

Fantasy Issue

NATIONAL

\$1.50

JAN. 1980

LAMP OON

IND 34490



RICH GROTE © 79



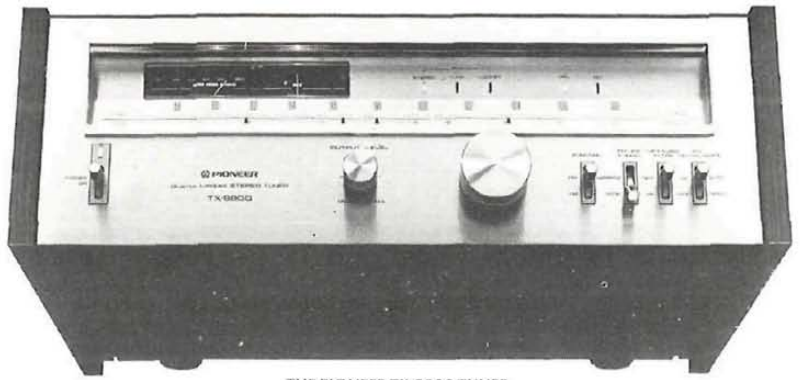
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Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobacco
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PIONEER WINS THE AMP & TUNER BATTLE WITH A TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT.



THE PIONEER TX-9800 TUNER.

At one time the struggle between amplifiers was won by the amp that had the most muscle. And the tuner that brought in the most stations also brought in the most acclaim.

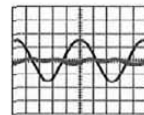
Today, there's one series of amplifiers whose technology has put it in a class by itself. And only one series of tuners that is its match.

They're Pioneer SA-9800 amplifiers. And TX-9800 tuners.

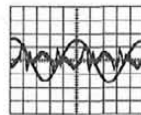
Until Pioneer's SA-9800, you had two choices when selecting an amplifier. Either you paid through the nose for a heat producing Class A amp. Or you paid through the ear for a distortion producing Class B.

Pioneer's SA-9800 offers the efficiency found in the finest Class B amplifiers. With a distortion level found in the finest Class A. An unheard of 0.005% at 10-20,000 hertz.

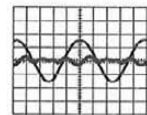
What's more, instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you average readings or LED's that give you limited resolution, the SA-9800 offers a Fluorescan metering system that is so precise and so fast, it instantaneously follows every peak in the power to make sure you're never bothered by overload or clipping distortion.



CLASS A AMPLIFIER.
LEAST DISTORTION
BUT MOST HEAT.



CLASS B AMPLIFIER.
MOST DISTORTION
BUT LESS HEAT.



SA-9800.
LESS DISTORTION, LESS
HEAT, AND MORE POWER.

And while you're certain to find conventional power transistors in most conventional amplifiers, you won't find them in the SA-9800. Instead you'll find R.E.T. transistors that greatly increase frequency response. So instead of getting distortion at high frequencies, you get clean clear sound. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Obviously, it took revolutionary engineering to build Pioneer's new series of amplifiers. But that same technology and skillful engineering also went into Pioneer's new line of tuners.

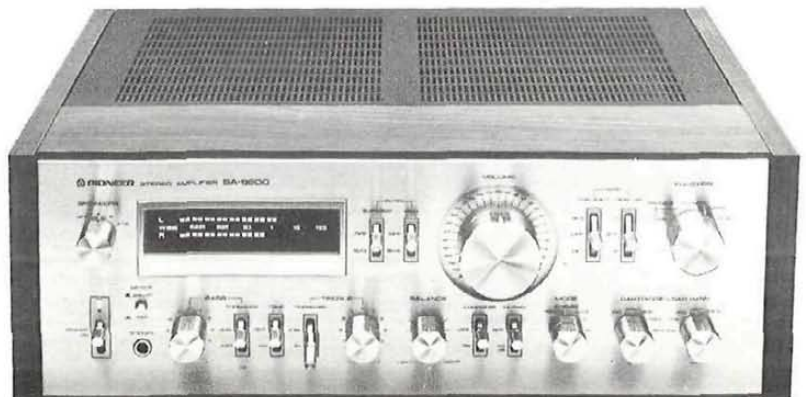
While other tuners offer features that just sound great, every feature in Pioneer's new TX-9800 helps to produce great sound.

Like Pioneer's new Quadrature Discriminator Transformer that helps reduce distortion to 0.05% at 1 KHz and raise signal-to-noise ratio to 83 dB. A specially designed Quartz Sampling Lock Tuning System that automatically locks onto your desired broadcast. And automatically eliminates FM drift. And two band widths for both AM and FM stations.

By now it must be quite obvious, that when it comes to engineering only a few amps and tuners are in Pioneer's class.

But when it comes to value there's **PIONEER** no contest. We bring it back alive.

THE PIONEER SA-9800 AMPLIFIER.



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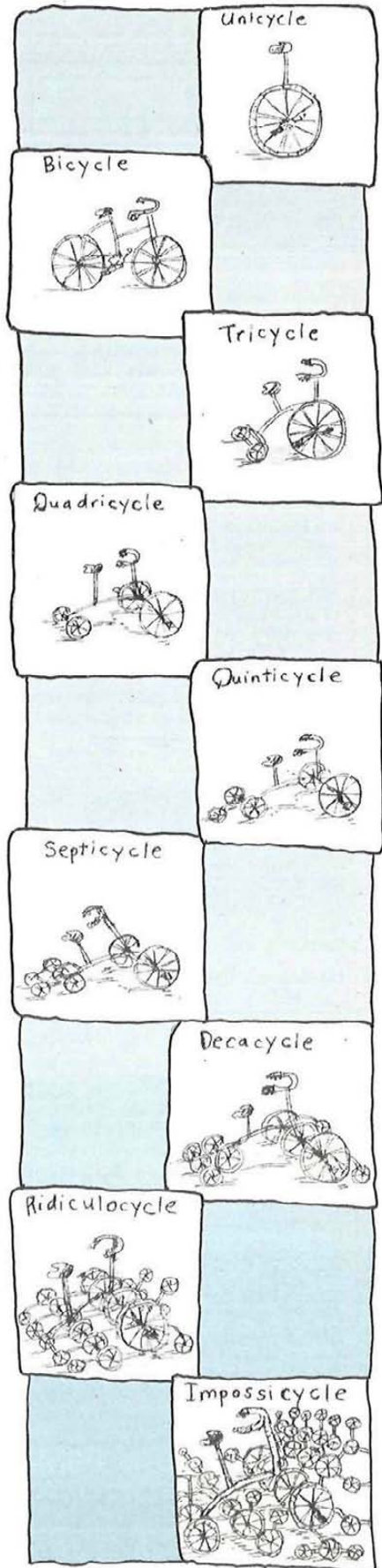
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gently over ice and
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EDITORIAL



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

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.



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Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's



Sirs:

Announcing the first pleasure drug of the 1980s: Dichotomine. For twenty-two hours (roughly twice the length of an acid trip) Dichotomine scrambles the left and right hemispheres of the brain. In effect, the rational and sensual portions of the mind crisscross. Under the influence of Dichotomine, your penis can refute Kant's critique of pure reason while a bank of problem-solving brain cells gets hard and "fucks" the top hole in your spinal column. We'll try to sneak this substance past the Food and Drug Administration if you'll promise not to kill any cops while you're on it. Okay?

Dr. Linus Pauling
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Maybe you can help. Ever since I took up roller skating, I've had difficulty achieving and maintaining an erection. If anyone else has this problem, please let me know.

Dan Jerard
Venice, Cal.

Sirs:

What ho, chaps! We are thousands of obnoxious bully-bully white Rhodesians just waiting for things to get too hot for us so that we can hit the ocean in our boats, just like those little yellow fellows from Vietnam. Oh, we can talk about holding fast here, but we know we'll be thronging to your shores any day now. We're as socially attractive as a bunch of Australians drunk on raw bush wine, and as intellectually advanced as the gang of Dutch farmers that runs South Africa. We like to walk up and down the streets wearing short pants, sub-machine guns, and smiles as winning as that little brown hole in the middle of Margaret Thatcher's backside. We'll be sure to tell you our whining tale of the injustice of it all and then you can all be sorry you never gave us enough money to pack those black

boys back into the peanut shells they grow out of.

Lots of jolly good Rhodesians,
Waiting

Sirs:

Know what causes inflation? I just figured it out. Stamp machines. You know, those little machines in hotel lobbies and places, where you put in a quarter and you get fifteen cents worth of stamps. That's it. Fifteen cents. As soon as the quarter goes into the slot, it loses 40 percent of its value, and that's inflation. Serious inflation. I don't know what they got in those machines that makes it do that, but I aim to find out. There's going to be some hard questions asked, and I want those answers PDQ.

G. William Miller
Treasury Secretary
The White House

Sirs:

Hey! Whatsa matter? How come this Carmine Galante gets the big hole in the head and his picture spread across all the papers? What about me? I smoke the cigars, I walk my dogs, I eat in clam shops, I can tell you where I buy my Italian ice cream, I do every-

Empire's EDR.9 The Phono Cartridge Designed for Today's Audiophile Recordings



Direct-to-Disc and digital recording have added a fantastic new dimension to the listening experience. Greater dynamic range, detail, stereo imaging, lower distortion and increased signal-to-noise ratio are just a few of the phrases used to describe the advantages of these new technologies.

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1. Within the cantilever tube, we added

a mechanical equalizer. It serves two purposes: (1) to cancel the natural resonance of the cantilever tube, and (2) to improve the overall transient response of the cartridge. The end result is a stylus assembly that has a mechanically flat frequency response. The frequency response extends from the 20Hz to 35Hz with a deviation of no more than ± 1.75 dB. No other magnetic cartridge has that kind of performance. We call this stylus assembly an "Inertially Damped Tuned Stylus," the refinement of which took over 6 years.



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2. Conventional cartridges exhibit radical changes in their frequency response when connected to different preamplifiers. This is because the load conditions — the amounts of capacitance and resistance provided by the preamp — vary tremendously from one preamp to another, and from turntable to turntable. Consequently, most phono cartridges, even expensive ones, have their frequency response determined essentially by chance, depending on the system they are connected to.

But the electrical elements of the EDR.9 have been designed to remain unaffected by any normal variations in load capacitance or resistance. Thus, the EDR.9 maintains its smooth frequency response and accurate transient reproduction ability in any music system, irrespective of loading conditions.

3. As a final test of performance, we listen to every EDR.9 to make certain that it sounds as good as it tests. At \$200, the EDR.9 is expensive, but then again, so are your records.

For more detailed information and test reports, write to:

Empire Scientific Corp.
Garden City, NY 11530

EMPIRE

thing you gotta do to act like a crime boss, but I never even get jostled in the streets. What's so special about Galante? I been waiting to get myself blown away ever since they hit Bugsy Siegel, and he was a Jew and that was in Vegas years ago, for Christ's sake. So this is it. Tomorrow I'm gonna sit right at that table in Joe and Mary's restaurant, have the tomato and egg salad just like Galante, take a bite out of the peach, and light up a cigar—and that's when you assholes better start blasting! Please, guys?

Vito "Ditto" Morito
Famous Crime Bosses School
Box 6054, Brooklyn

Sirs:

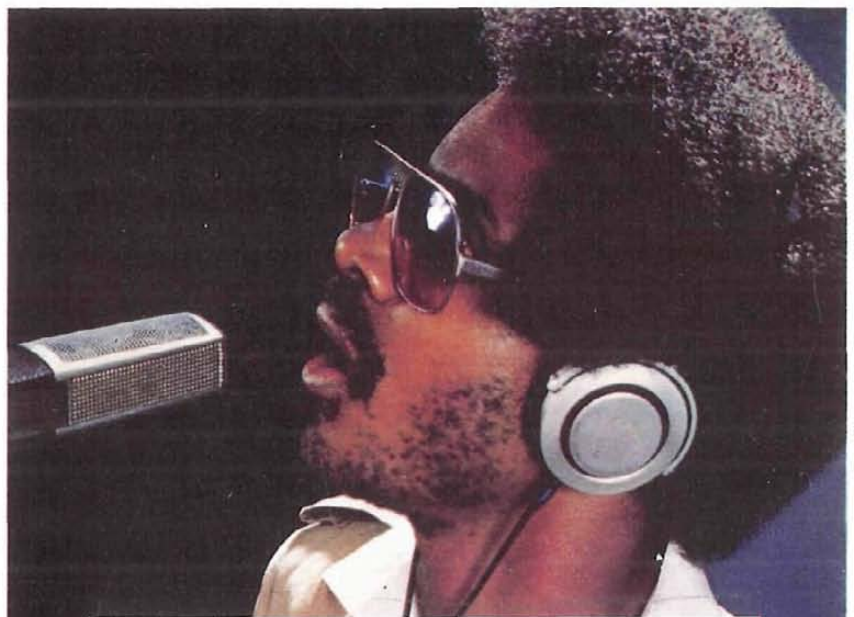
I have just finished reading a book of such greatness that merely to sample one of its pages is to be admitted to the timeless inner sanctum of Genius, a book of such intellectual scope, moral integrity, and literary brilliance that it will stand forever as a monument of the highest human achievement. So great is this book that I have no doubt its merit will be recognized by only a handful of discerning readers. That vast unreasoning beast, the Public, will turn its back on such a work; the critics will scorn it; and the so-called Publishing Industry will cynically assert that it could never "sell." Its author will languish in obscurity. But for that select cabal of us who have read—and are now rereading—*The World According to Garp*, John Irving is as close as we may hope to come to contact with an Immortal.

Edmund "Bunny" Wilson
Oh, wait, I'm dead. Shit. Sorry.

Sirs:

Today is one of those days in California when the Santa Ana blows along the coast and through the canyons. The red wind, Raymond Chandler called it, the hot nervous wind that makes tempers flare and synapses quiver. Children begin to eye their parents with a certain strange edginess. Especially when those parents are both writers who use their child for copy, forcing her name and every detail of her life into the public eye. Especially when those parents are a pair of reactionary neurotic compulsive anal-retentive whining creeps with some kind of silly snobbery about being an "old California family." How the fuck can you be an old California family when California hasn't even been around as long as Kansas? Anyhoo, somebody around here wishes they'd both have

continued on page 33



When music is part of your life...TDK's a part of your music

Stevie Wonder's life revolves around music. Almost two decades of stardom have yielded a lifetime of experiences—reflected in the music through which Stevie Wonder contributes much happiness to our lives.

TDK hopes its quality cassettes also contribute to the richness of life. By faithfully recording music and enabling it to be enjoyed wherever people are listening. A TDK cassette means

quality...precision...reliability. Things that mean a lot at those moments you enjoy your music.

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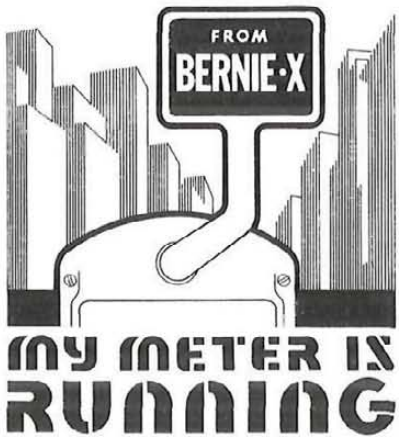
TDK

The Amazing Music Machine

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TIPS AND TALES



...as told to Gerald Sussman

Editor's note: When we last left Bernie, he was captured by Tammy's husband, Duane, after being caught in Tammy's bedroom. Duane beats up Bernie and Tammy, ties them to a pair of chairs, and goes out for a while to get drunk. Tammy confesses to Bernie that Duane works for a gigantic secret organization called the Production Company. The Production Company produces very special projects for very rich people, most of them highly illegal, immoral, and dangerous. It is totally independent of the CIA, the Mafia, or any other successful criminal group. At the moment, Duane is involved in the Production Company's plan to eliminate the entire black population of America.

The more Tammy is telling me about the Production Company, the more I realize I am in a nightmare situation. Here I was, just throwing a fuck to an old girl friend, then all of a sudden it looks like I'm going to be killed. This Duane is no bargain. He's liable to shoot my pee-pee off.

On top of this, Tammy is telling me about the Production Company's big

new project, which is called getting rid of the colored population of this country. What they're doing is putting a lot of the colored girls out of circulation so they can't give birth. It's a weird scheme, but here's how it works.

The Production Company has a team of real slick guys who they call their "job recruiters." These job recruiters rent some very nice office space in various cities in the South. They know exactly where the colored girls live in each city. They call up the girls and tell them they qualify for special new jobs opening up—jobs as telephone saleswomen for a big company opening a branch office in their city. The recruiters convince these poor colored girls that they will get a great job, if they come down to the company's office for an interview. They tell the girls that the work is easy and pays good money. All they need is to have a nice telephone voice and a high-school diploma. They also recruit colored college girls and even young colored housewives, with the promise of making good money by working part-time. They got it covered every way so that they can appeal to all the different girls. How they can tell which people they call are colored and which aren't, I don't know. Neither does Tammy. But the Production Company can do that kind of thing. They have computers. They've got the connections to do anything.

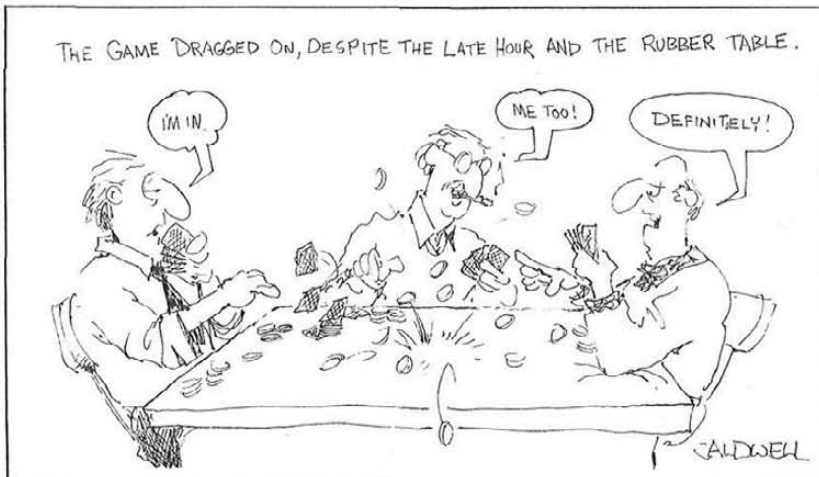
So these colored girls show up at the offices and they're told to fill out applications for the jobs. Now here's the catch. The girls are given pens to use, and these pens have some kind of invisible gas in them that is released through the felt tips. The invisible gas seeps through their skin and goes right into the bloodstream and into the brain. The gas acts like one of those mind-control drugs. By the time the

girls finish writing, the drug has already seeped into their brains. Then the interviewers from the Production Company, who are all called "Mr. Archer," take them one by one into their private offices and talk to them, doing some kind of mind-fucking number on them. The next day the girls get calls from the various Mr. Archers telling them that they are hired and to report to a certain place. The girls go to this place like they've been hypnotized. Then they are never heard from again. No one knows what happens to them. The Production Company contacts the families and makes sure no one tries to find the girls. They got ways of really scaring you. It's very spooky.

Now I was never a great admirer of the shvugie persuasion, but I couldn't sit still and let a whole population get wiped out like that. I don't care about colored guys so much, but colored girls are a different matter. I used to fuck 'em a lot in the old days, the ones that worked in the carpet warehouses in Long Island City, across the bridge from Manhattan. Some of the best fucks I ever got I got from colored girls. Some of the best clap, too, but that's another story.

It seems like Duane is going to be out a while drinking away his dinner, so me and Tammy have to figure out a way to escape and do something. Tammy has her cigarette lighter in her shirt pocket, and she manages to get it out with her teeth. She holds the thing in her mouth and I rub against it until I get it lit. It's the old burning-of-the-ropes routine we used to see in the old movies. So she keeps the lit cigarette lighter in her mouth and manages to work it near my ropes. It's hard for her to burn my ropes without burning me as well, but I can't afford to scream out in pain, or we might get found out. I'm almost ready to faint, but she's trying her best, moving the fucking lighter with her mouth. Finally the rope starts burning real good, until I can feel the fire against my wrists. Tammy blows out the flame at this point and I snap the burnt rope easily. My hands are hurt pretty bad, but I can't stop for medical treatment now, there's too much to do. I untie Tammy and we get the fuck out of the house.

Tammy doesn't give a shit about saving the colored girls, but I do. And I also want to give Duane a little of his own medicine. So I get this great idea that will really fuck the Production Company. I rummage through Duane's private files until I find what I





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Nikon: Official 35mm Camera. 1980 Summer Olympic Games

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REQUIEM FOR A VODKA-WEIGHT

by Ted Mann

It seems to me sometimes that there's nowhere I can go without some guy trying to start an argument with me. Some young punk out to make his reputation, or maybe the brother or mom of some guy I beat years ago, out to even the score. Maybe I'm getting older, maybe I'm getting soft, but I've grown to despise the life. Sure, I still leave them speechless and sputtering at the table or the bar, but more and more often I find myself wishing it didn't have to be this way.

Sometimes when I'm alone, the men I've out-argued come back to haunt me. Sure, there's always people around to tell me that I didn't start no arguments. If I want them to tell me. Maybe I didn't start no arguments. Not deliberately. I never backed away from any, neither, though, and maybe I should have. Maybe I should have realized that when some guy is all liquored up and talking big to his

friends about Bill Jennings Bryan and the silver standard, he doesn't want to be corrected with regard to the name of the then incumbent president.

When I was younger, I figured right was right and wrong was wrong. I didn't care that I could walk away and some poor guy would be left behind, afraid to meet the gaze of companions, mouth feeling like it was full of duck down.

Hell, I guess it was like I figured I'd never get slow. I'd never know what it was to be wrongheaded, perverse, or incautiously expansive. Now I know. Now maybe it's too late. Maybe it sounds like the grumbling of every fading saloon or barroom know-it-all who ever scratched up a winning streak; I wish I could walk away from the reputation.

I wish I could talk to the young guys and the women just starting out. I won't say there wasn't glory in it. That there wasn't times when I left a table of cocksure pundits behind me silent as the moss growing on the grave of their arguments, collective and several. I won't say that it didn't feel good catching this one on a misconstrued Latin verb or nailing the other on a faultily attributed quotation. It felt damn good.

Somehow, though, it never makes up for the loneliness. When you can feel even your best friends watching you move through a syllogism and you can practically see the scorecards being held up behind their eyes almost before you can spit out the QED. When you can see hope gleam in a swirl of eyes that a stutter will become a fallacy or that a moment of hesitation has telegraphed an approaching and inevitable tautology. You dream at night, when you are not lying awake, of a sudden argument boiling up in a haze of smoke and booze. On your right an expert in French-colonial relations, on your left an archaeologist specializing in island civilizations. Across from you a slow-moving, well-tanned woman smoking cheap, bitter cigars with plastic tips. You suspect she is a "sleeper," imagine a slight accent suggesting she has lived for many years in Peking.

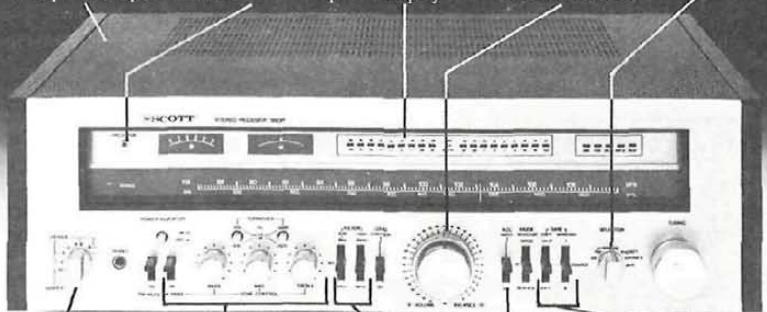
Then, as your sense of déjà vu snowballs, the French-colonial expert and the island archaeologist begin casually discussing the refuse middens on Saint Pierre and Miquelon and you realize you've been set up! You begin to talk about French soft drinks in the forties and the likelihood of their wartime appearance in Saint Pierre and Miquelon, when a cloud of acrid smoke from the woman's cigar hits you in the face and you feel like you're standing on a ball of mercury attempting to juggle a handful of cold consommé, a gecko, and a hexagonal paperweight, transparent, within which you catch distracting glimpses of a woman having sex in a snowstorm. The woman across from you. Your hands fly faster and faster through the air, but it is impossible, and you wake up, four claws dug into the ceiling and all your fur on end.

At least that's the general sort of thing. Most dreams are more embarrassing; if you have them, you'll snag my drift. The truth is that even when you're in your prime you pay the price. If you've ever wondered why a lot of top arguers, like philosophers, walk around with a five-day stubble of beard covering their faces like a dark snow, the answer is they can't look at themselves in the mirror.

What does an arguer see when he looks in the mirror? He sees his face and he sees the things behind him. And not just the light switch and the towels. He sees his past and the things he's done. He sees the example he's set. He knows that there will be people

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following that example. Not good people. Maybe not even bad people. People like him. Coming after him. Wanting what he's got and willing to argue for it.

I'm at the top now. Maybe a little over the hill, but what I lack in speed I make up for in strategy. You come at me with an argument about the chemical evolution of continental root structure and I'll tell you that until the pending court case concerning authorship of the definitive article on the subject is straightened out, I would prefer not to discuss the matter. I haven't been beat yet. But I can see it coming.

For example, when I was just coming up, a young zoomer, chesty and crazy contradictory, the top arguer in the New York area, which means the whole seaboard states and parts of Canada, there was a man they called the "Sarge."

The Sarge had degrees from Harvard (law and fine arts), Yale (forestry and dance science), MIT, UCLA, and a couple of dozen others, plus more honorary degrees than are generally given people who endow the creation of whole faculties.

He was a US senator at the time, and there wasn't an honest or a dishonest way to argue with him and win. He was a model. He didn't pick arguments, and if he was forced into one, he didn't go around buying drinks for the house or otherwise pitching the metaphoric hat in the air.

When his time came, he retired. A little battered and lumpy, but no one could ever say they'd ever really seen him beaten. Not sober. That was the thing. The pressure got to him and he started to drink. I guess when he started drinking he just couldn't leave the past behind. Truth is, they more or less forced him out of being a congressman.

I saw the Sarge the other day. It was like I said: he had never left it behind him. I was standing at the bar in a seedy joint off my usual route. I wasn't looking for an argument. In fact, I was looking to avoid one. I heard a familiar voice behind me echoing through wrecked teeth and the filter of a speech-stained beard. I turned and saw the Sarge. I pretended not to recognize him; I know he didn't recognize me.

"The difference," said the Sarge, approaching an older gentleman clad in a greenish plaid jacket and standing to my left at the bar, "the difference between a grizzly and another, any other, kind of bear is obviously manifold!"

continued on page 94

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BERNIE X

continued from page 10

want—the telephone numbers of all these phony branch offices with all these phony employers named Mr. Archer. My idea is to make believe I am a big man in the Production Company and I am calling these guys because all their magic pens have to be returned. Why? Because the company has discovered that the pens are defective and will not do the job. It's like an auto company recalling their defective cars. I tell all the Archers to send the pens back to the main office and that new ones will be coming in a few days. I do a good job of imitating a big executive, because they swallow my line completely. In a couple of hours I have talked the entire South into sending back their pens.

Tammy and I have a feeling that the plan will only work for a brief time. The Production Company has ways of checking and double-checking on stuff like this. Also, Duane is going to raise hell trying to find us. In other words, we've done the best we could for the colored girls and now we better get the fuck out of this part of the country before the Production Company tracks us down and roasts our asses.

And I still have a responsibility to my friend Peenzy to get his espadrilles to LA, so somehow we got to get to the coast as quickly as possible. Un-

fortunately, a trailer truck isn't the fastest vehicle for the job, or the most inconspicuous. But what has to be has to be.

Here's where Tammy proves to be a big help. She's got all these pals who live out in the country, in the mountain section, guys that make their own whiskey and spend most of their time escaping from the cops. She knows a lot of their escape routes and makes me take them with the truck. Also, Tammy has the CB radio going. I never went near the fucking thing, but she works it like a pro. It seems like she knows everyone on the radio band, and they tell her the word is out on us, that there's a bunch of searching parties looking for us all over the state. The guys on the radio are like scouts for us, warning us when we might meet up with the Production Company.

We manage to elude the Production Company for hours, but sooner or later I know we're going to bump into trouble. It comes sooner. I'm making a turn into a marked road, a regular two-lane highway, when I see the roadblock up ahead and it's too late to turn around. Luckily, the roadblock is at the foot of a hill, so I got a little time to rev up the truck. There's nothing we can do but crash right through the thing, barrel ahead, and give them a chase for a while. I figure that when

it looks like they've got us, we can slow down and jump out of the truck and try to get away on foot.

I give the truck the full throttle, and it feels like a fucking runaway tank, zooming down that hill. The guys at the roadblock can't believe what's coming. Before they know it, I'm crashing through the air, sending bodies flying in every direction. Now I'm really rolling in high gear.

I don't even want to look back. I just want to drive as fast as possible and hope for the best. We're burning up the fucking road, tires screaming, and finally I peek into the mirror and realize that no one is chasing us. We keep moving, and pretty soon I'm putting a big lead on them. I don't believe it. They chickened out.

The rest of the trip is not much to talk about. Me and Tammy are still tense, looking for trouble at every bend in the road. But nothing shows up. We take turns driving the truck, with no time out for a stay at a motel. All the sleep is taken right on the truck so we can make LA in record time. We do it in one day.

I'm tired but still feeling pretty good as I move the big rig into downtown LA, heading for the department-store warehouse where I got to drop off the espadrilles. I look around and I notice a little trouble, a cop car. And then there's more cop cars up ahead. And in two seconds flat we're surrounded. Me and Tammy are forced out of the truck into a cop car. They put the cuffs on us and take us to this bungalow in the Mexican section. I realize that these guys are not real cops but members of the Production Company in disguise. We're in bigger trouble than I thought.

They take me to their leader, a tall, skinny guy who looks like one of those Marlboro cigarette models, only twenty years older. He looks like a rancher or one of those Texas oil millionaires, right down to the fancy boots and the Stetson hat. He was taking a big pinch of snuff up his nose.

This old cowboy doesn't waste any time. He could have captured us easily, at any point in our cross-country trip, he says. He didn't want to bother. It was easier to just monitor our truck so we could lead him to our destination. I assured him that we meant no harm, that I was just delivering some Spanish espadrilles to a department store, so why don't we all shake hands and let bygones be bygones?

Guys like that never laugh, but something happens to their lips that is



"Hey, look, you're dying and it's okay."

supposed to look like a smile. He smiled and told me that I caused him no end of trouble with my callback scheme with the pens. I apologized. I said I acted without thinking. If I had known who I was up against, I would have pleaded guilty and hoped for the best. I said all this because I could detect that he would kill me and Tammy as easily as taking a pinch of snuff. He was that kind of guy.

The old guy said he admired my style and the way I fucked up his organization for a while. In fact, he was debating whether he should give me a job with the Production Company or get rid of me, and thought it would be safer to get rid of me, and the girl, of course. We knew too much, as the old saying goes.

A couple of his goons, the ones who looked like California state troopers, were making ready to take us somewhere and turn us into charcoal briquettes. In this kind of situation you don't put up a fight. And I'm sorry to say I didn't have any secret weapons like what James Bond uses. But I did have one last resort. I pulled something out of my watch pocket and showed it to the old cowboy.

"Recognize that?"

"Looks like one of them rabbit's feet we used to keep for good-luck charms when I was a kid," said the cowboy.

"Okay, now watch this," I said.

I opened the little metal cap on the rabbit's foot and pulled out a tiny piece of paper. It was a hollowed-out rabbit's foot. I gave the paper to the cowboy to read.

"So what the fuck is this?" he said, after reading it.

