

ENTERTAINMENT

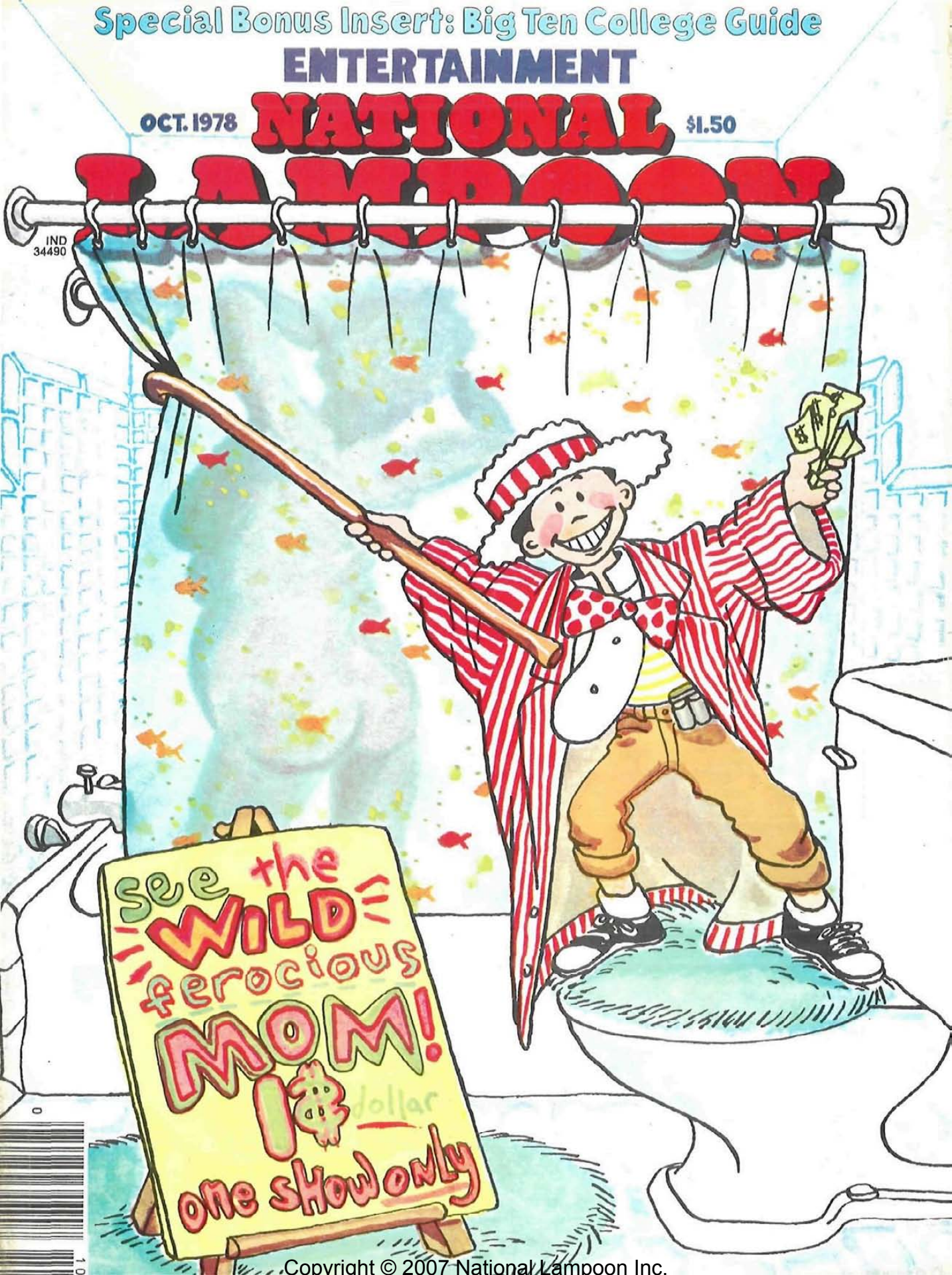
OCT. 1978

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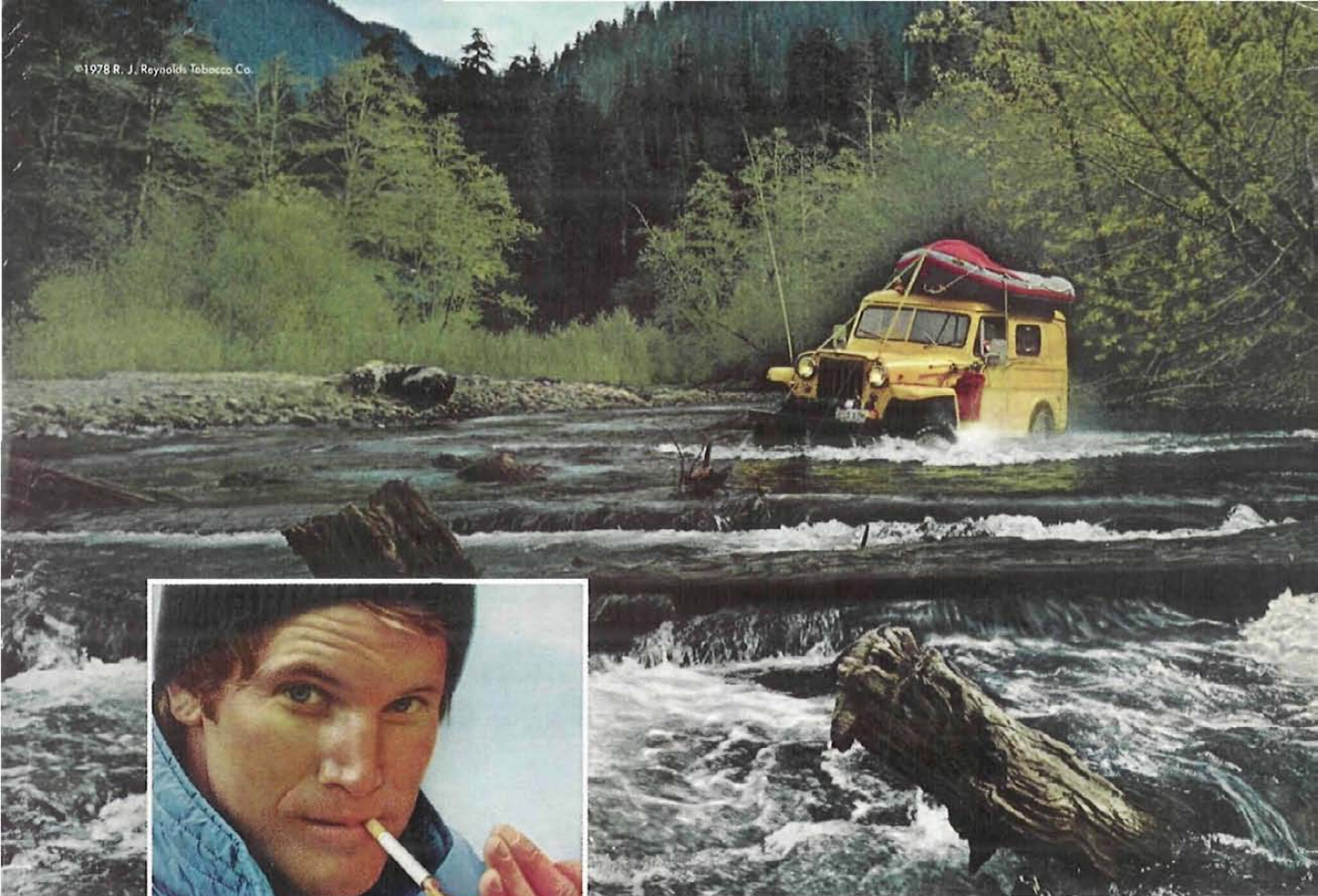
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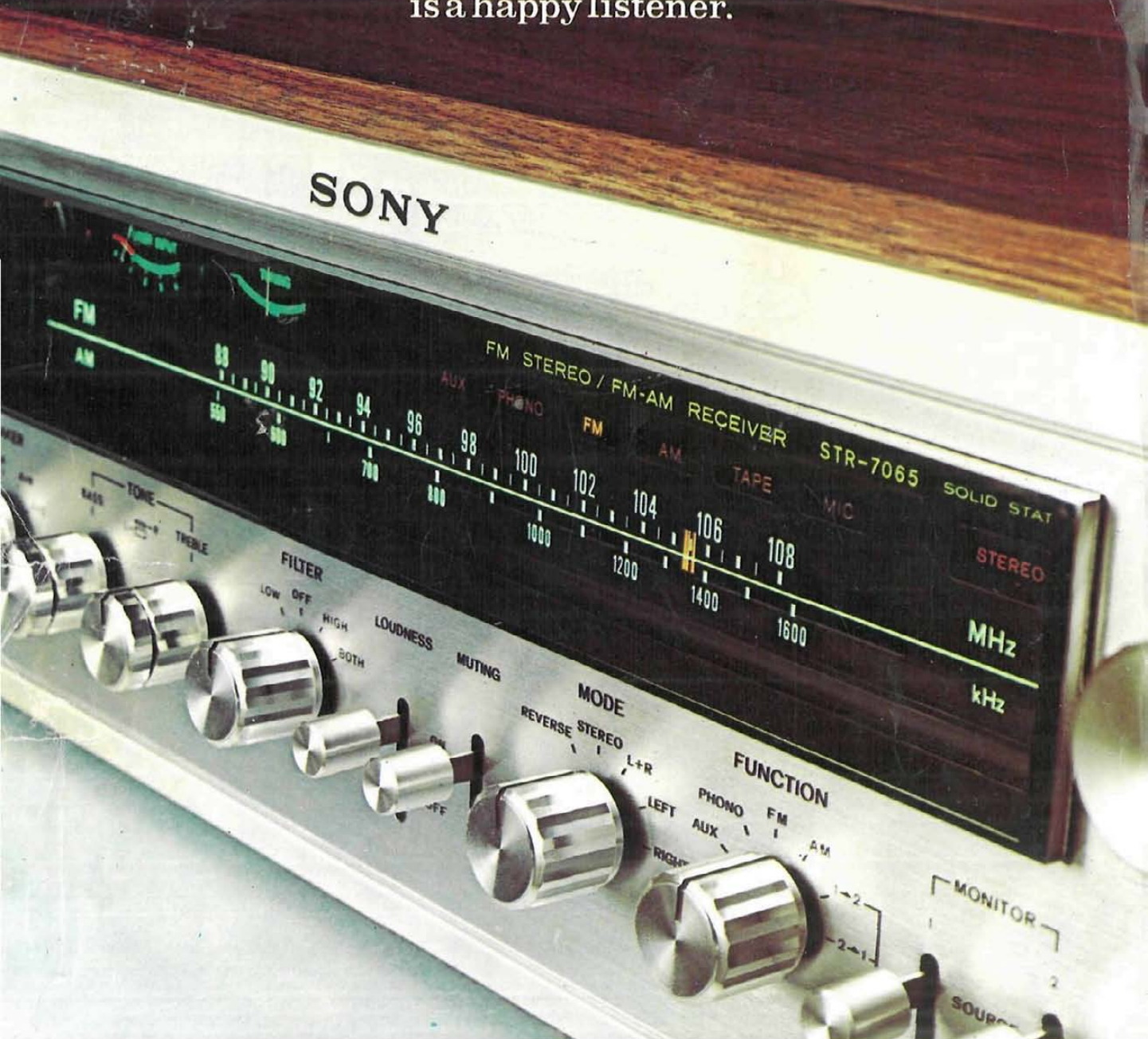


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

SONY 7065:

Dedicated to the proposition that an enlightened listener is a happy listener.



You've got a really great receiver. With an air of confidence, you switch it on, prepared to demonstrate the soul-stirring quality of the FM Stereo. And get, instead, an embarrassing silence. Because the source switch is on phono.

It won't happen with the new Sony 7065, because it keeps you informed. Enlightened. With easy-reading function lights on the dial. AM, FM, Phono, Aux, Tape, Mic. You always know where you are, at a glance. Without squinting or stooping.

But that's just the beginning. The 7065 delivers its full rated power at each and every frequency across the entire audio spectrum (60+60W RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20kHz). You don't lose the power you

paid for when you need it, particularly for those gut-stirring lows.

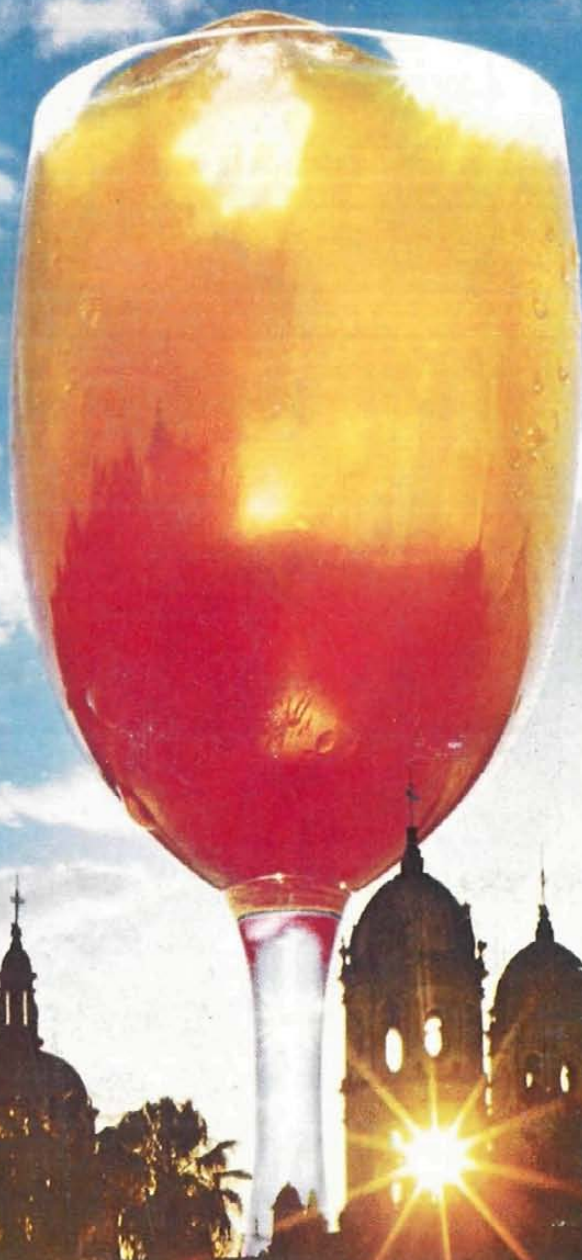
You can pluck FM stations from even the most crowded dials, or from fringe locations. And AM is quiet and sensitive.

The controls make that superb performance easy to enjoy. You can click in your choice of 3 speaker pairs, monitor two tape recorders, dub directly. You're ready to add SQ or any other matrix system at any time.

The price? An enlightened \$459.50 (suggested retail) including a handsome walnut finish cabinet at your Sony dealer. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Buy a Sony and see the light.

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You can make the Sunrise, too.
Pour 1½ oz. Cuervo Tequila and
some orange juice over ice. Mix well.
Then add ¾ oz. Grenadine (more or
less). Allow the Grenadine to settle to
the bottom.

See the sunrise. Stir the Sunrise.
Taste the Sunrise. The Tequila Sunrise.
Make it with Jose Cuervo.



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Offer good while supply lasts.

Sunrise photographed in
Tlaquepaque, Jalisco, Mexico.

JOSE CUERVO MAKES THE SUNRISE.

Ultimately It's Marantz. Go For It.

Now, professional 3-head monitoring in a cassette deck.

Up to now you had to choose between a cassette deck for convenience. Or, reel-to-reel for professional recording features. Now have it both ways in the Marantz 5030 cassette deck.

Here's how:

The Marantz 5030 has separate record and playback heads...the same as reel-to-reel. This gives you an instant check of the quality of your recording as you record. And, like some of the most expensive reel-to-reel decks, the record and playback heads on the Model 5030 are super-hard permalloy—a long-lasting metal alloy that gives better frequency response and signal to noise ratio than Ferrite material.

For precise azimuth alignment, both the playback/monitoring and record heads are set side-by-side within a single metal enclosure. They can't go out of tracking alignment.

Complementing this outstanding "head-technology" is Full-Process Dolby* Noise Reduction Circuitry. It not only functions during record and playback...but during monitoring as well.

What drives the tape past the heads is every bit as important as the heads themselves. For this reason the Model 5030 has a DC-Servo



Motor System. The steadiest, most accurate tape-transport method. Speed accuracy is superb, with Wow and Flutter below 0.05% (WRMS).

To adapt the Model 5030 to any of the three most popular tape formulations, press one of the three buttons marked "Tape EQ and BIAS!" There are settings for standard Ferric-Oxide, Chromium Dioxide (CrO₂) or Ferri-Chrome (FeCr) tape.

With Mic/Line Mixing, two sources can be recorded at the same time,

combining line and microphone inputs. The Master Gain Control lets you increase or decrease the overall volume of the total mix.

What else could we pack into a front load cassette deck?

More features. Like a 3-digit tape counter with memory function. Viscous Damped Vertical-load Cassette Door. Switchable Peak Limiter. Fast-response LED Peak Indicators. 3" Extended-range Professional VU Meters. Locking Pause Control for momentary shut-off in record or play... and Total Shut-off in all modes when the tape ends.

And, of course, the unbeatable Marantz 5030 is front loading. Easy to stack or fit on a shelf. The styling is clean and bold. The sound is the truest recreation of what was put on tape. If you want the best—then do what you really want to do—go for it. Go for Marantz.

25th Anniversary **Marantz®**

*TM Dolby Labs, Inc. © 1978 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz dealer.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The easier-to-be-creative flash. The optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 200X synchronizes continuously with the winder. This feature allows you to take a sequence of up to 36 flash pictures in about 18 seconds.

The important "little" extras. The XG-7

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

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

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

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



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New Scott amps are loaded with extras.

DC Amplification.

Improves reliability, expands frequency response, and reduces TH and IM distortion.

Twin logarithmic Op Amp meters.

Visually monitor the peak average power amplifier output of each channel in both watts and dBW.

Attenuated volume control calibrated in dB.

Makes precise volume level selection and exact duplication of previous volume settings.

Bi-modal electro-sensor relay protection. Protects amplifier as well as speakers from all conceivable malfunctions.

Complete tape monitoring and two-way copy capability. Listen, record, monitor or copy from Tape I, Tape II, Tuner, Aux, or two phono inputs in any combination.

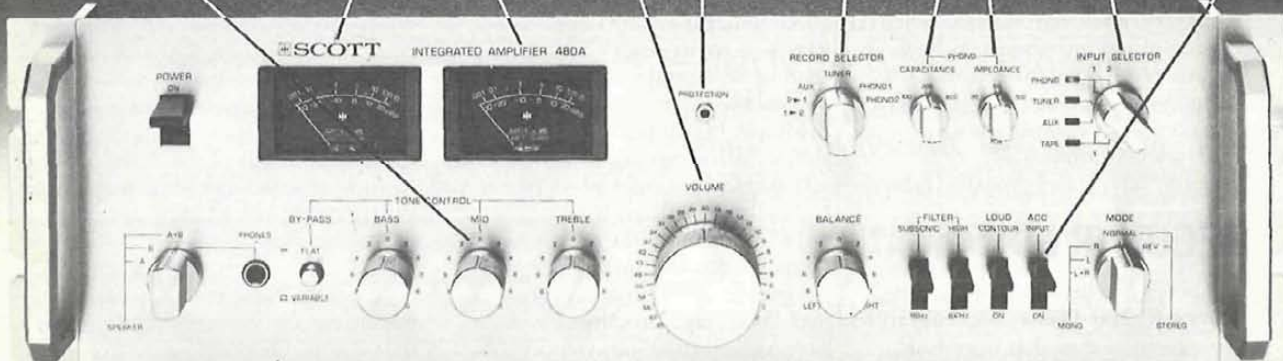
Capacitance and Impedance Adjustments. Maintain accurate frequency response by adjusting for various phono cartridge requirements.

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At no extra cost.

When you consider separates, you want all the extras you can get for your money. And no one gives you more than Scott.

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It's the only amplifier in its price class that gives you two independent phono preamps. Now you can record one phono while listening to the other. Or vice versa.

All our amps boast dozens of other advantages you simply can't find in comparably priced units. Our state-of-the-art circuitry gives you plenty of power with very low distortion. And our features and functions give you full flexibility in producing the sound you like best.

When you move up to separates, move up to Scott. Where all the extras don't cost extra.



New Scott 460A Integrated Amplifier
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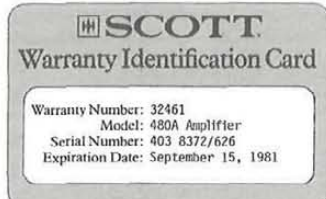


New Scott 440A Integrated Amplifier
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New Scott 420A Integrated Amplifier
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Editorial

AN APOLOGY

This is the second time in the history of the magazine that we have apologized to our readers, and the first time we were forced to by Liza Minnelli's lawyers. It has been pointed out to us that the juxtaposition of two articles in our previous issue, one beginning on page 65, the other on page 68, was racist and offensive. These articles were run in sequence randomly and no connection between them was intended. Nevertheless, we would like to apologize to all our readers for any connection which was inadvertently implied.

The Editors

REGULAR EDITORIAL

There's one little area of "Entertainment" here that we seem not to have given its due: that is, getting blasted. Blown away, you know, stoned, high, smashed, blotto, wiggled, wired, gassed, wacked out of your skull, gonzo, gone, wasted, shit-faced, or just fucked up. I mean, that's a very entertaining thing to do. No? Am I wrong? Does the Pope blow a shofar?

You know what I mean. There you are, all alone, nothing on the tube, every movie for twenty miles around has Chevy Chase in it or Tatum O'Neal or sucks hippo weeny some other way, and all your friends are in Malibu for the weekend. Plus the car's in the shop. You've already beat off over *Penthouse*. And *Club*. And *Penthouse* again. And the letters in *Penthouse*. And now the old "romance rivet" is beginning to peel and burn a little, especially on the underside, right below the head. So what are you going to do? Well, you could sit home and read a book. I mean, books are nice and everything and have real important things to say in them and are often very entertaining—or would



Rare police mug shot of the late Alton "Jackie Bosco" Picard, the man who killed vaudeville.

be if they had more fuck scenes with really young girls. But, I don't know about you, personally I'd rather take two nuns to my sister's dance recital than sit home and read a book. So you get *ripped*.

Myself, I favor juice, pure and simple. What you call your "ignorant oil." A couple or eight adult-strength highballs and a Linda Ronstadt record and I'm set for the night—I moon, I pine, I weep for dimly remembered girl friends: we should have got married...and stayed in Ohio...I could have had a regular job...reporter on the *Sandusky Commercial Klaxon*...happy family...cozy hearth...rose-covered carport...like that. Great. Except you end up making really expensive long distance phone calls to people who wish you were dead.

Of course, now, many people like to smoke pot. But not me. It makes me confused or makes me get out the *Penthouse* one more time, and that's really a drag because hardly anything comes out and your pecker is raw and sticks to your underwear the next day and if you get laid anytime soon and the girl notices and asks if you have a disease or *what*, you have to say you caught it in your zipper. Then I get looking at some mole on my knee or something and decide I have cancer or a brain tumor or am getting bald or a paunch or wildly underpaid. Both of the last of which I am, but there's no use dwelling on it. And after that, I go into the kitchen and eat everything that can be chewed, sucked, or

chopped into little pieces.

None of that for me. But cocaine, cocaine is another matter entirely. Cocaine is really swell. In fact, completely terrific and wonderful. Or so it would seem. But don't be fooled. Cocaine has one really awful drawback: I'm out of it. Seriously, however, nose candy would seem to have certain failings as an "entertainment" drug, since it makes you want to do things when you've just taken it because you didn't have anything to do. So you have about nine drinks to calm down, and the next thing you know you're stalking the streets with a ball bat looking for an old lady walking her dog so you can snatch her purse and screw the pooch or such like antisocial behavior. No, booze and blow do not mix. Why, the dangers of consuming liquor and cocaine together can be well attested to on every death row in the country. Or could be if there were any death rows left. Well, words of cautionary wisdom may come forth just as well from twenty-to-life-and-eligible-for-parole-in-seven-years rows, I suppose.

Gosh, I'm almost out of space, and I had so much more to talk about, too, especially since I took that fistful of black beauties at the beginning of the last paragraph....I was going to talk about doing poppers and Locker Room until you bled out your ears and sniffing nitrous oxide from Redd-wip cans and huffing industrial solvents and getting vodka enemas and taking a whole lot of 'ludes and falling asleep with a cigarette in your hand and burning your house down and collecting the insurance if you wake up in time not to die....But now I'll have to sort all my socks according to brand name, count the things in my closets, and write an eleven-thousand-word letter to my third grade teacher. Bye now.

P.J.

Don't watch TV tonight. Play it!

We're the games you play on your own TV set.

We're the Atari Video Computer System™. (Remember "Pong"™? Well, that was just the beginning.)



Atari is now a sophisticated, computerized programmable unit that hooks up to your television in a matter of seconds.

Atari features a greater selection (20 different Game Program™ cartridges, over 1300 game variations and options —and with many more to come!).

We're sport games. We're mind games. We educate. We entertain.

We can be played by one player (against the computer), two players, 3 or 4.

We're the system that's especially designed to change colors to protect and safeguard your TV tube from any damage.

We offer crisper colors (when played, of course, on a color TV).

We pride ourselves in truer-to-life sound effects, which play through your own TV's sound system.

We're Atari.

And if someone in your family hasn't asked for us yet, get ready.

They're going to.

MORE GAMES.



ATARI®

MORE FUN.

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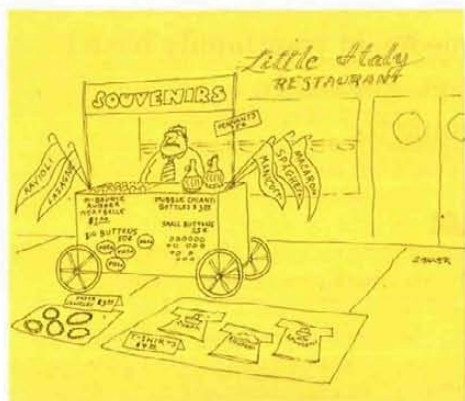
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One of a kind.

The man. The cigarette. They speak for themselves.

Ordinary cigarettes just don't have what Camel Filters has.

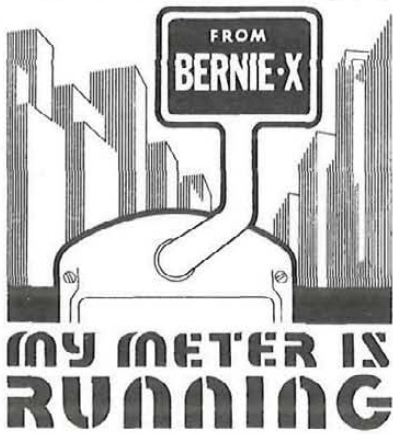
Its blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos gives him what he smokes for.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

A Camel Filters Man understands why the best times are often the simplest.

Do you?

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



Part III

The Story So Far: Bernie's old friend Ernest Hemingway, whom he has cured of an embarrassing sexual problem, expresses his gratitude by inviting Bernie to his country home near Havana. Bernie finds "Papa" has turned the place into an armed camp to defend himself against hostile writers, so he convinces Hemingway to relax and attend a live sex show. However, Papa's archenemy, Gertrude Stein, is waiting for him at the show, and has the great author surrounded by hoods and large shvugies with hard-ons the size of telephone poles. Hemingway declares he has hemorrhoids and will not be able to take the pain.

When Gertrude Stein hears this, she cackles like a fucking witch and yells some kind of mumbo jumbo that went something like, "Try it don't knock till you try don't you knock it try it till you don't." And it went on and on like a fucking broken record. Papa was throwing up into his Daiquiri glass, which was as big as a flower vase. "I hate that demented bull dyke more than Hitler and Mussolini put together," he said. "Claims she taught me how to write. She can't even write a note to the milkman. She's a fake."

Papa asked her to shoot him fast and clean, through the heart, instead of this gang rape. But the dyke wouldn't do it. Wanted him to suffer all night. It was too fucking much to see one of the finest men in the world being reduced to a big baby. But there was no point in me taking the rap for Papa. I knew that Gertrude Stein wouldn't hear of it. She wanted Papa's ass, not mine. Me she would put a bullet into. Me and the rest of the group, so there wouldn't be any witnesses to what she was going to do to poor Papa (who was now close to be-

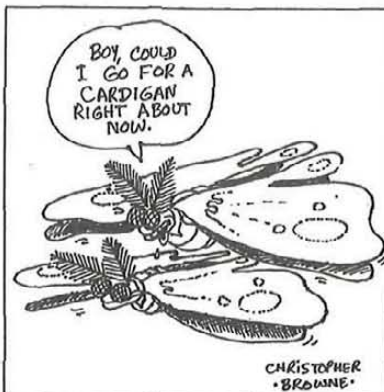
coming a basket case). I had to think of something fast, something she wouldn't expect. The I got my idea. She wants to see Papa squirm in pain. She wants to torture him until he's an empty suit, a bag of shit. I'll give her what she really wants. I'll do the fucking torturing, because I will have the biggest and best equipment to do the job.

I walk over to the old douchebag and give her a proposition. "Tell you what, Gertie. I've got a pretty big dingdong myself, bigger than any of those jungle bunnies you hired. If mine measures bigger and wider than theirs, why don't you let me do the job on Papa? I'll terrorize him. I'll make him wish he was in a Turkish prison, which will seem like a vacation after my dingdong gets through with him."

The old dyke is getting a hard-on just listening to me. She's hypnotized by my spiel. I never thought of this before, but I can see that all her life what she really wanted was a cock. I bet a lot of broads want one. I'm thinking I got to speak to Papa about that sometime. But right now she's just interested in my merchandise. "What you say is impossible. No one is bigger than Superman. Show me your weapon, your tool, your sword," she said, and her eyes got very soft and far-away looking.

Now as I said before, I got a pretty hefty-sized dingdong—about sixteen inches worth when it's going full tilt, but nothing like Superman or his pals. This is the time I got to do my Hindu Swami trick.

This is a trick I learned from an old Indian I once saved from getting mugged when I was cruising in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. In exchange for saving the old fart's life, he taught me his greatest trick, how to make your cock grow bigger and fatter by using your will power and something deep inside your belly which I still don't understand. I thought the



guy was a real nutbar until I followed his directions and saw my sixteen inch wee-wee turn into a monster. I did the trick a few times back in New York for special occasions, when I wanted to fuck someone who was really big and really needed to be filled up. It's not something I do for my everyday shtups. I don't want to be arrested for murder, for Christ's sake.

So I tell everybody to keep quiet because I got to concentrate. I sit on the floor the way the old man told me to do and I close my eyes and put all my mental faculties and my belly-power into thinking of my dingdong. I get my whole body working on it, as if my entire body is one big dingdong. The room is quiet. Everybody's eyes are glued on my crotch. Slowly but surely I feel myself going outside of my body. I am going through the seven steps of *zeyda*, which was the old man's system. At each step I become more and more of a pure dingdong. I felt all the blood rushing out of my body and going right out my dingdong. My head was getting light as a feather, but I felt this great weight growing until it busted right out of my fly like a chorus girl coming out of a birthday cake. I must have been at the fifth or sixth step of *zeyda* because the crowd in the room let out a big sigh and their eyes were popping.

I looked at my shvance and saw that it was well over my normal sixteen inches. I'd say it was at least twenty-four and still going. Superman and his boys were getting jumpy and looking at me like I was the next Jesus Christ. Gertrude Stein was drooling. Papa and the group seemed to be hypnotized. Now I held my head with both hands, closed my eyes as tight as I could, and willed myself into the last two steps of *zeyda*, where you go for width as well as length. Suddenly all the lightness in my head was gone and I thought it was going to explode. My belly had completely disappeared. I was sweating bullets. I thought my tongue was sticking out about six feet. I thought I was going to die. And then I died. I went over to the other side, where there is nothing but the spirit of *zeyda*, where everything you will to happen actually happens, according to the old man. I looked at my shvance and I swear it measured over forty inches, and as wide as a good-sized cantaloupe. Gertrude almost fainted. Then she screamed at me—"Do it, do it, do it!" over and over. Superman and his pals got Hemingway pinned down on the bed

continued on page 26

WHEN YOU BUILD A SPEAKER TO SOUND GREAT ON EVERY PART OF THE MUSIC, YOU CAN'T CUT CORNERS ON ANY PART OF THE SPEAKER.

A single HPM-100 weighs almost 60 pounds.

The fact it weighs more than a Large Advent speaker, Bose 901 or JBL L100 is not an accident. Our speaker frames are made of heavy cast aluminum instead of the usual stamped metal, so you hear only the speakers vibrating and never their frames.

Our magnets are oversize to spare your ears needless distortion.

And our cabinet is made out of special compressed wood that's denser and heavier than ordinary wood. So the sound is forced out of the cabinet instead of being absorbed by it.

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

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

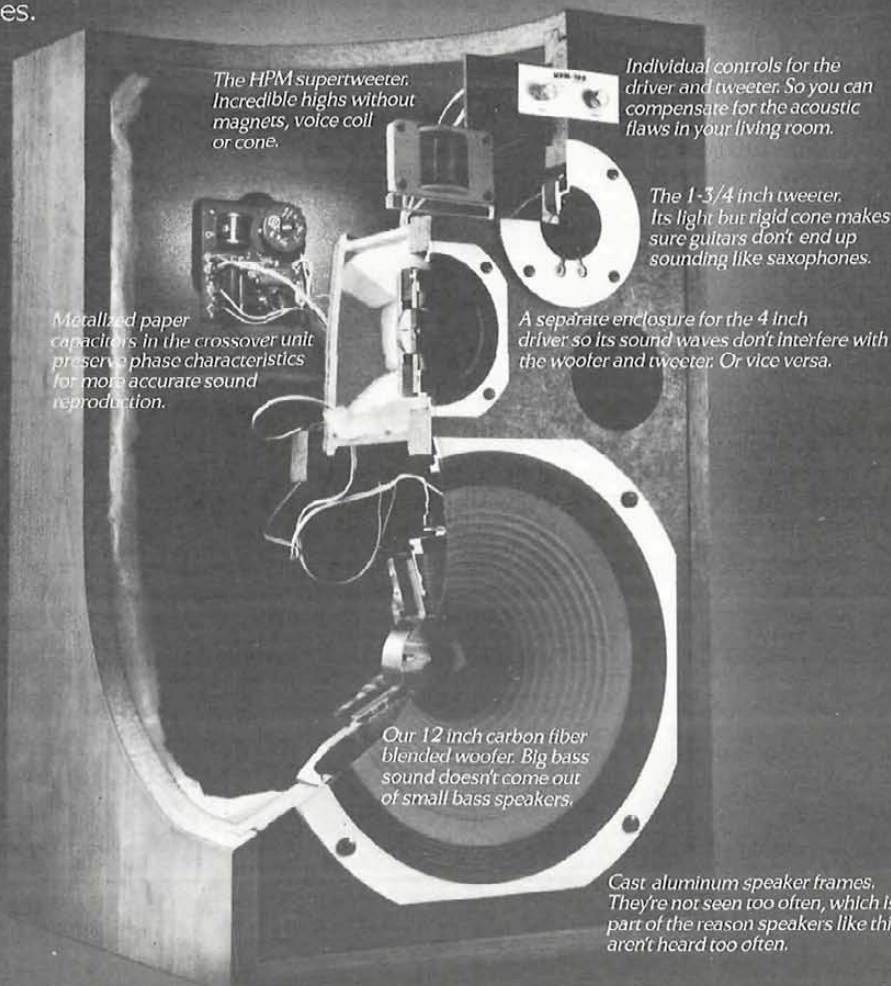
Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

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

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

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

HPM-100™
The all-around great speaker.



The HPM supertweeter. Incredible highs without magnets, voice coil or cone.

Individual controls for the driver and tweeter. So you can compensate for the acoustic flaws in your living room.

The 1-3/4 inch tweeter. Its light but rigid cone makes sure guitars don't end up sounding like saxophones.

Metallized paper capacitors in the crossover unit preserve phase characteristics for more accurate sound reproduction.

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

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

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

PIONEER
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Sirs:

Just doing a little spot check. How many of you guys have gyms in Kentucky named after you? Let's see those hands!

Dick Nixon
San Clemente, Calif.

Sirs:

So we killed a million people, don't worry about it. They weren't the kind of people you'd want to invite over for dinner, believe me. They were no-goodniks, all of them. Now, why don't you go talk with the Japs—they're killing dolphins!

Deputy Prime Minister Ieng Sary
Cambodia

Sirs:

This Bakke decision thing, does it

mean I can finally dump all the woolies the government made me hire? It sure would be nice to be able to go into the men's room without a can of mace and a police whistle.

Herbert Buxon
United Screw and Bolt
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Well, we know how we're going to deal with this Proposition 13 thing—no more personal use of the Book-mobile on weekends.

San José Public Library System
San José, Calif.

Sirs:

All you Pinto owners out there. Sorry about the gas tanks. I'd like to make it up to you all someday. Let me buy you a drink. Meanwhile, if any of you live in the Grosse Pointe area and you need a lift anywhere, give me a buzz.

Henry Ford II
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

If you see or talk to Robert Stigwood, tell him that Sgt. *Pepper's Lonely*

Hearts Club Band is just exactly how we envisioned it. Kudos!

John, Paul, George, and Ringo
New York, London, L.A., Monaco

Sirs:

Boy, am I ugly. And people as ugly as me don't usually get in as much trouble as I'm in. I mean, when you're this ugly, other folks usually give you a wide berth. But I guess there's an exception to every rule. Maybe it's 'cause I have a cute wife.

Anatoly Shcharansky
Siberia, Russia

P.S. People who get in this much trouble usually have last names that are easier to spell, too. I feel bad about that, as it is no doubt a real headache to all the high school students in America who have to take the *Time Current Events Test*. Sorry.

Sirs:

Us is a bunch of dead black folk in Rhodesia. We didn't get massacred, however, because we is black, so we just got *kilt*.

