

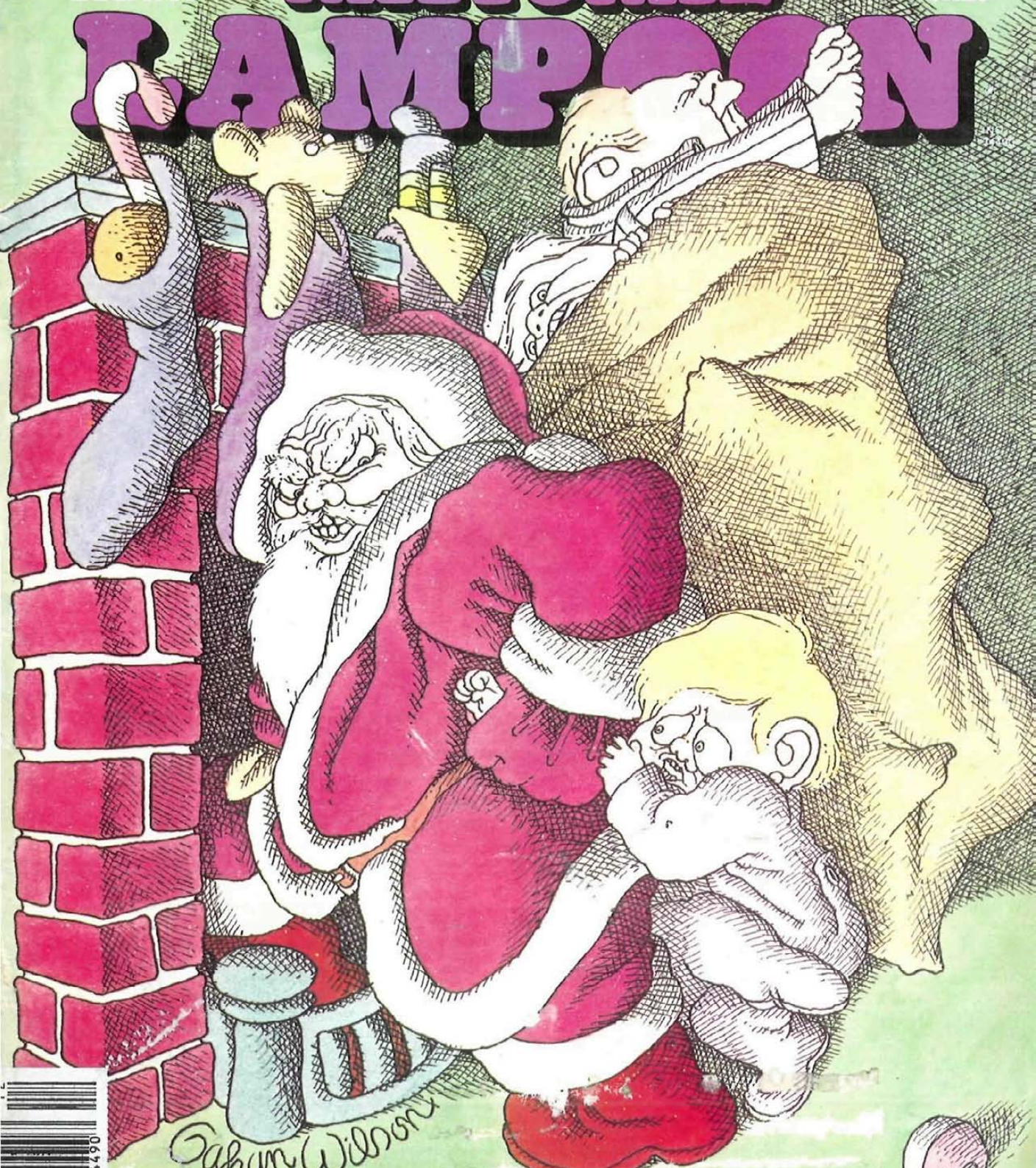
CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

DEC. 1977

\$1.25

# NATIONAL LAMPION



**WITH: CHOLESTEROL-FREE EGGNOG,  
LAST-MINUTE GIFT IDEAS FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE,  
AND DAVID FOOST NIPPING AT YOUR NOSE**



Box or menthol:

# Carlton is lowest.

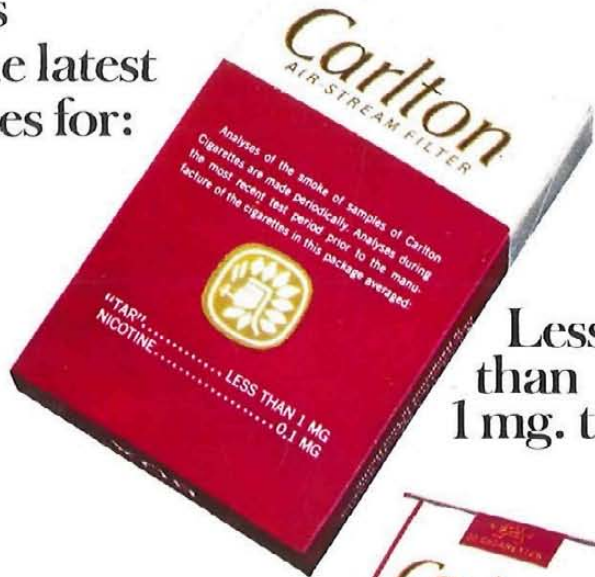
See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
<b>Carlton Soft Pack</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0.1</b>
<b>Carlton Menthol</b>	<b>less than 1</b>	<b>0.1</b>
<b>Carlton Box</b>	<b>less than *1</b>	<b>*0.1</b>

\*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest . . . Carlton Box:

1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Less than 1 mg. tar.

**Carlton**  
*brings you*  
**the lighter**  
**100.**



Only 5 mg. tar.

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

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.

Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

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

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

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

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

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



## Minolta

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

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

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

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



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

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

# HEY, MR. MAGAZINE RETAILER!

We know that some of our past covers have given you "grief"—the ASPCA, the CIA, the Concerned Moms for More Niceness, the Klan, the NAACP have all threatened to boycott you because of us.

And we know that a cover which might be "jake" in some areas of this great country of ours is a "no-no" in others—that what "moves" in a corner kiosk can "bomb" in a superette.

So we're offering you a choice of five, count 'em, five covers to choose from, "running the gamut" from whimsy to "biting" satire. Fold over or tear off the covers you, from experience, know will "offend" those ladies and gentlemen we both long to please, the "consumers."

**Mr. Magazine Retailer:**  
**Thanks, and a merry Christmas on your Christmas, too!**

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

George S. Agolia  
Vice President

# BOLIVAR. GREAT FOR THE PRICE OF GOOD.

If you want beautiful loudspeakers, you could buy Bolivars on their looks alone. But that's not really what makes them so great.

At Bolivar Speaker Works, we put our time and money inside our loudspeakers. Where it does the most good. For instance, Bolivars have the same kind of crossover network found in speakers costing as much as \$500.

Outside, instead of using expensive wood veneers that increase price but not sound quality, we cover our all-wood enclosures with an easy-care vinyl that you'd swear was real Tennessee hickory.

Bolivar speakers come in three high-efficiency bookshelf models. Two 3-ways and one 2-way, priced from \$99 to \$183.

Bolivar. Great for your ears. Good for your wallet.

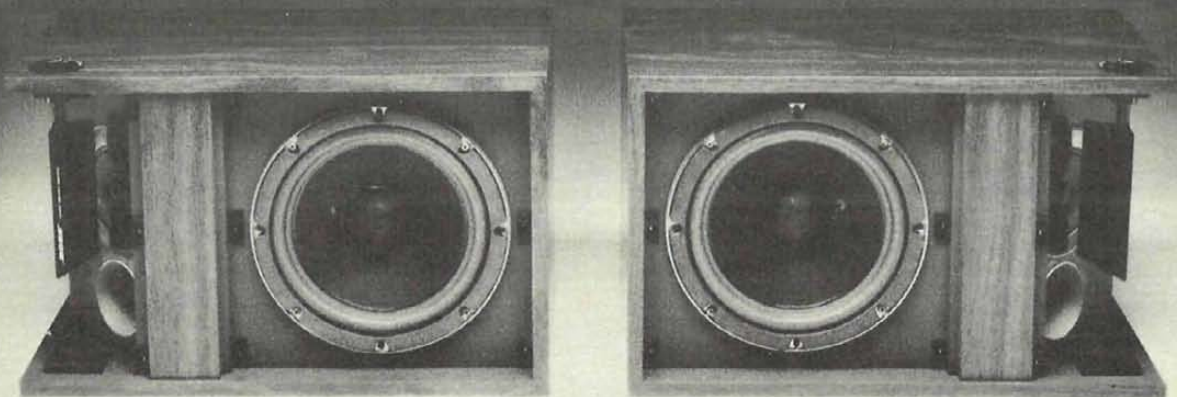


## Bolivar Speaker Works

For complete technical data in plain talk see your nearest Bolivar Dealer

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# Odd Couple.

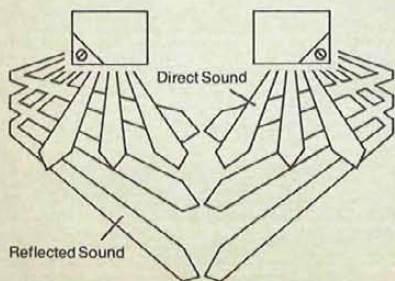


This is a pair of Bose Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® bookshelf speakers with their grilles removed.

What's odd about them might not be immediately obvious, but it's very significant. Unlike most pairs of speakers, they're not identical. Instead, the left-hand speaker is a mirror image of the right-hand speaker.

Bose goes to the extra trouble and expense of making the two speakers of the pair you buy different to provide the proper proportion of reflected and direct sound at high frequencies, a feature unique among bookshelf speakers.

To accomplish this, each speaker is of an "asymmetrical"



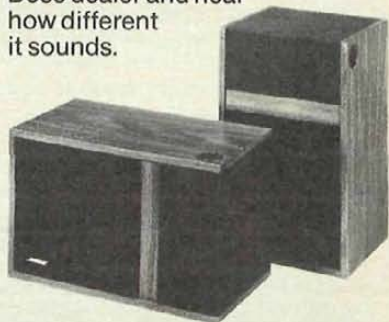
design. As a result, a pair of Model 301s has woofers pointing straight ahead and tweeters angled outward. A large proportion of the high frequency energy is reflected off the side walls and then into the center of the listening room, rather than being aimed directly at the listener. As in a live performance, the listener is surrounded with a balance of reflected and direct sound. This is the same principle used in the Bose 501 and in the new Bose 901® Series III Direct/Reflecting speaker system. The result is extraordinarily open, natural, and spacious sound.

In addition, the Model 301 Dual Frequency Crossover™ network causes the woofer and tweeter to operate simultaneously for more than an octave, providing exceptionally smooth midrange response and an open spatial quality.

With the unique Direct Energy Control, the Model 301 provides excellent performance in a wide variety of rooms, including small apartments and dormitory rooms. And it is truly small enough to fit in a bookshelf.

These features make the Model 301 an unusual speaker with unusually fine performance. Its suggested retail price—a little over \$100 per speaker—makes it an extraordinary value.

You already know the Model 301 looks different from other bookshelf speakers. Now visit a Bose dealer and hear how different it sounds.



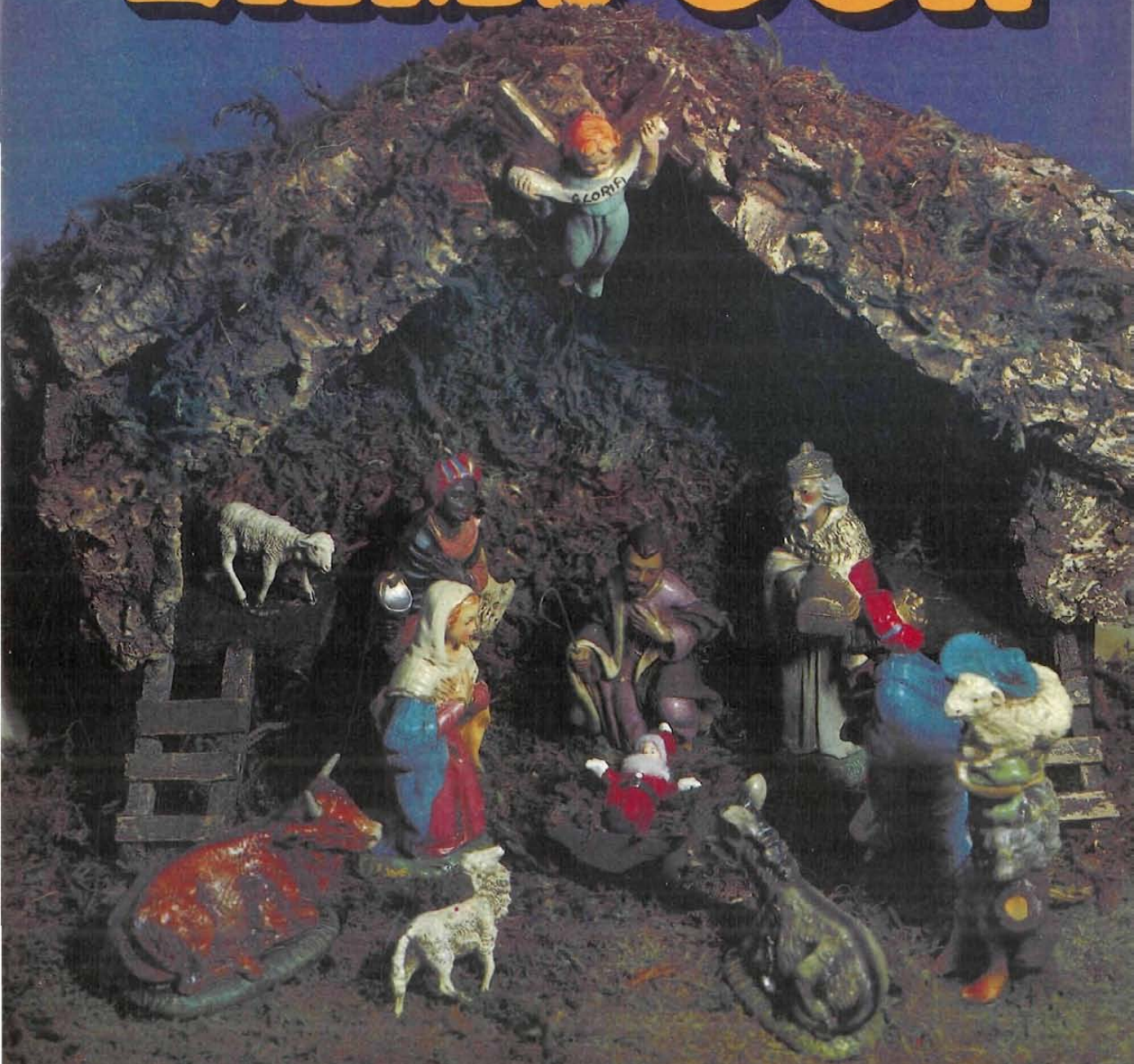
**BOSE®**

Better sound through research.

For a free, full-color brochure on the Model 301, write Bose, Dept. NL10, The Mountain Framingham, Mass. 01701.

Patents issued and pending. Cabinets are walnut-grain vinyl.

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON



And a Happy Yuletide to All Our Friends  
of the Druid Persuasion Issue



## Here's another Empire 698 Turntable dashing off the assembly line.

It takes 15½ hours to make an Empire turntable.  
Each one stands over 80 separate inspections before  
*it reaches the end of the line.*

And after the assembly is done, we test it some more.

Wow and flutter, rumble, and speed accuracy are  
electronically confirmed to meet specifications before  
final approval.

It's not a fast way to finish a turntable, but it's a great  
way to start one.

# EMPIRE

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530

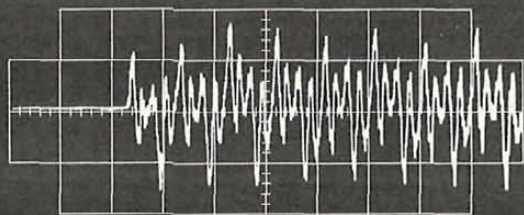


# SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISH NATIONAL LAMP OON

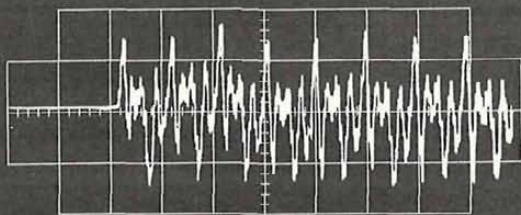
With offish party hijinx, finding a takshi, and knockin' over the fuckin' tree



# Will the real B.B. King please stand up.



B.B. King Live.



B.B. King reproduced by SB-7000A.

What the legendary B.B. King's rapid guitar picking style did for players like Eric Clapton, Mike Bloomfield and Alvin Lee is music history. He fathered a generation of blues-influenced rock guitarists.

But what B.B. King is doing with Technics Linear Phase Speaker Systems is making another kind of history. Hi-fi history.

Look at the waveforms. On the left is B.B. King playing live. On the right is the same music reproduced by Technics Linear Phase SB-7000A.

It's hard to tell the difference. And that's our point. Technics Linear Phase Speaker Systems are the first speaker systems with not only a wide frequency response but also flat amplitude and complete linearity. And that makes them the first speaker systems capable of reproducing a musical waveform that's virtually a mirror image of the original.

How did we do it? First by conducting exhaustive amplitude and phase studies in acoustically perfect chambers. Then by developing a unique new phase-

controlled crossover network that not only compensates for the time delays caused by different frequencies but simultaneously corrects any acoustic differences in the drivers. And finally by staggering each driver unit for the optimum acoustic position.

Technics Linear Phase SB-7000A, SB-6000A and SB-5000A. For music that sounds as it was originally played.

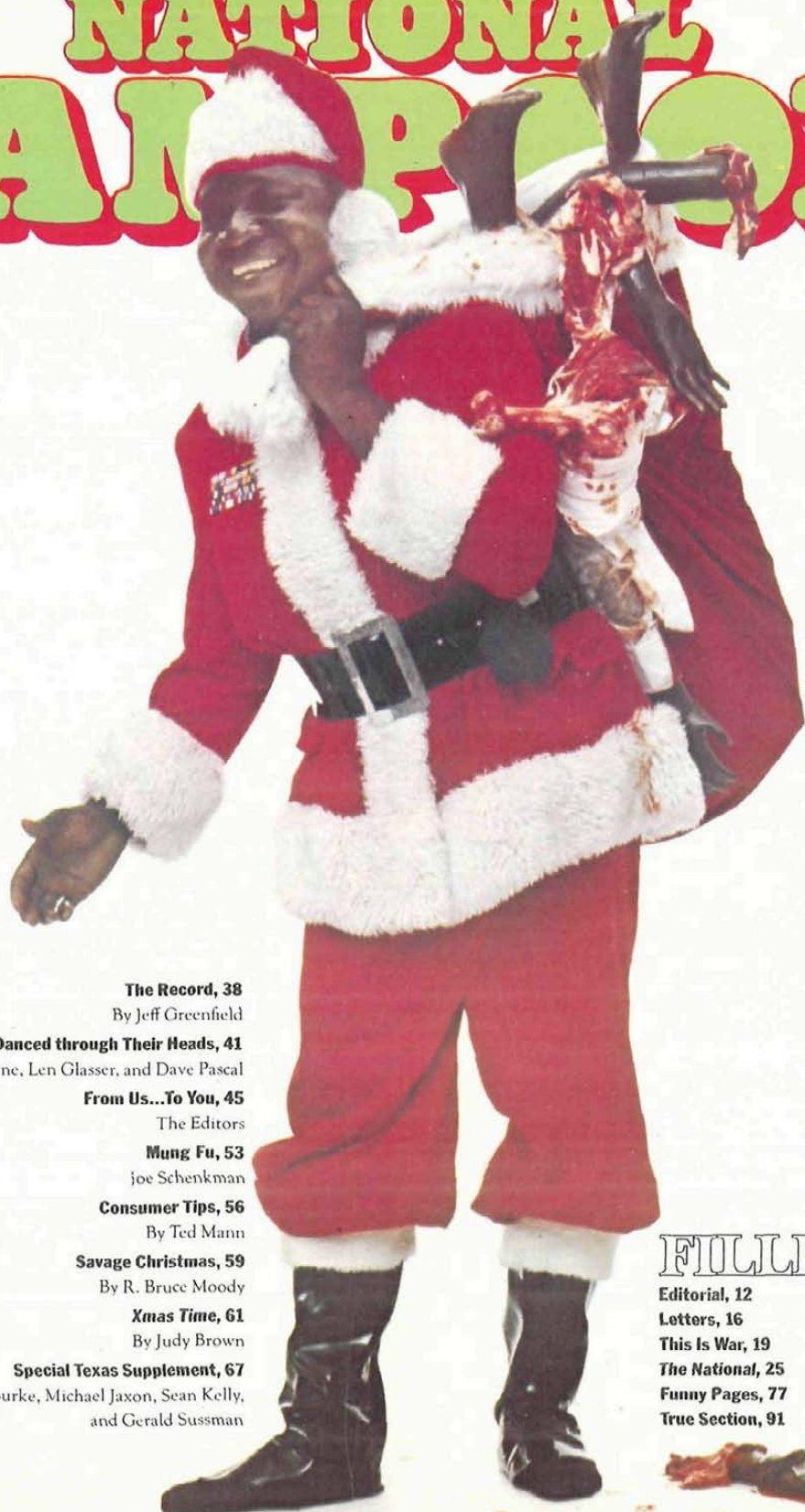
**Technics** Professional Series  
by Panasonic



Special White Christmas Issue

# NATIONAL LAMP LAMP

Vol. 1, No. 93



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# EDITORIAL

**T**he most cursory persual of this, our Christmas issue, will persuade the reader that we at *NatLamp* have joined the vulgar commercial ranks of those who ignore the real meaning of Christmas, concentrating upon Santa Claus, trees, presents, cards, parties—"getting and spending," as Wordsworth put it in his sonnet, *The World Is Too Much with Us*.

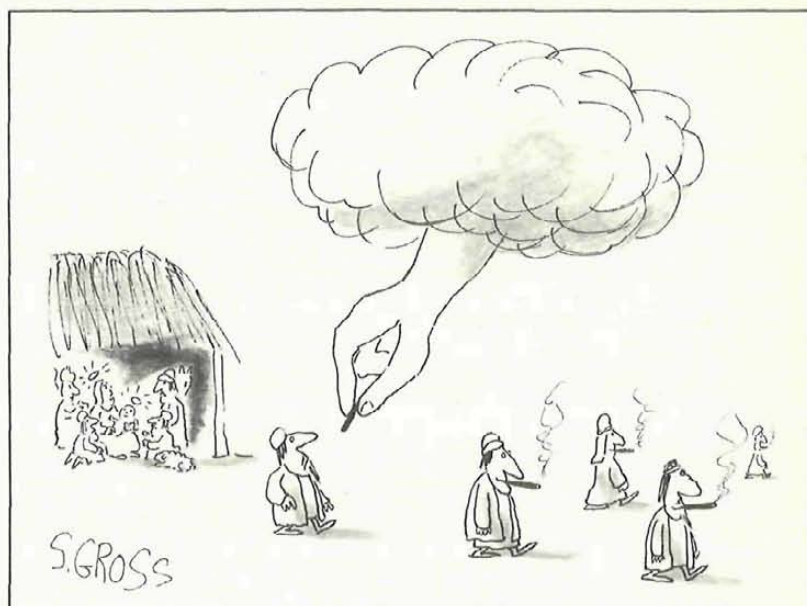
**N**ow, most of us on the editorial side at the magazine had religious upbringings, and entertain deep feelings and beliefs about the annual celebration of the birthday of the one held by many to be the Savior of mankind.

**A**nd we would fain share our views—humorously, of course, for this is a humor magazine—with you, upon this occasion. Indeed, many of you, in the past, expressed an interest in such features as *Son o' God* comics, *Sermonette*, and *Jessica Christ*. Our two issues on the theme of religion drew much mail, pro and con.

**B**ut we are not, alas, free to deal with religious subjects in our magazine, despite what we all learned in our civics class about the amended Constitution. For there is made flesh and dwelling among us a group entitled Citizens Against Sacrilege in the Media, who have taken it upon themselves to protect your deity and theirs from libelous attacks.

**N**ow, one might assume that of all the beings in the cosmos, the Supreme One might be most capable of defending Himself, having at his disposal lightning bolts, sudden crevasses, avalanches, and such other methods of retribution as are recognized even by insurance companies as "acts of God." Yet Citizens Against Sacrilege in the Media has humbly volunteered to help the First Cause and Prime Mover in keeping His name from being taken in vain.

**T**hey have seen to it that the publisher of this magazine is



threatened with prosecution in the two great states of New Jersey and Massachusetts, where "blasphemy" is a crime, and, presumably, convicted blasphemers are branded with a scarlet B.

**I**n their zeal to assure God's good name, the CASITM write letters, or cause letters to be written. In the cases of TV shows ("Maude," "Soap," "Welcome Back Kottler" have all sinned against the light), networks, sponsors, and stations get letters from members of the public who presumably know in advance that material in a program they have not yet seen will be offensive to their Creator, and, by extension, to themselves.

**I**n the case of our magazine, our advertisers get letters threatening a boycott of their products should they continue to appear in our blasphemous pages, and many thousands of newsstand outlets in the United States and Canada now refuse to carry copies of the *National Lampoon*, as a result of pressure from CASITM.

**A**s for us, why, we're just a gang of zany, off-the-wall, madcap, devil-may-care humorists with mouths to feed. Don't count on us to play the martyrs and suffer for your

rights to freedom of speech and religion. We need markets and advertisers, and we don't intend to spend the remainder of our lives wandering the halls of the Supreme Court with rickets and writs.

**S**o if and when some people want to deny your girl friend an abortion, or your mum the right to work, or jail your buddy for what he shouted when he hit his thumb with a hammer, that's *your* lookout.

**A**nd if the nation's Christians are willing to have their franchise usurped and opinions expressed by a self-appointed vigilante group with a letterhead, that's *their* lookout.

**B**ut, seeing as it's a loving time of year, and the Citizens Against Sacrilege in the Media is very fond of mail, it mightn't hurt to dip your pen in sunshine, and let them know how grateful you feel to them for keeping you from reading or seeing things that mightn't be good for you. Any mail sent to them care of us, at 635 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York 10022, will be forwarded with our mutual best wishes.

**M**eanwhile, at the *National Lampoon*, God remains a sacred cow.

S.K.

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

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



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

Winston King Winston 100's.

# The luxury a difference:

Sansui's new 9090DB top-of-the-line receiver adds Dolby to its other luxury credentials — big power, an extremely fine tuner section and great versatility. The Dolby circuitry will not only decode Dolby FM broadcasts: it can also encode and decode tape

recordings for reduced noise and hiss.

And, of course, with the Sansui 9090DB you can creatively determine just how you like your music. In addition to bass and treble controls, with turnover selectors for 150 Hz/300 Hz and 1.5 kHz/3 kHz respectively,

## The Sansui 9090DB.

### AUDIO SECTION

#### POWER OUTPUT

125 watts per channel, min. RMS,  
both channels driven into 8  
ohms from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz,  
with no more than 0.1% total  
harmonic distortion.

