

# CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

## NATIONAL LAMP

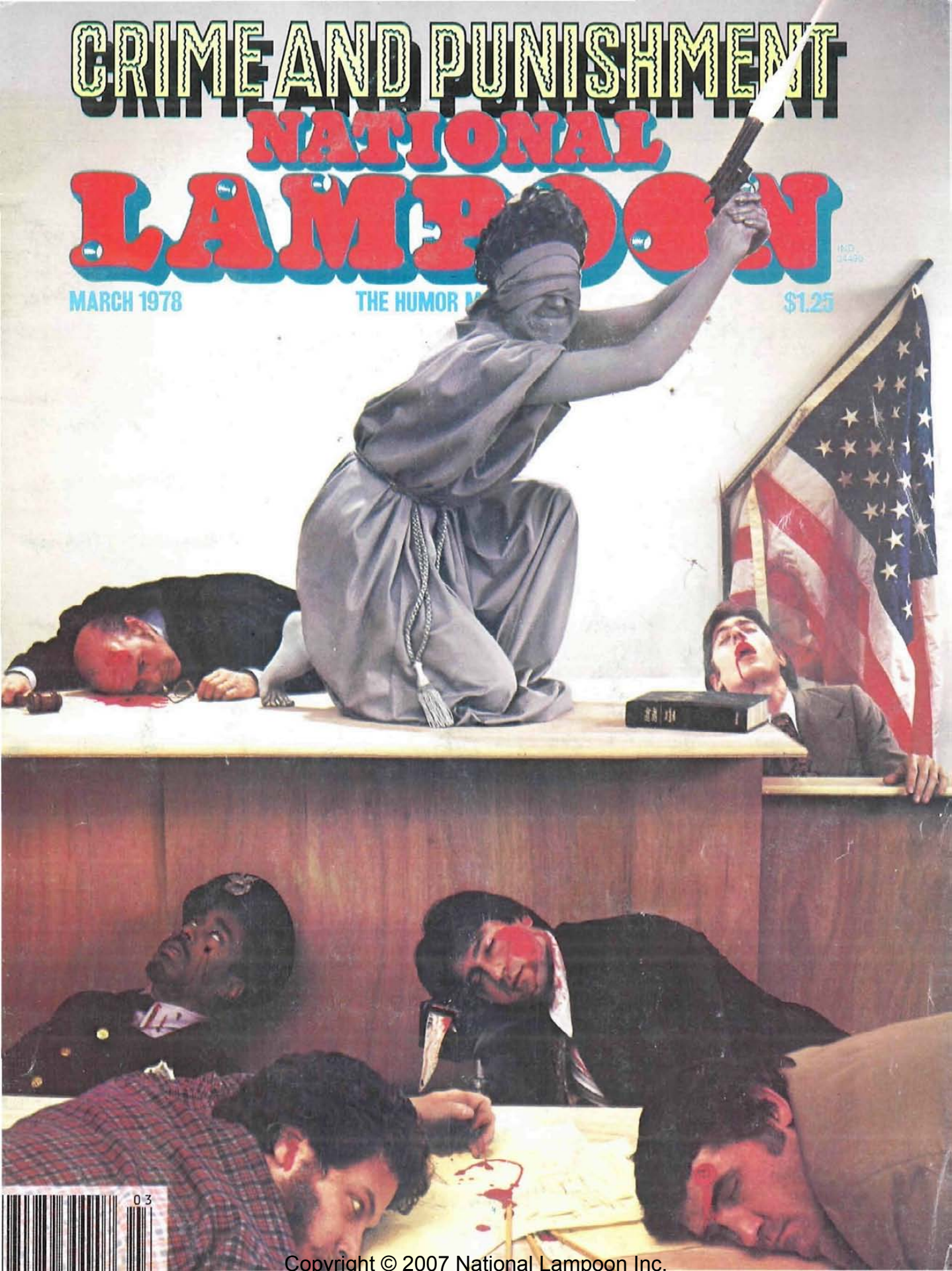
# DOON

MARCH 1978

THE HUMOR M

\$1.25

IND 34496



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# I want low tar. But taste is a must.

I wanted less tar. But not less taste.  
I found Winston Lights. I get the low tar numbers  
I want, and the taste I like. If it wasn't for  
Winston Lights, I wouldn't smoke.



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

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

# THE HI-FI SYSTEM FOR PEOPLE WHO'D PAY ANYTHING FOR GREAT SOUND. BUT HAVE LESS THAN \$500\* TO SPEND.



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

There are thousands of people today who'd love to own quality high fidelity components.

Unfortunately, the thing that stops many of them is money.

That's why Pioneer developed the Component Ensemble. A carefully matched collection of Pioneer hi fi components that are designed to give you a very expensive sound, at a relatively inexpensive price.

Aside from coming with a cabinet, the Component Ensemble features the world's best selling

turntable, our PL112-D. And the TX6500 II tuner. The tuner that *Stereo Review Magazine* thought sounded just as good as some FM tuners that cost nearly twice as much.

There's also a Pioneer SA6500 II amplifier, a pair of Pioneer Project 60 speakers, a Pioneer cartridge, and even one of our best sets of headphones.

In short, it's a *complete* Pioneer component hi fi system. Which means you're not only guaranteed great sound, but you're

also spared the aggravation of trying to figure out which kind of speakers go best with what amplifier. And what turntable works best with everything else.

You can hear the Component Ensemble at any participating Pioneer dealer.

It's the one hi fi system anybody can appreciate. And almost anybody can afford.

High Fidelity Components  
**PIONEER**<sup>®</sup>  
We bring it back alive.

National Lampoon's first film...

# ANIMAL HOUSE

... written by *NatLamp* writers Doug Kenney, Chris Miller, and Harold Ramis and directed by John Landis (*Kentucky Fried Movie*) has finished production. The Universal picture stars John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce, Donald Sutherland as "Jennings," and 163,000 other very funny people. Reporters on the closed set have leaked out these advance reactions: the roast beef was good, the mashed potatoes were cold, and the strawberry shortcake was great!



## NATIONAL LAMPOON



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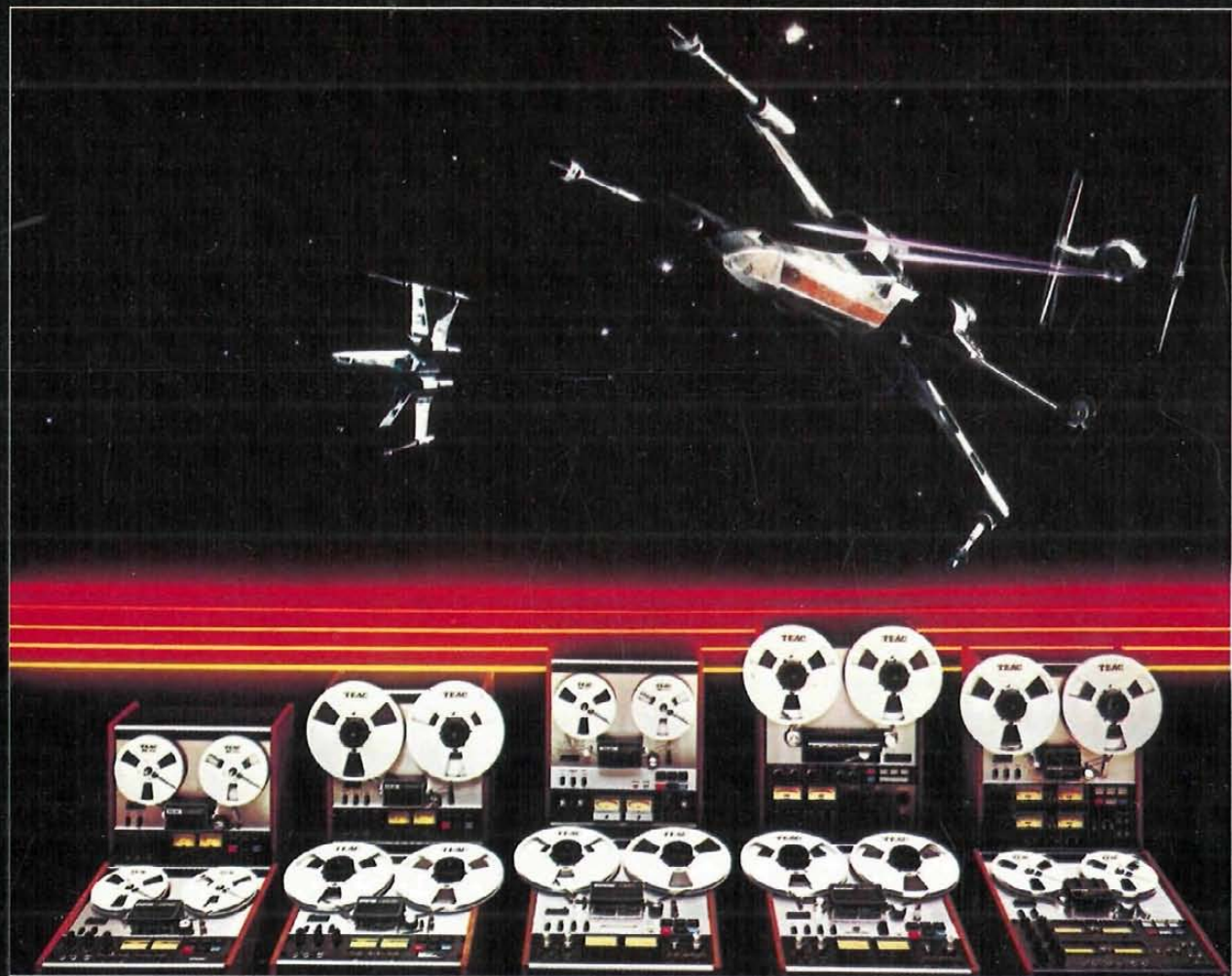
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## **BEST SUPPORTING ROLE BY A TAPE RECORDER.**

To film makers, music professionals, broadcasters, audio-visual experts—even manufacturers of other hi-fi components—a TEAC is a working tool they depend on to capture and reproduce sound perfectly.

Case in point: Star Wars™ the greatest fantasy movie ever made.

TEAC equipment was used in the production of Star Wars™ special sound effects—lasers, light sabres, starships and the voices of C3PO and R2D2. TEAC... just like you get at a hi-fi specialty store.

A TEAC can help you explore the outer limits of your imagination, too. And whichever TEAC you choose, you can be certain it will perform for a long, long time. Because they're made for people who can't afford less.

© TEAC 1976  
© Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation 1978

## **SPECIAL STAR WARS™ OFFER**

With the purchase of any TEAC open reel tape recorder, we'll give you a commemorative set of Star Wars™ tapes. These specially packaged open reel tapes are a limited edition and are not for sale anywhere. They include the music, sound effects and narration from the film. Your TEAC dealer has all the details but the offer expires April 30, 1978, and is void where prohibited by law.

**TEAC®**  
First. Because they last.



# “Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party.”

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine “Interview.” What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It’s simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we’d known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I’d never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

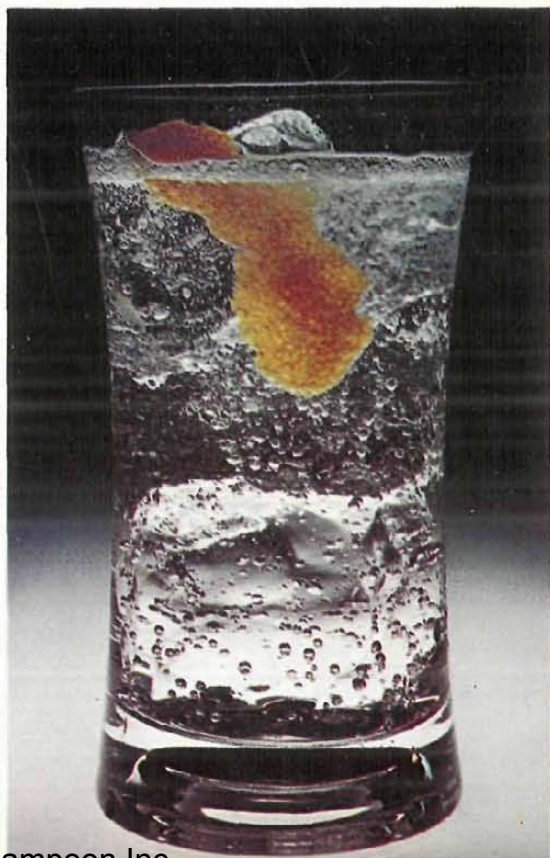
Not bad for one evening.

## Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You’ll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it’s bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums,  
Dept. NL-3, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019  
© 1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



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100% Satisfaction



# Most new car problems start just about the time most new car warranties stop.

## Introducing the Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile warranty.

If anything major goes wrong with a car, chances are it won't happen in the first year. That's why every new Fiat now comes with a 2 year or 24,000 mile power train warranty.

we have in our cars on to you in the form of our new power train warranty. You can check out the warranty and the cars at any one of our almost 700 Fiat dealers.

And while you're there, take a new Fiat for a drive. If you've never driven one, we predict you'll really be amazed at the way it drives.

And when you still have a power train warranty after most other cars' warranties have expired, we predict you'll really be glad you bought a Fiat.

### *Here's How You're Protected.*

Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each new 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur. The transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for a total of 24,000 miles or 24 months from the date of delivery, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

Manufacturer	Standard new car warranty*	Power train warranty*
Fiat	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	24 mos. or 24,000 mi. on engine, transmission and drive train.
Toyota	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	
Datsun	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	
Honda	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	
Volkswagen	12 mos. or 20,000 mi.	
Chevette	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	
Fiesta	12 mos. or 12,000 mi.	

So the first year, you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong.

And the second year, you're covered for the major things like transmission, drive train and most engine parts.

We can do this because, over the last few years, we've spent millions of dollars making Fiats more reliable and more dependable.

And now we can pass the extra confidence



**FIAT**

First we improved the car.  
Then we improved the warranty.

\*From date of delivery.

# “I have my own ideas about smoking.”

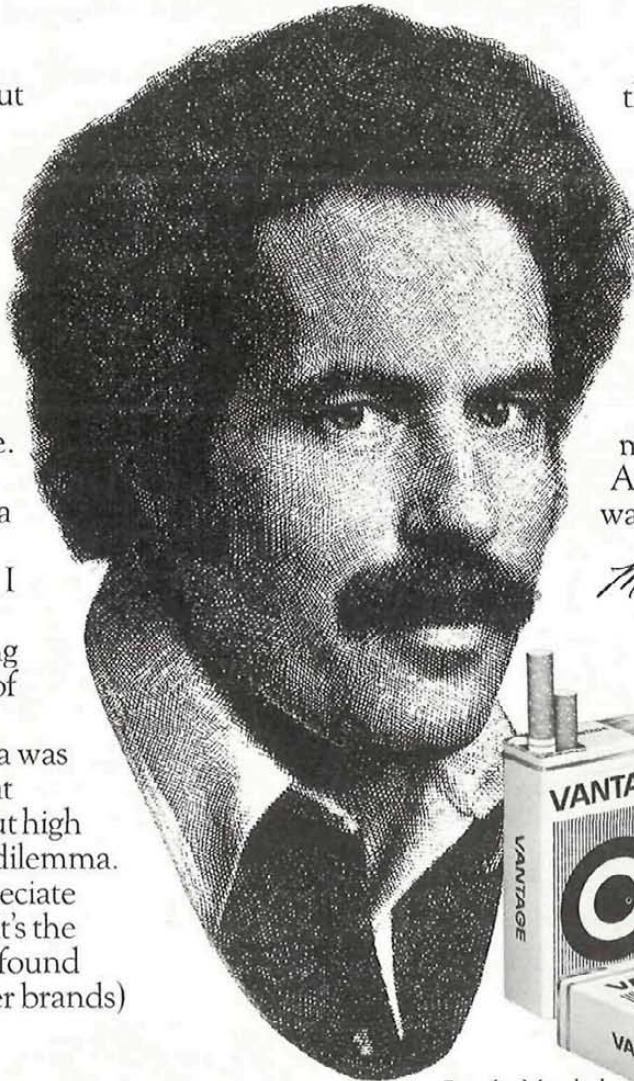
“I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there’s no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

“There’s also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

“Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It’s part of the way I live.

“For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

“Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It’s the only low-tar cigarette I’ve found (and I’ve tried several other brands)



that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

“And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it’s firm yet easy drawing.

“As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that’s just the way I like it.”

*Mike Barbano*

Mike Barbano  
Atlanta, Georgia



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's.

## Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

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

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,  
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77,  
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# EDITORIAL

## MASS KILLER CAPTURED

CHARLES VINSON, SLAYER OF 39, SURRENDERS TO POLICE

Why was a criminal psychopath like Charles Vinson ever allowed to walk the streets as a free man? This was a man who killed thirty-nine people, in every way imaginable—with shotguns, knives, rocks, a chainsaw, a cricket bat. He even threw a safe out of a ten-story window on an innocent passerby below. Was it because he was always a quiet, well-behaved boy in his hometown of Skokie, Illinois? I went back to Skokie to interview some of the people who knew Charles Vinson, and watched him grow up.

**Edna Ferguson, grade school teacher:** Charles liked to play practical jokes just like the other boys except he figured out a way to put upright icepicks on chairs instead of tacks. And instead of dipping the girls' hair in inkwells, he would stab them a few times.

**Ed Larimer, owner of the local**

**Rexall drugstore:** Vinson? He was withdrawn, introspective. Some kids like to pull the wings off flies. O.K., I can understand that. But he used to pull the legs off dogs.

**Bruce Marhopple, automobile dealer:** I still believe that Charles Vinson shot my daughter Cindy. I know I can't prove it, but I used to see him prowling around our house. Bill Foster, whose son Arnold was shot down by the lake, feels the same way.

**Barney Lothrop, Vinson's next door neighbor:** I don't understand all the mystery behind Charles Vinson. Sure, he was quiet and had good manners, but he was a hardened criminal by the time he was ten. If he couldn't kill a helpless animal or a child, he would take out his fury and hostility on anything—a car, a tree. He once shot up an entire gymnasium. The

basketball floor was full of bullet holes, the backboards and grandstands were chopped to pieces. The boy was a born killer, is what he was.

And so it went. Everyone who knew Charles Vinson felt that this shy, quiet boy, the son of a high school principal, showed signs of becoming a mass killer at an early age ("Plain as the nose on his face. He was a nutbar," was the recurring cry).

There are lots of Charles Vinsons lurking around our towns and cities. Boys who are born bad, stay bad, and end up even worse. Vicious, depraved killers with no redeeming qualities, except, perhaps, their shyness and good manners. Be careful of the quiet ones, especially the ones who wear glasses and comb their hair straight back and wear cotton flannel plaid shirts and baggy jeans. One of them could be another you-know-who.

G.S.

**Cover:** Somewhere there exists a connection between the "blind justice" pun that mysteriously crept its way onto the cover of this magazine and the actual theme of the issue. However, we are having a lot of difficulty locating it. The goon with the gun is the nearly famous Pat Olesko, and the lensman who, surprisingly, wants his name mentioned is Phil Koenig.

# Canadian Corner



## Bombardier Guide to Canadian Authors

"If these sketches should prove the means of deterring one family from sinking its property and shipwrecking all its hopes by going to reside in the backwoods of Canada, I shall consider myself amply repaid for revealing the secrets of the prison house, and feel that I have not toiled and suffered in the wilderness in vain."

—Susanna Moodie (1803-1885)

The *Bombardier Guide to Canadian Authors* has been compiled by Brian Shein and Ted Mann, two Canadians who have, upon occasion, contributed to this magazine. Financed by the Bombardier Snowmobile Company, the *Guide* is intended to assist Canadians and travelers in that country in discriminating amongst the rich variety of Canadian literary offerings.

"Canada is not like America," say the guidebook compilers. "Writers receive very little attention in the media here—most of them literally aren't recognized when they're not on their own property."

What follows is a brief selection from the *Guide*, which rates Canadian authors on a scale of zero to five "skidoos."

**Atwood, Margaret** (1939-) Margaret Atwood was born in Ottawa and attended the University of Toronto, Radcliffe, and Harvard, receiving, respectively, a B.A., an A.M., and nothing. She has written poetry, criticism, and novels. In order to ensure favorable critical reception, Atwood, like many Canadian authors, submits each new chapter in its tingling freshness to a circle of gentle poet-editors who symbolically snip its umbilical, coo their comments, and bundle it back to join its puling sibling after a quick peck on the page (see Lee, Dennis; Cohen, Matt; Mandel, Eli; Ondaatje, Michael; et al.). These critical services are redeemable in blue-chip demand reviews floated by her

publishers in triple-A rated critical offerings. She is best known for advancing the theory that America and Canada are simply states of mind, the former comparable to that of a schnapps-crazed Wehrmacht foot soldier and the latter to that of an autistic child left behind in a deserted Muskoka summer cottage playing with Molson's Ale cans, spent shell casings, and dead birds hung from the light fixture, who will one day become aware of its situation, go to college, and write novels. She is better known, among Margaret-watchers, for taking gross offense at the suggestion (in a crudely dittoed literary periodical) that she may have sparked an erection in a considerably more talented Canadian author who shall here remain nameless (see Glassco, John).

"Peggy" Atwood lives on a small farm with her husband, ex-writer Graeme [sic] Gibson, who recently presented her with a child, Jess (see *Chatelaine*, Oct. 1977).

She is not to be confused with another Canadian poetess (see Trudeau, Margaret) who jumps at the chance to spread her Canadian emblem for any scummy American men's magazine with a million dollars. Our Peggy confines herself to baring her frontal lobes in print for considerably less.



**Lowry, Malcolm** (1909-1957) Lowry was born and educated in England at Cambridge University. He left a comfortable middle-class home in Liverpool to become one of the century's most disgusting alcoholics (see also Acorn, Milton). He developed thick apelike wads of cartilaginous tissue on his knuckles, due to his penchant for resting on them against a desk behind him as he dictated his "masterpieces" to a long-suffering wife, while living on Dollarton mud flats in a stinking squatter's shack constructed of orange crates, discarded bottles of Bols gin, laundry, and half-masticated manuscripts. His loving spouse, Margerie, notably aided his career, helping with such crucial decisions as whether to don shoe before sock or vice versa. Every bit as Canadian as Ernest Hemingway, "Malc" died as he had lived—dead drunk. (See also *Bombardier Guide to Mexican Authors*.)



**Layton, Irving** (1912-) Poet, Zionist, and English teacher, Layton attempted to attract attention in the 1950s by taking a passionately vocal stand favoring heterosexual marital

intercourse. Most recently, this "angry man" has shocked undergraduates by contending that the Christians killed Jesus. Behind his flamboyant public persona lurks a man who likes plenty of naps.



**Cohen, Leonard** (1934-) Born and educated in Montreal at McGill University, Cohen, like most Jewish males of his generation, early developed a taste for oral sex. He later came to enjoy genital sex, anal sex, autoeroticism, and "pumping iron," although he has never been able to dodge the post-orgasmic blues. He has lived for some years anywhere but Canada, thus demonstrating an undeniably "sensitive" streak. He claims to have completed a new book of poems that he is "rewriting" before showing to the marketing vice-president of his record company. In his most recent book, *The Energy of Slaves* (McClelland Stewart, 127 pp., 1972), a tiny razor blade illustration accompanies each poem, creating an overall air of cumulative gloom equal to that created by a welfare mother's grocery list, Sylvia Plath's suicide note, and the funeral oration of a drunken priest at the wake of Quaalude-crazed messenger boy murdered by bookies. Leonard does not try to hide the stare-marks on his wrists.



**Davies, Robertson** (1913-) Born in the small Ontario town of Thamesville, Davies is generally respected for his trilogy of novels, *Fifth Business*, *The Manticore*, and *World of Wonders*. His opinions on an encyclopedic range of subjects, to which he gives frequent public expression, are equally generally held to be stupid. His recently published collection of table talk and speeches has all the fulsome resonance and self-ascribed stature of a Vantage Press anthology of delegates' speeches nominating General Dwight D. Eisenhower as the Republican candidate for president. Sporting cane and beard, Davies holds forth nightly to dinner guests behind the brushed brick walls of his Massey College fiefdom; same guests often found face-down in their half-drained soup dishes, sawing logs. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth has been respectfully petitioned to create a Bore's Corner in Westminster Abbey to house the stilled bones of Davies when he goes to his long-awaited rest (see also Acorn, Milton).



**Zink, Lubor J.** (Pre-war) Believed to be pseudonym of *Toronto Sun* column-

continued on page 14

# A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion <i>(smaller is better)</i>	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity <i>(smaller is better)</i>	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation <i>(larger is better)</i>	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio <i>(smaller is better)</i>	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity <i>(larger is better)</i>	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO <sub>2</sub> : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> : 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price	\$449.95	\$749.85	\$677.95	\$709.90
Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Manufacturer's suggested retail price published as of September 1, 1977. <i>*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.</i>				

So far, components have been considered the most sophisticated approach to high fidelity.

But now, after a lot of time, energy and solid-state technology, Pioneer is proud to introduce a compact stereo system with the features, specifications and audio quality of components.

The chart above shows you exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-priced audio store component packages. As you can see, you

come out way ahead with Centrex by Pioneer.

But if seeing isn't believing, then let your ears decide. Your Pioneer dealer is waiting.

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





Sirs:

We have this great idea for a TV panel show. It's called "Meet the Cunts," and the regular panelists are William Cuntsler, Cunt Dracula, Cuntry Joe MacDonald, and Jackie Onassis.

King Hitzig the First  
Mad Ave

Sirs:

Just a little progress report on my zany husband Gregg. Since he got back from the sanatorium, he's been staying up for three and four hours at a stretch, and he's been showing a real big interest in Chastity's Etch-A-Sketch.

Chero Bono Allman  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

The Columbia Pictures release, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, is a thrilling picture about aliens from another world who visit earth to help boost the profits of a film company that has a very unhealthy cash-flow situation. In a spectacular twenty-minute end sequence, the aliens struggle to boost the stock and pour much-needed expansion capital into the company. See the picture; buy the stock.

F. W. Finch  
Film Critic

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith

Sirs:

My parents sent me to military school to become, as Dad says, "a man." But since I've been here, I've had my buns fucked twenty-three times, which isn't my idea of becoming a man. I plan to kill my parents on Easter Sunday, after dinner. Should I use a gun and make lots of noise and go to jail, or should I do it sneaky and split the country real fast? I ask you because I assume that at least some of

you have killed a parent at one time or another.

Pvt. Robert F. W. Forester IV  
Fort Arnold  
Briarton, Maine

Sirs:

In a couple of days you will be receiving a package containing my parents. Use them in your "True Section." Their names are Jim and Ida. I don't need them back.

Waiting for My \$10

Sirs:

Ju dirty, stinking bastards of gringos' pricks! Ju see da ad in da magazine of me looking real sad and ju send to adopt me, no? I send ju back

sores in Argentina? Gaucho Marx!

Eva Peron

Sirs:

What is the difference between an SS office party in Finland and a homecoming celebration for Gore Vidal in Rome? Well, now! At one they knacker Lapps, and at the other they lap knackers.

Mick Dobbing  
Mick's Whiskey and Wood  
Spitter's Resort  
Open Bar 2  
Huseless, Texas

Sirs:

Just in case you didn't know, we've finally discovered a cure for what *Life* magazine died of. When the magazine expired, we put it in the cryogenic cylinder right next to Luce (we're still waiting on a cure for what he had), and now we're going to bring it back. After we get it defrosted, we amputate a few inches of each edge, inject a lot of *People's* format, and bango! We'll have a magazine as good as new but for the zipper in its head, three arms, and anvils for boots. See you on the coffee table, fellas.

Dr. Tax Shelter  
Time-Life Extension  
Institute  
Big Building, N. Y.

Sirs:

People out here all wear chrome yellow leisure suits/Turquoise jewelry/One-way glasses/And what look like tie-dyed catskin kneehigh boots.

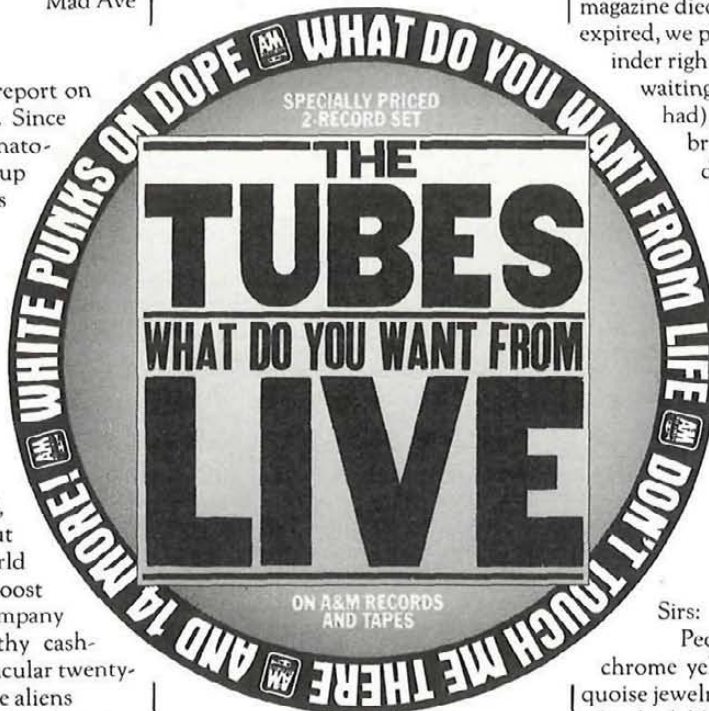
The parties out here mostly start at nine/Guests discuss each others' wens/Eat plankton planks/Alfalfa sprouts/And sip plastic cups of sour wine.

Sorry, I think my ax was a little off-key on that one, mother. Hello? Bombur, Bombur, where is my videotape machine—Hugh Hef-Hef....