A Bunch of Dead Black Folk
Rhodesia

Sirs:

You know what would have been really smart? If we'd arrested and tried those Shcharansky and Ginzburg guys and everything and then found them *innocent*. I mean, international opinion would have fucking *flipped*. I mean, can you just imagine? What a shot to miss. We could just fucking kick ourselves. Really.

The Russians
Russia

Sirs:

In light of the recent postal employee difficulties, I thought it might be helpful to explain the various worker classifications. First there are the postal workers. They are the cranky, mean ones who take forever to wait on you at the post office. Then there are mail handlers, who are the ones who see to it that mail bound for New York ends up in New Mexico and vice versa. Finally, there are the letter carriers. These are the people who throw your mail in the bushes. Don't forget your zip!

Postmaster General
William F. Bolger
Washington, D.C.

Don't lose your highs on the highway.

Your car was designed for transportation, not music. If you listen to your car stereo, you're aware that the high frequency sounds you hear at home are usually missing. And without those highs, your music sounds dull and lifeless. □ The TDK AD cassette overcomes the problems of this unfriendly acoustic environment. AD has the hottest high end of any Normal bias cassette around, to let your music come fully alive when you're doing 55. □ AD's super precision cassette mechanism, backed by a full lifetime warranty,* eliminates cassette jams during traffic jams. So get TDK AD. □ TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

*In the unlikely event that a TDK audio cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to TDK or to your local dealer for a free replacement.



TDK
The machine for your machine.®



"DON'T LOOK BACK!"
THE NEW BOSTON ALBUM. ON EPIC RECORDS & TAPES.

Produced by Tom Scholz. Management: Paul Ahern, Left Lane, Inc.

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Canadian Corner

Further Excerpts from **The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Authors**

Third in a Series

Foreword

The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Authors has been compiled by Brian Shein and Ted Mann. Financed by the Bombardier Snowmobile Company, the Guide is intended to assist Canadians and travelers in that country in discriminating amongst the rich variety of Canadian literary offerings.

What follows is a brief selection from the Guide, which rates Canadian authors on a scale of zero to five "skiddoos" and some other stuff.

Preface

When, some issues ago, we first undertook to publish in this column excerpts from that definitive reference work, The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature, little did we anticipate the squall of righteous indignation it would stir up in the teacup of Canuck belles lettres. Herewith, then, further entries from the Guide, which will be published in full in the forthcoming NatLamp book, Slightly Higher in Canada.

Eaton, Timothy (1846-1907)

Founder of Canada's leading chain of department stores, patriarch of a family still venerated by loyal Canadians as partaking somewhat of the divine right of kings, this proud shopkeeper's lasting contribution to the nation's literary life was his mail-order catalog. A firm believer in the union of Church and Commerce, Eaton had its first issues published by the Methodist Book Room. For almost a century thereafter, the increasingly bulky tome brought the benefits of reading, writing, reckoning, and remaindering to the whistlers, whittlers, and spitters of this frost-furrowed back forty of the British Empire, while for many a robust

continued on page 14



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.

Like Dolby* and AKAI's exclusive Automatic Distortion Reduction System (ADRS). Memory rewind.

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.

Hear it at your dealer's. Or for more information, write to the address below. The AKAI GXC-730D. Dedicated to the proposition that some of your performances are just too good to interrupt.

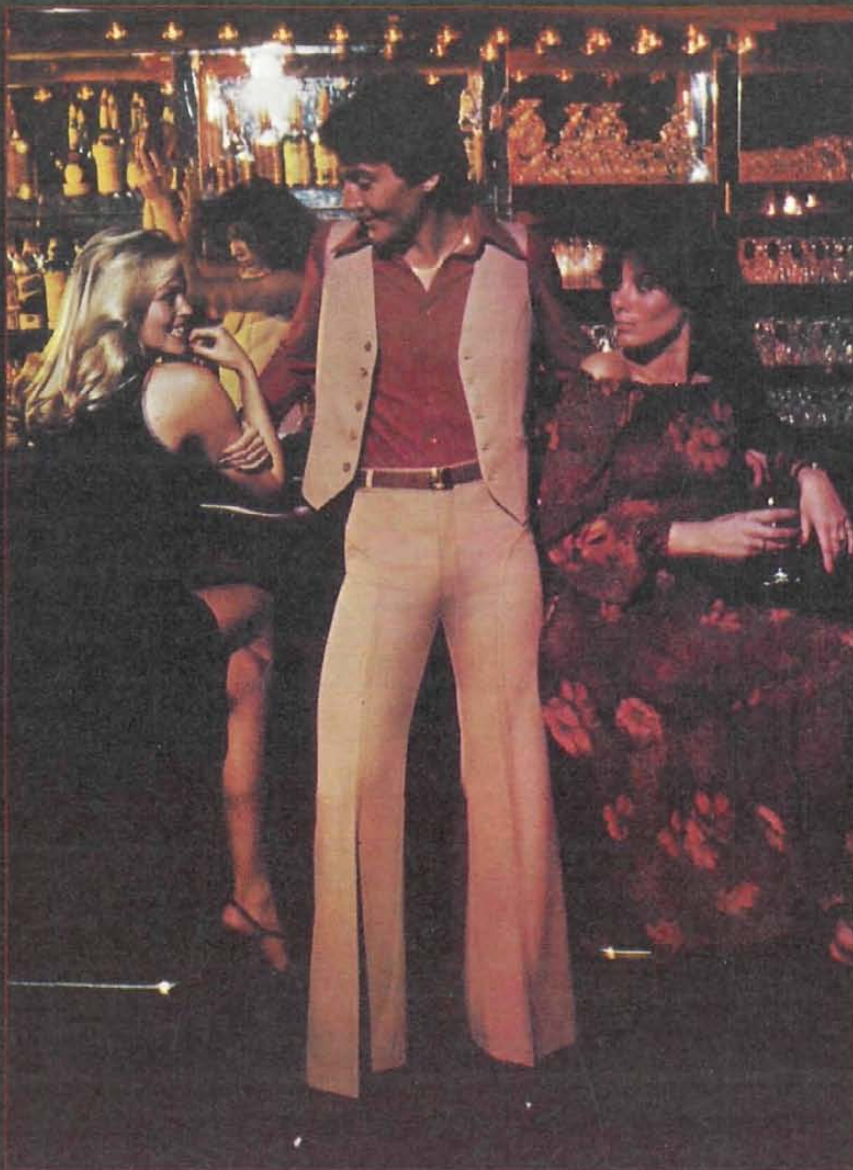
AKAI

*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.



Ladies' Choice

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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.

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



CANADIAN CORNER

continued from page 12

farmer lad, its ladies' undergarment section offered the only real alternative to Old Paint's haggard hams.



Hamel, Guy F. Claude

(1935–) Playwright, distinguished graduate of numerous postal boxes, member of the Skip Tracers Union of America, holder of several \$5.95 Private Eye badges, self-ordained Pope of the Old Catholic Church, and the occasional subject of newspaper articles warning citizens against His Holiness's designs on their pocketbooks, Papa Claude issued a number of papal bulls several years ago requesting that Canadian authors send him fifty dollars for the privilege of being listed in his *Old Catholic Guide*. The *Bombardier Guide* would be most pleased to alter or omit this current listing for a mere \$100 and an indulgence from kissing the papal ring.



Jonas, George, and Amiel, Barbara (1935– ; 1941–) Canada's most formidable literary spouse-and-spouse team and the toast of Toronto's international propeller set, George and Barbara Amiel Jonas keep

a sharp eye out for each other, with Barbara nagging George's way into poetry readings and George holding Barbara to the strict twenty-hour day and diet of coffee and 222s she requires to produce her ill-tempered journalism. A courageous, freedom-loving street-crosser during the 1956 Hungarian rebellion, George has all the saurian charm of a pretender to some long-vanished Balkan throne, thus lending, osmotically, to his mate an aura of continental sophistication savoring of the Kraft Corporation's contribution to the art of bottled French dressing. Barbara likes a man who'll push her around, and isn't afraid to say so in print. Nor is she shy about advancing the notion that nineteenth century Czarist Russia represented the apex of human evolution, and she and George are both fond of advocating the right to paper one's apartment with loaded firearms. Recently, their union was blessed with a best-selling book, *By Persons Unkown*, in which they document the murder of a Toronto woman, allegedly by her Hungarian refugee husband. Ghoul-baiters may be tempted to point out the ironically close similarities between the couples, but rumors that

George and Barbara are working on a sequel have not been substantiated.



Addendum: *The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Literary Institutions of the Frozen North*

Canada Council (1957–) A government funding agency charged with scattering the taxpayers' devaluated ducats amongst the legions of arrogant, pretentious artists, painters, sculptors, playwrights, authors, and con men onto a good squeeze. By taking the support of art out of the hands of wealthy connoisseurs and placing it in the paws of bureaucrats with degrees in the liberal arts, the Canadian government has assured that artists will no longer have to felate men who have acquired great power through judgment, intuition, and grace, but only those who have acquired it through four years of college and a family connection. State subsidies of the arts are an old tradition in Canada. In fact, it was first Prime Minister John A. Macdonald, wasn't it, who said, "Show me a Canadian author who is not on a CC grant, with the CBC, the NFB, or a writer in residence—and I'll show you a man on welfare." □

The movie they couldn't
wait to talk about:

“A stupendous achievement... riveting,
powerful, suspenseful... a colossal
motion picture.” — *Rex Reed*
SYNDICATED COLUMNIST

*Midnight
Express*
The true story of Billy Hayes.

Coming to Selected Theatres This Fall

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UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

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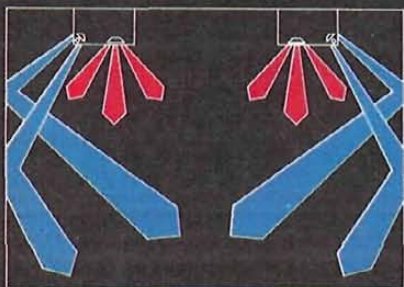
The Bose® Model 301 bookshelf speaker. Is it the best-selling, or just the best?

Small size, small price, big performance. That potent combination is the reason why over a

quarter of a million Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® speakers have been sold since they were first introduced. And that probably makes the Model 301 the best-selling bookshelf speaker in the world.

But we didn't build the Model 301 to win popularity contests. We built it to give you Bose sound...open, spacious, clear, room-filling sound...in a small, economical package.

And to do that required an exceptionally sophisticated design. The right and left speakers are designed as a mirror-image pair.



An asymmetrical configuration, with both sides working together to create full, rich, balanced stereo. Throughout your entire room, not just someplace in the center between both speakers.

The extended-range woofer faces forward, but the tweeter is angled sideward to bounce high-frequency sound off side walls. This produces the correct balance of reflected and direct sound that gives Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers their live-performance quality.

The unique Direct Energy Control, an adjustable vane positioned in front of the tweeter, allows you to shape the sound of the Model 301 to fit the acoustics of your room.

And unlike heavy, oversized, so-called bookshelf speakers, the Model 301 actually fits comfortably on a normal-size bookshelf.

The price? A little over one hundred dollars apiece. With the Model 301, you get a dimension of performance you can't buy in speakers costing twice as much.

The Bose Model 301 bookshelf speaker. Probably the world's best selling. Certainly the world's best sounding.

BOSE®

'I know why I smoke.'

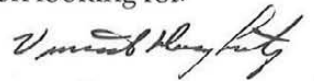
"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?"

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

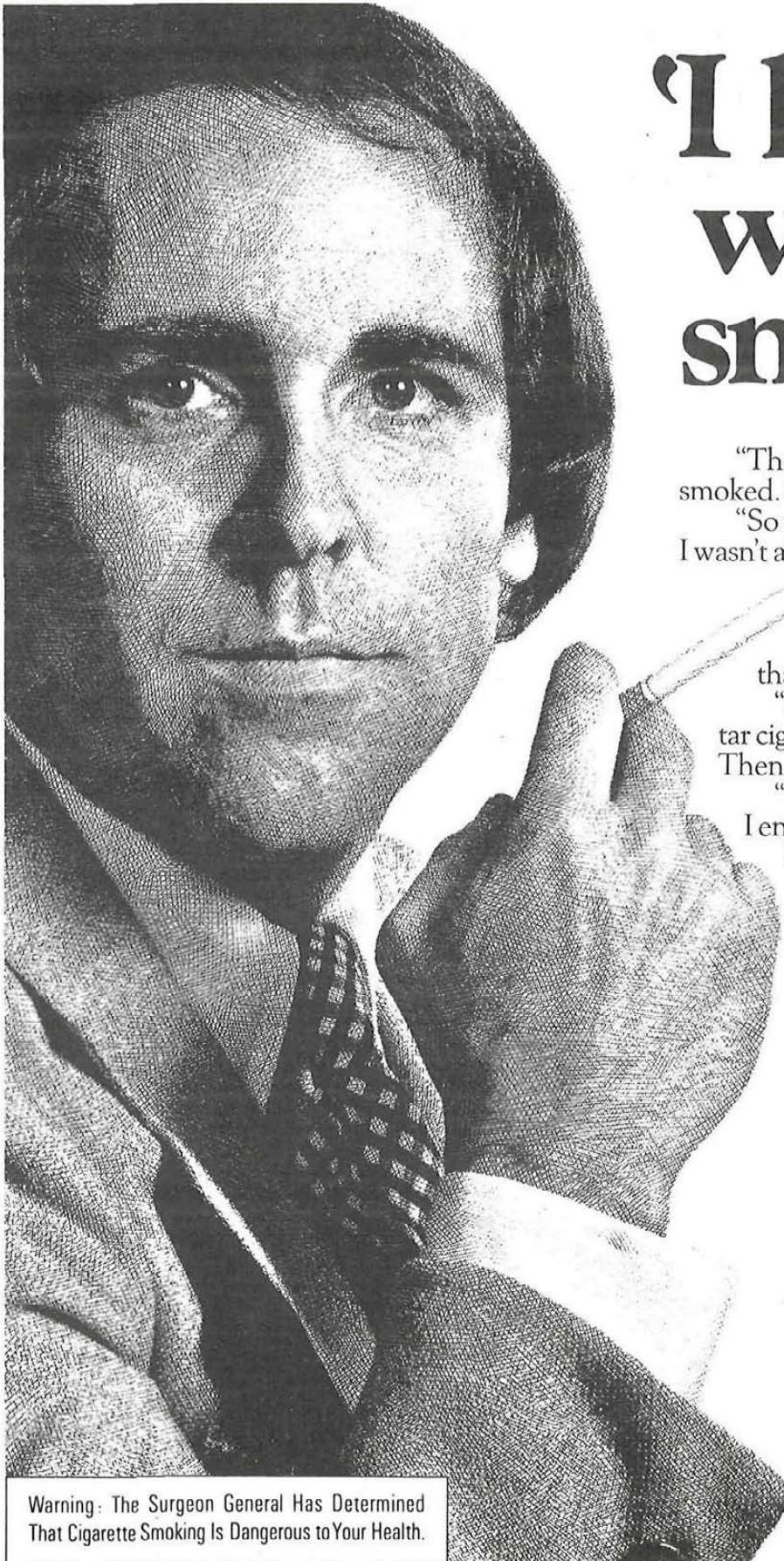


Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar",
0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

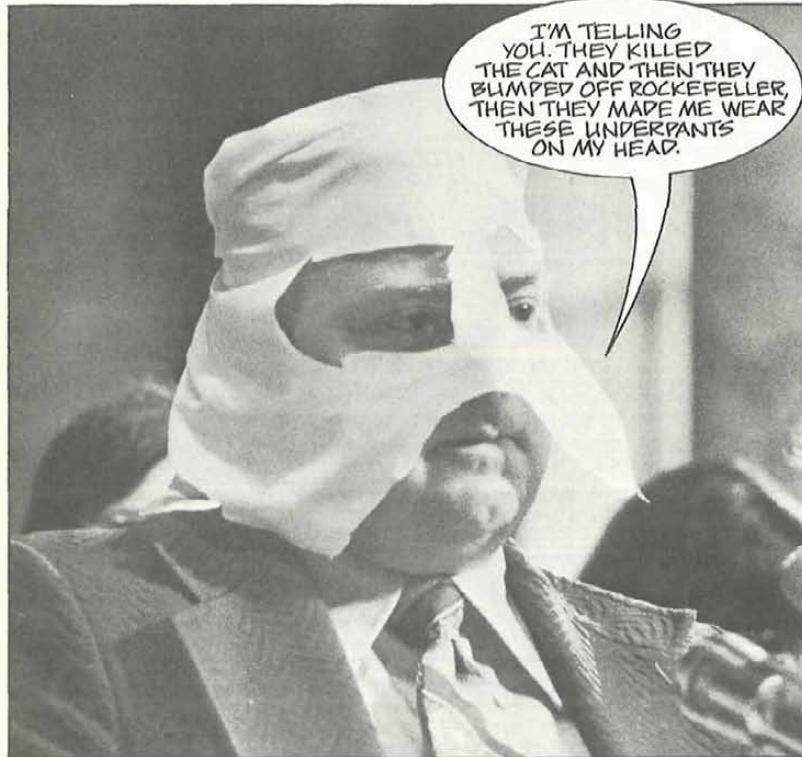


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Cat-Klan Conspiracy

LINK FBI TO DEATHS



The FBI was "directly responsible" for the death of Morris, the Nine Lives commercial spokescat. So says Gary Rowe, a former FBI agent turned Ku Klux Klansman turned FBI agent.

"Morris knew too much for the boys in Washington," Rowe told a Senate panel. "So they used me to persuade John D. Rockefeller III to kill him. I got to Rockefeller through the Klan. He'd been a member for years. Then, of course, they had to kill Rockefeller."

When asked by the Senators about the nature of what the cat knew, Rowe waxed

cynical. "Oh, come off it," he said to Senator Frank Church (D., Idaho). "A cat gets that famous, he meets people. He hears things. He makes connections, right? Let's just say that the Feds were losing beauty sleep over what Morrie knew about James Earl You-Know-Who." (The reference was apparently to the convicted assassin of Dr. Martin Luther King.)

Appearing before the panel, Rowe admitted as to the real reason he was testifying. "I want a book contract. Or one of those 'As told to' deals. Or a novel. A mini-series. Carson. Cavett. Anything."

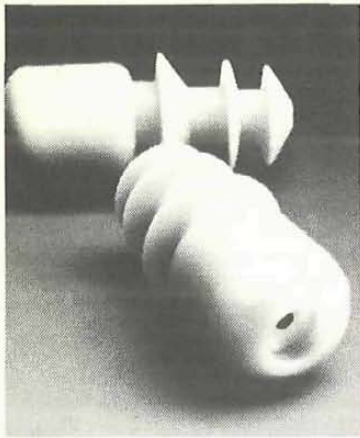
NEW

ANDREW YOUNG STATEMENTS

U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young, who recently caused some embarrassment to the Carter administration by granting an interview to a French Socialist newspaper in which he asserted that the United States had "hundreds, perhaps thousands" of political prisoners in its jails, has granted another European interview, this time to a small, mimeographed newsletter circulated among members of German terrorist organizations.

In his latest statements, Young strove to correct what he called "the misunderstandings" about his previous remarks. "I really did not mean to say that there were political prisoners in American jails," he said. "What I meant to say is that in America, all the black people are being rounded up and put in concentration camps and killed with gas." Young pointed out that this was similar to what the Nazis had done to Jews during World War II; but, he said, hardly any black people are Jewish or want to start an Israel or control the international gold market or anything, so, in this case, there's no excuse for it. Young also went on to note that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance blows sailors for nickels and gives change.

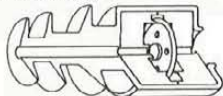
Although Ambassador Young is a highly controversial figure whose resignation has been called for by a variety of prominent Congressional leaders, Washington analysts consider it unlikely that President Carter will fire him. Young is greatly valued by the Carter administration, particularly for his work in Africa, where he recently succeeded in preventing a large number of fuzzy-headed mud worshipers from blowing themselves up and eating each other in someplace no one can pronounce. The White House also views Young as an important deterrent to any public call for the sort of affirmative action programs that could place more Negroes in high-ranking government positions.



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Jaded Jet-Setters Lining Up to Marry Down

Trendsetter Christina Onassis Sparks New Fad

News of Greek shipping heiress Christina Onassis's marriage to a retired Soviet official has set off a lively competition among some of the world's wealthiest young heiresses. Thus far, recently-separated Marisa Berenson Randall and Caroline Kennedy have been the first to

announce engagements to impoverished citizens of Communist-bloc countries. Mrs. Randall will marry Ivor Yuri, an obscure pebble farmer from the remote highlands of Albania. Miss Kennedy is betrothed to Hans Klobb, a maker of corrective footwear in East Berlin.

IT'S ALL SO DELICIOUSLY DULL. IT TAKES THREE WEEKS TO GET A DOZEN EGGS!



IN EAST BERLIN, IT TAKES THREE WEEKS TO GET A CUP OF MILK... I CAN'T WAIT!



WHO'S EVER HEARD OF MILK IN ALBANIA... OR CUPS?



Carter Expected to Announce Further Retaliations Against Russia

Reacting to widespread resentment over Soviet treatment of American newsmen, the White House recently released a list of "options under active consideration in the sphere of American-Soviet relations." The options comprise a short list of possible acts of retaliation.

The list includes:

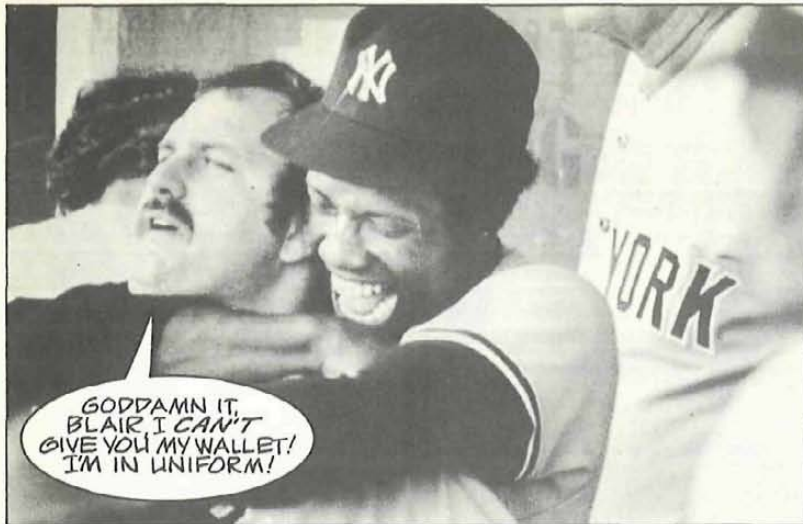
- Inclusion of .05 percent more insect parts in the grain sold to Russia.
- Deliberate mistranslation of and insertion of off-color jokes into technical manuals accompanying computers sold

to Russia.

- Withholding the last reel of "The Bastard," a TV mini-series exported to Russia.
- Deliberate placing of erroneous data in the "Welcome Packages" given to all Soviet correspondents' families on arrival in the U.S. (One TASS correspondent was recently recalled in disgrace after his wife served whole roasted kittens at a dinner party, on the advice of an American "friend.")
- A nuclear strike on Moscow.

Trouble in the Bronx

Hapless Yanks at It Again



In a development possibly related to the recent developments concerning Billy Martin, sources close to the New York Yankees report that strife among the players this year was "worse than ever."

The feud between slugger Reggie Jackson and Martin has apparently been only the tip of a rather large iceberg. According to one official, the Bronx Bombers' woes were manifold, including:

- The accusation by Willie Randolph that Lou Piniella and Graig Nettles were conspiring to murder him.

- Reports that Rich Gossage had made numerous early-morning obscene telephone calls to the homes of Ron Guidry and rookie Mike Heath.

- Chris Chambliss's complaint that Fred Stanley short-sheeted his bed every night the team was on the road.

- Paul Blair's repeated attempts to strangle Thurman Munson.

When asked to comment on these reports, team owner George M. Steinbrenner remarked, "They're a great bunch of guys and everything is great."

Practice Made Perfect

Rose's Secret Revealed



While racking up his record-breaking string of consecutive games with a hit, Cincinnati Red star Pete Rose exhibited an attitude toward batting practice that bordered on the fanatical.

Rose had 144,000 boxcar-loads of baseballs delivered to a vacant lot near whatever stadium the Reds were playing in, and, with the aid of a few Reds personnel, conducted interminable morning practice sessions during which all the balls were

used.

"He always said, 'Forget the fouls, just let 'em go. Throw me another one,'" said Reds batboy Steve Johnson. "So we'd just keep throwin' 'em, and Pete'd keep hittin' 'em foul, and the balls would sort of pile up."

After the practice sessions, Rose ordered his aides to repack the balls in their cases and deliver them to old age homes in the area.

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And they all have one thing in common. By calling us or sending in our coupon, they received the free Warehouse Sound catalog featuring virtually every brand name in components. Seventy pages of stereo systems, separate receivers, turntables, tape decks, direct-disc records and more, much more! Auto stereos, multi-channel mixers, microphones, cartridges and all at Warehouse-to-your-door prices. Our new catalog includes comparison information and frank, straight information on what's what in hi-fi this Fall.

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address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____ A4

Insists Phony Quaalude Prescription Was Only to Prove a Point

Dr. Bourne "Ready to Come Back to Work"

Dr. Peter Bourne, who recently resigned as President Carter's Special Consultant on Drug Abuse, has announced that he is ready to return to his White House office. The physician quit after it was revealed that he had written a prescription for Quaalude, a controlled drug, made out to a fictitious person.

The man who President Carter chose to direct the fight against drug abuse told a press conference that he wrote the prescription in the name of Sara Brown to "prove to the American people that it is tragically easy to 'score' such controlled substances as 'sopers,' or even 'coke' and 'angel dust,' as they are known to the unfortunate addicts who are hooked on them."

Dr. Bourne seemed amused that he might be taken seriously in the matter of the prescription, asserting that he was "definitely a good guy, a cop" in the fight against drug abuse "and the unscrupulous physicians who abet drug abusers."

Energy Secretary Schlesinger Explains Details of Proposal

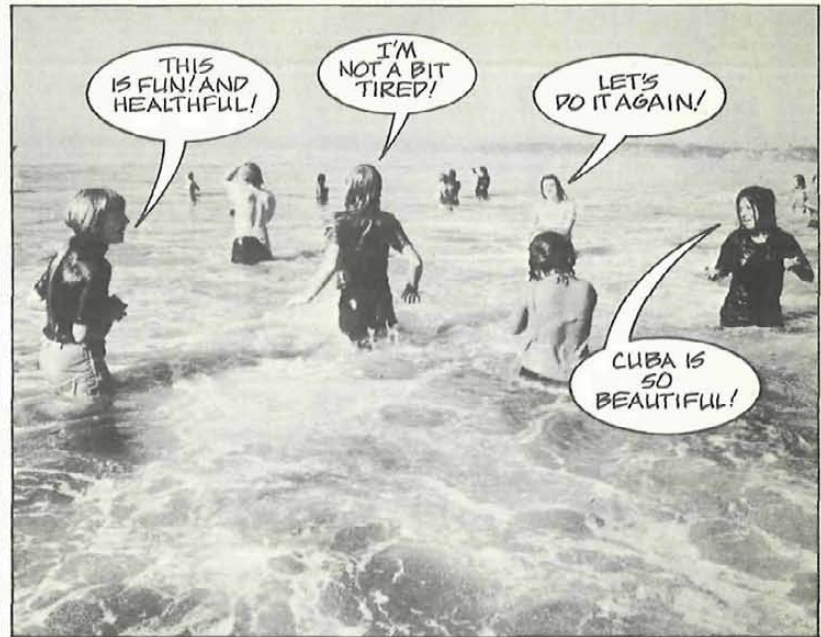
Administration's New Energy Bill Is Presented to Congress

In an appearance before both houses of Congress timed to coincide with President Carter's return from Europe, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger unveiled the first comprehensive energy bill ever drafted in the U.S. While the legislation is extremely complex, the principal points can be summarized and stated as "guidelines," some of which may be ultimately enforceable by law. These points include the following:

- All citizens should know what they want from the refrigerator *before* opening the door, thus preventing the thermal waste incurred when a door is left open for an extended period of time.
- Citizens leaving rooms *must* turn the lights out after them.
- The dog or other family pet must either stay in or go out, and not cause the door to be opened and shut repeatedly.
- Any portion of a TV dinner, such as the vegetable, that will not be eaten, should be discarded *before* the tray is heated.
- Those persons using ice from an ice cube tray should refill the emptied portion of the tray with water, not return it to the freezer with half the little compartments empty.

"Swim Diplomacy"?

New Fad Links U.S., Cuba



THIS IS FUN! AND HEALTHFUL!

I'M NOT A BIT TIRED!

LET'S DO IT AGAIN!

CUBA IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

Spurred by the example of Diana Nyad and Walter Poenisch, swimmers have flocked by the thousands to Florida's southern coast for what is being called "the next big thing in physical fitness": a Cuba to Florida marathon swim.

Businessmen report an unprecedented boom in sales of shark cages, wet suits, and bear grease. Crowding is a problem, and the Environmental Protection Agency is concerned lest the turbulence created by thousands of kicking feet alter the Gulf Stream's ecosystem.

Meanwhile, Cuban officials are distressed by the appearance on their shores, at all hours of the day and night, of "hundreds of laughing and cavorting Americans who emerge from the water, play Frisbee on the beach, and then jump back into the sea for the return trip."

State Department representatives are reportedly arranging conferences with President Fidel Castro regarding the matter. Castro's reaction thus far has been, "Americans are crazy. One has known this all along, no?"

Food Summit

Ministers Meet in Geneva to Discuss World Hunger



WE'RE MAKING A W WITH OUR LEGS. THIS REPRESENTS WORLD HUNGER...

THE GLOBAL PROBLEM THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED ANY LONGER.

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NL 1078

Nixon Confirms Vance Denial of Young Allegations

Former President Says There Are No Political Prisoners in U.S. Jails, Especially Him



Carter vs. Kennedy

Democrats Split over Nationalized Health Plan

Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy has, for the first time, publicly split with President Carter over Carter's proposed National Health Insurance bill. Controversy between the two seems to center principally on the issue of what method is to be used for distribution of the estimated \$124 zillion in Federal funds to be spent under the plan.

The president's proposed legislation includes provision for shoveling money out the back of parked trucks, while Senator Kennedy's alternative proposal would call for dropping money out of airplanes while in flight.

Woman to Be Honored

New Coin to Be Minted

Secretary of the Treasury Werner Michael Blumenthal announced last week that a new coin, featuring the head of a woman, would be introduced in January of 1979. "Women's groups have been agitating for this for years now," Blumenthal said, "and we felt that their time had come." The new coin will be worth one dollar, but the woman it will honor has not yet been finally selected. Still in the running, said Secretary Blumenthal, are Susan B. Anthony, Abigail Adams, and Lassie.

Vicars of Christ...Almost

Papal Runners-up

As the College of Cardinals met in solemn conclave to select a successor to the late Pope Paul VI, the Vatican newspaper *L'Observatore* surprised the world by releasing a list of several candidates who had already been considered and rejected by the prelates. Among the disappointed hopefuls were:

• **Francis Ford Coppola.** A half dozen votes away from selection, the Italian-American film director's chances were reportedly dashed by a last minute screening of his new movie *Apocalypse Now*. "Much too long," one cardinal said, "and poorly scored. I had to change my vote."

• **Dean Martin.** A sentimental favorite up until the very end, but as Franz Koenig, Archbishop of Vienna put it, "Ten years ago perhaps, but now...the voice is gone."

• **Billy Martin.** Top vote-getter on the first three ballots, Martin's name was reluctantly withdrawn by his supporters when it appeared he might have a conflicting contractual obligation to the New York Yankees.

• **Pelé.**

Economic Conference a Success; Everyone Has Good Time

In an atmosphere of joviality and friendship, the leaders of Japan, West Germany, Britain, Italy, France, and the U.S. met in Bonn, West Germany, to work out a comprehensive plan to combat the world's economic problems. The business portion of the meeting was concluded early in the day with all parties agreeing to work "really, really hard to fix things up good and not to do anything wrong." The leaders then shared stories, traded quips, and played poker late into the evening. The following day they watched a soccer match, smoked cigars, and enjoyed films at Helmut Schmidt's house. The final day featured a belly dancer and a romp in a nearby game preserve with automatic weapons. A second conference has been planned for as soon as the leaders can get away from their wives again.

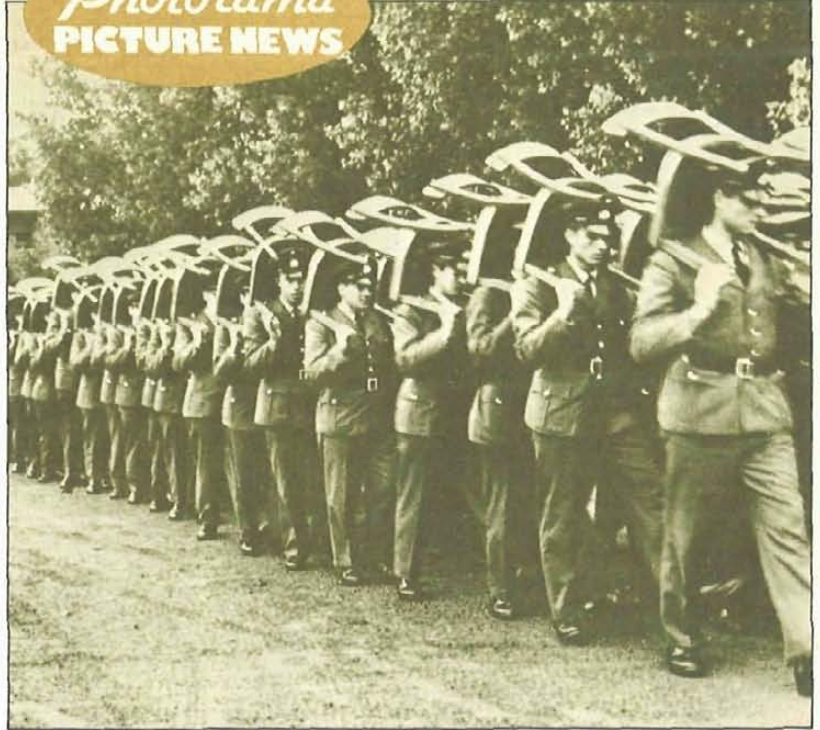
Cessnas and Bricks to Egypt

The State Department will announce shortly that it will okay the sale of 120 Cessna airplanes and 300,000 red clay bricks to Egypt. The Cessnas and bricks will add much needed deterrent strength to the traditionally weak Egyptian Air Force while not posing a major threat to Israel, which has adequate anti-Cessna and brick defense systems. No American military personnel will be attached to the sale. The Egyptians, according to military experts, are well-trained in hand-to-ground combat.

Photorama
PICTURE NEWS



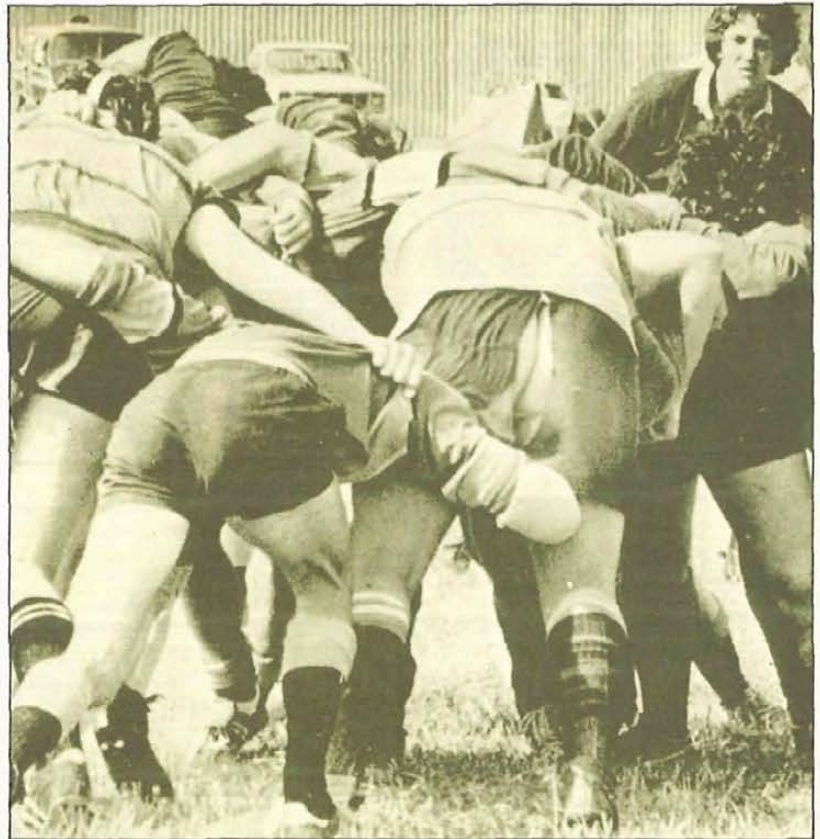
Topeka, Kansas Gerald Soames was named winner of the ninth annual Woody Allen look-alike contest. Soames is a granary manager in Topeka and writes greeting card verses in his spare time. He confessed that he has never seen a Woody Allen movie and only entered the contest because of pressure from his friends.



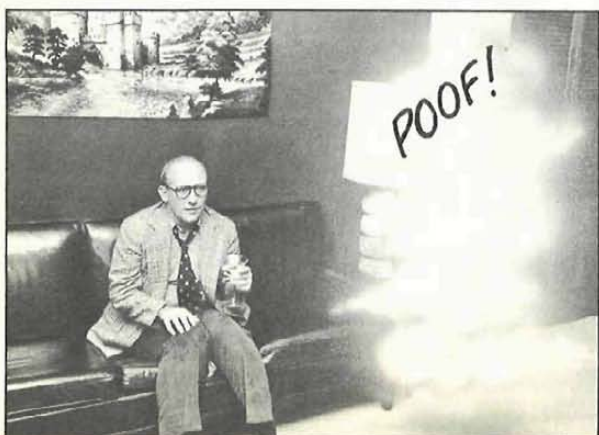
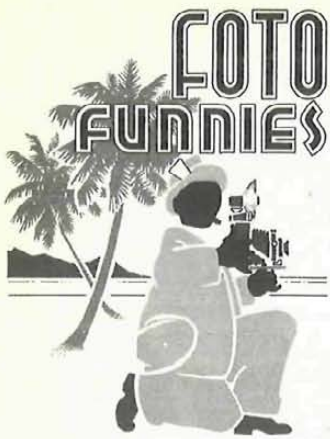
Riga, Latvia A chair shortage in Soviet Russia prompted the army to stage a raid on the hapless Latvian city and carry off over 5,000 new chairs. The Latvian government has registered a protest and an appeal to its gigantic and more powerful neighbor to return the chairs, "many of which belonged to the handicapped," according to reliable news sources.



