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NATIONAL

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A man in an orange raincoat is leaning over the side of a boat, holding a rope. He is smoking a cigarette. The background shows the ocean and a blue sky. The text "No compromise" is written in large white letters, underlined, and "Winston Lights didn't compromise" is written in smaller white letters below it.

No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise

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LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar",
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Published by NL Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

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(404) 252-9820.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$12.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$23.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 for Canada and Mexico; \$5.00 for other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusion of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of National Lampoon. Other than True Section submissions, National Lampoon does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unsolicited material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.



A RECORD OF PERFECTION

Nothing in the world of competitive sport can match the Olympic challenge. It is a challenge that demands not only the best in human athletic achievement, but a determination that can be summoned up to overcome seemingly impossible obstacles. Yet with all the talent, skill and dreams the Olympic Games focus into crystal clarity for a brief instant, there can be only a few who wear the gold.

For Peggy Fleming and Jean-Claude Killy, the intensity of their gold-medal winning performances on the ice and slopes passed through them for a few moments of heart-stopping action most of us never feel in a lifetime. But the memories of the day live for them forever. In photographs.

Canon is proud to be the Official 35mm Camera of the 1980 Olympic Winter

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But the Olympic Games are just one way we try to prove our commitment. It's also in every Canon product you buy. Proving itself in every kind of shooting situation. It's a quality standard that goes deeper than the name on the pentaprism, the difference between Canon cameras and others that seem to offer equivalent performance. And it's something that just can't be faked.

It's natural that when you think about the Olympics, you think about superlatives. At Canon, we don't use superlatives lightly. We want to be the best we *can* be.

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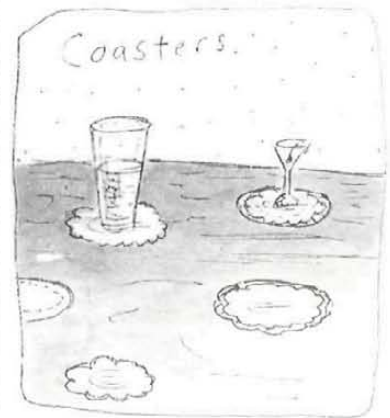
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R. Chast

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Sirs:

I haven't seen Stan Brock for almost three years. He's a handsome six footer, about 180 pounds, dark hair, and likes to wrestle with male animals of any species. I had him tagged, banded, and had a small radio transmitter implanted in his left buttock. If you see him, will you please tell him to turn on his beeper?

Marlin Perkins
Director Emeritus
Saint Louis Mutual Zoo

Sirs:

Is it against the law in Texas to have sex with a consenting child? Does it matter if she is my daughter? I need a quick answer.

Barry Whippet
Amarillo, Tex.

Sirs:

We are ant dogs from the nebula Venex, 3.44 trillion miles from earth. We have all of the characteristics of dogs, yet are really ants. We bark like dogs, look like dogs, and act like dogs; however, there are various perceptible indications as to our true nature. For one thing, we generally travel in columns. If you should see a long line of dogs walking single file, there is a good chance it is us. We can also lift vast amounts of weight, making it virtually impossible to leash or contain us. Why are we here? Why have we chosen to masquerade as dogs? You will learn these things in due course. In the meantime, carry on with your lives as usual, and we will get along fine.

Udek M.N.
Commander, Colony IV:4
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

You pantywaists wanna know what a Nam vet does on his day off? I got me a power mower, a power edger, a power pruner, and a power mulcher. I get out on that lawn and I give that chlorophyll hell.

Sgt. Nick Dirt
Sunkist, Cal.

Sirs:

Having recently visited New York with my wife, I was shocked to discover that your restaurants have not established "Blowjobs Under the Table" sections and "No Blowjobs Under the Table" sections. There are people who like to top off a good meal with a blowjob, and there are those who do not. The establishment of separate sections satisfies everyone. Don't you agree?

Mr. J.L. Trommeter
1322 Sandy Drive
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sirs:

A few issues back, there was a letter that was identical to one that I just penned, so what's the point of sending it? You tell me.

F Pat O'Fitzle
Rangoon, Del.

Sirs:

I spoke with my agent and I'm free until the Tricentennial.

Dick Shawn
Sherman Oaks, Cal.



For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send \$2 to Box 929-NL, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Sirs:

What about us dead poets, huh? I'm stuck here in a chintzy cramped room with some old fart named Eliot, and the air conditioning's on the fritz. This church organization donated a transistor radio for every room, but Eliot won't let me listen to the Series. So I told him to fuck himself and then he snatched my Jell-O at supper, and as soon as the nurse starts giving him his sponge bath I'm going to turn that radio up loud. You call this a life? Man, I wrote some great poems.

Percy Bysshe Shelley
1792-1822
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

Are you having trouble finding cute girls to pose naked for your publication? We sure are. It seems like we've either used up all the pretty ones or they all found Jesus or got married or something. If the situation doesn't improve, we're going to have to start using the chubby ones with distended rectums and big brown nipples. Do you know what that does to the re-touching bill?

Hugh M. Hefner
Robert Guccione

Sirs:

I gotta tell somebody what happened when I took Flight 106 from New York to L.A. About ten minutes after taking off, a passenger had a serious heart attack. Naturally the whole plane got real excited and the captain came out and said he wanted to land immediately and rush the guy to a hospital. Well, I said that by the time we circled, and got clearance, and landed, and what have you, the man would surely be dead. I managed to convince everybody and we went on our way as planned. Wouldn't you know it, the guy held on till five minutes before landing in Los Angeles. Boy, was I embarrassed!

Dr. Lendon Smith
Larchmont, NY

Sirs:

I am writing a biography of Jesus and would appreciate copies of correspondence, records, telephone calls, funny sayings, and the like.

Ted Hesburgh (Father Ted)
President and Chief of the
Spiritual Plant
University of Notre Dame

Sirs:

You know sometimes after you've just had sexual relations with a girl how you'd wish she'd go home right away? Well, I'm like that, but what the heck could I do about it? I mean, she has nowhere to go home to. It was miserable.

Pat Boone

Sirs:

Shaddup! Shaddup already! Give a guy a chance to talk! Whaddya mean, loudmouth? Look who's calling loudmouth! Who's doing all the yakking around here, you or me? So would you let me finish what I'm saying? Will you shaddup, please, I'm still talking! I swear to God, I can hardly hear myself think! Pardon me for living but can I get a word in edgeways? Shaddup! Shaddup! Okay. You wanna talk? You got something to say? So talk! Be my guest! Go ahead, mister, talk till you're blue in the face! Anyway, who's listening?

Jack
The YMHA Locker Room
Toronto, Canada
continued on page 32

Wild Turkey Lore:

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country. The eagle was chosen instead.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF
©1978 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

E D I T O R

This is the tenth anniversary of National Lampoon. But rather than indulge in a hundred-page orgy of self-congratulation, we've decided to devote this issue to the decade in which we were founded and have, more or less, flourished. We could have catalogued and exhibited all the amusing things we've done, but there's nothing more tiresome than yesterday's satire. When we were right, you've heard the joke a hundred times since; and when we were wrong, well, there's no point in making ourselves look stupid by pointing out when we were wrong. But it's still appropriate on this, our "tin jubilee," to take a little space and say something about our origins and history. For this purpose, we have turned over the editorial column to Matty Simmons, the chairman of the board of National Lampoon's parent corporation. This is an appropriate choice, as Mr. Simmons is the only person remaining in our organization who was active both in the founding of the magazine and in the creation of all its ancillary projects. Mr. Simmons is also the only person in the organization who would not be embarrassed to recount (and even exaggerate slightly) all of our publishing and entertainment successes. Simple modesty, or the desire to appear to possess it, silences the rest of us. The following, then, is the history of National Lampoon

in Mr. Simmons's own words, especially the adverbs.

P. J. O'Rourke
Editor in Chief

X

It was late in 1969 that we decided to publish *National Lampoon*. My associate, Len Mogel, and I had worked with the undergraduates at the *Harvard Lampoon* on their moderately successful parody of *Life* and enormously successful parody of *Time*. Now they were graduating and along with their diplomas had left school with Harvard's permission to use (in exchange for a royalty) the name *Lampoon* on a national magazine. The success of the *Time* parody suggested that this might work.

Henry Beard, Doug Kenney, and Robert Hoffman were to be our partners in creating what we hoped would be America's first successful adult humor magazine in forty years.

The two humorists were Beard and Kenney. Beard looked like a mop with acne. I'd never had a business partner with acne before. His bony, boyish face generally had a Sherlock Holmes curved pipe jutting from it. He spoke quietly but with great intensity. You had the feeling that no matter what he said, he was right. It was like carrying

on a conversation with a computer at the Smithsonian. You'd ask, "Who was the vice-president under Arthur Garfield Hayes?" He'd tell you and throw in his birth and death dates, his secretary's name, and whether his dog had fleas.

Doug Kenney was quicksilver as Beard was granite. He didn't sit still for a minute. Sometimes you'd be carrying on a conversation with him and you'd look up and he'd be sitting on his heels on the couch across the room. A minute later, he'd be standing on one foot on the windowsill. (Once, while giving a lecture at NYU, he locked himself in a closet in the classroom and finished the lecture from behind the closed door.)

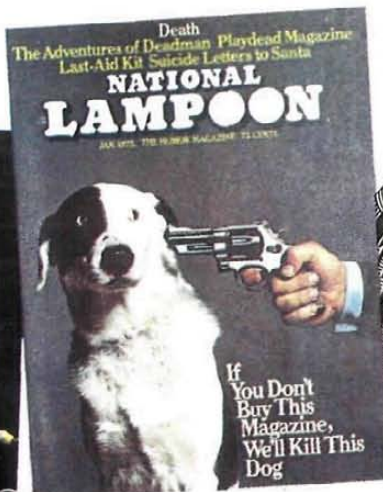
The two of them were so young that when we argued, I didn't know whether to yell or take their dessert away.

Hoffman was the businessman. He was the guy who put the deal together. He was inarguably brilliant, yet you always had the feeling that he was probably the only used-car salesman ever to graduate magna cum laude from Harvard. Whenever he left the room, I counted the silverware. He made a tough deal (which wasn't easy, since I'm supposed to be a pretty hard-nosed negotiator myself). But this kid beat me hands down. He was

1973: Lemmings opens off-Broadway with John Belushi and Chevy Chase.



1970: First issue.



1973: "If you don't buy this magazine, we'll kill this dog."



1974: National Lampoon Radio Hour.

D R I A L

relentless and unerring on every turn. If Beard was a homely Gary Cooper with his taciturnity and a one-man think tank with his enormous store of knowledge, and if Kenney was a good-looking Don Knotts with his interminable twitching and hopping and moving and a humorist who could remember everything funny that had ever happened to him from womb to that morning for breakfast, then Hoffman was, at twenty-one, the consummate businessman, tough, unyielding. A deal's a deal, man.

Mogel and I had felt we had landed on the planet Zarg.

ITEM: Doug Kenney

It is 1972 and Kenney is leaving to write the Great American Novel. He lives in a tent on the beach on Martha's Vineyard for nearly a year. He comes back with approximately sixty pages of a novel and shows it to the staff. They unanimously do not like it. He throws it into a wastepaper basket and shrugs.

So that is how we started, these three from Harvard and our group from what was then Twenty First Century Communications, publishers of *Weight Watchers* magazine, the revived *Liberty*, and, a couple of years before, *Cheetah*, the very first major youth

magazine (a year before *Rolling Stone*), a magazine that reflected the anarchy of the sixties so well that even the staff rarely showed up to write or edit it.

The first issue of *National Lampoon* was cover dated April 1970. It and the four issues that followed were monumental flops. The public didn't buy it. The company that distributed it didn't think it was funny. The advertising community snarled when our salesmen came in to try to sell them space.

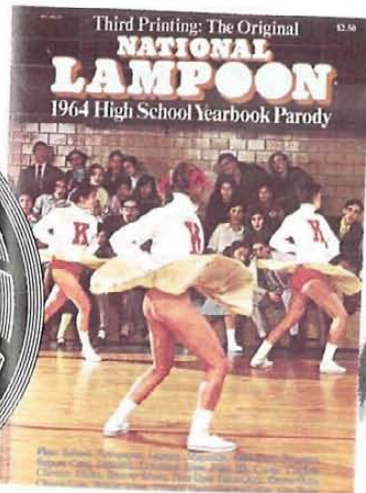
Since I was older, the leader, and the more sedate of all the creative people involved, I constantly tried to get the editors and contributing writers (there was no staff during the first year, only Beard, Kenney, and some secretaries) to keep some perspective. "Don't get too reckless; people won't think you're funny, just vicious." I complained about the covers, then suggested one, a parody of Minnie Mouse for September 1970. And so it was at my urging that we produced the cover that resulted in the first of what were to be many multi-million-dollar legal claims.

We stonewalled it. Disney agreed to settle for an apology and a promise not to parody their characters ever again. A few months later, Charles Schulz hit us with the same kind of claim; again an apology cured it. No more "Pea-

nuts" jokes in *National Lampoon*. We were later, over the years, to be sued by George Wallace (\$15 million), a famous movie actress (\$8 million), Mario Savio (\$18 million—the 1960s radical leader apparently felt his feelings required more balm than the others), and a number of others for amounts totaling more millions. An auto manufacturer who made a car that floated and promoted that fact in its advertising sued us for \$8 million for a parody that headlined: "If Teddy Kennedy drove a Volkswagen, he'd be president today." Incidentally, not a soul from the Kennedy camp groused on that one. We've lost no suits except one, for reasons still very vague, to a midget in South Carolina, and the amount of the judgment was appropriately tiny. The midget shall remain nameless as a punishment for breaking our winning streak.

In the early seventies, writers like Michael O'Donoghue, Tony Hendra, Chris Miller, George Trow, Michel Choquette, Sean Kelly, Bruce McCall, John Weidman, Brian McConnachie, P.J. O'Rourke, and Gerry Sussman appeared on the scene, as did many other extraordinary humorists and artists. We got to be the place to go if you wanted to be funny without being under house arrest.

continued on page 76



1974: 1964 High School Yearbook Parody.



1975: *The National Lampoon Show* with Bill Murray and Gilda Radner.

1978: *Sunday Newspaper*



1978: *Animal House*.

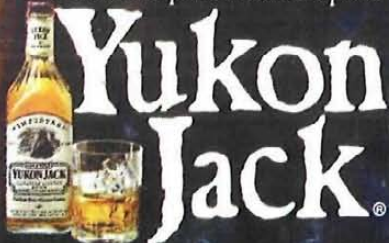


"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend. Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out — yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service



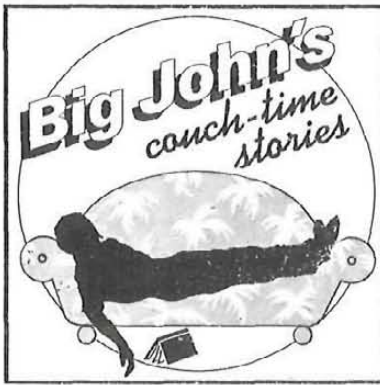
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by John Hughes

This month:

"AGAINST HIS WILL"

Art was slapped out of his slumber by a cold female fist. A sharp object threatened his navel.

"Stand up!" a female voice snarled.

Art slowly rose from the bed. The darkened figure reached for the bedside lamp and flipped the switch. He squinted in the harsh light.

"What is this?" he asked groggily.

"It's rape."

The assailant was female. She was dressed in a large, dark-colored shift, the kind fat women wear on vacation. She concealed her identity beneath a pair of men's jockey shorts. Her cold eyes peered out of the fly. She wielded a small-caliber pistol and a carving knife.

"All right, pussy, out of bed, hands up, stand against the wall," the assailant barked at Art's wife, who whimpered as she raised her hands over her head and inched her back against the wall.

"Art, I'm scared," she said.

"Okay, buster," the assailant said to Art. "Off with the pajamas and let's get it over with."

"Art?" Art's wife whined. "Why didn't the GE Zonar go off?"

"Shut up!" the assailant snapped.

"Am I to assume you're going to rape me?" Art asked.

"How many dorks do you count in here, wise guy?"

"Perhaps you were intending to molest my wife," Art said calmly.

"Art!"

"Look," the assailant said, wagging the pistol in Art's face. "I don't go for that shit. I'm giving you till the count of ten to get naked and hard!"

Art laughed. He sat down on the bed and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm sorry, whoever you are, you can't force a man," Art explained.

"Yeah? I'll cut it off if you can't get in the mood!"

"What'll that accomplish? If you want to have intercourse with me, fine," Art said. "I enjoy intercourse. It won't be rape if I enjoy it, will it? If I enjoy it, it's not rape, it's getting screwed by a stranger!"

"Art?" his wife said in a soft voice. "Don't get hurt, okay?"

"I've heard enough," the assailant said. "Come on, get the pajamas off."

"Jesus Marie," Art said, smacking himself in the forehead. "I just explained..."

"Don't provoke her," Ellen whispered.

"You won't enjoy it, I guarantee," the assailant said.

"You're fat and ugly..." Art began.

"Art!"

"You're fat and ugly, but a screw's a screw and I'll still enjoy it!"

The assailant laughed. She backpedaled to the bedroom door and swung it open.

"Okay, folks, let's go," the assailant called into the hall.

Art's mother and father and grandmother bunny-hopped into the bedroom. They were bound at the feet and hands and had strips of mailing tape over their mouths.

"May I present your parents," the assailant said with a cruel chuckle.

"Mom, Dad, Gram!" Art said. He turned to the assailant. "All right, this has gone far enough!"

The assailant pulled the tape off their mouths. She grabbed the elderly woman and put the knife under her chin.

"Do we get down to business or does Grandma get a nice Italian necklace?"

"I have cataracts!" the old woman said. "Leave me alone!"

"We'll see how much you enjoy it with an audience," the assailant laughed.

"This is the sickest thing I've ever seen!" Art's wife protested.

The assailant stripped off her clothes, leaving only the underpants on her head. She was built like a milk truck, with great folds of dimpled flesh spilling over the hairy mass that spanned her hips.

She laid down on the bed and let her thunderous thighs part.

"Oh, God, I'm going to be sick,"

Art's mother said, choking.

"What?" the assailant said.

"She said she's going to be sick!"

Art's father snarled. "You're making her sick. You're inhuman, you're a

continued on page 30

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

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg.'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Golden Lights: 8 mg.'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



Golden LightsTM taste astonishes first-time users.

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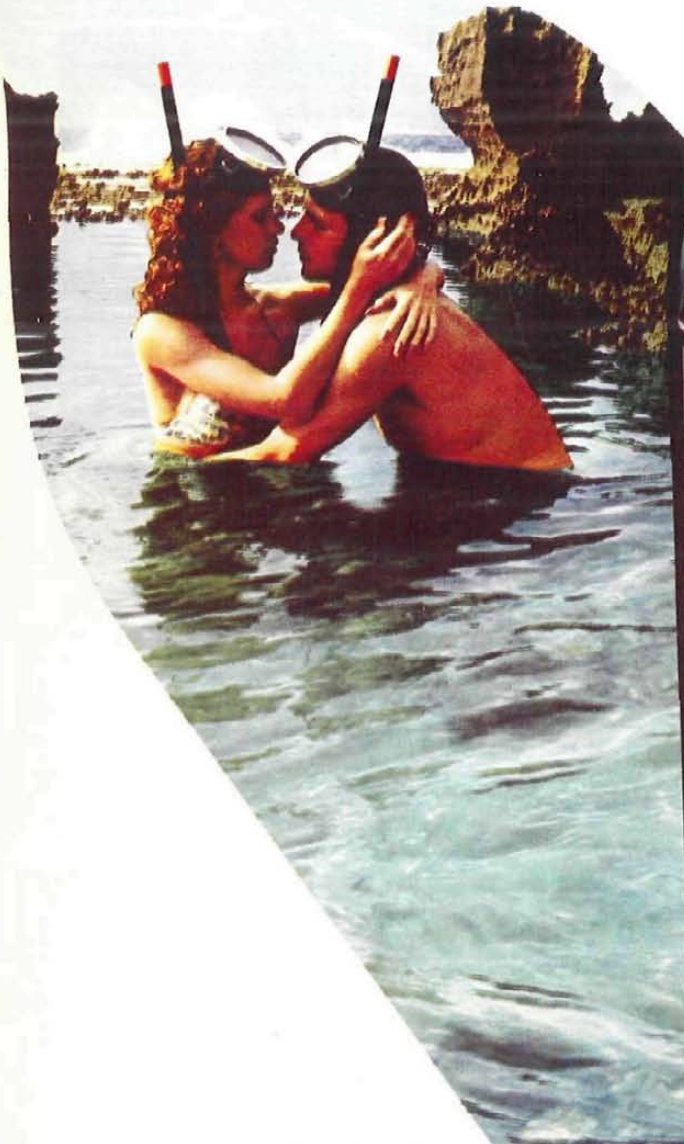
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

**JFK's Coattails Exhumed,
Hopped On**

TEDDY VOWS TO BRING BACK "NEW FRONTIER"



Changing tactics slightly in his aimless, air-brained campaign for the presidency, Teddy Kennedy last week declared that, if elected, he would not provide the country with new leadership, but rather with *old* leadership. Specifically, his brother John's.

Speaking from the family compound in Hyannis Port, Kennedy declared that he would turn America "back into Camelot again." Politically he vowed to engineer an ill-considered, trigger-happy showdown with the Russians over Cuba, find what's left of Jimmy Hoffa and

make "goddamn sure" it goes to prison, and get "hopping mad" about the building of the Berlin Wall.

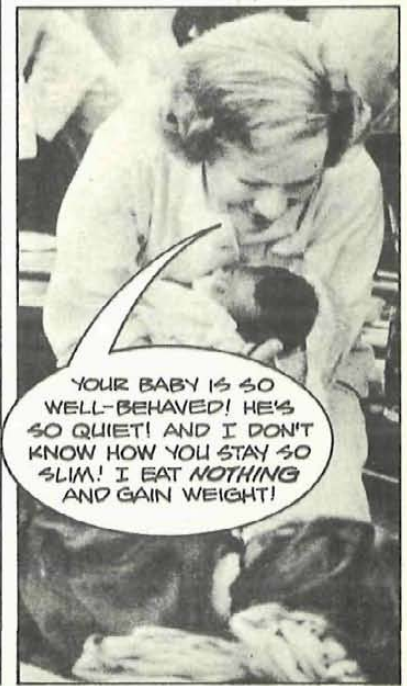
Beyond politics, Kennedy declared that he would bring his brother's sense of "style" back to the White House. "Number one, I'll crack a couple good ones at my first press conference, then I'll fly that little fat guy with the cello up from Puerto Rico, hurt my back, push people into swimming pools, and fuck that Angie what's-her-name who's married to Burt Bacharach. Hell, I'll even send a thousand troops to Vietnam!"

**First Lady Tours
Cambodia**

Mrs. Carter Sympathizes with Starv- ing Masses

Rosalyn Carter, the First Lady, toured Cambodia recently in an effort to convey American goodwill to the few remaining millions of Cambodians, most of whom are dying under conditions of extreme starvation and hardship.

"I feel just terrible about this," she told the Cambodians via an interpreter. "And I want to assure you that Jimmy feels terrible about it too. All of us, all of the American people, join the world in feeling terrible about your situation, and we all hope it gets better real soon."



**Prexy Seeks "More Serious Image"
Carter Secures Bee Gees Endorsement**



**"Stringent Safety Measures" Mandated
Three Mile Island Report Released**

The president's commission of inquiry into the accident at Three Mile Island's nuclear power facility released its report recently, and called for strict measures to ensure nuclear safety.

The report reads, in part: "Beginning in January 1980, all licensed nuclear power plants shall have the following: a big Chinese gong, to be struck repeat-

edly in the event of a breach-of-containment accident; a Mr. Coffee-style coffee machine dispensing black coffee on each level or floor of the facility; at least three signs reading THINK on each level of the facility and in any administration buildings; and rules prohibiting the consumption of beer or sangria within two hundred yards of any facility."



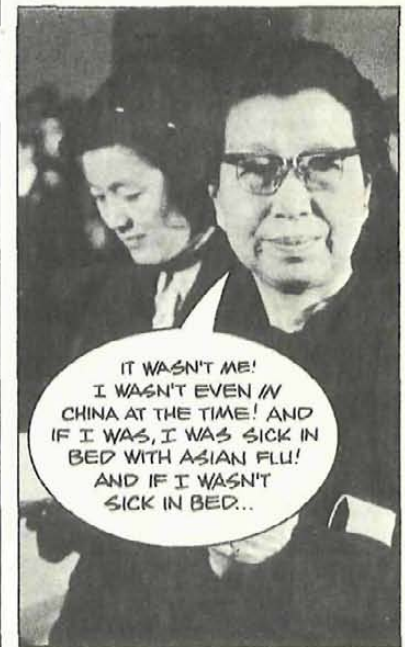
**Gang-of-Four Trial Underway
Chinks Rat Under Pressure**

Members of China's infamous "Gang of Four," recently brought to trial for alleged political crimes, have begun denouncing each other, apparently in hopes of getting leniency from the court. The widow of Mao Tse-tung, Jiang Qinq, pointed the first finger: "It was a frame," she shouted from the witness stand. "The cops say they found a Peoney cigarette butt at the place where I supposedly met with the gang, but everyone knows I smoke *Nanjas* and have since the Long March. Wang is the one who smokes *Peoneys*!"

This provoked Wang Hung-wen, another gang member, to stand up and rail back at Mrs. Jiang, "Liar! Traitor! It was you who planted that constructionist aphorism in my satchel, you despicable running-dog pussy!"

"Stop these prevarications," a third defendant, Chiang Chun-chao, shot back. "The foulness of your diseased adventurist stridence insults all in this room, especially me, who has never met anyone in this perfidious gang before, just ask anybody!"

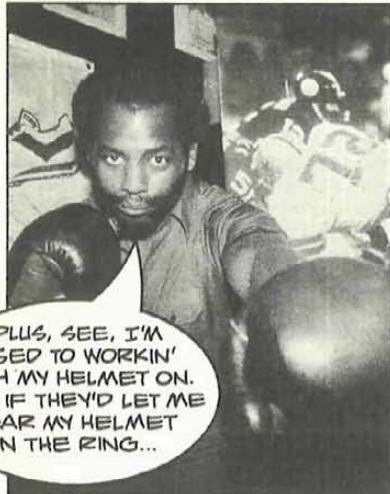
Prosecutors later called the gang's behavior "cheap trickery... Next they will be saying they saw Premier Dung snorting cocaine."



NJ Oil Discovery

An oil wildcatter has discovered oil outside New York Harbor. Gene Siegerson of Paterson, NJ, says that as much as one million barrels of crude oil is within two miles of New York. "And it's already loaded aboard ships and everything," says Siegerson.

**Too Tall, Too Bad, or What?
Ex-Footballer Jones
Sets Sights on Crown**



PLUS, SEE, I'M USED TO WORKIN' WITH MY HELMET ON. NOW IF THEY'D LET ME WEAR MY HELMET IN THE RING...

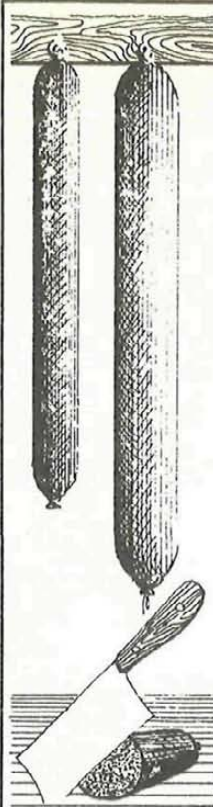
Still punch-drunk over his recent narrow victory over Yacqui "The Lightbag" Meneses, former football superstar Ed "Too Tall" Jones has embarked on a whirlwind schedule of prizefights designed to groom him for a shot at the heavyweight crown.

"We're downscaling the type of opponents we're having Eddie face," declared Jones's manager, Sid "Too Shrewd" Cohen. "So's we don't bring him along too fast."

Jones's next bouts will be against the Cambodian national heavyweight champ (eighty-five pounds and over division), followed by a tag-team match with Moe and Larry from the Three Stooges (no eye pokes allowed). Should he emerge victorious from those fights, Jones will then face Hervé Villechaize, from the television series "Fantasy Island." By then it is hoped he will be able to face such opponents as Tatum O'Neal, the San Diego Chicken, and, "if the money's right," Philadelphia Symphony conductor Eugene Ormandy.

New Video Lawsuit

Universal Pictures and Walt Disney Productions have filed suit jointly against the *New York Times* in a test case claiming that newspapers cause a reduction in television watching and should therefore be prohibited from publishing in the United States. Plaintiffs' attorneys argue that potential viewers are diverted by the newspaper's "dramatic stories, cartoons, ads, and various other entertainment features," which are a "duplication" of the type of material available over public airwaves. Trial judge Warren J. Ferguson is expected to rule in favor of the *Times*, however, since individuals can cut out articles they find interesting and save them to read after the TV stations sign off.



The Meat Board has been feeding you a lot of baloney about nutrition

It's understandable, with tens of billions of dollars in cattle interests to protect, they've got a vested interest. That's why the Meat Board spends millions of dollars every year telling you how important meat is for your diet. It's important for The Meat Board.

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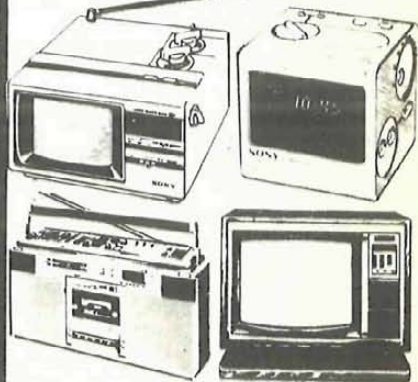
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Pentagon PR Promotes MX Program

The Department of Defense and the Pentagon have begun a campaign to promote the controversial MX missile, in the hopes that public support will hasten the program's approval by Congress. The plan calls for the construction of a network of circular tracks upon which missiles will move, thus foiling any enemy attempt to destroy them.

Accordingly, the Pentagon has issued a photograph depicting a scale model of

Evanston, Illinois, immediately following a nuclear attack. "As you can see, nothing bad happened," explained civilian adviser Harry "Pops" Dugan. "The town and the people were sort of wiped out, but the missiles are all okay. The whole thing worked great.

"What we're saying is, let's now do this on a life-size scale, with life-size nuclear bombs and everything. The whole thing'll be that much more realistic."



I'M THE UNKNOWN CIVILIAN DEFENSE ADVISER. THAT WHITE THING OVER THERE IS THE MUSHROOM CLOUD. SEE HOW IT DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THE MISSILES ARE?

Park Killed to Keep US "Interested"

South Korean government officials have revealed the motives behind the recent assassination of President Park Chung Hee.

"We were afraid the Americans were losing interest in us," explained Chung Ho Pak, a press secretary to the late president. "So we have tried to create a Vietnam-type situation here. First assassination, then invasion from the north, then American military 'advisers,' ha-ha, then so forth. Why? Because we will get arms, money, more prostitutes, really great drugs, American rock 'n' roll cassettes all over the place, and many drunken GIs spending their pay in our cities. And that is not all.

"Government officials such as myself will be bribed in ever-increasing amounts. Everyone shall take trips to Paris, all expenses paid. And hide fortunes in secret Swiss bank accounts, like real world leaders. And have sexy American bunny-women jumping around the army bases with Bob Hope being amusing. Is all this not worth the death of a mean man whom nobody liked?"

Mayor of the Flies

Kucinich Baffled by Defeat



WE DIDN'T MEAN TO WRECK ANYTHING—WE WERE JUST PLAYING FIREMAN...

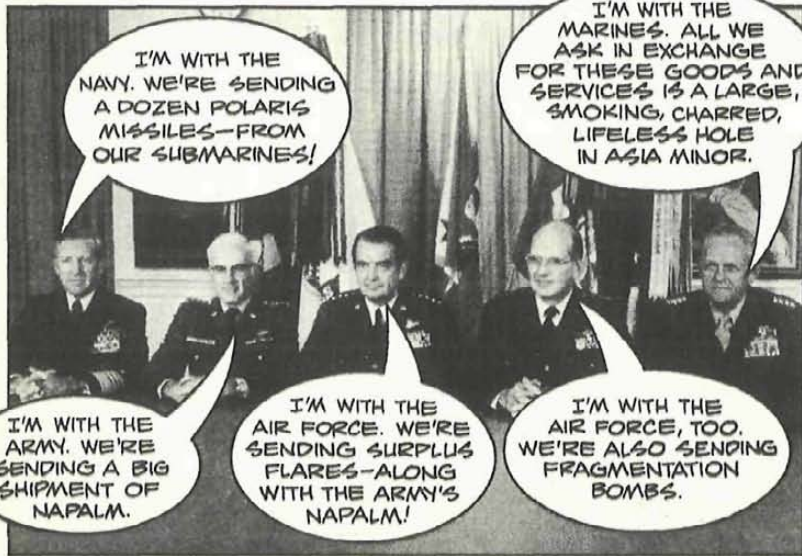
Dennis Kucinich, the young former mayor of Cleveland, who was defeated in a bid for reelection last November, has continued to express bewilderment at the voters' rejection of his unusually youthful administration.

"Was it the food fights in the City Hall commissary? Is that where we went wrong?" he queried reporters during a press conference following his defeat. "I just don't know. Was it dropping the water balloons on the Veterans Day parade? But that was meant in good fun!

"If we did offend or harm anyone—like when we set off the cherry bombs during the inspection tour of the mental hospital, or that time my brother mooned the minister at that policeman's funeral—then I'm really sorry. But that doesn't mean I shouldn't be mayor again, does it?"

A "Conciliatory Gesture"

Pentagon Announces New Trade Program with Iran



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I'M WITH THE MARINES. ALL WE ASK IN EXCHANGE FOR THESE GOODS AND SERVICES IS A LARGE, SMOKING, CHARRED, LIFELESS HOLE IN ASIA MINOR.

I'M WITH THE ARMY. WE'RE SENDING A BIG SHIPMENT OF NAPALM.

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Imagine yourself just finishing recording the second side of a 90 minute cassette and horrors, the cassette jams. Tape is wound around the capstan, your recorder may be damaged and you've just wasted 90 minutes of your time and perhaps lost a great recording off FM.

Enter DAK. We manufacture over one million units of cassette tape each month in our North Hollywood factory. Many of our tapes are used for high speed duplication where they are recorded at speeds up to 8 times normal. This is the ultimate stress for cassettes and causes more failures than any other use.

MOLYSULFIDE

We developed polyester slip sheets with raised spring loaded ridges to guide each layer of tape as it winds. We coat them with a unique formulation of Graphite and a new chemical, molysulfide.

Molysulfide reduces friction several times better than graphite and allows the tape to move more freely within the cassette. The molysulfide is tougher and makes the liner more resistant to wear. Evidently 3M and TDK were hot on our heels, because they have now also come out with new liners.

Hi frequency protection! Tape is basically plastic, and as it moves within the cassette friction causes the build up of static electricity, much as rubbing a balloon against your hair, or scuffing your shoes on a carpet in dry weather.

Static electricity within the cassette is drastically reduced by the low friction of the molysulfide so that its tendency to erase very high frequencies is drastically reduced. A very important consideration for often played tapes.

MAXELL IS BETTER

Yes, honestly, if you own a \$1000 cassette deck like a Nakamichi, the frequency responses of Maxell UDXL or TDK SA are superior and you just might be able to hear the difference.

DAK ML has a frequency response that is flat from 40cps to 14,500cps

$\pm 3\text{db}$ Virtually all cassette recorders priced under \$600 are flat $\pm 3\text{db}$ from 40cps to about 12,500cps, so we have over 2000cps to spare, and you'll probably never notice the difference.

No apology. We feel that we have equaled or exceeded the mechanical reliability of virtually all cassettes and offer one of the best frequency responses in the industry. Maxell UDXL is truly the Rolls Royce of the industry, and DAK is comparable to the 100% US made Cadillac or Corvette!

Price DAK manufactures the tape we sell. You avoid paying the wholesaler and retailer profits. While Maxell UDXL 90s may sell for \$3.50 to \$4.50 each at retail, DAK ML90s sell factory direct to you for only \$2.19 each complete with deluxe boxes and index insert cards.

comfort. No cheap imitation, a first rate locking adjustable band.

It's guaranteed. This fine watch comes with a manufacturer's limited warranty for one full year.



a rugged micro-computer

DAK TAKES A RISK

Obviously giving away quality watches is not going to make DAK rich. Even giving away cheap watches wouldn't help. We are betting that you will buy our cassettes again, and we are putting our money where our mouth is!

Customers like you are very valuable in the form of future business. We anticipate receiving over 6000 orders and 4500 repeat customers from this advertisement to add to our list of over 57,000 actives.

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Try these high energy cassettes on your own recorder without obligation for 30 days. If you aren't 100% satisfied for any reason, simply return the tapes and the watch to DAK for a full refund.

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(Calif. residents add 6% sales tax) DAK unconditionally guarantees all DAK cassettes for one year against any defects in material or workmanship.

Why not order an extra group of 10 DAK ML90 cassettes for yourself or a friend? We will add one free ML90 cassette to each 10 you buy and of course you can buy one \$69 value watch for \$5 with each group you buy.

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Quartz crystal accuracy means constant time within 1 minute per month. Crystals use little electricity, so the battery should last up to a year, and may be easily changed by any jeweler. Stainless steel band for long life and



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NEWS BRIEFS



More Russians at Nation's Throat

SALT II is in for another congressional battering following revelations at Senate Intelligence Committee hearings that a brigade of Soviet combat troops is stationed on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay. CIA boss Stansfield Turner testified he had known about the troops for several years but presumed they were a nonoffensive unit assigned to keep up the abandoned prison for the benefit of Russian tourists. President Carter is expected to demand that the

Kremlin demonstrate its peaceful intentions by promising that the soldiers will not carry weapons when they visit San Francisco. In addition, Carter has ordered several hundred marines to occupy nearby Seal Island as a display of US resolve.

