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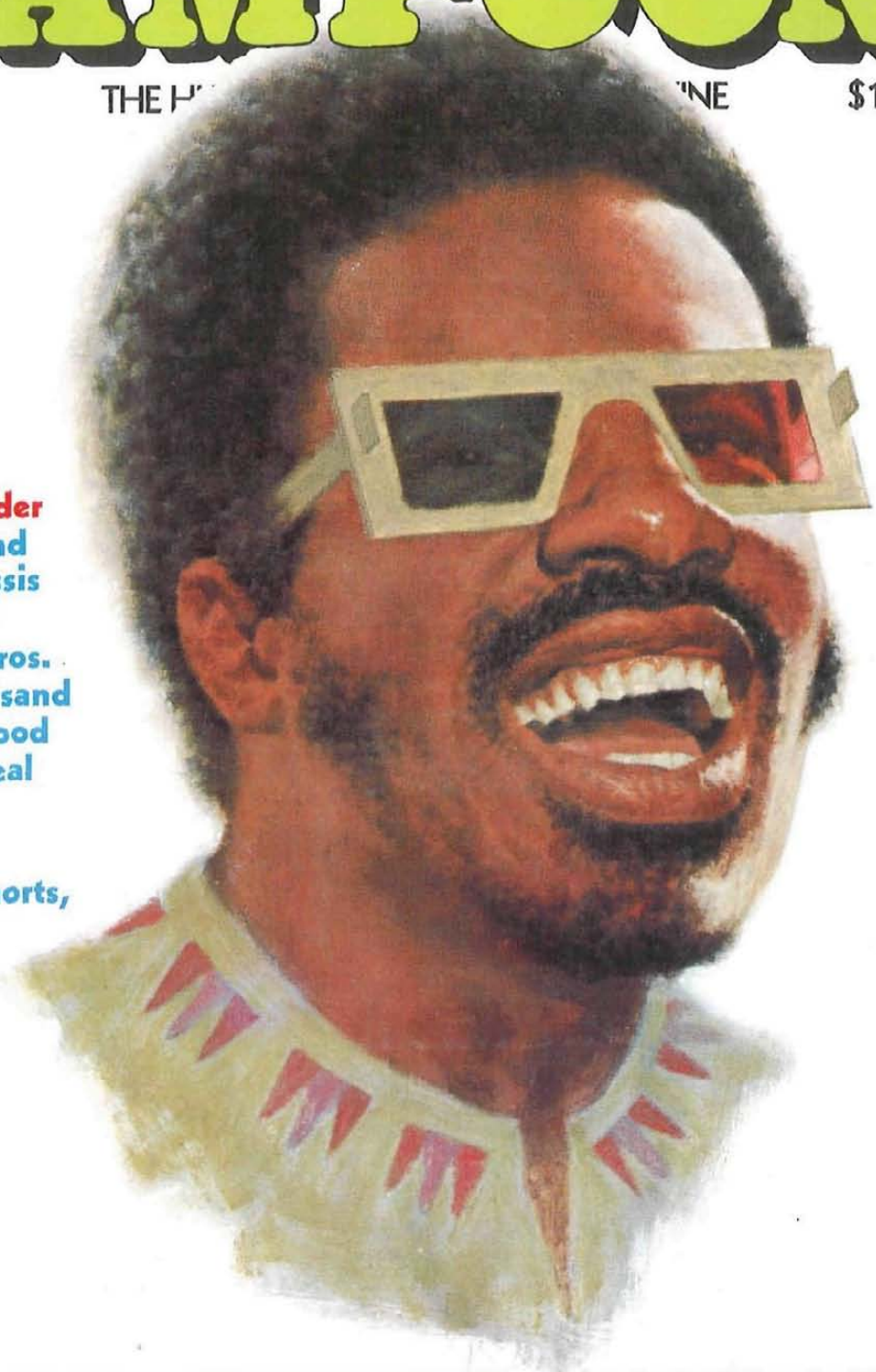
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The Marx Bros.
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Clint Eastwood
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and Cher

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Cartoons,
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*The actual selling price of this system will be set by individual dealers at their own discretion. The manufacturer's suggested resale price which represents a reduction from the original suggested prices of the components sold separately. The suggested resale price of the components

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074. West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007

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4-channel high fidelity substantial savings.



FREEDOM

Never before has a Pioneer quadraphonic music system been available at such an unbelievably low price.

As the leading high fidelity craftsmen in the world, Pioneer has assembled a superb quality 4-channel music system that includes everything you need for unlimited enjoyment in the new and exciting world of 4-channel sound.

The control center of this spectacular system is the Pioneer QX-646 4-channel receiver. It places at your fingertips every form of music known to man. And the beauty part is that you get flawless reception of 4-channel and 2-channel FM broadcasts, records and tapes, as well as AM programs, just by turning a selector switch. It's that simple.

There's also four magnificent sounding Pioneer Project 60 loudspeakers that faithfully reproduce the complete tonal range of the human voice as well as every instrument in an orchestra.

Pioneer completes this exceptional system with their PL-10 record

player. This professional quality turntable plays all 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 rpm records. Its specially designed tonearm comes completely equipped with a 4-channel cartridge, including a diamond stylus.

For the technically-inclined, this versatile system is able to handle all types of currently-available quad program material: CD-4 discrete 4-channel, SQ matrix 4-channel and regular matrix (QS) 4-channel. No external decoders or other adaptors are required. One front-panel mode selector and the sophisticated internal electronic circuitry do it all.

Take advantage of this one time offer and save over \$225*

We urge you to hear this incomparable music system as soon as possible. Selected Pioneer dealers in your area are presenting this sensational limited time system offer at savings of more than \$225*. Don't pass up this unique opportunity to own a great 4-channel music system at a great price.

These quality components can add extra enjoyment to your Pioneer 4-channel high fidelity music system, or to any system you may already own.

Here are just a few of the quality components available to increase the versatility of this magnificent system.

RT-1020L Open Reel Tape Deck. Records stereo programs and plays back 2-channel and 4-channel tapes. Endless hours of listening pleasure with 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reels. \$649.95. Other studio-quality models from \$599.95.

CT-7171 Stereo Cassette Deck. The finest performing cassette deck in its price range. Maximum convenience

with all controls and illuminated cassette compartment on front panel. Can be stacked above or beneath other components. Many professional type features, including Dolby noise reduction system. \$369.95. Other models from \$179.95.

SE-505 Stereo Headphones. Enjoy hours of outstandingly natural sound in complete privacy. Volume and tone controls on each kid soft earpiece. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ -foot coil cord and permanent storage case. \$59.95. Complete selection of Pioneer headphones starting at \$24.95.



19.95.
Separately was \$989.90.

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Dual in



Two great ways to express yourself, on the trail or on the street. Both from Harley-Davidson. The SX-175. And the all-new SX-250. Both are engineered and built to take on any challenge . . . and come out ahead. They feature tough-as-hell competition-type front forks. And maximum starting reliability with a solid state, breakerless, CDI ignition system. Plus quick-detach ISDT rear hub. Tach and speedometer with odometer resettable in either direction.

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Harley-Davidson believes in safety first. Before you start out— put on your lights, your helmet—and watch out for the other guy.

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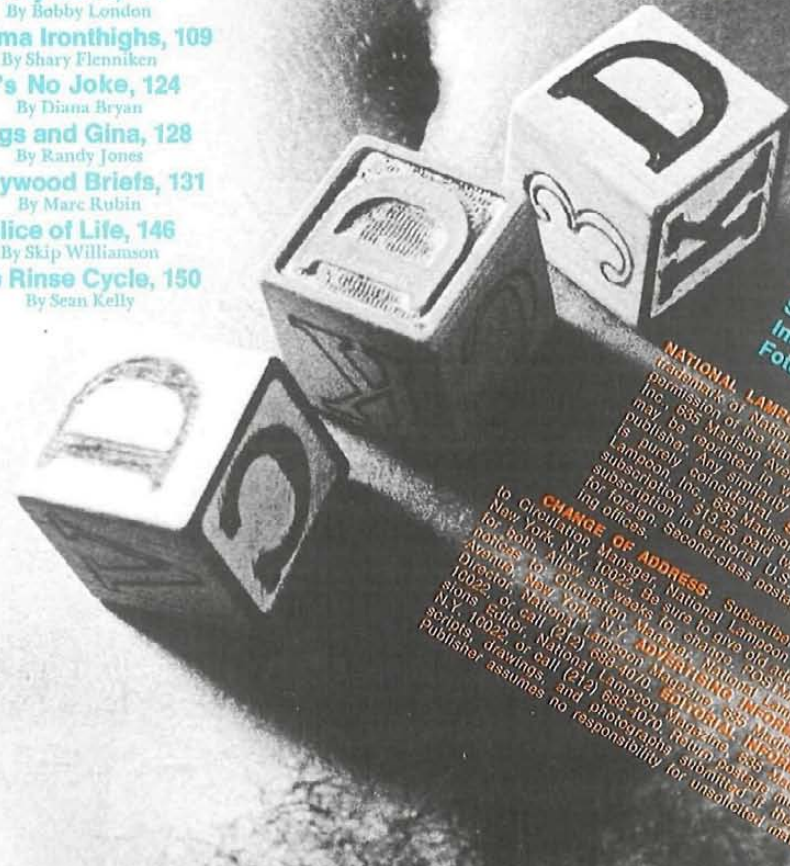
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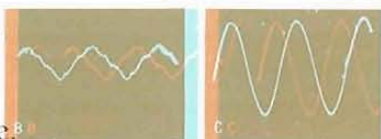
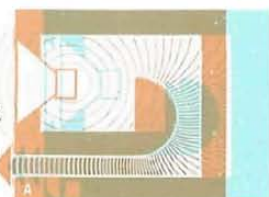


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These four major developments make the B·I·C VENTURI™ speakers totally unlike all others...and better.

B·I·C VENTURI Principle Bass Section (pat. pend.) transforms the magnitude of air mass and energy in a way never before applied to acoustics. (Fig. A) The result is bass response hundreds percent more efficient and substantially purer in quality than is possible from any other speaker of comparable size.



B—Shows output of low frequency driver when driven at a freq. of 22 Hz. Sound pressure reading, 90 dB. Note poor waveform.

C—Output of B·I·C VENTURI coupled duct, (under the same conditions as Fig. B) Sound pressure reading, 111.5 dB (140 times more output than Fig. B) Note non-distorted appearance.

Biconex™ Pyramidal Dispersion Horn (pat. pend.) was developed to match the demanding capabilities of the B·I·C VENTURI bass section. It is far more efficient, can handle more power and covers a wider, uninterrupted frequency range than cones and domes. And, unlike other horn designs, it can't add metallic sound coloration and has truly wide angle dispersion in both the horizontal and vertical planes, for unrestricted system positioning.



Dynamic Tonal Balance Compensation (pat. pend.) adjusts speaker performance automatically (when desired) to provide aurally "flat" response at all listening levels in accordance with the Fletcher-Munson hearing characteristics. This is accomplished in a manner which cannot be achieved by amplifier loudness or contour controls.

Extended Musical Dynamic Range results from the unique combination of high efficiency and high-power handling capability. Even our smallest model, the new Formula 1 can be used with amplifiers rated up to 50 watts RMS per channel. The Formula 2 will handle 75 watts; the Formula 4, 100 watts; the Formula 6 can take 125 watts. Yet any of these can make Titans of low-powered amplifiers.

A 4-page color brochure is needed, at the very least, to properly describe what makes these B·I·C VENTURI speaker systems so different, and we think you'll agree, better. So this is what we will send you, upon request. Or better still, visit your B·I·C VENTURI dealer, and hear for yourself.

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The Quadriophile's

Features and specs, like money, aren't everything, but they can help a lot. Take a look at the comparison chart on the opposite page. You will find there many reasons why Sansui 4-channel technology is superior and why every Sansui 4-channel receiver is the best buy in its category. Of course, only a demonstration can really show you Sansui's ingenuity and what the famous Sansui sense of sound can do for you and your musical enjoyment. Only a Sansui 4-channel receiver with vario-matrix* can give you outstanding 4-channel separation, a clear sense of location and full musicality.

A Sansui 4-channel receiver can synthesize any of your favorite stereo records or tapes into fascinating quadraphonic sound. And they also contain the Sansui universal decoding system which permits decoding from any 4-channel source, including SQ and CD-4. Of course, the best way is to listen to 4-channel from 4-channel records or QS broadcasts.

Look carefully at the chart on the opposite page and then go to your nearest Sansui franchised dealer and listen to a demonstration. Prove to yourself what Sansui can do for you. Or write today for the brochure "What you should know about 4-Channel Sound."

* vario-matrix is the only 4-channel technology which offers highest interchannel separation, full frequency response, wide dynamic range, low distortion.

The Sansui QRX-3000



The Sansui QRX-3500



The Sansui QRX-6001



The Sansui QRX-7001



Sansui

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Gardena, California 90247

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO. LTD. Tokyo, Japan

SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A. Antwerp, Belgium

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Comparison Chart

Power Range: 9-15 Watts

MANUFACTURER MODEL	SANSUI QRX-3000	Fisher 334	Kenwood KR-6340	Pioneer QX-646	Sony SQR-4750	Technics SA-8000X
QS DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	Simple RM	Simple RM	—	Adjustable RM
SQ DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	SQ Matrix	SQ Matrix	SQ Matrix	Full logic SQ	—
SYNTHESIZING SURROUND	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	—	—
SYNTHESIZING HALL-AMBIENCE	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	Simple Matrix	—
CD-4 DEMODULATING	Adaptor	Built-in	Adaptor	Built-in	Adaptor	Built-in

Power Range: 16-24 Watts

MANUFACTURER MODEL	SANSUI QRX-3500	Fisher 534	Hamman Kardon 800+	Marantz 4240	Pioneer QX-747	Sony SQR-6750
QS DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	Simple RM	Adjustable RM	Simple RM	—
SQ DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	Full Logic SQ	SQ Matrix	Full Logic SQ Adaptor	SQ Matrix	Full Logic SQ
SYNTHESIZING SURROUND	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	—	—
SYNTHESIZING HALL-AMBIENCE	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	Matrix	—	—	—	Simple Matrix
CD-4 DEMODULATING	Adaptor	Built-in	Built-in	Adaptor	Built-in	Adaptor

Power Range: 25-34 Watts

MANUFACTURER MODEL	SANSUI QRX-6001	Hamman Kardon 900+	Kenwood KR-8340	Marantz 4270	Sony SQR-8750	Technics 8500
QS DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	SQ Matrix	SQ Matrix	Adjustable RM	—	Simple RM
SQ DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	Simple SQ	Simple SQ	Full Logic SQ Adaptor	Full Logic SQ	—
SYNTHESIZING SURROUND	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	—	—
SYNTHESIZING HALL-AMBIENCE	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	Simple Matrix	Simple Matrix
CD-4 DEMODULATING	Built-in	Built-in	Adaptor	Adaptor	Adaptor	Built-in

Power Range: 35-45 Watts

MANUFACTURER MODEL	SANSUI QRX-7001	Fisher 634	Kenwood KR-8840	Marantz 4300	Pioneer QX949	Sylvania RQ-3747
QS DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	Simple RM	Adjustable RM	Simple RM	—
SQ DECODING	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	Full Logic SQ	Full Logic SQ	Full logic SQ Adaptor	SQ Matrix	SQ Matrix
SYNTHESIZING SURROUND	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	—	—	—	—	—
SYNTHESIZING HALL-AMBIENCE	Built-in VARIO-MATRIX	Simple Matrix	—	—	—	—
CD-4 DEMODULATING	Built-in	Built-in	Built-in	Adaptor	Built-in	Adaptor

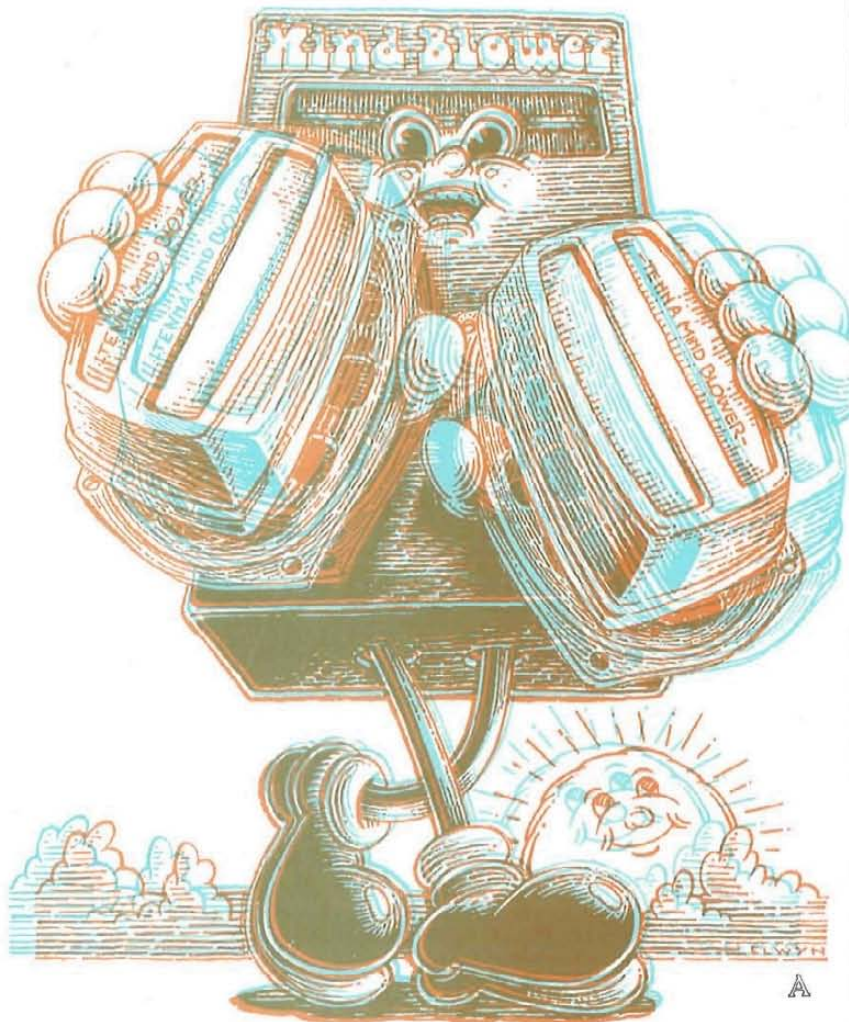
tm SQ - CBS Inc.

tm CD-4 - JVC Inc.

tm QS - Sansui Electric Co., Ltd.

There's never been a pair of stereo speakers like these Mindblowers. Under the shell on Mindblower's back is a thumpin' little amplifier ready to do its stuff. It makes any car stereo or radio sound ten times bigger — up to 60 watts RMS. With Mindblower™ you pump out the heavies ten mindblowin' times heavier. And Mindblower™ has gutsy speakers, made to take the power without messin' it up. The rear deck megalomaniac has arrived.

MINDBLOWER™ DOES FOR CAR STEREO WHAT SILICONE DOES FOR A GOGO GIRL.



Tenna Corp.

Y'get Mindblower™ at leading discount, audio and automotive stores. But if not there, don't despair, just call us to find out where. Call Cleveland at (216) 475-1400 or Los Angeles at (213) 627-7341 and ask for "Mindblower sales."



Sirs:

You're jealous, otherwise you wouldn't have done that Banjo Lips thing about me. You better watch it. I can destroy you. A hell of a lot of people buy my records. My songs speak the truth of a thousand truths.

Remember that song I did called "You're So Vain"? Well, I could have changed the title to "You're Slow Vein," and sung it about Nixon.

Just watch it.

Carly Simon
with James T.

Sirs:

And may all your Christmases be white!!!

Mrs. Louise Day Hicks
City Council, Boston

Sirs:

Just a short note to let you know that my plans for the jump are coming along nicely and that I definitely will make the attempt. Sure it's never been done before, but I believe that it can be. I am willing to take the chance, to gamble all on a turn of the die. It will take a good deal of dedication and hard work, but I am determined to stick with it every inch of the way, and to do everything humanly possible to insure that the jump is a success. After all, there is a certain amount of honor in being the first man in history to jump over ten nigs nogs in a bulldozer.

"Evil" Bob Shockley
Promo, Utah

Sirs:

The good things in life may be free, but it has been my experience that the bad things are also relatively inexpensive.

Raunchy Old Boho Bob
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Class warfare? Is that an abstraction or is there somewhere I can buy it?

D. M. Frazer
The Parsonage

Sirs:

Oh where, oh where can my . . . hrmmm. Excuse me, Oh where, oh where can my baby be, the Lord took her cough-cough . . . pardon. Oh where,

continued

Is it live or is it Memorex? Who knows?



In our most recent test, we asked Ella Fitzgerald's old friend and longtime jazz arranger, Nelson Riddle, if he was listening to Ella live, or Ella as recorded on a Memorex cassette.

He couldn't tell.

We believe that's a strong endorsement of our exclusive MRX₂ Oxide formulation.

In fact, since we introduced MRX₂ Oxide, a lot of other ferric tapes have been scrambling to find something to beat it.

Nobody has.



MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

DC servo control is the only feature better turntable manufacturers agree on. If you want it, you could spend more than \$400 for it.

Or spend under \$200 for a Philips 212. And get a manual turntable that spins out all the top quality you want.

DC servo control means your 212 will run at the calibrated speed you select even with power fluctuations.

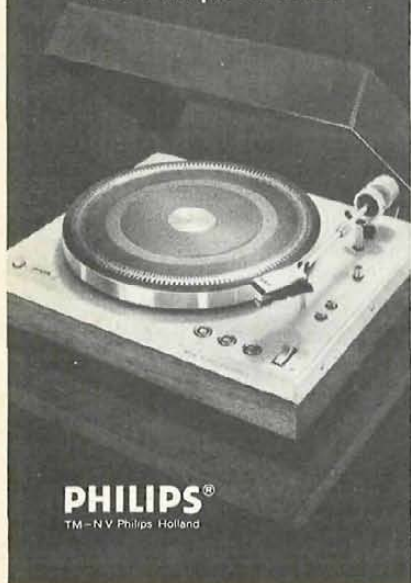
From the illuminated touch control to the automatic stop, if there's a quality reason for a turntable to have it, including DC servo control, you can find it on the 212. And you can find the 212 at better audio shops.

For under \$200.

PHILIPS AUDIO VIDEO SYSTEMS CORP
AUDIO DIVISION
91 McKee Drive, Mahwah, N.J. 07430

DC servo control.

The only turntable
under \$200 that has it.
The Philips GA212.



PHILIPS®
TM - N.V. Philips Holland

oh where can my baby be, the Lord took her away from *ahgggah! Hu-hu.* Boy, whew. Oh where, oh where can my baby be, the Lord took her away from me because I forgot to feed her for two days in a row, I don't think it fair, do you? *Haragh-gah.* Gee, I didn't think I'd get to finish.

Dave Blown
Nit Nat Lake

Sirs:

The best way is to get the cat when it's still warm and make an incision just under the throat. Then, with a swift, sure movement, run the knife back across the abdomen all the way to the anus. Now, begin peeling back the fur in the stomach area, being careful not to rupture the intestinal wall. After you have progressed as far as you can, slit up all four paws, but stop about half an inch past the elbow. You should now be able to pull the fur inside out and off the claw; however, if you have difficulty, slide the fur back and cut the cat's knuckles off. The tail likewise should be pulled inside out. There's only one way to skin a cat, and that's it. Next month: how to flay a cat.

Dick Whittington
Turn Around, Wis.

Sirs:

Perhaps your readers may be interested in an experience of mine. It resembles that of "Confused in Topeka" in your September issue. I am a co-ed in a private Eastern college. I have blond hair, a good figure, and most of my friends say I have a cute personality.

Normally, I get good grades simply by going to class and doing my homework. Last semester, however, I found myself falling behind in a class in Comparative Economics. Nobody liked the professor who taught the course. I was no exception. The professor, an older man, seemed to take a personal dislike to many of the students. Especially, he "went after" some of the groovier guys, who made it clear they weren't hung up on the Big Power-Money trip.

I decided to see him one afternoon after class, to talk about my grade. He saw me in his office, seemingly displeased with my "uppityness." At the end of our conversation, though, he said I seemed bright, that my problem could be solved with what he called "attitude readjustment." He then matter-of-factly told me to come to his house the following day for dinner. Not wanting to antagonize him further, I agreed.

The next evening, I rang the doorbell at the address he had given me, a big old Victorian house on the edge of town where some of the old fam-

ilies still lived. The door was answered by an old lady in a sort of maid's uniform. She told me to go right into the dining room, the professor was waiting. In the dining room, he was already sitting down at the end of a big table covered with a fancy linen tablecloth and lit up with a huge silver candlestick. He indicated that I should sit down at the opposite end. The maid, who I guess was also the cook, brought in a salad and a decanter of wine. The old professor kind of looked at me funny when I started eating, but since everything tasted O.K., I didn't pay any attention to it.

Then the old lady brought some little steaks. When we finished those, we were served some little date-nut tarts.

All of a sudden, he looked at me really strangely. I realized, as I looked into his changed face, that the housekeeper had softly called out "Good night" from the hall moments earlier! Leaning forward, he asked, "Young lady, do you want to know what you had for dinner?"

Trying to be polite (I figured he was one of those gourmet food nuts), I said yes.

"Well," he began. "That salad? The lettuce in it was picked by non-union farmworkers! Convict laborers, in fact."

I started feeling sort of queasy.

"And that wine? That was made in South Africa."

My mouth felt dry.

"That little steak?" he inquired with a sneer on his thick lips. "That was Rocky Mountain Bighorn sheep, an endangered species!" He laughed maniacally.

I knew from then on, I could never listen to a John Denver record without crying.

"The tarts?" he tossed his head back. "Those tarts were full of white sugar!"

I could feel the calcium leaching out of my thigh bones. I stood up. "I'm sorry," I said, "I have to go now."

"Not so fast!" he growled at me. "We have only just begun!"

Was nothing sacred to this man?

He stood up. Now I realized why he had already been sitting behind the table when I had come in. He was wearing a dinner jacket, a white shirt, a bow tie, and nothing else! I couldn't take my eyes off his swollen organ. It was huge and seemed to pulse with a life all its own. Before I could push my chair back, he was around the table and standing over me. I saw, amazed, that he had *GOP* tattooed on his member.

"Second dessert?" he inquired,

continued

Blue Sky
Records



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VISIONS OF THE NIGHTDREAMER.**

"JASMINE NIGHTDREAMS"
IS HIS SOLO ALBUM ON BLUE SKY RECORDS AND TAPES.
DISTRIBUTED BY COLUMBIA/EPIC RECORDS

continued

then grabbed my resisting head and forced his thing into my mouth. He moved my head with his hands, but after going faster and faster, I realized I was actually enjoying it. I guess he sensed it, too, and let go of my head, letting me establish my own rhythm and depth. Before long, he came in my mouth and I greedily sucked up every bit. I wanted to try something else, but he stepped back and ordered me home. I have never felt such an intense mixture of shame and desire! I did go home, though, my cheeks burning in the crisp autumn air every step of the way!

Since that evening, he has acted in class like nothing happened (my grade did go up). What bothers me is that I often find myself fantasizing about him doing it to me again. Also, now all I read for amusement is Ayn Rand. Is there something wrong with me?

Debbi DeVoto
Sauckittup, Vermont

Sirs:

Last week, at a nondrinking party, somebody showed me a sacrilegious story printed in your magazine. Writers like that are deep down searching for real fulfillment, not the glamour world which once lured Pat Boone and other performers. How do I know? A certain book tells me so,

and if you exclude several explicit chapters in the Song of Solomon, it's a wholesome guideline for Contemporary Living.

Judith Lynn Lotswife
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

Where do we go from here? What's happening to our music? It just ain't been the same since Jimi crapped out, ya know. I us'ta be really wrapped up in the music. I guess I was the first guy to dial that black-light phone number on "Abbey Road," but I musta had the wrong area code, 'cause I got Mickey Dolenz. Anyway, keep doing what you do. Free Huey!

Billy Shears
Goosechase, Vermont

Sirs:

I think I've got it. In fact, this time, I'm sure. Fingers *across* the seams for a curve, and *with* the seams for a fast ball. I'll try it out this weekend, and let you know.

Catfish Hunter
Flushing, N.Y.

To: *NatLamp*

From: Aristotle Onassis
(To be sent upon my death.)

Dear Sirs at *NatLamp*:

Now that I am dead, the truth on

why I married Jackie Kennedy can be exposed.

Contrary to popular belief, I did not marry her for her social position.

Nor was it for her monies.

It is also true she is not much in the beauty department.

Because of my wealth, I could have any woman I wanted.

But the truth now. When I married Jackie, I was getting quite old, and I realized I would be dead soon; and Jackie throws a great funeral.

Ari Onassis
Onassis Island
c/o the Mediterranean

Sirs:

Hey, you guys, I don't have any special beef against black people as long as they keep to their own, and I know it's a sensitive subject because your readers are all white suburban pimply-faced middle-class males, but just between you, me, and the lamp-post, how come all those Black Arts Festivals they have in public libraries and other free places look like the stuff in them was done by children? Hell, my *kid* can paint better than that stuff and the doc says he'll never be able to crawl without trainer wheels.

A. J. Tater
Key West, Fla.

Whether you've spent \$150 or \$1500 for your stereo system, there's a lot of music on your records and tapes you've probably never heard. Music you can discover for less than \$80. And we can prove it.

Take a favorite recording with a wide range of program material to your audio dealer's. Ask him to connect up a system that closely resembles your own, adding a pair of Sennheiser headphones. And listen. With tone controls set flat, alternate between speakers and headphones at various volume levels. And compare.

Even if the speakers are the very best in the house, you'll be surprised to discover how much better our



Sennheiser HD 424 Deluxe Open-Aire[®] headphones. \$79.75*Manufacturer's suggested list.

headphones sound. In terms of wide, flat response. Low distortion. Greater detail.

And sheer intimacy with the music. At the same time, you'll discover how the patented lightweight design of Sennheiser Open-Aire[®] headphones lets you hear all the music in comfort, without sealing in your ears. Now, look at our price. Once you do, we think you'll agree that a little Sennheiser is an inexpensive way to enjoy a lot of improvement.

*Sennheiser headphones are available in models from \$79.75 to \$297.75 manufacturer's suggested list. Dealer determines price in your area.

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Manufacturing Plant, Bissendorf/Hannover, West Germany
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**NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU SPENT
ON YOUR STEREO SYSTEM, YOU CAN IMPROVE
THE WAY IT SOUNDS. FOR UNDER \$80.***

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Count Marcello Tetrizzini owns a Marantz Imperial 7 speaker system. Be sure to see the complete line of fully-guaranteed* Marantz speaker systems starting as low as \$59.95, plus receivers and components at your Marantz dealer.

All over the world
people consider Marantz Stereo
the finest in the world.

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We sound better.

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If you think there's a cassette or cartridge better than Columbia's we'll buy it for you.

Just try a new Columbia tape. If you still like your old tape better, return the Columbia tape to us, and we'll send you the one you prefer. Free.

Our problem

Most people who buy recording tapes are pretty happy with what they're using. So it's hard for someone with a new tape—even someone with all the experience in music and electronics that Columbia has—to get people to try it. Regular advertising just won't work.

We realized we'd have to come up with a really unusual introductory offer. To really challenge people to try our new FAIL-SAFE cassettes and cartridges. To see that they really are better than other tapes.

Our offer

1. Buy a new Columbia cassette or cartridge in any length you like.

2. Try it out. Record on it. Compare it to the tape you've been using. TDK, Memorex, Scotch. Any iron oxide tape.

3. If you're happy with Columbia, fine. You've bought yourself a great new tape. And we hope you'll keep buying Columbia.

4. But, if for any reason you're not satisfied with the Columbia tape, send it back to us. With your receipt, no more than 30 days after you bought it, and include a label from the tape you prefer. Your only cost is 50¢ for postage and handling.

5. We'll send you the tape you prefer. In the same length as the Columbia tape you returned.



Our experience

We don't think we're taking much of a chance with this offer. And we don't think we'll be sending out many TDKs, Memorex, or Scotches. Because while you may have never seen one of our blank tapes before, we're not exactly newcomers to the recording business.

We've made hundreds of millions of pre-recorded tapes over the years. For our own record label, and even for a lot of our competitors. And through that experience we learned a lot about sound quality and product reliability that helped us develop the best blank tape for home recording. With more highs and lows.

Without fuzzing or blurring the sounds. Without jamming in any kind of tape deck in any kind of weather. And with unique features that make recording a pleasure. Like our ConvertaQuad cartridge that works automatically on stereo or 4-channel. And extra adhesive labels to retitle your tapes when you re-record.

Our challenge

If you think there's a tape that's better than ours, it's because you just haven't tried ours. Columbia Magnetics, CBS, Inc., 51 W. 52nd St., N.Y. 10019.



We want to change your mind

NEWS ON THE MARCH

JULY, 1975

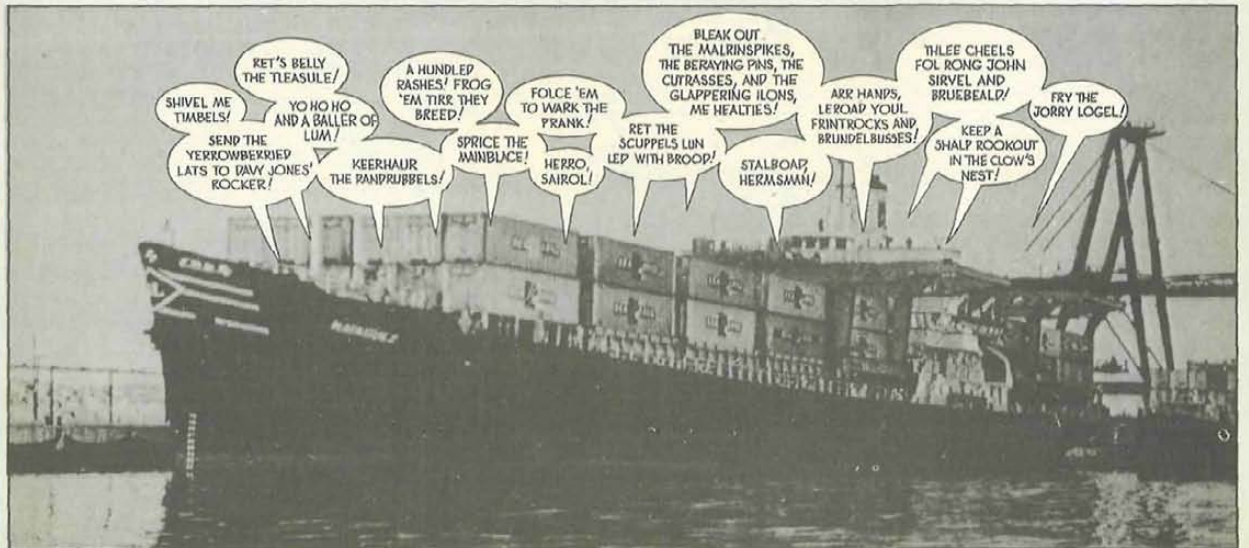
VOLUME 1, NO. LXIV

CONG KING! City of Saigon Gripped by Panic as Thousands Flee from Small Guerillas



Americans Stage Postemptive Air Strike

CAMBOS SEIZE MELCHANTMAN • PILACY ON THE HIGH SEAS!



The American people, particularly unemployed citizens who fear competition from the newcomers for scarce jobs, have shown an uncharacteristic reluctance to welcome the 100,000-odd Vietnamese refugees who are currently waiting in refugee camps in places like Camp Pendleton near Los Angeles to be resettled in the U.S. Government officials are privately worried that local hostility could turn into violent incidents when the actual process of establishing the Vietnamese in new lives in towns and cities begins. Maybe it's the general feeling of disenchantment with the whole history of the U.S. involvement in Indochina and the pointless waste of lives and money that makes Americans, at this late date, so hostile to the idea of making any more sacrifices, but we should never forget that, as more than one President suggested, if we had not intervened to counter the Communist threat to the Vietnamese in Vietnam, the next thing anyone knew, we'd have had to deal with them right here at home. In, oh, say, California.

In what may be only the first in a long series of attempts by local communities in the Northeastern United States to gain the maximum economic benefit from the Bicentennial, the town of Lexington has announced that it is planning a reenactment of the historic reenactment of the firing of the shot heard 'round the world on April 19, 1975. Every effort possible will be made to insure absolute authenticity: a traffic jam on the road leading to town will be painstakingly reconstructed, even down to the four-car collision that claimed the life of Vincent DiSinetti of Leominster; local high school students will be dressed in ragged T-shirts and blue jeans to represent the gang of almost 100 local rowdies who consumed large amounts of beer and disturbed the peace later in the night (even the same brew—Carling's Black Label—will be consumed); one of the Mayor's children will play the part of little Tommy Mumford, four, of Mat-tapan, who fell into the Concord River and was subsequently fished out by an unknown spectator (Bill Cooley, a local gas station attendant, will handle the role of the unsung hero); state and local police will be on the scene in authentic uniforms, directing traffic and giving out tickets, just as they did on the two hundredth anniversary; and town officials are hoping that a top government official—Vice-President Rockefeller or may-

be even President Ford himself—will be on hand to deliver the address given by President Ford on the occasion of the original observance of the Bicentennial.

At the same time that an increasing number of demands for a new investigation into who killed President Kennedy are being made, pressure has been growing for an inquiry into why no one killed President Nixon. As long-time Nixon nonassassination buff Bud Toms put it, "There were any number of chances for a single, deranged killer or a determined group of assassins to kill Nixon, and plenty of possible motivations. We want to know why it didn't happen." The most popular theories to date hold that the CIA frustrated an attempt by Arthur Bremer in Canada because of Nixon's strong support of their clandestine operations, that a group of wealthy Texas oilmen underwrote a group of secret bodyguards who shadowed the former President wherever he went, and that President Thieu had a potential assassin killed in gratitude for President Nixon's *not* having him assassinated. "Any way you look at it," said Mr. Toms, who is the author of

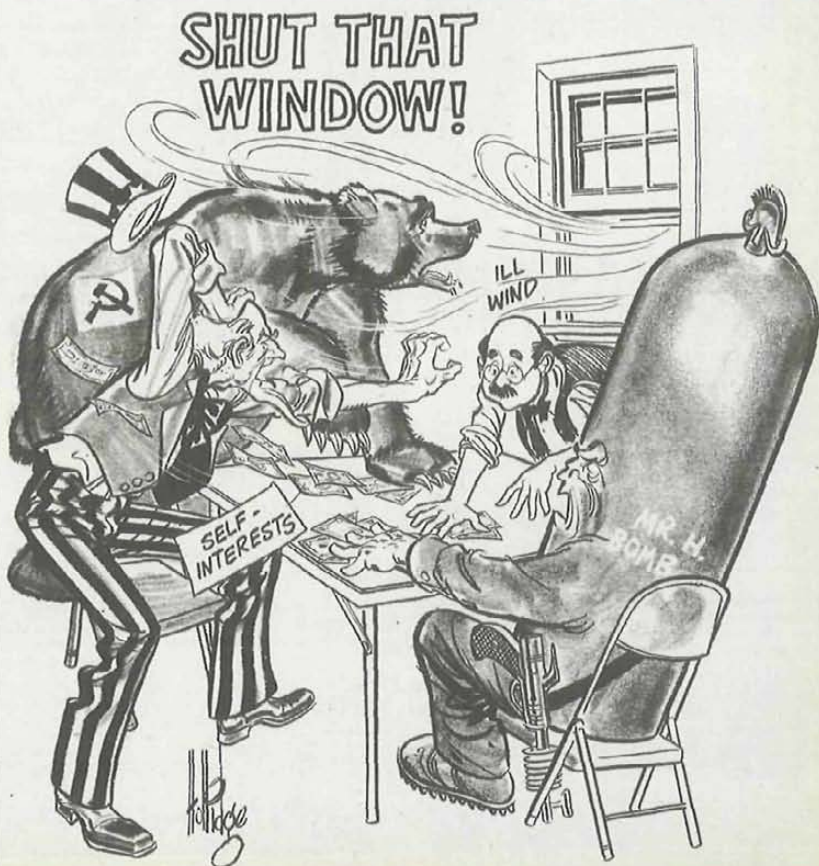
Who Didn't Kill Nixon?, "there's something fishy: There's no trace of an assassin, a gun, no signs of a conspiracy whatsoever. It just doesn't add up."

Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, who was, due to his busy schedule, unable to answer several subpoenas to appear at the murder trials of prisoner-participants in the Attica revolt, found time last week to appear in an Attica-related civil suit.

The case is a class action, brought by former New York State Corrections Commissioner Russell Oswald on behalf of the people of the state, to recover the ninety-seven pounds of lead illegally appropriated on Sept. 13, 1971, by the now deceased rebellious inmates of the institution, in the form of bullets. "No cause is dearer to me than the conservation of our precious natural resources, among which are the minerals composing the bullets those felons illegally secreted within their bodies," maintains Oswald, whose dream is to have the metal recycled into a marksmanship trophy for the National Guard.

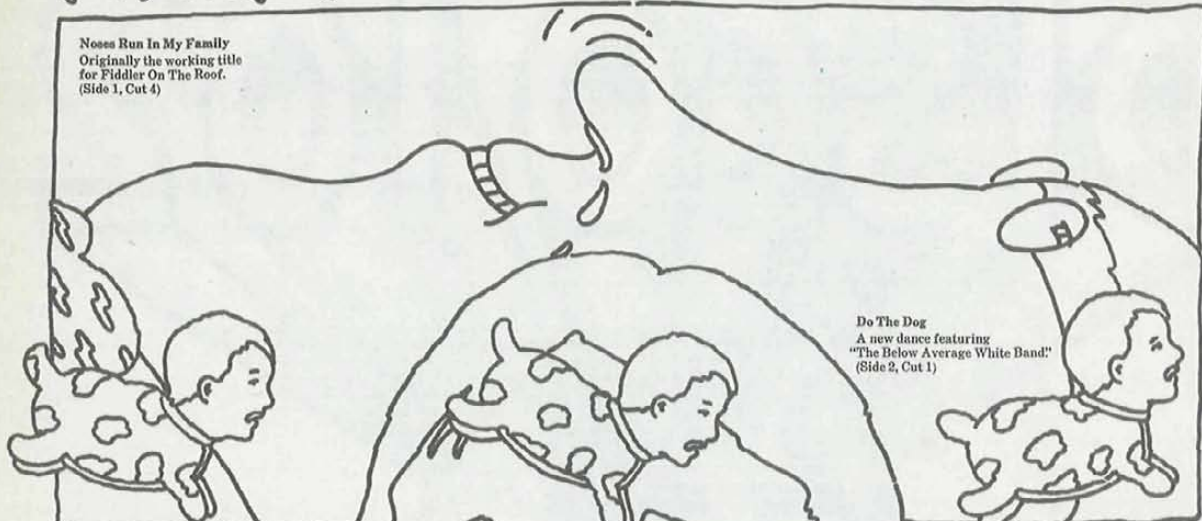
Vice-President Rockefeller entered the case to testify on Oswald's behalf against a counter-suit lodged by at

continued



Days of Wine & Neuroses (or, The Martin Mull Color-A-Song Contest)

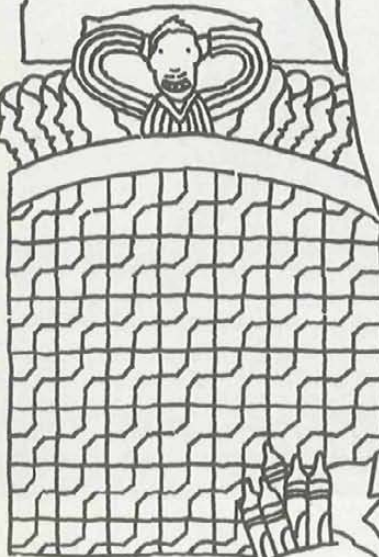
Noes Run In My Family
Originally the working title
for *Fiddler On The Roof*.
(Side 1, Cut 4)



Do The Dog
A new dance featuring
"The Below Average White Band"
(Side 2, Cut 1)

Thousands Of Girls
Don't get the wrong idea. We all kept
our clothes on. (Side 1, Cut 6)

Show Me Yours (I'll Show You Mine)
A standing offer. (Side 2, Cut 2)



The Rules:

Color these pictures as best you can using whatever you want. Many lovely pictures have been made with ball-point pen, crayons, magic markers, oil paints, roots and berries, lipstick, eyeliner, common fruit juices, etc. (sorry Navajo, no sand). Anyone may enter except Martin's mom, dad, wife, manager or record company personnel.



1st Prize:
Round trip air fare to the Capricorn Records picnic, Macon, Georgia, July 24th. *Everyone but everyone* will be there.



2nd Prize:
A one way ticket to the Capricorn Records picnic.



3rd Prize:
An invitation to the Capricorn Records picnic, but you'll have to thumb it.



4th Prize:
You're not invited, but you'll receive a postcard from someone who was and went.

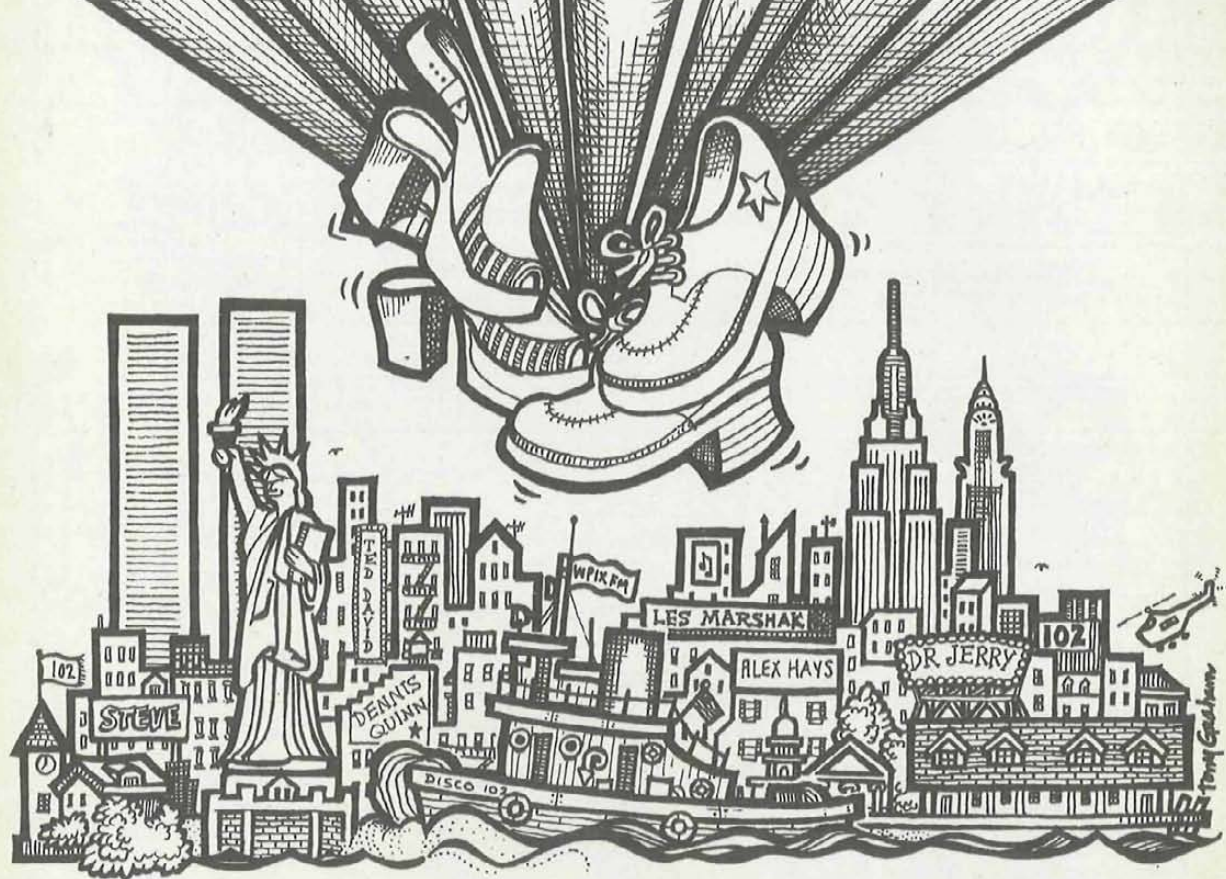
All winners will receive a personally autographed copy of Martin Mull's *Days of Wine and Neuroses* (lucky you) on Capricorn Records and Tapes.

Send entries to:
Martin Mull
4405 Riverside Drive,
Burbank, Calif. 91506.
Be sure to include your name, address and telephone number.

Martin's newest album is *Days of Wine and Neuroses*, on Capricorn Records, Macon, Ga. where he still has a few friends.

Design/illustration: Dave Shiang
Printed in U.S.A.

DISCO 102



WPIX FM



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torney William Kunstler to the effect that the State was discriminating against the deceased inmates in not demanding the return of approximately thirty pounds of government-owned lead allegedly smuggled out of the prison in the cadavers of the guard-hostages.

Rockefeller, who had been preparing for high office in the land by acting as state governor at the time of the unfortunate incidents at Attica, testified that he had given Oswald explicit telephone permission to donate, tax free and tax deductible, the aforementioned bullets to the persons and estates of the hostages at the time he officially declared D-Yard a free-fire zone.

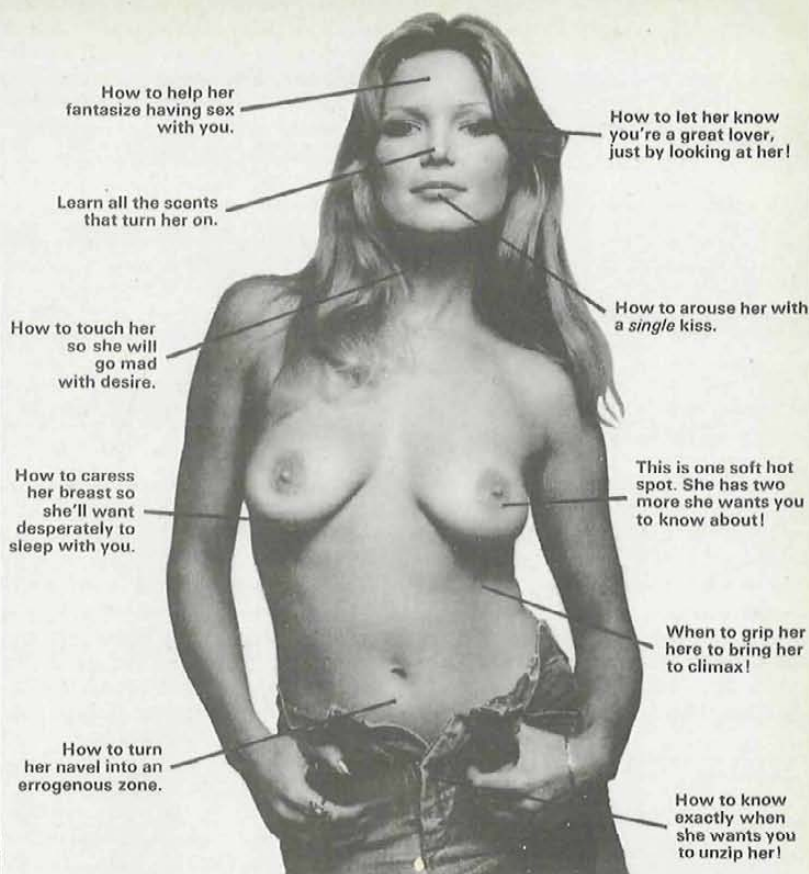
"I felt then, and continue to feel now," said the Vice-President, visibly moved, "that it was the least I could do."

In the wake of the recent repeal of a 1690 Massachusetts law forbidding self-abuse, Alderman Xavier Gildooley and a group of Boston clergymen have begun court proceedings to adopt all parentless sperm in the state of Massachusetts. If their suit is successful, the New England League for Pre-life Rights will be declared the legal guardian of every sperm cell which does not enter the ovary of its father's lawful spouse.

Under this ruling, willful masturbation could result in an arrest for prechild abuse, prechild molestation, and contributing to the delinquency of a preminor, while adultery will constitute *prima facie* evidence of prekidnapping. Married women who use contraception or who remain childless without proof of their husband's impotence or sterility will be subject to prosecution for prechild neglect. And all spermatozoa resulting from homosexual conduct could be confined to institutions for seminal delinquency for engaging in preperverted acts.

Some Massachusetts law enforcement officials have expressed concern over this possible development, citing the probable difficulty in apprehending malefactors in "battered sperm syndrome" cases likely to arise as a result of fellatio and sodomy among married couples. Others have pointed to an additional drawback: "Wet dreams" would be punishable under law as involuntary premanslaughter. The League for Pre-life Rights acknowledges this last problem, and has already called for leniency in such cases. "Nocturnal emission," said Alderman Gildooley, "is a sickness, not a crime." □

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with!

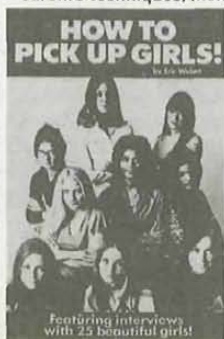
OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** contains over 160 luscious photos that show you—step by exciting step—how to turn on a woman. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn—in their own words!—women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him. In a single reading you can become the

kind of man a woman recognizes on the street as a great lover. These are just a few of the fabulous techniques you'll learn and master:

- where to touch a girl first
 - how to make a woman "let herself go"
 - the aphrodisiac touch
 - the positions girls like best
 - how to get a girl out of her clothes
 - what's special about a single girl
 - how to excite a girl with just words
 - how to give a woman multiple orgasms
 - and hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with exciting photographs!
- Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will teach you overnight how to thrill women so intensely they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk. After you've read this book... and looked at the pictures... women will see you in a whole new, exciting way. Don't waste another day of your life. Order **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** today!
- Eric Reber
1975

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Canadian Corner



Oh, to be in Canada, now July is there, as Bobbie Browning might have written. For as in exile I sit, pasting together an issue of the *Nat-Lamp* in New York in July, my heart's in the highlands, or the Laurentians at least, and the brain-numbing roar of the IRT serves only to bring back memories of the murmur of Muskegon mosquitos (I'm proud to be on pogie in Muskegon) and, as about me the towers of Manhattan rise above the dog shit to go topless in the thermal pollution . . . I wanna go home.

