into your system and you have a terrific single play unit, a great changer when you want it, and a precision instrument that's a joy to behold.

It was only a matter of time till someone re-wrote the rules, and brought you a first-class turntable from about \$85 to about \$289.

If you're sick of compromising, ask your hi-fi salesman about a B·I·C."

**B·I·C**



"BEE-EYE-CEE" TURNTABLES SELL FROM ABOUT \$85 TO ABOUT \$289. FOR DETAILS AND SPECS GET OUR "5 TURNTABLES" FOLDER FROM YOUR DEALER OR WRITE US, B·I·C, WESTBURY, LI, NY 11590. ©1977 BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO. A DIVISION OF AVNET INC.

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Simple Things



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Carole King's long-awaited new album  
includes her hit, *Hard Rock Cafe*  
... on Avatar Records and Tapes.



*It's not for you.  
It's for them.*



Why do you think it's called public address?

The audience is there to have a good time. You're there to work. But, if you're not projecting the sound you've worked so hard to perfect, you just wasted all those long hours in rehearsal.

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For all the facts, send this ad along with four dollars. (Please, certified check or money order only. No cash or personal checks.) We'll rush you an operation manual complete with block diagrams on our EM-Series. Or better yet, see your Yamaha dealer and plug-in to an EM. It may be for your audiences, but their enjoyment is going to pay off for you.



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# HEALTH FACTS YOU BETTER START READING

By Gerald Sussman

## ■ EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Every time you read a newspaper or a magazine, you are increasing your chances of getting a rare form of skin disease transmitted through the newsprint itself. The disease is called *lotaxia* and is "in the lead poison family," according to Dr. Ruth Frimme, acting director of the Strook Skin Clinic at the Presbyterian Naval Hospital in Chicago. "Everybody gets a little dirt on their hands and fingers when reading the daily paper, and usually they forget about it and just wash it off," said the doctor. "But unfortunately, many people have skin that is highly susceptible to a chemical in the inks used in the newsprint, and tiny amounts of the chemical seep into the skin no matter how well the hands are washed. Eventually, this deadly chemical, which is called zenuim trichlorate, gets into the bloodstream and can cause paralysis of the limbs."

Dr. Frimme and her staff have analyzed thousands of newspapers and magazines for their zenuim trichlorate content. Among the worst

offenders are the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Village Voice*, and the *National Star*. Some of the most dangerous magazines are *Esquire*, *People*, *Rolling Stone*, the *National Review*, *New York*, *New West*, *Oui*, *High Times*, *Commentary*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *National Lampoon*, and *Ebony*. Dr. Frimme plans to work for congressional legislation that would call for a prominently worded warning on every newspaper and magazine that has more than .5 percent zenuim trichlorate in its inks. They would have a message similar to the one used on cigarette packs. "At this point, most people will ignore the danger and continue to read their favorite newspapers and magazines," said Dr. Frimme. "I've read most of these journals and I don't see what the public will be missing. They can either die of paralysis or boredom. Either way, it's their funeral."

## ■ WHERE OR WEN?

Researchers at Johns Hopkins University have discovered that most men in white collar and so-called "creative" jobs begin to grow a small wen in their brains from the age of twenty-one and up. The wen, which is a form of sebaceous cyst, is almost microscopic at first, but then grows rapidly from the ages of twenty-five to thirty until it reaches the size of a bay scallop. The researchers believe that the wen comes from excessive amounts of thinking, theorizing, and other creative endeavors. "We can't say for sure whether the wen is malignant or benign," said Dr. Hans Grifft, the project director. "Right

now, it isn't even bothering anyone that much. But the things do get bigger and bigger every year, and at the rate they're going, they're going to protrude right out of people's foreheads someday—and that's going to be a nice kettle of fish."

## ■ DANGER: FALLING EYES

Many young women over twenty-eight (especially those who have given birth) are suffering from falling eyes. The malady is exactly what it says. The victim's eyes simply fall out. It can happen any time, night or day, asleep or awake. Without any warning, both eyes seem to loosen from their sockets and pop out. Reports of eye fallout have come primarily from the West Coast—California, Washington, and Oregon. Medical authorities are baffled by it and are trying to link it to the women's exposure to the sun, but so far there are no conclusive explanations.

## ■ TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DIE

It's the easy way to go: dying in your sleep. Normally, this is reserved for the older generation. Yet this alarming trend is increasing, as more and more younger people are passing away during the night. The reason? Marijuana. Dr. Leslie Benswanger of Mt. Olympus Hospital in Louisville has discovered that many people who smoke marijuana before going to bed as a relaxing agent end up dying in their sleep. "They relax themselves to death," said Dr. Benswanger. "The kids have different words for it—spaced out, high, or stoned. But whatever they call it, it all adds up to the same thing—the heart-beat slows down to almost nothing, there is no focus on anything, no feelings, no sensations. In chronic smokers, there is at least a 40 percent chance that they will not wake up the next morning. What they need is more stress, anxiety, and tension to keep them going."



## ■ CANCER: NEW CURE FOR HEART ATTACKS?

In an effort to stop the growing number of heart attacks among thirty year olds (and many younger people), an experimental program is now underway

at the Stanford University Heart Clinic. Doctors Lee Kronish and C. H. Cheng are injecting live cancer cells directly into the patient's heart in an effort

to "distract" the heart problem and "divert" the damaged heart cells. The cancer cells are benign, of course, and work in a highly symbiotic process to actu-

ally cure the heart cells. Since many heart attacks suffered by young people are near-fatal, the cancer therapy may be the brightest hope for future victims.

## ■ THE PILL: NEW PROBLEMS

Medical teams around the world have discovered a variety of new problems stemming from birth control pills. Along with the high degree of cancer, diabetes, hypertension, and heart attacks likely for pill users comes the news that oral contraceptives may also cause kidney diseases, blindness, asthma, rickets, German measles, and colitis. Though each study group has come up with a different ailment connected with the Pill, their conclusions are amazingly similar—"hormones gone haywire"

"The Pill user is simply not getting enough vitamins and minerals to complement and balance the hormonal changes she is going through," said Dr. Alice Chu of Kenyon Medical College in Philadelphia. Experts differ on the proper vitamins and minerals needed. Some recommend supplements of brewer's yeast, vitamin E, and Reddi-Wip. Others call for green leafy vegetables, whole grain cereals, and no proteins at all. It seems to vary from woman to woman, according to Dr. Chu, with more work needed to establish a standard working diet.

## ■ MIRROR, MIRROR

Looking at yourself in the mirror can eventually result in cancer, says Dr. Luther Reinfeld, chief of dermatology at Boston General Hospital. Reinfeld and his researchers have discovered that many types of common mirror glass give off a tiny radioactive aura that contains a form of viral cancer which eventually seeps into the skin of the face. The more you look into a mirror, the greater your exposure to this cancerous radioactivity. Although Dr. Reinfeld's tests are not conclusive, his preliminary findings are alarming enough to put a caution sign on excessive use of mirrors. Curb your normal vanity. It could save your life.