Jesse Jackson Spurs Diplomatic Trend

In the wake of Rev. Jesse Jackson's self-proclaimed peace mission to the Middle East, other concerned American blacks have begun their own sorties into the arena of international diplomacy. Pittsburgh Pirates outfielder Willie Stargill is presently shuttling between Moscow and East Berlin in an attempt to help the German Democratic Republic resolve a dispute over the price of Soviet-supplied natural gas, while composer Eubie Blake plans a firsthand inspection of Spanish prisons on behalf of Basque separatists who claim the Suarez government is mistreating political prisoners.

Ford Motors Falters

The Ford Motor Company, the nation's second largest auto manufacturer, has announced serious losses on its domestic auto sales, while General Motors has announced a slight increase. Retired Ford

chairman Henry Ford II said that GM's increases came at the expense of Ford profits and that the only short-term solution for the slumping domestic business was to have Chrysler chief Lee Iacocca and Ford's nephew, Benson Ford, take joint control of GM.

Pope on New Tour

Pope John Paul II is slated to begin another international tour next month. This time the pontiff will visit Monaco, Bermuda, Antigua, Palm Springs, and Aspen, Colorado, where he'll say Mass in the bar of the Jerome Hotel. "The rich commit more sins than the poor," said a Vatican spokesman, "and the pope would like to see them doing it."

Imports Glut Dancer Market

Ballet industry sources report that, at the present rate, supplies of domestic and defecting/imported ballet dancers will reach "glut" levels by 1982.

"It's the Russians, of course," comments Commerce Department spokeswoman Edith Dolan. "We're simply getting more Russian dancers than the market can support right now. I don't know what they'll do if they keep coming here. Wait tables, I guess."

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Sunsets Number One, Pass Horses and Clowns

"Fiery Dusk" sunset paintings have outstripped "Stallions in the Moonlight" and "Crying Clown" as the most popular forms of art among American consumers, reports the March issue of *Artynews*. This marks the first time in over thirty years that sales of sunsets have eclipsed those of animal works. Next in popularity are "Restless Surf" seascapes, "Moment of Truth" matador portraits, "Innocent Eyes" kitten portraits, "Black Is Beautiful" studies of black female nudes, and anything by Leroi Neiman.

Fed Adds New Monetary Measurement

In addition to measuring the basic money supply, known as M1, which is made up of private checking account deposits at commercial banks, and M2, which measures cash plus all other deposits at such banks, the Federal Reserve announced recently that it will introduce a third measure, M3, which will reflect the amount of cash currently held in cookie jars, piggy banks, ashtrays on top of dressers, whiskey bottles in closets, and old purses and wallets.

Slimeball Skipper Cops Top Honor

Of-fired, oft-fired ex-New York Yankees manager Billy Martin has been named 1979 Psychotic Shitheel of the Year by the American Psychiatric Association. Martin was reportedly "drying out" in the reptile house at the San Diego Zoo when the award was announced, and could not be reached for comment.

Klan and Commies Thrash Out Differences

Members of the Socialist Workers party and the Ku Klux Klan clashed last November in Greensboro, North Carolina, leaving several communists dead and several Klansmen wounded. A special FBI task force last week concluded an investigation of the incident and declared that, while the violence was extensive, "it could have been much worse." "Indeed," a task force spokesman said, "next time these two groups meet, it's our sincere hope that it will be."

Kool-Aid Katastrophe Fades from Memory

A recent *New York Times* poll conducted on the first anniversary of the mass suicide in Jonestown, Guyana, has revealed that the only thing most Americans remember about the incident is that no one knew what flavor Kool-Aid was used.

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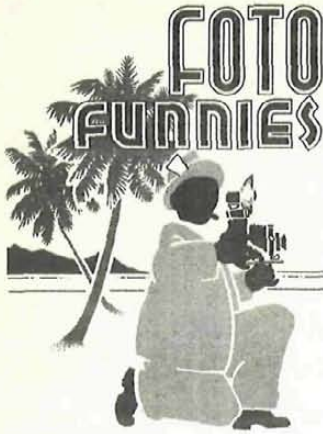
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OLYMPUS® OM-1

THE SMART



Extrasuperagent **SWIFTY LAZAR** has signed the Viet-backed **GOVERNMENT OF CAMBODIA** to a \$1.3 million book and movie deal. Subject is starvation of millions. Big profits expected in toy and novelty spin-off sales. Project has run into some critical flak, though notably from the genocide buffs at the **NEW YORK TIMES REVIEW OF BOOKS**. "What kind of holocaust is this?" asked one well-placed editor. "Where's their music, their science, their culture? Where's their droll Russian folk tales and amusing modern painting with upside-down cows on top of the roof? Holocaust schmolocaust, this is just a

bunch of yellow people who are dead!"...

Elsewhere in Swifty's busy day, he's peddling the **HOTTEST NOVEL OF 1980** to publishers around the country. "Power and money is what it's all about," says the Rapid One. "I mean, that's why I'm trying to sell the book, but that's what the book will probably be about, too..." Publication is due as soon as someone who knows how to type and spell and isn't already at work on a novel about power and money can be found....

Meanwhile, producer **JOHN HEYMAN**'s new movie *Jesus* will have a novelization by a young Greek writer known only as **LUKE**....

Entertainer **CHER** is going into the hospital to get her taste lifted. Agent/manager Sol Slimeburger says he hopes the operation will allow her to appreciate Beethoven and beluga caviar, or at least Vivaldi and blue-cheese dressing....

Anthropologists doing fieldwork on Cape Cod have discovered a new **MAILER** wife. Her name is Judy and she was married to the well-read scribbler for "about twenty minutes" sometime in the late fifties....

Heartthrob of teenage girls and male prep-school teachers everywhere **LEIF GARRETT** has had drunk-driving charges overturned. Seems that Leif was listening to the radio while driving his car when one of his own songs came on and the awful noise so startled

the young man that he drove into a tree....

FARRAH FAWCETT has fired her manager, **JAY BERNSTEIN**. Jay will reportedly return to his job feeding seals at San Diego's Sea World....

ROBIN WILLIAMS has also been at Sea World lately, doing volunteer work for the **HUMAN/DOLPHIN FOUNDATION**. In return, the dolphins have promised to talk the slimy things that live on the ocean floor into writing more pilot scripts for ABC....

English illustrator **RALPH STEADMAN** has had all his fingers broken by the British **ROYAL ACADEMY**....

LA police report capturing the escaped members of the **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE** cast. "These people have been terrorizing the entire West Coast with their god-awful movies and TV specials," said LAPD chief **DARYL GATES**. The fugitive comedians will be returned to custody in New York....

In a similar action, the FBI caught **ABBIE HOFFMAN** last month, but they threw him back....

The **MERYL STREEP** vogue is over. Her popularity holds new brevity record of two hours and forty-five minutes....

SIMON & SCHUSTER will publish a tell-all biography of the **OSMOND FAMILY** this spring. Book will be four pages long....

VAUGHN MEADER has a new career. He'll put out an LP satirizing the voice and family life of whoever assassinates **TEDDY KENNEDY**. "This kind of thing has more staying power," says Vaughn. "People who weren't even born when JFK was shot are still talking about Lee Harvey Oswald...."

Question Everyone Is Asking: What popular young actor has had his asshole wired shut in an attempt to straighten out his financial affairs?

Atmospheric fluorocarbons have been named the Official Sewage of the **1984 L.A. OLYMPICS**....

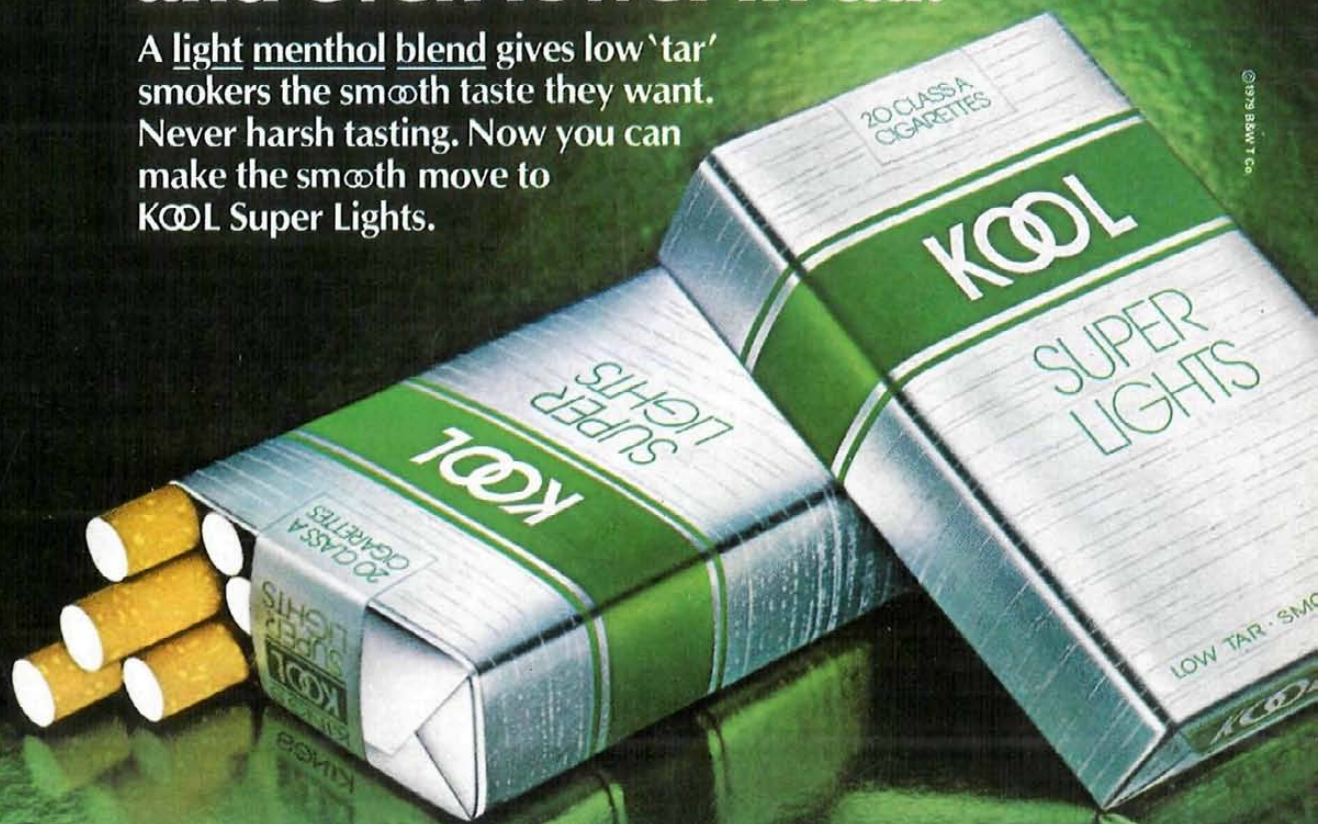
How to Tell Those Republican Presidential Candidates Apart, Part III: The one in lady's underwear is **GEORGE BUSH**. □



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Now smooθ gets smooθer
and even lower in 'tar'.

A light menthol blend gives low 'tar' smokers the smooθ taste they want. Never harsh tasting. Now you can make the smooθ move to KOOL Super Lights.



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10 mg. 'tar'

8 mg. 'tar'

7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

SIR MICHAEL STAIG— THE SORT OF MAN HE IS

by Ted Mann

Sir Michael Staig is an intensely private person. Not that he is shy. Once you get to know Sir Michael, he is as candid with you as a man could possibly be. He is not afraid to let you see the way his mind works, though often-times you feel like a simple savage with the back off a wristwatch, so great is the complexity and so intricate the balance of the measured movement of Sir Michael's mind.

I first met Sir Michael at the home of a mutual friend. Sir Michael is portly and walked as a child walks when carrying an inner tube about the waist, hands gripping the extremities of the tire, with a determined expression, headed for the sea. He limps slightly and carries a thick, brass-knobbed cane for support.

There is a story behind this limp. It isn't something Sir Michael likes to talk about. He says he does not like to live in the past, though God knows it's

tempting enough. He rubs the brass head of his cane and looks away as he tells you of the Grand Prix circuit years ago. Himself the top driver of a racing team sponsored by a leading German auto manufacturer. The team riddled by jealousies particular to and inseparable from motor competition. Daybreak at Monte Carlo. The sea breeze not strong enough to carry off the scent of petrol and rubber, the rattle of the mechanics' toolboxes as they cross the road. Honestly, it was like being there, listening to him.

Then the race began. The wheel of the racing machine rattling in his hands like the handles of a gas lawn mower. (Sir Michael says that driving a race car is like pushing a lawn mower. You feel that close to the noise and smell and the task at hand.) Something went wrong "about halfway." The car slid, hit the wall; but despite the flames, Sir Michael was able to run the vehicle between two groups of picnicking spectators, forgetting for the moment the risk to himself.

Were it not for the asbestos suit, and a brave French girl who pulled him from the wreck... Sir Michael shrugs, then slaps his knee. "I'm lucky to get away with just a limp."

Sir Michael tends toward tweed. He wears a small bicolored badge on his right lapel at all times. The badge is as discreet as Sir Michael is intensely private. Indeed it would hardly be noticeable if it did not have such a way of attracting dust and verdigris. Sir Michael has told me that because the little pin is so inexpensive, it tends to tarnish easily, which is why he so frequently polishes it.

When asked about this little pin, Sir Michael gets very embarrassed. He says that it is one of those silly English family things that don't mean much in an up-to-date country like America. He wears it, he says, partly from force of habit. Apparently it is a House of Lords pin; and as Sir Michael quickly and modestly points out, the poor old House of Lords in England is a ridiculous and hereditary thing, not like the American Senate, where men are elected for their proven abilities. Sir Michael gets quite puffy if you try to argue with him on this point.

If you know enough to let the topic alone, Sir Michael will gradually regain his composure. Watching Sir Michael regain his equanimity is like watching a dollar bill settle in its peculiar seesaw fashion to the bottom of an aquarium.

If you don't let a sensitive topic alone, Sir Michael may storm out. This can be expensive if you are in a restaurant, for Sir Michael is a gourmet and eats only at the best places. Sir Michael can be awkward in restaurants. Perhaps because he knows all the grand chefs of France so well, not to mention sauciers and men who make the salads.

Sir Michael, perhaps because he has owned a few restaurants, or "places," is concerned about atmosphere. A Mexican restaurant where they don't play guitar right at your table or wear the large red sombreros with the fringe may offer a meal, but hardly a dining experience. Hiring a great chef is only half the battle, according to Sir Michael. The man may cook as well as a five-star cuisinartist, but without atmosphere your place would be as barren as the Martian plain.

Hiring a great chef away from another restaurant is the thing to do, according to Sir Michael. He has done it several times. It's not just a matter of offering the man better knives and a machine to skin the potatoes. Nor is it simply more money. You have to understand psychology. Sir Michael understands this difficult and controversial discipline well, as he has



"From now on, Mahoney prefers to be called 'A Man Called Mahoney!'"

continued on page 52

Give any Manhattan the crowning touch.

Seagram's 7 Dry Manhattan.
To 1 part dry vermouth add 3 parts
Seagram's 7. Grace with
a twist of lemon.
Brilliant.



Seagram's 7 Classic Manhattan.
To 1 part sweet vermouth add
3 parts Seagram's 7 and a dash of
bitters. Top off with a cherry. Tops!

Seagram's 7 Perfect Manhattan.
To equal parts sweet and dry
vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7.
Bright idea!

Start out with the great taste of Seagram's 7 and
you'll always end up with a great Manhattan.
Any way you like them, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
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FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My \$5.25 price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

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For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items,
send \$1.00 to above address.

COUCH-TIME-STORIES

continued from page 12

monster!"

"I am, huh?" the assailant said, slamming her legs shut with a wet slap. She stood up and pointed a long, fat finger at Art's father. "Well, that's a fine how-do-you-do. What am I supposed to do for sex? I can't go out and buy it like you can. I'm ugly, I'm fat, and I'm a woman! My chances are zero! I'm pissed off about it; that's why I rape. I like forcing handsome men to have sex with me. I get off, and I dig the whole revenge thing. If *Vogue* magazine featured blimps like me, I wouldn't be here. If I had a master's degree, I'd be in a corporate office suite lining up dates with European rich kids. But that's not the case. I'm a sexual pariah. You want to fuck a pariah? Hell, no. Drunken, horny, hill-billy sailor boys from West Virginia won't touch me. So what am I supposed to do?"

"What about a vibrator?" Art's wife offered, feeling a tinge of sympathy for the assailant.

"Yeah, a vibrator—a cold, unfeeling length of plastic with a Duracell battery for a soul."

"We didn't know, dear," Art's mother said softly.

"Well, now you do know," the assailant said, choking back tears.

The assailant flopped back on the bed and trained her pistol on Art.

"Time's wasting; I want it now," she said coldly.

"Look, I have an idea," Art said.

"I don't want your ideas, I want your meat!"

"Please, listen for just a moment."

"All right, but make it fast, I'm lubricating like a grease gun."

"Let my family go. Let them go away. You and I will stay here all night. I'll do whatever you like and I'll do it to your satisfaction. I understand your situation, I understand how you feel, and I'm in complete sympathy with you. If you want sex, I can give you an evening of wonderful tender love."

"No."

"Please," Art's wife said. "He's a wonderful lover." She turned to Art's parents and blushed.

"No! That's not the idea here, folks. I want to punish him and all men."

"What good will that do?" Art's mother said. "Dear, he's offering to help you."

"That's right, miss," Art's father added. "Revenge is self-destructive. Have your fun. But have it the right way."

"What do you say?" Art said, placing a hand on her shoulder. "I'll get a bottle of wine; we'll light some candles. It'll be the most wonderful night of your life."

"How will I know they won't call the cops if I let them go?" she said.

"Because we won't," Art's wife said.

"First of all, I can feel for the situation you're in. I happen to be attractive. It's no doing of mine. I was lucky, that's all. You weren't so lucky. It's not fair that you should be deprived of an opportunity for physical love just because our society places a premium on thinness. And second, you have a gun, and you could kill Art. We won't call the police."

The assailant crossed her legs and wiggled her foot. She looked at Art, then at his wife and his parents. They offered warm smiles. Then she nodded her head.

"All right, all right. You can go."

"Thank you," Art's wife said.

"Thank you very much."

"Can I have a word with them before they go?" Art asked.

"Make it fast. And stay where I can see you."

Art stepped out into the hall. His father embraced him. His mother gave him a kiss, and his grandmother

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A GREAT GUITAR. YOU AND YAMAHA.

The Yamaha line of Classic and Folk guitars is just as much yours as it is ours, because you helped us design them.

You demanded only the world's best woods, like solid spruce for the tops. You asked for details like machine heads that virtually eliminate backlash. A contoured neck for more comfortable playability. A heel shaped for easier access to the higher registers. A specially designed truss rod, and dual transverse x-type bracing on the Folks.

Come take a look at the Classic and Folk guitars you and we designed together. They're at your Yamaha dealer.



YAMAHA

P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622



squeezed his hand as she wiped away a tear.

"Granddad would be proud of you," she said.

Art hugged his wife and kissed her deeply.

"I love you, and I hope you understand this isn't something I'll enjoy."

"Yes, of course, yes, darling, of course, I understand!"

"Hurry it up!" the assailant shouted.

"Please, don't call the police, Ellen. I'll be all right. I'll ask her if I can call you when...when it's all over. I love you very much. Believe me, please. I love you all!"

"Someone's going to get hurt!" the assailant warned.

Art threw a kiss to Ellen as she disappeared down the stairs. He listened as his family left through the front door. He waited in the hall until he could no longer hear the sound of his father's car. Then he clapped his hands and walked into the bedroom.

"God! I'm suffocating," the assailant said as she reached behind her head.

"Help me out of this miserable thing."

Art took the zipper pull from her fingers and in one clean pull split the back of the suit, and his secretary, Donna Kremin, stepped out, letting the polyurethane skin drop to the floor.

"You know, you're a nut!" Donna said as she peeled loose fragments of plastic off her naked breasts.

"Yeah, but you love me," Art chuckled. "You make a cute fat girl."

"Oh, shut up and fuck me, you rat," she laughed.

"Didn't I tell you everything would work out?" Art said as he peeled off his pajama tops. "You didn't believe me, did you?"

"I didn't think your wife would fall for it, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to pull it off. I thought for sure she would recognize your underpants on my head."

"You're a wonderful actress and a sensational secretary and a..."

"A good screw?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth."

Art took Donna in his arms and dropped her playfully on the bed. He switched off the light and slid down on top of the young secretary.

"Am I on your wife's side of the bed?" she asked.

"Yeah," Art mumbled as he buried his face in her bosom.

"Good," Donna chirped. "Mmmm, what'll we do next week?"

"How gullible is your husband?" □

Commit Yourself.



Mitsubishi Car Audio.

Funny thing this stereo business. The world's full of advanced technology — so how do you make a better unit? More features? More power?

Not necessarily so.

Our equipment stands on its own merit as being reliable, rugged, and the highest in quality car audio. Mitsubishi has never had to rely on the easy way out.

AM/FM cassettes and 8-track. In-dash, under-dash units. Speakers. And something we're especially proud of... the Mitsubishi component separates. Tuners, tape decks,

amplifiers, amplifier/equalizers. All engineered as separate units designed to ultimately come together in an awesome collective system.

See your nearest Mitsubishi dealer and point to, poke at and above all, listen to our exciting new line of car audio products.

Shown here are the RX-79 in-dash cassette with AM/FM MPX, the CV-23 control amplifier and equalizer, the CX-20 component cassette deck, the SX-30SA 2-way speaker enclosures and the SB-2SA super tweeters.

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CAR AUDIO
SOUND US OUT

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Dear Readers:

If any of you happen to live in New Hampshire, will you do me a big favor and keep mum about me being editor of this magazine and everything? I just bought a house up there and I told the neighbors I'm a dermatologist. They're really nice people and I don't want them to get disillusioned and run me over with a hay baler when they find out what I really do for a living. Okay? Thanks.

P.J.

Sirs:

This whole inflation thing—Oops! There's a fat woman locked in my car trunk who wants out! Bye!

Professor I. R. Nejek
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Can you imagine what Ben Franklin would have thought if he ever saw somebody *sunbathing*? I think he would have been totally yeched out, I mean, gross-o city-o.

Alistair C.
En-on-Zyme, UK

Sirs:

White male, asexual, twenty-six, needs people to leave me alone. No fat-ties, please.

Box 2806
Spuzzum, British Columbia

Sirs:

Know what I like to do on a rainy day? Smear my head with butter and try to ram it up someone's ass.

Reverend Moon
Hollywood, Korea

Sirs:

Here are being two good ones:
What do you get if you cross Marshal Tito with Don Rickles? Give up? An acerbic Croatian, oh!

And if this selfsame Slav eats his morning dung gravy with a knife and fork? An aristocrat. Baf!

Zlatko Varich
Riddle Broker
New York City

Sirs:

I am Stevedore. Feel with me. Touch with me. Grapple with me. Be with me.

Stevedore
Center for Holistic Waterfronts
San Francisco, Cal.

continued on page 86

The advertisement features a large, stylized image of the Bee Gees' Barry Gibb at the top, and two other men, one with a beard and one with long hair, below him. The background is dark with glowing stars and nebulae. The main headline is written in a large, white, cursive font: "Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars". Below this, there is a block of text describing the quality of the tape. At the bottom right, there are two boxes of Ampex Grand Master 90 tape. The text "Ampex Grand Master The Tape of the Stars" is written in a stylized font at the bottom center.

Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars

It's only natural that the Bee Gees—the world's most popular recording group—master their hit albums on the world's most popular professional recording tape—Ampex Grand Master.™ In fact, more hit albums, by more top stars, are mastered on Ampex tape than on all others combined. Now there's a home version of Ampex Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home that top stars like the Bee Gees insist on in the studio. You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion the Bee Gees get. And whether you choose normal or high bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading, Ampex Grand Master tape.

Ampex Grand Master The Tape of the Stars

AFTER DEVELOPING THE WORLD'S MOST PRECISE METERING SYSTEM, SUCCESS WENT TO OUR HEADS.

Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the incredible Fluroscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't just any cassette deck.

Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluroscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without

music. More clarity. Less distortion.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

And while many cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't let you do is control what you monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over your tape deck as you would over any musical instrument.

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950

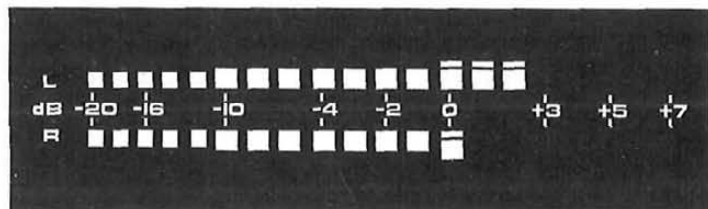
sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

©1979 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

Rack mounting handles optional.



The first cassette deck with Fluroscan metering and an erase head for metal tape.

fear of overload.

But our meter is only a small measure of our worth.

If you examine our heads you'll find the CT-F950 is different from most cassette decks. Instead of record and playback heads made of permalloy or ordinary ferrite, our heads are made of a newly developed Uni-Crystal Ferrite composition that gives you greater frequency response, lower distortion, and better wear-resistance.

METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Alflex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More



CRUISING 1970-1980

CRUISING 1970

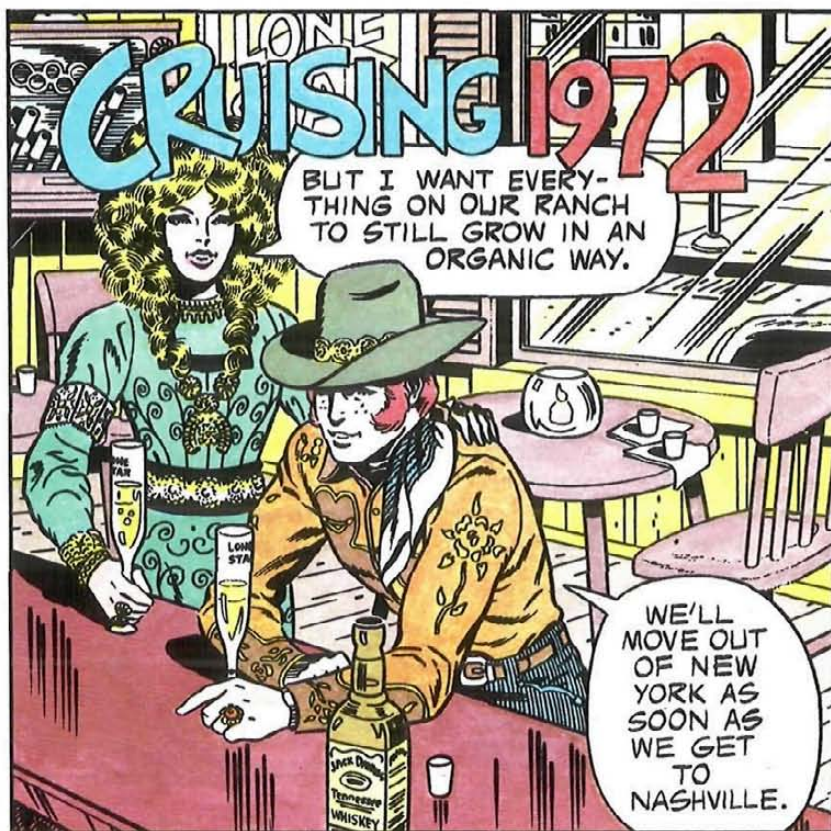
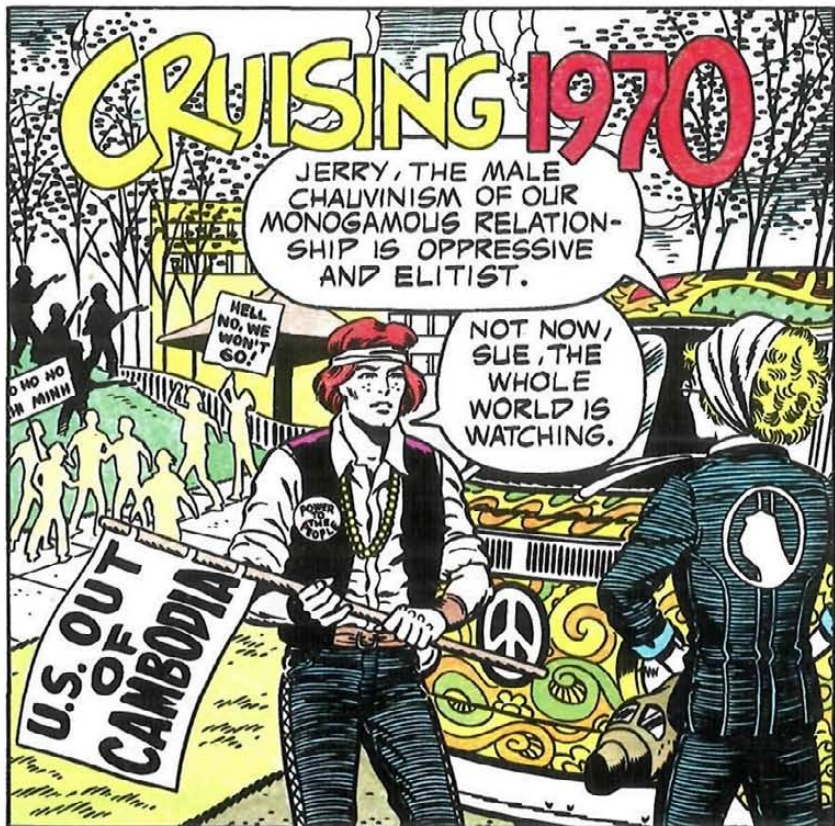
SIDE 1

SHAKE THE PEOPLE—Bonnie and Her Husband and All Their Hundreds of Friends
ROCK MY SHOES—Bob Beck
INSIDE VEST POCKET OF THE MOON—Pink Dink
CLING TOGETHER—Family of Hair

SIDE 2

SHADOWS OF DISTANT HEAVENS IN A PEACEFUL DREAM OF YOU—King Arthur
YEEEOOW!—Plastic Karma Band
BABIES ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD—Ashby, Willis, Nolan, and Walsh
POSITIVE VIBRATING CHANGES—Have a Wonderful Day!

With Brother Michael "Frodo" St. Stephen—KRED, Boulder



CRUISING 1972

SIDE 1

PINECONES IN MY SADDLE-BAGS—Tex Cedarstump
SUNSHINE ON MY SNOW-SHOES—Charlie Colorado
EASY, MELLOW, LAID BACK, AND NATURAL—Edward Possum

SIDE 2

BROTHERS AND SISTERS AND MOTHERS AND FATHERS AND UNCLES AND AUNTS AND COUSINS AND DOGS AND TRUCKS AND SOME BEER—Revival Reunion Daredevil Grit Band
APPLE PIE WINE—Linda Cow
BURY MY MOTHER WITH A PIECE OF THE RIVER—Fannylou Harris

With Randall "Southbound" McCoy—WHAY, Luckenbach

CRUISING 1974

SIDE 1

MAGIC PIPE DREAMS OF DR.

TEETH—Space Face

AMBROSIA BINGE—Witch's

Glee

LASER CLOWNS—Why

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MASTER
OF HUMANITY—Lick

SIDE 2

GRUNT TIGHT—The Ohio

Negroes

STAIRWAY TO MENSWEAR—

Smokehat

ONE MILLION GUITARS FROM

THE PLANET DETROIT—

Nazi Music

PRESIDENT OF DISEASE—

Princess Lizard

BURNING BABIES—Alice Girl

With Tommy "Gun" Walker—

WZOO, Detroit



CRUISING 1976

...WANNA
WANNA WANNA
SHOOT MY SCUM
DOWN YOUR
BICENTENNIAL
THROAT!



JERRY
IS SO
ROMANTIC!

CRUISING 1976

SIDE 1

I SING A LOT OF SONGS—Barry
Midler

I HONESTLY LOVE YOU, CROSS
MY HEART (ASK ALL MY
FRIENDS)—Olivia Wendell
Holmes

GOD BLESS THE WOMAN WHO
HAD YOU FOR HER
BABY—The Penetrations

SIDE 2

FILLINGUPNESS—Stevie
Walters

DO YOU FEEL LIKE I'M IN
YOU?—Chip Frampton

I'D REALLY LIKE TO WASH YOU
TONIGHT—Albania Fred
and John Jeff Cord

SILK SOCKS—Bozo Scurff

With Mitch "Mornin' Man" Markle—
KWEE, San Francisco

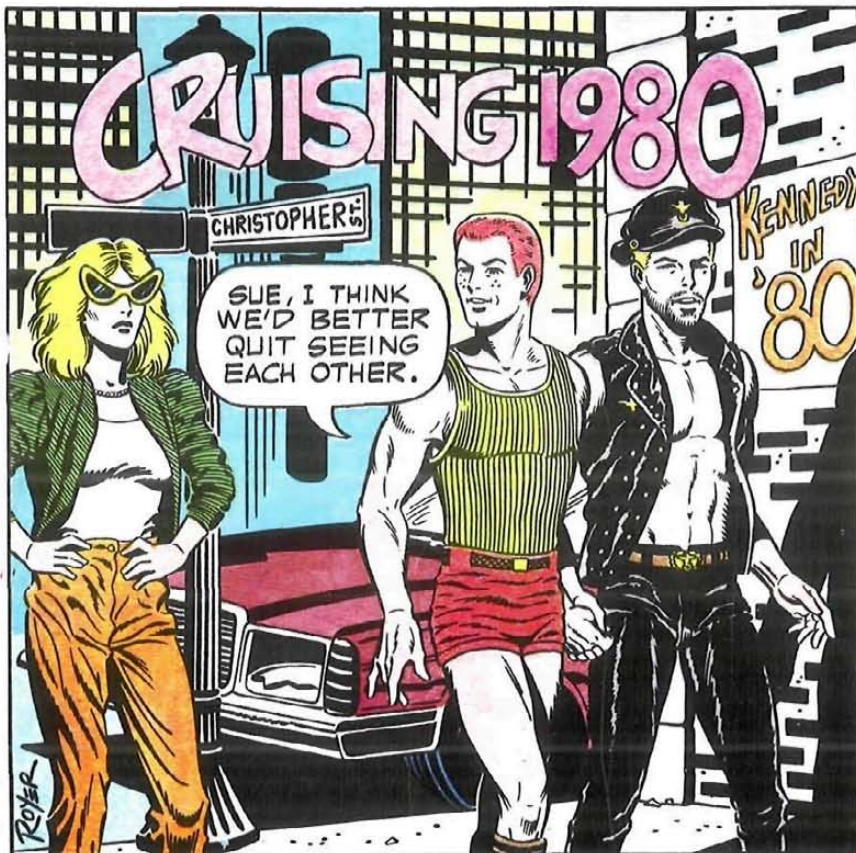
CRUISING 1978

SIDE 1

PISS SALAD—Robot Jesus
BRAIN HOLE—Booger
CLOSET SONG—Talking
Mouths
SUZIE EATS HAIR—Slum
SHOE SMELL ROCK—The
Sanitary Pads

SIDE 2

**UVO NUVO DIT DIT / MINOR
SCRATCHES**—Eva
Bacteria and Stain
SCARED TO BE DERIVATIVE—
The Nurses
SCRATCHY BOZO FEELINGS—
Vincent Vacuum
DON'T WANNA BE AWAKE—Sex
Pigs
GONNA SHIT FOR EASTER—
International Rubber
With Pogo "Sound Dart" Ber-
lin—KXRZ, Los Angeles



CRUISING 1980

SIDE 1

**I CAN'T DANCE WITHOUT
YOUR FEET**—Hot Spit
YOU DON'T WANNA DANCE?
(HOW COME? HOW
COME?)—Caviar
FINGERFUL OF FUNK—Neon
Coon Band
DISCO DONKEY—Dicky Doodle

SIDE 2

**FORTY DRESSES, FIFTY PAIR
OF SHOES**—Le Bush
PASSPORT TO YOUR MOUTH—
Peaches & Ed
TOTALLY EMPTY—The
Tinkerbells
**HOT AND HUMID (CHANCE OF
SHOWERS)**—Eldorado

With Marino "Star Person" Moulin—
WOOO, New York

Vertical thinking from Audiovox: the first complete, one-piece sound system for your 1980 Chevy Citation.

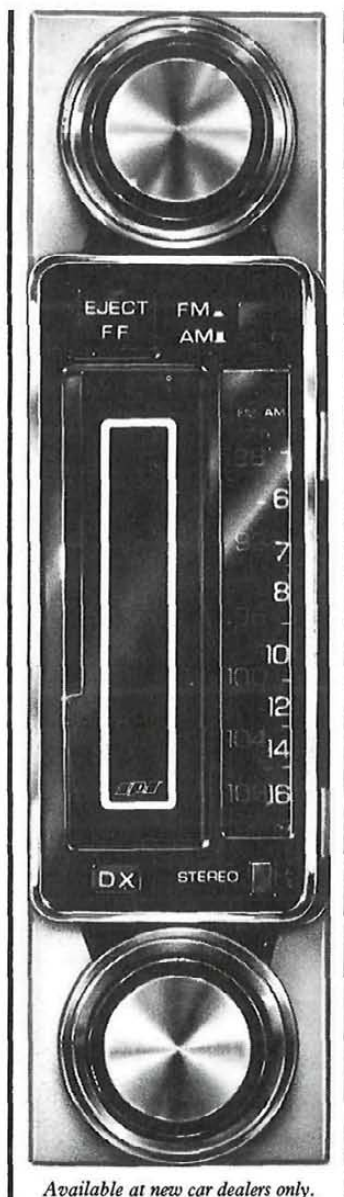
And some horizontal thoughts
for the other GM X-body automobiles.

