

100th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

With: Gahan Wilson, Charles Rodrigues, Sam Gross, Chris Miller, and Ed Subitzky

July 1978

\$1.50

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

The Humor Magazine

IND  
34490

**PLUS:**

Every NatLamp cover  
Since Issue #1

Lore of the Firecracker

Vietnam Veteran  
Simulation Kit

Parodies of Erica Jong,  
Richard Bach, and  
Joan Didion



*Rich Meyerson '72*

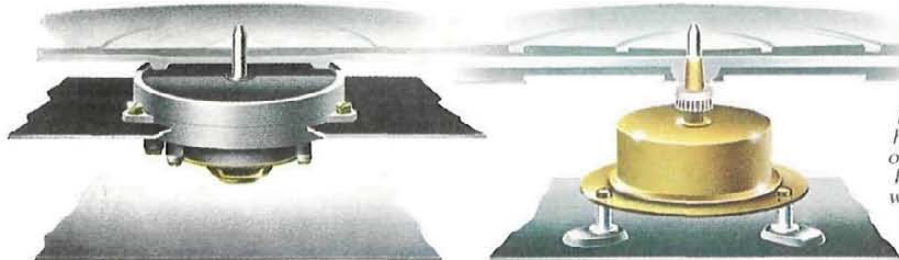
And Much Too Much More



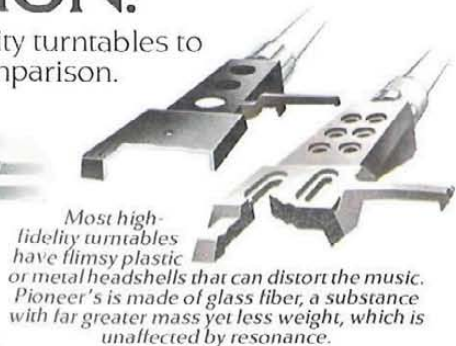


# TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

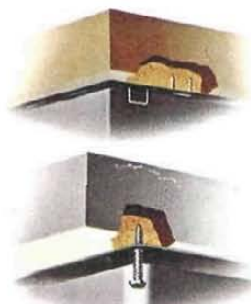
When you compare what goes into most \$175\* high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.



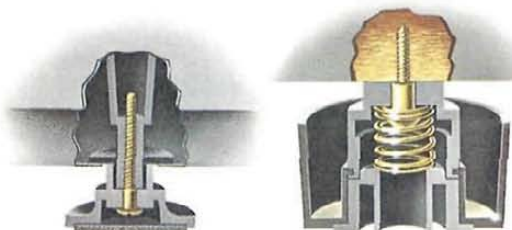
On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.



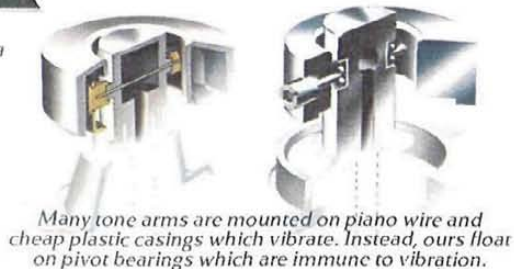
Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater mass yet less weight, which is unaffected by resonance.



Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



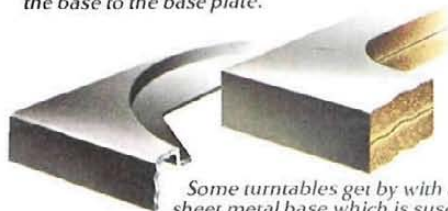
A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.



Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

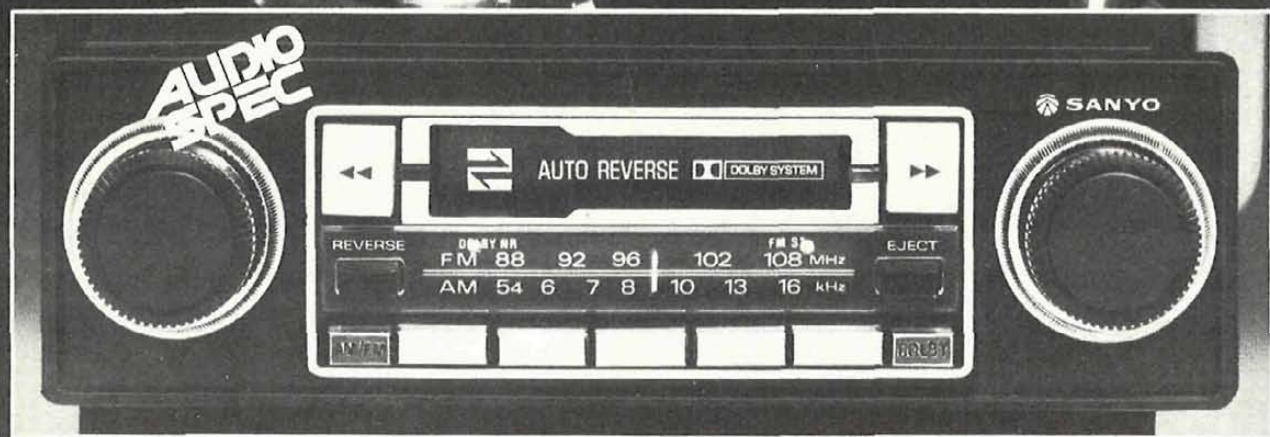
Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.



**PIONEER** We bring it back alive.

© 1978 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, High Fidelity Components  
85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074  
\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.





## NEW SANYO AUDIO/SPEC. SOMETHING THIS GREAT HAS TO BE SHARED.

Install it, then get set for some pretty amazing reactions.

Your friends with expensive home component systems will be astonished by the FM tuner's sensitivity (some models are as good as  $1.0\mu\text{V}$ ). Tape recording purists will be taken aback when you switch on the Dolby\* noise reduction to show them what "quiet" is all about.

And even hard-to-impress people will get turned on when you crank up the bi-amplified power stage to an awesome 28 watts RMS total system output. Here's sound to knock your socks off.

AUDIO/SPEC is a series of single chassis in-dash and under-dash tape players (8-track or cassette) . . . with or without stereo radio. Every one delivers real high fidelity sound to just about any vehicle on the road. A fabulous high performance line of AUDIO/SPEC speakers is also available.

Visit a Sanyo car stereo dealer. Be prepared to be amazed at what it can do for you.

Free. Send name and address for our informative new booklet, "How to buy car stereo without getting taken for a ride" (a \$1.25 value). Write Sanyo Electric Inc., Car Stereo Dept., 1200 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220.

\*Dolby is reg. trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc.  
Features described available on many models.

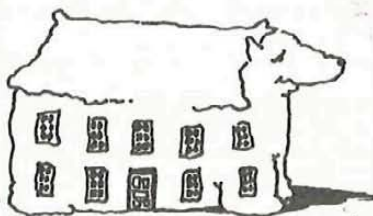
**SANYO**  
**AUDIO/SPEC**  
That's life.



National Lampoon's first film...

# ANIMAL HOUSE

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



# NATIONAL LAMPOON



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## “Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic.”

“One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm — and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When Ilie is right, he’s right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumanian in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That’s how we got on to a good thing.”

### Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering gin and tonic, try white rum and Canada Dry Tonic next time. Canada Dry is the classic summer tonic. And Puerto Rican Rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka—for a very good reason. Unlike gin or vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it’s bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.



**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL 6 1200, National Lampoon Inc., 1700 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019-1200. © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



# Contents



LONG ISLAND, July 1, 1978—Mr. and Mrs. N. Lampoon celebrate their 100th anniversary at their home in Oyster Bay, New York, this afternoon. (UPA TOASTERPHOTO)

**A Fourth of July Garland of Parodies, 30**

By Danny Abelson and Ellis Weiner, illustrated by Steve Brodner

**My 100 Years with the National Lampoon, 33**

By Gahan Wilson

**The Complete Covers of the National Lampoon, 37**

By many talented artists, photographers, and writers, plus some crumb-buns and real jack-offs

**Lore of the Firecracker, 45**

By John Hughes and Shary Flenniken; technical adviser: P.J. O'Rourke; additional illustrations by John Workman

**Sam Gross: A Retrospective, 50**

**100 Years or More at the National Lampoon, 53**

By Gerald Sussman and Jeff Greenfield, illustrated by Lucy Gould, Bruce Emmett, and Warren Sattler

**Growing Older Comics, 59**

By Ed Subitzky

**One Hundred Years of Revulsion, 61**

By Charles Rodrigues

**Born Again on the Fourth of July, 65**

By Tod (4-F) Carroll and P.J. (4-F) O'Rourke; illustrated by Larry Elmore, Frank Springer, and Greg King; photographed by Phil Koenig; embroidery by Yolanda Monograms

**Cover**

By Rick Meyerowitz

## Filler

**Editorial, 6**

**Letters from the Editors, 8**

**Canadian Corner, 10**

By Ted Mann

**Tips and Tales from Bernie X, 12**

As told to

Gerald Sussman

**News on the March, 17**

**Photorama Picture News, 22**

By Gerald Sussman

**Foto Funnies, 24, 52**

By Chris Miller

**Foto Funny, 60**

With George P. Seivwright and Paul Didskalny

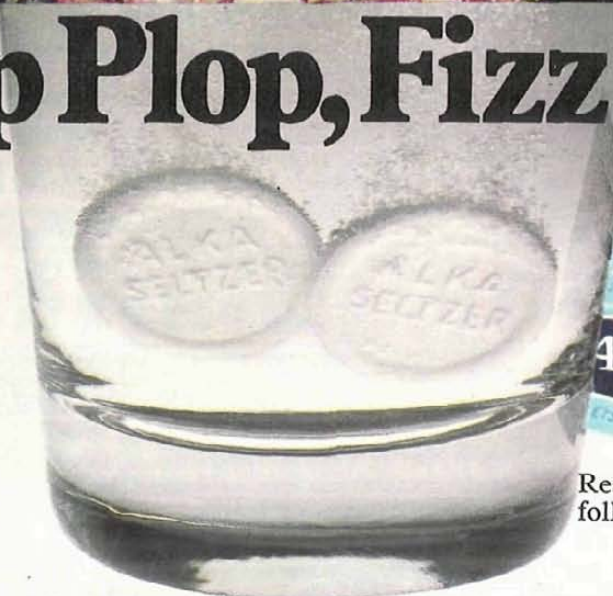
**Funny Pages, 73**

**True Section, 87**





# Chomp Chomp, Sip Sip Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz.



Read and follow label directions.

If there's one thing you always look forward to, it's a weekend party. You munch on chips and dip. You chug-a-lug your beer. You bugaloo till two. But sometimes you overdo it. You wake up feeling less than your best. When you do, reach for Alka-Seltzer®. The moment you drink it, those tiny bubbles start to speed relief through your system. With specially buffered aspirin to soothe your throbbing head. And antacids to calm your upset stomach. You'll be thankful you have Alka-Seltzer on hand. Because when morning comes, the only sound your aching head can bear to hear is a gentle plop plop, fizz fizz.

## Alka-Seltzer® Oh, what a relief it is!

©1978 MILES LABORATORIES, INC.



# Editorial

**H**ello. Hello? This is *National Lampoon's* "100th Anniversary" issue (that is to say, it's the anniversary of our 100th issue—a little joke we've had in the family for so long that we don't know how to get rid of it without going through probate court). But it's a swell issue just the same, chock full of the sort of jests and jibes that make you laugh and make you think. Make you think you heard them somewhere else before, usually. Well, enough of that—we've got other news for you: there've been some changes around here. For one thing, there's a new editor-in-chief in charge. Who is P.J., which is me... that is, I... who is... no, am... speaking... or, rather, *writing*... I mean typing on an IBM. There were some other editors in charge but they're gone now—off in pursuit of new careers in entertaining. Mostly at parties, we understand. And it's our sincere hope that lots of Tupperware gets sold. Anyway, P.J. is Grand Giggle Poo-Baa and High Humor Muck-a-Muck now, and what he says goes. Unless the advertisers complain, of course, or Mom wants him home.

There's a whole new staff, too. Which is mostly the same old staff but better dressed due to pay raises all 'round and not a few large bribes from wealthy jet-set types to keep their names out of such media envi-

rons as these. Robert Stigwood, for instance... whoops. Well, there went 50K. Anyhow, Gerry Sussman is the new senior editor. He's the creator of "Bernie X" and editor of the "Photo-Rama Picture News" page and the monthly "Humor Section" column, besides writing many amusing feature articles that have been highly praised by those who've read them. Those who've read them being his wife and his mother. Gerry used to play center field for the now-defunct New York Jews—in the days before people of the Hebrew faith were allowed to play major league ball. Today he enjoys jogging, although he can also be made to trot or canter for short distances.

Our editors are Danny Abelson and Ellis Weiner. Danny and Ellis co-edit "News on the March" and Danny writes the "Spoilers" column in the True Section. He's from South Africa, but thinks apartheid is just awful, so don't worry. Not that he's not 100 percent European, mind you. Ellis writes the "Bullshit" column in the True Section and wants to be a rock 'n' roll drummer, but doesn't know enough about drugs and underage girls to pass the license exam.

Then we have a new associate editor, Tod Carroll, who comes to us from Phoenix, Arizona. Tod likes it here in New York but says he didn't know there were this many colored people in the *whole world*. And he

wonders what part of Mexico Puerto Ricans come from and why did we let so many slip across the border. Also, when the bartender says a beer is \$2.00, is he kidding, or what?

Peter Kleinman is still our art director, but we all pitched in and paid for his cataract operation, so the magazine should be looking better soon. And there'll be lots of other changes coming up. Like more topical humor with real satirical bite. You know, like the one about the queer who got so coked-up in the discothèque toilet stall that he blew his own nose.

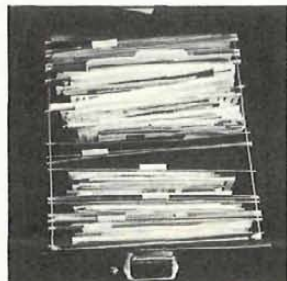
Timely stuff like that. And stuff with different points of view—the ethnic and feminist sides to humor, for instance, so that more chicks and niggers will buy the magazine. And we'll have an eight-week exercise program that really works, the latest in bedroom decor ideas, hints and tips aplenty to help you stretch that household food budget, twenty-eight new easy-to-sew fall back-to-school frock and jumper patterns, plus a wonderful contest to see who gets to blow me this minute. Weren't paying attention, were you? Oh, well, that's all right. I've got to catch the 6:30 Concorde to Tehran, anyway. The Shah and his old lady are grilling a couple of steaks tonight. Wonder if I should bring them a bottle of Blue Nun or something? See you in *People* magazine.

P.J.

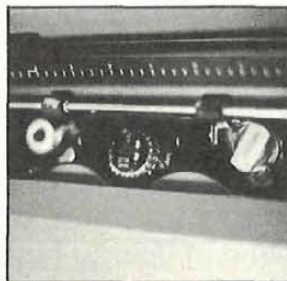
## An Inside Peek at the National Lampoon:



Inside a desk drawer



Inside a file cabinet



Inside a typewriter



Inside someone's shoe



KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,  
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

"I want taste  
from my cigarette.  
And that's what I get  
from Winston."



King 100's.

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





Sirs:

Well, I suppose this makes me the George Wallace of porn.

Larry Flynt  
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Hi. I'm famous. It's fun. I just dash around. Dash, dash, dash here and there. Dash, dash, dash back and forth. It's loads of fun. I'm famous.

Bianca Jagger  
London, Paris, Rome, New York

Sirs:

Want to play blackjack by mail? O.K. You've got a king in the hole and a five up. Dealer shows a seven. You going to take another card? All right, send me \$5 and I'll tell you what you got and send you \$10 back if you won.

Governor Brendan Byrne  
Atlantic City, N.J.

Sirs:

Ha! Ha! Ha! We've got it!! We've got it!!! We got the fuckin' canal!!!! Suckers!!! You suckers!! Ha! Ha! Ha! We're gonna dump on it and piss in it and fill it up with shit and blow up the locks and sink all the ships and rape every Navy wife we can find! You stupid assholes! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! We got it now!!!!

The Panamanians  
Panama

Sirs:

You want to know what's really a sad commentary on life in modern America? Campbell's Soup for One, that's what. Is that what we fought the Fascists for in WWII? To make the kind of postwar world where there'd be a market for Campbell's Soup for One?... I'm sorry. You know, ever since you kids left home, I get like this sometimes. I'm sorry. Guess I'm just acting like an old fool. Well, bye. Call if you get a chance.

Dad  
Hometown, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Why don't you guys watch TV more and make more TV jokes like about the grandpa on "The Waltons"

being dead? I watch TV all the time and I'm sure that good jokes could be made about it if you would just watch it, too. Just because you have a love life and enjoy your work so much that you work late and can afford fancy restaurants and get invited to nice parties and therefore don't watch TV is no reason to pick on the rest of us by making jokes about old books that you can't even buy anywhere anymore.

Ted Luffe  
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sirs:

What do you mean, "What do we want"? Fuck you. We're just screwing around.

The Red Brigades  
Rome, Italy

Sirs:

Oh, well, maybe I'm not *really* very good after all.

Sly Stallone  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Tell America to get Spain and France and meet us over behind Europe—looks like there's gonna be a gang fight with the colored countries.

Germany and England

Sirs:

One way to tell old people over thirty-five even when they're dressed funny is that really old people like that put little apostrophes on both sides of the n to make an *and* in rock and roll. Like this: *rock 'n' roll*.

Jennifer Gymshorts  
Wallace Beery High  
Spokane, Wash.

Sirs:

You've all heard that TV ad for the "incredible edible egg," haven't you? Well, I'd just like to put a good word in for incredible edible sperm, too.

Anais Nin  
Cleveland, France

Sirs:

I hereby serve notice that I am filing for legal guardianship of Linda Ronstadt in the event she should lapse into a comatose state—or even nod off a little.

Ben Harney  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

The dangers of consenting to elective surgery without seeking a second opinion have been insufficiently stressed in your magazine. I myself made the mistake of allowing a garage

mechanic (I will not mention the name of the oil company—a suit is pending) to perform an appendectomy upon me. This operation, I later learned, was totally unnecessary, and is normally performed by a doctor, to boot. I learned the hard way. I hope no one else will have to.

Dale Wizbaum  
Weedlawn, Calif.

Sirs:

The scandals involving Medicaid payments to garage mechanics performing unnecessary surgery are currently being investigated by our department at this time, and it would be unfair for me to say anything more until the findings are in.

Joseph A. Califano  
Secretary of Health, Education,  
and Welfare

Sirs:

Have you seen those yogurt commercials where they feed the stuff to 150-year-old beezers in the Georgian SSR? And the old people like it? Well, I've got 3,000 feet of 16 mm film that says a 400-year-old Galapagos tortoise won't let you wedge the stuff down his throat with a shovel. Takers?

Bob Dougherty  
Aquarian Bob's Natural  
Goat Yogurt Company  
Taos, N.M.

Sirs:

A word of warning to these proponents of government-funded abortion: the government may *appear* to go along with killing like that for awhile, but I'll bet that if you get involved in any intrauterine atrocities or anything, you could really wind up with your ass on the first hole tee, if you know what I mean.

Bill "Rusty" Calley  
Dothan, Ala.

Sirs:

If you have nothing better to do. I mean, if there's nothing on TV. If you've cleaned out your closet, garage, yard, wallet, and pockets on the suits you don't wear anymore. If you've scrubbed the whitewalls on your car. If you've cleaned between the tiles on your kitchen floor. If you've checked to see that all of your drains are unclogged and the racks in your refrigerator are clean. If you've called and said hello to your old high school girl friend and written to all the people you received Christmas cards from. If you've clipped your nails and pulled the real long hairs out of your nose. Then why don't you

continued on page 14





# Le Fun Car

Strange things happen to Le Car owners. Normally sedate drivers suddenly find themselves zapping around city streets with abandon. Or blasting along winding rural lanes. Or just looking for excuses to drive out to the country for picnics or antiques.

But then, nothing brings out the "car buff" in a driver quite like Le Car.

**An exciting responsive car that's fun to drive.**

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-



wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. (Fiesta, Rabbit, Civic and Chevette don't offer this combination of standard features.)

This results in the kind of incredible handling and cornering that makes Le Car a thrill to race (Le Cars finished first, second or third 122 times in 132 SSC races during 1977) and an absolute ball to drive.

**Le Car makes long drives fun instead of tedious.**

If Le Car's great performance makes it exciting to drive, its exceptional comfort makes it a pleasure.

Critics generally agree that Le Car offers the smoothest ride of any small car. And it has what may be the most comfortable seats this side of a luxury sedan.

What's more, in proportion to its exterior length, Le Car has more interior space than any other car.

To top it all off is the biggest sunroof (optional) on any small car. We call it a fun roof.

Le Car gets 41 MPG highway/26 MPG city according to 1978 EPA

figures.\* Remember: these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

**Millions of people are "hooked" on Le Car.**

In Europe, where every driver is an enthusiast, nearly 2 million people drive Le Car. (That's more than Rabbit and Fiesta combined.)

And in America, Le Car has more than doubled its sales in just one year.

What's more, an independent survey showed that Le Car owner satisfaction is at an incredible 95%.

Le Car prices start at only \$3588.† A small price to pay for the most fun you can have on four wheels. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

\*California excluded. I.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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## Canadian Corner



Somewhere in Canada, something called a McDonald Commission labors in the service of truth and the national interest, whichever comes first.

Apparently, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have been accused of "illegal entry" into the homes or furnished rooms of Canadian citizens whose political opinions are considered alarming. It is the job of the McDonald Commission to decide whether the RCMP broke the law by flashing their badges at doorbells and letter envelopes and then proceeding to enter homes and open mail.

### A Police Superintendent Testifies

"There is a similarity between breaking and entering and illegal entry."

### A Justice Department Rules

"No, they are not the same."

### Further Allegations Leveled

In testimony before the McDonald Commission, the RCMP has been accused of keeping track of the past political affiliations of candidates for political office. Thus was revealed to the public the volte-face of Nicola MacKenzie, a former member of the Moderate Radicals (a group that wishes to nationalize drugstores) and currently leader of the Radical Moderates (a group that desires the same end but plans to leave soda fountains in private hands). This caused the candidate embarrassment too great to remain untold, and which in fact splattered the front pages of the Canadian dailies, including the *Saskatoon Cow-Terrier*.

### No Public Outcry No Surprise

Canadians appear even less concerned by the McDonald Commission's lack of findings than by the actual crimes allegedly committed by the RCMP.

### A Reason Perhaps Exists

When a Canadian of dubious loyalty to the parliamentary system returns to his domicile from a way-out

poetry clutch in a socialist bookstore and finds hoofprints all over his lawn, his door wide open, and a forgotten mountie hat carelessly slung over his lamp, he merely assumes he has been visited by friends. Such is the code of the north that doors are never locked, and should a party of ten or twelve friends be driving through the neighborhood in a station wagon, it is not uncommon for them to stop and devour all the whiskey and food in the home of an absentee host.

### Sleep on It the Answer

Since the findings of the McDonald Commission appear likely to benefit no particular political party and could adversely effect overseas bookings of the RCMP's "Musical Ride" performing horse troop, which still visits areas where equine versions of the "Blue Angels" are appreciated, the Canadian public certainly needs no encouragement to sleep on matters.

### On to Other Don't-Matters

Margaret Trudeau, age twenty-nine, has decided to write an intimate biography of herself, and has signed a contract stipulating no political-type materials will be censored away. Which is a good thing, as her controversial critique of Karl Marx's "Role of Labor in the Ascent from Ape to Man" would undoubtedly have been axed by her politically timorous publishers. Way off in the future, too far for my four eyes to see, she plans a trilogy of novels (not content to start with just one, like Joyce); volume one to detail her life as a child.

### Facto Revelation: You Saw It Here

She spoke baby talk at age three. The second volume, which will be published if there are still enough standing pulp trees in the world after the appearance of the first, will deal with her life as a married woman. Both of which she was, married and a woman, having the papers to prove the former and the testimony of Mick Jagger to the latter. The third volume details her life as a free spirit, presumably playing down anything which might suggest she is still married and, according to photographer Oscar Abellfia, a woman.

### Old Saying

In disco Studio 54, sayings grow old quicker than white shirts get dirty, but none faster than this: "For drinking an Irishman, for dancing a Negro, but for sheer going out, Margaret Trudeau."  
Ted Mann



Dirty, fuzzy high frequency sound is great when a rock artist plays it. But not so great when your cassette adds it. Unfortunately, most cassettes, no matter how costly, do just that. Fortunately, our premium AD cassette cleans up that act, and without cleaning out your wallet.\* A unique ultra-sensitive formulation gives it a hot high end. So you don't have to set those high notes on the back burner—they can cook right up front—loud, clear, and distinct. And AD is ideal for any noise reduction system. AD, like all TDK cassettes, is backed by a full lifetime warranty.\*\*TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N. Y. 11530.



Wait till you hear  
what you've been missing.

\*Nationally advertised value of one ADC-60 \$2.69, ADC-90 \$3.99. Also available in 45 and 120-minute lengths. \*\*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette 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.





1 1/2" Mylar® dome tweeter for extrawide 170° high frequency dispersion.

Two 3 1/2" midranges with individual tuned isolation chambers.

High and mid frequency controls are continuously variable to adjust response to suit any room, program material or individual taste.

Low frequency driver with specially treated polyurethane foam suspension for lower distortion, free cone movement, and smoother response.

# An inside look at Jensen's Total Energy Response.

You're looking at the heart of one of the most uniformly accurate sound reproducers made today. A Jensen Lifestyle Speaker.

Unlike many speakers that require special on-axis listening positions—or others that bounce the sound all over your room—Lifestyle is engineered to deliver a wide spectrum of musical information throughout the listening area. In proper perspective. With all the depth and imaging your source material is

capable of. And at real-life volume levels. That's what Total Energy Response is all about.

In fact, for perfectly integrated speaker systems and total quality control, we make every element that

## JENSEN

LIFESTYLE SPEAKER SYSTEMS

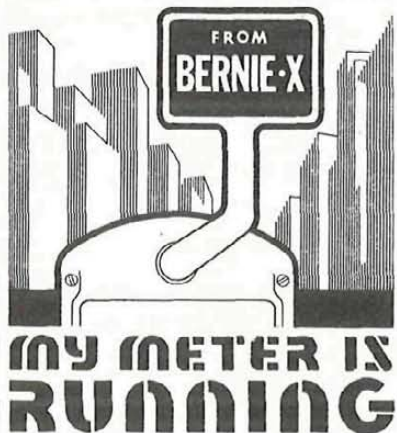
Division of Pemcor, Inc.  
Schiller Park, Illinois 60176

goes into the manufacture of our Lifestyle speakers. From the heavy duty magnets to our handwound, high power voice coils. Even the computer-designed crossover network. And of course, all of our precision woofers, midrange drivers and 170° dispersion dome tweeters.

But please, give a critical listen to these speakers in person. We think you'll agree, a notably superior design concept has resulted in audibly superior sound reproduction.







## Part Three: Conclusion

*In part II, Bernie and Maria tried to bargain with the Mafia for their lives, but to no avail. After torturing them, the gangsters decide that it would be good sport to stage a boxing match between Bernie and Salvatore, Maria's fiancé, for the honor of the families involved.*

These guys got the fucking money to do anything, so in a few days, I find myself in an old boxing arena in the Bronx. They must own the place, because they got it fixed up and had invited a big crowd to watch us fight. It was all very fancy and private, with a regular fight announcer in a tuxedo and a referee and two judges. The whole thing was staged like a championship bout. The hoods even brought their fucking mistresses to the fight, all these big blond mamas with mink coats and tits where their brains are supposed to be.

It turns out that young Salvatore was a boxing champ in college and is in terrific shape. I was a pretty good fighter myself as a kid and once sparred with Joe Louis and knocked him down for the count, but his manager hushed it all up and would never give me a chance to fight him legit. But that was a long time ago, and even though I work out now and then I'm not in shape for a fight to the finish.

Just before we're supposed to go on, one of the bosses visits me in my dressing room and makes me an offer to throw the fight, to take a dive. I can't fucking believe it! They can't leave anything alone. They got to put the fix on everything, even a battle of honor. I tell this fucking gangster that he is a Kotex, a cuntrag—that I don't go in the tank for anybody or any kind of money—a fight is a fight.

So we walk into the ring, me and Salvatore, and all the hoopla starts. The ring announcer talks up Salva-

tore and he gets a big hand from the crowd. Then he introduces me and I get a round of boos and anti-Semitic remarks.

Salvatore looks pretty good. He's got the height and the reach and the speed on me. He's twenty-five years younger. I got the experience and the weight. Except most of the weight is around my middle. I figure the only thing to do is go for the quick knockout. If it goes more than fifteen rounds, I'm going to have a hard time.

After a few rounds of feeling each other out, I go into my playing possum act; I let Sal hit me a few and then I give him my combination, my hook off the jab. Thank God I still got a few of the old moves. And sure as shit, Sal goes pop-eyed and wobbles to the canvas. He gets up at the count of eight, a count which takes about a minute and a half. It seems like the referee forgot which number follows which. When the fight resumes, I hit Sal again with a combo and this time he really goes down. Suddenly the bell rings and the round is over, about a minute too early. I think I'm beginning to smell a rat. Something tells me this bout is going to be very hard for me to win unless I find a crowbar and beat Sal to death with it.

Still, I keep trying to put the kid away. But he's got a lot of stamina and he's a real good boxer. Also, he's got a pretty fair punch himself, and he's landing more in each round. I still got a few knockout punches left and manage to floor him in the seventh. This time the referee accuses me of hitting Sal below the belt and orders the round taken away from me while Sal's seconds are dragging him back to the stool and reviving him. By the twelfth round, I am getting a little tired and Sal is picking up the pace. Remember, this is a fight to the finish. There's no limit on how many rounds we box. We go until someone collapses and hopefully drops dead on the spot. By the eighteenth round I'm in bad shape. Back on my stool, I suddenly feel my eyes going blind. Holy H. Shit! One of my fucking seconds rubbed alcohol into my eyes, the oldest fucking trick in the book!

Now I'm staggering around the ring, and everything is a blur. They also must have been shooting Sal full of pep vitamins because he's coming at me like a tiger. He's hitting me with rights and lefts like I was a punching bag. I'm strong as an ox, but by the thirty-fifth round I go down. All of a sudden, the ref starts counting over

me as fast as a tobacco auctioneer, so I pull myself up just before the ten count. I hold on for five more rounds, but by now I thought I'd rather be dead. They got what they wanted—one taxi driver ready for an early grave.

By the thirty-ninth round the crowd is screaming for my blood. My face looks like an open sausage. Sal is hitting me everywhere. My lips have completely disappeared. I can't see. I can't hear. All I can do is feel pain.

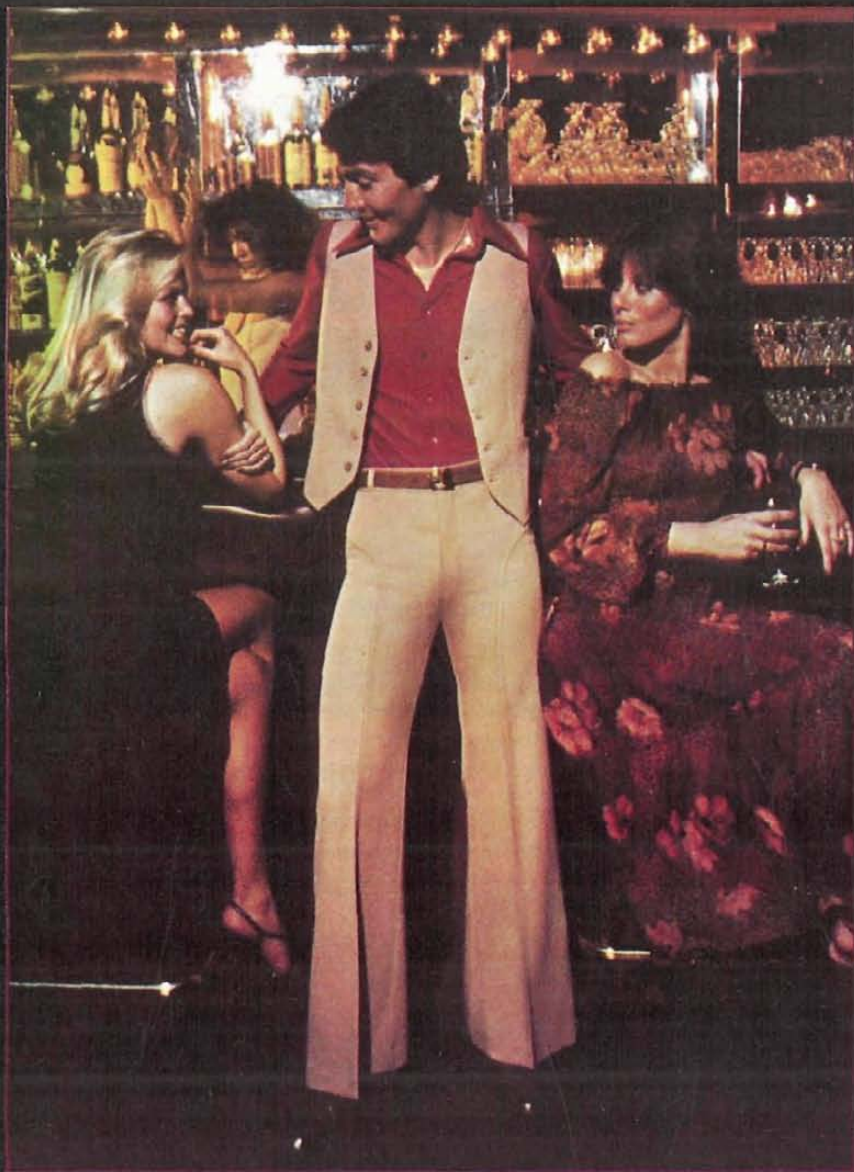
The bell rings for the fortieth. With all the strength I got, I walk over to Bruno Bongaglioni, the boss of bosses, look him right in the eye, and tell him I'm leaving. I'm going home. The whole fucking arena goes dead quiet. I tell Bruno that Sal wins, that he is a good kid. Give him the fight on a TKO. Bruno gets very red in the face, very mad. He screams at me to go back in the ring and fight like a man. Somehow I manage to smile through my bloody face. I put a smear of blood on my gloves and wipe it on Bruno's new white silk shirt. And then I walk down the aisle with my back to him. I walk a few yards and turn around. What can you do to me? I ask him. All you can do is kill me. And I just keep walking until I'm out of the arena. I remember a scene like that from a John Garfield movie I once saw. John was one of my idols and a very dear friend.