## ■ SOUP MAKES YOU DEAF

Graduate students at Michigan State University are losing their hearing because of the soup they're eating in the school cafeteria. An alarming number of deafness cases have been reported at this school, which have been traced directly to the soups being served, especially pepper pot and mushroom barley. Evidently, these soups contain a rare bacteria that affects the inner ear and the hearing process, causing a blockage. Hearing becomes difficult or non-existent, and the condition lasts for months before any improvement is noted.

## ■ BLOOD COLOR: NEW SIGN OF RECTAL PARALYSIS

A team of hematologists at Rice Institute in Houston have discovered that the color of your blood can eventually cause paralysis of the rectal muscles. "All blood is red, but there's an infinite degree of shading for each person," said Dr. Perry Barnhill, director of the project. "You can compare blood to red wine. People with blood the

color of say, a young Beaujolais, which is light red, are the most prone to rectal problems. People with blood like a Chilean cabernet, that deep, dark ruby red, will not be affected. Unfortunately, most blood colors are somewhere in between, which tends to increase your chances for the affliction."

## ■ YOUR BSL LIST

The American Health Association has just published an informative little pamphlet on preventive medicine with a special section devoted to the twenty-one to thirty age group, the ones who are "most careless and ignorant of health, nutrition, and the preventive way to enhance longevity." After years of consultation with the leading medical researchers in every major field, the AHA has extracted a "basic symptom list," the twenty most common signs of ill health, and probable fatality. If you have five or more of these symptoms, even infrequently, you should consult your physician immediately. Clip out this handy "BSL" chart. Make copies for your friends. It could be the biggest favor you ever did for them.

The American Health Association Basic Symptom List

1. Slight dizzy spells and/or nausea.
2. Feet falling asleep.
3. Itchy scalp.
4. Frequent or infrequent urination.
5. Pimple, sore, or other skin growth that won't go away.
6. Rapid breathing.
7. Periods of fatigue or loss of appetite.
8. Muscle spasms, tics, and twitches.
9. Excessive thirst.
10. Excessively hard or soft stools.
11. Excessive or infrequent sweating.
12. Dark or light stools.
13. Muscle aches (back and shoulder pain).
14. Insomnia.
15. Stomachaches, acid indigestion.
16. Headaches (at least two or three a month).
17. Allergies.
18. Chest congestion (coughing up phlegm).
19. Nose and/or eye itch.
20. Swelling.

## ■ NATURAL FIBERS: UNNATURAL WAY TO DIE

Everyone loves the look and feel of natural fibers in their clothing. Cotton, wool, linen, and silk have always been highly desirable and ultrafashionable for both men and women. But now comes a warning from Dr. George Lobranno of the United Cancer Society about the hidden dangers of these fabrics. It seems that the natural fibers have little or no protective qualities against the thousands of viruses that float around our environment. People who wear wools and cottons are far more susceptible to any form of viral or bacterial disease than those who wear synthetic garments. The chemical makeup of synthetics provides a "natural barrier" (if we may play a bit on words) against most dangerous bacteria. Synthetics, which are entirely man-made, have certain molecular properties that resist contamination, while nonsynthetics, the so-called purer, more natural fabrics, have not been treated at all, and hence offer no resistance to outside attack.

## GREAT WAR WITH MARS

continued from page 49

He had concealed himself behind an elaborate piece of equipment and was observing everything Dick did. His plan was to wait until Dick had found his solution—and he knew Dick would, because even though von Schmidtloff was an incarnation of the blackest evil, he was a good enough scientist to recognize Dick's genius. Then he would step forward, take the brain ray for his own, and use it for his own fell purposes. Several hours passed as he thought about these plans, while Dick worked feverishly several yards away.

Suddenly, his attention was riveted upon a third person who entered the laboratory in a state of high agitation. It was Sheila Davis.

"Dick! Oh, Dick, dear! My father has just told me! The Martians have heard about your experiments and are coming here! To the station! They're going to destroy the station! We're all going to die! We'll no longer be alive!"

Dick turned to her, his eyes calm, but his keen mind racing to discover what the solution to his problem was. Then, all at once, he paused. What had she said? *We'll no longer be alive!* That was it! He now knew the answer

to the problem! "You've done it!" he cried. "Oh, my darling! I know what I've been doing wrong! God, how could I have missed it for so long? The brain must be alive! In order for the brain ray to work—in order for intelligence to be increased—it must be a living brain!"

"Oh, Dick darling! Then there's still hope...?"

"Yes, but you must help me. I'm going to aim the energy beam at my own head. When I tell you to, press the voltage button and hold it down until it shuts itself off."

"But...but...won't that be dangerous? What if something goes wrong?"

He looked at her gravely. "I shall have to take that chance. I only pray the ray works, and will give me increased intelligence so that I'll be able to think of some way of stopping the Martians. Perhaps if I—"

"Perhaps nothing, my foolish young friend. You will do as I tell you, both of you."

"Dr. von Schmidtloff!"

For it was indeed he, standing before them now and holding a radio wave disintegration gun pointed at both of them. "Your conclusion about the necessity of providing a living

brain was most intelligent, Watkins," he sneered. "You erred in only one point: the brain to be subjected to the ray will not be yours, but mine."

"Yours!" exclaimed Dick in dismay. "But you'll—"

"I'll what, you naive young idiot?" Von Schmidtloff glowered in hateful malice toward both of the young people. "Use your invention to further myself? Yes! Use it to force the Academy to award me the prestigious and much-coveted 'Isaac' award for excellence in physical research? Yes! Use it to achieve glory and increased intelligence? Yes! But I am a patriot! I will do so by destroying the Martian threat forever! They must be obliterated! Totally! Earth must be free to roam the solar system at will!"

"Now, go to the controls. And if you fail to obey me, I shall be forced to disintegrate this lovely young lady."

Reluctantly, Dick crossed to the control panel of the energy-beaming apparatus as von Schmidtloff placed himself before the ray's focusing nozzle. Sheila trembled in great fear. "On the count of three, you will fire," said von Schmidtloff. "And then I shall be the most intelligent man in the galaxy! One...two..."

"Attention all personnel. The Martians are attacking. Go to your battle stations and do not panic."

Suddenly, bells began to ring and people were running back and forth in the corridor outside the lab in great haste and confusion. "The Martians are attacking!" they cried.

And it was true, for, in fact, the Martians were attacking.

### IV.

"Fire, you fool!"

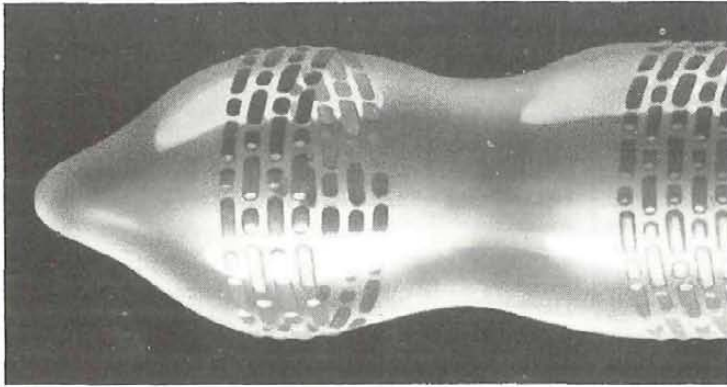
"Dick, no!" Sheila cried. Then von Schmidtloff cursed, and the gun in his hand pointed its ugly snout at Sheila.