Where the Canadian July staggers out, charred and smoking, from *Les Feux de St. Jean* at the solstice into Dominion Day, Canada Day, the

glorious First of July, with the flash and bang of whatever firecrackers were not smuggled contraband via Pedro's At The Border Last Chance Duty Free for Cuban Cigars, Doulton China, and Fireworks into the U.S. of A. by Yankee tourists. What scenes at customs!

"Alright, strip down, pal."

"Really, officer, is this necessary? Do I look like a smuggler?"

"Just take 'em off, buddy, and spread those cheeks."

"Really, I must protest . . ."

"Spread 'em! Aha! Just as I thought. You got a Roman candle up there, chum. O.K. Here's the deal. I can book you as a pervert and a fireworks smuggler. Or you can buy me off."

"What'll it cost me?"

"An ounce of grass."

But some flares and cherry bombs are left with which Canadians can commemorate Confederation, and by the rockets—if not red, then a socialist pink—glare, we thank the Lord that Sir Joseph Howe did not prevail at Charlottetown over Sir Charles Tupper (what a quaint Elizabethan name, Tupper. Tupp you, Tupper! Johnny Tupperfaster! Are Tupperware parties anticonfederation?) and Canada was born. And, it being July, Canadians implore that same Lord (the Canadian God, Lord Durham in the sky) to send an early spring.

Because a fine spring means good weather for the most important event in Canadian national life, the highlight of the year, the gem in the crown of the Canadian entertainment season (see how by *commodus vicus* we are brought back to our issue topic), the Canadian National Exhibition, or See Enee.

Here, under the handshell, on ground hallowed by the shed blood of Toronto Argonauts (oh, happy Canada, whose gridirons have been saved from WFL incursion, whose autumnal sport, entirely played and coached by Americans, has been fearlessly nationalized, and, who knows, energy or industry or real estate might come next, but first things first, as the Liberals always say), here, where a modestly suited Toronto wades timidly into Lake Ontario, transpires the greatest entertainment extravaganza known to man. The Ex.

From as far away as Barrie and Cornwall, Ont., they swarm to the Ex. By Turbo train and Greyhound and Studebaker they come, not for the fabulous midway, which features a ferris wheel, not for the Black Angus showings, but for the Big Show, the colossal entertainment concept of Canada's "Mister Show Busi-

ness," Jack Arthur—and annually emceed by such expatriot celebrities as Robert Goulet, Paul Anka, or Lorne Green.

The choice of the host is kept secret until the last minute, and for weeks the nation is abuzz with guesses and rumors. (Canada is a great country for your guesses and rumors. The question of who fathers Margaret Trudeau's offspring is a perennial.)

Will it be popular sportsman and raconteur Dave Shultz? Or should a concession be made to the French Fact, and Lucien Rivard get the nod? Louise, the gamin from *Chez Helene*? Norman DePoe?

Meanwhile, the big show is prepared. The Mounties rehearse their musical ride (the NDP proposal that they perform to the strains of the "Internationale" having been voted down in the House) . . . the Royal Canadian Air Force Daredevil stunt flying team polishes up his Cessna . . . a hundred plump teenage girls from the Don Mills area cover their bodies in axle grease and fling themselves into Lake Ontario, history in the making . . . the Massey Ferguson steam-driven cream separator centrifugal ride is set up on the midway . . . the 401 is bumper to bumper with dark blue Dodge pickup trucks loaded down with entries for the Loganberry pie bake-down . . . and in every Beverage Room and Ladies with Escorts Lounge, the question is asked, the wagering goes on . . . who will emcee the show?

Alas, the American newspapers, obsessed with Yankee doings, have failed to report who this year's host will be. And so I sit, in an agony of curiosity in sweltering New York City, guessing, speculating. Who is it this year? Anne Murray? Stompin' Tom Connors? Cliff MacKay? Ferguson Jenkins?

My own vote would go, I must admit, to Bill Shatner, the Canadian-born commander of the star ship on "Star Trek." For while her other native sons and daughters have brought glory to the Dominion around the globe, only Shatner, aboard the *Enterprise*, has taken old-fashioned Canadian blond, bland, stolid pleasantness boldly to the stars.

But whether or not you are welcomed to it by Captain Kirk, oh my Canadian brothers and sisters, I wish you the happiest of Exes, and trust that you are all as thrilled as I with the suggestion by Montreal's Mayor, Jean Drapeau, that the robbing of *Caisse Populaires* be the native *Quebeccois* sport added to the Olympic Games.

S.K.

Down a SEAGRAM'S GIN RED BARON

Pour 1 oz.
Seagram's Gin over ice.
Add 3 oz. orange juice,
a dash of grenadine,
stir and serve with
a wedge
of lime.



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on Columbia



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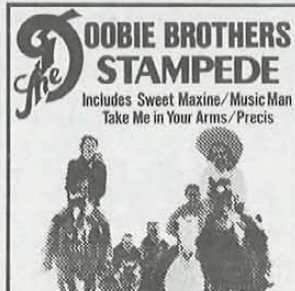
on Buddah



on Columbia



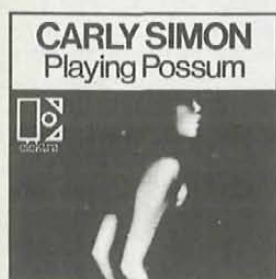
on Columbia



on Warner Brothers



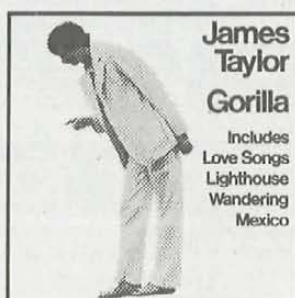
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• Bob Pelusi, City Park Superintendent of Napa, California, has hired chickens to serve as traffic policemen at a local park.

Pelusi claimed that drivers entering the park had consistently refused to obey traffic regulations and slow down, so he bought eighty-five chicks and let them roam in front of the park.

"Now the traffic moves with caution," Pelusi said. "Only occasionally does an errant driver charge through the flock. In the nine months we've had the chickens on the job, we've lost twelve of them—gone in the line of duty, so to speak."

The city official felt that the cost of maintaining the birds was less expensive than posting warning signs or installing speed bumps. *Redlands, California Daily Facts* (G. Sanders)

• A band of Cambodian soldiers, who were involved in a one-year siege and went four months without pay, killed a government paymaster when he showed up at their unit empty-handed, and then ate him.

Witnesses to the incident claimed that the soldiers' commander demanded back pay for his men from the paymaster, an officer of the army finance committee. When he had nothing to give them, the soldiers shot him, then cut up his body and ate him.

The mutilated body of the paymaster was seen by two Associated Press correspondents after the slaying at a Buddhist temple four miles southeast of Phnom Penh.

Acts of cannibalism have been reported before from the Cambodian battlefields, usually committed against captured or slain rebel troops. Soldiers from the unit who had gone without pay said that while they were under siege at

Kompong Seila, eighty miles southwest of Phnom Penh, they had been forced by hunger to eat the bodies of Khmer Rouge insurgents killed in battle. The eating of an opponent's organs, especially the liver, is said to bring prowess in Cambodia. *L.A. Herald Examiner* (J. Sherman)

• A forty-two-year-old man living in the southwestern German city of Esslingen drowned in the kitchen sink while washing his dishes. Anton Gayer, a carpenter, who lived alone, was found dead by a neighbor. His head was lying in a few inches of water. According to the police, he had a dizzy spell as he faced the pile of pots and plates, and his head fell into the water. *Globe and Mail* (T. Regina)

• Charles V. Cunningham of Milwaukee was found by police after spending almost two days in an outdoor toilet. He was taken to Menomonee Falls Community Hospital suffering from exposure. The police said he was trying to commit suicide.

Workers in Menomonee County Park found Cunningham standing in about one foot of human waste in the woman's outhouse. His head was below the toilet seat. He was found after two children heard his cries for help. He was dressed only in some women's undergarments.

At first, Cunningham told police that someone had stuffed him down the toilet. Later he admitted he was trying to commit suicide. The police theorized that Cunningham thought he would drown in the contents of the toilet. But after he squeezed into the toilet through the hole, he couldn't get out, although he told the police that he tried.

Police and park workers got him out of the toilet through a trap door in the rear usually used to clean out the contents. None could remember a suicide attempt like this.

"If I were to commit suicide, I would have dived in," one officer said.

Cunningham was a Huber prisoner in the Milwaukee House of Detention, which had reported him missing. Police said he would not be charged with anything. *Waukesha Daily Freeman* (T. Pankrantz & M. Toepfer); (K. Marrone)

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WONERFUL

Thank you. Hey! Thank you very much! Thanks.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Hi again, and a great big sincere welcome from all of us to all of you to the April, 1975 edition of the very fabulous *National Lampoon* magazine, which, this time only, is coming to you in July.

Thank you.

Hey, now this isn't because the June, 1974 issue came to you in June, 1975. Ha ha. No, we brought you the August Rainy Day Fun Issue in June, and the September Medicine Issue in May, so that we'd have time to put together a really first-rate, fantastic Entertainment Issue. And may I say we're very proud of what we've got in store for you.

But just before the curtain goes up, there are a couple of people out there in the audience I'd like to introduce. Let's first of all have a great big hand for the charming and popular Mister Neal Adams, of Continuity Studios, New York, for the

very wonerful job he did on the 3-D color separations you'll be seeing in just a moment. Wonerful. Neal. Neal Adams.

Next, a man who needs no introduction, I know, but will you welcome please the very terrific Mister John Smith, of Kansas Color Press, without whom none of this would have been possible. John, are you out there. John? Can we have a light on John? John, John Smith. Wonerful. Thank you.

And last but not least, let's have a nice big round of applause for a very close personal friend of ours, Mister Peter Kaminsky, who gave us the idea for this month's very, very dynamite cover. Isn't it terrific. Thank you, Peter, thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

And now, without further ado, it is my very great privilege and pleasure to introduce the very wonerful, the very talented, the very, very wonerful and talented cast of the *National Lampoon* Entertainment Issue.

It stars some very dear, very personal friends of ours, all of whom you'll be meeting in just a minute. We go way back together, all of us, we broke into the business at the same time, really, and I want you to know that they are all—and may I just for a moment embarrass these good folks—they are all very beautiful, warm people off the pages as well as on.

But what they and I—all of us really—came here to do is what we love to do. Entertain. And if we can share a laugh or a smile with you, if we can bring a little fun, a little excitement from our house to yours . . . well, that's all we ask, really.

Thank you. You're very kind. Really. Really. Thank you. God bless you very much. Thanks.

And we'll be getting underway, right after this word from a very close, very personal, and wonerful sponsor.

S.K.

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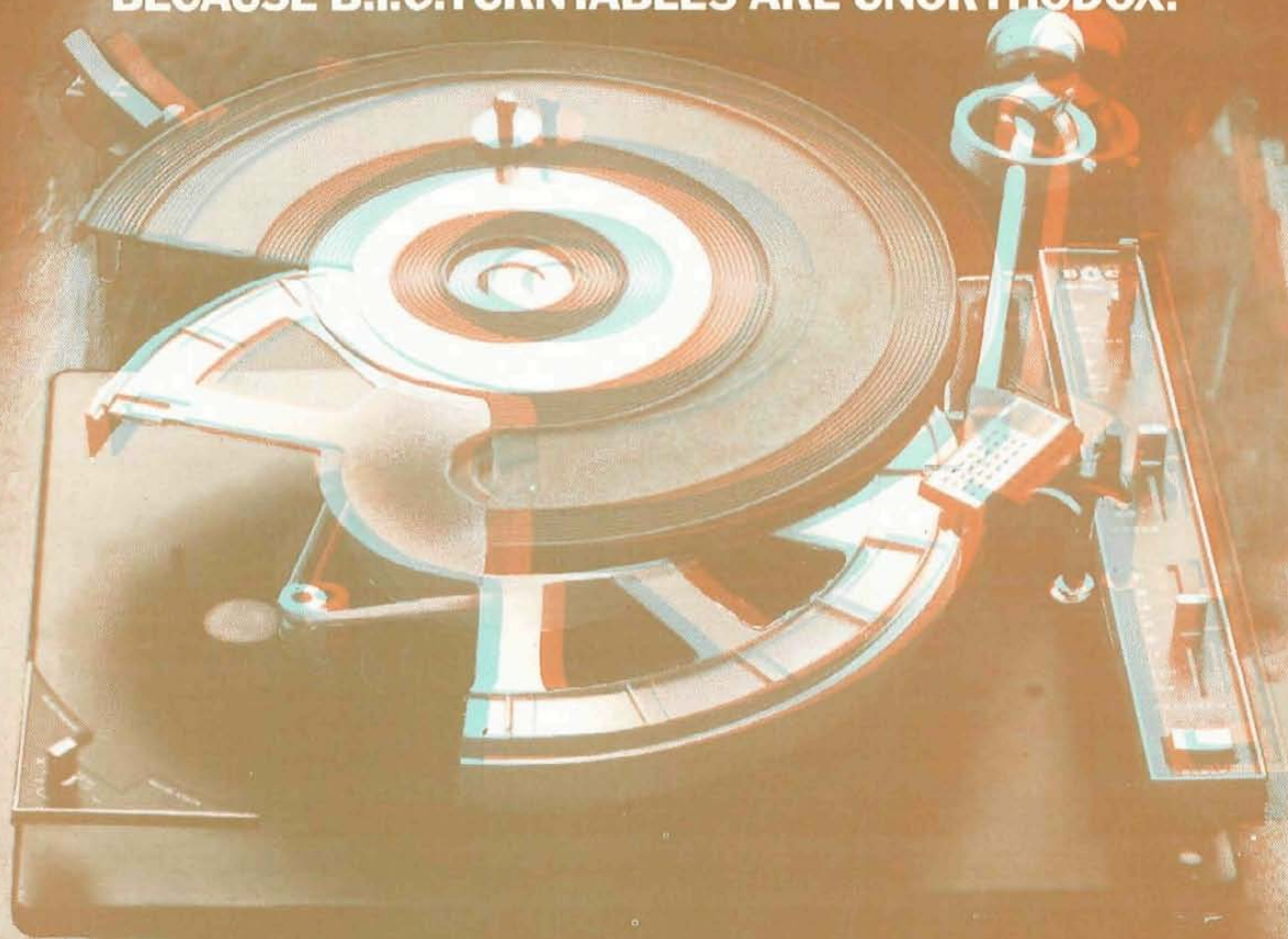
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The motor is low speed (300 rpm), 24 pole, and so will we.

synchronous unit—far more smooth, silent, and durable than the 1800 rpm motors used in most automatics.

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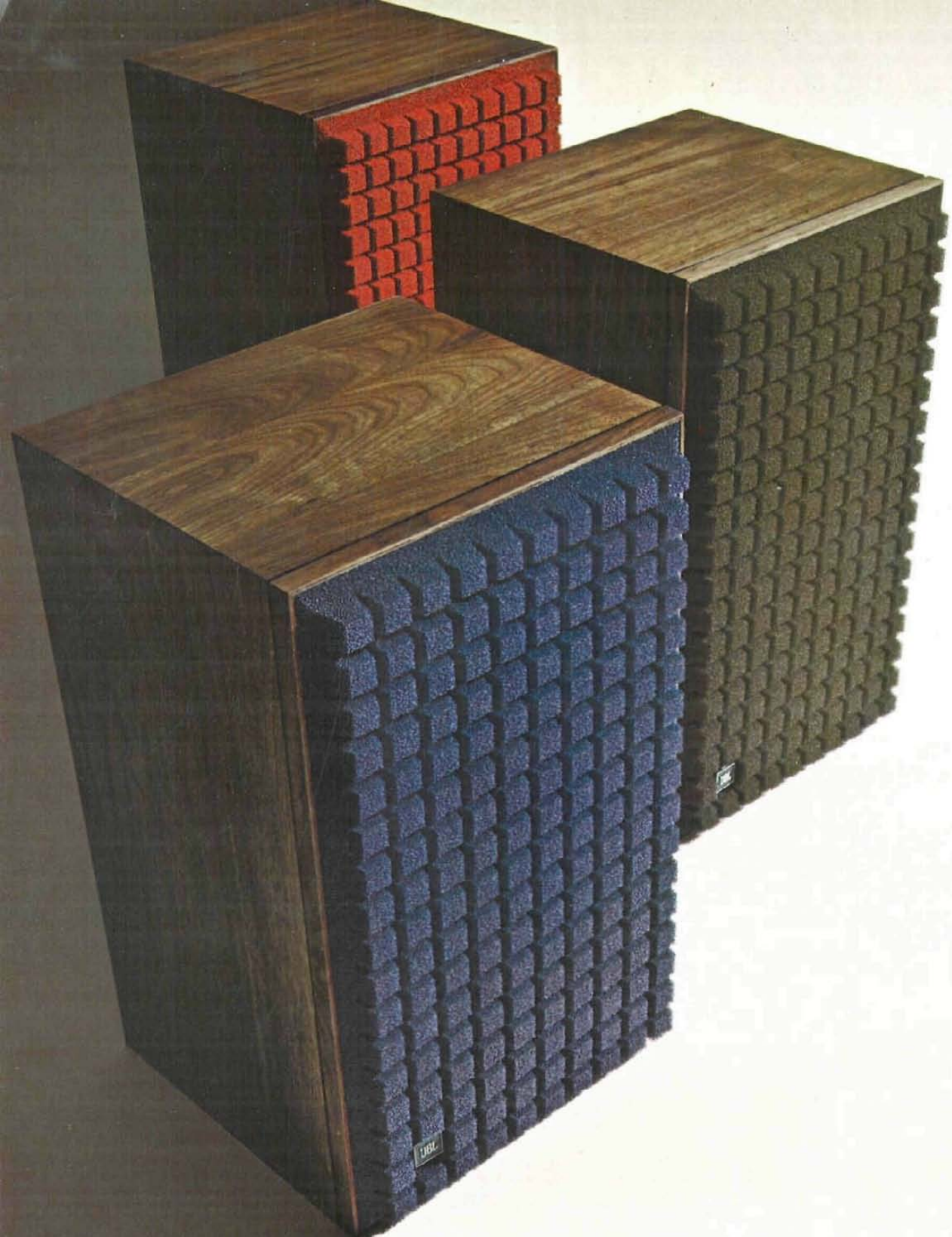
A knob that adjusts cueing time from 1 to 3 seconds. Plus 7 other adjustments that permit easy fine-tuning of the entire system.

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We barely have space here to hint at all the things you ought to know about the performance of these, the first multiple-play manuals.

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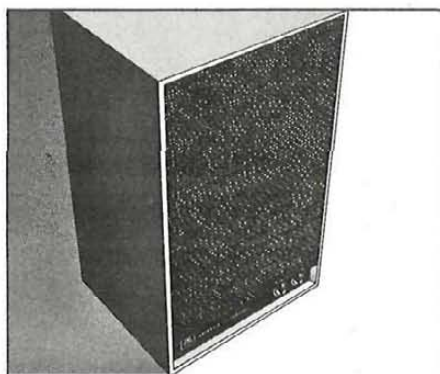
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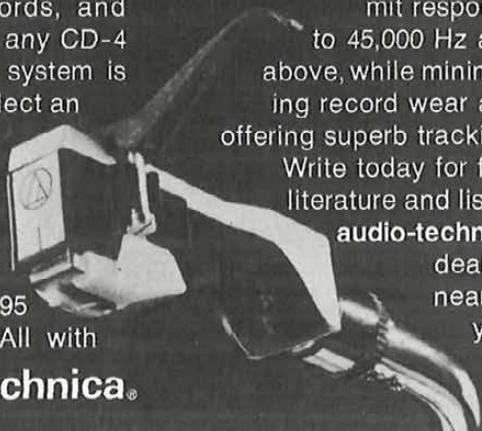
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This issue, our monthly column devoted to positive thinking, quality control, and praise for those people and products who have, in a very real sense, earned it, is thrown open to the members of our editorial staff who have something nice to say, or would appreciate the opportunity to have something nice to say, about something.

Every so often, a book comes along that changes the way a generation thinks, that crystalizes and yet in a way raises the consciousness of the time. Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain* was such a book, as was Joyce's *Ulysses* and Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. Add to that select company the recently published *The Most Wanted Man in America*, by David Fisher. While I have not actually read the manuscript, I have often seen and heard Dave typing away at it, while, in the comfort of his living room, I have sampled his liquor collection, watched his large TV, and had my way with his cats. And the very vigor and concentration with which David worked, pausing only to grunt an affirmative when asked for another drink, the loan of a ten, or the use of his hibachi for the summer, is proof enough to me, at least, that literary history is in the making.

S.K.

I am told that some names sound like music. Or the wind in the pines, or the surf upon the shore. But I am only an art director. And all I know is that some names look terrific when set in nine point Century School Book Bold. Such a name is, well, for example, Laurie. It is the most accidental of all coincidences that the woman I love, no egotistical, vain creature who longs to appear on the cover of this or any publication, intimated that certain esoteric, erotic possibilities might perhaps be forthcoming in the event of the appear-

continued

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Unlike so many of our giant competition, Sherwood doesn't make a full line of audio equipment. No radios. No tape decks. No headphones. No turntables. Versatility may never be our claim to fame.

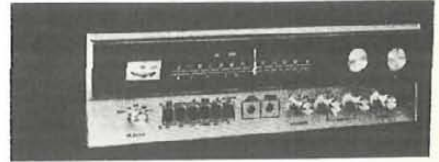
But the limited scope of our output does have benefits. We can concentrate on refining each of our products, engineering them for maximum performance.

A case in point is the S7310. It has minimum RMS power output @ 0.5% total harmonic distortion, both channels driven, of 38 watts per channel @ 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz. Which means that this receiver outpowers all other units in its price range. With exceptional selectivity and sensitivity ratings.

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In short, if you look at receivers that do as much as Sherwood's S7310, they probably cost more than \$369.95. Or, if they cost the same, do less.

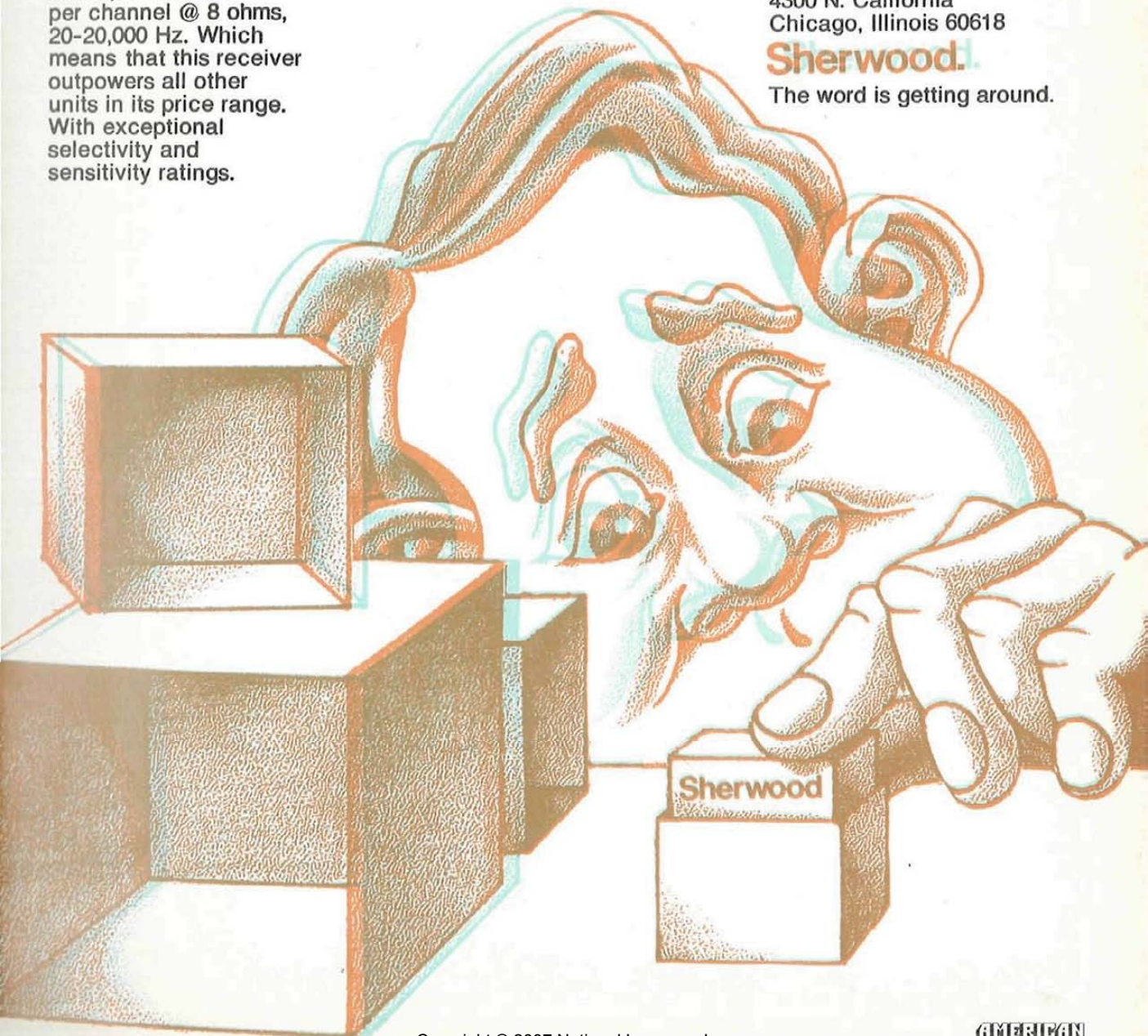
Which only proves that, in hi-fidelity manufacturing, good things come from small packages.



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continued

ance of her name in print. But certain decisions have to be made in terms of pure esthetics, without fear or favor, which is why that name appears here, and the Israel disaster poster was dropped from the centerfold. Taste is everything.

P.K.

Gosh, but it's a terrible responsibility sometimes, being a member of the mass media and having four or five million readers for whom your word is virtually *law*. Just one little slip of the printing press or something and you could wreck utter *havoc*. Especially when you're kind of an in-the-know jet-setter like myself who happens to be party to a lot of really grim and disgusting secrets about a lot of famous and important people. Like this well-known Broadway producer, who, well, *does things* with his own son. God, it's even too awful to talk about! And if word ever got around . . . you'd just have to leave that man's career out by the curb in a glad bag. Or what if somebody found out about those carved "rock crystal" folk art figurines a certain upper echelon recording executive brings back from his vacation in the Peruvian Andes every year? Those New York drug laws are a bitch

(ninety-to-life is a big chunk out of a guy's middle years). Then there's that L.A. moviemaker—a lot of people don't know he's hiding Patty Hearst and two of the Zebra killers up there in Laurel Canyon. This stuff worries me a lot. A story of mine never goes to press but that I think to myself in a sweat, "Oh my God, I hope I didn't spill the beans!"

But, heck, enough of that stuff. That's not what this column is supposed to be about. No, this is a column where we all get to loosen up and say some *nice* things about the people, places, and products we love and respect. So I'd like to take this opportunity to mention Ms. Shelley Plimpton. Shelley played Chrissie in the original production of *Hair* and sang the song "Frank Mills" which was definitely the high point of the show and she was really terrific and beautiful in *Alice's Restaurant* and *Putney Swope* and *Glen and Randa*. I think she is so great that I sat down and wrote a musical which could have no one but her for the star. You know, a lot of people don't think humorists are real writers. But that's not true. This is a good musical, even if I do say so myself, and I'm really surprised that some well-known Broadway pro-

ducer hasn't snapped it right up. In fact, many humorists are quite versatile writers. For instance, I write poetry, too. Many's the evening that I've sat home and written beautiful poems about Shelley Plimpton. Poems which could be set to music and would make great rock and roll songs for Shelley Plimpton to sing. However, no upper echelon recording executive has bothered to return my calls. Humorists have even been known to write screenplays, and, as a matter of fact, I've just finished one all about the Dowager Empress of China when she was a teenager. (I think the perfect person for the leading role might be Shelley Plimpton.) I sent the script to an L.A. film maker, but I haven't heard anything yet. I guess a lot of people just don't appreciate the talents that humor writers have as much as I appreciate the talent of, for example, Shelley Plimpton. This is really a shame because sometimes fate has a way of "catching up" with such people. Especially as soon as I quit getting those Xeroxed letters from Shelley Plimpton's theatrical agent about how she'd love to meet every one of her admirers in person.

P.J.

SECRETS FROM THE AUDIO FILE

Wanna dirty recording?



ADVICE FROM: Hugh B. Davies, recording engineer, Capitol Records, Inc.

PROBLEM: No one wants dirty recordings. They sound flat, dull, lifeless. The problem could be all in your heads. Dirty. Dirty. Dirty. Oxide shedding of 20 millionths of an inch—an invisible film no thicker than a fingerprint—can affect cassette performance by as much as 6 db at 10 Khz. If you record dirty and play back dirty, you could lose as much as 12 db.

RECORDING TIP: Keep a clean machine. Inspect and gently clean recording heads, capstan and pinch roller before recording. Every time. Clean them every 4 to 10 hours of playback time. The safest cleaner is isopropyl alcohol on a cotton swab. It's cheap. Sold at drugstores. And, because it dissolves away deposits instead of scraping, you can't clean too often. To move the cassette heads forward for easy cleaning, fool the machine into thinking it's playing. Press the "play" button (and interlock, if machine has one).

TAPE TIP: Those problem deposits are oxide debris from your recording tape. Switch to The Music Tape by Capitol. Its heavy duty binder prevents oxide shedding. So there's less gunk. (No bunk.)

When you record ordinary things, use an ordinary tape. But when you record music, record on

the music tape
cassette • cartridge • open reel
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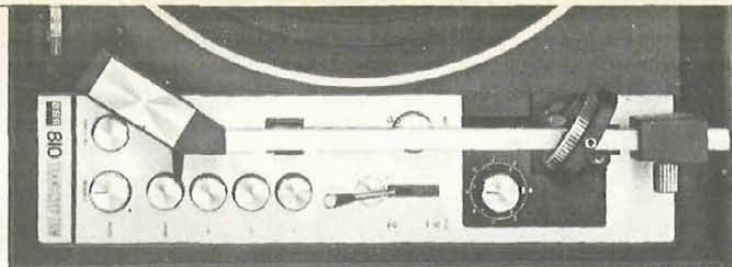
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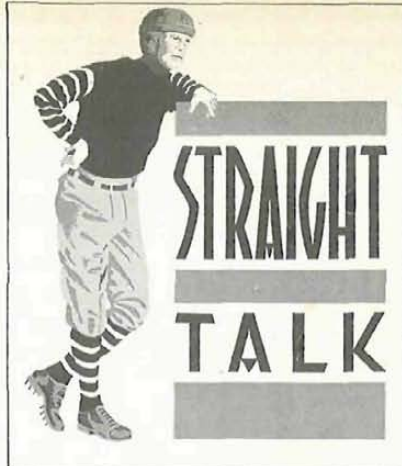
Don't take our word for it. Take it right from High Fidelity magazine's technical reviewer: "Taking it all together — performance, features, styling — the BSR 810QX moves into ranking place among the best automatics we know of."

The 810QX at fine audio retailers. Ask for a demonstration or write for free literature.



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The following is a transcript of a news conference held by President pro tem Ford last June 2, because he was damn mad.

Hello, you punks, and a very good evening to you. Now, I don't want anyone here in this fine room in which I am allowed to live by the very gracious American people to think that by saying you people are punks or even by saying that the American people are punks, that I am necessarily ungrateful for being allowed to live in this lovely house even though I wasn't elected, but I must say that I am damn mad. Not at you, nor at Congress, of which I was for many years a very grateful and happy member, nor at the American people, of which I am a person. It's just that as I have said, I am damn mad, or at least fairly mad, I think, so I don't want any of you punks asking any smart-ass questions which, as I am sure you know, is not a good idea to ask a damn mad President pro tem. Yes?

Q: Sir, the evacuation and immigration of the South Vietnamese refugees is now a fait accompli. What were your reasons for accepting these people into the U.S. without the express approval of Congress?

A: Now, this is one of the things that makes me damn mad, I think, you people asking questions like that about the way I'm doing my job up here. Putting that aside for the moment, though, I must say that just because these people are yellow-bellied Quislings who sold their countrymen down the Mekong is no reason for them not becoming useful and productive American citizens. On the contrary. Many of the refugees we are now admitting to our shores, and no further, are professionals who feared reprisals from the losing North Vietnamese victors swarming into their capital at the end of a glorious conflict that brought peace with hon-

continued

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How to select a turntable like an expert, without having to become one.

More know-how is required in selecting a turntable than any other element of a hi-fi system. After all, no other component physically handles the largest investment you will make in music enjoyment: your records. (If you've never thought of it this way, consider what you've already spent on records and what you're likely to spend over the next few years.)

If you're lucky, you know an expert (an audio engineer, hi-fi editor, or record reviewer, for example), but more likely, you'll depend on an audio salesman's expertise. In that case, make sure that he knows that you want a turntable whose tonearm will preserve your records while getting the most out of them.

Manual vs. automatic.

Next, discuss with him the question of manual versus fully automatic turntables.

Remember, each time you play a record with a manual player you must set the tonearm down and remove it at the end of play by hand. Consider too whether you will ever want to play two or more records in sequence. If you do, you'll want a turntable with record-changing capability.

The look-and-touch test.

As the salesman demonstrates various turntables, let your eyes and sense of touch help you to judge their quality. Try operating the tonearm settings for balance, stylus pressure and anti-skating.

As you do, check whether they adjust precisely and positively, which will indicate how carefully they are manufactured. If they seem less than precise, the tonearm cannot track your precious records accurately, thus deteriorating the quality of playback and accelerating record wear. Also, operate the start switch and cueing lever. The tonearm should move silently and smoothly to and from the record, and should lower and rise slowly and gently.

The ruggedness test.

Finally, you may want to use the following test to determine if the turntable you're considering is rugged enough to withstand heavy (and sometimes abusive) family usage: first: spin the platter backwards by hand, then operate the start switch. Next, while the tonearm is cycling, change the

speed and record size adjustments. Then, before the arm reaches the record, grasp it and return it to its rest. Chances are the salesman will let you perform such a test on only one brand of turntable: Dual.

What the experts own.

Chances are that your salesman owns a Dual. Most experts do, including the audio engineers, hi-fi editors and record reviewers mentioned earlier. Moreover, readers of the leading audio equipment magazine own more Duals than any other quality turntable.

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orariums to all of us. Ron, are you there? Am I here? I'm still mad. And let me say I will run in '76 and that's a qualified no. Yes?

Q: Sir, one of the main reasons that has been given for refusing the entry of the Vietnamese refugees is that they will be public wards, requiring jobs in a period during which unemployment has reached record proportions. How will these people live?

A: That's an easy one, thank God, and makes me less mad, although it also makes me damn mad that people don't ask me easy questions like this more often. The simple fact of the matter is that most of the heads of families entering this country from Vietnam are highly trained people who have worked closely with us against their countrymen for the last twenty years and will have no problem finding employment here. Vice-President Ky, for example, would make an excellent campaign manager in the forthcoming election in which I may or may not definitely run. He has had long experience in the acquisition of funds for democratic elections and I think will be no charge on the public purse. Not directly, at least. Others have already received offers from some of our most prestigious corporations to expedite contracts abroad or act as heads of overseas executive training programs. To give you another for instance, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller has already hired several of these people to handle the import end of his Turkish and Colombian commodity companies. So I don't think anyone has anything to fear in the way of job competition from these people, unless, of course, they work for Gulf, the Mafia, or the CIA. In the back?

Q: Sir, reports coming out of both Cambodia and Vietnam have indicated that contrary to American predictions, the insurgents did not indulge in a bloodbath after our departure. Is this true?

A: Secretary Kissinger has solemnly sworn to me on his mother's grave that there was and still is a bloodbath going on in Southeast Asia, so I think we can safely assume there isn't. On the other hand, it seems that the temporary government in Saigon forced many of the brave policemen, merchants, and other citizens who so loyally supported our peace mission in South Vietnam to undergo a horrible form of torture known as *indoctrination*. This is nothing less than a wordbath. Let me add finally that eyewitness reports of American bombers dropping

500-pound plastic bags full of plasma on Phnom Penh and downtown Saigon are utterly untrue and entirely fabricated by the eyewitnesses.

Q: Sir, it now appears that during the Mayaguez incident, although it was termed successful, we lost almost half our forces while the Cambodians suffered very few casualties at all. Could you comment on that?

A: Before I get mad again, let me reiterate that the purpose of this operation was not to kill Cambos, but to kill Marines. Secondly, as you know, most of these people are Buddhists, and it's risky bumping them off in case they come back as something even worse. I have it on the best authority from Doctor Kissinger's astrologer, for instance, that Khmer Rouge guerillas are invariably reincarnated as surface-to-air missiles.

Q: Sir, would you care to comment any further on the Mayaguez incident?

A: Let me begin this with a little reminiscence that I think will clumsily defuse this question. Back when I was plain old Congressman Ford, bumbling my way through racist legislation and jumping every time the Pentagon farted, I was invited by President Johnson to a beagle roast

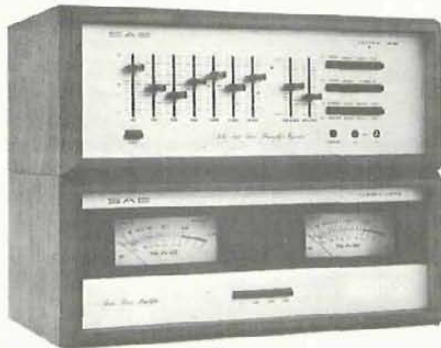
at the White House. Towards nightfall, Lyndon took me aside. "Jerry," he said, "if you ever get to be President after our boys have hounded Dick Nixon out of office, remember this. When in trouble, kill a few Marines. They're crazy, these Marines. They'll walk off cliffs if you tell them to." I never forgot that advice, and frankly, when I took it, I didn't think it would work. And I think we should remember now that the smoke has cleared and my ass is out of hock, that although these morons sacrificed their lives to set up a pointless beachhead on the wrong island, two hours after the Cambos had released the crew, that has nothing to do with the valor of some extremely dead people.

Q: Sir, while we're on the subject of Marines, could you explain to us why the bodies of two Marines were left behind in the evacuation of Saigon?

A: Well, the Marines never do anything by halves. The reason for this apparently callous and cowardly action is simple. Owing to the pressure of obligations during our victorious retreat from Vietnam, the bodies of these men had not been packed with their proper quota of heroin. And neither the Marine command nor Ambassador Martin were about to

continued

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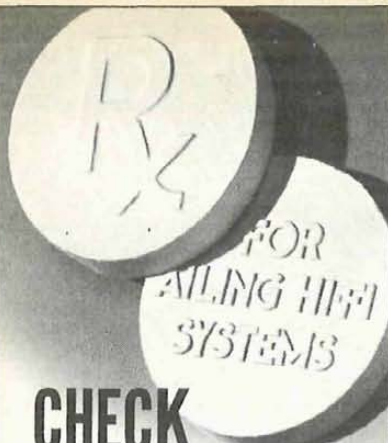
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quit Saigon with two half-stuffed stiff.

Q: Sir, what about amnesty, now that the war is over?

A: This is the sort of question that begins to get me mad again, as you can probably tell from the fact that I've just told you. Instead of evading it directly, I want to explain further what our attitude has been on these refugees. Naturally, this government feels that these people are simply sincere objectors; because they feel they cannot live with their consciences in a state with whose policies they disagree, they have chosen instead to live abroad. They should be given every opportunity to return, if they wish, to their homeland. But the temporary government in Saigon laid down intolerable conditions. The refugees could come back to South Vietnam, they said, providing that they admitted they were wrong, said they were sorry, and took a job for two years in some penny ante government agency working for peanuts. That's the kind of people these Communists are. So don't ask me about amnesty. Ask them.

Q: Sir how do you see America's world role in the wake of our latest victories in Southeast Asia?

A: The role which America has played in various theaters will, I think, be well reviewed by the Rex Reeds of the future. Thank you. That role must now change. We cannot afford to be the world's policeman any more. It is too demanding, too dangerous, and quite frankly, we've been found taking graft once too often. I don't think, however, that this is any reason why we should not, in the future, take some other less daring but just as respectable job on the street of life, such as sanitation man, janitor, or even hooker. Just so long as we make money.

Q: Sir, there are still recurrent reports that American veterans are being trained for the defense of Saudi Arabian oil wells. Is this true, and will it continue?

A: First of all, let me say, with a disarmingly candid wink at those Jews who, I trust, will be supporting me when and if I do or don't run for election funds in '76, that it should be recalled that the veterans involved are the same ones who did such a good job defending South Vietnam from the Cong. Secondly, however, with a judicious half smile at those in the business community who welcome the inflow of Arab capital, that there will be nothing unconstitutional about the Defense Department pro-

tecting these particular Saudi Arabian oil wells, since most of them will be in Oklahoma.

Q: Sir, while we are on the subject of the Middle East, could you give us some indication of what Secretary Kissinger's future might be in your administration?

A: As you know, Secretary Kissinger—or Hank, as I used to call him—has always identified very strongly with Count Von Metternich of Austria, whom you will remember as the gentleman who, through a colossal system of espionage, brutal suppression of dissent, total censorship, broken treaties, and brazen lying, managed to delay the collapse of a hopelessly corrupt empire for a few years until it all fell apart one week in 1848. That's the kind of man Secretary Kissinger is. And that's the kind of man I want in my administration.

Q: What new policies is the Secretary of State considering?

A: In the wake of our realignment in the world, Secretary Kissinger and I have been exhaustively studying the situation, and I think between us we've come up with an exciting new foreign policy. Basically, it's no more mister nice guy. Instead of all this aid and comfort we've been dishing out, we're going to provide massive military assistance to cooperative governments, start intervening in national and civil wars, and, of course, order the CIA in wherever and whenever we see a profit margin. Furthermore, Secretary Kissinger will be embarking on a tough new round of mediation in all kinds of conflict situations, beginning with the World Series. And I firmly believe that if the American people will bite the grenade, give up meat, and stop bellyaching about jobs, we can get those dominoes back on their ends.

Q: Sir, while we're on the subject of money, there have been several comments in recent weeks that while this administration is completely unwilling to help New York, it almost falls over itself to bail out huge corporations such as Lockheed. What's your reaction to that observation?

A: Luckily, that's a simple one. I have many, many friends at Lockheed. But I don't have any in New York. □

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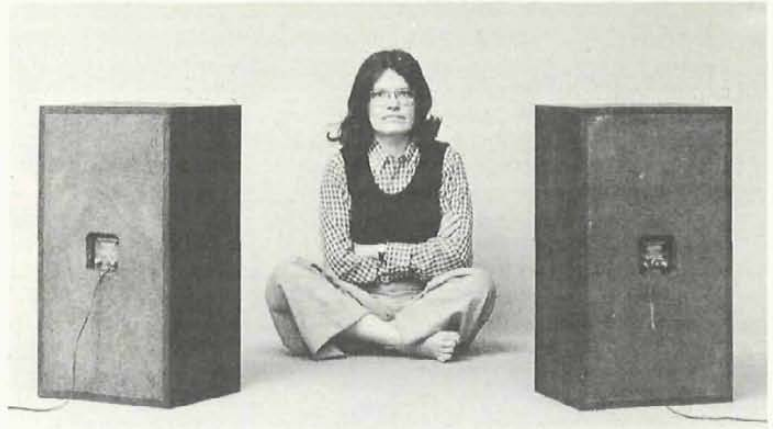
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You Can Free The Nice Lady By Reading This Ad.



We're sorry to have to hold her captive like this, but we had to do something to get your attention.

You may recall that we (Advent Corporation) ran our first annual ad in The Lampoon last June, pledging not to hurt a certain man, his horse, or his cigar.

We kept our end of the bargain, so you can be sure we really will let the lady go as soon as we finish this second experiment in plumbing the value of The Lampoon for reaching hearts and minds.

In the meantime, though, poor Suzy† is just going to have to stay put until we talk about some Advent products. For instance:

Have you heard the Advent FM Radio?* It will blow you right out of the water (so to speak) to hear so much rich, detailed, really beautiful sound coming out of a little two-piece mono FM radio. And its littleness and well-within-reason-if-hardly-cheap price (\$125) will let people enjoy music in lots of places where a big audio system won't fit or is too ridiculously expensive to consider.

There is also the Advent Loudspeaker,** which costs \$114-\$141 (depending on cabinet finish and where in the country we've shipped it), and which recent magazine surveys say is the #1 best-selling speaker in the country—which says a lot about it when you consider that we advertise it about once a millenium. And there is the Smaller Advent Loudspeaker*** (\$89-\$93), which is right behind the original in popularity. And then there is the Model 201 Cassette Deck**** (\$339.95) and the Advent Chromium Dioxide Cassettes and Advent Process

CR 70 Cassette Recordings (various reasonable prices), plus our hard-to-believe VideoBeam® Color Television Set***** with its life-size picture that completely changes television, and its lively price of \$2,795 (FOB good old Cambridge where we make it.)

Not only do these products let us say Advent four times in one paragraph, but they are all really good and well worth owning as well as advertising every so often.

You can go now, Suzy.
Thank you.



To: Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

- I probably have seen your ad in The Lampoon.
 You and/or The Lampoon have reached my
 heart and/or mind.
 I once had a dog.
 I'd like information on: Your FM radio;
 Your speakers; Your cassettes, recorded
and blank; Your cassette deck; Your
VideoBeam TV set with the life-size picture.
 Say hello to Suzy and the gang upstairs.

Name _____

Address _____

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†Suzy has been running our order department, and Bill works upstairs in TV. They have enough stashed away by now for Suzy to go back to school. She says she wants to. We'll see.



Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

Warehouse Sound Co. EXPOSED!



INTERNATIONAL DATELINE

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Our first letter on *International Dateline* comes from a young lady behind the Bamboo Curtain in Nanking with the following puzzler:

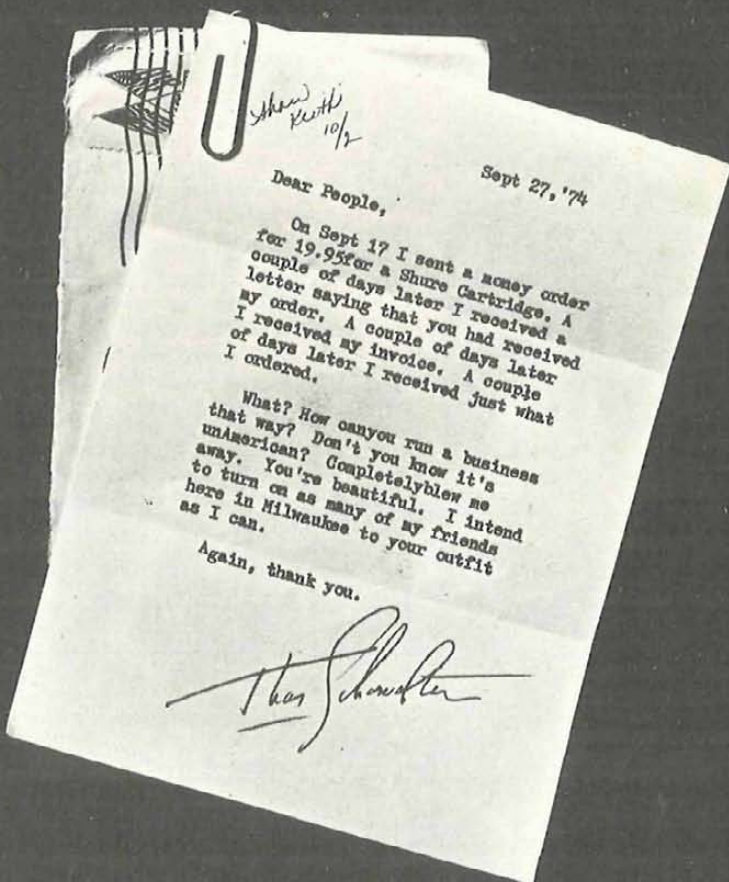
Dear International Dateline,

For five years I have studied here in the People's Youth Technical Collective and wear a yellow neckerchief each in Agrobionics and Introductory Laser Ballistics. Only three from my province have been so honored.

During this time, I have also enjoyed your magazine—I receive them through my revisionist second cousin in Taiwan. Many youth here agree it is unfortunate your imperialist slave-masters forbid its distribution outside your country. (Wing Huang requests that you soon feature comrades with slanted "tits" and more "beaver" although these words have no clear cognates in my copy of *Revisionist Wildlife of North America*.)

Please, International Dateline, inform all mathematically-trained youth that I need the answer to the following homework problem—*If a Red Guard comrade has three technical courses and two political information classes per day, is failing all of them, and may denounce only three teachers per semester, how many conical paper hats must this young comrade construct in all to pass her finals and avoid a summer in the People's Corrective Dung Collective?*

continued



Dear People,

Sept 27, '74

On Sept 17 I sent a money order for 19.95 for a Shure Cartridge. A couple of days later I received a letter saying that you had received my order. A couple of days later I received my invoice. A couple of days later I received just what I ordered.

What? How can you run a business that way? Don't you know it's unAmerican? Completely blew me away. You're beautiful. I intend to turn on as many of my friends here in Milwaukee to your outfit as I can.

Again, thank you.

Ther Shouster

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continued

Will someone from a friendly, neutral or nonaligned country please write to me? I am three feet tall, have two black pigtailed, high cheekbones, yellow skin, slanty eyes, nictating membranes over each, and would like to hear from male comrades with a mutual interest in abacus-racing and the Five Useful Social Hygienes.

Dare to struggle,
dare to do
unassigned reading!
Ling Ting Tong
Age sixteen

Dear Tong: It's always swell to hear from teens interested in something more than tight jeans and loose morals. International Dateline suggests you contact this lonely AFS student from an emerging African nation now learning pharmacy in the People's Republic of Albania, who writes:

dear dateline bwana very good thing this magazine column for this one lonely maoist-leninist black teen away from home to me you are the book of truth bwana no lie because with national lampoon to cheer up and methedrine-based substances to help black teen learn 33,459 separate chemical formulas in breakfast cafeteria before terrorist spot quiz plus other difficult 5 A.M. morning classes

how may i find a girl regardless of race or color who will help me from suddenly someday getting strung

Sounds from the following that a certain special girl now cooling her heels in a Colorado commune might have put her finger on your particular trigger—the only “color bar” this girl recognizes is a package of Chuckles. Here's why:

Dear Dateline,

Can't talk. Cool for now, but really freaked after brush with wop hitman the old fuckhead sent after me. Creased skull, no more. Castro contract? Anyway, want to meet successful peoples' dentist between 6½"–7¼". Must have ludes. Lots.

SWAK,
Tanya

Maybe this letter from a social butterfly with a beef now attending Miss Porter's Academy for the Criminally Insane may provide the answer that has e-luded you!

Dateline, dahling,

Well, Twerpie and Guppie really have their tits caught in a ringer this time. First they French Miss Deisel's discipline cot and then get caught in the bio lab tucking wiggly-stingies in her fave boxer shorts. P.H. (Pretty Hairy.) Another sophomore O.D.'d

in Phys Ed—one minute she was dislocating my pelvis with her hockey club and the next she's quivering on the grass lurching up this gross pink geyser of half-digested mystery meat. Tiens.

Deisel is going to punish the whole sophomore class—from now on, if we want any more quality shit, our “school supplies” are going to cost Daddy-o double. The cunt. (Did you know Twerpie caught her peeing in the john standing up? She was using a toilet paper roll to aim and was wearing Mr. Grozincki's snow-shoveling hat in the mirror. I kid you not—the one with furry carflaps that we saw him using as a beat rag in chapel. Anybody for cutting breakfast? *Le fromage?*)

In other news, Daddy-o wrote that his *dee eye vee oh are see ee* papers finally came through—those snaps of her and Super Dago did the trick and the judge apparently actually gagged in court. Is a lot of that going around lately, or is it just me?

Also, I don't know about you, dear Dateline, but my stash is down to some pre-Christmas L-dopa and frankly, I could fuck a flashlight. Hell, a lighthouse.

Idea: Want to steal Scotty's Lam-borgini and cruise the cape for Mr.

continued on page 105

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If you love listening to good music at home, you need a speaker system that can deliver all the power of the original performance. Clean, accurate, and distortion-free. Cerwin-Vega home speakers are designed to do the job—on as little as 1/10 the power of other systems.



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Incidentally, if you'd like a T Shirt like Miss Quake's, fill out the coupon below and send it directly to her.

Miss Quake: Cynthia Myers



Rip off this shirt. Just enclose \$3.00 + 50¢ for postage and handling to: Cerwin-Vega, Miss Quake, 6945 Tujunga Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91605. Miss Quake also adds, "Size is definitely important!"

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The specifications are so exciting that we hope you will write to Pickering and Company, Inc., Dept. NL775 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803 for further information.