Sirs:

I have been sitting here at my piano, I mean typewriter, for some time now composing a symphony, damn! I mean letter, to your magazine in which I hope to relate to your readers one of the funnier episodes that occurred while I was a student at medical, I

continued



my picture and a letter, no? What do I get? Fucking milk and soybean meal and pencils. Ju fuckers send me a TV and a Mattel Shogun Warrior real fast.

Diaz Ruiz

c/o Neediest Little Brown People Fund  
Lancaster, Ohio

Sirs:

I got La Machine for Christmas. Two days later I cut off La Finger in the fucking thing.

Craig Claiborne  
c/o The Food Section  
*The Times*

Sirs:

Do you know what we call saddle

## LETTERS

continued

mean truck driving school. In any case, I was pursuing my way, a difficult endeavor calling for speed, agility, and special pink pills to help coordinate the two, when I was slapped on the side of the head by a wrecking ball, I mean a bee, and have not been the same, I mean any different, since. What, if anything, should I do, I mean not do?

Mike Schuyler  
University of Heidelberg  
I mean Indiana

Sirs:

I noticed through my glasses that the last two letters in your magazine appear to be from people suffering from a mental illness. With your permission, I would like to attempt to treat them right here in this column. Lie down here on top of this paragraph, Mr. Schuyler. Now, I'm just going to attach these electrodes, I mean receptors, to your testicles, I mean arms. Now hang on. Very good. (Pulls large science fiction-type switch—blacks out column briefly.)

I am pleased to report that Mr. Schuyler has been completely cured by a simple application of household current. Incidentally, he can now do a near-perfect impression of a cash register—i.e., eyes able to change color, shoots jaw out to resemble cash drawer, makes your change out of his teeth. As for the other poor bumble-brain, he appears to have escaped in the dark. If he returns, I shall remain on call elsewhere in the magazine.

Otto Booger, Ph.D.  
NatLamp Staff  
Mental Hygiene Officer

Brothers:

We all, like, tried the Pepsi challenge out here, too, and really, we all preferred hash oil.

Big Wave Dave  
La Joya, Calif.

Sirs:

Don't you sometimes think capitalism and communism are much like the proverbial husband and wife that grow to resemble each other? And, too, they're always accusing each other of favoring some children above others. All the kids, the third world countries, are trying to kill the father country and fuck the mother country and engage in various sibling rivalries—well, you see how far you can extend this useful analogy. I've got to get going before Otto Booger arrives.

Rev. Carl Shorts  
Stilton Breath, Pa.

**Get it together with Arandas.**

When it's fun-and-games time, Arandas Tequila really gets it together. With juice. With tonic. With you-name-it. And now with a new booklet. It's full of fun games and fun Tequila recipes, and it's yours for the asking. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And try The Arandas Salty Dog. Pour 1½ oz Arandas Tequila (white or Oro) and 4 oz. grapefruit juice over ice in a salt-rimmed glass. Stir.

**The tequila that can.**

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Sirs:

Fellows, in response to your question, I can't tell you who wrote the book of love (it may have been Steve Dunleavy), but Rupert Murdoch published it in 1961 to kick off the decade and give his slimy tabloids something to write about. Sort of the Randolph Hearst of our generation.

Naseer Smec  
Curator, Museum of Visual Coercion  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Ghana:

Our records show that you are behind in your national debt pay-

ments. This is your third warning.

We're sure we don't have to explain to you how valuable a thing your credit rating is, particularly to the people who collect the interest. Remember, your credit is a privilege—not a right. You have ten days to make a payment on your account. Alternatively, we shall turn it over to the Strategic Air Command for collection.

U.S. Government

Sirs:

We tried that Pepsi challenge, too, and we all prefer heroin.

All the Negroes in Harlem

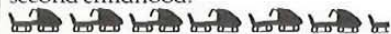
## CANADIAN CORNER

continued from page 10

nist and *National Lampoon* contributor MacKenzie Porter, Zink is well-known for his regular newspaper column in which he drolly mimics the demented raving of a scoutmaster suffering from varicose brains. A great satirical writer in the tradition of Rabelais, Swift, and Ayn Rand.



**Frye, Northrup** (1912- ) Canada's leading literary critic, Northrop Frye is indisputably one of the most talented Northrop Fries writing literary criticism in Canada today. His books are generally accorded more respect than Latin American heads of state. Gibbering legions of scribes dance like so many enchanted field mice across the clefs of his monumental critical symphony. Frye by now has devoted as much time to the life and work of William Blake (hypoglycemic English poet) as Blake himself, and can, upon cue from a CBC engineer, delve into the boundless root cellar of his memory to recite in either direction from *Finnegan's Wake* for the duration of the listener. If this man's thoughts were sent down a conveyor belt, sprayed with vitamins, and packaged, they would suffice to nourish ten trestles of Oxford dons until the pound is worth more than a pipe, a pint, and a yeasty fart. After a couple more big fat books, "Norry" plans to knock off thinking and engage Margaret Atwood to mother him in his second childhood.



**McLuhan, Marshall** (1911- ) From his humble grass roots beginning as a college teacher who accidentally noted a correlation between Olga underwear ads and salivation, McLuhan briefly altered the putative minds of a generation as well as the rear pockets of their jeans, carefully retailed to receive the paperback editions of his works. He remains popular with fans of Jerry Lewis, Ernie Kovacs, and *Les Cahiers de Mickey*, and his books can still be found ruminating on bookshelves between the *Joy of Sex* and the collected maundering of Alan Watts, or soaking up water under geranium pots in the windows of graduate students. His intellectual activities resulted in such a vast wave of name-changing that he is now the only McLuhan listed anywhere in North American phone books. Living as an involuntary recluse, McLuhan's sole contact

with the planet Mogdar is through his frequent dinner guests, M. and Mme. Atomic Mole.



**Callahan, Morely** (1903- ) Callahan's reputation rests largely upon his memoir of Paris in the twenties, *That Summer in Paris*, which can almost be put on a par with a considerably more talented Canadian author's memories of the same period (see Glassco, John). The other foundation of Callahan's repute is a trio of endorsements from Edmund Wilson, Ernest Hemingway, and James Joyce. As for Wilson, who could trust a man known to Unity Mitford as "Bunny"? Hemingway thought Knut Hamsun was a genius, and with all respect to Joyce, who could take one Irishman's word about another?



**Fullford, Robert** (1932- ) Editor of *Saturday Night* magazine, the house organ of Canadian nationalism, Bob frequently accepts his own unsolicited manuscripts and large contributions from American oil corporations.



**Reaney, James** (1926- ) The Beatrix Potter of Canadian letters, the young James Reaney wrote precocious poems and tales of quaint moonlit

bludgeon-slayings and fetus-smuggling among the mentally deficient rustics of his native southern Ontario. Jamie achieved public acclaim with his trilogy of plays about the Black Donnellys, in which the horse garrottings, barn burnings, field saltings, cow hangings, and pig lynchings of these vile bog-Irish immigrants, driven to a blood frenzy like a rattled cage of stoats by the mud and woodpiled sameness of Biddulph County, are theatrically presented with all the insouciant charm of infants playing at roll-a-hoop in a botanical garden.



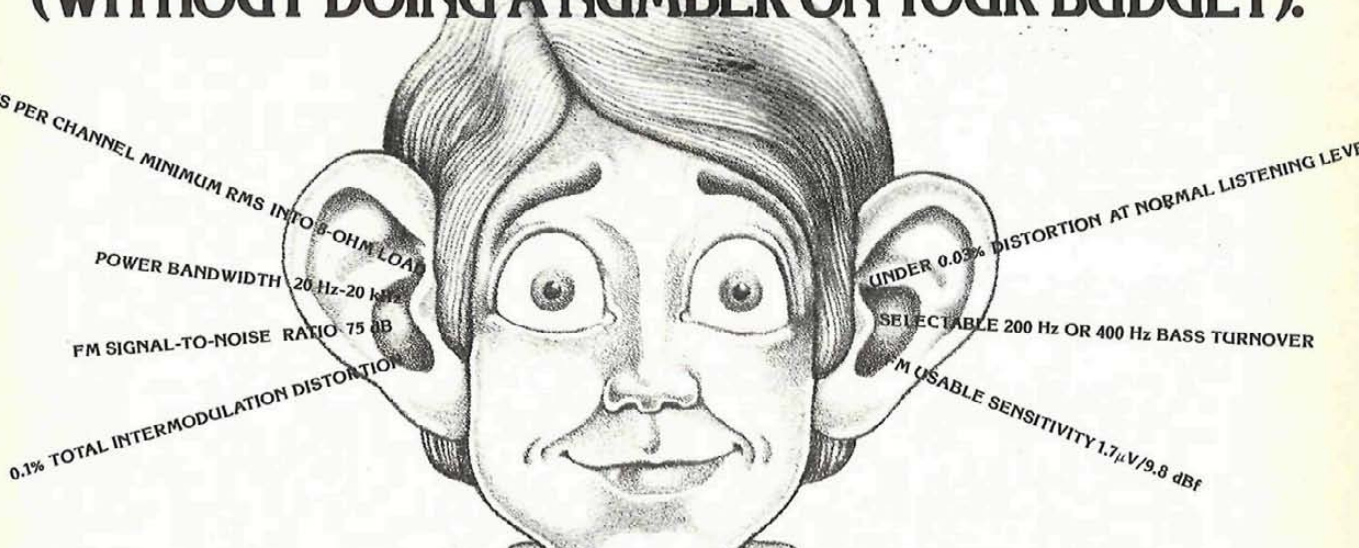
**Herbert, John** (1926- ) English Canada's most talented female impersonator (see Trembley, Michel), playwright Herbert's justly renowned *Fortune and Men's Eyes* was translated into ten languages and performed in more than thirty countries (understandably enjoying its longest run in Turkey in a translation by James Baldwin) before being produced in Canada in 1975. Herbert has been long engaged in acrimonious contention with Urjo Kareda, a Canadian registered theater critic of considerable tonnage and displacement. Herbert scored his greatest victory over the cholesterol-laden supertanker one summer evening when he spotted

continued on page 26





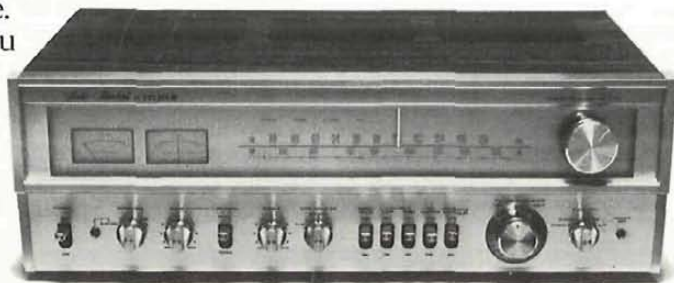
# THE FISHER RS1056: IT'LL DO SOME NUMBERS ON YOUR EARS (WITHOUT DOING A NUMBER ON YOUR BUDGET).



You can't have great stereo without great numbers...or "specs." And the new Fisher RS1056 has the best set of numbers in its class. Which shouldn't surprise you, when you remember that Fisher is the company that invented high fidelity 40 years ago and gave the world the first stereo receiver back in 1959.

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1. To enter the "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEPSTAKES, print your name, address and zip code, and mail entry to: "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2386, Hillside, New Jersey 07205. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately.

2. Each entry must include one (1) bottom flap from a NEWPORT cigarette pack, or the word "NEWPORT", printed on a 3 x 5 piece of paper. To be eligible, all entries must be received by the judging organization on or before June 30, 1978. No purchase is necessary.

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3. NO SUBSTITUTIONS FOR THESE PRIZES. Trip must be taken by December 31, 1978. All trips subject to available space, and airfare will be paid only for the trip between Club Med gateway cities and the particular Club Med location chosen.

4. All prize winners will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. Only one prize to a household. P. J. Laitmon Associates is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All winners will be notified by mail. For a list of prize winners and judges' statements explaining the methods used in determining entitlements to prizes, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEPSTAKES Winners' List, P.O. Box 2386, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.

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6. SWEEPSTAKES OPEN ONLY TO RESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES WHO ARE AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE. Employees of Lorillard/Loews Corporation, affiliated companies, advertising agencies, P. J. Laitmon Associates, and their families, are not eligible. Void wherever prohibited, restricted, or taxed. All federal, state and local laws apply.

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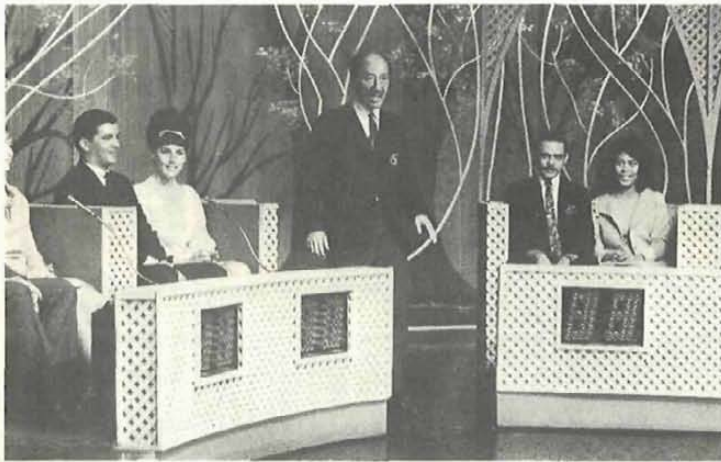
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# NBC, CBS: \$\$\$\$ TO PLO



Anwar el-Sadat hosts the Liars' Club weekday mornings.

Highly-placed sources in the U.S. intelligence community revealed today that the two minor networks (CBS and NBC) have been secretly funneling money to the PLO in an attempt to stall the Mideast peace talks.

When asked for an explanation, a not-for-attribution source at the networks said, "We must keep Sadat on the air twenty-four hours a day if we ever hope to top ABC in the ratings."

Since the initiation of face-to-face talks between the Egyptians and Israelis, the genial Egyptian president has domi-

nated programming on the two failing networks, with a resultant rise in the Nielsens.

CBS already has plans for a fall season featuring Sadat in a number of shows, starting out with "A.M. Anwar" at 9:00 every weekday morning. "Bowling for Occupied Territories" and "The Twenty-five Thousand

Petrodollar Pyramid," both emceed by Sadat, will "surely give ABC a run for its money in the game show slot," observed a CBS veep. Also in the works is a made-for-TV movie featuring Sadat and Ernest Borgnine, entitled *Mahdi*.

The "all Sadat—all the time" programming effort will conclude with a crime thriller featuring Sadat in the leading role of a balding New York detective of eastern Mediterranean origin, called "Koran."



**INSIDE**  
Suzanne Somers says,  
"Farrah who?"

# Carter to Prey: Tedium

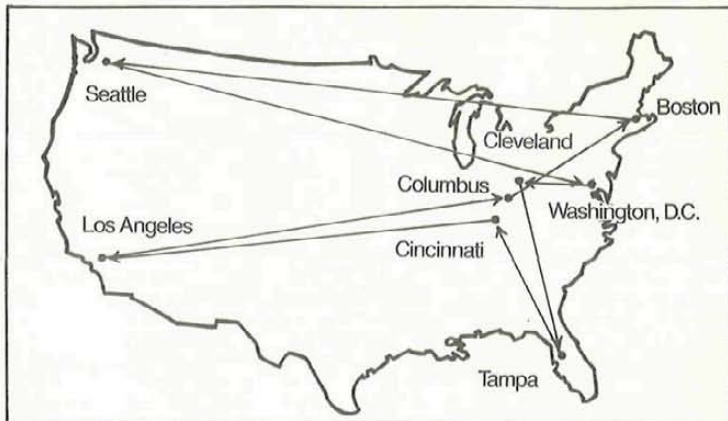
The same technique used in President Carter's recent seven-nation tour will be employed in a seven-city domestic tour later this month, the White House announced today. Press Secretary Jody Powell stated, "The president's strategy was to promote world peace by systematically delivering speeches so boring, platitudinous, and colorless that their effect would be to put many national leaders and whole houses of parliament to sleep for the remainder of his first four years in office."

"Despite the fact that this proved only partially effective, the president now plans to silence his critics here at home the same way. Naturally, we expect better results than those of his international campaign, since here there will be no language problem. The full tediousness and banality of the president's speeches will be appreciated directly by the listener, without the aid of a translator."

The itinerary of the tour was released, together with a flight schedule that drew some words of criticism from several members of the press. Mr. Powell was quick to reply by pointing out that the order in which the president would fly to the various cities on his schedule was carefully worked out. "The crucial advantages

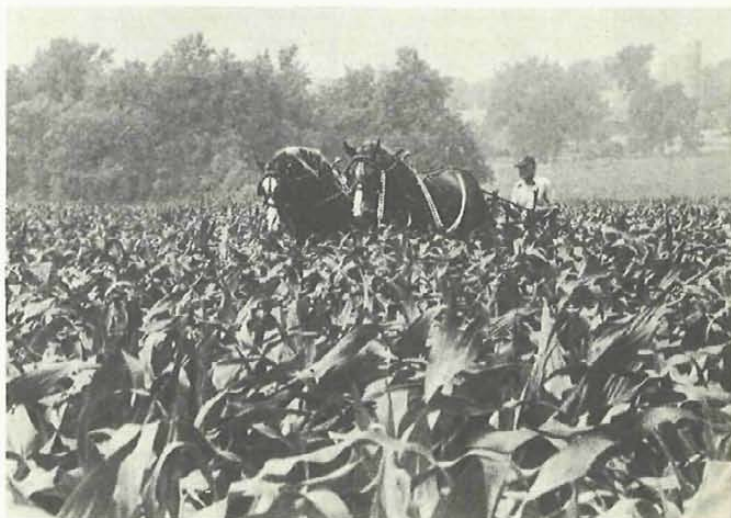
of the plan as it appears before you are twofold. One, it enables the president's jet to take full advantage of the prevailing jet streams and trade winds currently blowing through the upper atmosphere. This will result in a greater efficiency of fuel consumption.

"More important, it enables the president to rack up thousands of miles in a hurry, and so qualify for the Ambassador's Club privileges offered by TWA. These include members' rights at all Ambassador lounges in major airports around the world, preferred treatment on crowded flights, free complimentary cocktails in the event of flight delays, and that nifty little red, white, and blue plastic tag you get to put on your luggage."



President Carter's scheduled tour will take him to seven American cities, and allow him to fly very low over five others.

## Farmers Urge Consumers to Aid Strike



Washington—Striking farmers of the American Agriculture movement called upon the American people to support their strike, which has not had any noticeable effect upon food supplies or the economy. Consumers were asked to boycott supermarkets and restaurants. "The only way we're going to get higher food prices is if the people of this country stop eating for a few days," an American Agriculture spokesman said. "We're just a bunch of hayseeds, dumb as hell, and we don't know beans about striking."

## Indian Air Disaster Blamed on Cows

Dehli—Indian aviation investigators have determined that the crash of an Indian 747 in the Indian Ocean recently was caused by cows. The cows, which are sacred in India, were crowded into the first class section of the plane. The excess weight forced the nose of the plane down. The pilot was unable to regain control of the plane after it took off. Nearly 300 people died in the mishap.

National Lampoon's first film...

# ANIMAL HOUSE

...written by NatLamp writers Doug Kenney, Chris Miller, and Harold Ramis and directed by John Landis (*Kentucky Fried Movie*) has finished production. The Universal picture stars John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce, Donald Sutherland as "Jennings," and 163,000 other very funny people. Reporters on the closed set have leaked out these advance reactions: the roast beef was good, the mashed potatoes were cold, and the strawberry shortcake was great!



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

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

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



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

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DE

# Transcripts Shed Light on New Polish Joke— Carter's Boner

With the release this week of the Polish and English transcripts of President Carter's speech to the Polish people, it has become possible to fully reconstruct the event that caused such a stir during the president's recent foreign trip. A close reading of the texts does much to explain both the hilarity and embarrassment caused by the mistranslation of Carter's remarks in Warsaw.

The young American assigned to translate for the president in Warsaw, twenty-five-year-old Don Adamson, found himself the subject of a good deal of ribbing from the press after he translated Carter's informal remark at the airport, "I am pleased to be surrounded by Poles (*Poleskis*)" as, "I am pleased to be surrounded by *fiendish sodomists (Polanskis)*." But the worst was yet to come.

It was in the translation of the formal speech, drafts of which were available for some hours previous to the presentation, that translator Adamson encountered real difficulty. The first major slipup occurred when Carter's line, "I feel great affection for the Polish people, particularly the blond schoolboys with their cruel little mouths and small rubbery buttocks," was translated as, "I feel great *lust* for the Polish, etc."

Only a few moments later, the hesitant titlers were to grow considerably in volume. Carter said, speaking of the invasion of Poland during the last war, "The brutal shaft of Hitler's stormtroopers thrust into

Dame Poland, penetrating her feeble defenses and driving, etc." The unfortunate Adamson cast quite a different light on Carter's well-intentioned words by translating, "The brutal shaft of Hitler's diminutive hairless rodent thrust, etc." The audience responded with gales of laughter at the unwitting double entendre.

Things, however, were soon to go from bad to worse, as Carter launched into an admittedly complex metaphor about detente. Adamson's translation to the audience of dignitaries and prominent citizens reads: "I see a day when our countries can take off their protective armor and lie down in peace together. I see Poland with America on one side and Russia on the other, embracing each in turn with trust and cheap souvenirs for prolonging ejaculation in tropical climates." What Carter said, in English, was, "I see a day when...our countries will then lie down naked and embrace each other in a mutually cooperative way, each in turn satisfying its needs in a climate of mutual cooperation."

At this point the translator appears to have become panicked by the response of the audience, which ranged from perplexed silence to gales of laughter. It seems, in retrospect, that he abandoned all hopes of following the president's words and launched into an ill-advised monologue that bore little relation to anything being said. As a grave Carter spoke in somber tones about the current state of non-proliferation talks between the major powers,

Adamson translated thus: "Let me say this on the subject of nuclear disaster and girls' panties, in particular the way the soft cotton can be observed to form a small cleft between the perfectly rounded cheeks of the arse. Many citizens and national states have indulged in the joyous practice of self-arousal, and I myself, as president of my great nation, have often enjoyed sessions of almost unbelievably exciting manipulation with the daughter of one of my senior cab-

inet members, a delightful fourteen-year-old, whose down-covered mound and rubbery brown nipples excite me even now. If in the future the Polish people as a whole should become acquainted with this well-spoken young lady, I feel sure she would thrill and amuse all with her unusually protuberant pleasure button and commendable enthusiasm for even the most extraordinary of the amorous arts. Thank you, Mr. President, honorable members, etc."

As a confused Carter waved from the podium, the audience seemed about equally divided between those who stared numbly ahead in amazement and shock, and others who abandoned all pretense of politeness and in some cases literally fell to the floor, screaming with laughter. Neither the State Department nor Secretary Vance were willing to comment on the incident.

## Study Reveals— Men in Prison Masturbate Frequently

Ann Arbor, Michigan—A University of Michigan study has revealed that men in prison masturbate on the average of one to three times per week, with many masturbating up to six times per week.

It had long been believed that prison inmates masturbated, but no firm evidence was available. The study was conducted over a three-year period and involved close observation of 5,000 prisoners through-

out the country. The men did not know they were being observed and, in many cases, filmed and recorded. The study also revealed that most men studied photographs of nude women during the act and used their hands

as the primary element of stimulation. Discharge was cleaned up with tissue and flushed down the toilet. The most common time period for this activity was in late evening.

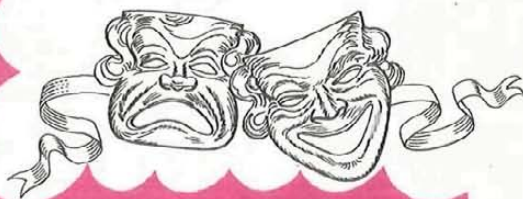
A similar University of Michigan study is already underway to determine whether or not masturbation is as common in prep schools as it is in prisons.

BEHIND



## THE MOVIE

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



## THE SHOW

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

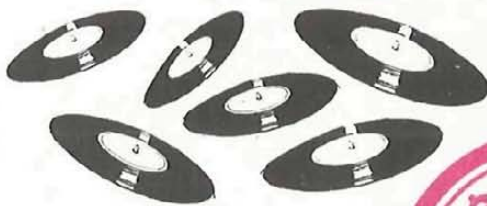
## THE PAPERBACKS

A slew of new ones coming up from New American Library



## THE ALBUM

Same name as the show, from Label 21



## THE RADIO SHOW

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200 stations in the U.S. and Canada



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# The Bird and the Bees



Working in her "apiary without walls," Stanford entomologist Monique has developed a new bee screen to protect her ass.

# Bigfoot Bagged

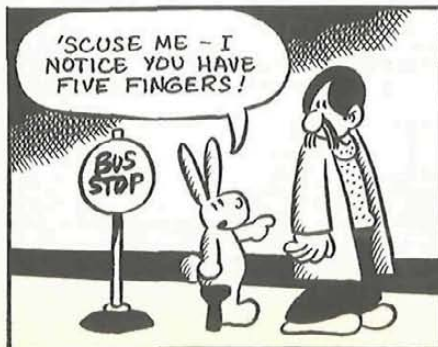
The first bigfoot ever captured was taken last night by hunters in the forests of northern Wisconsin. The large, hairy, manlike creature, whose kind has heretofore eluded humans, was finally snared in a trap consisting of a pair of enormous shoes lined with glue. The hunters took the bigfoot alive in hopes of selling it to a zoo or football team. Upon subduing the struggling beast, however, the captors discovered that it was actually former vice president Spiro Agnew in disguise. Mr. Agnew's first words upon discovery were reportedly, "Damn! Caught again."

Mr. Agnew confessed that he has been a sometime bigfoot ever since resigning the vice presidency. "No more nattering nabobs for me," he said, "only the feral effusions of field and forest." Bigfeet, he disclosed, are all retired or ostensibly dead politicians who have taken to the woods. "Just because we're out of the public eye doesn't mean we're gone," he asserted. "I know for a fact that Dwight D. Eisenhower is out there somewhere."

## Slippers and Pipe Prove Existence of God

Milan, Italy—A Milan archaeologist announced that he has uncovered a pipe and slippers that he believes belonged to God. No details were given.

**FUNNY**





# LIFT THIS BAG! (It Carries a Lot of Weight)

## THE SURPRISING NEW CRAWDADDY

Other magazines cover music, sports, news, politics, popular culture and the mass media, but *none* so authoritatively as CRAWDADDY. Instead of rehashing the 11 o'clock news or rewriting press releases, we look for the unheard of, the unexpected and the incredible in whatever we encounter. We have created our share of sensations. And we've been quoted by major newspapers and magazines all over the country. That's because we dig deeper, try harder, and work like hell to bring you features and interviews you just won't find in other magazines.

## HARD-HITTING AND HEAVY

War correspondent Michael Herr turned a shameful nightmare into a journalistic triumph by writing *Dispatches*, which *The New York Times* calls "Quite simply, the best book to have been written about the Vietnam War. It's as if Dante had gone to hell with a cassette recording of Jimi Hendrix and a pocketful of pills: our first rock 'n roll war, stoned murder." CRAWDADDY editors recognized a new conflict erupting in the concert arena and sent Michael Herr on another successful assignment: surviving the violence of the rock 'n roll battlefield.

## INTIMATE JOURNALISM

CRAWDADDY got behind the court victories of the world's No. 1 tennis player, Bjorn Borg, and revealed the fire within the Iceman. We lived with the 21-year-old champion for a week to bring you the most human and instructive sports profile possible.

"I hate the trip that's put on women in rock 'n roll," said Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac. "I'm so afraid they'll think I'm a glorified groupie. . . . For two hours onstage I have all that energy, afterwards I'm a basket case," confided the lead singer of the hottest band in the world in another CRAWDADDY closeup.

Best selling novelist Tom Robbins made *Cowgirls* into campus heroines. CRAWDADDY captured the reclusive Robbins for his first in-depth interview: "A long time ago I committed myself to making magic

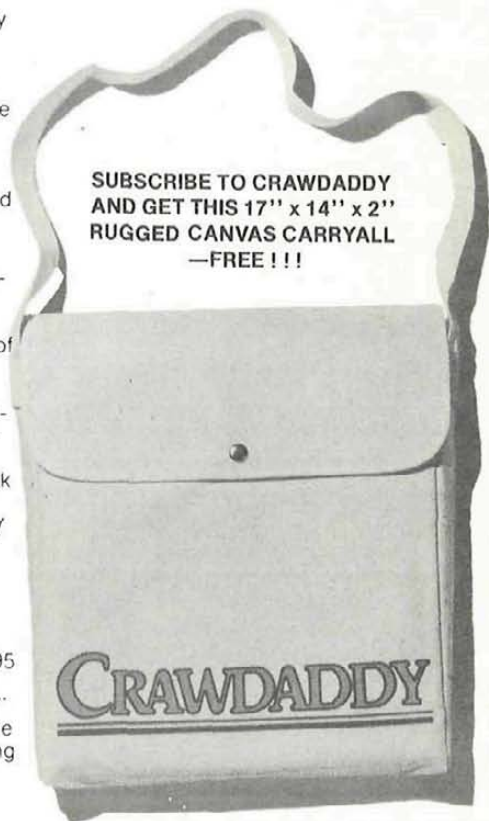
in my life and I signed this imaginary contract to lead a life of enchantment."

CRAWDADDY has also focused on the travails and triumphs of Diane Keaton, Miguel Pinero, Carly and Paul Simon, Steve Martin, the Eagles, Randy Newman, the Not-Ready-For-Prime-Time Players, and many, many others.

## BEHIND THE ISSUES

CRAWDADDY has covered international corporate crime, told how the CIA grounded UFOs through a widespread clandestine campaign of mass psychology and debunking, disclosed how American Indians have been abused by the U.S. criminal justice system, and gave the inside story of how a 15-year-old Miami boy religiously watched Kojak and Baretta and then starred in his own murderous police story. Did TV program him to kill? CRAWDADDY got the answers.

