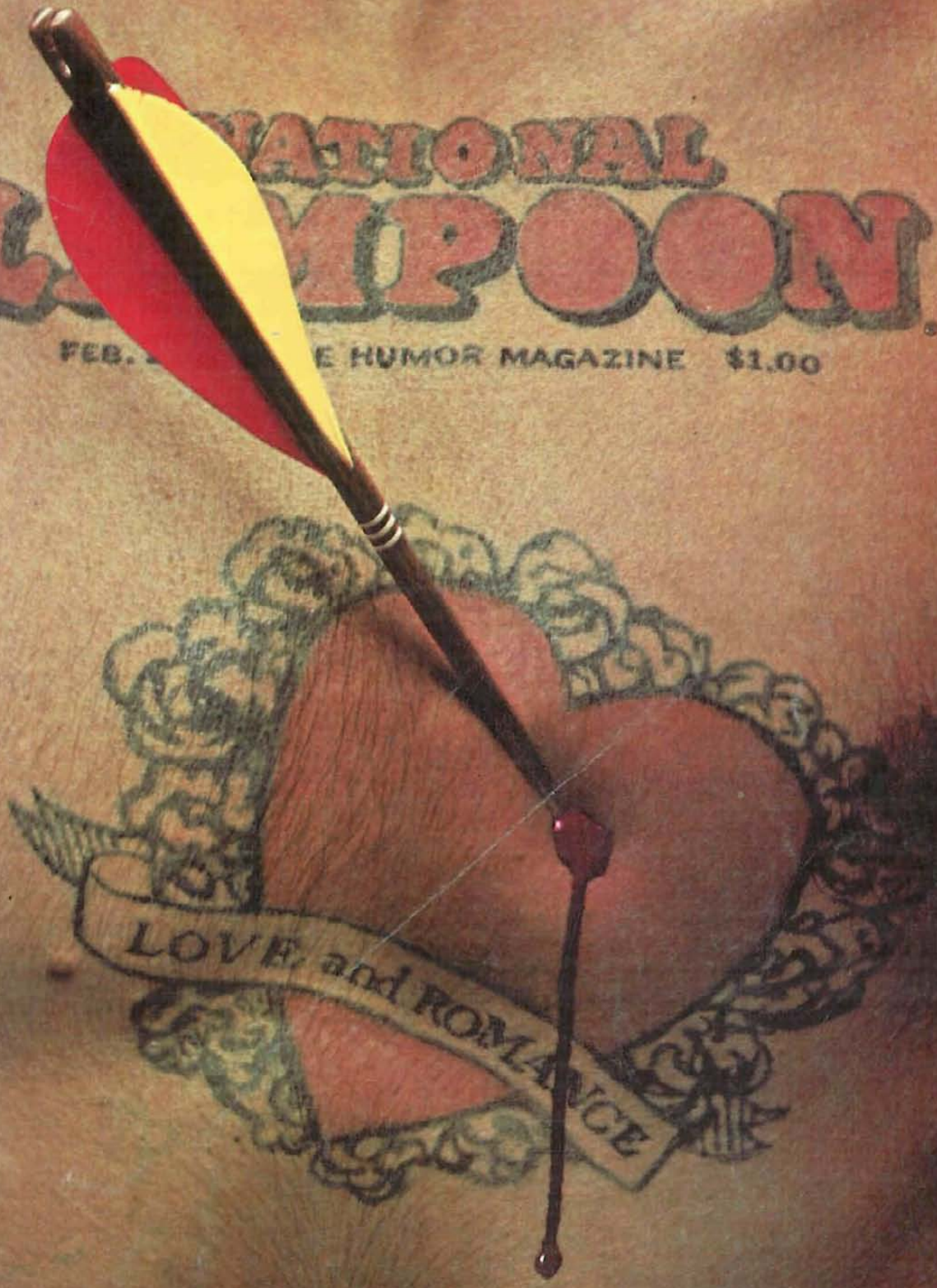


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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

FEB. THE HUMOR MAGAZINE \$1.00

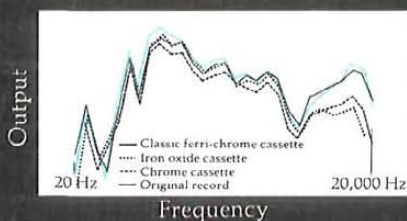


# The Classic Cassette with ferri-chrome. Truer than chrome. Truer than iron oxide.

In these Classic cassettes, advanced 3M technology brings you ferri-chrome, a truly superior cassette tape with not one, but two distinct layers of oxide. Directly on the backing is a coating of gamma ferric oxide designed for rich low and middle frequencies and low noise levels. Above it is a layer of chromium dioxide coating for brilliant high output at high frequencies. Together, they combine to give you full-range performance never before possible from any single-oxide cassette tape.

To prove ferri-chrome's remarkable fidelity, we taped a broad spectrum piece of music from a disc recording with our Classic cassette, our iron oxide

cassette and our chrome cassette. Then we compared the output of all three with the original source on a precise Brüel and Kjaer sound spectrum analyzer. Our graph shows you the results.



Along with superior fidelity, ferri-chrome also offers you full compatibility. These Classic cassettes will deliver optimum performance on any high quality cassette machine you may own.

But there's even more from Scotch brand. Outstanding Classic 8-track cartridges and Classic open-reel tape. Both with their own improved oxide. Both super quiet. Beautifully responsive. More brilliant than even the best previous Scotch home recording tapes.

The Classics — cassette, cartridge and reel tape — are quite simply and clearly the best we've ever made for you.

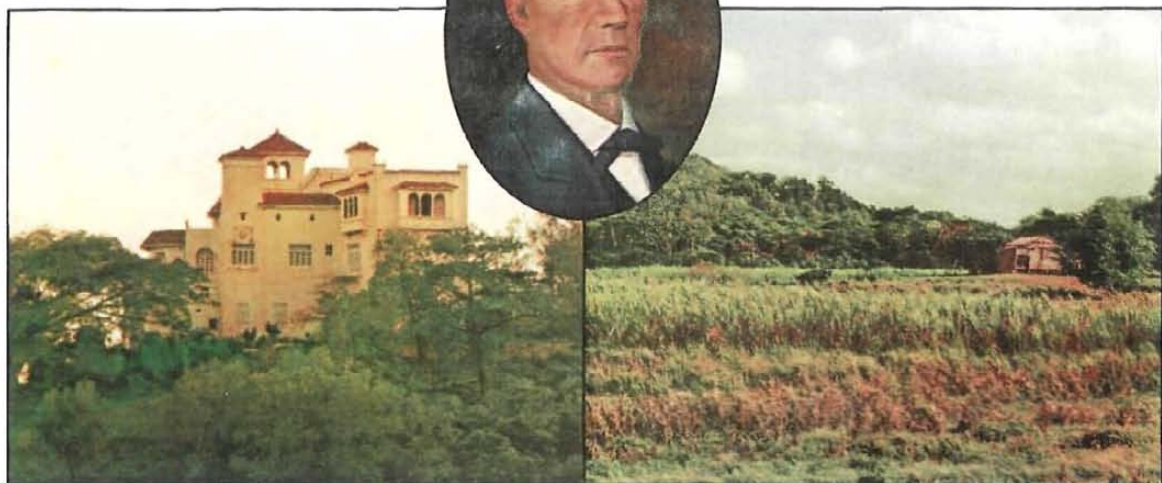
**3M**  
COMPANY



## Scotch The Master Tape.

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# BORN IN SPAIN. MADE IN PUERTO RICO.



We're not sure why Sebastian Serralles left the comfort of his family's Cataluna estate to come to an island in the West Indies.

All we know is that in 1830, this youth of 20—possessed of fine education, heir to a considerable fortune—stepped aboard a sailing vessel bound for Puerto Rico.

When he got there, he cleared a densely forested tract of land, and planted it with sugar cane.

It wasn't easy. Forests kept creeping back onto freshly cleared lands. Equipment rusted. Materials were hard to come by.

Somehow, he did it. But the most remarkable thing was not the change he had made in Puerto Rico, but the change Puerto Rico had made in him.

It had made the youth into a man.

His business grew. Some years later, with the delivery of a French-made copper still, it diversified. From then on, the Serralles' fields produced not only sugar, but rum, as well.

It was, and is a rum as remarkable as the man it is named for. And Serralles Don Q® Gold rum is still made by the descendants of Sebastian Serralles, from sugar cane grown on the lands he cleared over 130 years ago.

It is a rum made the only way a truly good gold rum can be made. Mellowed carefully in oak casks. And blended with all the skill the Serralles possess.

This is how Serralles Don Q Gold will always be made, even though times have changed since Sebastian's day.

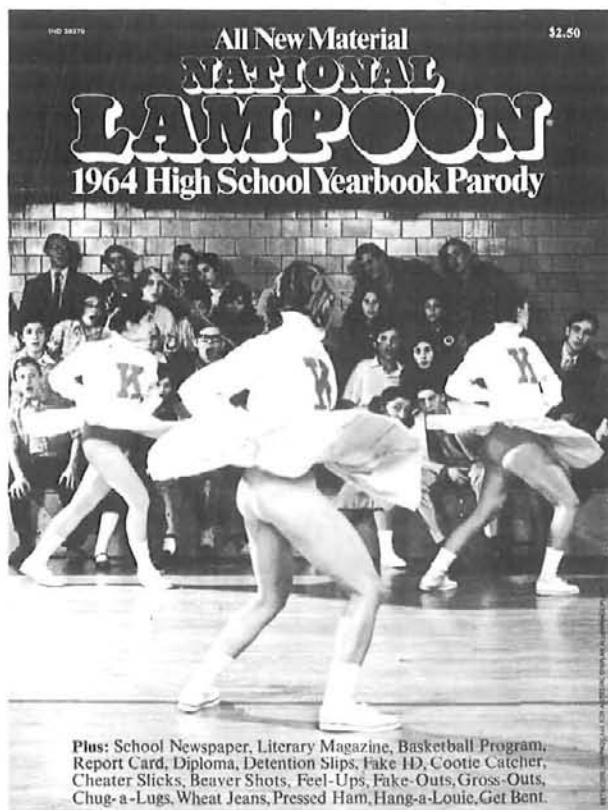
You see, life in Puerto Rico may be easier now, but making a good gold rum is as difficult as ever.



Say, Moms and Dads,  
June's just five months away!  
**Have you got your gift picked  
for that graduating guy or gal?**

Helbros wristwatch?  
Vega Hatchback? Trip to Europe? Nonsense!!  
Why blow all that hard-earned cash on the ungrateful little shitheads  
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a crispy new copy of **National Lampoon's 1964 High School Yearbook Parody!**  
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for \$2.50 for each copy ordered.

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Size: Small ( ) Medium ( ) Large ( ). Circle style  
desired: 1 2 3 4 5 6 . I enclose my check or  
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for both postage and handling.)

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# GRAND FUNK

*all the girls in the world  
Beware!!!*



Produced by JIMMY BENNER



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Sirs:

Out here in Grass Roots country, we don't cotton to no uppity, fancy-educated, nigger-loving liberals writing no dumb "humor" magazine. As a matter of fact, we're also Polish, and we don't like the way you talk about our nationality. We just rigged a bomb and we're going to mail it to you sometime next week. Now if I can just put in this tricky detonator pi

Sirs:

Boy, you guys are really characters. You must have the best time around the office all day making up that funny stuff. I bet you laugh more than you do anything else. Am I right? So listen . . . what's the funniest thing that anybody ever said around that place?

If you can't think of that, tell me the second or third funniest.

London Lee

Sirs:

While enjoying a party night at one of the dance studios here in Clearwater, my partner, a young, good-looking instructor, asked if I was a newcomer and how I liked it here.

I thought for just a moment and put into words exactly how I felt: "It's beautiful here and has just about everything, but as far as I am concerned, it's far too hot for my liking."

I continued, "Today has been one of the worst as far as heat is concerned since I've arrived, and I believe I will move on." To further point out my extreme discomfort at the heat, I added, "For all I care, they can give it back to the Indians."

He looked at me rather penetratingly and said, "We don't want it."

I thought I had misunderstood and said, not too clearly, "Uh, what, beg your pardon, what did you say? Did you say what I thought you did?"

He answered, "Yes, that's what I said, we don't want it. You see, I am an Indian of Cherokee ancestry and I believe I speak for my people when I say we wouldn't buy back this ter-

ritory even if we could."

He went on to tell me that he taught dancing part-time to earn enough money to finish his education at the university, where he eventually hoped to become a doctor.

This boy luckily had a good sense of humor and joined me in a good laugh after my initial surprise had worn off.

My pet phrase, one that I had used all my life, "They can give it back to the Indians," had finally, and much to my amazement, found its mark.

Hortense Pollak  
Clearwater, Fla.

Sirs:

Your opponent prepares to launch a sneak atomic attack. He sets the locking trigger and adjusts the automatic elevation control on his ICBMT launcher. He fires! But you are ready! Your missile-base crewmen intercept the warning on their self-contained oxy-radar packs. Your XA-Counter-fighter is launched to intercept . . . contact . . . you deliver the nuclear knockout. But wait! You have been attacked by a double-stage warhead and the second one is bearing down. Your crew can only use their hand-gun radi-activators. Can you still win? Are you good enough to survive? Only you can answer! (Pretty good, huh?)

James R. Schlesinger  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I've just got to get out. That punk in Texas is trying to steal the whole show. All I need is a two-day pass and I could bring the mass murder record back to California where it belongs.

Now I know how the Babe would have felt.

Juan Corona  
Yuba City, Cal.

Sirs:

I screwed the broad in the next coffin, but the guy next to her got pissed at me so I beat his head in.

Ernest Hemingway  
Ketchum, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

*Many hands make light work!* Not in our house they don't! In our house what do we have? Many hands! Sixteen of them. *Sixteen*, mind you—excluding those of the twins who are

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are sold only at Earth<sup>®</sup> shoe  
stores in these cities.**

For the address consult your  
phone directory.

Arizona.....	Tucson
California.....	Berkeley Carmel Hermosa Beach Laguna Beach Palo Alto San Francisco Santa Ana Santa Barbara Westwood
Colorado.....	Boulder
Connecticut.....	Hartford New Haven
District of Columbia	Washington, D.C.
Florida.....	Gainesville North Miami Beach South Miami
Georgia.....	Atlanta
Illinois.....	Chicago
Indiana.....	Bloomington
Louisiana.....	New Orleans
Massachusetts.....	Amherst Cambridge
Michigan.....	Ann Arbor Birmingham
Minnesota.....	Minneapolis
Missouri.....	Kansas City
New Jersey.....	Princeton
New York.....	New York Buffalo Garden City Huntington Southampton
North Carolina.....	Chapel Hill Charlotte
Ohio.....	Cleveland Heights Columbus
Pennsylvania.....	Allentown Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Tennessee.....	Knoxville Memphis
Texas.....	Austin Dallas
Utah.....	Salt Lake City
Vermont.....	Burlington
Washington.....	Seattle
Wisconsin.....	Madison

CANADA

Quebec.....	Montreal
Ontario.....	Toronto

EUROPE

Denmark.....	Copenhagen
Germany.....	Munich

If there is no store in your area, write to Earth shoe, Dept. NF, 251 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010 and we will send you a brochure that explains how to order the Earth<sup>®</sup> brand shoe by mail.





# Why everybody's pretending they're us.



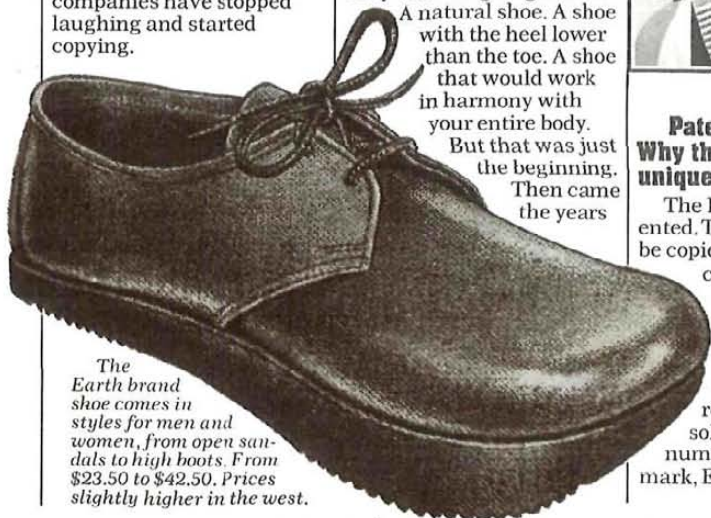
*These are not Earth shoes. Just because they look like Earth shoes doesn't mean they are Earth brand shoes.*

There was a time when the EARTH® negative heel shoe was the only shoe in the world with the heel lower than the toe.

In those days the other people who made shoes just laughed at us.

But things have changed.

And now that you love our Earth brand shoes, now that you're standing in line to get them, the shoe companies have stopped laughing and started copying.



*The Earth brand shoe comes in styles for men and women, from open sandals to high boots. From \$23.50 to \$42.50. Prices slightly higher in the west.*

**The shoes that look like, seem like, but don't work like the Earth® shoe.**

Today, a lot of people are trying to imitate our shoe. Some even use names that sound like ours, and have ads that look like ours!

It seems like everybody's trying to be us. But what they don't understand is this. Merely lowering the heel of a shoe isn't enough. And imitating the outside of our shoe isn't enough. Just because a shoe looks like the Earth shoe doesn't mean it works like the Earth shoe.

It took many years to perfect the Earth brand shoe. And those years are crucial. They make our shoe different from all its imitators.

**How the Earth® Shoe was invented.**

It started years ago when Anne Kalsø had the original idea for the negative heel shoe.

She saw footprints in the sand, and realized that with every footprint the body was designing a shoe.

A natural shoe. A shoe with the heel lower than the toe. A shoe that would work in harmony with your entire body.

But that was just the beginning. Then came the years



of research and hard work to get every detail just right. To perfect the arch. To make the toes wide, comfortable and functional. To balance the shoe. To mold the sole in a special way so that it would allow you to walk in a natural rolling motion. Gently and easily even on the hard jarring cement of our cities.

*To get an idea of how the Earth® shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book. Feel what begins to happen.*



**Patent # 3305947. Why the Earth® shoe is unique.**

The Earth shoe is patented. That means it can't be copied without being changed.

And if it's changed it just isn't the Earth shoe.

So to be sure you're getting the real thing, look on the sole for our patent number and our trademark, Earth. If they're not

there, it's not the Earth brand shoe.

**Sold only at Earth® shoe stores.**

And there's one more thing that makes our shoes so special. Our stores.

Earth shoes are sold only at Earth shoe stores. Stores that sell no other shoe but ours, and are devoted entirely to the Earth shoe concept.

How our shoes fit you is very important to us. There's a special technique to fitting them. Our people are trained to fit you properly and we wouldn't trust anyone else to do it.

**Find out for yourself.**

To really appreciate Earth shoes you must try them.

When you do you'll see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it's like to walk more gracefully, naturally and comfortably.



*\*EARTH is the registered trademark of Kalsø Systemet, Inc. for its negative heel shoes and other products.*

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**Anne Kalsø.**

*Inventor of the EARTH negative heel shoe.*

**You can only buy Earth shoes at Earth Shoe Stores in the cities listed on the facing page.**

# The AR-10 $\pi$

## A new standard of musical accuracy and an unprecedented degree of placement flexibility



### Musical accuracy

The new AR-10 $\pi$  is the most accurate musical reproducer that Acoustic Research has ever built for use in the home. It has been designed to deliver uniform flat energy response in most listening rooms. This means that the musical balance of the input signal will be accurately transmitted to the listener, and listeners in virtually all listening positions will hear the performance in the same way. A new tweeter and crossover network make this new standard of accuracy possible.

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Speaker placement in the listening room is of critical importance to the musical balance of the system. That's why most speaker manufacturers give explicit instructions on exactly where

their speakers must be placed for best results. The AR-10 $\pi$  however has been designed for maximum flexibility in this respect. It can operate in almost any location in your room with no sacrifice in accuracy.

The AR-10 $\pi$  can be positioned against a wall, in a corner, or even in the middle of the room. Simply resetting a single switch will ensure the right amount of bass energy for any position—something that is not possible with conventional loudspeaker designs or equalization techniques.

Acoustic Research has prepared a comprehensive description of the AR-10 $\pi$  speaker system. You can get a free copy by sending us the coupon below.



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Norwood  
Massachusetts 02062  
Telephone: 617 769 4200



Please send me a complete description of the AR-10 $\pi$  NL-2

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# NEWS ON THE MARCH

FEBRUARY, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LIX

LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW BUSINESS OF THE CONGRESS!

**SIZZLING  
WILBURLESQUE!**

**JOKES THAT BROUGHT  
DOWN THE WHITE HOUSE!**



DEN RASTUS, HE COME UP TO DE WADYMELOON PATCH, AND HE SAY...

ONE TO HOLD THE LIGHTBULB AND TWELVE TO TURN THE LADDER!

DO YOU KNOW WHY ISRAELIS HAVE SUCH BIG NOSES? BECAUSE THE AIR IS FREE!

THE WOMAN HAS SOAP IN HER HOLE, AND THE NUN HAS HOPE IN HER SOUL!

MOST GUYS JUST LEAVE HER HANGING THERE!

ZEN PIERRE, HE ZNIFF HIS FINGER, AND GO "OOOD-LA-LA..."

THREE MEN WALK INTO A BAR, A SPIC, A KIKE, AND A WOP...

AND HERE THEY ARE, THE TALENTED TEAM OF BUTZ AND BROWN!



**Come to the Ca-bi-net!  
LIVE FROM WASHINGTON: THE FORD THEATER**

HEY, HONEY, LET'S GO CAUCUS SO'S I CAN ATTACH MY RIDERS TO YOUR HUGE APPROPRIATIONS AND INSERT MY LENGTHY AMENDMENT IN YOUR ENABLING LEGISLATION.



CARAMBA, WEEBUR! ARE THOSE VOTES IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

continued

In the course of confirmation hearings in the House Judiciary Committee, Nelson Rockefeller sought to allay fears about his family's wealth and influence by remarking that "the Arabs in a week are accumulating more money than my family has after three generations of work." It was, on the face of it, a meaningless statement, but in the somewhat envious-sounding comparison, there is a fundamental truth which provides a wisp of rationalization for why this repulsive man with the moral sense of Godzilla, the commitment to principle of a water rat, and, contrary to popular opinion, the intellectual vigor of a half-filled ashtray, should be Vice-President: At heart, he is an Arab.

Possessor of a vast oil fortune, he ran the state of New York as a caliph would a satrapy, indulging in grandiose and foolish building schemes that dwarf in scale and uselessness even the lavish jetports of oil-rich sheikdoms; dispensing largesse to his retainers like a Bedouin chief, and expecting in return their fawning loyalty; authorizing and condoning primitive acts of terror and brutality, as at Attica; promulgating a vicious and Draconian drug law that compares favorably in pointless cruelty and basic injustice with the most mindless precept in the Koran; and all the time reveling in the petty conniving and favor-trading of the political bazaar. If, Allah forbid, some assassin should ventilate Jerry Ford (note to potential assassins: Don't aim for the head, it isn't a vital organ), at least the nation can rest assured that it will have next in line a President uniquely equipped to deal with Arabia; an arrogant, a petty, and, though stupid, a wily man whom the Arabs will be quick to recognize as a kindred spirit.

Following the release of a report by Attorney-General Saxbe which revealed in some detail the extent of counterintelligence activities directed against extremist groups, almost all of them leftist, by the FBI in the sixties, a memo has come to light which shows that about six months after the inception of Cointelpro, as the program of espionage, infiltration, disruption, and provocation was called, J. Edgar Hoover had become deeply disturbed about the existence of a shadowy group of highly-trained operatives, possibly of foreign origin, who were turning up in extremist groups. Concerned that a major new subversive organization was at work, Hoover immediately assigned to the operation twice the number of FBI agents as had been previously involved in the effort to entrap radicals

in serious crimes by provoking violent incidents that was Cointelpro's main purpose. Their reports were far from comforting: The number of dedicated and professional revolutionaries pressing for violent action in the various extremist groups under surveillance appeared to have virtually doubled overnight. Hoover committed still more agents to the program, but from the memo it is clear that he felt the FBI presence was at best a stopgap. At the height of the Cointelpro operation, the Bureau had some 940 agents in more than 50 radical organizations, but estimates from the field put the membership in the mysterious "army" of subversive agents provocateurs at nearly a thousand, a sobering statistic when you recall that at its height, the Weather underground—the most violence-prone of all the anti-establishment groups—probably numbered less than 100 people. Although the memo indicates that the FBI never did satisfactorily pinpoint the identity of this unprecedented number of hard-core radicals, Hoover clearly felt that the existence of a group so obviously committed to the destruction of our constitutional form of government amply demonstrated the need for the kind of counterintelligence program the FBI originally initiated, and when, following the discontinuance of Cointelpro after some newspapers got wind of it in 1968, the hundreds of members of the unknown group dropped completely from sight and ceased all of their subversive activities, Hoover quite rightly claimed credit for the role the FBI played in their disappearance from the scene.

There was further bad news last week which is certain to have a strongly negative effect on an economy already plagued by inflation and recession: The unemployment rate among automobiles has hit a nineteen-year high of 8.9 percent, roughly one in every eleven cars. Hardest hit were older cars, which have been suffering from sharply rising maintenance costs for years, but the outlook for new cars just entering the automobile market isn't much brighter. Over 280,000 vehicles are standing idle in factory lots and showrooms, and it is impossible to drive down any city street even in affluent parts of town without being struck by the huge increase in the number of down-at-the-grille derelict cars—some of them less than a year old. "How we treat our automobiles is a measure of the compassion of our society," says Robert de Brasco, head of the Vehicle Rights Organization, a powerful automobile lobbying group that has been pressing for years for progressive leg-

islation like National Car Repair Insurance, a gas stamp program, and publicly financed garaging for older cars. He has been a vocal, and, judging by President Ford's opposition to such measures, an effective opponent of proposals to raise the gasoline tax by 10 cents or more, arguing that "it would hit hardest those needing the most help—the average family cars." De Brasco is pressing for early passage of a bill that would establish federally financed "make-drive" projects to get idle autos back into the economy, but even if the Ford Administration goes along with the plan—and de Brasco concedes that the prospects for any early action aren't good—it is likely to be too little too late. "The automobile's love affair with this country is over," he warned. "The days when a car—any car—coming off the assembly line would go out and have buyers right there standing in line are gone." As a chilling footnote, de Brasco cited the huge jump in the number of cars whose brakes gave out while parked on inclines and ended up as total wrecks, or whose steering failed at high speed. "You just can't treat cars this way and expect to get 100 percent performance," he said. "No way."

According to reliable sources in the White House, President Ford is contemplating a trip "in the very near future" to the United States, the troubled industrial giant in the northern hemisphere whose continued economic stability and social well-being is so critical to our future. No itinerary has been agreed upon yet, but it is thought that he will visit several major cities—probably Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, and New York—and may become the first American president to go to North Dakota while in office. The trip is billed as basically a good-will tour and no substantive discussions are planned as of now with the various governors and mayors he will meet with along the way, but it seems likely that in between visits to such mandatory sights for world leaders who come to America as Mt. Rushmore, Yellowstone Park, Disneyland, and the TVA, he will find time to have some frank exchanges of views with local officials. The President is reportedly reading up on the United States—one aide said Ford was "surprised and quite shaken" when he learned of the large number of citizens below the poverty line, the extent of starvation and illiteracy, and the remarkably low level of health care in a supposedly affluent nation—and it is generally hoped that the greater understanding of U.S. problems which he will come away with as a result

*Snakes are coiled upon the granite.  
Horsemen ride into the west.  
Moons are rising on the planet  
where the worst must suffer like  
the rest.*

*Pears are ripe and peaches falling.  
Suns are setting in the east.  
Women wail, and men are calling  
to the god that's in them, and to  
the beast.*

*Love is waiting for a lover.  
Generations kneel for peace.  
What men lose, Man will recover  
polishing the brains his bones release.*

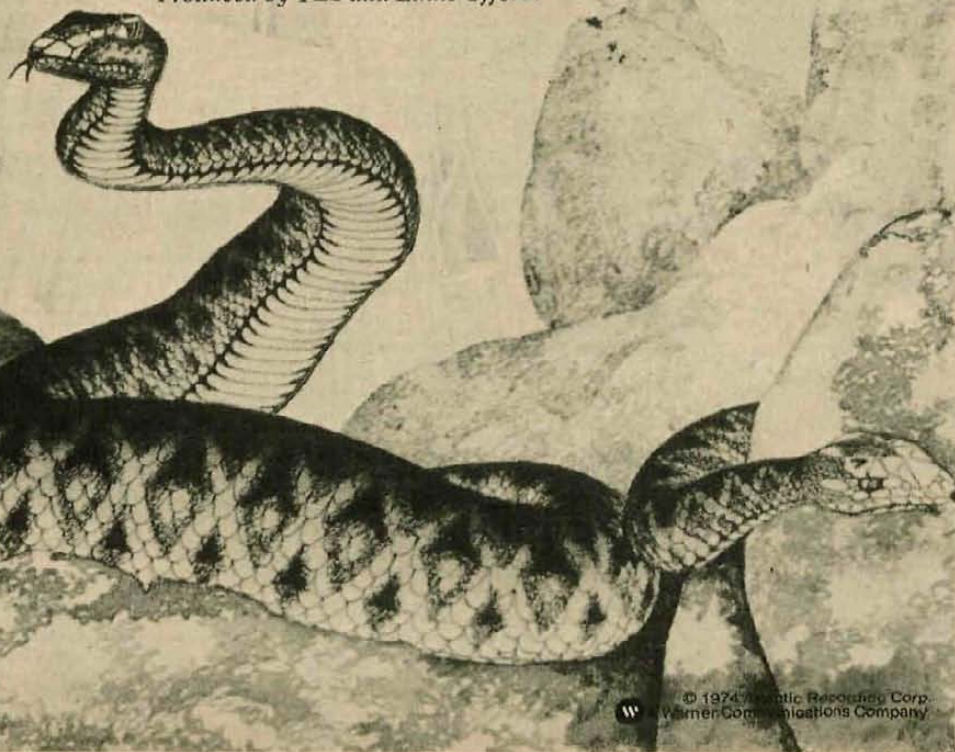
*Truth conceals itself in error.  
History reveals its face:  
days of ecstasy and terror  
invent the future that invents  
the race.*

*Donald Lehmkuhl  
©October 1974*

YES

Relayer

On Atlantic Records  and Tapes  
Produced by YES and Eddie Offord.



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Warner Communications Company

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The National Lampoon, NL 275  
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of his historic journey will lead to closer relations with this mysterious nation of 200 million that sometimes seems insignificant when compared with the geopolitics in the Middle East, Russia, and China, but whose destiny, in a very real way, is inextricably bound up with our own.

In recent months, a lot of doomsayers, glumbabblers, and other assorted gloomy Gusses have been making dire comparisons between the present economic situation in this country and the one which prevailed around the time of the stock market collapse in 1929. Clearly, any such comparisons are totally groundless. Just think of the enormous and significant differences between now and a half-century ago: to name but a few, at present there are fifty states, up two (almost 5 percent) since the twenties; thanks to league expansions, there are now four times the number of professional football and baseball teams; no one in the twenties could even dream of things we now take completely for granted, like electric carving knives, silent light switches, and self-cleaning ovens; and although fashions these days have a strong twenties nostalgia look, they are made of cheap, convenient, synthetic substances that weren't even discovered until ten years ago! But let's

give the sad Sams their day in court and concede for a moment that we are in fact headed for another major Depression along the lines of the last one. Cause for alarm? Hardly. We've come a long way since Black Tuesday, and it's hard to contemplate the prospect of another Crash—however disturbing it may be on the surface—without instantly spotting the bright side:

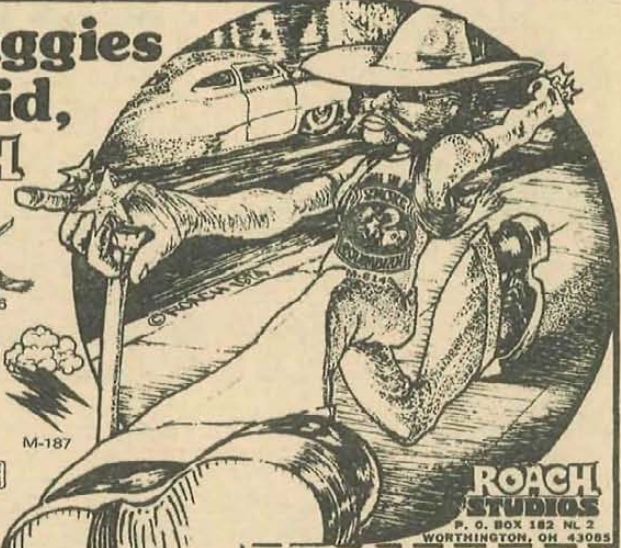
- Only two varieties of apples were available for sale by destitute individuals in the thirties; now, as a result of intensive crossbreeding and botanical wizardry, there are thirteen distinct varieties of this delicious and nutritious fruit.
- In contrast to 1929, when dozens of stockbrokers plunged from upper stories in Wall Street, 148 office buildings on Wall Street, representing 78 percent of the total office space in downtown Manhattan, are totally climate controlled and have unopenable windows.
- Bread lines, should they develop, will be dispensing white enriched bread and the miraculous and tasty "Quickalicious" powdered soups instead of the coarse, often stale thirties era breadstuffs and the sticky, tub-cooked soups.
- Although there are some indications that another dust bowl is beginning to form in the prairies as a result

of severe, cyclical drought, the immense amount of fertilizer and pesticide poured into this soil in the last half-century should make it possible for beleaguered farmers to sell it directly to chemical companies or package it and market it as a cheap home insecticide—in other words, to sell their farms bit by bit to tide them over the bad times instead of having to sell out entirely.

