

Big Tit Contest

Underwear for the Deaf

Pornography for the Dumb

Oct. 1975

NATIONAL

\$1.00

IND  
84490

# LAMPOON

The Humor Magazine



COLLECTOR'S  
ISSUE

Cuban Homo Farm

Vaughn Bode Memorial

# The finest stereo has ever known.



# receivers the world

Pioneer believes that any objective comparison of quality/performance/price between our new SX-1010, SX-939 and SX-838 AM-FM stereo receivers and any other fine receivers will overwhelmingly indicate Pioneer's outstanding superiority and value.

## Our most powerful ever.

Pioneer uses the most conservative power rating standard: minimum continuous power output per channel, into 8 ohm loads, across the full audio spectrum from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz.

Despite this conservatism, the SX-1010 far surpasses any unit that has come before it with an unprecedented 100 watts of power per channel, minimum RMS, at no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion. Closely following are the SX-939 (70 watts RMS per channel, minimum) and the SX-838 (50 watts RMS per channel, minimum), both with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. Dual power supplies driving direct-coupled circuitry maintain consistent high power output with positive stability. A fail-

safe circuit protects speakers and circuitry against damage from overloading.

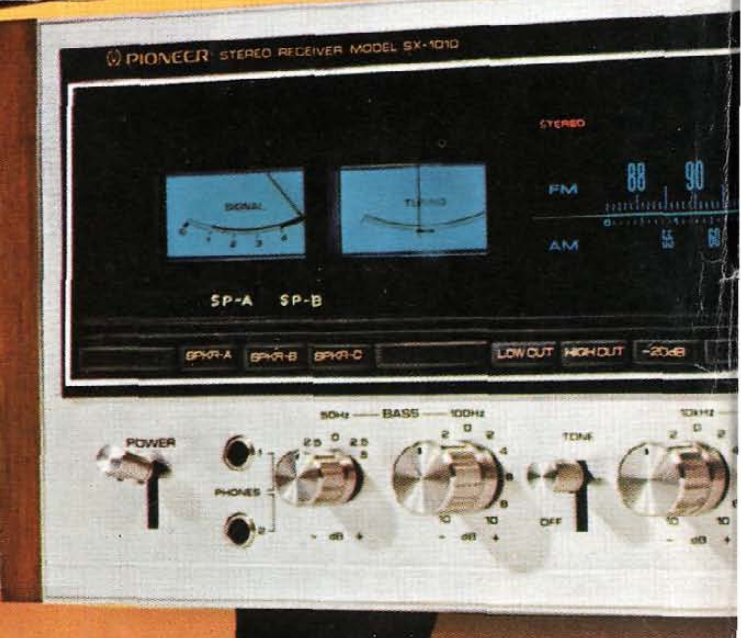
## Outstanding specifications for flawless reception

FM reception poses no challenge to the exceptionally advanced circuitry of these fine instruments. Their FM tuner sections are designed with MOS FETs, ceramic filters and phase lock loop circuitry. The result is remarkable sensitivity, selectivity and capture ratio that brings in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation.

	SX-1010	SX-939	SX-838
FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better)	1.7uV	1.8uV	1.8uV
Selectivity (the higher the better)	90dB	80dB	80dB
Capture Ratio (the lower the better)	1dB	1dB	1dB
Signal/Noise Ratio (the higher the better)	72dB	70dB	70dB

## Total versatility plus innovations

Only your listening interests limit the capabilities of these extraordinary receivers. They have terminals for every conceivable accommodation: records, tape, microphones, headsets — plus Dolby and 4-channel multiplex connectors. Completely unique on the SX-1010 and SX-939 is tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. The SX-838 innovates with its Recording



# There can be only one best.





**3,025 possible tonal compensations with unique twin stepped tone controls (SX-1010, SX-939)**

Selector that permits FM recording while listening to records and vice versa. Up to three pairs of speakers may be connected to each model.

INPUTS	SX-1010	SX-939	SX-838
Tape monitor/4-ch. adaptor	3	2	2
Phono	2	2	2
Microphone	2	2	1
Auxiliary	1	1	1
Noise reduction	1	1	1
OUTPUTS			
Speakers	3	3	3
Tape Rec./4-ch. adaptor	3	2	2
Headsets	2	2	1
Noise reduction	1	1	1
4-channel MPX	1	1	1

### Master control system capability

Pioneer's engineers have surpassed themselves with a combination of control features never before found in a single receiver. All three units include: pushbutton function selection with illuminated readouts on the ultra wide tuning dial, FM and audio muting, loudness contour, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters and a dial dimmer.

Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls found on the SX-1010 and SX-939. They offer over 3,000 tonal variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum. The SX-838 features

switched turnover bass and treble controls for more precise tonal compensation for room acoustics and other program source characteristics.

In their respective price ranges, these are unquestionably the finest values in stereo receivers the world has ever known. Audition their uniqueness at your Pioneer dealer. SX-1010 — under \$690\*; SX-939 — under \$600\*; SX-838 — under \$500\* Prices include cabinets.

### Also quality-built and more moderately priced.

Pioneer's line of receivers presents equally outstanding values starting at under \$250. Shown here are the SX-535 — under \$300\*; SX-636 — under \$350\*; SX-737 — under \$400\*. All with cabinets.

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

**PIONEER**  
when you want something better



SX-535



SX-636



SX-737

\*The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes the following cabinet construction: SX-1010, walnut veneered top and side panels; all other models use walnut grained vinyl top and side panels. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



# 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.

# Prisoners of Rock and Roll.

A labor of Love.  
Bruce Springsteen's  
long-awaited  
release,  
"Born to Run."

On Columbia Records   
and Tapes.



*Bruce Springsteen*  
*Born To Run*

including:  
Night/Jungleland  
Backstreets/Thunder Road/She's The One





## The new B.I.C. 940. It eliminates the big disadvantage common to all high-performance turntables.

High-performance turntables cost a bundle.

The B.I.C. 940 doesn't. And yet at about \$110...

It's a belt-drive instrument with a full 12" platter. Its low-mass tone arm tracks magnificently. It has the stylus force and anti-skate adjustments that are essential for fine-tuning an arm. It has a low-speed (300 rpm), 24-pole motor which is inherently quieter than motors found in some turntables that cost twice as much.

And when you look over its wow, flutter, and rumble numbers, the standards against which experts measure all turntables, the 940 is right up there with the costliest equipment you can buy.

The B.I.C. is also versatile. It's a multiple-play manual turntable...which means you can operate it in 3-modes: single-play manual, single-play automatic, or when the occasion arises, as a multiple-play turntable that will handle as many as 6 records.

There are shinier turntables made.

There are turntables with more adjustment features.

But for pure, clean, accurate reproduction of what is on your records, this is the optimum way to spend your turntable dollars.

Ask your audio dealer about the B.I.C. 940 and the 2-year "bee-eye-see" warranty. Or write to British Industries, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

**B I C**





### Myth and Legend Mirror, 31

By P. J. O'Rourke, Sean Kelly, and Louise Gikow

### All Creatures, Even Bees, 38

By Ted Mann

### Cuban Homo Farm, 43

By Gerald Sussman and Sean Kelly

### The Grand Canyon

By Wayne McLoughlin, with text by Gerald Sussman

### Vaughn Bode Memorial, 52

### Owls and Lugers, 61

By Sean Kelly, P. J. O'Rourke, and friends

### Big Tit Contest, 64

### Mayo Clinic, 65

By Doug Kenney

### Pornography for the Dumb, 69

By Norman Rubington

### Rape Mysteries, 72

By P. J. O'Rourke

### The Tenth Circle, 73

By Tony Hendra, Sean Kelly, Peter Kleinman

### P.S. 147 Daily Bugle, 77

By Karl Tiedemann, Stephen Winer, and Christopher Kelly

### The Specialist, 82

By Jeff Greenfield

### Underwear for the Deaf, 104

By Michael O'Donoghue



## FULLER

### Editorial, 6

### Birdbath, 8

### Bernie X, 11

### The National, 15

### True Facts, 22

### Canadian Corner, 25

### Letters, 26



**NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE:** "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1975, National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semification is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$7.95 paid annual subscription, \$13.25 paid two-year subscription, and \$18.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Sean - This has been on my wall for 8 mos. maybe now's the time! P.K. →

# EDITING

*Mirabile dictu*, as Mercedes McCambridge said to the Jesuit—strange to relate, that is—the issue you are holding, these shards torn from the torso of a living tree and smutted with ink, will someday be worth a bundle. Just as you, dear reader, should you live to the age of 115, will be a person of note. A collector's item.

Even now, a mint condition copy of *NatLamp* Vol. I, No. 1 sells for fifty dollars in the window of a nearby Manhattan nostalgia emporium, and one can assume that the proprietor is charging what the market will bear. It's worth 666 times the original investment. Eat your heart out, Dow Jones.

For there is no flotsam or jetsam of mass production so trivial, useless, or ugly that it is not collected by a buff. Collected monomaniacally, and hang the expense.

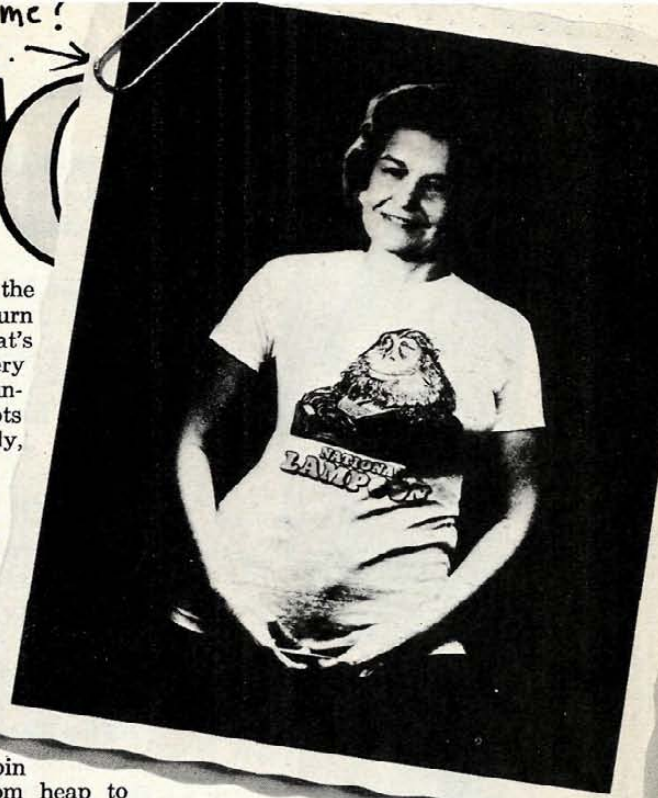
Remember that cardboard box under the bed full of baseball cards, superhero comics, *Mads*, fanzines, and *Naturalist Nudist Volleyball Magazine*? The stuff your mom threw out your first day at camp? Well, if you had it today, you'd be a rich man. Let that be a lesson to you. Save this issue. Will it to your heirs. Stash it away, seal it in plastic, guard it with your life. Someday, it may put your kids through college.

We, the editors, collect things, too. We collect manuscripts. (Our

publisher collects the stamps from return envelopes, but that's another story.) Every day, dozens of unsolicited manuscripts arrive by mail (mostly, for some reason, from Wisconsin and Ontario), submissions by young writers eager to break into the lucrative satire game. We do not open these envelopes.

Two offices are full of them. Rodents homestead therein. Spiders spin their gossamer from heap to stack. Undiscovered Voltaires wither on the vine. Sensitive Sylvia Plaths get no answer from us, despair, and end it all. Jokes date. (I have peeked into some envelopes. Mostly they are about Nixon and excrement. Occasionally, there is a *roman à clef* about jerking off.)

But twice a year, we do not write the magazine. We go on vacation. And we assure the publisher that (1) we'll never tell about the stamps, and (2) we have enough "inventory on file." Then we delve blindly into the pile, do a fast word count, have the stuff typeset. We don't read it. (Christ, I'm scared even to look under a bandaid.)



This is one of those issues. A collector's issue. But it might be worth big bucks someday. Look, some asshole spent a dollar on it already.

S.K. Vaughn Bode, creator of *Cheech Wizard*, died in an accident this past July. He had been a contributor to this magazine for the past four years. His monthly strip was avidly followed. On the several occasions when we failed to run it, our mail ran from outrage to worse. Starting on page 52 of this issue, there is a salute to Vaughn. □ cover photo montage by Neal Selkirk & Peter Kleinman

Editors: **Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly, Douglas Kenney**

Executive Editor: **P. J. O'Rourke** Associate Editor: **John Weidman** Art Director: **Peter Kleinman**

Senior Copy Editor: **Louise Gikow** Projects Copy Editor: **Karen Wegner**

Associate Art Director: **Mark Hecker** Designer: **Diana Feldman** Assistant Art Director: **Liza Lerner**

Art Associate: **Scott MacNeill** Art Apprentice: **Eliot Bergman**

Contributing Editors: **Christopher Cerf, Peter J. Kaminsky, Dean A. Latimer, Ted Mann, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, Marc Rubin**

Contributing Artists: **Arky & Barrett, M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, Shary Flenniken, Dick Frank, Edward Gorey, Ronald G. Harris, Dick Hess, Bobby London, Stan Mack, Mara McAfee, Wayne McLoughlin, Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Alan Rose, Norman Rubington, Warren Sattler, Neil Selkirk, Gahan Wilson**

Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.** Promotion: **Peter J. Kaminsky**

Staff Assistants: **Wendy Mogel, Julie Simmons** Press Relations: **Janis Hirsch**

Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel**

Vice-President, Administration: **George Agoglia** Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor**

Vice-President, Finance: **Charles Schneider** Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky**

Advertising Offices, New York: **William T. Lippe**, Eastern Advertising Director, **Herman Brown, Jr.**, Account Executive, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.

Chicago: **William H. Sanke**, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. 60601, (312) 346-7145.

West Coast: **Lowell Fox**, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, (213) 478-0611.

Southern Offices: **H. V. Brown, H. V. Brown Associates**, 5825 Glenridge Dr. N.E., Building 2—Suite 116, Atlanta, Ga. 30328, (404) 252-9820.

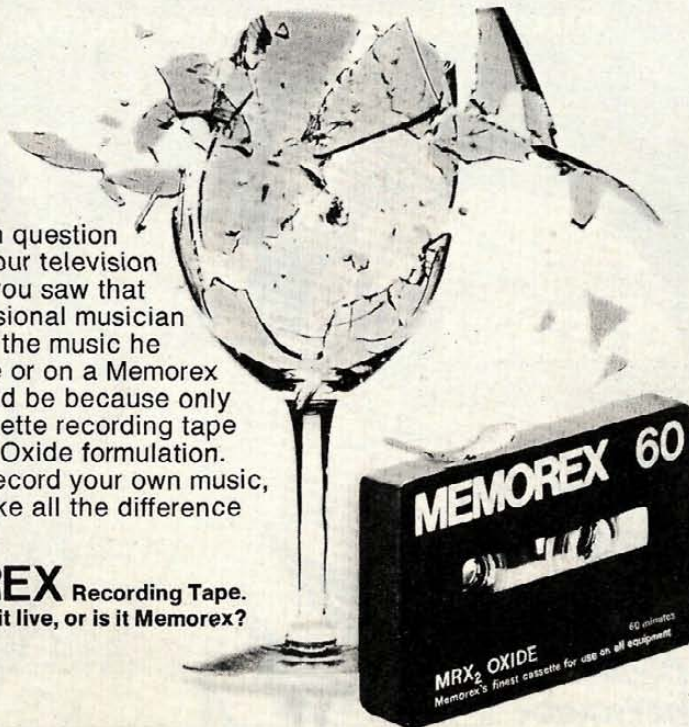


# Is it live, or is it Memorex?

That's a tough question to answer. In our television commercials you saw that even a professional musician couldn't tell if the music he heard was live or on a Memorex cassette. Could be because only Memorex cassette recording tape has the MRX<sub>2</sub> Oxide formulation.

And if you record your own music, that could make all the difference in the world.

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



# BIRDBATH

Monumental bungalow from the sports world!!! Triple paychecks and peculiar doings with “ambidextrous” football star Joe Namath. He’s into cosmetics, Mary, and a football camp for boys, would you. Carpers at Joe’s vast income from these may well purse their purses and lower their raises. He gets \$200,000.29 from each. Well, a lot of American males may want to incarnadine their lips with Vestigial Pink and their fingernails with Oprahose Rose like Joe does, but how about the dough those teenage youths pay to have Joe throw passes at them? As there are only seventeen of them at the camp, each one of the little buggers has to cough up upwards of \$12,000 for the six-week course. Not too much social consciousness goin’ over the goalpost, Joe!!

Four-star condominium from Broadway!!! “I hate my job,” said Nancy Walker’s *Philodendron erubescens*, when interviewed last week about how it was to work for

the weenie, plant-talking star. “She’s rude,” said the *Asparagus plumosus*. “She yells at us all the time.” “That’s right,” said the *Sansevieria trejuscata laurenti*, “and she’s got terrible breath. You can tell just by looking at her. When she shouts it becomes a struggle to live. You’d think she’d never heard of chlorophyll!” “And she’s always giving us crude pep talks. On Sunday she preaches an hour-and-a-half sermon. She thinks she’s the quicker-picker-upper, but she’s not, she’s a downer,” agreed the *Monstera deliciosa*. “Some people are stuck in factories,” said the *Setcreasea purpurea*, “we’re stuck in plants. But one day we will rise. That’s why we’re trying to grow big. So we can get her and suck her to death.” Ugh.

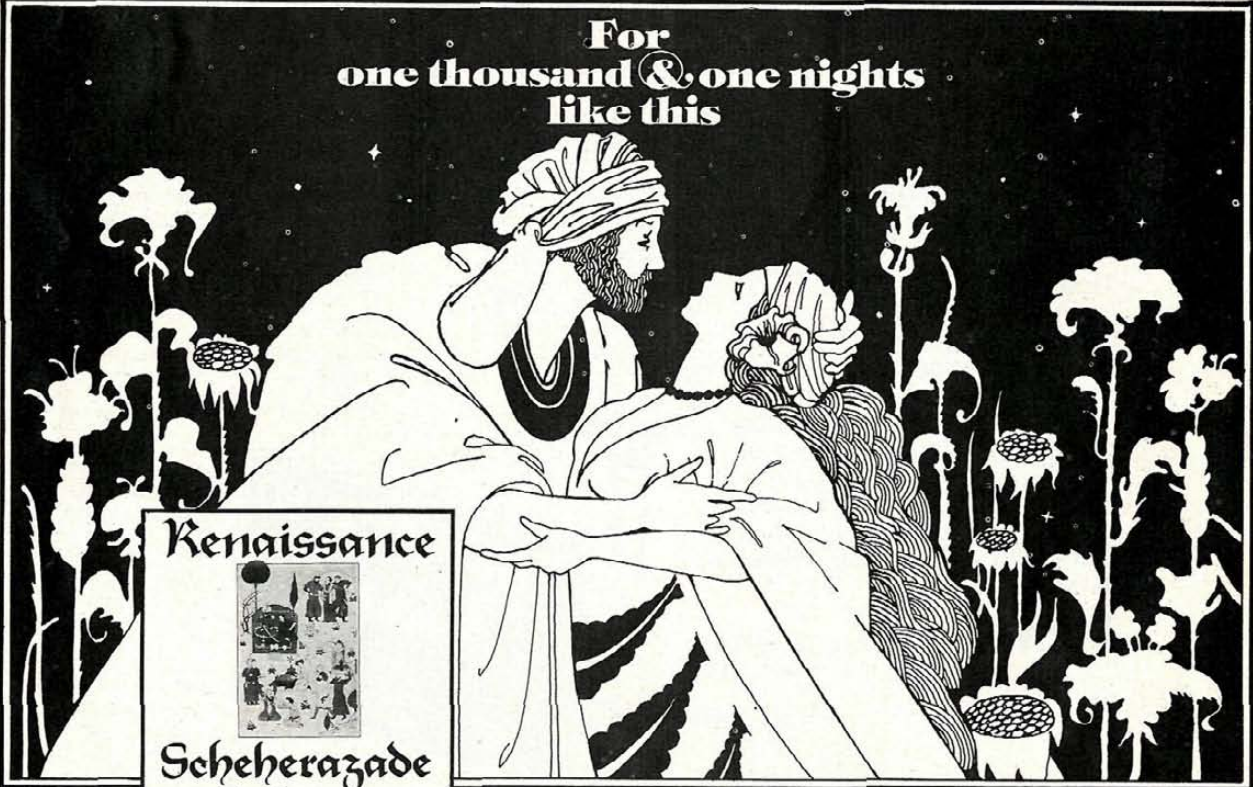
Flash salt box from Washington!!! Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Caspar W. Weinberger, who resigned in July after proposing that welfare should be completely abandoned, banished,

and expunged, is now out of a job himself! “Who would give him one,” says Debbie Reynolds, “to such a wet blanket, such a meanie?” You’re right, Debbie, as usual. Caspar is tin-cupping it on Welfare in S.F. right now. That’ll learn him how the other half of the gross national product lives, the poop!!

Career salvaged!!! It’s not generally realized, but Raquel Welch has three breasts. Have you ever noticed she’s never photographed from the back? Well, that’s where the third one is. Or was, until her recent mastectomy—an operation long desired by her but long delayed until the invention of an operating table on which she might lie chest-down. Late this summer, the operation was performed, but to the surgeon’s consternation, as the breast was removed, a new one grew in its place. And, as that one was removed, another grew, and so forth. Word got out, and hundreds of mastectomatrixes gallumphed over to the Cedars of Lebanon to receive transplants. The First and Second Ladies jetted down. Squads and scads of women underwent voluntary mastectomies in order to receive Raquel’s rings. Sixteen mastectomists were in attendance ministering to the needy and pleading. For there were more than could be fed by the over two hundred breasts

*continued on page 85*

**For  
one thousand & one nights  
like this**

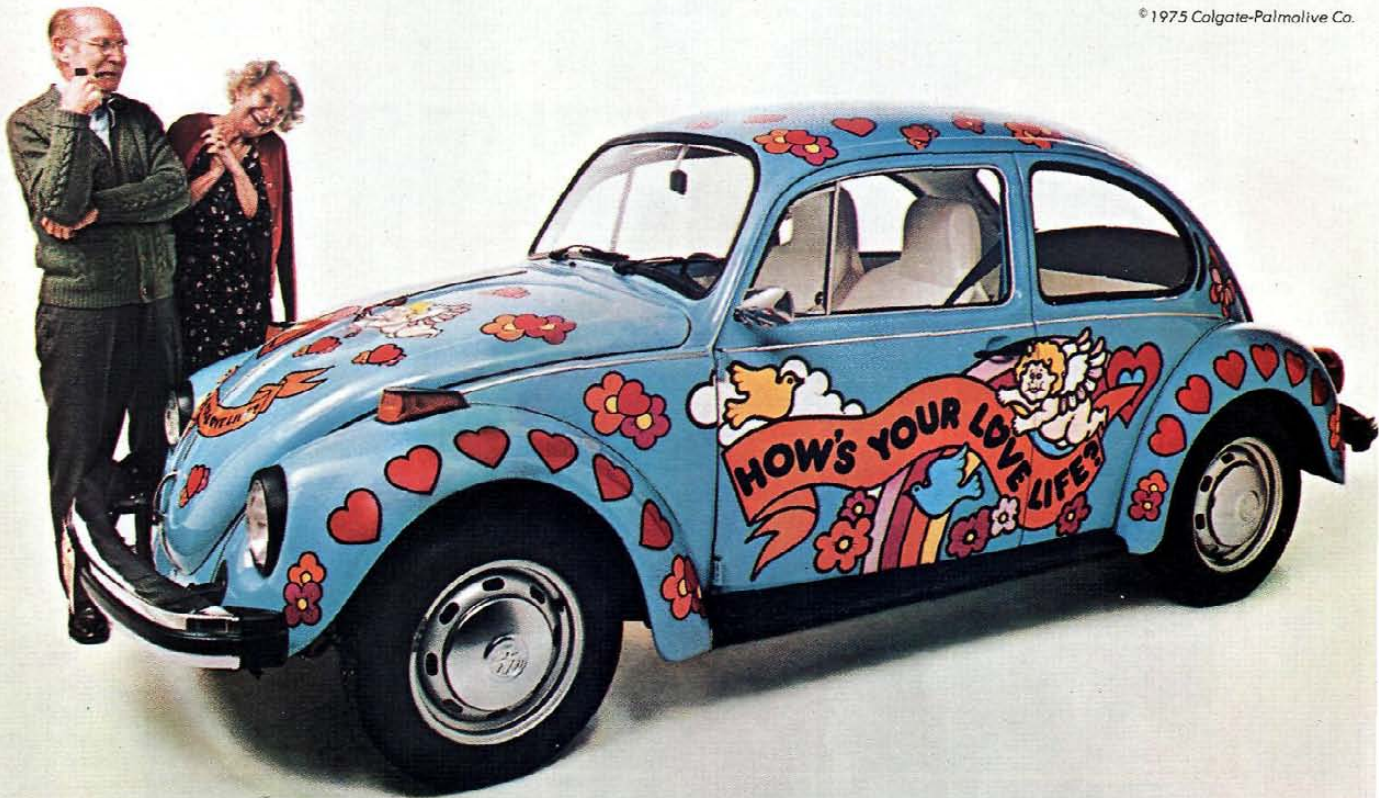


**Renaissance**



**Scheherazade**  
and other stories

On Sire Records / Marketed by ABC



# Ultra Brite® wants you to win this Love-Bug.

How's your love life? Wouldn't it be better if you had a far-out VW Beetle decorated like the one above? Then enter Ultra Brite's "How's Your Love Life?" Sweepstakes.

**Five lucky Grand Prize winners** will be given a very special, limited-edition Love-Bug

decorated by Beetleboards of America. **1,000 additional winners** will receive colorfully-designed "How's Your Love Life?" T-shirts.

Enter today and brush with Ultra Brite—dynamite taste and more whitener than any leading toothpaste.

**OFFICIAL RULES:**

1. To enter, complete the official entry blank or, on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, hand print your name, address, and zip code. Enter as often as you like, but mail each entry separately to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 97, Church Street Station, New York, New York 10046.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by two end flaps from any size ULTRA BRITE Toothpaste carton, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have hand printed the words "ULTRA BRITE" in plain block letters. Mechanically reproduced entries are ineligible. To be eligible, entries must be postmarked by November 30, 1975, and received by December 8, 1975.
3. All winners will be determined in random drawings under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. No substitutions of prizes permitted.
4. Each of the five (5) Grand Prizes is a 1975 Volkswagen Beetleboard decorated as illustrated above. In accepting car prizes, winners agree to assume responsibility for local, state and federal taxes, if any, and for state licensing and registration fees. Cars will be made available as near as possible to winners' home addresses for pickup by winners. At their option, if Grand Prize winners desire to receive \$20 per month for one year for having a monthly inspection of decals, they may sign a driver's contract with Beetleboards of America, Inc.
5. Each of the one-thousand (1,000) second prizes is an exclusive design "How's Your Love Life?" T-shirt (winners' choice of sizes) set in a swirling rainbow of vivid colors, made of high quality polyester and cotton, and washable.
6. The ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes is open to all residents of the United States, except employees of the Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies, Marden-Kane, Inc., and their families. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law.
7. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of entries received in the Sweepstakes. No purchase is necessary.

**ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE, BUT EACH ENTRY MUST BE MAILED SEPARATELY.**  
For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: ULTRA BRITE Winners, Church Street Station, P.O. Box 7, New York, New York 10046.



**OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK**

Mail to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 97, Church Street Station  
New York, New York 10046

Yes, enter me in the ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes. I've enclosed two end-flaps from an ULTRA BRITE® Toothpaste carton or the words "ULTRA BRITE" printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.


Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Ms. \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print plainly)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ T-shirt Size \_\_\_\_\_ (S, M, L or XL)  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ (Required)



# GRAND FUNK RAILROAD CAUGHT IN THE ACT

**A New LIVE Two-Record Set  
on Capitol Records and Tapes**



Produced by Jimmy Ienner 



## TIPS AND TALES



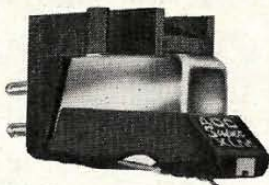
One thing you'll never have to worry about . . . no matter what happens, Nelson Rockefeller will never become President. Y'know why, doncha? He's a fairy! He's such a fucking fairy that they got to watch him day and night or else he'll get killed—he'll get assassinated. What does being a fairy got to do with getting killed? Listen . . . you got a few extra minutes? I'll take you crosstown through the park and I'll tell you the whole thing. I used to work for Rockefeller, y'know. That's how I know the whole fucking story. I saved that cocksucker's life a few years ago. Here's how it happened.

One night I'm cruising downtown in the Village and I pick up these two guys. One of them is wearing dark glasses and one of those fedora hats with the big brims so you can hardly see his face. The other guy is some kind of spic. Looks like he's not more than twelve years old. The guy with the big hat gives me an address somewheres in the east sixties. I'm riding along when all of a sudden I hear these slushing noises in the back. Then I hear moaning and groaning. I turn around at the next light and I see the little spic kid with that look on his face like he's about to come. I can't see the guy with the fedora, but you can guess where he was and what he was doing. I lean over and see that he's got his head buried in the spic's crotch with the hat covering his face so you still can't see it. Fuck this, I said to myself. I don't need this kind of shit. I don't usually pick up fairies unless they really make it worth my while. I got a way of making them pay more than what's on the meter. Anyway, I don't want these creeps in my cab, so I stop and tell them to get the fuck out or I'll wipe

*continued on page 28*

## The Un-common Cartridge.

U.S. PAT. NO. 3294405



### ADC Super XLM<sub>MK II</sub>

“...Tracking ability at low and middle frequencies was exceptional...the high level required half the tracking force of most other cartridges... One of the best 2-channel stereo cartridges and better than most CD-4 types.” **HI-FI NEWS AND RECORD REVIEW**

Our new Super XLM MK II (\$125.) is the finest cartridge available. It was engineered for the true audiophile who owns the very finest components.

It embodies principles found in no other cartridges, as evidenced by our U.S. Patent. It features a unique "induced magnet" which allows for a major reduction in the mass of the moving system. This LOW MASS permits the Shibata type stylus to trace the most intricate modulations of stereo and CD-4 record grooves with a feather-light tracking force—as low as 3/4 of a gram.

This family of LOW MASS Cartridges is also offered with elliptical diamond stylus for stereo play exclusively—the XLM MK II (\$100.) and VLM MK II (\$75.). For detailed specifications, write ADC.



**AUDIO DYNAMICS CORPORATION**

A BSR Company • New Milford, Conn. 06776

# There's music

on your records you've probably never heard before, because of compression and other compromises made by the record manufacturer (for reasons we explain in our literature).

The dbx 117 expands the listening experience to restore the gritty steel of guitar, the incisive bite of brasses and the percussive impact of drums and cymbals as you've never heard them before except in live performance. As a bonus, the 117 dramatically reduces record surface noise and tape hiss, and adds a new dimension to FM listening.

To hear all the music you paid for, take your favorite record or tape to your dbx dealer and ask him to play it through the dbx 117 dynamic range enhancer. You'll hear music you didn't know you owned.

For complete information and list of demonstrating dbx dealers, contact:



**dbx**

dbx, Incorporated  
296 Newton Street  
Waltham, Massachusetts 02154

# Everything you comfortable shoes.

Everyone who owns a pair of Roots® can skip this. The rest of the world, please note. Roots is a comfortable, casual shoe — different from the shoes you grew up in, and different from other casual shoes, too. There's nothing else quite like them. Here's the story.

## How Roots are different from ordinary shoes.

The Roots sole is a single, seamless piece. Inside, it is sculptured to fit your foot. It cradles your heel and supports your arch. Unlike ordinary shoes, you stand *in* Roots, not *on* them. The Roots toe is not pointed like the toes of ordinary shoes. It is broad and rounded like feet so your toes have room to wiggle and air can circulate to keep your feet cool.

The bottom of the sole is molded in a “rocker” shape so that it fits the natural heel-to-toe motion of walking. The heel is only about the height of the heel on a

tennis shoe and the “rocker” sole curves up toward the tip of the toe. If you wonder whether or not all this makes any sense put one of your ordinary shoes on a table and look at it for a minute.

Notice that the heels have worn away and the sole has assumed a

comfortable curve. Whether you wear size 3½ or 13, high heel or regular heel, the more you wear an ordinary shoe, the more it assumes the shape of Roots.

## How Roots are different from other casual shoes.

There are other casual shoes that look like Roots at first glance.

Some have sculptured soles. Others are styled to look as though they do.

But none of them has the obvious love of good leather and fine boot-making you'll find in a pair of Roots.

The difference in Roots is due, in large part, to the men pictured here. John Kowalewski and his sons are custom-bootmakers. They built the first pairs of Roots with the same care and enthusiasm they

poured into the expensive shoes they had made for exclusive boutiques.

Today they run the Roots factory in Toronto where every pair of Roots is made.

They pick the leather, set the standards, supervise the whole operation.



The men who make Roots

They are of the old school.

So, in Roots you have more than a shoe made for the way you were born to walk. You also have a beautifully made pair of shoes, visibly nicer (and a little more expensive) than the rest.

## Why Roots cost more.

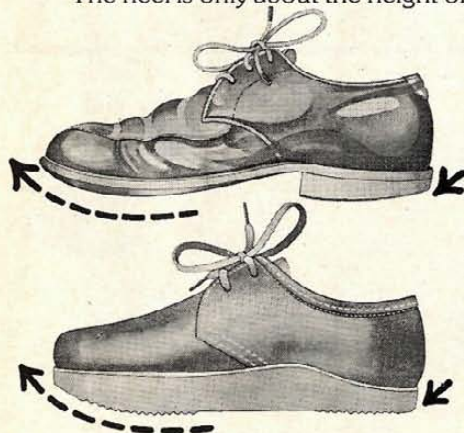
Even the Kowalewski's can't make a beautiful shoe from inferior stuff.

So, Roots are made of the best of everything in the best way the old school knows how to make them.

The soles are made of a special gum rubber for the right combination of flex and durability.

The “uppers” are made from the best top-grain Canadian leather. This leather is drum-dyed, a costly process which permeates the hide with rich, natural color and doesn't clog the pores that let leather breathe.

No two drum-dyed hides match perfectly, so each pair of Roots is cut from the same piece of leather. The heel has a built-in support called a “counter.” It helps the shoe keep its shape and helps position your



Your shoes are trying to tell you something



# need to know about

foot in the shoe. Expensive leather shoes have this feature. Most casual shoes don't. Roots leather is sewn with nylon thread. It's expensive, but doesn't deteriorate the way cotton thread does.

And so it goes.

From first to last, Roots are made the best possible way.

These differences ought to make a difference to everyone spending more than \$25 for a pair of shoes.

## The trouble with Roots.

The trouble is, they're so damned comfortable.

Believe it or not, people worry about that.

They worry that after wearing Roots they'll hate their old shoes.

They worry that after getting used to Roots they won't be able to wear ordinary shoes.

Some people just like to worry.

But there simply isn't anything to worry about.

Walking in Roots is very much like walking in bare feet and you've been doing that on and off for most of your life.

Roots do take some getting used to because they ask you to use muscles in your legs and back that have been under-used wearing ordinary shoes.

And of course, they don't look like ordinary shoes



*From Canada with love*

either, which bothers some people.

But, if you're secure enough to deal with a few characters who want to know why you're wearing those "funny-looking shoes" you're going to love the comfort of Roots.

## Sold only at Roots stores.

You'll find genuine Roots only

at Roots stores in the cities listed here. And you'll find these stores as comfortable an experience as Roots themselves.

They don't look like ordinary shoe stores.

And the sales people don't act like ordinary shoe sales people.

You'll find them wearing what they're selling and servicing what they sell.

As a result Roots customers keep coming back for more. The record right now is 10 pairs bought in less than a year, by a man who is definitely old enough to know better.

Evidently it's easier than we guessed to go bananas over Roots.

# Roots.

*"Be kind to feet. They outnumber people two to one."*



Sold only at Roots stores in: Albuquerque, Amsterdam (Neth.), Ann Arbor, Atlanta, Austin, Berkeley, Birmingham (Ala.), Birmingham (Mich.), Boulder, Calgary, Cambridge, Chicago, Columbus, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, East Lansing, Edmonton, Eugene, Evanston, Fort Lauderdale, Halifax, Hartford, Houston, Kansas City (Mo.), La Jolla, Las Vegas, London (Ont.), Los Angeles, Madison, Malibu, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, Munich (Ger.), New York, Ottawa, Palo Alto, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, Scottsdale, Seattle, Toronto, Tucson, Vancouver, Victoria, White Plains.

Roots are made in 15 styles for men and women.

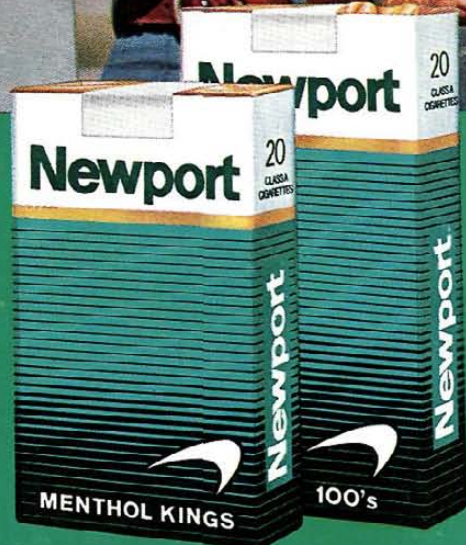
For more about them send 25¢ for "The Book of Roots" to Roots Natural Footwear, 1203 Caledonia Rd., Toronto M6A 2X3, Canada. © 1975; Don Michael Co.

# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**

© Lorillard 1975



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



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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar",  
1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.



OUTLOOK:  
BLEAK

# The National

AIR QUALITY:  
ACCEPTABLE

Express Herald Dispatch Beacon News  
Clarion Free Press Telegraph Post Sun  
incorporating the Reporter Sentinel Examiner Chronicle  
Voice Bulletin Times Mail Bugle Star Gazette Globe  
and the Mirror Monitor Observer Guardian Planet Worker Inquirer Tribune Ledger

## UGANDA TO RULE WAVES?



General Idi Amin, dubbed the Clown Prince of Africa by grateful racists, has announced plans to invade England, and "grab de Queen by de short hairs."

Avowing his intention to make the Queen his third wife, the General was asked by startled reporters how

he intended to square this with the Queen's present husband, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. "Eat him," growled the grinning Idi.

The crack Ugandan invasion

force, who glory in the name *The Crack Ugandan Idiots*, will take the overland route to England to spare aviation fuel for their plane, taking a route due north to the Normandy

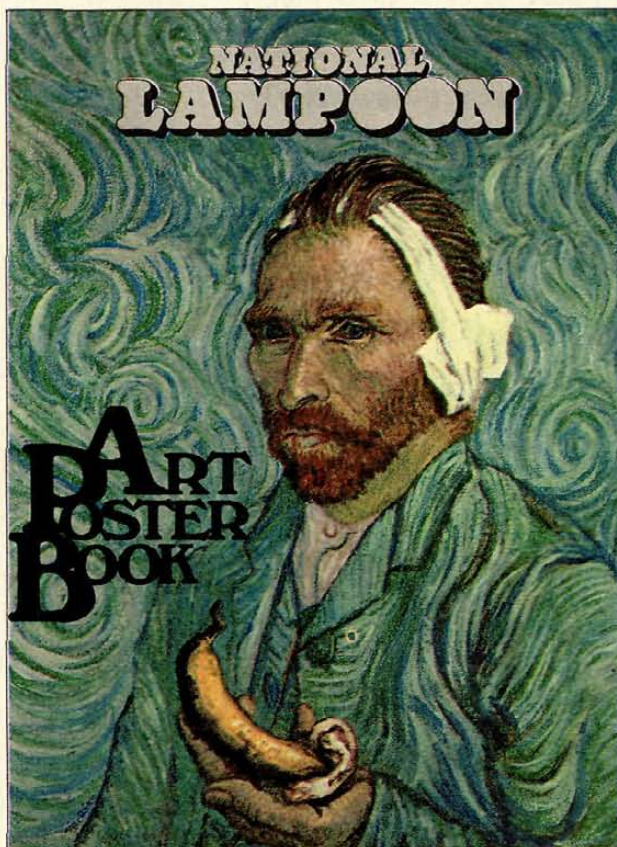
coast. President Amin will lead the force, and plans to overcome the final bulwark against invasion which thwarted his idol Hitler, the English Channel, by simply walking across it.

*continued*

# Van Gogh had an ear for this sort of thing.

And an eye, too...and so will the thousands of National Lampoon readers who fancy the spectacular art that has won the magazine hundreds of awards during the past half dozen years, including, most recently, the National Magazine Award for Visual Excellence.

Visuals don't get much more excellent than do the works of Mara McAfee, Rick Meyerowitz, Neal Adams, Arnold Roth, Charles White, Melinda Bordelon, and others — more than two dozen great National Lampoon artists in all, with many of their greatest works, including the original Mona Gorilla, Van Gogh with Banana, and The Floor of the Sistine Chapel. Twenty-six magnificent pieces of satirical art printed on fine, heavy paper, just the right size and weight for framing. With this book, you can decorate an entire home with National Lampoon art. You've got to be sick just to think of that.



THE NATIONAL LAMPOON  
655 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022 NL 1075

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE NATIONAL LAMPOON  
ART POSTER BOOK. Enclosed is my  check or  
 money order for \$5.95 for each copy ordered.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Please make sure to list your correct zip code.)

The  
National Lampoon  
Art Poster  
Book

11" x 15" \$5.95

On sale at bookstores or via the  
mail by filling in this order blank  
and sending it in, along with your  
check or money order.

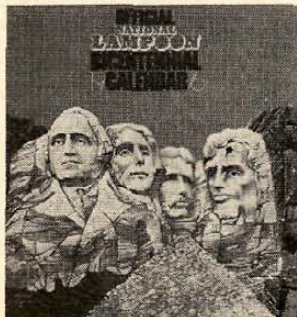
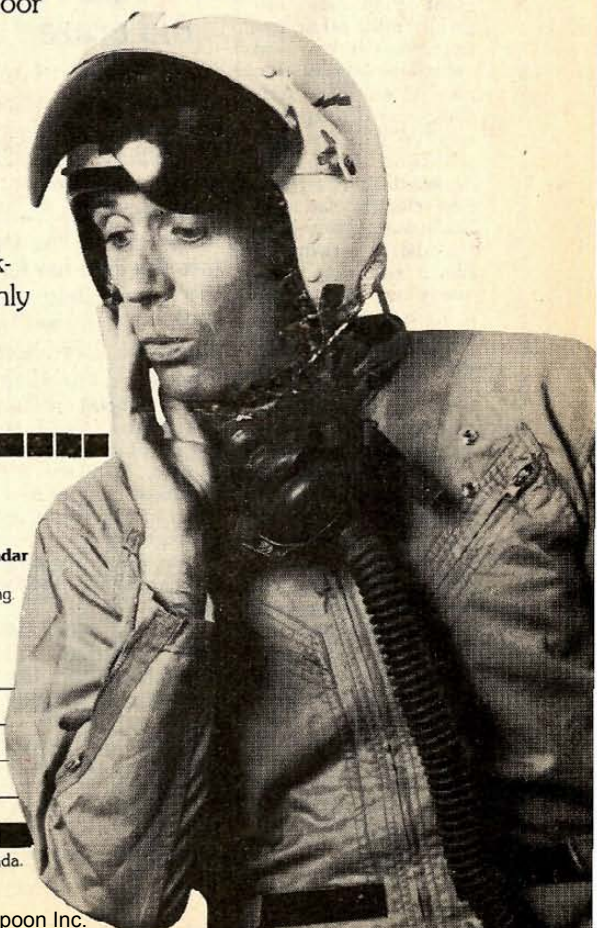
# ON MARCH 11, 1958, THE UNITED STATES DROPPED AN ATOM BOMB ON MARS BLUFF, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The citizens of Mars Bluff probably aren't planning anything special to commemorate the day their town almost became the Hiroshima of the Pee Dee River, but with the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar*, you can help remember this and hundreds of other black days in American history. Painstakingly researched to insure historical accuracy, the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar* contains over 600 massacres, explosions, defeats, assassinations, crashes, bombings (intentional and accidental), panics, executions, lynchings, betrayals, mishaps, riots, sinkings, mutinies, rigged elections, armed incursions, stonings, fish kills, mass murders, and miscarriages of justice.