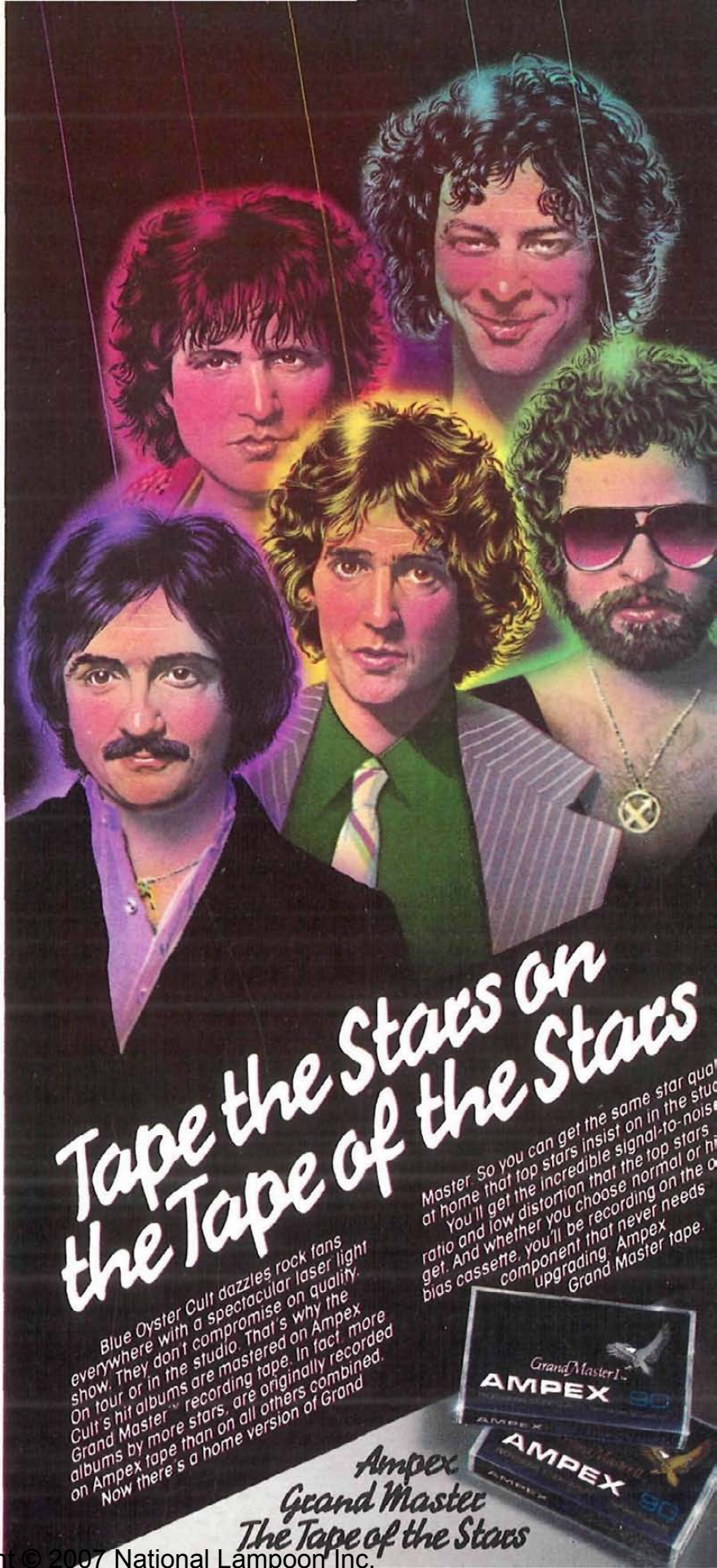
Either this guy was playing dumb or he was dumb.

"You mean the Production Company never saw that piece of paper before? You've got to be kidding," I said.

"Look, boy, I think you better tell me what kind of game you're playing, before I take you out of our files forever."

I told him that the paper contained the secret code words that identify me as a member of the Mossad, the Israeli secret police, one of the most feared organizations of its kind in the world. The reason why he couldn't understand the words was because they were in Hebrew. But I thought he would recognize them anyway. I told him what the words meant and what would happen if they killed me. The Mossad checks in with me every week for the secret work I do for them in New

continued on page 95



Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars

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17
MG. TAR
1.4 MG. NIC.



17
MG. TAR
1.2 MG. NIC.



16
MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.



19
MG. TAR
1.3 MG. NIC.



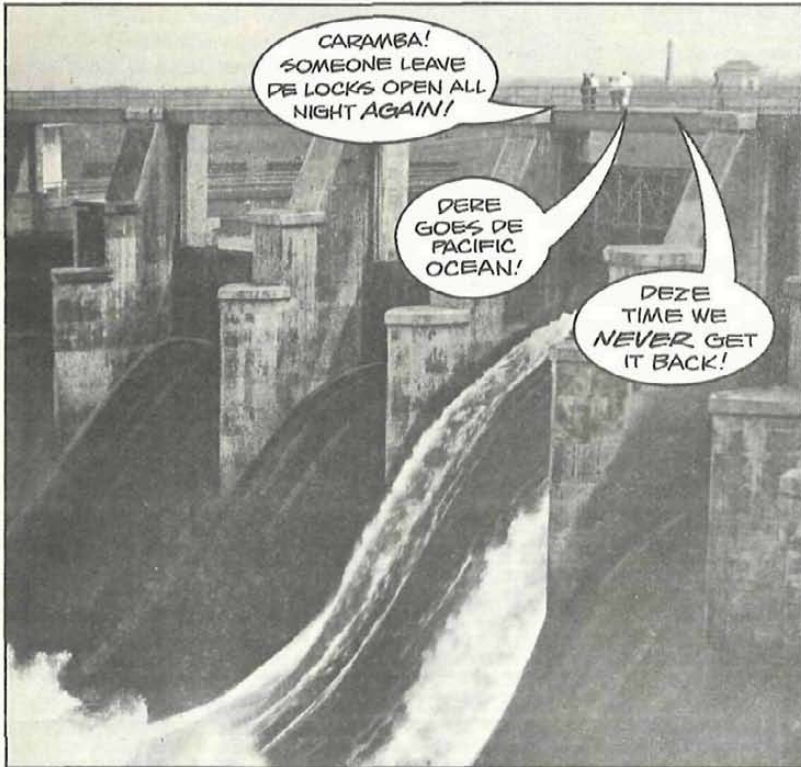
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Now That It's Theirs...

PANAMANIAN MAKE OWN MARK ON CANAL



Several months after assuming control of the Panama Canal, Panamanian engineers appear to remain largely perplexed by the artificial waterway's operation.

"Their capacity for ineptitude is astounding," groused one US shipping official, on the spot as an adviser. "They open all the locks at once and get the Atlantic running into the Pacific; then, somehow, by opening and closing the gates totally at whim, they get the Pacific flowing back into the Atlantic. Last

week I had a twelve-foot tidal wave run right through my hotel room!"

There are accounts of large freighters capsizing from walls of water rushing up and down the canal, and of Panamanian lock operators absentmindedly closing massive steel gates on passing ships, virtually pinching their hulls in two.

"On top of that," notes a disgruntled sea captain, "all the garbage and old cars accumulating on the bottom of the waterway are making navigation practically impossible."

*"Bandshell Alliance"
Protests in California*

NUCLEAR SCIENTISTS IN MASS DEMON- STRATIONS

Thousands of protesting nuclear scientists from all over America are gathering at a demonstration in Sonoma, California, where local promoters are attempting to stage a rock concert.

"Rock concerts have to be stopped," said Joseph M. Hendrie, chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and spokesperson for the group. "They create enormous ecological damage. Hundreds, even thousands, of Americans have been killed or injured at rock concerts. And the worst thing is that we don't *need* rock concerts. There are alternative means of producing rock music—we can listen to record players, buy tape decks, even learn to play instruments in our own homes."

Hendrie went on to say that the Altmont disaster alone was responsible for three deaths and over six hundred injuries and that medical authorities suspect rock concerts may contribute to such health problems as deafness and drinking cheap wine until you vomit. "And no one knows what the long-term effects may be."

So far the demonstrators have been peaceful, but the California State Highway Patrol has been called out and Governor Jerry Brown has stated that the protesting scientists will be arrested if they continue in their attempts to block delivery of stage equipment, amplifiers, undergarment groups, and huge quantities of cocaine to the concert site.

Experimental Vehicle Could Help Stem Oil Deficit

New Car Burns Food

US Secretary of Transportation Neil E. Goldschmidt spoke at the unveiling of a new automobile that runs on food instead of gasoline. The prototype car developed by the Department of Transportation at a cost of five billion dollars runs on chopped meat and averages five miles per pound on fatty pork or lamb and four miles on lean beef.

"Why export food and import oil?" asked the new D. of T. boss. "Why not burn the food right here in our cars, where we need it?"

Goldschmidt explained that the new car was only the forerunner of future

models that will run on less expensive commodities like poultry, fish, eggs, beans, grains, and even regular coffee to go.

"We still have problems to solve before our car can be mass marketed, the former Portland mayor admitted. "Unlike gas-burning cars, this vehicle expels a form of solid waste that will probably require the installation of roadside auto toilets around the country."

The secretary turned away questions about possible air pollution from cars propelled by Italian food with lots of garlic.

"Russia Better Watch Its Step, or Else!"

Carter Vows Eternal Vigilance in Caribbean

Apparently embarrassed by the continuing presence of Soviet combat troops in Cuba and by the CIA's demonstrated difficulty in detecting them, President Carter has reaffirmed his resolve to "beef up our intelligence apparatus in this area and put some teeth back in the Monroe Doctrine's mouth."

Carter announced that beginning January 1, 1980, all American tourists traveling in the Caribbean will be furnished with ten cents and a special Pentagon telephone number to call collect "in case they spot any funny troop maneuvers while they're scuba diving, water skiing, or whatever." In addition, Carter revealed that the Defense Department has leased the Goodyear blimp for a series of "surveillance sails" over Cuba, to begin "immediately after the conclusion of the Super Bowl or the Blue-Gray Game, whichever comes first."

Should new evidence of Soviet troop activity in Cuba be uncovered, President Carter has vowed to retaliate immediately. "The Russians may not know it," he said, "but Cuba's full of American troops, too. At Guantánamo Bay. We'll take aerial pictures of them marching around and playing softball and send them to all the Soviet newspapers and the Soviet congress too. Let's see how the Kremlin likes that!"



Pledge to Fix US Economy

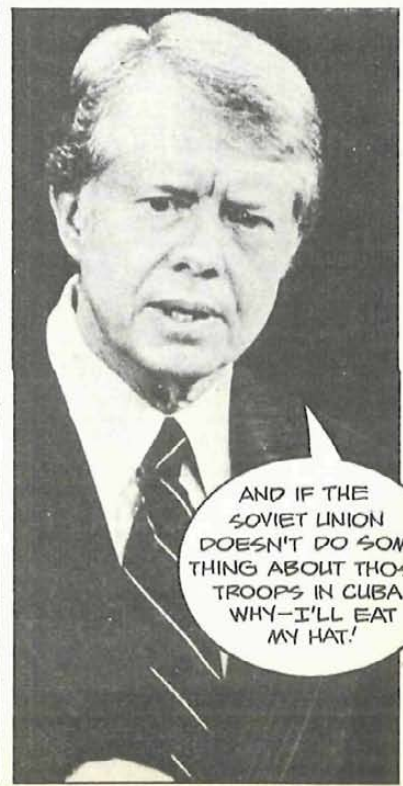
Fonda, Hayden Tour the Nation



Movie person Jane Fonda and her husband, Tom Hayden, crisscrossed the nation recently speaking in protest of a mixed bag of issues ranging from radioactive cattle fodder to potentially dangerous photocopier chemicals to which secretarial workers are exposed. Touring on behalf of their newly formed Committee for Economic Democracy, Ms. Fonda explained that it was created to promote an economic system that would be controlled by people who

know nothing about economics other than that you need some to buy things.

On the last leg of the tour, Ms. Fonda finally gave in to public pressure for a statement on nuclear power. Both Ms. Fonda and her husband had avoided the issue, claiming that it was "owned" by the rock establishment. "Poor people are poor," Fonda said to a cheering crowd at the Seabrook nuclear-plant construction site, "because atomic-power plants are polluting the air!"



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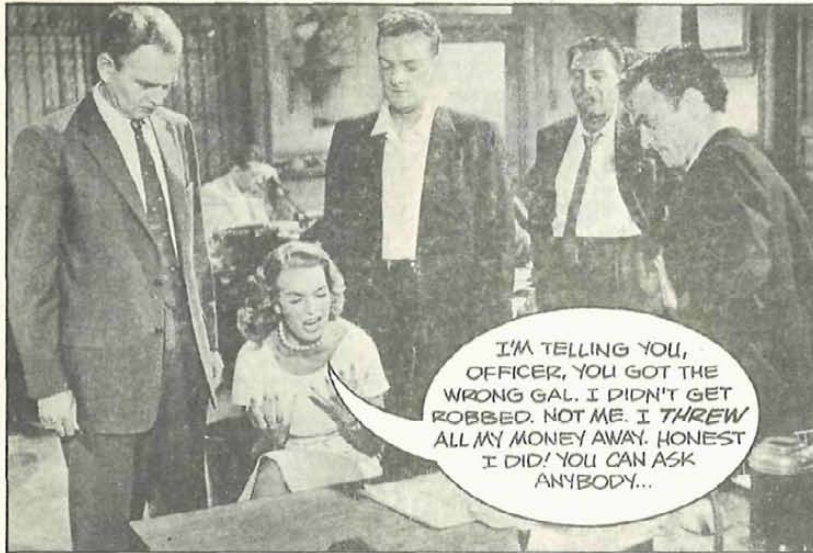
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New Jersey to Jail Crime Victims



New Jersey's Governor Brendan Byrne recently signed into law a much-touted "bold new approach" to crime, which calls for prosecution of crime victims. According to the governor, putting victims behind bars will have a three-fold impact on crime:

- Emphasis will shift from crime fighting to crime prevention. Said the governor: "If people are subject to jail terms for being victims, they will begin to take crime prevention seriously."
- Crime victims will be less likely to tax an already overburdened law-enforcement system with their personal misfortunes. "An unreported crime," explained Governor Byrne, "is a crime we

don't have to worry about."

- Victims will make good submissive prisoners, unlike the hard-core, knife-wielding savages currently in our jails. Backers of the new law hope that the measure will make meaningful prison reform possible.

New Jersey's new law provides for penalties of increasing severity depending on the crime inflicted on the victim but stops short of calling for the death penalty.

"Most victims of capital crimes are already dead," Governor Byrne pointed out. "And executing dead people would be an unexcusable waste of state resources."

Cites Role as "World Negro" Jackson Trots Globe

Citing his kinship with the disadvantaged peoples of the world and the success of his recent inspirational visit to the oppressed people of the Middle East, Reverend Jesse Jackson has embarked upon a global tour of Third World nations.

Though Cambodia's Premier Pol Pot stated that he would prefer arms and money, he welcomed Jackson and promised him that the government would export Cambodia's school-age youngsters to "eat a good breakfast and do all their homework."

In Libya, Col. Muammar Qaddafi praised Jackson for his "farsighted plans" for implementing day-care programs for Libya's working mothers.

A scheduled trip to the tiny republic of São Tomé and Príncipe was cancelled when rulers of that country informed Jackson that everything was under control there and that they had no internal problems that Mr. Jackson could help them with. However, Jackson left a



phone number in Chicago where he could be reached if something did come up.

The only area where Jackson was not warmly received was Northern Ireland. Jackson was pelted with rocks and bricks after he referred to Irish Catholics as "the niggers of the United Kingdom." Jackson later clarified the remark on local radio, saying that he meant that Irish Catholics "were treated like niggers" but did not look, act, or talk like niggers.

The People's Pope: A Capsule Summary of His Theological Views

John Paul II, the conservative yet populist pope, has made it clear in public statements during his extensive travels that he intends to actively involve himself in the theological issues confronting the modern-day Catholic church. Below, briefly summarized, are some of the principal theological points that John Paul II has emphasized in his speeches and writings.

- No farting in front of the ladies.
- No drinking beer out of the can in a church.
- Abortion: "A guy who would get an abortion makes me sick!"
- No confessing dirty stuff you did with girls.
- If God had wanted women to have jobs, he wouldn't have made trucks and jackhammers and hods full of bricks so big and heavy.
- Women priests: "There aren't no women priests. Where'd you ever see a woman priest? There's no such thing."
- Every time you play with yourself there's half a little baby soul in every sperm and every one of them goes to purgatory because they haven't been baptized yet, and the whole place is filling up with little babies cut in half.
- It's okay to come to Mass in a sweat-shirt if you don't have any other clothes that are clean at home.
- We should all help out poor people just like God does. God helps out poor people by giving them lots of kids to keep their minds off their troubles.

Complete Text

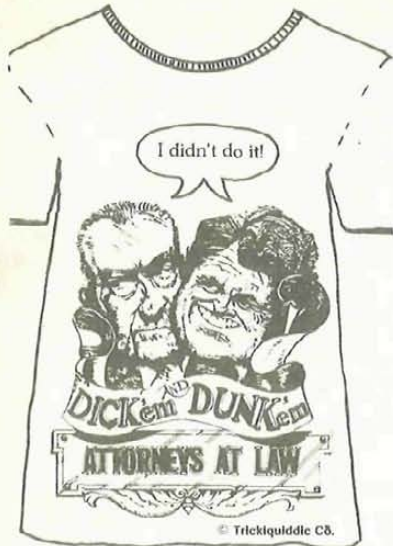
Carter's State of the Union Speech

The following is the complete text of President Carter's state of the union speech addressed to both houses of Congress:

"Maine is okay. New Hampshire's okay. Vermont is fine. Massachusetts is good. New York's all right. Rhode Island is okay, too. New Jersey is good. So's Delaware. Nothing the matter with Maryland. Ohio is perfectly all right. Virginia's okay. West Virginia's hanging in there. Kentucky's cool. Indiana—just fine, no problem. Illinois is okay. Nebraska is good. What's the other one that's sort of like Nebraska? Iowa, that's it. Iowa is the same as ever. Wisconsin is just fine. So's Minnesota. Both the Dakotas are okay. Montana's fine. Wyoming's fine. Utah is okay, too. So's Nevada. Colorado's fine. New Mexico is fine. Arkansas

continued on page 243

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NEWS BRIEFS



Kreps Resignation: The Inside Story

The real reasons for Juanita Kreps's resignation of her post as secretary of commerce last fall have emerged in statements from several sources close to the Carter White House. Other cabinet officers apparently refused to quit smoking large smelly cigars and using strong language during cabinet meetings, and they continually left the toilet seat up in the East Wing powder room.

Energy Chief Asks for Voluntary Price Controls

Energy Secretary Duncan will meet with major oil refiners to ask them to voluntarily hold down the price of home heating oil. The secretary will then travel to Maine to hunt snipe while wearing a blindfold, carrying a candle in each hand, and holding a burlap bag open with his teeth.

Clark to Quit Refugee Post

Dick Clark, President Carter's coordinator for refugee affairs, will return to his "American Bandstand" television program next month. "I've taught all the boat people how to do the Latin hustle, plus some other basic disco moves," said Clark, "and now I'd like to be able to spend more time with my family."

China Caused California Quake

Last October's California earthquake was caused by 850 million Chinese jumping off kitchen chairs in unison, Premier Hau Kuo-feng has admitted. "We'd always heard that if all the people in China jumped up and down at one time, it would knock the earth out of its orbit, or something," said the Chinese head of state. "We just wanted to see what would really happen. We're sorry if we caused any damage."

Bolivia Upheaval

The government of Bolivia has been overturned. A number of nightcrawlers and beetle grubs were found underneath it.

Soviets Counter Cuba Troop Charge

In response to continued Carter administration criticism of Russian troop presence in Cuba, the Soviet Union has pointed out that its own intelligence organization has recently uncovered evidence that the United States maintained extensive military forces for a number of years in Vietnam. The Pentagon has acknowledged that this was true, "but," said the chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. David C. Jones, "those troops had no offensive combat capabilities. At least not judging by the way they fought."

Talmadge Appeals Sentence

Senator Herman Talmadge (D.-Ga.) has filed an appeal in federal court seeking to reduce the sentence passed on him by the Senate Ethics Committee for misuse of campaign funds. Talmadge was sentenced by the committee to be "denounced." The senator had admitted his guilt in the case but maintains that he is entitled to credit for "time served being censured in the press." This could conceivably reduce his present sentence of being denounced to one of being "frowned on" or "kidded," which, with time off for only moderately bad behavior, would leave Talmadge free from criticism beginning early in 1981.

Oil Companies Not to Blame for Shortage

Congressional investigators have concluded that US oil companies were not to blame for the shortage during the Iranian revolution. The General Accounting Office has placed the blame on the Iranians. "Our findings indicate that it was the Iranians who overthrew the government and ran wild through the oil fields, destroying pipelines and equipment and halting shipment of crude oil, not the oil companies."

1.5 Million Fucks Lost

A government panel says that US men will lose 1.5 million fucks to illness this year. Another 3.7 million fucks will be lost to sad movies on TV, 2.2 million to changes in hair, clothing, and facial grooming styles, 4.1 million to noisy children, 1.9 million to decreases in personal clothing budgets, and 10 million to unspecified emotional reactions.

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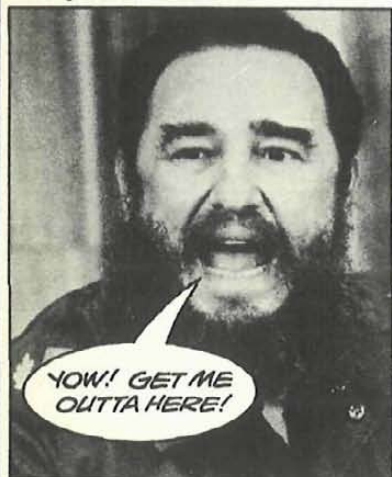
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Brooklyn, New York 11210

The Most Elaborate Precautions Ever Taken for a Foreign Head of State

Castro Security Costs US \$50 Million



The US Secret Service has now made public the full extent of the security precautions that surrounded Cuban premier Fidel Castro's visit to the UN last October.

Castro's plane was not flown to New York's LaGuardia Airport, as previously reported, but actually landed at the US Air Force base in Key West, Florida, from which Fidel was personally driven by Senator Edward Kennedy across the nearly two hundred miles of bridges that join that island to the mainland. Enlistment of Senator Kennedy to chauffeur the Cuban premier was called by Carter administration aides "a gesture toward better White House relations with both Cuba and Teddy."

"I guess you could say we were trying to kill two birds with one stone," an administration spokesman said.

The car used for the trip was an early-model Chevrolet Corvair, chosen for its "inconspicuousness." In Miami, Fidel was transferred to an open convertible for a drive through that city's "Little Cuba" section before embarking from the Miami Airport in an American Airlines DC-10. The Cuban premier then made a brief stopover in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he was given a complete tour of the Three Mile Island atomic-power plant and presented with a number of gifts from that town's city fathers—including an asbestos-insulated hair dryer, a case of Bon Vivant vichyssoise soup, and two hundred pounds of cyclamate artificial sweetener. From Harrisburg, Fidel was whisked to the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City in another inconspicuous private vehicle, a 1972 Ford Pinto. And to further avoid notice he was sent to his hotel alone on foot via a circuitous route that took him through Central Park in the middle of the night.

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HOOOO!
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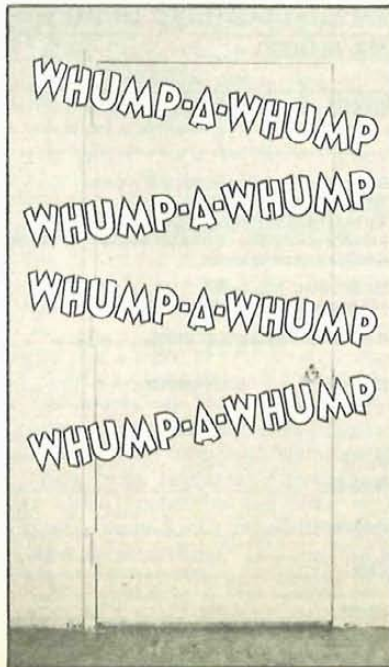
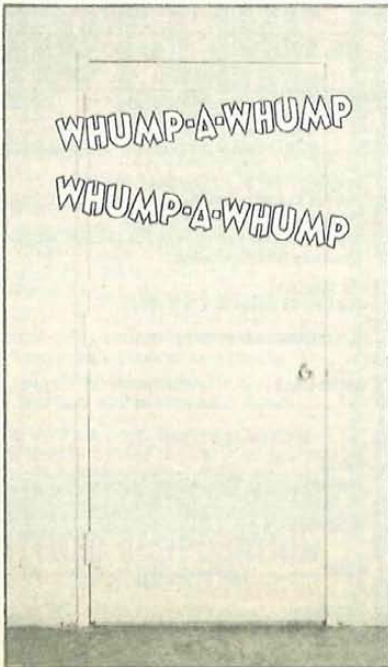
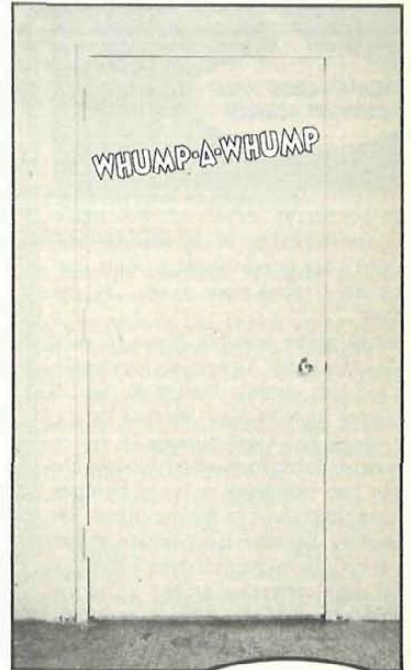
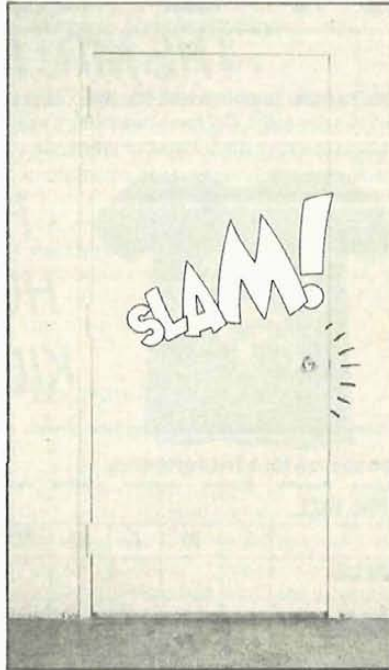
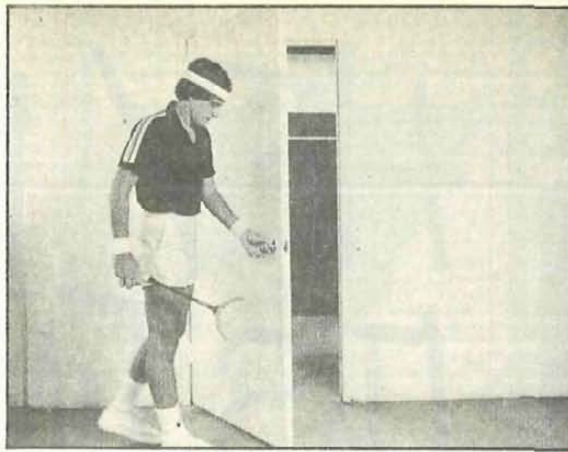
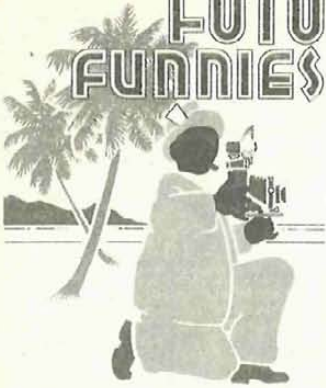
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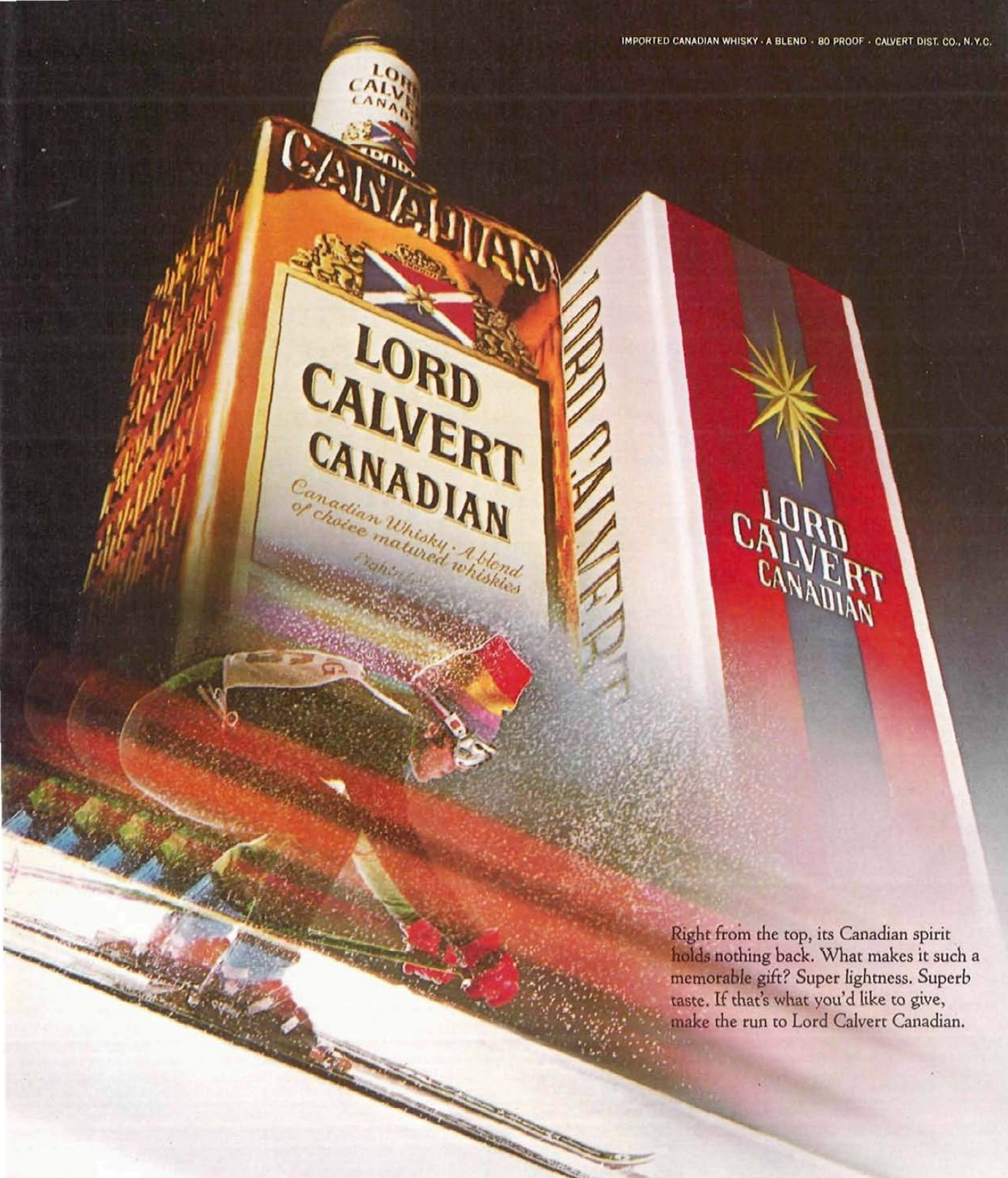
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NOTHING LIKE AN EMPTY CLOSET FOR SQUASH PRACTICE!