"Fire, or she dies, Watkins!"

"Very well, Dr. von Schmidtloff!" And Dick pressed the button.

A white beam of energy shot out of the nozzle of the apparatus with an electric buzz. The room glowed brighter, since it was as though a bolt of lightning had flashed in the room. Von Schmidtloff's eyes bulged wide open, and his body stiffened into a rigid posture. Outside the doorway there was still chaos, as hundreds of men and women ran around, screaming and being terrified. Then the beam died quickly, and the older man slumped suddenly in his chair. Dick and Sheila stared at him with expres-

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sions of fear and concern.

"Is he...is he...?" Sheila whispered.

"I don't know," Dick admitted.

And then they saw the man sit up, his eyes huge and alive with an energy unlike anything Dick had ever seen.

"Watkins..." he whispered hoarsely.

"Watkins...you've done it..." He

slowly stood up, staggering and dizzy.

"You must...oh, God, I see it all

now!...Watkins...Miss Davis...

please...you must... we haven't much

time..." Suddenly, he snapped out of

his trance and spoke sharply to the

young people, his eyes blazing.

"Quickly. We must move this machine

to the upper observation level.

And have the radio people open a line

of communication between that deck

and the Martian radios on their space-

ships. We must move quickly!"

Dick leaped forward and began dis-

connecting the brain ray, and Sheila

ran off to the radio control room. Nei-

ther of them knew exactly why they

hastened to obey the man they had so

loathed and feared just moments be-

fore. Perhaps it had something to do

with his manner. Now he suddenly

seemed benevolent and good, and

something in them responded to his

orders....

In minutes, the two men had set up

the machine on the upper observa-

tion deck, which was bordered along

one side by transparent quartz, afford-

ing them a breathtaking view of the

solar system and of Earth itself, float-

ing below them like a large blue-green

opal against the black velvet display

case of space. But that was not the

only striking sight they now beheld:

for, rising up from Earth and heading

directly toward them came the Mar-

tian spaceships. They were long,

sharp darts that moved with incred-

ible speed.

"First I will try it without the ray,"

von Schmidtloff said, and, picking up

a microphone, spoke into it these

words. "Attention, Martian attack

force. This is Earth Space Station

One calling. You must cease your at-

tack. Let us negotiate. Let us reach an

agreement like intelligent beings. Let

us stop this useless destruction and

waste of life. What do you say?"

A crackle of static came over the

speaker box mounted on the wall

near the two men, and then the chill-

ing voice of the Martian attack leader,

with its characteristic alien tone. "You

are finished, Earthlings! We refuse to

negotiate! We will kill all of you! And

then we will destroy your space sta-

tion, your planet, your moon, and all

of your satellites! We hate you!"

"Just as I had feared," the scientist

said calmly. "Quickly, Dick! Fire the

ray out at the Martian ships—"

But Dick had already divined the

other man's plans, and had set the

beam on wide dispersion. "Here goes

nothing," he said to himself, and

pressed the button.

The beam shot out like a fan of

light, encompassing all of the Martian

ships. For so large an area and so

strong a charge, it was a good twenty

seconds before it shut off. Then,

grimly, but with a faint smile playing

on his lips, von Schmidtloff again

spoke into the microphone.

"Attention, Martian ships. Now do

you see? Now do you recognize the

hideous waste that is war? Now do

you understand the need for mean-

ingful dialogue, sincere compromise,

earnest negotiations, and amicable

rapprochement? Can our two planets

not share the bounties of the solar

system, and the galaxy, without en-

mity? Can we each, as a people and as

a civilization, strive toward that depth

of understanding, kindness, and crea-

tive, healthful living that we Earth-

lings call 'maturity'?"

And, after a heartbeat's worth of

pause, came the reply.

"Attention, Earth space station. Do

not fear. We understand everything

now. Your device has been admirably

successful, and we are humbled to be

in the presence of its creator, whoever

he is—"

"He is Dick Watkins, a brilliant

physicist," said von Schmidtloff, smil-

ing at Dick and the weeping for joy

Sheila.

I have learned something from this

man, thought Dick, in a surprised and

humiliated manner.

"Ah, yes," continued the Martian

leader. "We shall be honored to meet

him. For his invention has enabled us

to see that we must live together,

Earthling and Martian, as one. It is

most excellent, how we can now see

that our hate and destructiveness and

competitive anger were the actions of

an immature people. But now we see

the truth. It is as though a dark veil

has been lifted from our eye-stalks.

We are only glad that you have shared

with us your wonderful device. And

now we shall go back to Mars, and tell

our people the splended news of a

new tomorrow."

And this time, the Martian voice

did not sound quite so alien.

The End

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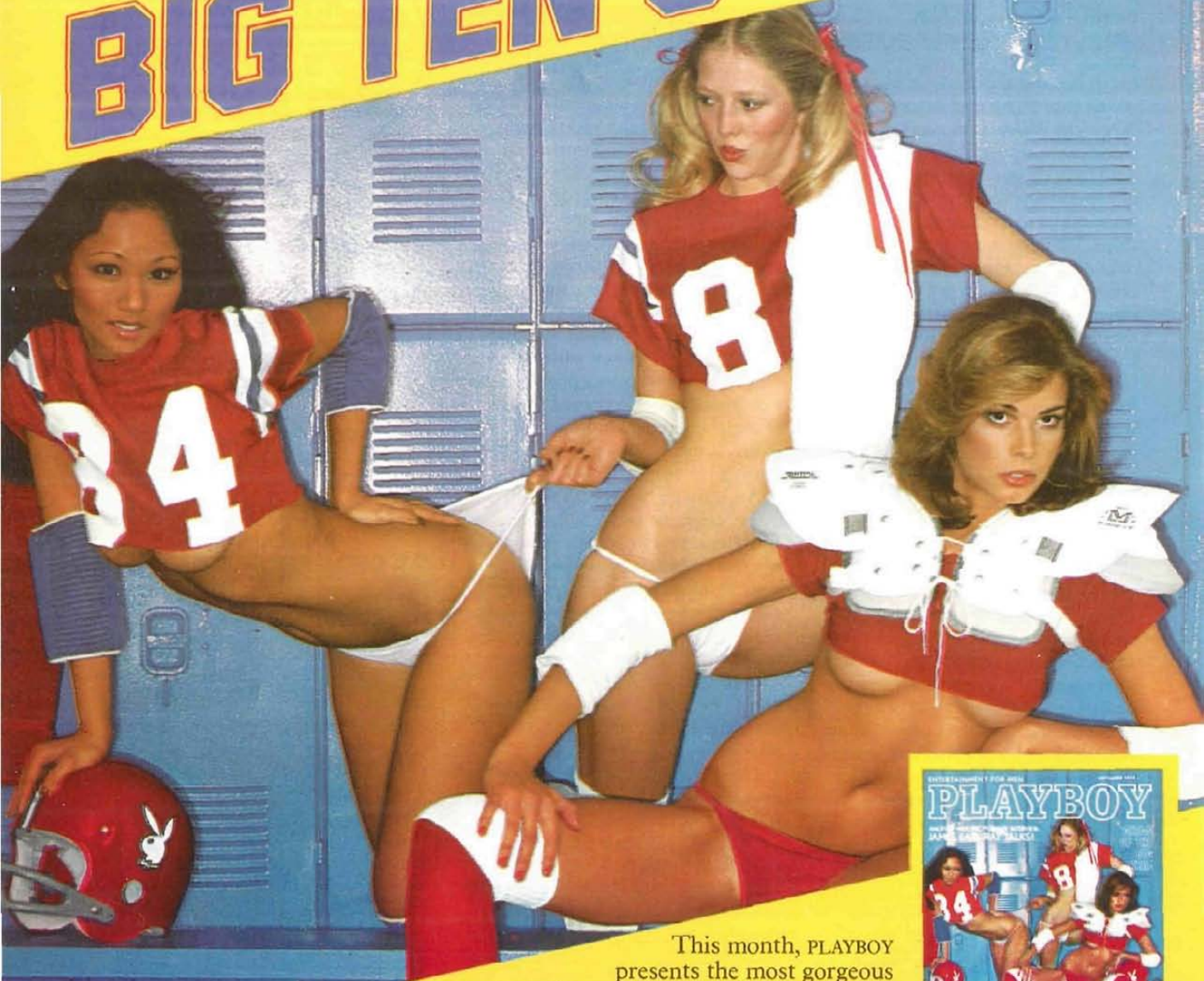
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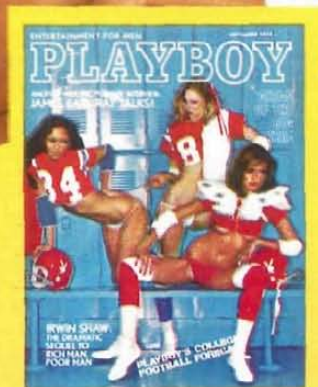
# THE BIG TEN'S BEST