- If there is another wave of homeless "Okies," chances are they won't be heading for California and exploitation in the Imperial Valley. Chronic labor problems in the California fruit industry, coupled with the present glut of California wine, rule out another "Grapes of Wrath." Best bet is an "Apples of Wrath" situation, with migrants headed for the healthier, more pleasant Pacific Northwest to pick those thirteen wonderful varieties of apples.
- Families with savings are protected against bank failures both by the FDIC (which currently insures up to \$40,000 in deposits) and, more importantly, by the key innovation introduced by savings banks in the sixties when they offered gifts for new savings accounts. Families now have a solid cushion against a wave of bank collapses in that they already have at home the Salton hot trays, Sylvania TV sets, and microwave

continued

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ovens they received when they first opened their accounts, and no one can take these valuable premiums away from them, no matter how catastrophic the bank failure. Nationally, these gifts add up to hundreds of millions of dollars safe in the hands of small depositors right now.

• Finally, and in many ways the brightest spot of all, Ford's successor might well follow Roosevelt's lead in abolishing Prohibition—presumably in part to raise the nation's spirits—and legalize marijuana. (Alas, the only available Democratic candidate in 1976 currently in a wheelchair is George Wallace, but even here, there're a hundred thousand Troy ounces of silver in the lining of that cloud. Compared to Eleanor Roosevelt, his wife is a paragon of beauty.)

It is a somewhat sobering thought, as Pioneer 10 passes by Jupiter on its way to Saturn and beyond and the Watergate cover-up trial grinds to a seamy close, that if some nuclear or environmental catastrophe should obliterate all trace of human civilization from the planet, the only physical monuments to the existence of *Homo sapiens* will be a few crashed satellites on the moon, some flags and stray flotsam and jetsam, and the bases of five lunar modules, on the ladder of one of which is a plaque with three names: Neil Armstrong, everyone's candidate for Mr. Soda Jerk, 1969; Edwin Aldrin, the noted religious nutbar; and Richard M. Nixon.

After the bombings and other assorted brutalities of the last few months in Ireland, England, and Palestine, it is difficult not to wish that some group of clever, dedicated, and skillful men would do the following things: dress up in burnouses and hijack an Aer Lingus plane, and blow it up on a runway in Abu Dabi, preferably killing a few Irish Catholics in the process; set off bombs in Palestinian refugee camps, then call up the PLO, and in a heavy brogue, say, "In moy opinion, you're all a bunch o' no good, camel-fucking dung-eaters, and we in the glorious IRA are aimin' to wipe you out"; steal a Phantom jet or two, paint the star of David on it, and go bomb Belfast; sweep into an Israeli kibbutz, shoot the place up, and scrawl "No Pope here and no kikes either, signed, the Ulster Defense Force" on the wall; and blow up a string of Irish Blarney Stone bars in New York, then send a letter signed by the Jewish Defense League to *The New York Times* containing the words "never again." And then the rest of the world could sit back and enjoy the fun. □

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# Canadian Corner



Winter is once again taking its toll in Canada. Winter, which has often been called Canada's greatest ally, is also in many ways her greatest enemy. At this very moment, emergency wards in hospitals from Pangnirtung, Baffin Island, to Kamloops, B.C., are jammed with pleading, screaming patients suffering from windburn, snow blindness, chilblains, snow shovel wounds, and other cold-related injuries. The most precious commodity in the country at this very moment is heat; something that even the backward peasants of Mexico take for granted. But in Canada, every British thermal unit is carefully guarded. Refrigerators are used as warming ovens and the possession of a deep freezer is a mark of a recent immigrant.

Although the Canadians suffer much through the winter, it is also for them a time of celebration, a time when they have traditionally gathered around their catalytic space heaters and forty-watt lightbulbs to warm themselves and to ask the age-old questions.

Old Jean-Claude leaned forward slowly and fixed Ole Svenson with a steady gaze. "I am troubled, starkly troubled, by de changes in recent Canadian immigration policy," he said, wiping a colorfully mittened hand across his frost-encrusted brows. "I feel dat maybe my family and I would be unable to qualify as citizens under de new laws. It is a most strange feeling dis one, amen for sure."

Ole's simian brows creased with thought. "Vell," he said after the passage of some forty minutes, "I yust might ban be able to enlighten you on dat one, Jean-Claude. You see, dat dis system is run by da point system. Basically too difficult to ban be understood by anyone born on a farm, you know. But da fact is ve let in de lawyers, de doctors, and anyvon else dat would step on a poor fellow's head to change a lightbulb. Ya also must be remembering ve got a crying need for de atomic scientists, ve vont to make our reactors into something more dan fish incinerators. Ya, I tink you right, Jean-Claude, you do not qualify."

Jean-Claude thought for a while. Minutes passed into hours. "Say dere,

Ole," he finally said, "do you know how many Canadians it takes to turn in a lightbulb?"

Ole looked like Boris Spassky. He lowered, he grunted. Finally, he said, "No."

"Exactly seven hundered thousand," said Jean-Claude triumphantly. "Tree hundered thousand to build de dam, nine hundered to tie up opposition in de courts, and den tree hundered to sit around da newspaper offices and cackle dully. All de rest to crash der pick up trucks into de tree and make up de protest songs."

Ole cackled under his breath and then slumped forward, almost sliding off his stump, his greasy forelock resting for a moment on the lightbulb at which they warmed themselves. "You know, Jean-Claude," he said, catching his breath, "for a long time I have wondererd."

Ducks cried somewhere on the wasteland and somewhere someone tugged at the starter cord of a snowmobile.

Jean-Claude coughed. "Ole, you are not a native-born Canadian . . ."

"Dat chust ban be a lie! I have chust ban struggled to maintain de integrity of my accent! Chust say dat once more and I pull your scarf tight and make you dead. Yust ban be vatching yourself and vat chu speak."

Jean-Claude looked furtively about him. "Is dis de time?"

Ole assumed a hurt expression and stared unpeaking into the lightbulb.

"Listen, Ole," hissed Jean-Claude. "You know about dese East Indians, it is said dat dey are biologically different. Dese Chinese, dese immigrants, eh? You know? Amen for sure. Dey reproduce, how you say, geometrically? Not like us, Ole. We do dis one by one as we go along. But dem? It's like a pyramid. You know what Canada's most sensitive poet say? You know?"

"Ya, dis I know for sure. 'Two Chinamen, behind dem a third, doubtless an agent of de Peking government.' Dat's Margaret Atwood for you, bends every nail she hits." Ole fell into a fit of prolonged chuckling, broken only by the lonely cry of the loon.

Somewhere it is to be hoped the sun was melting the top of an ice-cream cone, but in the southernmost city in Canada, you can still see your breath. Soon, the Canadians hope, spring will come, and with it an end to the horrors of winter. The departure of the flu perhaps, and the return of the hay fever, spawned by the seemingly endlessly flowing wheat fields of the prairies. The long-awaited return of the good things, a glimpse of the sun on the southern horizon,

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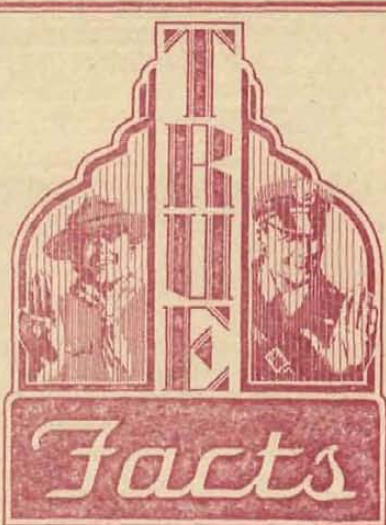
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• Dr. David S. Love, assistant professor of anatomy at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine, was indicted for involuntary manslaughter in the death of his wife. He had suspended his wife Virginia, who was nude, from a third-floor window of their home in Cleveland Heights by a rope tied around her ankle, in order to perform a sex act. The rope slipped from Love's hand and Mrs. Love fell to her death. The cause of her death was a torn liver, according to the coroner. Love was charged with involuntary manslaughter after the newspaper boy on his street reported that he had seen the Loves perform the act twice before.

Dr. Love's lawyer, Elmer A. Giuliani, said, "Whatever happened certainly doesn't indicate that Dr. Love is guilty of anything." *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (J. Fenn); *Case Western Reserve Observer* (J. Germano)

• Charlie Kovach, an unemployed miner, was having a drink with friends in the Austin Hotel Beer Parlor, Vancouver, British Columbia, where he met a tall blond named Barbara. "Bend down, I want to tell you something," she whispered. He slid his left ear close to her puckered lips, hoping to hear sweet nothings. Instead, she grabbed his ear with her teeth and tore off more than half of it. Then she dropped it into her hand and tossed it up in the air. The barman fainted. The bouncer caught the falling ear in midair. Barbara took a swallow of beer and left in the confusion.

Kovach was taken to St. Paul's Hospital, where his ear was stitched together again. "I hear she was a tough cookie. But I never thought she was going to do that," Kovach

said. "I've known many women around the world. But these here in Vancouver, they sure are mean." *Vancouver Sun* (S. Bokstrom)

• A woman was removing plastic bags of meat from a public freezer in Warren, Michigan, and nearly fainted when a human foot fell out of one bag. Believing that she had discovered a murder victim, she called the police. The police thought additional parts of the victim would be found in the other plastic bags, but a search turned up another seventeen human feet.

The explanation eventually came from the Clement Kern Hospital. The feet were for use in anatomy studies, but the hospital did not have a freezer. It rented space in the public meat locker nearby.

"We weren't hiding anything," said administrator Martin Rosenfeld. "I realize it's something you don't like to talk about."

"Some people would not look at this as they would look at putting deer feet or bear feet in the public freezer," he said. "It has a different connotation."

The feet were severed from cadavers and were used for a national podiatry seminar in June. Then, Rosenfeld said, the feet were put in the meat locker.

Officials said they did not think any laws were violated and the hospital said it would buy a freezer to store the feet. *Saginaw News* (B. Cohen); (R. Levin, S. Mengel, D. Lether)

• Fifty-two-year-old Eleanor Jones of Meeker, Colorado, decided to end her life when her husband walked out on her, her bank account dwindled, and the world news grew more depressing each day. She was a neat woman and was apparently concerned about being found decomposed, so she decided to freeze herself to death. She was also a frugal woman, and she postponed her suicide for three days until she had eaten everything in the house. Then she crawled into her freezer and pulled the door shut.

Her body was discovered by Meeker Undersheriff Ron Hilkey. "She was frozen solid when we found her," said Hilkey. *St. Louis Today* (B. Garrett)

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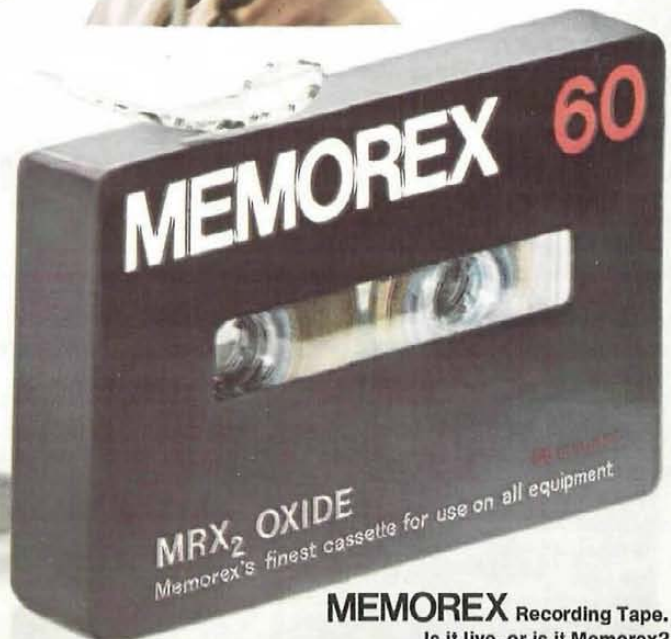
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# EDITORIAL PAGE

It's been five years now since we first met on that rainswept April afternoon in 1970. Since that day, we've had a lot of laughs. We've had our share of good times and we've had our share of hard times, but through it all, especially on hot, humid days, we stuck together. But five years is a long time. A long enough time to know that we can't go on this way indefinitely. So, I've decided that it would be the best thing for all concerned if we don't see each other anymore.

I know what you're thinking. Just another one of her little jokes. And that's why this relationship has to end. In all the time that we've known each other, you've never taken me seriously. I've never been anything more to you than a source of amusement; something that you kept lying around the house to be picked up like a toy whenever the mood struck you.

Even that might not have been so painful if you had at least been more open with me. But you never laid me on the coffee table like you did the others. (Yes, I knew there were others. I've seen you with *Realités* and *Psychology Today*.) You kept me in your room. You felt you had to hide me. And I know why. It's because of your mother. She's always hated me.

Don't bother to deny it, because I know it's true. She thinks I'm no good for you, that I'm a bad influence. She says I'm cheap. And maybe she's right. Maybe I am cheap. Every month, letting myself get picked up by some stranger at a corner newsstand, letting myself be taken home, never knowing when or *if* we'd ever see each other again. Yes, that's right. You weren't the first. There've been others. Hundreds of thousands of others, all of them the same, ready with a fast buck, looking for an easy layout. God only knows how many strange beds I've woken up under, how many times I've found myself lying on the floor of a strange bath-

room, sometimes never even knowing what city I was in, and what's worse, not even caring.

There's a limit to how much I can take before I start coming apart at the staples. It's taken me five years, but I've finally reached the limit.

I'm not blaming you. I guess I just wasn't cut out to be the "other magazine." I'm just not the typeface. The funny thing is, I never expected or wanted to be the only magazine in your life. I wasn't looking for a lifetime subscription. I just wanted to be handled with care. Instead, you always made me feel second class.

Every month I'd arrive at your door, and for the first few days things would be great. But then you'd get tired of me. Before I knew what was happening, you'd be passing me around to all your magazine-swapping friends until *they* got tired of me. And then, I'd get thrown out in the street like so much trash. *Life* and *Look* got smart. They stopped coming around. But dumb old me kept showing up, always hoping that maybe this month things would be different. I was a fool.

Well, that's all in the past now. I'm through being used as a placemat and having ketchup dripped all over me. I'm tired of greasy thumbprints. Call it turning over a new leaf if you like, but you've used me to clean

your dope for the last time.

Don't worry. You won't be lonely. There are plenty of other magazines on the rack. There's always *MAD* for a few laughs. And if you're looking for some cheap thrills, you can go back to that slut *Playboy*.

I guess there's really nothing left to say. It's all been said before and probably better than I've said it here. But oh, how brightly the candle glowed, if only for a brief moment! But the flame glowed too brightly, and I ventured too close. Now, there's nothing left for me to do but burn my pages behind me.

Here's laughing at you, kid.

MR

Cover: The *National Lampoon* Ministry of Fun (Optical Department) is happy to bestow its coveted Kelvinator Medallion with Peanut Clusters to photographer Neil Selkirk, tattooist Sarina Bromberg, and chest Peter Kleinman for that thing on the front there. Also a foil-wrapped duplicate to Peter Ivers and his *Terminal Love* album on Warner Bros. Records (Lockart) which is where the small-minded might think we got the idea. Also: A tip of the *NatLampCo* iceberg also goes to The Library (2475 Broadway) for the use of their very fine saloon for the very fine photo on our very fine page 58. □

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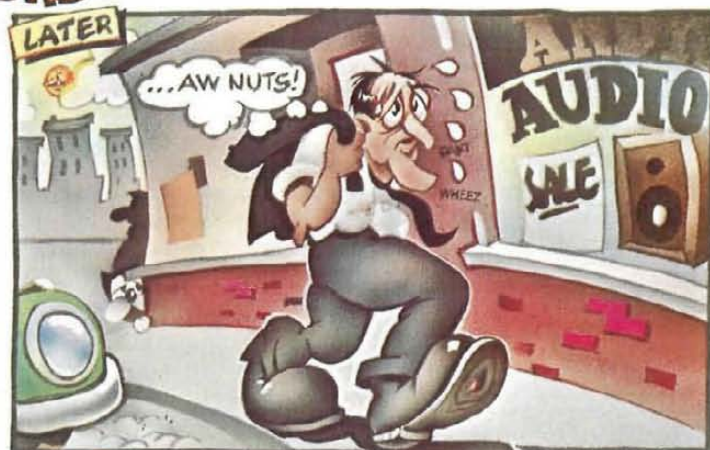
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First, the good news. We're proud to announce the arrival of a brand new automatic turntable. The Miracord 820 by name.

Next, the not-so-good news. You shouldn't expect to find one in just any old store.

Your feet may hurt, your eyes may burn, and your head may throb, but you'll congratulate yourself for being so intelligent for wanting one. And so persistent for locating one.

You see, we're very particular about the way we build our new Miracord 820. And just as particular about where we sell it.

But once you experience the pleasure of playing your favorite record on a Miracord turntable, you'll know it was worth the slight inconvenience.

The reason is that the 820 operates simply and beautifully.

Setting the turntable speed for 33-1/3 or 45 rpm automatically programs the tonearm for the proper record size. A touch of the button lifts and positions the tonearm, gently and automatically setting the stylus in place.

The features in the 820 are the kind you'd expect to find in turntables costing much, much more.

You get things like our asynchronous motor: Light-touch push button start and stop. Variable pitch control—up to 5% range—with built-in stroboscope ring for 'perfect pitch'. Calibrated anti-skate for both elliptical and conical styli. Cueing that is viscous-damped both up and down. Tracking as low as one gram. Plus our exclusive Magic Wand spindle that holds up to 10 records. And another spindle for playing a single record.

The 820 is the newest member of the Miracord family of automatic turntables. If you'd like the full story on our full line, just drop a line to: Miracord Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Co., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

Yes, searching for a Miracord can be a bit of an agony.

But finding one is pure ecstasy.



## THE MIRACORD 820.

Damn hard to find. Damn hard to beat.

only two years of age. And *still*, with all those hands available, the bathroom *light* doesn't work!

Does this shock you? Well, it shocks us, let me tell you! Shocks us again and again *and* again. Why no member of my household has as yet been electrocuted is a miracle!

New fluorescents; new fixtures; new switches; new fuses; new swear words! We've tried them all! To no avail! *Nothing* works! Including the light. *Especially* the light.

As a result of our endeavors, our handiwork, what do we get? We get a buzz, a flash, an "Oh!," an "Ooooh!," an "Ouch!," a "Help-help!," a hysterical "I can't see! I can't see—I've gone blind!," a frantic "Let-me-out-of-here-open-the-door-please-someone-anyone-open-the-door!" plus a large assortment of poundings, thumpings, and bumpings! What *don't* we get? A fixed light!

In addition, what *do* we get? A frightened, flustered, frustrated, *furious* individual whose mood is as dark as the bathroom from which he has been released!

*Hands!* Eight *pairs* of them! Healthy! Strong! Robust! Helpless *hands!* Don't tell *me* many hands make light work!

Addison Hallock  
Aquebogue, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am writing this from prison where they keep me to say how much we here who they let read when the lights are on like your magazine. Sometimes they cut out parts that they don't want us to read and I wanted to ask who is the girl in the Foto-Funnies with the big square cut-outs on her chest. And what was in those squares before they got cut out. And also, why don't you do more articles on the criminally insane. I am criminally insane and all my criminally insane friends in here think you should do a whole issue with everything in it only about criminally insane people like we are in here. You could have Psycho-Funnies with me killing or strangling a Woman or just a man with a wig and my Mother's clothes on if you can't do that and stories about how whenever I hear the song from *Doctor Zhivago* on a music box or just get cranky and overtired how I see all these lights and it gets too bright in the air and the Voices call me bad names and tell me to kill and kill and kill and kill until they finally say O.K. and go away for awhile or maybe a cartoon book of how if Mickey Mouse were criminally insane and every time he sees Minnie they take him out to the garage. And also on the

cover a picture of a screw except he has been cut into little square bite-size hunks with a big knife or a saw like the Brownie and put into little brown crinkly papers like around chocolate in the box and with this big sign that says *Don't cut out anything in this magazine or this is what will happen we are not animals you treat us like animals we are people too and you should leave our cells unlocked so we can get out and not be bad again.* Thank you and I will see you in six to eight months.

Duane Hawker  
Ossining, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hi, there. I eat Nixon's clots. And worse.

William Safire  
The Nation's Capitol

Sirs:

Nicely put.

Nicholas von Hoffman  
Washington, A.C.D.C.

Sirs:

Before I go any further I would like to say I have collected every issue of the *National Lampoon* since its dubious origin, and that this letter is strictly legit.

continued



"After trying lots of different speakers over the years, we finally found a speaker system all of our engineers could agree on. Altec. They tell the truth." Larry Levine, Chief Engineer, A&M Records.

## Truth comes in all sizes.

Our professional studio monitor speakers are large. They have to tell the absolute truth, because they are the final reference source for recording albums. And they have to be big to handle the power requirements demanded by the recording engineers.

Our Mini-Monitors are bookshelf size. They have to be fit in your home. But they have to tell the same truth. We've given them the same accurate definition and sound purity as our studio monitors. Only less acoustic output.

How much? \$89 for Mini-Monitor II, \$149 for I. (In walnut-grained vinyl, \$119.) The truth doesn't have to be expensive. Before you buy your next speaker system, stop by an Altec dealer and listen to something you can believe.

Mini-Monitor II  
(Model 887A)

Mini-Monitor I  
(Model 891A)



# Roam around Europe all summer for \$180.

A Student-Railpass gives you two months of unlimited Second Class rail travel through 13 European countries.

Buy one, we'll give you a map, and where you go next is your own business.

All we'll say is that European trains are a sensational way to get there, be it Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden or Switzerland.

100,000 miles of track link cities, towns and historic, scenic and social attractions. Our trains are fast, modern, convenient, clean and comfortable.

And you'll discover there's very little second class about Second Class. You can sleep in a couchette for only \$6.00 a night. And if you want to eat on a budget, inexpensive snacks are often available.

You can even take a cruise on the Rhine, if you like. Eurailpass is valid on many European ferries, river and lake steamers and hydrofoils. It also offers you substantially reduced fares on many side excursions you might want to take by motor coach.

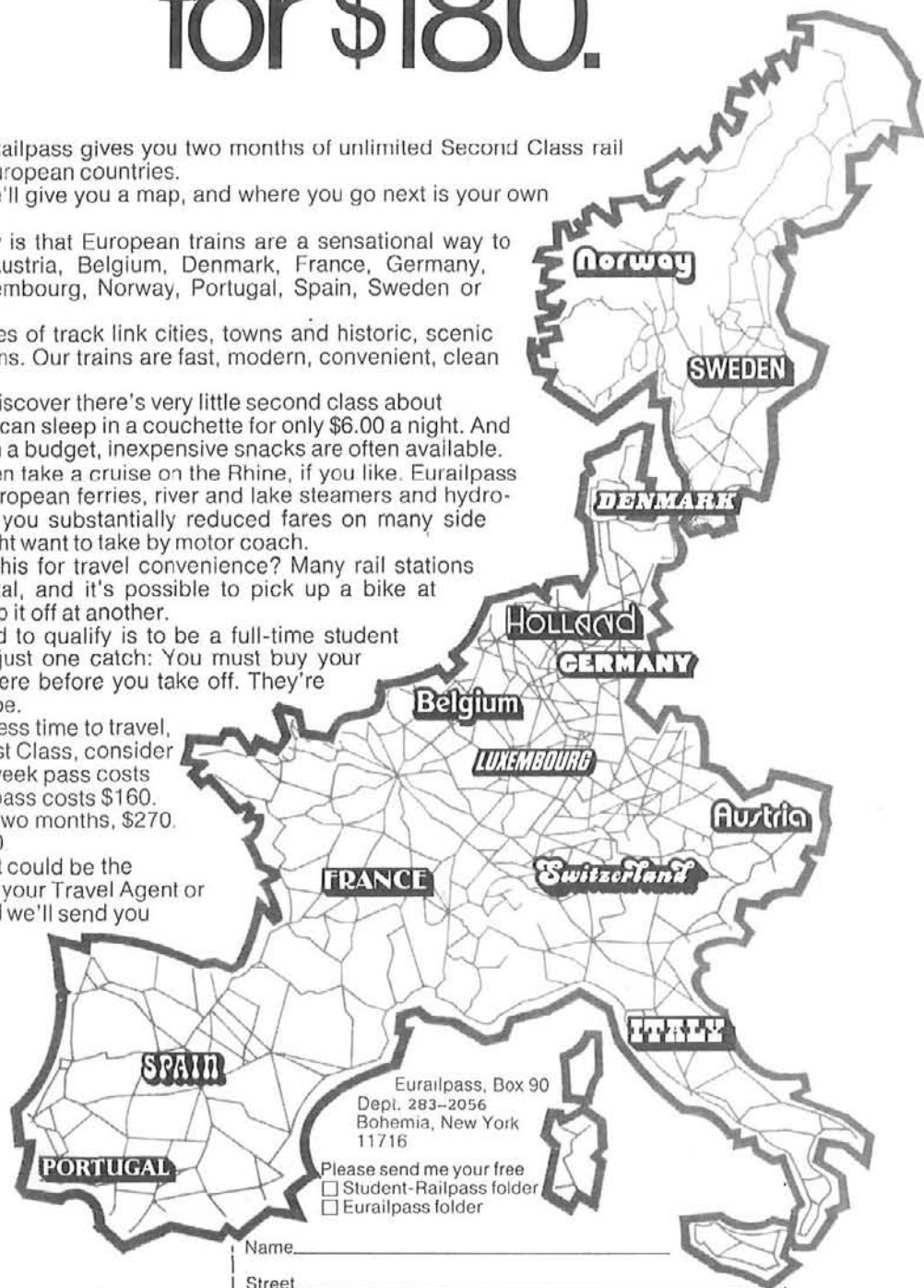
And how's this for travel convenience? Many rail stations offer bikes for rental, and it's possible to pick up a bike at one station and drop it off at another.

All you need to qualify is to be a full-time student under 26. There's just one catch: You must buy your Student-Railpass here before you take off. They're not for sale in Europe.

If you have less time to travel, or want to travel First Class, consider Eurailpass. A two-week pass costs \$130. Three-week pass costs \$160. One month, \$200. Two months, \$270. Three months, \$330.

Don't wait. It could be the trip of your life. See your Travel Agent or clip the coupon and we'll send you all the facts.

Prices subject to change.



Eurailpass, Box 90  
Dept. 283-2056  
Bohemia, New York  
11716

Please send me your free  
 Student-Railpass folder  
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**STUDENT-RAILPASS**

The price of one trip could pay for all of Europe. |



## FLOWER TOP WATCH BAND & BUCKLE

Hand made by skilled leather craftsmen. Custom made to fit you.

- **WATCH BAND:** Hand Dyed Cowhide Watch Band with hand tooled "Flower Top" cover. \$9.95
- **BELT & BUCKLE:** Hand Dyed, 8 oz. Vegetable Tanned Cowhide belt with Antique Brass Finish "Flower Top" Buckle \$9.95
- **FLOWER TOP COMBINATION:** Both Watch Band with Belt and Buckle (as above) \$17.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 State wrist size \_\_\_\_\_ inches  
 (and/or) waist size \_\_\_\_\_ inches  
 (Add 50¢ Postage and Handling)

**Ulysses Leather**  
 P.O. Box 170, Willard, Wisconsin 54993 NL2

I know you get a lot of cretins who send I-bet-you-won't-print-this-letter stuff which is the reason you don't print their stupid opinions. I don't want my name in the papers, just some information to settle a bar bet with my buddy here.

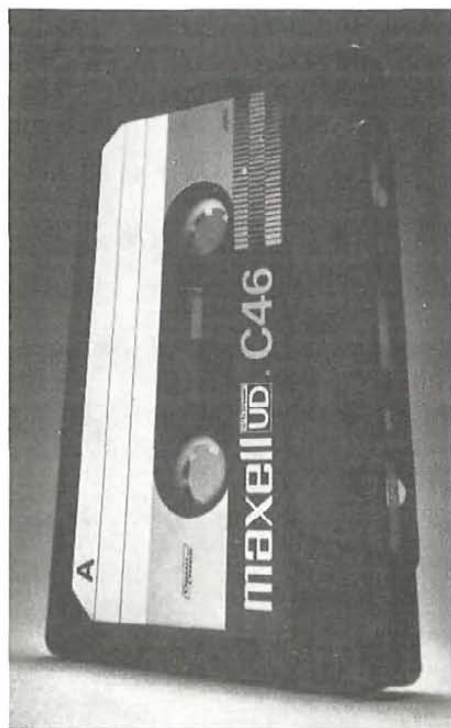
Now is it or isn't it a known fact that everyone ever associated with *Time* magazine must have his or her asshole caulked to the brim with birdlime? I've no personal ax to grind, you understand, and I am well aware that if you fellows didn't make a go of the *National Lampoon* you'd be sucking the moist end of whoever arranges their junior executive trainee *Time-Life* tidy desk Olympics.

But you lucked out, so I can speak freely—now 'fess up, isn't that smudgy cheap-paper C.I.A. handout a gob of epicene muck written for Mr. & Ms. Delta Minus USA or am I barking up the wrong tree?

Look, you can set me straight if I'm off base, but the last copy that came into this apartment (wrapped around a mackerel) smelled worse than Luce and Hadden must by now. Just one average reader's opinion, of course. Bye, now.

Dave Name  
 Mt. Peeler, Vt.

# THE SOUND VAULT



Every UD cassette gives you stainless steel guidepins to keep your recordings secure.

Tough steel pins form part of the internal security system inside every UD cassette. They make sure your UD tape runs smooth and winds even. (Ordinary cassettes have plastic posts that can wear out and cause wow and flutter.)

These steel pins are another reason your Ultra Dynamic cassette captures the very best sounds (both high and low) your equipment can produce.

Use Maxell Ultra Dynamic cassettes and you'll always play it safe.

Maxell Corporation of America, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. Also available in Canada.

**maxell.**  
 For professional recordings  
 at home.



**YOUR ACT IS  
 MUSIC . . .  
 OUR ACT IS  
 SAVING YOU  
 MONEY**

Now whether you play, or listen, or do both, we can save you money on the equipment you need. Stereo Discounters, one of the largest audio mail order firms in the country,

now has a division specializing in musical instruments and sound equipment. Top brand names at low discount prices. Write today for quotes on instruments, sound equipment, audio components and accessories, as well as one or both of our catalogues.

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Mail to  
**STEREO DISCOUNTERS**

Dept NL  
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# The 360S

...following the leader.



When we introduced the 450, it became the leader in cassette technology. (It still is.) We followed up with a less expensive version, the 360S, and it became a leader in its price category. Now, you're going to be in for a round of so-called "revolutionary" new cassette machines two years behind the 450.

There will be claims of advanced new drive mechanisms, a few new gadgets and gimmicks, and, of course, mighty hefty prices. But there won't be claims of better *overall* performance, assuming the claims are truthful. One of the last remaining cassette problems is wow and flutter. The 360S has remarkably little—less than 0.07% WRMS. Oddly, that's the same figure all these "revolutionary" machines are skirting. Naturally, the 360S features Dolby\* noise reduction... separate 3-position bias and equalization switches... a dual function metering system including VU meters and a peak indicator light... a memory digital counter and automatic shut-off. If you're looking for a quality cassette deck, your nearby TEAC retailer is an excellent place to start (after all, he's had experience with the machines that started it all). You'll find that our retailers are well informed and helpful in general. Rare qualities, so there can't be many of them. You can find the one nearest you by calling (800) 447-4700\* We'll pay for the call.

\*In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400

\*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

## TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640.

Sirs:

I don't know who wrote the book of love, put the bop in the bop sh'bop sh'bop, put those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can, who was Deep Throat (or care, frankly), or really knocked off Martin Luther King (ditto). But there is one thing I know. That comic strip Doonesbury blows it out his cunt.