GM only makes a vertical radio for the Citation. Audiovox makes the only vertical radio/cassette or radio/8-track unit for the Citation (and they make it in one piece).

Audiovox engineering overcame the problems of space and gravity that GM couldn't. Not surprising - Audiovox produces auto sound systems, not automobiles. Instead of a separate under-dash tape player, the Audiovox units are designed in one piece. And it wasn't simply a matter of turning a conventional unit on its ear - gravity won't stand for that.

Audiovox does - Detroit doesn't.

When you buy a new car, Detroit offers countless options. When you buy a sound system for that new car, Audiovox offers more options than Detroit has ever heard of. So why settle for a car manufacturer's radio if you can choose an S.P.S. by Audiovox. Like the 5 different vertical one-piece sound systems for your 1980 Chevy Citation or one of 64 other S.P.S. systems for all



Available at new car dealers only.

new cars. And Audiovox guarantees your S.P.S. stereo for the life of your car, Detroit *doesn't!*

All this and a lifetime warranty.

Audiovox is the *only* manufacturer to offer a *lifetime* warranty on all of its S.P.S. auto sound components. Should a component from one of these systems malfunction during the warranty period due to a manufacturing defect, it will be replaced without cost, except for removal and installation costs. The lifetime warranty remains in effect for as long as you own the car.

The Audiovox S.P.S. sound systems were developed in the audio research laboratories of Shintom Co., Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.

*For further information, write to:
R. Harris, Technical Director
Dept. 15K, S.P.S. Division
Audiovox Corporation, 150 Marcus Blvd.
Hauppauge, NY 11787.*

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Some Advertisements for North Vietnamese Movies About the War in 'Nam
From Hanoi's Daily Newspaper The Red Star

FIRST SECRETARY LE DUAN PRESENTS



Apocalypse Here

CAO DAI HO HO DIEN KY XUYAN APOCALYPSE HERE
DA PHAN RANG QUAN LONG AN TUC and DONG HOI DINH
DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM FILM WORKERS COLLECTIVE

Produced and Directed by the
R Approved for Release by the CIA
Written in Accordance with the PRINCIPLES OF MARXIST-LENINISM
Reviewed and Creatively Phrased by ALL CORRECT-THINKING POLITICAL CADRES

NOW PLAYING AT THESE SPECIALLY SELECTED THEATRES!

AK-47 GENERAL **CINE** DUNG **PARAMOUNT** RICE PADDY **KING** COMG

A week ago they were hounded.
An hour ago they were strafed.
Now they are imprisoned.



Who'll Stop the Planes


THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR GROUP FOR MOTION PICTURE THOUGHT

Presented by LE DUAN Film - NGUYEN TUNG - LE KYAN NGO
Music by the PLOW-MAKING COLLECTIVE NO. 5 FACTORY CHOR
Based on the political tract "For Dearest We Have Dog Soldiers"

R Approved for Release by the CIA **cinema**
Street of the Running Dog Lockers

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A man who believed in Victory of the Masses
Another man who believed in Victory of the Masses
And a woman who believed in both of them
and also all their comrades




A Le Duan Production

Bien Dong Phu Xuyen Hong Jane Fonda

"Staying Here"

THE FOOD HUNTER



THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT
and
THE PRESENTLY LIBERATED BUT PREVIOUSLY
OPRESSED AND EXPLOITED WORKERS AND PEASANTS OF
SOUTH VIETNAM

Present
"THE FOOD HUNTER"
Based on 35 YEARS OF WAR AGAINST FASCIST
FOREIGN AGGRESSORS
Directed by LE DUAN

R Approved for Release by the CIA

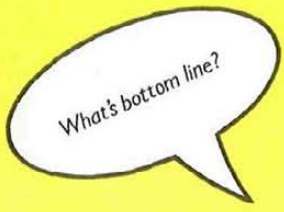
HUNG HUNG LOEH S **WU CHI CINEMA** ALLEY OF THE PEOPLE A CINEMA ONE THEATER **FULL H STICK PLAYHOUSE** STREET OF THE HAPALMED BABIES

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việc n

RONALD G. HARRIS, MARGUERITE LOBIAK, TRINA ROBBINS, MARY ANNE S'SEA, ROMAN SZOLKOWSKI

CREDITS: BILL DOLCE/STEVE DOLCE, GEORGE EVANS, DIANA FELDMAN



1970: Long on the sides, executive sideburns, moustache "as featured in Playboy," cut at unisex salon by a woman. Popular with young businessmen who actually studied during sixties college career.

Full-cut shirts are out—full-cut ties are in. Fashionable clown width.

No-iron, pre-wrinkled, body-hugging dress shirt that accentuates the natural beer-gut contours.



Rayorylic nylon blend French tartan gabardine suit with shoulder-to-shoulder lapels, mock pockets.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN AND YOKO

Dear John and Yoko,

I hear you guys bought a farm! That's great! I'll bet it's a lot of hard work! I guess being a farmer pretty much filled up the latter seventies for you. So, what's been going on with me? Well, I got married in 1970. I married Nancy. Finally!

It was a regular middle-class wedding at a country club. I dropped out of school in 1971. I listened to "Working Class Hero" about three hundred times and realized that being a cultural anthropology major was "fucking" silly. I went back to Chicago and got a job in an insurance-company warehouse. I began to write in the evenings. Not that mawkish LSD poetry with the eyeball illuminations on the margins like I did in the sixties, but jokes. The jokes were good enough to get me a job at an ad agency, and I wrote TV commercials for seven years.

In 1974 I bought a house. Then the following year we found out we were going to have a baby. Nancy had been on the pill for years, and I liked a nice hot bath before bed, so we had a hard time conceiving. But it was thrilling (you have a young son-- you know, right?). John III was born in April of 1976. That summer I started to write for the National Lampoon.

I gave up drugs in 1973. I was seeing too many weird things at night, and people I didn't know were whispering to me. The last straw came when I hallucinated a boar's head on a child at a Dairy Queen near my mom's house. That was it. No more drugs. I didn't even drink coffee or cola for fear of the caffeine.

What's changed? Well, I'm a lot heavier. I've put on about thirty pounds in the decade. I lost twenty of them in 1976 after getting inspired by the physical beauty of the Olympic athletes. But then I quit smoking and put the pounds back on (I started smoking again, darn it!).

Last year I had my second child. You know, I never thought I could ever love another child as much as I loved my first, but I was wrong. You'll find that out someday, if you plan to have another (better check with Yoko's OB about that one; she's in the "danger age").

I'm moving to New York. The eighties will find me in New York as the seventies found you in New York. Make of that what you will.

The moustache is gone, the hair is shorter. I'm back to Brooks Brothers for my clothes. I like the taste of Scotch. I get excited about the World Series. I don't get nervous if I stay home on Saturday night. What do I hope for the future? I hope we get a Republican president who can control the economy and reestablish the US as a global power. I hope my kids stay away from drugs, get good grades in school, and make it into an Ivy League college. I hope things go well enough for me that I can buy a little gun shop in the North Woods, where I can restore old weapons and shoot at stumps all day. That's all.

Good luck to you and yours in the next decade. And thanks for fifteen years of great songs! Maybe I'll see you in Vegas one of these days.

Sincerely,

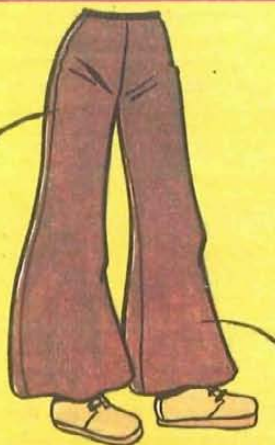
John Hughes



1970: Steam-set special, sixties length with curls added every a.m. Popular with young marrieds and secretaries with three years of college and two years of marriage.



Elephant bells analogue in office pantsuit slacks. Of synthetic fiber destined to ball and run.



Negative-heel shoes. Same technology that produced granola--gives wearer the gait of a two-legged cow.

The Sixties



"Get yer fuckin' hair cut, you dope - smokin' no - good - for - nothin' dead-beat nigger-lovin' peace queer!"

"Sisters! Unite against the male chauvinist pig mentality that suppresses us and creates the destructive internalized sexist values that keep us barefoot and pregnant!"



"Up against the wall, motherfucker imperialist materialist capitalist racist bastard murderer pig!"

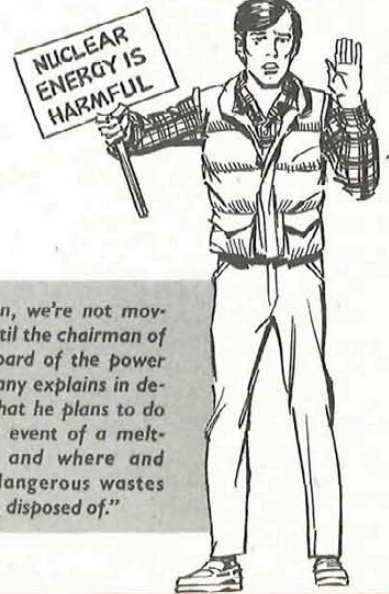
The Seventies



"Hey, Tyrone! After work, come over to my place and we'll get high. I got some Panamanian buds and my old lady has some coke."



"I don't want a raise because I'm a woman; I want a raise because I'm the best damned systems analyst in the company."



"Listen, we're not moving until the chairman of the board of the power company explains in detail what he plans to do in the event of a meltdown and where and how dangerous wastes will be disposed of."



Hey, really!

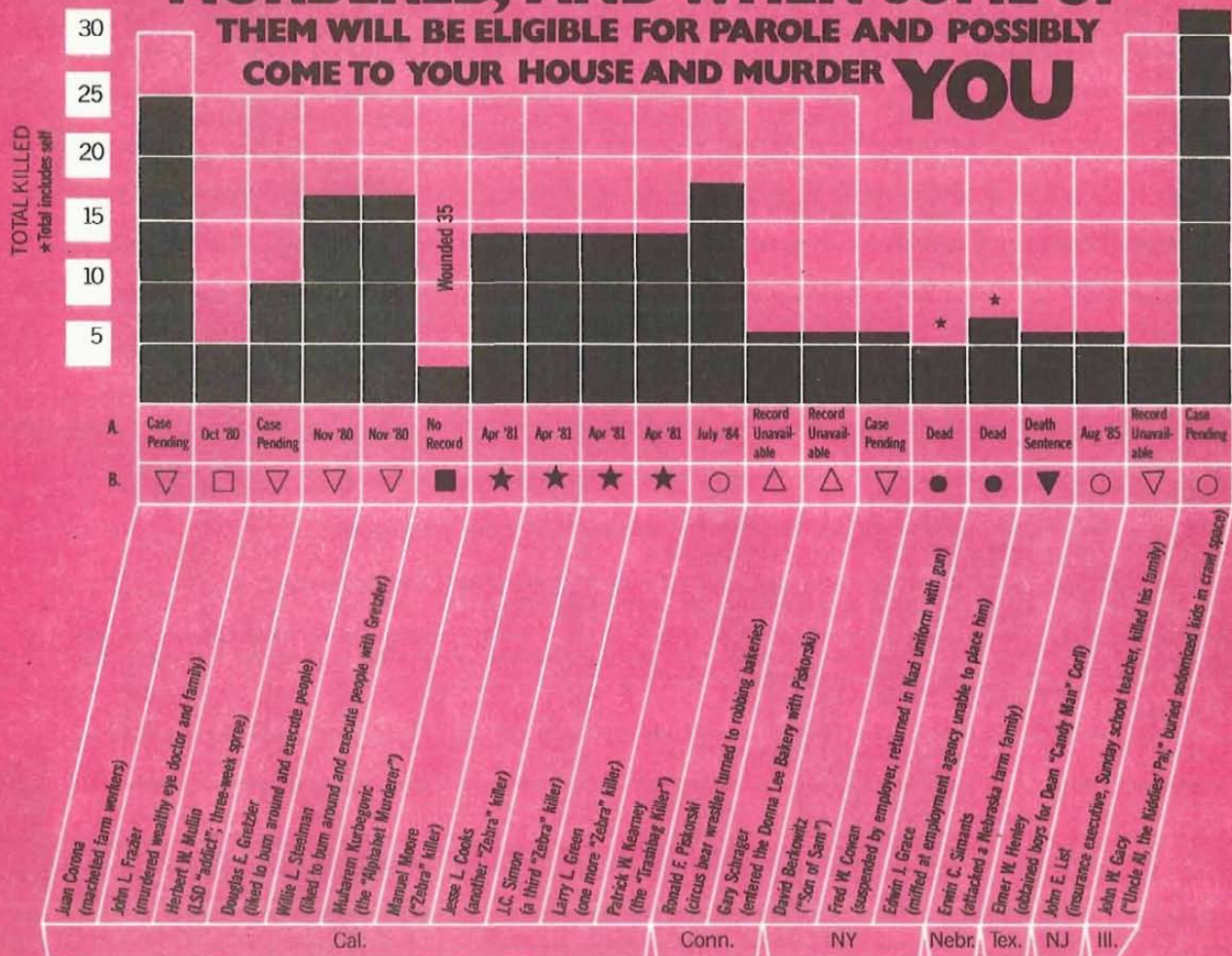
Levi guy Texas-cut dress slacks with jumbo cuffs. Available in two lengths: too long and not long enough.



Dress-style cowboy boot with square toe that curls up and inexplicable leather strap that tears loose.

1972: Grown-out wrestler's clip, looks modern, girls like it, looks tough when wet with sweat. Popular with jocks young and old.

ALLEGED MASS MURDERERS OF THE SEVENTIES AT A GLANCE, HOW MANY PEOPLE THEY ALLEGEDLY MURDERED, AND WHEN SOME OF THEM WILL BE ELIGIBLE FOR PAROLE AND POSSIBLY COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND MURDER YOU



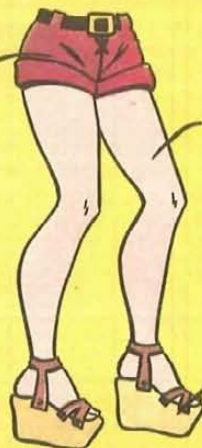
A. Next eligible parole date.

B. Motive: ▽ = upset/crazy; □ = didn't like capitalists and polluters; ■ = distressed with legal status of aliens; ★ = didn't like white people; ○ = homo rape; △ = robbery; ● = job complaint; ▼ = upset/crazy/homo-hetero sex abuse; ▲ = didn't like Mondays.



1972: Jane Fonda-inspired shag cut, short on top, gradually increasing in length. First major style change since high school. Popular with girls who saw Klute.

Last gasp of the Leggy Age; ultimate humiliating trash garment. Later became staple of prostitution industry.



Mass-produced, mass-marketed, ninety-nine-cent wear - and - toss panty hose sold in plastic egg at the end of the canned-fruit aisle.

Indelicacy of hot-pants look is matched with noisy slabs of cheap Philippine softwood strapped to feet with soccer-ball-grade Argentine leather.

WEIRD BELIEFS OF THE SEVENTIES

SEVENTIES NEWS QUIZ

Using a soft pencil, connect the pictures of the presidents shown to the vice-presidents who served under them.

The seventies saw the spread of California culture (or "life-style," as it came to be called), oozing from the canyons and condos of that state and slopping itself into the brainpans of previously rational and intelligent people.

Many among us began applying the words "therapy" and "training" to every conceivable activity. And in fact much of the weirdness of the seventies was simply ordinary everyday activities raised to the level of great metaphysical significance.

Name	Belief	Ordinary Everyday Equivalent
Thanatology	Expending as much time, energy, money, and persistence on leaving this world as Jewish businessmen once spent on gaining admittance to exclusive golf clubs.	Feeling sad when someone dies.
Rolfing	Neurosis can be literally pummelled out of the body by intensive painful massage.	Leave Sergeant Murphy alone with the guy in the back room and hell talk.
The Unification Church	There is no god but the CIA, and Reverend Moon is its prophet.	High-level political corruption, bribery, and arms smuggling.
The People's Temple	Kool-Aid, a sickly sweet kiddies' drink, is a dignified and courageous way to meet the afterlife.	Poor blacks and other disadvantaged people band together for social justice.
Primal Scream Therapy	Reliving the trauma of one's birth and acting out the pain will produce happiness and material success.	Shelling out a couple of bucks to some gypsy to have your fortune told.
Born-Again Christianity	The emotionally unstable ravings of a minor tribal deity from 5,000 years ago were dictated by him into Elizabethan English and are as American as Old Glory.	Being stupid.
"Openness" (or, "Being Vulnerable")	Sexual self-stimulation provides a depth of release impossible with a partner.	Jerking off.
"Honesty" (or, "Sharing")	Allowing a partner/parent/child to witness your sexual self-stimulation will uplift your relationship.	Jerking off.
Mud Baths/Hot Tubs	Return to the primal elements of water and fire removes the neurotic buildup of pressures caused by Western "civilization."	Taking some steam.
est (Erhard Seminars Training)	Taking responsibility for everything that happens in your life. (For instance, being responsible for paying great dollops of money to brutal con men who deprive you of physical comforts while verbally abusing you.)	Being a boring, pathetic, but reliable volunteer campaign worker for the Republican party.
"Getting in touch with your anger"	Immediate release of pent-up anger may keep you from getting cancer. Or cure you if you have cancer.	Kicking the shit out of the family dog.
Assertiveness Training	No. I'm not going to write this entry. It violates my personal space, and I'm not going to make a firm contract with you to write it until my real-life needs are acknowledged. Give me a million dollars and make me president of the corporation. Then maybe I'll think about it. But I'm not making any commitments.	Being a pigheaded loudmouthed asshole.
Laetrile	Risking bankruptcy and arrest in order to eat ground-up apricot pits will cure you of cancer.	Risking bankruptcy and arrest in order to eat ground-up apricot pits.
Allen Ginsberg	Wearing a suit and tie and shaving your beard make you as much a part of the decade as being a psychedelic bozo did in the sixties and wearing black-rimmed glasses and holding bongo drums did in the fifties.	Being an ambitious and highly adaptable poet from New Jersey.



1977: Chic, svelte, butch, easy—just wash and run! Proof for older folks that men who wear their hair long like girls are not the kind of men who act like girls. Popular with window dressers, waiters in six-table restaurants, and men who shop with men.

Cross between necktie and a length of ribbon. Too narrow to drip much soup on but not enough room for a tennis-racket pattern.



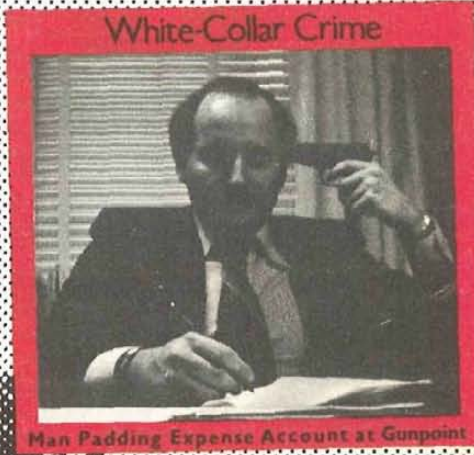
Ceramic hot dog and bun replaces the American flag as most popular lapel adornment.

Distant cousin of the dress shirt. Worn by homos and young television news reporters.

Sport coat that thinks it's a shirt. Lets queers, tennis stars, and pop singers think they're dressed up.



October 11, 1977—US Army helicopters evacuate 1,150 surviving employees of the Office of Economic Opportunity as the South Bronx falls in the final battle of the War on Poverty.



White-Collar Crime

Man Padding Expense Account at Gunpoint

I live on Perrier with lime and vitamin B₁₂.



1977: First seventy-five-dollar haircut for many women. Wild, sexy layered look. Still popular with every high school girl west of the Hudson River and south of a \$20,000 annual family income.

A fashion look appropriately inspired by a comedy movie. Wear anything, everything, all at once. Ties, vests, old felt hats, pocket watches, necklaces made of Cracker Jacks prizes, as many coats as you can pick up at the resale shop.



'70S

THE

'70S

The Ultimate Diet of the Seventies

Guaranteed Weight Loss for the Middle-Income Man or Woman

Breakfast:

- Broiled grapefruit with honey and port wine
- Eggs Benedict with hollandaise sauce
- Croissants with imported English orange marmalade
- Bloomingdale's special-blend Brazil Santos coffee
- Perrier and lime

Lunch:

- One cup vichyssoise
- Gravlax from fresh center-cut Scotch salmon
- Bluepoint oysters and bacon omelet
- Red pepper and Jerusalem artichoke salad
- Perrier and lime

Dinner:

(Note: Although breakfast and lunch are the same each day, you can choose among the following courses for dinner.)

Appetizers:

- Beluga caviar supreme
- Truffle soup Elysée
- Escargots from Le Camélia of Bougival

Entrees:

- Caneton en belle vue (aspic of duckling)
- Walnut chicken paupiette with onion and pomegranate confit
- New Zealand baby rack of lamb

Vegetables:

- Marinated mushrooms with watercress
- Wild pecan rice
- Idaho potatoes with pancetta and rosemary

Beverage:

- Chassagne-Montrachet 1977
- Dom Perignon
- Clos des Mouches 1973 or 1971
- Perrier and lime

Simply eat as much of the above food as you can afford.

Special Diet Tip

In the Ultimate Diet, as in all other weight-loss programs, you may, of course, eat any food under the following conditions:

- If you eat standing with the refrigerator door three-quarters open.
 - If you eat very quickly.
 - If you eat any foods before the main meal.
 - If you eat from someone else's plate.
 - If you eat while reading, driving, or watching TV.
- (Under these circumstances, all food counts as zero calories.)

Our Vanishing Sex Acts The Handjob

Only 76,000 handjobs were given during the 1970s (as compared to more than 400 million in the decade before and almost 700 million in the 1950s). Sexual conservatives point to fellatio and teenage birth control as the principal culprits.

Our Vanishing Sex Acts
The Dry Hump
 The dry hump may be extinct. The last verified sighting was in 1968 at a junior-high dance in Saint Louis.

ABORTION ON DEMAND

The Argument Against

A fetus is a human baby. When you perform an abortion, you murder a human baby. That tiny child has all the brain cells and all the nerve endings that you do. It's a lie, a horrifying lie, to say that that child does not feel pain or terror just as any human would. And the death that a fetal child dies is a gruesome one—a withering poisoning by saline solution or, worse, violent removal from the warm safety of the womb by vacuum pressure after which the child is simply left to gasp and suffocate on a cold operating table, his tiny fingers clasping for the comfort and support of his mother's body.

In every civilized society, to kill a baby is considered the most heinous of crimes. And the younger the child that is assaulted, the more repellent is the felony considered. No one would, or could be expected to, show mercy to the perpetrator of such a barbaric act. So why then is it "all right" to perform that same action on a baby concealed from view inside its mother's womb? This is a moral contradiction that no decent person can countenance. And abortion is an act that no decent society can tolerate.

The Argument For

crib.....	\$54.65
disposable diapers.....	6.39/bx
children's shoes.....	14.50/pr
snowsuit.....	18.89
"Oscar the Grouch" puppet.....	11.49
nursery school.....	300.00/sem
sitter.....	4.00/hr
polio shots.....	50.00
school supplies.....	32.50
Telstar Combat Tank battle game.....	29.99
piano lessons.....	12.00/hr
ice skates.....	31.00
winter coat.....	46.64
stereo.....	266.00
tennis lessons.....	25.00/hr
allowance.....	10.00/wk
college education.....	11,000.00



I'm supportive of détente.

1973: Nagging-wife/begging-daughter/other-guys-at-work-have-the-new-longer-style hairstyle. Cut at old barbershop where the stuffed bass was just traded for spider plants. Popular with middle-management men who wore crew cuts until 1970.

One hundred percent American synthetic Man-at-Ease "business lounge-er." With a tie, okay for business—especially on Fridays during summer months; without a tie, perfect



for entertaining; with a sport shirt, just right for vacationing; without the jacket, it's golf slacks; with sneakers, just the thing for sailing. No-stain fabric, no-rust buttons.

HOW TO TELL A

HO MO FROM A LUMBER JACK



Pantene

"Twyla Tharp is divine."

Orange web belt

Straight-leg jeans

Fiorucci bag



Prell

"Twyla Tharp is real talented."

Coors belt buckle

Boot-cut jeans

Chainsaw

NB: This is extra complicated because not only have homos changed but so have lumberjacks. For example, average education: homos—four years of college (fine arts); lumberjacks—six years of college (liberal arts).

Lawsuits Were to the Seventies What Fuck ing Was to the Sixties
 In the sixties you could fuck anybody—men, women, kids, your friends, your sister, your mom—and nobody thought there was anything wrong with it. In the seventies you could sue anybody—men, women, kids, your friends, your sister, your mom. You could still fuck almost anybody, too, but smart people checked with their lawyers first to see what kind of damages would probably be awarded if they failed to make that partner come.

NOVEL WRITING, THEN AND NOW

James Joyce spent seven years in three cities writing *Ulysses*. Norman Mailer came back from World War II to lock himself in a cheap room in Brooklyn and hammer out *The Naked and the Dead*. Novel writing used to have it all: the heroism of the lifetime gamble, the dedication of long hours and punishing discipline, and the glory of coming through with a big book. In the seventies everything changed.

Pre-Seventies
 Novel
 Novelist, Writer, Author
 Inspiration
 Mining a rich vein of personal experience
 A bulky manuscript
 Final draft
 Discovered by Maxwell Perkins
 Incisive social insight
 Will not only persist, it will endure

Seventies
 Novelization
 Wordsmith
 Concept
 From an original idea by someone you met at a party who was too ripped to remember it and sue you when the movie hits the front page of *Variety*
 One-page outline
 Final polish
 All-time top price at a publishers' auction.
 Jane Fonda should read the girl. You know, the girl. The reporter.
 Great promotional tie-in

I always talk to my plants.



1974: Hillbilly shag cut inspired by the girls who were inspired by Jane Fonda style, carried to its logical extreme. Popular with discount-store clerks, factory girls, and tall thin rural housewives.

Puffed-up, goose-feather, outdoor survival look, with pocket for Marlboro Lights. Keeps chest warm to -35°.



North Woods lumberjack shirt just like the ones guys who pour concrete wear in the winter, only twice as expensive.

Authentic painter's pants with tool loops for catching on gearshift knobs and hand brakes. Cost too much to paint in.

Replica of farmer's cap. Wearer doesn't know if John Deere is a seed company or steel-guitar player who sits in on Eagles sessions.

SEVENTIES COLLECTIBLES

Items that will someday evoke a sweet/sad twinge of nostalgia for this decade past.



Aviator glasses with pink-tinted lenses



Disco 45s



Macramé plant hangers



Razor-point felt-tip pens



Snoopy novelties



Copies of Ms. magazine



Get down and boogie.
I got the fever!



Three-piece suit works its way down from the corporate board rooms to the suburban hotel lounge disco. White is the color. Same suit with tie is ideal for Steve Martin look.

1978: Wash, condition, rinse, cut, blow dry, style with a brush and fingers. The kind of short hair mothers who hate long hair hope their sons won't come home with. Popular with men who attach no social stigma to eating dinner in an undershirt.

Turquoise jewelry



Designer sheets



Personal vibrators



Amyl nitrate



Tiny calculators

Novelty T-shirts



Gloria Vanderbilt jeans



Sylvester Stallone posters



My loft just went condo!



1979: Post-perm rehab style, characterized by damaged ends, lack of style and form, excessive thickness, and need for combs, barrettes, and frequent wild head flinging. Temporary style until next major celeb hairstylist comes up with something.

Rivals foot binding and the chastity belt for discomfort. Does not allow for proper function of lower internal organs. Broad acceptance of the fashion is responsible for countless men unknowingly ogling the buns of women old enough to be their grandmothers.

The punk attitude reaches mainstream society in the form of a sixty-five-dollar designer T-shirt.



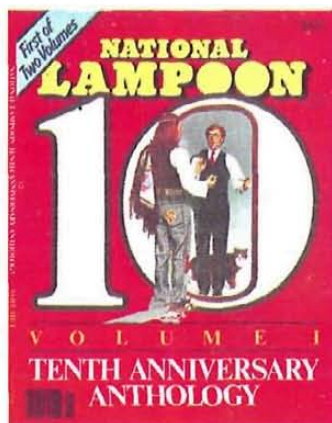
Falling back on vast reserves of natural nuttiness, women opt for insanely impractical footwear. Women endure great pain and distress to emphasize the beauty and grace of their feet. Anxiety over hammer toes, hairy toe knuckles, distorted baby toes, corns, and thick yellow nails returns.



At last, the most exceptional hardback publication
ever offered by *National Lampoon*
is now available in pure, unalloyed paper

ANNOUNCING THE
ALL-PAPER
TENTH ANNIVERSARY
ANTHOLOGY
VOL. I

WHEN the finest treasury of literary humor ever assembled in the United States was presented to the public in late 1979, many discerning parties suggested we publish a limited, collector's edition, crafted in a fashion that reflects and enhances the true distinction of its content. Almost immediately, a select panel was appointed to investigate various technologies and materials available to prepare such an extraordinary volume. The panel studied the work of engravers, etchers, calligraphers, gilders, die cutters, and many other artisans throughout Europe and the Americas and, after considerable evaluation, decided to entrust the



bulk of the project to a small group of craftsmen on the Isla del Rey, some fifty miles south of Panama. There, in the venerable, timeless air of primeval klafa groves and crumbling holy places erected well before the incorporation of this magazine,

the remarkable papersmiths of Quetluxtli work weighty hunks of pulp into book covers, flyleaves, and regular pages like their fathers, and their fathers before. The result is the masterpiece you see here—a uniform, unadulterated, and mostly unblemished composition of near perfectly off-white paper from front to back. We are proud of the result and sincerely hope you find your personal All-Paper copy of *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume One* as rewarding to possess as it has been for us to create.

YES, I am eager to have one or more unique All-Paper editions of *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume One*. I realize "Volume One" means this book is the first in a two-volume set containing all of the material in the complete hardbound anthology previously advertised for \$19.95, and still want the All-Paper version described above as a result of the convincing information I have obtained from this ad.

Please send me _____ copies of *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume One* at \$4.95 each.

Please add \$.75 per order for postage and handling in the US, \$1.50 for outside the US. New York residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

National Lampoon _____ Name

NL280

635 Madison Avenue _____ Address

New York, NY 10022

I enclose \$ _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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The Name to listen to.
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SIR MICHAEL STAIG

continued from page 28

read Freud and the others in their original languages. Sir Michael reads Latin "on the level of a Roman bureaucrat." Not that he "swotted," but at his school, he says, you could hardly help but learn, unless you wanted to be caned till you looked like a zebra.

Thanks to psychology, Sir Michael was able to hire a disciple of Escoffier's away from a prominent French restaurant called a "zink." This chef was very temperamental, and he and Sir Michael would argue quite viciously about coriander, caraway, and other spices. More often than not, Sir Michael would say with a laugh, the chef was right. Somehow they'd always end up better friends than ever.

That is the way Sir Michael talks. From sombreros to spices and back again. Do you know how it is when you get some people started on one story? Another just seems to follow. Initially the first, subsequently the latter. Miraculous as the miracles of a minor saint, distantly beautiful like a painting or a description of a sunset.

Sir Michael gives you a hard appraising stare once in a while. His eyes, like good cop and bad cop, seem to argue the merits of entrusting you with further confidences.

If the decision is in your favor, you might hear of the time Sir Michael's uncle won the Caspian Sea in a poker game with King George, or of Lady Staig's trip to India and how her determination and confidence enabled her to browbeat a one-eyed thief in the Benares marketplace out of a pottery artifact that proved years later to be totally worthless.

When Sir Michael tells a story it is to be appreciated. Not only its intrinsic value commends it, but the courtesy Sir Michael displays in telling it speaks of his regard for his listeners. You see, Sir Michael is incredibly busy, so when he spares you the time to tell you a dozen of his stories, you are not merely impressed by the narrative but flattered by the attention.

Sir Michael is busy with a dozen things. He's producing several films that he believes in. If you don't believe in a film, why produce it? Sir Michael asks. "Life," he quotes, "is far too short." Producing films, Sir Michael says, is not so much hard as it is time-consuming. So many creative people have "ego problems," and Sir Michael has to deal with these constantly.

For example, take his latest film,

which stars an important rock star.

This rock star was lined up to do the film, about Alfred Jarry, the playwright, and it was announced in the press and practically financed and everything when all of a sudden the rock star's lawyer starts phoning Sir Michael saying the rock star wasn't signed and so on, "blah blah blah."

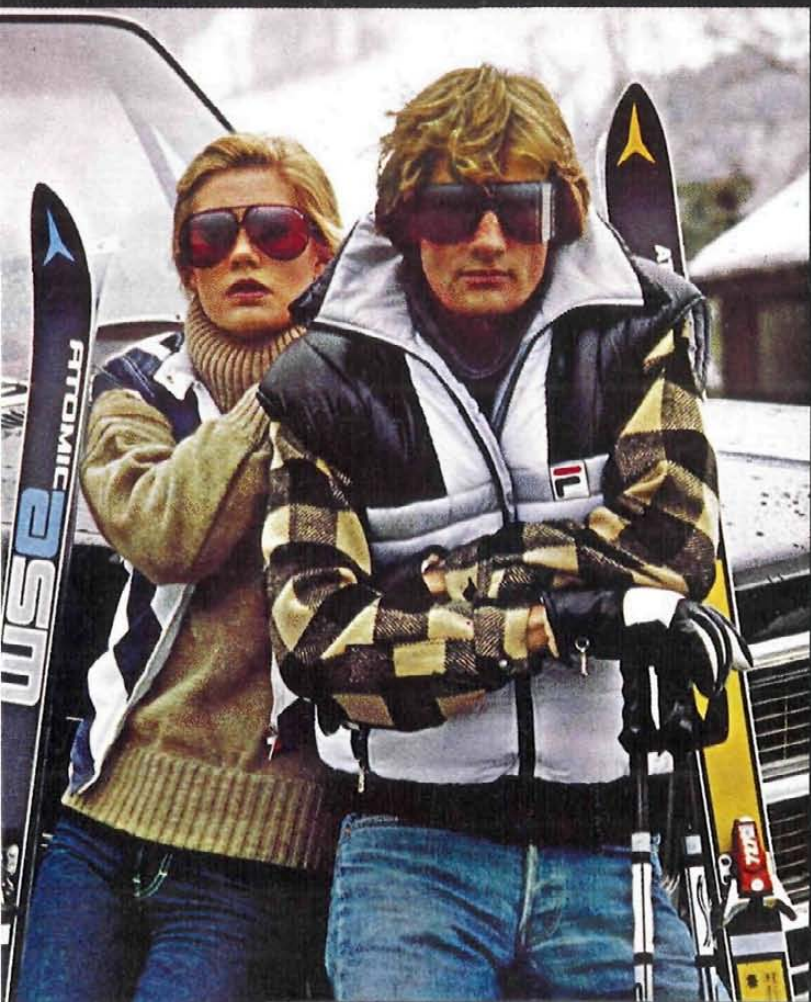
Sir Michael is neither embittered nor enraged by these frustrating betrayals. He learned about people in the Royal Air Force, as a jet pilot. You meet all types in the RAF and Michael felt he needed that, after Oxford University, which he says is full of stuffed shirts mostly but also with "people with their niche in life already picked out, sometimes for them."

After some antic adventures in the RAF ("borrowed" planes to Copenhagen and all-night beer busts with very senior officers) Sir Michael joined the top English recording company. The story is too long to tell here, but if Sir Michael had not gotten a flat on the way from Kings Road to the country, the Beatles would still be playing together now.

Enough has been said about Sir Michael's finer qualities. Being born and bred, as he is the first to admit, in an insular upper-class environment, Sir Michael has habits, customs really, that Americans may find alarming. People of the English upper class are accustomed to visiting one another frequently. They appear with no more warning than the chime of a doorbell on the porch with a steamer trunk, sporting equipment, and an anticipatory smile. The more upper-class they are, according to Sir Michael, the longer they are accustomed to staying. They are extremely sensitive; and if you make them feel they have overstayed their welcome, they won't talk to you for days on end.

Sir Michael is a friendly and outgoing person, and you cannot begrudge him a few idiosyncratic distinctions. I have introduced Sir Michael to some of my business associates in passing, and he always remembers their names. In fact, he almost invariably phones them up. He may have found a color television at a ridiculously low price or want to get rid of a couple of Edwardian cornerpieces he really has no corners for. Maybe one day he'll want to get rid of the da Vinci. It only has sentimental value to him, he says. If he puts it on the market, he says, his friends will have first chance. That's the sort of man he is. □

THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. CAR STEREO THAT GETS THE TRAVELIN' MAN UP WHEN THE LIFTS CLOSE DOWN.



The day is done—the last run a fading memory. But the fun isn't over, there's plenty après down the road.

On the road, Sparkomatic Car Stereo will keep your spirits high. And warm your ears with incredible high fidelity.

Traveling with our High Power series means getting there with the epitome in high fidelity specs. FM sensitivity, separation and noise reduction is equal to the highest home component standards. Distortion is indistinguishable. The overall sound efficiency overrides anything the competition offers—at any price.

Listening to Sparkomatic's SR 3300 High Power AM/FM Stereo with Auto Reverse Cassette is literally a touching experience. *Feather touch* electronic instrumentation expedites major high fidelity functions. Separate bass/treble and balance/fader controls discipline the sound for the most discriminating tastes.