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D118

# Denver Dead Again



Pop singer John Denver revealed today that his membership in an evangelical sect of "dead again" Christians has transformed his life and inspired his career. "I've been dead since birth," admitted Denver. "but I didn't realize it. It was only when I found true religion that my eyes were really closed and my mind could fall asleep."

Denver says the transformation occurred one morning when he saw

the face of God in his bowl of strawberry yogurt. Soon afterwards he joined the Church of the Ineffable Stupor, an order of evangelical zombies, and began proselytizing through his songs and personal appearances. "Life is painful, unfair, and generally icky," Denver points out. "But afterwards, there is the sweet serenity of eternal death. Death is simple, genuine, and whole," exults Denver. "Death is truly laid back."

## Highlights of the Month

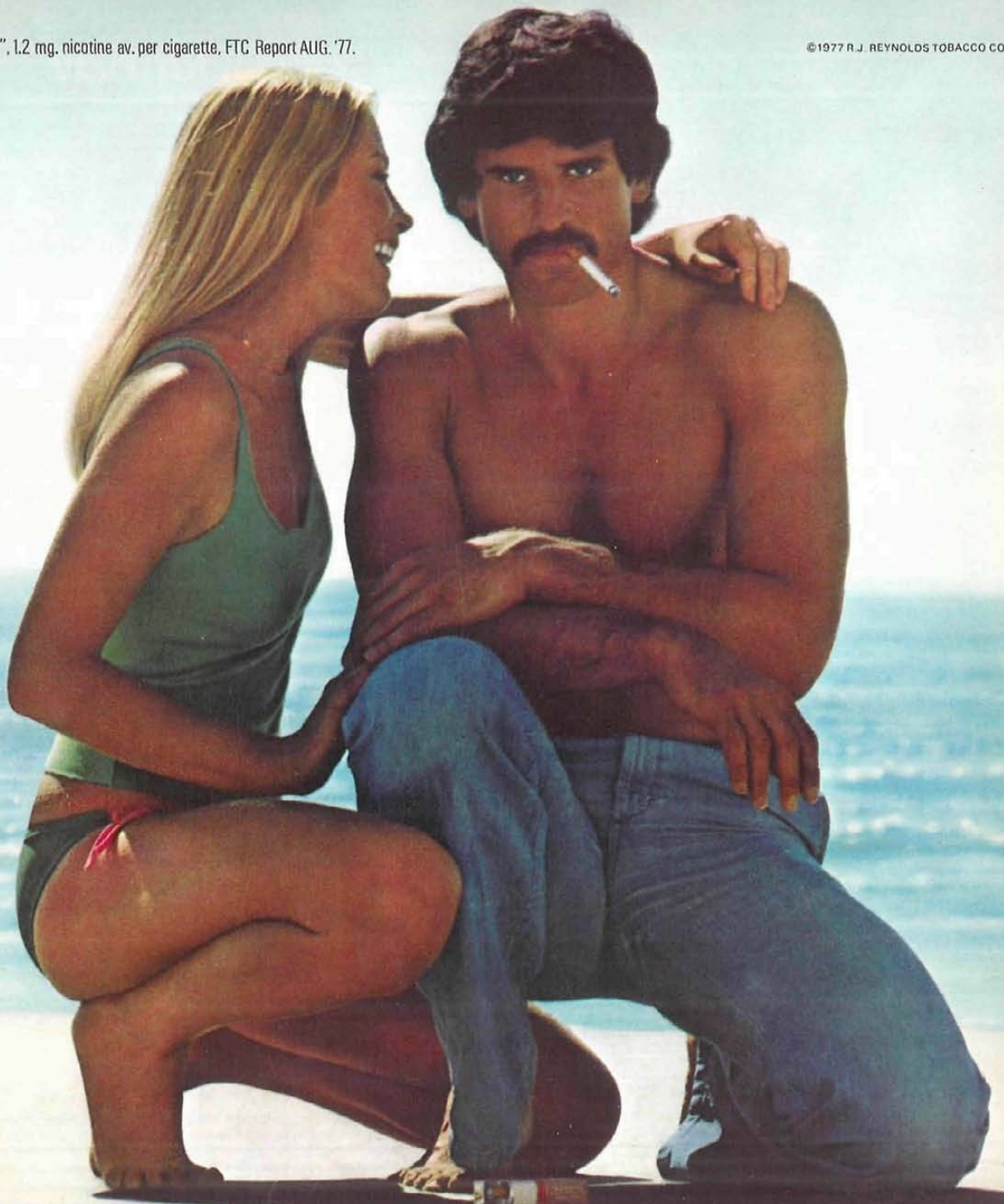
- March 6**  
8:00 P.M. **CBS. CHIT CHAT.** Sander Vanocur, Lee Radziwill, Shana Alexander, and Anson Williams discuss the course of involvement the U.S. would have taken in the Mideast if Freddie Prinze had lived.
- March 10**  
8:30 P.M. **ABC. I'LL GET YOU, BABE.** Chastity plays a joke on Gregg when she puts Ajax in his syringe.
- March 13**  
10:00 P.M. **PBS. WAR AND ZITS.** Alistair Cooke narrates this award-winning series about World War II and its ramifications on the science of dermatology.
- March 14**  
9:00 P.M. **CBS. VALIUM SHOWCASE.** Perry Como, George Gobel, and Cheryl Ladd star in a remake of the 1963 classic, Palm Springs Weekend.
- March 18**  
9:30 P.M. **NBC. NEITHER RAIN NOR SLEET.** A postal clerk flirts with danger when he knowingly back-postmarks his tax returns. Roy Clark, Abby Dalton.
- March 21**  
8:00 P.M. **ABC. SUPERNIGHT AT THE UNITED NATIONS.** Musical salute to the General Assembly on the eve of its reconvention. Guests include Florence Henderson, the New Christy Minstrels, Andy Williams, Stanley Siegel, Joe Namath, and Steve and Idi Amin.
- March 26**  
8:30 P.M. **CBS. MR. WISE GUY.** Jack Carter stars in this series about the life and times of Lenny Bruce. Tonight, Lenny brings home his parole officer for dinner, and Honey burns the roast.
- March 29**  
9:30 P.M. **ABC. GIVE ME A HAND.** A family of Vietnam refugees move next door to a paraplegic war veteran, and sparks fly. Gary Lockwood, Key Luke.

## GOOBERS featuring BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN



18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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# One of a kind.

Where others rush through life, he knows when to reflect. To enjoy. He smokes for pleasure and satisfaction. He gets both from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters. Do you?

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



## CANADIAN CORNER

continued from page 14

Kareda's twin poodles watering the lawn outside his apartment window while their master idled innocently at the end of a leash like a sweat-splattered barrage balloon. From his hiding place behind a curtain, the playwright loosed a torrent of vitriolic reproof couched in a high-pitched widow's whine. The terrified critic scooped his curs into the mottled folds of his bosom, and, with their nozzles still spurting across his tentlike bermudas, beat a thunderous retreat. Later, in one of the few documented instances of poetic justice in human history, Herbert received the Chalmers award for the best Canadian play, while almost simultaneously, Kareda's car crumpled around its massive occupant, shattering bones most people presumed did not exist.



**Woodcock, George (1912- )**  
Canada's second most prolific double-dome (see Frye, Northrop), mild-mannered anarchist Woodcock has written at length on a variety of subjects ranging from Oscar Wilde to doukhobors. During the Second World War, George's conscience courageously adopted a coward's position, refusing to fight but vowing to continue thinking. George is normal under most circumstances.



**Society of Jesus (1534- )** Best known for their seventy-three-volume history of New France, charting their society's "relations" with the indigenous savages. The good fathers' attempts to introduce the red man to the mysteries of transubstantiation and crucifixion resulted in a confusion which often saw the soldiers of Christ subjected to similar tortures and devourings—without, however, enjoying the miraculous benefits of resurrection.



**Templeton, Charles (1915- )**  
Currently working as a broadcaster on CBC television, Templeton frequently writes articles which detail the mysteries surrounding the creation of his Canadian novels, the latest of which, *Act of God*, has been serialized in *Key to Toronto*, the house organ of the Delta hotel chain. Templeton, a former Canadian evangelical preacher man, concerns himself in this novel with two areas he presumably knows well; New York Irish Catholicism and Israeli archaeology.



## No matter where you're coming from, you're just a few stops from "Infinity."

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For pinpoint accuracy, it features *Electronic Tape Counting* as well as *Second Counting*. Which also can be used to determine how much time is left on the tape when recording.

A Liquid Crystal Display indicates what tape function is in operation, while the built-in quartz digital clock is tied into the timed-programming operations. For example, you can program the machine to turn itself on at a selected time, record a program from a radio or TV, then turn itself off.

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# Short hairs

A Play  
by John Weidman

## The People

**José:** A handsome, intelligent Puerto Rican in his early thirties.

**Tasticakes:** A Puerto Rican "pretty boy" in his mid-teens. He is also known as Ring Dings, Yodels, and Sara Lee's All-Butter Pound Cake.

**Taco:** A Puerto Rican drug addict in his mid-twenties.

**Hard-On:** A virile black man in his early thirties.

**Thug:** Quick-tempered leader of the black prisoners, in his early thirties.

**El Shazam:** Black man in his early twenties with a proud and regal bearing and a funny hat from Africa.

**Kevin "Spudpud" Murphy:** Rugged, streetwise Irishman in his late twenties.

**Teeny-Peeny:** A slender white man in his early twenties. His arms and legs are in casts, his head is heavily bandaged, and his chest (his shirt has been torn off) is badly bruised and bleeding.

**Laurence P. Worthington III:** An elegant young white man majoring in French literature at Princeton.

**Adolf:** A white prison guard in his late forties.

**Idi:** A black prison guard in his late forties.

**Miguel:** A Puerto Rican in his mid-thirties.

**Nonspeaking parts:** Various other prisoners—black, white, and Puerto Rican—including John Mitchell, for-

mer attorney general of the United States, and two bewildered Pakistanis.

## The Play

**Time:** Early morning; yesterday, today...tomorrow.

**Place:** The dayroom of the New York City House of Detention. Upstage right is the entrance gate from the cellblock proper. Upstage left is a gate leading out to the reception area. The room is bare except for a toilet upstage right, a television set upstage left, and a long, low table and benches downstage center. At rise, the stage is empty. Then a bell rings and the barred gate to the cellblock opens. Adolf and Idi enter and stand to either side of the open gate, and as the Prisoners enter single file and pass between them, They beat them viciously across the head and shoulders with their clubs. The Prisoners apparently expect this and raise no objections. First through the gate are the black prisoners—Hard-On, Thug, and El Shazam. They carry trays piled high with food and move immediately to the far end of the table. This is their "turf," and no one sits there but the three of them. Next come the Puerto Rican prisoners—José, Tasticakes, and Taco. They too carry trays and quickly occupy their "turf" at the near end of the table. Finally come the two white prisoners—Spudpud and

Teeny-Peeny. Teeny-Peeny cannot walk and so is dragged by Spudpud, who tosses him behind the toilet where He lies in a heap for the remainder of the play. Spudpud sits down on the toilet seat—his "turf"—and starts to eat. He takes one bite, then spits it out.

**Spudpud.** Pffft!...What is this? Fuckin' Alpo time?!

**Thug.** (To Adolf) Yeah, what the fuck you scumbags tryin' to do with this shit? Bring back the fuckin' death penalty?

(He hurls his tray across the room, where it smashes Teeny-Peeny in the face; the other Black Prisoners follow suit)

**Adolf.** Hey, Thug, don't do that, man.

**Thug.** Why not?

**Adolf.** It makes a mess, that's why. You make a mess like that again, I'll knock your teeth so far down your fuckin' throat you'll have to sit on your next meal and eat it with your asshole.

(Taco giggles; Thug turns on him)

**Thug.** You're laughin', man?

**Taco.** (Nervously) Not me... unhh-unh.

## SHORT HAIRS

continued

Thug. I'm gettin' laughed at by a motherfuckin' faggot of a Puerto Rican junkie?!

Taco. No way, man. No. See, I—  
Thug. Shee-it...

*(Thug pulls a gleaming red Swiss army knife made out of pencils and a pack of Trac II razor blades and cuts off Taco's ear. Bedlam ensues. Adolf beats on Thug, Idi beats on Spudpud, José punches Taco in the side of the head until the bleeding stops, and all the other Prisoners beat each other brutally. José tries to shout above the din)*

José. Hey! Hey, what the...cool it, man! What's with you motherfuckers?! Hey! *(Gradually things quiet down)* You guys...you act just like a bunch of fuckin' animals, you know that? Shit, you let this fuckin' dung-hole turn you into pigs! Be men! *(He makes the rounds, addressing each man personally)* Remember who you are!...Be cool!...Don't let this place destroy you, man!...Don't let it steal your soul!...Cool out, be cool!

Taco. José's right.

Hard-On. Yeah.

Tasticakes. He's real sensitive, you know?

El Shazam. Yeah, he's one real deep dude, all right.

Taco. I saw him read a book once, man. He picked it up and read it just as easy as I wipe my fuckin' ass.

Thug. He's smart, man.

Tasticakes. Yeah.

Spudpud. Too fuckin' smart.

*(Spudpud picks up the television set and brings it down on José's head. More chaos, vicious beatings, screams and broken bones. Then Idi blows his whistle and the room falls silent)*

Idi. *(An indulgent chuckle)* O.K., enough's enough. You fuckheads settle down and eat your breakfast now. Let's go.

*(Grudging mumbles of assent as the Prisoners limp and crawl back to their places)*

Hard-On. *(Looking for his tray)* Shit, man, the food's all spilled!

El Shazam. Yeah, what the fuck we gonna eat?

Taco. *(Leering at Tasticakes)* I know what's on my menu, man.

Tasticakes. Hey, Taco, I don't do that bullshit, man. I told you, I ain't stuff!<sup>1</sup>

Taco. Come on now, honeybuns, don't be like that. I'll let you have a bag of uncut Turkish heroin and half a box of Dots.

*(Taco proffers the candy and the drugs, but Tasticakes just sneers and turns away; Taco chuckles)*

Taco. Hey, Hard-On, man, let's show him how its done.

Hard-On. *(Pulling down his pants)* Break-fast is fuck-in' served!

*(Taco crosses to Hard-On and blows him. The other Prisoners and the Guards look on, ad-libbing envious, appreciative remarks. When Taco's through, He throws his head back and He smiles at Tasticakes)*

Taco. You see, man, all you gotta do is stand there like the fuckin' Chrysler

continued

1. *stuff*: Prison slang for homosexual, apparently derived from the similarity between the way the prisoners perform the sex act and the way Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scores baskets.







## SHORT HAIRS

continued

Building. You don't gotta do a fuckin' thing.

Hard-On. That's right, man.

Thug. Yeah.

El Shazam. There's nothing to it.

*(This line of encouragement continues as the Prisoners and the Guards close in on Tasticakes, who pulls out a machete fashioned from a tube of toothpaste and an old tin cup and gets set to defend himself. Just as He starts to raise the blade, José pushes off the TV set and stumbles to his feet)*

José. *(Groggily)* Hey, what the fuck is with you guys?! You came in here as men and now you're acting like a pack of fuckin' dogs! Don't let this shit-house beat you, man! Don't let it—

*(José is interrupted by Thug, who picks him up and runs his head into the concrete wall. Immediately, the room erupts into a melée, this time more sexual than violent. Prisoners and Guards tear wildly at each other's clothes, and soon the only men who aren't participating in some act of sodomy, fellatio, or anal intercourse are José, passed out cold against the wall, and Teeny-Peeny, still collapsed behind the toilet. At the height of the excitement a high-pitched voice is heard from offstage left. The voice is singing, and as first one Prisoner, then another hears it, He falls silent and begins to put his clothes on)*

Hard-On. Hey, Thug, you hear that singin'?

Thug. Sure I do. Man, Pipes is back!

Taco. That's bullshit, man. Pipes's mamma sprung him outta here on bail.

Thug. I'll spring your fuckin' heart right out your chest, you piece of shit... you tellin' me I don't know Pipes's voice?!

Taco. Hey, take it easy, man. Don't go get all leaped up.<sup>2</sup>

*(Hard-On pulls out a target pistol made from old strips of linoleum and half a hairbrush.*

2. leaped up: Prison slang for angry, as in: "When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt became leaped up."

He is closing in on Taco when the gate to the reception area slides open and Two Guards hurl Pipes into the room. Pipes is singing when He enters—something from an early Otis Redding album—and He only stops when He lands face first on the table in a spray of blood and teeth. Pipes is a black man who looks very much like either Donny Hathaway or Barry White, depending on who is available. He and El Shazam slap hands)

El Shazam. Hey, brother, welcome back.

Pipes. *(Spitting out two left rear molars; smiling)* What's happenin', Prince of Peace?

Thug. Hey, Pipes, we figured you were gone, man. What you doin' back inside?

Pipes. I killed a cop, man. *(Whistles, mumbles, ad-libbed reactions)* I caught the motherfucker tryin' to ticket me for double-parking down behind the drug drop where I stash my stolen cars.

Thug. *(Smashing his fist down on the table)* Motherfuckin' pigs!

Hard-On. Hey, man, be cool.

Thug. *(Ignoring him, crashing a bench against the wall)* Those goddamn motherfuckin' pigs!!

Hard-On. Hey, man, be cool.

Thug. *(Ignoring him, crashing a bench against the wall)* Those goddamn motherfuckin' pigs!!

Hard-On. Hey, take it easy....*(Thug rips off one of Teeny-Peeny's arms and beats him savagely across the face with it)* Hey, Pipes, how 'bout a song to cool this fucker down?

*(Cries of encouragement from the other Prisoners. Pipes grins and starts to tap his foot as Taco flips a garbage can and beats it like a drum. From underneath the table Tasticakes pulls out a bass made from an old cigar box and a mop. Hard-On reaches in his shirt and comes up with a tenor sax carved from a bar of soap, while El Shazam rolls on a baby grand piano made from old back issues of the National Geographic. They start to play)*

Pipes. *(Singing)*

Hey, brother...

Hey, sister...

Hey, listen to the shit that's comin' down.

These prison walls will crush your balls,

They've got me by the hairs.

Short hairs.

Short hairs.

Outside some bro' plays fullback for the Bears,

But when you're on the inside no one cares.

Short hairs.

Short hairs.

Hey, mamma...

Hey, pappa...

Hey, listen to the shit that's comin' down.

So-ci-e-ty just pukes on me,

It's got me by the hairs.

Short hairs.

Short hairs.

What must I do to make the world awares?

Shoot up its asshole flaming signal flares?

Short hairs.

Short hairs.

Hey, brother...

Hey, sis—

*(Pipes is interrupted by Spud-pud, who pulls the toilet off the wall and hurls it across the room, knocking Pipes spread-eagled back across the table)*

Spud-pud. You call that jungle bullshit music, man?! You think I'm gonna stand here listenin' to that Congo slop when I grew up with Dennis Day and Carmel fuckin' Quinn?! *(He spits viciously at Pipes)* No fuckin' way, man! Up your ass with that shit!

*(Pipes doesn't move, but Thug and Hard-On slowly rise and set themselves for trouble. El Shazam steps up to Spud-pud and stares him in the eye; quietly)*

El Shazam. Do not touch him, brothers. Do not soil your princely fists upon this pork-smear'd piece of shit.... Observe him, though. And listen to his words...the words of Yacoub,<sup>3</sup> white-skinned, blue-eyed devil of the toilet underworld he calls America. His twisted mind and rotting body cannot move to the natural rhythms of the sainted black man's ever-widening universe. His cursed and stinking soul has had its day of

continued on page 70

3. Yacoub: Prison slang for white man, or honky; also high school graduate.

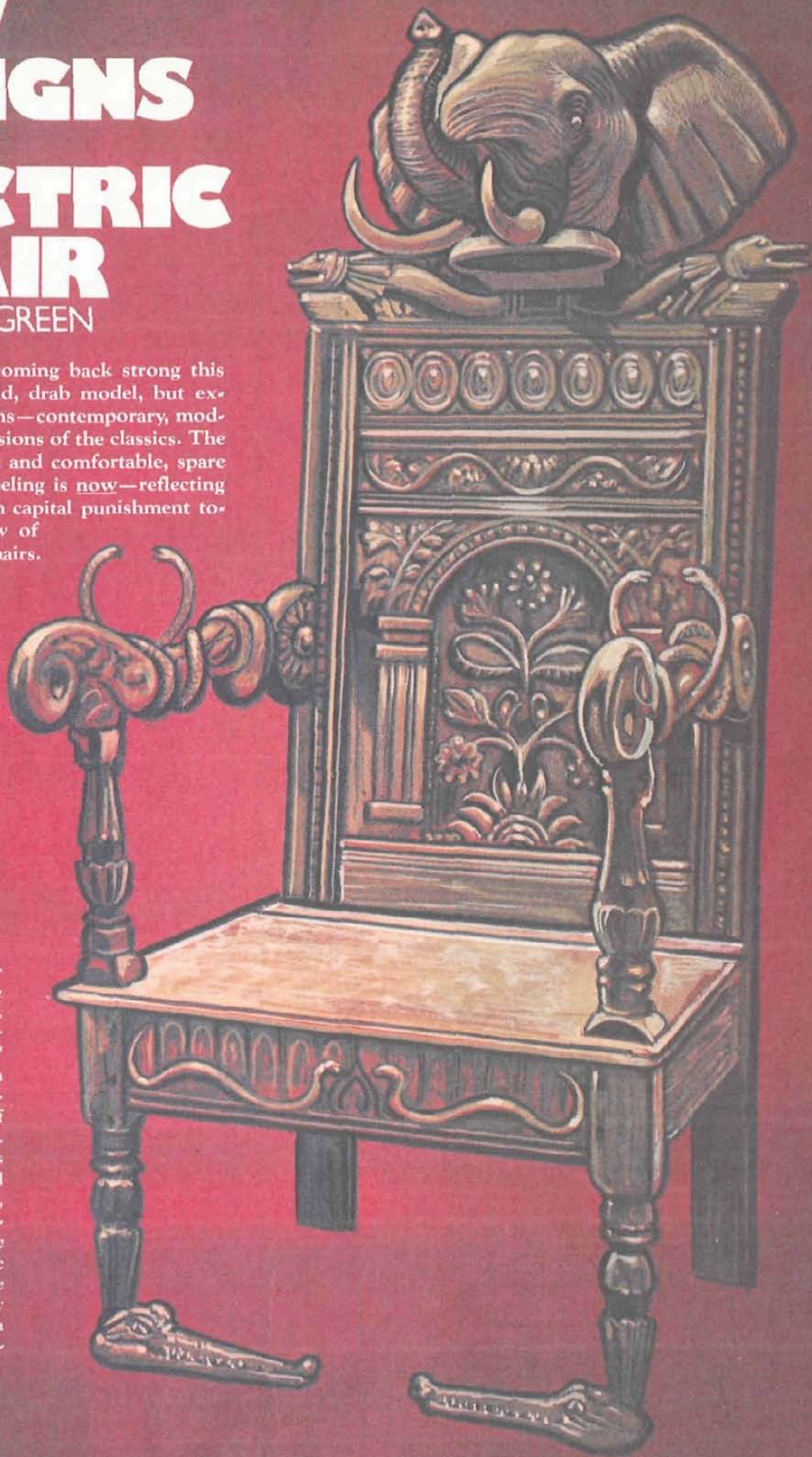
# NEW DESIGNS FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

BY ROBERT L. GREEN

**T**HE CHAIR is coming back strong this year. Not the old, drab model, but exciting new designs—contemporary, modern, and brilliant revisions of the classics. The look is eclectic—soft and comfortable, spare and dramatic. The feeling is now—reflecting the bold new ideas in capital punishment today. Here's a preview of some of the latest chairs.

## THE VICTORIAN GOLDEN OAK CHAIR

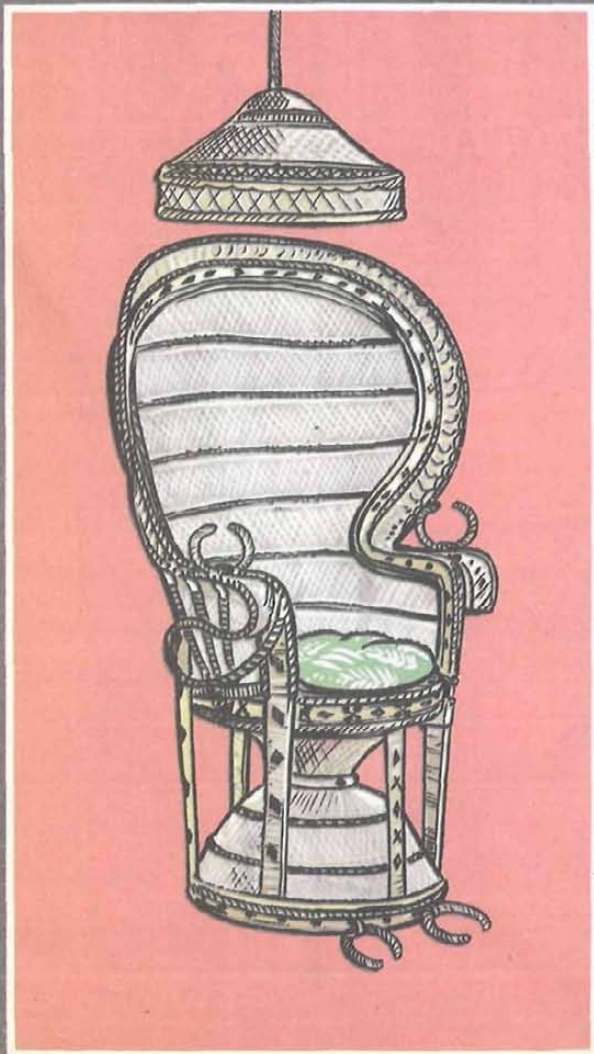
A lush, spectacular interpretation of the carved Victorian look. The theme of this chair is "Wild Kingdom!" The headpiece is an elephant's head spraying water over itself with its uplifted trunk. The "flowing water" is actually wood inlaid with electrical wiring, concealed by the intricate carving. The carved snake arms have built-in wires, as do the leg locks, ornately carved crocodiles with open jaws for foot insertion.





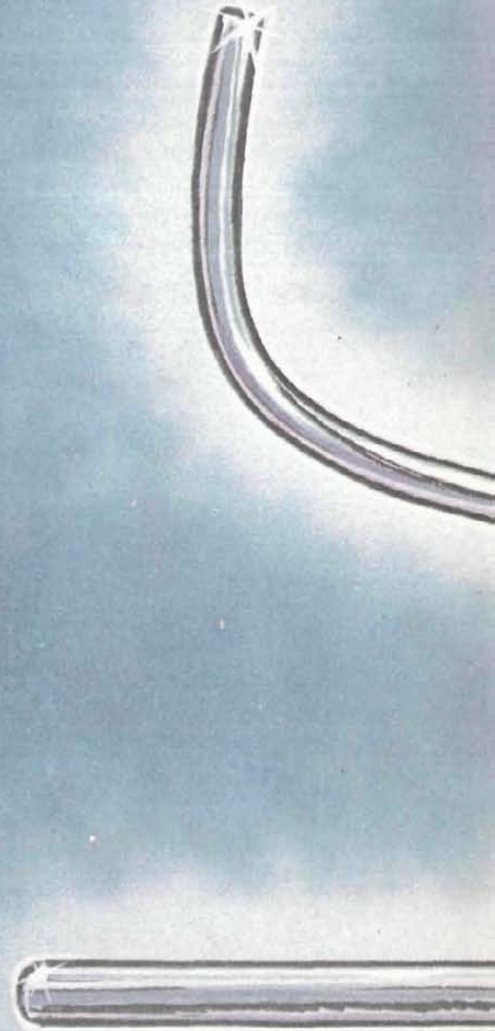
#### GROUP EXECUTION CHAIR

Clean, spare lines, almost Shaker in their austerity. Actually a church pew. Can accommodate six comfortably. The job is done through the Bibles, which are wired through the spines and connect to small conductors on the executionee's hands. As soon as the Bibles are opened to Genesis, the flow starts.



#### THE WICKER LOOK

A glorious wicker design covers the ultra-thin metal framework of this oversized fantasy of a chair. The victim relaxes in its splendor as a matching wicker hanging lamp is lowered to the head. Built-in wicker-covered arm and leg clasps complete the dénouement. An optional wired palmetto fan can also be attached to the arm clasps to complete the "Southern look." Each fanning motion brings another small burst of "juice!"

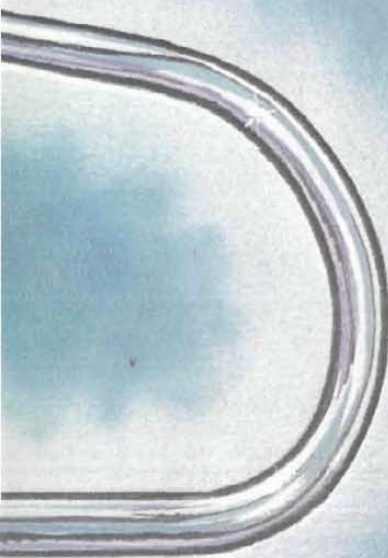
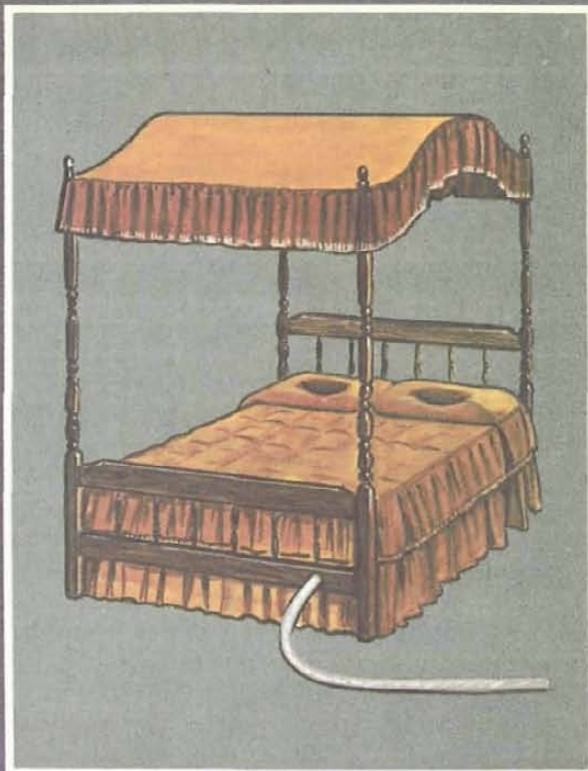


#### THE FOUR-POSTER DOUBLE EXECUTION BED

Especially designed for lovers who walk down the last mile together. The genuine goose down comforter is all electric, and the wires are connected to matching pillow headrests. One arm of each victim is attached to the wired tieback. With their other arms free, they can hold hands to the end.