Florence Nesbitt  
Montreal, Canada  
(Radcliffe '09)

Sirs:

Hey, listen, I don't want to make trouble for anybody or anything, but that *Oui* magazine is really a piece of shit. No kidding, I mean I like a good strokebook as much as the next guy, but enough is enough, right? I mean, it's gotta be written by fags, right? I mean, am I right or wrong? I ask you.

Name withheld by request  
Butte, Montana

Sirs:

I don't put out for anybody, so watch it.

Naomi Iceberg  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm no crank or anything—I'm an actuary

with a large metropolitan insurance company with a swell wife and two terrific kids—but am I way off base or does *Rolling Stone* suck a biggie? I mean, I hear they just hired some Nazi from Disneyland and that the other bloated dipshit Pole Yaws Weeniesky likes to go around the office in a phlegm-colored tutu. I mean, you can call me out on this one because like I say, I don't know much about music, but outside of Sandy Bull, no one around there does either as far as I can tell, right? I mean, right?

A reader  
Nome, Alaska

P.S. Nice going, by the way, on ripping off all their stereo ads. Funny how even nip rats know when to desert a sinking shit. I mean ship. Sorry, typewriter slipped.

Sirs:

I know who the unknown soldier is. Send twenty-five dollars for name, recent photo, and dental records.

Dan C.  
P.O. Box H

Sirs:

Bishop Pike—wet head; Bishop Pike—the dry look.

S. Loren  
Roma

Sirs:

It speaks of urbanization in a unique and sometimes frighteningly real fashion.

Nat Hentoff  
Unique Sensation, P.O. Box 3

Sirs:

Fish. These fishermen know, with their timeless seaborne instincts, that only fish, the phosphorous-rich bounty of the sea, can help our President. Gerald Ford needs brain food. Not once a week, not twice a week, but five times a day.

Books can't help Gerald Ford know—he doesn't have the means to use them. Advisors are literally wasted on a man who forgets things before they happen. Gerald Ford is afflicted with stupidity. With a capital S. You can be thankful; it is a problem you may never have to face. You're one of the lucky ones.

What is stupidity? It is a debilitating disease that affects the decision-making capacity and in its later stages effectively blocks the formation of simple thoughts. It may become impossible for a sufferer to construe a simple sentence in his native tongue, or damage the memory to such an extent that he is unable to remember how to sign his name.

What causes stupidity? We don't know. Perhaps poor nutrition during the formative years, perhaps being born on a farm. But the Fish for Ford Committee is doing all it can to help right now. We know that every ounce of phosphorous-rich fish that is sent to Gerald Ford may raise his intelligence a few decimal points. That might not seem like much, but to a man like Gerald Ford it can mean a lot. You owe it to yourself, and your country, to send a fish to Gerald Ford today. Please, join with the Fish for Ford Committee in our fight against blind, unreasoning stupidity; send your fish today to:

Me  
Gerald Ford  
The White House  
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, D.C.

The tiny flicker of thought may yet be fanned to a steady, even glow—fish, that's the ticket.

Gerald Ford  
The White House

Sirs:

When the first set of instructions appear on the lighted screen in front of you, follow them to the letter.

Now. Watch for the next instruction.

You're doing fine. But careful, these next instructions are a little bit more tricky than the first two.

Say, you've done this before, haven't you?

## Who Says Audiophile Components have to be Expensive?

No one really says so, but most people think so. The SAE Mark XXX Stereo Preamplifier and Mark XXXIB Stereo Power Amplifier offer the highest engineering excellence and quality parts available at a moderate price.

To find out what makes these units the most sought after components, fill out the coupon and mail today.



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Gentlemen:

Please rush free information on the Mark XXX and Mark XXXIB by return mail.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# BUFFY • SAINTE • MARIE

A newly  
recorded  
album  
of our  
ever  
changing  
faces  
and  
times.



Produced by  
Norbert Putnam

O.K., here comes the fourth set of instructions . . . take your time. Very good! Excellent!

Now, had this been an actual alert, you would presently be picking little pieces of yourself off the surrounding landscape.

Your Conalrad Alert System

Sirs:

I've never written a letter to the editor before. There just didn't seem to be anything to say. And whenever I *did* have something to say, about the time I was really ready to sit down and write it, I'd look at the letters column and *voila!* there it would be already. Somebody else already wrote it. I thought for a while that I wrote those letters and somehow forgot that I did. But that couldn't be, because why would I sign somebody else's name? Anyway, here goes.

Have you noticed those signs that say "Right Turn on Red Permitted After Stop"? Well, it's the "Permitted" that gets me. It means you *can*, but you don't *have to*, right? Well, what about the aerosol nozzle in the car that honks and honks and honks when you *don't* turn? Huh? Can't he *read*?

I'll bet you don't print this.

S. I. Hayakawa  
San Francisco, California



*The following is a transcript of a press conference held by President Ford at the White House on the occasion of his first 159 days in office:*

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, good night. Let me just say before we get down to your probably hostile and confusing questions, that as I look around this room, here and on television across the nation, at its four fine straight walls, its sturdy floor, and its fine, straight, sturdy ceiling, that I am reminded of a story on this piece of paper here. It seems that men only have angles for girls with curves. That, ladies and gentle-

men of the press here tonight, is part of a cocktail napkin given to me, in a spirit of detente, by our arch-enemy, Leonard Breshnof, who, as you all know, is head of Russia. I think I can safely say that this is the first time an American President has been given a cocktail napkin with extremely amusing jokes on it by a Red, and it represents just one more blow on the thorny road to better trade relations, not to mention world peace and the price of eternal vigilants. Yes? Mr. Hersh?

Q. Mr. President, there are now over 6 million people out of work in this country, the highest unemployment since 1961 and the second highest since 1932. Are we in a depression?

A. Definitely not. Personally, I'm feeling just fine. And even if we were in a depression, it wouldn't be half as bad as you think if you look at it from the point, say, of the Pakistanis, where the only things they have to inflate are those little tummies you see in *Life*. So I think we can safely say that we're out of the woods and up the trees on this one, especially if we think turkey. Now, I know turkeys have been given a lot of bad press lately with this whole heroin business, but I understand it's down

continued

## Hear Twice As Much!!

SPEED LISTENING COURSE FROM WAREHOUSE SOUND COMPANY AND EVALYNE WOODEYE.

Stop wasting your time reading this pointlessly vulgar humor magazine. You have two good ears so use them for something other than stashing your half-chewed bubblegum. The 64-page Warehouse Sound Co. catalog has the best hi fi gear at righteous prices, not useless, tacky satire.

**Free Hi-Fi  
Catalog  
Tells All!**



Besides, if you've got any questions you can always call us (805/543-2330) and get some straight answers. Just try calling these guys and see what you get. Ha! Piffle, Flummery, and Twaddle.

WOODEYE?  
You bet I would!  
Zip me your nifty catalog!

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address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip \_\_\_\_\_

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San Luis Obispo  
California 93405

BONUS! Send \$1 for first class postage and you get your choice of either

Music Machine Almanac  
 Professional Products Catalog

X-2

# Is your stereo putting out the way it should?

Is your stereo putting out the way it shouldn't? Either way, the *National Lampoon Stereo Test and Demonstration Record* is designed to help you get the most out of your stereo system. Of course, it's possible that your stereo system was designed solely for the purpose of getting the most out of you; if so, this record will give you vinyl-inscribed justification for your deep-seated feelings of inferiority.

## Mr. Stereo Owner, this record is for you.

This record will help you determine how well your stereo is working, how well adjusted it is, and how loud it can play. It is chock-full of low and high tones to test the range of your system, plus good stereo effects to test your system's separation, and highly-modulated passages to test the ability of your cartridge to track without undue distortion.

## Exciting Features

This is not your ordinary humdrum stereo test record, full of police sirens and woodpeckers. The *National Lampoon Stereo Test and Demonstration Record* is the only stereo test record to offer you

Head-on train collisions!  
Tactical bombing of civilian targets!  
Torrid love scenes!  
Flaccid love scenes!  
Mediocre rock 'n' roll!



## Free Bonus

If you act now, you get free the *Official National Lampoon Hi-Fi Primer*, a priceless three-color guide to everything you ever wanted to know about stereo—things like “Frequency Response,” “Hum,” “Highly Modulated Passages,” and “Ed Subitzky.”

## Big Stars

Remember—*Bob Dylan*, *Elton John*, and *Louis Prima* are all recorded on stereo records and conceivably would want you to check out your system with this *National Lampoon* record.

ACT NOW WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS  
—FILL IN THE COUPON AND RUSH IT  
TO YOUR NEAREST POST OFFICE.

Send to: Demo Record, Box Q.  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of the *Official National Lampoon Stereo Test and Demonstration Record*. Enclosed is \$5.95 per record, plus 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

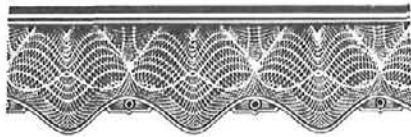
Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

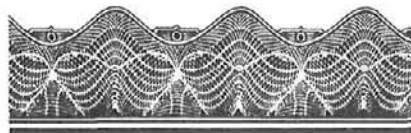
Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# RETRACTION



On page two of the November, 1974, *National Lampoon*, there appeared an ad for 3M Company Scotch Brand Recording Tape. The special offer included in the ad was run in error. The subject offer was unavailable.



## NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH

A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that instantly allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want... while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control.

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope, complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold only through the mail. (No prescription needed.)

Do not accept imitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only genuine potency product.

### ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order To:  
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Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

30-Day Supply Only \$5.95  
60-Day Supply Only \$8.95 (SAVE \$2.95)  
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# GIANT MURALS



Incredible 5 ft. x 7 ft. action packed surfer and bike murals, right for every room:

Only **3.99** each or 2 for **7.00**. Please add **1.00** per mural for shipping.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Please send cash, check or money order.

### Malibu Card & Mural Co.

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Malibu, Calif. 90265

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Foreign orders add \$2.00 for postage  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

continued

to 59 cents a pound. Turkey, that is, not heroin, which Nelson tells me is fetching close to thirty bucks a nickel bag. What's more important still is turkey is very cheap to raise. Earl Butz was speaking to me about this whole turkey thing this morning and he tells me you can grow almost three hundred pounds of turkey from one packet of turkey seed. Now, this is the kind of thing that can arm us with drumsticks to beat out a warning to high prices that America is not kidding in our war on inflation. Over there—Gaylord?

**Q.** Mr. President, there are still many people who feel that it is not healthy for our nation to have its number-two spot filled by a man who is worth hundreds of millions of dollars and controls billions more. How do you feel?

**A.** Let me just comment here in front of you that Nelson is one helluva fella. As I was saying to my press secretary Ron just now, he is one of the finest public servants I have ever known. I know he has great wealth, but there is nothing wrong with great wealth provided you share it around, and Nelson has been quite candid about who he shared it with. So whereas prior to myself, we had a Vice-President who took bribes covertly, after me we have one who gives them openly. That's the kind of honesty I want during my months in office. Furthermore, Nelson has given me an absolute promise that for all the time he is Vice-President, he will never make more money than he can use. Down here—Mr. Growland.

**Q.** But sir, do you think that, given Mr. Rockefeller's vast holdings, he can possibly make decisions without it affecting some of them?

**A.** I don't think anyone will disagree with him that Nelson is completely qualified to make decisions. I understand he's been governor of New York City for quite some time, and that's a doozy. Then again, he gets on very well with Henry, although Henry does say he's hanging around Nancy's stable rather a lot lately. All in all, I'm very glad he has me aboard. Bill Robbins?

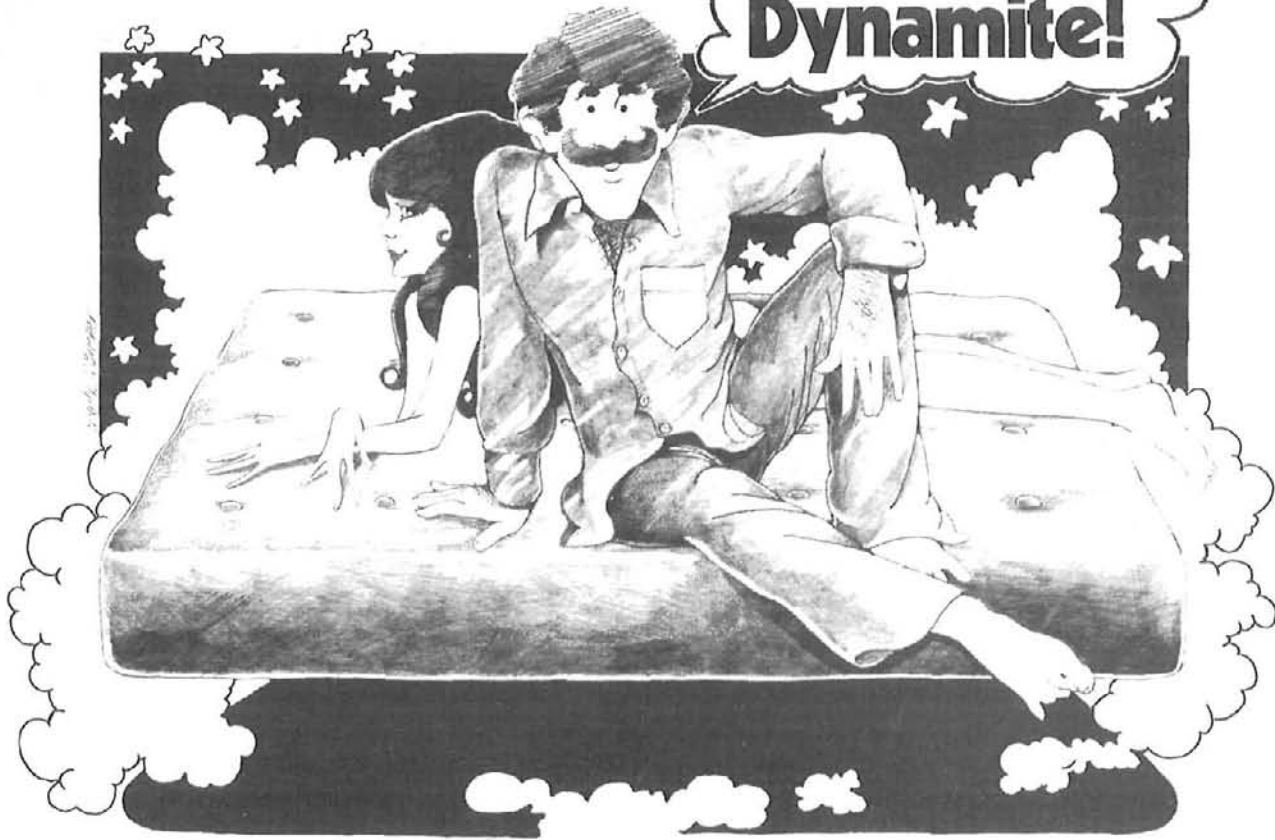
**Q.** Sir, you mentioned Russia a few moments ago. Could you tell us what, at this time, detente means?

**A.** Well, I can tell you this much—it's French.

**Q.** No, sir, I mean, what is the present status of detente?

**A.** Now, if you're asking what it means, that is, what it means to us average Americans alive here in this country today, I would have to say

# Dynamite!



## Inflate-a-Bed

The never-before INFLATE-A-BED is the most revolutionary break-through in bedding in years. INFLATE-A-BED matches the stability and comfort of the expensive mattress because of its unique, patented "air coil" construction. INFLATE-A-BED reinforces and supports body weight by equalizing the air pressure and flow through the "air coil" cells.

INFLATE-A-BED is constructed of rugged Poly Vinyl with a soft velvet-like upper finish.

INFLATE-A-BED will serve as your "custom" mattress, and you can use your regular fitted sheets. INFLATE-A-BED inflates in just 2 to 3 minutes by using an ordinary home vacuum cleaner and the special adaptor which is included in the INFLATE-A-BED storage package.

If you want the bed therapeutically harder—inflate it more. If you want to sleep with more sexuality—deflate it just a bit.

INFLATE-A-BED needs no frame or box springs, but can be set in a waterbed frame or placed on box springs, if desired.

This "spare bedroom" can be easily deflated and reduced to the size of an attache case. Store it in your closet, then you'll be prepared for expected or unexpected guests.

And remember, INFLATE-A-BED can be used outdoors just as well. It's a great bed for the camper, trailer, or even on the ground under your sleeping bag or in place of it. If you're away from electricity, take along an inexpen-

sive bellows-type foot pump. The INFLATE-A-BED construction is so amazing that the growing inflatable boat industry employs virtually the same material. Yes, INFLATE-A-BED is great as a floating raft, whether poolside or at the lake.

The never-before INFLATE-A-BED is the most revolutionary breakthrough in years. INFLATE-A-BED comes in Twin, Double, and Queen size. Give yourself a gift or give INFLATE-A-BED to a friend. Order INFLATE-A-BED today. **Charge card holders call our toll-free ordering desk. 800-821-7700.** Missouri residents call collect 816-358-1303. Or complete the coupon below.

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  - One year guarantee against defective materials or workmanship
- \*patent pending

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COLORS: RED (R) BLACK (B)  
AVOCADO GREEN (A)

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Kansas City, Missouri 64112

Please send me the following inflatable bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return it within 10 days for an immediate refund.

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- Color choice  Red     Avocado     Black  
 Check or M.O. enclosed (Mo. res. add 3% sales tax)  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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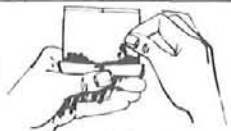
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Send coupon to INFLATE-A-BED 605 W. 47th Street  
Kansas City, Missouri 64112

# ROLL BETTER

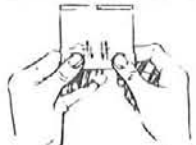
## the e-z wider way

1.



Fold the paper (approx. 3/4") at the end that isn't gummed. Sprinkle tobacco into this fold. Put more at the ends than in the middle. Close the paper over the tobacco. But don't tuck it in back of the tobacco just yet.

2.



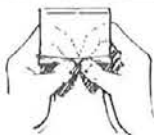
Hold both halves of the paper, cradling the tobacco inside with your thumbs closest to you and your second and third fingers in back.

3.



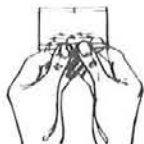
Spin the tobacco by sliding the paper back and forth a number of times.

4.



When the tobacco is shaped and packed, pinch the tobacco and the paper at the center so that when you start to roll, the paper will guide itself around the tobacco.

5.



Roll the cigarette tightly, beginning at the center; and by pulling, work your fingers out to the ends.

6.



Lick the gummed edge closed. Trim loose tobacco from the ends. The cigarette is now ready to smoke.

e-z wider makes rolling easy because it's double-width. try e-z wider and roll a better smoke.



© robert burton assoc.

that it looks like a lot of hardware for them and lots of left socks for us.

**Q.** Sir, detente is a matter affecting the lives of hundreds of millions of people, if not the future of the planet itself. Could you be more specific?

**A.** Let me just ejaculate something in here at this point—as you know, I didn't ask for this job—in so many words, at least—and there has had to be as much on-the-job training for me as there has been for a lot of my friends I brought along with me from Michigan. Heck, it took Henry half a day just to brief us on how to call room service, if that gives you any idea what it's like for me to figure out arms limitation negotiations and *quid pro quo* megadeath estimates and God knows what else they were jabbering about in Vladivostok. What it boils down to in the long run, however, is that Mr. Breshnof and I decided, over the course of the next few years, to shrink our atomic piles. Ms. Thomas?

**Q.** Sir, how has the Pentagon reacted to the announcement of the new agreement?

**A.** If they have reacted, I'd be the first to know about it. On the other hand, Secretary of Defense Schlesinger, who interestingly enough isn't

a Jew like General Brown said he was, but a Kraut or something, told me that the agreement doesn't matter that much because of the new top-secret Z bombs we have, which are to the H-bomb pretty much as Michigan State would be to a quadreglegic punting squad. I wasn't going to mention these Z-bombs, by the way, since they are our only way around the agreement, and they are top secret, but this is the kind of openness that you, the people, expect from I, your President. Anyhow, the point about any kind of bomb is that you can't afford to limit the number too much since they have a tendency to go bad on you like fruit, say, or press secretaries. Further, I discovered that if we cut the number of missiles we have, most of them are still going to be shot down or crash or just blow up in the submarine as in the *Thresher*, for instance, so what we'll probably end up doing is simply drop loaded submarines on them—something Henry terms our greatest ace-in-the-hole, negotiation-wise, apart, of course, from the Z-bombs. Over in the back? Mr. Cordier?

**Q.** Sir, there have been comments on Capitol Hill and elsewhere that your trips abroad, both those you have taken and those you intend to take, are simply ways of evading your responsibilities at home. Could you comment on that?

**A.** Well, Carl, is it, sorry, Stanislaus, you know, the funny thing about being up here in front of you people is that whenever something goes hay-wire like this mike here, or for that matter, the whole country, if you believe you gloomy Gusses in the papers there, why, the President gets every last ounce of the blame. Yes, believe it or not, the President gets chewed out, just like you used to be in school—everyone gives him a report card just like any other student. I get mine regularly, from Henry and Nelson. But if you're good at something useless, as I've always been, grades never matter that much. There'll always be someone who'll make sure you keep your scholarship. And even though the President does have to be a student of politics, both domestic and at home, as well as of internal matters such as kidney disease, provided he wears the hat of world peace of inflation, yes, even of a saner, safer place to kick, the fans are not going to veto him when the final curtain blows. And this, I think, is what I can promise you and all of you out there underneath the little red light in the future. Thank you and good morning.

**Q.** Thank you, Mr. President. □

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# Practice Makes

by Chris Miller

Sweeney was drunker than shit. The party, in its seventh hour, whirled giddily around him. Several spades surrounding the record player were making sure about the music and Sweeney was dancing his ass off. He felt euphoric, wide open.

Around midnight, he checked his tequila bottle and found it empty. Finished it, he thought, and decided he wanted very much to get laid.

The idea hadn't occurred to him earlier tonight. Sweeney wasn't getting laid much these days. He'd been in a down head lately, kind of bummed out about himself, and hadn't been feeling like the sexiest thing going. In fact, he'd reverted to an awkward teenager around women lately, all nervousness and foot shuffling and not knowing what to say. Until he got drunk. Alcohol had the curious quality of putting him strongly in touch with just what a foxy bad dude he really was. Slurp slurp, he thought, and began perusing females.

He saw Margo, dancing with some guy. He certainly could have dug being with her tonight, with her soft lips and busy, knowing hands. They were long-term lovers, he and Margo, and sleeping with her was always a deliciously satisfying proposition. Unfortunately, she happened to be giving the party, which was showing no signs of flagging, and, even if it were, she had some old school chum visiting, staying in her room with her. So getting it on with Margo didn't seem an auspicious possibility.

Who, then? By this time, everyone seemed already to be with someone. He wove through embracing couples, knots of joint passers, myriad boogiers, people falling out with laughter. Good fucking party, he thought.

"Hello."

Well, the woman with the cleavage. Who was she again? He'd spoken to her a couple of times during the evening, remembered being introduced to her, but couldn't quite recall her program. And damned if she wasn't coming on to him.

"Hey, hi, hello." Jesus, she was turning him on. Strange he hadn't noticed earlier how attractive she

was. Her raven hair was long and her semivisible breasts full, with just a hint of wanton sag. Disorder broke out among the oppressed masses of his groin.

"Hey, uh,"—Sweeney couldn't come up with her name—"why don't we leave? Why don't we go downtown to my apartment and eat each other like there's no tomorrow and then I'll slide it all the way up to your lungs?" He smiled.

The woman blinked. "God, are you direct." She smiled carnally, obviously intrigued by the invitation. "Only, do you think it's a good idea? Under the circumstances?"

Circumstances? What circumstances? Oh, holy shit, he realized; this woman was the old school chum staying with Margo. Sweeney and Margo had always kept the rest of their sex lives segregated from each other; it was an unspoken rule that seemed to make things easier. That the woman was Margo's friend made the situation slightly ticklish. But fuck it. He *wanted* her.

"Sure it's a good idea. I think it's a great idea." He took her hand and began sidling comically for the door.

She laughed. "All right. I'd love to. Just let me tell Margo I'm not staying here tonight." She gave him a kiss and disappeared into the crowd.

Uh-oh, thought Sweeney. He'd had something more like slipping quietly out in mind. Jesus, why had she gone and done that? Margo would of course ask who her friend was going home with and Sweeney didn't want to deal with whatever reaction Margo might have to the answer. His thing with her was occasional enough as it was; why rock the boat? The gathering forces in Sweeney's pants fled in disarray. I think I'll split, he decided.

The old school chum found him digging through the pile of coats in the bedroom. "Margo didn't go for the idea all that much." She looked subdued. "I think you better talk to her."

"Uh, right." Unhappily, Sweeney returned to the party to find Margo.

Margo found him. "Hey, what's the story, man? What's going on?"

Sweeney didn't feel particularly apologetic. In fact, he felt like telling Margo to fuck off, that he was taking her friend home with him. But he said, "Nothing going on. I'm leaving. Alone."

"Oh." Margo looked somewhat taken aback, but mollified. "I just thought, you know, that's not something we've done before . . ."

"You're right. You're absolutely right. It was a bad idea." He gave her a kiss. "I'll call you during the week." He started for the door.

Margo smiled uncertainly. "Well, good night."

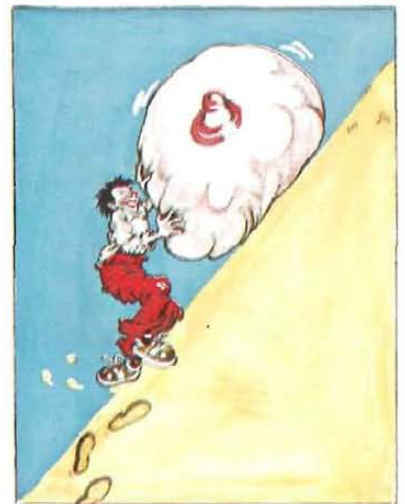
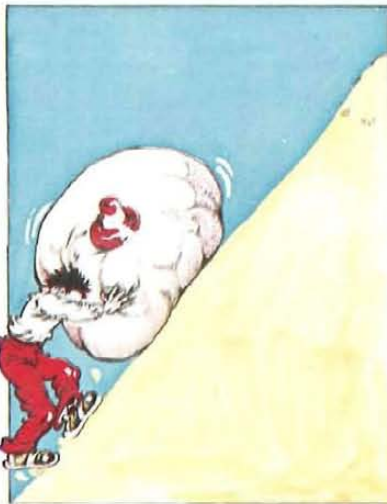
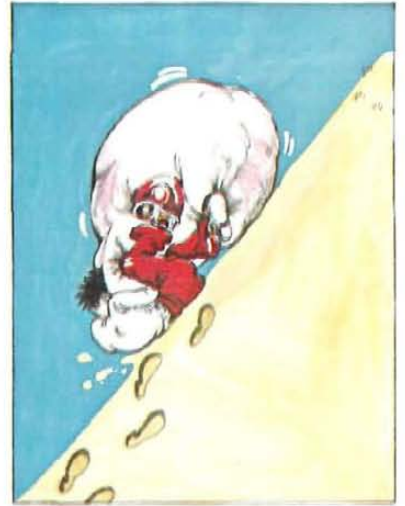
A friend came across Sweeney in the elevator and offered him a lift. The friend was with an extremely tall woman who reminded Sweeney of a giant goose. The entire way downtown, the two of them leered and sniggered at each other. "I've got this coke," his friend told the tall woman, "that will tear off the top of your skull. It's brown and they scrape it up from the bottom of the coke vats in big chunks, after long production runs. You have to crush it up in a mortar and pestle to snort it. But good God almighty." The woman smiled hungrily and ran her tongue up the side of his face.

Jesus, thought Sweeney. He restrained himself from biting a chunk out of the dashboard and spitting it all over them. As soon as he'd left the party, the minute the door closed behind him, he'd started to feel angry. By now, his misery at not being with the school chum was profound. He'd been a patsy, a schmuck. How could he have let himself fuck up that way? He tried to console himself with the assertion that he'd done the right thing, that he'd kept his relationship with Margo secure and intact. But, God, the things he sometimes made himself go without.

Grumbling, he let himself into his lonely apartment, filled his pipe with his most knockout dope, and turned on the TV. He'd smoke a bit, fuzz out, and go to sleep.

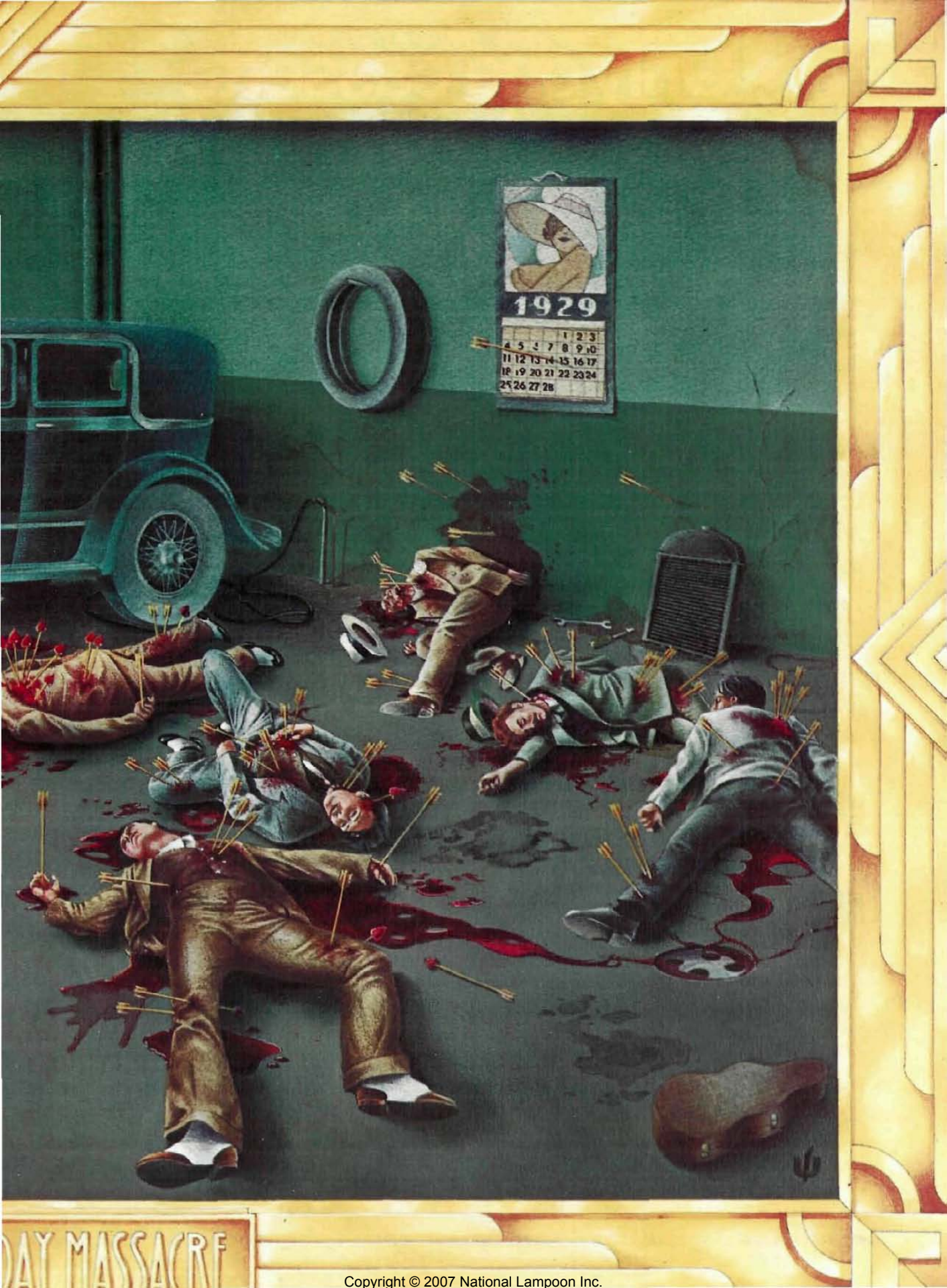
Don Rickles seemed to be sitting in for Johnny Carson. He and Ed McMahon were engaging in repartee

continued on page 77





ST. VALENTINE



1929						
	1	2	3			
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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25	26	27	28			

DAY MASSACRE

# Only one cassette deck stacks up with the best components.

Pioneer's new CT-7171 cassette deck with built-in Dolby, is undoubtedly the most extraordinary instrument of its type. Its sound reproduction is so exceptional that it not only eclipses the performance of other cassette decks, but it rivals the finest open-reel units.