No shots rang out. Nobody jumped me from behind. I got myself fixed up by a doctor I know who does very private work. I was out of commission for three and a half months. Later I learned through the grapevine that the ref and the judges awarded the fight to Salvatore. The ref scored it 39-1 and the judges 38-1 and one even, in favor of Salvatore. That was the kind of people I had to deal with. So the Mafia's honor was finally avenged.

To finish off the whole affair, I learn that the mob put Maria into a nunnery for life, and that Salvatore, who never really loved her anyway, started running around with a spade chick who was connected with the black mobsters. Sal ended up with a Boy Scout knife up his *tochis* one night in a bar fight over her.

I still get letters from poor Maria, which she smuggles out of the nunnery. She still loves me and I still love her a little. But not enough to go another forty rounds. No broad is worth it, not even Marilyn Monroe and Brigitte Bardot combined. □





## Ladies' Choice

Women can't keep their eyes — and their hands — off of guys who wear Angels Flight™

Small wonder. Nothing in years has made men look as good.

The fit is so snug and provocative — it's downright sinful.

The feel is positively sensual. The silhouette started the disco look.

The material is dressy gabardine — a welcome relief from jeans, but at about the same price.

So give yourself a competitive edge — get into Angels Flight™ pants, vests and blazers.

Chances are, you'll have to fight the girls off.

**IT'S FORTREL**  
That's all you need to know.

**Angels Flight™**  
Anyway you look at it,  
it's a winner!



DESIGNED BY TIBBIA



## LETTERS

continued from page 8

sit down and read my new book?

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury  
William E. Simon  
c/o McGraw-Hill  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The question that's got us divines tearing the fringes around our bald spots these days is: How many Hell's Angels can dump on the head of a pimp? But I suppose you'll say we're still behind the times.

Chairperson  
Liberal Episcopal Ministers' Women's  
and Lay Lunch Group  
Scotty's Restaurant, N.Y.

Sirs:

How is it that people with liberal arts degrees generally feel that nuclear power presents a hazard to continuing social stability, while people with business and science degrees generally feel tits and asses?

Len Cranapple  
Postal, Vt.

Sirs:

According to my calculations, there are nearly 78,750 tons of homosexuals in New York City.

Prof. Edwin Gleen  
U. of Arizona  
Tucson, Ariz.

Sirs:

More and more, I'm beginning to look like an ugly old broad with a drinking problem. Something must be going around; because Elton just called and said he thinks his tits are growing.

Rod Stewart  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

(Letter withheld by request.)

James W. Kluggle  
342 W. Wagon Wheel Lane  
Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

If I had it to do all over again, I think I'd become a comedian.

David Steinberg  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

You schmucks don't like my film because you don't know what it's like to have a man put his dirty, filthy shlong in you and make you pregnant so you can't wear nice clothes, and then after you've gone through the most unbelievable, horrible, painful experience, your tits hang like

fried eggs on a nail. To women, that's what's funny!

Joan Rivers  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

What am I going to do now that I've retired from the Federal Reserve Board? Well, I think I'll take a shot at getting into Cher's jeans.

Arthur Burns  
Sunset Marquee Hotel  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I've just been going through the rough cut of the *NatLamp* film, *Animal House*, and you know what? I can't make the scene with Diane Keaton and Anne Bancroft work. When Shirley MacLaine and Jane Fonda come in with Travolta, Eastwood, and Pacino, it blows the whole Dustin Hoffman, Jack Lemmon, Nicholson bit, which in turn tips off the Beatles reunion cameo. If you want, I can go through the garbage and recover the Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, and Gene Wilder thing and put that in place of the Linda Ronstadt, Farrah, Bardot lesbian scene. But honestly, I don't think we need any of it.

T.J. Emmers, Editor  
Universal Pictures  
Hollywood, Calif.

P.S. I talked to the Bee Gees and they

were a little pissed off, but nothing terrible. I just told them flat out, "Hey, I don't think the soundtrack album you did helps the picture."

Sirs:

I'm feeling rather whimsical this afternoon, so I thought I might pass along this humorous little experience. For many years, I made a habit of leaving a cheap watch inside of my heart patients. Then, when another physician would have a listen, they'd hear a watch ticking. Funny? I think so.

Christian Barnard  
Johannesburg, South Africa

Sirs:

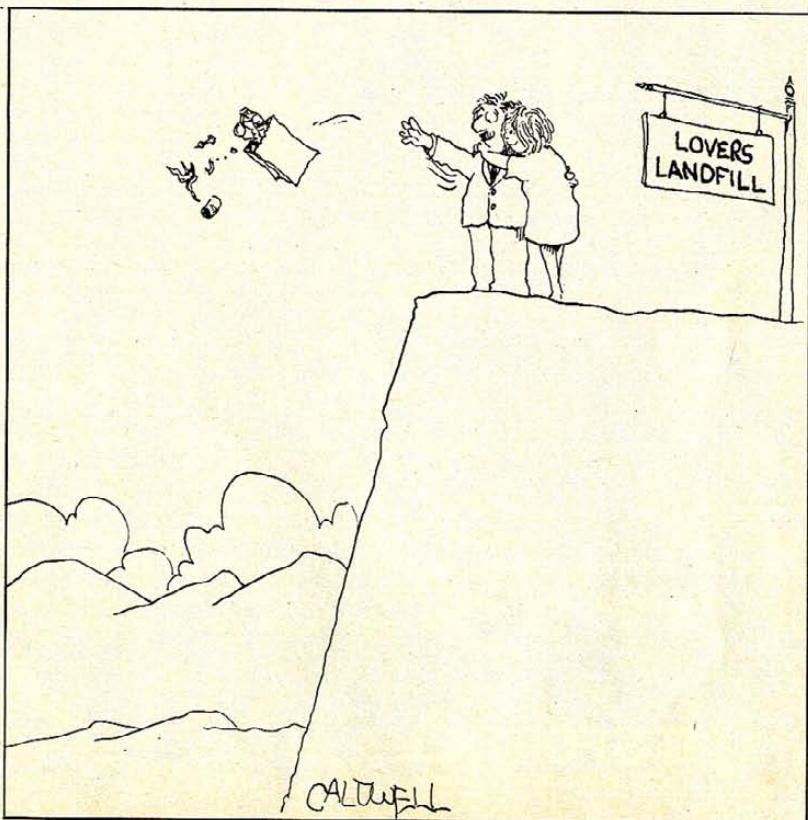
Despite my vast fortune, if there's nobody around, I'll slip under the door of a pay toilet to avoid the 10-cent expenditure. Business is business.

Nelson Rockefeller  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm not doing too good, am I? Boy, I thought it was going to be so easy. I had no doubts that I could do a really good job. But it's hard. I'll level with you—I don't know what the heck's going on at all. Whew! I wish I was back home.

Jimmy Carter  
Washington, D.C.





**“The Sansui AU-717 is a superb amplifier. We like it with no ifs, ands, or buts.”** (Julian Hirsch)  
**It offers “as much circuitry sophistication and control flexibility as any two-piece amplifying system.”**

(Len Feldman)



**Everyone says great things about the new Sansui AU-717, but the experts say it best.**

The Sansui AU-717 DC integrated amplifier is “Sansui’s finest .... It incorporates a fully direct-coupled power amplifier section whose frequency response varies less than +0, -3dB from 0Hz (D.C.) to 200 kHz. The amplifier’s power rating is 85 watts per channel (min, RMS) from 20 to 20,000Hz into 8-ohm loads, with less than 0.025 per cent total harmonic distortion .... If any amplifier is free of Transient Intermodulation Distortion (TIM) or any other slew-rate induced distortion, it is this one .... The slew rate ... was the fastest we have measured on any amplifier, an impressive 60 V/usec.

“The preamplifier section of the AU-717 .... has very impressive specifications for frequency response, equalization accuracy, and noise levels ... The AU-717 has dual power supplies, including separate power transformers, for its two channels ...

[and] exceptionally comprehensive tape-recording and monitoring facilities .... Good human engineering .... separates this unit from some otherwise fine products....

“The Sansui AU-717 is a superb amplifier. We like it with



Julian D. Hirsch, Contributing Editor Stereo Review

no ifs, ands, or buts.” [Reprinted in part from Julian Hirsch’s test report in **Stereo Review**, February, 1978.]

“One clear advantage of DC design is apparent. Even at the low 20Hz extreme, the amplifier delivers a full 92 watts — the same value obtained for midfrequency



Leonard Feldman, Contributing Editor Radio-Electronics

power — compared with its 85 watt rating into 8 ohms....

“The equalization characteristic of the preamplifier was one of the most precise we have ever

measured, with the deviation from

the standard RIAA playback curve never exceeding more than 0.1dB.....

“Sansui claims that this unit has reduced transient intermodulation distortion — a direct result of the DC design, and, indeed, the model AU-717 delivered sound as transparent and clean as any we have heard from an integrated amplifier....

“... worth serious consideration — even by those who prefer separate amplifiers and preamplifiers.” [Reprinted in part from Len Feldman’s test report in **Radio-Electronics**, January, 1978.]

When the experts love it — and say so — you know how the public will react. Don’t miss out. Check your inventory and call your Sansui rep today.

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 Woodside, New York 11377  
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# ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

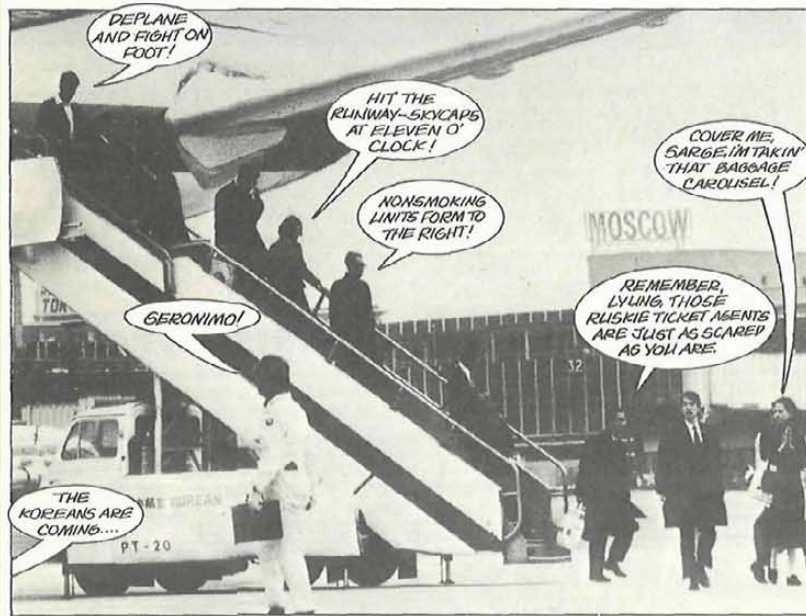
*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),  
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING  
A BAD NAME.**



# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## KOREA INVADES RUSSIA, REVEALS SECRET WEAPON



The recent sneak attack of a Korean "commercial airliner" on the Soviet Union has prompted Korean defense officials to unveil their entire arsenal of disguised weapons.

The incident in question involved the intrusion into Russian air space of a Lockheed DC 10 disguised as a Korean passenger jet, ostensibly en route to Seoul. However, once the craft was shot down and forced to crash land on a frozen Russian lake, its actual use as a medium-range strategic bomber was made manifest.

The jet is capable of cruising at an altitude of 30,000-35,000 feet for up to twelve hours. It can deliver a payload of up to 218 filet mignon or chicken tetrazzini dinners, complete with salad, potatoes au gratin, and green peas garnished

with pearl onions. Auxiliary payloads consisting of a light snack and beverage can be stocked for limited sorties.

In addition, the craft is capable of conducting air-to-surface maneuvers and dropping up to six hundred pieces of Samsonite luggage, cosmetic cases, garment bags, and military-style duffel bags on appropriate targets.

During long-range missions, the bomber's crew can enjoy either of two feature films, numerous magazines, and an intraplane entertainment offering of up to nine different audio programs, ranging from the "big beat" arrangements of "Today's Sound Thing Happening," programmed by a real FM disc jockey, to "Let's Talk Business," featuring hard-thinking in-depth profile-piece features on employee motivation and investment tips.

## Red Before Dead MORO JOINED CAPTORS, ROBBED BANK



Italy has been stunned by the discovery of a recorded announcement made by former Premier Aldo Moro that he had "joined forces" with his Red Brigade kidnappers several weeks before police found him shot to death in Rome.

The announcement was made via a cassette tape found at radio station RLI, a Rome-based noncommercial station allied with the Pacifica radio network. Speaking slowly and in what some experts are calling a "drugged monotone," Moro declared: "Like, it's the pigs who are going to bring down the real terrorism. There will be a class war in this country that will murder thousands of working-class people. The Red Brigade is a force for liberation, and, like, that's what I believe in."

Accompanying the announcement was a photograph of Moro standing before a Red Brigade flag staring defiantly at the camera.

Moro also requested in his announcement that he henceforth be called by his "revolutionary name" Ché. Inspiration for this name is apparently Ernesto "Ché" Guevara, the Bolivian guerrilla leader and freedom fighter.

*continued*



continued

Italy-watchers in Washington speculate that this turn of affairs may be connected in some way with reports of a man resembling Moro seen holding clerks at gunpoint at Banco Internazionale Roma in Rome, and at another time, spraying the front of a sporting goods store in Milan with machine gun fire.

Moro's parents, Garrio and Maryo Tylero, declined comment. They are presently in seclusion at the Moro estate in the mountains near Florence.

## Betty Ford on Drugs and Alcohol: "...I Can Smile About It Now"



"COUPLA PRESIDENTS' WINES WALK INTO A BAR... THEY SAY, 'GIVE US SOME BARBITURATES AND A BLUNCH OF COOKING SHERRY!' BARTENDER GIVES IT TO 'EM AND SEZ, 'THAT'LL BE FIFTY BUCKS! THEY PAY AND HE SEZ, 'DON'T SEE MANY PRESIDENTS' WINES IN HERE.' AND THE PRESIDENTS' WINES SAY, 'AND AT THESE PRICES, YOU WONT SEE MANY MORE!' NO, BUT SERIOUSLY..."

## Court Turns Down Hearst Plea



"THEY'VE PLIT MY COMPLEXION IN SOLITARY."

The Supreme Court has refused to review a request by Patricia Hearst allowing the convicted heiress to have a hair dryer and Skin Machine (a face-scrubbing device) in her prison cell when she begins serving time in a Federal prison.

Only Justice William J. Brennan voted to allow Miss Hearst to have the hair dryer and face cleaner. "Is Miss Hearst supposed to go seven years without doing her hair properly or getting her skin really clean?" he wrote in a dissenting opinion.

Miss Hearst and her family will appeal to a close friend of the Hearst family, who has connections inside the government.

## "Son of Sam" .45 Killer Deemed Competent Seeks Jury of His Peers for Trial



"NINE VOTES FOR ACQUITTAL AND THREE TO CONVICT! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE! YAAHHH!"

"GUILTY! YAAH-HAH!"

"NOT GUILTY! YAAAHH!"

"I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE TRANSCRIPT AGAIN! AH-YAAHH!"

"CALL THE BAILIFF! I WANT TO TELEPHONE MY GOLDFISH! YAH-HAAH!"

David Berkowitz, the alleged ".44 caliber killer" also known as "Son of Sam," has been found competent to stand trial for murder.

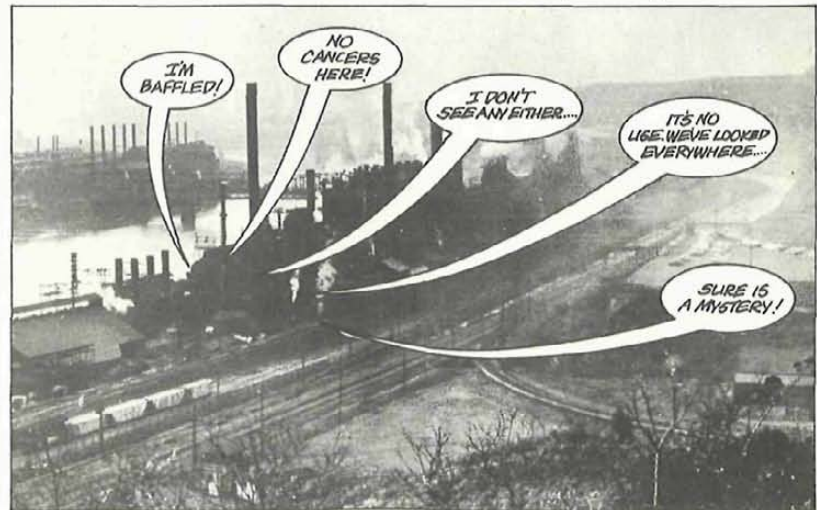
The decision of a New York judge surprised many, but Bronx District Attorney John Littell expressed satisfaction at the ruling.

"A man is not necessarily insane simply because he kills six people, writes inco-

herent letters threatening his neighbors, and claims to receive telepathic messages from a dog," he noted.

Berkowitz will stand trial for murder before a jury of his peers, toward which end the New York court has begun its search for twelve men and women who write on their bedroom walls and claim to converse with extraterrestrials via their landlords' pets.

## New Jersey "Cancer School" Mystery Persists



"I'M BAFLED!"

"NO CANCERS HERE!"

"I DON'T SEE ANY EITHER..."

"IT'S NO LIKE WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE..."

"SURE IS A MYSTERY!"

While medical researchers continue to search for the cause of a rash of leukemia cases at a Rutherford, New Jersey, high school, a group of local business and industry leaders conducted their own "brief but thorough" inspection tour of the school. Their findings, delivered by Arnold J. Newman, president of the New Jersey Vinyl Chloride and Asbestos Particle

Producers Association, did little to advance the investigation. "We looked everywhere," Newman told a press conference, "under desks and in old gym lockers, and we just didn't see a thing. This committee is forced to conclude that these kids, who represent all of our investment in tomorrow's America, just got sick, the way kids sometimes do."



# ANYONE WHO REMEMBERS THE NATIONAL LAMPOON HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK AND LAUGHS WILL WANT TO HAVE A COPY OF NATIONAL LAMPOON'S SUNDAY NEWSPAPER PARODY.

The publishers, editors, and writers who brought you the *High School Yearbook* parody, the most popular special edition of a men's magazine ever published, now bring you the perfect satire of everybody's Sunday newspaper, with major news articles, hometown features and news, syndicated and local columns—including gossip, homemaking, advice to the lovelorn, and political commentary—the Sunday funnies, a Sunday syndicated magazine section, a hometown advertising supplement, and a hometown living supplement.

A treasure to keep, read, and reread, right along with your *High School Yearbook* parody.

Limited edition, with protective cover, folded and in shrink-wrap, \$4.95.

*Harper's* magazine called the *High School Yearbook* parody, "The greatest work of collective writing since the King James Bible."



Here's the greatest work of parody since the *High School Yearbook* parody.

Because of the cost of producing this parody, which was nearly two years in the creating, it will be distributed only to select outlets. It is very possible that you will not be able to find it in your area, but you can purchase it now through this advertisement.

National Lampoon, Dept. NL-778

635 Madison Ave.

New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(s) of *National Lampoon's Sunday Newspaper Parody*. Each copy is \$4.95, which covers postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

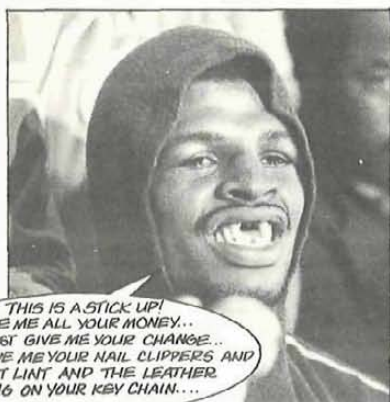
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## Champ's Crime Spree Spurs Concern



THIS IS A STICK UP!  
GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY...  
NO, JUST GIVE ME YOUR CHANGE...  
NO, NO, GIVE ME YOUR NAIL CLIPPERS AND  
POCKET LINT AND THE LEATHER  
THING ON YOUR KEY CHAIN...

Heavyweight boxing champion Leon Spinks was arrested and jailed last week on charges that he attempted to defraud an insurance company of 75 cents. According to investigators, Spinks obtained a policy covering the contents of his apartment on June 15, and three days later intentionally set fire to a plastic bowl. He subsequently filed a claim for the value of the bowl with the insurer, whose experts called Spinks's account that the bowl "was on the stove boiling water when vandals broke in and burned it" inconsistent in certain areas.

Spinks was later released on his own recognizance, only to be detained by the FBI the following day for illegal use of a nontransferable credit card. The champion allegedly used the card, which belongs to a companion, to purchase \$1.35 worth of cherry Cokes and candy bars at various soda fountains around the country.

Aside from the financial and emotional damage Spinks has suffered, authorities are also concerned about the effect the champion's behavior is having on the millions of people who look up to him as a model for their lives.

One especially loyal Spinks fan, a college finance major, pulled off a 35-cent stock swindle, while another fan smuggled \$1.10 worth of heroin into the United States and sold it for \$1.25—all examples of the "new type of crime" police and prosecutors attribute directly to Spinks's impact on American society.

## New Prohibition Laws for India

Following the implementation of laws to forbid drinking in India, Prime Minister Morarji R. Desai has asked the Indian congress to pass further prohibitory legislation to ban eating there. Desai considers a ban on eating to be an important step in bringing modern India into step with the aesthetic and philosophical principles of that country's founding father, the late Mahatma Gandhi. The ban is also expected to help solve India's chronic shortage of food.

## U.S. Government Paid to Have Killer Poison Sprayed on Mexican Marijuana

### H.E.W. Warns of Similar Treatment on Other Imports

H.E.W. Secretary Joseph Califano issued a warning to the nation's estimated fifteen million marijuana smokers that Mexican marijuana treated with Paraquat, a deadly weed killer, is currently in circulation in the United States.

The chemical, which is fatal in extremely small doses, has been sprayed on Mexican marijuana crops at American expense since 1975. The unusual program was apparently implemented as a means of reducing America's large trade deficit by slowing the flow of imported marijuana from Mexico.

Meanwhile, unconfirmed reports that other imported goods might be similarly "treated" continue to circulate. Industry insiders have told of tiny devices which emit dangerous sonic waves being placed inside Japanese appliances by U.S. government agents. The devices emit sounds which are inaudible to the human ear but are of such high frequencies that they can cause human skin to separate from flesh. "We're starting to see cases of people who are watching TV one moment, minding their own business, and the next thing, wham, their skin falls off," one unnamed H.E.W. source said.

Health officials have also issued warnings regarding pineapples imported from the Philippines, the principal supplier of pineapples to this nation's fruit canning industry. According to the warnings, a percentage of the pineapples may have been dipped in a solution consisting of spinal meningitis viruses in a syrup-like suspension. Industry spokesmen did not deny the reports, but reminded the public that such viruses were likely to be present in only a tiny percentage of cans, and were present in the environment anyway.

The nation's toy industry has been moved to employ a public relations firm in its efforts to calm those alarmed by reports of explosive jelly packed inside dolls manufactured in Korea. A new advertising campaign, while not denying the existence of the U.S. government-sponsored program, emphasizes the fact that a gently handled doll will probably not explode. One new commercial uses the tag line, "Rough play can hurt. Be a careful mommy to your doll!"

As for the marijuana, Secretary Califano advised users to be on the lookout for the telltale signs of Paraquat treatment. "If you have trouble breathing, and it is followed by the coughing up of blood followed by sudden death from respiratory paralysis, be advised that you are probably dealing with marijuana that has been treated, and as such is not safe."

## Red Brigades Broaden Terrorist Attacks

### Another Shot in the Leg for Italian Auto Industry

A middle management employee of the Fiat Motor Company has become the eleventh victim of an attack on an auto industry executive to date. Sergio Palmieri, a union relations officer with the company in Turin, was shot in the legs as he walked to the bus stop on his way to work. The Red Brigade, the extremist organization responsible for the kidnapping and subsequent assassination of former premier Aldo Moro, claimed responsibility for the attack.

A communiqué sent to various newspapers explained the recent targeting of lower-level employees: "We feel confident that the people will sympathize with our revolutionary plight. We have neither the time nor the personnel to go chasing after the big shots in their fast cars with their bodyguards, and besides, it's dangerous," the message stated. There were additional hints of a plan to shoot everybody in Italy in the left foot as they walked to the bus stop on their way to work, and threats that the people would turn on "the powerful oppressors who take care to protect themselves who are causing this turn of events."

## Governor's Veto Sustained

### Death Penalty Loses Close Fight in New York State



BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE!!

WHEW!

YOU SAID IT!

WELL, LET'S GET BACK TO KILLING OLD PEOPLE AND POLICEMEN.

## New U.S. African Policy

The Carter administration has announced the formulation of a new foreign policy for the U.S. in Africa. The broad outlines of the new policy, which is largely the brainchild of National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, will reportedly consist of giving massive military support for Cuba and turning the whole continent over to Communists.



# WOULD YOU PAY HALF A CENT FOR A GOOD LAUGH?



Cost per laugh, newsstand price.



Cost per laugh, subscription price.

That's how much it would cost if you subscribed to the *National Lampoon* instead of buying it at the full newsstand price. We'll explain how we arrived at this figure. There are usually 60 pages of humorous material in every issue. An independent testing company performed an experiment in which it was determined that the average *National Lampoon* reader laughs two and a half times per page, or 150 laughs per issue.\* If you divide 150 laughs into \$1.50, our newsstand price, you come up with just about one penny per laugh. If you divide 150 laughs into our subscription price of 83 cents per issue, you come up with roughly a half a cent.

A *half a cent per laugh*. And if you bought a two- or three-year subscription, you'd be paying practically nothing for your laughs! In these times of overpriced, overrated entertainment, the black humor and brilliant satire of the *National Lampoon* is one of the last true values for your hard-earned but declining dollar. Get your subscription now before the rates go up or your dollar goes down even more!

\*A cross-section of typical readers were given a year's worth of magazines to read. Their laughter was recorded and tabulated and a mean average number of laughs per page was determined. The findings did not include chuckles, inner laughs, smiles, and smirks. The laugh figure

per page also took in the lower ELA (Estimated Laugh Average) figures of California and Canadian readers. In short, the experiment came up with a very conservative figure. Most *National Lampoon* readers laugh even more than that.

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## Photorama PICTURE NEWS



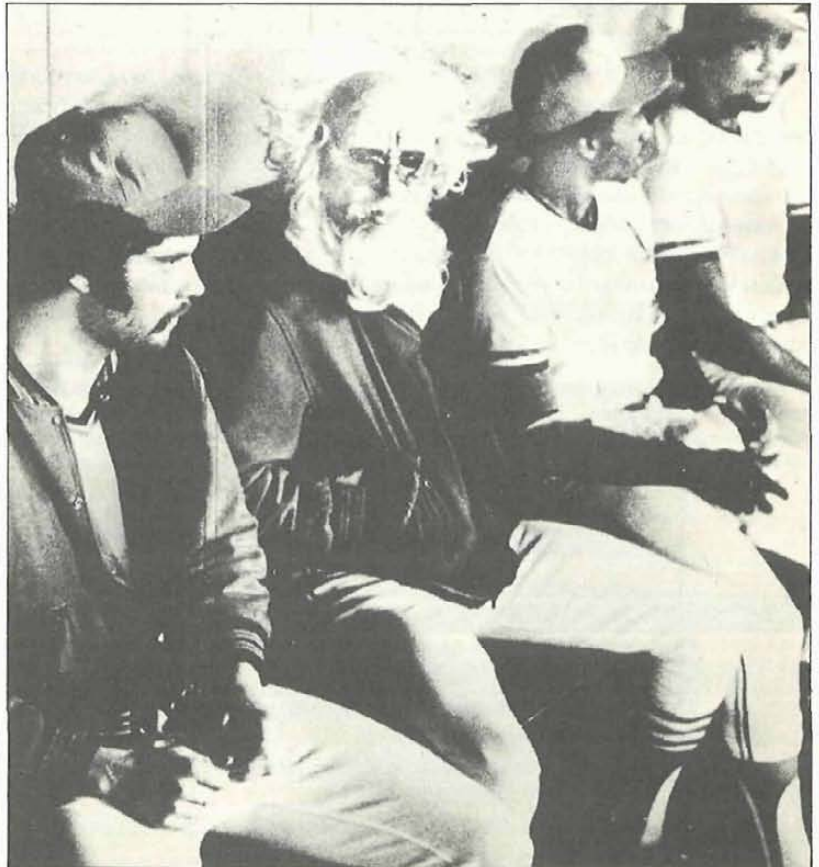
**Catalina Island, California** The crew of the *Lazy Betsy* examines the 162-pound Paul Newman, their prize catch in the first annual Catalina Celebrity Fishing Tournament. Bait used was Perrier with a twist of lime.



**Birmingham, England** The Labor Party in Birmingham has won a heated battle over their proposal to legalize opium dens in that city. The first public opium den opened to a capacity crowd of 119,000, with eager smokers lined up for blocks outside. Free instruction is provided by resident Chinese. "Life is a bloody bore here, and our country has no future anyway," said Maida Vale, a Birmingham foundry worker. "Opium is the opium of the people, is what I say," she said.



**Toledo, Ohio** A crazed sixty-two-year-old dentist named Harlow Creel was apprehended by Toledo police after stealing samples from the Toledo Veterans Hospital artificial limb bank and stuffing them into holes in the ground. Luckily, all the limbs were recovered, and Creel was released on \$1,000 bail.



**Moscow, Russia** Serge Ouspensky, the world's oldest baseball player, relaxes with his teammates, the Moscow Vlads. Ouspensky is 109 years old and still covers his share of ground in left field. (There are three left fields in Russian baseball. No right or center.) Ouspensky claims that the secret of his longevity is that he rubs yogurt all over his body. He has never eaten a single mouthful.



# The book behind the movie behind the magazine...



First you read *Dr. Zhivago*...then you saw the movie.  
First you saw the movie...then you read the Ten Commandments.  
Frankly, we don't care which you see or read first...as long as you see:

## **National Lampoon's Animal House**

and read:

## **National Lampoon's Animal House Book**

Written by Chris Miller, from the original screenplay by Harold Ramis,  
Douglas Kenney and Chris Miller

The most unusual movie book ever published....

With...

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Shary Flenniken/Gahan Wilson/Warren Sattler/Charles White

Wayne McLoughlin/Boris Vallejo/Mara McAfee/Randall Enos

and others

...comic strip sequences that pick up and tell part of the story in picture form

...color photos of the cast, including John Belushi, Tim Matheson,

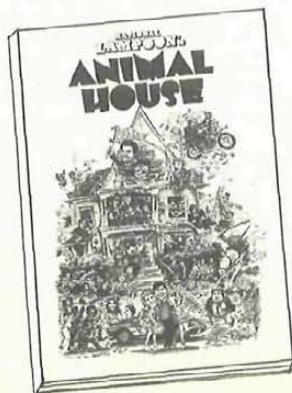
Donald Sutherland, and even writer-actors Kenney and Miller

...color and black and white action shots from the movie and from location  
shooting at the University of Oregon

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PEAR NATIONAL LAMPOO-DOO!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
TO YOOOOOOOOO!!



HI, BOYS!  
SO NICE TO BE HERE  
FOR THIS SPECIAL HUNDRETH-  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE.



REMEMBER  
THE GOOD OL' DAYS?  
EACH MONTH ANOTHER SEXY  
FOTO FUNNY TO SLAM  
THE HAM TO?



OF COURSE,  
UNCLE PT'S BEEN "CLEANING  
THINGS UP" AROUND HERE HE FEELS  
IT'S HIGH TIME THE MAGAZINE  
"GREW UP."



BLIT BECAUSE  
I LIKE YOU AND THAT  
GREAT BULGE I SEE FORMING,  
EVEN NOW, IN THE CROTCH OF YOUR  
TROUSERS- I'VE TALKED HIM INTO  
RUNNING ONE OF OUR UN-  
PUBLISHED CLASSICS,  
JUST THIS ONCE.



SO GAZE  
INTO MY CRYSTAL  
GLOBE, INTO THE LONG  
GONE DAYS OF DUSTY  
YESTERYEAR....



SEE ME  
THERE? I'M WAITING  
FOR MY OLD MAN TO  
COME HOME....



CONTINUED ON PAGE 52





# *“Real’s got strong taste. More like a high tar.”*

I earned this smoke. If you’ve ever made a high-speed dune run you know what I mean. Rich strong taste is what you want. That’s satisfaction. That’s Real. Yet it’s low tar. They blended it differently, I guess. More of the good natural stuff. You want a smoke that earns its way on taste? Try a Real.