### FM SECTION

#### FM SENSITIVITY

9.8 dBf (1.7  $\mu$ V)

#### SELECTIVITY

better than 85 dB

#### SIGNAL TO NOISE RATIO

better than 70 dB

#### SPIRIOUS

#### RESPONSE REJECTION

better than 85 dB

\* Dolby is a trademark of  
Dolby Laboratories Inc

Simulated woodgrain cabinet



A whole new world of beautiful sound.

**Sansui**

**SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.**

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan • SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • In Canada: Electronic Distributors

# receiver with Dolby.\*

there is also a midrange control. High and low filters. A tone defeat for bass and treble. A loudness switch and 20 dB audio muting switch. For added creative freedom, two tape monitors and a mic mixing circuit with separate level control. Two tuning meters,

as well as twin power meters that also serve for Dolby tone calibration.

Listen to the 9090DB. Handle its superbly smooth controls. See how they respond to your slightest command. We know you will fall in love with Sansui.





Sirs:  
Well, I finally got a pony for Christmas. But I'm thirty-eight and live in an apartment.

Tommy Harris  
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:  
When the Irish first arrived here as immigrants, we bussed their children all over the city so that there would be an even distribution of Irish throughout our public school system. Like fuck, we did. Now will you get these jigaboos out of here?

Louise Day Hicks  
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:  
Never give a breaker an even suck.  
Lil' Beaver  
CB Channel 19  
Down and Gone

Sirs:  
Did you hear about the Polish hijackers? They took a million dollars on a flight to Algeria and demanded hostages and a gun.

Edward Gierek  
First Secretary of the  
Communist Party  
Warsaw, Poland

Sirs:  
And the government of Poland gave in to our demands.  
Polish Terrorist Hijackers  
Algiers

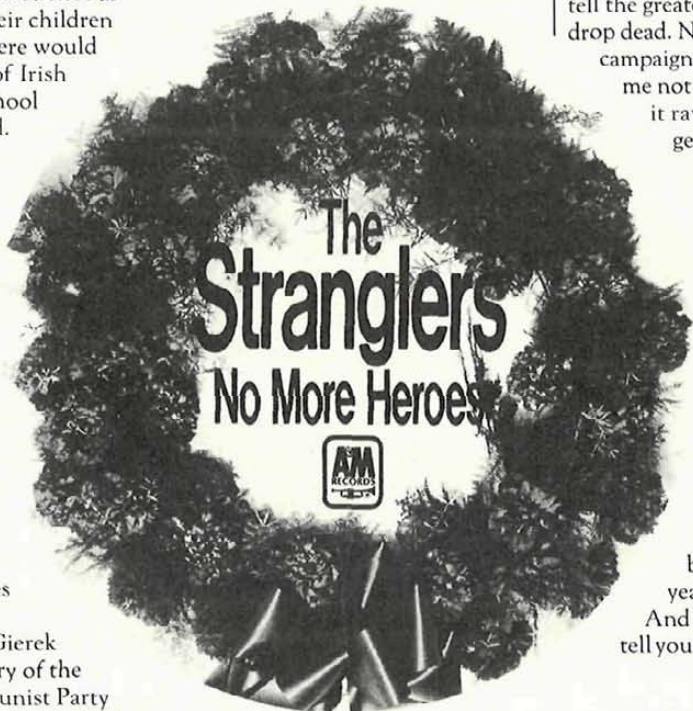
Sirs:  
Don't worry about us. We're dead.  
Harry Truman  
Richard Farina  
Fiorello LaGuardia  
Babe Zaharias Didrikson  
Champagne Tony Lema  
Wiley Post

Sirs:  
Any more jokes about my breath freshener and my wife's first name and I'll come perform live in your living

room.  
Mick Jagger  
London, England

Sirs:  
Nancy Adler Howard is one of the most beautiful women in London.  
An Anonymous Editor of  
This Letters Column

Sirs:  
If you figure in paper, printing, salaries, and overhead, it costs about a quarter of a million dollars to put out an issue of the *National Lampoon*. There are approximately 100 pages in each issue, and there are thirty column inches to each page. The above letter took up three-quarters of a column inch, and I want you to realize



that it has just cost slightly more than \$62 for a certain unnamed editor to publish a personal message for his own selfish reasons in this magazine.  
Chuck  
Down in Accounting

Sirs:  
Are you sick of us? Well, all the lawyers and psychiatrists still think we're swell.  
Gregg and Cher Bono and Allman  
The Nut-Hatch and Expensive Hotels

Sirs:  
Float like a bond issue,  
Sting like the price of a ringside ticket.  
Muhammad Ali  
Counter-Punching  
All the Way to the Bank

Sirs:  
Is this your idea of a joke?  
Sam Bottle  
Mattoon, Ill.

Sirs:  
Stop me if you've heard this one...

Sirs:  
What do you get when you put Jerzy Kosinski and Roman Polanski together? The original ten-foot Pole you wouldn't touch anybody with.  
Greg Luzinski  
Little Bull Run, Wyoming

Sirs:  
Regarding the charge that I've reneged on my campaign commitment to provide aid to New York City: if you recall, my promise was to never tell the greatest city in the world to drop dead. No one associated with my campaign ever said anything about me not telling New York to "eat it raw," "go fuck itself," or generally "get bent."  
President Carter  
Washington

Sirs:  
Oy, you should only have our headaches. Who knew? The whole country is *meshugga*. You don't know from trouble till you live here, let me tell you! Would you believe it, I can't even get *candles*? Worse yet, my son—such a nice, beautiful boy—left last year to go live in Holland. And I'm not kidding when I tell you he never comes to visit me.  
Soviet Dissident  
Local 18, Needle Trades  
Soviet Union, AFLCIO

Sirs:  
My colleagues and I have been studying the question, "If Gloria Steinem and a full-grown sewer rat leaped off the Empire State Building at the same time, who would strike the earth first?" After many hours of thought, and with the aid of the computers at the lab here in Pasadena, we have determined that the answer would be, "Who cares?"  
Carl Sagan  
Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:  
Record Company executives only love you when they're recording records. Producers only love you when they're producing.

continued



# "Senor, making good tequila is like looking for a good woman."

"It's the little things that count." Two Fingers reportedly muttered those words to an admirer in Oklahoma.

Of course, the attention to details he gave his Two Fingers Tequila paid off handsomely in the mid-30's. Everywhere he drove his truck, his tequila proved to be an instant hit.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he was known to boast. "Then I put my special 'touch' to it."

He never told what that "touch" was. Just like he rarely talked about Honey, his companion—and the one person he seemed to give a lot of attention to.

People don't remember much about her—except her eyes. "If you're looking for a

good woman, look at her eyes," Two Fingers once commented.

Later he winked and supposedly said: "I watch those eyes like I watch the tequila in my distillery. A little sparkle means everything's just right."

Honey appears to have stayed with Two Fingers through thick and thin—almost up to the very end.

Our sources say Two Fingers made his last trip north of the border near the end of the 30's.

When he turned his truck south again, people along the route reported the rider's seat was empty.

Rumor has it Honey remained behind to visit relatives. That doesn't seem too likely, however.

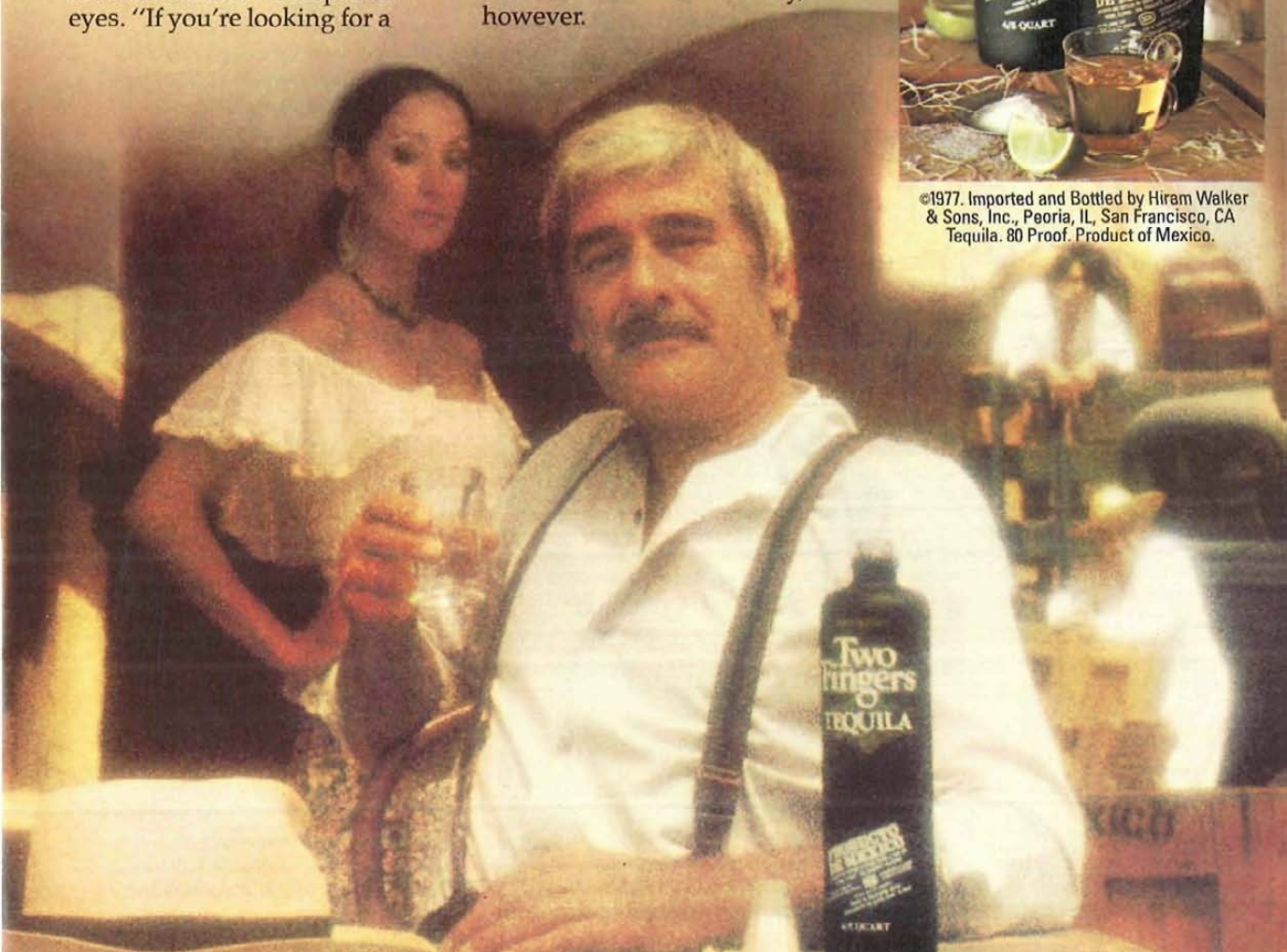
Maybe that's why Two Fingers never came north again.

Whatever the case, they don't make them like Two Fingers and Honey anymore.

But luckily Two Fingers Tequila lives on.



©1977. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, IL, San Francisco, CA  
Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.



# Our new AD cassette takes the normal bias position to extremes.



Our new AD delivers superior performance, especially at the critical high-frequency range where many mid-priced and even premium-priced cassettes tend to fall off too quickly.

In the "normal" bias/EQ position, AD provides the lowest noise, highest frequency response and widest dynamic range of any pure ferric oxide cassette we've ever produced.

AD can bring its audible benefits to all cassette decks, with and without switchable bias/EQ.

We think it's the finest pure ferric oxide cassette tape you can buy. And we back it with a full life-time warranty.

Available in 45, 60, 90 and 120 minute lengths.

**TDK**  
The machine for your machine.

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

## Introducing Sound Pumps.<sup>TM</sup> A little hi-test for your ears.



Panasonic Sound Pumps are the car speakers that can really sound off. Because their high-frequency equalizer gives you rich, clear sound. The large magnet can sustain 20W peaks. The lightweight aluminum voice coil means excellent overall efficiency. And when you team them with Panasonic Component Systems<sup>SM</sup> and In-Dash Systems, heavy sounds get even heavier.

Panasonic Sound Pumps. Two sizes, 6"x9" or 5 1/4" with 10-oz. or 20-oz. magnets. Both pump out hi-test for your ears.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

### LETTERS

continued

*Rack jobbers only love you when they're jobbing racks.*

*Accountants only love you when they're doing your taxes.*

Fleetwood Mac  
Available on LP, Tape, or Cassette

Sirs:

*Frank the gambler said to Louie the King,*

*I got forty red, white, and blue shoestrings*

*And a thousand telephones that don't ring*

*Can you tell me where I can get rid of these things?*

*And Louie said, yes, I think it can be very easily done*

*Or, at least, you can get rid of half of them due*

*To California's community property laws.*

Mrs. Bob Dylan  
Out in Divorce Court No. 61

Sirs:

*I got sunshine on a cloudy day,  
When it's cold out, I even got the month of May*

*I guess you'd say*

*What can make me feel this way?*

*Well, I'm on vacation in the Bahamas*

Happy Tourist  
Nassau, B.I.

Sirs:

*Breaking up is hard to do...*

Canada

Sirs:

*Kind of a drag, when your baby says good-bye...*

Alice Crimmins  
Parole

Sirs:

*She was too young to fall in love  
And I was too famous to deport...*

Roman Polanski  
Probation

Sirs:

*Why don't we do it in the road?*

All the Dogs in New York City

Sirs:

*Will you please tell PJ, to quit listening to records and get busy writing the letters column?*

A Reader

Sirs:

*If you were to punch a grinning gypsy right in the face, would you be striking a happy medium? Now, now.*

Keats & Chapman  
Puns to the Trade (Wholesale Only)  
Pun District, N.Y.

THIS IS

# WAR

by Slouch Hooligan,  
War Correspondent



I flew into New York six months ago, ordered to report to the main office by editor Mann. He was anxious to appear for the defense in the case of Daniel Patrick Moynihan v. *National Lampoon*.

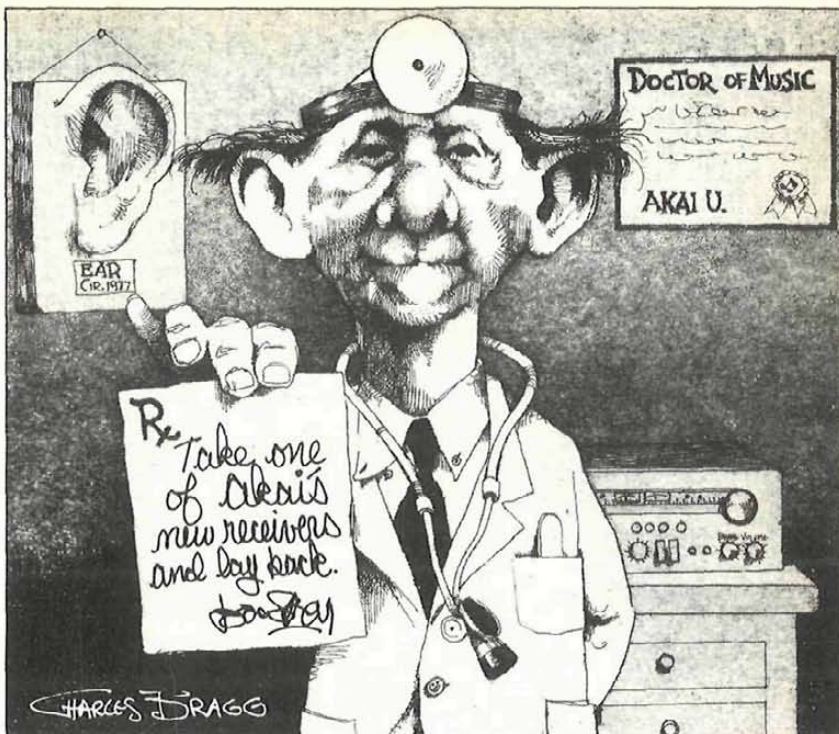
Naturally, I was all too willing to testify in the interests of justice (with expenses) to clear the good name of the magazine and my column, which had resulted in the bringing of suit.

However, shortly after my jet bounced into Kennedy, a statement regarding Mr. Moynihan's account with the National Money Bank of Djibouti came into the hands of the magazine, apparently mailed to the wrong address, and Mr. Moynihan was persuaded not only to drop his own suit but to purchase a nice Harris tweed one for Mr. Mann.

After arriving at the airport, I was met by a tall, hatchet-faced fellow dressed in *National Lampoon* livery. He escorted me to the company limo, a sleek Eldo which rested by the yellow curb at Kennedy. Its engine was running, and the thin blue smoke blowing from the back pipe reminded me of the perfumed Gauloises blown in my face the night before by a sixteen-year-old cocotte in the Jacques Club on the Rue D'Plonk in Paris's Vin Ordinaire District.

Hatchet-face drove as quickly and as carelessly as a drunken Congressman, but at least he was heading in the right direction; toward Tim Costello's bar, where this scribe spent many an evening hoisting a jar with the likes of Joe Liebling, James Thurber, and the estimable Colonel Stingo. It had been three years since I had seen the inside of the fabled store, having been forced to go abroad after unfounded allegations of libel cut short a promising comeback for a New York daily. Since that day three years ago, when this magazine ac-

continued on page 22



## INTRODUCING SIX WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HEARING.

AKAI introduces just what the doctor ordered to improve your hearing: six great-sounding receivers that put real heart into your system, whether you listen to tape, records or FM.

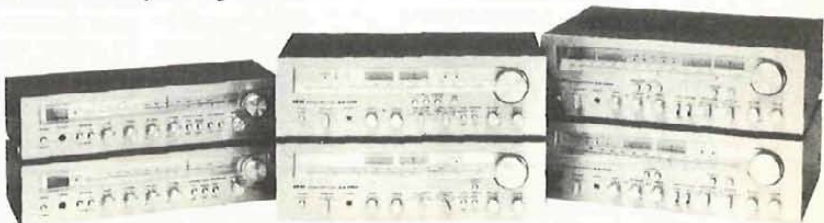
Choose from six power ranges — 15 to 120 watts per channel — with suggested retail prices from \$179.95 to \$629.95. So now, no matter what receiver you want — a good basic unit or a unit with all the features an audiophile demands — AKAI's for you. You can feel confident that dollar for dollar, spec for spec, you're getting the true-to-life sound you expect from the

name AKAI. And a receiver that delivers better tuner sensitivity and less distortion at all volume levels is what a good receiver is all about.

Compare performance, features, design and value at your AKAI dealer. And start hearing what you've been missing.

Model	Watts/ RMS	OHMS	Power Band Width	Total Harmonic Distortion
AA-1115	15	8	40-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.5%
AA-1125	25	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.3%
AA-1135	35	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.2%
AA-1150	50	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.1%
AA-1175	75	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%
AA-1200	120	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%

# AKAI



ART COLLECTORS:

For an 18" x 24" reproduction of this Charles Bragg etching suitable for framing, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. NL, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224. ATTN: Doctor.

# 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.

So Pioneer did just that.

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

Component high fidelity. Made simple by Pioneer.

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood 2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band	40 - 30,000 Hz	20 - 20,000 Hz	40 - 20,000 Hz	20 - 20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion (smaller is better)	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity (smaller is better)	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation (larger is better)	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio (smaller is better)	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity (larger is better)	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Total Suggested Retail Price*	\$429.95	\$719.85	\$651.95	\$669.80

Check the specs before you buy anything else. Centrex compares favorably with these typical audio store component packages. And by the way, did you notice the prices?

\*Source: Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide/Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price as of April 1, 1977.

*Specifications and prices subject to change without notice.*

*The low-mass tone arm has a light-tracking moving-magnet ADC cartridge, with pressure and anti-skate adjustments. Damped cueing lets you put it all right where you want it. Softly and gently.*

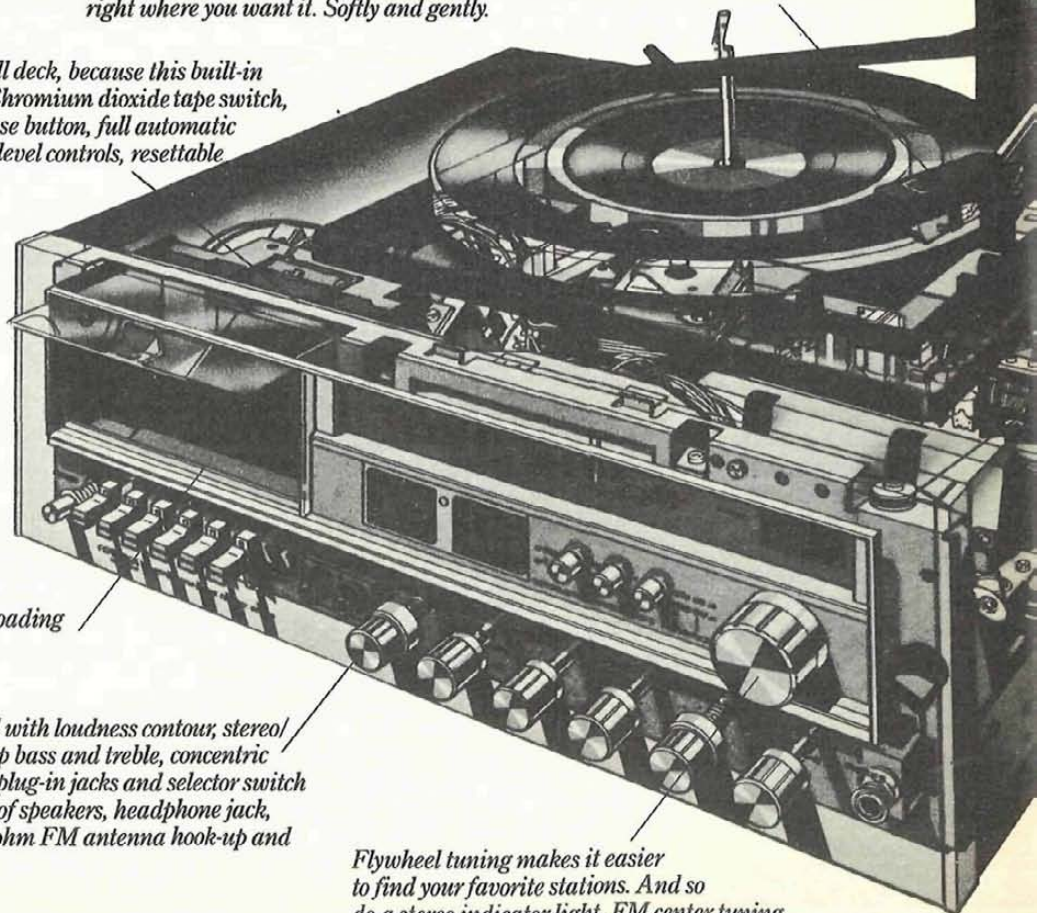
*You'll be playing with a full deck, because this built-in cassette model has it all. Chromium dioxide tape switch, fast-forward, rewind, pause button, full automatic shut-off, concentric record level controls, resettable tape counter. The works. (8-track also available.)*

Model KH-7766

*Professional-style front-loading design is where it's at.*

*You're in total control with loudness contour, stereo/mono switch, click-stop bass and treble, concentric volume and balance, plug-in jacks and selector switch for an additional set of speakers, headphone jack, auxiliary input, 300 ohm FM antenna hook-up and meters galore.*

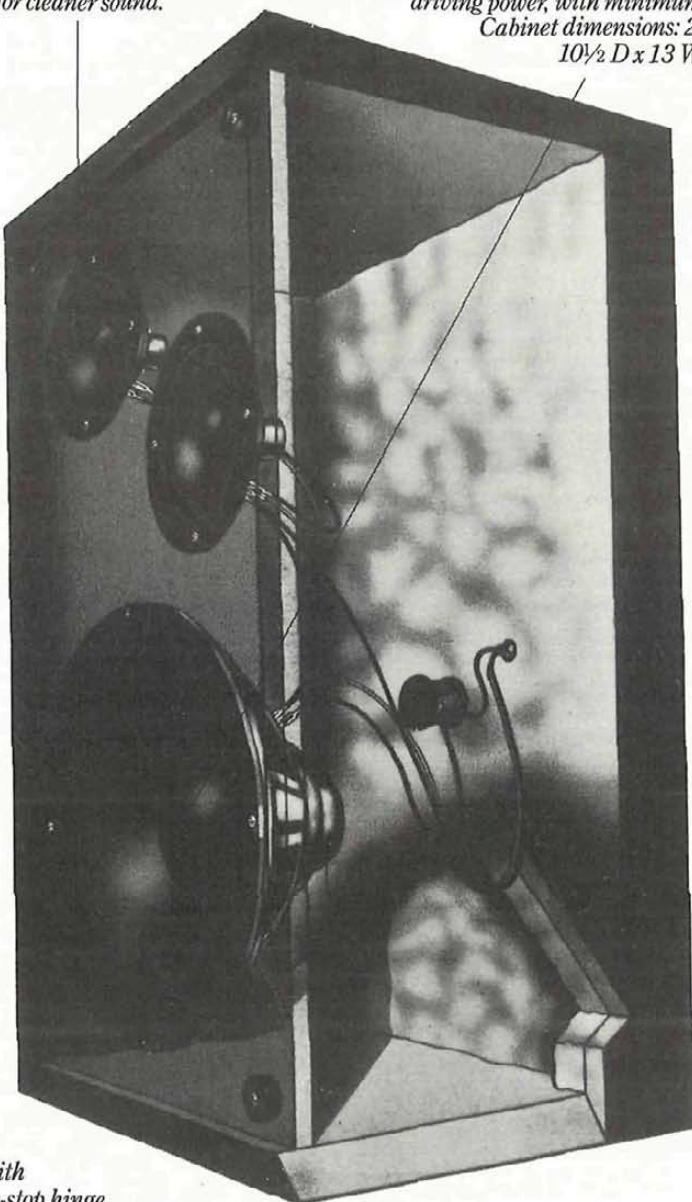
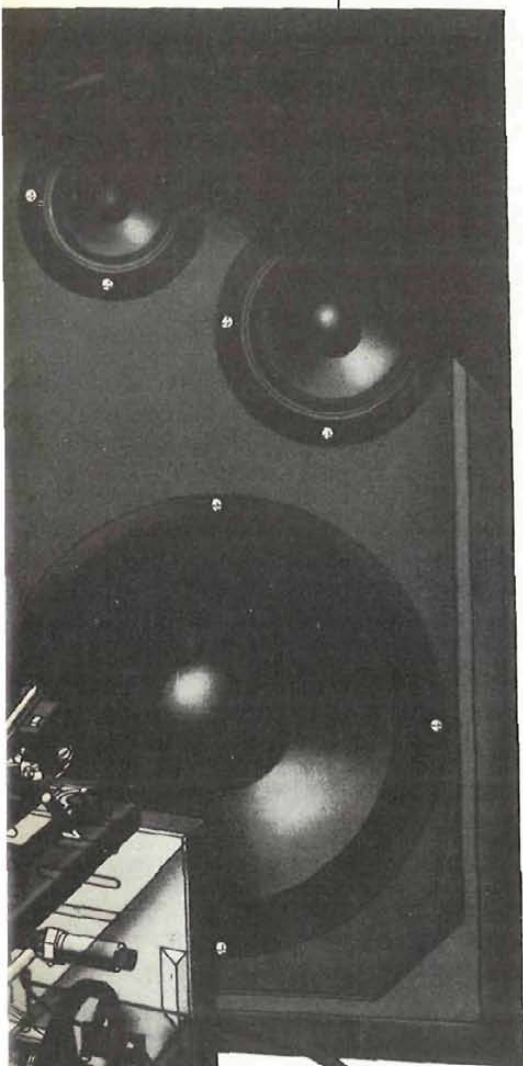
*Flywheel tuning makes it easier to find your favorite stations. And so do a stereo indicator light, FM center tuning meter and FM muting switch.*



*This full-range, 3-way speaker system is controlled by a precise frequency divider network. So it always puts out powerful, yet clean sound. A 4-inch mid-range speaker has crisp, clear audio response.*

*It's hard to reproduce high notes any better than this efficient 3-inch tweeter. Special knitted grille fabric is acoustically transparent for cleaner sound.*

*No 3-way speaker system is any better than its woofer. And this big 10-incher is perfectly matched to the power output of the amplifier. So you get maximum driving power, with minimum distortion. Cabinet dimensions: 22½ H x 10½ D x 13 W inches.*



*A sensitive automatic 3-speed changer handles your records with loving care. Dust cover with free-stop hinge included, too.*

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



Now that you've read all about our new Centrex Stereo Systems, why not give them the real test? Your Pioneer dealer is waiting to prove you no longer need components to have component stereo.