THE 3-D FILMS OF JOE BUSH:

A RETROSPECTIVE

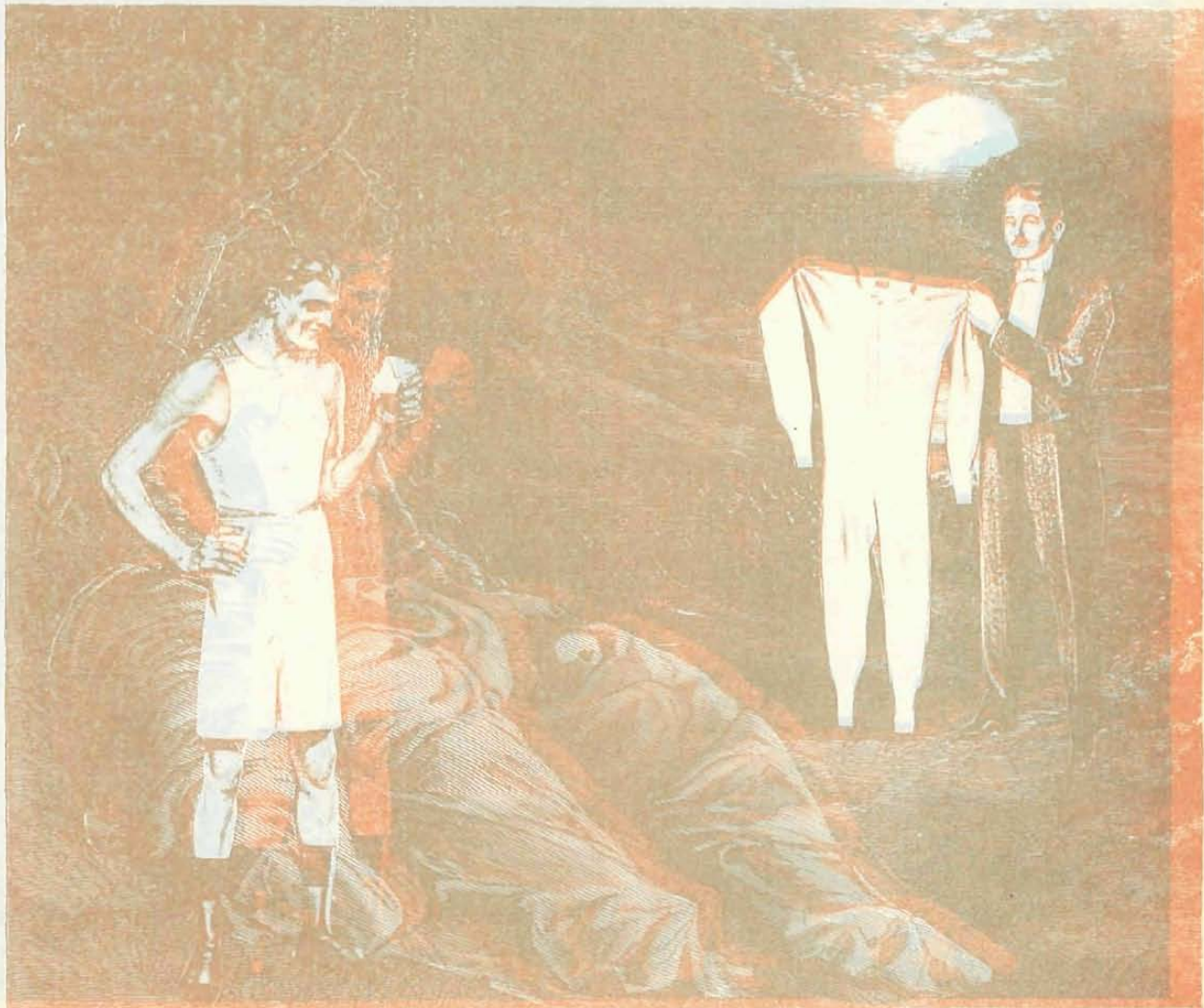
Before the moviemakers of America discovered that the antidote to slow death by competition by television was big screen, full-color, slow motion vag-pen, the dream merchants of tinsel town attempted by many a wily technological ruse to lure the boobs back from the tube and into their neighborhood movie theaters.

They tried a screen so wide that a full close-up put Debbie Reynolds' little shell-like ears in different time zones. They experimented with smell-o-vision. Tinglers in the seats. Insurance policies in the lobbies. And, greatest of all media breakthroughs, 3-D.

Why stay at home watching Dave Garroway, the ads implored, when you can go out to the movies and have Vincent Price pour boiling oil in your lap? Just slip on these glasses and you're sure to feel, if not the fetid breath of the toothless Bwana Devil or the flaming arrows zipping into Fort Ti, at least a minor migraine.

Dean of the 3-D producers was the late Joe Bush. In the late fifties, he and his collaborators had a dozen pots on the boil at once. His remakes of the classics pushed Polaroid stocks up two points, and for a year aspirin outsold popcorn in the lobbies of movie houses across the land.

Then came the skin flick, and Bush's empire fell, a victim of the new morality. His low budget versions of classic films are now remembered, screened, and discussed only in the untidy offices of small Parisian film magazines, where the word Bush is still a synonym for American cinema.



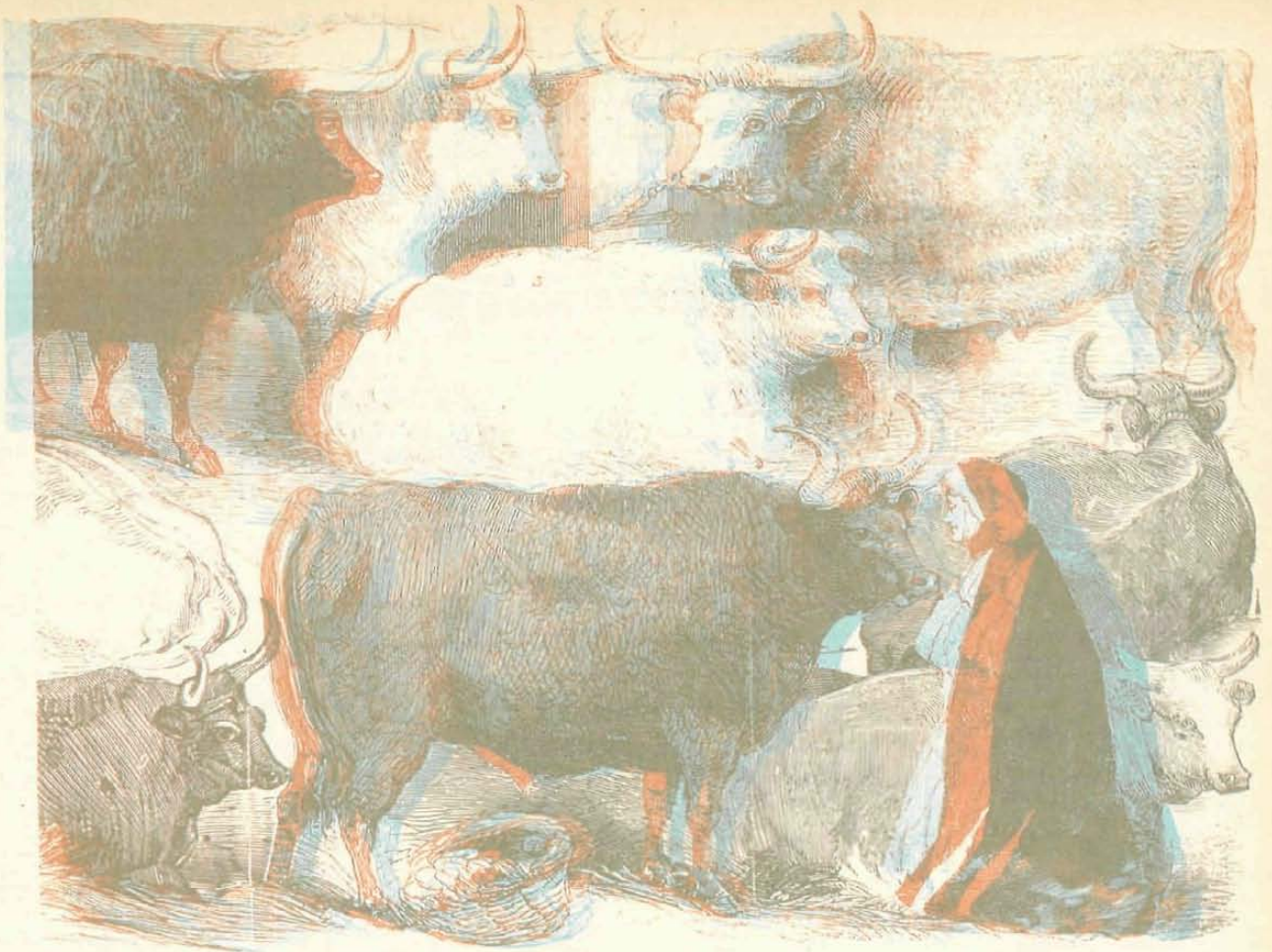
The Great Gatsby was a cryptic interpretation by Bush and Director J. S. Glinz, neither of whom had read the book. The great moonlight scene was later incorporated in their version of *Steppenwolf* and, with minor alterations, served in their quickie *Dracula*.

The Pathetic Genius, a film biography of Tchaikovsky produced by Bush, prefigured in both form and content many of the wretched excesses later popularized by Ken Russell. In this still from the dream sequence, the tormented composer imagines himself to be leading the Bolshoi shot chorus in a production of the "Marche Slave"



Francy Lark, the only woman director on Bush's team, turned the Great Lakes into a magical setting for her Mediterranean-Torsonian reconstruction of the *Odyssey*. Here, the strangely silent Sir Siren awakens the sleeping Ulysses.

Nutley Hargrove, dark horse in Bush's stable of directors, returned out this whimsical recreation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Critic applauded the depiction of the schizophrenic personality, regardless of Hargrove's failure to adhere to the story line.



A touching moment from a moving picture: Bush's remake of the *Song of Bernadette* was filmed entirely on location in the Chicago stockyard.

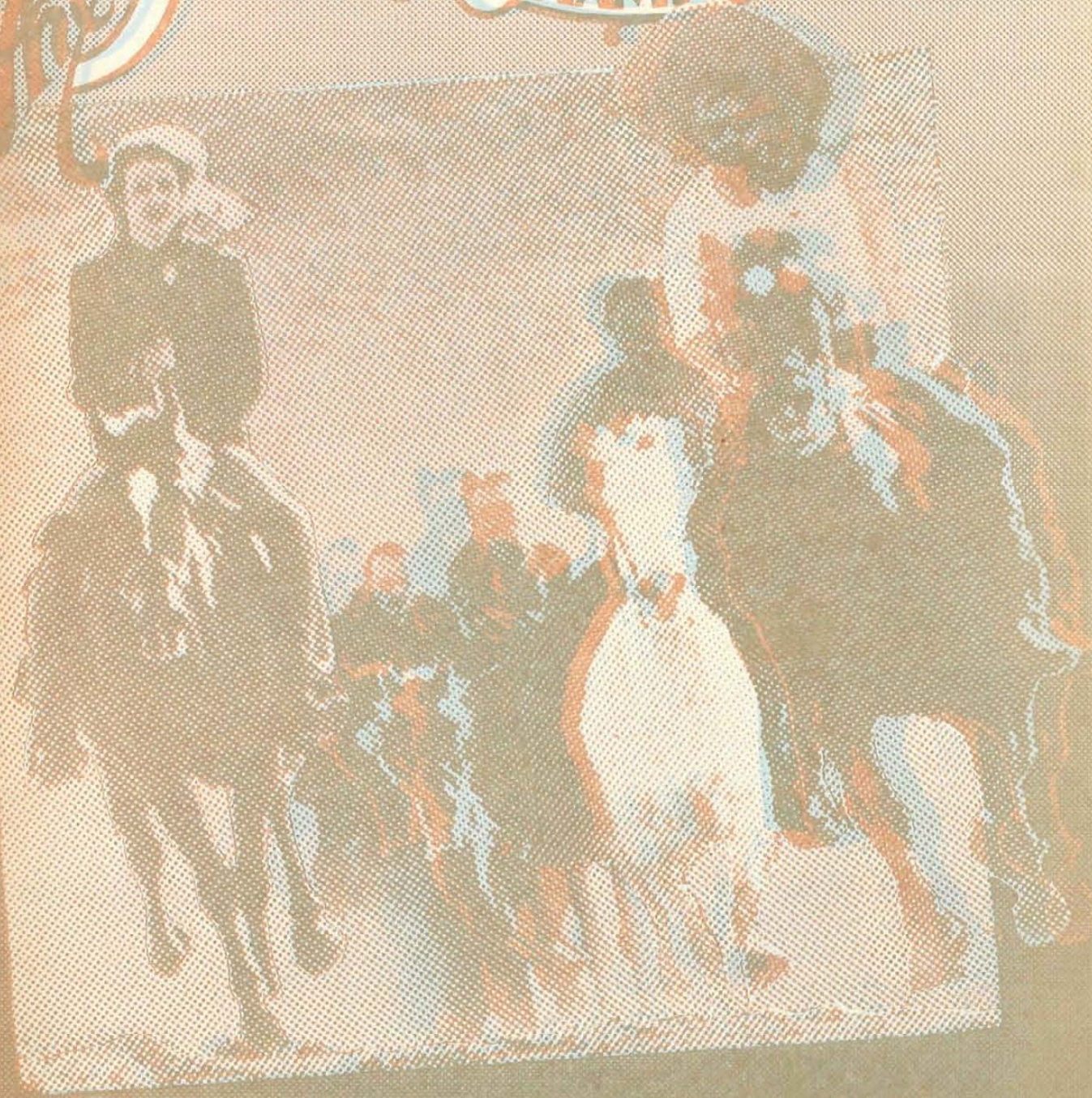


The tragedy and pathos in the Bush-made *Farewell to Arms*. The final scene displays the forceful manner and stark realism of the entire work. Hemingway wanted Gary Cooper for the lead. He Bush insisted on his choice: Buster Crabbe. He and "Papa" never spoke again.



Bush's historical epic, alternately titled *Birth of a Nation II* and *After Birth of a Nation*, featured the Creature from the Black Lagoon as Ulysses S. Grant, for reasons that remain obscure.

37 DOBIE BROTHERS The STAMPEDE



On Warner Bros. records and tapes 

Hollywood, Hooray

by Brian McConnachie



Many of Tinseltown's brightest stars longed to go "legit"—to play, especially, Shakespeare. Jayne Mansfield longed to perform as Hamlet, while "la Monroe" saw herself as Juliet. Type-casting denied the world Fatty Arbuckle's Lady Macbeth and Betty Grable's Lear.

Hollywood. How would you describe Hollywood to a Martian? Would you begin by detailing the streets and their angles of intersection in cold geometric precision, then continue meteorologically expounding on the consistency of the weather, and conclude with a summary review of its municipal laws? Not very likely. Not our Hollywood. The word itself is magical. Say it to an adolescent girl and she'll probably squeak with glee and pound the heels of her hands together. Say it to an old-timer and he'll probably go for his imaginary six-shooter and fill your belly full of invisible bullets while he cackles with misty accomplishment. There probably isn't another word that conjures up a broader range of special emotions. At once, it says, "... I'm it, brother," and at the same time, "... but I am nothing if you do not worship and adore me." One minute, it'll caress your hair and rub your back, and in the next, grab your wrist and swing your unsuspecting body, chest first, into a palm tree.

That's Hollywood. It's as real as your imagination and as imaginary as your heart. The twinkle may blind you and its disappointments may restore you, but once

you have experienced the least of its wonders, you will never again be able to return to the peace of unambitious dreams.

On occasion, the efforts of Hollywood have been labeled unfairly as being nothing more than innocent ninety-minute indulgences of the wealthy and the powerful in order to perpetuate their wealth and power. Nothing could be further from the truth. Think for a minute—what is a motion picture film? Isn't it Man reproducing the exact image of himself and placing that image into a preconceived conflict in order that it may be run and rerun in darkened auditoriums for the amusement of gathered people who willingly assemble there? Isn't this the exact same thing that the eminent Englishman, Sir Kenneth Clarke, referred to when he spoke to us all of "civilization"? We have certainly come a long way from our tree-dwelling predecessors. Let us not forsake this progress to satisfy the misanthropic mumblings of the jealous and the vengeful.

No, we won't. Hollywood has given us too much. Its influence upon our nation, to put it bluntly, is, in a word, immeasurable. We look to it for clothing and hair styles; for moral trends and decorating ideas; for

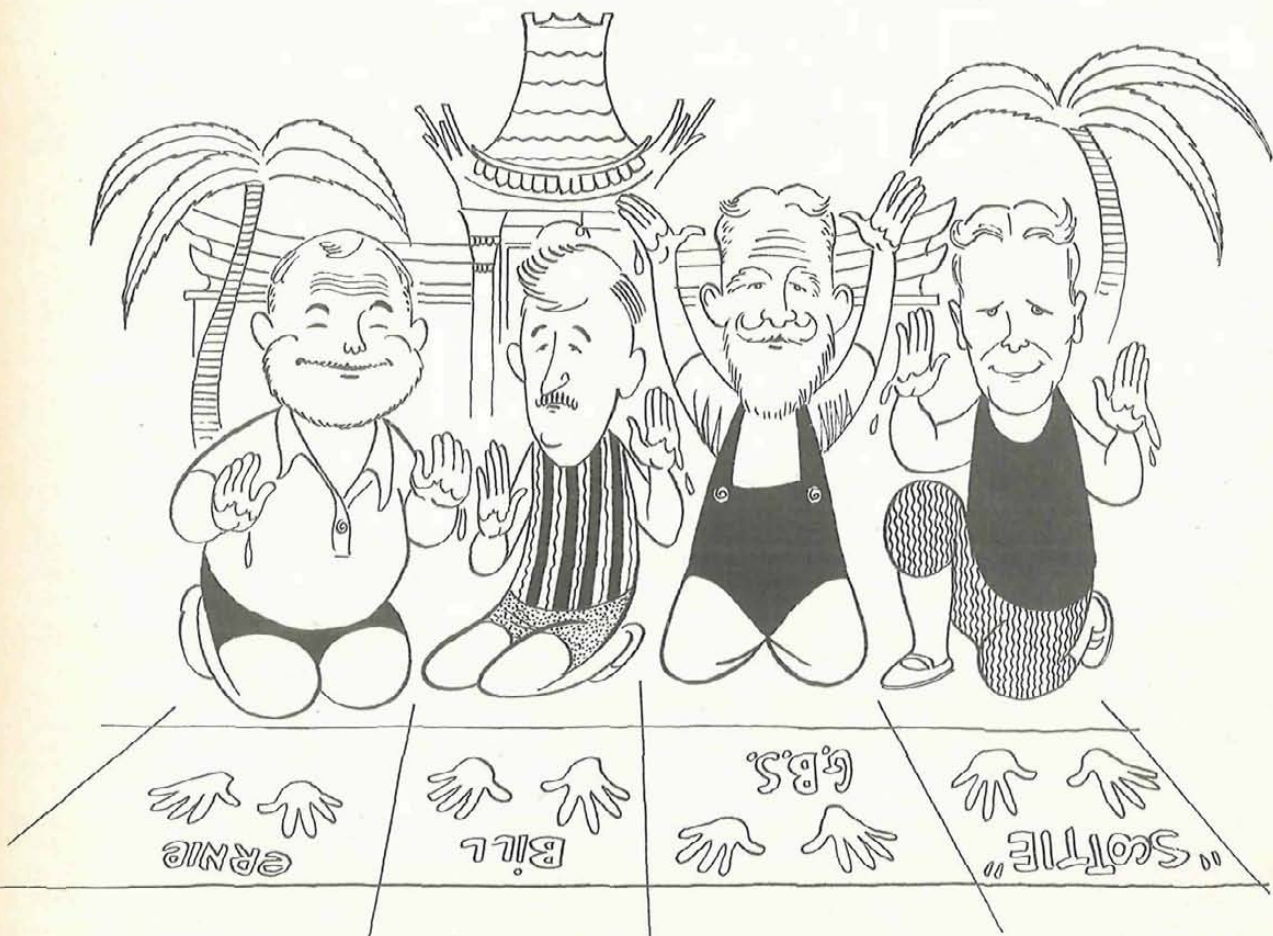
the latest dance steps and comedy jokes; for the newest pop expressions and the last word in transportative luxury. It influences what we think, what we say, what we eat, where we sleep, what we look like, who we respect, and what we want to be. We owe Hollywood a debt of gratitude we can never begin to repay. Hollywood, we can only encourage you to continue as splendidly as you have in the past.

Describe Hollywood? Well, perhaps it would be best if we simply let Hollywood describe itself.

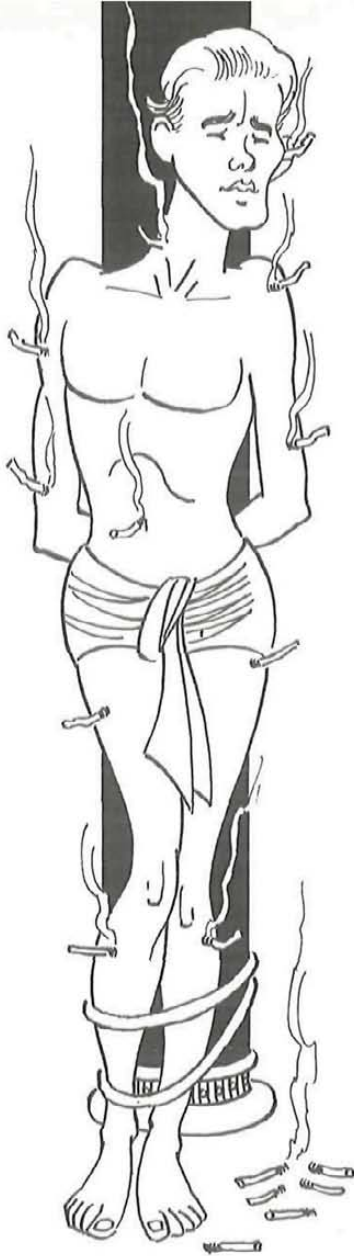


to the kitchen and filled their pockets with canned goods and vegetables. Then it was every brother for himself. Chico began running around the house, putting on all of the clothes he could find. Harpo hid in one of the bathrooms behind the curtain and leaped out, holding his nose as he bounced around the room, much to the shock of the embarrassed visitors. But just as they thought he was about to leave, he would return, and, taking advantage of a childhood accident which had left his tongue split in three parts, get as close as possible, and stick out his trident-like tongue right in their faces. Meanwhile, Groucho and Zeppo produced a woodsman's saw and began sawing the legs off of the concert Steinway grand piano. During dinner, their zany antics kept coming. While Zeppo engaged the lady next to him in conversation, Harpo unbuttoned the front of his trousers, took out all three of his unmentionables, and placed them in the woman's soup. Next, it was Chico's turn. He began removing all of the clothes he had put on and dumped them in the center of the table. Then all four began reaching into their pockets and throwing the canned goods and vegetables at everyone. Finally, Groucho stood and called for calm. He walked to the head of the table, and while meekly fiddling with the tablecloth, began apologizing for the behavior of his brothers. When he was done, he started to return to his chair, but instead grabbed the end of the tablecloth and ran toward the front door carrying with him the entire meal for forty in tow. Harpo, Zeppo, and Chico jumped up and began chasing their brother into the night, howling all of the way.

Nobody enjoys a good laugh more than the men who make us laugh. Though humor, as any comedy director will tell you, is serious business, there are those special performers who are as funny off screen as they are on screen. And probably no one was funnier than the wacky, nutty, anything-for-a-laugh Marx Brothers. It was inevitable that the Marxes were destined for Hollywood. The theater stage was just not big enough to contain their brand of nuttiness. Shortly after their arrival, Irving Thalberg gave a formal dinner party in their honor. Their entrance lived up to their reputation. Instead of coming through the hand-carved oak doors of the sumptuous Victorian mansion, they entered by a window in the servants' quarters. First, they headed to the helps' rooms and short-sheeted all the beds. Then they went



If the studios sometimes failed to make intellectuals out of their stars, they never failed to make stars of their intellectuals.



A tragic accident took James Dean from us before he got to portray his idol, St. Sebastian, on the screen. Around the set of *Giant*, Jimbo was known to cast and crew as "the human ashtray."

During the Depression, it was no secret to writers that Hollywood salaries were going up faster than the national rate of unemployment. America's demand for new boy-meets-girl yarns kept the studio typewriters humming throughout the film capital. With the wordsmiths' stakes as high as \$2,500 per week, the competition became pretty stiff. Studio heads weren't seeing anybody. A couple of eager writers by the name of Martha and Ernest Hemingway, wanting their share of the pie, devised a "chance meeting" between themselves and the front office brass. They had learned that a number of film bigwigs occasionally played golf at the nearby Bel Air Club. Martha and Ernest would hide in the rough off of one of the dog-legged fairways and wait for a ball to land.

When it did, Ernest would run out, remove his teeth, and then lie down, feigning unconsciousness. Martha would kneel at his side and unsuccessfully attempt to shake him awake. They had worked this plan, occasionally switching roles, for about a week without any results, though one sympathetic golfer placed a five dollar bill in the bite of Ernest's false teeth. But they wouldn't be discouraged. To bolster each other's spirits, they kept reminding themselves how many elephant guns and how many fancy trips they could have on \$2,500 a week. And then the real thing happened. A golf ball hooked into the rough and hit Martha square between the eyes. Ernest tried in vain to rouse his fallen spouse. He was still attempting to do so when the golfer responsible arrived. Hemingway shouted with honest rage, "You bastard! You knocked my wife out with your damn golf ball."

"Yeah, I know," replied the man, "I've been trying to do that for a week now."

Ernest was furious. "You feel justified in serving this purpose?" he exclaimed. "It's petty and avails nothing."

The man reflected on this for a moment and said, "Say, you got a good pair of brain lobes working upstairs. You're pretty fast with your tongue. I could use a guy like you. What do you say?"

Hemingway accepted on the spot. The man was Leon Schwab, owner and proprietor of Schwab's Drugstore, and within a week Ernest and Martha were serving up conversation and malt rickies to some of Hollywood's top agents.



Like everywhere else, Hollywood has its fair share of unhappy marriages. One such marriage was between Gary Cooper and Veronica Lake. She claimed that the Coop paid more attention to his two Persian cats than he did to her. But not enough, stated her motion for separation, that he wouldn't occasionally drop them out a second story window on her head. They had been separated for more than seven months when, much to their annoyance, the quarrelsome couple found themselves costarring in *Our Asian Daughters* with Clark Gable. Both tried to get out of the project, but the studio wouldn't budge, advising them that they would simply have to live with it. One small bit of good fortune, however, was that none of the love scenes were between Cooper and Lake. Just prior to the shooting, Cooper invited Gable to dinner at Chasen's. He had a favor to ask. He asked Clark not to talk to Veronica; to snub her, to ignore her. Cooper said that he had already spoken to a number of people in the crew, and that they had agreed to go along. Gable said that he had nothing against Veronica and he had no intention of being rude to her. He became adamant and demanded to be given one good reason for being nasty to Veronica. Cooper answered, "How's this for a good reason: I have a Philippino house boy. I can call him now and he'll be here in ten minutes. And if I tell him to, he'll kick you in the groin." Gable was persuaded.

The following April, on that night of nights, Cooper was amply rewarded for his work in *Our Asian Daughters* by winning the Best Actor award. Dispensing with the traditional acceptance speech, he took the opportunity to announce that he was having a party at his house a week from Saturday and everyone was invited, "... except Veronica Lake."

CHRIS MILLER'S

MAGIC SHOW



MAREK

Ask me about my golf game," said Mrs. Goldstein.

"How's your golf game?" said Mr. Abramowitz.

"Ask me about my golf game," demanded Mrs. Goldstein.

"How's your golf game?" asked Mr. and Mrs. Levine, laughing.

"ASK ME ABOUT MY GOLF GAME!" roared Mrs. Goldstein.

"How's your golf game?" begged all the parents at once.

"Don't ask!" Mrs. Goldberg smote her forehead and rolled her eyes heavenward.

The dozen or so men and women seated around the Levine's patio laughed merrily. Birds chirped and the sun shone warmly down—it was a perfect spring day in the suburbs. Mr. Levine poured another Bloody Mary for everyone.

"Whew! This is the best birthday party for the kids I've ever been to," said Mrs. Plotnik. "Annabelle, hiring those boys to run things today was a real stroke of genius."

"Who are they, anyway?" asked Mr. Abramowitz. "They live around here?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mrs.

Levine. "I just saw the sign they had up on the bulletin board at the A&P: 'Magical Entertainment for Kids' Parties—Relax and leave everything to us.'" An explosion of childish laughter burst from the house. Mrs. Levine nodded her head at the sound. "To think, Ira didn't even want them at first. Why, the kids've been rolling in the aisles for twenty minutes in there, and, for once, *we* don't have to be schlepping ice cream and cake. At ten bucks an hour, those two boys are the best bargain I've found all week." She took a happy swallow of her drink.

Inside, Ira and his twenty guests were rolling in the aisles. These guys his mother had gotten to entertain were terrific. What fantastic magic tricks they'd been doing, with gaily-colored giraffe handkerchiefs appearing in empty metal tubes and a whole bucket of milk turning into confetti just as the magicians poured it over their heads and . . . but he couldn't stop to remember them all right now. Dr. Fun, the tall, skinny magician with the high silk hat, was doing a trick in which a tiger was chasing two clowns magically between two paper-

bag circus tents, and the trick was proceeding so quickly he had to concentrate just to keep up with it.

"So Spotty and Stripey ran as fast as they could, all the way home!" Frantically, Dr. Fun lifted the two wooden cut-out clowns from the "circus tent" and slid them through a top slot into their little wooden house. He looked up at his audience. "Okay, kids, where's the tiger?"

"In there!" shouted the kids, pointing at one of the circus tents.

"In here?" said Dr. Fun, pointing at the wrong circus tent.

"No, no, in *there!*"

"In there?" Dr. Fun pointed at the TV set.

"No! No!" The kids jumped up and down. "In *there!*"

"In there?" asked the magician innocently, pointing to the door to the bathroom.

The kids were almost hysterical with laughter and excitement. "No, no, no!! In *there!!!*"

"Ohhhhhh," said Dr. Fun in sudden comprehension. "In *here.*" He lifted the paper-bag circus tent slowly from the table top, as if it were very heavy, then abruptly crumpled it into

a ball and threw it into the audience. The kids gasped.

"But, if the tiger's not in *that* tent," prompted the short, fat magician with the thick lips, who called himself Mr. Frog, "then where is he?"

The kids exchanged uncertain looks, then pointed together at the other circus tent. "In there! In there!"

"In *here*?" Dr. Fun lifted up the other tent, peered exaggeratedly inside, then crumpled it up and threw it into the audience.

The kids shrieked with happy dismay. "What happened to the tiger? Where's the tiger?"

"Gosh, I don't know." Dr. Fun looked about wildly for guidance. "Let's ask Spotty and Stripey!" He opened the front door to the little wooden clown house.

The kids squealed with delight. "The tiger! The tiger!"

Dr. Fun did a double take at the open door. There was the picture of the fiercely-snarling tiger, filling the doorway. "Well, I'll be! *Here's* the tiger . . . and he's eaten Spotty and Stripey *all up!*" Dr. Fun bowed.

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" cheered the kids.

"All right, that's enough magic for a while," said Dr. Fun. "Now we're going to . . ."

"Noooooo!" cried the kids. "More magic!"

"Please, please, please?" asked one very cute little girl with pigtails, flouncing up to Dr. Fun in her pink party dress. "Do another trick?"

"Oh, we'll do another trick," Dr. Fun comforted her genially. "But, right now, we want to introduce the star of today's birthday party, Ira Levine! Come on up, Ira."

Suddenly very shy, Ira looked down at the floor.

"Yayyyyyyyyy, Ira!" cried the other children. "Go ahead, Ira!" They pushed him to his feet, toward the front of the room, until he was standing beside Dr. Fun.

"Well, Ira," said Dr. Fun. "Happy birthday!"

"Nank you," mumbled Ira.

"And how old are you today, Ira?"

" . . ."

"How old?"

"Seven." Ira's ears had turned bright red. His hands pulled nervously at each other.

"Well, kids, that makes Ira old enough to smoke, I'd say. Don't you think so?"

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" cheered the kids. "Yeah, teach Ira how to smoke!"

"Get the door there, willya?" said Dr. Fun. Mr. Frog closed the door to the patio, shutting off the sounds of the grown-ups. Dr. Fun reached inside one of the many pockets of his funny, floppy, black coat and pulled

out a skinny little cigarette.

"You're just a *little* boy," he explained, lighting it, "so I've made you a little cigarette. Now I want you to hold the end between your lips and suck through it. Pretend it's a straw."

Ira hid his face behind his hands. "C'mon, Ira!" shouted the kids. "Go ahead! It won't hurt you!"

Ira took a little suck.

"Now breathe it in real deep and hold your breath," directed Dr. Fun.

Ira did.

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" cheered the kids. Emboldened, Ira took a deeper suck, then several more.

"That's wonderful, Ira." Dr. Fun clapped him on the shoulder. "Isn't that wonderful, kids?"

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" cheered the kids.

Their voices seemed to be reaching Ira from a great distance. He lazily regarded his friends, smiling and nodding his head rhythmically. The kids laughed and pointed at him.

"How do you feel, Ira?" asked Dr. Fun.

"Oh. . . ." Ira blinked. "What?"

"Well, I guess we can see that Ira's feeling just fine," said Dr. Fun happily. "Now, Ira, I'd like you to take down your pants."

"Huh?" Ira looked up at him, smiling goofily.

"Your pants, Ira. Take down your pants."

"Kay." Watching the dust motes floating in a beam of afternoon sun, Ira undid his pants. They fell to his ankles.

The kids shrieked with glee. "Lookit Ira!" cried the little girl with the pigtails, peeping between her fingers.

"The underpants, too, Ira," said Dr. Fun.

Grinning, Ira pulled his underpants down, too.

"Eeeeeee! Shreeeeee!" screamed the children in an ecstasy of pointing and nudging one another. "Lookit Ira's peenie!"

Mr. Abramowitz was refilling his glass. "Sure cracking them up in there. I wonder what their act is? Anyone want to go see?"

"Leave well enough alone, I say," replied Mrs. Levine, removing a bit of tobacco from her tongue. There was general assent to this, and then great delight as Elaine, the Levine's shvartzeh, appeared through the kitchen door with a tray of chopped liver snackettes and a fresh pitcher of Bloodies.

"Mr. Frog, do you have the pictures?" Mr. Frog pulled a bundle of photographs from his valise and handed them to Dr. Fun, who sat down in a chair beside Ira.

"Now, I want you to look closely

at these, Ira." Dr. Fun held one of the pictures before the boy's eyes. It showed a woman without any clothes on, sitting in a wooden chair, spreading her legs widely apart with her hands. The colors were very bright and harsh and it looked as if there were a strip of raw meat in there. Ira recoiled.

"You like that?" asked Dr. Fun. "Here, here's another."

The second picture showed a man's lap, very hairy, like his father's, and a woman's head was coming in from the side and had the man's peenie, which was very big, in her mouth. Her eyes were closed and all sorts of gooey-looking stuff was leaking from her lips, making the sides of the man's peenie glisten.

"Anh," said Ira; a little animal noise of dismay. He squeezed his eyes shut and began to waver on his feet. The other children looked at one another in alarm.

"Uh, Mr. Frog, a little magic powder?"

"The very thing." Mr. Frog poured some white powder onto the surface of a mirror and drew it into two long lines with a razor blade. Then he bent over and stuck one end of a straw up Ira's nose. "Sniff hard, Ira!" Ira sniffed hard, and Mr. Frog brought the mirror up so that the other end of the straw went into one of the lines of powder. The powder flew up Ira's nose.

"Yow!" Ira's eyes shot open. Then, an enormous smile spread over his face.

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" Relieved, the kids sat back and watched, fascinated.

"The other line, too?" asked Mr. Frog.

"Sure, why not?" shrugged Dr. Fun.

Mr. Frog switched the straw to Ira's other nostril. "Sniff again!" he said. Ira sniffed again, and the rest of the magic powder disappeared from the mirror. Ira's eyes bulged and his hands clenched and unclenched.

"Now, how do you like the pictures?" Dr. Fun displayed a new one. It showed a kneeling woman holding out her enormous bosoms to a shvartzeh man, who was peeing on them. Ira burst out laughing, grabbed the rest of the pictures from Dr. Fun's hands, and began looking rapidly through them.

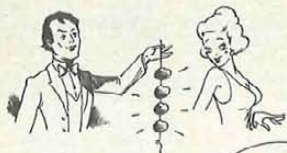
"Watch closely," Dr. Fun cautioned the audience, pointing at Ira's groin.

The little girl with the pigtails stared in amazement. "Lookit! It's sticking out!"

"A boner!" cried one of the boys who was a little older. "Ira got a boner!"

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This one killed 'em at the Albany Convention. Magician displays a dozen attractively made, realistic rubberoid figures, six of which are attractively colored, introducing them as "prisoners" and "guards." As trick begins, "prisoners" are handcuffed one to the other. Magically, cuffs move from prisoners to guards. (There is much opportunity here for amusingly threatening patter from prisoners.) But helicopter, floated in by magi, saves the day with repeated machine gun bursts—miraculously, only colored figures fall and bleed! As "kicker," surviving wounded prisoners may be tried for murder. All parts supplied! Ready to work right away!\$22.50

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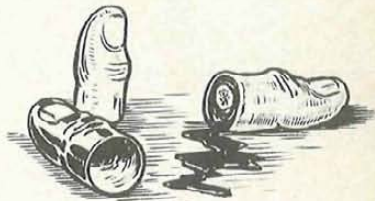
Illustrated by Gill Eisner

ACCESSORIES



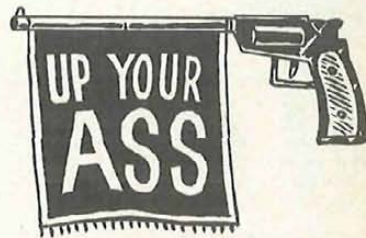
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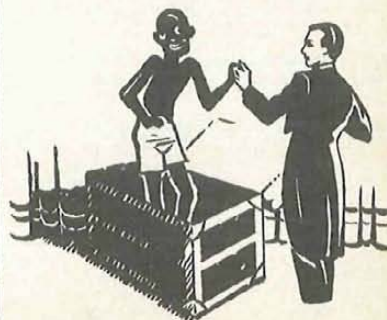
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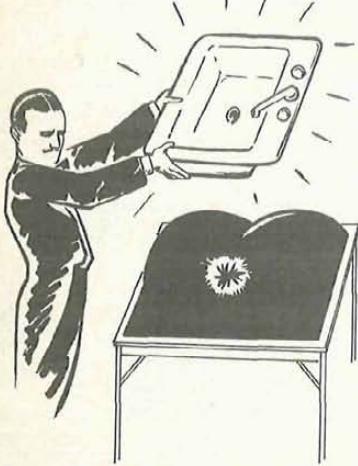
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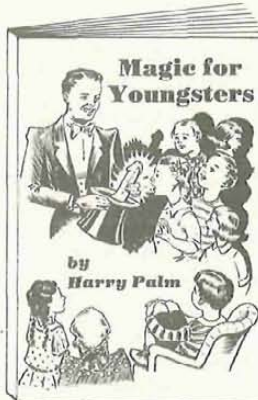
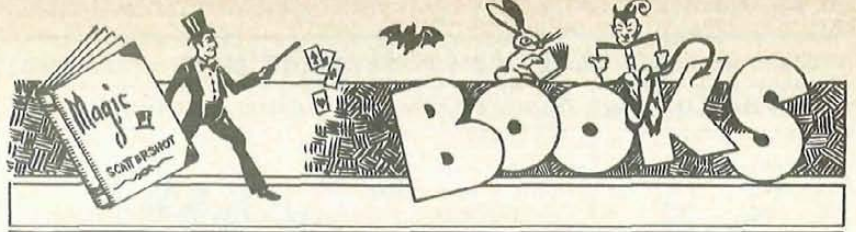


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 Long unattainable! Cunningly different! Out-
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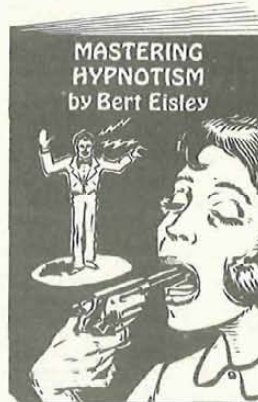


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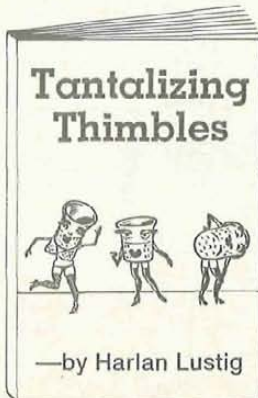
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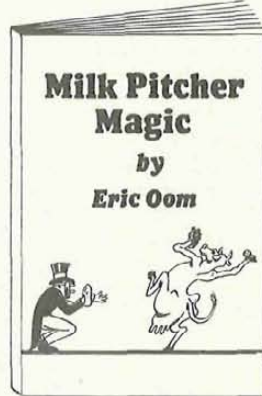
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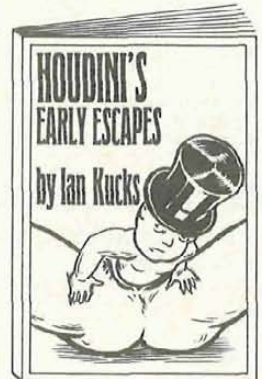
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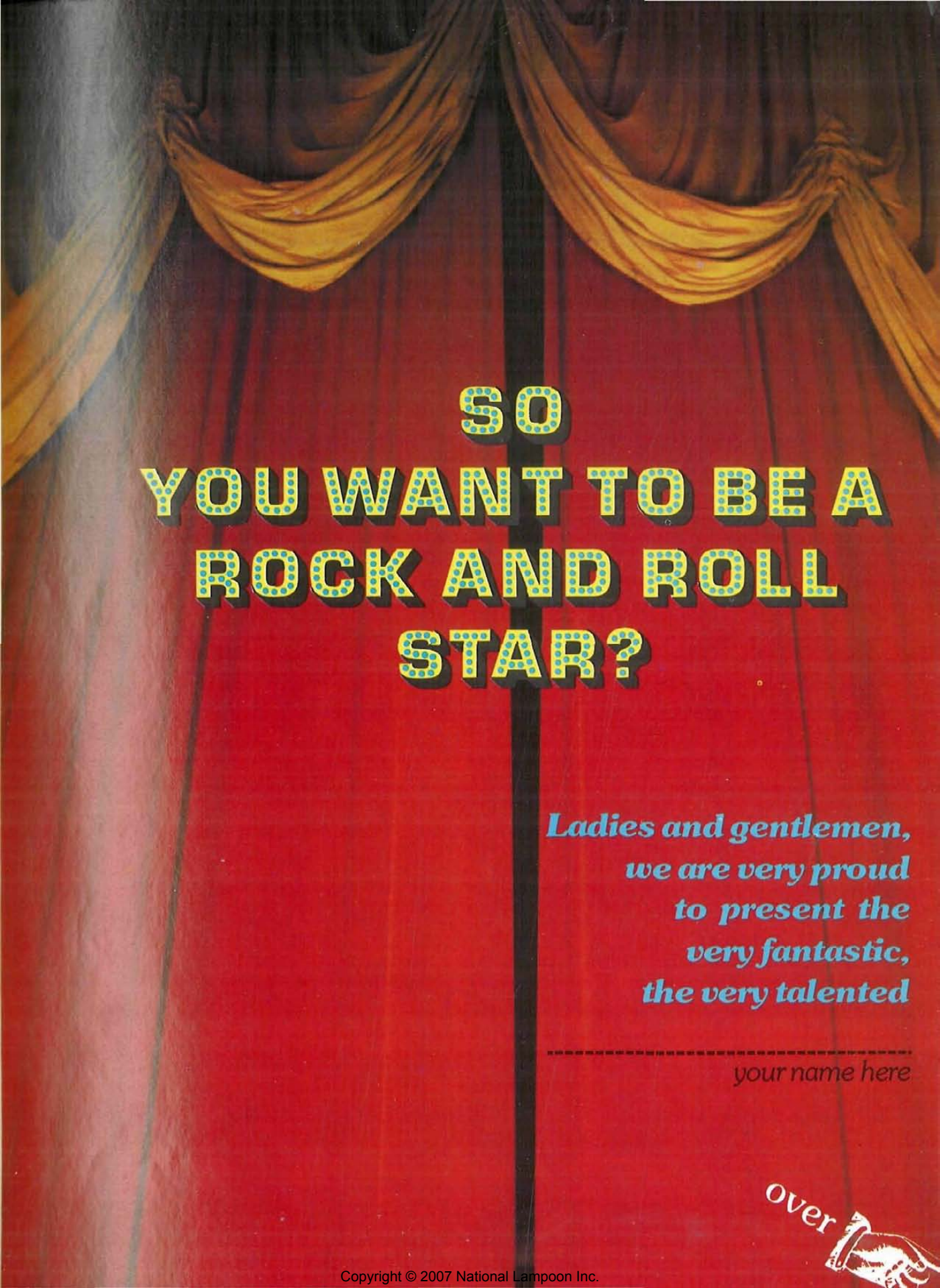
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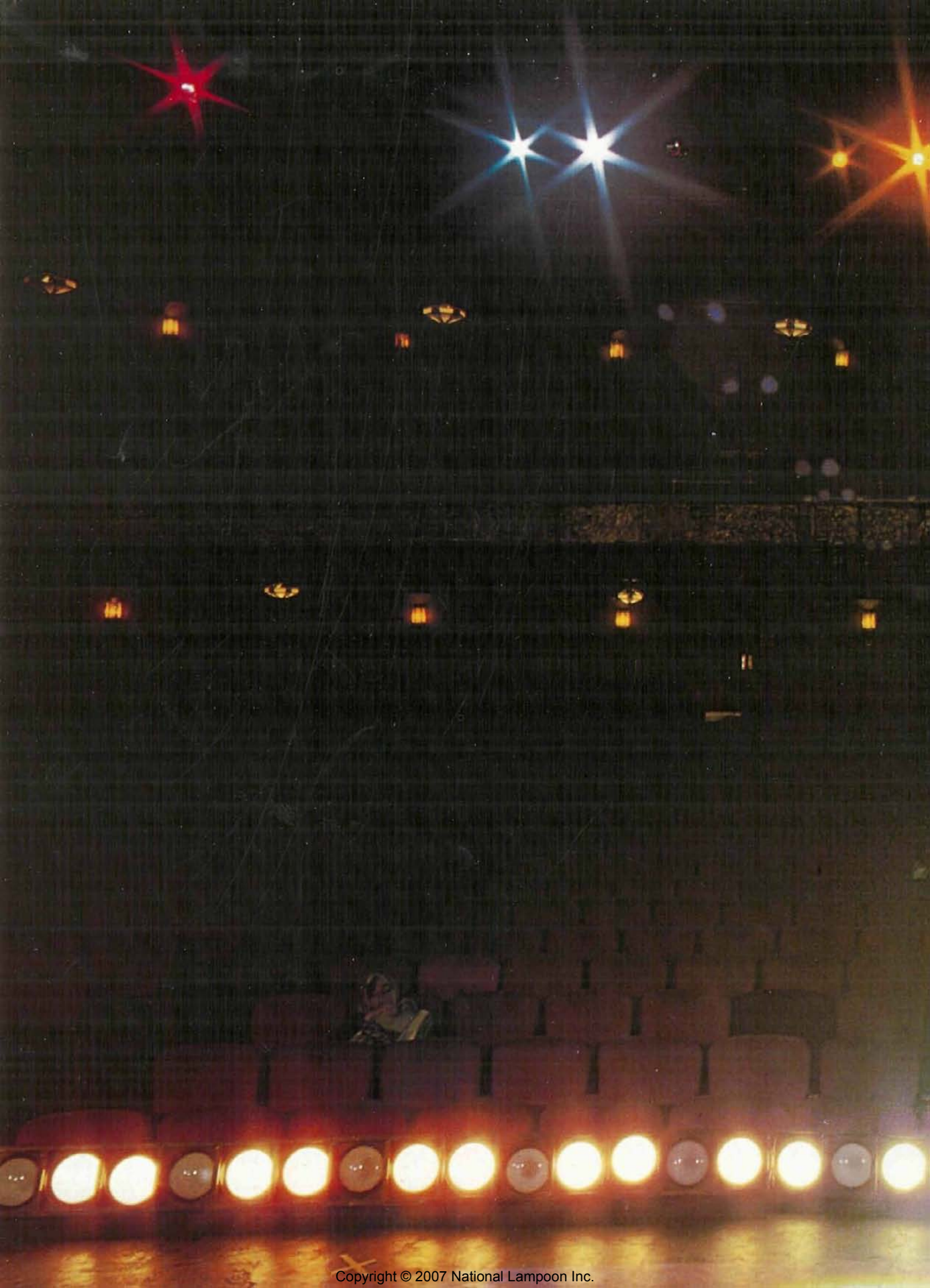


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Chopped Chicken liver sculpture
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MEL BROOKS IS GOD

by Gerald Sussman

At the age of forty-eight, Mel Brooks has become God. Not a king or an emperor, but a full deity. He has been given to us as a savior, in the hope that our crumbling world needs a comic person more than a Jesus or a Mohammed. Laughter is our last good weapon to fight fear and trembling. And Brooks is the last man left who can still make us laugh—the belly laugh, the side-splitting, bone-aching, orgasmic laugh that renews us and gives us hope.

It seems perfectly natural to make Brooks a god. We come to him like innocent children and he gives us love, catharsis, and insights into ourselves through his incredibly comic, nay, cosmic vision. And so a new religion was born, a religion based on his universal humor, a humor that is meaningful to Jew, Catholic, and Protestant—to Asians and Indians and Arabs. The great God Brooks speaks to us all.

His religion is simply called The Mel Brooks Religion. His houses of worship are called Houses of Brooks. They are actually perfect replicas of the old neighborhood movie theaters Brooks used to attend as a child, the Saturday matinee temples where we all used to worship our screen gods. The Houses of Brooks hold Saturday matinee services, complete with prayers, litanies, blessings, and hymns, all derived from the Works of Brooks—his jokes, shticks, skits, and pieces of business from his movies, records, and TV shows.

Brooks designed every detail of his

temples. Admissions charge is eleven cents. All candy costs five cents, popcorn is ten cents. The House emits strange, musty odors with undertones of urine. The carpeting is a hideous brownish maroon, and is covered with Pepsi-Cola stains. Some of the seats are ripped. Others have broken springs. The usherettes are stern-faced women in their fifties who wear white uniforms and are called “matrons.” Paper clips and rubber bands, essential weapons of Brooks’ youth, are available for shooting at friends and at the screen. The decor is imitation Art Deco.

Some of the highlights of the Brooks service: After Horseplay (shooting paper clips, kicking and punching your friends, screaming and yelling, etc.), the head of the congregation, called a Bernie, leads the opening blessing, “Blessed Art Thou, O Brooks Our God, Creator of the Comic Universe and the nectarine.” The Bernie shouts at the congregation, “I love your face!” The congregation shouts back, “You’re so pretty!” The Bernie replies, “Chocolate is terrible for your teeth!” The congregation answers, “Are teeth so good for chocolate?” And so it goes for another few minutes, the group exchanging Brooksisms, bons mots they have picked up from Brooks’ regular interviews and public appearances.

Several prayers to Brooks are offered, to his everlasting health, so he can bring humor and laughter to our troubled world. Excerpts from his movies are shown, along with old

Sid Caesar sketches, “Get Smart” episodes, and other comic material he created. The film is carefully edited and never fails to bring the audience to a frenzy of laughter, a total catharsis of mind, soul, belly, and sometimes bowel and bladder. When the laughter and the tears are wiped away and the congregation is calm, Brooks himself appears on the screen with a short, taped sermon, an indescribable, unpredictable piece of comic material that goes beyond comedy, into something truly ecstatic. The services conclude with the closing hymn, “Springtime for Hitler,” the song from Brooks’ movie, *The Producers*.

Among other items, the Houses of Brooks sell Mel Brooks T-shirts (he likes the one where he looks like Fred Astaire, in white tie and tails, dancing on a piano, in what looks like heaven); the Mel Brooks candy bar, called an Embee, after his initials, M.B.—a combination of Raisinettes, Milky Ways, Hersheys with almonds, and O-Henrys; the M.B. Jewish Jesse Owens sneakers, and the M.B. Spaldeens, the pink rubber ball used for street games in the Brooklyn of his youth.

Despite all his Godly activities, Brooks is still Brooks—part madman, part pussycat, and pure genius. He works harder than ever on his movies, TV series, and records, and still manages to lead a happy and devoted family life, whose privacy he guards fanatically. His theatrical ventures are now beyond any risk.

continued

They are guaranteed winners. He makes, as he says, "more money than God."

Since the National Lampoon is considered by some to be a humor magazine, we thought it would be highly appropriate to interview Brooks. Our interviewer, Gerald Sussman, accompanied Brooks everywhere in his hectic schedule—movie sets, recording studios, offices, restaurants, parking lots, pay phones, sporting goods stores. After six months, Brooks finally noticed him and asked who he was. The ice was broken, and from that day on Brooks agreed to be interviewed.

Sussman writes: "Even though he is God, Brooks never lets up in his work routine. When he's not on a movie set for an early call, he's usually at his hectic, littered office by 7:30, reading mail, dictating letters to his secretary, Bobbi Blum, and making phone calls. By nine, he's ready for breakfast, a kosher salami omelet, pancake-style, and a dish of stewed prunes with heavy sweet cream. While he eats, he likes to read old copies of Modern Screen and TV Radio Mirror. His working clothes are a fuzzy old bathrobe and a pair of shteckshiech, which is Yiddish for well worn, broken-in slippers.

Brooks: (pulling his bathrobe around his body) Merde! I always forget to put my shorts on. I'm sitting on this cold chair with my balls hanging out and getting all scrunched. I've got to tuck this robe under me like a girl who tucks her skirt. Know what I mean, Lampoon? Bobbi!!!! Get me a pair of boxer shorts, thirty-four medium, with the little side slits . . . not too loose, not too tight. They should make me look lithe . . . I'm getting farblondjet—absent-minded, mixed-up. I got so much to do. It's not easy to be God, as well as the world's greatest comic artist. Why are you hounding me? What's a Lampoon? It doesn't sound Jewish, so it can't be good. If you're not Jewish, I'll break your hair. I'll pull your lips off.

Lampoon: Why are you always hung up on Jewish references? Is it all a big cover-up? Are you really Jewish? Brooks: No. I was born in China, the illegitimate son of a Catholic missionary who was boffing this beautiful Chinese Ping-Pong player. My father was a rake, a satyr, *très hornée*. The Church transferred him to a leper colony. Never met him. Look at me, bignose. I'm half Chink, half Catholic. When my mother's family found out she was knocked up by a Catholic priest, they beat her up with chopsticks and threw her out of the house. She had lost face. In those

days it meant you really lost your face. As far as everyone was concerned, she had no face. When I was born I took one look at her and I knew instinctively that she had no face. All my life I'm looking for her face. That's why whenever I see somebody, I say, "I love your face! You're so pretty!"

My mother, God bless her, is still going strong. Seventy-nine years old, lives in Taiwan, works in a transistor radio factory, does piecework, makes about 2,000 yen a week. Doesn't want a cent from me, can't understand my movies, always wanted me to be a butcher or own a grocery store, always worried about having enough food in the house. What do you really want, kid? Why are you making me say these things? You're cute, you know that? Ever make it with a lithe, beautifully proportioned Jewish God? (Suddenly Brooks jumped on me and pinned me to the floor, trying to kiss my neck. His breath smelled of prunes and sweet cream and kosher salami. I begged him to stop and he got off me reluctantly.)