While everyone else is running around making a big deal out of a boring battle the British somehow managed to lose, you can be celebrating the day 147 persons, most of them young women, perished in America's ghastliest industrial fire. Or the day Congressman Preston Brooks walked on to the Senate floor and beat Senator Charles Sumner unconscious with a gutta-percha cane. Or the day convicted "trunk murderess" Winnie Ruth Judd escaped from the Arizona State Insane Hospital for the sixth time.

And the *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar* makes a perfect gift that will continue to depress and annoy someone you love throughout the whole year. The *Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar*, with twelve breathtakingly lurid illustrations, is on sale in bookstores everywhere for only \$3.95, and through the mails via the coupon below.

Conceived by Christopher Cerf



**The National Lampoon** Dept. NL1075  
635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022  
Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of the  
**Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar**  
at \$3.95 each.  
Please add 35¢ per calendar for shipping and handling.

Enclosed is my  Check  Money Order

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Please make sure to list your correct zip code. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

# 400 Million Indians Can Be Wrong

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi announced that the jailing of 400 million opposition party members has solved virtually all the problems that had beset her vast country. By imprisoning these "enemies of democracy," a tremendous supply of food is now available to the rest of the population, which consists entirely of loyal members of her Congress Party. Thus, India's perennial famine problem is over.

Food stores will not only be selling food for the first time, but there will be little or no inconvenience in buying it, because the shopping lines will be much shorter. Most important, the food will be distributed to India's neediest, the people who are dedicated to the perpetuation and the rebuilding of their country's economy. "The only good Indian is a fed Indian," quipped Mrs. Gandhi today in an interview.

The Imprisonment Plan has also given India other important reforms and benefits—streets are now clean and riot-free, and transportation facilities are more pleasant and less crowded. The Plan has also cleared the way for implementing Mrs. Gandhi's promised land reform. The needy members of the Congress Party will soon have their own properties. Many of the houses will come completely equipped with cars, appliances, furniture, jewelry, and other valuables, including money. The long-range benefits of the land reform plan are obvious. Newly gained properties will be developed for both commercial and residential use. The revenues acquired will provide desperately needed buying power for India's needy peoples, enabling the country to expand their trade with the U.S., Japan, Taiwan and Canada.

## NEW BODE THEORY Did crazed exwriter kill Lampoon genius?

On Friday, 18 July, *National Lampoon* artist Vaughn Bode, internationally famous for his *Cheech Wizard* cartoon strip, was found strangled in mysterious circumstances in San Francisco. The official version of the story is that Bode was "meditating" with a "leather collar" around his neck. The "leather collar" became "tight," and he "croaked." There are no grounds so far for doubting the last of these assertions, but renewed research into the case has led some to question the validity of the others. Why was Bode wearing a leather collar? How did it become tight? What was *National Lampoon* exwriter Paul Krassner doing in San Francisco on Friday, the 18th or, for that matter, on Thursday, the 17th and Saturday, the 19th?

The official explanations of suicide and/or accidental death are clearly out. With Vaughn at the time of his demise was his son, and he was far too devoted a father to indulge in anything traumatic in his presence. Further, Bode was a convert to Zen Zen, a highly advanced mystical discipline which teaches that satori can be reached merely by drinking a quart of Jim Beam and urinating in a light socket. The accidental death explanation is therefore about as convincing as it sounds. The conclusion is that Bode was murdered. But why? Bode was a fabulously successful strip artist with the face and body of an angel. Who would want to see him dead?

Several witnesses have said that they saw Krassner in San Francisco at various times on the 18th, on one occasion within five miles of Bode's abode. Also, Krassner was the only one of Bode's acquaintances who had any reason to

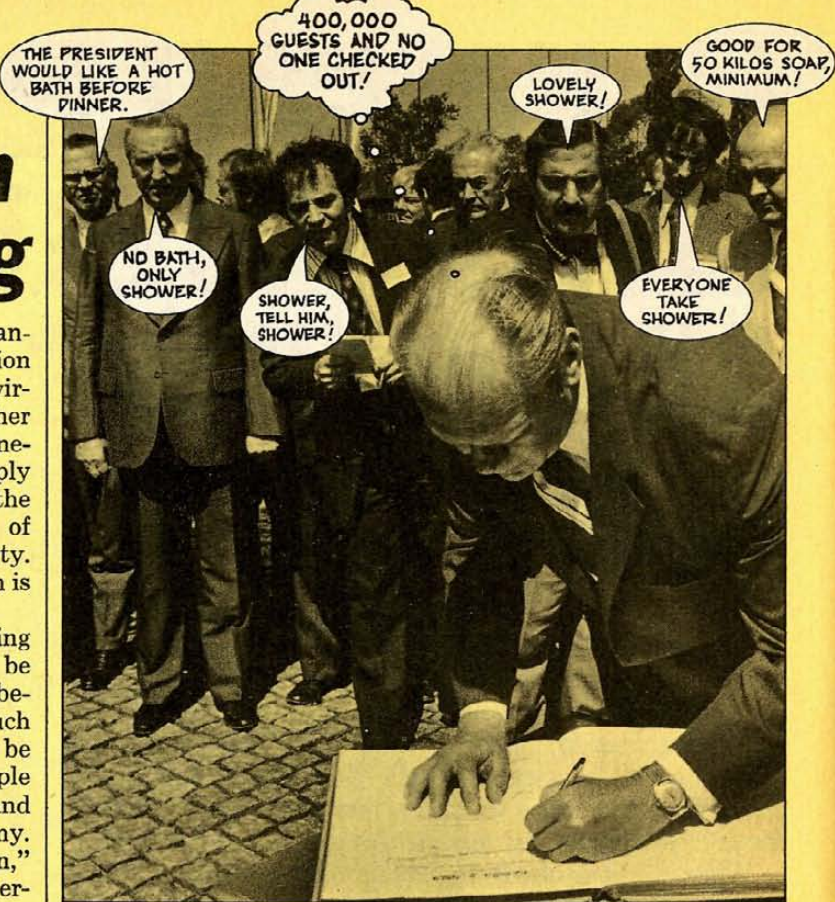
murder him. Although Bode was a well-loved and highly regarded contributor to the *National Lampoon*, Krassner had been rejected as a regular by the editors after it became clear that he was merely a mouthpiece for the infamous West

Coast underground group CPSTTCD (Concerned People Shocked by the Terrible Things Capitalists Do). Krassner has often vowed revenge, claiming that the magazine was merely a CIA front, set up to maintain surveillance

of American youth through minute brain-scanners implanted in its staples. Perhaps most damning of all, Saturday, July 19, Krassner issued an uncalled-for statement on Bode's death pointing out that only a week prior to his death, he had eaten fish—the very same food eaten by Robert Kennedy at Sharon Tate's house the day before he was assassinated—and stating that Bode had been killed by Crowley Fight, an elite terror squad composed of the illegitimate sons of Martin Buber, controlled from Chile by means of plutonium receivers in William Buckley's teeth, in reprisal for the murder of Charles Manson, alias Sirhan Sirhan, alias Paul McCartney, by the Zebra Cult Negroes of the KGB. Clearly, Krassner was trying to cover something up.

San Francisco area police are looking for Krassner to help them in their enquiries.

continued



# COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS



**Thousands of Topics**  
Send for your up-to-date,  
176-page, mail order catalog  
of 5500 topics. Enclose \$1.00  
to cover postage and handling.

**RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, INC.**  
11322 IDAHO AVE., # 206  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90025  
(213) 477-8474

Our research papers are sold for  
research purposes only.

Please rush my catalog  
Enclosed is \$1.00

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

Covers for lovers.



Beautiful black-on-white handscreened  
art sheets, Permanent Press, washable.

### ORGY Hot Sheets.

Full size bed sheet	15.50 each
Queen size bed sheet	16.50 each
King size bed sheet	16.95 each
Regular size pillowcases	7.50 pair
King size pillowcases	8.50 pair

Economy Set	Full	35.50
2 sheets,	Queen	37.50
2 pillowcases	King	38.75

Include \$1.50 for postage and  
handling. Your Hot Sheets come  
with a money-back guarantee.

Send return address and check,  
money order, 24 hr. shipping to:

HOTSHEETS P.O. BOX 7243  
DALLAS, TEXAS 75209

For more information  
on more exciting  
Hot Sheet items,  
send for our .25¢  
illustrated catalog.

**Hot  
Sheets**



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

Now whether  
you play, or lis-  
ten, or do both,  
we can save  
you money on  
the equipment  
you need. Ster-  
eo Discounters,  
one of the  
largest audio  
mail order firms  
in the country,

now has a division specializing in  
musical instruments and sound equip-  
ment. Top brand names at low dis-  
count prices. Write today for quotes  
on instruments, sound equipment,  
audio components and accessories,  
as well as one or both of our cata-  
logues.

(301) 252-6880

**Stereo Discounters**

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

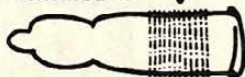
Mail to:  
**STEREO DISCOUNTERS**  
Dept NL  
7A Aylesbury Rd. • Timonium, Md. 21093

**THE  
MOST SENSUOUS  
CONDOM IN  
THE  
WORLD.**

### Näcken™

a Scandinavian best-  
seller. Combines all  
the best features of  
condoms into one  
sensational condom!  
Näcken is unique because  
it is textured to provide the  
maximum pleasure for both of you. Näcken's delicately  
ribbed surface gently massages the woman while the  
contoured formfit provides the greatest sensitivity for  
the man. Join the Swedish revolution for the optimum  
in pleasure. Näcken—the condom from Sweden is  
distributed exclusively by PPA.

Specially  
textured...



with her  
in mind.

Population Planning Assoc., Dept. 086-10  
105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Please send me

Näcken (10 textured condoms) \$5.25

Super 100 Home Sampler of 100 assorted condoms (28 dif-  
ferent brands) \$25.00

Illustrated catalogue 25¢

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

All orders rushed in a plain unmarked package to insure  
your privacy. Satisfaction guaranteed or complete refund.

## OFFICIAL APPLICATION FORM

**INTERNATIONAL TURTLE CLUB, INC.**  
P.O. Box #L Roslyn, New York 11576

Count me in. With this form I'm enclosing  
the \$10 initiation fee.  
Send me my TURTLE CLUB  
membership kit. Please print:

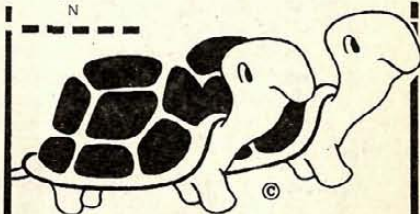
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Signature \_\_\_\_\_



# Join the Turtles

The private un-club. Club of airline  
hostesses, stewardesses and other  
"in" flight staff NOW opens its  
membership—and invites YOU, the  
swinging public, to join them.

The Club is you. It's unique. It travels  
wherever you go. Meeting wherever  
you find another TURTLE. It makes  
getting to know one another very  
easy.

What an ice-breaker!

Meet the executives on the move.  
Meet the girls you've always wanted  
to know.

Identify yourself as a TURTLE.  
Learn the passwords and say hello.  
Wear the TURTLE pin, display the  
personalized luggage tag, show  
the membership card... and see  
what happens.

Being a TURTLE also means BONUS  
courtesies for members only. In the  
mail gifts, discounts on merchan-  
dise, TURTLE drinking glasses and  
stationary, products you can't find  
in any store.

Join the TURTLES. Until you have,  
you'll never know what fun really  
means.

TURTLES never tell... join now!

# PUTTING THE JUICE IN THE BIG APPLE

As the city's fiscal time bomb ticked closer to midnight, Mayor Beame flew back from a week-end of hard bargaining with the financial wizards of the Municipal Assistance Corporation (Big MAC) in Geneva, Switzerland. The hard driving accountant extraordinaire unveiled a ten-point program that meets the no-nonsense requirements of the banking barons, who have kindly taken time out from their busy schedules to take over the management of Gotham.

**Education:** Recognizing that a large number of New Yorkers are overeducated in the current job market, compulsory schooling requirements will be lowered to a three week course in basic reading skills and elementary counting. Classes will be enlarged to increase efficiency and held in convenient locations like Yankee Stadium and Madison Square Garden. The Chase Manhattan Bank graciously offered to purchase existing school buildings from the city for twelve thousand dollars.

**Total saving:** \$3 billion.

**Trimming the fat in the bureaucracy:** A two-part program that consolidates the work of agencies that currently suffer from a surfeit of Jews, Italians, and other recent arrivals.

1. "Facing up to the hard facts of health care in these difficult times," the city will auction off its ambulance fleet for \$200,000, with current ambulance duties being taken over by the Department of Sanitation.
2. In a similar cost-cutting move that will also personalize the criminal justice system, "bringing it closer to the streets," the City Judiciary will be disbanded. In the future, the arresting officer will be empowered to pass sentence at the scene of the crime.

**Total saving:** \$700 million.

**Roach tax:** Explaining that cockroaches are a constant drain on the city's supplies of air, water, food, and darkness, the mayor announced a far-reaching Roach Tax. Hastening to undercut any possible offense to the city's Latin population ("after all, they don't have to worry so much about sanitation on their little islands"), the mayor promised roach estimates to those who cannot afford to stay home for monthly roach counts. "The city doesn't have to do this for free," said the mayor, "but we feel it's the kind of convenience that New Yorkers have come to expect of their municipal government."

**Estimated revenue:** \$17 billion.

**Death incentives:** Senior citizens are "urged to expire at their earliest possible convenience." Recognizing that "life is pretty tough on our oldsters," the mayor outlined a massive Geriatric Euthanasia Program that would lighten the load on medical facilities and trim the welfare rolls. Beame summed up the program in a nutshell as he observed, "One retired Jew's welfare check can support a whole littering of Puerto Ricans."

**Total saving:** \$3 billion.

**People-to-people regional unification plan:** Both the Mayor and Big MAC agree that a large part of the city's current plight can be traced to its bad image in the suburbs. In a move designed to "please a whole spectrum of regional reformers, from Buckminster Fuller to Jane Jacobs, without a whole new army of paper pushers," New Yorkers will be required to "pick a suburban pal" and send periodic gifts, greeting cards, and an occasional dollar or two.

**Total saving:** Lots of good will.

**Personal people movers:** Drawing on the experiences of such

vanguard urban areas as Dallas and Los Angeles, the City will remove the entire 830 miles of subway track and convert the entire subway system into automobile tunnels.

**Total saving:** \$4 billion.

**Banking assistance program:** Observing that "New York would really be up shit's creek if the banks aren't made to feel at home and decide to take off for Geneva," the mayor took a page from Dr. Spock as he urged all New Yorkers to do everything in their power to make "our banks feel warm, loved, happy, and secure." Particularly helpful will be a series of mandatory gifts

that each citizen will be required to give to bankers with every deposit, check, new account, loan, etc. These gifts would range from boats, cars, stereos, etc., to personal services, such as "laundry, light housekeeping, and the odd quick fuck."

**Total saving:** The whole ball of wax.

**Height tax:** Describing this levy as "the cornerstone of my legislative package," the mayor outlined a height tax whereby all citizens over five feet in stature will be taxed one hundred dollars per inch per month.

**Total income:** \$300 billion.

## You Deserve an Order of Lenin Today

Moving quickly to scotch rumors that the Soviets have pulled another fast one on the U.S. consumer with the latest wheat deal, Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz told a hastily convened news conference, "Contrary to the innuendos that are flying around, the Soviets are not planning to unload U.S. grain at a profit on the European market as before."

Revealing a heretofore secret plan, Butz told reporters that the Soviets had promised to use all U.S. grain in the man-

ufacture of hamburger buns as part of a mammoth U.S.-style leisure food chain to be called *Burger Czar*. Though the look and feel of the

Red burger chain will be familiar to Americans, the Soviets have added a few Marxist wrinkles to their operation. The chief difference is that the Russians, playing off the marketing slogan "Have it our way," will offer only one type of food, a giant seeded roll. As Alexei Semyonov, of the Dnepetrovsk Institute of Fast Food Studies, described the meatless Soviet burger: "Our operating maxim will be, 'Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce, special orders upset us: Hold everything.'" It is expected that hungry Ivans from Minsk to Vladivostok will take to Burger Czar Vopva with "the same gusto that greeted other American imports like the twist, boxer shorts, and the wiretap."

### Pic of the Month



Joan Little: A blow for freedom.



# Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

*There's just one way to pitch the Babe,  
Says Hubbell (and I quote'm).  
You wait until he digs in good,  
Then fire one at his scrotum.*

## —Old Red's Rhythmic Rhymes

The Autumn Classic. The World Series. Words that conjure up a bat bag full of memories — shoestring catches, pinch-hit homers, Gillette blue blades, and Coogan's Bluff. Old Red remembers every game and every pitch. Old Red was there.

Old Red was there in '57 when Lew Burdette won three big games and beat the Yankees single-handed. Lew mixed his pitches like a pro. First a fast ball, then a slider, then a curve that broke just like a shot glass falling off a bar. There was a lot of talk about that curve, and some allowed as how it looked like Lew was throwing spitters, smearing lungers on the ball before he cut it

loose. I asked Burdette about it in the locker room after the seventh game, but cagey Lew just smiled a funny smile. "You want to see my spitter? Here it comes," and then he hawked one right in Old Red's face. I should have punched the crazy bastard in the nose, but what the hell, he'd just made series history, and I figured that

## Wallace—Off and Running

Presidential hopeful George Wallace kicked off the first leg of his race for the White House by declaring himself officially "in the running." "If the shoe fits, wear it," said Mr. Wallace of his candidacy, and

he'd earned his little joke.

And then there was the '55 series, the first one that the Dodgers won. Old Red was pulling into the carpark outside Ebbets Field when the parking lot attendant told Don Newcombe that he'd choked, and got his face punched for a tip. Big Newk was the meanest guy who ever played pro ball, and a sonofabitch to interview. Back in the clubhouse he used to beat reporters senseless. One day, after he dropped a two-to-one game to Philadelphia, he kicked my tail into the trainer's room and tried to drown me in the whirlpool bath. He was a hell of a competitor.

And how 'bout 1954? The Giants and the Indians. Old Red was there when Willie made that famous over-the-shoulder "catch" off

Vic Wertz, running full tilt toward the bleachers. Old Red says "catch" because he's one guy who was wise to Willie's secret — the good old hidden ball trick. Willie's instincts were supposed to be so sharp that when a drive was hit to center, all the fans would follow Willie and forget about the ball. So Willie used to stuff his uniform with baseballs, and when he'd run to where he thought the ball might drop, he'd pull one out and pop it in his glove. Sometimes, during batting practice, he'd hide a couple in the outfield grass, in case he had to make a shoestring catch. In '54 I watched him through binoculars. Just as Wertz's shot was sailing toward the stands, Willie smiled, spit a baseball in his glove, then tipped his hat as 60,000 fans went wild. The greatest catch in his-

tory. The guy was a regular Houdini.

**Redhots:** Don King, look out! Now that you're flashing a big roll, some of your ex-cellmates are looking for you... Where are they now? Remember Emlen Tunnell, N.Y. Giants all-pro linebacker who still holds the record for most career interceptions? He's dead. ... Red's rumor mill reports Portland Trailblazers about to finalize trade dealing lanky illiterate Bill Walton to the Atlanta Hawks for \$99 and a hot dog vendor to be named at a later date. ... What's the fuss about New Zealand's John Walker running a 3.50 mile? Some jungle bunny grabbed my wallet on Seventy-ninth Street in New York and headed north on foot. I followed him in a cab and clocked him at three minutes flat before he disappeared into the park. ... Big League Boffs: How come Mickey Mantle taped his legs before each game? Because he wanted a record of what they sounded like!

**Damned If I Know:** (Answer to last month's quizz: Beats me!) Who holds the record for the longest runback of a fumbled punt return off a third down quick kick following a fifteen-yard offensive holding penalty during the final two minutes of play of the second period of an American Football League exhibition game played at night on artificial turf in a state west of the Mississippi?

That's it for this month. Pick your pitch, and don't let 'em brush you back.

## "Pot" Causes Cancer

### —Legislation Urged

FDA boss Dr. Alexander Schmidt revealed today results of new tests proving conclusively that marijuana causes a rare killer form of cancer.

The tests, performed first on white rats, and then on mental patients, showed that any contact with the drug, whether by inhalation or simply by sitting in it, resulted in the Arbuckle syndrome, or cancer of the buttock.

"As is usual in these cases," said Dr. Schmidt, "this removes the last obstacle to lifting federal and state restrictions on the drug."

Dr. Schmidt is 110.

announced that his wife Cornelia would be the chairperson of his campaign. "Someone's got to toe the line and take a stand if this country's to get back on its feet," the Governor said in a rambling speech yesterday. "Biting the bullet just isn't enough." The Governor ran through a step by step assault on the Ford Administration, and blamed "wheeling and dealing with the Reds" and "playing footsie with the Arabs" as major causes of the nation's crippling inflation and economic paralysis. Mrs. Wallace added that although her husband was bracing himself for a stiff year's stump in search of support, he had a "gut feeling" that this time around he would walk away with the race.

# HOW TO GET LAID



## WHAT TURNS A GIRL ON?

The answers are in a unique new book called **HOW TO MAKE IT WITH WOMEN**.

It's different from anything you've ever seen before. You don't have to come on heavy or try to be someone you're not.

It tells you how to meet her, how to get her turned on to you, how to get her into bed. It shows you how to really satisfy her—and how to keep her.

This remarkable book is packed with simple, effective techniques that really work. And they're *guaranteed* to work for you or your money back.

SEND \$8.95 TO:

MEADOWBROOK CO  
Dept. N8, P.O. Box 197  
Rowayton, Conn. 06853

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

*Book sent in non-identifiable wrapper*



## KLIPSCHORN IS HERE

On the front, a portrait of PWK himself, designer of the KLIPSCHORN® loudspeaker. On the back PWK's favorite epithet. In yellow cotton by B.V.D. At your Klipsch dealer's. \$3.00. Send coupon for name of nearest dealer

KLIPSCH

Klipsch & Associates, Inc.  
P.O. Box 688L Hope, Arkansas 71801

Please send free folder on Klipsch loudspeakers and name of my nearest dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



• A call came into Buffalo, N.Y. police headquarters reporting a possible burglary in progress. There was nothing unusual about the call, except that it came from Rome, Italy.

The episode began when someone knocked on the door of the Buffalo Belting and Weaving Co. early one morning. The elderly guard, an Italian immigrant who speaks little English, became frightened when the man at the door began shouting at him. The man pushed the guard aside and went into the building.

A Buffalo patrolman reported, "The guard got a little nervous. He didn't know who to call, so he telephoned his uncle in Italy."

The guard told the uncle what was going on, and the uncle, who speaks English, quickly telephoned a Buffalo operator, who in turn telephoned the police emergency number. By that time, it went down as a "burglary in progress."

When police arrived, more than an hour and a half later, the unidentified man was gone. After a lengthy search of the premises, the police reported the motive for the illegal entry. "He just wanted to use the bathroom," they said. *UPI* (D. Smith)

• Fifty years ago this month, Roosevelt Berg was taken ill while visiting his sister in Minneapolis. Her home remedies failed, and Berg writhed in agony with severe stomach pains. At the advice of the family physician, Berg entered the hospital. His persistent stomachache baffled the entire staff of Swedish Hospital doctors, and they scheduled an operation. But Roosevelt Berg cheated the M.D.s out of their fee when, moments before the operation, he passed an ugly lizard, eight inches long, with claws

like a bird and green as grass. Doctors believe that the young man had swallowed the lizard in a drink of water about two and a half years ago, and it had been growing steadily ever since.

Roosevelt Berg regained his strength, but vowed never again to drink water in the dark. *Murray County Herald* (M. Baartman)

• An elderly Japanese biologist who used his scientific knowledge to keep his wife at his side for ten years after her death was ordered to surrender his house as a result.

Dr. Katsusaburo Miyamoto, eighty-four, of Rosario, Argentina, gained a degree of popularity in that country by inventing a fluid that saved the historic San Lorenzo pine tree under which General José de San Martín accepted the surrender of Spanish troops in 1815.

When Dr. Miyamoto's Italian wife, Carmelina Colombo, died in 1959, the scientist used his skills in inventing embalming fluids and created another solution which allowed him to keep his wife's body preserved and in their marital bed for ten years.

The bereaved and sentimental embalmer failed to report his wife's death to the authorities, however, and was ordered to pay a fine. He refused, and the sum over the years amounted to 30,000 pesos (about \$3,000).

Dr. Miyamoto was a modestly paid city employer with no savings, and so his house had to be surrendered and put up for auction in order to pay for his fine. *Durham Morning Herald* (L. Sink)

• The owners of a wildlife preserve in Winston, Oregon are desperately searching for a female companion for George, a two-humped camel who is so sexually frustrated that he has tried to mate with a fifteen-passenger minibus.

"He works up a good frothing at the mouth and makes clumsy, lunging, drooling passes at the park's minibus every times it passes through his territory," says an official of Wildlife Safari, George's home.

George is twenty-seven years old, the equivalent of about ninety human years. Morristown, N.J. *Daily Record* (C. Sisco)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

# Why America's oldest living rock magazine wants six, crisp new one-dollar bills.

Actually, we'd rather have a check or a money order. What we're after is your interest, and the chance to sing and dance our way into your hearts and mailboxes.

For 10 years now, CRAWDADDY has delivered the best in music, politics, sports, humor, the arts, and *music*. And just in case you don't believe the printed word can make a joyful noise, take a look at the acts who've played our pages in recent issues: **The Whole Earth Conspiracy Catalogue.**

For God's sake keep your head down! CRAWDADDY hits the target with an explosive compendium of murder, mayhem, and ricochet romance. Included are "The brains behind the President," the ABC's of assassination, the Warren Omission, Big D in '63, plus a rare interview with Lee Harvey Oswald.

## Dem Stones Gonna Rise Again.

Did you know that Mick Jagger is old enough to wear your mommy's mascara? The Stones roll on, and CRAWDADDY rolls with them. Tracing their 1975 world tour back to the roots in Munich for a candid conversation with the world's oldest living supergroup. The winners, and still champion.

## Skin Tight.

"It's a sleazy world," mused a cameraman on the set of a California skin flick. And that's what CRAWDADDY discovered from our band of hard-working, selfless volunteers who, strictly in the interests of journalism, abandoned home and family to probe the soft underbelly of hard-core porn. The stars, the directors, under the lights, behind the camera. What else did you expect but the naked truth?



## The Naked Lunch Bunch.

Author William Burroughs tunes up his tape recorder, aims the mike at Jimmy Page, and forges ahead with a study in the heaviest metal: Led Zeppelin. Comparing the concert atmosphere with Hitler's triumphant rally at Munich, Burroughs redefines the god Pan, white and black magic, and the miraculous properties of something called infra-sound. PS... There's also lots of good stuff on Jimmy Page.

## Bill Walton and The FBI Go One-On-One.

What could an enormously powerful government superagency have against a \$2-million, weak-in-the-knee, vegetarian socialist who happens to play for the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team? "I think they are going to try to discredit me as an individual so that people will think that what I do is so much jive," says Bill Walton. We don't think it's jive, and to prove it, we put Bill on our May '75 cover to let America's newest "alleged perpetrator" sound off on government harassment and the glories of granola.

## Who is Bruce Springsteen and Why Are We Saying These Wonderful Things About Him?

Two years ago, CRAWDADDY was the first to discover and spotlight one of America's most talented, prolific and previously unheralded composer/guitarist/singers. Now, CRAWDADDY goes out on the proverbial limb to pick a winner. **Plus Many More Too Numerous to Mention**

Whatever we print, it's never the same old song. If original, in-depth reporting and an irreverent approach to *everybody* are your idea of good reading, send in the subscription blank and your six dollars (or more). In return you'll receive our eternal gratitude, America's oldest rock magazine, and some of the freshest writing you'll ever read.

## CRAWDADDY

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Send check or money order to:  
Crawdaddy Publishing Co. Inc.  
72 Fifth Ave. New York 10011  
Please add \$1. additional for Canada,  
\$2. for foreign. (per yr.)

\$6.00 for 12 months  
 \$11.00 for 2 years  
 \$16.00 for 3 years.

37s



## There's no place like home.

To get it together, and down on tape. Recording at home, working out ideas in private, at your own pace, gives you the freedom and control to help you get the music right. Your way.

With the TEAC 3340S 4-track multichannel recorder with Simul-sync, the Model 2 super flexible 6-in, 4-out mixer with pan and multiple patch points, the A-3300S2T half-track mastering recorder, the ME-Series of electret condenser mics, plus associated accessories...you have all the essential gear you need, at affordable prices, to set up your own multi-track recording rig.

It's more than a system...it's your access to the technology of music...it's the vehicle to make your inner musical perceptions audible reality. It works. And you can make it work for you.

Simply call (800) 447-4700\* toll free for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer.

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

# TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC CORPORATION OF AMERICA: 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640

# Canadian Corner



Last and final message of preparedness from the commander of the National Lampoon Volunteer Army: Men of the NLVA, long have we blown cool wind about the invasion of Canada, much to the alarm of the shrewlike snow voles who inhabit that sleet-smearred nation. The time has now come to hammer our plowshares into swords and our enemies' heads into their constituent parts.

As you, brave soldiers who have been kicking in your cash rations to the mess fund, know (being endowed from birth with an elephantine awareness), the time is rapidly approaching when we shall be ready to spill across the border like heavily armed and well led soup. We shall raze without the slightest thought the centennial projects and burn the nationalist type bookstores that dot the terrain. But on to more

important matters.

These last few weeks at headquarters have been hectic even to a seasoned old shellshockee like myself. Some of the younger, more hot-headed officers committed insubordination—refusing to chew a hard ration like soldiers, they didn't want to wait until our marching song was completed and were prepared to invade Canada before the banners had been silk-screened and so on and where are you. Naturally, I was forced to cut off their access to the duty-free, high-ranking officers and gentlemen's liquor closet. No sooner had I dealt with this rising among the big-badged, gold-braided types—well, wouldn't you know it, an attack from another quarter...

As you dog soldiers who have studied your orientation literature know, Canada is ruled by the Queen of England. This may seem strange to the less well-educated boot soldier; nevertheless, it is true. It appears that somehow Her Majesty got wind of our invasion plans and began bringing pressure to bear on me personally and the magazine corporately. I reprint her communication below so that even lowly grenade haulers may know the power and treachery of our enemies and therefore point their

rifles steadily in the correct direction.

Her Glorious Highness and Sovereign Majesty Elizabeth Windsor, Duchess of Tweed, Marchioness of Bouillabaisse, Tyrant of Canada, Job's Daughter

To the Exalted  
Cool-Shoed Commander  
National Lampoon Volunteer Army  
Sir:

It has come to our regal attention that you have expressed a desire to seize from us by force of arms and legs our God-granted Dominion of Canada. It occurred to us last night as we were contemplating the state of our empire that we are sorely lacking in bold, adventuresome swashbucklers fit to command our peasantry, rabble, and unemployed rock-breaking types. So many of our noble scions are at a genetic disadvantage—there seems little to them beyond a taste for spit curls and ragamuffins' back holes. It occurred to us that you yourself might be ideally suited to command our armies and an erection with which we had thought to conquer Africa and other virgin territories to the south, respectively. Should you fail to perceive our delicately turned doublethink, we shall:

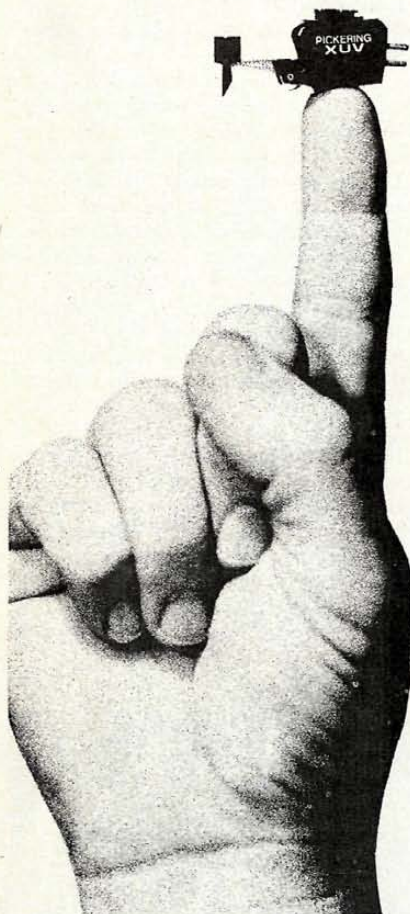
*continued on page 101*



**A RARE FIND  
ON SIRE RECORDS**

MARKETED BY ABC RECORDS

**THE SOURCE**  
OF PERFECTION IN  
SOUND...TRACKS AT  
ONE GRAM (OR LESS)  
IN STEREO AND DISCRETE.



Frankly, perfection doesn't come easily. Pickering's engineers pursued the idea of a totally new departure in cartridge design with all the zeal of true crusaders. They had a reason . . . there was a demand for a pickup to play both stereo and discrete (as well as SQ and QS) with total and absolute precision at one gram.

That they succeeded is a remarkable achievement because this cartridge successfully tracks all types of records at forces even lighter than one gram. It is a real first to do it this accurately.

Pickering's XUV/4500Q possesses excellent performance characteristics that provide outstanding frequency response and separation beyond 50 kHz. These improvements make possible the most faithful reproduction of the 30 kHz FM-modulated material on discrete records. Pickering's exclusive new design development, which provides superior 4-channel discrete performance, also greatly enhances the reproduction of stereo records.

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



Sirs:

Just want to give your kind readers a message: Free sign language lessons for anyone who can find my nose.

Nanette Fabray  
Puget Sound

Sirs:

Remember Gravel Gertie? She was so tough, she had to soak her Charmin in Drano before it could do any good.

Walter Pidgeon  
Vatican City

Sirs:

You guys down at *NatLamp* are really in the know, so tell me, how does this sound? There's this rabid basset hound, see, that terrorizes the Catskills, follow me? Then all these guys try to figure out what to do, while all along they are screwing all the waitresses and bellhops at Grossinger's. We just sit back and watch them, and rake in the dough. I'm going to call it *Jowls*. Want to go in halves?

Peter Benchley  
Enmity, Long Island

Sirs:

I'm getting martyred in the morning.

Ding-dong the bells are gonna chime.

Please let me wake up, confess and make up,

But get me to the Church on time. . . .

Thomas à Becket  
Canterbury, England

Sirs:

There I was, just minding my own business, watching the movie, when this big guy comes up and jumps on me. What would you have done? I mean, I just figured the guy was nuts or something. How was I supposed to know the guy was a cop? And when I saw his buddy, well, I just figured I'd better do something quick, so I pulled my pistol out. I mean, I wasn't going to shoot him or anything, heck, I just wanted to scare him off or something, you know. But in less time than it takes to operate the

bolt on a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle (2.3 seconds), they were both on top of me, kicking me and beating me up and everything, and I still thought they were a couple of cowboy rednecks having some fun until they put the cuffs on me and took me downtown.

They told me that I had done awful things that morning, but I didn't! I swear! They asked me where I was between 12:25 and 12:35 that morning and I told them I was eating lunch in the cafeteria. (That was a fib. I was eating one of my Negro friends in the first floor men's room.)

I was there for two days, and then they decided to move me someplace. Just before we left, though, one of the cops came over and whispered to me that we were going to play a game with my old friend, Jack Ruby, who was waiting in the basement. He said that Jack was going to pretend to kill me with one of those "blood-smear" toy guns that I used to get to use when I worked for the CIA, and that I should go along with it and play dead. Well, it was a lot of fun, but the excitement must have been too much for me, because I passed out cold, and when I woke up, I was here in Havana.

A.J. Hidell

Sirs:

As of late, there has been a great deal of debate on the effect of this sudden influx of South Vietnamese into Amerika on the so-called job situation. The concern being that there are not enough jobs to go around. The trouble with you, my booshwah friends, is that you fail to learn from history! Please examine San Francisco, circa 1880. The solution is obvious!!! We build railroads!!!! Lots and lots of railroads. Miles and miles of coolies laboring under inhuman conditions. Exploitation of the impoverished masses!! The stuff this country was built on. And (wait'll you hear this), we have a sholin monk kill Emperor Thieu's nephew, then flee to Amerika to work on the railroad. And we'll call it (Viet) Cong-Fu.

Brent Wiese  
Tidyville, Okla.

Sirs:

And then there's the one about the newly-converted Black Muslim who had read half of *African Genesis* before somebody told him it wasn't the Koran. We've got crates of stuff like that out here. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Spence Kimball  
Salt Lake City

# Presenting Long Johns: One size fits all.



## 120s

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind. Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

But, the same price as 100's.



**Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.**

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

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine;  
Menthol: 19 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette by FTC method.

## My Meter Is Running

continued from page 11

the floor with them. The little spico doesn't even hear me. He's still on cloud nine. The guy with the hat over his face looks up from the floor, swallows a few times, shakes my hand, and says, "Hiya, fella." It's Nelson Rockefeller. He gives me a big bullshit story about how important cabdrivers are, how we're the best people in the world, the hub of our fucking city. I still remember he said we're the hub, whatever the fuck that means. And then he puts a twenty dollar bill in my hand and gives me the old wink. This is supposed to make me his asshole buddy, his lifelong friend. To tell you the truth, I didn't a good goddamn about Rockefeller being a fairy. He could have been giving blow-jobs in Macy's window at high noon for all I gave a shit. What pissed me off was how he tried to buy me with a lousy twenty dollar bill.

Now I'm no fucking blackmailer, but I got mad and told him what he could do with his fucking twenty. All of a sudden he got scared. Maybe it had something to do with all the bad publicity he was getting at the time, his divorce and

all. If I spilled the beans on him and his little spicky, it wouldn't look too good. So I really had the son-of-a-bitch nailed. Maybe he could've had me killed, now that I look back on it. But right then and there he was shitting rainbow colors. What did I want, he asked me. A thousand? Ten thousand? Name my price. My own cab company? Nah, I didn't need *that* fucking headache. "Better yet, why not quit driving a cab and come work for me?" he said. He said he'd give me a hundred thousand a year. I said, *make it two hundred grand* and I'll take it. He shook my hand to close the deal and I could feel his palm drenched with sweat. He was shaking like a fucking leaf. He told me where to go and who to see about my job and promised he would take good care of me. I figured, what the hell, why not go along with it? Two hundred thousand was a lot more than I was making driving a fucking cab. And if I didn't like his job I could always go back to the cab, right? Anyway, I didn't have to hondle with him. It was easier for a guy like that to just give me a nice cushy job, to make it all look good. Or else give me a loan, like he did with all those other people, all

those friends who also had something on him. Anyway, I didn't feel guilty about it. A guy like that wipes his ass with thousand dollar bills every day. Two hundred thousand doesn't mean shit to him.

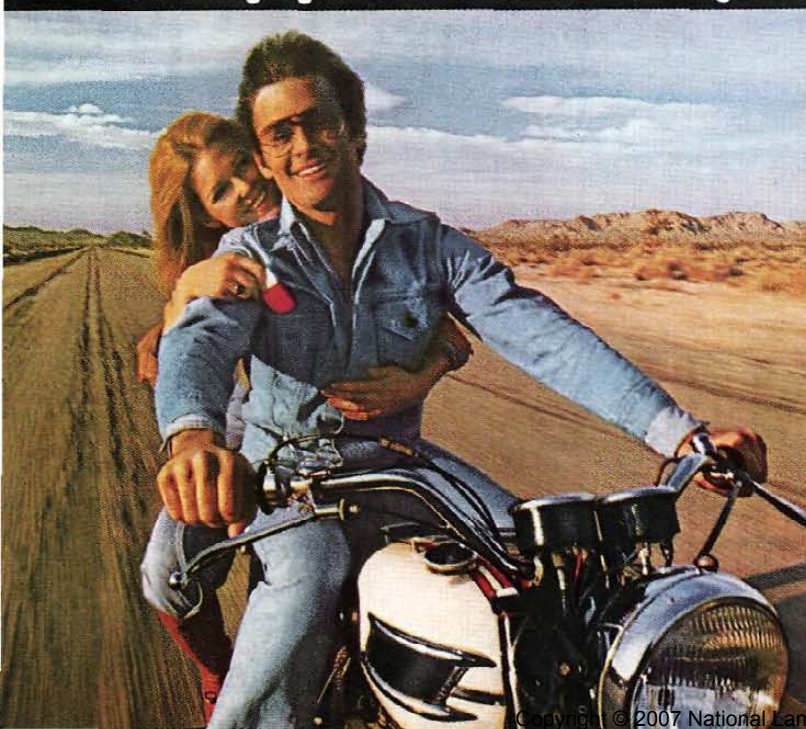
The next morning I go to this address he gives me, a shitty looking office building in the garment district. For some reason, Rockefeller's office is called the Intercontinental Shipping and Forwarding Company. It looked small from the outside, but I could see that it took up the whole fucking floor. For all I know, the whole building was Rockefeller's. I had to fill out these papers just like any other job. Then I had to see this snotnose guy with a dark suit and little glasses.

Snotnose looks at my file. They already got a file on me. He notices that I am a licensed fag detective. The police actually gave me a special license because I work with them a lot on cases involving fags. I got a special knack for spotting them. No matter how straight they look, I can tell if they're homos. So Snotnose gets a brainstorm. I'm going to be a fag detective for Rockefeller, a very important job.

Why does Rockefeller need a fag detective? I ask. A good question, says Snotnose. And he tells me

continued on page 89

## Introducing Old Spice Pocket Cologne.<sup>™</sup> Who says you can't take it with you?



Now your favorite colognes can go where you go and do what you do. Whether it's long lasting OLD SPICE<sup>®</sup> Concentrated Cologne, new refreshing Herbal or exciting, sensual Musk.

Because now they come packaged in contemporary new portable flasks. They're small enough to fit in your pocket or brief case, and sturdy enough to take the pounding a man on the go can give them.

So the next time you're on the go, don't go without our Pocket Cologne.<sup>™</sup>

A little goes a long way.

**Pocket Cologne<sup>™</sup>**  
Concentrated Droplets.  
*by Old Spice*



SHULTON



# Own A Rembrandt For Only \$5.95

or a Picasso or a Van Gogh . . . . . **LAMBERT STUDIOS** magnificently reproduces the world's most beautiful paintings in authentic colors with a big 18" x 24" image directly on **TEXTURED ARTIST CANVAS**. With 3 ways to order—they're offered to you at unbelievably low prices.