45 watts of power makes this component-style stereo a spacious encounter in the space of your car. A set of Sparkomatic Speakers completes a sound system that reaches new heights in car high fidelity.

Get down to a Sparkomatic Dealer for a High Power Car Stereo demonstration.

SPARKOMATIC
For the Travelin' Man™



For our free catalogs on Car High Fidelity write:
"For The Travelin' Man", Dept. NL
Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337

Next time you're in an audio store, or browsing through the hi-fi ads in the paper, take a look at how many BSR turntables are connected to the best stereo components around. Because in order to put together a quality system, you need a quality turntable.

And BSR's full range of single- and

multi-play turntables offers the advanced features you look for. Like belt-drive, electronic speed and pitch control as well as precision balanced tone arms for exceptional tracking.

After all, we're the world's leading producer of turntables, so it's no wonder so much quality is linked to us.

YOU'LL BE
IMPRESSED
WITH OUR
CONNECTIONS.

BSR



OUT OF SIGHT

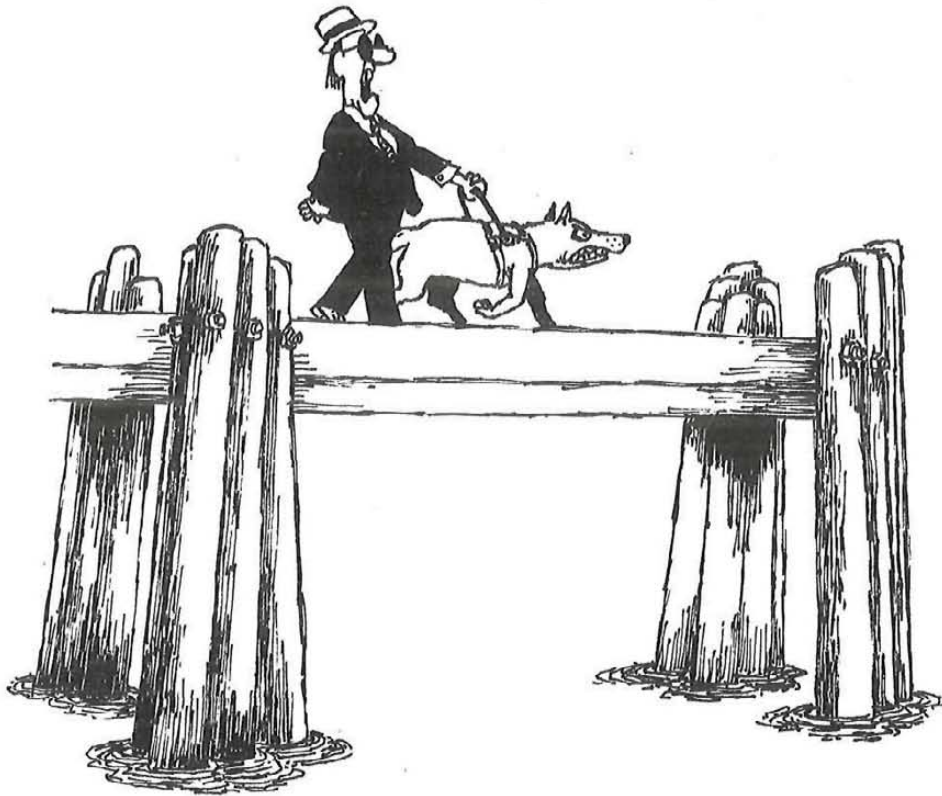
© Copyright 1980 by Stodrig



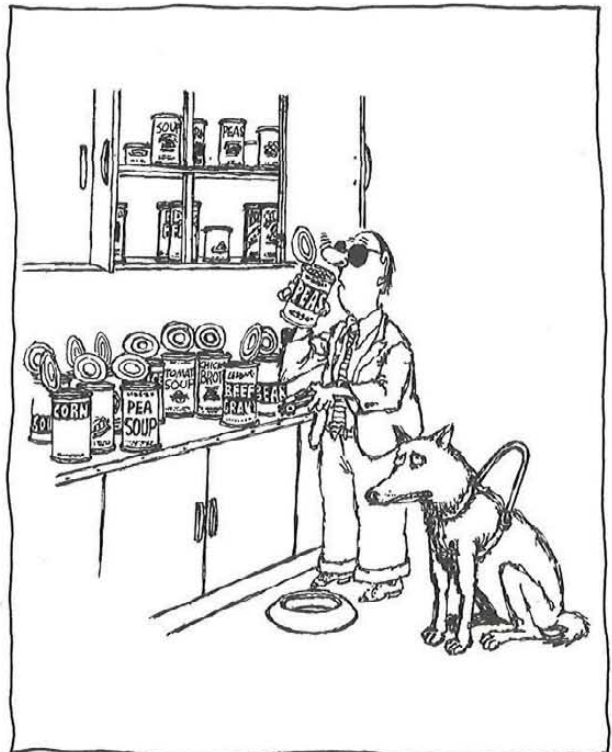
"...A NIGGER?!!"



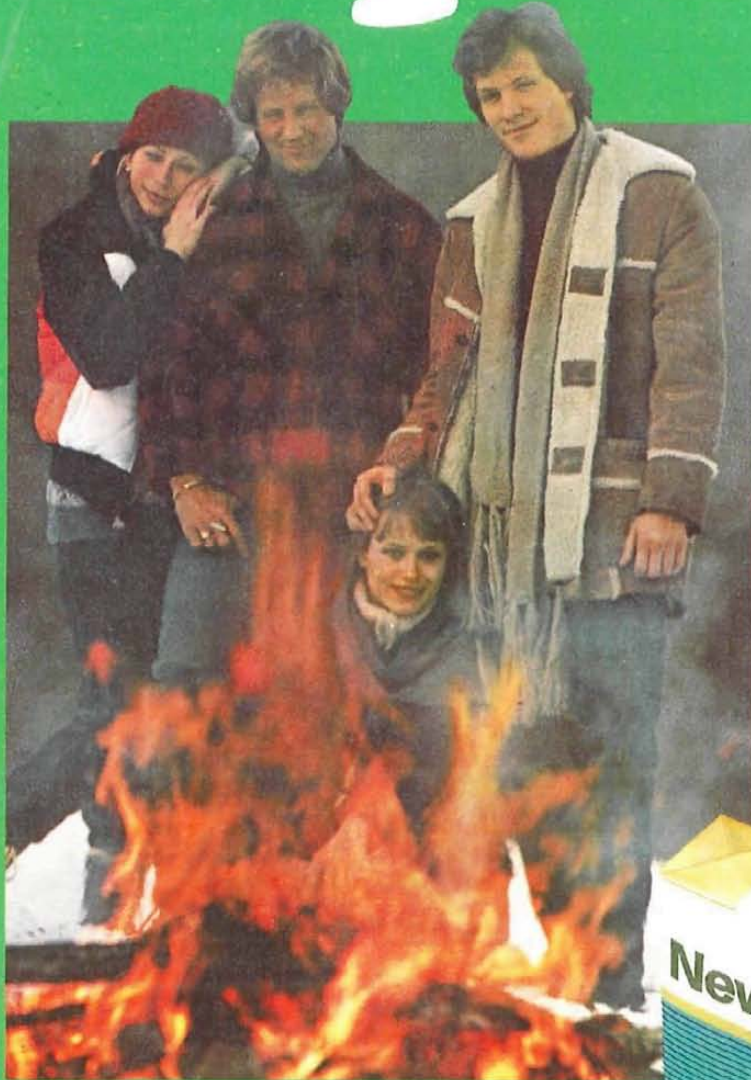
"...OKAY— WHO SMASHED UP THE
GODDAM STATION WAGON?!!"



"...WHEN I THINK OF THE DOGS I COULD HAVE PICKED — SENSITIVE, PATIENT DOGS — OH, NO! I HAD TO GET A MUTT LIKE YOU!"



Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

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



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

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

Our best.



And here's why.

The Jensen R430 AM/FM Stereo/Cassette Car Stereo Receiver is our top-of-the-line. Our best. And for a lot of very good reasons.

Its functions.

Advanced functions that really make a difference in your music.

Functions like Dolby[®] Noise Reduction for clearer reproduction of Dolby-encoded cassettes and FM broadcasts.

And a function like Loudness Compensation of +6dB at 100 Hz to improve bass at low volumes.

Interstation FM Muting lets you tune out annoying between-station noise when tuning. While an FM Local/Distant switch allows you to optimize the receiver's sensitivity for strong or weak signals.

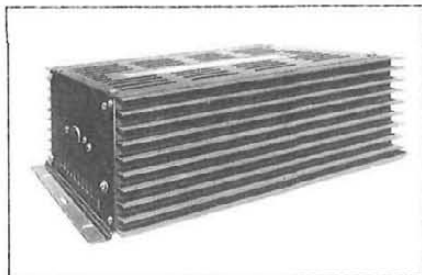
The R430 even offers separate bass and treble controls.

Bi-Amplification.

It's a function worth knowing about. Because of the real difference it can make in your music.

The Bi-Amplification func-

tion of the Jensen R430 uses a low level passive crossover to split the audio signal into low- and high-frequency bands. The low frequency signals are then sent to one set of amps. And the high signals are sent to another set of amps.



From these amps, the high signals are fed to one set of speakers. And the low signals are routed to another set of speakers. A

much more effective use of power.

But what does bi-amplification mean? It means the R430 will provide lower distortion...and higher listening levels...with a given power input. No small feat.

It gives you a second, completely different way of listening to your music. With the option right at your fingertip.

A separate power amp.

Actually four OTL amps; two for each channel. This trunk-mounted unit accompanies the R430 to deliver a Continuous Average Power Output of 30 watts per channel. Plenty of low-distortion power,

excellent heat dissipation, an ideally suited component to handle the R430's bi-amp mode.

More features.

Electronic feather-touch switches command a whole array of functions.

LED indicators glow when they're engaged.

And a unique Automatic Tape Alarm helps prevent damage that causes wow and flutter. If a cassette remains engaged when the ignition is turned off, lights flash and speakers beep, reminding you to remove it.

Respectable specs.

Great sounding music is the result of great specs. And with specs like the R430's you can imagine why we're so proud of its sound.

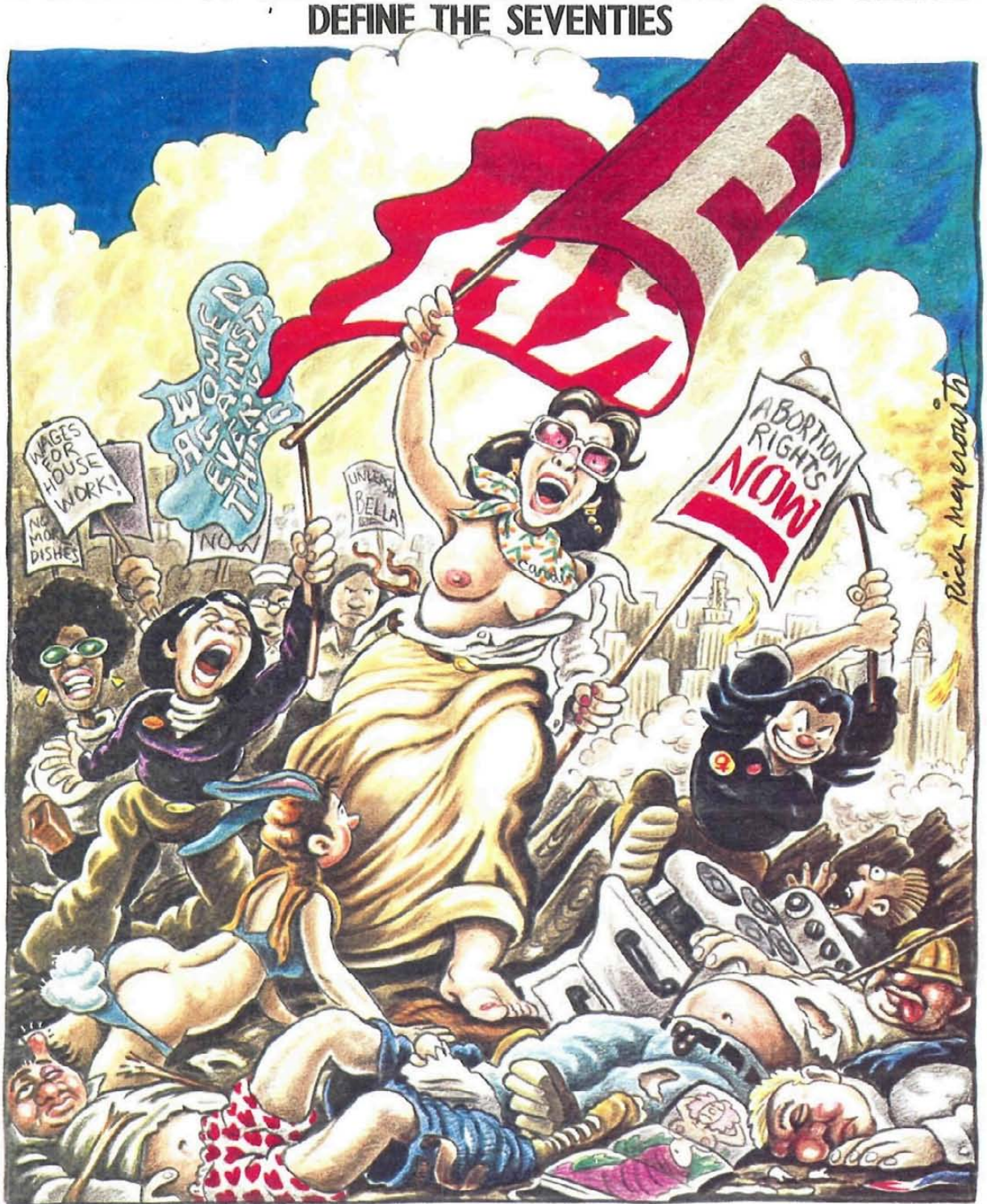
Total Harmonic Distortion is 0.4% at 52 watts; 1kHz. The Frequency Response measures out at 30 to 18,000 Hz (-3dB). And the Weighted FM Signal/Noise Ratio (less Dolby) is 68dB.

Is it any wonder why we say the R430 Receiver is our best?

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
AN ESMARK COMPANY

NEW FACES

A GALLERY OF THE CHARACTERS AND TYPES WHO HELPED DEFINE THE SEVENTIES



WOMEN—Women came into their own politically in the 1970s. Betty Freidan's book *The Feminine Mystique* gave birth to the Women's Liberation Movement, which gave birth to the ERA, which gave birth to an acrimonious debate about who ought to make decisions about giving birth. To people born with penises the whole thing was confusing, threatening, and very, very loud.

BY RICK MEYEROWITZ AND JOHN WEIDMAN

SUPER JOCK—Sports salaries exploded in the seventies, and by 1979 the third-string catcher for the Toronto Blue Jays was making more dough than a US senator. Tough shit, Babe, you shoulda had an agent.



THE FITNESS FREAK—Sometime within the last ten years Americans discovered words like *inorganic*, *natural*, and, God save us, *processed*, and a brand-new type of lunatic was born. Most mornings you can find him stumbling through our city parks in boxer shorts and day-glo sneakers made by Nazis in the Schwarzwald. Don't get too close, he's got date-nut granola on his breath.



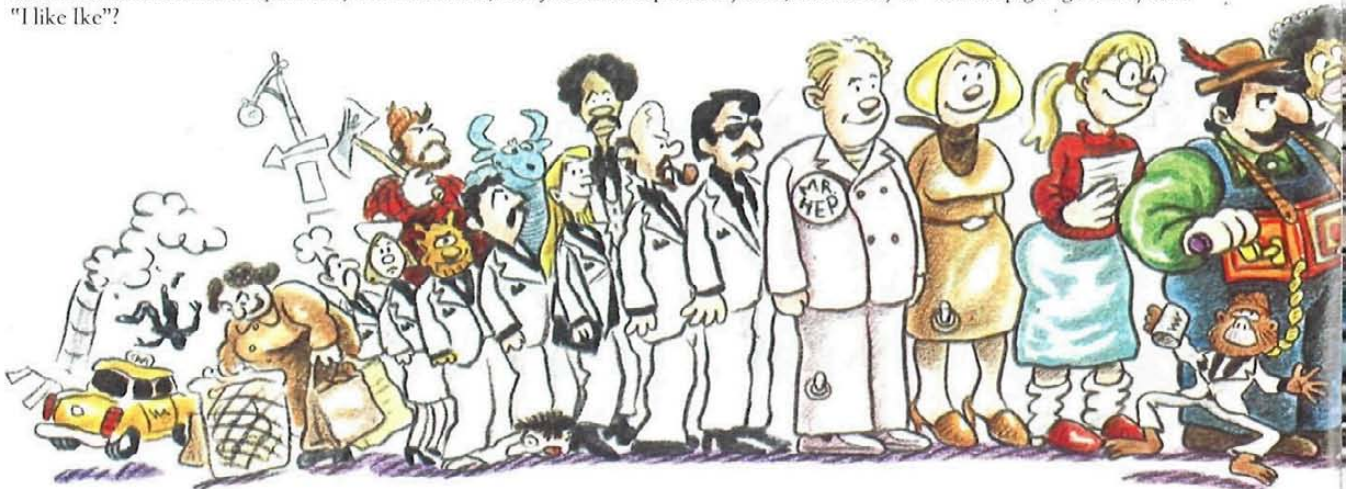
KULT KIDS—Since the early seventies the teachings of Rev. Sun Myung Moon have been contaminating city sidewalks in the form of thimble-witted, glassy-eyed, suburban runaways who will relentlessly wish you a nice day even if you call them scumbags, dump their papers, and try viciously to kick them in the balls. Some people say these creeps are harmless, but remember *Village of the Damned*?



THE TRUCKER—Who we choose as heroes tells us who we are.... In the seventies we chose to make a hero of a certain type of undereducated Southern white man who was hired to sit behind the wheel of an enormous tractor-trailer, gobble killer pills, swill rotgut beer, and drive a dozen tons of romaine lettuce from Los Angeles to Boston in an hour and a half. Gimme a fuckin' breaker....



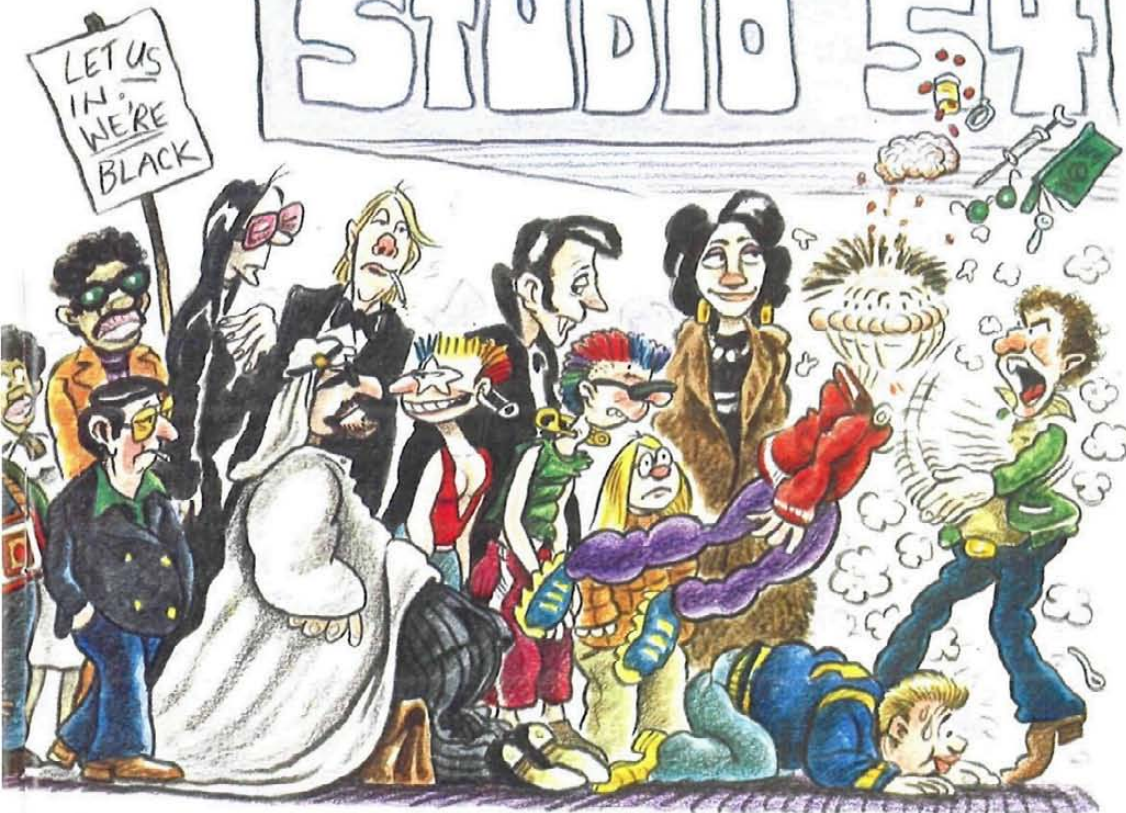
THE UNDERGRADUATE—In the sixties, college kids were pilloried for being disrespectful, stupid, treasonous, and spoiled. In the seventies they stopped being treasonous and disrespectful. Campus attitudes and life-styles changed dramatically, as protests and demonstrations were replaced by football rallies, marijuana was replaced by beer, and the cry of "Off the pigs!" gave way to... "I like Ike"?



THE "MEN"—It was out of the closet and into the streets for the nation's homosexuals in the seventies. This didn't do much for the streets, but on the other hand your average closet was improved immeasurably. Fags, queers, and homos were miraculously transformed from, well, fags, queers, and homos into *gays*. What this semantic transmutation means is still unclear, but if you're showering at New York's West Side Y and you bend over to pick up the soap, the chances are the difference won't seem real important to you as you straighten up and scream for help.



STUDIO 54



THE DISCOPHILE—Disco! The seventies gave birth to what is arguably the world's worst music and to places where this shit is played nonstop at a volume that could make a dead man's ears bleed. Are these places popular? Do all sorts of degenerates and dumbbells line up to get into them? Do furry little lemmings hurl themselves off cliffs into the sea? What kind of fucking decade was this, anyway?!

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

Feel the taste of "Menthol Mist."™

KOOL MILDS
Mild, but not too light.



Now available in 100's.

© 1978 B&W T Co.

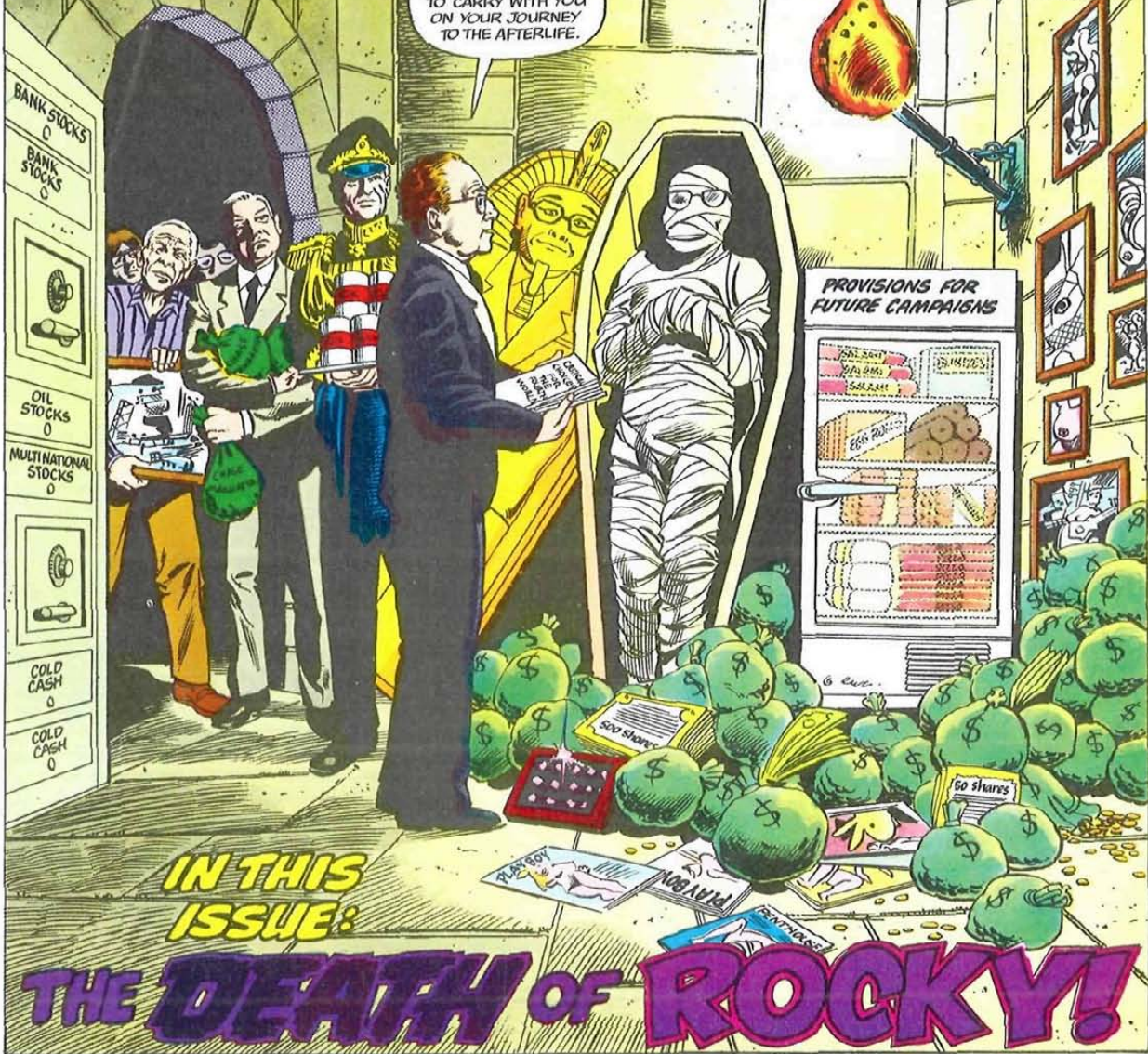
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ROCKY COMICS

A CRITICAL CHOICE COMIC

APPROVED BY THE LIBERTY BELL FOUNDATION
ONE DIME FEB. 1990

ACCEPT THESE GIFTS, O GREAT ONE, TO CARRY WITH YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY TO THE AFTERLIFE.



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE DEATH OF ROCKY!

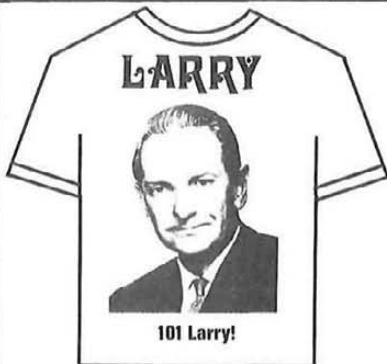
**BUY 'EM! SELL 'EM!
TRADE 'EM! INVEST 'EM!**

ROCKEFELLER FAMILY

T-SHIRT IRON-ON TRANSFERS

Hey, gang, here's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to purchase full-color, full-size iron-on transfers of the country's favorite plutocrats, the FAB FIVE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY! They're all here, all five BIONIC BROTHERS in a super series of completely washable and colorfast heat transfers—Silent

John, Low-Profile Larry, Brainy David, Boozy Winthrop, and of course "The Rock" himself! Buy just your favorite, or be the first on your block to collect the full set of the SUPER SIBLINGS everyone is raving about! Order now, while supplies last!



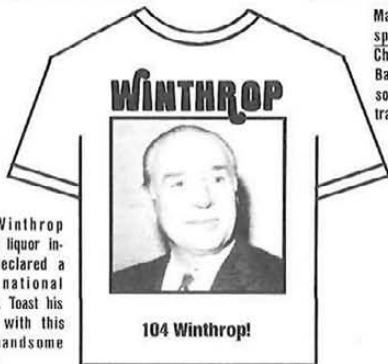
Mr. Munitions comes to life in this amazing picture, guaranteed to blow the mind of everyone who sees you wearing it!



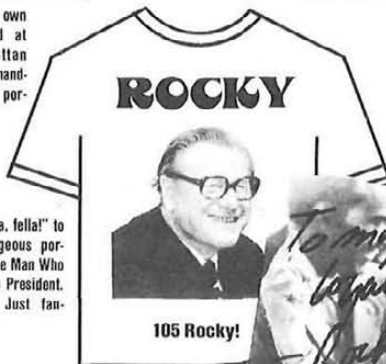
Make him your own special friend at Chase Manhattan Bank with this handsome iron-on portrait!



Your friends will shout banzai with envy when you display this gorgeous likeness of the unofficial emperor of Japan!



When Winthrop died, the liquor industry declared a day of national mourning. Toast his memory with this super handsome transfer!



Say "Hiya, fella!" to this gorgeous portrait of the Man Who Would Be President. Terrific! Just fantastic!



And how 'bout this?! Order all five brothers at the low, low price of \$1.49 per transfer and we'll throw in Grandpa John D. himself for only \$.10 more! Just one thin DIME!



**BONUS!
DIVIDEND!**

FREE with every order!
This handsome 8 x 10 glossy photo, suitable for framing, of the late, great Veep himself!
PERSONALLY autographed!

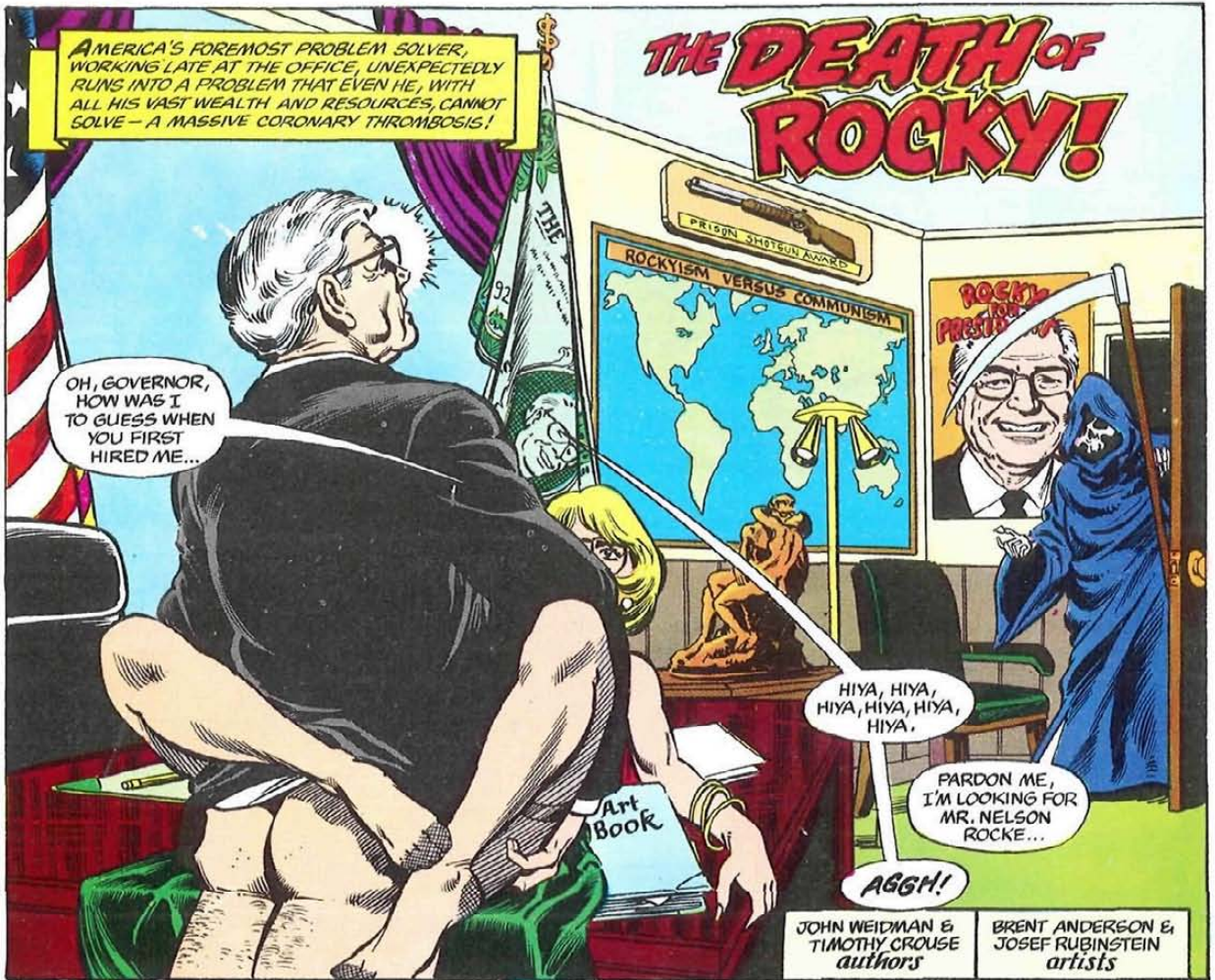
MIDAS HOUSE, Dept. RB-5
Pocantico, NY 10023

Please RUSH me the following FULL-COLOR, FULL-SIZE iron-on transfers at \$1.49 each: (Please specify quantity)

101 Larry	
102 David	
103 John III	
104 Winthrop	
105 Rocky	
TOTAL NUMBER OF TRANSFERS	

Cost of Transfers	
NYS residents add Rocky's sales tax	
Postage & Handling	.10
TOTAL ENCLOSED	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



AMERICA'S FOREMOST PROBLEM SOLVER, WORKING LATE AT THE OFFICE, UNEXPECTEDLY RUNS INTO A PROBLEM THAT EVEN HE, WITH ALL HIS VAST WEALTH AND RESOURCES, CANNOT SOLVE - A MASSIVE CORONARY THROMBOSIS!

THE DEATH OF ROCKY!

OH, GOVERNOR, HOW WAS I TO GUESS WHEN YOU FIRST HIRED ME...

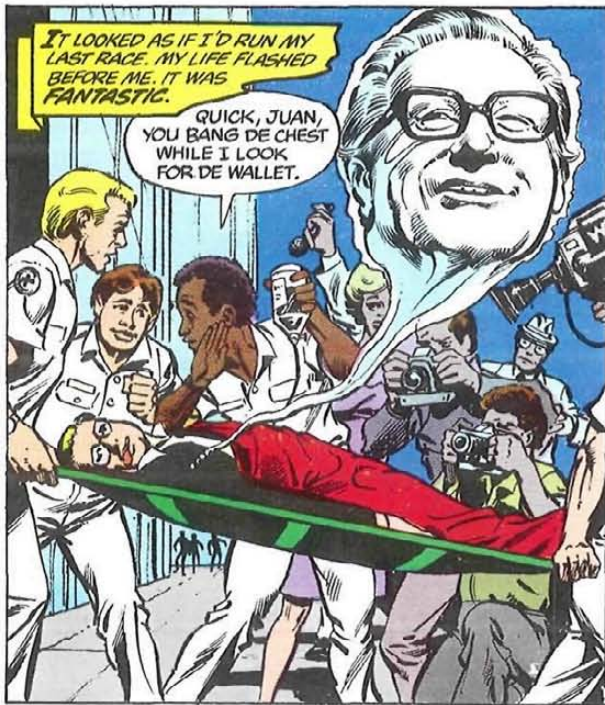
HIYA, HIYA, HIYA, HIYA, HIYA, HIYA.

PARDON ME, I'M LOOKING FOR MR. NELSON ROCKE...

AGGH!

JOHN WEIDMAN & TIMOTHY CROUSE
authors

BRENT ANDERSON & JOSEF RUBINSTEIN
artists



IT LOOKED AS IF I'D RUN MY LAST RACE. MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE ME. IT WAS FANTASTIC.

QUICK, JUAN, YOU BANG DE CHEST WHILE I LOOK FOR DE WALLET.



POCANTICO, 1914. I GUESS WE WERE A LITTLE LUCKIER THAN MOST KIDS, BUT THAT DIDN'T MEAN WE WERE SPOILED.

...AND NO BAKED ALASKA UNTIL EVERYBODY FINISHES HIS LOBSTER THERMIDOR!

WINTHROP DIDN'T EAT HIS CAVIAR!

HIYA, FELLA!



FROM THE FIRST, WE WERE TRAINED FOR PUBLIC SERVICE. EACH RECREATION AT ROCANTICO HAD A DEEPER MEANING.

AND REMEMBER, MY BOY, IN DEALING WITH THE UNIONISTS, ALWAYS BE A STRAIGHT SHOOTER.

GOOD SHOT, MASTER ROCKY!



AT DARTMOUTH, I LEARNED THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF ACQUIRING EXPERT ADVISERS.

INTERESTING PAPER, NELSON, THOUGH IT SEEMS A BIT, UH, ONE-SIDED...

TERRIFIC CRITICISM, PROFESSOR! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME AFTER I GRADUATE, AT A HUNDRED THOU A YEAR?

THAT'S AN A+ IDEA!



MARRIAGE WAS NEXT ON THE AGENDA, AND MY BLUSHING BRIDE, MARY, WAS ONE IN A MILLION...

MORE TEA, GIR?

GRANDPA, SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING! CHARM, LOOKS, AND A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD!



MY FIRST JOB: RUNNING ROCKEFELLER CENTER. I SCRUTINIZED EACH ASPECT OF ITS OPERATION.

YIKES!