©1977 Playboy

This month, PLAYBOY presents the most gorgeous young talent gracing today's campus scene throughout mid-America. It's *The Girls of the Big Ten*. Twelve full, eye-opening pages of bowl-worthy beauties — the Big Ten's best. Also this month, you'll preview Irwin Shaw's new blockbusting sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Its title? What else? *Beggarmen, Thief*. You'll also meet this year's top teams in Anson Mount's annual preview of the college pigskin scene. You'll spend a fun evening in Rome with Spiro Agnew, receive a modern-history lesson from Art Buchwald and tear off and build your very own pyramid. It's all in the September issue of PLAYBOY.

**Plus: An exclusive interview with James Earl Ray**  
—before and after his escape!





# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• Detroit police have suggested printing up three million restaurant placemats showing a composite drawing of a suspected child murderer. The wanted man has kidnapped, sexually assaulted, and then killed at least four children in the Detroit area during the past year.

"If people take a second to realize what we're trying to do is save lives, it's worth it, even though it may make someone's meal a little unpleasant," said a spokesman for a group of public relations experts working with police. *Toronto Star*

• Rick McDonald of Seattle, Washington, was eating Kellogg's Frosted Rice breakfast cereal when he noticed that tiny black specks were accumulating in the bottom of the bowl. Mystified by the nature of these specks, he tried several tests and found that they clung to a magnet like iron.

Responding to McDonald's inquiries, Kellogg officials said that the specks were iron—25 percent of the minimum adult daily requirement, in fact. The mineral enrichment was added to the sugar coating on the Frosted Rice, and came off when the cereal was soaked in milk.

Kellogg's has since decided to reduce Frosted Rice's iron content to 10 percent of the minimum adult daily requirement. *Lawrence, Kan., Journal-World* (Kerry L. Propst)

• John King entered the downtown Pittsburgh bus terminal, went to the ticket seller's window and said, "This is a stick-up."

"Where's your gun?" asked ticket agent Ray Peacoe.

"My buddy has it," said King.

"Well," said Peacoe, "I can't give you any money if you don't have a gun."

"O.K.," said King, "I'll go get one." He was arrested outside the terminal, and

charged with attempted robbery. *Miami Herald*

• The Pope set aside May 22 as an international day of prayer and communion on behalf of the advertising and communications industries,

in order, he said, that Roman Catholics the world over can be made aware that media messages are not necessarily the work of the devil. *Montreal Financial Post*

• White House deputy press secretary Rex Granum was being questioned by reporters about the Carter administration's plan to withdraw U.S. troops from South Korea. One reporter wanted to know whether our Honest John tactical nuclear missiles would be left with the Koreans.

"Will the Honest Johns be removed?" asked the reporter.

"When they withdraw the troops, they withdraw the facilities," said Granum. *N.Y. Post*

• Newark, New Jersey, policeman Robert Conover had a pistol-type cigarette lighter which he'd been using all evening while he drank in a local night spot. Towards closing time, he reached into his belt and mistook his own .32 revolver for the lighter. When he tried to light a cigarette, he shot and killed John Felezzola, who was seated five stools away at the bar. *N.Y. Daily News* (A. Wachstein)

• Vicki Lynn Madeiros and her boyfriend were filmed walking in downtown Minneapolis by a KMSP-TV crew who told them that the footage was going to be used in a "spring special."

The special was on VD, and the film clip of Vicki and her boyfriend was shown with a subtitle reading: "Someone you love may have venereal disease." Miss Madeiros is suing for \$250,000. *Detroit Free Press* (Bill Kuhnmuensch)

## LIVES OF THE GREAT

THIS MONTH:

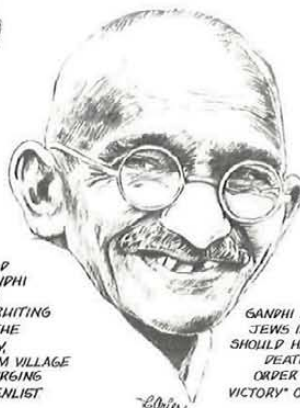
MAHATMA MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

1869-1948

GANDHI'S FULL NAME TRANSLATES AS "GREAT-SOUL FASCINATION-SLAVE ACTION-MOON GROCER."



DURING WORLD WAR ONE, GANDHI ACTED AS AN OFFICIAL RECRUITING AGENT FOR THE BRITISH ARMY, WALKING FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE LURGING INDIANS TO ENLIST



GANDHI BELIEVED THAT THE JEWS IN HITLER'S GERMANY SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THEIR DEATHS VOLUNTARILY IN ORDER TO SCORE A MORAL VICTORY OVER THE GERMANS.



EVERY DAY, GANDHI WOULD ASK HIS TWO CLOSEST FEMALE DISCIPLES, "DID YOU HAVE A GOOP BOWEL MOVEMENT THIS MORNING?"



DISCIPLES AT HIS SEVAGRAM ASHRAM USED TO VIE FOR THE HONOR OF GIVING GANDHI HIS EVENING ENEMA.



IN HIS LATER YEARS, GANDHI OFTEN SLEPT WITH NAKED YOUNG GIRLS IN HIS BED, IN AN ATTEMPT, HE SAID, TO TEST THE STRENGTH OF HIS CHASTITY VOWS.