**Only  
9 mg. tar.**

***The strong tasting low tar.***

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



## Stability of Western Democracies May Be at Stake, Say Authorities

### Writerist Attacks Continue

Recent reports in London's Sunday Times linking author Frederick Forsyth with attempts to stage a full-scale coup in Africa have set off a spate of similar revelations regarding other authors.

The original story in the Times revealed that Forsyth had paid a Scottish mercenary nearly \$240,000 to organize and equip a team of soldiers who would overthrow President Nguema of Equatorial Guinea. The plan conforms closely to the plot of the best-selling Forsyth thriller, *The Dogs of War*, which was purportedly a work of fiction.

Since that account appeared in print, numerous others have offered additional instances in which fiction writers have attempted to realize their novelistic plots.

The first to step forward was Basil "Piggy" Snelgrove, a diffident clerk from Brighton, who claims to have been marooned on a desert island, along with the rest of his preparatory school class, by author William Golding in 1962. According to Mister Snelgrove, the author remained on the island in a heavily-guarded camp while making daily notations on the gradual disintegration of the starving school-

boys, whose lapse into savagery and attempted cannibalism was chronicled in Mr. Golding's highly regarded novel, *The Lord of the Flies*.

More recently, a retired Pan American World Airways pilot named Chuck Bryant has told the press of a proposal made to him by American author Arthur Hailey. Mr. Hailey is alleged to have offered the pilot \$50 to fly a fully loaded jumbo jet into a restaurant at Kennedy airport at the time that the writer was working on his best-selling novel of airport disaster, *Airport*.

These and other revelations have sparked a heated debate on the concept of an author's "research." With thrillers about nuclear devastation and political assassination becoming more and more commonplace, few are willing to support critic Bernard Bernard's contention that "no matter who is hurt and regardless of how history is changed, an author's field work is sacrosanct—be it snooping around junk shops or taking potshots at premiers."

Even critic Bernard has been reluctant to support the latest person to become embroiled in the controversy, author Cornelius Ryan. Recent reports suggest that the author of *The Longest Day* used his considerable influence to escalate plans for the allied D-day invasion of France during World War II. "Ryan felt," said a family spokesman, "that the initial

plan was conservative and drab, and that there was little point in mounting an invasion that could be characterized as only "A Quite Long Day."

In any case, London has not heard the last of this season's most unlikely literary scandal.

### New Carter Inflation Plan

President Carter has presented the American public with a final, revised version of his voluntary inflation-fighting program, which he advises will raise the value of the dollar, cut the cost of living, increase real income, stimulate productivity, and guarantee full employment. The five-point plan is described by White House specialists as a careful homogenization and refinement of earlier "grass roots" approaches, fully "tweaked, oiled, and bug-free." According to Carter, citizens should voluntarily follow these easy and simple suggestions:

1. *Cookies for Capital.* Housewives and children can hold bake sales to raise money for industry. Examples: (a) Borrow 30 cents from a bank to make a dozen cookies. Sell the cookies for 50 cents, then buy 50 cents worth of stock in a company. Pay off your loan with the dividends from the stock. (b) Spend 30 cents of your own money to make a dozen cookies to sell for 50 cents, then buy an

**Aftate**

FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT  
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS.

FOR JOCK ITCH  
KILLS JOCK ITCH FUNGUS.

**Aftate**  
FOR Athlete's Foot

**Aftate**  
FOR Jock Itch

**Aftate**  
FOR Jock Itch

**KILLS FUNGUS ON CONTACT**



industry a capital item it might need, such as a Bessemer converter.

2. *Buy Now and Save.* Direct all of your money to the marketplace, then give your purchases to a bank to save for you. Example: you buy a refrigerator for \$200, then put your refrigerator in the bank. The bank sells it and uses the money to finance other purchases by you and other citizens. You may pay off such a loan with the interest you earn on the fridge.

3. *Be a Deficit Detective.* Keep an eye out for dollars that leave the country. For every one you discover, send a dollar to an American company. Example: you discover your neighbor has bought \$10 worth of gasoline. Your investigation reveals 60 percent of it was made from foreign materials, so you take action by forwarding \$6 to a domestic industry.

President Carter expressed confidence Americans will act promptly to implement his plan.

### **New Jersey Legislature Weighs Minority Rights**

### **Partial Ban on Everything Urged**

Legislation recently introduced in New Jersey requiring that restaurants reserve at least 25 percent of their floor space for nonsmokers has had far-reaching consequences.

New bills have been proposed requiring that all bars reserve at least 25 percent of their stool space for nondrinkers of alcoholic beverages; also that gaming tables (for roulette, blackjack, and poker) in Atlantic City casinos reserve at least one-third their space for nongamblers.

In addition, New Jersey legislative committees are currently considering proposals which would require the setting aside of at least 10 percent of all prison space for noncriminals, 15 percent of all seats aboard passenger jets for non-flyers, and 12 percent of all cemetery space for people still living.

### **Justice Dept. to Investigate FBI**

The FBI is reportedly investigating Justice Department officials concerning their use of allegedly illegal wiretaps and burglaries during the Justice Department's investigation of FBI agents who are demonstrating against actions taken by the Justice Department against the FBI for the FBI's use of illegal wiretaps and burglaries. Attorney General Bell defended his department's use of extralegal procedures on grounds the protesting FBI agents are too sophisticated to be investigated by conventional methods. However, the FBI has claimed the Justice Department is equally sophisticated, and consequently forcing FBI agents to resort to surreptitious investigatory methods of its own. The Justice Department plans to investigate.



## **DON'T INTERRUPT LIFE'S GREAT PERFORMANCES.**

With the new AKAI GXC-730D, great moments in music aren't shattered by those not-so-great moments in cassette rewinding and flipping.

Instead, a bi-directional GX record/playback head allows you to play both sides continuously. Automatically.

But the fact that the GXC-730D is the most versatile front-loading cassette deck on the market is just the beginning. It's also loaded with some pretty fantastic features.

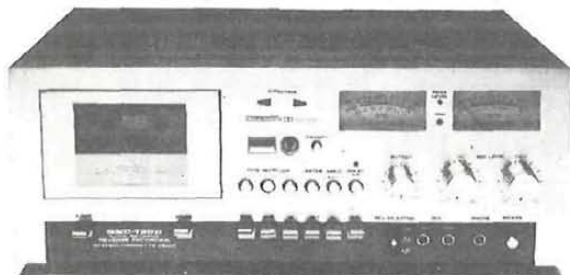
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Pause control. Separate right and left channel record level controls. Soft touch, direct function operating controls. Peak level indicator. Illuminated VU meters. And all the specs you'd expect an AKAI top performer to deliver.

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# **AKAI**

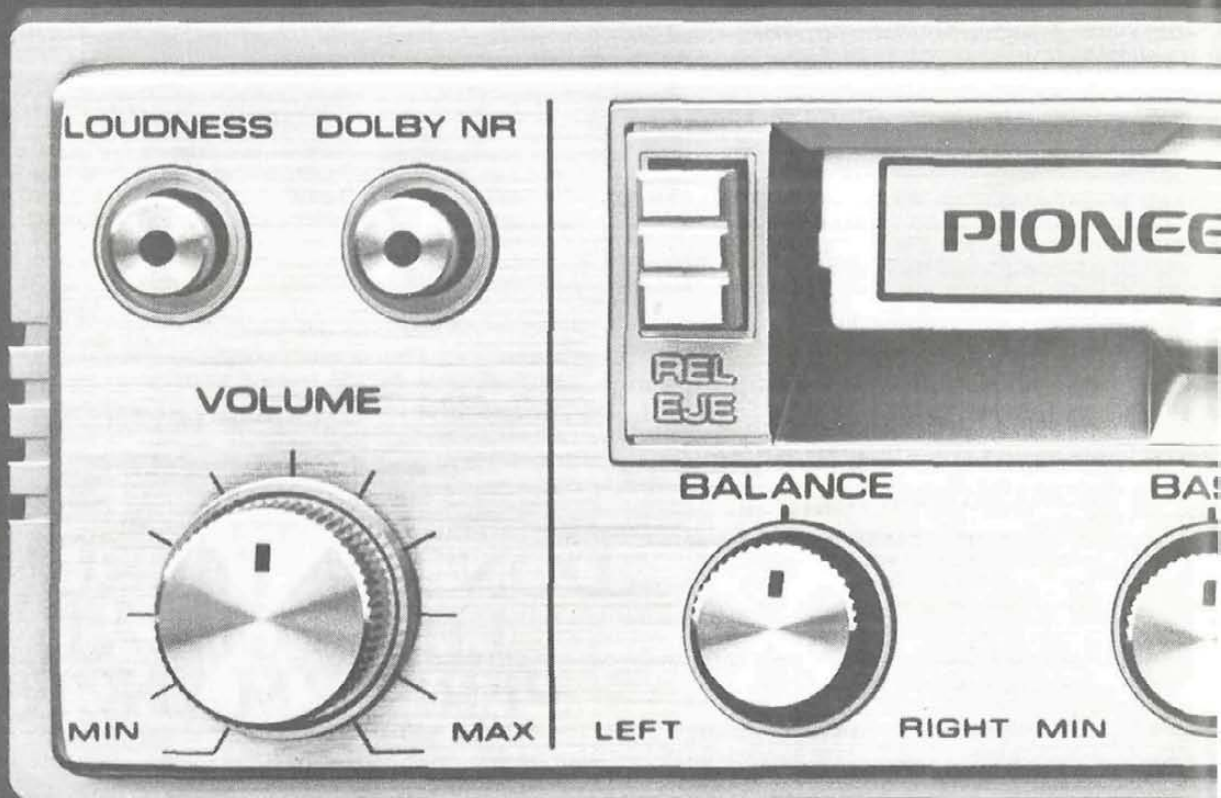
\*Dolby Labs. Ltd.



ART COLLECTORS:

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





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COMPONENT  
CAR STEREO  
WORTHY  
OF THE NAME.**

Worthy of the name, "component."

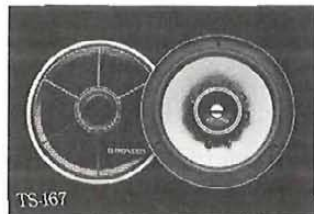
Worthy of the name, "Pioneer."

The first car tape deck that sounds like something straight out of a recording studio. With all the realism you could want.

What you're looking at here, is our *Supersystem* KP-88G cassette deck pre-amp with Dolby® noise reduction. With signal-to-noise of 60dB (Dolby on). With wow and flutter less than 0.13% (WRMS).

And when you power it with one of our GM-40 power amplifiers and hear it through our TS-167 speakers you get more than





great specs. You get great sound.

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# A Fourth of July Garland of Parodies

by Ellis Weiner and Danny Abelson

IT IS INDEED lamentable that when a great cultural institution celebrates its jubilee, thought is given only to the paying of homage and delivery of tribute to the celebrant. We regard the occasion of our own hundredth anniversary as an opportunity to set right this customary wrong by offering up to our readers a little something of our own. Here, then, without further preamble, is a modest but heartfelt anniversary gift. From us, to you.







## How to Rave About Your Own Life

(By the author of *Fear of Failure*)  
by Erica Junk

"I'm amanuensis to the Zeitgeist," I said to Bennett.

"That's nice," he said patiently, reading his journal.

The prick! Jealous of me, of my fame, of my success. I hated him, and yet...at least, I know I disrespected him. At least, I think I did. Why? (Why did I think I did? Why couldn't I just know? Are women different from men because they have husbands, whereas men have wives? A rhetorical question.)

So I talked to my friends about it. Yet the *guilt* I felt was *incredible!* This wasn't someone *else* feeling guilt! It was *me!* Me, with my own personal past and fears and Jewishness and womanness. My friends were sympathetic—oh, sure, easy for them, now that I was a famous woman writer and all.

Jeffrey: "Let's have an affair, Erica."

Me: "You mean now? But we're friends. I'm famous, certainly. I'm a woman, I freely confess to that 'sin'. I'm a writer, that goes without saying."

Jeffrey: "So what you're telling me is that you're a famous woman writer. You have a cunt, and a little booklet of Ko-Rec-Type and all. Is that the point of all this?"

Me (petulantly): "I don't *know!*"

Dear Reader, it isn't that great being famous. I should know. I live with that fickle houseguest, Fame. You see, it just so happened that I wrote a book about a woman with an Oriental married name who goes and does things and has sex and discovers that she's a woman who can do things and have sex. And... twelve billion women responded! I was truly shocked. The thought just had never occurred to me that twelve billion women all had Oriental married names and went and did things. (Why? Why do women do things? Is it because life makes them? What is life, then? Is it what we do, or who we are? What are we doing? And why?)

So my friends weren't much help. Oh, sure, I went to the literary luncheons and book promotions and autograph signings and played the part of the famous woman writer. But it didn't *change* anything! I still was a poetess. I

still had an Oriental psychiatrist husband. (Did I tell you that Bennett was Chinese? He is.) (In the novel, I mean, the novel I wrote. Or rather, this one, the one I'm writing now, the one *after* the one that made me famous and a woman and a writer.) (Does it matter that he's Chinese? I mean in real life? Or is this real life? No, this is a *novel*. Isn't it?)

That was just the point: I didn't *know*. (Query: Why don't women know? Because they are famous? Or because they're writers? Or because their husbands are Chinese psychiatrists?) God, I wish Leonardo da Vinci were here to help me with all this! Or Keats or Lawrence or Whitman, or any other of my famous peers.

Then I spoke to my agent. God, you *know* what she's like. Rude, pushy, vulgar, self-centered, dishonest—and yet I found myself obeying her every command! Then again, in spite of all her *kvetching* and *nudging* and *hocking* and *draying mein kopf* with her *mishegoss* and *meshuggeneh bobbe-mysehs*... I guess I loved her. (Why?)

So I went to Hollywood and had some writer-type insights about how plastic and Alice-in-Wonderland it all is. You know what I mean? And then I met Josh, who had a big cock and was under thirty, and therefore honest.

There we were, in my hotel room (Beverly Wilshire) sipping wine (white) and nibbling caviar (black), when he turned to me and said, "Listen, I want to fuck you. What did you call it...a zippy fuck...?"

I scowled. (I hate being misquoted, like many famous writers such as myself.) "Zipless," I said.

But he refused to heed anything, and in a second had stripped both myself and himself of our Bloomingdale's finery (Bullocks, in his case). Then suddenly he was eating me with arduous ardor, looking up and saying, "You have the best cunt in the world." Oh God, I thought, He's so *honest!* And yet still I couldn't come. Why?

"I need to hear it," I begged shamelessly. "Tell me" (I herewith apologize to all my sister feminists for this crass betrayal of the Code. I needed to hear it!) "Tell me again. Please."

He looked up and smiled. "All right," he said sweetly, the odor of my sexual juices rising around us like a tree.

"You're famous, Erica. You're a famous woman writer. Just like Mary Shelley. Just like Simone De Beauvoir. Colette, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Virginia

Woolf, and you. You have a writing desk you like to talk about. You do things that writers do. You drop coy references to your typewriter. Henry Miller loves you. Other famous people write blurbs for your paperback editions—even Anthony Burgess, who should know better. You can complain how terrible it is to be a writer. You can use the word *writer* ten times in every paragraph you write. It's really true. You're a famous woman writer."

And then I came, every fiber of my being shuddering as though it were about to burst, and I came and came and came.

E.W.



## A Book of Common Hair

by Joan Librion

I don't think I have ever known a woman for whom the subject of coiffure was as charged as it was for Carla Perkins. She had not always thought about her hair. It was just her hair. Period. In any case, she had known then that she could not "think" about her "hair" even if she had wanted to. At first.

"Think about your hair, don't think about your hair," said Toda, who was dying of an obscure cancer. "I'm only telling you what matters to me, and what matters to me is not whether or not you think about your hair."

When he said this she stared at the floor and contemplated driving to a small nightclub near Oxnard. Women like Carla Perkins were always contemplating driving to a small nightclub near Oxnard. A dingy, depressing place where the air conditioning was fierce and you never had to think about your hair.

"Jesus, Carla, I'm sick of this shit," said Toda, and she felt a wave of warm feelings swell up from deep within her. An absurd tenderness. She placed her cold hand over his and thought about what the prime minister had eaten for breakfast at the palace. The morning the bomb exploded. The day they found his ear pinned to the oak paneling. A tuft of hair still attached.

Once, in New York, a pimply girl handed her a leaflet advertising the opening of a new beauty salon. Later she thought about why she had accepted the handout. Later she also thought about



when she had first seen her second husband using hedge clippers for the first time, and how she had driven the convertible into the Laundromat and mailed the baby to Arizona.

When she glanced down at the leaflet something snapped in her, and she started walking south. She knew after something snapped in her that she would not be able to stop walking once she had started. She walked downtown, into the tunnel leading out of New York, and continued south through the cluttered length of New Jersey. She did not think of stopping. Only of the photograph of the woman with the new hairstyle whose smile presumably evoked the satisfaction of money well spent.

She called from somewhere in South Carolina. She could not remember where it had been or whom she had been calling. It was characteristic of the incidents in Carla Perkins's life that she could not remember the specific coordinates that would locate the event in space or time. As she stood in the phone booth waiting for the phone at the other end to be picked up, she had what she thought was the first clear thought she had had for days. She thought that her whole life had been a series of decisions about her hair.

"I think that my whole life has been a series of decisions about my hair," she said when the phone was answered.

"Hello?" said a neutral voice at the other end. "Can I help you?..."

She stood with the phone in her hand, silent. She remembered later thinking that the disembodied voice came from the absolute still center of the universe, and that the question it posed was the most pointedly beautiful and heartbreaking thing she had ever heard.

After she hung up she bought a Coke, rented a car, and drove to Oregon, where she had once had a miscarriage or blacked out in a plastic lampshade factory. She wasn't sure which. It was in the nature of her kind of life that she could not be sure whether it was a fainting spell or a miscarriage at the beginning of the end of a marriage that drew her across the vast expanse of a continent.

In Oregon she checked into a motel and pulled the shades and sat on the edge of the bed for two days without turning on the television set. She did not turn it on because she was afraid of being bored. She was afraid of being bored because she knew that if she became bored she would start crying or bleeding and not be able to stop. She wasn't sure which, but she knew that if she did ei-

ther for long enough she would start thinking about her hair and that would remind her of her illness. The illness she was dying from. Such were the frail strands of causality from which her life was woven.

On the third day, Simon rang the doorbell.

"I'm dying of a terrible disease. A fatal one," she said to him, in a tone that sounded artificial even to her own ears.

"We all are, princess," he said, smiling, and she knew it was true. She knew that all of them—Jean, Baxter, Simon, Toda, and herself. They were all dying of specific, frightening diseases. Alcoholism, cancer, missed opportunities. She had never even thought about it before. She had thought only about her hair, and how her father used to run his fingers through it when she was little.

Simon smiled.

Carla twirled a strand of her hair between two fingers, and started to cry.

"Split," said Carla, tears falling down her cheeks, thinking about her life and all of their lives and her hair.

"Ends," said Simon, still smiling.

D.A.



## Crudline by Sheldon Sidney

"This is Sardinia," said lean, dark, brooding, intense, handsome, brilliant, muscular, mysterious, attractive Rhys Williams. "Its capital is Cagliari."

Elizabeth Roffe looked at this person, this man. "Yes," she heard herself saying. "Its population is about a million and a half."

Rhys Williams grinned suddenly, and thought about the huge pharmaceutical company that Elizabeth's crusty, brilliant, irascible father had run before dying mysteriously, if in fact it had been mysterious. Well, he thought, she is as beautiful and brilliant and youthful and intelligent and blond as her father had been influential and powerful and single-minded and ruthlessly efficient yet with a hidden tender side that few ever saw.

"Let's have a meeting in Zurich," he said, and she nodded.

"I want to thank you all for coming," she said to those assembled around the conference table. She looked at them, the men who ran Roffe and Sons. Sir Alec Nichols, the English M.P. with the tarty wife who spoke in an authentic-sounding Cockney accent just like in *My Fair Lady*. Charles Martel, the spineless

simp married to a ruthless and sadistic woman who beat him each night with a fireplace poker, yet who refused to leave her. Ivo Palazzi, who not only ran the Italian branch of Roffe and Sons on a full-time basis, but kept a wife and a mistress with three children by each, and wondered why his life was so chaotic. Walther Gassner, who was insane, or perhaps it was his wife who was insane, or perhaps it was both, or perhaps—just perhaps—neither.

Rhys Williams looked at Elizabeth looking at the others and thought: Zurich is a city in Switzerland. Some proper nouns associated with it are *Spreitenbach*, *Sainte-Blaise*, and *Costa Smeralda*.

"I want you to teach me how to run a multinational pharmaceutical company with subdivisions involved in producing and marketing cosmetics, paints, chemicals, electronic instruments, foods, magazines, films, and explosives," Elizabeth said.

The men all stirred.

"But *cara*," Ivo began in his Italian accent.

"I want to learn all this in two weeks."

Rhys spoke up. "Thank you, gentlemen. Now everybody go to a different city and have sex."

Does he love me? Elizabeth thought to herself as she and Rhys stepped off the company Learjet in Rio.

An executive from the Roffe and Sons' Brazil branch was there to meet them. "I am sorry, Miss Roffe," he said. "But someone has blown up the aspirin factory in Brussels."

Elizabeth frowned. "But who would do such a thing?"

"Perhaps someone who enjoys blowing up Belgian aspirin factories, madam. Other than that, I cannot—"

"Was anybody killed?"

"Only one man. He was working on something top secret in nature."

Elizabeth flew to Paris that very day and wondered what to do.

The man, who was a madman, watched as the muscular stud strangled the promiscuous young girl who was having an orgasm, her face filling with a wild ecstasy. The man watching felt like God. This took place in Lisbon, Portugal, on a street called the Rua dos Bombeiros, in the back alleys of Alto Estoril. Later he would do this same hideous thing in Hamburg, in the Reeperbahn section on the Grosse Freiheit. These are the actual names of authentic places in these strange and wonderful foreign cities. The author actually went to these places and copied down the names of the streets.



1.



You kids want to hear Uncle Gahan tell you about the *National Lampoon* again? Gosh, seems it was only last week I gave you the whole story.

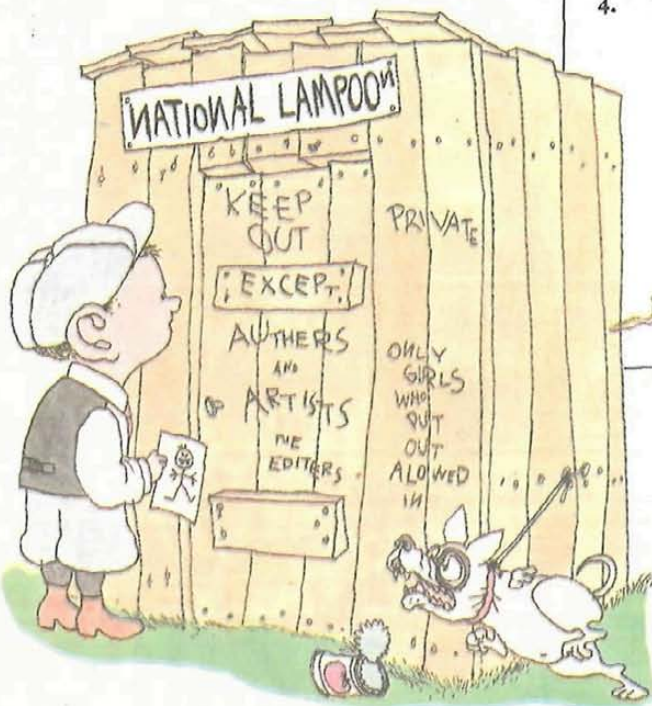
2.



All right, then, let's settle down and get comfy. Isn't that comfy, sugar? Ah? Nice and comfy? Ah? Ah! Ah!

## My 100 Years with the National Lampoon by Gahan Wilson

4. Well, I needn't have worried, as they were the swellest bunch you could have hoped for. Full of fun and jokes, but, at the same time, those guys were really serious artists! Always searching for new ways to express themselves....



3. Golly, I'll never forget how scared I was the first time I showed up at the *National Lampoon* offices. Even then they had a pretty bad reputation....



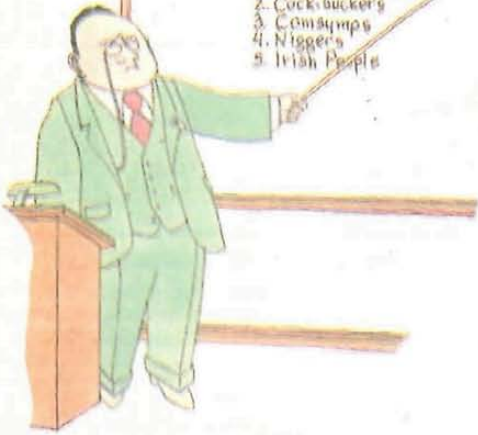
5. Of course, I don't want you kids to think it was all smooth going. We had rough times in the early days.



7.

The National Lampoon is nothing but a mother-fucking pile of shit and is put out and read by:

1. Wall Street Yids
2. Cock-suckers
3. Comynops
4. Niggers
5. Irish People



What got us, what really hurt, was the cold treatment we got from the intellectuals and the critical establishment.

8.

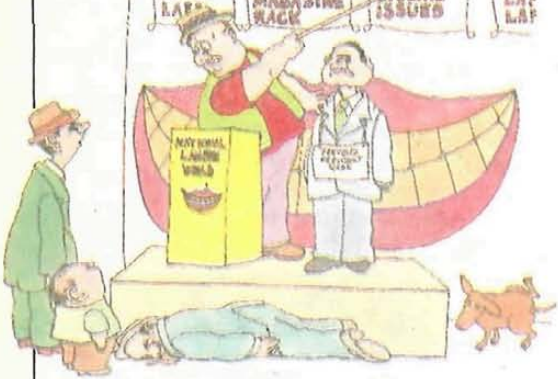


However, all of that didn't stop us from experimenting with bright new ideas from our contributors and staff.

9.

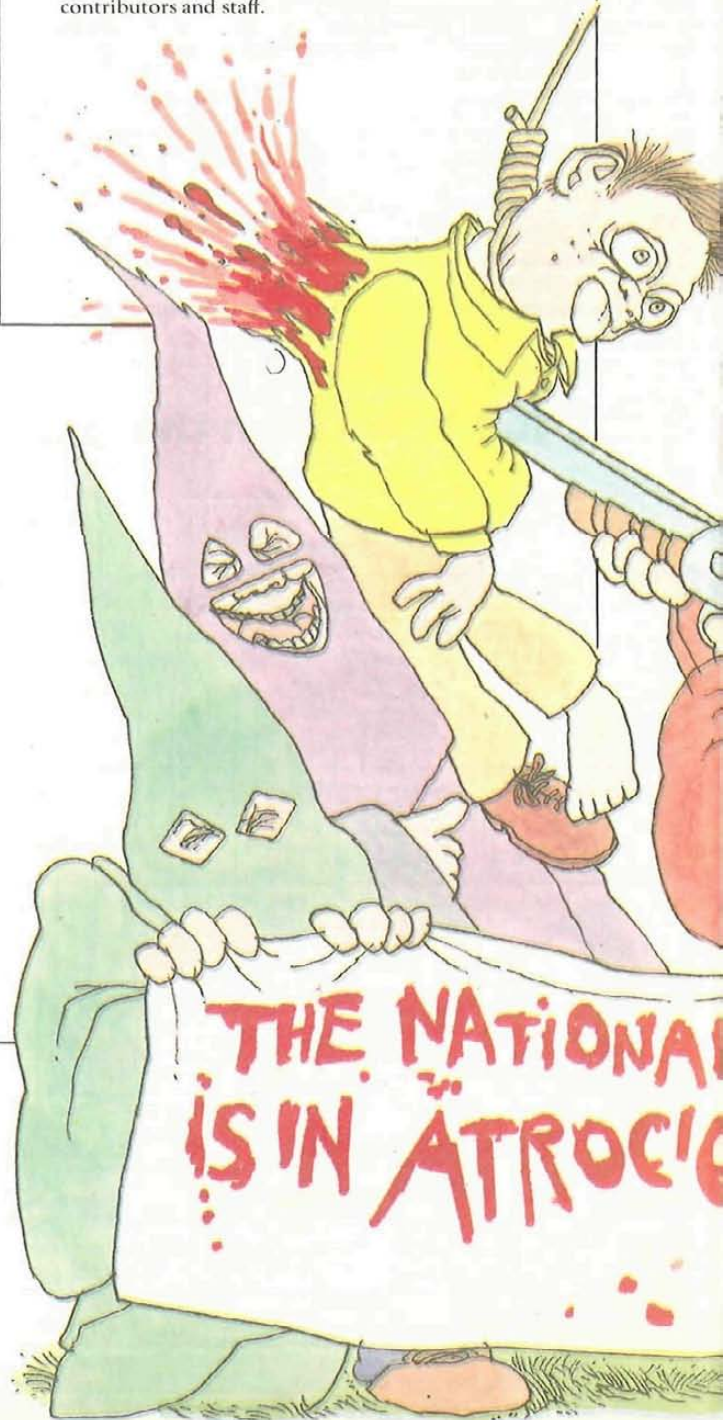
# NATIONAL LAFF

LAFFS LAFFS LAFFS  
 LOOK ALIKE MAGAZINE RACK  
 MUSEUM OF STUPID ISSUES  
 LAF LAF LAF



Of course, we *did* make some pretty expensive mistakes trying to expand into other fields.

6. There were powerful groups ranged against us, but we didn't really mind the bombings and the way they locked up our editorial staff with the Japs during World War II.





10.



At our *National Lampoon* Key Clubs, for instance, we seriously over-estimated the customer's sense of humor.

11.



And while hindsight is easy, I can see now that we blundered in starring Herrmann the Mute Juggler on our radio show, and backing him up with Mime Theater of San Francisco.

12.



But after terrible sacrifices on the part of our publishing directors, everything took a dramatic turn for the better.

13.

Because then everybody had to read the *National Lampoon*, even folks who didn't want to. And they had to laugh, too! Laugh and laugh and laugh....





14.

We enjoyed our new power so much I guess you could say we got carried away. Still, it was fun.



15. Like people used to tell us, we always tended to go a little too far.

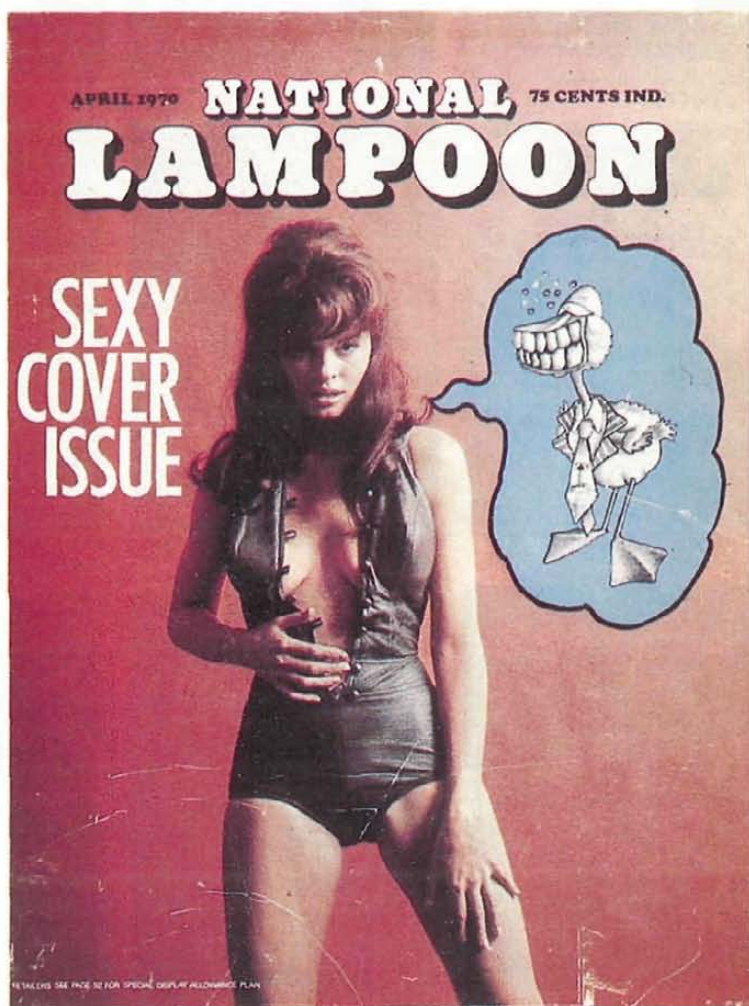




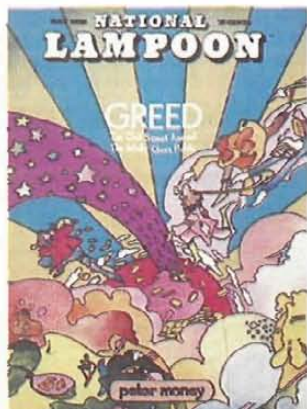
# The Complete Covers of the National Lampoon

**T**he editors of the *National Lampoon* would like to take the opportunity of this "100th Anniversary" issue to present a complete collection of *National Lampoon* covers, from the first publication of our magazine until the present day. We have no idea why we're doing this. Oh, some of the covers were cute enough, but most were probably best forgotten. In fact, most were probably *completely* forgotten until we dredged them up here. And it's not like we need to fill pages, either. We've got this photo spread with a Brooke Shields look-alike and a pack of rhesus monkeys that'll fry your eyeballs and knock your conscience into the seventeenth century. But, here we are: seven pages of old *National Lampoon* covers instead. Hmm...seemed interesting enough when *Time* did it.... Well, well, at any rate, we've provided a brief and amusing note about each of the covers. A brief note, anyway. And it could be worse. It could be a complete collection of what appeared inside them.