N. ROCKEFELLER PRESIDENT

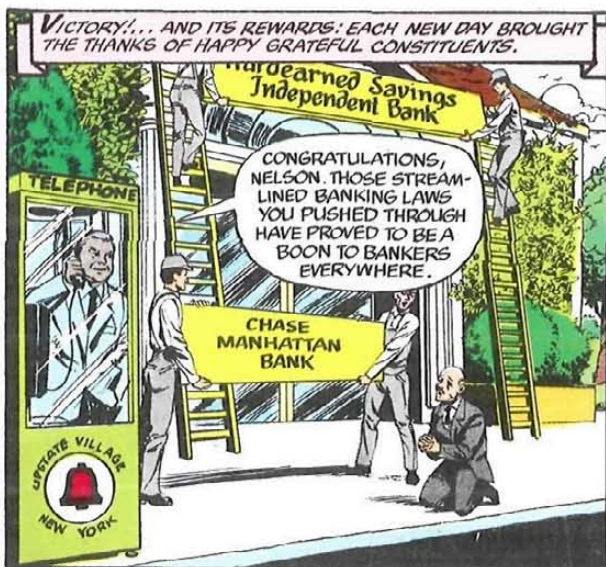
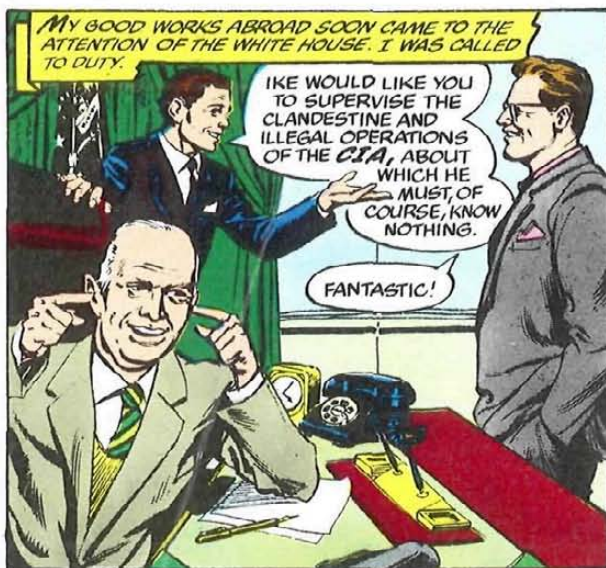
HIGHER, HIGHER, HIGHYA, HIYA, HIYA.



I HAD SERVED THE FAMILY INTERESTS WELL, BUT A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA EXPOSED ME TO THE NEEDS OF THOSE LESS FORTUNATE.

IT'LL COST US PLENTY, BUT WE'LL CLEAN THIS BLACK STUFF UP FOR YOU, JOSE.

MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑOR ROCKY.



WITH HAPPY AT MY SIDE, I LOOKED FORWARD TO SERVING MY COUNTRY IN AN EVEN HIGHER CAPACITY. IRONICALLY, THIS WAS NOT IMMEDIATELY TO BE.



UNDAUNTED, I RETURNED HOME, WHERE I BEGAN TO CARVE OUT A FOREIGN POLICY... FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.



MY EFFORTS DID NOT GO UNNOTICED. BEFORE I KNEW IT, MY COUNTRY DISPATCHED ME TO REVIEW ITS POLICY IN SOUTH AMERICA.



ONCE HOME, I FOUND THE SAME THREATS TO PEACE AND ORDER IN MY OWN BACKYARD... AND ACTED ACCORDINGLY.



EVEN IN WASHINGTON, OUR NATION'S MORAL FABRIC WAS UNRAVELING. I CALMLY AWAITED THE INEVITABLE CALL TO SERVICE.



IN THE MEANTIME, I BROUGHT TOGETHER AMERICA'S BEST MINDS TO OFFER GUIDANCE TO OUR NEXT CHIEF EXECUTIVE... WHOEVER HE MIGHT BE.

IN THIS TIME OF NATIONAL ANGUISH, WE MUST IDENTIFY AND FOCUS ON THE MOST CRITICAL CHOICES BEFORE US...

SHOULD I TAKE MY FEE IN CASH OR STOCK?

WHITE WINE OR RED?

SHOULD I HAVE THE MONEY SENT DIRECTLY TO THE BANK IN ZURICH?

SHOULD I SETTLE FOR 100 GS OR BUMP IT UP TO 150?

SHOULD I ASK THE KENNEDYS FOR A COUNTER OFFER?

I WONDER WHAT THE LITTLE FORK IS FOR?

ROCKY'S COMMISSION ON CRITICAL CHOICES

MOYNIHAN THE KISSINGERS BESS MYERSON DEAN RUSK GERALD FORD

BUT WHEN THE CALL TO SERVICE FINALLY CAME, IT TOOK AN UNEXPECTED FORM.

KABAM!

CAMP DAVID HUNTING PRESERVE

AND SO, NELSON, I'D BE HONORED IF YOU'D SERVE AS MY VICE-PRESIDENT.

TERRIFIC, GERRY!

A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM THIS ASSHOLE AND I'M AS GOOD AS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS SECOND-IN-COMMAND WAS TO INVESTIGATE AND BRING TO LIGHT THE DEPREDACTIONS OF CIA CHIEF RICHARD HELMS.

HMMM. MOSSADEGH... IRAN... EYES ONLY, RIGHT, DICK?

ABSOLUTELY, ROCKY.

GOOD BYE CONGA CASTRO ASSASSINATIONS

BUT SUDDENLY, AFTER A LIFETIME OF SELFLESS SERVICE, MY HIGHEST HOPES WERE RUDELY DASHED.

BONED AGAIN! NOW WHAT?

New York Post

FORGE DUMPS ROCKY

Taps Kansas Mitwit For V.P.

WHY HAD I BEEN PASSED OVER ONCE AGAIN? I SOON DISCOVERED FATE HAD CHOSEN ME FOR A HIGHER CALLING.

YOU GOT IT, MON?

ROCKY, OH, ROCKY...

NOTHIN' IN HERE BUT A RUBBER AND A DIME.

ROCKEFELLER, HUH?

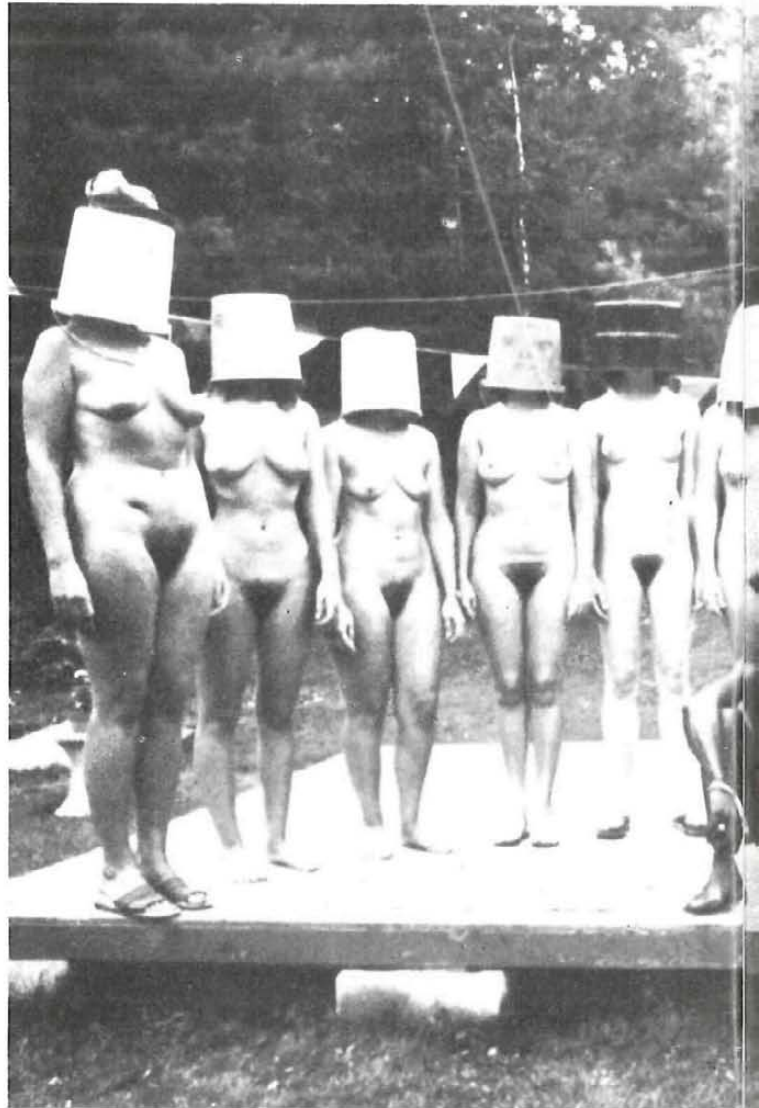
JUST CALL ME ROCKY.

WELL, I'M SORRY, "ROCKY," BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR NAME HERE ON MY LIST.

NEXT: ROCKY GOES TO HELL!

THE WI

...of the National Lampoon S
of Your Girl Friend with a Bu



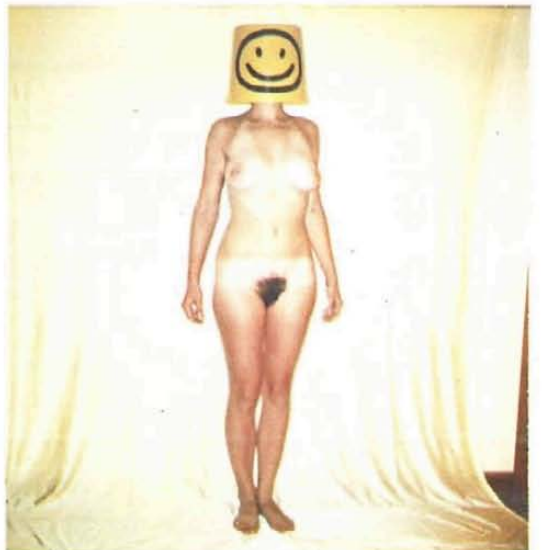
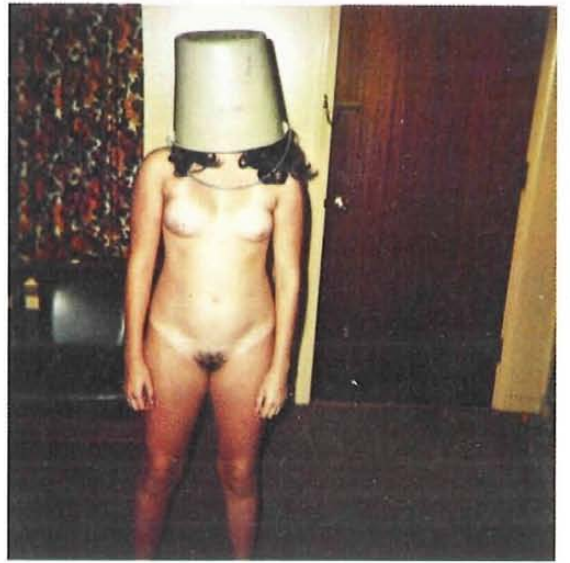
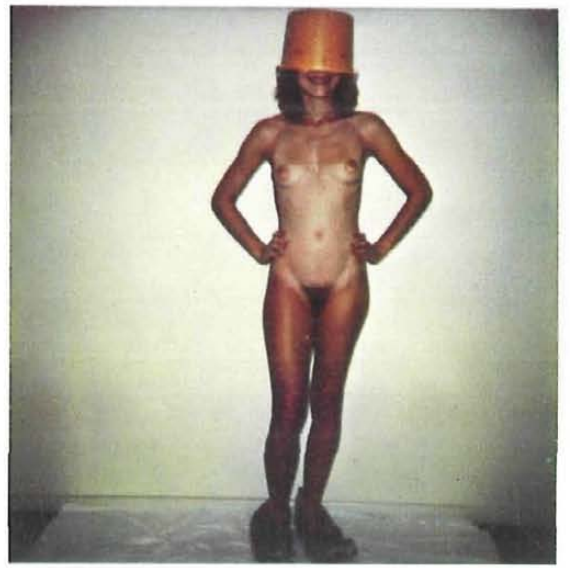
Last September we announced a Nude Photograph of Your Girl Friend with a Bucket Over Her Head contest. Competitors were asked to send us a nude photograph of their girl friend with a bucket over her head, and the winners have now received their prizes—free nude photographs of their girl friends with buckets over

WINNERS!

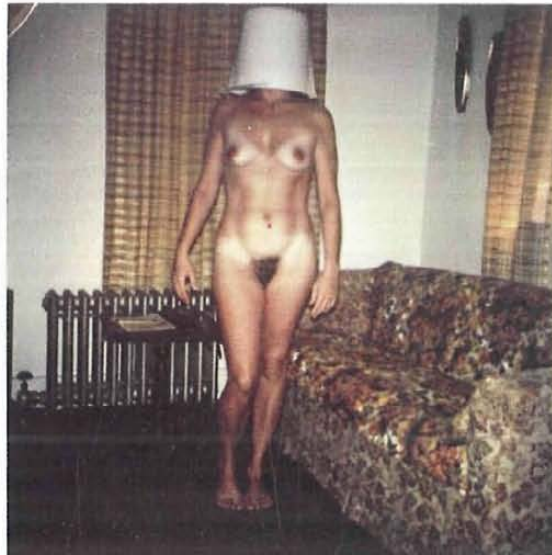
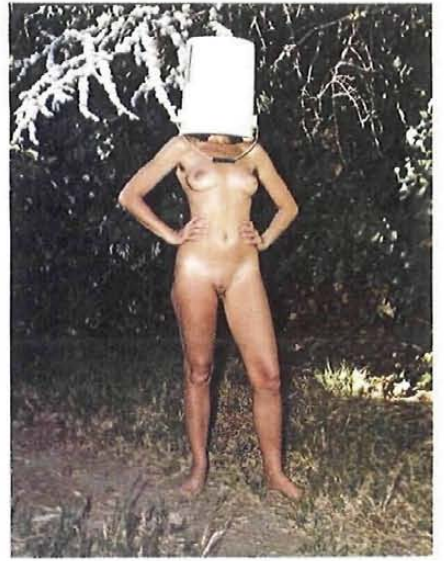
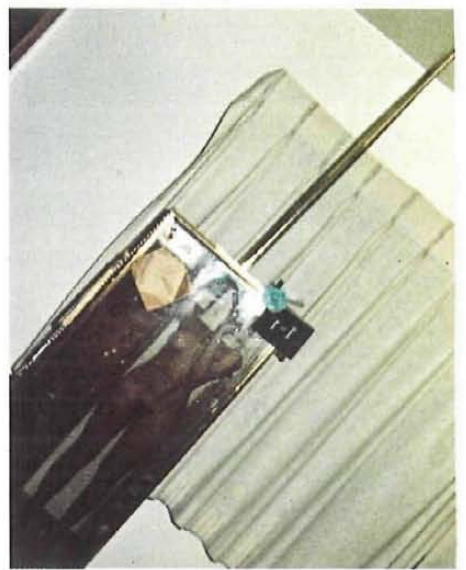
Send Us a Nude Photograph
Ticket Over Her Head Contest



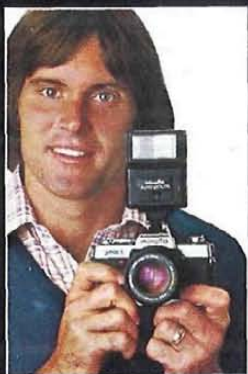
their heads reprinted in the *National Lampoon*. Congratulations. (Incidentally, the individual winner with the prize in the lower left-hand corner of the next page is now eligible for a second *National Lampoon* contest: To enter, please send us the nude girl friend herself. You can keep the bucket.)







"The XG-1 gives you Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System."



The Minolta XG-1 is Bruce Jenner's camera. Because it's compact, lightweight, and measures light in a way that makes action photography just about foolproof.

Because even if your subject is moving from sunlight to shadow, Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System changes the exposure for you. Automatically.

That means you can concentrate on the action. The XG-1 does just about everything else.

You can add to your range of creative ideas by adding a Minolta Auto Winder or Auto Electroflash. Or any of the more than 40 computer designed Minolta lenses.

As for value, the XG-1 is the least expensive automatic 35mm SLR Minolta has ever made.

All this means, with the XG-1 you can take the pictures you never thought you could take. At a price you never thought you could afford.

For information about the Minolta XG-1, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta, Ontario, L4W 1A4. Or see your photo dealer. He'll tell you why Minolta is the automatic choice in automatic cameras.

minolta
XG-1
The automatic choice
for value.



EDITORIAL

continued from page 11

The one editorial rule we tried to impose was: it can be sick—but it must also be funny. Don't try to get a laugh just by being shocking.

Perhaps the most shocking humor, and many think some of the most original, came from the warped typewriter of Michael O'Donoghue. His "Vietnamese Baby Book," "Front-Line Dentists," "How to Write Good," "Tarzan of the Cows," and so much more, were brilliant reflections of what the humor of the seventies was all about. It was certainly he and Kenney and Beard who set the tone of the magazine.

Beard's "My Gun Is Quick" and *Wall Street Journal* parody and Kenney's "First Lay," "First Drugs," "Nancy Reagan's Date Book," and "How Your Government Works" were all extraordinary pieces of contemporary satire.

And, of course, the magazine grew.

In 1972, I asked O'Donoghue and Tony Hendra to produce our first comedy album. We signed a contract with RCA Victor and turned out *Radio Dinner*, which is, to this day, perhaps the best comedy album ever cut.

When RCA heard the finished master, they immediately asked for deletions. Particularly that stuff about David and Julie Eisenhower. No, we said. No deletions.

So the album came out under the Blue Thumb label.

A little later, I asked O'Donoghue and Hendra to start writing, along with other members of the staff, our first live comedy stage show. Hendra came up with the name *Lemmings*. A week after they started writing, they weren't speaking to each other.

A word about Michael O'Donoghue. Michael was sitting in my office one day when his father called from their home in upstate New York. "Michael," he told him sadly, "I have terrible news. It's your mother. She lost her toe."

Without blinking, Michael snapped, "Did you look behind the refrigerator?"

This is not your ordinary, run-of-the-mill sick humorist.

At any rate, O'Donoghue refused to continue with the *Lemmings* project and decided to go into a six-month trance instead. I asked Sean Kelly to cowrite *Lemmings* with Hendra. It opened in New York at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village. In the cast were six young people we'd recruited from a thousand who'd been auditioned. The cast members were John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Christopher

Guest, Alice Playten, Paul Jacobs, Gary Goodrow, and Mary Mitchell. On opening night, the New York critics showed up en masse and gave the show raves. O'Donoghue had flown to Canada because he didn't want to be in this country when the show opened.

ITEM: Michael O'Donoghue

O'Donoghue gets a package in the mail one day. A kid in the mail room calls me and tells me he doesn't like the looks of it. We open it slowly. It's dynamite. O'Donoghue comes in and the two of us just stare at the package. He calls a friend, George Plimpton, a munitions expert, among other talents, and describes the condition of the dynamite. Plimpton tells him that it is no longer dynamite but has now crystalized and is nitroglycerin. We evacuate the building and call the bomb squad, which clears Madison Avenue from Fifty-seventh to Sixty-third streets.

O'Donoghue is interviewed by the press. He is wearing a woolen cap, a six-month beard, and a torn army overcoat. "Remember," I caution the press, "he is the bombee, not the bomber." The dynamite turns out to be a "gag" sent in by a young reader, a postal worker, no less, from Salt Lake City. It's the real stuff, but we don't press charges, and the kid is released.

Lemmings ran two years. The cast was exhausted. We closed it while it was still playing to capacity. I simply decided I was not going to even attempt to replace those people in those roles. It's like Willie Mays's locker. It should be sealed and bronzed.

ITEM: John Belushi

Lemmings opened in New York to incredible notices. Belushi was hailed by nearly every critic as one of the brightest young comedy actors the New York theater had seen in years. A week after the opening, Belushi was in my office. "I'm leaving," he told me. I got that "feeling," the one the captain of the Titanic had when they told him they had hit the iceberg. I managed to ask him why. "My girl friend is lonely here," he told me. "She's got nothing to do." Judy Jacklin, who later became Judy Belushi, came to work for National Lampoon in our Art Department. Although in all honesty I didn't expect it, she turned out to be a terrific talent. Belushi stayed in New York and was with us for four years.

continued on page 103



"The Minolta XD-5 gives you that and a lot more."

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A sloppy and self-indulgent pastiche

JOAN DEADION

Author of *Type It As It's Dictated*

THE WHITE ALBUMEN

As told to Ellis Weiner



THE WHITE ALBUMEN

ONE

I have been asked to write about the “meaning” of the seventies. I have been asked to write about the “meaning” of the seventies because, vain hope, there may actually exist in this uneasy nation of double-meat Whoppers with cheese and postindustrial angst a segment of the population interested in reading an essay concerning the “meaning” of the seventies. My editor has asked me, “What do the seventies mean?”

What do. A day does not pass during which I do not think about the words *what do*. I like to think about such things; I like to think about such things and wonder, Why am I thinking about such things? Perhaps that exactly describes the seventies.

TWO

This is what I did today: I got out of bed. I showered, and shaved my legs. *Notice that I did not say, I showered my legs.* I got dressed and went downstairs to the kitchen. I ate breakfast. The breakfast consisted of orange juice. The breakfast consisted of toast and butter. The breakfast consisted of two scrambled eggs. The breakfast consisted of coffee black. *Notice that I did not say, The breakfast consisted of black coffee.*

After breakfast I went into my “office.” My “office” is not, strictly speaking, an “office.” There are no secretaries. There is no receptionist. There are no files. There is no modular office furniture. My “office” is actually a reproduction of a maximum-punishment facility of the sort seen in “Hollywood” movies about the Korean War, and the war with the Japanese. In such movies, such maximum-punishment facilities are referred to by the generic name “the cooler.” Such maximum-punishment facilities are referred to by the generic name “the cooler” because, in the manner of such “Hollywood” films, a cheap sort of irony obtains which requires that a small cell made of crude wooden slats four feet on each side and left in the unshaded sunlight be called a “cooler.” Such is my “office.”

I enter it on my hands and knees. I crawl to the small pallet on which rests my typewriter. It is an electric typewriter, but, small wonder, there is no electrical power surging through the silent cables in my “office,” no power with which to run the typewriter, which is made by an Italian company with a steel-and-glass office building in New York. (To those of us who live in California, New York is referred to as “back East,” as in, “During the ’78 series, my wife rooted for LA, but I rooted for back East.”) I am forced to pick up each typing element and

press it, manually, to the ribbon and onto the paper. The keys of the Italian-made typewriter do not work. The return key of the Italian-made typewriter does not work. The space bar of the Italian-made typewriter does not work.

In this manner, crouched over in unbearable heat, breathing thick, fetid air, tearing my stockings and ripping my dress, I write. *Notice that I did not say ripping my stockings and tearing my dress.* I think this is a parable that precisely explains something.

THREE

My husband is a writer. I am a writer. My husband lives in California; my husband lives in California and I also live in California. (I live with my husband.) Sometimes we work together—as when, for example, I will look up from my notepad and ask him, “Who is it that embodies all that is tragic in the world of American culture?”

He will suggest, “Theodore H. White.”

I will reply, “No, Theodore H. White represents all that is naive in American scholarship.”

“I thought you said that David Halberstam represents all that is naive in American scholarship,” he will say.

“No,” I will reply. “David Halberstam embodies all that is idealistic in the world of American journalism.”

“I don’t know, then,” he will say. “I don’t know, then,” he will say and then say, “Shut up. I’m trying to write.”

FOUR

Perhaps the meaning of the seventies is to be found in vague, blunt generalizations. Sometimes generalizations are useful. Sometimes generalizations are not useful.

FIVE

My daughter, who was four years old when the seventies began, does not remember the Dave Clark Five. The Dave Clark Five were a rock ‘n’ roll band that knew a certain measure of popularity during the sixties, during that time when young men playing electrified instruments went so far in their quest to be “English” that they were born and raised and lived in England. The Dave Clark Five were one of these groups of “English” young men. They had a hit record, the title and refrain of which exactly describes the sixties. The refrain, addressed to an unspecified listener named Bitson, goes, “I’m in pieces, Bitson, pieces.”

Discover satisfaction. Camel Lights.



The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.



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LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

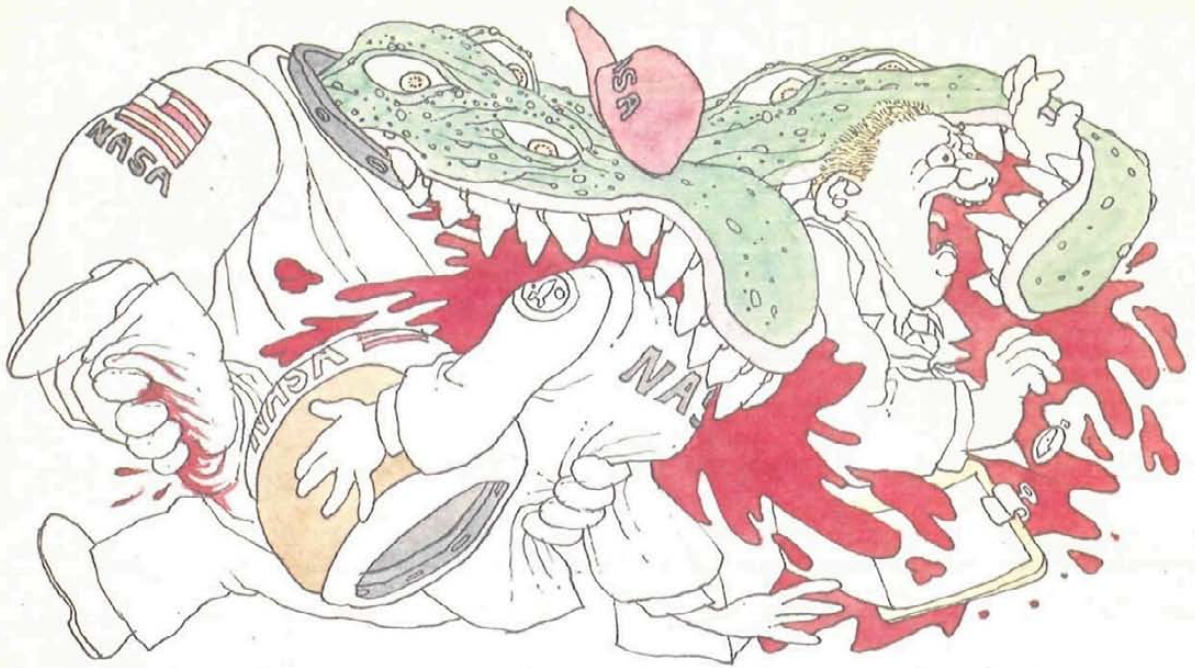
The Sickening Seventies

As bad as the seventies seemed, the truth was even worse; Watergate and all that was just to get you toughened up for some of the really depressing stuff they've kept back.

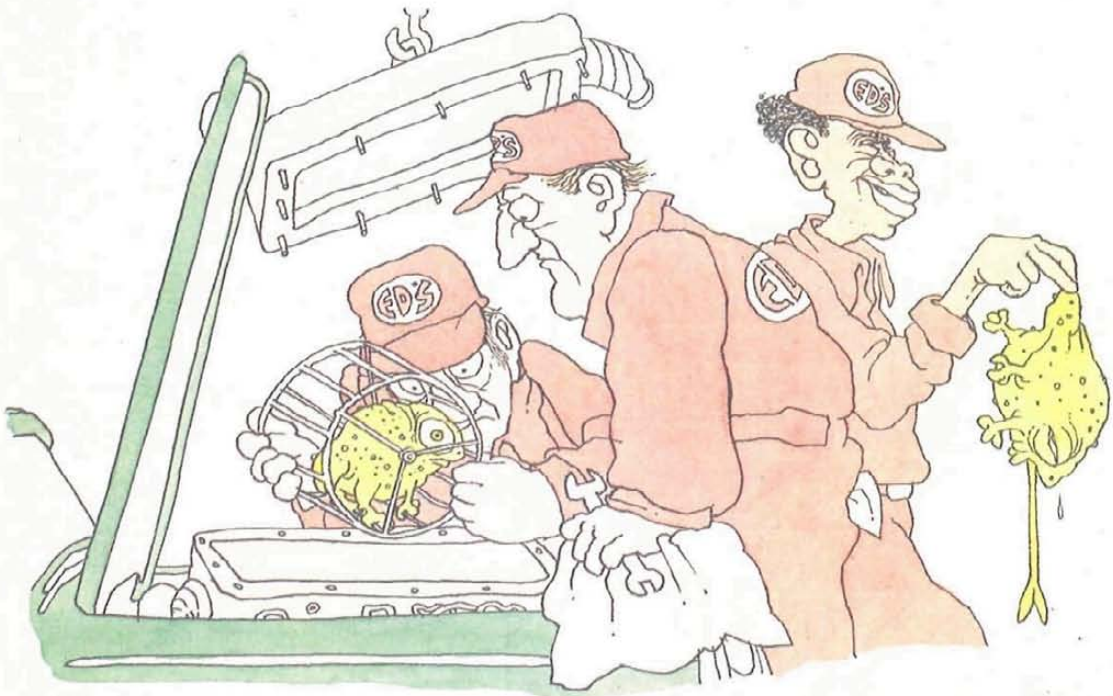
by Gahan Wilson



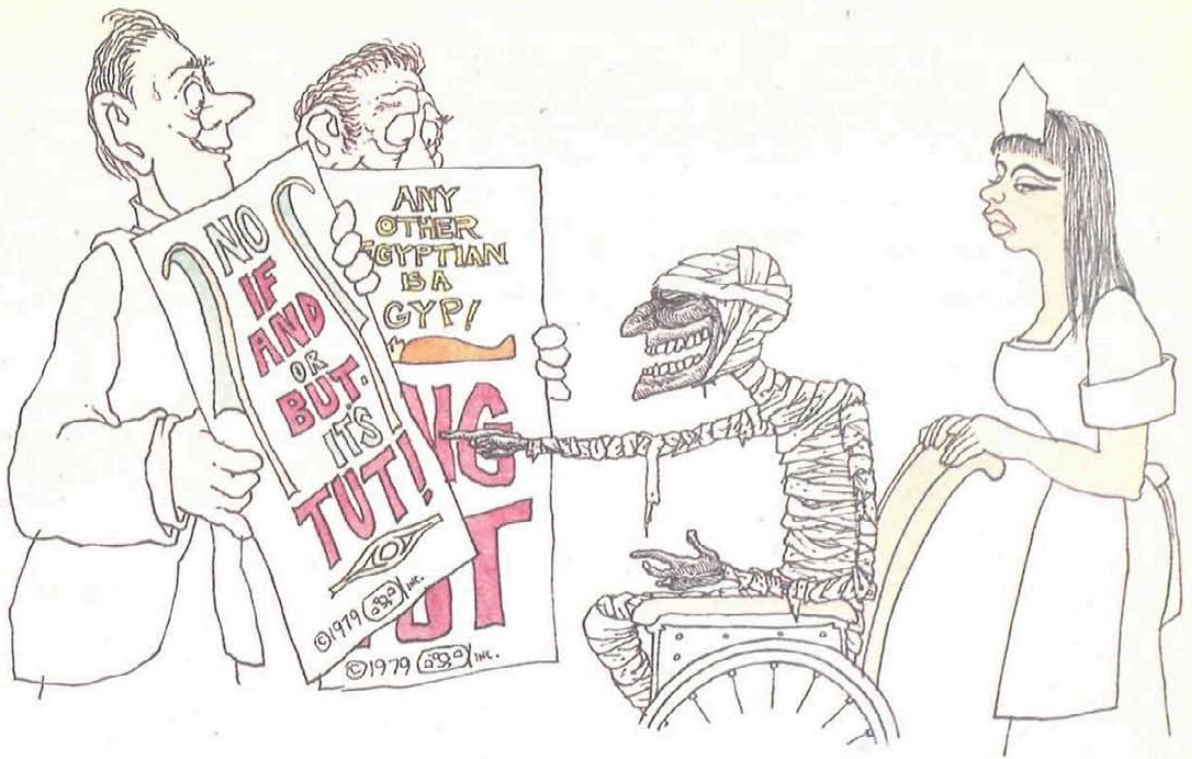
Nixon transplanted the brain of a criminal moron into the head of Gerald Ford to insure he would grant him a complete pardon.



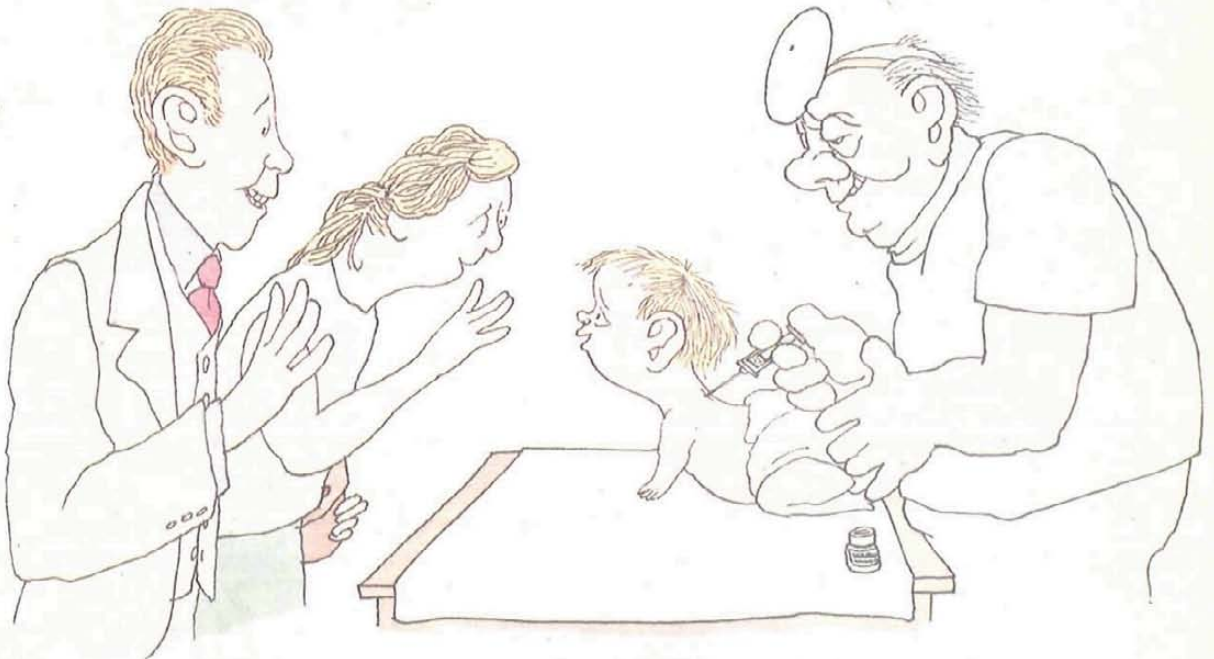
No astronauts ever returned—they were devoured by monsters from outer space who have taken over Houston and Cape Kennedy and eaten most of their inhabitants.



There was never any gas shortage—the problem was that the internal combustion engine never did work and power was provided by small lizards that have been overbred by Detroit so badly they are all dying out.



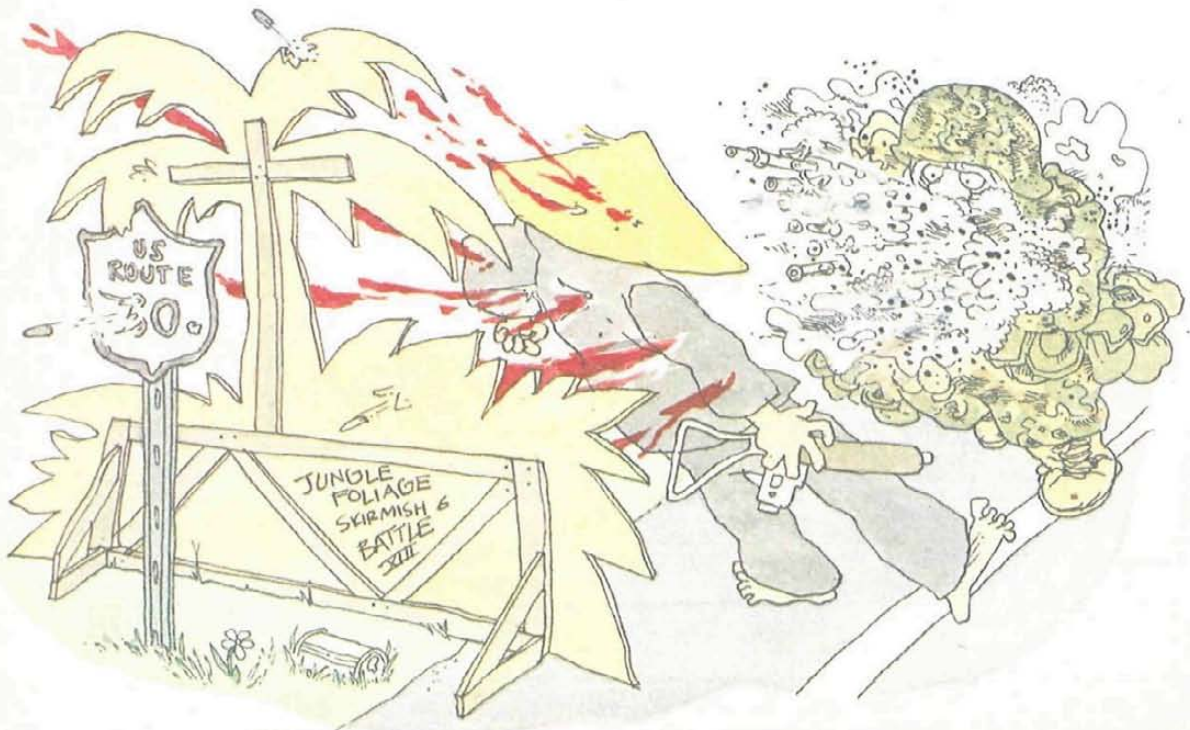
If you wondered whether King Tut might have been offended by the way his tomb's contents were exploited, you can forget it, because Tut himself handled the campaign, basing it on a sixty-forty split with various distinguished museums.



