

March Issue
In Like a Lion

Monty Python Parody Snuff Porn Flick Free New York City Municipal Bond

**NATIONAL
LAMPPOON**

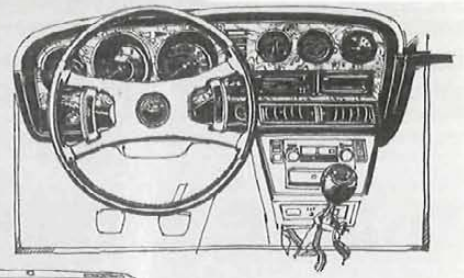
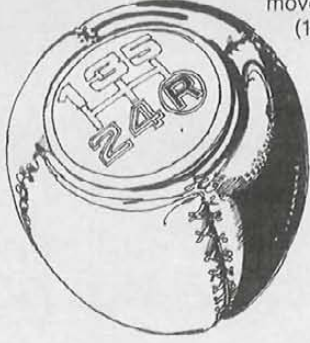
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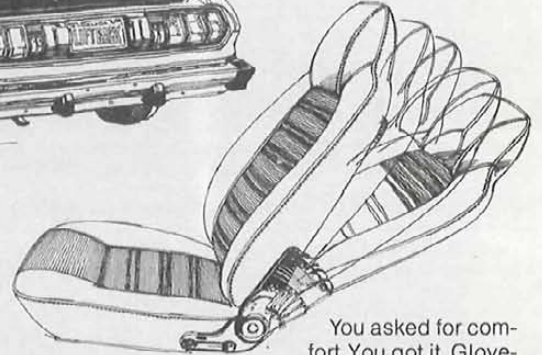
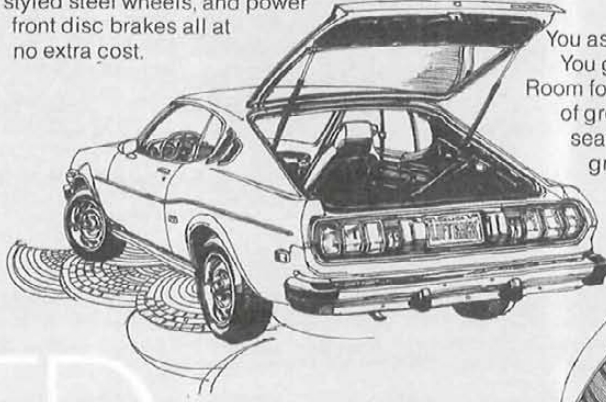
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FOR IT.

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IT.