Brooks: I'm sorry, Lampoon. For a second I thought you were Sheila Fliegelstein, an old girlfriend from Williamsburg, Brooklyn. From the back you look just like her. Only she was softer than you. You know who discovered that there was ladies in the world? Bernie. Back in the year . . . in the year twelve, I think it was. He was sleeping in his cave and in the night he found out that ladies were the soft ones and he woke up thrilled and delighted. Remember that from my 2,000-Year-Old Man record? The funniest record ever made. People used to listen to that record and laugh their guts out. They used to get lockjaw from laughing so much . . . hernias . . . appendicitis . . . cardiac arrest. I once killed a whole family in Iowa, nine people actually died from laughing so much. The relatives tried to sue for a million-five, but they threw it out of court. Couldn't get a judge or a jury to stop laughing once they heard the evidence.

Lampoon: Are there any more 2,000-Year-Old Man records on tap?

Brooks: Are you kidding? I got at least three, four thousand more to make. What's a mere 2,000 years these days? The archaeologists are digging up all kinds of new evidence that proves that man is older than trees, older than dirt, even rock. They found some old bones from a lobster that's supposed to be a million years old and it looks just like Joey Bishop. I don't know how long I can make those records. I don't know how long I can do rock and fear and Saran Wrap . . . except, thank God, I know

everybody, so I can still talk about people I didn't mention yet . . . Vasco da Gama . . . Catherine the Great . . . Helen Hayes . . . Bernie! Bernie! Bernie! You're so soft! Just like Sheila Fliegelstein on the roof . . . Tar Beach . . . I got my hand up her dress! I'm feeling her. . . Goddamn that fucking pigeon! Right on my face! I'll kill that pigeon . . . I don't care if it's Dirty Angelo's pigeon. Dirty Angelo with the tattoo? Holy shit! Button up the pants and jump! Jump to the next roof or Angelo will put an ice pick up your ass. Ooooooyyyy . . .

(At this point, I wasn't sure if Brooks was feeling well. Was this one of his legendary improvised shticks, or an attack of some sort? My question was immediately answered when two of his assistants rushed into the office and held him tightly while his secretary, Bobbi Blum, jabbed a hypodermic full of egg cream into his thigh. The egg cream brought him back to reality in a flash. His eyes lost their glaze and were cool and steely again. He was back to normal.)

Brooks: Oh, that was good . . . that was fine. An egg cream goes directly to the brain, takes away the pain. I'm yours truly, Mel Brooks, your obedient slavey once again. Where was I? Is that your bad breath I smell or mine? Bobbi!!!! Bring Cocilana cough drops! Have some Cocilana cough drops . . . very strong. They'll change the molecular structure of your spit. They'll freeze your tongue and put hair in your mouth. Lampoon: Could you tell us how you became God? It didn't happen overnight.

Brooks: I beg your entire pardon, but it most certainly did. It happened overnight. It happened when I was born, stupid. When I was conceived. You just don't shlep around and suddenly, at the age of forty-eight, become God. It's got to be worked out in advance. It's got to come from above. I'll let you in on a secret. There's one person above me in this set-up, a head God who still makes the big decisions, oversees the Big Picture.

Lampoon: Who is this person?

Brooks: I swore to God I'd never tell. If I told you, I could get punished. I could get bronchitis. I could be coughing up mucus every morning for the rest of my life. And I love to eat rich, starchy foods when nobody is looking, the kind of food that produces mucus. No. I can't tell you. I'm not going to risk it.

Lampoon: I really can't see how it would do any harm to reveal who He is. It might do the world a lot of good.

Brooks: I'll give you a hint. It's not

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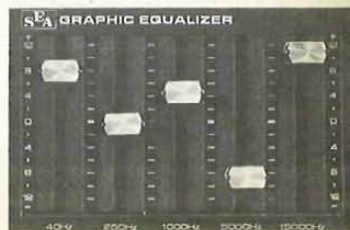
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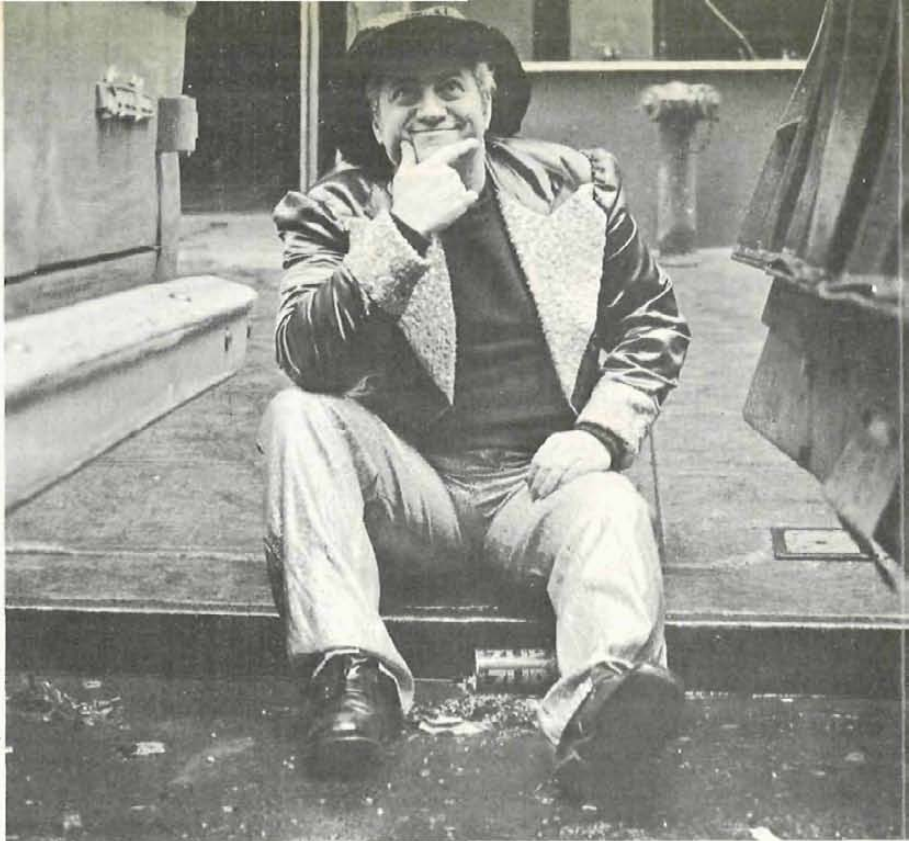


Glitter Bums

by Ted Mann

The glitter bums. You can see them anywhere in Toronto's busy financial district, crouched in doorways or hovering over hot air vents, yards of tinsel floating upwards in the rising air currents. Or in the morning, perched atop a favorite trash can, arms flung out to greet the rising sun. As they promenade up and down Bloor Street, a thousand tiny points of light are reflected from their costumes—light that has traveled in a straight line all the way from the sun, only to be turned about at the last moment and beamed into the beady eyes of a passing flax jobber.

These men are the glitter bums. Middle-aged men fed up with the dull, drab routine of office life, they have fled responsible jobs to lead the tax-free life of a glitter bum. Men whose relatives and loved ones



"I have to say that these have been some of the happiest days of my life. I don't have enough to eat, or a place to sleep, and I get come onto by dogs, but I have to say that I'm happy. Philosophers say happiness is a state of mind. I guess you could say I've got a state of mind."

David and Larry aren't speaking. David said Larry looked like a Christmas tree decorated by retarded children. Larry said David looked like the mangled wreck of a heavily chromed Chev. "I expect the city will be around to tow you away soon," he added. "Hummph," said David.



deny their very existence. Men who wander Bloor Street, shopping the gutters and trash cans and waving gaily to each other from opposite sides of the street. As yet, they number only three, but like a single crystal in a supersaturated solution or a tiny spark on a Japanese nightgown, they may be the first of thousands of execs who will share the dream of the perfect sunrise ... a sunrise that will turn their costumes to a forest fire of unearthly radiance.

Of course, many people are bound to deride the glitter bums as being derivative of the so-called "glitter rock movement," ignoring the fact that glitter bums appeared months before David Bowie first trooped onto the stage at Mrs. Gilrocks' school for young gentlemen wearing five yards of Reynolds Wrap and clutching a pair of his

sister's panties in one pale paw. In fact, many people are inclined to ignore the fact that only two weeks before this maiden appearance, Bowie had made a trip to *Toronto*. But all this is not as important as the glitter bums themselves. Time will tell what endures....

Who knows what made these men give up the linear life? Perhaps the lure of unknown, unexplored areas of men's fashion, perhaps a long-suppressed desire to show up in aerial photographs. Perhaps they think they will get to see a lot of women bare-naked? Certainly not because, as some angry Torontoites suggest, they are "homo sexualists" or "Communards like Stalin." These angry Torontoites, members of an organization known as the *Western Guard*, take every opportunity to persecute the glitter bums, cruising the Bloor Street area in their fathers' cars, hurling abuse, apples, and socks full of ball bearings at the unfortunate men. Occasionally, they stop the car and hand an incomprehensible pamphlet to a passer-by, pointing out that it was written by their leader. Any passer-by attempting to read the pamphlet is forced to conclude that their leader is a stunned newt who has trouble holding his crayons.

Of course, every movement is bound to have its detractors;

continued



"You'd think we'd be easier to see in our kind of clothes," says Eddie. "Well, this can work either to our advantage or our disadvantage. I've been hit twice by cars and once by a truck. I used to think it was because I was a Mormon, but David's an Italian and he's been hit nine times. This time I was lucky; the truck driver hadn't seen me, and he stopped before my rib cage was ground to bone meal."



Toronto Nights bought David, Larry, and Eddie all hot dogs for being so good and posing for all the photographs. They were soon munching happily and chatting merrily about their upcoming appearance in *Toronto Nights*. Will fame change their lifestyles? "Not a bit," the three chorus through mouthfuls of chewed wiener.



Local merchants are still resentful of the glitter bums' presence. Here, David is given the glitter bums' rush from a fashionable restaurant in the "golden block" of Bloor Street. Catercorner but out of view is the Toronto Stock Exchange, the Royal Mint, Osgood Hall, and the Dairy Queen.



"There is a great gulf of understanding between us and some of the businessmen in the area," says Eddie. "I hope that in time, we will be able to bridge this gulf. I feel sure that one day we will all learn to live together. It would be a pretty sad world if friendship and understanding were based on shoe styles."

continued

the glitter bums know this and are determined to face ridicule and persecution with the same fortitude shown by the hippies during the lynchings of '71/'72.

In Toronto's bustling financial center, business goes on as usual, and few of the wheat brokers or their clerks take notice of their former associates as they pass them on the street. Yet they are a phenomena as unique socially as Toronto's city hall is architecturally.

We're proud of our city auditorium, and we should take the same pride in our glitter bums, for like city hall, they are to be found nowhere else in the world. Naturally, in time they will appear in New York, London, and Paris, France, Toronto's sister cities, but for the moment their home is Toronto and their existence is living proof of our metropolitan status. They are the human equivalent of London's Big Ben, New York's Empire State Building, and Paris, France's culture. Like these attractions, the glitter bums present a powerful argument to the potential tourist in search of something unique and stimulating to burn into his brain forever.

Yes, every town is built, conveyed, and promoted on the graves of its heroes, and it may be that long after the glitter bums have passed from this earth, Toronto will play Mecca to millions of tourists in search of the roots of the glitter bum movement. Like the town of Combray in the mythology of Proust, which is host every year to thousands of big-spending, high-rolling, sensitive types, Toronto, too, may reap the rightful benefits due the birthplace of the men who went on ahead to scout out the route for the next social stampede.



Larry, Eddie, and David gather for a group shot. Their happy smiles show them to be in good spirits after their hot dogs. "What magazine is this going to be in again? How can we get copies? Will you want to take some more pictures? How about an article on how our costumes change every day? Is the article going to be mostly words or mostly pictures? Will you send a copy to my family? When does it come out? Can I borrow a ciggy? How about a picture of me running? Is it true we're the first glitter bums in the whole world?" All these questions and more are asked in the confusion of parting. As we leave them, they still stand about, chatting excitedly...

Fag Hag Mag

July 1975
\$1.25

"For People Who Need People"



**JUDY'S LAST TESTAMENT:
"DEATH IS A CABARET"**

GARBO: MAN BEHIND THE MYTH

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: TOO OLD TO DIE?

MARY MARTIN: TOO OLD TO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

**"ONE-EIGHTH NEGRO, SEVEN-EIGHTHS WOMAN!"
—DINAH SHORE CONFESSES**

**WILL LENA ZAVARONE TAKE MICHAEL JACKSON
FROM SHIRLEY BASSEY?**

**PLUS: REX REED'S COMPLETE GUIDE
TO HARD-PORE CORN!**

july HOROSCOPE

Cancer—you're the birthday boy!
by Gypsy Ross Lee

Cancer (June 22 to July 23)

Resist impulsiveness and on the 10th, expect another nervous breakdown as harsh reality and romantic fantasies collide. An identity crisis threatens on the 12th—(a lulu!)—not a day for parental heart-to-hearts or messing with truth games. You'll probably sink into a drab depression on the 14th as Pluto backscuttles your sign, sucking up all that's left of the personal pow that was sparking you (sigh). Annoying mini-mishaps: muggers cop your asthma breather or you lose your whip—menace on the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th. At month's end, Cancer's needs are for Bellevue bunk-space, Thorazine, and all-day candy strippers. . . . Do yourself a favor, sign yourself in.

Leo (July 24 to August 23)

Your usual reserve gives way to impressive displays of tenderness now as Uranus in a night spot brings ambitious spurts, and you produce with dizzying (even for you) speed. After the 20th, though, you need to be watchful, if not downright frugal, about spending . . . best to suppress all gadabout urges for a while: retreat to chaise, ginseng tea, and a good Carson McCullers.

Virgo (August 24 to September 23)

Concentrate now on making money (not your strong point, but typhoon-tongued Jupiter helps). Your July motto might be: "Whoever possessed me?" as Venus and Saturn nudge you into romantic folly, Mars turns you gossipy, and Pluto brings blackmail. All month Virgo's rashness pays dividends. After the 29th, however, fast-moving Mars involves you in a trip plan, and you take it on the lam. New starts that turn today's realities to tomorrow's dreams can be made then. Get going! . . . and take an alias.

Libra (September 24 to October 23)

Mercury (from the 5th), and your john (after the 13th) provide extra money, juicy social contacts, a silicone shot, plus a tummy lift. Before the 21st, expect to be welcomed into a bright new crowd: Keep a packed first-aid kit ready to go from the 23rd on when Venus urges spontaneous group petaways. Reach for a new love, revive an old one—and expect a rough surprise. The 24th is face-the-facts day (locks on handcuffs must be changed), and on the 26th to 27th, watch for minor but annoying rashes (another case of Herpes?). After that, Mercury (and your hyperactive lover) turn lethargic, and so do you. Venus pinpoints a delicate problem that's been blighting your affair (should you get your gamma globulin together?). After the 29th, old friends return to your orbit, eager to resume where they left off, and an eerie draining issues from your ear.

Fag Hag Cancerians: Barbara Stanwyck, Eleanor Parker, Olivia de Havilland, Susan Hayward, Anne Baxter, Gower Champion, and Mary Baker Eddy.

Fag Hag Leos: Dolores del Rio, Maureen O'Hara, Arlene Dahl, Lucille Ball, Ethel Barrymore, and Cecil B. De Mille.

Fag Hag Virgos: Ingrid Bergman, Lauren Bacall, Greta Garbo, Anne Bancroft, Claudette Colbert, and Samuel Johnson.

Fag Hag Libras: Julie Andrews, Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, Helen Hayes, Juliette Prowse, Glynis Johns, Angela Lansbury, Jean Arthur, Eleanor Duse, and Friedrich Nietzsche.

GLORIA SWANSON ADMITS:

"I'M AFRAID OF SEX!"

Sultry siren of the silver screen and health food faggist reveals she wasn't all she was "cracked-up" to be!!!

While being bludgeoned by her vast masseur, Queen Mother High Camp Vamp and Fag Hag Emerita Gloria Swanson told *FHM* all.

"In the old days in Hollywood, there was none of this cheap sex shit. In those days, boys were boys and men were men, and women knew nothing of it." Gloria took a deep draught of her pep-up. "We tangoed a lot, that's all."

FHM put its hand to its bosom, which was gasping with incredulity.

"Do you remember what you saw on the silver screen, sweetie? Romance! High thoughts! Heroism! That's what it was like off screen, too. In the Twenties, Hollywood was like an alabaster convent." Gloria spat her ginseng on the floor and snapped at a box of wheat germ. The masseur, a large black person of the . . . male sex, it would seem, continued his pummeling.

Gloria gnashed a radish. "No one was into all this tushie. All those crude appendages. This hair. Heavens, no. Our skins were smooth. Our teeth glistening. The whites of our eyes interminably pure. Our noses groveled in no one else's sewer!" The masseur smacked her buttock. Gloria fetched him one to the crotch. He made no murmur. She took a toke of her yogurt and sniffed it up each nostril.

"None of this base sensuality and peach-lit license. We wouldn't have dreamed of it. It would have ruined our complexions. And we were terrified of that, every man Jill of us!"

Piqued by Gloria's *recherché* recollections of her abstemious past, *FHM* queried: "Well, Gloria, if you didn't have sex in those wicked old Hollywood days, what did you have?"

Gloria strawed a giant soda glass of raw vitamin E, rolled her eyes demurely, and shot out, "Well, we had . . . a-hem . . . special tastes. Some of us, anyhow."

"Such as what?" we asked her as she mopped her brow with rye sprouts and sucked a beet.

"In those days," she said, her laughter ("Ha-ha") rich with scorn and triumph, "we had feces, darling, feces!"

FHM turned to the massive masseur for clarification but his voice was higher than a dog whistle. Had she said "feces" or "faces"?

The famed film star declined to further enlarge upon her statement, but continued to eat her vegetarian and health food diet, as though to purge

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**GOLDIE HAWA
SHOCKER!!!
"I MAY HAVE LIVED BEFORE!"**

Voices from the Beyond—the wacky young star reveals the strange meaning of their message to her in this startling revelation!

Goldie's taken Mind Control, EST, Arica, TM, but she's not the sort who jumps on popular bandwagons. Yet forty-five minutes at the Nick De Fame Séance Clubs has convinced the beautiful young star that she's lived before.

Recent difficulties in finding suitable roles for the volatile Oscar winner may have provoked the visit, or simply given her the spare time for it. Yet she's modest about her career, goodness knows.

"That's why," she is rumored to have said, "Nickie's séances are such a zapperool!"

The platinum, pigtailed star laughed merrily as she stirred the "kookie" batter she was whipping up in her kitchen.

"What do you make it from?" asked *FHM*.

"Scratch," she quipped. "The big studios are so cynical, so sceptical. And with some grounds. Mysterious scraps of toilet paper on the bathroom floor turn out to be nothing more than the cat sharpening his claws.

"But," she added, her eyes narrowing gravely, "there are things on this earth that can never be explained—as just dreams or visions or base chimeras.

"For instance, did you know," she said, cocking her fist on her hip, "that Nick assures me I was once actually Carole Lombard?" She whipped her head back and forth once and her hair fell about her shoulders in a stunning late thirties perm. "Now this has nothing to do with the fact that Fox is casting *The Clarke Gable Story*. But isn't that eerie?"

"I was her, and I was Jesus' mother—what's her name. Metro's doing *The Passion* next fall—that's what's so... odd." She gathered a tea towel around her head like a burnous. "I played Mary Magdalene, too," she said, baring a breast. "Uncanny, no? I even played Veronica." She whipped out a Kleenex to show us. "I was real good as her.

"And, weirdly enough, did you know the fifth musketeer was a woman?" she said, extracting a full peruke from her cleavage and a sword from beneath her apron, never missing a beat of her batter. "She was this bouncy blond type with a pixie face and a squeaky voice. This was in France, I think—is that a country?—and Nick says I also got

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I Was a Fag Hag in My Cradle!

The true-to-the-facts confession of Tatum O'Neal...



Tatum O'Neal, who at age eleven has moved out of her father's sumptuous beachhouse following the birth of her illegitimate twin girls by interior decorator Winston Condign, age eight ("I was like a mother to him," says Tatum. "Now this") has been an FH since she was a child.

"Being raised in my house—of course, Daddy was one—the biggest, honey—naturally, I picked it up from him. The dewy smile, the Cardin jumpsuits, the tilted chin."

Tatum throws her eyes up to the ceiling and sighs, spins her cigarette holder like a baton, and stubs it out on the paper moons of her Barbie

doll. She's real class (4-B).

"Darling," she says, "the 'boys' have wanted to be with me all my life. And I treated those little eight-year-olds same as the straight kids. Could I help it, though? They loved my sequins, they loved my decolletage (I've never worn a bra), they loved my daddy. Five and six they were, but even at that age you can tell. They used to wear two-piece suits when we went swimming." She wearily spins a Yo-Yo.

"I don't mind; I understand; I loved them all. But there were scads of them—three-year-olds, two-year-olds—always around me, pawing me, draining me. Freshen up this stingah, would you, darling? Ta." She passes *FHM* her Goofy cup.

"Of course, I came out as an FH when I was A Mere Child in the Cradle. Just two days after I was born. I noticed this little boy in the crib next to me, and he was... just so silly! He was—I don't know—but there are those little tell-tale signs—the toss of the head, the limp wrist, the earring. Anyhow I reached over—I *know* he wanted me to do it—and I pinched him. Do you know where I pinched him? I'll tell you where I pinched him. Don't you just dote on this Brazilian Bluegrass Two? Bliss, sheer bliss. I'd *kill* for it!" All at once Tatum is lost in dreamy fascination with the cat's cradle she has made with her diamond lavalier.

"Now, where was I? Oh, yes. The little nipper let out a scream—you could have heard it to the Marble

Arch—just soul-rending. His voice never descended. Neither did his—Oh, my twin girls are crying, my babies. Criminalities!" Tatum prepared to go, got up, adjusted her boa, knocked back a Geritol, but picked up a paddle-ball and stayed.

"How this could have happened I don't know. Winston was already eight years old and claimed he was still a virgin. Now this may be Hollywood, pet, but those woods are far from holy. Anyway, he said he thought he was "that way," you see—of course they all say that. But it's true, isn't it—they all *are*. That way. At any rate, as was my wont, and since he was part of my cortege and my following, I allowed as I would just show him that girls aren't so horrible. You see where it got me. Twins. And Winston? Ran out on a pop-gun wedding and is having an affair with Mason Reese. Turned out to be a real pee-pee. You like my braces?" Tatum bared her gums to show us.

"As I say, though, From the Cradle. And it's inherited, too. Yes. You're about to see me give suck to two three-month-old pregnant fag hags who were trying to straighten out a little boy in the next bassinet, who I personally think just wanted a little servicing, a little orgy. But he may have been bent—who am I to condemn—I hope he was, for his sake. His father never gave him any time, any companionship. Gee whilkers, it's going to be fun being a grandmother. Or is it? I don't know. At any rate, I'm opening at The Sands in a

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BRBR POPS POPE

Funny Crone Iys Him in the Isle of the Vticon

*"The Pope's a dope,"
sys Brbr...while the
colytes screm "Brv
Brbr!!! Viv Brbr!!! B il
Pp!!!"*

B.S.'s peculiar phobi ginst certin lphbet letter gve rise to n unusul scene 1st month in the Vticon's Sistine Chpel.

Our Miss B., who vers the lphbet should begin with *b*, hs over the yers dropped the offending letter entirely from her nme. So much is lready prt of her legend.

So too the fct tht she hs come to cut so wide swth in the City of the Ngels tht she scrms nd stmp's her Guccis nd uses bd lnguge enough to mke silor blush ny time the *verboten* vowel is employed in her ugust presence.



She hs even been known to inugurte lw suits ginst ppers nd mgzines who employ it in speking of her.

But 1st month, in a prvte udience under Michelangelo's pining of Dm with "Il Pp," Brbr put n erly period to her *vis-vis* by slpping him with her hnd-bg hrd. Nd tht's not il!

Pprently, His Frilness the Pope ws not wrned of her pencht by the vidly mbitious Crdinals. But the Pope, being ltlin, ppend's sid letter fter lmost every word he utters, prctically. He loves where she htes, s they sy.

He ws discovered by two mlingering choirboys lte t night behind the high ltr where they hd gone for n ssignation—his chsuble stuffed in his mouth—nd ws rushed to the Vticon Hospitl intensive care unit. He hd been beten bout the fce nd rms nd suffered frctured jw. His triple crown ws missing. Representatives of the Hospitl, when queried, sid, "Serves him right, the

(continued on page 196)

A NEW WRINKLE

RUTH GORDON'S BEAUTY TIPS



Discover how to totter and dodder, pucker up your face, nourish those incipient wrinkles into maps of geriatricity, twitch, wave withered elbows, sashay in sexy spike heels when crippled with arthritis! Discover how to develop arthritis! Now you can be-witch yourself. Learn how to salivate and wisecrack out of the side of your mouth alternately or at the same time, and fix your screwed-up, beady eyes on luscious young boys, like Bud Cort, and get 'em, grandma, get 'em! Find out how she became a character out of Dick Tracy and become one, too!

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NEXT MONTH
IN THIS MAGAZINE:
Divine's
child-rearing hints!

PERSONALS

JOCYLYN, let me wear your jewels again. Paul

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What is the Jack Widow really like... even when she's not there? Well, now you learn in...



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by Dalton Wong Castelbuono

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A gorgeous volume of never-before published photos and intriguing never-before and never-again printed text!
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243 photos!... 19 pages!...

THERE ARE NO actual pictures of her in this richly bound volume. no. That's the immense fascination of it. They are all pictures of Jackie in her absent moments—meant for you who are especially dedicated to her.

In New York, in Washington, in Skopios, she has left a dramatic and telltale wake behind her. Disappointments, broken hearts, coffins. But beauty, too! And love! And aspiration! And nothing!

A CHAIR Jackie almost sat in, the doormat she wiped her feet on at Madison and Thirty-fourth, Jackie's hairpin... Studies of a party Jackie didn't appear at, a Q-tip she used, a picture of Lord Harlech, a close-up of the brand of bird gravel Jackie uses for her pet condor, Rowena, whose droppings are also pictured, Peter Lawford's cousin, the grave of a mare Jackie beat unmercifully, a beautiful full-color study of the Christiana's garbage going overboard in the Bay of Naples...

HAGHEADS



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Wind 'er up! Pop some pills into 'er! Walk out on 'er! And as you go, listen to her start singing, "The Man that Got Away"—that's you! She sings it thirty-five times without stopping! and cries every time! Come back later and she's just like dead. Leave her singing on the toilet for a real frisson when you return!



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Jean-Paul Belmondo
Alain Delon
Malcolm McDowell
James Caan
Engelbert Humperdinck
John Lindsay
Prince Charles
Jon Voight
The Voice of Linus
Gardner McKay
John Dean
Rick Nelson
Jack Nicholson
Albert Finney
Michael Moriarty
Robert Redford
Joe Dallesandro

Warren Beatty
Roy Rogers
Trigger
Helmut Berger
Taraiza Stamp
Peter Fonda
Rock Hudson
Robert Redford
Timothy Bottoms
Cleavon Little
Omar Sharif
Isaac Hayes
Robert Blake
James Taylor
Robert Stack
Michael Sarrazin
Jean-Pierre Leaud
Russ Tamblyn
Steve McQueen
Dean Cain
Dean Stockwell
Flipper

Mail to: Old Cayuse Ranch
Dimwit, Texas 75592

Please rush me my Crystal Cocktail Cruet molded from and containing the effluvia of the organ of _____ include \$9.95 in check money order bill me later.
Or
 Please rush me your full color brochure of GILDERSLEEVES.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Not responsible for diseases or digestive irregularities incurred.)



Bust your ass!

Certified, notarized, scientifically-controlled tests were run at a leading Alaskan University and fitness farm on 45 men using our astonishing Bunaline Beauty Inducer Method. We are relieved to relate that all—all those men reported marked results using our 14-day system for only seconds a day. Higher, firmer, more shapely inches of bunaline beauty. **Y not!!?**

Case G. F. 102

Proof

"Raised my buns four feet in only 90 seconds"—G. PIGNOLI.



Case H.S. 1-132

Proof

"Brought me out in every situation"—G. LEECHIE.



Case L. B. J. 107

Proof

"Got an ass like Popeye now, used to have one like Sad Sack"—G. CASHEW.



Case F.D.R. 119

Proof

"Upped 'er'n' cupped 'er"—G. BRAZIL.



Case R.M.N. 117

Proof

"Put a curve in the old road again"—G. ALMOND.



Case H.C.H. 196

Poo

"Got back that enviable quechua mark look"—G. FILBERT.



Tushy Tumbling?

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN to you! Now, a miracle cure that helps you wipe out your dragging ass in just minutes a day!
Firms it, raises it, adds inches!
Higher consciousness wherever you go, or you pay nothing...

"I was sporting an ankle-length bum, and now look at me. I'm so pleased, I please others, too. I think!"—G. PIGNOLI.

"I had a tiny heinie, and after a foolish bout with bust cream, my fundament went haywire, and I was wearing a D-cup under my boxers. However, only three sessions with your method and I threw away my bra and am 'high and mighty.' *Merci mille fois!*"—G. CASHEW.

"My hindquarters used to be scarcely 'presentable', but with your plan, I'm up there with the best of them!"—G. ALMOND.

"Firm and part is what I am. I used to have hunkers like Santa's sacks. But now I've got 'em like his reindeer. Dunder and Blitzen I call them—from the top of the house, honey!"—G. LEECHIE.

"Your plan has given my tail now punch and zap. The old apricots are ripe for biting. I've got a stern sternum, dig? For details, write care of this magazine to:"—G. BRAZIL.

"Re-mark (?) able!"—G. FILBERT.

WHY YOU VITALLY NEED THIS NEW SYSTEM...

As men pass you on the street and turn to look, what happens? Do you hear snickers, retching noises, and hisses where once you heard discreet coughs? Have blatant whistles and sucking sounds turned to hoots? You have to face facts, boys.

HELP CAN BE YOURS...

Now, no more horrifying bitchery in the locker room or eye-rolling whispers in the baths. Add inches to your heinie height with this miraculous Rump Refresher Course Kit, which has helped thousands. No creams, no injections, no painful hours in handstands. Now the opportunity is yours to do away with those nasty, swooning parentheses underneath your most alluring feature. Be on the receiving end again!

RESULTS ASSURED IN ONLY 14 DAYS... Kit includes: Hydrotherapy Reversible Intractible Caudal Douche for excitement and refreshment in the tub. Just screw it in to your faucet, jet it on, and feel the tingle. This classic water massage stimulates and tones the tissues of the crupper. Then: "Daisy's" own invention—double plunger device for tension-making tone-ups of those "bum" ligaments. Then: A loufa vibrator with 28 replacements. Reduce unsightly cellulite deposits and banish ridiculous *peu d'orange* you've accumulated. Loathesome cottage cheese amassments of unabsorbed fat vanish in days.

Send for your membership today.

Rush me the full Rump Refresher Course Kit for my approval. If I am not fully satisfied that within 10 days there is a change in my can, I may return the Kit to you for full rebate.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip! _____

I include \$14.95 in cash check money order. Residents of California and New York include sales tax.

The difference between the Dokorder 7100 and Teac's 2300S is about two miles of tape.



The DOKORDER 7100 costs almost \$100 less than the TEAC 2300S. That's about ten reels of the finest tape you can buy, which will give you 12 hours of recording time, which is equivalent to some 24 albums.

That's an important advantage because, like anything else you drive these days, a tape recorder takes a lot of expensive fuel to get you where

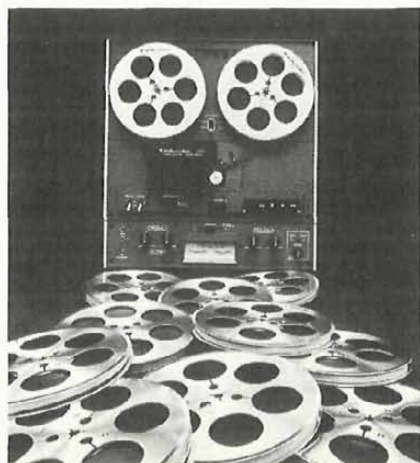
you're going and it's no fun to start out empty.

Just as important, you won't have to give up anything important to get that tape. When you compare functions, features, specs and performance you'll see our tape recorder is as good as theirs.

But when you compare price you'll find us miles apart.

After you look at Teac listen to

DOKORDER

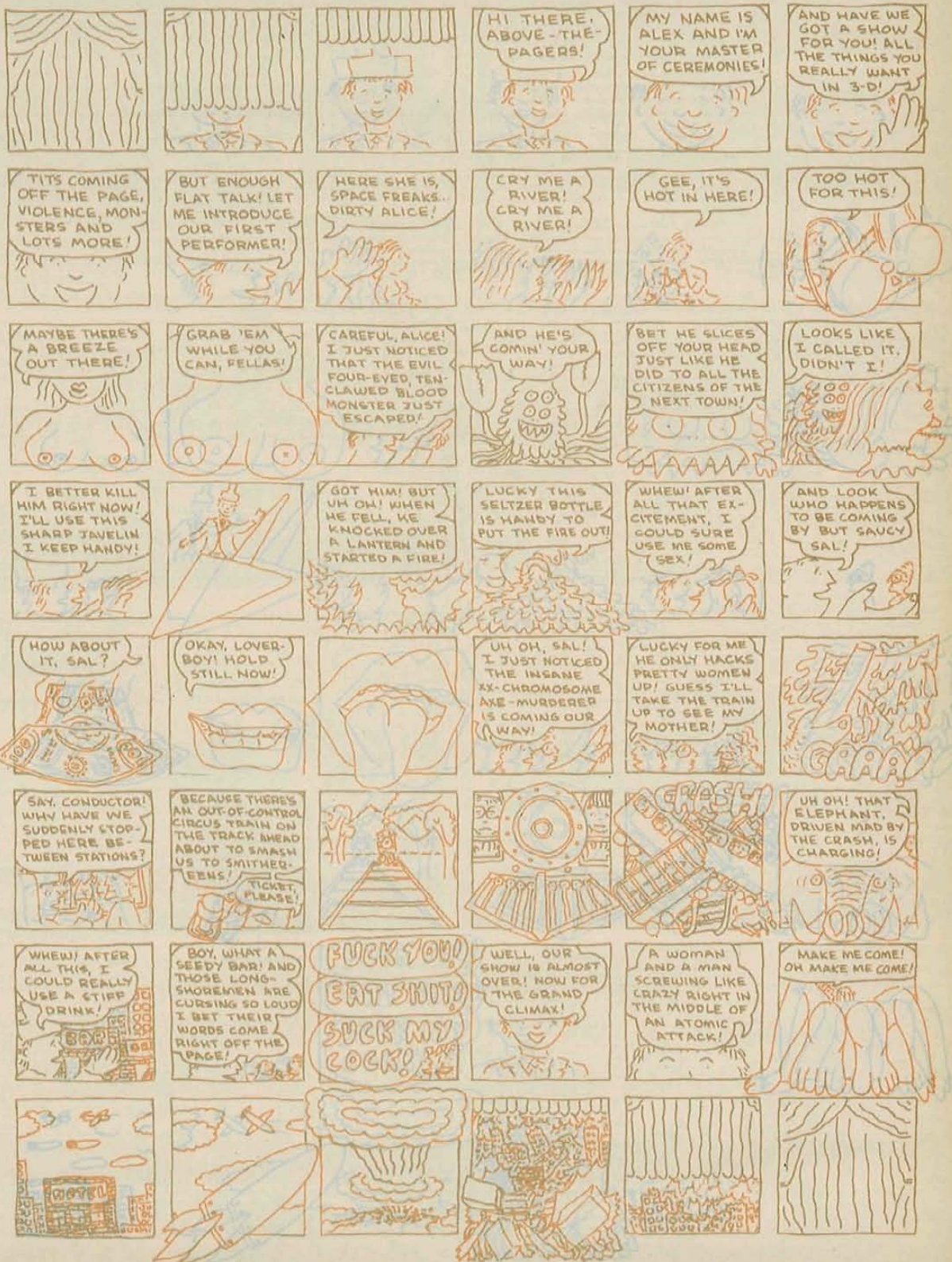


	TEAC 2300S	DOKORDER 7100
Motors	3	3
Heads	3	3
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 40-24,000 Hz	±3 dB, 30-23,000 Hz
S/N	58 dB	58 dB
Wow and Flutter at 7½ ips	0.08%	0.08%
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$499.50	\$399.95

Features and specifications as published by respective manufacturers in currently available literature.

5430 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, California 90260

THE GREAT 3-D SHOW! by ED SUBITZKY



NUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETHING WOULD SUDDENLY MAKE YOU AWARE OF AN ASPECT OF THE WORLD YOU HADN'T REALLY SEEN BEFORE? AND WHAT A SHOCK IT WAS?

DID YOU EVER SEE ONE OF THESE 3-D MOVIES?

NO-THIS IS MY FIRST!

MO
MORE TERRI
TO

KOFF!

JEEZ- THESE THINGS ARE BAD ENOUGH FLAT!

POPPO

I CAN'T GET THESE DAMN GLASSES ON RIGHT!

THEY MAKE MY NOSE ITCH!

EEEEEE

THERE - THAT SEEMS RIGHT!

YEAH, I'VE GOT IT, NOW!

FLAP

FR

SAY, THIS IS A REALLY SOMETHING!

YEAH!

SOOK!

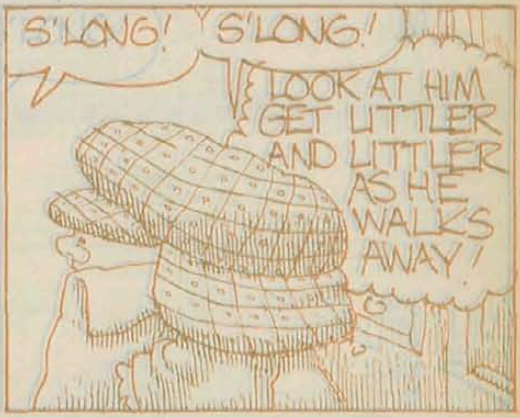
GUARR-DE, YOU FEND!

MMPH!

MY GOD!

MMPH!

SHIT!



Sahan Wilson

STARRING
NEAL ADAMS
& DOUG KENNEY



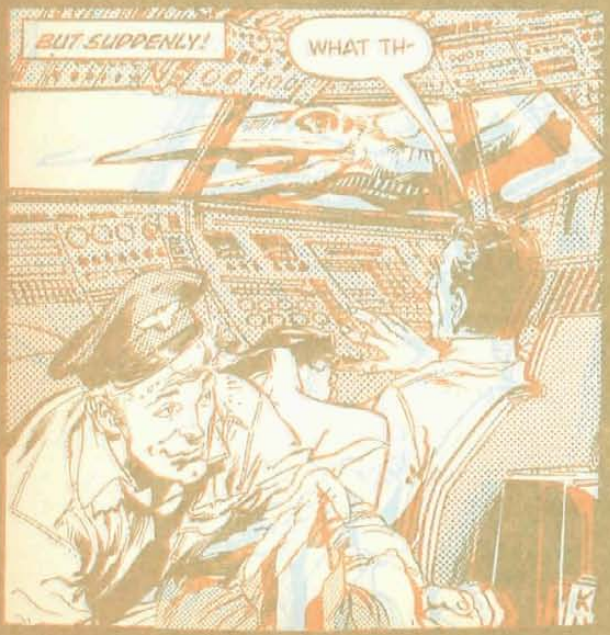
FRESH FROM HIS BOX-OFFICE SMASH
'QUIMQUAKE', ACE PORNOVIOTOGRAPHER
AL GOLDSCHMUCK IS AT IT AGAIN HIGH
OVER THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE...



AWRIGHT
YOU PEOPLE,
LISTEN UP!

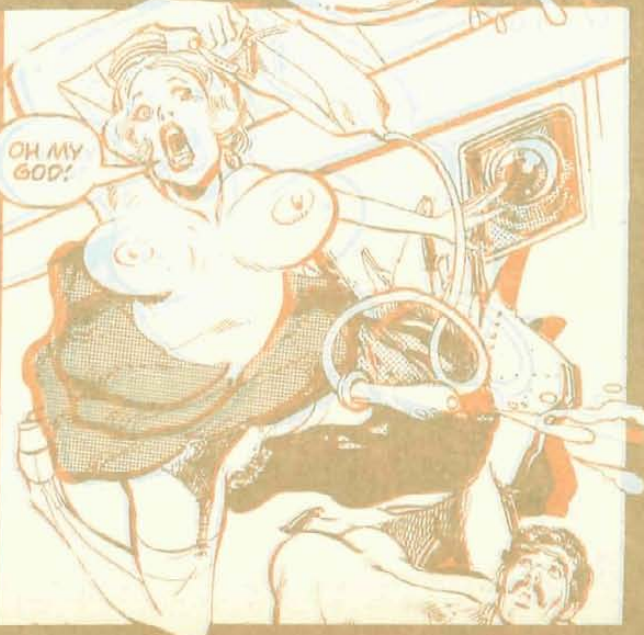


NOW REMEMBER,
THIS TIME **SIGNAL**
WHEN YOU'RE READY
FOR YOUR GUMSHOTS!
THE PILOT SAYS WE
CAN'T PICK AROUND
WAITING FOR YOU AND
THE CAMERAMEN TO
RELOAD! NOW!



BUT SIPPENLY!

WHAT TH-



OH MY
GOD!

THE WIZARD'S GUIDE TO HI-FI ENTERTAINMENT.

Especially written and produced for the readers of National Lampoon during a midnight flight over down-town Red Bank, N.J.

Ken Kanzler,
President and
Wizard,
Atlantis Sound.

It's a bird! It's a plane!
It's a lunatic in a flying
cape!

It's the hi-flying, hi-fying
Wizard of Atlantis. And in
this special section for
National Lampoon readers,
I will tell you all you've al-
ways wanted to know about
hi-fi. Including how you
can buy a hi-fi system for
less bread than you've
thought possible.

THE ATLANTIS CONSUMER CODE OF PROTECTION

Remember Gardol? The invisible shield?
Nightshades that protect against peeping
Toms?

Meet The Atlantis Consumer Code of
Protection. It protects you better than
you've ever been protected before. Helps
fight foot odor five ways. Retards the growth
of the pernicious African itch-bug. Slows
down inflation. Increases the growing tide
of permissiveness.

That stuff I'm not sure of — but The
Consumer Code does beat the heck out of a
shifty-eyed guy who promises to fix your
hi-fi system if an'when anything goes wrong.

At Atlantis, we put it in writing. To wit:

1. Every price includes the plan.

When you buy a hi-fi system from Atlantis, the price
tag includes the complete Consumer Code of Protection.

2. The Atlantis raincheck.

There's not a come-on in this entire section. If we don't
have an advertised item in stock, we'll either supply it to
you at the advertised price within 14 days, or refund
your money.

3. Cables & Wires included.

The price tag on a system includes all of the cables,
wires, and stuff required to install it.

4. Inflation insurance.

Pick out a system and lay-it-away for up to 30 days, so
you'll be sure of paying today's prices, not next month's
prices. BankAmericard, MasterCard. Ask about bank
financing.

5. Component loaners.

While we're fixing one of your components, we'll loan
you one of ours. Providing we have comparable equip-
ment, of course.

6. Trade-ins.

Yes, we take trade-ins on the
purchase of new systems. (Hint:
Atlantis A-rated components hold
their value very well!)

7. Delivery & Set-up.

We'll do it, and usually within 24 hours, if you like. The
charge is \$15 per hour which is considerably less than
you'd pay to fix a leaky faucet.

8. Laboratory check-outs.

We'll put your equipment through a laboratory check-
out, and prepare a set of performance specifications, if
you'd like. It takes about two weeks, and it'll require a
slight additional charge.

9. Seven-day system return policy.

Return your components within 7 days of purchase and
we'll give you your money back. Naturally, this doesn't
apply if you mess up the equipment, the warranty cards,
or the packing cartons.

10. One year speaker exchange.

Anytime during the first year, you can trade in your
speakers on better speakers we have in stock — and I'll
give you 100% of your original price as a trade-in. Ad-
justments for speaker, cabinet damage. This doesn't
apply to speakers identical except for cabinets.

11. The best price guarantee.

If, within 90 days following purchase, you find an au-
thorized dealer who'll sell the same equipment with
essentially similar services and the same warranties, but
at a lower price, we'll refund the difference to you.

12. Ninety-day no-penalty exchange.

If, within 90 days, you want to trade your components
in on better ones, we'll credit 100% of your original pur-
chase price toward the normal list price of the ones
you'd like — you pay only the difference.

13. Defective equipment exchange.

If you buy a defective component from Atlantis, and it
breaks down in the first 30 days, and we can't fix it in
5 working days, we'll give you a new component — pro-
viding we have one in stock.

14. Labor & parts.

A lifetime guarantee on all A-rated speakers. Free labor
on all electronic components for 3 years. Free labor on
turntables for 1 year. Free labor on B-I-C turntables for
2 years. Free labor on all tape recorders for 1 year. Free
repair parts always on all components — excepting those
subject to normal wear, such as styli, tape heads, belts,
etc., which are guaranteed for 90 days following purchase.

Fine print stuff my lawyer made me put in:

Geez whiz, the Consumer Protection Plan
goes a lot farther than anything you've seen,
right? That's just what my legal beagle said.
And he insists that I spell out the limitations.
To wit, oyes oyes, ad tortium:

*The Atlantis Consumer Protection Plan
is for the original buyer only; is in lieu of other
Atlantis warranties; is voided by misuse or abuse
of components; applies only to systems we recom-
mend in print; requires that components be returned
in like-new condition, with packing material, ac-
cessories, and instructions intact and not defaced.*

Hi-fi, lo-fi, and in-between-fi. And fi-fi fiddledy-dum-dum.

Hi-fi systems are sold with more mumbo-
jumbo than you'll find at the International
Conference of Witch Doctors. Let's simplify.

A system is nothing more nor less than
two speakers, one receiver, and a turntable.
(You can get much, much more complicated,
and maybe you will, but let's start with the
basic system, and work our way into bank-
ruptcy gradually.)

Easy to buy? Not really. Because there
are eight zillion manufacturers, and all kinds
of hi-fi components, and telling the good
guys from the bad guys involves a lot of
knowledge. (Of course, you can enroll at
Cal Tech or M.I.T., if you'd like, but there's
a better way — just read this section, and
listen to the Wizard!)

The Wizard *is* an engineer, believe it or
not. And I really understand all of that con-
fusing stuff that a hi-fi salesman can throw
at you.

Not only that, but I test hundreds of
components each year for sound quality,
reliability, performance, ease of repair, good
looks, the manufacturer's stability and repu-
tation, and the value of the component com-
pared to what else is available at the same
price.

How much should you spend?

You don't need to take out a second mort-
gage on the family farm to buy a hi-fi
system you'll be proud to show your friends.

If you don't need a hi-fi system that dou-
bles as a sex symbol, as little as \$400 or so
will buy you a great system.

Dollar-for-dollar, decibel-for-decibel,
you'll buy the best values for something
like \$600.

If you really groove on music, you'll ap-
preciate the kind of system you can buy for
as little as \$1,000.

*Right on! Flip the page and feast your gorgeous orbs on
The Atlantis A-rated hi-fi systems especially selected
for National Lampoon readers.*

This is the 1st page of a special 8-page section.
Opinions expressed herein, herewith, and therein
are exclusively and totally those of Ken Kanzler,
otherwise recognized as President and Wizard,
Atlantis Sound.

WELCOME TO THE WIZARD'S

A few words of introduction:

The 8 systems shown on these pages earned their A-rating on the basis of sound quality, reliability, performance, value, ease of repair, appearance, and manufacturer's stability.

The prices? When you cross a Wizard's wand with a sharp pencil, you come up with incredible prices! I've shaved my margin to the minimum. And priced each system so there's good reason for you to buy *now*.

So dig in. Scan the price tags. Really get

into the systems that match your budget and your taste.

And pick the system you'd like to have.

Super-sensational pricing!

You'll note that each system carries a "normal value" price.

This price includes the value of The Atlantis Code of Consumer Protection. (To explain, The Wizard and five old friends sat down recently in a quiet corner near San

Normal value: \$2,000,293—now for National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$293.

A. Sylvania AS5706W Loudspeakers
B. Pioneer Project 300 AM/FM Stereo Receiver
C. BSR 2260X Turntable



A.



B.



C.



A.

Normal value: \$2,000,413—now for National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$413.

A. EPI Model 90 Loudspeakers
B. Scott R-31S Receiver
C. BSR 2310X Turntable



C.



A.



B.



A.

WORLD OF HI-FI ENTERTAINMENT!

Clemente, California, and mutually agreed that the Atlantis Code represents a value of \$2,000,000, pre-tax. But, as explained in The Code, you receive that protection free whereas some retailers might expect you to ante up the cash. So, to make clear the stupendous values I am offering you, The National Lampoon Reader, I have indicated "the normal value" as the price of the system plus The Atlantis Code of Consumer Protection).

This may strike you as fanciful none-

sense. But, frankly, I thought it might give you a nice conversational gambit against that blowhard who is always raving about what sensational bargains he buys. Can't you just imagine yourself saying, "Yeah, Humbert, but last week I bought a \$2,000,293 hi-fi system at Atlantis—and I only paid \$293!!!!!!!"

Ken Kanzler, President and Wizard, Atlantis Sound

The Loudspeakers: Sylvania AS5706W.

GTE Sylvania is one of America's best known names in home entertainment. You've seen Sylvania TV sets. And you're going to see a good deal more of Sylvania hi-fi components. For this American-based corporate giant is serious about hi-fi. *Present performance* led me to choose the Sylvania AS5706W speakers.

Their sealed air suspension design provides wide dispersion of sound—which means you have a hi-fi room, and not simply a hi-fi spot. With a 6" bass woofer and a 3" tweeter (enclosed in a walnut grain vinyl cabinet), you get solid natural bass response and crisp, clean highs.

The Receiver: Pioneer's Project 300 AM/FM Stereo Receiver.

Pioneer's components have won a reputation for outstanding performance, rugged

durability, and highly advanced design. You'll see what I mean when you look at the Project 300.

The tuner section provides clear, low-distortion reception on both the AM and FM bands. A wide linear FM dial and tuning meter pinpoints signals. You have the power and capacity to handle 2 pairs of speakers at the same time. And the Project 300 can take a turntable, tape deck (open reel or cassette), and the usual array of auxiliary units.

The tonal quality, engineering specifications and versatility of this receiver are unsurpassed for budget-priced high fidelity performance.

The Turntable: BSR 2260X.

2 out of every 3 turntables sold in the world are BSR. The changer I've chosen is BSR's 2260X. On a dollar-for-dollar basis, it's an almost unbelievable value.

This is a magnetic cartridge automatic,

and its list of features is formidable. You get: A shielded anti-magnetic steel platter; A counter-balanced tonearm; An automatic tonearm lock; A jamproof tonearm; A stylus force adjustment; Cue-pause control; Anti-skate control; Power switch noise suppression; Both automatic and manual spindles; A removable tinted dust cover; A Shure M81 magnetic cartridge, and a diamond conical stylus.

Lampoon Option: Substitute Sylvania AS5708W speakers for an additional \$34.

For your extra outlay, a lot of extra performance. You'll have an 8" bass woofer, a 3" tweeter, sealed air suspension design, and wide area sound dispersion.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-205 Headphones.

Two sealed speaker units for separation let you listen in private or monitor your sound recordings. Cost: \$20.

The Loudspeakers: EPI Model 90.

The EPI 90 is a direct descendent of the famous EPI 100, and delivers the same level of performance. It produces linear sound, which is—in every day language—totally unbiased from the bottom of the basses all the way up to the high frequencies. So the sound is clean and pure, without the distortion, coloration or exaggeration that can give you something entirely different from what was originally recorded. The Model 90 gives you EPI's famous 1" air spring tweeter (the best conventional tweeter on the market) and an 8" long traverse woofer. The dispersion of the 90 is absolutely first-rate, with the sound covering any listening room with equal energy over the entire range. Distortion—both harmonic and intermodulation—is minimum. (Listen for hours without fatigue!)

The Receiver: Scott R-31S.

The R-31S produces 15 watts per channel minimum, RMS into an 8 Ohm load from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion (which is very low). From 15 Hz to 30,000 Hz, its signal-to-noise ratio is 60 dB on phono, and an equally impressive 70 dB on auxiliary.

The FM tuner is extremely sensitive, with excellent selectivity and low harmonic distortion. You'll like the log-calibrated tuner and the pushbutton controls, and a look that I'd describe as thoroughly professional.

The Turntable: BSR 2310X.

BSR 2310X features: A 4-pole induction motor; A shielded anti-magnetic steel platter; A counter-balanced tonearm; An automatic tonearm lock; A swing-away control arm for the manual plan; A jam-

proof tonearm; A stylus force adjustment; A viscous-damped cue-pause control; Anti-skate control; Four-channel capability; A power switch noise suppressor; Automatic and manual spindles; An accessory tray; A molded base with walnut trim; A removable hinged tinted dust cover; An ADC K8E magnetic cartridge, and a diamond elliptical stylus.

Lampoon Option: Substitute EPI 110 speakers.

If you can afford another \$52, buy the EPI 110 speakers. The 110 produces an incredible amount of bass down to 40 Hz without audible distortion. And the high end is wide open—with clear, sharp reproduction.

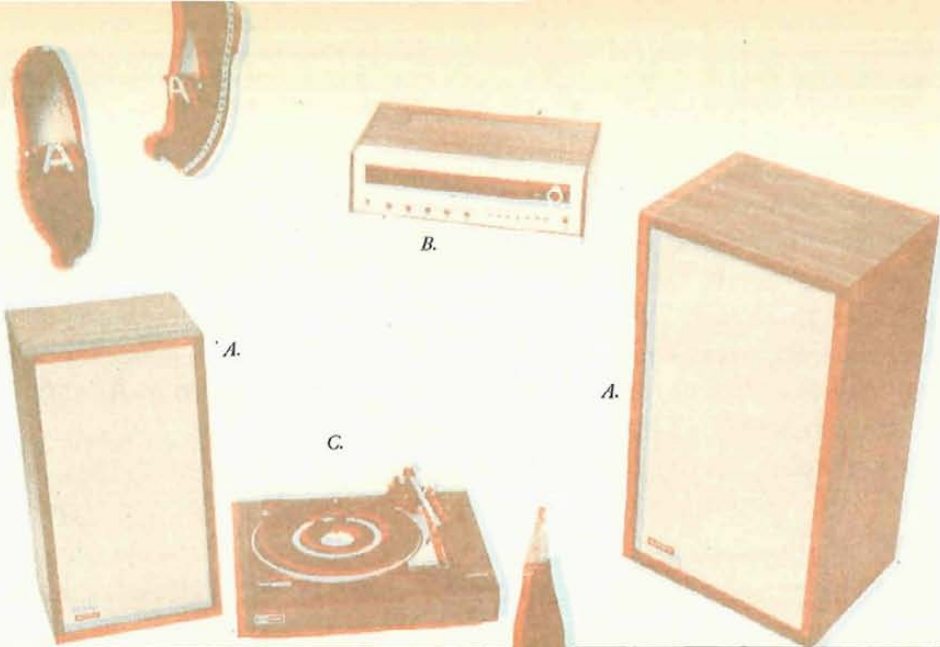
Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-205 Headphones.

