

# FAMILIES

Sperms, Eggs, Babies, Toddlers, Little Girls, Big Boys, Sub-Teens,  
Adolescents, Young Adults, Singles, Moms, Dads,  
Senior Citizens, and Grumpy Old People.

May 1978

\$1.25

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON®

IND  
34490

The Humor Magazine



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# Le City Car

One of the reasons Le Car has caused so much excitement in this country is because of what it can do in the city. There isn't a car in town that can match Le Car for parking, maneuverability, ease of handling and smooth ride.

**Le Car fits in a smaller parking space than any other car in its class.**

Even though Le Car has a longer wheelbase than Honda Civic or VW Rabbit, it has a shorter overall length. So Le Car will fit in a space



that the others have to pass by. Add to this Le Car's short 32-foot turning circle and you can see why the parking problems of the city are no problem for Le Car.

**A highly responsive car that handles with ease.**

Parking is not the only difficulty you'll encounter in the city. Driving is another. Le Car is equipped with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. (Honda, Rabbit, Chevette and Fiesta don't offer this combination of standard features.) The result is that Le Car can zip in and out of, around and through traffic.

And Le Car's ride is so remarkably smooth that Car & Driver reported, "The rough-road ride in Le Car is a new standard for small cars. It waltzed across the worst roads we could find — the cratered surfaces of Manhattan — as though it was fresh pavement."

Although Le Car is small on the

outside you could never tell from its roomy inside. Le Car is designed to give you the most interior room while using the least exterior space.

**A world of satisfied Le Car owners.**

In Europe, nearly two million people drive Le Car with a passion. That's more than Fiesta and Rabbit combined. Here in America, Le Car sales more than doubled in 1977. What's more, in an independent study, Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%. The price for all this? A very satisfying \$3495.\*

Obviously, a lot of people are doing a lot more than just driving Le Car in the city. So if you really want to see how much fun Le Car can be, flip open the giant sun roof (optional) and take Le City Car for a drive in the country. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000.

\*P.O.E. East Coast. Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. Renault USA, Inc. ©1978.

**Le Car by Renault** 

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# Performance like this says a lot about Technics RS-631.

## \$299.95\* says even more.

Performance this good really isn't new from Technics. In fact, after all these years it's what you expect from

Technics. What is new, however, is the RS-631 cassette deck. Compare it to other even more expensive decks, and the chances are you'll find the RS-631 gives you more performance for the money.

To keep the music on pitch despite load, temperature and AC line fluctuations, the RS-631 has a frequency generator DC motor with the same type of speed control used in many Technics turntables. You'll also get an extended high-end frequency response that's virtually free from tape hiss as well as distortion. The reasons: Our patented HPF (hot pressed ferrite) head, our low-noise, premium-grade transistors and Dolby NR.

And you can spend more time listening and less time fidgeting, thanks to memory Auto-Play and Rewind Auto-Play. That means the RS-631 will automatically rewind to the beginning of the tape, or to any preselected spot, and then play it back,

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N Ratio
0.06% WRMS.	30 Hz—17 kHz Cr0, tape.	67 dB Dolby <sup>®</sup> in.

automatically. There's also a timer standby mechanism for both unattended recording and playback with a timer.

The RS-631 also gives you the added convenience of vertical drive. So not only is it easy to load, it's also easy to see when your tape supply is running low. While a removable oil-damped door makes head cleaning and demagnetizing a simple job, instead of a difficult one.

There's even more. Like separate bias and equalization selectors, with three positions for each. Sensitive VU meters plus three LED peak indicators graduated in 3 dB steps. Mike/line mixing. And cue and review. All in a simulated wood cabinet.

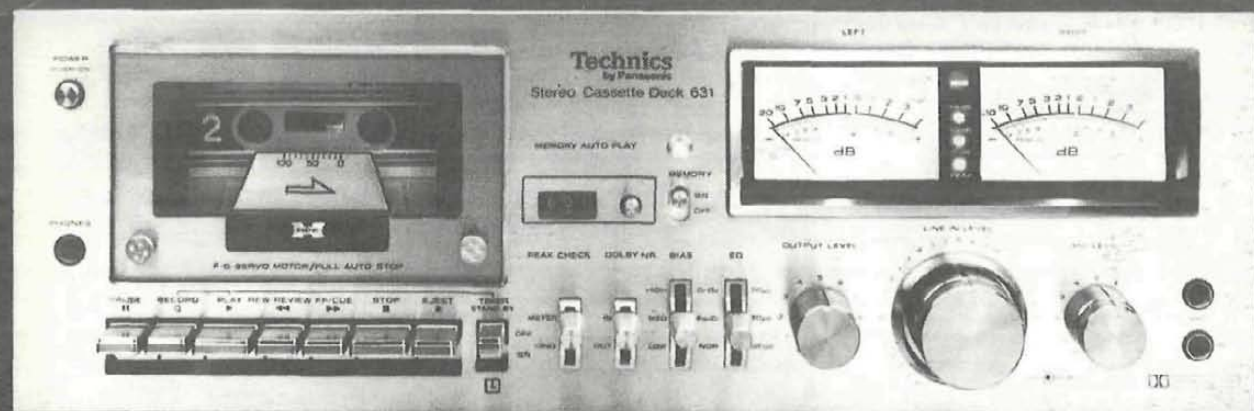
The RS-631. Its performance says a lot. Its price says even more.

\*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

<sup>†</sup>Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

# Technics

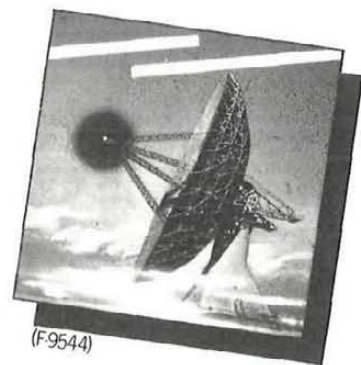
by Panasonic



NOW AT  
A PLANET  
NEAR YOU



**Country Joe McDonald  
Rock and Roll Music  
from the Planet Earth**



(F-9544)

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ON FANTASY RECORDS AND TAPES



Fantasy

**NATIONAL  
LAMPOON**



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## THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND.

# IF YOU'RE A TRAVELIN' MAN WHO THINKS CAR SPEAKERS SHOULD LOOK TOUGH BUT ACT SENSITIVE.

Car speakers have never looked as exciting. Or sounded as extraordinary.

Because these Sparkomatic "component" look 3-way speakers are a totally new outlook for 6X9 rear deck audio. And because they reproduce high fidelity like you were sitting center aisle instead of center lane.

With these Sparkomatic car speakers you get the most technologically advanced auto sound you can own. They're magnificently responsive across the full frequency range with minimum distortion, optimum dispersion, and can easily handle 50 watt power peaks.

Beneath the acoustically transparent heavy gauge wire

mesh grilles are foam-edge air suspension woofers with 20 ounce magnets, foam-edge air suspension midrange speakers with 3 ounce ceramic magnets and dome horn tweeters.

So, if you're a travelin' man who likes to travel in style, these speakers are tailored just for you.

Visit a Sparkomatic dealer for a beautiful eyeful and a magnificent earful.

**SPARKOMATIC**  
For the Travelin' Man™

Car Sound/CB Equipment/Auto Clocks/Shifters/Creepers

For our free complete Car Sound Catalog write: "For The Travelin' Man", Dept. PH, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337.

# THINK OF IT AS A SPORTS CAR WITH TWO WHEELS.

Why does someone who wants to get from one place to another buy a

XS750 is downright exhilarating. Not to mention about \$25,000 less.

Porsche Carrera or a Ferrari instead of a nice, sensible station wagon?

Simple. It's more fun.

Now, take that logic a step further and you could end up right smack on the seat of the new Yamaha XS750. Because if a sports car is fun, the

## THE BIG THREE.

True, the Yamaha XS750 has but three cylinders to the Porsche's six. But

*Five-way-adjustable shocks.  
Three-way-adjustable forks up front.  
Result: extraordinary handling.*



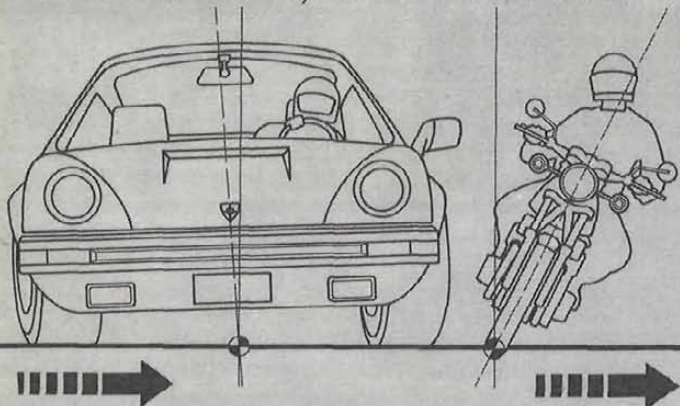
*The last word in shaft drive.  
A constant-velocity u-joint  
delivers smooth, even power.*

*A powerful 747cc, dual-overhead-cam triple with super-efficient "Type II" Mikuni carbs, improved cam timing, Transistor Controlled Ignition.*

those three cylinders, ably assisted by dual overhead cams, electronic ignition and newly-designed "Type II" Mikuni carburetors give the 750 an incredible 9000 rpm redline.



As a result, the 750 can boast an official standing quarter-mile time of 12.8 seconds, versus 15.2 seconds



for the Porsche. (And an extremely efficient power-to-weight ratio of 10.3 lb/bhp versus 13.5 lb/bhp, if you're interested.)

## YOU CAN HANDLE IT.

The XS750 is a lean and limber machine without a single ounce of unnecessary bulk. And it comes equipped with an uncannily responsive suspension system: five-way-adjustable rear shocks and new three-way-adjustable front forks.

All you have to do is lean it into a turn at speed on a winding canyon road to realize that the handling of

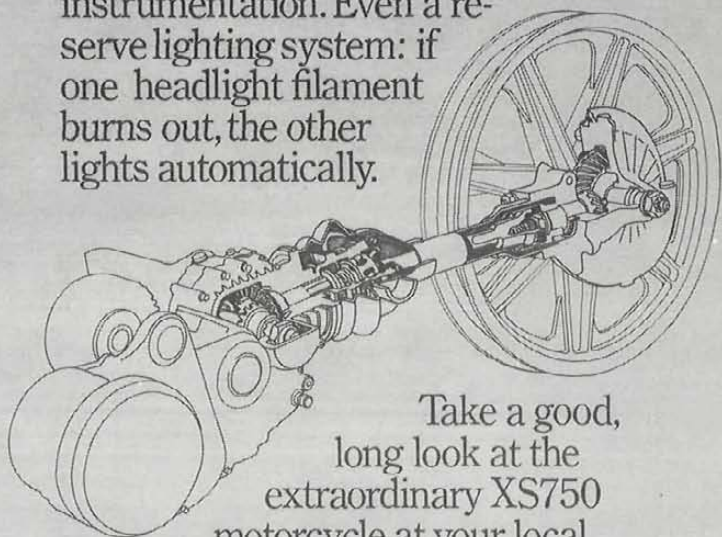
a fine motorcycle is a thrill no four-wheeled vehicle can match.

## NO CHAIN, GANG.

Of course, with a motorcycle you might

expect comfort to go right out the window (if it had one). But, in fact, the 750 is about as smooth and quiet as anything on the road. Because its five-speed, constant-mesh transmission is hooked up to our fully-enclosed, state-of-the-art shaft drive, for a turbine-like power transfer.

As for the amenities, the XS750's got a bunch. Dual hydraulic disc brakes up front and one in the rear. Strong, lightweight cast aluminum wheels. Self-cancelling turn signals. Full instrumentation. Even a reserve lighting system: if one headlight filament burns out, the other lights automatically.

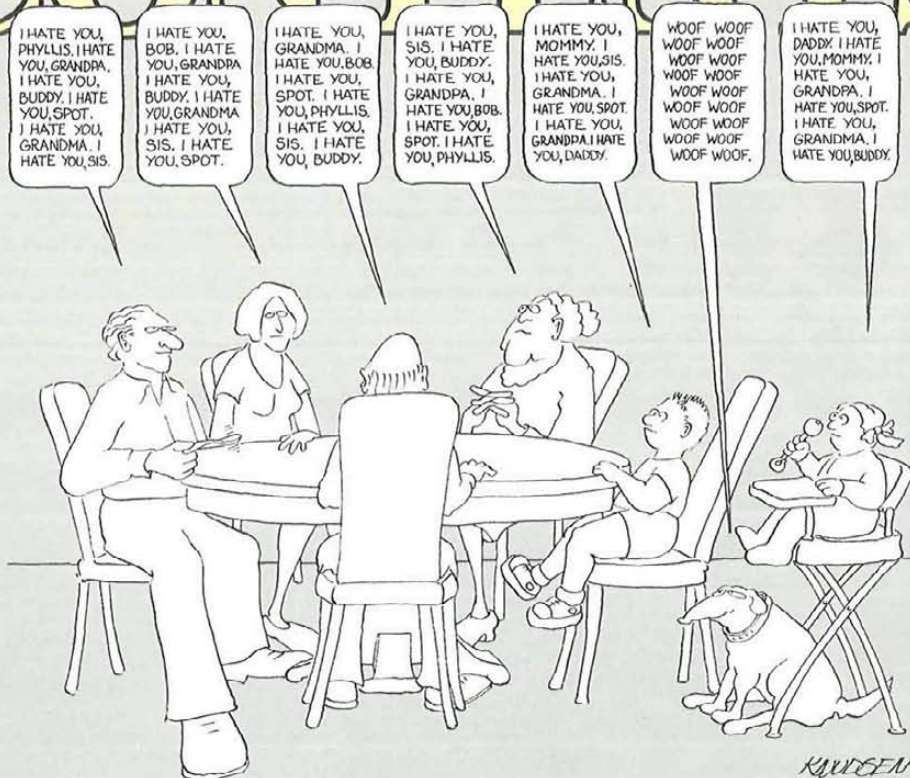


Take a good, long look at the extraordinary XS750 motorcycle at your local Yamaha dealer. If you still have trouble adjusting to the idea of not having four wheels, there is a solution. Buy two XS750s.

# YAMAHA

*When you know how they're built.*

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**Plug/Editors' Note:** The 'Poon would like to welcome into its fold the altogether humorous and personally at-

tractive Claire Bretécher, whom many have called "the French Claire Bretécher." More of her insightful, delight-

ful pictures-and-words may be found in *The National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher.*



**I don't just smoke.  
I smoke for  
enjoyment.**



And for me, Salem's got it. It's got all the flavor and fresh menthol I want in a cigarette. And that's why I smoke Salem. It's got enjoyment.

**Enjoy Salem Flavor.**

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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

# EDITORIAL

They say the Family is dead. Some no-name punk with a chip on his shoulder and a stolen .44 wasted it. In the alley behind Joe's Bar, they say, where the albies sleep among the garbage cans in the sick neon light. Two shots. Between the shoulder blades. In the back.

Some other jokers claim it didn't happen that way. They know because they were ringside when that flat-footed S.O.B. cold-cocked it in the bottom of the fifth round. Doused its headlamps. Dropped it.

Forget it, mac. No way.

They tell me that some fancy pants psychologists decided the Family was "old-fashioned," so they condemned it to death and threw the lifeless carcass on the scrap heap, along with the rusted hulks of old Chevy pickups and yesterday's disposable deodorants.

Then how come no one told the people? Not the Beautiful People in the swank discos uptown, not the Important People in their padded armchairs and executive suites. The real people—Bob the fruit man from the old neighborhood, old Pop Lombardi with his emphysema and five grandsons on the Force. Mrs. Koppela the widow, always ready with a smile and a free sample from the extra-sour pickle barrel. The people people.

How come no one explained to them that the Family is dead because kids these days are too busy with their swinging singles lifestyles to be bothered with that Mom and Dad and kids stuff?

I'll tell you why, friend. Because that final dive never happened. Not in this man's America. Not to the Family.

Sure it may be down for the count right now, feeling its grip on consciousness slipping away as the crowd roars and the cigar smoke drifts like fog through the arena. Sure.

But get this straight—it's gonna take a lot more than a bunch of fly-weight experts or aging teeny-boppers to put this baby away. They're not dealing with some thick-eared bruiser from the wrong side of town. Not this time. This is a heavyweight. An institution.

It comes back, and it comes back

fighting. Picks its aching body up off the canvas, gropes through the waves of nausea and fatigue like a drowning man fighting for air. It gets up, stares into that foggy haze, and shouts, "All right, suckers, come and get me!"

Why? Because when you're a champ, you don't ask why. You're a survivor.

You better believe it, pal, because if the Family doesn't survive, if it reaches deep down there for that last ounce of guts and there aren't any, we can all kiss the future good-bye and save ourselves the trouble later. It if goes, we go. Curtains. Lights out. The Big Bust.

Think about it.

Danny Abelson  
Issue Editor

Son?"

"Yeah, Dad?..."

"Son...uh...I don't really know how to begin this..."

"Well, uh...you know, maybe if—"

"All right, look, son. All I want to say is, well, you've graduated college now, you've got a job, you'll be moving out of the house, and...uh..."

"Yeah, Dad?..."

"Well, kid, I just want to say that...that your mother and I are proud of you, we think you're going to be okay. You know your mother—last night she was up half the night crying, saying you're still a little boy. You know how women are, and after all, she is your mother—"

"Uh-huh"

"And, well, you know, I told her, 'We did what we could, we did our best, and for Chrissake, Helen, he's a good kid!' And I mean that, I really mean that."

"Thanks, Dad..."

"Ah, bullshit, 'thanks! You are, you're all right, you're a man by now...I don't know...I tried to...ah, you know...teach you things—"

"I know, Pop, and I really appre—"

"—things like...things like ignoring your own intuitive impulses. Like taking at face value all of society's assumptions, no matter how absurd or self-contradictory they may be. That sort of stuff. Like determining your entire sense of self-worth by how successful you are in the competitive marketplace. I taught you how not

to cry, and how to pretend you're not angry when you really are. How to be a man."

"I know, Dad!"

"And your mother has done her part, that's for sure. She spent a lot of time with you when you were really young, of course, so you got a good exposure to her lessons—you know, woman-stuff, like how to feel uncertain and fearful of the future regardless of what was happening in the present. How to find something to worry about in any situation, no matter how benign or happy it is. How to be entirely insensitive to the emotional games and manipulations we inflict on each other—and that includes your brother and sister, you know, not just you. She loves you, son, and so it's only natural that she do everything she can to undermine your sense of confidence and independence if she doesn't agree with or understand what you're doing."

"I know, Dad!"

"And one more thing: your mother and I got married when we were about your age. So naturally we had no experience in the world, no experience with the opposite sex. No experience with sex, or with love. Had no idea how to raise children. (Isn't it funny how people who need to take lessons in driving a car just assume they know how to raise kids?) Had no idea how to be in a close relationship. We didn't know ourselves very much, and knew next to nothing about each other. Well, son, all I can say is: if you go on from here and find a girl, get married, have kids of your own, and transmit to them even a tenth of the neuroses, insecurities, self-doubt, alienation, and schizoid behavior patterns that we've given to you...well then, your mother and I will know we've done our job well, and can die in peace.

"But what am I getting so sentimental for—you punk, get out of here and go play ball or something. Go have a good time. Go on, beat it!"

"Sure, Dad. And, Dad?..."

"Yes, son?"

"I love you."

"I love you too, son."

Ellis Weiner  
Issue Editor

**"We can do anything we want.  
We're college students!"**



**NATIONAL  
LAMPOON'S  
ANIMAL  
HOUSE**

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,  
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"

Plus a cast of 4,623 other very funny people.

Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman

Directed by John Landis

Written by Harold Ramis, Doug Kenney, and Chris Miller

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

**"IT CANNOT BE FAULTED."**

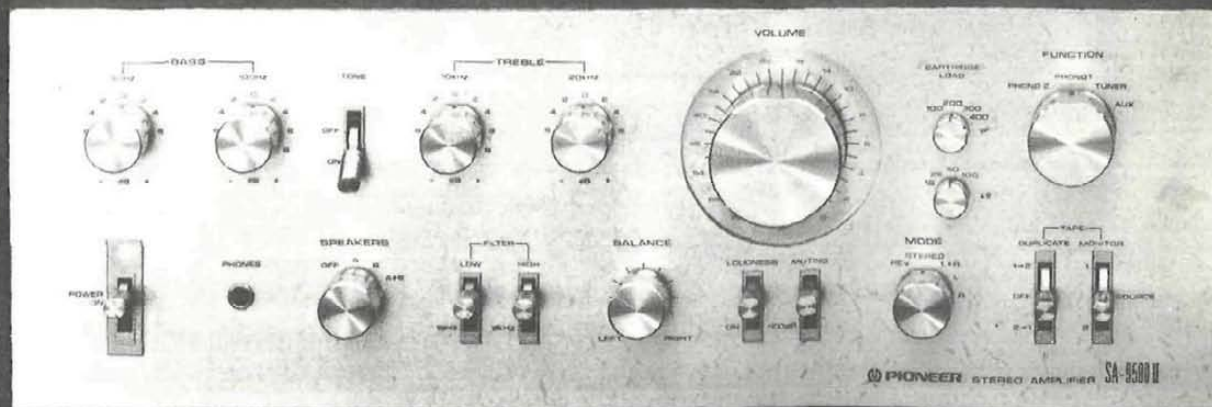
*SA9500 — Stereo Review*

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

*TX9500 — Popular Electronics*

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

*TX9500 — Modern Hi Fi*



SA9500II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

thing out of your tuner. Perfectly.

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

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

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

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

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

**SA9500II—TX9500II**

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

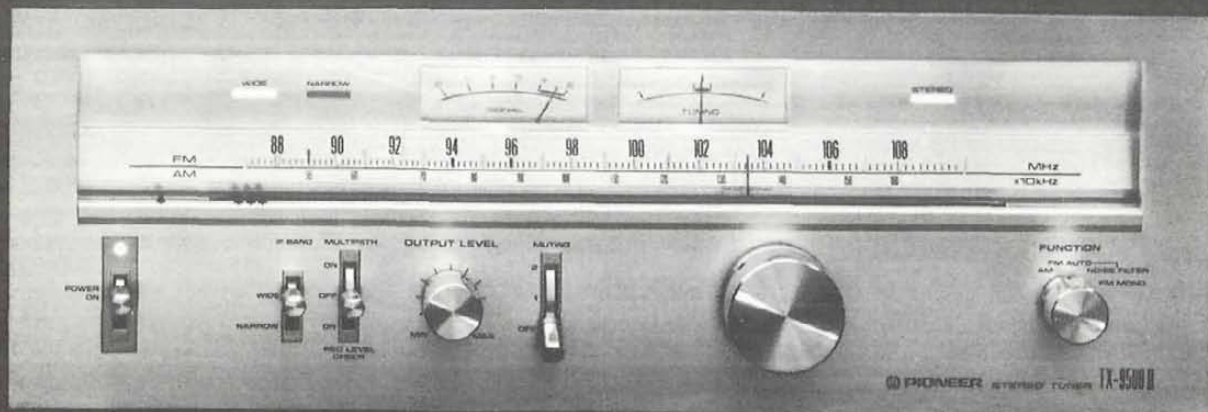
\*Minimum RMS continuous power output at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

High Fidelity Components

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

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

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TX9500II

# IF YOU'RE GOING TO BUY AN EASY-TO-USE CAMERA, MAKE SURE IT'S REALLY EASY TO USE.

Like many of the new, compact 35mm reflex cameras, the Minolta XG-7 is automatic. You simply point, focus and shoot. The XG-7 sets the shutter speed up to 1/1000th of a second. And you get perfectly exposed pictures, automatically.

But easy operation is more than just automatic exposure. Here's what to look for when you compare cameras at your photo dealer.

**Easy focusing.** The XG-7's viewfinder is big and bright, even in the corners. Your subject snaps into critical sharpness.

**It's easy to be creative.** You can make the automatic exposure setting brighter or darker for creative effects.

**An easy-to-understand electronic viewfinder.** Light emitting diodes tell how the XG-7 is setting itself and warn against under- or over-exposure.

**An easy-to-see electronic self-timer.** The self-timer lets you get into your own pic-

tures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up when the picture is about to be taken.

**An easier-to-use auto winder.** It automatically advances film, as fast as two pictures a second. You attach the optional Auto Winder G without having to remove (or lose) any caps from the XG-7.



**The easier-to-be-creative flash.** The optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 200X synchronizes continuously with the winder. This exclusive feature allows you to take a sequence of up to 36 flash pictures.

**The important "little" extras.** The XG-7

has a window that shows when film is advancing properly. A memo holder holds the end of a film box as a reminder. There's even an optional remote control cord.

**Fast, easy handling.** The way a camera feels has a lot to do with how easy it is to use. Is it comfortable or awkward? Are the controls placed where your fingers naturally fall, or are they cramped together? The Minolta XG-7 is human engineered for comfort and smooth handling. It's quiet, with a solid feeling you find only in much more expensive equipment.

**Easy-to-change lenses.** Remove or attach lenses with less than a quarter turn. And a system of almost 40 different lenses, from fisheye to super-telephoto, makes the XG-7 a key to virtually unlimited creativity.

**Try the Minolta XG-7.** At your dealer. Or write for literature to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ont.

# MINOLTA XG7

EASY DOES IT.





Sirs:

About this here "Hillside Strangler." Well, I don't know if the police have thought of it already, but there is a Hillside High School in Vancouver, Canada. Of course, there was no strangler there when I went, but he might have been in an earlier class.

Dave Blown  
Port Moody, Canada

Sirs:

A day without orange juice is like  
aaaaarraraaaargh!

Israeli Citrus Growers' Association  
Tel Aviv, Israel

Sirs:

A woman's place is in a home.

Mamie Eisenhower  
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Yes, the mutants *are* horrible.  
Squinty-eyed, obese morons in fur  
suits building houses out of ice and  
eating the blubber of whales!!

We shot most of them, though.

Royal Dept. of the Interior  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Sirs:

I think the buck is supposed to stop  
here, but...Ethiopia...the coal  
strike...the SALT talks...energy leg-  
islation...tax reform...fluctuations in  
the value of the dollar... gosh, the  
buck didn't even *slow down!*

Jimmy Carter  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.