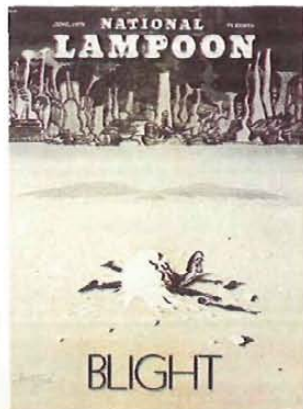
—The Editors



Our First Cover April, 1970, saw the premier issue of the *National Lampoon*, and we were off to a slam-bang start with a slick, wicked, and witty piece of cover art that set the pace in American visual humor for darn near the whole next decade—an incredible inspiration, an amazing idea, a remarkable concept, a fired editor, and an art director kicked to death by the publication's original investors.



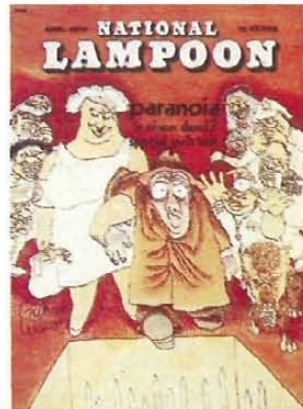
As of that date, considered best NL cover ever.



1st depiction of birdshit on cover of a major mag.

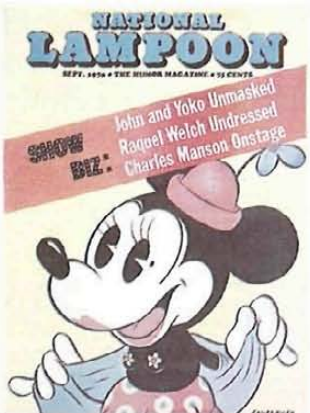


Art is bad on purpose—that's the joke, honest.



Early Gahan, still using crayons.

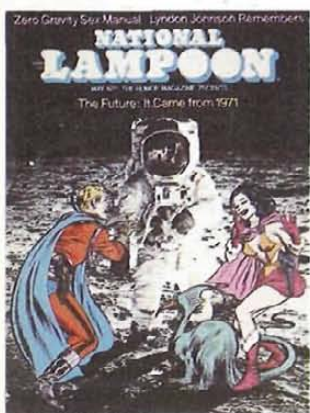




Disney sued, forced our editors to write The Love Bug.



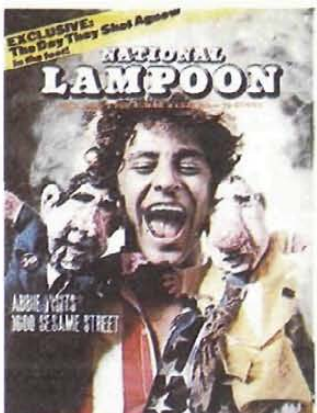
'Kong' gags are great, we'll tell you if we think of one.



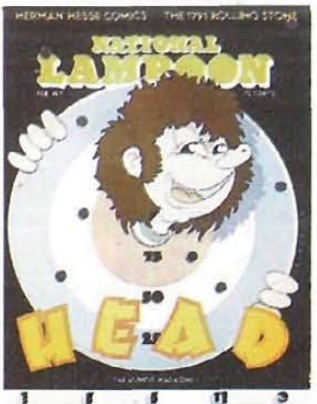
There's a good laugh in this; call us if it gets out.



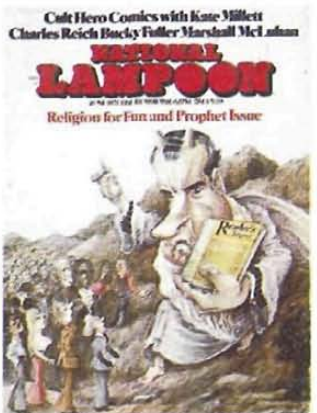
Jokes are, like, all in your head, & this one especially.



Living at 1760 E. 55th, NYC, if anybody cares.



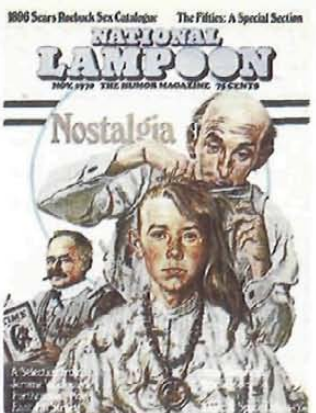
& now it's a federal offense to even trap them live.



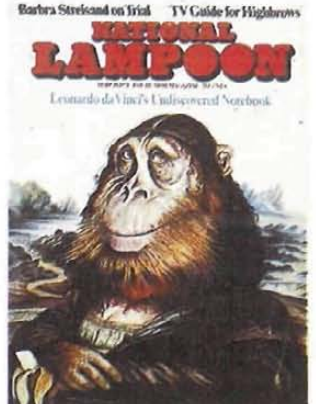
Result of 1-month staff exchange with Sat. Review.



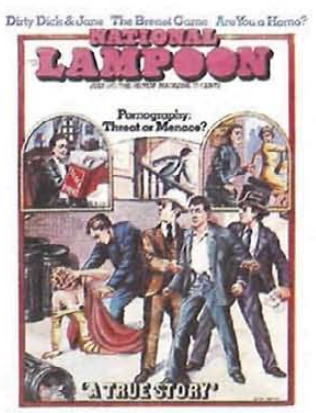
Punch line: your youth market & our magazine.



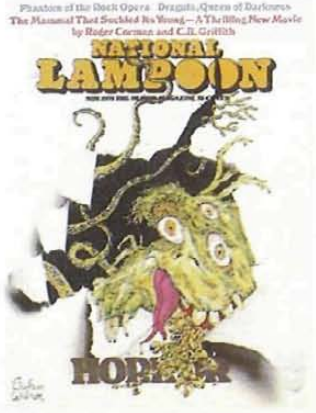
1st cover for which we paid an artist money.



Some say it's NL's best joke. Worse, others agree.



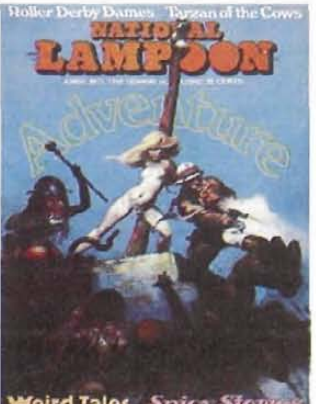
Sex—easy to market or simple to sell?



Gahan again, now allowed to use scissors & paste.



All Viet war POW's were repatriated in 1973.



We discover tits, readers discover us, sales soar.

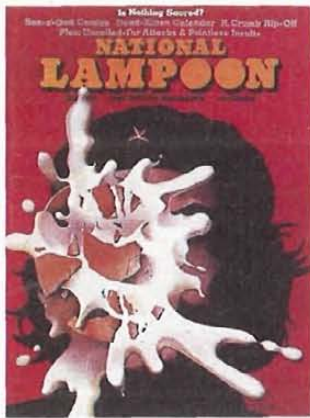


A genuine A-1 tip-top funny cover, unless you're a gook.

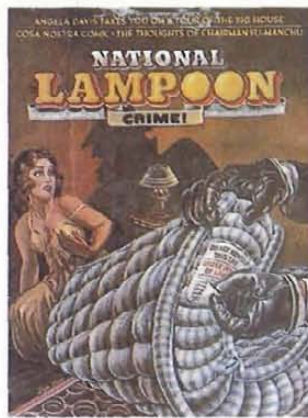


Lighthearted Mr. Gorey spins a web of Xmas frolic.

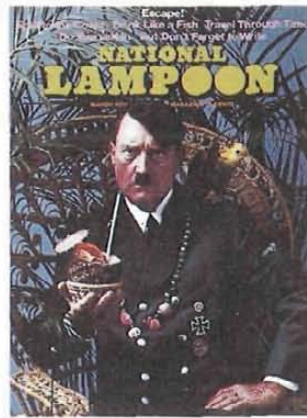




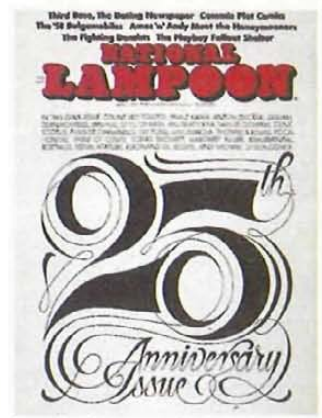
Thought shocking in its day, tempus fucking fugit, Jack.



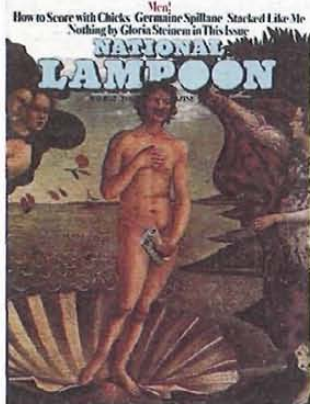
A very insightful illustration. Stupid, too.



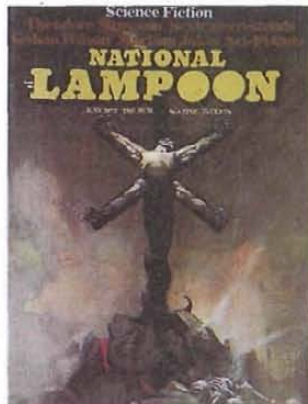
What's this man's attraction, & is this cover Zionist?



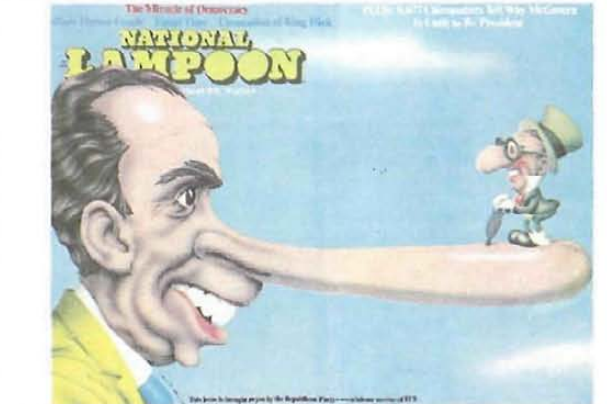
Issue that the mag used to be really funny before.



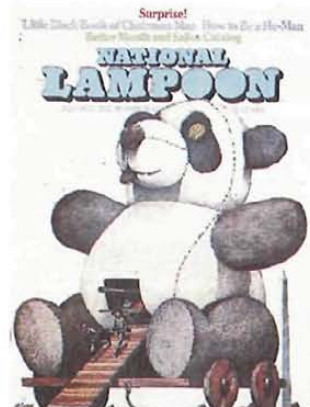
Just a nude guy in a clam, if you flunked Art Hist.



No intelligent life on Mars, but there are Catholics.



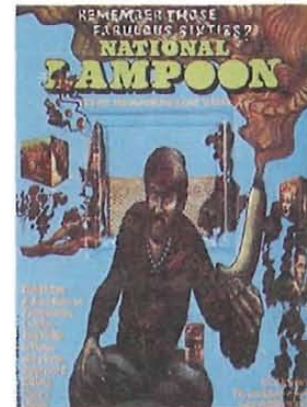
Jest failed to halt Nixon reelection, but got Kissinger his present job as a small cravely thing.



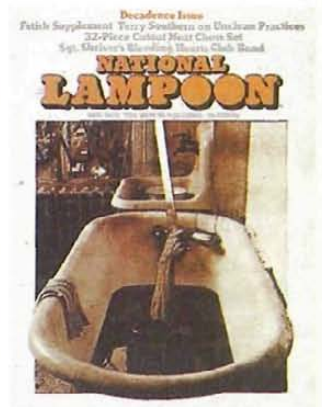
'72 news trivia quiz joke (Ans: Chicom panda gift).



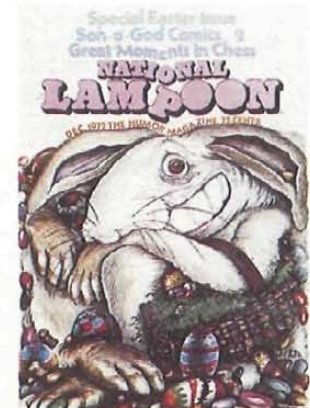
Concept cover—concept is to, quick, think up a cover.



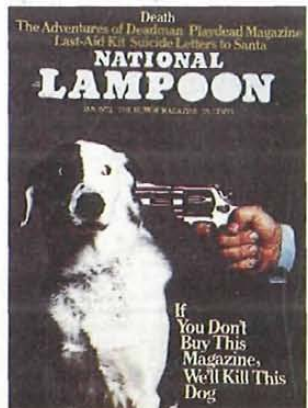
Nearly fatal attack of premature nostalgia.



1st reader to find joke gets a drink of bath water.



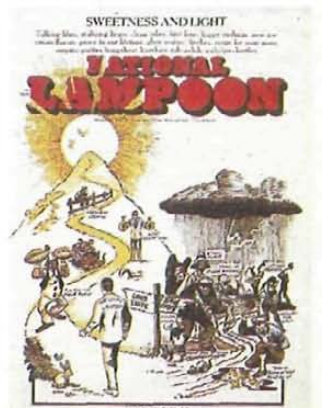
The Xmas Bunny or Easter Claus or some damn thung.



You did. We didn't. Stop worrying about it.

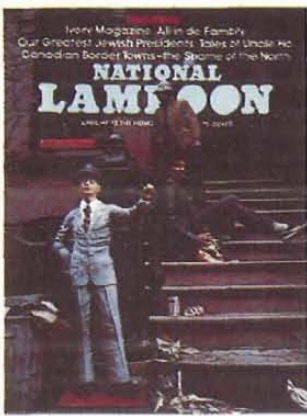


'73 cover that looked least like a Coppertone ad.



Ordinary drawing that predicted the future!!

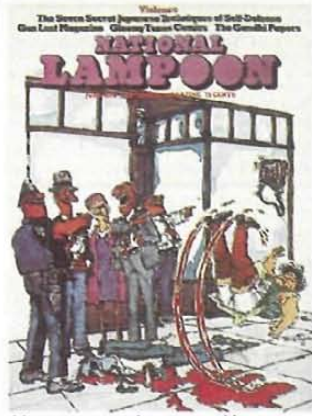




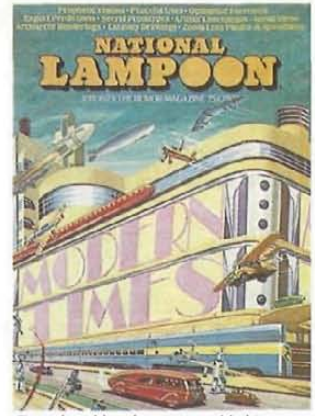
Simple "turnaround"—in this case, very simple.



Had reprint of the Balto. phone book inside.



Vicious, nasty joke—issue sold great.



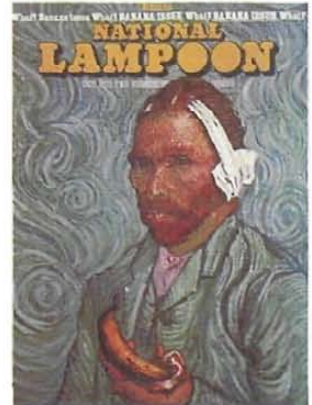
Cute, lovable joke—issue sold shitty.



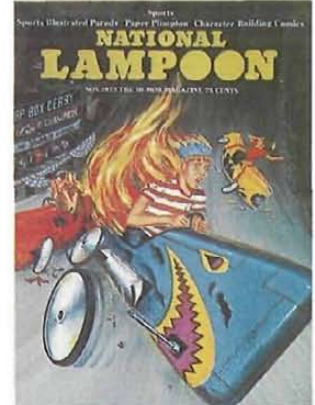
Naked lady who had nothing to do with contents.



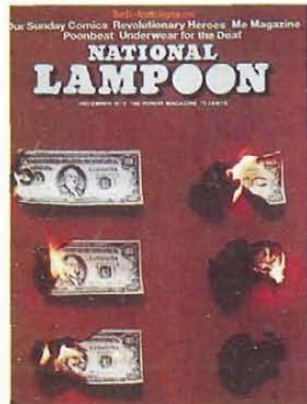
Rare example of war surplus humor.



Old banana in ear gag, but Van Gogh's ear... forget it.



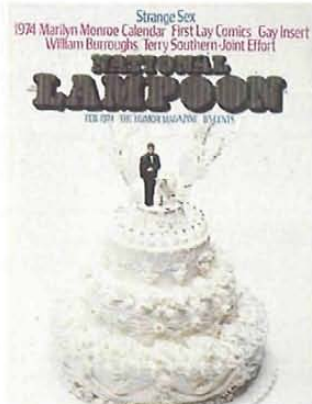
The decade's shortest-lived sports scandal.



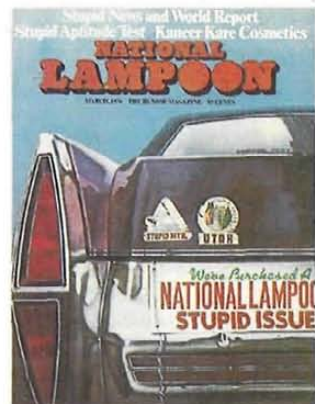
It was real. We did burn it. (Now we just snort coke).



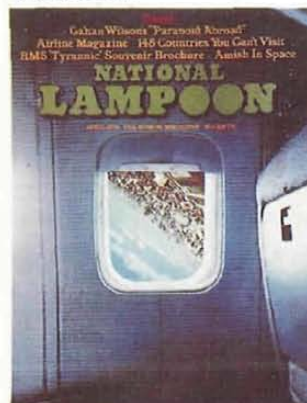
'Roo was also real. They bite. So does this cover.



Mag's price went up but jokes got cheaper.



'Arr' cover—see Painted Word for full critique.



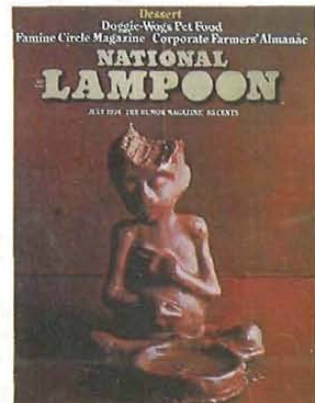
Cost \$2,000,000 to turn St. Pete upside-down.



Issue that the mag used to be really funny before.

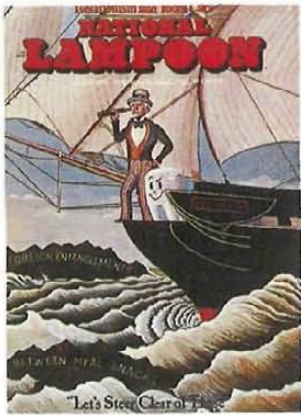


1st food issue—only whetted writer's appetite.

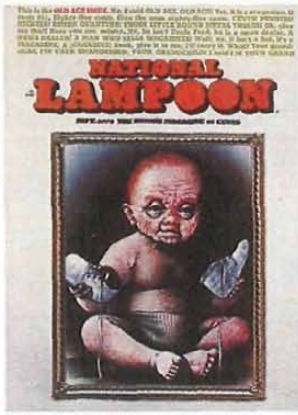


2nd food issue—readers had overeaten.





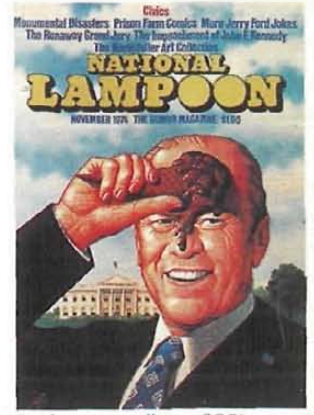
Isolationism & tooth care—always hilarious.



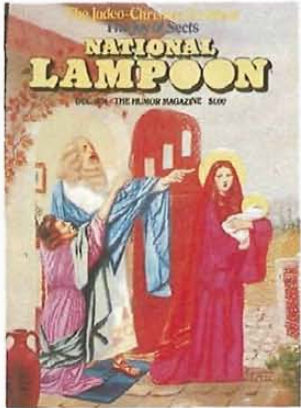
What's this? We honestly don't remember.



She's giving you her "cherry." Got it? See you in court.



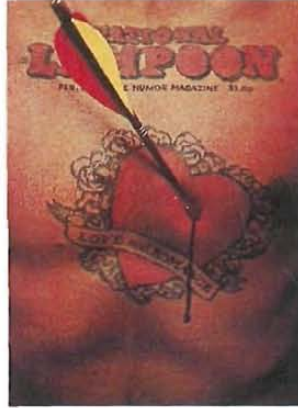
Another wrong call; poor SOB's got our vote in '80.



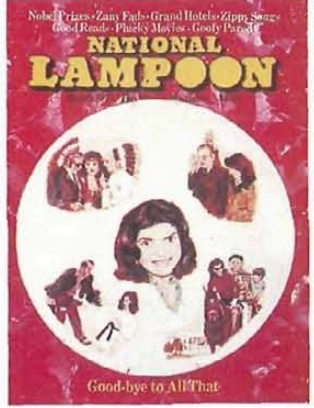
No religion differed on this question of taste.



For the prevention of newsstand sales only.



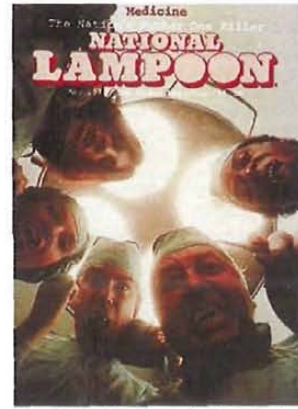
Art director of previous issue used as model.



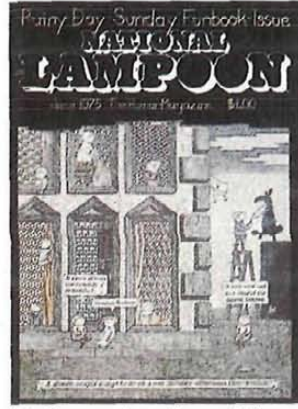
New art director from China and Flatware Monthly.



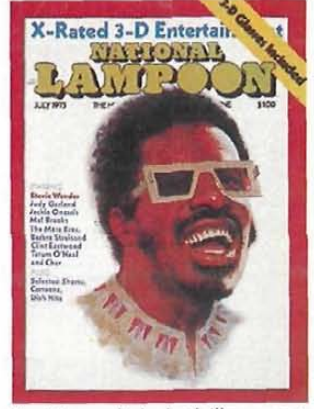
Edit went out out of control on p. 63, issue was totaled.



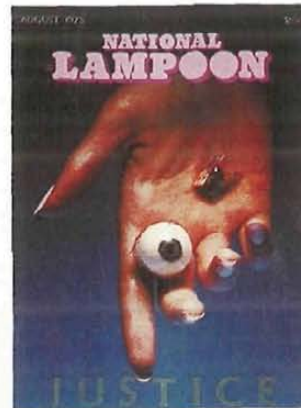
Take 2 Foto Funnies and call us in the morning.



Mr. Gorey again—with never-failing good cheer.



Yes, it's a cruel joke, but he'll never see it.



Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, both for \$1.



Cautious PJ supervised every second of modeling.



Joke is about butterflies in the garbage. Huh? Hello?

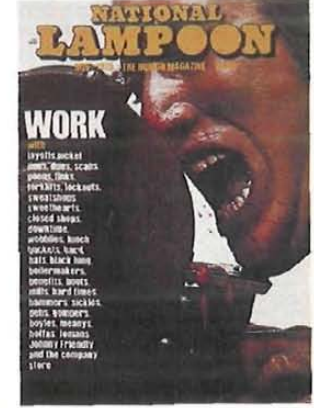
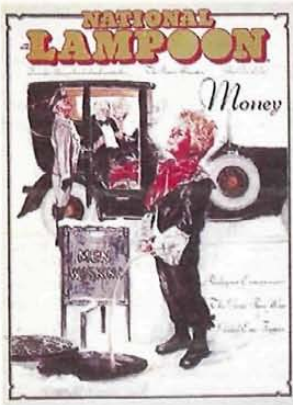


Photo model's fee was exceedingly high.

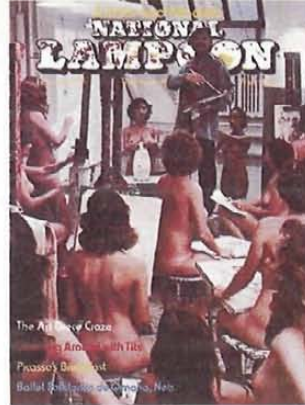




Communists made this joke. They've been fired.



Mystery cover—the mystery is why we used it.



Mediocre photograph, fabulous day at the office.



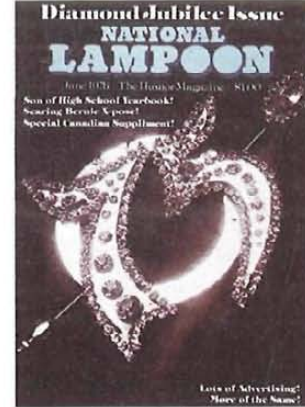
It's O.K.—lion had had a vasectomy.



She works for Ms.



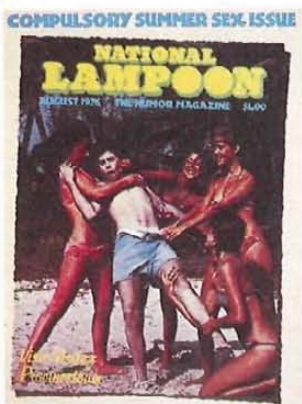
Wanted: Yet another new art director.



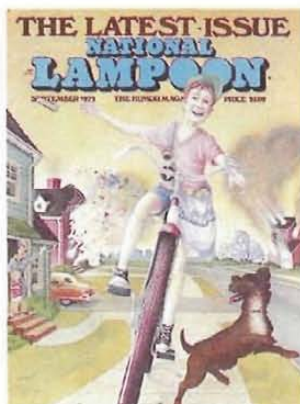
Issue that the mag used to be really funny before.



Scoop—world's 1st Elvis memorial issue.



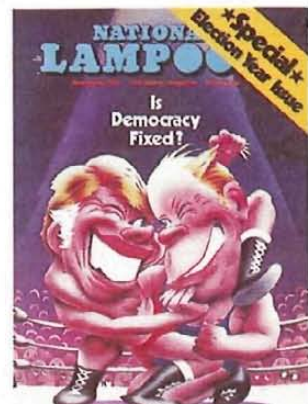
Lost his virginity, the shoe, and a \$60 watch.



Typesetter is mightier than the letterbomb...?



Few words, many pictures, astronomical sales.



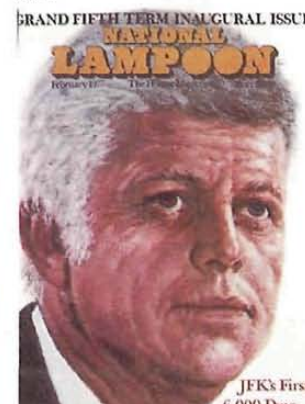
Ford used illegal head-butt on self.



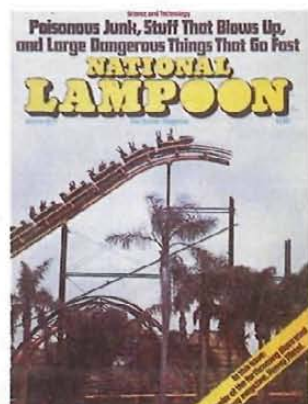
Armed ad salesman held editors hostage for 9 days.



Not bad, a little like chicken but greasier.

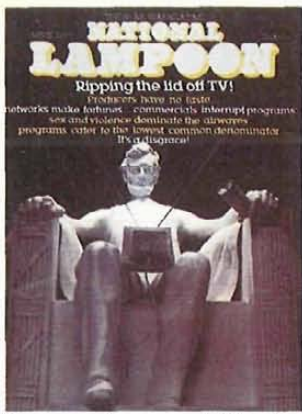


Wouldn't it be funny if he'd lived? Apparently not.

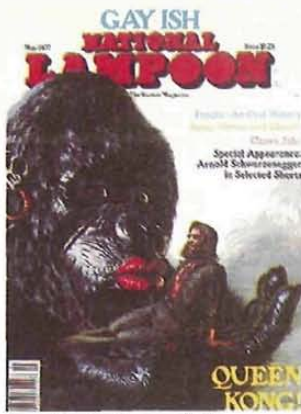


Our thanks to the Warsaw Civic Amusement Park.

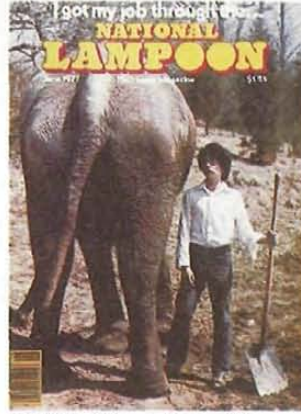




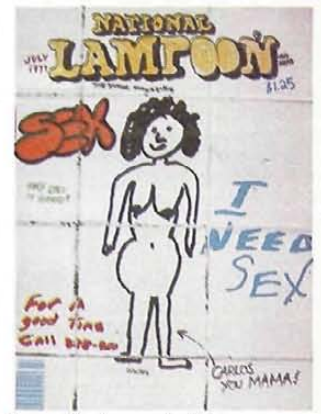
Four score and seven seconds left in the half...



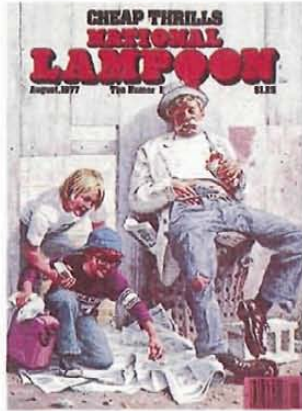
See caption for January 1971.



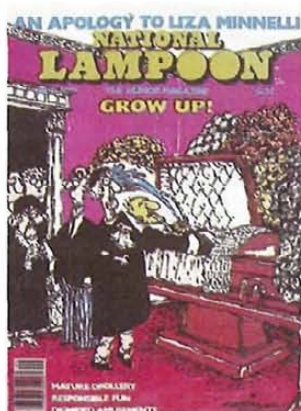
\$12.80 / hr. 32 hrs. / wk. time & 1/2 overtime.



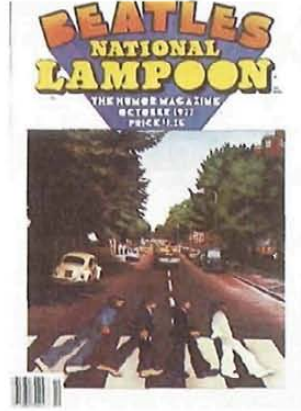
Some of the later work of Norman Rockwell.



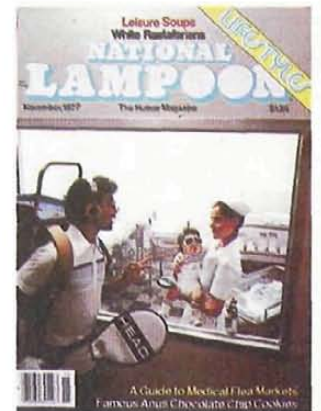
Voted year's top cover by 6 Bronx youth gangs.



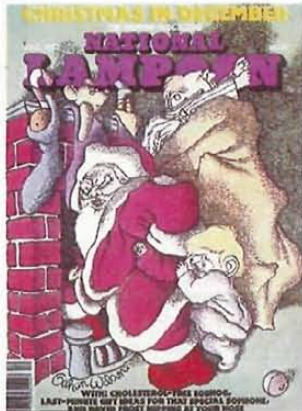
Mr. Rodrigues is both color-blind and color-deaf.



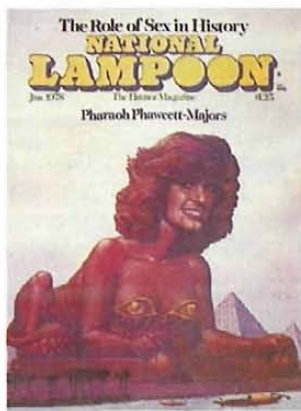
Guest editor was Pete Best.



Crib death claimed kid after Boston marathon.



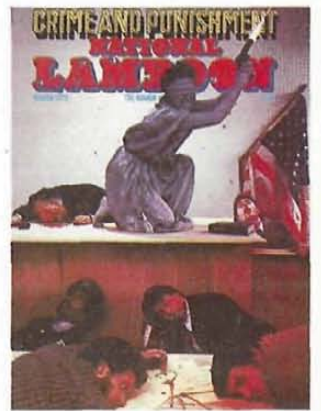
He hardly played with them, & they were broken.



NL becomes last mag in U.S. to put Farrah on cover.



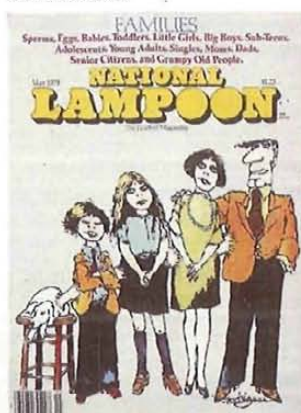
Maybe this is his attraction—see 3/72 cover cap.



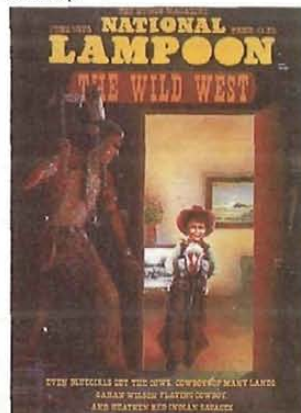
Justice is blind. Photographer, just nearsighted.