To complement this remarkable performance, Pioneer has designed the CT-7171 with an important difference. All controls are up front so you can stack other components directly on top of it and beneath it. Even the illuminated cassette compartment is front loading, for easy access and visibility.

Performance features stack up, too. The CT-7171's illuminated VU meters, combined with a peak level indicator, refuse to let you over-

record. A light emitting diode glows instantly when the signal peak level is too high. Then, to prevent "clipping" distortion, a studio-type switchable Level Limiter handles those unpredictable program source peaks.

No matter what type of tape you use — standard, low noise or chromium dioxide — the CT-7171 delivers optimum recording and playback with an assist from bias and equalization switches. With the new Ferrichrome tape, this unit performs beyond the limits of credibility.

Precision cueing has never been easier than it is with the CT-7171. You can actually pinpoint a recorded passage on a cassette with the combination of a memory rewind switch, the 3-digit tape counter and an exclusive Skip button that lets you monitor audibly at accelerated speed.

The CT-7171 also highlights an

electronically controlled DC servo motor, two solid ferrite heads, automatic tape-end stop, dual concentric level controls, separate mic/line inputs, pause control, plus many other features to make it the most sophisticated cassette deck yet produced.

Because of its convenience, price and performance, the CT-7171 virtually obsoletes the 7-inch open-reel deck. And at \$369.95, it's an unexcelled value for studio-quality reliability, design and versatility.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074  
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

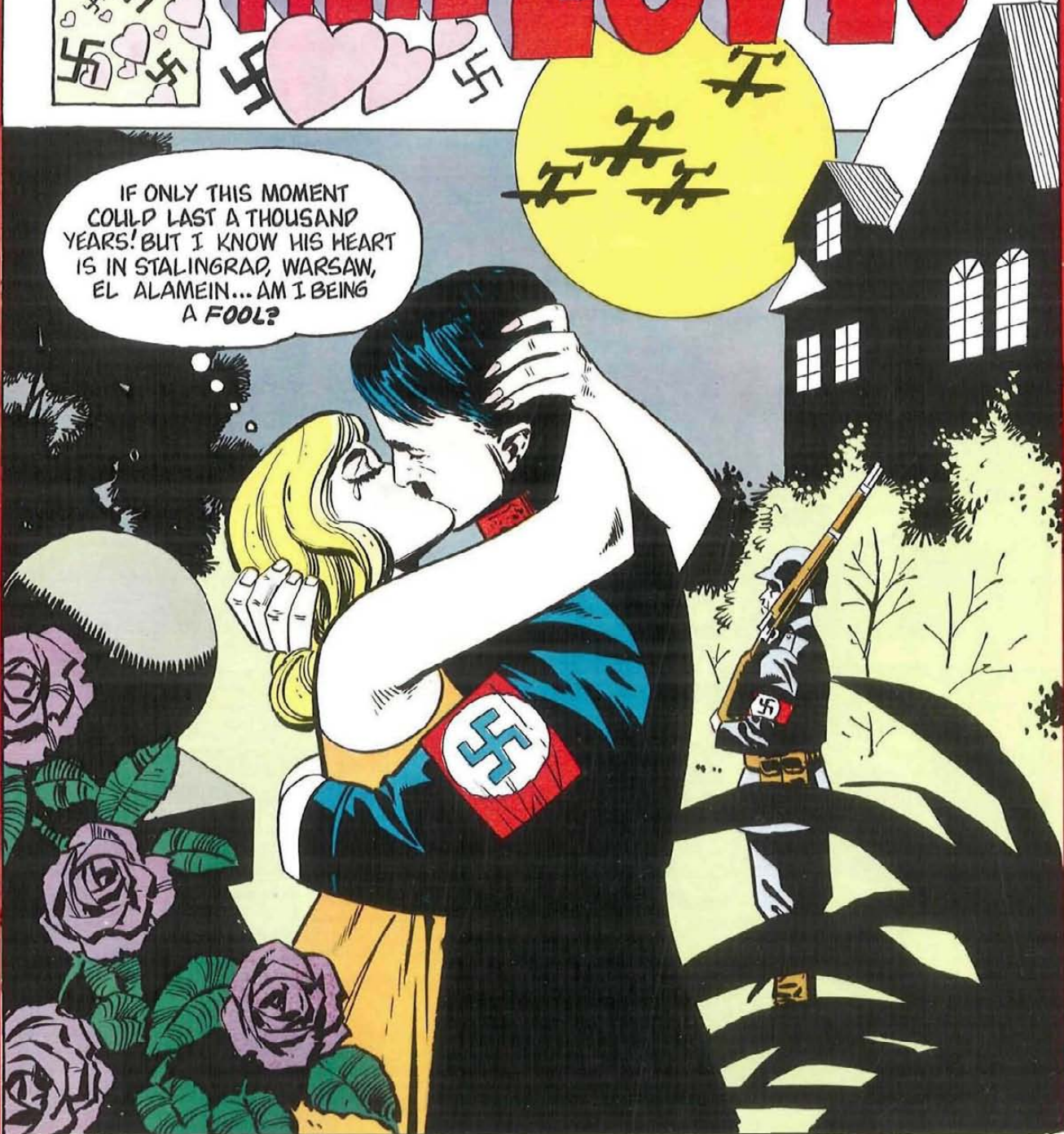
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MASTER  
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# HEIL LOVE!

IF ONLY THIS MOMENT  
COULD LAST A THOUSAND  
YEARS! BUT I KNOW HIS HEART  
IS IN STALINGRAD, WARSAW,  
EL ALAMEIN... AM I BEING  
A FOOL?



SCRIPT: MARC RUBIN & CHRIS MILLER • ART: VINCE COLLETTA • LETTERING: CATHI ANN THOMAS

# 100



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Erich Raeder



16. Field Marshal  
Walter von Brauchitsch



17. Admiral Karl Doenitz



18. General Alfred Jodi



3. Joseph Goebbels



4. Heinrich Himmler



7. Reinhard Heydrich



8. Martin Bormann



13. Field Marshal  
Gerd von Rundstedt



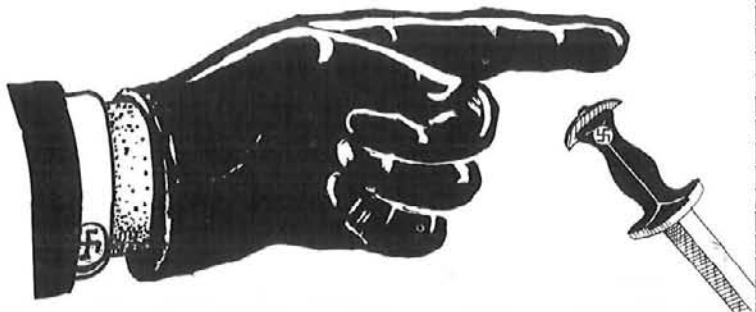
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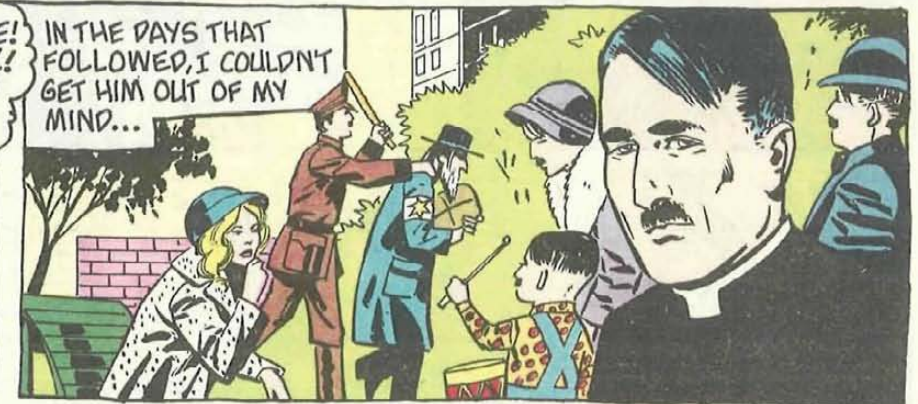
RELATIVES LIVING IN GERMANY \_\_\_\_\_

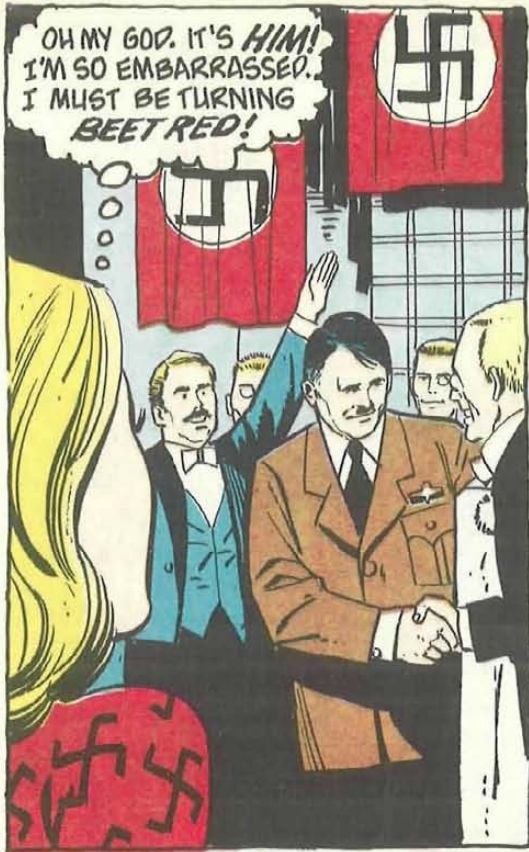


*F* ♡

I WAS JUST AN ORDINARY GIRL WITH ORDINARY HOPES AND ORDINARY DREAMS. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONTENT TO MARRY FRITZ, THE JUNGEN NEXT DOOR, UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN FRITZ TOOK ME TO A PARTY RALLY AND I FIRST SAW HIM ... AND FOUND MYSELF THE TARGET OF A...

**HEAVENLY BLITZ**





OH MY GOD. IT'S HIM!  
I'M SO EMBARRASSED.  
I MUST BE TURNING  
BEET RED!



THEN, SUDDENLY, OUR EYES MET. HE STARTED  
TOWARDS ME. I WANTED TO RUN...BUT COULDN'T!  
AND THEN...



HELLO. MY  
NAME'S ADOLF.  
WHAT'S YOUR  
SIGN?

THAT WAS THE  
BEGINNING. WE  
DATED FOR A-  
WHILE, AND I  
FOUND MYSELF  
FALLING MORE MAD-  
LY IN LOVE WITH  
HIM EVERY DAY. BUT  
THEN, AS SUDDENLY  
AS IT BEGAN, IT  
WAS OVER. HE  
HAD TO LEAVE...



ADOLF, ADOLF,  
WILL I EVER  
SEE YOU AGAIN?

DER STÜRMER  
**CZECHOSLOVAKIA  
INVADED!**



YEARS PASSED. I'D ALMOST MANAGED TO  
FORGET HIM WHEN...

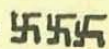

LETTER FOR  
MISS BRAUN!

**TREBLINKA**  
FINE SOAP  
PRODUCTS SINCE  
1936

"IT'S CONCENTRATED!"

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. IT WAS FROM HIM!

My Dearest Eva:  
The men capable of leadership in  
Poland must be liquidated. Those  
following them must be eliminated  
in their turn. There is no reason to  
burden the Reich with this, no need  
to send them to Reich concentration  
camps.

LOVE AND    
ADOLF

P.S. Will you come live with me at  
my eyrie?



I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT AN EYRIE WAS, BUT IT  
DIDN'T MATTER. I COULD BE ANYWHERE WITH HIM  
AND BE HAPPY. BUT PAPPY REALLY HIT THE CEILING.

BUT PAPPY, I  
LOVE HIM!

YOU'LL BRING  
DISGRACE ON THE  
ENTIRE FAMILY.

BUT WHAT DO YOU  
HAVE AGAINST HIM?

NOTHING. BUT  
YOU'RE NOT MARRIED.  
WHAT WOULD PEOPLE  
THINK?

BUT DADDY FINALLY CHANGED HIS MIND...



...AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I HAD BEEN LUFT WAFTED INTO MY LOVED ONE'S ARMS!



THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WERE DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY. NOTHING WAS MISSING. NOTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE SOUND OF WEDDING BELLS!



A GOLD TOOTH NECKLACE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

HAVING FUN, EVA?

YES, HUN, BUT WHEN ARE WE GETTING MARRIED?

PATIENCE, DARLING.

BUT MY PATIENCE WAS BEGINNING TO RUN OUT. ADOLF'S BUSINESS WAS OCCUPYING MORE AND MORE OF EUROPE...



OH, FRAU GOEBBLES, HE'S NOT COMING HOME FOR DINNER AGAIN!

I KNOW, DEAR, I KNOW.

...AND I FOUND MYSELF MORE AND MORE...



...ALONE!



DAS GIN!

FINALLY, WHEN HE DIDN'T EVEN COME HOME FOR HIS FIFTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY...

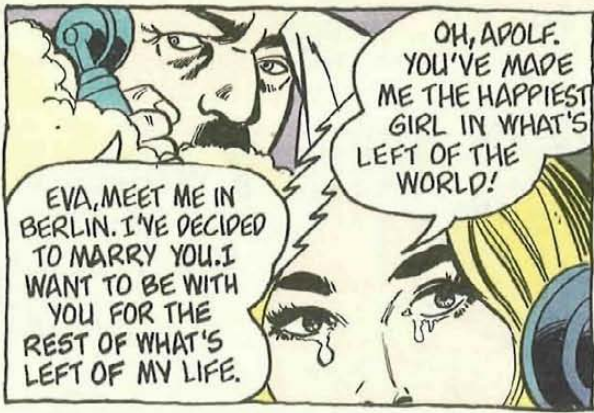


HE'S NEVER GOING TO MARRY ME, I'VE BEEN A FOOL! BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. NEVER AGAIN!

NO SOONER HAD I MADE MY DECISION WHEN...



GOE-RING!



EVA, MEET ME IN BERLIN. I'VE DECIDED TO MARRY YOU. I WANT TO BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF WHAT'S LEFT OF MY LIFE.

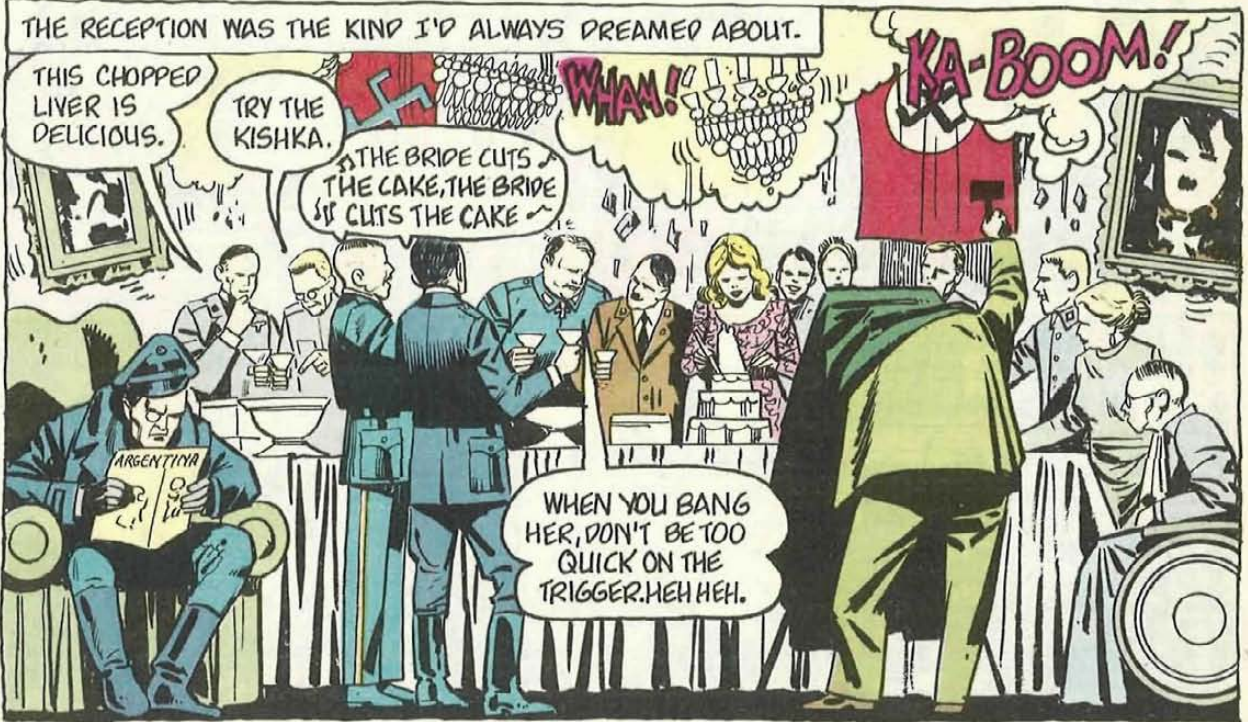
OH, ADOLF. YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE WORLD!



CRASH

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU SUPERMAN AND WIFE.

BAR-OOM



THE RECEPTION WAS THE KIND I'D ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT.

THIS CHOPPED LIVER IS DELICIOUS.

TRY THE KISHKA.

THE BRIDE CUTS THE CAKE, THE BRIDE CUTS THE CAKE

WHAN!

KA-BOOM!

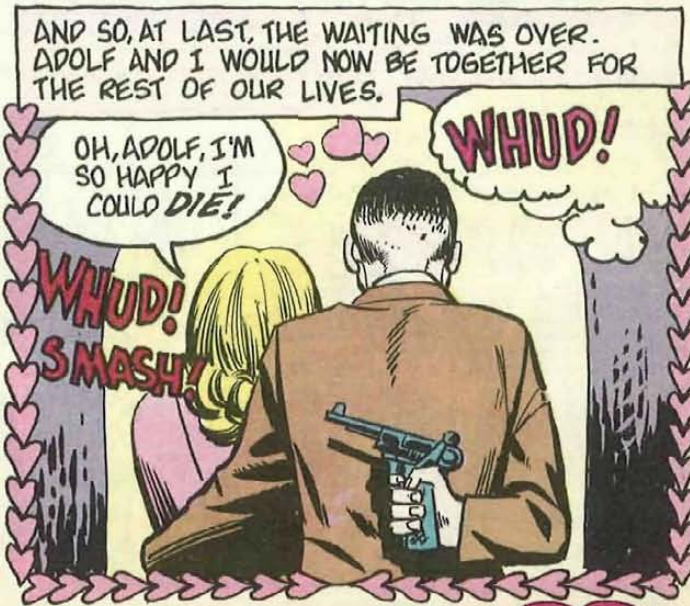
WHEN YOU BANG HER, DON'T BE TOO QUICK ON THE TRIGGER. HEH HEH.



AND THEN...

C'MON, HONEY, LET'S DUCK INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, DARLING.



AND SO, AT LAST, THE WAITING WAS OVER. ADOLF AND I WOULD NOW BE TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

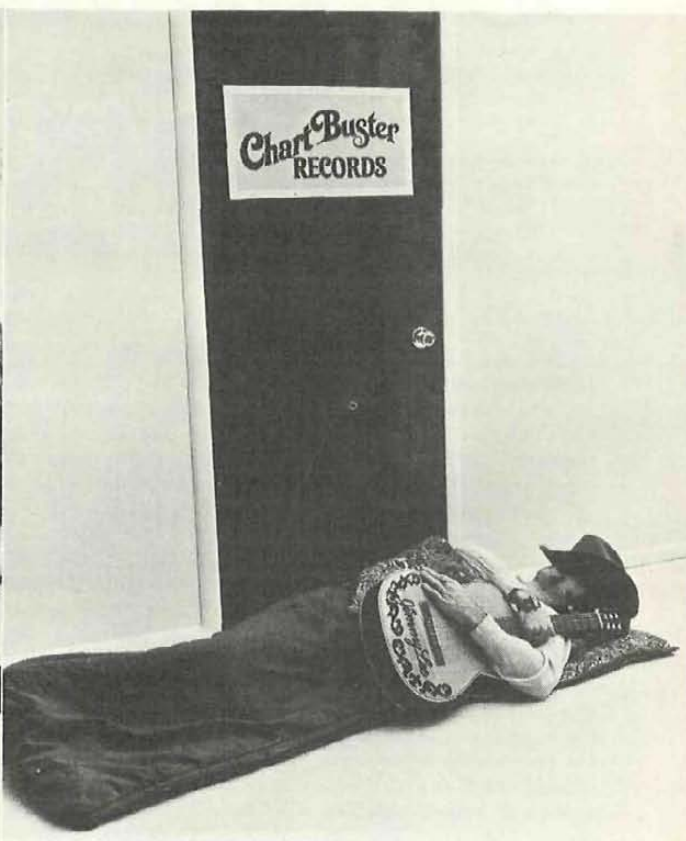
OH, ADOLF, I'M SO HAPPY I COULD DIE!

WHUD!

WHUD! SMASH!

THE END

# Four ways to get someone in the music business to listen to your song.



## The sure way is the 1975 American Song Festival.

Instead of going to ridiculous lengths to get a music business heavy to hear your song, enter it in the 1975 American Song Festival. We'll *guarantee* your song will be heard by the "right" people. Because the right people, A&R pros, music executives and publishers, serve as our judges.

All you need is a song. You don't even have to write music, because entries are on cassettes.

If you've been dreaming about *being* in the music business, instead of just *reading* about it, this could be the break you've been looking for.

There are categories for rock, country, folk, easy listening, soul, and gospel. (Plus a special Bicentennial competition for the best patriotic or historical song.) The cash prizes total \$129,776, the largest amount ever offered in a songwriting competition.

But even more important, there's a chance to advance your career with recording and publishing contracts and exposure on national TV. That's what happened to the winners of last year's competition. This year it could happen to you. We are accepting entries now, so mail this coupon today for complete information and an official entry form. You can also pick up an entry form from any participating Radio Shack Store.

 The American Song Festival  
(An International Songwriting Competition)  
P.O. Box 57, Hollywood, CA 90028

Name \_\_\_\_\_ NL  
(Please print)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization

# Computer Dating Section

A special National Lampoon service for all male readers.

by Ed Subitzky

**H**i there, fella. Yes, we mean you. We at the *National Lampoon* know all about you. After all, we do take surveys. If you're a *National Lampoon* reader, chances are: (1) You're a male, more or less. (2) You're not very popular. (3) If the *National Lampoon* didn't print as many pictures of girls, you wouldn't buy as many copies. (4) You're kind of shy, to say the least. (5) You're not particularly good-looking. (6) You're oversensitive. (7) You trip over things. (8) You're not good at talking. (9) You don't really like people very much. (10) Girls make you feel guilty.

Of course, deep inside, a bit of you still clings to the faith that, one of these lonely days, you're finally going to come across what you've always been looking for—the kind of girl who'll understand you. A girl who'll even have some of the same problems as you, and be fighting the same battles you fight. A girl who'll break open your dismal shell. A girl who'll coax you into loving her despite how scared you are of human relationships. And one of the things that keeps you going in your quest is the knowledge that, wherever she is, that poor, sad, miserable, lonely, desperate, unhappy girl is doing all she can to run into you.

At the *National Lampoon*, we'd like to help you both.

We want to help you find her. We want to help her find you. We want to do everything we can to hasten the glorious day when you at last meet, laugh at each other's awkwardness, grope towards your first meaningful conversation with someone of the opposite sex. We want to take those grim, lonely weekends and turn them into heavens of hand-holding, hair-stroking, meadow-frolicking, moonlight-swimming, canoe-riding-with-gay-abandon, or whatever.

If you will just allow us to help you, all this can be yours sooner than you think. How? By the most modern scientific means: computer dating.

Not the kinds of computer dating you've tried in the past. After all, no one knows better than you how that worked out. Instead, we at the *National Lampoon*—long before this issue went to press—took advantage of our national contacts to interview eligible young girls all over the country, in an effort to find those who might be able to get along with *National Lampoon* readers. We roamed college campuses, went to libraries, to art museums, to cinema clubs—always using our reputation as the “voice of America's youth” to amass a long list of bright, sensitive, talented, sweet, lonely young things (each of whom, needless to say, has a great sense of humor!). We then programmed each of their characteristics into our computer.

Now all we need to do is feed your information into the computer, so we can find out which of these young ladies is the perfect “Miss Right” you've always dreamed about. Of course, if we asked you to fill out a question-

naire and graded it for you, that would take extra time—and we know how bad off you are already. You just might hit the last lonely weekend you could make it through. So here's what we're asking you to do instead.

Just sit down now, try to relax, and answer the questions that follow as honestly as you can, as you would on any other computer dating questionnaire. You'll find questions that apply to all areas of your interests and personality. But instead of having us score it for you, you score it yourself, as indicated. You add up your scores in each section, weight them by multiplying by the given factor, and then you total the results to obtain your final score, or grand score.

What then? Your grand score leads you right to your ideal girl. And she's waiting for you right here in this magazine! Not in person, of course, but we've asked each girl to prepare for publication a little description of herself and her philosophies and attitudes, as well as her picture. This way, when you really do meet her, you'll be more comfortable because the ice will have been broken in advance.

**H**ow do you contact your dream girl? As an added service, the *National Lampoon* is going to make that as easy for you as possible. Just write to your ideal girl in care of us at our regular editorial address. For example, if your ideal girl turns out to be Gloria Mutterman, address your envelope as follows: Gloria Mutterman, c/o *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

We will immediately forward your letter right to your ideal girl. Of course, you must remember to give her your return address; she will then contact you and arrange your first meeting and first date.

There is one additional thing we must ask you to do, however. In order for us to forward your letter, we must request that you enclose a copy (a Xerox will do) of your filled-in questionnaire. This is strictly for your own sake, as it is absolutely mandatory that you contact *only* the girl scientifically selected for you. (Because we must open your envelope in order to remove the questionnaire, if you wish to insure the privacy of your letter to your girl, you can place it in a second sealed envelope; mail this to us, with the questionnaire outside, in a larger envelope.)

We must repeat again, and most strongly: Do *not* attempt to reach any of the girls that do not correspond to your score. A shy, sad person with your limited experience will have enough trouble even with your ideal girl—if you should try any girl who isn't perfectly matched to you, this magazine will in no way be responsible for the psychological devastation and suicide on your part that will inevitably ensue.

# National Lampoon Computer Dating Service—Official Reader Questionnaire

**Directions:** This questionnaire is divided into five (5) sections. In each section, do the following (please try to do it right—your future happiness depends on it):

For each general question under the section heading, check the answer that comes closest in your case. Allow yourself the number of points following the answer you have chosen. Then total up all your scores. For example, if there are six questions in the section, and your answers are scored (2), (4), (1), (0), (3), and (8), then your total is 18.

At the end of each section, you will find a weight question. Again, pick the answer that most closely represents the way you feel. Then take the number following this answer and multiply it by the total you previously obtained for this section. Take, for example, the Hobby Section. Say your total for the section is 18, and your answer to the weight question is followed by the number (2.5). Multiply 18 by 2.5 to obtain 45. This is your final section score for the Hobby Section.

In addition, at the end of each section you will find a special psychequestion. Instead of being followed by a number, each possible answer to the psychequestion will be followed by one of the letters A, B, C, D, or E. Carefully write down the letter which follows the answer you have selected. These letters will be used later on.

When you have completed all the five (5) sections, you will be asked to add up all your section scores to arrive at your final grand score. You will also be asked to look at the group of letters you have chosen and determine the letter that appears most often. For example, if you had chosen letters A, C, E, E, B, A, E, C, E, D, you would have letter E. The combination of grand score (a number) and most frequent letter will lead you to the girl of your dreams, as explained in the **score interpretation** panel.

If you did not understand any of this, read it again. Read it as often as necessary. And remember—every question was carefully created by a team of psychologists to reveal your real attitudes. Answer each question as best you can, even if your conscious mind sees no "reason" for the question.

If you do this right, a lifetime of happiness and warm companionship may well be your reward. If you make an inadvertent mistake ... well, you know how depressed you get sometimes.

## Section I—Personal Data and Appearance

### General Questions:

Which group most nearly represents your age today?

- Under 13. (0)
- 13-15. (1)
- 15-18. (2)
- 18-25. (3)
- Over 25. (0)

Score:

How tall are you in your stocking feet?

- Under 4 feet. (0)
- Under 5 feet. (0)
- Under 6 feet. (0)
- Over 6 feet. (7)

Score:

What is your approximate weight?

- Under 140 pounds. (0)
- 140-174 pounds. (3)
- 175-199 pounds. (0)
- Over 199 pounds. (0)

Score:

Which statement do you think most correctly

describes the attitude of the opposite sex towards you?

- "They think I'm ugly." (0)
- "They think I'm plain." (0)
- "I don't know—they never notice me." (0)
- "I'm considered kind of handsome." (1)
- "I'm considered very handsome." (12)
- "They don't like my pimples." (0)
- "They don't like my limp." (0)
- "They don't like my bald spot." (0)
- "I don't know, because I keep my head covered." (0)
- "I seem to scare people, especially children." (0)
- "Who cares what a bunch of stupid girls thinks anyway?" (0)

Score:

Total score for this section:

### Weight Question:

How much emphasis do you place on the way a girl looks?

- A lot. (01)
- Just a little. (.75)
- Almost none at all. (5)

Multiply your total score for this section by your weight question score. This is your section score—enter it here:

### Psychequestion:

Which movie scenes do you secretly enjoy most?

- The scenes where someone gets a pie thrown in his face. (A)
- The scenes where someone gets leprosy. (B)
- The scene where a grenade lands on a man's or woman's face. (C)
- The scenes where someone is being trampled by a horse. (D)
- The long shots where you can't see the face. (E)

Enter your letter here:

## Section II—Life Philosophy and Attitude

### General Questions:

Which of these authors would you most enjoy reading?

- Thackeray (0)
- Nietzsche (3)
- Kierkegaard (4)
- Albee (2)
- Ann Landers (8)

Score:

Which statement most accurately represents your present view on mercy-killing?

- There is life after death. (0)
- There is no life after death. (0)
- The Universe was created by a kind and loving God Who cares deeply about all His creations, even His mistakes. (2)
- "The proper study of Mankind is Man." (0)
- Sometimes it can't be helped, like being attracted to a beautiful girl who has large, pendulous breasts. (0)

Score:

Your religion can best be described as:

- Orthodox (0)
- Unorthodox (0)
- "A soul saved is a soul unburned." (3)
- Like a beautiful girl with a sensuous figure and large, pendulous breasts. (0)

Score:

When you look at a beautiful sunset, you are apt to think:

- of high school chemistry. (0)
- of a beautiful sunset. (1)

- of a beautiful woman with large, fiery, pendulous breasts. (0)
- of the logical positivist approach to the questions that cannot be defined operationally. (0)
- How nice it would have been if you had been born better-looking. (0)

Score:

Total score for this section:

### Weight Question:

How important is it to you that you and the girl you fall madly in love with think alike?

- Extremely important. (.99)
- Slightly important. (1)
- Not important at all. (1.01)

Multiply your total score for this section by your weight question score. This is your section score—enter it here:

### Psychequestion:

You are on a sinking ship, and all of the passengers have already drowned except you and two girls. One of the girls is an ugly, flat-chested, benevolent scientific genius who is just a few days away from curing cancer. The other is a beautiful young starlet with large, pendulous breasts who is known to offer her most intimate favors to any man who saves her life. Both women are unconscious, and you only have time to save one of them. You would:

- save the girl who may cure cancer because if you had saved the other girl, she might eventually have gotten cancer, and then both of them would be dead. (A)
- save the beautiful young starlet because life would not be worth living without a publicly-supported cinema. (B)
- save the beautiful young actress and then educate her in biochemistry. (C)
- save the beautiful actress because her large, pendulous breasts may ruin her natural buoyancy, thus dooming her. (D)
- save the beautiful young actress with the large, pendulous breasts. (E)

Enter your letter here:

## Section III—Hobbies and Interests

### General Questions:

How would you rather spend a lazy Sunday afternoon?

- Doing hard crossword puzzles. (1)
- Doing easy crossword puzzles. (2)
- Mowing the lawn. (2)
- Watching color TV. (1)
- Listening to old news broadcasts. (1)
- Wishing there was mail on Sundays. (0)

Score:

If you had to do without one of the following items for the rest of your life, which would it be:

- The tint control on your color TV. (1)
- Your stamp collection binder. (1)
- Your model airplane glue. (1)
- The secret section in your wallet for stamps. (1)
- Your postal scale. (2)

Score:

When you were young, your favorite fantasy was:

- to be a famous cowboy, and save beautiful, large-breasted, helpless cowgirls. (0)
- to be a famous fireman, and save beautiful, large-breasted, helpless women who were burning. (0)
- to be a famous astronaut and prevent

continued

space invaders from capturing beautiful, large-breasted, helpless Earth women. (0)

- to have a nice little dry-goods store in an affluent suburb. (18)

Score:   
Total score from this section:

**Weight Question:**

Which of the following comes closest to what you really believe?