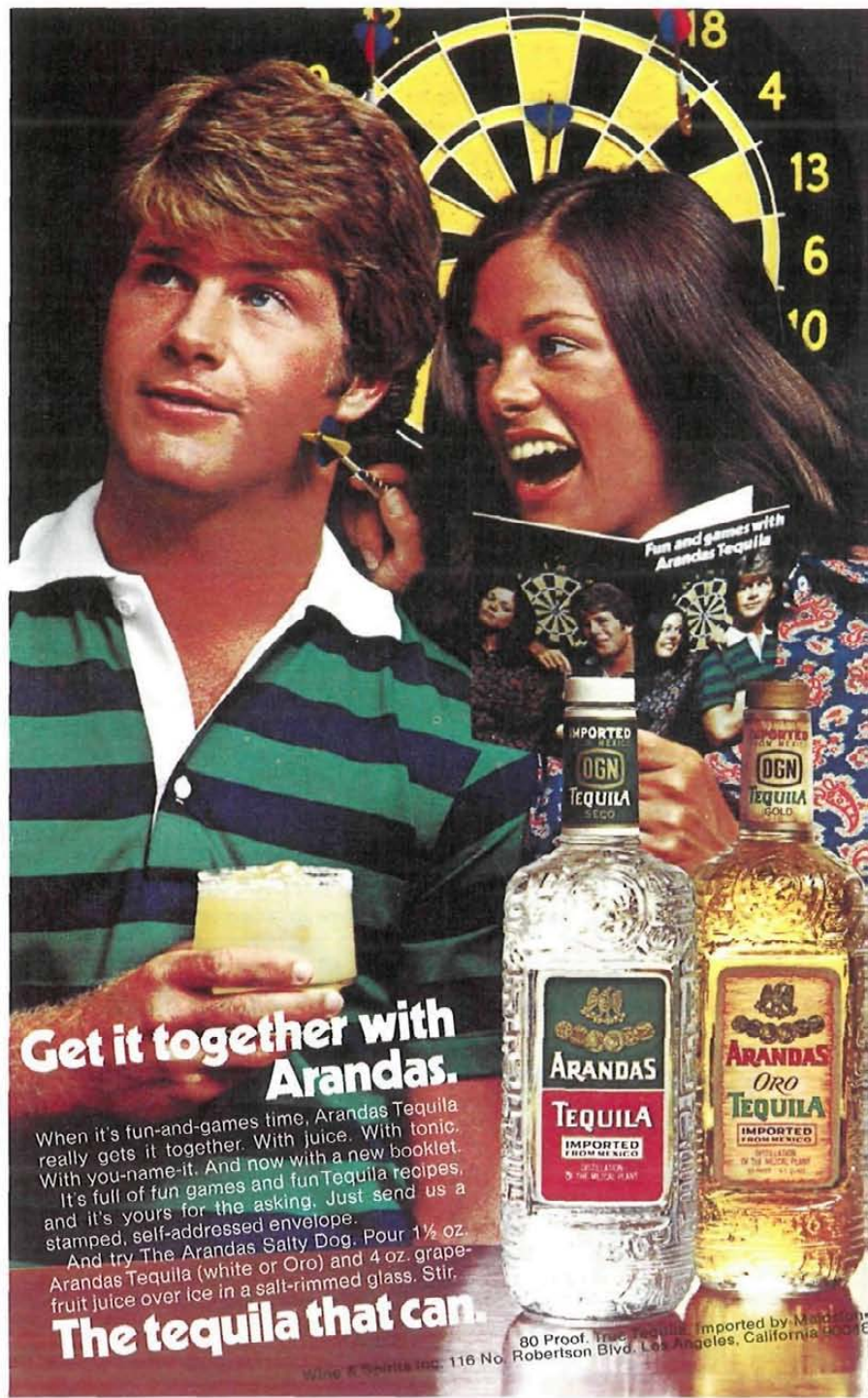
Sirs:

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Armageddon.  
Armageddon who?  
Armageddon *Penitento* over you.

Lillian Hellman  
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Sirs:

For the last time, Hamilton Jordan  
did not pull down the front of the  
Egyptian ambassador's wife's ball  
gown and say that he'd always wanted  
to see the great pyramids of Egypt.  
And he did not spit a drink at that girl



**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.**

80 Proof. True Tequila. Imported by...  
Wine & Spirits Inc. 116 No. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, California

in a Washington singles bar. And next week, when he takes off all his clothes and defecates in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, he won't have done that, either.

Jody Powell  
Presidential Press Secretary  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:  
We know that you are concerned about those mysterious atmospheric

"booms" that have been heard recently along the East Coast. Please don't worry. We're testing a new secret weapon that will harness the same forces you feel every time you snap your fingers. Just think of the amount of energy that could be generated by the snap of a 9,000-foot-long middle digit! This could be a formidable weapon in the Free World's defense arsenal, and might also be harnessed for peaceful purposes that would bring benefits to all mankind.

*continued*

## LETTERS

continued

But this is classified material, so don't tell anyone.

General George S. Brown  
Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff  
The Pentagon  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

This is a letter from Cliff Robertson and a number of other people, and we're writing to say that, contrary to some things you may have heard lately, the Hollywood movie industry is actually very, very honest. Especially its executives, who would never even think of stealing anything from anybody unless they were under some kind of awful bad emotional strain as a result of all the pressure they're under trying to do their job so honestly. In which case we would naturally forgive them right away because they'd make full restitution as soon as they knew what they were doing again.

David Begelman  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I'm trying to work on a new album, but I'm going with this great guy right now who never treats me bad or hits me or anything. He doesn't even

cheat, and I don't cheat on him, and I'm not in love with anybody else, and I haven't been lonely or depressed for months, and I just can't get a god-damed *thing* done on the album.

Linda Ronstadt  
Malibu Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Our teacher said that Japanese people killed a lot of dolphins. My dad says they used to kill a lot of Americans. What I want to know is, did they kill Flipper? And if they did, can I have one of his fins to play *Jaws* with?

Rick Wakey  
Age Nine  
Sarasota, Fla.

Sirs:

If you read my book *Lonely in America* you'll know that you don't have to go through life being lonely. You really don't. Because if you're a woman, all you have to do is screw like a mink, and if you're a man, you can always go out and rape somebody.

Suzanne Gordon  
c/o Simon and Schuster  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is interesting to note that while the nearest star is some four light

years away, it's only one fiftieth of a light second to Paris. But since, as I write, it is still two weeks until the French national elections, it would be impossible to say whether there is intelligent life in either place.

Carl Sagan  
Jet Propulsion Laboratory  
Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

I suppose everyone wonders what I see in an ordinary newspaper reporter like Pete Hamill. Well, my first husband was so handsome and intelligent, and my second husband was so masterful and wealthy. And they were both so powerful and so good at what they did.... Well, I just wanted something completely different.

Jacqueline Onassis  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

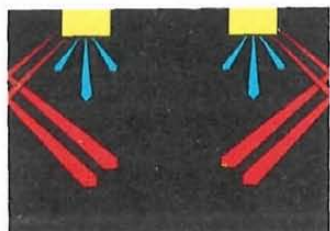
Hi! Nothing new from me—just keeping my name in the media. (That can be pretty important when you're negotiating big movie contracts and such!) Catch ya' later.

Stevie Spielberg  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

This is a Cruise missive. It comes in too low for your copy editor to detect,

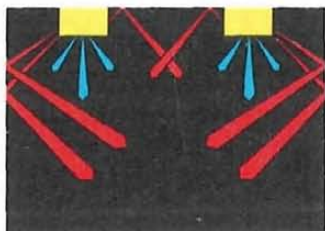
## Like.



The Model 301. A true bookshelf speaker that fills an entire library with music. Its size is small, its sound is big. Like all Bose speakers, the Model 301 directs sound off your walls for an open, spacious sound. The Direct Energy Control shapes the sound to suit your music, and your room. You get large, life-like sound you don't expect from a speaker of its size and price.



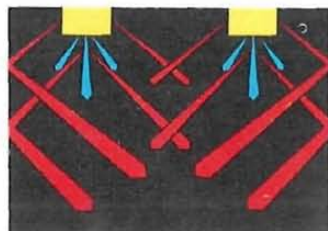
## More Like.



For sound that's even more like live, try the Model 501. A floor-standing speaker that delivers wall-shaking bass through a 10-inch, high-performance woofer. Each speaker is "asymmetrical." The left speaker works with the right to create full, rich, balanced stereo. Throughout your entire room. And you can use the Direct Energy Control to shape the sound to fit your room.



## Most Like.



Still closer to the sound of live is the high-performance Model 601. Six drivers in each enclosure are precisely positioned to fill the room with clean, accurate music. This configuration produces the exceptional spatial realism of the Model 601. A Symmetry Control lets you adjust the spatial characteristics to fit your living room. The Model 601 delivers life-like sound better than any other speaker. Except one.





then destroys your magazine with a high-yield libel suit:

*Vice President Mondale beats his wife and eats bird dirt.*

Sirs:

After more than fifteen years of isolation, we are becoming an open society again and hope for extensive cultural contacts with the West. Please send us 852,000,000,000 pairs of blue jeans and a copy of the latest Ramones album.

Premier Hua Kuo-feng  
Peking, China

Sirs:

In the matter of the recent heated academic debates concerning "nature" vs. "nurture" as the fundamental source of human behavior, I would just like to point out that without *nature* yo' ain't gonna get no *nurture*, and without no *nurture*, yo' *nature* gonna be real mean.

I'm just an average black American, but I want to do what I can to shed some light on this theoretical disagreement.

Odell Robinson  
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

I'm a loyal reader of your magazine and I'm forty-eight years old—that

makes me 336 in dog years. Whatever happened to the foto funnies girl, anyway?

Preston Everet  
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

*Meet the Mets.*

*Greet the Mets.*

*Come on out and beat the Mets.*

M. Donald Grant  
Basement  
National League East

Sirs:

We put safety pins through our cheeks like you told us, but now we can't sit down. Did we do something wrong?

Billy Nothing and Suzy Violent  
CBGB's  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

That gosh darn old Harry! Where the heck do you suppose he could have gotten off to? If you fellas see him, send him home. His supper's been on the table since I don't know when!

Bess Truman  
Independence, Mo.

Sirs:

This is a "drag letter." I'm pretending I'm a woman while I'm writ-

ing it. I happen to be a married man with two kids, but I find it stimulating to occasionally write letters like this. I don't think it hurts anyone. It's not like I "dress up" or anything. I don't even use scented stationery or funny-colored ink, although I *do* sometimes dot my *i*'s with little tiny circles. I wonder if any of your other readers share this interest?

Ellen (Bob) Arkins  
Richmond, Ind.

Sirs:

Which reminds me of an amusing story about the late Dorothy Parker. Once, when a rude young man stuck his head up under her skirt during a cocktail party, she quipped: "Snort three times if you locate truffles."

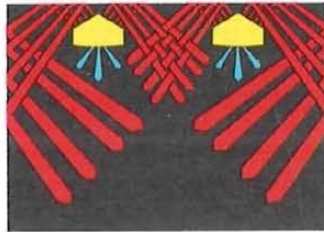
Edna Ferber  
Teaneck, N.J.

Sirs:

My dad is making me write this letter. Me and my friend Christopher were fooling around with some M-80s and we didn't know they would do anything but they did and we're real sorry about how they blew a hole in the oil pipeline. We're working after school to pay for the hole and getting all the moose cleaned.

Adam Argle  
Fairbanks, Alaska

## Live.



The ultimate. The Bose 901 Series III. Designed to re-create every dimension of live-performance sound for the greatest listening pleasure imaginable. Nine matched, full-range drivers in each enclosure deliver the purest highs, and the most powerful lows. Sound reflected in precisely determined patterns creates a feeling of spaciousness unsurpassed by any other speaker. The Acoustic Matrix™ enclosure allows the Bose 901 to deliver



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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.

# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## HOLLYWOOD DEVASTATED BY MUCK SLIDE



HEAD FOR  
THE BEVERLY HILLS!  
THE SCAM IS  
BUSTED!!



### WORST RECORDED REIGN TRIGGERED DISASTER

David Begelman, who until recently reigned as head of Columbia studios. His forgery of checks totaling over \$60,000 precipitated the disaster. Begelman's collapse led to the worst unnatural disaster in Southern California's history.

Hollywood, Calif.—An enormous muck slide, set off by the unearthing of scandals involving David Begelman and Columbia studios, is threatening to engulf this entire city. Experts here are unwilling to predict if the massive slide can be diverted from its present course, and many fear that it will continue to grow as dirt from other studios is loosed.

The unprecedented disaster is thought to be the result of the weak ethical structures and poor quality of moral fiber used in the building of this movie industry capital. No one knows what the long-term effects of the slide will be, although dangerous vibrations have already been reported as far away as New York's Wall Street, an area well known for the protective measures it takes against such calamities.

Elsewhere, the muck uprooted the foundations of numerous expensive careers and pulled under even the highly placed in its destructive progress.



NAME'S  
CLIFF ROBERTSON.  
DROF OVER SOME  
TIME!

### PATH OF DESTRUCTION

Aerial view of Central Studios in Burbank shows main back lot knee-deep in muck. The muck has already caused extensive damage here, but studio officials are hopeful that movement can be halted before slide reaches the front office.

## Egyptian Raid on Nicosia Airport to Be TV Movie

A major motion picture studio is reported to be already involved in the production of a movie based on the Egyptian commando raid on Larnaca Airport at Nicosia, Cyprus.

The raid took place after two Arab terrorists assassinated the editor of Egypt's semi-official newspaper *Al Ahram*, who was in Cyprus attending a meeting of the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization. The terrorists then took fifteen hostages aboard a Cyprus Airways jet, but were unable to find a country they could land in and had to return to Cyprus.

The Cypriot National Guard surrounded the terrorists' airplane at Larnaca Airport and had almost concluded negotiations for release of the hostages when Egypt landed a crack squadron of sixty commandos and attacked the occupied aircraft. Cypriot troops, defending the hostages and terrorists from the commando assault, killed at least fifteen Egyptians, captured the remainder, and destroyed the Egyptian transport plane. Afterward, the terrorists released their hostages and surrendered to the Cypriots.

The movie, slated to be released this summer, will reportedly star Marty Feldman, Harvey Korman, Charles Nelson Reilly, Larry Storch, Jerry Van Dyke, Garrett Morris, Gilda Radner, Jimmy Walker, and Rob Reiner as members of the Egyptian Commando force, with Dom DeLuise playing their commanding officer.

## Unemployment Picture Brightens in Michigan as President Ford Finds Job

The Franklin Mint of Philadelphia, Pa., has announced the signing of former president Gerald Ford to represent the firm in promoting its line of limited-edition historic and patriotic medallions.

Sources close to Mr. Ford report that he is eager to begin his new job, and is making plans for a thirteen-city tour. The tour will include personal appearances on local television shows, press and radio interviews, and informal luncheons with collectors groups and civic organizations.

A press release for the Franklin Mint states that the firm is pleased and proud to welcome Mr. Ford to its staff, and has designed a limited-edition commemorative series especially for the former president. These wooden medallions will bear the names of the U.S. presidents and be illustrated with pictures of each president's favorite leisure-time activity.

## Organized Crime to Halt Jersey Operations

A spokesman for the organized crime group commonly known as the Mafia or Cosa Nostra has announced that all members of that organization plan to move out of Atlantic City "as quickly and expeditiously as possible."

Furthermore, the spokesman stated, all mob-related business enterprises will be sold to "legitimate" business interests, and all mob-controlled union activity will cease immediately in the entire state of New Jersey.

Asked the reason for this startling about-face in Mafia policy, spokesman Angelo ("Angelo") Tortoni replied, "It has recently been brought to our attention that we are not welcome in the state of New Jersey."

Tortoni went on to relate how New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne had, upon the occasion of signing the bill that legalized casino gambling in the resort city, publicly ordered the Mafia to "keep its filthy hands out of New Jersey." However, apologized Tortoni, Mafia leaders "simply hadn't heard about it until last week. We had no idea we were not wanted. If someone had only told us what the governor said, we would have moved out right then. We certainly don't want to conduct our affairs in an atmosphere hostile to us."

A spokesman for Governor Byrne said that the governor was quite pleased at this turn of affairs, and expressed confidence that everything in Atlantic City and New Jersey would be wonderful from now on.

## BORN AGAIN



Leonard B. Hooper, a Portsmouth, Ohio, paint salesman, was "born again" on April 14 of this year. His mother, Mrs. Dorothy Hooper, is reported in fair condition at Portsmouth General Hospital.

## Global Harmony Is Policy Behind Arms Sales

In keeping with his doctrine of global harmony, President Carter has announced the sale of 210 advanced military aircraft to North Korea. The first shipment of F-5 Phantoms and F-16 fighter-bombers is scheduled for delivery in early 1979, and expected to provide the North Korean regime with a much-needed defensive counterpunch to South Korea's steadily expanding inventory of F-5 Phantoms and F-16 fighter-bombers. "We are intensely aware of a South Korean build-up, and believe fairness prohibits us from allowing others to remain unprotected," said the president.

In a related transaction, the U.S. has agreed to sell East Germany a total of 180 F-5 Phantoms and F-16 fighter-bombers to bolster current "softnesses" in East Germany's posture against former hostile Nazi stronghold West Germany. Cambodia and Vietnam are slated to receive similar shipments, neither being adequately prepared to defend itself against the sophisticated aircraft each will soon have.

President Carter is also reportedly concerned about the vulnerable position of Northern Ireland, and will accordingly recommend the sale of eighty-five combat jets to the I.R.A. Meanwhile, Congress is still debating a 350-plane arms deal with Soviet Russia, which is desperately in need of F-5 Phantoms and F-16 fighter-bombers to meet an apparent threat posed by the U.S. Air Force. But, according to State Department sources, anticipated strategic gains by the Russians, Vietnamese, North Koreans, East Germans, and I.R.A. will be offset by a proposed sale of 985 medium range bombers to a group of Las Vegas-based businessmen.

## A Convicted Felon, President's Nephew Is Not Embarrassed

Various news media have recently featured stories on William Carter Spann, whose uncle is president of the United States. Spann, thirty-one, has an impressive record of felony convictions and is currently serving ten years to life in California's Soledad Prison, where he enjoys contraband drug use and occasional homosexual contacts. He's also a former member of the white-supremacist Aryan Brotherhood.

When questioned about his Uncle Jimmy, Spann shows no apparent embarrassment. "Firing Marston, the Lance affair, failure to institute an effective energy policy, and a general lack of direction in foreign policy—I don't think these things reflect on me personally," he says. "There are people like that in every family."

## Fan Injured Imitating Favorite Group

A number of youngsters have suffered serious injury attempting to imitate the antics of such popular entertainers as Alice Cooper (who used to hang himself during his concert act) and the rock group Kiss (whose lead singer spits fire). A similar fate befell Jeffrey Sump, fourteen, of Erie, Pa., who was hospitalized recently after being severely beaten by his father.

The elder Sump told a family court judge that he beat his son after the boy stole money from his pay envelope, slept through five consecutive school days, and then left home in the middle of the night to go downtown and get drunk. The boy claimed that he was doing an imitation of the U.S. House of Representatives. His mother confirmed that Jeffrey was an avid fan of the House. "His room at home is filled with *Congressional Records*," she said. Mr. Sump was let off with a warning by the court.

## Longer Zip Code

A *New York Daily News* story claims that the U.S. Postal Service is considering a new and expanded zip coding system that would assign a special number code to nearly every city block and suburban street. The new system would retain the present five-digit zip code and add four new numbers, which would more exactly indicate the destination of each piece of mail.

The improved zip is apparently a revamp of a previous Post Office experiment in mail-coding called "addresses."

## NUCLEAR STRIKE



In the wake of the recent nationwide coal walkout, workers at the more than eighty U.S. atomic energy facilities have declared a limited nuclear strike.

The labor action by members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Energy Workers International Union has already had a significant economic impact in the area of Indian Point, N.Y., site of one of the nation's largest nuclear reactors. Casualties are expected to number in the tens of thousands.

## Peaceful Exchange Between Ethiopia and Somalia

A United Nations peace-keeping force will reportedly be airlifted into the Ethiopia-Somalia area to supervise the implementation of a peace treaty worked out between the two nations early last week.

The treaty, which is being called a milestone of shuttle diplomacy, will see the pro-Communist military council which formerly governed Somalia assume control of Ethiopia, while the Marxist junta which had controlled Ethiopia will administer the Somalian government.

The two parties are expected to meet later this month in the Ogaden region to

formally exchange themselves.

The disputant nations will be carefully monitored by a U.N. peace-keeping body with an eye toward applying this type of settlement structure elsewhere should it prove to be a success.

## New Registered Lobbyist

A newly registered Congressional lobbyist, Elliot Panfry, says that he will lobby solely for himself and intends to ask for immediate Congressional action on the woeful condition of the lawn next door to his home in Indianapolis, his wife's driving, and the crowd of kids his teen-age daughter Sally is forever bringing home.

1. Which Proctor & Bergman album is larger?  
2. Which Proctor & Bergman album is funnier?



Produced by Proctor & Bergman

Answers:

#1 Actually, they're the same size. "B" only appears to be larger. It's an optical illusion.

#2 Both contain the irreverent wit and sophisticated satire that have become a Proctor & Bergman trademark. From their days with the Firesign Theatre to their syndicated radio show and upcoming PBS "Soundstage" appearance, millions have enjoyed P & B's unique style of comedy. As to which album is funnier... the one on the right.

# Proctor & Bergman "GIVE US A BREAK"



product of phonogram, inc., one IBM plaza, chicago, ill.  
a polygram company

## SLUDGE ENDANGERS BIRDS



Rare Jersey tar snipe is threatened with extinction by low quality of sludge in New Jersey coastal waters. But fresh petroleum spills from Baltimore Canyon offshore drilling will aid in improving birds' habitat.

## Offshore Drilling Plans Please Eco Groups

New York and New Jersey area environmentalist organizations are reportedly pleased with the court-ordered go-ahead for oil companies to begin exploratory offshore drilling for oil in the so-called Baltimore Canyon region near the shorelines of those states. Accidental spills of natural crude petroleum are expected to displace extensive concentrations of sewage sludge and chemical pollutants, thereby improving the quality of water at New Jersey and Long Island beach resorts by as much as 45 percent over the next five years.

## Elsewhere on the Ecology Front

It looks to be a busy month for environmentalists. The California legislature is voting on a proposal that will allow up to 70 percent of that state's famous redwood trees to be turned into patio furniture....Three Canadian seal hunters will go on trial for the clubbing and skinning death of a member of the Save the Seals Federation, a group that has actively protested seal hunting....A Miami ecology group will attempt once again to gain protected status for the mottled fever pigeon. The smallish brown-green dove is a known carrier of at least 600 diseases. Malarial swamps that are the breeding grounds of the bird are being filled in to make room for low-cost housing projects. The group wants the construction halted....ChemAmerica says it accidentally released a substance consisting of what are known as "intelligent heliospores" into the Ohio River. The substance has thus far eluded all attempts to recover it. Several local and national groups are seeking action against ChemAmerica.

## Strangler Still at Large

Many Southerners are fearful for their lives as authorities remain baffled by the most recent wave of railroad gas explosions attributed to the so-called Tank Car Strangler. The culprit set off a large quantity of propane near Waverly, Tennessee, followed three days later by a similar assault in Youngstown, Florida, involving deadly chlorine.

In each case, police believe the strangler waits until his prey is momentarily unattended, and then, with catlike precision, springs onto the tanks and twists their valves. The ease with which he ap-

proaches the cars has fostered some speculation that the strangler is a railroad employee, although company officials do not agree.

Freight yard operators have been advised to couple their tank cars together into "buddy pairs," and keep them away from dimly lit sidings, while a number of TV and radio stations have established special Tank Car Strangler Hot Lines and Rumor Control Posts for citizens to call with reports of any leaks or scents they find suspicious.

"One moment our tank car was standing on the track, sturdy and airtight," sobbed one railroad owner, "and then, bang, it's gone. How do you make any sense out of this kind of thing?"

## BLACK RULE IN RHODESIA— OFF AND RUNNING!



## TOP SOVIET POP GROUP



Russia's hottest rock group, whose name translates as "the Enjoyable Popular Music Boys," cut up at a press conference in Minsk following the release of their latest LP, Never Mind the Manganese Ore Export Quotas, Here're the Enjoyable Popular Music Boys. According to Soviet news agency Tass, the record was "shipped iron," signifying that it had already sold more than half a thousand copies.



What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost!"

You can subscribe today.

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

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NL-578

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## Numerous People Jailed in Nicaragua

In response to international condemnation of his government's human rights policies, Nicaraguan president Anastasio Somoza has turned the entire country into a jail.

"I had the congress pass laws making anything illegal, and now everyone's in jail on suspicion of doing everything, except the army, who are guards," said Somoza, who will resign the presidency and take over as Nicaragua prison warden. "No one expects jail prisoners to be allowed to run around doing and saying anything they want," he continued, "so hopefully we won't be hearing further criticism from the U.N. or President Carter."

## Leon Spinks Makes Announcement

In the tradition of recent world heavyweight boxing champions, Leon Spinks has announced that he will change his name and religion. Spinks, a devout Baptist all his life, will reputedly convert to the Episcopal faith and legally change his name to Charles Cabot Lowell.

## Lottery and Boxing Loses

Many state governments are reporting poor financial returns on their state-run lotteries—a situation so replete with irony that it beggars humorous comment. And in a similar news item, Muhammad Ali flew to Dacca immediately after his fight with Leon Spinks and became an honorary citizen of Bangladesh.

## South Africa Allows Blacks at Opera

According to the *New York Times*, the government of South Africa has announced that it will allow blacks to attend opera performances at the new Pretoria Opera House. Observers see this as an important step in the liberalization of South Africa's apartheid policy.

Other government rulings under consideration may allow racial mixing during the consumption of truffles, on polo teams, at harp recitals, and among contract bridge foursomes engaged in masters-level tournament play.

## Plan to Cut Hospital Costs

The A.M.A. has approved a plan calling for the formation of "self-service" areas in major hospitals and clinics. The plan is designed to cut staggering hospital costs. Under the new self-service program, those people wishing to perform their own medical work would be allowed to do so in a specified part of the hospital at greatly reduced prices. All materials and equipment plus nursing care would be provided

## IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY



Jubilant Bostonians frolic through Harvard Square in impromptu celebration as balmy breezes herald the arrival of spring.

## NEW ISRAELI SETTLEMENT IN NEGEV



Despite diplomatic protests from Egypt's President Sadat and continued pressure from the Carter administration, Israel is continuing with its policy of settlement in occupied Arab lands. Pictured above is Mei Dayan, an agricultural collective established last week.