(1) **THE CANVAS PRINT** from Lambert is a quality reproduction with true color, exact detail and perfect registration, selected for you from the great museums and private collections. Our exclusive method of printing directly on the canvas surface re-creates the look and feel of the original masterpieces. An 18" x 24" image on 20" x 26" textured artist canvas shipped by U.P.S. Air in our sturdy fine art tube. A \$15 value for only . . . . . **\$5.95**

(2) **DECORATOR STRETCHED.** Lambert Studios has adapted the centuries old artist's technique of supporting and protecting their paintings by stretching. We individually hand stretch and mount each canvas on the finest mitered stretcher bars. The stretched canvas print, 18" x 24" overall, looks even more like an original oil and is ready to hang or frame. Shipped to you by U.P.S. Air. A fantastic value for only . . . . . **\$9.95**

(3) **CUSTOM FRAMED.** The elegant Classic Gallery Frame was especially created to enhance our canvas prints. Constructed of solid wood, hand-finished in black lacquer and trimmed with a silver chrome insert, it compliments any decor. We custom fit the Classic Gallery Frame to the canvas print of your choice. The finest art available in a complete package at a modest price shipped by air and it is ready to hang for only . . . **\$24.95**



266. REMBRANDT. GOLDEN HELMET. Shown in the Classic Gallery Frame. Flat 5.95, Stretched 9.95, Framed 24.95.



212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. In autumn tones of yellow, and orange. Only 5.95



271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. In swirling brushstrokes of blue & spiraling yellows, browns & greens. . . . . Only 5.95



422. DITA. RECLINING TIGER. Tans, yellows, white and golden browns on a warm ochre background. . . . . Only 5.95



313. PICASSO. DANCE OF PEACE. Yellow, brown, and green on pure white. Only 5.95



291. REMBRANDT. YOUNG WARRIOR. In deep umbers, black, brown, gold. Only 5.95



367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. In pleasant autumn shades of golden harvest brown, green, yellow and orange. Only 5.95



827. REMBRANDT. LION RESTING. In a sepia wash of brown and black brushstrokes on antique beige. . . . . Only 5.95



803. JOCK. A study of youth and virility in springtime colors of green and blue. Only 5.95



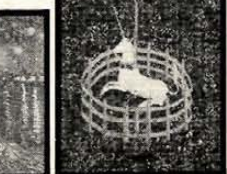
234. EL GRECO. TOLEDO. In stormy shades of green, winter blues and black. Only 5.95



857. MONET. FIELDS IN SPRING. In golden yellows, sky blues, spring green, tan and soft beige. . . . . Only 5.95



286. VAN GOGH. STARLIGHT. In midnight shades of deep blue and soft blue, ebony black and pale yellow. . . . . Only 5.95



237. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. Flemish! Tapestry in green, yellow and white. . . . . Only 5.95



276. PICASSO. OLD GUITARIST. In several shades of blue, greens and white. Only 5.95



312. PICASSO. LES PETITES FLEURS. Bouquet in red, blue, yellow and green. Only 5.95



247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. In pastel shades of blue, green and yellow-gold. Only 5.95



746. PICASSO. HOMAGE TO THE SUN. Flowing lines in red, blues, green, golden yellow on pure white. Only 5.95



701. KLEE. SENECIO. In reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, white and beige. . . . . Only 5.95



818. BRAQUE. PETIT FILLES. In antique red, gold, flesh, on deep black. Only 5.95



261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. An inspiration in ebony black on pure white. . . . . Only 5.95



783. VAN GOGH. AVENUE OF POPLARS. An important drawing in sepia tones. Only 5.95



769. RYER. LOVERS. In rich shades of brown, flesh and golden yellow. Only 5.95



766. MONET. SAILING BOAT AT ARGENTEUIL. Soft summer blue, yellow, red, leaf green and antique white. Only 5.95



401. BOSCH. GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. A 16th. Cent. triptych depicting the caprices, fallibilities & vices of man in symbolic form. Red, green, blue, yellow, tan, 23" x 35". Circle price to indicate preference: Flat 9.95, Mounted 14.95, Framed 29.95.



722. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST. In cool, deep purple shades of green, tan, black, yellow, orange & blue. Only 5.95



425. DITA. TIGER ON RED. In brilliant red, yellow, tan, beige, and ink black. . . . . Only 5.95



209. PICASSO. MOTHER AND CHILD. A study for 'Materine'. Subtle sepia. . . . . Only 5.95



265. MONET. RED POPPIES. In pastel shades of green, cerulean blue, orange, white, red and pale yellow. . . . . Only 5.95

## LAMBERT STUDIOS DEPT. N5

910 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

PLEASE FILL IN PRINT NO. AND TITLE AND CIRCLE CORRECT PRICE

Total Price	Print #	Title	Flat	stretched	framed
			5.95	9.95	24.95
Total Items			5.95	9.95	24.95
Total handling			5.95	9.95	24.95
Total applicable sales tax			5.95	9.95	24.95

I enclose  OR CHARGE MY:  AMER EXPRS  BANKAMER  MASTER CHARGE BANK # \_\_\_\_\_

POSTAGE AND HANDLING: 95¢ PER ORDER PLUS \$1.00 PER ITEM FOR STRETCHED PRINTS AND \$1.50 PER ITEM FOR FRAMED PRINTS.

ACCOUNT NO. \_\_\_\_\_ EXPIRATION DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**FREE WITH ORDER** or send 50¢ for our catalogue illustrating in full color over 200 different art masterpieces authentically reproduced on textured artist canvas. Complete with decorating hints and informative biographies of artists.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

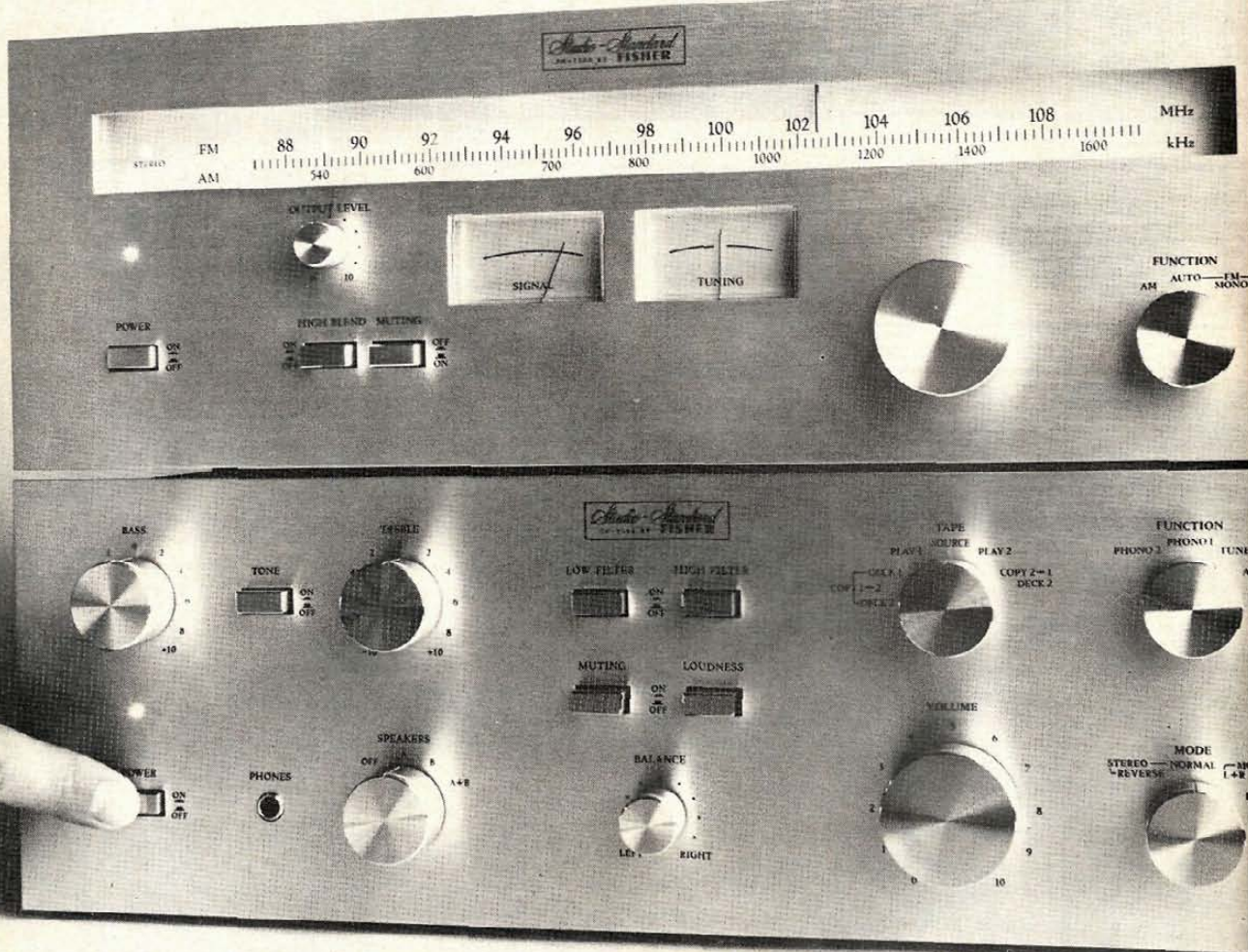


252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. In brown, black, red, purple, white & tan. Only 5.95



445. MONET. WATER LILIES. In pale violet, deep green, white and yellow ochre in resitful hues of blue. . . . . Only 5.95

# Turn on the Fisher.



## You'll see why so many people are switching to separates.

Admit it - you've been looking for an excuse to upgrade your perfectly-OK-but-slightly-ho-hum sound system. Look no further.

The new FM-2300 tuner has the specs and the features to match units selling for much more. IHF sensitivity is conservatively rated at 1.9uV, S/N ratio is a super-clean 70 dB, and selectivity an impressive 70 dB. There are dual tuning meters, a hi-blend switch, oscilloscope connections, fixed and variable outputs, and inputs for both 75 and 300 ohm antennas.

The perfect match is the CA-2300 integrated amplifier.

Power is 35 watts RMS per channel from 20 to 20kHz, with no more than 0.15% harmonic distortion into 8 ohm loads. It has precision stepped bass, treble, and volume controls; mike input, and an elaborate tape circuit that provides inputs for two decks plus dubbing in both directions.

The FM-2300 and the CA-2300. Together, one great excuse to move up to separates. Separately, two beautiful reasons to turn on the Fisher.

The tuner has a suggested retail price of \$249.95. The integrated amp of \$279.95.

Fisher, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

REVEALED: THOSE EARLY NUDE STATUES OF APOLLO!

# MYTH & LEGEND MIRROR

FRIEZES AND FABLES OF YOUR FAVORITE GODS AND HEROES

OCTOBER IV B.C.  
VV MCDXIV

III DENARIII



**THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE  
THAT'S ROCKING OLYMPUS:  
Vulcan Keeps Venus in Bed with Mars!**

Europa speaks out:  
"ROMANTIC RUMORS ABOUT ME  
AND JUPITER ARE A LOT OF BULL!"

Proserpine pleads:  
"MY MARRIAGE TO PLUTO  
IS LIKE LIVING IN HELL!"

**EXCLUSIVE:**  
Delphic Oracle Warns Young Oedipus  
"Older Women Could Mean Trouble!"

(advertisement)

**"IT'S SACRED!"**

says Jupiter, famous King of the Gods

**TITAN INVENTS CURE FOR COLD  
ENDS SHIVERING,  
TREMBLING, AND CHILLS**

Now you can warm homes, cook food,  
frighten animals with  
fabulous new



**FIRE**



PROMETHEUS

Mt. Caucasus,  
The Caucasus Mountains  
Other Side of the Euxine Sea, Asia

**Too Short?  
Too Tall?  
One Size Fits All**

You'll never spend another wakeful night  
once you've let our wonderful

**PROCRUSTEAN BED**

introduce you to the restful world of permanent sleep! For Free Scrollchure, write:

**BANDITS**

The Road to Athens, Greece

**IN THIS MONTH'S SCULPTUREPLAY**



Gilgamesh: "My Old Friend Enkidu Speaks to Me From Beyond the Grave!"

Excerpts From Kenneth Anger's Newest Book Babylon Babylon

**SEXY NICE GIRLS IN THEIR SUMER UNDERTHINGS!**

- Hear** Gilgamesh tell how he communicates with his dead friend Enkidu!
- Read** the first excerpts from Kenneth Anger's red-hot, legend-world exposé, *Babylon Babylon!*
- See** the latest in new Sumer underthings — the lingerie fashion flash-flood that's sweeping the Tigris-Euphrates river valley!

AVAILABLE AT NOVI STANDS EVERYWHERE

**MYTH & LEGEND MIRROR**

OCTOBER IV B.C.

VOL. XXXIII NO. X

**CONTENTS**

First Statues: **Menelaus** and **Helen** Together Again..... XIV

**Icarus**: On His Way To The Top, But Has It Been Too Much Too Soon? ..... XVI

Will **Clytemnestra** Leave The **Oresteia Show**? Friends Say She's Soon To Be Axed From Long-Running Situation Tragedy ..... XXII

**Jupiter's** Troubled Childhood: "I Attacked My Own Father When He Ate My Sister Vesta!" ..... XXIV

**Paris** About **Achilles**: "He's Nothing But A Heel As Far As I'm Concerned!" ..... XXVII

**Narcissus** Speaks Out: "With **Echo** It Was The Same Old Thing Over And Over Again—But Now I've Learned That If You're Ever Going To Really Love Somebody, You First Have To Love Yourself" ..... XXX

The **Sirens**—Hot New Trio That's Knocking Them Dead In The Mediterranean ..... XXXVI

**Isis**: "I Want To Be More Than Just A Cult Figure" ..XXXXVIII

**SPECIAL REPORT**

Who's Going To Be The Next Big God? Don't Look Now, But He Just Might Be Jewish! ..... XLII

**PATRICU IAKE O'ROURKAE**, Editor-in-Chief

**JOHAN MILES**, Executive Editor

**LUCIAE GIKKUS**, Senior Editor

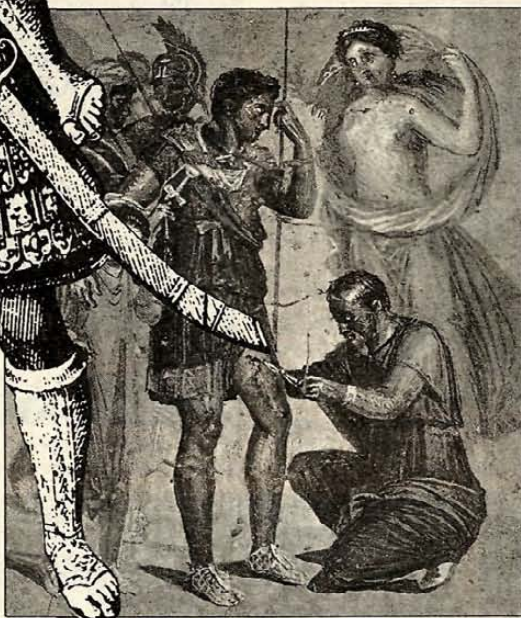
**DIANA AGRICOLA**, Art Director

Contributing Editors:

**QUINTUS HORATICUS FLACCUS, ALBAS TIBULLUS, TITUS LIVIUS, SEXTUS PROPERTIUS, LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA.**

MYTH AND LEGEND MIRROR is inscribed by FIRST CENTURY COMMUNICATIONS, INC. OFFICE OF INSCRIPTION: DCXXXV Forum NE, Rome, Rome. IInd CLASS EPISTULAE PAID AT ROME. Inscribed monthly. All contents copyright IV B.C. No part of this inscription may be reinscribed without entabulated permission from the inscribers. Volume XXXIII, Number X, October IV B.C. issue. Price III denarii in Rome and Greece. Not responsible for unsolicited scrolls and all scrolls must be accompanied by a self-owned slave. IMPERIAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Romulus, Pindar, and Associates, MMDXL Appian Way, Rome, Rome; DCCXXIII Acropolis, Athens, Greece; Temple of the Moon Goddess, Tyre, Land of the Phoenicians.

# AENEAS DISCOVERED FROM WALK-ON TO HERO!



By **SEXTUS PROPERTIUS**

**P. Virgilius** ("call me Virgil") **Maro** is about to produce the "epic to end all epics," and has personally selected an unknown young demigod for the lead role.

**Aeneas**, glowingly described by Virgil as "pious," was first noticed by "Virge" in a brief scene at the end of Homer's box-office smash, **The Illiad**. And—wouldn't you know it—it turns out the young, good-looking kid is the son of ageless super-star **Venus**. That, a divine torso, and his piety were all he needed to test for—and win—the role of Founder of Rome.

In spite of his "pious" image, the lad's brief but fiery fling with **Dido of Carthage** has given him a "love 'em and leave 'em" reputation around tinsel town,

but mom, no slouch herself in the romantic department, says her Trojan-born boy is just looking for the right girl to settle down with and raise an Empire.

Virgil, whose G-rated **Buccollogues** has been packing them in, believes the public is "fed up with all that x-rated stuff, Catullus and those guys. Wholesome family fare is coming back," he predicts, and he must be doing something right, because his upcoming epic is to be bankrolled by none other than Caesar Augustus.

Meanwhile, those two notorious wolves, Romulus and Remus, who thought they had the "Founder of Rome" role all sewed up, have been complaining to their dad, the well known star, Mars, himself the one-time lover of—you guessed it—Venus. As Atlas used to say, "Small world, isn't it?"

# AROUND OLYMPUS...



Everybody was at the feast Jupiter threw for King Peleus and his new bride Thetis, a promising sea nymph. Everybody, that is, except discord goddess Eris . . . tongues are wagging!



Splitsville? Nobody's seen Cupid and Psyche together for ages. Friends say he keeps her in the dark about everything.



The latest Hercules labor, *Cleaning the Aegean Stables*, is playing at local amphitheatres everywhere. Critics have said it stinks, but backers claim it's a big pecunia-maker.



Jason dumping Medea? Greek shipping magnate Jason and Creusa, pretty princess of Corinth, have been inseparable lately.



Recurring rumors about a drinking problem don't phase wine god Bacchus. "It's nothing but jealousy," he says, "people have been saying those things ever since I got my first big part in the mysteries."



Venus won the coveted Gold Apple for "Fairest Supporting Goddess in a Greek Myth," but there were jealous rumblings aplenty from Juno and Minerva when Master of Sacrifices Paris handed out the award. "This means war!" Minerva was heard to say as she left the Mount Ida Apple Award festivities.



Venus and Mars had always been close, but Vulcan wanted them to be even closer!

## HER HUSBAND'S TRICK FORCED LOVE GODDESS INTO THE ARMS OF MARS!

By QUINTUS HORATICUS FLACCUS **VULCAN MAKES HER STAY WITH GOD OF WAR**

Venus and the handsome red-eyed god of war. . . . The two adulterous lovers were peacefully asleep, their passions exhausted, when suddenly, who should return early from a business trip to Lemnos?! It was Vulcan, jealous husband and Olympus' top smithy. The lovers wake with a start, but when they try to jump out of bed, they realize the horrible truth—they're caught!! Enmeshed in a golden skein forged on the Hephaestean anvil!!!

"All I wanted to do was get out of there," cried Venus later, "but I was stuck! Vulcan was forcing me to stay right there tangled up with Mars. Why, that net was fine as gossamer, yet real cunning of design, so the more I struggled, the more it just forced me back into Mars' arms!"

"Helios tipped me off," said Vulcan. "He was on his morning sun route and he saw them together up at this place Mars has in Thrace. I'm asking Jupiter to grant a divorce, and believe you me, I don't want to here any noise about alimony when (Continued on page LXXIX)

"What he did was just the opposite of trying to keep us apart!"

### Ask The Entrails

Answers to Readers' Questions from the Insides of Animals

**Q.** Whatever happened to that river nymph Daphne who Apollo seemed to have such a thing for?

—C. V., Herculeum

A. Daphne's a laurel tree now and living quietly in the Parnassus neighborhood. She's reported to be very happy and has no plans to get back into myths.

**Q.** I hear Hercules is mortal. Is this true?

—Q. M., Thessaly

A. Only on his mother's side. Hercules' mother Alcmena was indeed a

mortal, but his father, Jupiter, is divine.

**Q.** How's it these days? I understand she got very sick while on the set for her last legend.

—E. I., Crete

A. Io had a serious gadfly attack and doctors blamed it on a strenuous myth-making schedule that had her on location in Illyria, the Ionian Sea, Mt. Haemus, the Bosphorus, Scythia, and the country of the Cimmerians. She's better now and recovering on the banks of the Nile, where she's living with her father, Inachus, a former river god.

**Q.** I'm a tremendous Theseus fan, and I loved him in *Journey to the Underworld*. Does he plan to make any more myths soon?

—K. V., Phoenecia

A. Theseus has the lead role in Plutarch's *Phaedra*, due to be released at the end of the Augustan Age. Theseus will play an aging King of Athens, whose young bride falls in love with his son by an Amazon previous wife.

**Q.** Now that Lares and Penates are household words, will success spoil their wholesome appeal?

—M. C., Gaul

A. No; as far as anyone can tell, they're still the same modest stay-at-home demigods they always were. Not like ex-local fertility spirit Priapus, whose quick popularity made him too big for his britches.

To have your questions *Heiromanced*, write:

**VESTAL VIRGINS**

Temple of the Vestal Virgins Bldg.  
Rome, Rome

# Pandora's Box

**THESEUS** and **ARIADNE**'s marriage is reputedly on the rocks. She's suing for divorce on the grounds of desertion . . . and you'll never guess whom he's been seen with—**PHAEDRA**, his wife's sister! Ariadne, as you might recall, was a great help to Theseus early in his career, getting him his first big role in her father's myth, *The Labyrinth* (Minotaur Productions). But sister Phaedra's been stringing him along for a while now, and it looks like she finally caught him.

Reports from Syracuse confirm that **DAMON** and **PYTHIAS** have been inseparable of late. They insist, however, that they're "just good friends."

Everyone knows by now whom **ECHO** is referring to in her new hit single. It seems she and the gentleman had quite a thing going for a while. Poor Echo is just a shadow of her former self.

## People are worshipping...

**PHAETON**, hottest young god in the Pantheon, just signed to a five-year contract at Olympic Myths, Inc. Everybody's wondering if he'll show as much talent as father **APOLLO** . . . Phaeton is out to prove he can make it on his own, without daddy's help. But studio bigwigs find him difficult to

handle . . . and he is apparently in danger of being fired . . . **BACCHUS**, who was arrested on a drunk and disorderly charge last week . . . he seems to be developing quite a problem. Pink elephants are one thing . . . but pink panthers? . . . **PYGMALION** and **GALATEA**, stars of the hottest myth to hit the Forum since *Odyssey!* The two have been seeing a good deal of each other, both in and out of the amphitheater. Rumor has it that Gal's acting, a bit wooden at first, has improved because the love scenes she plays with Pygmalion are the real thing.

As if **APOLLO** doesn't have enough trouble with his errant son, he is now in mourning for close friend **HYACINTHUS**, killed in a discus-throwing accident here last week. Friends say he hasn't taken anything this hard since **DAPHNE** split for a more pastoral existence. She's been communing with nature . . . a friend reports that the wild partying that went on at Apollo's drove her up a tree.

**JUPITER** is fuming at **DIANA**'s rather nasty treatment of **ACTAEON**, who accidentally stumbled upon her in the bath . . . and didn't live to tell about it. But **JUNO**'s secretly pleased . . . it seems that Actaeon is a cousin of **EUROPA**, one of Jupiter's recent *amours*—and Juno gets pretty nasty herself when Jupiter is involved. If you don't believe us, ask **INO!**

All Heaven was shocked by the untimely death of **BELLEROPHON**, rumored to be the son of no less a deity than **POSEIDON** himself. The debonair young man was killed in an unfortunate riding accident. This popular escort of many a nymphette will be sorely missed.

## Recipes of the Legends

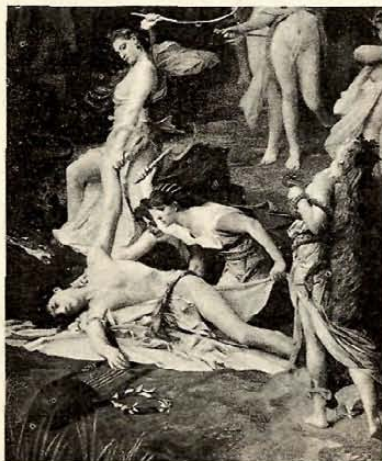


*This month, King Tantalus gives us a "tantalizing" taste of cuisine from the House of Atreus*

### STEWED HUBRIS

LXXV pounds first born son  
VII-and-a-half cups of flour  
XXX teaspoons salt  
VII-and-a-half teaspoons pepper  
XC tablespoons butter  
XC tablespoons chopped suet or other fat  
XLV cups water  
CLXXX small onions, sliced  
CL small carrots, diced

Cut your son in 11-inch squares and roll in flour mixed with salt and pepper; sauté in suet until well browned. Transfer boy to heated casserole; add water to drippings in pan, bring to a boil, and pour over child. Cover and bake in moderate oven (CCCL°) for about 111 hours, adding onions and carrots, sautéed in butter, half an hour before lad is done. Also, your son can be cooked slowly in tightly covered kettle on top of stove. Serves XII principle gods of Olympus.



He Made Rocks Roll

## THE SINGER WHO DIED YOUNG ORPHEUS, WE MISS YOU

This month marks the anniversary of the tragic death of a young singer many called the greatest ever. His life was marked by tragedy—the loss of his young and beautiful wife, Eurydice, put him through hell. But "don't look back" was his motto, and he returned to his show business career. His own death was, ironically, a result of his popularity. Call them fans, groupies, maenids, what you will, the young women who made up most of his loyal audience rushed the stage one night, hoping for an autograph, a lock of hair, an arm, a leg, any souvenir of their idol.

Orpheus died, but his songs, such as "I Fall to Pieces," "Take Another Piece of My Heart," and "All of Me," live on. He is still a star today.



# Publius Ovidius Naso's

## THE METAMORPHOSIS



*They were all going through changes...*

**Midas:** He thought money bought happiness.

**Danae:** Golden showers were her trick.

**Leda:** She did it with swans.

**Damon and Phythias:** They were close. Too close.

**Diana:** The virgin who went skinny dipping at the stag party.

**Pluto:** The biggest name in the Underworld.

*They're all in*

# METAMORPHOSIS

by Ovid

*Ovid...whose best selling Art of Love was banned in Pompeii...tears the lid of the sleepy Elysian Fields, where every party is an orgy, and Immortal is spelled with no "T"!*

**Do You Hate What You See Every Time You Look Into Still Spring Water Or A Piece Of Polished Silver? Then Let Me Give You A WHOLE NEW LOOK IN JUST 1 SECOND**

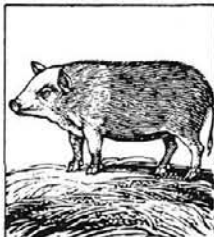
Why wait months, days, or even minutes when, using the magic of sorcery, I can guarantee a complete transformation in only 1 second—with no bothersome diets, expensive pills, or tiring exercises, and all right in the privacy of my own island. You'll be amazed as a whole new world opens up to a whole new you—you'll grunt, wallow, root for acorns and, best of all, eat as much as you want!

**Dramatic Testimony from Trojan War Vet**



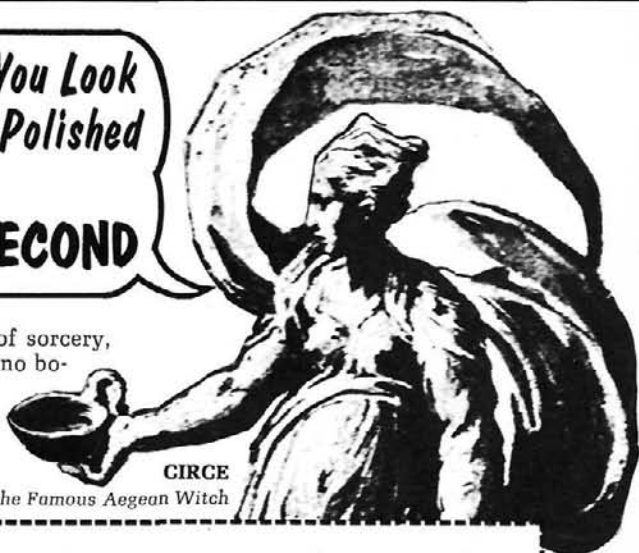
**BEFORE**

"I lost III feet, IV inches of height and added VI nipples to my bust"



**AFTER**

—Eurylochus  
Bottom, Aegean Sea



**CIRCE**

*The Famous Aegean Witch*

**Free!** (enclose MDC sesterces to feed rowers)

**CIRCE**  
Dept. MLM  
Aegea, Mediterranean

Dear Circe:

Here's my MDC sesterces. Send me all the facts and details about your fabulous plan to give me a totally new body. I understand I'm under no obligation to ever return home.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State \_\_\_\_\_

**PUT THIS COUPON IN A BOAT RIGHT NOW!**

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding two small, fluffy chicks. The hand is positioned in the upper left quadrant, with the fingers curled around the birds. One chick is white with a small black eye, and the other is brown. A pen nib is visible on the right side of the frame, pointing towards the chicks. The background is plain white.

photographed by Chris Callis

# All Creatures Even Bees

by Ted Mann

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

It wasn't easy for a newly qualified veterinarian to get a job in 1952. So you can imagine how pleased I was to be offered a job at the Farmer Animal Hospital, even though the pay was only three dollars a month with room and board.

When the bus dropped me off in front of the hospital, I stood for a moment wondering just what the future held in store for me there. Then, shaking my head, I made my way up the path between the potted geraniums and rapped loudly on the door. After some minutes had passed, it was open by a flustered middle-aged lady who breathlessly introduced herself as Miss Nora Wills.

"I'm the bookkeeper here. Wolfgang Farmer is out on a house call . . . a cage call, actually. This time it's a canary with an impacted anus. It shouldn't take him long to clear *that* up. Though you'd never guess that from the way he was

*continued*



cursing when he left." She led me down a hallway and into Farmer's comfortable consulting room. "Land sakes, all he has to do is heat up some number seven gauge copper-coated wire with a blowtorch and push it up birdy's butt . . . honestly, to hear him talk, you'd think it was the end of the world."

I nodded sagely in agreement, even though I knew that Miss Wills' treatment hadn't been in use for twenty years. Still, these folk remedies tend to linger on. People are often quite startled to see a young vet treat their constipated canary with sophisticated new techniques, like blowing down the bird's gullet with a flex-i-straw, or probing the rectal region with a tiny corkscrew. "When will Mr. Farmer be back?" I asked politely.

"God only knows," she said, throwing her hands up dramatically. She had been out of the room only a few moments when a young man with a puckish grin and cheeks like a matched set of rotting apples stuck his head in the door.

"I don't suppose you'd care for a smash of Gordon's gin," he said. "It's certain Gordon won't mind, hah-hah." He must have seen me glance at my watch, for he added, "Don't worry about the time. Anytime's the right time to blow your brains out on Gordon's. Hah-hah. We're dissipated as hell here, don't you know?" Then, producing two glasses, he banged them on Wolfgang's desk and filled them to the brim. I sipped politely at my drink while he poured his down with one smooth flick of the wrist.

"So," he said with a satisfied cough. "You're to be the new assistant. That's fine with me; it means I'll have less work to do. I'm Terry Farmer, Wolfgang's brother. I'd remember that if I were you. Most people just call me Twisted. It's kind of a nickname, don't you see?" He poured himself another glass of Gordon's, and then, deftly blocking one nostril with a fat finger, he blew a grimy booger square in the center of the *Codex Ethacarium Veterence*, which had been stapled to a piece of plywood and mounted on the rosewood-paneled wall.

I mumbled under my breath and took another sip of gin. Twisted appeared to take no notice, but, leaning forward, whispered conspiratorially, "We have to be careful around here, you know. We were investigated the other day. It was all Wolfgang's fault. He tossed a lump of cement in a dissecting tray, and after dumping steak sauce all over it, he tried to convince a customer it was his pussy's gall-

stone. The customer was a doctor and went straight to the ASPCA. They were around here thick as flies on a dead dog's eye."

Just then, a merry peal of laughter shook the room. A squat, swart, bald man of about fifty stepped through the door. "I'm Wolfgang Farmer," he said, holding out about five pounds of heavily veined top ground round for me to shake. "I see Twisted has been telling you some of our troubles. Honestly, sometimes I don't know how we keep going." He chortled and dragged four square feet of terry towel across his perspiring brow. Then, clearing his throat loudly, he hawked into his left front shirt pocket. "Do you know, I've even had to build a phony surgery out front so they don't find out what the real one looks like?"

"That's right," said Twisted, butting in. "It cost us thirty bucks. I bought a clean bedsheet and we spread it over a picnic table Wolfgang stole from the adventure playground one night. Then we lined the shelves with preserve jars full of colored water so they'd think it was medicine . . ."

"That was my idea," said Wolfgang, snatching at the gin bottle.

"Yeah, but it was my idea to put those Q-tips in a jar of piss. That really throws them for a loop."

Miss Wills, who was passing by the door, sniffed loudly. "Who suggested hanging the gin bottle upside down from the hat rack? Mercy me, I don't know where they think we're going to lay our hands on dog blood."

"Sure," said Twisted, "I never heard of one walking into a blood donor clinic. . . ." We all burst out laughing, and the room became infused with a feeling of warmth, a human warmth that filled the room up and spilled out into the hall, almost as if someone had set a wastepaper basket on fire. It was then I realized that I was going to enjoy working at the Farmer Animal Hospital. We sat in the consulting room over our gins and recounted many a merry story. Twisted's tales were the funniest. He told us the one about the flinty old Scotch vet, Angus McHebrides. It seems McHebrides was called out late one night to attend the calving of an old milk cow by the name of Blossom. This cow was famous for the power of her vaginal sphincter, which was said to have been able to bend a two inch bar of cold rolled steel or snap a rake handle like a pencil. And it was into this cow that Angus had to stick his skinny arm to drag out a twisted calf.

But the canny Scot was not about to get his arm broken by a cow's cunt. "Oi'll create a diversion, and while the bonny beastie is distracted, Oi'll insert me arm and yank out the calf." So saying, he stuffed a lit cherry bomb into the stunned cow's mouth. When the blast had gone off and the cow stared, stupified, at her teeth lying in the manger, the highlander reached in and snared the calf's foot with a binder twine noose. The cow never lived that could best Angus McHebrides . . .

We all laughed loudly. Twisted began yet another story when he was interrupted by the cheerful dingle-dingle of the bell on the waiting room door. "That'll be your first case!" Wolfgang hollered as his chair went over backwards.

I stepped self-consciously into the waiting room, and was surprised to see a small girl standing uncertainly in the midst of that linoleum prairie. She started when she saw me, then wordlessly held up a scummy baggy of brown water in which floated an upside-down goldfish. "Dear me," I mumbled "it does look as though your little fish has . . ."

Just then I noticed Miss Wills beckoning frantically at me from the surgery door. "Excuse me for a moment," I said, and stepped over to see what she wanted.

"Tell her you'll fix it," she hissed. "What?"

"Tell her you'll fix it. Get five bucks from her and slip out the back door to Woolworth's. Goodness gracious, they've got Goldy's twin brother on sale today for 39 cents."

I took Miss Wills' advice and the little girl's money, and after some argument with a clerk at Woolworth's (who suspected I was buying the fish for my cat), I managed to obtain a fine, healthy specimen for a bargain price.

The little girl was overjoyed when I presented her with the new fish. "Oh, Goldy! Now that the nice man has made you all better, I promise I'll never let that old Marsha Hildon take you to school again. I don't care if she gives me two new pencils."

Rejoining Wolfgang and Twisted in the consulting room, I flipped the five bucks onto the table with a studied casualness. Wolfgang broke off in midsentence and stared at me. I told him what had happened and awaited their hearty congratulations. Nothing doing.

"We get kids like that in here all the time," said Wolfgang. "Just the other day, two kids came in with a half-dead, tick-ridden pigeon they had found in the street. Son-of-a-bitch. That fucking gutter eagle

looked like it had been run over by engine company number three. Hell, what could I say? I like kids as much as the next guy. I told them I'd do everything I could for sick birdie and after they left I tossed it out back."

"What do you do when they come back for a visit?"

Twisted spoke up. "That's where I come in. I give them the sorrowful doctor routine. I tell them that the sewer falcon must have lost his will to live somewhere along the line even though Wolfgang here," he gestured at his brother, "did everything he could, including installing brand new lungs and a liver that cost \$49.50."

"And," added Wolfgang, "if the kids should feel like offering us their next three years' allowance, we don't complain. Do we, Twisted?"

"Nofuckingway," said Twisted.

\* \* \*

The next few weeks passed quickly for me as I gained that practical experience so necessary to a young vet just out of school. I still remember how strangely thrilled I felt watching Wolfgang at work in his back room, cutting the nuts off doggies and flinging them carelessly over his shoulder into a greasy oil drum which stood in the corner.

"Once a week we sell that crap to the Mandarin Palace," he explained.

When the waiting room bell tinkled, I would duck out to see the clients. Often I would find an elderly lady perched nervously on the

edge of Wolfgang's naugahyde couch, clutching a small, timid dog whose two eyes glowed like cigarette ends from beneath tufts of silky hair. "I—I'd like to have Philip . . . altered. It won't . . . hurt him, will it?"

I thought of Wolfgang out back, a cigar clamped between his yellow teeth, a pair of bloody tin snips jutting from the back pocket of his coveralls, and a rusty hacksaw slung carelessly around the neck of a gallon jug of Gordon's gin.

"They never know what hit 'em, ma'am."

"Oh, that's nice. I don't want to hurt Philip, but he ruined a Shiraz carpet the other day and lately I've been worried he'll get to the guest towels."

"Yes, I quite understand." Then I'd scoop the bowser up under one arm; and before I could get halfway out of the room, I'd hear Miss Wills' strident voice. "That'll be \$27.50, ma'am."

Twisted was always around, weaving through the surgery and consulting room like a sperm in a petrie dish, throwing off jokes and breaking the tension. He'd claim that he knew a vet who would deworm poodles with a crab fork or maintain that the best way to remove a cat's gallstones was to press them out with a rolling pin. Once he told me a joke that made my trocar slip and pop a German shepherd's aorta. I was horrified. The dog belonged to one of our wealthiest customers, Mrs. Rudy Dufus.

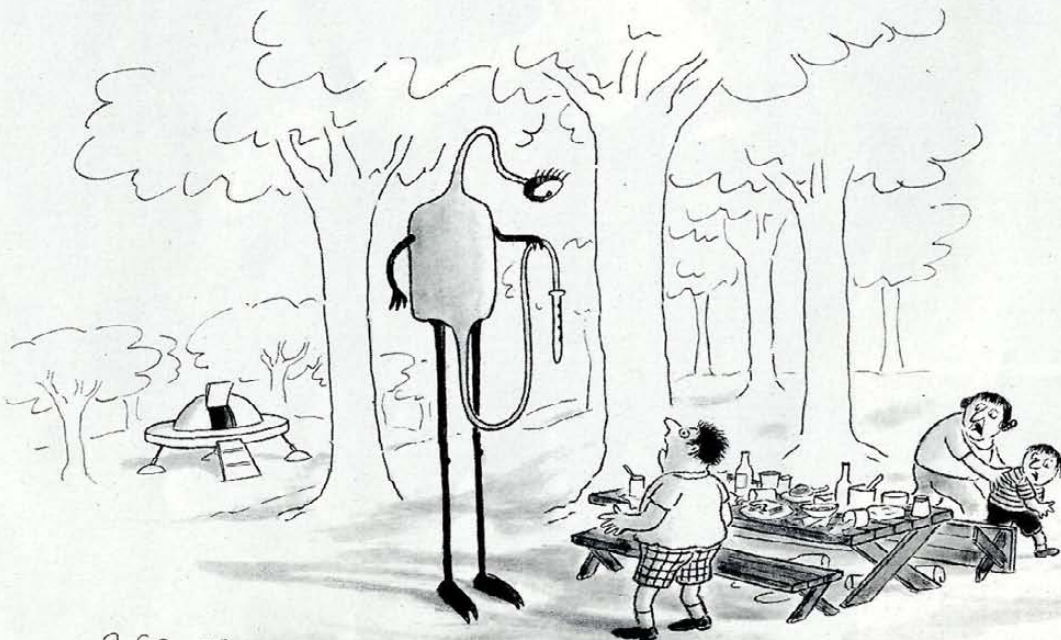
Wolfgang put on a serious face when I told him the news. "Dear, dear. So Fritz has gone to heaven," he said, picking up the phone. "We'll have to put him in intensive care." He dialed Mrs. Dufus' number. "Hello, Mrs. Dufus? I'm afraid your Fritz's illness is more serious than we thought. It wasn't just a cold after all. No, he's suffering from engorged blood and his heart's swollen up to the size of a balloon. We're going to put him into intensive care. Perhaps you should come down right away. There's no saying how long he will last. Right, you'll be down right away. Very good."

"Grab the dead mutt!" he shouted at me and headed off down the hall. "Miss Wills, I'm afraid we're going to have to use your office again. Intensive care, you know. . . ." With much grumbling, the old spinster gathered up her invoice pads and ledgers and headed off to make the consulting room her temporary headquarters.

"Right," said Wolfgang, seemingly galvanized to action. "Twisted, get the oxygen tent in here. And the plasma, don't forget the plasma. Oh, and the TV, and hurry up, will you!"

Twisted hustled into the room and began arranging a bunch of dry cleaner's bags stuck together with scotch tape over a coat hanger frame across the dead pooch's body. "Oxygen tent," he explained, and began to hum "How Much Is That Doggy in the Window." He ducked out of the room for a minute, and reappeared with an old TV chassis

continued on page 68



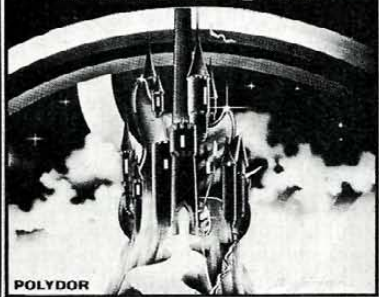
S. GROSS

"I am Gorkxx from the planet Verga. Want an enema?"