**CENTREX**  
by PIONEER

For more information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 23, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.

quired my services at a rate envied industry-wide, I've filed from half the civilized world and a number of African and Arabian towns as well.

You can imagine my surprise and disgust when, upon opening Costello's door, I was struck by changes about as subtle as a publisher smiling at a dollar. The place was full of foreigners! Australians, Englishmen, Canadians; it was like an officers' Stalag behind Kraut lines in the Big One.

I learned from a dapper little antipodean who gave his name as Reporter Dunleavy that not long after I had left, the *Post* was purchased by Rupert Murdoch, an Australian press common whose Christian name sounds like a brand of beer used by early settlers to kill Indians. He told me all the old guys were gone—Rick O'Bossebag working for *Progressive Grocer*, Stumble Caevney dead after a brutal multiple moped accident brought on by job-loss-related drinking. Slouch Hooligan, he added, is probably dead, too. Nobody's seen him for years....

I ended up at the bar waiting for Mann. I found myself throwing down bourbon like I was the bucket brigade

at an orphanage fire, and the drinks were having about as much effect as a cup of tea dumped down a volcano. I can't remember being that angry since old Dougall Guzzle, then managing editor of the *Telegraph*, refused to honor my expense claim for passage home on the Guinness beer tanker. I argued, and rightly, that no matter how many times I crossed the Atlantic by accident my intention was to come home, and they should pay for it. To top all, the man standing next to me at the bar was possessed of cerebral arteries so thin that the red and white cells in his bloodstream had to queue up to feed his brain. The cretin kept mumbling rather loudly about Faucet-Majors and Caroline Kennel Ration.

It was about this time that Mann arrived with another fellow named O'Rourke. Mann asked where the chauffeur was, and I told him that in accordance with the instructions I had found on the card he had taped to the back seat, I had locked the man in the trunk. The card had said the driver suffered from some polysyllabic nut condition and had to be locked in the trunk. He had struggled a bit, as did O'Rourke, who was restrained by Mann upon learning I had

locked his father in the car. Mann suggested we leave for a tour of the town, and invited Reporter Dunleavy along, but he was unfortunately unable to attend, being very important right then.

As we drove uptown, Hatchet-face O'Rourke Sr.'s vision being scarcely improved by his dark confinement, I sought to divert Mann from his prayers with a few tales of my African adventures.

I told him how once, in Kenya during the time of Kenyatta's Mau Mau, I had stood inches away from the point of a bloodstained assegai gutting sword held menacingly in the hands of the curator of the National Museum in Nairobi. I told of awakening in the broiling sun of the Congo to find an ant crawling all over my body, and of my headlong dash to the swimming pool to wash off the lotion that had attracted it. A day in a stateroom without ice—trapped by a faulty lock...a maddening whirl of blazing heat, white light, and air that was by turns a steam bath or a sauna. O'Rourke was so overcome he passed out, and was only revived by the smell of the hair tonic blowing off a swarthy Jew outside Elaine's restaurant.

continued

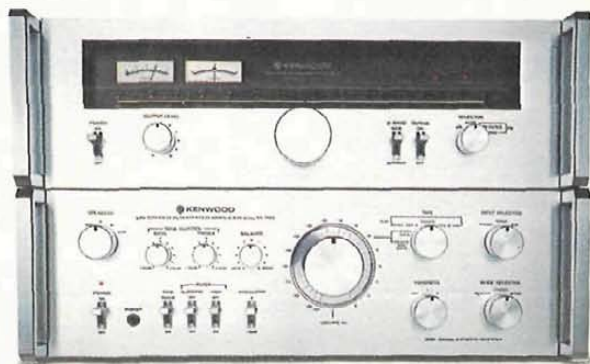
# The 1980 Kenwoods.

The new KA-7100 integrated DC amplifier and KT-7500 tuner give you performance unheard of in other separate amps and tuners, as well as giving you performance and features that will remain elusive in receivers for quite a while.

The KA-7100 has the lowest total harmonic distortion (0.02%) of any integrated amp. The KT-7500 has two independent IF bands for optimum reception under any condition.

By 1980, their performance will be considered commonplace. Available to you now for the remarkable price of \$575\* for the pair.

\*Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers. Handles optional.



 **KENWOOD**

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, 15777 So. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248

continued

I had heard of Elaine's, of course. Before I left, it was noted as a place where the likes of Norman Mailer, Capote, and such drank their fill, and gossip reporters from the *Enquirer* played endless games of backgammon with Elaine.

We were grudgingly seated behind a palm tree by Elaine, whose ass looked like it should carry commercial plates. Seated to our right, in a more prominent position, was a seeming Sara Lee Cakes vice-president in charge of consumption, whom O'Rourke informed me was Jann Wenner, publisher of *Rolling Stone* magazine for young adults. Mann's eyes lit up with a pop as audible as that of an oxyacetylene torch.

"I want a sponge cake knife. I'm going to saw his face off. Jesus, if I had one of the rock-hard twisted turds of a camel fed on razor grass, I'd screw it into his ear with the lobster crackers. But what the hell. Listen, Slouch," he said, gesturing at me with a wobbly glass of Cognac, "you must have worked for some scale-bellied publishers in your time...why don't you tell us about it?" I looked at O'Rourke, who appeared to be constructing something out of his cutlery, a napkin, and a piece of surgical tubing, and said, why not?

"Back when I was working for the *Telegraph*, just before the outbreak of the big one, I wangled an assignment to Bolivia, figuring to sit tight for the duration. The publisher pressed a handful of Bolivian dungs, at that time the world's only organic currency, into my hand and bade me report to Pier Forty-two.

"I did, carrying my typewriter, Gladstone, and a somewhat diminished bottle of Old Forester bourbon. There are few times in my life I have been more disgusted. There at the filthy, rundown pier was the vessel onto which I had been booked. She was a rusty, top-heavy bathtub surplus tanker and bobbed beneath the dishflag of Gambia. Her name was a mystery concealed beneath several fingers of creosote scum. I approached her gangway, typewriter under my arm, and was greeted by her master, a foul-mouthed Greek dressed in dirty overalls and a woman's halter top stuffed with old racing forms. He led me up the gangway and across the deck, which was, I noticed, decorated

continued on page 34

**THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DREDEVILS**  
*Don't Look Down*  
 A new straight-ahead hammer-to-the-floor 16-wheeled musical extravaganza from the Dreddevils of rock & roll.  
 On A & M Records  
 Produced by Dave Kershner

# The Tareyton Low tars

## Flavor improved by charcoal filtration.

Charcoal filtration freshens the air in the U.S. Navy's atomic submarines and NASA's spacecraft. Charcoal filtration mellows the taste of the finest Bourbons. Charcoal filtration mellows and freshens the taste of Tareyton lights.



## Flavor improved by dual filtration.

You get full menthol flavor, low tar and an easy draw with Tareyton low tar menthol. The exclusive dual white filter does it. Its dual action cuts tar while giving you the fresh, cool taste of natural menthol.



Both only 8 mg. tar

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

Tareyton lights and menthol: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



# New Disease: **ITS NAMES ARE LEGION**



Cheery Legionnaires, recovering from nameless disease, display mobile prosthetic enabling them to get from convention to convention.

Speaking for the General Staff of the American Legion, a spokesman today expressed extreme displeasure with the name given to the disease that felled eleven members of that organization last summer.

"Why call it Legionnaire's disease?" he asked. "Is osteomyelitis called Lou Gehrig's disease? Is cancer of the colon called Hubert Humphrey's disease?" Answering his

own question in the negative, he pointed out that it was "curious" that the Legion should be saddled with the stigma of a disease at the same time that the U.S. was planning to give away

the Panama Canal.

After proving that the naming of the disease was, in fact, part of a well-orchestrated Russian plot to undermine U.S. medical nomenclature, the spokesman offered some alternative names that had come out of the general staff's deliberations. Among them were

Negro disease, Nigger disease, Sheeny Mocky Kike, Eastern European immigrant disease, McGovern disease, and AFLCIO disease. Also, fag disease, call girl disease, dope pusher disease, rock concert disease, Beatle disease, and dirty book disease. Further, forced fluoridation disease, United

Farmworkers disease, Duane Thomas disease, Lillian Hellman disease, Soul Train disease, and hippie van with pterodactyl painted on the side like an acid rock album cover disease.

A more complete list of suggestions will be released later this week, according to the spokesman.

# South Africa: Thousands Die of Hunger Strikes in Week of Rioting

Pretoria—A South African government report released by the Information Office here lists the names of over 2,000 black casualties who lost their lives during a week of violent confrontations with police. The cause of death in all cases is listed as *hunger strike*.

Although there were numerous witnesses to the machine-gunning of black schoolchildren by riot police on Tuesday, and despite the fact that many

newspapers carried front page pictures of troops firing rockets, bullets, and mortars into a large crowd demonstrating outside Soweto the following day, government experts have determined that all those killed were known to have been on hunger strikes at the time of their deaths.

The spate of demonstrations and school boycotts has been linked to outrage over the death of black leader Steven Biko last month while being interrogated in prison. Critics of the Nationalist government consider it the twenty-first death under "suspicious circumstances" to have occurred

in this country's prisons in the last eighteen months, although prison officials prefer the word *unusual*. In either case, it is very likely to create a stir in forensic circles, being the only reported case of a severely fractured skull caused by a hunger strike.

There are already signs that the government may have created a legal monster in establishing such a precedent. Just this week, a man accused of murdering his wife's lover has introduced new evidence in his murder trial in an attempt to prove that the slain man was on a hunger strike at the time of his death. Similarly, the Bureau of Mines has leaked information suggesting that 200 miners, who were presumed to have been killed by a cave-in last year, were in fact victims of a hunger strike.

In a related development, the Minister of Highways has announced that following the recent holiday weekend, deaths from highway hunger strikes have overtaken fatalities from accidental hunger strikes in the home.

Although some skeptics suggest that this year's total figure for deaths due to hunger strikes is likely to draw attention from the world press, most feel that those likely to criticize will most probably be from countries that are simply less scrupulous about collecting and reporting hunger strike death data.



Soweto: The deadly toll of hunger strikes continues to mount.

## Fellatio Could Save a Million Lives, Report Says

A report issued by Dr. Victor Hemont, a California sex researcher, states that fellatio could become the miracle cure for a number of male maladies, including heart disease, ulcers, hypertension, and lung cancer.

"The oral stimulation of the penis has an enormous effect on many male health problems," Dr. Hemont said in a telephone interview. "We are not yet certain how this works. All we know is that our test patients all responded very positively to fellatio treatment."

The report also claims that chemicals found in the saliva of teen-age girls

can prolong male life indefinitely. A daily oral ejaculation would permit most males to live "for centuries." Dr. Hemont has been censured by his fellow sexologists, and police have searched his clinic numerous times for underage girls.

Dr. Hemont has taken the most severe criticism from female doctors, researchers, and women's rights advocates. "This is

the ultimate in male chauvinism! It is not enough to withhold our rights and suppress us, but now to claim that a —job will cure male diseases is the supreme insult!" Bunny Becker, a New York sexologist, screamed. The National Organization of Women has called for the revocation of Dr. Hemont's license and an investigation of sexual improprieties at his Malibu Clinic, Inc. "What about cunnilingus?" a NOW spokeswoman said in an open letter in the

Los Angeles Times criticizing Dr. Hemont. Dr. Hemont replied in a letter

of his own the following day. "Cunnilingus causes lip cancer," the letter read.

## Arab Group Buys Stock Market

A group of Arab investors representing oil money has purchased the ailing American and N.Y. Stock Exchanges for an undisclosed amount of money. The stock market had been in a state of decline for nearly five years, and so far this year was losing almost daily. The retreat of the small investor into more lucrative investments and overall investor apprehension is blamed for the fall of the stock market. The Arab group said that the market will be turned into a family amusement center and economics theme park. Also included are plans for a restaurant chain bearing the name N.Y. Stock Exchange, and retail auto parts centers named American Stock Exchange. The group is also reported to be interested in purchasing a number of regional commodities exchanges.



*Linda Ronstadt*

Simple Dreams

Linda's newest & best Produced by Peter Asher Asylum Records & Tapes

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



## 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 middle-man'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.

**Warehouse Sound Co.**  
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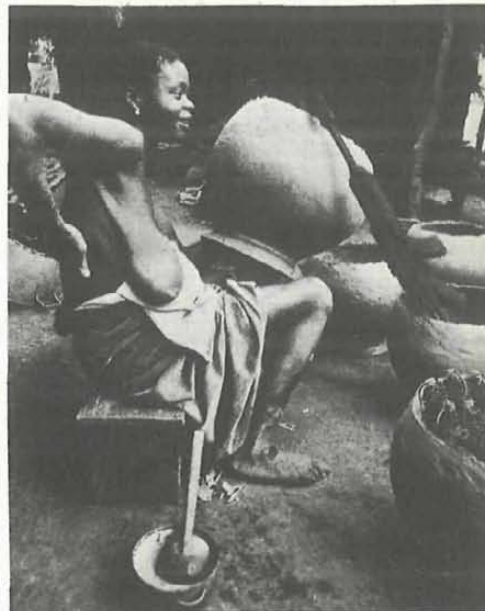
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DD

# Arms for the Poor

Military Aid is Helping to Feed the Poor in the Horn of Africa



In the streets of Jijiga, the children no longer play "Flush the Guerrilla" with sticks and stones. Instead, they drag rocket launchers through the dust and fight over real machine gun emplacements. It is a shocking sight to one new to the area, but there is another story unfolding in this bitterly contested part of Ethiopia, one that is not as picturesque as children playing with grown-up weapons, but perhaps more important.

Less than a hundred yards from where the children play, women file silently into a corrugated iron shack where a government worker hands out grenades, rocket launcher parts, and shells, one to a household. The weaponry is not only free, but it will feed most of the inhabitants of the town, as well as many in the hills nearby. It may sound odd to one accustomed to more conventional fare, but to the people of this region, many of whom are used to subsisting on a diet of stones and twigs, it is a veritable feast. To these religious people, it is something else as well, a blessing that has come from the belly of hardship, a sign that the Lord is sending them comfort and succor as well as pestilence and suffering.

No one is aware of how this unusual linkage of supply and demand came about, but perhaps it was inevitable in an area that has been inundated with military hardware. In the course of a three-way conflict between Ethiopia, Somalia, and Eritrean rebels, millions of dollars worth of military aid from competing major powers has been pumped into one of the poorest areas of the world. The result is that in the Horn of Africa, armaments are considerably more plentiful than food.

While few here are willing to assess the long-range impact of the dietary changes involved, and all acknowledge the numerous deaths from accidental explosions which continue to occur during cooking, it is generally felt that this is a happy development for all concerned. For Russia and the United States, it means continued freedom to compete for influence in this strategic area in the currency they prefer, military aid; and for the hungry people of Africa's Horn, it means food, however unsavory at times, where once there was none.

# Heavy Metal

is fantastic! It's better than being stoned. Almost.

John Roche  
Los Angeles, Calif.

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

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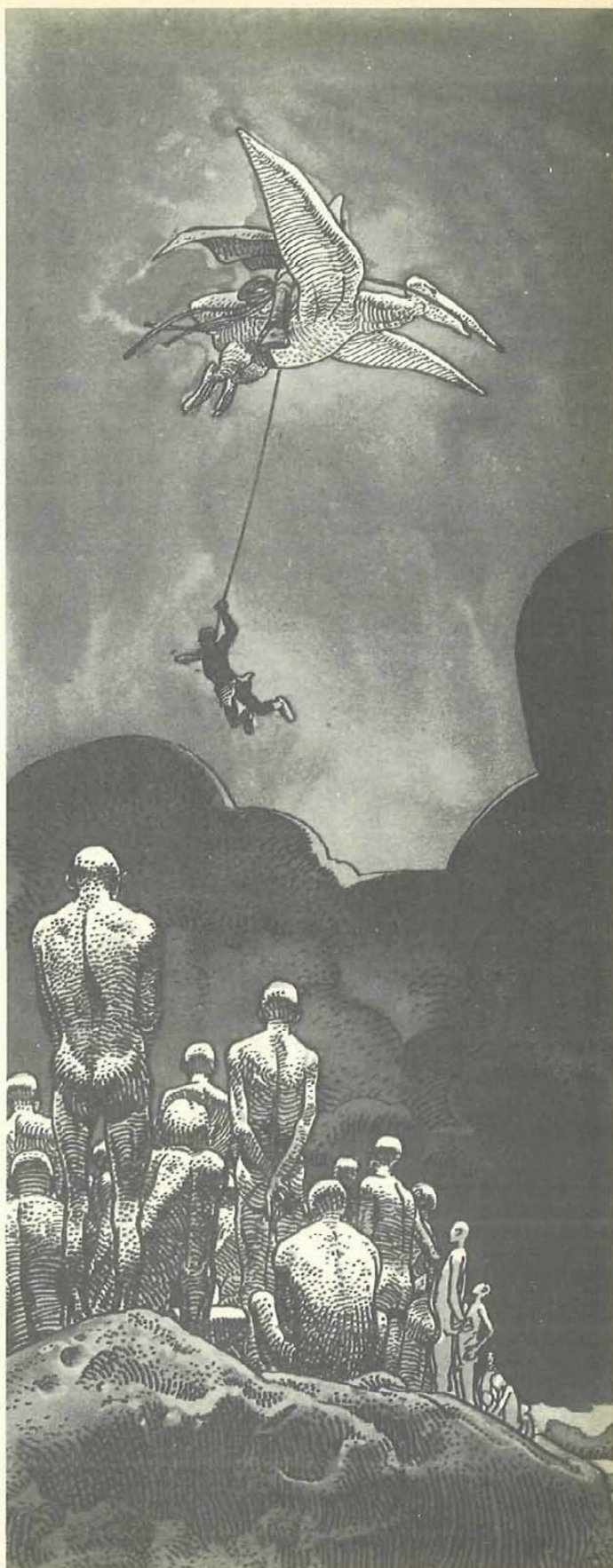
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# Dear World,

We, the undersigned, have put our signatures to newspaper petitions such as these for years...nay, decades...in our role as exemplars of the highest and best instincts of liberal, progressive humanism.

So sensitive is our perception of any violation of human rights, liberties, dignity, and convenience, anywhere in the world, that our collective consciences may represent the next step up the evolutionary ladder.

We have raised our voices when three baby seals were sexually molested by a drunken Eskimo fisherperson in the Aleutian Islands. We ringed the Iranian Embassy when a Kurdish dissident was kept waiting at a Teheran post office. Our instinctive affection for Castro was tempered for all time when a sensitive, sad young poet was brutally edited by the official literary magazine.

**There is, in other words, no cause of human affliction, no case of person's inhumanity to persons, that is too far away, too "trivial," to be out of reach of our heartfelt expression of concern, commitment, and compassion. And at ten thousand a throw, these expressions have long gladdened the heart of the Sulzberger and Ochs families wherever they might be.**

It is in this spirit that we wish to address the subject of South Africa.

We have witnessed conditions in that nation for many years. We have seen the behavior of the white populace, including those progressive, liberal, compassionate folk who deplore the shooting of several hundred protesting students, and whose feelings are so wounded that they have sent their servants home up to two hours early and swept their tennis courts themselves for three whole days.

We have witnessed the steady and growing indications that eventually, South Africa will become ruled by a black majority, whose emotions may well run ahead of their reasoned judgments.

**Therefore, in order to save time, money, and the bother of advertisements such as these, we wish to announce, well in advance of any black takeover, our complete, utter, total indifference to the fate of any white South African whatsoever when such a transfer of power occurs.**

This indifference is a total commitment. It includes brutal retaliations, the destruction of home, property, golf courses, as well as the forcible removal of works of art, sterling silverware, and genitalia. It includes total boredom with any defenses such as, "I always let my kaffirs listen to my radio when I was on vacation." It encompasses hysterical giggles when faced with an "any man's death diminishes me" appeal.

The hour is late. If you agree with us, join us in our campaign to get ready. Help us spread our message to men and women of conscience around the world—and, with a contribution of \$25 or more, you will receive a sterling silver rat's hindquarters, a symbol of what you will not give when the bloodbath begins.

**THE COMMITTEE OF CONCERNED HUMANISTS FOR UTTER AND TOTAL INDIFFERENCE TO WHATEVER HAPPENS TO WHITE SOUTH AFRICANS AFTER THE REVOLUTION.**

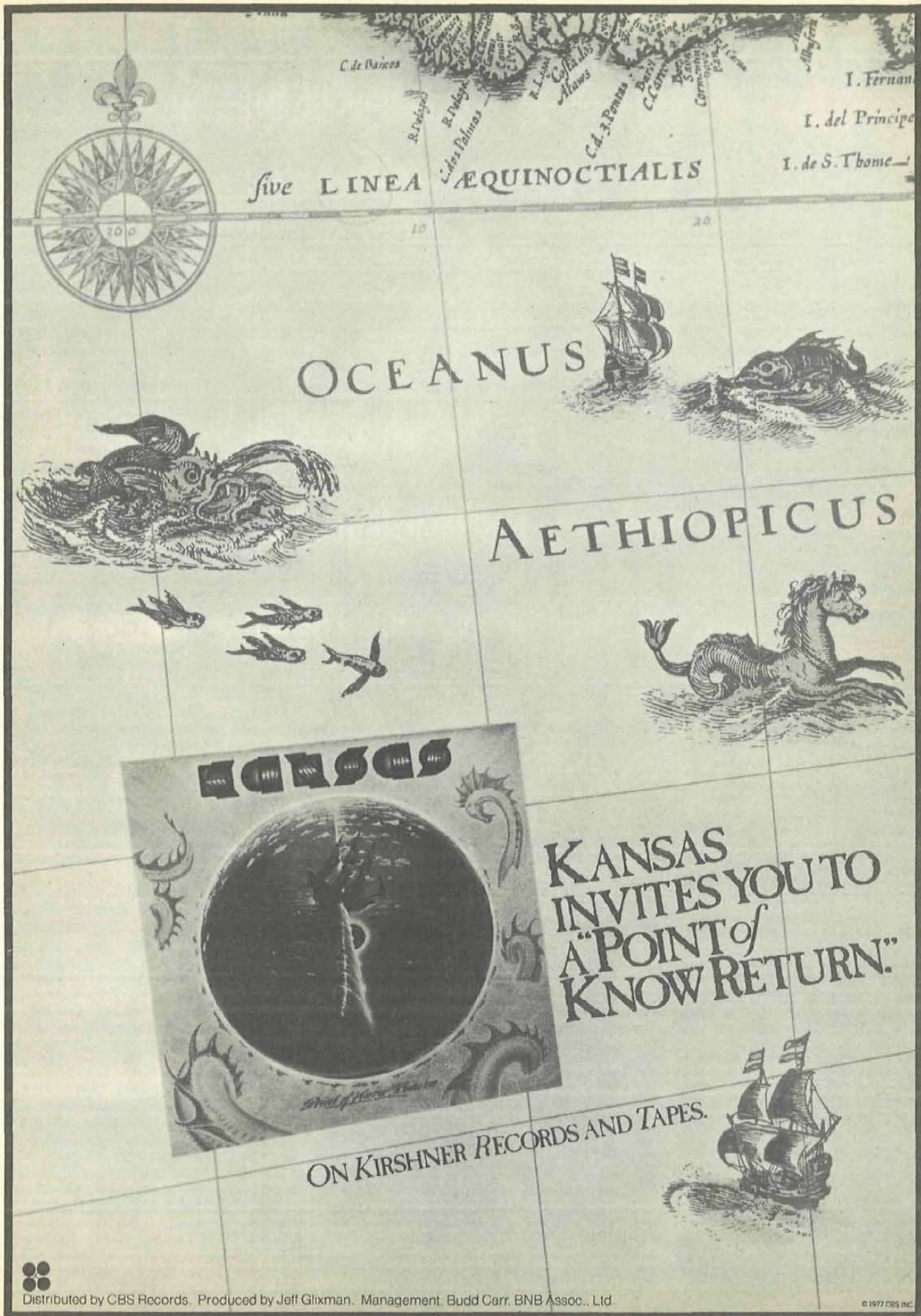
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## KANSAS TOUR

1977		
10/21	Mem. Col.	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
10/22	Von Braun Civic Center	Huntsville, Ala.
10/23	Ellis Aud.	Memphis, Tenn.
10/28	Civic Center	Lakeland, Fla.
10/29	Sportatorium	Miami, Fla.
10/30	Coliseum	Jacksonville, Fla.
10/31	Fox Theatre	Atlanta, Ga. (Till 11/1)
11/3	Coliseum	Columbia, S.C.
11/4	Coliseum	Charlotte, N.C.
11/5	Scope	Norfolk, Va.
11/6	Coliseum	Greensboro, N.C.
11/9	Capitol Ctr.	Largo, Md.
11/10	Civic Arena	Pittsburgh, Pa.
11/11	St. John's Arena	Columbus, Ohio
11/12	Roberts Stadium	Evansville, Ind.
11/13	Riverfront Coliseum	Cincinnati, Ohio
11/22	Mun. Aud.	Nashville, Tenn.
11/23	Kiel Aud.	St. Louis, Mo. (Till 11/24)
11/25	Kemper Arena	Kansas City, Mo.
11/26	Civic Aud.	Omaha, Neb.
11/28	Arena	Milwaukee, Wisc.
11/29	International Amphitheatre	Chicago, Ill. (Till 11/30)
12/2	Richfield Col.	Cleveland, Ohio
12/3	Convention Center	Indianapolis, Ind.
12/4	Freedom Hall	Louisville, Kentucky
12/6	Coliseum	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
12/7	Wings Stadium	Kalamazoo, Mich.
12/8	Cobo Hall	Detroit, Mich.
12/10	War Memorial	Rochester, N.Y.
12/11	Civic Center	Springfield, Mass.
12/12	Cumberland County Civic Ctr.	Portland, Me.
12/13	Civic Center	Providence, R.I.
12/16	Spectrum	Philadelphia, Pa.
12/17	Palladium	New York, N.Y. (Till 12/19)
12/28	Sports Arena	San Diego, Calif.
12/29	Civic Center	Tucson, Ariz.
12/30	Aladdin Hotel	Las Vegas, Nev.
12/31	Arena	Long Beach, Calif.
1978		
1/1	Winterland	San Francisco, Calif.