**THE NEW ALBUM BY  
WINGS**

**PAUL McCARTNEY · LINDA McCARTNEY · DENNY LAINE**

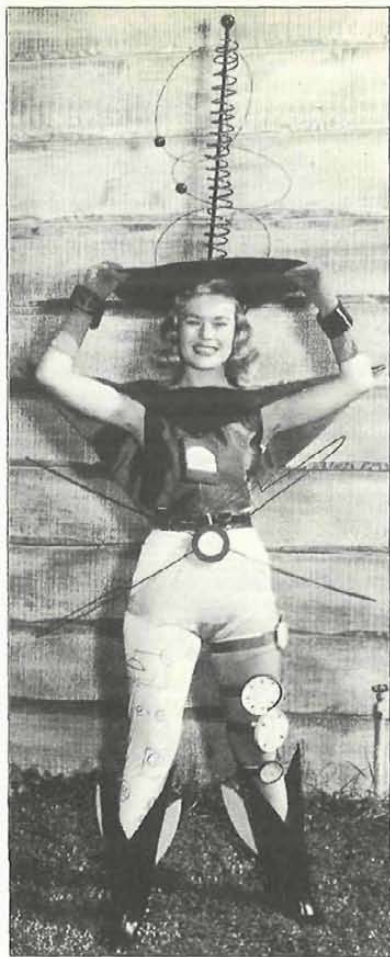


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# Photorama

## PICTURE NEWS



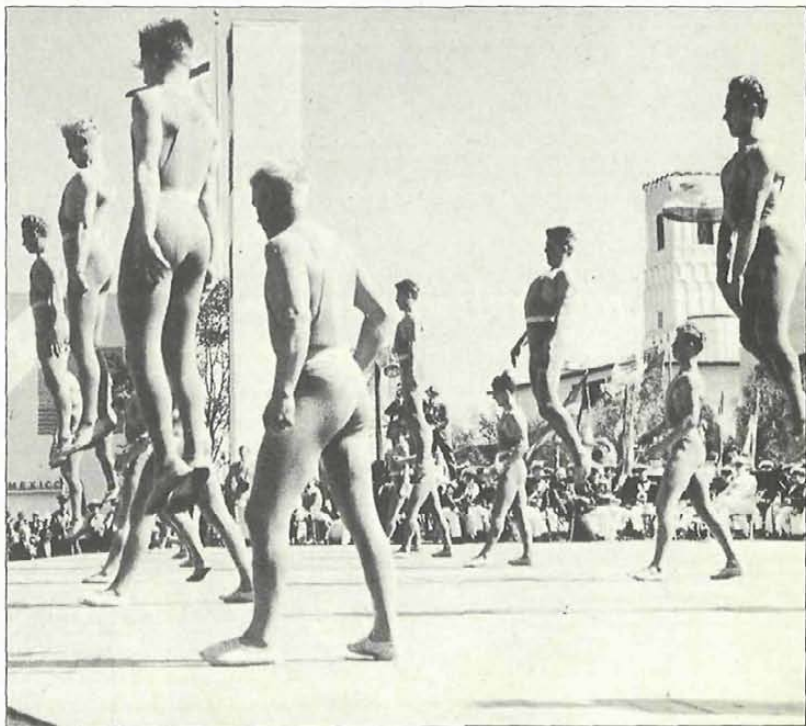
**Alameda, California** Nancy Trice, an out-of-work librarian, celebrates Ground Hog Day in her own stylish way. The instruments attached to her leg are "ground hog meters," which she claims can detect the movements of the furry creatures while they are still underground. The instrument she's wearing on her head is a portable "ground hog radar stations" which can bring in ground hog signals in the dark.



**Birmingham, England** Beatlemania; when will it end? Four lads from Birmingham—Derek Webb, James Hartley, Byron Turff, and Basil Henderson—are the latest entries in the Beatle look-alike and sing-alike sweepstakes. The boys are calling themselves "The Meatles" and are hoping to cash in on the nostalgic craze for the original mop-tops.



**Brussels, Belgium** Pierre Swizard won his bet of 10,000 francs when he claimed he would climb to the top of the famous "spiked turtle" monument in the Brussels Botanic Gardens and stand on his head, right in the middle of the turtle's shell. Swizard managed to stay aloft for three and a half minutes before he was pulled down by local police, who did not share his verve and sense of humor. He was fined 20,000 francs for his prank. "I don't care that I lost 10,000 francs in the bargain," he said. "I proved that I could do it, just as man proved he could climb Everest." But it all ended happily. Swizard's friends cheerfully paid the entire fine.



**Mexico City, Mexico** An enthusiastic crowd of 78,654 people greeted the popular gymnastic troupe Los Presidentes, fifteen presidents of Mexico's finest colleges. The Mexican Jumping Deans, as they are also called, make a three-month tour of the country, giving their famous exhibitions to raise money for their respective institutions. Here they are shown in their legendary number, "Cucarachas in Your Shoes."

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

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.

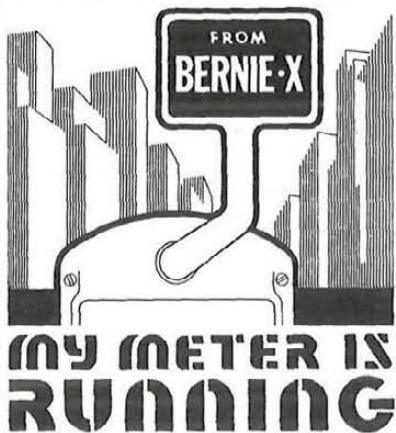
But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.  
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.  
I won't settle for less. Would you?



Winston King Winston 100's.

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

## TIPS AND TALES



as told to Gerald Sussman

Are you trying to tell me that the Mafia controls everything that goes on in this city? Is that what you're trying to tell me? You don't have to tell me that, Sarge. Don't talk to me about the Mafia. I just spent about half my life with those guys last month. You want to know what really goes on in the Mafia, I'll tell you. We're not going anywhere in this fucking traffic for a while anyway.

It all started the way it always starts with me—with a broad. Not just any old blow job, but a real killer. A young kid, maybe eighteen, nineteen, with a face like Hedy Lamarr, a body like Brigitte Bardot, and tits like Elizabeth Taylor in her prime. God, I used to love Taylor's tits. I fucked her once, y'know. But that's another story.

So I pick up this broad on the Upper West Side of Manhattan and she wants me to take her to Brooklyn, which in this town is like going to the end of the world. You need a passport to get in. I said I'd take her only if she'd let me throw her a fuck. It's just a little joke I use to discourage people from taking my cab. But she didn't bat an eyelash. Just got in and gave me the address.

Well, after that I was really tongued. It never happened to me before with a broad. I had to drive at least an hour and I couldn't think of a fucking thing to say to her. Usually I got a line for every kind of broad—actresses, models, society broads, secretaries with hot pants, whatever. With this broad I am just sitting there like a lox. But there's something going on, even though we're not saying a word. I can feel it in the air and I can feel it in my

cock. Whenever it starts burning a little at the tip, it's a sure sign that I'm going to use it soon. My cock is like a Geiger counter. It has a life all its own, and it must have smelled something in the back seat.

When we get to the tunnel where I have to pay the toll she puts some coins in my hand and touches my palm with her fingers. Suddenly I feel electric shocks going through my body. I turn around and look at her, and I can tell that the same shock is going through her body. She's got a look on her face that says, "If you don't fuck me very soon I'm going to do it to myself with my pointy shoe."

Pretty soon my shwance is burning a hole in my pants. I thought I had a soldering iron down there. So I took her to a little park I know near her house in Brooklyn where it was deserted and proceeded to give her a lesson in fuckology she would never forget. I took her up to Jewish heaven with me. I fucked her ninety-one different ways, and each time it felt like the first time I ever did it. I don't know how long we fucked, but the milkmen were making their deliveries and my wang looked like a pepperoni by the time we were finished.

When I finally got her home she cried a lot and told me she loved me, but could never see me again. What we did was wonderful, beautiful, and all that, but it could never happen again. It was over and it had to be that way. I was so fucked out I didn't have the strength to argue with her. I gave her a kiss and a free ride on the meter and tried to act cool. I've heard the line many times before. That was fine by me. Find 'em, fuck 'em, and forget 'em. Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you—she was a virgin. I took her cherry, her plum, her peach, her strawberry. I took her forwards, backwards, and sideways, and I didn't even know her name.

But I'll tell you—you don't forget a broad like that so easy. I did all kinds of crazy things to get her out of my mind. I did three twelve-year-old Puerto Rican girls at once. I fucked a colored acrobat. I went to one of those swinging sex clubs where you can fuck anybody and I stopped the show. Everybody stopped to watch me, and I got applause for fifteen minutes. I fucked everything that moved and I still couldn't forget that broad.

About three weeks later I'm bringing my cab to the garage for the night and she's there. Somehow she found out where I work. She looks terrible.

continued on page 81

## How many products can you think of with a full lifetime warranty?



In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette tape ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement. TDK quality recording tape products: SA, AD, D and M cassettes; AD and D eight-tracks; LB, L and S open reel; accessories.

**TDK**

The machine for your machine.

TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, New York 11530

# WHICH TAPE DECK SHOULD YOU BUY?

Specifications	Pioneer CT-F9191	TEAC A 650	AKAI GXC-710D	Fisher CR5120
Tape Heads	2	2	2	3
Motors	2 (1DC Servo) (1DC Torque)	2 (1DC Servo) (1DC Reel)	1 (4 Pole Hysteresis Synchronous)	2 (1DC Servo) (1DC Governor)
Drive System	Single Capstan	Single Capstan	Single Capstan	Dual Capstan
Wow & Flutter	0.07% WRMS	0.06% WRMS	0.08% WRMS	0.05% WRMS
Total Harmonic Distortion	1.5%	(Not Available)	1.5%	1.4%
Frequency Response (CrO <sub>2</sub> /FeCr)	30Hz-15kHz ±3dB	30Hz-16kHz (Incomplete Spec)	30Hz-16kHz ±3dB	30Hz-17kHz ±3dB
Signal/Noise Ratio (with Dolby on @ 1kHz)	63dB over 5kHz	62dB	60dB over 5kHz	62dB
Dolby Noise Reduction	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Dolby FM Circuitry	No	Yes	No	Yes
Pre-amps	2	2	2	4
Approximate Retail	\$450	\$550	\$425	\$400

All product specifications from published company sales literature.  
Price information from High Fidelity, August, 1977 issue.

The four tape decks compared above are all fine pieces of equipment.

But look closely at the table above and you'll see why the Fisher CR5120 is the most outstanding value in cassette decks today.

You can actually get a Fisher professional quality 3-head deck for about the price of many 2-head decks.

What you don't see in the table is the superb Fisher engineering that built this high-priced performance into a medium-priced tape deck.

For example, we engineered separate record and playback heads into the CR5120, not only to significantly improve recording quality, but also to permit monitoring directly off the

tape — the only sure way to get professional recordings every time. All three of the CR5120's heads are made of glass-hard sintered ferrite for virtually unlimited life, without deterioration of sound quality.

The CR5120 even includes dual-process Dolby† — separate Dolby circuits, one for recording and one for playback — so you hear fully decoded playbacks when you're monitoring a recording. And a Dolby FM switch with 25µs deemphasis conversion lets any tuner or receiver handle Dolbyized FM broadcasts.

To assure virtually perfect tape motion, the CR5120 uses a DC servo-controlled Hall-effect motor in the dual capstan transport, plus a separate DC motor to drive the reels.

Other CR5120 features are: source/tape monitor switch, VU level meters, LED peak indicators, switchable limiter to prevent overload distortion, memory counter, and lighted mode indicators. All for about \$400\*.

Which tape deck should you buy? See a Fisher dealer and try the CR5120 for yourself.

Flip the source/tape switch and compare the source and recording while you're listening — the only way to really evaluate the performance of a tape deck (you can't do this on a two-head deck).

Fisher audio components are available at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store. For the name of your nearest dealer, call toll-free: 1-800-528-6050, ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (in Arizona, call toll-free 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.

 **FISHER**  
The first name in high fidelity.



†Dolby is a trade name of Dolby Labs, Inc.



**IF YOU HAVE  
ATIN EAR,  
DON'T SPEND  
THE MONEY.**

You're looking at the finest, high-performance, 2-way, acoustic-suspension speakers ever created for the automobile.

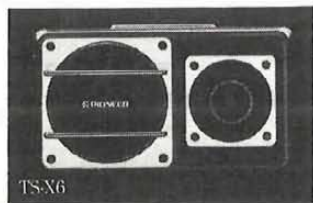
The incredible TS-X9 speakers.

Each can handle 40 watts.

Each delivers 50-22,000 Hz.

And if you can appreciate sound this terrific, buy a pair of TS-X9's. Or our less-expensive TS-X6's.

But for those not blessed with the



hearing of a fox, we do have alternatives. We have some 2-dozen different kinds of

speakers for automobiles alone.

Pioneer is one of the most respected audio manufacturers in the world. With superb design, engineering, and manufacturing. And we apply this know-how

to every speaker we make, regardless of the price we charge for it.

So, ask your Pioneer dealer to demonstrate the other leading brand first, and then play the Pioneer speakers.

Believe us, you *will* hear a difference in Pioneer car speakers.

Even if your ears are full of oatmeal.

**CAR SPEAKERS BY PIONEER.**

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810.

# The Mystery of the Clue in the Note About the Old Sycamore



by CAROLYN KLEENE



## CHAPTER I VANISHED!

"Oh, girls! Look!" Nancy Drew, blue-eyed and dressed in a tweed skirt, directed the gaze of her two companions, Bess and George, towards the swarthy organ-grinder just a half block down the street. "Look at the monkey!" Nancy cried in high spirits. "Let's get closer and see if some mystery isn't involved in this!"

"Oh, Nancy," George, who despite her boyish name was a girl, replied. "Must you find a mystery in everything? What mystery could be attached to an organ-grinder and his monkey here in River Heights?"

"I don't know," Nancy replied. "But I'm going to find out!" And with that, she headed towards the monkey. Just then, Bess, Nancy's other chum also along on the excursion who loved to eat and was pretty and plump, spotted a bakery store.

"Come on, girls," she pleaded. "Let's go in just for a moment. I haven't eaten anything since lunch, and I'm starving!"

"Seeing as it's only half-past noon, I don't think you're about to expire," George noted dryly. "And you did have the blue plate at the diner, you know."

"Oh, please," begged Bess. "Just one little second to get some doughnuts."

Nancy, who had looked upon the scene between her friends with growing amusement and was about to relent and let chubby and pretty Bess get her doughnuts, suddenly felt that something was amiss. She looked down the street in the direction of the organ-grinder, and her body stiffened.

The organ-grinder, along with his monkey, had vanished, leaving a gaping hole that was rapidly filling up with pedestrians!

## CHAPTER II ELEPHANTS

"Let's go, girls!" Nancy cried in unison. "There's not a moment to lose!" The three sped quickly on foot to the scene, but were soon disappointed. After a thorough search, Nancy was ready to admit defeat.

"I'm stymied, girls," she admitted. "He seems to have vanished without a trace."

"Thwarted," George chuckled, "by Bess's appetite!"

"Yes," Nancy chimed in. "But maybe it's all for the best. Bess might

have eaten the monkey!" The two girls grinned as Bess fished a chocolate bar out of her purse and began to consume it, wrapper and all.

Tired from their adventure, the threesome directed their steps to Nancy's roadster, and were soon motoring home. It was a fine spring day and their spirits were high as Nancy's foot depressed the accelerator. George, ever the tomboy, sat close to Nancy in the front seat while Bess filled the back. Suddenly, on the road ahead, Nancy saw a familiar large gray shape lumber across the intersection. Her hands tensed on the wheel as she recognized what was happening.

"Girls!" she cried out. "Elephants!" "Yeth," Bess rejoined, her mouth full of banana. "Erephanse."

Would they stampede, Nancy wondered?

## CHAPTER III A YOUNG LAD

Nancy braked and leaped carefully from the no longer in motion red auto. Spying a pale blond boy carrying a bucket, she briskly walked up to him, thinking he might be of some help in solving the riddle of the elephants.

"Hello," she said cheerfully. "I'm Nancy Drew."

"Yeah," the youth replied. "That ain't no money in my pocket." His eyes glistened and narrowed as he pushed the straggly strands of hair from his forehead.

"I was wondering if you could help me," Nancy replied evenly. "Why are these elephants on the road?"

"Because it's in their recording contract!" the lad exploded with an evil laugh. And with that, he disappeared.

Nancy, more resolved than ever to unravel the mystery confronting her, asked several persons nearby some guarded questions, always keeping her real intent a secret. She learned that the River Heights Circus was in town and setting up for a performance that very night. Satisfied that the mystery had been brought to a successful conclusion, she returned to her still parked coupé and rapidly explained to the girls what had happened.

George's eyes sparkled when she heard the news. "You're so wonderful Nancy," she said gaily. "I'm so glad you're my friend." Her eyes misted in gratitude as she re-pleated Nancy's skirt. Bess said nothing, as she was sleeping off the effects of a turkey roll.

Nancy thereupon made preparations to deposit her two chums at their residence, which she eventually did with no further mishaps.

## CHAPTER IV BEHIND THE DOORBELL

Hannah Gruen greeted Nancy as she came through the door. Hannah was the Drews's faithful housekeeper of many years who had come to care for Nancy after the unfortunate girl's even more unfortunate mother had died just as many years ago. She regarded Nancy with awe as the youthful sleuth related to her the adventures of the day.

"I declare," she said a little nervously, "sometimes it makes me just about drop a stitch listening to your escapades! I declare!" And with that, she went into the kitchen to prepare the pork roast for Nancy and her father, the prominent lawyer Carson Drew, who also lived there without his dead wife, Nancy's ex-mother.

Just then the doorbell rang. Nancy answered it to find a large Oriental woman of indeterminate age wearing flowing Oriental robes and a large Oriental turban. On her ten fingers were many Oriental rings of different Oriental colors, and her feet sported Oriental shoes, while her perfume gave off a strong Oriental scent. Nancy felt sure that the woman was from the Far East.

Seeing Nancy, the woman's eyes opened as wide as they could. "You!" she yelled. "You takee this! Make careful, girlee! Make careful!" And with that she fled, leaving a perplexed Nancy at the door holding a crumpled letter which had been thrust in her hand.

"Who was that?" asked Hannah from the kitchen. "I thought I heard something."

"Oh, nothing," replied Nancy evasively. "Just a wrong number."

What could be in the crumpled letter delivered so mysteriously?

## CHAPTER V BAD NEWS AND GOOD NEWS

Nancy tore the letter open quickly and rapidly devoured its contents. It was in the form of several sentences strung together, she discovered, and easily decipherable:

*Your mother, motherless child, still lives. To find her, go past old Redgate*

Farm until you reach the Apple Corners intersection near the Old Cave. Go three miles on Magnolia Lane until you come to Whispering Pines Village. Take a right near the old brickyard and you will soon see the Shimmering Lights Harbor. Take the Old Plum Willow Turnpike four miles, through the Southgate Reservoir. When you reach the Old North Maple Woods, stop and walk a mile and a half, counting every third diseased elm. At the ninety-third elm, stop, and take thirty-nine steps at a 63-degree angle to it. There you will find the Old Sycamore and your mother, who waits for you now.

Signed,  
A friend

"Why, I know that very tree," murmured Nancy to herself. Suddenly, the import of the message hit her. "My mother is alive!" she thought excitedly.

Or was she? Or what?

## CHAPTER VI LEAVING THE HOUSE

"Hannah!" Nancy cried, "I'm going out right now!" Hannah Gruen bustled in quickly from the kitchen, where she was siphoning off the pork drippings to make gravy.

"Land sakes, child, what's the rush? First your father calls to say he won't be home and now you're running out the door like a greased moose, and the roast is going to be all dried out!" she said exasperatedly.

"I'm sorry, Hannah," said Nancy quickly, slipping into her coat, "but this is important! I've got to go now!"

"Well, all right," harrumphed the Drew's elderly housekeeper as the girl made ready to depart. "But keeping house for detectives is a thankless task!"

"Sorry, Hannah," replied the amateur sleuth sincerely. "I'll make it up to you!" she yelled, going through the door.

Hannah stood watching Carson Drew's offsprung run down the front walkway. Suddenly her eyes glinted and slanted evilly, and her mouth twisted into a malicious grin. "You're gonna get the biggest surprise of your life when you get to that old sycamore. Oh my dear, you are most definitely in a pickle!" Then she went back to the kitchen to start in on a dozen or so martinis and maybe even a whiskey sour. "And the heck with the pork roast, too," she thought sinisterly.

What could the formerly faithful servant mean?

## CHAPTER VII THE OLD SYCAMORE

Nancy drove quickly and surely, never exceeding the speed limit and yet making excellent time. Being an accomplished aviatrix and former Brownie, she was able to follow the directions of the letter with ease.

Night was falling as she finally approached the old sycamore in question. Her heart was beating rapidly in spite of her excellent physical and mental condition as she guardedly approached the tree, alert to the possibility of a hoax. Suddenly, when Nancy was about twenty feet from the sycamore, she froze in her tracks.

There, in a flowing white robe, beckoning her to come forward, was her mother! Or was it?

## CHAPTER VIII MOM?

"Come," she heard the figure whisper. "Come towards me, Nancy, my dear, and meet your mother whom you have thought dead these many years. Come, my dear, and don't be afraid!"

Still Nancy stood her ground, unsure of what course to take. Feeling certain that something was wrong, she decided to question the figure bluntly.

"Is this a ruse of some sort?"

"Oh no, my dear, oh no," the figure replied. "Would your own mother do that to you? Please hurry, Nancy—I've waited so long to see you again! Oh, my little sleuth daughter, how I've lived for this moment!"

At these words, Nancy decided that the time had come to approach the woman claiming to be her no longer dead mother. "But," she wondered, "am I falling into a trap?"

## CHAPTER IX SURPRISE!

Nancy walked slowly, ready to use her wits if the situation demanded it. Suddenly, when she was only five feet away from the apparition-like being, she heard the unmistakable click of a gun. She also saw it leveled straight at her, and felt instinctively that it could bode no good.

"This is what I've really been living for, Miss Nancy Drew!" the figure rasped maliciously. "I've been living to kill you! And now, goddamnit, I will! Prepare to really see your mother!"

The voice was very familiar to Nancy. "Where have I heard it be-

fore?" she pondered. Suddenly she knew who the threatening assailant was, and a shiver went down her spine.

The voice belonged to Carson Drew, her father! And so, by the markings, did the gun!

## CHAPTER X MORE SURPRISE

"Dad!" Nancy cried out. "What do you mean, you want to kill me? What are you talking about? Dad, this is your daughter, Nancy Drew!"

"I know," responded the now familiar former apparition but still assailant. "And I also know that I, Carson Drew, am going to kill you the way you killed my wife!"

What could Dad mean?

## CHAPTER XI SURPRISE SURPRISE

"What?" Nancy echoed, not fully comprehending the import of her father's cryptic message. "Do you mean to say that I killed your wife? My mother?"

"Yes," Carson Drew hissed. "Yes, you little goody two-shoed bitch, you did! And I've hated you your whole miserable worthless chum-filled life for it!"

"But how, Dad?" Nancy cried out wildly. "How in the world did I kill mother? I never even knew her!"

Carson Drew's voice grew as steely as an icicle. "Your birth killed her, Nancy. Your birth brought the death of my wife! And now, perhaps," he continued wildly, "your death will bring her back! You will die and my wife Betty will live!" He again leveled the gun at his now frozen daughter.

"But Dad," Nancy tried to explain rationally, realizing that her father was not his old self, "how can you blame me for mother's death? I didn't ask to be born!"

"You didn't ask to die, either, but you're going to, honey!" Mr. Drew again chuckled, this time with evident relish. His finger wound ominously around the trigger as his eyes, full of hate, narrowed into slits of pure malice.

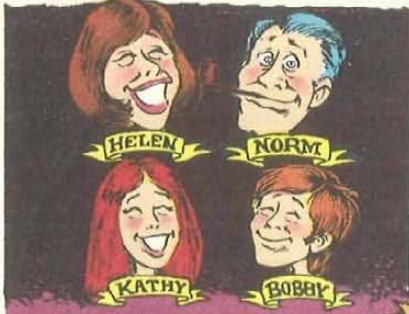
## CHAPTER XII THE TABLES TURN

"Wait!" Nancy again cried out. "Dad, you can't mean what you're saying!"

"I remember," Mr. Drew continued in a sing-song voice, as if in a trance,

# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



THE AMERICAN FAMILY IS THE BACKBONE OF LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY, AND THE APPLETONS ARE NO EXCEPTION. LET'S JOIN THEM IN A STORY CALLED, "HEY, DAD'S HOME." *your friend,*  
B.K. TAYLOR



MR. APPLETON ARRIVES TO THE WELCOME OF HIS FAMILY.  
I'M HOME! WELL, HOW ARE THE BEST KIDS IN TOWN? GLAD TO SEE DADDY?

DADDY!



WHERE'S MOMMY, PRINCESS?  
SHE'S IN THE BATHROOM.

BATHROOM?... OK... HEY, AND A DUTCH RUB FOR MY FAVORITE SON.

DADDY, YOU'RE...

AARRGH!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S SURPRISE MOMMY.

BUT DADDY, SHE...

SAY, WHAT IS THIS? C'MON, WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

OH... ALL RIGHT.



MR. APPLETON AND THE CHILDREN TIPTOE DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE BATHROOM.

SKEEEEEEEK



BOO!

MY GOODNESS!

CHUCKLE: THE KING OF HIS CASTLE IS HOME!

THIS IS AWFUL.



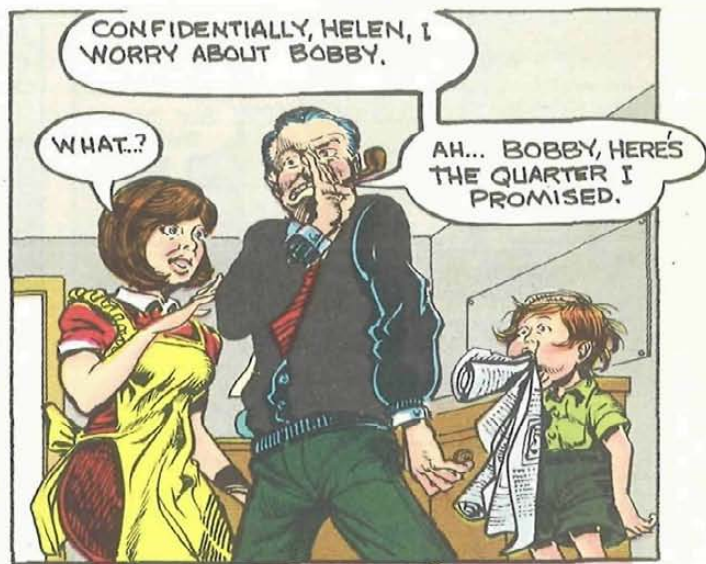
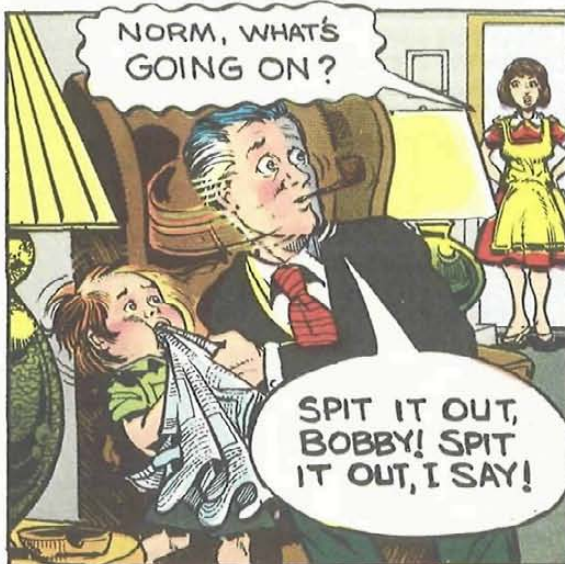
NORM! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? YOU SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH!