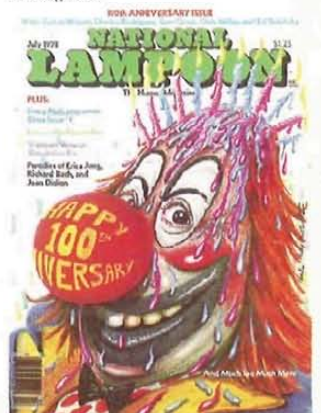
Rare example of unhumorous racism.



There's an awful message here somewhere.



And a worse one here.



Candles on a clown, see, & people wrote on his nose.





**For some people  
only separates  
are good enough.**

If you're really into music, you probably demand more from your stereo system than most people.

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# LORE OF THE FIRECRACKER

BY JOHN HUGHES AND SHARY FLENNIKEN  
TECHNICAL ADVISER: P. J. O'ROURKE

## Where to Get Fireworks

Fireworks are available across any state line. For example, in Illinois, fireworks are available across the border in Indiana. If you live in Indiana, you may buy fireworks across the border in Illinois. A neighbor boy home on leave from the U.S. Navy is also likely to have fireworks. And the route to Florida is lined with giant fireworks stands.



## How to Keep Fireworks

If your mother catches you with fireworks and confiscates them or tells you to flush them down the toilet, appeal to your dad. Dads like fireworks, and at worst, he'll take them from you and keep them in his top drawer and won't say anything if you steal them back. (P.S. If you find yourself in a desperate situation, call an uncle. Uncles like fireworks even more than dads.)



Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
SISSY FIREWORKS

Harmless legal "fireworks" that you can buy in any drugstore are to be used in desperate emergencies only, such as when marooned at your grandparents' house.

**Snakes:** Black pellets that produce a snakelike ash when ignited. A pile of thirty or forty will produce a brief thrill.

**Sparklers:** Scraping the silver material off fifty or a hundred and lighting it will produce an intense fire that can put a hole in concrete. Sparklers are also fun to throw.

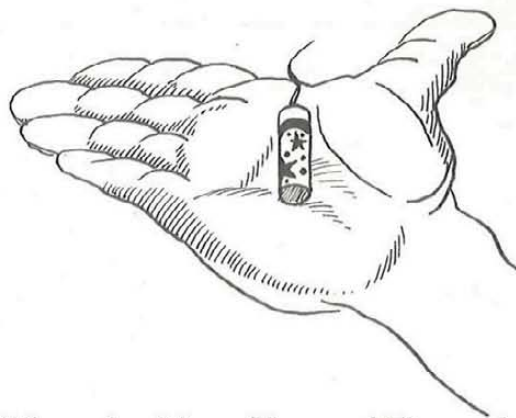
**Atomic Pearls (a.k.a. snappers):** Wads of tissue, filled with powder and grit, that explode when you toss them on the ground. They have moderate value as slingshot ammo.

**Sub-Sissy Fireworks:** Drop a cement block on a role of caps, set fire to a box of kitchen matches, or go beat on the basement floor with a hammer.

Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
SAFETY TIPS

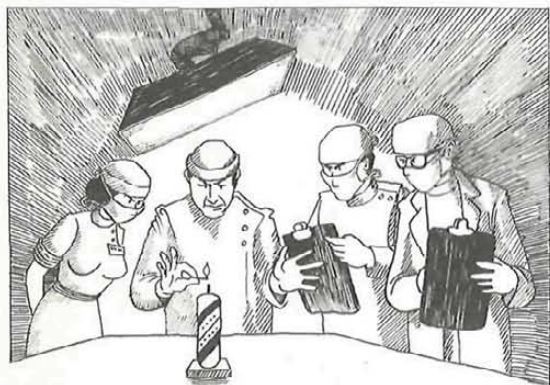
1. Avoid the use of fireworks near female relatives. Mothers and aunts are highly volatile, and the explosion could seriously damage your being allowed to watch TV.
2. Never stand in the path of a lit cat.
3. When using fireworks in the house, make sure that it's not *your* house.
4. Never throw a firecracker at a cop.
5. If you wind up in the hospital, say that Negroes shot you.
6. Never put anything that's still smoldering in your pockets.
7. In case of firecracker war, keep a reserve detachment on the airing deck, send a recon patrol into the front shrubs, and try to lure the other side between two garages.





### There Are Many Types of Fireworks

Fireworks range in size from the very tiny (used mostly by little boys under the porch) to the very huge (used only by grown men in distant foreign lands).



### Some Fireworks Are Quite Simple, Others Are Extremely Complex

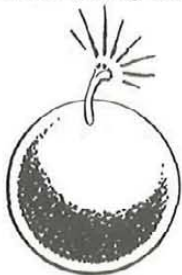
For instance, it now takes an environmental impact study, two Ph.D.s in physics, and three types of federal licenses to stage a Fourth of July fireworks show in towns with populations greater than 5,000.



Cut Here

Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
**FIREWORK CLASSICS**  
 #44 The Cherry Bomb

Duchess of Destruction, the cherry bomb is the most reliable and among the most powerful of all common firecrackers. Its spherical charge provides 360-degree impact; its shape makes it perfect for slingshots, blowguns, or catapult devices; and its airtight construction and waterproof fuse insure that it will explode anywhere—in puddles,



under piles of manure, or down toilets. Especially down toilets. Since 1960, more than 6 million pipe-piles of school toilet plumbing have been destroyed by cherry bombs. In fact, the war in Vietnam was halted as a result of a coordinated nationwide cherry bomb attack on college toilets made by protesting students in 1973.

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Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
**FIREWORK CLASSICS**  
 #151 The Bottle Rocket

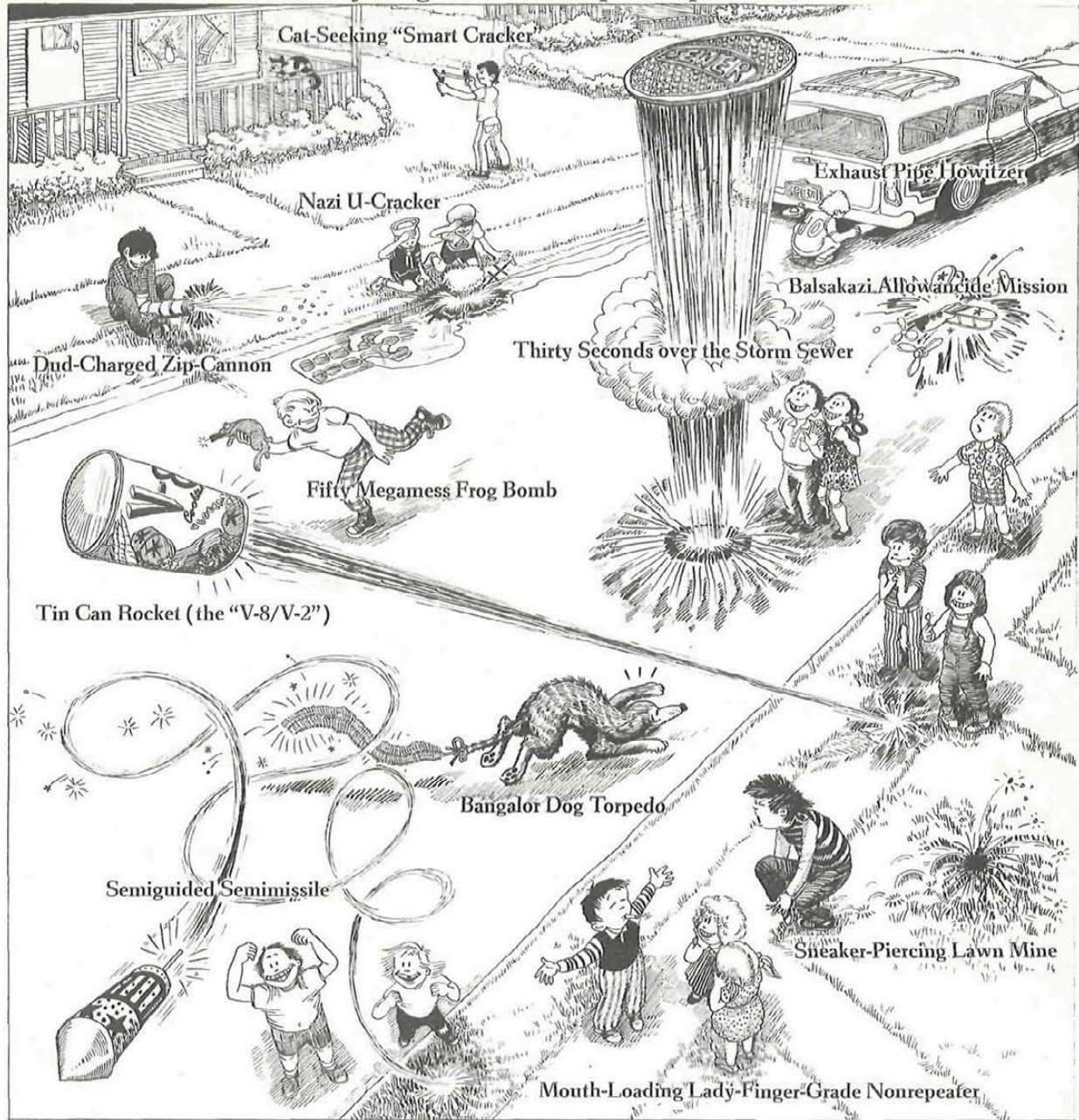
Never very successful in its original role as a super-light gauge night sky pyrotechnic, the Bottle (or "Nickel") Rocket nonetheless has numerous valuable applications. Up to four B.R.s can be linked with interwoven fuses to produce a projectile with considerable thrust. Two- and even three-stage launchings have been reported with the use



of this booster vehicle. The Bottle Rocket is also a targetable device (if you borrow mom's kitchen mitt to hold the Coke bottle). And lastly, they can be fired at ground level along the gutter of any street with a curb—the technical term for this being *nigger chaser* if it's about 6 P.M. and all the cleaning ladies are waiting at the bus stop.



...but it took the American youngster to develop their potential.



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**Official BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
**EXPLOSIVE FORCE OF COMMON FIREWORKS**  
 Table of Equivalents

1 Lady Finger =	1 Cherry Bomb =
1.25 hamster bites =	2.25 suicide leaps from a third story window =
1 Pop Warner League spiral pass	1 mouthful of drain cleaner
1 One-and-a-Half-Incher =	1 Silver Salute =
1.5 junior varsity fast-ball beans =	2.75 angel dust overdoses =
1 drunk dad	1 killing your parents to keep from going back to military school
1 M-80 =	
1.75 angry Italian kids =	
1 Moped wreck	

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**Official BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK**  
**FIREWORK CLASSICS**  
 #103 The Lady Finger

Often scoffed at for its name and diminutive size, the Lady Finger is actually a sophisticated device with many subtle applications. For one thing, it's the only real firecracker that can be used indoors without provoking a massive retaliatory hairbrush strike from the parent powers. Yet, despite a low yield, the Lady Finger is extremely effective against all sister-held objectives. Also, because a Lady Finger produces relatively little noise and flash, dumb guys and even sis-ies can often be persuaded to hold one while it goes off. Ha. Ha. Ha.



# Fireworks: Toy or Tool?

## Four Important Uses of the Firecracker



1. Ridding the garden of pests.



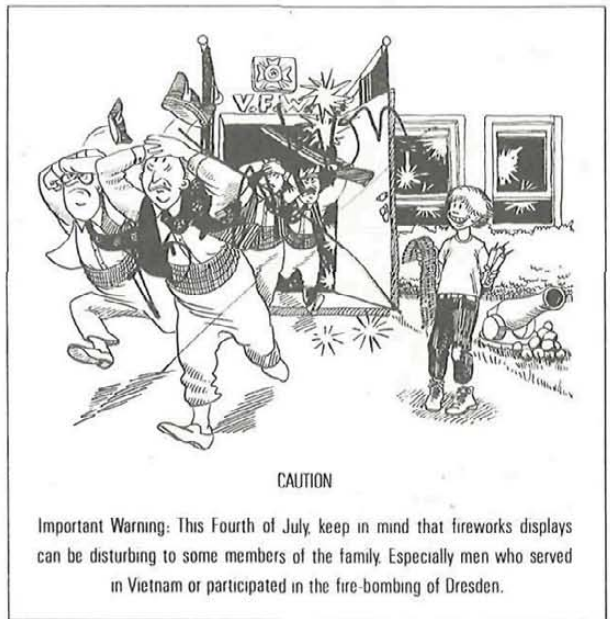
3. On-the-spot training for future astrophysicists.



2. Providing economic stimulus for the toy industry.



4. Insect control.



CAUTION

Important Warning: This Fourth of July, keep in mind that fireworks displays can be disturbing to some members of the family. Especially men who served in Vietnam or participated in the fire-bombing of Dresden.

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### Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK** 'CRACKER FAX

Many firecrackers are made in Hong Kong, and old Chinese newspapers are used to wrap the firecrackers' gunpowder cores. Here's a translation from one unwrapped firecracker, chosen at random:

...which is what makes us so inscrutable. In much the same manner [illegible] laundry marks all being the characters for *shit-breath*, *fat cunt*, *piss-face* [illegible] just as it says, "Hope you enjoy the dog meat" on the sides of most chopsticks. Chopsticks themselves being quite amazing—to think that after 500 years, Europeans still believe that we actually [end of fragment]

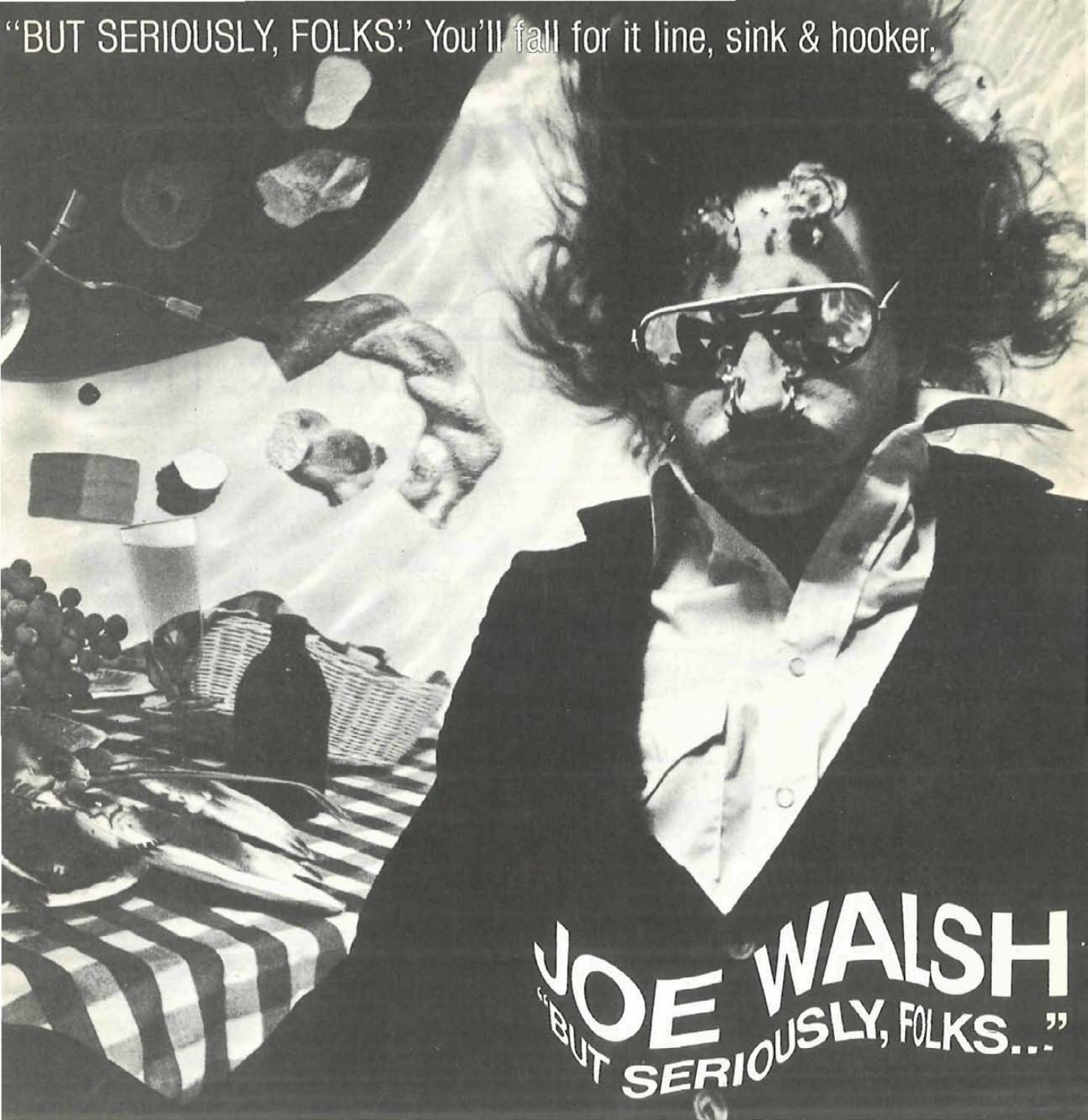
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### Official **BLASTER'S NOTEBOOK** DUDS

Approximately 20 percent of all fireworks are duds. That is, they will not explode. Or, they will produce only a fizzy spray of fire that, for what it lacks in concussion value, is generally compensated by an interesting sidewalk scar. The proper salvaging of duds involves a level of expertise advanced beyond the scope of this article. See: Burke and Schtenzen, *Powder, Petroleum, Fireballs, and You*, pp. 101-265.



"BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS." You'll fall for it line, sink & hooker.



# JOE WALSH

"BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS..."

Underneath it all, Joe Walsh is a great guy. James Gangster. Solo Barnstormer. Eagle. One of the world's truly great guitarists. Writer and singer of notes. What more do you want? Seriously...?

JOE WALSH "BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS"  
An olympic solo performance  
on Asylum records and tapes.

Produced by Bill Szymczyk for Pandora Productions, Ltd.  
Front Line Management, Irv Azoff

© 1978 Elektra/Asylum Records A Warner Communications Co.  **asylum**



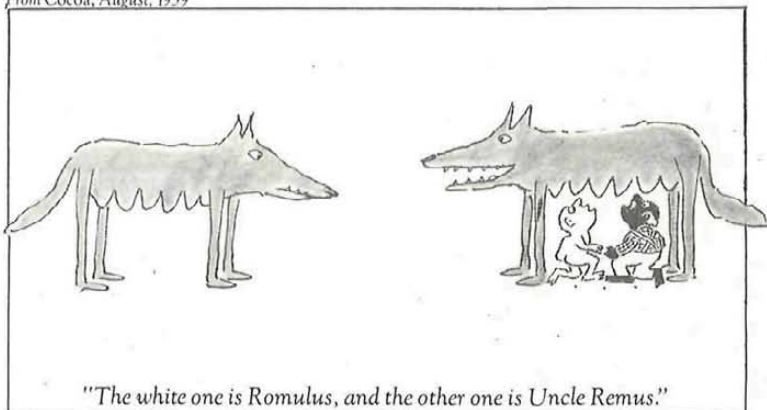
# S. GROSS

From Junior Digest, April, 1965



## A RETROSPECTIVE

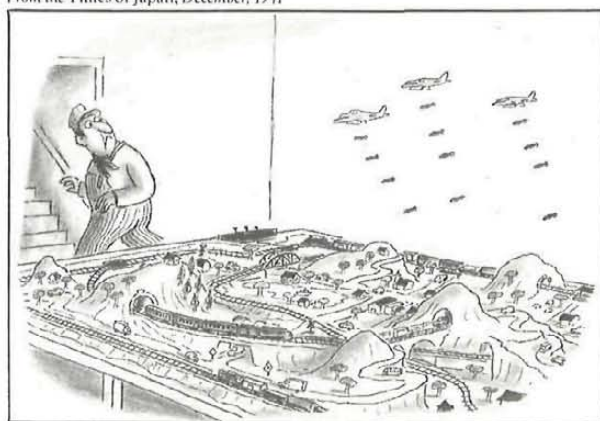
From Cocoa, August, 1959



From The American Farmer, November, 1936



From the Times of Japan, December, 1941



From the 7th Fleet News, February, 1957



From the Brooklyn Hebrew Daily, September, 1947

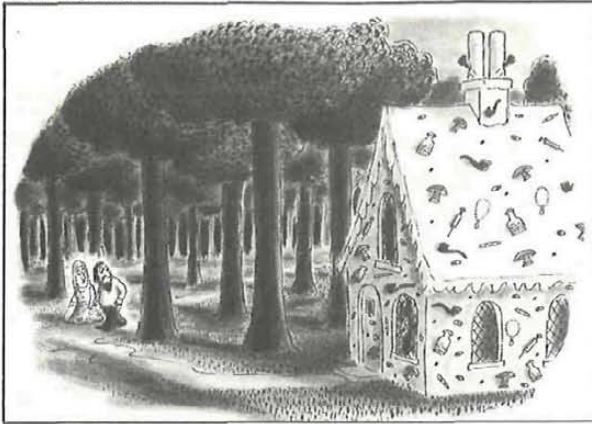




Few artists have made a greater or more enduring contribution to the cartoon art form than Sam Gross. Known as "The Dean of the Single Panel" and "The King of Sketch-with-Squib," Sam has warmed the hearts and tickled the fancies of more than 900 million readers in 122 languages the world over. From the time he graduated Yale architectural school in 1919 and went to work drawing the only comic strip to ever appear in the *New York Times* until the present day, when his work is seen everywhere from *Pravda* to the new edition of the *Moody Bible*, Sam has never wavered in his pursuit of literary and artistic excellence. He has an uncanny ability to find the wry, the whimsical, and the piquant in even the most humdrum situations, and his enormous talents have stimulated the wit (and pricked the conscience!) of an entire generation of mankind.

In view of such tremendous accomplishments, the *National Lampoon* would like to take this opportunity to present a modest retrospective of Mr. Gross's *oeuvre*. Here, in the opinion of the editors, are just a very few of the numerous high points in Sam's long and honored career.

From *BeBop*, May, 1953

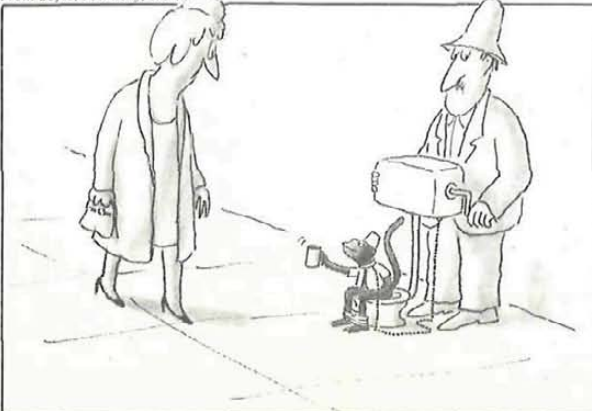


From the *American Journal of Medicine*, October, 1955



"Shame on you, Mr. Watson. Another wet dream?"

From *Style*, February, 1934



From the *Chicago Christian Journal*, April, 1962

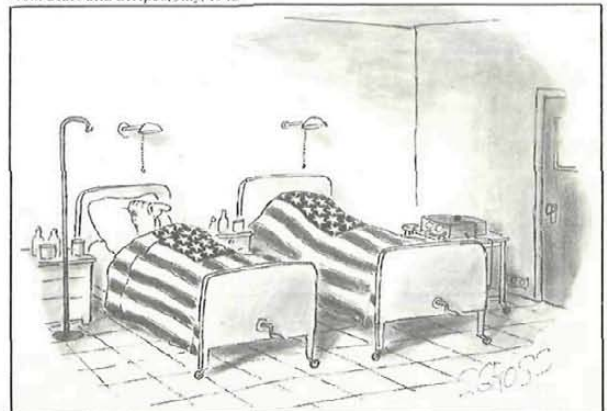


"We thought a nice little birdie would cheer you up."

From *Family Home*, November, 1929



From *Stars and Stripes*, July, 1943





# FOTO FUNNIES





# 100 Years Or More at the National Lampoon

by  
Gerald Sussman and Jeff Greenfield



The National Lampoon's "Founding Fathers," left to right: Peter Van Oppenclause, Schuyler Livingston Newburyport Schenk, and Benjamin Whistler. Note Oppenclause's lisp.

## 1865—Year of Beginnings

The *National Lampoon* was created by three young men who lived in New York City during the time of the Civil War. They were Peter Van Oppenclause and Schuyler Livingston Newburyport Schenk, aspiring writers, and Benjamin Whistler, an artist, who claimed to be a bastard brother of the famous James A. McNeill Whistler. Oppenclause preferred to be called "Van." Out of necessity, Schenk was called "Schenk" (pronounced "Skenk"). Whistler was unhappily referred to as "Whistler's brother."

Van and Schenk came from old money—their antecedents were Dutch herring and cheese merchants who settled in New York in the 1660s. Whistler had somehow acquired an independent income as well. In 1861 they easily bought their way out of the Civil War. Although the three men were extraordinarily handsome, they all suffered from odd physical handicaps that made them shy and reclusive. Van had an incurable lisp. Schenk had one permanently closed nostril, and Whistler had a face covered with polka dots. The dots were actually perfectly round moles. It looked as if God had wanted Whistler's face to be a necktie.

The threesome shared one goal in life—to deflate the sham and hypocrisy common to every political group, every class, every race and religion. They agreed that the only outlet for their brilliant, eccentric, elite form of wit and intelligence was a humor magazine. But even the most vicious satire of the day was considered tame by these three. They knew that what they planned to write could never be published and sold like other periodicals because the public was not ready for their kind of irreverence, vulgarity, and sheer tastelessness. In fact, they were so vicious that they could be easily pros-

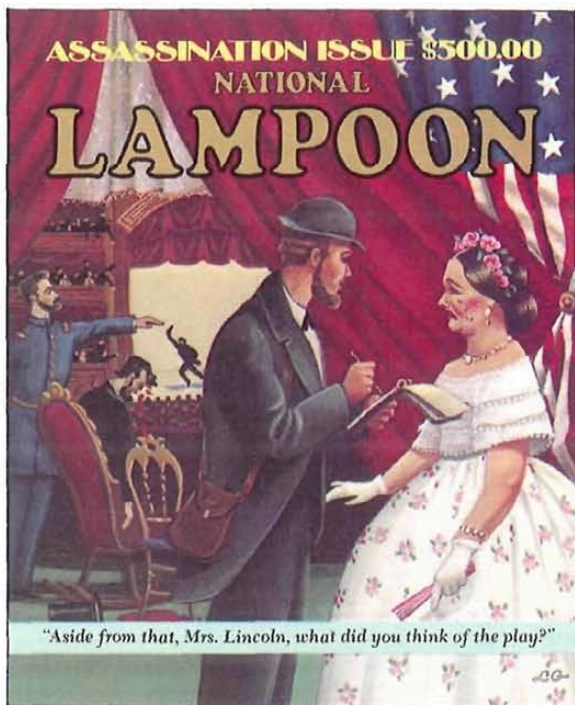
ecuted for slander, sedition, and outright treason. And so they had to publish their magazine as a secret, underground journal. It would be sold to a small, select audience at a very high price. To be chosen as a subscriber to the magazine, which they offhandedly named the *National Lampoon*, would be a singular honor, greater than membership in any secret society or fraternity in the world.

Van's family had left him with a large mansion located near Sneden's Landing, New York, a millionaire's enclave on the Hudson River. The threesome renamed the place the Railleries, and spent an entire year in seclusion, working on various formats and "dummies" of their new magazine; but they were never fully satisfied with their efforts. Then, suddenly, on April 14, 1865, everything fell into place. President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. And national tragedy became the inspiration for the first issue of the *National Lampoon*.

Two weeks after the death of Lincoln, Van, Schenk, and Whistler's brother produced the "Assassination Issue." The joke on the cover was considered so vicious and tasteless that it did not surface again until the 1950s, when "sick jokes" became socially acceptable.

The first issue of the *National Lampoon*, hastily and crudely prepared, was only

twenty-one pages. But in those twenty-one pages, Van, Schenk, and Whistler originated many of the ideas, formats, and features that are still used in the magazine today. The first "surprise poster," painted by Whistler, showed Mrs. Lincoln leaping out of the way of John Wilkes Booth and pushing her husband into the path of the bullet. There was a fake magazine called *Assassin*, with bogus articles on how to kill incompetent politicians. A gossip col-



The first issue of the *National Lampoon* was published on April 28, 1865—one hundred years ago to the day. Plus about thirteen years and three months, give or take a week. Or something like that.



umn called "Mrs. Johnson's Diary" was started. Schenk wrote a prose piece about the secret homosexual relationship between Lincoln and Booth, with Lincoln's rejection of Booth as a lover providing the "real" reason for the assassination. The most prophetic piece was a fake advertisement for a new coin to be minted. Its denomination would, in their opinion, symbolize Lincoln's stature and greatness. They called it "the Lincoln penny."

That first issue had a printing of only 100 copies with each copy selling for \$500. It was secretly distributed to friends and certain members of the intelligentsia, literati, *artistes*, and selected pundits of high repute. To say that it caused a sensation would be the understatement of the century. Every page was like a comedic time bomb.

### 1866-1875—Years of Triumph

The incredible success of the first issue inspired the editors to put out the magazine on a quarterly basis. But someone had to be hired to run the mundane business side of the operation—the printing, distribution, and other details the threesome despised. They found their business manager in the person of one Israel Simmons, a former slave trader, theatrical producer, and manufacturer of luggage made of old carpet remnants. Simmons became their silent partner, a shrewd "numbers man" and wily impresario who protected the anonymity of the editors while at the same time promoting and "merchandising" many *National Lampoon* subsidiary entertainments. Descendants of Mr. Simmons perform the same function at the *National Lampoon* to this very day.

Each issue was prepared at the Raileries and transported down the Hudson River on a sightseeing boat, which was used as a front. The boat took the material to a printing plant on Canal Street in lower Manhattan, where it was secretly prepared under armed guard. A novel way to distribute each issue had to be devised, because the postal system would never mail them. At first, the *National Lampoon* was given out by nubile maidens who wore only a chemise under their coats and "flashed" subscribers as they handed out the issue. Sometimes, men on horseback would deliver it, attaching the magazine to a rock and throwing it through a window. Most often, the subscribers would receive a letter in code telling them where the

magazine would be "dropped" for a pickup.

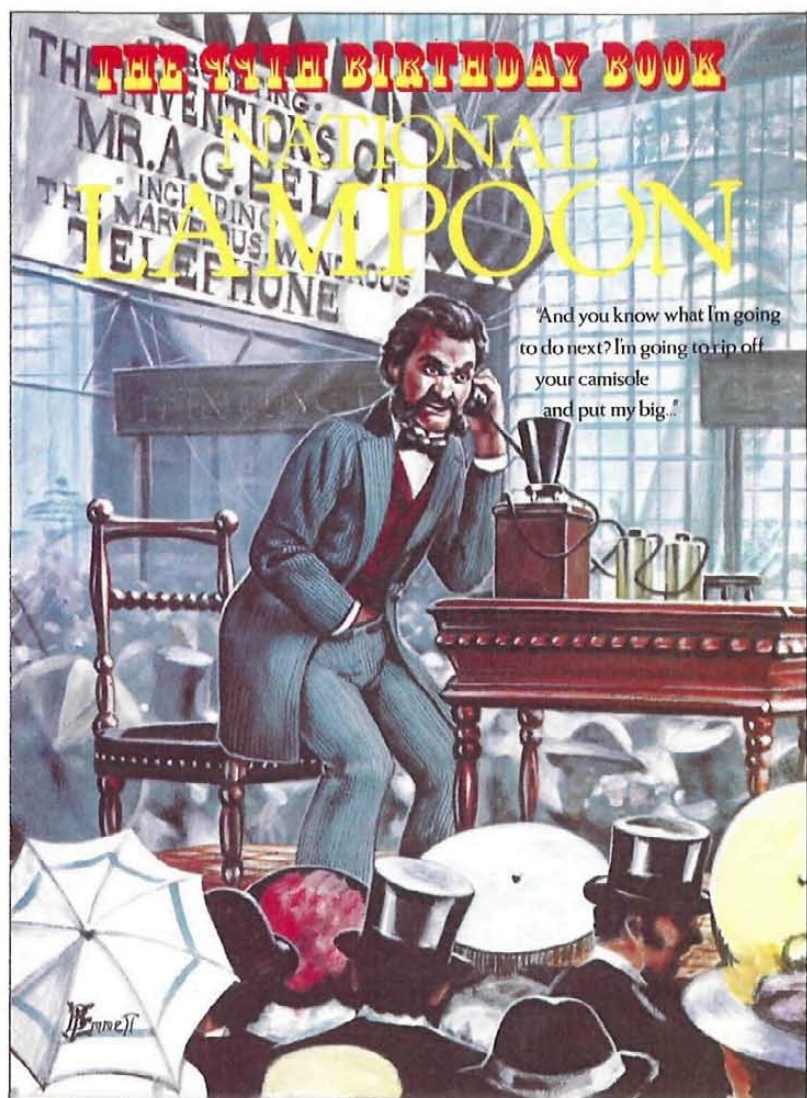
Once a year there would be a wild but highly secret party at Delmonico's in New York City for all the contributors and friends of the magazine. Everyone would squirt each other with their secret *National Lampoon* novelty rings, say something vicious about each others' mothers, and conclude with the solemn toast, "May we publish someday in the sunlight."