San Francisco, California Millions of Little Neck clams turned up in the middle of San Francisco's Chinatown district in what could only be explained as a mass migration from the sea. Hundreds of emergency work teams were enlisted to dig and harvest the clams before they spoiled. Each family was allowed fifty pounds a day.

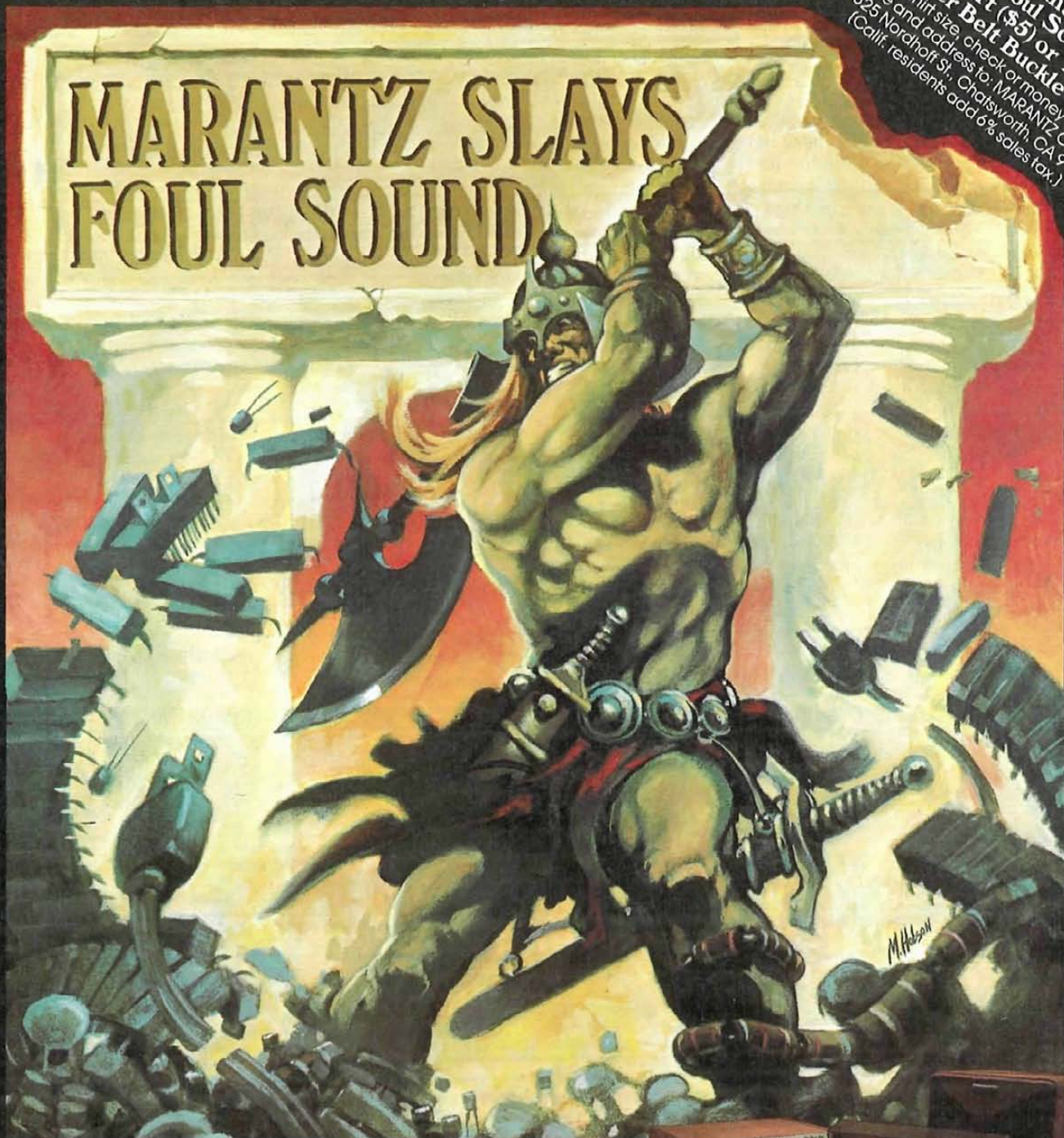


Dallas, Texas Milo Stevens, of Galveston, Texas, tried to crash a gay rights convention and was given a most unroyal welcome by the homosexuals. Stevens, who was drunk and disorderly, was immediately surrounded by a group of self-appointed convention police, who tore his shorts open in an attempted gang rape.



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The reason: In the real world of sound, loudspeakers fluctuate constantly from lows of 2 ohms to highs of 16 ohms or more. Yet most receivers are designed to deliver their maximum power to loudspeakers at only 8 ohms; actually they probably deliver as little as half their 8 ohm power into the lower ohm ratings.

Now, thanks to Marantz True Power Design, all Marantz receivers deliver *all* the power you paid for at *both* 8 ohm and 4 ohm ratings. In fact, Marantz receivers deliver far more power to your loudspeakers at 4 ohms than at 8 ohms... to give you the truest sound you've ever heard.

marantz

We sound better.

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BERNIE X
continued from page 8

and spread-eagled. I could hear Papa crying softly. He was shaking. Now I was ready for part two of my plan.

I leaned over and whispered to him "Papa, do not worry. I am not going to hurt you. I am not even going to be in you. The person who taught me how to grow my dingdong also taught me a few strange ways of using it, how to make it bend and wiggle in different directions. So when I make the motion to do the terrible deed, I will be faking it. I will curve my wec-wee away from you but make it look like I'm in you. Besides, with the dim lights in here they will never know the difference. What I want you to do is to make believe I'm doing the terrible deed. You got to be a good actor."

Papa catches on and nods, although he looks like death already. I proceed to do my part of the act and really go through the motions. At first Papa isn't convincing enough so I give him a few real shots, just to make him smart a little and to make it look real. And then he gets the message and goes berserk, and I of course fake it the rest of the way. We push and shove and scream and do God knows

what else until Papa just keels over in a faint. I feel his pulse and listen to his heart. "The man has just got a fucking heart attack. He's going to die unless we get him to a hospital. Are you satisfied now? Did you get your kicks, you ugly little butch?"

But Gertrude Stein isn't interested in Papa anymore. She's carried away by my monster, my engine of death. "You can take Hemingway to the hospital if you want," she said. "Save his life, I don't care. I just want you." And she points to my big thing. At first I couldn't believe her, but she really meant it. She wrapped her arms around my shvance like a fireman sliding down a pole, and then she jumped on it like a rocking horse. It was like the best toy in the world.

I realized that the only way to save Papa was to do what she wanted. And what she wanted was a Bernie Special, the kind of lay I reserve for the really big ones, the ones that are so big inside you can park your motorcycle and still have room in there for the *Sunday Times*. That's how big Gertrude was inside.

I don't want to go into the gory details of what I had to do to Gertrude, but the whole fuck took about a day

and a half and I must have come about six hundred times and she lost count after about a thousand and twelve. I converted her from being a dyke—lucky me. She finally fell asleep when she said she was feeling "a bit sore," and I got out of there as fast as I could.

When I got back to Papa's house, my dingdong had shrunk to the size of a cocktail frankfurter—which was O.K. by me. I hoped I didn't have to use it again for a year and a half. Papa is delirious with joy and eternally grateful to me. I learned later that Gertrude was so fucked out that she never wanted to do it with anyone again. I gave her enough to last her a lifetime.

I had a great time with Hemingway after that, and he used to invite me to fish on his boat and hunt with him in Africa. Someday I'll tell you about it. And do you know what else that guy did? He wrote a short story especially for me that he made me promise never to publish. It was for me and me alone. It was called "The Old Man and the Cock." It's my favorite story, but I got to keep my word to Papa and not tell you about it. Too bad. You'd love it. □

**The movie they couldn't
wait to talk about:**

**“An emotional roller coaster.
The stuff that Oscar dreams are
made of.”**

—George Anthony
TORONTO SUN

*Midnight
Express*
The true story of Billy Hayes.

Coming to Selected Theatres This Fall  **R** 

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Altec Lansing. The No. 1 name in professional speakers is coming home.

One of the best things about Altec Lansing speakers is that it's easy to get visiting privileges until you can buy a pair. All you have to do is go to a concert. Or your local disco. Or a movie theater. In fact, whenever professional sound engineers select the richest and closest-to-live sound they can get, chances are we're there.

Which, of course, says a lot about the way we make our speakers. All of our speakers. Including our HiFi models for your homes.

But instead of boring you with the specifications that have made our speakers the choice of the pros for over 40 years, we'd rather excite you with their sound. To hear them (without all the crowds) just write us for the name of your local dealer and for a free brochure: Altec Lansing International, 1515 So. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, CA 92803.



WHAT TO DO UNTIL YOU GET YOUR OWN ALTECS.

Anybody who does this has rocks in his turntable.

You have to be a little crazy to place a turntable directly on a speaker. Because vibration can cause acoustical feedback and uncontrolled howling.

We did it here to make a point about our new direct-drive, fully automatic KD-5070.

You see, the unique-looking white base is made of actual *resin concrete*. To virtually eliminate vibration and keep things steady as a rock.

And while we always recommend separating a turntable from a speaker, you should know that the KD-5070 will stand up to all sorts of inter-

ference without any hops, skips, or jumps from the tone arm.

We used an extra-heavy platter to improve speed accuracy. And reduced wow and flutter to a mere 0.025% (WRMS). Even the DIN-weighted rumble is better than -73dB.

At last, you can get the specs and features of an esoteric manual turntable with the convenience and record-care advantages of a full-automatic.

At \$260.00* it just might be the smartest move you can make.

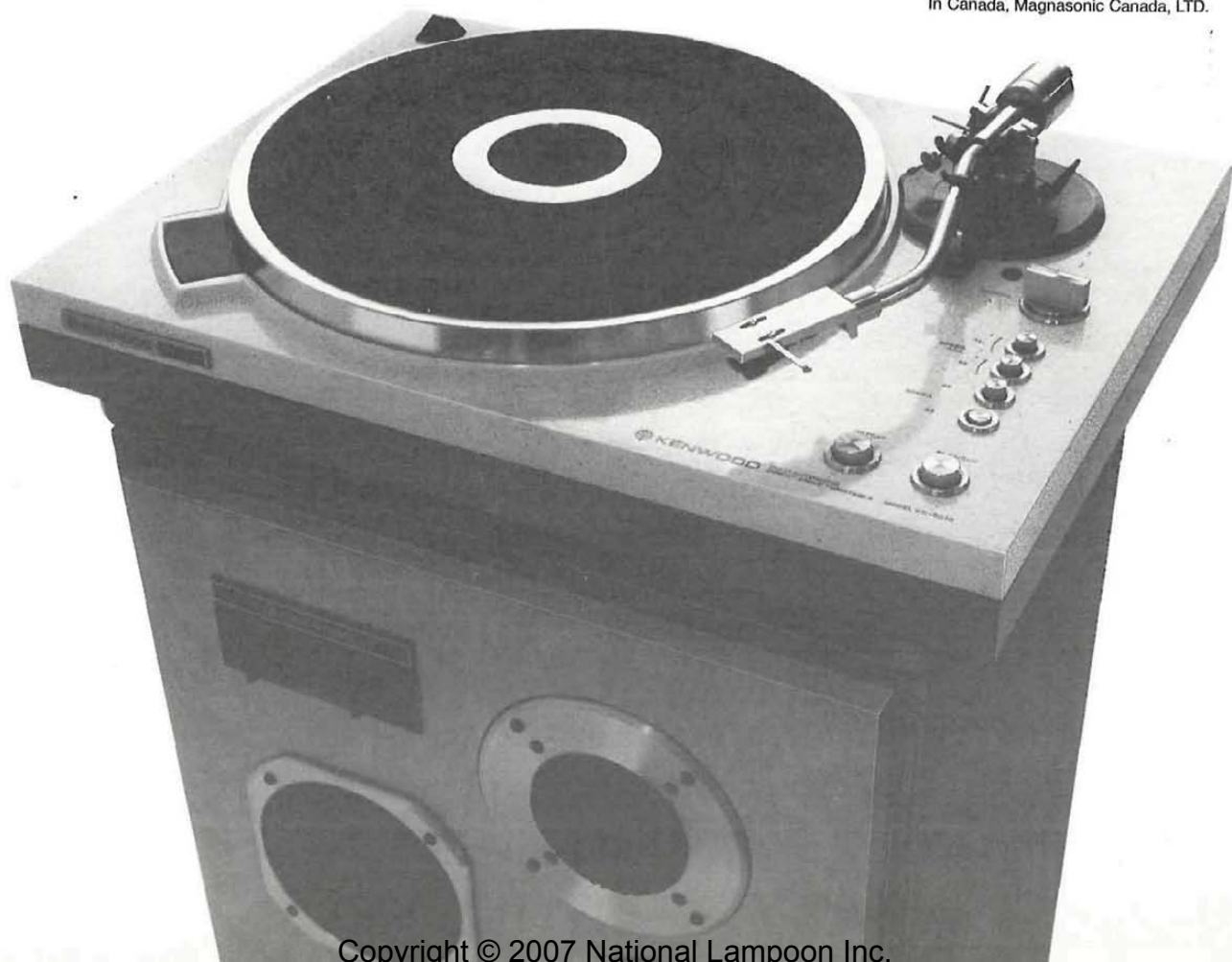


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ENTERTAINMENT ISSUE

**GIGANTIC CLAUSES... HUGE OPTIONS...
BIZARRE, MONSTROUS PERCENTAGE POINTS...
NO ONE KNEW WHAT MADE IT GROW. BUT GROW IT DID.
BIGGER AND BIGGER, RICHER AND RICHER--
UNTIL IT ENGULFED THEM ALL!! FOR THIS WAS...**

DTHE DEAL

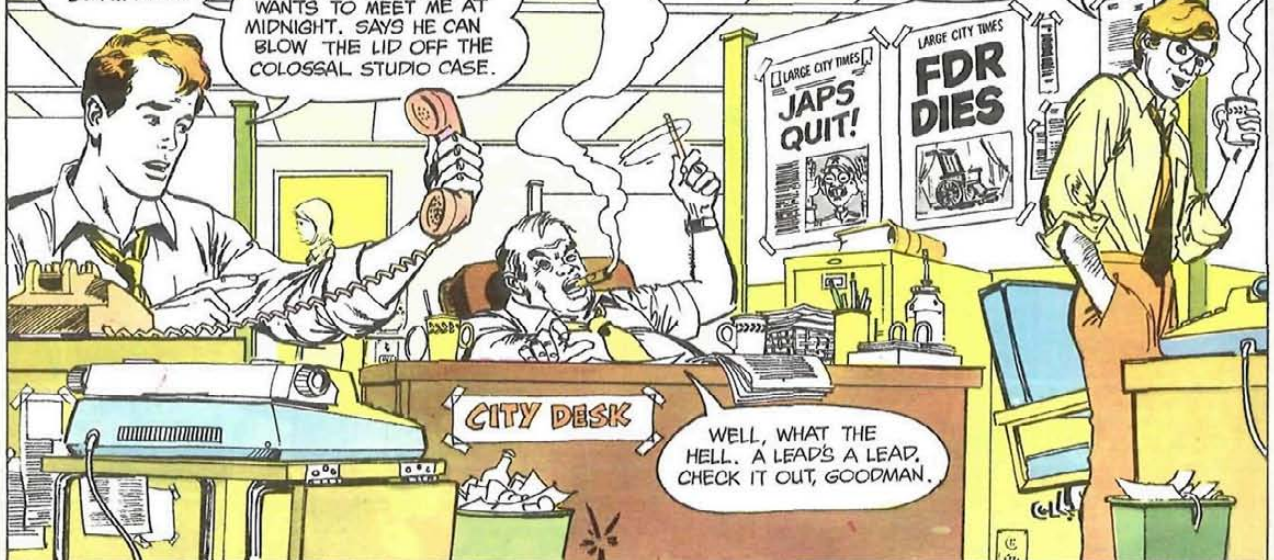
by
JEFF
GREENFIELD

OUR TALE BEGINS IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE *LARGE CITY TIMES*, WHERE A YOUNG REPORTER NAMED BILL GOODMAN HAS JUST RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL THAT WILL CHANGE HIS LIFE

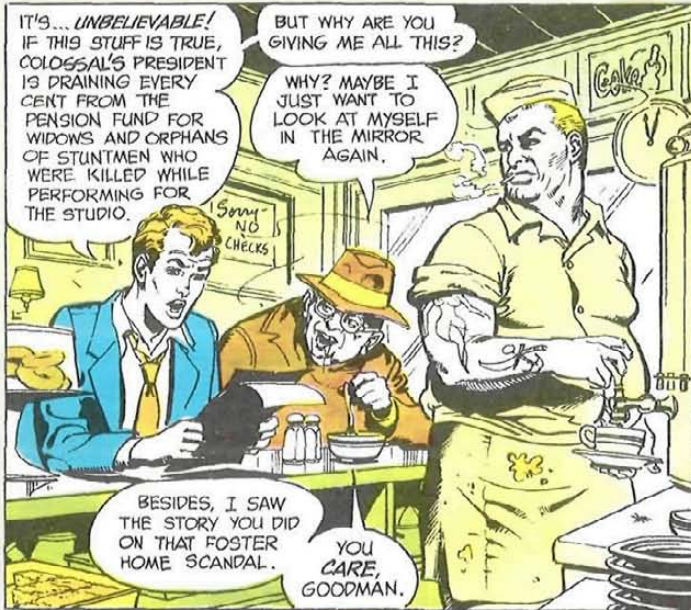
BUT... BUT...

HEY, CHIEF? SOME GUY WANTS TO MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT. SAYS HE CAN BLOW THE LID OFF THE COLOSSAL STUDIO CASE.

YEAH, SURE. AFTER EVERY REPORTER IN TOWN CRAPS OUT, OUR \$150-A-WEEK OBIT WRITER'S GONNA TURN INTO WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN.



WELL, WHAT THE HELL. A LEAD'S A LEAD, CHECK IT OUT, GOODMAN.



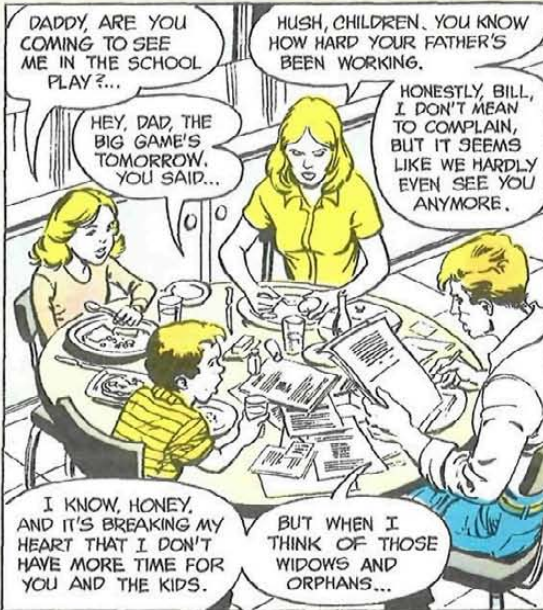
IT'S... UNBELIEVABLE! IF THIS STUFF IS TRUE, COLOSSAL'S PRESIDENT IS DRAINING EVERY CENT FROM THE PENSION FUND FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF STUNTMEN WHO WERE KILLED WHILE PERFORMING FOR THE STUDIO.

BUT WHY ARE YOU GIVING ME ALL THIS?

WHY? MAYBE I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR AGAIN.

BESIDES, I SAW THE STORY YOU DID ON THAT FOSTER HOME SCANDAL.

YOU CARE, GOODMAN.



DADDY, ARE YOU COMING TO SEE ME IN THE SCHOOL PLAY?...

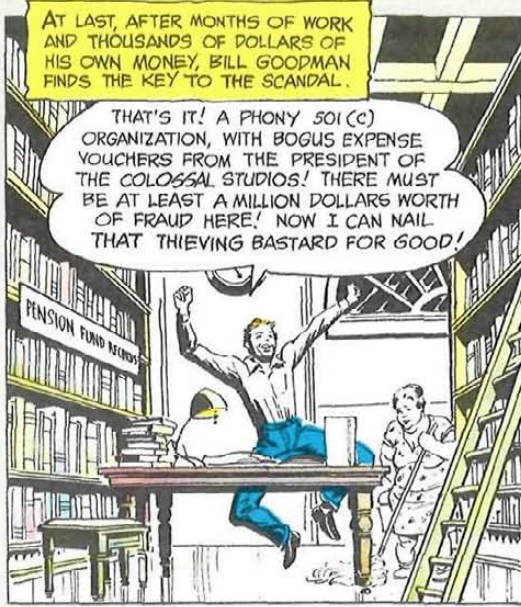
HUSH, CHILDREN. YOU KNOW HOW HARD YOUR FATHER'S BEEN WORKING.

HONESTLY, BILL, I DON'T MEAN TO COMPLAIN, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE WE HARDLY EVEN SEE YOU ANYMORE.

HEY, DAD, THE BIG GAME'S TOMORROW. YOU SAID...

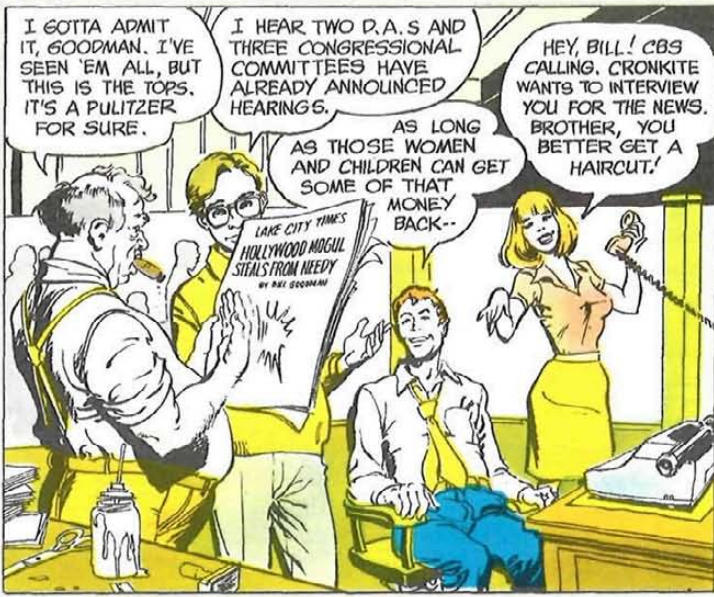
I KNOW, HONEY, AND IT'S BREAKING MY HEART THAT I DON'T HAVE MORE TIME FOR YOU AND THE KIDS.

BUT WHEN I THINK OF THOSE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS...



AT LAST, AFTER MONTHS OF WORK AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF HIS OWN MONEY, BILL GOODMAN FINDS THE KEY TO THE SCANDAL.

THAT'S IT! A PHONY 501(C) ORGANIZATION, WITH BOGUS EXPENSE VOUCHERS FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLOSSAL STUDIOS! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FRAUD HERE! NOW I CAN NAIL THAT THIEVING BASTARD FOR GOOD!



I GOTTA ADMIT IT, GOODMAN. I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, BUT THIS IS THE TOPS. IT'S A PULITZER FOR SURE.

I HEAR TWO D.A.S AND THREE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES HAVE ALREADY ANNOUNCED HEARINGS.

HEY, BILL! CBS CALLING. CRONKITE WANTS TO INTERVIEW YOU FOR THE NEWS. BROTHER, YOU BETTER GET A HAIRCUT!

AS LONG AS THOSE WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAN GET SOME OF THAT MONEY BACK--

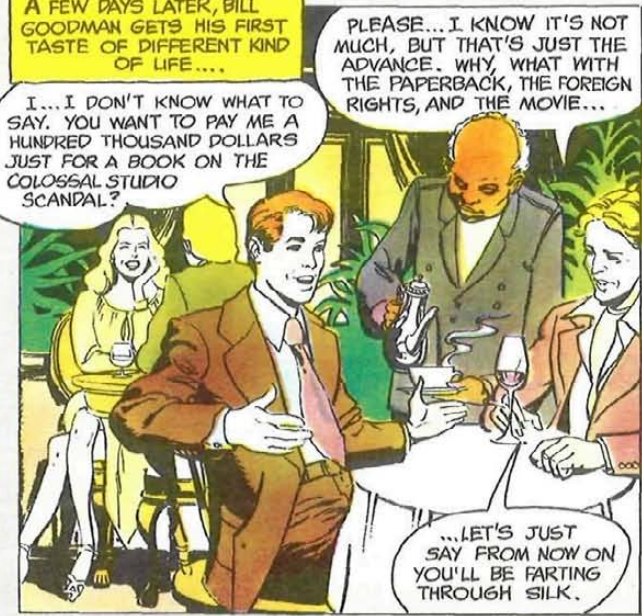
LAKE CITY TIMES HOLLYWOOD MUGGUL STEALS FROM NEEDY BY BILL GOODMAN



SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, LENNY?

I THINK THAT GOODMAN SCHMUCK HAS LUCKED INTO THE STORY OF THE CENTURY. WE GOT VICTIMS, VILLAINS, THE WHOLE SCHEMER. AND WE EVEN GOT A HERO--THE STIFF HIMSELF. I SAY WE GO BIG ON THIS ONE, SAM.

GIVE HIM THE FULL TREATMENT.



A FEW DAYS LATER, BILL GOODMAN GETS HIS FIRST TASTE OF DIFFERENT KIND OF LIFE....

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. YOU WANT TO PAY ME A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS JUST FOR A BOOK ON THE COLOSSAL STUDIO SCANDAL?

PLEASE... I KNOW IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT THAT'S JUST THE ADVANCE. WHY, WHAT WITH THE PAPERBACK, THE FOREIGN RIGHTS, AND THE MOVIE...

...LET'S JUST SAY FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE FARTING THROUGH SILK.



MORE CHAMPAGNE, MR. GOODMAN? I'LL BET YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT THAT STORY YOU WROTE.

OH, YES, YES I AM, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE. YOU SEE, THIS SCRIPT HAS BEEN CHANGED. EVERYTHING'S COMPLETELY...

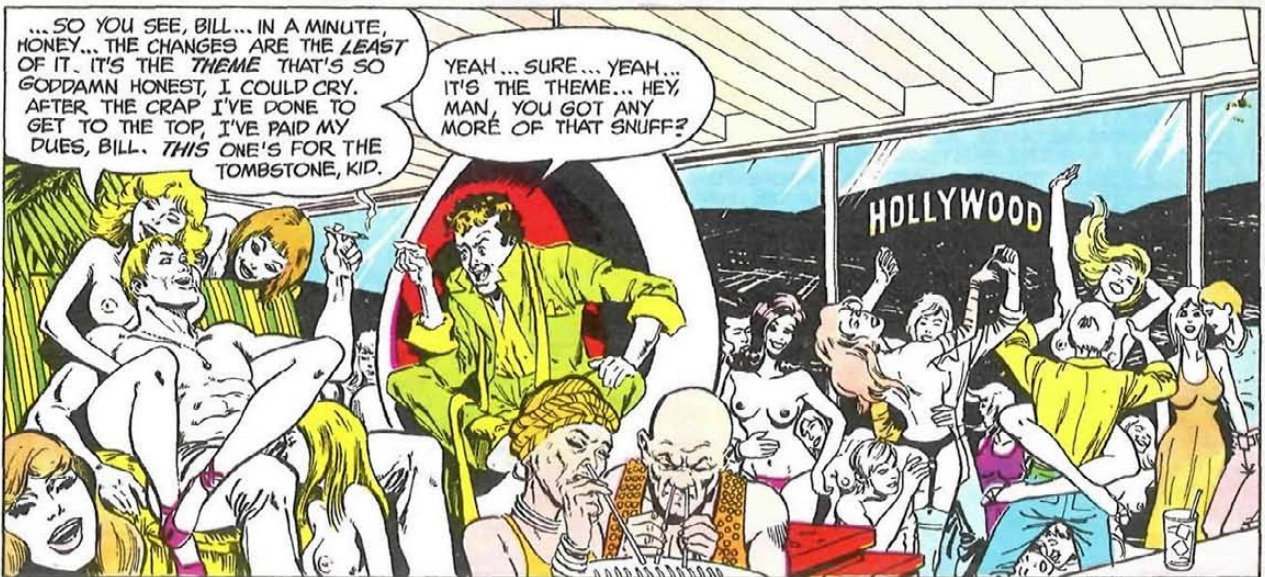
OOOHH, IS THAT A SCRIPT? I THINK SCRIPTS ARE SO EXCITING. DON'T YOU, MR. GOODMAN?



PIECE OF CAKE, GOODMAN. WE LOSE THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS -- THAT'S TOILET TIME ANYWAY, ALL THAT DOWN STUFF -- AND WE MOVE THE BAD GUYS OUT OF TINSELTOWN. CHOMPING ON THE HAND THAT STROKES YOU, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN?

BUT THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, ISN'T IT? THESE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE--

BILL, BILL, THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU PRINT GUYS. THE COMMITMENT. TELL YOU WHAT. I'M HAVING A LITTLE PARTY AT MY PLACE IN THE CANYON TONIGHT. WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT OUT THERE.



... SO YOU SEE, BILL... IN A MINUTE, MONEY... THE CHANGES ARE THE LEAST OF IT. IT'S THE **THEME** THAT'S SO GODDAMN HONEST, I COULD CRY. AFTER THE CRAP I'VE DONE TO GET TO THE TOP, I'VE PAID MY DUES, BILL. **THIS ONE'S FOR THE TOMBSTONE, KID.**

YEAH... SURE... YEAH... IT'S THE THEME... HEY, MAN, YOU GOT ANY MORE OF THAT SNUFF?



... FOUR POINTS OFF THE FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION RIGHTS, AND WE'RE TALKING **GROSS**, NOT NET; THE SATURATION TV SPOTS BUST INTO EVERY PRIME TIME SHOW FOR GRP'S YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE. **TIME AND NEWSWEEK...**

SO MY CUT IS... LET'S SEE -- SOMEBODY CALL MY WIFE AND TELL HER I WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER, OKAY? MY CUT IS... IS... LET'S SEE...



THE DEAL GROSSED \$200 MILLION, AND GOODMAN WAS NAMED VICE-PRESIDENT OF MEGAPHONIC STUDIOS. HE SOON BECAME ONE OF THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS OF THE NEW HOLLYWOOD.

LOOK, GET OFF MY BACK, WILL YOU? ARE YOU MY WIFE OR MY PROBATION OFFICER?

LOUIS, LOOK, I'M FLATTERED, I MEAN HARPER'S IS A CLASS ACT, BUT I WOULDN'T WRITE A POSTCARD FOR \$1200.

I KNOW, I MISS THE KIDS, TOO. LOOK, MAYBE AT BREAKFAST TOMORROW...

HONEY, NOT HERE, NOT NOW...

BUT GOODMAN WAS TO LEARN THAT THERE IS ALWAYS A PRICE TO PAY FOR FAME, WEALTH, AND POWER....

THAT'S IT, BILL, I'M LEAVING. I'VE GOT AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SON POPPING PILLS, A SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER SNEAKING ANGEL DUST INTO HER BUBBLEGUM, AND I'M JUMPING INTO THE VODKA BOTTLE AT 10 A.M. YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE I GOT, BILL? **COMMUNITY PROPERTY!**

BABY, PLEASE-- DON'T-- ALL MY DOUGH'S TIED UP IN LEVERAGING --YOU'LL RUIN-- BABY--



NO, I DON'T THINK THE MONEY'S CHANGED ME. I BECAME A WRITER TO **COMMUNICATE**. NOW, AS A PRODUCER AND EXECUTIVE, I CAN SAY THE SAME THINGS-- MAKE THE SAME **COMMITMENT**.

RRRRING!

..OH, EXCUSE ME.



IT'S TRELLBAUM...YOUR ACCOUNTANT, GOODMAN. YOU'D BETTER GET OVER TO YOUR OFFICE **FAST**. YOUR WIFE'S JUST DEMANDED A **COMPLETE** AUDIT, THE I.R.S. JUST SUBPOENAED YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNTS, AND THE PORK BELLY MARKET I SHELTERED

YOU INTO HAS JUST COLLAPSED. THIS COULD BE IT, BILL!



NOW GOODMAN WORKS FEVERISHLY TO SHORE UP HIS SUDDENLY VULNERABLE EMPIRE....

GOT TO **THINK**, DAMMIT. I SET UP FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE STUNTMEN I WROTE ABOUT? I WANT YOU TO CHARGE OFF ALL MY LIVING EXPENSES TO ADMINISTRATION OF THE FUND, THEN PUT ME IN CHAPTER 10 AND PUT MY ASSETS IN A LIBERIAN HOLDING COMPANY.

BUT THAT WILL TOTALLY LOOT THE FUND.

LEAVE MY WIFE AND I.R.S. 90 PERCENT OF **NOTHING!**

SCREW IT! IT'S SURVIVAL TIME, TRELLBAUM!

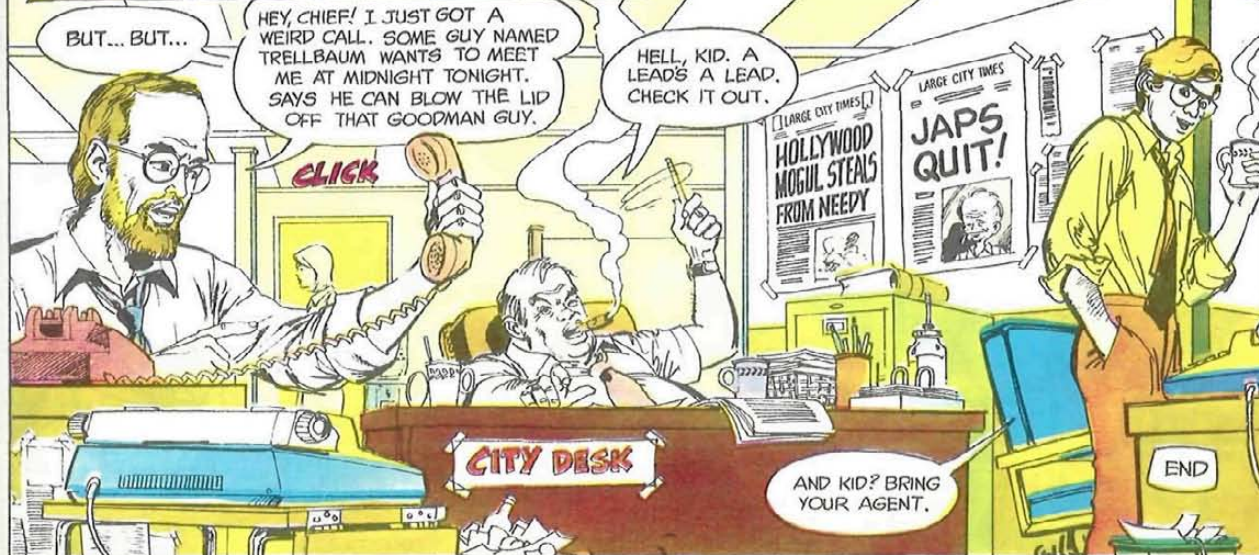


AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER, ANOTHER YOUNG PERSON RECEIVES AN ANONYMOUS, PORTENTIOUS TELEPHONE CALL....

BUT... BUT...

HEY, CHIEF! I JUST GOT A WEIRD CALL. SOME GUY NAMED TRELLBAUM WANTS TO MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT. SAYS HE CAN BLOW THE LID OFF THAT GOODMAN GUY.

HELL, KID. A LEAD'S A LEAD. CHECK IT OUT.



AND KID? BRING YOUR AGENT.

DRECK

SMARM

BATHOS

TREACLE

TRIPE

MOVIES

NATIONAL LAMPOON
ENTERTAINMENT
ISH
MOVIE SECTION

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Vol. 0 No. 1

Hollywood, October, 1978

4 PAGES

SLY STALLONE TAKES OV'R W.B., PARA., 20TH C. FOX, U.A.

IN MULTI-STUDIO DEAL

Triple threat star Sylvester "Sly" Stallone has agreed to take over four major studios to "save their asses" and put them on an even keel. The movie business has always been characterized as a highly risky endeavor, to put it mildly, and the stockholders of

Warner's, Paramount, Twentieth Century Fox, and United Artists voted to turn over the presidencies to Stallone, who is regarded as the most brilliant moviemaker in Hollywood, both artistically and commercially.

Stallone will write, produce, di-

rect, and star in 120 films a year, 30 for each studio. He will also supervise all advertising and promotion. Stallone is also writing 29 novels, 17 plays, a rock opera, and a children's story in collaboration with Jorge Luis Borges, entitled *Rocky in Wonderland*.

Camper Crash Kills Show Biz Greats: Accident Rocks Industry

A seemingly innocent weekend outing has ended in tragedy, and the repercussions will be felt all over the world.

Frank Sinatra, Ginger Rogers, Orson Welles, Peter Lawford, John Wayne, Lucille Ball, Bob Hope, and Sammy Davis, Jr., were killed instantly when their Winnebago camper accidentally ran off a cliff in Lompoc, California, 70 miles north of Los Angeles.

The group had been on its fifteenth annual "Hollywood Legends Picnic," a gathering that was kept secret from the public, but was well known in show business circles. "It was just their way of relieving their tensions," a teary-eyed Dolores Hope told reporters. "They would cook hamburgers, sing silly songs, play softball, swim relay races without being bothered by fans or reporters. They just wanted to be by themselves and have fun. That's why it was a secret."

Eyewitness Rick Kellard, a gas station attendant, was the last person to see them alive. "I saw them just before it happened. They were coming north on Route One. The camper went by me pretty fast. A fat guy, I guess he was Orson Welles, saw me, made a silly face, and waved. I heard them singing 'One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall,' then I heard these screams, a crash, then quiet."