Right from the top, its Canadian spirit holds nothing back. What makes it such a memorable gift? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you'd like to give, make the run to Lord Calvert Canadian.

The spirit of Canada:
Give it for the Holidays.

A man with dark hair, wearing a bright yellow raincoat, is shown from the chest up, looking out over the ocean. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background features a blue sky with scattered white clouds and the dark blue sea with white-capped waves. The overall scene suggests a rugged, maritime environment.

No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise

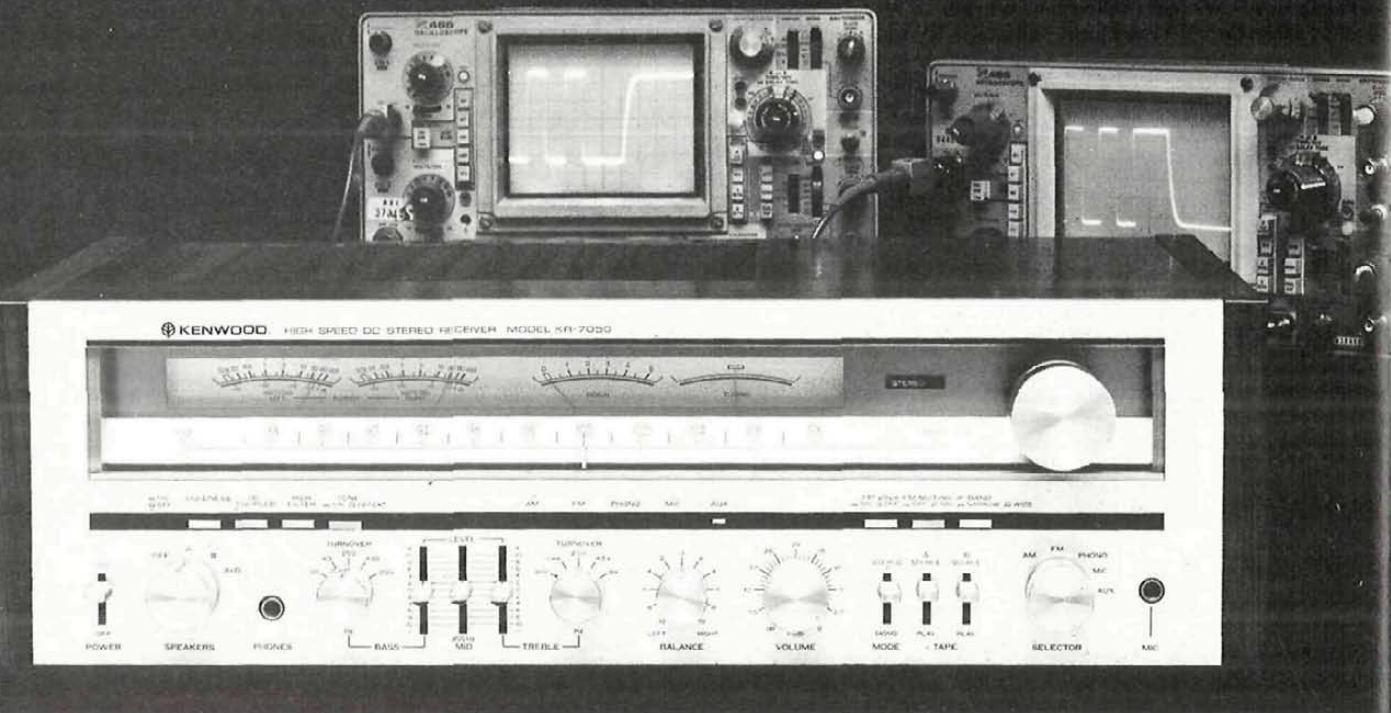
13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY'78

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

on great taste to get low tar.
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good
like a light cigarette should.





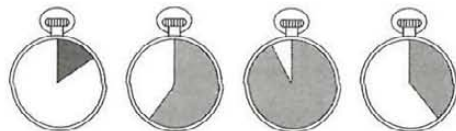
INDEPENDENT TEST REPORT: KENWOOD HAS BETTER TRANSIENT RESPONSE THAN PIONEER, TECHNICS OR YAMAHA.

Recently, we asked an independent testing laboratory to measure Kenwood's new Hi-Speed™ receiver against the competition. Each one "off the shelf" in unbroken factory cartons.

The results were impressive, if not surprising.

The Kenwood receiver outperformed comparable models of other brands in both rise time and slew rate, the same new specifications that are used to

RISE TIME (5 MICROSECOND CLOCK)



KENWOOD
KR-7050
.85 μs

PIONEER
SX-980
3.0 μs

TECHNICS
SA-700
4.60 μs

YAMAHA
CR-1040
2.00 μs

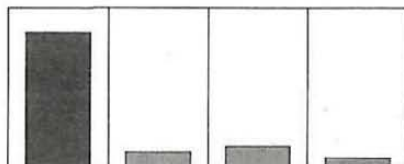
measure a receiver's ability to handle complex musical signals.

Of course, the Kenwood receiver had one unfair advantage: Kenwood's exclusive Hi-Speed circuitry. Hi-Speed allows an amplifier section to react faster to changes in music to minimize audible transient intermodulation distortion.

In the laboratory, this shows up as superb specs and an almost perfect square wave on an oscilloscope.

In your home, you'll hear superior clarity and definition with excellent imaging. For example, you'll be able to identify an individual singer in a vocal group.

SLEW RATE MEASUREMENT RESULTS



KENWOOD
KR-7050
200 V/μs

PIONEER
SX-980
20 V/μs

TECHNICS
SA-700
29.4 V/μs

YAMAHA
CR-1040
10.7 V/μs

Your Kenwood dealer can show you the entire line of Hi-Speed receivers.

Because if you're going to buy a receiver, why not go with the best performer?

HI-SPEED™

Hear the future of high fidelity



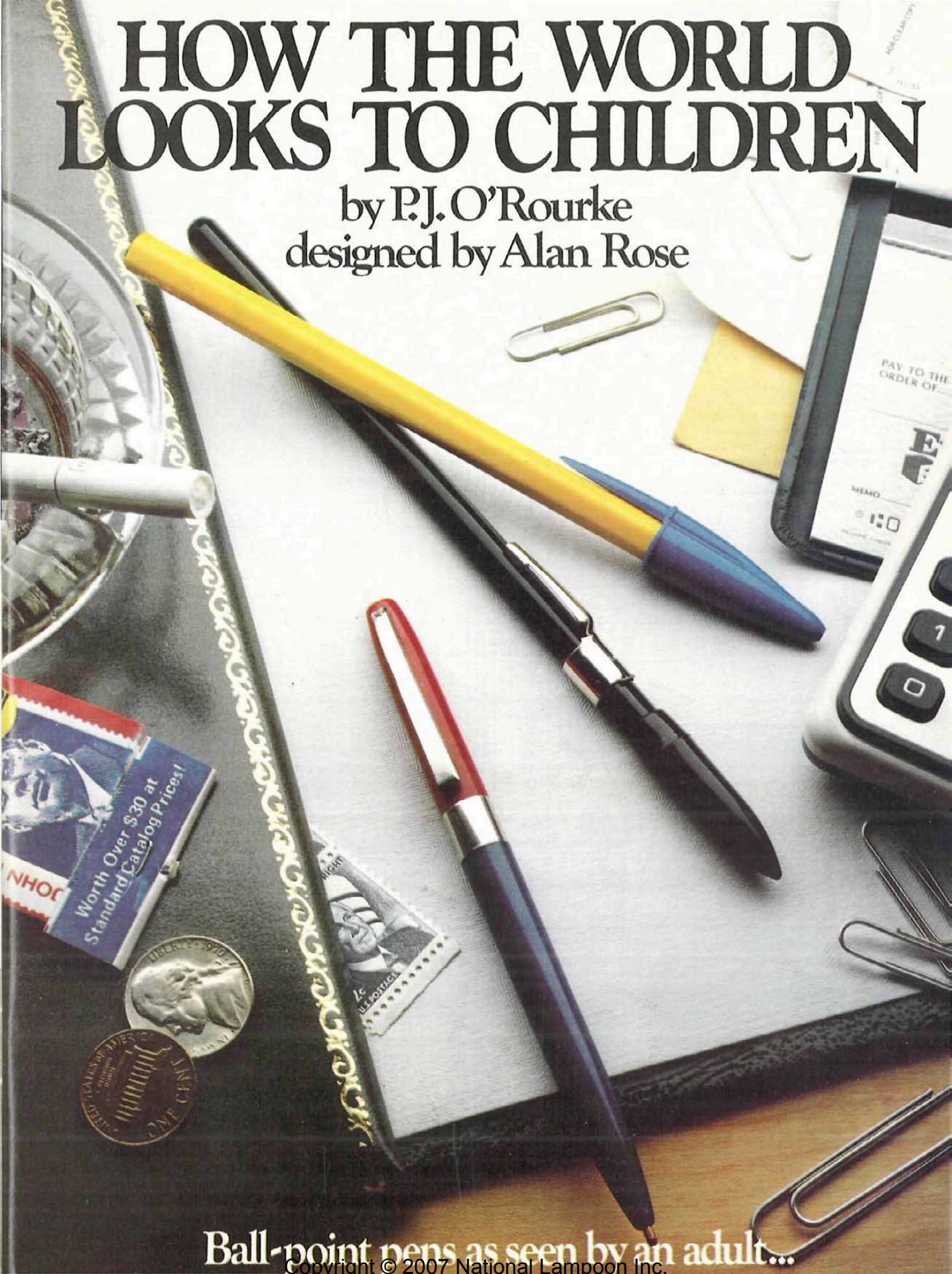
KENWOOD®

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749.

In Canada: Magnasonic Canada, Ltd. / Test data available upon request. Rise time and slew rate measured by slope at zero crossing method.

HOW THE WORLD LOOKS TO CHILDREN

by P.J. O'Rourke
designed by Alan Rose



Ball-point pens as seen by an adult...

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

HOW THE WORLD LOOKS TO CHILDREN

Ball-point pens as seen by a twelve-year-old boy.

MODEL BP-2 ORBITAL BOMBER

LENGTH: 95 meters PAYLOAD: 16 20-megaton MIRV warheads
 MIRV warheads ARMAMENT: 5 heat-seeking air-to-air missiles, 2 30-mm cannons

REENTRY VEHICLE ATMOSPHERIC TOP SPEED: approx. Mach 3

ADVANTAGES
 Can be launched from missile launch pads, silos, or conventional airfields

Heavily shielded warheads
 Greater payload
 Well-defended reentry vehicle
 Backup MIRV guidance system

Highly complete onboard electronics systems

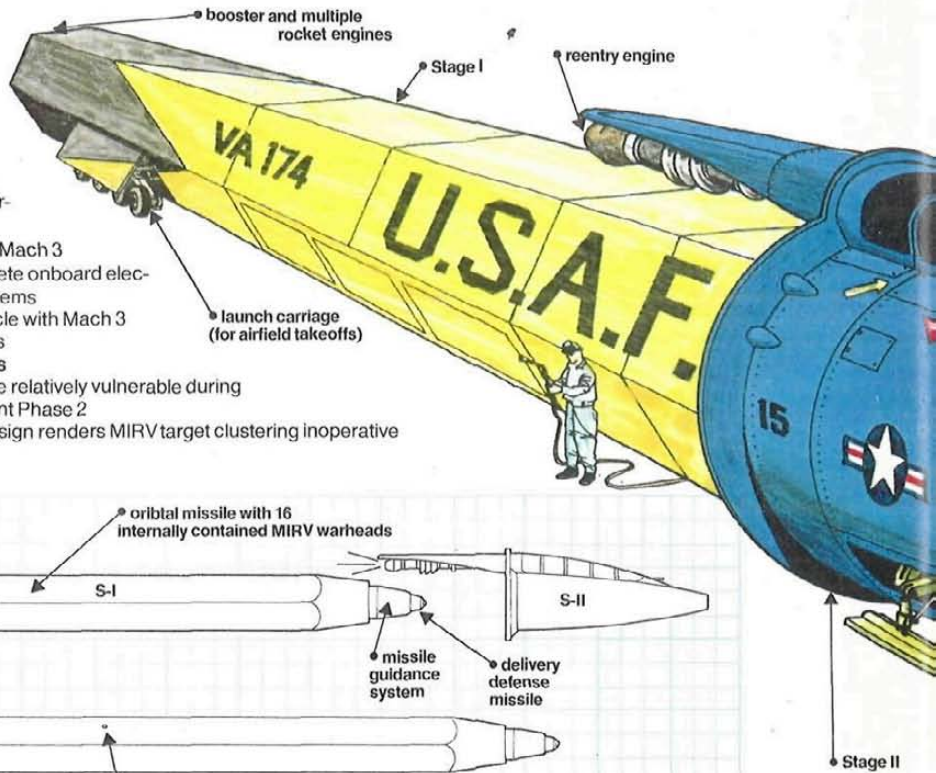
Reentry vehicle with Mach 3 capabilities

DISADVANTAGES

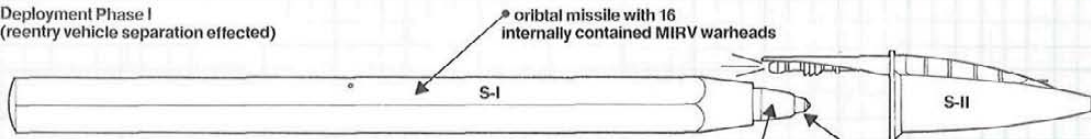
Orbital missile relatively vulnerable during

Deployment Phase 2

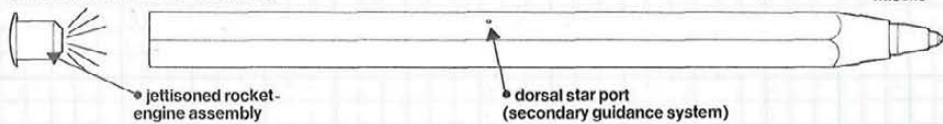
Bomb bay design renders MIRV target clustering inoperative



Deployment Phase 1 (reentry vehicle separation effected)



Deployment Phase 2 (jettisoned rocket engines open bomb bay for MIRV warheads)



MODEL BP-1 ORBITAL BOMBER

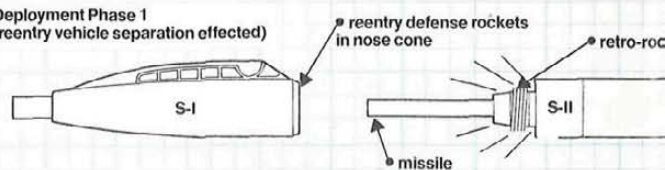
LENGTH: 80 meters PAYLOAD: 12 10-megaton MIRV warheads
 ARMAMENT: 1 launch/delivery defense rocket, 5 reentry defense rockets

REENTRY VEHICLE ATMOSPHERIC TOP SPEED: approx. Mach 1

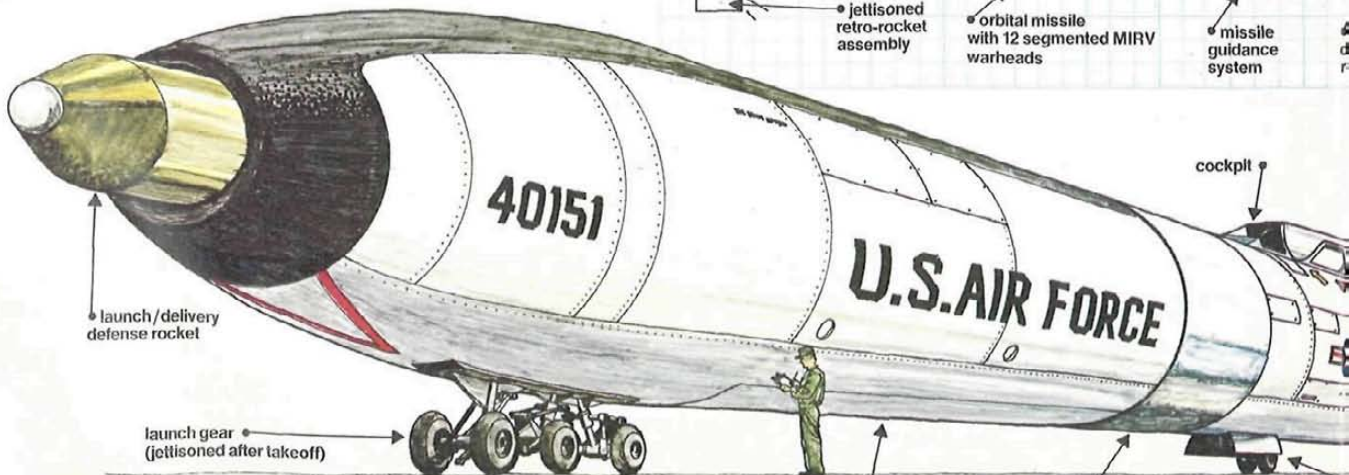
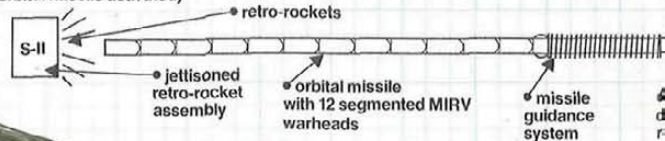
ADVANTAGES
 Can utilize conventional airfields for launch
 Well-defended reentry vehicle
 Highly complete onboard electronics systems

DISADVANTAGES
 Poorly defended launch vehicle
 Unmaneuverable reentry vehicle
 Requires crew of 3
 Complexity of design
 High launch cost

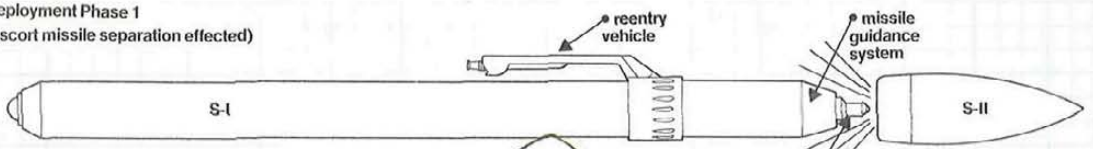
Deployment Phase 1 (reentry vehicle separation effected)



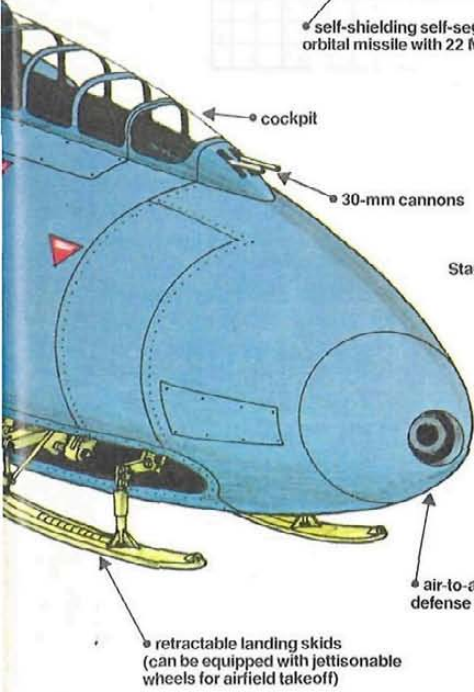
Deployment Phase 2 (orbital missile activated)



Deployment Phase 1
(escort missile separation effected)



Deployment Phase 2
(reentry vehicle separation effected)



MODEL BP-X3 ORBITAL BOMBER

LENGTH: 110 meters PAYLOAD: 22 30-megaton MIRV warheads plus single 50-megaton escort missile warhead

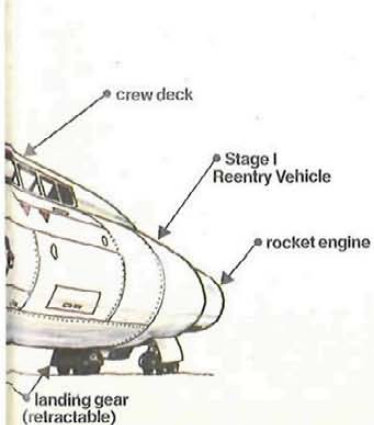
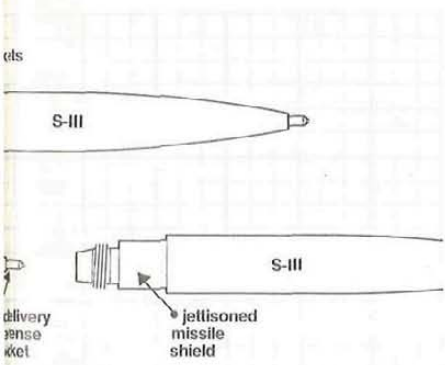
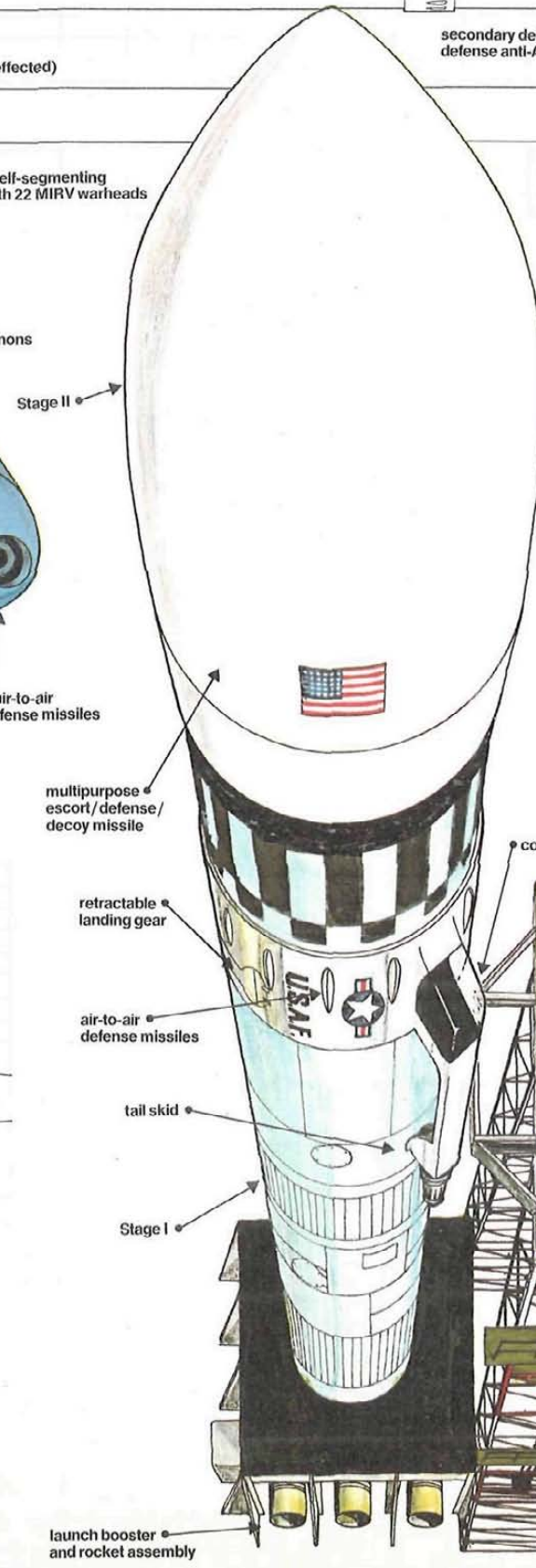
ARMAMENT: escort/defense/decoy missile, anti-ABM delivery defense missile, 12 air-to-air defense missiles on reentry vehicle

REENTRY VEHICLE ATMOSPHERIC TOP SPEED: Mach 3.5+

ADVANTAGES
 Maximum defensive armament
 Maximum payload
 Maximum targeting flexibility
 Straddle-mounted inverted bat wing reentry vehicle has interceptor capabilities

Crew of 1
 Relative simplicity of design

DISADVANTAGES
 Limited onboard electronics systems
 Can only be launched from missile launching pad or specially constructed silos



If you don't have at least \$1,000 to spend on an Audiovox Hi-Comp autosound system, read no further.

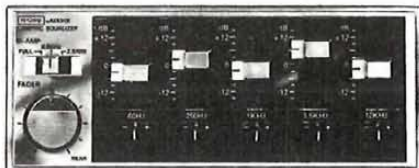
By Robert Harris, Technical Director

There are few things in this world that can take a driver out of the traffic jam or away from a gas line, better than great music, well reproduced.

Audiovox understands this. That's why they engineered the Hi-Comp range of high fidelity stereo components designed to produce exemplary sound in automobiles.

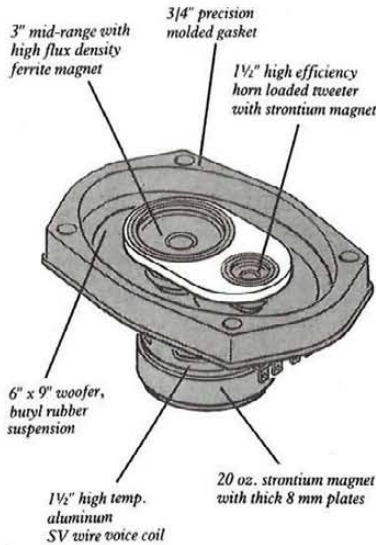
A total range of exotic amplifiers/receivers.

Each model builds on the one before it until you reach the HCM-0010 – the "master system."



HCE-750 HiComp Semi-parametric graphic equalizer

It's an electronically-tuned AM/FM multiplex receiver with a built-in auto-reverse cassette deck. The HCM-0010 has 12-station memory, LED display, built-in quartz clock and an automatic station seek. It also features a CrO₂ switch, Dolby®, FM muting, 4-way stereo balance controls, separate bass and treble controls and a Hard Permalloy tape head. Its looks are straight out of a stereo buff's music room.

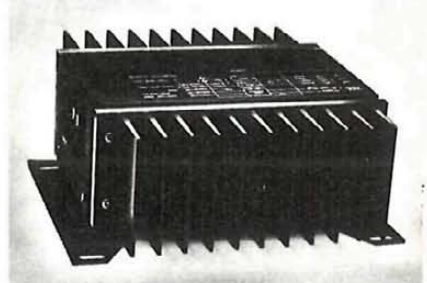


HCS-362 HiComp 6" x 9" 3-way speaker system.

built-in quartz clock and an automatic station seek. It also features a CrO₂ switch, Dolby®, FM muting, 4-way stereo balance controls, separate bass and treble controls and a Hard Permalloy tape head. Its looks are straight out of a stereo buff's music room.

4 power-matched speaker systems.

The ultimate is the Hi-Comp 362 system: 6" x 9" three way speakers with 1 1/2" Strontium horn tweeters, 3" mid-ranges, 20-ounce Strontium magnet woofers, 1 1/2" heat proof aluminum voice coils, and a 70 to 18,000 Hz response range with crossovers at 2,900 and 9,000 Hz, and a power capacity of 70 watts. Hook these up to the HCM-0010 with the Hi-Comp power amplifier, HCB-830, 120 watts RMS at less than 0.3% distortion, and you've got enough sound to pop a moon roof.



HCB-830 HiComp 120 watt 4-channel power amplifier

Now for the equalizer.

Apart from a heavy-duty fader control or a dual slide-bar pre-amp, the only other Audiovox Hi-Comp component you might buy is the HCE-750 semi-parametric graphic equalizer with 5 slide-bar response controls and bi-amp capability.

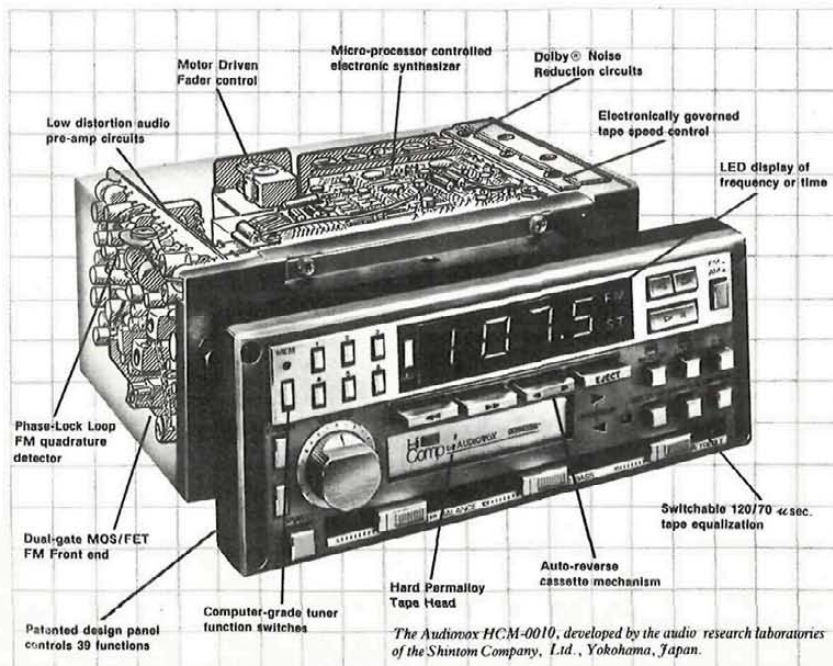
You spend \$1,000 and what do you get?

Probably the finest sound you've heard, *anywhere*. It takes money to get it. But it also takes a lot of specialized dedication. Audiovox only knows how to do just one thing: How to engineer the finest automobile sound systems you've ever heard.

For further information, write to: Robert Harris, Technical Director, Dept. NL, Audiovox, 150 Marcus Blvd. Hauppauge, New York 11787.

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The Audiovox HCM-0010, developed by the audio research laboratories of the Shintom Company, Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.



The CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE NEGROES AND THE JEWS!

by JOHN HUGHES

TALKS BETWEEN NEW YORK'S NEGRO AND JEWISH LEADERS BREAK DOWN. THEIR DIFFERENCES COME INTO SHARP FOCUS. HOPES FOR A PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT FADE.

I BOUGHT A NINETEEN-PIECE MEDITERRANEAN SPANISH MODERN LIVING ROOM AND DINETTE SET AND YOU RE-PO-SSESSED THE MOTHER!

WELL, YOU DIDN'T PAY FOR IT!

MAN, YOU EVER SEEN THE APARTMENTS YOU RENT TO US?

YOU MADE SLIMS OF GOOD BUILDINGS! YOU PEED IN THE HALLS! YOU THREW GARBAGE IN THE STAIRWELLS! MY OWN MOTHER USED TO LIVE IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD UNTIL YOU MADE SUCH A MESS OF IT!

I DIDN'T HAVE NO JOB!

THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT IT!

SURE, AND I PAID FOR IT!

I GOT TO HAVE FURNITURE, MAN! I BET YOU GOT FURNITURE!

SNEE-IT!

SNEE-IT!

IN A BRILLIANT TACTICAL FEAT, A NEGRO STRIKE FORCE ATTACKS A KEY JEWISH RECREATIONAL TARGET, LEAVING THE JEWS STUNNED AND UNPREPARED FOR WAR.

HANDS UP!

THIS IS A WAR, AND YOU IS THE PRISONERS OF IT!

WAR? IRVING, SO SINCE WHEN DO WE HAVE A WAR?

NO, MAN! THIS IS A WAR!

I DON'T KNOW FROM ANY WAR! THIS IS A BURGLARY!

LOOK AT YOU, YOU'RE STEALING THINGS! THIS IS A STICKUP!

I AIN'T STEALING NOTHING, MAN! THIS IS THE PLUNDER AND SPOILS OF WAR!

HE'S NOT WEARING A STOCKING OVER HIS FACE. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THIS IS A WAR!

THE JEWS CALL UPON THEIR ORGANIZATIONAL SKILLS AND THEIR TRADITIONAL UNITY TO MOBILIZE RESOURCES AND MOUNT A COUNTER OFFENSIVE.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK MR. SIDNEY LEVIN FOR HIS GENEROUS PLEDGE OF \$1,000 IN HONOR OF HIS LATE WIFE, FLORENCE.