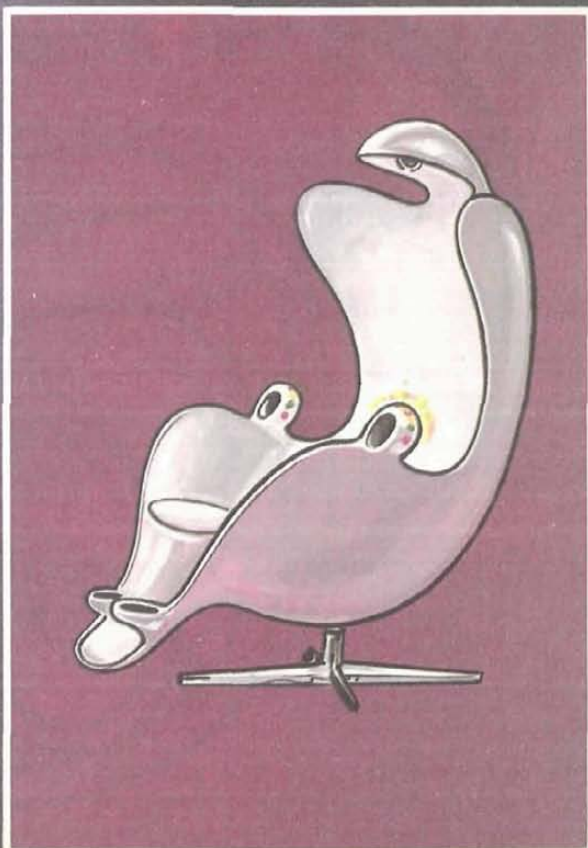
#### THE MIES VAN DER ROHE LOOK

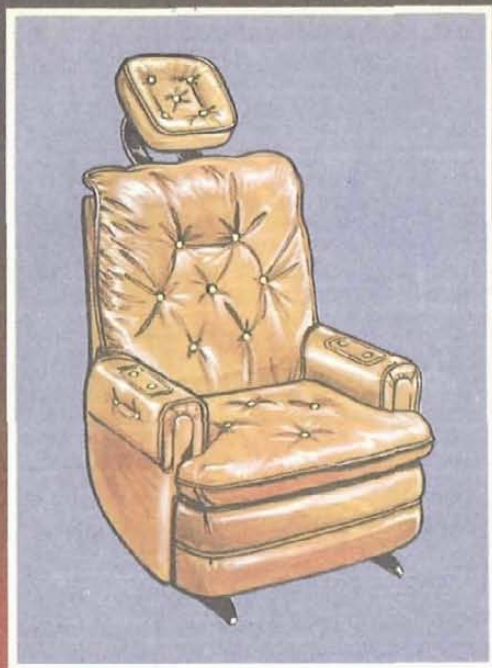
As the master put it, "Less is more." Function follows form, with everything built into this starkly beautiful piece of molded brushed steel. All wires are concealed. A button is pressed in another room to start the current.



#### THE ULTRA-MODERN ITALIAN LOOK

Gleaming white plastic with throbbing, glowing lights built right into the headband, armbands, and footbands—also built in is a complete, miniaturized stereo system programmed with the latest disco hits. The current is introduced slowly, activating the lights and the music. As the dosage increases, so does the light show and the volume of the music. The ending is a crescendo of light and sound. The chair even dances a modified hustle.



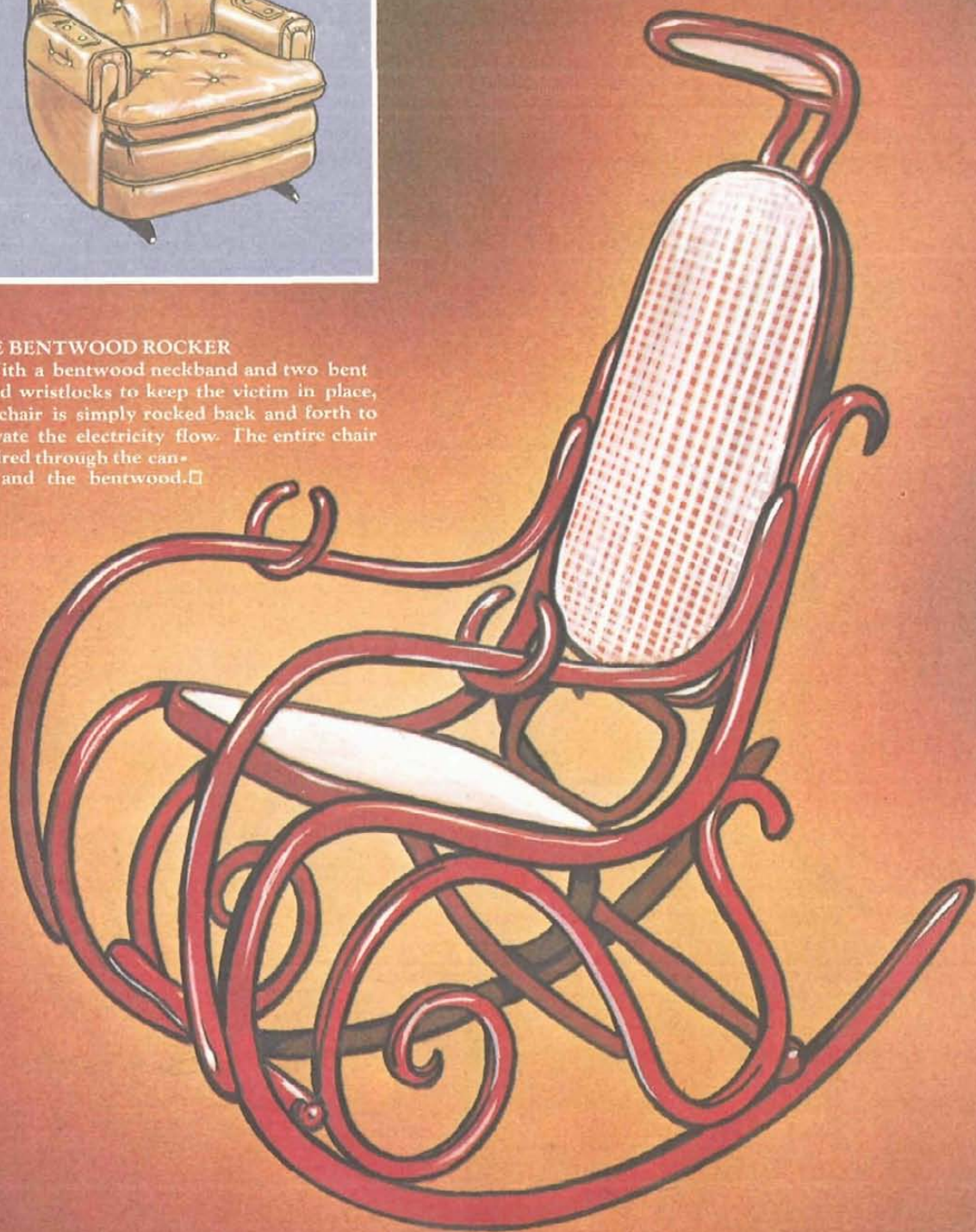


#### THE TUFTED LEATHER READING CHAIR

A classic revisited. Big, plushy, tufted leather in luggage tan. Note the headpiece, which is integral with the high back. The electric current is built right into the big upholstery brass buttons. When a signal is given, the brass buttons move out of the headpiece and the armrests to make connection with the executioner. When the job is done, the buttons recede into their normal positions. Comes with optional magazine and book rack.

#### THE BENTWOOD ROCKER

With a bentwood neckband and two bentwood wristlocks to keep the victim in place, the chair is simply rocked back and forth to activate the electricity flow. The entire chair is wired through the caning and the bentwood. □



# A History of CRIME IN THE CINEMA

## THE EARLY YEARS

Rosario "Skippy" Pizazza, the father of crime in the cinema, arrived at New York's Ellis Island Immigration Center in the winter of 1899. A penniless bricklayer from Calzone, Sicily, he had come to make his fortune. He had the American Dream. However, by that summer, he felt that the wealth and the good life America offered was out of his reach. He could find no work and was starving to death.

Pizazza's only contact in America was his second cousin, Patsy "Cold Hands" Redundo, an iceman and small-time numbers runner. Rosario had vowed never to ask his cousin for assistance, but realized that he would die without Patsy's help.

In August, 1899, Pizazza walked the 100 miles from New York to Atlantic City, New Jersey, where his cousin lived. "Cold Hands" put him to work delivering ice, paying him a tiny salary. It was this job, however, that changed his life.

Johnson's Nickelodeon and Moving Picture Parlor was a stop on Pizazza's delivery route. He was fascinated by the place, and spent all of his free time peering into the "movie" machines.

Old Man Johnson, the proprietor, took notice of Pizazza and got to like him. At nights, when Rosario would come to look at the pictures, Johnson would

by Chris Cluess and Stu Kreisman give him English lessons. He impressed Johnson with his quick learning abilities. So impressed was the old man that he hired the young Sicilian as a changemaker in 1900.

Pizazza worked for Johnson for four years and began to make some fair money for himself, between his salary and the money he stole from the cash register.

In 1904, fate smiled on Rosario "Skippy" Pizazza.

While previewing a *Little Egypt* flicker, Johnson suffered a massive heart attack and died.

Taking advantage of the situation, "Skippy" offered the bereaved widow of his benefactor the choice of taking \$150 for the business or losing all her fingers in a pencil sharpener.

Within a year business was booming, and Pizazza needed help. He hired another young Sicilian named Paulie "Little Puffballs" Boombatza, and he added a new dimension to the operation; he picked the patrons' pockets while they viewed the pictures.

By 1908 Pizazza's illegal scams were flourishing to the point that he expanded and formed the first crime family of the cinema, with "Little Puffballs" and Joey "Joey" Cicero as his lieutenants.



THE STING: Paulie Boombatza added a new angle to cinema crime when he introduced pickpocketing in nickelodeon parlors (1906 *Police Gazette* photo).

## THE 20s

In 1913, Rosario saw the "new wave" in motion pictures and sold all of his nickelodeon parlors, setting up headquarters in New York and building "silent movie theaters" throughout the Northeast.

In 1923, trouble started. Joey "Joey" Cicero, one of "Skippy's" chief aides, decided to go into theater crime on his own. Cicero built his first theater right across the street from Pizazza's "Roman Palace" on Broadway in New York.

On March 7, 1924, the Pizazza-Cicero Theater Wars began. Pizazza's forces struck first, hijacking Cicero's supply of Chocolate Babies candy from a truck in Brooklyn. Cicero's gang replied by taking over the candy counter at the Roman Palace. They then connected a long hose from the popcorn butter machine to a crack in the door of the box office. They poured hot melted butter down the hose into the box office and drowned Pizazza's ticket seller.

Pizazza was enraged. He ordered "Little Puffballs" Boombatza to form a "hit team" to terrorize audiences in Cicero's theaters. An elite group known as the "Silent Murderers" was formed. Their killing technique was simple and effective;

they stabbed all of their victims while holding up a movie title sign that cautioned all witnesses to be quiet.

The wars continued to rage into 1926. On February 14, the Silent Murderers (on direct orders from Pizazza) quietly killed Joey Cicero on the staircase of his Boston theater. This was intended to bring the Cicero gang to its knees. But the Ciceros' new leader was Joey's younger brother, Frankie "Cow Breath" Cicero, who had only revenge on his mind.

On the night of March 7, 1926 (the second anniversary of the war), the Cicero gang raided the Silent Murderers' projection room hideout and killed all of its members. The bodies were then chopped and ground into small pieces and stuffed into boxes of Bon Bons that would later be sold at the concession stand.

A few days later, horrified patrons were shocked to find that while they were enjoying the movie, they were choking on the eyeballs, fingers, and toes in their Bon Bon boxes.

The police began an investigation, but were quickly paid off by the warring families. The war ended, temporarily, in early 1927. It looked as if the rest of the decade would be peaceful.



**A** MARK OF ZORRO: The "Silent Murderers" performed two shows nightly at assorted Cicero theaters. They were always a "hit."

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Moviegoers sunk their teeth into the remains of the "Silent Murderers." They ate it up. **>**





ON-BOYS

## THE 30s

When the stock market crashed, driving America into the Depression, the movie crime lords had to devise new ways to keep the money rolling in. They turned their rest rooms into speakeasies, held fixed bingo games, and used the theaters' box offices for dealing numbers slips. An uneasy truce still prevailed among the cinema gangs, but trouble was looming on the horizon. Unknown to Rosario Pizazza, a power struggle was beginning to brew between his oldest son, Nunzio "Puss in Boots" Pizazza, and his long-time assistant, "Little Puffballs" Boombatza, for eventual control of the family.

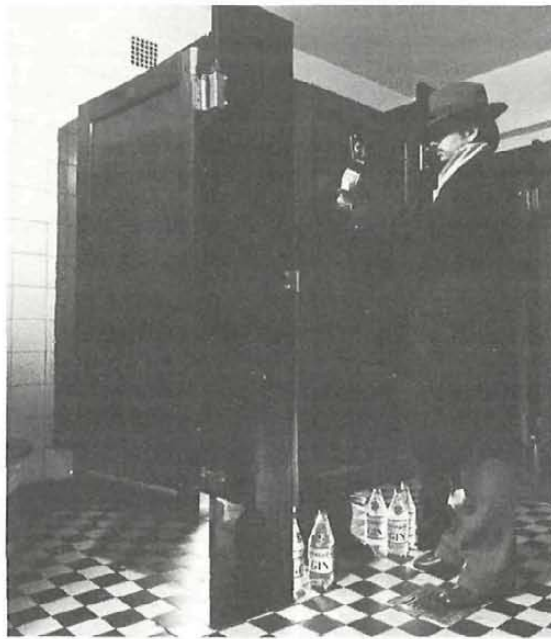
January 17, 1939. The seething hatred that existed between "Puss in Boots" and "Little Puffballs" exploded, changing the course of organized movie crime.

It was the date of the first "Dish Night" to be held in the Royal Palace Theater. Many of the silver screen's famous gangsters were in attendance, including Frankie "Cow Breath" Cicero and the kingpin of them all, Rosario "Skippy" Pizazza. It was the night that "Puss in Boots" would make his move against the competition. The plan was simple. "Little Puff-

balls" Boombatza would be seated in the box seats to the left of the screen. A china serving dish, its corners sharpened like a razor, would be hurled into the box, striking Boombatza and killing him.

Things did not go as planned.

At the prescribed time, the assassin stepped to the lip of the stage. As the winner of the gravy dish was announced, he flung the lethal serving tray at Boombatza. He missed, and the tray ricocheted, picking up speed, and hurtled toward Rosario Pizazza's box. As the old crime lord turned to light a cigar, the tray passed cleanly through his neck, slicing off his head, which fell into the lap of a nun sitting in a third row orchestra seat.



The celluloid underworld was thrown into mass confusion. Rosario "Skippy" Pizazza, the father of crime in the cinema, was dead. The Pizazza family broke into two factions; one following the younger Pizazza and the other becoming the Boombatza crime family.

◀ LOST WEEKEND: Vinnie Scrongoli supplied gin to the theaters. Clients died of cerebral hemorrhages, and Scrongoli disappeared.

THE HARDER THEY FALL: ▶ Union ushers dropped like flies in the forties, which made seating confusing.

## THE 40s

By 1941, the nation was at war. The feuding gangs, knowing that there was money to be made, decided to make peace among themselves.

Money-making schemes, such as counterfeit war bond sales and "Turn in Your Car for the War Effort" nights, made more for the gangs than they could have ever imagined. The war years were a quiet and profitable time for them, but the postwar period brought trouble.

The Ushers Union International was determined to organize the theaters of the big three. Picket lines and demonstrations were set up.

Pizazza, Cicero, and Boombatza decided to act.

Ushers and ticket takers who joined the union were thrown from the balconies by the thousands. Poison-tipped tickets were sold, and when the customers gave the tickets to the takers, a small amount of the poison would enter the ticket takers' bloodstreams as they tore the tickets in half. It killed them in hours.

But the unions wouldn't give up, and retaliated by having Pizazza, Cicero, and Boombatza kicked to death by three henchmen disguised as Rockettes who were performing for the gang lords during a special private show.



## THE 50s

In retaliation for his uncle's death, Mario "Mr. Know-It-All" Cicero sought revenge. Over a period of six months, he systematically killed 194 managers of Boombatza- and Pizazza-owned theaters. Dubbed "That Crazy Strangler" by police, Cicero would wrap his victims in film, thread the projector with the end of the film, and turn on the juice. Death was instantaneous.

On June 21, 1951, while investigating the new process of Cinerama, "Mr. Know-It-All" caught his necktie in the projector's gears and was ground into chopped meat.

Sensing that the public had had enough

bloodbaths between the hoods and the union, Congressman Miles Kovacs launched his ill-fated Congressional investigation into organized crime in the cinema. Members of all three families were called to Washington, D.C., to testify at the hearings. Unfortunately, the hearings never got off the ground.

While Kovacs was watching a movie at the Georgetown Cinema on Wisconsin Avenue on October 8, 1952, someone mysteriously filled the Congressman's overcoat pockets with fourteen pounds of iron filings. As he left the theater, the magnetic letters on the marquee were attracted to the coat, and a two-foot letter M plunged into his chest, killing him on the spot.



**A** OF HUMAN BONDAGE: The Ciceros saw to it that rival theater managers were fatally wrapped up in their work.

**DIAL M FOR MURDER:** The families had a point to make with Congressman Miles Kovacs...and they made it stick. >



## THE 60s

The adverse publicity of the Kovacs affair silenced the mob wars for a while and diverted the gangs' attention to other, more lucrative activities, such as prostitution and summer camps, but on December 20, 1969, violence again reared its ugly head.

Lester "The Gynecologist" Bocci, a lieutenant in the Pizazza family, was knifed by a crazy "young Turk" of the Cicero family, Julio "The Young Turk" Scrongoli. The irony was that Bocci was on his way back from the Cicero family compound in Lookout Farm, New York, where he had just negotiated a nonaggression pact with Sonny "Sleepytime Gal" Cicero.

Sensing that they had been set up, the Pizazzas acted swiftly. Sonny Cicero's cousins, Floyd and Lloyd Crocetti, the balsa wood kingpins, were told to wait at the corner of Madison and Fifty-ninth Street, where they would get a big surprise. Knowing that the Crocetti twins loved surprises, Vincent "The Fruit" Pizazza sent Willie "Johnny No Toes" Rocca to pick them up and take them for a ride. Willie used the pretext that he was thinking of buying the car he was driving, and wanted the Crocettis' opinion on whether it needed new shock absorbers or not. Instead, he drove to the Sunrise Drive-In Theater in Valley Stream, Long Island. The Crocettis suspected something was up when the car pulled into the drive-in in broad daylight, six hours before the first show. Rocca told them that he wanted to be sure to get the best space, and left to get a root beer. When he returned, the Crocetti twins were dead—the car and the brothers cut in half with a chain saw.

Meanwhile, Anthony "Woo-Woo" Boombatza decided now was the time to make his move, hoping to catch the other families off guard. All the members of the Pizazza and Cicero families were sent invitations to a sneak preview of a major motion picture to be shown in 3-D. Everybody showed up according to plan.

LUST FOR LIFE: New, expensive service in the freewheeling sixties.



BLOW-UP: Hollywood today. Can you spot Cher's home?

At the precise moment that a movie machine gun was "firing" at the audience, seventeen "button men" behind the screen unloaded 200 rounds of *real* bullets into the crowd. The audience, however, came prepared for treachery, and retaliated by unloading 400 rounds of real bullets into the movie screen. Both sides proceeded to annihilate each other, bringing the era of the cinema wars to a bloody conclusion. The movie mobsters were no more.

## THE 70s

The late 1970s brought about a new wave of science fiction-fantasy films. With it came a new breed of enormously successful and rich young film makers, led by George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. One day, while relaxing around the Olympic-sized Jacuzzi at Spielberg's mansion, the two hatched a plot to pull the biggest and most expensive practical joke in Hollywood history. With the help of the special effects department at Warner Brothers, Lucas and Spielberg developed a laser-like gun that, when aimed at someone, would emit a mild jolt of about fifty volts, not unlike that of a very powerful dime store joy buzzer. Excited with their new toy, the two young directors headed for the Cinerama Theater on Sunset Boulevard. Perched atop a nearby building, they had started to give a few unsuspecting moviegoers a buzz when Lucas's beard got caught in the firing mechanism. Sunset Boulevard and adjacent Santa Monica Boulevard were reduced to rubble in a matter of seconds. Over 84,000 were killed. Luckily, the two directors escaped unharmed.

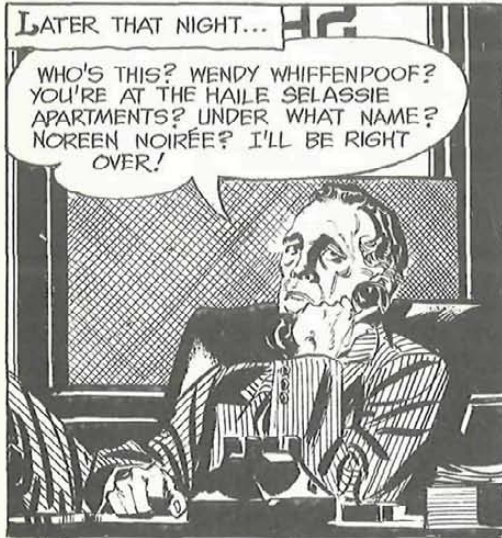
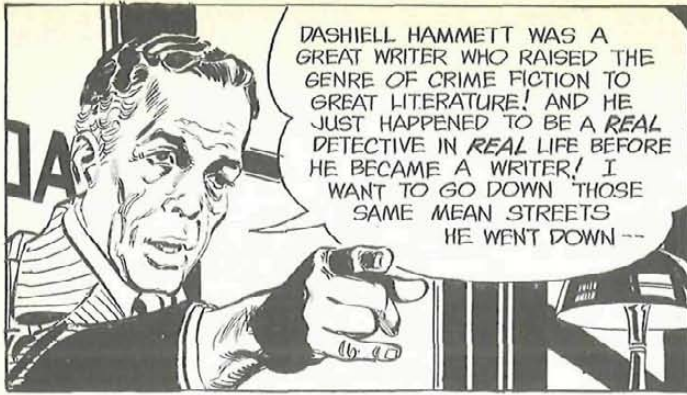
Today, rising unemployment, upward-spiraling food costs, and the deflating dollar have paved the way for a new generation of cinema criminals known as movie theater owners, unscrupulous men who charge exorbitant prices for inferior films and outrageous prices for inferior refreshments. So far, none of these outlaws have been apprehended. They are still at large. □

# SPADE SAM in "THE MALTESE CANARY"

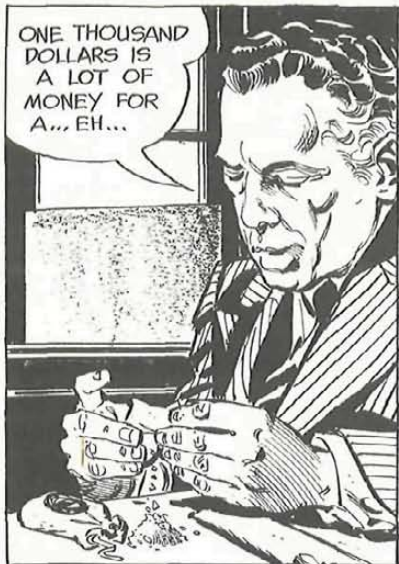
Written by GERALD SUSSMAN  
Illustrated by FRANK SPRINGER

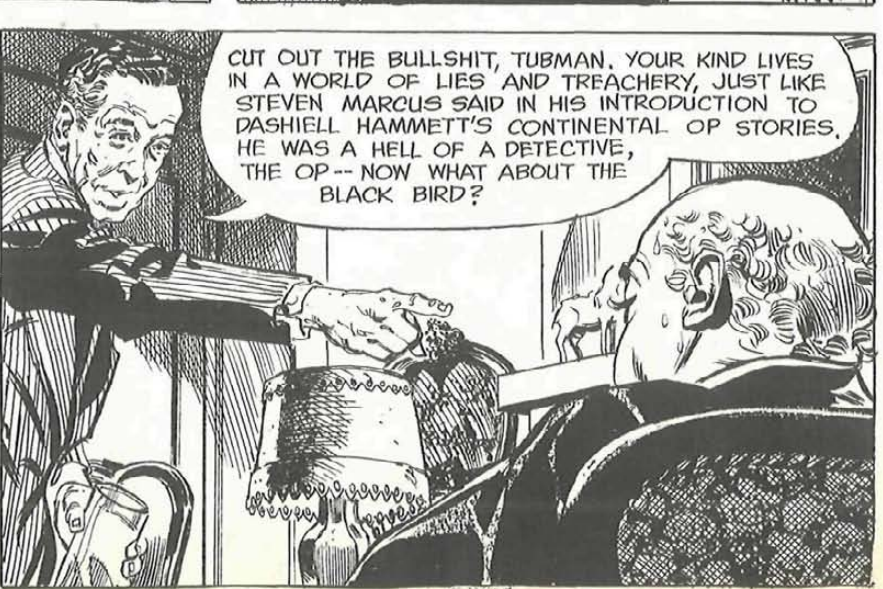
In 1540, the Knights Templars of Malta paid tribute to Charles V of Spain by sending him a golden canary, encrusted from beak to claw with rarest jewels—they sent him a falcon in 1539, but in 1540 they could only afford a smaller bird. Still, even a canary was worth an immense fortune. As with the falcon, pirates seized the galley containing the priceless token, and the fate of the Maltese canary remains a mystery to this day—













WELL, SIR, YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE MALTESE FALCON? GOOD! THERE WAS ALSO ANOTHER BIRD...

... WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA'S TRIBUTE FOR THE SECOND YEAR -- A CANARY -- ALSO WORTH MILLIONS! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS!



SUPPOSE I PRODUCE THE CANARY AND YOU PRODUCE A FALL GUY FOR ALL THE MURDERS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS NO DOUBT COMMITTED TO GET THE BIRD. DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

I'D SACRIFICE MY OWN SON, SIR!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP, SUGAR.

EAT MY PANTY GIRDLE!



THAT'S A LOT OF NEWSPAPER.

IT'S A VERY SMALL BIRD.



IT'S A FAKE!



SPADE, THAT'S THE ONE I STOLE!



IT WAS YOUR FAULT, YOU IMBECILE! YOU DISGUSTING TUB OF...



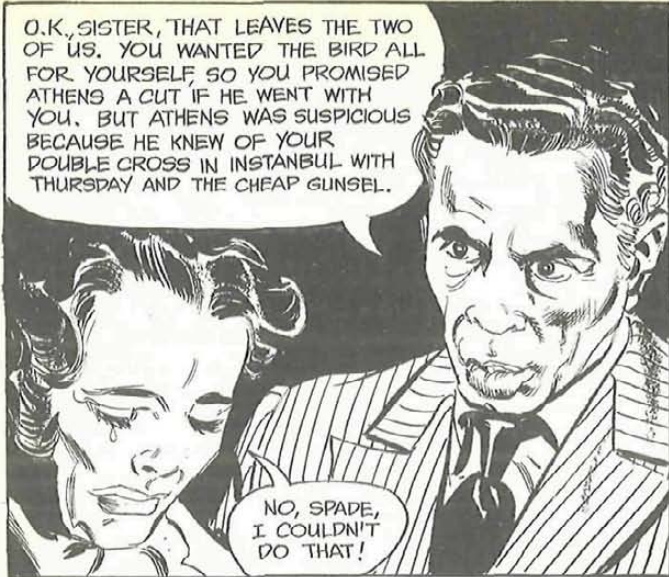
... OF BIRDSHIT!



MMMM... HMMMPH... AAAGH!



PLOP!



O.K., SISTER, THAT LEAVES THE TWO OF US. YOU WANTED THE BIRD ALL FOR YOURSELF SO YOU PROMISED ATHENS A CUT IF HE WENT WITH YOU. BUT ATHENS WAS SUSPICIOUS BECAUSE HE KNEW OF YOUR DOUBLE CROSS IN INSTANBUL WITH THURSDAY AND THE CHEAP GUNSEL.

NO, SPADE, I COULDN'T DO THAT!



YOU KILLED THURSDAY, JACOBY, AND MILES. THEN YOU FRAMED THE GUNSEL. YOU KNEW TUBMAN WOULDN'T CARE ABOUT THE GUNSEL BECAUSE THE KID WAS REALLY A GIRL, AND TUBMAN ALWAYS WANTED A REAL BOY, NOT A TOMBOY!

SPADE, LISTEN TO ME!



