

The Role of Sex in History

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Jan. 1978

The Humor Magazine

\$1.25

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34490

Pharaoh Phawcett-Majors



Smoking is one thing. Taste is everything.

For me, it's taste or nothing. That's why I smoke Winston. Look, whether it's Winston King or Winston 100's, taste is everything in a cigarette. And Winston is nothing but good taste all the way.



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Winston King Winston 100's

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The art of being way ahead without being way out.

The speaker landscape is dotted with esoteric designs that produce marginal improvements at, unfortunately, very high cost.

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This year, the addition of new Formula 3 and Formula 6 models underscores that approach. Now there are seven B-I-C VENTURI Formulas, from a 2-way bookshelf to 4-way, monitor-equipped tower.

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Sirs:

Look. In some countries, it's illegal to be a thief. In other countries, it's illegal to be a murderer. In this country, it's illegal to be a nigger. Nothing personal; it's just the law.

Johannes Vorster
Prime Minister
Republic of South Africa

Sirs:

Demons in the form of dogs ordered me to have Salvador Allende killed.

Richard ("Son of Uncle Sam") Helms
c/o C.I.A.
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

What's the big hassle over Mideast foreign policy, huh? I mean, after all, they *did* kill Christ.

Name Withheld
on Request
The White House

Sirs:

Any idea where I can get a pair of those cotton flannel pajamas that have feet in them and pictures of little bunnies and a twenty-eight-inch neck?

Arnold Schwarzenegger
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you know if Chap Stick comes in a real super jumbo size, and if so, will it heal the clap?

A Troubled Teen
Fayetteville, Ind.

Sirs:

Well, we've made the cars smaller. And now, for the first time in the history of the American automobile, a man can't strap a canoe on his roof and head for the great outdoors. You can blame the wahoo environmentalists for the destruction of this great tradition.

Henry Ford Fairlane
Motor Suburb, Mich.

Sirs:

I've been married to Kris Kristoferson for a long time now, but he's just as much a gentleman as he was the first time we met. To this day, Kris still takes the dishes out of the sink before he pisses.

Rita Coolidge

Sirs:

We all feel terrible. But it honestly never occurred to us that Bing might want to ride in the cart. He seemed perfectly content to run alongside.

Manual Diaz
Madrid, Spain

Sirs:

I haven't recorded in three years now. As a matter of fact, I haven't

farm, but good manners are still good manners, no matter how important you are.

Mr. and Mrs. American Farmer
Cornbelt, Iowa

Sirs:

But, after all my years of intensive research into the question, I still have no idea why colored people wear funny hats.

Margaret Mead
Margarettaville, Samoa

Sirs:

You light up my wife.

Pierre Trudeau

Sirs:

I didn't mind the delays, or the stopover in Somalia, or the noise and confusion, or the bullets, tear gas, and stun bombs, but I tell you it really irks me when those snooty flight attendants don't answer the call buttons. Boy, pin wings on their tits and they think they own the airlines!

Adolf Schmid
Cologne, Germany

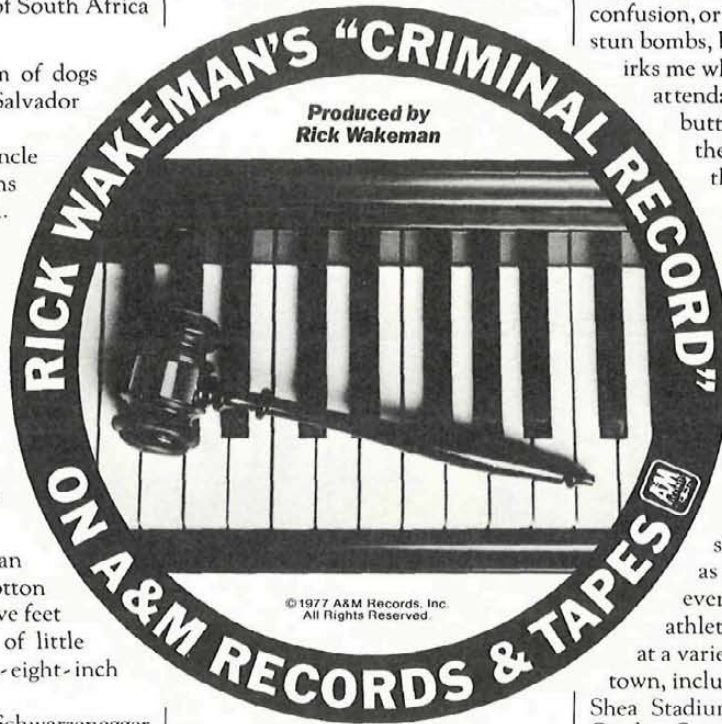
Sirs:

One reason that we didn't pick New York City to host the 1984 Olympic games was because of that decentralization plan. You see, New York City officials had planned to have no single Olympic Stadium as such. Instead, different events involving Olympic athletes were going to be held at a variety of locations around town, including Flushing Meadow, Shea Stadium, Madison Square Garden, Roosevelt Raceway, hospital emergency rooms, police stations, and the morgue.

Olympic Site Selection Committee
Mt. Olympus, Greece

Sirs:

It has recently come to light that the Federal government is a major violator of its own Clear Water Act. This, coming as it does so soon after similar revelations that the Federal government is a major violator of its own laws against wiretapping, mail tampering, and invasion of personal privacy, makes me worried about the apparent trend toward socialized crime in America. I'm concerned that loan-sharking, protection rackets, narcotics sales, and counterfeiting



done a bloody thing. The baby screams, Yoko screams. There's strained meat on me guitar. Cookies in the piano. The house is full of bloody noisy Jap relatives. It smells like bloody fish all the time. Talk about pain! Look, I gotta go, the baby's just had a shit on the eight-track.

John Oh! No! Lennon
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm very surprised that Mr. Carter, president of the U.S., a world leader, millionaire, historic figure and all, doesn't have the good sense to lift the seat when he tinkles. We enjoyed having him and his lovely wife stay at our

will soon be targets for federal takeover, and that the ultimate result will be the same rising costs and declining efficiency now found in such government-owned operations as the Post Office and Amtrak.

A Troubled Citizen
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

It so happens that I have an alternative to your President Carter's controversial illegal alien amnesty bill. This is how it works: I declare myself to be a Communist, and bingo! All illegal Mexican immigrants become political refugees. I mean, it worked for Fidel.

José López Portillo
President of Mexico
Mexico City, Mex.

Sirs:

We're pretty much supplying all the military equipment and advisors to both sides in the Ethiopian war against the Somali-backed Ogaden guerrillas down there in Africa, and I just thought I'd write and tell you how things are going. Ethiopia has scored a series of stunning victories, driving all Somalian forces from its borders, while the Somalian military has completely overrun the Ogaden region and inflicted the Ethiopians with massive casualties. None of that no-win Vietnam crap for us.

Leonid Brezhnev
U.S.S.R.

Sirs:

And another thing: I'd like to strongly object to the World Psychiatric Association saying that there's "systematic abuse of psychiatry for political purposes in the U.S.S.R." That's nonsense. We absolutely do not use our mental institutions to incarcerate sane political dissidents, because you'd *have to be crazy* to be a political dissident here.

Leonid Brezhnev
Ibid

Sirs:

I'd like to set something straight. The Carter White House does not have an enemies list. We *do* have a secret list (which includes myself, Bert Lance, Andrew Young, and others) of some pretty dangerous *friends* that we have, but we do not have an enemies list.

Jody Powell
Washington, D.C.
continued on page 10



AKAI INTRODUCES THE PERFECT COUPLES.

Choosing a tuner and integrated amplifier is a lot like choosing a mate. You look for things like compatibility, performance, appearance and, of course, fidelity.

Now AKAI makes matching component separates foolproof with a whole new line of amps and tuners. Paired on the grounds of total compatibility. And priced to be affordable.

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Hear them today at your AKAI dealer. And live in perfect harmony.

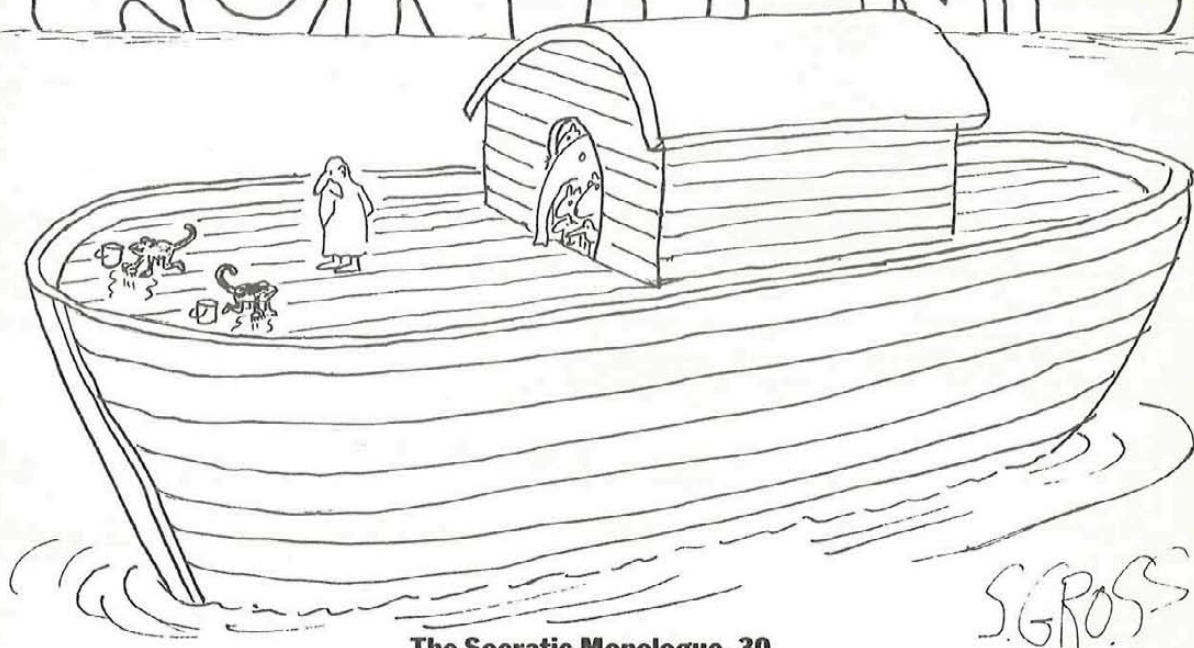
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If you play electric piano, organ, bass, rhythm or lead guitar, or sing — JBL K Series loudspeakers can make you sound better.

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EDITORIAL

“...All facts and personages of great importance in world history occur, as it were, twice...the first time as tragedy, the second as farce....”

Karl Marx



The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.



No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.

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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

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LETTERS

continued from page 5

Sirs:

Debate continues here in scientific circles concerning theories of an expanding universe. Many astronomers and physicists believe that there is an ever-expanding number of theories about an expanding universe, while other scientists argue that there will be an eventual collapse of all theories about an expanding universe, whereupon a new expansion of theories will begin.

Professor Ed Carp, Ph.D.
c/o Scientific Circles
University of California at Berkeley
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Well, here's the news from Washington.

"The House of Representatives, by a majority of 354 to 4, has passed a bill to abolish mandatory retirement at age sixty-five. Congressional leaders say the bill will receive a similar overwhelming affirmation in the Senate, although certain delays are to be expected due to the infirmity of Senator John Sparkman, seventy-eight; the persistent forgetfulness of Senator John McClellan, eighty-one; and the

necessity of repeating the bill loudly over and over again to Senators James Eastland, seventy-three; John Stennis, seventy-six; Warren Magnuson, seventy-two; and Strom Thurmond, seventy-five."

A Moonlighting Young Reporter
c/o Washington Post

Sirs:

Yeah, "Saturday Night Live" isn't maybe quite what it used to be, but there's one thing that makes the show an absolute must-see every single time. That's Lorraine Newman. God, she's wonderful, *sooooo* talented (you know she writes a lot of her own stuff), and *sex-eee*. She's the tops.

Thousands of Her Devoted Fans
All Over America

Sirs:

Is there a hidden joke in the above letter? Did I miss something? Or is P.J. using this column again for his own selfish purposes? You know what I mean, like, for instance, a clumsy attempt to woo a well-known actress or, just to give another example, a subtle way of letting management know that it's going to cost at least an additional twenty grand to keep him around this worn-out giggle sheet for another year. Because otherwise, he's going to

take that offer from ABC and he's not kidding.

A Curious Reader
Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:

I thought your readers ought to know that close encounters of the third kind are illegal in Dade county.

City Manager Joseph Grassie
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

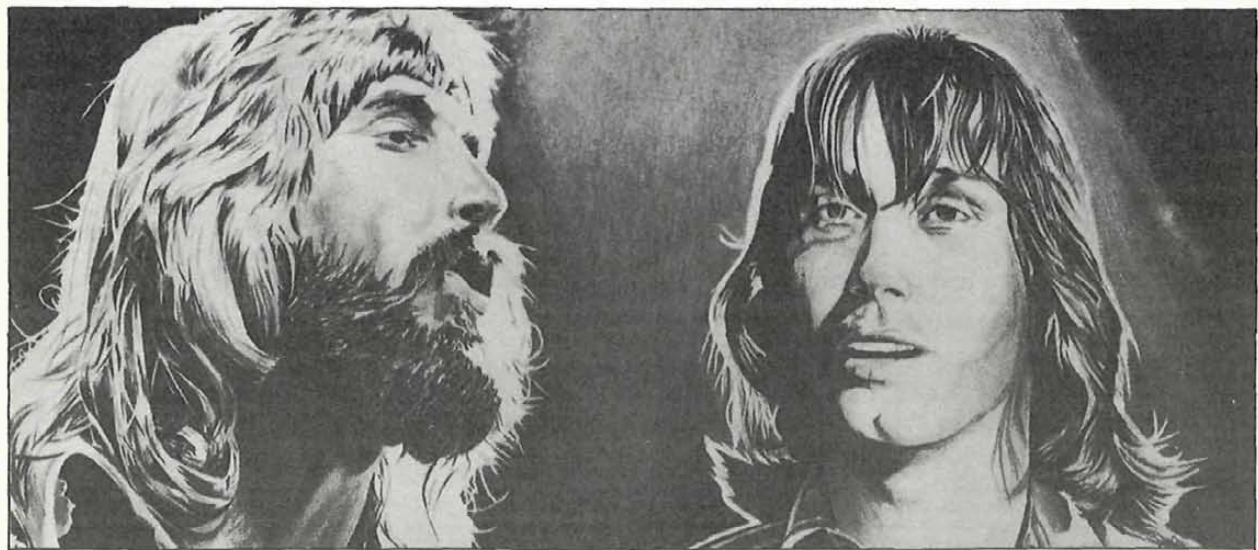
How did you left-wing flake-brains ever get it into your heads that the Baader-Meinhof gang had been murdered? Aren't you forgetting that we're Germans? Man, we killed six million Jews and you didn't even know about it. Don't you think we could snuff a trio of parlor pinks on the Q.T. if we wanted to, for Christ's sake?

Germans
Germany

Sirs:

Speaking of the holocaust, who pinned the "6,000,001" sign on the back of my Pendleton Shirt-Jac, huh? Come on, 'fess up.

Peter Kaminsky
Managing Editor
National Lampoon



Loggins and Messina. Ending on a happy note.

This is the final recorded collaboration from Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina.

"Finale" is a two-record live album, featuring previously unreleased songs as well as jubilant new versions of their most famous songs.

**"Finale." It's going to make millions of Loggins and Messina fans very happy.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.**

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That's why, unlike other cassette decks, the Technics RS-9900US is a "cassette system." The world's first separation of a cassette deck into independent transport and amplifier units.

The result is cassette performance that truly epitomizes contemporary cassette technology. And surpasses a number of today's open reel decks in significant areas of performance.

With features in the transport unit like a closed loop, double-capstan, 3-motor drive. A 3-head system. Pitch control variable by 10%. And full IC logic control of all transport functions for absolute freedom and tape safety in switching modes.

With circuit technology in the amplifier unit like a separate direct-coupled record amplifier. DC reproduce amplifier. Headphone amplifier. Four independent Dolby* processors. Complete with separate calibration for record and playback. Continuously variable adjustment of bias and equalization. Head azimuth adjustment. And internal 400 Hz and 8 kHz test signals.

Technics RS-9900US. You've compared features. Now compare specifications. Overall, you'll realize there's no comparison.

TRACK SYSTEM: 4-track, 2-channel record and playback. 3 MOTORS: 1 direct-drive DC brushless capstan motor. 2 DC coreless motors for reel table drive. 3 HEADS: 2 HPF heads for record/playback. 1 ferrite head for erase. FREQUENCY RESPONSE (CrO₂): 25-20,000 Hz (± 3 dB). WOW AND FLUTTER: 0.04% WRMS. S/N RATIO (Dolby): 67 dB. HARMONIC DISTORTION: 1.4% (160 nWb/m 333Hz). SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: \$1,500†

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*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
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by Panasonic

THE LOUDSPEAKER THAT LOOKS AT MUSIC THE WAY YOU DO. JBL'S L110.

You're at a concert. The sound surrounds you. There's a guitar. A piano. Some horns. You hear all of it.

But more than that, you hear each part of it. Each sound. Every sound. All the sound.

Most loudspeakers can't do that. They only meet you half way. Only left and right, all or nothing. JBL's new L110 goes all the way. It looks at music

the way you do. Left. Right. Front. Back.

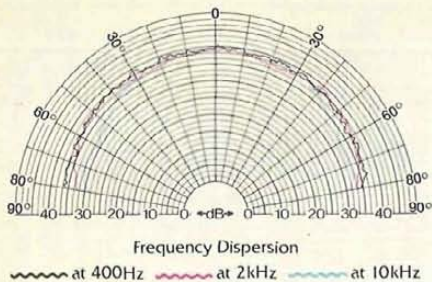
The L110 has almost perfect stereo imaging — a result of precise, uniform dispersion at every frequency.

Inside the L110, there's a brand new, super-sophisticated crossover network designed specifically to match the brand new components.

There's a new 10" woofer which utilizes a massive 3" voice coil

and 7½ pound magnetic assembly — normally found in 12" woofers. The result is smooth, accurate bass, plus an amazing level of efficiency and power handling capability throughout the entire system. (One more nice: You get more headroom for your amplifier. Less clipping.)





JBL's new \$348 loudspeaker is part of the same research and development breakthrough that created our no-tradeoff, state-of-the-art, \$1,740 loudspeaker system, the L212.

If this graph looks familiar, it should. Our L212 system produced an almost identical graph.

Now look at the L110. The most acoustically transparent grille JBL has ever created is visually transparent, too. You can see right through to the satin black components inside.

If you'd like a lot more technical information on the L110, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report. *Nothing fancy. Except the specifications.*

But you really should come listen to the L110. And ask for it by its first name: JBL. You'll be getting the same craftsmanship, the same components, the same sound heard in the very top recording studios in the world.



Over four hundred of the leading recording studios in the world—from London to Los Angeles to Muscle Shoals to Munich to Tokyo to Tennessee—use our sound to make theirs. Shown here is Capitol Records in Hollywood.



GET IT ALL.

OBSCURE LATIN PHILOSOPHY

A Decorative Column

by Andrew Zimmerman

This Month: Livid

A contemporary of Julius Caesar, Livid is said to have written a philosophico-historicoanatomical treatise, *Concerning Dewlaps* (or, *Whither Wattles?*).

A severe case of goiter apparently provided the inspiration for his work, although he persisted in maintaining that the fleshy appendage to his neck was an heirloom of an unspecified substance which he could unclasp any time he cared to, only he didn't care to. There was some truth in the denial, as the disease did run in the family.

There are those researchers who maintain that the affliction, whatever its nature, accounts for his cognomen Lumpus, "the Clown," though the majority credit the name to his derisively received oeuvre.

By all accounts, it was, at best, a curious achievement, and is now considered a predecessor to some of the most ludicrous scholarly undertakings of the Renaissance. Only the following fragment survives.

Now, the vulgar stubbornly persist in preferring the evidence of their senses to the dictates of philosophy. Upon presentation of what seems to be, say, a dewlap, they would undoubtedly aver that the thing in question was indeed a dewlap, although, in fact, as any philosopher knows, the object might well prove to be a jewel, a flaccid gourd, or a jewel curiously wrought. The same philosophical precaution also obtains in public affairs. Consider the case of Caesar.

The rabble assert they saw several assassins plunge their knives into the dictator. But a brief consultation of philosophic principles will demonstrate the utter impossibility of their

testimony.

First, Socrates was a man, all men are mortal, and most likely Caesar was, too. Now, a man can die a death but once. In Caesar's case, the death was by a stroke of the knife. But what class of stroke by knife was responsible for his death?

Strictly speaking, there are four categories of ictus, that is, knife-stroke: (1) *rictus*, the misstroke or failed stroke; (2) *malictus*, the injurious stroke; (3) *superictus*, the superfluous stroke, or, as it is commonly called, the would-have-been-fatal-if-not-for-the-fatal stroke; (4) and *invictus*, the fatal stroke.

The first kind, the misstroke, is a stroke that fails to coincide with the object—in this case, Caesar. Under this category falls the stab that tore Caesar's robe and the slice inflicted by a random citizen on a loaf of bread a thousand miles away on the shore of the Black Sea.

We call those strokes injurious which harm the victim but do not kill. A stroke that slashed the thick flesh of the neck but did not penetrate the gorge is of this kind.

By superfluous stroke we mean those strokes inflicted upon a being that is no longer being or will shortly no longer be, irrespective of the inflicted stroke. In carving a roast peacock, one inflicts superfluous strokes.

The fatal stroke is the stroke that kills. Injurious strokes may contribute to the effect of a fatal stroke, but the fatal stroke is the stroke without which the victim would not have died. Whereas other strokes may rain in multiplicity upon a victim, the fatal stroke comes but once. It was undoubtedly a fatal stroke that was responsible for the death of Caesar.

Nor have we exhausted the fund of all possible strokes. Those of an oars-

man come to mind. It is curious to consider that whereas an assassin gives his victim a stroke with a blade, an oarsman simply gives his blade a stroke. Granted, on occasion, an oarsman may also give the water a stroke with a blade. But that he should be capable of either action must come as no surprise, as an oarsman is, in a sense, an amphibian, hence capable of almost anything, even assassination.

Indeed, were an oarsman to turn assassin, he would, most likely, instead of stroking his victim with a blade, stroke his victim to death. A disgusting deed! And we may well shudder when we consider that only the impossibility of death by stroking keeps it from common occurrence.

Still, when we think upon the dangerous irreconcilability of reality and impossibility, and how easily an oarsman may inadvertently or through design duplicate the similar motions of an assassin, it seems insane that we should suffer the continuation of so numerous a class of potential assassins. Potentially impossible assassins, to be sure, but no less heinous for that.

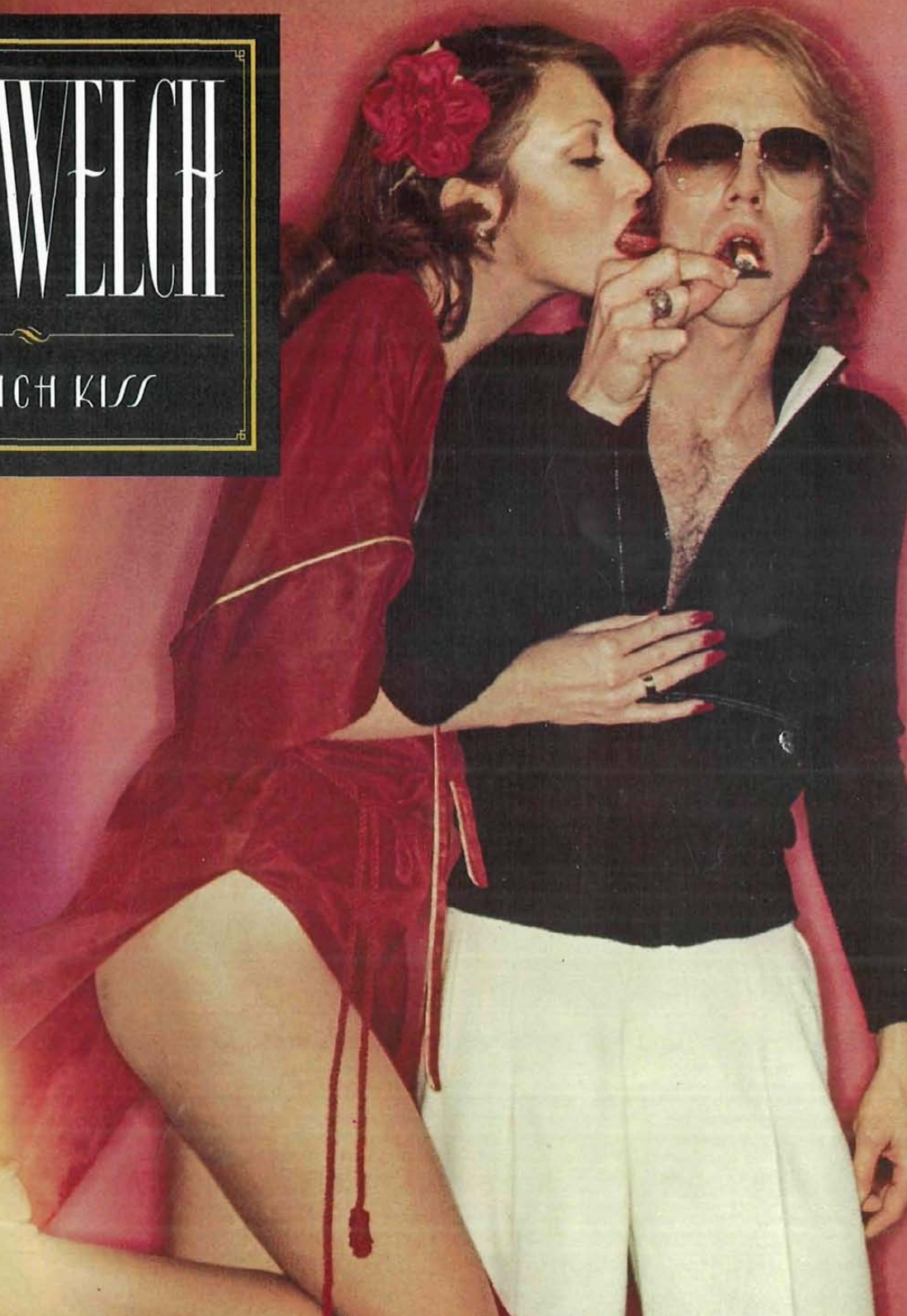
Yes...now, where were we...fatal strokes...quite. Now, as only one man could have dealt the fatal stroke, at most only one man can be held to have been the assassin. To assert otherwise, to maintain that there were several assassins, we must be equally prepared to accept that Caesar, unlike Socrates, was not a mortal and could die several times. And we are not so prepared. Not in the least. No.

Now, as truth is the opposite of falsehood, and the premise of multiple assassins is undoubtedly false, then we must conclude not that Caesar was killed by many assassins, but rather, by no assassins. In fact, his death was an accident. □



BOB WELCH

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

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

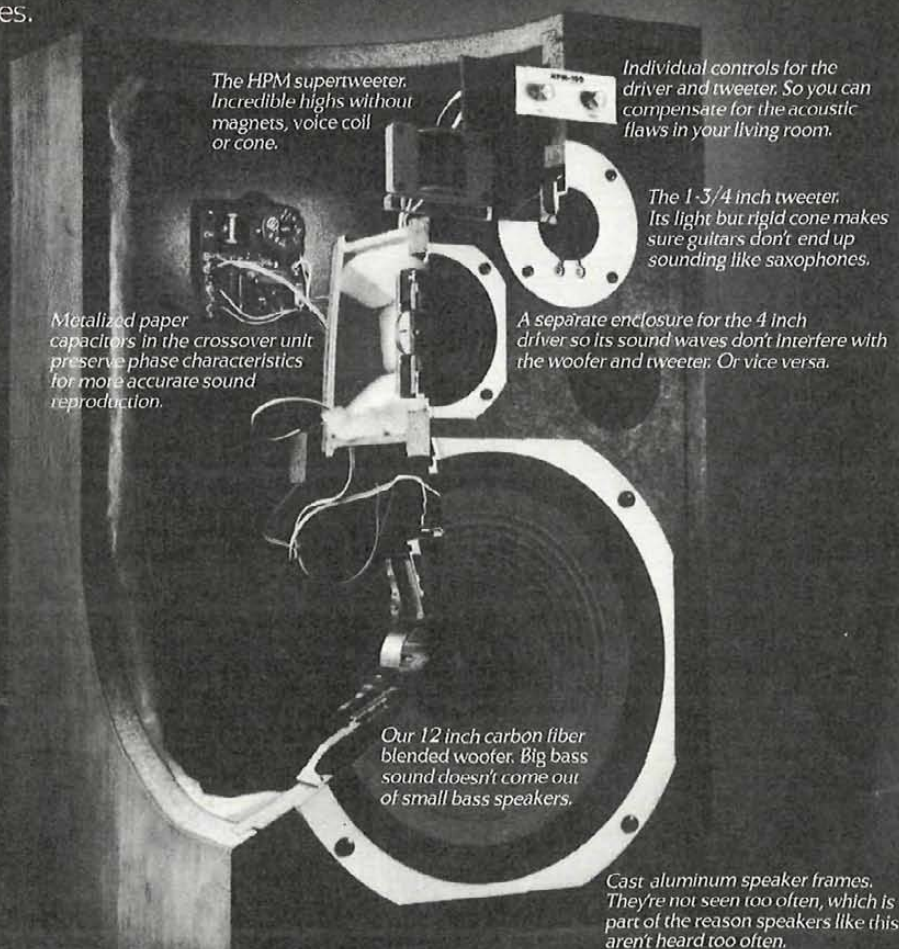
Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

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

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

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

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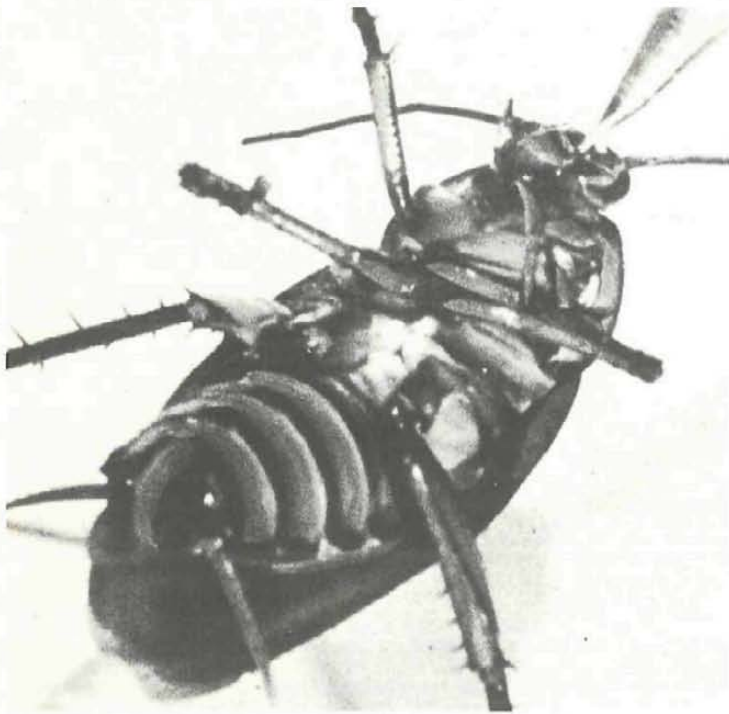
A separate enclosure for the 4 inch driver so its sound waves don't interfere with the woofer and tweeter. Or vice versa.