T

## From the Slush Pile

*The following excerpts have been culled over a period of years from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of (serious) fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous.*

She did not die from the rapist's knife but from the deep wound in her ashamed soul.

"That flag stands for Sir Isaac Newton and Florence Nightingale and Winston Churchill," she said emotionally, "for *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost* and *Lord Jim*—and if you'll excuse my talking shop it also stands for Blackstone and Sir Edward Coke and the Magna Carta."

He went back for another look at the handsome body before the doc arrived.

Mrs. Hawk was only eighty, but she was very set in her ways.

Being only 48 years old, Dan was in the best of health.

She was a willowy, laughing history major and he was a good-looking guy himself.

An endless succession of baby sweaters came from Geraldine's knitting needles.

James would never have believed it could happen but six months went by.

It was a good thing sweat could not be heard breaking out upon a body.

Steve, in his own case, lived a few blocks away from his best friends.

"That just doesn't wash with me," Sandra declared. "I don't know why but I love you deeply, you creep." She broke off to blow her nose, then said, "Still, I'll be damned if I'll sneak around and be your mistress. Either

R

you get rid of her forthwith or we split the sheets."

When the tears started swelling in her eyes, the doctor said, "You need a vacation sometime by yourself just you."

Bobby Franklin's godmother Maisie said that he always gave her the impression of having just stepped off an ironing board.

At first glance she appeared fragile, but her shapely arms below the elbow belied this.

David Manchester was no home body. He liked to spend his days standing in the finish line at the race track.

Jane was bored silly with her job as secretary to the editor of a house organ at a paper cup factory.

The minister was short, with meticulously cut short hair, a frail physique, and a quiet rash above his collar.

With smiling white teeth, she gave all complimentary remarks about her performance a personally gracious "thank you very much."

Joannie's thoughts fell silent.

The sweater was coral and snug, emphasizing her torso's assets.

West Point was in his walk, World War II in his eyes, and the Korean War in his very slight limp.

"Who would want to tie up a 70-year-old woman, burn her fingers and toes with matches, then cut her throat? It's enough to make me want to puke," he said.

Dancing to the strains of a good conservative band was fun though it served no utilitarian purpose.

Men, thirty-five-year-old, Ali-

U

son Nelson, thought to herself, as she fixed her husband, Tom's, breakfast.

Walking normal, using both her arms, everything looked okay, but inside Dorothy was at war.

As time past Joan found she was right and her mother was wrong but that didn't stop Harriet from loving Ted.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Little Jr.?" Little Jr.'s father asked, his mouth smelling like a distillery out of the past.

She collapsed to the floor to the groaning sound of "Jjjjaaaaaaa."

"Why *can't* we have a baby?" Jenny demanded. "Mass., Dela., Mich., and Conn. are the only states where independent adoptions are outlawed."

Insincerity always griveled at her, especially when it surrogated the truth.

He became lost in his scalp, thinking dark thoughts.

After a day went by, Marilyn got restless because she had not heard from William. The telephone remained so still it gathered dust on the dials.

The blood crashing through my veins abruptly ceased its flow. All was now silent. I was dead.

Bob was easy to recognize underwater.

"Should I telephone for help, madam?" the girl asked. Miriam paused, one foot on the lower step, the other on the higher one. "He...lp?" she said.

"You put a good front on," he flattered me. "But you don't fool anyone let alone me."

An ardent sex parasite, I

E

often spent uncanny amounts of money at a time for absolutely enchanting evenings of sexual gusto.

"A telegram from Quantico, Virginia," the operator said.

"He's coming home!" I shouted. "That precious and devoted sergeant is coming home!"

Divorce. The words hit Norma like a brick between the eyes.

Martin knew that under Jeannie's thin veneer of outward convention she was totally naked.

## Masthead

The True Section is edited by P.J. O'Rourke with the assistance of Sean Kelly, Danny Abelson, Ellis Weiner, Wendy Mogel, and Peter Kaminsky. Research Editor: Katrina vanden Heuvel  
Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyon, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard.

Contributions to the True Section are warmly solicited. We will pay \$10 for every True Fact or other true item used, \$20 for black and white photographs, and \$30 for color photos. 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, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the National Lampoon is fictional. Except the ads.*

**T****Bullshit**

"Not just the people of our nation, but all the people of the world have profited from his work," the president concluded. "We will continue to profit from his example."

—*President Carter's eulogy for Wernher von Braun*, N.Y. Daily News, June 18, 1977

"Young's metaphors reach innocently and incessantly to the heavens...his poetic imagery attains a depth and simplicity that match some of the greatest American poetry."

—*John Rockwell's review of Neil Young's American Stars n' Bars album*, The Sunday New York Times, June 19, 1977

"What does Ben Vereen do to 'keep his ego in tow'?"

"I wear an earring in my left lobe. I first had my ear pierced when I was doing the stage version of *Hair* mainly as a protest against the war in 'Nam. And to call attention to human injustice. It's a symbol as relevant today as it was then."

—*Playboy's "Grapevine" section*, June 1977

**R****Spoilers**

*Here're the endings to some current potboilers. Hope this wrecks them for you:*

**BOOKS**

*Condominium* by John D. MacDonald: An unscrupulous developer faces a tenant uprising in the Florida Keys. Hurricane Ella arrives during the confrontation, destroying the substandard structure and killing hundreds, including the developer, whose body is never recovered.

*The Warriors* by John Jakes: Matt is no longer heard from. Michael returns to Hannah. Jeremiah commits a murder, and disappears to protect his family name. Gideon turns Yankee, and Jephthah has Kentville torn down.

*Shanna* by Kathleen Woodiwiss: Shanna marries Roark, a man sentenced to death, in order to avoid marrying the man of her father's choice. However, Roark is vindicated and released to become a

**U**

bondsman for Shanna's father. In the end, Shanna realizes she loves him deeply, not for his fortune (now restored to him) but for himself, and they live happily ever after.

**MOVIES**

*The Heretic*: Richard Burton picks up where fellow priest Max von Sydow left off. This time, he fights the demon that still possesses Regan, as well as a psychiatrist who believes in repressed memories but not God and Satan. Burton goes down fighting.

*Rollercoaster*: George Segal chases psychopath Timothy Bottoms until Bottoms meets his end beneath the wheels of the American Revolution roller coaster.

*Sorcerer*: Four exiles are promised their freedom in return for driving two trucks loaded with nitroglycerin to an oil well fire. Roy Scheider is the only survivor, but is still pursued by men he had crossed years before.

**E****Misc. Quotes**

*Charles, Prince of Wales, on his experience as a volunteer coast guard (Reuters):*

"I found it extraordinarily exciting and rewarding...to be given responsibility as a coast guard on your own to do things which were extremely helpful to everybody else. I remember praying for people to run on the rocks."