C. de Vaicoa

I. Fernan

I. del Principe

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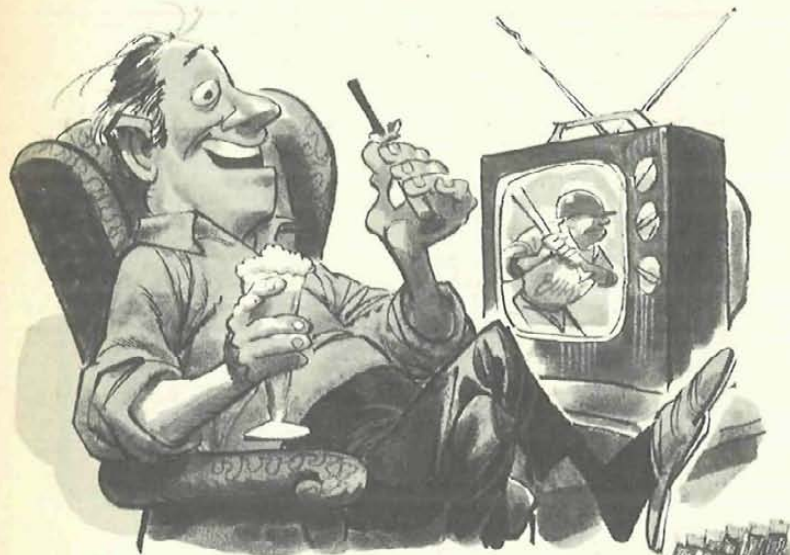


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**A little less than a meal. A little more than a snack.®**



## What God Has Wrote

The first sample of writing from the hand of God has been unearthed in the Middle East, a team of archaeologists disclosed today. The handwriting was found on a wall of the palace of Balshazzar, which the team is excavating.

Handwriting experts who have inspected the sample agree that it was written "either by a fourteen-year-old epileptic dwarf or a Creator and Lord of the Universe." In any case, they conclude that the writer "has a strong megalomaniacal streak, a firm sense of justice, and is left-handed."

Religious leaders around the world have raised a storm of protest over the interpretation. The American Rabbinical Society has refused to acknowledge the sample as divine without the countersignature of a major prophet. And in Rome, the pope too expressed skepticism. "God could've dictated it to a seraphim," the pope pointed out. "Besides, even if He did write it with His left hand, it doesn't mean He's necessarily left-handed. He could be ambidextrous. For that matter, He could probably write with His feet if He wanted to. God can do anything."

### Analysis:

## Diamond Jewelry vs. Goys and the Addict

Recent deaths and disappearances of midtown New York diamond merchants have drawn attention not only to that profession, but to one strikingly similar in its method of operations, the people who engage in its business, and the dangers which those people face daily.

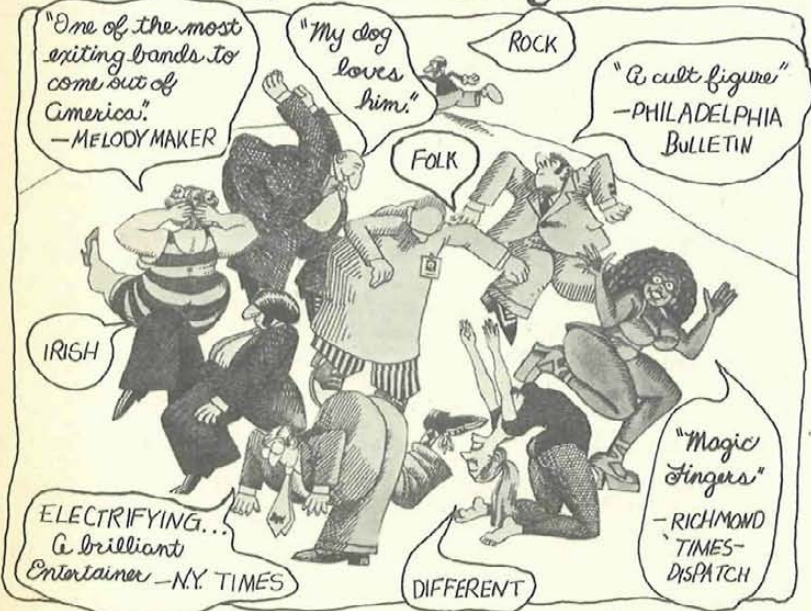
The similarities between the lives of Orthodox Jewish gem merchants and black drug pushers in Harlem are more than superficial. Like their gem-dealing counterparts, the pushers of "dope" belong to a tightly circumscribed, almost elite group. They live by a strict code of honor. In their circles, a breach of faith or a betrayal can leave one unable to do business in the community. And both groups are predominantly orthodox: the one Orthodox Jewish, or Hasidic, the other Orthodox Negro, or "bad motherfucker."

Just as the diamond trader spends much time on the avenues of Amsterdam, the dope dealer spends much of his time on Amsterdam Avenue. Each carries literally hundreds of thousands of dollars in goods on his person in the course of day-to-day activities. Each is an expert at "cutting" the commodity in which he specializes. The jeweler, through skillful application of hammer and chisel, carves rough stones into gems of blinding magnificence and clarity. The dealer, through application of procaine, powdered sugar, or Starlac, carves up shipments of high-quality heroin or cocaine into gram bags of blindness-inducing impurity.

Members of both professions often turn to the Broadway stage for diversion and cultural expression. The dope dealer forsakes his native Harlem for the Great White Way and such shows as *Bubbling Brown Sugar* or *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God*, while many is the evening a diamond merchant may be seen leaving his Brooklyn or Queens home for a night on the town, en route to such hits as *Bobby's White Sugar* or *Your Arms Too Long to Box with Mike Rossman*.

Interestingly, a third ethnic group that has shown significant skill with both diamonds and dope is the Puerto Ricans. This may account for the fact that many black pushers and Hasidic diamond dealers can be found in the Puerto Rican sections of, respectively, Harlem and Puerto Rico.

### David Bromberg is:



## Reckless Abandon

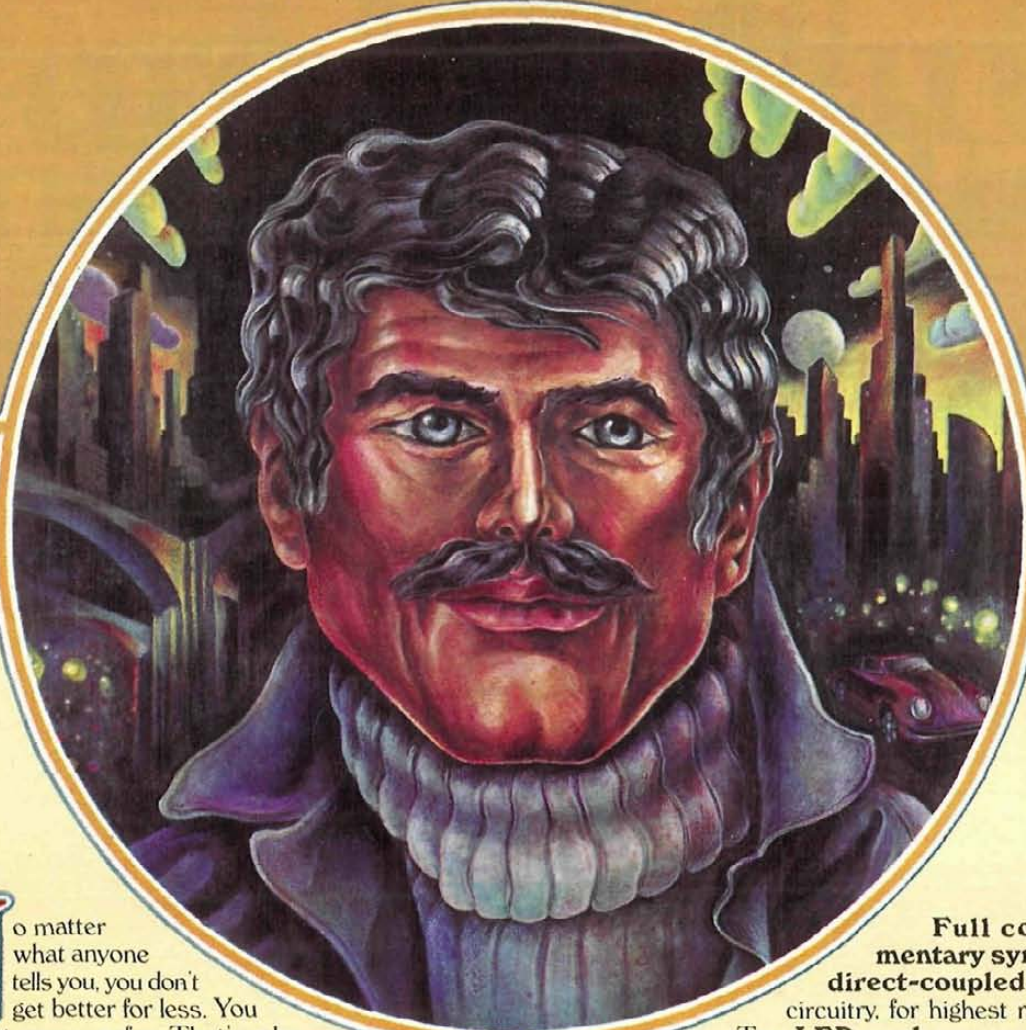
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A FANTASY RECORD (AND TAPE) F-9540

PRODUCED BY JIM PRICE



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The Marantz 2500 is unquestionably the world's most powerful receiver. It delivers an awesome **250 watts per channel (minimum RMS at 8 Ohms, 20-20,000 Hz)** with no more than **0.05% THD!** And yet it conveniently fits shelves or cabinets.

The Marantz 2500 handles its tremendous power effortlessly. An especially designed Marantz **toroidal dual power supply** lets each channel perform unaffected by the power demands of the other. There are more innovations, like the **tunnel "pin fin" heat sink**, the most efficient cooling system on the market.

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**Full complementary symmetry direct-coupled output** circuitry, for highest reliability.

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**marantz.**  
We sound better

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**OUZO** by  
**METAXA**  
The Milk of the Gods.

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## THIS IS WAR

*continued from page 23*

at nearly every fault with a solemn white cross painted by her paperless crewmen to memorialize a lost companion. Through the hull I could hear the engines, a couple of thirty horsepower sound-effect diesels; a French make of notorious unreliability.

"The skipper left me in my cabin, and I had barely time to complete the drainage of the half crock of Forester when a dirty-looking cock poked through a hole in the 'stateroom' wall, accompanied by coy muttering from beyond. I tied one of my shoes tightly to the neck of the meat dagger to prevent the owner's withdrawal, and hopped up on deck. I avoided the gangway watch by sliding down the bow hawser, and had only a little trouble at the rat guard, losing my typewriter but retaining the Old Forester.

"That night, I ambushed the publisher in the hallway of his house. The next day, the place looked like a stew fight had taken place there. Son-of-a-bitch was in good shape, but I hit him so hard the first time, he couldn't remember who nailed him. He spent a week in the hospital. I only had to stay overnight."

Just then, O'Rourke cut loose with his contraption, sending a six-ounce chunk of eggplant in a tumbling trajectory toward the juncture of publisher Wenner's jowls and neck. O'Rourke was reloading with a handful of mashed potatoes and peas packed into a tight wad around the saltshaker when Mann began to scream, "Where are the Negroes? Where are the Negroes?" over and over. The next shot caught Wenner on the rise and dropped him. His date began a frantic Jackie-esque scramble across the neighboring tables.

Elaine was bearing down like a tug which had lost its way in a rip current. She took one half a tongue sandwich amidships and went down like a pile of dirty laundry. We began moving toward the door, facing down groups of waiters, novelists, and press agents massing for the charge. Just as I figured we were done for, Hatchet-face opened up from behind our lines with two foam fire extinguishers. We retreated under their cover to the limo, and were soon underway. Unfortunately, we were photographed by the gutter press.

I don't remember much more of what we did that night. The next day,  
*continued on page 110*

## KONICA: 35 MM MADE EASY.




### THE KONICA AUTOMATIC COMPACTS. SMALL WONDERS.

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Scott speakers are designed and engineered for listeners who demand the ultimate in true sound reproduction.

All Scott speakers are designed and individually tested for low distortion, flat frequency response and the highest possible efficiency. Their cross-over networks are built with low loss capacitors, and coils with exceptionally close tolerances to give you the truest sound possible.

Unlike many other speakers, Scott speakers neither add nor subtract from the original sound. And unlike so many of today's "fad" speakers, they don't distort the original sound for special effect. Nor do they color the sound for an exaggerated response.

Scott speakers provide pure listening pleasure by accurately reproducing music with qualities equivalent to live performances, and with a degree of authenticity limited only by the quality of the record, tape or broadcast signal.

It is this uncommon ability to reproduce sound in a truly natural fashion that has earned Scott

speakers their outstanding reputation and critical acclaim.

Listen for yourself. The true sound of Scott is pure pleasure. And true sound is built into every Scott speaker in every price range, from the Bookshelf Series to the distinguished PRO 100 shown here.

For specifications on our complete line of audio components, contact your nearest Scott dealer, or write H.H. Scott, Inc. Corporate Headquarters, 20 Commerce Way, Woburn, MA 01801. In Canada: Paco Electronics, Ltd., Quebec, Canada.



### Individual Dispersion Control and Frequency Response Switches.

The PRO 100 provides a unique sound dispersion control that allows you to adjust the direction and amount of sound between the upward-firing and front-firing drivers. Two additional switches allow you to tailor the high end and midrange frequency response of the speaker to best match your room acoustics.



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### SCOTT Warranty Identification Card

Warranty Number: 24026  
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Scott's unique, gold warranty card. Individualized with your warranty, model and serial numbers, and expiration date, Scott's fully transferable, five-year parts and labor-limited warranty is your assurance of lasting pleasure.

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Pairs of midrange and tweeter drivers in two planes, one horizontal and one vertical, offer the advantage of steering high-frequency distribution to most favorably complement speaker placement and individual listening taste. Unlike many other speaker systems, the Scott PRO 100 is not dependent on the reflecting surface of the listener's walls for its response, and provides a truly omnidirectional effect in any listening environment.

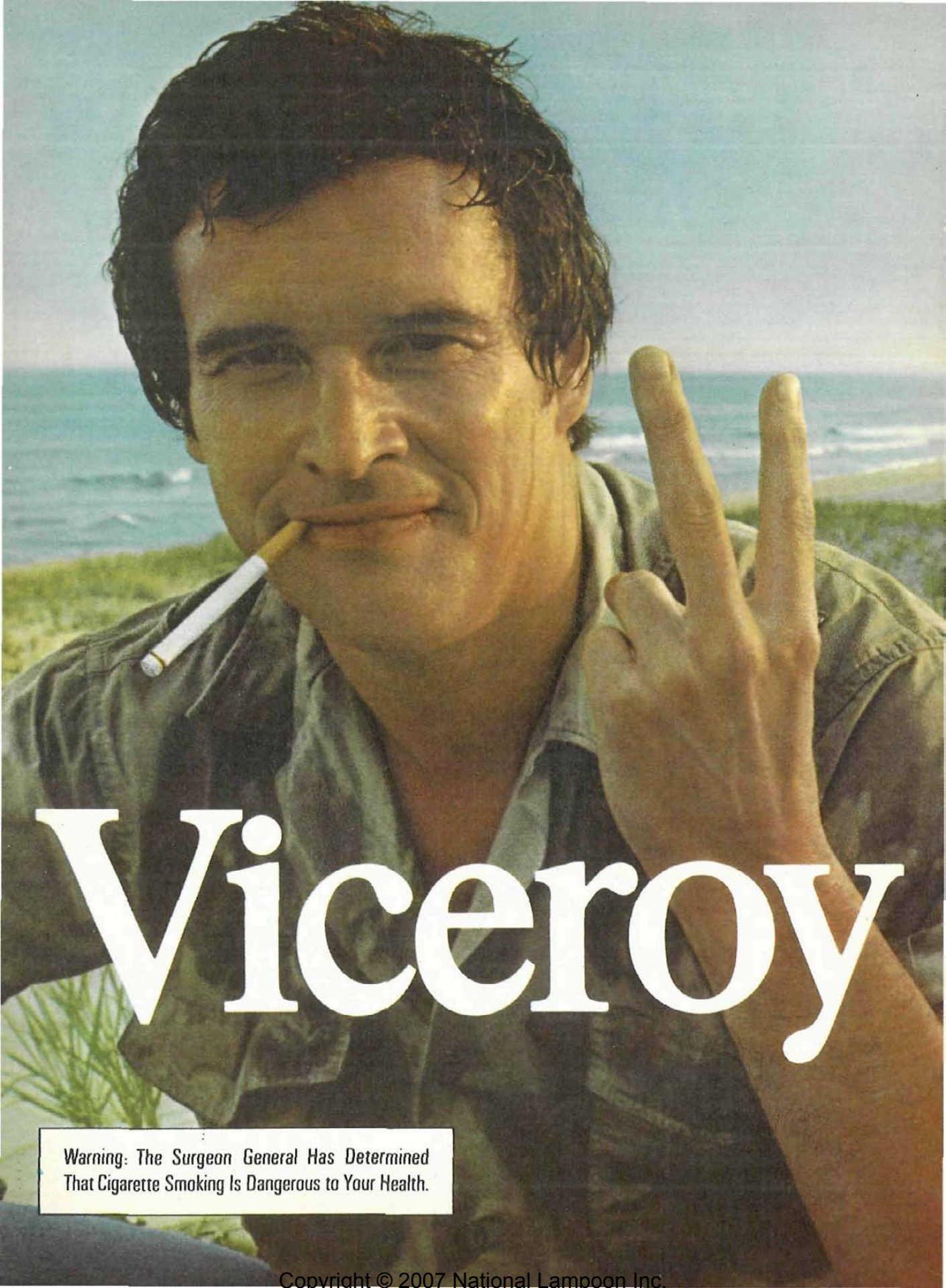


Upward-firing midrange and high-frequency drivers, as well as front-firing drivers, provide an omnidirectional effect that surrounds you with sound.

**SCOTT**  
 The Name to listen to.

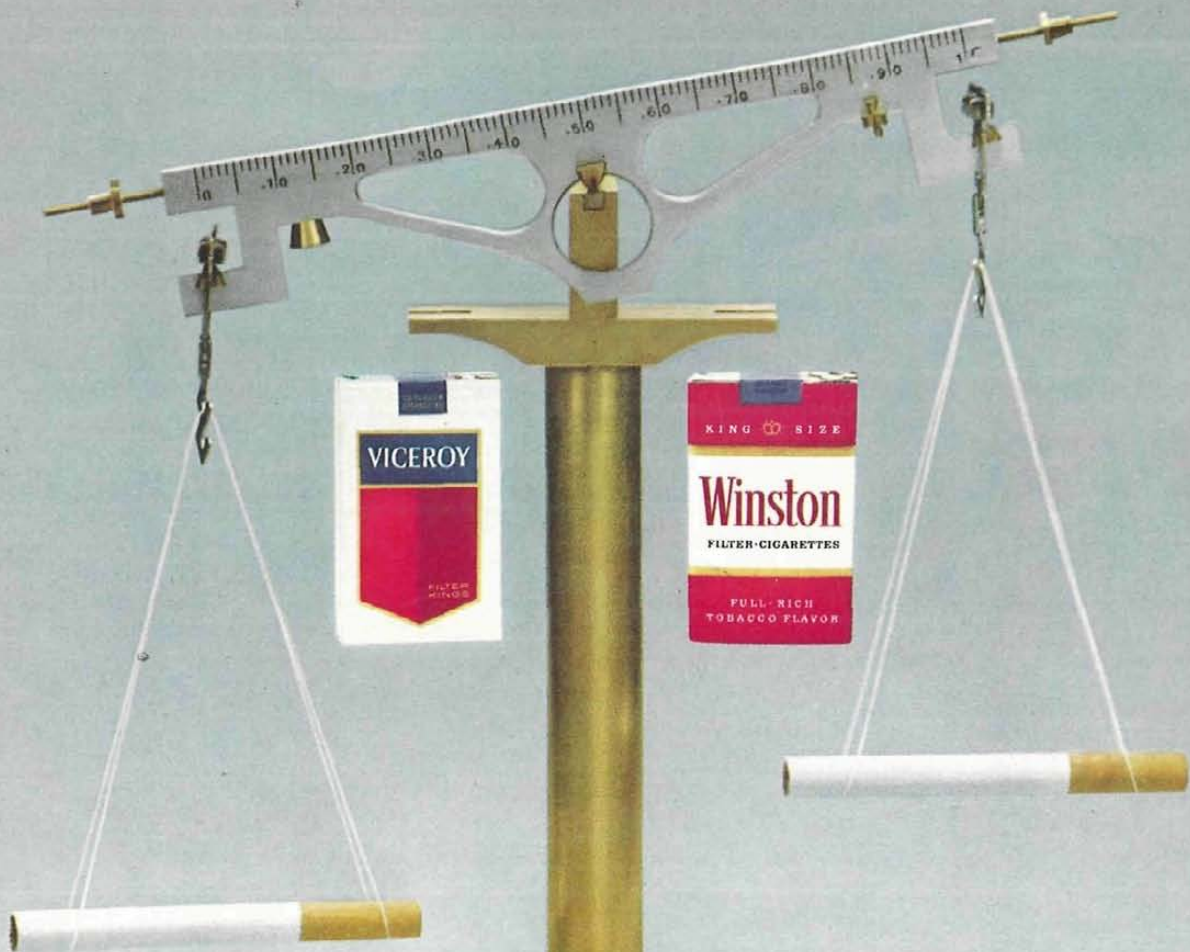
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# Viceroy

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



More Tobacco  
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...than  
Winston or Marlboro.

Rich, full flavor is the promise that Viceroy makes.

And it's a promise that Viceroy keeps.

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

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

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

1 DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).  
2 VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR': (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR'; WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR'; MARLBORO 17 MGS. 'TAR'; AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE. FTC REPORT, AUGUST, 1977.)



# THE RECORD

by Jeff Greenfield

Mother was just clearing away the last traces of turkey fixings and minced pie when Father glanced at his watch and leapt from the table with excitement.

"Good gracious, it's time to find out if there's a new Record!"

"The Record! The Record!" shouted Brother Ned and Sister Emilia as they raced from their chairs and scrambled into the living room for the best seat.

"Children, remember your digestion!" called Mother, but her eyes twinkled as she spoke, and her own flushed face revealed her inner excitement at the knowledge that the yearly ritual was once again upon the land. She scampered into the kitchen, where the huge bowl of holiday punch was waiting, then quickly brought it into the living room.

The family was already gathered around the television set, from which the now-stuffed stockings had been hung with such care. The cheery glow of the picture tube revealed Father, Brother Ned, and Sister Emilia staring with a mixture of excitement and anxiety; Mother quickly took her place.

"It doesn't look like they'll make it," whispered Brother Ned.

"Quiet!" Father snapped. "Pay attention."

The two announcers on the screen were seated in front of a huge, full-color map of the United States. Tiny little light bulbs were glowing all across the map, dozens of them, hundreds of them, lending a cheery, Yuletide glow to the TV studio. One of the announcers was talking, with a serious tone in his voice.

"... just three and a half hours to go," he was saying, "prospects for the record do not look good. While the total of 471 is better than last year's, it does not seem likely that we will reach the total of 541 before the midnight conclusion of the holiday weekend."

"That's the media for you," Father grumbled. "Always negative, always tearing down."

Somewhere in northwest Montana, a yellow light began blinking insistently.

"This just in from Helena, Montana," the other announcer said, reading a slip of paper. "A 1977 Chevy Cargo Hauler skidded out of control along Route 8N and crashed into a telephone pole. The National Traffic Council has nothing confirmed so far, but is cautiously optimistic as the entire vehicle was engulfed—wait a minute,

*continued*

wait a minute, police now *have* confirmed that the Helena, Montana crash is now an official addition to the total!" The yellow bulb changed to red as Brother Ned and Sister Emilia cheered wildly.

"Quiet down, you two," Father grumbled, puffing on his pipe. "Four seventy-two's a long way from the record, you know."

On the television screen a burly, broad-shouldered young man was speaking.

"I'm Dick McGurk," he said. "As all-pro offensive lineman for the Baltimore Colts, I know there's only one way to win—and that's to go out and give it all you've got. It's the same way with the record. Now I know a lot of you have just finished your Christmas dinner, and you're nice and comfortable around the TV set. But that's just the point—you never win just by sitting back on your—chairs and letting the other guy do it. Right now, a dozen of my teammates are riding around on country roads and superhighways, helping to improve the chances for a new Record. Please—do your part."

"Hey, Mom," Brother Ned said, "could I—"

"Not now, dear," Mother said quickly.

On the map behind the announcers, three more red bulbs lit up in Skokie, Illinois.

". . . instantly when the Cougar ploughed into a city bus. Police say the three youths had borrowed the car of one of their fathers for a ride around the block," the announcer said.

"You know," the other announcer said, "the National Traffic Council says that most holiday accidents happen three miles or less from home; so you don't have to take some forty, fifty mile drive to participate. Maybe you're out of milk or bread, and there's a 7-11 or Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood. Sometimes, it's just that three or four block drive that can help."

"Mom," Sister Emilia said. "We could use some cottage cheese and a loaf—"

"Not now, dear," Mother said quickly.

"There's less than three hours now," the announcer was saying, "and while it's still a long shot, things are looking up. A pattern of fog and sleet has developed over the New England region, and the National Traffic Council reports hazardous conditions in the Pacific Northwest."

"Looks like this one may go down to the wire," Father grumbled, sitting up a little straighter.

On a screen a well-dressed, tanned, middle-aged woman was talking.

"A lot of you women are watching right now, wondering about your husbands, and what will happen if they go out to help set the record. Perhaps I can help. For twenty-two years, I kept house while my husband worked as a quality control supervisor at Jack-in-the-Box. I raised the children; made the beds; waxed the floors. Then, four years ago, my husband went out on a night just like this and became part of the All-Time Record.

"The next day," she said, smiling broadly, "I learned he'd been insured for more than \$200,000. I've traveled abroad seven times since then; I've just returned from a forty-five day Lindblad cruise to the Pescadores Islands; and on Tuesday, I leave for a tour of the Ruins of Xochimilco. So if your husband's looking at you with that 'How about it, honey?' look, don't turn him down. Or you both may live to regret it."

"Dear—"? Mother said.

"Not now, dear," Father said quickly.