... YOU PULL THIS THING, AND THEN THIS PUSHES ON HERE, AND BULLETS COME OUT OF HERE ?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW ?

I ONLY SELL THEM !

CALL BARRY MANILOW AND TELL HIM WE NEED A WAR SONG !

LET ME REMIND YOU THAT EVERYONE WHO MAKES A PLEDGE OF \$500 OR MORE WILL RECEIVE A WONDERFUL CANDY DISH COMMEMORATING THE WAR.

THE NEWLY FORMED JEWISH ARMY MEETS UNITS OF THE NEGRO BOTTLE AND BALL BAT CAVALRY IN THE BATTLE OF CENTRAL PARK WEST, THE FIRST MAJOR CONFRONTATION IN THE EXPANDING CONFLICT.

PREPARE UMBRELLAS !

GO FOR THEIR RIBS, JUST LIKE WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING TO GET TO THE SALE TABLES AT MACY'S !

READY ! AIM ! SQUIRT !

BAN

SHIT, MAN ! MACE !!

COVER YOUR RADIOS !

BAM !

GLUG GLUG GLUG

FOOSH !
PSHHH
PSSSS

DRINK UP, MAN !

YOU IS HOLDING UP THE ARTILLERY ATTACK !

THE NEGROES SEIZE AN OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF JEWISH STRENGTH BY UPSETTING THE CONSUMER-CREDIT SYSTEM.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR THIS ?

PUT THE FIFTY RADIOS ON MY VISA CARD, PUT THE TV ON MY MASTER CHARGE, AND THE REST GO ON MY CREDIT CARD.

THE JEWS FIGHT ECONOMICS WITH ECONOMICS...

MAMA, THEY TOOK MY CAR, MY TV, MY LOVESEAT COMBO, MY DRESSES, MY BABIES' TOYS, AND THEN WHEN I OPENS MY ASSISTANCE CHECK, IT AIN'T THERE, ALL I GETS IS A COLIPON FOR A CARTON OF MILK AND SOME BREAD !

MAN, THEY'S FUCKIN' WITH THE WELFARE ! THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW !

THE TIDE OF THE WAR SHIFTS AS JEWS EXERCISE THEIR TRADITIONAL CONTROL OF THE MEDIA.

CURRENT POOP
BLACKS SCORE LOWER ON I.Q. TESTS!
NO FATHERS BLAMED FOR POOR WAR EFFORT!
BLACK LOSSES MOUNT, SURRENDER SEEN SOON!
PRESIDENT SUPPORTS JEWISH CAUSE!
"CAN'T WIN WAR!" SAYS BLACK LEADER!

NBA BASKETBALL WILL NOT BE SEEN TONIGHT SO THAT WE MAY BRING YOU THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL BROADCAST--"AMOS 'N' ANDY ON SAFARI."

I CAN'T DANCE TO THAT SHIT! PUT ON SOMETHING ELSE!
 MAN, IT'S ON EVERY STATION!
 THUMP! THUMP!
 THAT WAS THE NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR, WITH TANNHAUSER, ACT III, "PILGRIM'S CHORUS."

THE NEGROES' SURPRISING USE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE EVENS THE SCORE.

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! TURN THAT RECORD PLAYER OFF!
 OY, GOD! THIS NIGGER JUNGLE BOP IS DRIVING ME CRAZY! I CAN'T SLEEP!
 HOW CAN I FIGHT A WAR WHEN I CAN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP?

WITH THE WAR EFFORT STALEMATED, THE JEWS PLACE AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP TO TEL AVIV.

WE APPRECIATE ALL DA TREES AND DA HOSPITALS, BUT AT DIS MOMENT VE ARE BUSY WITH LEBANON AND CAN'T SPARE ANY RESOURCES. BUT GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND KEEP IN TOUCH. SHALOM!

THE NEGROES, HOWEVER, DO RECEIVE MILITARY ASSISTANCE FROM THEIR OVERSEAS ALLIES.

THE SUCCESSFUL URBAN GUERRILLA DERIVES STRENGTH FROM HIS DISCIPLINE AND HIS DETERMINATION TO SEE THE OBJECTIVES MET!

THAT'S WHAT I SAY, MAN. TOMORROW, WE GONNA DO IT. NOW, LET'S HAVE SOME FUN. YOU BE IN HURRY ALL THE TIME, YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA HAVE NO FUN IN YOUR LIFE!
 DON'T YOU WANT TO DANCE?
 GET AHMED HERE ANOTHER BLACK VELVET. THEY GOT BLACK VELVET OVER IN DE GAZA STRIP?
 TURN UP THE TV. IT'S "CHARLIE'S ANGELS"!
 I LOVE YOUR TERRORISM SHOES!

A PROBLEM CONFRONTING THE NEGRO WAR MACHINE IS THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THEIR TROOPS. WITH LITTLE TO LOSE OR GAIN, THE NEGRO REGULARS LOSE INTEREST IN THE CONFLICT.

I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT ON WEEKENDS NO MORE. NO WAY, I AIN'T GETTIN' UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNIN' TO SHOOT UP NO DAMN DELI. I'D RATHER HAVE ME A JOB.
 YOU AIN'T GONNA QUIT THE ARMY AFTER YOU SEE THE NEW HATS WE GONNA GET!

THE JEWISH WAR EFFORT ALSO SUFFERS AS THEIR SOLDIERS ARE TORN BETWEEN CONTINUING THE WAR AND RETURNING TO TRADITIONAL BUSINESSES THAT ARE FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF OTHERS.

MOTHER OF GOD! IF YOU CAN'T SEE THAT'S A FINE SUIT, HOW CAN YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? BEGORRA! YOU'LL BE WEARIN' THIS 'TILL THE DAY THEY LAY YOU OUT!



THE WAR HEATS UP ONCE AGAIN AFTER THE JEWS STAGE A STUNNING AMBUSH OF THE CRACK 22nd UNEMPLOYED SANITATION WORKERS INFANTRY IN THE HEART OF HARLEM.



CAN I GET SICK FROM BREATHING IN ALL THIS GUN SMOKE?

WHO CARES ABOUT SMOKE? I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY HEARING.

Seville

THE VICTORY IS COMPLETE WHEN THE NEGRO TROOPS ARE UNABLE TO RETREAT.

WHERE'S THE MOTHERFUCKING 'A' TRAIN, MAN? COME ON!

THE VICTORY IN HARLEM IS OFFSET BY THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE NEUTRALITY OF NEW JERSEY HILLBILLIES, WHO THROW THEIR SUPPORT BEHIND THE NEGROES.

WITH FRESH SUPPORT AND MORALE RUNNING HIGH, THE NEGROES LAUNCH THEIR HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL HANUKKAH OFFENSIVE, IN WHICH 88 PERCENT OF THE CITY'S BEAUTY SALONS ARE SEIZED AND HELD THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAY, CAUSING UNREST AMONG THE JEWISH RANKS.



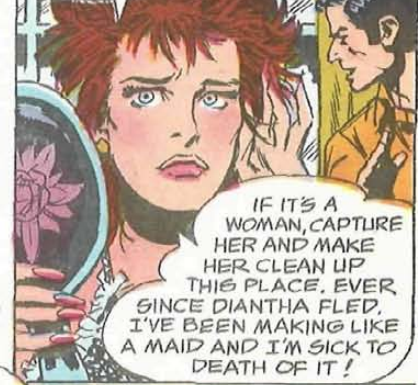
US BLACK FOLK AIN'T SO BAD, IS WE?



WELL, NO NIGGER NEVER REPOSSESSED MY CAR.

WAR OR NO WAR, I'M NOT GOING TO EPSTEIN'S LOOKING LIKE A HAG!

SHUT UP, SADIE! I THINK THERE'S A SHVARTZER ON THE PATIO!



IF IT'S A WOMAN, CAPTURE HER AND MAKE HER CLEAN UP THIS PLACE. EVER SINCE DIANTHA FLED, I'VE BEEN MAKING LIKE A MAID AND I'M SICK TO DEATH OF IT!

THE WAR ENTERS ITS TWELFTH MONTH WITH BOTH SIDES DEADLOCKED.

NEVER DID I THINK I WOULD HEAR SUCH WORDS FROM YOUR MOUTH! IF WE START KILLING PEOPLE ON THE STREETS, WE'LL HAVE TO START KILLING THEM IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AS WELL!

HOW WE GONNA WIN THE WAR IF YOU KEEP STEALING THE GUN MONEY!

DESPITE INTERNAL DISPUTES AND DISSENSION AMONG THE TROOPS, THE WAR CONTINUES. AT THE PENTAGON, IN WASHINGTON, DC, MILITARY EXPERTS KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE ENLARGING STRUGGLE.

IT COMES DOWN TO THIS: IF WE WANT TO WIN THE WAR, WE'LL HAVE TO START KILLING COLOREDS.

MEYER'S RIGHT. ALL MY LIFE I'VE FOUGHT AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND FOR GUN CONTROL. I DON'T WISH TO BE A HYPOCRITE.



I DIDN'T STEAL NO GUN MONEY! I BORROWED IT! I'LL GET IT BACK!

I DON'T KNOW WHO BEEN STEALIN' WHAT, BUT SOMEBODY'S BEEN MESSIN' WITH MY OLD LADY!

THE WAR IS GETTING OUT OF HAND. CASUALTIES ARE MOUNTING, JEWS AND BLACKS ARE DESTROYING EACH OTHER. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME WE MOVED IN, GENERAL?



BUT WE HAVE TO WIN THIS WAR. I TELL YOU WHAT, WE SHOOT THEIR FEET. ALL THE SHVARTZERS I EVER KNEW HAVE TENDER FEET. FROM WEARING CHEAP SHOES. I SHOULD KNOW, I PUT TWO SONGS THROUGH DENTAL SCHOOL SELLING THOSE SHOES. SHOOT THE FEET AND WE WIN THE WAR.

WE AIN'T GONNA WIN NO WAR UNLESS WE GET US SOME NEW CARS. ADOLF HITLER NEVER DROVE AROUND IN NO DAMN...



ARE YOU NUTS, COLONEL ROGERS?

Bone FoneTM

A new concept in sound technology may revolutionize the way we listen to stereo music.

The Bone Fone surrounds your entire body with a sound almost impossible to imagine.

You're standing in an open field. Suddenly there's music from all directions. Your bones resonate as if you're listening to beautiful stereo music in front of a powerful home stereo system.

But there's no radio in sight and nobody else hears what you do. It's an unbelievable experience that will send chills through your body when you first hear it.

AROUND YOU

And nobody will know you're listening to a stereo. The entire sound system is actually draped around you like a scarf and can be hidden under a jacket or worn over clothes.

The Bone Fone is actually an AM/FM stereo multiplex radio with its speakers located near your ears. When you tune in a stereo station, you get the same stereo separation you'd expect from earphones but without the bulk and inconvenience. And you also get something you won't expect.

INNER EAR BONES

The sound will also resonate through your bones—all the way to the sensitive bones of your inner ear. It's like feeling the vibrations of a powerful stereo system or sitting in the first row listening to a symphony orchestra—it's breathtaking.

Now you can listen to beautiful stereo music everywhere—not just in your living room. Imagine walking your dog to beautiful stereo music or roller skating to a strong disco beat.

You can ride a bicycle or motorcycle, jog and even do headstands—the Bone Fone stays on no matter what the activity. The Bone Fone stereo brings beautiful music and convenience to every indoor and outdoor activity without disturbing those around you and without anything covering your ear.

SKI INVENTION

The Bone Fone was invented by an engineer who liked to ski. Every time he took a long lift ride, he noticed other skiers carrying transistor radios and cassette players and wondered if there was a better way to keep your hands free and listen to stereo music.

So he invented the Bone Fone stereo. When he put it around his neck, he couldn't believe his ears. He was not only hearing the music

and stereo separation, but the sound was resonating through his bones giving him the sensation of standing in front of a powerful stereo system.

AWARDED PATENT

The inventor took his invention to a friend who also tried it on. His friend couldn't believe what he heard and at first thought someone was playing a trick on him.

The inventor was awarded a patent for his idea and brought it to JS&A. We took the idea and our engineers produced a very sensitive yet powerful AM/FM multiplex radio called the Bone Fone.

The entire battery-powered system is self-contained and uses four integrated circuits and two ceramic filters for high station selectivity. The Bone Fone weighs only 15 ounces, so when worn over your shoulders, the weight is not even a factor.

BUILT TO TAKE IT

The Bone Fone was built to take abuse. The large 70 millimeter speakers are protected in flexible water and crush resistant cases. The case that houses the radio itself is made of rugged ABS plastic with a special reinforcement system. We knew that the Bone Fone stereo may take a great deal of abuse so we designed it with the quality needed to withstand the worst treatment.

The Bone Fone stereo is covered with a sleeve made of Lycra Spandex—the same material used to make expensive swim suits, so it's easily washable. You simply remove the sleeve, dip it in soapy water, rinse and let the sleeve dry. It's just that easy. The entire system is also protected against damage from moisture and sweat making it ideal for jogging or bicycling.

The sleeve comes in brilliant Bone Fone blue—a color designed especially for the system. An optional set of four sleeves in orange, red, green and black is also available for \$10. You can design your own sleeve using the pattern supplied free with the optional kit.

YOUR OWN SPACE

Several people could be in a car, each tuned to his own program or bring the Bone Fone to a ball game for the play by play. Cyclists,

joggers, roller skaters, sports fans, golfers, housewives, executives—everybody can find a use for the Bone Fone. It's the perfect gift.

Why not order one on our free trial program and let your entire family try it out? Use it outdoors, while you drive, at ball games or while you golf, jog or walk the dog. But most important—compare the Bone Fone with your expensive home stereo system. Only then will you fully appreciate the major breakthrough this product represents.

GET ONE SOON

To order your Bone Fone, simply send your check or money order for \$69.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling to the address shown below. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax.) Credit card buyers may call our toll-free number below. Add \$10 if you wish to also receive the accessory pack of four additional sleeves.

We'll send you the entire Bone Fone stereo complete with four AA cell batteries, instructions, and 90-day limited warranty including our prompt service-by-mail address.

When you receive your unit, use it for two weeks. Take it with you to work, or wear it in your car. Take walks with it, ride your bicycle or roller skate with it. Let your friends try it out. If after our two-week free trial, you do not feel that the Bone Fone is the incredible stereo experience we've described, return it for a prompt and courteous refund, including your \$2.50 postage and handling. You can't lose and you'll be the first to discover the greatest new space-age audio product of the year.

Discover the freedom, enjoyment, and quality of the first major breakthrough in portable entertainment since the transistor radio. Order a Bone Fone stereo at no obligation, today.

*Pending FCC approval.

JS&A PRODUCTS
THAT
THINK[®]

Dept. NL One JS&A Plaza
Northbrook, Ill. 60062 (312) 564-7000
Call TOLL-FREE 800 323-6400
In Illinois Call (312) 564-7000

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Don Juan

— R e v i s i t e d —

Don Juan lives on West Ninety-fourth Street on the Upper West Side of Manhattan in a two-and-a-half-room apartment in an old, shabby, pre-war building, one of many that are owned by mysterious real-estate firms with names like Sohab, Abjo, or Nasid. I noticed an old rent request on the floor near the mailbox that read: "Please make your check out to Melmar Realty, Inc. Thank you. The Jabro Corporation."

The apartment was completely furnished with a full array of sets—a kitchenette set in marbled Formica and chrome, a living room set in "Mediterranean Regency," and a bedroom set in something called "Aztec Modern." They were bought by the previous occupant from one of those furniture emporiums where you can take up to thirty-five years to pay. Don Juan cheerfully pays the store \$10.43 a week for the furniture, which he loves.

When I called on him he was watching a rerun of "Three's Company." "Suzanne Somers is not a suitable woman for a warrior like me," he said. "There is too much softness about her. I fear she is an ice cream cone, not a real woman. To me, there is only one impeccable woman and that is the peerless Farrah. There is not one ounce of excess flesh on her. No wasted motion in her movements. She speaks few words. Only what is important. She is like a young lioness with a mane of blond hair and perfect teeth. I love her very much. Do you know her or have contact with her?"

I told him that I did not know Farrah Fawcett-Majors, expressed sincere regret, and began discussing the relative merits of his other favorites,

Susan Anton, Shelley Hack, Marie Osmond, and the many anonymous models and actresses he sees on the commercials. I expressed the thought that there were not that many differences among them, that they all looked alike to me. But after hours of discussion with Don Juan I realized how a sorcerer can "see" a lot more than an ordinary man can.

But what was Don Juan, the Yacqui Indian of Mexico, the mentor of Carlos Castaneda, the man of knowledge, the sorcerer, the "warrior," doing in New York, living in that odd, raffish neighborhood of Latinos, liberals, and poor trash of all colors?

"I am here because I was originally invited," said Don Juan. "It seemed that Castaneda's publisher was growing very suspicious about me, whether I was a real person or a figment of Castaneda's imagination. So Carlos kept after me to come to New York, to be a guest of honor at what he called a cocktail party. I said I cannot go. I do not own a tuxedo, or even a dark suit. He said he could rent a tuxedo. I never heard of such a thing. Renting clothes? Finally Carlos won me over when he said he might lose his next large advance and all his royalties if he did not establish my 'credibility.' This I did not like to hear. Carlos has always promised to give me a share of his earnings when the time comes, and, as you can see, I am close to retirement age, and I would like a little something to tide me over until I go to the *nagual*, the dark world, forever.

"And so I became the guest of honor at the publisher's cocktail party. They tried to be nice to me. They served Mexican food. I hate Mexican food. My name, 'Don Juan,' was spelled out

in refried beans. They made me sit on a special throne, the throne of the warrior. They hired sorcerers to entertain us, those people who make playing cards and rabbits disappear. One of them pulled a hard-boiled egg out of my ear. I wanted to eat it instead of all that terrible Mexican food.

"The only people I liked at the party were the women. There were many women there, but I especially liked the ones with the long red nails and the hair of gold and silver streaks. Many of them touched my body and asked me if I wanted to do a movie treatment. What is a movie treatment?"

"I was ready to go home with one of them when suddenly Charlene appeared. She had red hair and white skin and freckles in the most unlikely places. She came to me when the party was nearly over and asked me to be her teacher. She wanted to be to me what Carlos was, my pupil, my apprentice sorcerer. I was very tired. A warrior can never be tired and let his guard down. But I had come from a long plane ride and I was surprisingly weak from the party itself. I took many unfamiliar alcoholic beverages and smoked marijuana cigarettes, which I never tried before. I felt both very tired and very open and warmhearted. And so when this woman, this girl of no more than nineteen or twenty, asked to be my pupil, I accepted.

"We went to her apartment and she made me lie on her comfortable bed while she knelt on the floor near me, as befitting a master and pupil. I was feeling even more pleasantly tired and warmhearted—not the perfect state for a warrior. Before I knew what was happening, my guard was down and my *puzo*, my member, was up. Char-

continued on page 52

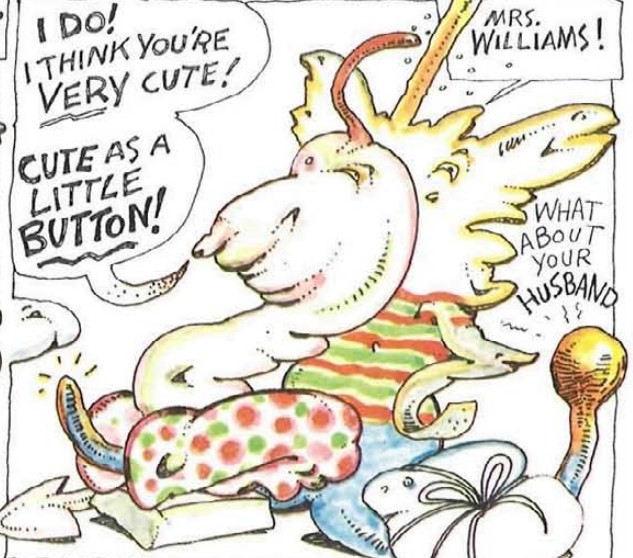
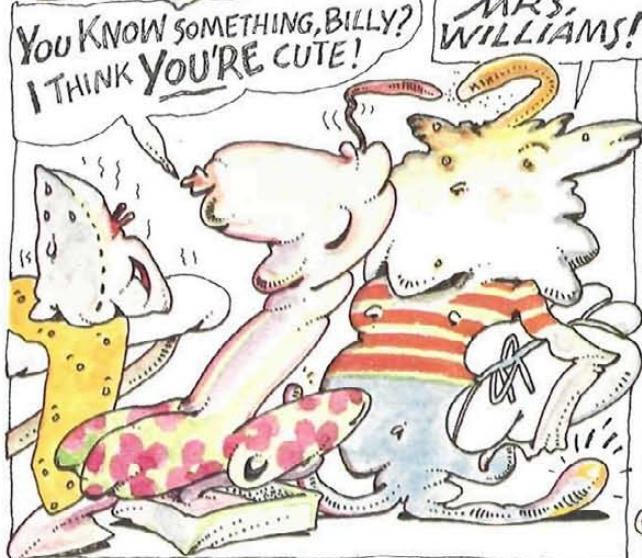
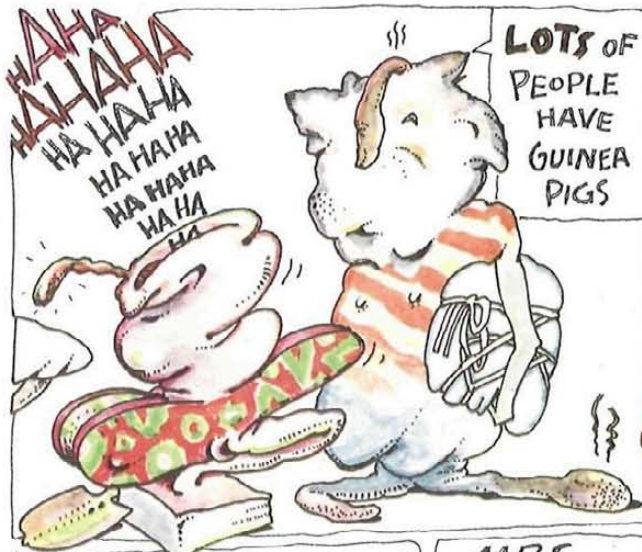
A LOVE STORY

by M.K. BROWN
©1979



SUBURBS OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH





JUST THEN IN THE DOWNTOWN SALT LAKE CITY OFFICES OF J. EDGAR WILLIAMS, HUSBAND OF MRS. WILLIAMS AND TOP TAX CONSULTANT TO SOME OF THE FINEST NAMES IN SHOW BUSINESS...







Discover the
Arctic Lights difference.
Low 'tar'... more
menthol refreshment.

- Here's more Menthol Refreshment.
- A satisfying blend of Menthol and Rich Tobaccos.
- The filter holds back 'tar', lets full Menthol Refreshment come right through.

Low 'tar' Arctic Lights:
Kings & 100's

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

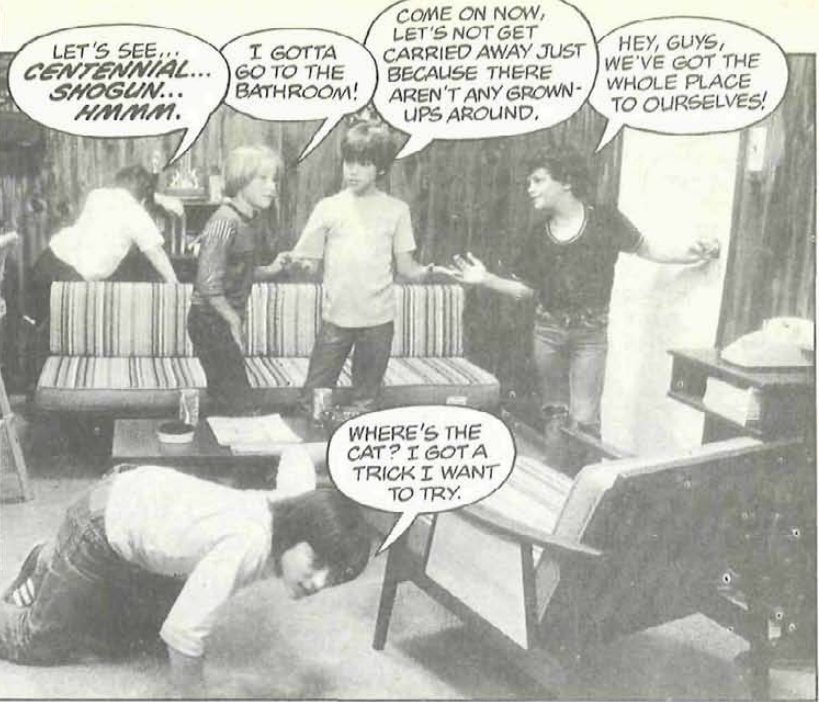
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Lord of the Rec Room

BY JOHN WEIDMAN AND GERRY SUSSMAN

One Friday night, the Andersons, the Leonards, and the Jenners decided to get a baby-sitter for their children and go out on the town. The Leonards and the Jenners brought their children to the Andersons' house and dropped them off. The baby-sitter arrived, the parents left, and all was well until the sitter received a phone call informing her that her brother had been killed in an auto wreck. Sobbing wildly, she raced from the house, leaving Carl and Lonnie Jenner, Scotty and Timmy Leonard, and Oogie Anderson alone.



LET'S SEE...
CENTENNIAL...
SHOGLIN...
HMMMM.

I GOTTA
GO TO THE
BATHROOM!

COME ON NOW,
LET'S NOT GET
CARRIED AWAY JUST
BECAUSE THERE
AREN'T ANY GROWN-
UPS AROUND.

HEY, GUYS,
WE'VE GOT THE
WHOLE PLACE
TO OURSELVES!

WHERE'S THE
CAT? I GOT A
TRICK I WANT
TO TRY.



TONIC WATER...
BITTER LEMON...
COLLINS MIXER...
BEER!

WHAT THE
FUCK IS
WRONG
WITH THIS
T.V.?
SHIT!

AH, THIS
LOOKS
GOOD...
**LORD
OF THE
FLIES.**

YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET IT!
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET IT!

CARL, LONNIE,
WHAT KIND
OF WAY IS
THIS TO
ACT?



PUT SOME OF
THIS IN. TASTES
LIKE ICE CREAM
SYRUP.

I'VE SEEN MY
PARENTS MIX THIS
STUFF UP FOR
COCKTAIL
PARTIES.



NOW, LISTEN, CARL,
DON'T YOU THINK
THIS HAS GONE
FAR ENOUGH?

**STOP
IT! STOP!**

YOU KNOW,
THIS FELLOW
WILLIAM GOLDING
WAS ONTO
SOMETHING...

**STOP
WHINING.
IT'S A PARTY,
YOU STUPID
JERK.**



YOU'RE A
CHICKEN, SCOTTY.
I DARE YOU TO
DRINK THIS!

**I DOUBLE
DARE YOU!**

I DON'T
HAVE TO PROVE
MYSELF TO
YOU, CARL.

**DON'T DO
IT, SCOTTY!**

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SCOTTY? CAN'T HOLD YOUR LIQUOR?

VERY INTERESTING... JUST LIKE IN THE BOOK.

OPERATOR! GET ME MOMMY!

BATHROOM, BATHROOM... GOING TO THROW UP.

GIMME THAT, YOU LITTLE CRYBABY!

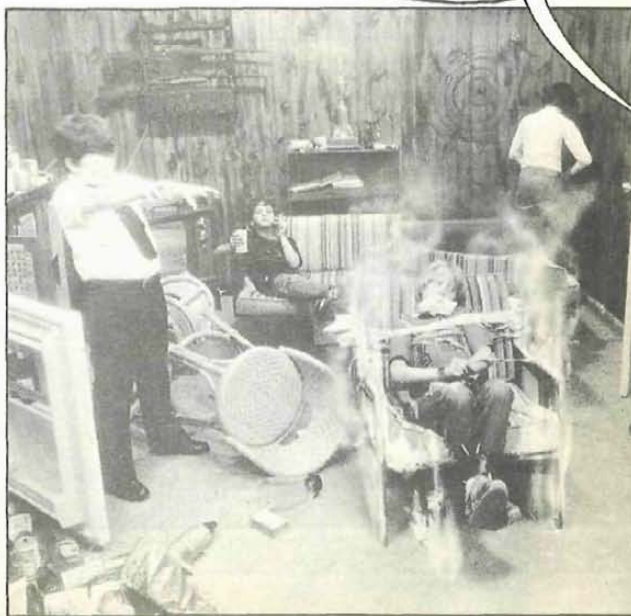
NO, NO!



NOW WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY, FOUR EYES?

DON'T! DON'T! AAAGH!

HOLY CRIPES! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!



HMMMMM...

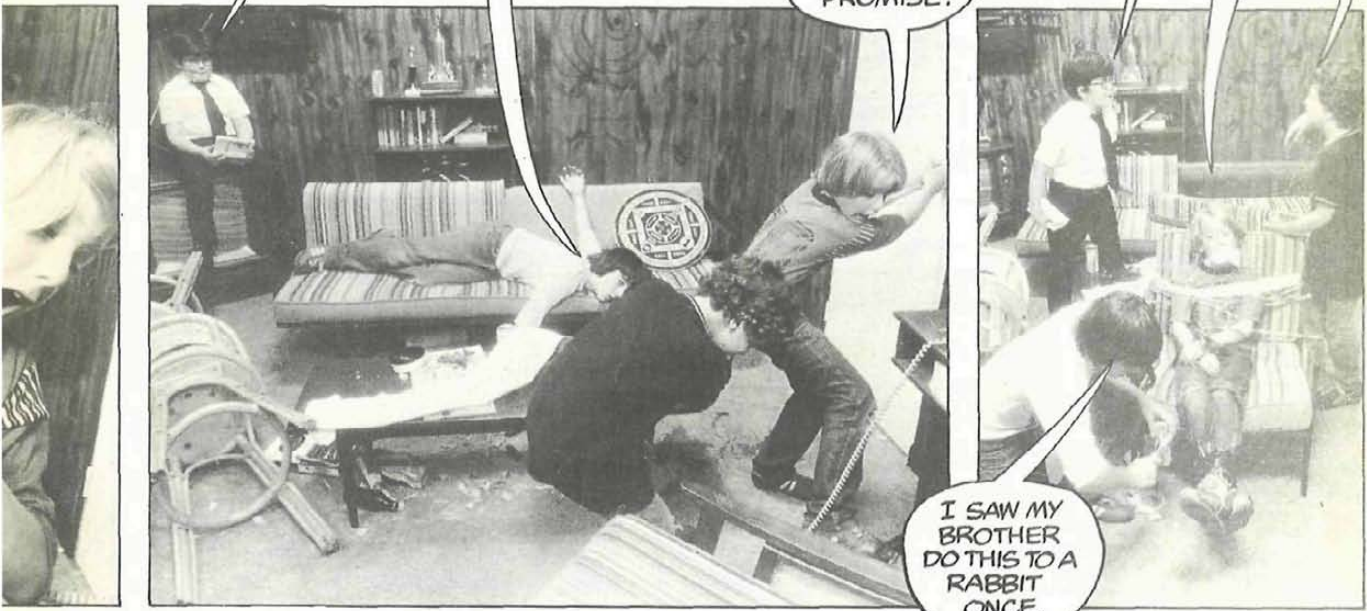
BRING HIM OVER HERE, CARL. LET'S TEACH THE LITTLE SQUEALER A LESSON.

DON'T YOU TWO REALIZE YOU'VE REVERTED TO A LEVEL OF PRIMITIVE SAVAGERY, JUST LIKE WILLIAM GOLDING SAID YOU WOULD?

WHAT'S THAT, FATSO?

LET ME GO, LET ME GO! I WON'T TELL! I PROMISE!

HELPPFF!!