Soon the great writers of America and Europe begged for the chance to contribute to this underground organ of "black mirth." They all had their own deep, dark, obscene, vulgar, tasteless streaks. Now they had the perfect outlet, and a prestigious audience as well.

Herman Melville wrote a piece for the *National Lampoon* called *Billy Budd*, the story of a young sailor who

corrupts an entire ship and turns it into a floating gay bar and gambling den beyond the three-mile limit off Cape Cod. Mark Twain was a contributing editor, beginning with his suppressed chapters of *Huckleberry Finn*, the ones dealing with Huck and Nigger Jim sneaking hemp on the raft with "painted Creoles of every description." Henry James wrote a hilarious picture story about fishing for nose boogers (he was evidently obsessed with them). Thoreau wrote a diary of a hermit who practiced bestiality in the woods outside of Concord, Massachusetts. William Dean Howells posed in the nude for a centerfold. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote what was probably the first Foto Funny (photographed by Matthew Brady) called "Cunts of the Custom House."

From England, there was a steady



The *National Lampoon's* 99th Birthday Book actually celebrated America's centennial before there was one. The magazine has since continued in this prophetic vein.





NATIONAL LAMPOON

*Oh life is a bitter-sweet burlesque to bow  
Of manicure-magical glow  
On daughters that fades from the postnatal glare  
And tears in a dark, lonely room  
In bed always starts with the murmur of breath  
And the whisper of semen and lice  
That matters the plan of the piece on the man  
The jerk always comes in your face*

Rough draft of a Dorothy Parker poem published in the National Lampoon in 1926. Parker, Helen Lawrence, and other women used to urge Noel Coward to teach methods of oral gratification at soirées in the National Lampoon penthouse.

flow of contributions by Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, and the Brontë sisters. Emily Brontë wrote a comic strip on menstruation called "First Curse." It was illustrated by Winslow Homer. Even the great French and Russian novelists sent pieces of crude and vulgar humor, which were translated by the editors. Flaubert wrote something called *Madame Ovary*. Dostoevski wrote an especially tasteless condensed version of *The Idiot*. And a young Leo Tolstoy contributed a story called *War and a Piece*.

From the earliest days of the *National Lampoon*, it was determined that each issue would have a theme. The most popular themes were "Odd Sex," "Blushing Young Sex," "Sex Frustration," "Summer Season Sex," "College and Seminary Sex," "Sexy Lasses," and "Sex." In between sex issues, the staff's poisonous pens would destroy Negroes, Jews, Hispanics, homosexuals, the Irish, and the Chinese. The *NatLamp* "Bring Back Slavery" issue was a classic. The cover showed a large biscuit baking in an oven, being tended by a black in chains. On the biscuit was painted the face of Jefferson Davis. The caption read, "The South shall rise again!"

In 1875, the *NatLamp* brought an era to a close with their first "special," *The 99th Birthday Book*, a perverse celebration of America's centennial, one year early. It was a compendium of everything that was evil, ugly, and self-destructive about our country. The cover showed Alexander Graham Bell showing off his new invention at the

forthcoming Philadelphia Centennial Exposition by making an obscene phone call.

### 1875-1918—Years of Opulence

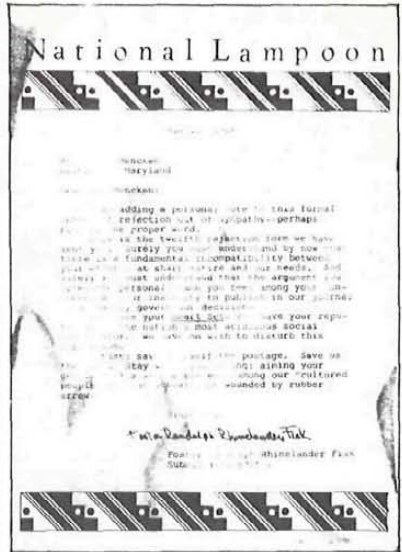
As the nineteenth century came to an end, the *National Lampoon* obtained undreamed-of wealth. So valued were the still-restricted copies of the magazine that the four hundred subscribers permitted to receive issues became known as the unofficial nobility of America (Mrs. Astor was later to borrow the 400 figure and use it to describe the cream of New York society). The fee for the quarterly magazine was raised to \$1,500 in 1895, and the waiting list stood at 175,000.

With their new-found riches, Van, Schenk, and Whistler indulged in the fullest of voluptuous pleasures. The *National Lampoon* mansion, Railleries, was redecorated with the finest of Florentine marble, Persian tapestries, and thirteen-year-old serving girls from the Levant. And it was in this era that the annual *National Lampoon* banquets at Delmonico's set a standard of sybaritic splendor unequalled to this day.

In fact, it was at the *National Lampoon* millennial banquet in 1900 that a discovery was made that would change the course of social history. The serving tables, laden with Iranian caviar, four kinds of pâtés, three kinds of terrines, roast quail, lobster canapés, beef Wellington, pigeon en brochette, twelve kinds of cheeses, seven dessert souffles, and two wines with every course, had been decimated by the hungry guests, but Diamond Jim Brady, who had eaten thirty-five pounds of food, was still unsatiated; indeed, he was in the very grip of gourmandian lust. Brady, eyes glazed, thought he spied one last morsel; but so stupefied was he that he did not recognize the naked body of Lola de Cava, the famous Mexican spitfire belly dancer, who had been hired by the *National Lampoon* for entertainment.

Lola, sprawled naked on the table, couldn't believe it when Diamond Jim threw himself upon her and began to devour her genital region ("I thought it was peach sherbet in a mink dish," Brady said later. "I know that sounds crazy, but I was starving"). After a moment, Lola was in a state of bliss such as no one had ever seen a woman achieve. Brady had discovered the clitoris.

Its existence remained a secret, known only to *National Lampoon* sub-



This letter, stained with what appear to be tears, was found in a locked drawer in H. L. Mencken's home in Baltimore, shortly after his death in 1956.

scribers, for forty-five years, until an intern at Johns Hopkins made the same discovery in 1945.

### 1918-1939—Years of Glory

America returned from World War I profoundly cynical—and the *National Lampoon* was waiting for this new generation with its first postwar issue, "Sex in Europe," featuring the scandalous "Teaching Your Parents to Fuck Fancy." For twenty years, the magazine was to draw the best writers and artists of its time—indeed, to be outside *NatLamp's* orbit was to risk artistic oblivion. (In 1923, Zelda Fitzgerald, wife of a successful young novelist, attempted to crash the annual *National Lampoon* banquet now held at the Plaza. On being refused, she attempted suicide by jumping into the fountain in front of the hotel. Only the work of a shrewd public relations man converted this near-disaster into a symbol of Jazz Age frolic.)

All through the twenties, the *National Lampoon* was at the center of "café society." The duplex penthouse headquarters on East Sixty-first Street was the site of the most elegant, amusing lunches and dinners in Manhattan. Invitations were so eagerly sought that even the very famous were often excluded. One noontime, Alexander Wolcott and Dorothy Parker found themselves dropped from the guest list, and taxied over to the Algonquin Hotel to drown their sorrows. George S. Kaufman, Robert Benchley, F. P. Adams, and Marc Con-





Even the French, who couldn't understand English, hated the wartime National Lampoon show, and they attacked and nearly killed one of the performers dressed in drag.

nely joined them around their large, round table—and thus was another legend born.

National Lampoon editors delighted in confounding society. They had standing invitations to weekends at the Swopes's Long Island estate—but always packed their own food (tuna sandwiches on white bread). It used to drive Herbert Bayard and his wife crazy to see their carefully planned dinners spurned in favor of hard-boiled eggs and sacks of potato chips. But, as Swope quipped, "Better a National Lampoon man's scorning hiss than a Nobel laureate's fawning kiss!"

The reputation of the magazine grew and flourished even during the Depression; subscribers preferred to fire their servants and mortgage their country homes rather than forfeit a National Lampoon subscription, then running to \$3,500 a year. And the magazine did not disappoint them; the famous "What Depression?" issue, treating Hoovervilles, infant starvation, and the dust bowl as new "leisure" trends brought howls of appreciative laughter from clubrooms and parlor cars across the land.

Also treasured were the private theatrical performances of works by National Lampoon writers. In 1938, Kaufman and Hart presented a secret performance of *The Man Who Came at Dinner*, with the immortal laugh line: "I may vomit—right in your snatch!"

During this time, the magazine saw an important friend rise to power. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose Hyde

Park home was near the Railleries, was an enthusiastic subscriber. As governor of New York, he would frequently take a private railroad car from Albany down the Hudson for an evening of revelry and merrymaking with the magazine's staff. And when he became president, he would make the same journey from Washington. From 1933 until FDR's death, the National Lampoon was given a total exemption from all federal taxation through direct presidential orders.

#### 1941-1945—Years of War

World War II was a difficult time for the National Lampoon. Many of its subscribers joined the armed forces, and even their wives were caught up in volunteer work. It seemed for a time as if satire had taken a sabbatical. Moreover, Franklin Roosevelt, a good friend, was making ever greater demands on the editors for secret entertainments and lewd comedy skits to amuse and divert his hardworking cabinet members.

One night, after a particularly ribald, hilarious revue, Roosevelt had a brilliant idea: why not send the National Lampoon comedy revue overseas to entertain our GIs and build morale? The editors were not really prepared for that kind of sacrifice, but it was difficult to refuse a presidential order. They spent days and nights devising original new material for their overseas tour. "To echo Mr. Winston Churchill, it was our finest hour," said Griffith Lamont Brooks Brothers, then senior editor. Indeed, it was one

hour of the sharpest, most devastating comedy material ever written.

The National Lampoon revue played to the GIs in North Africa, Italy, and various Pacific atolls during the height of the war. But wherever it played, it was a total disaster. They were constantly booed, hissed, and chased off the stage. Instead of laughter, they produced tears, anger, and outright hatred. It can now be revealed that Private Eddie Slovik, the only soldier ever executed for desertion in World War II, ran away from the army while watching a National Lampoon show. The GIs craved entertainment that featured sexy girls, popular songs, good-natured jokes about the war and their sorry situation, and most important, uplifting routines about the wonderful life to come after the Krauts and Japs were mopped up. Instead, the National Lampoon revue gave them revisionist Hitler jokes ("Goebbels, I'm tired of being Mr. Nice Guy..."), vicious references to cheating wives back home, and harsh attacks on the valiant Russians. ("If you've got Russians for allies, you might as well have Japs for friends.") The revue gave the GIs everything they didn't want to hear.

On May 28, 1945, just before they were going to play at a recently liberated concentration camp, the editors did a show for a huge military audience just outside of Paris. After a typically tasteless bit about the natural superiority of the Prussian soldier, an enraged American corporal named Vincent Scardella pitched a hand grenade on to the stage, blowing up four editors and severely wounding three others. The incident was hushed up by army brass. Scardella was tried and acquitted, and when the incident was forgotten, he was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross. But unfortunately, he had dealt a mortal blow to America's greatest humor magazine. The National Lampoon staff was decimated.

#### 1946-1969—Years of Trial

The postwar years would prove to be the ultimate test of the National Lampoon. The deaths of the senior editorial staff members left the magazine leaderless and aesthetically adrift. The new prosperity, a growing middle class, and the spreading suburbanization of America all helped to lessen the impact of its secret satires. But worse, the National Lampoon found itself simply burned out. After eighty years, it had satirized every possible trend and excess. And the



magazine's strict rule against repetition made fresh sources of humor ever harder to find.

Meanwhile, a new brand of humor was spreading across the land. People like Mort Sahl, Shelly Berman, Nichols and May, and Lenny Bruce were making fortunes doing material the *National Lampoon* had printed fifty and sixty years before. It was a bleak time. The magazine gave up its Manhattan penthouse, cut back to semi-annual publication, and shrunk the staff to skeletal size.

And while the 1960s temporarily offered the publication hope of a new life—who can forget the “Kennedy Brothers Cluster Fuck and Daisy Chain Cutout Dolls”—(that came complete with real money to keep your mouth shut!)—the decade was in fact to trigger the ultimate undoing of the underground *National Lampoon*. It was a time of passion, anger, humorless rage. All through the publication's history, those it had mocked—the Astors, the Morgans, the Roosevelts, the Vanderbilts—had laughed at the portraits of themselves. Suddenly, the laughter stopped.

In 1968, the magazine put out a special edition parodying the growing use of drugs. The “Shoot Slopes Not Smack” issue featured a vitriolic attack on the “head” scene, including a slashing parody of both Beatles' movies and the infamous “Suck on this joint, you pasty-faced peace creep” surprise poster. This infuriated a group of Southern California communards, led by a frustrated rock 'n' roll songwriter named Charles Manson. And when the location of the *National Lampoon* secret headquarters was carelessly disclosed by a former staff member now manufacturing LSD on the West Coast, the Manson band decided to act.

Hitching a cross-country ride with Ken Kesey's band of Merry Pranksters, the Mansonites made their way to the Railleries and set it on fire. While the staff escaped with their lives, the building was gutted; only the conference room and the servants' wing survived.

The editors tried to keep the magazine going, but after a year or so, it was clear that the situation was hopeless. An emergency board meeting was called at the Railleries to decide the fate of the *National Lampoon*. The board was hopelessly split. One faction was for stopping publication immediately. Another, led by Amelia Schenk Worthington, the ninety-six-



In 1927, a deranged artist from Columbus, Ohio, first submitted his art work to the *National Lampoon*. Even to the jaded minds of the publication, Thurber's work set new standards in horror and sadism. In one of its few efforts at preserving the public interest, the *National Lampoon* accepted Thurber's work only on the condition he immediately enter an intensive program of shock therapy. The treatments left Thurber peacefully numb; and his resultant later work appeared frequently in *The New Yorker*.

year-old niece of the publication's founder, was determined that some way be found to stay in business. Although blind, deaf, and paralyzed, the woman was in full possession of her faculties, and kept insisting, “We have to find a way!” and “Where's this?” and “Who are you?”

Suddenly, the conference room's double doors flew open. In walked two young men, dressed in double-breasted blazers, ascots, tattersall vests, and Glen plaid slacks. They introduced themselves as recent Ivy League graduates with a compelling dream.

“We want,” they said, “to rescue this magazine from the palsied hands of you old pussy-farts and publish it openly—in the sunlight—before it is ruined forever by your sclerotic mummies' brains.”

One elderly editor leaped, albeit with some difficulty, to his feet. “That's the most offensive thing I've ever heard,” he shouted.

A silence fell upon the room.

“My God,” a board member whispered. “That's the first time in ninety-nine years that anyone's been able to offend an editor of the *National Lampoon*.”

“If you think that's offensive,” one of the young men said, “take a look at

this!” He threw a magazine on the table. “It's the pilot version of our *National Lampoon*.”

For a moment, no one spoke. Then came the gasps of horror, shock, outrage.

“My God—that's a baby and a—oh, no! No!”

“The Pope's what?!”

“Poor, retarded Rose Kennedy—oh Christ, that's cruel!”

“Is that Eleanor Roosevelt and...it can't be!”

“Jesus, I'm ill!”

The board members turned to look at the young interlopers.

“It's yours,” one old editor said. “You are the most tasteless, vulgar, outrageous people we've ever seen. It is fitting that the *National Lampoon* should be yours.”

“Besides,” said another, “it's the only way we know to get rid of you for sure.”

“Where's this?” shouted Amelia Schenk Worthington.

And so was the old, underground *National Lampoon* put to rest. And so was born the new *National Lampoon*, a hundred issues ago.

May we be worthy of the torch that has been passed to us. And let's hope we can quit wearing those vests with double-breasted jackets. □



# GROWING OLDER COMICS!

BY ED SUBITZKY  
COLORING BY BARBARA SCHUBECK

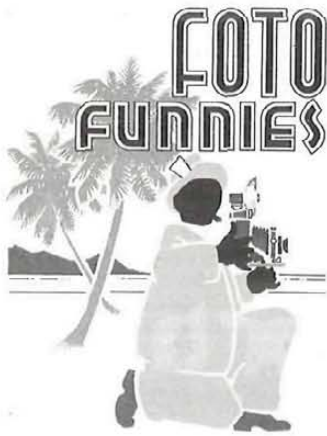
A FULL DAY IN THE TYPICAL PERSON'S LIFE OVER 30!













RECOMMENDED  
BY THE  
NATIONAL  
EDUCATION  
ASSOCIATION

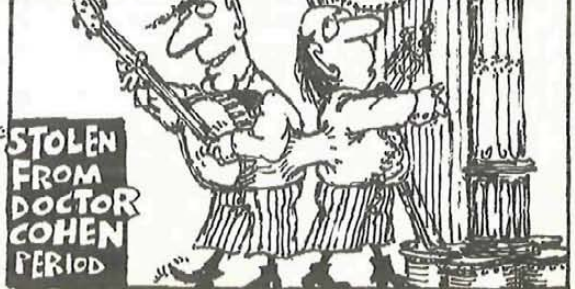
# ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF REVULSION!

THE FIRST SIAMESE TWINS  
IN THE AESOP FAMILY  
WERE BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
TO EPHRAIM AND SHERRY AESOP  
IN WINSTON DASH SALEM COMMA  
N PERIOD C PERIOD EXCLAMATION POINT

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT  
DELIVERING SIAMESE TWINS  
REQUIRES ENORMOUS MEDICAL  
SKILL PERIOD EPHRAIM AND SHERRY  
COGNIZANT OF THIS COMMA  
NAMED THE BOYS AFTER THE DOCTOR PERIOD



DOCTOR AND COHEN WERE  
MUSICALLY INCLINED PERIOD  
COHEN PLAYED THE BANJO  
AND DOCTOR PLAYED  
THE JEW APOSTROPHE S  
HARP PERIOD





DEATH CAME TO THE FIRST  
 AESOP BROTHERS IN THE  
 GREAT PLAGUE OF 1902 PERIOD  
 SO NAMED BECAUSE WHEN WORD  
 SPREAD OF THE PASSING OF DOCTOR  
 AND COHEN COMMA PEOPLE EXCLAIMED  
 COMMA QUOTE



THAT APOSTROPHES  
 GREAT LARGE EXCLAMATION  
 POINT CLOSE QUOTE  
 PERIOD



FILLER  
 THE CAPITAL OF THE  
 UKRAINE IS KIEV

BUT COMMA

NOT BEFORE COHEN AESOP HAD  
 FERTILIZED A DIMDASH WITTED  
 SERVANT GIRL COMMA NORA TUG PERIOD



NORA UPON DISCOVERING  
 SHE HAD MISSED HER  
 PERIOD PERIOD

AND SO COMMA



AFTER A DIFFICULT BIRTH  
 COMMA JOAQUIM AND BALTHAZAR  
 AESOP ENTERED THE WORLD PERIOD

FILLER  
 THE CAPITAL OF THE  
 UKRAINE IS KIEV

AH HELPED  
 WID DE  
 PLACENTA!





UNFORTUNATELY<sup>COMMA</sup> THEIR MOTHER SOLD THEM TO A FUNNYMAN WITH NO CHIN FOR FIVE CENTS A POUND AND THEY WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN<sup>EXCLAMATION POINT</sup>

FILLER  
THE CAPITAL OF THE  
UKRAINE IS KIEV



FILLER  
THE CAPITAL OF THE  
UKRAINE IS KIEV



FILLER  
THE CAPITAL OF THE  
UKRAINE IS KIEV

HOWEVER

FILLER  
THE CAPITAL OF THE  
UKRAINE IS KIEV

COMMA

THIS WAS NOT THE END OF THE AESOP SIAMESE TWINS PERIOD NOT ONLY HAD COHEN AESOP FERTILIZED A FEMALE<sup>COMMA</sup> DOCTOR AESOP DID ALSO<sup>EXCLAMATION POINT</sup>

MRS PERIOD BELLA

FILLER

THE CAPITAL OF THE  
UKRAINE IS KIEV



UMLAUT  
GROH<sup>SEMI DASH COLON</sup>  
FERTILIZEE<sup>PERIOD</sup>

UNLIKE THE BIRTH OF JOAQUIM AND BALTHAZAR AESOP<sup>COMMA</sup> BUCK AND CANDICE ENTERED THE WORLD PEACEFULLY<sup>PERIOD</sup>



BEG PARDON, MADAM, BUT I BELIEVE YOU HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO SIAMESE TWINS!



WELL, SAY, I NEVER!



AH HELPED WID DE PLACENTA!

GEE, THE CAPITAL OF THE UKRAINE IS KIEV!



**OF COURSE** <sup>UMLAUT</sup> **COMMA BELLA GROH** <sup>APOSTROPHE</sup> **S HUSBAND**  
**KICKED HER OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR HAVING SOMEONE**  
**ELSE** <sup>APOSTROPHE</sup> **S BABIES** <sup>PERIOD</sup>



**HOW WAS IT THAT BELLA GROH** <sup>UMLAUT</sup> <sup>APOSTROPHE</sup> **S HUSBAND KNEW**  
**THAT BUCK AND CANDICE WERE NOT HIS** <sup>QUESTION MARK</sup>

**EASY** <sup>EXCLAMATION POINT</sup>

**RUPERT** <sup>UMLAUT</sup> **GROH** <sup>PERIOD</sup> **WAS OF LOW BIRTH**  
**DESIRING IMPORTANCE** <sup>COMMA</sup> **HE MADE**  
**A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL** <sup>PERIOD</sup> **HE WOULD**  
**EXCHANGE HIS PRIVATE PARTS FOR AN**  
**UMLAUT OVER HIS NAME** <sup>PERIOD</sup>

I THINK IF YOU ADMINISTER TWO MORE SHARP BLOWS TO YOUR WIFE'S HEAD, EPHRAIM, SHE'LL BE DEAD.

HEY, THAT'S SWELL, DOCTOR!

DEN HE'LL BE ALL MINE!



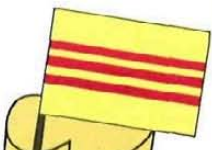
I SEEM TO HAVE STRAYED OFF FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY SO I WILL BEGIN AGAIN <sup>PERIOD</sup>

*Rodriguez*

**FOR WHAT THE DEVIL DID WITH THE PRIVATE PARTS SEND TEN DOLLARS TO PRIVATE PARTS 66 NATIONAL LAMPOON 635 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022**

**SOME OF YOU PERHAPS ARE WONDERING WHY THE PUNCTUATION MARKS ARE SPELLED OUT** <sup>PERIOD</sup>  
**THE REASON FOR THIS IS QUITE SIMPLE** <sup>PERIOD</sup>





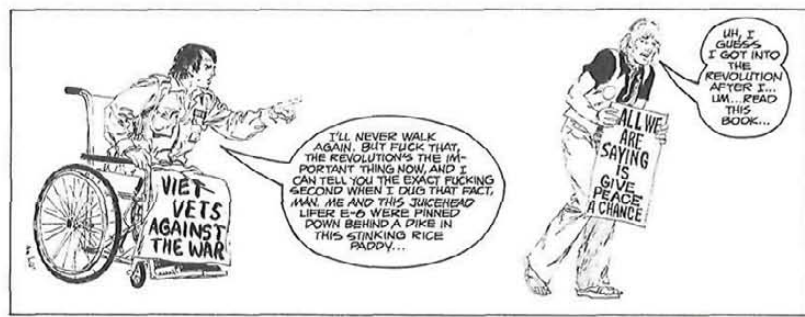
# BORN AGAIN *on the* 4<sup>th</sup> OF JULY

## VIETNAM COMBAT VETERANS SIMULATOR KIT

Everything you need to turn yourself into a genuine-looking, authentic-sounding veteran of the war in Vietnam

PRESENTED AS A PATRIOTIC SERVICE BY NATIONAL LAMPOON EDITORS  
 Tod Carroll and P.J. O'Rourke

### DID THIS USED TO HAPPEN TO YOU?



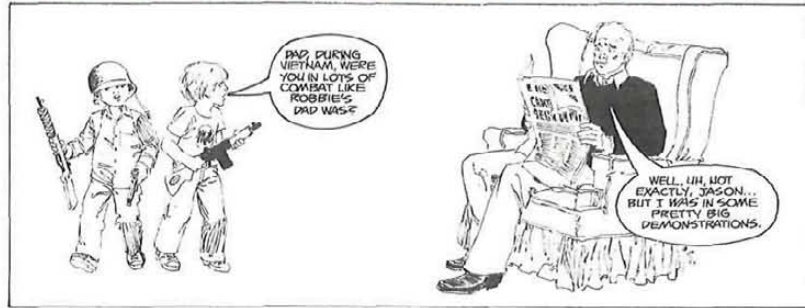
### WELL, SO WHAT IF YOU DIDN'T GO TO VIETNAM?

How'd you get out, anyway? "Bad back"? Old "knee injury"? Tell 'em you were queer? Well, it doesn't really matter. It's all over now and you're glad. Right? You're glad you didn't have to go and get shot at. And shoot back. And have your buddies depend on your courage and leadership to save their lives the way some guys had to. But not you. Nope, not that you feel guilty about it. No way. And you don't feel like less of a man, do you? Hell, no. That'd be silly. Sure, a war is, like, a very fundamental, a very intense experience. But it's actually *good* that you missed that experience because *this* war was morally wrong. And everybody should have stayed out of it the way you did. And nobody blames you for not going. Nobody at all. Not even your parents who were so upset back then. So don't worry about it; just study the following educational material and no one will know you weren't in 'Nam.

### DOES THIS HAPPEN TO YOU NOW?



### WILL THIS HAPPEN TO YOU SOON?



This article has been made possible through the cooperation of technical assistance command personnel: Capt. Ace Rickley, U.S.M.C. Ret., Sergeant E-5 Jay Boda, U.S. Army Ret., Private E-1 Phillip Santiago, U.S. Army Ret.



# Lesson #1 BASIC IDENTIFICATION

## US



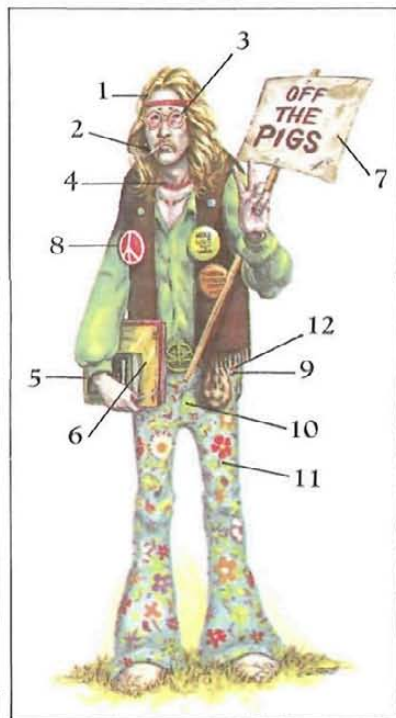
1. Deck of Luckies with a couple of sticks of "Mekong mindfuck" tucked inside.
2. LAW rocket launch tube.
3. Spare 60 mm. mortar rounds.
4. M-16 automatic rifle (800 rounds per minute).
5. Dozen or so M-16 clips.
6. 50 rounds shotgun ammo.
7. Sawed-off 12-gauge pump (no sport plug).
8. Flack jacket pockets filled with grenades: frags, C-2 tear gas, and white phosphorous incendiaries.
9. Kaybar fighting knife.
10. C-4 plastique charges.
11. First aid kit full of morphine styrettes.
12. Canteens full of whiskey.
13. Satchel full of plastique det. caps.
14. No insignia of any kind.
15. Pockets full of more grenades, shotgun shells, M-16 clips, C-4 charges, morphine styrettes, piastres, and a bag of gook ears.
16. Leeches the size of your feet.
17. Inside pack: Claymore mines, M-79 rifle grenades, more plastique charges and canteens full of whiskey, PRC-25 radio tuned to "bullshit freqs.," and .45 service automatic concealed to avoid identification as an officer by his own men.

## THEM



1. Oriental inscrutability (Example: thirty years worth of suicidally fanatic guerrilla warfare against Japanese, French, Americans, other Vietnamese, and anybody else who happened to be around).
2. Deliberate use of civilian clothing to blend with the native population (not that it mattered; they all wanted to kill us anyway).
3. AK-47 automatic rifle (600 rounds per minute).
4. Dozen or so AK-47 bullets.
5. Shit-smearing punji stick.
6. String of "friendlies" heads.
7. One Chicom grenade in pajama pocket.
8. One booby trap in other pajama pocket (stolen U.S. C-Ration can with stolen U.S. frag grenade slipped inside. Pin is pulled out and stolen U.S. communication wire trip line attached. Can holds grenade handle in place until line is pulled).
9. Razor-edged machete.
10. Stolen C-4 plastique charges.
11. Stolen plastique det. caps.
12. Stolen piastres.
13. Stolen anything else that wasn't nailed down.
14. Autographed photo of Jane Fonda.

## YOU



1. Hair like a girl.
2. "Mary Jane."
3. Granny glasses.
4. Love beads.
5. J.R.R. Tolkien and Herbert Marcuse.
6. Vanilla Fudge, Donovan, and Arlo Guthrie (33 1/3 rounds per minute).
7. Meaningful protest.
8. Footprint of the American chicken.
9. Banana peel scrapings, .000001 gram of hash, half a peyote button, and a bottle of asthma medication.
10. Crabs the size of your thumb.
11. Psychedelic drug floral camouflage pattern.
12. Inside wallet: "Homosexual" 1-Y, lots of money from home, and autographed picture of Jane Fonda.



# Lesson #2 LEARN THE LANGUAGE

The Vietnam soldier developed a special vocabulary. Without proper use of these words and phrases, your conversation (see Lesson 5) may not ring true, and you will be unable to properly respond to the accounts of real veterans.

## GLOSSARY OF COMMON VIET VET TERMS

AK-47	Soviet-made automatic rifle
ARVN	The South Vietnamese Army
beaucoup "P"	Expensive, "many piasters" (the South Viet unit of currency)
brown bar	Second Lieutenant
bullshit freqs	Commonly used frequencies on the PRC-25 FM radio (qv)
C-2	Tear gas grenade (U.S.)
C-4	Plastique explosive charge (U.S.)
Chicom	Reference to Communist China
Claymore(s) or Clays	Thin, flat, electronically detonated land mines (U.S.)
Constatina wire	A form of barbed wire
det caps	Detonators for C-4 explosive
door or dog gunner	Machine gunner positioned in the door of a helicopter
frag	Noun: fragmentation grenade Verb: to have a pointed disagreement with a superior officer or noncom
free-fire zone	An area where anything that moves is the enemy, including farm animals
friendlies	Vietnamese civilians who are on our side at that given moment
goomers, V.C., Charlie, or bad guys	Our enemies
gooks, slants, slopes, or dinks	Our allies
hootch	hut or house
hot grid	A location where the presence of an enemy force is suspected
Hueys, Cobras, snakes, loaches, or jolly green giants	Common types of helicopters or "choppers" (never call them "whirlybirds")
hunter-killer team	Small scout helicopter and a large gunship helicopter (or other aircraft) working together
in-coming!	Exclamation, meaning, "We are being fired on"
jammin' jinny	Derogatory slang term for the M-16 indicating its tendency to jam
juicer or juicehead	Someone who preferred liquor to marijuana (see <i>lifer</i> )
L.A.W.	"Light antitank weapon," disposable bazooka-type rocket
lifer	Career soldier (see <i>juicer</i> )
M-16	Standard U.S. Army rifle, the one with the handle on the top
M-60	Machine gun (U.S.)

M.P.C. or monopoly money	Military pay currency (it was illegal for U.S. soldiers to have greenbacks in Vietnam)
minigun	Electronic machine gun that could fire up to 4,000 rounds per minute
NVA	North Vietnamese Army
PRC-25	FM frequency field radio
Phoenix program, tiger cages, terminating people with extreme prejudice, water torture, and Bhuddists setting themselves on fire	You never saw any of that bullshit
point man	Individual who walked at the head of a column or patrol
quad-50s or quad-30s	Four 50- or 30-caliber machine guns mounted together
reactionary force	Reinforcements, a rescue force
rock 'n' roll	"Let's do it," "Let's waste some people"
sorry about that	Fuck you
tigers or rocks	Common name given to South Koreans fighting with U.S. forces
Vietnamization	A form of slow military surrender
waste	To kill in a thorough manner
When you got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow	Political education is one of our most valuable weapons, but in order to fully utilize it, a strong military presence is necessary.
Willie Peter	phosphorous grenade (U.S.)