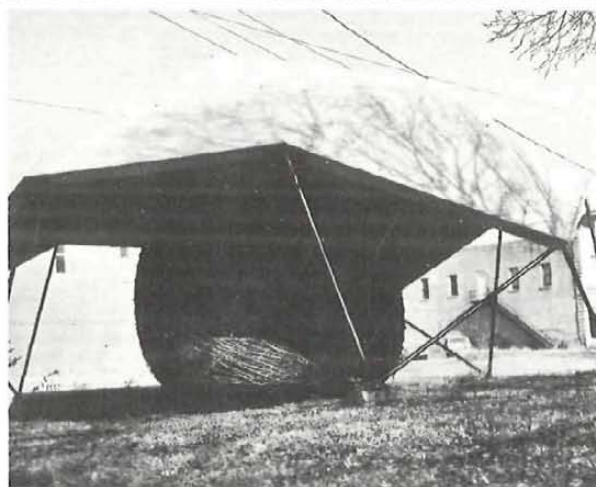
*From Ann Landers's column, 4/14/77:*

"CONFIDENTIAL to On a Clear Day You Can See Catalina: By all means tell her. Women who sit on public platforms should cross their ankles—not their knees."

*From the United Paper Workers union newspaper:*

"Death has claimed Carl Raber...Brother Raber, a Local 1383 member ever since it was chartered in February, 1968, was employed as a towmotor operator by Penland Container.

"Reports Local 1383 Public Relations Editor Linda Boston, 'Brother Raber is gone, but his memory lives on, to be fondly rekindled by his fellow members every time a towmotor passes by.'"



UPI Photo

When Frank Stoeber moved to Cawker City, Kansas, he presented the town with a ball of string containing some 112 million feet of baling twine. The Cawker City Commercial Club placed the sphere on Main Street and built a shelter to protect it. At night, it is lit by floodlights.



UPI Telephoto

Evangelist Hans Mullikin left Marshall, Texas, on March 3, 1976, planning to crawl on his knees to Washington, D.C., as part of a crusade to urge Americans to "Save our nation one way...through prayer." As of this summer, Mr. Mullikin had reached Tennessee.

# What's Your Sign?



photo by Ben Elard



photo by Pedar Ness



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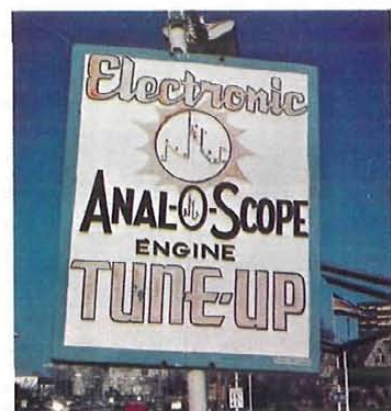


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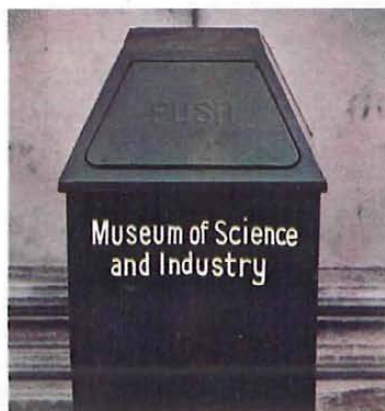


photo by Pedar Ness



photo by Pedar Ness



## YOSSARIAN

continued from page 73

as a character witness. The lieutenant here made the the supreme sacrifice twenty-nine years ago, so his word should certainly count for something, shouldn't it?" Yossarian playfully patted a natively uniformed Nately on his bleeding shoulder. Nately bled all over, which was understandable, since German gunners had blasted Lieutenant Nately out of the sky and into little bits one sunny morning over Ferrara twenty-nine years ago.

Yossarian smiled to see the look of suspicion vanish from Captain Drum's face. A look of terrific anxiety appeared in its stead. Captain Drum could see nobody next to Yossarian. There was nobody there to see. Yossarian, who lately could see somebody where there was nobody, could also see that Lieutenant Nately had changed to look like Yossarian's son, Dagwood, who had forsaken Sweden and his fifty-five-year-old dad to join the Green Berets and shake the hand of Captain John Wayne. Or was it Dagwood who had changed to look like Nately? Or was it a third person they both resembled, neither broad and blond like Dagwood nor dark and slender like Nately, neither dead like Nately, nor live like Dagwood, but a completely different person identical to both?

If Lieutenant Nately alone couldn't win over Captain Drum, Yossarian was prepared to introduce other winning friends dead these twenty-nine years. They had all come back to him, these past few weeks, looking the same now as they did then. Unlike his wife, who had been Dagmar Yossarian until she turned into a suffering Liv Ullman. Not that he blamed her for the change. Hadn't he been launched as John Yossarian, only to be transmogrified into Cadet Yossarian, then Lieutenant Yossarian, then Captain Yossarian, then back to John Yossarian, only to become Captain Yossarian again twenty-nine years later?

At least Dagmar had retained her civilian status, which was really too bad, since she didn't command the rank to order their son back to Sweden. Yossarian, who now commanded the rank but never the affections of his son, wanted Dagwood back in Sweden both to exercise the God-given right of every atheistic Swede to castigate a militaristic United States and to work for his grandfather's munitions company as assistant to his father, John Yossarian.

Yossarian's father-in-law, Gunnar Vorskjold, had owned Vorskjold Weapons Systems when it was only the Vorskjold Ball Bearings Company. At his wedding smorgasbord, a tipsy Yossarian had casually confessed to his father-in-law, "Ya know, Dad, ball bearings give me the willies. Don't get me wrong— yours are swell. But the little buggers used to jam up our gun swivels at the most inconvenient times."

Gunnar Vorskjold took his son-in-law's confession to heart, and a week later convinced a team of impressed French engineers that Vorskjold ball bearings would be just the thing for their new gun swivels. So durably did these ball bearings perform that twenty years later, North Vietnamese were firing their new SNATCH missiles from the same gun swivels.

Yossarian's father-in-law was a sturdy, avuncular, honest gentleman who kept this first arms deal a secret from Yossarian. He realized that his high-strung son-in-law could never appreciate the necessity of arms exports to the splendid economic health that allowed Swedes the leisure to indulge their militant pacifism. It wasn't until 1972 that Yossarian literally

stumbled upon evidence of the transaction.

North Vietnam had invited Yossarian, as one of a group of distinguished humanists and opponents of the American war effort, to tour the North Vietnamese countryside. When their hosts weren't pointing out bombed and blasted hospitals, they would show off the hulks of B-52 bombers and bewreathed field guns. The guns had earned their wreaths by shooting down the American bombers and American flyers. Sometimes they would pass around photos of dead and wounded American flyers.

Even after Yossarian's return to Sweden, he could still feel the paralyzing, guilty fear that had numbed his chest and limbs the day he had stumbled against a vintage 1951 field gun and bumped a stunned eyeball against a genuine Vorskjold ball bearing. From then on, the dead American flyers in the photos were Nately, or Dunbar, or Clevinger, or McWatt. That night and later during the day, he had visions of Nately in pieces, pulling himself together, disassembling, reassembling, breaking up, breaking down the way the bits of

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## YOSSARIAN

continued

a gun swivel might break down.

Actually, the guilty chill had been growing on Yossarian for years. He had first felt it in 1955, a year after the company had changed its name to Vorskjold Weapons Systems, when his father-in-law first diffidently broached the subject to him. "John, my boy, I hope you aren't too upset about our being in the weapons business."