THE KIDS JUST WANTED A LITTLE FUN, HONEYCUP.


THAT'S NOT VERY NICE.



LET'S GO, KIDS, MOMMY WANTS TO BE ALONE.






 AND SO  
 FATHER READS TO SON,  
 AS ONCE HIS  
 FATHER DID TO HIM,  
 AND USHERS THE CHILD  
 INTO THE MAGICAL  
 WORLD OF  
 THE IMAGINATION  
 THROUGH THE DOORWAY  
 OF BOOKS.



BEHIND

## THE MOVIE

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



## THE PAPERBACKS

A slew of new ones coming up from New American Library



## THE SHOW

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

## THE ALBUM

Same name as the show, from Label 21



## THE RADIO SHOW

National Lampoon's True Facts Radio...  
now being heard five days a week on more than  
200 stations in the U.S. and Canada



# BEHIND ALL OF THESE THINGS IS THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

...the humor magazine.

There's only one magazine like the *National Lampoon*. Sure, *National Geographic* is good for a few laughs, and *Rolling Stone* does great stories on the lady who started *Vogue* and long dresses and lorgnettes. And *Time* makes a lot of mistakes, which are always funny, but it's hit or miss with those magazines. *National Lampoon* is always funny.

Add a new dimension to your life today—sly chuckles. Subscribe to the *National Lampoon*.

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635 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 NL-5 78

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and other foreign countries. All checks must be  
payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

S

# “HOW DID I GET HERE?”



The Good Stuff Your Parents Don't Want You to Know

We wrote this book because you've probably been hearing all sorts of crazy stories about exactly how you got to be here. We're not talking about busses or subways or cars or moving vans, but how you got to be born in the first place.

A lot of these stories make it all sound like a nasty secret; something you wouldn't want to talk to any grown-up about; something you'd want to hear with good friends in a place where you can listen and listen and rub yourself all over.

Well, that's fine, of course. But we thought we'd tell you *exactly* how it happens. That might make it even *more* exciting.



If you think *this* is exciting, wait 'til you hear the *whole* story!





This sperm is looking very hard for a very special friend.

Now, the only way you can make a baby is with a man and a woman. And the only way the man and the woman can make a baby is by putting their bodies as close together as they possibly can. They rub their bodies together and move up and down a lot and it feels like tickling and itching and swimming underwater and riding a pony and eating very cold ice cream.

It's called a lot of things: *getting your rocks off*, *making the beast with two backs*, *intercourse*. What it really is is *fucking*.

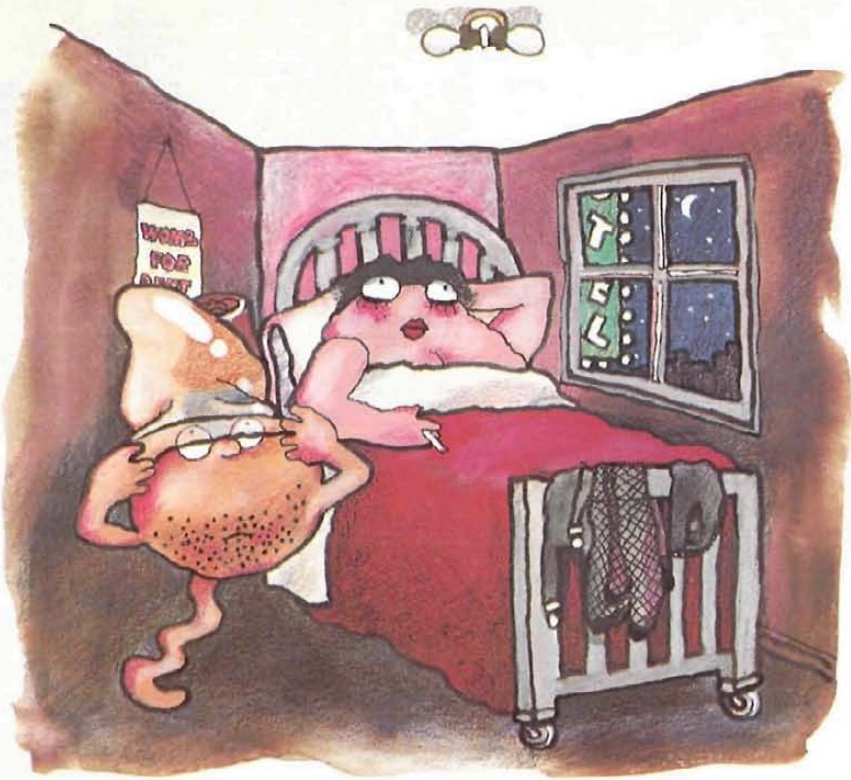
And when this happens, sticky white stuff called *semen* comes out of the man's *joystick* and wanders into the woman's *honeypot*. Inside the semen are millions of *sperm*, each one looking for a special egg.

Now, the egg and the sperm have to get together in a very special way to make a baby. They have to have a kind of very special arrangement with each other in a very special place called a *womb*.

When this arrangement takes place, the egg and the sperm get together and begin to grow together, inside the woman. When the woman finds out the sperm and egg are growing together, she is *pregnant*.



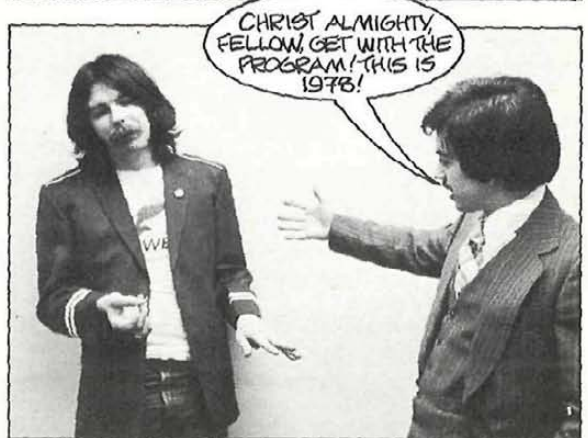
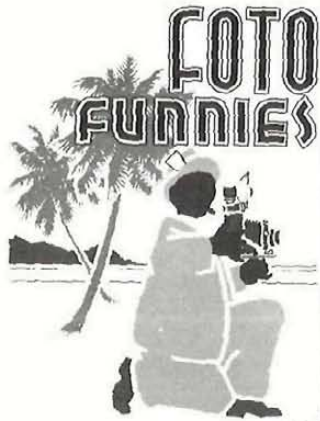
The sperm and the egg get together in the womb.



Lots of times you won't want to play the second half of this game.

Now that the egg and sperm have joined together, the tiny little speck just keeps on growing and growing and growing until it turns into a *baby*! Just like you! And when you get older—very, very soon, now—you'll be able to be part of this wonderful adventure. But just remember—some people find this wonderful adventure not so wonderful. Some people like to play the *beginning* of this neat game, but don't want anything to do with the rest of it.

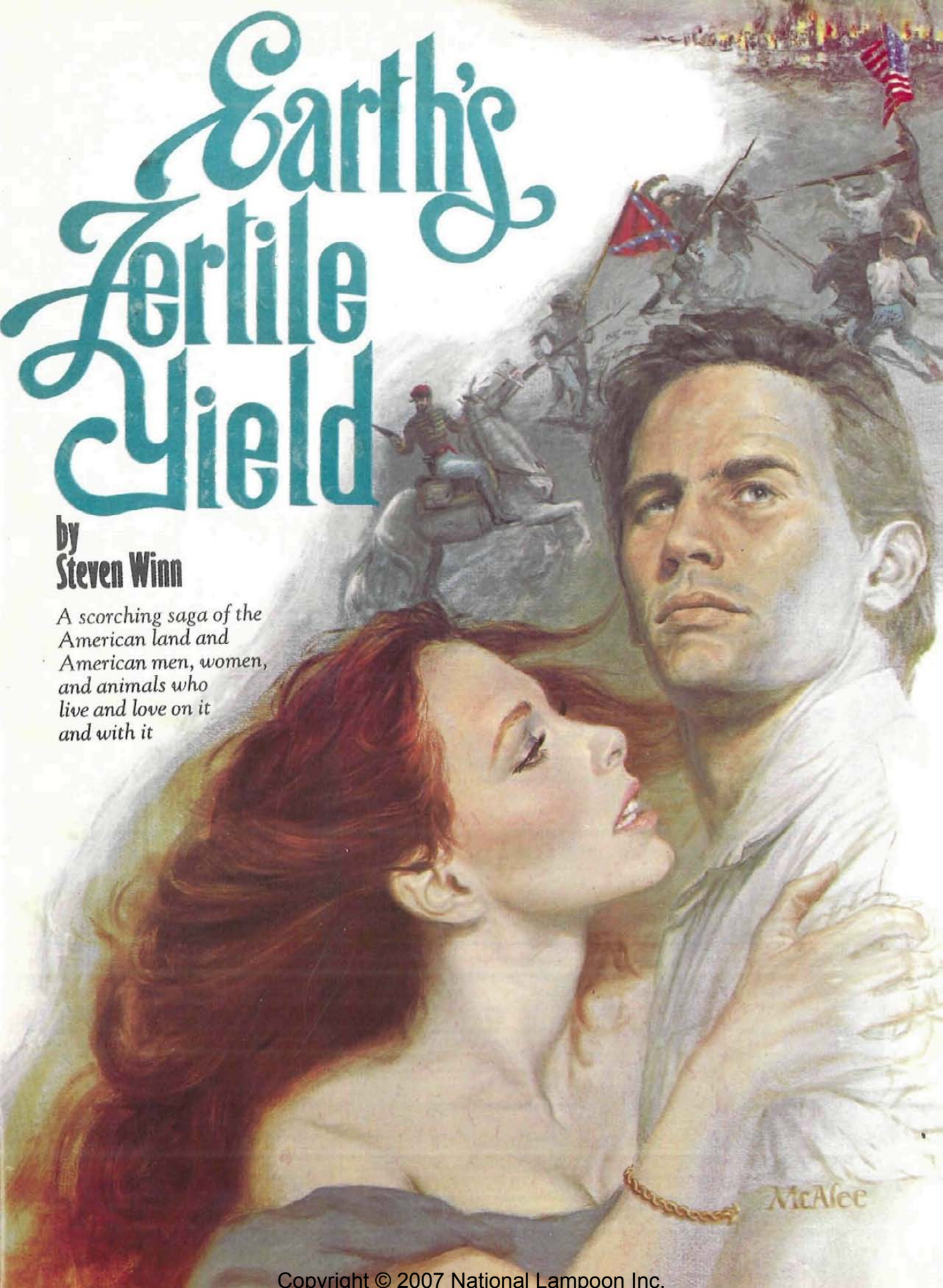
If you would like to learn how to avoid most of this wonderful adventure, be sure and look for the sequel to this book, called: "AND I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A BALLOON!" □



# Earth's Fertile Yield

by  
Steven Winn

*A scorching saga of the  
American land and  
American men, women,  
and animals who  
live and love on it  
and with it*



McAfee

# Earth's Fertile Yield

It's November. Unbearable cold. But Roland Robert Randall Pullet doesn't notice. He's scuffling along, kicking up clods of dirt the size of dirt clods, pondering. Labored grunting down in the hollow attracts his attention. Mr. Breckenridge, his prize hog, is at it, his dainty front legs gripping the girth of his chosen, his back legs dancing for a foothold. Roland Robert Randall watches, transfixed. At last the contestants separate, snuffling to themselves; Mr. Breckenridge yawns. As ye sow, so shall ye reap, Roland Robert Randall thinks ruefully. He walks on.

Waiting at the fence is his doughy, moon-faced neighbor, Ulrich Kretschmann.

"Heil, Three-R."

"Hey, Alright!"

Ulrich stares into space and chews thoughtfully on a wedge of cow pie. Once, Roland Robert Randall explained to him that you chew on weeds or stalks of wheat and step in cow pies, but the man is stupid. Pure and good-hearted, of course, but stupid just the same. His wife is just as dumb, looks like a stack of pancakes, and has an unpronounceable name (even Ulrich has to shrug and point), but she's as fertile as the back forty. Son after strapping son has dropped from her belly, while her husband has grown rounder and redder. It has even occurred to Roland Robert Randall, in spasms of bitterness, that Ulrich himself is pregnant.

High-pitched squeals come from a nearby hill, and the two men turn to look. The two youngest Kretschmann boys, Heinie and Manush, are rolling each other under the wheels of a moving tractor, then jumping up, muddy but unhurt. A painful memory strikes Roland Robert Randall: his great-grandfather died in such an accident, when a team of horses and a wagon passed through the dining room and killed him instantly. His wife was unharmed and none of the dishes broken, and she was able to continue saying grace, spooning suc-

cotash, raising four boys and four girls without a murmur.

O the Pullet spunk! Roland Robert Randall thrilled to the stories still. Colonel O.T.O. Pullet, who loved the glory of battle so much that he fought for both the Union and the Confederacy and was discovered only when he tried to collect two pensions. There was a Pullet in the Revolutionary War, too, a top aide and advance man who arranged the Washington Slept Here itinerary, often under dangerous circumstances. Roland Robert Randall's own brother, Ty, was as tough and determined as a sow in heat when he choked on that éclair. It was a month, a whole month, before he died in the hospital.

And now, it seems, it is all coming to an end.

"Ja, purt near," Ulrich laughs, "I 'spect!"

Roland Robert Randall ignores him. The man has picked up a half dozen quaint, nonsensical expressions and uses them even more nonsensically than the natives do.

"Nice talking," Roland Robert Randall says at last.

Ulrich starts back across his field, stepping gingerly on clumps of weeds and shaking his foot. "Ach, scheist," he mumbles to himself. More than anything, Roland Robert Randall realizes, Ulrich wants to be an American—reasonable enough, for a sixth generation immigrant.

But more than that, more than one man can imagine, more than he can bear, Roland Robert Randall Pullet wants to last, to endure, to live on when his heart and lungs give out. It's all more than he understands, but he wants an heir.

**T**wenty-three years earlier. It's July. Unbearable heat. Agrippa Pullet lies flat on her back, her face twisted in anguish. Her mouth looks like a map of Platte County, her tongue the county seat. She cries out in three short gasps: "Roland! Robert!" Her husband looks up from his plate and waits. "Randall!" He rushes to her side.

"Is it time?" he asks breathlessly.

"I think so. That pan' yonder. Bring it here."

He hands it to her, expectant wonder lighting his face. Moments later she hands it back, full of her reprocessed noontime meal.

"I'm hungry," she complains.

Days pass. Weeks. It's the 1950s.

Agrippa strains to see the pale picture on their table model Zenith. She watches day and night and refuses to speak, leaving printed messages at the foot of the bed. Amana Deepfreeze. An aqua Osterizer. Scooter Pies. Roland Robert Randall doesn't hesitate. He buys these things and more, selling off livestock and land to make the payments. One by one he brings them into the bedroom to show her. She

# CLASSICS

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PUBLIC DOMAIN

# SPRITZ FAMILY RUBINSTEIN

BY JOHANN  
BRYSS

No. 13 25¢





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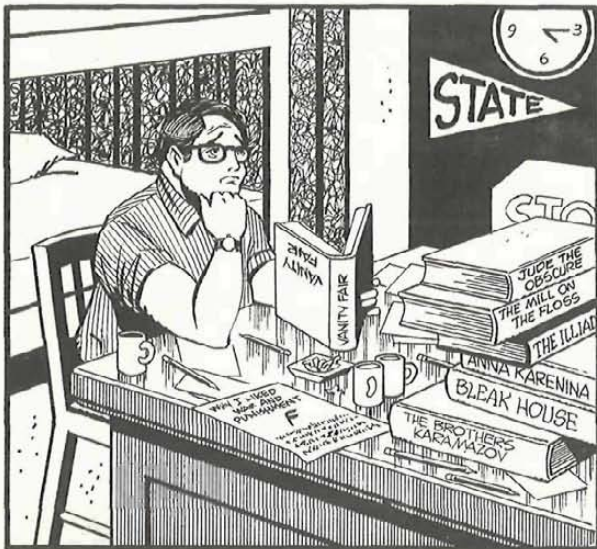
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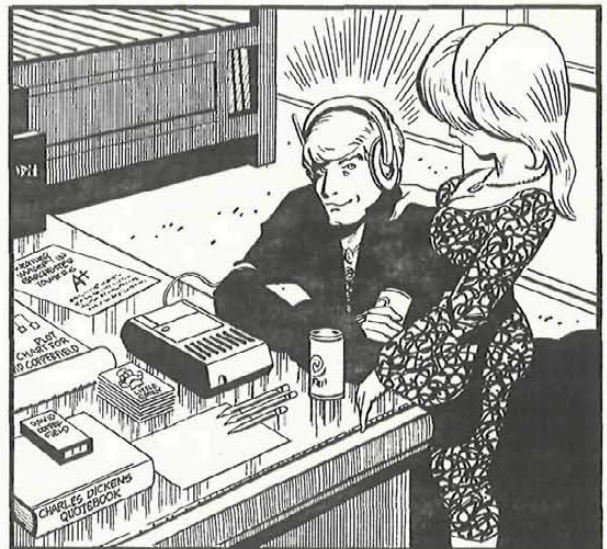
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| <input type="checkbox"/> The Red and the Black    | <input type="checkbox"/> Wuthering Heights    | <input type="checkbox"/> Pride and Prejudice       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lord Jim                 | <input type="checkbox"/> A Tale of Two Cities | <input type="checkbox"/> The Mayor of Casterbridge |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Emma                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Gulliver's Travels   | <input type="checkbox"/> The Secret Agent          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Madame Bovary            | <input type="checkbox"/> Pere Goriot          | <input type="checkbox"/> Moby Dick                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Don Quixote              | <input type="checkbox"/> Crime and Punishment | <input type="checkbox"/> The Odyssey               |

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Morris Rubinstein



Rose Rubinstein



Richie



Joel

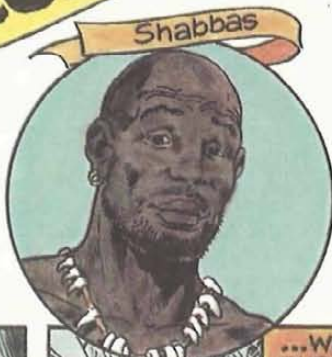
# SPRITZ FAMILY RUBINSTEIN



Allan



Tracy



Shabbas



Teri & Sherry



THE BROCHURE SAID GENTLE SEAS AND BALMY BREEZES.

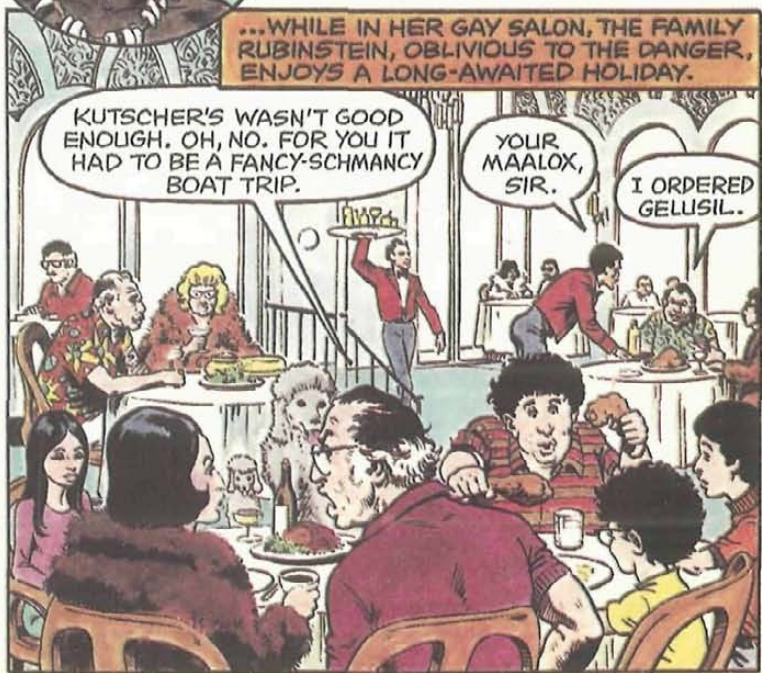
YEAH, SO SUE.

NEVER AGAIN!

NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER AGAIN!

DRIVEN HARD BEFORE A RAGING HURRICANE, A CARIBBEAN CRUISE SHIP FIGHTS A LOSING BATTLE WITH THE ELEMENTS...



...WHILE IN HER GAY SALON, THE FAMILY RUBINSTEIN, OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER, ENJOYS A LONG-AWAITED HOLIDAY.

KUTSCHER'S WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH. OH, NO. FOR YOU IT HAD TO BE A FANCY-SCHMANCY BOAT TRIP.

YOUR MAALOX, SIR.

I ORDERED GELUSIL.

THEN SUDDENLY, DISASTER STRIKES!

ABANDON SHIP! WE'VE HIT A REEF! ABANDON SHIP!

AND DOWN THE CRUISE SHIP GOES...



YAY IZ MIR!

GEVALT!

WHIPLASH!

I GAVE AT SHUL! I BOUGHT THE BONDS! WHY ME, OH LORD, WHY ME?!



HAS ANYONE SURVIVED? ONE FAMILY ONLY, CLINGING TO A PIECE OF FLOTSAM, OVERCOME WITH QUIET JOY THAT PROVIDENCE HAS SPARED THEIR LIVES.

ALL NIGHT THEY DRIFT. THEN WITH THE DAWN COMES MORE GOOD NEWS. LAND HO!

WE COULD'VE GOT THE FAMILY PLAN AT BROWN'S, OR EVEN GROSSINGER'S BUT OH, NO, YOU--



I'M HUNGRY!

SHUT UP, MOE!

I'M COLD!

I'M WET!

I'M TIRED!



LOOK, ROSE! LOOK! IT'S LAND!

YOU HEAR YOUR GENIUS FATHER, CHILDREN? LAND! THEY OUGHT TO MAKE YOU PRESIDENT OF HARVARD, MOE.

AND THE GRATEFUL FAMILY SPLASHES EAGERLY ASHORE.

O.K., MR. TOUR DIRECTOR, WE'LL WAIT HERE WHILE YOU GO FIND A PHONE, AND BRING ME BACK A PACK OF SALEM LIGHTS.

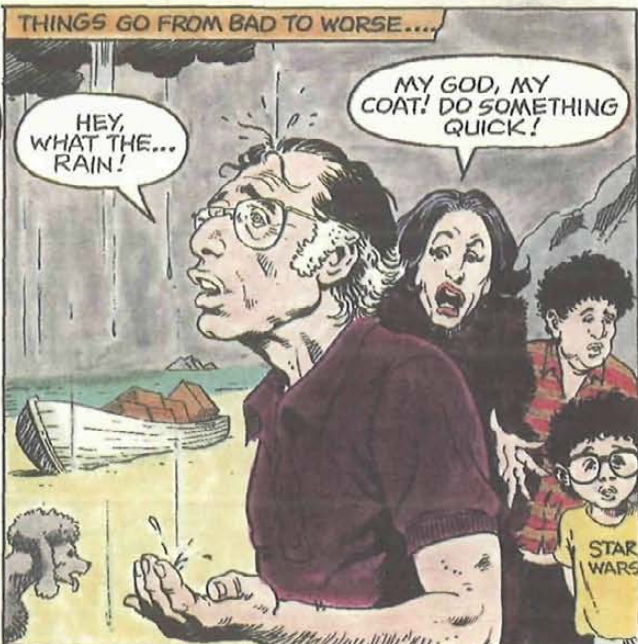
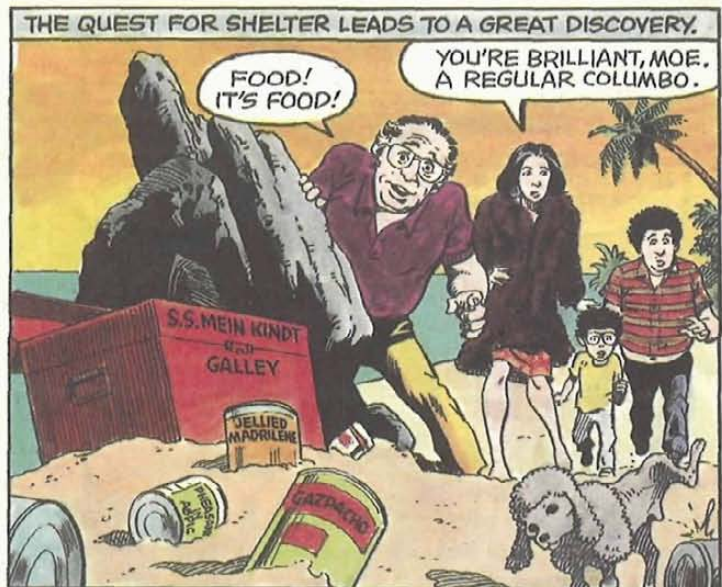
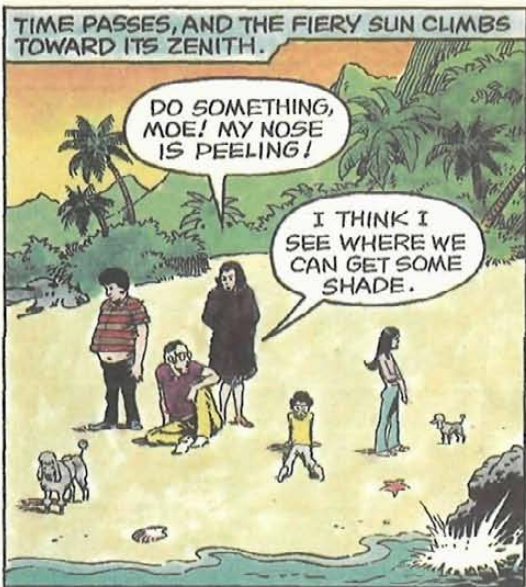
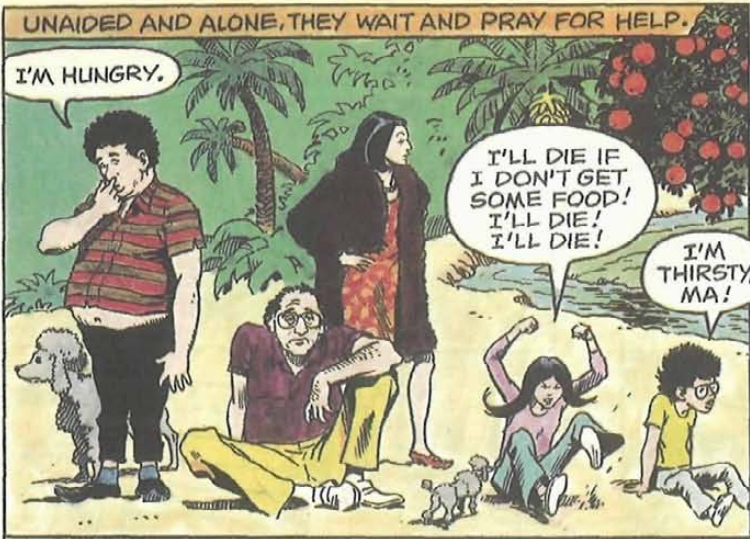
I DON'T KNOW. THERE COULD BE SHVUGGIES IN THERE LIKE THE ONES WHO BEAT UP RABBI SCHENKMAN IN JAMAICA. I THINK WE OUGHT TO STAY TOGETHER!