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

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

PIONEER
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BUGS IN THE ECOSYSTEM



ENDANGERED SPECIES: A rare photo of the American pronghorned cockroach.



INSIDE

**We're no homos—
but we love this Ladd**

Bronx, N.Y.—Attorneys for the White House went into the U.S. Court of Appeals today in an attempt to overturn one of the most far-reaching environmental protection decisions ever handed down by a federal court.

Last week, Federal District Judge Marvin Blatfarb ruled that President Carter's highly-touted \$100 billion South Bronx Rescue Program could not be launched next month because of "irreparable damage to the natural environment of the region." Specifically, Judge Blatfarb agreed with the Environmental Protection Society (EPS) that the South Bronx Rescue Pro-

gram would pose a lethal threat to the survival of the *Blatta cucaracha*, the last remaining animal indigenous to the neighborhood.

"We're not against progress, and we agree that the Carter Administration's \$100 billion plan might provide a few jobs and homes for the people of the Bronx," said EPS general counsel Webster Pewter III. "But we have to take the long view.

Centuries after this project is rubble, the cockroach will still be flourishing—if only arrogant man will let these creatures develop naturally." According to Pewter, scientists have found that the South Bronx cockroach finds nutrition, shelter, and "psychic gratification" from slum tenements, particularly unsafe buildings with leaky plumbing, lead-based paint, and inactive heating systems.

"It's typical of *Homo sapien* chauvinism to assume that people are the only entities whose rights should be

taken into account," Pewter said. "How do you balance four starving, shivering children against the thousands of roaches whose survival would be endangered by the savage, permanent destruction of their homes and larvae?"

In a related suit, EPS is seeking to block New York's fire department from putting its anti-arson squad into

operation. New findings indicate that fully 90 percent of South Bronx fires have been caused by the friction of two cockroaches rubbing up against each other while they mate.

"If we deny these creatures their sexuality merely to preserve some soulless buildings," Pewter said, "then it is we who are truly 'inhuman.'"

Second City: The Underground Goes Underground

West German officials have announced that their original account of the suicides of three German radicals—members of the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang—is in error, and have released a new interpretation of the incident.

The initial explanation of the deaths of Andreas Baader, Jan-Carl Raspe, and Gudrun Ensslin, together with the failed suicide attempt of a fourth radical, Irmgard Möller, was that the four had, upon receiving word of an unsuccessful terrorist action on their behalf in Mogadishu, Somalia, hijacked themselves in their own cells, taken themselves hostage, and killed themselves when their terms were not met.

"They burst into their own jail cells when they

least expected it," reported one unnamed West German authority. "They then threatened to kill themselves if we did not set them free. Naturally, we begged them to listen to reason, to think of the lives that would be lost. But they were adamant. We tried to negotiate, but they were inflexible. They demanded total freedom, \$7 million in cash, a jet to Bermuda, and four sets of matched luggage with individual monograms. We could not accede to this bla-

tant sort of gangsterism, rowdism, and terrorism. So they killed themselves."

Previous accounts of the incident also held that, just before he died, Andreas Baader, speaking as his own hostage, was heard to deplore the sort of world in which innocent guilty terrorists were able to be ruthlessly killed by a gang of terrorists merely to further their own specious political ends. Similarly, Gudrun Ensslin reportedly begged for mercy from herself, but her pleas were met only with sneers from herself. At the last minute, Jan-Carl Raspe tried to escape, but managed to divine his own

intentions and shot himself in the head.

Those accounts have now been disavowed by West German officials, however.

The newest interpretation of the apparent suicides addresses questions that had puzzled Germany and the world when the bizarre incident was first announced. How had the four managed to secure weapons—including two guns, wire, and a knife—in their maximum security cells in Stuttgart's Stammheim prison? How had they managed to learn so quickly of the deaths of three of four terrorists in an aborted attempt to hijack and hold a Lufthansa jet in

Mogadishu? Barely hours after the world at large had learned of the successful rescue of the plane's eighty-two passengers and four crewmen by German commandos, Baader and his fellow prisoners were found dead.

A spokesman for West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt reported last week that, in fact, the four radicals had erected an entire city under the Stammheim prison—an *underground metropolis* equipped with every comfort and convenience.

"They had a multitude of things at their disposal," he went on to say. "Department stores with up-to-the-minute fashions, wide screen cinemas and 'art houses,' tasteful specialty shops, and intimate restaurants featuring the best in native gourmet cuisine. Also modern and efficient hospitals, two full-service banks, low-priced public transportation, attractive pedestrian malls and 'vest-pocket parks,' an international news kiosk, and Germany's only franchised importer of Blue Mountain coffee from Jamaica."

The discovery of the subterranean city now makes it clear that the radicals could have learned of the Mogadishu incident via television, telegraph, telephone, radio, telex, holographic transmission, or singing candygram. All of these media were available to the four in their underground complex.

As for the weapons with which the three successfully took their lives, speculation is that they secured the guns and wire at the sporting goods store that was part of the city. "It was just around the corner from the good bakery—the one with the marvelous Dobos torte," noted Swiss psychologist Albert Denker.

Thus the original story of the self-hijacking has been dismissed by West German authorities as "hasty speculation done in ignorance of the facts." When queried as to how the four managed to obtain the materials with which to construct their secret city, government spokespersons would only say, "Germans can be quite frugal and resourceful, as is well known. We are an energetic people. And look at all the spare time these people had."

All Star Dead Band, Take 47



Band on the runway.



T Wrecks.



Bing went the strings of his heart.

Principal photography commencing January 1, 1978

Farrah Fawcett-Majors is

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a musical comedy

Directed by Stanley Kramer with

Darth Vader as Yasir Arafat • **Peter Cushing** as Dr. George Habash • **Lee Van Cleef** as Faisal • **Omar Sharif** as Hussein • **Lee Majors** as Menahem Begin • **Art Garfunkel** as David Ben-Gurion • **Timothy Bottoms** as Yitzhak Rabin • **Sammy Davis, Jr.** as Moshe Dayan • **Orson Welles** as the Gaza Strip • and special guest star **Elizabeth Taylor** as the Suez Canal

Hear Gary "Israel" Bonds sing
the soon-to-be-released smash hit,
"Yasir, That's My Baby, Nasser, Don't Mean Maybe"

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BEHIND

THE MOVIE

National Lampoon's Animal House...
Universal Pictures (due out in mid 1978)



THE PAPERBACKS

A slew of new ones coming up from New American Library

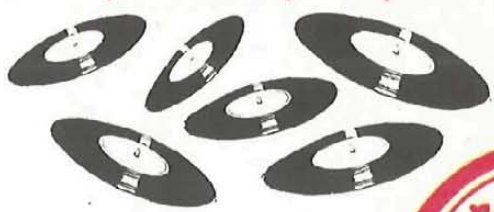


THE SHOW

National Lampoon's "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"

THE ALBUM

Same name as the show, from Label 21



THE RADIO SHOW

National Lampoon's True Facts Radio...
now being heard five days a week on more than
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The Ol' Hat Trick

Steve Shutt takes a vicious fore check from Dave Schultz. Shutt's head was lost in the action, but he went on to score three goals.



African Countries Announce Plans to Invade Italy

Joint Project Seen As Means of Fostering Unity

Addis Abbaba—Haile Laiklee, chairman of the Committee of Solidarity for the Horn of Africa, today made public plans developed by the Committee for a joint invasion of Italy. Parties to the plan include Ethiopia, Somalia, and Eritrea. Both Somalia and Eritrea, a province of Ethiopia, are currently involved in armed conflicts with Ethiopia.

The unusual move appeared to be the result of a careful and studied screening of options on the part of the committee, which was set up to ex-

plore ways of building unity among the warring countries. This scheme also provides for the utilization of at least a portion of the enormous inventory of military hardware that was built up in these countries due to competition between Russia and the United States for influence in this strategic North African sector.

Mr. Laiklee, in response to a reporter's question, assured the Italian people that the choice did not represent "any negative feelings" toward the Italians, who once enjoyed considerable power as a colonial presence in North Africa. Mr. Laiklee also ventured the opinion that the image of the Italian soldier as "inept" had

been grossly exaggerated, and added cryptically that the "condition of an Ital-

ian automobile today has nothing to do with prowess in the battlefield."

Testicle Donor Plan Cancelled

Washington, D.C.—The National Fertility Foundation has cancelled its federally funded testicle donation drive. The drive was ended after failing to solicit its projected goal of 400,000 testicles. The testicles were to be given to infertile men who desired children. "To be honest with you," Dr. Evan McMurdy said at a Washington, D.C., news conference, "we only got three donations, and two of them rotted in the office before we could figure out how to freeze them." The unused TD drive funds will be transferred to the National Association of Spare Colons, an HEW spokesman said.

FNZNY



TV: "Sicks" and Villains Shrink Speak Out

A Comment on the "Kojak" Case by Doctor Zinn

Being a professional in the business of mental illness, I am often asked to comment on contemporary debates of various sorts. The so-called "Kojak" trial in Florida is a perfectly representative case in point, combining as it does television, violence, and morality. The case raises the following question: if a young man accustomed to a steady diet of televised violence commits a violent crime, is not the programming which conditioned him to accept and even approve of violence indirectly responsible for the crime?

Let me answer the question this way. If we allow that "Kojak" is responsible for this young man's wrongdoing, should not other programs be held accountable in their turn? Why should the hijacker who holds a planeload hostage in order to gain the release of his imprisoned homosexual lover be punished while Felix Unger, the better half of "The Odd Couple," who may have conditioned the perpetrator to approve of domesticated apron-clad males, is left free to mince around the kitchen and pout to his heart's content? Why should embezzlers wear stripes while the game show contestants who idealize ruthless acquisitiveness parade through the streets with their booty?

Further, if the television set is adjudged a criminal influence in our homes, we should turn our attention to other mechanical malefactors that may be working their insidious evils even as you read this. Take as an example those small statues that work as piggy banks, and slip a coin into a box with a weighted arm or swallow quarters on metal tongues. Should they be given a place in America's den's while larcenists are incarcerated for theft, as though they plucked the idea of taking other people's money from thin air? What of the electric carving knife or the blender, each of which encourages the perception that organic matter yields willingly to being sliced, scrambled, or otherwise rearranged? How many chain saw murderers or baby mutilators have been wrongly accused?

Ridiculous, you say? Patently absurd, obviously far-fetched? Surely no more than the claim made in all seriousness in Florida, say I, hoping that the argument above serves to prove that if we allow this irresponsible argument any credence at all, we will open up a gaping rent in our legal system big enough to drive a dishwasher through. Thank you.



The Uses of Illiteracy by Dr. Joyce Bothers

In a recent court case, the defendant's lawyers claimed that the self-confessed murderer was not guilty by reason of having habitually watched television, having become, in effect, a television addict, so that his mind was clouded with



Doctor Zinn

images of violence, crime, and brutality to the extent that he was not responsible for his actions. In such cases, we psychiatrists are often asked, "What about it, doc?"

Well, let me put it to you this way. If a man bludgeons his spouse to death with Volume Seven (Mom to Pop) of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, should we therefore ban knowledge? Can the killer claim alphabet narcosis, and cop a plea of nutsy-cuckoo? I think not.

What our hypothetical homicide demonstrates is the principle of "abuse." The murderer should have used the *Encyclopedia* to broaden his horizons, not flatten his mate. He, in effect, abused the medium. (Freud tells of a gypsy molester who constantly abused mediums, but that's another story.)

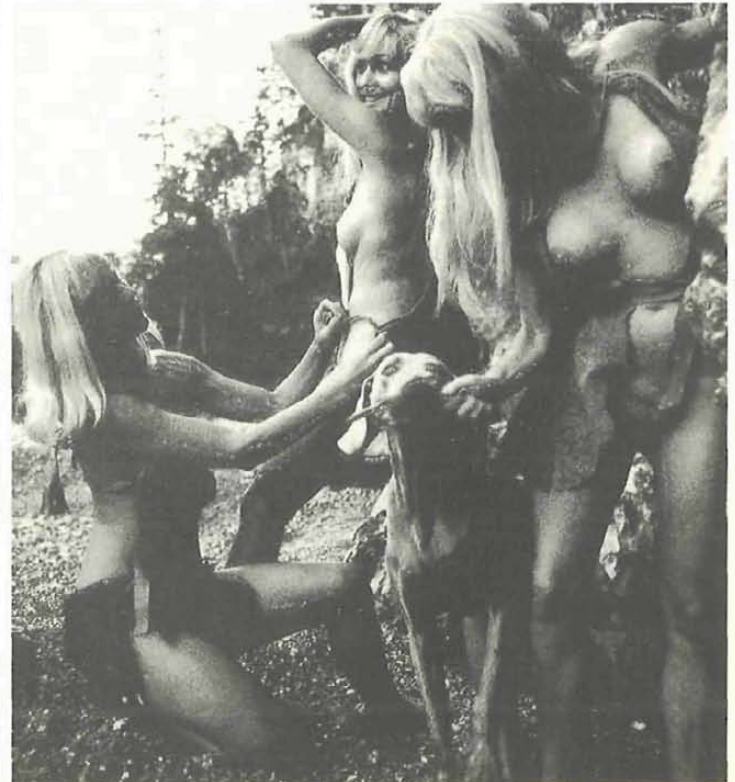
Ditto for TV. That silly lad in Florida might just as well blame watching PBS for having turned him into an effete bore as blame "Kojak" for converting him to mayhem.

Let me put it another way. Suppose you mortally wound a sibling with a microwave oven—should this in any way influence statistics on cancer deaths? Of course not.

The purpose of television is not to make us violent. Far from it. The purpose of TV is to render us calm, placid, tranquil, and receptive to commercial messages.

So, in this professional's opinion, if that kid thinks he can get away with a plea of insanity, he's crazy.

Knick Knack Paddy-Whack Give That Dog a Boner



UCLA ethologists plan to study the effect of large rocks on canine feeding patterns.

NATIONAL
LAMPOON.

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



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COMPLETELY WITHOUT VALUES,
WE INTRODUCE
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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. REC 178
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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.

Fuel Economy Moves Kill Rock Singer

Wooded Area, Miss.—A plane carrying twenty-five members of the Lynryd Skynryd rock and roll group crashed into a wooded area today after the twin engine craft ran out of gas. The pilot and copilot were both killed in the crash, along with Ronnie Van Zandt, lead singer of the popular band, a guitarist, and a backup vocalist. Compliance with President Carter's request for fuel economy lead the pilot to underestimate the amount of fuel needed to make the flight to Baton Rouge. The plane, which was travelling at fifty-five mph at the time of the crash, is noted for its excellent fuel economy. "The band will continue the tour," a spokesman for the Lynryd Skynryd group said. "They'll be doing a lot of bass- and drum-oriented instrumentals, but that's what Ronnie would have wanted."

Major Weather Shortage Feared

A report published by the American Society of Meteorologists has raised the specter of a nationwide shortage of weather in the coming years. "We are using up weather at an unparalleled rate," says the report, "and unless this reckless consumption is slowed, there simply won't be enough to go around."

The report notes that the U.S. is now heavily dependent on imported weather, especially cheap Asian air and Canadian cold fronts, and that widespread economic and aesthetic hardship would result if they were reduced. "Outdoor resorts and weathermen will be the first to feel it, but it'll soon filter down to all of us," the report warns. "Our major topic of conversation will be in danger of obsolescence."

The meteorological society urges that a national weather conservation program be instituted, to help eliminate unnecessary weather use. They calculate that savings of as much as 25 percent could be achieved by cutting back on nocturnal consumption alone. "Most of our overnight weather activity is totally useless," they assert. "After all, what do you need weather for when it's dark?"

Highlights of the Month

- Jan. 3
8:00 P.M. ABC. **YOUNG DOCTOR BILLY.** Billy Jones is twelve, a genius, the chief surgeon at a major hospital... and he's in love. Mason Reese.
- Jan. 6
9:00 P.M. NBC. **CUFFS!** While taking inventory in their pants warehouse, Lenny and Sid stumble upon a time machine that transports them to Paris during the French Revolution. Herb Edelman, Mickey Rooney, Marie Antoinette: Fanny Flagg.
- Jan. 10
9:30 P.M. ABC. **JET SET SCAVENGER HUNT.** Mike Rock—socialite, jet-setter, professional scavenger hunter—finds himself in Monte Carlo on the eve of the Grand Prix searching for Nikki Lauda's iron lung. Lyle Waggoner.
- Jan. 12
8:30 P.M. CBS. **CHILDREN OF MANY NATIONS.** A childless couple adopts eighteen children, all of different races and nationalities. Tonight, Toni finds out she's pregnant. Donna Summer, David Cassidy, Rita Moreno, Chief Dan George.
- Jan. 15
8:30 P.M. NBC. **WAR ROOM JANITOR.** Elmo is waxing the floor of the war room when he notices a small blip on the radar screen. Scatman Crothers, David Frye.
- Jan. 17
7:30 P.M. ABC. **BACKFIELD IN MOTION.** A middle linebacker for the San Diego Chargers is mistakenly awarded the Noble Prize for literature, and his home life turns topsy-turvy. Alex Karras, Abby Dalton.
- Jan. 20
9:00 P.M. ABC. **BEACH BLANKET VICAR.** Heartwarming story of a young theologian who opens a combination church-car stereo warehouse on the beach in Malibu Heights. Jay North. Sister Crissy: Sissy Spacek.
- Jan. 24
8:00 P.M. CBS. **JESUS AND HIS NEW BEST FRIENDS.** Home for the holidays with Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Paul Lynde, George Gobel, and the musical Ritchie family.

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



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the natural cigarette
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Only 9mg. tar.

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ROMAN SCANDALS

by Gluteus Maximus

Ostia, May Ides, 44 B.C.—Well, it's an olive farm and a corn-dole pension for Old Fishbreath; kind of a rough way to treat the man that fetched and carried for the highest of the high for damn near fifty years in the Senate; but it's better than being a signpost along the Appian Way, if you get my meaning (no wonder they called it the crossroads of the world). I spent half a century on the Senate payroll. Officially, my job was to clean

and polish the columns. But, as you fellas know, there's no job less secure than a columnist's, and when Julius Caesar got impeached by Cassius and Casca and Brutus, I figured it was about time to turn in my toga and hightail it out of that capitol.

But not without some fond memories of high jinks and low jinks from my years in the Senate, when I worked my way up from a lowly scrub boy at the Vomitorium to become the personal handmaiden and confidant of more consuls and magistrates than you could shake a staff at.

For instance, I bet you don't know that Julius Caesar was A.C.—B.C. Yup, and you know who his *very* secret passion was? Brutus himself! Their motto was, "When in Rome, do as the Greeks do," if you get my meaning. (And Caesar did have a good eye—Brutus was broad-shouldered, barrel-chested—in fact, he was a first-round draft choice for the Games. Played Praetorian Guard.)

Anyway, the way I found out was one night, Caesar and Brutus were on their way home from the Caracalla Baths, when Brutus suggested a trip to the docks over by the Tiber. Julie'd always been curious about the S&M scene, but that night, things got a little rough. I was on my way home

when I heard Caesar yelling, "Hey! Too Brutely!" and rushed in just in time to cool things off.

Speaking of Caesar, I have to laugh when I read about him and Pompeia and Clodius. Here's the real low-down.

Julius had been kinda suspicious about Pompeia for some time.

"Fishbreath," he told me as we were getting ready for an important Senate session on the free school pablum program, "I want you to let me know everything that's going on with her." It happened to be the night of the Good Goddess festival—you know, where men are barred from the house—so I dressed up like a maid (I always *did* get a charge out of drag) and kept a sharp eye on Pompeia. No sooner had the festival begun when there was a knock on the door and this really butch voice says, "I'm here for the Good Goddess festival. Please tell Pompeia."

Well, maybe the poor oaf thought he'd fool somebody with that four day growth of beard under the veil and thick, hairy legs under the gown, but I knew it was Clodius sure as hell. There was a big trial, but it didn't come to much—except as usual, the morons of the press got it all wrong. Caesar said that although he didn't

continued on page 93



a new album



Produced by Jim Ed Norman (MCA-2307)

MCA RECORDS

Taking up where Panama Kid left off. A unique double barrelled offering of original material. Guaranteed to please old and new fans alike. From the band that's done it all...



Total Energy Response:

The reason why Jensen Lifestyle speakers sound better than any comparable speaker.

Just what is Total Energy Response?

Total Energy Response is the uniform radiation of sound throughout the whole listening area—at all frequencies. And it makes an unquestionable difference in the stereo sounds you hear.

Most speakers are to one degree or another directional. That is, part of the room in front of the speaker gets the full sound. Bass, treble and midrange. While parts of the room to the sides of the speaker get just a fragment of the sound. (See Fig. A)

It's precisely this fault we set out to correct. Because others may tell only part of the story. Often with just one response curve measured from just one position—their optimum position.

However their results don't look so favorable when the test microphone is moved "off-axis," that is, to the side instead of directly in front of these speakers.

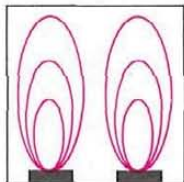


Figure A Ordinary Speaker Dispersion

Figure B illustrates this. It is a Total Energy Response curve, taken with test microphones in all positions. When comparing the Jensen (blue line) with a comparably priced "flat" speaker (red line), you can see how deficient the other speaker is in total radiated energy in the mid and mid-high frequencies. This midrange deficiency is unfortunately very common amongst speakers, and gives many so-called "flat"

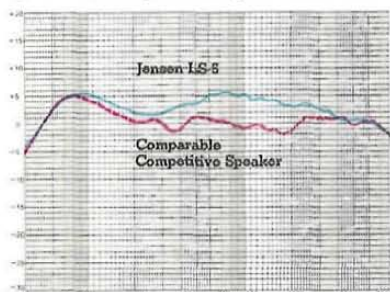


Figure B Total Energy Response Curve

response speakers a very "thin" sound.

The Jensen Lifestyle speaker, on the other hand, demonstrates true Total Energy Response. Uniform radiated



power—at all frequencies—throughout the whole room.

These speakers were conceived, designed and tested for this. Tested from every spot in anechoic "dead" rooms, reverberation "live" rooms, and simulated living rooms.

Our finished products: remarkable dispersion for the hard-to-disperse high frequencies... 160° or 170° wide, depending on the model. Also expanded dispersion of the critical midrange response. And full, rich bass that still perfectly matches the other frequencies for accurate sound reproduction. The way it's supposed to be heard.

You can see how the sound from a Jensen is distributed much more evenly throughout a room. And when you're in your own listening room... you can hear it.

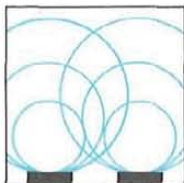


Figure C Jensen Lifestyle LS-5 Dispersion

What does all this mean to you?

1. It means that with Jensen Lifestyle speakers, you'll be able to hear all of the frequencies, all of the time, in almost any

JENSEN

LIFESTYLE SPEAKER SYSTEMS

part of the room. Not just the bass if you're to the side of the speakers. And not just the treble if you're in front of them.

2. Excellent stereo imaging. You hear everything that *both* speakers are putting out. Almost anywhere in the room. Unlike listeners of other speakers, who can fall victim to gaps in the response characteristics, or "hole-in-the-middle" stereo.

3. Excellent balance. Many other speakers are hot on treble, or bass, or both. But all that really means is that the midrange is often neglected. Jensen sends the all-important midrange throughout a room every bit as much as the highs and lows.

4. Total Energy Response is achieved in Jensen speakers without any loss of efficiency. Which means a moderate output amp or receiver is still all you need for great performance. Not a big super-amp.

What gives Jensen Total Energy Response?

A number of features. First, the extremely wide dispersion of the Lifestyle Tuned Isolation Chamber™ midranges.

Especially important are Jensen's two tweeters: a 160° dispersion cone direct radiator, and the 170° dispersion Mylar® Sonodome® tweeter. The sound input to each of these drivers is precisely monitored by Jensen's exclusive Comtrac® crossover network, which insures uniform energy transfer between the woofer, midrange, and tweeter.

For final command of the Jensen Lifestyle's sound, behind-the-grille controls are featured. These controls let you adjust the treble, and in some cases, the midrange, to the characteristics of your individual room.

And with Total Energy Response... there's more music to control.

Hear the difference yourself...

Stop by your local Jensen dealer and hear for yourself the difference Total Energy Response makes. It's the reason why Jensen Lifestyle speakers sound better than any comparable speaker.

For the name and location of your nearest Jensen dealer, write:
Jensen Sound Laboratories, Division of Pemcor, Inc., 4136 N. United Parkway, Schiller Park, IL 60176.



There comes a time in each nation's life when good men can no longer turn their heads from injustice. It is a time when the call must go out across the land to right the wrongs of centuries. Tyranny must be undone, or it shall be our undoing. I, for one, can no longer hold my peace.

As all reasonable men would agree, there is, living at this time in the United States, a large oppressed minority that was dragged, through no choice of its own, kicking and screaming, to the bosom of our so-called democracy. Once here, its members were quartered in barred pens that could barely accommodate the average Hot-tentot, and then forced to subsist on a diet of warm mush.

Though they number in the millions, these unfortunates lag behind all others in employment and income. And this in the much-vaunted "affluent society." The simplest and most fundamental rights, things that you and I take for granted, have for too long been denied them. To this day, they are barred from owning a home, receiving a bank loan, renting an auto, or making a collect telephone call.

While the black and the Hispanic can, in theory, seek redress at the polls, I am deeply saddened to report that this group has, to all intents and purposes, been excluded from the franchise guaranteed all Americans under the Fourteenth Amendment. Needless to say, not a single one of them has ever been allowed to stand for or hold elective office in the 201 years that this nation has laughingly called itself a "republic."

I refer, of course, to infants.

Why has the infant, or as we decent liberals call him, the Natal American, been singled out for treatment that makes the fate of Carthage look like an enlightened exercise in urban renewal? Is it because of his diminutive stature and unprepossessing physique? I think not. Try as I will, I cannot find it written in the Constitution that "Congress shall make no law abridging the rights of citizens unless they happen to be very short and cry when their mothers put them down." Perhaps, then, it is because the Natal American does not speak and write English with the facility of, say, a William Buckley? Again, this argument collapses like the house of cards that it is when a quick examination of S.A.T. scores reveals that the verbal skills of the average Natal American are certainly no less than a freshman entering one of our institutions of "higher learning."

No, these are simple answers, and simple answers just won't do here. I believe the problem goes much deeper. I believe that it lies in the greed, cupidity, and selfishness that, taken in sum, make up our collective national psychosis.

And, clearly, we are talking about stark, naked, irrational avarice when we consider the benefits that would accrue to our national existence were this downtrodden race accepted into the ranks of first class citizenship.

Ask yourself: has any Natal American ever been convicted of a felony or misdemeanor? Has even one of them even been *accused* of stealing a loaf of bread, kiting a check, or blowing a horn in a hospital zone?

No, never.

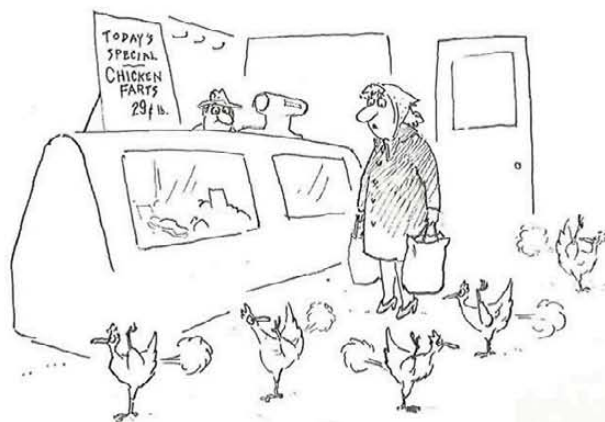
"True enough," you say "but after all, young people, as a class, are not

known for their reliability." Well and good, but are we really talking about all young people here, or just a few rotten apples? For example, when was the last time that you read of an infant running off to join the lobotomized legions of the Reverend Moon? Is it bands of infants who terrorize the South Bronx and mug old ladies? Do infants stay up late at rock concerts, popping pills and getting falling down drunk on cheap wine? Not even the most confirmed ageists would have the temerity to answer even one of these questions in the affirmative.