"What weapons business, dad? We make ball bearings—and damn good ones, I'm told," asserted a confident Yossarian.

In truth, there was no good reason at all why Yossarian should have known of the change. As soon as Herr Vorskjold realized what a killing he could make in weaponry, he appointed Yossarian to the important position of Roving Director of Humanism, an important position, because it meant that Yossarian had to spend his time away from the plant, and it was important to Herr Vorskjold's peace of mind that his pacifistic son-in-law stay away from the plant.

Away from the plant, Yossarian had conscientiously passed his working

hours practicing and promulgating humanism. To Yossarian's way of thinking, humanism included whatever it was humans did. Yossarian was a man, men are humans, therefore no matter what he did, he would inevitably further the cause of humanism. A very human Yossarian had devoted his hours to his wife, Dagmar, and their baby boy.

When Herr Vorskjold finally did succeed in disabusing his stunned son-in-law of his pacifist ball bearing notions, Yossarian began to tremble with indignation. "Now, stop trembling with indignation," chided his father-in-law. "After all, we're not dealing with belligerent countries. We're just selling tank treads to France, bombsights to Belgium, and safety pins to Britain."

"Safety pins?!" cried a puzzled Yossarian.

"For the grenades," explained his father-in-law. "Grenades that are giving you a raise in salary."

Yossarian stopped trembling with indignation and started to tremble with guilty, shapeless fear. Within five years, Vorskjold tank treads rolled into Algeria, Vorskjold bombsights zeroed in on the Congo, and Vorsk-

jold safety pins stuck in the sands of Suez, and Yossarian's shapeless fear had acquired the shape of tank treads, bombsights, safety pins, and the unblinking blue eyes of his boy, Dagwood.

Dagwood was a precocious child who despised his pacifist dad and bitterly regretted that he had been born too late and in the wrong country to fight in Europe or Korea. He prayed that another war would erupt by the time he reached eighteen. When the war in Vietnam answered Dagwood's prayers, a frantic Yossarian tried by day to persuade his boy that it took more guts *not* to fight. By night, he prayed that his son might turn into a homosexual sissy.

Yossarian's friends finally took him in hand. They assured him that he had only to give the boy a little breathing space and in no time at all he'd be reading Ibsen and denouncing the United States. A desperate father gave the boy a hemisphere of breathing space by leaving on a humanistic tour of North Vietnam, where he stumbled across those Vorskjold ball bearings.

Although he still drew pay as a humanist, and was even now subscribing for the third time to the Great Books, Yossarian had defected from the ranks of humanism long ago. The way he saw it, humanism meant whatever it was humans did, and one thing they did was to kill other humans. To put distance between himself and humanism, Yossarian had become a bestialist. Claiming a need for solitude, he frolicked every weekend with the ewes and nanny goats up on the Vorskjold family farm. Sheep and goats pleased Yossarian because sheep and goats didn't kill other sheep and goats. That was a philosophical point made many times before, but no sheep or goat had ever made it, and when he ran his fingers through a greasy fleece, he would bless the beast's pliant silence and sigh a relieved sigh as the whine of the B-25 subsided and a dissolving, resolving Nately was blown away by the breeze.

Yossarian returned from Vietnam to find his prayers answered: Dagwood was a homosexual. This fact he construed from a letter his son had sent Dagmar from a Green Beret training camp situated near Danang. The boy's letter was given over to praise of a certain "bronzed and gutsy" Commander \_\_\_\_\_, an officer notoriously partial to eager,

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## These are VEGETARIAN TIMES

golden boys like Dagwood. So strong was his predilection that he pulled strings to have lads shipped to Vietnam before they were properly trained, so that he himself could properly train them in the course of parachute drops into North Vietnam.

Yossarian ran to the consulate to report for duty. Not only would he expiate the Guilt of the Vorskjolds by bombing Italy, but his son would be exempted from fighting, since army regulations precluded fathers and only sons from simultaneous participation in active combat. Captain Drum said he'd get back to him.

Herr Vorskjold wept at his grandson's defection. Not even the wildly successful sales of the new Vorskjold laser-guided ground-to-air SNATCH missile could entirely console him. He had already sold the first 650 SNATCHes to M and M Enterprises, a Swiss holding company fronting for a buyer who turned out to be North Vietnam. A shocked and horrified Herr Vorskjold promptly ordered the missiles packed and shipped. A shocked and horrified Yossarian crammed his fists with two celery-like bunches of dynamite and raced to the gates of the shipping depot. Herr Vorskjold was shocked and horrified to find his maddened son-in-law interfering with the lawful course of business, and promptly had him jailed.

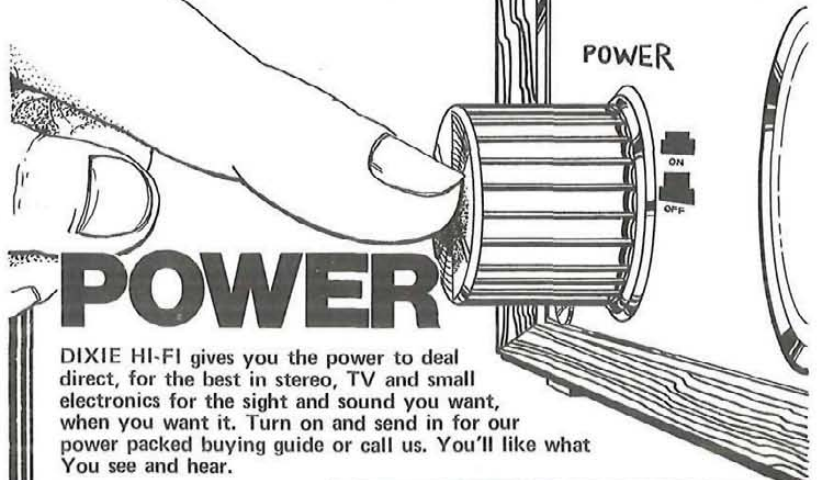
Thirty days later, a rehabilitated Yossarian was restored to society, and a Huey helicopter carrying his son over the DMZ was blown out of the sky by a SNATCH missile.

In Sweden, buses turned into B-25s, Nately-Dagwood exploded and imploded, Swedish women en masse turned into haunted, suffering Liv Ullmans, and a shivering Yossarian was pried loose from a ewe and taken, straitjacketed, to what Yossarian believed was the Starkist Veterinary Hospital to be treated for rinderpest. After only a week of treatment he realized that he was no ram but John Wayne, impersonating a Captain Yossarian, and that the Veterinary Hospital was really a POW camp.