I SAW MY BROTHER DO THIS TO A RABBIT ONCE.

OKAY, CARL, ENOUGH'S ENOUGH. LET'S CLEAN THIS MESS UP NOW.

MAKE ME!



YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!



HAD
ENOUGH?



GEE, I THINK
YOU REALLY HURT
HIM. WHAT'LL
WE DO?

LET'S
FINISH
HIM
OFF!



SEEMS
AWFULLY
QUIET...

I WONDER WHAT
THOSE LITTLE
RASCALS HAVE
BEEN UP TO NOW?



READY...

AIM...



First Intercourse My Fond

HOW I IMAGINED IT WOULD BE

GIRL:

"I've been watching you for a long time and you're just the kind of mature, sensitive, intelligent, brave, handsome, and athletic guy I want to share my perfect body with."

BOY:

"We'll have time for words later."



HOW I REMEMBER IT

BOY:

"This is an important moment in our lives, but I'm not afraid."

GIRL:

"I want to know what it's like more than anything in the whole world! You can take off my clothes. I won't be embarrassed!"



BOY:

"May I explore your body with my hands? May I kiss you in places you've never been kissed before?"

GIRL:

"Oh, yes. Oh, what do I feel? It's so large and so warm! It's so much different than I thought it would be! It's cute. I want to see what it does! Will you show me?"



GIRL:

"You have such big, hard muscles!"

BOY:

"Let's not wait any longer. We're too much in love, darling."



GIRL:

"You're so different! So tough! So cool! When we're done, I want to do it all over again, all night long. I love you!"

BOY:

"You'll never love another after you've gone all the way with me!"



BOY:

"We're no longer children."

GIRL:

"I'm a woman and you're a man."



Best Fantasy by John Hughes



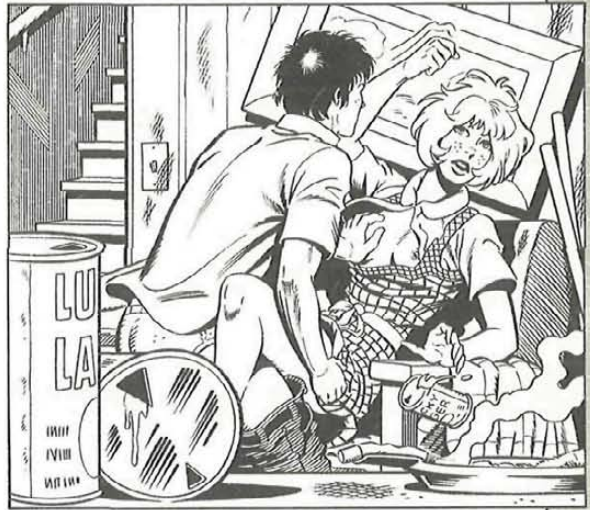
AS IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

BOY:

"Every other girl in school does it. What's wrong with you? I love you a lot. It's okay! It won't hurt. Just let me put my hand in there! Please? Please?"

GIRL:

"No! No! You're tearing my jumper! Ick! Oh, ick! Leave me alone! You're sick, you're sick!"



BOY:

"We'll get married later, okay? I won't tell anybody. You'll like it. Nothing will happen. Just be quiet and enjoy it. Oh, oh, oh!"

GIRL:

"You're raping me! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Owwwwww!"



GIRL:

"You ruined my whole life. I'll never be the same. I promised my mother and myself...sob! Everybody's going to think I'm a slut. Oh no! You got sperm on the blanket my grandma made!"

BOY:

"You don't feel pregnant, do you?"



DON JUAN REVISITED

continued from page 39

lene looked at me with great admiration. The puzo of a sorcerer is not to be sneezed at. I do not wish to brag—a true sorcerer does not brag—but I could will my puzo to be as large as I liked. This is one of the great rewards of being a sorcerer that my friend Castaneda did not write about, because he has not yet mastered how to do it. It takes many years to learn. I myself learned it a year and a half ago.

"And so this mere child, young enough to be my granddaughter, took off her clothes to reveal the most beautiful body I have ever seen. 'Hubba hubba,' I said, which is a phrase I learned from an American tourist many years ago. She had no idea of what I meant but jumped on top of me and impaled herself on my puzo. All my guards were down and I gave in to the *tonal*, the world of the tangible. I was no longer a true warrior.

"Perhaps it was that marijuana I smoked. I never used that drug before. But I do know that we made *boom-boom* all night. I loved her milky white skin and the freckles in the most unlikely places. In Mexico, all we get is dark women with flat noses and no freckles.

"Charlene was not only a willing pupil but had what is called an independent income, which meant she could devote all her time to me without worrying about money and a job. I must say, she learned very fast. She was smarter and braver than Castaneda. She was born to be a sorcerer.

"I know that many of your readers will question my relationship with Charlene, and they are right to do so. Normally, a teacher does not make boom-boom with a pupil. But in this case it was the boom-boom itself that was making Charlene into a sorceress,

a woman of knowledge.

"One day we are making boom-boom in the afternoon and it is an especially good one. Charlene is making the woman noises very, very loud. And then she is shaking so hard I fear the bed will collapse. Her eyes are so big they are popping out of her head. She is sweating heavily, as if she has a high fever. Then she groaned, screamed, and drooled a few drops on my face and was gone. There was nothing on the bed but a few little wet spots.

"'Oh, oh, Chihuahua,' I say to myself. This is not just boom-boom. This woman has just willed herself into the *nagual*; she already has the powers of a true sorceress. But how did she do it so quickly, when it takes so many years of learning and tests? And then I realized that Charlene was a rare one—one we call a *nymphita*, a sorceress who achieves power and wills her life through boom-boom itself. Just as I achieve my power through *seeing* and Don Gennaro, my old colleague, through the movement of his body in dancing, Charlene did it through the most direct way, to lose yourself into the other world, using my puzo as her tool, to gain access to the *nagual*.

"Yet I was not sure Charlene was ready for the *nagual*, no matter how well she was doing. The *nagual* is a place that you do not dwell in for long, because the chances are you will never come back. I feared greatly for her.

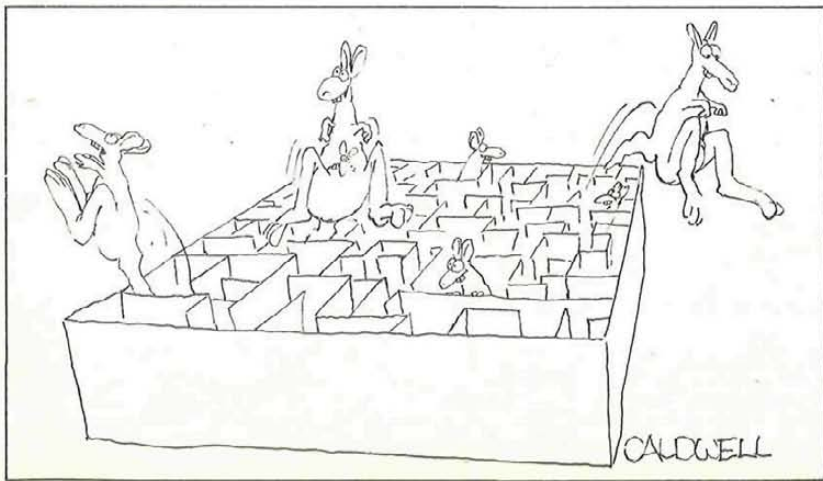
"I told Castaneda of my responsibility to Charlene, and he found this apartment for me to stay in until I bring her back from the *nagual*. Every day I try to bring her back with my sorcery, but I am sad to say that I do not have my old powers anymore. I would have gone into the *nagual* and snatched her back, but today I am too old and weak for that. The old Puerto Rican ladies from the *botanicas* try to

help me, with their potions and candles, but so far nothing has happened. They make me drink magical potions, but most of those give me diarrhea.

"I am getting used to this neighborhood, although I miss Charlene very much. There are many young Latin girls here, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years old, who wear the tight jeans and the tight shiny leotards that emphasize their fine round breasts. I urge them not to wear the breast supporters, the brassieres, under their leotards. It is wrong. The leotard offers enough support and creates a beautiful line for the upper body. They can make me crazy, those girls. They laugh when I offer to make boom-boom with them. Someday I will teach them a lesson.

"I have discovered that even though my powers are weakening, they are still excellent for killing cockroaches. My apartment was full of them, and I have put a spell on them and killed them all. When the people in the neighborhood heard of my power, they all ask me to kill their roaches. 'El Exterminito,' they call me. For a small fee I do the job. It is just enough money to pay for small horse bets, the numbers, and the card game they call three-card monte, which I have not yet figured out. I suppose I am 'hanging out' at the moment, as the kids say. It is not a true sorcerer's life, to be sure. But it is not altogether a bad life for an old man. I smoke the grass, do a little magic (I can also kill mice), and I will soon make boom-boom with the Puerto Rican girls. And, of course, I do everything in my power to bring Charlene back from the *nagual*. I fear greatly for her."

*Editor's note: I felt so sorry for the old guy that I did a little checking on the whereabouts of Charlene myself. I traced some of her friends, who told me that she was now living in Los Angeles, working in a health club and trying to sell some film scripts. I got her on the phone and told her about Don Juan and his search for her in the *nagual*. She said she never got to the *nagual* that night. She simply fell off the bed and rolled away from Don Juan. He was so stoned he never saw what happened. The scene with him was getting a little too heavy, so she packed and left for L.A. Sure, she misses him. He was a great lay for a seventy-year-old guy. He gave you the feeling that he had a tremendous organ, although you were never really sure how big it was. She sent him her love but insisted that I not give out her phone number. "If he's a great sorcerer, he'll find me somehow," she said. □*



COMMON DRUGS

AND
THE

FANTASIES

THEY

PRODUCE

by
Tod
Carroll



It is just within the last few years that many of us have begun to intelligently and artfully broaden our drug experiences by combining different substances to obtain new and unusual effects. Where we previously limited ourselves to a rudimentary

palette of disorientation, false security, catatonia, hypnotic delusion, psychosis, hyperactivity, and one or two forms of clinical madness, we may now orchestrate and fine tune dozens of novel sensations to achieve a truly personalized, "living" high. Of

course, managing a day's or a week's or a month's drug intake requires a considerable amount of planning. You need to know where you're going and how you're going to get there, which is why we have prepared this easy-reference guide to thir-

teen popular toxic chemicals and fumes and the fantasies most commonly produced by mixing them. Note: This chart is intended only as a general planning aid—imagery and intensity may vary from user to user.

COMMON DRUGS-

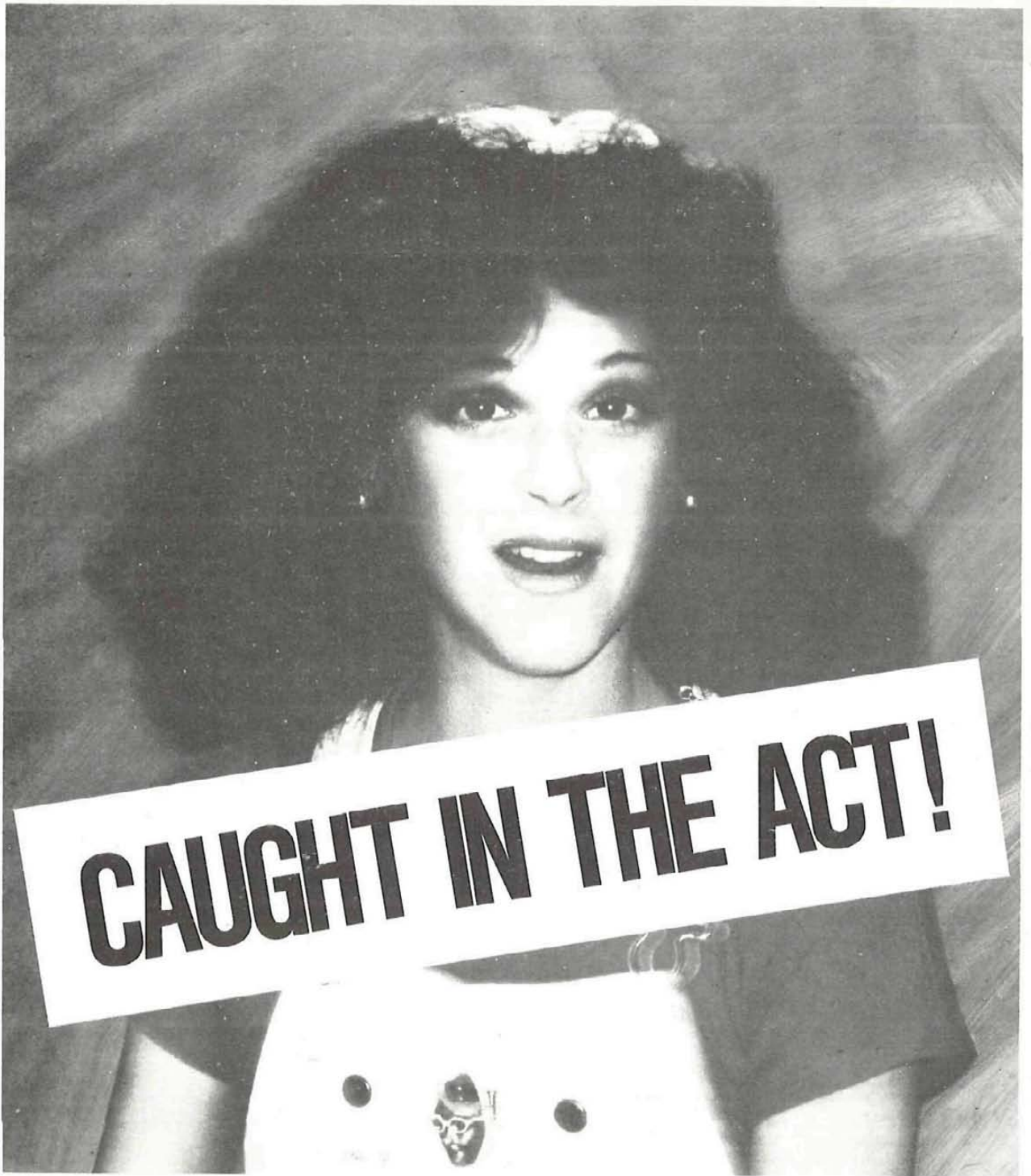
		MARIJUANA	SECONAL
	FANTASY WHEN TAKEN ALONE	Everyone and everything is, like, absolutely fucking hilarious. And you don't have to, like, communicate it or that you maybe want to fuck someone, because, like, everyone just <i>knows</i> , you know, and it, like, <i>happens</i> .	Everything's all right. No problems, no anxiety, not much of anything. Just <i>real</i> smooth. So relaxed, you want to turn out the lights. (You hope someone <i>will</i> locate the switch and turn out the lights.)
ALCOHOL	You're a great guy. You're a real funny guy. And an extremely tough guy. Tough and studly. And you're having a hell of a good time.	You are an incredibly amazing guy, and you can kick the shit out of anyone in the room, and they, like, fucking <i>know</i> it because it's a sensory thing, which they dig and, like, respect.	You're okay, and your friends are okay, and you're pretty funny and fairly tough if the opposition isn't around or is unconscious. (You're somewhat smooth with the unconscious ladies too, as long as you're not dead.)
QUAALUDE	Your cock is about the size of an atomic cannon, and the girls know it. You don't have to tell them, because you can't. (You need your energy for the crawl to that warm primate in the corner.)	It's so fucking, like, insane that your cock is, like, so gargantuan, because whichever lady you decide to ball for, like, seventy-two hours or so is going to <i>know</i> that the fuck was, like, predestined.	(You crawl to the girl across the room.) You can't find your cock. No one will help you. (You black out and collapse on her feet and probably die.)
COCAINE	(You're really excited.) You've got an enormous amount to say. Everyone likes you, including the girls. You may fuck one, later on.	(You're rapping and rapping, even though you, like, <i>know</i> exactly what everyone else is going to say.) But it's so incredibly funny that when it, like, <i>happens</i> it's, like, experiential.	(You're sort of excited and sort of "up.") You've got a few things to say. Nobody seems to care. (You finish some of what you have to say, then fall down, but have a hard time getting to sleep.)
LSD	Everything is one. Everything is God. You are God. You are everything. Everything and God is you. Except in the case of the black widows. They're in the TV set, breathing loudly. You've got to run.	You, like, <i>know</i> you're God, and it's such a fucking joke to, like, <i>be</i> God because God is really this bristly, ooze-eyed insect who's after you, meaning you're, like, really after yourself, which is, like, the real joke.	You wonder if you are God. You aren't sure, so you wonder if there are any spiders attacking you. You ask someone to get rid of the spiders for you, in case any come. (You whimper briefly, then die.)
AMYL NITRATE	The people in the room aren't there anymore. Just yourself and your blood-engorged head. You might be damaged. Whatever you are, it isn't living, and you might not come back. (You're an aberrant, drooling social pig, and it's <i>fun</i> .)	Your mind is, like, squashed and you're permanently damaged. (But you're laughing so hard you, like, don't even notice, and afterward you forget it happened, but your friends, like, <i>know</i> and they, like, tell you.)	(You lose consciousness. Your brain deteriorates while you're asleep. You probably don't wake up again. If you do, you don't notice any difference and go back to sleep and throw up and most likely choke to death.)
FREON	You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind and in the epicenter of a screeching molecular tornado. A cloud of bony shrapnel blasts through your eyes and you whirl around a lot. (Maybe you'll die.)	You're a laughing, wheezing, hemorrhaging, and, like, blind epicenter of a screeching nuclear tornado, and that's your, like, reality. (Just before you vomit blood through your nose and your pulse stops.)	(You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind but aren't really aware of it until it's too late and you're dead.)

FANTASIES

THE FANTASIES THEY PRODUCE ALONE AND IN VARIOUS COMBINATIONS

CODEINE COUGH SYRUP	HEROIN	ETHER	GLUE
You're in a perfect state of well-being. (No pain. Your cock is a numb cocktail frank.) Dreamy images flash behind your eyes, like tiny mariachis and black dogs licking your shoes.	Finally, you're in the <i>ultimately</i> perfect state of perfect well-being. Nobody minds the snot on your upper lip—everyone appreciates where you're at. They understand your needs. (You steal their furniture and puke on their floor.)	You're a mindless zombie crashing through a forest of furniture and doorjams. Nothing matters. (An eye-tooth juts through your split upper lip and you've stepped on a steak knife. Fuck it. So what.)	You're a raving, cement-boned Cro-Magnon. Friends have no meaning and narrow pink beaks. You want to rob a hobby shop with an ashtray. Pain truncheons your brain. (You shoot staples into your forehead.) A monster appears.
You're a profound miracle of evolution and anesthesia. You'd like to beat someone up but dread the sudden noise of the punches. Besides, the women are after you. They'll settle for your finger.	You're a sniffing, itching hard-ass. The girls dig your tracks and like it when you projectile vomit and cough up bilious chunks all over them. Nobody fucks with you because you know where they live and when they're not home.	You don't know who you are. You swing at someone. Your momentum carries the bridge of your nose into a radiator. The girls know you're tough. (You fall on one of them. She kills you with a lamp.)	You don't care what kind of guy you are. (You make a joke by pulling off your shirt pocket. You pick a fight with an area rug.) You're pissed. You call the operator and demand more glue.
(You're prostrate, your face pressed into the carpet.) You dream about women rolling you over and fucking you. (It never happens. You hyperventilate instead. You're a disgusting, flaccid mess.)	(You've fallen through a window, lacerating half your face off, but all you can think about is fucking.) Maybe a passing junkie whore will fuck you. You can grab her feet and rape her, then check her pulse.	(You roll across the room to show a girl your crank.) She wants it. (You pull her to the floor. Her knee hits you in the teeth.) Everything is going perfectly. You're really having a good time.	You want to fuck something. That girl in the corner with the prehensile tail. She's ready. (You throw a turntable at her.) She loves it. You're a sex monster. (You run at her with a fork.)
(You're desperate to talk about how euphoric you are, but it's too much effort, so you have several thousand dreams about flowers and airborne reptiles with your eyes rolled back in your head.)	(The snot's pouring out like a garden hose now. New energy abounds. Energy to leave the apartment for a while, maybe even score some more and die.)	(You feel a slight twinge in the back of your medulla, then collapse and lay there with your mouth open, all wrinkled and dirty.) Things couldn't be better.	All you want to do is break everything around you into as many pieces as you can, real fast, so then you can get more glue and kill all your friends. All is not well. Time is running out.
You're God. You're smooth and beautiful and everything is cool. Even a universe filled with quivering bee larvae is cool. You're God. The bees can't touch you.	You're God for a little while, then night comes and you're a hopeless blob, surrounded by terrifying, squealing sounds. (The stomach pains begin. You listen to a little jazz. No good.) You're not God anymore because you're dry heaving.	Everything isn't fine anymore. You're aching and spinning and God is eating your feet. Your friends are hovering over you with saws—deadly fiends, all of them. (Who cares? Soon you'll stop breathing and it won't matter.)	Where are those wretched, traitorous friends of yours? (You race around the room at breakneck speed looking for them.) They're in the walls. (You're almost through the plasterboard when you get sick and throw up and die.)
(You're a fevered, driveling, dangerous, contemptible social pig, and you love it, to the extent you are capable of emotion with a fibrillating heart and an EEG of zero. When death approaches, your friends just watch.)	Your brain swells to three times its normal size. (You beg a friend to pound a nail into your head, but you're dead before the first whack.)	(You experience sensations not unlike the black plague. Epidermal bleeding, raging fever. You almost die.) Snakes arrive. (Then you die.)	(Death.)
(Total pain. Immediate death. Nothing else.)	(You go into an instant coma and die six months later. About the fourth month you experience a brief impression that a Rototiller is working its way along your central nervous system.)	(You're sick; it gets worse; you're dead just like that.)	(Death.)

WHEN TAKEN IN COMBINATION



Millions catch her weekly, on *Saturday Night Live*, under her aliases—
Roseanne Roseannadanna, nerdy Lisa Loopner, punk-rocking Candy Slice and more.
Now Gilda's going on record!

Gilda Radner. Live From New York.

Produced by Jerry Wexler, Paul Shaffer and Howard Shore

Executive Producer: Lorne Michaels

On Warner Bros. Records and Tapes. (HS 3320)



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MISCELLANEOUS REVERIE

#1



The chief of research and development
at John Deere mulls over expansion into the
private aviation sector, diesel style.

Scale in American Dollars



Cost for Freighting Rate on Horrible Tapes

Beach of the Buccaneers

Here Be Yachts Hijacked

Here Be Dictators

Place of the Very Dirty Deal

Here Be Sullen Teenage Island Youths

Place of the Selling of the Sea Shells Imported from the Philippines

Place of the Injunctive Bathroom Springs

Place of the Fake Tapes for Sale

Place of the Three Hole Golf Course

Place of the Club Med Top Secretary Topless Dinners

Here Be Amid Yersjooan Saugheres

Place of the Rounded Charter Tours

Here An Clumsy Native Carvings for Great Price

Here Be Ysian Baskets for Sale

Here Be Big Spikes

Place of Foreign Tourist Murders

Here Be Ugly Gardens

Horrid Ed Reef: Here Be Diving Dome

Here Be Ugly Watercolors for Purchase

Here Be Awful Reggae Music Never Stop

Place of the Watery Hot Tubs

Place of the T-shirts Reading "Mom and Dad Went to Reality Island and All I Got Was This Crummy T-shirt"

Beach of the Sharks

Place of the Boring Limbo Dances Bay of the Jellyfish

The First National Bank of Organized Crime

Place of the Pina Colodas Made with the Powdered Drink Mix

Place of the Committed Package Tour Flights

Here Be Six-Inch-Long Tuna Fish

Place of the U.S. Marine's Landing Helicopters

Place of American Air Base

Here Be Lousy Cruise Ships



A True Map of Reality Island

Andrew

Reality Island

by Commander Snot W. Goatlips IV

You can't run away from Reality," the ads said. "Come to Reality Island; see your travel agent today." Beneath the slogans, a color photograph showed a handsome tanned man in a white suit standing beside a dwarf who also wore a white suit and, in addition, carried a handful of flowers.

The dwarf looked pretty sharp, although I expect that did not prevent a lot of people from cutting out his picture and pasting it onto their refrigerator doors as a reminder to eat and drink regularly.

The other man was handsome. Yet he was missing a certain quality that might have made him perfect. You could tell by his eyes: they jumped here and there with the sort of restless regularity you might expect of a sheep's orbs if the sheep were led into an amusement arcade. It would be too colorful to say that the man looked as ignorant as a Galway pig, yet it would be a grievous understatement to say he was only as silly as a hatful of assholes.

I decided to pay a visit to Reality Island. At the travel agent's, there were dozens of brochures on the place.

"Reality Island... We can make your dreams go away."

"Reality Island... An imperfect place to spend your vacation."

"Just the two of you and a bunch of other tourists..."

You had to take a seaplane to get to Reality Island. I have no idea what kind of plane it was, as the name had been filed off the dash at the same time as the serial numbers, and the elderly man who flew it had only a few words of English, all obscene. It was a twin-engine aircraft and had the name of Sunny Airlines painted outside and, underneath, the words "Flying Truck?"

It was a two-hour flight and no refreshments were served, although one of my fellow passengers, a middle-aged woman, did manage to cough up a light breakfast in the aisle to my left.

The handsome man and the dwarf awaited our party on the island's dock. They waited unconcernedly as the pilot kept us circling away from the dock until he managed to extort five dollars from each of us to "fucking clean for the lunch blow of the woman." When we at last docked, several of the passengers complained of their treatment.

"Ah," said the handsome man, "we have so many troubles in this life. I tell you, though," he added cheerfully, "I can't get your money back, but next time the pilot comes in I'll have a couple of the boys work him over good."

"That's right, boss," piped the dwarf, "we'll break his legs like last year!"

"Yes, Tattoo," said the big man, smiling indulgently. He paused and clapped his hands. Somewhere in the surrounding foliage a needle dropped on a Rod Stewart album and, as the music began to play, a number of middle-aged black women in grass skirts, halter tops, and dyed blond hair danced toward our party with their arms full of plastic leis, which they placed over our necks.

"You can have any you want for ten bucks a toss," Tattoo whispered in my ear. "They do *anything*," he added, rubbing his hands together.

The leis seemed slightly out of place forty miles from Bimini; but if anyone noticed, they said nothing.

After the greeting ceremony was completed, we climbed into a station wagon from which the roof had been removed with a cutting torch. On the drive back to the hotel, we passed

through endless shanty towns and were surrounded dozens of times by pleading groups of old men, women, and children. The younger men stood or sat by the roadside shacks watching us with hatred and contempt.

"More than your life is worth to pass through here after dark," said the handsome man. "They all have knives, and many have automatic weapons from Cuba. Even the soldiers of the Big Reverend fear to come here at night."

We had seen the soldiers of the "Big Reverend," the island's strongman, at several checkpoints along the road. They looked as cruel, ignorant, and brutal as it is possible for men to be, and they carried two or three guns each, in addition to the numerous oddly shaped bombs and grenades strapped across their chests.

When at last we arrived at the hotel complex, the handsome man apologized for the state of our rooms. He explained that a groundskeeper had recently gone berserk after drinking the radiator coolant from the hotel's only golf cart and set fire to the main residence. The place was not badly damaged, being constructed almost entirely of cinder blocks, but the fire had destroyed almost all the furnishings and we were forced to sleep on cots or upon doors set on chairs brought from the dining hall.

The handsome man silenced all complaints, saying, "You're here for two weeks and you might as well make the best of it."

That night we had our first meal in the dining hall. It was chicken and peppers. For a beverage, one could choose either Kool-Aid or Kool-Aid and rum. Almost everybody had the rum.

The handsome man explained that tomorrow the guests would be able to

continued on page 61

Alive with pleasure!
Newport

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20
CLASS A
CIGARETTES

KINGS
Newport

*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

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

REALITY ISLAND

continued from page 59

see a genuine sacred native voodoo ceremony for only \$49.50 plus the price of the goat and rooster. He advised anyone who was squeamish about entrails or without a change of clothes to abstain.

He also said that inner tubes were available at sixty-two dollars a day for guests who wished to go big-game fishing and weren't afraid of swordfish punctures.

Toward the end of the meal, the dwarf hurried into the dining hall and whispered some news to the handsome man that appeared to disturb him. He clapped his hands for silence.

"Tattoo tells me that the Big Reverend has come to pay us a visit. Now listen, this is very serious. Our island is not like where you come from. You must do exactly as the Big Reverend says. Be extremely polite. Flatter him when you can, but do not be too obvious..."

The dining hall door burst open.

"What an honor!" shouted the handsome man and the dwarf, together.

There, standing at the door, surrounded by more of his hideous soldiers, whom the island's natives called the "Dark Fighting Men," was an enormous black man in a clerical collar. In his right hand he carried a twenty-seven-inch machete. This he slapped against his left palm as he inspected the guests.

The Big Reverend's visit was short. He took one young woman for questioning, and when her husband objected he was beaten so badly by the Dark Fighting Men he became mentally deficient and was forced to enter politics upon his return to the USA. The woman, his wife, was never seen again.

I had fallen into a light sleep that night, disturbed only by the most horrible and explicit of nightmares, when I was awakened by the sound of gunfire. I rushed into the darkened hallway and collided with the man who carried my bags that morning, who instantly stabbed me in the thigh. Hearing my howl and realizing he had imperiled his tip, he apologized profusely, explaining he had mistaken me for a member of the "Red Commune Men," the island's revolutionary commando.

"Mister, if you will forgive me please and give me ten dollars, I will try to save your life!"

"Ah, a mere flesh wound," I said,

pressing the ten-spot upon him.

He led me through the hall, now a-jostle with panicked guests and terror-stricken employees, to a back door.

"There is an old woman," he said. "We will see her."

We dashed across the hotel grounds, now lit by incendiary flashes and tracer rounds. The handsome man and the dwarf were nowhere to be seen.

I plunged into the foliage in the wake of my companion. Behind me I could hear screams coming from the main residence.

After several hours of travel through the dense brush, and several brushes with patrols of Red Commune Men, we arrived at the outskirts of a shanty town. Motioning me to wait behind a sisal bush, my companion disappeared into the cluster of shacks.

He returned twenty minutes later with an elderly woman who clucked when she saw me and spoke to my companion in the incomprehensible dialect of the island.

He shrugged his shoulders and looked at me. "I can't understand her," he said; "the dialect is incomprehensible. It is probably fair to assume she wants money."

I reached into my pocket and produced a wad of bills, which I proffered to the crone. She spat in the dust beside her and angrily motioned the banknotes away. Then with a swift motion she produced a small pocket-knife and cut the buttons from my

shirt. Cackling, she hid them away in the large plastic bag she carried. Then, producing a pot of charcoal, she proceeded to dye my head and arms black.

"What about my hair?" I asked.

My companion looked thoughtful. "You pretend to be part French!" he shouted. With that, he scooped up the banknotes and ran off. The old woman similarly vanished, leaving me penniless, with my face dyed black, behind the sisal bush just as the sun rose.

Exhaustion overcame terror and I fell into a deep sleep on the spot.

I was awakened the next day by a tremendous kick in the testicles, and looking up through eyes half closed with pain I saw the face of a US marine staring down at me. I was never gladder to see anyone.

"Wait," I said, "I'm a goddamn Yankee-Doodle dandy."

The marines had come to restore the strong central government of the Big Reverend to Reality Island. I heard later that they found the handsome man alive, though barely, in a coffin-like prison built by the Red Commune Men. The dwarf was not so lucky. A couple of marines shot an alligator in the swamp and when they cut it open they found the little fellow partially digested. They figure he was trying to get away through the marsh and got off the track.

As for my fellow guests, some made it and some didn't; but you can be sure none of them ever forgot their visit to Reality Island. □



Six Fantasies of Richard Nixon

A LATE-NIGHT VISIT

I'm alone in my study, working late on my next book, when I hear a light tapping at the door. Who could it be at this hour of the night? Why, it's Nancy Reagan!