And what about our national security, and the much-bruited problem of leaks? I advise that you take an infant, any infant, and sit him down at a top-secret meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Give him pen and paper. Give him a tape recorder, whether audio or video. Then turn him over to the Russian (or Chinese) secret police. Allow them to offer him the most outrageous bribes; fast cars, fancy women, drug-soaked teething rings. Let them practice on him tortures that would make Idi Amin squirm and turn his head. I am confident that when all is said and done, the Communist mind police would not be one jot closer to unraveling the proceedings of that meeting.

Yes, the infant keeps his counsel, exhibits the most chaste and sober habits, and is in all respects an up-standing, 100 percent law-abiding citizen. Yet, to paraphrase Rousseau, "The infant is born in chains, and is only declared free when he grows up."

Who will join me in a crusade to free the children? The present situation is intolerable. It is a clear-cut and glaring miscarriage of justice... an abortion. □



The 2 ounce vacation.



(With the taste of the Virgin Islands.)

Enjoy a taste of the Virgin Islands tonight. Mr. Boston Virgin Islands Rum. Perfectly clear, dry and every bit as sunny as the Islands that distill it. Makes you wish you were there.

Let Mr. Boston make your party.



THE SOCRATIC MONOLOGUE

by Hendra and Kelly

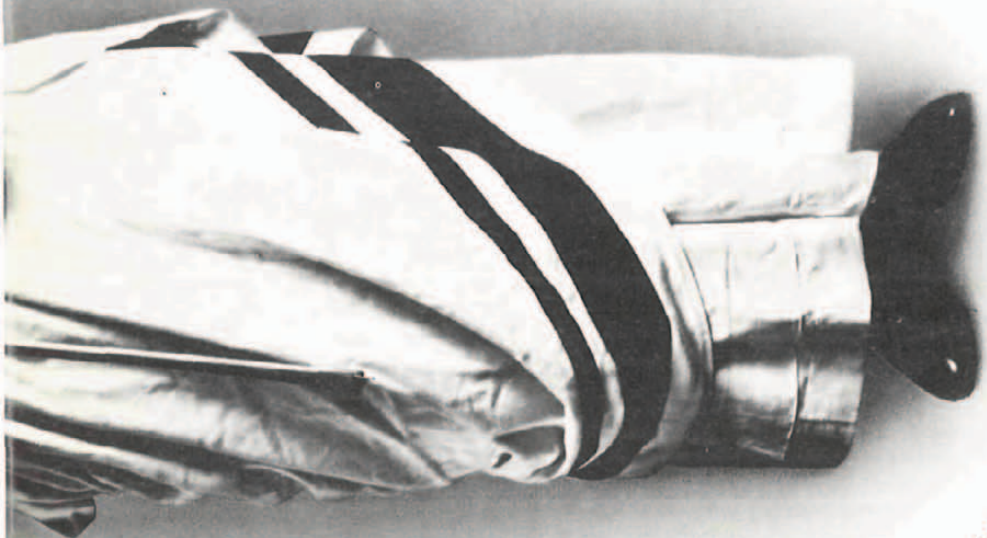
Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. • It's great to be back here playing the wonderful Athens Gymnasium. • I just got back from spending a month in Sparta over the weekend. • Boy, they don't call them Spartans for nothing. They sure live simple in Sparta. My room there was so spare, it was a spare room! • That's what I call a minor premises. • The kids there are so tough they steal the horses off moving chariots. • But they're boring. A good time on Saturday night in Sparta is going downtown to watch somebody get a haircut. • No, but seriously, we only kid the Spartans 'cause we hate them so much. I kid my family, too. Take my wife, Xanthippe. • To Mace-don! • I don't want to say she henpecks me, but when I get home from a

walked over on the scum. • We renamed the whole country after them. Grease. • We implored the gods to protect us, so Zeus threw a thunderbolt at Persia. It slid off! • No, but I love the gods. When I was a kid, I thought I'd be an atheist, but then I found out you don't get no feast days. • I remember the first time I saw the gods. I was with my father. He pointed to them and said, "Mount Olympus." I said, "Okay, which one is he?" • Now, my favorite goddess is Pallas Athena. They say she sprang full-grown from the brow of Zeus. Which means he gives great head, right? • Whoops! Gotta watch that impiety stuff! You never know when Anytus might be listening. You know it was Anytus who first called me a gadfly? I said, whaddaya mean,

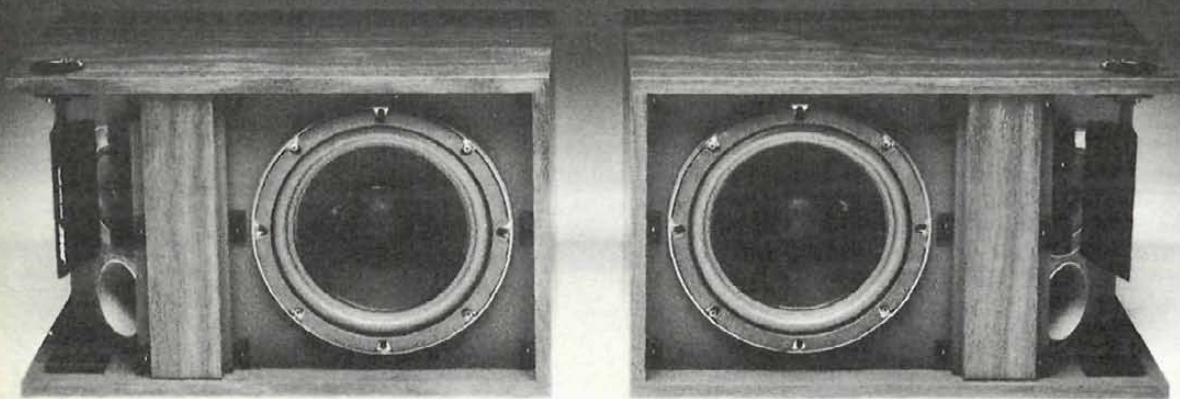


night out with the boys, she's just like all women. Completely illogical. Whatever that means. • Really, it's enough to turn you into a cynic, right? You know the difference between a stoic and a cynic? A stoic is what brings the babies, and a cynic is what you wash 'em in! • But take Diogenes, the cynic. Just don't take him to lunch. • That guy is dirty! He just got married in that tub he lives in. • They called it a double ring ceremony. • But philosophers today, though, I tell ya...in my day, we were all peripatetics. I was a peripatetic before I could pronounce it. • My teacher was Zeno. I was his pet—he couldn't afford a dog. • Actually, I was one of his two personal physicians. He called us Zeno's pair o' docs. • Seriously, the whole cosmos is irrational. Whatever that means. • Take the Persians. By storm. • You know how the Persians got here? The first one swam across, and the others

gadfly? Of course, I do bug him. • And he is a horse's ass! • No, I kid Anytus, but really he's a great governor. He's in the audience here tonight. No! No applause, please! You'll only encourage him. • Seriously, Anytus, you're doing a great job with Athens. First we had the Golden Age, then the Silver Age, now we've got the Mortg Age! • If only Anytus would go back to doing to his catamite what he's been doing to this city, Athens would be a republic! • And while we're on the subject, lemme tell you what I mean by a republic...hey! What's this? A drink from the audience? Thanks, Anytus! You're a prince! Well, as Zeus said to Ganymede, bottom's up! Jesus Christ! What is this stuff? Tastes like Persian aftershave! You drink it? No wonder your mouth looks like a southern view of Pegasus flying north! This stuff tastes like hemlock! Anyway, about that Republic, I...aargh!



Odd Couple.

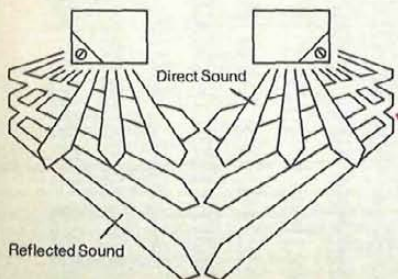


This is a pair of Bose Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® bookshelf speakers with their grilles removed.

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"



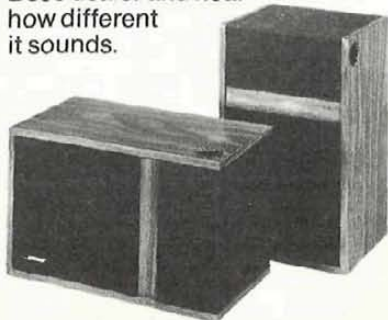
design. As a result, a pair of Model 301s has woofers pointing straight ahead and tweeters angled outward. A large proportion of the high frequency energy is reflected off the side walls and then into the center of the listening room, rather than being aimed directly at the listener. As in a live performance, 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.

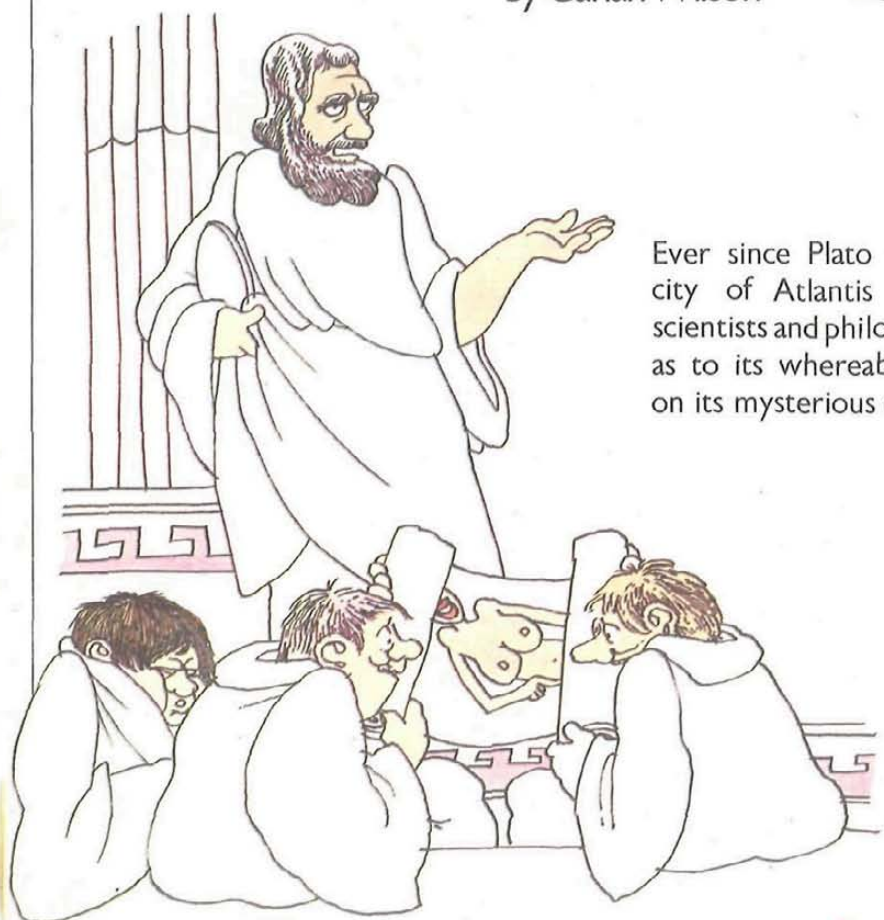
For a free, full-color brochure on the Model 301, write Bose, Dept. NL10, The Mountain Framingham, Mass. 01701.

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

Atlantis

Solved Again

by Gahan Wilson

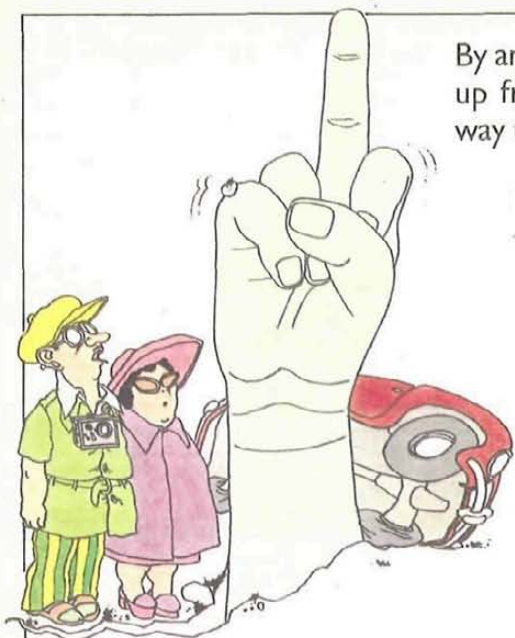


Ever since Plato spoke of the lost city of Atlantis to his disciples, scientists and philosophers speculated as to its whereabouts, or pondered on its mysterious end.

Millions were spent on expeditions in attempts to discover Atlantis, but all ended in failure, if not in actual embarrassment.



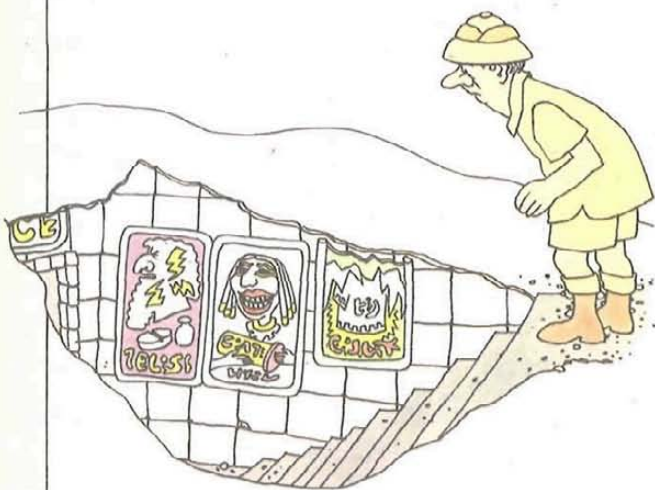
By an ironic fluke of nature, an artifact thrust up from the San Andreas fault pointed the way to the fabled city's location.



WELCOME TO ATLANTIS
NUMBER ONE
POPULATION 63
GARDNER'S MUSEUM
ELEVATION 25
THIS IS A
RESTRICTED
COMMUNITY



As more material accumulated, the Atlantean hieroglyphics were translated, bringing about an increasingly clear understanding of the ways of these ancient people.



At last came the big breakthrough, providing entry into the fabled city.

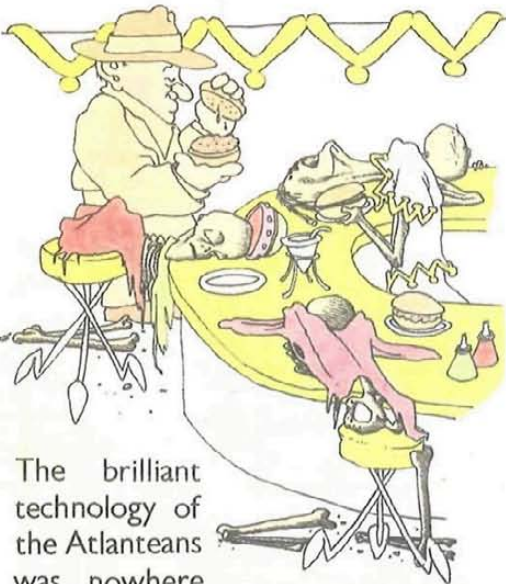
It soon became obvious that the ways of the Atlanteans and those of their discoverers were not unlike.





More and more, the explorers felt increasing kinship between themselves and this long-dead civilization.

Indeed, the resemblances were uncomfortably close.



The brilliant technology of the Atlanteans was nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in their "imperishable" fast food, still as fresh and edible as on the day, untold thousands of years ago, when it was served.

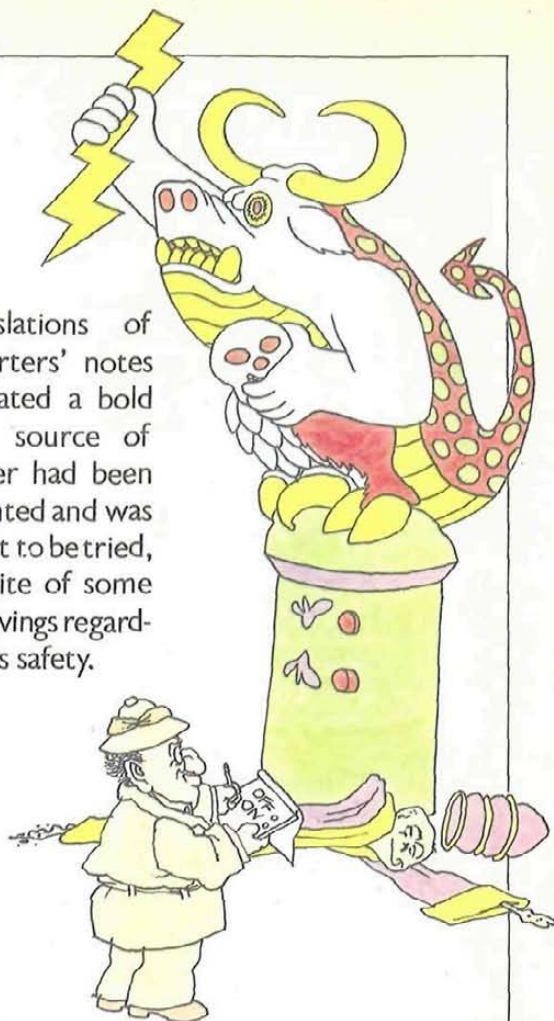


But what strange and fatal event had caused this busy society to come suddenly to a final halt?

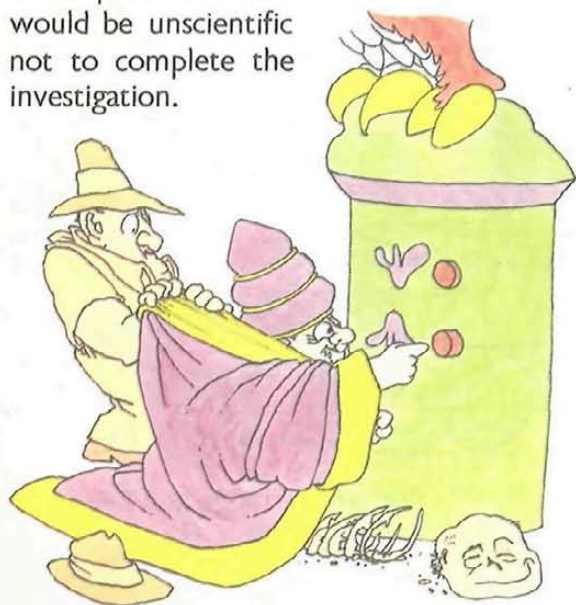
The remnants of a press conference gave the scientists their first solid clue to the cause of Atlantis's doom.



Translations of reporters' notes indicated a bold new source of power had been invented and was about to be tried, in spite of some misgivings regarding its safety.

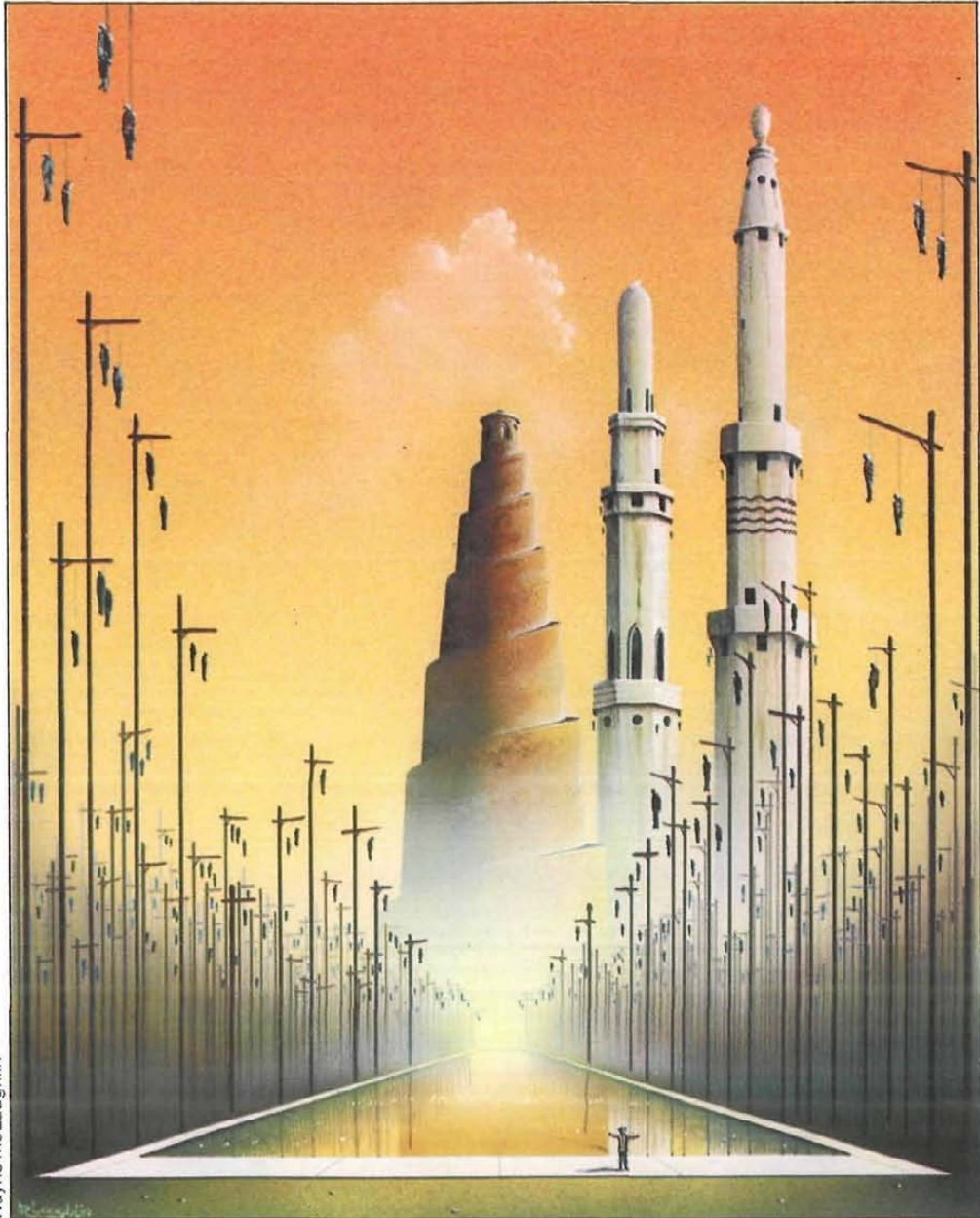


Though the mortuary conditions of the city seem to clearly indicate the results of activating this unfortunate invention, the leader of the expedition felt it would be unscientific not to complete the investigation.



The present expedition, too, in spite of some doubts, will probably feel it necessary to pursue its inquiry to its logical conclusion. □

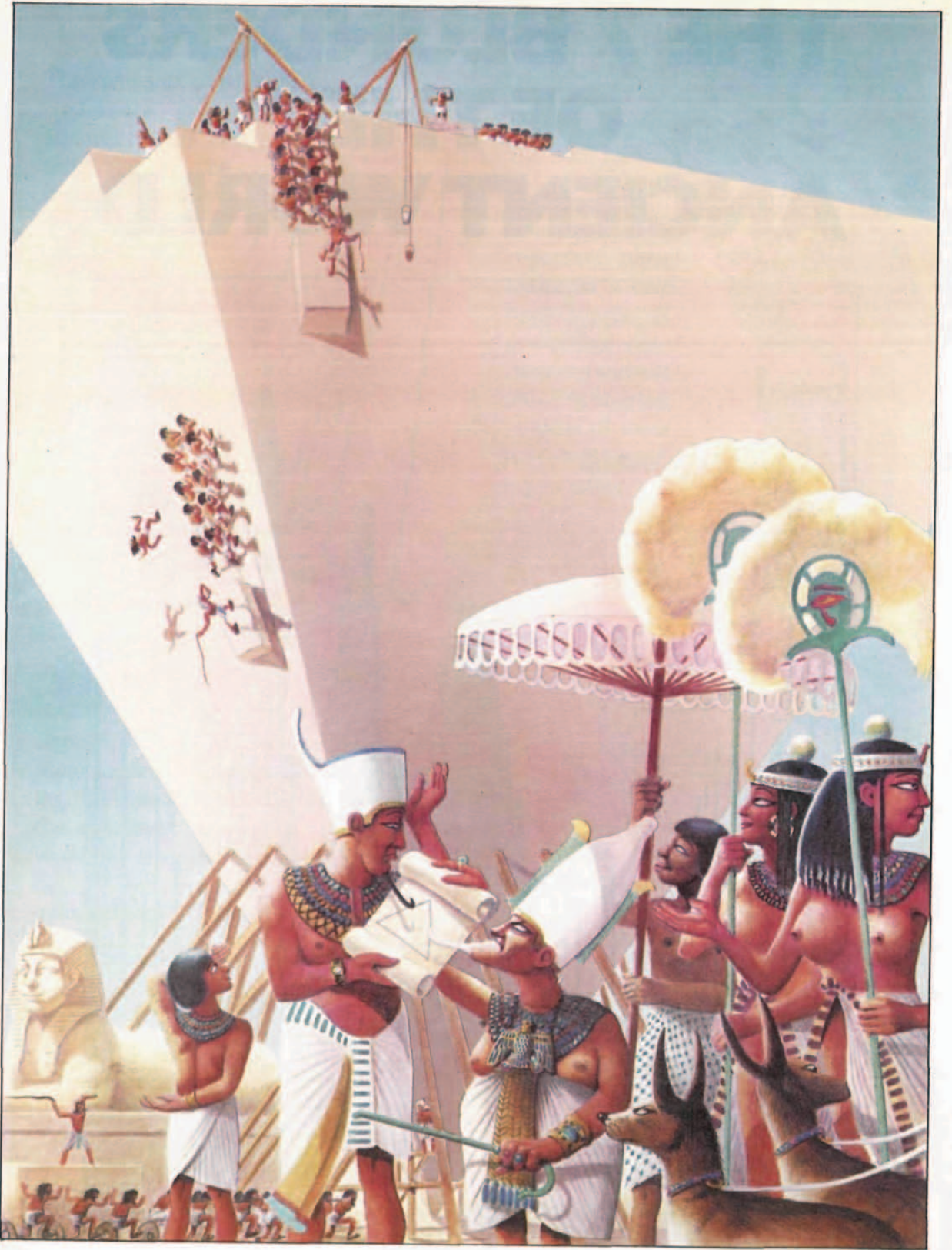
THE ~~7~~⁶ BLUNDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD



Wayne McLaughlin

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

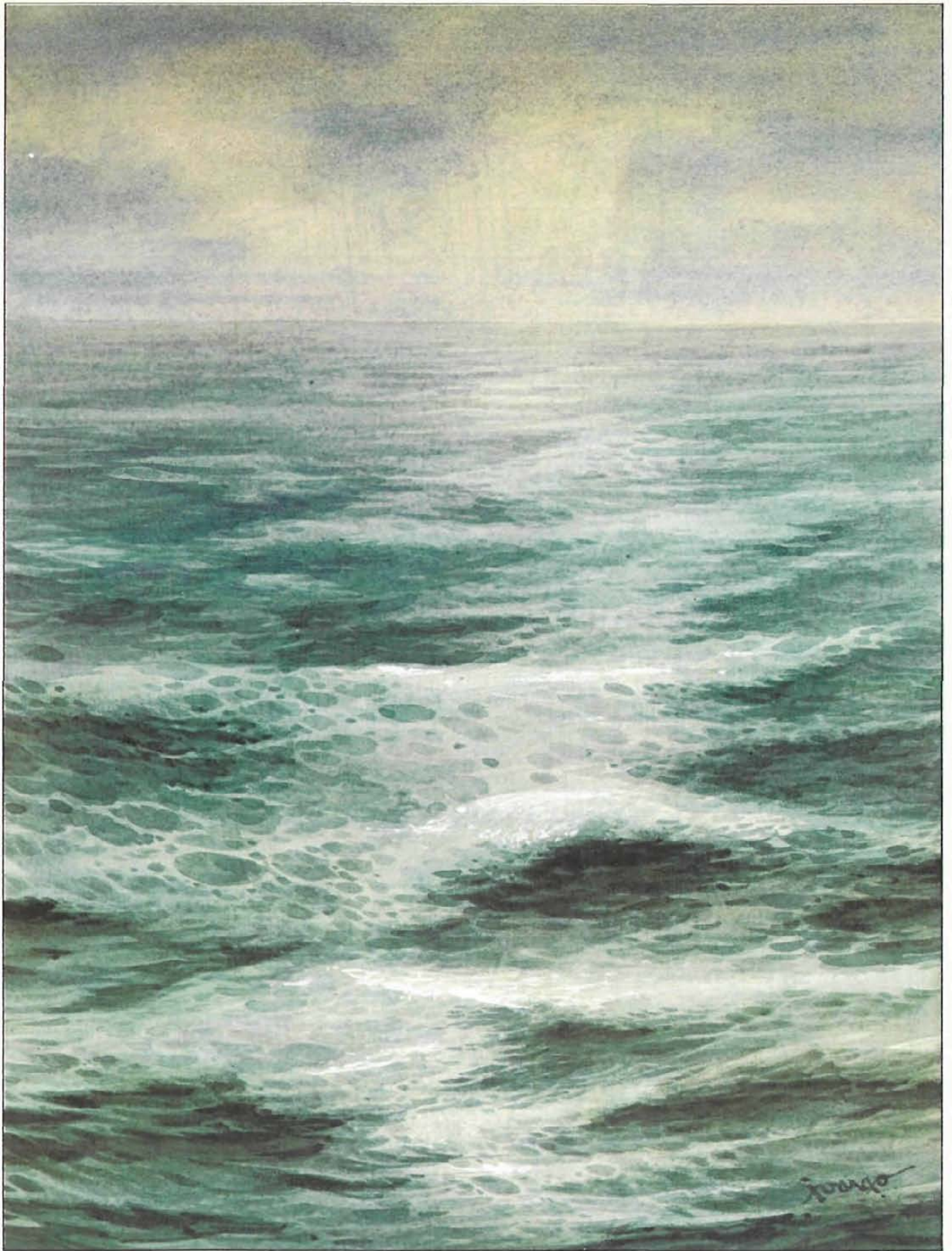
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Malcolm MacNeil