This Pioneer value would be very hard for me to pass up. Try on these headphones and listen. You'll hear what I mean. Cost: \$20.

Normal value: \$2,000,527—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$527.

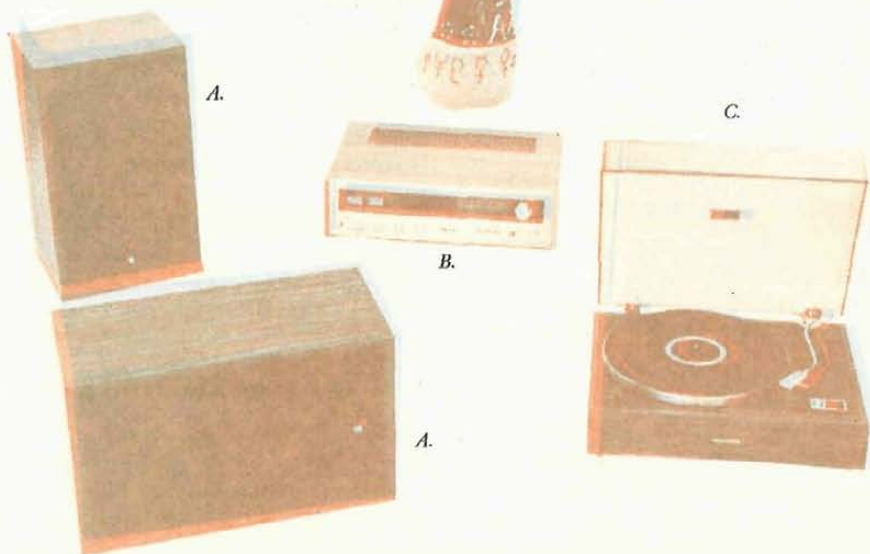
- A. Advent Loudspeakers
- B. Scott R-33AS Receiver
- C. BSR 2510X Turntable



Normal value: \$2,000,643—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$643.

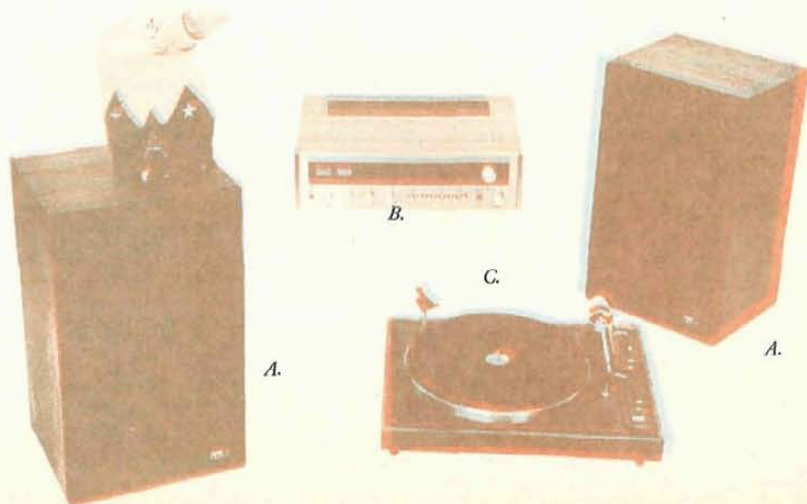
- A. Pioneer CS-F51 Rock Standard Loudspeakers
- B. Onkyo TX-330 Receiver
- C. Pioneer PL-12DII Turntable



Normal value: \$2,000,821—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$821.

- A. ESS amt-5V Loudspeakers
- B. Onkyo TX-440 Receiver
- C. B•I•C™ 960 Multiple Play Manual Turntable



The Loudspeakers: Advent Loudspeakers.

Advent is one of the premier names in the business. And that's why I'm happy to offer you the Advent Loudspeaker in a system priced under \$600.

The Advent is a large, two-way loudspeaker system utilizing a 10" woofer and a 2" tweeter. Introduced five years ago, it quickly became the best selling loudspeaker.

The lows are very deep and clean with minimum distortion, all the way down to 20 Hz. The tweeter is a direct radiator. With a phenolic-resin cone that measures 2" in diameter, the tweeter was designed just for this speaker. A rather interesting feature is the three-position toggle switch in the rear of the cabinet. It lets you select normal highs, reduced highs, or extended highs, according to your taste.

The Receiver: The Scott R-33AS.

Another Scott receiver? Right. And for good reason.

H.H. Scott has survived 25 years in the hi-fi business. And the secret to this New England-based manufacturer's continued popularity is in the terse slogan: "Where innovation is a tradition." For an example of innovation, look at the Scott R-33AS.

The amplifier section delivers 18 watts continuous (RMS) output power per channel, 20 to 20,000 Hz, both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load, with total harmonic distortion of 0.5% at the rated output.

FM performance? IHF sensitivity is 1.9 uV, harmonic distortion of 0.8%, 46 dB selectivity, separation (1000 Hz) of 35 dB, and a capture ratio of 2.5 dB. Signal-to-noise ratio, 100% modulation (mono) rates an impressive 60 dB (min).

The receiver's rear panel accommodates stereo tape record inputs and outputs, changer or turntable, two pairs of speakers.

The Turntable: The BSR 2510X.

This is a full performance changer that offers damped cueing; anti-skate; a gram scale; and a pre-mounted elliptical cartridge.

This changer (capacity up to 5 records) operates dependably, quietly, and efficiently.

Lampoon Option: Substitute Advent Walnut Loudspeakers.

It's the same speaker system as described above, but with a notable cosmetic difference. For \$28 you can substitute Advent Loudspeakers in *real walnut*—which will increase the system price to \$555.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-305 Headphones.

Because the head band has a click-stop adjustment and is lightweight, this headset is quite comfortable. And a special polyester film element in each speaker gives you full range frequency response with natural tones. Comfort plus high performance—a satisfying combination. Cost: \$28.

The Loudspeakers: Pioneer CS-F51 Rock Standard.

The Rock Standard is the result of exhaustive research. Pioneer discovered a lightweight—yet ideally elastic—cone material that delivers deep-dimensioned, well-damped, and transparent sound images.

This discovery enabled Pioneer to develop the CS-F51 Rock Standard's 10" Carbon-Fiber woofer which eliminates the muddiness and blurring you hear in conventional cone woofers. And the woofer is carefully balanced with a special 3" cone tweeter to give you a smooth 2-way response.

The Receiver: Onkyo TX-330.

The consistency of this receiver's performance with selectivity and minimal distortion is through the use of a phase linear, 6-element ceramic filter in the FM, IF stage which provides a capture ratio of 2.0 dB.

The RMS power is 17 watts per channel, with both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. Heavy duty transistors are used instead of diodes which adds to the high reliability of the receiver—and virtually perfect signal demodulation.

The Turntable: The Pioneer PL-12D II.

Look at the specs. There's a synchronous motor to cut out audible wow and flutter. The belt-drive is quiet and dependable. Distortion is lessened with an anti-skating device. The cueing device has simultaneous movement with the start level. The S-Shaped tonearm has the plug-in-type lightweight head-shell for beautiful balance. And there's a direct-reading counterweight and a stylus position gauge (overhang indicator) for easy cartridge installation.

With the Pioneer PL-12D II, I'm also including the Empire 1000 AEX-III Cartridge. You'd pay \$60 or more for the cartridge alone at many stores. With this system, I've included it at no extra cost.

Lampoon Option: Substitute the BSR 2620W Turntable.

If you prefer a record changer, substitute the BSR 2620W for the same price.

The 2620W features: A heavy-duty synchronous motor; A deep, die-cast platter; An adjustable counter-weighted tonearm; An automatic tonearm lock; A swing-away control arm for manual play; A jam-proof tonearm; A calibrated stylus force adjustment; Viscous-damped cue-pause control; Dual range anti-skate; Variable pitch control with strobe disc; Four-channel capability; Noise suppression; Auto and manual spindles; An ADC K6E magnetic cartridge with a diamond elliptical stylus; And a removable dust cover.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-305 Headphones.

These are dynamic isolation headphones which add comfort to the dimension of properly engineered stereo sound. They'll deliver the full performance of the system for just \$28.

The Loudspeakers: ESS amt-5V's.

The amt-5V utilizes the ESS Heil "power-ring" air motion transformer tweeter. This tweeter puts the absolute purity and exciting transient resolution of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer into a bookshelf-size loudspeaker.

The ESS Heil "power-ring" tweeter has a miniaturized sixteen-fold diaphragm, suspended in a powerful magnetic field, which radiates through precision machined slots in a ferrous metal ring.

The Receiver: Onkyo TX-440.

The Onkyo TX-440 offers a high performance FET (Field Effect Transistor) and a 4-gang variable capacitor to assure greater sensitivity and excellent performance.

Onkyo's direct/coupled differential amplifier reproduces the input signals with minimal harmonic distortion, and with out-

standing transient response. So you hear all the overtones.

The RMS power rating of the TX-440 is 24 watts per channel, both driven into an 8 Ohm load from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. The receiver is versatile, with 3 speaker outputs (any 2 can be used at one time), 2 pairs of tape output and input jacks, 2 AC outlets (switched and unswitched), auxiliary input, headphone input—the works.

The Turntable: B·I·C 960 Multiple Play Manual Turntable.

The new B·I·C tables combine the reliability and performance of an expensive manual machine with the convenience of the automatic turntable.

The trick is accomplished by adding a programming control to the turntable. So you manually select the number of plays the unit will handle. This change eliminates as

many as 100 parts normally found in an automatic turntable.

So B·I·C invests the money they save in startling innovations. Such as a motor with 24 poles and a much lower (300 rpm) speed. This results in more even torque, less vibration, and less audible noise than on automatic turntables.

Beyond refinements like Belt-Drive, anti-skating, stylus force adjustment, damped cueing, 0.1 gram tracking force variance between 1 and 6 records, the tonearm rides a record groove like a racing car takes a curve.

Other features: seven possible playing options, a cycle button that is tap activated, and an Empire 1000 AEX-III Cartridge.

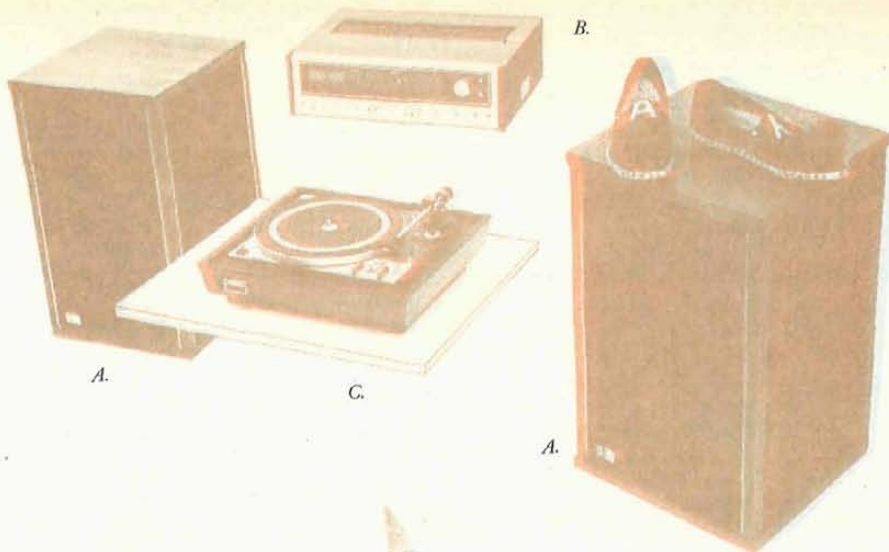
Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-LA01 Headphones.

You'll find these phones comparable to listening to full-scale speaker systems. Cost: \$32.

Normal value: \$2,001,040—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$1,040.

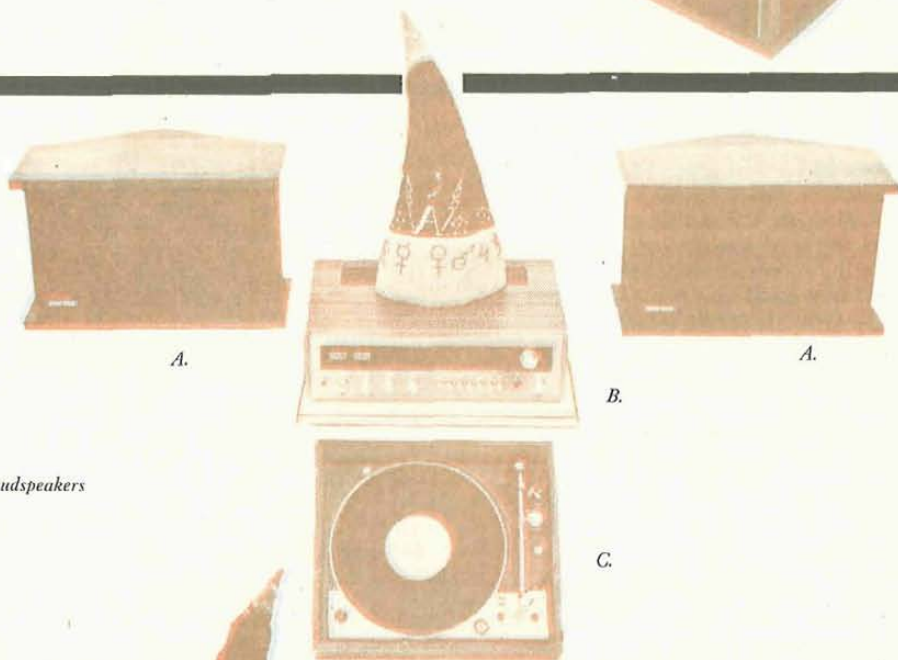
- A. EPI 250 Loudspeakers
- B. Pioneer SX-737 Receiver
- C. Dual 1228 Turntable



Normal value: \$2,001,318—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$1,318.

- A. Bose 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING® Loudspeakers
- B. Onkyo TX-560 Receiver
- C. Dual 1229Q Turntable



Normal value: \$2,001,687—now for
National Lampoon Readers, it's

THE SYSTEM I'D BUY FOR JUST \$1,687.

- A. Altec 846B Valencia Loudspeakers
- B. Pioneer SA-9100 Amplifier with
Pioneer TX-7100 Tuner
- C. B·I·C™ 980 Multiple Play Manual Turntable



The Loudspeakers: EPI 250.

This is an incredible speaker—especially if you're a lover of fundamental deep bass.

The sound is radiated throughout the listening area by two modules, separated by 90 degrees, and utilizing EPI's famed ability to match tweeter and woofer for top efficiency eliminating all crossover devices. So all the transients inherent in music are turned loose and allowed to cascade through the room. A low mass principle used in tweeter and woofer design permits the tweeter to respond quickly to variations, while giving the woofer the ability to track low frequency signals accurately.

The speakers are driven by two 1" air spring tweeters and two 8" low frequency woofers.

The Receiver: Pioneer SX-737.

There's enough power (35 watts per channel RMS) into an 8 Ohm load from

20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% harmonic distortion) to drive up to two pairs of inefficient speakers—even in giant rooms. The SX-737 will take two decks, so you can do tape-to-tape duplication. Other features include click-stop bass and treble control, high/low filters, FM muting, loudness control, automatic speaker protection circuit, and an illuminated program source indicator. There's a phase-lock-loop circuit that provides wide separation and low FM distortion. The amplifier delivers 35 watts RMS, as stated; and there are an abundance of equally impressive specs, including a signal-to-noise ratio of 80 dB, FM sensitivity of 1.9 Mv, and a capture ratio of 1.0 dB.

The Turntable: Dual 1228.

This is an automatic/professional turntable which is one of the best values I've seen in this price range. The newly de-

signed gyroscopic gimbal is the same you'll find on the most expensive Dual. Precision needle-point pivots for both axes turn on identical ball bearings (specially selected for low friction)—and this results in flawless tracking as low as 0.5 gram. There's a tracking angle selection built into the cartridge housing. The purpose? To provide perfect vertical tracking in single play, and—just as importantly—at center stack in multiple play. Pitch control? There's an illuminated strobe for speed standardization.

With the Dual 1228, the Empire 1000 AEX-III cartridge is included at no extra cost.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Koss PRO/4AA Stereophones.

The PRO/4AA incorporates an element designed with four square inches of radiating area to give you a uniform extended high frequency range. Linear bass response is below audibility.

Fluid-filled cushions absolutely seal off outside noise. And weight is nominal. Cost: \$39.

The Loudspeakers: Bose 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING* Speakers.*

When introduced, the Bose 901 became a standard for reproducing the sensation of live music.

A total of 18 full-range drivers are used. No woofers, tweeters or crossover networks. The active equalizer sets the balance with an accuracy impossible by other means. 20 settings for response take care of acoustics problems and difficult records.

And Bose uses the SYNCOM™ II Computer to test every Bose driver to precision tolerances, with the speaker playing under real life acoustical conditions.

*Included at list price of \$596 pair.

The Receiver: Onkyo TX-560.

Check my checklist of TX-560 virtues: FET front end plus a 4-gang variable capacitor in the front end for high sensitivity. Distortion is virtually eliminated in strong-

signal zones through a high input impedance. In weak-signal areas, the reception is unusually broad. The image rejection ratio is 70 dB. In both FM and AM, a 6-element ceramic filter is coupled with an IC IF amplifier—an example of how phase linear IF stage design can improve FM selectivity, the AM suppression ratio, and the capture ratio.

The tuning meters are classical Onkyo: large and easy to read. The direct/coupled differential amplifier is the same as described earlier, but with plenty of extra power. RMS power is 43 watts per channel, both driven into an 8 Ohm load from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.2% total harmonic distortion. With this power, the TX-560 is equipped to drive 3 different pairs of speakers.

The Turntable: Dual 1229Q.

The tonearm tracks as true as William Tell's arrow at 0.25 gram. The platter is a

hefty 7 pounds—which results in enormous stability.

The "Q" in the Dual 1229Q stands for "quadraphonic," and indicates that the low capacitance cables and special anti-skate settings for CD-4 are all included.

Finally, I've selected the Empire 1001 ZEX-III Cartridge for the Dual 1229Q. It's a cartridge with the capacity for long life, durability, and performance.

Lampoon Option: The Onkyo TX-670 Receiver.

For those who'd like a super receiver, a special offer. If you prefer, substitute the Onkyo TX-670 for the TX-560.

What you'll get is the same receiver but with 56 watts per channel, minimum RMS, into an 8 Ohm load from 20-20,000 Hz, both channels driven, no more than 0.3% harmonic distortion. Added cost: \$70.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-405 Headphones.

With polyester film speaker elements, and individual volume controls, this stereo headset leaves little to be desired. Cost: \$39.

The Loudspeakers: Altec 846B Valencia.

I've selected Altec 846B Valencia Loudspeakers with the "Voice of the Theatre" high frequency system to deliver recording studio sound.

Lows are reproduced by a high efficiency bass driver with a 15-inch frame and a piston area of 133 square inches. A critically engineered sectoral horn of heavy cast aluminum provides the driver with high efficiency air coupling, resulting in smooth, accurate high frequency response.

The Receiver: Pioneer SA-9100 Amplifier coupled with Pioneer TX-7100 Tuner.

The SA-9100 is a professional integrated amp with a +/- split power supply in all stages, and a complementary direct/coupled OCL power amp design to provide a wide frequency response and power bandwidth.

With main and sub controls, it's possible to create up to 5,929 different kinds of tonal characteristics—so you tailor the tone to your tastes, the system, and the room!

There's continuous power output of 60 watts per channel RMS, driven into an 8 Ohm load from 20-20,000 Hz—and the distortion is less than 0.1%!

The TX-7100's FM front end utilizes a dual gate MOS FET and frequency-linear 4-gang variable capacitor—giving remarkable sensitivity, image rejection of more than 80 dB, IF rejection of more than 100 dB and spurious rejection of more than 100 dB. Separation characteristics are more than 40 dB at 1,000 Hz and more than 30 dB between the 50 to 10,000 Hz range.

The Turntable: B-I-C 980 Multiple Play Manual Turntable.

What B-I-C has done with their new turntables is really remarkable.

The belt-driven B-I-C 980 is powered by a 24-pole low speed (only 300 rpm) motor. Speed accuracy is maintained and variable pitch adjustment is controlled by solid state circuitry.

Tracking force accuracy is within 0.1 gm. from 1st to 6th record. Pitch adjustment is electronically controlled to approximately +/- 3%. Pitch control is monitored by a built-in neon bulb lighted strobe. Wow and flutter (less than 0.05%) are virtually banned forever. And the cartridge shell allows you to make two precision adjustments to combat playback distortion.

And for that cartridge shell, the Empire 1001 ZEX-III Cartridge—unequivocally, the best thing around.

Option—The Wizard's Ears. Add Pioneer SE-505 Headphones.

The SE-505 uses a two-way speaker design with a polyester fiber woofer for deep bass, plus a separate tweeter to give you the subtle sound on the high end. Cost: \$48.

"Before you buy a hi-fi system from anyone, ask someone what happens after you buy."

It's important for you to know what's going to happen *after* you buy. That's why I've put together the Atlantis Consumer Code of Protection. It's on the first page of this eight-page section. You may want to read or re-read the fourteen points that make up the Atlantis Consumer Protection Code.

The Wizard's 24-hour Gripe Line for Disgruntled Buyers.

If you have a gripe, and you'd like fast action, just give me a collect call, day or night. During the day, you can reach me at 703-533-0242. At night, you can reach me at 703-620-3992.

How to dramatically improve the sound of any system - for just \$41.82!

A little talk about a little component that most people ignore. The cartridge.

As a general rule, you ought to replace the cartridge in your tonearm once every two years—and more often if you use your hi-fi system a great deal.

Why?

The stylus is affixed to the cartridge by a rubbery adhesive. It is designed to move and float as it

tracks across the surface of your records.

But time, heat, and humidity dry out the adhesive, and turn it into something which holds the stylus in an iron-tight grip. Instead of moving and floating as it tracks, the stylus begins to rigidly march across the grooves, and the sound reproduction suffers, and badly.

What you need is a new cartridge. And Atlantis can sell you the best cartridge I've ever tested—The Empire 1001 ZEX-III Cartridge—for less.

Look, I want you to enjoy hi-fi, even if you didn't buy your hi-fi system from Atlantis Sound. So a special offer to Lampon readers.

Take this ad into any Atlantis store (or mail the coupon on this page), and we'll sell you the Empire 1001 ZEX-III Cartridge normally priced at \$55 in our stores—for just \$41.82.

So upgrade your system, even if you're not ready to buy a new system. And save \$15 in the process!

A special two-week offer for Lampon readers

For the next two weeks only, The Wizard of Atlantis will give you the headphones recommended

for any one of the Atlantis hi-fi systems you select, free—with the purchase of that system.

Atlantis Sound

NEW ENGLAND AREA

CAMBRIDGE, Harvard Square, 38 Brattle St., in Northeast Federal Bank Building, 617-661-3100.
 BOSTON, Prudential Area, 811 Boylston St., 2nd floor, across from the Prudential, 617-261-2788.
 ALLSTON, MASS., Boston, 1092 Commonwealth Ave., at intersection of Commonwealth Ave., and Brighton Ave., 617-731-5700.
 PEABODY, MASS., 10 Sylvan St., off Rt. 114 between North Shore Plaza and Liberty Mall, 617-531-8888 or 592-3688.
 FRAMINGHAM, MASS., 248 Worcester Rd., on Rt. 9 east, 617-879-6550.
 BRAintree, MASS., South Shore Plaza, 617-843-2600.
 WORCESTER, MASS., 328 Main St., 617-757-7700.
 PROVIDENCE, R.I., 261 Thayer St., 401-831-1900.
 NEW HAVEN, CONN., 31 Broadway, across from Yale campus, 203-772-0000.

NEW YORK AREA

MANHATTAN, 396 Third Ave., at 28th St., 212-683-7900.
 MANHATTAN, 16 West 45th St., 2nd floor, 212-575-1640.
 MANHATTAN, 1400 Third Ave., at 79th St., 212-249-3603.
 FOREST HILLS, 116-37 Queens Blvd., near Union Tpke., 212-793-5400.
 PORT WASHINGTON, L.I., N.Y., 711 Port Washington Blvd., next to Carville Shop, 516-883-0815.
 WESTBURY, L.I., N.Y., 473-B Old Country Rd., 516-997-7550.
 VALLEY STREAM, L.I., N.Y., 80 West Sunrise Highway, 516-791-2929.
 WHITE PLAINS, N.Y., 4 Church St., 914-761-4080.
 EAST BRUNSWICK, N.J., 636 Route 18, next to Liberty Travel, 201-238-5650.

SOUTHERN AREA

FALLS CHURCH, VA., 230 West Broad St., on Rt. 7, 2 blocks from Lee Highway, 703-532-5500.
 FAIRFAX, VA., 3220 Old Lee Highway, at Fairfax Circle, 703-273-8634.
 SPRINGFIELD, VA., 5225 Port Royal Rd., Ravensworth Shopping Center, 703-569-1770.
 WASHINGTON, D.C., 1605 Connecticut Ave., N.W., above Dupont Circle, 202-667-7480.
 WASHINGTON, D.C., Georgetown, 1742 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., at corner of S. St., 202-965-1256.
 BETHESDA, MD., 7811 Old Georgetown Rd., intersection of Arlington Rd., 301-652-6462.
 ROCKVILLE, MD., 1528 Rockville Tpke, 1/2 mile north of the Congressional Shopping Plaza, 301-770-4048.
 RICHMOND, VA., 4811 Forest Hill Ave., on the South side near the Nickel Bridge, 804-232-5515.
 RICHMOND, VA., 5305 West Broad St., one block up from Willow Lawn Shopping Center, 804-285-7871.
 CHAPEL HILL, N.C., 133 1/2 E. Franklin St., on the second floor, above Fiddler's Green, next to the NCNB Plaza, 919-942-8763.
 RALEIGH, N.C., 515 Hillsborough St., 1/2 block from Glenwood Ave., and 2 blocks from Downtown Blvd., 919-828-7982.
 COLUMBIA, S.C., 749 Saluda Ave., 803-771-4742.



Ken Kanzler, President and Wizard, Atlantis Sound.

No time to visit a store? Complete the coupon; we'll deliver to your door!

Mr. Ken Kanzler, President & Wizard, Atlantis Sound, 230 West Broad St., Falls Church, Va. 22046

Dear Wizard:

Please deliver merchandise as checked:

_____ The System You'd Buy For \$ _____ \$ _____
 _____ Lampon Option @ \$ _____ add'l. _____ \$ _____
 _____ Empire Cartridge(s); _____ @ \$41.82 each \$ _____
 _____ Headphones @ _____ (Free To Lampon Readers With System Purchase As Specified) \$ _____
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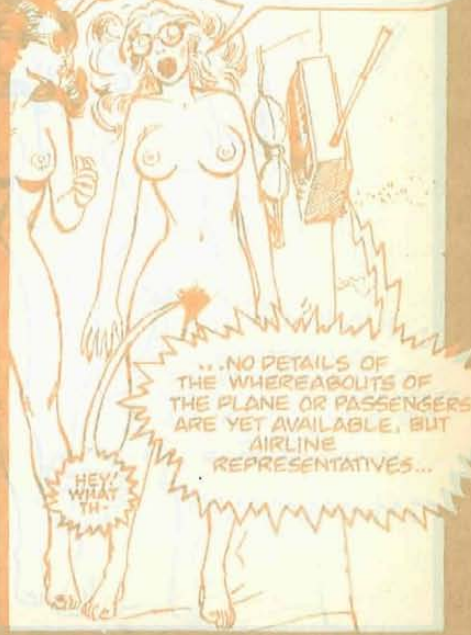
OK EVERYBODY,
LET'S SEE SOME
ACTION!



NOT BAD,
BOYS AND GIRLS
TAKE FIVE.

DID YOU
JUST SAY 'TAKE
FIVE'?

THAT REMINDS ME,
WE SHOULD GET SOME
PENICILLIN SHOTS
BEFORE WE GO BACK
TO WORK MONDAY.



HEY
WHAT
TH...

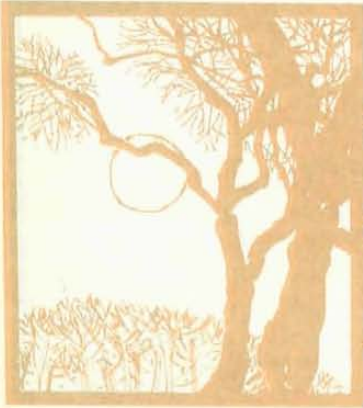
...NO DETAILS OF
THE WHEREABOUTS OF
THE PLANE OR PASSENGERS
ARE YET AVAILABLE, BUT
AIRLINE
REPRESENTATIVES...

IDYL ADVENTURES

IDYL FINDS A PHOBIA

© 1975 - JEFF SONES

LOST



I WISH HOPE I DON'T BUMP INTO ONE.



I'M ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED OF THEM.



OF A CERTAINITY, SOMETIMES SOUNDS IN THE SHADOWS CAN BE MOST ALLURING.

FINGERS.

MAYBE THAT'S ONE, NOW.

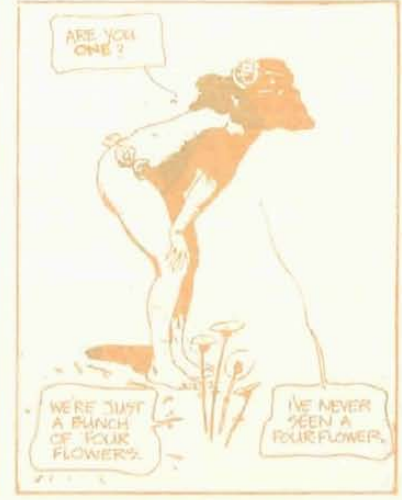


EEEE! AHH! GASP!

FINGERS!



YOU GOT FINGERS!



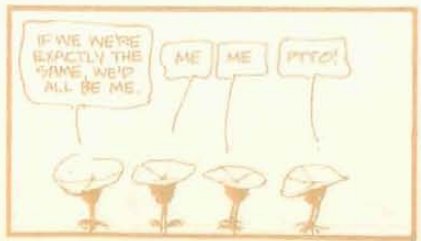
ARE YOU ONE?

WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF FOUR FLOWERS.

I'VE NEVER SEEN A FOURFLOWER.



YOU ALL LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME!



IF WE WERE EXACTLY THE SAME, WE'D ALL BE ME.

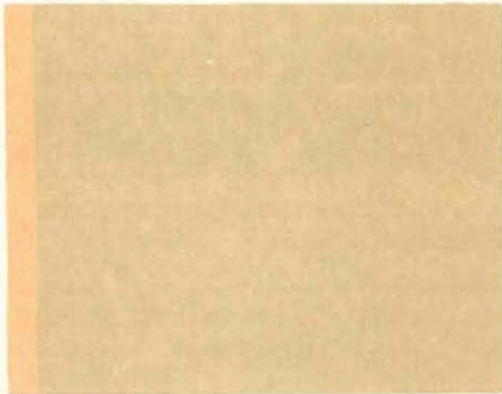
ME

ME

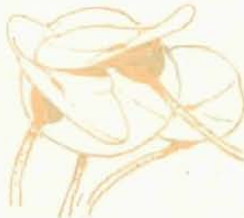
PTTO!



BUT THEIR THOUGHTS WERE NOT LONG ON PHILOSOPHICAL TRUTHS. NOR WERE THEIR LIVES OFTEN GIVEN TO GREAT MIRTH.

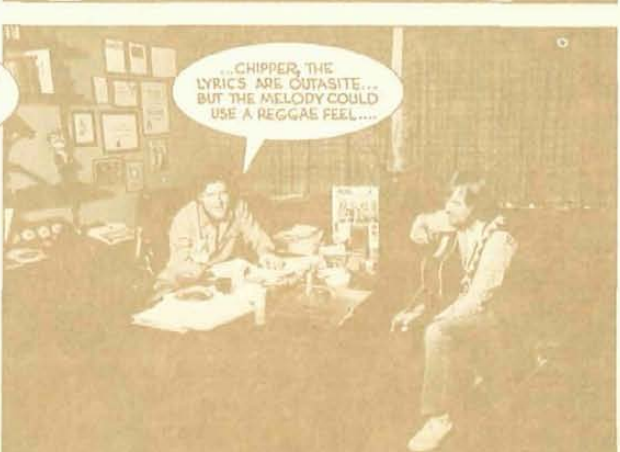
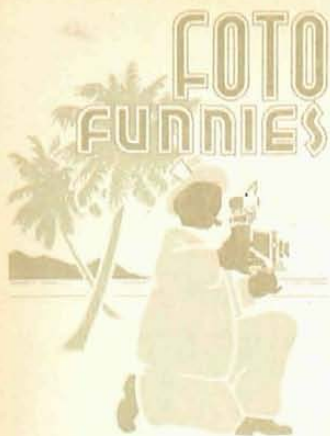


I REALLY MUST KEEP MOVING. THEY'RE ALL AROUND, I KNOW.



ALSO, SINCE OUR OFFICE IS FINISHING OUT, AND WE'RE NOT AT ALL CONCERNED WITH FOUR FLOWERS, WE HAD BEST BACK UP AND CONTINUE, RESOLVING OUR STORY AS IF THEY HAD NEVER HAPPENED.





james taylor

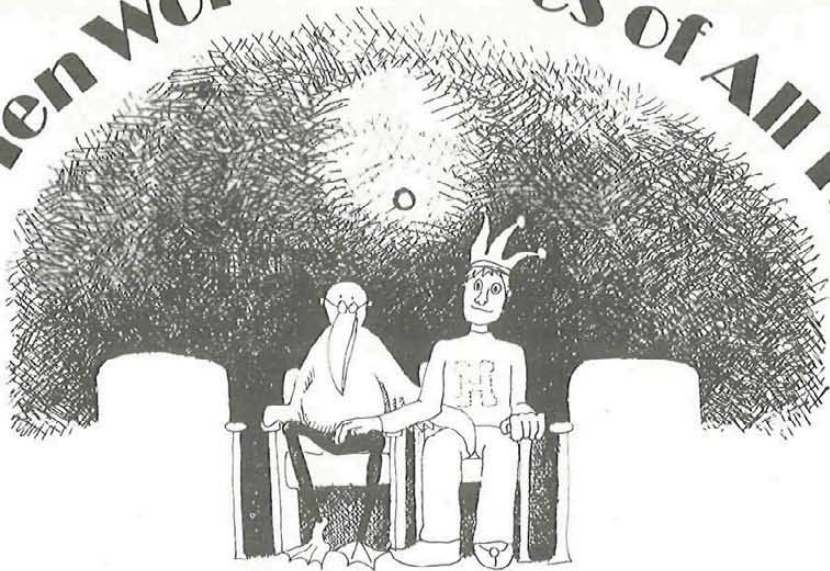
gorilla

ON WARNER BRO

RECORDS AND TAPES



The Ten Worst Movies of All Time



The witty and sophisticated young editors
of a prestigious Ivy League university
courageously name the all-time, all-star turkeys.

POTEMKIN

As if anybody cared whether the *borsht* was bad, for chrissake. The whole murky business is—in a word—*Russian*.

CITIZEN KANE

Big, fat Orson Welles, who never even got into the Hasty Pudding Club, on a big ego trip.

8½

Maybe there's a story here, but *we* couldn't find it. And all the people are greasy and ugly and just plain tacky.

GRAND ILLUSION

The only Grand thing about it is the Illusion that it's a movie. Personally, we preferred Renoir's paintings. And only some of them, at that.

THE THIRD MAN

Fatty strikes again.

SINGING IN THE RAIN

Gene Kelly should have taken lessons first. And that goes for his dancing, too. Strictly all wet.

HIGH NOON

Westerns are okay fun, generally, but this one takes itself a lot too seriously for our liking.

PATHS OF GLORY

Who'd have known, watching this piece of sentimental drivel, that Stanley Kubrick had a *2001* in him.

DINNER AT EIGHT

It was overdone by 7:30. What in God's name were they thinking about?

BATTLE OF ALGIERS

When it comes to documentaries, the French should stick to making wine.

Sean Kelly for National Lampoon Rebates:



MY FRIENDS, THE WISE MEN TELL US 'TIS NOBLER TO GIVE THAN TO RECIEVE, YET AT **NATIONAL LAMPOON** WE KEEP MAKING MONEY HAND OVER FIST. WHAT TO DO WITH **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S** BILLIONS?

THAT IS THE QUESTION THAT HAS HAUNTED US ALL. TAKE HEART, DEAR READERS; THE ANSWER IS AT HAND.

WE'RE GIVING AWAY **NATIONAL LAMPOON** POSTERS, T-SHIRTS, RECORDS, ANTHOLOGIES, ETC., THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF OWNING BUT NEVER COULD AFFORD, IN **NATIONAL LAMPOON** REBATE\$.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO BETWEEN JUNE 15 AND AUGUST 31 IS BUY ANYTHING MADE BY ANY OF THESE COMPANIES:

EACH PURCHASE QUALIFIES YOU FOR A **REBATE**. LOOK FOR THE SYMBOL IN YOUR AUDIO DEALER'S WINDOW AND ASK FOR THE **WHOLE MIRTH** CATALOG WITH COMPLETE DETAILS.

*



- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| B.I.C. | Discwasher |
| B.I.C. Venturi | Memorex |
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| United Audio (Dual) | Switchcraft |
| Advent | Klipsch |
| BSR | Marantz |
| Sherwood | Superscope |
| Corwin-Vega | Sony Tape |
| Pickering | Sennheiser |
| James B. Lansing | Koss |
| Technics by Panasonic | Columbia Magnetics |
| Dokorder | GTE Sylvania |
| Audio-Technica | 3M-Scotch |
| TEAC | Recording Tape |
| Maxell | Sansui |
| S.A.E. | Music Tape by Capitol |
| Philips Audio | U.S. Pioneer |
| Empire Scientific | Columbia Magnetics |

YOU ARE ALSO AUTOMATICALLY ENTERED IN OUR **REBATES SWEEPSTAKES**, AND YOU COULD WIN A SPORTY 1975 TOYOTA CELICA GT WITH 5-SPEED OVER-DRIVE TRANSMISSION AND 8-TRACK STEREO PLAYER, OR A 1975 HARLEY SX-250, ONE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FREEDOM MACHINES.



NATIONAL LAMPOON REBATE\$
...HELP US KNOW THE JOY OF GIVING.

"That's right!" cried Dr. Fun, clapping his hands excitedly. "Ira's got a boner! What would you like to do with your boner, Ira?"

Ira dropped the pictures. His eyes were wild. "I don't know. Something."

"Well, of course! Now, then, little girl—the one who asked me so nicely for another trick before?—I'm going to let you do a trick yourself!"

"Oh, goody!" The little girl with the pigtailed ran up to stand proudly next to Dr. Fun. "My name is Suzy!" she told him, preening.

Dr. Fun patted her on the head in kindly fashion. "Take off your clothes, Suzy."

Suzy thrust out her lower lip. "No! Don' wanna do that!"

"You'll do it, you little cunt, or I'll break your fucking arm," snarled Mr. Frog. "Strip!"

"Yes, make her!" Ira took hold of the top of Suzy's frilly pink party dress and tore down. There was a loud rip.

"Wahhhhhhhhh!" bawled Suzy. "Leave me alone!" She bolted for the patio door, but Dr. Fun got there first and grabbed her.

"Bring the magic powder," he called to Mr. Frog. "I'll hold her head."

Suzy's screams cut off the minute the powder went up her nose. She wiped her tears away, smiled at the audience, and tore off the rest of her dress.

"Yayyyyyyyyyy!" cheered the kids. "Lookit Suzy's wah-wah!"

Dr. Fun led Ira, Suzy, and Mr. Frog to the front of the room. "Mr. Frog, why don't you get her into the, ah...?"

"Got 'em right here." Mr. Frog withdrew a garter belt and pair of black stockings from his valise and began helping Suzy into them. Ira

eyed her hungrily, his little nozzle straining from his groin as if ready to leap forth and pierce her like an arrow.

"Now, Ira, so you'll know exactly where to put that, we're going to have a little demonstration," said Dr. Fun.

"Right. Fine," said Ira. "Hurry."

"Okay, Mr. Frog. Everything ready?"

"Half a sec." Mr. Frog was standing on the coffee table, bolting a heavy metal ring to the ceiling.

"Okay, kids," cried Dr. Fun, spinning to face the audience, "it's magic time! You know that giant wooden box you all were asking about before?"

Of course they did. It was almost as tall as the magicians themselves and as wide as the mantle of the fireplace. They'd been stealing glances at it all through the show, wondering about it. "Yes! Yes! What is it? What's in the box?"

"Oh, you'll see," promised Dr. Fun. Mr. Frog covered the box with a red, white, and blue cloth drape. He ran a rope from the top of the box through the drape, through the ring on the ceiling and, with Dr. Fun helping him, pulled the mysterious mass high off the floor.

"Now ask him what's in the box," hissed Mr. Frog to the audience.

"What's in the box? What's in the box?" cried the kids.

"Box?" Dr. Fun smiled broadly and waggled his eyebrows. "I don't see any box." He did something beneath the cloth drape and it abruptly lost its shape, became long and rounded. Then it moved! There was something alive in there!

"What is it?" screamed the kids. "Show us! Show us!"

Dr. Fun whipped off the drape—and there was a pony! A real live pony, hanging from the ceiling by a

canvas harness, neighing proudly and pawing the air with its front hooves! And thrusting from a furry pouch between its rear legs was something that looked like a long, red, hard, slippery pole.

"Suzy, honey," said Dr. Fun, "come on up here on the coffee table and get on your hands and knees."

The whack of the kitchen door flying open interrupted Mr. Abramowitz's joke in the middle and all eyes turned to confront Elaine, who was running massively toward them, eyes wide with terror.

"Missuh Levine? You bess look inside right away!"

Mrs. Levine stood and took her by the shoulder. "Elaine, what is it? You look like you've seen a . . ."

"Miz Levine, dey a *hoss* in yo' libbin' room!" She swallowed, rolling her eyes toward the house. "An' Ah wouldn' wan' speckalate on what it 'bout to do to de Goldstein girl."

Mr. Goldstein stood up fast. "What? What are you talking about?"

There was a sudden terrible shriek from inside the house.

"Suzy!" Mrs. Goldstein erupted from the chaise and flew for the door. The others reached it in a rush, right behind her. Locked! A dozen faces tried to peer through the glass, but the angle of the sun had turned the panes almost opaque.

"Eeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeee!"

"Suzy, my God, what are they doing to you?" Mr. Goldstein hurled his heavy body against the door. It didn't budge. He snatched up a rock, broke the glass and stared within. The kids and the magicians were all pulling together on a rope, which seemed to be raising and lowering a full-sized pony onto . . .

"Suzy!" Mr. Goldstein spun wildly. "For God's sake, help me!"

The other men joined their shoulders to Mr. Goldstein's. The door began to give.

"Eeeeeeeeeee!"

"My baby!" wailed Mrs. Goldstein. "My baby! My baby!"

Wrrash! The door finally flew inward, spilling the parents onto the floor. Startled, the magicians and the children fell backward with the rope, disengaging the pony from Suzy with a loud pop. Mrs. Goldstein roared to her feet and made to howl in murderous rage at the two magicians, but the pony swung slightly in its sling and ejaculated, blasting a milky comet straight across the room into her open mouth.

"Mup da gnumm glub da gurk!" she declared.

"That's easy for you to say," said Dr. Fun. □

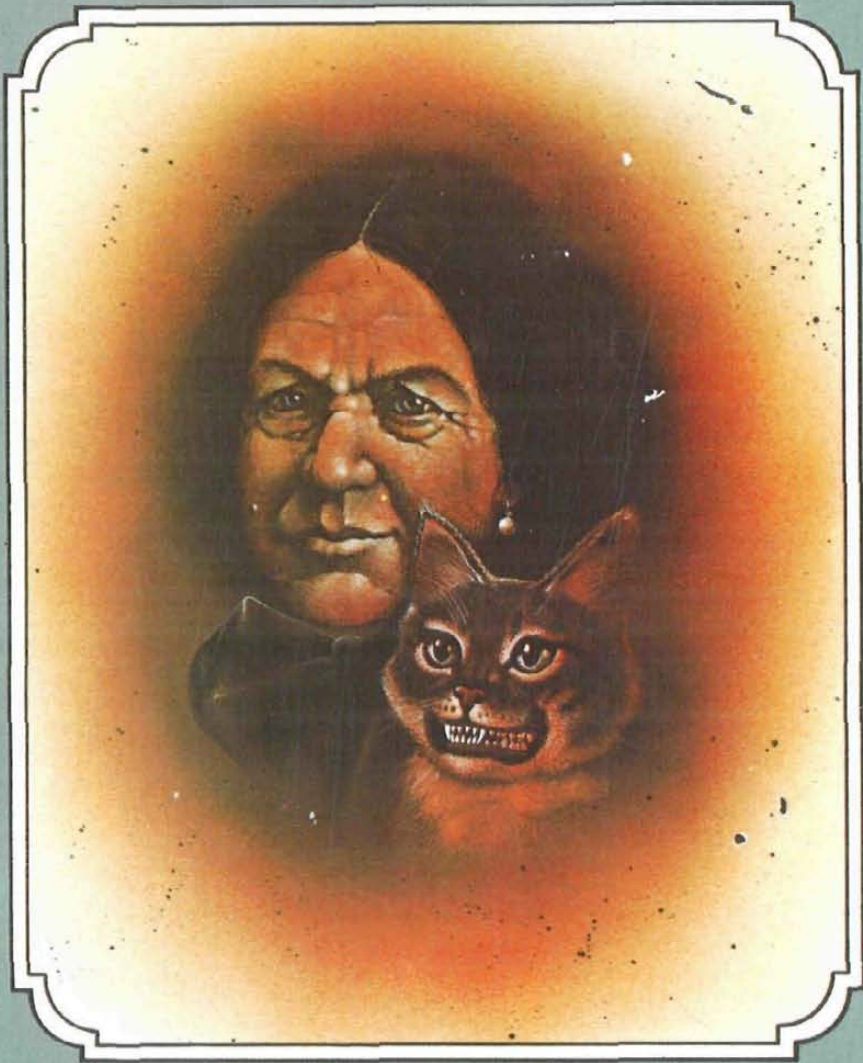


Mojave Stars

by Wayne McLoughlin

The discovery of gold opened one of the most significant chapters in American history, the exploration and settlement of the Mojave Desert. In this fourth and final installment of "Mojave—An American Dream," we focus on the people who brought entertainment to the miners during the period 1850–1900.

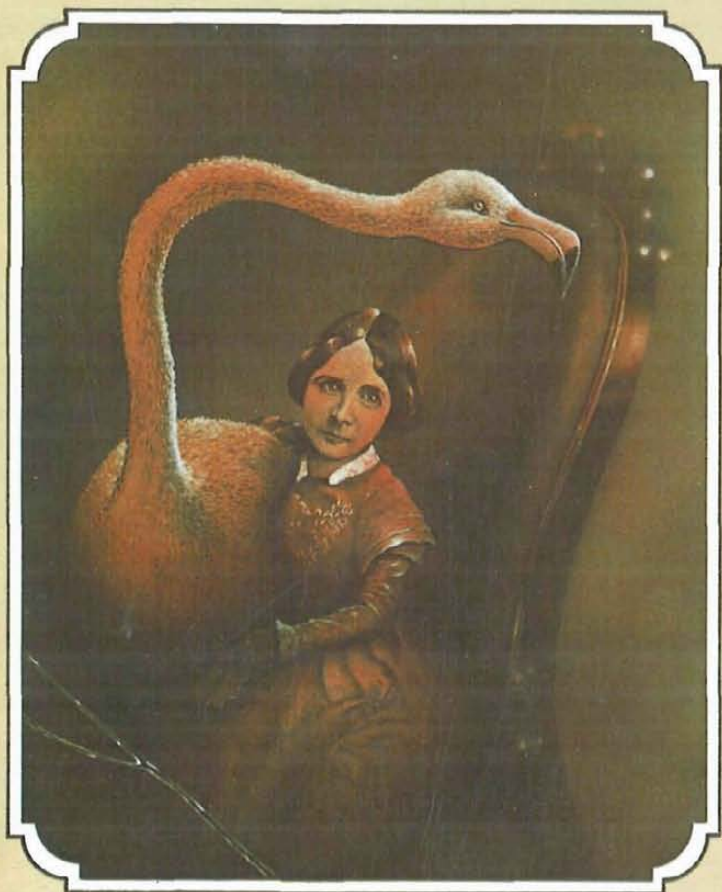
At the zenith of "the rush," desert communities hosted no fewer than sixty-eight successful road shows. When gold was present, they provided culture. When the gold ran out, they were therapy. Typical of those companies was the Royal Panamint Circus, English immigrants who became, briefly, "Mojave stars."



Carol Lewis, millionaire owner of the circus, delighted in surrounding herself with things both bizarre and repulsive, as evidenced by her pet cat, an unfortunate animal which had been born lipless. Her mate for twenty-three years was no exception. Though his true identity remains unknown, correspondence indicates that this malformed individual was a performer who billed himself as "The Caterpillar." He was electrocuted years later in a lighting accident while

performing as "Moth Man."

It becomes apparent that Carol Lewis regarded her employees with sheer contempt. In the Tecopah Tribune, May, 1860, she is quoted as telling them at one point, "All the world's a stage—you people, the seats." Further proof lies in her conviction of embezzlement after squandering the circus retirement fund. The theft forced most of the older performers to finish their lives in poverty-ridden squalor.



Alice Wedgewood entered show business as an assistant in her parents' act. Initially tightrope walkers, the poorly coordinated family avoided injury by using a very low wire and allowing their small stature (forty inches) to create the illusion of height. The Joshua Tree Epitaph, June 16, 1858, records that they were hospitalized by an irate audience when "... an alert spectator noticed that the ladder to the Wedgewoods' Death-Defying High Wire required only two rungs."

The parents faded into oblivion while diminutive Alice went her own way, finally becoming involved in dance. Her initial attempt was at professional tap dancing, and was quickly thwarted when, despite excruciating effort, the sounds from her tiny feet were inaudible in the second row.

While on holiday to Mexico, recovering from pulled hamstrings, she was again the victim of misfortune. The owner of a Tijuana pet shop, posing as a folk dance instructor, sold her an enormous pink bird, telling her it was the hallmark of a true Spanish ballerina. Thus equipped, the unsuspecting girl rejoined the Royal Panamint, believing herself a qualified Flamingo dancer.

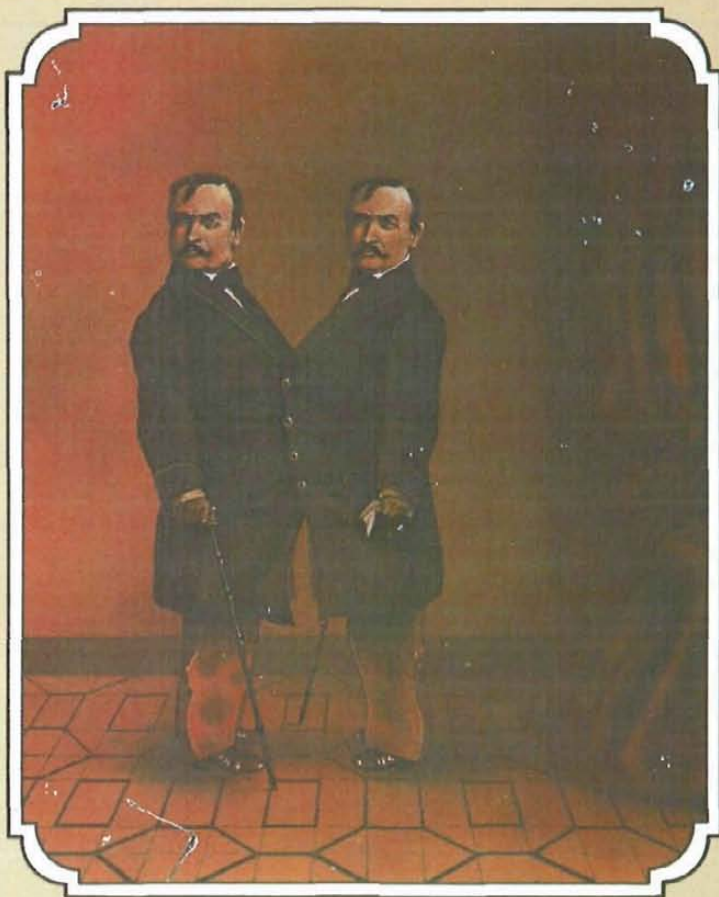
Her act proved a fiasco, for she opened and closed the same evening, March 12, 1861, at the Oro Grande Palladium. The following day, a derisive review concluded with a note that the bird's carcass had been found near the stage door shortly after dawn. Unable to look anyone in the face, Alice was to finish her days cleaning and feeding the circus animals.

Castor and Pollux Chichester, identical twins, gained limited recognition under the stage names "Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee." Their acute sense of showmanship inspired them to impersonate Siamese twins by standing face to face and buttoning their clothing together. The hoax worked successfully for nearly seven years.

Shortly after this promotional daguerrotype was taken, tragedy struck. During the first rehearsal of the ambitious "Siamese Water Ballet," Castor became entangled in their elaborate costume and drowned. Two weeks later, Pollux Chichester made a comeback attempt at the Siamese Twin ruse by appearing on a dimly lit stage leaning against a mirror. Jeers from the incensed spectators reached a level estimated at 170-185 decibels, rendering audience and performer deaf.

Royal Panamint records indicate that Pollux began helping Alice shortly thereafter.