By 11:15 P.M. the excitement had grown so great that Mother, Father, Brother Ned, and Sister Emilia were perched on the edge of their chairs. A possible grand slam in California's San Fernando Valley, involving a school bus carrying a Christmas choir, proved a false alarm; the bus had indeed turned over, but all inside had escaped. By contrast, a seemingly minor chain collision on the New Jersey Turnpike added fourteen to the total when it was discovered that a truck carrying fourteen migrant workers had leaked carbon monoxide into the back. After a short debate, the National Traffic Council had permitted the count to be added to the total. But with forty-five minutes to go, the number stood at 523—still eighteen short of the Record.

"Mom, Dad, *pleeeeee*," pleaded Brother Ned. "Just around the block; just let me back it out of the driveway, come on."

"Well..." Mother hesitated.

Just then, a white-haired, red-cheeked man with a clerical collar appeared on the screen.

"My name is Father Edward Mulhare," he said. "I am spiritual advisor to the National Traffic Council. And I just want you to be setting your mind at rest about the Record. You may remember on that first Easter holiday of all, Jesus himself became part of the

Total. And there, on that cross, as that first heavenly red bulb was lighting up on that celestial map, Jesus turned to one of the thieves and he said, 'This day you shall be with me in heaven.' And I'm sure that if the Lord could talk to each and every one of you as you jingle the keys to Eternal Life in your pocket, He'd be saying the same words to you.

"Of course," Father Mulhare smiled indulgently, "the Church can take no *official* position in such temporal matters as the struggle for the Record. But speaking personally," he added, throwing a big wink into the camera, "I can assert that God looks with great favor on those who help their fellow men and women to be Number One."

As the camera turned back to the announcers, the television studio took on a sudden, extra air of excitement.

"Our phones are ringing off the hook," the announcers were saying. "Not since Knute Rockne's 'Gipper' speech has an inspirational polemic had such instant results. All over America, from farmland to big city, from East Harlem to Beverly Hills, thousands of Americans are jumping into their cars to help the odds for the Record. This evening will go down in history, friends!"

Brother Ned and Sister Emilia were jumping up and down with excitement.

"Mom! Dad! Please! *Pleeeeee!!!*"

Mother and Father looked at each other; then smiled helplessly and shrugged their shoulders.

"All right," Father grumbled good-naturedly, tossing a set of car keys to Brother Ned. "But make sure you put a tank of gas in it."

"You bet, Dad," burred Sister Emilia. "You folks are the greatest!" As the two teen-agers scampered for the door, Mother began sniffing, and Father surreptitiously reached for his handkerchief.

"Why do you always hear about the one percent of the kids who go bad?" Mother asked, sniffing. "Why don't they ever write about the kids who try to help their country, the kids who want to do their part?"

"There, there, Mother," Father said, patting her hand. He began to watch the television set anxiously. "I just wonder when that last red light goes on if it'll be—it'll be—"

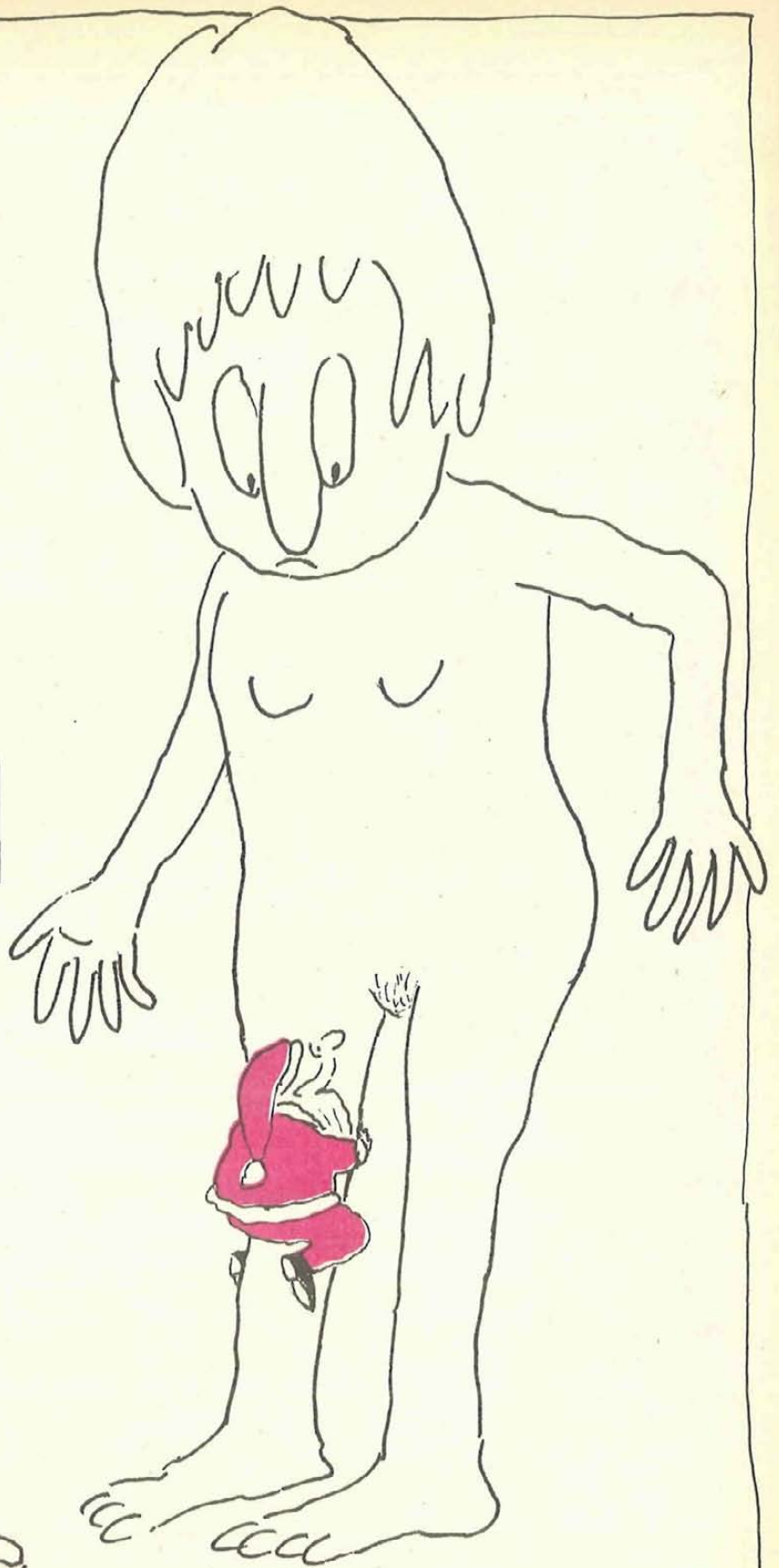
"Don't hope for too much, dear," Mother said. "Just the idea that they cared is enough."

"You know," Father said with a sigh, "I think I heard them exclaim as they drove out of sight, 'Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.'" □



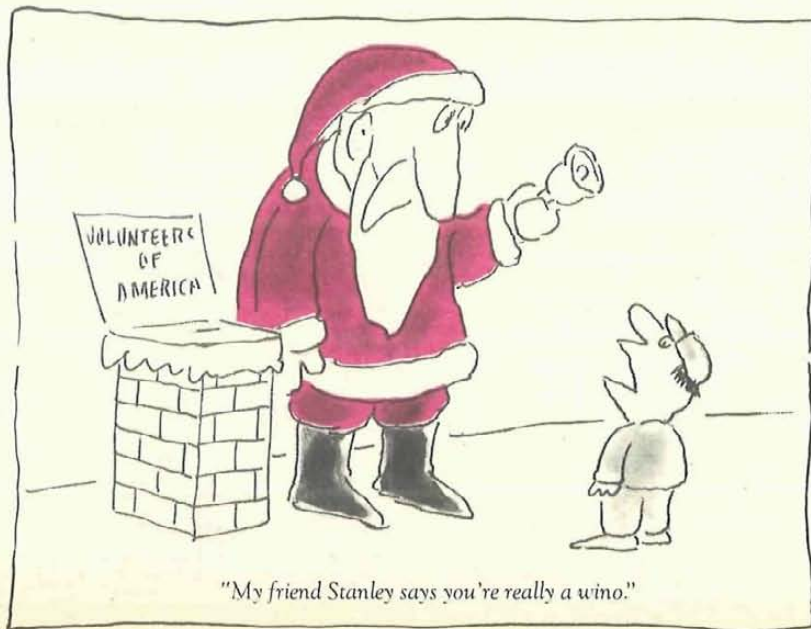
# VISIONS OF SANTA CLAUS DANCED THROUGH THEIR HEADS

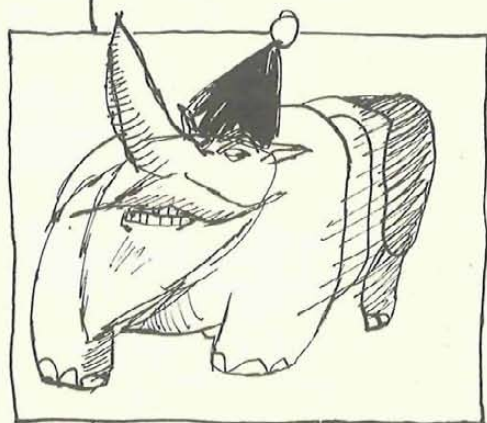
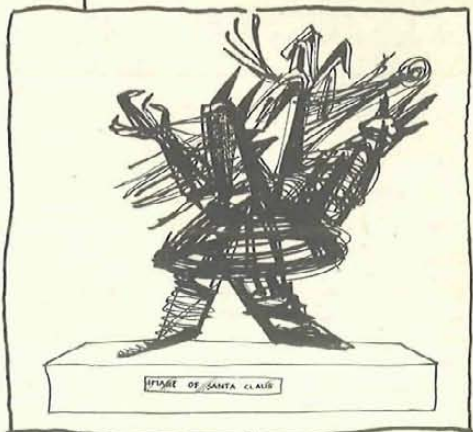
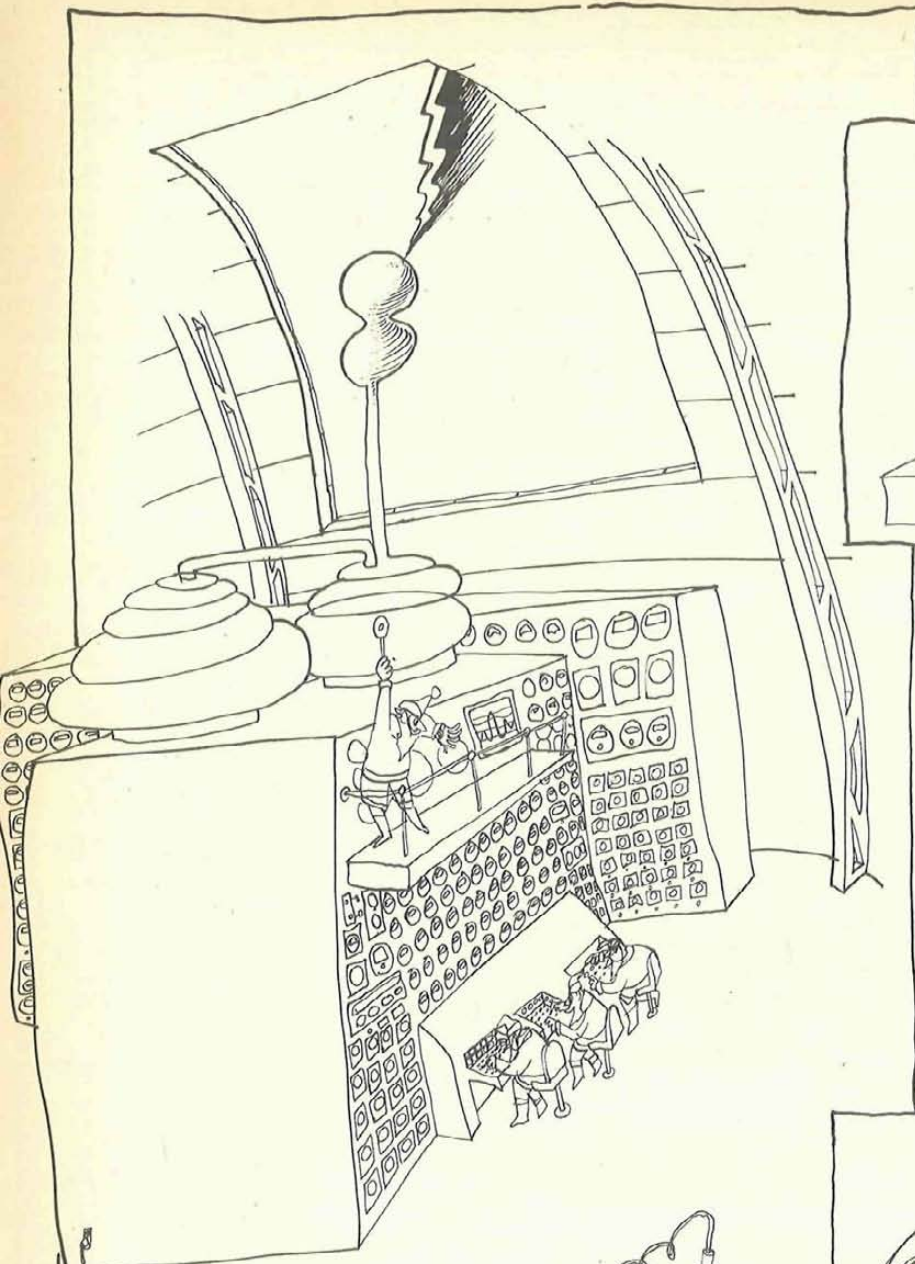
by Sam Gross,  
Chris Browne,  
Len Glasser,  
and Dave Pascal



"Yes, Vagina, there is a Santa Claus!"







**For you...from us... at this  
very special time of year...  
because...**

**...well, just  
because.**



# LNICEF CARDS

Each Christmas, the League of Nations, the organization many of us still consider the last, best hope of peace in our time, sends around a group of Ethiopian war orphans (many of them now in their early forties, and *big*) with greeting cards for sale. We call them all "Sir," and buy 'em all up. May we share with you a selection of this year's Yuletide sentiments from 'round the world?



*Season's Greetings from Brazil*



*Season's Greeting*

# INTRODUCING THE SHARP EYE.™



## IT ENDS THE HIT AND MISS METHOD OF FINDING SONGS ON TAPE.

The *Sharp Eye* is an electronic advance developed by Sharp Laboratories. It can automatically find each music selection on an audio tape and play it.

Technically called an Automatic Program Search System, the *Sharp Eye* is many times faster and easier than the manual, imprecise method you have to put up with on even the most expensive audio equipment.

How does it work? In simple terms, it electronically "reads" the short pause, or absence of sound, between songs on the tape.

So if you're in the middle of

one song and want to go on to the next, just hit the *Sharp Eye* button. The machine automatically races Fast-Forward to the next pause and then automatically plays the next song.

If you want to hear any selection over again, it works the same way in reverse.

The *Sharp Eye* is an exclusive feature on all Sharp tape equipment including the RT 1155, shown. This superbly engineered stereo cassette deck with Dolby\* noise reduction features a narrow gap Permalloy head for extended high frequency response, servo

controlled DC motor for absolute speed stability and low wow and flutter, and the most advanced circuitry available today.

See your Sharp dealer for an exciting demonstration. And while you're there, ask to see the whole Sharp audio line.

They all give you the finest high-fidelity sound you'll find in their price range. As for the *Sharp Eye*, you won't find that on any other equipment at any price.

**THE SHARP EYE  
IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND.**

**SHARP**

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

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

# PALL MALL



**PALL MALL GOLD 100's**  
The great taste of fine  
Pall Mall tobaccos.  
Not too strong, not too light.  
Not too long. Tastes just right.



**PALL MALL RED**  
with a filter.  
America's best-tasting  
king-size cigarette...  
made to taste even  
milder with a filter.

Lower in tar than  
all the Lights.  
Only 7 mg. tar.



**PALL MALL EXTRA MILD**  
The low tar with the  
taste that could only  
come from Pall Mall.

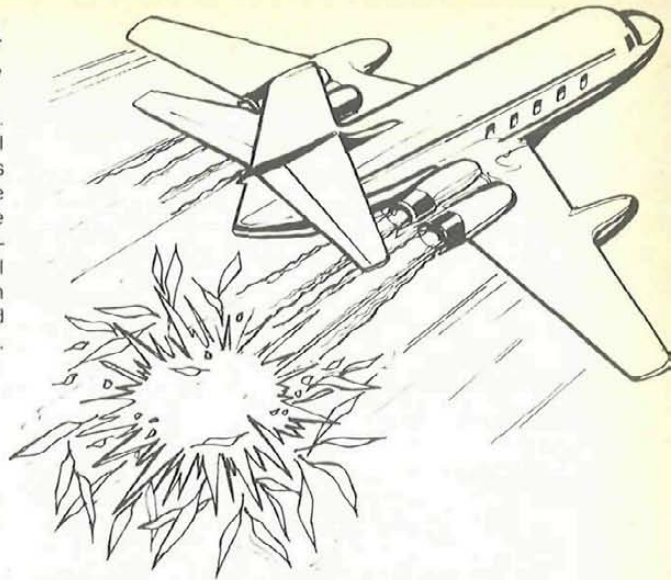
**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Pall Mall 100's . . . . . 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.  
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.  
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



## CONSUMER TIPS: No. 4 JETS

Remember when buyin' a jet that the best ones cost the most. Be sure the salespython understands your accent, and tell him you want the fastest wings on the field. Remember, jets are for movin' around in; you could hardly be expected to be happy as the scum of merely one continent. Once airborne again, asshole, you may tear down to Brazil. Regine has a darlin' place there, and you really haven't seen anythin' until you've seen coked-up spic banana farmers slappin' at each other in the velvet painted darkness over a drink-tanned bitch with her face painted like a neon tetra. On to Paris, lovelies!



## CONSUMER TIPS NO. 5 SERVANTS

In your case, the best thing to do is deal with servants like equals. In many cases, you will find they are actually superior to you; be that as it may, you should treat them kindly, promise to help them buy little pub somewhere someday, etc. Humane treatment of this sort has led to hundreds of stories of servants who saved their masters from fires, ran for doctors, or performed other heroic acts normally thought to be beyond their ability.

## CONSUMER TIPS: NO. 6 RESTAURANTS

Like most recently rich folk, you have trouble tellin' the difference between salt and pepper, even though you have been eatin' food ever since you were little. Well, restaurants make dinin' easy for you and your manager by displayin' a quantity of cutlery indicative of the quality of the food. I am told food is edible even in a three-fork restaurant. Oh, yas. Remember; sometimes a waiter, particularly if he is a Greek, will present you with odd items of cutlery in an attempt to increase his tip. Allow a look of canine wrath to flee across your face and demand some tool commonly used by elevator maintenance men.



## CONSUMER TIPS: NO. 7 TAILORS

Tailors are important, especially if yar a tad etiolated. Not just for you, either, but for your wife. I myself couldn't bear to have my wife seen finger-fucked in a back booth at Regine's in a flannel bathrobe from Mays. No buy savings bonds. A Halston or something loomed and draped by fey fingers. As fer your own tailor, always treat him with respect. The case of a certain bass player who found dozens of rodents and anchovies stuck into his dinner jacket should be lesson enough for the stupidest of you. Ta-ta. Your pal.

Tedders

BARBARA BECKLE PERSON... OR AS HER FEMINIST FRIENDS WOULD SAY—BARBARA BECKLE PERSON... OR AS HER FEMINIST FRIENDS WOULD SAY—BARBARA BECKLE PERSON... OR AS HER FEMINIST FRIENDS WOULD SAY—

OKAY, DICKIE DANIELS... I'M WAITING FOR PARADISE BABY! AND I WOULDN'T WORK FOR THE NATIONAL OBSERVER IF THE POPE PUT HIS RING WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY THE LAMPOON HAS NEVER OFFERED A CHICKEN GUTZ T-SHIRT ??? I HAVEN'T!

# AND NOW... ON TAG 'IN

being that most birds are JEWISH, you'd expect a HAPPY HANUKKAH outta me, but I'm ITALIAN so MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CHICKEN GUTZ

CHICKEN HAS GOTTEN HIMSELF A JOB WORKING IN A TOY STORE... AND SO OUR XMAS TALE BEGINS.

BAH HUMBIRD!

Madam, may I be of assistance?

Yes, I'm looking for a present for my little niece Lucille, who's only 3!

if you're read this far, why don't you quit while you're ahead?

how we are... a lovely little TEDDY BEAR!

Oh no... that's too old-fashioned— I want a FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS TINY TOT WIG!

BIONIC BEAN BAG

BILLY CARTER'S JUNIOR BREWMASTER KIT

FARRAH

WILL DICKIE NIXON FALSE NOSE AND

THIS STRIP IS FOR DEBBIE + RICK.

LATER

Now all we have to do is buy for lil' ARNOLD!

May I make a suggestion, folks?

ALWAYS HELPFUL CHICKIE-POO SAVES THE DAY!!

a nice MAGNET... boys love MAGNETS... we must have one here!

BLESS MY BEAK— lookit the junk under SAVALAS HAIR CUTTING KIT!

Look... an IDI AMIN CELEBRITY PICTURE PUZZLE!

Let's get him this "SON of SAM" NOTE-WRITING KIT!

NO MAGNETS... NO MARBLES... NO BALL COONS... I can't understand it!

PLAY MONEY— here's a million DOLLAR BILL with BARBARA WALTERS' picture on it!

STILL LATER

Where are the PRESIDENT CARTER MECHANICAL TEETH?

HEY my ENERGY CRISIS is half a BATTERY in it.

do you have the KAREN ANN QUINLAN NURSE UNIFORM in size 6X?

Can you TOTAL these up, PUHLEEZE?

I'd like this DR. RENEE RICHARDS TENNIS GAME.

there are no BALLS included, ma'am!

WAAAAA I want dat SST NOISE POLLUTER!

JR. NEUTRON BOMB WILL NOT HARM FURNITURE, RUGS, WALLS OR FLOORS.

THANK TO MY GOOD BUDDY GORDON HALL FOR THE RENEE RICHARDS JOKE.

SHOPPERS, ATTENTION!! WE NOW HAVE THE BRAND NEW SONNY+CHER JIGSAW PUZZLE which has only TWO pieces?

HECK MY BALLS WITH SPIROS OF HOLLY.

Now I got a MITT CATCHER'S MITT?

NAW do you have that game called "TOTAL ANNIHILATION"?

\* COMES WITH A CHASTITY BELT.

OLD MAID... a wonderful card game... kids love it... there must be one here!

I don't want no OLD MAID card game. Do you have the ROSE MARY WOODS TAPE RECORDER?

In order to prevent cramming this strip with too much lettering I must try to say anything in this panel!

It's comforting to know that in some small way I've contributed to the happiness of many lil' kids this Christmas!

an' to all a GOOD NITE!

GOOD NITE.

IS THERE ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LOVE KATHRYN FROM NANTUCKET?? I KNOW OF NONE . NOT TO MENTION THE WEASEL IN CALIFORNIA.

# Savage Christmas

by R. Bruce Moody



## Away in a Manger

In the little town of Bethlehem, the event the world awaited had taken place.

The star shone over the innyard, and in a stable where the oxen and sheep and cows were stalled, the child of light had been born.

The shepherds could see it from the hills as they walked towards the town to pay the Christ child homage.

When they entered the humble barn, they saw the three kings bowing down, giving gifts of rare things. Joseph looked over at the boxes, as did Mary, as each of the kings came forth to present them. First gold. Then frankincense. Then myrrh. A light shone about these things, and about the heads of Mary and Joseph. The animals themselves stood about, attentive also, it would seem; and one of them, kneeling, an old ox, seemed to have a light shining from it, too.

It was then that the shepherds knew. Oh, if only they had come sooner, for they were country people, and understood about such things.

For, of course, when Mary and Joseph withdrew their admiring eyes from the gifts and looked back at the manger, the Christ child was not there. The ox had eaten him. A per-

fectly natural thing to occur if you are so foolish as to lay your child away in a manger.

## The Gift of the Magi

The newlyweds looked at one another with sadness.

To give her a comb for her beautiful hair, he had sold his only valuable possession to a pawnbroker—his grandfather's gold watch.

To give him a fob for his watch, she had sold her only valuable possession to a wigmaker—her beautiful long hair.

It was Christmas eve on O'Henry Street.

"You're bald and ugly!" he yelled, and stabbed her with a rusty knife.

"Your time is up!" she screamed before she died, and pushed him out of the window.

## Naughty and Nice

One's first experience of science fiction in life perhaps is climbing up into Santa's lap in a department store. Waiting in line to do it is one's first experience of Kafka.

Little Paul, however, had very little sense of this, or was over it. He had

never seen Santa before, so to him it was simply a curious experience.

"Stop fidgeting," said the woman in front of him to her little boy, who was jiggling the red rope that mazed them all in line, "or I'll kill you."

Behind him was another little boy. "We're getting ahead," he said, pulling on his mother's coat. "Don't be so impatient," she answered to him, "or Santa will give you a lump of coal."

Paul neither fidgeted nor tugged. His mother held his snowsuit.

Now, up ahead, he could see Santa on a dais. He would bend down and pick up each youngster, and put him on his knees. At which the child's mother or father would beam approval on Santa, a sort of last ditch grin, desperate and futile. Santa was evidently some kind of nabob, and must be looked upon with favor.

"Paul, I have to go to the lavatory," said his mother. "You're a good boy. You just stay in line."

And Paul was a good boy, too. What is a good boy? A good boy is not a boy who gets A's in math and conduct, plays baseball, and finishes all his peas. No, a good boy is a boy who enjoys being a good boy so much that he can enjoy other little boys not being good boys.

Paul laughed when the boy again said to his mother, "We're getting ahead," but this time from in front of him, where they had inched. The boy

*continued*

## SAVAGE CHRISTMAS

continued

swinging on the rope sulked at the boy who had gotten ahead, and hid his face in his mother's dress. "Be-have," she said, "or I'll beat the living daylight out of you."

The boy who had got ahead also got ahead of the swinging, sulking boy, so he was first to climb on Santa's lap. He asked for a moped to get ahead on, and a brass trumpet to announce to everyone that that was what he was up to. The other boy asked for a chemistry set (to fiddle with) and a bionic man costume to hide behind.

But when Paul climbed into Santa's lap, no one could hear what he said.

Except Santa. Who first looked surprised.

And then smiled.

What Paul got when he came down on Christmas morning was just what a good boy would get.

But what the bad boys got when they came down was quite different.

What they found under their trees were no presents, no stockings, no toys. In fact, in both cases, there was no tree. What they found, sitting there instead, was a boy, a very good boy, just their own age, waiting for them.

## An Icicle Built for Two

It was the screams of delight and of pleasure, the constant banging and pumping of the couple fornicating in the open sleigh that dislodged the huge pointed icicle from the top of the 250-foot tree that plummeted down into his rectum and out of hers.

Since the evidence had melted by the time their bodies were discovered, frozen together in startled embrace, the coroner could only say what had been the cause of the lady's death, but not the gentleman's, although nobody in town ever thought of them connected to those exalted denominations again when the news of their bestial and perverse misuse of nature's orifices spread through the village. That she had allowed such a thing! That he had done it! Horrors!—although the similar state of his bowels left an unanswered question in some minds, and some doubt.

But not in ours, dear readers, not in ours. You and I know they were maligned. You and I know, and we knew almost from the start, did we not, that they were clean-cut through and through.