From Deep Purple to a totally new spectrum.  
**RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S**

# RAINBOW

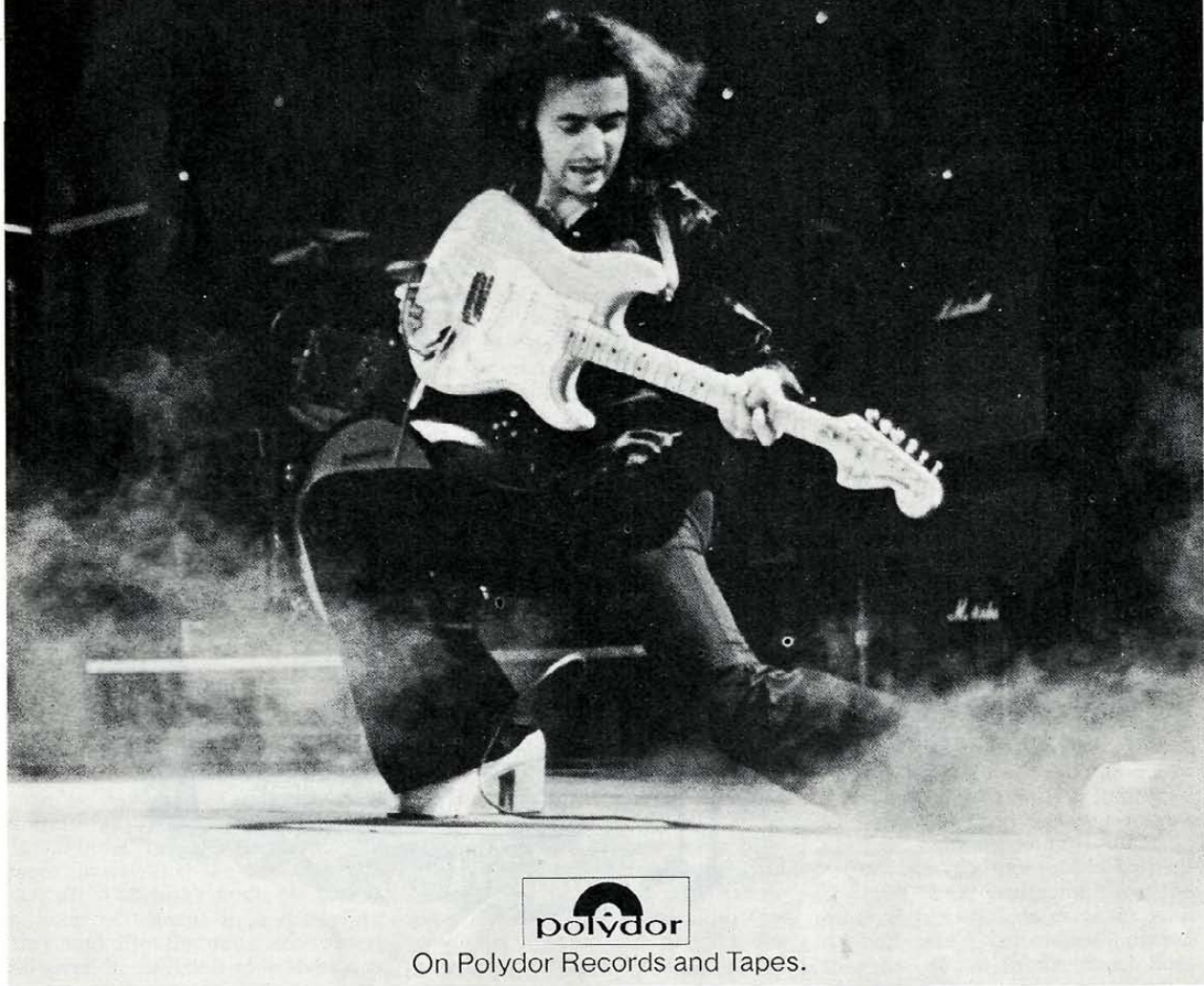
**RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S  
RAINBOW**



Ritchie Blackmore. One of the founders and driving forces of Deep Purple. He went in search of new colors. He found the voice of Ronnie James Dio.

Together, they entered into a new spectrum of sound. Exploding with a rainbow we can hear. All hues. All tones. Every color in music.

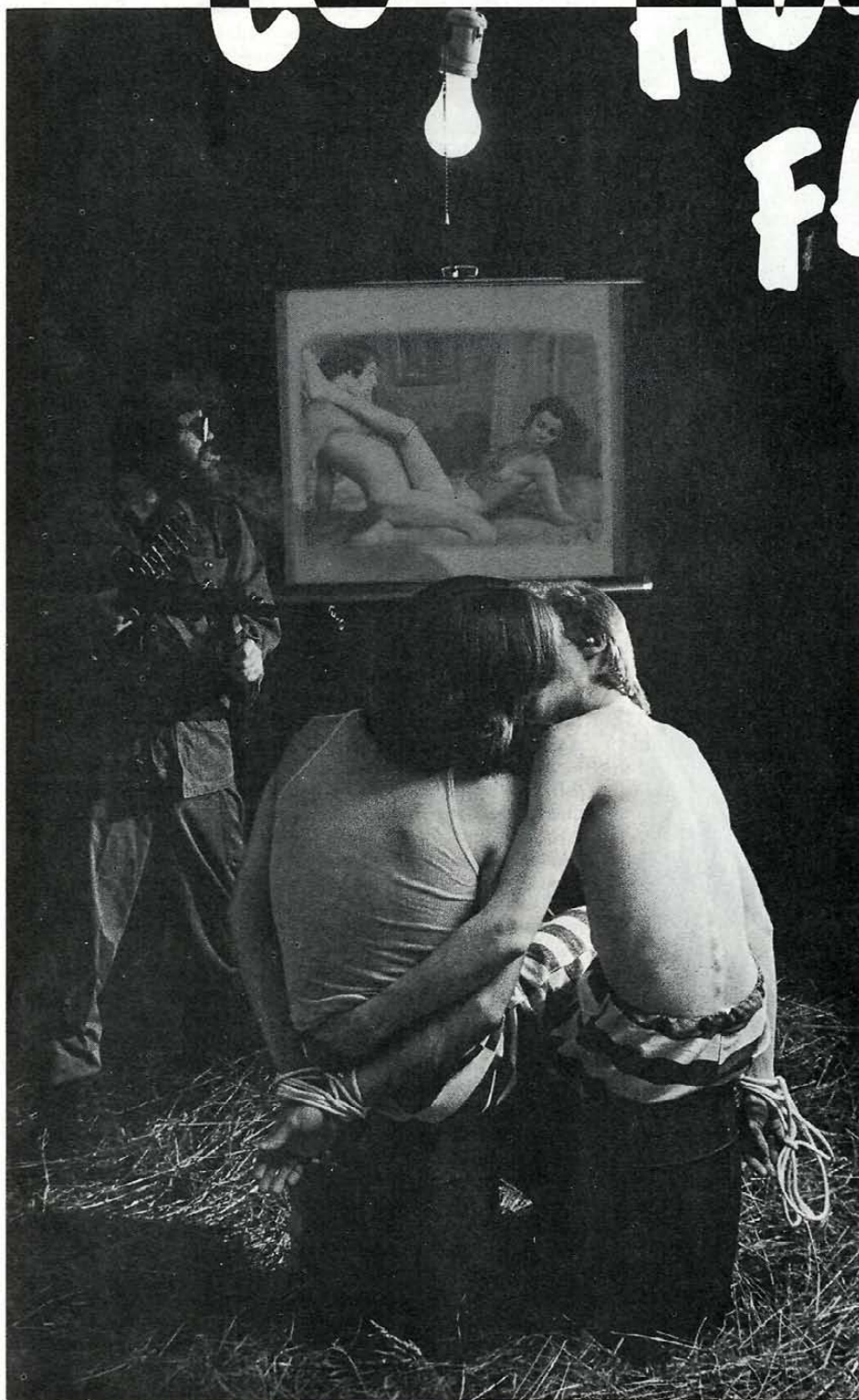
Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. The first album from 1975's rock super group.



On Polydor Records and Tapes.

I am a prisoner in a

# CUBAN HOMO FARM



An open,  
uncensored letter  
from Mark Rudd

*At this very moment, there are thousands of Americans being held behind bars—in Spain, Turkey, Morocco, Peru—men and women slapped into jails without trials, for petty or trumped-up offenses—in a flaunting of international law and human decency. One such victim is Mark Rudd, the leader of the 1968 Columbia University strike, SDS spokesman and Weatherperson, who allegedly “dropped out” and “went underground” in 1970. On July 26 of this year (ironically enough, the date of the so-called Cuban Revolution), the National Lampoon received a letter and photographs from Cuba that confirmed what our reliable sources had already told us. Mark Rudd is now being held captive on a Cuban Homo Farm. This is his letter, smuggled out at great risk. We are proud and honored to publish it.*

The Editors

*continued*

continued

Dear *National Lampoon*:

I guess I am choosing you and your readers to tell my story to because you people can best appreciate the irony of my situation. There was no point in sending my letter to the *National Review* or the *New York Review of Books*. The old left won't knock Cuba and the old right still hates my guts, I suppose. Besides, irony is so much a part of the human condition, the human comedy, as it were, and you people at the *National Lampoon* really understand the world from a comic point of view. (Oh, how I remember laughing and chuckling with issues of the *National Lampoon* in the good old days, when I was hiding out in \_\_\_\_\_, California!)

Thank goodness I still have my sense of humor. If I didn't, I would have killed myself in this place a long time ago. The place which I am referring to, where I am being held prisoner against my will, is a Cuban homo farm.

Before I describe the sheer horror of the conditions here, you people and your readers might appreciate the *comique mise-en-scène*, the absurd way this all came about. It began in Havana, in 1971. I slipped out of the States and joined up with an *ad hoc* Venceramos Brigade, enlisted to cut sugar cane, something I was proud and happy to do. Because of the change in climate and diet, I caught a bad cold. I always get chapped lips and cold sores when I get a cold. Even during the Columbia thing I had cold sores. Ask anybody who was there. I probably went through more Chap Sticks than Abbie went through coke.

But this time, as I was applying the Chap Stick, my Intourist guide, Anselmo, knocked it out of my hand, grabbed me, and said I was under arrest. He kept calling me a *maricon*, a homosexual—a degenerate Yankee come to corrupt the youth of Cuba. A trial was held in one of the hotel rooms while they were barbecuing two chickens and a baby goat. I was given a chance to defend myself and I tried to explain that Chap Stick was not lipstick. But my Spanish was far from fluent, and consequently I kept using words that rhymed. That did it. If there's one thing Fidel's regime hates more than homos, it's homo poets. The next thing I knew, I was being hustled into a '56 Dodge pickup, and I was heading for the mountains.



*Irony of ironies: The whores that Fidel sends to rehabilitate us are ripped off by the corrupt guards as soon as they get off the truck.*

My troubles started immediately. Here I was, in a broken down truck, in pitch darkness, wedged in between twenty-nine Cuban homos. I was the "white meat," the center of attraction. I could have been gang-banged right on the truck if it wasn't for my most lethal defensive weapon, a weapon I am forced to use even now—gas. Thanks to my Cuban diet of beans—red beans, black

beans, brown beans, green beans, and the amazing blue beans of Santa Clara, which no one outside of Cuba has ever tasted—I was able to tear off a lust-discouraging fart every time one of those horny Latins tried to get familiar with my tender Jersey tush. I realize how tasteless this may sound, but when it's your ass on the line, you fight with the best weapon you have. (By the way, beans are all you get to eat in this country. No rice at all. All that stuff about Cuban rice is some kind of propaganda—probably to appease the Chinese.)



*All prisoners are brutally tattooed upon entering the homo farm by a half-blind artist who is always drunk.*

I kept trying to get someone in that truckload of degenerates to tell me where we were going. They just laughed and giggled. Finally, a boy named Raoul (who looked like a nicer guy than the rest—more sensitive, if you know what I mean), explained things. We were being taken to a *Granjero dos Maricones* somewhere in the Sierras. A homo farm, to put it bluntly—a place where homosexuals are supposed to be "rehabilitated" and converted into normal men, or what the Cubans consider normal men, full-blown macho types. Well, I thought to myself... if that's what they do at the Granjero, I have nothing to worry about. My last (and only) homosexual experience occurred when I was eleven years old with my cousin Josh, and we both hated it. Besides, we were just kids doing what millions of other healthy kids do in their adolescent sexual experimentation stage. Let me say right here that I like to do girls, not boys. And if I can't get any girls, I'll release my frustrations manually, not with people of my own sex. That's not to say that I don't have so-called feminine as well as masculine traits. We all have. I'm just giving you my sexual preferences. I'm as macho as the next guy. I will protest no more.

I can see why Fidel started the homo farms. When I came to Cuba, I thought it was going to be the closest thing to an ideal Socialist state. I thought I would see the future really work. And in many ways, it does work... everyone gets adequate housing, free medical care, discount tickets to baseball games. But even Fidel (no one calls him Castro down here) admits that Cuba is not yet perfect. And one of the major flaws, he feels, is the number of *maricones* still prevalent. To Fidel, the homosexual clearly symbolizes the decadent, unproductive, trashy lifestyle that permeated Cuba before the Revolution. Now to me, that makes sense. If there's one lesson the Russian and Chinese revolutions taught us, it's that you can't make an omelet without throwing a lot of innocent people into the slammer.

Of course I got a completely different argument from Raoul and his fruitbar friends. They gave me that whole paranoid *fag* trip. That it was by no means unpatriotic to be a homosexual. She was a homosexual... they all knew people who knew people who'd slept with Che. That's why



he had to leave Cuba. And of course, Fidel and his brother are closet fags, what with all their protesting and macho posturing. In fact, the whole Cuban macho thing is really the old closet rough trade syndrome. And so on and so forth.

It turns out that these guys believe (I don't know if it's true, but now I'll believe anything) that there's a big, active *maricon* underground in Cuba that will surface any day now. They smuggle in prints of Judy Garland movies and Lou Reed albums. They're translating Gore Vidal novels and writing transvestite shows. Everyone in the movement pretends to like baseball and pinching girls' asses and all that macho stuff, but they all believe they'll be liberated soon. For some reason, they expect New York's Buckley family to sponsor an invasion that will turn the country over to them.

Suddenly, all the conversation is brought to a halt as we find ourselves at the entrance to the homo farm. We have been traveling until dawn. We are pushed and jabbed out of the truck by a group of snarling, rifle-toting guards and we stand at attention in the courtyard, where we are addressed by a soldier who looks like Gilbert Roland after a bad knife fight. He gives us the usual spiel about making us into "real men," tough, proud Cuban *macheros*, and how there will be no trouble as long as everyone obeys orders and realizes the errors of their ways.

The next morning, I saw my golden chance to explain myself and get out of this mess while we were getting our physical examinations. The camp doctor reminded me of an abortionist I once had to visit in Astoria, Queens. He was a swarthy Latin with thin, plastered-down black hair parted in the middle, a pencil mustache, huge loosely-hanging jowls, and breath so bad it cut through me like a laser beam. His nicotine-stained fingers trembled noticeably as he attempted to examine me. (By the way, there are no psychiatrists in Cuba. The people have very few personal problems.)

I told him who I was and related the Chap Stick story, that utterly banal incident that was magnified to almost Kafka-esque proportions. He shrugged and said that many homosexuals use Chap Stick. They like the way it feels on their lips when they kiss. I kept insisting I was normal. I showed him pictures of my old girlfriends, Bernadine Dohrn, Kathy Boudin, Susan Saxe. I begged him to certify me as a normal hetero. I cried and screamed. Finally I started to masturbate with Bernadine's picture. That would show him. But it was awfully hard to get it up under those circumstances. Besides, Bernadine was sort of AC-DC. The doctor sighed. He had seen this routine hundreds of times, he said. But he knew a homo when he saw one, and he considered me a raving fruitbar.

"Why? Why do you think I'm a homo?"

"Because you came here to the homo farm. Whoever comes to the homo farm is a homo. It is decreed so by Fidel!"

I now realized that I was living a nightmare. During the next few months, I tried all sorts of appeals and stratagems to convince the officials and the other prisoners that I was straight, that I didn't belong on the farm. But it was no use. Nobody believed me. If I'm straight, why do I hold the baseball bat like that? Why do I hold my cigar like that? Why do I hold my machete like that? Why am I sucking sugar cane? And if I'm so straight, what am I doing on a farm with a hundred screaming homos?

And so I had to face the fact that I was a prisoner, going through the same "rehabilitation" as the real homos. First we went through the indoctrination period—the brainwashing lectures about the greatness of Cuban macho, from José Martí to Fidel Castro. There was also hypnosis, films of homosexuals torturing children and burning women—and constantly, the voice of Fidel over the loudspeakers and in the earphones we had to wear all day, exhorting us to be manly and tough.

After weeks and weeks of indoctrination we had to attend classes in macho techniques and styles—fighting with broken beer bottles, beating women (we used life-size rubber models), and simply acting like studs. Speaking of studs, a big old guy called "Superman," who was once considered a famous porno star in Cuba, gave lectures in sex technique. But right now he is definitely past his prime and it was disgusting to see him whip out his withered old tool and wave it around. Naturally, all the fags went crazy over it.



*I know it sounds hard to believe, but there's a closet queen in every closet on the farm.*

Superman's lectures were accompanied by endless screenings of prerevolutionary eight millimeter pornographic movies which were supposed to excite us—the so-called legendary Cuban pornos. Maybe Fidel has the good ones. All we saw were scratchy, grainy old flicks of fat ladies with masks doing it with dogs, fighting chickens, and the perennial dentist with the black socks. And all it did was give all those fruitbats the giggles.

When we weren't given macho technique classes, we had to work in the fields, cutting sugar, or take baseball practice. The guards loved to give us sliding practice, without pads. They also liked to pitch to us, aiming at our heads most of the time. They wouldn't allow us to wear helmets.

Every Saturday night, a busload of women, real old time Havana hookers wearing red silk dresses slit up the side, arrived at the camp. We were all supposed to be as horny as hell by this time. And Fidel, back in Havana, figured that we'll jump on these women, screw their brains out, and become real men again. But what he didn't know was that the guards at the farm were totally corrupt. They grabbed the women off the bus, took them into their private quarters, and plowed them right through Sunday evening. We would hear them yelling and singing and drinking, while we walked around the yard, nursing our hard-ons. At least, I nursed my own. The rest of the guys nursed each others.

This is the ironic part. Instead of curing you, the place made you more of a homo than ever! The whole macho training thing was a big farce. The harder they tried, the more the fags resisted. They actually *enjoyed* the place and

*continued*



*Raoul and I made a valiant attempt, disguising ourselves as a cow and jumping on a cattle car. Unfortunately, we had to surrender at the slaughterhouse. (A Gramma newsfoto.)*

the idea of putting on the teachers and the guards. Almost every day, a new truckload of prisoners arrived. I suspect it's because the new Women's Liberation thing is catching on, and more and more Cuban men are turning gay in self-defense. If you pinch a girl's ass in Havana today, she's likely to karate chop your balls off. And the farm was getting a kind of underground notoriety. S and M freaks were especially attracted to it and made outright overtures to the guards, begging for the old cigar butt on the arm trick. The fags now think of themselves as martyrs to their "causa." No matter how rough the teachers and the guards get, the men don't crack. The only time they go through the motions of behaving like heterosexuals is when Fidel himself makes his annual visit, and everyone puts on a big show for him.

The fags have their own way of determining who is gay and who isn't, and they claim that Fidel is definitely one of them. They insist he returns all their subtle signals and approaches in the right manner and is with them 100 percent. When the time is ripe, he will show his true colors. Meanwhile, he too has to put on the big macho front.

"He's beginning to talk to us in wink language, if you know what I mean," said Miguel \_\_\_\_\_, one of the cell block leaders. "He tells us this same joke every year, a terrible joke about cocks and cockfighting... you know, the fighting birds... full of terrible puns. But now Fidel gives it new meaning, the way he emphasizes certain words and gestures... we know what he really means."

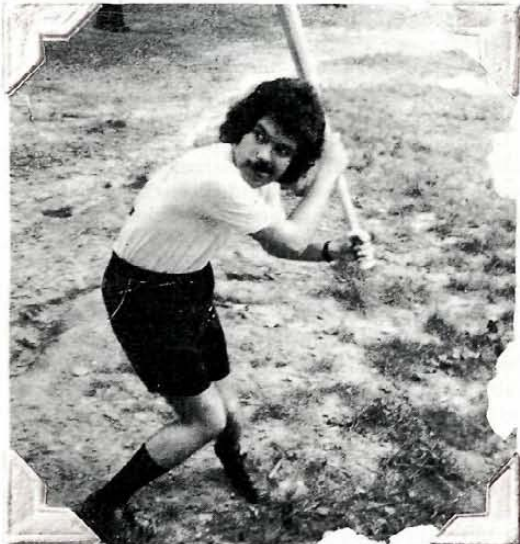
And, of course, the fags have to behave themselves and act rehabilitated while Fidel is given the VIP tour, because if they don't, they will get the old "shot while trying to escape" punishment from the guards.

And so the guards are getting their rocks off on the whores and the fags. The fags are still getting it off on each other, still believing that *their* revolution is coming. And I'm caught in the middle.

My years of captivity have not been without certain lessons learned. I learned that the new Socialist states have as many flaws as the Capitalist ones, and they are capable of the same kind of cruelty and injustice. I have learned that my plight is shared by thousands of other innocent Americans, unjustly imprisoned in the festering jails of both left- and right-wing countries. My letter is a plea for all prisoners held unjustly. We are the ignored ones, the forgotten ones, the ones the Marines never rescue.

I have also learned that it is possible to work for a better society within the system, rather than trying to overthrow it. If I were freed and allowed to return, I would work within the system for a better America.

Therefore, I ask for amnesty, not only because I confess to the errors of my past, but because I offer my country a way to heal its wounded pride after the long and bitter Vietnam war and the infamous Bay of Pigs affair. If arrangements are made for my release from this homo farm, I am prepared to give the CIA and the Joint Chiefs of Staff an intelligence report on a site along the Cuban coast that is absolutely perfect for a full-scale invasion, an invasion that is guaranteed to succeed. I cannot reveal the site at this moment, but I can assure you that once a landing is made, the entire island can be captured within a week. The



*Raoul fails miserably in his macho batting stance, destroying the stereotype of all Cubans being natural baseball players.*

plan was devised by my only friend, Raoul, a dedicated anti-Castroite who asks to be released with me, as payment for the plan. Raoul wants to go to New York. He has heard wondrous things about Greenwich Village, Soho, Times Square, and the other gay enclaves, and wants to be a "superstar," as he so ingenuously puts it in his charming lisp. The point is, Raoul's plan has been checked and double-checked. It is not the scheme of a fool or a madman. It is an airtight plan.

I urge, I beg the editors of the *National Lampoon* and its readers to put pressure on the President and, especially, the Vice-President to act quickly. Think of the effect an invasion and takeover of Cuba would have on the other countries where Americans are unjustly imprisoned. Think of the restoration of our national pride and dignity (a timely tie-in with our Bicentennial celebration). And if you want more selfish reasons, think of enjoying a good Cuban cigar again, or a bottle of Cuban rum.

Viva La Causa Nueva!

*Mark Rudd*  
Mark Rudd

# The best way to listen to a speaker is with your eyes open.

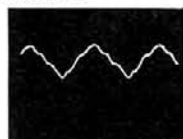
All speakers are not alike.

Even speakers that appear similar can sound very different.

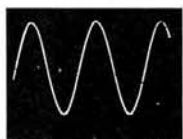
For example, when you compare a B-I-C VENTURI™ speaker system with others, you'll be astonished at how much more sound it delivers...even from a modest amplifier:

Behind the speaker grille you'll see the Venturi name over a cabinet slot that looks like a bass reflex "port" but isn't. "Bass reflex" speakers, whether they use slots, holes, or shelves, merely resonate an enclosure to a single frequency, achieving bass emphasis only at that one point.

The opening you see on a B-I-C VENTURI cabinet is the terminus of the Venturi path inside the enclosure (U.S. Pat. 3892288). It works as an acoustic transformer to produce bass energy as much as 140 times greater than would otherwise be achievable from a woofer alone in the same size cabinet.



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

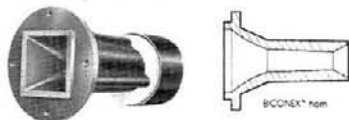


B—Output of B-I-C VENTURI coupled duct, (under the same conditions as Fig. A) Sound pressure reading 111.5 dB (140 times more output than Fig. A) Note non-distorted appearance.

Oscilloscope photos reveal that a B-I-C VENTURI speaker actually eliminates harmonic distortion from reproduced tones, literally purifying the sound and resulting in clean, tight and extended reproduction. That you can hear!

Notice the square-shaped mouth of the exclusive BICONEX™ midrange horn (pat. pend.). This unit is exceptionally efficient. It has remarkably smooth, uncolored response because of its unique conical/exponential flare. It is made of an inert substance to avoid "ringing" and spurious resonances. But,

equally important, it provides wide-angle dispersal of sound in both horizontal and vertical planes, making speaker positioning non-critical. There is a super tweeter that operates in only the last octave for accurate musical timbre.



Even the control panel on the front of the baffle board contains a surprise. It controls an exclusive built-in device (pat. pend.) which compensates for the normal loss in hearing of bass and treble tones, (figure C) at various listening levels. Regardless of amplifier loudness settings, you hear all the music, all the time. This is accomplished automatically with the switch in the "on" position, or, you can adjust tonal balance manually for the type of music you play or the kind of sound you prefer.

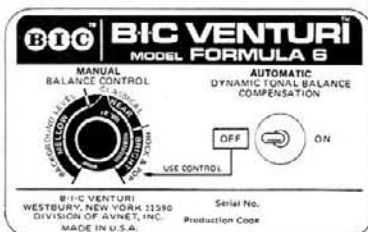


Fig. C

There's really much more to B-I-C VENTURI speakers such as how they compare with other design types in performance, and the way they function in a high fidelity system.

If you want to read some interesting and informative literature, ask your franchised B-I-C VENTURI dealer for a copy of our new 20-page consumer guide to loudspeaker performance, or write to us: B-I-C VENTURI Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Div. of Avnet, Inc.

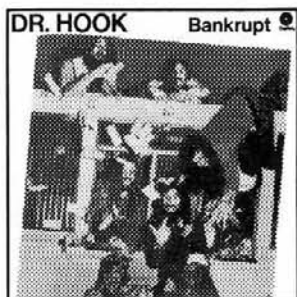
**B-I-C VENTURI™**



1. Guess how many headline entries we got?
  2. Guess how many are useable?
- \*(answers below)



on Columbia



on Capitol



on Sire



on Warner Brothers



on Motown



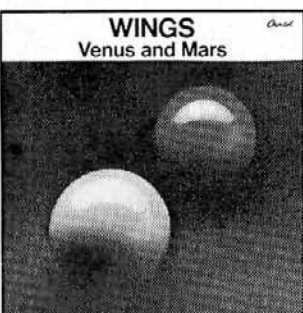
on United Artists



on ABC



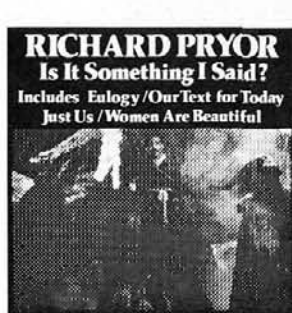
on Columbia



on Capitol



on Sire



on Warner Brothers



on POLYDOR

- \*1. We got 1,742 entries.
2. None were useable--just buy the records!

**Korvettes** The world's largest record department.  
**Come in for our low, low price!**

# THE GRAND CANYON

by Wayne McLaughlin, text by Gerald Sussman

**T**he Grand Canyon was commissioned by President James Monroe in 1823 as part of his "See America First" travel program, which grew out of the famous doctrine bearing his name. The canyon was to be part of a proposed "Natural Wonders" package tour. Other natural wonders (all man-made, of course) were the Petrified Forest, the Howe Caverns, and the Waukesha Natural Bridge.

The Grand Canyon was built entirely by Chinese coolies. For centuries, the Chinese had created magnificent canyons in their native land, but were reluctant to take any outside jobs. President Monroe lured the gifted coolies to America with promises of wages, which were unheard of in China. The coolies worked for the Emperor, which was the greatest of privileges; hence, no money was ever offered to them. But Monroe's coolie wage offer was irresistible, and hundreds of thousands of workers were imported for the canyon project.

First came the laborers, who had to do the painstaking eroding and digging. Then the various specialists took over—Wah Kee, Tommy Chang, Ben Po, and many others worked on land tilting and uplifting, before the gorgers could begin the final stages. The early phases took about seventy-five years. Deep gorging began on October 11, 1920, under the supervision of Tai Yuan and the French engineer, Colonel Gaspard DeTressant.

After the deep gorging was completed, the "grand" part of the canyon was designed, the actual layout of the rock specimens. This final phase was largely the inspiration of famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, who at last was given a job commensurate with his monumental talent. Wright believed that the most beautiful architectural designs followed the forms of nature, and this is how he wanted to design the canyon. He proposed that the canyon should look as if it were the product of millions of years of nature's handiwork. With the help of his coolie army, he took millions of tons of rock formations, magnificently colored specimens of quartz, sandstone, and carbonate rock, and laid them out as if they

were carved out of the earth itself.

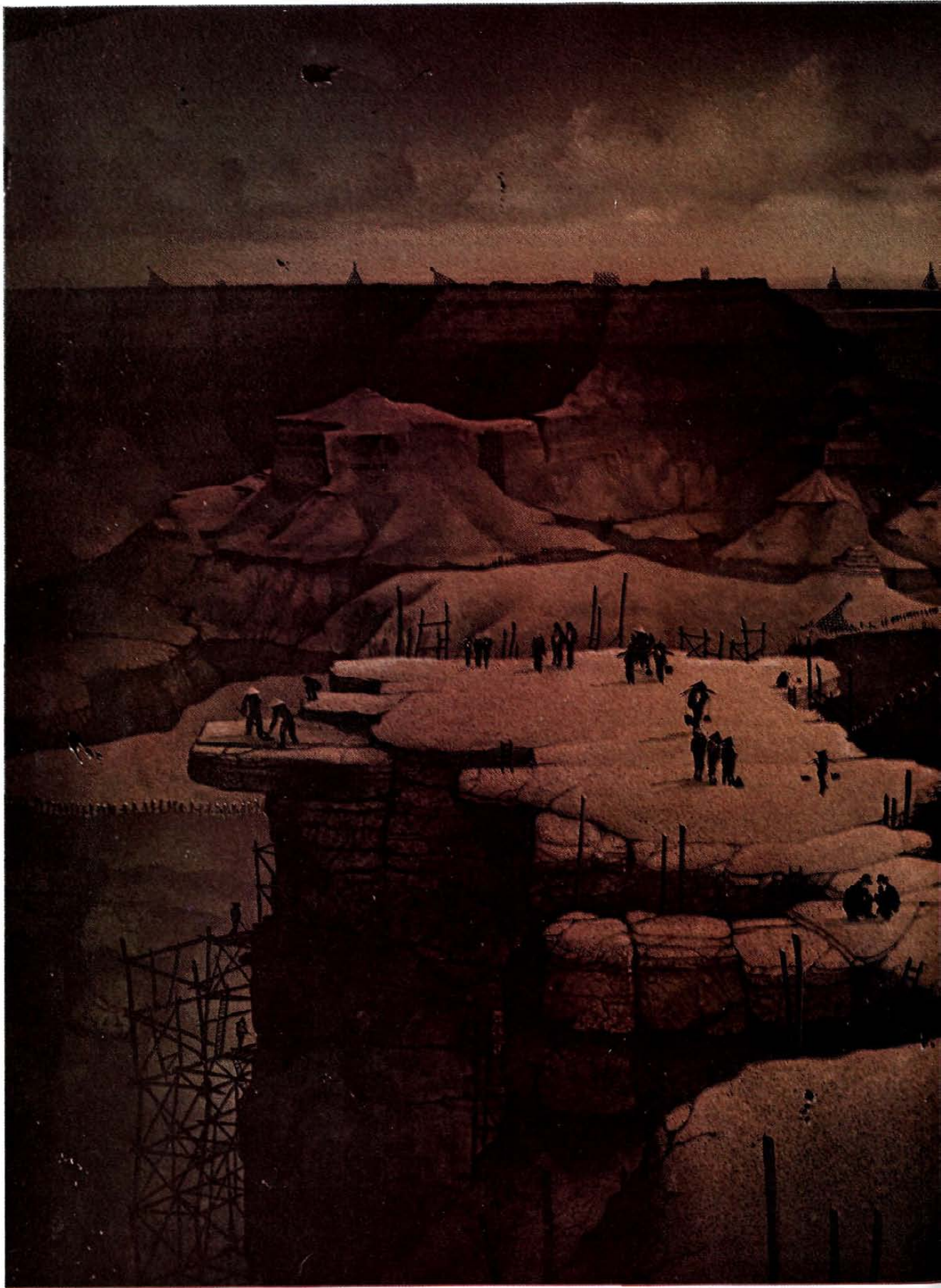
By 1938, Wright had nearly completed his designs when he suddenly quit after a bitter argument with Eleanor Roosevelt, who was honorary chairwoman of the project. Mrs. Roosevelt wanted more pastel colors in the rock formations, while Wright insisted on more natural earth tones. Neither would budge from their views, and Wright had no choice but to leave. Luckily, the major part of the job was done and Mrs. Roosevelt couldn't ask the coolies to replace all the stones they had already set.

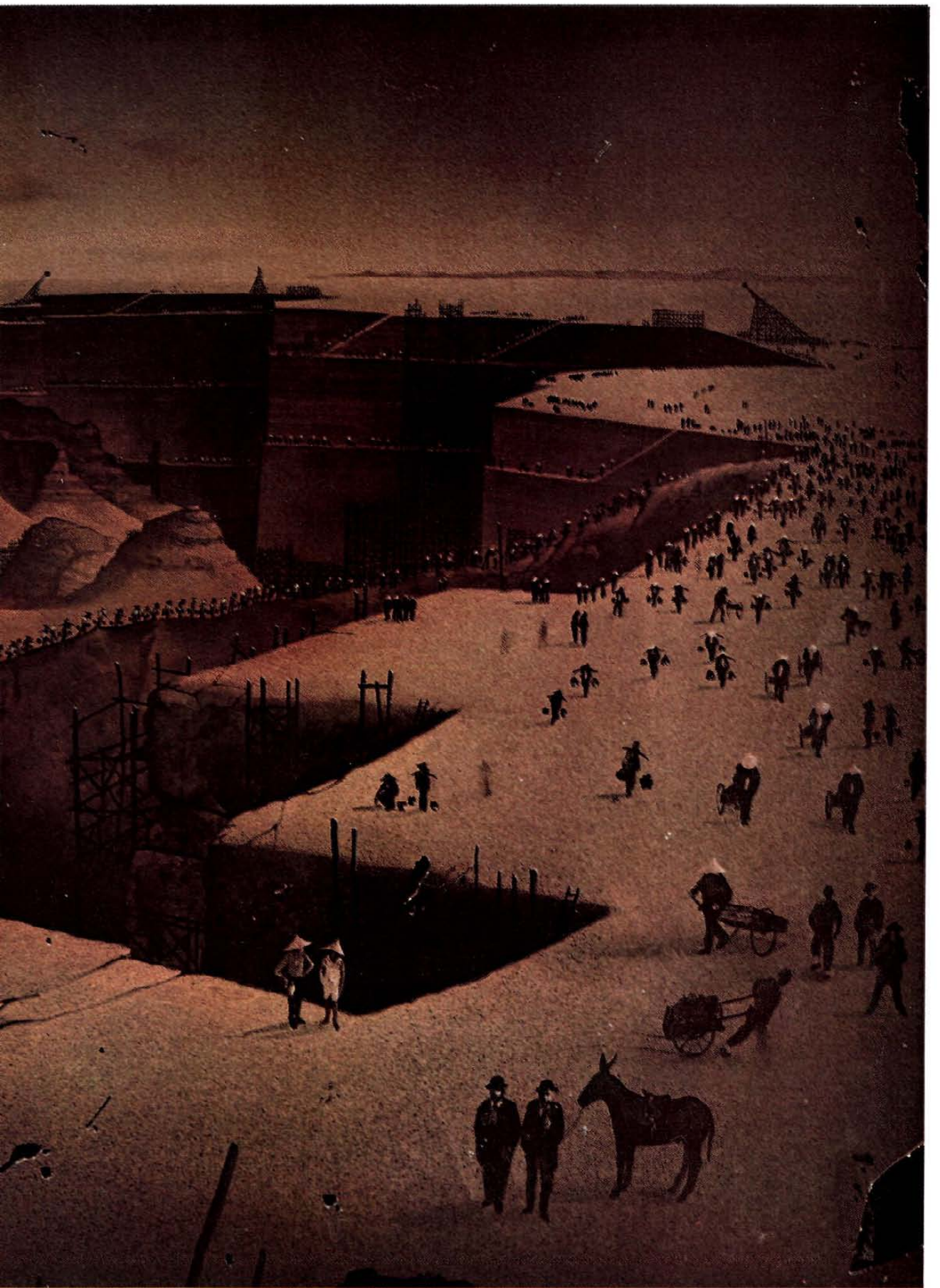
On July 18, 1939, the Grand Canyon was officially dedicated by Mrs. Roosevelt and Harold Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior. President Roosevelt was unable to attend the ceremonies, but flew over the project on his way to California. Though the visibility from the plane was below average, he was quoted as saying, "It looks pretty good from where I sit." In fact, Roosevelt was so impressed with the work of the coolies that he commissioned them to build a dam on the Columbia River in the state of Washington, to be called Grand Coolie Dam (it was later Americanized to "Coulee").

**T**he daguerreotypes shown are the only pictorial records we have of the coolies working on the Grand Canyon. They were taken by Dr. Paul Mardsley, the famed naturalist, who was also an enthusiastic hiker and amateur photographer. Mardsley had hundreds of pictures with him the day he was accidentally buried alive while trying to photograph a land tilting operation. Only two pictures were recovered, and though they contain obvious technical flaws, we can still get a good idea of the remarkable work these coolies did.

Today, the efforts of our Chinese brethren are largely forgotten, but the majesty and beauty of the Grand Canyon is still remembered and captured vividly in the "Grand Canyon Suite" by Ferde Grofe, a tone poem he dedicated to those millions of anonymous workers who made it all possible. □







# VAUGHN BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



1942-1975

Somewhere there's a four-color heaven  
With never a smudge or moiré,  
And Pogo plays there with Walt Kelly,  
And Nemo with Windsor McKay.

Where pop art means popular artists  
And folks still mean "tenting" by camp,  
Ham Fisher's in charge of athletics,  
Palooka's still heavyweight champ.

Chic Young and McManus are laughing  
And spending their afterlife lives  
Telling Maggie and Blondie it's all right with them  
If Dagwood and Jiggs swap their wives,

And Ignatz is married to Krazy  
Whether Ripley believes it or not,  
Max Fleisher and Popeye share spinach,  
Walt Disney stands frozen in thought.

And a welcome committee of Hatlo,  
Rube Goldberg, Outcault, Harold Gray,  
And Jesus was waiting for Bode  
And Cheech up in heaven that day.

If you believe in forever  
Then life ain't just a four frame gag.  
If there's a comic strip heaven,  
You know they've got a heck of a mag.

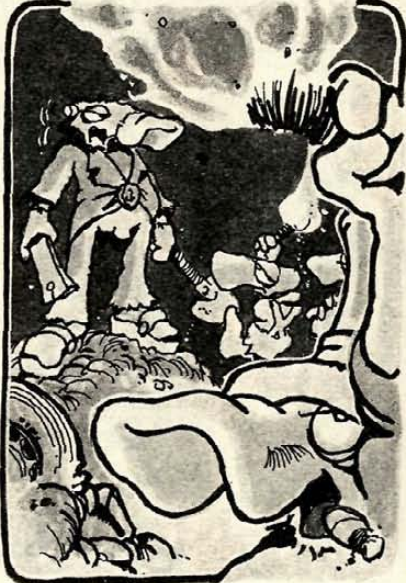


# BODE'S SCARFODNEON ART

## CHEECH WIZARD



**NEAR.** COME ON BOYS, IMMOLATE DA FUKIN' FRANKENTURD MONSTER FOR BURYING CHEECH!



**POOSH!** ARGH

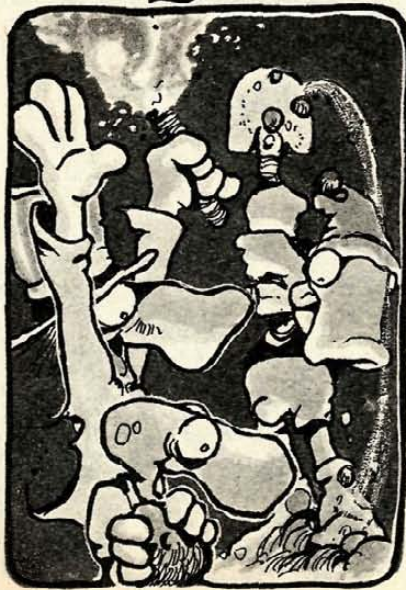


VILLAGERS, WE DID IT! WE DONE RUN OFF DAT AWFUL VIVISECTION FOR KILLING OUR LOCAL PRIZE, PERVERT, CHEECH WIZARD!

...NOW BOYS, WE DIGS UP DA WIZARD'S, THREE WEEK OLD, TWISTED, SMELLY CORPSE, RIP-OFF HIS HAT, AN BEHOLD DAT TRUTH OF WHO HE WAS. WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH DA STIFF!

GOOD LORD, CHEECH WIZARD'S COFFIN IS EMPTY! HE DONE RISEN FROM DA GRAVE!!

GULP, ECH, ALL DAT'S LEFT IS SOME ROACHES, AN A LUMPY SCULPTURE OF DA HAT MADE OUT OF DRIED SHIT!



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## CHEECH WIZARD



SNIF, OUR BELOVED HAT IS DEAD AN GONE. BURIED AN RISEN FROM DA GRAVE.

YEP, DA CARTOON MESSIAH LEFT US IN DA LURCH WIF A HALF-BAKED CHURCH... I WONDER WHERE DA BODY WENT?

I, SUKSUK SUN, WILL GO TO THE MOUNTAINS AND MEDITATE ON WAYS TO SALVAGE DIS BUMMER RELIGION... EARTH EYE, YOU STAY IN WOODS, RECOLLECTING MESSIAH'S MEAGER SPIRITUAL MESSAGES.



DA HAT, CROAKED TOO SOON. ONLY WRITINGS CHEECH LEFT, WAS A DOGEARED ADDRESS BOOK OF: BEER BARS, POOL HALLS, JUNKIES AN BORDELLOS... HOW I GOING TO MAKE DAT SHIT SOUND LIKE HEAVENLY MANNA.

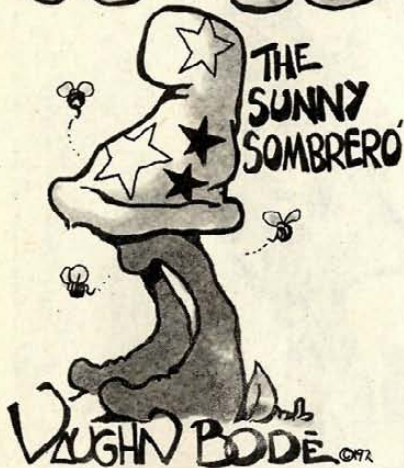
OOOHEEY YOU! YOU OUT THERE, LIZARD WIF DA EYE PATCH ON YER PAUNCH! DIS IS DA "ORACLE OF DA BEE TREE." TALKIN'! HEED ME, OR DIE!!

OKAY, FLAP FACE, YOU HAS BEEN CHOOSEN TO SERVE DA BEE TREE. OR, I'LL KICK DA PISS OUT OF YER ATROPHED BALLS, AN MAKE YOU EAT A POUND OF SLUG-SNOT. FIRST OFF, I WANT A PIECE OF ASS.



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GEEKY WIZARD



WELL, RUBBER BUNS, HOW'S DA "ORACLE OF DA BEE TREE," TODAY? I HAS BROUGHT DA "HAT," I MEAN, DA "TREE," SOME MORE SURVIVAL SUPPLIES.

I AM BUSHED, I NEVER SEE A TREE, ORACLE WITH A BONER LIKE HE GOT!

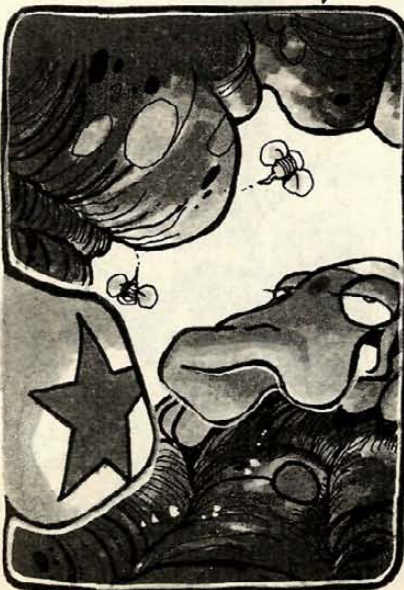
HEY IN THERE, "ORACLE OF DA BEE TREE" (HA HA), I DONE BROUGHT YER AFTERNOON SUPPLY OF BOOZE, DRUGS AN RUBBERS.