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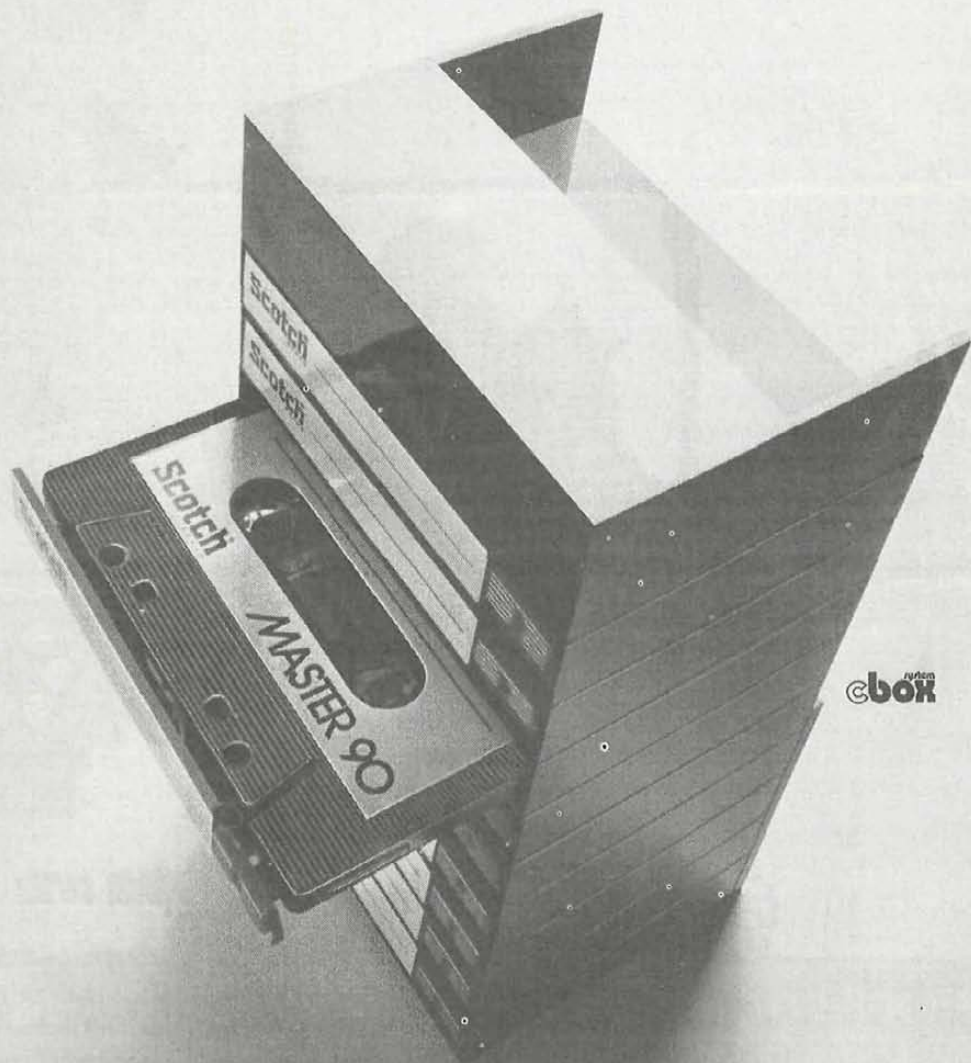
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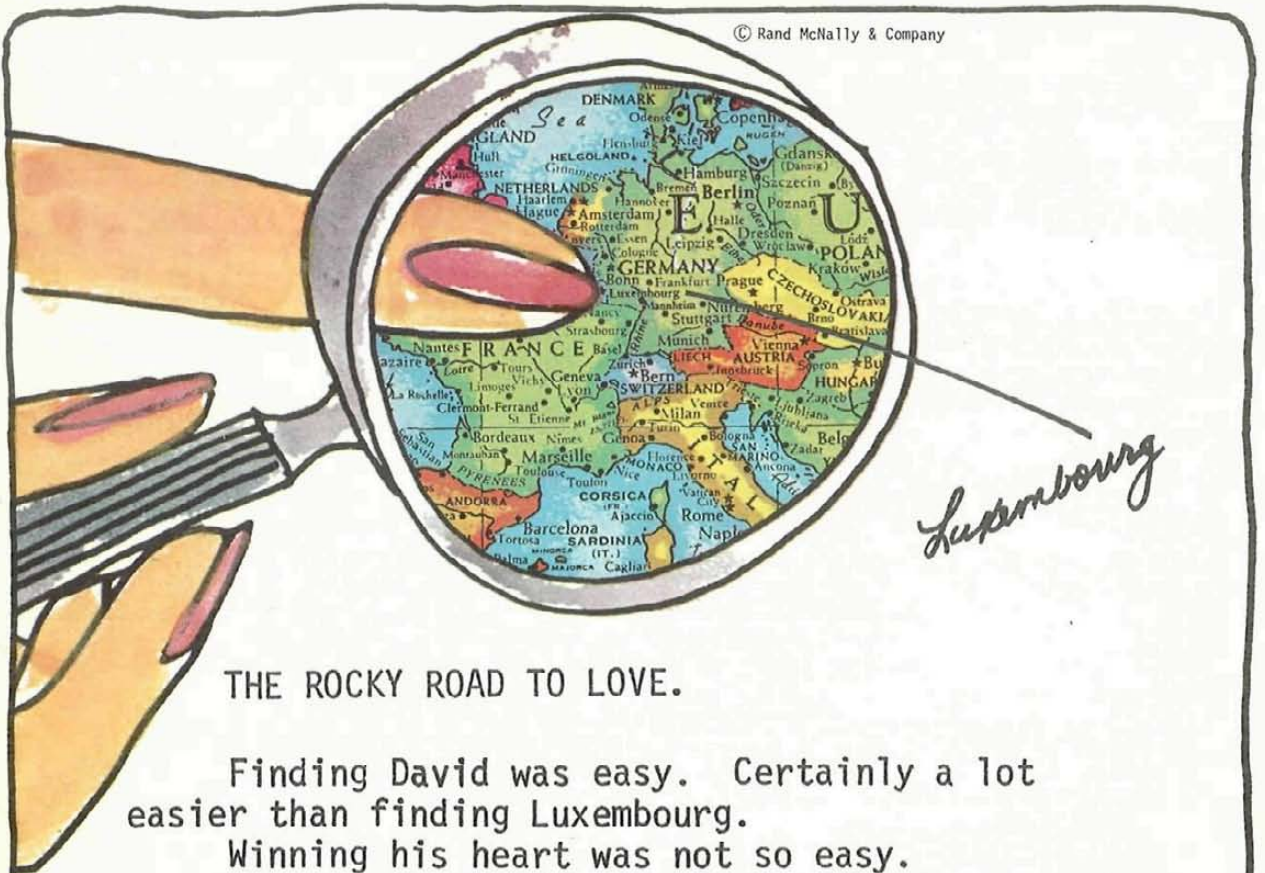