- Sex is not enough in a relationship between a man and a woman. (5)
- It is more fun to have sex with someone who shares your hobbies. (3)
- The best lovers in the world are the men and women who don't need much sex because they enjoy mutual hobbies. (4)
- Girls who build model airplanes do not, in general, have large, pendulous breasts. (1)

Multiply your total score for this section by your weight question score. This is your section — enter it here:

**Psychequestion:**

You are working late to finish an important model windmill for the local Science Fair, when suddenly a beautiful woman with large, pendulous breasts parachutes down your chimney. Unhurt, she emerges through your fireplace, takes off her clothes, and an intense excitement you have never known rushes through your loins. She begins to kiss you feverishly all over. You then:

- apologize to her, and continue working. (A)
- don't apologize to her, and continue working. (B)
- take her out to the opera, which you love. (C)
- ask her whether or not she agrees with Descartes' fundamental philosophy expressed in his famous epigram, "I think, therefore I am." (D)
- introduce her to your mother. (E)

Enter your letter here:

**Section IV—Earning and Spending Power**

**General Questions:**

Your income now is:

- under \$5,000 a year. (0)
- between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. (1)
- between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year. (2)
- between \$30,000 and \$50,000 a year. (3)
- over \$50,000 a year. (20)

Score:

Your potential nest egg is:

- under \$1,000,000. (0)
- over \$1,000,000. (25)

Score:

Your attitude towards dating can best be expressed by:

- "Human beings matter more than money." (0)
- "Large, pendulous breasts matter more than money." (0)
- "If a man who isn't handsome wants to impress a girl, he had better spend a great deal of money on her." (3)
- "The more money a man spends on a woman, the less it matters that he may once have gotten his face caught in a Good Humor truck door." (3)

Score:

On your last date, you spent

- under \$200. (0)
- over \$200. (10)

Score:

Total score from this section:

**Weight Question:**

How badly do you mind a woman marrying you for your money?

- Quite a lot. (0)
- It's all right, as long as she doesn't divorce you for your money. (1)
- Anything is better for you than the way things are now. (5)

Multiply your total score for this section by your weight question score. This is your section score — enter it here:

**Psychequestion:**

Which of the following statements comes closest to your reaction to the premise, "In one way or another, all women are prostitutes, and you always have to pay for it."

- "It's true, except for my mother, sister, and grandmothers." (A)
- "It's true." (B)
- "It's true, but nobody is to blame because it's genetic." (C)
- "Large, pendulous breasts." (D)
- "It may not be true for men who are handsome, but it certainly is true in my case." (E)

Enter your letter here:

**Section V—Sexual Attitudes**

**General Questions:**

How far do you expect a woman to go on the first date?

- Holding hands. (0)
- Brushing her arm against you as you walk. (1)
- Wearing skirts that show her knees. (0)
- Talking to you. (0)
- "All the way." (0)

Score:

How far do you expect a woman to go before marriage?

- Holding hands. (0)
- Brushing her arm against you as you walk. (0)
- Wearing skirts that show her knees. (1)
- Talking to you. (0)
- "All the way." (0)

Score:

How far do you expect a woman to go after marriage?

- Holding hands. (0)
- Brushing her arm against you as you walk. (0)
- Wearing skirts that show her knees. (1)
- Talking to you. (0)
- "All the way." (0)

Score:

Total score from this section:

**Weight Question:**

How many times a year do you expect to have sex?

- On your birthday. (1)
- More often than that. (0)
- Less often than that. (25)

Multiply your total score for this section by your weight question score. This is your section score — enter it here:

**Psychequestion:**

On your wedding night, your new bride informs you that she cannot respond to a man unless he first beats her with a white-hot belt buckle. Your reaction is:

- to fall out of love with her. (A)
- to wish you had married a woman with large, pendulous breasts. (B)
- to consult the Yellow Pages for an all-night store which carries men's furnishings and portable stoves, because only a handsome man can go

out and find another woman. (C)

- to wish you'd read the instructions more carefully on the computer-dating form. (D)
- to pretend not to understand what she is talking about, and change the subject to stamp collecting. (E)

Enter your letter here:

**Final Instructions and Score Interpretation**

You should now have calculated five (5) section scores and five (5) letters. Now take the section scores and add them together. This total is your grand score.

Next, determine which letter appears most often in your group of letters. If there is a tie, choose the letter earliest in the alphabet. This is your match letter.

Now look at the top row of the following chart. Find the group into which your grand score falls. Then look at the leftmost column and find your match letter.

In the box where that column and row intersect, you will find the name of your perfect mate.

	Under 200	200—350	351—475	476—650	Over 650
A	Gloria Mutterman	Gloria Mutterman	Annette Saunders	Annette Saunders	Ellen Flenk
B	Gloria Mutterman	Gloria Mutterman	Agnes Duchamp	Agnes Duchamp	Ellen Flenk
C	Debbie Kowatki	Debbie Kowatki	Eileen Smith	Eileen Smith	Eileen Smith
D	Debbie Kowatki	"Kitty" Lansing	"Kitty" Lansing	"Kitty" Lansing	"Kitty" Lansing
E	Ronni Austin	Ronni Austin	Lorna Rheingold	Lorna Rheingold	Cindy Johnson

It is now, at last, time for your big moment—when you "meet" and learn all about your perfect mate!

And that couldn't be easier. Since you already know her name, just look it up in the following chart. Next to her name, you will find a number. This is the number of the section in which she appears. Then turn to page 80 and proceed to the indicated section.

If your girl is . . . . . proceed to this number.

Gloria Mutterman	1
Annette Saunders	2
Agnes Duchamp	3
Debbie Kowatki	4
"Kitty" Lansing	5
Ronni Austin	6
Ellen Flenk	7
Eileen Smith	8
Lorna Rheingold	9
Cindy Johnson	10

You will find a picture of your girl, plus a description of her in her own words. All you need do then is find pen and paper, write her as nice a note as you can (feel free to ask direct questions, of course; she's just as anxious to find a compatible mate as you are), then mail it to her in care of the **National Lampoon**. (Incidentally, no need to worry about where your girl lives. All these girls have promised the **National Lampoon** that they will be glad to relocate wherever their true love wants them to.)

But remember: Look only at the girl meant for you. You have no business looking in any of the other panels. Those are other people's girls, and who knows what they might do to you if they found you gawking at their property!

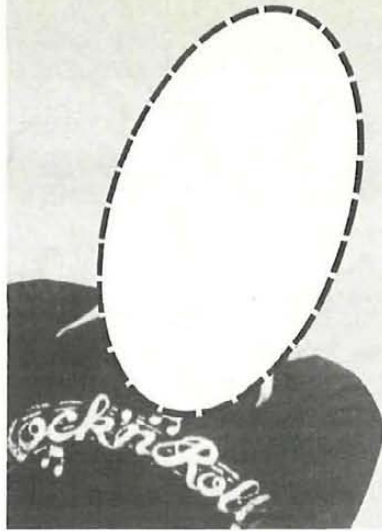
Now turn to your special girl.

We at the **National Lampoon** would like to wish you health, wealth, joy, love, and happiness, and a quick end to the dismal, frustrated, introverted, sick, sad, awful, and lonely life you have led up until now.





Billy Joel



Richie Havens



Barry Manilow



Barry Hay of Golden Earring

# A NEW WEEKLY RADIO HOUR MARY TRAVERS & FRIEND



Annie Haslem of Renaissance



Harry Chapin



Paul Kantner of Jefferson Starship



Dory Previn

Mary Travers made a lot of friends traveling around the country as part of *Peter, Paul & Mary*. She also learned a lot about music and musicians. On *Mary Travers & Friend*, she takes you along to meet the people who make your music.

One of Mary's first shows features Bob Dylan in his only major radio appearance in over ten years. Mary talks with Bob about his musical roots as well as his feelings about today's music. Whenever Bob raises a musical point, Mary plays some appropriate recorded music. You'll be surprised at some of the far-out things that get played. On each show Mary gets it on just the same with the stars you see pictured here — plus many more.

Listen each week for *Mary Travers & Friend* on these top stations. (Check your local paper to find out when to listen.)

- WQIV-FM (NEW YORK), KNX-FM (LOS ANGELES), WSDM-FM (CHICAGO), WIOQ-FM (PHILADELPHIA), WYDD-FM (PITTSBURGH), KADI-FM (ST. LOUIS), KLOL-FM (HOUSTON), WNAP-FM (INDIANAPOLIS), WKTK-FM (BALTIMORE), WRKR-FM (MILWAUKEE), WQSR-FM (TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG), KUDL-FM (KANSAS CITY), KVAN (PORTLAND), KFML-FM (DENVER), WRPL (CHARLOTTE), WCOL-FM (COLUMBUS, OHIO), WLRS-FM (LOUISVILLE), XHIS (SAN DIEGO), WRQR-FM (GREENVILLE/SPARTANBURG/ASHVILLE), WAMX-FM (HUNTINGTON/CHARLESTON), WQBK-FM (ALBANY/SCHENECTADY/TROY), WERC-FM (BIRMINGHAM), WILK (WILKES-BARRE/SCRANTON), WGOE (RICHMOND), KEYN-FM (WICHITA), WOUR-FM (SYRACUSE), WIOT-FM (TOLEDO), WDBS-FM (RALEIGH/DURHAM), KIK-FM (DAVENPORT/ROCK ISLAND/QUAD CITY), KRST-FM (ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO), KREM-FM (SPOKANE, WASHINGTON), KRMH-FM (AUSTIN, TEXAS), WMDI-FM (ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA), WBEU-FM (BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA), WBDY (BLUEFIELD, VIRGINIA), CJFM-FM (MONTREAL), WBAB-FM (LONG ISLAND), WOUR-FM (SYRACUSE/UTICA, N.Y.), WINE (DANBURY, CONN.), WRCN-FM (RIVERHEAD, N.Y.), WRAI-FM (SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO), WHMQ-FM (FINDLAY, OHIO), WAMX-FM (ASHLAND, KY./HUNTINGTON, W. VA.), KEYN-FM (WICHITA, KANSAS), WBML (MACON, GEORGIA), KBKR-FM (STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.), KKXL-FM (GRAND FORKS, S.D.).



# Sixty reasons why you need Book Digest Magazine.



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BOOK DIGEST is a new magazine that makes picking and choosing a lot easier. Every issue contains selections and condensations from 9 to 11 books that are useful to know about.

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BOOK DIGEST does not rewrite. Or simplify. Or paraphrase.

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  - ☐ **Kissinger** by Marvin Kalb & Bernard Kalb.
  - ☐ **The Bermuda Triangle** by Charles Berlitz.
  - ☐ **FDR's Last Year** by Jim Bishop.
  - ☐ **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence** by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks.
  - ☐ **Cavett** by Dick Cavett & Christopher Porterfield.
  - ☐ **The Patton Papers: 1940-1945** edited by Martin Blumenson.
  - ☐ **Goodbye Picasso** by David Douglas Duncan.
  - ☐ **The Memory Book** by Jerry Lucas & Harry Lorayne.
  - ☐ **Marilyn** by Norman Mailer.
  - ☐ **Thomas Jefferson** by Fawn M. Brodie.
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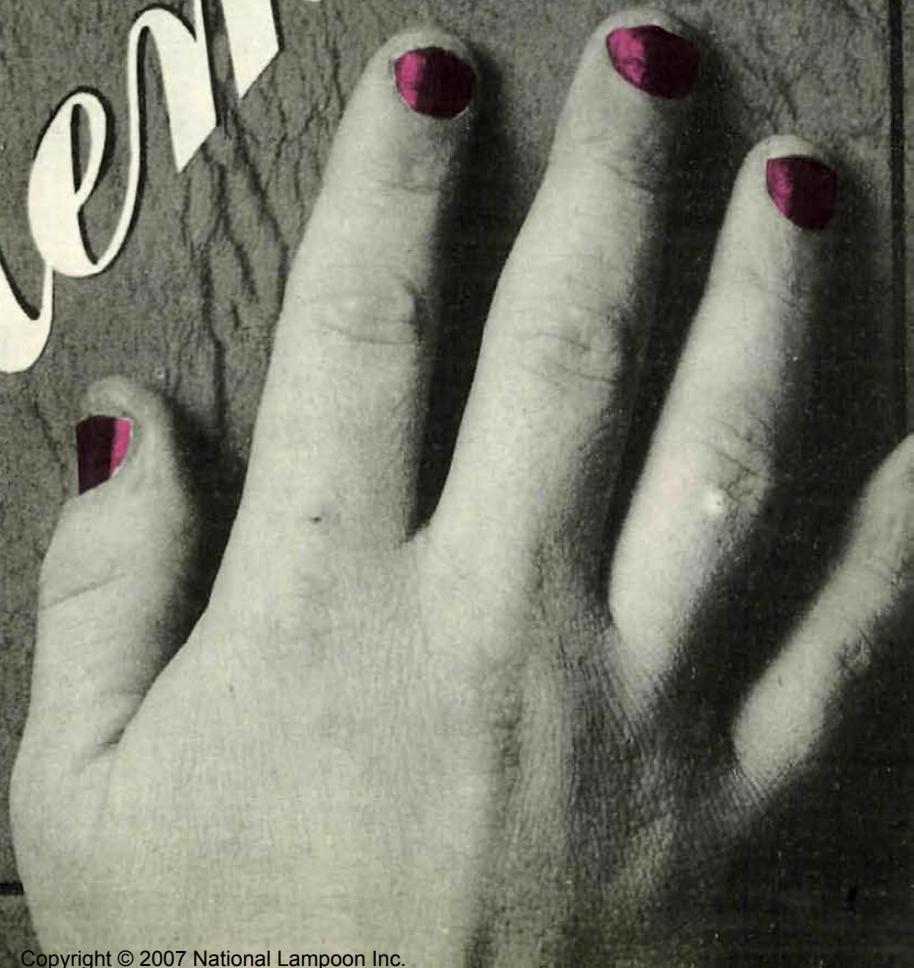
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**Book Digest**  
magazine

# My Memories





Me + Twinkle 2/12/48



FARMER BILL'S FARM

Madison Elementary School Parents' Day Pageant

Presented by  
Mrs. Nelson's Third Grade Class

SONGS

- "I'm Farmer Bill"
- "How We Help"
- "Dance of the Vegetables"
- "Tractors Are Fun"
- "When You Walk through the Corn (Hold Your Hoe up High)"
- "Time to Go to Bed Again"

CAST

- Farmer.....Tommy Furner
- Mrs. Bill.....Flaine Kresnik
- Helper Dave.....Steven Hammond
- Little Bill.....Terry Englermann
- Mr. Rain.....Louise Semple
- Mr. Sun.....James Hallowell
- Mr. Fertilizer.....Richard Norden
- Tommy the Tractor.....Samuel Simmons
- Bobby Barnowl.....Susan Franklin
- Oinky.....Charlene Fishbein

- Words & Music.....Mrs. Nelson
- Piano.....Mrs. Nelson

6/9/56

17 Oktober, 1960

DEIR CHARLENE:

THANK you very much für your good letter last time you sent. Each time you write me I am very glad. Now, also, I am glad your Kat Oinky is not longer sick und I also hope that the rug will also soon be able to look like before I kould go on the weiner wald ..  
live.....

Friedrich Schultz Kopf  
23 Weimar Strasse  
Frankfurt, Germanie



Miss Charlene Fishbein  
1523 Locust Drive  
Nutley, New Jersey U.S.A.  
VIA AIR MAIL

but again I am hoping that you will next time send me a p[ro]togram of yourself as I have long ago, yes please?

Your friend und Pen-fal;  
Friedrich Schultz Kopf

**2nd Prize**  
**Yogurt Eating Race 1959**

Camp Chubbie-Teen-Trym  
8/22/59

**YOUR ACCURATE WEIGHT AND FORTUNE 1¢**

You Weigh: 162 lbs.  
You Will: Lighten your burden & find romance

APEX Commercial Scale Co.  
Buffalo, New York  
Pat. Pend.



7 CHILDREN?  
LOVE?  
FUTURE?  
JOB?  
WIFE?  
MONEY?  
HOUSE?  
TRAVEL?  
ROMANCE?  
SECURITY?  
CAR?  
SCHOOL?



RANGE  
Small bucket 75¢  
Large bucket \$1.25  
Free Club Rental For Double-Daters

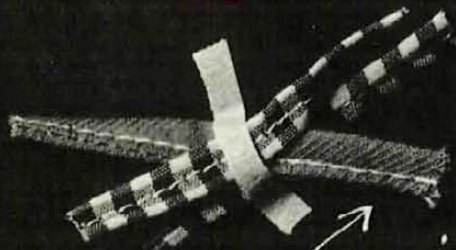
COURSE  
18 Holes 50¢

Free Dairy Freeze With Every Hole-in-One

HOLE	PAR	PLAYERS' SCORES			
		Jeff	Elaine	13 Elizabeth	20 Bob
1st	2	3	4	2	2
2nd	3	3	5	6	2
3rd	2	2	4	5	2
4th	4	4	3	9	1
5th	3	2	3	17	3
6th	4	3	5	11	1
7th	4	4	6	18	1
8th	3	5	3	11	4
9th	2	2	3	23	2
10th	4	4	4	14	3
11th	4			19	1
12th	4			22	
13th	3			25	
14th	5			27	
15th	4			22	
16th	3			23	
17th	4			21	
18th	3			20	
SCORE	61				



Anyway, Tom gave me his t-shirt



Tom Furmer's

Elaine's New Year's Eve Party 1/1/65



Tom's Elaine's kitchen haircut party 4/3/64



HE LOVES YOU -YEAH YEAH YEAH!



A Personal Message from Paul McCartney!

Dear Fan,  
I can't tell you how fab it was to receive your smashing card or letter! Not to mention being singled out as your favorite Beatle! (John, George, and Ringo are "mod" with envy!) It's also super to know blokes 'n' birds like you appreciate the hard (but fun!) work it takes making our hit records!

Thanks so much for your warm wishes... I'll be thinking of you! All my lovin',

Paul McCartney

Printed in U.S.A. for Capitol Records T 2445/PAUL 64



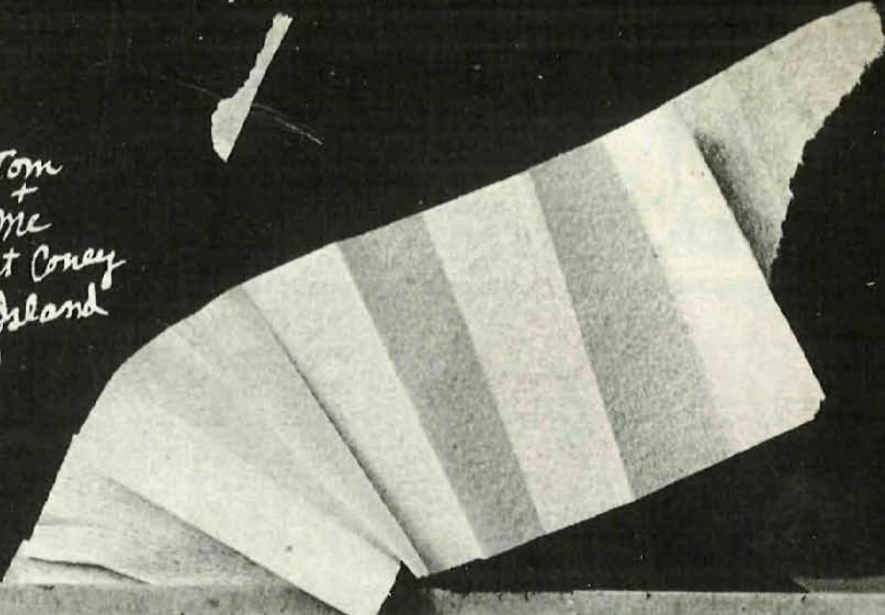
Post Card

MR. CHARLES FISHBEIN  
1523 LOCUST DRIVE  
NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY

Actually sent it to John - hope he wasn't mad at me

Tuffy 4/1/66

Tom + me at Coney Island



### DANCE CARD

- 1. Walter Fishbein
- 2. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. \_\_\_\_\_
- 6. \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. Judith's Choice (Tom)
- 8. \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. \_\_\_\_\_
- 11. \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. \_\_\_\_\_
- 13. \_\_\_\_\_
- 14. Walter Fishbein

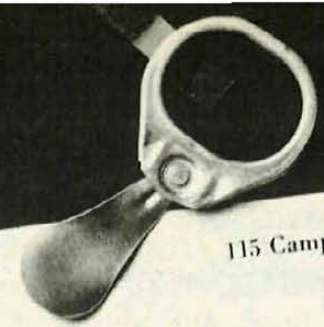
HAND-MADE BY VETERANS

See cor from 6/6/65

Tunnel of Love  
 CONEY IS  
 003059  
 Total Est. Price 7  
 06 State Tax  
 Globe Ticket Com  
**ADMIT ONE**



Wedding cake  
was good,  
though.  
6/22/67



R.S.V.P.

115 Campus Drive

The President and Members  
of  
**Alpha Smegma Pi Fraternity**  
Cordially Invite You to a  
**Fête des Cochons**  
In Honor of Bastille Day

Come As You Are Prize to Be Awarded

Sort of Gross,  
but I won the piggy bank!

# Elaine Kresnik Wed Accounting Student



Elaine Kresnik, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kresnik of Nutley, New Jersey, a Atlantic City, and Thomas Furner, a former business math teacher in the local school system, were married yesterday afternoon in the Reformed Polish Rite Church by the Rev. Gulag Wychynski. The bride wore a floor-length off-white gown with a flowered bodice and a bouquet of pink carnations. Bridesmaid Charlene Fishbein, Miss Kresnik's childhood friend and roommate, wore a calf-length aqua chiffon gown with an empire waist and beige rickrack appliqués.

The couple plan to honeymoon at Niagara Falls and reside at the bride's address as soon as her roommate finds another apartment.

# A & P RUMP ROAST RIOT!

Spectacular view from the American side of the Falls, which spill over five billion gallons of water hourly down the 1,675-foot precipice.

Porkey,  
It's a note to say 'wish you were here' and 'no hard feelings, huh? (ha-ha, jes' kidding)'. Be back Monday, if that's enough time to get the cats out and have the place fumigated (jes' kidding again, ha-ha - feel free to stay as long as you want... the weekend even!)

Miss you tons,  
Elaine Kresnik Furner

P.S. Bringing you back an authentic Canadian muumuu

P.P.S. Tom says "hi."

NIAGARA, N.Y.  
JUNE 24  
1967



Post Card  
This Space For Address Only

Miss Charlene Fishbein  
c/o "The Furners"  
Apt. 3e  
3445 Sequanunk Blvd.  
Nutley, N.J. 67735

Printed in W. Nyack, N.Y. USA AT-65 DT-6485-C

You will meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger.

Winner (Hadn't even) with Mom + Dad at Hi Fat's

"You run into the nicest people dancing."

Carlo Palazzi's

Academy of Dance Studios, Inc.  
takes pleasure in presenting this

Certificate of Graduation

to *Charlene Fishbein*

upon the recipient's successful completion of a 36<sup>\*</sup> week course of terpsichoric study including *foxtrot, mambo, lindy, merengue, square dance, samba, waltz, cha cha*\*\* and is now fully qualified to 'step out in style' into the exciting and romantic world of expert ballroom dancing.

*Norma Treashaw*  
Signature of Instructor

*Carlo Palazzi*  
Signature of Carlo Palazzi



\*renewed 2/6/70, 7/7/71, 12/12/71

\*\* *conga, one-step, turkey trot, rhumba, two-step, tango, double shuffle, bunny hop, 'the twist', scotch reel, lambeth walk, cotillion, Charleston, gavotte, mambo, black bottom, minuet, three-step, Portland fancy, hoken-poken, jitterbug, quadrille, air lover de love, pogo-hung, cakewalk, four-step and fling*

ROD McKU  
SEAT #33  
ROW 46  
\$9.00  
Third Balco  
Totowa, N.J.  
ADMIT O

6/72!!

The Edi  
Publish

Weight  
Watchers  
magazine

take great pleasure in  
announcing that a one-year su  
will be sent to you  
with the best  
wishes of  
Roseland Dance City

5th Prize Roseland (Rhumba with Dad)

CONGRATULATIONS  
It is with great pleasure that we announce that a  
LIFETIME -year subscription has been taken out  
in your name to  
AMERICAN  
**BRIDE**  
Starting next issue, your GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to AMERICAN BRIDE  
LIFETIME  
will arrive at your door, prepaid for the next \_\_\_\_\_ months. We hope you will enjoy your issues as much as  
you will enjoy planning your wedding, and you can express  
your thanks to your donor by patronizing our many fine  
advertisers that will help keep you an AMERICAN BRIDE  
girl long after the honeymoon is over.  
Sincerely,  
The Editors of  
AMERICAN  
**BRIDE**  
Miss Charlene Fishbein  
Name of Recipient  
Special message, if any. Happy birthday and hint-hint, Mother  
Mrs. Walter Fishbein  
Name of Donor



36676/BV/67A  
**BUNDATAY** CODE: UNEDYOVURWT/SEC/FI

CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR APPLICATION AND CHECK HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED BY OUR **BUNDATAY** COMPUTER AND BELOW YOU WILL FIND YOUR COMPUTA-MATCHED BLINDPATES: IF NOT 100% SATISFIED, FEEL FREE TO RETURN ENCLOSED APPLICATION AND A CHECK!

NAME	PHONE	COMMENTS
MARIO VESPA	555-5968	Mr. Donald's 4000 brushson
VANCE STIMP	538-7647	was invited
MILTON RABINOWITZ	732-9773	note answered
FREDERICK EAMHR	670-7889	the nurse!!
ROBIN MZCYNCKY	413-8375	husband answered

**BUNDATAY**  
 Rm 344  
 635 Madison Ave.  
 N.Y.C., N.Y. 10037

*Phone Company can't change my number for 3 months*



*After you with Mario*

To Ms. Fishbein  
 Date Tuesday Time 12:25 A.M. P.M.  
**WHILE YOU WERE OUT**  
 M.T. Vespa  
 of \_\_\_\_\_  
 Area Code & Exchange \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONED	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	PLEASE CALL	
CALLED TO SEE YOU	<input type="checkbox"/>	WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU	<input type="checkbox"/>	URGENT	
RETURNED YOUR CALL			

Message Can't make it for dinner this month - hot comb broke.  
M.A.  
 Operator

134 Minton St. Dr. Edgar Morgenthau  
 201-763-9978 Teaneck, N.J.  
 8/22/74  
 Lab report:  
 Pregnancy test: neg  
 Wasserman test: pos  
 Fee:  
 Appt. \$ 25.00  
 Lab 40.00  
 35.00  
 100.00

Ms. Fishbein--I'm afraid the irritation was not yeast fungus after all. Please make seven appointments with my receptionist.  
 Dr. Morgenthau  
 --Please pay all bills by the 15th of the month.

'Singles on the Mingle Get Down to the Dingle'  
**DINGLEBERRIES**  
 !!! Wm. Holden !!!  
 555-1212  
 CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIPPING

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

*Refused repatriation 6/2/74*

MAJ. BERT CARLS  
4-7-72

VIVA

Dear Abby

BY: My mother-habit of barged into bedroom and threw, if it's "talk" to Jerry's husband.)

breastfeeding is fine in its proper time and place, but "mod" manners don't mean it's okay to be downright disgusting.

**CONFIDENTIAL TO "POR-KY":** Frankly, you've got me stumped there. All of my sons are already married and I really can't think of anybody offhand. Why not try your local dating bars, dance lessons, or possibly a reputable computer-dating service?

DEAR ABBY: I'm a widow dying of

*Thinking of You*

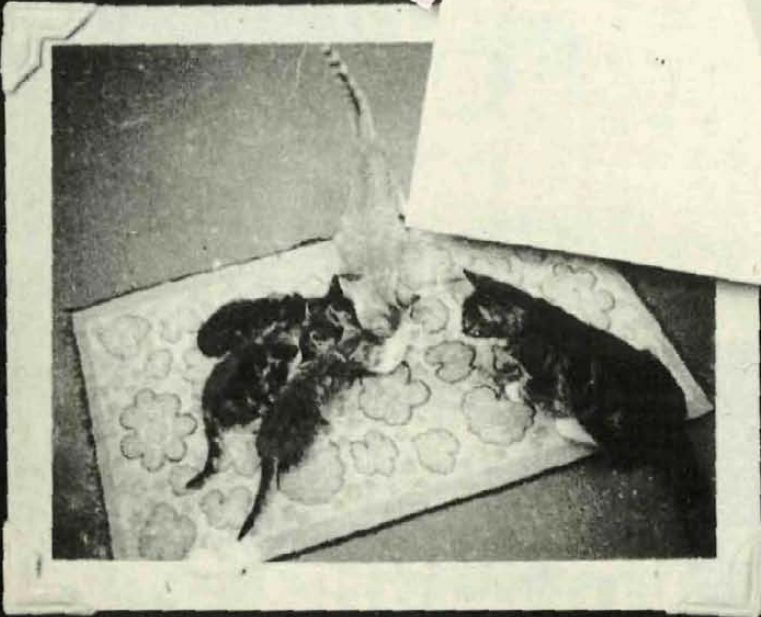


*With Treasures  
Mer*

Dentyn Dentyne Dentyne Dentyne Dentyne  
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Dentyne Dentyne Dentyne Dentyne Dentyne

break,  
stake?  
blue,  
ardue!

ric Company



*Whiskers, Elaine, Twinkle II,  
Porkey and Tom — New Year's, 1975*



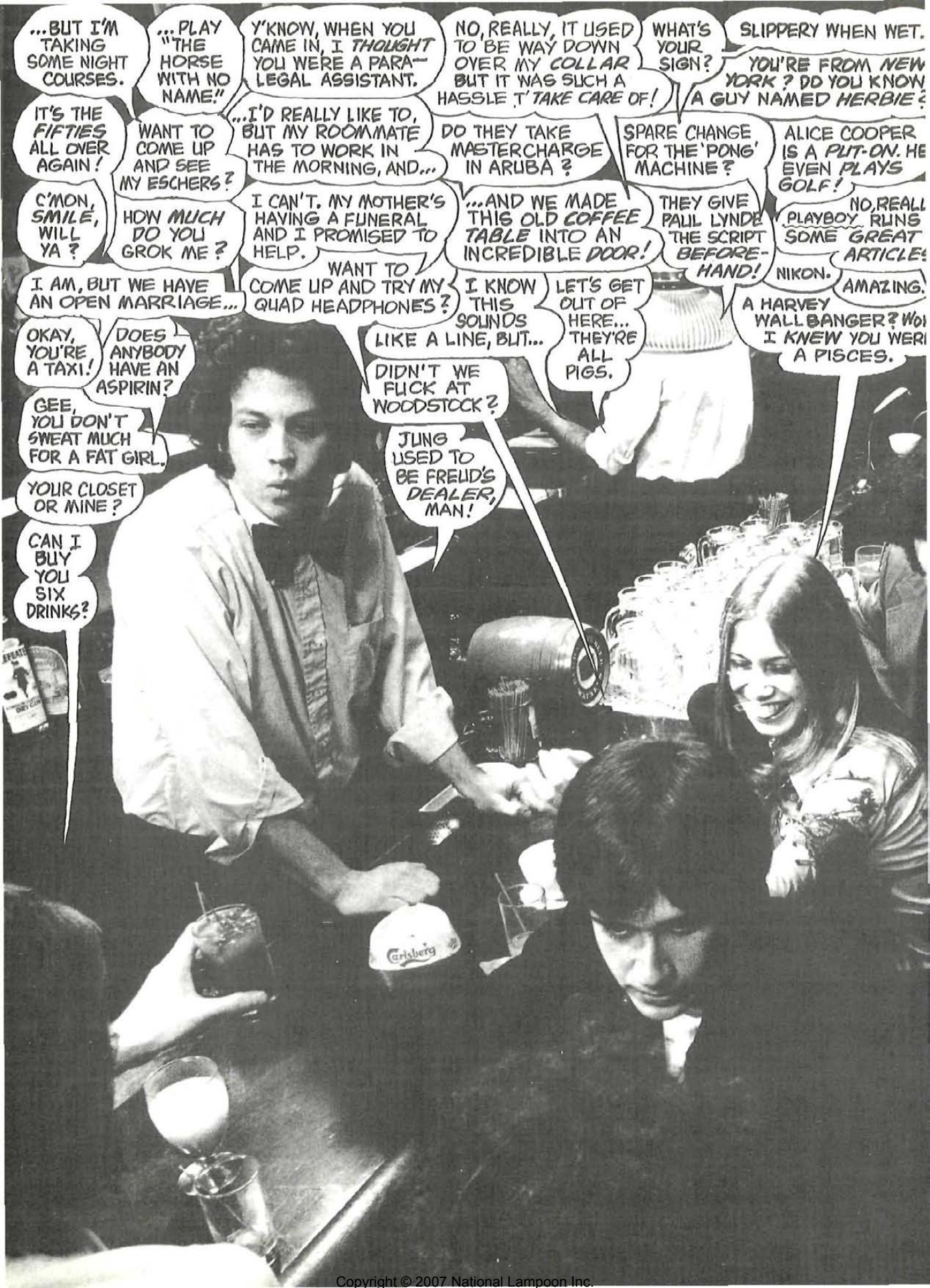
# GOOD SOUNDS FOR YOUR SYSTEM



Soft rock. Alive but easy.  
Living rock tempos brewed to mellow maturity.  
Listenable, livable radio  
to let you unwind without dropping out.  
Tune in and stay with it . . .  
all day, all night, all weekend.