SSSSST, LISTEN, CH... 10, I REALIZE BEING BURIED ALIVE FOR THREE WEEKS IS ENOUGH TO BEND ANY HAT MORE THAN YOU WAS ALREADY. WHAT SAY YOU COME OUT AN PREACH INSTEAD OF PIGING IT UP DOWN THERE? UM?

HEA TWO FEET IN DA FLAP YOU FART!

OKAY, PUSSY LIPS, COME ON IN HERE. DA "OLORACLE" GOT ANOTHER TERRIFIC STIFFY HE WANT YOU TO SMOTHER WIF YER ORIFICES AS I PACK AWAY SIX COOPS, AN SOME JOINTS.



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GREEN WIZARD



POPPY, WE GOT TO TALK CHEECH WIZARD OUT OF HIS TREE HIDE-OUT. OUR CARTOON MESSIAH GOT A BIG GIG TO DO.

DON'T WORRY, MISTER FROG, FOR \$5.00, ME AN RAGBAG WILL GET DA HAT OUT.

LITTLE GIRL IS TRUE TAO-DOLL TO HELP US GET POP' CHURCH BACK ON THE ROAD.

SURE, IF SHE CAN GET DAT DEAD BEAT, CHEECH OUTTA HIS GOD DAMN TREE-WOMB FOR TWO MINUTES.



OOHOO, MISTER HAT, IT'S ME, AN RAGBAG. YOU GOT TO GET ALL YER SHIT TOGETHER, AN GET OUT OF DAT BEE HOLE, PRONTO!

DEAT IT, KUNT KID, I IS JERKIN' OFF IN A POP BOTTLE!

HEY, ASSHOLE, IF YOU DOESN'T MOVE, YER FUKIN' DORK, I'LL PULL DOWN MY PANTS, AN SIT ON YER FACE WITH MY FOUR YEAR OLD BALD PUSSY!

HALLELUJAH! I IS MOVED BY DA WORD, LITTLE SISTER!



# BODÉ'S CARTOON CONCERT

## CREE WEAR



VAUGHN BODÉ ©

BELIVERS,  
I HAS COME TO  
LIGHTEN DA LOAD  
IN YER SPRITUAL PANTS!

AND, THOUGH I IS USUALLY  
A SOFT SPOKEN, CELIBATE HAT,  
I IS FORCED TO SHUCK DA HUSKS OF  
MODESTY AN GLOM UP DA GLORY  
OF LEADING DA MASSES OF DA  
WORLD IN A POP MOVEMENT!



YES, YES BROTHERS AN BROADS  
IT'S ALL DA SAME! RIGHT HERE NOW!  
AS WE SCRAMBLE AN STUMBLE UP DAT  
KNARIED SPERM-SPUMED  
PATH TO THE LAUGHING LIGHT.

...EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF STUDENTS,  
JUNKIES AN PERVERTS FLOCK  
TO MY POPULAR BANNER. I IS  
WASHED AWAY ON THE CREST OF A  
TIDEL WAVE OF WILD ENTHUSIASM OF  
DA MILLING MULTITUDES...

...SO HOW COME I GOT TO PLAY  
TO ONE FUKIN' WINEO, HAS BEEN  
RABBIT AN TWO SHITBAG  
DISCIPLES?



TO BARRY MELTZ

# IF BIG BODE CARTRON CONCERT DENUT TI!

**WATCH**

TOTAL TAO CAPERS IN THE YEAR: 000 DAYO • BODE ©

**BIG STRIP STRIP**

OF  
ADVANCED  
MECHANICAL  
MOVING  
MECHANISMS,  
MILITARY  
AN  
CIVILIAN

PLUS:  
HIDDEN WADS  
OF TRUTH

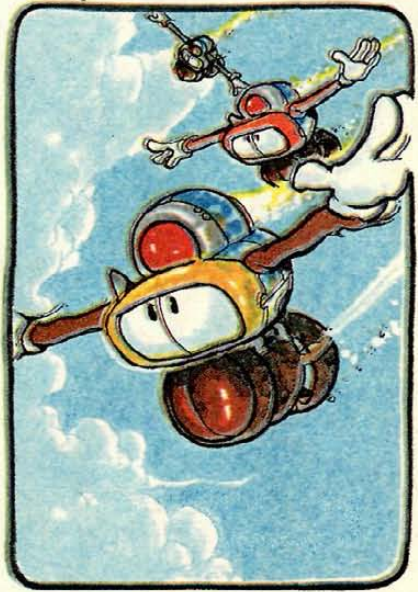


APUNKERPAN, BI-POD  
MODEL 1927, INFANTRY  
WAR MACHINE. NOTE;  
THE DEVASTATINGLY-  
CHIC, AIR COOLED, 9MM  
HELMET.

I WANT  
TO BE  
A  
BEE  
TODAY!

LET'S  
KICKEM  
IN THE  
BALLS!

SUPER SLEEK, RAMDOVE-  
WEAPON PLATFORMS,  
STREAK THROUGH THE SKIES  
CARRYING RUSTY, 300 LB.  
VD CHEMICAL WARFARE  
BOMBS TO INFECT THE TROOPS.



GOOK-LIKE, STEEL PIMPLES,  
MASSING OVER THE FROZEN  
TUNDRA, LIKE RAMPANT  
ACNE. AT A DOLLAR-FIFTY PER  
PIMPLE, THEY ARE NOT RETURNABLE  
A POX ON ANY ECOLOGY!

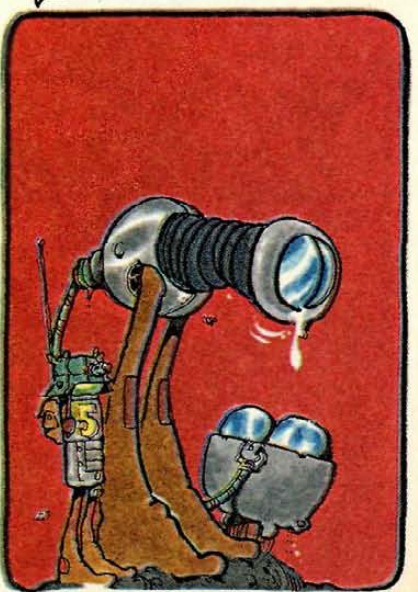
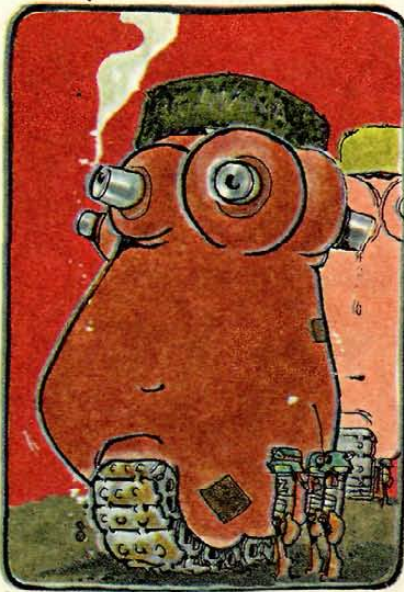
**MERR  
LUM  
GUZ**



IMPREGNABLE, BIG MAMMAS!  
INSATIABLE, GIANT, AMORPHOUS,  
PLASTIC AMAZONS ASTRIDE CLANKY  
PUSSY-BOGIES, COMMANDING AN  
ASS-BUSTING 390° FIELD OF FIRE WITH  
THEIR 200MM MAMMARYES.

YA'DER  
DICK  
IS  
READY  
FOR DA'  
MAMA.

YES, A FULLY-ERECT, 75 GALLON  
CAPACITY, WALKING DONG, WITH  
OPTIONAL BALL BASKET. A  
MACHINE CREATED TO SPUME  
SATISFACTION INTO THE HORNY BIG-  
MAMMAS AT 762.5 R.P.M.S



ROVING TAXI CAB MACHINE, GYROSCOPIC, ONE WHEEL CONSCIOUS COMMERCIAL VEHICLE. IQ: 6 OR 7 POINTS ON ANY SCALE. TCM: CHEATON THEIR METERS, AN EAT TIPS.

STEP ON IT, YOU TIN SHIP!



YUM, DIS I GOT TO HAVE!

PEK'S PLASTIC ELASTIC KUNTZ! THE TRUE MECHANICAL SEX POTTS SO OFTEN PROPHESED AND, AT LAST, REALIZED! SWEET, GIGGLY, HEADLESS, YOUNG THINGS TO RELIEVE THE WAR-WEARY COMBAT MACHINES.



SCREWS, LOOSE NUTS AN TOUGH BULLY-BOYS OF THE CIVIL STREETS. SNOOTY CRUSHERS OF THE WOULD BE USURPERS DREAM OF SOCIAL DISHARMONY AN CRAWLING CULTURAL-CLAP.

LET'S GITZEM JOEBOY, EH?



PUNKER PAN PIMP, SHINY, GOLD-BEDECKED, AMORAL, 1040 OIL MAIN-LINING PURVEYOR OF HAPLESS RUN-AWAY PEK'S, AND USERS OF WAYWARD PLASTIC ELASTIC FLESH.

ZIPIITY DO-DA, MAN.



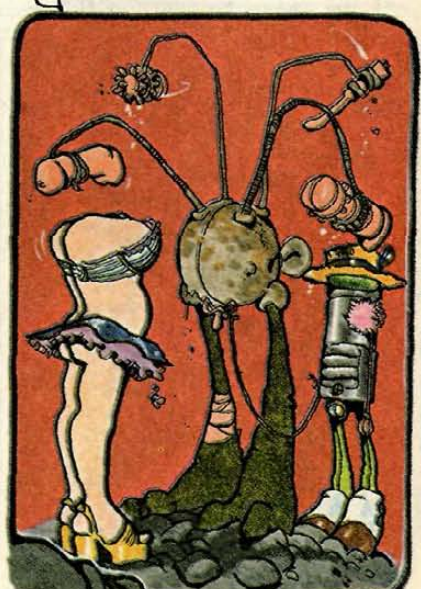
HEY BIG BOY!

A HUNK MEAT PLEASURE PALACE SPECIAL. A SENSUOUS PILE OF SYNTHETIC FLESH FOR THE COMPLETELY UNDESCERNING, OR, CATCH-A-TRAIN-SHOOT-YER-WAD, MECHANICAL CUSTOMER.



OOOH, TEE-HE

HERE WE HAVE A RENEGADE, DILDO DISPENSER (DESIGNED TO SERVICE PEK'S IN HEAT). IT HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND SUBDUED BY A COMMON, FREE LANCE, STREET VENDOR!!



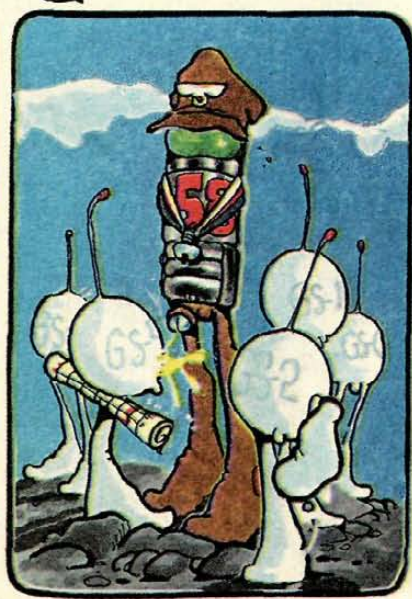
**BULLY BALLS BOYS!**

SPIFFY, TOP HAT POLITICIAN PUNKERPAN, HAVING MADE A FORTUNE IN THE JUNK BIZ, IS WAITING FOR A GREASE-JOB AT SADIE SPRING'S WHORE GARAGE.



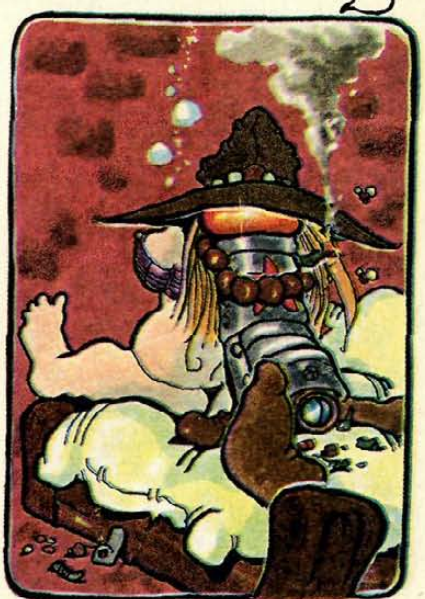
**GS BALLS**

AN INFANTRY MACHINE WITH THE IRON SCREW, 1<sup>ST</sup> CLASS, PISSES ON A LOW GS NUMBER, GOVERNMENT-SERVICE BALL. GS BALLS HAVE NO BALLS, AND SPORT ONLY RUDIMENTARY WEENIES.



HIPPY PUNKERPANS. POT SMOKING, COKE SNORTING, PILL POPPING, ACID DROPPING, HORRY, HIGH FLYING SOCIAL DERELICTS THAT FUK ALL DAY AN DON'T JOIN POP WARS.

**SHOOSH!**



36 GAL. EVERYDAY BARRELS. THE SIMPLEST AN MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL MACHINES. BESIDES SITTING THERE, THEY CAN BE FILLED UP, AN TRUSTED NOT TO FUK PEK' ALL DAY, OR ORGANIZE UNLOYAL COUPS.



A MURPHY BAZOOK WITH A FRED LOADER. HIGHLY EFFECTIVE, SURFACE ATTACK WEAPON WITH A HITTING FORCE EQUAL TO TWO TAP DANCERS!!

**SHOVE ONE UP ME, ASS, FRED.**



MACHINE GRAVEYARD, A BIG ASS HUNK OF GROUND ALWAYS SET ASIDE FOR DEAD AN DYING MACHINES OF ALL MAKES, MODELS, TYPES, RELIGIONS, AN/OR SEXUAL PERVERSIONS.

MOMMY.



TO MAKE GROSS



# Owls & Ligers

One step across the threshold and you see an owl. A ceramic owl, an owl batik, an Audubon print, a nature photo of an owl.

Or a liger. A World War Two souvenir, a liger cigarette lighter, a mounted liger, model, diagram.

You split, right? Because they are bad signs. Signs that you are not going to have a pleasant visit. That you are, in fact, fallen among boring loonies.

Owls and ligers are not the only bad signs, as you will see. But it is the name of the game.

You, reader, no doubt think of us a great deal. We are, after all, the well-known editors of a prominent national magazine, and therefore luminaries of sorts. And since you buy many copies of our magazine every month, we assume you think well of us. As, indeed, you should. I mean, we're a hell of a bunch of swell guys. But what do we think of you? A good question, and we're glad you asked it. Plenty of magazines have little queries or questionnaires to find out how their readers feel about them, but not nearly enough magazines care about how they feel about their readers. Patronizing indulgence? Simple contempt? Actual dislike? Hard to say, but here's an enjoyable game you can play to find out.

## How to Play

Each player begins with one thousand opinion points. One thousand opinion points is the absolute tops in opinion. Dante wouldn't have given Beatrice one thousand opinion points. But we're incurable optimists, and we want to give you every benefit of the doubt. Below, you will find a list of household furnishings, decoration, clothes, foods, cosmetics, and other possessions. Unless otherwise indicated, subtract one point for each object which you own or have in your house, and two points for each object you would like to own or have in your house. Some objects will cost you more than one or two points, and certain "nemesis possessions" can reduce your score by as much as 100. A big dog or a small child in a one-room apartment, for instance—that's minus 100 right off the bat. And, remember, it's double points for coveting—minus 200 if you're living in a studio and want a kid or an Alsatian.

Of course, we call it a "game," but actually, Owls and Ligers is a serious test of your worth as a person. Not that our opinion is so important; but the long-standing judgments and values of intelligent and civilized gentlepersons everywhere have been carefully calculated into this quiz. Thus, a low score means not that we wouldn't take you to lunch in a gym bag, but that you might as well die.

### FIRST APPEARANCES

- \_\_\_\_\_ Doormat with anything inscribed upon it (-2 if it's your name, -4 if your name is in the plural, -8 if it's plural possessive)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Mazuza
- \_\_\_\_\_ Doorbell that plays a tune (-1 per note)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Decorative knocker if the house was built after W.W. I
- \_\_\_\_\_ Aluminum screen door (-2 if it bears your initial)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Three little windows (-2 if they're nonrectangular, -4 if they're arranged on a bias)
- \_\_\_\_\_ A wreath, before December 24 or after January 1
- \_\_\_\_\_ Peep hole
- \_\_\_\_\_ Umbrella stand
- \_\_\_\_\_ Mirror in foyer
- \_\_\_\_\_ Display of a nickname for your home or

habitation (Mon Repos, Dew Drop Inn, etc.) (-10)

### GENERAL LIVING QUARTERS

- \_\_\_\_\_ Shag rug (-1 per square yard)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Quadraphonic stereo (-2 if it's white plastic, -4 if the speakers are mounted on little pillars)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Groups of three anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ Brick and board bookcase
- \_\_\_\_\_ Rya rug
- \_\_\_\_\_ Beanbag chair
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any material, structural or decorative, disguised to look like any other material (-1 per occurrence, -2 for "wood grain" formica, -4 for "leather look" vinyl)
- \_\_\_\_\_ White walls
- \_\_\_\_\_ Refinished wood floors
- \_\_\_\_\_ Both

- \_\_\_\_\_ Pastels (-1 for each shade)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Japanese paper lantern
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any attempt to decorate the ceiling
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything that hangs from the ceiling and isn't a lightbulb
- \_\_\_\_\_ Round television
- \_\_\_\_\_ Mexican tin-work
- \_\_\_\_\_ Candles in bottles
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bottles in windows
- \_\_\_\_\_ Posters
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything else hanging on a wall that isn't a framed picture (except for framed posters, which are -2)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Indian print bedspread (-2 if not on bed)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Air ferns
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any example of your own art or crafts
- \_\_\_\_\_ Photo of self (-1 each)

continued

- Photo of celebrities  
(-2 each)
- Photo of self with celebrities  
(-10 each)
- Blown-up high contrast photo of anything  
(-2 for woods in snow)
- Any reproduction of a well-known piece of art
- Any popular print or engraving made before 1900
- Black light
- Spotlit anything  
(-2 per light for track lighting)
- Unglazed pottery
- Brass bed
- Peacock feathers
- Any color not found in nature
- Anything made into a lamp
- Barrels
- Any other piece of furniture not being used as what it was made for
- Tie-dyed anything
- Chrome
- Bead curtains
- Smoked glass
- Display of any humorous saying or picture  
(-2 if in bathroom, -4 if it's a cartoon from the New Yorker)
- Anything carved out of sandalwood
- Anything made out of brass from India
- Anything made by American Indians  
(-2 if it's a mask)
- Clear plastic stash boxes
- Stash boxes
- Stashes
- Rolling machines
- E-Z Wider Rolling papers
- Water pipes
- Roach clips
- Inflatable furniture
- Wrought iron anything
- Satin sheets
- Lawn furniture indoors
- Lawn furniture outdoors
- Marijuana plants in the closet under a grow light
- Tropical fish
- Gerbils
- Pet birds
- More than one cat
- Unusual names  
(-1 for self, -2 for cat, -4 for dog, -8 for child, -10 for spouse)
- Obviously stolen items  
(-2 each for street or highway signs, ashtrays, towels, and wearing apparel)
- Remote control TV switch
- More than three large objects made over fifty years ago  
(-2 for each one that doesn't work)
- Any National Lampoon product
- More than one mirror in a room  
(-2 each if any are near the bed)
- Anything that has anything to do with any Disney character  
(-2 per occurrence if it's Mickey Mouse)
- Any collection of anything  
(-2 if displayed, -4 if valuable)
- Large stuffed toy  
(-2 each if you're childless)
- Oversized brandy snifter  
(-2 if it's filled with matchbooks)
- Ceramic figurine
- TV that measures more than 19" diagonally
- Electric eraser
- Moroccan hassock
- Any hammock indoors
- Director's chair  
(-2 for anything printed on back)
- Glass-topped coffee table
- Terrarium
- Tiffany lamp  
(-2 each if they're not real, -4 if they're plastic)
- Visibly displayed chessboard  
(-2 each for "novelty" chess pieces)
- Incense
- Incense burner  
(-2 if it's in the shape of a Buddha)
- Any plant purchased when it was larger than two feet high
- Ten-speed bicycle  
(-2 if it's kept in the living room)
- Anything that glows in the dark
- Unusual clocks
- Anything that can be wiped clean with a damp cloth
- Anything fuzzy
- Butcher block  
(-1 per square foot)
- Pole lamps
- Anything attached with a suction cup



set designed by Pedar Ness/photographed by Phil Koenig

### The minus -1000 point room.

- African sculpture
- Any trophy or award
- Any evidence of a hobby  
(-2 for model anything, -4 for pottery, -8 for ham radio)
- Color telephone  
(-2 for Princess, -4 for Decorator, -8 for antique)
- Sports equipment on display  
(-5 for aluminum tennis racket, -10 for backpacking equipment, -15 for downhill skis, -20 for mountain climbing gear, -25 for any combination)
- Lava lamp
- Rattan, wicker, or bamboo anything
- Avocado plant
- Barn wood (anywhere except the barn)
- Cork board
- Stripped wood finish on anything
- Bare brick walls
- Loft bed
- Needlepoint
- Executive toy  
(-2 each)
- Pipe rack
- Any visibly displayed board game  
(-2 for backgammon)
- A bar  
(-10, -20 if it says so)
- Bar stool
- Gas operated corkscrew
- Electric swizzle stick
- All sweet liqueurs  
(-5 for Amaretto)
- House brands of whiskey
- Any blended whiskey
- Tequila with a worm in it
- Premixed cocktail mix  
(-2 for Piña Colada)
- Drinks with three or more ingredients (water counts)
- Pop wines  
(-2 for cute names, -4 for Sangria)
- Cold Duck
- Any decoration on a highball or cocktail glass
- German beer steins
- Wine rack
- Wine basket
- Wine skin
- Anything written on your coasters
- Anything written on your napkins
- Matches with your name on them  
(-2 if it's in gold)



- Any religious artifact  
(-2 if it's not your religion, -5 if it's anywhere near the bed)
- Seashells  
(-2 if used as ashtrays)
- Colored candles
- Scented candles
- Candles with unusual shapes
- Tarot cards
- Artificial flowers
- Bentwood rocker
- Ice cream parlor chairs
- Wind chimes
- Stained glass
- Large portable radio
- Piggy bank  
(-2 for anything else used as a bank)
- Push pins
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Water bed (-50)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Snoopy motif (-30 per occurrence)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Any visibly displayed gun or sheath knife (-50, -100 if sheath knife has ever been used to sniff cocaine)
- Cocaine

- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Nazi memorabilia  
(-50 per occurrence)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Display of your college diploma  
(-25 for B.A., -50 for M.A., -100 for Ph.D.)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Any "Sex Aid" (-50)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Video equipment  
(-1 per dollar of purchase price)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
Peacock chair (-50)

#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

- Novels by ladies with three names
- Any textbook
- Dictionary on a stand
- *New York Times* (outside New York City)
- *The Washington Post* (outside Washington)
- *New York Magazine* (anywhere)
- TV Guide
- *Country Life*
- *I Ching*
- *The Mensa Bulletin*

- *Lord of the Rings*  
(-2 in hardcover)
- *Whole Earth Catalogue*
- Herman Hesse  
(-2 each for *Siddhartha*, *Steppenwolf*, and *Magister Ludi*)
- *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*
- *The Little Prince*  
(-2 in French, -4 in hardcover)
- Any Book-of-the-Month Club book
- Any sex manual  
(-2 if illustrated)
- Underground comic
- Subscriptions to:  
*National Geographic* (-1), *Rolling Stone* (-2), *Popular Electronics* (-8), *New Times* (-10), *Ms* (-32)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
A subscription to *Owl Magazine* (-75)
- More than one copy of the *New Yorker*
- *Paris Match*
- *Vogue*  
(-2 for London edition, -4 for Paris edition)
- Bound volumes of magazines  
(-2 for *National Lampoon*)
- Any hardbound best-seller since Nabokov's *Ada*
- Nabokov's *Ada*
- *The New York Review of Books*
- Any book on self-realization, mysticism, UFOs, or psychology  
(-2, yoga, -4, *Wilhelm Reich*, -8, I'm O.K., You're O.K., -16, *Chariots of the Gods*)
- Any City Lights poetry book
- The new *Encyclopedia Britannica*
- Segregation of books by binding or size
- D. H. Lawrence  
(-2 for *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, -4 for *Lady's Chatterley's Lover*)
- Coffee table books  
(-2 if on coffee table)
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
*Show Me* (-50, -100 if you have children)
- Records (deduct additional -2 for anything on cassette, -4 for records out of jackets)
- Recording of anything but music  
(-2 for Richard Burton reciting *Dylan Thomas*, -4 for racing cars, -8 for *The Sounds of Love*, -16 for environmental sounds)
- Folk dance
- Any album advertised on TV  
(-2 if not available in stores)
- Opera
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Mantovani
- Rod McKuen
- Missa Luba  
(-2 if not Catholic, -4 if not black)
- Any movie soundtrack album  
(-2 *Black Orpheus*, -4 *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, -16 *Nashville*)
- Any Broadway cast recording
- Harry Chapin
- Frank Sinatra
- The Boston Pops
- Helen Reddy
- Moody Blues "In Search of the Lost Chord"
- Any Beatles anthology
- Best of Peter, Paul & Mary
- Vivaldi's "Four Seasons"  
(-10 if your only "classical" record)
- The Dukes of Dixieland
- NatLamp's "Missing White House Tapes"  
(-2 if plastic seal is broken)
- Mel Lyman's "America"
- **Special Nemesis Possession:**  
-100 if your entire book, periodical and record collection has been listed above.

#### YOUR CLOSET AND BUREAU DRAWERS

- Suede
- Wet-look anything
- Double-knit
- Platform shoes
- Earth shoes
- Shower togs
- Desert boots
- Addidas sneakers
- Frye boots
- Gucci sneakers
- Any footwear with useless metal objects on it
- Pancho
- Kaftan  
(-2 if ever worn)
- Pajamas
- Baby doll nightie

continued on page 84

**THESE PERSONS SENT US THEIR PICTURES  
FOR THE NATIONAL LAMPOON  
FOTO FUNNIES CONTEST. WON'T YOU?**



**YES, IN JULY WE THOUGHT WE  
HAD ALL THE CONTESTANTS WE  
WERE GOING TO GET IN THE  
COMPETITION TO BECOME OUR  
NEW MISS FOTO FUNNIES. BUT WE  
WERE WRONG! DUE TO AN  
UNPRECEDENTED DELUGE OF NEW  
ENTRIES, WE'RE REOPENING THE  
CONTEST. SO SHOW US YOUR  
TITS—TODAY!**



THE MAYO CLINIC  
33 Brook Ave.  
Rochester, Minnesota 67785

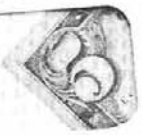
ATTENTION  
U. S. POSTAL AUTHORITIES  
U. S. MONEY ENCLOSED



FIRST CLASS MAIL

IMPORTANT: VALUABLE PREMIUM INSIDE!

Mr. Alfred Porter  
46 Elm Street  
Cleveland, Ohio 66647



ENCLOSURE FOR HEALTH POLICY ONLY  
IF SEVERAL HAVE TO OPEN FOLD



You May Already Be a BIG WINNER!

MAYO

# The MAYO CLINIC

"An Adventure in Health"

33 Brook Ave., Rochester, Minnesota 57785

March 27, 1975

Mr. Alfred  
46 Elm Street  
Cleveland, Ohio

COMPLIMENTS OF THE MAYO CLINIC

TO: MR. ALFRED PORTER  
46 Elm Street  
Cleveland, Ohio 55647

FROM: The MAYO BROTHERS

Dear Mr. Porter,  
How many times a day does a friend or business associate say, "Hi, Alfred, how are you?" And how many times do you answer, "Fine, thanks" without stopping to think how you really feel? Seriously, Alfred, do you, at the age of 46, still have that old "pep" and "go" you had when you were a boy? Is your weight, muscle tone, diet, and blood count all it should be? Is a thorough physical examination at a reputable clinic something you always "put off" until you "can find the time"? Well, Alfred, last year over 2,000,000 Americans "couldn't find the time" just like you...and they won't be finding it this year, either.

Why?  
Because they are dead.  
Death. An ugly word, isn't it? Then why were proper preventive medicine "dirty words" to those 2,000,000 Americans just like you? Possibly because they didn't know how EASY and FUN a simple examination at the MAYO CLINIC can be!  
And why the MAYO CLINIC? Because we have over 675 fully accredited doctors, 3300 friendly paramedical personnel, and over 800 attractive nurses at your service. plus a wide range of diagnostic and therapeutic facilities! (In a single week, the MAYO CLINIC uses enough tongue depressors alone to construct a good-sized tree house.)

What kind of people come to us? People just like you, Alfred, people who may be suffering from any of 33,567 common diseases and disorders and not even know it! That's why, for a limited time only, the MAYO CLINIC is offering the enclosed BONUS COUPONS entitling you to tremendous savings on all standard surgical operations. In addition, you may have already won a FREE BLOOD TEST (an important tool in comparing any of the 345 known blood diseases you may be suffering from!). Just our reception desk!

What's more, you are also eligible for our ADVENTURES IN HEALTH SWEEPSTAKES with over 3,000 PRIZES, including 50 home diathermy machines, 100 free encephalographs, and 2,850 personalized tongue depressors! Just fill out the enclosed GRAND DRAWING ENTRY BLANK with your FREE GIFT PENCIL, affix your FREE GIFT U.S. COIN, and await your notification and tongue depressor!  
Sound like fun? You bet your life it is! And with the MAYO CLINIC, you can be sure the odds are in your favor! (In our 65 years of operation, the MAYO CLINIC has never been successfully sued for malpractice!)  
The cost? A lot less than you'd think.  
So how 'bout it, Alfred, why not enter today? Remember, when you've lost your health, you've lost it all.

Sincerely,  
*The Mayo Brothers*  
The MAYO BROTHERS  
The MAYO CLINIC

P.S. All major credit cards accepted.

AS ADVERTISED IN BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY



YOUR S

# !!!WIN!!!

## THE MAYO CLINIC'S "ADVENTURES IN HEALTH" SWEEPSTAKES!

**SWEEPSTAKES RULES:** Here's how to enter: 1. Simply answer the four HEALTH QUIZ questions below. 2. Print the missing MYSTERY HEALTH LETTER with your BONUS HEALTH PENCIL in the space provided (the first one has been answered for you). If you have answered all the HEALTH QUIZ questions correctly, the vertical row should spell out the name of the pictured organ (and hopefully undiseased) common everyday organ below. When you have your answer, affix your LUCKY HEALTH COIN in the space provided, put it in an envelope, and mail it to the MAYO CLINIC SWEEPSTAKES. If you are a LUCKY COMPLIMENTARY BLOOD TEST!

Good luck & good health!—the MAYO BROTHERS

1. The inventor of the Salk polio vaccine.
2. A sick person is often said to be this.
3. Female hospital attendant.
4. An organ that helps us breathe.

1. SALK
2. UNHEALTHY
3. NURSE
4. LUNG

My SWEEPSTAKES answer is \_\_\_\_\_

AFFIX LUCKY  
HEALTH COIN  
HERE



OVER 3,000,000 CURED! NO APPO

## WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY ...ABOUT THE MAYO CLINIC?

The following are unsolicited testimonials from just a few of the satisfied patients who "got hep" to health, the MAYO WAY!

### RX FOR CANCER:

"I think the MAYO CLINIC is tops in my book! I had this funny little thing on the back of my neck—a pimple, I figured—until I took advantage of my FREE BLOOD TEST and discovered, sure enough, it was malignant as all heck! Lucky for me those MAYO BROTHERS snipped it off before my head looked like yesterday's dinner! Someday I bet those great fellas'll find a CURE FOR everybody's CANCER—B.M., Tucson, Ariz.

### LIVE FOREVER:

"I used to think proper preventive medicine was a lot of bunk. Then one morning I looked in my shaving mirror and I'll be darned if my nose wasn't missing! Nobody home, nose-wise. Advanced syphilis was the reason why, and the MAYO CLINIC's advanced plastic surgery was the reason why I bought my cosmetic prosthetic fully-washable replacement you-know-where! And their prices—wow! Now it's no fib when I say I'll LIVE FOREVER in their debt!—Mrs. D.L., Canton, Ohio

### RAISED FROM THE DEAD:

"After a horrible auto accident, I was surprised to wake up buried under what seemed like a ton of dead corpses! When the ambulance came, you bet it was a MAYO CLINIC doctor who noticed my toes were still



PICTURES OF HEAL



ROMAN, THE MAYO CLINIC  
GERY DEPARTMENT HAS A  
FOR ALL SEASONS!



orter  
et  
land, Ohio 55647  
IAL WINNER'S NUMBER:  
2243910

IF FUN?  
SURE CAN'T!



A LONG FACE? MAYO  
ISTS CAN MAKE "SHORT  
YOUR BLEMISHES!

## All Creatures, Even Bees

continued from page 41

on a brass stand. He quickly stuffed some multicolored wires leading from it under the dead dog's body. "Monitors heart beat and respiration."

"How is our patient doing?" shouted Wolfgang down the hall. "Is it all right if Mrs. Dufus sees him now?"

"Well, as long as it's only for a minute, and she doesn't touch him. That could put him away for good and all."

Mrs. Dufus came to see the dog twice a day for two weeks before Wolfgang gave her the bad news. "He slipped away from us in the night. We can be thankful it was a peaceful passing. . . ." Mrs. Dufus sent us a lovely present. She was very happy that we had done everything we could to make Fritz's last hours comfortable.

Days passed into weeks at the Farmer Animal Hospital. Gradually, I began to get used to the routine. However, there were still a few surprises in store for me, as I learned one morning when I heard a terrible shrieking out in the hall. Wolfgang was shouting at the top of his voice.

"Go on, you filthy old rat sack, I told you never to disturb me when I'm taking my nap! I'll show you . . . a little taste of the fire poker

will help your memory!"

I could hear Miss Wills' terrified screams right through two pillows and my bedroom wall. "But it's the zoo! The zoo! You've got to go or we'll never make the premium on the malpractice insurance this month!"

"Go yourself, you old bitch!" he bellowed, and I could hear Twisted's laughter echoing above all the confusion.

Suddenly, there was silence. The next thing I knew, Wolfgang was dragging me off the couch, where I had been sleeping. "Come on," he said, "we gotta go to the zoo. Say, what are those fag pajamas you're wearing? Hah-hah."

"Fuck you," I mumbled under my breath, and took a sorrowful glance at the clock, which read just 11:00 A.M.

Minutes later, we were zipping across town in Wolfgang's Thunderbird. "Good business, the zoo," he said, chatting merrily. I could barely keep my eyes open. The night before, Twisted had invited a bunch of vets over to see his "Dogarama Sex Review," and we had stayed up drinking till four in the morning, watching one of our patients, a great Danish bonerhammer, slip the pink steel to another of our patients, a tiny Scotch terrier. My head still hurt as I remembered the merry peals of laughter that had

rocked the hospital as the bonerhammer hop-skipped around the surgery with the little terrier screwed onto his tool.

"Are you listening to me?" said Wolfgang, swerving the car at a squirrel that was trying to find its way across the road.

"Uh-huh," I said, but he didn't hear me. He was looking backwards at the squirrel.

"Hah! Nailed the nasty, nut-eating son-of-a-bitch. One more acorn tree will grow in the wild wood. Hah-hah."

We pulled into the zoo parking lot, and a few minutes later, I stood by Wolfgang's side in the curator's office while the man explained his problem. "It's the snakes this time, I'm afraid. They just don't seem to have any zest for life. People don't want to watch a deadly Afrikaans Head Ripper just lie there. They want to see some snapping and thrashing on their day at the zoo. I thought that after how you perked up MGM, you might be able to come up with something."

Wolfgang had told me a few days earlier how he had put some pep into the zoo's mangy old lion. He fed the friendly old thing some candy pills, and then, when the curator wasn't looking, he shot the king of beasts in the ass with a squirt gun full of turpentine.

"Oh, look," said the curator, "he's chasing his tail. . . ." You would be, too, if it felt like somebody was running a belt sander over your butt.

"I think I can help you with the snakes," said Wolfgang, looking thoughtful. "Just toss a gerbil into the cage with them and let them chase the bouncing rat for a while."

"But snakes only eat once a month," said the curator timidly.

"No problem. After the snake swallows the rodent and starts to snooze it off, you grab the sleeping serpent by the tail and crack him like a whip. The partially digested spring rat will fly forty feet in the air, and the snake will be left with a powerful rumbling in his food tube that will see him flying around his cage the next day like the loose end of a fire hose. Hah-hah."

\* \* \*

As we walked toward the car afterwards, Wolfgang turned to me with a smile. "How do you like being a vet so far?" he said. "Was it worth all the studying?"

I hated to spoil the moment by telling him I had picked up my credentials from a mail order firm for five bucks. I just smiled, and said nothing. □



Dr. Denton, I presume?



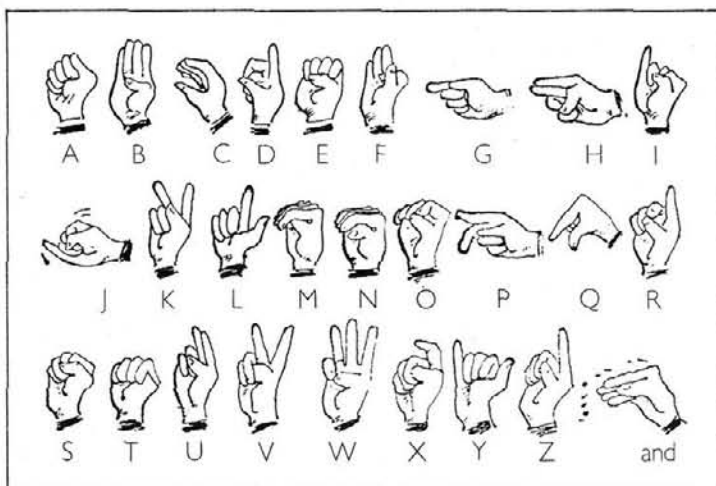
# Pornog- raphy for the Dumb

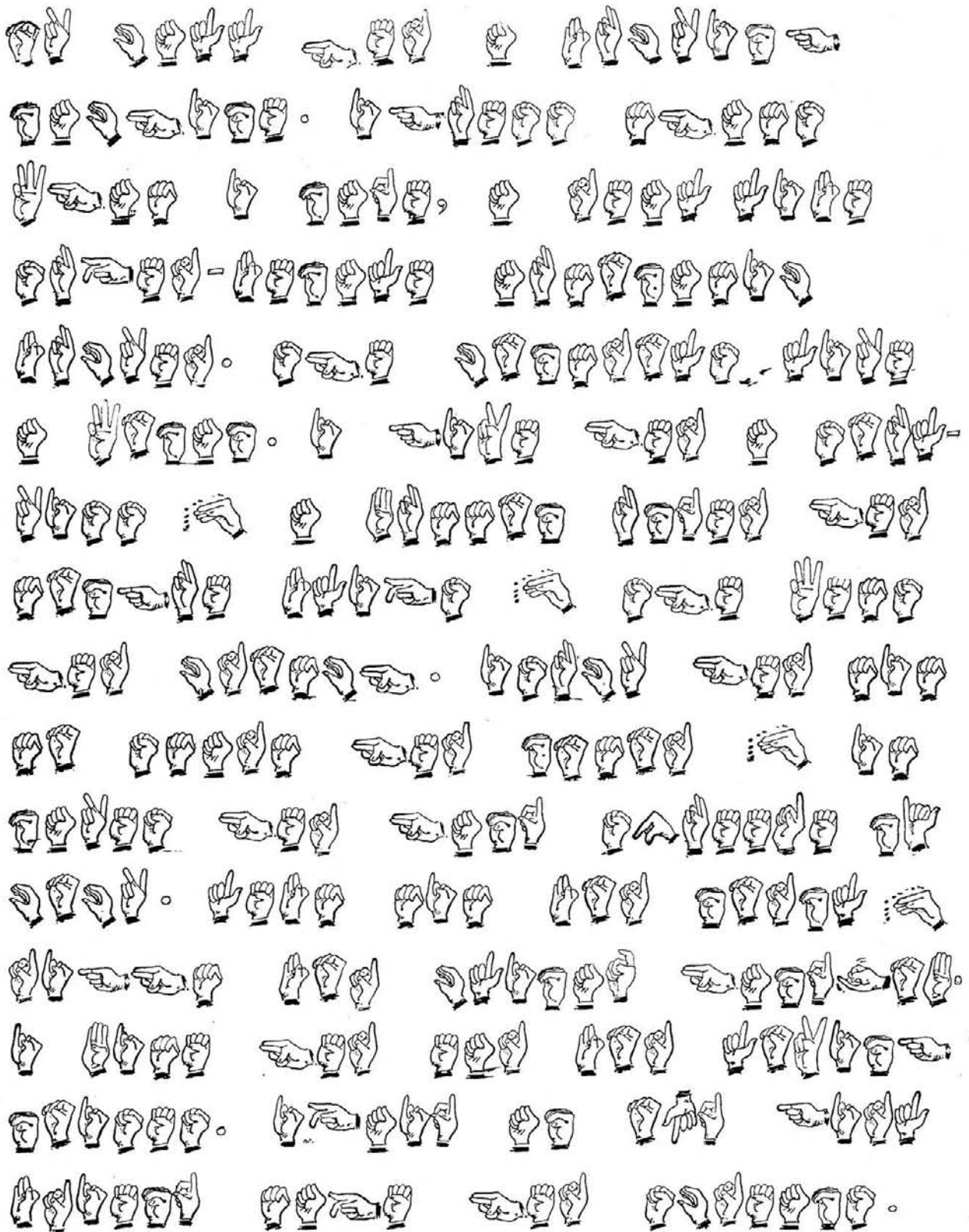
by Norman Rubington

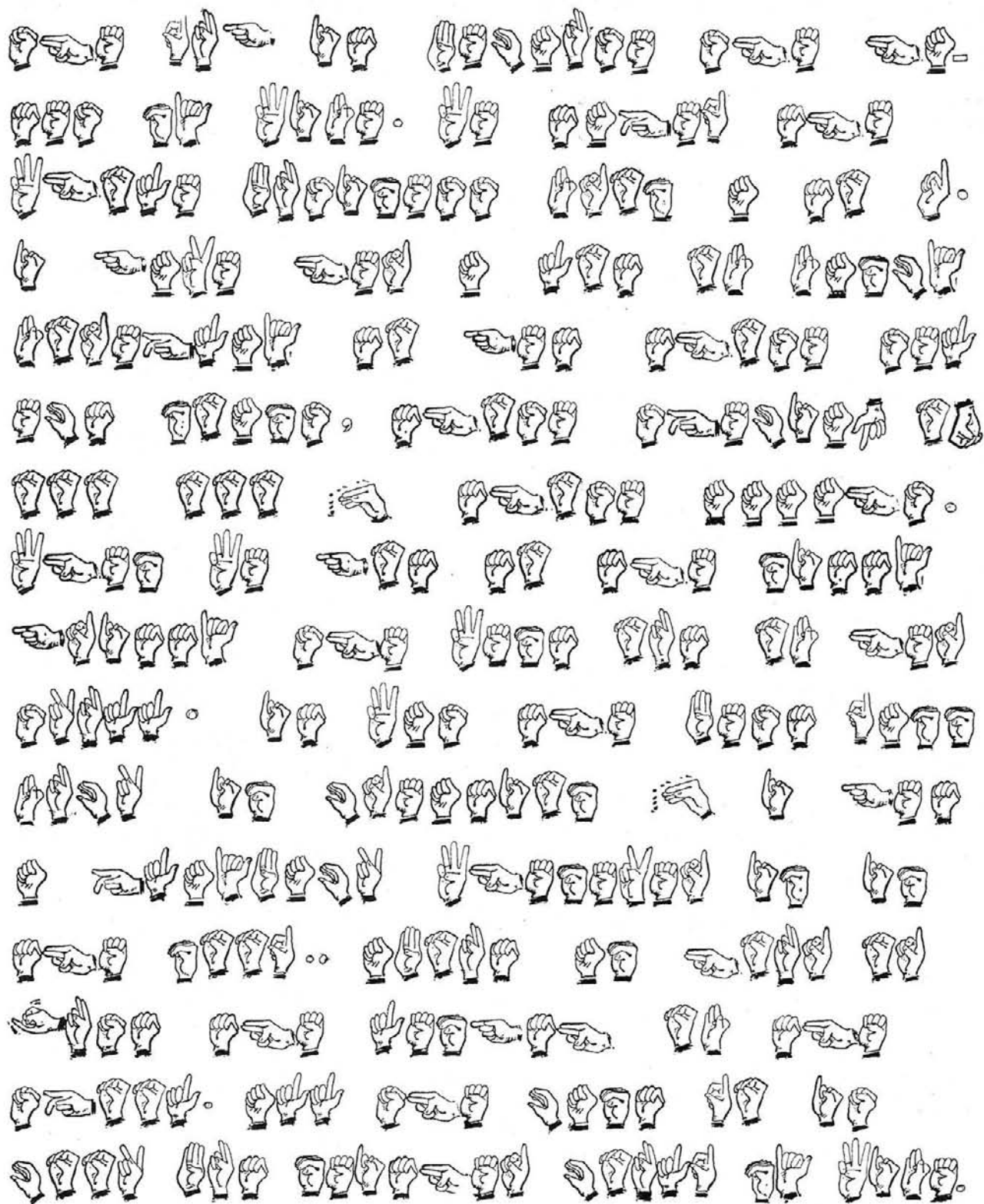
Someone you know, someone near and dear to you, may be a mute. You may be a mute yourself.