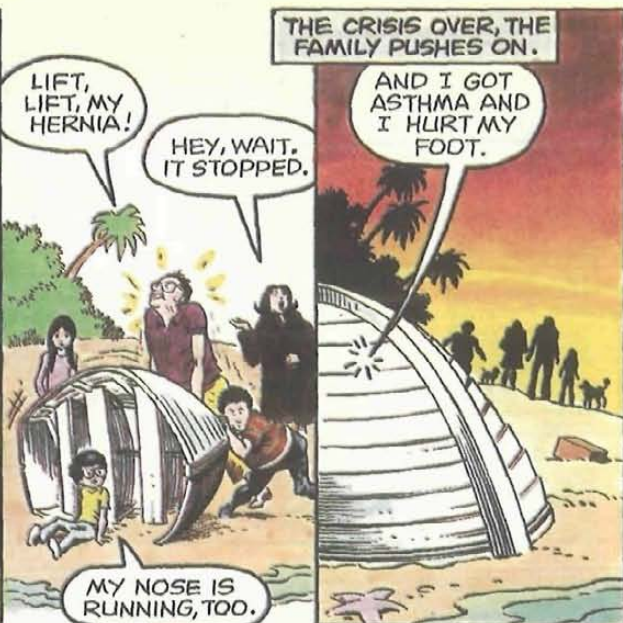
WATCH OUT FOR MOMMY'S SABLE, DARLING.



HELP, MA.







AND SO, THE MEANS AT LAST AT THEIR DISPOSAL, THE FAMILY SETS ABOUT EXPLORING THEIR DOMAIN.



HMM... HANDLES NICE.

ARE YOU CRAZY, MOE? SLOW DOWN!

WHEN ARE WE GONNA BE THERE?

ARE WE THERE YET?



I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE TURNED BACK THERE.

LOOK IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, MAYBE THERE'S A MAP.



THAT'S IT, DARLING. OUT THE WINDOW.

THEN, ONCE AGAIN A HIGHER POWER INTERVENES...



WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY'D WE STOP?

SOME GODDAMN SHVARTZER'S SLEEPING IN THE ROAD.



A SHVARTZER!?!

... AND PROVIDES THEM WITH A PRECIOUS TOOL ASSURING THEIR SURVIVAL.

THEY CALL HIM MAN SHABBAS.



I THOUGHT I SAID WELL DONE.

YOU GOTTA TELL THEM FOURTEEN TIMES.



AND WITH HIS HELP...

AND WHEN THEY'RE CLEAN, ROTATE THEM. WE'LL BE AT THE BEACH.



THE YEARS PASS HAPPILY AND THE FAMILY PROSPERS.



...AND GROWS.

MEET ME BEHIND THE MANGROVE TREE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU.

NOT AGAIN, MIZ TRACY. I'VE WORE OUT.

THEN ONE DAY...

BUT FOR MOE AND ROSE, "HOME" HAS NOW BECOME THEIR ISLAND PARADISE.

DEAR MOM & POP, I HAVE GONE HOME TO NEW YORK (WITH SHABBAS). I'M SURE I'LL BE VERY BUSY, BUT IF I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO, I'LL TRY TO WRITE. TRACY

A SHVUGGIE, ROSE. YOUR DAUGHTER RAN OFF WITH A SHVUGGIE.

MY DAUGHTER? SHE WOULDN'T BE MY DAUGHTER IF I HADN'T MARRIED YOU, YOU BUM.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOE. COME HERE!

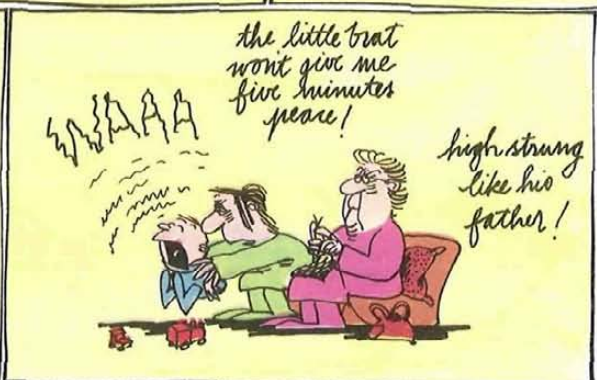
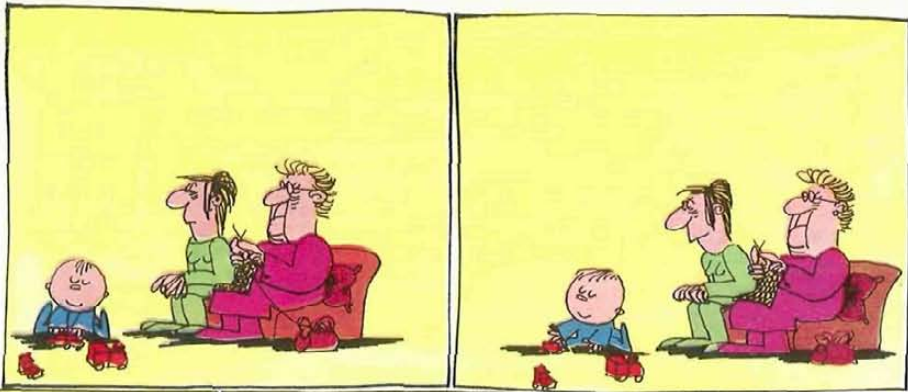
AND THERE THEY'LL STAY, IN PEACE AND PERFECT HARMONY, UNTIL THE LORD LOOKS DOWN AND FINALLY CALLS THEM TO THEIR ONE TRUE EVERLASTING HOME WITH HIM.



I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY MOTHER. SHE SAW THROUGH YOU, MOE. SHE SAW YOU FOR THE BUM YOU REALLY ARE. BUT OH, NO--

DON'T START, ROSE. I'M WARNING YOU, DON'T START.

# WE LOVE THE LITTLE ONES *by* Claire BRÉTÉCHER

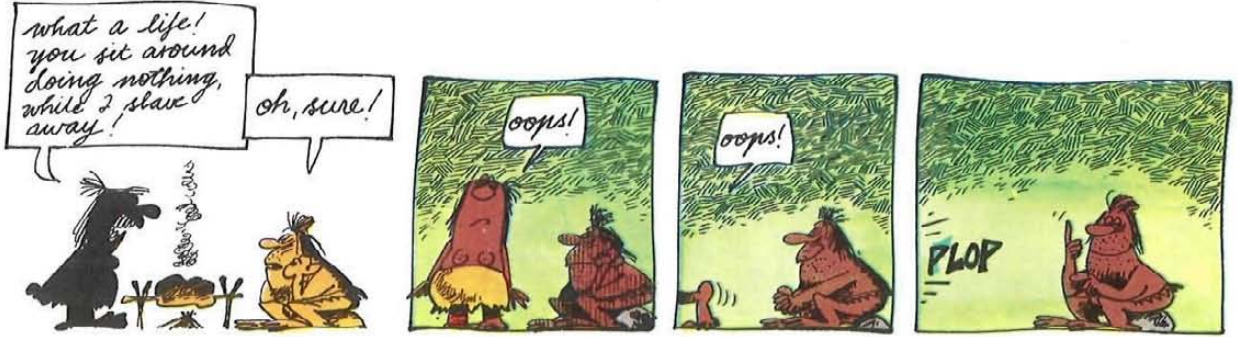


# EQUALITY

SEXUAL EQUALITY—WHAT A DRAG! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WE'RE STILL HEARING THOSE SAME BRILLIANT ARGUMENTS THAT OUR ANCESTORS USED TO PUT DOWN GRUNTING FEMALES.



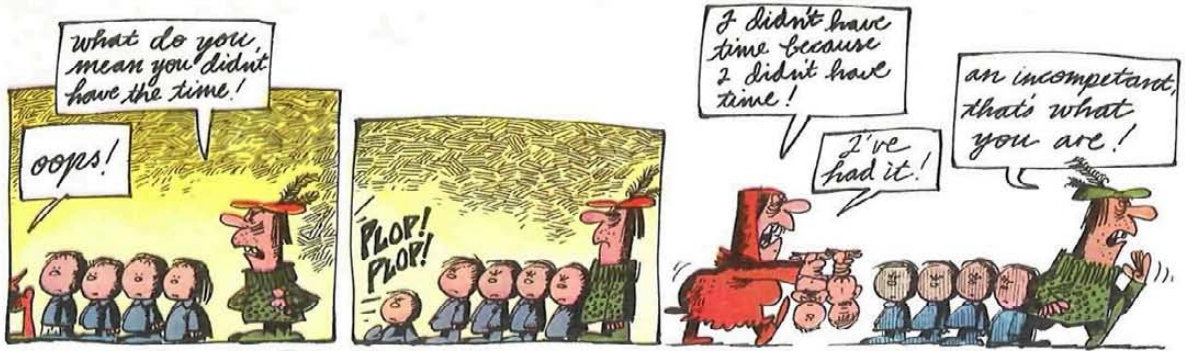
SOME TIME LATER...



STILL LATER...

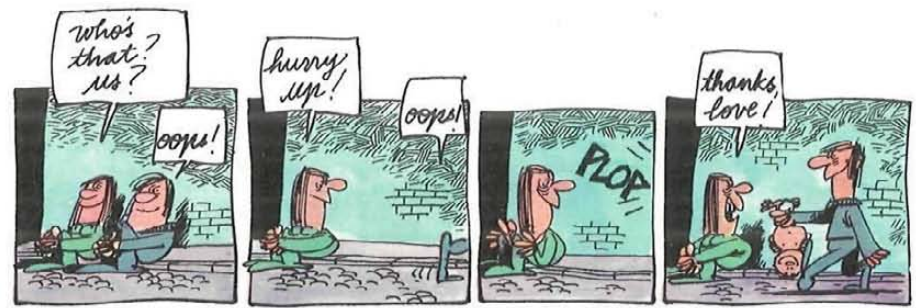






AND WHERE ARE WE TODAY?

ALL RIGHT: THE JOKE'S OVER! THE YOUTH OF TODAY WILL DRAW THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSIONS.



# NONE BUT THE BRAVE

I'm telling you, what makes me sick is living in the kind of world where there's nothing worth doing to DO...



automation... the welfare state... cradle to grave security!



my god, we've forgotten that man is basically a hunter, a WARRIOR!



but no, everyone just sits around in front of his TV, watching the game!



a guy runs into you on the street, and what do you do? get up and smash his face in? NO! you sue him!



if you want to get out and explore the country, you find yourself surrounded by fleas, and hamburger stands...



take it easy... it's not my problem... those are everybody's mottos these days!



it's a world of eunuchs!



in the old days, guys would take to the woods, hunt their prey, I dunno, somehow it gave them freedom, energy, spirit...



there's a wash to do, an oven to clean, and I need some things from the store, so if you don't mind...



no one could say you haven't mastered the art of conversation!



BRETECHER

## One Is Enough

Once again the alarums of the social engineers clang through the halls of legislatures, universities, newspaper and television offices, and foundations; once again the cackles of a thousand Chicken Littles with master's degrees send the decibel level to Concordian proportions.

What is it this time? Poison in the rivers? Lead in breakfast cereals? Hammer-and-sickle cell anemia in the State Department? No, no; this time it is the Family. The Family is in trouble. The Family is disintegrating. The Family is sinking into the Pacific Ocean, just south of Marina del Rey.

"Look at the numbers!" they howl. "Half the marriages in California end in divorce! Millions of people living alone, without parents, spouses, offspring! Anomie! Rootlessness! Atomization!"

All of which reminds a rational observer of other responses to change: the fear that anyone riding a steam-powered locomotive in the 1840s would die, since at twenty miles per hour the blood vessels would burst; or the fear that God would fling from the sky any machine that sought to solve the mysteries of flight.

Man survives because he adapts to change; that is the rule of life. And who dares assert that a contraction in the size of the family must needs mean the end of the warmth, the security, yea, the tradition itself of a family gathering.

Without spouse, there may yet be spice. Without offspring, a better coiled psychic innerspring. Without the patter of little feet, the better to achieve great feats. "God setteth the solitary in families," the Bible tells us. So may it be that the solitary family—the unifamily—could provide a more economical, fuel-efficient alternative to the unwieldy maxifamily of days gone by.

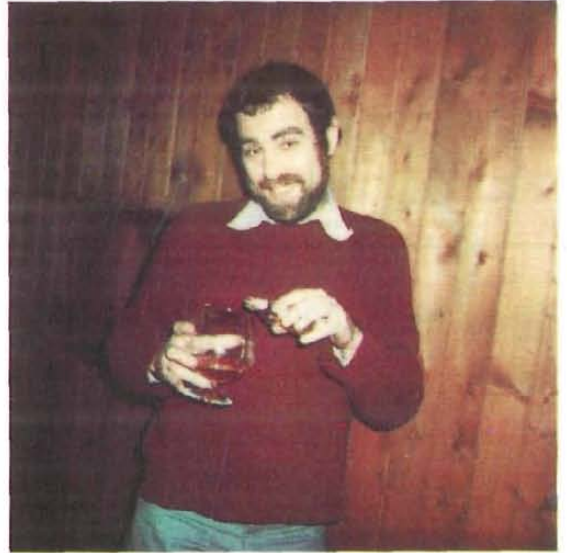
What the transistor is to the vacuum tube, so is today's family to yesterday's. Look upon this holiday celebration and then dare to assert that the family is dying. Gaze upon the future, and rejoice in the discovery that today, one is enough!

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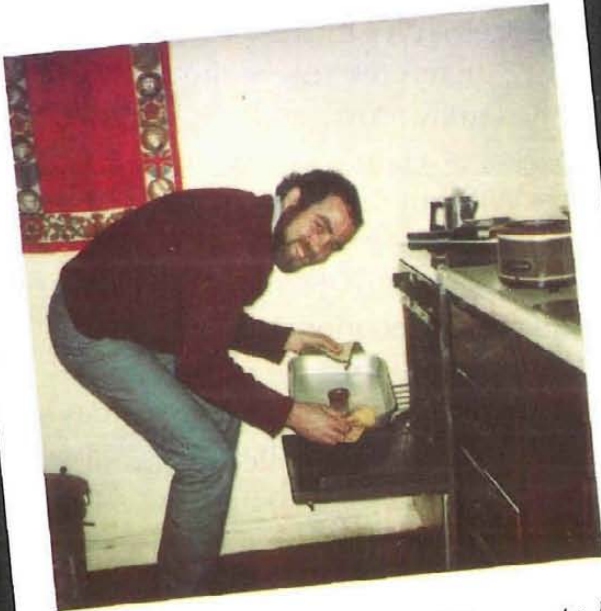
*J.G. Field is a pioneer in the field of Statistical Demographic Analysis and was a speaker at the Society's January symposium entitled, "Population Expansion: Less Is Too Much Already."*



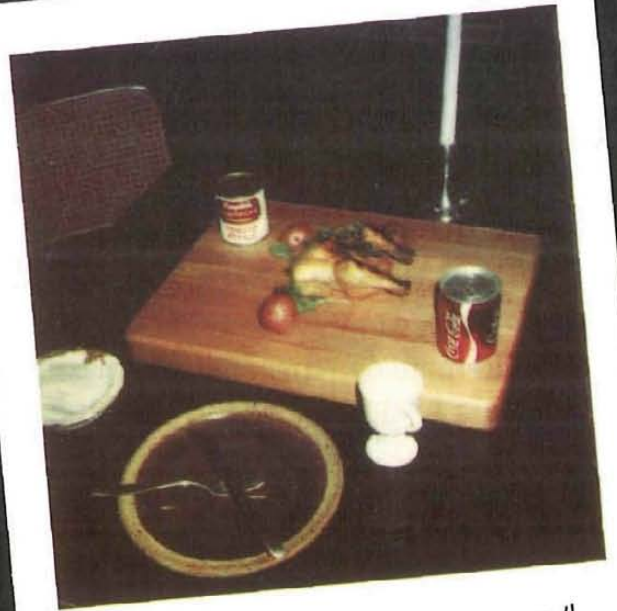
"Quiet everybody, time to light the tree."



"Merry Chrishmush, e'vyone!"



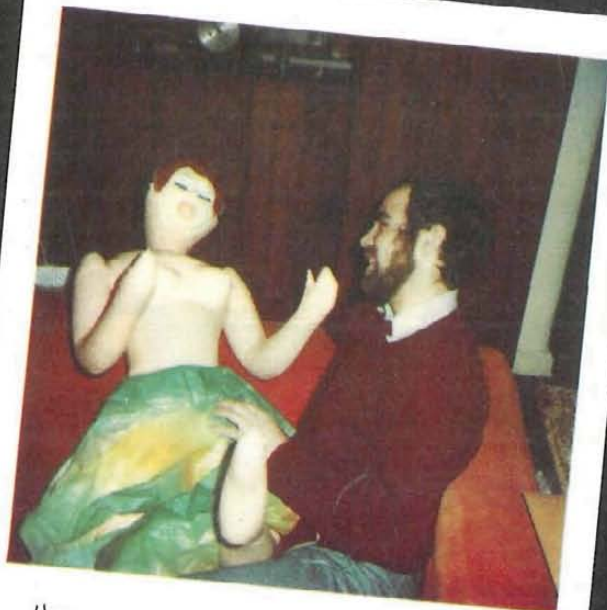
"The cook's triumph--a perfect Xmas cake."



"Voilà!" Smiles all around!"



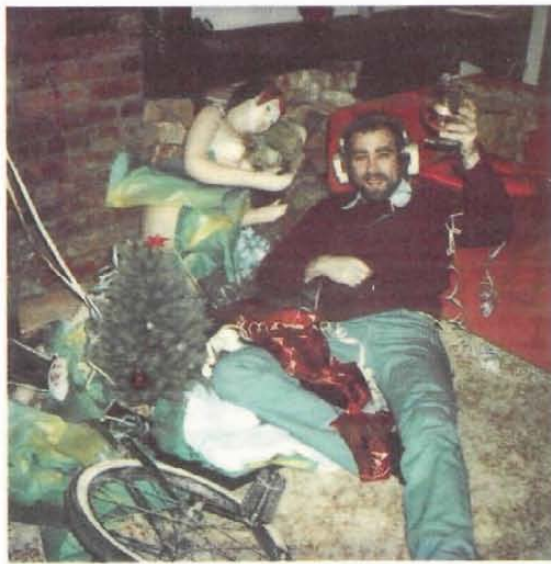
"Now, that's my kind of tradition!"



"For the man who has everything."



"How did I know -- just what I wanted."



"God bless me everyone."

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ANNUAL NEWSLETTER FROM THE GREGORY FAMILY

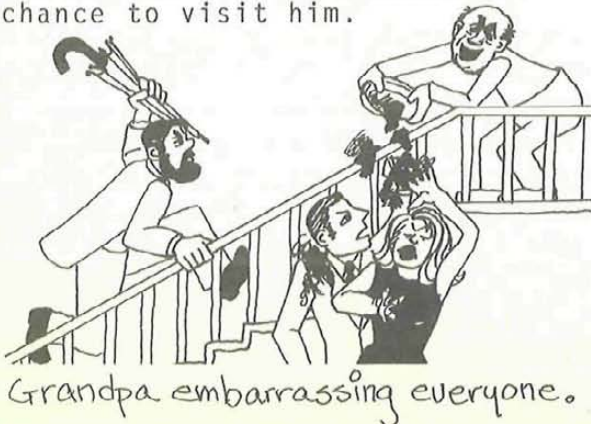
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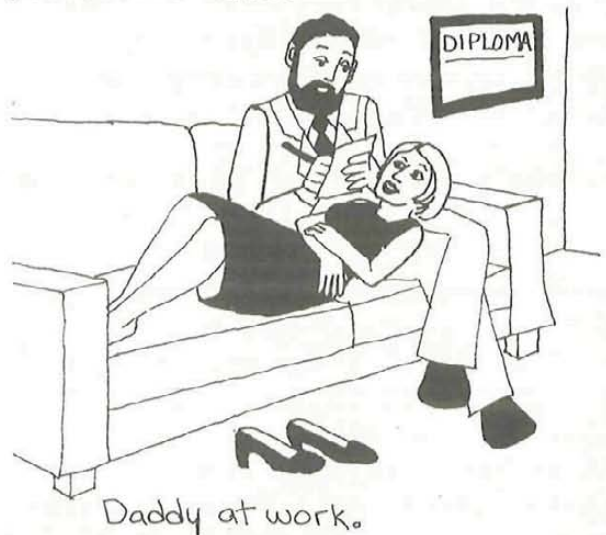
Dear Friends,

Please excuse the delay in getting out this year's newsletter--as you will find out, it's been an eventful year full of meaningful change and growth for all of us at 125 Elmdale.

As some of you know, we did decide to send Grandpa Gregory to a home after all. It wasn't so much the incontinence problem or his recent habit of following Tracy around and embarrassing her in front of company, it was that we felt a home would be a better environment for him. We knew that stroke or no stroke, he felt embarrassed every time he was scolded for setting another fire or throwing things out of the window. You all know that your greetings and good wishes will go with us when we get a chance to visit him.



This year had its difficult moments as well. Bob was subjected to the ordeal of a Psychiatric Association ethics hearing concerning his relationship with one of his patients. Although the family responded well to Bob's brave and honest handling of the difficult issue, he was not as effective with the woman's husband--and could not persuade him to enter therapy to deal with the feelings of anger and resentment he felt as a possessive male.



To cut a long story short, he sued his wife for divorce and lodged a formal complaint against Bob.

Well, they say every cloud has a silver lining--in this case, it was our being assigned to Myrna and Jerry, a couple engaged in sex therapy, which the committee felt might be a more viable alternative for Bob than suspension. Bob and I entered therapy with them, and I daresay our lives will never be the same.

As for Billy, he did move into the Hare Krishna temple despite our misgivings. When Bob found out about this, which was when Billy, or Divadab, as he prefers to be called, came to the house to ask Bob for a donation to the temple, there was quite a blow-up. There were a lot of hurtful accusations on both sides, and I'm sure Billy didn't mean those things he said about Freud in a moment of anger (after all, he couldn't possibly know that sort of detail about the great man's personal life).

In the fall, we older Gregories decided it was time to get the family together and reach an understanding of why we were drawing apart--and we saw a weekend retreat run by Myrna and Jerry as the perfect opportunity. Billy was pretty hard to convince as he had been doing double duty at the incense factory as a result of Bob's not making a contribution, but Bob managed to persuade the temple leader, Baba Ju, although he wouldn't tell us how. Tracy argued that it was "dumb" to make a thirteen-year-old who hated boys go to a "sex camp," and the director of the institute where Mike has been for some time was reluctant to let him join us.

But we managed to round up the younger two, and the first

Saturday in October saw us heading up to Connecticut to collect Mike. Unfortunately, when we got there we discovered our problems were not over. Mike had barricaded himself in the toilet of his "cottage" and refused to budge. We decided to go and show him that it was just us--his own family that loved him--but this only made matters worse. Eventually, Tracy managed to wriggle through and persuade him to give up--she just calmly played cards with him and talked him out.



The family comforting Mike.

When we finally pulled out of the gates of the hospital, Mike looked over at his brother in his robes and shaved head, smiled, and said, "He's crazy," which infuriated Billy, coming from his institutionalized brother. Then Bob insisted on telling Mike the background to the weekend--the patient, the hearing, sex therapy, etc., to which Mike replied, "You're crazy, too." When yours truly tried to calm things by offering lunch, Mike became quite unhinged. "Another sandwich, darling," he



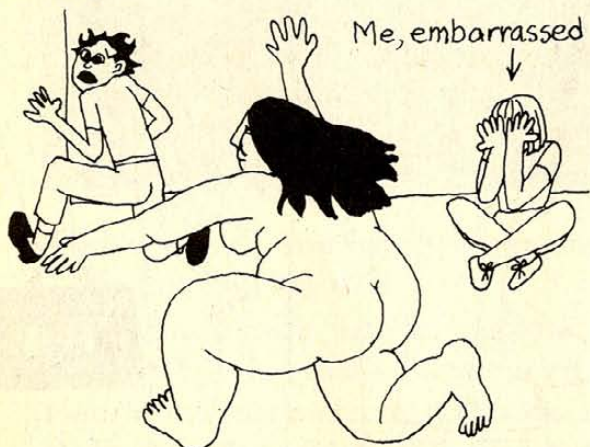
yelled, "or are you schizophrenic yet?" Mental illness is a terrible thing.

We were all pleased to get there and have a good night's sleep before the weekend began in earnest. I am describing this in detail because it was an important event for our family, and also as an indirect recommendation to our friends, who might want to go through this kind of experience.

Next morning we began our first workshop, called "Creative Confrontation," in which we were asked to present ourselves to our family in ways that were more "honest" and "real" than we were usually comfortable with. We were told to disrobe if we felt like it. So we all sat in a circle and took turns. When it came to mine I took a deep breath, removed my wrap, and said, "Hi, I'm Betty and I'm Bob's wife and Tracy and Mike and Billy's Mom and this is my body." Mike jumped up, yelled, "This is crazy!" and ran from the room. Myrna followed, apparently feeling she wanted to see it through.

After the group massage Bob explained to the kids why sometimes sick people need to project their feelings of sickness onto others. Later, during the wrap-up, when each person is asked to express his feelings about the experience, and Mike said, "I feel you're crazy," I think we were all able to feel sadness for Mike instead of anger at him.

Although we all felt it was a deep and profound experience, I don't think any of us guessed how profound until two weeks later when Bob and I decided to begin attending Couples Divorce classes. We felt as parents that our family meant too much to us to go on imposing phony "shoulds" and "should nots" on it. We want our family to be real and natural, not covering up true feelings with a facade of polite togetherness.



Mike being chased by the fat lady because he ran away when Mom was naked.



Mom and Dad practicing Couples Divorce.

Somewhere between the third and fourth CD class I was introduced to est, and it was only a matter of days before I took my first training. My activities in the last month are the best indicator of how much est has done

for me. For the first time I feel in touch with my needs, my requirements from the world. I realized that I was making myself be a middle-aged woman with a family going their separate ways, so I decided to change that. How, I asked myself, could I be a mother and family person and be what I wanted to be as an individual? And the obvious answer came--by making a film about our family.

It took very little time to persuade other people to make the means necessary available to me. Somehow one thing led to another, and before I knew it I was signing a big contract to codirect a documentary on our family that will be shown on Public Television next year. What I didn't tell the children or Bob was that in the contract it stipulated that all members of the family must be present during the six-week filming period!