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THE ROCKY ROAD TO LOVE.

Finding David was easy. Certainly a lot easier than finding Luxembourg.

Winning his heart was not so easy.

Here's what I did:

First I had David put a few rocks in a glass.

Then I told him to hold the glass.

Then I poured some Cuervo Gold Especial into the glass. (It's the best, you know.)

Then I said, hold the glass up to your mouth, tip it a little, and swallow what comes out. (I call this "drinking".)

Well, let me tell you, David's eyes lit up as the Cold Gold went down, and he broke out into a nice, big grin.

Altogether, I'd say David never enjoyed a drink more.

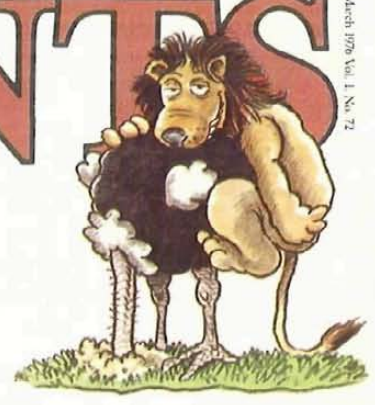
And that's how I found love.

In a manner of speaking.

Julie



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

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the precision of Technics direct-drive for under \$200.*

The Technics SL-1500 has a lot more going for it than just its price tag. It also has the Technics direct-drive system. The same direct-drive system FM radio stations use.

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Direct-Drive Turntable—SL-1500



6 NATIONAL LAMPOON



Sirs:

This dance called the Latin Hustle is nothing more than a crude and suggestive parody of the Central European mazurka. There is nothing dirty about the mazurka, even though it derives from a bestial hoedown practiced in the court of Olaf the Hemophilic. The cleaned-up version is based on the Greek legend of Mocus and Hysterektome, star-crossed lovers. Mocus (the male dancer) wears a toga made of seasoned hominy husks. Hysterektome wears less than a jay-bird as she capriciously toots on a medieval woodwind called the *dildino*. Meanwhile, the drummer beats a mournful knell on bongos, cowbell, and bullclap. Only a dolt would lump this time-honored dance with the silly twists, prods, and thrusts of contemporary pop hoofing.

Caressa di Royalballs
Bunnihaupt, Hungary

Sirs:

I'm sitting around Pancho's Shamrock with a couple of cops from the Third Precinct. But they aren't cops anymore. They were laid off. Dermot says Abe Beame is the ringleader of a bunch of Jewish bankers, Communists, and pants cutters. John John says he really doesn't miss his paycheck, he just misses the black whores and the free fucks. I say I read *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and you know, in the whole damned thing there wasn't a frigging picture! So I colored in all the o's.

Hey, Pancho, give us another round.

Jimmy Breslin
Queens, New York

Sirs:

Hello.

I have seen the best minds of my generation steamed, cored, and shrunked, hanging from the rafters of my friends' huts. Sorry, can't stop long; gotta deliver this exploding telegram for the jungle telegraph service; then some of the other soldiers of fortune and I are going to drink and

do some sexual boasting. Just wanting to warn America that a lot of brave freedom fighters are defecting to the MPLA because they have dandier uniforms. Give us better ones today.

"Crabs" Louie M'boutou
General in Charge
Army for Rent, Angola
P.S. Or offers?