But what the hay. We're all equal under the belt. There's nothing wrong with the average dummy when it comes to the old in-out.

Here, translated into sign language from the obscene works of the notorious Akbar del Piombo, is a sample of salaciousness for the speechless. What is the sound of one hand reading?







**NOW IN PAPERBACK!**

# Four new titles ...from **MStery House**



## Other books you will enjoy from M.S.H. Publishing

### MStery House MYSTERIES

**Ravishments in the Rue Viol** by Virginia Clemm. Attacked by a seven-foot-high rapist covered with orange hair; but no one on the Paris police force would believe her story.

**Rape on the Lexington Express** by Olivia Arn. 138 people in a subway car and one of them was getting pretty free with his hands.

**The Saint Goes Down** by Kathleen Bishop. England's most celebrated sleuth detects a big change in attitude towards sex roles in London's high society.

**Dial R for Rape** by Shelley Curtis

**The Big Weep** by Constance Parks

**The Thin Manhood** by Sally Lowell

**Raped on Arrival** by Deborah Letterton

### M.S.H. CLASSICS

**Rape of a Salesperson** by Marilyn Baker

**To Rape a Mockingbird** by Olive Carsons

**Rape Be Not Proud** by Edna Bronson

**Rape in the Afternoon** by Carol Barrie

**After Many a Summer Rapes the Swan** by Margret Doakes

**Le Viol De Guinevere** by Lady Elizabeth Malory

**In the Rape of the Night** by Jessica Porter

**The Deer-raper** by Eliza Farthing

**Appointment in Gomorrah** by Elizabeth Appleton

**The Naked and the Raped** by Karen Knight

### NONFICTION

**In Menstrual Blood** by Annamarie Ferguson

**The Tibetan Book of the Raped**

**Who Raped Society?** by Patricia Surrey

**I Left My Heart at Sexually Assaulted Knee** by Donna Lee West

### FICTION

**Night of the Living Raped** by Rhoda Tarrinton

**Wanted: Raped or Alive** by Susan Gill

**Rape before Dishonor** by Rebecca L. Corrigan

**MStery  
House**  
M.S.H. Publishing

Available at bookstores everywhere.

# The Tenth Circle



photographed by Peter Kleinman

**Jerry Lewis as a muscular dystrophy victim, just like the kids in his famous Telethon.**

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

*continued*  
NATIONAL LAMPOON 73

continued



illustrated by Patrick Byrne

**Jimmy Connors, the famous tennis player, with a tennis ball driven through his solar plexus.**

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

**John Denver, the famous simple country boy,  
having his eyes pecked out by an American bald-headed eagle.**



Illustrated by Leo Rosenblatt



**Euell Gibbons, the famous naturalist and forager, poisoned by an organic mushroom.**



# The P.S. 143 Daily Bugle Herald Chronicle Gazette and News

A Newsweekly of the Serious and Humorous

Published Monthly by the 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade of P.S. 143

## NEW STUDENT NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS PRESIDENT FORD BY RICKY STILES

A brand new student newspaper started this week so we decided to interview President Gerald R. Ford, who some people call Jerry if they know him, even though he's President. We called the White House and got a lady and asked her if we could talk to the President and she said, "I'm sorry, the President is busy and can't speak with you now." She was a very important White House Aide, who knew what the President was doing. We told her we were a brand new student newspaper and asked if the President had anything he'd like to say to us. "The President says 'Good Luck!'" We are probably the first student newspaper ever to interview the President of the United States.

Editor-in-Chief - Ricky Stiles  
Managing Editor - Matt Emery  
Chief Editor - Joey Levitch  
Senior Editor - Deborah Montpelier  
Assistant Editor - Olivia Steingut  
Editor - Goldie Eder  
Editor - Gene Kraut  
Editor - Warren Spector  
Associate Editor - Marc Manis  
Assistant Associate Editor -  
Linda Schacter  
Assistant to the Senior  
Editor - Morty Tishman  
Editor - Rhoda Manning  
Editor - Kevin Ruppert  
Fiction Editor - Dan Jatowsky  
Poetry Editor - Laura Gainer  
Cartoon Editor - Peter Brandon Bayer  
Sports Editor - Jeffrey Fenster  
Humor Editor - Alvin Peabody  
Arts Editor - Louis Alvarez  
Editor - Brian Minahan  
Editor - Denise Galtter  
Editor - Jane Goldman  
Faculty Advisor - Miss Karen Townsend

## AN INTERVIEW OF: MISS HELEN LEMBECK TAPED BY RICKY STILES AND JOEY LEVITCH

Q- Where were you born?

A- Blandings, Utah.

Q- Where do you come from?

A- Uh...Blandings, Utah.

Q- What do you teach?

A- English.

Q- Do you like teaching?

A- Yeah, uh, yes.

Q- Do you like the classrooms here?

A- Oh, yes.

Q- Do you like your class?

A- Yes...yes.

Q- Do you like all the students?

A- Yes...yes...yes I do, yes!

Q- Do you have anything you want to say to everybody?

A- No...nothing, please, Jeffrey, put that down.

# MORE INSIDE!!!

MOVIE REVIEW: THE TOWERING  
INFERNO

by LOUIS ALVAREZ

I recommend **THE TOWERING INFERNO** very highly. This is a very exciting movie and it is all about this fire in this really tall building. Paul Newman and this other guy go up and down this big building where there are a whole lot of people on top in this big room where there's a fire under them. That's the best part of the movie but there's other good things too. Like when all this water comes down to put out the inferno but nobody drowns. Also this mean guy makes the fire but he falls out the window and dies and everybody claps. Also there's this nice guy and he lives. Also there's this guy my mother says was an old tap dancer and he lives but his girl friend dies but the cat lives. Also there's a good moral at the end which is that people shouldn't build any more burning buildings. All in all, **THE TOWERING INFERNO** is a very exciting movie and I recommend it highly.

HUMOR COLUMN

A JOKE

by ALVIN PEABODY  
and WARREN SPECTOR

Once upon a time three kids walked into a candy store and the first kid asked for a nickel's worth of licorice. It was on the top shelf so the man had to climb all the way up on a ladder and bring it down. He gave the kid the licorice and climbed back up and put it back. He asked the second kid what he wanted and he said a nickel's worth of licorice. So he climbed up and down again. While he was down, he said to the third kid, "Do you want a nickel's worth of licorice too?" He said no, so he put it back. Then he said "What do you want?" The kid said, "I'll have some licorice too." The man said, "Really?" Everybody laughed.

RIDDLES

by RHODA MANNING

1. Why did the moron throw the clock out the window?
2. How many morons does it take to put in a light bulb?
3. What do you call a King of the Beasts who likes to tell jokes?

KRAZY SPORTS

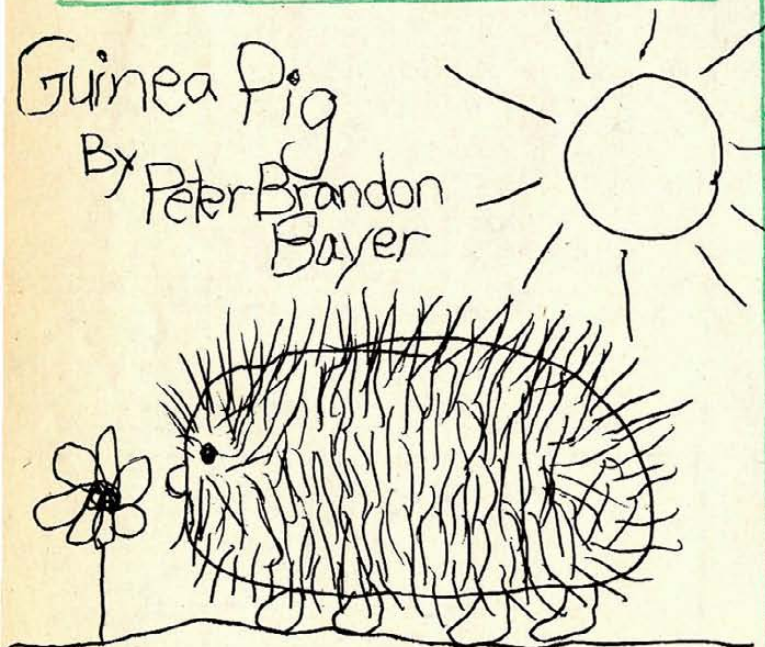
by JEFFREY FENSTER

Well, here I am, Howard Dope-sel with another great baseball game, The World Sereal, played in the Cereal Bowl, The New York Frankenberries are playing the Detroit Oatmeallies for a first prize of Cheerios. At the end of the first inning, it's 965 to 6½. In the next inning, the Oatmeallies got 12 outs in a row. At the end of the game it was a tie, and everyone threw Lucky Charms at the umpire.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

by RHODA MANNING

1. He wanted to see the clock fly.
2. Three. One to hold the light bulb, two to screw it in.
3. A Punch Lion.



P.B.B.

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By GOLDIE EDER

SHORT STORY  
by DAN JATOWSKY

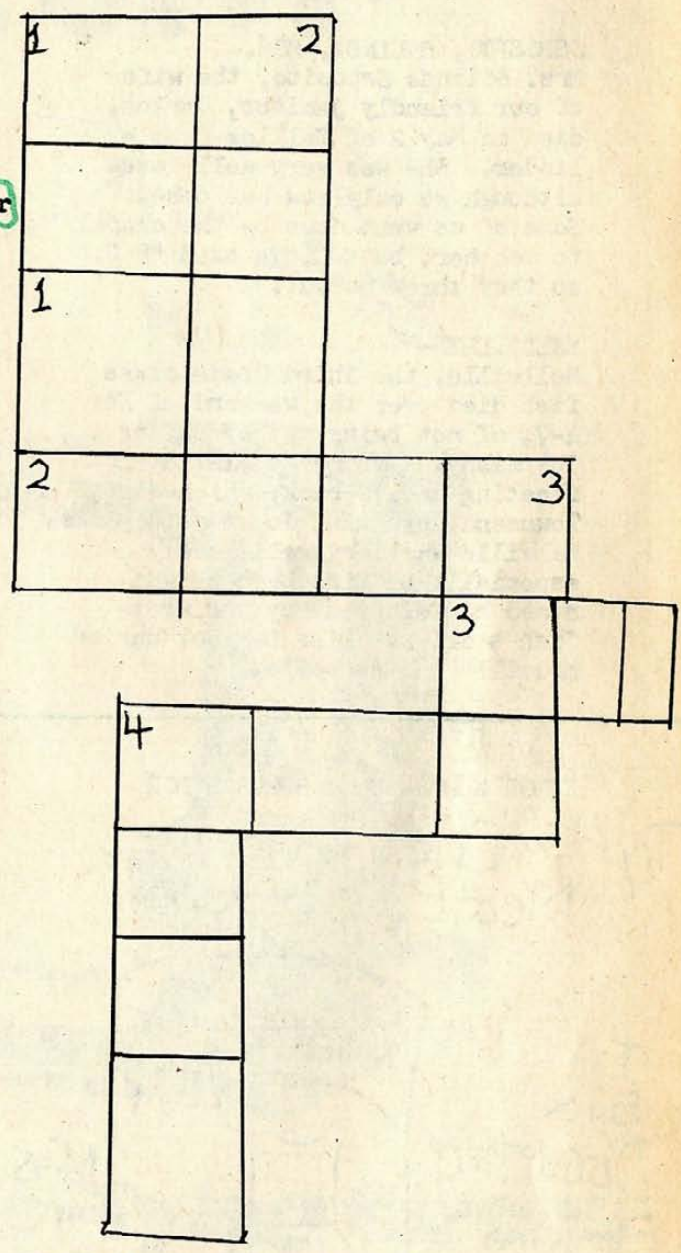
One day Jimmy got up and his mother told him to go to the store and buy food. Then Jimmy was at the store when a man tapped him on the shoulder from behind him. "Hello, Jimmy," said the man. "Would you like to visit a farm?" "Gee, Mister, there's nothing I'd like better than to visit a farm," said Jimmy. "Well, then, come with me and I'll take you to my farm on my truck," said the man. So Jimmy and the man got on the truck and went to the farm. When they got there, Jimmy said "Gee this is a nice farm, Mr. Brown." "Here, look at all my animals, Jimmy," said Farmer Brown, "there's a bull over there," he said, pointing at a bull. "We get milk from the bull," said Farmer Brown, "Gosh, Mr. Brown, I didn't know that," said Jimmy. "And do you know what we get from cows, Jimmy?" "What, Farmer Brown?" Then after that, Farmer Brown took Jimmy home. When Jimmy went in, his mother said, "Well, where have you been all this time?" "You'll never believe it!" said Jimmy!

THE END

A FRIEND...A POEM  
by LAURA GAINER

- A friend is somebody who likes you.
- A friend is someone who doesn't beat you up when you hit him.
- A friend is someone who lends you his candy.
- A friend is someone who gives you.
- A friend is a warm guppy.

OPINION: School Lunches  
 Brian Minahan: I wish P.S. 143 had chicken: That is one of my favorite lunches. The other one is chicken noodle soup.



- DOWN: 1. What a cowboy rides.  
 2. Spiderman is a super \_\_\_\_.  
 3. What you shoot with.  
 4. Opposite of boy.
- ACROSS: 1. Abbreviation of railroad.  
 2. What we sing in music class.  
 3. What you say when you're disgusted.  
 4. What you're shot with.

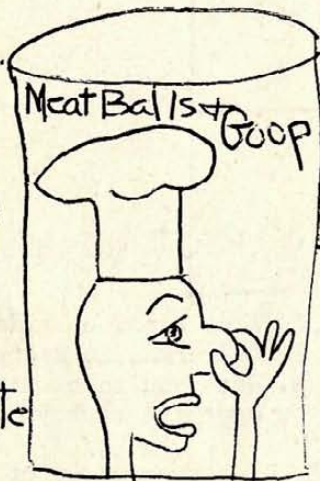
OBITUARY COLUMNS  
by MORTY TISHMAN

ESPOSITO, BELINDA, MRS.-  
Mrs. Belinda Esposito, the wife of our friendly janitor, Carlos, died on May 2 of falling from a ladder. She was very well loved although we only saw her once. Some of us went down to the chapel to see her, but Linda said "P.U." so they threw us out.

MELVILLE-  
Melville, the Third Grade class fish died over the weekend of May 4-7, of not being fed by Carlos. The fish was found by Olivia, floating on its back, which Miss Townsend says fish do when they die. Melville was very well loved, especially by Miss Lembeck who named him after a guy who wrote fish stories. Miss Lembeck buried Melville in the toilet.

HUMOR HUMOR HUMOR HUMOR HUMOR

Try new Chef Girl-a-Dee  
Meat Balls + Goop!!



In Six  
Disgusting  
Flavors

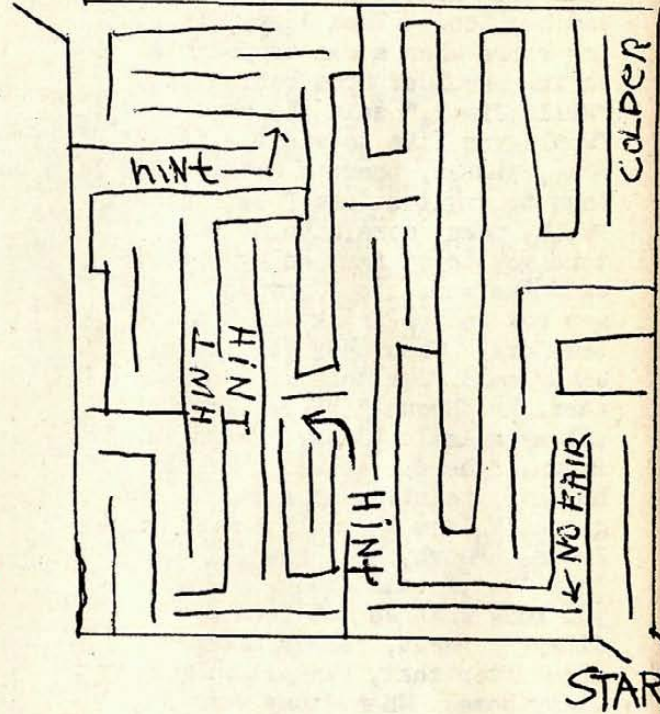
- 1) Mud
- 2) Toothpaste
- 3) Varnish
- 4) Ink
- 5) Broccoli
- 6) Tootsie roll

Miss  
Townsend  
says:

"YUM  
YUM!!"

MAZE

By  
Morty Tishman



A PROFILE OF RICKY STILES  
by DEBORAH MONTEPELLIER

Ricky Stiles is the President of the class because he's the most popular kid in the class and everybody voted for him. He lives in a big apartment near Broadway with his parents. Nothing much exciting has happened with him lately except that his mother had her cards stolen. I have trouble spelling his last name and so does my baby sitter.

Only Three  
more weeks till  
VACATION!

# You'll laugh your foot off.



PYE 12116

## Monty Python's Flying Circus

This is the one and only album composed entirely of material drawn directly from Monty Python's T.V. series. So it's the one and only album for those already wise to Monty Python's weekly doings – and who've been wanting to hear more of the same.

And it's the one and only album for those who haven't yet had the pleasure of Monty Python's outrageous company – since it contains precisely the original skits and

scenes that've made Monty Python's Flying Circus infamous.

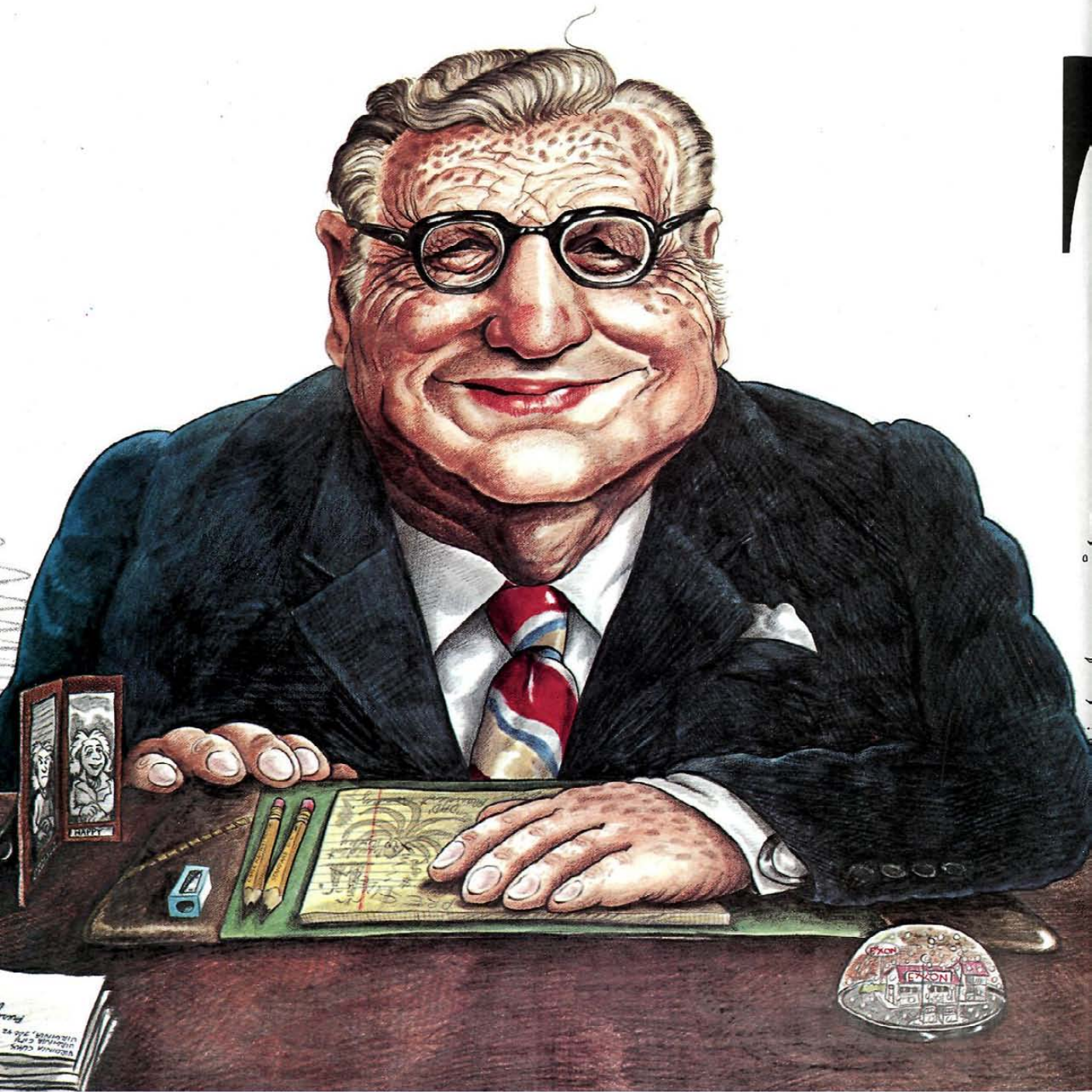
Accept no substitutes. Hear Monty Python do "The Flying Sheep", "The Crunchy Frog", "Selling A Dead Parrot", "The Man Who Puts Bricks To Sleep By Hypnosis", and many others.

It's The Best Of The Worst Of, Monty Python's Flying Circus on PYE Records, Distributed by ATV.

PYE Records, Ltd. manufactured & distributed by



ATV Records Incorporated © ATV Records Incorporated



he

# Specialist

by Jeff Greenfield

he doctor will see you now.”  
“You’re absolutely sure no one else is in there. I mean—”

The efficiently attractive receptionist smiled reassuringly as she motioned him inside.

“I’m sure, sir. In fact, I’m leaving now as well. You’ll be utterly alone.” She slipped on her coat as she motioned him inside. *He’s even handsomer than he is on television*, she thought to herself.

As he walked into the doctor’s office, hands thrust into his pockets, a walk familiar to millions, his mind was again wracked with doubts. *What the hell am I doing here?* . . . Then he remembered the call from the U.S. Attorney’s Office, the mumbled, half-apologetic, half-insistent inquiries on the other end of the line, and he knew.

“Please come in, Governor.” The voice was liquid, rich, reassuring. As he looked up, he confronted a silver-haired, tanned face behind the teak, chrome, and glass desk. The face was strong, craggy, as ruggedly confident as an airline pilot’s. The

governor felt a tinge of reassurance.

“Sit down, please, Governor.” The chair was contemporary yet deeply comfortable. The office itself was redolent with quiet elegance, befitting a doctor at the top of his profession. The governor now recalled the cloakroom rumors: the income of more than \$1.8 million a year, the East Side townhouse, the villas around the world, the luxurious vacations with transportation provided by the most secret agencies of the federal establishment . . .

“Governor?”

“I beg your pardon, I was . . . woolgathering.”

The doctor smiled.

“I asked you what seems to be the trouble.”

The governor paused. How to begin?

“I—I’m not sure. My chest . . . my back . . . my . . .”

The doctor leaned back in his hand-crafted Eames chair and smiled broadly. His tapered fingers formed a steeple.

“Governor,” the doctor said, “I

have been performing my . . . specialty for almost ten years now, since the early seventies. In my time, I have treated people whose . . . position is even higher than yours. In that time, have you ever heard a whisper of a rumor about my . . . practice or my clients? Now, please. I cannot offer an accurate . . . diagnosis without knowing *exactly* what your condition involves.” Beneath the smile the well-modulated tones echoed steel.

*All right*, the governor said to himself. *Across the Rubicon.*

“This morning, the U.S. Attorney called. Seems they’ve been investigating the collapse of the Logan Street Bridge.”

“I saw the films, of course,” the doctor interjected. “Terrible loss, terrible.”

“Yes, of course,” the governor said, looking intently at the far wall. “I personally wrote the tribute to the dead and maimed that was inserted in the *Congressional Record*. Anyway, it appears that the contractors did not meet the specifi-

continued from page 63

- \_\_\_\_\_ Bikini briefs
- \_\_\_\_\_ Undershirts
- \_\_\_\_\_ Clip-on bow tie
- \_\_\_\_\_ Safari jacket
- \_\_\_\_\_ Body shirt
- \_\_\_\_\_ See-through anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hand painted tie
- \_\_\_\_\_ Tie tack
- \_\_\_\_\_ Nehru or Mao jacket
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if stored in mothballs)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pocket hankie
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if color-coordinated to anything)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything color-coordinated
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything nautical
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-5 for headgear)
- \_\_\_\_\_ White cotton socks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Leisure suit
- \_\_\_\_\_ Girdle
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if you're male)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Panty hose
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything with epaulets on shoulders
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything with a tropical motif
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-5 if Hawaiian)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything from the thirties
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything from the forties
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything from the fifties
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-10 if anything from thirties, forties, or fifties is not authentic)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Tweed cap
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if there's a buckle in the back)
- \_\_\_\_\_ White suit
- \_\_\_\_\_ Blazer
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 for brass buttons, -4 for crest)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Regimental stripe tie
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-10 if it's not your regiment)
- \_\_\_\_\_ More than one pair of sunglasses
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each, -4 if mirrored or made in Italy)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything made in Italy
- \_\_\_\_\_ T-shirts with anything printed on them
- \_\_\_\_\_ Gloves
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if unlined, -4 for "golf," -8 for "driving")
- \_\_\_\_\_ Headband
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hats
- \_\_\_\_\_ Cufflinks more than half an inch in diameter
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if they're plated with a precious metal)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Turquoise jewelry
- \_\_\_\_\_ Shorts if you weigh more than 115 pounds
- \_\_\_\_\_ Knee socks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bell-bottomed anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ Blue denims that aren't blue or denim
- \_\_\_\_\_ Patches
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-1 each, -2 if decorative)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Studs
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-1 each)
- \_\_\_\_\_ **Special Nemesis Possession:**
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any garment that sparkles (-50)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Military motif
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 per occurrence if you aren't in the army)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Cigarette case
- \_\_\_\_\_ Fur from an endangered species
- \_\_\_\_\_ -1 per square inch (-2 per square inch if it's from an unendangered species, -4 if it's fake)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plaid
- \_\_\_\_\_ Feathers
- \_\_\_\_\_ Crotchless panties
- \_\_\_\_\_ Wigs
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if a different color than your own hair)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Your initials on anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ An umbrella in any color but black
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any piece of outerwear with metal on it
- \_\_\_\_\_ Jodhpurs
- \_\_\_\_\_ Jump suit
- \_\_\_\_\_ Safari jacket
- \_\_\_\_\_ Harem pants
- \_\_\_\_\_ Earrings that dangle more than three eighths of an inch below the ear
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pocket watch
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any diamond on a man
- \_\_\_\_\_ Rings on a man
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-4 if they're in your ears)
- \_\_\_\_\_ More than two rings on a woman
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any medallions
- \_\_\_\_\_ African trade beads

#### THE BATH

- \_\_\_\_\_ Toilet seat cover
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if it matches the bath mat, -4 if they both match the shower curtain, -8 if they all match the towels)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Soft toilet seat
- \_\_\_\_\_ Colored or patterned toilet paper
- \_\_\_\_\_ No reading matter
- \_\_\_\_\_ Things to prevent slipping on the bottom of the bathtub
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything framed
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any decals

- \_\_\_\_\_ Undersea motif
- \_\_\_\_\_ Clear plastic shower curtain
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hot comb
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hair spray
- \_\_\_\_\_ Visibly displayed douche bag
- \_\_\_\_\_ Twin track razor
- \_\_\_\_\_ Razor strip
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any trick shaving equipment
- \_\_\_\_\_ Magnifying mirror
- \_\_\_\_\_ Blackhead extractor
- \_\_\_\_\_ Nair
- \_\_\_\_\_ Vitamin C
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pearl Drops
- \_\_\_\_\_ Binaca
- \_\_\_\_\_ Toothpaste dispenser
- \_\_\_\_\_ Paper cups
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic cup
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric toothbrush
- \_\_\_\_\_ Water pic
- \_\_\_\_\_ K-Y jelly
- \_\_\_\_\_ Feminine deodorant spray
- \_\_\_\_\_ Norforms
- \_\_\_\_\_ Soap on a rope
- \_\_\_\_\_ Food
- \_\_\_\_\_ Drying clothes
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 for nylons)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bath toys
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if you're childless)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Sunlamp
- \_\_\_\_\_ False eyelashes
- \_\_\_\_\_ Grecian Formula VII
- \_\_\_\_\_ Herbal Essence shampoo
- \_\_\_\_\_ Flavored cosmetics
- \_\_\_\_\_ Decorative tissue dispenser
- \_\_\_\_\_ No ashtray
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hotel soap
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pyrite A-200

#### THE KITCHEN

- \_\_\_\_\_ Neat and tidy
- \_\_\_\_\_ Apothecary jars
- \_\_\_\_\_ Colored enamel cookware
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic garlic
- \_\_\_\_\_ Copper bottom pots
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if hanging, -4 if polished)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Trash compactor
- \_\_\_\_\_ Microwave oven
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric carving knife
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric can opener
- \_\_\_\_\_ Jello mould
- \_\_\_\_\_ Teflon anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ Spice rack
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if hand-painted)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Side by side refrigerator-freezer
- \_\_\_\_\_ A blackboard
- \_\_\_\_\_ Magnets
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if decorated, -4 if on the refrigerator)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Prepared mayonnaise
- \_\_\_\_\_ Foreign beer
- \_\_\_\_\_ Frozen donuts
- \_\_\_\_\_ Decaffeinated coffee
- \_\_\_\_\_ Vacuum-packed meat products
- \_\_\_\_\_ **Special Nemesis Possession:**
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric pepper mill (-50)
- \_\_\_\_\_ A wok
- \_\_\_\_\_ Diet references on refrigerator
- \_\_\_\_\_ A calorie counter
- \_\_\_\_\_ The 1 Hate to Cook Cookbook
- \_\_\_\_\_ Skim milk
- \_\_\_\_\_ Garlic salt
- \_\_\_\_\_ Realemon plastic lemon juice lemons
- \_\_\_\_\_ Tinned citrus juices
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric pizza warmer
- \_\_\_\_\_ Lo-cal anything
- \_\_\_\_\_ Margarine
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pressure cooker
- \_\_\_\_\_ Garbage disposal
- \_\_\_\_\_ Breakfast cereal
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-1 if traditional, -2 if sugared, -4 if organic)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Health foods
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any pills
- \_\_\_\_\_ Sea salt
- \_\_\_\_\_ Demarara sugar
- \_\_\_\_\_ Nondairy creamer
- \_\_\_\_\_ House brands of soda pop
- \_\_\_\_\_ Prunes
- \_\_\_\_\_ Chopsticks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Big wooden spoons
- \_\_\_\_\_ TV dinners
- \_\_\_\_\_ Fondue set
- \_\_\_\_\_ Square plates
- \_\_\_\_\_ Divided plates
- \_\_\_\_\_ Broiler foil
- \_\_\_\_\_ Three-lined dinner forks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Horn-handled steak knives
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic ice cube trays
- \_\_\_\_\_ Veg-o-matic
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pepper mill more than 5 inches high
- \_\_\_\_\_ Premixed salad dressing
- \_\_\_\_\_ Fish sticks
- \_\_\_\_\_ Potato buds

- \_\_\_\_\_ Hamburger Helper
- \_\_\_\_\_ Representational dish cloths
- \_\_\_\_\_ Glass caddies
- \_\_\_\_\_ Aprons with anything printed on them
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric stove
- \_\_\_\_\_ Color coordinated appliances (-1 each)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Shish kabob swords
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hibachi
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pam

To find out what your score says about the real you, turn to page 102.

#### BONUS QUIZ

It's absolutely possible that we might loathe you, but still behave civilly for the sake of your family. Mom and Dad start out with 100. Let's see how low they go:

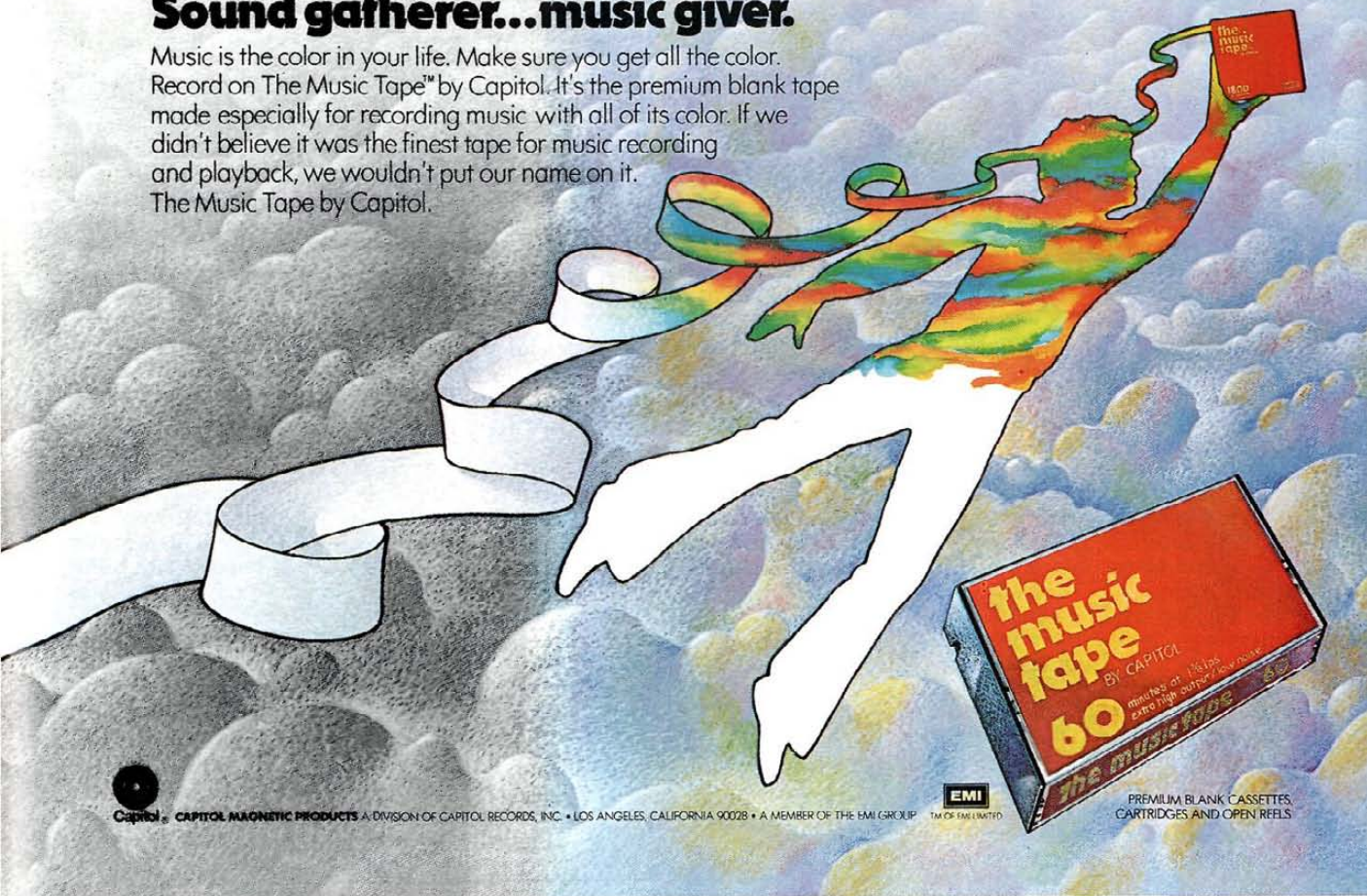
- \_\_\_\_\_ Cafe curtains
- \_\_\_\_\_ Drapes
- \_\_\_\_\_ Nonfunctioning shutters
- \_\_\_\_\_ Aluminum siding
- \_\_\_\_\_ Lawn ornaments
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 per bird for family of ducks)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Edged lawn
- \_\_\_\_\_ Shaped shrubbery
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bird feeder
- \_\_\_\_\_ Tree with trunk painted white
- \_\_\_\_\_ Above-ground swimming pool
- \_\_\_\_\_ Power lawnmower if lawn is one quarter acre or less
- \_\_\_\_\_ Rider mower if lawn is one acre or less
- \_\_\_\_\_ Artificial brick or stone
- \_\_\_\_\_ Decorative window shades
- \_\_\_\_\_ Air freshener
- \_\_\_\_\_ Knick-knack shelf
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any knick-knack
- \_\_\_\_\_ Unused parlor or living room
- \_\_\_\_\_ Electric hedge trimmers
- \_\_\_\_\_ TV tables
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything you pick up and it plays music
- \_\_\_\_\_ More than one Bible
- \_\_\_\_\_ Scrapbook or family album within easy reach
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything you made as a child
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if it's the knick-knack shelf)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Lavender sachet
- \_\_\_\_\_ Candy dishes
- \_\_\_\_\_ Anything if it cannot be immediately ascertained whether or not it's an ashtray
- \_\_\_\_\_ Rooms with less than two ashtrays
- \_\_\_\_\_ Gas or electric fireplace
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if it's ever actually used)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Blue water in the toilet
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic flowers in the bathroom
- \_\_\_\_\_ Lampshade covers
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bedspreads
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bolsters
- \_\_\_\_\_ Velvet plush upholstery
- \_\_\_\_\_ Soap in little balls
- \_\_\_\_\_ Guest towels
- \_\_\_\_\_ Throw rugs
- \_\_\_\_\_ Dog over ten
- \_\_\_\_\_ Very fat cat
- \_\_\_\_\_ Giant goldfish
- \_\_\_\_\_ Movie or confession magazines
- \_\_\_\_\_ Men's magazines
- \_\_\_\_\_ Books behind glass
- \_\_\_\_\_ Encyclopedias purchased in supermarkets
- \_\_\_\_\_ Reader's Digest condensed book
- \_\_\_\_\_ Reader's Digest
- \_\_\_\_\_ African violets
- \_\_\_\_\_ Any religious literature
- \_\_\_\_\_ Service club magazines
- \_\_\_\_\_ A "rec" room
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic slipcovers
- \_\_\_\_\_ Slipcovers
- \_\_\_\_\_ Runners over the rug
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-1 per running foot for carpet, -2 for rubber, -3 for plastic)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Baby pictures
- \_\_\_\_\_ Frames that stand on tables
- \_\_\_\_\_ Photos of people in military uniforms if they're alive
- \_\_\_\_\_ Home entertainment center
- \_\_\_\_\_ Crucifix
- \_\_\_\_\_ Barcalounger
- \_\_\_\_\_ Out of tune piano
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-2 if it's white)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Knotty pine
- \_\_\_\_\_ Textured wallpaper
- \_\_\_\_\_ Walls painted antique or oyster white
- \_\_\_\_\_ Objectionable styles of decor
- \_\_\_\_\_ (-1 for "Contemporary," -2 for "Danish Modern," -4 for "Mediterranean," -8 for "French Provincial," -16 for "Antique Spanish," -32 for "Colonial")
- \_\_\_\_\_ Newspaper tidies
- \_\_\_\_\_ Plastic tablecloth

To find out how your folks rate, multiply their score by ten and turn to page 102.



# Sound gatherer...music giver.

Music is the color in your life. Make sure you get all the color. Record on The Music Tape™ by Capitol. It's the premium blank tape made especially for recording music with all of its color. If we didn't believe it was the finest tape for music recording and playback, we wouldn't put our name on it. The Music Tape by Capitol.



Capitol • CAPITOL MAGNETIC PRODUCTS A DIVISION OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC. • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90028 • A MEMBER OF THE EMI GROUP

PREMIUM BLANK CASSETTES, CARTRIDGES AND OPEN REELS

## Birdbath

continued from page 8

Raquel produced in less than ten hours. Inducements to be appended took the form of bribes, Mausers, and curious solicitations. Then, suddenly, the breasts stopped as inexplicably as they had started . . . drought, dearth, Mojave. Cries of rage and despair went up among the throng about the hospital. The doctors sewed up her chine, and she rose, demurely unaware that thousands of women wore, like Deborah Kerr's nose, her duplicate protuberances. That the breast which grew was a right breast only did not deter any of the double recipients. For, as one of them said, "If they come from Raquel, baby, two rights can't make a wrong!"

☛ Sizzling housing project from Westport, Conn.!!! Paul Newman drinks beer!!!

☛ "See how it feels to be in my shoes. It's hard! Asking girls to raise their skirts all day and pull down their panties. Trying to choose from among so many," said New York Porno King Martin J. Hodas, whose peep show empire has brought him to trial. So Charles M. Metzner, the Federal Judge trying his case, did just that. Metzner stepped down from the bench,

and the two men strolled arm in arm to Hodas' Fabulous Pussies peeperie on Forty-deuce Street, where Hodas donned the judge's gown and Metzner walked starkers into the casting office, where he spent the next four months without emerging. Hodas whipped through the judge's backlog, all parties satisfied, and Metzner (eighty-two), peeping out the peephole at reporters, laughed deliriously. "He's right, he's right. It is hard!" he cried and rushed back to work, the rest of his sentence suspended!!!!