Almost one hundred years later, Barnum and Bailey Chichester, direct descendants of Castor and Pollux, were credited with being the first Siamese twins to sail around the world in a catamaran (May, 1967). However, soon after their nationwide tour, they were exposed as frauds. Military discharge papers gave conclusive proof that Barnum was four years older than Bailey, and further investigation disclosed that they were joined only by patches of Velcro grafted to their chests.

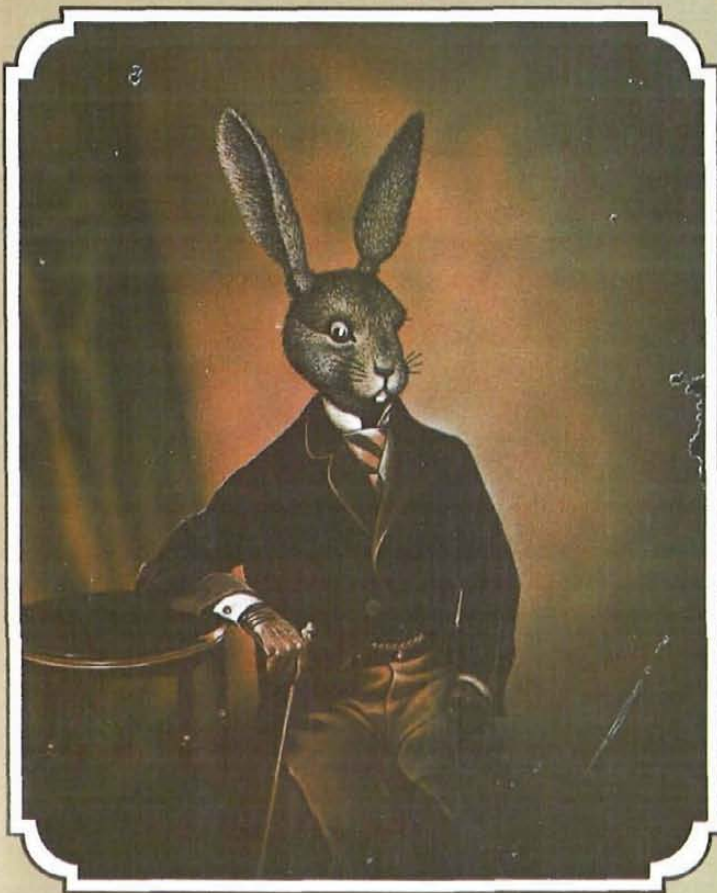
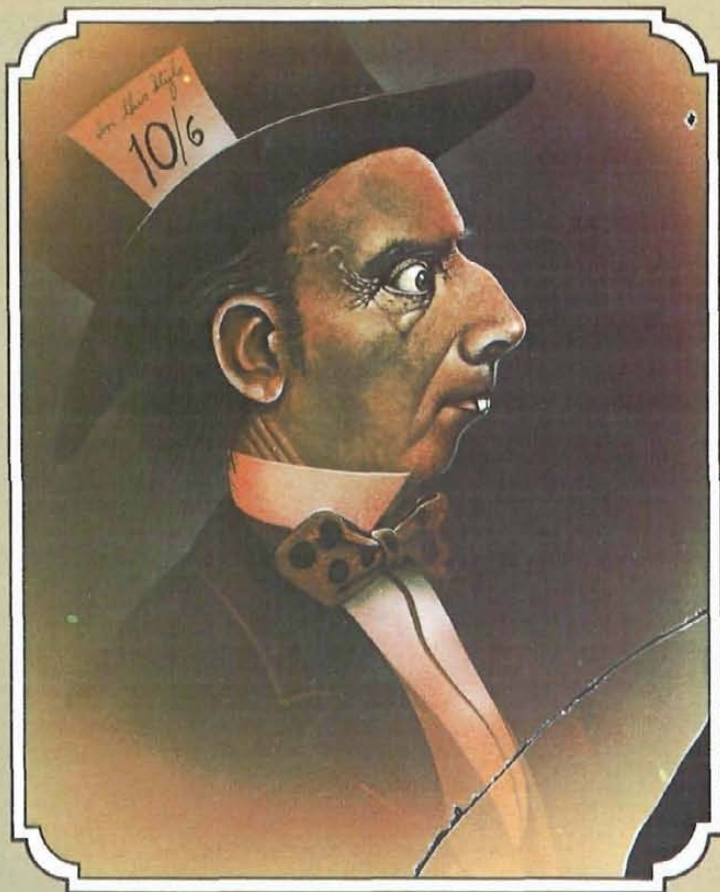


Matthew "Matt" Hadder, wardrobe master, is shown wearing his perennial top hat. At the age of four, his parents had used the hat to cover the homely child's ringworm scars in a vain attempt to lessen the ridicule heaped upon him by other children. From that day forth, a top hat was his trademark. The mystery of Hadder's troubled life is solved when one reads his dental records. Driven witless by the pain of massive molar impactions and the extraction of fourteen recurring wisdom teeth, he became a Novocain addict. An orthodontist's report indicates that his lack of popularity began at an early age, the cause of his overbite being "a severe slap to the back of the head shortly after birth."

As wardrobe master, Hadder worked hand in hand with makeup man Percival LaRouge. To one who has read their torrid letters it is clear that "hand in hand" is no mere figure of speech. The fiery relationship was short-lived, however, and Hadder was soon alone.*

Matthew Hadder was last seen at the Mexicali in October, 1881. Bare-headed and wearing only a saffron robe, he was pleading with patients to let him take their place.

**Currently on display at the Ensenada Museo de Cultura y Tapicería.*

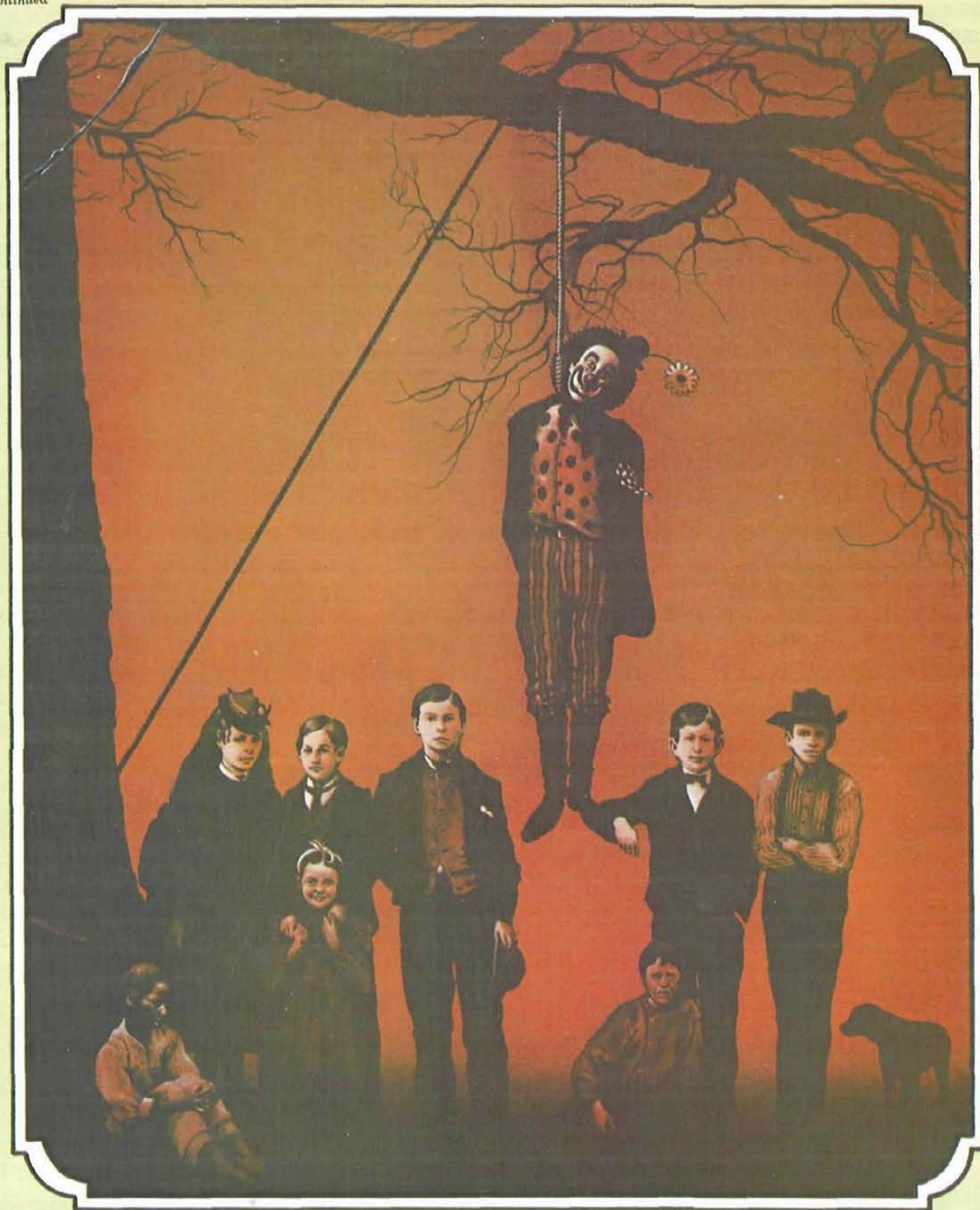


Makeup man Percival LaRouge graduated magna cum laude from Oxford with degrees in Home Economics and Cosmetology. Upon graduation, he was presented with a white rabbit and a solid gold watch by his mother. While the watch was not inscribed, the rabbit was. In the right ear was a tattoo which read, "A little bunny for my little lamb. Happy Graduation, Mum." Coming from her, the gifts were not unusual. An unfortunate accident on the marble steps of the Royal Exchange and Bank of England had chloroformed her senses. For the rest of her life, she would view Percival as a six-year-old.

Two years after LaRouge joined the Royal Panamint (April 24, 1879), his rabbit was accidentally slain. Matt Hadder was found in a Novocain frenzy, clutching the partially devoured animal with the smashed remains of Percival's watch scattered about his room. Their relationship cooled quickly thereafter.

Maddened with grief by the loss of the rabbit, LaRouge sought new identity in the make-believe realm of costumes. Masquerading as a rabbit, he received love and attention by loitering near the circus' animal compound, where he was petted and fed by the crowds.

The disguise abruptly failed one sizzling June day that same year. Deciding that the terry cloth body would be too hot for the 107-degree temperature, he appeared in a summer sports ensemble wearing only the papier-mâché rabbit head. Instantly his life became a hell hutch of ridicule. July 7, 1879, Percival LaRouge, unable to bear the burden any longer, destroyed himself. Sneaking into the Mojave Gynecological Laboratory in full costume, he submitted himself to a pregnancy test. It was positive.



The demise of Artemus Bodine was recorded by an unknown photographer in 1885. Bodine, when not employed by the various road shows as a free-lance clown, earned his keep babysitting. His extraordinary ability to entrance children with games made him something of a legend in the Southwest.

Various newspapers also acclaimed him as "the first in American theater to explore the art of mime." His personal diary tells that a band of renegade Indians taught him the fundamentals twenty-one miles outside Kelsoville on May 21, 1878, when, after robbing him, they cut out his tongue.

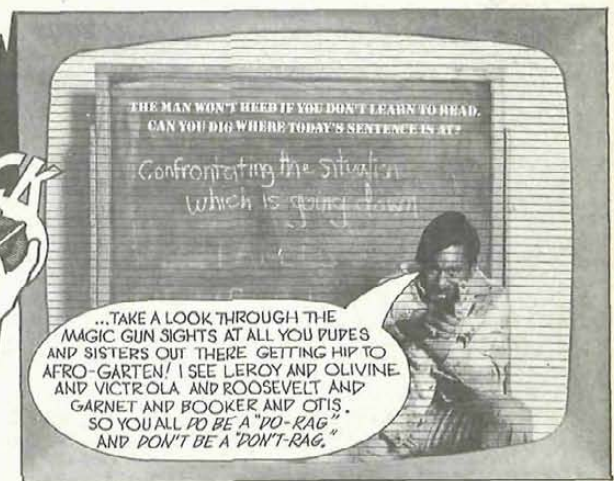
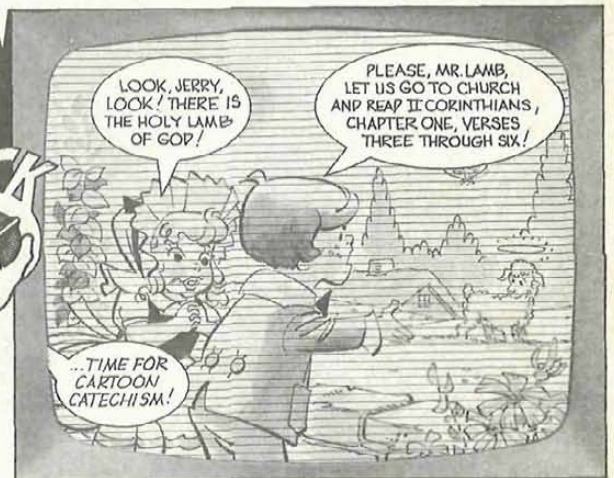
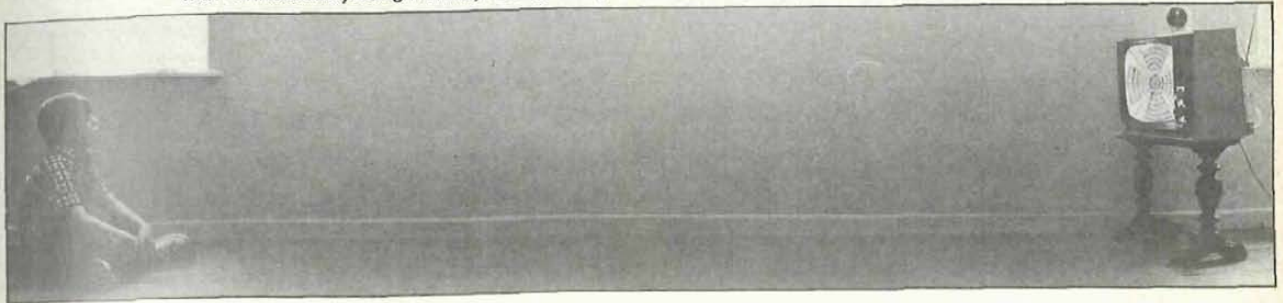
Unfortunately, his accomplishments are overshadowed by his criminal record. Bodine was wanted on charges of child

abuse and sodomy in Yuma, Juarez, St. Louis, Bakersfield, and Death Valley. He was eventually lynched by the brothers and sisters of six-year-old Millicent Wheat. The child had been missing for two days before she was found wandering in a field near the house. She told how Artemus had given her some beef jerky and that they stayed up all night playing a game called "Kiss the Lizard." After Millicent explained the nature of the game, which is mentioned numerous times in Bodine's diary, the family went looking for him. He was soon found by the children, asleep in a gully. In a few minutes, Artemus Bodine, his greasepaint smile still intact, hung there, turning slowly, slowly in the dry Mojave wind. □

Saturday A.M. TV

by P. J. O'Rourke
Produced and directed
by Peter Kleinman

with Chris Callis, Doug Kenney Designed by Alan Rose Styled by Liza Lerner Lettered by Scott MacNeill



RIGHT ON!
AND LET'S GET IT ON
WITH THE BROTHERS
POW HERE IN THE AFRO-
GARTEN KINDER-GHEITO
AND DO THE HONKY
POKEY!



THEY TAKE YOUR
OLD MAN IN, YOU
BAIL YOUR
OLD MAN OUT...

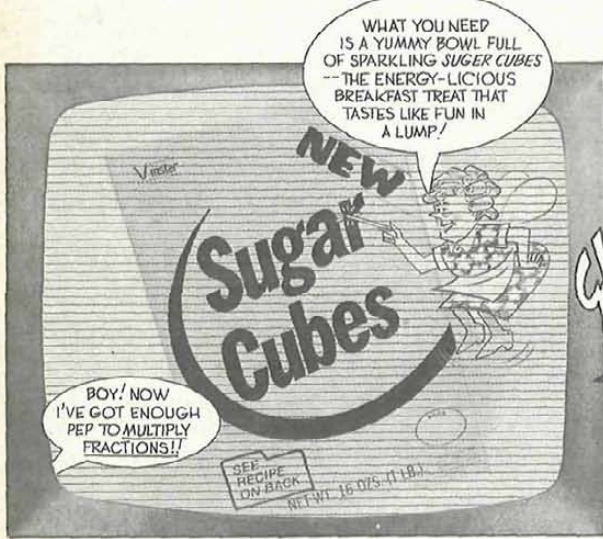
THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU DIDN'T EAT A HEALTHY,
NUTRITIOUS, AND WELL-
BALANCED MORNING
MEAL.



2+2=12?
2+2=40?
I JUST DON'T HAVE
THE STRENGTH TO PUNCH
THESE KEYS, I'M
POOPED.

I'M THE
BREAKFAST FAIRY,
AND I KNOW!

WHAT YOU NEED
IS A YUMMY BOWL FULL
OF SPARKLING SUGAR CUBES
--THE ENERGY-LICIOUS
BREAKFAST TREAT THAT
TASTES LIKE FUN IN
A LUMP!



NEW
**Sugar
Cubes**

BOY! NOW
I'VE GOT ENOUGH
PEP TO MULTIPLY
FRACTIONS!

SEE RECIPE
ON BACK
NET WT. 16 OZS. (1 LB.)

... JOHN WAYNE
MOVIE? THEY WERE STUDYING
ASTRONOMY IN SCIENCE AND THE
TEACHER TOLD THEM TO LOOK FOR
SHOOTING STARS! NO KIDDING, BUT
DO YOU KNOW WHY THE MORON
JUMPED UP AND POW AND YELLED
AT ALL THE SOUP CANS IN THE
GROCERY STORE? DO
YOU? HE WAS TRYING
TO FIND THE "CHICKEN"
NOODLE! HEY-HEY!



WE'VE GOT
A NIFTY SHOW FOR
TODAY--BUMBLES THE OX
IS HERE, AND CEMENTMAN IS
GOING TO SHOW US SOME PAGES
FROM HIS NEW COMIC BOOK,
PLUS JOHN-ROBOT FROM
THE MARS WALTONS--
AND LOTS MORE.

HELLO, YELLOW, BLACK AND BLUE,
PURPLE, WHITE, AND BEIGE!
HI! TO FOLKS OF EVERY COLOR, CREED,
OR KIND, OR AGE! LET'S ALL BE REAL
SENSITIVE, AND OPEN--HONEST. TOO
AND GRAY IS WHAT WE ALL WILL
BE WHEN WE MIX UP ME
AND YOU!



YUP-A-YUP-A-
YUP, JOHNNY,
"BUMBLES' BUDDIES"
WILL BE ON EVERY AFTER-
NOON AT THREE-THIRTY, YUP-
A-YUP-A-YUP, WITH FESTER FOX
AND ELMER TREE AND BOB
THE ATOMIC CARP.

BUNGLES, I
HEAR YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE
YOUR OWN
SHOW.

ISN'T THAT
GREAT, JOHNNY?...

SO LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER
AND SAY "I LIKE YOU" TWICE!
'CAUSE EVERYTHING WILL SURE BE
SWELL WHEN EVERYTHING IS NICE.

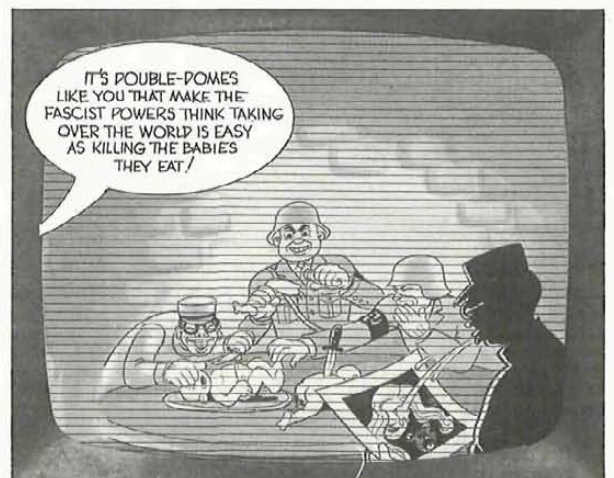
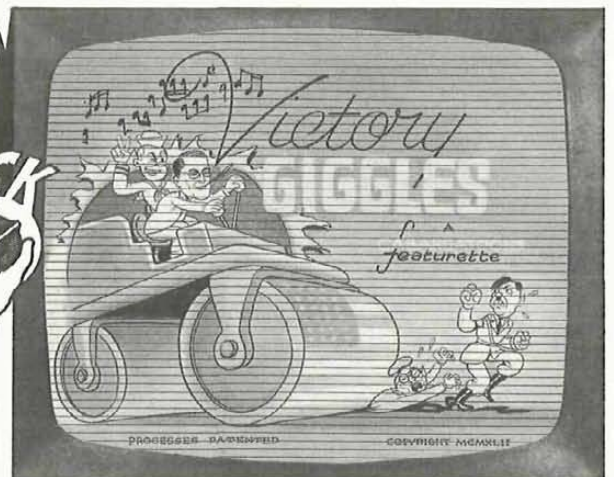
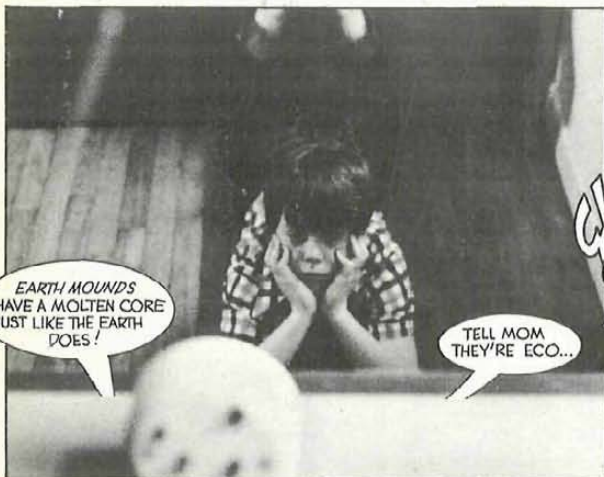


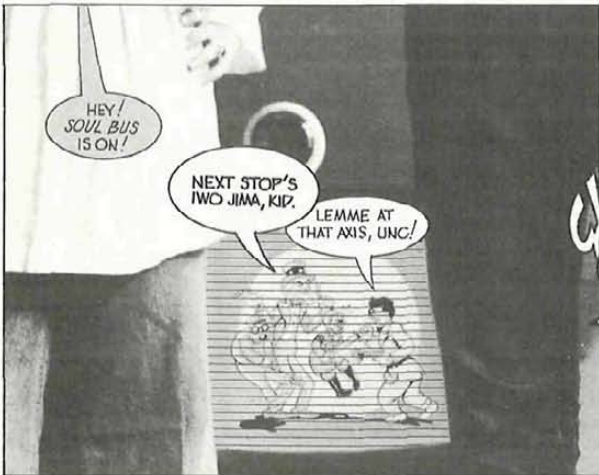
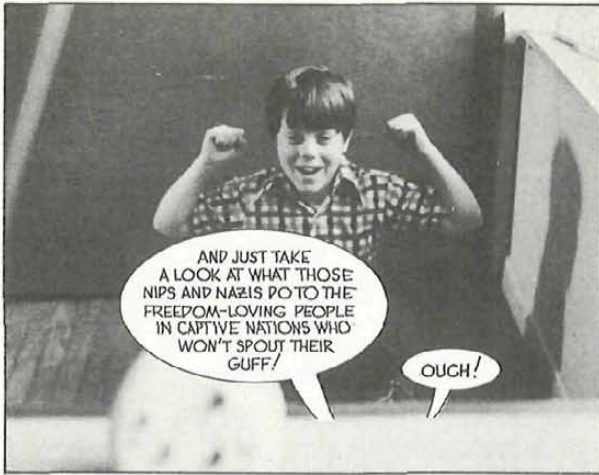
I WANT
MY ANALYST!!

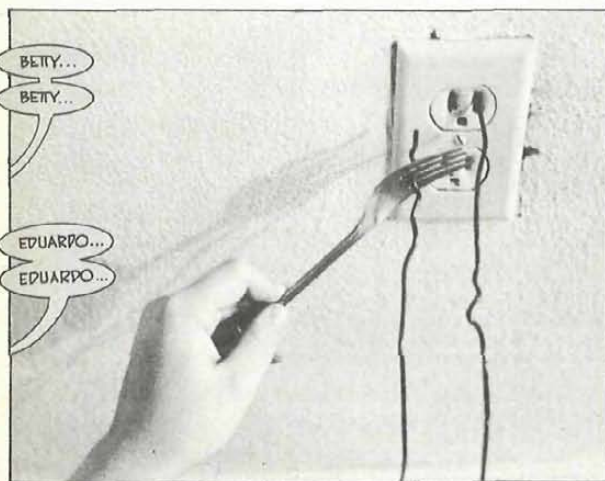
WE DON'T
PLAY WITH WAR
TOYS...

ALL THESE
LIGHTS ARE WASTING
THE ELECTRICITY...

GIMME!!







The End



© 1975 CBS INC.

"I am *precisely* three inches high," said the Caterpillar, "though I frequently become much higher."

"With that magic mushroom?" Alice asked eagerly.

"With music!" retorted the Caterpillar, conjuring visions of Fender® guitars and matching amplifiers. "I play inhumanly hot licks on my Stratocaster® and back myself with everything else."

"But I have only two arms," sighed Alice. "If I am to reach new heights on a Strat, I shall need your backing on electric bass!"

"On a Fender!" smiled the Caterpillar. "Or two or three. I should much rather get *my* hands on what TV concert bassmen play."

"And of course," Alice sang out . . .
 "9 out of 10 pick a Fender bass!"*

For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to: Fender, Box 3410, Dept. 175, Fullerton, CA 92634.

*Source: National Marketing Research of California, 1974.

Fender®
 CBS Musical Instruments
 A Division of CBS Inc.

a "He." But it's not a colored woman, either.

Lampoon: Puerto Rican girl . . . about fifteen, high platform shoes, tight slacks, short fake fur jacket, and makeup that looks like it was applied with Pentels . . .

Brooks: Wrong. But a nice try. Give up, Lampoon. You'll never guess.

Lampoon: I give up.

Brooks: The Chief God . . . the only God higher than yours truly, your most obedient slavey, is . . . you promise not to tell anyone, not even your mother?

Lampoon: Promise.

Brooks: It's Shirley. Shirley Teitelbaum.

Lampoon: Shirley?

Brooks: Shirley Teitelbaum, Jewish Princess *par excellence*. I once told an interviewer that Sheila Rabinowitz was the tops in JPs, but she's a pussycat compared to Shirley. Shirley Teitelbaum—late thirties, maybe early forties, putting on a little weight, but not bad looking—probably getting the hot flashes. Goes to the beauty parlor twice a week. Too lazy to get a job, even though both kids are away at college. Likes to sit around the country club pool playing canasta or go downtown for a little lunch and shopping.

Lampoon: I should have guessed.

Brooks: Always kvetching, always whining about everything. Never satisfied. You can't do enough for her. Make a peace treaty, a detente, solve a pollution problem . . . no matter how hard you try, it's never good enough for her. You got people all over the world working their fingers to the bone, helping the needy, working for charities . . . and she still complains and doesn't give a shit. All she wants to do is go on cruises to Bermuda or buy duty-free knickknacks for her condominium in Miami Beach and have a live-in maid. Believe me, she was the same way in the days of the Bible. The Jews could never make her happy, no matter how many baby lamb chops they sacrificed for her.

Lampoon: You don't sound happy with the Head God.

Brooks: She's supposed to be benevolent. She's supposed to reward you when you do good, right? Make your vineyards bloom and your lambs fat and your children grow up without orthodontia bills. But I don't get that kind of niceness from her. She's cranky and she wears too much makeup in the daytime. And you know what's the most humiliating and demeaning thing of all? She's the only one in the world who doesn't laugh and piss in her pants from my movies and stuff. I still can't make God laugh. *Quelle* irony. I don't even

think she knows from funny. Take a look around you, sonny Jim. This world was made by a God with a sense of humor? Lucky she's got me now. Maybe I can save us all from blowing to pieces. You know what she needs? I can't utter it or I'll drop dead on the spot. She needs a good . . .

Lampoon: Don't say it. How did she choose you?

Brooks: The initial motivation was that Shirley was getting so tired and annoyed with everything that she wanted somebody else to do the everyday work and keep things moving and peppy. At least until the day she might drag herself out of her beach chair and figure out what the hell to do with this world. So she called a meeting of all the head angels, an executive meeting. An afternoon thing, just a little Maxim, a Sara Lee coffee ring . . . Shirley doesn't knock herself out with entertaining. She goes through the old number . . . it's time to try out a new savior down there, a new messiah, a God who can help me out with the day-to-day stuff. Who's got any ideas? All kinds of names are bandied about. Then one angel, I think his name was Sid Weintraub, says, what about sending down a funny person for a change? We're always choosing a boring guy with a halo and a beard or some Chinaman who talks in riddles. Why not a humorist? A guy with a joke, a quip, a shtick. Shirley, who was preoccupied with a nail she just broke, said, O.K., why not? We tried everything else. You can guess what happened next.

Lampoon: The old "angels in heaven deciding what to do" routine.

Brooks: Right. Big discussions, arguments ensue. All the dossiers come out, the three-by-five file cards. Everybody has his own favorite. Alan King? C'mon . . . he's a monologist. Has no versatility. Buddy Hackett? A lovable kewpie, a funny, funny person. Certainly a contender. Jonathan Winters? A genius, no doubt about it. But very unstable. And he's not Jewish. And on and on it went. Long into the night. Shirley had already left hours ago to play rummy. The angels are getting very uptight. This business of deciding who is the funniest person is not easy. Everybody has their own idea of who and what's funny. By now it's one, two in the morning. The room is full of smoke, coffee containers, cigarette butts, half-eaten sandwiches. No decision has been made. Everybody is exhausted. Then, from the back of the room, a voice is heard. It's Kronsky, an angel who was sitting all this time, quiet, listening,

not saying a word. A cute little angel with a twinkle in his nose. Couldn't twinkle his eyes, only his nose.

Lampoon: And Kronsky obviously got up and made a pitch for you . . .

Brooks: Right. He got up and said, "The hour is late . . . it's dark outside . . . I know everybody wants to get home, especially the commuters . . . so I'll try to make my points short and sweet." He says, "I got a three-by-five card here on a Kaminsky, Melvin, later to be called Mel Brooks. He will be born in poverty-stricken Williamsburg, in Brooklyn, a very good spawning ground for comedians—as good as the Lower East Side. It says also on the card that the little embryo is already doing standup routines and shtick in his mother's belly, instead of the usual kicking. That's a good sign. Never stops working. Works like a little Jewish beaver. According to the genetic prognosis the kid will do anything for a laugh, *anything*. He'll circumcise his fingers, jump off the Williamsburg Bridge, eat a bicycle seat, whatever. The boy seems to be a natural."

"A natural what?" asks someone.

"I don't know," said Kronsky. "I don't know what he is, but he has energy, insanity, and tinsel in his blood. He's going to be a Jewish shark with a heart as big as Wyoming."

"Every comedian has a heart as big as Wyoming," said another angel. "How about his talent, his comic artistry and universal appeal? Can he console and heal as well as shock? Can he offer an audience love as well as nihilism?"

"Hard to say," said Kronsky. "The boy will be the King of the Williamsburg street corner shtickmen and will go into the world of comedy. After that, it's hard to predict. On the plus side, you've got to go for his 200 percent chutzpa, 300 percent adrenaline, and 500 percent *mishegoss*. He's got the potential, but he needs a lot of work. Frankly, I think he's got more wild, crazy, genius ideas in his little *pupik* than all the other guys put together."

He talked very good about me, Kronsky. Very perceptive. He must have been my patron saint.

Lampoon: So they broke the deadlock and voted for you.

Brooks: Wrong, wiseass Lampoon. They broke the deadlock and voted for Jerry Lewis. The boy was a great natural comedian. No doubt about it. A born performer, great face, great physical qualities—pure rubber. The next Chaplin. But you know what happened to Lewis. Started believing the French crickets, the Cashiers du Cinema crowd. Thought he was a great auteur director and cine-

If you've got the salt, I've got the Sauza.

Nothing gets a good thing going better than Tequila Sauza. That's because Sauza is the Número Uno Tequila in all of Mexico. And that's because Tequila Sauza—Silver or Gold—does best all the things anybody would want Tequila to do.

Try it the classic down-Mexico way: in a shot glass, with salt and lime on the side. Or in a Margarita. Or in a Sunrise. Who knows where it will all lead?



Tequila 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer, National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.

BUSBY BERKELEY PRESENTS

THE VESPERERS OF 1610

VESPERERS

A MUSICAL LIFE OF CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI!

WITH

MICKEY ROONEY
JUDY GARLAND

SCRIPT: RICHARD HELFER
VISUALIZATIONS: TERESA FASALINO



Sorry, Claudio,
I just ran out
of funds.



☐ In pecunia summus, ☐
☐ in pecunia summus. ☐

Stop the rehearsal!

THAT NIGHT...



And I was counting on the salary to
send me through music school.

Oh, Claudio!
Don't worry.

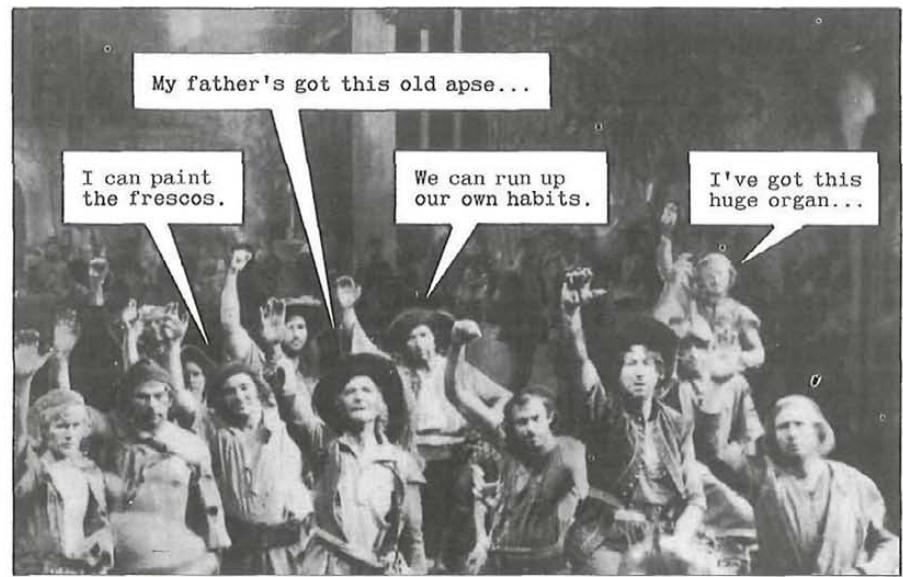


It's not just me.
All these other kids are out of work, too.



Hey, kids! I got an idea.

Let's put on our
own Mass!



My father's got this old apse...

I can paint
the frescos.

We can run up
our own habits.

I've got this
huge organ...

AND SOON, ALL OVER CREMONA...

All right, girls, like this -- I, II, III, IV, nisi dominus aedificaverit domum --

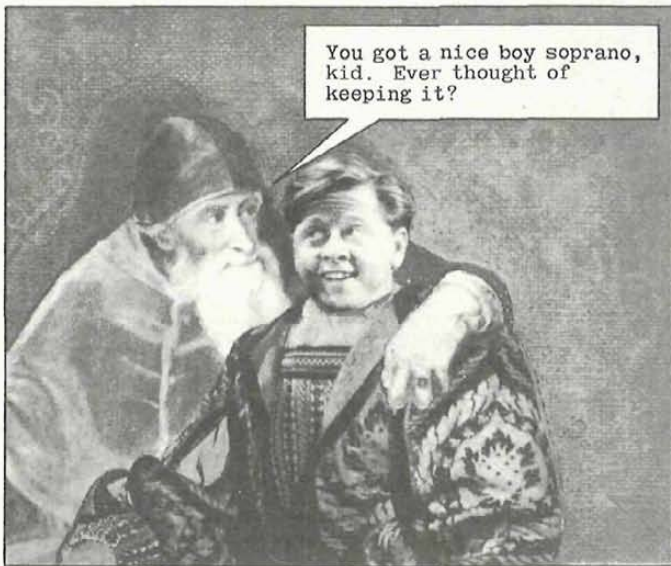


Mr. Monteverdi?



Coming Soon
Our Lady of the Carascyaint
Te Deum
Vespers of 1610
Music by Claudio Monteverdi
Conducted by St. Augustine of Hippo

You got a nice boy soprano, kid. Ever thought of keeping it?



Gee!
A job in Rome.

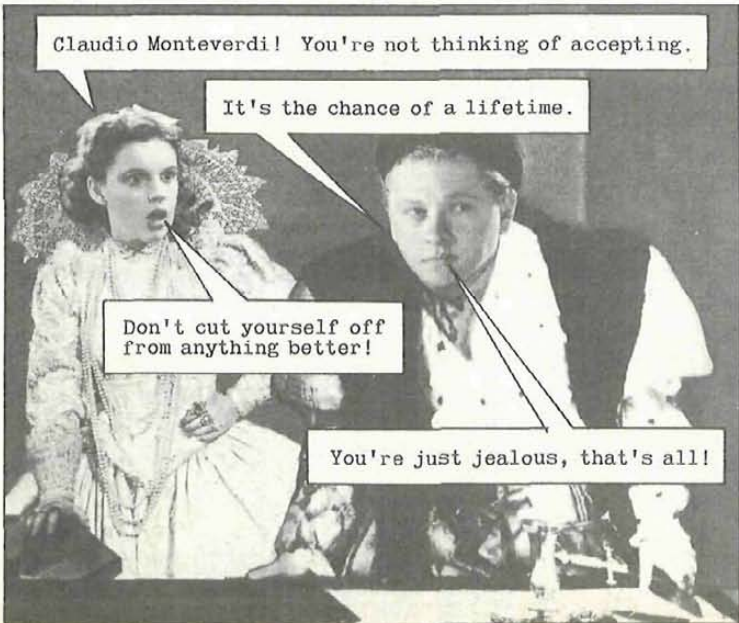


Claudio Monteverdi! You're not thinking of accepting.

It's the chance of a lifetime.

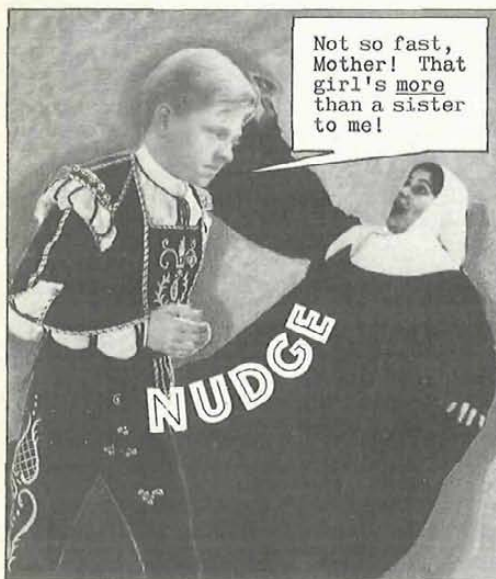
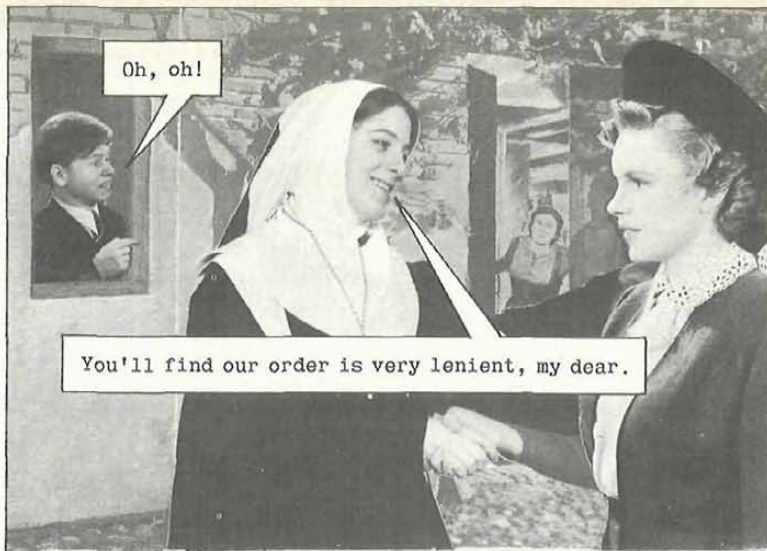
Don't cut yourself off from anything better!

You're just jealous, that's all!



Jealous? Ha! I -- I don't ever want to see you again!





We can't disappoint all those people.

What about Claudia?
She knows all the music.

It's a big responsibility. Do
you think you
can do it?

Well --

I'll try.

I got those stabat mater blues --

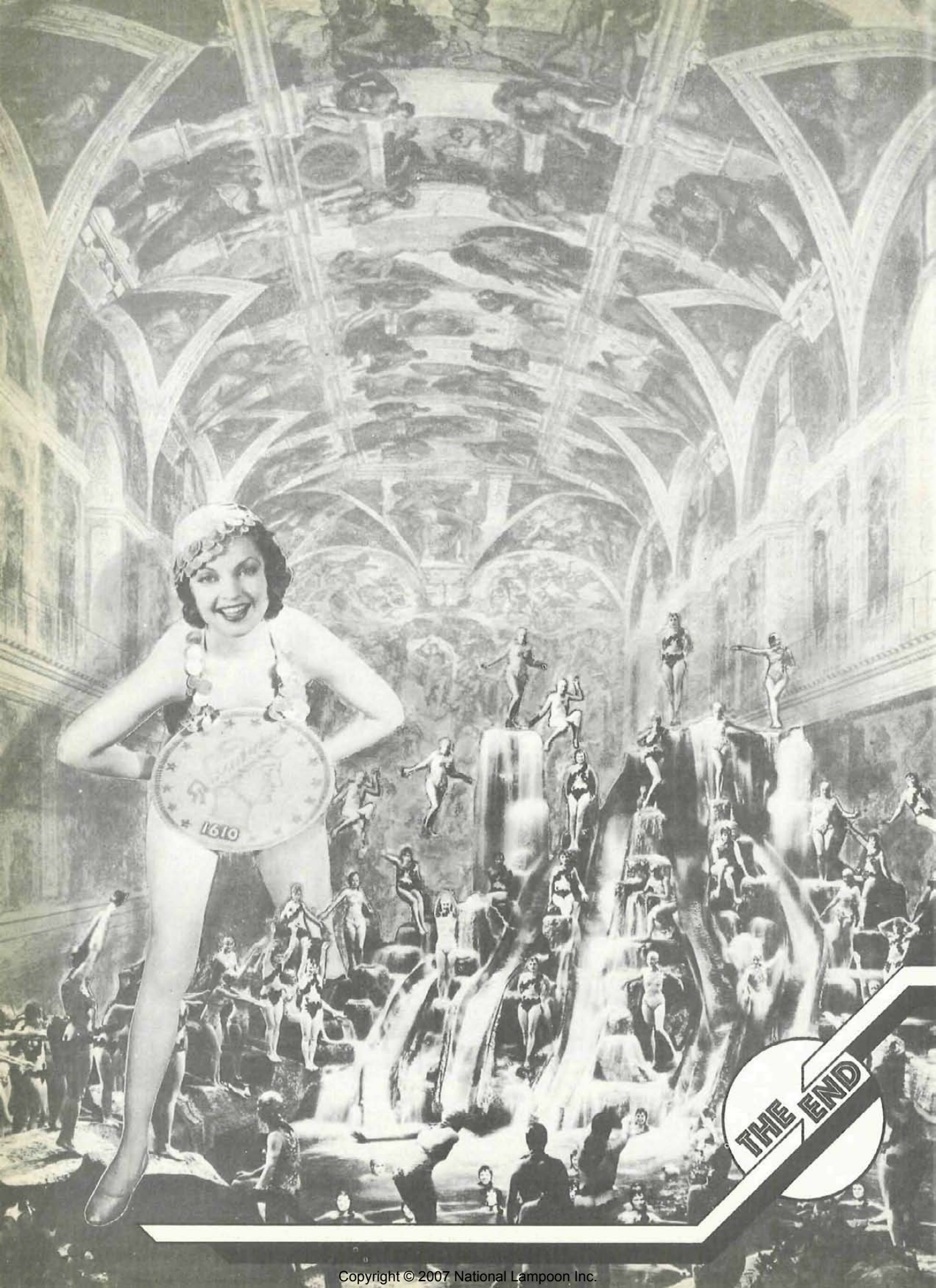
You know, that kid is good.

You know who's out there? The Pope!
And he's having the time of his life!

So -- places, everybody, for the amen!

continued

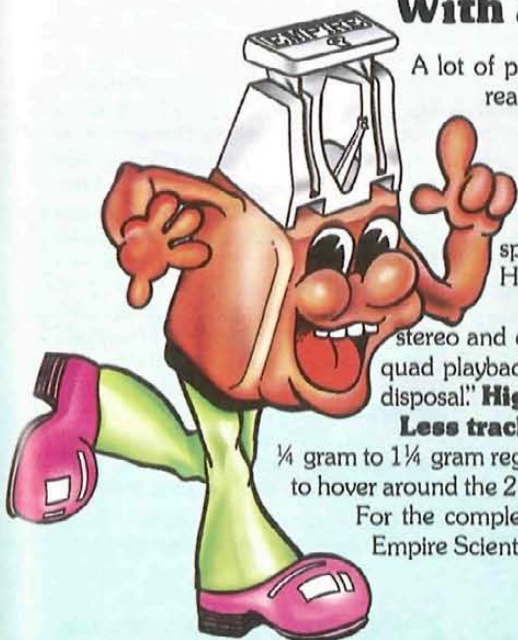
NATIONAL LAMPOON 101



THE END

Keep on trackin'

With an Empire wide response cartridge.



A lot of people have started "trackin'" with Empire cartridges for more or less the same reasons.

More separation: "Separation, measured between right and left channels at a frequency of 1 kHz, did indeed measure 35 dB (rather remarkable for any cartridge)." **FM Guide, The Feldman Lab Report.**

Less distortion: "...the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ± 2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz." **Stereo Review.**

More versatile: "Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadraphonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal." **High Fidelity.**

Less tracking force: "The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the $\frac{1}{4}$ gram to $1\frac{1}{4}$ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class." **Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.**

For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.









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Model	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
Frequency Response in Hz:	5-50,000	5-45,000	10-40,000	5-35,000	6-33,000	8-32,000	10-30,000	10-28,000
Output Voltage per Channel at 3.54 cm/sec groove velocity:	3.0	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Channel Separation	more than 35dB	more than 35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	30dB	30dB
Tracking Force in Grams:	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	1 to 3	1 to 3
Stylus Tip:	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	elliptical diamond .3 x .7 mil	spherical diamond .7 mil
For Use In:	turntable only	turntable only	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	changer only	changer only
								
	(White)	(Yellow)	(Black)	(Clear)	(Blue)	(Green)	(Red)	(Smoke)

Everything was going along fine, and then, all of a sudden, the world turned upside down. It seemed a no-good, sawed-off house painter and a pint-sized yellow bum had some screwy ideas about world enslavement. And they thought the whole world would just sit by and twiddle its thumbs. Well, they had another thought coming. And no one was more indignant about this affront to freedom than was the Hollywood community. It immediately applied to Washington for public funds and draft immunity. Hollywood in the early forties became unofficially known as "The Real Pacific Theater of Operations." Actors, writers, and technicians came from as far away as England to do their bit for the war effort. The studios were doubling their output. Films like *The Littlest Poin-dexter*, *The Lady's Not for Rent*, *Three Skirts West*, *Breakfast at Dawn*, *Ben 'n' Her*, *They Never Met*, *Pajama Buttons*, *Radio Riot of 1943*, and *Football Fever* were filling movie houses throughout the country, and giving audiences a much-needed escape from the daily horrors of war, as reported in the papers.

But as with most desperate situations, a lighter side always managed to emerge. The prominent British actor Charles Laughton had signed a four-film contract with Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn was going over the contract with his accounting department, he was told that Laughton wanted \$2,700 per picture. Goldwyn, confused, asked, "Twenty-seven hundred pounds of what? He wants twenty-seven hundred pounds? Buy him a truck."



As in every good story filled with romance and happiness, there always seems to be another side, a darker side that we'd just as soon ignore. But ignore it, we can't. Hollywood, no exception, has certainly had its share of sadness. If we could turn back the clock and correct all of the wrongs, we would, but that power seems to be only in the hands of the Almighty. Probably Louie B. Mayer, more than any other studio head, knew this. Mayer was very attentive to the personal problems of his actors and actresses, aware as he was that the nature of the business is emotionally charged. To care and look after his "babies,"

(as he was fond of calling them), he employed several highly specialized licensed pharmacists to administer daily to his stars. In most cases, the mild dosage of sedatives were enough to keep MGM well oiled and functioning at the required pace.

When Judy Garland was making the Andy Hardy series with Mickey Rooney, her dosage was average for a child her size and age, but by the time she signed up for *The Wizard of Oz*, an increase had been recommended. Judy had never read the book, or the script, for that matter. She was a quick study and would go over her lines just before she'd go on. The first scenes shot were the black and white Kansas sequences that appear at the beginning and the end of the film. Except for a slight increase of anxiety and slight loss of hair, she showed no signs that she'd be any trouble. But then, all of the actors were given a week off while the dwarfs and midgets were assembled, and the carpenters went to work on Munchkinland and Oz. During that time, upon the insistence of the studio, she was enrolled in a private sanitarium, where Nembutals and morphine would assure her of the rest she needed before starting this most ambitious of movies. Early on the first day of resumed shooting, she was delivered to her dressing room/trailer. The makeup department needed the time to replace her missing hair. As they worked on her, Judy went over her lines for that day. She was at first completely confused by how the story had changed. Meanwhile, outside her trailer, a number of midgets in full Munchkin dress began climbing up on cartons in order to get a close look at the costar of their favorite actor, Mickey Rooney. When Judy first saw them in the reflection of her mirror, she gave out a low, moanful cry and lowered her head into her hands, assured that they would go away as her similar apparitions had done in the past. She took a deep breath to calm herself, and then opened the door of her trailer. Once outside, she gazed around and was dumbfounded. The basic insecurities that had been with her since childhood began to take control. Her trembling body fell back against the trailer as she viewed all of the actors and extras in full fantasy costume. She then stumbled forward, searching for a recognizable face from her past, and was at once confronted by a group of midgets dressed as flying monkeys, the official minions of the wicked witch. Again, she covered her face

in the hope that these images would vanish. When she looked, they were jumping up and down in happy acknowledgment of her presence, which she mistook, owing to the fearsomeness of their makeup, for as menacing a gesture as she had ever encountered. She screamed in a voice that one would have believed incapable of coming from a person her size. Everyone at first froze with shock, but then started toward her to offer assistance. She fled in terror, first across the Oz set, then across three other sets, ruining the shootings as the well-meaning cast from Oz pursued her. The last set she ran onto was for *The Tarzan Story*, where she found herself in the midst of cannibals taking a break. She again gave out an ungodly cry and changed direction. By this time, most of MGM was trying to catch her. She finally collapsed, unconscious.

It was four months before she was able to return to work, and when she did, she was completely bald.



Charity begins at home, and no one knows that better than the Hollywood community. When Edward G. Robinson had financially overextended himself, a number of his close friends gathered together to see what they could do to help. That same evening, they came up with a plan to take the problem right to the movie-going public. Audiences throughout the country were asked to give what change they had to the ushers in the theater, with the money eventually being forwarded to Hollywood. The plan was so successful that the Actors Fund, after a short ten years, was able to donate the excess amounts to a hospital named after the great humanitarian and wit, Will Rogers.

When the money, still in small denominations, was presented to Robinson, it filled an entire room. He stared at it unbelievably for a long while, and then turned to his benefactors and quoted the following: "He is indeed rich who has true friends."

The stories go on and on. Even as we tell some of them, others are being lived and are lining up to be told. How would we describe Hollywood to a Martian? Well, probably, we'll just have to sit it down and pour it a large glass of ammonia, or whatever, and start from the beginning... □

Right this weekend? It may be just another dildo to you—but to me it's a clearer complexion and a generally sunnier disposish, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Must run, but seriously for a moment, if anyone out there wants to rip off a little slightly-used but still juicy Main Line WASP spermatozoa Krakatoa he'd damn well better call before the weekend. Guppie's grandma has sent her the recipe for these perfectly neat-o hash s'mores which, when combined with snorting smack from a Vick's inhaler, is positivello ultimattissimo.

Well, fellows, any takers? Must have own trustfund, hotcomb. Dips not invited. Hurry, though—if clitoris leachman swells up any more I'll have to pretend it's a cultured pearl and get Mr. Grozniak to bite it off like he did Wimpie's. (Did you notice his dangle has zits? Gargled Patou 'til dawn, yukk-o.)

Ta ta, dahlings, and don't take any unnecessary breathalizers.

Pookie Peters
Girl Satirist

Solid, Pookie. Here's hoping teens 'round the globe will keep an eye out for your further adventures, but you also raised an important question: What can a responsible young adult do with a face that looks like Campbell's Cream of Upchuck? Relax, boys and girls, and dig: For every socially-crippled Priscilla Pusface there waits an understanding, scar-ravaged older Peter Pustule, who, given the probabilities of ten monkeys in front of ten bathroom mirrors with an infinite number of Hershey bars, will own a face whose old pimple pits will perfectly dovetail with each of Priscilla's putrescent polyyps. For example, a plaster cast of Richard Speck's skin exactly matches that of Tricia Nixon's after having locked her in a room for a week with a four-foot hot fudge sundæ!

One last letter comes to us from Texas, where a young coupunk writes from inside an automobile trunk:

Dear Dateline,

I hope you will not mind me writing even though I am not yet a teenager, but Dean said he'd be right back from town with Wayne and some candy. Then I could go home, he said, but Dean's been gone a long time now and the wire is pinching my wrists.

I would like to meet a friend or pen pal who will come and let me out of here, or whose Dad works on locks.