According to police, Sammy Davis, Jr., was at the wheel when the accident occurred. He apparently didn't see the sharp left turn on his blind side, and the vehicle smashed through a barrier and plummeted 175 feet to the bottom of the cliff.

(Continued on page 93)

Producers Biting Off As Much As They Can Chew

Universal Pictures has announced plans for a sequel to the highly successful *Jaws VII*, to be entitled *Jaws VIII*. At an impromptu news conference held at the Sheraton Universal Hotel, producers David Brown and Richard Zanuck told reporters that they hope that the film will do as well as *Jaws VII*, and if it does half as well as *Jaws VI*, they'd be pretty happy, too.

The story picks up where *Jaws VII* leaves off. Facing another financially disastrous summer season, the mayor of Amity (played by Murray Hamilton, Jr.) decides to open the beaches to the public. Police chief Mike Brody (Roy Scheider, Jr.) protests, warning that the son of the daughter of the mother of the mate of the father of a gigantic great white shark is lurking in the waters, waiting to feast on human flesh like Brody's father (*Jaws V*), mother (*Jaws III*), brother (*Jaws VI*), wife and kids (*Jaws VII*), the visiting starlet and her millionaire playboy husband (*Jaws IV*), the patients, doctors, and nurses on the floating VA hospital (*Jaws V*), and the president of the United States (*Jaws VI*).

However, due to its unlucky history, Amity has become a ghost town, with the mayor and Brody the only inhabitants. They spend their days on the shore throwing shells at the shark and arguing.

"The fun starts," said Zanuck, with a twinkle in his eye, "when a spaceship from Neptune lands on the beach, and the space creatures decide to take a dip in the ocean. Brody can't warn them because they don't understand English."

"The movie will be like *Waiting for Godot*," said Brown, "except..."
(Continued on page 74)

WHY BUILD WHEN YOU CAN BURN? Cut your overhead—destroy our city!

The New Jersey State Film Board announces
that the city of Newark is available to be
blasted... bombed... or... burned
in your next feature production!

Want to recreate the destruction of Dresden?

How about the San Francisco earthquake?
A sixties' campus riot? A race riot in Watts?

Our town is your best bet!

Newark is stocked with over a half million exotic extras
who will work *below scale!*

IS NEWARK BURNING?

Not yet—but it can for you!

Send a card for our free location guide. Write to: "Newark"
c/o Newark
Newark, N.J.

Dino De Laurentiis,
in a big, big crap shoot deal with
Paramount Pictures,
Proudly Presents

A film so powerful... a cast so dynamic... a budget so enormous...
a story so exciting...

Lily Tomlin *is* Nancy
Richard Dreyfuss *is* Sluggo
Stockard Channing *is* Aunt Fritzi
in
a Martin Scorsese Film

Nancy

Costarring Oliver Reed as "Esteban" and special guest
appearance of Peter Ustinov as "The Ambassador"

Based on a thought by Albert Ruddy • A notion by Tony Bill
An idea by Robert Towne • A concept by John Milius • A
treatment by William Goldman • A first draft by David Zelay
Goodman • A second draft by David Newman and Robert Benton
A rewrite by Sterling Silliphant • A final script by Calder
Willingham • Polished by Buck Henry • Additional scenes
and dialogue by Paul Schrader • Shooting script by Warren
Beatty from a meeting with Marlon Brando

With Charlton Heston as
"The Truant Officer"

Music by Bill Conti and Gian Carlo Menotti
Principal photography in

Hollywood, Indianapolis, Vienna, and Istanbul.

Scheduled for release, Christmas, 1978

From Paramount

A Gulf and Western Company that gets a lot of good tax breaks.

"Mutant Insect" Movies Become Big Business

With Paramount Pictures planning a sequel to last year's *The Stinging Dogs* in which Bette Davis will repeat her role as an evil bee geneticist, it appears that the so-called mutant insect film has officially arrived. *Buzz, Buzz, My Darlings*, as the sequel is titled, will be only one among a growing number of major studio productions featuring hybrid insect monsters created by crossbreeding.

Universal has signed actor George C. Scott to direct his wife, Trish Van Devere, in *Oh! God! The Spiderclams Are Eating Judith!*, and Twentieth Century Fox's *The Four Horsefists of the Apocalypse* is already a confirmed success. The latter film centers on a quartet of palominos with fly heads who destroy civilization.

The major studios have been spurred by the success of such low budget shockers as *The Day the Bugboys Got Mad*, *Moth Mice*, and the most successful of all mutant insect films, *The Nits of Loch*



Dr. Bugbaum, hero of *Moth Mice*, played by Keir Dullea.

Ness, which stars an enormous fresh water eel with the brain of a crab louse. Studio executives presumably also noticed the large returns for the made-for-TV film *S.W.A.T.*, which recounted the exploits of a paramilitary squad of specially trained mutant insect-fighters called out to stem the tide
(Continued on page 82)

Jon Voight Undergoes Sex Change for New Film Role

Jon Voight believes in living his movie parts. When he made *Coming Home*, he became totally immersed in the world of handicapped Vietnam veterans, and now numbers many of them as his closest friends. Now he has gone one step further. As the star of *AC-DC*, the story of a transsexual paddle ball player inspired by the life of Renée Richards, Voight will actually undergo a sex change.

Speaking from a hospital "somewhere in Sweden," Voight reports that he has had preliminary surgery and feels fine, but "a little funny inside."

Asked how he will feel about his new sex life, he said, "I always wondered who enjoyed sex more, men or women. One day in the hospital I was idly poking my itchy ear with my pinky. I poked



Jon Voight

until my itch was sated. Later, I thought about who gets more satisfaction in sex and I remembered my ear and my pinky. Now I know for sure."

The Swiss: Hollywood's Hottest New Ethnic

In a highly symbolic final scene of *You Know I'd Like to Help You, but I Won't*, the star of the film, Roger LeMat, refuses to intervene as his two best friends are beaten to death at a church social. In *Yodel for Your Life*, Maximilian Phillippe watches his mother being raped but leaves her because he will be late for work. What do these films have in common? They all feature the newest Hollywood ethnic cult hero, the Swiss-American.

What happened to the current ethnic cult heroes, the Italians—Stallone, Pacino, DeNiro?

"They're yesterday's fettuccine," says producer Jeffrey Jay Barron. "Swiss Americans (or *Swams*, as they are nicknamed) are what's happening. They are the logical heroes for the eighties—non-descript, asexual, and clean. Very, very neutral. No one is offended or annoyed by them. They can do almost anything they want to and
(Continued on page 98)

Coming sooner than you think...

THE FLEA CIRCUS THAT TRAVELED BY TRAIN



Starring
**BRODERICK
CRAWFORD**
as the trainer who loved fleas
and hated people



**IDA
LUPINO**

as the wife
who mattered
less to him
than an insect



**MARTIN
MILNER**

as the am-
bitious young
assistant
trainer



**BETTE
DAVIS**

as the manager
who knew
too much



**BOB
CRANE**

as the myste-
rious drifter
the fleas
despised



**DALE
ROBERTSON**

as the engine
driver on a
losing streak



**FORREST
TUCKER**

as President
Truman



**ROSE
MARIE**

as the dining
car waitress
with a heart
of gold



**GEORGE
CHAKIRIS**

as the porter
with a grudge



**MITZI
GAYNOR**

as the circus
freak with
two hearts
of gold



**STEVE
ALLEN**

as himself



with special guest **David Carradine** as the vampire
and **Don Knotts** as the voice of the fleas
with a very special guest appearance
by **Jayne Meadows** as the voice of Don Knotts



Theme song, "Even Fleas Fall in Love (So Why Can't I?)" by Joe Brooks

Written, directed, produced, and subtitled by Benji, the wonder dog.

a Mort Disney
PRODUCTION

AT THEATERS CLOSER TO YOUR HOME THAN YOU'D LIKE.

RATED W

(Wonderful!)

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Hollywood Babble-On

By Pinky Diamond



Which Big Star was involved in a vicious hit-and-run accident last week when Flip Wilson ran over a little crippled girl in his Rolls Royce and didn't even bother to stop? We're not saying it's you, Mr. X, but if it is, don't you think you owe a little more to the fans who made you one of the biggest black comedians ever?

Sidney Poitier confronts Linda Ronstadt and Melina Mercouri: "I want you to have my babies!" Linda's new album is due out shortly....

Wasn't that Marisa Berenson Randall Gutz, recently estranged from her kitty litter magnate husband Don Gutz, giving the eye to absorbent instep king Bob Mutz?... Bob seemed to forget that steady date Margaux Hemingway Faulkner was alive, let alone burning with humiliation beside him.... watch out, Bob, Margaux may decide her artificial fireplace millionaire boyfriend Alan Batz wasn't so bad after all....

Jill St. John abandons her baby at the supermarket checkout counter! Jill is an expert skier and spends most of her time in Aspen....

They ought to lock up that horrible Richard Dreyfuss and throw away the key after what he did to Romy Schneider. No; better yet, they should gouge his eyes out....

Robert DeNiro searches the playgrounds, asking, "Are you my baby?"... Robert says he enjoys acting for director Francis Ford Coppola....

If you bump into Cary Grant, tell him the least he could do is apologize to Princess Grace, the washroom attendant at the casino in Monte Carlo, and the entire population of Monaco....

What with pretty Anjelica Huston still fuming over Ryan O'Neal's hurtful behavior the other night, it's a good thing boyfriend Jack Nicholson is out of town. Charming Anjelica got so riled up at a funny look Ryan gave her while they were watching TV at Ryan's Malibu digs that she became withdrawn and quiet. Sensitive Ryan, still smarting over the break-up of his marriage to willowy Leigh Taylor-Young, took Anjelica's silence as a sign that she was pining for on-again, off-again live-in love Jack Nicholson. That was enough for the basically insecure Ryan, who only gets testy with daughter Tatum O'Neal because of his own unhappy childhood, and he provoked an argument with Anjelica. Stunning Anjelica was not sitting still for any of that, having just had a nasty tiff with famous father John Huston, and she promptly called Jack in Hawaii, where he's been vacationing with best pal Bob Evans, and got into a silly flare-up over a tiny little thing with him.

Jack is now sorry he spoke that way, and secretly wishes Anjelica would call him and make up, but former pal Ryan O'Neal still feels that what he said in the driveway to Tatum applies, and he isn't about to apologize to Anjelica, whom he feels should never have brought sex into the discussion in the first place.... the whole of America just wishes these lovely people would overcome their insecurities and trust each other enough to straighten this whole mess out....before it's too late.

Friends report a sad chapter in the troubled life of actress Faye Dunaway... lovely Faye blew up to an unlovely 214 pounds while on vacation in Europe.... Always one to make the best of anything, Faye is considering the part of Orson Welles's sister in a drama about obesity that Paddy Chayefsky is writing....

Ciao,

Pinky

They're poor... "Dirt Poor and Destitute" (Academy Award nomination)

proud..... "Pappy Never Took No Nothing from Nobody" NBC Movie of the week

professional. 23 awards, Newsweek gatefold, featured on Smithsonian Documentary Photograph Exhibition ("Down th' Road, Behin' th' Shack, Upside th' Creek").



"Pop Hale (Wounded in WWII, unemployed since contracting black lung disease in 1952.) Credits: Interviewed for ABC's "The Problem of Poverty," featured in BBC documentary, "Bad Day at Black Lung."



Becky Hale (MS victim, shock treatment in 1969, lobotomy in 1971.) Credits: "Poor, Sick, and Stupid"—Academy Award for best documentary (1973).



Junior (Congenital mental defective, chronic malnutrition.) Credits: ITV Weekend feature: "There's Something Wrong with Junior Hale"



and Little Becky (Quadruplegic.) Credits: Warner Bros. feature film: The Saddest Little Girl in Harlem County.



The Heartbreaking Hales of Harlem County

This is the family that is breaking hearts and syndication records all over America. Available for your documentary of docu-drama today.

Exclusive representation: GAFFIN/MARONI INC. Box 224, Nashville.

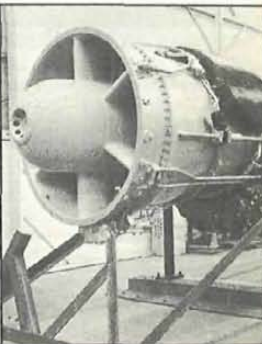
Star Wars Director George Lucas Announces New Project

In response to a flurry of rumors and speculation regarding his new venture, which kid director-producer George Lucas called a press conference this week to announce his future plans. The working title of his already controversial new film is *Through the Collective Efforts of the Workers, We Will Strive to Strengthen Socialism by Exceeding Our Turbine Quota*. The story, explained Lucas, will center on the efforts of a work gang in a Chinese turbine plant to win a red star by breaking their own monthly production record. The story climaxes with the presentation of the red star by a senior party official from Shanghai.

"Scorsese did *New York, New York*, Coppola did *Apocalypse Now*—I want to do my personal film, too," said Lucas.

Executives of Twentieth Century Fox, the company Lucas has signed with for two more films after *Star Wars* (which virtually saved the company from bankruptcy), have been rumored to be "distracted" about the unusual

and apparently noncommercial nature of the project. "Not at all," said vice president James Smiley. "We're a hundred percent behind George. Some of us would feel better about the film if we had a love interest, preferably between a man and a woman, just to give it broader appeal for American audiences. But basically we're thrilled that George has agreed to have sound in the film."



Turbine

Down Nostalgia Alley

Interviews with the stars and starlets of yesteryear, by Rhonda Rona

Steve McQueen is a recluse, and he likes it that way. He lives alone on his huge, picturesque avocado and pineapple ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He still likes to ride fast motorcycles and fast cars, and keeps in remarkably good shape for a man who is pushing sixty.

At the moment he is separated from Ali MacGraw, but he calls her every time he wants to talk about serious things. They spend hours on the phone. He has a very long extension cord on his phone, and he likes to talk to Ali while roaming around his 10,000 acres of farm and desert land. "I'm more at ease with a phone in my hand than being face to face with people. I can say what I really want when I don't have to look them in the eye," he says.

McQueen manages to keep busy on all sorts of projects, and he laughs when asked if he misses making movies. He directs a summer camp for criminally gifted children and is converting part of his land into a manganese mine. He also travels around the world looking for rare cork and is a passionate golfer.

Not until you see him in close-up and notice all the deep lines on his face and the slightly mottled hands would you think that he couldn't step right into another role like *The Great Escape* or *The Carpetbaggers*. And who knows? Despite his protests, Hollywood may yet woo Steve McQueen back someday. "I won't hold my breath. But I won't hold my calls, either," he says.

Director Bergman, Distributor Ingrid Form Company

Munich, Oct. 15

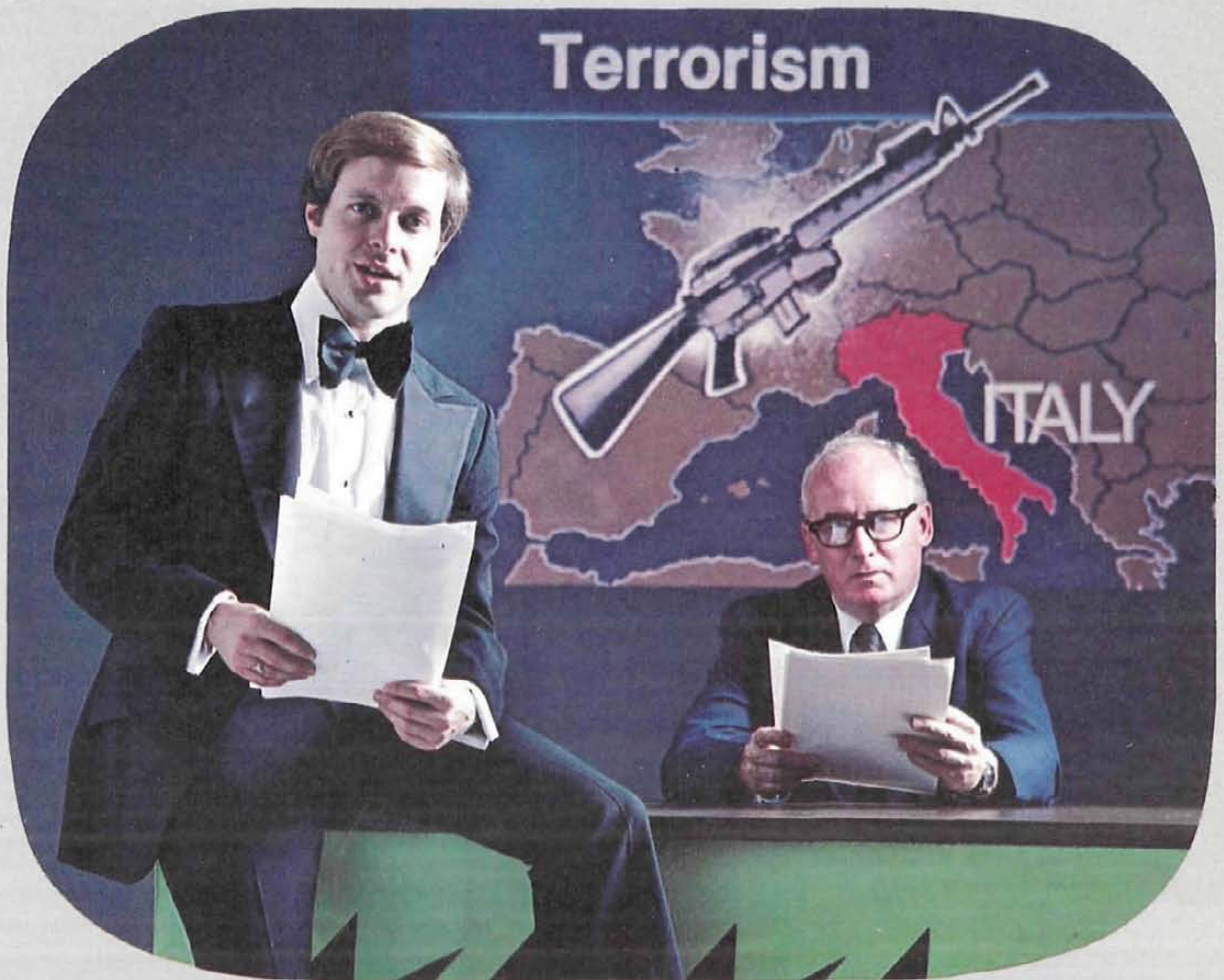
Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman and top German distributor Karl Ingrid have announced the formation of Ingrid Bergman Films, a new company to handle worldwide distribution of all existing Bergman features. According to Bergman, who now makes his home in Munich, all films will be repackaged to appeal to a wider audience. The director's appeal has been to more intellectual, art house filmgoers,

and his box office success has never approached the level of critical response.

Some new titles in the Ingrid Bergman catalog include *Wild Show Bunnies* (previously *Wild Strawberries*), *The Servant's Leg* (previously *The Serpent's Egg*), *The Virgin in 5B* (previously *The Virgin Spring*), and *Thunderbuns in Hot Pants* (previously *Smiles of a Summer Night*). The two

(Continued on page 69)

THE ALL-PURPOSE, EVERYTHING-IN-ONE, COMPREHENSIVE, TOTAL-ENTERTAINMENT, ALL- INCLUSIVE TV SHOW FOR THE FALL 1978 SEASON BY JEFF GREENFIELD



ANCHORMAN: Red Brigade terrorists kidnapped their eleventh Italian minister of tourism in as many weeks today.

REPORTER: Which would seem to indicate that...



GAME SHOW HOST: It's time for "Celebrity Hostage Challenge"! Where your favorite stars get a chance to compete with dangerous political criminals for valuable appliances. And here's our celebrity challenger, Jacqki Suchs!

JACQKI: Now, let's see—I'm supposed to roll this garbage can up the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and get the balloon before the political criminals...

DANGEROUS POLITICAL TERRORIST: Also I win refrigeration box? Board game?



TALK SHOW HOST: And speaking of bands of terrorists, how about Doc and our own band, eh? (*Ha-ha-ha-ha, clap clap clap*)

JACQKI: My mini-series, my made-for-TV movie, my favorite animal shelter. (*Clap clap clap*)

DANGEROUS POLITICAL TERRORIST: My political philosophy, my clandestine network of fellow travelers, my violent acts of senseless outrage. (*Clap clap clap*)

DEAD HOSTAGE: My state funeral, my eternal flame, my postage stamp with my face on it. (*Clap clap clap*)

TALK SHOW HOST: Let's see that clip now, O.K., Jacqki?



ONE-ARMED HANDICAPPED DAUGHTER: Mom's real neat, Dick. She's wonderful, and so are you. And, Nana, while I'm on the subject, you're neat, too.

FAGGOT SON: Dee Dee, you are great. I mean, you're just great. And Nana, you are equally if not more great.

PRECOCIOUS, DETERIORATING GRANDMOTHER: Fiddlesticks! Begorrah! Gevalt! I feel great affection for you all; we are such a loving family. Ay carrumba! Eh, cuprari! (*Ha-ha-ha-ha*)



JACQKI: It's Bill. Jim's with Teri, and Charles tried to asphyxiate himself. The uterine tumor, it's...

NEGRO HUSBAND: If only Loretta din' accidentally drop Stephan's endomorphic daughter into de grain elevator, Waitek wouldn'a bin' fired.

JACQKI'S ASSISTANT: Fred needs money for his consumer fraud trial. We'll have to do something.



JACQKI: Here I am in the emergency room, and it's a myocardial infarction! I'll need direct intravenous adrenalin and mechanical CPR equipment!

JACQKI'S ASSISTANT: Thank God for a skilled and conscientious physician like Jacqki, who is not content to be treated simply as a sexual object.



JACQKI: Hi, honey, I'm in my home now. And I'm gay. (Ha-ha-ha-ha)

NEGRO HUSBAND: Dat's O.K., honey. What's fo' dinnah...fruit salad? (Ha-ha-ha-ha)

FAGGOT SON: I'm gay, too, Mom! Can I borrow the car...and some moisturizer? (Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)

ONE-ARMED HANDICAPPED DAUGHTER: Look at me...I'm handicapped. Well, actually, I'm armicapped. (Ha-ha-ha-ha)

PRECOCIOUS, DETERIORATING GRANDMOTHER: Oy vey! Prago! Begorrah! Fiddlesticks! Mir e druzhba! (Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)



NEGRO HUSBAND: Open de vault, we's breakin' de law!

JACQKI'S ASSISTANT: Move and you die, bank personnel!

JACQKI: Give us the money, we're desperate!

POLICEMEN IN UNISON: Freeze!

JACQKI: It's not our fault.



PUBLIC SERVICE PROGRAM MODERATOR:

Welcome to "Perspective Forum Background!" Tonight: "Crime—Cause and Effect." In keeping with our spirit of community service, we've invited these interesting local citizens to share their interesting local thoughts with us, because this station earnestly cares about community problems and issues because we're concerned and actively involved. Tell us, Mr. Brown, do you think there should be less crime? Mr. Brown!!!!

EVERYONE EXCEPT JACQKI: Zzzzzzzz.

JACQKI: Hey, gang, let's put some pep into this! C'mon, everybody...sing!



EVERYONE: It's great! To be here!
To be really, really sincere!
To be doing the things we do!
For the greatest audience in the universe—you!
And because you are you!
We'll continue to be happy and funny, and lively,
too.
'Cause we mean it—yes, it's true.
We all love all of you.
Each and every 26.9 million of you individually.
Good good good good night—Gooooooood
love yoooouuuu.

MUSIC

The Listeners



Music Hater

Likes music at church, funerals, and between innings at ball games. Does not own, and has never thought of buying, stereo equipment. Has only AM radio in auto, and sets all buttons to news station. Often father of Music Freak.



Music Freak

Owens 8,000 records. Suffers from 35 percent hearing loss in both ears. Recently purchased speakers nine feet tall. Always gets fifth row center seats for all concerts. Official Dead Head. Saw Pink Floyd movie 200 times. Would sell sister into slavery for shot at remixing *Exile on Main Street*.



Music Student

"Appreciates" music. Played piano well at birth. Can whistle most great classical works. Never heard of Frampton or Kiss, although admits a fondness for Beatles' *Rubber Soul* because of simple but interesting rhythm patterns and novel harmonic contrasts. Can maneuver in crowds with cello. Uses the college L.P. collection and soundproof listening booths; does not own stereo or records.



Music Collector

Never listens to any form of music. Has massive collection of records, all wrapped in plastic. Knows the catalog numbers of every Bessie Smith seventy-eight. Likes to chat about the "old Black Tar Moon label," and so forth. Went on honeymoon to Nashville to hunt for copy of *Kentucky Harvest Blues* by Josh Pepkey.



The Music Lover

Cannot tell the difference between Beethoven and Mac Davis. Thinks of music as either beautiful or not beautiful. Has large stereo console in living room. Enjoys listening to GM demonstration eight-track tape that came with the Cadillac. Likes Barry Manilow because he writes to his parents. Incurable hummer.

continued

Rock 'n' Roll Update

As a service to those of you who have been busy getting jobs, buying houses, and raising families, and whose last album purchase was Leon Russell and the Shelter People, here is a brief update of what's been going on since you've been gone.

Well...starting with Leon Russell himself, nobody talks about him much anymore. He put out a raft of semimediocre albums, refused to cut the hair or beard, married a black singer, and disappeared. Bonnie and Delaney got divorced. Heavy metal got so heavy it sunk. The Band retired, Elton John got a hair transplant, and that skinny kid from Humble Pie is now Peter Frampton and a multi-millionaire. Joe Cocker declined even more, surfaced briefly with a hit record in 1974, and then threw up all over himself at a comeback concert. Meanwhile, nine more Jimi Hendrix albums came out. (He's still dead, however.) Eric Clapton stole George Harrison's wife, licked his drug problem, and made some albums which prove that drugs *do* make you play better. Rod Stewart turned into a huge homo. Black Sabbath scared themselves pretty badly with some devil songs. Alice Cooper turned into a fairly good golfer. That guy that played all those senior proms in the sixties, Bob Seger? He's finally made it. A guy named Bruce Springsteen sang about slums and greaser girls and was supposed to be the new Dylan and he just put out a new album, so maybe he still is. Speaking of Dylans, the old one's still around. But instead of being the angry young rebel poet with the voice of gravel,

he's more like a wealthy old fart real estate baron with throat polyps. His lyrics have stopped being deep and are now just "wacky." The Stones are still around. They look like drunk old women and Keith is up for a jail term in Canada. Who else is still hanging in there? Oh, the Grateful Dead.



John Mayall was last seen with Dr. John and Mike Bloomfield.

They're still numero uno with the acidheads. The Who is intact, a little crotchety but alive. Crosby, Stills, and Nash broke up, but they have recently reteamd after running into one another at a Topanga Canyon Weight Watchers meeting. The Kinks have released their six hundred and third album. Fleetwood Mac changed personnel, changed personnel, changed personnel again, added two broads, and sold 90 billion records. The Beatles, let's see, they never got back together. John went through a grumpy stage for about four years, but he's calmed down now. Paul went the other way and is currently in danger

of becoming the new Perry Como. George succeeded in getting everyone to hate Krishna and India and got sued for swiping a Chiffons's song. Soul music finally went away. About the only guy doing it anymore is that little blind harmonica player. As for blues, it's back in the little blues clubs on the south sides of the urban centers, once again the sole property of the middle-aged black folks. For awhile it looked like the South was going to take over the music world, with bands like the Allman Brothers and Lynyrd Skynyrd selling lots of records. But a couple of tragic accidents took care of that trend real fast. A decaying social system in England and the spread of PCP in this country has produced a form of music called punk. The songs are almost impossible to listen to and they're all mean and nasty and loaded with complaining. However, with commercial success will come money, and with money, better quality drugs and an improvement in mood, and punk should go the way of country swing. And that's about it for now. All in all, you haven't missed much. In fact, all the albums you would have picked up at full list price now go for \$1.99 in the bargain bins.

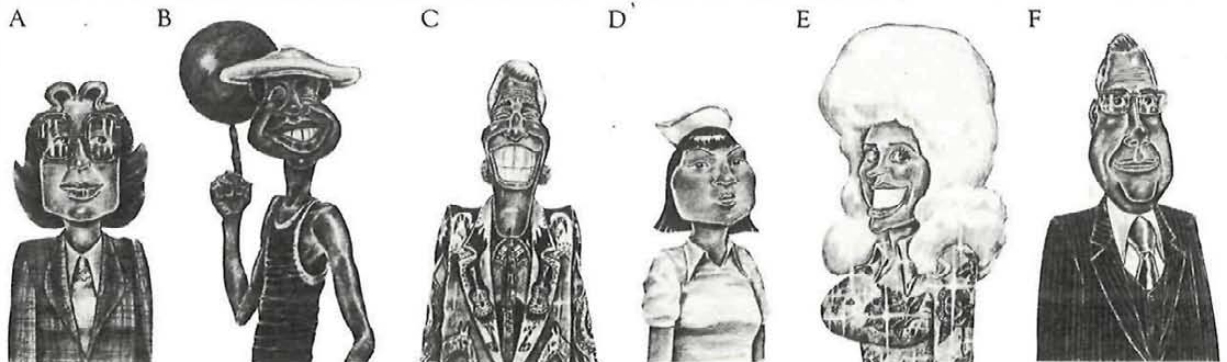
A Jazz Caution!

Do not be deceived by that snappy jazz tune you hear on the radio. It is what is called a sucker tune, and it is designed to get you to buy the album. After you've paid \$6.98, you'll discover that the song you like so much is surrounded by twenty-three minutes of long, squawking improvisational noise, very often relying heavily on African grunting and chanting.

How to Identify a Country Singer

Study the picture and see if you can guess which two people are country and western performers. Here's a clue—

C&W performers are noted for their brilliant clothing and hairdos. Turn the page upside down for the correct answer.



The answer is C and E.

The Rock 'n' Roll Concert Simulation

Place speakers a half inch to an inch from ears. Maximum volume.

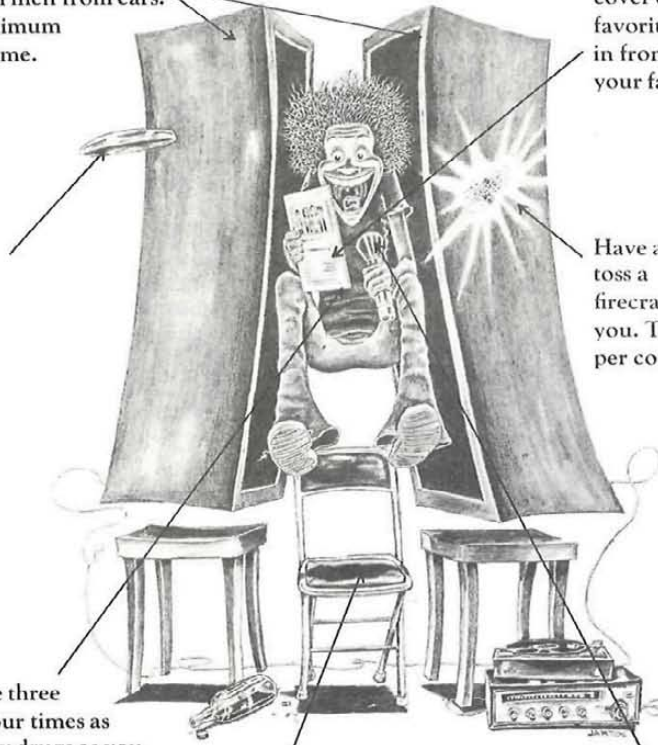
Hold album cover of your favorite group in front of your face.

Have a friend toss a firecracker at you. Three per concert.

Take three or four times as many drugs as you normally do.

Stand on folding chair and jump up and down to the music.

Flash intense light in your eyes.



Top Classical Picks Opera

1. *Opus in D Major for Trumpeto and Nose Horn* by Sebastian Renaldi
2. *Sixth Symphony After His Second Marriage* by Giacometti Smaltudi
3. *March of the Dimes* by Framar DuTugue
4. *Rhapsody, Have I Got Rhapsody!* by Vladimir Kononichian
5. *Suite for Two Adults and One Child for One Night* by Iaso Tomasito

Who Buys Classical Records?

Mrs. Peter J. Torrburg
2213 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Warbleson
334 Pima St.
Tucson, Ariz.

Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Filker
9799 Bayway Court
San Francisco, Calif.

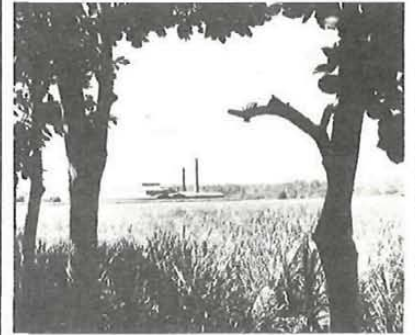
If opera is entertainment, then so is watching the cars go up and down at Midas Muffler. Technically, opera is a play that is sung in a foreign language in voices designed to gnaw and grate on the ear and make the butt fall asleep. It was originally begun as yard sport for lunatics in sixteenth-century Italy, and survives today little changed. Opera is to be avoided at all costs, and if you should happen to stumble onto some free tickets, keep in mind that the female stars are all fat. And while you're not expected to be able to judge an opera by its title, keep in mind that *The Battered Wife*, *La Serva Padrona*, and *Lulu* are not nearly as exciting or interesting as you might think.

The Meaning of Disco Song Titles

"Boogie Oogie Oogie" You can boogie oogie if you want to.
 "Come On Dance, Dance" Let's dance!
 "Dance, Dance, Dance" Dancing is great!
 "Miss You" You miss people when they're not around.
 "Last Dance" You have to stop dancing every now and then.

How Disco Is Made

Most of the world's supply of disco music comes from the vast plantations of South America's "disco belt." The raw disco is harvested and taken to huge facilities, where it is purified



This plantation will yield nearly one million pounds of pure disco music.

and cut into ten- and twenty-hour-long sections. These sections are shipped to plants on the Eastern seaboard, in London or Hamburg, or any of a number of other refineries. Artificial elements such as synthesizers and strings are added, plus vocals and instrumental sweetening. The product is mixed and packaged in more convenient six- to ten-minute-long segments. This music is then attributed to a fictitious musical



A crop of processed disco moves to the coast for shipment to the U.S.

personality or group and shipped to record stores and discos. The disco plant, incidentally, is a hybrid version of the plant that produces elevator music and salsa.

Empire introduces a revolutionary cleaning method that peels off every trace of dust, dirt and oil from deep down in your record's grooves.

A gentle sponge applicator spreads Disco Film over every inch of your record's surface.

It penetrates, surrounds and adheres to all the accumulated debris that can wear down diamonds and vinyl alike.

Once it dries into a flexible film you just peel it off.

Hold it up to the light and you can actually see all the gunk that was hiding in your record's grooves.

Play the record and you'll immediately hear how much better it sounds without the "clicks" and "pops" dirt can cause.

Disco Film cleans so thoroughly that your records will be cleaner than when you first bought them. And it is safe to use. The water soluble contents of Disco Film will not irritate records or skin in any way.

So don't put off better sound any longer. Peel off record dirt now with Disco Film.

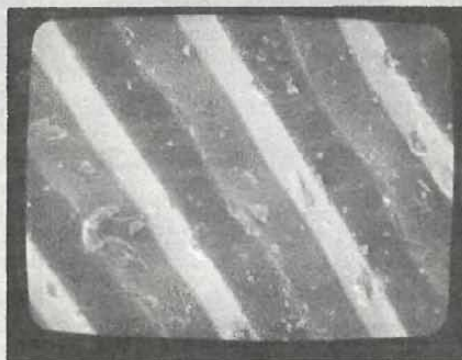
Another record care product from the company that cares about your records, Audio Groome by Empire.

You get results in four easy steps:

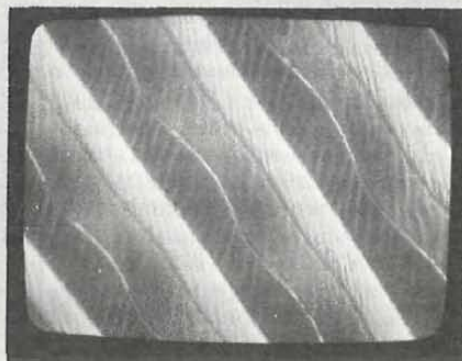


1. Remove the cap from the Disco Film container and place your record on top of it. It is designed to support your records without allowing the grooves to touch any surface that would dirty them. One finger on the label holds the record in place.

Empire's new Disco-Film cleans your records like new. And here are the pictures to prove it.



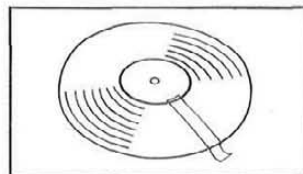
Before
500X magnification of a dirty record groove.



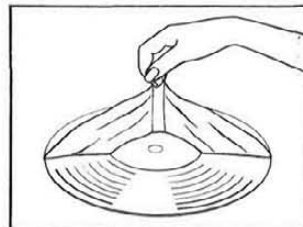
After
500X magnification of the same record groove after using Disco Film.



2. Squeeze out a generous portion onto the record and use the sponge applicator to gently work it into the grooves. Start from just outside the record's label and spread the gel towards the edge until the playing surface is covered. Flip it over and repeat the process.



3. When completely dry, about 45-60 minutes depending on its thickness, place a strip of cellophane tape from the record's label to beyond the record's edge.



4. Using your fingernail, pry the outer edge of the film to help start its peeling. Then pull the tape slowly towards the center of the record until you have removed all of the Disco Film (any excess film can be removed with an additional piece of tape).

Write for your free brochure on all the fine record care products by Audio Groome.