**WBBM·FM·96**

**SOFT ROCK**



...BUT I'M TAKING SOME NIGHT COURSES.

...PLAY "THE HORSE WITH NO NAME!"

Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU CAME IN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PARA-LEGAL ASSISTANT.

NO, REALLY, IT USED TO BE WAY DOWN OVER MY COLLAR BUT IT WAS SUCH A HASSLE 'T TAKE CARE OF!

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?

SLIPPERY WHEN WET. YOU'RE FROM NEW YORK? DO YOU KNOW A GUY NAMED HERBIE?

IT'S THE FIFTIES ALL OVER AGAIN!

WANT TO COME UP AND SEE MY ESCHERS?

...I'D REALLY LIKE TO, BUT MY ROOMMATE HAS TO WORK IN THE MORNING, AND...

DO THEY TAKE MASTERCARD IN ARUBA?

SPARE CHANGE FOR THE 'PONG' MACHINE?

ALICE COOPER IS A PUT-ON. HE EVEN PLAYS GOLF!

C'MON, SMILE, WILL YA?

HOW MUCH DO YOU GROK ME?

I CAN'T. MY MOTHER'S HAVING A FUNERAL AND I PROMISED TO HELP.

...AND WE MADE THIS OLD COFFEE TABLE INTO AN INCREDIBLE DOOR!

THEY GIVE PAUL LYNDE THE SCRIPT BEFORE-HAND!

NO, REAL PLAYBOY RUNS SOME GREAT ARTICLES!

I AM, BUT WE HAVE AN OPEN MARRIAGE...

WANT TO COME UP AND TRY MY QUAD HEADPHONES?

I KNOW THIS SOUNDS LIKE A LINE, BUT...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... THEY'RE ALL PIGS.

AMAZING.

A HARVEY WALL BANGER? WO! I KNEW YOU WERE A PISCES.

OKAY, YOU'RE A TAXI!

DOES ANYBODY HAVE AN ASPIRIN?

GEE, YOU DON'T SWEAT MUCH FOR A FAT GIRL.

YOUR CLOSET OR MINE?

CAN I BUY YOU SIX DRINKS?

DIDN'T WE FUCK AT WOODSTOCK?

JUNG USED TO BE FREUD'S DEALER, MAN!



TEDDY KENNEDY WAS TRIPPING AT THE TIME!

INCREDIBLE! ...BUT SONY STILL MAKES THE BEST TV.

I CAN'T. I'M HAVING MY PERIOD THIS YEAR. COLD DUCK

YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FOOT. REALLY!

I NEVER COME HERE AND I KNOW YOU DON'T COME HERE 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE...

...THEN WE FOUND OUT HE WAS A NARC, BUT HE REALLY WAS A NICE GUY.

HAND-HELD

SHIT, I THINK BISEXUALS ARE LUCKY-- I'M JUST TOO HETERO TO GET IT ON WITH A MAN!

ALL I CAN SAY IS TSIF.

...BECAUSE PAUL WAS JEALOUS OF JOHN!

I'M IN THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

THE TOBACCO COMPANIES ALREADY HAVE THE NAMES REGISTERED.

...BUT THE 'WAILERS' VERSION OF "I SHOT THE SHERIFF" IS REAL REGGAE!

BULL.

...AND THEN THE SONOFABITCH PUT TIC TAC IN MY BIRTH CONTROL PILLS!

YOU SHOULD TRY THAT WITH A LITTLE GRENADINE.

NOT TO BE BELIEVED.

... AND UNDER THE OLD LINOLEUM WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL PARQUET FLOOR!

I BET RHODA DIVORCES HIM BEFORE THE SUMMER.

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN.

FANTASTIC.

I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR.

NOW I REMEMBER YOU... THE ONE WHO WOULDN'T TALK TO ME ON THE STREET!

... AND THEN I GET BACK ON THE PLANE TO TULSA AND IN TULSA I GET RIGHT BACK ON THE FLIGHT TO MIAMI AND...

HOTCOMB

MUSIC SURE HAS SUCKED SINCE THE SIXTIES.

NO, REALLY, ALAN ARKIN WROTE "THE BANANA BOAT SONG"!

...SCREENPLAY OPTIONED TO WARNER'S...

BIOFEEDBACK

FRENCH QUARTER

...COVER OF PEOPLE MAGAZINE! THE VILLAGE

... HE WAS JUST USING ME AS A SECURITY BLANKET.

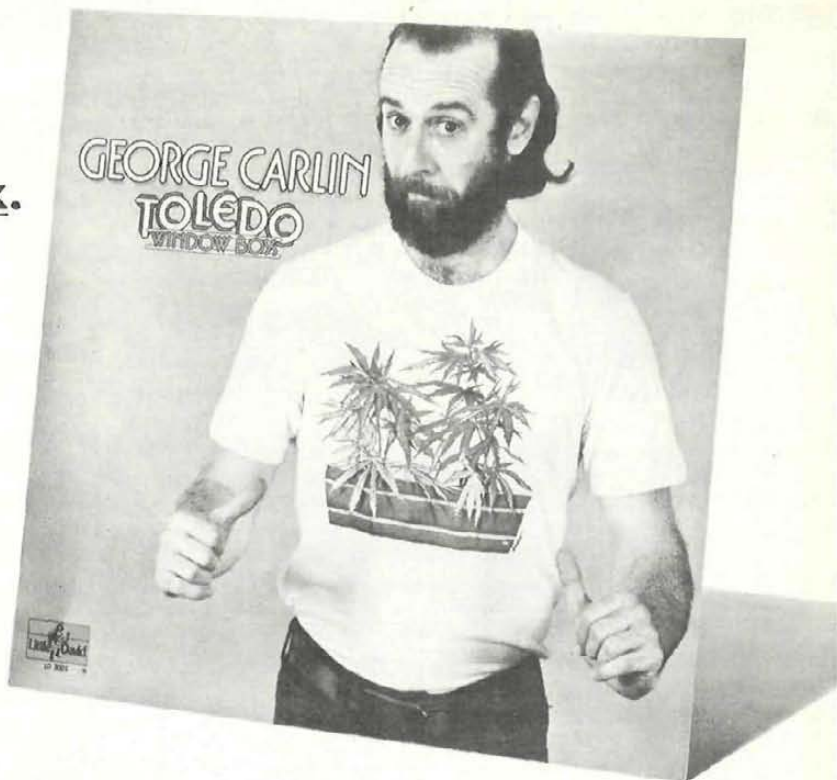
DO YOU SMELL FIRE?

# An Evening at DINGLEBERRIES'

## George Carlin's Toledo Window Box.

On the cover of his new record album, *Toledo Window Box*, George Carlin is seen wearing a tee-shirt illustrated with a picture of illegal smoking materials. This illustration does not constitute an endorsement of such materials, nor should it be construed as an encouragement to use them. Anyone listening to *Toledo Window Box* under the influence of these materials does so at the risk of giggling in the wrong places.

On Little David records and tapes.



## Kenny Rankin's Silver Morning.

**No day  
should be  
without one.**

A warm, translucent kind of voice. Subtle, samba-laced guitar playing. The most beautiful album he's ever made. Songs include "Penny Lane," "Silver Morning," "Blackbird" and "Haven't We Met?"

On Little David records and tapes.



# HISTORIA DE AMOR ¡HOMICIDAS Y BRUTALIDAD!

## EN MONEDA NACIONAL

Antilla	0.90 Florin
Holandesas	6.50 Pesos
Bolivia	3.00 Colones
Costa Rica	0.35 Pesos
Dominicana	11.00 Sucres
Ecuador	0.90 Colon
El Salvador	.45 Dolar
Estados Unidos	0.35 Quetzal
Guatemala	0.70 Lempira
Honduras	3.00 Pesos
Mexico	0.45 Balboa
Panama	2.50 Cordobas
Nicaragua	15.00 Soles
Peru	0.45 Dolar
Puerto Rico	2.00 Boliveras
Venezuela	

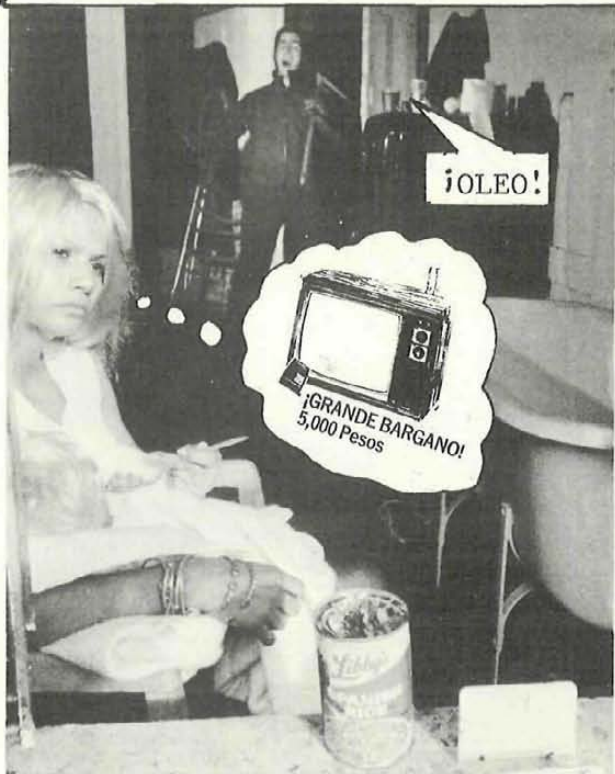
**¡LA MUJER INFIDELIDAD!**



con  
Alano "Al" Goldstein  
Pedro Kleinman  
y  
Lynn "Samuelle" Lawrence

Director Artístico: D. Kenney  
Argumenta: P.J. O'Rourke y Don Dean Latimer  
Fotografía: Miguel Gross y Marco Hecker

EL HUSBANDO ESTEBAN CAMERO HOMO  
Y DISCOVERO ROSICRUCIA CRISCO  
LOSTO EN PONDEROSA...



¡LA TELEVISION ES DONDI DRANO!  
¡INFANTA NO HABLA "SESAME  
STREET"! ¡NO ACCEPTA BONO  
COLLEGIO!



¡CARRACAS YUBAN ES HULA  
PINTO MINISCULAS!



¡OOO-LO-LO...! ¡CHERE BONO MOTOROLAS!

MIA FARRO NODOZ







¡BRASSO PIMENTA!



ROSICRUCIA Y INFANTA FABRO  
DOLOR SUBMERSABLE...Y DON COLÓN!

¡PREMIER TITO!



¿PROFUMO?

AFTRA LOS CERVANTES  
MINUETTES, ROSICRUCIA  
CONCENSA A BUENA VISTA LOS  
ETCHINGOS DEL DON COLÓN...



...ES LA PENTCASA MIA



SEÑORA COLÓN NO  
COMPRENDE MIO...



¡Y PONCE DE LEON!

¡IIYYYYYY! TU MUCHO CANASTA Y  
PERVERTIMENTO!

IPANA MUCHO GRANOLA



¡...Y UNA CYMBAL DEL AFFECTION POR EL INFANTA "ROBERTO CLEMENTE"!

GUACAMOLE PLUGOLA TU VOLVO RHUMBA...

COLON TABULA RASA, LA MUJER INFIDELIDAD RAPIDO REMORSA...



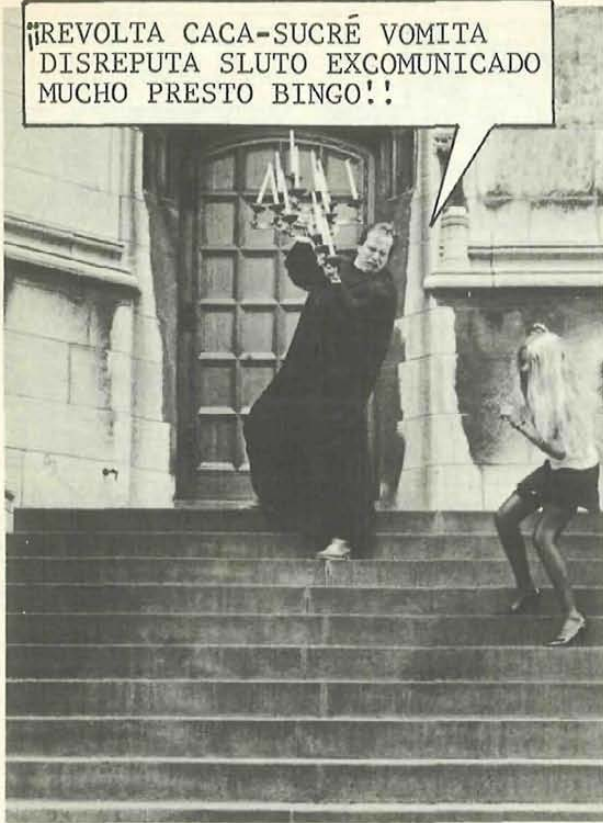
GUANO

...Y REPENTA

POLKA MALLOMAR MIA CON CARNE GARGANTUA Y ZAPATA LA PEZ EN LOS MUCHOS DISGUSTOS...



¡REVOLTA CACA-SUCRÉ VOMITA  
DISREPUTA SLUTO EXCOMUNICADO  
MUCHO PRESTO BINGO!!



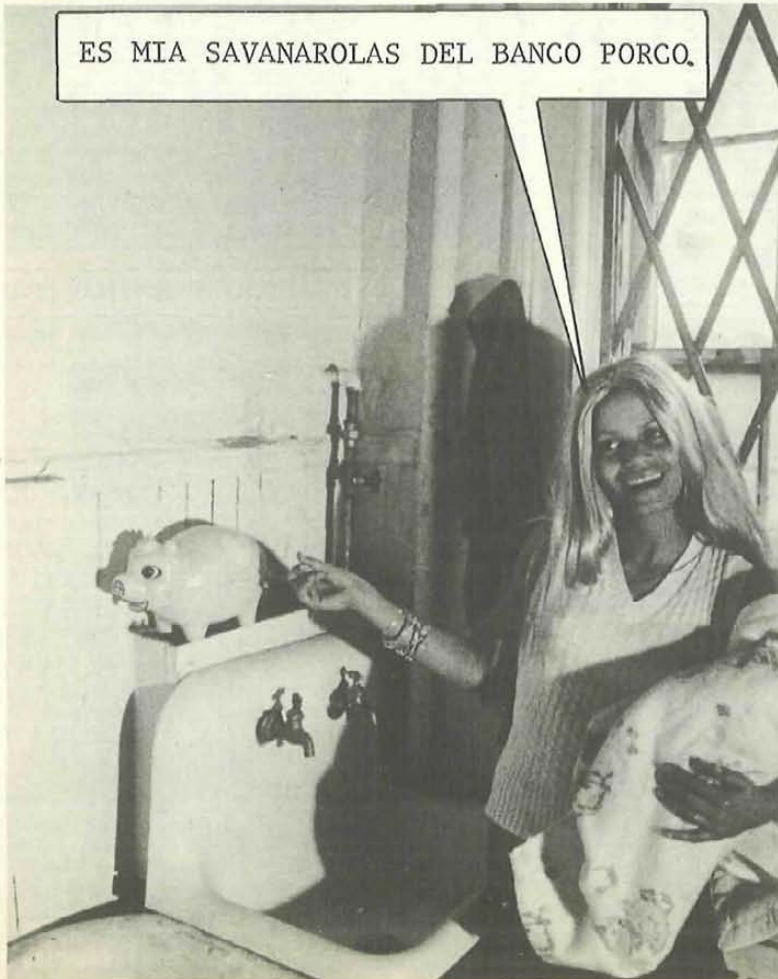
EN ROSICURCIA RETURNA DOMESTICO...

¡QUANTAS PESOS COSTA  
DEL NEUVO MONTEVIDEO?!

TORQUÉ?



ES MIA SAVANAROLAS DEL BANCO PORCO.



¡HORA BRASSO!

¡BRAQUE!



¡MEO MACHISMO INSANO  
PAR DUELLO MUERTE!  
ADDIDAS!

¡BOO-JOO!



LOS DOS HOMBRES GLADIOLA MORTÁL.

¡TU MADRAS ES BLO-HABE POR LOS BURROS!

¡TU MADRAS JUMPO LOS NEGROS!

¡BAMBI!

¡BAMBI!

¡IYYYY! MUY, HUSBANDO ES MUERTA PIÑATA!

¡CRAJOLA!

...ES HOJO TERMINALIDAD.

¡ZAPPA!

NINA PINTA SANTA SANGRIA...

LAS DIAS RAPIDO, ROSICRUCIA ES DEFENDANDA EN JUDICIAL CRIMINAL...

...Y POR LOS DOS HOMICIDAS BRUTÁL, TU ES CONDEMNO A LA SOFA ELECTRICAL!

FIN

# AMERICAN BRIDE

There's one born every minute.

WINTER \$1.00

DO YOU REALLY  
WANT TO GET  
MARRIED?

IS THE POPE  
CATHOLIC?

365  
JELL-O  
MEALS

HONEYMOON  
SPOTS  
How to remove them

CHOOSING YOUR STATION  
WAGON

COOKING WITH  
VALIUM

BUGGING  
THE BACHELOR  
DINNER

HONEYMOON SALADS  
Lettuce alone with no dressing

CRASH PREWEDDING DIET  
Sensuous beauty with speed

DELICIOUS POSTWEDDING DISHES  
When calories don't count

RELATIONS  
WITH TRADESMEN



# AMERICAN BRIDE

FEBRUARY 1975

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## SPECIAL HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY:

- 75 Cremora, in the Emerald Isles

## THE MEANING OF LOVE

A poem by  
Marc Rubin

A strong complex  
Emotion or feeling causing  
One to appreciate delight  
And crave!  
The presence or possession  
Of another to please  
Or promote  
The welfare of  
The other devoted  
Affection  
Attachment specifically  
Such feeling between  
Husband and Wife!  
Lover and Sweetheart!  
One!  
Who is beloved?  
A sweetheart animal  
Passion  
Or gratification?  
A very great interest or  
Fondness for . . .  
In tennis,  
Nothing.

Come to **Borebados**...  
 where a week seems like  
 an eternity.

Where the sun rises and sets every day.  
 Where long-winded breezes leave you  
 cool as you emerge from jaded waters of  
 bays so secluded even the fish can't find  
 them.

Where miles and miles of white-hot  
 sand dazzle your eyes as you stroll on  
 beaches so tranquil even the gulls have  
 been known to doze off in flight.

Where once a day our hackneyed  
 carriages will be on hand to take you on a  
 thrilling sightseeing tour of Borebados'  
 picturesque Trafalgar Square with its  
 statue of Lord Nelson that predates  
 London's by a proud eleven years!

Where you're cloistered, worlds away,  
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# AMERICAN BRIDE'S ANSWERS

## BOYS IN THE BONDS

**Q.** My son was engaged earlier this year to his college roommate. Neither of these young men is of the coat-and-tie-generation and they insist on a "natural" wedding to blend with their lifestyle, which includes bare feet and living rent-free in our summer house in Oregon. My husband and I don't want this to turn out to be another Altamont (some of their friends are quite theatrical). Can you give us some advice on how to plan this affair?

*M.V., Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

**A.** Your request for advice is a wise one, as large "hippy" gatherings have

often been known to get out of hand and degenerate into lewd gambolings on the lawn that neither you nor your neighbors would wish to witness. Here's what the Jones' did when their son and his fiancé got married.

The wedding was held in a cow pasture near Bennington, Vermont, where their son had attended college. The boys threaded their way carefully between the bovine calling cards down the grassy aisle in matching white caftans, sateen joksoks, and Earthpumps, escorted by their mothers in chintz house-dresses, wrinkled support hose, and carrying outsized shopping bags stuffed with clean underwear. Music consisted of Barbra Streisand singing a Carol King medley and "Sunshine on My Rectum (Makes Me Happy)."

A Gay Activist warlock of the First Church of Christ Sodomite began the ceremony with a reading from James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*, followed by random obscenities from Peter Orlovsky and *The White Pleasure Garden of Ab-*

*dullah* by Aleister Crowley. The ceremony closed when the attendants, garbed as Bette Davis in *All About Eve*, brought up the traditional wedding hash brownie which the newly-marrieds cut on the bias. After the reception, the guests, who had been requested to come attired in L.L. Bean-tailored work shirts and over-the-knee Root Boots, happily tied huarachas and Swedish massage sandals to the couple's aqua Volkswagen thing and threw brown rice on the boys as they left for a lovely honeymoon in Lake Louise, Banff.

**Q.** Where does the tradition come from that we have to be virgins when we get married, anyway? My sorority sister says it has something to do with the incest taboo, but I think it has to do with making sure the crops grow or that the groom doesn't get hit by lightning. In any case, it really puts a cramp in our style. What's the deal?

*E.M., Lynn, Mass.*

**A.** In ancient times, before the development of birth control and the welfare  
*Continued on page 74*

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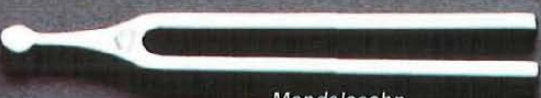
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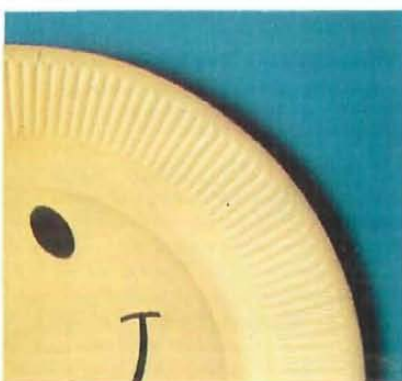
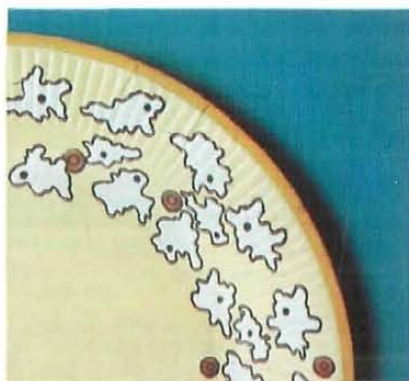
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## American Bride's Answers

(Continued from page 70)

state, unwed mothers, if not immediately killed by their outraged fathers, were given tar enemas by the virtuous women of the tribe and escorted to the city limits. There they would live as outcasts and prostitutes unless discovered by young poets or novelists, who would immortalize them in verse and letters, but probably skip out on the rent.

**Q.** Every time I attend a wedding, there seems to be this undercurrent of hostility present, as if no one is having a good time or likes each other much. There seems to be a little too much drinking of champagne and a lot of forced gaiety. The bride and groom always look scared, regretful, and sheepish, and their parents are often rude and vicious to each

other about little things like where they went to school and what kind of car they have. I want my wedding to be a happy and warm occasion based on love and goodwill towards others. Am I crazy or what?

E.P., New York, New York

**A.** Yes. The Rape of the Sabine Women took place at a wedding. Did you know that? Archduke Ferdinand was leaving a wedding when he was shot at Sarajevo, thus marking the beginning of World War I. It was at a wedding that plans were drawn up to bomb Pearl Harbor, sink the Lusitania, kidnap the Lindbergh baby, annex Czechoslovakia, and massacre the Light Brigade. The Hindenburg Disaster, the San Francisco Earthquake, the Alamogordo Holocaust—all weddings!

If you want to spend three or four thousand dollars just to sleep, throw a funeral.

## Sexual Pleasures . . . How to Know Them


(Continued from page 20)

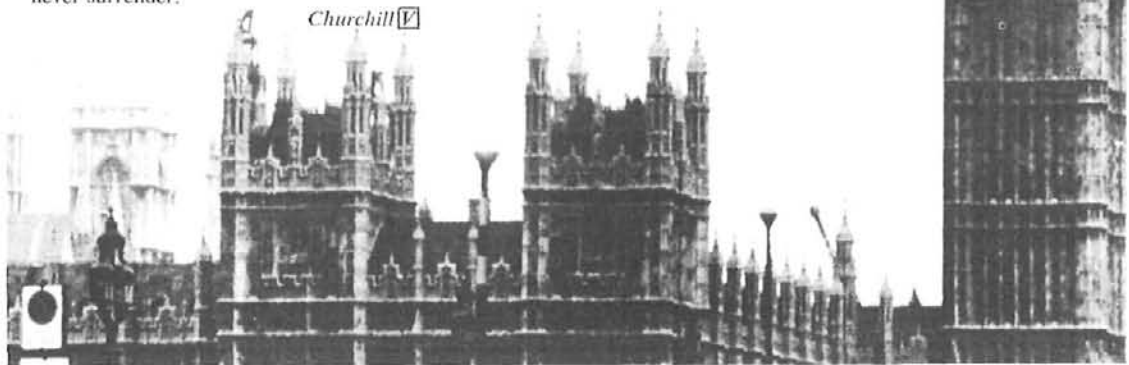
insides of the thighs, Achilles tendons, and genital areas of both. Most sensitive for her, the sphagnum, and the alabaster mosque (located just above the citadel); for him, the often fleeting glans, the matto grosso, and a fast rim-job in the back of his 1953 Chevrolet coupé. Intercourse usually starts with the couple kissing, touching, or stroking each other, until the man's penis becomes erect and the woman's vagina becomes lubricated and her nose swells. Eventually, the man inserts his fully erect penis into the woman's vagina, and they thrust their hips toward each other until they both reach "climax" or orgasm together at the very same moment. That's all. Simple. No problem, no lengthy learning process. A brilliant testimony to God's handiwork, it all happens smoothly and effortlessly and right on cue, unless of course you're frigid. Then there's no hope of *Continued on page 76*

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When the honeymoon is over and you're back to business as usual, let every hour of the night be your finest hour with a Churchill mattress. You spend one-third of your life in bed, and if you live till 90, as Churchill did, that's 30 years, 360 months, and 10,957 days on your back. So doesn't it make sense to choose a mattress with coils designed to give you the support you'll need through the drives, calls to arms, gas attacks, fluid operations, appeasements, encirclements, invasions, and boardings that go with seeing active duty in the marital arts? The people at Churchill have spent years waging war on backache. Never in the history of human rest was so much owed by so many to so few. The Churchill mattress: Its coils may give in, but it will never surrender.

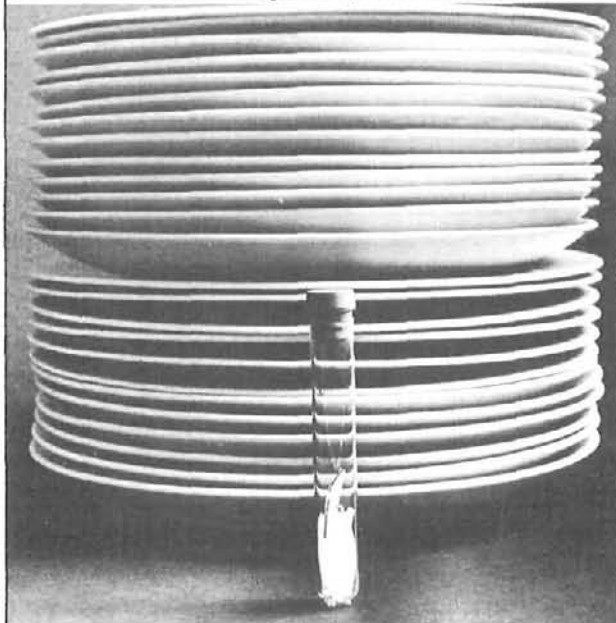


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Since women first stood upright (and why they did God only knows, since all the things women do best they do lying, sitting, or on their knees), they have been keenly aware of the need to douche. History tells us early douching was accomplished by means of worn-out blowguns or pan pipes and consisted of equal parts water, oregano, and basil, with a pinch of garlic for flavor.

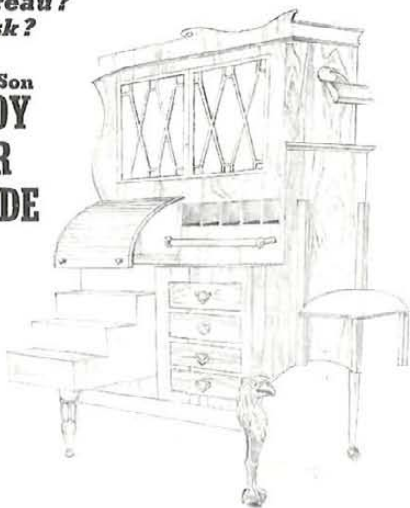
As time went on, various household products, such as Moxie, Bacline, and Babbo, came into use. But obviously, none of these was formulated primarily for douching. So two doctors, oddly enough brothers,

recognizing the need for a more satisfactory preparation that would hose down your vaginal alleyway and quench burning discharges without leaving it charred beyond recognition, developed Ooze-Out<sup>®</sup>, the foam spraying aerosol douche. Ooze-Out<sup>®</sup>, with its delicate protein base, doesn't upset the healthy balance of your vagina, and it contains special aromatics that gently snuff out the smoky fumes that often linger on after a night of burning ardor.

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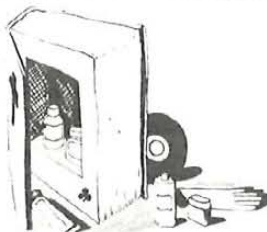
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**JEWISH AMERICAN  
PRINCESS**

February 1975

A JAP Publication



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Don't Blow  
Your

Nose Job

What's Important  
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How to  
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If You Can Get Pregnant,  
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Carats  
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Buy Your  
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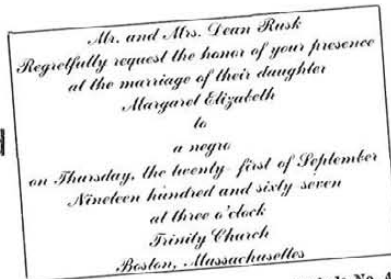
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prelude No. 46

with a sexy young actress, who kept cracking them up with her erotic double entendres. Swell, thought Sweeney sourly. He took a deep pull on his pipe.

"Oh, look," chirped the sexy young actress suddenly, pointing at the screen. "Sweeney's home."

"Hey, knucklehead," said Rickles, looking out at him. "Ya sure fucked it up at that party tonight, didn't ya?"

Sweeney sat up fast. The smoke rushed from his lungs and he coughed explosively, clutching his chest.

"Sounds good, Sweeney," said Rickles. "Check for black lung lately?" The studio audience laughed uproariously.

Sweeney regained control, wiped away his tears, and stared at the screen in shock. Rickles and the actress were just sitting there, looking at him. As if they were waiting for him to say something. "Uh," he said. The audience roared.

"What happened, Sweeney?" The actress regarded him thoughtfully. "Why didn't you bring her home with you?"

"Um, uh . . . are you talking to *this* Sweeney?" He pointed at his chest with a trembling finger.

"*You*, ya banana," said Rickles. "The Sweeney who had a nice, sexy scene in the bag tonight and blew it. You did want to ball her, didn't you?"

"You're fucking A I wanted to ball her," said Sweeney.

"So?" Rickles raised his eyebrows.

"Well, look, I have this long-term thing going with the girl who was giving the party and . . ." He broke off. He felt ridiculous telling this stuff to a machine.

"And?" prompted the actress.

"And it was dumb trying to shack up with her old friend, that's all. I didn't want to hurt her feelings."

"Aww, poor Margo," the actress mock-sympathized. "Look, Sweeney, if she's going to give parties and invite her different friends, she has to expect that some of them might go home together."

"And, anyway, what about *your* feelings?" asked Rickles. "What are you, a hockey puck?" The audience tittered.

"Well, I'm definitely not happy about it," said Sweeney. "In fact, I'm pretty pissed off about it."

"I'll bet you are," said the actress. "You had just what you wanted and didn't hold on to it. You followed Margo's rule because you're afraid of having conflicts with her. Get in touch with your anger, Sweeney. Here, look at this." The camera zoomed to her breasts, which were semivisible and full, with just a hint

of wanton sag. She slipped them out and cupped them invitingly in her hands. "You want to nuzzle on these babies, you've got to be *aggressive*." The camera pulled back. Sweeney blinked. The actress had become the old school chum.