Sirs:

I learned the truth at seventeen
That a girl must keep her privates
clean.

Well, if you want the truth!

Janis Ian
Tongue in a Dyke, N.Y.

Sirs:

You wouldn't happen to have a proof copy of your April issue back from the printer yet by any chance, would you? It's 6:00 A.M. and we're still about twenty minutes short for tonight's show.

NBC's "Saturday Night"

Anne Beatts
Chevy Chase
Al Franken
Tom Davis
Rosie Michaels
Lorne Michaels
Michael O'Donoghue
Tom Schiller
Alan Zweibel
Desilu, New Jersey

Dear Rocky:

Sure, \$40 million is a lot of money, but the guy's my *own father*. Make it an even fifty and nominate me for Secretary of Cocaine.

Jack Ford
Hoover Screened Porch
The White House

Hey Guys,

Boy, I had this party. You know, at my nationally distributed publication *Rolling Stone* that I own. And do you know who came to it? Do you know who? Do you? *Caroline Kennedy!!!* That's who!! *Caroline Kennedy* came to my party!!! No kidding. She really did. No shit. I mean, so what if she has legs like an umbrella stand. It was her. She was really there! *Caroline fucking Kennedy!!* And I talked to her for practically ten minutes. *Now* will you make fun of me in your magazine?

Yawn Wenner
Rolling Stone
Over the Jap Restaurant on
Fifty-sixth Street
continued

Malcolm Hereford was an inventive and crusty old hedonist who made his fortune breeding bulls.

A stubborn man, he did things to his liking, regardless. He liked "strong drink." But not its taste. Or its smell. So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited. Each pleasant tasting. Each pleasing to the eye. And each smooth and light to the palate.

Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

he named them "COWS."

We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

So, with Malcolm's blessing, we've turned them loose.

Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.



INTRODUCING MALCOLM HEREFORD'S 30 PROOF COWS.

The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

Letters

continued

Sirs:

Speaking of your January issue, that Kennedy assassination piece by the Ant Farm was great. Talk about *funny*?! Ho-ho-ho...it was *terrific*!! And just like I said, they let the kid go without harming a hair on her head. Now, if you ever want to see the rest of your children again, be next to the third phone booth from the candy counter in Grand Central Station at exactly 10:00 A.M. on March 23. At that time, you will receive instructions concerning the Ant Farm material to be printed in future issues of your magazine. Do as I say and nobody will get hurt.

"A Friend"

Hey Guys:

You know, I've been thinking about it, and you must have thought I was really some kind of hemorrhoid begging and pleading with you like that not to call me an asshole. I realize you're into a whole irreverent trip and that presupposes some kind of status, so I suppose it's almost a compliment to have *National Lampoon* call me an asshole. Plus which, asshole is sort of

a blanket term that doesn't really say anything too specific about a person. But you know, fellas, a lot of people out there aren't really grooved into where your head is behind, even though I personally can dig in it. I mean, to some folks asshole still means a spittle-licking reptile who'd blow Charo's poodle if it meant maintaining a prime time image that's about as daring as an ascent of Mons Veneris, whatever that is. So like could you kind of grok not doing it anymore? I'll let you come in my mouth.

Chevy Chase
NBC's "Saturday Night"
Blocked Crack, N.Y.

Sirs:

The exact moment you die sounds like a milky way of celestial woofers distorting in a waxed paper pond. 'Scuse me while I kiss the sky.

Jimi Hendrix
West Mescaline, Afterlife 90028

Sirs:

The year Maury Wills stole 104 bases, he also copped three cars and my watch.

Sandy Koufax
Los Angeles, Calif.

Fellow Republicans:

Just thought that I'd let you know that as far as I'm concerned, defensism in the extremities of vice is no liberty... I mean, viciousness in the liberty of extremism is no defense...uh... libertarianism in the vice of defense is no extreme...that is...er...extrapolation in the deference of Libya... extramaritality in the events of... excelsior in the pants of...oh, *fudge*, I almost had it that time, too.

Jerry Ford
The White House

Sirs:

*Some say cocaine makes girls frisky.
But personally, I think
Whiskey's less risky.*

Or:

*Men seldom make passes
At girls without assholes.*

Either one. It's all the same to me.

Dorothy Parker Pen
Algonquin Indian Reservation
Disney World, Fla.