## Old Nick

### A Dickensian Extravaganza

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Santa Claus as he doffed his cap and tossed it to the hat rack in the corner, an eight-pronged that antlered up to the ingeniously carved heads of eight tiny reindeer. The cap spun around its stem and came to rest like a drunk on a lamppost.

Santa scratched his beard, and a merry gleam came into his eye. He ran his chubby fingers through his hair to fluff it out, and undid the snowy top button of his tunic, stretching his neck when it was free. Then he undid his wide black belt, of a girth consonant with one who circled globes, and this he laid on the walnut chest which was carved in squares with scenes of Christmases in lands across the world—Presbyterian Christmases and Unitarian Christmases, high and low Catholic Christmases, Shaker, Anabaptist, Moon Christmases—Coptic Christmases in Alexandria, Orthodox Christmases in Minsk, Church of God Christmases in Duluth.

Santa then undid the remaining five buttons of his tunic, disengaging each one with care and dignity, until finally his bright-red ermine-trimmed coat hung open, allowing his bowl-full-of-jelly belly to fall free of its carmine confines and loll forth abundantly.

It seemed to fill the room with its amplitude and to toast all the corners, shedding luster on remote baseboards and the crannies of casements. The very glass on the pictures of the walls seemed to shine the more brightly, as if in recognition and homecoming of his refulgent middle.

Still with care, still with dignity, still with a twinkle in his eye, Santa slipped his firm round arm from one sleeve, skinning it like a sausage, with every move careful not to leave a bit of himself behind, an elbow, say, or a loose bit of thumb. When he had accomplished this, he smiled broadly and waited as though upon universal applause at his accomplishment. Then he destocking himself of the other arm, just as before, slowly, lest a mole should be lost on the smooth silk lining, or a wrist crumble at the joint.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he said as he tossed his coat to the hat rack, where it hung like a mountaineer awaiting rescue.

Santa was now in the pride of his suspenders, which were Yule-green,

wide as you please, and embroidered with mistletoe, pinecones, and jolly gray mice. He snapped them jovially, one after the other, and gave such a wink that the very walls were taken aback. Then he snapped them again.

Off one shoulder he pushed the left one, down the upper arm, over the bulwark of the elbow, down the lower arm, which he squeezed into his belly to entice its passage, and off it went to arc down and to form the bottom half of an oval, the top half formed by the remaining suspender taut on the right shoulder. He lifted the corner of it up with a single rosy thumb, hooked it forward and down, flicked his hand from within it, and down it hung next to his trousers.

What should Santa do next but remove his boots, unleashing their big Pilgrim buckles from the calf, and drawing them off one by one, as blithe as a double divorce, tossing them each in the corner beneath the hat rack. There they fell upon one another like long lost friends—who, having nothing really to say to each other after so many years, instantly fall asleep on one another's shoulders. "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

He stood erect from this interesting act of balance and divestment and shook his feet mightily, as though all aches and bunions, all corns and cramps should scramble for the exits. Then he put his feet on the floor, one by one. Then he lifted them up one by one, as though weighing them to see if they were the same ones he came in with and not some imposturing substitutes. Finally, he replaced them on the floor and wriggled his toes. A sensation seemed to go through the room. The carved jambs seemed to quiver, and the dimity curtain to gleam with a bashful delight.

Santa raised a single plump finger in the air, and "Ho! Ho! Ho!" quotha as he slowly uncurled his socks from his ankles, feet, and toes, and tossed them on the hat rack, too. It is not widely known that Santa's socks are green, with snowballs appliquéd on the sides, and snow-white trim, all of the coziest cashmere, but the truth will out, and we make a clean breast of it now.

Nick's bare feet were warm on the hickory floor now, and Nick's knickerbockers hung comfortably about his knees. With a sly pursing of his lips, he undid the buttons over his left hip, one, two, three, four. With a hearty grin, he likewise released the foursome over his right, and, separa-

continued on page 96

# XMAS

DECEMBER 12, 1977

\$1.00

Worst  
Winter  
Yet

# TIME

**Santa  
Claus**

## R.I.P. Santa Claus: Death of a Myth

*What? And leave snow business?*

It was the night before Christmas when they placed the stretcher into his waiting Learjet, the *Rudolph*, but the old man lying on it had neither rosy cheeks nor a nose like a cherry.

"He was a yellow, pasty color," said one eyewitness, "with long, dirty white hair and beard, and inch-and-a-half fingernails."

Nor did his little round belly shake when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly. "He was in a coma," stated the attending doctor, "suffering from malnutrition, possibly starvation. He was totally emaciated."

His name, copyrighted and known worldwide, was a corruption of that of St. Nicholas, patron saint of pawnbrokers and bankers; and at the height of his success, he had been the patron of many bankers, and driven millions to the patronage of pawnbrokers.

At midnight, the *Rudolph* sped away, more rapid than eagles, and as it drove out of sight, the spirit of Santa Claus, 97, wished all of us a final good night.

In the beginning, he was a philanthropist and mythmaker (some would say a self-made myth); an assiduous self-promoter and an astute student of commercialism. Later, he showed his true colors (usually red and green) as a ruthless corporate entrepreneur, a tyrant of multinational proportions, and, finally, an obsessive recluse.

Once, he strove to make himself a household name as the demigod of America's (and then the world's) annual saturnalia of consumerism: Christmas, a holiday he created, some suggest, largely for offerings to be laid upon his own altar. But in the last twenty years, his isolation was so complete that only his death gave us proof that yes, Virginia, there was a Santa Claus.

Claus, an orphan, was found in a coal scuttle on the doorstep of the New York Asylum for Unwanted Boys on December 26, 1880. He spent his childhood in the orphanage, described as "lively and quick...chubby and plump...right jolly," by the matron of that establishment in 1890.

At age 18, Claus was apprenticed to a toymaker, Giuppeto of Market Street. After a 12-hour work day, Claus spent his spare time fashioning playthings of his own design, and at Christmas time, personally delivered them to the indigent children of the neighborhood, whom he had earlier canvassed for their orders.

"He was a harmless eccentric who liked giving away toys," said Giuppeto at the time.

But a harmless eccentric with flair: the young Claus dressed in a red suit with fur trimming and playacted his way into the pauper children's imaginations by entering their homes via the chimney, and by claiming to have flown to the tenement rooftops by reindeer-drawn sled.

Although he created quite a stir in downtown Manhattan, it was not until several years later, when Claus invited Clem Moore, a cub reporter from the Hearst *Morning American*, to join him on his self-appointed rounds, that his name and face became known nationwide.

from a wealthy benefactor in order to expand his program. (Rumor had it that fledgling publisher Hearst funded Claus with an eye to the *Morning Journal* sales figures. The Hearst papers continued to chronicle Santa's escapades, both real and imagined, for a number of years; and proclaimed the coming of Claus for at least one month prior to Christmas Day, coinciding with an enormous increase in Christmas gift advertising from department stores.)

The grant carried with it but one stipulation: that Claus hire the handicapped to produce his toys. With the instincts of a born showman, Claus scoured the country for midgets or dwarfs, triply handicapped by

PETER KLEINMAN



**Santa and Emma Claus in merrier times**

*They vowed their stockings would hang side by side forever.*

Yellow journalism boosted the Santa Claus image to improbable, impossible, and mythological heights, a result of Moore's maintaining he had actually seen Claus fly "a miniature sled with eight tiny reindeer." His other claim, that Claus could, and did, give gifts to all the "good" children of the greater metropolitan area in a single night, was patently preposterous; but, ironically, it became a self-fulfilling prophecy. Early in January of 1910, Claus was offered an anonymous grant

limited brain capacities and deformed, pointed ears. These grotesques, too stupid for the circus or stage, he dubbed his "elves," and he set them to work at his new toy factory in Brooklyn. He then proceeded to breed several generations of fanatically loyal elf functionaries by personally selecting female elves as mail-order brides for his workers. This search for "little women" became a consuming passion over the years. (See box, "Babes in Toyland.")



Young Claus: a gift for giving

Several successful Christmases passed, and Claus became increasingly restive under the restraints imposed by constant fund-raising. His elves could produce several hundred toys a day, but he hadn't the capital to expand his nonprofit agency. Claus was aware that the "Santa-Craze" had spread to America's middle-class families; not only poor children were to be granted their wishes from Santa, but parents with the means were willing to hire flea-bitten, rum-ridden bogus Santas during the holiday season and buy cheap, gimcrack toys from foreign sources.

The non-Claus toys often proved defective, and the amateur Clauses tended to bungle the job; during the Christmas of 1909, two dozen inept and clumsy Clauses were extricated from clogged chimneys by fire departments: 178 were arrested for burglarizing the homes of those who had hired them to spread good cheer; and 27 were sent up the river for child molestation. Claus and the *Morning Journal* had carefully manufactured an image that was now being sullied. Claus also felt he was passing up a chance at expansion and profit because of narrow-minded philanthropy.

While still devoting one branch of his operations to charitable works, Santa made use of his copyrighted name and incorporated, forming Santa, Inc.® After a prolonged set of legal battles in which nearly all Santa imitators were prosecuted, his copyright was construed by the courts to include his name, the traditional red suit, and the logo of the flying reindeer.

Santa, Inc., franchises were formed and offered for sale to such businessmen with impeccable credit ratings as attended a month long Jolly College training program for per-

fect Santa Clauses.

The Santa franchises included suit, whiskers, and padding, supplied at discount by the corporation, and attendant equipment that could be rented (sleds, et al), but gave individual franchisers exclusive rights to a set territory for soliciting gift orders and cash donations, as well as delivering packages on Christmas Eve. Franchisers were remunerated with fees from families for deliveries, and a percentage of the wholesale price of the Santa, Inc., toys sold through this unique system. (Two separate conflict-of-interest cases against Santa, Inc., were settled, it is said, after large political contributions were made by the Claus Corp.)

Santa, Inc., became the umbrella company overseeing the vast Claus holdings, including controlling interests in the holly, ivy, and mistletoe concessions, and, when the company began to diversify to other holidays, jellybean futures and pumpkin pie options.

Claus moved his newly profitable operations to a tax haven at the North Pole when strangling fiscal restraints and federal government regulation threatened his absolute control of the business. But he retained his U.S. citizenship as well as Arctic citizenship throughout his life.

Santa could be a patriot, if it served his purposes. During World Wars I and II, and to a limited degree in the Korean conflict and Vietnam, his war toy factories were converted to real munitions manufacturing outlets, with Santa, Inc., reaping the benefit of generous government contracts. Claus has been accused of carrying his wartime efforts over to peacetime, producing exploding toys for various CIA Cold War dirty tricks. The combustible Raggedy Ann once given Norman Thomas's daughter might indeed be considered a dirty trick; as could the "coincidental" destruction of a small Turkish village on Christmas Day after a sledful of toy nuclear reactor sets were delivered by a Santa, Inc., franchiser.

A folk song of the 1950s echoed the liberals' fear of Santa, Inc.'s cooperation with the CIA: "He knows when you've been sleeping/He knows when you're awake/He knows if you've been bad or good/So be good, for goodness sake!"

But the CIA was not Santa, Inc.'s only shady link to international intrigue; Claus could play both sides. He received a Lenin Peace Prize only months after flooding American homes with a wind-up Khrushchev doll that parroted, "We will bury you"; UAR interests pushed renewed Claus interest in one of the three traditional wise men crèche figures, Melchior King of Arabia; and there was an aborted attempt to market washable "Dirty Jew" dolls one memorable holiday season.

## Babes in Toyland

Throughout his long career, Claus was rumored to be a child molester, a Lolita-chaser, even a sniffer of little girls' tricycle seats. These charges were never proven, but he himself constantly demonstrated his fondness for "little people" of the female sex.

Before, during, and after his marriage to the normal Emma Claus, Santa combed the world for attractive elves. He insisted that the sexy sprites (ostensibly mail-order brides for his elf employees) be perfectly proportioned, except for their pointed ears, which he preferred large and protruding.

There was always a surplus of female elves at the Claus compound: some say they were the billionaire's private stock, to be pawed over at his leisure. Claus claimed the tiny ladies were all under movie contracts with the Santa, Inc., studios, and indeed, beautiful, compact elvlets graced all the Claus films after *The Night...* in 1912.

Pedophiliacs round the globe flocked to see itty-bitty bombshell Ivy Sprite in 1943's *She's Some Stocking Stuffer!*, and moviegoers were treated to steamy miniaturized sex scenes in *Coming Down the Chimney*. But what have the pixies to say of their chubby mentor? Most remain incommunicado and under contract to this day. Ivy Sprite was once reputed to have said that Claus "wanted to sit on my lap. Weird!"



## Santa Domingo, the tax shelter paradise

From the pole at the top to the top of the pole....

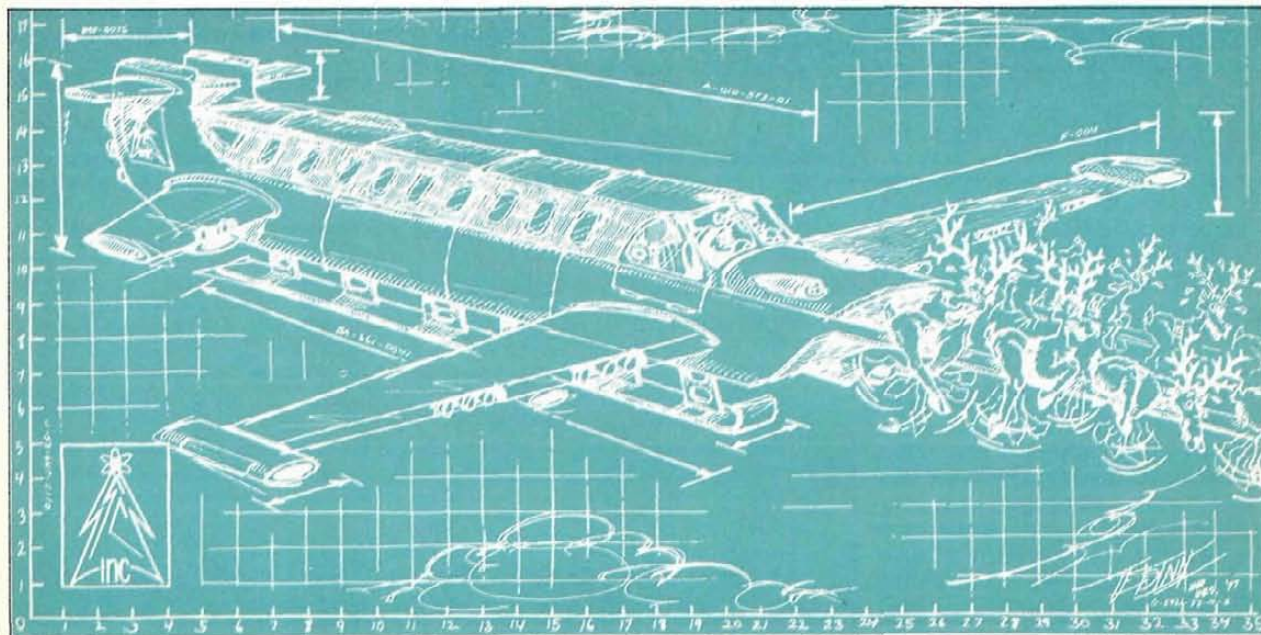
At about the same time as his move to the Pole, Claus became impatient with the popular press. He wanted firmer control of the Santa, Inc. myths, and also wanted to turn a profit on them. Claus formed his own film production company at the North Pole (with auxiliary offices in Hollywood) and made a three-reel epic with Disney-like effects. *The Night Before Christmas* (1912). Thereafter, the Claus entertainment factory cranked out countless songs, stories, children's books,

plays, and, of course, films.

Santa, Inc., produced at least one film a decade that accurately reflected American moviegoing taste at the time of its release: *Our Dancing Santas*, 1927; *Reindeer on Parade*, 1936; *She's Some Stocking Stuffer*, 1943; *Bonzo Goes to the North Pole*, 1947; *All-American Christmas Cards*, 1952; *Right On, Santaman*, 1968; and the X-rated *Coming Down the Chimney* in 1973. Tap-dancing deer, chimps in Santa suits, elf slapstick, the

exotic charms of well-endowed elves, and consistently inane plots were the formulas for Santa, Inc.'s film-making bonanza.

In 1925, Claus married Boston debutante Emma Hawthorne, a young woman with an already matronly figure who was to take on the motherly public role of Mrs. Claus, at least in official photographs. In reality, Emma and Santa shared few common interests: she did not care for the business of his



## Santa's Folly: The giant sled that never flew

Some called it Spruce Moose—some Misguided Mistletoe.



business, and found few of her social set among the Arctic circle. Emma snubbed the elves outright, to the point of quite literally stepping on or over hapless employees.

In 1949, the Clauses divorced, and Emma was granted a block of Santa, Inc., shares and a yearly \$50,000 alimony for life. Despite her pretrial statement ("Now I'm going to tell all!"), either out of gratitude or fear, she never spoke another word publicly about her husband or the management of his empire at the Pole.

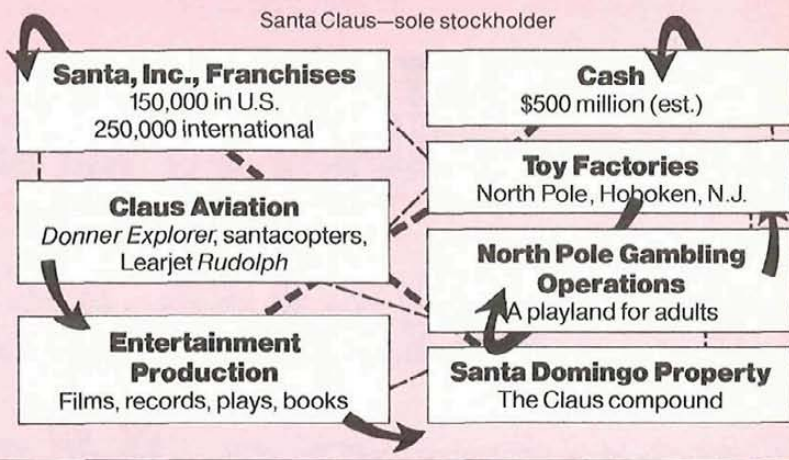
After his divorce from Mrs. Claus, the billionaire snowman became more and more of a recluse. He hid from the stream of curious tourists as best he could; but legalized gambling at the North Pole (passed largely because of the support of Santa, Inc., employees in order to provide Claus with a ready, almost untraceable cash flow), interfered further with his cherished privacy and, he believed, set him up for a hit from organized crime.

He began to seek a sheltered Shangri-La in the warmer climes, and found it in the tiny island of Santa Domingo. Santa Domingo is a country where money is a religion and bribery a sacrament; president Louis Beancro, at least, regarded the Santa, Inc., coffers with religious awe and protected Claus from extradition for illegal campaign funding in the U.S., Santa Dominican taxes, and the public at large. Claus created a fortress on the island, guarded by musclemen elves with shotguns, bounded by an electric fence, and stocked with the female

## Claus's Empire



### Major holdings of the Santa, Inc., Corp.



elves and junk food he had come to crave. With his move from the Pole, his eating habits had gone from eccentric to bizarre. Claus existed on an unvarying diet of sweets, candy canes, and gingerbread men. His rosy skin gradually turned sallow, and he grew so thin that no new photos were issued of Claus,

for the last 15 years, of his life. He was no longer the round, rosy, jolly Santa of his own legends, but a half-starved diabetic.

He may have been using drugs; a former aide suggests that Santa Claus was "shooting and snorting 'snow'" smuggled from the Pole by his minions. His behavior became erratic, and he began work on what has become known as "Santa's Folly"—the \$4.5 billion jet-engine-propelled giant sled. *The Donner Explorer*. A number of reindeer strapped to the front of the "sled" died of terror or lack of oxygen before Claus replaced them with mock-ups. (There was some speculation that the sled was used for CIA surveillance before it was scrapped in 1972.)

Meanwhile, the natives of Santa Domingo became increasingly unhappy with the rich *gringo* in their midst. Santa Dominicans believed that Claus controlled their government through his billions, and violent anti-Santa demonstrations erupted in the formerly peaceful country. Fearing for his safety, Santa became a virtual prisoner in his own compound, a prisoner of the elves he had made his bodyguards and of the puppet executives of Santa, Inc.

"Those tiny guys would just push him around or deny him his candy canes until he'd do things *their way*," said a one-time personal physician.

The elves may have forced the ailing Santa to sign a will turning Santa, Inc., over to little people control, and possibly denied Claus proper medical treatment in order to induce his final coma. (In California, Mrs. Claus is contesting the Santa, Inc., will.)

In life, Claus had managed to conceal most of his foibles and fancies behind a candy-coated myth; but death, and the attendant publicity surrounding the legal battles of Santa's empire, will strip off the red suit shroud to reveal the naked, skin-and-bones corpse of the once great man.



Santa, Emma, and divorce lawyers leave court

She testified he came but once a year.

Major low tar brands tested!

# National taste test\* proves Real is best tasting low tar

### The Natural Cigarette.

All major brands enhance their flavor artificially. Only Real gives you all natural taste because Real uses only the finest tobacco blend to which nothing artificial has been added. Nothing.

You get great satisfying taste. And all of it is natural. All of it.

Now enjoy the cigarette that says it tastes best—and proves it. Low tar Real, the natural cigarette. Only 9 mg. tar.



### \*The National Test.

Regular king-size filter smokers—both full-flavor and low tar smokers—tested Real Filter and major non-menthol low tar brands. Each person smoked one low tar brand on an unidentified basis and rated it. Real Filter was rated higher overall than every low tar brand tested. It was rated higher on taste, satisfaction, natural taste and rich flavor. Yet Real has only 9 mg. tar.

**The natural cigarette. Nothing artificial added.**

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.

# PRINCIPAL SCENIC AREAS OF TEXAS

The High Plains Country



The Panhandle



The Austin Hill Country



Big Bend National Park



# SPORTS IN TEXAS

by Gerry Sussman

Every male Texan is born with a tiny football in his hand. The idea is to get the boy to grip a ball real early in his career, so that it comes natural to him when he grows up. Every six months, Dad gives his boy a slightly bigger ball. By the time the boy is two, he is throwing five-yard spirals. At age seven, he is slinging bullet-like buttonhook passes to his younger brother, breaking in the kid's hands, giving him his first layer of callouses. And so it goes; from birth to grade school, the young Texan male goes through an athletic training regimen that makes Russian dancers look like jet set wastrels.

By the time the lad is ready for grade school competition in 25,000 capacity stadiums (perfectly lit for night games), he is big, smart, cool, and can throw thirty-yard squareouts right on the button. Now he's ready for some *real* coaching. A chunky, jowly gym teacher, an ex-second string lineman for A & M named Buck or T.J. or Cecil, takes over and really whips the boy into shape. He works on the lad's dropback, his stance, his release, his lateral vision, his ability to pick up the secondary receivers. He coaches the boy to stay in the pocket even when he hears footsteps and knows he can be hit on the blind side by a massive one hundred pounder who has been left back four times and is still in the sixth grade. "Save the fancy stuff, the dodging around, for your high school games, sonny. First thing you learn with me is how to hang tough. If you can't hang tough, hang up your f—— n' cleats. Ain't no point in playing football," says Buck. Buck curses and spits and his boys love it. The boys' dads love it. The moms hate it in public, but secretly love it, too. With cursing and spitting comes manhood, virility, and true Texas style.

With all this coaching and playing, the boy certainly develops into a real player, a quarterback who leads his grade school team to three semiregional championships, a runner-up in the All-Southern League tournament, and a ranking in the All-State League. Film clips of the boy in action have been shown on the local TV news shows. He's been scouted by a number of high school birdhunters.

The boy can't miss. He's got the arm, the know-how, the size, and the speed. And a barrelful of guts. Except when he gets to high school, there are seventy-five lads exactly like him. He can't make the team as a quarterback, but is tried as a halfback and breaks his leg in the first scrimmage. Next year, he breaks the other leg trying out as an end, and the third year, his collarbone goes. By his senior year, he's washed out, a burned out case. Sure he's bitter and disappointed and fucked up. But there's still hope. He does what thousands of young Texans with similar problems do — he becomes a faggot.

## TEXAS RANGER



THIS



NOT THIS

## OIL



THIS



NOT THIS

# The Austin Scene

In the beginning, there was *inlaw* music: Les and Mary, George and Tammy, Johnny and June, Buck and Bonnie and Merle. The inlaws came from Nashville, Tenn., or its suburb, Bakersfield, Calif.

And then there were the *outlaws*. Willie and Waylon and Tompall and Jerry Jeff and all that bunch. They don't hold with Nudie suits and guitar-shaped swimming pools. Uh-uh. They're the kinda guys who don't give a damn and raise hell and tell you the kinda guys they are in their songs, till it damn near makes you sick. They're from Texas.

But lately, the outlaws can't hardly find a law to break but that some big label A & R man doesn't pull strings at the county seat to get that law struck from the books retroactively, or at least have the breaking of that law defined as cute and good for the Austin image. Which leaves the outlaws with damn all to sing about but each other, and their fascinatin' interrelationships — headin' straight down a creative cul-de-sac already full to the gunwhales with inlaws.

To wit: some sample lyrics from the shipped-gold album, *Willie Sings Waylon Sings Nelson Sings Jennings*:

*You know the kinda man I am,  
I've told you often enough,  
Whiskey's the only thing I like neat,  
I'm ornery, mean, and tough.  
But way down deep, I'm sensitive,  
An' loyal an' benign,  
An' if you mention my song in your song  
I'll mention your song in mine.*

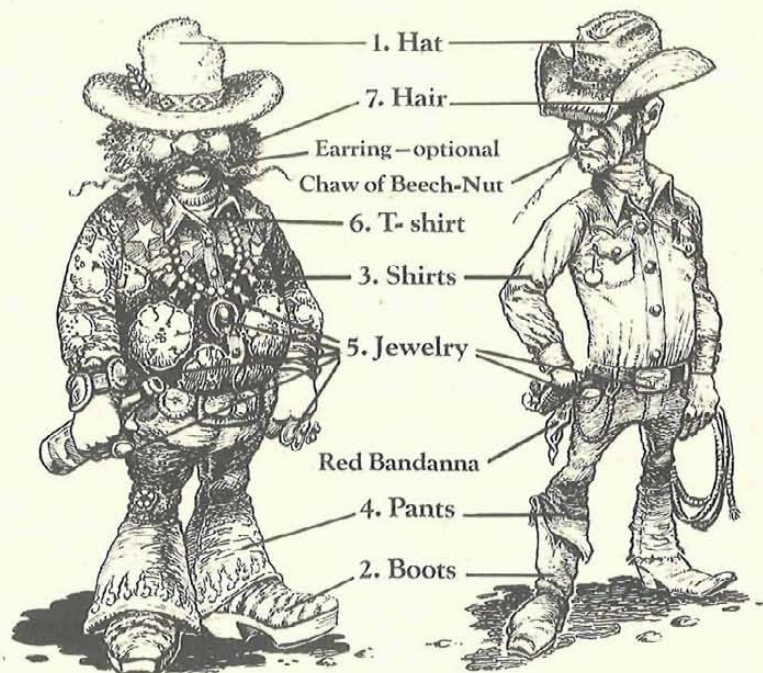
*I'm a hard livin' bar fightin' son of a gun,  
Ain't got a lot to lose,  
But the lines on my face are a ledger  
that says  
I've always paid my dues.  
I ain't askin' any favors  
There's no dotted line to sign,  
But if you mention my song in your song,  
I'll mention your song in mine.*

*I won't sell out, won't play their game,  
Won't compromise, but listen  
It ain't like kissin' ass when it's  
Each other's ass we're kissin'.  
I'll stick to my hearty baritone,  
You can keep your nasal whine  
But if you mention my song in your song,  
I'll mention your song in mine.*

Austin is the native habitat of the much-heralded *cozmic cowboy*, and you'll surely want to see and meet some of these glamorous characters. But *watch out*—you could make the fatal social blunder of mistaking this new subspecies for the original item—the genuine redneck Texas cowpoke. And this could lead to serious consequences. Like a kick in the butt.