THE UPSIDE-DOWN PYRAMID

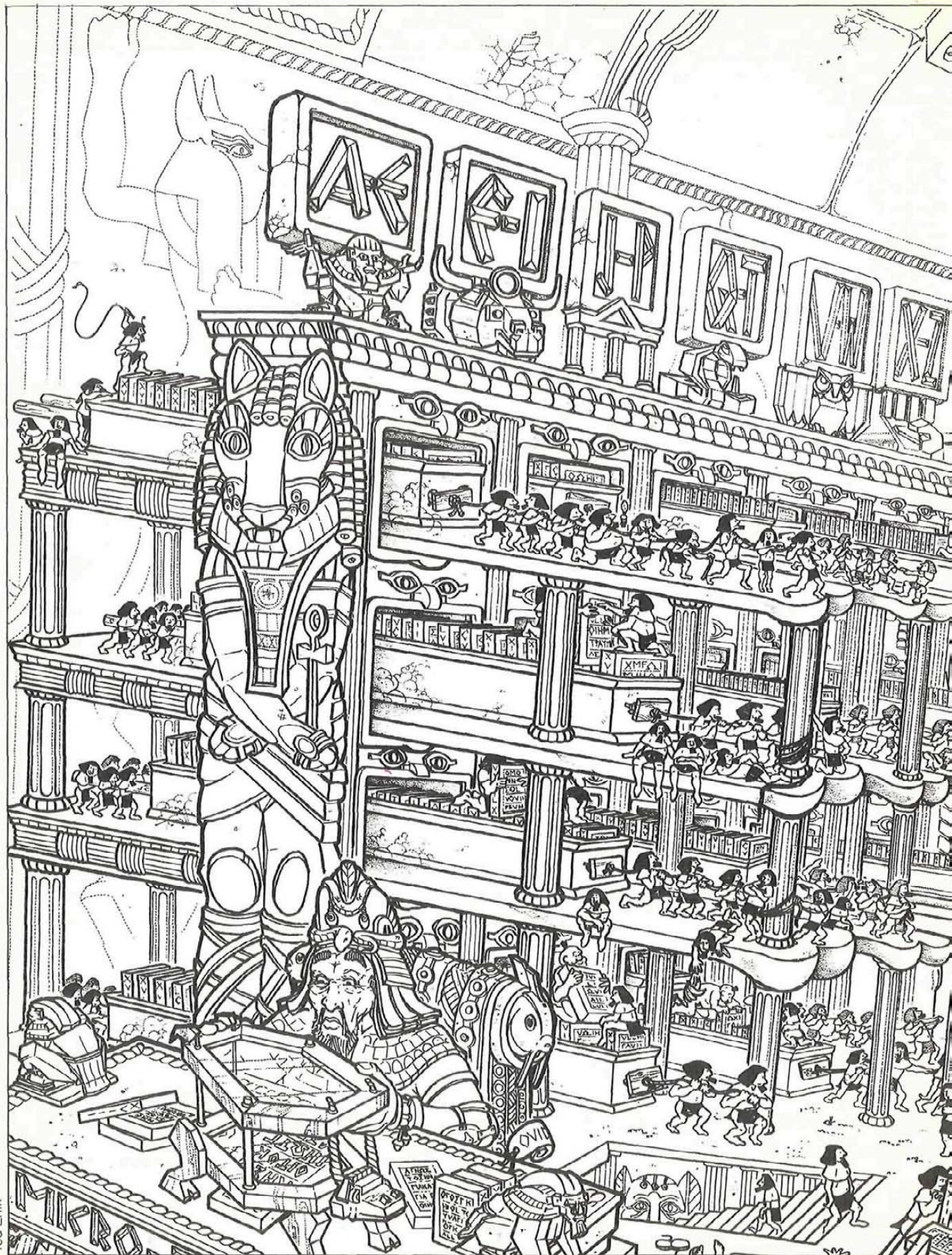
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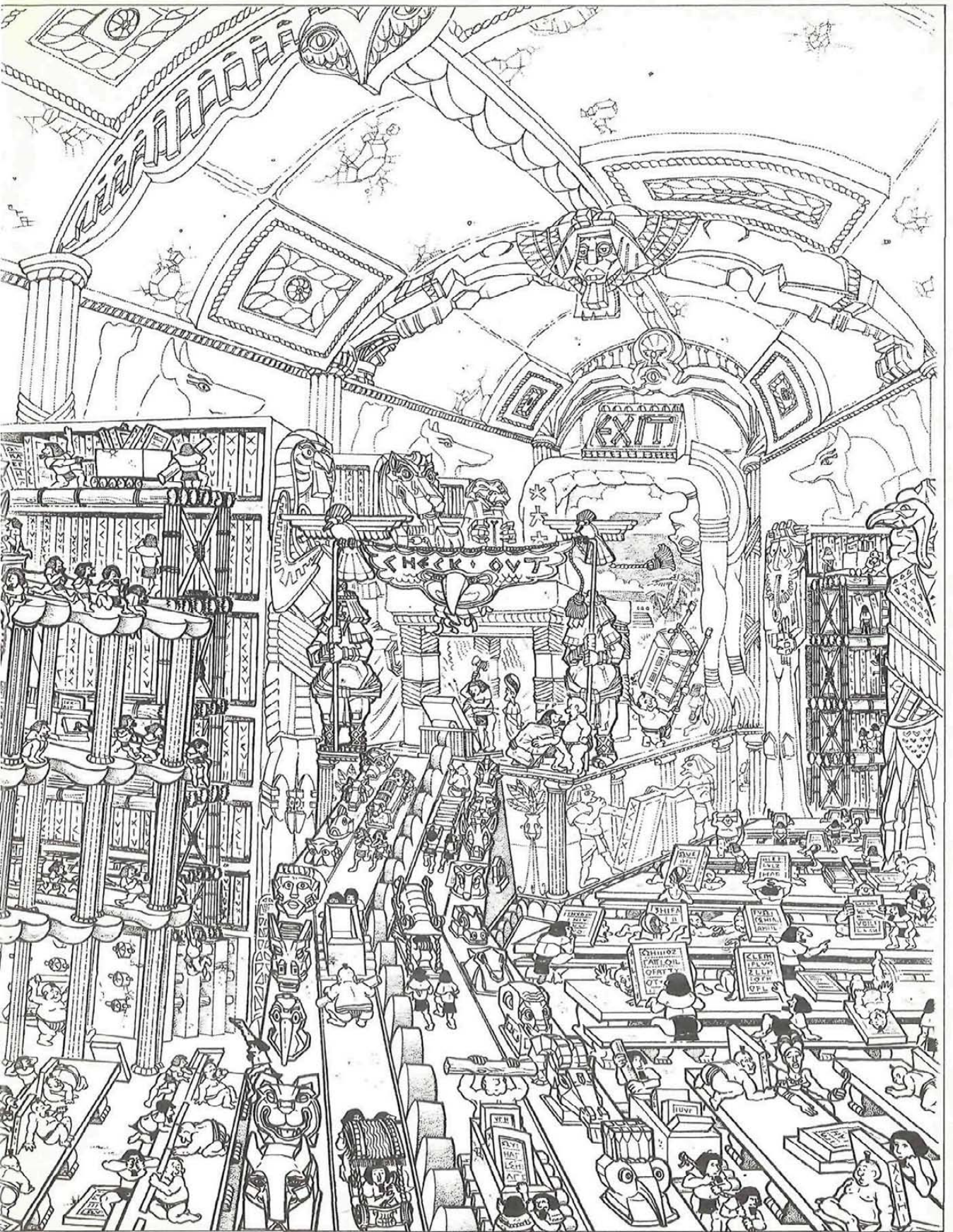
John Vargo

THE ACROPOLIS AT ATLANTIS

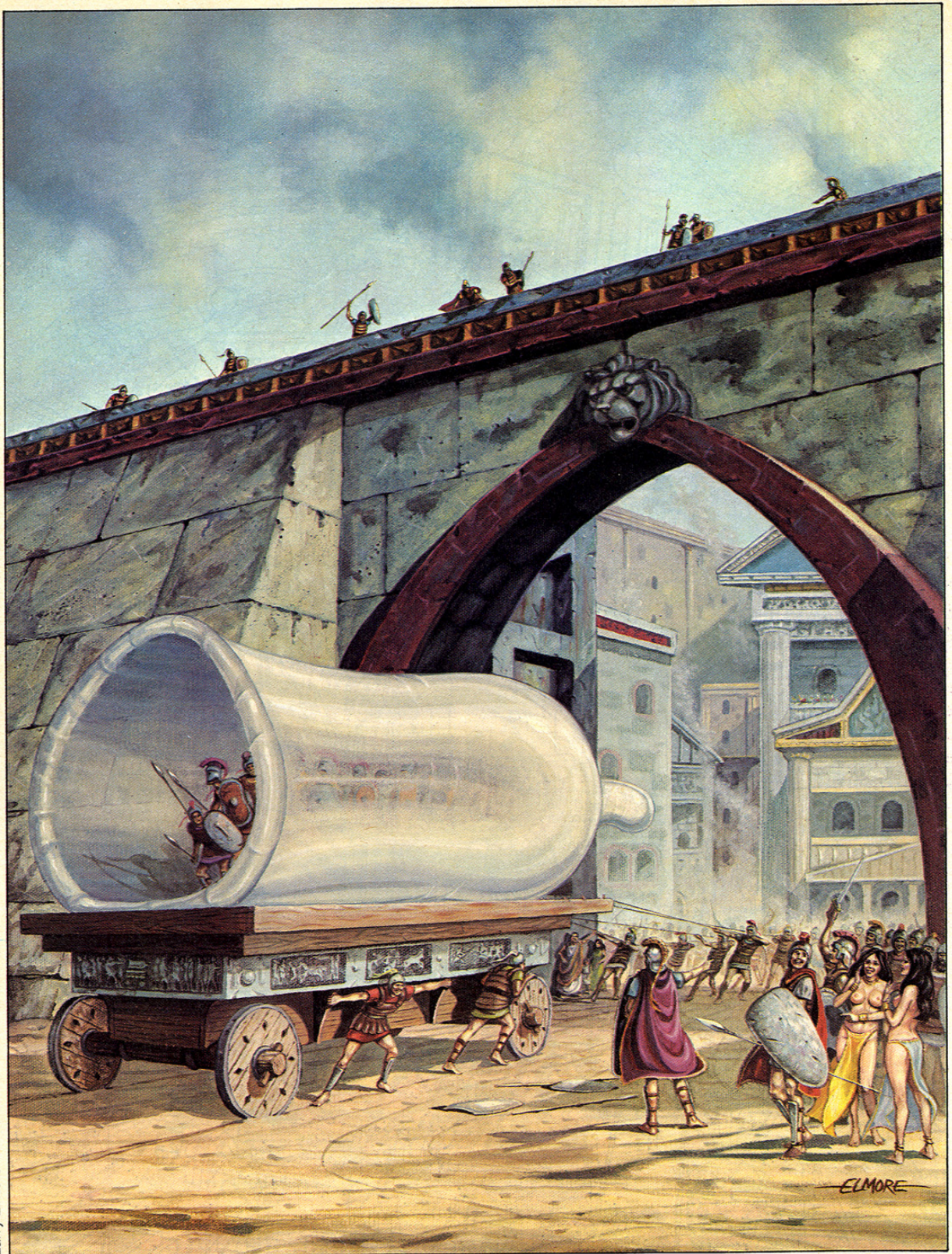
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THE GREAT LIBRARY



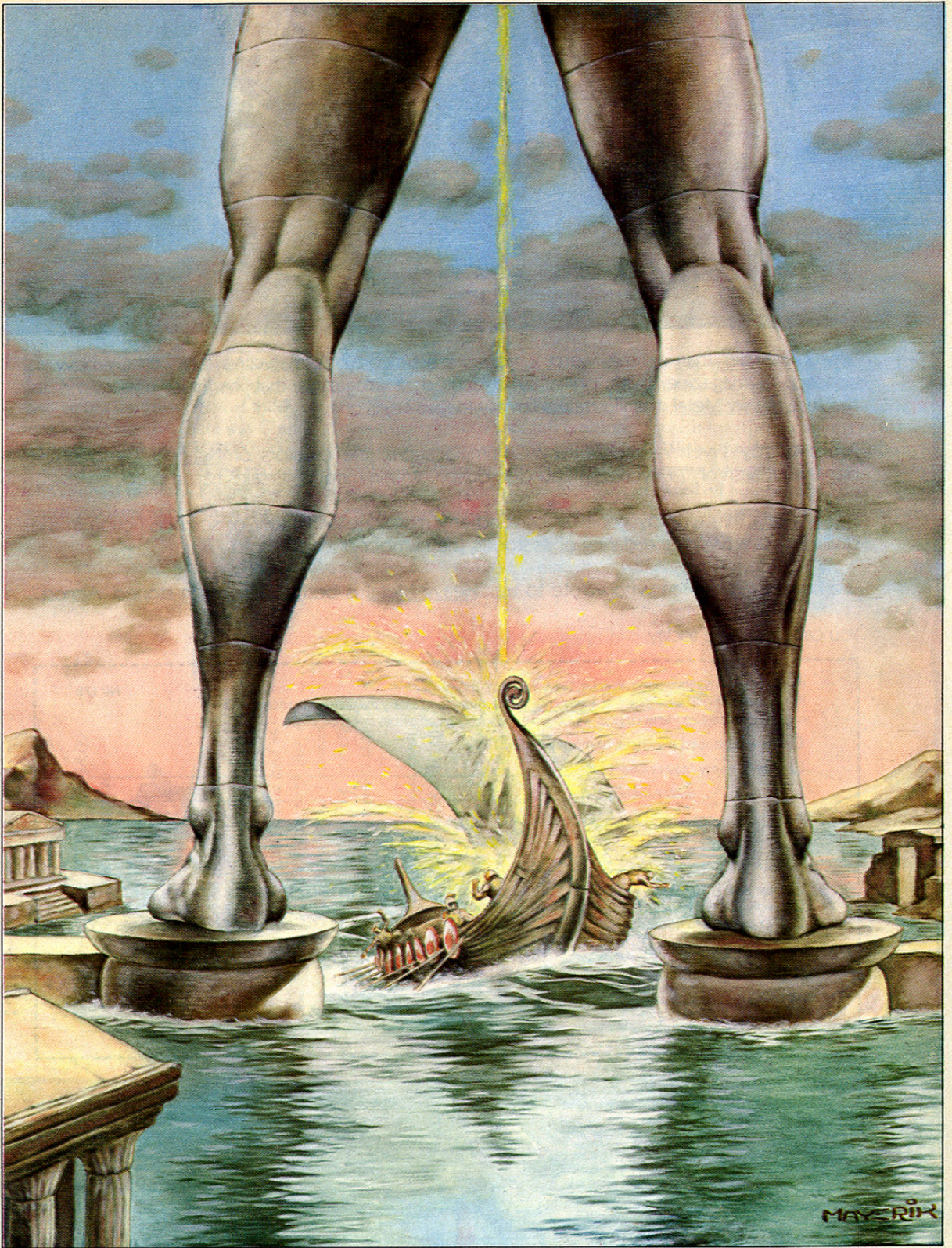
AT ALEXANDRIA



Larry Elmore

THE TROJAN HORSE

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Val Mayerick

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

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SEX in ANCIENT CHINA

by Gerald Sussman

Long before the Egyptian and Mesopotamian civilizations, long before the great cities of India, long before anyone, there was China. China goes back over 500,000 years, with the birth of the Peking man, who evolved from the Peking duck, which was later to become a famous

men preferred to use it as a cooking utensil*.

The male penis, as we now know it, was usually in a state of full erection, and soon became the most important tool the Chinese male owned. It grew to enormous proportions—fifty to seventy-five inches was not uncom-

stone and bronze utensils, the Chinese male used to cover his penis with a protective piece of animal skin and use it for stir-fry cooking in his wok. With other little attachments on his penis, he could dig holes, hunt, and ward off his enemies. Since his penis was an organic part of his body and



Ancient Chu-Lin man, stir-frying with his organic tool (50,000 B.C.).

banquet dish served with plum sauce.

The first record we have of anything sexual turned up in China about 50,000 years ago, in the ruins found in the Chu-Lin province. Most archaeologists can now safely prove that the Chinese invented the penis. Actually, the penis was not used for sex for another 45,000 years. Chinese

mon. Before the development of

*Sexual reproduction was carried out through an ingenious process that occurred during the male's sleep. Whenever he had a nocturnal emission (called *dreams of the yellow valley*), some of his semen was picked up by a bird bearing a remarkable resemblance to a stork. The bird carried it to a female's womb, depositing it while she too was asleep. Neither male nor female knew what was happening.

was quite large and durable, he saw no need to make similar tools out of other materials for a long time.

The first time a vagina was actually seen by a male was recorded in the Shansu province in 44,000 B.C. It was discovered by the legendary engineer and inventor Lo-Ming, and its shape was indeed different from the modern

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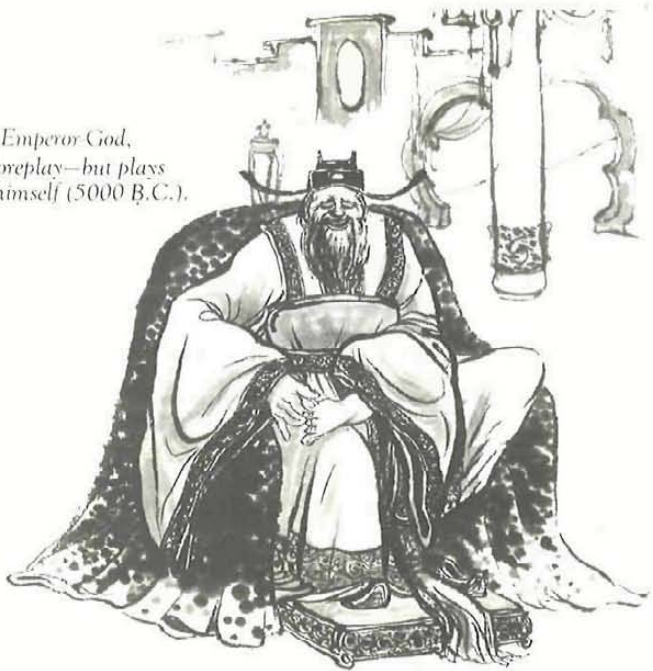
SEX IN ANCIENT CHINA

continued

vagina. It was slanted, and belonged to a woman named Ha-Shu. Lo-Ming didn't know what to do with it, but was fascinated by its contractions, its inner workings, and its strange secretions. He examined the vaginas of thousands of young Chinese women, and they were all slanted one way or the other. Lo-Ming thought this was a sign from the Gods, and proceeded to design and build everything in China on a slant. Houses, roads, furniture were all built on a slant. People had to walk in a tilted manner. This was difficult, but the Chinese were used to adversity, and no one questioned it.

For about 40,000 years, the Chinese existed in this slanted way of life. It turned out that slanted construction was an ingenious way of surviving earthquakes and floods, because the center of gravity was never the same in any given area. Water simply rolled off the earth and earthquakes never gathered momentum.

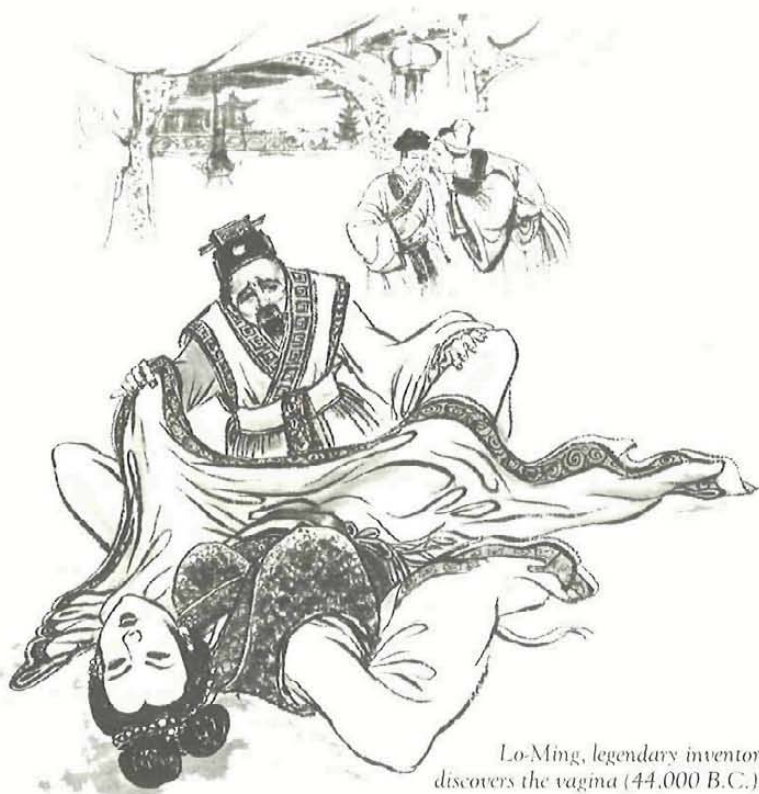
Luang Ti, Emperor God, discovers foreplay—but plays only with himself (5000 B.C.).



and after a few days of discomfort he found that his aches and pains disappeared. From his new upright position, he discovered he could easily knock down and overpower his slanted enemies and create the dynasty he dreamed of. Luang Ti unified many of the warring but slanted states of China under his rule, and vowed to "straighten out" the country and "put it back on an even keel."

Since Luang Ti felt a lot better standing straight, he paid more attention to sex. He is given credit for the invention of foreplay. Luang introduced touching, squeezing, fondling, and heavy petting, but confined it all to his own body. He got great pleasure in feeling himself up, and saw no reason to do it to others, especially women. Even though the vagina had already been discovered, men had not yet figured out what to do with it, or what to do with women at all. Most women were eaten, or used as slaves.* The royal chef had over 9,000 recipes for cooking women, and Luang Ti loved to eat little girls for breakfast, especially with black bean sauce.

Luang Ti liked to engage in hours of foreplay on himself, while his retinue watched enviously. They were not allowed to imitate him. Eventually, he would ejaculate all over his



Lo-Ming, legendary inventor, discovers the vagina (44,000 B.C.).

The Age of Luang Ti

In 5,000 B.C., a tribal chieftain named Luang Ti decided to form a dynasty. The country was still conducting its business on a slant, and Luang Ti was getting severe shoulder and back pains from doing everything

in this position. He asked his favorite herbalist, Shung-Pu, for advice. The wise old man was about to retire on a pension, and had nothing to lose when he uttered the words, "Why don't you stand up straight?" Luang Ti put him to death for this facetious response, but tried the advice anyway,

*The Chinese did not recognize women as human beings until the nineteenth century. In fact, a large, plump steamed fish was considered more desirable than a skinny, homely girl.

clothing, making stains that were difficult to remove. One of his advisors, a young poet named S'hung, said to him, "Mighty one, why should you ruin your beautiful silk robes and suede riding pants? This strange substance coming from the royal penis is as difficult to remove from suede and silk as the honey that flows from your nose. Why not allow your precious fluids to enter an orifice of one of the women before eating them?"

Luang Ti took the poet's advice, but didn't get to ejaculate into a vagina for another seven years, concentrating primarily on ears and navels. The first time he entered a vagina (belonging to a striking redhead named Yu-Ming), he was so overwhelmed with pleasure that he fell into a swoon, fainted, and remained in a coma for eight days and eight nights.

While the great Emperor-God was in a coma, his ministers and advisors thought he would surely die. In revenge for this heinous crime, the poet

S'hung suggested that they find all women who possessed vaginas and put them to death. Obviously, said S'hung, this strange organ is an instrument of H'sa, the Messenger of Death. By the time Luang Ti awoke from his coma, about fifty million women had been executed. When he heard of this, he lost his mind. His well-meaning but ignorant ministers had virtually destroyed his new source of pleasure. Before Luang Ti fainted, he knew he had felt the greatest joy in the world, the secret of eternal happiness, and he wanted to spend the rest of his life doing what he did to the striking redhead (she was the first to be killed, he learned, which saddened and enraged him even more). Luang Ti renounced his throne and his kingdom, and proceeded to walk the length and breadth of China looking for surviving women, so that he could simply put his penis in their vaginas. He had no idea of what to do with it, but it felt

exquisite simply placed in the women's outer lips. He would leave his penis in this vaginal "vestibule" for hours until he ejaculated. He did this for the rest of his life, traveling from province to province, a precursor of Johnny Appleseed, not even knowing that he, too, was "planting" a new population.

For another 500 years or so, Chinese males practiced the method of Luang Ti, placing their penises in the outer openings of the vagina and getting their pleasure out of this exquisite coupling. None dared to move their bodies, especially the males, who were terrified of what lay behind the first fraction of an inch of the vagina. In the meantime, the Chinese invented gunpowder, silk, and paper. They built the first television set out of bamboo shoots, winter melon, and dried mushrooms. They invented the airplane, but decided to make it out of painted porcelain. The silk toaster suffered from

continued



Luang Ti in his holy mission of repopulating China (5000 B.C.).

SEX IN ANCIENT CHINA

continued

the same lack of durability.

Luang Ti's teachings became a rigid code of sexual behavior for China until the "happy accident" occurred, and sex as we know it today was invented. On or about 4200 B.C., in the province of Sh'un, a magistrate named Lu was having intercourse with a young woman in a courtyard. They were coupled quietly for an hour or so when their mood was broken by a vegetable TV set that was thrown out of the window of a house by an angry tailor. The TV set accidentally hit Lu on the back, and forced his penis deep into the woman's vagina. They both screamed in incredible ecstasy. The magistrate thought he would be punished for what he did. He had no idea that a vagina could be so deep.

The woman felt intense waves of pleasure, and begged him to do whatever he had done again. And so Lu asked the tailor to throw the TV set out of the window once more, striking him on the back. This time, Lu unconsciously flinched a little in expectation of the slight pain of getting hit, which resulted in a thrust of his pelvis inward toward the woman's vagina. Again she cried in ecstasy. This was the first time a woman ever received any pleasure from the sex act. In fact, the woman was so overcome with pleasure that she suggested to the magistrate that he do without the TV set thrown at his back, because of all the time needed to carry the set back to the fifth floor of the house. Would it not be easier to flinch in expectation of getting hit by the set rather than actually getting hit, she suggested. The magistrate was infuriated and humiliated by the insolence of a woman making a suggestion to him, no matter how humbly it was put. He refused her idea and continued to do it his way, this time ordering his servant to run up with the set and throw it down as quickly as possible.

However, the next time Lu desired intercourse, he tried it without a TV set or other heavy object being thrown at him, simply moving his body in the manner he had previously improvised. The feelings that engulfed him and his woman were so exciting that he could only compare them to eating Velvet Chicken or Sauteed Oysters with Young Ginger. Lu, the magistrate, had accidentally in-



Artist's conception of the discovery of vaginal penetration (4200 B.C.).

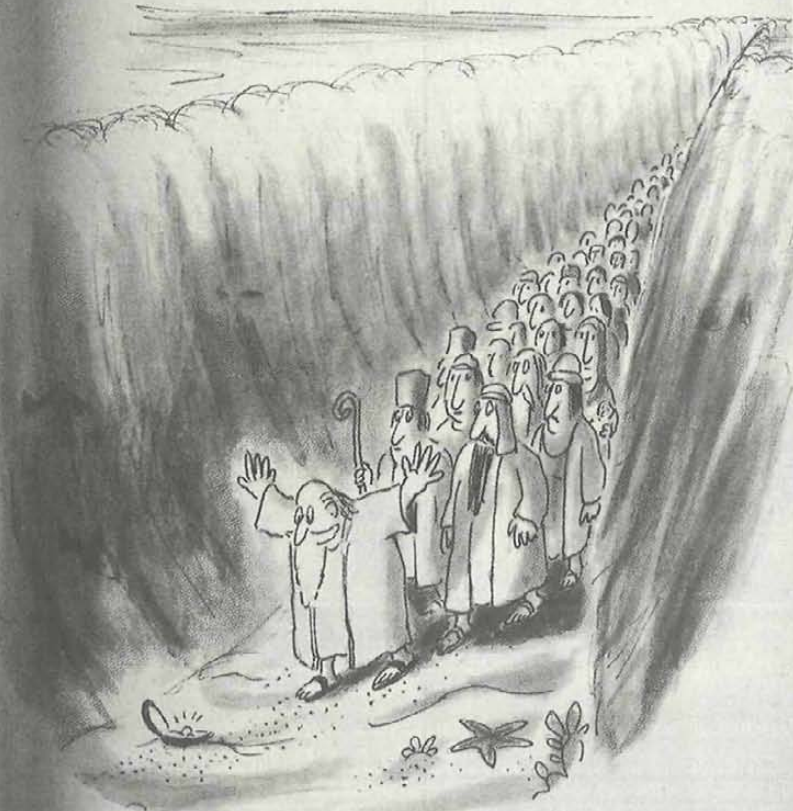
vented the technique of stroking, penetrating the once forbidden well-spring of the vagina.