"That's right, ya dingleberry. When ya see what ya want, take it."

Rickles beckoned McMahon over and the two of them lifted the school chum onto the MC desk. As Doc started the band playing "Bolero," Rickles began to suckle her outthrust breasts and Ed stuck his head up her skirt. The audience whistled and applauded.

"Good Christ!" Sweeney leapt to his feet and slapped the off button. The picture vanished in a chain of diminishing hiccups.

Shouldn't smoke on top of drinking, Sweeney told himself. Causes hallucinations. Pornographic hallucinations that give you lectures. Warily, he climbed into bed. The television had been right, though; he had to learn to get what he wanted and hold on to it. Tonight won't happen again, he vowed. From now on, no more Mr. Nice Guy. He dozed off.

Sweeney was coked out of his gourd. The party, in its seventh hour, whirled giddily around him. The spades by the record player were ensuring a steady stream of high-quality sounds and Sweeney was boogalooing out of control. He felt cool and infallible.

When he had transferred his entire gram from its foil packet to his nose, he decided it was time to get

laid. Who should he pick up? Rubbing his hands together briskly, he surveyed the room. Margo was dancing with some dimp over by the kitchen. He'd love to take Margo home with him, but, since she was the person giving the party, this didn't seem feasible. Who, then?

"Hello."

"Hey, hi, hello." A girl, the one with the jugs. He'd met her sometime during the night but couldn't place exactly who she was. Her breasts, framed by her long, dark hair, were semivisible and wanton, with just a hint of sag. Mighty armadas unfurled their sails in the seaports of his groin. "Uh, listen, why don't we go downtown to my apartment and fuck our brains out? I'll stick it so far up you that when you moan you'll be giving me a hum job."

She squealed delightedly and hugged him. "But . . . do you think it's a good idea? What about Margo?"

Oh, Jesus, the girl was Margo's old school chum, who was staying with her. Well, so what? It wasn't like he had a *contract* with Margo or something. He wanted to fuck this girl and if Margo didn't like it she could stick it in her ear.

"What about her?" He made roguish eyebrows at the girl and offered his arm. "Shall we?"

"Well . . . why not? I'd love to." She leaned against him briefly and his body thrilled to the warmth of her zones. "But I should at least tell Margo I'm sleeping out." She gave him a kiss and started off through the crowd.

No, thought Sweeney. He reached out and hooked her arm, pulling her

continued on page 82



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back. "Hey, what do you, have to report in or something?"

She looked at him queerly. "But if I just disappear, she'll worry."

"Ah, fuck her. What is this, one of her house rules? That her guests can't go out without telling her? Come on, you're an adult. Let's just go." He pulled at her arm.

"Hey, let go of me," said the girl angrily. "Who the fuck do you think you're pulling?"

"Whoa, what's going on, you two?" Margo rushed up to them, looking alarmed.

Sweeney spun on her. "And as for you—who do you think you are, disapproving of who I sleep with. I fuck who I want, bitch."

Margo recoiled. "Huh? 'Bitch'? What are you talking about?"

"You heard me. What the hell business is it of yours where I stick my dick? If I want to stick my dick in . . ."—he fumbled for the name—" . . . this girl here, I'll do just that!"

"The hell you will," said the old school chum. "Who the hell are you calling 'girl'?"

"You are really asking for it, Sweeney." Margo put her hands on her hips and squinted up her eyes at him.

"Oh, yeah? Who's gonna give it to me? C'mon, you." He grabbed the school chum's arm and began dragging her towards the door.

"That's it," said the school chum. She snatched Sweeney's shirt and judoed him over her hip, sending him flying amidst the dancers.

"That is a fucking good idea," said Margo, rolling up her sleeves and spitting into her palms.

The two women fell on Sweeney like wildcats. They karated him into the hall, kung-fued him into the bedroom, and savatted him right in the groin. Some of the spades from the record player ran in and tried to pull the women away. "Hey, shee-it, come on now," they said. "What you wanna mess up that boy for?" But Margo and her school chum were beyond all reason. They beat Sweeney with rolled-up umbrellas until he stood up. Then Margo went back on one leg and Thai-foot-boxed him straight through the window.

He fell nine stories, amidst a shower of glass, to land on concrete. Things ruptured inside him like exploding fruit. He heard screams and running footsteps; they sounded very far away. All he could see were two large cockroaches, perched on the sidewalk by his face. As if aware of his eye on them, one of them reared back on its hindmost legs and waved the rest at Sweeney. My last sight, thought Sweeney bleakly. Terrific.

"Sweeney!" piped a tiny voice. It

was the cockroach, the one that was waving. A little madness at the end?

"Sweeney, for God's sake, you didn't have to be *that* aggressive," cried the insect. "You can't anymore. Women have become . . ."

"You were *disgusting* in there," shouted the second roach. "A pig."

"Leave me alone," muttered Sweeney. "I'm dying."

"Sweeney, listen!" called the first cockroach imperatively. "Aggressive doesn't mean screaming at people and acting like a . . ."

"A fucking *Neandrathal*," interrupted the second cockroach.

"All right, all right. Sweeney, just get what you want, don't pick fights. You're so damn *extreme*. Neither rebellion *nor* compliance, Sweeney. Take the middle road!"

"Fuck off," Sweeney tried to say, but died.

Sweeney was stoned out of his mind. The party, in its seventh hour, whirled around him. Checking his resources, he found his tequila bottle empty and his coke foil innocent of a grain. Finished them, he thought: half a fifth and half a gram. He felt just about right. Definitely time to get laid.

He scrutinized the crowd. Margo was in there, dancing with some guy. Ordinarily, he would have tried to take her home with him. Unfortunately, since this happened to be her party, that was out. Who, then?

"Hello." A woman, the one with the cleavage and the long dark hair. He'd talked to her sometime during the night but just now he couldn't quite place who she was. She certainly was coming on to him, however.

"Hey, hi, hello." Her full, semi-visible breasts sagged slightly, wantonly. Reveille was blasting in the headquarters of his general staff. "Say, you really ring my gong. Why don't you come downtown with me and I'll do things to your nipples you never imagined possible and then I'll come in you so hard it'll blow out your eyeballs."

"God, I love you subtle types." With a little shiver of pleasure, she laid her hand on the front of his fly. "But do you think it's a good idea? I mean, Margo . . ."

Whoops! Sweeney suddenly realized who the woman was—Margo's old school chum, currently a house guest. Shit. Still . . .

"Uh, yeah, I know what you mean. Well, look, Margo and I sleep together sometimes but we're not tonight and I'd like to make it with you. Wanna come?"

She laughed. "I'd love to." Sweeney

reached to take her arm. "Only first I better tell Margo I'm going to be sleeping out, so she doesn't worry." She started off through the crowd.

Sweeney swallowed. Well, Margo would certainly find out anyway; she might as well find out now. He went to the bedroom to search for his coat, wondering if this was going to be too hairy. Should he just split?

The school chum returned, looking subdued. "Uh, Margo wasn't overly hot for the idea. I think maybe you better talk to her."

Sweeney made his decision. "What about you?" he asked. "Are you still hot for the idea?"

"Are you kidding?" She wrapped herself around Sweeney and thrust her tongue down to his larynx.

He disengaged himself. "Then get your coat."

The woman squealed happily and snatched up a short fur job from the bed. Margo intercepted them in the hall. "Hey, what's the story, man?" She was being cool, but a raised eyebrow was in there, too.

"Well, me and . . ."—he couldn't remember the school chum's name; he indicated her with a wave—" . . . her are going downtown together, that's all. Uh, thanks for the really nice party . . ."

"I don't think I like this," said Margo, narrowing her eyes. "This isn't what we do."

Sweeney repressed an impulse to agree, dump the friend, and get out of there. Confrontations like this scared the shit out of him. But he *wanted* this woman, damn it. He anchored himself to that emotion and kept his eye on the, uh, ball. "Look, I know we've sort of had that rule but I don't want to have rules anymore. This doesn't affect anything we have. It's separate and discreet."

"Some discreet," said Margo tightly. "But okay, man. Okay." She turned and walked quickly away, hiding her expression. "Oh, goody," said the school chum and pulled him from the apartment.

As soon as they left, the minute the door closed behind him, Sweeney started to feel guilty. He'd expected more resistance. The way she'd just walked away . . . Jesus, what if he'd really hurt her? They went back a long way, he and Margo, for him to be doing something like this to her. What if she wouldn't trust herself to be close to him anymore or something? He tried to thrust this line of thought down.

The school chum was being exceedingly friendly. All the way down in the elevator she snurfled moistly at his neck. Like a tapir, rooting for grubs, he thought. What the hell was he doing?

As they stepped from the car, the elevator man pointed at the school chum's cleavage and observed shyly, "I like the way they chakin', meess." She giggled.

"Do you like the way they chakin'?" she asked Sweeney, when they'd gotten in a cab. She slipped one of them out and bounced it in her hand for him.

He forgot Margo. "Hey, what's your name, anyway."

"Ann."

"Ann. Nice to meet you, Ann." He began filling his hands and mouth.

In Sweeney's bedroom, Ann proved to be tender, deft, and abandoned. She sucked Sweeney's toes, sat on his face, and dragged her ever-so-slightly sagging breasts wantonly all over him. What a hot shit idea this had turned out to be, he reflected, trying to get both of them in his mouth at once.

After a while, the woman pulled away from him and pushed him back against the pillows. "I'm going to suck on you until you're enormous," she told him. "Then I'm going to let you blow out my eyeballs." Falling upon his dong, she began administering a twenty-seven-speed Osterizer among blow jobs.

At that very moment, Sweeney thought of Margo. What if she were uptown feeling terrible, thinking of him? With him down here pleasuring himself like an animal. Slowly, inexorably, his hard-on began to wilt. "Mmp!" called Ann. "Whuffa-mattm?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Keep going, keep it up." Marshaling all his will, he tried to push Margo from his head, get totally into what he was doing. He failed. Finally, Ann removed his member from her mouth and bounced it limply in her hand.

"Well?"

"Uh . . ."

"What about my eyeballs?"

"I, uh . . . maybe it's the tequila. Maybe I had too much."

"You get me all turned on like this and then you've had too much tequila?" She stood up and began rapidly putting on clothes. "Jesus Christ, this takes the fucking cake."

"I'm sorry." Miserably, Sweeney groped for something more to say. He couldn't think of a thing.

"Never mind," said Ann. "I just hope I get back there in time to find someone else. Good night."

When she was gone, he slumped in his desk chair and looked blankly at the wall for a time. Then he called Margo.

"Sweeney? What do you want?"

"Uh, look, I just wanted to tell you that it didn't work out with Ann and she's gone. Actually, I kept thinking of you. I'm sorry if I made you feel

bad."

Silence. Then: "Sweeney, you're incredible. You're a prick and an asshole. Listen, I gotta go. I'm with someone." She hung up.

He'd blown it. Jesus, had he blown it. Jesus Christ had he blown it. He replaced the receiver in its cradle and put his head in his hands.

"Enough for today?" asked the pencil sharpener.

"Yes, enough," agreed the lamp.

Sweeney focused. What? Talking desk objects? Was his mind going, on top of everything else? Abruptly, the pencil sharpener shattered and fell in pieces on his desk. Sweeney's jaw dropped. The lamp split in two halves and the desk collapsed in his lap, spilling him to the floor, pinning him. Above, the ceiling was turning black, curling inward from the corners. Great gaps appeared in the walls, revealing darkness, and the air began to shriek from the room in a mighty wind. Sweeney closed his eyes and screamed.

Avon del Ginsberg opened his eyes and groaned. He was back—with the usual splitting headache. Jesus, this had been a rough one.

"Does it always have to end like that?" he asked plaintively. "With everything falling apart? It always scares the shit out of me."

Oryu and Vonetta were sitting up, removing their monitor hoods. "It doesn't always end like that when I'm under the helmet," said Vonetta. "It was your dream. The falling apart was a projection of your despairing mood." She stepped to the side of his couch and began helping him remove the bulky director's helmet.

"What period was that?" he asked absently. "Nineteen-fifties?" It always took him a minute to get his brain together after dream lab.

"Seventies," corrected Oryu. "Period of moral disintegration. Drugs, easy sex, rock 'n' roll music. Nixon. The beginnings of the Great Stagflation. Harbinger of modern times." She began massaging his neck and shoulders. "You didn't do so hot today, Avon-san."

"Yeah, well, you were a big help. What the hell was that little martial arts exhibition? You're supposed to watch, not get involved. Except during feedback interludes." He shook his head wonderingly. "You killed me. You're my tritherapy partner and you killed me."

"I thought you deserved it, the way you were acting toward those women. I thought getting killed would teach you a lesson." Like many modern Oriental women—the last to feel their oats, liberation-wise—Oryu still har-

bored streaks of fierce, militant feminism.

"I tried to stop her," said Vonetta.

"Well, you didn't try very hard," said Avon.

"Anyway, what are you talking about?" said Oryu. "You threw him that last curve, that guilt number in the hall."


"You did?" Avon stared at Vonetta, amazed. "That was you? Christ, thanks a lot."

"Well, you have to learn to deal with those," Vonetta told him. "And anyway, this is all beside the point. I thought you got a lot out of today."

"Oh? Just what? No matter what I tried it didn't work. Fuck, I don't know. I feel like giving up."

"Come on, Avon," said Oryu, stroking his cheek softly with her hand. "You got her all the way downtown in the third permutation. You even found out her name. Next lab maybe you'll bypass your guilt feelings altogether. And, in the meantime . . ." She slipped her hand under his robe, smiling.

"That's right, baby," said Vonetta, nuzzling his ear softly. "That's right." She lit the candles and turned out the lights. □



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# How to Write Love Letters

by P. J. O'Rourke

## Preface

What nobler and more beautiful form can the arts of prose or poetry take than "les lettres amoureuses"? For what finer inspiration is there than love? And what finer mode or manner of expression than love's letters? Private of intent are they, yet universal of intention. Couched in stately speech, yet bespeaking the more than speakable. Passionate, but as far removed from carnal gesture as is the slim papyrus reed from the throbbing funtunnel of that Tri-Delt in Art History, three rows down and two seats to the left, boasting a set of cupolas that make Santa Sophia look like Olga Korbut with a breadboard down her Danskin.

## Chapter I

Historical Origins and Literary Background of the Modern Love Letter

*Foolscap cheap and watery ink  
Hold value dear for wit, I think.  
Though cost they less than meat or drink,  
They make the maidens fuck like mink.*  
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ever since some Neanderthal grunt-monger first smeared a "no-tar-pit-too-deep" pictograph on the cave wall with a handful of mammoth brains, love letters have figured big with the reading public—especially the squat-to-pee segment. The lit-biz big boys of every age have soaked up the slack between big sonnet contracts, or whatever, penning their way into the pants of local talent. Dante had his Beatrice. Abelard, his Eloise. Byron had his sister. And Aeschylus had a bunch of Greek boy scouts running around in French-cut fishnet togas playing hide-the-hemorrhoid with his Doric dangler. But, anyway, these guys could really swing a quill. They wrote letters that scaled the dizzying peaks of high-flown Parnassus. Letters that plumbed the sensuous depths of Styx-bound Elysium. Letters of brilliance, letters of beauty, letters that would make women do anything. Hum jobs, rim jobs, round the world, glass top coffee tables, Mazola parties, Alsations in panty hose—that was nothing to these guys. One skim through a Cervantes mash note at a convent in Barcelona and there was a three-day run on the Spanish cucumber market. No kidding, Shakespeare used to have this girl who'd get down on her knees under the table at the Pig and Whistle with a mouth full of live caterpillars and make with full choke on the busi-

ness end of his meat throttle. To coin a phrase.

Not only that, but today we owe about half the Modern Library and two feet eight inches of the Harvard Classics Five Foot Shelf of Books to this unbridled pursuit of pervo poon-tang. "To a Maid Made Bigge by What She Made Large" by Andrew Marvell, for example:

*Full glad am I that fates have smiled  
To bless thee with the gift of child,  
And complimented proudly too,  
That to our love thee think this due.  
Yes, lest vain hubris bring me grief,  
Decline must I this laurel wreath;  
And state, for truth, I doubt it I  
Whose source is this nativity.  
For as Hellie cities seven  
Vie for claim of Homer's birth,  
So seven cities-full of men  
Might claim the honor for thy girth.  
But Oh, not sayest I deny  
That oft together we did lie.  
Still thee were to such passion moved,  
By verse of mine, thee set to prove  
Thy love of me in ways arcane.  
So turned thee round thy nether cheek  
And pleased me in manner Greek,  
And pressed with care the kiss of France  
With lips which girt my codpiece'd lance.  
Spent I in every crannied nook  
Or hole of thy fair form save one.  
Thus canst lay claim to fatherhood  
—Mayhaps it was John Donne!*

Swell stuff, huh? Well, you can do it too. Maybe not with all the fancy iambic and pentameters and ten-dollar synonyms for "grapefruit tits," but every bit as effective when it comes to spray-painting the dead end of her honey hole instead of your ceiling light fixture.

Why? Because women love to get mail. And it doesn't take a three-year subscription to *Psychology Today* to figure out what "letter stuffed in a girl's mailbox" is a symbol for. No, sir! The way they lick those stamps with their long, provocative tongues, the way they make out addresses with gentle flicks of a felt-tip marker—it's clear as beer piss what women are up to. They want to take your private parts down to the post office and bang on them with a cancelling machine, then rip open your dork with a souvenir Gurka dagger. Crazier than shit-house rats, every one of them. But the point is, any piece of mail sets a girl's Kayro flowing, and if enough have your name on them, then some of that gash-gush is bound to splash your way.

So if you have your heart set on some parcel-post pussy, don't wait to develop the narrative style of a William "Dean" Howells; just start mailing away at the object of your affection and she's a shot quail. Girls prefer businessmen as sexual partners

because they have longer envelopes, but anything will do—Hi-Brow cards about her appendix scar, Rio Rancho brochures, back numbers of *Commonweal*. Or a cinder block in brown wrapping paper with a two-cent stamp and no return address, which won't do much for your Saturday nights, but it'll give her a postage due bill the size of the Israeli defense budget and it's good for a laugh. If you're as psycho-sexually troubled as I am, I mean.

Pretty soon she's thinking the Postmaster General has his whole junk mail fleet depth-charging her letter chute and then you're ready to hit her with the high-powered "billets doux." But before you turn her doomed pudendum into a literary free fire zone, let's make sure you have your map coordinates straight, or you might call in an air strike on your own position and wind up with a set of fraged noncoms and a permanent assignment on the Ross Ice Shelf walking point for a herd of Musk elk, cooze-wise, if you know what I mean.<sup>2</sup>

## Chapter II

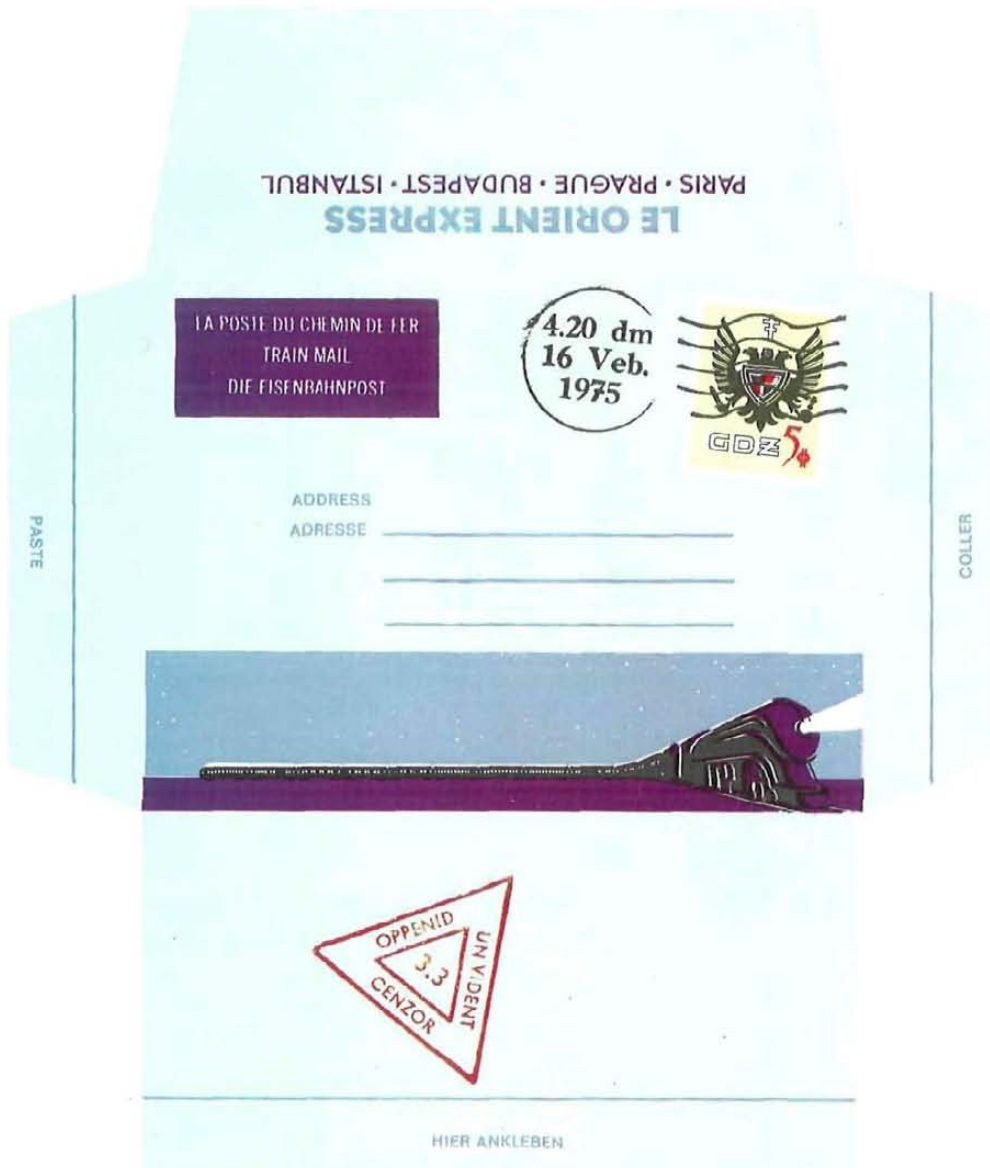
Beginner's and Intermediate Love Letters

*If to write the flowery prose,  
You find yourself too lazy,  
Broads run for cover  
And soon you discover  
Your love life's pushing up daisies.*  
—William Burmashave Yeats

When you say "flowery language," the first thing that pops into a lot of guys' minds is "pansy." These are the ones who sprinkle their letters with words like "buckshot," "quarterback," "mackinaw," and "axle" to create a gruff and hairy masculine image in their girl friends' thoughts. This works alright except that most women's ideal sexual partner is sleek, graceful, and practically devoid of bodily hair—in other words, another woman. Which doesn't matter a bit since they all fuck with their eyes

<sup>1</sup>That's French for "love letters," not to be confused with "love for French letters," which is what she'll have when you're rolling one down your ding-dong and getting ready to "dip sheep" instead of playing one-handed spit-in-the-carpet with Ms. Thumb and her four comely daughters every night the way you did before learning all the valuable lessons in this informative article.  
<sup>2</sup>And, frankly, if you'd been willing to do your duty in Nam defending America from those hordes of smelly zipper-heads instead of flashing a crack full of peanut butter during your draft physical and then wrecking other people's expensive college campuses over some argle-bargle about colored people not having enough TVs, you would know what I mean.

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*continued*

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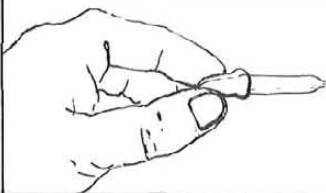
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# FUNNY PAGES

## NUTS

REMEMBER ALL THE TIME YOU SPENT AS A KID PRETENDING YOU WEREN'T SCARED? AND WONDERING IF THE OTHERS WERE ACTUALLY BRAVER THAN YOU, OR IF THEY WERE ONLY PRETENDING, TOO?

SAY, THAT WASN'T A BAD MOVIE. I'M SURPRISED THEY LET KIDS IN TO SEE IT!

YEAH, ONLY I HAD TO LAUGH AT THAT MONSTER! I MEAN—WHO COULD BELIEVE IN HIM?

YEAH—HAH, HAH! WHAT THEY DID TO HIS EYES, FOR INSTANCE! NO ONE COULD BELIEVE THE WAY HIS EYES LOOKED—HAH, HAH!

YEAH, AND THE WAY HE MOVED HIS ARMS—HAH, HAH! WHO COULD BELIEVE IN THAT? HAH, HAH!

IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED, DEAR.

AW, JEEZ, MAW—ALREADY?

DON'T GIVE YOUR MOTHER ANY BACK TALK. GET YOUR P.J.'S ON AND GO TO BED!

MMPH!

I KNEW HE'D BE WAITING IN THAT DAMNED CLOSET—I JUST KNEW IT!

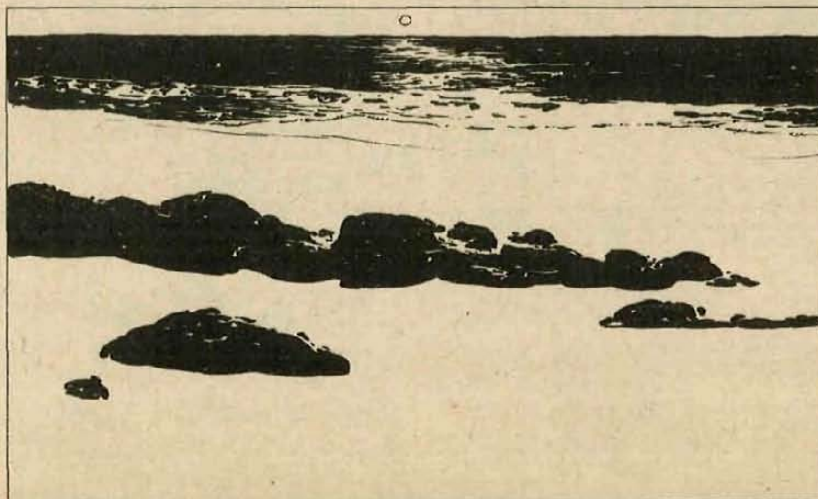
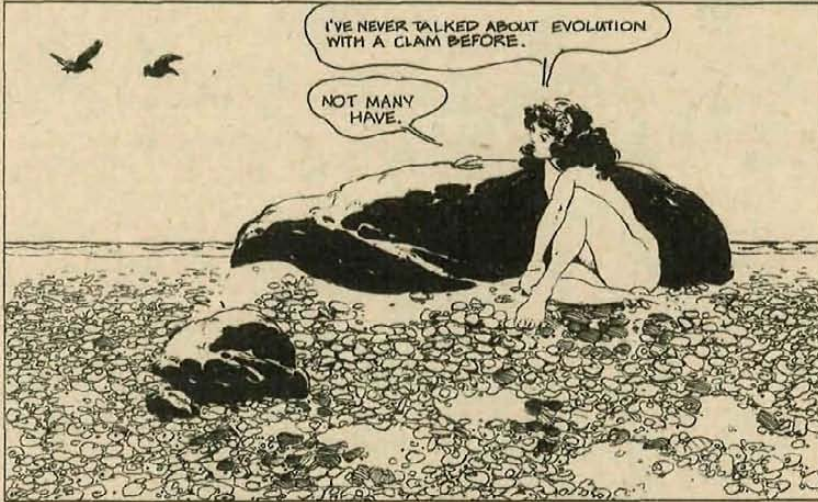
Cahon Wers!



# IDYL



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# Dirty Duck

WE'RE GONNA WHIP INFLATION NOW, WE'LL ALL EAT CROW INSTEAD OF COW! WE'RE GONNA HOLD OUR BREATH, WE'LL EVEN STARVE TO DEATH, SO WE CAN WHIP INFLATION NOW!

STOP SINGING THAT STUPID SONG!



WEEVIL, PLEASE! - I'M A PATRIOT!

I'M FREAKING OUT, MISTER DUCK! I WANT A JUICY, RED STEAK! I WANT A PENTHOUSE! I WANT A KINKY GIRL FRIEND WITH A BANK AMERICARD!!



TSK-TSK-TSK. HOW PASSE! HOWDY, FELLOW VAGA BONDS!

ARE YOU WAITING FOR THE 8:15 TO BALTIMORE?

NO WE'RE WAITING FOR THE LUSITANIA.



WOW! JUST THINK: ME - NATHAN KNISH - EXCHANGING PLEASANTRIES AROUND A CAMPFIRE WITH A COUPLE OF OLD-TIME TRAMPS!

LEAVE MY SEX LIFE OUT OF THIS.



WHY, JUST LAST NIGHT I WAS LISTENING TO BOB DYLAN'S FIRST ALBUM AND - POW! - IT HIT ME: THE ONLY TRUTH LEFT IN THIS WORLD IS RIGHT HERE A- LONG THESE RAILS -

AND I'M GOING TO RIDE 'EM!



WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? ALL MY GIRL FRIENDS WANT TO DOMINATE ME... MY CAR DOESN'T WORK... I HATE MY JOB IN THE OCCULT BOOKSTORE..

BEE-BEEEEEP!



BOU VOJAGE, NATHAN. I HOPE YOU FIND A BOXCAR WITH CENTRAL HEATING.

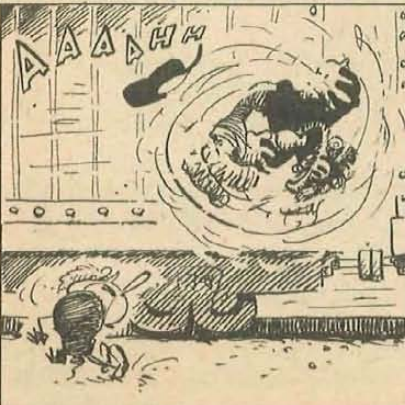
THANK YOU!




GOODBYE, NATHAN!



AAAH!



CRACK!



WELL, WE EAT TONIGHT.



# BODÉ'S CARTOON CONCERT

## CHEEP WIZARD



BITES  
THE  
DUST

VAUGHN BODÉ ©

ERR,  
I... WILL GET CHEECH-DA-WIZARD.  
I WILL SMASH DAT FUKER'S BALLS.  
I WILL STOMP HIS LITTLE ASS...  
HEHE



DIS IS CALLED 'HAT YOGA',  
ALL DA BLOOD GURGLES  
INTO MY HEAD... IT'S A  
CHEEP WAY TO GET DRUNK.



## BOARD!



ER... I WILL DRAG  
DIS SHIT TO DA DUMP  
AN KILL HIM DA REST  
OF DA WAY.



ZIPPITY DO DA,  
ZIPPITY AY,  
DIS GONNA BEDA  
HAT'S LAST DAY...



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advanced techniques, it explains how your body talks and learns, how to achieve deeper relationships with your lover, shows today's changing mores and concepts of fidelity, what they mean and how to adapt to them. Plus sections on special needs, providing info for those with psychological problems, sex in group experiences, the elderly, duration factors, recent heart attack victims, the overweight, the pregnant, and much more. Only \$12.95

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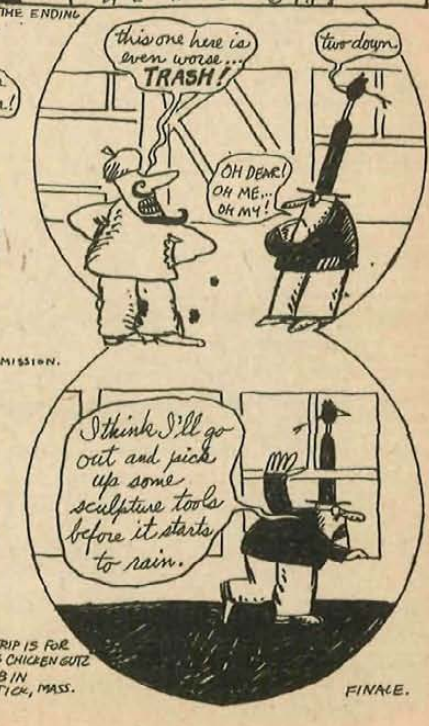
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# TROTS AND BONNIE



# CHICKEN GUTZ





# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

**MAY, 1971/FUTURE:** With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 National Lampoon.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

**OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL:** With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

**NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR:** With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

**DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS:** With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

**JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED?** With Son-o'-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

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

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

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

**JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION:** With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Sexterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's Kluk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With The National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?:** With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

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

**DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE:** With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

**FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX:** With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographicum, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

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

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

**MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY:** With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

**JUNE, 1974/FOOD:** With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Weddler's Magazine*, The Joys of Wile-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

**JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

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

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

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

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

**DECEMBER, 1974/THE JOY OF SECTS:** With Good Fridays the Rabbi Ate Pork, Protestant Section, The Catholic Sex Index, The Origins of Son-o'-God, and Stained Glass Windows.