Naturally Bob was quite upset when he heard this, but I was able to persuade him that it was a blessing in disguise. Now that we were no longer married and the kids had lives of their own, we could all be together like friends, and with the expense of Mike's clinic taken into account, it really made sense.

So we cooperated with the lawyers, who brought the boys home, and as I write this we are in the middle of the third week of shooting. Of course, there are difficulties--Mike spends a lot of time hiding, and the lawyers for the film company spend the same amount of time serving papers on him, and Divadab is a little annoying to others with his dances and songs--but, as Tracy says, "Isn't it nice to be one happy family again?"

Till next year.

Love to all from the Gregories



# THE FAMILY OF MEN INSTALL THEIR OWN ACOUSTICAL CEILING

by Tod Carroll



photographed by chris cealis

That's enough, you two. Scooter, you shouldn't be roughhousing with Muffin's doll like that.

Muffin and I were just playing, Mom...honest.

Mmmm-hmmm, that's a whopper if I've ever heard one.

Hey, Mom, can we have our snacks now?

Well, the only children that get snacks in this family are the ones with clean rooms.

Mommmmm, Dad said we didn't have to.

Oh, all right, rascals, go ahead and have your snacks.



Oh, boy, Mom...homemade Popsicles. They're our favorite snack time treat.

More root beer, Mom.

That's plenty for now, kids. Besides, Dad'll be home in a jiffy with the materials for our new ceiling.

Oh, boy, Mom, a new ceiling. Can we help?

Of course you can, rascals, Dad's counting on you.



Scooter, I want you to hand your Dad those acoustical tiles one at a time. What's a 'coosticle tile, Dad?

Well, kids, acoustical tiles will make the living room a better place for our family, because they cut down on noise and make the ceiling more attractive.

Hey Dad, guess what? We had snacks before you got home with the materials for our new ceiling.

Boy oh boy...some people really live the life of Riley around here. All done with the new family ceiling, Dad?

You bet, son. Thanks for helping. □



# umpus Room Rib-Ticklers

LAST WINTER our family decided that we would make our first trip to New York. Although we live within two hundred miles of the city, none of us had ever been there before. We looked forward to it with great anticipation!

April rolled around and the big day arrived. We packed the car and were off. We enjoyed one of our daughter's apple pies as we cruised the Pennsylvania Turnpike, and our only stop was at a Stuckeys for milk to wash down the pie.

I will never forget the moment that we saw the city for the first time. We were on the New Jersey Turnpike, and off in the distance the towering skyline seemed to be waving a personal hello to us.

For the next two days we toured the city in a whirlwind fashion. We saw the Empire State building, the Statue of Liberty, Grant's Tomb, Rockefeller Center, Radio City Music Hall, Central Park, Chinatown, and all the other New York sights.

Tired and worn out, we left for home on Sunday afternoon. We all promised each other that we would return to wonderful New York again.

The following Tuesday, I was shopping at our local FoodMart when I ran across Louise, our next-door neighbor. When I asked her if she had received the postcard that I had sent from New York, she looked puzzled. A moment later, she giggled and said, "Gee, I didn't even know that you were gone!"

We laughed and laughed and laughed.

—Mrs. D. Hochheiser, Shallyhappen, Pa.

ONE DAY, while driving down an old country road, I noticed that the little red oil light on my car's dashboard was lighting up. Nervously, I headed for the next gas station.

When I arrived at the station, the attendant asked me what grade of oil I wanted for the engine. I told him that, being a woman, I didn't know there were any differences and I thought that oil was oil.

He was fit to be tied!

I thought that he would excuse my ignorance, but he would not. In fact, he made me get out of the car and walk over to the oil can rack as he explained all of the different kinds of oil to me. After a twenty minute lecture, he put the correct oil in my car and sent me on my way.

A few miles down the road I realized that I had forgotten everything he had told me!

—B. Parker, Carmel, Calif.

JULY 4 was a day to remember.

Our son, Bobby Jr., was going to march in our town's "Happy Birthday America" parade, and the whole family worked hard to get ready for the picnic that was to follow in U.S. Grant Park.

Bobby Jr., though, had his own idea of a birthday present to America. He took a can of red paint and a can of blue paint and "touched up" Snowball, our family's pet rabbit.

As my wife took the last of the cookies from the oven, she saw Snowball shoot past her and head for the open basement door. Seconds later she heard thumping and crashes as the bunny thumped and rolled down the steps.

We all ran downstairs. Our Snowball was nowhere to be seen. Then a noise came from under the steps, and we realized that she was trapped under them!

We called the SPCA, but because it was a holiday, it took four hours for anyone to get here.

When it was all over and Snowball was safe, we realized that we had missed the festivities.

It was a Bicentennial that we'll never forget!!!!

—R.W. Bailey, Park Ridge, N.J.

IN ORDER to help pay for the cost of medical school, my brother used to work nights as a delivery boy for our local grocer. One day, he came home from class with a brown paper bag. Inside the bag was a pig fetus in a jar of alcohol, which he was going to dissect later



that night. He put the bag on the kitchen table, gave all of us strict instructions not to touch it, and ran off to make his deliveries.

That night, as he was completing his rounds, he stopped by the house to make a phone call. He had but one more delivery to make, a jar of pickles to the widow Finn. He put the brown paper bag containing the pickles next to the bag containing the fetus. After he finished his phone call, he grabbed the closest paper bag and rushed out to complete his delivery.

After giving the bag to widow Finn, he turned and started to walk towards his car. Suddenly, he heard a scream and a glass jar shatter on the floor. He rushed back to find the widow standing over a broken bottle of pickles. With fire in her eyes, she said, "Young man! I told you I wanted dill pickles, not half sours!"

—E. Marzullo, Sarasota, Fla.

THE MERCURY had hit 95 degrees and was still climbing. The heat was oppressive on the sun porch, so I decided to take a stroll down the street. Turning the corner, I came upon my eight-year-old nephew, manning the counter of his homemade lemonade stand. Chuckling to myself, I ordered a glass from the freckle-faced entrepreneur. The cooling beverage hit the spot, and I asked him how much I owed. "Seventy-five cents!" my nephew chirped. Taken aback, I asked him why he charged such steep prices, when store-bought lemonade costs only thirty cents a glass. He told me it was because his lemonade included a special secret ingredient. I asked him to divulge his special concoction, and he made me promise not to breathe a word to anyone. I vowed my allegiance, and he whispered in my ear, "I add a little lime juice."

—G. Tishler, Joliet, Ill.



FEW THINGS are certain in this life, but our family knows that when our Uncle Oscar is around, the laughs can't be too far behind!

Once, during a big Thanksgiving celebration at our home, the family laughmaster pulled one of his funniest stunts.

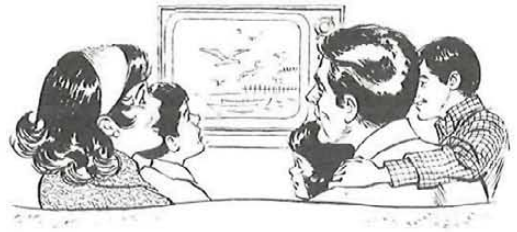
Uncle Oscar announced after dinner that he was going to make a "phony phone call" and invited all of us to gather around to watch and listen. We all settled around the phone as he dialed a number. He was calling his brother in Chicago, he told us, and was going to disguise his voice.

When his brother answered, Oscar told him that he was from the phone company and that he was doing frequency checks in his area. He then went on and asked his brother to whistle "Dixie" into the phone so that he could do the test. When the whistling began, Uncle Oscar pulled the phone away from his ear so that we could all hear. At the same time, he made some of his most hysterical faces at the receiver.

We laughed until we cried!

And the best part is that to this day, Uncle Oscar's brother still does not know that it was Oscar who called him on Thanksgiving Day, 1967!

—R. Reventlow, Elk Grove, Ill.



ONE OF MY greatest pleasures is coaching little league baseball. There's nothing more rewarding than giving young boys their first introduction to this great American pastime, teaching them skills and instilling pride and sportsmanship in them, on and off the field.

Last season, through miraculous good fortune and an easy schedule, we found ourselves playing the Owls for the county championship in the very last game of the season. The score was four to three in favor of the opposition, and we were down to our final out of the game. My "all-stars" had played their little hearts out, and all seemed lost. Suddenly, our batter doubled to left field. Unfortunately, he twisted his ankle sliding into second base. I scanned the bench. Everybody on the team had been used except Jamie Morrison, affectionately known as Pee-Wee. Pee-Wee had been used sparingly all season because of his lack of athletic skills and because of his height, a strapping three feet eight inches.

I called his name, and the nine-year-old slapped on his oversized batting helmet and hitched up his sagging trousers. I told him that the championship depended on him, and with a determined look, he scampered out to second base.

Our next batter swung at the first pitch and hit the ball over the center fielder's head. The crowd was on its feet! Pee-Wee scrambled to third base. Our whole team stood and waved at him, shouting, "Go home! Go home!" Pee-Wee stopped dead in his tracks and stared at us and the crowd. "Go home! Go home!!" we screamed. Suddenly the youngster burst into uncontrollable tears and ran off in the opposite direction, toward his home. The umpire called him out, and we lost the championship.

—G. Kessler, Silver Spring, Md.



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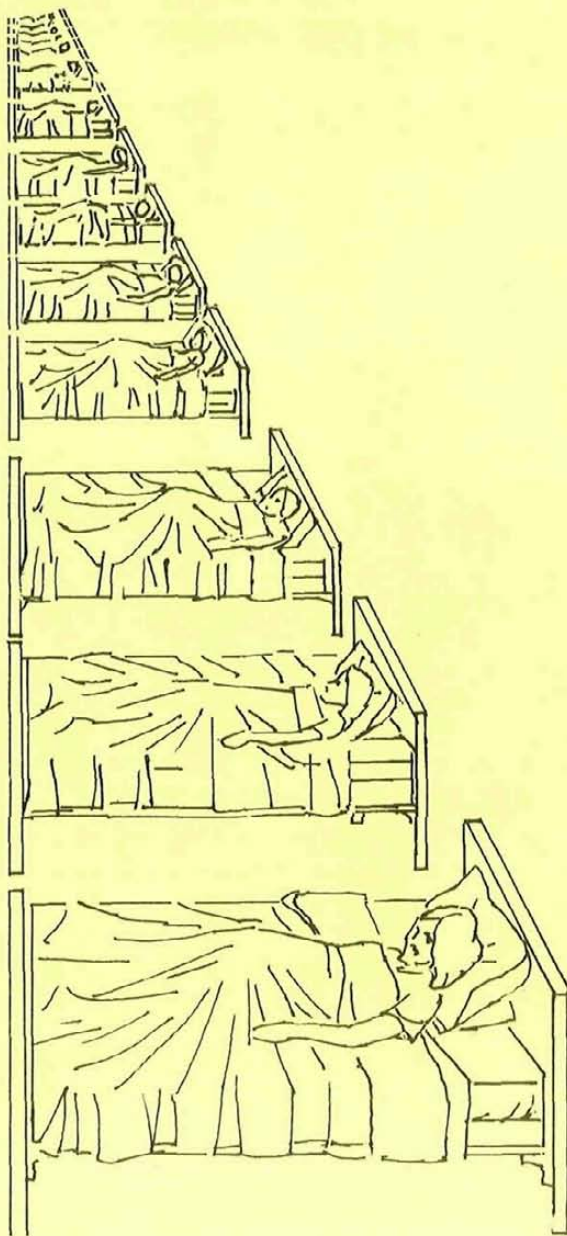
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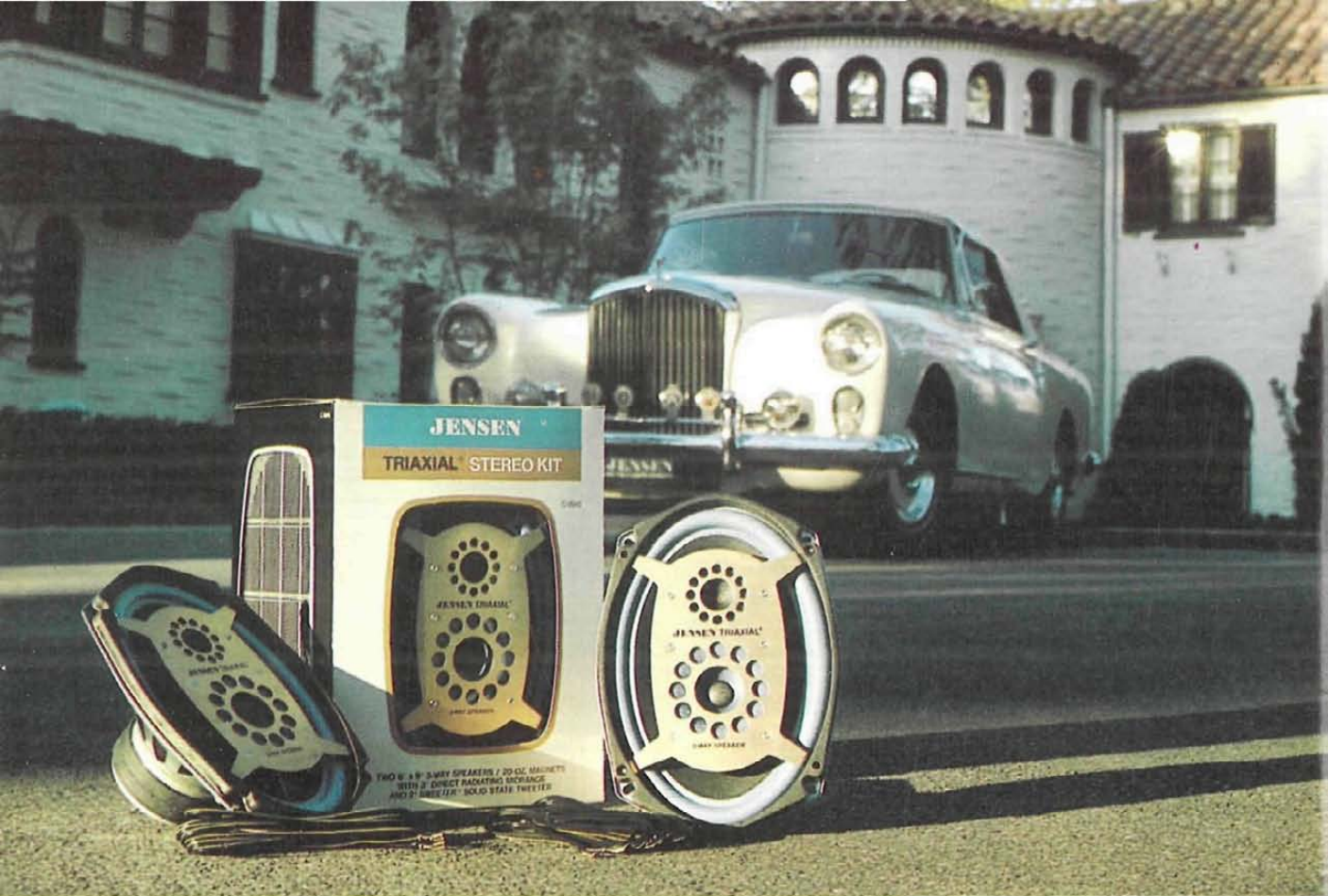
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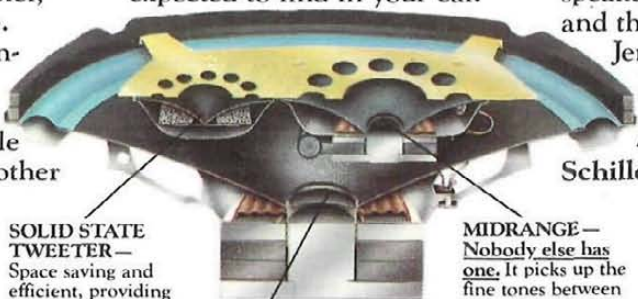
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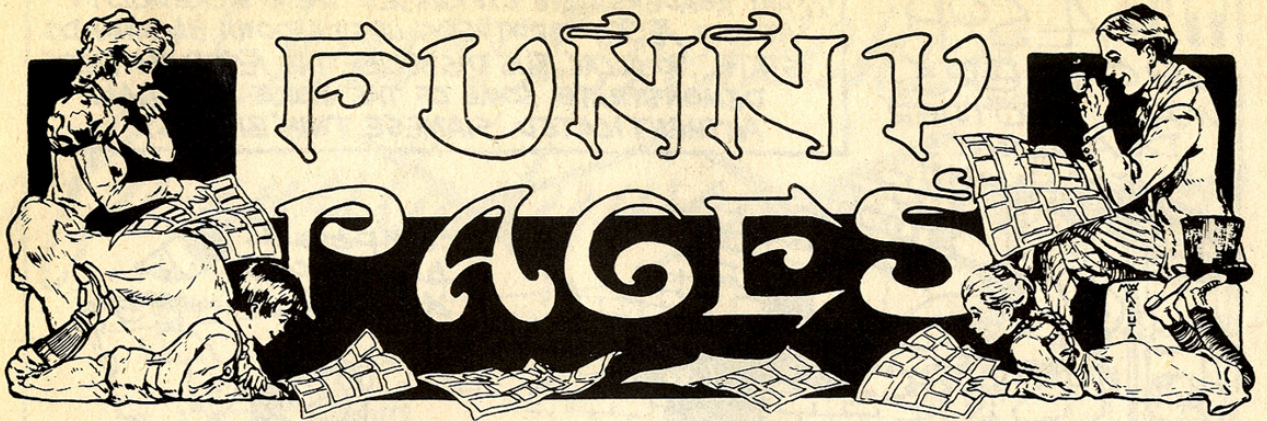
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# FUNNY PAGES

## SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW YOU WERE ALWAYS BEING FIXED BY SOMEONE OR OTHER, PEOPLE WHO TAUGHT YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO DO THINGS, OR FIXED YOUR TEETH, OR PICKED OUT UNCOMFORTABLE CLOTHES WHICH WOULD PLEASE RELATIVES?

GEE, AND IT WAS JUST GETTING COMFORTABLE. NOT ITCHY AT THE BACK. OR STICKING UP ON TOP. JUST RIGHT!

DON'T FORGET TO GIVE MR. ROLLINS A QUARTER EXTRA!

I WON'T, MA.

*Graham Wilson*  
©1978

I WONDER WHY THEY ALWAYS HAVE ALL THESE WEIRD MAGAZINES?

SAMN COMN HARDS. CA BOMB TH WEIRD MAGAZINES? JUST THE THESE, EITH

YOU SAID IT, FERD!

TIT'S!

THE WEATHER'S REALLY BEEN SOMETHING

HOPE HE DOESN'T NICK MY EAR LIKE HE DID THAT TIME.

SNOW

EMBE

1949!

ALLY

LACK IN

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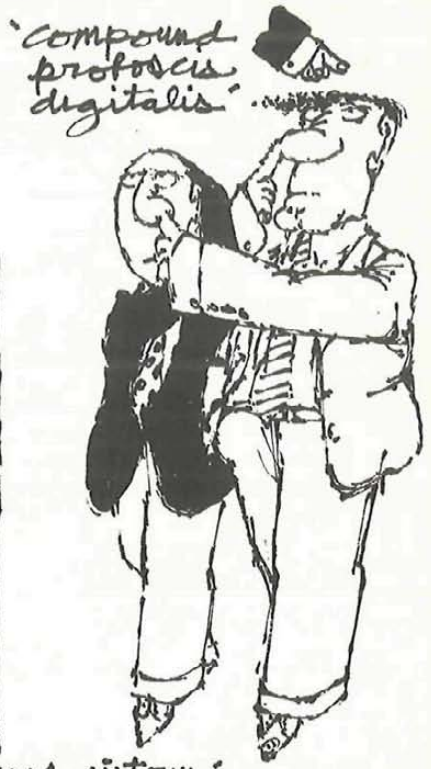
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SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT'S JUST THAT HE'S A LOUSY BARBER....

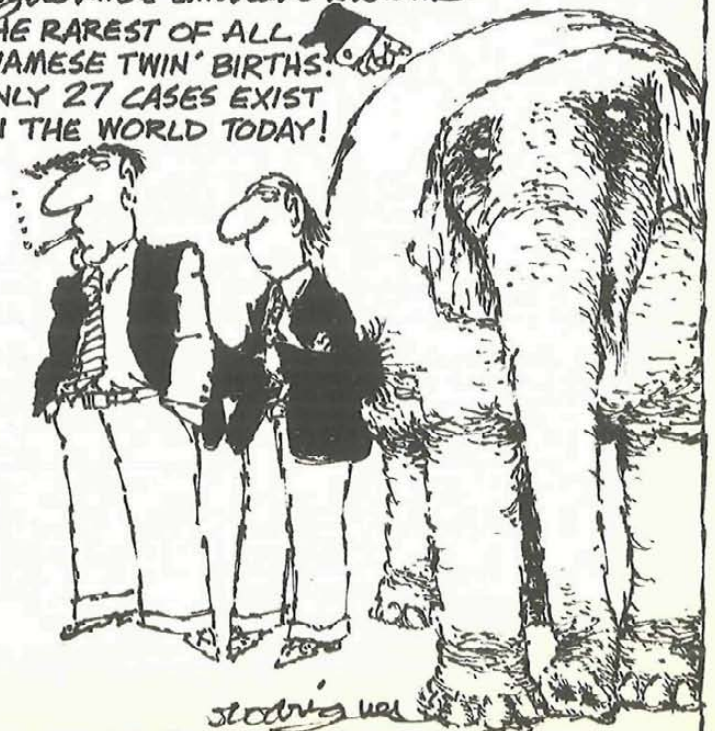
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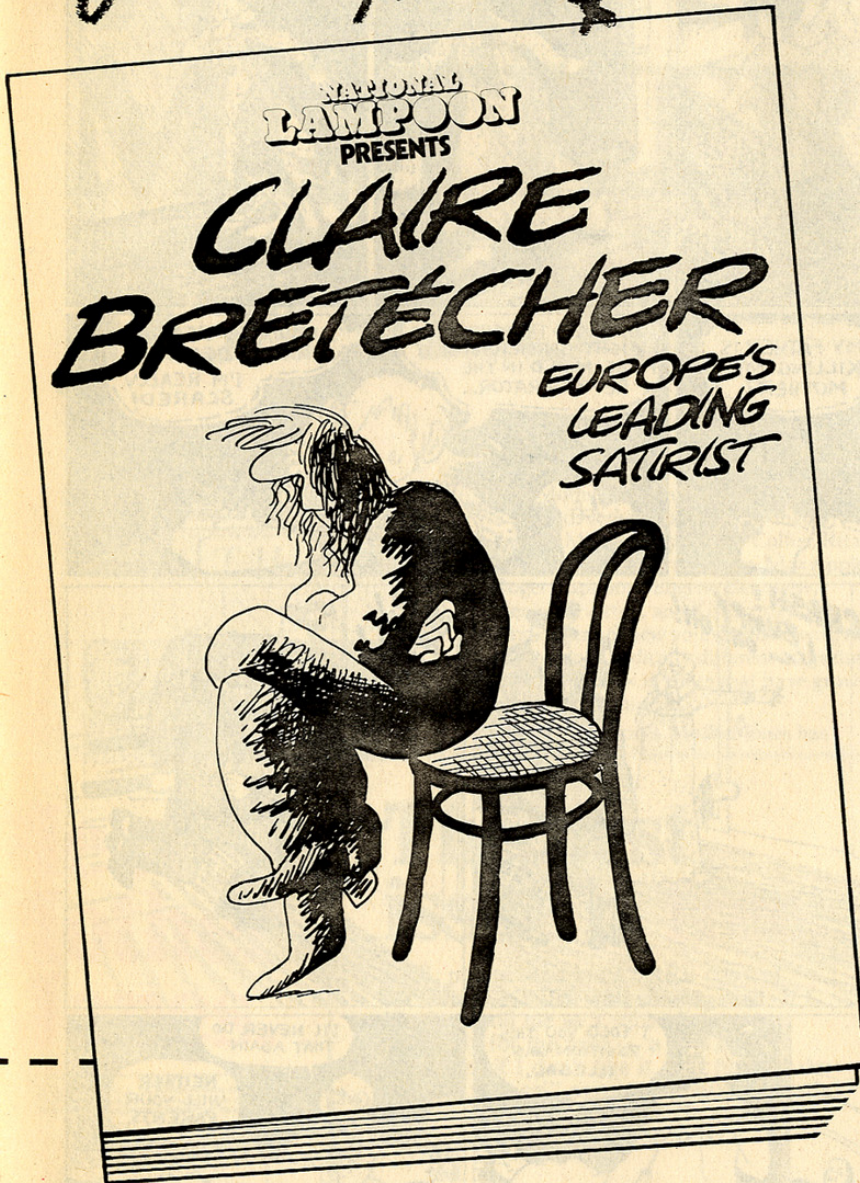


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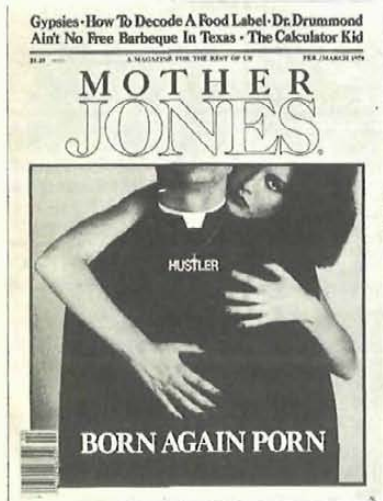
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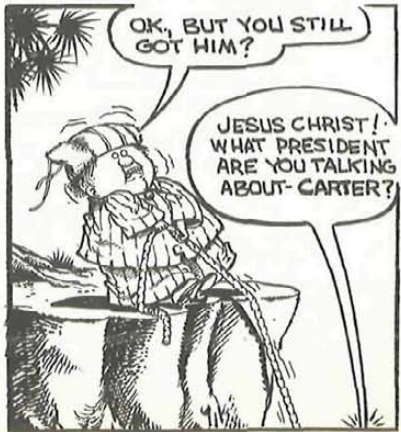
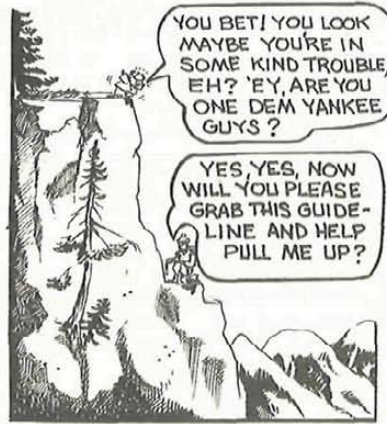
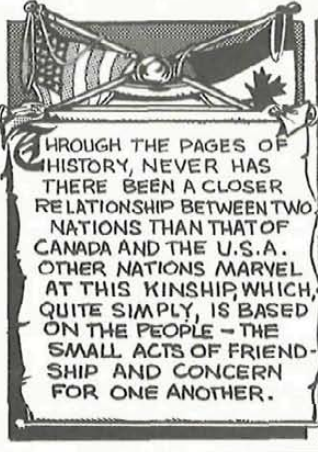
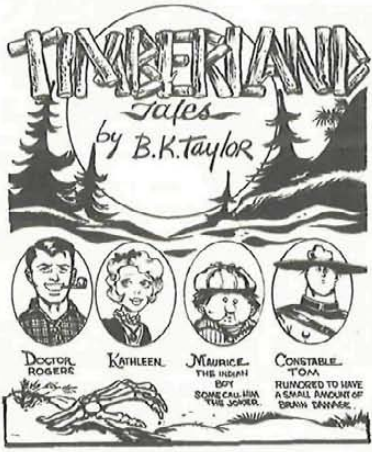
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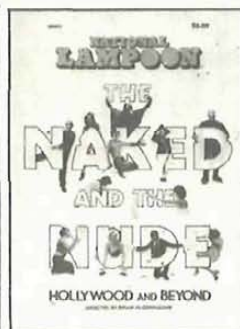
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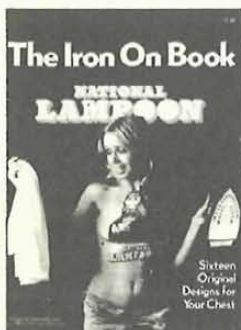
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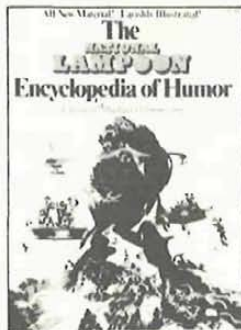
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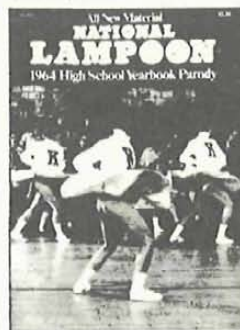
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**TED MANN'S  
DANGER  
RANGERETTE**

DANGER RANGERETTE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM JAPAN, WHERE SHE WAS CLOSELY QUESTIONED BY A RED RUSSIAN BORE ABOUT TREE SECURITY. SHE DISCOVERS THAT THE NATIONAL PARK HAS BEEN HIT BY... TREE RUSTLERS!