The invention of the orgasm is clouded in a little more mystery. The records show many who claimed to be its originators, but most scholars and archaeologists give the credit to Lao-Mu, a minor minister in the court of Ching-Po, Emperor of China in 3350 B.C. Lao-Mu, who also invented the puppet, was having an adulterous affair with one of the Emperor's concubines, a certain Wah-Ming. They were in Wah-Ming's chambers doing the sex stroke, or *shih-poo*, as it came to be called, when three events occurred simultaneously. A firecracker planted under their pillows by W'in-How, the mischievous nephew of Wah-Ming, went off under the lovers; an earthquake started, which caused the ground beneath them to crack and move violently; and the Emperor himself burst through the doors to catch them in the act. The lovers suddenly had a majestic climax, which stunned every-

one with its intensity and ecstasy. It took the Emperor a full seven seconds to recover his poise, behead the couple, and become swallowed up in the full quake that followed. One who survived and saw the scene, a minor poet named Huan, claimed that the lovers screamed, "Org! Org!" as they climaxed together. He said that even after they were headless, they continued to move and vibrate for another hour and a half under the debris of the crumbling palace.

Of course, the lovers could have been screaming "arg" or "ceg," cries of extreme pain. Whether they actually cried *org* was not important. The point is that something pretty terrific happened. This time, the innately conservative Chinese thought better of duplicating the event every time they wanted to enter the ultimate state of sexual ecstasy, especially simulating the earthquake. Luckily, real earthquakes occurred quite frequently, and provided couples with many exciting orgasms before swallowing them up. □

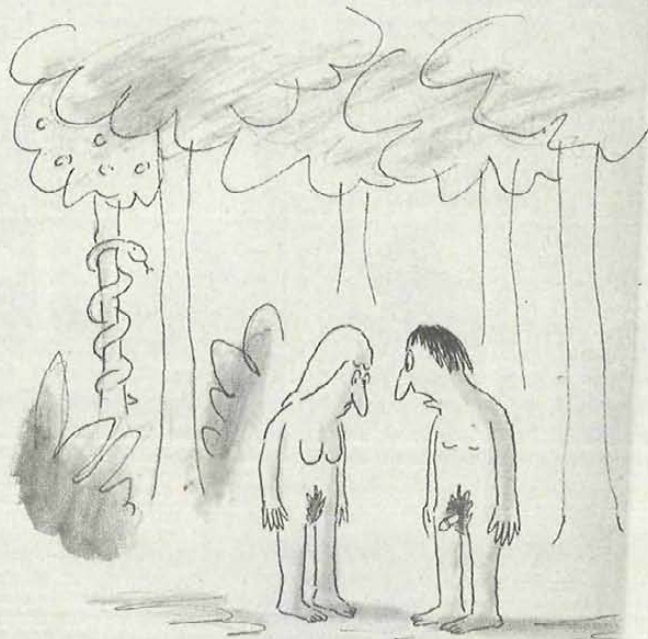
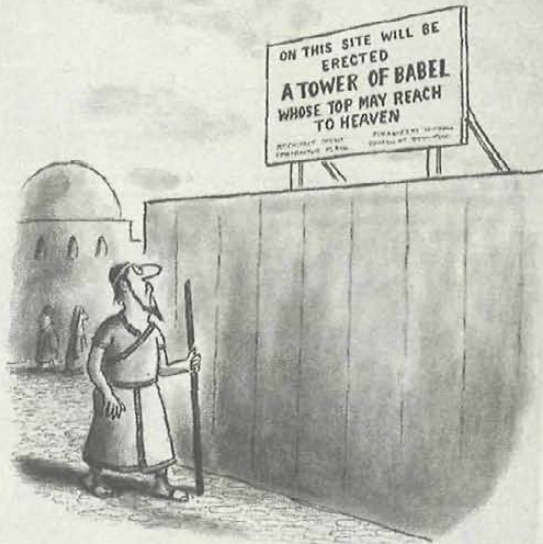
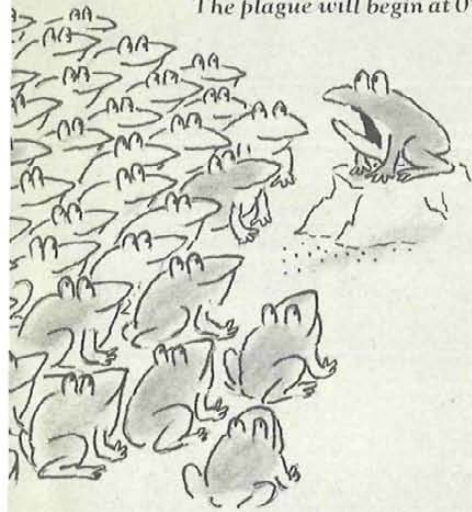
THE BOOK OF SAM
I:1-7





"Don't bother, that's Onan."

"All right, now that you guys have all been briefed, you know what to do! ... The plague will begin at 0700 hours."



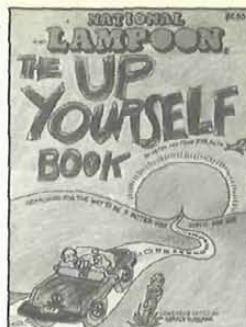
He'll just jerk off."

"It's the only way I can get it to stay on."

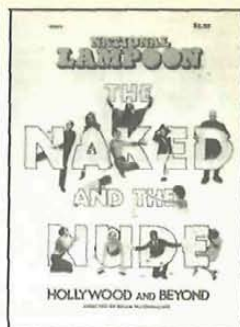
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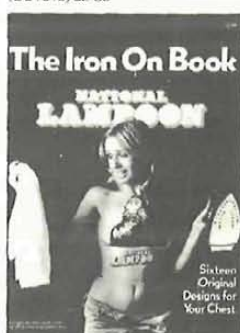
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 4 (BO1006) 1974 \$2 50



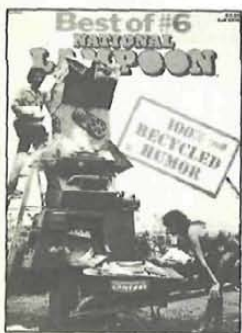
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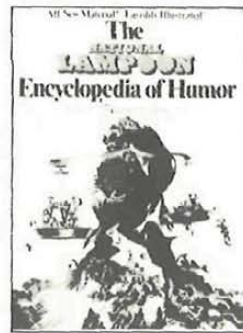
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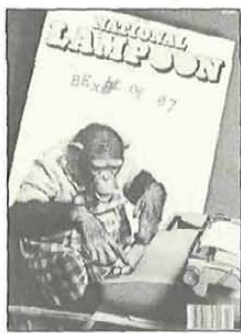
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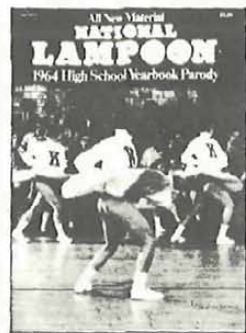
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 6 (BO1015) 1976 \$2 50



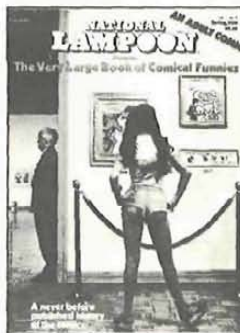
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A TRUE RELATION OF THE INCA EMBASSY TO THE PROVINCE OF NEW PERU and *Certain Observations Concerning* the Two-Legged, Four-Legged, and Six-Legged Savages Who Inhabit That *Blighted Realm,* As Recorded by a PRINCE OF THE INCA

by JOHN HUGHES

On Being Sealed in a Jar with *Guinea Pigs* and the Voyage Across *Hostile Seas* to the Land Called *Spain*

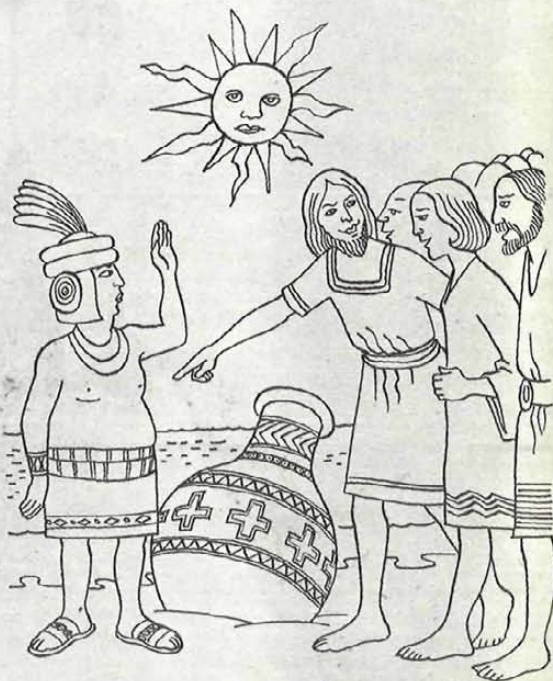
THE VOYAGE was long and difficult. My food stores were insufficient, and I was forced to eat the guinea pigs I had brought along for sacrifice. The air inside the tightly sealed Great Jar was hot and stale, and stank of my body and its foul products. When at last I washed up on the shores of "Spainland," I was joyous, and thanked the Gods.



The Sea Jar served me well.

I was greeted immediately by the two-legged natives. They were awed and overwhelmed by my presence, and they pointed at me and laughed with glee. I propose, based upon the warmth and kindness of their greeting, that these natives

saw me as a short, brown, thick-chested God who had come from the West to deliver them from their unhappiness.

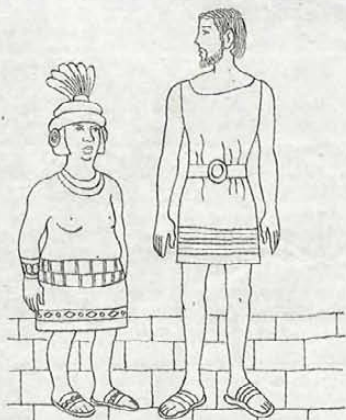


The natives rejoice at my arrival.

Of the *Aberrant Inhabitants* of the *New World*

AFTER I had claimed the land in the name of the Empire of the Inca and had given it the name New Peru, I turned my attentions toward a close examination of the two-legged natives. I was shocked by their astonishing ugliness. They were tall, lean, slender, and their skin had no hue. Their women had hideous round breasts that

rode high upon their chests. Their eyes were a variety of grotesque colors, and some poor creatures had colorless hair that matched their pasty skin.



*The squat beauty of the Inca.
The fair, delicate ugliness of the Native.*

Of the *Monstrous* Mongrel Rulers

THE RULERS of New Peru are enormous, six-legged creatures with two heads. One head is similar to that of the llama, only five times the size. The other head is smaller and resembles that of the white natives. The skin on the upper body is strong like metal, while below, it is soft and fur-covered. It speaks the wretched tongue of the white natives from the small head, and from the large head, it talks in a simple beast tongue. It has a penis the size of a man's leg. Its great penis and its gigantic body make it an arrogant leader, and it often will shit freely in the streets and splash its urine on passersby.



The large head contains the brain. The small head speaks.

Of the *Heathen's* Foolish Gods

THE TWO-LEGGED native has a virulence that is most evident in his religion. His Gods are foolish and powerless. He does not exalt them with palaces filled with gold. He does offer them daily sacrifices of animals and young women. He nails his Gods to pieces of wood.

His Gods are many, and they are bought and sold in markets. They are metal or wood figures of frightened maidens and tortured, half-naked men. These figures are hung on the walls and worshipped.

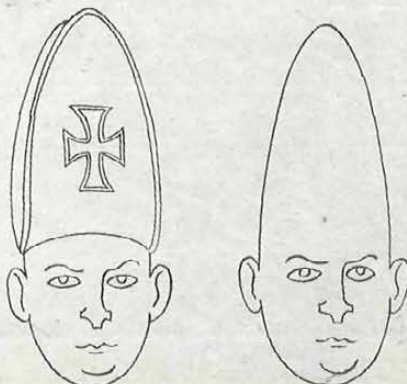
The heathens practice a religious exercise called "praying" in which they kneel (to make themselves less ugly), clasp their hands together, and beg for gifts and favors. They believe that much begging in this manner will endear them to the Gods and allow them to grow wings when they die. Those who do not beg in this manner are called "jew men," and when they die, it is believed they go into a cellar and burn.



*They who beg the Gods for gifts
are promised eternal life as a bird.*

Of the Day Called *Sunday*

THE NEW Peruvians divide their time into "weeks," which consist of seven days. The seventh day is called "Sunday," and on this day all work and commerce ceases. The natives dress in uncomfortable clothing and gather in large palaces for a carnival called "church." The carnival is run by a jester who is called "father," although he does not touch women.



The father covers his head with a colorful cloth sack.

The carnival begins with the singing of sad songs. Then the father begins a long, horrible oration in a strange tongue that only he speaks. The two-legged natives fear him and his madness, and they hide behind benches and close their eyes.



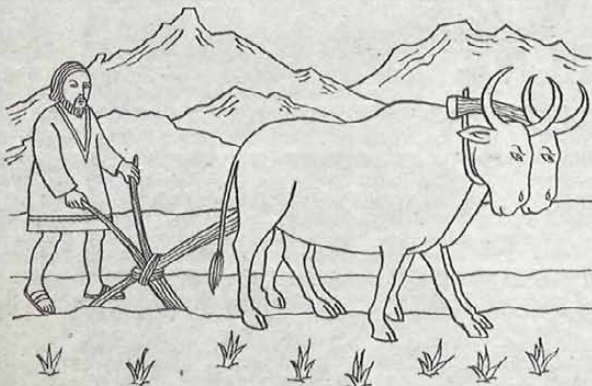
Every Sunday, the heathens come to hide from the insane jester who pretends to be father of them all.

After the father grows weary of his oration, he invites the two-legged natives to come to him and make sacrifice. They sacrifice not blood or virgins, as civilized men do, but rather small metal discs bearing portraits of their "king." Following the carnival, the heathens return to their homes, where they feast upon heated birds like those that they believe they become after death.

Of the Agriculture and the Cattle Men

IN NEW PERU, the two-legged natives do not control their agriculture. They do not know the soil or how to make it yield food. This knowledge is held and applied by large, intelligent, four-legged, horned slaves called "cattles."

All day the male cattles till the soil, as white natives wander behind them. The two-legged native does not have the intelligence to understand agriculture, but still he observes the cattles, day after day.



Though he raises a variety of food for the white natives, the cattle is fed only dead grass.

While the male cattles are out working in the fields, the two-legged native women steal the milk of cattle women by pulling on the poor cattles' dugs despite their pained cries of

"mooo." But they are docile and civilized and do not rebel, although they are much stronger and more sensible than the two-legged men.



A heathen woman steals milk from a screaming cattle woman as her baby is taken to be killed and made into gloves.

At day's end, the cattles return to their "barns," rude shelters that are so crowded, the cattles must stand up as they sleep. The two-legged men live in warm and spacious shelters, and sleep on comfortable soft mats.

The cattle suffers an even greater indignation. After he has worked so hard for the two-legged natives, he is often rewarded by being slaughtered. His flesh is then boiled and eaten, and his skin is made into shoes.

Of the Inclusion of New Peru in the Realm of the Inca

BEFORE I returned to Cuzco, I selected a cattle whom I judged to be most intelligent, honest, and worthy of my trust, and I named him governor of New Peru. I pledged the support of the Empire of the Inca in his rebellion against the two-legged natives and their six-legged rulers. When the cattles overthrow their oppressors and are supplied with Inca knowledge and the seeds of our many plants, they will raise much food and contribute wealth to the Empire. □



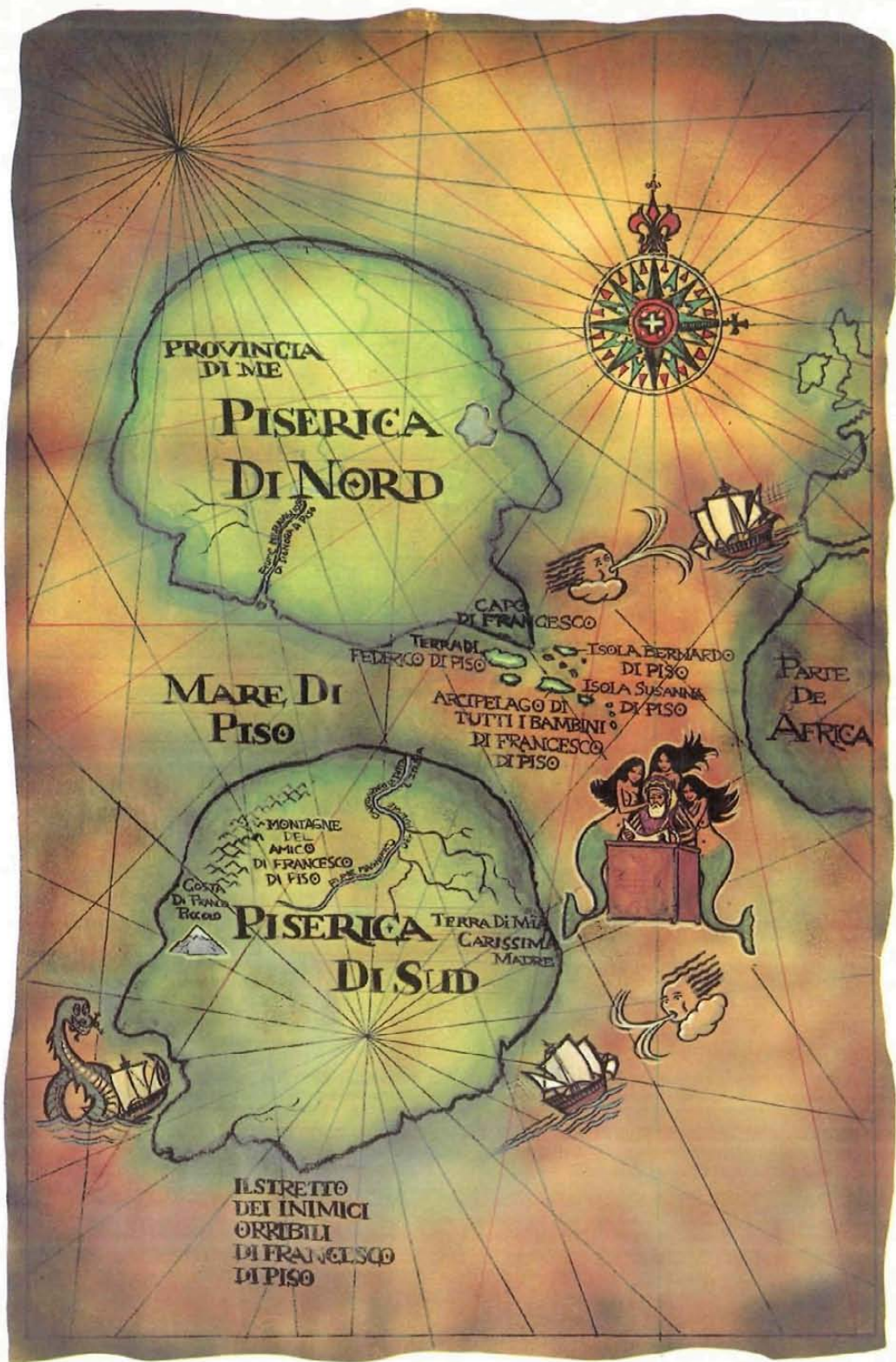
The Royal Governor of New Peru and the territories of the New World.

THE GREAT MAP OF CRISTÓBAL COLÓN (CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS) 1492

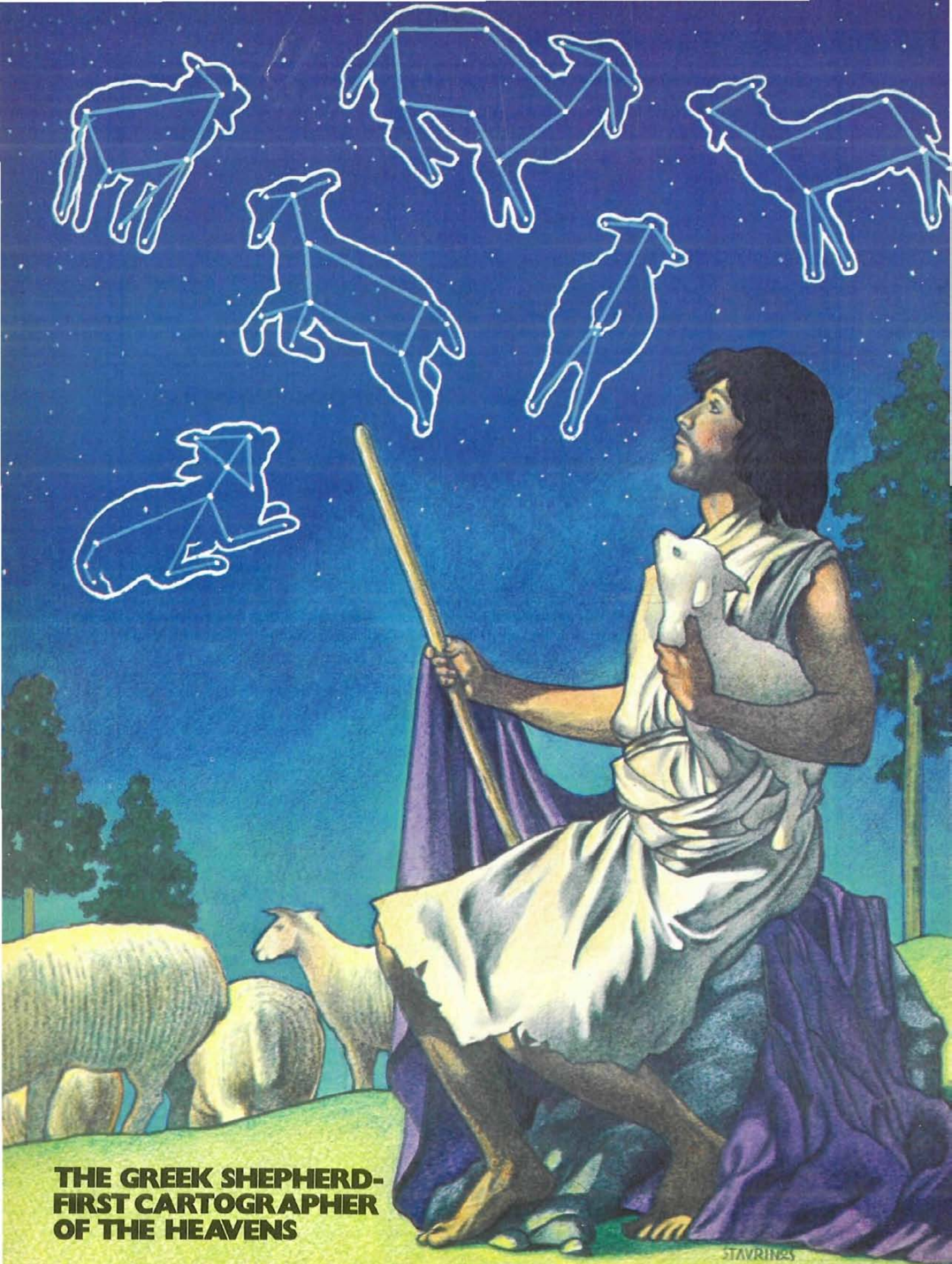


Although it was for centuries assumed that Columbus made no map of his westward voyages, the chart below was discovered among Queen Isabella's personal effects, recently unearthed in a third subbasement beneath the Prado. Scholars speculate that the map was suppressed by the Spanish queen to avoid embarrassment both to herself and to her protégé.

THE GREAT MAP OF FRANCESCO DI PISO 1494



Also discovered in the queen's belongings was this chart, one of the first ever to be made of the New World. The work of distinguished Sardinian cartographer Francesco di Piso (1401-1494), the map was commissioned by Isabella soon after she received the Great Map of Cristóbal Colón (see map 1). It was Her Majesty's hope that di Piso's chart could be released as the product of her favorite's voyage, but for obvious reasons, this was not practicable.



**THE GREEK SHEPHERD-
FIRST CARTOGRAPHER
OF THE HEAVENS**

STAVRINOS

GOTHIC ROMANCE COMICS PRESENTS:

LOVE'S SAVAGE PASSION



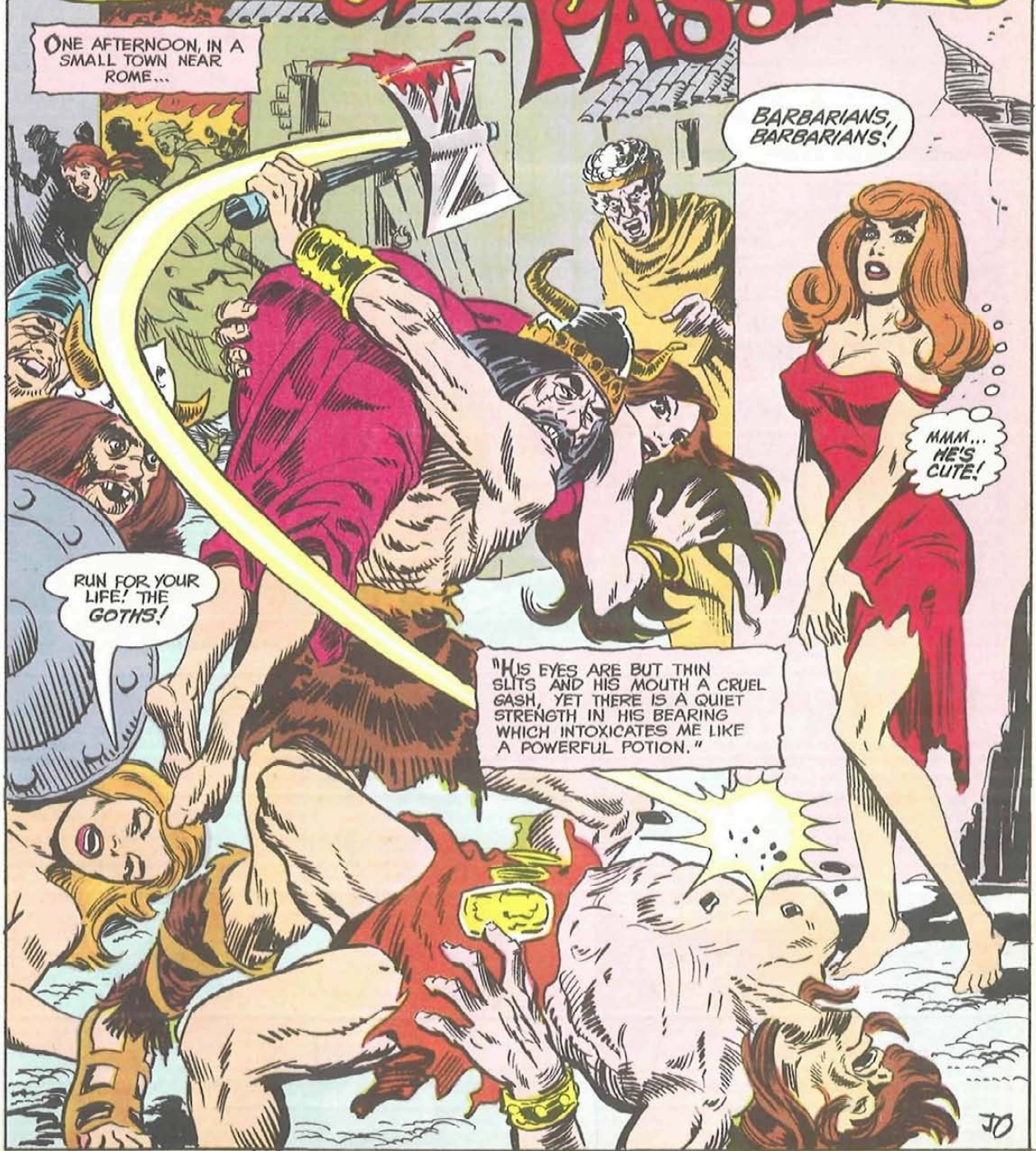
ONE AFTERNOON, IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR ROME...

BARBARIANS, BARBARIANS!

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! THE GOTHS!

MMM... HE'S CUTE!

"HIS EYES ARE BUT THIN SLITS AND HIS MOUTH A CRUEL GASH, YET THERE IS A QUIET STRENGTH IN HIS BEARING WHICH INTOXICATES ME LIKE A POWERFUL POTION."



JO



UHH! ALARIC ALWAYS MARCHING. HOW CAN WE LOOT, PILLAGE, AND HAVE TIME FOR WANTON DESTRUCTION?

WHEN WE REACH ROME, WE HAVE TIME TO RELAX, CUT OFF MANY HEADS!

"ROME...ROME... HOW OFTEN HAVE I LAIN ABED WITH MY BOSOM HEAVING, DREAMING OF BEING AMONG ITS SWIRLING THROGS..."



AND THEN FATHER OF WARRIOR GRUNT RAN THE CHILDREN THROUGH ON A SKEWER THE LENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN.

THE GODS WERE PLEASED THAT DAY.

GRUNT!

BELCH!

"MY EYES SEARCH AMONG THE GOTH'S, BUT IN VAIN, FOR THERE IS NO SIGHT OF THAT ARROGANT OFFICER'S FACE, THAT PROUD..."

BRACK!



OH!

BRACK



CLUMSY SLAVE!

KILL HER!

THE GODS WILL IT!

SHE SPILLED SOUP!



WAIT! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOU ARE SAVAGES? SHE MUST HAVE A FAIR TRIAL!