Sirs:

I understand that the *New York Review of Us* in your January issue was originally supposed to be called the *New York Review of Jews*, and I find it deeply offensive that you considered using such a prejudicial term for Jew as *Jew* in the title of an article in your magazine even though my name actually happens to be German and we're all Protestants.

Senator Barry Goldwater
Bar Mitzvah Harbor, Maine

Sirs:

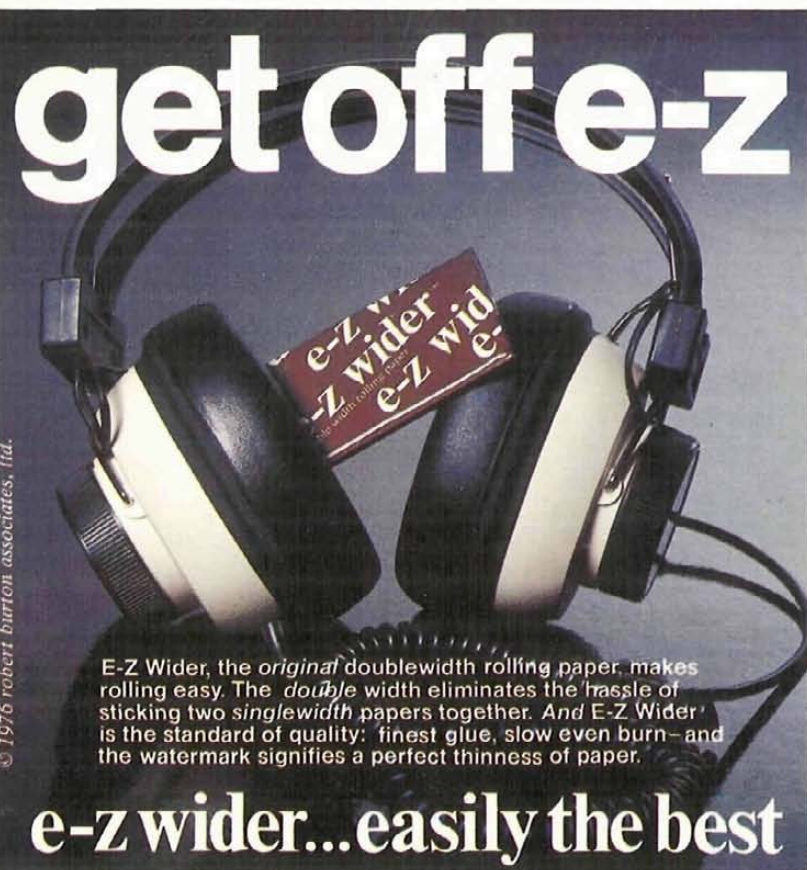
Did you realize that Adolph Hitler, Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower, and Emperor Hirohito were all amateur landscape painters? W.W. II was actually an attempt by amateur landscape painters to take over the world, which was stopped at the last possible minute by Stalin and Mussolini, who were really into the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. Do you have Tom Wolfe's address?

Morris Louis and Helen Frankenthaler
Art Ed. Dept.
Queens Community College

Sirs:

Has it ever occurred to you that your company, which owns only one magazine with four editors, has a chairman of the board, a publisher, a president, an executive editor, and four vice-presidents? Just for my own