The cause of cancer has been doctors all along—they do it for profit.



Swine flu wiped out the entire eastern seaboard—the newspapers have just been covering it up.



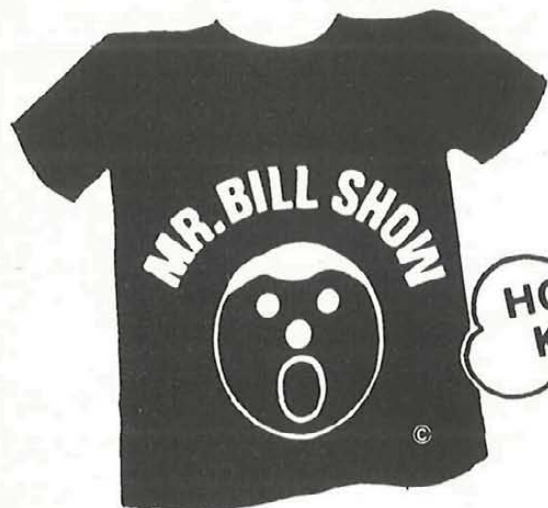
The Vietnam War was actually fought in New Jersey.

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TAN	313	314	315	316	

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Address _____

City _____

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LETTERS

continued from page 33

Sirs:

I thcenk I have hear that eef every Chinese in thee world joomp off thee chair at thee same time, eet make thee beeg earthquake that eez hoorting thee United States, but eef every loyal Nicaragan joomp off thee diving board een thee Miami Hilton, thees will not hooort the United States. Eet weel maybe make thee big splash that weel make our enemies die. Eet will be very good eef you geeve us all free room service too. Thank you.

Anastasio Somoza
USN *Dun Workin'*—Just Cruising

Sirs:

Noses that touch cocaine shall never touch mine.

Nanookique the Hip Eskimo's Wife
Perkyfrost, Alaska

Sirs:

For years and years now we have been losing face. Just when it seems we have none of our face left, a cruel twist of events occurs that pulls and rips away more of our face. How much face can we be expected to lose before we are completely de-faced? Please, could you send us face immediately?

Premier of Japan
House with the Pointed Roof
Japan

Sirs:

I wish to go on record as saying that your magazine has been around for an awful long time not to have taken a roundhouse poke at us bus drivers. Surely you can't have been immune to the hearty guffaw that infects us all upon seizing up a wheezy old Greyhound man in full dress—that is, smart western-style uniform with twenty-year bolo tie, well-blacked cowboy Wellingtons, and a shimmering armada of accident-free badges. Also, as grist for your sophisticated mill, you might consider the comical foods we eat from thermoses, the origin of the term "busman's holiday," and our pitiful deification of the truck driver. Incidentally, you may not be aware of it but Greyhound stations didn't just happen as amalgams of tacky postwar merchandising. In fact, all of the goods and services offered in bus depots, including the wrestling monthlies, ID-card plasticators, and the bizarre brands of chewing gum, are the stock in trade of the bus driver, his material universe, as it were.

In sum, I guess you could say that "Your Operator" is far from being "Safe, Reliable, and Courteous." That familiar plaque ought to read "Lowly—Dull—Buffoonish." And we're dang proud bigwigs, so go ahead and have some laughs on us.

Stuart "Stuie" Bolling
Fort Worth, Tex.

Sirs:

A *really* clean broad is one who brushes her teeth before she blows you.

"Hef"
Mansion West

Sirs:

You guys are getting plenty old enough to quit making jokes about hemorrhoids. As you probably know by now, they itch and they hurt and they're a damn embarrassing affliction. I mean, nobody gives you any sympathy and you're the *butt* of every wise *crack* and... Oh, Christ, now you've got *me* doing it!

Bob Hinie
Athol, Mass.

Sirs:

I am the ghost of Elvis Presley. Send five dollars to me at Box 12N, New York, NY. Do what I say or I'll put drugs in your stereo.

Ghost of Elvis
New York City

GROWING IN BETTER CLOSETS EVERYWHERE

The best way to grow indoors is to do it hydroponically. Hydroponics simply means growing plants directly in a nutrient solution instead of in soil. The roots don't need to work as hard to grow and find food, and the three to six plants a Hydropot™ holds grow twice as fast without competing for root space. It's Nature made simple—since 1976.



HIGH TIMES says: "With a minimum of shopping and expense involved, using an enclosed space the size of your average hall closet, you could be nurturing a perpetual supply of the best 'stuff' you ever smoked... Hydropot requires no maintenance and offers its bounty twice as fast as traditionally grown 'stuff'."

STONE AGE says: "... grow the best 'stuff' in history... a pound of 'stuff' out of the four plants that were growing in that tub."

HI LIFE says: "The Hydropot beats the current inflated price of 'stuff', eliminates the messy risk of a supplier and assures you of top quality... grow 'stuff' for the rest of your life."

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL says: "The Hydropot makes it possible for anyone, without gardening experience, to grow as much 'stuff' for their personal use as they want in a space the size of a closet... a quick and easy way to raise bumper crops."

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Year's supply:
Special nutrient A—18·6·16 for lush growth
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Electric aeration pump
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PH test kit
Peat starter pellets
Nutrient dispenser
Complete instruction book
Full year guarantee
Pat. Pending

Cashier's Check or Money Order shipped immediately.

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YES! Ship me _____ Hydropots™ at \$59.95 each which includes all shipping and handling charges (Cal. residents add 6% sales tax). NL

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Gone As Well As Forgotten

Mamie Doud Eisenhower 1896-1979

Announcing
a New
NatLamp
Contest!



Forgotten but Not Gone

Yes, in the midst of death there is a free lifetime* subscription to the *National Lampoon* for the lucky reader who comes closest to guessing the exact day, month, and year that Mamie Eisenhower, America's beloved Fourth Lady and idol of dozens, snuffs it. To enter, simply write a date on a postcard, with your name and address, and send it to: Forgotten but Not Gone Contest, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In case of duplicates, the first postmark wins.

NOVEMBER 1972

*"Lifetime," that is, if you happen to be a hamster. On the average, hamsters live about two years, give or take a month.

Death, at least, not too proud to take her

Yes, Mamie Doud Eisenhower to death has flown as to a twin bed. Thus concludes the *National Lampoon* contest in which entrants were asked to guess her death date. And, while it is true that while a man lives he should be glad remembering that none hath joy in his death, at least one reader may be a little less unhappy than everybody else at Mamie's passing, having won a two-year subscription to the magazine.

Due to the number of entrants in this contest and to the absence of their entry forms, accidentally burned many years ago by careless New Jersey dump workers who just assumed since the material came from the back of a garbage truck... , well, we originally thought we should not have a winner in the contest. So it was we decided to send a sophisticated European mortuary ornament, a gardenia in a lucite ball, to Mamie's final resting place. The idea being to commemorate Mamie's memory, or lack thereof, in a lasting fashion. It was also decided at that time that much of the magazine would be printed in black ink as a final mark of respect.

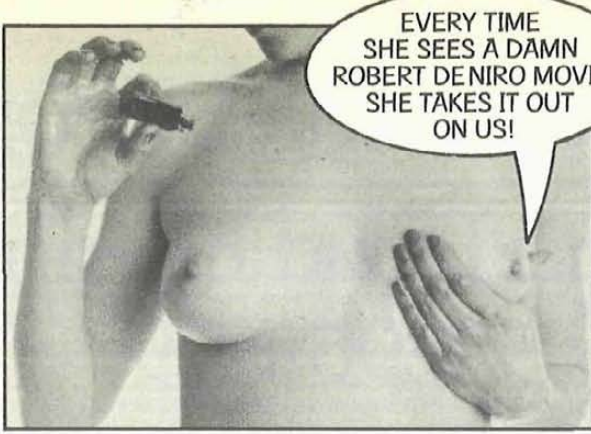
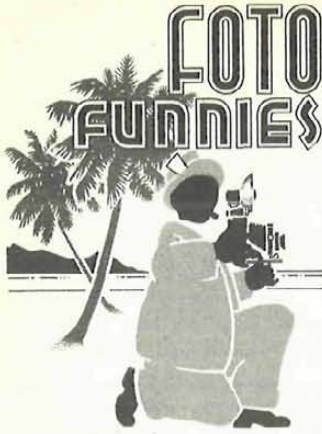
Then suddenly we had a winner. (See below.)



Nurse Slazor Gossage, winner.

Slazor Gossage, RN, who works at Walter Reed army hospital, receives a two-year subscription to *National Lampoon*.

Ms. Gossage's winning entry, which was delivered by phone, was: "In about five minutes."



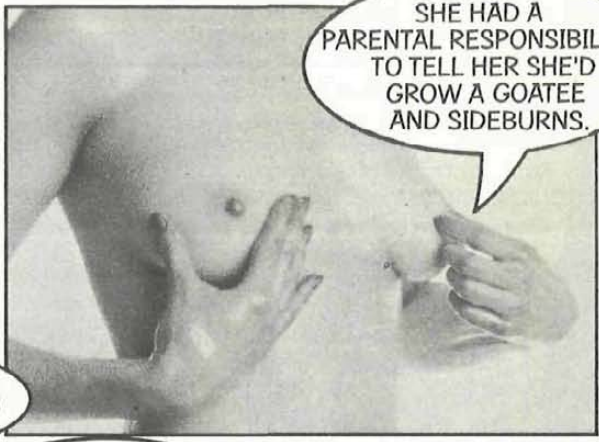
EVERY TIME SHE SEES A DAMN ROBERT DE NIRO MOVIE SHE TAKES IT OUT ON US!



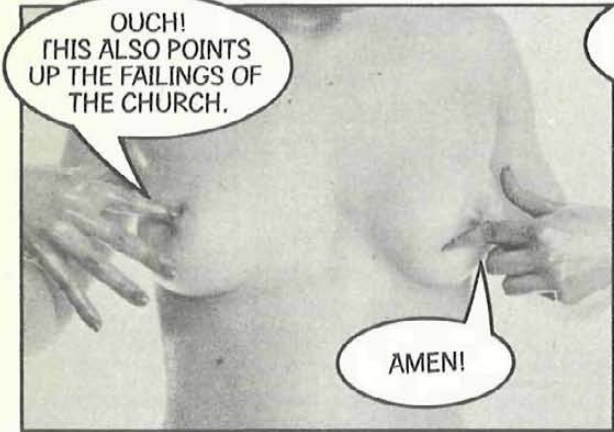
IT'S HER MOTHER'S FAULT SHE MASTURBATES, YOU KNOW.



SHE SHOULD HAVE INSTILLED FEARS IN HER.



SHE HAD A PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY TO TELL HER SHE'D GROW A GOATEE AND SIDEBURNS.



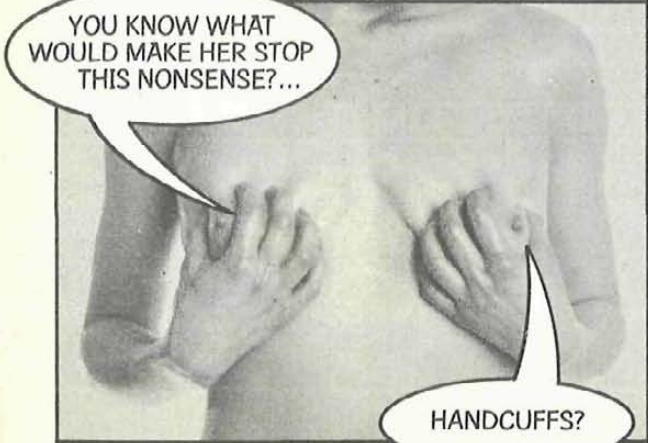
OUCH! THIS ALSO POINTS UP THE FAILINGS OF THE CHURCH.

AMEN!



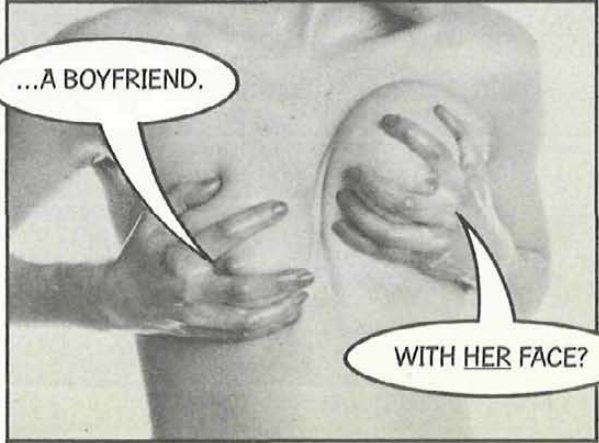
THE DUMBEST THING IS WE'RE JUST MILK GLANDS!

SHE'S GOT A CLITORIS FOR THIS SORT OF STUFF.



YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD MAKE HER STOP THIS NONSENSE?...

HANDCUFFS?



...A BOYFRIEND.

WITH HER FACE?



**IT IS NIGHT.
IT IS COLD.
IT IS COMING.**

JOHN CARPENTER'S
THE FOG

JOHN CARPENTER'S 'THE FOG' A DEBRA HILL PRODUCTION

Starring ADRIENNE BARBEAU, JAMIE LEE CURTIS, JOHN HOUSEMAN and JANET LEIGH as Kathy Williams

and starring HAL HOLBROOK as Father Malone

Produced by DEBRA HILL Written by JOHN CARPENTER and DEBRA HILL Directed by JOHN CARPENTER

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COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU.



Discover full
menthol refreshment
without all that 'tar'
Arctic Lights.

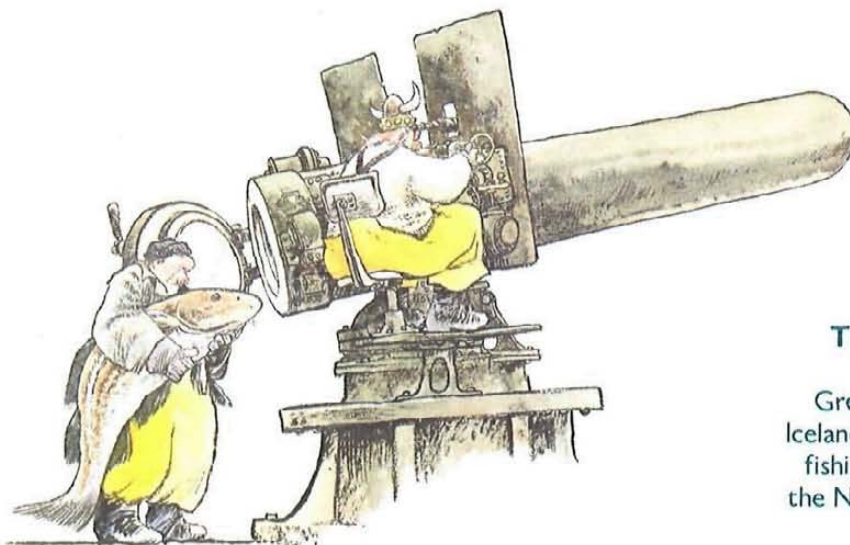
Low 'tar' Arctic Lights:
Kings & 100's

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.

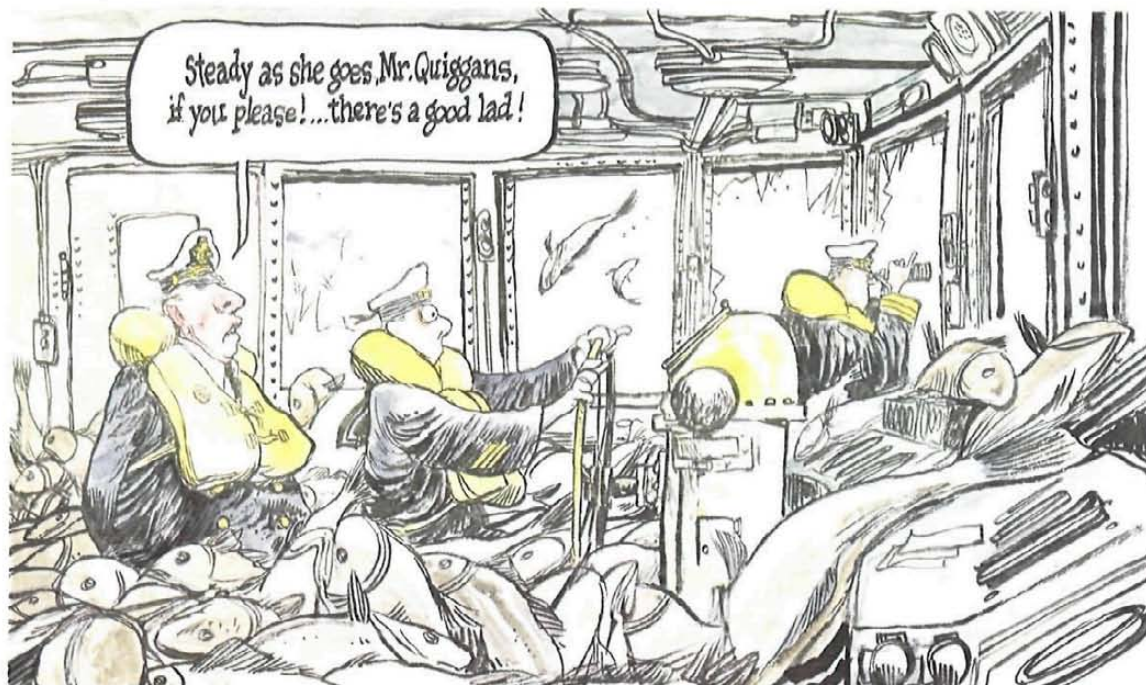
GREAT NAVAL BATTLES of the SEVENTIES

by Jeff MacNelly and Tod Carroll



The Cod War (1975-76)

Great Britain and
Iceland battled over
fishing grounds on
the North Atlantic.



**The Five-Year
Harassing of US
Fishing Boats by
Latin and South
Americans Dispute
(1970-75)**

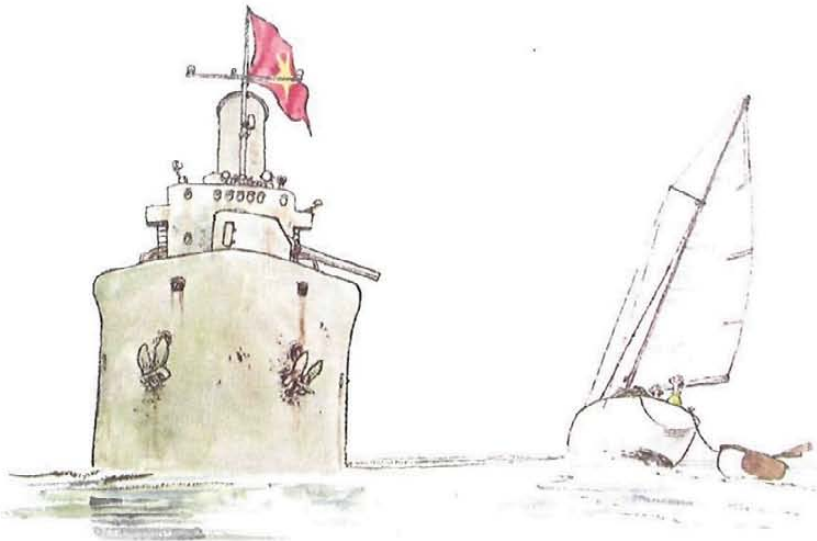
Ecuadorian, Mexican,
and Peruvian naval
forces seized dozens
of American tuna
boats and made
them pay fines.



**The American
Yacht Seized by
North Vietnam
Hostility**

(October 12, 1977)

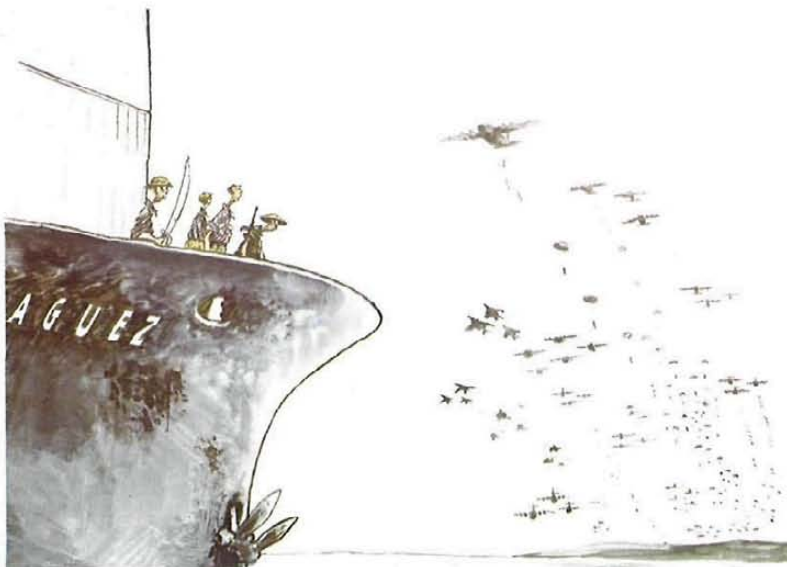
Three Americans and
their yacht were
captured by a North
Vietnamese gunboat
because they sailed
too close to North
Vietnam.

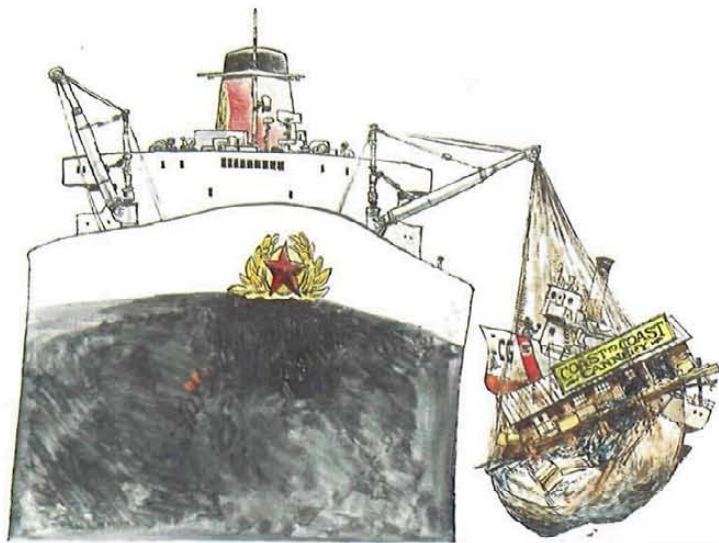


**The *Mayaguez*
Incident**

(May 14, 1975)

The US navy,
marines, and air
force liberated an
empty freighter on
the Cambodian
island of Tang.





**The Soviet Fishing
in American
Territorial Waters
Incursion**

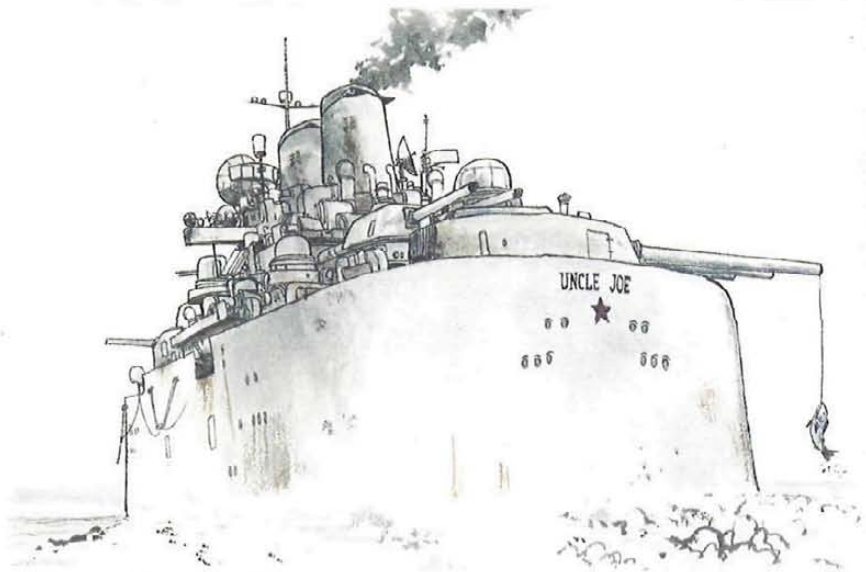
(April 10, 1977)

US Coast Guard cutters transmitted stern radio messages to a Russian fishing vessel off the coast of New England.

**The Suspicious
Soviet Trawler
Confrontation**

(April 11, 1977)

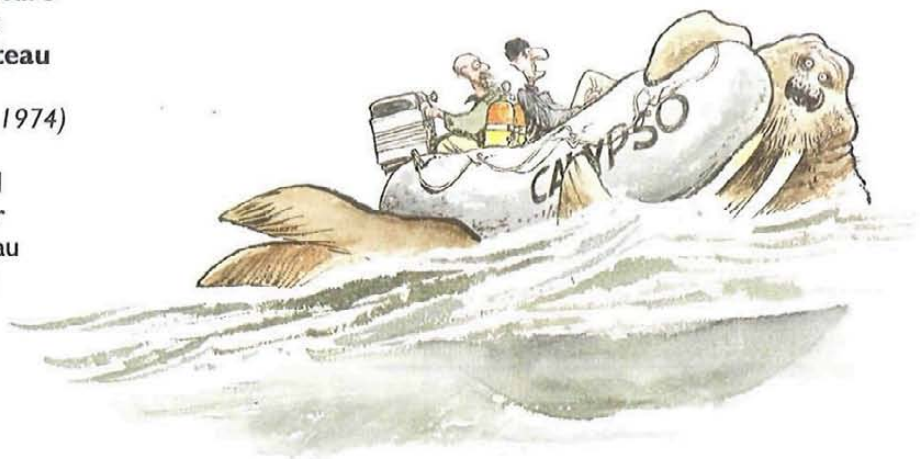
US Coast Guard cutters sailed up real close to a Russian trawler operating near the eastern seaboard.



**The Sea Creature
Bumping into
Jacques Cousteau
Misfortune**

(September 20, 1974)

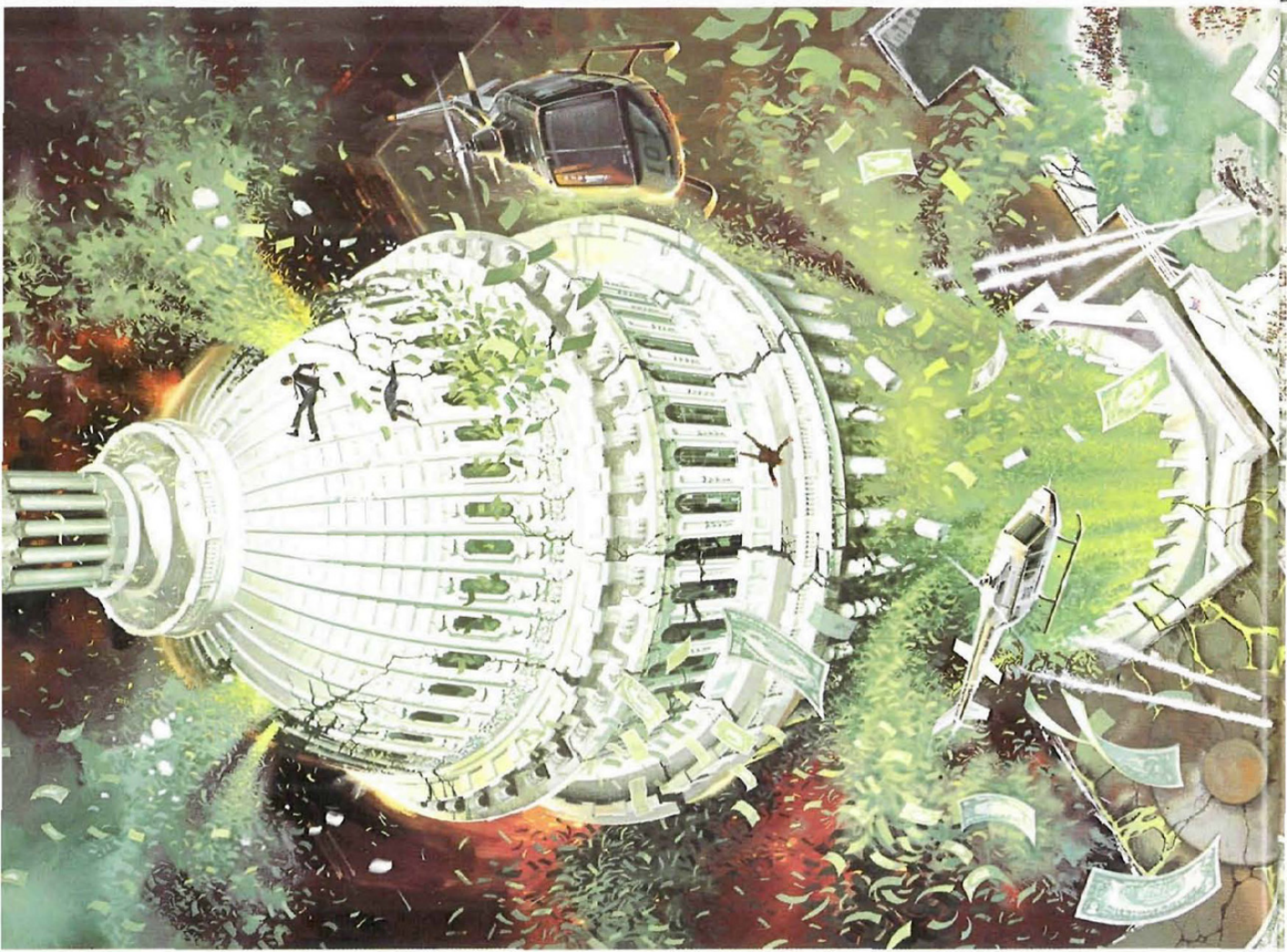
A large marine mammal jostled French explorer Jacques Cousteau near the Great Barrier Reef.



SEE
the economy
WRECKED
by idiots!

SEE
the savings of
a lifetime
WIPE OUT
in seconds!

SEE
the Dow Jones
average
CRASH
to all-time lows!



THE
DISASTER
MOVIE
OF
THE
DECADE



A DOUBLE-DIGIT PRODUCTION of a FEDERAL RESERVE FILM...

TOWERING INFLATION

Starring

JIMMY CARTER

GERALD FORD

RICHARD NIXON

With a Multinational Cast including:

**ARTHUR
BURNS**

**LEONID
BREZHNEV**

**JAMES
SCHLESINGER**

**G. WILLIAM
MILLER**

**MALCOLM
FORBES**

**JOHN
CONNALLY**

**GEORGE P. THE
AVATOLLAH**

**DAVID M.
KENNEDY**

**W. MICHAEL
SHEIKH AHMAD**

**BLUMENTHAL
ZAKI YAMANI**

LOPEZ

PORTILLO



as
The Wheat Dealer



as
The Reporter



as
The Madman



as
The Spoiler



Special Guest Star **MENACHEM BEGIN** as The Albatross • And introducing **WILLIAM E. SIMON** as The Douche Bag
Game Plan by **WALTER HELLER**, based on a Scenario by **LYNDON B. JOHNSON**, from his Original Concept "The Great Society"

Underwritten by **GERMANY** and **JAPAN**. Title Theme "Whistling in the Dark" Composed by the **COUNCIL ON WAGE AND PRICE STABILITY**, Orchestrated by **ALFRED KAHN**
Southeast Asian sequences Produced by the **MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX** • Crowd scenes supervised by **GEORGE MEANY**
Special Defects by **LOCKHEED**, **AMTRAK**, the Cities of **NEW YORK** and **CLEVELAND**, and the **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

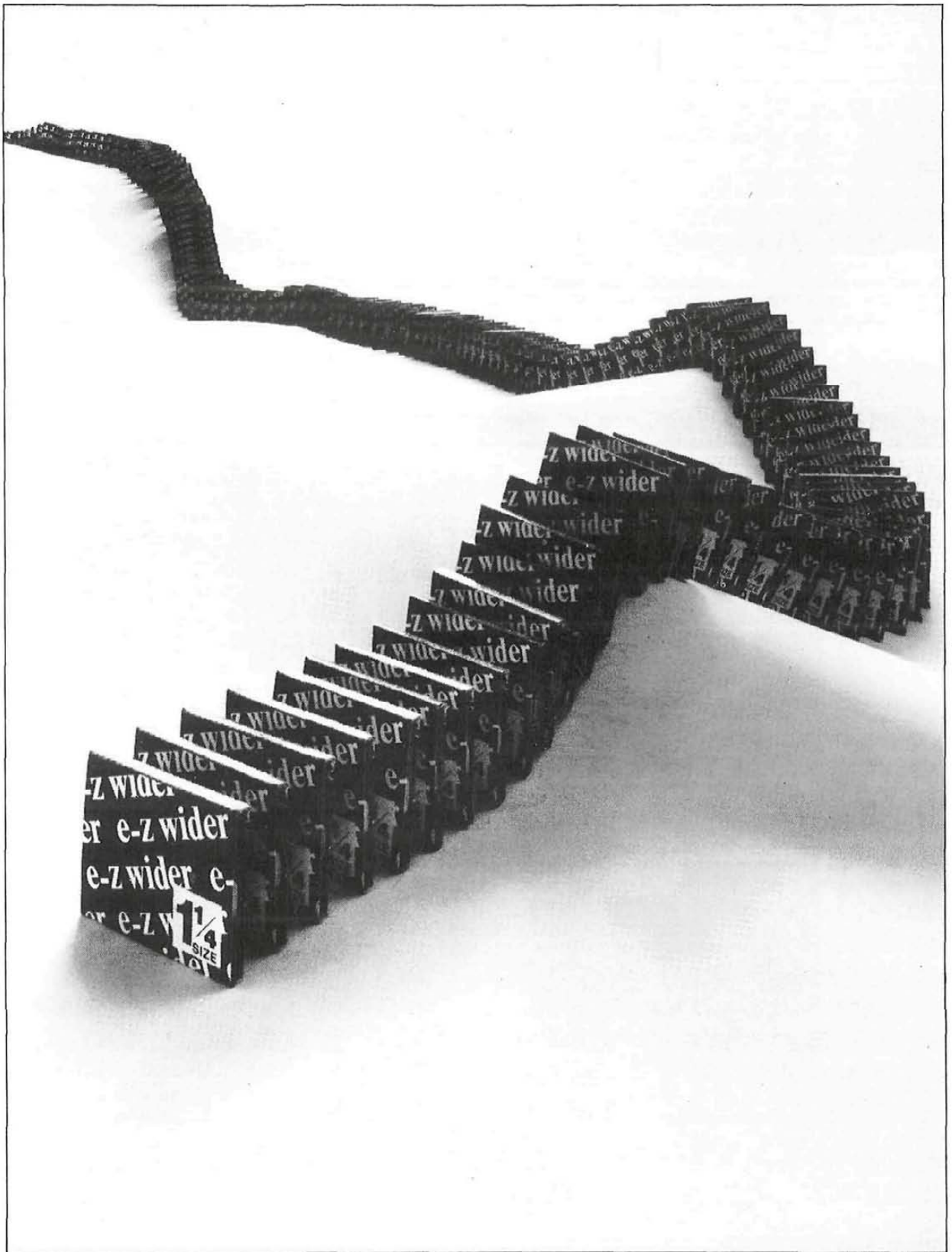
Executive Producer **EXXON** in collaboration with **OPEC** • Misdirected by **THREE ADMINISTRATIONS** and the **FORTUNE 500** • Produced by **TOTAL INCOMPETENCE** and **BOUNDLESS GREED**

FILMED IN SUPER PANICVISION

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by Standard & Poor's

First 500 people
at each performance
receive free
WIN buttons!
WIN



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The Great Wall of e-z wider 1 1/4 size.

Superfine rolling paper, slightly wider than single width.

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THE SEVENTIES

THAT NEVER HAPPENED

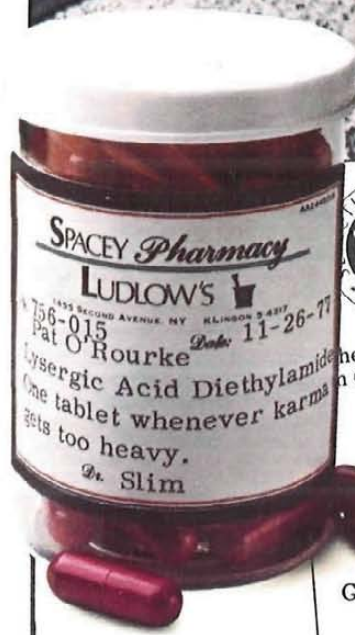
BY P. J. O'ROURKE & TOD CARROLL



TMS TRANS MIND SPACEWAYS
ASTRAL TRAVEL POCKET SCHEDULE
Effective January 6, 1977

DETROIT/CRAB NEBULAE LINE		TO CRAB NEBULAE		TO DETROIT	
DETROIT	CRAB NEBULAE	CRAB NEBULAE	CRAB NEBULAE	CRAB NEBULAE	DETROIT
9:45	5:42	10:51	11:50	U4:55	8:49
8:10	7:10	10:01	12:00	U5:18	6:17
7:15	8:16	11:17	1:17	7:15	7:21
8:25	9:21	12:38	2:21	8:15	9:20
12:01	1:05	1:19	3:23	9:20	10:31
Y2:16	2:10	4:17	5:14	1:10	2:13
	4:14	5:09	6:11	2:13	3:12

*U - Departs from bed or couch only. * - We do not operate on Kent State Day, Peace Day, Love Day, Clear Day, Vietnam Day, Flower Day, and others. † - Via Quantum Time Disturbances: Day, and Night.*



SELECTIVE VOLUNTEER RIFF
HEAVY CALL TO PARTICIPATE WITH YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Pat O'Rourke is the Chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee on Getting Things Together.