He was John Wayne, and all he had to do to escape was turn his head ever so slightly and blow one of his rugged and irresistible kisses to the prim Liv Ullman operating the shock console, and she would love him and risk her life to help him be free so he could go fight the good fight with his blond-eyed, blue-haired American boy. □



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**BERNIE X**

continued from page 30

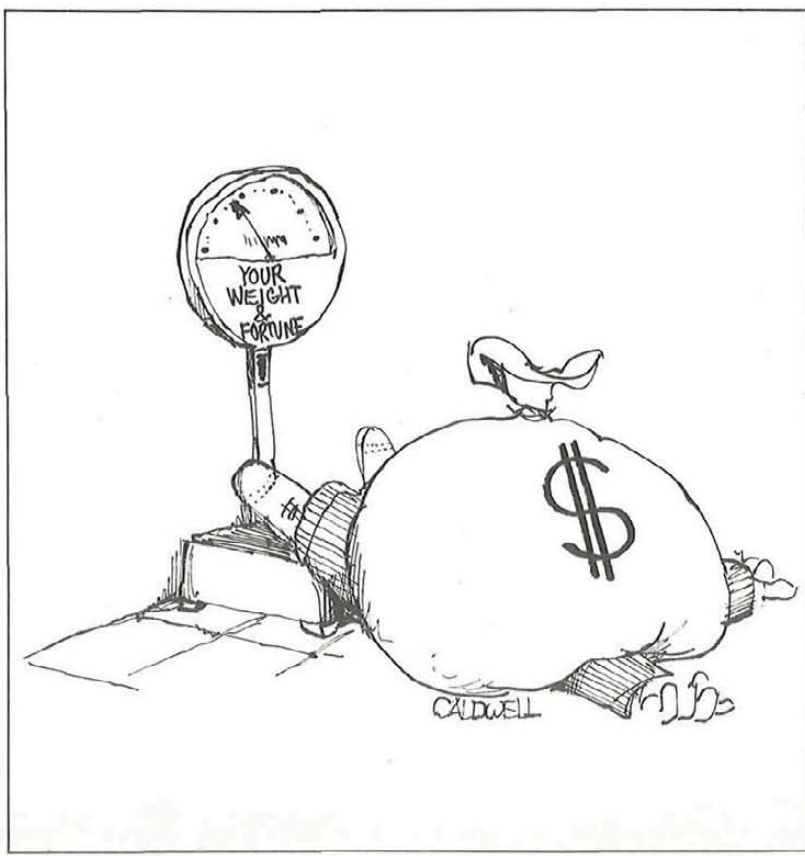
ation was pretty spooky. I mean, I was only fourteen years old, and a kid that age is really horny. So guess what I did next. And I got to admit that it wasn't bad. I had no morals. Besides, he, she, it was really cute, in a dark, Latin, gypsy way.

I later found out that I was much hornier than I thought. Valentino was feeding me Spanish Fly all night in my dinner.

Needless to say, Valentino fell in love with me, but I could never reciprocate. Like I said, he was cute, but he was no Mae West. Very small tits, no hips, very little belly (I like a nice round belly), and his legs were too muscular. Fucking him, her, it once or twice was a novelty, but I didn't want to spend the rest of my life doing it. I had no intention of becoming a prisoner of love.

One night, I'm trying to figure out how to make a break for it, with all those Spanish bodyguard schmucks around. Tino is playing with my whips. He's a fantastic show whipper, flicking cigarettes out of his bodyguard's mouth and all that kind of shit. On a whim, I challenge him to a whip duel. He laughs and flashes his smile and promises not to hurt me.

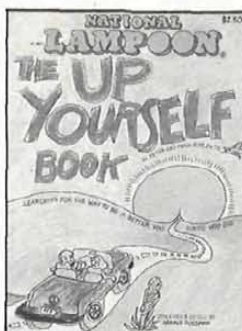
I'm scared shit, but I flick my whip around trying to act tough. The son of a bitch starts to play with me, cutting my clothes to pieces, flicking at my skin to draw just a little blood. He's torturing me slowly, and I can't even get a good shot at him. Finally he starts flicking at my crotch, and that's not nice. One thing I can't stand is guys causing pain to my crotch. I get blind and swing my whip like a madman, breaking his *tchotchkes*. Then, in a wild swing, I hit him right in the nose and cut it right off. Just like that, his nose is hanging there by a piece of skin. He's terrified, and all the bodyguards run over to help. That's my cue. I run like a bitch and just throw my body right out the fucking window, hoping I'm not too high up. I'm the luckiest guy in the world. The apartment was on the second floor, and I happen to land in a big pile of dead chickens. There's a chicken market right next door to Valentino's warehouse. I'm hurt, but not too bad. Just some fractures and a lot of bruises. I manage to get myself to a hospital, where they patch me up. And that was the last time I ever saw Rudolph Valentino. He was a half man, half woman for the rest of his life. You'd never know by his movies. But I knew. I actually fucked him. □



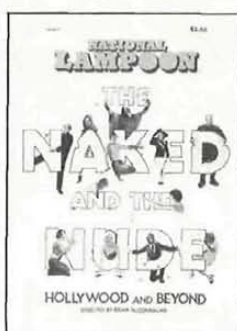
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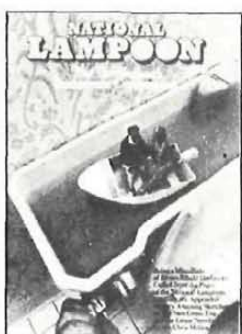
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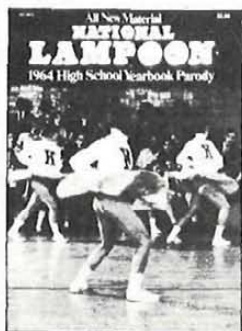
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# Collector's Items



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

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

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *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, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY:** With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Buickmobiles, 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 *Balfart Comics*.

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

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

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

**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 Worst Monster, *Parlourbook*, *Oruyqam*, and Cloo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, 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 Kelauever High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS:** With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*?, Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kick*.

**THE NATIONAL LAMPOON**  
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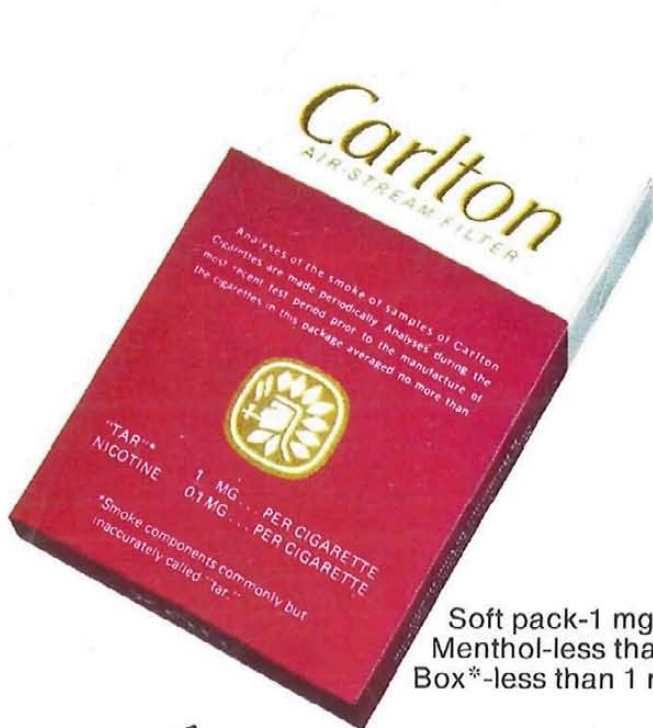
## The 10 top selling cigarettes

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

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

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

\*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



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

# Less than 1 mg. tar.

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