TREE RUSTLING IS NO JOKE, OR EVEN COMIC STRIP. IN MANY STATES IT IS NOW A FELONY, PUNISHABLE BY UP TO FIVE YEARS IN JAIL. YOU CAN GET ALMOST THAT MUCH FOR LAUGHING AT IT. SO DON'T RUSTLE TREES, OR EVEN PAPER.  
-- DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL PARKS BULLETIN X/382B

RANGERS HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO CAPTURE THE MID-NIGHT LOGGERS AT WORK ON THE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN ROADS BECAUSE--

FRANK THORNE



--THE DRIVERS OF THE LOG TRUCKS ARE DESPERATE, HIGHLY-TRAINED GRADUATES OF TRUCK SCHOOLS THAT ADVERTISE ON MATCHBOOKS.



THE RUSTLED LOGS ARE SOLD TO UNSCRUPULOUS MIDDLEMEN, WHO LATER RESELL THEM TO THE FINAL BUYER.



DANGER RANGERETTE'S INQUIRIES ARE MET WITH A WALL OF INDIFFERENCE.



SO I SAID TO HIM, "OH, YEAH? GO AHEAD AND TRY!"

BETTY JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK.

EAT AN ASHTRAY, GARBAGE-BRAIN!

HAVE YAH EVER SMELT A BROAD'S KNEE?

WHO CARES ABOUT YOU?

STAY ATTUNED FOR NEXT MONTH'S CONCLUDING EPISODE. IF YOU GET TOO STUPID, YOU MAY JUST GO OUT AND BUY ANOTHER MAGAZINE BY MISTAKE AND MISS IT.

## BERNIE X

continued from page 26

Her hair is all messed up, her clothes are torn, and she's crying a lot. And her face is all fucked up, like somebody worked her over with a roll of nickels in his palm.

My heart did a flip-flop when I saw her, but I also knew I was in for a lot of deep shit with this broad. The fun was over. Should I tell her to go back to Brooklyn and raise puppies or should I become Bernie the father, the nice guy, the shoulder for a helpless kid to cry on? Don't ask me a question like that. Ask my cock. My cock always makes up my mind for me, and it was starting to burn again.

So we go someplace to talk, and now she really talks. Her full name is Maria Theresa Cappeluciani. Her father is Guido "The Mad Bomber" Cappeluciani, who happens to be the number one Mafia boss in Brooklyn. They call him "The Mad Bomber" because his favorite way of killing people is to stick a little time bomb up their asses and watch them blow themselves to pieces.

So the first smart thing I did was fuck the daughter of a big Mafioso. That alone makes me sure I'll never live to collect my union pension. Then I remember that Maria was a genuine virgin when I fucked her. I wonder if Pop will find out that his little girl lost all her berries to an old Jewish cowboy. God, was she a wild animal that night! Those Catholic girls, there's something about them when they think they're committing a terrible sin. Maria was the best. A screamer, a scratcher, a puncher. She could've entered the fucking Golden Gloves that night.

But not only did I take her cherry, I took it the night before she was supposed to get married. And she wasn't just getting married to anybody, but to the son of the number one boss of bosses of the entire Mafia. Maria was about to marry Salvatore Bongaglionomoni, the son of Bruno "The Ball Squeezer" Bongaglionomoni. They called him "The Ball Squeezer" because he liked to get rid of enemies by squeezing their balls in his big fist until he crushed them. He was so strong he could squeeze handballs and break them in his palm.

So what does this crazy little fuck do? The day of the wedding she runs right out of the church in the middle of the ceremony. You got the top Mafia bosses in the country and all their fucking goons, plus all the fam-

ily, the friends, and whatever in this big fucking church—and right before she was supposed to say "I do," she makes a run for it—with Salvatore, the groom, standing there like a big bag of laundry with the top open.

She tried to hide, but she's no fucking match for the Mafia. Sure as shit they find her out and nab her. No matter that she's Guido Cappeluciani's daughter. She insulted the Mafia, the families, the Catholic church, the friends, the caterer, and about a hundred big-time senators, governors, and mayors who were also present at the wedding. So the goons roughed her up; but she wouldn't say why she did it. Then they told her

they would cut off various parts of her body if she didn't talk, and they would start with her cunt. Real nice guys. They were just about to do it when she gave up and talked. Y'know why, doncha? If they had seen down there, they would have found out that she wasn't a virgin anymore and that would have been the end. It meant that Guido Cappeluciani was giving away a piece of damaged goods. They would have croaked her on the spot with Guido's approval.

I don't know how it happened, but somehow the hoods got her to admit that she was in love with another guy, a guy named Bernie who was a cab driver. She didn't know my last name,

continued on page 91

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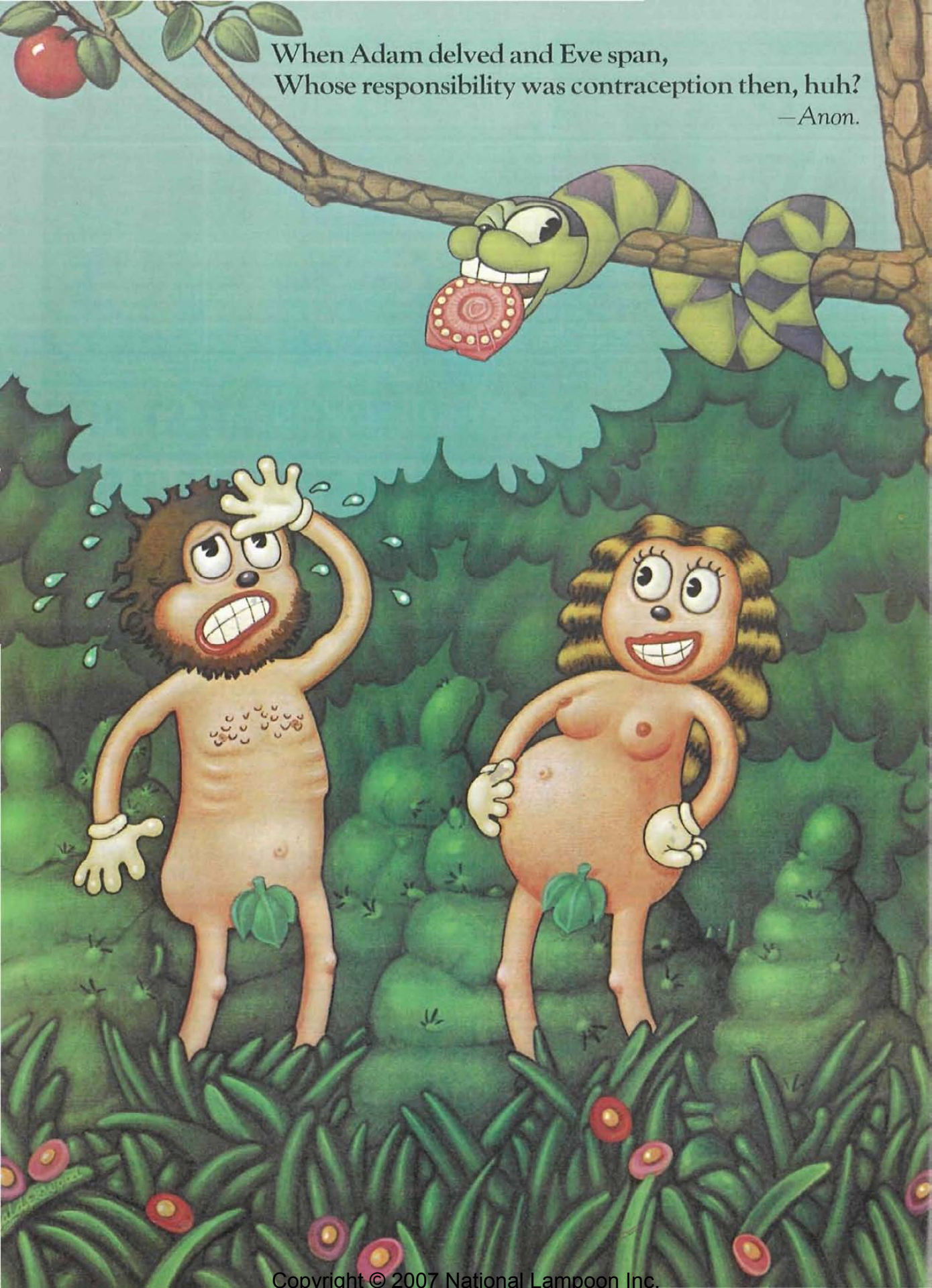
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Whose responsibility was contraception then, huh?

—Anon.





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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

## EARTH'S FERTILE YIELD

continued from page 44

blinks and waves him away. He rushes to the kitchen to fix her supper: carrots, hog whatsits, a pungent stew made of puppy dogs' tails. The farm, meanwhile, is suffering from neglect. Some hogs break loose and wander into town, where they are arrested; half the corn crop has been planted upside-down, and Roland Robert Randall hasn't had time to correct the mistake.

Finally, one sweltering Saturday, she calls him and tells him to lash her wrists to the bedpost.

"You want to do *that*? Now?"

"You bumpkin! This is it. The baby's coming."

Roland Robert Randall runs for the phone to summon the midwife. She's gone to a convention in Omaha; there's not a midwife in 300 miles. The screams from the bedroom are growing louder, more simian. He feels he should be galloping somewhere on a horse, but he hasn't got a horse and the pickup's in the shop. He'll have to deliver the baby himself.

"What can I do?" he shouts in his wife's ear.

"Use your inside voice. And wipe your feet when you come in the house. Aaaargh!"

"Push!"

"I am pushing."

"Push harder!"

"That won't make it a boy."

"Try harder! Push! Push!"

The two girls, Constance and Garnette, ten and seven, stand speechless at the bedroom door. They've seen plenty through the keyhole, but this is all terrifyingly new: their parents sprawled together on the bed, screaming, tears streaming from their eyes, their mother trying like hell to kick the footboard down. They never dreamed it could be this good.

An endless hour passes, and then another. Roland Robert Randall boils water, drinks it, waits. Agrippa has him sing the "Anvil Chorus." Nothing helps. Finally, near dusk, with the hogs gleaming like gold bullets on the hill outside the window, a tiny red bulge begins to nuzzle its way into the world. Roland Robert Randall thinks it's a nipple and nearly faints. Soon a head and shoulders appear, and then, in all that blood and gunk, he sees it: the slimmest little finger of manroot. His heart hammers in his chest so hard it knocks him over, then out into the hall.

The new mother, nearly insensible-

with exhaustion, reaches for the baby, murmuring, "Scooter Pie. I sure could use a Scooter Pie long 'bout now."

The name sticks. For his first two years the boy is called Scooter, or, more often, Pie. Roland Robert Randall is the proudest, most ecstatic, most tiresome man in western Missouri. Neighbors curse and crops wilt at his approach. Meanwhile, father and son are inseparable, traveling the countryside in the pickup.

"This here's m'boy, Pie," Roland Robert Randall starts in. Anyone will do; he's appeared at Rotary dinners, Klan lynchings. Finally patience wears thin.

"This here's m'boy—"

"For God's sake, Daddy. He's my brother."

Constance tosses her head and walks away. Both girls have grown bored, cynical, and articulate. Last week, Roland Robert Randall caught Constance behind the shed with one of the Kretschmann boys, but he didn't care. He was only grateful that his Pie wouldn't be squandering himself on that piece of white trash.

Pie himself is a bashful, reluctant child, and shows no interest in walking or talking until his fifth birthday. He's happiest, it seems, when his daddy carries him on his shoulder down to the feed lot and drops him in the mud. The boy's eyes gleam as he sinks his hands in the thick black goo, forming logs, little houses, a bust of Harry Truman. One day, when Roland Robert Randall swings him back up onto his shoulder, Pie speaks his first word: "Aronimink."

"What?" Roland Robert Randall falls to his knees and holds the boy in front of him.

"Aronimink. I want to be called Aronimink. I like the way it sounds."

This puzzles the father, but joy overwhelms him. He runs hooting and hollering to the house to tell Agrippa and the girls. His wife is patting stuffing into a turkey's rump.

"What's it mean, Aronimink?" she asks.

"Mean? I don't know what it means. It's his name."

"It sounds like a real estate development. I think the boy's got a screw loose. We'd better have him tested."

Roland Robert Randall flies into a towering rage, grabs the turkey, and breaks his wife's jaw with it. She stumbles backward and falls, with the bird straddling her neck. Watching her bleeding and blubbering on the floor, he realizes how much he loathes

her, how close she has come to extinguishing the Pullet name. His eyes narrow menacingly.

"Now pack up your stuff and git," he commands. "And you can take them two slutty girls with you, for all I care. We just want you clear out of our sight." Aronimink has come in and stands beside his father.

"All right, you old bastard,"

Agrippa says, testing her cheek with a finger and wincing, "but don't come blaming me, Roland Robert Randall Pullet, if your son grows up to be a suburb."

Life changes for father and son.

The house falls into disrepair, and they begin living out of cans. During the winter, when the cans rust, they move into a couple of packing crates. Bad years lead to worse ones for the farm, and at one point they have to sell everything they own except one old sow. It's Aronimink who bails them out. He's been to school to learn reading and writing, and when he explains their plight in an eloquent grant proposal to the Ford Foundation, a check arrives the next week to establish a summer stock theater in the barn. The farm is saved.

The experience sparks the boy's interest in the arts, and he begins to neglect his chores to hang out with the actors or hide in the hayloft with a book of Vachel Lindsay. Roland Robert Randall doesn't understand, but he vows not to interfere. Nothing is too good for Aronimink. The boy, in turn, loves his father unquestioningly. Their most blissful moments together are on warm summer evenings, when they drift lazily on the front porch glider. Roland Robert Randall sucks on his pipe and passes it to his son.

"Tell me a story, Father."

"Which one?"

"You know."

"Your great-great-grandmother Emma Sell Pullet?" The boy moves closer; this is his favorite. "Now, you don't remember your great-great-grandmother, but she was a very brave lady. And mighty important, too. She first come out to these parts when her family left Pennsylvania because of the transit strike. Couldn't nobody get to work in the morning, so they upped and left. It was hard times then, and both her brothers died on the way out. Terrible times. Their mother died once they got here. Then it was just Emma Sell and her daddy, right here on this farm."

Aronimink and Roland Robert

Randall exchange significant looks: the story reminds them of themselves. The boy's eyes widen with wonder. "What then?"

"Well, this was a mighty lonely place back then. There wasn't no town to speak of and no Tastee Freeze, neither. What men there was was most of them married up, and Emma Sell wasn't getting any younger and never was so easy to look at, to tell the flat out truth. So you know what she done?"

"What, Father, what did she done?"

"Well, she did her good heart's bidding and married a rooster to keep the Pullet line intact. Now, this was no ordinary bird, understand. He'd been in the family for years, and he and Emma Sell were right fond of each other. He was a good provider, too. Coupla girls come along right away and then a boy (that'd be your great-grandfather Frick) and then a Cornish game hen they tell was cuter'n a button and could play the piano real nice."

Now Roland Robert Randall's eyes begin to gleam with tears. As always, the story has moved him deeply.

"There's a calling that strong for you, too, Aronimink. You're all I've got left, boy, all *we've* got left. I'm counting on you."

"Do I have to marry a chicken? I'd prefer a duck, or maybe something a little larger, something on four legs."

His father laughs a patronizing laugh. "No, boy, of course not. Times has changed."

Times have changed. When Aronimink attends his first 4-H meeting, he learns that, as well as programs in animal husbandry and horticulture, courses in weaving and ceramics and the fiction of the Bloomsbury group are available. Without hesitation he signs up for the arts track. He comes home the first day with his overalls splattered with paint and his face shining intently.

"What happened to you, boy?"

"Everything happened, Father. We've been studying the action painters. Do you realize what a liberating effect their work had on our accepted notions of the picture plane?"

"No."

"Well, it did. And then there's hard-edge abstraction and the wryly amusing pop art period and all the rest. Oh Father, I'm so happy."

Aronimink races off to do his chores.

Perplexity gives way to suspicion in

Roland Robert Randall, and as the months and years pass, a dark cloud seems to hang ominously over their life together. The father feels it when the son starts for the barn, pails in hand, whistling a twelve-tone row. The son feels it when he finds "Pinko Faggit" scrawled on his bedroom door. They grow silent and estranged. Aronimink begins speaking Pig Latin, so his father can't understand what he's saying.

"Ass-pay c-thay utter-bay, ease-play"

"Boy, you're breaking your daddy's heart."

"At's-thay othing-nay. I'm-ay ar-ing-stay oo-tay eth-day."

When he enters high school, Aronimink moves his studio to a loft in the barn, imitating the lifestyle of New York painters he's read about. His hair grows shaggy and a wiry beard sprouts from the end of his chin. He begins wearing gray sweat-shirts and writes for a pen pal in San Francisco. He makes a scene at the strawberry social when he snaps the choir director's brassiere. Finally the humiliation is too much for Roland Robert Randall. Tears crowding in his eyes, he charges for the barn on a frosty winter night. Aronimink is awake, standing back to study a large canvas.

"Addio-day! At's-whay appening-hay?"

Roland Robert Randall stops dead, rocks backward a step, steadies himself. An orange square, twelve feet on a side, stares him in the face. For a moment he thinks his eyes and his mind have gone and he's seeing the sun. Terror and a murderous bitterness battle in his heart. In a strained, hoarse whisper he asks, "What's that there?"

"My masterpiece, so far. I've been struggling with formal color relationships, but it's only now, with the color field solution, that I'm beginning to attain an acceptable degree of purity."

Aronimink's agitated explanation runs on; both father and son seem to tremble with excitement. This, Roland Robert Randall realizes, is what it's all come to: an orange square, vast, mute, immutable, empty. He fights a desire to sketch in the head of a sheep and starts in on his son.

"Color field? You say color field to me, boy, when we got eight acres a' chick-peas you never touch with them pink little hands of yours? And six hundred head a' hogs, to say nothing of the bodies, that you never so

much as wink at? Color field!" Roland Robert Randall stomps and snarls and begins backing Aronimink down the ladder. "I loved you, boy, I loved you like I would an adopted son. But your mother was right, bless her tiny little heart. We'd a' been better off if you was a group of split-level colonials. Now git, boy, git before something worse happens to you."

The fire in his eyes is unmistakable, and Aronimink takes off down the moonlit road, a Pullet no more. His last words, shouted over his shoulder, drift up toward the starry sky: "Don't take less than 40 percent on any of the stuff you sell. Straight commission only. Later, pops."

**T**he present. It's May. Unbearable balm. Roland Robert Randall bumps along a rutted road in his pickup, alone. The sun sinks. Barns, windmills, the wire fences stand out blackly against the sky, solid and reproachful. His life, all those patient lives behind him, have turned thin and taut as a wire.

Three times in the past five years he has been denied an adoption. Twice he has sent for a mail-order bride and forgot to include return postage. One morning last spring a gift from Ulrich's wife was left on his porch: a baby boy and a quart of three-bean salad. But the boy had water on the brain and the salad had too much vinegar; he returned them both.

He turns up the gravel drive and stops beside the slumping shed. The farm is virtually shot; he and a few hogs remain. Roland Robert Randall starts for the house, and then he notices, everywhere he looks—the pump, his truck, his neighbor's Mail Pouch barn—the last glorious gold of the sun. He holds his own hand up, and it, too, is gleaming. His heart beats faster, and he skirts the house and struggles up the hill. It's never too late, he urges himself, never.

Francine is waiting, as if she'd known all along he would come. They stand apart and stare, his breath ragged and anxious, hers placid and sure. Slowly he reaches into his pocket, takes out several coins, and approaches. Tenderly, one by one, he drops them in her car.

"Why, it's ever bit as good as a silk purse. Better, maybe."

She snuffles. They snuggle.

He loves her roundness, her pinkness, her altogether-thereness. He loves her, he tells her. He loves her. He loves her as the Pullet men have always loved their women. □



# Back Issues

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

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I 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-suffered Rolling Stones album

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

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

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

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

**MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, *Borrow This Book*, The Privileged individual income tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandorin

**JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE:** With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit n K-boodle Comics, *Gun Lust* Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunimus

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farm ers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomic Comics, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine

**AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With *Agnow & A Very Sizable Advance*, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, *Surprise Poster* = 1, and True Menu

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rocketleifer Altica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Calzen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court

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

**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, IFA Comics, *Coached in Secrecy*, and The Consuming Photographer

**APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Handsight, 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 Vietstisnaine, and the Culture Vultures section

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn 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 *Grown-ups Can Do Anything*

**OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Favorites Fabgearbeat* 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, Orqasmic Backklasti, White Rastalarians, 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 Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World

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

**MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, *Pointless... Crimes, and Just Deserts*

**APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the Birds of Ireland, the *New York Supplement*, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the *Autorama*

## THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL 578 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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## True Facts

• Lourival da Silva of Itaguai, Brazil, was advised by a medium that in order to win the local lottery he should sacrifice his wife, Ana, to the demon Exu. Ana happened to mention the planned sacrifice to a neighbor, who asked Ana how she intended to protect herself. Ana said that she did not, that as an obedient wife she could do nothing against her husband, especially when he was under the demon Exu's orders.

The neighbor ran to the police, and two officers broke into the da Silva home just as Lourival was about to stab Ana in the chest. He was arrested. Ana cleared away the ritual sacrifice paraphernalia and took a bath to remove the magical symbols that Lourival had painted on her body. She then cooked a large meal and delivered it to the jail, reportedly fearing that her husband would not like the prison food. *Brazil Herald* (Thomas Weibrecht)

• A father and son, flying in a two-seater airplane near Long Beach, California, allowed the plane to slowly spiral into the sea, each thinking the other was at the controls.

Neither suffered serious injury. *Milwaukee Journal* (Mike Reynolds)

• An Indianapolis policeman arrested his nineteen-year-old son for burglary after finding a stolen stereo set in the boy's bedroom at home. The case, however, was thrown out of court on the grounds that the policeman had failed to obtain a warrant before searching his son's room and hadn't advised the boy of his Constitutional rights before

questioning him. *Oswego State School Oswegonian* (Tom Salsberg)

• During the Central Iowa Conference high school championship wrestling tournament, South Tama High ninth-grader Jeff Price was matched against Mike Siewert, of Indianola, in the 105-pound weight division. Siewert had suffered from diarrhea before the match and, in the middle of the first round, had an accident which, according to the

newspaper report, "left both grapplers with soiled uniforms and difficult wrestling conditions."

Price lost five to three, and Siewert went on to win the 105-pound tournament championship. *Toledo (Iowa) Chronicle* (Tim Juhl)

• The University of California at San Diego is offering a course entitled, "An Introduction to Sandcastle Building." Course instructor Gary Kinsella explained that Introductory Sandcastle

Building will deal not only with the building of sandcastles but will also "help students cope with the inevitability of the waves knocking the castles down." *Tampa Neighbor* (Bonnie Wilpon)

• The cooling system of the University of Florida's nuclear reactor malfunctions whenever a toilet is flushed in the reactor building. A sign on the building's lavatory doors reads, "Please don't flush the toilet while the reactor is running." Untimely flushes have caused the reactor to be shut down five times in the past three years. *UPI*

• Police in Yaphank, New York, were mystified by the discovery of thirteen severed horse legs scattered along a local highway. A month of investigation revealed that the legs had been purchased from a Connecticut slaughterhouse by a Yaphank man who wanted to "practice shoeing horses." *Toronto Sun* (Alison Gordon)

• Hu, wife of a Taiwanese man named Wu, left home after a heated quarrel with her husband. Wu went to the nearby city of Kaohsiung in search of his wife. Failing to find her, he checked into a hotel and asked that a call girl be sent to his room. The call girl turned out to be Hu, and after a second heated argument, Hu and Wu returned home together "for fear of losing face." *The China Post* (Tom Harlandep)

• Forty-seven-year-old Elisetto Piuma of Savona, Italy, died from a heart attack brought on by laughing too heartily at a joke-telling contest there. The contest winner was not reported. *Reuter*

## Portrait of the artist as a young...well, artist.



NYT Pictures

Above is a photograph of F. Scott Fitzgerald as a member of the chorus in a 1916 Princeton University student production.

T

## Spoilers

*The endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to discover the endings.*

## BOOKS

*Transatlantic Blues* by Wilfred Sheed: The narrator is a David Frost type who becomes a media star by playing the brainy Englishman to America and the irreverent Yank to England. He spends his time at the top confessing his Catholic past to a tape recorder and ends up settling down with a pleasant ex-nun who sees through his glib exterior.

*The Grab* by Maria Katzenbach: Three daughters fight over the division of their late mother's worldly goods. A portrait, not included in the will, ends up with youngest sister Sadie.