To Pat O'Rourke
Big Green House Where Kirkpatrick and Curren and Those Guys Crash
Lane Avenue, Columbus

Blue Owl Board
C/O BOB AND JULIE
AT THE FREE MEDICAL CLINIC
COLUMBUS, OHIO
(LOCAL BOARD STAMP)
Oct. 28th, 1972
(Date of mailing)

SELECTIVE VOLUNTEERING SIGN
Scorpio

GREETINGS:

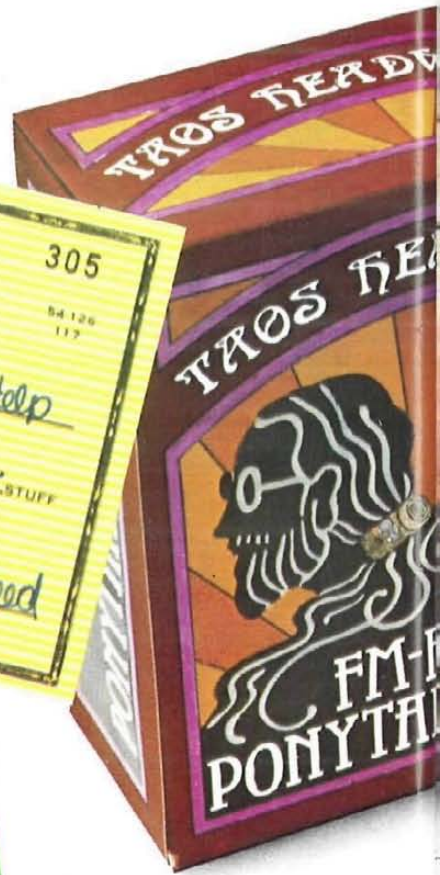
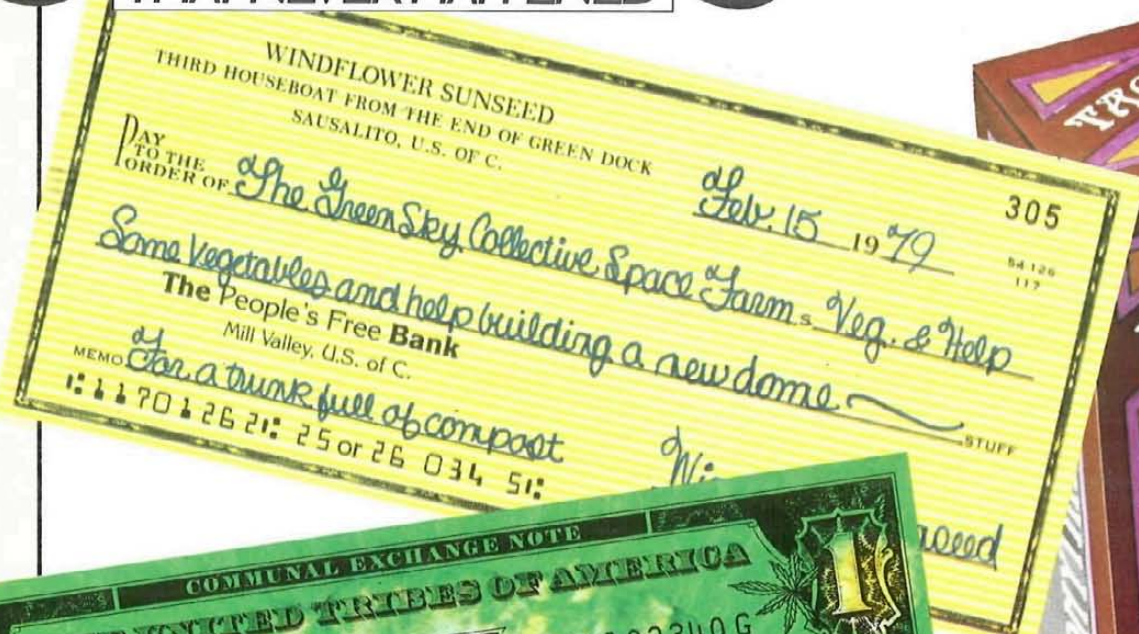
You are hereby supposed to have your consciousness raised enough to volunteer for Armed Struggle. This is really heavy. Report at _____ main campus (Place where you're going to volunteer) at _____ tomorrow at _____ (Time) for mass action.

Bearsey Nardozzi
(Leadership Person or Cadre for Local Board)

CREDITS: BILL DOLCE/STEVE DOLCE, SCOTT MacNEILL, M & CO.

THE SEVENTIES

THAT NEVER HAPPENED



"All the news that you can, like, really get into"

The New

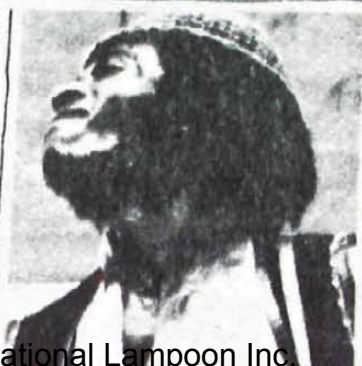
Vol. V . . . No. 42

Free to all political prisoners

New York, TS

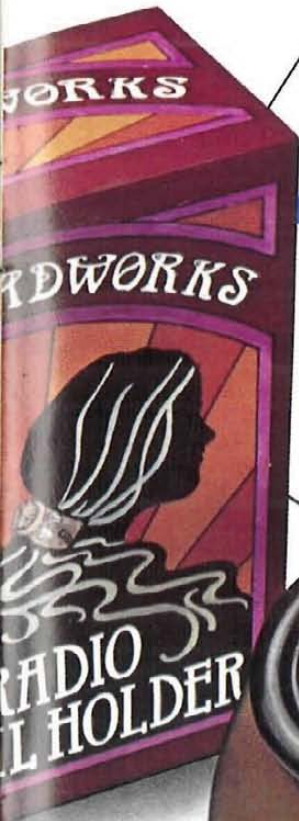
BLACKS NOW SMARTER THAN OTHER PUBLIC-SCHOOL STUDENTS—NEW STUDY SHOWS

CREDIT IS GIVEN TO BUSING AND AFRO-AMERICAN



BASS P IN HO LEAD SI

EXPECT LEGISLATIO



Thank you for not shooting speed

American Good Vibrations Society

Sunday
2:30 PM to 3 PM

2:30 **236 MEET THE WHALES**
Humpbacks Mmmmmnnnrrrk. Oooormph. and Aaaaurnnnk discuss Lllleeeeeerrrrrrrrnnn ullllnnggg oooooook within the context of villnnnnnnnnn aaaaarrpph and other means of intraglobal communication. Oooooowwvvv Allllinnng is your moderator.

59 MOVIE
"Pal Must Die" (1973) Complex suspense tale of political and industrial upheav... South Yem... Pal: Warren...

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"Movie

Rock Times

LATE-NIGHT EDITION

Weather: Real bummer of a day with lots of smog and humidity and real hot, too. plus Saturn is in Aries so don't get into any heavy street scenes.

Sunday, November 6, 1976

Printed by the People's Cooperative Typesetting and Printing and Typing Strike Force. All copy certified cool and not sexist or racist.

Donation please

LAYERS GAIN NEW MAJORITY USE OF REPRESENTATIVES— NGERS LOSE SIXTEEN SEATS

N WITH A STRONGER BEAT

THE SEVENTIES

THAT NEVER HAPPENED

God
Edison



BEST QUALITY

"Plenty of Smoke"

HASHISH PIPE

Made in the Navajo Republic of Native America

...we can tackle the prob.
...Page A21, Column 1

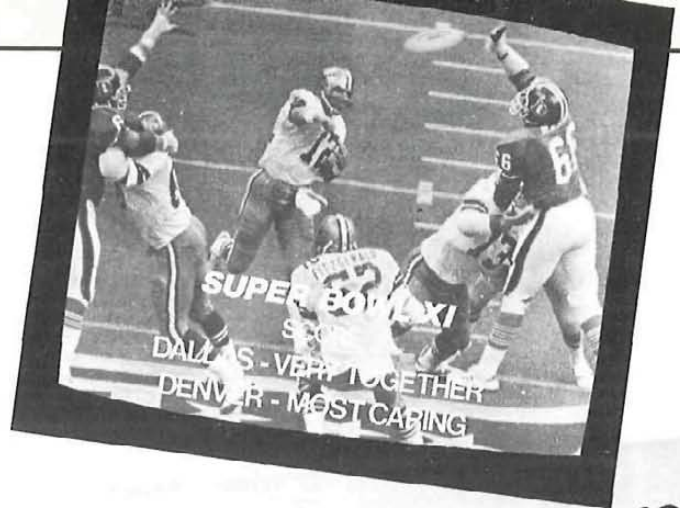
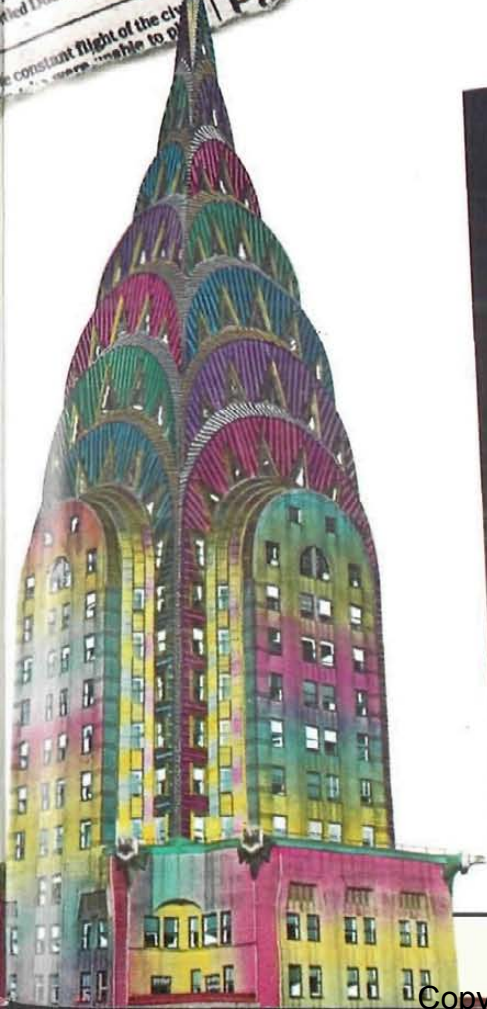
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...that the latter give AT&S
...000 comide pouches as compensa-
...Three judges dissented, hoping
...ing in a separate opinion that, since
...ed Doctrine of Uprontness
...illitates against punitive action."

Par... years



SUPER BOWL XI
DALLAS - VERY TOGETHER
DENVER - MOST CARING

WON'T YOU JOIN THE 1978

MARCH OF SPARE CHANGE

"There are, like, thousands of people suffering from really bad hang-ups and uptightness and other head problems who really, like, need your help to find the cure, you know, so, like, how about giving me some bread, okay, man, it would be a really beautiful thing to do, you know, like, an incredible sharing experience, and they really need it, okay? ..."



THE WHITE ALBUMEN

continued from page 79

The pieces are not described. Bitson is not described. How the singer came to know Bitson is not described. What is to become of the singer, the singer in pieces, is not described. The reply of Bitson to the singer, to the one in pieces, is not described.

My daughter does not know this song.

"Who is Bitson?" I ask her.

She does not know. I do not know. I wish to know.

SIX

She is, this entertainer, tall. She has one name, which is to say she goes by one name professionally, presumably in contradistinction to those times during which she is not "entertaining." To watch her on television, as I have done recently, is to encounter face to face the peculiarly American sort of phenomenon in which a woman with two names may watch (on television) a woman with one name.

Whatever the reason for her decision to remain surnameless, Cher is in many respects like most other women. She has two arms. She has two eyes. She has two feet. Yet it is possible to see Cher as embodying something more. It is possible to see her as embodying that Pirandellian moment when reality and illusion merge. For behind the tall body, the long hair, the

pseudo-French one name, there is a woman treated, inescapable fate, as a commodity. Cher is only on the television screen so that several dozen million may, while watching her "entertain," boost the network's Nielsens and, afterward, move the sponsors' merch. What Cher does not say on camera, what no one says amidst all this "entertainment," is the plain fact that *television is a business*.

"We'll be right back," she says to her audience via camera and microphone. "So you guys stay tuned, okay?"

You guys. It is as if, suddenly, all of America is populated by "guys." You guys. She would have us believe, this mononymous woman of mediocre talent, that she is speaking to us, not to a television camera and a microphone. You guys. The tone is affected, the tone is artificially conversational. Here, of course, is the secret of this woman's astonishing appeal. She implies that one is her friend. She implies that she is speaking directly to one. She implies that one is male. She succeeds in implying all this in a single sentence, *when the truth is that one is not necessarily her friend, her direct auditor, or a "guy" at all*.

It is a bewildering situation, and I think it exactly describes the entertainment industry, the women's liberation "movement," all people with one name,

tall people, France, and the seventies.

SEVEN

Upon looking in the mirror I see a woman very much like myself. Upon looking in the mirror I see a woman whose reflection is more precisely itself at that time than at any other. The woman whose reflection I see upon looking in the mirror is exactly that woman who, as she begins her life in the 1980s, stops and puzzles over what someone else has called "the meaning of the seventies."

I think that the seventies was a decade in which "style" predominated over substance. I think that the seventies was a time in which the life-style of California (self-absorption, anomie) overtook in influence the life-style of New York (other-directed work, hypertension). I think that the seventies was a time in which analysis gave way to mere description. I think that the seventies was a time in which the ascendancy of women to their rightful plateau of power (nearer if not coequal to that of men) resulted in the unavoidable ascendancy of women of second-rate talent. I think that the seventies was a time in which personal idiosyncrasy was mistaken for talent, was mistaken for talent and insight.

As I stare into the mirror at that woman so like "myself," I think:

Because I am a writer whose style predominates over the substance of her writings; because I am a writer whose reportage sinks under the weight of its flat descriptions and high-school-bohemian self-absorption, without much analysis to buoy it up; because I am a writer who is a woman, and therefore subject to more lavish praise than I might receive if I were a man; because my personal idiosyncrasy as a writer is to be repetitious, to be repetitious and deadpan, to be repetitious and deadpan and catatonic in tone, to be repetitious and deadpan and catatonic in tone and to place "quotation marks" around words to thereby suggest that I hold them and the reality to which they refer at arm's length, as though life itself impinges too harshly upon my sensibility; and because I have become respected and widely praised as a chronicler of contemporary life (and am considered by one critic to be "the finest prose stylist writing in America today"), it seems to me that the seventies and I were made for each other.

Only in the seventies could a writer like me have garnered the reputation I have, and I think that exactly describes the meaning of the seventies. □



EDITORIAL

continued from page 77

Meanwhile, O'Donoghue awoke from his trance and cocreated with P.J. O'Rourke a smashing parody called *The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor*. P.J. followed this by teaming with Kenney to produce the 1964 *High-School Yearbook Parody*. This was like scoring back-to-back touchdowns against the Pittsburgh Steelers. The *Yearbook* could be the most popular American parody ever published. It's still being sold.

ITEM: Michel Choquette

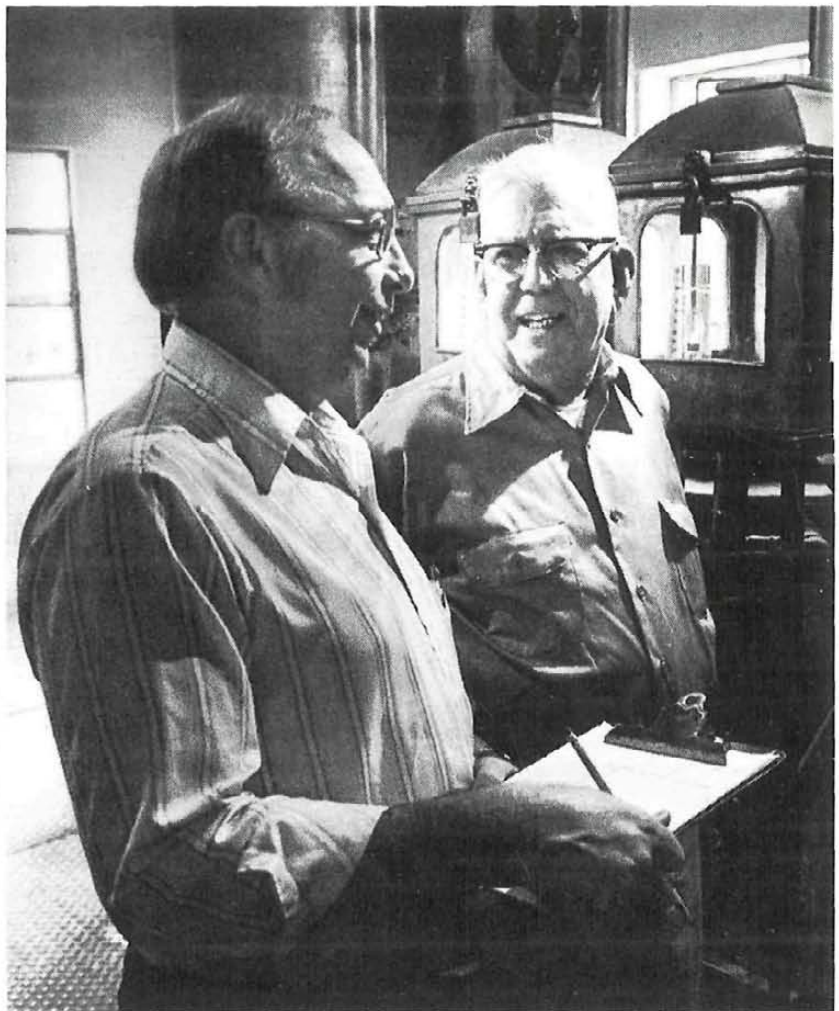
Michel gets a great idea. He ran into this man who looks just like Adolf Hitler. His idea is to take the guy down to the Caribbean and shoot a story about "Hitler" living in exile. He's there a week when we get a telegram: "Need \$5,000. Hitler lives big." We send money. Later we get a call from the FBI. We assure them it's not really Hitler.

O'Donoghue was still smarting. By now, his pique had spread to include everybody on the staff. I suggested a radio show. He came through with "The National Lampoon Radio Hour." In 1974-75, it may have been the most popular radio program in the country. About six months before we took it off the air, simply because it was demanding too much from our writers and producing too little for our accountants, O'Donoghue and I had an argument. It was the first we'd ever had. He called me one Sunday morning and demanded that I immediately provide an office for his girl friend, *NatLamp* contributor Anne Beatts, a young woman whose nose and tongue both come to a point. She recently was quoted as saying that she got on the *National Lampoon* staff on her back. She has also accused all of us of being male chauvinists. Interesting. I personally have never cared whether it was man or woman or whatever who wrote the stuff, as long as it was good. Most of our editors, notorious heterosexuals, sit up nights and pray for women editors they can collaborate with.

At any rate, O'Donoghue phoned and demanded immediate action. I think I was watching a football game. I told him down which hole he could drop Anne Beatts. He asked me if I was firing him. I said fine. He said okay.

That's how it happened. O'Donoghue has not spoken to me since. The incident has already been

continued on page 126



If you'd like to know about the way Mr. Bobo makes Jack Daniel's, drop him a line.

FRANK BOBO, THE YOUNG MAN ON THE LEFT, is the first Jack Daniel stiller who's no kin to a Motlow.

Lem Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Lem Motlow, who learned all he knew from his uncle, Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley, who's retired now, handed down all this knowledge to young Frank. Some folks say Frank learned his lessons so well he even looks like a Motlow. We're not certain about that. But we're sure glad he makes whiskey like one.



Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

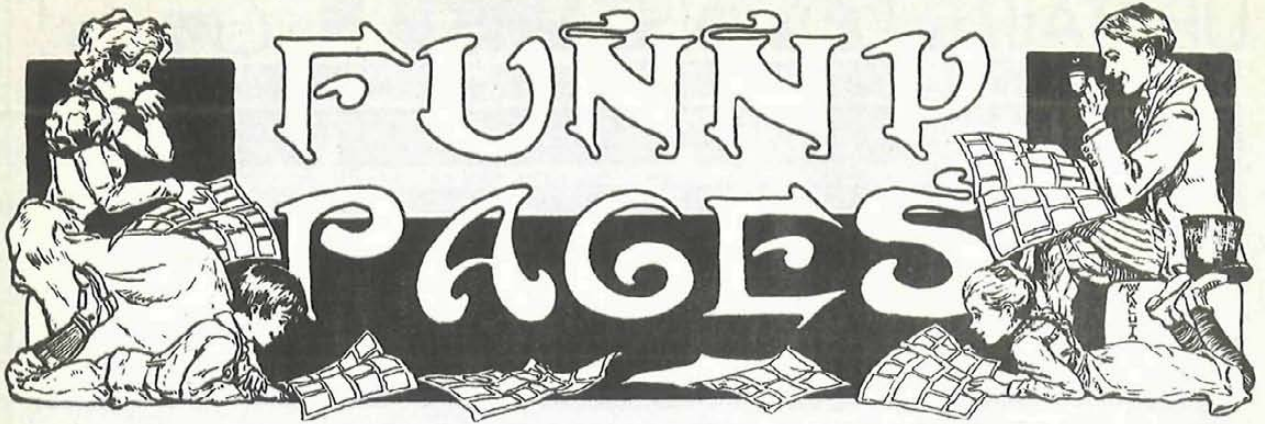
When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

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



BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

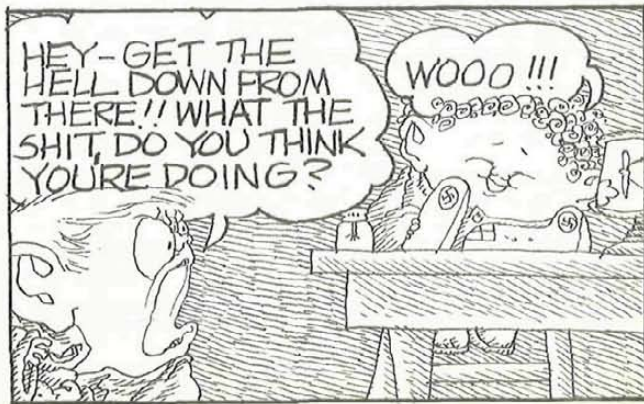
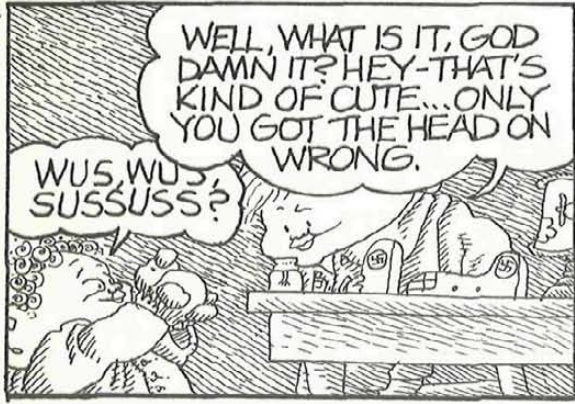
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



FUNNY PAGES

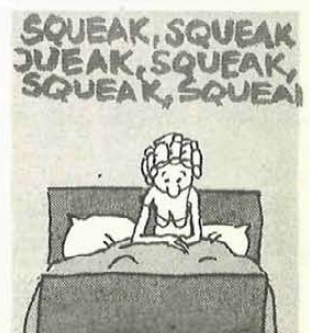
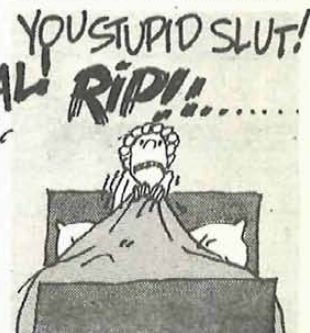
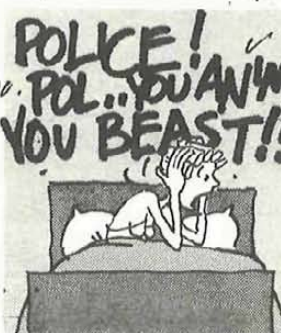
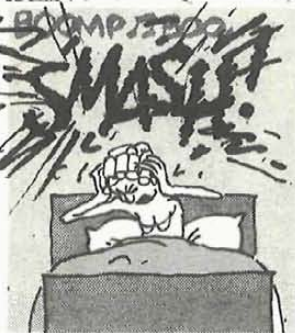
WUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME IT DAWNED ON YOU THAT THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF ROLE-PLAYING WITH GROWN-UPS AND KIDS AND THAT IF YOU DIDN'T PLAY JUST THE RIGHT PART IT LED TO TROUBLE?



UPSTAIRS/DOWNSTAIRS

©1979... *Comix!*



THEY ARE MARCHING AGAINST THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON...



All over the USA, small special-interest groups are organizing marches and demonstrations against the *National Lampoon*. These people are trying to crush the freedom of the press. Don't let anyone tell you what you can or cannot read. Fight censorship by subscribing today to *National Lampoon*.

FIGHT THEM WITH A SUBSCRIPTION.

Please find enclosed my check or money order, payable within the continental USA or Canada, made out to

National Lampoon, Dept. 280
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

- One-year subscription—\$9.95 (a saving of \$8.05 over single-copy purchase price).
- Two-year subscription—\$13.75 (a saving of \$22.25 over single-copy purchase price and \$3.25 less than the basic subscription price).
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For each year, add \$3.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 for other foreign countries.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Country _____

Aunt Mary's Kitchen MKBROWN ©1979

OKAY, TODAY WE'RE STUFFING A TURKEY

THE TRICK IS HOW TO STUFF THE TURKEY WITHOUT TOUCHING IT I'M FIFTY YEARS OLD

I'VE PROBABLY STUFFED 100 TURKEYS IN MY DAY AND I'VE ONLY TOUCHED ONE THAT WAS ENOUGH

YOU CAN USE RUBBER GLOVES I NEVER LIKED THEM, BUT SOME PEOPLE DO

I PREFER BAMBOO TONGS—CHINESE STYLE IT TAKES A LITTLE LONGER, BUT SO WHAT

OR YOU CAN DRAPE THE BIRD WITH A TOWEL FOR A FIRM GRIP

THE BEST WAY I'VE FOUND IS TO ASK ONE OF YOUR GUESTS TO HOLD THE TURKEY WHILE YOU STUFF IT... IN THIS CASE, MY BROTHER LEO

NEXT MONTH: LEFTOVERS

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

I LOVE VACATIONING IN JAPAN, THE PEOPLE ARE SO POLITE.

BUT WAIT A MOMENT, LOOKS LIKE SOME RUDENESS HERE—

EXCUSE ME...

RUN FOR LIFE! TIN-KAN COMING!

I DON'T CARE WHO'S COMING, IT'S JUST PLAIN RUDE TO POINT...

AND IT'S EVEN MORE RUDE TO TREAD ON PEOPLE.

WHOOPS! CRASH!

POLITENESSMAN, I HAVE COMMITTED A GRAVE BREACH OF ETIQUETTE AND NOW WILL DIE BY MY OWN HAND.

WELL, I GUESS IN JAPAN THAT'S THE ONLY POLITE THING TO DO.

MOVING SWIFTLY, POLITENESSMAN PUSHES HIS TEA CADDY UNDER TIN-KAN'S FOOT!

LET'S ALL MAKE MANNERS MATTER! THANK YOU.

ATTENTION AMERICANS!

The
AYA-TOILET™
T-SHIRT
is here!



COMPLIMENTS OF
BALDY™



PRINTED IN 3 BRILLIANT COLORS ON CHOICE OF
 WHITE (W), TAN (T), BLUE (B) or YELLOW (Y) SHIRT.

*SPECIFY IN ORDER BOX, COLOR OF SHIRT AND QUANTITY DESIRED.

MENS SHIRTS = \$ 6.95 EACH
 ORDER OF 3 OR MORE \$ 5.95 EACH

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 SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405
 (213) 450-5056

*ADD .55¢ PER SHIRT FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING

*DEALER INQUIRIES AND BULK ORDERS WELCOME

TROTS and BONNIE



©80 SHARY LENNIKEN

GOD, THEY GOT BILL!
AND ~~NOBODY~~ DOES ANYTHING
ABOUT IT! WELL, ~~SOMEBODY~~
SHOULD! YOU DO IT! BUY ONE
OF THESE PRODUCTS. NOT
ONE PENNY OF THE MONEY YOU
PAY WILL GO TOWARD
KILLING WHALES LIKE BILL.
NOT ONE PRODUCT IS MADE
OF WHALE OR WHALE
BY-PRODUCT.

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 addled. (TS-1031) \$6.00

National Lampoon Hat
To own one of these is to
own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

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

National Lampoon
Black Sox Baseball Jacket
(Satin fabric with a real cotton lining.)
(TS-1030) \$29.95

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

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt
(TS-1019) \$3.95
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(BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50
Lampoon—12 issues in binder
1975 (BN-1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN-1004) \$16.00
1977 (BN-1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN-1006) \$16.00
1979 (BN-1007) \$16.00

"That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"
National Lampoon comedy LP
(A-1001) \$6.95
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Amusement in alphabetical order. (BO-1005) \$2.50

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1973-1974 anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 7
1975-1976 anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50
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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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A complete collection of diverse vulgarities
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The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon
Another great quality phonographic product
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National Lampoon 1964 High School
Yearbook Parody. From C. Estes Kefauver
High in Dacron, Ohio
Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95

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

National Lampoon
"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-2 80
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 percent 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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| (TS-1031) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1032) | \$5.95 each | small | medium | large |

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I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Name _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)

- Circle items desired:
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 - (BO-1003) (BO-1006) (BO-1008)
 - (BO-1014) (BO-1005) \$2.50 each
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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.



The SON-OF-A-BITCH

© Copyright 1980
ALBERT DRAWN IN 1979
BY J.T. DRY

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS THIS SON-OF-A-BITCH WHO WORKED FOR A CERTAIN COMPANY. HE MADE OUT CHECKS TO FICTITIOUS EMPLOYEES AND POCKETED THE MONEY.

...THIS MAZZILLI IS PUTTING IN A LOT OF OVERTIME - 145 HOURS THIS WEEK ALONE!

HE'S THE ONLY GUY WHO KNOWS HOW TO RUN THE FLUMMERY AGITATOR, J.T.!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT - BUSINESS HAS NEVER BEEN SO GOOD - YET FOR SOME REASON I'M DEEPER IN DEBT!

IT'S THE DAMNED INFLATION, J.T.

WELL, THIS IS THE END! I'M DECLARING BANKRUPTCY!

I KNOW A GOOD LAWYER, J.T.

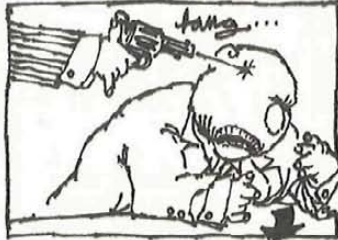
THAT SHOULD BE GOOD FOR \$10,000!

THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE - I'LL HAVE TO LAY OFF 4 OF THE MEN!

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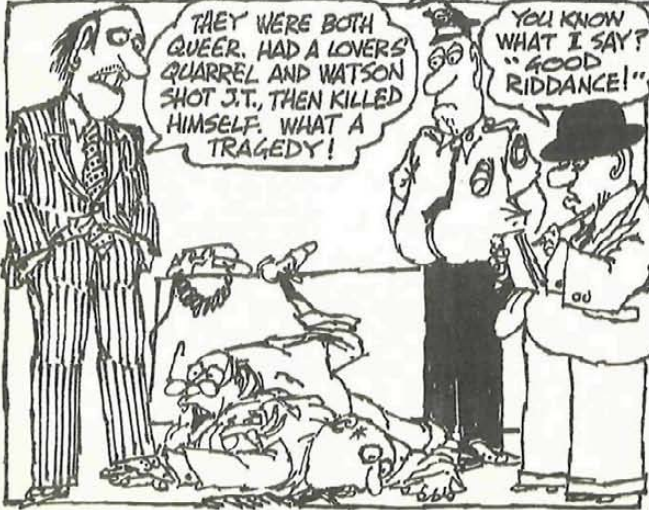
THEY WERE BOTH QUEER. HAD A LOVERS QUARREL AND WATSON SHOT J.T., THEN KILLED HIMSELF. WHAT A TRAGEDY!

YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY? "GOOD RIDDANCE!"

NOW IT'S OFF TO MARRY HIS WIDOW FOR THE INSURANCE MONEY!

INCREDULOUS?

YES, BUT OUR STORY DOES NOT END HERE!



AND SILLY WOMAN THAT SHE WAS, SHE DID MARRY THE SON-OF-A-BITCH AND HE TOOK OVER HER LATE HUSBAND'S COMPANY AND HER INSURANCE MONEY!

IT ENDS HERE!

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Mall Fair Lady

A P L A Y I N T H R E E A C T S

by Tod Carroll

ACT I

Scene I

An old, blighted shopping center in National City, California. Storefronts are bleached and peeling; a narrow whirlwind of candy wrappers, torn newspapers, and wood chips from a neglected planter whips across the parking lot into the face of a puling infant whose every exhale forces a shaft of mucus across impetigo-crustled lips. A chip of wood adheres to his gluey chin; he emits an ear-warping scream, which his mother, CANDY FROMONT, answers by shaking the infant's stroller up and down on the cement. CANDY is in her late twenties, severely deficient in melanin and calcium as a result of her pregnancy. Black, petroleum-based bermudas house the upper two-thirds of her hummocky thighs; anklet-swaddled metatarsals jut through frayed ports in the moldy tennis shoes she uses to kick the rear of the stroller in a final attempt to silence its occupant.

Scene II

As CANDY walks past an arcade filled with twelve-year-old punks playing a "Bacteria Junta" video game and smoking cigarettes, several more twelve year olds sideswipe her on home-modified chopper bicycles—one of which is fitted with a rubber-padded steering wheel and a six-foot fork. CANDY drops her bag of popcorn, then shakes a fist at the boys.

CANDY: Hey, watch it, you bastards!

Scene III

CANDY is joined at one end of the sidewalk by MONIE, TRUDY, and RAMONA, and their eleven children. The three women are similar to CANDY in age and appearance, however RAMONA is missing her left index finger.

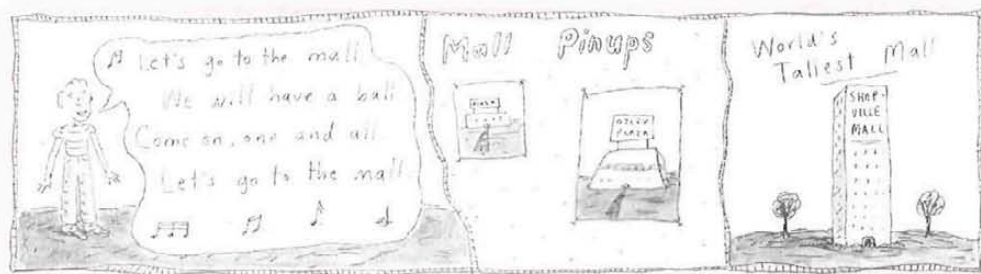
MONIE: Let's go into FedCo and look for shower curtains.

Scene IV

The group enters FedCo, a cavernous, low-budget department store that stinks of popcorn and antiseptic. A fat, jaundiced SECURITY GUARD kicks squashed malted-milk balls off the linoleum around a turnstile. Several children screech and shove past the customer-service booth and race across the front aisle until one of them slams into a pocked brown man standing in the checkout line with a Hearst linkage. The child bawls and screams and kicks and bleeds as loudly, violently, and profusely as he can. CANDY, RAMONA, TRUDY, and MONIE witness this from a distance of twenty or thirty feet, bug-eyed and hysterical.

TRUDY: (Screams) My boy! Is he dead? Jesus Christ, he's dead!

The bellowing child is scooped up by the SECURITY GUARD and a CORPULENT NEGRO LADY with a single, rubber-banded pigtail above her right ear. They carry him to the customer-service desk. TRUDY is in a state of white-trash catatonia and must be helped through the crowd of several hundred old, sickly, misshapen shoppers who have pressed into the aisle to investigate.



Scene V

A smartly dressed pair of middle-aged gentlemen, BOB HOPKINS and DR. CREIGHTON MARZ, enter the store. Their appearance and bearing distinguish them from the other shoppers.

HOPKINS: Marz, you know how I despise it here. Why do you insist on shopping in this place?

DR. MARZ: Come now, Hopkins; this place is a societal hub, a veritable hive of culture, I'd say.

HOPKINS: Whose society? What culture? Certainly not ours, or one I would think worth tolerating.

DR. MARZ: Sir, I tell you these individuals are no different than ourselves.

HOPKINS: Do you profess to me that that convulsing, resin-faced urchin in the stroller over there with a wedge of bark attached to his chin is capable of behaving any differently than the other vulgarian louts packed like fruit flies into this acrid sump hole?

DR. MARZ: Exactly. In fact, any of these unfortunates, with careful, proper training, could shop most anywhere...and I'm willing to prove it!

HOPKINS: (*Incredulous*) Balls, man!

DR. MARZ: (*Thinking out loud*) The largest and most luxurious mall in San Diego County has recently opened for business. I'll wager five thousand dollars that within a single month's time one of these shoppers will be able to function there for an entire day, smoothly and inoffensively.

HOPKINS: By God, Marz, I believe you're mental...but, you're on!

Scene VI

DR. MARZ and HOPKINS approach CANDY FROMONT at the service desk as TRUDY watches the CORPULENT NEGRO LADY apply a final strip of adhesive tape to her child's eye. A tedious male voice squawks over the store PA.

VOICE ON P.A.: For the next ten minutes, Fixturing shower curtains—seven dollars and seventy-seven cents—limit of three to a customer...