MAYBE I DO LOVE YOU, AND MAYBE I WILL HAVE A FEW SLEEPLESS NIGHTS AFTER THEY SEND YOU UP THE RIVER, BUT IT'LL PASS.



SPADE! I DIDN'T DO IT! IT WAS THE FAT MAN ALL ALONG!



IT WAS? SHIT. NOW I'M REALLY CONFUSED. I ALWAYS GET THE PLOT SCREWED UP.



DON'T WORRY, SPADE. YOU'RE AN ANTI-HERO. THERE ARE NO MORE REAL HEROES. THEY WERE JUST CELLULOID DREAMS -- LIKE THIS CANARY. EVEN DASHIELL HAMMETT WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT.

I GIVE UP! I'M GOING TO HANG UP MY LICENSE AND TAKE THAT JOB MY COUSIN MARLOWE PHILLIPS WANTS TO GIVE ME -- SECURITY GUARD IN A HOUSING PROJECT. IT'S A NICE, MIDDLE-CLASS PROJECT -- VERY SAFE.



LET'S HAVE ONE LAST DRINK -- TO CRIME.

THE END

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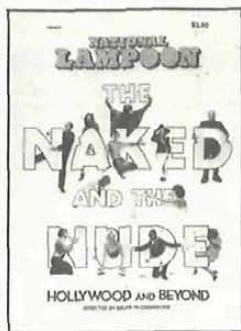
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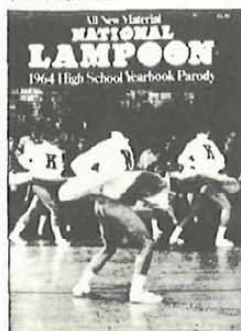
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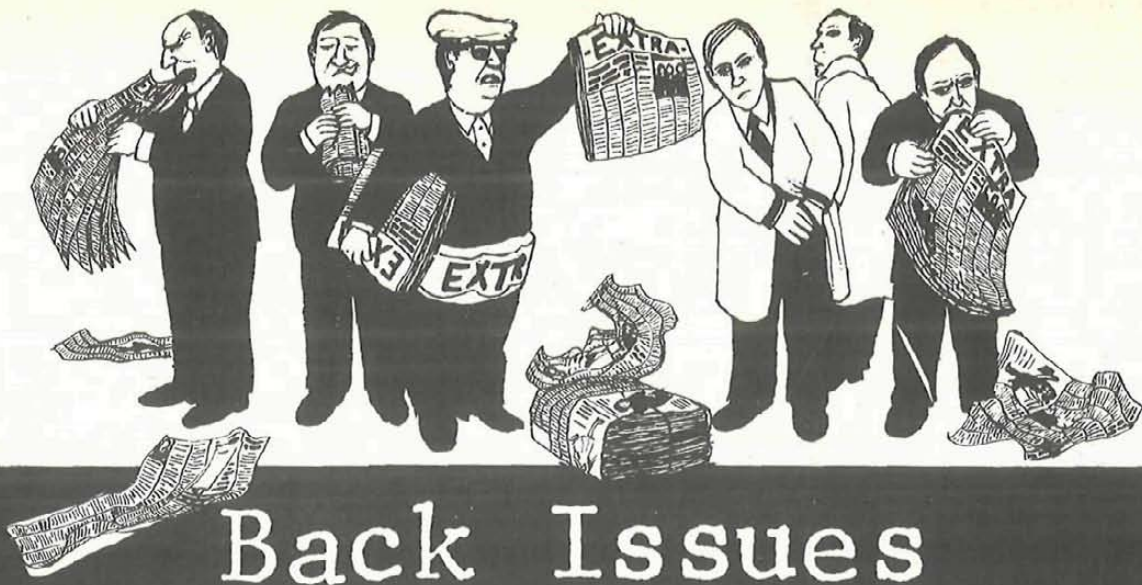
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**MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the 58 Bugemobiles, The Playboy Fatout Shelter, Comic Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper and Armos n Andy.

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

**JULY, 1972/SURPRISE!** With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Charman 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 Senority, and Tales of the South comics.

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

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

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

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

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

**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 *kovy* 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' Kadoobie Comics*, *Guns n' Love Magazine*, and *Rodriguez's Hemophomies*.

**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 Fuzza Against Brunc.

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

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

**NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS:** With *Sports Illustrated* parody, *Character Building Comics*, *Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities*, *Specialty Sports Magazine*, *1976 Olympic Preview*, *All Terrain*, *O'Neil's Temper Tips*, and *Ball Day*.

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

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With *Unrelaxing Stories*, *Rodriguez's Senior Sex*, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battant Comics*.

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

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

**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, *Histora de Amor*, *An Evening at Dingleberries*, and *The St. Valentine's Day, Massacre*.

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

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, *Henry Ford's Diary*, *Beep*, *The Bad Little Bus*, *The 1906 Budge 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*, *Rodriguez's Comedies*, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With *The Vassar Yearbook*, *Football Preview*, *Scholarship Scams*, *Academic Plays*, and *The Square Parody*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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, 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*, *FBS Concordance*, and *Dinah's Dumpster*.

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

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

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

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

**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 Favejavu*, *Fabgearbear Magazine*, *Beat the Meaties*, 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*, *Organismic Backlash*, *Write Rastalarans*, 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*.

**JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the *Socratic Monologue*, *Sex in Ancient China*, *the Cretnis*, and *the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World*.

**FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, *the Toronto Supplement*, *Euronazis*, *The Real Adolf Hitler*, and *Fascist Food*.

## THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL 378 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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# Random Pointless Senseless CRIMES

**AUTHOR: JOHN HUGHES**

## WANTED



### Vernon T. Merring

(Alias Uncle Vern Merring,  
Easter Bunny, Candy Man)

OCCUPATION: Puppeteer.

WANTED FOR: Tickling school children with a pickled beef tongue, Des Moines, 7/5/76. Mailed crown loin of pork to actor Robert Blake. No postage on package.

LAST SEEN: Walt Disney World, Orlando, Fla.

TATTOOS OR SCARS: Kosher Zion meat logotype on right bicep.

## WANTED



### Thomas Hee

DESCRIPTION: White male, 5'11", brown hair, green eyes.

OCCUPATION: Greeting card salesman.

WANTED FOR: Setting off black powder bomb in a northern Minnesota lake. Crime believed committed between 1/1/76 and 8/1/77. Criminal forgot to mail demand note. Motive unknown.

LAST SEEN: Madison, Wisc.

## WANTED



### Freemont Trubaby

(Alias Orion Starseeker,  
Jack Harley-Davidson)

OCCUPATION: Makes leather wristbands in Boulder, Colo.

WANTED FOR: Declawing 34 grizzly and black bears, Yellowstone National Park, 7/30/76. Also being sought by British Columbia game officials for questioning in connection with removal of horns and teeth from protected-status elk herd.

PREVIOUS ARRESTS: Plucking live goose, Toledo, Ohio, 3/5/58.

## WANTED



### F. George Liverworth

(Alias Old Bean, Old Sport,  
Old Pal)

OCCUPATION: Heir.

WANTED FOR: Impersonating a washroom attendant in order to steal used towel rolls. Fled Detroit Yacht Club rest room after detection, 11/30/77.

LAST SEEN: Key West, Fla.

## WANTED



### Linus Pugh

OCCUPATION: *Mail boy.*

WANTED FOR: *Dry cleaning his parents; waxing his girl friend with auto wax and electric buffer, 9/23/77, Milwaukee, Wisc.*

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: *Infantile penis.*

CAUTION: *Can be considered extremely dangerous, and is likely to do anything.*

## WANTED



### Hans Wills

(*Alias Harry Pike, Harry Bennett, Mrs. Werhane*)

DESCRIPTION: *White male, approx. forty years of age. 5'11", 175 lb. Scar on forehead, crooked index finger.*

WANTED FOR: *Clothesnapping. Abducted and held for \$50 ransom entire wardrobe of German industrialist. Ransom paid; 39 shirts, 20 suits, 28 assorted undergarments, 50 pairs of socks, and 11 pairs of shoes returned unharmed. Wills escaped.*

## WANTED



### Cousins Molockney

(*Alias Moon Man, Space Beam*)

OCCUPATION: *Assistant wrestling promoter.*

WANTED FOR: *Mailed dog feces to recently widowed women. Operated out of N.Y.C. apartment. Followed obituaries from several cities. Mailed feces and condolence cards to approx. 300 women.*

LAST SEEN: *San Diego, Calif.*

## WANTED



### Daphne Clapsaddle

(*Alias Sue Smith, Debbie Jones, Mrs. Doe*)

DESCRIPTION: *Attractive white female, 5'5", fair hair, complexion.*

WANTED FOR: *Gluing live pigeons to park benches in Los Angeles County, 11/7/76 through 7/5/77. Sought for questioning in connection with similar incident (3,000 pelicans) in San Diego, 9/11/77.*

CAUTION: *May be armed with harmful adhesives. Should be considered dangerous.*

## WANTED



### Vebus R. Stiggle

OCCUPATION: *Practical nurse's assistant.*

DESCRIPTION: *White female, 5'3", approx. 100 lb., 55 to 60 years old, gray hair. Wears knit hat at all times.*

WANTED FOR: *Administering enemas to all inhabitants of Milwaukee Zoo small mammal house. Posed as maintenance worker.*

PREVIOUS ARRESTS: *Forced woman at gunpoint to yield urine sample. Oshkosh, Wisc., 5/27/70.*

## WANTED



### Hilliard V. Palmer

OCCUPATION: *Chef.*

WANTED FOR: *Laying penis on windshield of presidential limousine. Gained illegal entry to presidential garage and committed act, 3/4/77.*

PREVIOUS ARRESTS: *Put penis on Governor Jerry Brown's wrist at 8/27/77 luncheon.*



## WANTED



### F. G. Gryp

(Alias Don Parker, Don Benson, David Susskind)

OCCUPATION: Not known.

WANTED FOR: Stealing 30-foot section of Highway 9 in Arizona. Section still missing. May be related to theft of three parking spaces in Bridgeport.

LAST SEEN: Not known.

## WANTED



### Eileen Spears

(Alias Mother Spears, Spear Woman, Jill McCartney)

DESCRIPTION: Black female, approx. 5'6", 120 lb.

OCCUPATION: Co-owner, social club for men, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED FOR: Illegally parking 1967 Camaro in second floor infants' section of J.L. Hudson department store.

## WANTED



### Lester W. West

(Alias Dr. L. W. West)

DESCRIPTION: White male, 5'11", dark complexion. Wears dental smock.

WANTED FOR: Force flossing women's teeth. Selects victims at random, attacks from behind, and removes particles of food trapped between teeth against the will of his victims. Operated in Dallas, Texas, 1/74 through 9/77.

PREVIOUS ARRESTS: Performed oral surgery without a license, Houston, Texas, 2/30/69. Extracted front tooth from sleeping rail conductor, 9/5/73, St. Louis, Mo.

## WANTED



### Eric Ternell Feeblebunny

OCCUPATION: Viscera separator (formerly employed by Home Town Meats, Inc., Chicago).

WANTED FOR: Spray-painting \$400,000 worth of lunch meat. De-skinned 4,000 lbs. of frankfurters.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Cigarette burn scar on tip of nose.

PREVIOUS ARRESTS: Buried forklift truck, 8/27/65.

## WANTED



### Billy Lee Boyd

(Alias Sugar Lee Boyd, Sweet Boy)

DESCRIPTION: White male, blue eyes, 6'2", approx. 190 lb. Personable, wants to be liked.

WANTED FOR: Hijacking busload of alcoholics en route to rehabilitation center. Fed victims and released them on a golf course.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OR TATTOOS: Tattoo on chest, "Howdy, I'm Billy."

## WANTED



### Norris Segelman

(Alias Norris the Nudge Segelman, Fix-it Segelman)

DESCRIPTION: White male, approx. 5'0", 190 lb., balding, smokes cigars, breathes heavily, pronounced cough.

WANTED FOR: Fixing National Ballet Co. production of Swan Lake. Bribed dancers to change the ending. Swan lived.

LAST SEEN: Miami Beach, Fla.

# Fill'er Up



**At  
North American Rockhard,  
we do more  
than just lay pipes.**



**Problem:** New York City has an insatiable appetite for blond, nubile courtesans. The demand is far greater than the city's own native supply. New York distributors and wholesalers looked to Minneapolis for the answer, where there was a huge surplus of native nymphets of the Nordic persuasion. The problem was how to move ten thousand golden-tressed, underaged white females from Minneapolis to New York, quickly and in perfect working condition.

**Solution:** The eleven-hundred-mile Minnesota Pipeline, designed by project engineer Ted Brick, of North American Rockhard's Transport Division.

Snaking its way across some of the roughest terrain in the country, the Minnesota Pipeline now carries ten thousand girls an hour through twenty-two billion tons of North American Rockhard concrete tubing (enough concrete to build three Olympic-sized swimming pools for every white person in South Africa).

After the pipeline was laid, Brick and his team had to solve the problem of how to move the girls at high speed through cramped quarters without inflicting heavy physical damage. "We had to deliver the merchandise in A-1 working condition or the deal was off," said Brick. "We couldn't afford any cost overruns in tousled hair, body bruises, and unsightly friction welts." Rockhard engineer Bob Cork came up with the answer—*Lubitol 77*, a highly sophisticated petroleum-based lubricating gel that not only lines the pipeline, but has its own self-propelling properties, enabling it to flow as it lubricates, so it protects and propels the merchandise at the same time.

It was a tall order, but North American Rockhard is in the business of filling tall orders. North American Rockhard is people serving people to come up with people-oriented systems for people who have ideas about making people's lives better for people.

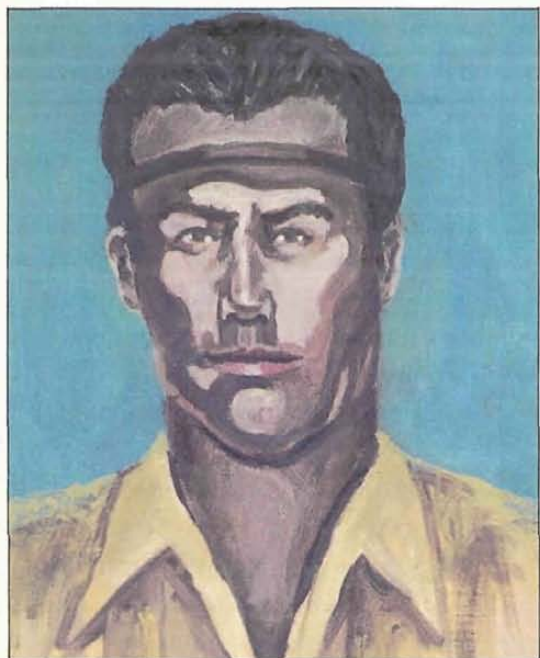


**Where science goes down on business.**

# FAMOUS NON-ITALIANS WHO

by Marc Warren and Dennis Rinsler

## Diction Isn't Everything



### #3 JAY SILVERHEELS

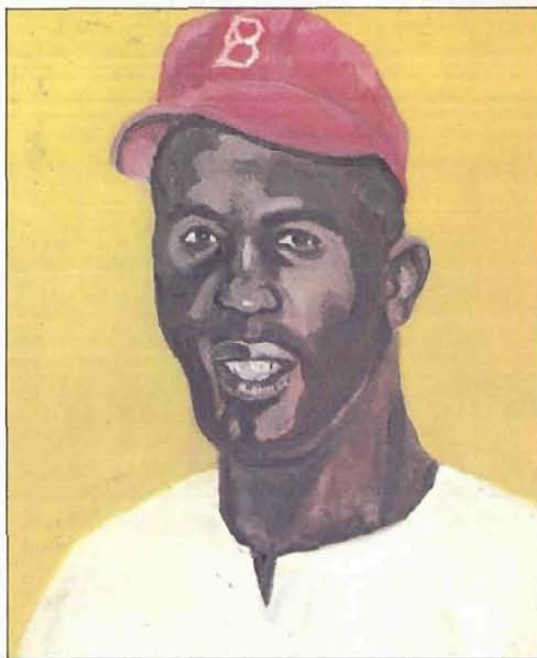
Jay Silverheels earned great esteem for himself and his breed with his strong, sensitive portrayal of Tonto, the Lone Ranger's faithful non-Italian companion. Clayton Moore, the "masked man" himself, admitted in his memoirs, "He was a fine friend and very handy around the house. He could fix anything, from a sink pipe to a stereo."

Jay is living in semiretirement in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, but is still active in keeping his nose clean.

#### IN YOUR OWN WORDS

Act out an imaginary dialogue between Tonto of "The Lone Ranger" and Toto of *The Wizard of Oz*.

## Beanballs Can Hurt



### #29 JACKIE ROBINSON

Always viewed as a credit to non-Italians everywhere, Jackie Robinson survived the taunts and jeers of his fellow players to become one of baseball's most polite performers. Later, as a top executive for the Chock Full O' Nuts fast food chain, he broke new ground by hiring only the most arrogant non-Italians as counter help.

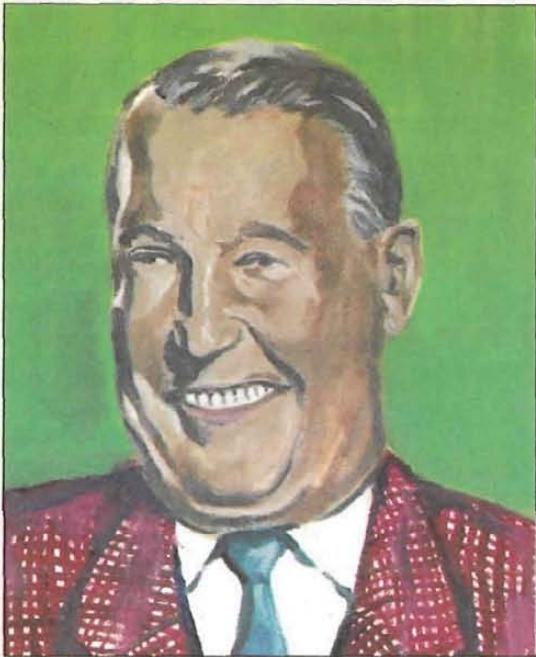
Although Jackie Robinson had cause for personal vendettas from his baseball days, he forgave everyone. He was a churchgoer, a Republican, and a man who never participated in organized crime.

#### HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

List ten slurs that might have been hurled at Jackie Robinson during his baseball career.

# WERE NEVER IN THE MAFIA

## *He Sang the Truth*



### #38 MAURICE CHEVALIER

With his “boater” hat and distinctive non-Italian accent, song and dance man Maurice Chevalier won lasting fame for himself and his protruding lower lip.

Despite being known as a “funny little good-for-nothing” with a deep interest in Hermione Gingold, he was never in trouble a day in his life, although some people still rankle over his role as a collaborator with the Nazis during the occupation of France in World War II.

In 1954, a Congressional committee cleared Maurice of any link with the underworld, and he made yet another comeback in show business.

#### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write your own story about how Maurice Chevalier acquired his first “boater” hat.

## *A Babe in the Bush*



### #76 MARGARET MEAD

Margaret Mead, known to the world as the first person to record the intimate behavior of South Seas non-Italians, is, in fact, non-Italian herself, and has been since birth.

Margaret’s career as an anthropologist is somewhat overshadowed by her expeditions in the kitchen. She shies away from exotic dishes, preferring hearty tuna casseroles and simple roasts.

Although offered top positions in nearly every organized crime family west of Tahiti, she usually declined.

#### SPECIAL PROJECT

Make a pinwheel of Samoan frangipani blossoms and blow on it.

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

# PALL MALL



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



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

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



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

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

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

**POWER**

---

**GUNS**

---

**BLOOD**

---

AND

---

**MONEY**

---

IN TEXAS

---

**A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK**

---

BY DAN ABELSON

**IN BRIEF:** On May 18, 1977, beautiful, rich "Babs" Richworth was fatally slain by machine gun fire on the grounds of Richland, the fabled estate built by her adoring father, Denver "Buck" Richworth. Father and daughter were known to have been quarreling over Babs's desire to date Dr. Lawrence Bryant, the young society gynecologist who was himself fatally poisoned later that fateful day.

**THE ACCUSED:** Wealthy, powerful, eccentric Denver Harold "Buck" Richworth started out as a wildcatter who found oil by literally scratching at the hard Texas earth with his bare hands. He loved money and power—but he worshipped his only daughter, the beautiful Babs. Houston society buzzed with stories of his latest indulgence—which might be the clandestine transporting of the en-



Richworth father and daughter: *A quiet evening at home, en famille.*



Kingman: *A limo for his spittoon.*



Instep: *A quiet plodder.*

tire resort of Baden-Baden as a good morning surprise for his daughter, or the equally rapid replacement of the formal gardens and baroque ballrooms with an exact duplicate of Manhattan's swank Fifth Avenue later that day. Buck wanted his little girl to have "the best the world had to offer"—without ever having to leave his side.

**VICTIM #1:** Lilac Eustachia "Babs" Richworth, the girl with everything, had no luck when it came to marriage. Three times fate had robbed her at the altar. She is said to have loved three things and nothing else: herself, her father, and money. Who could have wanted to harm her?

**VICTIM #2:** Dr. Lawrence Bryant, the shy but fashionable young specialist, had admitted to friends that he had more than a professional interest in his reclusive patient. Just days after she accepted his invitation to attend a movie, they were both dead. The coroner's report indicated the cause of his death was massive ingestion of the insecticide KL100—the same substance found in Buck's car.

**COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE:**

Percy H. Kingman artfully exploited his resemblance to Clarence Darrow and never spoke a word in open court. The famous trial lawyer also never lost a murder case—which is why the best young lawyers in the country fought for the privilege of relaying his various gestures and communications to the judge—a single deposit in his famous brass spittoon signaling "objection," a pinch of snuff in his left nostril indicating "motion for mistrial," and so on. When court recessed, the attorney general, his junior partner, sent his car around for the spittoon.

**THE PROSECUTION:** Dolph Instep was just the sort of quiet plodder the defense was relying on. The wily Kingman arranged for his inexperienced young opponent to receive strategically timed telephone calls investigating his law practice from various intimidating figures, such as the local Bar Association secretary and the vice president of the United States.

**THE JUDGE:** Twenty years of William Thornkill's faithful service to Houston's rich and powerful paid off with a prestigious job that brought with it a large salary and the opportunity to help those who had helped him. No one had any doubts about



his impartiality in this case—the justice told anyone who asked that he would set a torch to the courthouse before he let Buck Richworth serve one day in prison.

## THE TRIAL

For five long days, the State presents its case against Buck Richworth. Police reports, sworn statements from eyewitnesses, and ballistics and coroner's findings are used to establish and corroborate the following sequence of events: on May 18, Buck and Babs argued bitterly about her desire to leave Richland for a date with Bryant. Babs ran from the house and Buck ordered his staff to track her down and kill her, using the P.A. system to relay similar orders to the dog pound and helicopter hangar. Buck then ordered his custom-made Lincoln convertible brought around, and after emplacing the swivel-mounted machine gun on its special tripod, gave chase as employees covered in terror. He overtook the fleeing Babs, ran over her legs to stop her flight, and after cornering her behind a building pumped thirty-eight bullets into her 5'6" 108-pound body. He then turned to a female employee sobbing nearby, said, "Don't you have any work to do?" and ordered the driver to take him to Dr. Bryant's downtown office. At 2:07 they charged through a crowded waiting room carrying a funnel and a container of insecticide. They held Bryant down, forced him to swallow over a pint of the liquid, then left him to die.

### FIRST WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE:

*Ex-Patrolman Don Thompson, now Judge Donald H. Thompson.* "I came voluntarily to volunteer this information, of my own accord and without prompting. Any testimony or sworn statement I might have submitted as presiding officer in this case that might seem to incriminate anyone whatsoever must be regarded as suspect and inadmissible, as I have since learned that I was suffering at the time of this investigation from an acute emotional viral condition brought about by infectious insomnia of the nervous system at the time. Thank you."

### WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:

*Mrs. Sandra Stouffer.* "After that man (points to Richworth) and the other man left, I crawled out from behind a couch and went to Doctor Bryant, who was groaning and had foam on his mouth.

He whispered to me, 'Buck Richworth did this...tell police he shot his daughter first!'"

*(Kingman blows his nose)*

*Judge:* Would you say the doctor was upset at the time he told you this?

*Witness:* Yes...he was dying...there was this green...

*Judge:* Let the record show this hearsay originated with an unreliable source.... *(A note is passed to the judge by a Kingman aide)*...I see here you are suffering from "drug addictive nymphomania."

*Witness:* I hardly see...I am being treated with drugs for adjunctive lymphoma, which is an allergic condition that causes glandular swelling...yes.

*Judge:* All right...witness has "swollen nymphomaniac glands," let the record show this.



*Governor: Last minute surprises.*



*Babs and suitors—three times fate robbed her at the altar.*

**DEFENSE WITNESS:** *Dr. Jerry Chalmers, former night assistant in Houston Coroner's office, now director of the new \$100 million Forensic Medicine and Human Sexuality Research Center. "I came voluntarily to volunteer this information, of my own accord and without prompting. The late coroner, may he rest in peace, was often so drunk that he performed autopsies in the dark and invented official reports, like if people died from old age he would write that they died of insecticide poisoning."*

**STAR WITNESS FOR THE**

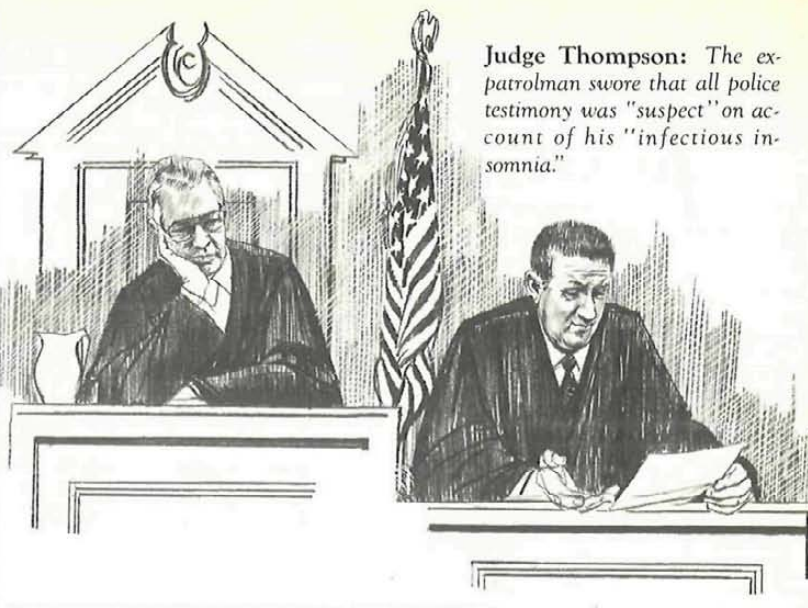
**DEFENSE:** *Their case badly damaged by this "new" testimony, the State presents its trump card, Juan Tanamera, Richworth retainer. "I come, Meester Instep, because I'm being very fright. I seeing Señor Richworth he shoot poor leetle daughter...I hold funnel for he... Señor Richworth he make doctor eat the bad stuff. Then we go back. He say...tell all peoples that seeing what happened I kill if they speak anyone."*

With the gallery buzzing at this latest, most damaging corroboration, it seems as though nothing short of a miracle can save "Buck" Richworth. And then Percy Kingman clears his throat noisily, and, in the ensuing silence, launches a projectile high in the air that arcs gracefully before landing in the spittoon with a resounding thud. Defense lawyers spring into action.

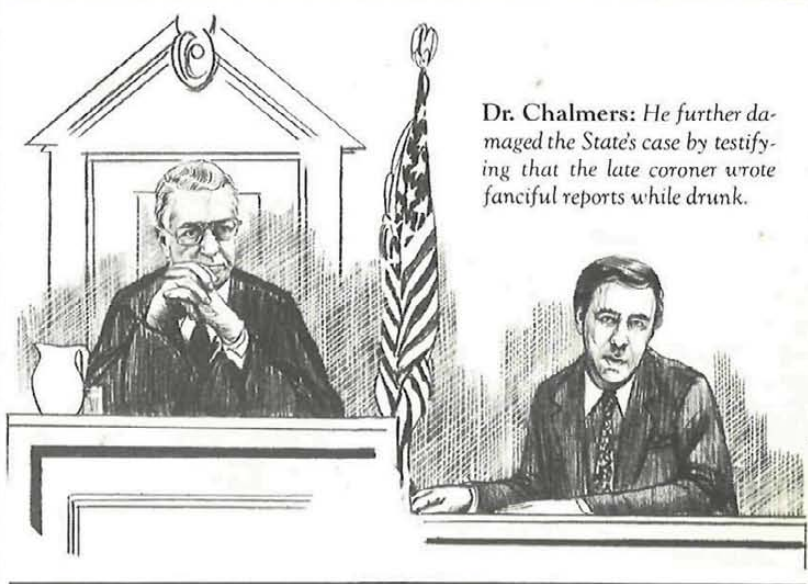
**SURPRISE DEFENSE WITNESS:**

*Governor "Hunk" Briscoe. "I came voluntarily to volunteer this information as governor of this state, of my own accord and without prompting. 'Buck' Richworth, an old and very dear friend of mine, was with me in Tallahassee at the governor's conference at the time these events took place. On a visit to Richland some time before, 'Babs' took me aside and said, 'Uncle Hunk, you're the only one in the world I can tell this to. I have decided to enter into a suicide pact with a doctor who I know. He is going to eat poison and I shall run myself down with Daddy's car and shoot myself with Daddy's gun. Please don't disapprove of me!' Bill [Judge William Thornkill], I knew you would not want to have the conviction of this innocent man on your fine record, a record not without blemishes, but one which could enable you to serve your state, and perhaps even your country, in due time."*

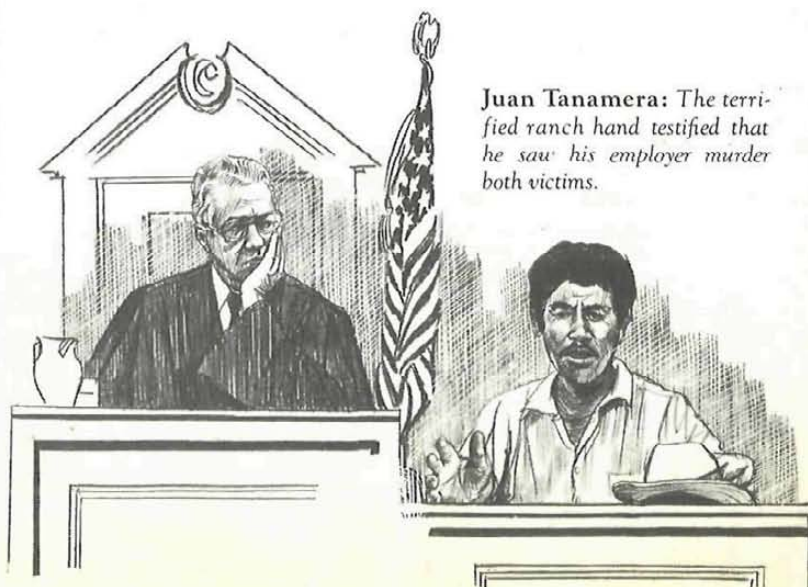
Verdict: ACQUITTAL!!!