continued

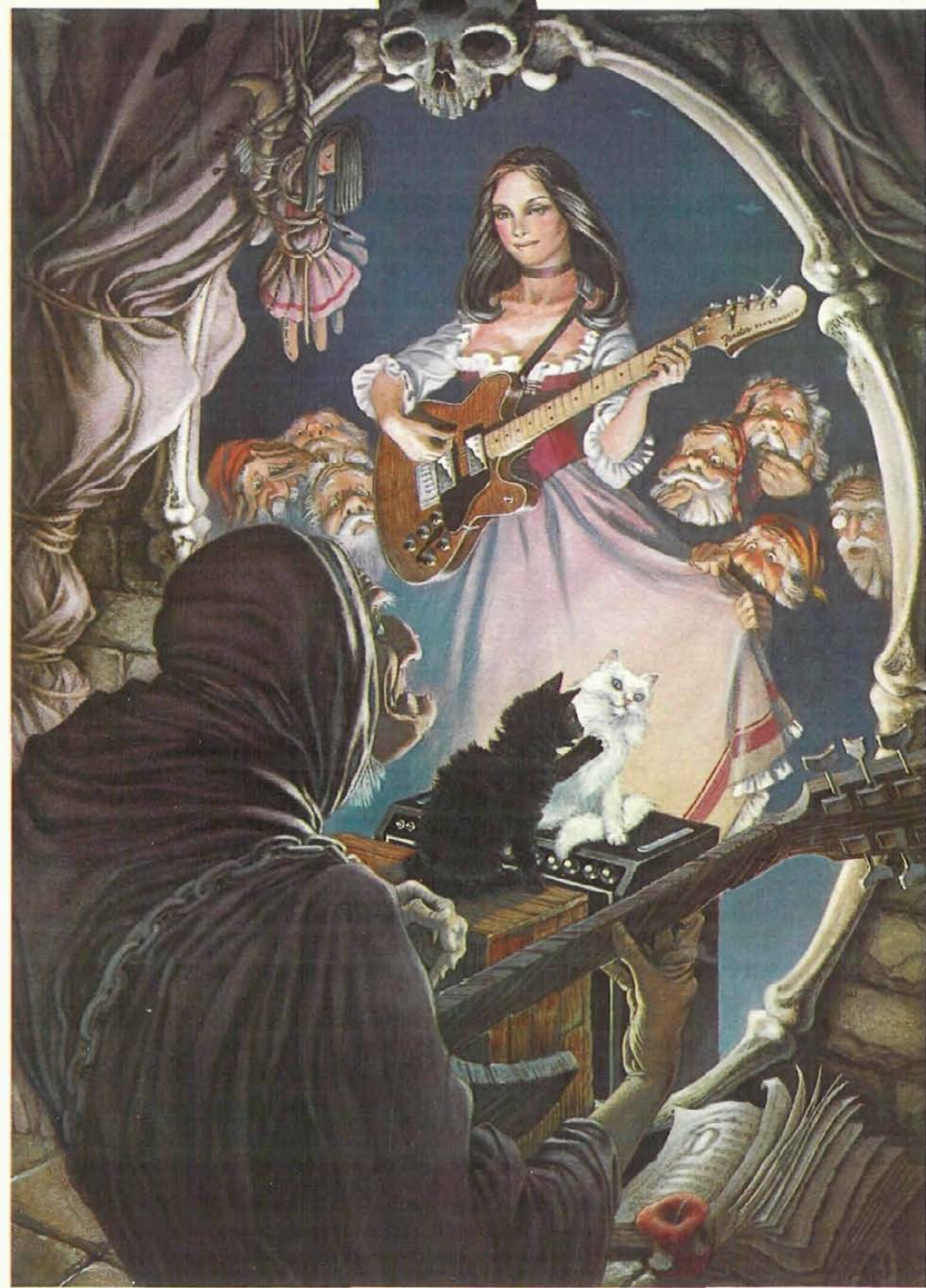


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Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
 Who plays fairest of us all?
 The Mirror answered as always:
 Queen, thou art fairest that I see;
 But o'er the hills in forest green
 Snow White really makes the scene,
 And she plays fairer yet than thee.
 "There must be a secret to Snow
 White's sound!" glowered the Queen,
 "but I'm all in the dark!"
 "Well, Snow White lights her way