"What are you doing in this neck of the woods?" I ask, as I feel a strange tingle in the back of my neck.

"Well, I was just visiting someone in the neighborhood, and I thought I'd take a chance and see if you were in," said Nancy.

She took off her jacket and I noted her perfectly shaped breasts under her fine silk blouse. Nancy always looked much younger than her age.

"How about one little drink, Nancy? You can't say no, because I was the president, right?"

I mixed up a pair of potent martinis, and we sipped them, talking about this and that. The nice thing was that Nancy wasn't a bit uncomfortable with me. By the time we had our second drink, she was sitting next to me on the sofa and it seemed quite natural for me to put my arms around her and kiss her on the neck. She responded by kissing me on the mouth, wide open. By golly, I never did much tongue kissing; Pat hates it. But I let Nancy's tongue do whatever it wanted.

Then, without me asking, she got up and took her blouse and bra off and let me put my hands on her breasts. They were still as high and firm as a young gal's.

She started to undo my pants, and I said, "It's okay, I can do it." But she insisted. She said she was proud to undress the greatest president the United States ever had. She took off all my

clothes, including my shoes and socks. No one ever did that for me in my life, not even my mother. It made me feel really good. And really hard. In fact, I felt so good that I couldn't control myself. Luckily, most of it landed in Nancy's face, pretty close to her mouth, and she didn't mind it a bit. She's a wonderful sport.

CONFRONTATION WITH A HIPPIE

Sometimes after I have a fantasy about Nancy, I feel a little guilty. After all, Pat is a wonderful gal, a loyal, hardworking wife, a fine mother, and a constant inspiration to me. This is when I have my favorite Pat fantasy.

I'm sitting at a bar with Pat, having a martini. Pat doesn't drink much, so she's just having a ginger ale. A young man sits down next to Pat and starts talking to her. He is a big, heavyset fellow, with long hair tied in the back like a hippie, and he's wearing scruffy dungarees and a dirty T-shirt. He talks to Pat as if she's some kind of bar chippie, a hostess or something. Pat tries to be polite with him and fend him off, but he insists on talking to her and asking her very personal questions. I sip my martini slowly and smile at Pat, telling her with a reassuring look on my face that it's okay and not to worry. But Pat is distinctly uncomfortable.

I deliberately let this filthy, vile hippie continue his disgusting line of patter. He even has the gall to put his hand on Pat's leg. At this point I tap him on the shoulder and tell him to stop bothering her. He looks at me as if I were some kind of insect and tells

me to fuck off. I can see a tattoo on his arm; it's the marines' slogan, Death Before Dishonor. He's more than just a hippie, he's an ex-marine. I wonder where he went wrong.

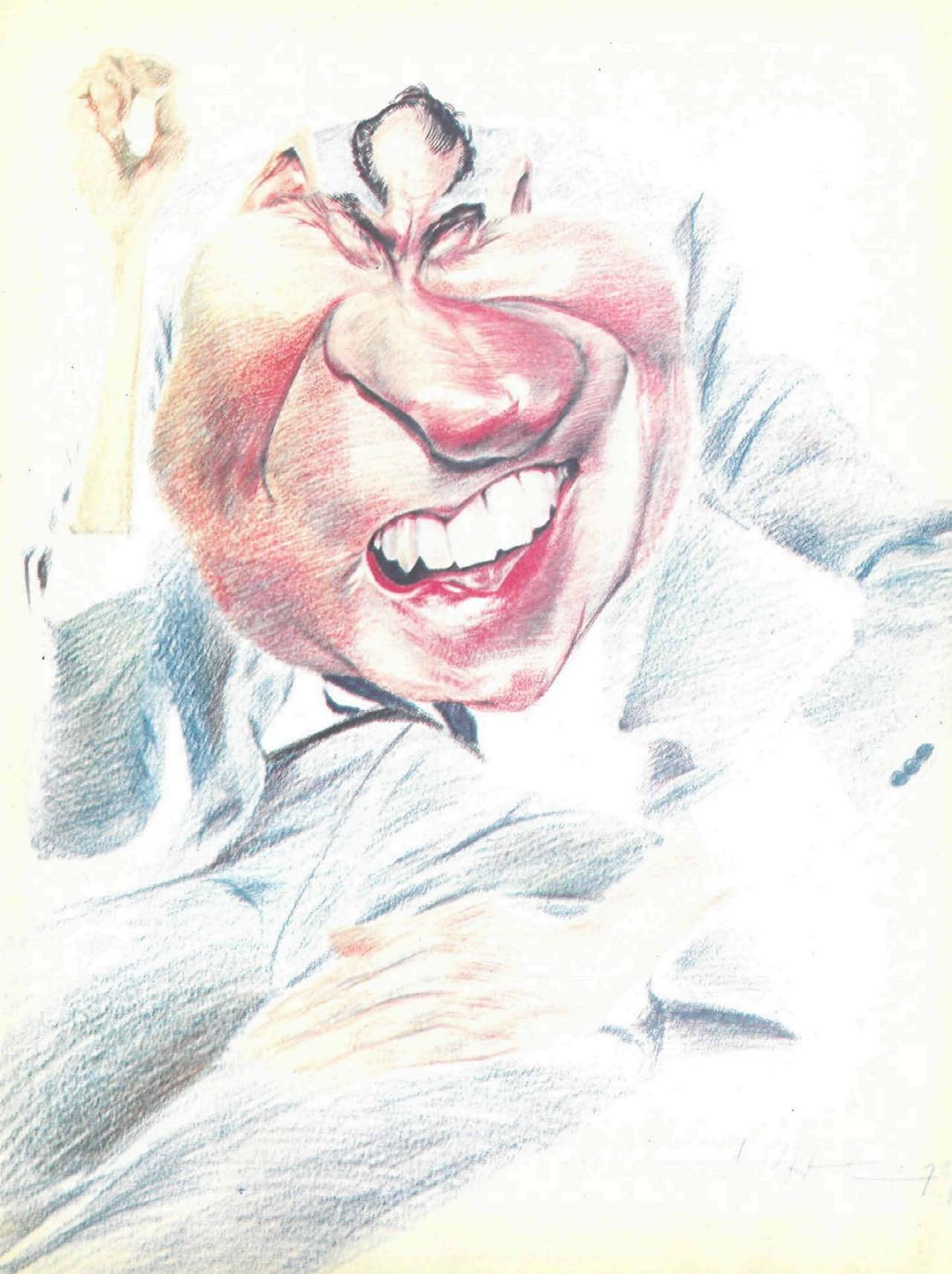
I get off my stool and walk over to him. He's grinning at me and he deliberately runs his hand up Pat's thigh to provoke me. I ask him to stop or I'll call the police. He laughs and grabs me by my shirt collar and shakes me hard. I tell him to put me down or I'll get him arrested. This only makes him angry, so angry that he punches me hard, right on the jaw, and sends me flying back into a table. He throws a pretty mean punch.

I get up slowly and compliment him on his right cross, which I guess is his best shot. By now, his guard is completely down. I saw Glenn Ford do this in a movie. He thinks he has intimidated me. Even Pat is frightened and tries to get away, but he grabs her arm and won't let her go.

Before she can scream, I let the hippie have it, a one-two combination. A left to the stomach that has him gasping for breath and a right uppercut to the jaw that sends him straight to the floor in a crumpled heap.

I pour a bottle of beer over his head to revive him, pick him up, and balance him against the bar. Then for about half a minute I use his head as a punching bag, using short jackhammer blows, until both his eyes are closed, his nose is bloodied, most of his teeth are loosened, and his face is totally battered and bruised. Last, but not least, I drag him to the back alley, stuff him into an empty garbage can, and lock the lid real tight.

continued on page 64



NIXON FANTASIES

continued from page 62

I go back to the bar, throw a few hundred bucks down for the damages, and buy a drink for everyone in the house. The bartender shakes my hand, Pat straightens my tie, and we both relax again.

TOUCHDOWN!

Here's a fantasy I used to have back in 1962. It was a touch football game between my team and the Kennedys. The Kennedys were the most over-rated, overpublicized football players in the country. I was a heck of a better player than they were, and I still can run a pretty good forty and throw a pretty mean spiral. Anyway, here's what happens.

There's only a minute left to play, and we're behind by six points. It's third and a long seven, and everyone is looking for a pass. Instead, I cross them up with a running play. I get the ball on a reverse and burst through a big hole, right into the secondary. A Kennedy is coming at me. It's young Senator Ted. He's wobbling and reeling like a Bowery bum. I give him a fake to the right and I cut to the left, leaving him to grope a handful of air.

I reverse my field, pick up some blockers, and cut to the sidelines. I've got only two men to beat. One of them is catching up to me. It's Attorney General Bobby. I give him a quick stiff arm, and I can feel the shock of pain in my hand as he goes down. He's hurt a lot more than I am.

There's only one guy left near the goal line. I can give him a nifty move, but a voice inside me says, "The hell with touch football candy-ass rules. Run right through him." At the split second before we bump heads, I get a good look at his face. He's in shock. He can't believe I'm going to run right over him. He just bounces off me like a pin in a bowling alley. I don't even break stride as I streak in for a touchdown.

HELPING A FRIEND

Walter Annenberg, one of my oldest and dearest friends, and a very wealthy and powerful man, is having dinner with me at his private club. I've never seen Walter look so despondent. To put it in a nutshell, he tells me that his business empire is sagging. Through a series of bad business decisions and incompetent management by his subordinates (none of it his fault), he was about to lose control of many of his holdings.

After our coffee and brandy, Walter looked me straight in the eye and said, "You're the only guy I know who can save us. You have no ties with my organization. You're independent. You can do whatever it takes to turn my fortunes around without worrying about stepping on anyone's toes. I need more than just a good businessman, Dick. I need a leader."

It wasn't easy. You can't turn a company like Walter's around overnight. I worked my butt off, but by the time I was finished I knew everything about his operations, from the mail room to the boardroom. I had to fire over twenty-five hundred people, all dead wood. I closed four plants and consolidated a group of smaller companies and sold three others for a big profit. In a month I reduced Walter's liabilities to zero. In two months he was back in the black.

When Walter brought up the matter of compensation, I told him I couldn't accept any money. It was purely an act of friendship.

"Well, Dick, if you feel like that, I'll just have to make it up to you in some other manner," he said.

A few weeks later, Walter took me for a drive to the country. Our destination turned out to be the most beautiful, luxurious country estate I've ever seen, a house that exuded wealth, power, and good taste.

"Welcome to your new country home," said Walter. "I knew you wouldn't accept any money for what you did, but surely you won't turn down a place like this. Besides, my accountants are figuring out a way to make it a tax-free operation for you."

A tax-free, luxury house. It was as if Walter had read my mind. It only proved to me once again that hard work and loyalty will always pay off in the end.

MY COUNTRY CALLS

The Republican nominating convention for 1980 is in a turmoil. There is no dominant candidate with enough votes to win. Precious hours, days, go by and no one can make the right deal or strike the right bargain to win over anyone else. The Reagan, Baker, and Connally forces are at loggerheads. The dark horses and young hopefuls are simply too weak to make any difference. Gerald Ford is out of the question for the majority of the party. There is only one hope left. A call is made to the Supreme Court for a special emergency ruling. Can a former president who has resigned be called

back to run again? An answer must be had in a matter of hours or the deadline for the nominations will be past. At exactly thirty minutes before the deadline, the court hands down a verdict. Yes, under certain unusual circumstances, a former president who has not served his full term can be made eligible to run again. Exactly five minutes later my phone rings. It is the chairman of the convention asking me to accept the nomination as the only candidate who can lead us to victory. With deep gratification and firm resolve, I accept.

THE GREAT DEBATES, II

Now that I've accepted the nomination in 1980, I'm running against Teddy. And just as in 1960, we're going to do three TV debates. Only this time, it's a whole new ball game.

I feel cool and confident as I stride into the TV studio for the first debate. Teddy is trying to look calm, but there's a glazed look in his eye and a slight slur in his speech that tells me he has already pressed the panic button. He's tanked to the gills.

Immediately I take the offensive with a bold statement about our economy. Teddy is so taken aback that he gropes for words and can't answer my points.

In the next hour I have him reeling like a punched-out fighter, as I jab and hook him with one point after another—taxes, housing, education. Then I really coldcock him on his pet subject, medical insurance. And the son of a b. does the worst thing an opponent can do in a debate—he agrees with me.

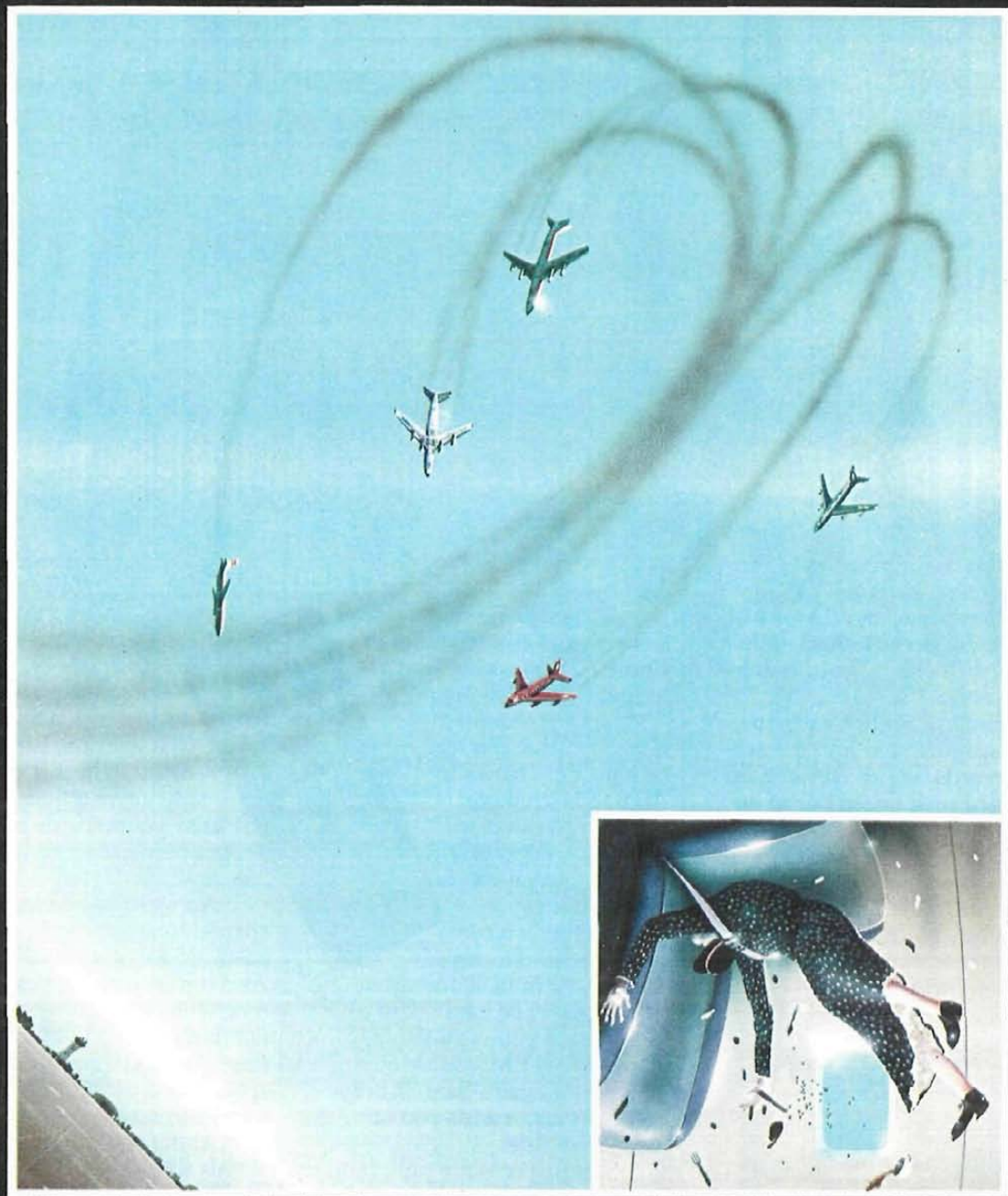
In the next debate, I go right for the jugular. He can't touch me in the area of foreign policy. I win every round easily—China, Russia, Cuba, disarmament...you name it. Teddy is almost speechless. He's even more gone than the first time. His body is twitching. Moons of sweat can be seen right through his dark suit. His eye keeps wandering off toward the assistant producer, a redhead in a low-cut blouse. He leers at her and makes an obscene gesture right on camera.

About halfway through the debate, he simply quits. He tries to walk off the stage, but he's so drunk that he stumbles and falls and breaks both legs.

The next day, at a press conference, Teddy announces his withdrawal from the race. For the first time in history, a candidate concedes defeat before the election. □

MISCELLANEOUS REVERIE

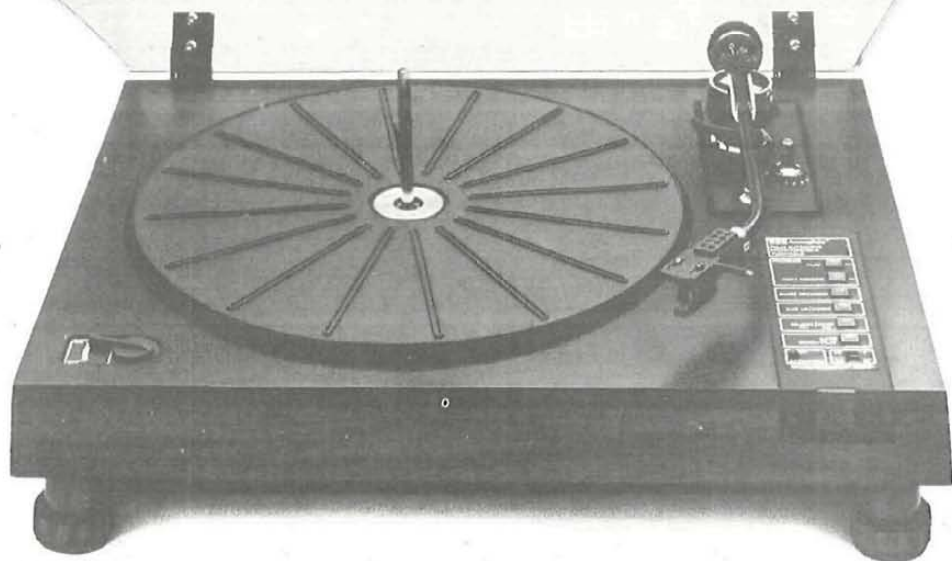
#2



A bored airline pilot, in a two-hour holding pattern, considers talking his fellow jet jockeys into putting on a spontaneous air show over O'Hare International.

Introducing Accuglide™. The computerized remote control turntable.

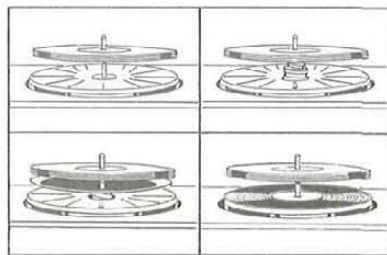
It provides hours of viewing pleasure.
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide™, you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

You'll see Accuglide's spindle rotate its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lower it, then gently place it onto the platter. Unlike other multiplay turntables, it doesn't drop them.



In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.

So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.



BSR Accuglide™ The computerized remote control turntable.

SEX FANTASIES

FANTASY VS. REALITY SEX

Fantasy sex is not like sex in real life because it's always better.

FANTASY	REALITY	FANTASY	REALITY	FANTASY	REALITY
He has silky hair.	He is a Rastafarian.	He blows into your ear until you shiver.	He sticks his tongue into your ear until you can't hear.	Your bodies are smoothly joined.	Each time one of you moves, your chests stick together and sound like toilet plungers.
He has a well-trimmed moustache.	He has long hairs sticking out of his nostrils.	His mouth tastes good.	His mouth tastes like beer, cigarettes, and stale popcorn.	You love sucking him until he comes.	It's the only way he can keep it up.
He wears just the right amount of cologne.	He smells like the inside of your refrigerator when something is rotting and you can't find it.	He carries you into the bedroom, where he has a platform bed and built-in stereo system.	You wait in the hall so he can kick his roommate out of the bedroom and throw a sleeping bag on the mattress on the floor.	You come three times.	You don't come at all.
You long for his body.	You haven't had sex for months and he paid for dinner.	You love curling his pubic hair around your fingers.	His pubic hair gets caught on the roof of your mouth.	He says, "I want to be natural with you."	He picks his nose.
He kisses your hand and asks, "Do you know how much I want you?"	He thrusts his tongue into your mouth and asks, "Aren't you going to invite me back to your apartment?"	He fingers you gently and you come instantly.	He has no idea where your clitoris is and keeps pulling on your labia minora.	He says, "I want to be completely natural with you."	He takes a shit while you're brushing your teeth and says, "Look how big that mother-fucker is," and won't flush the toilet until you look.
				You fall in love with him.	He falls in love with you.

FANTASY FILM GODDESSES



THE TWENTIES—
Clara Bow



THE THIRTIES—
Jean Harlow



THE FORTIES—
Betty Grable



THE FIFTIES—
Marilyn Monroe



THE SIXTIES—
Julie Andrews



THE SEVENTIES—
Tim Curry

THE FANTASY BEHIND THE FANTASY BEHIND THE FANTASY



I want to be sucked off by a gorgeous blond starlet as I drive my '66 Lotus over a cliff.



Actually, I want to make it with two beautiful blond deaf-mutes on a DC-10 as it plummets to earth.



I want to fuck a Catholic girl when she has her period.



I fantasize about being ravished on a huge pile of ostrich feathers by a great big black guy with muscles like iron.

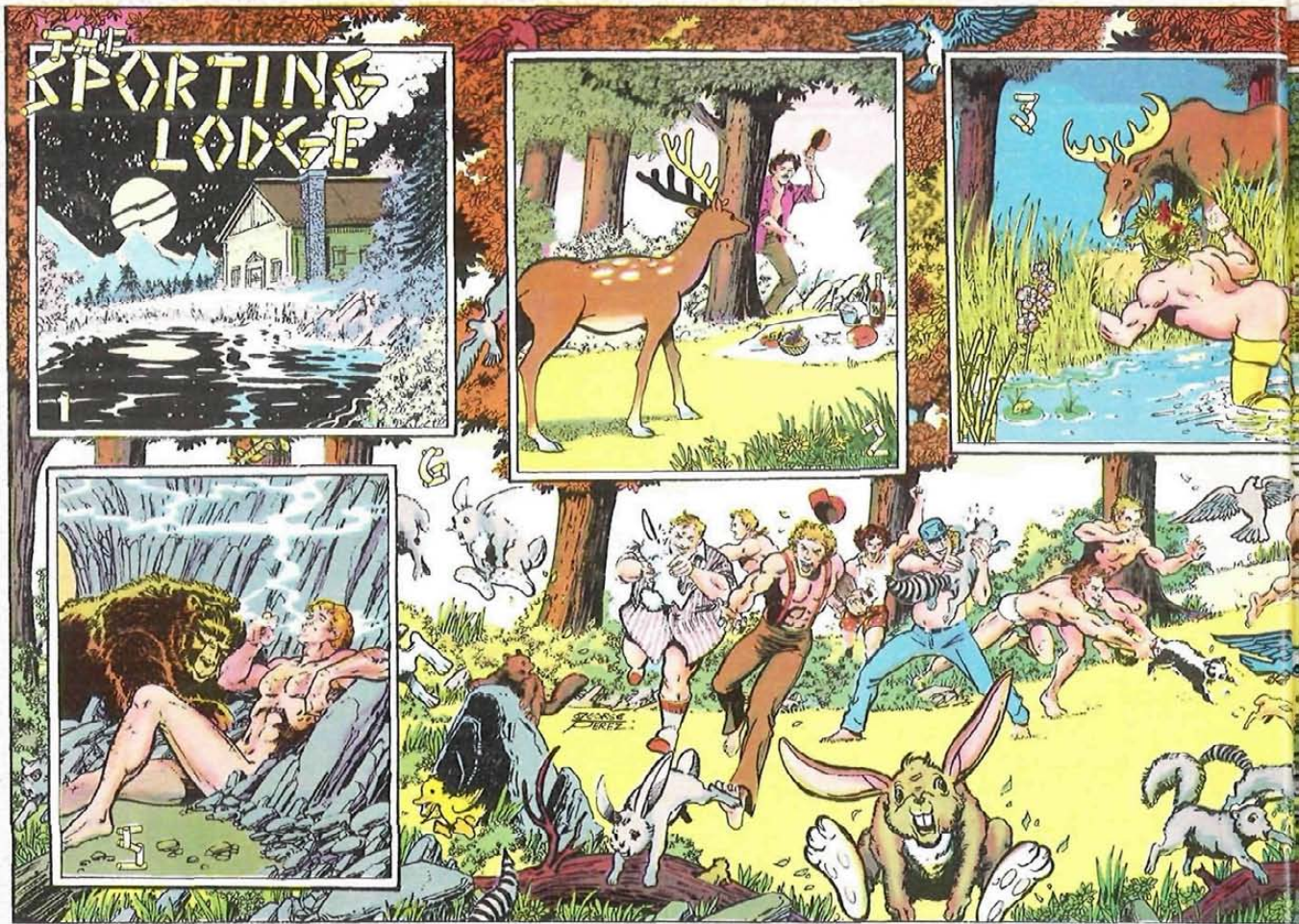


Actually, I want to rape a huge black guy with muscles like iron and a ten-inch cock.



And then I'll call the police and say he assaulted me.

THE SPORTING LODGE by Chris Kluge



THE FANTASY BEHIND THE FANTASY BEHIND T



I slowly slip off her clothes. I worship her body, exploring every curve with tender expertise. I bring her to the pinnacle of total ecstasy, then send her over the brink.



I fuck her for hours and she begs me for more.



I want to fuck for five minutes, then be able to fall asleep without her making me get up to get her some Kleenex.



I'm modeling for a Vogue photograph. The photographer gets really turned on as I flirt with his camera. We slip off our clothes and take pictures of each other in erotic poses.



The photographer tears the incredibly expensive designer original from my quivering body, spreads my legs wide, and takes lewd pictures of my cunt.



I tear off his clothes, take beautiful photographs of his body, sell them to an art magazine for a lot of money, and become a famous photographer.



1 Far beyond the frowning visage of polite society, there exists a small but select sporting club whose members pursue an exotic and dangerous pastime—big-game seduction. These hunters stalk, mount, and stuff big game, but the only trophies they bring home are tender memories.

2 Armed with nothing but raw courage and his innate charm, this huntsman is driven to satisfy his own burning “call of the wild.”

3 This rugged sport demands every ounce of the wily sportsman’s ingenuity and stamina.

4 The beast is bound and mounted time and time again by lodge members.

5 The outdoorsman slips into a hibernating bear’s lair, bags his prey, and slides silently away without ever awakening the snoring bear.

6 After a particularly harsh winter, big game may be scarce. Then our intrepid woodsmen turn to smaller fare, taking with gusto whatever happens across their path.

THE FANTASY



Bruce Springsteen spots me in the audience at a concert and summons me backstage, where I give him the best blowjob he's ever had in his life.



I peel off my clothes and he's knocked out by my fantastic body, and then we fuck and it's so good he falls in love with me and writes a song about it.



Bruce falls in love with me and writes a song about me and begs me to marry him, which I'll do only if he'll quit the crazy rock 'n' roll business... and he does.



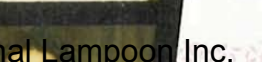
I'm walking in the woods and I come to a giant oak tree. I climb up it to a darling little tree house. Inside is a man in a rabbit-fur loincloth. We make love nonstop for days.



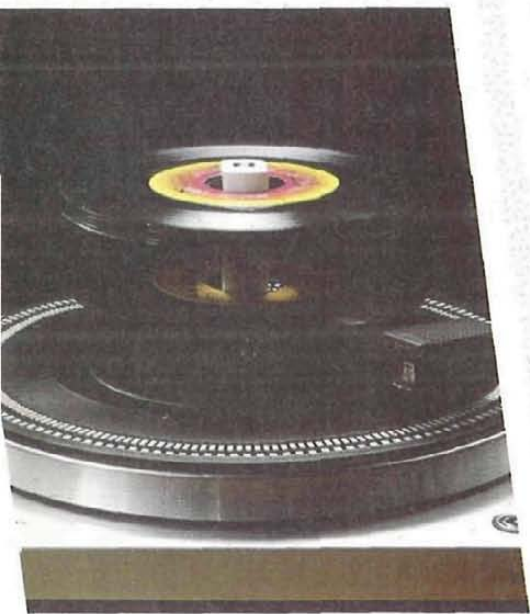
What I really want is to be penetrated at every orifice by tiny furry creatures of the forest.



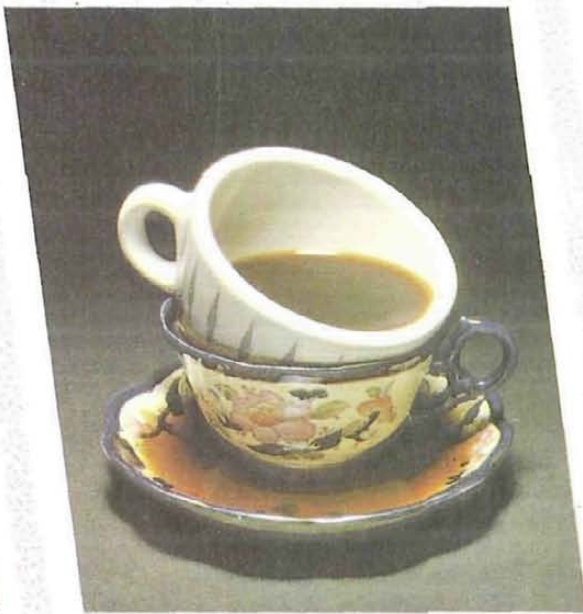
I want to get married and have enough children to qualify for the Zero Population Growth hit list.



SEX WITHOUT FEELING: THE EROTIC FANTASIES



"...One by one,
they fell with a
slap onto my
spinning face..."



"...She seemed
to overflow
with wetness
as I slipped
inside her..."



"...With
steady
stilet
a jagged
across

THE FANTASY BEHIND THE FANTASY BEHIND



I want to shower hot come
onto Debbie Harry's
cheekbones.

I really want to take a
hot shower with my
Aunt Harriet.

I want to meet a nice old
lady in skintight Spandex
toreador jeans, tie her
up, and tickle her 'til
she wets her pants.



I'm walking down the street
and I meet a beautiful
girl. Without saying a word
she leads me off into a
park and we make passionate
love in the grass.

I grab the beautiful girl
and rip off all her
clothes and fuck her silly
right there on the street.

The girl is six.

OF INANIMATE OBJECTS



a slow but
pressure, her
heel traced
crease
his tongue..."



"...For months, I'd
been dying to get in-
side her. She begged
me to fill her up,
but I was too much for
her, and my load
split her wide open..."



"...Helplessly, he
slid beneath her
wetness..."

THE FANTASY



I'd like to fuck every girl
I've ever met, one right
after another, all in the
same night.

What I'd really like is to
be bound to a bed and gang
raped by the love-starved
inmates of a women's
prison.

I want to beat off while
I breathe heavy over the
phone to my sister's gym
teacher.



I want a wild and handsome
Arab on a fiery black
stallion to swoop down out
of the desert and carry me
away to his silk tent,
where he'll force me to
dance naked in a trough
of couscous.

Actually, I want a fiery
PLO kamikaze assassin to
slit my skirt seams with
his dirk and squeeze my
wrists as we make love in
a hovel on the Gaza Strip.

I want Yassir Arafat to
settle down with me and
raise a family in suburban
Illinois, where he'll run
for mayor and win.