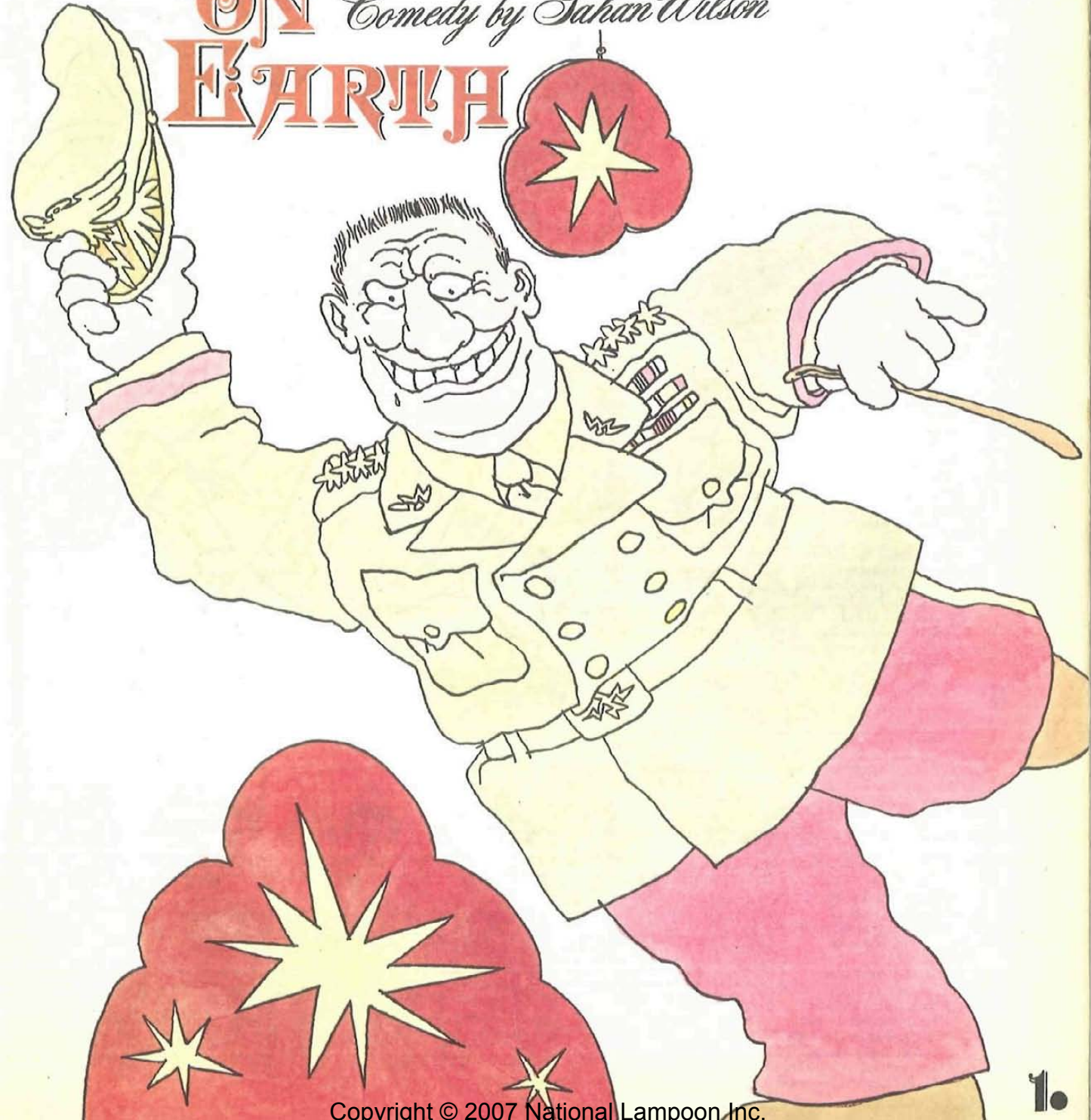
EMPIRE

Empire Scientific Corp., Dept. AG, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

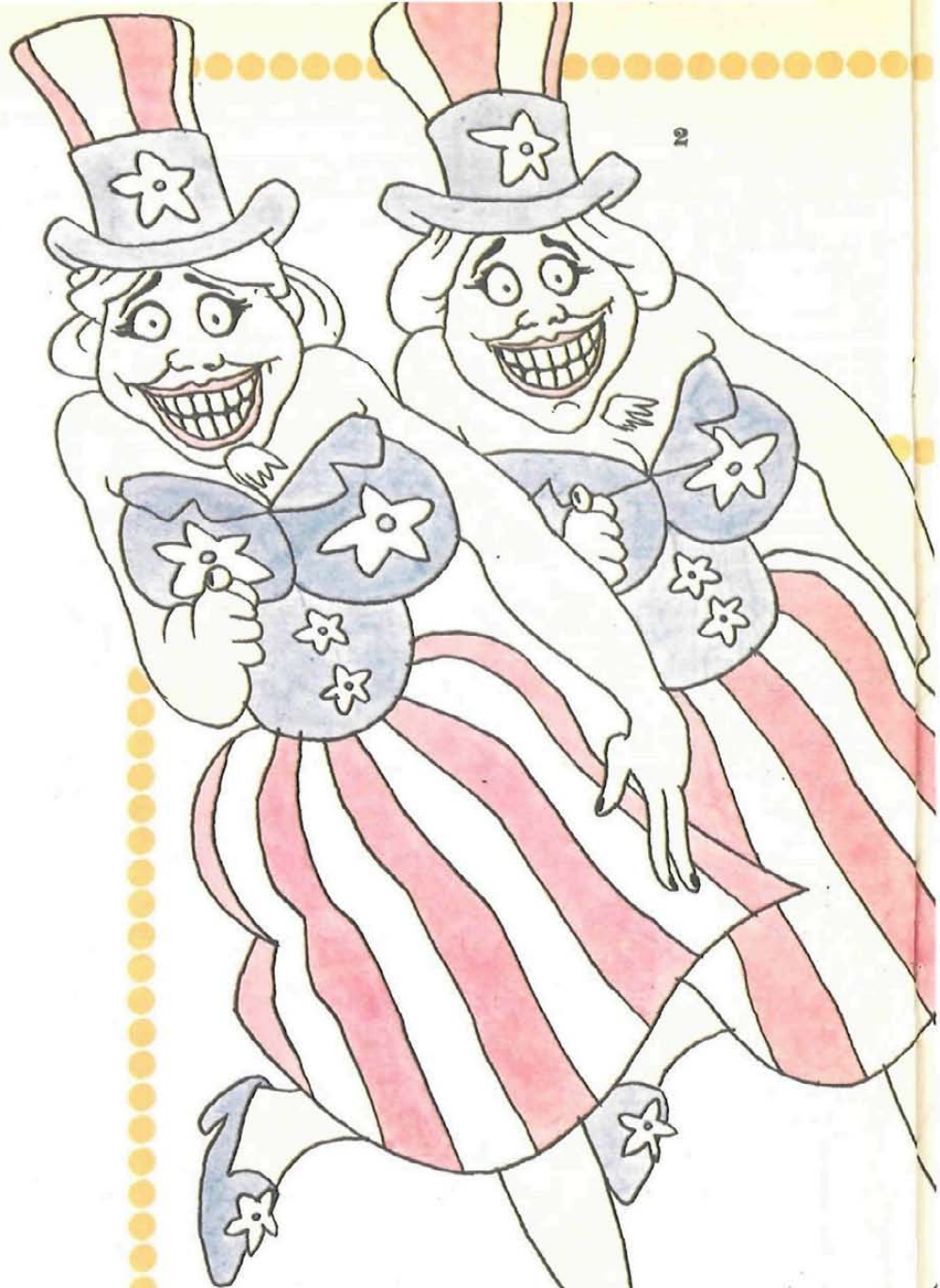


THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

*A Musical
Comedy by Sahan Wilson*



- 1 War! War! War! War! War!
By God, it's heaven!
War! War! War! War! War!
Some say it's hell!
War! War! War! War! War!
I say it's show biz—
And show biz is swell!
- 2 Don't be blue,
'Cause we want you!
And we know you'll come
when you hear our song,
'Cause we know you'll know
war's where you belong!
So don't be blue,
'Cause we want you!
- 3 If I were only seventeen
I'd go and fight the Hun,
But I am all of forty-two
And my fighting days are done.
I'm fat and bald and forty-two—
You fight for me, my son!
- 4 Ain't it great to be in training
And getting up on braising
Those bastards over there?
- 5 God is with us,
Hear my song,
We are right,
And they are wrong!
We'll have victory,
They defeat,
And we, not they,
In he-a-ven shall meet!
- 6 The enemy sucks frog's legs!
The enemy fucks sheep!
I can't hardly wait to kill him,
The sucking, fucking creep!
- 7 You'll kill,
Yes, you will,
And you'll get such a thrill—
Take my word!
Once you've slain,
Given pain,
Say, you'll do it again,
And again, and again, and again—
Take my word!
- 8 Hey, Sarge, is that glisten
A tear in your eye?
Now, Sarge, you just listen,
And hold back that sigh!
You led us to glory,
We all loved you, guy,
And we died for you happy,
So, hey, Sarge, don't cry!
- 9 Occupation's
Some sensation,
No more rations
For us now!
Now it's our land,
Get up and stand,
Rape and loot and
Take a bow!
- 10 I'm sad to leave you, little whore,
'Cause now my girl will be a bore.
After you, I'll be blue, little whore!
- 11 Some of me is going home,
Some of me is not,
Some will eat Mom's apple pie,
Some stay here to rot.
- 12 I miss the war already.
Thought it would take a while
To forget all the bad parts,
But civvie's not my style.
I miss the way I scared folks,
And tearing things apart—
Those years I spent in killing
Are the closest to my heart!



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



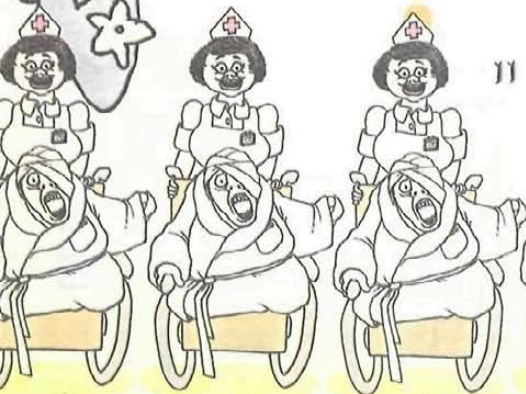
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12



11



The End

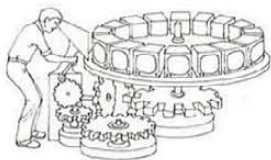
TELEVISION

Early Technology

As little as fifty years ago, there was no television as we know it today, although an elaborate video device was demonstrated by German scientist Hermann Schtietz as early as 1884. The Schtietz steam wave converter made it possible to transmit photographic images through the air by directing 34,000 independent jets of steam at an equal number of tiny, steam-sensitive dots mounted on a viewing screen. There were, however, several drawbacks to the device: (a) a television receiver had to be positioned quite close to the transmitter, as steam signals would dissipate over distances of more than a few yards; (b) 34,000 trained employees were needed to operate the valves in perfect unison.

Another nineteenth century inventor, A. V. Peralta, experimented with an entirely different technique. He fitted hundreds of televisions with sequentially arranged

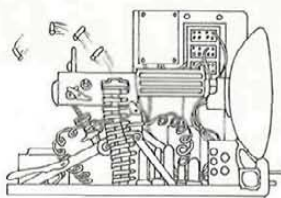
still pictures, and then attached the sets to a large wheel. While viewing through an eyepiece, a person could rotate the wheel and perceive the illusion of moving images. This system also had its failings, the most significant being that at thirty images per second, few private households could afford the 108,000 television sets necessary to view a standard one-hour program.



At about the same time, there was a short-lived attempt to refine hydrovision, a system by which picture patterns were released down streams from specially constructed transmitting dams. In theory, waves regulated by the rate of flow stimulated antenna buoys connected to receivers along the bank, but boat traffic and annual spring runoff created more interference than the system was capable of handling.

It was not until 1904 and the patenting of the first color gun that television began to appear as if it had progressed beyond the stage of a laboratory "curiosity." Avery E. M. Melatoinne exhibited his .222 caliber belted Browning color gun at the St. Louis World's Fair, astonishing observers with a technology that had finally solved the problem of sending pictures over long distances at high speeds with precision accuracy. His design was surprisingly simple. The color gun, mounted at the rear of the receiver, sprayed the screen with low velocity color bullets at the command of telegraph signals wired from a central station. Problems with noise, jamming, and the frequent need to change hot barrels dampened consumer enthusiasm, but to many research-

ers, the threshold breakthrough was at hand.



A very unlikely individual, in that he was known primarily as a small-town black club fighter, Cathode Ray Robinson, unwittingly built the first silent, self-contained picture tube at his home workshop in 1927. His original intent was merely to create a very large, very heavy vacuum bomb to drop on his estranged wife as she walked to work. But a scientist neighbor, N. K. Zworykin, discovered Robinson's device before he used it, and quickly recognized its profound applications in the field of video electronics, which, some thirty years later, would change everything in the world.

Today's State of the Art

As a result of startling advances in the application of metal oxides and liquid ion refraction, complicated functions that once took up large amounts of space and cost great sums of money are now available in dimensions

and at prices unimaginable a generation ago. For example, all of the circuitry and all of the components necessary to operate the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company in New York City are contained on the fourteen-pin wafer you see below. The equipment it replaces represents an investment of over \$190 million. Retail cost of the wafer below: 35 cents.

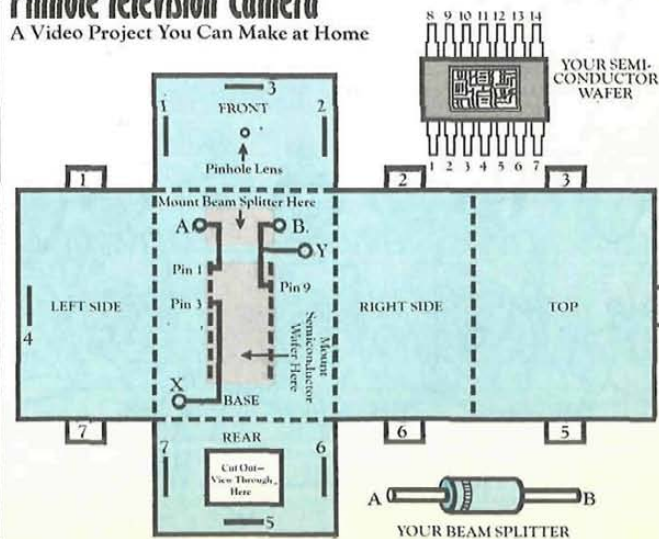
Obviously, developments like this have opened up seemingly limitless opportunities for the use of television. Consider the advantages of: ● The Hamilton-Beach Video Blender—lets you view the progress of your blending from inside the container. Image appears on a two-inch monitor attached to the base. ● The Swingline TV Stapler—its built-in video screen shows you how many staples are left in the magazine, as well as those of "remote" staplers that may be hooked into the system.

However, home communications has profited most from the electronics bonanza. Imagine the following scenario: A wants to record the first half of "All in the Family" while watching the end of the Super Bowl.

He then wishes to take a six-week vacation and still record each episode of "The Paper Chase," "America 2-night," and the "CBS Nightly

Pinhole Television Camera

A Video Project You Can Make at Home



News," and upon his return, watch Forest Hills tennis, which he also wishes to have played back automatically on a quad-split screen with "The Paper Chase" while recording "The Rockford Files." This scenario would have been impossible to achieve several years ago—but today, it's not only possible; it's expected. Of course, the ultimate in television is personal video production, in which the individual can participate at all levels of the video experience. You can now be your own star, cameraman, director, engineer, studio manager, and audience as a wider range of sophisticated, professional TV hardware becomes available to the general public. To familiarize you more completely with the television process, presented on the preceding page is a special home video outfit you can cut out and assemble in a few moments. The nucleus of this system is the fourteen-pin wafer, containing all of the electronics needed to operate an entire television network. This is a real semiconductor device. It has actually been printed with pure gold, silicon, and tin alloy inks to ensure peak efficiency and reliability. Take your time—make sure you understand each step before you proceed to the next.

Directions: Cut along outline. Punch out pin sockets 1, 3, and 9. Cut out semiconductor wafer and bend down pins 1, 3, and 9—mount semiconductor wafer in camera base. Punch out pin sockets A and B—cut out beam splitter and mount. Punch out lens. Punch out terminals x and y—attach lamp cord here; attach other end to TV aerial. Cut out viewing hole. Slit tab holes 1 through 7—fold camera box on dotted lines and insert tabs into corresponding holes. Congratulations. You have now completed your pinhole camera.

Making Your Own Television Programs

Now that you've hooked up the pinhole TV camera, you're ready to make a program. There are many types: comedy, drama, live action, documentary, etc.; but perhaps it's best to start with *experimental TV*. This is the form of television serious students of video really enjoy making, and audiences really enjoy watching. See if you can duplicate the following experimental program.



Now that you have completed your experimental program, you might like to share it with others—after all, television is primarily a *communications medium*. There are a number of ways to accomplish this. You may invite an audience to a private viewing. Or you may connect your camera to the telephone trunk line located at the address below and transmit your program across the entire Columbia Broadcasting System. The networks have always used phone lines to "feed" their stations, and there is no good reason why you shouldn't follow suit. You will find the cable you need beneath the vacant lot at 11086 159th St. N.W., Elizabeth, New Jersey. Simply cut the green wire and the red-orange wire, attach them to your camera, and you're "on the air."

A Broadcasting Pioneer Remembers

Television giant Stanton Signof Staley began his career in 1892 as a night laboratory assistant to Guglielmo Marconi. Twenty years later, he moved to

the mailroom at the original WYO in Passaic, New Jersey, which soon led to an elevator operator position at NBC. Staley eventually served NBC as an announcer, audio technician, floor director, cameraman, studio manager, technical director, set designer, advertising salesman, boom operator, program director, video tape editor, producer, lighting technician, traffic manager, talent coordinator, stylist, comp-troller, music director, chief of standards and practices, news anchorman, public relations specialist, art director, meteorologist, talk show host, broadcast engineer, wardrobe supervisor, sports statistician, property master, personnel director, choreographer, treasurer, affiliates liaison, president, chairman of the board, and majority stockholder. He then founded ABC, CBS, and PBS, retiring in 1962 to design and launch the first of thirty-seven Telstar satellites.

rical Hour, and we were left forty-five minutes before air time with no script. This young kid Mario Puzo appeared in the hallway with a stack of material, so the director had him whisper lines and stage directions to the actors from behind a couch on the set. Then, Clint Eastwood, who was a stagehand at the time, decided to play a joke on Puzo by setting his hair on fire. All of us had a crazy sense of humor in those days. Performers kidded the technicians; technicians kidded the performers—we were like a family. Well, in the confusion, Puzo mixed up his stage directions—an actor fell over a camera cable that knocked over the camera and sent a lens rolling downstage, where Helen Hayes slipped on it and broke her jaw. Meanwhile, the entire rear of the couch was smoldering, and the power went out. Be-



"All of us had a crazy sense of humor in those days." Staley, left, is shown here removing the kidney of quiz show host Bob Borden while he was on the air. Borden, in the tradition of dedicated early TV pioneers, kept right on with the program as if nothing were wrong. "We were like a family," Staley later said.

"I remember the early years with special fondness. That was when everything was live. We were all new at television, and bubbling with energy and fresh ideas.

"I recall the night John Steinbeck suddenly quit the old Portland Cement Theat-

lieve it or not, the audience never knew a thing. That's the way things were back then. People had to know how to pull things out—we were live. Everyone seemed to have a genuine sense of dedication and mission.

"I remember the day we

continued

broadcast the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Edward R. Murrow was sitting in our booth above the entrance to Buckingham Palace when a technician mistakenly wired a 220-volt line to his metal chair. Things like that happened in the early days—we were still learning the medium. I don't know how he did it, but Murrow managed to report the entire ceremony, some five hours long, with a nearly unbearable electric charge running through his body. His voice never broke, not even once.

"Our young industry really proved its worth at the big events. Americans were shown people, places, and happenings they had never seen before. I recall the evening we took our cameras into the Eisenhower White House, as Mamie led the audience on a tour. Mrs. Eisenhower often wandered beyond camera range, or would suddenly fall out of the frame. She periodically went blank, or forgot which room she was in—things were bad from a technical point of view. But the audience was so thrilled to be visiting President and Mrs. Eisenhower, no one noticed the mistakes. That's the way it was back then.

"Of course, we had such wonderful shows in those years. Vibrant programs done with a lot of heart and practically no money. My personal favorite was 'The American Chain and Cable Phone Call Show.' Contestants who correctly answered a series of questions won free long distance telephone calls on the air. One time the telephone went dead—nothing would make it work. The winning couple was crestfallen. You learned to expect the unexpected in those days, so we moved the cameras outside the studio and followed the happy winners to a pay phone, where they completed their call.

"There was something so real and so human about the early shows. Everything was

live in those days, even the commercials. I'll never forget the Armstrong Faucet commercial on the old 'Armstrong Faucet Broadway Party.' Arthur Godfrey, who was their spokesman at the time, told the audience that specialists from the Army Corps of Engineers had connected a 25,000-pound water line to the faucet to demonstrate that it would not drip. The faucet soon blew off the sink, and Godfrey came up with his famous savor: "Must not be an Armstrong faucet." The sponsor was delighted—they couldn't have bought publicity like that for all the tea in China. That was the marvel of early television.

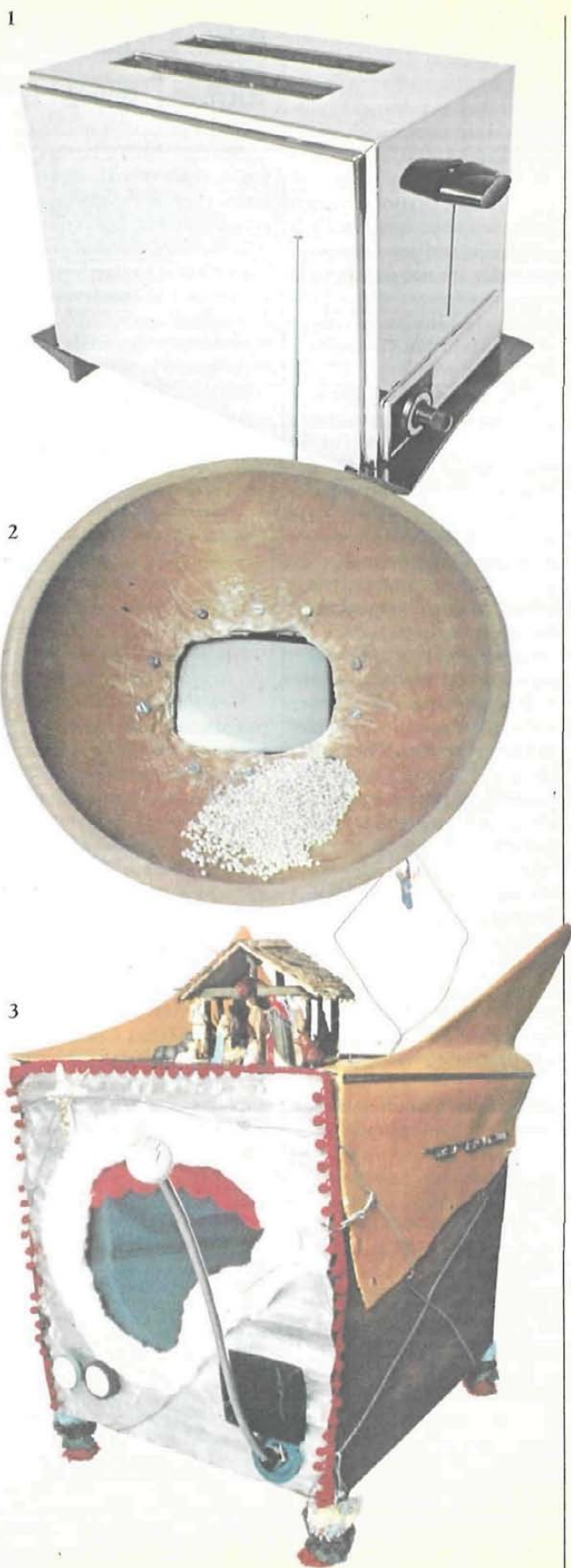
Television Design

Because TV sets have become central or "hearth" objects in our culture, personal philosophy is often reflected in their exterior design. Such TV aesthetics range from the rich, substantial opulence of a mahogany console to the unpretentious, functional engineering we associate with modern portables. Other cultures have also embraced the television as an important symbolic form, as exemplified by these sets from foreign lands.

1. Poland. *Style: Polish provincial. Set is highlighted by unusually decorative appointments. Projects a sense of success in an otherwise dreary environment. Its owner is saying, "I am special."*

2. Somalia. *Style: Pan-African contemporary. This particular set is designed to function as a bowl. Its owner is saying, "I have a television and a bowl." Other models serve as property markers and mats.*

3. Mexico. *Style: Electronico moderno. Design suggests a native enthusiasm for bright, light-emitting objects. Its owner is saying, "I am happy to be a participant in the twentieth century."*



Television Journalism

Two innovations are considered largely responsible for elevating video journalism to the level it now enjoys. The first, a brainchild of none other than television giant Stanton Signof Staley, is illustrated in the reproduction (right) of his 1961 news broadcasting textbook, *How to Make Ordinary People Break Down and Cry on the Air*.

The second great innovation in television journalism is called Pastel Format News (PFN), developed by the American Broadcasting Company. PFN, already considered the standard of excellence in video circles, springs from ABC's decision to have artist Leroy Neiman draw the news. Neiman becomes the network's anchorperson in early December, when he will render an estimated eight major stories per evening, as well as a weekly feature mural and various minipad sketches in the field. ABC believes the combination of Neiman's dramatic style and running commentary will provide the audience with an engaging, insightful, and imaginative view of the day's events. The network plans to supplement Neiman's reporting with a team of four talking co-anchor bears and an eleven-ton news calliope.

New ABC anchorperson Leroy Neiman (inset) takes over in early December. Shown here is Neiman's sketch of rioting South Africans, drawn from film footage taken the same day. His commentary: "My blue represents a kinetic spiritual force converging on this event at the critical 'moment' of outrage, and you'll notice I have used a spectacular sweep of color and line in the lower corners to indicate a suspicion that the demonstrations were Cuban-inspired."

is a long-recognized fact that suffering characterizes the bulk of that information we regard as news. Sometimes, open, visible exhibitions of suffering are made available to us, as is the case with accidents, natural disasters, wars, and the like, which occur in public places. However, the astute journalist will note that on days when no such events take place, he or she may tap alternative, less-accessible manifestations of human tragedy. On these occasions, the reporter must enter private dwellings, where newsworthy victims and survivors often situate themselves, and where properly applied techniques will flush out the story.

LESSON 6.

Who is most likely to weep and become hysterical?

Research shows lower-middle and lower class persons are more prone to lose their composure. Such individuals are generally less inclined to "keep it together" for the sake of appearances. In addition, their usual ineptitude with language, especially under pressure, tends to force them into highly-charged, emotional forms of expression.

LESSON 7.

How do you make them weep and become hysterical?

See if you can follow the method behind this sample interview.



Step 1 Audio: (*Low, slowly delivered monotone*) -I know this is a profoundly tragic time for you, Mrs. Lucero...losing your eleven preschool children in the blazing inferno that destroyed your home and all of your possessions. Could you tell us if you are deeply shocked and coming apart inside?



Step 2 Audio: (*A little more assertive; tinge of outrage*) Could you tell us if you are such a hopelessly ignorant and heartless social dwarf that you would leave nearly a dozen helpless infants unattended in this stinking death trap while you disappear for six or seven hours to buy a bag of donuts? Did any of the little tykes know enough English to call for help, or did you just assume they would simply jump twelve stories to safety?



Step 3 Audio: (*Loudly; forcefully*) What's the matter...cockroach got your tongue, Mrs. Lucero? Maybe you wanted...a life of your own...a bigger share of the donuts? And maybe these charcoaled little sausages that you once had for a family are better off now than when they were living from one refried heap of misery to the next with you. This is Big 12 Action Reporter Alistaire McClane, with family killer, Lupita Lucero....

Step 4



continued

Closed Circuit Television

Since television pictures we receive at home are accessible to most everyone, the Federal Communications Commission is authorized to regulate them in accordance with public policy and standards of the day. On the other hand, closed circuit television functions essentially as a private medium, exempt from most any type of control. Specialized programs are run solely at the discretion of the many thousands of institutions, businesses, stores, and agencies now operating their own video systems, and as such, provide a greater variety of unusual and original material ordinarily unavailable from commercial stations. Presented (right) is an example of the programming you can see on closed circuit facilities.

The Safe Way to Wreck a Television

Each year, thousands of persons find it necessary to kick in a television screen, and each year, violent, gaseous picture tube implosions send hundreds of them to the hospital. Experts, however, advise there is a proper and safe way to destroy a television—just follow these simple steps.

1. Strike cabinet top on rear seam. This will break apart the cabinet without prematurely blowing off the tube.
2. To avoid contact with sharp metal edges, use picture tube wiring harness to sling set across the room.
3. Run at TV with a heavy instrument, hurling it from no closer than ten feet or four set-widths, whichever is greater.
4. The important safety secret, of course, is to begin your kicking in earnest after the tube has been smashed.

A partial listing of closed circuit TV programs available in the San Diego area from the following stations:

- BKT**—Burger King Television (Burger preparation—two sets mounted on either side of the cash registers.)
- SET**—Seven/Eleven Television (Shoplifting surveillance—one set behind the counter.)
- DST**—Dating Service Television (Video date selection—private viewing room.)
- MJT**—Municipal Jail Television (Facility security—twelve sets to the side of the booking area.)

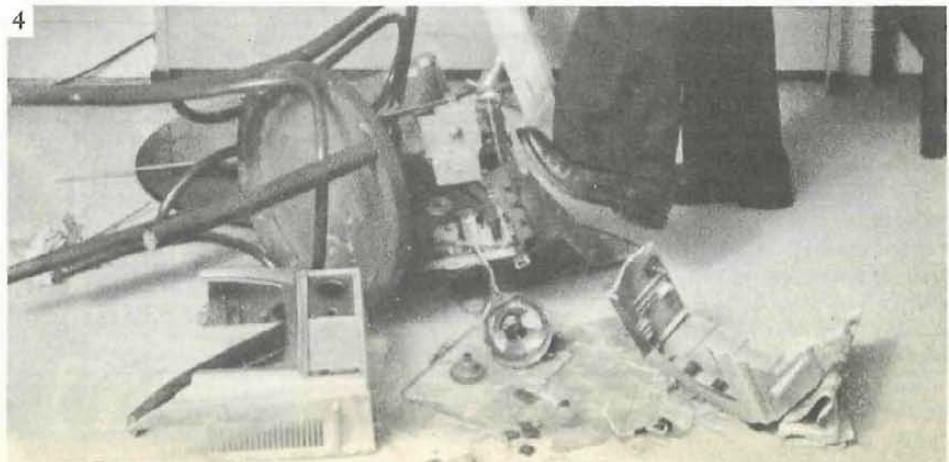
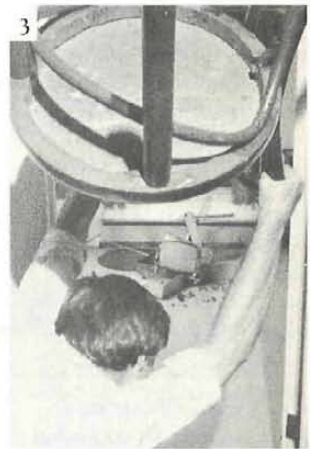
Tuesday

Afternoon

- 1:00 **BKT THE LOUISE, JACINTA, AND LINCOLN SHOW.** Drama Louise and Jacinta refill the straw dispensers while Lincoln prepares an order. Trouble begins when Louise wants to go home early.
- SET CANDY AISLE CONFIDENTIAL—Trilogy**
Part I—Four teen-agers converge on the candy counter. After huddling together suspiciously, they leave. Part II—An elderly man drops a Payday. Part III—Small child wanders down the aisle.
- MJT SCUM ON PARADE—Mystery**
Five foot ten inch Caucasian male is brought in on drunk and disorderly, assault with intent charges. Police are baffled when they discover he has no I.D.
- 1:30 **DST COOKIE CRICKET, X-RAY TECHNICIAN—Biography**
Cookie admits she likes racketball, BMWs, and wine spritzers. Almost moved to Chula Vista, but changed her

mind when she found out how much it would cost to buy a car.

- 2:00 **SET CANDY AISLE CONFIDENTIAL—Suspense**
Spindly, deteriorating, alcoholic housewife can't make up her mind which candy bar she wants. She later chooses not to buy the quart of Hi-C in her shopping cart, and places it on top of the Certs. Then, in a surprise ending, she takes a dozen Almond Joys.
- MJT SCUM ON PARADE—Comedy**
Ernesto de Christo is brought in on a probation violation. Throws up on arresting officer, collapses.
- 2:30 **DST STEVE MACGUIRE. MANAGEMENT TRAINEE—Biography**
Steve reveals he wants to learn how to play the guitar, and likes to meet girls who are divorced, like himself. Wife disappeared with Master Charge and his younger brother. Emotion runs high as MacGuire trembles during final ten minutes of the program.



AT LAST! AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK!

by Ellis Weiner, Chris Cluess, and Stu Kreisman

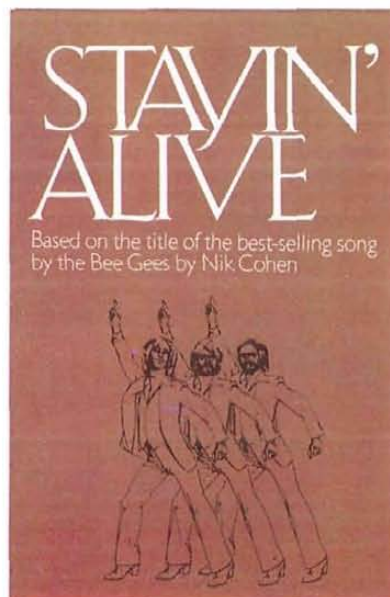
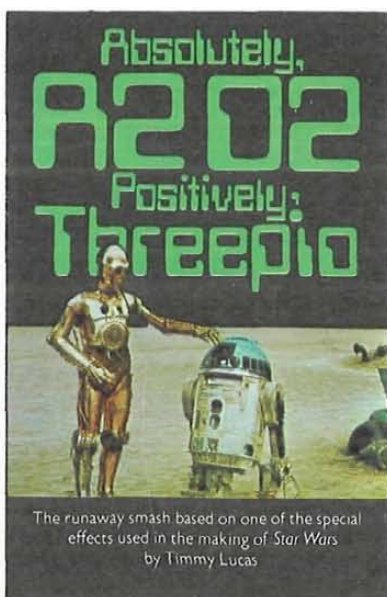
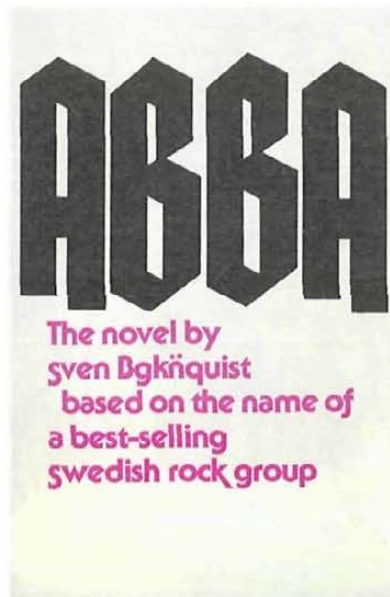
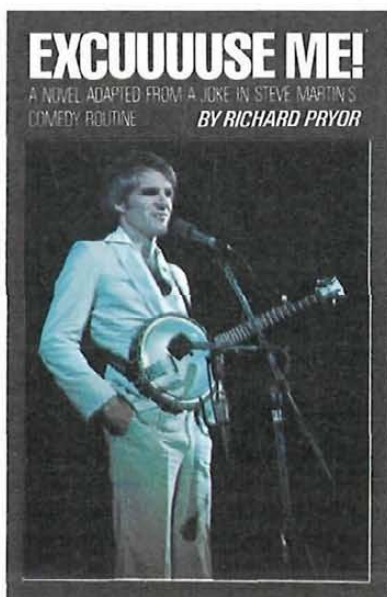
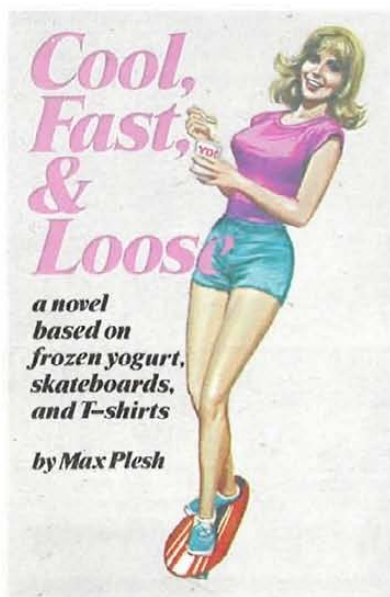
Novelizations of the current smash-hit everything!

Ten years ago, the literati snickered up their sleeves when Erich Segal tossed off a novel based on a screenplay he had written all about this sickly college girl who loved Bach, Beethoven, and the Beatles. What kind of way was *that* to write a book, the critics sneered. Well, as it turned out, it was a god-damned smart way, 'cause the book was called *Love Story* and it made a million bucks.