*Going After Cacciato* by Tim O'Brien: A squad of G.I.s sets off in pursuit of a deserter, who leads them out of Vietnam and through Europe to Paris. In the end the protagonist finds himself right where he was all along, standing guard near the South China Sea and fantasizing the whole thing.

## MOVIES

*Coming Home*: Paraplegic antiwar activist Jon Voight and lover Jane Fonda find their lives complicated by husband Bruce Dern's return from Vietnam. The triangle

ends with the suicide of Dern, who cannot live with both the contradiction inherent in his having received a medal for actually shooting himself in the foot and the infidelity of his wife.

*The Betsy*: Auto company patriarch Laurence Olivier sleeps with his daughter-in-law and discovers his son is gay. The son commits suicide after being fired and his son witnesses both the suicide and the sexual liaison between his mother and grandfather. He grows up to be Robert Duvall and Olivier's chief rival for control of the company. When Olivier hires a race car driver to develop a pollution-free car (the Betsy), Duvall finds out about the project but decides to allow the driver to remain. The driver then proceeds to sleep with Duvall's daughter and use her, her mother, and the Mafia to engineer a take-over of the company, which pleases Olivier greatly. At the end, the mobsters arrive to collect on their investment.

*The One and Only*: Henry Winkler is an actor with a large ego and a small career until a midget friend introduces him to wrestling. He soon learns he can make a living by adopting various roles in the ring, and really hits it big appearing as a pink-tights-wearing lover boy who overcomes his opponents with affection.

U

## Bullshit

"I'm a perfectionist."

—Sidney Sheldon, author of *The Other Side of Midnight* and *Bloodline*, in "Behind the Bestsellers" by Herbert Mitgang, *The New York Times* Book Review, February 26, 1978.

"Only judges who are 'depraved, mentally deficient, mind-warped queers' sought to advance the U.S. Supreme Court test of whether something is obscene, said the Utah Supreme Court, in upholding a local obscenity ordinance Friday.

"Chief Justice A. H. Ellett, in a 3-2 majority opinion, said judges who seek excuses for obscene pictures under the pretense of finding intrinsic value in them 'are reminiscent of a dog that returns to his vomit in search of some morsel in the filth which may have some redeeming value to his own taste.'"

—Reported in "Obscenity Test Put Aside in Utah," by David Briscoe (AP), *The Idaho State Journal*, October 29, 1977.

"I think sex is just like sod," said volunteer Jacqueline Wells after viewing the pornographic films. "It's okay on the lawn, but when you bring

E

it in and throw it on the living room floor, it's dirt, filth. There's a place for everything."

—Reported in "Stoicism, Yawns Greet Fairfax Porno Film Show," an article by Jane Seaberry in the *Washington Post*, about nine people who volunteered to screen obscene films in order to determine if they violated the local community standards of decency.

"In all the slums and all the palaces, there is only one heavyweight champion of the world today, and his name is Leon Spinks. He is champion in the deserts and in the mountain ranges. He is champion in all cities and farmlands, in the war zones of Ethiopia, in the Congo's heart of darkness. He is champion in Bed-Stuy and Marseilles, in Harlem and Rangoon."

—Pete Hamill, in "The Kid Who Took Away Ali's Crown Like A Man," *The New York Daily News*, February 17, 1978.

"He's very charming. People like to be funny with him. He's very polite, and after a guest leaves the show, Johnny says something nice about him. He's a Renaissance man."

—NBC network programming chief Paul Klein on Johnny Carson. From "How Johnny Carson Stays on Top of the Talk Show Heap," by Frank Swertlow, *Us*, February 7, 1978.

"Meat costs what it costs because that's what it costs. All those people do all those things. They all get paid—and they all make a profit. If they didn't make a profit they wouldn't do what they do. And that would be bad."

—From the U.S. Government pamphlet, *Mary Mutton and the Meat Group*.

## More Recent Notable Headlines

Dallas Times Herald

Main Place to spend \$100,000 to fix court

By JOY HAY

Hartford Courant

You Can Have Fun Shooting Your Children Having Fun

Newsday

Christ Wins Second Term As Controller

Pittsburgh Press

Pregnant Teens Aim Of U.S. Plan

By BOB FRIEDMAN  
Scripps Howard Science Writer  
WASHINGTON — A new federal program "is going the opposite of..."

4 Arrested in Times Sq. Cleanup Of Prostitution by Federal Officials

Washington Post

Ex-Abortinist Is Probed by U.S. Attorney

New York Times

T

Media  
Notes

## TV NEWS

According to *Newsweek* magazine, President Carter turned down the request of Congressional leaders to schedule his State of the Union Address on a Tuesday night because it would have meant preempting "Laverne and Shirley," "Happy Days," and "Three's Company."

"I went to the bathroom and, as I sat down, up came about 12 or 14 guys to taunt me. It's like the old thing that stars don't take out the garbage. Stars *do* go to the bathroom and they wanted to see it. They yelled, 'Go, go, go...we want to see a star go.'"

—Tony Orlando on the "Mike Douglas Show," recounting an experience in a mental hospital to which he committed himself last year.

The *Detroit Free Press*, in an effort to study the effects of

"television addiction," offered 120 Detroit-area families \$500 to give up TV viewing for one month. Ninety-three families said no.

A guest performer on a program similar to the "Gong Show" on Japanese TV announced that his talent was that he could break wind more than 3,800 times in succession. He then took off his trousers and lay down on the studio floor in his undershorts. The M.C. placed a microphone in a strategic position and the young man proceeded to accompany the studio orchestra in a series of musical notes. Afterward, he applied a blowgun to his hindquarters and shot darts into a target ten feet away.

The act caused riotous laughter and applause from the Japanese audience, and the talent show judges were said to have laughed so hard that tears ran down their faces.

—Reported by Skip Scott in the *Tokyo Asahi Evening News*.

## VIEWING HI-LITES

*The listings below are from the San Diego Union and the New Haven Register. The ad is from TV Guide.*

**Rafferty** — Dr. Rafferty plays detective for a pregnant airline stewardess and matchmaker for a paraplegic comic-strip artist. 10 p.m. Channels 8 and 2.

## MOVIE

'The World, The Flesh, And The Devil' 1959 Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens. A Negro, a White woman and a man find themselves presumably the last people on earth after an atomic holocaust. (2 hrs.)

## Misc.

Orthodox Jews consider the printing of the deity's name in full, except under severely restricted conditions, to be a profanation. Because of a misprint in an ad, which spelled out *God* in Hebrew, the *Jewish Observer*, a New York-based religious periodical, had to send postcards to all its subscribers instructing them to "handle [the page upon which the misprint appeared] with appropriate reverence." This means that the page must eventually be buried.

True  
Masthead

Edited by P.J.O'Rourke  
"Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner  
"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson  
"Facts" by Chuck Bartelt and Wendy Mogel.

Research: Chuck Bartelt  
Art: Alison Antonoff  
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.

*The two photographs below, with their respective captions, appeared several pages apart in a recent edition of the New York Daily News.*



UPI Photo

Thurman Munson takes time to talk with former boss and current Indians' president, Gabe Paul, during dinner in Cleveland. Munson was honored as athlete of the year by Cleveland Sports Media Assn.



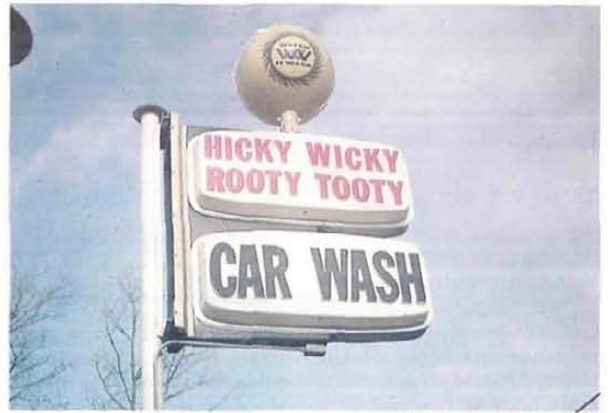
News Photo by Jim Garrett

Joshua Lake, 18 months, gives some last-minute instructions to 2-year-old Gaugain, a Great Pyrenees, at Garden Dog Show.

# What's Your Sign?



*P. Menestrier, Atlanta, Ga.*



*V. Nethibel, Lansing, Mich.*



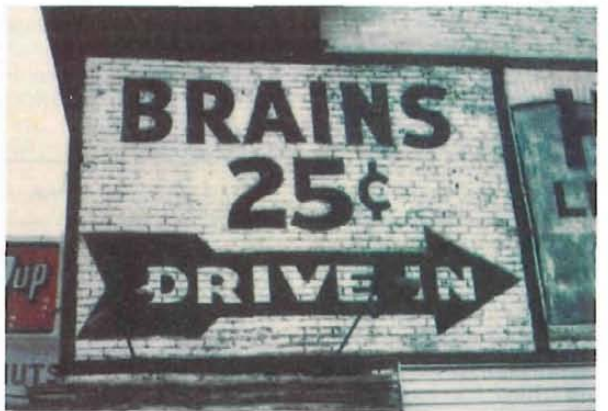
*Kathy Fox, Yokosuka, Japan*



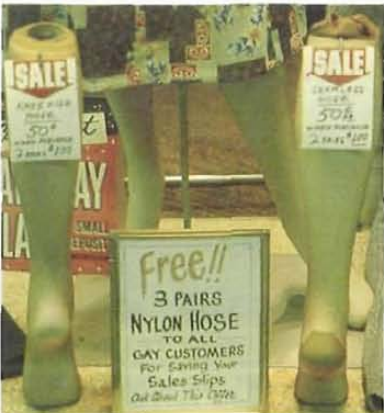
*Robert H. Strauss, Lutz, Fla.*



*Hugh Munro Neely, Santa Monica, Calif.*



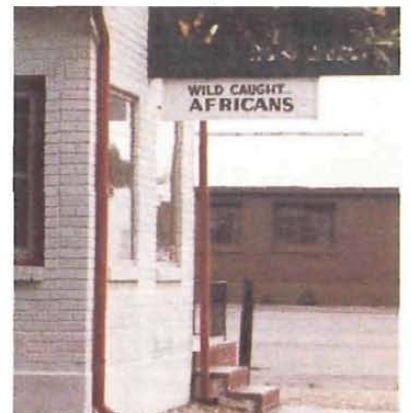
*Lyle Swenson, Omaha, Neb.*



*L. Muskow, Philadelphia, Pa.*



*Mark A. Kuhn, Durham, N.C.*



*D. MacArthur, Aurora, Colo.*

## BERNIE X

continued from page 81

but they made her give them a description of me, down to the size and shape of my dong.

So that did it. I was now on the Mafia hit list. It would just be a matter of time before they got to me. And not only would the Mafia be after me, but probably the fucking police department as well, since those scumbags got most of the cops on the arm. Why don't I just take the gas pipe right now, I said to her. "No, no," she cries. "I love you. We'll escape. We'll start a new life. I'll have your children." She must have been seeing too many movies where the guy and the broad escape to South America. But the Mafia always gets you in the end. She begged me to forgive her for what she had done. Of course I forgave her. What could she do? Let herself be cut up like a Genoa salami? Anyway, maybe I loved her.

Maria figured that according to the Mafia code, her ex-fiancé, Salvatore, will be looking for me. The other Mafia people will still finger me, but Salvatore will be given the job of killing me, to avenge his family's honor. She gave me a description of Salvatore. He seemed like a nice boy. Of course, Maria never loved him from the start, and he hardly knew her. The whole fucking marriage was arranged by the families. The girl was still going to Catholic school, for Christ's sake! And Salvatore was only twenty-one. He had just graduated from Harvard and was going into one of the family businesses, the General Motors Corporation. They're controlled by the Mafia, y'know.

Well, the next couple of weeks were the worst time of my life. First, I had to keep hiding Maria. Some of my cabbie pals helped me move from place to place. Everywhere I looked I smelled a hit man. Every time I picked up a fare and he wanted to take me a little out of the way, I said no. I was beginning to lose a fortune. I was giving out the wrong change to people, mostly cheating myself. I was making the wrong turns and getting lost right in the middle of Manhattan. And I can normally drive in this fucking city blindfolded. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. And you wouldn't believe this, but I couldn't fuck. I couldn't get it up. I was impudent.

The harder I tried the worse it got. I even went to my cousin Moe, the chiropractor. The guy is a magician with his hands, and even he couldn't

help me. Maria told me it was my nerves. I was too distracted. I wasn't distracted, I was scared shit. I can handle anyone face to face, but I can't deal with a fucking army, a bunch of gorillas I can't see. And poor Maria was going crazy, missing out on what she came back to me for.

The final blow was when the mob killed my best friend, a cabbie named Bernie Teitelbaum. Bernie looked a little like me and I know for a fact that he had a pretty big wee-wee, so they thought they had me. But some trigger-happy hit man knocked him off before they could really check him out. Bernie Teitelbaum, my best friend, a guy I grew up with in the

streets of the Lower East Side. All Bernie had was a wife, five kids, a small insurance policy, and a lousy cab-driving job. Now I realized that those cocksuckers would hit on anyone who looked a little like me and whose name was Bernie. There would be a fucking bloodbath of cabdrivers, and it would be my fault. There was only one thing to do. I got a hold of Bruno Bongaglionomoni, the boss of bosses, and requested a chance to plead my case in front of the High Council of the Mafia. I couldn't stand it any longer. The only way to resolve the situation was a face-to-face confrontation. □

Part II will appear next month.

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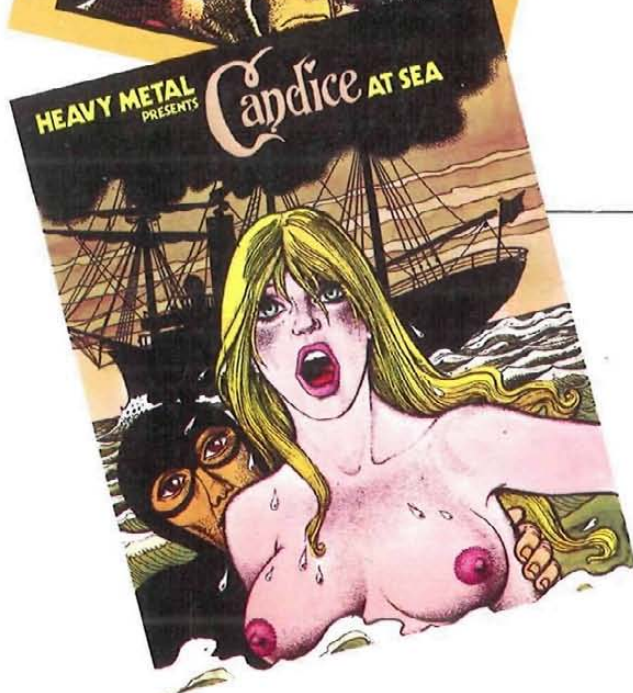
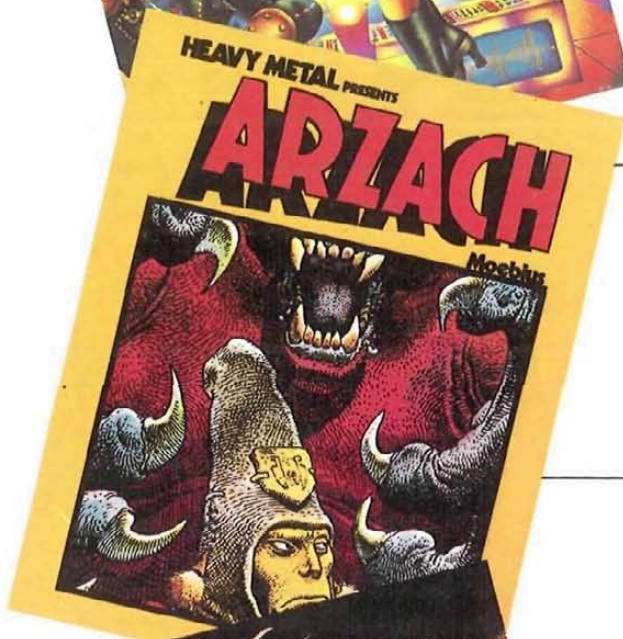
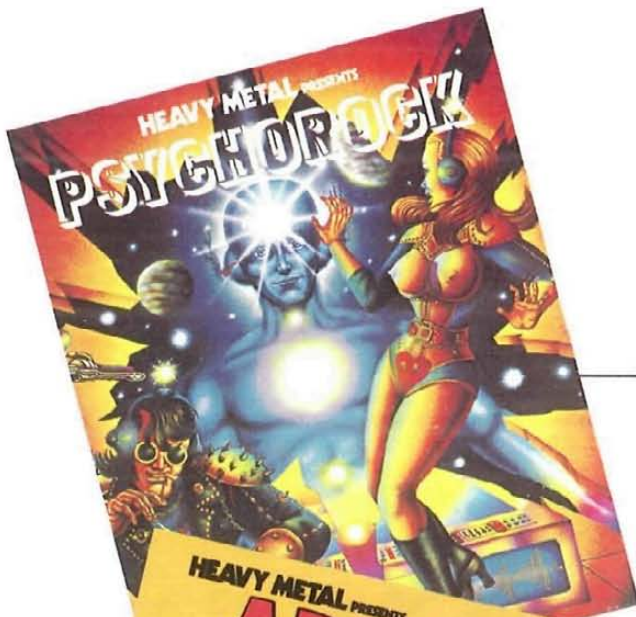
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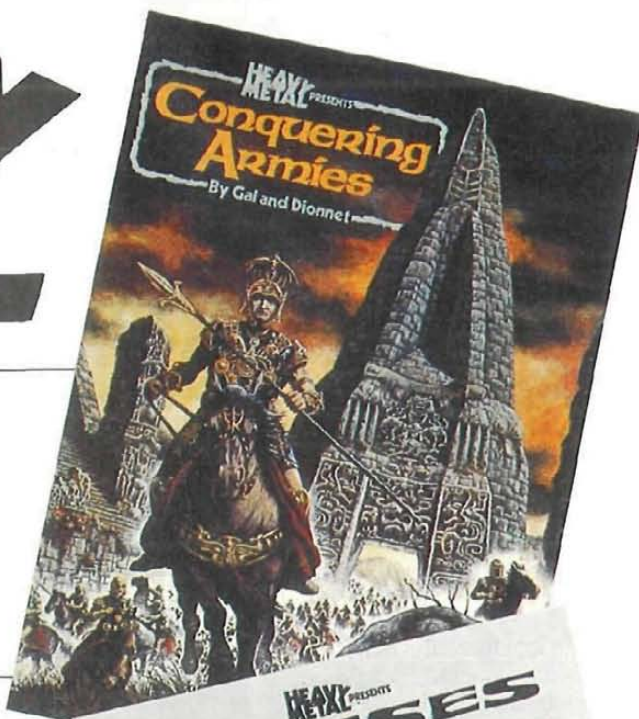
**PSYCHOROCK:** Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9". \$3.95. HM4010

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

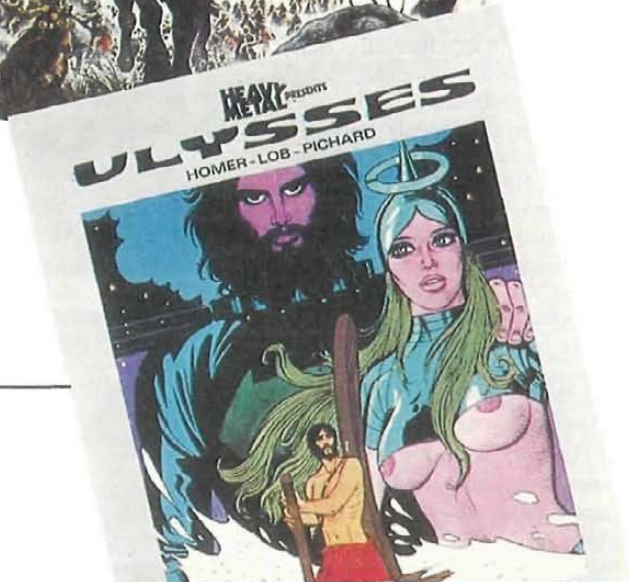
**CANDICE AT SEA:** A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9" by 11". \$3.95. HM4012

# HEAVY METAL

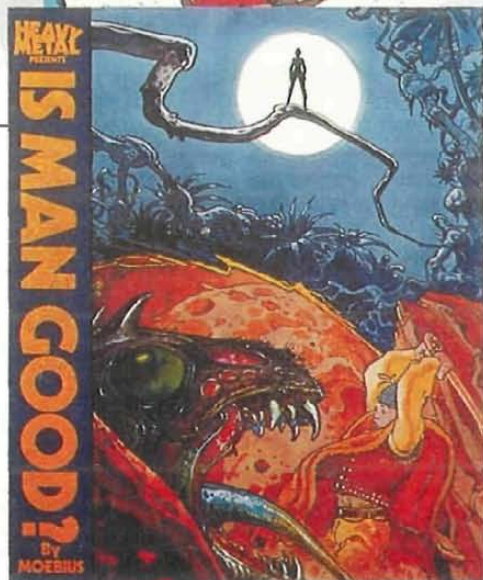
**CONQUERING ARMIES:** From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". \$4.95. HM4013



**ULYSSES, PART I:** Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color. 9" x 11". \$6.95. HM4014



**IS MAN GOOD?:** From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes, all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11". \$5.95. HM4015



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## MYSTERY

continued from page 32

"the day you were born and Betty died. I vowed to myself, then and there, I vowed, 'This little girl will pay. This little girl will pay.' And so I set out to make you into the most abnormal creature the world has ever seen. I never sent you to school—"

"School?" Nancy inquired. "What's that?"

"Or work," Mr. Drew continued, oblivious to his daughter's interruption. "I taught you to say *query* instead of *ask* and *chum* instead of *friend*. I gave you a roadster instead of a car. I let you have no friends except for that elephant Bess and George the butch. I hoped by the time you were fourteen you'd be a four-hundred-pound invert, but it just didn't happen that way—you just got prettier and prettier. You got more and more famous and sold more and more books...that's when I realized I'd created a monster..."

Mr. Drew suddenly stopped his reverie and regained his composure. Eyeing Nancy coldly, he repeated, "But that's all over now, my darling detective daughter."

Nancy was firm and composed. "Dad," she repeated also, "you can't kill the idol of millions of American girls. It can't be done." She spoke with the authority of a girl as popular as Nancy Drew, whom she was.

"I know!" Mr. Drew exploded. "That's the weirdest part of all!" He was counting hysterically on his fingers. "No schooling, shit friends, totally sexless, no job, she talks funny, she's a boring, witless blob, and her mysteries are about as mysterious as fried clams! It makes no sense! I made you as worthless as possible, and you become the idol of millions of American girls! It makes no sense at all!" Mr. Drew was by now totally hysterical.

Nancy, for the first time in her life, was thoughtful. "It sure does make you think twice about American girls though, doesn't it, Dad?" she asked slowly.

"It sure does," Mr. Drew replied in a monotone. "It sure does, my dear."

And then he shot himself in the mouth. □

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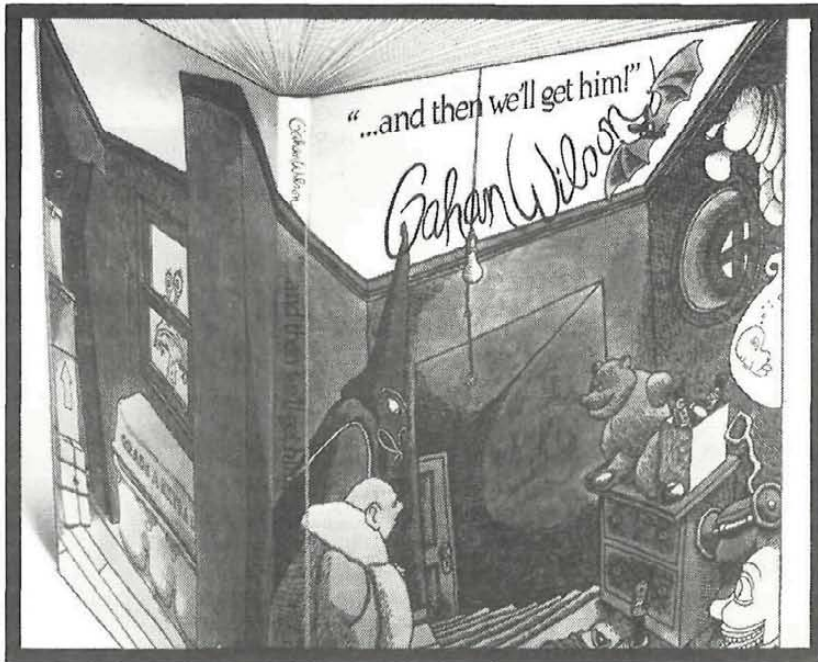
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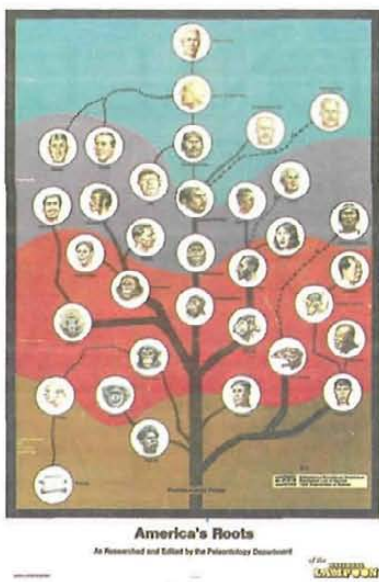
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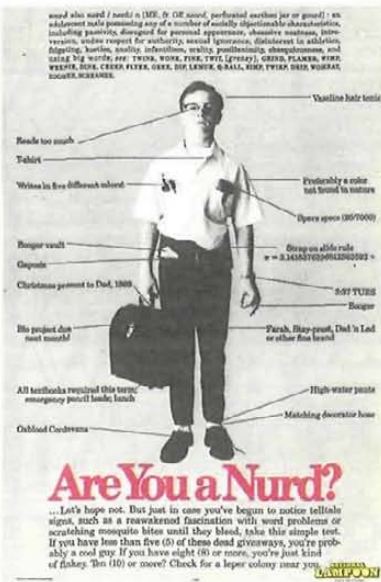
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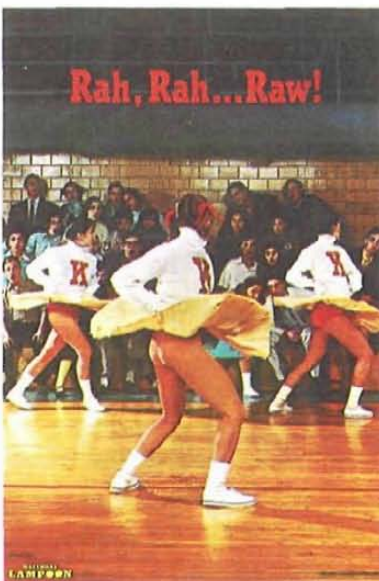
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