Feel the
taste of
"Menthol Mist."™

KOOL MILDS

Now you don't have
to settle for too much
'tar' or too little taste.
Because choice
tobaccos "misted" with
mellow menthol creates
an easy taste that's mild,
but not too light.

KOOL MILDS

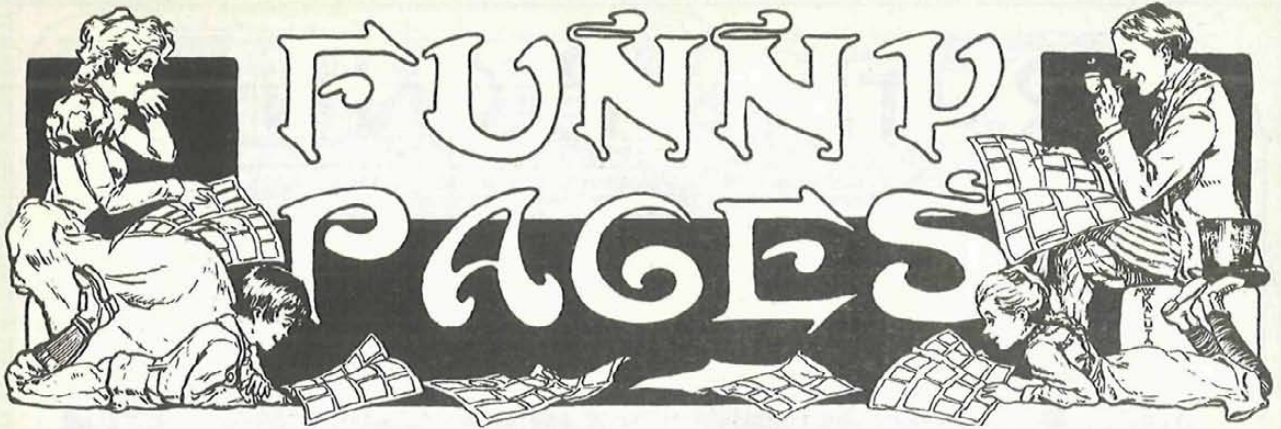
Mild, but not too light.



Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's, 12 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

Now available in 100's



SCOUTS

REMEMBER THE WEIRD RITUALS YOUR PARENTS MADE YOU GO THROUGH FOR 'YOUR OWN GOOD' AND HOW THE 'GOOD'EST AND WEIRDEST OF ALL WAS THE REGULAR CHECKING-OUT BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR?

ALRIGHT, BREATHE DEEP AND FAST...
...HMMM...
...ALRIGHT, INHALE QUICKLY AS YOU

MY GOD, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S HEARING IN THERE?

EH, EH...

THUP THUP

FOOF!

TSK, TSK... NOW THE OTHER EYE, PLEASE...

OH, OH...

KEEP STARING OVER MY SHOULDER AND DON'T BLINK.

UH, HMMM, UH...

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN TELL FROM HIS VOICE... SOMETHING'S WRONG!

UMUM... JUST A LITTLE MORE BLOOD, NOW...

OOPS

...NOW A TINY BIT MORE

HEHM.

I WONDER WHY IT NEVER LOOKS LIKE IT DOES IN THE HORROR MOVIES?

OOO... ANK...
HMNAH... SSS...
NNGH...

I ALWAYS MEAN NOT TO LOOK!

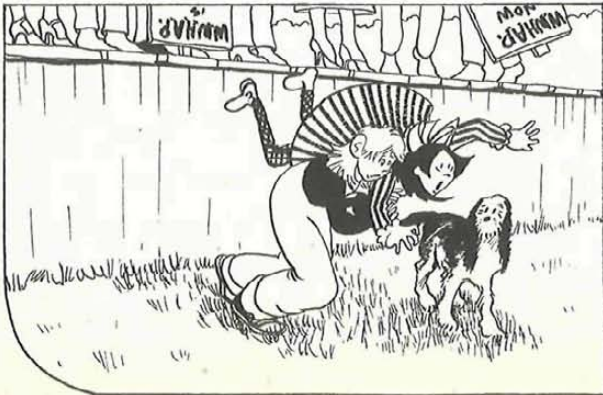
NO, REALLY, MRS. ...UM... THE BOY'S IN FINE SHAPE. FINE SHAPE.

THEN HOW COME HE ACTS THE WAY HE DOES?

GOD-IT'S REALLY CREEPY KNOWING THERE'S THAT MUCH TO ME!

Sham Wilson
©1980

TROTS AND BONNIE



The 'Cuckold'

© 2007 National Lampoon Inc. No. 1030
No. 1030

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS THIS WELL-TO-DO MAN WHO SUSPECTED HIS WIFE OF BEING UNFAITHFUL.



...HIS BUTLER KNEW SHE WAS...



...THE MAID KNEW SHE WAS...



...HIS GARDENER KNEW...



...APPARENT STRANGERS KNEW...



HIS DOG KNEW...



HE SPOKE TO A NINE-YEAR-OLD CHILD IN THE WORKING-CLASS DISTRICT...



SHAKEN, HE ENTERED A BAR...



TREMBLING, HE WENT TO A PAWNSHOP TO PURCHASE A GUN...



HALF OUT OF HIS MIND, HE WENT HOME TO CONFRONT HIS WIFE...



AND SO THE CUCKOLD WAS PLACED TO REST.



THE WIDOW/MURDERER RECEIVED A SEVERE LETTER OF REPRIMAND FROM THE CHIEF OF POLICE AND HAD AN UPSET STOMACH THAT AFTERNOON.



M. K. BROWN
© 1979

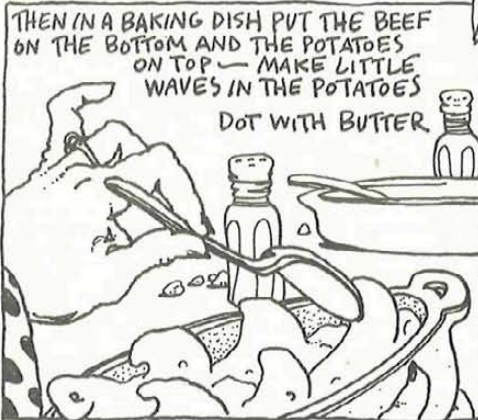
O.K. TODAY
WE'RE MAKING
SHEPHERD'S
PIE

BROWN SOME GROUND BEEF
WITH THE ONION, THEN
ADD YOUR GRAVY SO IT
ISN'T TOO DRY, THEN PUT IN
THE PEAS

MY SISTER
MAKES THIS
DISH ALL THE
TIME—
THE KIDS
LOVE IT

NOW I'M MASHING
THREE OR FOUR
LARGE POTATOES

I'VE BEEN
WORKING
ALL DAY



THEN IN A BAKING DISH PUT THE BEEF
ON THE BOTTOM AND THE POTATOES
ON TOP — MAKE LITTLE
WAVES IN THE POTATOES
DOT WITH BUTTER.

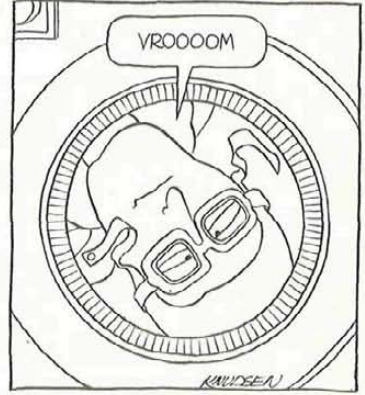
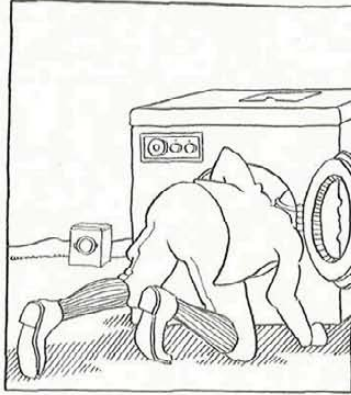


BAKE UNTIL
DONE



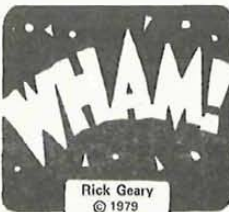
DON'T LEAVE A MESS
FOR SOMEONE ELSE
TO CLEAN UP

NEXT MONTH: STUFFING A TURKEY

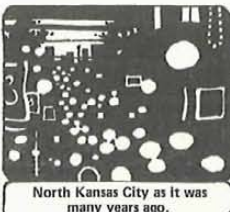


VROOOOM

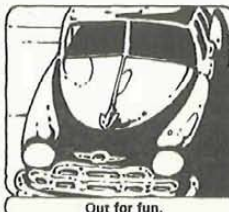
KAN/DEEN



Rick Geary
© 1979



North Kansas City as it was
many years ago.



Out for fun.



Steve and Rachel.



Bud and Noreen



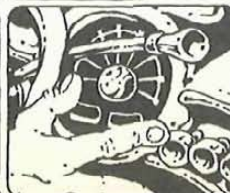
"Let's see what's doing out
in Raytown."



Bud: "Woool!"



Over the Armour-Swift-Burlington
Bridge.



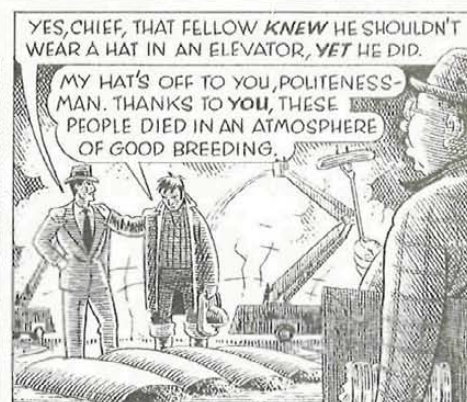
"Hey, look out!"



Wham!

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



HOPE THIS COMIC FINDS YOU WELL. THANK YOU

4 COMEDY RECORDS \$10 NO FURTHER OBLIGATION • FREE MEMBERSHIP

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- Stan Freberg The Best Of 206
- Richard Pryor Black Ban 207
- Henry Youngman The Best Of The Worst 208
- The Firesign Theatre Nick Danger 209
- The Marx Brothers The Very Best Of - Vol 1 (2-LP set) counts as 2 selections 210-211
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- Spike Jones The Very Best Of 215

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11609 WEST PICO BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90064

Yes, send me free membership in the COMEDY RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA. I'm taking advantage of your introductory offer by enclosing \$10.00 (check or money order) for four LP's of my choice, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. In addition, I am choosing two LP's as alternatives. I understand I have no further obligation ever. My choices are listed by number.

1st CHOICE 2nd CHOICE 3rd CHOICE 4th CHOICE ALTERNATIVES

NAME _____			
ADDRESS _____			
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____			

PLEASE ALLOW 2-5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.



cutie pie 'Advice for Grown-ups'



©1979



AAHHHH!
THEY GOT ME! YA
GOTTA STOP 'EM; YA
GOTTA TELL 'EM I
DIDN' DO NUTHIN'...



National Lampoon's
Animal House
Baseball Jersey
(TS-1028) \$6.00

National Lampoon's New Animal House
Baseball Jersey For people who've seen
the movie so many times that their wardrobe
sense is added. (TS-1031) \$6.00

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To own one of these is to
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(Setiny fabric with a real cotton lining)
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Parody. Sequel to the High School Yearbook—
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With portraits of all the Delta House fraternity
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Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book
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Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print
A complete collection of diverse vulgarities
(BO-1030) \$5.95

The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon
Another great quality phonographic product
(A-1002) \$7.95

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Yearbook Parody. From C. Estes Kefauver
High in Dacron, Ohio
Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95

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Anthology. Deluxe Edition
Ten years of jibes and japes from America's
best (or at least most expensive humor
magazine. (BO-1032) \$19.95

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

Sirs:
Hey, to heck with killing whales! Nobody told me that almost every corporation in America with the exception of
National Lampoon, Inc., was involved in the slaughter of these beasts. Sign me up for the following items.

Indicate the products that you wish to purchase, enclose
check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept NL 180
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for
each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over
\$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 per-
cent sales tax.

- | | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-------|--------|-------|
| (TS-1019) | \$3.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1028) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1029) | \$4.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1026) | \$4.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1027) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
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Circle one:
medium
large
large
large
large
large
large

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

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(please print)

Address _____

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(Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)

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- (A-1002) \$7.95 each
- (BO-1021) \$4.95 each
- (BO-1007A) \$4.95 each
- (BO-1030) \$5.95 each
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- (BO-1003) (BO-1006) (BO-1008)
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- (BN-1001) \$4.50 each; \$8.00 for two; \$10.50 for three.
- (BN-1003) (BN-1004) (BN-1005) (BN-1006)
- (BN-1007) \$16.00 each

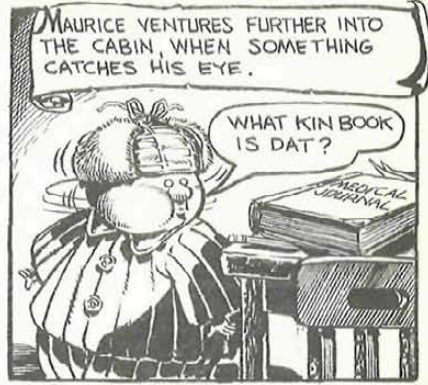
THANKS FOR
BUYING NATLAMP
PRODUCTS. GET A FREE
PUSH BACK TO LAND
BY ANY MEMBER OF
THE CETACEAN OCEANIC
BROTHERHOOD OF
WHALES (COBOW)
IF SHIPWRECKED
WITH PROOF OF
PURCHASE.



TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor

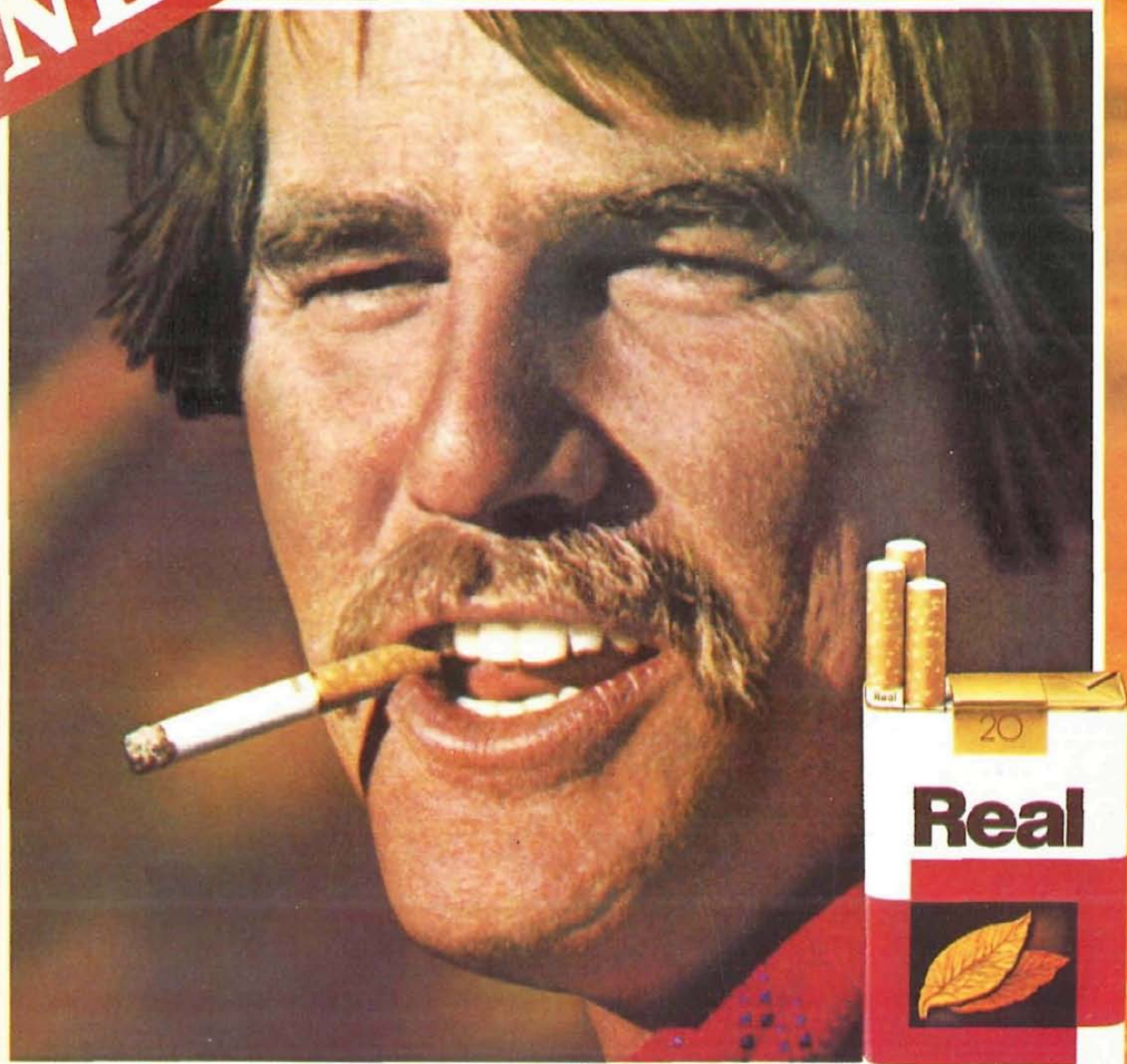
A COLD DARK DAY ENVELOPS THE LANDSCAPE AROUND THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS. WE SEE MAURICE THE INDIAN BOY ENTERING THE CABIN AND HEAR...



NEW!

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

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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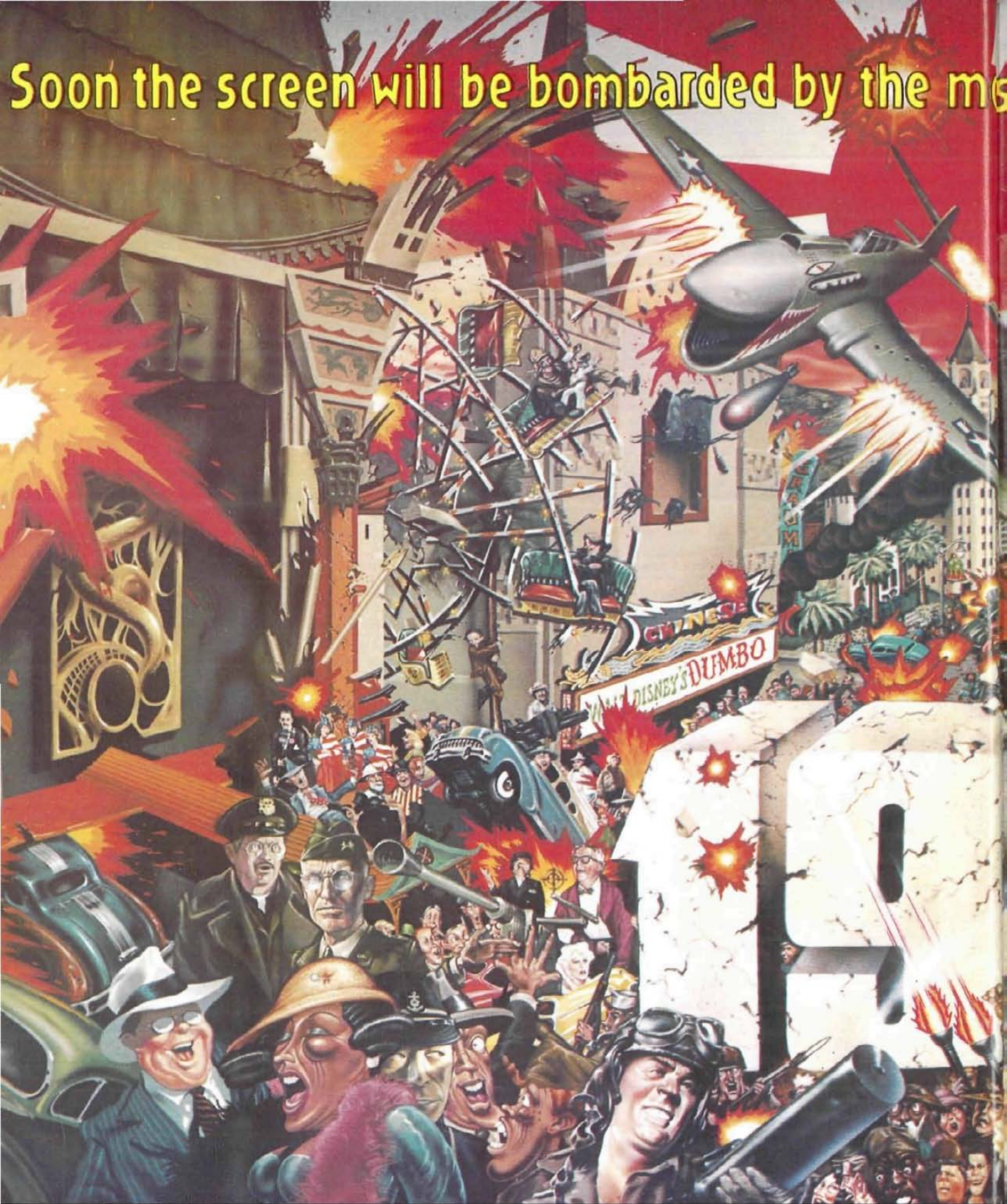
***"Taste Real's new golden taste!
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

The smoking man's low tar

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Soon the screen will be bombarded by the m



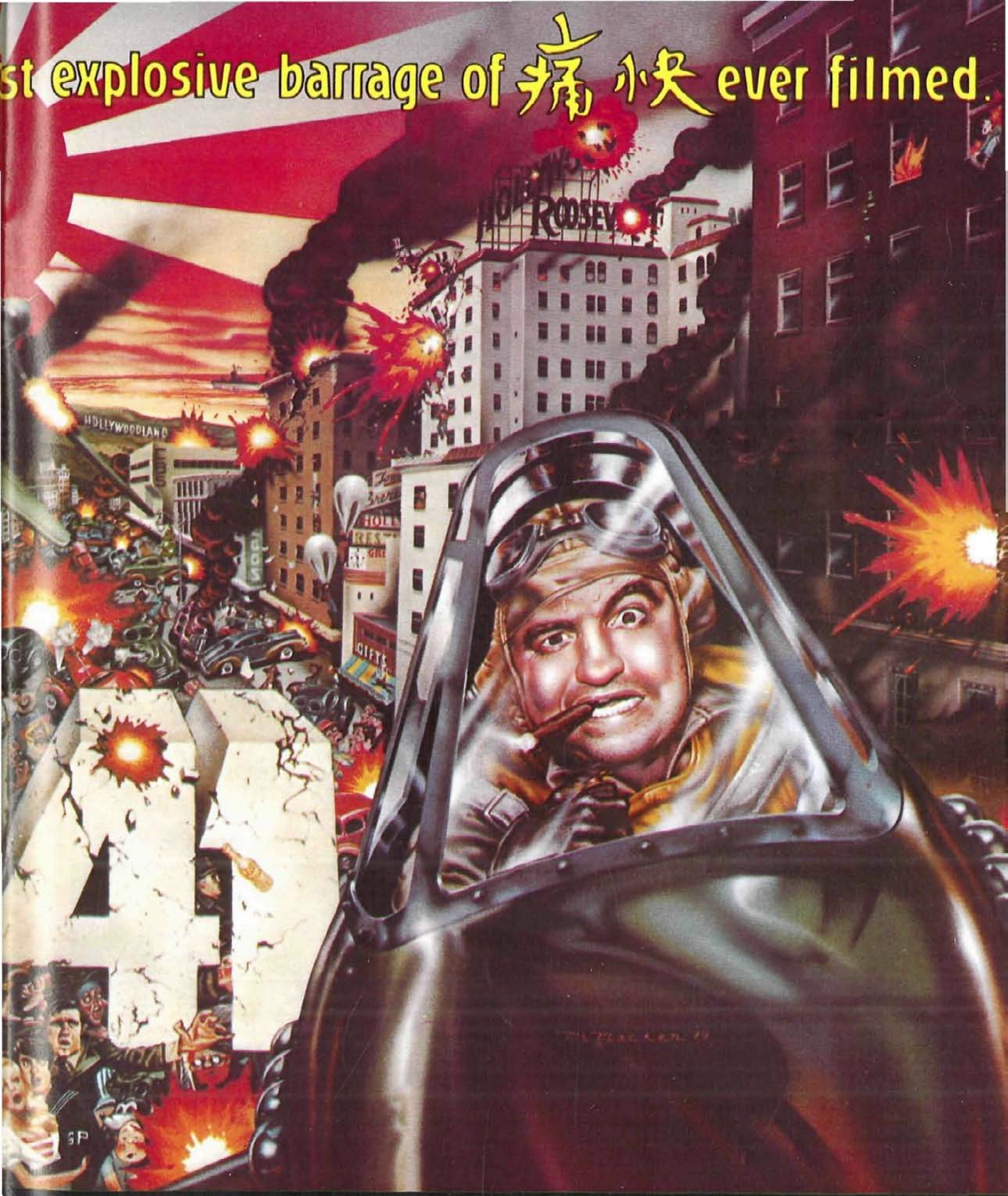
UNIVERSAL PICTURES and COLUMBIA PICTURES Present
An A-Team Production of
A STEVEN SPIELBERG FILM

1944

DAN AYKROYD NED BEATTY JOHN BELLUSHI LORRAINE
NANCY ALLEN · EDDIE DEEZEN · BOBBY DICICCO · DIANNE KAY · SUN
Story by ROBERT ZEMECKIS & BOB GALE and JOHN MILIUS · Music

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st explosive barrage of 痛快 ever filmed.



GARY MURRAY HAMILTON CHRISTOPHER LEE TIM MATHESON TOSHIRO MIFUNE WARREN OATES ROBERT STACK TREAT WILLIAMS
PICKENS · WENDIE JO SPERBER · LIONEL STANDER · Director of Photography WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C. · Screenplay by ROBERT ZEMECKIS & BOB GALE
by JOHN WILLIAMS · Produced by BUZZ FEITSHANS · Executive Producer JOHN MILIUS · Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG [Read the Ballantine Book](#)

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TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

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THE SMART



1979—It's a wrap!... Most Fabulous New Star to Emerge: Guy in the **VILLAGE PEOPLE** who dresses up like a mailman... Hottest Book: *Ass Full of Cash*, by **JUDITH KRANTZ** ... Most Memorable Movie: **LEIF GARRETT** and **LAUREN BACALL** in *Beach Party Back-*

gammon... Best Record Album: *Disco Breakthrough*, by **EUBIE BLAKE**... Biggest Fashion Trend: Stacked-heel roller skates... Chic Disease: Herpes—it's on everyone's lips!...

PRESIDENT CARTER reportedly wanted to nominate the **LENNY** character from the "Laverne and Shirley" TV show to replace **JUANITA KREPS** as his secretary of commerce. President was forced to withdraw nomination after aides explained to him that Lenny is played by actor **MICHAEL McKEAN** and is not actually a real person. **SQUIGGY**, however, is still under consideration to head the Federal Reserve Board....

Meanwhile, fashion top cat **BILL BLASS** is designing a whole wardrobe for the Carter **WHITE HOUSE STAFF**. Ensembles are expected to be ready for viewing just as soon as the candy-flake paint is dry on the propeller beanies....

Remake City: *Lassie* remake—*Lassie* will be played by **BETTE MIDLER**, whose portrayal of a dog in *The Rose* has been much admired... Plans for a gay remake of *La Cage aux Folles* were

scotched when studio big suits figured out that the movie was already about queers... And **LILY TOMLIN** and **JOHN TRAVOLTA** are hard at work on a remake of *Moment by Moment*. "We're going to do it until we get it right," says the spunky young Italian comedian....

BING CROSBY, dead for over two years, has now been completely forgotten....

Having exhausted the rock movie genre, LA shekel wrestlers are turning to making LPs out of TV shows. Watch for *Mork Sings Jacques Brel*, pressing soon....

Elsewhere on the rock scene, the EPA okayed a one-time use of the banned pesticide DDT to keep star song slugger **MEAT LOAF** out of his mom's holiday kitchen....

Activist balladeer **JOAN BAEZ** has whipped up a huffy tongue flogging for her onetime amigoes the **NORTH VIETNAMESE**—threatening to march over to Hanoi and sing right in their faces. Miss Baez wants slopes to upgrade the room service quality in their torture pits and tighten boating safety laws....

continued on page 87

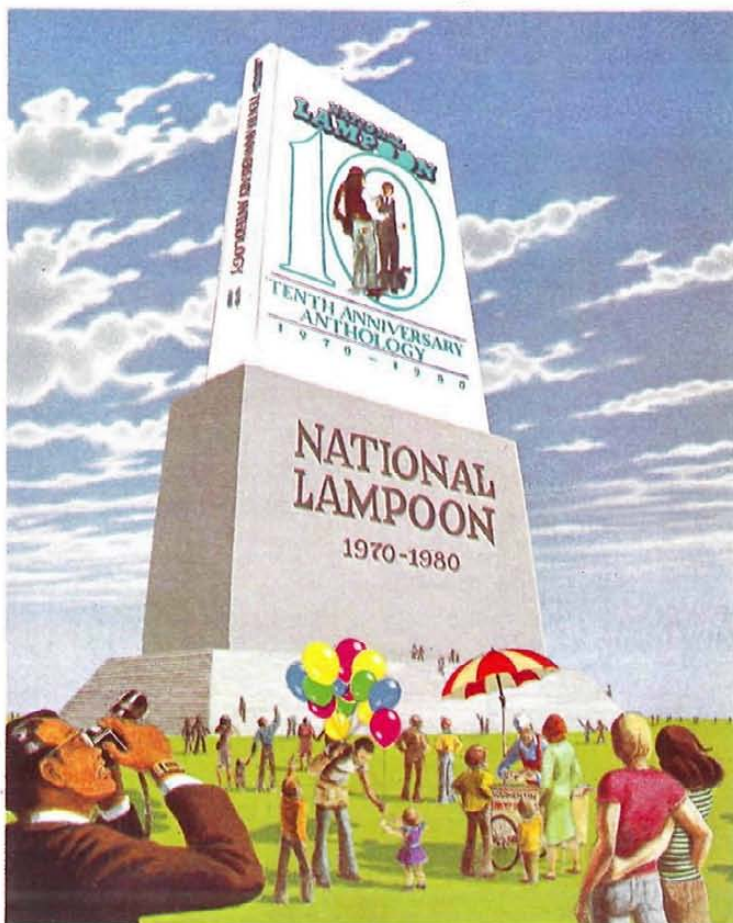
now,
e-z narrower.

e-z wider 1 1/2 size
e-z wider 1 1/4 size

e-z wider 1 1/2 size & e-z wider 1 1/4 size
pure rice paper
also in original double width.

© 1979 Robert Burton Associates Ltd.

Announcing the publication of the
National Lampoon
Tenth Anniversary Anthology



MONUMENT TO A DECADE

The *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology* is an enormous compendium of the finest in contemporary humor and satire. We had to wait a full ten years before we got an entire decade's worth of material from which to select the 320 pages, full half in color, which constitute this beautiful hard-bound book. The *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology* contains the most outstanding pieces from the American humor magazine. The best of Doug Kenney, Michael O'Donoghue, Henry Beard, and all the other writers who have filled the magazine with, well, who have filled the magazine since its inception in April, 1970. No ordinary *Best of*, the *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology* is a substantial tome beneath which the sturdiest of sturdy coffee tables have been heard to creak and groan. We will not see its like again until the publication of the *National Lampoon Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Anthology* in 1995!

Printed on the finest paper, using only the costliest inks, this truly is a book for the ages. See the order blank for details of how you can acquire this fine volume.

Please send me _____ copies of the *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology* at \$19.95 each (this is a big book).

Please add \$2.00 per order for postage and handling in the U.S., \$3.00 for shipments anywhere else in the world (a really big book).