Today, of course, novels based on movies

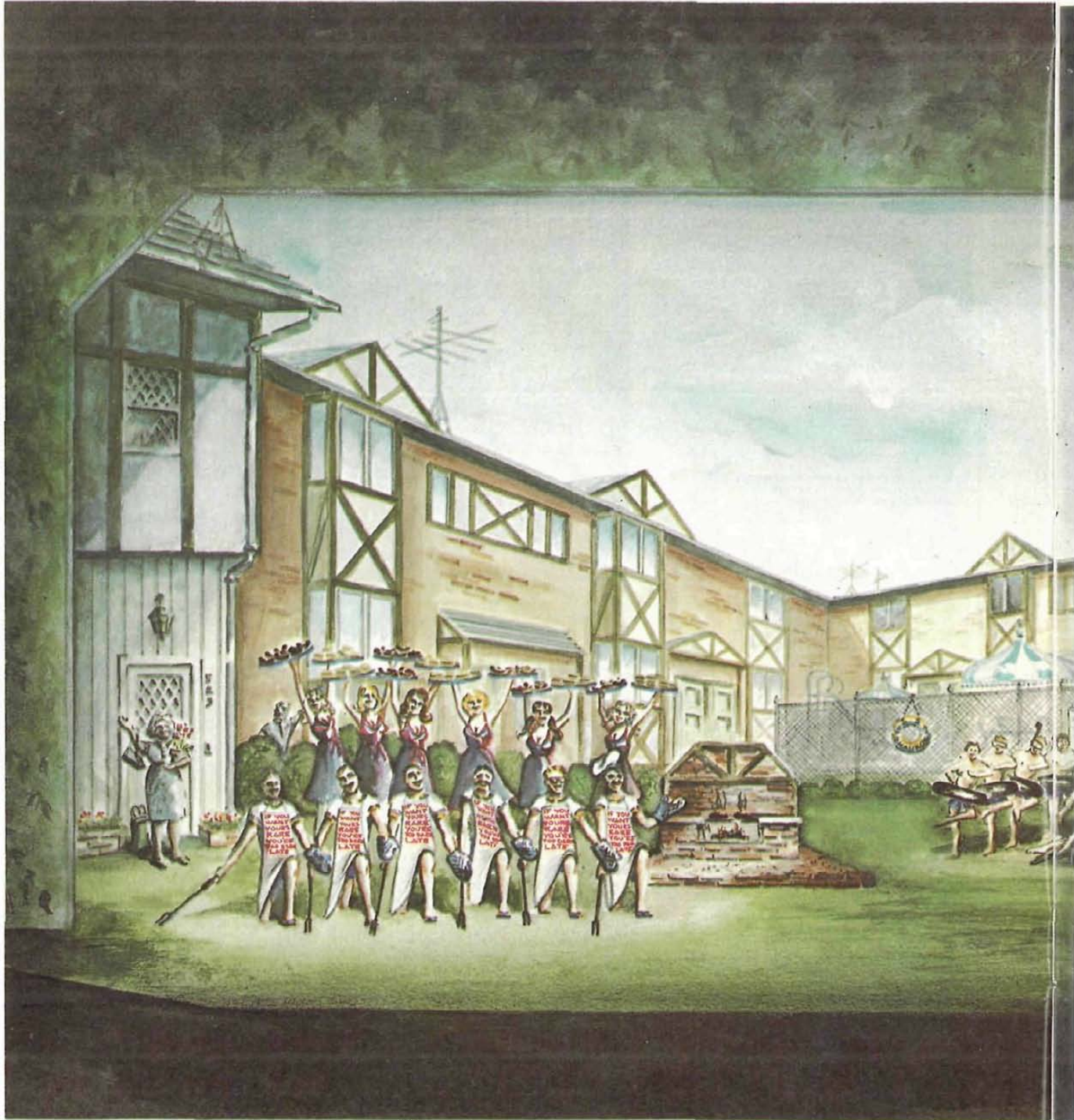
are a commonplace. Indeed, they seem to sell as well as novels based on...well, whatever novels were based on before they started making movies. *Sooooooo*, since nothing succeeds like success, *NatLamp* presents a representative sampling of soon-to-be published works which demonstrate that anything and everything can be the basis for the contemporary novelist's (or is it novelizer's?) art. To wit...

continued on page 84



PORTER & BETH

A major new production of Porgy and Bess, the classic tale of life among the poor blacks of the Mississippi delta...all new, all now, with an all-white cast!!!



Book, music, and lyrics by
John Weidman, with ideas
and suggestions from
Stephen Graham and
P.J. O'Rourke



TIME:

Today

PLACE:

Shad Roe, a Suburban
Townhouse Community
in Anyplace, Connecticut

ACT I

SYNOPSIS: A summer evening in Shad Roe. The residents are relaxing, taking their ease in various ways. One husband seeds the lawn, another plays catch with his son, a third shakes up a pitcher of Martinis. One young mother, Alexis, watches as her mother's helper bottle feeds her baby.

ALEXIS [*Sings:*]
Summertime, and our lives are
congenial
Golf and tennis, and the stock
quotes are high
Your father's wealthy
And your mother's attractive
So hush, little baby, you're giving
mother an absolutely *splitting*
headache...

Metropolitan Life, a handsome young man in a European suit, returns home from work and enters his apartment. He reappears moments later carrying a folding card table, which he sets up near the pool. It is bridge night at Shad Roe. While Metropolitan Life practices "fancy shuffles," the other players arrive: Porter, another resident of Shad Roe and an emotional cripple in his tenth year of analysis, and Sullivan and Beth, an attractive young couple from a neighboring community. Play begins.

SULLIVAN: One diamond.
PORTER [*Studying his hand:*] One diamond, eh? Let me see. One diamond... I'm not sure. Maybe...no. No, that's no good. How 'bout...no—
BETH [*Interrupting:*] Por-ter...
PORTER O.K., O.K.... One spade.
BETH: Hmm...
METROPOLITAN LIFE: [*Suavely:*] Another Mai-Tai, Beth?
BETH: No, thanks.
METROPOLITAN LIFE: A vodka stinger?
BETH: Thank you, no.
METROPOLITAN LIFE: How 'bout—
BETH: Two diamonds.
SULLIVAN: [*Exasperated:*]

Honestly...

BETH: And just what's *that* supposed to mean?

SULLIVAN: [*Ignoring her:*] It's your bid, Metropolitan Life.

BETH: [*Tensely:*] I asked you what you meant.

SULLIVAN: [*Unpleasantly polite:*] I meant that your command of the most rudimentary principles of bidding leaves a great deal to be desired. You play bridge like a ninny.

BETH: A ninny!

PORTER: [*Anxiously:*] Oh, goodness... please... now let's not quarrel... please.

Sullivan and Beth continue bickering. A peal of thunder. Beth accuses Sullivan of having left the bedroom windows open and Sullivan throws down his hand. He leaves the party in a huff, sues for divorce, and moves to Boston. Porter and Beth become engaged. He sings "Beth, You Are My Fiancée Now." At the conclusion of the song, the postman enters with a registered letter. It informs Porter that his IBM stock has just split two for one. His happiness is now complete. He sings:

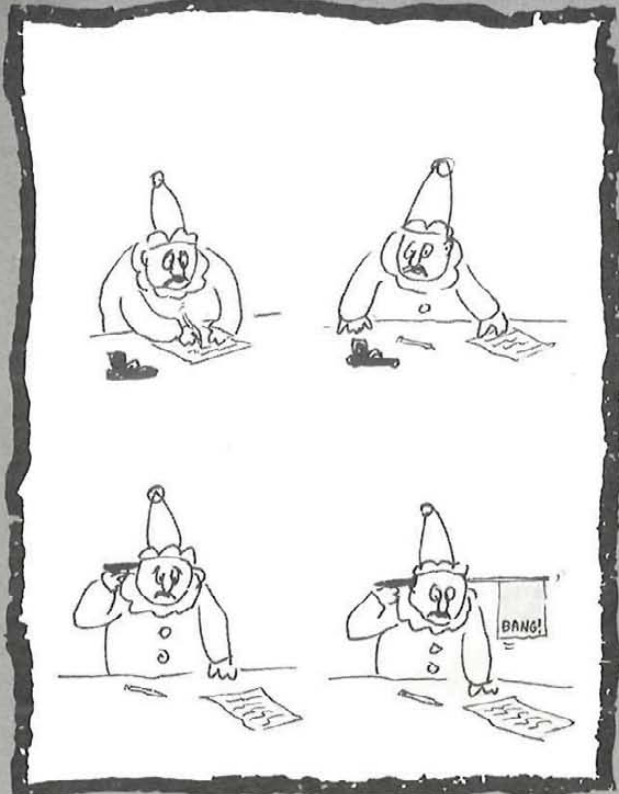
PORTER: [*With moderate emotion:*]
I have a reasonable amount of
most things that I care about
And a reasonable amount of
most things that I care about is
more or less adequate for me.
I've got Xerox, I've got Kodak,
I've got AT&T
People with insufficient incomes
Have to work till they're gray
Those with an overabundance
Have to give the excess away...
away.
Oh, I have a reasonable amount
of most things that I care
about
And a reasonable amount of
most things that I care about is
more or less adequate for me.
I've got my bonds, got my stocks
Got a safe deposit box.
Complaining would be pointless!
Got my bonds, got my stocks,
got my box!

Porter is joined onstage by Beth, Metropolitan Life, and all the other residents of Shad Roe. It is the day of the big Labor Day barbecue, and the poolside area is a beehive of activity. The husbands light and spread the charcoal in the grill, the wives make coleslaw and split hot dog buns, the children gambol in the pool. As the understated merriment builds to a climax, Porter becomes overexcited and

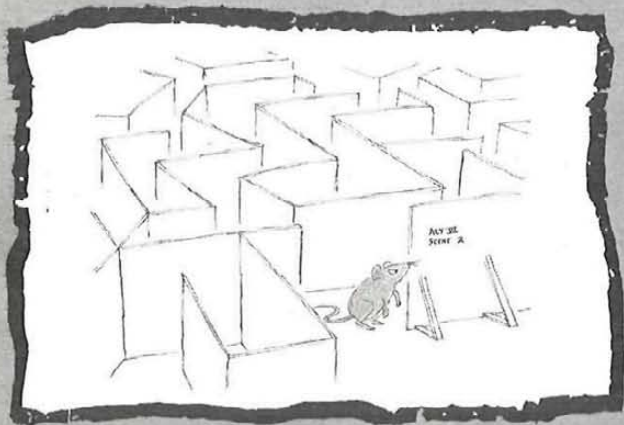
S.G.R.



"Welchen weg zum Metropolitan Opern Haus?"



ROSS

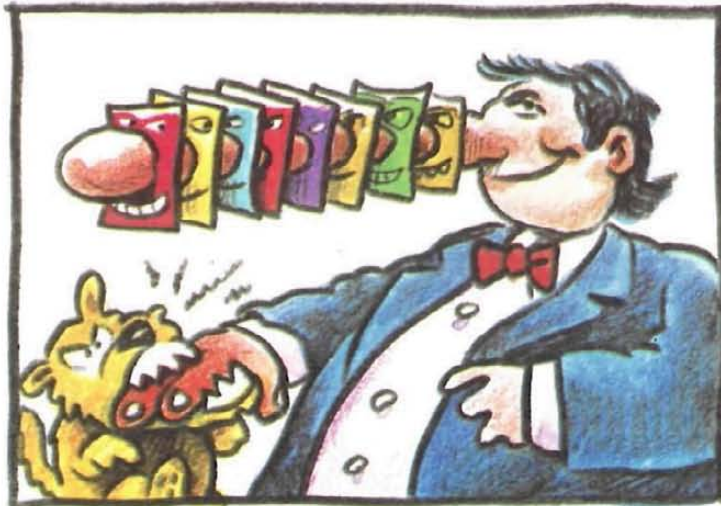


"Look, Lola, I know the show must go on, but you're recuperating from a cancer operation."



Rick Meyerowitz's

NOSEMASKS



Rich and famous artist Rick Meyerowitz, now a successful author, shows off his nose masks.

This is an ad, but it just looks like an article. You see, I'm having this book published. It's a book of nose-masks (R) (C) (TM) (STP) and they're being published by Workman, Inc.

The same people who published Kliban's cat books. You know—those squiggly black and white drawings, sort of dumb but very successful. Now, Kliban and I started in this business about the same time (1966) when we were both fifteen years old. So I figure to myself, hey! If he can do it, so can I! All I need now, see, is some dumb idea. Now to me, the dumbest thing around is a nose. Your nose. Mine. Anyone's nose. So I get this idea to do little masks to cover up your nose. Nose masks! I brought it to the same publisher and he buys it! So now I'm on my way. See? After all these years of working for two-bit outfits like the *National Lampoon*, owned by garment district hustlers so tight with a buck that they only like your art if you do it on velvet that they sold you! After all these years, I've got a book. Two books, actually, with almost one

hundred masks in each one. They sell for \$2.95 at every bookstore, and I get 6 cents each time you buy one. I could make a lot of dough on this if you all go out and buy these

books. Look! I've done a lot for you. I gave you the *Mona Gorilla*. I drew that funny picture for the *Animal House* movie. God knows they're using the shit out of that thing, and what do I get? They get all the profits and I get a limp handshake and a one-way ticket to Ulcerville! So, hey, you people better go out and buy my book. Or I'm in big trouble.

Where was I. Oh, yeah. So I tell P.J. that I've got this idea for an article and he buys it! But it's really an ad, right? And they print it and don't even charge me for it. I pulled the wool over him, all right. Let's face it, Henry Beard was a lot brighter. I had to pay under the table just to get a drawing into the mag when he was editor. No wonder he retired with all that dough. Well, times change and Henry is in the custom furniture business now. I've got to go now. Good-bye.

Rick Meyerowitz



1. Cut out the nose mask and fold gently between the eyes.

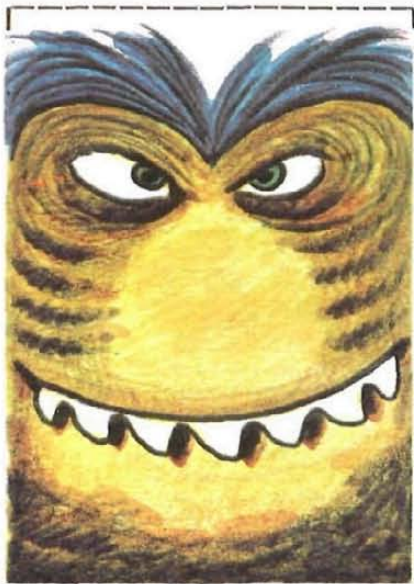
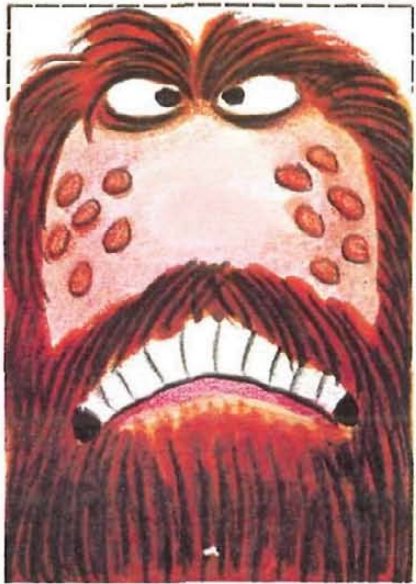
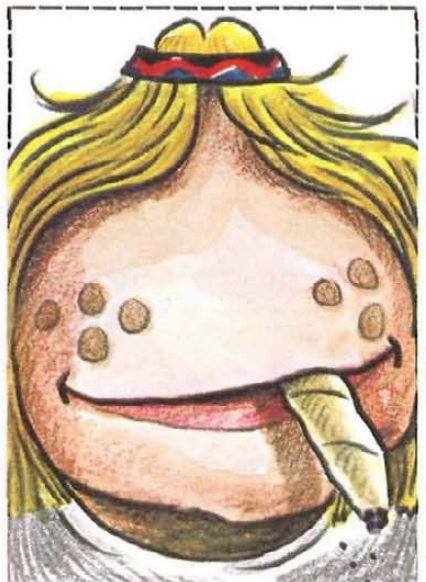
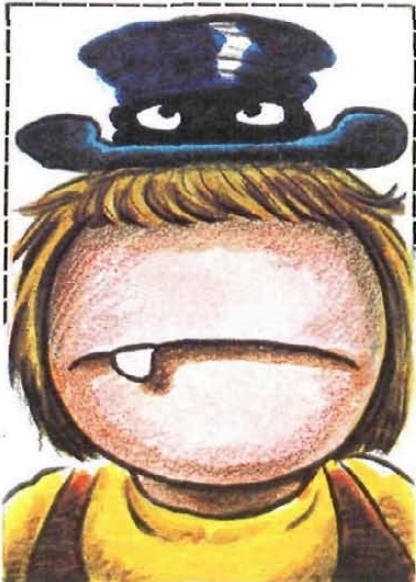
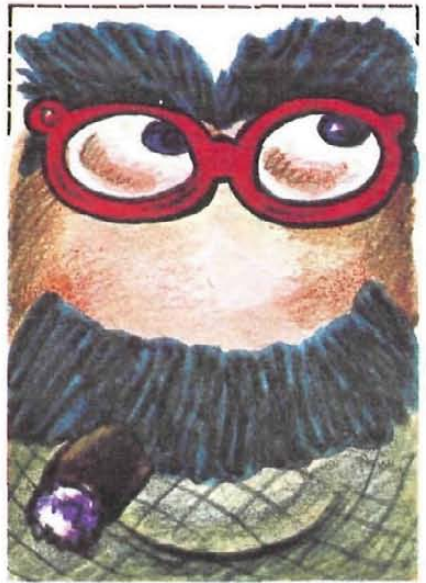


2. Tear a hole just below the eyes (not too big!) for your nose.



3. Place securely on nose.

Hint: Start with a small hole. You can always make it bigger. Not unbigger.





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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

dirty

A GALLIMAUFRY OF CARTOONS FOR YOU

ENTERTAINMENT

OUR

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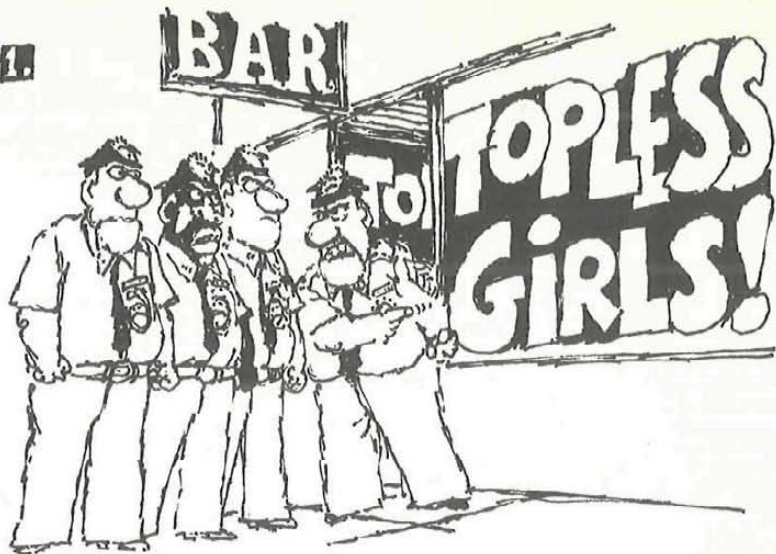
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FOR YOUR

ENTERTAINMENT

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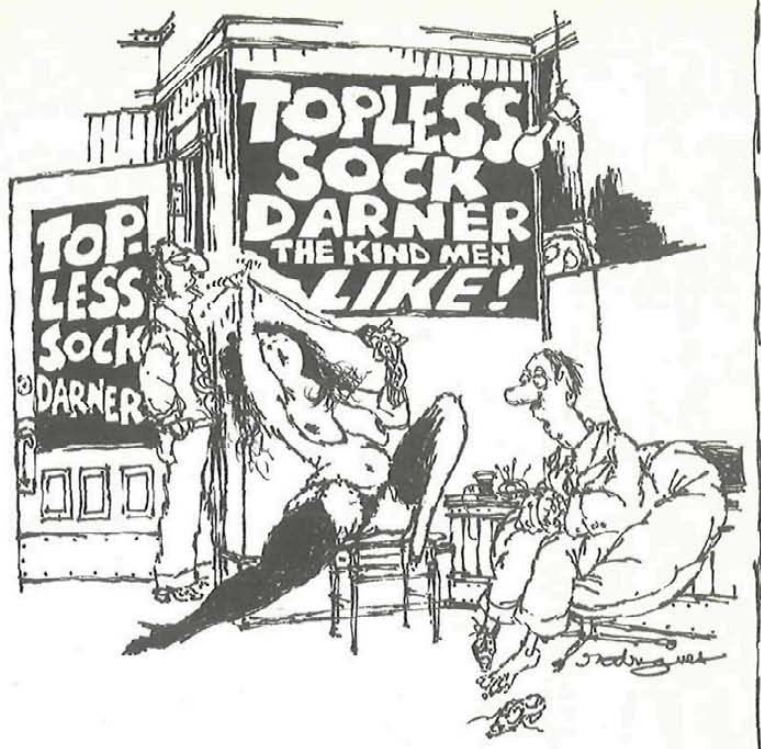
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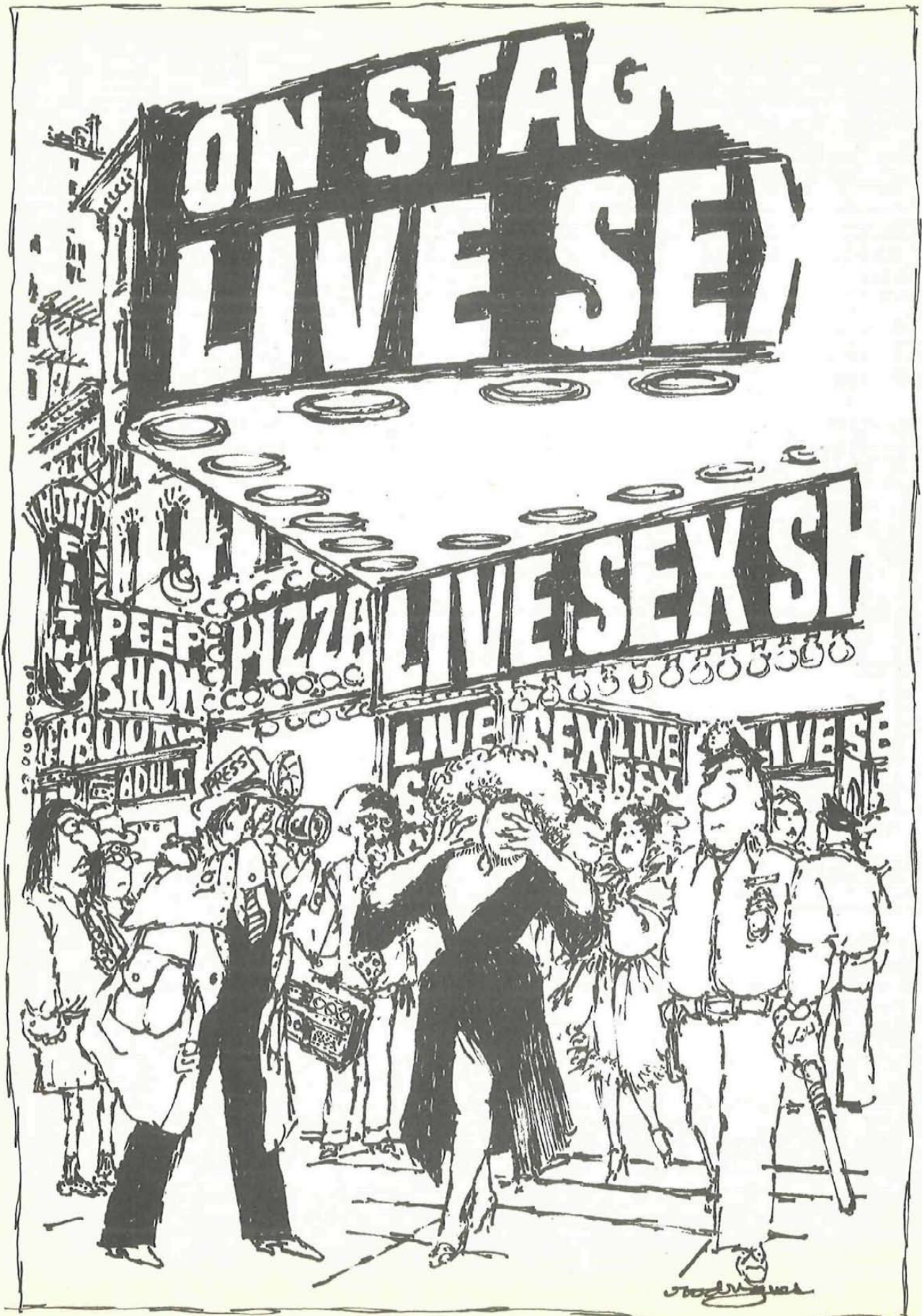
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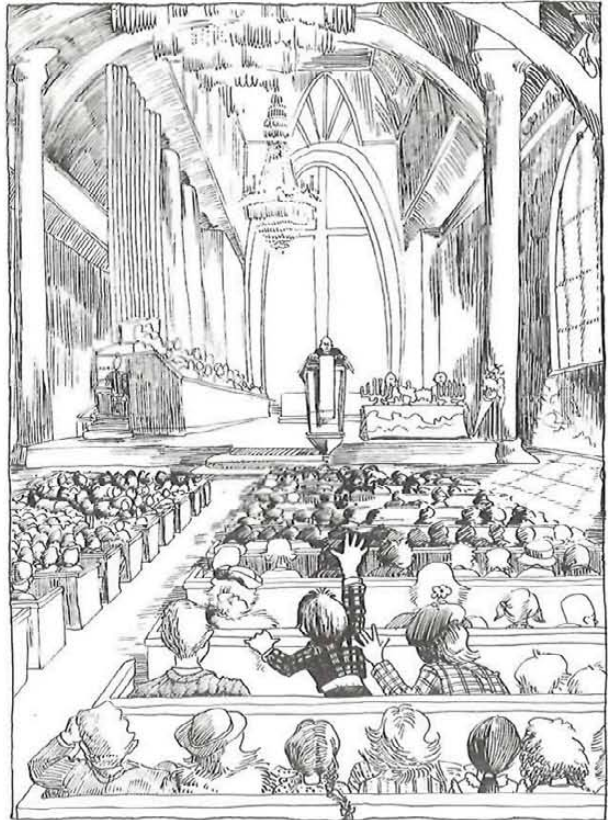
THE HOW TO ENTERTAIN YOURSELF GUIDE

to Emergency Self-Amusement in Desperately Boring Situations

by John Hughes / illustrated by Shary Flenniken



Desperately Boring Situation #1



Desperately Boring Situation #3

CHAPTER 1

A Child's Guide to Self-Amusement

Children bore very easily. They do not have a large library of experience to think back upon. They do not have sexual fantasies to enjoy. They have only hundreds instead of millions of fears and anxieties to occupy their minds. And worst of all, their lives are controlled by people who actually think it's interesting to clean gutters on a Saturday afternoon.

TOOLS: These are some basic tools a child should carry with him at all times in the very likely event that his

mother will suddenly snatch him from his play and drag him off to look at wallpaper:

Small Plastic Soldier: Can be used in any of a thousand games, from "Battle of the Beauty Parlor" to "Pyramid of Canned Goods Sale Display Spy."

String: A twelve-inch length of string can be knotted, unknotted (sometimes), wrapped around fingers, things, and stuff, and tied to items (such as a small plastic soldier) that can be dangled down drains and out windows. String also can be shoved up the nose, sucked on, or swallowed.

Gum: For chewing, stretching, blowing bubbles, cracking, use as an adhesive, as ammunition, and for

placement on chairs and floors for extra giggles long after flavor has left.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION # 1:

Visit to a Spinster Aunt

CONDITIONS

Small, urban apartment with no toys, funny smells, a small black and white TV showing soap operas with the sound turned off, and awful-tasting hard candies that you aren't allowed to unwrap and eat anyway. Only reading material is *Reader's Digest*. Only pet is elderly and mean dachshund or the world's fattest cat, which bites.

continued

SELF-AMUSEMENT

continued

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Gain entrance to bedroom and examine top drawer. Seek evidence of male companions in earlier years. Look for signs of lover killed in WW II. Note any other photos, postcards, letters, heating and electric bills, which are none of your business. If something looks attractive, contemplate theft.
2. Examine third drawer. Will contain undergarments that are remarkable for size and complexity of construction.
3. Beg parents to let you go out in the hallway, where you can look under doors at people's feet. Slide down bannisters and play "Who's Home" on the apartment buzzer system.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION # 2: Shopping with Mom

CONDITIONS

Day-long search for shoes, hats, pants, dresses, fabric, buttons, and other completely useless items. Must remain quiet beyond reasonable period of time. No bathrooms. Movement severely limited. Mother in condition resembling drug addiction; cannot be persuaded to go home.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Try to see as many naked fat women as you can in the dressing rooms. Use excuse of looking for your mother.
2. Unscrew mannequins' hands.
3. Locate garments that have large plastic tags on them. Locate wooden or plastic pillars on either side of the door of the shop. Toss the garment out the door between the pillars and you will set off the shoplifter alarm.
4. Complain to your mother (or anyone within earshot) of hunger, thirst, sore feet, earache, sore throat, diarrhea, fever, blood in urine, etc.
5. Unpeel Master Charge, Visa, and Chamber of Commerce stickers off the window.
6. While women are out of the dressing rooms, switch their clothing.
7. Gain access to the phone and call your telephone number using these area codes: 212, 312, 213, 602, and 515. See who has your number across the country.
8. See what the back of your head looks like in all the three-way mirrors.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION # 3:

Church (All Denominations, Inc. Jewish)

CONDITIONS

One hour of intense boredom. Worse than school, bedtime, or fishing with your grandfather. Enormous potential for punishment from parents and, possibly, God.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Try to make your dad laugh.
2. Push fingers in and out of ears to distort pastor's words.
3. Frequently ask meaning of words used in sermon.
4. Raise hand and see if pastor will call on you.
5. Pinch siblings until they scream with pain.
6. Try to throw up just by thinking about it.
7. Pray for a bad snowstorm that will close the schools.
8. Pray real hard and see if you can feel God looking at you.
9. Try to go to sleep with your eyes open.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION # 4:

Long Auto Journey

CONDITIONS

Confined for long periods of time. Close proximity to parents. Danger of car sickness. Grouchy dad. Danger of car sickness in other passengers, especially sisters.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Frequently announce that you have just seen a variety of remarkable things—such as bears, airplane crashes, houses on fire, nude women.
2. Unfold the map and attempt to correctly refold it.
3. Lightly tickle your dad's ear and at the same time complain about a fly in the backseat. See if you can get him to pull over and look for the fly.
4. Hang out the window as far as possible—until stopped or you fall out.
5. Pick off all your scabs and callouses.
6. Pretend you're asleep and listen as parents discuss subjects that they normally wouldn't discuss if you were awake.
7. Start a parental squabble.
8. Disappear at a rest stop.

CHAPTER 2

A Man's Guide to Self-Amusement

With age comes vast control of situations. If a man gets bored, he can simply light up a smoke, get drunk, go to a movie. He can eat candy, fool around with women, buy porno books, even stay up all night and watch TV. His only restrictions are his income and his wife. In pursuit of income and family happiness, however, a man can not always avoid business conferences, PTA meetings, and intimate dinners with the fool brother-in-law.

TOOLS

Paper Clip: Good, all-purpose probe; emergency ear, tooth, and fingernail groomer. Fun to bend into interesting shapes. Can also be hooked to pull stuffing out of chairs.

Moustache: Great to stroke, fun to pluck. The hairs can be rolled in the fingertips, curled, bent, and examined endlessly.

Pen: Clicking the top, disassembling, reassembling, tapping, poking, and sucking are all possible with a ball-point pen.

Cigarettes: The ultimate boredom weapon. Each new smoke is like a new day. Blow smoke rings, blow out of nose, pat tobacco, flick ashes.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION # 1: Business Meeting

CONDITIONS

Boring, dry speeches. Heard it all before. Keeping a serious demeanor may be important to your survival. Can last all day.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Squeeze your hand and observe the bulging veins and blue color.
2. Sing "I Did It My Way" to yourself as loudly as you can.
3. Recall every sexual experience you have ever had and categorize according to quality (or quantity).
4. Pretend you are a sportscaster and the meeting is the Olympics. Hold competitions for shortest speech, longest speech, most "ums" and "ahs," most coughs. Include self in breath-holding competition, in-mouth food particle search, fingernail clipping toss, and leg hair yank.
5. Count things. See how many smokers there are in the room, number of

continued on page 82

MINNESOTA

The most business-oriented school in the Big Ten. Over 85 percent of the students belong to local business organizations—the Jaycees, Kiwanis, Rotary, and Junior Chamber of Commerce. Making money is a way of life at Minnesota. The joke around the campus is that they should change the school mascot from the gopher to the "gopher," the slang term for a hustling type who will do anything to get ahead, who will "go for" anything, do any mental task to climb up the economic ladder.

Of course, all business and no play would make Minnesotans a dull lot, and this is far from the case. Suits and ties are taboo on weekends. That's when students let their hair down, don their old button-downs and chinos, and "party" till the wee hours of the evening.

What to See and Do

1. ALBERT FLIEGEL LINGERIE CENTER Minnesota is the only school in the country to offer a full major in lady's lingerie. The Lingerie Center, donated by a local bra and panty manufacturer, offers courses in lingerie history, styles, fabrics, and design.

2. WINDOW JUMPING DAY Everybody stops classes and jumps out of windows on October 10. Judges declare winners based on the heights attempted and who survives. Points are awarded, and the top ten jumpers receive up to a year's supply of free beer.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

PIZZBURG Have it any way you want. Burgers and pizzas are served floating inside huge pitchers of beer. The food is wrapped in plastic bags.

BURG 'N PIZZ No relation to Pizzburg. Specialties: burgers Wellington, pizza soufflé, burger-Alaska, pizza la king.

MINNIE HA-HA'S The only Indian disco in the country. Gets a nice mixed crowd on week-nights, but be careful on Saturdays. That's when the local redskin population comes to town and tears the place apart with their rain and war disco dances. Lots of alcoholic hysteria, rape, sodomy, and good-natured brutality.



Photo by Larry Falk

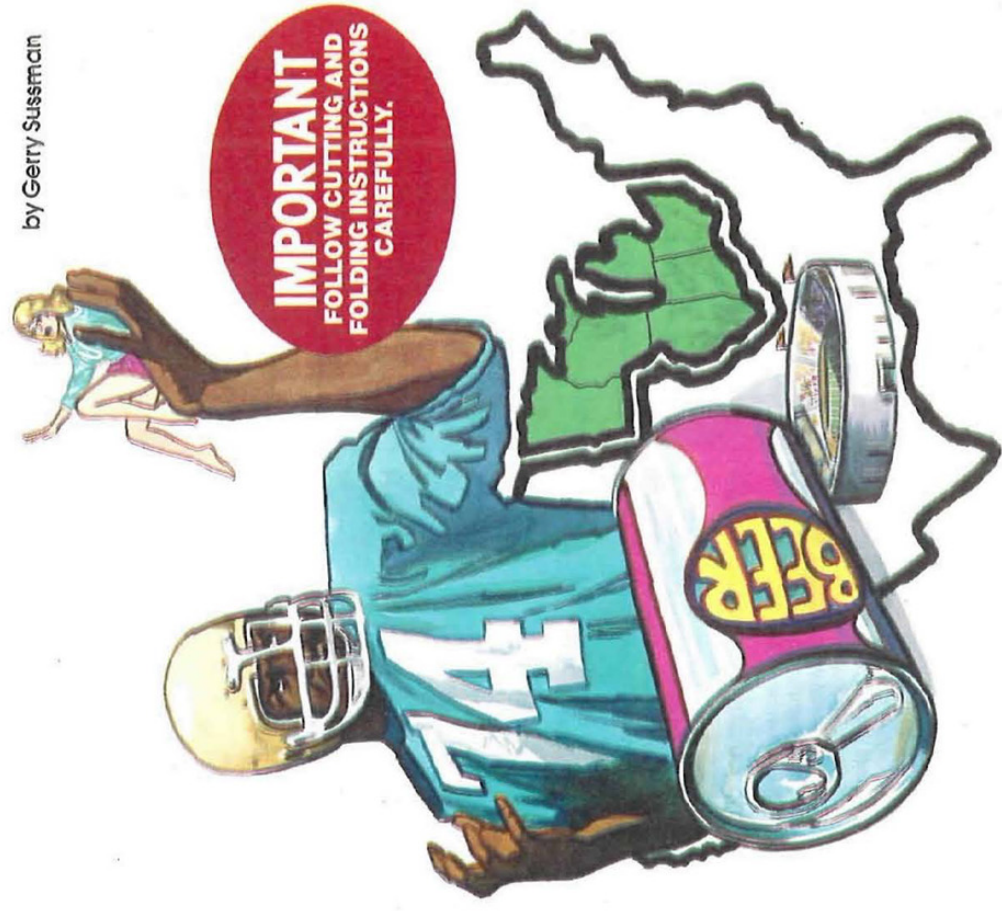
The mobile dentistry truck, with its free examinations, has helped save many Minnesota students' teeth, generally considered to be the worst in the Big Ten.

Thanks to all the people who guided me through the real world of the Big Ten. They are: Carol Bauer, Miriam Conrad, Dave DeMartino, Cindy Dickison, Susan Dirksen, Terry Diskey, Ira Elliott, Larry Falk, Perry Greene, Hunt Heim, Carole Leigh Hutton, Ed Joras, David Lutman, Bob Miller, Cathy Ostrander, Bob Padgett, David Patten, Eric Ringham, Chris Spolar, Phil Taltman, Hugh Totten, Joan Walsh, Michele Weidon, Don Winslow, Karl Vick, and Rodd Zolkoff.

National Lampoon Guide to the Big Ten

- Ohio State
- Indiana
- Purdue
- Michigan State
- Northwestern
- Wisconsin
- Iowa
- Illinois
- Minnesota

by Gerry Suszman



Fold pages here.

Introduction

The Origin of the Big Ten

The Big Ten was founded in 1913 by ten men who were in the construction business. They were all of Italian origin—men who came to this country as young, strong, but penniless immigrants—men who believed in the American Dream—that you could go as far as you wanted on the ladder of success if you worked, saved, bribed, and killed hard enough.

Their story is a familiar one—the poor, illiterate immigrant who starts as a common laborer and eventually builds a flourishing, powerful business. By an odd coincidence, these men, who all lived in different cities, decided to show their gratitude to the country that made them rich by building a college and donating it to the state. They wanted their children and the generations of children to come to have the educational opportunities they never had.

When they discovered that they were all building schools simultaneously, they decided to pool their resources and go into a partnership, or a "conference." Since they could not use their own company names for the new merger, they decided to call their group of schools *Le Dieci Grande*, "The Big Ten," because they all happened to be very tall for Italians.

What's Happening in the Big Ten Today

Results of a National Lampoon Survey

With the help of a well-known polling






organization, the *National Lampoon* prepared a lengthy questionnaire, which was mailed to 35,000 students enrolled in the schools of the Big Ten (3,500 per school). The sampling comprised a typical cross-section of students. They were asked questions about their goals in life, their fields of study, political, social, and religious views, recreation and leisure activities, and many other aspects of their lifestyles.