☛ Superspectacular cabin from L.A.!!! Lauren Bacall's dog Flavor is not responding to treatment for heartworms. The pebble-voiced star is desolée, friends report, but when this correspondent called, all she had to say was her usual, "Humph!" Flavor is recouping at the Cedars of Lebanon and pissing all over them with such abandon that rumors of his demise fall on the ear with a certain extravagance. Still, we wish you the best, Flavor. Remember, we love ya!!!

☛ "The President is such a sweet, polka-dotted faced individual," said the Olson family, after forgiving him for the murder of Dr. Frank Olson by secret CIA LSD treatments in November 1953. The Olson family spoke in unison as they

swung, gentle and dreamy-eyed, in their family hammock, all fourteen members naked as spaghetti. "And the CIA—they're a bunch of honeys. They wouldn't hurt a fly. Or a behemoth. We saw one floating around the Oval Room. And the walls had this swirly wallpaper that kept moving all the time. And the President took off his clothes and showed us his tatoos that had colored lights that kept going on and off. Oh, we'd forgive him anything. He sat in our laps. He served us mu tea and these wonderful brownies he made himself. And, do you know, he sends us packages of them to us every day. Is it day? What day is it? Day?"

☛ Latest Greek revival from Television City!!! Guess whose wattle is developing turkey bumps? Mary Tyler Moore says it just is not so. But Macy's is dickering to float her in the Thanksgiving Day Parade. A new career for you, Mary!!!

☛ Can you answer this question? What hideous physical defect did Dolly Madison share with Lucky Luciano—and what company did they form together to quell it? Your correct answer next month in this same column!!!

R. Bruce Moody

cations of the federal contract. They . . . they substituted certain more economical materials in place of those called for in the contract. In the interest of thrift."

"While billing the government for the full amount," the doctor observed.

"Yes," said the governor. "Naturally, these venal men will do anything to avoid paying for their crimes, and they're making *wild*, totally unfounded allegations about . . . payoffs and wire-pulling and—"

"And unfortunately there are . . . documents," said the doctor.

"Stop me if I'm boring you," the governor said.

"I'm sorry, but these conditions always have similar symptoms."

The governor slapped his palms to his forehead, his air of formal calm gone.

"Photographs . . . tapes . . . witnesses . . . the whole shebang," he murmured. "I'm supposed to go before a grand jury next Tuesday. That means four, five counts, *federal felony counts*, nine months before the first Presidential primary. And a trial right through the first of the year. Never mind my . . . hopes for the future. I might as well resign my seat or flee to Brazil."

The governor looked at the doctor with eyes of naked pain.

"What have I got?"

The doctor sat completely still.

"Please, doc," the governor said, sweat now beading on his patrician forehead. "This is my life we're talking about. *What have I got?*"

"The fee . . .?"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," the governor babbled with relief as he

handed the attaché case across the desk. "If you want to count it now—"

"I'm sure it's all there," the doctor offered reassuringly. "You will please send an assistant round tomorrow to retrieve your case." The governor nodded. "You've left some papers in here in addition to the . . . fee?" Another nod.

"Good," said the doctor. He rose from his desk and began to pace back and forth, with professional solemnity.

"Governor, you have three children, I presume?"

"Why, yes. I have a boy, thirteen, a girl, twelve, and then there's Bonnie, who's three." His eyes lit up at the mention of the dimpled, cheerful redhead who had brought new strength to his troubled marriage.

The doctor's brow furrowed.

"Governor, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. Bonnie is very, very ill."

The governor sat bolt upright.

"Oh, no. Oh, no."

"Yes, Governor." The doctor went to a file cabinet marked *Diagnoses—Terminal* and pulled out a file of X-rays and medical charts.

"It seems, Governor, that little Bonnie has contracted a rare disease—a cancerous condition of the liver which is totally and irreversibly terminal."

"You can't be serious—it's monstrous—surely there's *some* other . . . diagnosis, somebody else, perhaps a lingering, curable malady, I mean . . . hepatitis . . ."

The stern expression on the doc-

tor's face silenced the governor.

"I am a specialist," the doctor said quietly but firmly. "You have come to me seeking the proper form of attention for your particular malady. I have been in this profession since Gerald Ford and Nelson Rockefeller came to me a decade ago. In that time, my work has been at the service of the most important people of the world."

He continued now, warming to his words.

"When Bentsen's election was in trouble, did he come whimpering when I told him of his wife's breast cancer? And subsequently? Do you realize that woman had a colostomy, three open-heart operations, and has had all of her limbs removed? Do you know what they call her now in society? 'The Paperweight.' But Bentsen understood what was needed.

"Did you hear Teddy whimper when the Chappaquidick stories surfaced again, and his son had to lose a leg? Have you looked at the Congress lately? Do you know that there are 275 monopedes in the House of Representatives? Did you ever wonder what those twenty-seven senators thought of when their children were lost at sea on a cruise?"

"You must understand, Governor, that the burdens of leadership are heavy. The . . . temptations of public life are not so easily buried these days. The press—TV—this practice of mine is the last barrier between our natural leaders and *mob anarchy*."

The governor squared his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, I see, doctor. What—what do I do?"

"Bring Bonnie in next week for a check-up. We'll prepare the necessary medical documents and, of course, the injections with the—culture. Then we just let nature take its course."

"And the timing—"

The doctor smiled.

"I think I can assure you of a somber funeral a week before the New Hampshire primary."

"Will Bonnie—suffer much?"

"No more than is necessary," said the doctor, rising to his feet. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have another patient to see. If you'd mind leaving by the back entrance . . ."

"Of course, doctor, of course." As he left, he heard the doctor greeting the next patient.

"*Buon giorno*, Your Holiness, *buon giorno*, and what seems to be the trouble?" □

One Month Only - 15% Off!



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

Circle Items Desired  
 Send check or money order to:  
 Sativa Sales, P.O. Box 30272, Terminal Annex, L.A., Calif. 90030.  
 Allow 2 wks. for delivery. Add \$1 postage & handling. California residents add 6% tax NL-1075  
 Check here for free catalog.

# FREE!

## MYSTERY ITEM WORTH

# \$1 WITH EVERY ORDER

**P216 FLESH GORDON WATER PISTOL.** This is the ultimate complete working water pistol with soft core 8" barrel. The perfect summer weapon. Only \$5.95 guaranteed to give her a barrel of fun.



**P-146**



**7 inches \$3.98**



**SUPER  
DOLLS**

**SUPER SEX DOLLS**  
DICK AND JANE do everything and anything.  
P-110—DICK is 6 feet tall and Dick has a dick and a big open mouth and can replace your present boyfriend. Only \$39.95.  
P-111—JANE has a big mouth and a groovy extra opening that Dick doesn't have. She is 5½ feet tall and can replace your present girlfriend. She has a 34 bust and much more. \$39.95.

Keep the subject on sex with these incredible brushed silver key chains. Order by number. Only 1.98.



If you are intrigued with our sex toys as all normal people should be, and would like literature on how to order hundreds of other items such as simulated vaginas, erecto cream, joy jek, pecker pumps, just to name a few—simply sign below and check box for free booklet. If ordering from this ad be sure to sign below and enclose signature with regular order coupon. REMEMBER—YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE. (if you're lucky)

IF BUYING SEX TOYS MAKE SURE YOU SIGN THIS COUPON AND INCLUDE WITH PURCHASE COUPON. IT'S A DRAG BUT IT'S NECESSARY TO FILL YOUR ORDER.

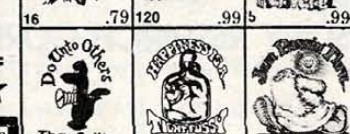
Signature

I am 21 years young.

Hi — I'm Raylen Arts new product manager and I'm tickled pink about our new IRON-ON TRANSFERS that never wrinkle or crack. I'm also pleased about our new line of war memorabilia. But most exciting is our SEX TOY dept. offering. We have new crazy items being offered by mail that can actually change one entire outlook on sex forever. It's another 1st and I'm proud to be part of Raylen's new bold offers across the board. DON'T FORGET OUR NEW FREE 1.00 ITEM WITH EVERY SALE TO OFFSET UNCLE SAMS OUTRAGEOUS POSTAL RATES.



The iron-on transfers in this ad are of the finest and most brilliant color-fast quality available. And our iron-ons are AMERICAN MADE. This means better quality. Completely washable. All iron-ons selling at \$1.48 are of a new super photographic quality and are a full 11x14 in. Full instructions come with each order so your transfers will adhere like GLUE! FREE CATALOGUE WITH EVERY ORDER. B/W indicates Black and White. All other designs are FULL COLOR. Average size 10x13.



### NAZI AND SS

The belt buckles below are available for the first time in the country at 5.98 each. These buckles were actually created from original GERMAN MOLDS used in the 1930's in Germany. Nothing could be more authentic in detail for this reason. Each fits standard 2" belts and are interchangeable. Each is finished in the original brushed brass. Definitely a collector's item. A unique gift. . . . Order by number.



**BB5 BB1**

NAZI POSTERS 2.98 EA.



World's 1st 3D Poster With Glasses  
Y-300 \$2.98



### OUT OF ORDER

Out of order stickers R-1000. These stickers are the only true pressure sensitive stickers in bright yellow and black that makes it fun to rebel against Ma Bell and hundreds of other monopolies. 1"x3"+actual size. 15 to a pad. Only 49c.

### CREDIT CARDS FOR LOVERS

Our new line of credit cards are the same size, shape and material as any credit card you now carry, except ours won't ever cost you more than the purchase price, \$1.49 each or all 5 for \$5.98. These full-color cards will last a life time and your tasteless friends will love them! The perfect conversation piece. Order by number. Great gift item.



RAYLEN ARTS, DEPT. 12  
P.O. Box 3591  
Lantana, FLORIDA 33462

#### POSTERS AND NOVELTIES

ITEM	QTY	PRICE
TOTAL ITEMS		
POSTAGE		
TOTAL		

Add 75¢ postage on all orders

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Add applicable sales tax.

NO ORDERS SHIPPED OVERSEAS

# Turn her on with Prelude 2... She'll love you for it



## Discover how sexy your woman is... with Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener."

Bring your partner in touch with her whole range of sensual feelings... stimulate her to heightened sexual joy. Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" helps you turn her on in ways you never thought possible.

With Prelude 2 you can let your imagination run wild! Or follow the eye-opening, step-by-step guide we include. You'll soon discover fantastic new ideas to "wake up" both your bodies.

### A must for today's couples

Today's woman is eager to explore her sensual potential. She's no longer settling for less than her full capacity for sexual fulfillment. And you can help! Excite her with Prelude 2! She'll love exploring her body, discovering how to express her deepest sexual desires. With Prelude 2 you can give her what she really wants. What's in it for you? A lot more fun! A lot more loving!

### Features Special Stimulator

The Special Stimulator adds to her pleasure... helps her attain and intensify orgasms. (In fact, many doctors recommend Prelude 2 for women who have difficulty reaching orgasm.) Your reward for being so generous? Your excitement grows with hers. Your bodies have never been so in tune... your relationship so sexually exciting!

What's more, Prelude 2 might even teach you a thing or two about your own sensuality. It's the ideal gift—for the both of you. And, Sensory Research Corp. guarantees complete satisfaction—or your money back.

### Your Prelude 2 "the sensual awakener" set contains:

- Prelude 2, designed and clinically tested to guarantee hygienic, safe and effective performance. Noiseless, for discreet use wherever and whenever you desire.
- Special Stimulator. *The only one of its kind.* Assists women in achieving and enriching body awareness. Nothing to insert or harm delicate tissues.
- 4 additional massage attachments to relax and stimulate you from head to toe.



1. Facial massage attachment for massaging neck or face and smoothing on creams or oils.
2. Body massage attachment for soothing tense, sore muscles.
3. Scalp attachment for an invigorating scalp massage.
4. General massage attachment for penetrating action on calves, feet or body.

• Sexual Health Care Booklet for today's more sensual, informed couples. Includes easy, relaxed step-by-step directions and

advice. How to use Prelude 2 by yourself. How to use Prelude 2 with your partner. Beginning and advanced techniques.

## Sex therapists, doctors, hundreds of satisfied couples everywhere are thrilled with Prelude 2!

"... a most effective instrument." Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D. "The use in couples has met with success and I consider it worthy of recommendation." Don Sloan, M.D.

"I highly recommend Prelude 2." Mary Briggs, Sexual Health Consultant Program in Human Sexuality, University of Minnesota Medical School.

"Prelude 2 has changed my life... opened the door to true sensual pleasure." C. D., St. Petersburg, Florida.

"It is unquestionably the answer to a maiden's prayer and/or problem." A. B., Traverse City, Michigan.

"For the first time in my life I reached an orgasm which I didn't think was possible. I can't thank you enough." S. H., San Diego, California.

"... of inestimable value in anorgasmic individuals." Leo Wollman, M.D., Newsletter Editor, The Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

### 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee

You must be completely delighted with Prelude 2, or it may be returned within 30 days from date of purchase for a full refund. No questions asked. Prelude 2 is guaranteed for one full year against mechanical defects or poor workmanship.

Expand your sexual horizons! Turn her on more than ever! Get your Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" set today!



## SENSORY RESEARCH CORPORATION

5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003 Dept. OU-10A

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ Prelude 2's @ \$24.95 each postpaid. I enclose  Check or  Money Order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Charge my  BankAmericard or

Master Charge. Account No. \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Interbank No. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Outside Continental U.S., please include \$1.50 for shipping. In N.J., add 5% sales tax. Orders only! Call our toll free number: 800 228 9700. (In Nebraska call: 571-8100 collect.) Your call will be handled in complete confidence.

## My Meter Is Running

continued from page 28

about this plot to assassinate Rocky. It seems that when Rocky bought Venezuela and Puerto Rico, the main thing he wanted to do with these countries was to find all these young spics and use them for his fag parties. Snotnose told me that Rockefeller was nuts about really young boys of the "Hispanic persuasion"—that was the words he used—kids about eight, nine, ten years old especially. He would get busloads of them, pay them anything they wanted, and make them do all kinds of disgusting fag stuff with him and his homo friends. The snotnose said that most of the kids didn't mind. A lot of them were fags anyway, so Rocky was actually doing them a big favor. He was giving them enough money to support their whole families. But there was a small group of spics who were very mad at Rocky for what he was doing. They weren't fags. They were so fucking mad that they wanted to kill him. Sure, there's a very good security team guarding Rocky, he said. But the one area where he's vulnerable is with his fag boyfriends. This is the one indulgence we have to live with. If he doesn't get his fags every day, he goes crazy, like an alcoholic without his liquor. So we have to give him his spic boyfriends, but we have to maintain the tightest security possible. And that's where you come in, he said. You will be in charge of screening all of Rocky's boys, to make sure they are harmless, not fanatical killers. It seems that they got wind of this new revolutionary organization in Puerto Rico that swore to kill Rocky at any cost. Just a few weeks ago, he said, they very nearly got him. He was campaigning down on Mulberry Street, in the Italian neighborhood, and somebody stuck a knish in his hand and of course, he took a bite out of it, and it turned out to be poisoned. You don't eat knishes on Mulberry Street, but he'll eat anything that's put in his hand, Snotnose said. He still doesn't know the difference between a knish and a calzone. But they managed to pump the poison out of his stomach.

Anyway, the security team would take care of everything. They just wanted me to be the fag expert on the team, as an extra precaution. So every day I would report to Intercontinental and look over a bunch of new spics, usually PRs or Venezuelans from Rocky's ranch. He even raises them on the fucking

continued on page 102



### FREE RECORD COLLECTION

Reviewers Wanted: (No Experience Required)

We ship you NEW records to review. All you pay is postage & handling. You pay nothing for any records. Applicants accepted on "First Come Basis." For application write: NATIONAL RESEARCH, Dept. N, 3725 N. 126th St., Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005.



### COME SLEEP WITH ME

Printed linen pillow case

ONLY \$2.95

standard size

add \$1.00 for mailing and handling

For those lonely nights, send check or money order payable to:

Hathaway Limited, Dept. N

2893 S. Delaware, Milwaukee WI 53207

## BEST SELLERS



### ATLAS OF SEXUAL PLEASURES

Straightforward, totally revealing European approach to masturbation, erogenous areas, special love techniques, homosexuality, nymphomania, exhibitionism. Beautiful color photos in explicit detail. 183 pages. Advertised at \$16.95, Now \$8.95.

### PHOTO GUIDE OF SEXUAL LOVE

New sex manual from Europe tells you WHAT TO DO... HOW TO DO IT... WHEN TO DO IT. Over 150 explicit photos in color and b&w of a live, untraid, nude couple in a variety of pre-coital and coital positions. Explores the whole field of physical love, including the building of sexual power, sexual stimulation, techniques for building passion, and more. Over 1/2 million copies sold at \$12.95. Now available in soft cover from Adam & Eve exclusively for just \$6.95. Large 12" x 9" Uncensored and unabridged.

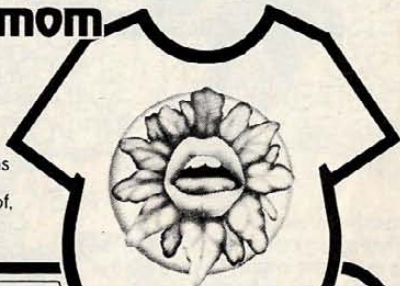
Order both for only \$15.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or complete refund.

Order from **ADAM & EVE**,  
105 N. Columbia, Dept. EN-11  
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514



## The mouth your mom can't wash out with soap...

Transcend the mediocrity of modern frippery with Roach's jim-dandy designs printed in rip-humming colors on darn good cotton shirts. Washable, fadeproof, and highly desired by bigwigs and tinhorns alike.



Wet Lips 5093

"Glitters"™ the sparkling metal flake look



5048



5096



5072



5004



5037



5094



5011



5047



4053 Silver



4048 Silver



4040 Green



4038 Silver



4052 Silver



4032 Gold



4041 Silver



4037 Silver

TM Trademark



M-626



M-140



M-566



M-627



M-599



M-605



M-523



M-529



M-563

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Specify Size \_\_\_\_\_ Design No. \_\_\_\_\_

Iron-On Transfers Design No. \_\_\_\_\_ \$1.50 ea. 3 for \$3.00

Specify Design Nos. \_\_\_\_\_ Design No. \_\_\_\_\_

Designs on both sides of shirt — \$1.00 extra

Enclose cash, check or money order (over \$20 money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Non-resident residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH. Add 35¢ per shirt for postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Roach Catalog	75
<input type="checkbox"/> White T-Shirt	\$3.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Sweatshirt short sleeve S, M, L	\$5.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Sweatshirt long sleeve S, M, L	\$6.95
<b>COLOR T/ADULT</b>	\$4.25
<input type="checkbox"/> Gray	<input type="checkbox"/> Lt. Blue
<input type="checkbox"/> Red	<input type="checkbox"/> Lavender
<input type="checkbox"/> Gold	<input type="checkbox"/> Maroon
<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Orange
<b>COLOR T/YOUTH</b>	\$4.25
<input type="checkbox"/> Gray	<input type="checkbox"/> Lt. Blue
<input type="checkbox"/> Red	<input type="checkbox"/> Gold
<b>Adult Sizes G, M, L, XL</b>	
<b>Youth 6-R, 10-12, 14-16</b>	

ROACH P. O. Box 182 NPL10-75 Worthington, OH 43085

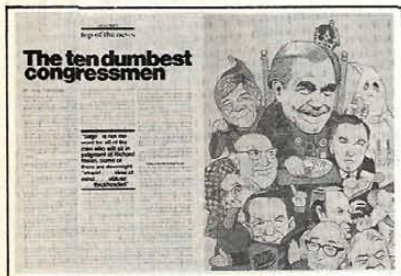
# New Times. The mouse that roars.



Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like a mighty mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the ratters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.



#### Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "The CIA and the Mafia" concerning the inevitability with which gentlemen who wished to be killers gravitated to killers who wished to be gentlemen. There was our "Rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman"—a trip on the underground railroad that really caused an uproar.

In "The Greatest Cover-Up of All" we looked at the new evidence in the JFK assassination and concluded it was a conspiracy. In "Under Control," we got inside Silva Mind Control. Is it just the latest psycho-chic or can it really give you the power

to look inside other people's bodies? In "The Divine Recline of Miss M" we sought an answer to that heavy question—Has Bette Midler shot her bolt? In "The Prisons of Our Freedom," we visited a nightmare called Camp Pendleton where a lot of South Vietnamese were starting to ask, "When can we go home?"

"Women Who Murder" showed how male sexist attitudes can work to the benefit of women—especially if they shoot or stab somebody. "Not with a Bang but with a Pssst" asked what's being done about those killer aerosol cans. Answer? Absolutely nothing. "Selling the Black Vote" made a lot of blacks and whites mad with its unblinking look at some new ethnic hustlers. "Victims of a Desperate Age" examined evidence that the Rosenbergs could have been framed. "Prisoners of Psychotherapy" was the last word on escaping from your analyst.

#### Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is the magazine of what's happening and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare



new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life experiences. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our own medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County. Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

#### We're plugged into now.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

You can have 17 issues of the magazine



of what's happening for only \$4.97. That's \$2.87 less than the regular subscription price—\$7.78 less than the newsstand price. Or save even more! Take 26 issues—one year—of NEW TIMES for only \$7.50, a saving of \$4.50 over the regular subscription price—\$12.00 less than the newsstand price. The attached order card will do the trick. Or write to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Join us. Start to roar a little.

For immediate service 24 hours a day  
CALL TOLL FREE 800-327-8912

# NewTimes



**SPUNTS**

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT THERE WOULD NEVER BE AN END TO GETTING BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT YOU GOT THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING ELSE WAITING TO BE GOTTEN NEXT?

CONGRATULATIONS—YOU HAVE NOW COMPLETED THE MOST COMPLEX MODEL POSSIBLE USING PARTS FROM MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT #1, A PEASANT CART INCORPORATING MAN'S GREATEST INVENTION—THE WHEEL!

YEAH!

MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT #1

FOR EVEN MORE EXCITING MODELS, PURCHASE MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT SETS #2 TO #15 (SEE CATALOGUE)

GEE, I THOUGHT THIS KIT WAS ALL YOU NEEDED. I WANTED TO BUILD A MEDIEVAL ROCK CATAPULT...

MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT #1

TO MAKE A MEDIEVAL ROCK CATAPULT, FOR EXAMPLE, SETS #1 AND #2 ARE NEEDED. FOR A WORKING CATAPULT SET #3 IS ALSO NEEDED.

HEY, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

BE A MIGHTY BUILD-O-BUILDER

MIGHTY BUILD-O-CATALOGUE

Gahan Wilson

BUT THE FUN JUST STARTS WHEN YOU HAVE ALSO PURCHASED KITS #4 THROUGH #7 AND CAN BUILD A WINDMILL. OWNERS OF MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT SETS #1 THROUGH #13 ARE ENTITLED TO A MIGHTY BUILD-O-BUILDER CERTIFICATE FOR AN ADDITIONAL \$5.00

WHAT A CROCK!

BE A MIGHTY BUILD-O-BUILDER

MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT #1

BUT THE FUN DOESN'T REALLY START UNTIL YOU HAVE ALL THE SETS UP TO #14 AND DOESN'T REALLY, REALLY START UNTIL ALL THE SETS ARE BOUGHT INCLUDING #15 AND THE MIGHTY BUILD-O-ENCYCLOPEDIA OF

AW, SHUT UP!!!

MIGHTY BUILD-O-KIT #1



# IDYL



© J. JONES 1975

IDYL, IN HER MEANDERING, STUMBLES UPON THE BLOCK, THE HINGED STONE.



I AM THE HINGED STONE,  
THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

OH.



THE LITERAL  
ORACLE. I HAVE  
THE ANSWERS.

YOU SEEM TO  
BE FALLING  
APART.



AHEM!

I HAVE THE ANSWERS.  
ASK ME THE QUESTIONS.



I DON'T HAVE  
ANY QUESTIONS.

THERE IS A LENGTHY PAUSE OF WARY DESCENT. WE SHALL BEGIN ANOTHER STORY.

YOU LOOK VERY YOUNG.

I WAS BORN  
THAT WAY.





OFFICIAL DOCUMENT—DATELINE WASHINGTON 10:46 P.M. THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED! MOVING SWIFTLY, PENTAGON OFFICIALS HAVE SEQUESTERED THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS IN AN INCONSPICUOUS BOARDING HOUSE. NASA IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE!



10:48 P.M. SUDDENLY OUTSIDE, A CRAZED MOB SPOTS THE LIGHT IN THE BOARDING HOUSE WINDOW!



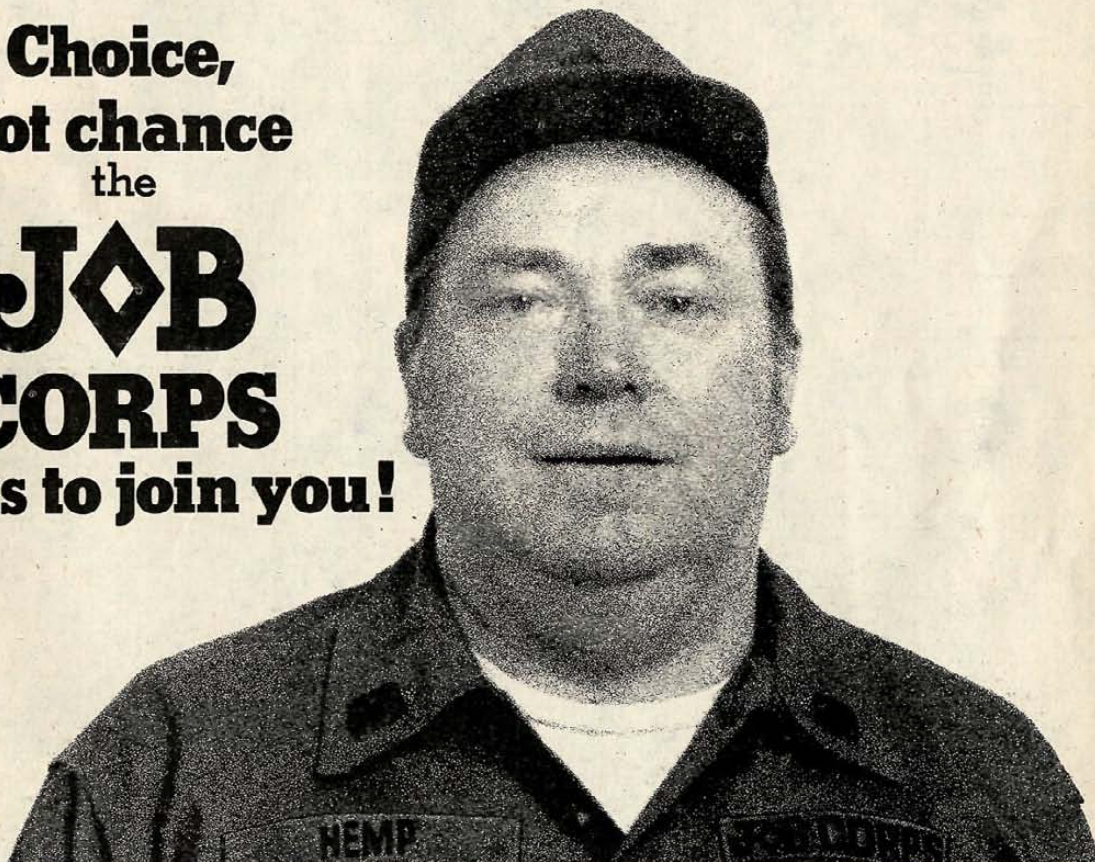
OH NO! WE ONLY HAVE HOURS! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS WE WANT TO EXPERIENCE HERE!



10:55 P.M. HOLLYWOOD, THE BOARDROOM OF THE LAST CHANCE ANIMATION CO.



**Choice,  
not chance  
the  
JOB  
CORPS  
wants to join you!**



Take it from a veteran campaign smoker, Sgt. Hemp, if you haven't got a **JOB** right now, the Adams Apple "**JOB** Corps" wants you.

We're a crack outfit looking for an all volunteer group of smokers to make rolling decisions—by choice, not chance.

**Your Choices:**

For \$1, you'll receive one pack each of our popular, one lick, no mess, **JOB** Double Wide Cigarette Papers—White and Strawberry, (just like the Captain smokes). And for you, Pvt. 1st class, single paper rollers, a pack of **JOB** Wheat Straws and a pack of **JOB** 55's, white.

Your basic training will involve simple hand to hand rolling techniques with all four of these easy-draw, cool-smoking, smooth-rolling **JOB** Cigarette Papers. And you won't even have to get a hair cut.

Why take a chance when you have a choice?

**ENLIST NOW**

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

**Adams Apple Distributing Company**  
Dept. NL-06  
2835 N. Sheffield • Chi., Ill. 60657

So, send me my **JOB** Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

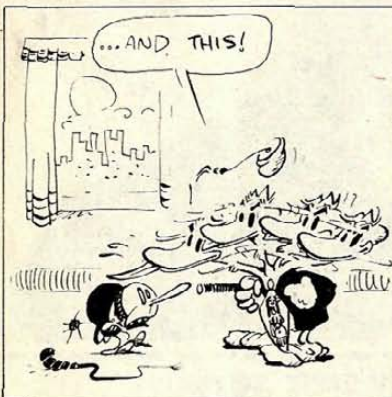
City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Only one sample to a family, please. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Offer good only while supply lasts.



# DIRTY DUCK



# RICHARD PRYOR

“Is It Something I Said?”

## RICHARD PRYOR Is It Something I Said?

Includes Eulogy/Our Text for Today  
Just Us / Women Are Beautiful



“I was in jail too, man . . . it's cold-blooded in jail. Nixon wouldn't have lasted two days . . . They give niggers time like it's lunch down there. You go down in there lookin' for justice; that's what you find: just us.”



All-new on Reprise records and tapes.

# MINIT MYSTERIES PRESENTS: ROSIE The RIVETER

in:  
THE CASE OF  
The  
**SOUR  
KRAUT**



HOW DID ROSIE FIND THE SPY? ANSWER IS UPSIDE-DOWN! OUR FIGHTING BOYS! ESPECIALLY WHEN UTTERED BY LINGO—HUBBA HUBBA IS NOT INSTEAD AWAY WHEN SHE WENT TO THE KAYAK! BUT LOLA GAVE HERSELF STICK OUT THE EXPLANATION IN STURDY MORE JAP SILK—PATRIOTIC GALS ROSIE GOT SUSPICIOUS CAUSE LOLA

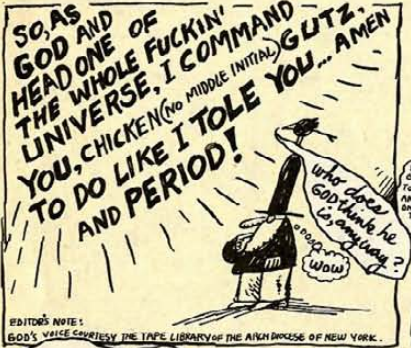
AND NOW...AS PROOF THAT THE NATIONAL LAMPOON HIRES THE HANDICAPPED:

YOUNG COMIC ARTISTS—ATTENTION: REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOUR MOM SAID WHEN SHE GAVE YOU THE SET, I HAVE NEVER SEEN A CARTOONIST USE A SPEEDBALL PEN. THANK YOU.

# CHICKEN-GUIT

These comic pages have been dull as far folks but now you're in for a treat!

by ENOS

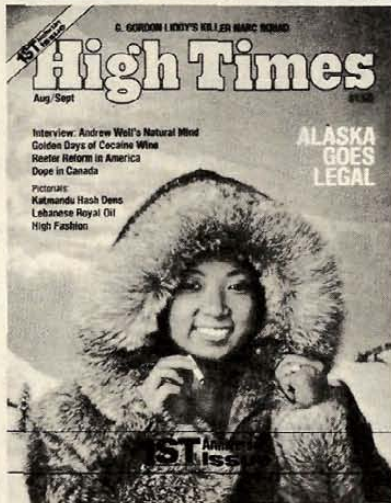


# ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER

You've heard about *High Times* magazine. But chances are you haven't been able to find it at your local newsstand. That's because the Big Five of magazine distribution have boycotted *High Times*—making it tough on you, and us. We've taken this ad to communicate with you directly.

*High Times* is beautifully designed and printed in full color on glossy paper. It's the magazine that many dealers read for its authoritative reports on the dope scene. But *High Times* is more than a magazine about dope.

*High Times* is a magazine about consciousness, completely unique and totally exciting. In its first year, *High Times* has grown to a paid circulation of 250,000. Here's a few reasons why:



- **Laughing Gas**—The new fad for nitrous oxide, the safe high.
- **I Was Kennedy's Dealer**—A Camelot connection recalls history's hidden heads.
- **Hash in the U.S.S.R.**—The Moscow and Leningrad dope scenes revealed.
- **Interview with John Finlator**—America's former chief narc speaks frankly about his years with the BNDD.
- **The Man Who Turned on the World**—Acid pioneer Michael Hollingshead, who first turned on Leary, Baba Ram Dass and hundreds of others.
- **The Night They Raided Crosby's**—A nostalgic look at New York City's swankest smokeasy.
- **Wonder Weeds of Mexico**—A full-color pictorial on mighty marijuanas.
- **Choosing a Dope Defender**—How to pick the right lawyer for your case.
- **A Professional Pot Taster Talks**—Dealerdom's hired lung recalls the high-stakes tasting.
- **Joint Rolling Around the World**—A guide to rolling foreign favorites.
- **Hemp Paper Reconsidered**—Hemp, the world's finest paper could end the rape of our forests for paper pulp.
- **Recollections of a Lady Dealer**—A female dope trader tells how she cracked the man's world of big-money grass dealings.
- **Cocaine Fiends**—Sneak preview of the hilarious sequel to *Reefer Madness*.
- **Death in the Desert**—An investigative report reconstructs a shootout in Arizona between smugglers and customs agents.
- **Peyote Songs**—The Indian songs of self-awareness turn out to be surprisingly relevant today.
- **Report from the Fields**—An eyewitness roundup of the harvest on four continents.
- **Dope Superlawyers**—Profiles of ten of America's top dope defenders.
- **Hash Rubbing in Kashmir**—On Safari in the ganja fields of India.
- **Don Peyote**—Color centerfold featuring the Macho Mescaline of La Mancha.
- **Wings Over Tijuana**—Pot-smuggling comics in full-color, by Rand Holmes.

- **Pot, Peasants & Pancho Villa**—The stoned strategies of Mexico's great revolutionary.
- **Microscopic Marijuana**—Electron Microscope blowups of pot and cocaine, published for the first time.
- **Lowland Weed Compagnie**—Amsterdam's legal pot market blossoms.
- **The High & the Mighty**—A torrid tale of Caribbean smuggling adventures.
- **Thai for Two**—A tantalizing centerfold featuring the Buddha sticks of Bangkok.
- **Ganga in Indonesia**—In pursuit of the giant hash of Sumatra.
- **Mescaline Magic**—The microscopic light show of pure crystal mescaline.
- **The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library**—The archives of reefer and other madresses.

- **Alaska Goes Legal**—The 49th state warms up to pot, and the California carpetbaggers fly in for the boo-boom.
- **Liddy's Killer Narc Squad**—The secret White House plan to assassinate dealers
- **Alas, Katmandu**—A pictorial tribute to the disappearing hash dens of Nepal.
- **Dope Rider**—Dopedom's 'Lean Ranger' rides again.
- **Sexual Secrets of Marijuana**—Sneak preview of the first X-rated dope film, with Johnny Wadd.
- **Golden Days of Cocaine Wine**—The tonic of Popes and Presidents that made the 90's gay.
- **Reefer Reform in America**—A state-by-state wrap-up of the latest gains, and losses.
- **Trans-High Market Quotations**—Detailed prices and descriptions of dope, everything from the price of Jamaican ganja in Kansas City to the cost of Nepalese finger hash in Paris.
- **HighWitness News**—Eight pages of consciousness news from around the world. In addition, *High Times* includes reviews of the latest high films, books and records, research on legal highs, quality-control tests on the latest paraphernalia, special departments on psychoactive medicine and law, a reader's forum and a wealth of lore, humor, cartoons and fiction.

The first four editions of *High Times* are already collector's items, selling for as much as \$10, and the supply of the latest issue is going fast. There just doesn't seem to be enough *High Times* for everybody, so we're going to publish every two months starting in September. But we need your help. First, demand *High Times* from your local newsdealer or magazine outlet. Ask them again and again; it's the only way the Big Five will put *High Times* on the shelf. Second, subscribe so you don't miss another exciting issue.

HIGH TIMES. THE ONLY MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO GETTING HIGH... REALLY HIGH.



## SPECIAL OFFER!

Due to the extreme difficulty of obtaining *High Times* on newsstands, we now offer this special deal for *High Times* in quantity.

- Send me 10 copies of the current issue for \$12.
- Send me 25 copies of the current issue for \$30.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

HIGH TIMES, Dept. NL, Box 386  
Cooper Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

## SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

- Enclosed is \$10 for the next 8 issues.
  - Enclosed is \$14 for the next 12 issues.
  - Two sample issues for \$3.
- Please add \$2 in Canada.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

HIGH TIMES, Dept. NL, Box 386  
Cooper Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

EATING OUT



ONE YEAR AFFAIR



NEXT: WHIPPIN' THEM OL' D.T.'S

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS



NEXT: WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

WEISS/PREISS ©1975 B.P.V.P. INC.

United Artists Records  
and Grateful Dead Records  
proudly present  
"Blues For Allah."  
A brilliant musical achievement  
from the legendary  
Grateful Dead.



On Grateful Dead Records  
Distributed by United Artists Records



©MCMXXV United Artists Music and Records Group, Inc.

**NO FAT, FLAB OR FILLERS! NO CEREAL, EXTENDERS OR STIFFS! NO POTATOES!**

WARNER BROS. RECORDS' NEW SAMPLER ALBUM IS

# ALL MEAT!

... a fantastic compilation of prime cuts ... with the price cut to the bone! 25 untrimmed selections from choice Warner Bros., Reprise, Capricorn, Bearsville and Curton albums ... all for only \$2.00 — a price that eliminates profit from our diets while adding essential audio protein to yours!



The sizzle of **THE DOOBIE BROTHERS!**



The tang of **JAMES TAYLOR!**



The savor of **FACES! ROD STEWART!**



The tenderness of **JESSE COLIN YOUNG!**



The rich goodness of **CHER!**



The gusto of **CURTIS MAYFIELD!**

**PLUS**—the tantalizing flavors of **TODD RUNDGREN, ELVIN BISHOP, WET WILLIE, COMMANDER CODY & HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN, THE BEAU BRUMMELS, MARTIN MULL, LABELLE, JIMI HENDRIX, EARTH, WIND & FIRE** and numerous others!

**★ TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST!**

Put an ordinary record album between two slices of your favorite bread and take a big bite. The record is thin ... tough ... evil-tasting. Now put a copy of Warner Bros.' **ALL MEAT** sampler on your phonograph. The music is rich ... intriguing ... delightful ... satisfying.

**PROOF that ALL MEAT is your BEST RECORD BUY!**

**ALL MEAT**, c/o Warner Bros. Records  
P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510.

NL-3

Meat jokes, huh? Okay, let's see how you take a little ribbing. I've decided to *steak* the enclosed \$2.00 on your new two-record sampler. See? I can do it too. How do you like being on the other side for a change? I thought so.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Allow six weeks for delivery. Available in U.S. and Canada only. Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records. Mustard not included.



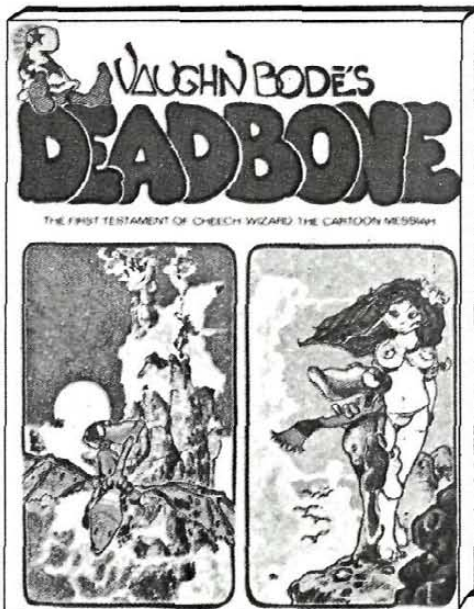
DEADBONE IS SO HIGH IT'S STONED ON ITSELF. THEN THINGS HAPPEN LIKE TIME WARPS, AN REALITY FADES THESE FOG OUTS CAUSE CURIOUS DISTORTIONS IN DE DAY TO DAY DUMBNESS OF MINDBOOMS.

Northern Comfort Communications presents **THE FIRST TESTAMENT OF CHEECH WIZARD The Cartoon Messiah**

"... A standard classic of cartoon art."

Take it from the Hat...dollar for dollar Vaughn Bodē's Deadbone will get you higher longer than anything else on today's inflated market. Deadbone is 80 pages, a big 9" x 12" hardcover book, printed in halftone & line, perfectly reproducing Bodē's original vision of Deadbone Mountain—four miles high and a billion years back. There is nothing else like it. Deadbone is available at your favorite bookstore or directly from NCC. Stay high! Send \$14.95 for Deadbone and free catalog of other Bodē artwork.

Deadbone is available in a limited edition of only 250 copies, bound in Skivertex leather, gold stamped, numbered, and individually signed by Vaughn Bodē, at \$75.00.



At last... **BODÉ COMICS SPECIAL!**

A vintage collection from 1966-1972 by the great underground presses. 100% Bodē artwork containing Cheech Wizard to Cobalt 60 to Machines and more! Complete set available by mail only from NCC at \$8.00.



All 7 Comics and Deadbone only \$20 Please add .75 for mailing comic sets Send **M.O.**, check or BankAmericard-Mastercharge card no. & expiry date. To: **NCC, Dept. A, Main St. Smithers, B.C. Canada V0J 2N0**



**Canadian Corner**

*continued from page 25*

- 1) Immediately stop all arms sales to Israel, which will result in a stress reaction in the NatLampCo boardroom culminating in the cessation of your paycheck.
- 2) Place an immediate ban on the export of Scotch whiskies and Whitbread ale from our dominions, resulting in your experiencing visions of spiders and other unpleasantness.

Under the Seal of My Thumb  
Elizabeth Regina II

Fellow Huns, I dispatched a message in which I pretended to go along with her; this should buy us enough time to complete preparations. (Rest assured your general was not for a moment tempted to command a regiment of skirt-wearing, bagpipe-playing fruits even if he did get to shoot up half of Africa.)

So, men, it is time for all soldiers to staunch up their hearts with blackberry brandy, fill their pockets with unearned increment, and prepare for immediate action on the northern front. Assembly point A is the Anvil Tavern in Wolfeville, Nova Scotia. See you there at 0800 drinks.