**Judge Thompson:** *The ex-patrolman swore that all police testimony was "suspect" on account of his "infectious insomnia."*



**Dr. Chalmers:** *He further damaged the State's case by testifying that the late coroner wrote fanciful reports while drunk.*



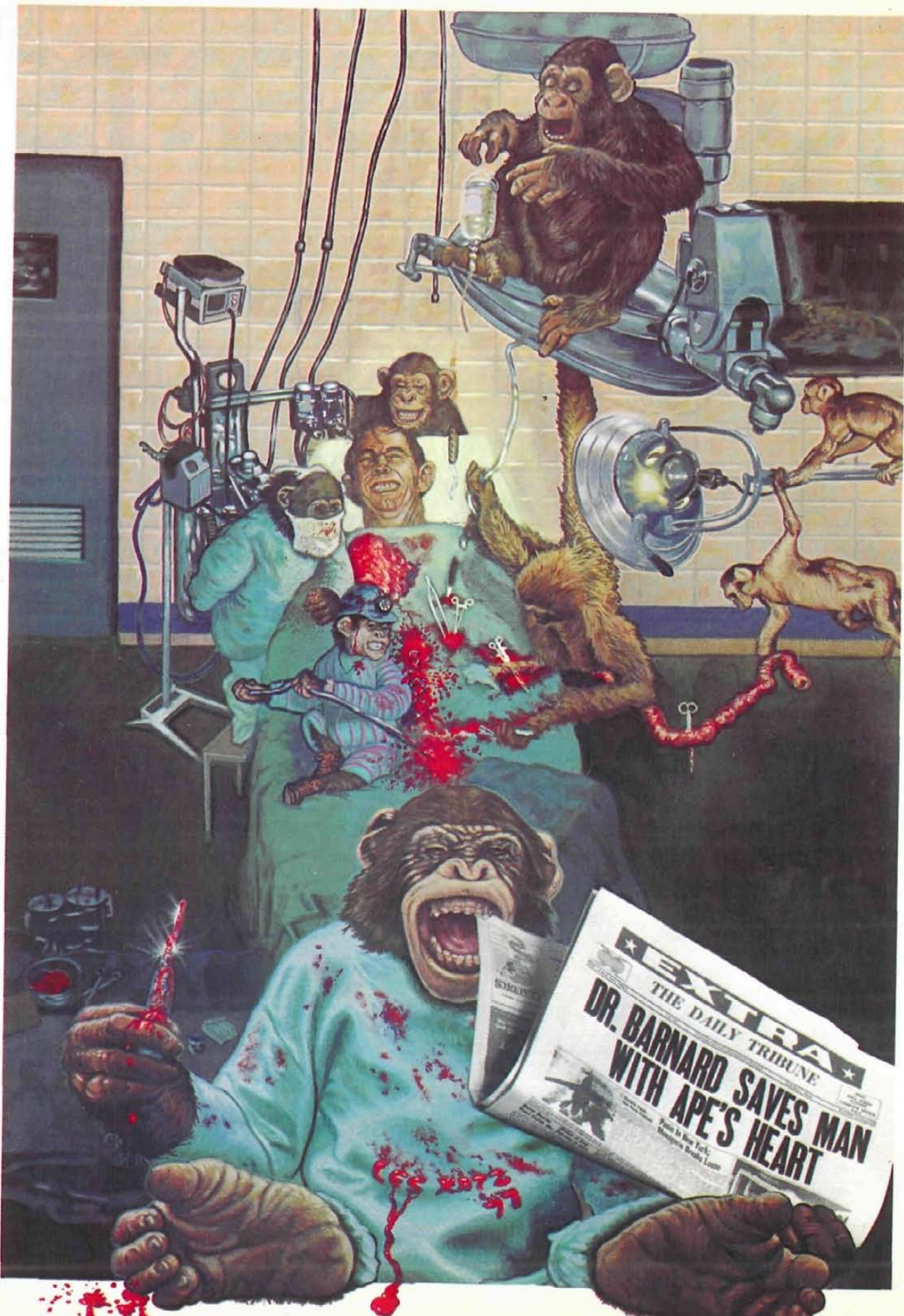
**Juan Tanamera:** *The terrified ranch hand testified that he saw his employer murder both victims.*

# JUST DESERTS



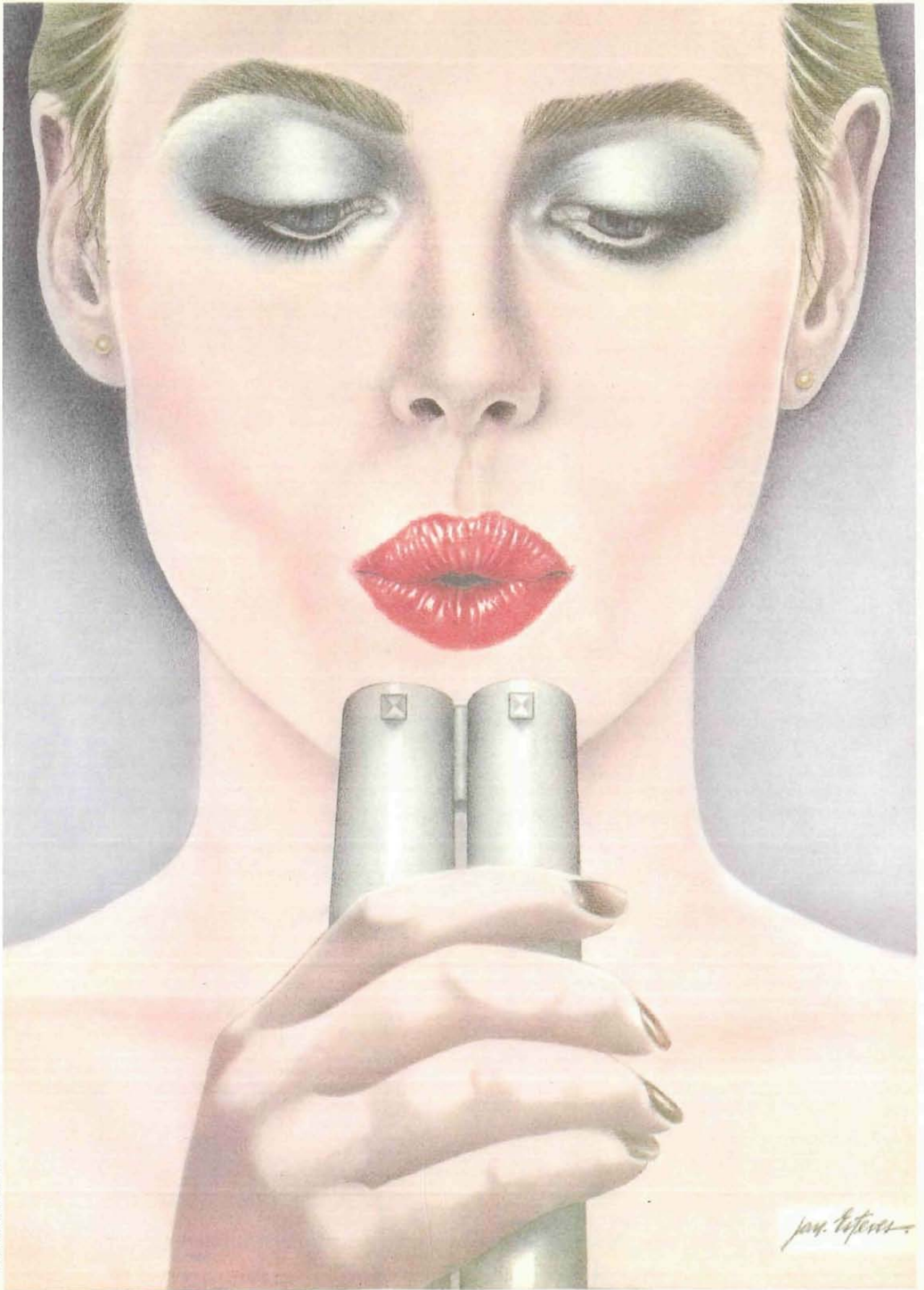
Illustrated by Julien Allen

Sometimes, Jerry, less is less.  
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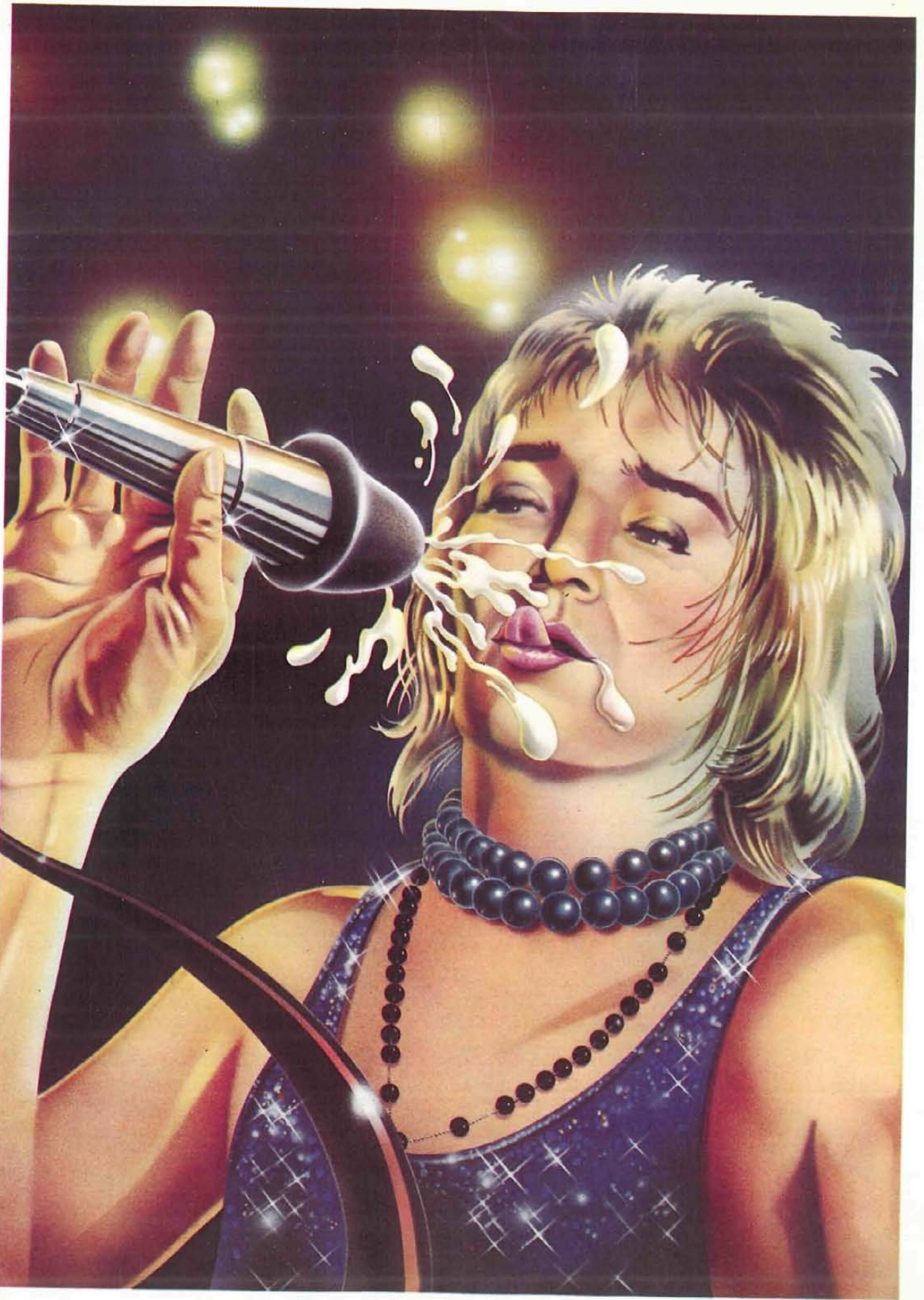
Illustrated by Les Katz

Barnard humor.  
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It's the Hemingway to go, Babe.  
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# Now you can step up to the performance of separates without overstepping your budget.

The performance of separates. That's something most people want but, up until now, couldn't afford. Now you can, with the SU-7100 integrated amp and the ST-7300 tuner.

The SU-7100 is quite a lot of integrated amp, but then we put quite a lot into it. Starting with sophisticated circuitry that's as low on noise as it is on distortion. Like a high-gain Darlington circuit to maintain low distortion levels. Like 35 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion. That's the kind of power you need to get the dynamic range you want out of your music.

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The SU-7100 also has low-distortion main tone controls. Two-way tape dubbing. A 41-step master volume control. A or B speaker selection. And more.

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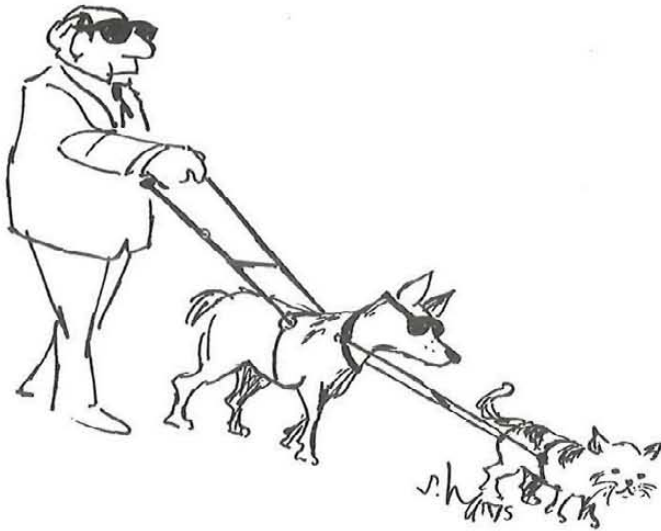
The SU-7100 and ST-7300. They're your way of turning one modest budget into two separate components.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.

## Technics

by Panasonic





## SHORT HAIRS

continued from page 32

degradation and corruption and it shrinks before the pure, celestial music made by proud and shining sons of Africa as they stride forward, warriors of Allah's sacred word, with spears upraised and truth and courage singing in their hearts to now proclaim the founding of the black man's Holy Empire on this earth!

(There is a hushed pause, then...)

Thug. (To Hard-On) What the fuck's this nigger sayin', man?

Hard-On. Beats me. Hey, Shaz, man, talk in fuckin' English.

El Shazam. Shit.... (Turning on them; disgusted) You mothers dumb as pig shit, you know that? Just what the hell—

(Spudpud takes advantage of El Shazam's turned back to kick him in the ass. He sails across the room and crashes down on top of José, who gradually comes to)

El Shazam. (Leaping to his feet) O.K., faggot. You just sent your white ass to the cemetery, man!

Spudpud. I'm ready, motherfucker! Come on, make your move!

(Spudpud and El Shazam square off against each other and draw weapons—El Shazam a sawed-off shotgun made from clothesline and a deck of playing cards, Spudpud a small bazooka made of toenail clippers and a roll of dental floss. The other Prisoners have begun to form a ring around them when José struggles to his feet and steps unsteadily between them)

José. Wait a second! Hold it, man! You wanna fight, O.K., man, fight! But fight like men! Don't fight like fuckin' animals! Fair fight. Come on, fair fight.

Tasticakes. José is right, man.

Thug. Yeah. Fair fight.

Taco. Fair fight.

(A breathless pause)

El Shazam. O.K. by me, man.

Spudpud. Right.

(They drop their weapons. Thug picks them up and nonchalantly tries them out on Teeny-Peeny, blowing off the

bottom half of his left leg. José looks around)

José. Hey, Idi...Adolf...where the fuck did you guys get to?

(The Two Guards stir from the corner upstage left where They have been alternately smoking cigarettes and dozing since the orgy)

Adolf. What is it, spic?

Idi. What's going on?

Tasticakes. Spudpud and El Shazam are gonna fight.

José. No weapons, man. Just fists. We need you guys to referee.

Idi. Sure thing.

Adolf. You bet.

Idi. You set this up, José?

José. I got two of them to put their weapons down. I got them to agree to fight like men, not fuckin' animals!

Adolf. That's beautiful, José.

Idi. Uh-huh...but we'll take over now.

(Adolf and Idi club José several times across the head and toss him in the corner, then They gesture to Spudpud and El Shazam to start the fight. The Two Men wrap their fists in strips of cloth and circle cautiously while all the other Prisoners ad-lib grunts and cheers. Several punches are exchanged, the Two Men grapple, then Spudpud slips and El Shazam jumps down on top of him and starts to pummel him. Adolf draws his gun and puts a bullet into El Shazam's right arm. This shifts the advantage to Spudpud, who leaps on his opponent and begins to beat his head against the floor. Idi pulls his gun and shoots off three of Spudpud's fingers. El Shazam now rolls on top again, but not for long as Adolf wings him in the foot...and so it goes, shot for shot and wound for wound, until the bell rings suddenly and the gate to the reception area slides open. The fight stops instantly and all eyes turn to see who's coming through the door. A beat, then Laurence P. Worthington III enters. He is accompanied by Two Guards, one of whom carries his several leather suitcases; the other walks behind him dusting off his jacket with a whisk broom. One Guard crosses to the upstage wall and drop kicks



Teeny-Peeny back behind the toilet while the Other One sets down the suitcases. Worthington tips them both, They tug their forelocks, bow, and exit)

Taco. Hey, Spudpud. Check it out, man.

Hard-On. Yeah. Looks like you got a no-dick, fag-ass honky here to keep you company.

El Shazam. That's right, man. One more fuckin' devil.

(El Shazam spits on the floor and turns away to bandage up his gunshot wounds. The other Prisoners break up into small groups and begin to either blow or beat each other quietly. Spudpud crosses to Worthington and puts his arm around his shoulder)

Spudpud. Hey, don't listen to these fuckin' scumbags, kid. You stick with me and watch your back and you won't have no trouble with these stupid pricks. (Offering a pack of Chesterfields) You want a smoke?

Worthington. Thank you, I prefer my own.

(He takes out a pack of Rothman's and lights one)

Spudpud. That's cool, man. Don't take nothin' till you know the price tag.

Worthington. (Airily; absently examining his new surroundings) Sound advice, I'm sure.

Spudpud. Hey, kid, I like you, you know that? You're hip.

Worthington. Thanks awfully.

Spudpud. My name's Spudpud, kid. What's yours?

Worthington. Laurence P. Worthington, the third.

Spudpud. Hey, hey...hey, that's some fuckin' handle, man. What name you wanna go by in the can here?

Worthington. Let's try Mister Worthington, all right?

Spudpud. (His face darkening a bit) Your choice, man. First time in the lock-up?

Worthington. (Annoyed) Naturally it is. Do I look like some kind of criminal?

Spudpud. Be cool, man. What you in for?

Worthington. Child molesting.

(As if They had been struck by lightning, all the other Prisoners stop what They are doing and lean in to listen in hushed silence)

Spudpud. What's that, man? I don't think I heard that right?

Worthington. (Impatiently, distinctly) Child molesting. You know, sexually assaulting little children...mostly black and Puerto Rican...eight, nine, ten years old...whatever I could find without going too far into really loathsome neighborhoods.

All the prisoners. (In unison, a vicious whisper) Short Eyes...

Worthington. What was that? I didn't-

Hard-On. (Interrupting) Fuckin' Short Eyes!!

Taco. Motherfuckin' Short Eyes!!

Thug. Shee-it! (Jumping on the table) Come on, let's summarily enforce the rigid moral code which governs our own small, enclosed society!

El Shazam. God-damn!!

Taco. (Beside himself with fury; frothing at the mouth) Motherfuckin' Short Eyes!!!

(Suddenly all hell breaks loose. The Prisoners leap up and start chasing Worthington around the room. Spudpud and the Guards join in the hunt. Ad-libbed shouts of moral outrage)

Tasticakes. Grab that fuckin' white-washed creep!

Thug. I'll rip his fuckin' dick off!

Spudpud. Don't hurt him, man! I wanna take this mother off the count myself!

Tasticakes. (Slowing down, tugging at Spudpud's sleeve) Off the count? What's that mean, man?

Spudpud. (Viciously pushing him  
continued on page 84



# Frog Yoks

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

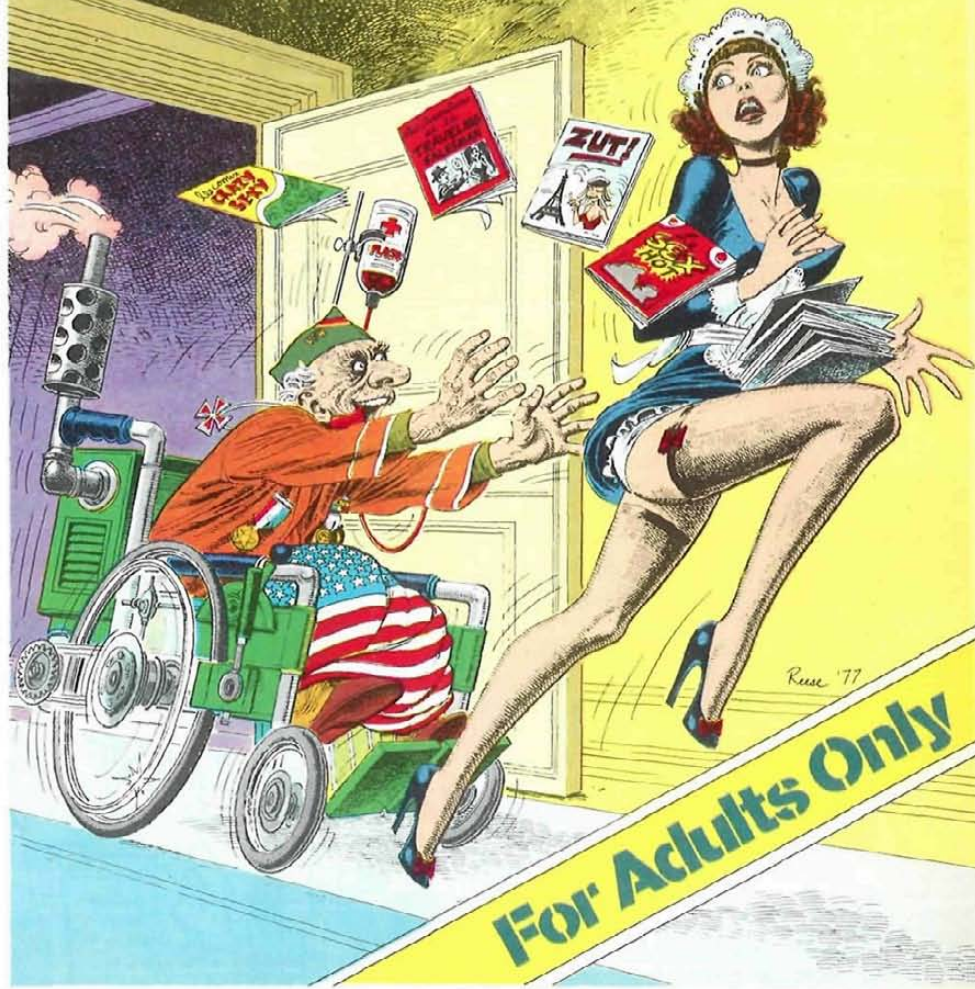
The editors of the *National Lampoon*, some of whom know people who actually speak French, sort of, have ransacked hundreds of French books and magazines to select this anthology of French comics, and translated them into what passes for English around here.

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

## NATIONAL LAMPOON

### French Comics

(The Kind Men Like)



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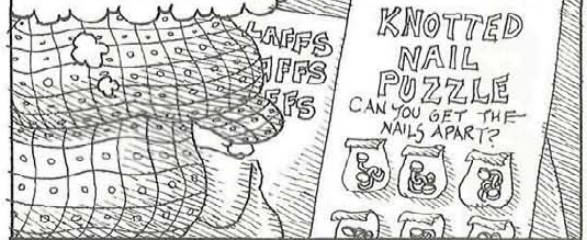


# FUNNY PAGES

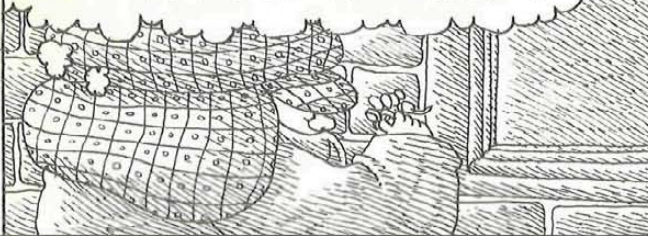
## KNUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU FOUND YOURSELF TELLING YOURSELF YOU HAD TO DO SOME THING WHICH YOU KNEW WAS REALLY MADE UP, BUT THAT STILL DIDN'T MAKE IT LESS IMPORTANT?

I WON'T BUY IT. WHY SHOULD I BUY SOMETHING THAT'LL JUST GIVE ME GRIEF? IT'S JUST A SILLY, HALF-ASSED PUZZLE IS ALL IT IS!



JEEZ, I SPENT A WHOLE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS ON THIS DAMN THING! MOVING IT THIS WAY DOESN'T WORK. MOVING IT THAT WAY DOESN'T WORK.



MOVING IT OVER LIKE THAT DOESN'T WORK. MOVING IT LIKE THIS DOESN'T WORK.

DINNER'S READY!

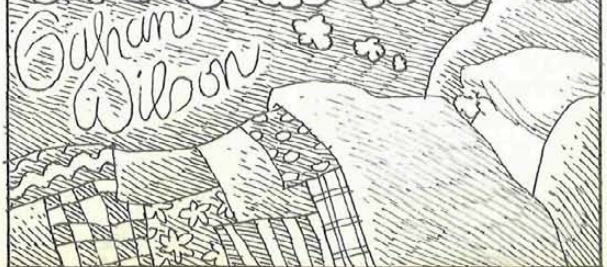


NOBODY SAID I COULDN'T BEND ONE OF THE GODDAM' NAILS! NOBODY SAID A WORD ABOUT THAT!

TIME TO GO TO BED!



SHIT, NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW YOU'RE REALLY SUPPOSED TO GET THE DUMB THING APART!



# CHICKEN GUITAR

## in "CLOSE ENCOUNTER" OF THE FOURTH KIND

do you really believe that for every drop of rain that falls... a flower grows?



LATER THAT EVENING.

Look up in the sky... IT'S A BIRD... IT'S A PLANE... IT'S A BADLY DRAWN FLYING SAUCER!

OH MY! AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT!

It's landed! I believe I'm experiencing a "SIGHTING"!

(Grows) I believe I'm experiencing "BOREDOM."

SWOOSH

BONK

HOLY COW! ...

FLIP

ZIP

MOVE TO PANEL 4

I've seen better looking Cow FLOPS!

GREETINGS!

BLESS MY SOUL!

here comes the "TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER" part.

WHO are you - WHERE are you from?

I am a JIBBER from the far-away planet JIB!

I'm glad I've got a VACATION coming up!

BUT you're speaking ENGLISH!!

NO - you're speaking JIBBERISH!

I have travelled 3.25 million light years to reach you! Luckily I had a good book to read on the trip!

I'M FLABBERGASTED!

I'M DISGUSTED!

We've been studying you for millions of years. We know all there is to know about you. How is your President Roosevelt?

LATER

do you have any animals on your planet?

OF COURSE... We have GIANT FREEPS, CLABBERCLODS, FLYING BOOZLES, GLORPS, GLIMPS, AND COCKROACHES!

I would like to take a specimen back to JIB! I understand there's a human named LANCE who likes to FLY!

KATHRYN FROM NANTUCKET YUM YUM YUM.

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP.

FEAST YOUR EYES!

So these are your sophisticated instruments!

N.C.

Go Stop

DUM DE DUM DUM!

Why do you have 3 arms on one side and 2 arms on the other?

It is not POLITE to make JEST at a person's imperfections!

and so our story ENDS... as quickly as it began!

GOOD-BYE! IT WAS SO NICE TO MEET A MAN FROM OUTER SPACE!