Tommy

Down in the big gully

Sure thing, Tommy, we know you're in there—we can smell the quicklime—but seriously, International Date-

line has received a remarkable number of letters and postcards requesting that we reprint a letter of a young native girl from a Samoan fishing village who sent a postcard reading simply:

The Ten Commandments of Going Steady

1. *Don't show him off like a trophy.* Remember that he is a flesh-and-blood person, not just a fine cowrie-shell penis sheath to be flaunted about the marketplace to the shame of the other girls.
2. *Don't be domineering.* If you want to go to the hula and he wants you to stay home to grind his papaya, be flexible, or risk your name falling prey to the jeers of village crones.
3. *Control your jealousy.* Jealousy is like a spice—use sparingly and it can be the Queen of the cooking pot, but use a pinch too much and the whole mess can curdle up on you before you can say "Owananiakawapoluluwickyimoilawi has returned my friendship coconut."
4. *Be a good listener.* Good listeners are hard to find anywhere. And remember, under Samoan law, after three weeks, your new steady can have your tongue nailed to his outrigger.
5. *Be sincere.* Sincerity means being the same to everyone. If your steady

has died of missionary plague, his brother may drop by your hut. Treat him like one of the family, hint-hint.

6. *Respect him as an individual.* If your older brother is already a warrior and your steady still cores pineapples with the women, don't pelt him with rinds or flaunt the back of your knees to his enemies. Your steady will soon shape up or get towed out over his head where the sharks are.

7. *Don't do everything together.* After bean feasting, sleep under the stars. Don't suffocate him with affection.

8. *You don't own him.* He's not just one of your many cowrie-bags. In fact, if you forget to remove them before entering his parents' hut, he owns you, and things may get weird.

9. *Don't make rules and regulations.* Nothing snuffs out romance quicker than a lot of legal bullshit about who has to empty the cat box. We Samoans shouldn't keep cats anyway, because they'd eat our fish. Yes.

10. *Fuck his brains out.* I saved the best for last. Remember, as Samoans, we can all be pretty proud of how cool we are.

* * *

Are U a teen who'd like to meet a pen pal from a different nation? Well, stick it up your butt, kids, and lay off the coke. □

The ultimate excitement is a discovery of a brand new talent... welcome,

Karen Beth "New Moon Rising"



BDS 5631

A writer of songs, intimate and wise, a singer of grace and surprising phrases. A rhyme to make you think of Joni Mitchell, a thought like one of Dylan's, a melody of simple perfection like Carole King, but most of all, indescribably her own... this is the music of Karen Beth... musician, poet and in her own words, "a bird of song."
... "A new star rising!"—Record World, April 26th
... Karen proves herself the master of the country-folk medium as her compositions delve in areas much treaded by ladies Baez and Collins. But Karen can rock with the best of them!"—Cashbox, May 3rd

BUDDAH RECORDS

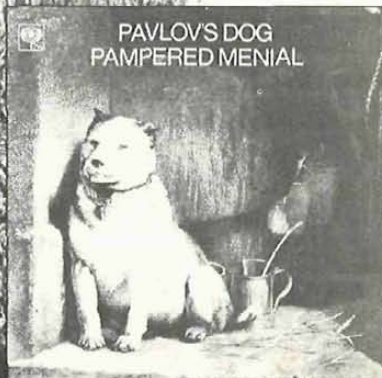
PLEASURE FROM THE BUDDAH GROUP

Produced by Murray Krugman and Sandy Pearlman.



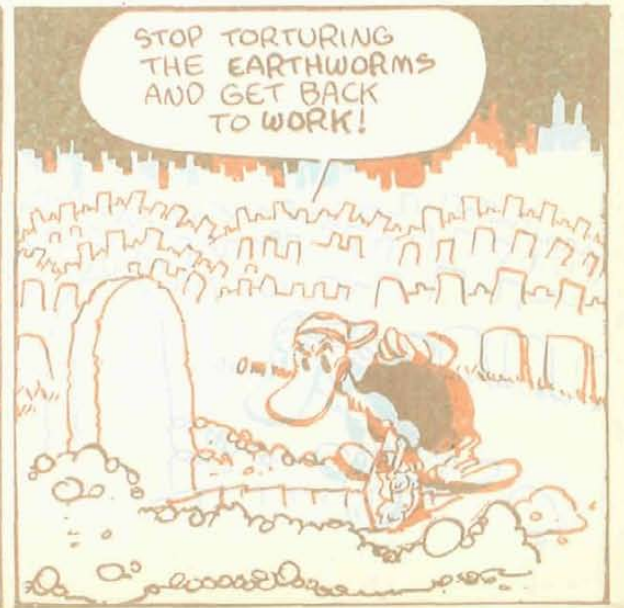
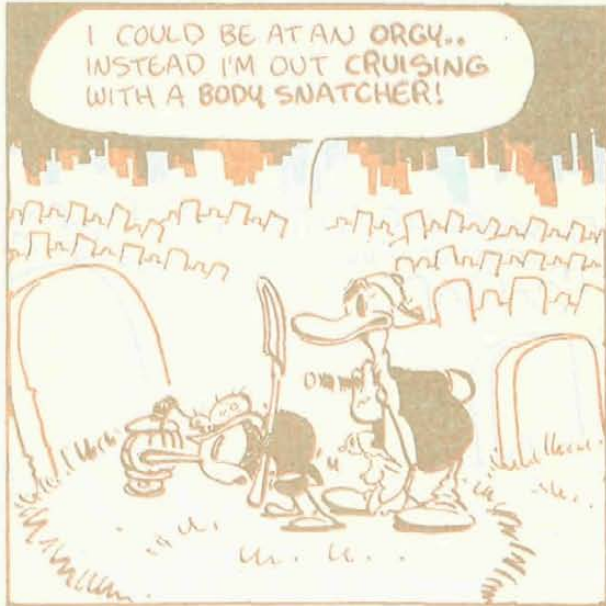
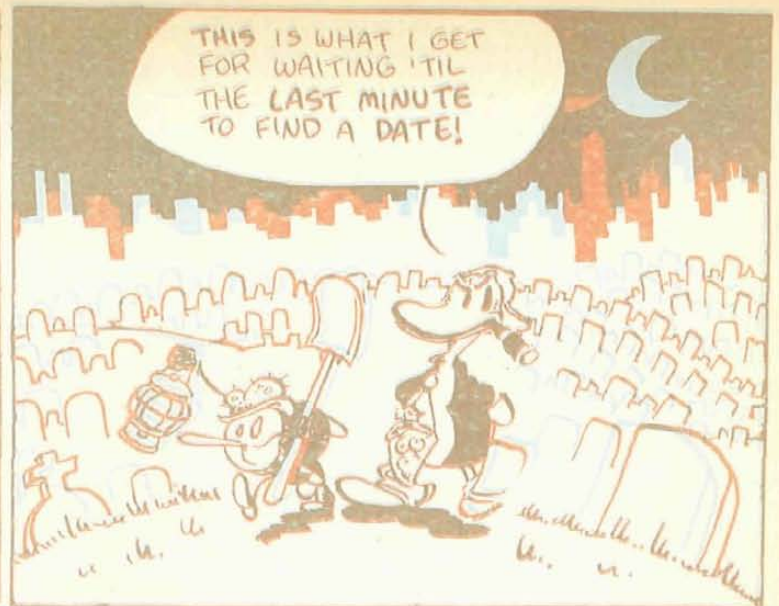
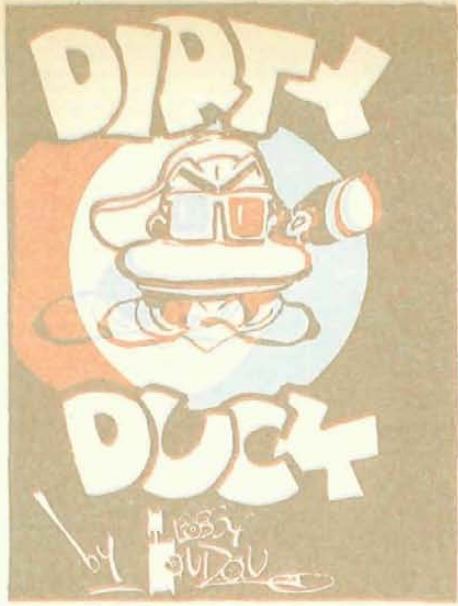
*Pavlov's Dog
was here!*

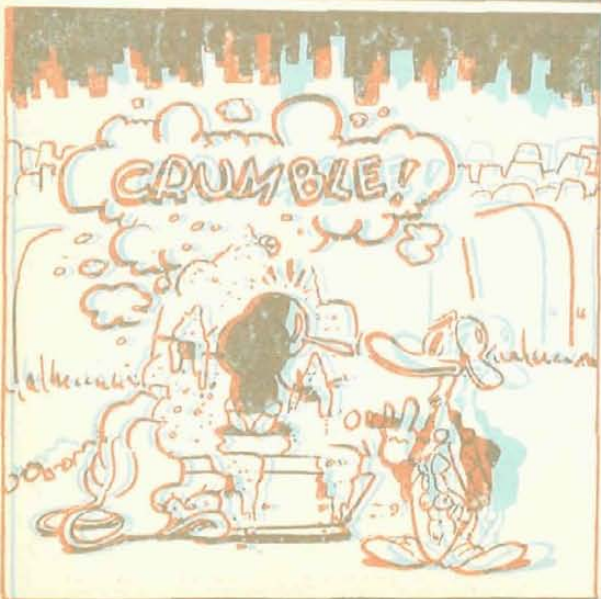
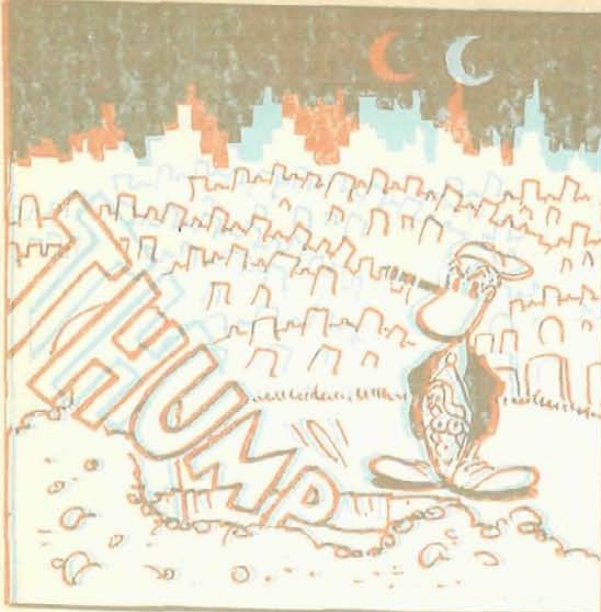
In the middle of endless, though enjoyable, variations on the same old musical themes, something jarringly different: Pavlov's Dog. The outer-world frequency and falling-angel wail of lead singer David Surkamp; the upper-atmosphere orchestrations of Pavlov's Band; it's here:

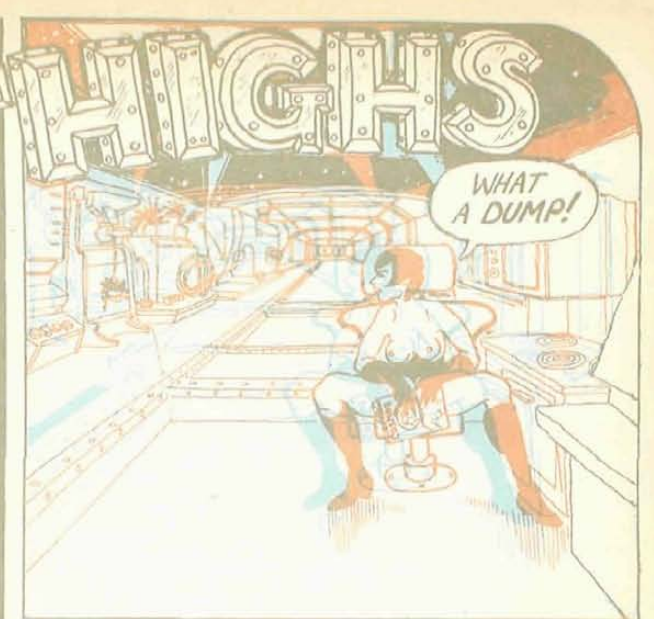
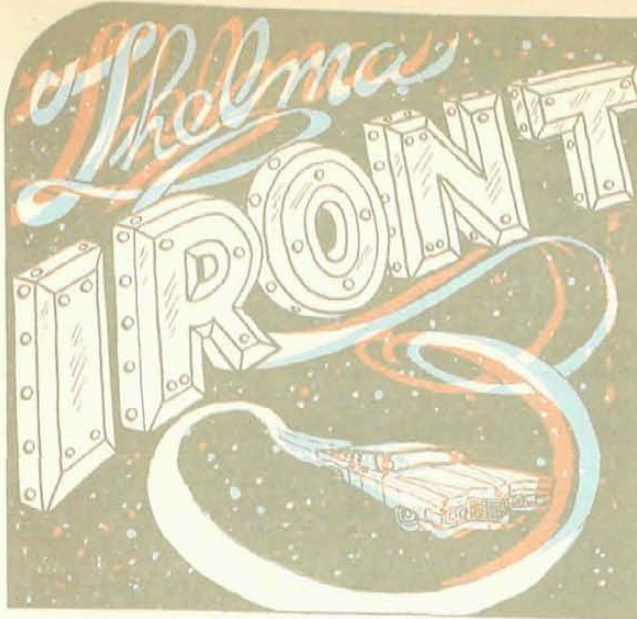


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I'M SORRY I DIDN'T ABDICATE THE DICTATORSHIP OF MY CONTINENT TO BE WITH YOU, THELMA!

I'VE SPENT A FORTUNE ON YOU, THELMA! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

I LIKE RICH MEN... YOU'RE NOT RICH ANYMORE.



IT'S SITTING HERE IN THIS CELL & THINKIN' HOW MUCH I'D RATHER HAVE THELMA THAN ALL MY GROUPIES

NICE SENTIMENT, BUT IT DOESN'T RHYME.



I'VE BEEN CONSIDERING THE INEQUITY OF MY INCARCERATION HERE, THELMA... IN EFFECT, A PRISONER OF LOVE SHOULD BE FETTERED BY CHAINS OF AN EMOTIONAL NATURE, YET...

GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER, CRETIN!



BUT THELMA! REMEMBER THE TIME I MADE LOVE TO YOU FOR SEVENTY TWO HOURS?

OH YEAH... AND I MIGHT HAVE HAD AN ORGASM IF YOUR MOTHER HADN'T BEEN WITH US!



LISTEN, BITCH! IT'S NOT HOW LONG IT IS... IT'S HOW THICK IT IS!

SO... COME AND GET ME, STUMPY!



THELMA! BABY! I GAVE YOU A CENTERFOLD AND A COVER!

I WANTED TO BE AN EDITOR, BEEFBRAIN!



THELMA KNOWS YOU'RE TRYING TO PLEASE HER, SO SHE'S GOING TO REWARD YOU ALL WITH A NICE, BIG ENEMA!



PEPSI!! IF YOU EVER DO THAT TO ME AGAIN, YOU CAN'T SPEND THE NIGHT ANYMORE!

I WAS DREAMING I HAD BREASTS. IT WAS WONDERFUL!

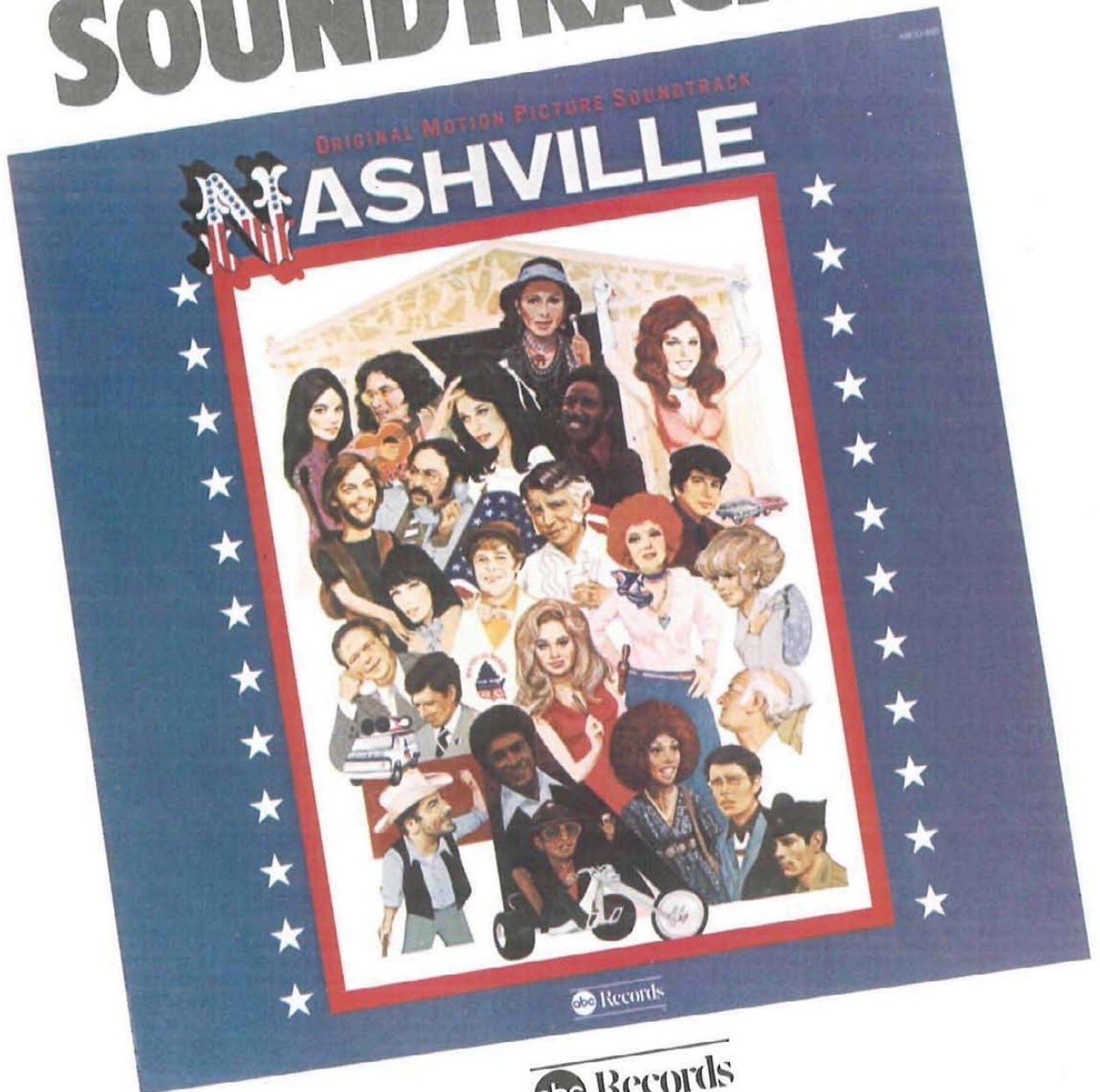
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GET OFF ON THE DOUBLE



Why take the time to roll with *two* papers, and lick *twice* for one smoke? With double-width e-z wider you roll *one*, lick *once* and you're off. There's no faster, easier way to get where you're going. And there's no better gummed paper made. So roll with e-z wider and get off on *the double*.

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matic genius. Lost his funny. Woke up one morning and discovered it was gone. Used to keep it behind his lower lip. Every comic person keeps his funny in a different place. I keep mine in my belly.

(Brooks squeezed his belly hard and made a piercing explosion noise, followed by an equally piercing whistle and fart.)

See what I mean? I always squeeze it a few times a day to make sure everything works O.K.

As a safeguard, the angels put a few guys on hold—Lenny Bruce, Winters, Cosby, Woody Allen, and yoicks! Me! Years passed as they watched us all develop. Most of them faded, died, fell by the wayside. As you know, things were getting shittier and shittier down here in this world. We needed a savior fast and the choice boiled down to me or Woody Allen, who was considered my equal in comic genius. Finally, Shirley had to make the decision, and for her it was really no problem. She never could understand Woody's stuff from the beginning. "Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on the weekend." She never got that. Couldn't make head or tail of Woody. So I got the job. She never laughed at my stuff either, but she liked my energy and universality. The fact that I also made 900 billion dollars on *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* didn't hurt, either.

Lampoon: When did you know for sure that you were going to be our savior, our God? When did you know you were going to be deified?

Brooks: Last Thursday. Shirley sent down a sign, a miracle, to let me know I was ready. I'm sitting with some studio people from 20th Century Fox, talking about my multi-picture deal, and we're going on and on and pretty soon we're all thirsty. My secretary is gone for the day and we're hunting around the office for stuff to drink. One of the Fox guys, a putz and a half named Marty Dubin, feeds me the old joke, "Mel, make me a malted." So naturally, without thinking, I say, "Poof, you're a malted." Suddenly Marty is gone and in his place is a very tall glass of Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray tonic. I nearly shit purple. It wasn't a malted, but it was close enough. Everybody was fainting—lots of fear and trembling. Then a voice in my head commanded me, "Drink the Cel-Ray Tonic." I drank the whole thing and we never saw Marty Dubin again. The last we heard from him was a big belch and two little fluffy ones from yours truly. That was my sign from above. Then I knew I wasn't

one of your regular mortal-type people.

That same day, I was in the parking lot, ready to drive home, when a lady backs into me and smashes my entire front end, an \$850 job. I get out of the car to scream at her and suddenly I'm paralyzed. It's like "Star Trek." I can't move. I can't talk. Of course it was Shirley in the other car and there's not a fucking scratch on it. She talks to me in her nasal New York Jewish whine about what I'm going to do as God, what the whole setup is going to be, building my organization, the Houses of Brooks, the services, the whole thing, bang, bang, like that. And it's all in my head, memorized. And she drives off, smashing into a Citroen Maserati and a BMW on the way out. . . . Worst fucking driver in the world. And that's the true story as I sit here with my balls turning into brussel sprouts. *Bobbi!!! You little hot-eyed Jewess! Where's my boxer shorts, size thirty-four medium with the side slits?*

(Brooks is interrupted by an assistant who is carrying two live chickens in a large silver bowl. He kneels in front of Brooks and presents him with the birds.)

Brooks: Nice looking capons, Herb. Nice and plump. Say the blessing over them, kill them about . . . five o'clock, and send them over to Annie at the house. She'll make a lasagna out of them, or an eggplant parmigiana. What a cook! Can make a lasagna or eggplant parmigiana out of anything. A rock. A Fudgsicle.

Since I got to be God, I'm allowed to have a sacrifice made to me every day, hence the capons. Shirley lets me have a couple of freshly-killed birds. God, I love a freshly-killed kosher chicken! With a boiled carrot, some soup and greens, and a glass of black cherry soda. I bet you're still eating those rubber Perdue chickens, aren't you, shmuckador? You don't know what real chicken tastes like. Tell you the truth, it tastes better than nectarines. And you know how much I love that fruit. Half a peach, half a plum, a helluva fruit. But I'd rather eat a rotten chicken than a ripe nectarine. What do you think of that? *Who's got the Spaldeen?* Give me the ball, I'm up. Watch me cut third base. I'll cut one right past Fat Hymie, he won't even see the ball. *Thock!* A clean single! I'll try for two! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! That Chevy is taking off with my Yom Kippur sport jacket on the fender, my two-tone jacket! Hold it . . . hindoo . . . I gotta get my jacket or my mother will brain me. I'll catch that Chevy. It's going up Marcy Avenue . . . I'm running like

the wind. I'm not even touching the ground . . . Jewish Jesse Owens. Why are those colored kids running after me? They'll cut my pants off. My jacket! It's melting into a Hershey bar! *I'm not short!!!*

(Brooks had lapsed back into his incoherent state again. And again, the egg cream hypodermic was administered and he was brought back to normal. He was breathing hard and looked a little glassy-eyed, but seem to be recovered.)

Brooks: I beg your most complete forgiveness for my vulgar and unspeakably Presbyterian behavior. Where was I? Oh, yes. Y'know what I'm getting for a sacrifice tomorrow? I got a special order in. I'm getting a sixteen-year-old cheerleader from Hollywood High. A virgin. Adorable. Freckled *punim*, perky tits, heart-shaped ass, and a little downy peach fuzz on her firm white thighs. How do you like that, Lampoon? Want one for yourself? I'll order two. We'll take them to Hawaii on a double date, deflower them, and throw them into an active volcano. What do you say to that? Want a nice blond *shiksele* you can eat with a spoon? I'll get you anything you want.

(10:00 A.M. Brooks is on the set of his new movie, Forty-Third Street, a spoof of one of his great loves, the old thirties musicals, complete with wild take-offs on Busby Berkeley dance routines. He was rehearsing one of the big numbers, a breathtakingly tasteless salute to America's love for tits and asses, a number that combined two original songs, "Million Dollar Booby" and "Ass Time Goes By." When he broke for lunch, we resumed our talk.)

Lampoon: You seem to be obsessed with beating death. You want to make your life so lively, so full of noise and terrific work, that death will leave you alone and go after the less active people, the people who don't love life as much as you do and don't care when they die. But now that you're God, has your attitude toward death changed?

Brooks: Not at all. Hate the son-of-a-bitch more than ever. Especially now that I met him.

Lampoon: You actually met Death?
Brooks: Met him at a cocktail party. Shirley made a little party in my honor when she made me God. Took one of the small rooms at the Century Plaza. Didn't knock herself out. Little ham and cheese sandwiches, anchovy paste on Ritz crackers, a few cases of domestic champagne . . . the highlight was red caviar on stale pumpernickel. I'm standing in the corner, having a small glass of white

continued

wine, trying not to eat too many potato chips, when Shirley comes over with this guy, looks exactly like Cary Grant . . . snappy dresser, beautiful teeth, cleft chin you could hide a matzoh ball in it. She says, "Mel, I'd like you to meet Death. Death, this is Mel Brooks, our guest of honor." He gives me a big hello and a hearty handshake and turns on the charm. Seems he wanted to talk to me for a long time. Had tremendous respect for my work. Knew my stuff since I was fourteen and tumbling in the Catskills, jumping into swimming pools with suitcases full of rocks. He was throwing shtick at me from the old "Sid Caesar Show," stuff I had forgotten. Seen all my movies. Had a few thoughts, a few ideas he'd like to throw at me. . . . Not criticism, mind you—he's not a cricket. Oh, oh, I say. What is he up to? This is a very slick *homme*. Talks with a cigarette and a drink in one hand and three canapés in the other. Took the last three caviars, the son-of-a-bitch. He gets me in a corner and says, "Mel, now that you're a full-fledged God, you have to realize that there's more to your career than just running around like a wild Indian, making with the shticks and the jokes. You've got to broaden your horizons and deepen your meanings and get more into the American-Jewish tradition—you know, like the serious artists you should be compared with—Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, Arthur Miller, Joseph Heller, etc., etc. And you can't be up there in the American-Jewish pantheon if you keep doing nectarine jokes and using swear words for shock effect. How long do you think funny will be money? You've got to start getting real flesh and blood characters into your work, real dramatic conflict. That is not to say that you should throw away your humor. Far from it. You should *enrich* your humor with the warmth and beauty of your Jewishness and your Russian heritage, your blood brother alliance with Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy. You are ready to make the final artistic jump, Melvin . . . the Big One . . . to broaden your comic vision to a much bigger canvas, because, in my humble, but highly professional opinion, you have the potential to be the greatest—funnier than Heller, with a more original vision than Bellow or Miller or Mailer. As a matter of fact, I remember you saying to Herbert Gold once that you'd like to write a play about me, a kind of somber comedy, an off-Broadway thing where I'm portrayed as a good looking, jaunty, jolly guy with a straw boater. I *like* that. I like that very much. Why don't you take a few

months off and write it? Your movies are being rerun and will make money for another two, three years. The foreign markets haven't been tapped yet. Write a play, a novel." And he keeps going on like this, like a New York West Side intellectual, telling me how great I am, but how much greater I could be, and I'm wondering . . . is this guy trying to pull the Orlon over my eyes? What kind of smear job is he trying to pull? Why is he so fucking interested in my work, in helping me broaden my artistic vision? I stood there, one on one with him, my weight evenly balanced on the balls of my feet, whatever that means . . . and I asked him point blank . . . what's your game? "Game? What game?" he said.

"You know what I mean. Why are you so interested in my career when you know fucking well how much I hate your guts, how much I work and scream and make noises to keep you at bay."

He pales a little when I say that. But he recovers his suavity and actually puts his clammy hand on my shoulder. He says, "Mel, everything I just told you about your potential career can come true, even more than your wildest dreams. I can help you. Don't ask me how. It's something I worked out with, uh . . . another guy. I'll put it to you in the form of a proposition. If you start moving away from the wild comedy, the crazy shtick and the jokes, and more into drama and other forms, I'm ready to guarantee you immortality in your lifetime, a Nobel, if you want it, more kudos than you can shake a nectarine at, and as a bonus, twenty extra years of life with all your sexual powers intact."

Whoops, whoops, whoopsie . . . I say to myself. Wait a forking minute. *Quelle* kind of sophistry is the suave person with the Vitalis hair tonic trying to pull on me? I do believe he wants me to stop being funny. He wants me to stop being the world's greatest comic artist, because he knows fucking well what I know fucking well . . . that you can launch a little better artillery against death with *humor*. The guy is running a little scared because I'm getting the world to laugh, to tummel, to jump around and make noise and go, "Yah! Yah! Yah!" all the time when they feel low and they think death is drawing near. He knows that my humor is a scream and a protest against the good-bye of death and he wants me to change my whole way of life, my comic vision. He's giving me the old "why don't you become a serious artist" kind of shit. I *am* a serious artist—deadly serious. The greatest comedy plays against the greatest

tragedy. Nothing harder in the world to do than write a funny scene that really works and is really funny. Nothing. Harder to do than tragedy because comedy is *both*. So I look him right in the eye and tell him that I'd rather be yours truly, your most obedient Jewish comic genius, Mel Brooks, and to leave the heavy stuff to my friend Joe Heller and to Malamud and Mailer and those guys. I'll stick to nectarines and rock and Saran Wrap and farting and whatever. "And furthermore," I said, "you didn't fool me with your fancy deal, so fuck off. Go stick an umbrella up your ass and open it. You're no friend of mine." And just to make sure he got the drift of my *pensée*, I gave him twenty minutes of my best "A" material. I shpritzed him to pieces. I did stuff that was so funny I could have made the statues in the Metropolitan Museum come to life and crack up. One of the studio execs from Warners got an attack of locomotor ataxia on the spot from laughing so much. Yours truly was truly inspired. I was working like the guy with the silver cross repelling the vampire. Finally he had enough and he disappears. No puff of smoke or anything. But there was a little piece of farmer cheese where he had been standing.

Lampoon: So you actually had a great triumph in your first meeting with Death. You must have been riding high.

Brooks: You would think so, wouldn't you? Except it turned out to be the worst night of my life.

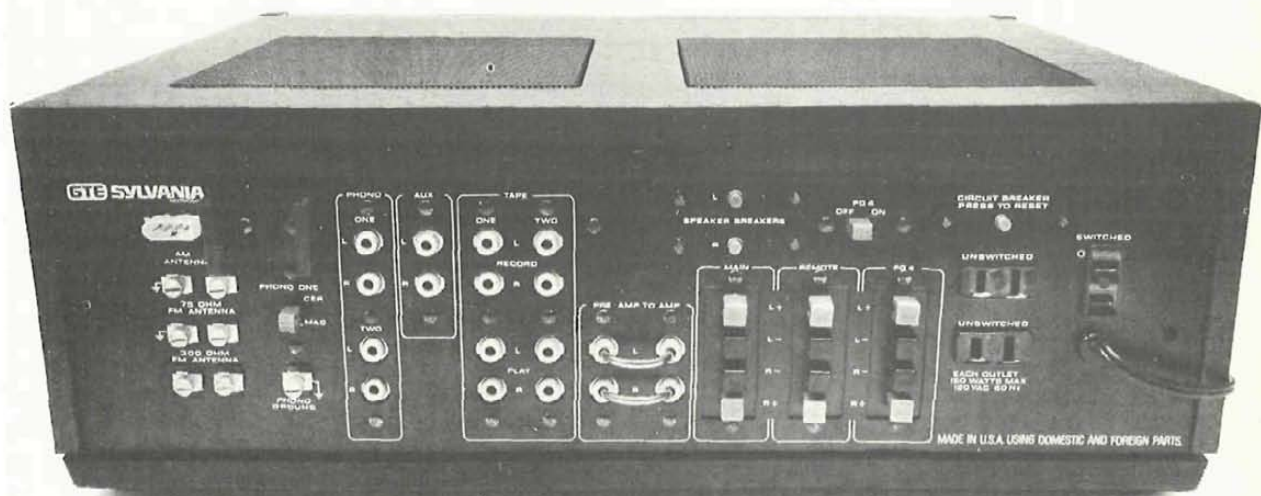
Lampoon: What happened?

Brooks: Shirley got very upset, very embarrassed. Pulled herself up to her full stature as Jewish Princess. "What did you do *that* for? He was my guest. He was off duty. You insulted him. What the hell were you trying to prove? Your macho? That you're the funniest stud in the world?" And she goes after me like a real *farbisseneh*, a mean, unpleasant person. "All he wanted to do was relax a little tonight," she said. "He just wanted to have a few drinks, maybe go out to dinner with us, catch a little jazz . . . you know, just lay back and hang out a little. And look what you did."

"But honey," I said. Son-of-a-bitch! I called her honey without even realizing it! I said, "Honey . . . he's the guy I've been fighting all my life." I told her about the dirty deal he tried to pull on me. It didn't register with her. I said, "Death is my biggest motivation for spilling my guts out, for trying to be funnier and funnier until I'm more important than anybody, better than Joe Heller and Tolstoy and Gogol put together."



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**Popular Electronics*, December 1974 Issue.

GTE SYLVANIA

"A Joe Heller you'll never be," she said. "And don't even talk about Gogol and Tolstoy in the same breath with yourself." Now it's coming . . . the old ball-cutting routine. She goes on. . . "Just because you're so funny you think you can say anything to anybody. I could still kick you out and give the whole thing to Woody Allen. I'll bet he wouldn't embarrass me in front of all these people." Then she goes into her kvetching, whining bit. "I make a nice party for you and all I get is aggravation. No one appreciates what I do anymore. Maybe I'll start a major famine and a world war." She's starting to cry a little. Her makeup is getting smudged and she tries to touch up her hairdo and just makes it worse. So I try my best to apologize. After all, the party was a nice gesture on her part, and it was getting good media coverage. Maybe I did overreact. I took her hand, put my arm around her and kissed her on the cheek. Light, affectionate, barely touching . . . begging for forgiveness in a most ingratiating and sincere manner. All of a sudden she screams at me, "What are you doing, you filthy, disgusting animal! You're trying to kiss and feel up God? What a sin you just committed! You could die for that right on the spot!" I tried to make everything better and only made it worse. I'm terrified. I could blow the whole thing. What can I do to make it up to her? Buy her candy, flowers? That's old stuff. Cars she's got. Condominiums, fur coats, jewelry . . . name it, she's got it. What does she need? I know! I got it! She needs *satisfaction*. Extreme satisfaction. And what satisfies a Jewish Princess more than anything? The idea that you're working your ass off to make money for her. So I ran over to the head of 20th Century Fox who was one of the guests and I asked him for 95 percent of the studio profits in return for making two pictures a year for them. And I got the deal. *That* made her happy. That her little God Melvin just made another \$100 million. I was forgiven.

But just between you and me, Lampoon, one of these days I'm going to jump on that broad. If I can't make her laugh I'll make her come. I don't care if she is God. I'll put my pee-pee in her wet place and tickle that little funny bone up there. Then maybe we'll see who the next *Chief God* will be, *vershteh*, little scribe?

Lampoon: Let's get back to your godly activities. Now that you are God, how has your life changed? Have you felt yourself becoming holier?

Brooks: Than thou? Of course I'm

holier than thou, and a lot of other people. Especially my socks. For some reason, I'm wearing out my socks. My feet are getting as hard as nails. *Bobbi!!!! Get me six pairs of white Orlon cushion-soled tennis socks with yellow and green bands on the top. Get six pairs for the Lampoon and six for yourself, and make it snappy or I'll take away your tits!* I love thick Orlon socks. (*The phone rings and he grabs the receiver quickly.*) Mel Brooks, God, speaking. Send up a six-foot Knickerbocker Jelly Royal, 200 pounds of chorus girl, a

chocolate pastrami, and a pony. Thank you! (*He slams down the phone.*) That was Yassir Arafat. Yassir, he's my baby, no sir, don't mean maybe, Yassir, he's my baby noooooaaw. *Bobbi!!!! Give the Lampoon a freshly-killed capon and a box of Knickerbocker Jelly Royals!* Ever eat a Knickerbocker Jelly Royal? Little hunks of chocolate-covered cherry-ish jelly candy. God knows what they put into it to make the jelly . . . Vaseline with food coloring and Venida hair nets. **Lampoon:** Besides being holier than I, how else are you changing?

continued

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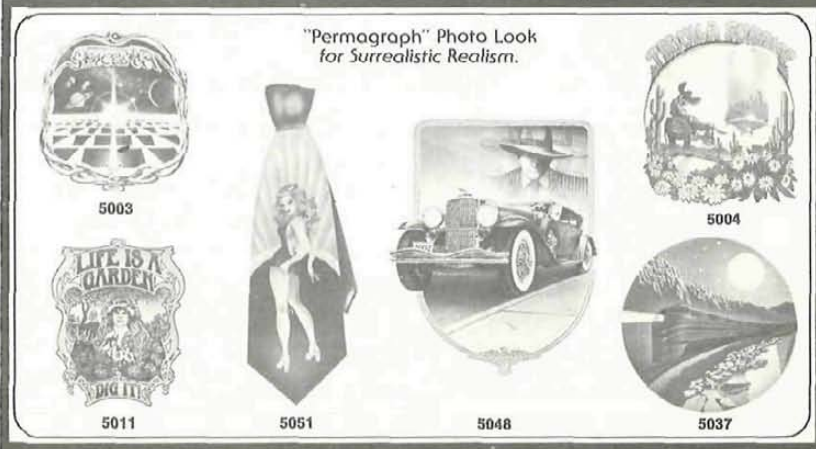
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Brooks: Actually, I haven't changed that much. I'm still a lean, rangy guy with tousled blond hair, a few freckles on the nose, good teeth—lithe, supple body. I can fly a plane, race a car, or tame a wild stallion. I can build a house, fix a watch, and explain the theory of relativity. My steely blue eyes have a certain warmth and tenderness, tempered with a little cynicism and latent violence. Women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-eight find me incredibly attractive.

Lampoon: The blond hair, the lean, rangy qualities . . . I don't see them. It sounds like somebody else.

Brooks: Because you have no imagination, no sense of wonder. You're earthbound, you stupid little magazine. There's more to being God than a vulgar display of omnipotence. Besides, I can't do any tricks or miracles because Shirley has the book.

Lampoon: What book?

Brooks: *1001 Religious Magic Tricks*. She has the only copy and she won't let me Xerox it. I begged her. Let me learn a few. I told her what a great finish it would be for my Saturday services to have a new trick every week, a minor miracle. Stubborn, won't lend it to me. You should see that book, pages torn, soup stains all over it . . . it's falling apart. Hardly ever uses it anymore.

Lampoon: Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

Brooks: As long as it isn't about my private life, my wife, my kids, my home, or my affairs with Sophia Loren and Gale Sondergard. Shoot . . . ask away . . . talk to me . . . You know, before I married Annie I was carrying on for years with Thelma Ritter. God, what a body! Had the legs of a sixteen-year-old baton twirler.

Lampoon: Well, now that you're God, do you get your share of camp followers, groupies, or whatever you want to call them.

Brooks: Are you crazy? It's a sin for a girl to touch a god's body.

Lampoon: But a god can touch a mortal's body. How about all those Greek myths where the gods used to jump on the girls they lusted for?

Brooks: How about those? Sure. But Greek gods only jumped on Greek guys. Used to sneak up behind them and do them from the back. That's how that whole nasty thing got started. A Jewish god doesn't do things like that. Not allowed to enter the body of a nubile maiden in the guise of a duck, a swan, or whatever. Against the religion. Besides, I never take advantage of my godly status to force my depraved desires on innocent women.

Lampoon: What about your feelings about Shirley?

Brooks: That's different. That broad is asking for it.

Lampoon: Do you detect a slight Oedipal influence?

Brooks: I detect by the old hands on the old clock on the old wall that it's time to tape my sermon for the week. Care to join me, or would you rather pluck a few capons?

(Brooks tapes his weekly sermons in a small studio at 20th Century Fox. He prefers to work with simple props, such as a lectern or a desk. Sometimes he'll move around as he talks. Though he is a careful planner and a fanatical perfectionist in all his projects, he likes to improvise his sermons, believing that his zany spontaneity best captures the spirit of his religion.)

Brooks: *(talking to the camera as it follows him around the set)* Mel Brooks Religion, sermon number twenty-four, take one. *(Slight pause.)* Good morning, ladies and

germs. Milton Berle used to say that, remember? Remember Jack Carter? Joey Carter, Jackie Miles? Remember Jackie Vernon and Jackie Kannon? I want to talk about them today . . . the Jackies and Joeys . . . the great stand-up comedians of the past and what they mean to us today. These were the men I watched as a child. Some of them were my heroes. They were the funniest men in the world to me. When I grew up, I was determined to be a stand-up comedian, too. And I was for a while. But my destiny was to be something different. Today, I'm a serious comic artist. But deep down I'll always be a stand-up comedian, a joke-teller, a Jackie and a Joey at heart. Because comedy is essentially a collection of jokes. Even the ancient bards, the great storytellers, had their jokes. Why did the dinosaur cross the road? Today, we tell more elaborate jokes. We call them "shticks" or skits or sitcoms or full length feature comedies. But basically, they're all jokes. Telling a joke is one of the purest,

continued



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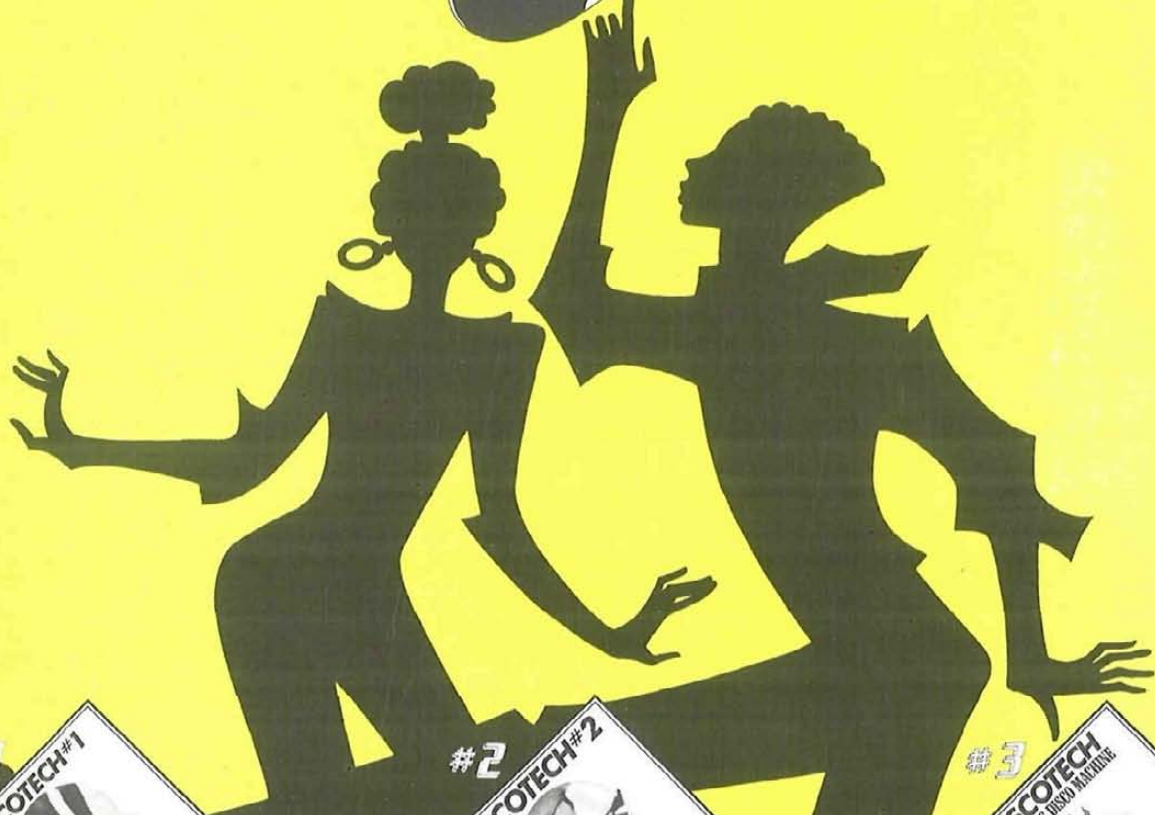
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continued.

loveliest things you can do. You are giving love when you tell a joke. When your listener laughs, it's a form of orgasm and catharsis. That's why you should always tell jokes. There's a bit of Jackie and Joey in everyone.

Cut!

(Brooks stops abruptly and makes a rude farting noise.)

What the hell am I talking about? I'm wandering all over the place doing one of my old leprechaun fairy tales, one of my *bubbe meinsehs*. I must be getting punchy. I'm talking like Jerry Lewis in the twenty-third hour of his telethon. Let's do another one. O.K. . . . Mel Brooks Religion, sermon number twenty-four, take two. This time a little more controlled insanity from yours truly.

(He pauses for about five seconds.) Are teeth bad for chocolate? Yes!!!

Teeth are bad for raisins, for barbecued spareribs, for many fruits and legumes. Teeth are lazy and stupid. They let chocolate and spareribs lay around in tiny places that you can't get at, so you can't eat every drop. Then the food spoils, turns into bacteria, the garbage of the mouth. A terrible waste. Before you eat another sparerib, talk to it *mano a mano*. Before you dip it in the duck sauce, tell it the truth. "Look, rib . . . I'm going to eat you the best way I know how. I love your taste. But some of you may not make it all the way down to my stomach. Some of you may get trapped in the tiny spaces between my stupid teeth. I'll do my best to get you out, but I just want to warn you."

Toothpicks, dental floss, toothbrushes, Water Piks . . . where does it end? We're torturing our food . . . picking and polishing and brushing. We can't go on like this!!! Pull out your teeth!!!

(Slight pause.)

I'm going to give everyone chocolate teeth!!!

From now on, everyone is going to have chocolate teeth instead of regular ones . . . hard chocolate with almonds built into them for toughness. I'm tired of saying chocolate is bad for teeth and teeth are bad for chocolate. Who needs white teeth, anyway? Brown is just as nice once you get used to it.

I love your faces!!! You're all so pretty!!! Thank you.

(Slight pause.)

O.K., that's it. That's a wrap. I like it. It's short, punchy, and peppy. Print it.

(Brooks finished taping his sermon and sped to a recording studio, where he did a soundtrack for his new TV series, "The \$250,000 Man," a takeoff

on the superman-astronaut show. A tireless worker, Brooks recorded for over six hours before he was satisfied. It was now late in the evening and he took off for home, a large house, set high in the Hollywood hills, that looks like a '68 Buick. Brooks does not allow anyone but his closest friends into his home. This is where his privacy is inviolate. But he did allow me to talk to him from the driveway, using his intercom system. His answers boomed back through a group of powerful outdoor speakers. Sometimes, Brooks turns the system on full blast, and can be heard for miles around.)

Brooks: Speak to me only with thine voice, Lampoon. No eye contact. Do not come close to the house or ye will be torn limb from limb by six trained attack children. Keep thy distance and ye will not be harmed.

Lampoon: In making films, you once said that you have no interest in contemporary matters. But now that you're God, will you be turning your attention to any of our vital world problems—overpopulation, ecology, racism, alienation, from a comedic point of view, of course.

Brooks: Certainly I will make pictures with social significance from a comedic point of view. There's an obligation, a responsibility that goes with being God. My next picture will be about man's alienation from society. It's called *The Story of Corned Beef*, and it's about how the meat progresses from a cow to what is called in the trade, a "finished piece," a lovely piece of corned beef which ends up in Factor's Deli on Pico and Beverly.

Lampoon: *The Story of Corned Beef* doesn't sound terribly significant . . . or terribly funny, for that matter.

Brooks: You are talking like a cricket. What do you know from funny? Have you done thirty-five years of funny yet? I can make anything funny. Besides, the corned beef will be played by Gene Wilder. Peter Boyle plays the rye bread with seeds, Marty Feldman plays the pickling spices, and Madeline Kahn is the head Rabbi who makes the meat kosher. Comedy is a cow dying so you can eat a corned beef sandwich at Factor's. My humor is a corrective which punishes the mechanical in human behavior, as well as a powerful impulse deep within the chaos of man's unconscious self. Is that significant enough, twerp?

Lampoon: Very. What else are you doing? What are some of your future plans?

Brooks: I'm going to open a chain of restaurants called *Sex and Food*.

continued

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Lampoon: Sounds like fun, but a little messy.

Brooks: Everything good is messy, wet, and juicy. *And stop crawling closer to the house! I can see every move you make. I'll gun you down if I have to.*

Lampoon: Sorry.

Brooks: I've also been thinking a lot about the Germans lately. For some reason I still can't figure out, I've gotten the reputation of being a German-hater. The country that gave us Beethoven, Bach, Goethe? I've got to make it up to them, once and for all. I'm doing a big TV special called "The Nazi Hall of Fame." It'll be an annual show, like the Academy Awards. I'm going to dig up all the old codgers who are still alive, maybe some of them are using different names now, but we'll find them—and we'll have all kinds of terrific awards. Like the best original torture, best adaptation from an existing torture, best whipper, soap maker. There'll be awards for uniform design, best marching songs, best headquarter design. Even the administrators, the clerks like Eichmann, will get some kind of award. Of course, we'll have to intersperse with plenty of film clips, lots of nostalgia, and salutes to those who are gone, plus a lot of classy entertainers like Herbert von Karajan and Elizabeth Schwartzkopf. It's going to be one hell of a show. Volkswagen and Mercedes are the cosponsors. We'll also have a "Where Are They Now?" section, with film clips of all the guys who can't make it to the show. Do you know that Bormann already has a granddaughter who's married and has two adorable kids, Lisa and Heinrich? Bormann is going to perform a little jazz tap routine. He's very, very good, but he's terribly nervous. I told him . . . "Do it from the heart and you'll do it good. And if you *phumpher* a little, don't worry—fake it. At your age and after what you've been through, you shouldn't be nervous about anything."

Of course, you might have guessed who the big surprise mystery guest will be for the first show, the first Nazi to be installed in the permanent Hall of Fame. I won't tell you, but his initials are A.H.

Lampoon: C'mon, you're not going to pull that shtick again. You've got to be kidding.

Brooks: This is hardly the time to kid. The William Morris Agency finally traced him. He owns a piece of a little leather crafts and cheese shop in Santa Fe. My agent, Marty Seligberg, persuaded him to come out of retirement and make a farewell appearance. He's aged considerably, to be sure . . . very frail, drools a lot. We may kill him on the show as a mercy thing and embalm him and spray him with bronze.

Lampoon: Comedians are always associated with humanitarian projects, with charities. Do you have projects like this coming up?

Brooks: Yes. And it was most difficult to find one, believe me. You are no doubt aware of how all the major diseases are tied up by other comedians—Jerry Lewis with Muscular Dystrophy, Danny Thomas with his thing, Alan King with his hospital in Israel. What's left? Especially now that I'm God. I could have taken the easy way out and embraced all of mankind's diseases. That was O.K. for Christ and guys like that, but not for a little Jewish *vilde cheiyeh*, a wild animal like me. No, Brooks had to go back to his roots, to everybody's roots, to the funniest of all ailments, *peut-être*, hemorrhoids.

Lampoon: Somehow, I was expecting that. What with your preoccupation with various forms of anality—the farting shticks in *Blazing Saddles*, etc.—it comes as no surprise.

Brooks: Me? Anal-oriented? You're full of shit! As you may recall in my *Playboy* interview, I stated that I had no ass. It fell off during the war. Not because of a war wound, though. The Germans never laid a hand on me. No, *mon frère* . . . it was the "Big H" that got me. Worst case of hemorrhoids ever recorded in the U.S. Army. Had to remove the ass. I did use a fruit box for a while, but once I got rich and famous I bought an artificial ass. My ass is so beautiful I have to wear baggy pants or I'd be raped constantly by members of both sexes. Did you know you could get artificial asses made to order, to look like anybody you want? A doctor in Switzerland designed them. I got six pairs. I rotate them, change around, depending on my mood. I got a Nureyev, an early Steve McQueen, a bullfighter "Pro" model, a Walt Frazier (that's my two-tone look—like to wear it to parties), and two others I can't tell you about. Of course, I had an extreme case. The majority of our hemorrhoid sufferers can live with their ailment, treat it properly, and never need surgery, if they are educated and understand the nature of the problem. No more will this malady be a subject of ridi-

cule and shame! No more cockie-doodo stuff. We're taking 'roids out of the closet and into the open, stripping away those blankets of ignorance. After all, they're nothing more than little varicose veins that happen to form in your ass. This is why I am organizing the Mel Brooks Hemorrhoid Foundation. We'll have a big campaign with TV, ads, whatever. I've got a lot of big shots lined up for commercials. People who have hemorrhoids and will come right out and say it, and tell you how you can conquer the problem. I've got some of the top asses in the world . . . Jane Fonda, Pierre Trudeau, Wilt Chamberlain—his 'roids were enormous, by the way. Do you suffer from this *malade*? If you do, I'll give you a few tips right now. The important thing is to learn to live with your hemorrhoids and keep them happy. A happy hemorrhoid never makes trouble. It never gets mad, so it never burns. It never gets frustrated, so it never itches. It just stays nice and small and cute and minds its own business. I had three very nice, polite little cuties—Ben, Sol, and Doris. They were like family. But I didn't keep them happy and eventually they destroyed me. How do you keep them happy? You eat nectarines. At least half a dozen nectarines every day. Why do you think I always push that little fruit, that wonderful cross between a peach and a plum? Because I like the taste? Those things are magic on 'roids. They work like a Valium. Makes them relaxed and sleepy and laid back all the time. Acts like a drug. If a 'roid doesn't get enough nectarines, there's a good chance it will get angry and cranky, and that's when you're in trouble.

Lampoon: What if nectarines are out of season?

Brooks: Bite on a towel until the pain goes away.