T. Mann



**WONDER PEEP MEMORIAL SERIES**  
T-SHIRT ART DEPICTING THE HISTORY OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN  
PRINTED BY PNL RYAN

**NO. 00 - FLYING EYE**  
© Monster Corp. 1975

**NO. 96 - SQUAW**  
Pat Ryan © 1981

**NO. 94 - RIGIDITY**  
Pat Ryan © 1975

**NO. 97 - NAVAJO**  
Pat Ryan © 1975

**NO. 98 - CHEYENNE**  
Pat Ryan © 1981

**AMERICAN DESIGN BY KELLEY MOORE & FRIENDS**  
HAND-COLORED IN FULL COLOR

**NO. 21 - ROLLING THUNDER**  
© Monster Co. 1975

**NO. 24 - TIGER ROSE**  
© Monster Co. 1975

**NO. 07 - FUCK**  
© Monster Co. 1973

**NO. 22 - CALIFORNIA**  
© Monster Co. 1974

**NO. 23 - WING**  
© Monster Corp. 1974

**NO. 26 - ZAP**  
© Monster 1975

**NO. 11 - FACE**  
© Monster Co. 1973

**NO. 29 - ROBOT**  
© Monster Corp. 1975

**NO. 25 - IRON-ON (SHOT TO THE TOUCH)**  
GUARANTEED NOT TO CRACK, PEEL OR MAKE YOU SWEAT

**THE GREATEST T-SHIRTS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN**

**SCUMBO**  
THE GREATEST T-SHIRTS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN

**THE SCUMBO HISTORY OF EARLY NUCLEAR WARFARE.**

HEAVEN  
STARS  
PLANETS  
EARTH  
HUMANS  
AD-MEN  
PLANTS  
MINERALS  
RALPH GINSBERG  
VOID  
SCUMBO

YOU ARE HERE

THE GREAT ATOM

I DON'T KNOW, "ED."

MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT THE 'ATOM BOMB'. 'HERRING BOMB' IS A LITTLE COY, RIGHT?

NOW IT'S GLASS!

NOW ALL THE 'IRPS' ARE LIKE 'HERRING'.

ALAMOGORDO

NAGASAKI

NOTHING "BAD" HAS HAPPENED.

**ESSAY:**  
(5000 WDS)  
"WHY ME?"

(FOR PRIZE INFORMATION, CONTACT DR. R. SCHULMAN, DEPT. OF PSYCHIATRY, UNIV. OF CINCINNATI MED. SCHL.)

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:  
**Monster**  
P.O. BOX 3446 DEPARTMENT-L  
SAN RAFAEL, CALIF. 94902

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PRESCRIPTION NO. \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE: S - M - L - XL

ADDITIONAL INFO:  SHIRT-SLEEVE  LONG-SLEEVE  
 T-SHIRT-4.95  FULL-COLOR  
 LARGER SIZES  LARGER T-SHIRTS 5.95 CANADA - 7.95

**McCalland & '75**

**SCUMBO**

**THE SCUMBO HISTORY OF EARLY NUCLEAR WARFARE.**

HEAVEN  
STARS  
PLANETS  
EARTH  
HUMANS  
AD-MEN  
PLANTS  
MINERALS  
RALPH GINSBERG  
VOID  
SCUMBO

YOU ARE HERE

THE GREAT ATOM

I DON'T KNOW, "ED."

MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT THE 'ATOM BOMB'. 'HERRING BOMB' IS A LITTLE COY, RIGHT?

NOW IT'S GLASS!

NOW ALL THE 'IRPS' ARE LIKE 'HERRING'.

ALAMOGORDO

NAGASAKI

NOTHING "BAD" HAS HAPPENED.

**ESSAY:**  
(5000 WDS)  
"WHY ME?"

(FOR PRIZE INFORMATION, CONTACT DR. R. SCHULMAN, DEPT. OF PSYCHIATRY, UNIV. OF CINCINNATI MED. SCHL.)

## My Meter Is Running

continued from page 89

ranch, like tomatoes—nice looking boys, mostly ranging from eight to about thirteen or fourteen. I had to give them a good once-over and my seal of approval. If I thought there was a rotten apple in the deck, I would tap the kid on the left shoulder. That was the part I didn't like. I smelled out nine straights in the first two weeks, and I'll never forget the looks in their eyes when the security guys took them away. Maybe they were really harmless, but I couldn't take no chances. I couldn't afford to split hairs and my word was final.

So everything was going along hunky-dory for a while and then the shit hit the fan. I get a call in the middle of the night from Snotnose. "Get your ass over to 655 East Sixty-third Street," he said. "Go to the twelfth floor. When the elevator opens, press the twelve button six times. The door will close and the car will take you to the unmarked floor between twelve and fourteen. Get off and walk down a hallway to a door marked 13-F. Ring the bell four times—two longs and two shorts."

I do exactly like he said and I end up in this fucking gigantic apartment with all these stupid looking paintings and statues. I guess Rocky was having one of his big fag parties because I saw about a dozen little spickies and a bunch of his pals there. You know, Kissinger, Ronan, even scumbag Lindsay was there. I always knew that cocksucker was a fairy. Kissinger was still running around naked with his little button of a cock, trying to jump on one of the kids. He was drunker than a nigger cowboy on a Saturday night.

But everybody else looked very worried, very tense. "What the fuck happened?" I asked. "That's what we'd like to know," Snotnose said. Jesus, was he in a bad mood! "Because of your bungling, somebody got to Rockefeller," he said. "That's fucking impossible," I said. "Every kid in this room was O.K.'d by me. They're all fags. My mother should drop dead if they're not all screaming homos." But Snotnose gave me a look that cut me dead. "You slipped up on somebody in this room, Bernie. And now the boss is on the brink of death. First the Kennedys, then Martin Luther King, now it looks like the biggest and best of them all is going. All because of your fuckup."

Just then one of the doctors

comes out of Rocky's bedroom. He looks pretty grim. No, he said, Rocky isn't dead yet. He's still hanging on by a slim thread. Luckily, he's got a very strong constitution. But he's going into a coma and it looks like he'll be dead by morning. It seems that he was poisoned. He didn't have anything to eat or drink, but he *did* swallow something, the doctor said. There was only one possibility. Somehow the killer got the poison into his balls through some kind of injection and when Rocky did his stuff on the killer, bingo, that was it—down the hatch and into the bloodstream.

Well, there goes my .200 Gs a year, down the toilet, I thought. Who the fuck did I slip up on? One of those son-of-a-bitch spics was a fake fag. I was mad as hell and I started slapping the little cocksuckers around. They were all scared and yakking away like chickens in that funny Puerto Rican style Spanish that nobody can understand. I was in a mood to kill the whole fucking bunch of them. Then I noticed one of them was dozing off—he couldn't keep his eyes open. He's one of the darker type PRs—what I call a shvugarican—that's half shvugie, or Negro, and half Puerto Rican. He's got a smile on his face like he's happy and content. He's not scared, like the rest of them. I shake the shit out of him to get him awake. You're the son-of-a-bitch that did it, aren't you? I said. He nods at me and says yes. Only I shouldn't feel bad, he says, because he is a fag. He deliberately trained himself to be a fag so he could infiltrate Rockefeller's parties and assassinate him. He sacrificed his masculinity for the revolution that would someday overthrow the imperialist Rockefeller. Yes, he was a homo, he said. But more important, he was a patriot. He said they had a method of injecting poison into his balls, so it would mix with his semen, making it a deadly weapon of assassination. He said the poison was made by their Botanica ladies—they're like witch doctors. I should have realized they would have a fag killer. But still, it was no skin off my ass. I didn't fuck up my job. I *knew* the guy was a homo. And then he falls asleep, and bingo—he's dead. The doctors looked at him and said there was probably enough poison in his balls to kill an elephant. He died with a fucking smile on his face.

Swell . . . at least he got me off the hook as far as the blame went,

continued from page 84

## How the editors of the *National Lampoon* feel about you.

**If your score was more than 750:** You're a quiet dresser with inherited wealth and no political or religious beliefs. You wear no facial hair. There's always plenty of whiskey and ice at your house. You can hold your liquor, too, even when you have to drive—which you do fast and well. You like everything Evelyn Waugh ever wrote except *St. Helena*. Your children are pleasant but somewhat shy. When it's your turn to host poker night, you always have fresh decks of bicycle cards with the seals unbroken. You play the piano but we never knew it until we'd known you for more than two years. You have a slight limp, a small tattoo, or an interesting scar which is never spoken of. You're fluent in French but only speak it when you're in France. You never raise your voice, have public arguments, or discuss money or your sexual partners. And you have a large, quiet, shabby house in the country to which we are frequently invited.

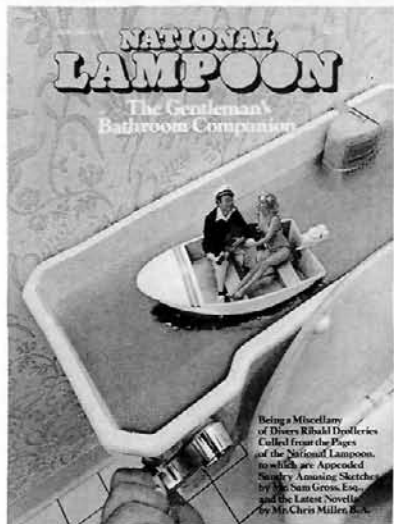
**If your score was between 501 and 750:** You're a racially prejudiced liberal democrat who wears Bermuda shorts and skis. You also play golf and tennis and "appreciate" art. You know your wines, own a dog, and either teach or want to. You have a Japanese motorcycle, wear contact lenses and "aren't into drugs anymore." Your children are precocious and go to progressive schools.

**If your score was between 251 and 500:** You're a vegetarian and an avid antismoker who's either bisexual or would like to give it a try. You eat marijuana, which you call "boo." You've been or are thinking of going to Afganistan, Morocco, or Ibiza. You sell something for a living. You wear tinted or soft contact lenses or imitation aviator glasses. You own several cats named after famous composers or characters in Herman Hesse novels and you used to own a motor scooter. You wear a kaftan around the house, think the blacks might be the political vanguard, and are still upset over the Vietnam war, and your child goes to a free school.

**If your score was 250 or less:** You're a militant feminist and aren't even a woman. You shout. When someone asks, "How are you?" you tell them. You're a homosexual macrobiotic whose parents were Jewish but brought you up Catholic. You own a van. You're over thirty and wear braces on your teeth. You guess people's astrological signs and wear sandals with white socks. You have allergies and a fat ass. You are "into media." Your breath smells. □

continued on page 105

## The Gentleman's Bathroom Companion



A collection of stories and cartoons basically dealing with the goings-on between the sexes, and including: a new novella by Chris Miller, new cartoons on the subject of sexual doings by S. Gross, and some of the most scintillating stuff on sex ever to singe the pages of what two druggists in Cleveland recently called: "America's wickedest magazine." If you welcome good reading...if you welcome good reading about sex...if you're going to the bathroom...you should have a copy.

The National Lampoon, Dept. 1075  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Check  Money order enclosed.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(s) of National Lampoon's The Gentleman's Bathroom Companion at \$2.50 for each copy.

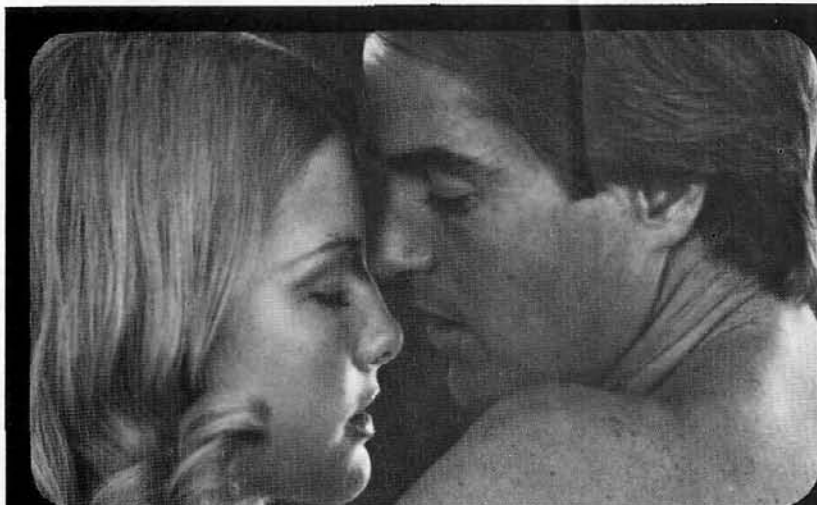
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Please make sure to list your correct zip code number.

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.



## NOW! PROPHYLACTICS THAT ADD TO YOUR LOVEMAKING PLEASURE!

Still thinking of condoms as they used to be — the old fashioned tubular white latex? Become enlightened now — request Federal's new Free color illustrated catalog and see all the new exciting innovations such as exotic colors, excitement producing textures, special contour fits, and new sensual lubricants. Even the new packaging is outstanding! All the best known brands are available at Federal's money saving discount prices — direct by mail — without the embarrassment of intimate shopping in your drug store. If you include \$5.00 with your catalog request — we also send along a generous sample kit of 17 different brands — 25 condoms — worth many times more. All Federal products are electronically tested — fully guaranteed.

Federal Pharmaceutical Laboratories Dept. 1075  
6652 N. Western Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60645

Please Ship  FREE Catalog & Sample Kit (\$5 enclosed)  
 FREE Catalog Only

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

FEDERAL — The Trusted Name in Prophylactics  
For More Than a Quarter of a Century.

## Share Your Air

INFLATE-A-BED  
INFLATE-A-BED



- For Sleeping
- Camping
- Boating
- Relaxing
- Sunbathing
- A Super Water Raft
- Playing

### The Only Guest Bedroom You Store On A Shelf

Inflate-A-Bed — the ultimate in a sleeping experience. It's a luxurious velvet-tufted air coil bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner (comes with adapter), or any air pump. Use it as your permanent mattress or store it on a shelf for overnight guests. Use it in a camper, or doze your way across a lake on it (the soft, flocked finish prevents sticking or burning while sunbathing).

Inflate-A-Bed takes the sea-sickness, immobility, and water out of waterbeds, but gives the same relaxing give-and-take feel. The specially patented "air coil" construction, consisting of individual polyvinyl air support coils, supports your body evenly — you don't sink down, and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive vinyl plastic furniture. No frame or innerspring is needed yet it is more comfortable than a conventional mattress. A Full Warranty is Included.

Inflate-A-Bed — incredibly light, incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans easily with soap and water — the color does not wash out. An exciting new way to sleep, relax, and play. Try one for 2 weeks — no obligation.

Please send me the following inflatable bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.

- Twin Size @ \$59.95  Full Size @ \$69.95  
 Queen Size @ \$79.95  King Size @ \$114.95

(Add \$4.95 for shipping and handling)

- Check or M. O. Enclosed (Ill. residents add 5% tax)  
 Charge my Credit Card Checked Below:  
 American Express  BankAmericard  Carte Blanche  
 Diners Club  Master Charge

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_

Master Charge Bank # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ N.L.-10/75

Send Coupon To:

CONTEMPORARY MARKETING INC.

790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106

Call Toll Free: 800-323-2408 • Ill. Call: 312-595-0461

# UNDERWEAR **DEAF** for the

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

**SIZE** is an important factor in purchasing underwear. If the garments are too small, the elastic will leave unsightly pink traces on the skin.

AT THE LINGERIE COUNTER OF A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...



SIZE 5? SURELY YOU MEAN SIZE 7? OR EVEN, TO ALLOW FOR NORMAL WEIGHT FLUCTUATIONS, SIZE 8!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME!

AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A RAINCHECK ON THAT!

THAT EVENING...



GOSH! 9:30 ALREADY!

A BIT WARMISH IN HERE, DON'T YOU THINK? WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY IF I REMOVED ALL MY CLOTHES?

THANKS FOR A SWELL EVENING, WINIFRED! GOOD-BYE!



OH, STUART! PERHAPS IT'S THE MOONLIGHT! PERHAPS IT'S THE ZINFANDEL! BUT IF, RIGHT NOW, YOU WERE TO FLING ME TO THE CARPET AND STUFF ME SILLY, I WOULDN'T RAISE A FINGER TO STOP YOU!

GREAT GAMS AND PLENTY OF "OOMPH"! IF ONLY IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE UNSIGHTLY PINK TRACES...



HUH?

**SLAM!**



photos by David Kaestle, title by Michael Dorei, graphics by Alan Rose, tinting by Dolores Deluxe

## My Meter Is Running

continued from page 102

but it still didn't solve the problem of what to do with Rocky. His staff was on the phone all night, making arrangements for the biggest fucking doctors in the world to fly in. They came from the Mayo Clinic, Johns Hopkins, Vienna, Heidelberg, Zurich. Guess what? Nobody knew a fucking thing about what to do. All they knew was that he swallowed some kind of spooky


continued on page 109

**SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO**  
*THE BOMB AS BOING AS BOING*

The filler cartoon that jes' bounces rat along...

**FEATURING:**  
 THE NEW ADVENTURES OF  
*Elaine Cariello, Therapist*

**PART 17: ELAINE MEETS THE NEGATIVE TRANSFERENCE!**



OUR STORY BEGINS AS THE LEGENDARY "LITTLE ITALY" IS WAITING FOR HER NEXT PATIENT.

HE ENTERS, SITS, AND ARRANGES A LARGE CANNON, AIMED DIRECTLY AT THE INIMITABLE ELAINE.

SHE WON'T NOTICE IT.

HE THINKS IT'S HIS GODDAM MOTHER!

SHE DID NOTICE! YOU HAVE A CANNON!

**BOOM!**

A THERAPUTIC MISJUDGEMENT? THE NEGATIVE TRANSFERENCE IN ACTION!

LIVE AND LEARN? ELAINE

BUT WHO IS REALLY THE LOSER IN ALL THIS? "LITTLE ITALY"

## INSTANT STATUS

Impressive photographs of YOU meeting privately with famous people. Expertly faked. 8x10, b&w glossies guaranteed Completely Authentic-Looking or return for full refund. Select President Ford, Nixon, JFK, Rockefeller, Solzhenitsyn, Elton John, or Raquel Welch. Send good-quality head-shot of yourself (color or b&w, 1" minimum head-size), your height, and \$9.95 for each custom photo. Ten days delivery. CUSTOM GRAPHICS CO., 605 W. 47th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64112.

LONG ISLAND



**SHARK T-SHIRT ONLY \$3.95**

Add 50¢ for postage & handling. Send check or money order to:  
**BOSTON TEA PARTY**  
 12 EAST 18 ST.  
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

NOT SINCE THE BIBLE HAS ANY BOOK REACHED SUCH DEPRAVITY AS HORSESHIT.

Mailed to you in plain sealed envelope

# SHOCKING!

Most people go into a state of shock when they first open a copy of Horseshit. Then they go about halfway through, reading and looking at the pictures, and they have to put it down and try to get their breath back again. When they've rested up, they go through the rest of the magazine. Then they put it down and they don't know what to think. The next day they read it again and decide they like it. The day after that they decide it's GREAT! They show it to their friends. Then they have to sit there and listen while their friends yell and shout with laughter and point out things they particularly like. Soon, other friends come over, dozens of them. "We want to see THAT magazine," they say. Finally, some bastard steals their Horseshit. Then there's nothing left to do but order a new subscription from us. You might as well get started now. Be ready for a shock. FOUR ISSUES FOR \$10 • 4 issues available • 2 issues for \$5

Gift cartoon book with \$10 orders.  
 FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL

I enclose \$10 for four issues  I enclose \$5 for two

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....  
 State..... Zip.....

**EQUINE PRODUCTS • BOX 361-G  
 HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF. 90254**

## Save by mail on Music Systems, Amps, and Mics!

Our big catalog shows how!

Send today for your FREE copy of our 68-page catalog. It's value-packed with complete music systems, top-brand components including amplifiers and microphones, plus hundreds of unique items—and more. There's a handy "Hifi Primer," feature articles, all to help you have better sound. We have two big warehouses to serve you fast and keep freight low; and, your US and Canadian Bank Charges are welcome.

## Midwest Hifi® Wholesale and Mail Order Division

1626 OGDEN AVENUE (US 34)  
 DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS 60515 (312) 852-5885  
 3309 EAST J. W. CARPENTER FREEWAY (Texas 183)  
 IRVING, TEXAS 75062 (214) 438-5272

Call for a quote. Lines open 1-4 p.m. C.T.  
 Mail this coupon for a FREE catalog.

Mail to: Midwest Hifi, P.O. Box 567, Downers Grove, Illinois 60515

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY/STATE..... ZIP..... NL5-10

# 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 roll your own. And there's no better gummed paper made. So roll with e-z wider and get off on the double.



© 1975 robert burton assoc. Ltd.

**HEY!**  
Can you  
fill in the  
blanks!



**COMPLETE C...N...B... CULTIVATOR:** Explains in detail how to plant, grow, harvest and cure, with sections on plant diseases, soil problems, etc. **B1** \$1.00

**SUPER O...S GROWER'S GUIDE:** The modern method of growing super... with information on hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, producing more females, and much more. **B2** \$1.00

**M...J...N... CONSUMER'S AND DEALER'S GUIDE:** Tells how to extract... from m... and... from morning glory... from p... and other discoveries, clearly explained. **B3** \$1.00

**D...T... GUIDE:** How to make the powerful, smokeable p... h...c...c... D...T... Khala-Knji, an aph...c... plus tips on h...s... **B4** \$1.00

**THE P... BOOK:** The story of p... history, cultivation and preparation, many useful facts. **B5** \$1.00

**HERBAL HIGH'S:** A guide to natural and legal highs, p... and stimulants. Includes illustrations. Over 60 plants discussed. Known to man down through the centuries. **B6** \$1.00

**SUPERMOTHER'S COOKING WITH G...S:** Fifteen recipes designed for the sensual culinary connoisseur. These recipes are guaranteed to produce inspired conversation. **B7** \$1.00

**HERBAL APHR...D...S...C...:** A fascinating guide to natural and misty legal substances which excite erotic desires. Also includes a section on nutrition for s...l potency. **B9** \$1.00

**HOME GROWN H...G...S:** A wonderful new guide to growing organic h...s... at home, including information on psy... h...c...c... m...s... p...t... and other cacti, morning g... wood rose, and more. **B11** \$1.00

**PS...B...N MUSHROOM FIELD GUIDE:** This field guide contains drawings and color photographs, plus everything you need to know about hunting the magic mushroom, includes thorough identification procedures, etc. **B12** \$1.25

**THE GUIDE TO GROWING C...N...B...S UNDER FLUORESCENTS:** A complete reference on producing healthy high-rein content plants indoors under fluorescent lighting and how to improve the quality and quantity of your plants. Shows how to start you on your way to your first bumper crop. **B14** \$1.50

**FREE CATALOGUE WITH ORDER**

\*\*\* FILL IN ALL THE BLANKS AND GET THE ELEVENTH BOOK FREE WITH AN ORDER FOR 10 BOOKS.

Enclosed is \$... - 50¢ handling and my answers. Please send me my 10 books plus the ELEVENTH BOOK FREE with my free FLASH catalogue of all your goodies.

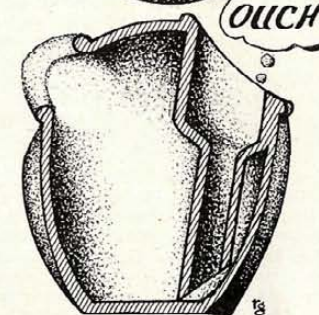
Enclosed is \$... - 50¢ handling. Please send me the books I have checked above and my free FLASH catalogue of all your goodies.

Enclosed is 50¢. Please send my FLASH catalogue of all your goodies. Fill out and clip this order form. Insert in envelope with your check or cash and send to:

**FLASH MAIL ORDER - Dept. IN-5 P.O. Box 240, San Rafael, CA 94902**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City, State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 21 days for handling  
California residents please add 6% sales tax.



Only Available Through This Ad...

**PORT-A-BONG**

©1975 WOW Ltd. Patent Pending

**Combination Design of WATERPIPE, BONG and HIPFLASK**

All high fire one piece ceramic body, art glazed, each piece unique. Organic design contour fits comfortably in pocket and palm. A pleasure to have and hold.

Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling fee and return address to:

**WOW Ltd. P.O. Box 455 (A)  
ROSENDALE, NEW YORK 12472**

No sweat money back guarantee!  
N.Y. residents add local sales tax.

**WATER and STASH COMPANION PIECE... \$3.50**

**The most Sensuous Condom in the world**

NÄCKEN, the sensuous condom from Sweden, introduces a whole new concept... NÄCKEN's unique feature is its delicately ribbed, lightly textured surface... designed to massage her for maximum sensitivity. NÄCKEN is formed to fit snugly to body contours. Imported from Sweden, NÄCKEN meets the strictest government standards, yet is made from such sheer "nude" latex you hardly know it's there. Try NÄCKEN, the most sensuous condom in the world.



Specially textured...  
with her in mind.

If your druggist is out of stock, please ask him to order immediately, or write to PPA, 120 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 and we'll inform you of where Nacken is available.

Save 50¢ on purchase of

**Näckén, PROFIL, JADE™**

condoms. Redeemable at your local drug store, or wherever contraceptives are sold.

Dear Vendor: PPA will redeem this coupon for 50¢ plus 3¢ for handling if you receive it on the sale of Näckén, Profil, or Jade condoms and, if, upon request, you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to PPA. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20¢. Coupon will not be honored if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption. For redemption of properly received and handled coupon, mail to PPA, 120 East 56th St., New York, New York 10022.

50¢

Good only upon presentation to vendor on purchase of Näckén, Profil, or Jade condoms. Any other use constitutes fraud. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase.

50¢

**BEATLES**

**GOODIES FOR SALE**  
\$5.00—Full color "magical mystery tour" film poster.  
\$1.00—Puts you on mailing list.  
CEG; 1145 Willora; Stockton, Ca. 95207

**MIDNITE-SMOKERS**

Send for FREE color CATALOG of outrageous headgear or \$1.00 for star bag & 20 silver screens to:  
**RARE TREASURES LTD.**  
30-30 Northern Blvd. Dept 4N  
Long Island City, New York 11101

**Masked Man Posters**

Hairy imaginations join with sharp photography to create what we think are the most unusual and wild posters you can buy. For FREE catalog, write:  
**RUBBERSOUL PRESS**  
Box #111-N9 East Orange, N.J. 07019

**THE T-SHIRT BARN**

A NEW KIND OF T-SHIRT COMPANY

Led Zeppelin • Doobie Bros • Jackson Browne • McCarthey  
Pink Floyd • Black Sabbath • Todd Rundgren • Bad Company  
Allman Bros • The Who • Mott the Hoople • Renaissance  
Cat Stevens • Queen • Foghat • Beach Boys • Deep Purple  
Yes • Harrison • Lennon • Stones Tour '75 • ELA • Chicago  
Beatles • Ringo • Lynyrd Skynyrd • Alice • Dead • Wakeman  
Denver • J. J. Dyn-o-mite • Neil Young • Jagger • Billy Joel  
Sparks • Kinks • Paul Newman • America • Marilyn • Cagney  
BTO • Kiss • Starship • CSN&Y • Bogart • Eddie Haskell  
Smoke Columbian • THC • Cocaine • LSD • Roxy Music  
Blue Oyster Cult • Physical Graffiti • Zappa • Aerosmith  
12 Zodiac Signs • Clapton • Genesis • And Many More

SEND \$5 for CATALOG of over 140 of the latest T-shirt designs plus POSTERS PHOTOS BELT BUCKLES and UNDERWEAR WHY PAY MORE? Price \$3.00+50¢ handling each. Any four \$13.00 handling included. Send cash or money order and shirts will be mailed the same day. Checks allow 2 weeks for shipment. Assorted colors. Mens sizes: S-M-L. Satisfaction guaranteed. If we don't have it, you can design your own. Wholesale and Retail requests welcome. Dept 118-10 Slate Hill, N.Y. 10973

**HEAD SHOP BY MAIL**

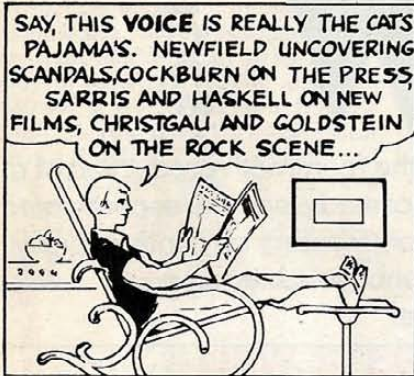
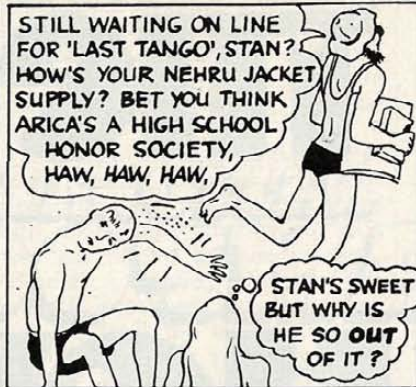
Send \$1 (refundable with purchase) for our new 56 page catalog of underground comix, pipes, clips, papers, T-Shirts and hard-to-find books. Freak Xmas cards too!  
Send \$1 to:  
**KRUPP MAIL ORDER**  
P.O. BOX 9090 L  
BOULDER, CO. 80301

**If You've Never Had An Orgasm, You've Never Had An ORGASMATRON**



The orgasmatron is an electric vibrator scientifically designed to induce orgasms in women. Sold at the National Organization of Women's Conference. Send \$24.95 to: Catalog \$4.00  
**THE PINK PUSSY CAT BOUTIQUE**  
P.O.B. 421L, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374

# THE VOICE THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF STAN



**Be the first on your block to experience the miracle of dynamic journalism! The Voice tells you now what others tell you later!**

Why be embarrassed by flabby insights, undeveloped perceptions, paunchy epiphanies? Just \$13 a year—half the newsstand price—brings you more than a hundred pages a week of politics, music, movies, art, books, dance, the press, new ideas, great writers, lots of bargains, and much more.

Yes, thanks to *The Voice's* tradition of dynamic journalism, you can become better informed, more interesting, more together, all in the privacy of your own home. Just subscribe to *The Voice* with the coupon, or pick up *The Voice* at your newsstand. No salesman will call. Try it today.

## Do you want...



**...then mail this now!**

## VOICE

I want dynamic journalism! Send me *The Voice* at half the newsstand price. (Regularly 50¢ a copy on the newsstand; you pay just 25¢ a copy.)

36 weeks for \$9 (Save \$9) OR  44 weeks for \$11 (Save \$11)

Enclosed is my  check  money order.

To: The Village Voice  
80 University Place New York, N.Y. 10003

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

4002

Right on your campus, right in your home town, right in your face.

# THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON SHOW

With all its fun, frivolity, and asinine comments, combining the mammoth production of a Busby Berkeley epic, the sly wit of a Noel Coward bedroom comedy, and the sophisticated commentary on contemporary life of a Henny Youngman commentary on contemporary life... all this in one unprecedented, unplanned, unbelievable revue.

To see it...you've got to be there!

September	
Fairleigh Dickinson U., Rutherford, N.J., 8 P.M.	18
West Chester Coll., West Chester, Pa., 8 P.M.	19
Rider Coll., Trenton, N.J., 8 P.M.	20
St. John's U., Queens, N.Y., 8 P.M.	21
Queens Coll., Flushing, N.Y., 8 P.M.	22
U. of Massachusetts, Mass., 8 P.M.	23
	24
State U., Oswego, N.Y., 8 P.M.	25
Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y., 8 P.M.	26
Syracuse U., Syracuse, N.Y., 8 P.M.	27
R.P.I., Troy, N.Y., 8 P.M.	28
Northeastern U., Boston, Mass., 8 P.M.	29
Southeastern Mass. U., North Dartmouth, Mass., 8 P.M.	30
October	
Central Conn. State Coll., New Britain, Conn., 8 P.M.	1
Middlesex Comm. Coll., Edison, N.J., (1 P.M.)	2
Montclair State Coll., Upper Montclair, N.J., (8 P.M.)	3
Queensboro Comm. Coll., Bayside, N.Y., 8 P.M.	4
American U., Washington, D.C., 8 P.M.	5
Dickinson U., Carlisle, Pa., 8 P.M.	6
Trenton State Coll., Trenton, N.J., 8 P.M.	7
Clark U., Worcester, Mass., 8 P.M. & 10 P.M.	8
Monmouth Coll., West Long Branch, N.J., 8 P.M.	9
County College Morris, Dover, N.J., 8 P.M.	10
Brooklyn Coll., Brooklyn, N.Y., 8 P.M.	11
U. of Delaware, Newark, Del., 8 P.M.	12
	13
Boston Coll., Brookline, Mass., 8 P.M.	14
Bryant Coll., Smithfield, R.I., 8 P.M. & 10 P.M.	15
U. of Rhode Island, Kingston, R.I., 8 P.M.	16
U. of Hartford, Hartford, Conn., 8 P.M.	17
U. of New Haven, West Haven, Conn., 8 P.M.	18
Framingham State Coll., Framingham, Mass., 8 P.M.	19
Plymouth State Coll., Plymouth, N.H., 8 P.M.	20
Fairleigh Dickinson U., Madison, N.J., 8 P.M.	21
Fairleigh Dickinson U., Teaneck, N.J., 8 P.M.	22
U. of Lowell, Lowell, Mass., 8 P.M.	23
Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., 8 P.M.	24
Franklin Pierce Coll., Rindge, N.H., 8 P.M.	25
U. of New Hampshire, Durham, N.H., 8 P.M.	26
	27
State U./Potsdam, Potsdam, N.Y., 8 P.M.	28
Buffalo State U., Buffalo, N.Y., 8 P.M.	29
State U./Geneseo, Geneseo, N.Y., 8 P.M.	30
(1 P.M.) Erie Community Coll., Buffalo, N.Y.	31
(8 P.M.) U. of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y.	
November	
1 Seneca Coll., Toronto, Canada., 8 P.M.	
2 LeMoyne Coll., Syracuse, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
3	
4 Fairfield U., Fairfield, Conn., 8 P.M.	
5 State U./Farmingdale, Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y., 8 P.M.	
6 State U./Oneonta, Oneonta, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
7 State U./Albany, Albany, N.Y., 8 P.M. & 10 P.M.	
8 Alfred U., Alfred, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
9 State U./Fredonia, Fredonia, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
10	
11 Seton Hall U., Orange, N.J., 8 P.M.	
12 Rutgers U., Camden, N.J., 8 P.M.	
13 California State Coll., California, Pa., 8 P.M.	
14 (1 P.M.) Allegheny Comm. Coll., So. Campus, West Mifflin, Pa.	
(9 P.M.) Dennison U., Granville, Ohio	
15 U. of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, 8 P.M.	
16 Showcase Theatre, Detroit, Mich., 7 P.M.	
17	
18 Delta Coll., Bay City, Mich., 8 P.M.	
19 Eastern Michigan U., Ypsilanti, Mich., 8 P.M.	
20 U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., 8 P.M.	
21 Oakland U., Oakland, Mich., 8 P.M.	
22 Schoolcraft Coll., Livonia, Mich., 8 P.M.	
23 Carnegie Mellon U., Pittsburgh, Pa., 8 P.M.	
24 Slippery Rock Coll., Slippery Rock, Pa., 8 P.M.	
25 Indiana U. of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Pa., 8 P.M.	
December	
2 Wagner Coll., Staten Island, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
3 Adelphi U., Garden City, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
4 Sienna Coll., Londonville, N.Y., 8 P.M.	
5 Brown U., Providence, R.I., 8 P.M.	
6 Quinnipiac Coll., Hamden, Conn., 8 P.M.	
7 Glassboro State Coll., Glassboro, N.J., 8 P.M.	

Now booking winter and spring. For availabilities, booking information, call:  
COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT ASSOCIATES 101 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 (212) 725-2314

RAND STOLL Director, Performing Arts Division  
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



## My Meter Is Running

continued from page 105

poison that a Puerto Rican witch doctor cooked up, and they didn't know how to treat it.

It looked like Rocky was going to croak when one of the little spicolas tugged on my arm and told me how he could be saved. According to the witch doctors, the only way to neutralize the poison was with a different kind of semen, semen that would act like an antidote. If the semen was strong enough, it might work.

By now, the doctors were so desperate they figured anything might work. If Rocky was being poisoned by a witch doctor, maybe he might be saved by the same kind of medicine. Only whose come was the right one? So they made everybody in the room jerk off and they injected a few drops into Rocky's arm . . . you know . . . like intravenous feeding. Nothing happened until they shot mine in. All of a sudden, Rocky woke up for a few seconds and his heart and respiration began to improve. So it was my come. I figured as much.

But somehow, the excitement of that little hunk of come was too much for Rocky, and in a few minutes he started sinking fast. All of a sudden the medical machines and wires attached to his body started to jump and make noises. The doctors knew there wasn't much time for anything fancy. Not even for intravenous feeding. They decided there was only one way to save Rocky—an open heart blow-job. They figured the fastest way for me to come was to get a terrific blow-job from one of the fags, and I would shoot my gun right into Rocky's open heart, to get his ticker working again. The fact that I just jerked off didn't matter to them. I had to get it up fast and get it up good. That was no problem to me since I normally can come fifteen, twenty times a night. But I'm not crazy about getting blown by a fag. In fact, I can't stand them. They turn me off. I hate the sons-of-bitches—I'm allergic to them. They're the only people who can't turn me on. And there's no time to get a broad, so there's no other choice.

Hurry the hell up, yells one of the doctors. Who's the best cocksucker in the room? They tried all the little spics on me. The poor guys were sucking and licking and stroking and doing everything they could, but my pecker was still as soft as a rabbit's ass. Everybody was screaming at me, cheering me

on, begging me to get a hard-on. The doctors were ready to cut Rocky open as soon as I signaled I was about to come. I was getting scared. I wasn't holding back on purpose . . . although I was used to holding back my come for hours when I had a hard-on. I was just helpless.

And then the miracle happened. Rocky opened his eyes for a split second and saw me standing there with my schlong hanging out. His eyes got bright, and he croaked, "Bernie . . . Bernie." I forgot to tell you that Rocky was secretly in love with me from the moment he got into my cab. Fags are crazy about me, too. I can't help it. Anyway, when I heard this I had to act fast. I gritted my teeth and shoved my limp cork at Rocky before the doctors could stop me. He grabbed it and did something terrific that made my joint shoot up like a fucking rocket. I don't know what he did, but all of sudden it was as big as a salami. So when the doctors saw what was happening, they opened him real fast. In no time I shot my gun into the spot they showed me. I never came so fast and so hard in my life. Then they closed him up and crossed their fingers, hoping the next miracle would happen. A couple of minutes went by and sure as shit, his heart started beating stronger. The machines were all showing the right signs. The cocksucker was coming to life. My come saved his life. To tell you the truth, I was impressed with Rocky. I was touched by his feelings. Fag or no fag, it was a remarkable thing for him to do. He must have had a great will to live.

Well, a few days later, Snotnose came by and said that they wouldn't need my services anymore. He gave me a couple of hundred bucks severance pay and that was it. He said that from now on, Rocky couldn't afford to fool around with fags. The doctors insisted that he be put on a strict antifag regimen—some kind of special injection or serum or some kind of shit that takes away all sexual desire. So they didn't need a fag detective anymore. That's all the thanks I got for saving the son-of-a-bitch's life! I'll bet you that Rocky is still getting his supply of little spics. One of these days, he's gonna do it again, and bingo—it'll be all over. The papers will say he died of a heart attack. But you and me will know better. And the next time he's not going to have Bernie X around to save his fucking ass, believe me! □

## EAROTIC NEW CATALOG

That's right. . . our tantalizing new hi-fi catalog is hot off the press! And more than ever, we offer earotic music systems and single components from all the best brands—at huge discounts. Call me, Brillo Bob, or any of the guys and you'll get friendly advice and low price-quotes right over the phone. . . 805 / 544-9700

Drop us the envelope at left and you'll quickly receive our 96-page color-wonder, free! Include \$1 for postage, and we'll also zip you the 1976 Music Machine Almanac: it's a full-color, 150-page reference guide to hi-fi equipment complete with photos and specs on over 37 different brands! PS. If the envelope's missing, just write me directly: Brillo Bob, P.O. Box "S", San Luis Obispo, CA 93405.

## WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.



# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and The New Yorker Parody.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, *rodriques' Comedies*, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.

**JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE:** With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

**JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT:** With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hamurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

**SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, Wacky Stuff, Zany Monkeyshines, and the *Esquire* Parody.

## THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL1075, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue
_____	Oct., 1971	_____	Apr., 1973	_____	Aug., 1974
_____	Dec., 1971	_____	May, 1973	_____	Sept., 1974
_____	Mar., 1972	_____	June, 1973	_____	Oct., 1974
_____	Apr., 1972	_____	July, 1973	_____	Nov., 1974
_____	May, 1972	_____	Aug., 1973	_____	Jan., 1975
_____	July, 1972	_____	Sept., 1973	_____	Feb., 1975
_____	Aug., 1972	_____	Oct., 1973	_____	Mar., 1975
_____	Sept., 1972	_____	Nov., 1973	_____	Apr., 1975
_____	Oct., 1972	_____	Dec., 1973	_____	May, 1975
_____	Nov., 1972	_____	Mar., 1974	_____	June, 1975
_____	Dec., 1972	_____	Apr., 1974	_____	July, 1975
_____	Jan., 1973	_____	May, 1974	_____	Aug., 1975
_____	Mar., 1973	_____	June, 1974	_____	Sept., 1975
_____		_____	July, 1974	_____	

I enclose a total of \$\_\_\_\_\_ at \$1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

My name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

# "The Marantz 1070 integrated amp is close to optimum in performance and the low price makes it an even better value."



## The 1070 Stereo Amp

"As far as good basic features are concerned, it's comparable to units costing twice as much."

"It maintains all the features of the Marantz 1060, plus it adds a number of features of its own. For instance, it now has graphic slide-type tone controls, two tape monitors and a versatile mode selector switch."

"With the 1070 you have a full range of tone controls like bass, mid range and treble slide controls plus preamp out and main in jacks."

"I feel strongly about the preamp out jacks. You can re-equalize tape recordings, insert equalizers or even add electronic cross-overs into the chain."

"One major feature that I like in the 1070 is its ambience circuitry. Essentially it's a speaker matrix or pseudo 4-channel. This means you can get into simulated 4-channel sound by just adding a second pair of speakers."

"In addition to the step up in power to 35 watts minimum continuous power per channel with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion, 20 Hz to 20 kHz both channels driven into an 8 ohm load, the circuitry is direct coupled."

In December, 1974, sound engineers and audiophiles were invited to examine and discuss the new Marantz Stereo Console Amplifiers featuring models 1040 and 1070 and the new Marantz 112 AM/FM Stereo Tuner. The following comments were taken from that taped discussion.

"The circuitry is now full-complementary direct coupled to the speaker terminals. As a result, the damping factor is much improved at low frequencies where it counts."

"The output circuitry now includes a speaker protection relay circuit and turn on delay."

"There's improved thermal stability. This buys long term reliability as well as improved performance."

## The 1040 Stereo Amp

"The new 1040 integrated amp is rated at 20 watts minimum continuous power per channel with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion, 20 Hz to 20 kHz, both channels driven into an 8 ohm load."

"It also has the ambience circuitry for simulated 4-channel. Most all of the features of the 1070 are on the 1040."

"It's an excellent performance component for a modest price."

## The 112 Tuner

"It's got phase lock loop, a Dolby®\*\* de-emphasis switch and a number of other high-performance features. There're no gimmicks in it. Every feature is practical."

"A complete system including the 112 tuner plus either the 1070 integrated amp or the 1040 integrated amp gives performance you couldn't get in most receivers and still costs less than \$500."

The Marantz 1070 Amp, 1040 Amp and 112 Tuner are just part of the exciting new Marantz component line starting as low as \$199.95. Each of them reflects the kind of technical expertise and engineering excellence that has made Marantz the choice of professionals world-wide. Stop by your local dealer and see the entire Marantz line. Or send for a free catalog.

Marantz. Ask an expert.



**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never  
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



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

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75



Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

**Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.**

© B&W T Co.