MONIE, TRUDY, RAMONA, and their children exit.

DR. MARZ: (*To CANDY*) Good afternoon, I'm Dr. Creighton Marz and this is Mr. Hopkins. How would you like to shop at the finest mall in San Diego County?

CANDY is puzzled by DR. MARZ's question, then nods a tentative assent and pushes her stroller slowly to the malted-milk-ball display. She is flanked by a chorus entering from both sides of the stage, including TRUDY, RAMONA, MONIE, the CORPULENT NEGRO LADY, the SECURITY GUARD, and the children. CANDY sings thoughtfully, wistfully.

CANDY: No malt-ed milk balls on the floors,
Or kids on bikes, or man-u-al doors,
Digital registers in ev-ry store,
Woouldn't it be shopper-ly.

CHORUS: Shopper-ly.

CANDY: Shopper-ly.

ACT II

Scene I

DR. MARZ's study. The room is well furnished, with a modular foam sectional and chrome lights. HOPKINS lights a pipe in the corner as DR. MARZ paces back and forth with one hand behind his back, lecturing CANDY FROMONT. She is on the couch, obviously ill at ease and out of place. Her baby is strapped into a polystyrene bin on the floor, expelling and retracting a clotted mouthful of strained lettuce.

DR. MARZ: Now, let us review. A group of spirited young ladies, costumed in bright, flouncy alpine dresses and paper chef's hats, approaches you on the mall with a tray of complimentary cheese samples from the Swiss-'n'-That Dairy Corral. How do you respond?

CANDY: (*Ponders the question*) Depends on if I like the shit or not. If it's any good, I eat enough to fill me up.

DR. MARZ: (*Emphatically*) No, no, no, dear girl, the limit is one per shopper.

HOPKINS: (*Aside to DR. MARZ*) I suggest you show her the door, Doctor. This impenetrable Goth is a hopeless waste of your time.

DR. MARZ: (*Oblivious to HOPKINS*) Miss Fromont, I would like you to repeat after me: (*Very slowly*) When cheese...is free...then please...take one...you see.

CANDY: (*Gathers confidence, then sings*) When cheese is free, then, please, take one, you see.

DR. MARZ: (*Excited*) She's got it!

HOPKINS: (*Surprised*) By Jove, the mongrel has really got it!

ACT III

Scene I

The southeast entrance to Ciudad del Retaillo Metropolitan Mall. As DR. MARZ, HOPKINS, CANDY, and her baby pass through a massive aggregate portal, we see an immense concourse circumscribed by three cantilevered tiers enclosing nearly six thousand stores, shops, showrooms, emporiums, boutiques, bazaars, galleries, theaters, lounges, offices, canteens, restaurants, cafes, and cafeterias. CANDY clucks her tongue in awe, rotating 360 degrees to absorb the structure's grandeur in a



single, continuous sweep. The baby squeezes a ribbon of saliva-drenched chocolate between its fingers.

CANDY: It's like a goddamn— (catches herself) ... It's like a whole world in here.

DR. MARZ: A first-rate shopping environment, my dear.

HOPKINS: (Aside) Remember our terms, Doctor. She must shop comfortably and with propriety for the entire day.

DR. MARZ: (To HOPKINS) I trust you have your five thousand dollars.

Scene II

CANDY walks through an art exhibit presented by the Greater LaJolla Semiprofessional Craft and Housewife League. She pauses to examine a selection of decorative measuring-cup candle extinguishers.

CANDY: (To exhibitor) What a clever idea.

EXHIBITOR: Thank you. As you can see, some have the yarn bees on them, and others are plain.

CANDY: Well, they're all lovely.

DR. MARZ: (Aside to HOPKINS) She's doing marvelously, don't you agree?

HOPKINS: The day's not over yet.

Scene III

CANDY stands in Bullock-Tellerwitz's "Dangerous Days and Dirty Little Evenings" shoe-couture department, fingering a display of stiletto heels. A young, fashionable, meticulously groomed salesperson turns to assist her. A second, equally well-appointed salesperson passes by.

FIRST SALESPERSON: (As if he had just scored a touchdown) Greeeat tie, Rick! Way to go!

SECOND SALESPERSON: (Similarly peppy) All right, Josh! A-plus on that blazer, champ! (Makes okay sign, winks.)

CANDY: Such attractive and enthusiastic sales personnel you are. Maybe I'll have a better chance of looking nice and getting laid by guys like you if I buy whatever you tell me looks— (catches herself, clears her throat) ... Excuse me, do you have this in a 6B?

HOPKINS: (Chuckling) My goodness, that was a close one, Marz. A bit of regression, I'd say.

DR. MARZ: (Confidently) A slip, Hopkins—hardly a fall.

Scene IV

CANDY watches all of the Chinese finger-puppet demonstration, and asks questions.

Scene V

CANDY enters Chez O'Shea's Sidewalk Snack Salon, where she

successfully orders and consumes a frozen crepe dipped in nuts and chocolate.

Scene VI

CANDY stops by a full-size cutaway display of an M-60 tank at the mall military pavilion, and obtains literature.

Scene VII

DR. MARZ, HOPKINS, CANDY, and her baby exit the mall. CANDY is carrying an armload of packages, bags, literature, and samples. She suddenly tosses everything in the air, dances across the parking area, and bursts into song.

CANDY: (Jubilant)

I could have shopped all day,
I could have shopped all day,
And still have bought some more.
T'was though my feet had wings,
I could have bought a thousand things
I ne-ver bought be-fore.

HOPKINS: My hat is off to you, sir. It would appear you've proven your point.

DR. MARZ: (Smiling broadly) Well, she's quite a specimen, that one.

HOPKINS: Oh-ho, do I sense a touch of passion, Doctor? (Opens his billfold) It couldn't be that you've fallen for her?

DR. MARZ: (Blushing) Really, Hopkins.

HOPKINS: Well, whatever the case, here you are. As agreed, five thousand dol—

DR. MARZ and HOPKINS are jolted as two men in suits and a young woman brush past them at a dead run. One of the men grabs CANDY by the arm; the woman wrestles her to the ground, pinning her face-down on the asphalt with a hammer lock.

FIRST MAN: (Gruffly) Security! (To CANDY) Unless you can produce a receipt for that shower curtain between your legs, I'm afraid you'll have to come with us.

CANDY: (Shouts) Hey, what the fuck you talking about?

The WOMAN reaches up CANDY's dress and removes a forty-eight-dollar shower curtain.

CANDY: Shit.

WOMAN: Okay, honey, let's go.

The security trio escorts CANDY and her baby back into the mall.

Scene VIII

HOPKINS retrieves his \$5,000 from DR. MARZ's hand.

HOPKINS: (Snidely) Sorry, old man.

DR. MARZ: (Grumbles) Come on, let's get a cup of coffee.

(Curtain.)



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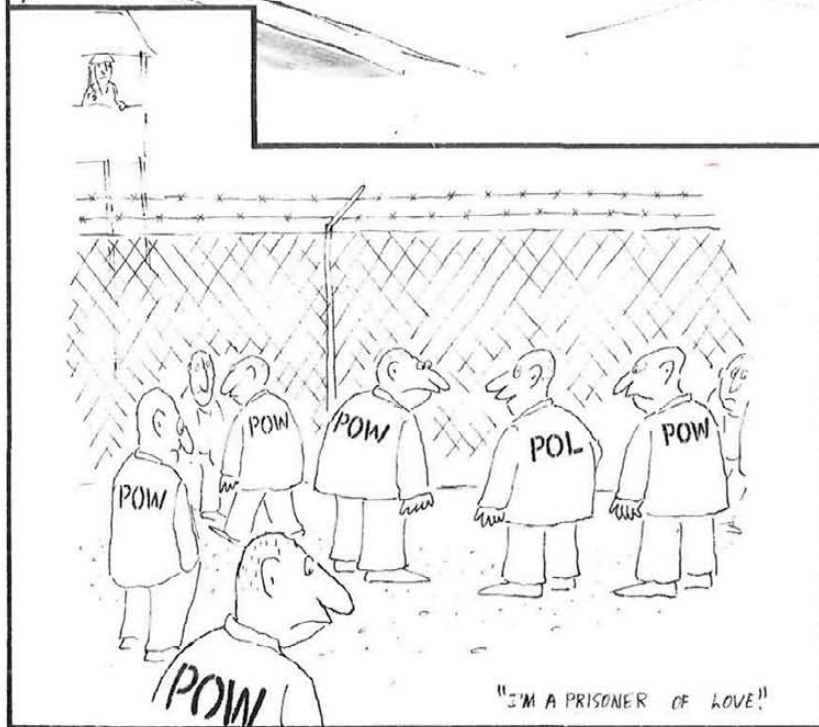
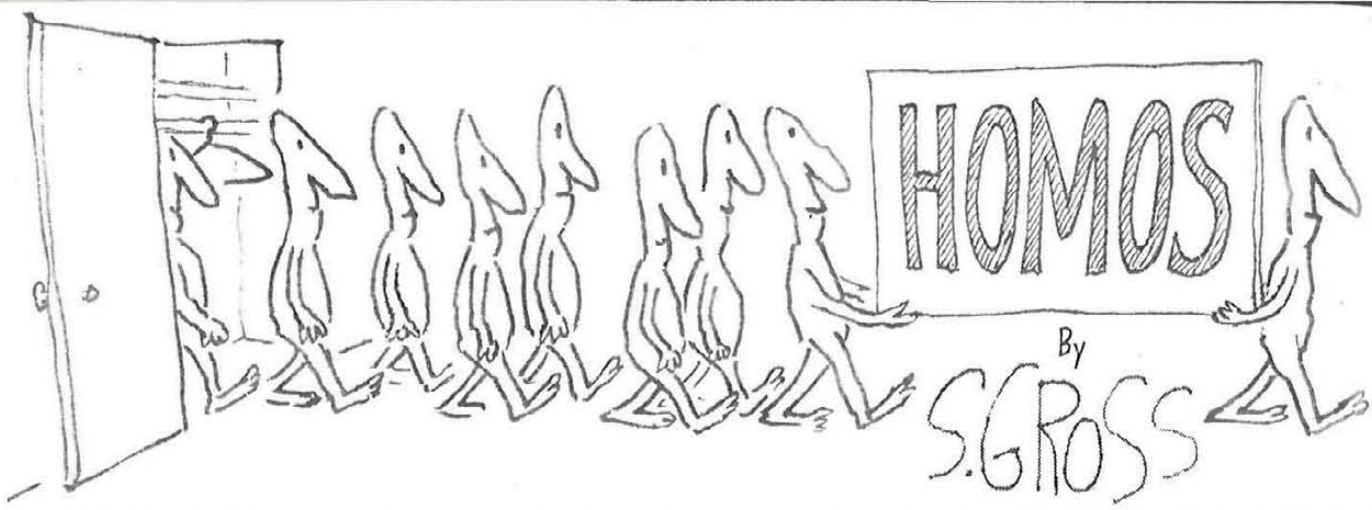
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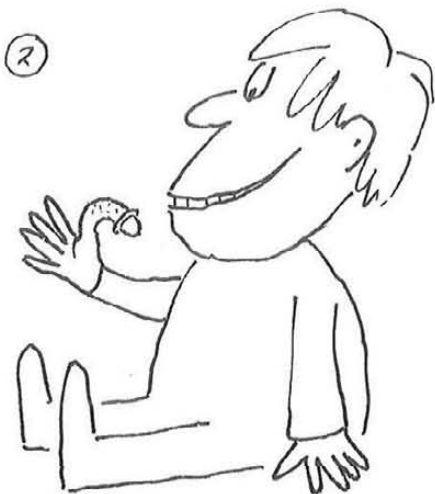
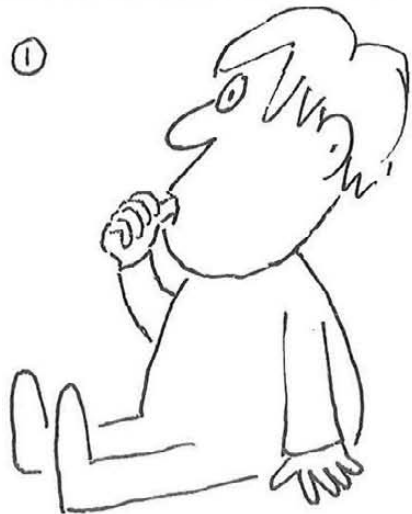
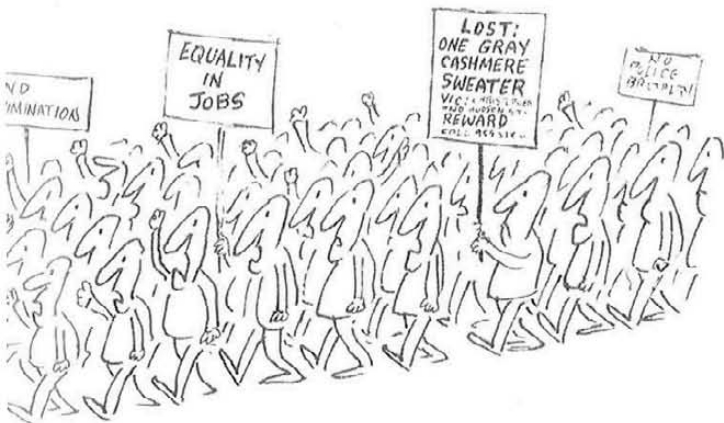
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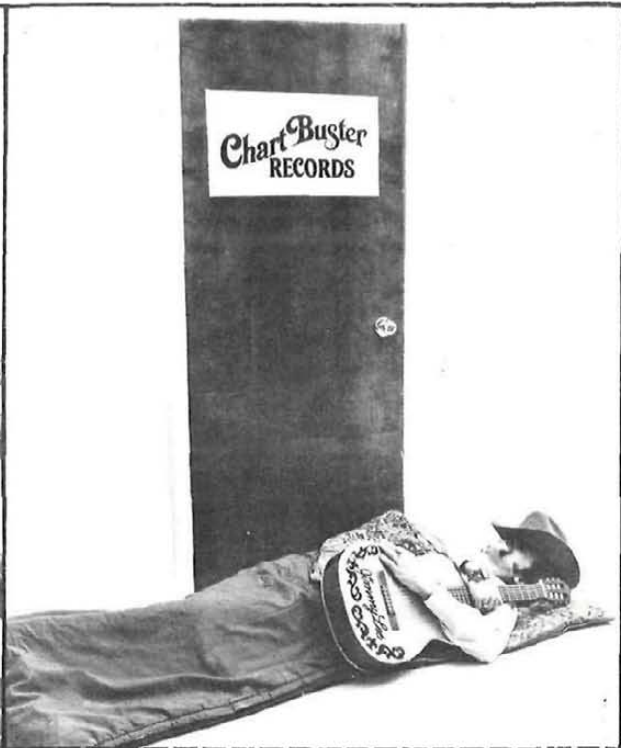
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TRUE SECTION



ON THE LEVEL

True Facts

• An elderly Mexican woman, Zelma Meyer Chined, and her young maid were injured when they crashed into a bus near Mexico City. The pair were loaded into an ambulance and injured further when the vehicle crashed as it started to back up. The women were later rescued by a Mexican police helicopter, which crashed and injured them even more. Emergency workers finally delivered the victims to a Red Cross center, where they were treated and then, according to an official, "walked out and returned home on their own." *AP* (contributed by Gary Tompkins)

• David Sherer of Ligonier, Indiana, while recovering from an illness, fell off the side of his bed and wedged his head in a plastic wastebasket. He was found dead of suffocation a short time later. *AP* (contributed by Bill Elliott)

• The Burke, Virginia, Volunteer Fire Department bought a six-thousand-dollar cutting tool used to dissect wrecked cars with people trapped inside them, and decided to stage a demonstration for the community. Forty persons watched two firemen sever the doors from a 1969 Buick, slice off its steering wheel, knock out the windows, and pull the steering column out through the windshield. Then someone shouted, "Hey, what are you doing?" The firemen had attacked the wrong car—the 1969 Buick belonged to the chief of the fire department. *AP* (contributed by Diane Mitchell)

• Carolyn Dubin sued Ronald Filbert for \$200,000 in a Maryland court because Ronald allegedly kicked her at a

disco. According to Carolyn's complaint, she was following the disco beat in a "careful, cautious, and prudent manner" as her partner spun her across the floor. At that time, she claims, Ronald was dancing negligently and struck her leg with his shoe, leaving a hole in her flesh that "wouldn't stop bleeding." Miss Dubin demanded compensation for the injury as well as time lost on the disco floor. "It put me out of commission and spoiled my summer," she said. "I'm getting around now, but I'm not having any fun." Carolyn added that she "remain[s] a little afraid to go out on the dance floor." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Keith Field)

• Ian Moor, 31, signed up for a Special Olympics contest in York, England, called the National Paraplegic Championships. He arrived in a hand-operated car, hoisted himself into his wheelchair, entered several field events, and won first prize in the wheelchair

discus throw. Moor was disqualified, however, after neighbors saw a picture of him in the paper holding the winning ribbon—they recognized Moor as the man who delivered the paper. National Paraplegic Championships officials said they had no idea Moor is a perfectly healthy individual who walks a mail route for a living. When questioned about the charade, Moor announced, "It's all a mistake. I'm sick." *UPI* (contributed by Jeffrey Buchowski)

• L.D. Knox had his name legally changed to None of the Above, then attempted to enter a gubernatorial primary in Louisiana. Secretary of State Paul Hardy, also running for governor, refused to place Knox's new name on the ballot, claiming it was "deceptive." None of the Above subsequently asked a federal court to overrule Hardy, on grounds he is being discriminated against because of culture and lack of

money. None of the Above said, "he wants the voters to have a chance to reject all the other candidates." *UPI* (contributed by Guy Ross)

• A new religious sect has registered for tax-exempt status in Utah: the Church of Jayne Mansfield of the New Atomic Age. Its founders say the church's doctrine is premised on their belief that "present laws of physics are passing away." *Atlanta Constitution* (contributed by Charles Bohanan)

• Rocky Gardens Memorial, a cemetery in Pleasant Hill, California, now offers a burial ceremony for pet rocks. The service, which includes a framed death certificate, costs \$3.79. (contributed by W. Eisenberg)

• An eighteen-year-old Chicago woman was confronted in her apartment by two intruders. One ransacked her belongings while the other raped her then forced her to take sixty vitamin supplements. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• A man fell into a pit full of cow dung near Ahmedabad, India. Fortunately, he was in one of the few places on earth where six passersby were willing to dive in after him. Unfortunately, they all died. *Reuter's* (contributed by Joseph Pomager)

• Four Britishers who call themselves the Bungee Jumpers were arrested and charged with trespassing after they attached elastic cords to themselves and the Golden Gate Bridge, jumped off, and yo-yo'd above San Francisco Bay in morning suits. *AP* (contributed by Jimmy Downey)

WHERE CREDIT'S DUE



A noble contribution from an admirable breed, no doubt, and only the worst sort of wet blanket would point out that most of them were fat, dirty, ugly, poor, and only just smart enough to know where there was a supply of filthy, crude men desperate enough not to care.

Excuse Me

The following is a list of excuses received by an attendance officer of a suburban Chicago high school from parents of students who failed to show up for exams.

- Should be there.
- Gone skating.
- Student sleeping.
- Don't know why student is not there.
- Late.
- Sick mother.
- Auto accident.
- Should be there.
- No book to take test with.
- Student is on trip.
- Grandmother moved.
- Says he's failing class.
- Didn't know about exam.
- Court.
- Nonemergency orthodontist appointment.
- Thought he didn't have to come in.
- Wants more time to study.
- Says she already took exam.
- Brother says he's there.
- Student transferred to vocational training.
- Home studying for another exam.
- Thought he was dropped from class.
- Funeral.
- Thought exam was later.
- Injured father.

The following are personal accounts taken from auto accident reports submitted to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

- "Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have."

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: All 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.

- "The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions."

- "I thought my window was down, but I found out it was up when I put my hand through it."

- "I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way."

- "A pedestrian hit me and went under my car."

- "The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him."

- "I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law, and headed over the embankment."

- "I had been shopping for plants all day, and was on my way home. As I reached an intersection, a hedge sprang up, obscuring my vision. I did not see the other car."

- "An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and vanished."

- "I had been driving my car for forty years, when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident."

- "As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident."

- "The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him."

- "I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car."

- "The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth."

- "I was unable to stop in time and my car crashed into the other vehicle. The other driver and passengers then left immediately for a vacation with injuries."

If Only They Would Have Listened

Here are the horoscopes of a few famous people for the day they died. (source: New York Post)

Nelson Rockefeller:

d. Jan. 26, 1979
Cancer (June 22–July 22)
Tend to personal affairs. Avoid taking any financial actions. Visit one confined to hospital. Unexpected help comes to your side. Court it!

Aldo Moro:

d. May 8, 1978
Libra (Sept. 23–Oct. 23)
Strange incident sets off peculiar chain of events. Be watchful.

Sal Mineo:

d. Feb. 12, 1976
Capricorn (Dec. 22–Jan. 19)
Health is a major factor in revising schedules. Associates are sensitive to anything resembling criticism.

Martin Luther King:

d. April 4, 1968
Capricorn (Dec. 22–Jan. 19)
Forget talking about that problem affair with associates or there can be unfortunate arguments.

Robert Kennedy:

d. June 6, 1968
Scorpio (Oct. 24–Nov. 21)
Others should not expect so much from you, and it would be well if you thought more of helping yourself right now.

Hubert Humphrey:

d. Jan. 13, 1978
Gemini (May 21–June 21)
Weekend should get off to a good start, although the pace may be slower than you'd like.

California representative

Leo Ryan:
d. Nov. 18, 1978
Taurus (April 20–May 20)
Dismiss guilt feelings. One who broods and makes accusations is confused. Don't compound error by providing crying towel.

Elvis Presley:

d. Aug. 16, 1977
Capricorn (Dec. 22–Jan. 19)
Take the trouble to notice

what is happening in the lives of those around you, how you can help. Communicate first, don't lend a hand without an okay.

Freddie Prinze:

d. Jan. 28, 1977
Cancer (June 22–July 22)
An inquisitive approach serves your interests well. Call on people with sufficient authority to open doors for you. Offer cogent grounds for asking assistance.

Carl Wallenda:

d. March 22, 1978
Aquarius (Jan. 20–Feb. 18)
Finances are sensitive. Consult mate. Employment outside home may strain family relationships.

Park Chung Hee:

d. Oct. 26, 1979
Libra: (Sept. 23–Oct. 23)
It is possible to mix business with pleasure today. Visits to professionals or experts will be successful. Voice new ideas—you will be heard.

Ambassador Adolph

Dubbs:
d. Feb. 14, 1979
Leo (July 23–Aug. 22)
Hold off on unnecessary journey. Important you build stronger base of authority at work and home. Emotional outbursts hurt your reputation.

TOWARD A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF DOG LANGUAGE

How to say "bowwow" in eleven languages.

Chinese	wungwung
Czech	hafhaf
Dutch	wafwaf
Finnish	hauhau
French	woawoa
German	wauwau
Hebrew	havhav
Icelandic	voffvoff
Portuguese	auau
Russian	gavgav
Spanish	jaujau

Excerpted from Dog Catalog by R.V. Deenbergh, New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1978.



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.



Gina Distefano, Smithfield, Utah



Frederick Johnson, Westfield, NY



T. Wiegard, Ontario, Canada



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.



Rick Weks, Kansas City, Kans.



Bill Bruce, Hamilton, Maine



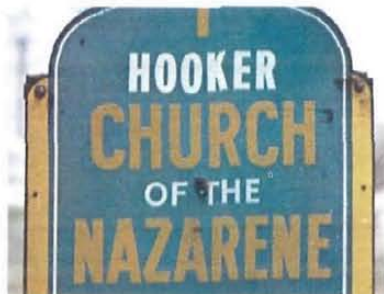
Bill Scott, Napa, Cal.



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.



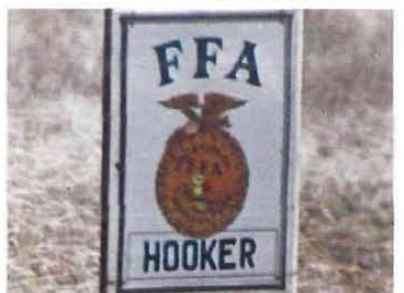
Pat Casler, Carrollton, Tex.



David Moore, Sarasota, Fla.



Nessey Wicker, Trenton, NJ



Janice Campbell, Springfield, Mo.

EDITORIAL

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termed by two national magazines "The Sunday Morning Massacre"—something of an overdramatization.

John Belushi was named creative director of the radio show. We then opened *The National Lampoon Show*, our second live stage production, with Belushi, Gilda Radner, Joe Flaherty, Bill Murray, Brian Doyle-Murray, and Harold Ramis starring. They were on the road and in New York for nearly a year. We closed that company and Meat Loaf replaced Belushi. Ellen Foley, Mimi Kennedy, and Barry Diamond were among the people to come into the second and third companies. A third show, *That's Not Funny, That's Sick!*, ran for a year and introduced, among others, a talent named Rodger Bumpass, who shall be heard from.

Many of the actors in our earlier shows then went on to a newly formed NBC variety show, "Saturday Night Live." A number of former *National Lampoon* writers also joined that show. Producer Lorne Michaels was asked, a few years later, in a *Playboy* interview, "Wouldn't you say that your show was greatly influenced by *National Lampoon*?" "No," said the producer, whose

chief writer was Michael O'Donoghue, "I would say the *New Yorker*."

When I chided him for this statement on the Tom Snyder show, Michaels's attorney called my office and threatened to sue us for defamation.

While this was going on, we followed with six more successful record albums and a whole series of special publications.

ITEM: Brian McConnachie

In addition to National Lampoon, we were publishing Weight Watchers magazine at the time. A Weight Watchers reader sends in her money and asks for a back issue of that magazine. A kid in the mail room mistakenly sends a back issue of National Lampoon. The horrified lady speeds back a letter raging about receiving "...this outrageous and obscene magazine." Somehow the letter gets to McConnachie, who takes another copy of the same issue of National Lampoon, sticks it into an envelope, and sends it to the lady with a note: "Sorry, here's the copy you asked for." This goes back and forth for six months until she calls the postal inspectors.

Kenney, Beard, and Hoffman were

rewarded in 1975 with a chunk of dough somewhere in the neighborhood of the Pentagon budget. Beard immediately retired. Hoffman, who had worked for the magazine for only a few months, just grinned a lot.

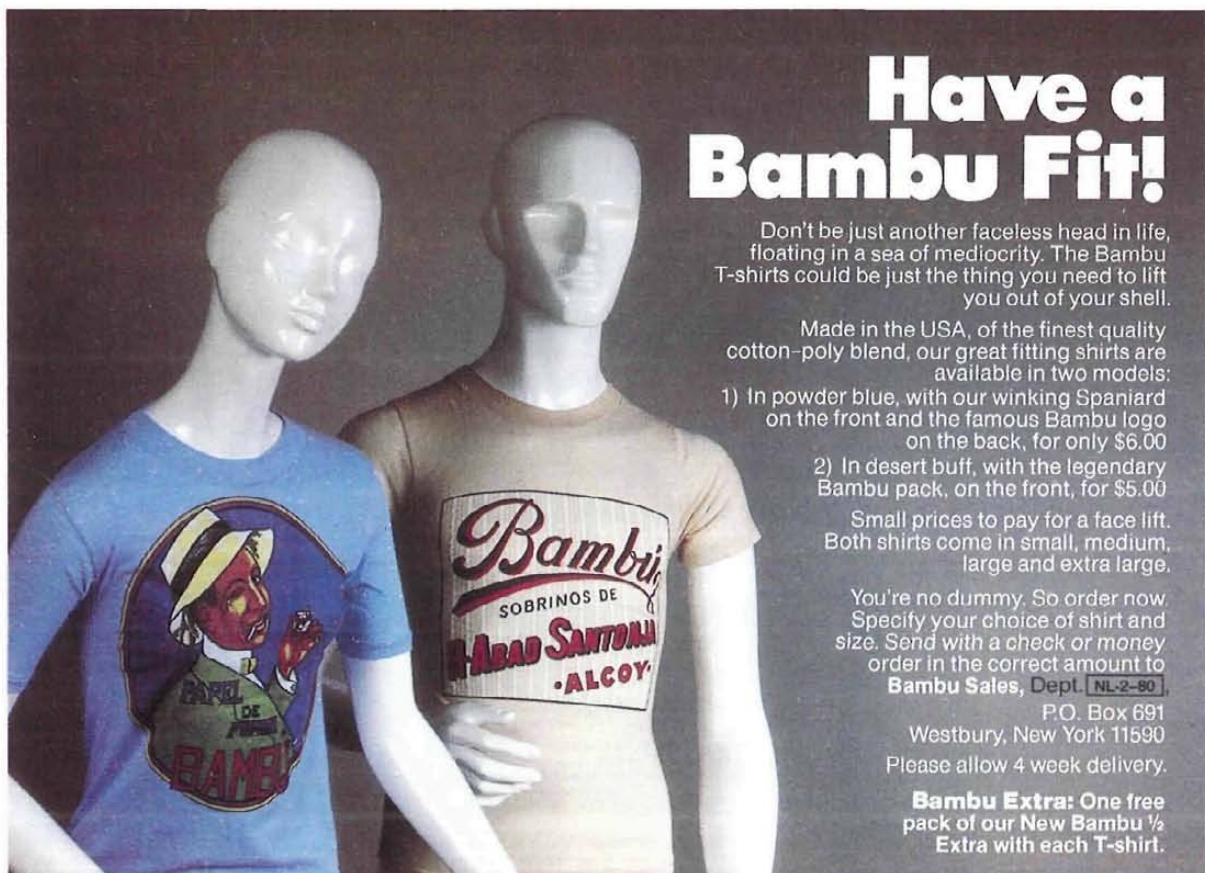
Kenney was now very rich, and he decided he'd rather not have to meet deadlines. I tried to figure, since at least he hadn't retired, what we could do with him. "Hey," I said to him one day, "let's do a movie."

In 1977, Kenney and Harold Ramis, with Chris Miller (one of the most popular *National Lampoon* editors), completed a script called *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

That worked.

ITEM: Chris Miller

*We send Miller on a tour of colleges to read selections of his writings. Somehow, the booking agent unthinkingly sends him to a right-wing Bible Belt school. He starts reading one of his juiciest sex stories. The dean walks onstage, turns off the microphone, turns off the lights, and asks everybody to leave. Miller just stands there reading to the empty auditorium. The same thing happens six months later to the cast of *That's**



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Made in the USA, of the finest quality cotton-poly blend, our great fitting shirts are available in two models:

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Small prices to pay for a face lift. Both shirts come in small, medium, large and extra large.

You're no dummy. So order now. Specify your choice of shirt and size. Send with a check or money order in the correct amount to

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Please allow 4 week delivery.

Bambu Extra: One free pack of our New Bambu 1/2 Extra with each T-shirt.

Not Funny, That's Sick at another college.

What wasn't working was the magazine itself. After Beard left, we tried to edit by committee. That was a mess. Another problem was the enormous impact in 1976 and 1977 of the porn magazines, *Hustler* and the rest of them. They devastated the men's magazine business. Even *Playboy* lost an enormous chunk of its circulation. So did *National Lampoon*.

ITEM: Tony Hendra

Hendra decides that it would be great exercise for him to bike from his home in Greenwich Village to the midtown offices of Lampoon each day. First day out, he runs over a little old lady on Park Avenue, is given a summons, and is hit with a personal injury suit. Second day, he chains his bike to a bus stop. When he comes back in the evening, only the frame on the front of the bike remains. The staff chips in and buys him a skate.

ITEM: My Christmas Gift

O'Donoghue and Art Director Michael Gross buy me a sled for Christmas. They blank out the name

"Flexible Flyer" and write in "Rosebud."

In mid-1978, a number of things happened. I ask P.J. O'Rourke to be editor in chief of the magazine, *National Lampoon's Animal House* very quickly becomes the biggest movie comedy of all time, and the porn magazines start losing their appeal. *National Lampoon* begins its comeback.

And now, it's 1980. I've spent the last eighteen months working on new movies. Coming up: John Weidman and Jeff Greenfield's comedy *National Lampoon's Kicks*; a film version of *Lemmings*; P.J. O'Rourke and John Hughes's *Dacron, USA*, based on the *High-School Yearbook* and its sequel, *The National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody*; and *National Lampoon's Animal House II*.

ITEM: John Belushi

It's a party. Six months after it opens, National Lampoon's Animal House and Belushi become two of the most important names in film comedy. Belushi is in a gregarious mood. He puts two huge hands on my shoulders and says, "You know, I still owe you twenty bucks. In 1974, I

borrowed twenty bucks from you." He laughs. "I'm never going to pay you back!"

At this writing, O'Rourke, Weidman, and Sussman remain from the early days. Editors and writers such as John Hughes, Tod Carroll, Ted Mann, Shary Flenniken, Ellis Weiner, Susan Devins, and others continue to write whatever they please.

Michael Gross and Peter Kleinman, former art directors of the magazine, who did splendid work for many years, have left, and Skip Johnston now heads the magazine's art and design group. Artists and cartoonists such as Gahan Wilson, Rick Meyerowitz, Rodrigues, Mara McAfee, Sam Gross, and others remain, and new people have joined them. And, too, Jerry Taylor, who was publisher of *National Lampoon* at its height in the mid-seventies, has returned after a three-year forage in other pastures and is once again publisher. We welcome that.

And we'll keep on publishing *National Lampoon*, for another ten years, or twenty, or a hundred—as long as it's funny.

Matty Simmons
Chairman

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

A HODGEPODGE OF DIFFERENT ITEMS HAVING NO PARTICULAR RELATIONSHIP TO EACH OTHER AT ALL BUT NEVERTHELESS GREAT

You're sure to relish this sumptuous smorgasbord of leftovers from previous issues. These are not merely random, half-rotten hunks of comedy wrapped in foil for the dog or cat or soup stock. No, we are talking about a collection of fine, premium items carefully preserved in individual, airtight casks. This material is as fresh and funny as the day it was typed—even more so, owing to an extraordinary aging process that actually improves the "feel" of our work over controlled periods of time. We've chosen only humor whose moment has arrived, fastidiously blending each article and joke to bring the entire issue to perfection. And for dessert, there will be a lively array of brand-new humor, painstakingly crafted for the Hodgepodge Issue and the Hodgepodge Issue alone. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Sounds great, doesn't it?



"IT'S YOUR MOTHER AND SHE'S COVERED WITH FLIES AND SHIT. SHOULD I LET HER IN?"

IN THE MARCH NATIONAL LAMPOON

GERALD SUSSMAN'S
Photorama
PICTURE PARADE



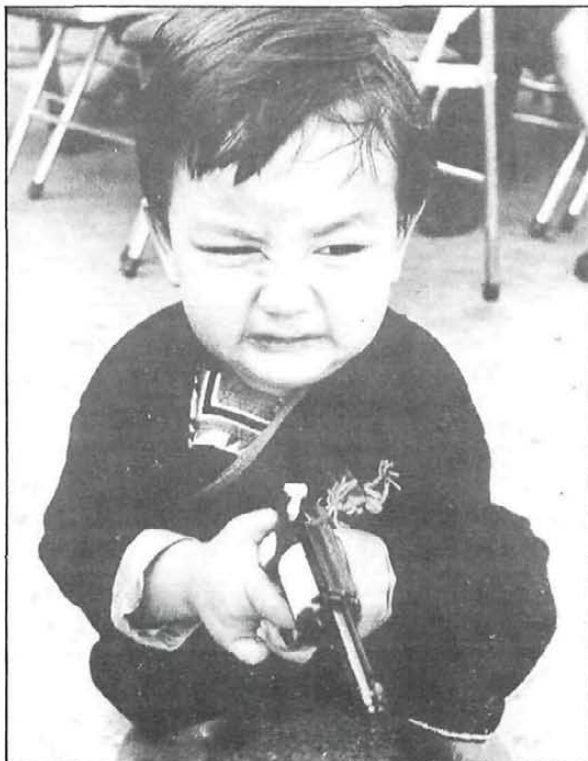
Moscow, USSR Top Kremlin baker Petrov Vladskirkenisch and his superior, Col. Ludmilla Karav, examine a batch of Russia's first laboratory-produced marshmallows. "This once again confirms that the so-called technological gap between ourselves and the West is merely a self-deceiving fiction of the swaggering American establishment," noted the proud baker. Soviet officials state that factories are gearing up to manufacture the puffy white confections right now, with retail availability scheduled for late 1981.



Chicago, Illinois In an advertising campaign to dramatize the "superior taste" of new Pepsi White over a competitor's ginger ale, the Leo Burnett Agency of Chicago fed a bottle of each simultaneously to a two-headed calf called Little Leopold to see which brand he liked the best. The calf's responses were later invalidated, however, when it was learned he has nine brains and twenty-three stomachs.



Caborca, Mexico A judge checks Esubio Olvidad's form at the All-Mexican Human Bowling Tournament in Caborca. Playing under modified rules, competitors pair into teams and beat each other with fists until one member of each team is knocked out. Remaining players then hurl their unconscious opponents down a slick, canvas alley into a wedge of ten massive clay pots. The object is to kill the man in as few frames as possible.



Seoul, Korea Confirming the latest theory offered by investigators into the recent assassination of Korean president Park Chung Hee, arrested KCIA child agent Kim Sung demonstrates how he fired from under a table, between the legs of Park's bodyguard. Korean officials claim Kim was disturbed by Park's "mean attitude and the way [Park] always yelled at [him] whenever [he] would run through his yard."



“We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We’re pleased you’re starting to agree with us.”

Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

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For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to

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The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



white rum & soda

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



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