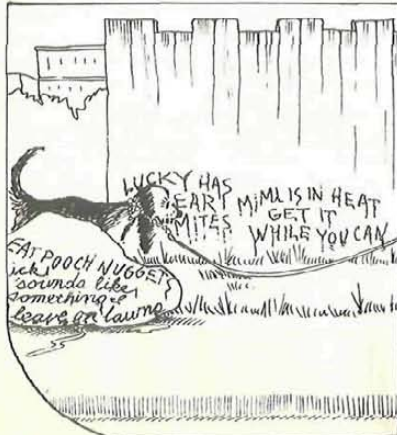
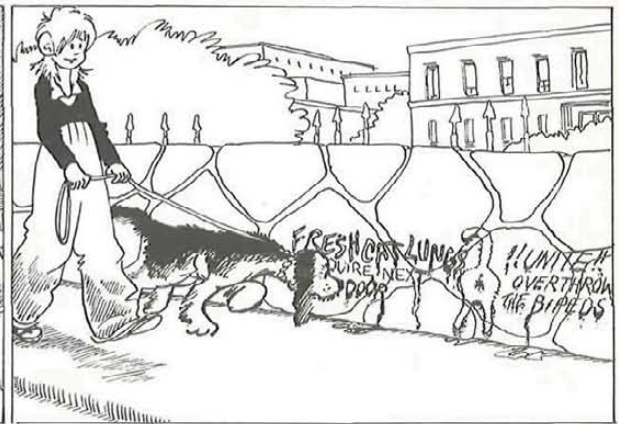
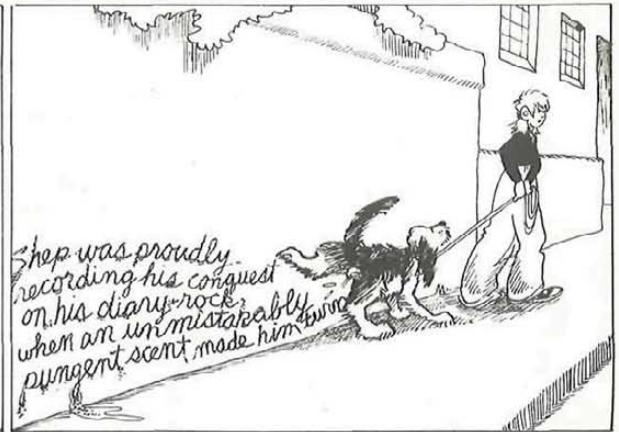
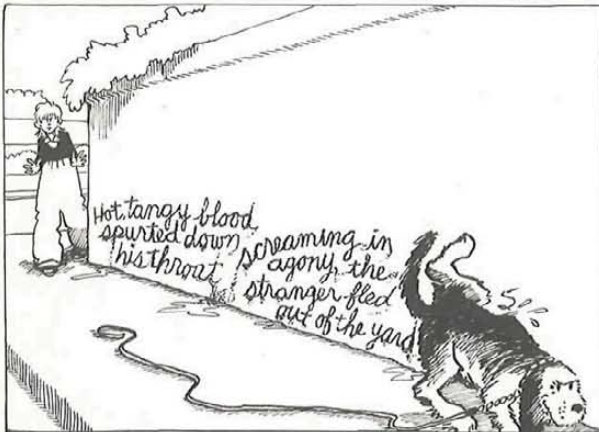
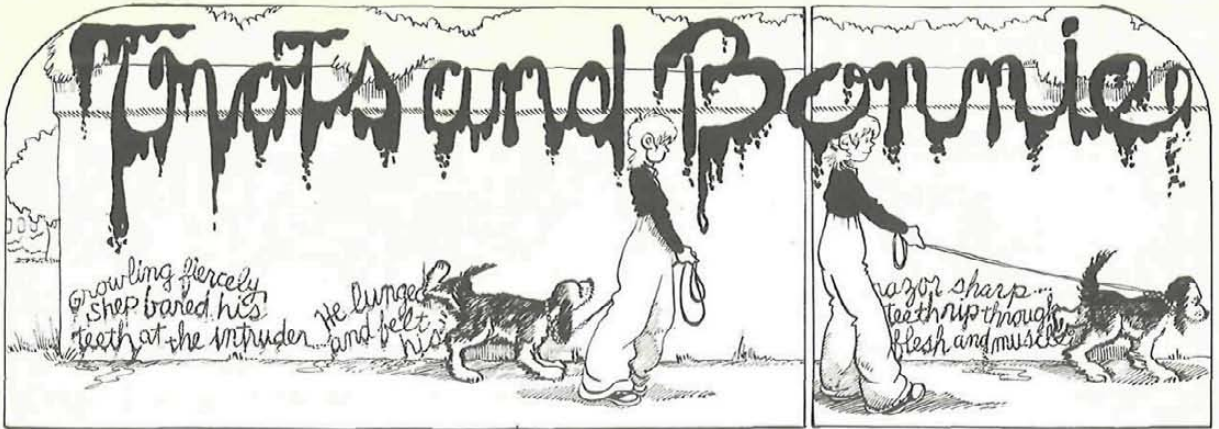
I'm not a MAN... I'm a gorgeous young GIRL. Men die for one of my glances. They give their lives for one of my burning KISSES... WELL... SO LONG, SEXY!

SO LONG.

HELLO TO BOB THE BARTENDER. A BIG SMOOCHY KISS TO MY FAVORITE ACTRESS TERRY PORTER. LOVE ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ TO THE WEASEL.

THIS SIDE OF THE STRIP IS FOR MY FAVORITE WIFE... LEANN THE ACTRESS.

THIS SIDE OF THIS PANEL IS DEDICATED TO FIBBO CLARK.



© 77 SHARON FLENNIKEN

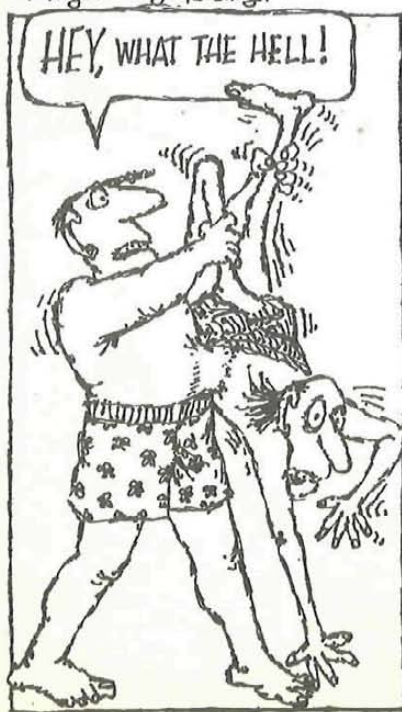
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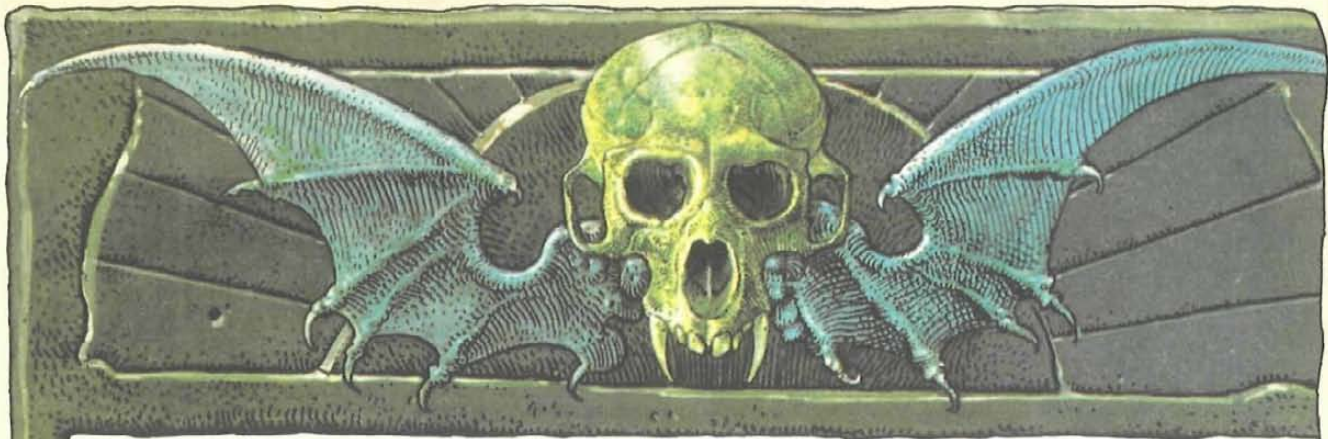
REQUESTED BY  
PETER KLEINMAN

DEAR READERS, AS THE RESULT OF A MISHAP, THE Aesop BROTHERS WERE BRIEFLY SEPARATED. DUE TO A LOSS OF TISSUE THEY HAD TO BE REJOINED UPSIDE DOWN-BACKWARDS!



\*they're always Pending!





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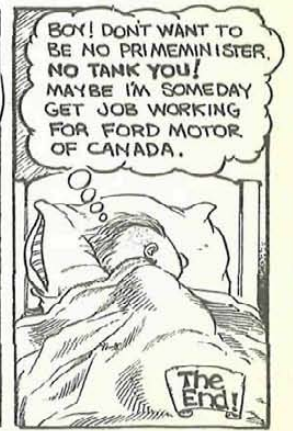
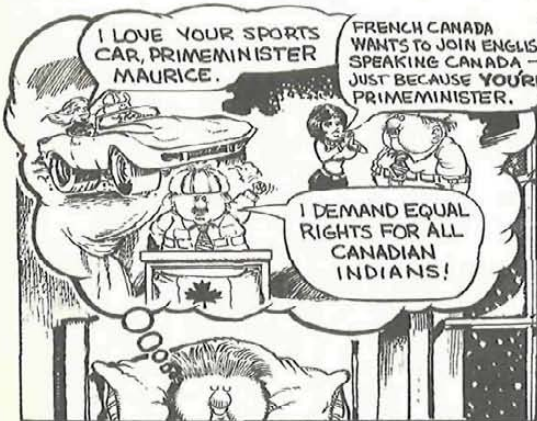
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DANGER  
RANGERETTE**

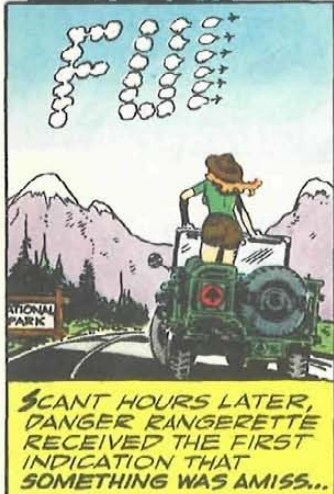
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**F U I**

SCANT HOURS LATER, DANGER RANGERETTE RECEIVED THE FIRST INDICATION THAT SOMETHING WAS AMISS...



MY GOODNESS, THOSE CLOUDS DON'T LOOK LIKE SHEEP OR TURTLES!



**FUCK OZONE**

WHOEVER WROTE THAT SHOULD HAVE THEIR MOUTHS WASHED OUT WITH BIO-DEGRADABLE LOW PHOSPHATE SOAP!



F. THORNE

I BETTER GET BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS AND PHONE THE PRESIDENT...

THEY MAY BE RUSSIAN PLANES!



GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS THAT??

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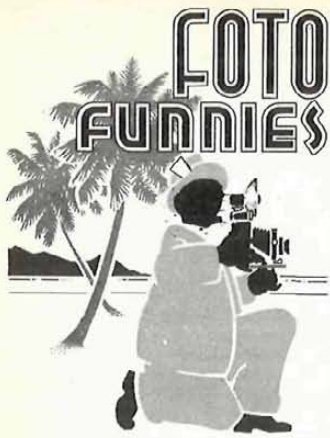
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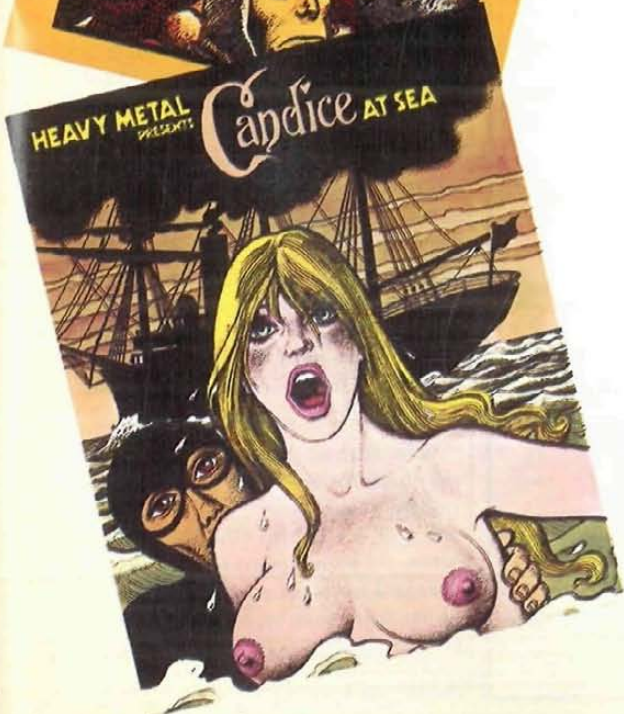
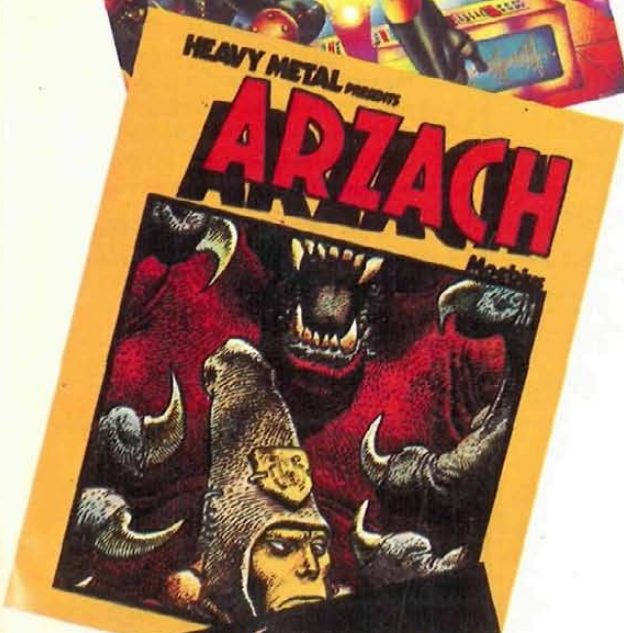
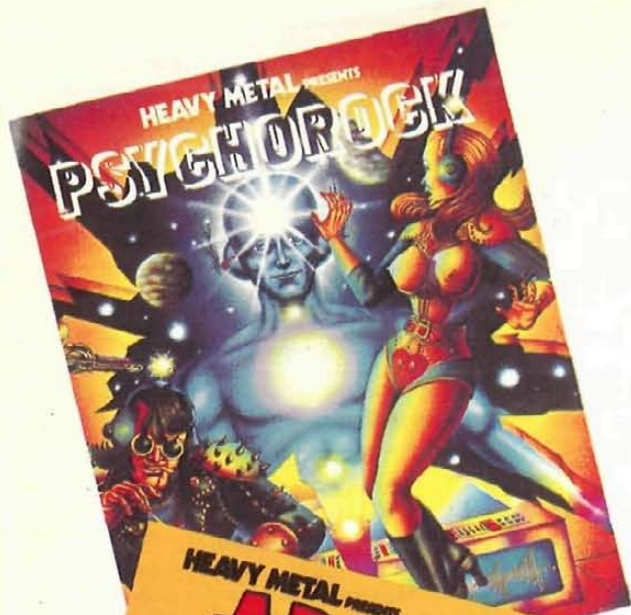


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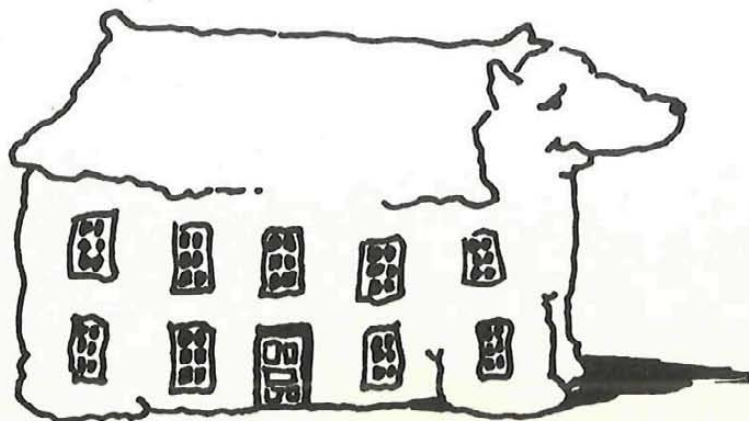
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National Lampoon's first film...

# ANIMAL HOUSE

... written by *NatLamp* writers Doug Kenney, Chris Miller, and Harold Ramis and directed by John Landis (*Kentucky Fried Movie*) has finished production. The Universal picture stars John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce, Donald Sutherland as "Jennings," and 163,000 other very funny people. Reporters on the closed set have leaked out these advance reactions: the roast beef was good, the mashed potatoes were cold, and the strawberry shortcake was great!



## SHORT HAIRS

continued from page 71

aside) I got no time to be your fuckin' language teacher, scumhead! Check the fuckin' footnotes!<sup>4</sup>

(While Tasticakes looks at the footnotes, Spudpud dives at Worthington and brings him down. The other Prisoners pounce on him and rush him over to the table, where They pin him on his back. Spudpud walks slowly toward him)

You know what I'm gonna do to Mister Worthington here? Ear to ear, I'm gonna cut the fucker's throat!

(As Spudpud approaches the table, He pulls out a chain saw made from toilet paper and a can of Right Guard. He pulls the starter and it catches with a roar, which brings José around. José staggers to his feet and throws himself between Spudpud and Worthington)

José. Don't do this, man! This man's a man, man! You can't butcher him like he was just a fuckin' animal! You can't—

Worthington. (Interrupting) Excuse me, I don't know your name, but would you just shut up and let me handle this?

(He shakes a leg free, kicks José in the face and sends him flying back against the wall, then turns his attention to the other Prisoners)

Fellas...fellas, let's slow down a minute here and use our heads, O.K.?

Taco. (Viciously) I'll use my head to rip your fuckin' face off!

Worthington. Anatomically an interesting idea, but I'm sure that if you think a minute you'll agree that harming me would hardly be in your best interest.

Taco. Huh?

Hard-On. What's that?

(More ad-libs of bewilderment)

Thug. Hey, what the fuck you sayin', man?

Worthington. I'm saying that my father happens to be one of New York's richest businessmen, and if you lads will just forget this Short Eyes nonsense, I'd be happy to suggest that he post bail for all of you and, when you go on trial, that he help each of you arrange the best defense available.

4. To take off the count: Prison slang for kill.

(Stunned silence)

Taco. You'd do that for us, man? You'd get your fuckin' Pops to spring for all our bail?

Worthington. (Nodding) I would.

Tasticakes. And lawyers, man? He'll get us fuckin' lawyers?

Thug. Dudes who been to Harvard, Yale, and shit like that, man?

El Shazam. No more with the sheenies in the sixty dollar suits from Legal fuckin' Aid?!

Worthington. Well, let me see... would F. Lee Bailey suit you gentlemen?

Thug. (A hoot of joy) God-damn! El Shazam. Al-right!

(Shouts and cries of celebration. Hand slaps all around. Spudpud dusts off Worthington and helps him to his feet)

Spudpud. Hey, man, we didn't hurt you, did we?

Thug. Yeah, man, you O.K.?

Taco. Here, lemme help you up...

(Several Prisoners see to Worthington while all the Others joyfully assault each other, physically and sexually. In the midst of the festivities the gate to the reception area slides open and Two Guards push Miguel into the room. Miguel seems nervous, almost frightened, and He huddles in a corner by himself until He's spotted)

El Shazam. Miguel...

(The celebration stops immediately and all the Prisoners turn to face Miguel)

Miguel. (Nervously) Hey, brothers. Hey, what's happenin', huh? What's goin' down? Hey, hey...

(No response, then...)

All the Prisoners. (In unison, a vicious whisper) Short Hairs...

Miguel. No, man. No. You got it wrong! You heard it wrong, man!

(Slowly They close in on him)

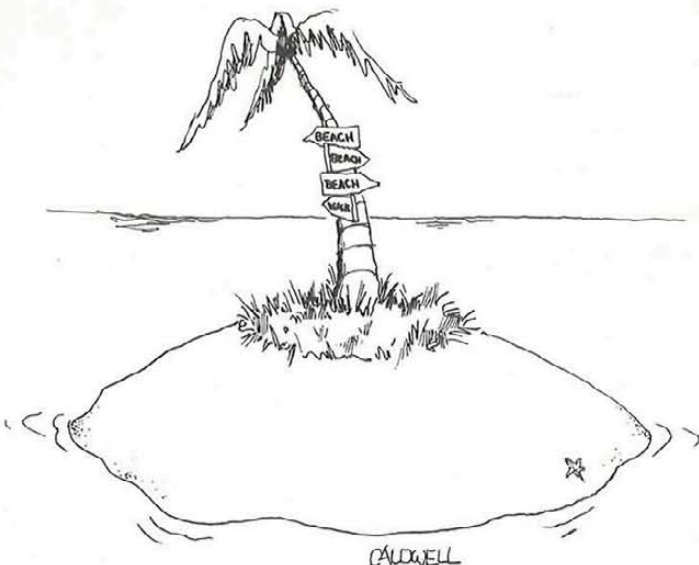
Thug. Short Hairs!

El Shazam. Fuckin' Short Hairs!!

Taco. (A snarl of crazy rage; his eye balls rolling up inside his head) Mother-fuckin' Short Hairs!!!

(Almost as one man, the Prisoners leap at Miguel, but He slips away. A frantic chase ensues with Miguel dodging left

continued on page 88



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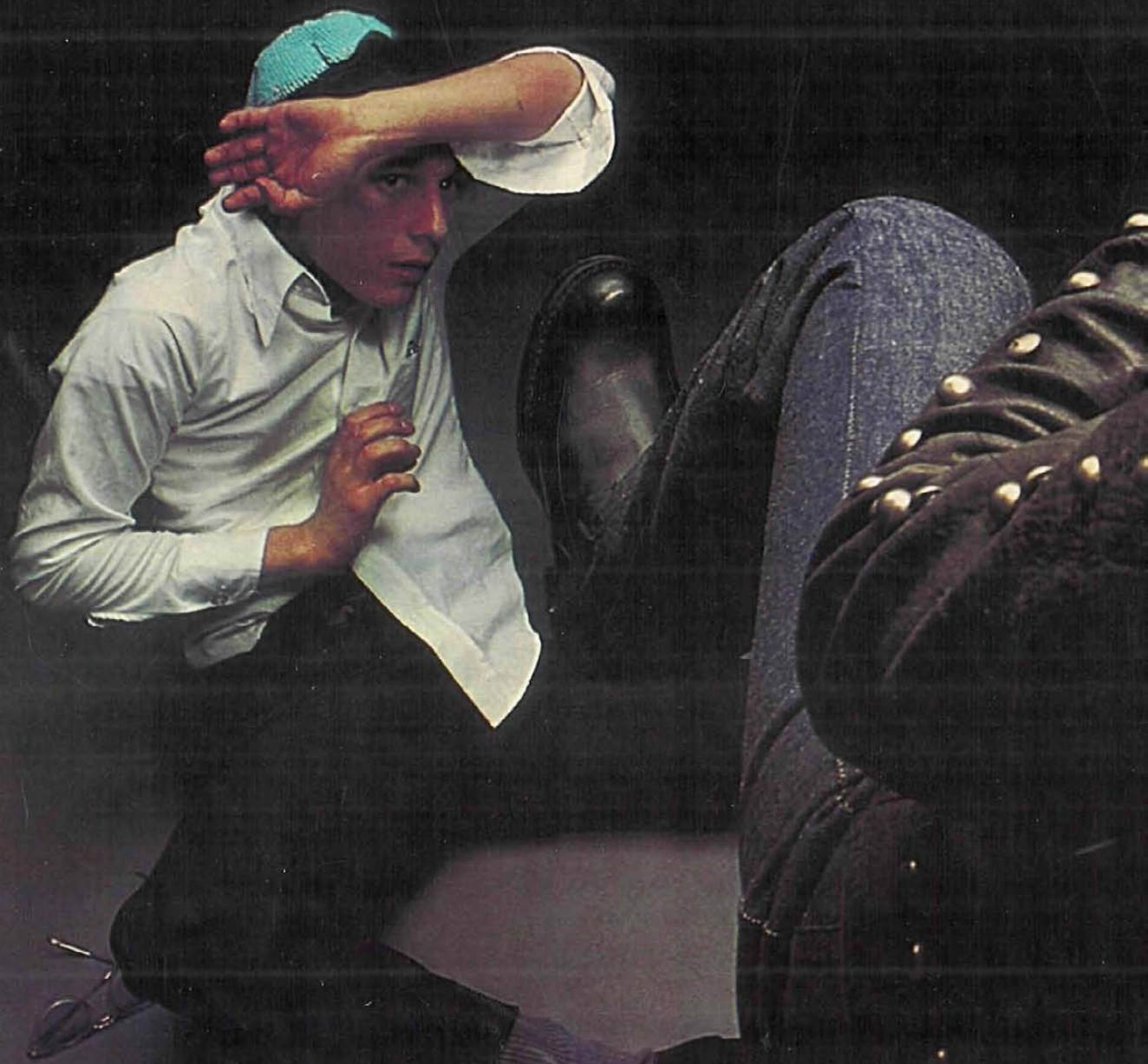
### What are you eating?

These are VEGETARIAN TIMES

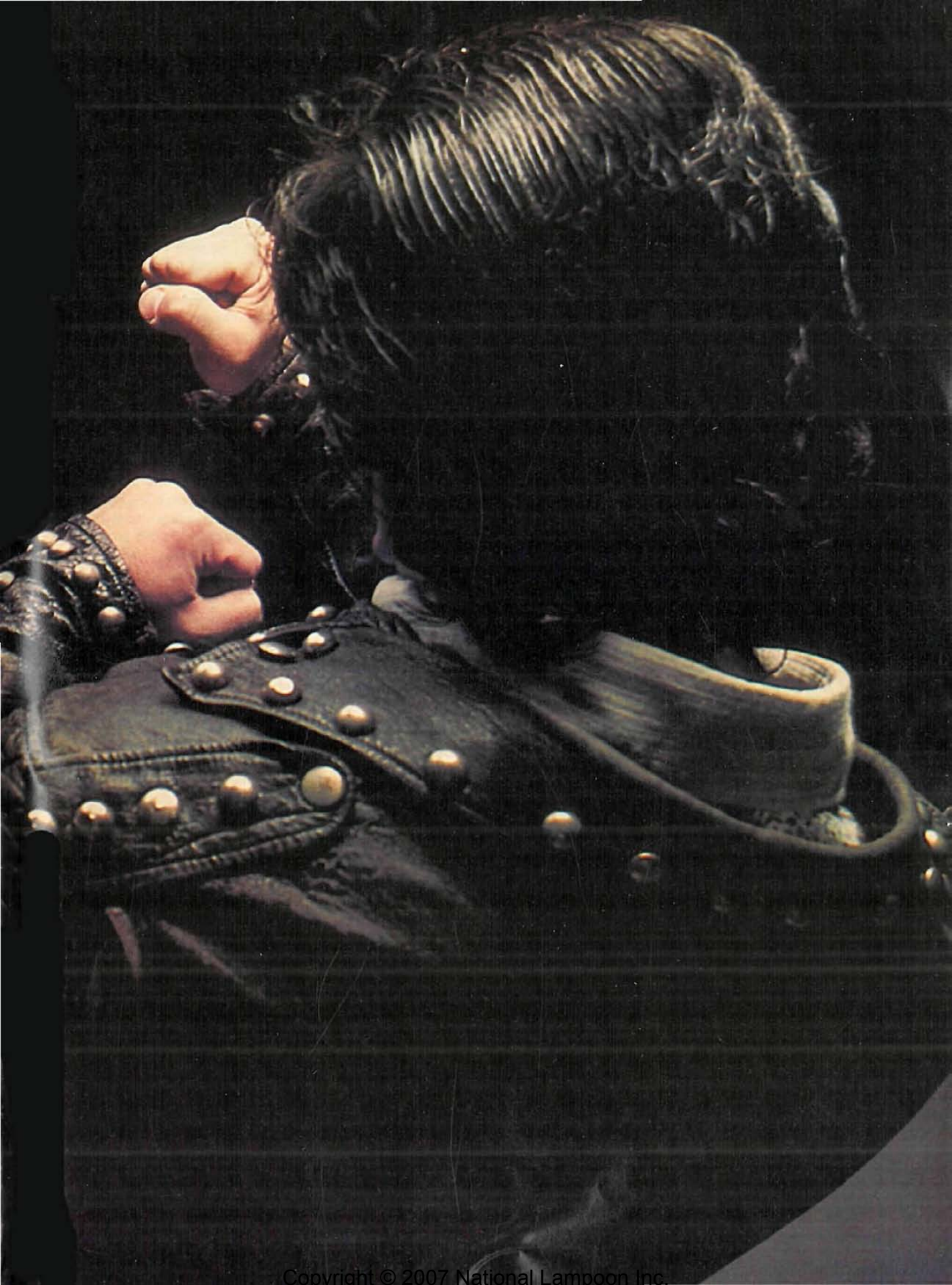
These are VEGETARIAN TIMES

## ARTHUR FONZARELLI ALIAS "THE FONZ"

Born 1933. First arrest, 1945, vandalized synagogue. Released as a minor. 1946, kidnapped Begelman twins. Later returned them unharmed. 1948, drove stolen car without a license. 1950, kidnapped Begelman twins. Released, insufficient evidence. 1952, hijacked cigarette delivery truck. Sentenced to one year in state penitentiary. Released in nine months. 1953, accessory in playground rape of Katherine "Kitty" Scungiliano. Released on parole. 1955, set fire to gas station. Released, insufficient evidence. 1960, died in motorcycle accident trying to escape police after armed robbery of Begelman twins.







# GOOBERS featuring **BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN**

## SHORT HAIRS

continued from page 85

and right and all the Prisoners racing after him. Adolf and Idi do their part to help. Ad-libbed shouts of frenzied fury. At the height of all the uproar, Worthington draws Thug aside)

Worthington. Pardon me, but I'm not clear on something here. It seems so odd. Is his name really Short Hairs?