## COZMIC COWBOY IDENTIFICATION CHART

by Michael Jaxon



**1. Hats:** This is a toughie, cause all cowboys wear hats, even when they bathe! Sweat and grime-stained funky straw hats are the trademark of the true cowboy. High roller felt or fuzzy jobs with feather boas or rattlesnake bands mean he's cozmic.

**2. Boots:** Scuffed, cracked Acmes usually belong to the real thing. Lizard, rhino, hippo, or snakeskin varieties point to cozmic types. Platform cowboy boots are a dead giveaway.

**3. Shirts:** Solid colors or low-key patterns with pearl snaps are the favorite of the working cattleman. Cozmic cowboys like loud colors, outrageous patterns—some even *without pockets!* No real cowboy would ever buy a shirt without pockets. They may be dumb, but they ain't stupid.

**4. Pants:** Pants inside of boots, another dead giveaway. Cozmic types are much too fastidious for that sort of thing. Also check for bells, beads, leather fringe, or embroidered patches. Any self-respecting cowboy would throw away raggedy-assed jeans and buy new ones.

**5. Jewelry:** Timepieces: real cowpunchers wear the big, round jobs, attached to their pants by a chain. If they're progressive, they might have a Bulova or an Elgin wristwatch. Cozmic cowboys, on the other hand, have elaborate, foreign, computerized, jobs—set amidst gaudy turquoise.

They're also fond of wearing necklaces—puka shell, heishi beads, coke spoons, and ponderous squash blossom affairs—as well as covering their fingers with rings of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of bad taste. Real cowboys keep it pretty basic—belt buckle and wedding band.

**6. T-shirts:** If you're still having trouble deciding, ask to see his T-shirt. If it's an esoteric or psychedelic number, you're okay. If it's not, slowly pick yourself up and back off. He's got you figured for a fag. Unless you're a girl....

**7. Hair:** If all else fails, observe length of hair...true cowboys haven't learned about shampoo yet, so they keep it short to cope with dirt, grease, and sweat—things cozmic cowboys rarely come in contact with.

# IMPORTANT TEXAS POINTS OF INTEREST

*A Checklist of Fascinating Things to Do and See on Your Visit to the Lone Star State*

## HOUSTON

Astroland Amusement Park 1500  
Astrodome Parkway, 10 A.M.-10 P.M. daily  
Astro World Shopping Center 100  
Astrodome Highway, most stores 9 A.M.-  
9 P.M. Mon.-Sat.



The Astrodome



The Alamo

The Astrodome Hilton 960 Astrodome  
Blvd., Astro-Restro-Rant till midnight  
Astro-Disco 511 Astrodome Rd., 6 P.M.-  
1 A.M. nightly  
Astro-Drive-In 1740 Astrodome St.,  
features begin at sundown, Mon.-Sat.  
The Astrodome

## SAN ANTONIO

Alamo Land Amusement Park 12400  
Alamo Drive, 10 A.M.-10 P.M. Mon.-Sat.  
Alamo World Shopping Center 505 Alamo  
Lane, most stores 9 A.M.-7 P.M. daily



The Alamo



The Astrodome

The Alamo Hilton 88 Alamo Court, Ala-  
Motel facilities also available  
Alamo-Disco 678 Alamo Alley, 6:30 P.M.-  
1 A.M. Mon.-Sun.  
The Alamo

## AUSTIN

Jerry Jeff Walker's Ex-Wives, YaHoo Chili  
Parlor 1660 15th St., nightly

## DALLAS

Ft. Worth

## FT. WORTH

Dallas

## ABILENE

The Road to Lubbock

## LUBBOCK

The Road to Amarillo

## AMARILLO

Nothing

# AUTHENTIC TEXAS RECIPES

## BEEF STROGANOFF

Fly a good chef in from Paris. Purchase a cattle ranch and have the hands slaughter a steer. Cut into half-inch slices:

1½ lbs. fillet of beef

Pound them with a solid gold hammer until thin. Cut into strips about one inch wide with an antique bone-handled Sheffield carving knife. Buy a dairy farm and melt in a pan:

1 tablespoon butter

Sauté in the butter for about five minutes:

¾ tablespoon grated onion

from a tractor-trailer load shipped in fresh from Ohio. Sauté the beef quickly in the butter for about five minutes. Turn so that it will be browned evenly. Remove and keep it hot. Add to the pan:

¾ lb. of a boxcar load of sliced mushrooms

Add the beef. Dig a salt mine. Corner the pepper market, and season with:

Salt and pepper

Close a land deal in Nappa Valley, California; start a vineyard and add and heat, but do not boil:

¼ cup white wine

1 cup warm sweet or cultured sour cream from the dairy

Serve with Mueller's noodles, which can be acquired by a merger with General Foods.

## FRIED CHICKEN

Make a \$22 tender offer for shares of the Perdue Poultry Company. Engage in an extended proxy battle with the Perdue family. Grasp control of the corporation and get somebody to fry one of their chickens for you.

## WHOOPIING CRANE STEW

Just go into a restaurant and make them fix you some whooping crane stew, and, if they won't do it, wreck their credit rating.

# GENUINE TEXAN HUMOR

*Just the Way You'll Hear It in Texas*

Q. How can you tell a Texas jackrabbit?  
A. Check the brand!

Q. What do you call a fellow who tells a Dallas chef to cook his steak well-done?  
A. Call him an ambulance!

Q. How do you make chicken-fried steak?  
A. First, pluck a cow...

Q. Why isn't Texas jealous of Alaska?  
A. Takes too much land to graze an Eskimo.

Q. Why don't you need suntan lotion on Texas beaches?  
A. 'Cause you just bring along an itty-bitty little derrick and drill for baby oil!

The state of Texas is bilingual...money talks!

First little boy: Mexicans sure must have smart dogs.

Second little boy: Why's that?

First little boy: Because my dad says they use them to make burritos.

Q. How many Mexicans does it take to rope cattle?  
A. Eleven—one to put the rope on and ten to hold the cow still!

Mexicans don't really have to swim the Rio Grande to get into the U.S.—it's just the only way our government can get them to bathe!

Q. How can you tell a Texas Negro?  
A. Check the brand!

Q. What do you call the brown stuff that gets in between the tire treads on a Texas Cadillac?  
A. Slow Mexicans!

# IT'S THE ONE MUSIC LOVERS ALL OVER

## PIONEER'S SX650. THE NUMBER ONE RECEIVER TODAY WITH PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT MUSIC.

This year, music lovers will buy more Pioneer SX650's than any one of the other 162 high fidelity receivers on the market.

Mainly because this year, for the second year in a row, the 650 will offer better value, better features, and better sound than any similarly priced receiver.

## PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT MUSIC WANT TO HEAR IT REPRODUCED PERFECTLY.

The number one problem that plagues most music reproducing equipment today is distortion. Distortion that makes horns and basses sound muddy. And singers sound like they're straining.

The 650 solves these problems with things like a power section designed to minimize distortion at high volumes. Plus a pre-amp that has a phono overload level of 200 millivolts—enough to handle the loudest section of one of today's most dynamic records without distorting.

Together, these things work to give the 650 a virtually *inaudible* total harmonic distortion level of less than 0.3%, from 20 to 20,000 hertz.\* A figure that some receivers costing \$100 more can't beat.

## POWER TO SPARE.

When a piece of music reaches a crescendo, it tends to put a tremendous strain on the power section of even the most expensive receivers.

Many receivers clip the signal and distort.

The SX650 goes right on producing beautiful music. At 35 watts per channel\* it's more than powerful enough to fill the average room with clean, clear undistorted sound. And yet still have enough power in reserve to handle sudden surges of low or high frequencies.

So a full orchestra will sound just as crisp and clear as a single singer.

## AN FM SECTION THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A RADIO.

At Pioneer, we've always believed that the FM section on the SX650 sounded more life-like than many \$600 separate tuners.

This opinion was recently confirmed in an article by Julian Hirsch in *Stereo Review Magazine* about our TX6500 tuner. A tuner that features the same basic front end as the 650's.

"For all practical purposes, the frequency response, channel separation, noise level, and distortion... are the equal of most tuners selling for two or three times its price."

And who are we to argue with one of the leading experts in the hi fi industry?

## PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT MUSIC ALSO CARE ABOUT MONEY.

With a price of less than \$325,† we think the SX650 offers an incredible value among today's medium priced hi fi receivers.

Especially when you consider that similar 35 watt receivers could run you as much as \$100 more.

But don't take our word for any of this.

Go compare the value and sound of the SX650 to any other medium priced receiver at your nearest audio dealer.

We think you'll find it's the perfect receiver for people who appreciate great value as much as they appreciate great sound.

High Fidelity Components  
**PIONEER**  
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

©1977 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

\*35 watts per channel minimum continuous power output at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion.

†The value shown in this ad is for informational purposes only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

# THING AMERICA AGREE ON.



PIONEER'S SX 650.

get it all  
together with

# COMFORT®



One sip of Southern Comfort tells you it's an incredibly talented liquor. Super smooth. It tastes *delicious*, all by itself. That's why Comfort® makes a terrific drink solo, or with almost any backup.

## COMFORT® SOLO

**ON-THE-ROCKS, FOR PURISTS**

Just pour a jiggerful over ice. Enjoy this fine liquor's fabulous full flavor the Comfort® able way.



## COMFORT® DUOS

Comfort® & Cola  
Comfort® & 7UP  
Comfort® & Tonic  
Comfort® & Bitter Lemon  
Comfort® & Orange Juice



## COMFORT® TRIOS

**SLOE 'N COMFORT® ABLE**  
*Screwdriver with a new twist!*

½ jigger Comfort®  
½ jigger sloe gin  
3 oz. orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors, juice. Stir; add a cherry. Sip for slow 'n easy enjoyment.

**COOL TEUL**

1 oz. Comfort®  
½ oz. tequila  
Orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors; fill with juice; stir. Add a cherry. Great drink from Mexico!



There's nothing more *delicious* than Southern Comfort® on-the-rocks!



# THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS



NOW IN ONE FABULOUS GIFT ALBUM!

YESTERDAY  
I'LL FOLLOW THE SUN  
I NEED YOU  
GIRL  
IN MY LIFE  
WORDS OF LOVE

SOMETHING  
AND I LOVE HER  
IF I FELT  
I'LL BE BACK  
TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE  
YES IT IS

MICHELLE  
IT'S ONLY LOVE  
YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THAT GIRL  
EVERY LITTLE THING  
FOR NO ONE  
SHE'S LEAVING HOME

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD  
THIS BOY  
NORWEGIAN WOOD  
(THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN)  
YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE YOUR LOVE AWAY  
I WILL  
P.S. I LOVE YOU

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

25 OF THEIR MOST FAMOUS AND ROMANTIC SONGS  
ON TWO RECORDS...ON CAPITOL RECORDS AND TAPES!

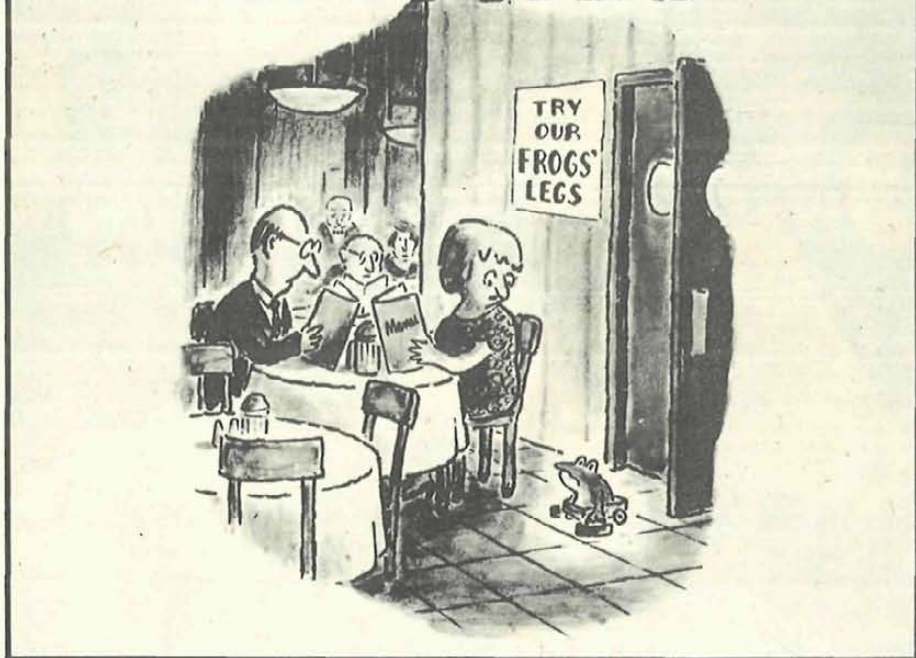


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NATIONAL  
LAMPOON

"THAT'S NOT FUNNY,  
THAT'S SICK!"



**INTO A WORLD  
COMPLETELY WITHOUT VALUES,  
WE INTRODUCE  
AN UTTERLY INDECENT ALBUM.**

Because no major record company would touch this album with *your* hands, we've decided that we are the only people with enough guts to produce and distribute our own record album. It is not for the faint of heart. It's not brutal, frank, or obscene; it's dirty! And very funny!

Since it will appear on our own new label (Label 21) and will be distributed in only a handful of stores throughout the country, it is possible that you won't find the album in your neighborhood at this time. If this is the case, you can purchase it through this ad.

The price is \$6.95. The contents are outrageous, scurrilous, and offensive.

Attention, record stores: The new National Lampoon album, "That's Not Funny, That's

Sick!" is being distributed by Jem Records, 3619 Kennedy Road, South Plainfield, New Jersey 07080.

This coupon is for retail orders by readers only, not for quantity purchases for resale.

National Lampoon Dept. REC1277  
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Please send me your album, "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" at \$6.95.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

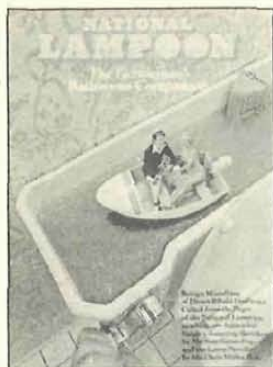
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

There is no charge for shipping or handling.

# THE NATIONAL LAMPOON CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOG

Here is a list of things you can buy. Some of them are quite good. And by filling in the convenient order form envelope and enclosing a check, you can also have some or all these things sent to people as Christmas presents, which is convenient at this time of year.



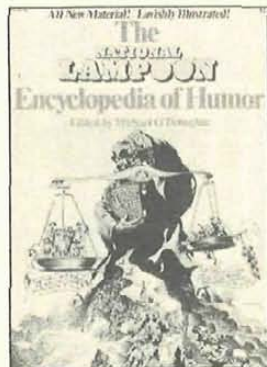
**THE GENTLEMAN'S BATHROOM COMPANION (B01001)**

An anthology of smut from our back pages. \$2.50



**THE GENTLEMAN'S BATHROOM COMPANION (B01000)**

Successor to the original and enormously popular *GBC*. \$2.50



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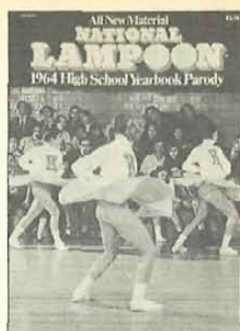
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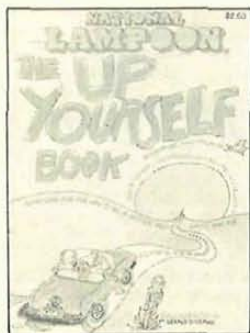
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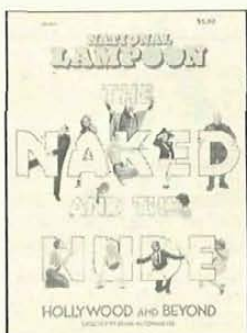
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I AM THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND (P2002) \$1.00



# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

● King Hussein's brother, Mohammed, has been forced to resign as head of the Jordanian Army for the simple reason that doctors have discovered he is allergic to camels.

● Helen Bond, principal of the Warley Green kindergarten of Smethwick, England, was fired from her job for not smiling. She was able to recover damages, however, when she revealed that her husband was divorcing her, and her son, Peter, had developed a serious skin disease. *San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle* (Debbly Costabel)

● In an attempt to cut down on airplane hijacking, one enterprising airline recently hired two psychiatrists as special security officers. The two men were instructed to arrest anyone who showed signs of mental instability. Within minutes of their first spell of duty, one of the psychiatrists arrested the other. *The Police Journal* (J. Quiros)

● German actor Hardy Kruger, in Kuala Lumpur with David Niven for the filming of *Paper Tiger*, was somewhat mystified by the spectacle of large crowds enjoying a day at the races without the benefit of horses. Thanks to the excellent view of the racetrack alongside the hotel, Kruger was able to observe the animated crowd cheering, working on form sheets, and placing bets with bookies between "races." Eventually, he could stand it no longer, and persuaded Niven to call the hotel management for an explanation. Niven was told that the racing season was in fact over, but the local people loved racing so much they came to

the racetrack and listened to the broadcasts from Singapore on their transistor radios. *Philadelphia Enquirer* (James Anderson)

● Mary Jane Williams offered police an unusual excuse when they finally stopped her after a lengthy chase at speeds up to seventy miles an hour. She told them that she had assumed the wailing sound of the sirens was the screaming of her boyfriend, who had been clinging to the luggage rack of her car since she had

driven off during an argument. *UPI*

● A twenty-five-year-old man picked up on a minor charge is being held in the Jackson County jail on a charge of escaping from a Montgomery, Alabama, prison, and all because he was too trusting. The man, who identified himself as Larry Smith of Mobile, Alabama, was taken down to state police headquarters after being picked up while walking on an interstate highway. While awaiting fingerprinting, a

standard procedure for those unable to post the \$25 bond, he struck up a conversation with a man he assumed to be an inmate of Southern Michigan Prison, many of whom work at the police post.

According to officers, Smith bragged to the man about how easily he had fooled the arresting officer by giving phony identification. In fact, he went on to tell him, he was actually an escaped prisoner who had been serving time for murder in Alabama. When Smith invited the man to tell him about the crime he was serving time for, the listener identified himself as Trooper Patrick Darrow, the post's dog handler.

After checking with authorities in Alabama, the state police were able to identify the talkative man as Willard Pope, wanted for escaping from a Montgomery prison, where he had been doing time for murder. *The News Palladium* (Dennis Moritz)

● James R. Timmons spent April Fool's Day in a hospital, a victim of the success of his own prank. According to the Oklahoma highway patrol, Timmons decided to play a trick on his ex-wife. He followed her to a house where she was visiting, and hid in the trunk of her car after she had gone in. When Mrs. Timmons was driving home later that night, he got out of the trunk, climbed over the car, and peered in through the windshield. Mrs. Timmons was so startled that she momentarily lost control of the car. The car swerved, throwing Timmons to the ground violently enough to break his nose and both hands. *Tulsa Times* (Richard Dyer)

**LIVES OF THE GREAT**  
THIS MONTH:  
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LBJ IS REPUTED TO HAVE ONCE UNZIPPED HIS FLY, LAID HIS PENIS ON THE TABLE, AND DECLARED TO HIS POLITICAL CRONIES, "MAO TSE-TUNG WILL NEVER GET THIS!"

"MEN WORRY ABOUT HEART ATTACKS; WOMEN WORRY ABOUT CANCER OF THE TIT, BUT EVERYONE WORRIES ABOUT WAR AND PEACE. EVERYTHING ELSE IS CHICKENSHIT!" LBJ

## Media Notes

The clippings below are from the New York Times, and were gathered by art director and designer Sam Antupit. They represent only a small part of Mr. Antupit's collection of Times bus plunges. The collection was originally published in *More* magazine, accompanied by the following comment from *More's* editors: "Until now, we had serious reservations about the amount of thought and imagination that goes into the Times foreign coverage. But the comprehensiveness of the paper's bus plunge reportings has forced us to rethink some of our preconceptions."

### Cairo Bus Plunge Kills 15

CAIRO, June 27 (Reuters)—Fifteen persons were killed and 17 injured today when a truck plunged into a canal near the Nile River after the driver had swerved to avoid another vehicle.

### Ecuador Bus Plunge Kills 19

QUITO, Ecuador, Aug. 28 (Reuters)—Nineteen people were killed and five seriously injured when a crowded bus plunged down a 150-foot ravine in northern Ecuador last night, the police said today. The dead, they said, included an American couple, identified as Thomas and Elsy O'Kelly.

### Afghan Bus Plunge Kills 21

KABUL, Afghanistan, May 11 (AP)—Twenty-one persons were killed and six injured when a bus plunged into an irrigation canal in Lashkargah, western Afghanistan, the police reported. They attributed the accident to careless driving.

### Chilean Bus Plunge Kills 13

OSORNO, Chile, March 20 (UPI)—Thirteen persons were killed and 34 injured when a bus with an inexperienced driver at the wheel plunged off a mountain road at Puyehue, near the Argentine border 625 miles south of Santiago, the police said today.

### 35 Injured in Bus Plunge

MARKTHEIDENFELD, West Germany, April 20 (UPI)—At least 35 persons were injured, 10 of them seriously, when a bus filled with 52 members of a pensioners club went down an embankment and overturned, the police said today.

### Bus Plunge in India Kills 7

NEW DELHI, Dec. 27 (UPI)—Seven policemen were killed and 24 others were injured when a police truck carrying them plunged into a canal near Arrah in the northeastern state of Bihar, the Press Trust of India reported today. The agency said the policemen were on their way to target practice.

### Bus Plunge Kills 14 in India

NEW DELHI, July 27 (UPI)—A bus plunged into a 100-foot gorge near a Himalayan hill station at Simla, 250 miles north of here, yesterday killing 14 persons and injuring 45 others, the Press Trust of India reported today.

### Six Killed in Bus Plunge

SARAGOSSA, Spain, Dec. 19 (Reuters)—A bus carrying about 50 Spanish workers and their families home for Christmas from West Germany and Switzerland plunged off a bridge into the Ebro River here early today. At least six persons were killed and about 40 were injured. Most of the passengers escaped through a rear exit.

### Mexican Bus Plunge Kills 8

PALMAR CHICO, Mexico Oct. 27 (UPI)—Eight persons died of injuries suffered when a bus plunged off a wet road into a 400-foot-deep gully, the police reported. The police said the bus had been overloaded, carrying more than 50 passengers.

### 12 Die in Ceylon Bus Plunge

COLOMBO, Ceylon, Sept. 12 (AP)—A bus plunged down a 100-foot precipice today at Agraptatana, killing 12 persons and injuring 50.

### Bus Plunge in Brazil Kills 30

BELEM, Brazil, July 19 (UPI)—Thirty persons were killed yesterday when a bus fell off a ferry ramp into the Capim River, and an unknown number are missing, the police said today. The accident occurred at São Domingos, 250 miles southeast of this Amazon delta port.

### Colombia Bus Plunge Kills 12

BOGOTA, Colombia, April 11 (Reuters)—Twelve people died and 15 were injured when a bus plunged nearly 500 feet down a ravine outside Linares, near the Ecuadorian frontier, it was reported here today.

## Spoilers

Here are the endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

### MOVIES

*Bobby Deerfield*: Lillian, Bobby Deerfield's lover, dies.

*Valentino*: The screen idol is suspected of being a homosexual, despite his marriages, legal as well as bigamous. He agrees to a drinking and boxing match to prove his manhood, which he wins. He dies at home, still young, with an orange in his hand.

*Julia*: Lillian delivers the money to Julia, who is killed after being tortured by the Nazis. The project is endangered and Lillian is unable to find Julia's child, who was said to have been hidden with a baker somewhere in Alsace.

*Oh, God!*: George Burns selects assistant supermarket manager Jerry Landers as his apostle. Jerry finds the world too jaded for the Lord's word, and is fired from the supermarket as an obvious lunatic.

### BOOKS

*The Silmarillion* by J. R. R. Tolkien: After five wars, the Silmarills are regained from the Dark Lord, only to be forever lost. The last of them—guess how?...in a volcano.

*The Users* by Joyce Haber: Elena Brent, socialite, divorces gay has-been actor Randall and marries millionaire Reade Jamieson.

*Touch Not the Cat* by Mary Stewart: Bryony marries her telepathic lover, Rob Granger, who turns out to be an Ashley. The Ashley family crest is discovered and Ashley Court is bequeathed to cousin Francis.

*Coma* by Robin Cooke: Susan Wheeler investigates the unusual number of comatose patients, discovers the existence of a black market traffic in human organs, and is herself anesthetized into oblivion by kindly Dr. Stark.

## Bullshit

"Circulation has reached an all-time high, and *Penthouse* has surpassed *Playboy* to become the biggest-selling men's magazine in the world.

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—from the "Housecall" column, *Penthouse*, August 1977

"McNeill also erects the interesting parallel between the microparasitism of disease and the macroparasitism of government—tax collectors, landlords, and armies that also afflict mankind. The two strive for an uneasy balance of power at living off the human body without actually killing it. Too virulent a disease—or government—is self-limiting. It destroys itself by destroying its host."

—Jonathan Kapstein's review of *Plagues and People* by William H. McNeill, the "Books" department of *Business Week*, August 15, 1977

"I stared. She stared me down. Sweat glistened on her forehead and throat, on her upper lip. She showed her teeth, and she smelled very strong, of blackness and sex, of earth."

—Nik Cohn, "Amazing Grace," *New York*, August 15, 1977

"...In the final script, says Todd, Plath's suicide attempt (the book is a thinly-disguised autobiography) will be viewed not as a mental health problem, but as the conflict of a young woman finding herself out of synch with '50s values."

—re the filming of Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*, to be produced by Mike Todd, Jr. Reported in "Todd's Project" on page six of *The New York Post*, August 11, 1977, by Neal Travis

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## UnderWater

"One of the basic principles of middle-class entertainment is that anything is funny if you do it underwater."

—Michael O'Donoghue

"I am taking every precaution I can," Mr. Wouk recently told me, "to make sure that the production is done with high quality and integrity, that the history of the Second World War is not vulgarized or trivialized."

—re the television production of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*, as reported in *The New York Times*, August 7, 1977

"...if everyone's barriers were broken down through therapy, it would be much easier to meet people. If all the people in Russia and America were psychoanalyzed, world politics would be a lot different. And better."