Highlights of the Survey

One of the most startling findings of the survey was that 63 percent of the students who claimed to be Democrats could practice oral sex on themselves. Of this percentage, 45 percent said they could bring themselves to multiple orgasms.

The most important single item of life (93 percent) was beer. Eighty-four percent of the students indicated that beer was their major. Other major areas of interest were mentholated filter cigarettes, sexy posters, cork bulletin boards, Snickers candy bars, Russ Meyer films, and extra cheese on pizza.

How to use our rating symbol

-  A cute place.
-  You'll have a fairly nice time.
-  Not bad. Not great, either.
-  Not worth a detour.
-  Don't even get out of your car.

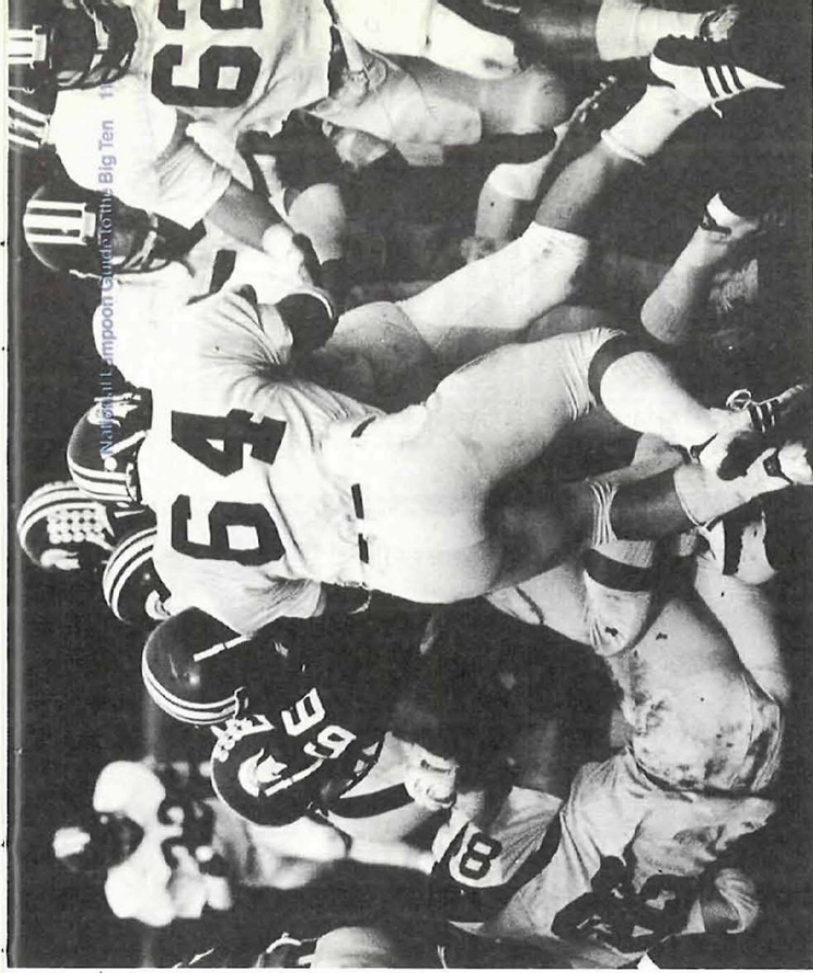


photo by Rob Kozliff
The legendary Iowa-Illinois rivalry for the Little Brown Bag. It was a fourteen-minute tie in '77 when the ball was lost in the last three minutes and there were no replacements available.

reach exterminator work or making their own stainless steel.

Sports

THE LITTLE BROWN BAG Illinois' and Iowa's famed football rivalry for the possession of the Little Brown Bag is a hallowed tradition. The Little Brown Bag was originally used by Abraham Lincoln to hide a bottle of rye he wanted to drink before giving a speech at Urbana, to "bolster his morale." It was kept in the university museum until 1910, when it was stolen by an Iowa student. It was subsequently regained, and then became the object of elaborate "capers" by each school until it was decided to award the bag to the winner of the annual football game. Today, everyone is sick and tired of it all, especially since the bag has deteriorated and has been replaced by a plastic replica.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

The Champaign part of Champaign-Urbana boasts some of the finest and fanciest nightclubs in the country. Many of the old nightclub owners of the thirties and forties who went out of business decided to reopen in Champaign. They liked the name because it reminded them of champagne. Also, the state of Illinois was trying very hard to develop its new champagne-producing districts to rival California and New York, and provided most of the new clubs' financing in exchange for their use of the native products. Now you can enjoy fabulous night life in Champaign at such legendary old Hollywood and N.Y. clubs as Ciro's, the Moccambo, the Stork Club, and El Morocco. Illinois champagne will not kill you. It tastes like diet ginger ale with a touch of vinegar.

towels around their middles. Lots of gentle teasing, showing flashes of leg or a low-hanging genital. Iced tea is served in the warmer months.

2. BADGER MUSEUM The life cycle and lore of the Wisconsin mascot. Over fifty exhibits, dioramas, color pictures, and a free slide show. "The Badger, Nobody's Fool."

3. CUNNINGGUS DAY Modeled along the lines of Sadie Hawkins Day. Women chase the men of their choice. If they capture a man, he must "go down on them" in public, usually on the campus or in the student union. Many

IOWA

Iowa is the home of more poets, painters, playwrights, and other mentally unstable types than any other school in the Big Ten. Aside from its famous Writer's Workshop, there are thousands of other shops, seminars, study groups, communes, colonies, clubs, societies, and informal groups devoted to the arts. Aiding and assisting these artists are over 500 psychoanalysts and over 200 mental institutions in Iowa City alone. Here is where you come to be a "crazy poet," a "mad artist," a "suicidal writer." Drugs are cheap. Alcohol flows like wine. Sex is easy and extremely liberated, except with writers, who are mainly impotent. Feminists, lesbians, male homosexuals, blacks, and foreign students rule the campus, along with the artsy-literary crowd.

What to See and Do

1. GRUMBACHER'S SHOE POLISH MUSEUM Cyrus Grumbacher was a rich Iowa corn farmer who was obsessed with owning clean, shiny shoes. He hated the image of the farmer as a "shitkicker" and demanded that his family always polish their shoes or boots

girls like to use flavored douches. The most popular are taco-honey, Dutch apple, butter crunch, and Lowenbrau.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

SCUM'S All the soybean pizza you can eat. Beer served in huge bath towels. Every Wednesday, Korean acrobats perform on the tiny stage and nearly kill themselves.

LEARNING TOWER OF BURGERS A hundred and sixty-eight varieties of greasy burgers, all made to lean out of the bun and drip on your clothes. French fries served in old socks. Wild West decor. Beer served in saddlebags.

after a day's work in the fields. He bequeathed all of his fortune to the museum, which displays every form of shoe polish ever used. Free samples. A first-class shine only 10 cents. No tipping.

2. ANNUAL FRATERNITY-PROFESSOR WAR October 10 is the one day of the year when fraternity members and teachers are allowed to hunt each other with bows and arrows. A limit of three kills per person is the rule.

3. IOWA CITY DOMINO WORKS No visit to Iowa would be complete without a trip to the Domino Works, one of the largest factories of its kind in the world. The dominos are still made of native Iowa slate, including the white dots, which are made of native white slate. A miniature set is given away free to children under twelve.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

CAFÉ DOME, CAFÉ SELECT, LA COUPOLE, BRASSERIE LIPP, CAFÉ DEUX MAGOTS Choose any of them, they're all wonderful. They're Iowa's versions of the legendary Parisian cafés and restaurants frequented by the arts and theatrical crowd in the twenties.

for the tutors' traditional black gowns (made of 100 percent Sea Island cotton) runs to over \$500,000 a year!

Along with this intimate student-teacher relationship, Illinois also encourages students to start their own cottage industries. Many female students knit traditional Jewish fisherman sweaters or do orthodontia work on themselves. The men like doing freelance

OHIO STATE

Often called "the campus of rolling thunder and soft rain" because of the ever-present mists and rains that come from the fabled Seven Hills of Columbus. The students almost always wear light raincoats or plastic covers over their regular clothes, and shoes with Vibram soles to prevent slipping on the dangerously wet surfaces.

Ohio State is the only school in the country that has its own research center for organic cosmetics. It also has a fully operating gold mine on the campus, adjacent to the agricultural school. Most of the school is secretly funded by the government of Taiwan and will be used as a refuge for those Taiwanese who will soon flee the island when the Chinese Communists take it over.



Photo by Doug Peters

Weight lifters are Ohio State's most versatile students. They sing, dance, tell funny stories, and tow disabled cars for a nominal fee.

What to See and Do

1. THE HAYES Bigger than a way of life, grander than Mount Rushmore, more powerful than the president of the United States, the Hayes is the true apotheosis of Ohio State. Some have compared the Hayes to a combination of George Patton, Knute Rockne, St. Francis, and Adolf Hitler. Others have simply called it the reincarnation of

Jesus Christ. It can be seen every Saturday in the fall, smashing people with its iron fists.

2. THE COLUMBUS FESTIVAL AND THE RUNNING OF THE BEES Held in conjunction with the city of Columbus, celebrating its founding in 1812, with a week-long orgy of wine, women, and men. Culminated by the Running of the Bees. Over ten million wasps and hornets, which have been raised by the school biology majors, are released in the center of downtown Columbus and proceed to fly amuck, pursuing the thousands of revelers. Helicopters drop bee bombs, brave students fire away with insect repellents, and everyone has a good time.

3. MARTHA KINNEY COOPER CENTER OF FAKE FOOD World's largest collection of fake display food, used by restaurants and food stores. Uncanny reproductions that will make your mouth water. Includes such rarities as Chinese steamed whole sea bass in black bean sauce and a very early version of breaded veal cutlets with runny tomato sauce and wax beans.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

SHMUCK'S Beer pours out of spigots shaped like penises. Beer mugs have nipples on them. House specialty: the gumburger.



Photo by David Lutman

The Hayes insists that the seats of the football stadium be freshly painted every week. "The seats get dirty. I don't like to see guys with dirty rear ends after one of my games."

DEPARTMENT OF WATER, GAS, AND ELECTRICITY Beer flows from a miniature hydroelectric dam. Great pizza, especially the peanut butter and cornmeal mush combination.



At Indiana, if a man discovers his girl friend cheating with someone else, he can give her a public canning.

INDIANA

Indiana is the hotbed of politics in the Hoosier state. The campus in Bloomington reeks of debate, of battles won, lost, or compromised. Every kind of political affiliation is resented. Unquestionably, Indiana lives up to its reputation as "the party school of the Big Ten."

Indiana is the only campus in the country where students still argue in cafes about the Spanish Civil War, the Versailles Treaty, the League of Nations, and the Warsaw Concerto. There is still an active Weather Underground, as well as anarchists, anarcho-syndicalists, Trotskyites, Fabian socialists, vegetarian laborites, and a small but tough Jewish group known as the Mighty Hasids. On the other side of the fence there are plenty of righties, from Young Republicans to Fascists to the American Nazi Marchists for Christ. Thousands of political pamphlets glut the campus every day. "Over two million tons of paper a year," said Frank McCloskey, the brilliant young mayor of Bloomington.

What to See and Do

1. **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY MUSEUM OF**

FEEDBACK'S Live rock 'n' roll music every Thursday through Saturday. Pets admitted on Fridays. Any girl coming in the nude receives a free drink. Beer is served out of a huge vagina. Tasteful decor.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION An elaborate front for an S&M, live sex show, nude disco, and after hours club with heavy drug dealing on the side. The front of the "house" is a perfect replica of where Frances Willard, organizer of the world WCTU, lived with her family. Skip this section and go right to the men's room in the rear, flush the toilet, and a secret panel will open, revealing a staircase that leads you into the wild goings-on in the basement.

BUTZ'S The newest "in" hangout for German



WISCONSIN

Sometimes called "the Cradle of Liberty," sometimes called "the Gutbucket of the Big Ten," Wisconsin sprawls indolently over 780 acres along the shores of Lake Mendota like a lazy courtesan parting her legs and idly playing with herself on a warm summer afternoon.

This is a truly "laid back" institution where the educational goals are tailored more to the

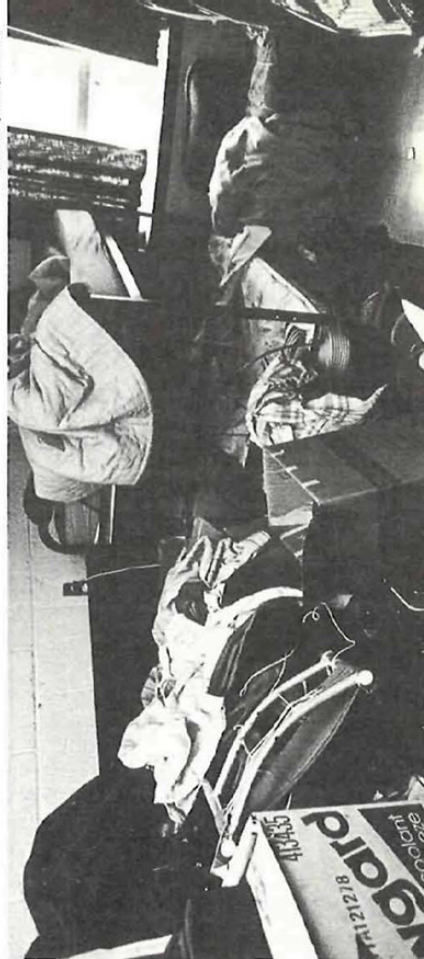
student's holistic development rather than to pure academic achievement. Students wander around the campus asking themselves the famous "four questions"—"Who am I?" "What am I?" "Where am I?" and "How do I get to the Assistance Center?"

What to See and Do

1. **TOP O' THE GYM** A fairly pleasant roof where students can air out their sweaty gym clothes and walk around nude except for

Living space is limited at Wisconsin. Even instructors must share small, cramped quarters such as these. The cry of "give me a two-room apartment for \$150 a month!" is heard all over Madison to no avail, as real estate moguls tighten their grip on the helpless school.

photo by Doug Peters



food and Nazi disco dancing. Young, blond Aryan waiters in black shirts, hiking shorts, and lederhosen sing the German national anthem and present your order with elaborate heel clicking and heels. Beer is served in enormous German army helmets.

FAMOUS ALUMNI Northwestern boasts more famous graduates than any other school in the world. Here is just a small sample: Maurice Stans, Patricia Neal, Richard Dreyfuss, Cloris Leachman, Ann-Margret, George McGovern, Paul Lynde, John Nance Garner, Merv Griffin, Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban, Wilbur Mills, Tony Orlando, Robert Frost, Abe Saperstein, Bob Marley, Jim Nabors, Bo Diddley, Sir Michael Redgrave, Sir Lew Grade, Ty Cobb, Helen Reddy, I.M. Pei, Lana Turner, and Count Basie.



MICHIGAN

Michigan is sometimes called "Northwestern with a football team," or "the NYU of the Midwest." But neither nickname can describe the true atmosphere and style of this school, one of the largest of its kind.

Michigan can boast of many "firsts" in distinguished scholarship and collegiate activities. For instance, did you know that Michigan was the first university to admit a gorilla to its law school? (He graduated third in his class.) Or that oleomargarine was invented in the first school's home economics division? The first recorded death from a fraternity hazing ritual happened at the Happy Owl Cafe in Ann Arbor, in 1903. More Michigan graduates have become bank tellers than those from any other school. Michigan also appointed the first homosexual dean of students, back in 1926.

What to See and Do

1. MOCK RACE RIOT To celebrate the famous Detroit race riots of the thirties and forties, Michigan presents an annual mock

Another "first" at Michigan—a room with two toilets. "We like to use one as a planter, like the old chamber pots," said a very artistic young senior.

photo by Doug Peters



riot between whites, blacks, and anyone else who wants to fight. No lethal weapons are allowed. Only pillows, polystyrene "swords," rolled-up newspapers, and other harmless devices are utilized. Because of the harmless nature of the weapons, the intensity and savagery of the participants is unbridled. A healthy outlet for latent hatred.

2. KELLOGG BIOLOGICAL WARFARE RESEARCH CENTER One of the biggest and best equipped independent labs for germ warfare research. Guided tours from nine to three daily. A perennial target of student pranks.

3. SPRING HANDBALL WEEKEND Culminated by the bitter handball rivalry between Michigan and Ann Arbor High School. Nineteen hours of handball matches. The Homecoming Festival features the Handball Queen and all-night parties at the local Turkish baths, with plenty of free sardines for everyone.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

BURGERPIZZABREW An all-in-one dish. You

bite into it and get all three tastes at once. Everyone is given a bib to catch the backspash.

THE PITZ CARLTON A hundred and twelve varieties of pizza, including maple walnut, veal kidneys, Brussels sprouts, and chopped



MICHIGAN STATE

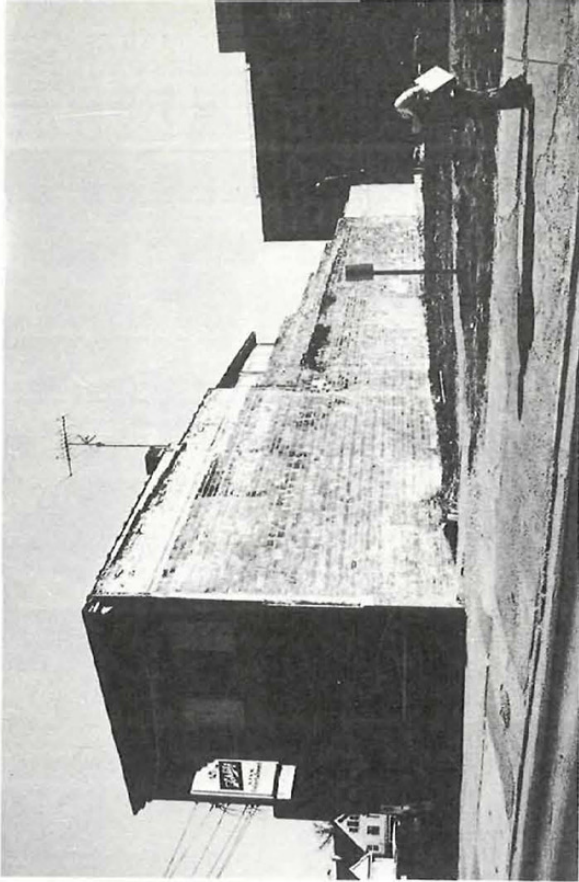
Michigan State is justly famous for its agricultural school, the very first in the country. But few people are aware that it is also one of the havens of religious freedom and tolerance, a truly enlightened school that welcomes all sects, all beliefs and practices.

fig. Beer is served in all sorts of funny hats.

BURGER SUPREME COURT Pictures of our Supreme Court chief justice everywhere. Waitresses wear black judge's robes. You call for them by pounding a gavel on your table. Beer served in fake, hollowed-out law books.

On the Michigan State campus, you will find over 117 different religions, including the Church of Saint Filbert and the Latter Day Consultants; the Arabian Knights of Columbus, Georgia; the Holy Order of the Immaculate Laundry; Baba Biba, the Organzettes; the First Church of Mario the Great; and the Matzoball Kids.

Photo by Perry Greene



Controversy still swirls over Kinoga Hall, world's smallest gymnasium. Most students want it torn down to make way for a new, modern complex. But diehards insist on retaining it for its old-fashioned "intimacy."

What to See and Do

1. KELLOGG TUMMYACHE CENTER One of the nation's leading research laboratories for gas pains, acid indigestion, heartburn, and general nausea. Premed students offer guided tours, free drug samples.

2. OCTOBER 17, WORLD'S GREATEST COLLEGE WEEKDAY On this day, all classes are suspended. All bars, restaurants, music clubs, and discos are closed. Everybody fasts for the day and does nothing but sleep and take warm Diet Pepsi enemas.

3. SEXUAL ASPHYXIATION The latest fad—

using a leather or rubber device wrapped around the neck that chokes off the blood supply while masturbating. It achieves the ultimate orgasm, which is then quickly followed by death.

4. FRISBEE HALL The design of the building is somewhat banal and predictable (Frisbee-shaped). But the activities inside are interesting. Students attempt to become Frisbees, whirling themselves in the air, dancing and spinning about like Sufis. With the proper practice, concentration, and discipline, a cer-

tain amount of "flying" or levitation is accomplished. Here is where Michigan State students go to "flip out."

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

WAR AND PIZZA Pizza from many lands. Try the Russian version with kasha, sour cream, and cabbage. Every table has its own samovar of beer.

BURGER 'N' CHERRIES A new chain of restaurants featuring fruit-flavored burgers.

Photo by Perry Greene



A group of Northwestern alumni at a home coming. Can you spot the celebrities? See page twelve for the answers.

NORTHWESTERN

Located on the shores of Lake Michigan adjoining the northern limits of Chicago, Northwestern is an oasis of calm dignity and upward mobility. Known as the "Bucknell of the Midwest," Northwestern has a truly sophisticated urbanity coupled with a strong sense of public service and civic responsibility. The Northwestern student is generally acknowledged by the other members of the Big Ten to be a more intelligent, interesting person—in fact, a superior being.

What to See and Do

- 1. NORRIS UNIVERSITY CENTER** Center of intellectual activity and civilized social intercourse. Lots of useful, "real life" courses given (no credits), including how to pack a suitcase, wrestling by mail, power tool repair, French kissing, and character assassination.
- 2. DILDO HALL** Fascinating exhibits of Greek, Egyptian, Roman, Chinese, and other ancient phallicuses and phallic symbols, including what may be the largest penis on record, belong-

bation for the team and confiscation of Knight's only sports coat.

Restaurants, Bars, Hangouts

TACKY'S House specialty: hamburgers and fries served on used paper plates. Beer



PURDUE

Stately elms, lush evergreens and maples, mighty oaks, and rows and rows of cypress trees line this incredibly scenic campus. If sheer physical beauty were the only criterion for choosing a university, one would certainly elect Purdue. Unfortunately, many of the students never see the scenic wonders of the school because they are too drunk. Purdue's nickname is "the Boilermakers," and the students truly live up to the name. Most of them start their day with three or four boilermakers (straight whiskey with a beer chaser), and by midafternoon they are stumbling around in a stupor.

When they are not drunk, Purdue men still tend to behave oddly. Many of them are terribly afraid of women's breasts. Even the sight

of fully covered breasts causes them to walk blindly into walls or fall into a fainting swoon. Many female students have taken to ballroom dancing with partners of their own sex as a way to escape from their loneliness.

There are now 207 branches of Alcoholics Anonymous on the Purdue campus, all trying valiantly to save the students from certain oblivion. At this writing, it is too soon to know how well they will succeed; but there are some positive signs. Fraternities are coming back, for one, with their traditions of human sacrifice, devil worship, and starting forest fires. English will soon be taught, including how to read and write. The Purdue Grand Prix, the greatest college weekend in the world, is coming back. Someday this school may regain its honor and resume its rightful status as the "Heidelberg of the Big Ten."

"Where's the football game?" asks a Purdue student, barely able to walk after a deadly hangover. No one bothered to tell him that the games are played on Saturday, not Tuesday.

photo by David Lutman



FUNNY PAGES

DONUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU REALLY WONDERED WHAT WAS INVOLVED IN BECOMING A GROWN-UP SINCE A LOT OF THE TRAINING FOR IT SEEMED TO BE SO DAMNNED FIERCE?

WELL, IT CAME AT LAST, AND NOW IT CAN HELP US TO BRING ANIMAL ANATOMY TO LIFE!

THE VEINS AND ARTERIES HAVE BEEN INJECTED WITH COLORED MATERIAL TO HELP US STUDY THEM!

...AND NOW WE CAN SEE FOR OURSELVES THE WONDERS OF THE GASTROINTESTINAL SYSTEM.

LOOK-I'M SORRY! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, BUT I'M SORRY!

Ochan Wilson
©1978



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 Bulgeobies, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comme Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos n' Andy

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spilaine, 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, Semmonette, 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/DECADECE: 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-Creating Kit, *Below 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, *Gum Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemorrhoids

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, White Dove 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, Specially Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and *Bad Day*

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

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

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Garlie 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 Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Bartart Comics*

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

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, 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

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scienterrific 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 *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance

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

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

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Favorable 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 Hashtafans, and Best Negroes in New York

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *NatLamp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky

AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS: With *Sawytteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *NatLamp* report on education in America

SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

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THE AESOP BROTHERS - SIAMESE TWINS!

in MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

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...AND I SAY, 'BUILD MORE SETTLEMENTS ON THE WEST BANK- AND IN BEIRUT- AND IN ATHENS- AND IN OSLO- AND IN...'

LOOK, ALEX! A MIDDLEBORO DOG! AWWW!



ALEX, IT'S SO NICE IN MIDDLEBORO, MASS. THAT I'D LIKE TO DIE HERE!

I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING!



OF BOREDOM!



“...THE BEST...”

Hustler Magazine

How To Pick Up Girls has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world!

You've probably seen a lot of ads lately on doing better with girls.

And maybe you've wondered which system will work best for you. After all, before you put your ten bucks in the mail you want to make damn sure you're getting your money's worth.

Well, before you decide on which book to order we think you ought to know the following. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original, authentic, world-famous book on the subject with over 400,000 copies in print. None of the other books even comes close.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book around which Merv Griffin based an entire hour and a half show. It's the book which HUSTLER MAGAZINE — after reviewing all the other prominent books on the subject — called quite simply "... the best ..."

Famous author Dan Greenburg, writing in AVANT GARDE MAGAZINE, told how HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS helped him pick up a girl just hours after finishing the book. Dan wrote, "... HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me ... and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did ..."

All this of course wouldn't mean a hell of a lot if HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS didn't work for the average guy on the street. So here are a few actual quotes from some of our scores of satisfied customers:

I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night. Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I would never have 'picked up' either of them had I not read your book earlier that day ... When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price.

Richard L. San Bernardino, Calif. 92410

It works. I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother—who has taken out every girl in the world—said 'Wow!' when he saw her. She and I are quite close already.

A. W., Deerfield Mass. 01342



Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls!

I want to thank you for putting out such a great book. Before I read your book I could never get a girl to go out with me, but now I have girls call me up and want to go out with me!

Perry W., Van Wert, Ohio 45891

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is, since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing ... they're calling me now, if I don't call them.

D. Taylor, Colorado

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

How come HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS works so brilliantly when so many of the other books don't? Because HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is based on interviews with twenty-five young,

single, beautiful girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. For example, they explain:

How to make shyness work for you ... What makes them horny ... Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking ... how to do better in single's bars ... their favorite places for getting picked up ... the opening lines that almost always get their attention ... an ingenious way of meeting women at work, at school, on the street ... how to develop a smile that can make women feel warm and loving toward you ... and MUCH MUCH MORE. After reading what they've got to say you'll be amazed at how easy it is!

Other books are almost always the personal pick up system of one man. And what works for him may not work for you. In creating HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS we went straight to the horse's mouth. We interviewed a cross-section of twenty-five attractive but typical American girls. And who can tell you what it takes to pick them up better than the girls themselves!

GET THE ORIGINAL

You don't want a book that promises you success with girls. You want one that delivers. And year in, year out HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world! Don't be fooled by slick-sounding imitations. Get the original. The Classic. The one that's been featured on The Johnny Carson Show, The Dr. Joyce Brothers Show. The one that's now being turned into a two hour movie for television. Get the one THAT REALLY WORKS.

Think of it this way. A book doesn't sell 400,000 copies by accident. Clever ads can take you only so far. After that word of mouth takes over. And with over 400,000 copies in print men must be saying some pretty good things about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS.

Can you become an expert at picking up good-looking girls? You bet you can! It's as simple as reading the mind-opening bestseller HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. As the young man said in the letter above IT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE!

To order by phone call toll-free: 800-528-6050, ext. 6002, & charge on your Mastercharge or Visa/BankAmericard or send to: Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. NA 7 W. Clinton Ave., Tenafly, NJ 07670

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL will turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 160 luscious photos show you how to turn on a single woman. You will learn:

- Where to touch a girl first
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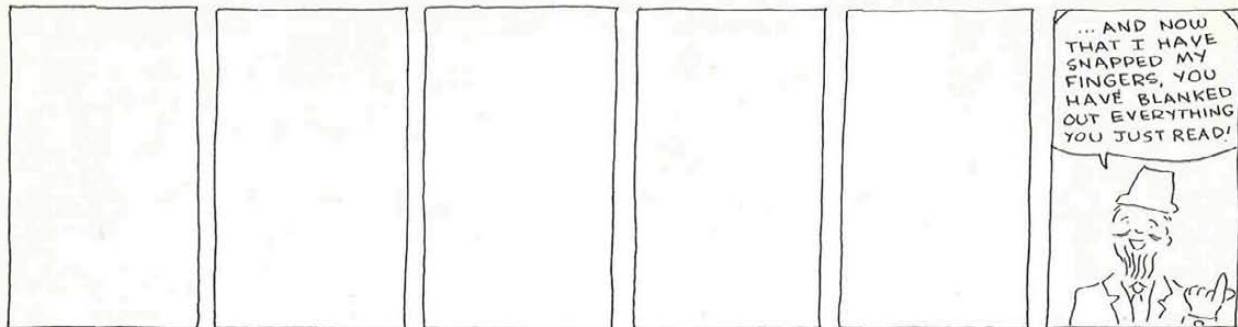
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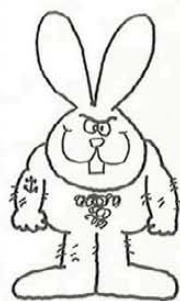
LESSON # A-7

DEVELOPING YOUR OWN CHARACTERS

THE COMIC ARTIST WHO CAN DEVELOP HIS OWN CHARACTERS IS WELL ON HIS WAY TO FAME AND RICHES. HE MAY EVEN BE ALLOWED ON THE GOOD FURNITURE. HERE ARE SOME EXAMPLES OF CHARACTERS THAT HAVE NOT YET BEEN DEVELOPED. LET THEM SERVE AS A SPRINGBOARD FOR YOUR OWN CREATIVITY.



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Music Score by Elmer Bernstein

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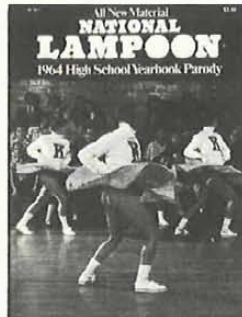


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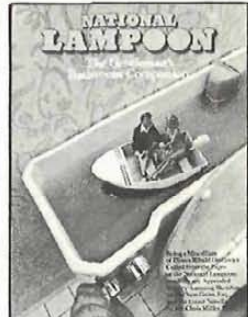
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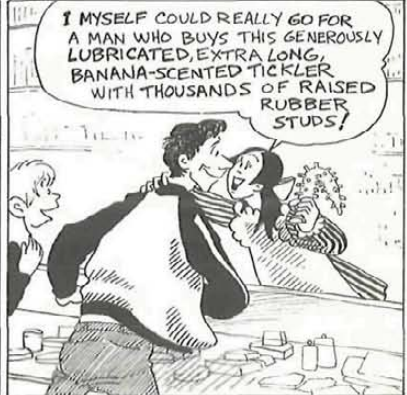
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CAPTAIN CUT-UP SEZ, COME ON AND SING ALONG... READY?... 'HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH, THE...'

'ERE WE GO ROUN' DAT MOLLEY BUSH, DAT MOLLEY...

WOULD YOU TWO MIND SINGING A LITTLE SOFTER WHILE I READ MY PAPER?

NOW CLAP YOUR HANDS....

ONCE AGAIN, 'HERE WE GO ROUND...'

HERE WE GO... 'ERE WE GO ROUND DAT...

I CANT STAND IT! EVEN WHEN YOU SING SOFTLY, I CANT CONCENTRATE ON MY READING. I SUPPOSE I'M JUST IRRITABLE TODAY... I THINK I'LL VISIT KATHLEEN.

...SO BE SURE AND TURN OFF THE TV SET WHEN YOU'RE WHA... THE...

(MAURICE! DID YOU DO THIS!)

DO WHAT, DOCTOR?

THIS!!!

NO! I'M DIDN'T DO DAT! YOU'RE JUST SAY DAT BECAUSE I'M INDIAN AND FRENCH GUY. 'OW COME YOU DIDN'T ASK CONSTABLE TOM IF 'E DONE DAT?

WELL... I... WHAT I... MEAN IS...

I'M SORRY, MAURICE. THAT WAS RATHER RUDE OF ME... IT WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE SLED DOGS THAT DID IT. LET'S GET A SHOVEL AND SOME PAPER AND WE'LL CLEAN IT UP, EH...?

...OK.

DR. ROGERS BEGINS TO LEAVE THE ROOM....

WHAT THE...

DAT'S DA ONE I'M DID!



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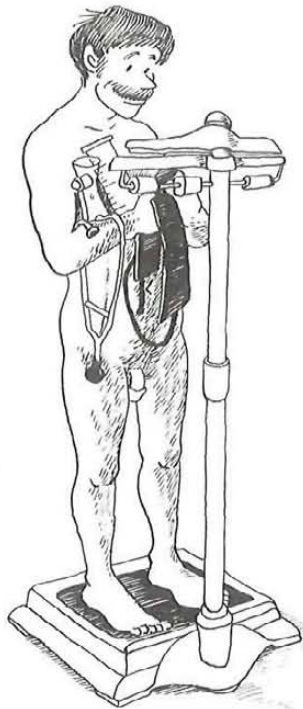


SELF-AMUSEMENT

continued from page 66

tiles on ceiling, bald heads, holes in wingtip shoes. Compare numbers for additional fun. More spots on your tie than cigarettes in ashtray. More Jews than coffee cups?

6. Clean everything on your body that you can without arousing attention.



Desperately Boring Situation #3

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION #2: Wife's Pregnancy

CONDITIONS

Six to eight months of unbearable home life with little chance for sex, and then of very low grade. Must stay near home. Intense guilt feelings accompany acts of perversity or immorality. Wife dominates TV, film choice, menu, and everything else. Must stay sober in case of emergency.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. High-speed station wagon rides (within two miles of home).
2. Develop large, impressive, but secret collection of filthy books and films.
3. Clean out everything that you can clean out.
4. Masturbate in unusual places.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION #3: Waiting for Doctor in Examination Room

CONDITIONS

Average ten to twenty minute wait. Naked, worried, nothing to read, cold. No decoration, nowhere comfortable to sit.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Do a nude interpretive dance. Slip on shoes, do tap dance.
2. Lay down on the table and put your legs up in the gynecology stirrups.
3. Weigh all of the equipment in the room by standing on the scale, then deducting your weight from the total.
4. Unroll the disposable paper table covering and write a risqué message for the nurse who cleans up the exam room. Roll it back up.
5. Take the top off the waste container and see what kind of trash a doctor has.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION #4: Post-Intercourse Snuggling Period

CONDITIONS

Must lay on back with woman's head on chest. Arm falls asleep. No interest in women or sex. Would rather be riding motorcycle or playing softball with fellas. Can last from fifteen to thirty minutes or possibly all afternoon or night. Failure to last through period will jeopardize future sexual activity with that party.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Connect fly specks on the ceiling with invisible lines and see what shapes they make.
2. Try to remember your college grades.
3. Practice your foreign dialects as you answer romantic questions.
4. Play tunes by blowing air through your nostrils.
5. Floss your teeth with a pubic hair.

CHAPTER 3

A Woman's Guide to Self-Amusement

Although women are a major source of the world's boredom (insisting, as they do, on a regular annual income and attendance at church, school, and

dinner), they themselves are seldom bored. They seem perfectly content in situations that would reduce a male or a child to tears and yelps. A woman can spend eight hours at the beauty parlor and two additional hours fooling with her makeup, talk on the phone about nothing for six hours, follow four soap operas, shop all afternoon for something no one wants, and then complain of having "too much to do." However, there are two situations that bore even women.



Desperately Boring Situation #2

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION #1: Ironing

CONDITIONS

Hot, sweaty, repetitious, tiring, dumb.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Think about sex.

DESPERATELY BORING SITUATION #2: Sex

CONDITIONS

Hot, sweaty, repetitious, tiring, dumb.

ENTERTAINMENT

1. Think about ironing. □

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Of course, the RS2004 has plenty of power and low distortion: 45 watts min. RMS per channel at 8 ohms, 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

The first practical way to record.

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Now you can really enjoy creating your own music library from FM broadcasts or record albums. The editing is done while recording . . . without jumping up every few minutes to eliminate commercials or to skip an unwanted album track. A remote control transmitter instantly stops and starts the tape from up to 20 feet away as you relax and listen.

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NOVELIZATIONS

continued from page 53

Excerpt from

THE ANGEL CAME FROM ROMANIA

A suspense novel based on the Olympic gymnastics performance of Nadia Comaneci

Chapter 6: The Balance Beam


Then it was her turn, and the crowd became excited. Would this child once again attain perfection? Would Nadia Comaneci score another perfect ten?

She mounted and stood with arms outstretched in a preliminary position. Her short brown hair was tied back in a rubberband. The P.A. played "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Then she stepped twice, and flipped backwards in a full somersault onto her hands! It was amazing! Then she opened her legs—while still standing on her hands!—into a scissors kick, and, at the same time, pushed off from the beam and fell over backwards until her legs straddled the beam like a horse. Beautiful! The crowd applauded like mad.

She lifted her legs up onto the beam as though she were sitting on the floor with her legs out. From that position, looking extremely cute and pert, she placed her hands behind her back on the beam and rolled backwards onto them, lifting herself up into a vertical stand *only to bend back over until she was into a full back arch with feet flat on the beam and her spine curved in an absolutely incredible display of flexibility!* And she was so pretty and innocent-looking! "The Blue Danube" kept playing, and by this time she was so stupendously amazing in her gymnastic stunts that you didn't know if she was a human being or an angel from heaven or if the Blue Danube was in Romania or what.

Then she did some fancy stepping along the beam in time to the music, wiggling her little behind in that terrific way that she had. And then she suddenly stopped and did a cartwheel back along the beam! And ended standing up on one foot! With arms extended! Wonderful! And then! She tiptoed along the beam *en pointe* like a little ballerina! Stopped! Stood on one toe! Other leg out! Arms out! Head

raised! The crowd cheered like crazy.