## APPENDIX OF VIETNAMESE TERMS AND PHRASES

Most veterans of foreign wars retain at least a few native words. Below is a cross-section of an average American soldier's Vietnamese repertoire, presented in phonetic spellings:

chew-hoi	Literally, "open arms"—the South Viet policy of rewarding Viet Cong defectors, but used by the V.C. to mean "I surrender"
bye see tay	Liquor
dee-dee mauw	"Go!" "Leave!" "Get out of here, we're going to blow up your village!"
doe mammy monkey-eye	Motherfucker
I love you no shit you buy me Honda	"American men are very attractive"
kon sigh	Marijuana
kye low	Pussy
la day me nook	"Come here, my love"



# Lesson #3 YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE

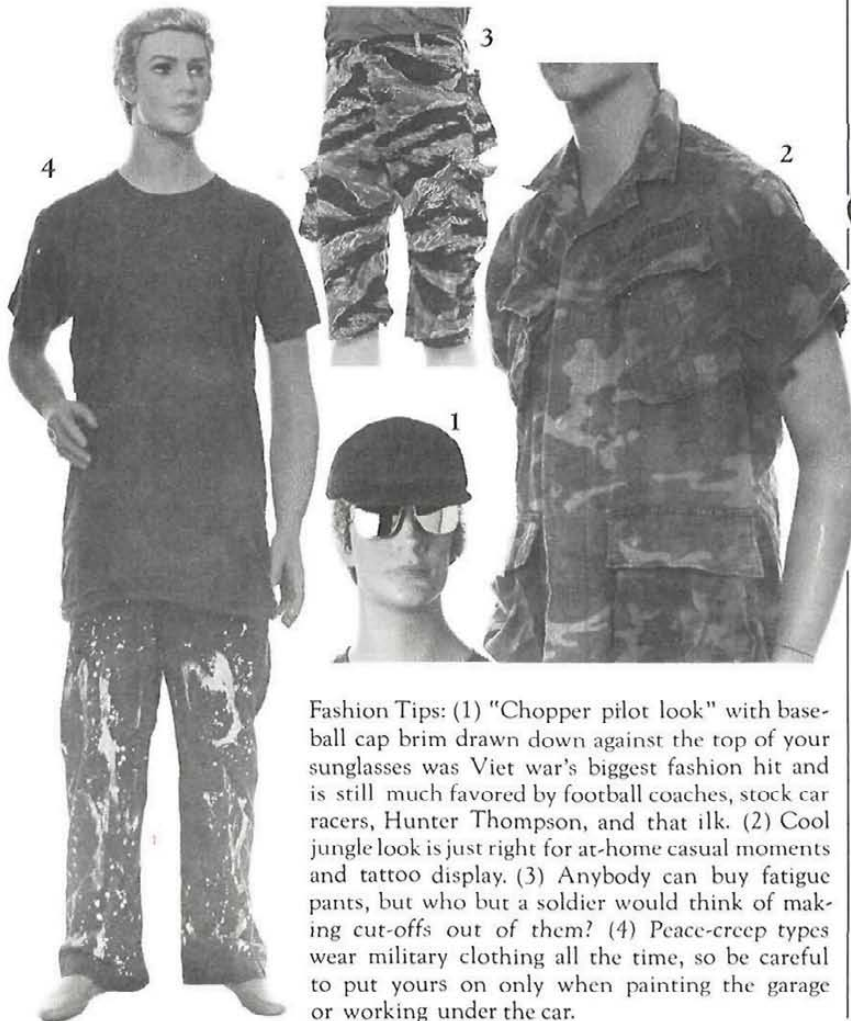
If you use the terms and information that you have learned in Lessons 1 and 2, and wear or display the items shown below, folks will just naturally *assume* you were in Vietnam....

**Y**ea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death  
I shall fear no evil: for I am the  
meanest son of a bitch in the valley.

This poster seems to be intimately involved with Vietnam veteranhood. No one knows why. (The same is true of subscriptions to *Penthouse* magazine.)



Keep your stash in one of these (it's an ammo box).



Fashion Tips: (1) "Chopper pilot look" with baseball cap brim drawn down against the top of your sunglasses was Viet war's biggest fashion hit and is still much favored by football coaches, stock car racers, Hunter Thompson, and that ilk. (2) Cool jungle look is just right for at-home casual moments and tattoo display. (3) Anybody can buy fatigue pants, but who but a soldier would think of making cut-offs out of them? (4) Peace-creep types wear military clothing all the time, so be careful to put yours on only when painting the garage or working under the car.



A souvenir jacket of your very own. It looks authentic—and it is.



# Season #4 BUT IF YOU DO LIE...

If circumstances call for a full-blown charade, examine and utilize the following materials.

## YOUR SNAPSHOTS



Your description: "This is me and my buddy, Scantlin, taking some of the locals for a scenic cruise along the A Shau valley. Unfortunately, they 'fell out' before we could find out if they enjoyed the trip." [Wry chuckle optional here]



Your description: "Here's our old C.O., Captain Bremmer. That was one hard motherfuckin' dude, man. Took a VC round through the eye about three seconds after I clicked the shutter, poor bastard. What a prick!"



Your description: "Now, I got some fuckin' memories with her...shit. Little Lo Nu, man. [Point to girl in fringe] God, I was fuckin' in love with her. I used to fuck her, and then she'd always ask me if she could wash my fuckin' clothes. I think she had my kid. She was real fuckin' clean, too."

## YOUR PERSONAL I.D.

Rank: E-5 [sergeant]  
Position: Squad leader  
Serial Number: Any ten-digit number  
M.O.S.: Infantry rifleman  
C.O.: Capt. James A. Bremmer, then  
Capt. Richard N. Grange  
Outfit: First Squad, First Platoon, D  
Company, Second Battalion,  
22nd Infantry, 10th Division,  
First Army

## YOUR DECORATIONS

Directions: Cut out and paste onto 50-cent pieces. Then place in a nice watch, jewelry, or ballpoint pen box; frame behind glass; or simply leave them loose around your house.



The South Vietnamese National Legion of Victory.



The House of Representatives' Medal of Honor (second in prestige only to the Congressional Medal of Honor).

## YOUR PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL WOUNDS

If necessary, you may co-opt any number of ordinary physical irregularities to serve as injuries received in Vietnam. For example: Any Ugly Scar—bullet or shrapnel wound. Any Surgical Scar—bayonet wound. Insomnia—horrible, recurring combat nightmares. Bad Back—stepped on a mine. Impotence—residual of 220-volt Communist interrogation torture. Flu—just another malaria attack. Headache—slug still lodged in brain.



# Season #5 WAR STORIES

You will need to know at least one good war story. If you haven't already picked up enough bits and pieces about Vietnam to fabricate your own believable adventure, simply memorize the following monologues. Each is a version of the same basic story, tailored to the type of audience you are trying to impress.

## WAR STORY TO TELL RELATIVES AND RESPECTABLE CITIZENS

I remember we had been helping some friendlies build an orphanage when Intelligence got word North Vietnamese regulars might be in the area, and HQ ordered us to evacuate and link up with the 71st near Pleiku. It was all part of this big operation called Attleboro, where we were going to draw the enemy into a trap and then cut him off. Well, as we were making our way toward Pleiku, we ran into an entire company of North Vietnamese who had set up an L-shaped ambush along our left flank. [Draw a diagram of an L on a napkin or piece of paper, with an arrow showing your platoon marching into a crossfire coming from either extension of the L] Ordinarily, flank security would have prevented our being surprised, but no one was available to cover us that day, and the North Vietnamese opened up with everything they had. I must have seen fifteen or twenty guys fall inside of a few seconds. I dove behind some barbed wire with the machine gunner and my buddy Scantlin and we started shooting like crazy. I've never been so scared in my life. [Probable response: "It must have been horrible."] It was, but you never really know how much courage people are capable of finding until you are put into a situation like that. Anyway, we radioed for a reactionary strike, and believe me, I was never as glad as I was then to see our choppers. About fifteen of them came up over the trees, firing more rockets and ammunition than I ever thought existed. After five or ten minutes of that, the enemy was completely wiped out. [Probable response: "So you got away safely?"] Yeah, we got away all right. Or, at least, some of us did. I remember looking down at my buddies on the ground and feeling half-guilty and half-angry for being there in the first place. I guess it occurred to me for the first time that friends of mine had given up their lives so the politicians in Washington could have the

privilege of carrying on an "excuse me" kind of war so nobody would get overly offended. It seemed like the job was to knock out North Vietnam once and for all, or simply get the hell out of there.

## WAR STORY TO TELL GIRLS

I hope you understand that it's really hard for me to talk about this. [Probable response: "I know...you don't have to if you don't want to."] Well, it's just that it's so hard to deal with these kinds of memories sometimes, especially with all the post-Vietnam guilt everyone feels today. [Probable response: "It must have been really awful there."] Well, yes. [Gather thoughts] I was in this one battle—I guess you could call it a battle—where we were attacked by the enemy near this Vietnamese village called Pleiku. I don't think I'd ever even fired my rifle until that day. [Become pensive, evincing deep emotional scars] We were helping build an orphanage for all of these poor children that had their families torn apart by the war when we had to abandon them one day and go to Pleiku as part of some big operation. I remember asking myself, "What for?" I knew we would go to Pleiku and risk getting killed so six weeks later we could return to an orphanage that would probably be destroyed the day we left. It was just all so senseless. Anyway, these North Vietnamese ambushed us in the jungle. [Pause to brace yourself for the painful story you are about to tell] They started shooting at us from out of nowhere, and there I was, watching all of my buddies go down—completely helpless to do anything to save them. You know, I just wanted to yell, "Stop!" but when you're caught up in pure insanity like that, all you can do is just dive to the ground and...well...I guess, do the best you can. [Probable response: "That must have been a horrible feeling."] God, you don't know what it's like to be put in a situation where you're forced to save your own life, and, the only way you can do it is by trying to take away the life of another human being.

[Cry here] I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get this way. [Probable response: "It's O.K., I understand." Dry your eyes, clear out the last sniffles] So anyway, some reinforcements came and got us out of there. More of us were dead than alive, though...it's...well, it's over now, and I'm here, safe, and in one piece, with a girl...in a comfortable place, and...I guess I'm really pretty lucky.

## WAR STORY TO TELL THE GUYS

You wanna hear some motherfuckin' rock 'n' roll, Jack, let me tell you about me and the second platoon up to our fuckin' asses in fuckin' operation Attleboro near fuckin' Pleiku, which in case you haven't heard was one ugly, motherfuckin' place, man. Weren't no fuckin' way them fuckin' Charlies were about to let that motherfucker go without some shit, you better fuckin' know it. [Probable response: "What happened?"] Well, we got hit by an entire motherfuckin' company of fuckin' NVA, that's what the fuck happened. Shit. This new fuckin' C.O. sent us out on patrol without any fuckin' flank security—fuck—that motherfuckin' chickenshit asshole. I knew about fifteen motherfuckin' guys that would have blown his goddamn head away if some fuckin' Charlie hadn't burned the son of a bitch first. The fuckin' asshole was sittin' in his hooch one night jackin' fuckin' off when he took a goddamn gook rocket right up the fuckin' ass. [Laugh here] Anyway, we walked right the fuck into a fuckin' L-fuckin'-shaped ambush when fuckin' Charlie cut off our balls with a shitstream of fuckin' Chicom crossfire that would have set a whole motherfuckin' entire goddamn division on its fuckin' ass—I mean those bastards hit us before we knew what the fuck was goin' on. Fuck me, man, it was a bad motherfuckin' mess. [Probable response: "So, what did you do?"] Shit. [Draw closer to the listeners] One thing you gotta remember, we never went on no goddamn patrol without every fuckin' piece of hardware we could carry—hey, fuckin' fire

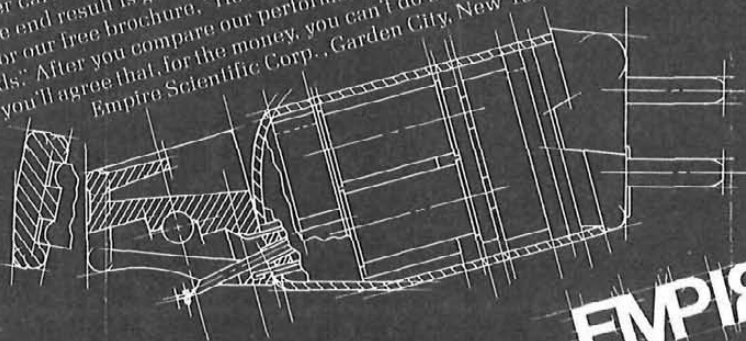
continued on page 96



# Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance. The advantages of Empire are threefold. One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our diamond stylus to float free of its magnets and coils. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures longer record life. Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the space and depth of the original recording give you the most minute movement is accurately reproduced. Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection. The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530



**EMPIRE**  
Already your system sounds better.

MODEL	4000 D/III	4000 D/I	2000Z Z	2000Z Z	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50kHz ± 3 dB	15Hz-45kHz ± 3 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 2 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 1½ dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 2 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 2 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 3 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 3 dB	20Hz-20kHz ± 3 dB
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¼-1¼ gm	1-1¼ gm	¼-1¼ gm	¼-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1½-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION 15Hz to 1kHz 1kHz to 20kHz 20kHz to 50kHz 20Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15kHz 15kHz to 20 kHz	28 dB 23 dB 15 dB	24 dB 20 dB 15 dB	20 dB 30 dB 25 dB	18 dB 27 dB 22 dB	20 dB 28 dB 20 dB	20 dB 25 dB 18 dB	18 dB 23 dB 15 dB	18 dB 23 dB 15 dB	16 dB 21 dB 13 dB
I.M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	2% 2kHz-20kHz	2% 2kHz-20kHz	0.8% 2kHz-20kHz	0.8% 2kHz-20kHz	1% 2kHz-20kHz	1.5% 2kHz-20kHz	2% 2kHz-20kHz	2% 2kHz-20kHz	2% 2kHz-20kHz
STYLUS	2 mil bi-radial	2 mil bi-radial	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	3 x 7 mil elliptical	7 mil spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	4 milligram	4 milligram	2 milligram	2 milligram	6 milligram	6 milligram	6 milligram	9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	30x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	30x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	30x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	20x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	18x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	17x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	16x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne	14x10 <sup>-9</sup> cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1 gm	30 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 9 gm	38 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 1½ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1kHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 dB @ 1kHz	within 1½ dB @ 1kHz	within ¼ dB @ 1kHz	within 1 dB @ 1kHz	within 1 dB @ 1kHz	within 1½ dB @ 1kHz	within 1½ dB @ 1kHz	within 1½ dB @ 1kHz	within 1½ dB @ 1kHz
INPUT LOAD	100k Ohms/ channel	100k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel	47k Ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pF/channel	under 100 pF/channel	300 pF/channel	300 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mV/channel	3 mV/channel	3 mV/channel	3 mV/channel	4.5 mV/channel	4.5 mV/channel	7 mV/channel	7 mV/channel	7 mV/channel



Elizabeth flew to Zurich and then to Sardinia. Somebody was trying to kill her and destroy the company. Everybody was deprived and had their own motives except Rhys, who was still darkly handsome and called her "Liz." Elizabeth modeled herself after her father's grandfather, who had been a pharmacist in the city of Krakow in the mid-nineteenth century. For some reason her ancestors were Jewish, although that fact had no bearing on Elizabeth's story.

Then terrible things happened and there was a happy ending.

E.W.



## Pi of Venus by Anoyus Nin

The unfolding of her nocturnal routine was for the pale and delicate Zelda a source of almost unbearably subtle and profound pleasure. At precisely nine o'clock she would close the volume she had been reading, rest her head against the lace antimacassar, and, with legs slightly splayed and plump fingers playing gently over the soft leather of the book in her lap, luxuriate in the throbbing vibrations of the tolling church bells. As the resonant sounds washed over her relaxed body, she would allow her gaze to explore the shadowy recesses of the room she loved, her heavy-lidded eyes gliding gracefully around the chaise and the armoire and the patterned fabric of the heavy curtain. Each object was to her as intimate and filled with nuance as the body of a sleeping lover.

Then she would slowly rise, and, after abandoning herself to a voluptuous yawn that made her whole body arch, turn off the little lamp whose warm glow sometimes made her think dangerous and exciting thoughts of strong gentlemen and longing gazes over piano tops.

At precisely the same hour every evening, she would step into her delicate pink slippers and enter the small tiled bathroom, redolent with the odor of pine and scented soap. And there, flushed with pleasurable anticipation, she would begin to disrobe. Sure fingers would unfasten buttons one by one, until there were no more, and with a languid shrug the garment is sent dropping in folds around her slippered feet and she stands naked but for the thin chemise, as pink as her own creamy flesh.

As always, a splash of cool water would begin the toilet. For a moment she would be still among the cologne bottles and combs, a woman with closed eyes and liquid running slowly down her face and neck. Then she would suddenly stir and begin mopping eyes, cheeks, the soft skin beneath her neck, enjoying the almost painful sensation of a coarse towel on tender flesh.

If for a moment she had lost herself to thoughts of other thinly-clad bodies in other bathrooms, all such thoughts would be driven from her mind the instant the head of the toothbrush penetrated her moist lips and thrust ruthlessly into her soft mouth. The sharp odor of mint would fill her nostrils as the hard bristles scraped cruelly over her small white teeth. Soft gums would yield beneath the unrelenting rhythm of her hand. Her eyes would moisten as she was transported to that rarefied zone between pleasure and pain, that distant place where each becomes the other and all senses merge into one ineffable whole.

When her mouth was rinsed and the toothbrush replaced and her hair brushed, she would wipe away the slight mist of perspiration that the excitement and exertion had created, and replace the chemise with a lacy, translucent nightgown. Thus prepared, she might allow herself a fleeting glance at her reflection, blushing slightly at the sight of her breasts and belly and the small dark triangle beneath the diaphanous garment.

Then, at precisely the same minute of the same hour, she would step lightly into the dimly lit bedchamber, greet and have repeated intercourse with the two large Arab men, and then sink back on the soft linen of the goose-down pillow and surrender herself to the soft embrace of sleep.

D.A.



## Collusions by Richard Buch

Well now. I was flying, like I usually do when I fly, up in the plane and all. Can't beat a plane for flying, leastways not unless you're a bird, or somesuch. Ain't never been a bird meself, exactly.

So I'm flying around, landing here and there, taking up people for three dollars per, fly 'em around ten minutes. And I meet this here fellow in a field, leaning up against his plane. He has long hair, eyes going to dark, form lank, attitude

casual. Sitting there up against his plane eating a sandwich.

"My name's Donald," he says to me. "And you're Richard. Take this book and wise up," holding out a little book, thin sliver of a thing, blue cover, something white on the front, bird or something.

"What for?" I ask, but nicely, because something about this fellow appeals to me.

"Why, come now, Richard," he says. "In this book you'll find the secret of happiness in this world. And believe me, I should know. I'm the Messiah. No, correct that: a messiah."

"Well then," I say, grudging-like. "But how can this book show me the secret of happiness?"

"Why don't you look at it and see?" he says, with a sort of twinkle in his eye.

I open the book to the first page and read:

*It was morning,  
and the new sun  
sparkled gold  
across the ripples  
of a gentle sea.*

"Now do you understand?" he asks me.

"No, Donald, truth is I don't," I say, and I didn't, really.

"Keep reading," he says.

I let my eye travel down the page a little, until I read:

*Sea gulls,  
as you know,  
never falter,  
never stall.  
To stall in the air  
is for them disgrace  
and it is dishonor.*

"Don't you see, Richard? Don't you know what this book means to you? Don't you see what it is?"

"Well..." I scratch the top of my head, puzzled-like.

"It's a best seller!" he says. "Just look at that sentence there. The one about disgrace and dishonor. The informal tone, the way the author gets real chummy with the reader. The 'as you know,' granting the reader an awareness and intelligence neither the reader nor the author possesses. It's flattering, Richard! And that stuff about disgrace and dishonor: anthropomorphizing sea gulls, suggesting they have a code of morality and ethics. Like fairy tales, Peter Rabbit, Yogi Bear: it never fails. And the pompous construction of 'is for them disgrace and it is dishonor.' Pseudo-Biblical. Irresistible! And wait until you see what the message of this little baby is."

continued on page 84



# FUNNY PAGES

## SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW YOU ACTUALLY "BUILT YOURSELF" BY ADDING STUFF ON TO SEE IF IT WOULD WORK, AND THEN PROPPING IT UP IF IT DID, OR SAWING IT OFF AND THROWING IT AWAY IF IT DIDN'T?

HELLO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM MYSTO THE MAGICIAN! PLEASE TAKE A CARD, ANY CARD!

THEN THEY DO AND IT'S... AH... THE FOUR OF CLUBS.

*Graham Wilson ©1978*

THANK YOU! AND NOW PLEASE PUT THE CARD BACK INTO THE PACK! THANK YOU!

OK, SO NOW I SHUFFLE IT...

...WAIT A MINUTE...

...YEAH JUST LIKE THAT!

NOW, I WANT YOU TO NOTICE I AM SHUFFLING THE CARD YOU PICKED BACK INTO THE PACK!

...WAIT A MINUTE...

...YEAH, BUT I DO IT LIKE ...

...NO... SHIT.

...OK, NOW... WAIT A MINUTE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... ALRIGHT... PLEASE SAY WHEN AND I WILL STOP COUNTING OUT THE CARDS! JUST SAY WHEN! THANK YOU!

WHEN.

ALRIGHT, SIR, IS THIS YOUR CARD? NO! IT'S THE FUCKING TWO OF HEARTS!

AH, LET ME SEE, NOW... IS THIS THE FOUR OF CLUBS? NO. IS THIS? NO.

LET ME TRY IT AGAIN... WAIT A MINUTE... WAIT A MINUTE...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

...WAIT A MINUTE...



# TROTS AND BONNIE

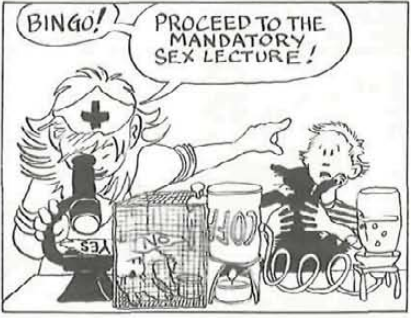


HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PREGNANCY TEST YET?

IT WAS REALLY HARD GETTING HER TO PEE IN A JAR.

PEPSI'S FREE PET ABORTION CLINIC

MAMMALS ONLY



BINGO!

PROCEED TO THE MANDATORY SEX LECTURE!



I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU PEOPLE IN HERE TWICE!



HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF BIRTH CONTROL PILLS FOR DOGS?...



"ANTIHEAT" FRAGRANCE ELIMINATOR SPRAY?...



CAT PANTIES?!



SPECIAL TODAY. WE'RE GIVING AWAY A DIGITAL WATCH WITH EVERY STERILIZATION PROCEDURE.



AND BELIEVE ME... WE CAN TELL IF YOU HAVE AN UN-NEUTERED MALE CAT AT YOUR HOUSE, 'CAUSE WE CAN SMELL HIS SPRAY ALL OVER YOUR CLOTHES!



NURSE! I CAN'T GET ANY SUCTION!

HOLD IT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT TO CHANGE THE BAG.



TAKE THIS OUT AND BURY IT.



I'M SAVING UP FOR A NEW ATTACHMENT... YOU KNOW THOSE LITTLE PLASTIC ONES FOR CORNERS?



NEXT!

HEY! I'VE GOT ONE FOR YA... HOW DO YOU GIVE A PARAKEET AN ABORTION?!



OH NO! IT'S A HAMSTER! WHERE'S THE TWEEZERS?!

BREAK THE EGG!



HEY! WE'RE GETTING PRETTY GOOD AT THIS... TOMORROW WE CAN DO YOUR SISTER.

I'LL GO CHANGE THE SIGN AND HIDE THE DOGWORLD MAGAZINES.

©78 SHARY FLENNIKEN



**BITTERS** by Claire BRETÉCHER









this strip is for my little hunny, DEBBIE the K.!

we'll be there in a minnit, folks!

# chicken guts

in "LOVE IS A MANY SPLINTERED THING"  
by E N O S



THE GREAT RAVIOLI WILL NOW EXCEPT A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE!



AND HOW ABOUT YOU, SIR? YOU LOOK LIKE THE STRONG, BRAVE, INTELLIGENT TYPE I'M AFTER!

break out the shovels, mother... it's getting deep in here!

ER... I... ER...



AMHHHH! here he comes now... a courageous little man!

THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A GUY THAT SOLD ME AN EDSEC ONCE!

ER... I... ER...

G'WAN SPORT!

HEY, HEY, L.B.J.



NOW, MERELY LOOK INTO MY EYES, MY LITTLE FRIEND!

I think I'll just be cool an' look the other way!



You are getting SLEEPY... your eyelids are getting HEAVY...

WARNING: DO NOT STARE AT THIS PANEL.



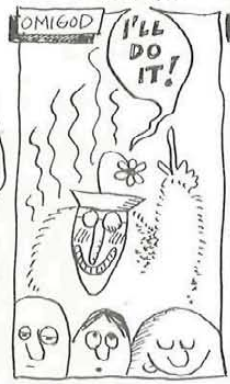
AHA! YOU ARE NOW IN MY POWER. YOU ARE NO LONGER THE LITTLE SHLUMP YOU WERE... YOU ARE NOW A GREAT LOVER... GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN... IN SHORT... BURT REYNOLDS!

I THINK I MAY BECOME ILL!

THE WEASEL SENDS HER LOVE TO KATHY'N FROM NANTUCKET.



AND NOW WILL A BRAVE YOUNG LADY COME FORTH FOR THIS EXPERIMENT!



OMIGOD

I'LL DO IT!



OKAY, BURT... GO TO IT!

HEY BABEE!

TEE HEE

IT'S TOOTSIE TURNER, THE GIRL HE'S BEEN IN LOVE WITH SINCE THE THIRD GRADE... BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE EXISTS! (WHILE)

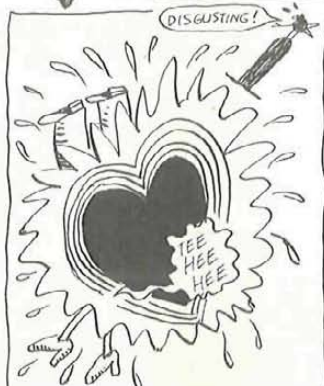
\* FOR THE BENEFIT OF NEW READERS.



AWRIGHT, KIDDO... YER BIG CHANCE IS HERE... LAY ONE ON ME!

wonders will never cease!

TEE HEE!



DISGUSTING!



I THINK WE HAD BETTER SNAP HIM OUT OF IT, FOLKS... BEFORE WE GET RAIDED!

SNAP



Wow! where am I?

Wow! WHAT A HUNK!



I have this terrible nagging feeling that I missed something interesting!

BYE.

WUNDER WHAT'S FOR SUPPER!

MANY, MANY THANX TO ROWLAND, PEARL, DAVID, TINA, JIM, PETER, THE WEASEL, TERRY THE CHIPMUNK, CURT, AND L.B.J. FOR YOU KNOW WHAT!



# FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 82

## THE CENTIMETER WORM

AS AMERICA CONVERTS TO THE METRIC SYSTEM, THE INCHWORM WILL BE REPLACED BY THE CENTIMETER WORM, AND THE COMIC ARTIST WHO ISN'T PREPARED WILL LOSE VALUABLE ACCOUNTS. STUDY THIS HANDY CONVERSION TABLE CAREFULLY, THEN PRACTICE DRAWING THE CENTIMETER WORM.



INCHWORM



CENTIMETER WORM

### AN AVERAGE LOVE STORY! by ED SUBITZKY

**THEY MEET** TWELVE FRESH HAM HOCKS, PLEASE. YES. MA'AM. THEY MEET AGAIN. THREE PIG'S WORTH OF KNUCKLES, PLEASE. YES. MA'AM. THEY MEET AGAIN. SIX YOUNG CALVES' LIVERS, PLEASE. YES. MA'AM. THEY'RE... THEY'RE ON SALE TODAY!

**THEIR FIRST DATE** GEE, THAT WAS A GOOD MOVIE. I ESPECIALLY LIKED THE PART WHERE THEY COOKED DINNER. WELL, GOOD-NIGHT. **THEIR SECOND DATE** GOOD-NIGHT AND THANKS... GEE, THAT MOON IS SURE PRETTY UP THERE. YOU ARE PRETTY TOO.

**HE PROPOSES** I'M JUST AN ORDINARY BUTCHER'S ASSISTANT WHO DOESN'T KNOW FANCY WORDS AND THINGS, BUT IF YOU WOULD JUST... CONSIDER... MAYBE... **THE WEDDING** I DO! I DO! NOW LET'S EAT! **THE HONEY-MOON** I WOULDN'T EVER HAVE BELIEVED I COULD EVER BE THIS HAPPY. IT'LL BE LIKE THIS FOR US ALWAYS. **TWENTY YEARS LATER** WE SEEM TO BE OUT OF DEODORANT. THERE SHOULD BE SOME MORE IN THE OTHER CLOSET, I THINK.

THE END

### Two Year Affair by Reese Price

Meanwhile... back in the Sauna...

WHAT DO YOU USE FOR BIRTH CONTROL?

BARRY MANILOW.

BARRY MANILOW?

JUST THE ALBUMS... HOW ABOUT YOU?

I HAD A RADICAL VASECTOMY.

WHAT'S THAT?

OY.

SITTING ON THE HOOD ORNAMENT OF A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL.

EVERY TIME I PASS AN EL PORADO, I GET HOT.

© 1978 BY P. NEXT: GIRL TALK.





**National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS-1019) \$3.95**

**National Lampoon "Black Sox" Softball Team Jersey (TS-1027) \$6.00**



Hi, I'm Irene, and I'm going to remain completely nude through-out this mail-order sales campaign...  
...except when I'm modeling T-shirts.

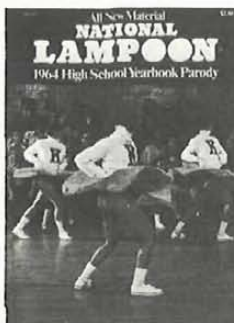


"Voulez-vous fuck?" (TS-1024) or the more modest "Voulez-vous tuque?" (TS-1025) T-shirts. Either: \$3.95

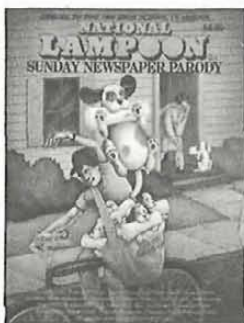


**National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt (TS-1026) \$4.95**

## National Lampoon Nude Mail Order Sale



**National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody.** From C. Estes Kefauver High in Dacron, Ohio (BO-1007) \$2.50



**National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody.** Sequel to the High School Yearbook—a complete Sunday edition of the Dacron Republican-Democrat (BO-1021) \$4.95

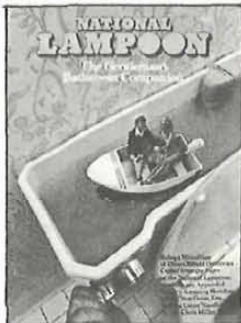


**National Lampoon Binder** (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50

**One-Year Volumes of National Lampoon**—12 issues in binder. 1974 (BN-1002) \$15.00, 1975 (BN-1003) \$13.50, 1976 (BN-1004) \$12.50



**National Lampoon Presents French Comics.** Popular French cartoonists published for the first time in America (BO-1020) \$2.50



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# Back Issues

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts, Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and 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 Hate Literature, All in de Family, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and *Ivory* magazine.

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

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

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

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, *Whitdoodle* 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 "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Ties, and *Bad Day*.

**MARCH, 1974/STUPID:** With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Cancer 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 Farmers Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomic Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine.

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexecuting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Baltair* Comics.

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

**NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller 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 Massacre.

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

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

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National* Score, 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 Bums.

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Altica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherent 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, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

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

**MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS:** With *The Times of Indira*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietstisname, 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 Weakly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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 *Lite 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 Fave'rave Fabgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Meatles, 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, Orgasmic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Neuroses 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, Euronazis, 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 Autorialia.

**MAY, 1978/FAMILIES:** With the Spitz Family Rubinstein, a Nancy Drew parody, "How Did I Get Here?" Earth's Fertile Yield, and the debut of Claire Bretecher.

**JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegrays Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.

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**PARODIES**

continued from page 72

I look at him sort of dubiously.

"What is it?"

"Get this," he says, grinning and eager.

"That anyone can do anything and be anything just by believing they can! That anyone has a perfect right to do anything! That happiness can be had simply by believing that you're happy! What could be better! What more do people want to be told! I'm telling you, Richard, it can't miss. Just find some editor at a publishing house with a little nerve, put your name on it, and you're set for life. In this world, at least."

"Well..." I say, thinking maybe this fellow does know a thing or two about things. "Why are you doing this for me? Why don't you publish this yourself?"

"Because I'm a perfect master, silly. A messiah. I have no need for this sort of stuff anymore. I'm doing you a favor—and besides, I wrote this thing, and I want to see how it does."

I think about it a second, then ask, "And folks'll pay good money to buy this and read it and all?"

"Absolutely. Besides, what do you have to lose?"

"Well..." And I start to think on it. Flying folks at three dollars per isn't much of a living. The marriage isn't what it used to be. The books I write about

biplanes don't sell much. The bills are all piling up. So I reach out and take the book—little slim thing, maybe a hundred pages tops—and look it over. Appears to be about birds. That's okay with me. Birds fly, I like to fly. What the heck.

"Let me ask you one more thing," I say to him. "What do you mean by 'in this world,' Donald?"

"Well, Richard," he begins, and I notice he's starting to sort of turn transparent and fade away, "You may have to answer some questions about being responsible for publishing this thing. Later on, I mean."

"What kind of questions?"

"Oh... you know. Questions *He* might ask." He was almost gone now, and his plane was vanishing, too.

"But I didn't write this," I protested. "A messiah gave it to me."

"Then that'll be your defense," he says, and just as he disappears completely, I hear him say, "So long, Richard. And good luck."

Well. I sit down on the grass with the book, shrug, and think: what the hey. I open it at random to a page and read:

*As it had shined across him all his life, so understanding lighted that moment for Jonathan Seagull. They were right. He could fly higher, and it was time to go home.*

*He gave one last long look across the sky, across that magnificent silver land where he had learned so much.*

*I'm ready," he said at last.*

*And Jonathan Livingston Seagull rose with the two star-bright gulls to disappear into a perfect dark sky.*

Not bad, I think. Sure beats crop-dusting.

E.W.



**Love's Blazing Lips**  
by Rosemary Watercresse

The gentle mist crept across the dark moors on feet as silent as a newborn kitten taking its first hesitant steps as Marisa Maidenhead Courtledge wiped a tear away from her pale cheek. The girlish form that had known only the gossamer touch of lace petticoats chafed miserably beneath the rough servant's garb that now clothed her charming body.