"OH, THAT I SHOULD BE CLUTCHED FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH BY THIS NOBLE OFFICER. HOW STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THAT PROVIDENCE HAS DELIVERED ME INTO HIS PROTECTING HANDS!"



AARGH!

GRUNT!

HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE!



IF SHE IS GUILTY, THE GODS WILL CONSUME HER WITH FIRE!

"SWIRLING THOUGHTS INFLAME MY SENSES. MY CHEEKS BURN WITH FEVERISH..."

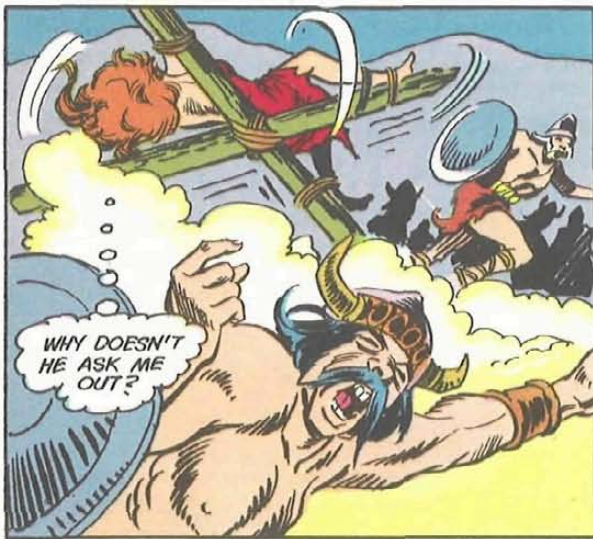
AARGH!

GRUNT!
THEN WE WILL CONSUME HER WITH HASTE...

...OUR SOUP IS SPILLED!



COME, GOTHs... OUR NOBLY BORN LEADER ALARIC CALLS US TO A GREAT COUNCIL...



WHY DOESN'T HE ASK ME OUT?



QUICKLY, CHILD, DISGUISE YOURSELF AND JOIN THE COUNCIL, OR THEY WILL KILL YOU WHEN THEY RETURN.



IT IS A DESPERATE PLAN... AND A BRAVE ONE. GO!



NOBLE SAVAGES... WE ARE READY AT LAST TO SEIZE ROME FROM THE GRASP OF THE EFFEMINATE TYRANTS WHO RULE A PEOPLE GROWN IMPASSIVE AND CORRUPT WITH...

UGH! HIS WORDS ARE MAGIC, LIKE A GODS!

"HE SPEAKS SO BEAUTIFULLY, AND I SENSE THAT HIS HAUGHTY MANNER IS BUT A SHIELD FOR A NATURE AS SWEET AND GENTLE AS A BABE'S."



"KALGON'S STRONG THIGHS GRIP THE FLANKS OF HIS HORSE IN A GREAT EMBRACE, YET ALARIC IS SMOOTH OF CHEEK, AND HIS HAND SO SLIM IT IS LIKE A FLOWER DRAPED DELICATELY ON THE THICK HILT OF HIS GREAT SWORD."




"ONCE WITHIN THE CITY, I COULD REVEAL MY TRUE IDENTITY AND SEEK SHELTER AMONG THE ROMANS... IF I CHOOSE. PERHAPS SOME DIVINE HAND IS GUIDING THESE EVENTS... A LARGE, STRONG HAND, FORCEFUL AND..."



THE GOLDEN AGE OF SHOW BUSINESS



An Exhibit of Artifacts from the Panhellenic Musical Comedy Competitions,
507 B.C.-483 B.C.



All students of ancient Greek theater are familiar with the dramatic contests held between rival tragedians, a furnace in which were tempered the talents of such giants as Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. What is not so well known is that for several decades (507 B.C.–483 B.C.), parallel contests between the authors of comedy, musical comedy, and other forms of light entertainment were held in the *agora*, or meeting place, of the city of Athens. To the chagrin of the tragedians, these contests were far more popular than their own, and indeed often parodied them mercilessly. It was these satiric excesses which led to the demise of the musical comedy contests; an obscure political maneuver by Prince Popsycles the First-Nighter attached an amendment to a law governing the sale of grain requiring that henceforth, all musical comedies were to end tragically. The contests continued, but attendance dropped to nothing. (The incident that is said to have finally inflamed the wrath of the tragedians was a savage spoof of Euripides' long-lost tragedy *Pan*, which was presented downtown as a genuine work of the great dramatist, but with the title Euripides' *Pants*.)

1. (Cover) Bowl or *krater* (primitive of Hoofos Period, 503 B.C.). Ornamental with chorus line of boys and girls. For unestablished reasons, girls were played by boys, and vice versa. One such *krater* was awarded annually as the prize for the winning play, the supreme accolade of the contest, and was known informally as a *tonos*. Around the middle of the bowl is depicted a scene from the winning play of the season, in this case *Out on Olymp* (505 B.C.). Other surviving *kraters* celebrate the following winners: *Troy-La-La* (503 B.C.), *Wings on My Head* (501 B.C.), *The Road to Rhodes* (497 B.C.), *A Funny Thing Will Happen on the Way to the Forum* (491 B.C.), *Where's Helen?* (488 B.C.), *The Boys from Syracuse* (485 B.C.), *Wings on My Feet* (484 B.C.), and *Tarzan Goes to Greece* (?) (483 B.C.).

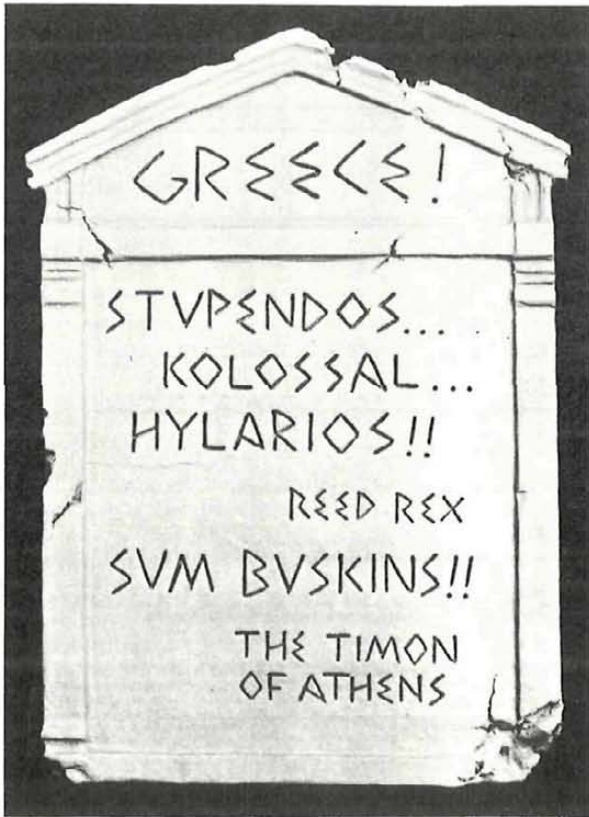


Fig. 1

2. (Fig. 1) Engraved marble slab, two meters by one meter. The slab bears selected portions of reviews of the -492 B.C. sensation, *Greece!* It was discovered set into the wall of a ruined trireme terminal in Corfu. In an age when all forms of modern advertising were unknown, producers were compelled to rely on the widespread distribution of such slabs as a means of bringing the existence of their show and its reception by the critics to the attention of the public. Since hundreds of slabs were required, the practice arose of selecting only the key words in reviews. Research has shown, for instance, that in the case of *Greece!* the first review quoted originally read: "A stupendous heap of goat dung. A colossal bore. If you think vomiting down the Delphic Oracle is a riot, you'll find this abomination hilarious."

3. (Not shown) Engraved stone tablet, used as bill of fare for food and drink (c. 500 B.C.). Engraving consists of (ancient) Greek lettering, indicating *gyros*, or sandwiches, available to the patron. Scholars differ over the content of the *gyros*, but the consensus seems to be that the staple ingredient was goat meat, mixed with various vegetables and herbs, such as colossal olives, jumbo olives, titanic olives, and garlic. Each *gyro* bears an obscure name (e.g., Henny (?) Eumenides, Manny (?) Menelaus), which appear to be connected with the bas-relief portraits surrounding the bill of fare itself. Scholars speculate that different *gyros* were named after celebrated actors, producers, and artists' representatives. This tablet was discovered in Sardis, to which participants in the contests retired at the end of the festival to await the decision of the judges. Towards the end of the competition, a large, open-air kitchen was set up in Sardis, and tables were arranged the length and breadth of the city. The most coveted tables were inside the northeast gate, where favored patrons would be "noticed" by arriving celebrities.

4. (Fig. 2) Hollow rock, two and a half meters in diameter, constructed of calcified, reconstituted feta. The interior is equipped with hand grips, designed to accommodate an actor. The "rock" was a pivotal prop in the 506 B.C. production of *O Sisyphus!* Only once in the brief history of ancient Greek musical comedy did one entry sweep awards in all categories, and *O Sisyphus!* was it. Records indicate that judges were particularly impressed by the closing number of the first act, in which Sisyphus left the stage, pushing the rock tortuously up the center aisle. As a counterpoint to his grunts and groans, the actor inside the rock taunted him with the derisive hit number of the show, "Old Man Muscles." At the conclusion of the number, the despairing Sisyphus allowed the rock to roll back onto the stage, where it remained until the second act, which began immediately.

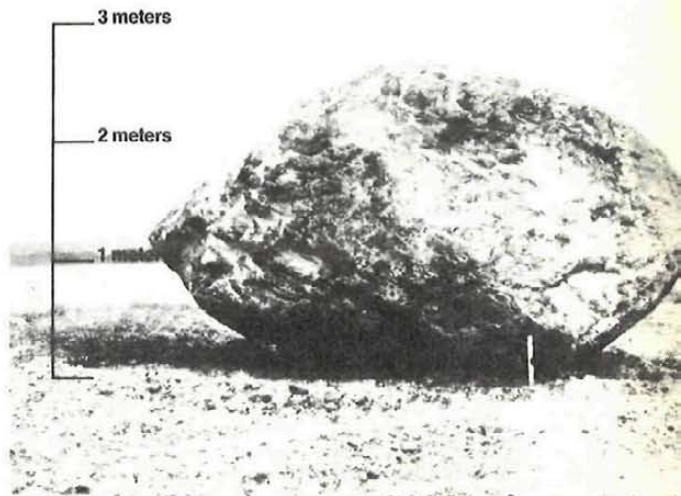


Fig. 2



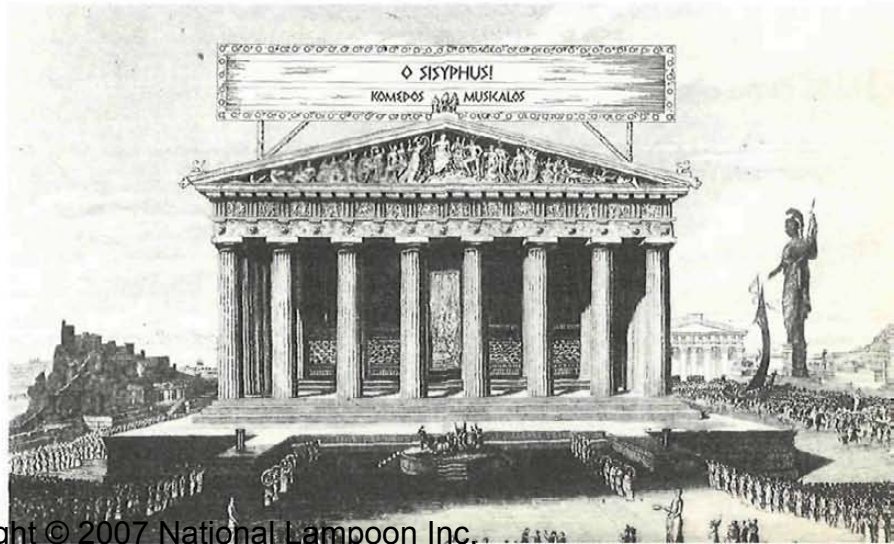
Fig. 3

5. through 11. (Not shown) Series of bronze plaques and amphorae engraved with pornographic scenes, outside and in. The plaques are uniformly stamped with what appears to be an angel, and are signed by wealthy Athenians of the time. The cost of mounting a production soared during the Golden Age (due to democratic activity amongst musicians, performers, and stagehands), and producers were increasingly forced to rely upon the largesse of the business community. To encourage these contributions, producers held orgies for potential investors, at which portions of their shows were presented amidst unrestrained revelry. These functions came to be known as *Bacchus auditions*.

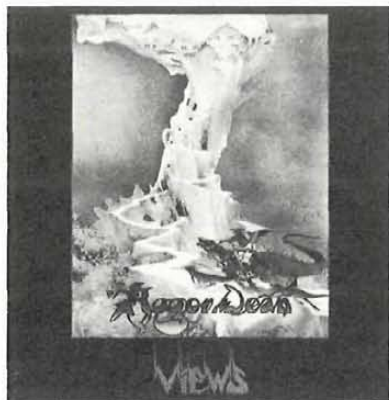
12. (Fig. 3) The world-famous Venus de Mi (Eng. "me"), a statue erected in 487 B.C. in celebration of the divine spirit that, according to the Greeks, motivated all actors and actresses. Traditionally, it is said to have stood inside the loggia of the exclusive Goats' Club in Athens, the habitual gathering-place of performers. Without doubt, the sculptor has captured the quintessence of dramatic self-expression—in a word, *mimesis*. The flawless Venus, arms raised in triumph, seems to be bringing the audience to its feet, eclipsing everyone else on stage and riveting attention on her and her alone.

13. (Not shown) Two sheepskin scrolls, on which is written Act II, Scene 4 of *Is Paris Burning?* (488 B.C.). The scene contains many changes, cuts, and comments, the work of Aeburos (591 B.C.–482 B.C.), a specialist in rewriting and refining shows prior to their official openings. It was customary for ancient Greek musical comedies to open "out of Athens," usually in Delphi. Here, the show would be presented to a one-person audience of the oracle. Depending on the oracle's reaction, the show would either close immediately, proceed to Athens, or move to "somewhere on the Islands," where it would be reworked in accordance with the oracle's often cryptic review. The two great practitioners of this art were Aeburos and his younger contemporary, Mikenicles, the latter most famous, perhaps, for having turned *The Ancient and Horrible Myth of Medusa* into a smash-hit merely by changing the title to *Hello, Gorgon*.

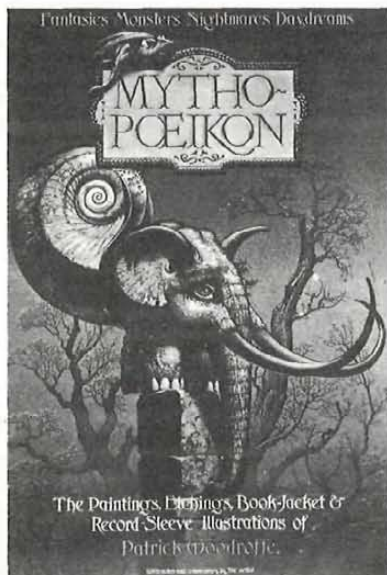
The Parthenon as it might have looked on the opening night of *O Sisyphus!*, the landslide winner of all fifteen tonoi in the year 506 B.C. (Drawing dated 1807, by Lord Elgin Theater.)



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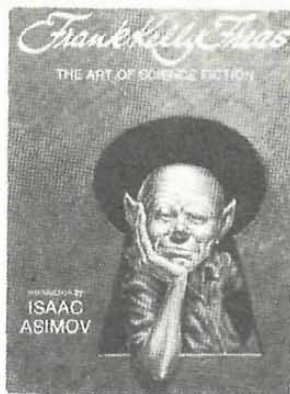
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photographed by chris callis

Milestones in Archaeology

by John Heinegg

Lord Alfred Cheshingham-Worcestershire He gave us the story of food

As every schoolchild knows, it was through the efforts of Sir Alfred Cheshingham-Worcestershire, the great English archaeologist, philanthropist, and gourmet, that the story of the origin and spread of food, was wrested from the forbidding sands of the Persian desert. But the story of Sir Alfred himself has been widely neglected—indeed, almost suppressed. This is truly puzzling, for Sir Alfred's tale is a stirring one, full of courage, dedication, and high adventure.

Born in 1832, young Alfred was a clever sort, and easily won acceptance into Eton and then Oxford. Here we find early instances of Alfred's vaunted generosity—for in each case, he made substantial contributions to the institution before he was accepted!

Once in school, the young lord began a series of senseless tangles with small-minded authority that were to plague him all his life. His penchant for three-hour meals ran afoul of petty regulations about attending classes and taking exams. "The perpetual haste and ill-breeding here is appalling," he fumed in a letter to his mother. "I've barely time to gulp down my morning muffins, eggs, kippers, toast with butter and marmalade, bacon, sausage, pudding, sweet pastries, fruit, tea, and brandy, when they're hounding me to go to some foolish lecture. How is my digestion to survive?" Several times Alfred was threatened with expulsion. But somehow, the cheerful, cherubic lad, with his restless hands and eagerness to please, always managed to appease his

professors and avert disaster.

After leaving Oxford, Alfred moved to London, where he exercised his philanthropic bent with characteristic selflessness. For instance, he established a home for orphan boys soon after his arrival. At great personal expense, he renovated a run-down building in a disreputable part of London, and filled it with young lads who had no other place to call home. Mindful of his own fatherless childhood (the elder Cheshingham-Worcestershire had died in 1833, leaving young Alfred a fabulous inheritance), he persuaded many local gentlemen to become "big brothers" to the boys. Through Sir Alfred's efforts, scores of affection-starved orphans enjoyed the edifying society and manly caresses of several gentlemen a day!

Such was the high moral character of these "elder brothers" that they gladly contributed to the upkeep of the establishment, lest Alfred be obliged to advertise its existence and expose their acts of charity to the public eye. It was a constant source of embarrassment to Alfred that these donations always far exceeded the cost of running the Home; this is doubtless why he operated it under an assumed name.

The inadvertent nature of chance is truly remarkable. Cheshingham-Worcestershire might well have spent the rest of his days pursuing such small but satisfying ends had not fate, in the form of a rock, intervened. One evening, he was eating a simple dinner at a Middle Eastern restaurant—he had enjoyed the melons, souvlaki, mutton

curry, shish kebab, and fried eggplant (though the roast goat was a little overcooked, and that fourth bottle of wine a touch *secco*)—and was clearing his palate for the second course when he discovered a curiously marked stone in his soup. At first he was furious; yet his wrath turned to wonder as the *maitre d'* explained that it was actually an amulet, of great antiquity, and that, according to legend, the markings graven upon it were mystical references to food. Such amulets, the *maitre d'* noted, were scattered in abundance throughout his native valley, in Persia.

This account captured Cheshingham-Worcestershire's imagination, and he set about learning everything he could about the strange tablets. The markings, he found, were cuneiform; the "rock" was actually baked clay. But his queries about the "food myth" met only with dark mutterings of a "secret recipe."

Here again fate stepped in, with tragic consequences for Alfred, but great ones for mankind—such is the genial sadism of *Clio*, muse of history. Alfred, not content to provide shelter for his orphan boys, saw to their education as well, giving private tutelage to several and often organizing group outings and entertainments for them. He was conducting one of his beloved Physical Culture seminars one evening at his home when he was interrupted by the police. Incredibly, they were skeptical of Alfred's explanation that he and the boys were reenacting a nude wrestling event in the ancient Greek Olympics. In consequence, the entire troupe was hauled off for a

continued on page 81



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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE



SNUITS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU TENDED TO HOLD BACK ON BREAKING NEWS TO YOUR PARENTS BECAUSE NOW AND THEN THEY TENDED TO OVER-REACT TO IT AND MAKE YOU WISH YOU'D KEPT YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

HEKAHCK! WHAT'S THAT?
HEKAHCK! WHAT'S THAT?

NOTHING. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE GOT A COLD...

SNUF. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR EYES LOOK! IS YOUR FOREHEAD WET?

GNI GNOME GNOW...

DID YOU DRINK ALL THE PINK STUFF? HAVE YOU USED THE GARGLE? HOW ARE YOUR STOOLS?

GUGADA GUGADA GUGADA --KACK-- GUGA'GA

YOU SURE THOSE NOSEDROPS WENT DOWN? DON'T WIGGLE AND MAKE THE CHEST PACK COME LOOSE. GO TO SLEEP!

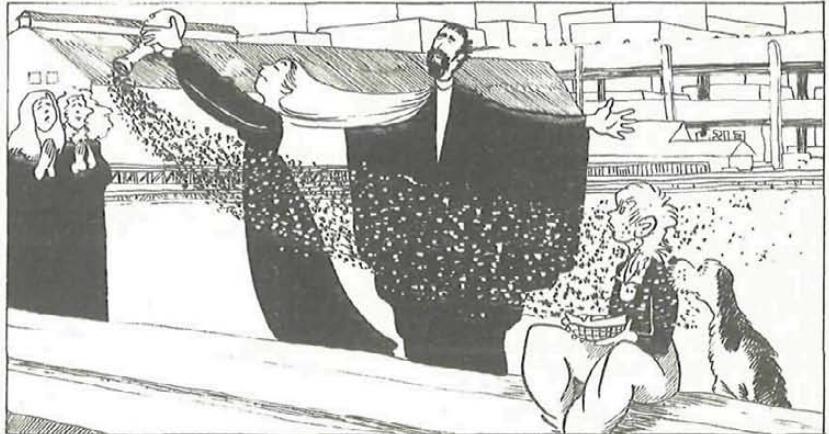
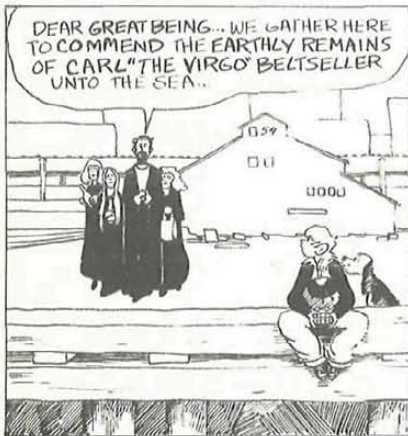
Gahan Wilson
©1978

KACHKAH! KACHKAH!

I KNOW SHE MEANS WELL.

SNORK.

TROTS and BONNIE



© 74 SHIRLEY FLANNERY

FLASHBACK:

THE AESOP BROTHERS

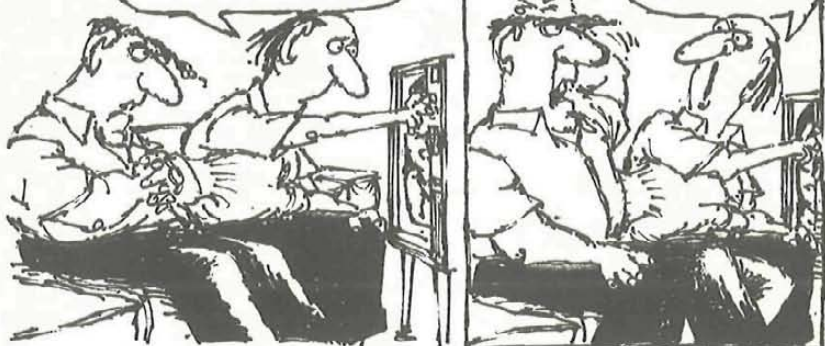
IN: HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A CANNIBAL ABOUT TO EAT HIS NEXT MEAL AND FINDS OUT THE VICTIM HAS SUFFERED A STROKE AND IS A VEGETABLE

HE STINKS!
PUT ON THE
CBS MOVIE...

JOHNNY CARSON
DON'T STINK...

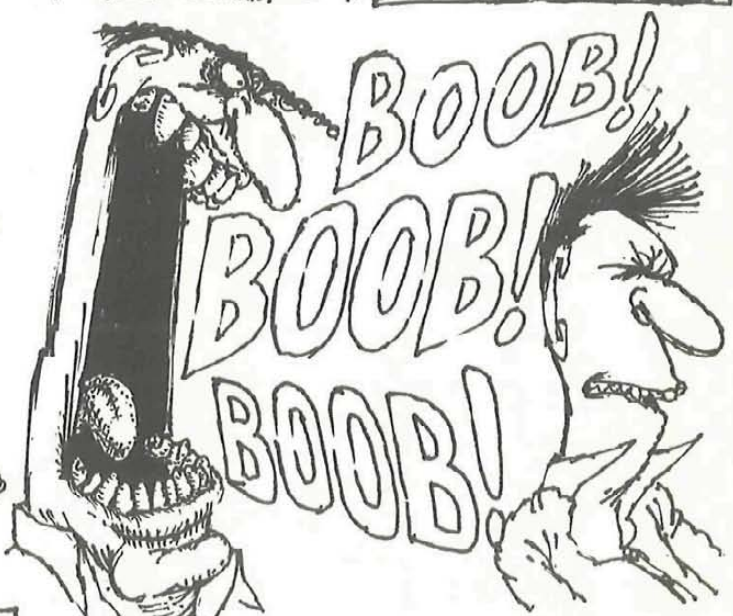
...AW, IT'S ALL SHOW BIZ
CRAP TALK! ALL THEY
DO IS PROMOTE MOVIES,
NEW TV SHOWS, BOOKS...

I LIKE IT!



YOU WOULD, YOU'RE A BOOB!
YOU'VE ALWAYS
BEEN A BOOB! AS A
KID YOU WERE A BOOB.

I TOLD YOU NEVER
TO CALL ME THAT,
GEORGE...



...THAT'S IT!



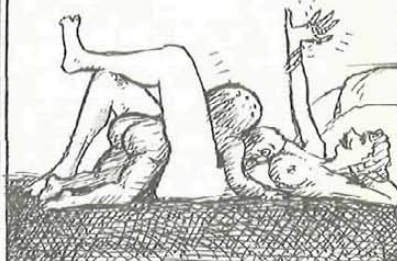
MULE'S DINER
by stan mack

BRIDE OF THE HUNCHBACK

MR. OUTBACK WAS OLD AND RICH WHEN HE MARRIED YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL SUSAN SANTUSHI...



...HE GAVE HER A BEAUTIFUL HOME AND SHOWERED HER WITH PRESENTS.



BUT HENRY OUTBACK WAS VERY JEALOUS. HE CAME HOME AT ODD TIMES TO CHECK UP ON SUSAN.



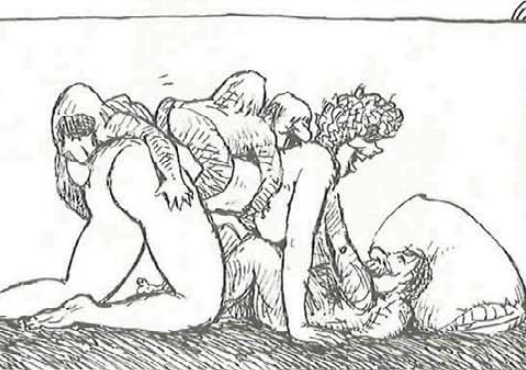
ONE DAY, THREE HUNCHBACKED GARDENERS STOPPED TO ASK IF SHE NEEDED ANY GARDENING DONE. SHE SAID YES, THAT WOULD BE FINE.



THEY CUT AND TRIMMED THE LAWN AND SHRUBS.



AND AFTERWARDS RELAXED WITH SUSAN.



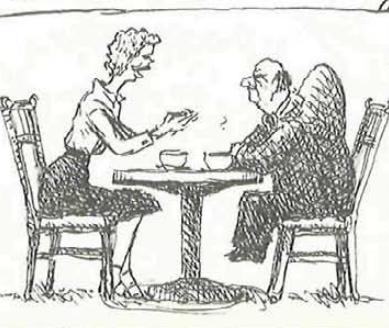
SUDDENLY, SUSAN HEARD THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.



HURRY! GET IN THIS CHEST AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND - IF YOU LIKE LIVIN'!

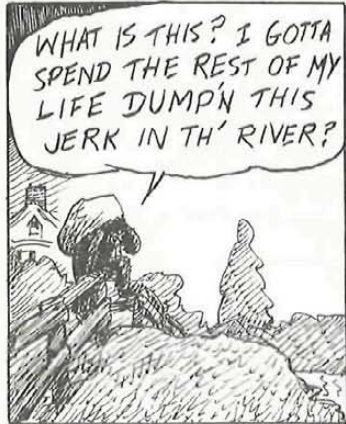


MR. OUTBACK HAD LUNCH WITH HIS WIFE AND THEN WENT BACK TO HIS OFFICE.



SUSAN OPENED THE TRUNK TO LET THE HUNCHBACKS OUT. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, THEY HAD SUFFOCATED!