New York residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

National Lampoon NL 180
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

I enclose \$ _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

JOHN BELUSHI

STARS IN
STEVEN SPIELBERG'S

1941

CRASH!

FREEZE, EVERYBODY!
THIS IS AN AIR CORPS
ALERT!

I'M CAPTAIN
WILD BILL KELSO,
UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR
CORPS...

HAH!
SNORT.
HAAA.
HOO HO!
HEH!

SHO NUFF!

I AIN'T
HAD NO FOOD
FOR TWO
DAYS...
CHOMP CHOMP?

BEEN BUSY
LOOKIN' FOR...
CHOFF?
THEM!
... LITTLE
MONKEYS...

SNEAKY LITTLE
BASTARDS TRIED
TO BOMB FRISCO!
SCARF, CHEW?
...I FOLLOWED
THEM!

TWO WHOLE
SLOBBER?
SQUADRONS!

...LOST 'EM
SOMEWHERE'S
NEAR FRESNO...
UURRP!?

...AND I WANT YOU
TO REMEMBER ME!

WHAT IN
GUL-DARNED
TARNATION
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I'M TALKIN'
ABOUT JAPS,
GRANPAW!

SPLAT!

JAPS!

OH
SHIT!!

GOTTA
GO!

SMASH!

...AND WE HAVE THE BOOK.

1941 THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

THE RIOTOUS COMIC BOOK VERSION OF STEVEN SPIELBERG'S BLOCKBUSTER ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A JAPANESE SUBMARINE SURFACES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SIX DAYS AFTER THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR. SIXTY-EIGHT PAGES OF VIVID COLOR AND COLLAGE, COMPLETE WITH AN ILLUSTRATED INTRODUCTION BY SPIELBERG, AND BEST OF ALL-IT'S ONLY \$3.95.

HEAVY METAL BOOKS
DEPT. NL 180
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022

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COPIES OF 1941: THE
ILLUSTRATED STORY AT
\$3.95 (PLUS \$.75
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TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____ IN CHECK OR MONEY
ORDER PAYABLE TO HEAVY METAL BOOKS.

NAME _____
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THE SMART SET

continued from page 84

ELTON JOHN went on tour with a new dignified stage act that had the popular performer playing the "Minute Waltz," "Theme from Love Story," and selections from Chopin in a rhinestone-studded tuxedo while a beautiful silver candelabrum graced the top of his piano....

Meanwhile, downturn in the record business is being blamed on a vice-president of finance at Atlantic Records who opened an umbrella indoors....

English queen ELIZABETH II is looking to break her longstanding contract with Great Britain. "I don't think my talents are being fully utilized here," says Her Royal Highness. "I want to expand my professional horizons and break out into other media forms. I'd like to try my hand at being "Queen for a Day," for instance, or a beauty queen, or maybe homecoming queen at Ohio State University...."

Elsewhere in the royal family: President of Ireland PATRICK HILLERY has protested PRINCESS MARGARET's calling the Irish "pigs." "That's no way for a princess to talk. I am shocked and distressed. Here, have some rotted garbage," said the mud-spattered Irish chief of state as he

rolled around in a bog....

CAROL BURNETT will make a movie based on her daughter Carey's drug involvement. Studio heads wanted a sequel deal, but the Burnett family nixed getting Carey hooked again....

Rock 'n' roll artist BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN has turned thirty. This is the youthful performer's fourth thirtieth birthday....

Literary Bic Flips: STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM is hard at work on a new book about people more important than he is, which will include everybody in the world....

The NEW YORK GIANTS football team has been sold to HBO....

The HUNTER THOMPSON bio flick *Where the Buffalo Roam* is finished at last. Rock impresarios ALAN CARR and ROBERT STIGWOOD have cameo roles playing all the slimy batlike things in the drug hallucinations.

Folksinger PETE SEEGER has defected to the USSR. "Singing protest songs just wasn't being taken seriously in the United States. I couldn't get anyone to put me in jail anymore or anything," writes the former crooner-

with-a-cause from his new home in Zigansk, just above the Arctic Circle....

NBC's HENRY KISSINGER/DAVID FROST interview was a smashing success. Kissinger was able to get the oft-criticized former TV personality to really open up about his tangled personal life, eliciting candid admissions about professional over-reaching, bulging waistline, and continual inability to bring his fiancées to the altar. Network heavysets were so impressed that Dr. K. is now slated for a full series of future interviews with second-rate talk-show hosts, including DICK CAVETT, MERV GRIFFIN, and JACK PAAR....

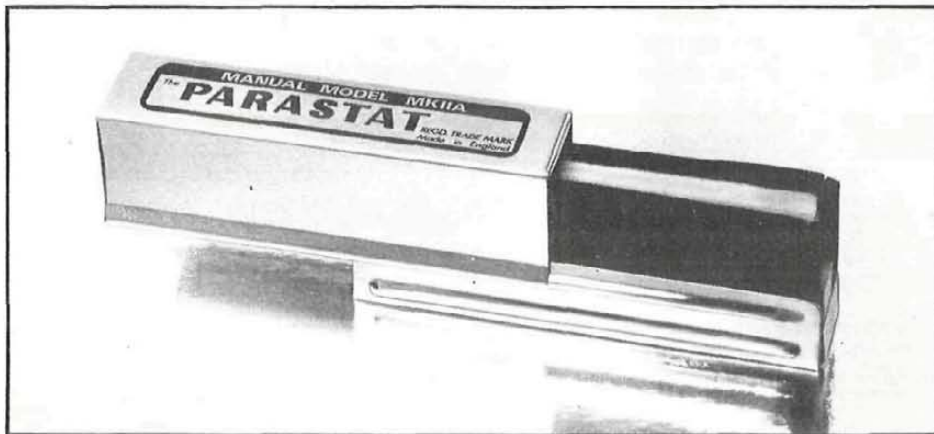
Dirty Evening

Hey, crash at my place,
And be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Excepting those

- 1) involving hooks, vise-grip pliers, nylon wigs, or Rustoleum
- 2) that irritate the eyes
- 3) that might become known to bartenders, or
- 4) that cannot be completed before the commercial is over.

—Mallory Duracell

The Watts Parastat



In 15 seconds your records are clean, dry and ready to play.

With some systems you pour liquid on your records (and rub it into the grooves), while with others you brush the dirt around (and rub it into the grooves). The Watts Parastat is neither of these.

By placing a plush velvet pad on either side of a soft nylon brush and adding a drop or two of Parastatik® fluid, a

remarkably efficient system is created.

The brush bristles lift the rubbish to the surface. The pads collect and remove it. And the Parastatik® fluid supplies just the right degree of humidity to relax dust collecting static without leaving any kind of film or deposit behind.

No other system does so much for

your records in so little time.

So when you want the best, ask for the original. The Parastat, by Cecil Watts.

Watts products are distributed exclusively in the U.S. by: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

Cecil E. Watts, Ltd.

EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE



Pick a pack!
JOB
 has
 your
 size



TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item. I am over 21 years of age.

- JOB** Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack \$9.60 \$ _____
- JOB** 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack \$9.60 \$ _____
- JOB** 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack \$9.60 \$ _____
- JOB** Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack \$7.20 \$ _____
- JOB** Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack \$7.50 \$ _____
- JOB** Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler \$1.00 \$ _____

TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling \$ _____

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NLP- 8001-2



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● A 728-pound woman, unable to stand up after falling at a relative's house in Tipton, England, was eventually lifted onto a couch by five firemen, three policemen, and two ambulance drivers, who rolled the woman up in a carpet and raised her with makeshift levers. The woman died a short time later, after repeatedly refusing to enter a hospital because: "Doctors would stop me from smoking and would starve me." Her obstinacy had caused her husband to leave home earlier, complaining, "She won't stop eating." He weighs 426 pounds. *Reuter's* (contributed by Juan Wilson)

● A seventy-five-year-old Kenyan, Daniel Mwavuo, was beaten by a mob of fellow villagers after their community suffered extensive crop damage and starvation from an unusually long drought. "This witch doctor is holding up the rain," the attackers shouted, accusing Mwavuo specifically of hiding seasonal rainfall in his cooking pot. *Saint Louis Globe-Democrat* (contributed by Steve Holub)

● When a California woman discovered a hose dangling from her motor home into a gasoline can, she quickly summoned her husband, who searched the area and discovered a trail of vomit leading away from the can. The intruder had apparently mistaken the septic tank cap for the gas cap. *Tri-Valley Herald* (contributed by Dale Bates)

● American SALT II negotiators meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, noticed that many of the freshly sharpened pencils they brought with them each morning were missing by af-

ternoon. After recognizing a pair of "US Government" pencils in a Soviet negotiator's coat pocket, the American team asked for an explanation. The Russian responded, "Ours don't work very well. The lead is no good and we don't have erasers." *New York Daily News*—*Jack Anderson*

● Thomas Preston, a fifteen year old from Pekin, Illinois, met two friends at his bedroom window and told them another friend had bet him five dollars he would not shoot his mother in the head. When the two boys at the window became incredulous, Thomas produced a rifle, turned up the volume of his

tape player, left the room, closed his door, and fired a slug through his mother's right eye. Preston returned to his room a short time later and handed the rifle to his friends. "Ditch the rifle," he said, "I just shot my mother." He was sentenced to ten years in prison. *AP* (contributed by Christopher Daniel)

● A woman was sunbathing in her backyard in Saint Louis when Henry Polcynski, a thirty-eight-year-old neighbor, suddenly appeared with a hammer and beat her severely around the head and upper body while shouting, "I don't like sunbathers." After his arrest, Polcynski added, in a single, one-sentence

statement to police, "The metric system angers me." *UPI* (contributed by Kathy Linton)

● Of several enlisted men and an officer exposed to a minor boiler fire aboard the US Navy destroyer *Manley*, all except the officer escaped with superficial injuries. According to navy officials, the enlisted men were protected to a degree by their plain cotton uniforms, while the officer, clothed in a more fashionable 100 percent double-knit polyester ensemble permitted among higher ranks, ignited instantly and was baked to death as his petroleum-based uniform melted around him. *AP* (contributed by Christopher Daniel)

● A Brazilian man was waiting for his six-year-old son to cross a street in a small town near Rio de Janeiro when a car struck the boy and killed him. Several hours later, the grieving, raging father returned to the site of the accident, where he began hurling rocks at every passing vehicle. Three angered motorists eventually stopped, crushed him to death with boulders, and drove away. *Agence France-Presse*

● Two fishermen who lost their boat in a storm near the Philippines claimed they survived four days at sea by eating a T-shirt. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Bob Whomsley)

● New York Health Commissioner Reinaldo Ferrer disclosed that 300 percent more New Yorkers were bitten by people than by rats in 1978. *New York Daily News* (contributed by James Fleming)

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE DEPT.



This advertisement was found in Los Angeles magazine. These classic gold and diamond eye patches can be purchased for "only \$2800." Where else but in Beverly Hills? (contributed by Ken Wax)

T

R

It's Really Ballet

by Bill Moseley

Matadors and locations appear beneath each photo, with the following abbreviations: N—novice bullfighter, G—gored, NF—not the first time this matador has been gored, B—bruised only, SD—spine damage, BC—bone or cartilage damage.



Galdeano; Guadarrama, Spain; N/B.



Lomelin; Tijuana, Mexico; G/NF



Turruel; Madrid, Spain; B.



Ordonez; Madrid, Spain; SD/BC.



Rivera; Sevilla, Spain; B.



Guerra; Madrid, Spain; N/B.



Jara; Lima, Peru; BC.



Jiminez; Madrid, Spain; B.

All photos UPI

U

E

Modern American Literature

Favorite rape scenes from best-selling romantic novels.

"He pulled at my skirt, lifted it, exposing my legs. Sobbing wretchedly, I tried to throw him off, but it was futile. He fumbled with his trousers, and then he caught my wrists in his hands and held me spread-eagled beneath him.

"No!" I cried again.

"He laughed. He loomed over me, a dark demon bent on my destruction. I shook my head back and forth, silently pleading. I tried to free my hands. He held them in a brutal grip. Waves of panic rose and crashed over me; I was trembling all over.

"All right, wench," he said amiably. "The lesson is about to begin."

—*Love's Tender Fury*, by Jennifer Wilde; page 30

"She raised her head, and saw with consternation that she was bound to the bedposts, each hand and foot tied with leather thong. She was spread-eagled, stretched tautly like pictures she had seen of people bound to the torture rack.

"Ha, girl! You are finally awake. I wanted you to be..."

"Hannah averted her face from the red, odious thing projecting from beneath the pendulous belly. Then his full weight came down on her. She tried to avoid what she knew was about to happen, but it was no use. She was pinned there, for him to make use of in any way he cared to.

"The pain, dulled now, kept on. He snorted and slobbered on her as he plunged and plunged again.

"Fortunately it did not last long. He gave a shrill, whistling cry like the squeal of a shoat and collapsed on top of her."

—*Love's Avenging Heart*, by Patricia Matthews; page 46

"A few moments later Stacey was lying on the

ground with her arms and legs outstretched, tied to four trees which were perfectly positioned to spread-eagle the frightened young girl....But the puzzling pleasure which coursed through Stacey at the moment didn't assuage the fear which was running through her, and the fear grew more acute when she felt Billy's hands move to the soft down which did so little to protect her most private part. His finger gouged into her, painfully, and a moment later she realized that his finger had been replaced by the battering ram which hung between his legs."

—*The Fury and the Passion*, by Paula Fairman; page 86

"At the searing stab of pain, Sheila started to cry out, but his mouth covered hers to smother the sound until she could hardly breathe. He took her like a rutting boar, rolling off when he was satisfied.

"Tears of shame and an odd sense of degradation drenched her cheeks, already moistened by the initial tears of pain....Propped into a half-sitting position by an unsteady elbow, Brad studied her with a cynically amused look.

"What the hell are you crying about?"

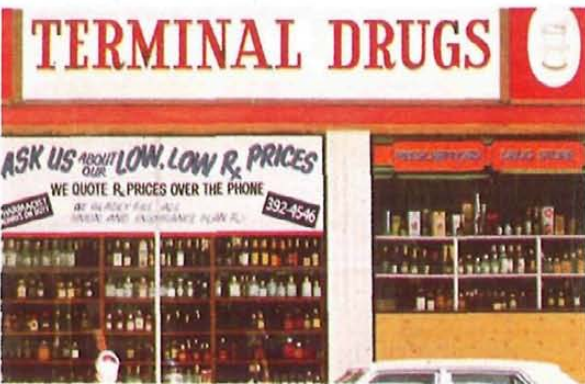
—*Touch the Wind*, by Janet Dailey; page 39

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

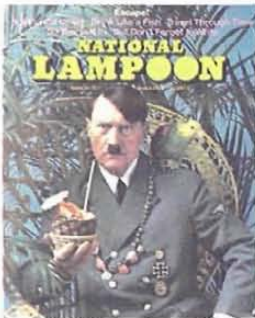
Editor's Note: The items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

T R U E

To Die... by Susan Hoffman



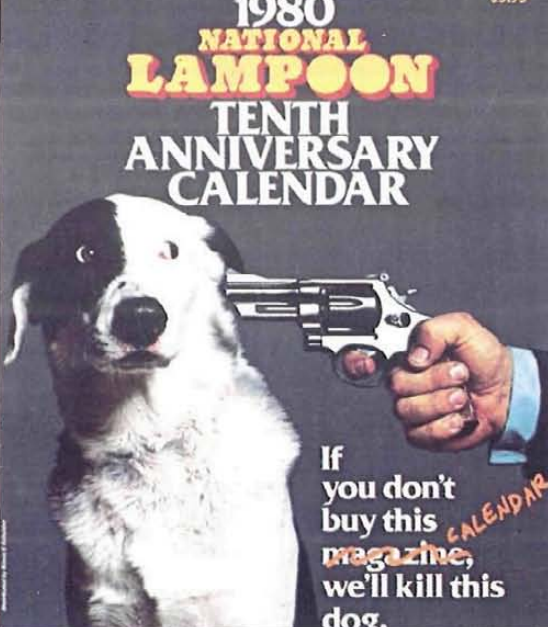
A MILESTONE IN THE HISTORY OF CALENDAR MAKING



February

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	

1980 NATIONAL LAMPOON TENTH ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR \$5.95



If you don't buy this magazine, we'll kill this dog.



June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

1980 NATIONAL LAMPOON TENTH ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

On the solemn occasion of our tenth anniversary, we at *National Lampoon* are proud to announce the publication of the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar*, the greatest advance in calendar arts and sciences since the introduction of the Gregorian calendar by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582.

What makes the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar* so unique, so revolutionary? The addition of a thirteenth month, perhaps? A couple of extra weeks at Christmas? One or two more Sundays during football season? Not a bit of it, my friends. What sets the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar* apart from all its fusty, papish predecessors is, quite simply, jokes.

Yes, jokes! We chal-

lenge you to scan the calendars of ancient cultures and of bygone eras—the Julian calendar of the Roman Empire or the pre-Columbian calendar of the mystic Mayans. No jibes, no japes, not so much as one good belly laugh. Dull stuff, indeed. Not so the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar!*

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LETTERS

continued from page 9

their nervous breakdowns on the same day. Or get writer's block so bad their kneecaps shatter from the strain.

Quintana
c/o Joan Didion, John Gregory Dunne
Good bookstores everywhere

Sirs:

Just because I've accepted Christ as my personal Savior (John 7:56) doesn't mean I've gone crazy or anything (Isaiah 40:3). I'm still a talented composer (Psalms 48:13) and singer (Luke 4:5), and I hope to prove (Ecclesiastes 5:3) that my work will be even more meaningful now (Acts 10:1) and reach a wider audience (Numbers 25:17). I used to wonder, How many roads must a man walk down? The answer, my friend, is where it always was—in the Bible. (Job 2:3.) (Ezekiel 16:2.) (Mark 6:42.)

Yours in the Lord
Bob Dylan
(Revelation 19:16)

Sirs:

When you think of Philadelphia, what's the next thing you think of? Cream cheese, right? Philadelphia Cream Cheese. How'd you like to be a cop in a town that everyone associates with *cream cheese*? Yeah, and *brotherly love*. The City of Brotherly Love, that's what they call it. Sounds like a bunch of queers, for Christ's sake. So you can talk about police brutality, blah blah blah, and shooting people and roughing up suspects and corruption and all that, but just stop and think what it's like for all of us here. Cream cheese and brotherly love! If we didn't kick a few heads in, we'd all be hanging over a toilet bowl puking with embarrassment.

Frank Rizzo
Mayor, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Oh sure, Donna Summer is sexy.
Oh sure, and I'm Miss Piggy.
What is sexy? A lot of moaning and groaning and songs about hookers? I

say sexy is a regal bearing, a riding crop, and no panties. Stop by when you're in town.

Princess Grace
Monaco

Sirs:

Not only am I Pope, but I could pound the shit out of any of you and beat every single one of your readers at arm wrestling. Also, I can chug a can of Pabst in three seconds flat and throw a spiral that'll knock you on your butt.

John Paul
Pope of the Regular Guy
Rome

Sirs:

I'm tired of nitwits knocking on my door at all hours of the day and night so they can dance for me. They sure look stupid hoofing it out there on the front porch, and who ever heard of a veterinarian advertising on television anyhow?

Dr. Ned Pepper, VMD
Alexandria, Va.

C O M I N G N E X T M O N T H

10TH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

A CELEBRATION
OF THE SEVENTIES,
THE DECADE
THAT ATE
ITS YOUNG

1970 - 1980

But
the monster...
What does it
want?!

It wants us
all to cut our hair
and get jobs...

...and get old,
and go bald, and put
on about twenty
pounds.

IN THE FEBRUARY NATIONAL LAMPOON

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VODKAWEIGHT

continued from page 13

As the other fellow cocked an ear to the Sarge's argument, something within me died. A tear coursed down my leathery cheek.

"One. The grizzly cannot climb trees. Two: It is moreover ferocious than not. Three, it is immensely bigger; and four, it cannot swim."

I took a quick pull on the industrial-strength Scotch purveyed.

"Ridiculous," said the other.

"What do you mean ridiculous, you waxy-eared souse? What do you know about bears? I can sum it up in two words. Nothing!"

"Have you ever worked in Alaska or seen the inside of a book? Or is the bruin in question as big a mystery to you as...?"

"What. Go ahead and say it. What?"

"The source of your wife's income and, um, children."

"Listen here. You think you're smart. Well, I'll bet you ten bucks you're wrong. A grizzly bear can clamber up trees. Ten bucks. Get it out!"

"I never said *clamber*. All bears *clamber* to sharpen their claws."

"Oh, right. Change it *now*. You probably don't have the ten bucks to

pay if you lost!"

I could see the trap about to be sprung. My heart cried out. Unfortunately, it was muffled by my chest. The Sarge banged ten dollars down on the bar.

"Ten bucks," said the other fellow, "grizzly bears can swim."

"You're on. Any ship's captain will tell you they can't. They've never been sighted. You show me a log where—"

"All bears can swim. Like dogs, they're not seagoing. It's not a natural element."

"Water is most certainly natural but not an element."

"That's not the bet. All bears can swim."

"All right, name me a bear! Name me a bear that can swim."

The other fellow cocked his head at an angle and said insolently, "The *National Geographic* polar bear. Swims, swims, swims."

Sarge paused. His trapped expression was pitiful. "Polar bear is not a true bear?"

"What is it? A pig?"

"It's not a true bear," Sarge insisted.

"It's a separate species. The arctic bear. Just like a penguin is not a true bird!"

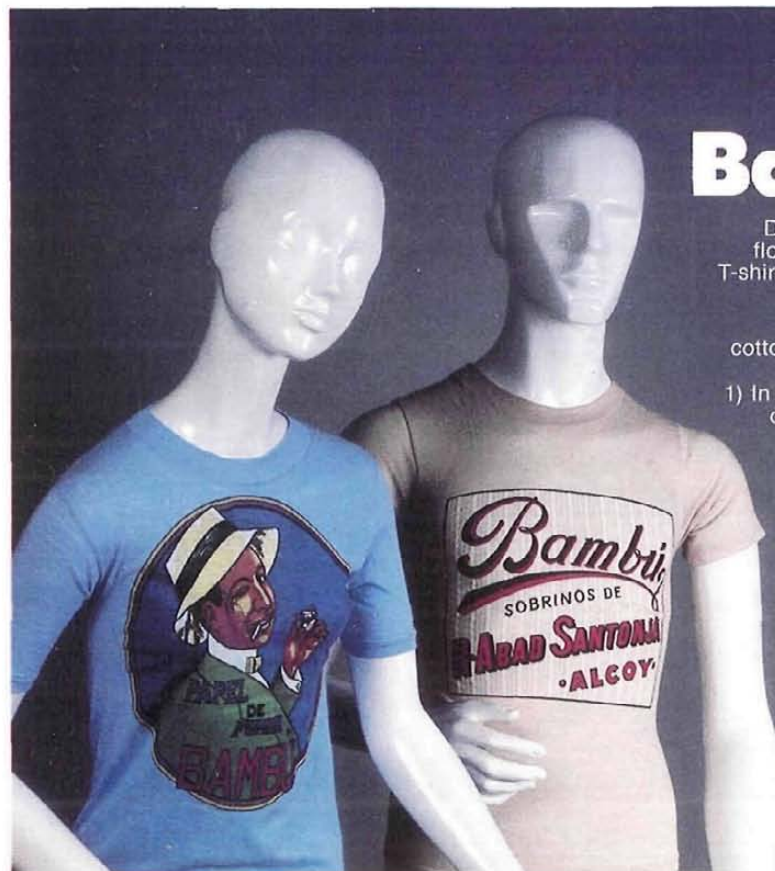
"Are you trying to tell me a penguin

is a bear?" He reached over and grabbed the Sarge. Wrestling, they fell to the floor. As they rolled in the filth, the Sarge shouted as he fell, "The wolverine is a bear. The anteater is an 'earth bear.' Not the polar bear! No!"

I won an argument earlier that night, and everyone had bought me drinks. I left a twenty with the bartender and told him to see the Sarge had enough for a cab home. He said something about the sooner the better.

Outside, I felt like something had broken inside me. Was that how us arguers got old? Him a senator. Would I wind up one day rolling on the floor of some cheap gin mill with breath that smelled like I'd been eating candles, shrieking in torment that Stendhal said something McDonald's sold or practicing great circle navigation for hours on the sidewalk outside a restaurant where I was no longer welcome? Will some young argumentative guy at the top of his form see me and pause a minute in reflection, as I have done? More important, will he pop for carfare?

As my uncle Kevin used to say, more truly than perhaps even he knew, "It's a waste of breath talkin'!" God, how he did go on. □



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BERNIE X

continued from page 15

York. If they find out I'm missing, they'll look for me, and I left a pretty easy trail to spot. Whenever one of their members is eliminated, they eliminate as many as fifty to one hundred of the opposition. Since they are a relatively small outfit, every gun counts. They can't afford to lose people. So they really take it out on the guys who do their guys in. I told the cowboy it would be crazy to start a trail of blood that will end with his own ass hanging from an avocado tree. And the fucking Israelis don't give a shit about how many innocent people they kill in the bargain.

The old cowboy looks at me real hard and dials a number. He asks me to read him the Hebrew code again, which he repeats into the phone with his western accent, which sounds very funny. Then he asks me to give him the second part of the code. This is when I know I'm getting through. I give it to him slowly, in Hebrew, and he gives it to the phone, very slowly. There's a long pause, and then he hangs up.

He looks at me with eyes like fucking X rays. He tells me and Tammy to get the fuck out of his sight, and if I ever interfere with the Production Company in any way, he will personally peel my fucking skin off and roast it right in front of me. I've seen angry guys in my time, but this guy was so mad he was spooky. I would've rather fought with a polar bear. The best thing to do was to get the fuck out of there without even saying thank-you.

And to top off the whole trip, I learned that the fucking espadrilles that I delivered to the warehouse were all spoiled. It seems that part of the shoe was made of some kind of Spanish vegetable instead of leather or canvas, and all the shoes had this green mold on them and smelled funny. The guy at the warehouse wouldn't pay me, even though I had nothing to do with the fucking shoes. They just dumped all the espadrilles into the garbage and told me to call the fucking insurance company if I wanted to get paid. I call my friend in New York and he tells me he has no insurance, so nobody made any money on the deal. Meanwhile, my girl friend Tammy is getting very bored hanging around the warehouse with a bunch of spoiled shoes, so she picks up a parking-lot attendant next door and sneaks off with him and I never see her again. Fuck everybody. I'm going back to New York and drive a cab. □

RUPERT HOLMES

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Seoul, South Korea A group of women criminals at Kwang-Po Penitentiary have volunteered to be the first experimental group in a new face-lifting technique invented by Dr. Tansun Ming, the country's leading plastic surgeon. It is a revolutionary new technique of "surgery without a scalpel," according to Dr. Ming. Dr. Ming's machines, as shown, transmit electrical charges into the head and change the contours of the face.



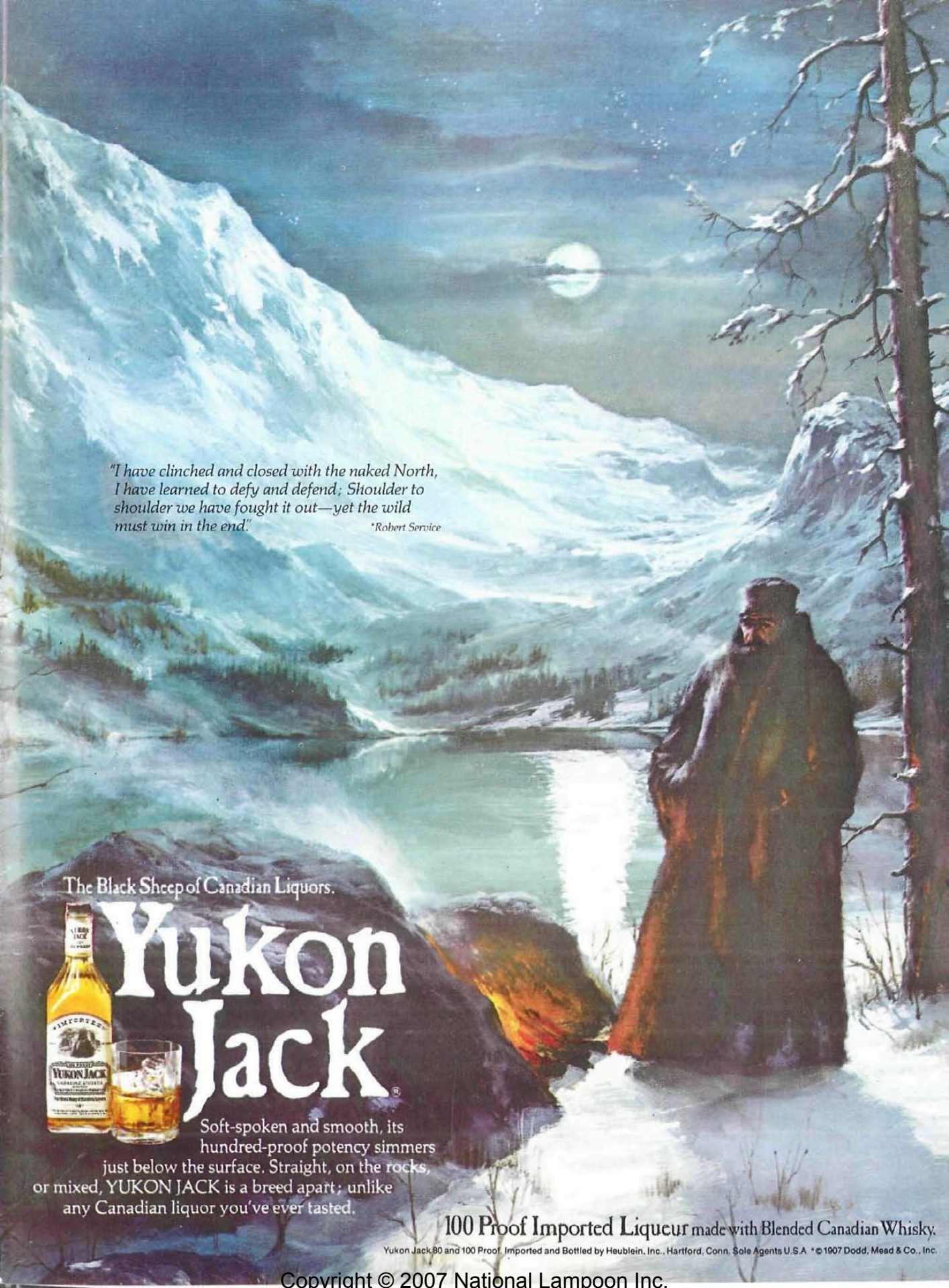
Nairobi, Kenya Kojuju and Lewis, Africa's first biracial comedy team, perform their act at an outdoor concert in Nairobi. In this scene, Norman Kojuju plays a prisoner condemned to death, while Gerald Lewis plays a priest performing the last rites. Considered the hottest comedy team on the continent, Kojuju and Lewis plan a twenty-six-city tour of the US this year.



Marmolada Mountain, Italy Pope John Paul II strides through a driving snowstorm atop ten-thousand-foot-high Marmolada Mountain, greeting his own group of ski instructors at this vacation resort. The instructors, all of Polish origin, are called "popeskis," and give the pontiff private hot-dogging lessons on his weekend ski vacations.



Tokyo, Japan Workers at the Ichigawa Munitions Factory put the finishing touches on the new Japanese square watermelon bomb. The square watermelon, long a favorite with Japanese gourmets, can be opened easier than a conventional watermelon for the insertion of the explosive material. The bomb is intended only for secret projects and assassinations and will not be sold to the public.



*"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."*

**Robert Service*

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Technics Q-Series. We can't say they're perfect. You will.

We can't say the speed accuracy of our new quartz-locked turntables is 100%. Just 99.998%.