Thug. No, man, no. The dude's real name's Miguel. We call him Short Hairs cause the fucker is the lowest piece of shit there is. He went and did a crime so fuckin' sick it makes me puke to even think about it.

Worthington. Did he really? Huh. What crime was that?

Thug. He's been in here before, man...see...and last time he got out—(Agitated, upset, forcing himself to continue)—he wrote a fuckin' play about it! You believe that, man?! A mother-fuckin' play! A goddamn well-made three act fuckin' play!!<sup>5</sup>

(Overcome with rage, Thug reaches out as Miguel races by and grabs him by the testicles. He picks him up and throws him on the table where He's instantly surrounded by the other Prisoners. All of them draw the remainder of their homemade weapons and, ad-libbing grunts and threats of vengeance, train them on Miguel)

Miguel. No, please. Don't do this. Please. (He starts to cry) I didn't mean to write it. Swear to God. It wasn't me...it was the Muse, man! That was it! The fuckin' Muse!

(Hard-On smashes him across the face with the butt of his elephant gun)

Hard-On. Don't talk, Short Hairs. Listen. Shut your fuckin' mouth and listen!

(He smashes him again)

Taco. That's right. We got some things to say to you, you piece of scum!

(He cracks him in the head with the barrel of his anti-aircraft field piece)

Tasticakes. And when we're finished, man, we're gonna cut your fuckin' hand off!

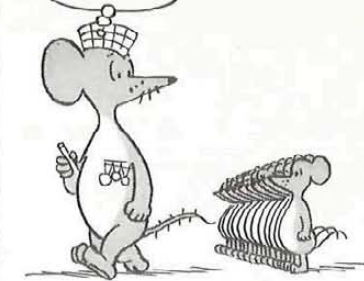
continued on page 94

5. Short Hairs: The origin of this expression isn't clear, but if it's hard to see what Short Hairs has to do with writing plays, go figure out what Short Eyes has to do with child molesting.

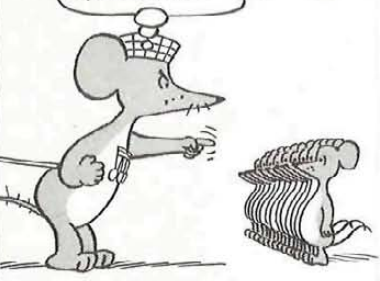
HEAH AM DE MEAN-ASSED GEN'RAL, IDI AMIN, GOIN' OFF T' INSPECT HIS TROOPS!



HUP, TUP, THRUP, FO...YOU IS LOOKIN' MIGHTY FINE, MAH MEN!



YO', DEAH! YO' UNIFOAHM LOOKS LACK SHIT! RE-POHT T' MAH QUAHTAHS!



WHEN BIG DADDY AMIN CHEW YO' ASS, IT STAY CHEWED!



18

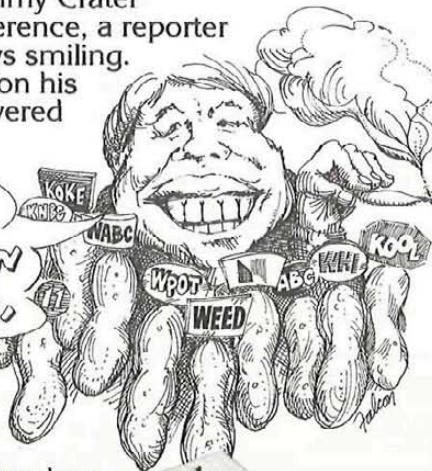
MAVE SATTLES

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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

● Thomas Hendricks, a former public defender in Dade County, Florida, was sentenced to twenty years in prison for sexually assaulting a go-go dancer in his car.

According to police, Hendricks stunned the woman with an electric gun, tied her wrists and ankles, and forced her to perform various sexual acts.

Hendricks is a paraplegic. At his trial, he argued that he had paid the girl eighty dollars for her willing services, and that he had tied her up only to show her what it was like not to be able to walk. *Daily News* (Source unknown)

● A British scientific organization received one of Alicia Agasaoy's toes in the mail shortly after her head was discovered in a package addressed to her brother.

Miguel Valdes was later tried for the murders of Miss Agasaoy and her alleged lover, Dr. Jesus Lim. Police say Valdes confessed to the crime, explaining that he dismembered and decapitated Agasaoy because she was unfaithful with Lim. Valdes also claimed that he mailed her toes to scientists around the world to call attention to his theories about the solar system. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (Chris Johnsen)

● A fifteen-year-old boy freed his younger brother from a Dallas juvenile detention home by impersonating his own mother. The youth called the home to arrange the release and then arrived wearing a blond wig and an old coat.

"The young man has done female impersonations in different settings," said Don Smith, a probation officer.

"He also sounds just like his mother." *San Francisco Chronicle* (Steven Vosen)

● Thirteen horse legs, all sawed off below the knee, were found along a highway near Yaphank, New York. Puzzled police investigating the incident discovered that the legs were obtained from a Connecticut slaughterhouse and later discarded by a man who wanted to "practice" shoeing horses. *Toronto Sun* (Alison Gordon)

● A vandal in South London

has smashed twenty brick walls into dust for no apparent reason. The prowler, nicknamed "Harvey Wall-banger" by police, roams the streets after dark in search of garden walls, and then uses a sledgehammer to demolish them. "Perhaps it's a brick-layer who is finding it difficult to get work," suggested one victim. *Toronto Star* (Source unknown)

● Depressed by his compulsion to steal, Konrad Herrich of Vienna put his hands into a

prison machine and severed them from his wrists.

Herrich had spent twenty-two years in prison for theft. He was given four more years for severing his hands. *The Daily Mail* (D. Craig Robinson)

● Sixty-five-year-old Yukio Miyazaki has been arrested for bicycle theft seventeen times. According to police, Miyazaki has stolen 3,511 bicycles over the past forty-five years, taking one every day except Saturdays, Sundays, and rainy days. *Toronto Star* (Source unknown)

● The Blue Mountain Rock and Gem Shop in Vernal, Utah, sells petrified dinosaur feces for five dollars or more a chunk. *The Sun* (Alison Gordon)

● The Society for Perpendicular Interment has announced a worldwide campaign to have people buried upright in cylindrical, cardboard coffins. *Omaha World Herald* (Source unknown)

● After finding his paycheck seventeen dollars short, enraged construction worker Phillip Llewellyn leaped into the cab of his crane, tapped on the roof of the construction site's office with his shovel, and then angrily demolished the empty building. *San Francisco Chronicle* (Pat Quinn)

● Sara Ogg of Columbus, Ohio, has kept a cupcake from her eighteenth birthday party for twelve years.

Mrs. Ogg, who has tried unsuccessfully to have the cupcake bronzed, displays the memento at family functions and intends to pass it down to her children. (Source and contributor unknown)

## LIVES OF THE GREAT

THIS MONTH:

### MAYOR FRANK RIZZO OF PHILADELPHIA (1920- )

THE FORMER POLICE CHIEF OF PHILADELPHIA IS ALMOST CERTAINLY THE ONLY AMERICAN TO REMAIN IN OFFICE AFTER FAILING A LIE DETECTOR TEST.

WHEN PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN P.J. CAMIEL PUBLICLY ACCUSED RIZZO OF OFFERING HIM THE CHANCE TO CHOOSE CONTRACTORS FOR LUCRATIVE CITY PROJECTS IN EXCHANGE FOR ALLOWING RIZZO TO CHOOSE THE CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THE MAYOR DENIED THE CHARGES AND OFFERED TO TAKE A LIE DETECTOR TEST.



THE TEST INDICATED SIX OUT OF TEN ANSWERS WERE DISHONEST.

WHEN THE MAYOR CROSSED PARTY LINES TO SUPPORT THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES IN THE SAME ELECTIONS HE HAD BEEN ACCUSED OF TRYING TO TAMPER WITH THE RESULTING REPUBLICAN TURNOUT WAS ONE OF THE LOWEST IN PHILADELPHIA'S HISTORY.



SOON AFTER RIZZO MOVED INTO A \$77000 HOME, A REASSESSMENT DROVE THE VALUE OF THE HOUSE UP TO A SURPRISING \$155,000. WHEN THE MAYOR TURNED HIS ATTENTIONS TO HIS CITY HALL OFFICE, SPENDING \$130000 OF TAXPAYERS' MONEY IN RENOVATIONS, A GRAND JURY WAS CONVENED TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION.

IN MAY, 1973, RIZZO WAS ACCUSED OF TAPPING THE PHONES OF TWO EX-MAYORS OF PHILADELPHIA. IN ADDITION, IT WAS LATER ESTABLISHED THAT RIZZO USED A SPECIAL SQUAD OF CITY POLICEMEN TO KEEP TABS ON HIS POLITICAL ENEMIES.



T

## Bullshit

"Norman Lear is just like Thomas Hardy."

—Gail Parent, quoted in "The Hollywood Laugh Track," by Sam Merrill, *New Times*, January 9, 1978.

Nash, like other British rockers, is a soccer freak, and it may say something about the game's progress in the U.S. that he will become a citizen early next year. ... His father's death at 46 "had a great impact on me," says Graham—intensifying his drive for a full, rounded existence.

—Robert Windeler, *People* magazine, December 12, 1977.

As the curtain was about to go up (only metaphorically; there will be no curtain, only a flood of light on the open stage, to mark the beginning of the play), he said, in a sudden panic, "Why do I do this to myself?"

—The soul-searching quote was uttered by director José Quintero; the self-negating metaphor was penned by Barbara Gelb in her article, "A Touch of the Tragic," *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, December 11, 1977.

Today, American business is not fully utilizing one of its greatest natural resources: its office people.

—An IBM television ad, broadcast during its presentation of Mikhail Baryshnikov's production of *The Nutcracker*, Christmas time, 1977.

Mr. Marcos likes to refer to his system of governing as constitutional authoritarianism rather than martial law. "The term martial law is an unfortunate one," he remarked in a recent interview, "implying the army is taking over."

—Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos, as quoted by Fox Butterfield in his article, "5-Year-Old Philippine Martial Law Builds Personal

R

Power of Marcos." *The New York Times*, January 9, 1978.

You taught us not to hide our feelings.

—Publisher Larry Flynt, in a full-page ad announcing his prayer vigil for Hubert Humphrey. *The New York Times*, December 18, 1977.

Even during the worst of Nixon's times, one could usually see like a silk hem peeking from under burlap rags, a hint of a rare and special kind of macropolitician, one with sufficient nerve and scope of mind to be at home with those colossal conceptual forces—historical, economic, political, military and psychological—that underlie statecraft and diplomacy on the grand scale.

—Richard Boeth, from "A Friend's Nixon," his review of Raymond Price's *With Nixon*, the Books section of *Newsweek*, November 28, 1977.

"Bella Abzug watching over her brood."

—Caption to a photo of Bella Abzug, "What Next For U.S. Women," cover story of *Time*, December 5, 1977.

BOY, ARE OUR CHEEKS RED: "Bullshit" duly apologizes for its cavalier announcement that Anita Bryant had lost her job pushing juice for the Florida Citrus Commission (January 1978 issue). The *Gay Community News* of November 26, 1977, reports: "The Florida Citrus Commission voted unanimously last Wednesday to extend singer and anti-gay crusader Anita Bryant's contract as spokesperson for Florida orange juice. The Commission voted to continue the singer's \$100,000 television contract until August 1979...."

Thus does the woman decrying sins of emission profit, in her own country, from the sins of Commission. "Bullshit's" wishful thinking turned out to be nothing more than bullshit.

U

## Spoilers

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

### BOOKS

*Blind Date* by Jerzy Kosinski: The Russian emigrant hero rapes, sodomizes, murders, attempts to date a deformed person, and lies dying on an Alpine ski slope at the story's end.

*Flesh and Blood* by Pete Hamill: The fighter rises from poverty and prison to become the number two heavyweight contender. He sleeps with his mother, knocks out his father, and loses the big fight in the first round.

*Dynasty* by Robert S. Elegant: Mary Osgood marries Eurasian magnate Charles Seklong and the couple has many children, one of whom marries Spencer Taylor Smith, who saves the world from Sino-American war.

*The Women's Room* by Marilyn French: Mira returns to school after her divorce, but though a Harvard graduate, is unable to get a decent job.

*Death of an Expert Witness* by P. D. James: Dr. Kerrison murders Lorrimer in the lab and goes on to kill Stella Rawson in the chapel.

*Blue Skies, No Candy* by Gael Greene: Screenwriter Kate Alexander, an irrepressible nymphomaniac, finds herself having to choose between her devoted husband and a cowboy stud who has become her lover. She shrugs off the problem by leaving them both for a life of sexual abandon with a punk rock musician.

### MOVIES

*That Obscure Object of Desire*: Though the hero finally seems to have obtained the woman he is obsessed with, she continues to resist his advances to the end, when both appear to be killed by a guerilla's bombs.

E

*High Anxiety*: Mel Brooks, as Dr. Thorndyke, triumphs over ruthless adversaries at film's end. In a scene deliberately reminiscent of Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, he unites Madeline Kahn with her father, hastens the end of the villains, and overcomes his fear of heights.

*Heroes*: Henry Winkler is distraught when he discovers that all of his former worm farm partners are either apathetic or dead. He starts to really crack up, but Sally Field sees him through it.

*Saturday Night Fever*: John Travolta wins the big disco competition but gives the money to the Puerto Rican he feels should have won, and moves to Manhattan with his girl friend.

*The Turning Point*: The film ends happily, with Anne Bancroft accepting semiretirement gracefully and resolving her competitiveness with fellow ballerina Shirley MacLaine, and Shirley MacLaine being united with her daughter and husband.

## True Masthead

Edited by Ellis Weiner and Danny Abelson  
"Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner  
"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson  
"Facts" by Chuck Bartelt  
"Lives" by Bradley Razook  
Research: Chuck Bartelt  
Art Director: Woody Harding  
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.

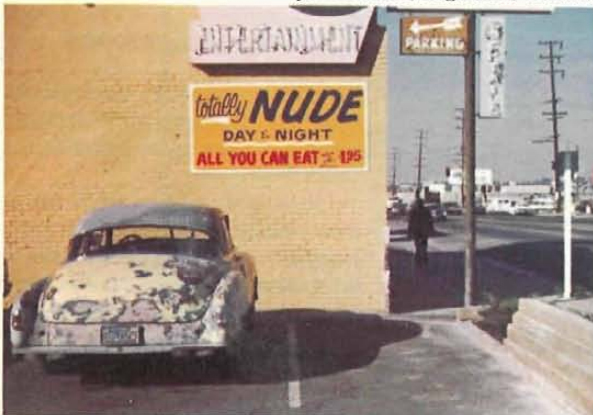
# What's Your Sign?



John Wilkens, Englewood, Colorado



M. Wilamen, Brimfield, Illinois



Patt Thompson and Eileen Van De Vort, Gardena, California



John E. Brown, Detroit, Michigan

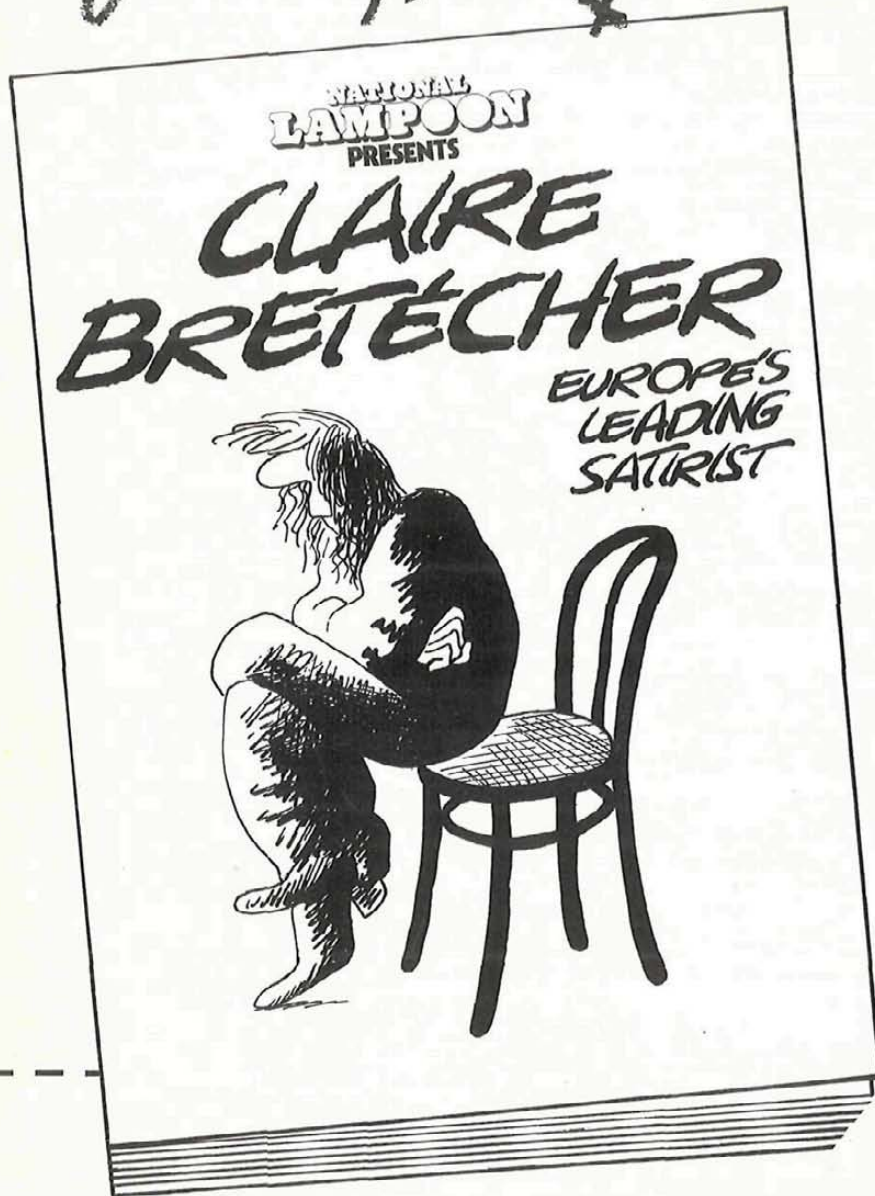


Mike Reynolds, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



David R. Congdon, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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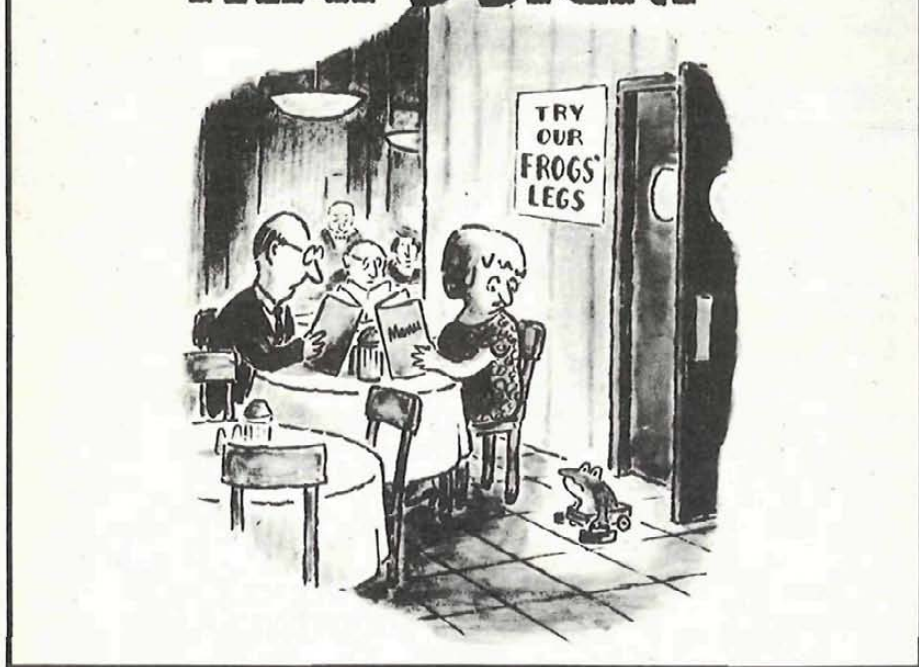
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The price is \$6.95. The contents are outrageous, scurrilous, and offensive.

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. NL-3-78  
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

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

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## SHORT HAIRS

continued from page 88

(He slams him in the stomach with the warhead from a Nike missile)

El Shazam. Yeah...the one you used to write the fuckin' play!

Thug. And then we're gonna cut your guts out, sucker!

Miguel. (A whimper) No...

Spudpud. And me, I get the first cut. You know why, man? (Suddenly screaming) Cause my mother went to see your fuckin' play, that's why! My fuckin' white-haired eighty-year-old mother shelled out fifteen bucks to listen to that pile of shit you called a play! She sat and listened to that fuckin' filth that you called dialogue! Christ, every other fuckin' word was fuck, you fuckin' fuck! (He brings both fists down in his groin) You think you gotta write that filth to write a fuckin' play, man?! Huh?! You ever read Mac Fuckin' Beth?!

Hard-On. Or Fuckin' Cyrano?!

Taco. Or Long Day's Fuckin' Journey into Night?!

Miguel. You're right, you're right! I never should've done it! I-

Thug. (Interrupting him by breaking both his thumbs) There's something else you never should've done, Miguel.

Tasticakes. Yeah.

Hard-On. Tell 'em, Thug.

Thug. Six months ago I got paroled, man, I was on the street. So first things first, I waste a guy who runs a liquor store and empty out his register. Six thousand bucks, man.

Miguel. (Nervously) That's a lot of money.

Thug. Bet your fuckin' Spanish ass it is...and you know where it went?

Miguel. Unh-unh.

Thug. I bought three units in your fuckin' show, that's where! I put my money in your goddamn, fuckin' show!! (He slams him hard across the face and pulls a letter from his pocket)

Here, you piece of shit. You see this letter? You know what this fuckin' letter is? I got this yesterday from your producer, man. It says he's sorry he can't send me any money but the show ain't made back its investment yet. (He puts his face down next to Miguel's and He shouts) You ain't made your investment back, but in the Post they got a picture shows you drinkin' Johnnie Walker Black and eatin' baby rack of lamb at Sardi's!! (He spits vi-

continued on page 96

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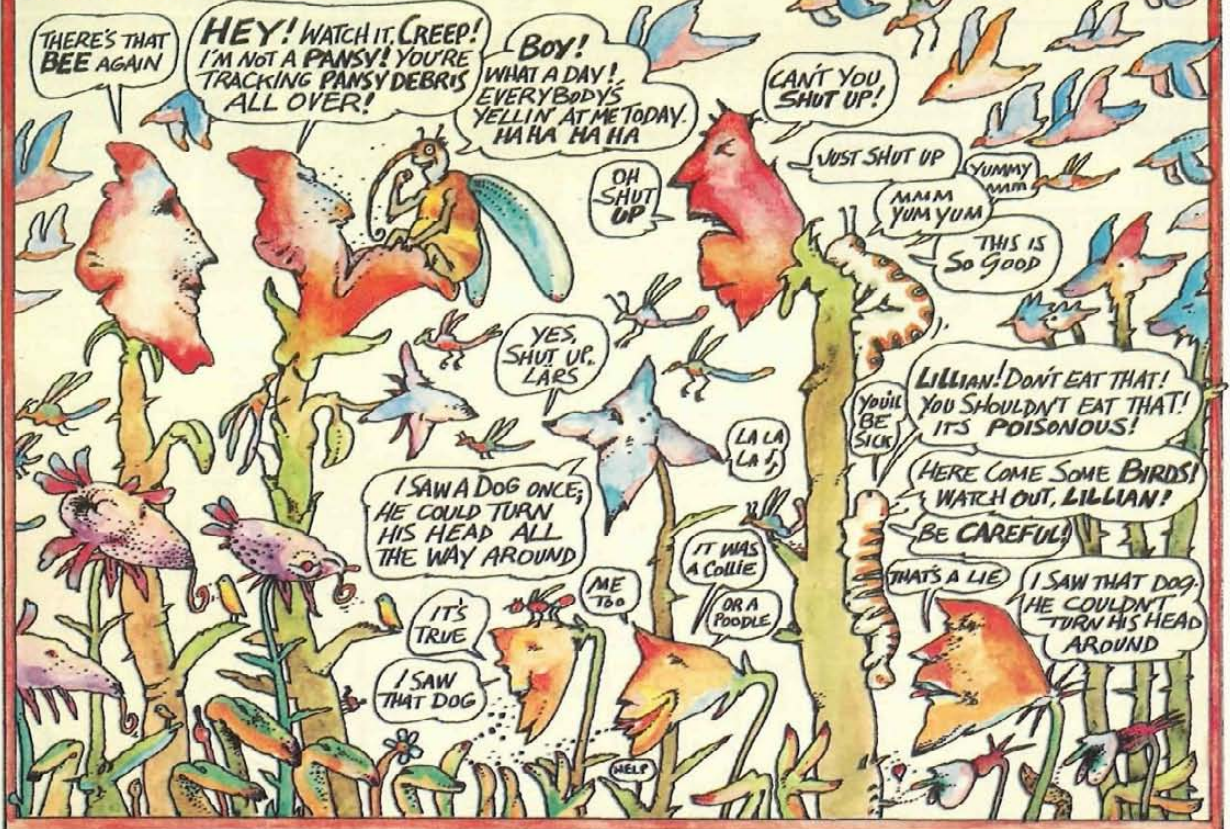
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# NATURE STUDY NO. 1

BY M.K. BROWN



THERE'S THAT BEE AGAIN

HEY! WATCH IT, CREEP! I'M NOT A PANSY! YOU'RE TRACKING PANSY DEBRIS ALL OVER!

BOY! WHAT A DAY! EVERYBODY'S YELLIN' AT ME TODAY. HA HA HA HA

CAN'T YOU SHUT UP!

JUST SHUT UP

YUMMY MAM MAM YUM YUM

OH SHUT UP

YES, SHUT UP, LARS

LA LA LA

I SAW A DOG ONCE; HE COULD TURN HIS HEAD ALL THE WAY AROUND

IT WAS A COLLIE

OR A POODLE

ME TOO

IT'S TRUE

I SAW THAT DOG

HELP

LILLIAN! DON'T EAT THAT! YOU SHOULDN'T EAT THAT! IT'S POISONOUS!

YOU'LL BE SICK

HERE COME SOME BIRDS! WATCH OUT, LILLIAN!

BE CAREFUL!

THAT'S A LIE

I SAW THAT DOG HE COULDN'T TURN HIS HEAD AROUND

THIS STRIP IS DEDICATED TO NOBODY... NO WHERE!



chicken guts

in  
GOING... GOING... GOING... GOING...

AT LAST—A CLEAN STRIP... VULGAR WORDS LIKE FUCK AND SHIT HAVE BEEN MERCIFULLY OMITTED.

WE CAN BE COUGH IF WE WANT TO.



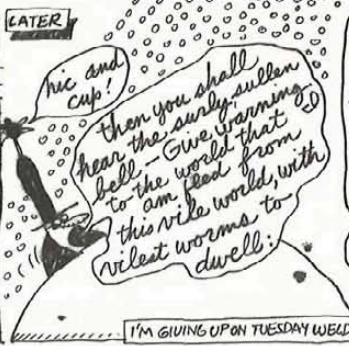
THIS END UP.

Dear reader—turn back now before it's too late...

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.

OH YEAH!

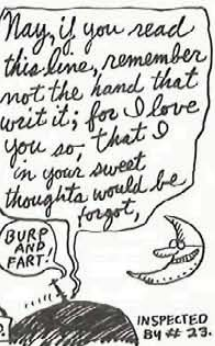
RANDY LOVES NOBODY



LATER

hic and cup!  
then you shall hear the swan's sullen bell— Give warning to the world that am dead from this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;

I'M GIVING UP ON TUESDAY WELD.



Nay, if you read this line, remember not the hand that wrote it; for I love you so, that I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,

BURP AND FART!

INSPECTED BY # 23.



if thinking on me then should make you woe. O if, I say, you look upon this verse when I perhaps compounded am with clay,

HO AND HUM

OH SHIT!



MEANWHILE

LO AND BEHOLD!  
do not so much as my poor name rehearse,

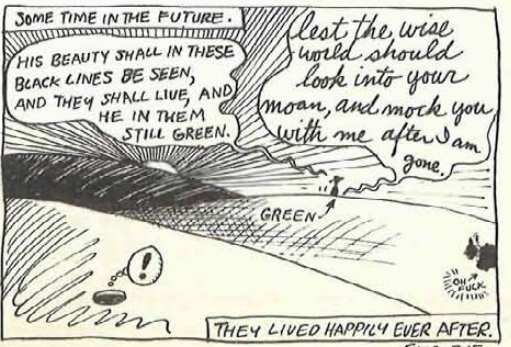


FOUR YEARS LATER:

DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE PORTUGUESE FIRING SQUAD THAT FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A CIRCLE?

but let your love even with my life decay;

ISN'T HE TEARIFIC?



SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE.

HIS BEAUTY SHALL IN THESE BLACK LINES BE SEEN, AND THEY SHALL LIVE, AND HE IN THEM STILL GREEN.

least, the wise world should look into your moan, and mock you with me after I am gone.

GREEN

THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

GOOD-BYE.



# HITACHI

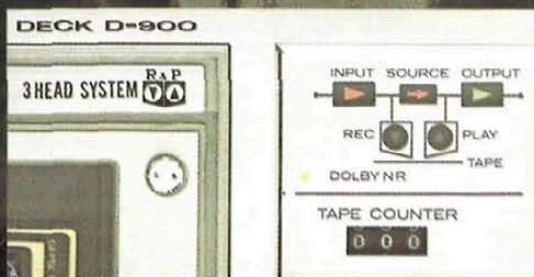
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