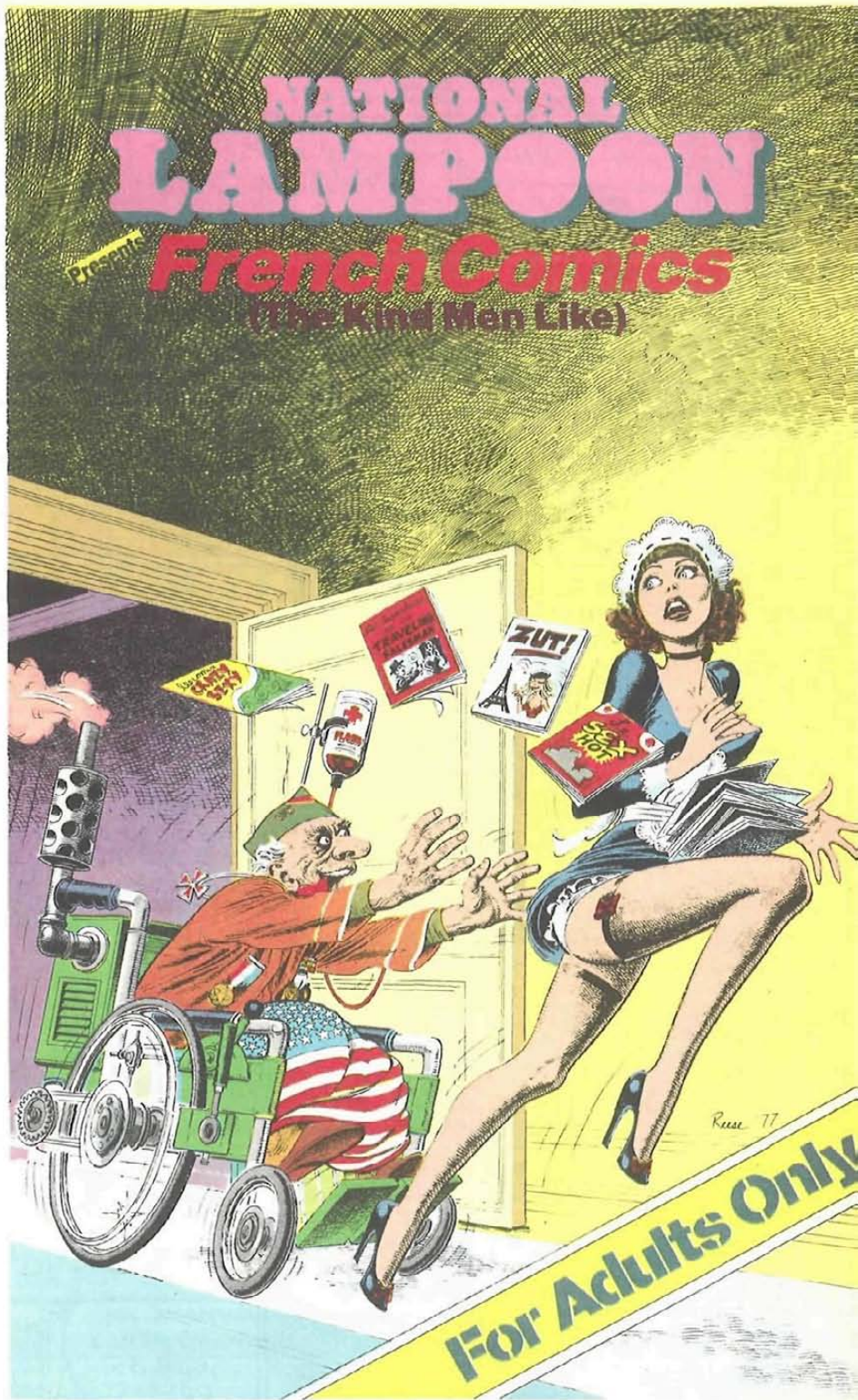


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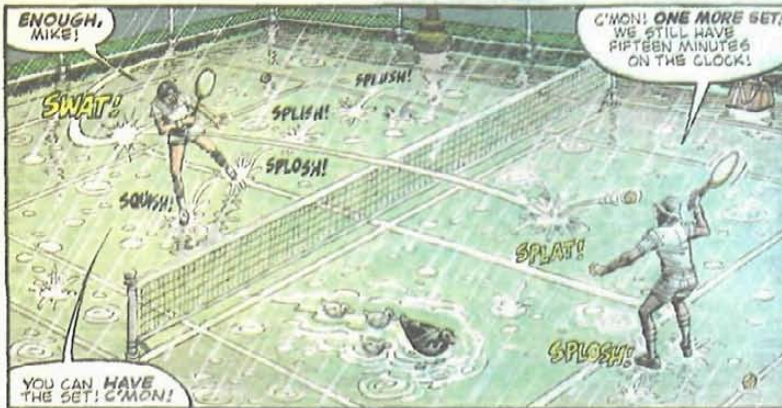
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I KNOW I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO OFFER; A SMALL CAMP-SITE, NOT REALLY BIG ENOUGH TO RAISE MUCH HELL ON--

--A FEW CASES OF HEINEKEN, AND THE TENT, WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR A GENERATION.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE...

I DON'T KNOW, JIMMY. I'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT...

I MEAN, I HARDLY KNOW YOU...



GEE, THE LAST TIME I NECKED WITH A FELLOW, ONE OF THE BEARS GOT JBALOUS AND ATE THE ENGINE BLOCK RIGHT OUT OF HIS CAR.

YOU KNOW, YOU'D MAKE SOMEBODY A GOOD EX-WIFE ONE DAY.



WELL, THEY DID EVERYTHING, EVEN INVENTED A NEW SEXUAL POSITION THAT GOT THEM WRITTEN UP IN THE PARIS REVIEW--

--IT WAS THE FIRST TIME FOR DANGER RANGERETTE. ASK HER ABOUT IT SOMETIME.



YOU KNOW, WOMEN ARE REALLY BECOMING FREER, MORE AT EASE WITH THEMSELVES-- MORE CONFIDENT.

YEAH, YOU KNOW, THEY'RE MORE IMPORTANT. CHRIST, THEY GOT ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MAGAZINES ABOUT THEM NOW.

I REMEMBER WHEN THERE WAS ONLY PLAYBOY!



GET MOVING, YOU DOGSBIT CITIZEN HAIRBALL!



OH, SOME DARNED INDIANS GAVE HIM A PIECE OF BOOLA-BOOLA BARK, AND HE ATE IT. NOW HE WON'T COME DOWN.

MARS NEEDS WOMEN!

YOU FALL DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW, SIR; AND THAT'S AN ORDER.

THEIR VACATION OVER, THE COPS LEAVE FOR NEW YORK... WHILE IN THE LAST PANEL, DANGER RANGERETTE FACES A FRESH CHALLENGE...

MILESTONES

continued from page 71

night in jail. Sir Alfred's future lay in ruins. His Home was closed; his noble ideals exposed to spiteful, lewd suspicion. Mean-spirited men, with minds infected by bestial cravings, demanded that he be brought to trial for crimes too loathsome to name here. Cheshingham-Worcestershire refused to honor the court with his presence; instead, with a dozen of his favorite boys and his six French chefs, he set sail for Persia, and the mysterious Valley of the Tablets.

After an arduous six-month voyage, the expedition arrived in the Valley. So eager was he to start the diggings that he didn't bother to set up camp, settling instead at a hotel in a nearby oasis.

Each workday began with the fifty-yard walk from the hotel to the site. Fearful for the health of his boys, Cheshingham-Worcestershire hired a team of Persian laborers to do the actual excavation, leaving the English group free to concentrate on the theoretical and interpretive aspects of the task. The English were on the best of terms with their dusky helpers; often, for diversion, they would descend into the pits and labor check by jowl with the Persians.

Months stretched to years, and a tantalizing web of tales emerged from the ancient tablets. Yet something was missing. Who was the "One-Who-Forgets" so often referred to? Why was he so important? Finally, on April 22, 1858, the missing element fell into place. The weather had been too inclement to think that day, so Alfred and his team had spent it in their rooms, reenacting the Children's Crusade. Tired but uplifted, they were settling down to an evening snack. Sir Alfred and the lads had playfully removed their clothes and were frolicking in a vat of lamb stew when in rushed a boy with the crucial tablet. Quickly licking his helpmeets off, Cheshingham-Worcestershire snatched it up and began translating. Soon the story of the discovery of food rang out cross the hushed room: "Lo, there came the One-Who-Forgets from the land of the Chaka Khans/ and he was arrested for laughing to no purpose in the public street/ and was brought before Sardol, the god-king./ Then the One-Who-Forgets presented the god-king/ with a strange and wonderful new thing./ The god-king was well pleased with this gift/ and said unto the One-

Who-Forgets:/ 'Truly this gift is fit to grace the palace of the god-king./ Henceforth will this new thing be called *food*/ and it will be as a symbol of my royalty./ And Sardol in gratitude showered the One-Who-Forgets with fine things/ and in gratitude brought him to the Great Ziggurat/ and made of him a most holy sacrifice/ and the people bowed down in awe before the various parts/ of the One-Who-Forgets."

It fit together perfectly, even to the origin of the One-Who-Forgets. For the Chaka Khans are a people of western Afghanistan, renowned, then as now, for the strength of their hashish and the weakness of their memories. To this day, they insist that they once discovered something very important, but they don't remember what it was.

The interpretation of other tablets was now clear. The one that read, "Then the god-king Sardol II laid siege to the city of Urgreb, and the people of Urgreb ate their dogs, then their children, then the dirt of the earth"—this, Alfred realized, told of the comical errors people made when first exposed to the concept of food. Sardol II obviously introduced the Urgrebeans to eating, but failed to explain what was and wasn't edible, with the droll results described. But despite such accidents, food had continued to spread; first through the ruling class, then gradually and completely to the lower classes as well.

Cheshingham-Worcestershire's discoveries were truly momentous. By comparison, the celebrated labors of Schliemann were but the scratchings of an infant in a sandbox. Yet such are the ways of fickle Clio that Sir Alfred never tasted of the cup of triumph. Anxious to report his findings to the Royal Society, he booked passage home on the Turkish freighter *Icevit Erdine*, where he was given a berth alongside a consignment of fertilizer. As day followed day on the long voyage home, Lord Alfred grew tired of the company of odiferous Turkish mariners, 'til, in a fit of melancholia, he hurled himself into the stormy waves, whose finned denizens appeared comely as Greek gods in comparison with the sulking Mussulmen of the crew. History last records Sir Alfred in an entry in the captain's log on the benighted *Icevit*:

"We threw over a life preserver, but he rejected it. He was last seen whooping and hollering like a derwish as he tried to mount a mature nurse shark...from behind." □

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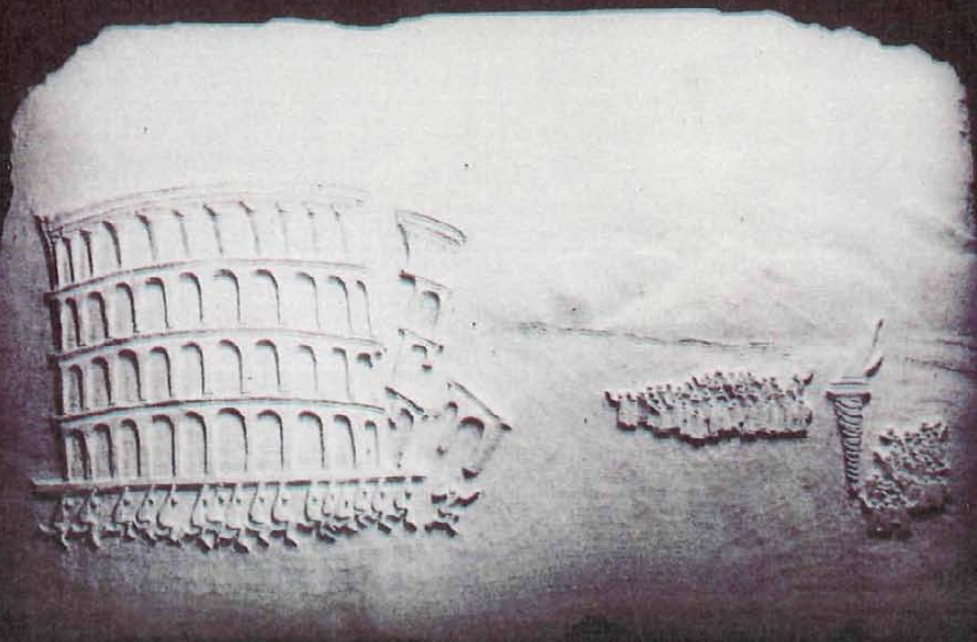
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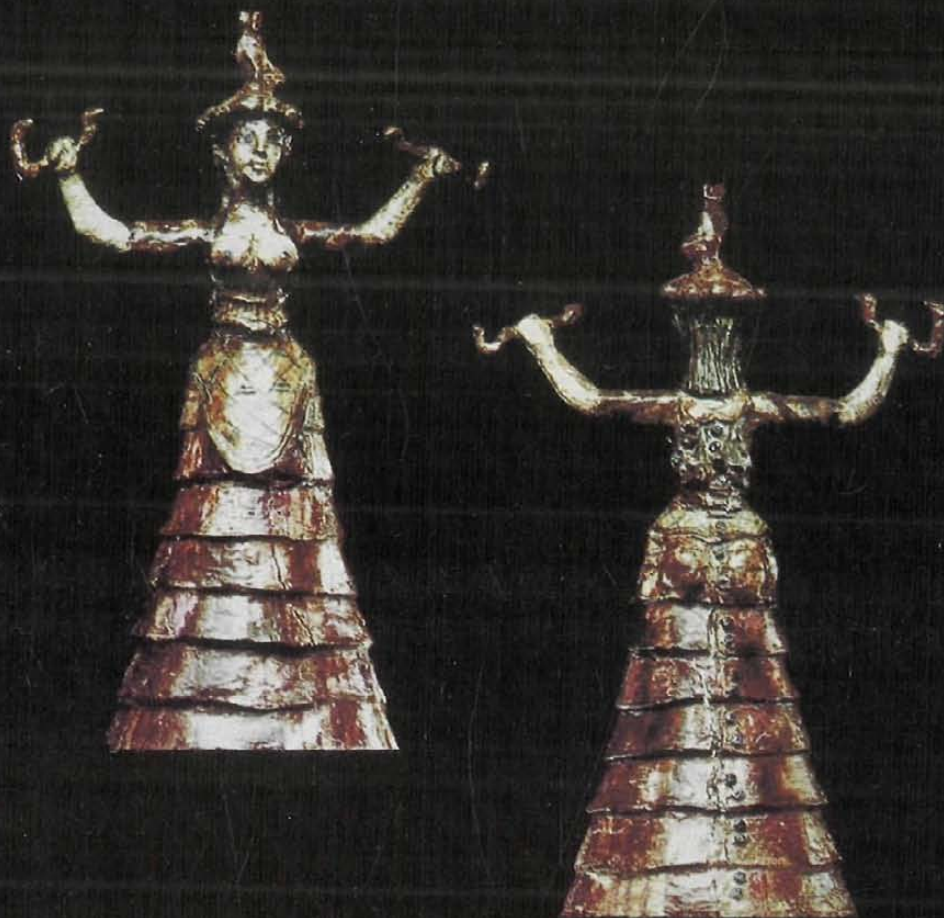
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1. THE OLYMPIC STADIA NEAR PHAESTOS (2400-1750 B.C.)

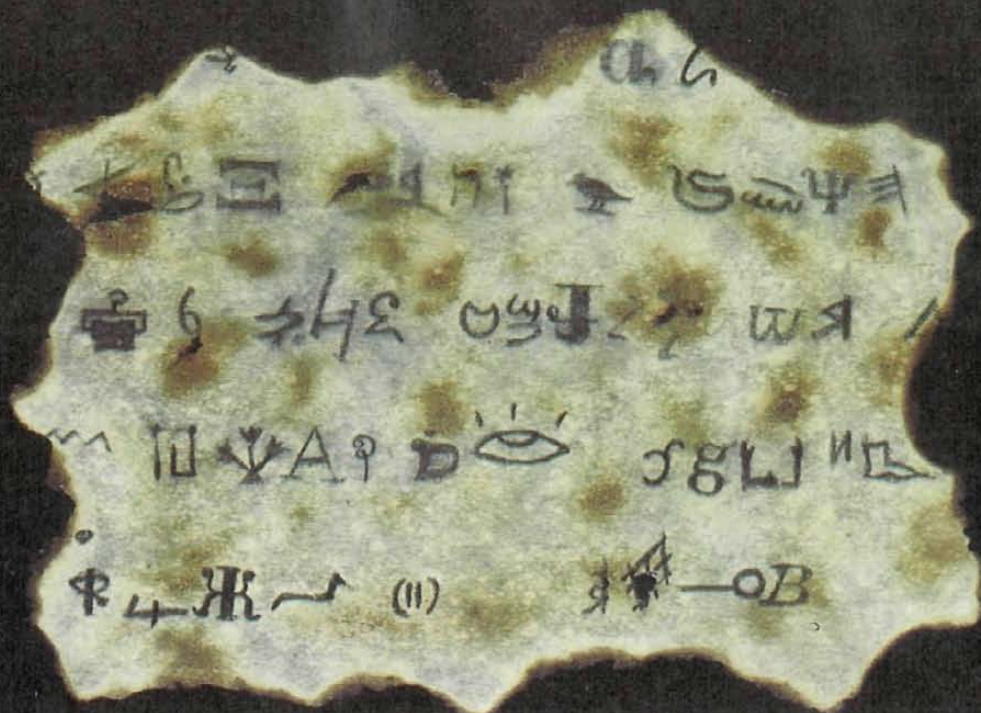
Olympic contests were held every two to seven years. Pursuant to this end, a large segment of the population gathered near Mt. Jukta, 18 km. to the southeast of Phaestos, for the purpose of erecting a stadium. Over 75,000 solid granite blocks were cut, each 2 m. by 1 m. by 1.5 m. in dimension, weighing approximately 850 kgs., and set out into an oval-shaped arena, consisting of three distinct tiers, each having a maximum capacity of 55,000 persons. As the Games became more formalized in Cretin tradition, various procedures and rituals were established, the most noteworthy being that of the Olympic Torch, introduced in 1828 B.C. (cf., Demaree, *The Cretin Torch*, pp. 826-27). The torch was fashioned at the site of the Games at Phaestos, and affixed to a permanent foundation there. To symbolize official commencement of events, 150,000 runners specially chosen for the occasion shouldered the assembled stadium and carried it ceremoniously to the Olympic Torch at its location in Phaestos.

During this era, three competitions were primary; the Discus, the Javelin, and the Decathlon. In the case of the first, a clay (later ceramic) disc, diameter 30 cm., weighing exactly 5 kgs., was laid out, whereafter the athlete would attempt to leap over it. The Javelin event was similar, excepting that the jump was over a spear rather than a disc. For the Decathlon title, considered to be the highest Olympic honor, contestants were required to hurdle ten spears and discs stacked one upon another. At the completion of each Olympics, the stadium was destroyed to make room for succeeding Games. (See Poulos, *The Cretin Approach to Stadia*, p. 401.)



2. THE CEREMONIAL URN OF AGHIA TRIADA (1835 B.C.)

This particular vessel is of the general class designated for official and religious functions, and as such, was crafted with precise attention to detail. Of exceptional import to our discussion at present is the female courtier represented on the face of the urn, in that an archetype of Middle Period dress (and the attendant social manifestations inherent therein) is rendered in clear detail (cf., Brown, *The Cretan Clothes*, pp. 188-89). Bold use of color and graphic design dominate the form, and, in concert with a unique cut of the neckline below the breasts, tends to create an aura of surprising sophistication. On the urn's reverse, we find a rear view of the same costume. Here the scheme essentially persists, save for the appearance of two convex additions to the fabric in the vicinity of the shoulder blades. Close inspection reveals the protrusions are not shaped to accommodate any known contour within that portion of the anatomy. (See Conterno, *The Cretan Clothes Direction*, pp. 55-61.) Several additional embellishments, including belt buckle, buttons, pocket, and collar, are also situated on this particular side of the costume.



This passage may be read in several ways, two examples being: "I have been to the ocean, where I observed a number of dolphins," or, "What is the procedure for fixing my shoe?"

3. THE LINEAR "A" SCROLLS OF KNOSSIS AND EILEITHYA (1600-1350 B.C.)

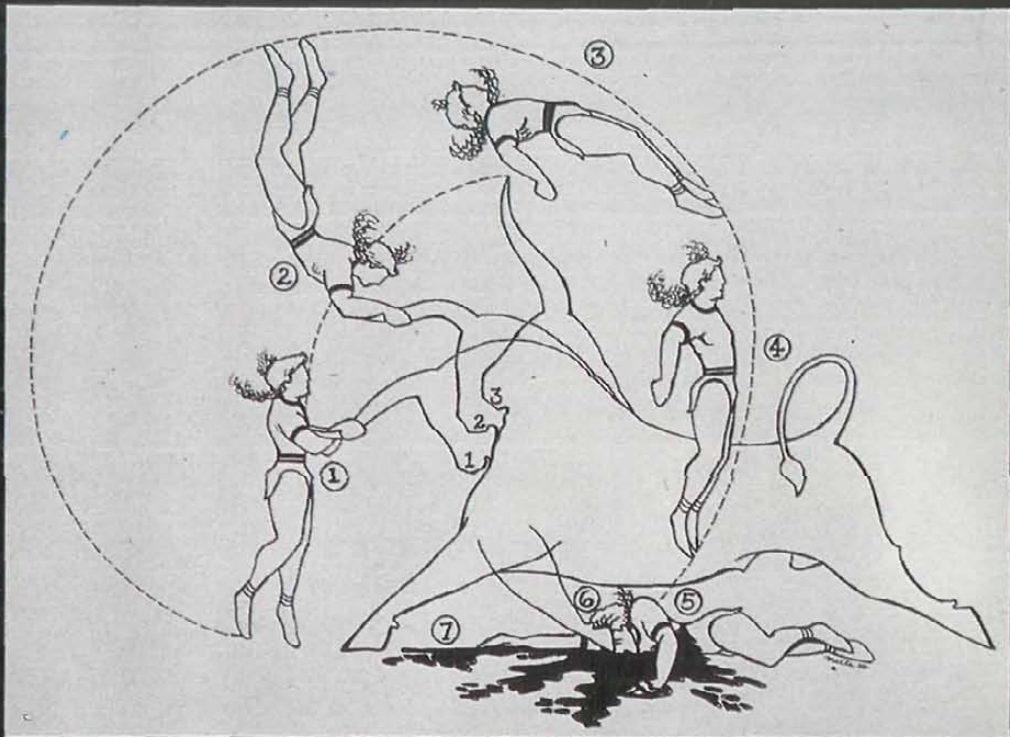
The Cretan alphabet, popularly titled "Linear A," remained a linguistic enigma for nearly a century. No attempt to decipher it had been successful until the author, joined by Dr. Xico M. Lopez and Dr. Howard Rhinegold, recently discovered a series of fundamental, yet complex keys to its construction. This report marks the initial publication of the translation of Linear A (cf., McGuire, *The Cretan Way of Writing*, pp. 233-34).

The original, or more accurately, first known Cretan alphabet was roughly divided into 70 sections; each containing a character, or combination of two or more characters, or a part of a character from the varying scripts of neighboring cultures. However, rather than arrange these letters into specific words, as was the practice elsewhere, Cretans merely selected their characters at random. Thus, if a Cretan wished to communicate the word cat, he wrote out a series of symbols until he was satisfied he had said cat. Now, the stumbling block that hung up so many for so long was the distinctive Cretan concept we have termed *sliding character structure*, whereby the calligrapher had the option of substituting entirely different versions of characters from those in the most recent alphabet—such revision would then supercede and actually become the new alphabet.

Examine the following hypothetical situation: A wishes to communicate his name to B. A writes *Fgnkp*. Later, B wishes to communicate A's name to C, and writes *Ooo\$h88m*. C subsequently transmits an invitation to A, spelling A's name thus: *Pgrxzsm-@*. A wishes to R.S.V.P. to C, and signs his name "8". If you understand that at each inscription, the writer exercised his option to fabricate virtually any character he chose, then translation assumes a more manageable conceptual posture. Correlative to the above, it is necessary to note the writer was obligated under no standard spoken form to his name, either. Consequently, any of the spellings could be expressive of any combination of sounds available to the writer. The manual and the spoken languages were on a sliding structural continuum, independent of each other, deriving their form wholly by the choice of the source.

4. THE CRETAN BULL-LEAPING SPORT, AS DEPICTED AT THE PALACE OF KNOSSOS (1680 B.C.)

This greatly stylized entertainment was peculiar to Middle and Late Period Crete. As the diagram indicates, a number of ornately regaled female acrobats engaged in a maneuver over the head and horns of a moving bull; no mean feat, requiring the utmost in skill and concentration. The movement may be described in seven segments: 1. Positioning: At a downward motion of the head, performer locks her hands and wrists around the horns. 2. Leverage: At a subsequent upward motion, performer catapults in an arc to the rear. 3. Contact: Performer, in a nearly upright position, touches the bull just above the hindquarters. 4. Secondary motion: Performer continues on a slightly altered course downward. 5. Landing: Performer's movement is terminated in lateral position beneath the bull. 6. Secondary contact: Base of performer's cranium is crushed by motion of hooves, severing spinal nerve. 7. Final contact: Performer's diaphragm and internal organs are gored and torn apart by motion of the horns (cf., Friedman, *The Cretin Style*, pp. 99-101).

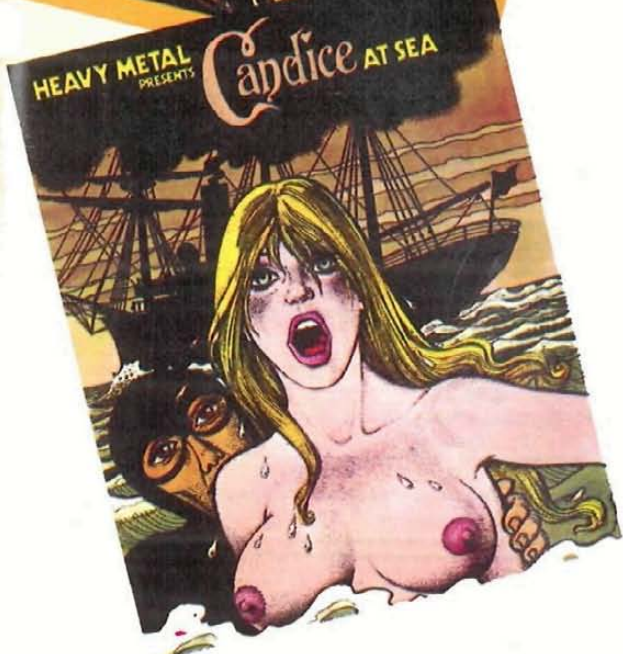
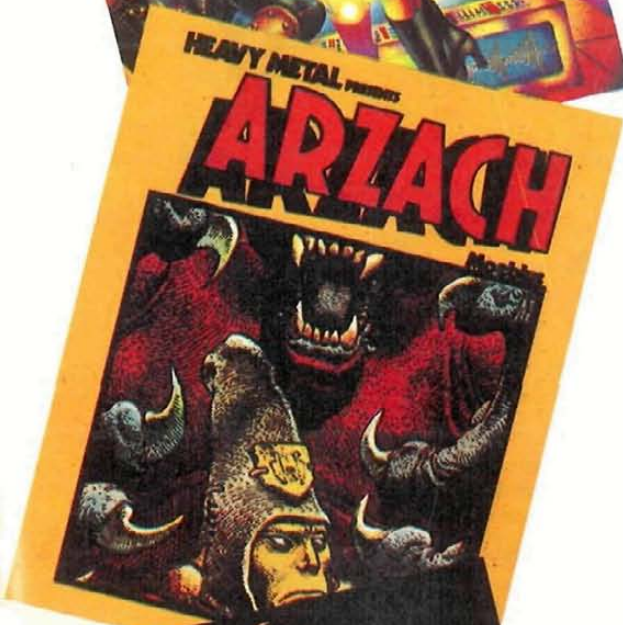
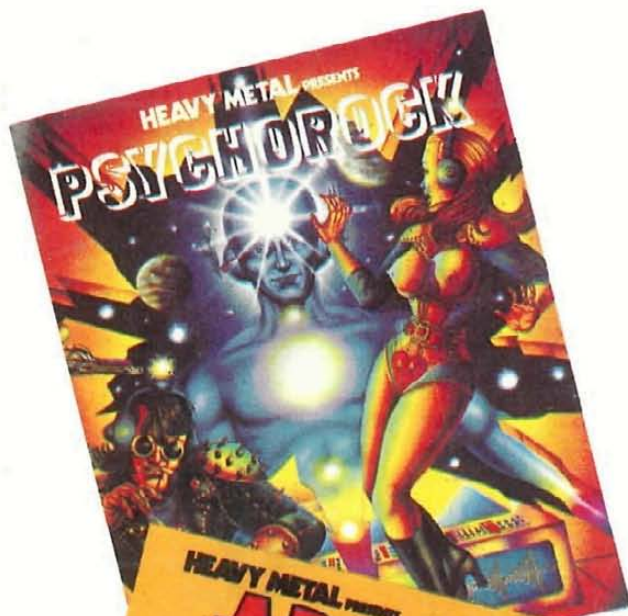


A STATEMENT OF CONCLUSION

Supra, we have unmasked the total Cretin. His basic patterns and appetites in such jurisdictions as art, entertainment, fashion, letters, architecture, and behavioral expression are exhibited plainly, and in that respect, clearly apprehend for us the essence of his desistance. Reasonable men have differed for nearly a century on this issue; some attributing the downfall of the civilization to military invasion; others citing earthquake and disease—yet all were privy to a common body of information. However, all of the conjecture, all of the hypothesis, all of the extrapolation is, as of this moment, utterly moot, because the new evidence is in. And the new evidence says Mr. and Mrs. Cretin didn't know shit. They died because they were too stupid and ignorant to live. It's as simple as that. Case closed.

Respectfully,

Dr. Charles F. Carroll
Dr. Charles F. Carroll



3 FROM HEAVY METAL™

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ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. \$6.95. HM4011

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.....

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* POTS K127



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

- According to a recent ruling by the I.R.S., edible cheese sold as fish bait is subject to excise tax as an "artificial lure." *Wall St. Journal*.