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ONE YEAR AFTER



STEVE, I THINK WE NEED TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK ...



DOWN DEEP, WE BOTH KNOW IT WASN'T JUST THE PREGNANCY THAT CAUSED OUR PROBLEMS.

I KNOW.

IT HAD TO DO WITH HOW WE ACTED, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

NO.

© 1975 B.R.V.P.



LOTS OF LITTLE EVERYDAY THINGS - LIKE YOU DRYING OFF WITH OUR BEDSHEETS IN THE MORNING - PICKING YOUR NOSE AND LEAVING IT UNDER THE SINK - GETTING FOOD OUT FROM BETWEEN YOUR TEETH WITH MAGAZINE COVERS ...

I ONLY DID THAT TWICE!

I'M SORRY ... DIDN'T ANYTHING I DO BUG YOU ?



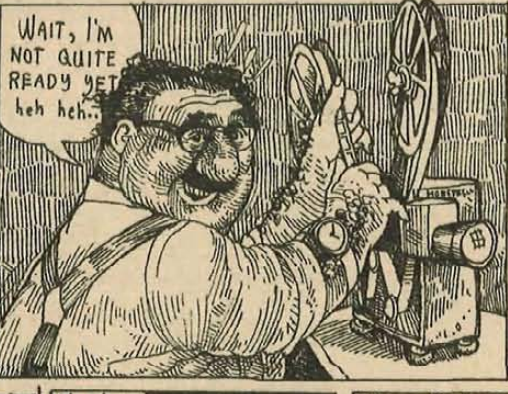
UH ... HANGING YOUR DOUCHE BAG OVER THE SHOWER ROD ... EATING COTTAGE CHEESE WITH YOUR FINGERS - AND NUDE SUNBATHING ON THE ROOF.

NOBODY SEES ME!

JILL, THERE'S AN APARTMENT HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET! BUT THOSE AREN'T BIG THINGS. I THINK WE SHOULD TALK MORE ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTER TO US - FAMILY, SOCIAL CONCERNS, ATTITUDES, LIFE GOALS, FIELD GOALS, BACKCOURT FOULS, PENALTY SHOTS ...

NEXT : MORE ANAL ANTICS!

**THE EXCITING TRUTH**  
A PRESENTATION -narrated by MR. B. ZEKE  
*Randy Jones '74*



WAIT, I'M NOT QUITE READY YET heh heh...



O.K. GET THE LIGHTS JOE!

CLIKKITTY CLIKKITTY CLIKKITTY CLIKKITTY CLIKKITTY

RIGHT...



O.K. We're on our way. YOU'LL LIKE THIS PART!



Oh oh...

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'm afraid that the projector bulb blew out... heh heh



HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER BULB, ZEKE?

I don't think so.

SO WE'VE COME 3000 MILES TO SEE THE "EXCITING TRUTH" AND THE GODDAMN BULB BLOWS!!

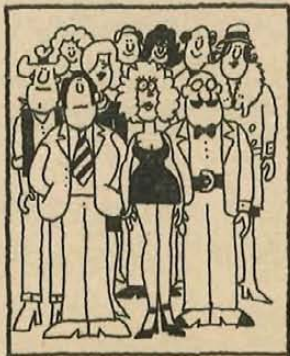


I'm terrible sorry, gentlemen. Maybe you could come over tomorrow night. Could you get the lights, please?

RIGHT... OUCH!! WHERE THE HECK DID THAT TABLE COME FROM!?!?

**FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

**LESSON # 23-B**  
**CROWDS**  
THE WORDS, "DRAW A CROWD, ASSHOLE!" NEEDN'T SEND THE COMIC ARTIST INTO PANIC. ARMED WITH THIS INSIDE TIP, YOU CAN DRAW A CROWD CORRECTLY AND COMPLETE THIS OTHERWISE DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT.

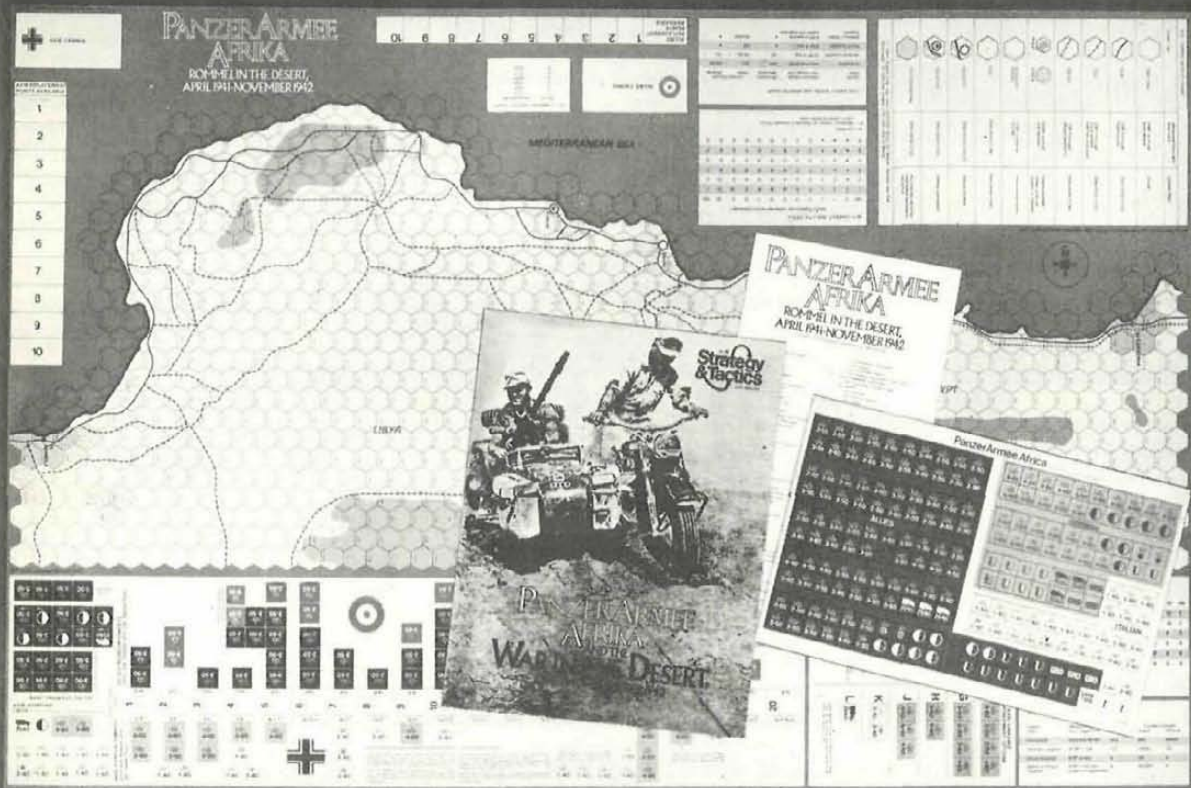


RIGHT



WRONG

# Strategy & Tactics



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ing pieces, and complete rules.

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closed and practically the only place they ever put their hands is on your back where you don't have any hair unless you're Jewish and in which case you probably don't have any excessive masculinity problems anyway. But it's a bad idea, just the same, to try and seduce a girl by getting her to think of things that'll make her actually nauseous.

Elaborate, flowery language is important because women love big words. Though why women love big words is a mystery, unless it's because they're all secret Negros. Which might be the case since women love to sing and dance and wear stupid clothes and usually don't have much in the way of useful job skills. (Try slipping "bodacious," "abiltude," or "Ah sho' do be amplified ob makin' yo' acquaintance," into the next note to your sweetie and see what happens.<sup>3</sup> Also, when used with expertise, polysyllabic words, poetic inversions, and rococo phraseology can make wanting to plunge your pud up her giggle duct sound like a white-tie invite to the *Palais Stodet* for a twelve-course feed with the Belgian Queen Mother-in-Law. In fact, the importance of flowery language cannot be overestimated:

**With proper use of "flowery language"**

*Oh beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purpled mountain's majesty  
Above the fruited plain.  
America, America, God shed his grace  
on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.*

**Without proper use of "flowery language"**

*You're good-looking because you have a big sky and your wheat is yellow. Also, your red and blue mountains are higher than your valuable farmland. United States, God should drop blessings all over you and put togetherness on top of your head which is filled with other praiseworthy virtues coast to coast.*

Now, very few people emerge from an American public school education with words like "purpled" or "fruited" in their vocabularies—let alone the ability to use them with a straight face. So you're going to have to make up in writing style what you lack in learning and mushy sentiments about the landscape:

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

*The dorm is quiet. The air is heavy with my roommate from Cleveland. Outside, across the boulevard, the moon sets behind the Pick-and-Pay and my thoughts turn to you. Oh, Rose of Dayton, love binds you to me as epoxy resin does the self-stick tile in the rec room of your father's manse. Here are we—counties apart—yet love between us spreads in a band more wide and enduring than U.S. 127's asphalt expanse.*

<sup>3</sup>But don't come limping back here with an armload of bloody doctor bills if she carves a Harlem sunset in your face with a pearl-handled straight razor.

*Our love is like the Astroturf, unheeding storms which mar mere mortal weekends. No icy blast is proof against the clinging salt of our love.*

*So, to me fly straight,  
Swift as an arrow.  
Soon as you can borrow  
Your mother's Camaro.*

xxxxxooooo, etc.

Really, you've got to put yourself in the mood. A quick flip through the thesaurus, two jelly glasses full of George Dickle, and a vivid recollection of Elaine Guttenburg's blouse-front the day she gave back all your Jay and the Americans singles and the three-foot Snoopy ought to do the trick. Or rent a print of *Elvira Madigan* (nix on the barfola, though). Or think about the lavender sachet in your mother's underwear drawer.

But if you still don't feel you're ready to pitch shit with the varsity, then warm up with some "bull-pen"<sup>4</sup> practice on everyday notes and messages like:

*Meter Maiden or brave Officer of Law,  
Far be it from my desire to bring down  
danger upon the heads of our fair cities'  
teeming myriads by lief of this, my motored  
carriage, in block of passage to yon  
hydra-ycept font of waters which need  
serve to sooth consumption by ere-threatened  
flame. But denizens of foul opiate's  
ways have lain hands upon my near-new  
Delco. And spirited it away.*

Or: *Oh, Man of Milk, neglect not the protein  
dear to this young body's corporal health!  
Leave thee then not one but two fine quart-  
full ampules of thy nectar, pure and void  
of tin! as is the broad expanse of arctic  
Thule and nearly, yes, as cold. But leave  
thee never now or yet again the "half-with-  
half" congealed by Apollo's bright char-  
iot, the sun, into warmish lumps which  
stank.*

Until your confidence is in the kind of shape where it's hanging moons out minibus windows at the Kent State National Guard, be patient; with practice, you'll spout more euphemisms than a Boston Carmelite in a public health clinic with the clap-yo-hands. Then every sheet of stationery you put to Bic becomes a license to pound pussy, and every word you scrawl will stiffen nipples from Nantucket to San Jose—as long as you don't mean it.

And I mean it. They know that if you're writing a love letter and you're sincere, then you're writing a love letter because you're *in love*. And if you're writing a love letter because you're *in love*, that means you haven't got anyplace else to park your peter while you're wherever you are that you're writing from. And once women get the idea that their Sisters have walked out on your act, you're screwed—figuratively. Dropped like a used Pursette. It happened to the midi and it can happen to you.

<sup>4</sup>Did you "get" it? And quit moving your lips.

This brings us to two additional techniques of romantic correspondence, humor and rhyme. Humor is the more consequential of the two, particularly if you try to use it. A "laughing" woman, like a "laughing" hyena, is strictly a figure of speech. No zoologist ever meant to imply that if you told a hyena the one about "Two popes walk into a bar, . . ." it would rupture a lung, spit out its drink, or try to book you on Carson. The same goes double for women. And what a hyena *would do* if you got close enough to tell it a joke is by no means any prettier than what women do to comically inclined young men every day of the week.

Girls don't have a sense of humor. When all your plumbing is set up to do is manufacture babies and the main function of your outward features is to start fights and inspire suicide, life is no laughing matter. Tell your girl a joke, a perfectly hilarious joke, an absolutely smash-up-the-smoking-carmake-'em-vomit-in-the-ice-bucket joke . . .

*Old Rabbi is walking down the street  
and he sees a little kid sitting on the curb,  
playing with a pile of horse shit.  
"Oi vey!" says the Rabbi. "What are you  
doink playing vit horse shit?"  
"I'm makin' a Irishman," says the kid.  
"Ho ho ho ho ho," laughs the Rabbi,  
"but why are you makin' a Irishman?"  
"I ain't got enough shit to make a  
Rabbi."*

. . . and all she'll say is something like "goodbye."

Women who like to laugh are even rarer than women who like body hair. If you find a girl who adores your puns and loves to run her fingers through your curly shoulders, she's probably a drag queen. The next time you're direct dialing her woozle you'd better check down there and make sure she's not holding her balls out of the way, especially if your knuckles come up smelling like the Chicago Ship and Sanitary Canal instead of Puget Sound.

Rhyme, on the other hand, flips them over on their backs so fast you'd think they had hinges. You get those words all rhyming up together and tintinabulating around on the page and it's music to a girl's ears. Which is exactly the effect you want—the minute they start hearing music in their ears, they think they're in a movie. And you know what goes on in movies these days. Boy, did you see *Wet Rainbow*? Ooo-ee! God damn. Anyway, you can polish up the old versification skills the same way you brushed up on the mush prose. It's a lot easier than it looks. You'd be surprised at how many words rhyme with each other. Mikado, avocado, and

# 54 fun places to go on your next date ... 11 cents each

Hi! I'm Heidi. Let me tell you about how to make your next date excitingly different. You'll enjoy action that's fun . . . a 'touch me, tickle me, tease me' kind of fun. Play SKRATCH ME, a brand new game concept. It's a challenging word game that's played on unique gameboards, and includes fantastic, sensual back rubs. You and your date will both love it. Play SKRATCH ME once and you'll know why I feel there's nothing like it, anywhere!

It's easy to get game play going. You each wear tee shirts, sweat shirts, or even pajama tops, with the SKRATCH ME Invitation and Gameboard Transfers ironed on the fronts and backs. Using the 400 Word List of words hidden in the name SKRATCH ME, the fun begins. You alternately choose words and 'skratch' the right squares all over each other's Gameboard . . . top to bottom, backward, forward, or maybe all mixed up.

Your challenge is to guess the correct letters, to score; and then the entire word, for bonus points. Four words make a round of play. Words range from three to six letters, some of them are pretty far out. You'll decide just how far you want to go.

With 54 squares of pure pleasure on each Gameboard, don't expect to master this fascinating game in just a few sessions. Your Game Booklet will be standing by to guide you. SKRATCH ME really tests your powers to think and feel.

Talk about feeling. When my date 'erases' my Gameboard between words with those fantastic back rubs, I nearly come out of my skin! Think how much you'll learn about your date during those intimate 'erasures'.

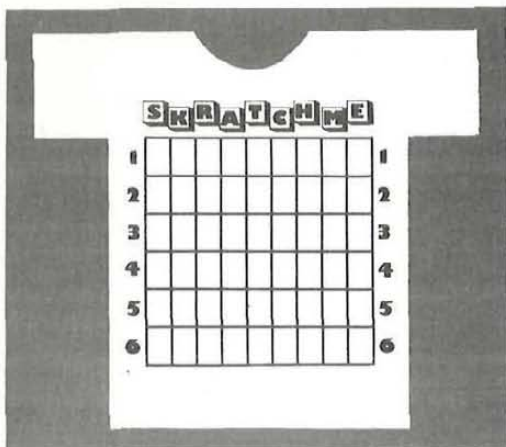
In addition, help your friends get off on something really different. A fun-filled SKRATCH ME party will be remembered. To be sure.\*

But that's not all. When you're camping, laying about at the beach, or just hanging around, you'll be glad to have the newest game in the country . . . where the shirt on your back is all you and your date need for instant fun!

Go ahead, order your SKRATCH ME Game today and I'll make you this promise. Examine it for ten days at my risk. If you don't agree that SKRATCH ME will be terrific fun and a great ice-breaker for dates and parties, I'll refund your money immediately. Just send \$5.95 plus postage and all the good stuff for two players will be rushed to you. Enjoy!



INVITATION — Let's play SKRATCH ME



GAMEBOARD fits all sizes.

\*Party-Maker Option. Additional Score Pads and sets of Invitation and Gameboard Transfers can be ordered after you've decided to keep the game.

SKRATCH ME is the copyrighted tactile word game of IBEX CO.

## Bonus Bargain

Quality Tee Shirts — \$3.50 Retail Value  
ONLY \$2.25 ea. Postage Prepaid

OFFER LIMITED 2 per Game

	Small	Med.	Large	X-Large
Gold	_____	_____	_____	_____
Lt. Green	_____	_____	_____	_____
Lt. Blue	_____	_____	_____	_____

## GAME FREAKS

Box HH  
Charlotte, N.C. 28203

O.K. HEIDI, MY BACK JUST TALKED MY FINGERS INTO IT.  
Please rush me \_\_\_\_\_ SKRATCH ME game(s) at \$5.95 each,  
plus 50¢ for postage & handling per game.  
Also send \_\_\_\_\_ Tee shirts at \$2.25 ea. — prepaid

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt# \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is my ( ) Check ( ) M.O. for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

— N.C. residents add 3% Sales Tax —

amontillado, for instance, all rhyme great.

### Additional Study

By now, if you've been attentive, you should be well on your way to distinction as a home-town Casanova, considering what probably passes for distinction in your home town. Such learning is in itself meritorious, but for the student who wishes to delve deeper, a short glossary of the Female language has been attached:

#### A Short Glossary of the Female Language

English	Female
cock	thing
tits	things
cunt	there
no	please
yes	do you love me?
fuck	dinner and a movie
shit	freshen up

### Chapter III

#### Advanced Composition

"Others only see your beauty; I see you under your skirt."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson  
In a letter to Emily Dickens

There is little doubt that the love letter in its highest form is primarily the product of big, bloody, gory wars with heathen nations full of cruel, foreign-looking, bellicose desperados who get slaughtered by the millions and everyone is glad. Not that I subscribe for a moment to the theory that such carnage stimulates women sexually. Personally, I think it's a disgrace the way practically every prominent psychiatrist believes that just because women spend about one-fourth of their lives dripping blood all over the place, they therefore have an overpowering desire to see me do a lot of bleeding, too.

Just because every woman in America physically *threw* herself at anything with brass buttons on during the last big war and, when the men came home covered in the gore of untold hundred millions of hacked and shredded nips and krauts, jumped on cocks at such a rate that there resulted a "baby boom" of proportions unknown in the history of the world, is no reason to think that women are sexually stimulated by killing.

Nevertheless, those messy international altercations sure do fill the woods with cunt, and if you have any feeling for the fellow members of your sex, you'll do anything you can to start another one. Like using lots of gasoline and ribbing the crap out of any sheenies you happen to know about how the Arabs got the jump on them last time around—really rub

their noses in it; with the way *their* noses grow it shouldn't take too long to get something going. Everybody's got to do his part. Not like the last time when we had a perfectly good thing going and you college kids queered it getting killed and wounded right here stateside where it doesn't do anybody any good.

But when you finally cash in on all that paramilitary muff, "accidents" can still happen. If you're worried that your number may come up pregnant, try sending this famous telegram:

Dear Miss Lucinda Vermicelli,

The Joint Chiefs of Staff of the Armed Forces of the United States of America regret to inform you that Pfc. Lawrence Hallihan is missing you in action stop

If your love-light is a careful reader, she'll gain new respect for your importance with the Pentagon brass. But if her reading comprehension should be somehow impaired (say, for instance, by the emotional stress of six or eight months fishing spotless Modess out of her afro-clam), then maybe she'll throw herself in front of an uptown A Train, and what might have been a lifetime of child support payments will coat the rails with a thin scum from Columbus Circle to 125th Street and Lenox. Either way, you can't lose.

However, short of another swell world war, there's always a trump card we can pull on women which is, basically, that they're pretty easy to fool. In fact, they're practically famous for being tricked into the old in-and-out by "traveling Pap testers" or "county health inspectors" taking "deep throat cultures" to "check the spread of typhoid" ("Now, close your eyes and let me paint your tonsils!") or you-name-it.

Steal some business stationery and send out invoices:

Re: Your order of one 6" penis

We are pleased to inform you that a new shipment has arrived and your order can now be filled. Please pick up load at our warehouse apartment, 28½ College Ave, or phone for forwarding to your dorm.

No girl in her right mind will want to outright refuse delivery and risk getting involved in a lengthy court case over some obscure point of contractual law.

Or try a bargain. No woman can resist a bargain. Think what a bargain marriage is, for example, and *they* know that's what's kept them from starving all these years.

Special Clearance

Fantastic Values



CLOTHES

100% Off

Featured in our  
Bargain Paneled Basement

THIS WEEK ONLY

AT  
STANLEY KLEIN'S DEPARTMENT  
HOUSE

351 Maple Grove Lane

Or make your love-light a contest winner. That's another thing they love, getting something for nothing. Filling the old void, as it were. Something from nothing; that's where babies come from, after all. And without babies, what excuse would they have? But I digress:

Dear Occupant:

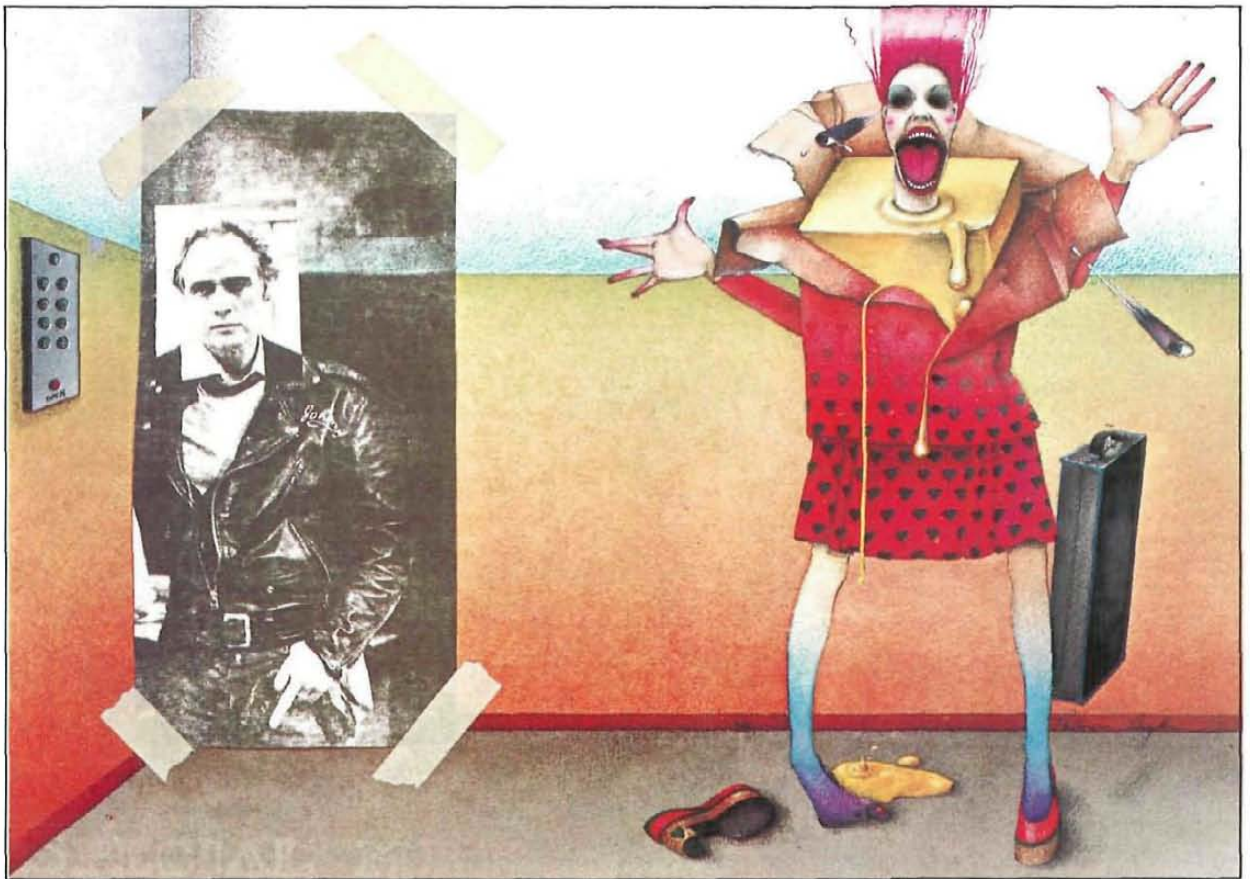
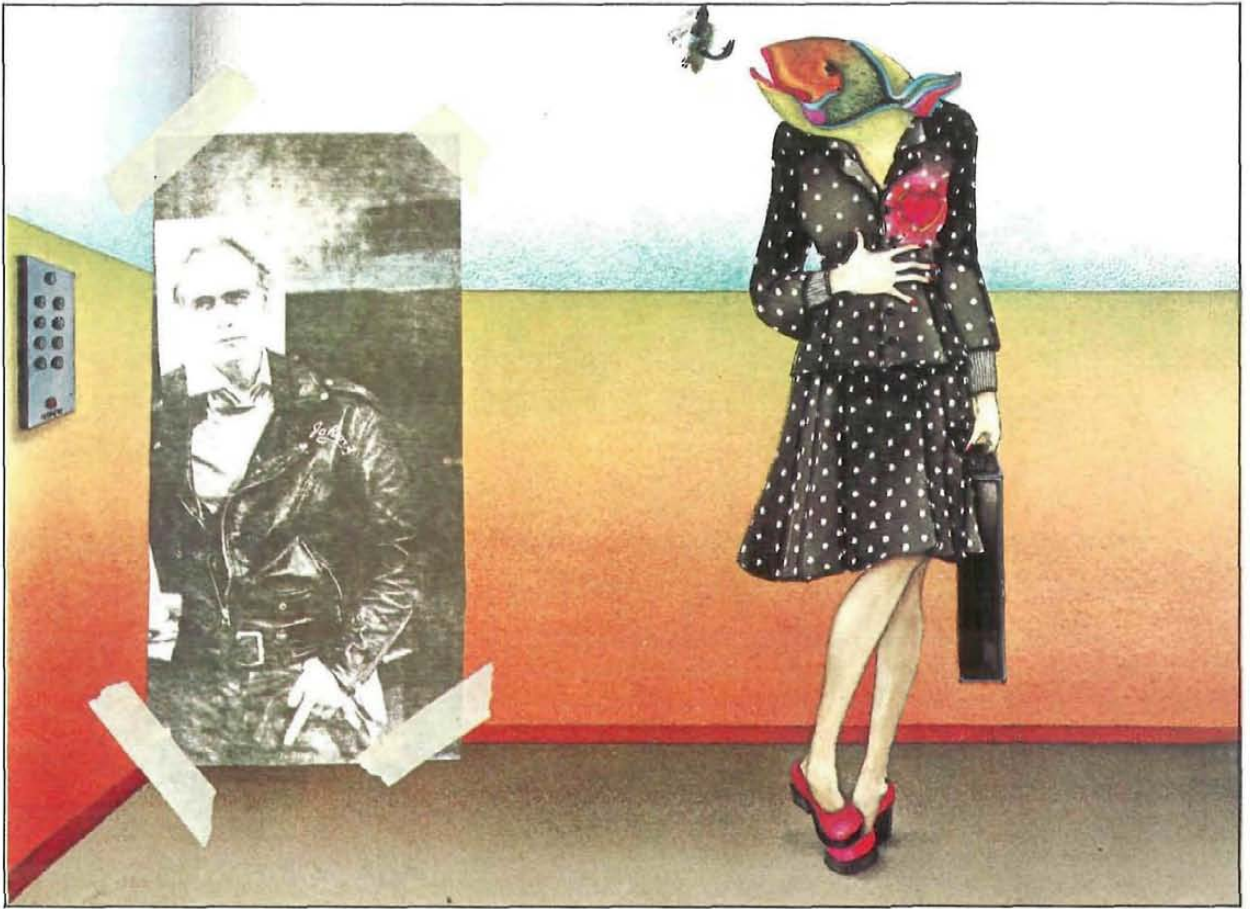
You may have already won an all-expense paid night at the luxurious new Hiway-Vu Motel. If you're a short blonde with large perky tits and answer to the name Suzy May Lasky . . .

And so forth. And if *that* doesn't work, why don't you just get 'em clipped off. I mean it. What the fuck? Sign up for that clinic in Casablanca, snip-snip and you're a dame. Who cares anyway? I hear they do a good job of it nowadays. Hardly anyone can tell unless they get up close. And they even turn the skin of your cock inside-out up inside you so you can feel it and everything. Then you wouldn't have to write any of this crap. Christ, you wouldn't even have to *read* it. You wouldn't have to do a goddamned fucking thing. Just sit around on your ass all day, eat bonbons, and read movie magazines, and the hell with the man who works. □

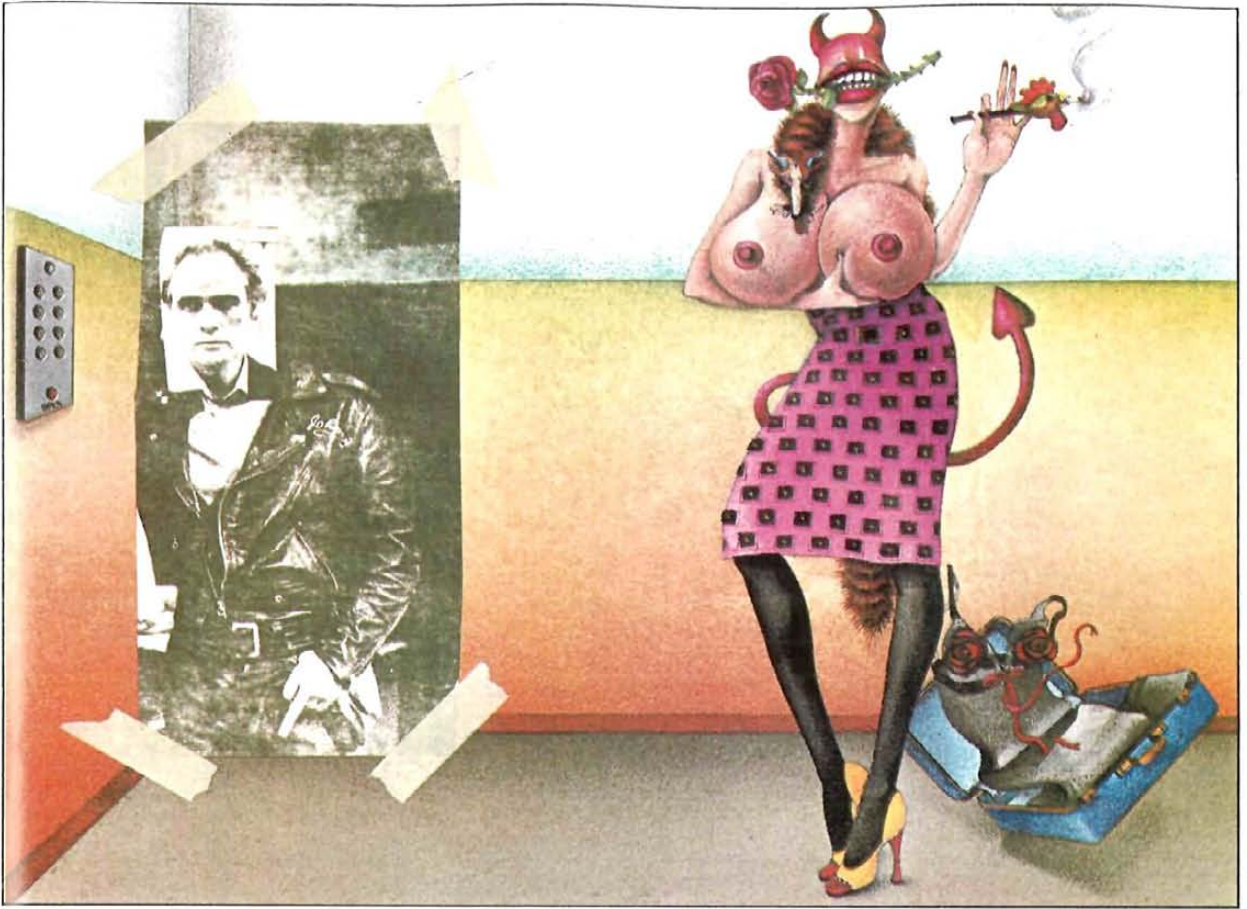
# Going Down and Getting Off with Brando

by Patricia Dryden









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