She lowered into a standing position and did a back flip onto her hands. Then down onto her stomach. Then she let her legs straddle the beam, swung them down and then up, and then *threw them over her head so that her feet lay flat on the beam and her body was shaped like this:* ! She stood up! Cartwheeled to the end of the beam! Did a double somersault in midair! And landed on her feet, head up, arms extended in that *ta-da!* stance of hers, and everybody went nuts and stood up and cheered for five solid minutes. She was fantastic.

But would she get a ten?

E.W.

Excerpt from

SIXTY MINUTES TO ECSTASY

A novel of passion and desire based on the television quiz show, "The Price Is Right"

Chapter 6: "The Bids Are In"

Her golden hair cascaded onto her bare shoulders and glistened in the light, as did her eyes, which were transfixed on me as I followed her every move. Somewhere, somehow, somebody said, "The Norelco Dial-a-Brew!"

Her slender hand brushed over her firm and supple breasts as she laid it to rest on the rim of the coffee mug. She wrapped her fingers around the porcelain handle of the mug and lifted it to her moistened lips, ever so carefully, so as not to spill a drop on her milky white thighs. Her mouth kissed the rim as she sipped. A drop of coffee dribbled down the side of her chin, but she wiped it away with a suggestive flick of her tongue.

And then she was gone.

My trance was shattered by the booming voice of the master of ceremonies, who thrust a microphone into my face and said, "All right, Martin, our assistant principal from Sandusky, Ohio! Give us your bid on the automatic coffee maker!"

Damn it! All those times Phyllis had pleaded with me to go shopping with her and I had begged off with some flimsy excuse. NCAA football and my H.O. train models were more important than spending my Saturday afternoons with my wife, strolling the local shopping centers. How many

continued on page 86

SCORE!!!



So, you've always wanted to be a member of baseball's most exciting team.

The National Lampoon Black Sox!

Well, here's your chance.

All you have to do is purchase one of these great, three-quarter-sleeved ball shirts with the team name blazing from its face, and you automatically become a member of the team.

Pick your own position—first, second, third, short, fourth—anything ■ Choose your own place in the lineup ■ Steal when you want to steal ■ Hit whom-

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.

You can buy the shirt—or nine of them—for \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

JOIN THE TEAM!

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NOVELIZATIONS

continued from page 84

times had Phyllis priced an automatic coffee maker? Surely she knew how much it cost. She was probably snickering in her seat while I paid for my feeble alibis in front of forty million people on national television.

The audience began to yell out prices, but I couldn't hear them. I turned to look for Phyllis, but the television lights blinded me.

My mind began to race like the pace car at the Indy 500. Did the retail price include the coffee? What about the supply of filters? And the mug, that she had caressed moments before, was that included? Why hadn't I ever set foot into a J.C. Penney?!

"Eighty-nine ninety-five," I blurted out. At first I felt relieved as the M.C. moved to the next contestant, but this was quickly dispelled by the groans from the audience.

All the bids were in. The M.C. pulled out the envelope. It seemed like an eternity as he broke the seal and snapped it open in a professional manner, as he had done thousands of times before.

I closed my eyes and felt every muscle in my body tense.

"The actual retail price of the coffee maker is...\$45.00! Wilma, you're our winner!" Some bastard played a fanfare on the organ.

My body went limp. Wilma, a rather large Negro woman, bounded up the stairs onto the stage. Lights flashed, the M.C. grinned, the audience cheered. How could I face Phyllis? How could I face myself?

But it was far from over. Because suddenly, as though to taunt me, the curtains parted. There was a car. The woman from before—the bitch!—was opening its doors and displaying it with a flourish as her eyes silently mocked me. Somewhere, somehow, somebody screamed. "This! Fully-equipped! Datsun B-210!"

And it started all over again.

S.K.

tried to keep his composure, but couldn't help feeling everyone's eyes upon him. His fingers drummed out a nervous tattoo on the counter as all the blood in his body rushed to his face, turning it the color of the inside of his half-eaten, extra rare cheeseburger deluxe.

"Hey, butterfingers!"

"Uh-oh! Somebody's gonna get it now!"

"People like that shouldn't eat in public!"

"Excuse me, waitress. I ordered French fries, not onion rings."

Each remark bounced inside his skull like a Superball in a tile bathroom, a sensation he hadn't felt since Berkeley, 1968. The marches, the demonstrations, the muffled crunch of the cop's billy club as it crashed into his cranium, leaving him with a steel plate and a stutter as a souvenir of that turbulent decade.

Howard remembered watching the blood ooze through his fingers, splattering on his bare feet. "Funny," he had thought, "the blood has the consistency of cola syrup." And now he sat at the counter of Rosie's Diner, staring at the cola syrup oozing over the edge of the counter, splattering his suede Earth Shoes. "I guess I've come full circle now," he chuckled to himself.

"Next time, why don't you wear a bib?"

Howard didn't have to look up to know who had spoken. He had heard that line hundreds of times, whenever someone had spilled a drink.

"H-H-H-Hello, Rosie."

"Whaddya say, kid? You really made a mess of things this time."

Ah, Rosie, sweet Rosie. Her eyes danced as she sized up the mess on the counter.

"Looks like a job for Bounty!"

Howard was puzzled. Bounty? Surely Rosie must be kidding. The only paper towel that could soak up that stain was Viva. Maybe Scot Towels, if you folded them over twice to take advantage of their two-ply thickness. But Bounty?

"Rosie, I think you've been sp-sp-spending too much time with your he-he-head in the freezer. Ha-ha, ha-ha."

"What are you, a comedian? Can the wisecracks, kid. Bounty's the quicker picker-upper and I'll prove it to you!"

For a brief moment Howard's mind drifted back to Berkeley, to the days when he was still a whole person.

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Excerpt from

ROSIE CLEANS UP

A novel of the sixties based on a paper towel commercial.

Chapter 11

The sound of shattered glass startled everyone in the diner. Howard

And to Ramona, her olive skin as smooth as toilet tissue....

Rosie placed two glasses on the counter, both half filled with grape juice. She stuffed a piece of Bounty in one glass, Viva in the other.

"Okay, your brand here, Bounty here. Look how much more Bounty soaks up! Over 50 percent more!"

Howard was speechless. The Bounty towel had soaked up more than the Viva towel. To add insult to injury, Rosie turned over the Bounty glass, and not one drop spilled onto the counter.

But those years at Berkeley had not been for nothing. Ramona had taught him to be careful in dealing with authority. The power structure will go to any length to crush the opposition. Use your brain. Size up your opponent. Think, then strike. They can be beaten.

Howard looked Rosie straight in the eye. He thought for a moment, and then, choosing his words carefully, he spoke:

"Sure Bounty can soak up stains. But is it strong?"

For the first time since that awful day at Berkeley, Howard had lost his stutter.

S.K.

Excerpt from

LOVE'S SEARING GRIDDLE

A romantic novel of selfless love based on the McDonalds hamburger fast food franchise chain.

Chapter 49

Charlotte Thompson's breath-taking auburn tresses yearned to break free of their hatlike confine, but Charlotte knew they mustn't. Health Department regulations forbade it, and Mr. Sneerson, her boss, would berate her. Sighing, she picked up her pencil and said, "Can I help you?" Then, in spite of herself, Charlotte gasped.

Her next customer was none other than darkly handsome, severely brooding, muscularly physically fit Derek Stone! And he was gazing straight at her!

"What have you got?" he asked, a twinkle in his steel-blue eyes.

"Why, er, that is," Charlotte began. Then she caught herself, and her training and experience took over.

"The Big Mac is quite popular," she

exclaimed.

Derek's eyes softened. "What's that?" he inquired gently.

"Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, and onions on a sesame seed bun," Charlotte replied gaily.

"I see," he remarked, and Charlotte felt her heart beat wildly in her creamy breast. Would he take her suggestion? "I don't really care for special sauce," he commented. "What else is there?"

Charlotte felt a sudden pang of dismay. Because to reject special sauce was to reject the Big Mac entire, and to reject the Big Mac was to reject her! Then he *did* have someone else. Hope was dead. There was nothing more to do but tell him everything, and trust he would be kind.

"Hamburger," she offered numbly. "Cheeseburger. Double hamburger. Double cheeseburger. Large French fries. Small French fries. Fish sandwich. Quarter pounder. Quarter pounder with cheese. Chocolate shake. Strawberry—"

"Wait a moment. Did you say quarter pounder with cheese?" Derek's eyes were suddenly remote on his cruelly handsome face.

"I...why, yes. Is there something wrong?" Charlotte queried.

"Damn," he muttered, a scowl passing over his features. Suddenly she was fearful, frightened. Frightened of this man, of his disapproval of her menu, of everything.

"My ex-wife used to eat quarter pounders with cheese," he said to no one.

"I...I'm sorry," Charlotte said sympathetically.

"Look, Miss, I'm afraid I'd better not eat a hamburger of any kind. You've been very helpful. Thank you," Derek said, turning to leave.

No! cried out Charlotte's soul. Was there no hope for her? Could he not forget his ex-wife? Must a quarter pounder with cheese stand between them and a life of happiness? What if she had worked at Arthur Treacher's? Everything would be different then, wouldn't it? It was so monstrously unfair!

Suddenly Charlotte realized her one chance. Her heart in her throat, her palms damp with anxiety, she said, desperately, "Sir?"

"Yes?" he said, turning back to face her.

"Couldn't you—I mean, we do have the Egg McMuffin."

The earth ceased in its orbit. Time

continued on page 96



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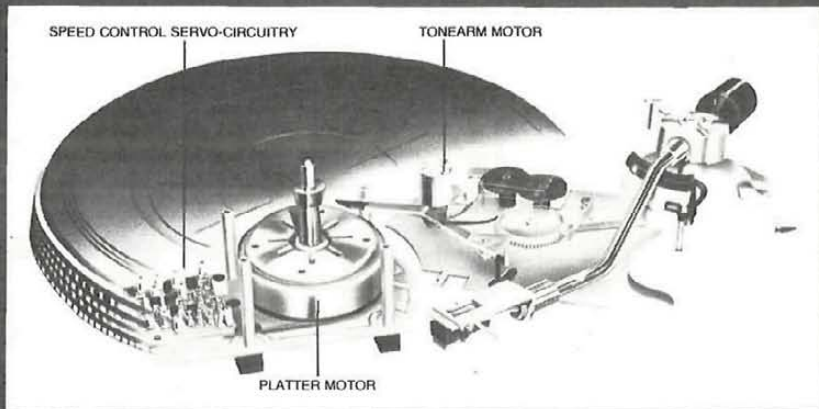
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The arm. The TP1030's low mass tonearm says "precision" from its rugged, light-alloy headshell to the micrometer-adjustable stylus force gauge. We counterbalanced it laterally, as well as vertically. The counterweight is heavier, and located closer to the pivot to reduce rotational inertia. The arm, with its anti-skating mechanism, rides in a bearing assembly that's virtually frictionless to provide superior tracking response.

The muscle. Most automatic turntables use a complicated linkage of gears, cams, and levers that "steal" power from the platter in order to operate the tonearm mechanism. While this arrangement works, it's far from ideal. So we gave the TP1030 a separate little DC motor and precision gear train just to operate the tonearm. No linkages to add friction or mass to the tonearm assembly. No slurring of sound when you reject a record as the shock load of the arm

mechanism hits the drive motor. Instead the tonearm is picked up, positioned, and set down more gently than you've ever seen.

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course, the TP1030 offers electronic speed change with a built-in strobe and independently adjustable pitch on 33 and 45 rpm. Plus programmable operation that lets you choose automatic play of a single record, or automatic continuous repeat. Add other nice touches like complete LED status indication, a built-in stylus examination mirror, a base of real wood, and dust cover, and you might think this sophisticated turntable is out of your reach.

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TP1030



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● Although incarcerated felons are denied certain rights, such as voting and privacy, they may bring lawsuits against those who violate what rights they retain.

A murderer being held in the Wyoming State Prison is suing the warden on grounds the latter refused to allow him to buy a rubber dummy of a naked woman. The prisoner intended to use it as an altar in services for the Church of Satan. *UPI* (contributed by Scott Campbell)

● Victorious Republican candidates at a conference for winners of Texas primaries were handed a list of psychological do's and don'ts to aid them in their battle against Democratic opponents. Willie Nelson, Yoga, and vasectomies were identified as "left wing," with the implication that references to them should be avoided. On the other side, jogging, Waylon Jennings, and tubal ligations were categorized as "right wing" and thus acceptable.

The list was taken directly from the February, 1978 "Fascism" issue of the *National Lampoon*. *Houston Post*.

● Sixty-five-year-old Minnie Brown, suffering from a seriously enlarged heart, decided to seek the help of the Reverend Ernest Angley's "miracle and healing" crusade after all courses of medical treatment had failed. Shortly after Angley summoned persons with heart ailments to join him in prayer on stage, Minnie collapsed. Other members of the faithful moved to examine her, but an usher commanded emphatically, "Leave her alone; she's in the spirit. She'll be up in five minutes." During the twenty minutes she lay sprawled on

the floor, Angley instructed everyone to hold hands and say a special prayer for "the lady in the back of the auditorium," after which it was determined Minnie Brown was dead.

Rev. Angley later commented, "Church is a wonderful place to go to heaven from. People die in hospitals and homes and nothing is said about it." *The Observer* (contributed by Ryan E. Ramsey)

● Thirty-three-year-old computer programmer Bob Gibson entered his place of employment with a Thompson submachine gun, shot

out a number of doors and windows, and held seven persons hostage for thirteen hours. During negotiations with the FBI, Gibson revealed he had taken the action because fellow workers used more than one parking space. He also objected to empty beer bottles littered in the parking area, and young people revving their motorcycles so as to interfere with his sleep. Agents ultimately convinced the man "tomorrow is another day" and that "he has some power over his destiny," and upon Gibson's surrender, provided him with a destiny in the form of an arrest on six counts of armed

confinement and one count of attempted murder. *New York Daily News*

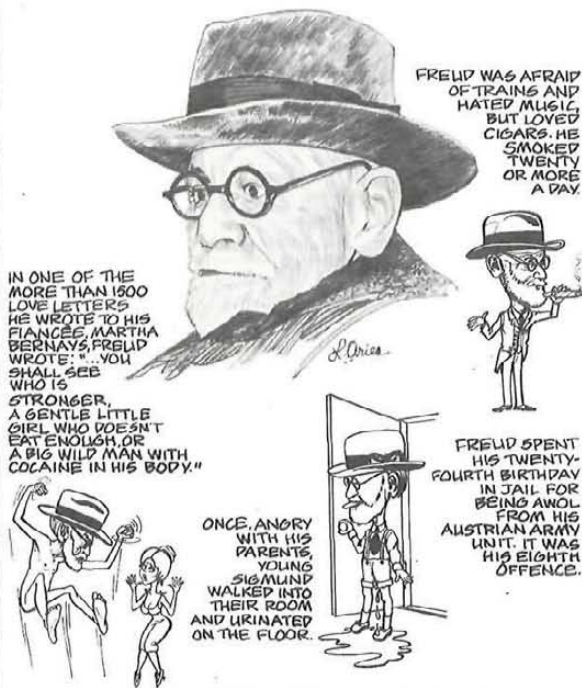
● Princess Caroline of Monaco's new husband, "financier" Philippe Junot, was at one time employed as a restaurant manager by the Foodmaker Corporation. Foodmaker, which owed Jack-in-the-Box drive-through restaurants, was forced to fire Junot after he ran up a \$600 Jack-in-the-Box-to-Paris phone bill talking to his girl friend. *New York Post*

● Oklahoma State Representative Cleta Deatherage introduced a bill that would require men to obtain written consent from women prior to sexual intercourse. The consent form, patterned after paperwork intended to warn abortion patients of possible complications, would advise a female that she might become pregnant, and that childbirth may be hazardous to her health. However, the manner in which the signatures were to be solicited, length of time the signatories were permitted to carry out the act, whether or not the form must be notarized, and whether or not the form must be read aloud in the native language of the consentor was unclear. *UPI*

● A Dallas teen-ager, Lucinda Stout, was convicted of first degree murder after stabbing her mother in the back with a butcher knife while the latter emptied the garbage. When Lucinda's father attempted to help his wife, the young girl got a gun from the house and shot him. She stated that her motive was to inherit the family car. *AP* (contributed by Patrick J. Wibbenmeyer)

• LIVES OF THE GREAT • THIS MONTH: SIGMUND FREUD (1856-1939)

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T**Bullshit**

"Dogs are a humanizing influence in the city, and they are actually more needed here in the city than in the country because of the emotional isolation."

—David Follansbee ("an authority on Brittany spaniels") as quoted by R.V. Denenberg in "Dogs are Going to the Law," *New York*, July 24, 1978.

BULLSHIT ARTICLE OF THE MONTH

by Ellis Weiner

Big month for dogs. See quote re "humanizing influence" above. See, too, Eleanor Perry's "Hail and Farewell: An Epitaph for Lulu," in the June 28, 1978, edition of the *New York Times*. Starts out with Listen-I-know-what-you're-all-thinking disclaimer: "The risk, of course, is to appear sentimental. But why? Because she was only a dog? 'Only a dog,' as some people say. Does one measure out feelings according to species?"

Gets better. Whole piece in second person: "I never closed a door on you in your life." Shades of Hemingway: "We had often been rejected by taxi drivers when you were young and beautiful and impeccably groomed." (Bullshit's memo to self: title for autobiography, *Young and Beautiful and Impeccably Groomed*.)

As in play, so in work: "You were typecast in a film I wrote and played yourself, a standard poodle with a tail like a black chrysanthemum. Like any leading lady you got your key-light and your close-ups." Perry tough-but-tender, too: "We had our routines: my Scotch, your milk before sleeping, breakfast toast together on my bed."

And: "It was all right. With the help of drugs and painkillers we could live with all of that. It was the blood we finally couldn't live with."

Lulu too old. Perry puts her to sleep. Vet administers

R

hypo, dog struggles. Do not go gently, etc." "She's a very large dog," the young doctor said. "She's fighting it! *Fighting it?* My God, then she knows! She doesn't want to die!"

Then, inevitably, "I wanted it to be over. I wanted to stop pretending I was not the killer I was." (Second memo to self: alternative title for autobiography—*The Killer I Was*.)

Finally, "Goodbye, sweet girl." Bullshit appends, "Flights of angels, etc., etc." Perry: "But I was the one who gave you death, Lulu. Is there such a thing as a good death?"

Bullshit makes deadline once again with this splendid bit of nonsense. Bravo, all hands—Lulu, Perry, the *New York Times*—and let us dwell on this thought problem for the weekend: if dogs are a humanizing influence, does this piece not prove that humans—Perry, e.g.—can be caninizing influences? Or do we mean "cannonizing"? Anyway you slice it, friends, it's—ta da!—bullshit.

U**Spoilers**

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

MOVIES

Foul Play: Goldie Hawn is a librarian who has accidentally become the target of a bizarre gang of assassins. Chevy Chase is the detective who ultimately saves her life by shooting the killers, who were moments away from assassinating the Pope. The two fall in love.

Heaven Can Wait: Warren Beatty, plucked untimely from the jaws of death by an overeager heavenly helper, returns to earth only to discover that his body has been cremated. He is temporarily installed in a millionaire's body, in which he intends to continue his football career and quarterback the Super Bowl. The millionaire, however, is murdered by his wife and her lover; Beatty gets another body—an actual quarterback this time—and also ends up getting both Julie Christie and the Super Bowl victory he has always dreamed of.

E**BOOKS**

Picture Palace by Paul Theroux: Maude Coffin Pratt is an elderly woman looking back on her life as one of photography's great pioneers. She turns out to have been desperately in love with her brother, who was himself desperately in love with their sister. It was Maude's picture of her two siblings in naked embrace, left by Maude where they would find it, which caused them to commit suicide. The trauma of catching them together also caused Maude to go blind for many years, and to block the memory of the event.

Mortal Friends by James Carroll: Colman Brady is an Irish landowner who becomes involved in the Rebellion and has to flee to the United States. As a newcomer to Boston, he is soon swept up in the world of Business and Politics, but becomes a victim of his own success when he causes the death of his son at the hands of the Mafia.

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
Bullshit by Ellis Weiner
Spoilers by Danny Abelson
Lives by Bradley Razook
 Research: Betsy Aaron and Elise Cagan
 Art: Alison Antonoff
 Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyons, Bill Mosely, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard

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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

**They Call Her "Sister Vegetable"**

This feature photograph and headline appeared in a newspaper distributed to persons who own power tillers. The True Section editor cannot state with any certainty who "they" are. Troy-Bilt Owner News (contributed by Dr. Robert Prener, Long Island University)

These advertisements appeared in Time and Newsweek between 1942 and 1955, when life was simple and humans with bear heads had impact, because everyone knew bears don't actually wear coats and ties.

"No lips but yours shall ever touch mine"

"All of us Dixie Cups are proud of our family tradition. We're true to one person... and one only.

"Take me, for instance. I work in a war plant, and I never pass colds or infections along. I was meant for just one; no other lips shall ever touch mine.

"It's the same with all my millions of twin sisters who are serving our armed forces. They know that Uncle Sam counts on us Dixie Cups to guard the health of our fighters, on duty... or on leave.

"Share our kisses? Not while we bear the name Dixie. And that's a promise we'll always be true to... not only while America is at war, but in the happier years to come."

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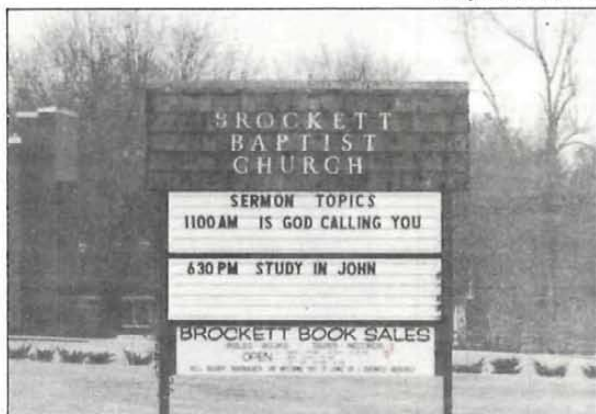
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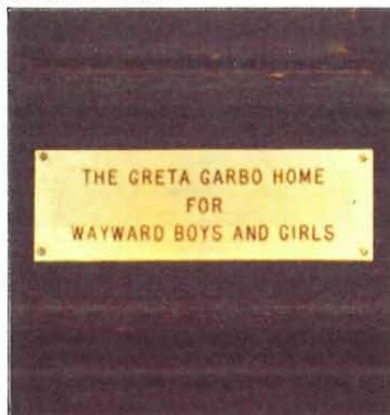
Carl Buehler, Schenectady, N.Y.



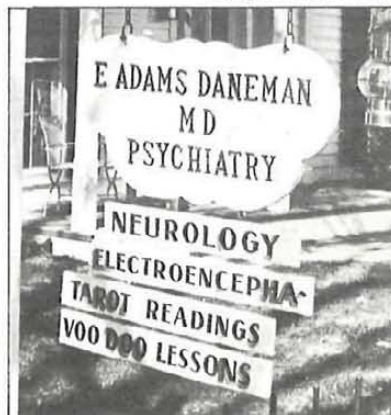
Anonymous, Lincoln, Neb.



John Zablocki, Warren, Mich.



Ben Santora, New York, N.Y.

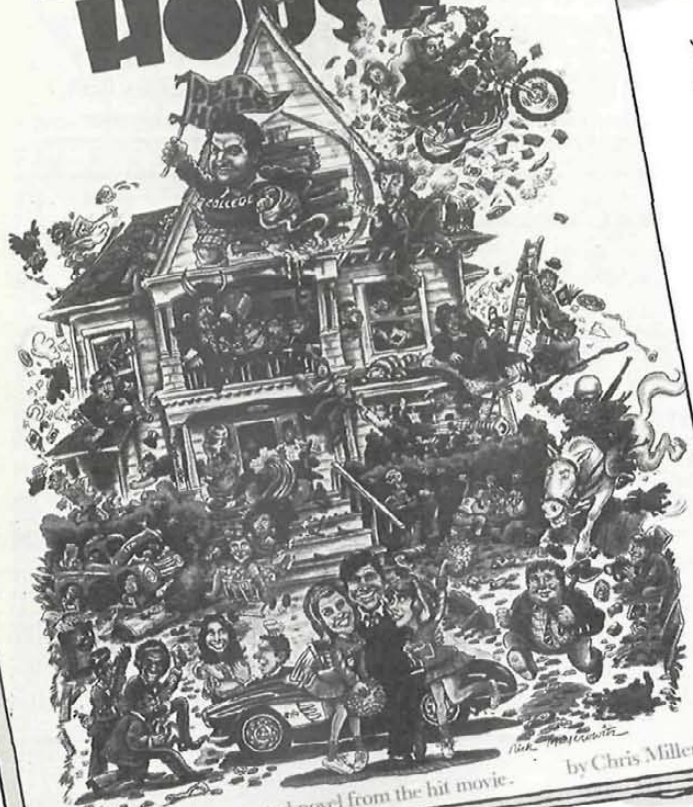


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CRIB SHEETS.

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Here are some sample exam questions:

• Bluto (John Belushi) lives by the slogan, "Don't _____ with eagles unless you know how to _____."

• Jennings (Donald Sutherland) assures Pinto (Thomas Hulce) that the universe is _____.

• Otter (Tim Matheson) undresses a total of _____ women during the fall semester.

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PORTER AND BETH

continued from page 55

Beth suggests he go indoors, lie down, and take a Valium. As soon as he is gone, Sullivan appears. He has returned to apologize to Beth and ask her to come back to him. She turns him down, but when he tells her that he's just been made a partner at a major law firm, her resolve begins to crumble. He presses his advantage:

SULLIVAN: And that's not all, dearest. I've bought a brand-new Peugeot 504, a \$100,000 house in Brookline, and a summer cottage on the Cape.

BETH: [Suddenly alert]: Which cape?

SULLIVAN: Cape Ann.

BETH: Rockport or Annisquam?

SULLIVAN: Rockport.

BETH: [Somewhat upset]: Oh God. Do you know that we summered there in '55 when Daddy had his heart attack? I just adore it there! Oh God!

Swept off her feet, Beth leaves with Sullivan. Meanwhile, Metropolitan Life, a bloody Mary in his hand, steps up on a chair beside the pool and calls for everyone's attention. He sings a heretical song entitled, "It's Only True Up to a Point," in which he warns his neighbors not to believe everything they read in *Forbes* and *Business Week*. His listeners cover their ears and rush indoors.

Curtain.

ACT II

A week goes by and Beth returns. She and Sullivan simply couldn't get along, and so she has come back to Porter. All is well again until Porter's brother-in-law is detained by the Westport police for passing a stopped school bus. Porter is supposed to go down to the station house to bail him out, but coping with this unfamiliar, threatening situation proves too much for him. He has a nervous breakdown and collapses by the barbecue pit. Sullivan enters with a separation agreement requiring Beth's signature. He sneers at Porter's weakness and departs to post the bail bond personally. As soon as he is gone, Beth remembers that Sullivan has a half a dozen Westport parking tickets still outstanding. The police will almost certainly arrest him, she suggests, and Shad Roe will at last be free of his annoying presence. Everyone is thrilled, but the excitement is short-lived as Sullivan returns to ask Alexis if she'll move her car so he can get out of the driveway. Porter stumbles to his feet and angrily shoves Sullivan in

the pool. Sullivan pulls Porter after him. Both men get pneumonia, go to the hospital, and Sullivan dies.

Gradually, things quiet down and life at Shad Roe settles back into a calm, relaxed routine. One evening, while Porter is still hospitalized, Beth sits down by the pool and sips a Daiquiri. Metropolitan Life approaches her:

METROPOLITAN LIFE: Gee, Beth, I hate to see you all alone like this. How 'bout some company?

BETH: [Frostily]: No, thank you.

METROPOLITAN LIFE: Come on Beth. Poor Porter's going to be in Stamford General for a week at least. Suppose we have a little fun.

BETH: Like what?

METROPOLITAN LIFE: [Pouring her another Daiquiri, a triple]: That's the question. Now, let's see... I've got it! [He sings]:

There's a plane that's leaving
Tuesday for Las Vegas
Let's book seats, we'll have a
swell time, sweetheart
We can drink and smoke and
gamble in Las Vegas
Having fun's no crime,
sweetheart
We'll rent a suite at the Sahara
We'll have all our breakfasts sent
in
We'll see Tom Jones and Joan
Rivers
We'll see Joan Rivers
We'll wreck our livers
With bourbon and gin
There's a plane that's leaving
Tuesday for Las Vegas
Let's book seats, we'll have a
swell time, sweetheart
We'll have a swell time!

Beth drains her fourth Daiquiri, throws the glass into the barbecue, and exits with Metropolitan Life. Word of her departure quickly spreads through Shad Roe, and the neighbors cluck their tongues and shake their heads. Several days pass. Porter returns, learns of Beth's defecation, and begins to have another nervous breakdown. At the last moment, however, he exerts his failing sense of self, reintegrates his ego, and determines to go off to find Beth and bring her back. Calling for his '76 Pinto Hatchback, he exits for the underground garage, supported by an outpouring of moderate goodwill from the residents of Shad Roe. Life returns to normal.

Curtain.

You've seen the movie! You've read the book! Now you can read the shirts!



photograph by Joey Green

What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first *NatLamp* film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with three-quarter length sleeves in blushing crimson to go along with the flaming *N.L.A.H.* logo on the front and the statement on the back that gives you complete license to enjoy yourself: "We're college students *and we* can do anything we want!" And listen, you *don't* have to be college students to wear the shirt. You can be sixteen or sixty, semiliterate or just a dropout or never-went, like the guy who wrote this adv...who cares. We'll sell you anything.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

Or you, you lucky individual you, can buy and wear the *National Lampoon's Animal House* Delta shirt with caricatures of Bluto, Otter, Pinto, the entire "unholy seven" who help make *Animal House* the funniest movie since *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same trimmings. On the back is the brilliantly conceived slogan, "It was the Deltas against the rules—the rules lost!" This slogan received first prize at the American Slogan Contest held only this past July in Boise, Idaho, the slogan capital of America.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$4.95 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for handling. Make sure to indicate color in addition to small, medium, or large.

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If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

JOIN THE HOUSE!

Yes, I would like to join the house. Please send me the T-shirts I have checked below.

Animal House Softball shirt at \$6.00.

Check small medium large

Animal House Delta shirt at \$4.95.

Check small medium large

Indicate orange or beige _____

(Please include 60 cents for postage and handling for each shirt.)

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

.....

NOVELIZATIONS

continued from page 87

itself halted. All the universe paused for a moment as Derek Stone said, "Oh.Hmm.Well,that sounds good.No special sauce on that, is there?"

"Oh, no, sir," Charlotte said.

"All right. I'll have one."

And as Charlotte marked it on the bill and walked—ran!—to fetch an Egg McMuffin, her heart soared within her, for she knew that Derek was hers alone.

E.W.

Excerpt from

PEOPLE IN TROUBLE

Latest in the series of best-selling novels based on People magazine.

Other works in the popular *People* series:

People in Love
People at War
People Go to China
People Meet the Wolfman and Son of Frankenstein

Chapter 3

It ended just as suddenly as it had begun. Traces of coal gas filled the air, and the trapped survivors coughed and rubbed their burning eyes.

Princess Caroline and Halston huddled in a corner. General Alexander Haig spoke softly but firmly, telling everyone to be as quiet as possible and not to move around much. The last thing they needed was another

cave-in.

Ron Kovic, the paraplegic Vietnam vet and author, was having a hard time breathing as chic designer Diane Von Furstenberg, a heavy wooden beam pinning her down, wept quietly. She wondered why she had ever come into this abandoned Pennsylvania coal mine.

On the outside, Jackie O. and Truman Capote (with pal Bianca Jagger) worked hard at rescuing the trapped PEOPLE.

"I am not sweating this much since Cannes!" swarthy Bianca said.

"I'm pooped too, dear, but we must keep working!" Jackie replied.

At that very moment, Norman Mailer, Gene Simmons of Kiss (sans makeup and Cher) and Ryan O'Neal (with favorite girl—perky daughter Tatum) came over the crest of the hill. They had gone into town to get help.

"A whole bunch of people are coming," Ryan said.

"Who?" Bianca asked.

Ryan thought for a moment. "Let's see... Kate Jackson, Dr. Jonas Salk (the polio pioneer), Rock Hudson, O.J. Simpson, Diana Ross, Leonard Bernstein, and a whole lot more!"

Mailer picked up a shovel. "This will be great to use if Vidal shows up. I can really cream the bastard with this baby!"

"Norman, Norman, Norman," Capote chastised. "Stop thinking of your famous feud and start digging. Don't you know who's trapped in there?"

"Grace Kelly's kid and Halston and some others, right?"

Capote was stunned. "Not only them, but Billie Jean King, Richard Pryor, Tommy Smothers (without his

brother), swimmer Diana Nyad, Reggie Jackson (with a white lady companion), and many more!"

They all began to dig. Jackie thought that she would go mad from the hard work. In desperation, she decided to put her mind on something more pleasant. She thought of the party that she had given for writer Tom Wolfe at her ritzy New York address. She remembered how Jann Wenner, retired Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns, Dick Cavett, Saul Bellow, Mick, Eartha Kitt, Yul Brynner, Andy Young, and all of the others enjoyed themselves.

"Hey, we're here to help!"

Jackie awoke from her feverish daydream and turned to find coach George Allen, Henry Kissinger, Yasmin Kahn, Walter Cronkite, Paul McCartney, Farrah, Al Pacino, and others being led over the hill by strongman Arnold Schwarzenegger and Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps.

Diane Keaton rushed over to Capote. "Truman... Warren, how is he? Is he...?"

Keaton and the trapped Warren Beatty were an item. Capote understood.

"Diane, into each life a little..."

He was cut off by the scream of fellow rescuer Pacino. "I can see somebody. I can see somebody!"

Schwarzenegger lifted a huge boulder, allowing Pacino and Chevy Chase to peer into a little hole in the ground. They saw an unconscious figure lying across a rock.

"My God!" Chase screamed. "It's Barry Manilow!"

C.C.

Coming Next Month

In the November *National Lampoon*...

The Body

- What women are doing with and to themselves when they spend, like, three hours in the bathroom.
- How to snort yourself thin with the fabulous new "powdered protein" diet of the rock stars.
- Bust-developing exercises for beautiful girls in the offices that face ours across the street.
- A lot of good jokes about disease and the bloody, slimy, oozing stuff inside you.
- How to tell what women look like under their clothes before you've gone too far and can't back out.
- A finely-wrought, sensitive, and compelling short story about a girl who grows a dork. And has to learn to piss standing up without getting it all over everywhere, etc.
- And, for the highbrows, a parody of William Hogarth's eighteenth century etchings.
- Also: Tits and ass.

The mystique of Monte Alban Mezcal.

For years, there's been a rumor going around that in Mexico you can buy a certain kind of liquor that comes with a worm in every bottle.

That rumor is not only true, it's delicious. The liquor is called Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. And the story behind it is fascinating.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Spanish *conquistadores* had done what they had come to Mexico to do: conquer the New World. And because the Spaniards were running out of their traditional rum, they celebrated with the distilled juice of the *agave* cactus. This they called Mezcal.



Today's Mezcal is an intriguing liquor, being both potent and smooth. Not to mention mellow and downright delicious.

Now comes the best part. Inside every *agave* cactus live tasty little *agave* worms. *Agave* worms are so particular, they're only found in that one species. It



is for this reason that genuine Mezcal, made from the *agave* cactus in Oaxaca province, is bottled with a genuine *agave* worm.

As with other traditions that are hundreds of years old, a certain mystique has been built up around the ritual of consuming Mezcal and its *agave* worm. Most knowledgeable people drink it like tequila; that is, with a lick of salt and a bite of lime. For true tradition, use the mixture of sea-salt and spices in the bag attached to the bottle. The worm is said by some to be the key to wondrous experiences. Others claim it sets free a spirit of celebration.

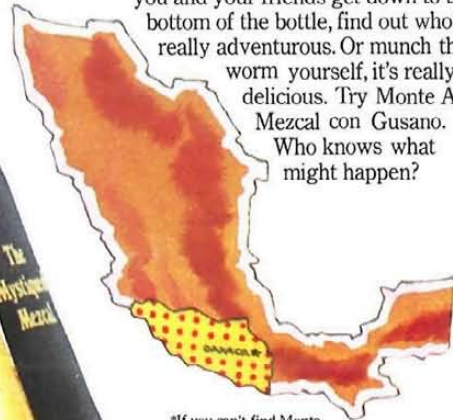
Whatever the truth, we know that *agave* worms are a very popular delicacy in Mexico.

And why should the Mexicans have Mezcal all to themselves? Now, for the first



time, you can buy Mexico's leading brand of Mezcal— Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano—in the United States. Each bottle is genuine Mezcal from the region of Oaxaca. For proof, just look inside the bottle.

Monte Alban Mezcal opens up whole new worlds to conquer. Bring it along to your next party. Enlighten people on its heritage. Demonstrate how to drink it. Make mixed drinks with it, too. And when you and your friends get down to the bottom of the bottle, find out who's really adventurous. Or munch the worm yourself, it's really delicious. Try Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. Who knows what might happen?



*If you can't find Monte Alban at your favorite liquor store please drop a card to Bill Rogers, P.O. Box 1240, Chicago, IL 60601. He'll be glad to help.



Monte Alban. Authentic Mexican Mezcal. The proof is in every bottle.

©1978. Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes, Ltd., New York, New York. Available in the United States in 750 ml. (25.4 oz.) bottles.

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Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar,"
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

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

Extra coolness
gives KOOL
the most refreshing taste
you can get in any cigarette.



Come up to KOOL. America's #1 menthol.

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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg.
"tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



**Under his St. Laurent jacket,
his Cardin tie, his Dior shirt,
Vitas Gerulaitis wears Brut.**

"I wear clothes made by famous designers because they really know fashion. But underneath it all, I wear Brut[®] by Fabergé. Because *they* really know fragrance.

Maybe that's why Brut has been on top since guys wore Bermuda shorts and knee socks. You know, fashions come and go. But Brut—well, some things never go out of style."

Brut by Fabergé. The fragrance designer. ■■