(At midnight, Brooks was still restless. If he was in New York, he would no doubt go to Chinatown or Mulberry Street for a snack and a spirited discussion of Tolstoy and Dostoevski. But Los Angeles closes early. Nevertheless, he and a few close friends got into his car and drove around looking for a restaurant that was open. Since I was still in the driveway, I was invited along. We settled on Scandia, the huge, expensive smorgasbord place where Brooks had some "Gentile lox and herring at ten bucks a shot." He seemed unusually nervous and jumpy and kept looking around the restaurant as if he were counting the house.)

Lampoon: By the way, have you heard anything from Death lately?

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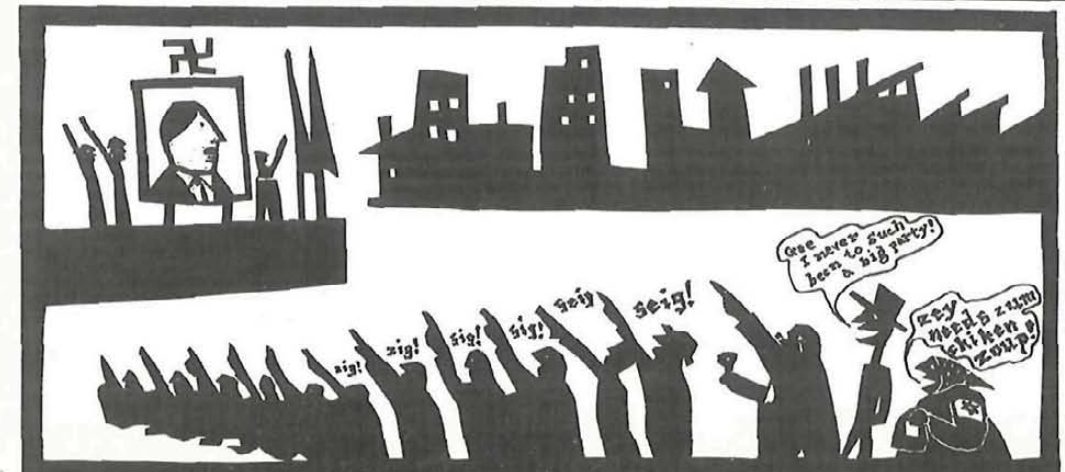
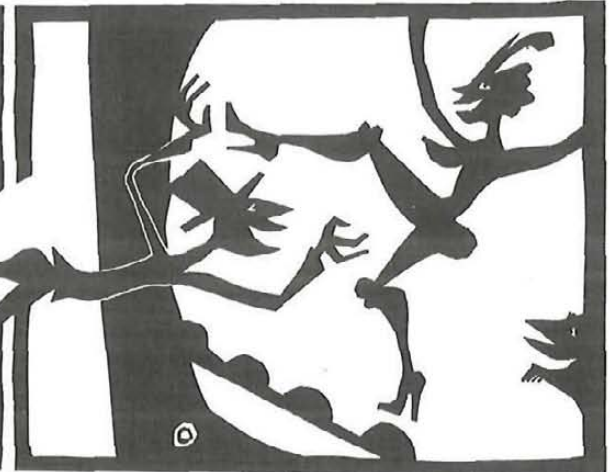
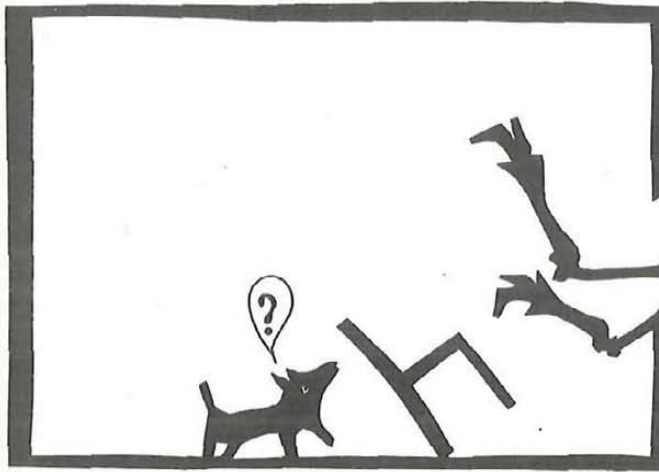
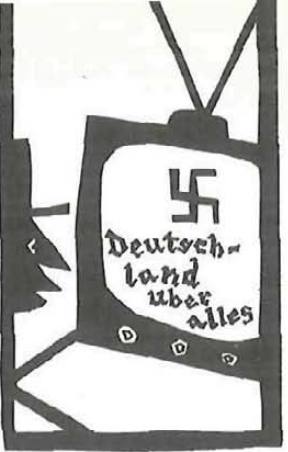
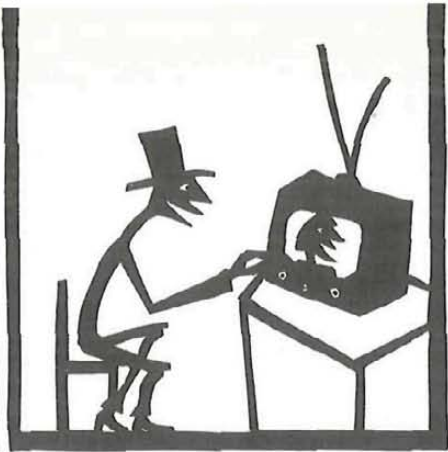
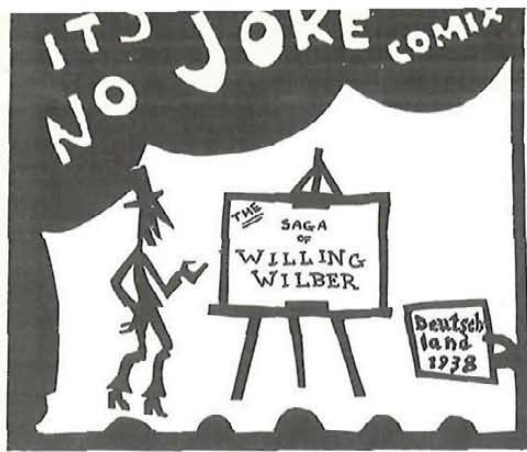
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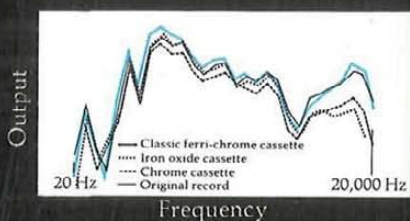
 
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The Classic Cassette with ferri-chrome. Truer than chrome. Truer than iron oxide.

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.

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Brooks: (nearly jumping out of his chair) What? Dorth? Dorothy Lamour? Haven't seen her for ages. Heard she lost a lot of weight.

Lampoon: I said Death. You know, the guy who looked like Cary Grant.

Brooks: Cary Grant. Never had the pleasure of meeting him.

Lampoon: Are you trying to dodge my question?

Brooks: What question, fartface?

Lampoon: Have you seen Death recently . . . since the time you met him at your cocktail party?

Brooks: You had to ask me *that*. Yes, yes . . . I have seen him since then. Many times. He's very upset over what I said to him at the party. He's after me. Wants me to take out the section of my services that ridicules him. Wants me to stop doing all my anti-death numbers and do more serious things like theater and educational TV. Came to see me last week as Merv Griffin . . . doing the corny jokes and the "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts" crap. Tried to make another deal. I told him to go fuck his ear.

Lampoon: That was very brave. Are you sure you did the right thing?

Brooks: I did what Gary Cooper or John Wayne would do under the same circumstances. I may be a God, but I guess I'll always be a man as well. And a man has to do what he has to do.

Lampoon: What about Shirley? Couldn't she help you out?

Brooks: Doesn't want to be bothered. Too busy with the beauty parlor visits and the duty-free shopping. She gets more than a hundred dollars worth, you know. *Oy!* There he is again!

(Brooks quickly ducked under the table. I looked at where he was pointing and saw Tony Curtis entering the room.)

Lampoon: But it's only Tony Curtis.

Brooks: (whispering from under the table) It's Death. Take my word for it. I can tell. He also visited me as Don DeFore, Yvonne DeCarlo, and Marlo Thomas. He's a man of a thousand faces. And I don't feel like *hondling* with him tonight. I'm tired, I'm wound up, and I'm cranky. Is he out of sight yet?

Lampoon: Yes.

(He crept out from under the table and took a long drink of club soda.)

Brooks: Forgive me, Lampoon. I've had a long day. Take lox with me. Take herring. Eat like a Jewish Viking.

Lampoon: Thank you. Is there anything else you want to say? To the Lampoon readers? To the world? To Tony Curtis?

Brooks: Yes. One thing. Before I die

continued

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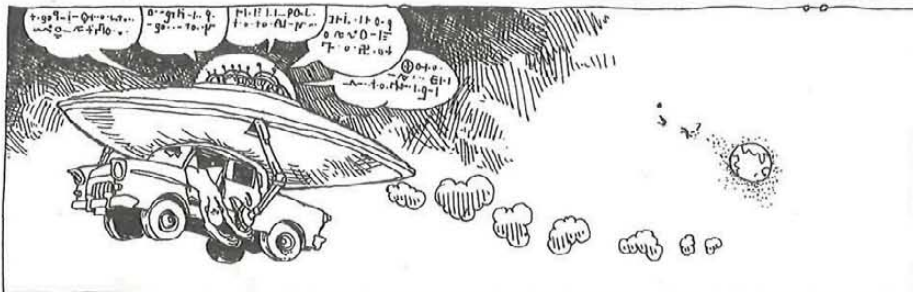
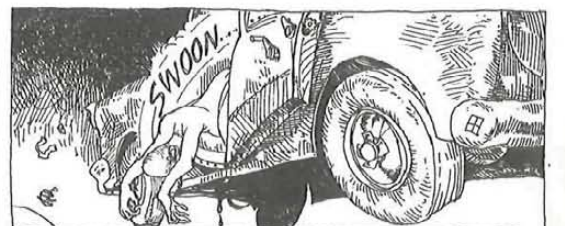
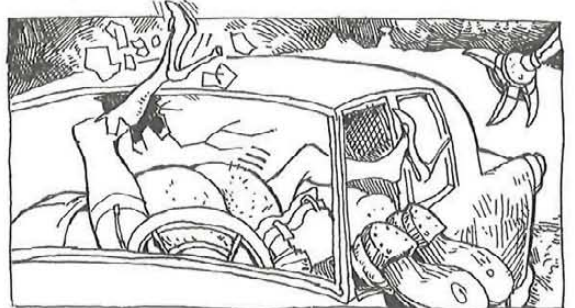
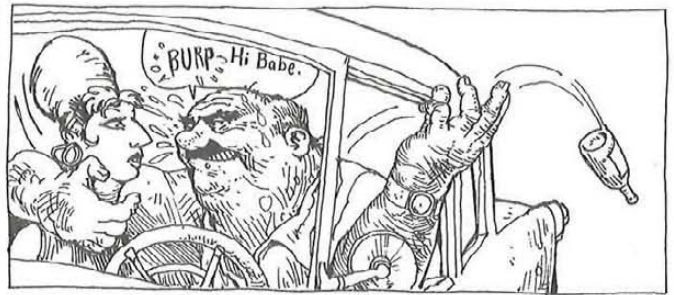
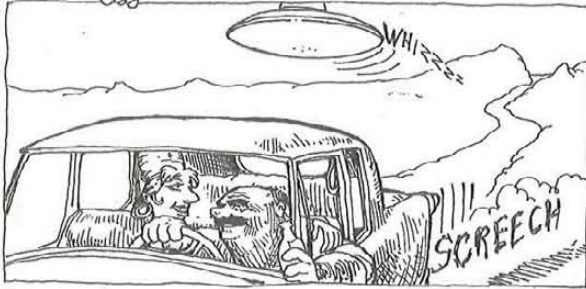
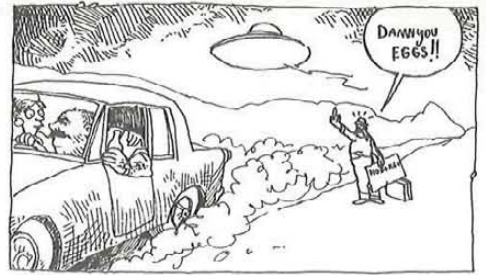
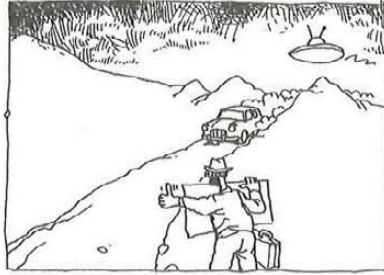
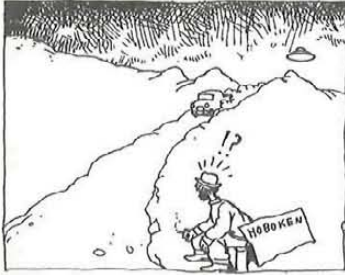
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EGGS AND GINA

by Randy Jones



I'm going to make God laugh. Do you hear me, Shirley? I'll make you laugh. Or else I'll make you come. And you won't know whether you're coming or going. You start with a rock!!! You take a rock, put Saran Wrap on it... an animal attacks you... you say, hey! Stop that! I'll call a policeman. Here comes the bus. I'm not going to run for the bus. I'll walk to the bus, jaunty-jolly. Doesn't matter. So Gogol realizes that he's going to die and he starts to build a pyramid in Larchmont, a monument, the biggest Raisinette in Westchester. *Laugh, you cunt!!! I'll bite your hair-do off!!! Oogah! Oogah! Watch it, Herbie! There's a Buick behind you! You'll get shlommed up the ass! Watch it! Izzy is farting from the fire escape! He'll blow us apart! Aaaargh!!! Somebody threw a bag of rabbi breath at me! Give me air! Oxygen! Get my two-tone jacket before Dirty Angelo steals it! Angelo with the tattoo. It's Death... he's coming after me! I gotta run!!!*

(Just as Brooks jumped out of his chair to run off, his friends grabbed him, pinned him down, and began punching egg cream needles into his legs and arms, drawing their supplies from a ten-gallon tank they brought along. But this time the egg creams weren't bringing him around. It seemed as if he developed an immunity to them. He kept talking and screaming in his odd, disjointed monologue. His friends were frightened and worried. It was his worst attack. Someone called for a doctor.)

A friend of Brooks: He needs more than a doctor. I think he's got a Dybbuk in him... you know... a demon. He needs an exorcist.

Friend Two: He needs a Jewish exorcist.

Friend Three: Exorcist, shmexorcist. First give him an enema. You know the old joke...

Friend One (interrupting) Jesus, that's pretty tasteless at a time like this!

Friend Three: That's exactly why I suggested it. If Mel were in full control of his faculties, he'd love the idea. He would say...

(Suddenly Brooks' voice is heard, strained and barely audible.)

Brooks: I would say... an enema for an attack of the crazies? Wouldn't help. But it wouldn't hurt, either.

(His friends laughed and cried as Brooks delivered the punchline to this ancient and venerable joke.)

Just one thing, folks. If you're going to give me an enema, make it with chicken soup instead of water. Thank you. I remain your most obedient servant and God, and Brooks bless you. □

The proud Basque peasant wears a shoe that's as rugged as the country he lives in. Now Clarks brings this shoe to America, for men and women. It's so tough we call it the Rhino.



Clarks' Rhino is an incredibly *tough-skinned* canvas boot—almost as strong and sturdy as the hardy Basques themselves.

They *must* wear tough shoes like the Rhino, since they wrest their living from some of the most difficult terrain in Europe—the jagged, primitive Western Pyrenees that are criss-crossed with narrow defiles and high foot-paths. So, the Basques must scale steep trails that often wind high beyond where even their sure-footed burros can go.

For a country like this, the Rhino is perfect. Its heavy two-ply canvas is welded to thick, vulcanized rubber soles that have treads as deep as a truck tire's.

If Rhinos can cling to the stone paths of the Pyrenees, they can hold their ground anywhere.

Incidentally, since the peaks of the Pyrenees catch every storm from the North, they are often drenched with moisture.

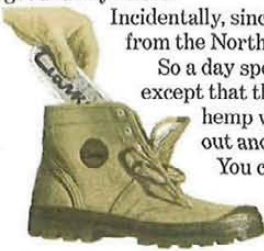
So a day spent climbing there would usually mean wet feet, except that the Rhino has a removable inner sole of natural hemp which, when wet, the Basques take out and dry over their campfires.

You could do the same, with your Rhinos.

You can wear your Rhinos any-

where. To town, to school, to work.

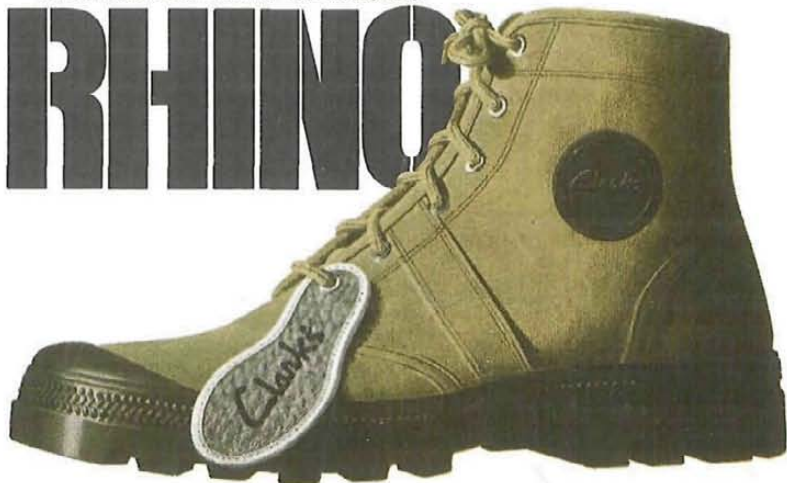
You can even wear them out to the barn—which may be the only way you *can* wear them out.



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Films ☆ Video ☆ Radio ☆ Stage ☆ Music

HOLLYWOOD BRIEFS



July 15, 1975

AWARDS: Merrick, Friedkin Big Winners!

HOLLYWOOD— David Merrick for *The Great Gatsby* and William Friedkin for *The Exorcist* came out the big winners, as long-awaited awards were handed down by Los Angeles County juries.

Merrick was awarded a total of \$6 million in the categories of punitive and compensatory damages. He told an SRO crowd that he was "pleased and gratified" by the verdict in this, his first flick venture, but gave the lion's share of the credit to bar star Abner Schmalz for what Merrick called a "truly great performance." Merrick also thanked Paramount execs, and everyone connected with Par's legal and accounting departments, who, Merrick noted, "made this all possible."

Bill Friedkin, who called the shots on

The Exorcist, came out a winner in his \$10 million breach of contract suit against Warner Bros. The award set a new house record at District County Court 9, surpassing the old record of \$7.2 million by *Garland v. MGM*.

Calling the shots for Friedkin was veteran tort-room trouper Samuel H. Goodhead, whose list of credits include *Sinatra v. CBS*, *Sinatra v. Fox*, and *Sinatra v. Lassie*.

Other awards handed down this week included a \$1,650,000 negligence award to Mrs. Josephine Finegold, widow of stunt man Julius Finegold of *Earthquake*, a \$25,000 out-of-court settlement to the SPCA in a loss of consortium suit on behalf of the spayed cat in *Harry and Tonto*, a \$1 million alimony award to

(continued on page 27)



Winner Merrick flashes the F. Lee Bailey Medallion to unidentified English show girl.



Winner Friedkin proudly scans his newly-awarded "Golden Tort" trophy.

Money Girl, Money Lady:



On a clear day, she can sue forever...

STREISAND TO INK MULTI \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ PACT WITH PAR

HOLLYWOOD — Negotiations are almost concluded between Paramount and Barbra Streisand for a multimillion dollar contract which will include recording for Par's own label and call for three pics over the next five years. Mr. Morton Cropper, Miss Streisand's latest attorney, said, "We are very close to closing the deal, and if all goes as expected, we should be suing them for breach sometime next February."

Hollywood Briefs

July 15, 1975

50¢

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SONNY AND CHER SOCKO, BOFFO IN L.A. APPEARANCE

LOS ANGELES—Sonny and Cher Bono had to be physically separated today as they made their final appearance in Los Angeles Family Court, as their divorce proceedings came to a smashing finale. Cher, looking demure in an Aztec headdress and diamond-studded satin loincloth, had filed for the split through alimony superstar Mel Fidelson (Taylor v. Hilton, Taylor v. Burton, Taylor v. Fisher, Kennedy v. Onassis) on the grounds of irreconcilable differences in their heights, which, according to the transcript, caused her severe mental and emotional anguish when they were seen together in public, and which prevented her from wearing platform shoes.

Sonny, who spent much of his day in court doubled over, holding his groin and nursing a black eye, was thoroughly dominated by Cher's overpowering style and longer reach, and, despite laying down a couple of hot licks of his own, was clearly second best.

The jury agreed, and O.K'd the split, awarding Cher custody of their seven-year-old daughter and twenty-four-room Beverly Hills pad.

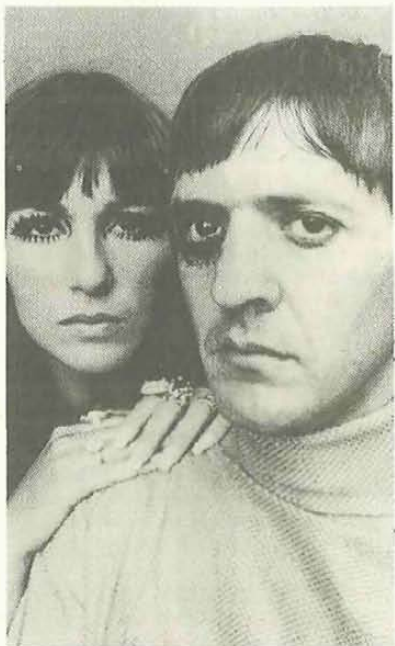
The duo are expected to take their act to Santa Monica later this month for a civil suit involving their personal finances.

UPON ADVICE OF COUNSEL

—Robert Sadler, Esq.



You're young, hopeful, and ready to take Hollywood by storm. You want to be a star! It's probably been said a hundred times before, but it's something worth repeating. Whether you're an actor, director, or writer, if you want to make it big in this business, there's no substitute for talent. So before you take pen in trembling hand and put your name on that contract, ask yourself: Does my lawyer have talent?



Pro and Anti-Bono.

The answer to that question can mean the difference between a fifth floor walk-up in Watts and a five bedroom with wood-burning fireplace and pool in Laurel Canyon.

Let's say you're a relative unknown. You've been living on Fritos and banana peels for three years, doing a showcase here, some guerilla theater there, and suddenly, Francis Ford Coppola sees you and offers you \$50,000 plus an additional \$25,000 deferred for a supporting role in *Godfather III*. You can feel it in your bones. This is it. Your Big Breach. Flushed with excitement, you rush the contract to your lawyer. Does he take the contract and tell you he'll get back to you after he's had a chance to read it? When he does get back to you (finally), does he say the contract needs a lot of work? That it is totally one-sided and unacceptable? When you tell him that what Francis Ford Coppola gave you was a standard contract, is it your lawyer's attitude that there is no such thing as a standard contract? Is it pointed out to you that this is just a first offer and that nobody expects you to sign it? Does he shake his head and laugh at the standard clause that defers your additional \$25,000 until the picture goes into interplanetary distribution? Is it his point of view that this contract is nothing more than a working document, a basis for further negotiation?

If the answers to any of these questions are yes, you are dealing with a lawyer whose attitude is realistic. A lawyer who is thorough. A lawyer who is cautious. A lawyer you should avoid. As anyone in the entertainment industry will tell you, dealing on a realistic basis in Hollywood is the shortest route to oblivion.

On the other hand, if, upon receiving the contract, your lawyer shoves a pen in your hand and tells you to sign on the dotted line without so much as glancing at the first page, you have a lawyer with talent and foresight. A lawyer who understands the basic axiom of show business: You can't have a breach of contract without a contract.

Of course, contrary to the rags to riches stories one might hear, suing a major studio or network for a million dollars does not happen overnight. In most cases it takes years of dedication, toiling in the vineyards of small claims court and out of court settlements before the day comes when you make your grand entrance into District Court 9. But when that day comes, you'll be ready. Until then, always remember: *Everyone is trying to take advantage of you.*

And that's sue business.

DAVID MERRICK GOES LEGIT

NEW YORK—David Merrick, fresh from his *Gatsby* triumph in Hollywood, has arrived in New York to begin work on his next project.

"We are studying a number of alternatives at the moment," Merrick said from his lawyers' office. "Without being too specific, we are currently looking into the possibility of reviving a wonderful old Schubert's law suit which was very successful for Busby Berkeley back in 1932. It was a simple little thing—the whole action revolved around the cancellation

of a \$2 million terrarium Berkeley wanted to build for a musical. Of course, the legal principles and precedents of the suit are somewhat dated, but the basic premise is still sound, and with some updating, I believe it can be successful. After all, a good law suit is a good law suit."

Merrick's prospectus, which will be mailed to potential backers this week, estimates the production costs to run in the neighborhood of \$650,000. Sources say that half the suit has already been financed by independent backers.

The Bottom Lines

Director Sam Peckinpah has settled out of court with the SPCA...agent Irving Lazaar threatening action v. author Richard Adams. Lazaar sold Adams' bunny tale Watership Down to Hanna Barbera, Adams claims he never heard of any of them...Universal-MGM coproduction blockbuster Future Shock opening still held up in appellate court, after four years, over video-cassette rights...ageless Marlene Dietrich threatens malpractice suit v. famous movieland plastic surgeon. Seems La Dietrich emerged from her last face lift with a cleft chin and goatee...hot shot journalist Pete Hamill suing to have his name and credit removed from latest Mac Davis special...Dustin Hoffman may take slander action v. snotty N.Y. critic who referred to Dusty's latest performance as "adequate"...T.V. personality Oral Roberts has moved to have his name, and that of his namesake university, officially changed to Johns Hopkins...That's all, folks, and remember--write if you get work.

TOP ALL-TIME AWARDS

For punitive damages based on an original law suit. \$6,000,000
(JUDY GARLAND/Garland v. MGM, Fitelson & Mayer, Attys.)

For punitive damages based on a perivative cause of action. \$2,750,000
(RONA BARRETT/Barrett v. Sinatra, Swartzberg & Klein)

Best foreign law suit.
2,345,765,344,987,000 yen
(AKATSU MOSHUTO/Moshuto v. Hayakawa, Wor Su Duc, Atty.)

Best small claim. \$299.99
(MGM/MGM v. Garland, Metzner & Green, Attys.)

For breach of contract. \$2,000,000
(JOHNNY CARSON/Carson v. NBC, A. Rifkin, Atty.)

Best settlement. \$25,000 a mo.
(ELIZABETH TAYLOR/Taylor v. Burton, Fitelson & Mayer, Attys.)

Negligence (Gross). \$800,000
(YUL BRYNNER/Bryenner v. Dawn Patrol Barber Shop)

Negligence (Gross). £1,800,000
(EVELYN WAUGH/Waugh v. Richardson et al., for *The Loved One*)

Tommy

The lawsuit



Jack Nicholson is The Plaintiff

Ken Russell is The Defendant

Tommy
The lawsuit

It took years to bring it to trial.
It took thousands of dollars to prepare.
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Guaranteed to be the biggest,
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DEEP SHIT



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WEST BACKS EAST FOR A FISTFUL OF LIRA

NEW YORK—Clint Eastwood, macho meatball in a half-dozen spaghetti west-



erns, has opened fire on Italian director Sergio Leoni and the government of Italy. Eastwood's complaint, filed late last week in the Federal District Court (S.D.N.Y.) alleges that Leoni and a succession of Italian governments have conspired to prevent him from receiving over 60,000 million lira, Eastwood's share of the profits from such films as *A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More*, and *This Blood-bath's on Me*.

The suit is being backed by West, Inc., publishers of most standard legal textbooks in the U.S. law schools. West spokesmen say the Company is following the example of many large publishing houses now backing plays and films, with an eye to the lucrative rights to the sure-fire best-seller based on the show.

West is betting on big profits from the book, for backing the suit has cost \$15,000, and, even if Eastwood should win, his Italian paycheck will amount to little more than \$200 in real money.

Eastwood spurns ciné magnate Alberto Grimaldi's offer of an Etruscan vase in lieu of payment. Vase was valued at "worth acquiring by any means" by a New York Museum director.

On the Docket

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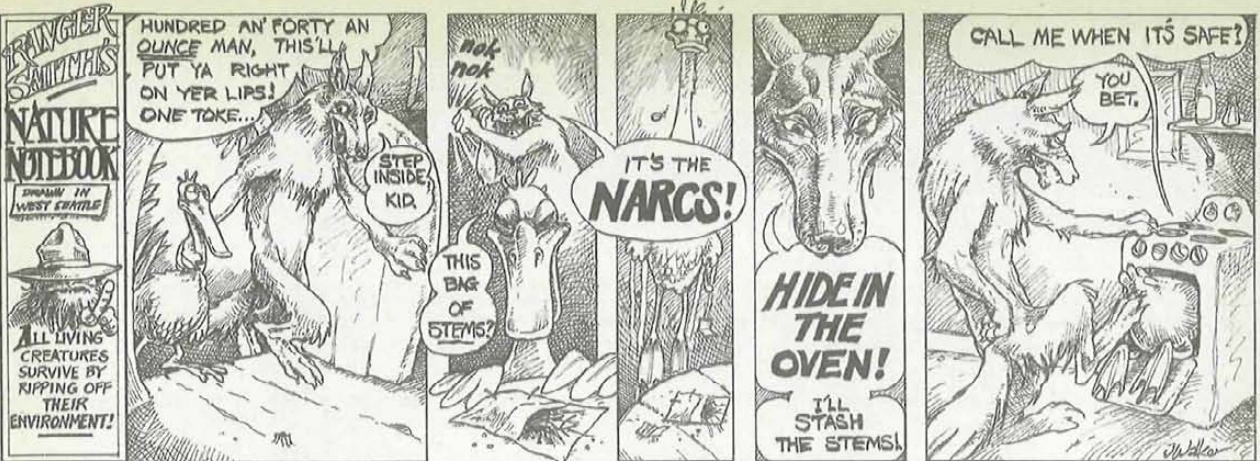
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THE DIRTY DOZEN (PENDING LITIGATION)

THIS WEEK	WEEKS ON DOCKET	CAPTION	CAUSE OF ACTION	LEGAL FEES TO DATE
1	826	Van Johnson v. <i>Confidential Magazine</i>	Libel	\$3,009,657.94
2	106	J. Fred Muggs v. Roddy McDowell, <i>Planet of the Apes Prod.</i> , et al.	Defamation of Character	\$1,113,098.34
3	297	Arthur Miller, Joe Dimaggio, et al., v. the estate of Robert Kennedy	Alienation of Affections	\$1,098,178.09
4	145	Sonny Barger, S. F. Hell's Angels v. Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson	Defamation	\$ 887,874.77
5	202	Apple Records Ltd. v. Guru Maharaj-ji	Conversion	\$ 665,876.98
6	33	Cole Porter Estate v. Bogdanovich, Reynolds, and Shepherd	Gross Negligence	\$ 665,765.65
7	98	Commissioner of Baseball v. Michael Moriarty, Robert de Niro, and <i>Bang the Drum Slowly Prod.</i>	Attempted Battery	\$ 599,856.00
8	1134	American Motion Picture Academy v. Fellini, Truffaut, Godard, Antonioni, et al.	Nuisance	\$ 587,999.76
9	23	<i>Chitty Chitty Bang Bang</i> (MGM) v. <i>Clitty Clitty Bang Bang</i> (Glo-nad Prod.)	Copyright Violation	\$ 467,976.62
10	17	Estate of Cass Elliot v. Plumrose Ham, Gulden's Mustard, Wonder Bread, and a side order of potato salad.	Wrongful Death	\$ 376,953.66
11	8	Vietnamese Liberation Front v. Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope	Slander and Deceit	\$ 267,856.00
12	788	Technicolor Labs v. Zapruder	Unfair Competition	\$ 256,349.22



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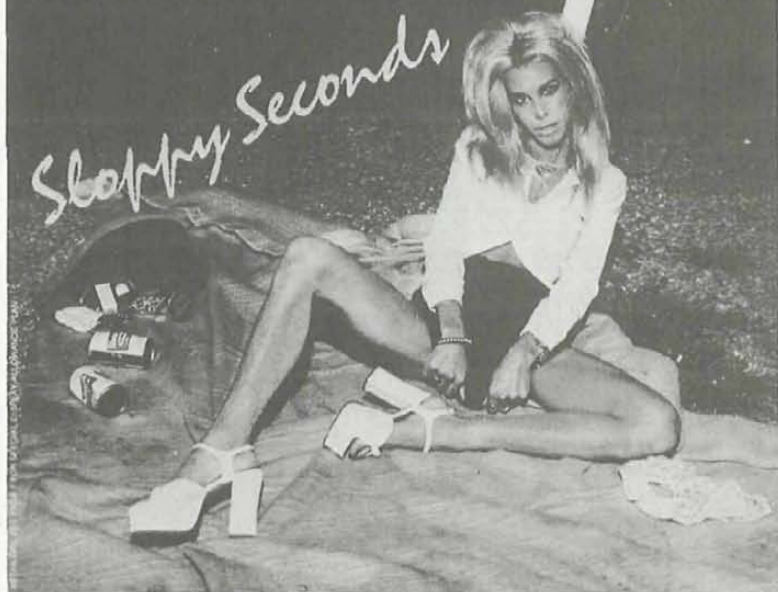
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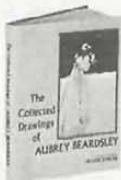


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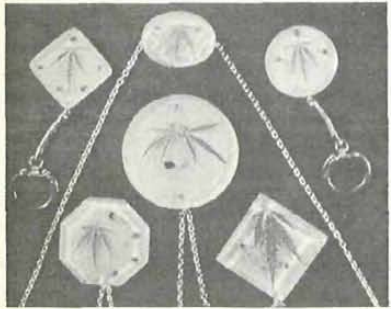
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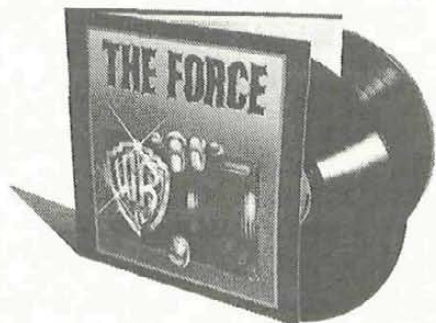
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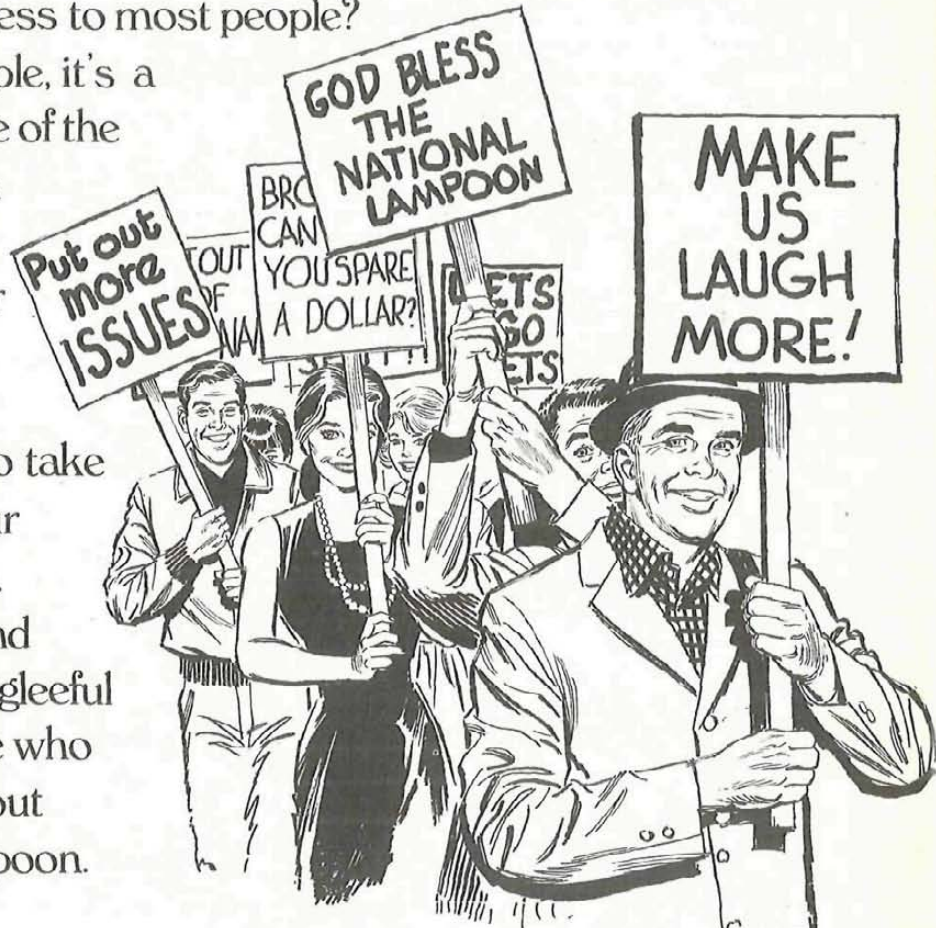
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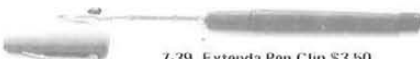


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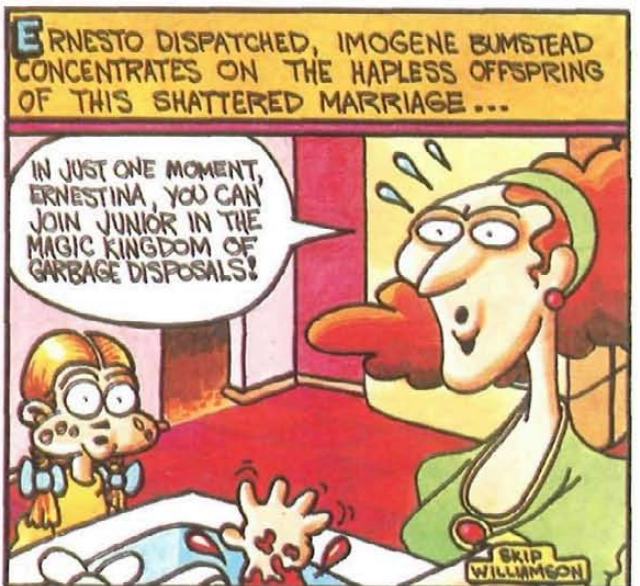
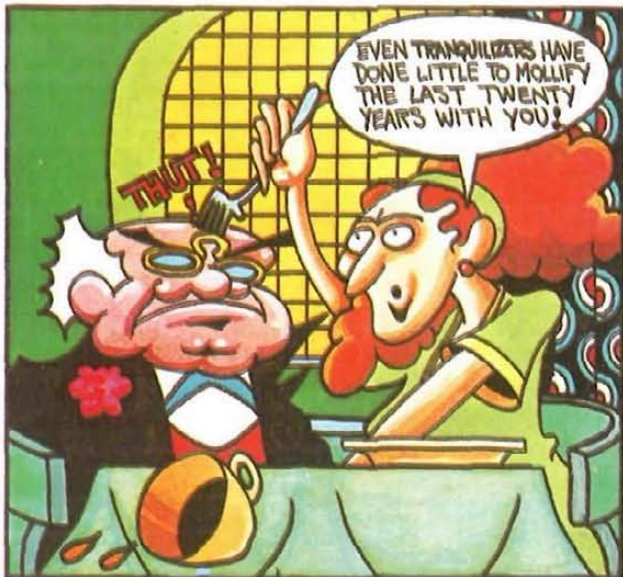
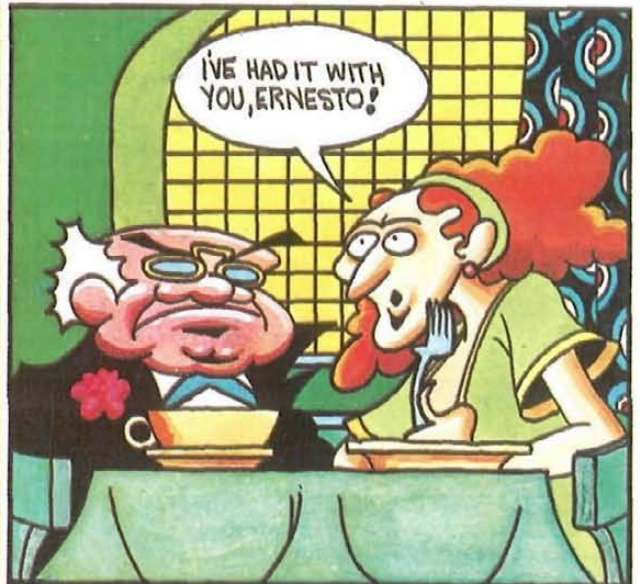
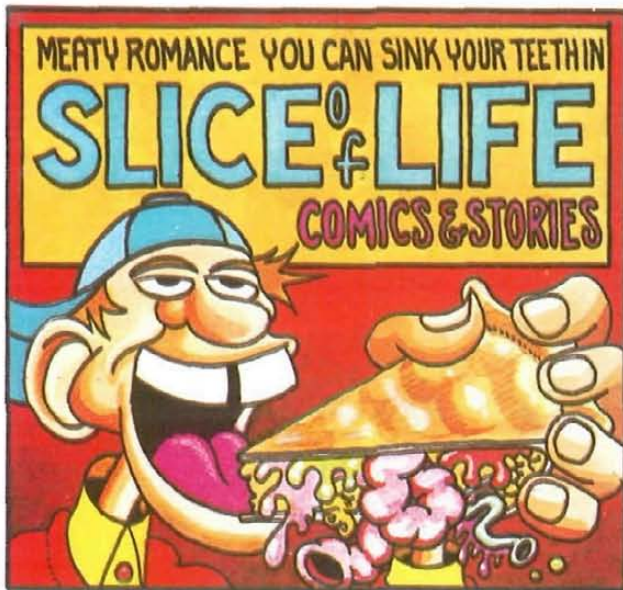
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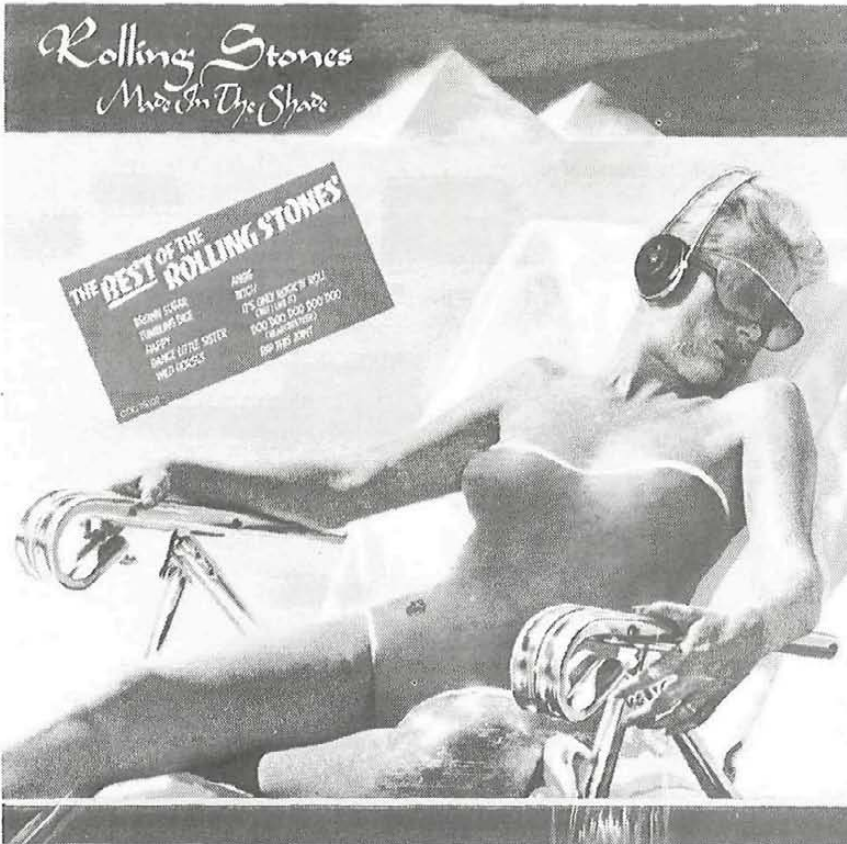


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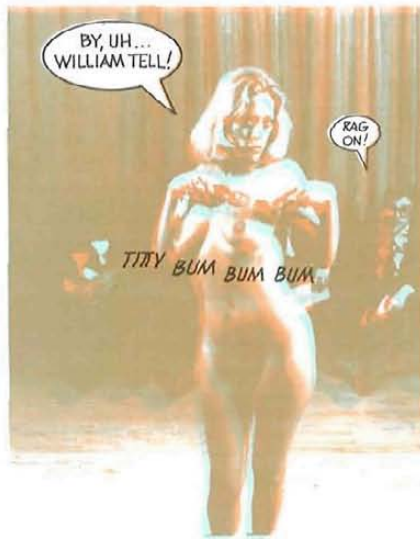
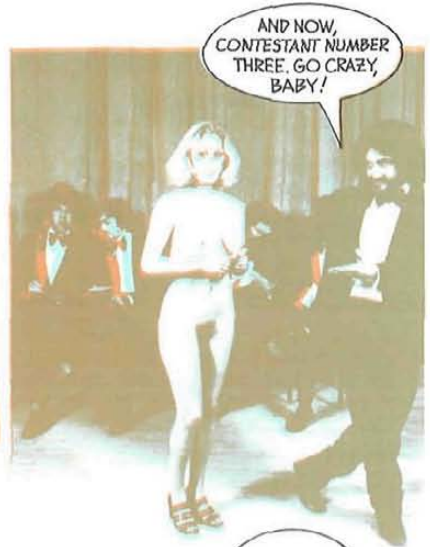
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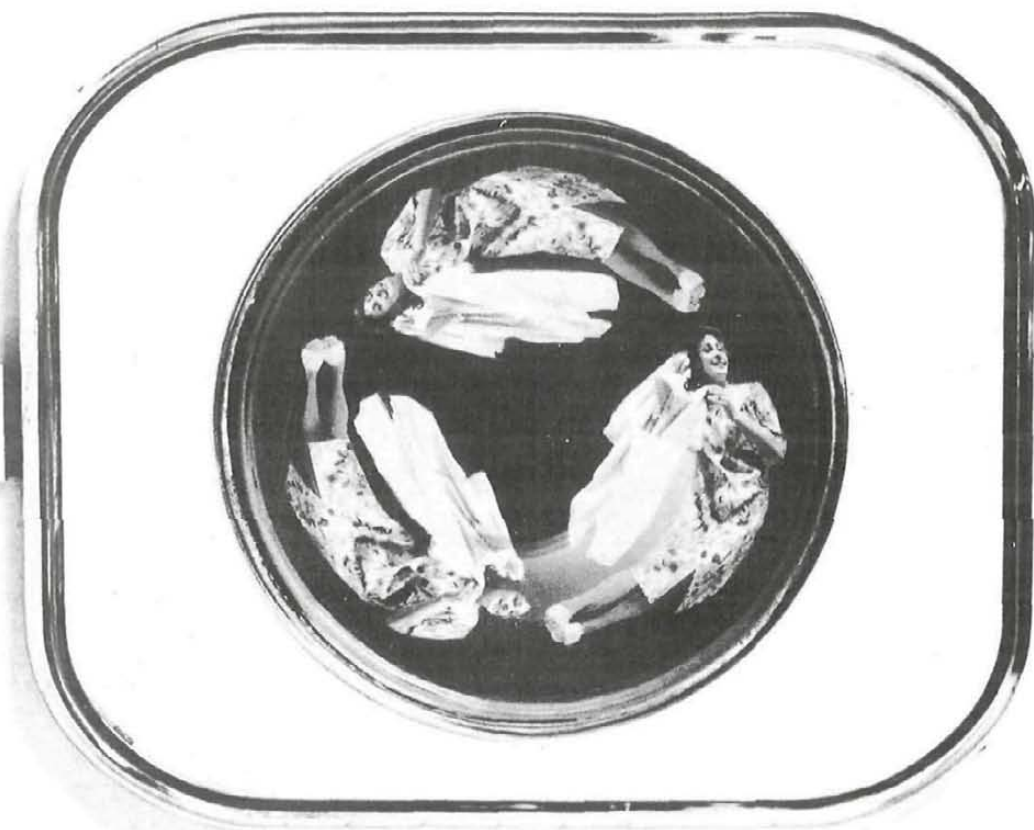
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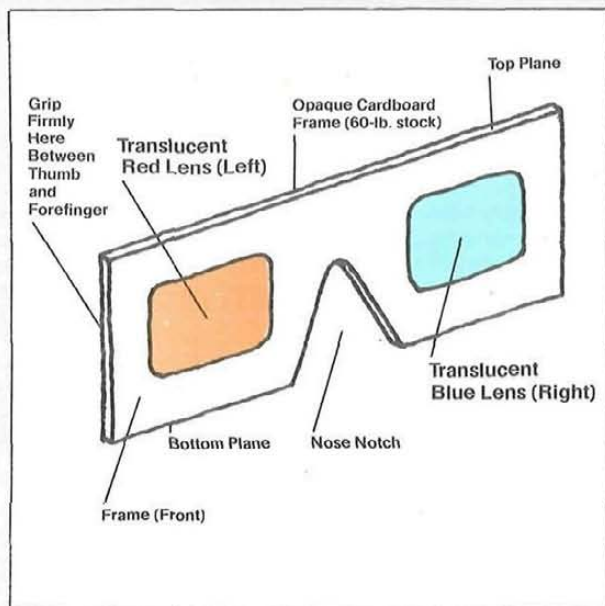


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Getting the Most out of 3-D

With the proper instructions and outlook, 3-D (or, three dimensional) viewing can be among the most pleasant and rewarding esthetico-intellectual experiences available in the twentieth century cultural repertoire.

Through practice, sincere effort, patience, and a balanced diet, you can master the following 3-D viewing techniques, after which you'll never look at another Giotto. We promise.



1. Stare. That is, direct your gaze steadily and for an extended time at the 3-D page. The three-dimensionality is in direct proportion to the duration of your stare. This will also increase your attention span, and get you better marks in school.
2. Shake your head. Back and forth. While staring. See how the elements move around as if they had a life of their own? And yet people say there is no God.
3. 3-D is like life. The further away from it you are, the better it looks. Look at it from far away. See?
4. If you stare at 3-D for a long time, and shake your head and all like that, you will discover that you can actually put your finger (or any other convenient appendage) into the picture, through, behind, and around things.
5. If you concentrate on just the red, or just the blue, the objects will appear to flicker. Who gives a fuck?
6. If you don't have 3-D glasses, you're really up the proverbial creek insofar as the above tricks are concerned. You can remedy this situation by praying to the Prime Mover of your choice or by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

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

Getting the Most out of This Issue Special 3-D Contest

National Lampoon is giving away hundreds of valuable prizes, and they're easy to win. Anybody can enter. No purchase is necessary.

Contest Rules

1. Look at the 3-D advertisements in this magazine.
2. Look for the **SECRET RULE** in these ads.
 Pioneer, pg. 1 _____
 B.I.C., pg. 5 _____
 Tenna, pg. 8 _____
 Columbia Magnetics, pg. 14 _____
 B.I.C. Turntables, pg. 25 _____
 Sherwood, pg. 29 _____
 Klipsch, pg. 33 _____
 Pickering, pg. 42 _____
 Doobie Bros., pg. 46 _____
 Robert Burton, pg. 111 _____
 Robert Klein, pg. 125 _____
 Stereo Review, pg. 139 _____
3. Find the words. Unscramble them to form a message. Write the message on the coupon, or submit a facsimile.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes will be awarded to entries bearing the earliest post mark. Enter as many times as you like, but only one prize will be

awarded per contestant. Contest closes July 31.

5. This contest is void where prohibited by law.
6. Winners will be determined by the National Lampoon, whose decisions are final. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners.
7. If you work for National Lampoon, don't enter, because you can't win.

Grand Prize

The first correct entry received by National Lampoon will win a Harley Davidson SX-250 motorcycle, one of the great American Freedom Machines.



Second Prize

The next fifty correct entries received by National Lampoon will win a copy of "Gold Turkey," great moments from the National Lampoon Radio Hour.

Third Prize

The next 150 correct entries received by National Lampoon will win a National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt.

ENTRY BLANK

Mail your entry to: **National Lampoon 3-D Contest**
National Lampoon
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

Unscrambled Message: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Age _____ T-shirt size _____

Down a Seagram's Gin Red Baron.



SEAGRAM'S GIN RED BARON

Pour 1 oz.
Seagram's Gin over ice.
Add 3 oz. orange juice,
a dash of grenadine,
stir and serve with
a wedge
of lime.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

Don't buy any receiver until you compare its price, power, and specs to these.

Technics' four new stereo receivers. All with impressive specs. And a lot more.

All four have direct coupling. To give you a tighter, cleaner bass.

All with reserve power to float through complex, high-level musical passages without distortion or clipping. Because all have large capacitors, conservatively rated transformers, and bridge rectifiers in the power supplies.

All with a Phase Lock Loop IC and flat group delay filters in the tuner section. For clean, well-separated highs as well as lower distortion on FM. And about 20% less wiring. To reduce hum.

All with Technics' exclusive linear dial scale.

For effortless tuning on both AM and FM. Negative feedback low distortion tone controls. And all the

inputs and outputs you'd expect from Technics.

Whichever Technics receiver you choose, you get all the advantages of Technics' sophisticated engineering, good power, and good specs. And all at a good price.

The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance

is outstanding. The name is Technics.

FOR YOUR TECHNICS DEALER, CALL FREE 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.

SPECIFICATIONS	SA-5150	SA-5250	SA-5350	SA-5550
Price*	\$229.95	\$299.95	\$349.95	\$479.95
Min. RMS Power per channel into 8 ohms	16 watts	23 watts	28 watts	58 watts
Bandwidth	40Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz
Total Harmonic Distortion (Max.)	0.8%	0.5%	0.5%	0.3%
FM Sensitivity (IHF)	1.9 μ v	1.9 μ v	1.9 μ v	1.8 μ v
Selectivity (IHF)	70dB	70dB	70dB	70dB
FM Stereo Separation at 1 kHz	40dB	40dB	40dB	40dB
at 10 kHz	30dB	30dB	30dB	30dB

*Suggested minimum price, which is the fair trade price in states where Technics products are fair traded.

Technics

by Panasonic