Just then a shrill bell pierced her very like a knife cutting through the creamy, soft buns she had been so fond

continued on page 94

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ever you care to hit with the ball ■ Pick your own nickname—Babe, Too-Tall, Queenie, et al. ■ It's a white shirt, beautifully printed in St. Louis blue and made from 100 percent machine washable cotton ■ The girl, incidentally, is on the team. She's Karen Allen of the forthcoming *National Lampoon's Animal House* film.

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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

● Mrs. Maria Rubio of Lake Arthur, New Mexico, was rolling a burrito for her husband, Eduardo, last October when she noticed an unusual, thumb-sized configuration of skillet burns on the tortilla. She determined the pattern formed an image of Jesus Christ, and when her husband and a neighbor concurred, delivered the tortilla to Father Finnigan for his blessing. He advised Mrs. Rubio the resemblance to the face of Jesus was merely a coincidence, but she remained convinced the incident had been a miracle. Accordingly, Mrs. Rubio constructed a small shrine, mounting the Christ-bearing tortilla in the lower center of a dark background, bordered by a simple wooden frame. A rectangular mass of cotton extends from the base of the frame to a point just below the image, making it look like Christ is floating on an altar of clouds. Mrs. Rubio subsequently resigned her position as a maid to attend full-time to the more than 6,000 persons who have visited her home to view the tortilla. *Albuquerque Journal* (contributed by Charlotte Toulouse)

● An eighteen-year-old Iranian youth called Hassan was arrested after he attempted to cure his sister Fatemeh's supposed mental illness with a home-rigged electric shock treatment. The treatment was administered by means of a metal clothes hanger wired to an electrical outlet, which Hassan instructed the girl to hold. Fatemeh received burns on her hands, and began to cry out for help after Hassan demanded

money from her for the therapy. *Kayhan International* (contributed by J.V. Poplin)

● Forty-four-year-old Soeur "The Singing Nun" Sourire, who earned a gold record and over \$100,000 in royalties for her 1960s hit song "Dominique," is broke. Since leaving the Dominican Order in 1966, she has run up a \$125,000 tax debt to the Belgian government, and fears she will be imprisoned for nonpayment. *New York Post*

● The U.S. Air Force is in the process of revising its technical manuals for the F-15

fighter down to a fifth grade level. Officials believe the Saudi Arabians, who are likely customers for the plane, will be incapable of understanding the instructions as they are presently written. *UPI*

● Researchers for the Humane Society of Fallston, Maryland, have announced a discovery relating to humane rodent control. Mice are repelled by tiger urine. Experimenters placed quantities of the urine near selected piles of corn and grain, and after several days found the rodents had only

eaten food that was not tiger urine-protected. *The Press*

● Following a ban on certain sterility-causing pesticides by three federal agencies, the National Peach Council recommended that the toxins merely be restricted to use by those workers who have nothing to fear from a threat of losing their ability to reproduce. The council argued that such exposure would present no risk to old people, who are sterile anyway, as well as to other persons who desire sterility as a means of birth control. The latter group, it was suggested, might be spared the expense of a vasectomy or tubal ligation by voluntarily working with the chemical. *Louisville Courier-Journal* (contributed by Bruce White)

● Mario Maimone was consecrated a bishop of the Holy Sepulchre Church of Graecia Hagne-Sicily, a splinter sect of Greek Orthodoxy, by ranking prelates who were surprised, after the ceremony, to learn that Maimone had spent eleven months in prison for hijacking a Swiss airliner. The thirty-four-year-old Italian-American claimed at the time that he was Jesus Christ Superstar, and forced the jet to land in Rome, where he demanded an audience with the Pope.

Maimone admits that his present attraction to the clergy is inspired by the financial success of Reverend Moon, and accordingly plans to launch his ministry from a castle on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. "Heathens," he told the congregation in his first sermon, should be given a ".38 caliber in the head." *New York Post*

**LIVES OF THE GREAT**  
THIS MONTH:  
**GEORGE HERMAN "BABE" RUTH**  
(1895-1948)

THE "BABE" ROSE FROM AN IMPOVERISHED CHILDHOOD ON THE BALTIMORE WATERFRONT TO BECOME BASEBALL'S LEGENDARY "SULTAN OF SWAT." SPORTSWRITER PICK SCHAAP FELT THAT HE EMBODIED ALL THAT WAS GOOD IN PRO SPORTS AND MOST OF WHAT WAS BAD, AND NEW YORK'S MAYOR JIMMY WALKER CALLED HIM "A GREAT ATHLETE AND A GREAT FOOL."

RUTH'S NOISY FONDNESS FOR PROSTITUTES AND HIS DISREGARD FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE (HE SELDOM USED A TOOTHBRUSH OR FLUSHED A TOILET) MADE HIM A VERY UNPOPULAR ROOMMATE AT AWAY GAMES.

RUTH'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS USUALLY RAN TO SIX OR SEVEN SANDWICHES WITH THE SAME NUMBER OF BEERS OR SODAS, AND HIS PREGAME MEALS OFTEN CONSISTED OF TRIPLE PORTIONS OF FOOD, WASHED DOWN WITH A QUART OF ORANGE JUICE AND A FIFTH OF GIN.

THE PRESS DUTIFULLY ATTRIBUTED RUTH'S 1935 SPRING TRAINING COLLAPSE TO "INTESTINAL PROBLEMS." HE WAS IN FACT SUFFERING FROM AN ADVANCED CASE OF SYPHILIS.

WHILE ON A WINTER BURLESQUE PUBLICITY TOUR, THE BABE WAS SAID TO HAVE CLOSETED HIMSELF IN HOTEL ROOMS WITH AS MANY AS TWELVE PROSTITUTES AT A TIME, EMERGING ONLY FOR HIS NIGHTLY STAGE APPEARANCE.



T

## Animals

● Colombian children's television star Marco Polo was acquitted of murder charges by an appeals court after the eight-inch-tall defendant allegedly bit an elderly woman to death. Marco Polo is a monkey. Following a brief term in jail with thirty-five prostitutes and common criminals, the animal was tried and sentenced to death. An attorney hired by the star's owner then appealed the verdict, arguing successfully that Marco may have been provoked by the victim. The court eventually released him to the custody of a zoo, but not before thousands of humans reportedly offered to stand trial in Marco's place, and/or break him out of prison. *Toronto Star* (contributed by John Pryor)

● A Japanese human was arrested on charges of arson after the stray cat he set on fire ignited a 209-year-old museum. The suspect had become aggravated with strays around his property, and subsequently lit one of them after dousing it with kerosene. The cat crawled under the historic building while still in flames. Elkhart, *Indiana Truth* (contributed by Joel Scharitzer)

● Human John MacKay was fined \$54 by an English court for assaulting, imprisoning, and torturing a parrot. Drunk, and disturbed by his bird's shrieking, MacKay forced the creature into a freezer, and later transferred it to an oven. He set the burner on low heat. The parrot recovered after medical treatment, and was remanded to the care of Mrs. MacKay. *Reuters* (contributed by Alison Gordon)

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## Spoilers

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

## BOOKS

*Jaws II* by Hank Searls: The mate of the great white shark returns, pregnant. Captain Brody endangers his family by accusing the Mafia of murders actually committed, in most of the cases, by the shark. In the end the Mafia operations are stopped and the Brody family escapes unscathed. The shark is killed, but only after it has given birth.

*Final Payments* by Mary Gordon: After Isabel Moore is freed by the death of her invalid father, she moves out of the city, gets a job, has an affair with the husband of a friend, and falls in love with another married man. She sacrifices all to take care of her hateful, ailing housekeeper, but ultimately gives that up to pursue a life of her own with the man of her dreams.

*The Rich Are Different* by Susan Howatch: Paul is murdered; Dinah eventually marries Steve, and she loses Mallingham to Cornelius. But at novel's end, she is successful, rich, and plotting to get it back.

*Kalki* by Gore Vidal: Kalki, who is both godhead of a worldwide religion and a Vietnam veteran called James Kelly, proclaims that the world will end on April 3. To accomplish this end, he has one of his five Perfect Masters, who is a female aviator, drop white lotuses

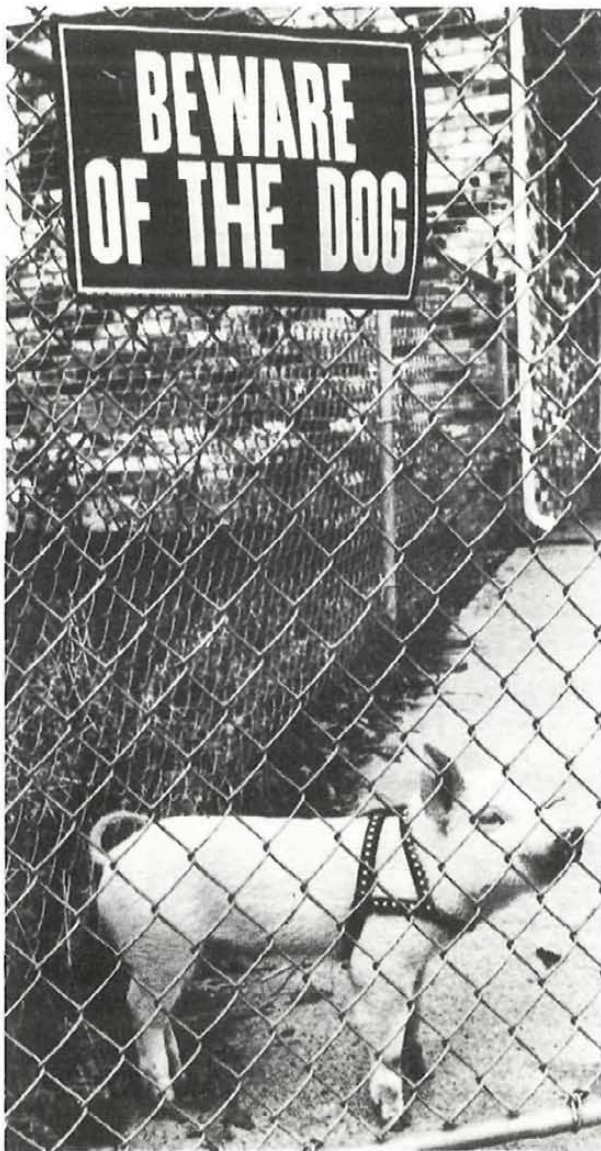


Photo contributed by F. Kalanuk, Moose Jaw, Canada

*The factual integrity of this pig "just happening" to be in a dog collar beneath a "beware-of-the-dog" sign may be suspect, but, well, given that pigs, as they say, "is pigs"... um... Anyway, this is a true pig, wearing a true dog collar, beneath a true "beware-of-the-dog" sign, and therefore merits inclusion in the True Section. Besides, True Section Editor Tod Carroll's secretary laughed when she opened the envelope, and she never laughs. And who says there's no room for a little gentle humor in the National Lampoon, anyhow?*



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## Bullshit

### BULLSHIT ARTICLE OF THE MONTH

impregnated with deadly bacteria on various parts of the world. All die but the five, although Kalki's plan of siring a new race is shattered when one of the five reveals the truth—that Kalki and his wife have incompatible Rh factors.

*Scruples* by Judith Krantz: In the end, Billy Ikehorn, owner of the elite *Scruples* of Beverly Hills, marries movie producer Vito Orsini. She becomes pregnant and he wins an Oscar.

### MOVIES

*The Silver Bears*: Michael Caine cons the Mafia into giving him \$3 million to buy a Swiss bank. He is sold a useless property by a prince who becomes his partner. The two of them buy a phony silver mine from a con man for \$20 million, and sell both the Swiss bank and the mine to an American bank for \$60 million. Caine ends up with the Swiss bank and Cybill Shepherd, accountant Smothers goes to jail, and the Mafia gets the sixty million.

*I Wanna Hold Your Hand*: Each of the fans get to meet, or at least get close to, the Beatles.

*National Lampoon's Animal House*: All of the members of Delta House are expelled for being the worst-behaved fraternity house in Faber College's history. As a parting gesture, the brothers enter their own float in the Homecoming Parade and virtually destroy the parade and the town. Bluto kidnaps Mandy; they eventually get married.

"Bullshit" toasts three-times-three Ms. Phyllis Schlafly, whose recent column, entitled "Throwing Stones at Rock Music" (Copley News Service, as published in the *Colorado Springs Sun*, date unknown) takes us back to the halcyon days of the mid-sixties, when idiotic analyses of rock music were far more common than today. Never one to let lack of insight and intelligence give her pause, Ms. Schlafly delights us with the following:

"Sex rock," she says, is "the music that promotes immoral sex habits among teenagers and thereby contributes to the high rate of venereal disease, illegitimate pregnancies and broken lives." In fact, "hard rock music has fostered the great wave of drug addiction among young people in the United States and England."

Schlafly, her sense of history as sharp as her wits, continues, "Some will argue that every generation had had [*sic*] its 'fad' dances such as the Charleston, the Big Apple, and the Jitterbug. Some were silly, some were energetic exercise, but none of the previous fads was lewd or obscene.

"The older dances required competent musicians to play the music, whereas hard rock does not.

"Most of the so-called music on television, radio, and juke boxes is performed by screaming, moaning singers accompanied by racket makers who never had a music lesson in their lives."

Tempting as it is, we cannot give credit to Schlafly alone for these insights. She refers us to correspondence sent her by one Jack Staul-

cup, "a union musician," who "has conducted thousands of interviews with teen-agers and learned from their own mouths how rock and roll promotes immoral activities and attitudes." Of course, "every teen-ager who likes rock and roll is not a juvenile delinquent, but most go along with the crowd because of peer pressure."

Commentators less reticent than "Bullshit" might suggest that musician Staulcup's bitterness is due, perhaps, to who can and cannot get work playing high school dances and college mixers these days ("Staulcup con-

cludes that rock and roll is the biggest legalized racket this country has ever seen"). However, "Bullshit" would here like to throw reticence to the wind and declare ourselves frankly in awe of Schlafly's final caveat: "If we value civilization, we cannot afford to ignore any longer the high correlation between the multi-billion dollar hard-rock racket and the explosion of drug abuse and illicit sex among their teen-age victims. Parents should take a more active part in monitoring their children's entertainment."

Yeah, yeah, yeah!


THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

April 7, 1978

To the Editors of  
The National Lampoon

*by you*  
I've been asked to send my formal congratulations to the National Lampoon on its hundredth anniversary, and to mention briefly your accomplishments in the field of wit and literary endeavor.

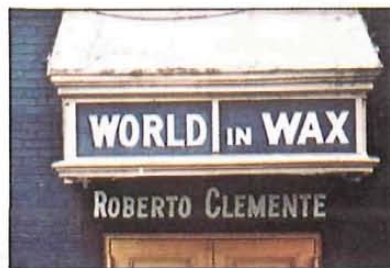
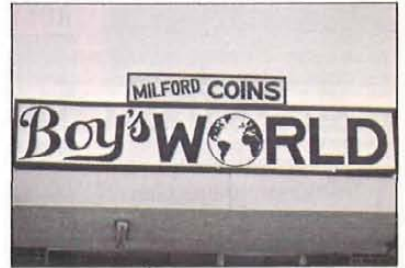
Sincerely,



Editors  
The National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Happy Anniversary to Us: Contributing Editor Jeff Greenfield (who is owed a political favor or two by the present administration) asked that we be congratulated, and so we were; though the inserted correction softened our thrill somewhat.







**T**

## From the Slush Pile

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

Flora and I were so afraid we had goosebumps all over our body.

The football game in his stomach had entered the third quarter.

Her brain shouted "No, no!" but her feet screamed "Yes!"

Roger's breaths came heavier when his glance went to her full, long breasts, very rare to find anywhere.

"I'll take care of it, Sarah," said the heavy male voice that belonged to Bob.

"Your bedroom door's lockable," Elaine said, "and I promise to keep out of your hair."

She was nicknamed China Doll by the gang due to her 5'4", 105-pound build, but her diminutiveness, however, did not stop her from using a karate flip when the occasion warranted.

Every part of him reached for her.

She was not only well educated, but well versed in philosophy, history, literature, and languages.

He snorted mentally.

Her wince was almost audible.

The wind, its straitjacket removed, went wild inside the car.

If worse came to worst, he could always go for Mark's juggler.

Sure, Jim thought, that was easy for her to say—she wasn't going bald.

The cup of tea further re-

**R**

laxed the atmosphere.

I suppose what attracted me to him was, how can I put it? Animal magnetism. He stood up from his chair so masculinely I had to consciously restrain myself from drooling.

"Oh, hi, Sarah," he said. "Would you pop a meal into the oven while I shower away the sweat I've worked up canoeing?"

"Peterrrrrr . . . Peterrrrrr," the wind seemed to say as the brown leaves chased across the lawn like rats running from a deadly plague. "Peterrrrrr . . . Peterrrrrr," they cried, their voices creeping into every crevice like the talons of a witch. Peter Manning woke. "3 A.M.," he said to himself, "aw, geez."

"I think I'll wear my black wig with that red dress with the split up the side," Roberta mused. "I want to see how they go together."

Her breasts were too ample for a twenty-year-old high school student.

He was a writer, of course, but that wasn't his prime distinction. He stood six feet six inches tall and always stood with his feet together so that his body seemed to flow up out of a hole in the ground and spread as it climbed upward until it reached his shoulders, making an imposing pedestal for his head.

Well over 6' tall and at least 350 lbs., besides being stiff, the body's removal had been an experience not likely to be forgotten soon by those involved.

"Frieda had destroyed, I hope only temporarily, a youthful part of me, the side which is optimistic and idyllic, that facet of my being that made me cope when the going got tough," Mel said, "and for

**U**

that the bitch will pay with her life."

Jonathan was ambitious, a freight train speeding toward a destination, wheels clinging to the track, metal exploding on metal, whistle screaming all the way.

The judge was so fat he looked like he had about four people under his robe and they were playing bridge, sort of to pass the time.

There were thousands of women like herself who spun their flax on wheels of no substance to create a thread that had no design except in their own foolish heads. How futile!

"Well, Walter," Joel said, "you seem to have lost some of your youth, I see. I would say it is the office routine."

One might wonder why Mr. Cleary was so hooked on Hollywood, but a quick look at the dapper gentleman answered the question: handsome, charming, stylishly dressed.

"I felt like you and I had something unfinished between us," she sobbed, "almost like a bridge that was meant to cross a river and then suddenly someone sawed it in half."

I was completely disgusted with myself but had to acknowledge my trembling hands, shortness of breath, and whiteness of face as downright terror—I sensed some unknown danger, that was my trouble.

Steve looked at me and said that a Doberman's disposition and temperament make them unsuitable for anything by an attack dog trained to kill or cripple and Steve should know, for he had a job before as a trainer for dogs used for the studio such as Lassie and Rin Tin

**E**

Tin.

Harold slumped into a chair like slush down a sewer, stunned.

The effort had bathed her in perspiration even though her dress was of lightweight cotton and polyester.

Almost like bookends they originally had shared perfect copies of wavy black hair, spunky brown eyes, flawless white teeth, plus other superior standard equipment but now they were easily distinguishable since Stanley's handsome nose had been badly mutilated in a severe skiing accident several months ago—right before his twin's miraculous rise to stardom.

In the distance a siren waw-wahhed.

## True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll  
*Bullshit* by Ellis Weiner  
*Spoilers* by Danny Abelson  
*Facts* by Wendy Mogel  
Research: Betsy Aaron and Elise Cagan  
Art: Alison Antonoff  
Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyons, Bill Mosely, 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.



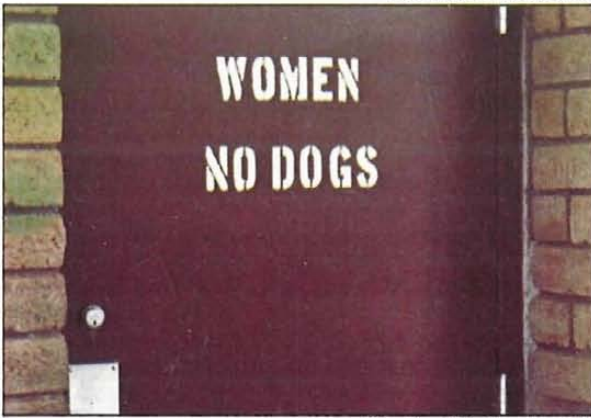
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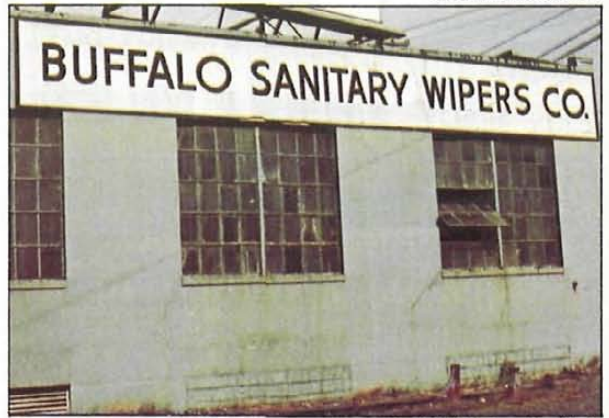
Keith Bugg, Monterey, Calif.



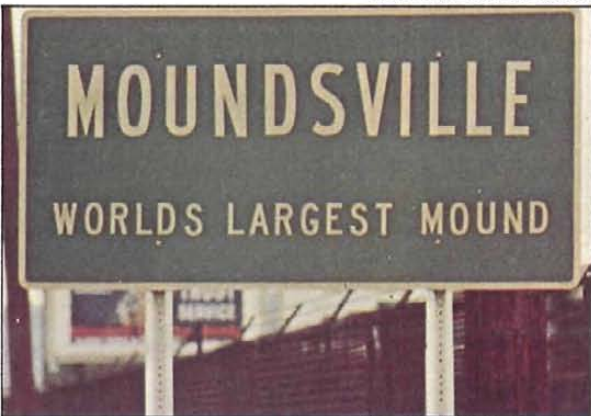
Bob Rade, Portland, Ore.



Terry Dyroff, Gaithersburg, Md.



S. L. Willhight, Langley, Wash.



Allan Hirsch, W. Hartford, Conn.



Michael Viapiana, Tempe, Ariz.



Hugh Neely, Santa Monica, Calif.



Michael Viapiana, Tempe, Ariz.



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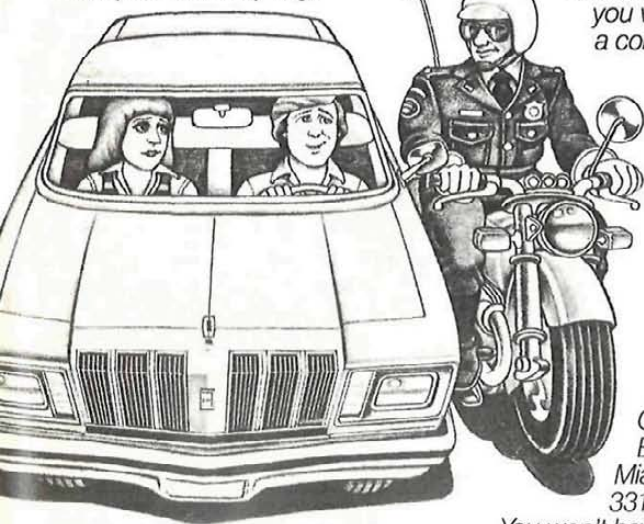
Because face it:

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You attract more than your share of attention from the highway patrol.

And you're hardly high



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

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Because not everyone under 24 is a bad risk.

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## THE BIG GREEN TEAM



## PARODIES

continued from page 84

of in her former life, and she rose hastily, without wasting a moment. As she hurried silently and swiftly through the gloomy corridors of Grimdunning Hall, her little heart fluttered like an exhausted sparrow within her lovely breast, for she could already hear the ominous tread of Lord Jack's boots on the cold stone above. In her frightened little mind she imagined the terrible cru-

elties the black-hearted rogue would inflict on the defenseless but lissome servant girl whose true aristocratic lineage must never be known. If he was in a dark mood, if in his passion he might become so uncontrolled as to try and kiss... but no, Marisa knew she could not allow herself to even think of such things.

"You rang, sir," she asked, in a voice that was not the less attractive for its shy timidity.

"Yes," he replied, spitting the short word out of his cruel mouth. She could barely bring her eyes to dwell on his face, which was all the more terrifying for the presence of a purple scar that began over his mouth, continued in a long, garish diagonal past his nose, up his left cheek, and on into the mysterious undergrowth that covered his brow with reckless black curls, then down his back.

"By Jesus, wench," he roared impatiently, "but I be in great humor for deflowering maidens. Off with your rags and let's have at it," and so saying, he strode across the room and scooped up her surprised body in his strong arms. Rough hands dropped her on the large four-poster and tore cruelly at her clothing. In a flash she lay naked and quite helpless before his rude gaze, her shapely body splayed attractively on the coverlet like some pink delectation laid out on a bed of lettuce.

A small sob escaped her throat as he struggled with fingers made clumsy by animal haste to untie his codpiece. Through half shut eyes she watched the heaving of his powerful chest beneath its coarse mat of short but plentiful black hairs.

"Blast and bugger this confounded thing," he swore. "If my manhood not be a helpless prisoner at this moment, then I not be the lustiest coxman that ever cut a fair caper 'tween evensong and the briar patch... by the powers of all the randy dogs between here and John O'Groats, I'll have this thing off if..."

"What brother, how goes this then?" a burly but refined voice enquired from the direction of the doorway.

"It goes not, brother, for my sword is still sheathed, though it will cut loose in bold song this very second but for the chance," Lord Jack replied.

Through hot tears of rage and humiliation, Marisa struggled to make sense of the conversation. Could she... dare she hope that her honor would be saved, or that she would be spared the shame of rape?

"Come brother, let me untie the knot that is a shackle unto your man root."

"Ye Gods, brother, careful with your meddling paws... ha-ha... desist, you scoundrel!"

"Still, fool, am I not preparing you for the royal joust?"

"Whoops... methinks it's a queer joust you prepare me for... hey, what... a fruity jape... oh, oh... careful, I say..."

In one breathtaking second, Marisa conceived of, adopted, and began implementing a bold plan of escape. Without daring to hope that it might succeed, she stole quietly and stealthily from the handsome four-poster, and before

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breath had escaped her trembling lungs, she had gained the doorway.

With her skirt in her hands and hope in her heart, she dashed at breakneck speed down the long corridor, the deep laughter of her tormentor ringing in her ears. Suddenly, Marisa caught a brief glimpse of a figure emerging from a doorway ahead of her, and the next moment she was flying through the air in a tangled heap of naked body, skirt, and the handsomest, most refined-looking gentleman she thought she had ever seen.

A gentle, rocking motion and a warm breeze blowing like baby's breath across her attractively composed features were the first things Marisa was aware of when she awoke. Then her long-lashed eyelids fluttered slowly open, and with one glance at her companion she remembered all—gentle mist, ominous tread, small sob, trembling lungs, break-neck dash, and the handsomest gentleman she thought she had ever seen, who now sat opposite her in the carriage.

"Madame, I rejoice that you are awake and appear fully recovered," he said in a rich tenor voice. A wide mouth smiled warmly beneath a nose as handsome as the blue eyes that gazed frankly out at her from beneath a dignified brow, which was covered by the friendliest thatch of fair hair Marisa Maidenhead Courtledge thought she had ever seen on such a shapely skull.

"What a proud, thick neck he has," she thought, as he continued to speak.

"May I ask such a beautiful woman if she will forgive a talented but wealthy artist and landowner if he swears that he would rather be flayed by ill-tempered blackamoors in the most unattractive dungeon in hell than ever live to endure your absence for even the briefest moment?"

In the delirium of happiness and love, Marisa lost all sense of the meaning of his words. She only knew, as she threw herself into his embrace, after all the years of torment without him, after all the tragedy and the misfortune that they had seen, after the cruelty of love and the bitterness of hate, after the tears and the blood and fire and ice, as strong arms wrapped around her trembling but desirable body and warm lips touched his at last, that whatever his words meant, whatever meaning anything in this world had, this was a lot better, no matter what might befall them on the road ahead, no matter what might come between them and their love, than being a servant in a depressing castle in the middle of the Cornwall moors.

D.A.

# How To Be An Animal With Women

By Robert M.

Ever hear a woman say, "He's an animal!"

Most men think that's a put-down. Know what it really means? She's turned on. She wants to see what he's like in bed.

But I don't have to tell you that. You probably guessed it the first time you saw some hot-looking chick bounce down the street without her bra on.

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That's precisely why you ought to know about my best-selling book **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**. In the past few years this book has helped nearly 100,000 men unleash the incredible power of their **ANIMAL MAGNETISM**. If you'd like to get your fair share of all the good-looking, long-legged sexpots you see walking around these days, now's the time to let it do the same for you.

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- The special signals that tell you a woman is dying for you to take her, even if on the surface she seems to be saying no.
- How to get a woman to have passionate sex fantasies about you just by chatting with her.
- Special words that make a woman madly horny (once you get the hang of this you can do it over the telephone).
- How to throw off powerful animal vibrations, the kind women notice the instant you walk into a room.
- How to look at a woman in such a way she'll actually start to feel horny on the spot.

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** also contains over 160 magnificent photos that spell out for you—step by step—how to get a woman to do exactly what you want. For example, you will learn:

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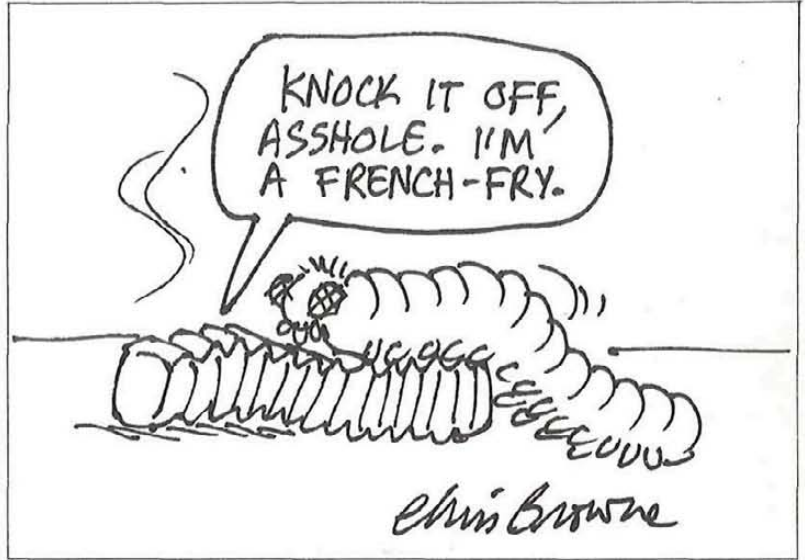
## BORN AGAIN...

continued from page 70

supremacy. That's the name of the fuckin' game, Jack, you know what I'm fuckin' talkin' about? [Probable response: "Fuck, yes."] So our fuckin' machine gunner had twelve hundred rounds of ammo and about twenty-five fuckin' Willie Peters and a goddamn satchel of C-4, not to mention that motherfuckin' Scantlin and his fuckin' pump shotgun—now that was one stone cold ruthless motherfucker—most professional fuckin' soldier I've ever seen. I never once saw that fuckin' son of a bitch afraid of anything. So, him and a couple other fuckers and me dive behind this fuckin' Constatina wire with the M-60, and we laid out some fuckin' fire, man, and got the fuck on the radio. We must have wasted thirty-five fuckin' Charlies on our own by the time the fuckin' 71st came the fuck over the trees with the Cobras and a motherfuckin' gunship—shit—they opened up with those goddamn miniguns and lit up the entire motherfuckin' grid, man. It was fuckin' beautiful. I mean, there weren't nothin' left, no fuckin' way.

[Probable response: Then what'd you do?"] Well, you walk back down the fuckin' trail you just came up and pick up what's left of your buddies—that's what you fuckin' do. [Pause—become reflective, with a touch of self-satisfaction] And you fuckin' clean your goddamn fuckin' magazine into some fuckin' dead motherfuckin' Charlie. Shit. [Probable response: "Shit, that must

have been somethin'."] Shit. Fuck, man, we used to take goddamn metal insignia and poke the fuckers through a shoulder patch and then plant the fuckin' thing right the fuck on some wasted Charlie's forehead and kick the son of a bitch in with our boots so the fuckin' bastards would know just who the fuck they'd been fuckin' with. You bet your motherfuckin' ass. □



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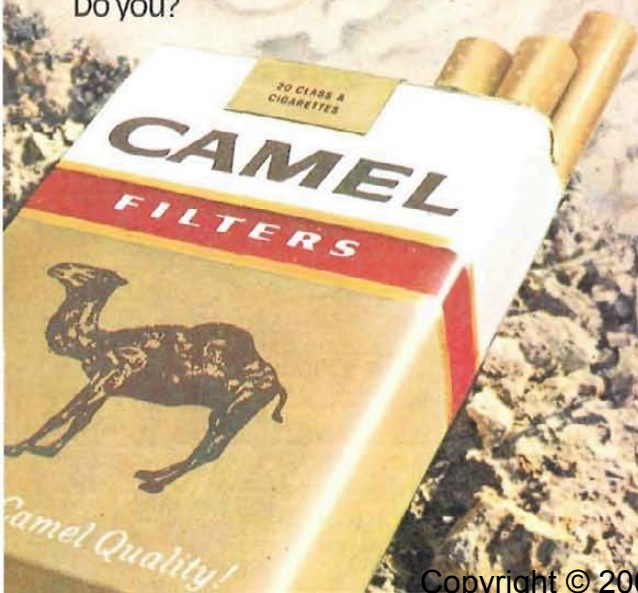


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