—Jan Orange, a single woman living in New York, as quoted in "Being Single in New York," by Susan Dietz, *New York Post*, July 5, 1977

## True Masthead

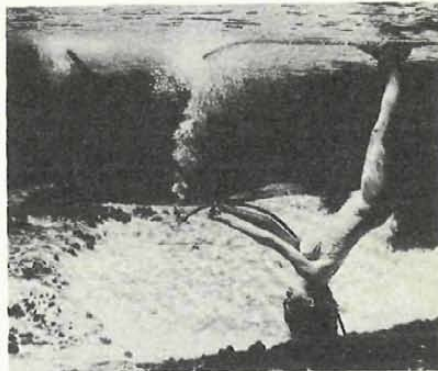
Edited by P.J.O'Rourke  
 "Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner  
 "Spoilers" by Danny Abelson  
 "Facts" by Wendy Mogel  
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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



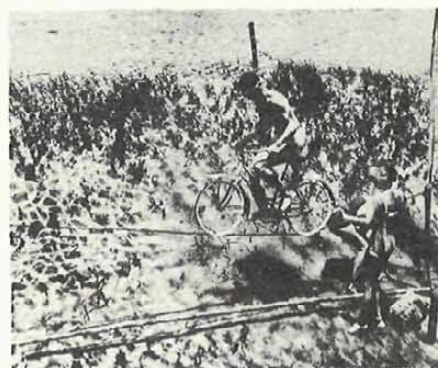
Miami Beach, Fla., 1961



Weeki Wachee Springs, Fla., 1960



Rome, Italy, 1947



Silver Springs, Fla., 1964



Silver Springs, Fla., 1959



Dunnellon, Fla., 1953



Paris, France, 1970



Weeki Wachee Springs, Fla., 1959



Innsbruck, Austria, 1956



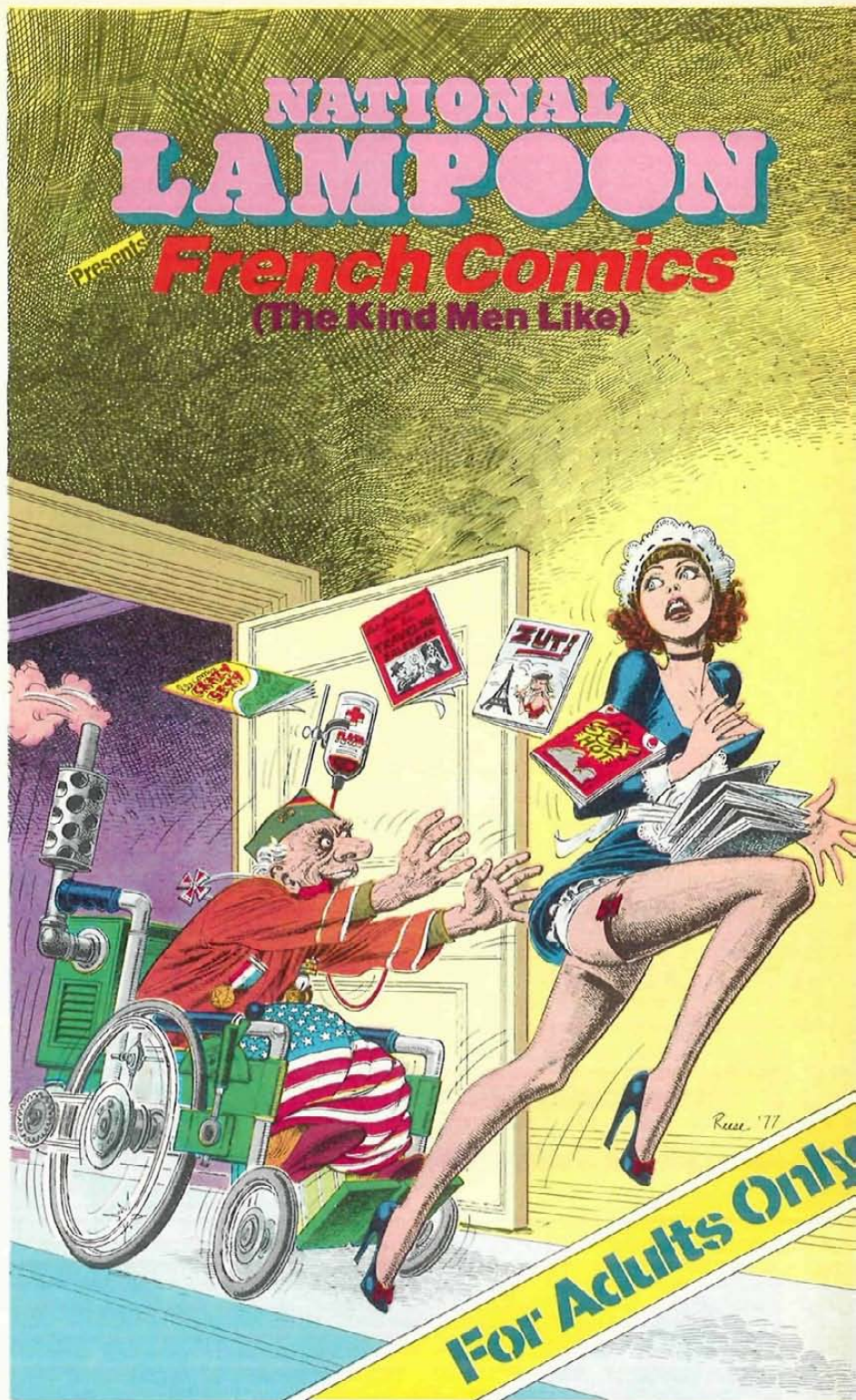


# Frog Yoks

We all know that throughout history, the French have given the world so much to laugh about: Rabelais. Voltaire. The Maginot Line. Vietnam. The Citroen. Catherine Deneuve. But did you know about French comics?

The editors of the *National Lampoon*, some of whom know people who actually speak French, sort of, have ransacked hundreds of French books and magazines to select this anthology of French comics, and translated them into what passes for English around here.

Our standards were high. We were looking for satire, sex, wit, sex, whimsy, sex, and some gratuitous violence to present to you, our loyal readers, *French Comics (The Kind Men Like)*. If you like French jeans, French letters, French fries, you'll like *French Comics*. Order your copy today, and keep NATO strong.



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ting in two immense halves, they diaped down to his knees. For the third time he stood upon one leg and then upon the other, and removed from his extremities their encasing cylinders, exiling the garment through the air to the hat rack with a "Ho! Ho! Ho!" to accompany its flight.

Here was a sight for rheumy retinas—Santa in his long johns, hook-and-ladder red, buttoned with mother o' pearl—a sideboard, a credenza, a whole dining room suite of a man! He stretched his back back, placing his hands on his hips, and sighed with well-earned satisfaction. Christmas night was over and done, the reindeer were lodged, the North Pole light out, and his life's work satisfied for another year. The walls of the room popped their eyes, raised their hands, and tucked in their midribs to accommodate the zeppelinoid expansion of his belly, and now, as he resumed his former stance, became upright as cadets, wainscoting tucked in.

Santa's long johns had seventeen buttons down the front, twenty-three upon the rumble seat. He rubbed his hands over his rosy cheeks briskly, tugged at his beard to stimulate circulation, twisted his eyebrows, croisanted his moustache, wiggled his

ears, rubbed his hands, and sighed with profound and expert anticipation. Then he raised his hands into the air and wriggled his fingers, Horowitzing the atmosphere as though he were about to play the buttons down his front in the key of C-major, although the keyboard bent surreally up, over, around, and under a belly both hemispheres of which the sun could not shine on simultaneously, and where it was spring on his chest, it was autumn beneath his navel.

Then he applied his fingers to the first and topmost button, and his eyes, which themselves were like buttons, winkled, and twinkled, and crinkled great guns. He licked his cherry lips and opened up the next. He smiled his jolly smile and undid the next. And so it went, button by button, facial expression by facial expression, until finally the equator was reached.

On to the antipodes then!—for only five more buttons remained. Then four! Then three!

Whereupon Santa moved forward to the canopied bed, where, as sleek as a mushroom's pate, Mrs. Santa Claus writhed in proleptic ecstacy and amorous derangement, and, reaching out with fetching agility, opened wide the three final pearly gates, spread wide the portals, and placed her lips

richly round his Genesis Book I.

## II

He reached over and slapped with a solid thwack her dimple-knobbled amen. Indeed, so serrated was it that it resembled less the smooth cream that enters the churn than the cottage cheese that wobbles out of it. It was a map in bas-relief of the rivulets, erosions, arroyos, mesas, and crumbling tablelands of a planet older than myth.

She squeaked, she smiled; he growled, and she turned the other cheek. "Thwack!" From the imprint on his hand, her fundament gave the impression someone had been doing push-ups on it.

She looked up at him with helpless, waiting eyes, and then she lowered them to assess his lank and florid of-fertories. "I love the way they hang," she said slowly, "like moose wattles."

"Thwack!" The wiry hairs that grew on them, which no longer curled because age had made them white, and whiteness coarse, she stared at with plummy satisfaction. They hung low—unlike those of a seventeen-year-old-boy, which are firm as golf balls and sweet as musk. Not they. These swung about like wrecked wrecking balls, their sacks as musty and empty as Santa's storeroom tonight.

continued on page 105

**HARRY CHAPIN**

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## SAVAGE CHRISTMAS

continued from page 96

She clawed her hands through the coarse white hairs of his thighs, then swept around and seized the bonanza of his immense pew, prizing it apart and poking her dear plump grandmother fingers into his lesson for the day.

Then she kissed and kissed again the round and florid hossana, that proboscis of his lower centers, that thermometer of procreation filling up now with red liquid as she swallowed it whole. It felt good to Dame Claus to have it flexing itself nicely between her dentures.

But then she stopped. For to look at it, rather! To behold it, in its blizzardous tangle of snow white hairs, veins varicosing down it—no longer the neat concertina of fourteen or twenty-four. Its retractability was spent. But not its expandability. For none of this is to say that Santa was impotent. Oh no, not he, far from it, as you shall see. No, not impotent. But *old!*

Wonderfully, wonderfully old, to Mrs. S., and wonderfully, wonderfully white. White the hair on his legs, the hair of his armpits, his nostrils; white the hair from his ears emerging, and from his several wens. Snow white eyebrows and lashes, white of beard and moustache, white hairs upon his legs, and, except for the hair on his beard, which she specially curled with papers and irons, all of it lank. How she adored it. White the hairs on his knuckles and kinky the white hair on his wrists and his jolly old altar.

She wove her teeth in it and smothered her eyes in it, yum.

She drew back on her haunches and ogled his teets, which languished like yesterday's socks over the back of a chair. She sucked at those sere canteens with her lips and tossed them up and down with her nose.

Then she seized him around the middle and planted a loving kiss on the covert depths of his navel.

"You turn me on like crazy," she wailed. "I can't get enough of you."

Who could? He was Enough to the sixteenth power, he was Enough to mayfly multiplicity. As soon count the snowflakes falling outside as come to the end of his plenitudinous convexant antiquity—a thing which she was just about to do, for she then knelt on her stout knees beneath his legs and stuck her tongue up his white-fringed doxology, which opened like a coconut-iced devil's

continued

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## SAVAGE CHRISTMAS

continued

food cake to receive her.

"Nicky!" she cried from the dark continent, and returning to her work, "Nphft!"

Manfully he responded, "Olympe!"

### III

Up to her feet he drew her. Her priedius hung down like upturned bells and gonged mutely to and fro, you would not exactly call them flippant. He ran his palms, clockwise and counterclockwise, over their terminal points, which in an instant grew as hard as teapot knobs. He tweaked them between his fingers and bliss ran through her like a blush. Then he picked her up over his shoulder, much as he might a sack of toys, and dumped her on the bed.

She curled up and covered her face, waiting for the exquisite inevitable. It came. He backed off across the room, and ran toward her, and swan-dove upon her.

The entire household shuddered, and fourteen clocks in the workshop below put their hands in front of their faces at the impact. The room itself had seen the onslaught coming, and had held on tight to its trusses and girders and stays. The bed would have been splashed to the walls, tester and all, but it had been used to such goings-on for many Christmases now, and by this time knew neither resistance nor shame.

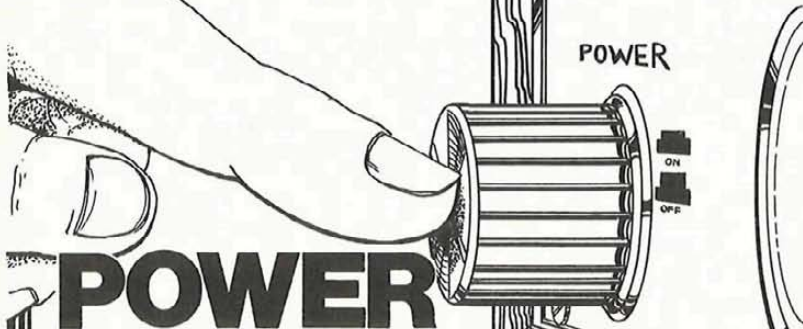
"Mrs. Santa Claus, you are one hot vesper," he purred into her ear, and she turned over and opened her mouth for his kiss.

Ah, the pleasures of antiquity and the rediscovery of ancient ruins! After all those children with their letters, their stockings, their puerile toys— here in these huge old fallen confessions, with their stretch marks, their sags, their empurpled veins, were the pyramids, and on the orotund plain of this vast and gelatinous midriff of hers with its long-ingrained wrinkles ancient cities were uncarthed. It was a tummy as big, as round, as old, and as indented as the moon, and his mouth slobbered upon it as at an August peach.

Her battleship-gray hair was still in a bun, but he did not loosen it, for they had their ritual every year. Her pinafore, her kerchief, her dirndl lay scattered abandonedly about the room. Her little-old-lady shoes cuddled one another beneath the bed and sighed, too.

continued

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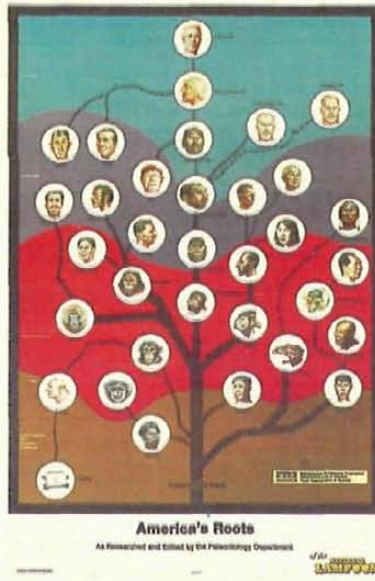
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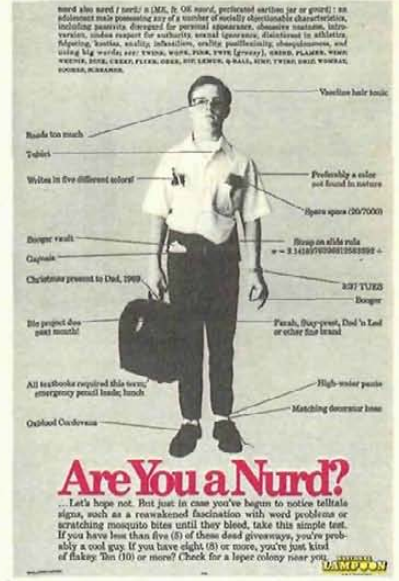
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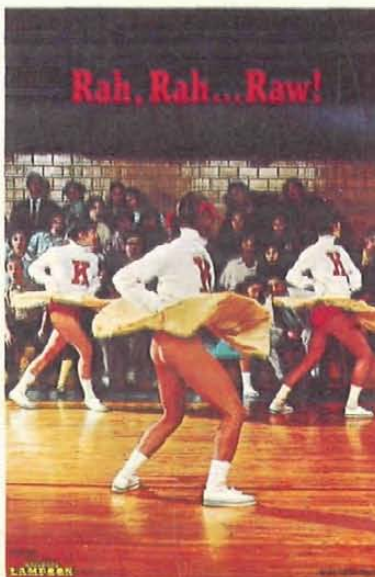
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100... READY OR NOT... HERE I COME!

GREEN

RANDALL ENOS CAN DRAW THIS STRIP AND DRINK A GLASS OF WATER AT THE SAME TIME. AMAZING.

HA - the ol' low panel trick - HA!

It's a good thing I'm in shape!

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NL

## SAVAGE CHRISTMAS

continued

He seized her in his arms and held her tight, and she held him. Of course, they could not surround one another because of their vast rotundity, but each holding on halfway, they made up a whole embrace.

"Put your North Pole in my equator," she pled.

And putting a finger on the side of his nose, and giving a wink, up her chimney he rose.

They thrashed and moaned and buckled and bounced, on and on into the long northern night for as long as it lasted, which was some months. But here we shall leave them, for such things are private matters; they are personal, intimate, not fit for other eyes, wouldn't you say? A little decency must be observed, a little covering of the eyes, and man's natural modesty be allowed to assert itself?

So let us leave Santa's workshop. Let us rise into the crisp winter air, and witness the lights of the compound casting their cozy glow on the midnight snow. In the bright moon we can see icebergs break off and glaciers crumble as tremors from the workshop reach them. Lights throb in the sky, the aurora borealis flames toward the universe from its focal point in the bedroom window and fans out luscious colors and illusions of color that expunge the stars, and now you know, when you see the northern lights, that Santa is saying his prayers.

And is the question also now answered why Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas St. Claus live at the far, chill end of the earth? Did they not, the heat from their hymns would toast continents and boil seas. Cities would be fried and men become cookies. The sun would become a moon to it and flicker out, since fire fights fire so well.

Let us leave them then, and let us sleep safe in our beds, envisioning sugarplums. Let us rise in the morning and open our stockings and gifts, thinking of none of this. Let us never think of it again, no, no, but recall when we mention Santa Claus only a jolly fat man, dressed in red, white-whiskered and hearty. Ho! Ho! Ho!

For I think everyone should believe in Santa Claus. He's the heart and soul of Yuletide joy, the hearthstone of Christmas cheer, is he not? Young, old, in all lands and climes, we should all believe in him as we did when we were children.

I know I still do.  
Don't you?

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Your choice of the best men's contraceptives — Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus with "Pleasure Dots," Bold 45™ — world's first colored condom with texturing. Stimula and 26 other brands. Plain, attractive packages assure privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Sample pack of 22 condoms, \$5. Catalogue alone 25¢. Over 400,000 satisfied customers. Write today: POPLAN, P.O. Box 400, Dept. DNLX7 403 Jones Ferry Rd., Carrboro, N.C. 27510

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LAMPOON**

**SUNDAY  
NEWSPAPER  
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**From Dacron, Ohio  
With All the  
High School Yearbook  
Characters,  
Comics, Crime, Corruption,  
and a Bunch of  
Other Stuff**

**THIS IS WAR**  
continued from page 34

however, I woke up to find we were on Long Island, heading for the races. O'Rourke and Mann intended to enter the limo in the "bomber" class out at the speedway, over the protestation of Hatchet-face, who was once again locked in the trunk. Entry forms duly filled and filed, we entered the lists with the rest of the bombers, and though we won, failed to pick up the trophy out of respect for the opinions of a driver named Mathers "Green Saliva" Gurg, who believed we had fouled him and had a hammer to prove it.

Around noon, we repaired to a quiet establishment known as the Bells of Hell. The place was obviously much frequented by the editors, whom the bartender covered warily with a ten bore punt gun while they drank. Displayed on the wall were dozens of photographs of boxers, many of them signed, no doubt in lieu of payment for meals. The editors discussed my next assignment while they talked.

"Think we should send Hooligan to Ogaden. Funniest armies in the world fighting there. Ethiops and Somalis both Russian armed, between misfires they shoot whole villages of their own people for having the misfortune to have been possessed days before by the other side..."

"I say the Spanish Sahara. The Moroccans are trying to steal sand from the freedom fighters who call that wasteland homeland"

"How about Rhodesia? They're trying to decide whether they'd rather be dead or unemployed."

"You know, there may be some interesting action up around Hudson Bay. I hear if the Frogs go for independence, the Canadians are going to give the Indians the Hudson Bay area for their very own."

"Philippines hotting up?"

"Korea?"

"You know, Argentina might have a go at Chile one of these days..." I looked at them, and I said they could cut the discussion short right there. I've had enough overseas war corresponding to last me the rest of my life. I quit.

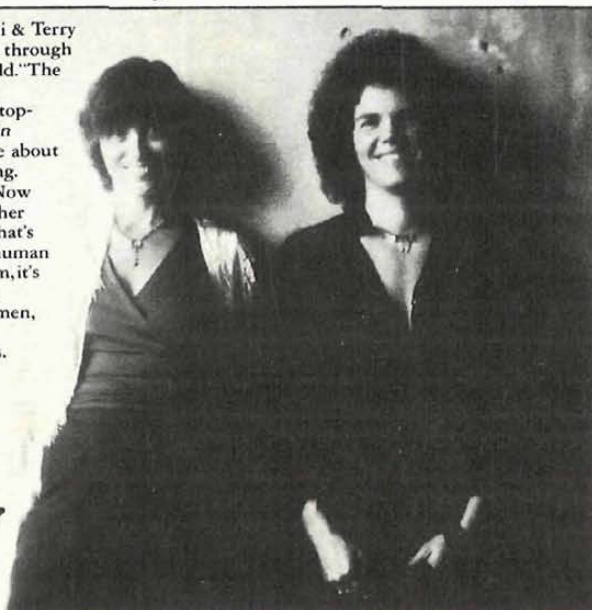
Well, I quit. I gotta pretty good idea what I'm gonna do now, though. I'm going to get a job as one of them Hamill brothers. I'll talk to Sneezey about it tomorrow. Or is Grumpy in charge? □

**LAUGH WITH JOY. CRY WITH JOY.  
SHOUT WITH JOY. SING WITH JOY.**

Six years ago, Toni & Terry blazed a new trail through the folk rock world. "The one band that can compete with the top-level male bands in quality," said Time about The Joy of Cooking. Millions agreed. Now they're back together on a new album that's so beautiful and human and sexy and warm, it's like being in love. Two fantastic women, with a little help from their friends.

It's pure Joy.

**THE  
JOY**



**TONI BROWN & TERRY GARTHWAITE**

A Fantasy Record (and Tape) F-9538



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The only spillproof waterpipe with a disposable cooling cartridge.

Designed for cool easy smoking, the **e-z wider PIPE SYSTEM** is the first spillproof waterpipe with a disposable cooling cartridge.

**COOL** because the patented liquid heat exchanger in the cartridge mellows the smoke with liquid and air. You can use water, e-z wider flavor refills, or any liquid to suit your taste.

**EASY** because the cartridge is disposable for hassle-free cleaning. When it gets dirty (like all waterpipes do) simply throw away the old cartridge and put in a new one.

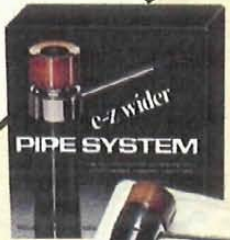
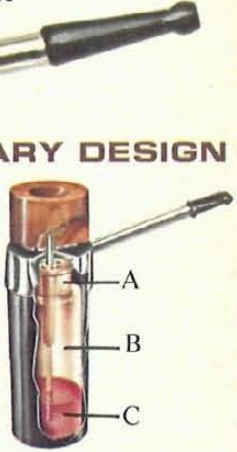
**SMOKING** is better with the **e-z wider PIPE SYSTEM**. The smoke is highly concentrated in the cartridge, for an easy solid draw. The cartridge design makes the pipe spillproof when you tap out the ashes or pass the pipe to a friend. The **e-z wider PIPE SYSTEM** is the highest quality throughout. Individual components are carefully made to resist breakage and maintain their beauty. For best burning of all smoking substances, the bowl is made of polished rock maple.

Be the first to enjoy the **e-z wider PIPE SYSTEM**. If your favorite store doesn't have it yet, follow the instructions on the coupon and order one from us.



## A REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN

The cartridge is shown in this cutaway drawing. The smoke passes through the liquid heat exchanger (A) into the cooling liquid (C) and concentrates in the cartridge chamber (B). But take it easy. The smoke is so highly concentrated, a light draw is all you need.



**GIVE ONE TO  
A FRIEND FOR  
CHRISTMAS!**

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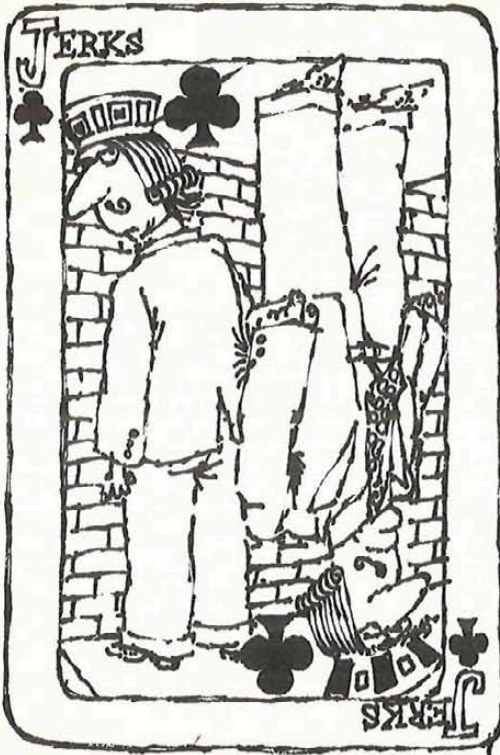
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**KEEP YOUR EYE ON ALEX'S LEFT HAND, READER!**



**CONTINUED?**

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

**"... her voice was honey on a Superscope stereo."**

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

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To achieve waveform fidelity is an achievement in itself. But how Technics audio engineers accomplished it is an even greater achievement.

Like the unprecedented use of two automatically switchable IF bands in the ST-9030 FM tuner. A narrow band for extra-sharp selectivity. And a wide band for extra-high S/N and extra-low distortion. But just as incredible is a pilot-cancel circuit which Technics invented for optimum high-end response. Even the basic tuning function in the ST-9030 is unique. Like an 8-ganged tuning capacitor for outstanding reception.

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Finally there's Technics SE-9060 amp. It's DC like our pre-amp. Has a frequency response of 0-100 kHz (+0, -1 dB). And a "strapped" circuit for more than double the power in a multi-amp system.

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ST-9030. THD (stereo, 1 kHz): Wide—0.08%. Narrow—0.3%. S/N (stereo): 73 dB. FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 20 Hz—18 kHz + 0.1, -0.5 dB. SELECTIVITY: Narrow—90 dB. CAPTURE RATIO: Wide—0.8 dB. IF, IMAGE and SPURIOUS RESPONSE REJECTIONS (98 MHz): 135 dB. STEREO SEPARATION (1 kHz): Wide—50 dB.

SU-9070. PHONO MAX. INPUT VOLTAGE (1 kHz RMS): MM—380 mV. MC—9 mV. S/N (IHF A): MM—100 dB (10 mV input). MC—72 dB (60  $\mu$ V). FREQUENCY RESPONSE: Phono 20 Hz—20 kHz (RIAA  $\pm$  0.2 dB).

SE-9060. POWER OUTPUT: 70 watts per channel (stereo), 180 watts (mono) min. RMS into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.02% total harmonic distortion. S/N: 120 dB (IHF A).

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES: \$399.95\* each.

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