- The U.S. Labor Party candidate for mayor of East Orange, N.J., Charles Mack, was campaigning on a local street corner when he shook the hand of an unidentified man. Fifteen minutes later the man returned with a police officer and had Mack arrested for stealing a diamond ring off his finger during the handshake. A spokesman for the U.S. Labor Party claimed political harassment was behind the incident. Bridgeport, Connecticut *Post* (William Alexios)

- A Times Square street magician captured two would-be muggers by changing a silk handkerchief into a three-foot-long magic wand. The muggers had attempted to steal magician Tony Echevarria's bag of magic tricks while he was performing at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway in New York. Tony grabbed the bag back from them and the muggers began to run away, so Tony chased them until they were cornered in a vacant lot. The trapped muggers then picked up some lengths of scrap wood and began to advance on Echevarria, but he waved a red handkerchief at them and said, "This will hurt ya real bad if you don't leave me alone." He then turned the handkerchief into a magic wand, waved the wand at the muggers, and said, "Okay, now let's fight." Police officer Michael Mahoney, who arrived on the scene just as Echevarria was brandishing the wand, said that the mugging suspects

were "so stunned they just stood there dead in their tracks." *New York Daily News* (Craig V. Geoffrion)

- A copywriter for an aerial banner advertising firm in Miami, Fla., proposed the following sell copy to the owner of a local carpet store: "Don't beat your wife, beat your rug." The carpet store owner began to laugh so hard that he swallowed his cigarette and had to be taken to the hospital. *The Miami Herald* (Briggs Goddard)

- Like many institutions that depend on financial contributions, Brandeis University often raises money by spon-

soring testimonial dinners honoring captains of industry, and the Brandeis "Man of the Year" award has traditionally gone to some open-handed bank president or generous business magnate. But this year's testimonial at New York's Plaza Hotel was a little different. Antonio Magliocci, founder and head of Peerless Importers, is the first Brandeis "Man of the Year" who also has the distinction of appearing on the Justice Department's 1964 and 1970 lists of organized crime figures, and is identified in the New York Police Department files as a member of the Columbo

Mafia family.

Babe Nash, director of the school's New York Development Office, defends the award by saying: "We're going on his charitable record." *Wall Street Journal*

- According to Dr. Ivor Mills, a professor at England's Cambridge University, the stress of modern life is making English career women hairier. Dr. Mills claims that increased stress on women's brains causes excessive production of male hormones, resulting in hairy chests and stomachs and deeper voices. *Toronto Star*

- Police found Joseph Mahoney, forty-three, stuck in mud up to his chin beneath the bridge over the Fort Point Channel in South Boston. Mahoney had apparently tried to commit suicide by jumping off the bridge, but had jumped at low tide and landed in the mud. He was taken to the hospital and treated for exposure. *UPI*

- Sam Capelouto was hired as a policeman in the suburban town of Redmond, Washington, near Seattle. During his first day on the job, he was being shown how to check an individual's criminal record by using the police department's computer terminal. The officer who was instructing Capelouto fed Capelouto's own name into the computer by way of an example. The computer responded that there was a bench warrant out for Capelouto's arrest on charges of malicious mischief and vandalism to an automobile. Capelouto's instructor then read Sam his rights and proceeded to arrest him. *Seattle Journal-American* (Thomas A. Athanases)

LIVES OF THE GREAT

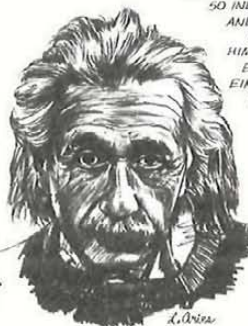
THIS MONTH:

ALBERT EINSTEIN, 1879-1955

WHILE ALBERT EINSTEIN WAS RESIDING IN PRINCETON, THE ELDERLY SCIENTIST WOULD OFTEN FORGET WHERE HE LIVED ONCE, STOPPING A PEDESTRIAN ON THE STREET, EINSTEIN EXCLAIMED, "HELLO, I'M ALBERT EINSTEIN. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I LIVE?"



WHILE WALKING ABOUT IN ONE OF HIS TYPICAL PAZES, EINSTEIN MANAGED TO WALK DIRECTLY INTO AN OPEN MANHOLE. A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CAPTURED THIS EVENT WAS BRIBED INTO SUPPRESSING THE PICTURE.



AS A YOUTH, EINSTEIN WAS SO INEPT AT ACADEMICS AND SPORTS THAT HIS FATHER BELIEVED HIM TO BE RETARDED EVEN AS AN ADULT, EINSTEIN COULD NOT MASTER THE COMPLEX TASK OF DRIVING A CAR



EINSTEIN MARRIED HIS ONCE DIVORCED COUSIN, ELSA EINSTEIN IN A STATEMENT ABOUT HIS DEEP LOVE FOR HER EINSTEIN SAID, "MRS. EINSTEIN IS AN EXCELLENT COOK IF SHE WEREN'T I WOULD DIVORCE HER."



WHEN QUESTIONED ON THE NEGATIVE ASPECTS OF NUCLEAR POWER, EINSTEIN PROCLAIMED, "NUCLEAR POWER IS NO MORE UNNATURAL THAN SAILING A BOAT"



IN A 1944 LETTER TO TRUMAN, EINSTEIN SUGGESTED THE CREATION OF AN AMERICAN-RUSSIAN STATE WHICH WOULD CONTROL THE WORLD

T

Meet the Enemy

Various excerpts from English-language publications written by our Communist foes.

by Behrouz Saba

From *New Albania*, No. 2, 1977

Cinematography: *Broken Threads*

This is one of the films that has aroused great interest among the audiences. Its subject matter is the revolutionary vigilance of the people against the enemies of the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . .

The film deals with the attempts of external enemies, who, in collusion with internal enemies, want to blow up a plant of special importance to our country. At every step the enemies and saboteurs are followed by the watchful eye of the people, who uncover and destroy all their criminal schemes. . . .

The story begins in a simple way. Mr. Clark and Mr. Sam come to our country as tourists. Behind his disguise as a tourist interested in trade, the latter is seeking to reactivate a group of agents. He makes contact with Marko Ruvina, an old agent in the service of foreign espionage, who is reluctant at first but later begins to carry out the orders of his boss, Sam, blindly. Marko activates the "crab" and Dimitra, who works as a cleaner in the offices of the plant. Through the cleaner, Marko, the cunning and cynical old agent, gets hold of a document taken from the office of the secretary Besa, during a moment's carelessness. With the document in his hand, Marko sounds out Besa, putting her in a very difficult position. She is a good woman and conscience-stricken about what her negligence in guarding State secrets has led to. Her profound anxiety is soon over, because she seeks the aid of the State Security organs.

It never crosses Marko Ruvina's mind that this "terrified"

R

woman would destroy all his plans. Meanwhile, the Security service workers gradually uncover the truth about the "tourist" Sam, who, in fact, is the enemy of the people Sami Ameni, a former collaborator of the fascist invaders of Albania. The confrontation which is organized with the professor of philosophy, and the verification through archives, fully prove the identity of this inveterate agent, despite the plastic surgery he had undergone and the aid of his internal collaborators. The evidence is turned over to the organs of justice. Clark learns who his fellow traveller has been. He goes away full of admiration for this wonderful country which lives free in "its own share of the sunlight," with the ardent desire to return once again to the beautiful and happy Albania.

From *Democratic People's Republic of Korea, Illustrated Weekly*, No. 2 (245), 1977

Durable and Smart Shoes Turned Out

The modern Pyongyang Vinyl Chloride Shoe Factory is a great producer of shoes—of various colours and styles. . . . The respected and beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung taught:

"The important task confronting the workers of shoe factories today is to make durable and smart shoes, rather than increase their quantity."

Its workers, mindful of the great leader's teaching, are all out to make better shoes of greater amount.

They have found its secret in technical innovation and launched a vigorous innovation campaign drawing on the successes made through the introduction of several effective proposals into production last year. . . .

Bearing in mind the noble aims of the fatherly leader who is deeply concerned to provide the people with much more good shoes, the workers continue to make successes in production.

U

Spoilers

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

BOOKS

True Confessions by John Gregory Dunne: The real murderer gets killed in an accident. Officer Tom Spelacy knows this, but pins it on criminally inclined Jack Armstrong anyway. Armstrong dies in prison, before being brought to trial.

The Book of Merlyn by T. H. White: Merlyn returns and convinces Arthur to make peace with Mordred. Nonetheless, a battle ensues. Arthur is (apparently) killed, Guinivere enters a monastery, and Lancelot becomes a hermit.

Shall We Tell the President? by Jeffrey Archer: President Edward Kennedy is saved from assassination by smart G-men.

FILMS

Close Encounters of the Third Kind: They're really out there, but they're nice guys.

1900: While De Niro and Depardieu are being simultaneously masturbated by a prostitute, she has an epileptic seizure. De Niro, the aristocrat, flees. Depardieu, the Communist, stays to help. The Fascists lose WWII and Sutherland dies unpleasantly.

Equus: It turns out that the young man blinded the horses to prevent them from witnessing his congress with the stable girl.

A Special Day: Loren seduces Mastroianni. The Fascists throw him out of the country. She returns to her family; he, presumably, to homosexuality.

E

Bullshit

"...Mr. Gritzsche said that he believed the absurdity of war in *Slaughterhouse Five* was even more of what he called 'a seminal experience.' The Piper editor said, 'Reading it, you suffer with the human race. As for *Slapstick*, despite all mockeries, it is a serious book. Like Buster Keaton, there is a human quality about it that makes you cry.'"

—Klaus Piper of R. Piper Verlag, Munich, re the works of Kurt Vonnegut. Cited by Herbert Mitgang in "Publishing: Pilgrim's Return to Germany" in the *New York Times*, October 28, 1977

"If only we could raise women to the level of the Panama Canal."

—Gloria Steinem, commenting on the lack of priority given women's rights. Quoted in "Radical Right Accused of Obstructing E.R.A., the *New York Times*, date not available. ("Bullshit" reminds its readers that the Panama Canal is approximately twenty-one feet above sea level.)

"I am sick and tired of being put on a cross continually. If they want to fire me, let them do it now and give me peace. . . . I am clearly a victim of religious persecution and this is another evidence of the moral decay of America."

—Anita Bryant, commenting on reports that she might lose her contract with the Florida Citrus Commission in February due to the backlash generated by her stand on gay rights. She did subsequently lose the contract. From the Associated Press as printed in the *New York Post*, October 28, 1977

Gays have roots, too.

—From a large ad promoting Walden Books and the book *Gay American History* by Jonathan Katz. Appearing in the *New York*

T**R****U****E****20th Century
Artifacts****Gobbledy-
gook**

Times (p. 43), September 19, 1977

Team owner Ralph C. Wilson said Simpson's injury was "a terrible blow to football and to the Buffalo Bills.

"It reminds me of something that happened in the past. It was two days after the bomb was dropped at Hiroshima. I was there and the feeling I had then is the same way I feel today about O.J.'s injury."

—re O.J. Simpson's most recent knee injury, one which may end his attempt at besting Jim Brown's all-time football rushing record. From the Associated Press as printed in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, November 2, 1977

NB: "Bullshit" would like to salute *Esquire* for initiating a monthly reader-send-in "Dubious Achievement" section in their magazine. Imitation is the sincerest form of theft, we always say.

True Masthead

Edited by P.J. O'Rourke
"Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner
"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson
"Facts" by Wendy Mogel
"Lives" by Bradley Razoek
Research: Chuck Bartelt
Art: Diana Feldman
Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyons, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b&w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

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.

GUINNESS

Over
7,000,000
Guinness are drunk
every day

GUINNESS

Guinness Stout—Imported by the Guinness-Harp Corporation, New York, N.Y.

Guinness bar coaster—We had no idea the family was so large.



Photographic illustration from a Swift Premium trunks ad—This culinary delight is called a "Frankie Doodle Dandy," and according to the instructions in the advertisement, you can make one at home by splitting a Swift Premium trunk and dipping it in boiling water until the "arms and legs" spread, then decorate as pictured.



Souvenir postcard from Birmingham, Alabama.

"Gobbledygook" is a daily feature in the Washington Star. It consists of excerpts from government documents of all kinds, sent to that newspaper anonymously by government employees. The following are copyright © 1977 by the Washington Star, are reprinted with permission.

From the Comptroller General Reports:

The number of overtime hours for which an employee is entitled to receive compensation at the overtime rate applicable to his basic salary rate before reaching the prorated aggregate limitation for the pay period in which the overtime services were rendered constitutes the maximum number of hours of compensatory time which may be credited....

From a Goddard Space Flight Center memo:

Several instances were noted where a 2304(a)-(10) D&F was utilized with fixed price R & D Form 247. Whenever this arrangement is utilized, proportions of R&D vis-a-vis other effort and reasons why a 2304(a) (10) D&F in lieu of a 2304(a) (11) D&F was utilized, must be explained in the Summary of Negotiations.

From a proposed Department of Defense directive:

If the amount apportioned or reapportioned for any appropriation includes estimated reimbursements, transfers, or other items of anticipated receipts, and allocations are made in anticipation of such reimbursements, transfers and receipts, adjustments will be made in the amounts of allocations, when required, as will assure that the sums allocated with respect to each appropriation will not be in excess of the amount apportioned or reapportioned for use for each apportionment period or the amount which will ultimately be realized, whichever is less.

What's Your Sign-Reader's Page II



Len S. Rubin, Maywood, N.J.



Tracy Anderson, Cheektowaga, New York



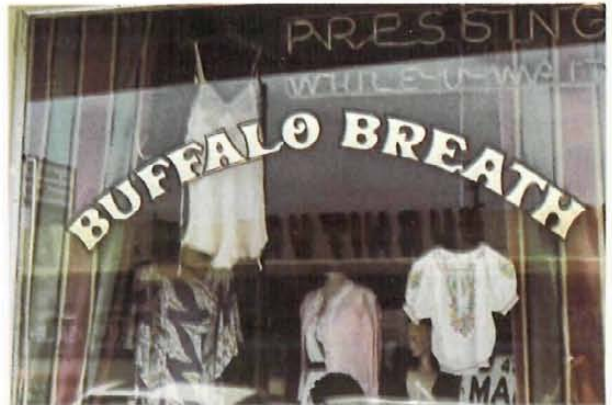
Barbie Wellman, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina



Steve Bardowski, Newport News, Va.



Luci Brinkman, Fosston, Montana



Michael Wilson, Canoga Park, California



Ken Bash, Reseda, California



Alvin Reiner, Bluff, Utah



Len S. Rubin, Maywood, N.J.

ROMAN SCANDALS

continued from page 26

believe anything about Pompeia was true, he had to divorce her anyway.

"Caesar's wife," he said, "must be above suspicion!"

"That's odd," Catulus mumbled, "I thought she was usually under Clodius!" (Catulus never did know when to shut up, which is one reason why Antony is going to nail his hide to the wall, mark my words.)

Old Fishbreath has seen more than his share of high-flown Senators with their tails in cracks, believe you me. Back in 51 B.C.—Caesar promised me when he reformed the calendar he'd make the dates stop going backwards, but he never got around to it—old Bibulus took to cavorting around with a young thing named Clitorus Stimulus. She was a tasty little dish, who'd come all the way from Asia Minor—which is exactly what she was, only Bibulus didn't know it.

He took one look at her, and suddenly his toga began to look like he was hiding a cloak hanger under it. Next thing you know, she was on the Senate payroll as a scroll preparation assistant at 11,000 sesterces a year.

"Fishbait," Clitorus said to me ruefully one day, "I don't know what I'm doing here. I can't even scribe."

I just patted her portico and told her, "You ought to figure some way to keep him off your—ah—back."

And cursed if that little tiger didn't do just that. She said that every time old Bibulus wanted a piece of her, he'd have to file his request in writing. And to this day, that procedure's become an important part of Senate law.

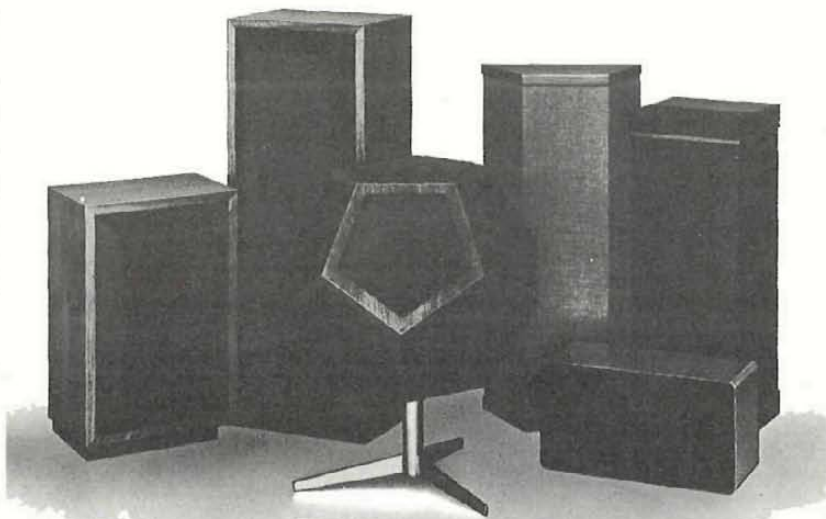
It's called a discharge petition.

But I suppose my most memorable work as the column-keeper of the Senate was the time I had to pull old Cicero's chestnuts out of the fire. Cicero fancied himself the keeper of all the great and old traditions of the Senate back in the days before Caesar made himself an emperor—but he was really the world's greatest drinker. Every day, he'd be up by the Agrippa, belting down the juice (he fancied the '68 Valpolicella) and toasting the Republic.

Well, one day the stuff just got to old Cicero. He hitched up his chariot, drove into the Temple of Quirinus—and this right in the middle of the high holy day services, mind you—grabbed himself a couple of Vestal Virgins, and took off like a shot from a catapult.

A few minutes later, a slave ran up

continued



Our speakers sound more alike than they look.

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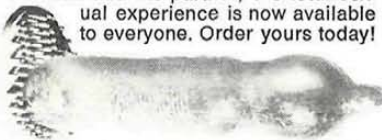
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ROMAN SCANDALS

continued

to my office in the Senate and said breathlessly, "Fishbreath, Fishbreath, Cicero says come quickly, and tell no one."

Well, technically, I didn't work for the Republicans, but that never stood in my way before, so I jumped on the slave's back, and in a few minutes we were down by the Tiber River where Cicero was trying to wring out his toga and three or four burly Praetorian Guardsmen were trying to piece together what had happened.

I went over to one of them.

"What happened?" I asked.

"All I know," says one, "is that this old coot is higher than a slave on a cross, and we've got ourselves two ex-Vestal Virgins."

Well, it took a chunk out of the corn-dole budget, believe you me, but those Guardsmen never did report poor Cicero. And he got up the next day and blamed the whole thing on a "Carthaginian conspiracy aided by certain well-meaning dupes of the Cataline."

People sometimes ask me what the most memorable moment of my career was. And surprisingly, lots of folks think it happened just a few weeks ago, after Caesar was put away.

"Wasn't Mark Antony's funeral oration the greatest speech you ever heard, Fishbreath?" people ask me.

Well, no. You see, I heard the *real* speech—not the one some Levantine pimple-faced ghostwriter with a fancy education wrote for him (a lot of Vergilian horseshit, if you ask me).

What did Antony really say? Well, he looked at the coffin, all laid out, stared out at the crowd till they were all quiet and still, threw his head up to the sky and said: "Tough shit."

Yes, I miss those days in Rome—the free tickets to the games, the toasts and songs around the Vomitorium, the auctions when the judgeships were sold. But Old Fishbreath knew when his time had come to leave the stage and seek a life of peace, instead of the intrigues of—excuse me, someone's at the door.

A *what?* A fig-gram? How nice. And it's not even my birthday.

What do I sign with?

Hey, wait a minute—that's not a quill. It's a *stiletto!* Hey, wait a minute! I was with Cassius all the way. Hey, come on, who do you think tripped Caesar, huh? Huh?

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gutz, chicken

YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE CHOPPED LIVER?

DUM DE DUM DUM
DUM DE DUM DUM
DAAAAA!

DEAR CURT AND CHIPMUNK: HOW ARE YA?, HOW'RE YA DOIN'? SO WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?, THE PLASTIC TAPE REELS TRYING TO BLOW OFF THE CAR... OH ERUISE, EVERYTHING IS COOL HERE.

LOTS OF LOVE TO LAURIE, ALEITE, MY FAVORITE READER!

CHAPTER

darn, darn, darn, it's almost noon. I'm going to miss my favorite soap opera, AS THE TEARS JERK!!

Rodney and Midge are getting a divorce because she's discovered that he's been having an affair with her father!

a stone... a rock... hands, unfeeling lumps of lifeless lava!

Charlotte Munchkin however, is happily involved with her new career as a part-time brain surgeon. She doesn't realize that her new patient is in reality her long-lost brother who was kidnapped by Armenians, at the age of 4 months!

Cold, grey, unmoving, static... O' the poor, lowly rock!

Charlotte, now 8 months pregnant with her third illegitimate child, is trying to nab young Doctor Murphy by wearing very large, blowy outfits!

surrounded by life grass, trees, insects, people, birds... they lie here INERT!!

BONKO!

Of course, the courtroom drama concerning Waldo's paternity suit is adversely affecting his relationship with Vicki Madonna, the voluptuous ex-airline stewardess!

We should be so happy to be human... to be able to LOVE... to FEEL... to BE... to EXIST... to FUNCTION!

Bradley Horsecough, director of the hospital MONUMENTAL GENERAL, is losing his head over Nurse Daisy Petite, who is 30 years his junior!

poor STONE... poor little worthless nothings!

SOCIAL NOTE: THE FRISBEE TOURNAMENT USUALLY HELD BETWEEN PAGES 12 AND 16 IS CANCELED TODAY.

THIS SIDE OF THE STRIP IS FOR MY FAITHFUL READER TAY MCKENNA!

But when George gets over his amnesia and finds out that he is not a millionaire playboy, but is in truth a midgewater wren, who is under suspicion of murder...

While life pulsates fervently around you while the blood and breath of nature courses through the atmosphere - you unfortunate chunks sit silent!

SNOOKI LAP!

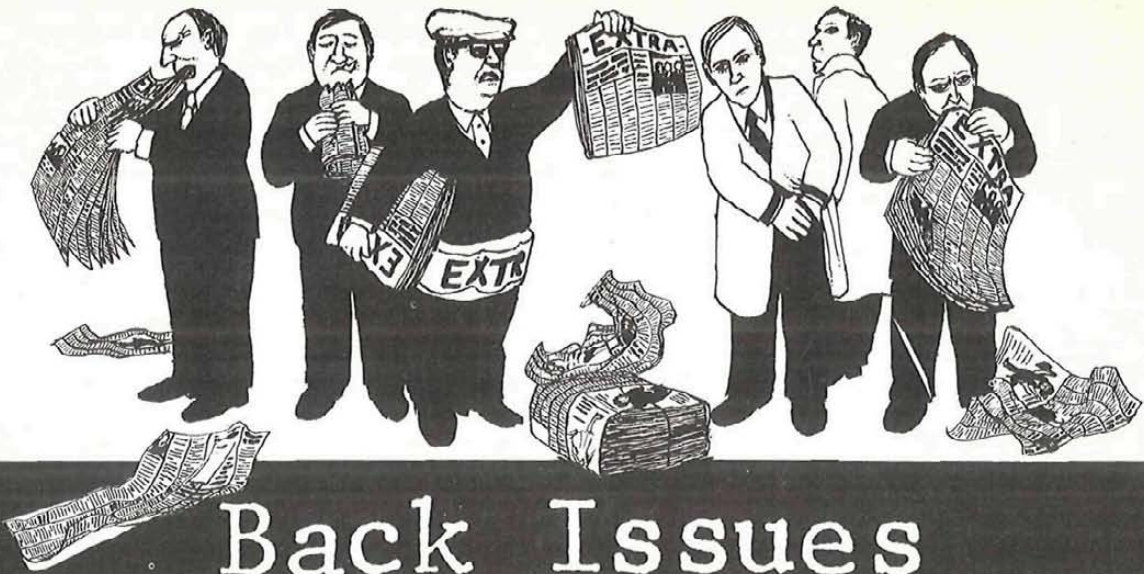
...and the bird... the bird... the bird...

Oh... yes... Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Show art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, and summer's lease hath all too short a date...

You were saying?

GOO'BYE.

KATHRYN FROM NANTUCKET - GIVE UP THE 5 DOGS, 2 HORSES, AND THE PONY AND COME BACK TO US! DERO THE FARTZ MISSES YOU.



Back Issues

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Ka-boodle Comics, *Gun Lust* Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Suitable Advance, Seed Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Mezu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Ballart Comics.

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

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutionals Comics, and Watergate Down.

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

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

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

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod* Magazine, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kelauber High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP! With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything.

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Favearave Fatgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.

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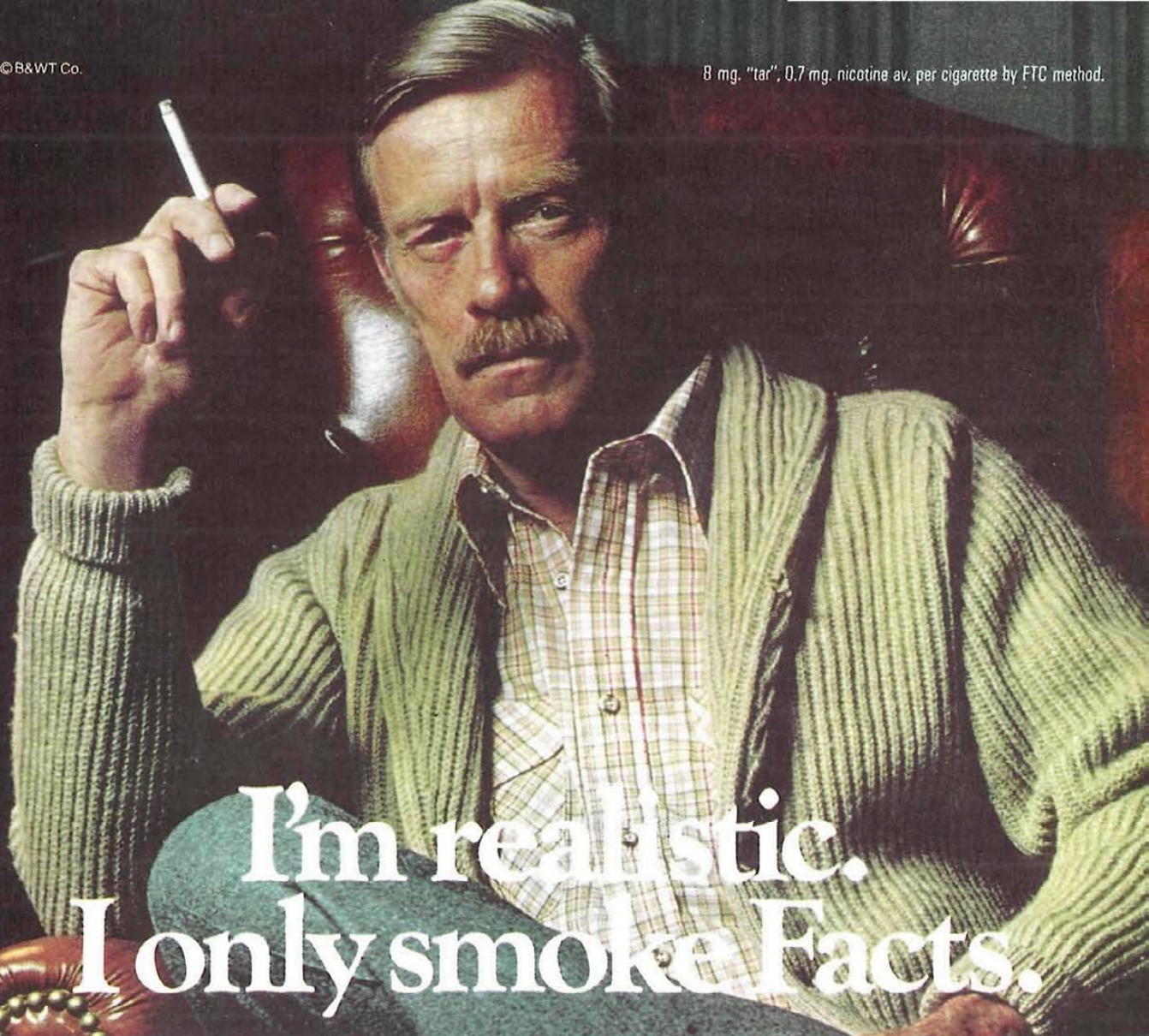
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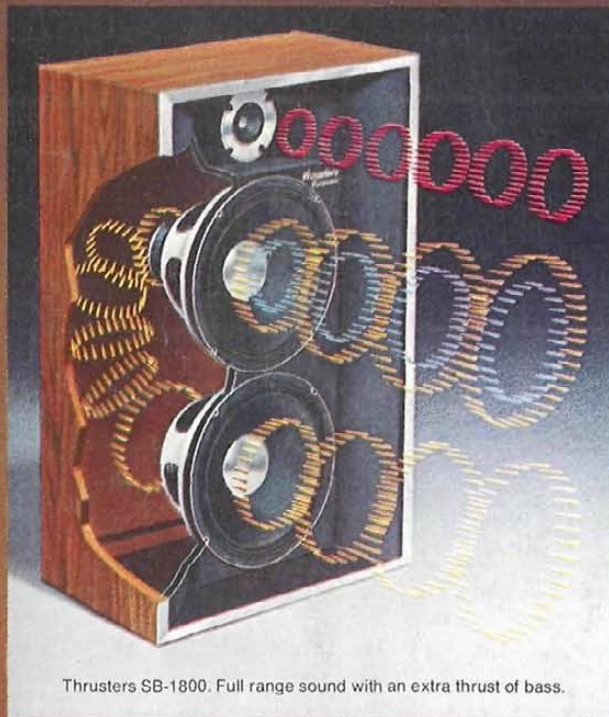


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