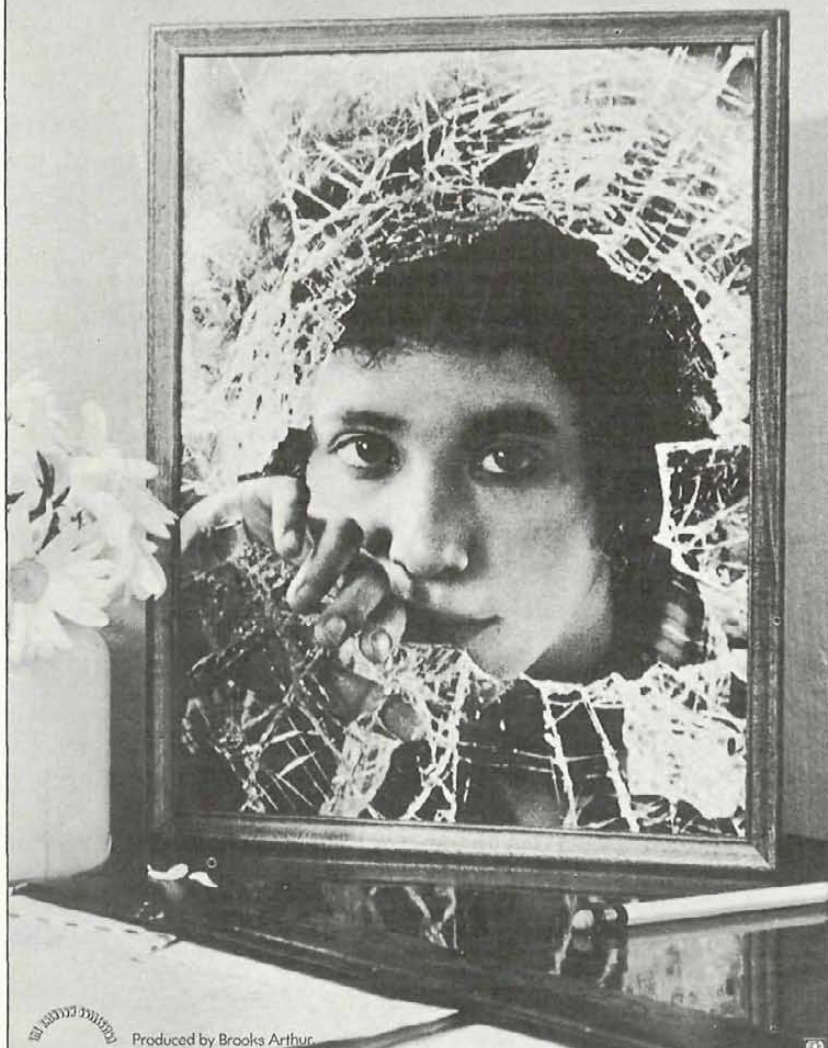
with the new Fender® Starcaster,"
 revealed the Mirror.
 In a shake, Snow White teased off
 a tempting lick that left the Mirror
 glassy-eyed.
 "If I had a guitar like the Starcaster,"
 the Queen smiled wickedly, "I'd have
 everyone dancing 'til they dropped."
 "Naturally," the Mirror replied.
 "How you play is a reflection on what
 you play."

"And of course," the Queen sang
 out...
 "You pick the fairest of all on a
 Starcaster!"

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JANIS IAN ITINERARY

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|---|--|
| 1/23 Front Row Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio | 2/18 Opera House, Spokane, Wash. |
| 1/24 Arie Crown Theatre, McCormick Place, Chicago, Ill. | 2/19 University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore. |
| 1/25 Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn. | 2/20 Paramount Theatre, Portland, Ore. |
| 1/26 Orpheum Theatre, Madison, Wisc. | 2/21 Paramount Theatre, Seattle, Wash. |
| 1/27 Performing Arts Centre, Milwaukee, Wisc. | 2/23 Queen Elizabeth Theatre, Vancouver, B.C. |
| 2/5-7 Roxy, Los Angeles, Calif. | 2/25 University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah |
| 2/10 Tucson Community Centre, Tucson, Ariz. | 2/27 University of Wyoming at Laramie |
| 2/11 Celebrity Theatre, Phoenix, Ariz. | 2/28 University of Colorado at Boulder |
| 2/13 University of California, San Diego, Calif. | 2/29 University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N.M. |
| 2/14 Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley, Calif. | 3/3 Warner Theatre, Fresno, Calif. |
| 2/15 Stanford University, Stanford, Calif. | 3/4 Memorial Auditorium, Sacramento, Calif. |
| 2/17 Boise State University, Boise, Ida. | 3/6 Santa Monica, Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, Calif. |

Letters

continued

personal information, what the fuck do all those bimbos with the —stein dropped off their names do for a living?

Irene

In accounting

Sirs:

My associate, Mr. Chevy Chase, has asked me to inform you that he takes great exception to your publishing the fact that he let you come in his mouth in return for not calling him an asshole. While Mr. Chase notes with relief that you *have* refrained from calling him an asshole for an entire month, he feels that the arrangement worked out between you was a private matter, not to mention a matter of privates. I remain, sirs, your obedient servant,

Chevy Chase's Asshole
 NBC's "Saturday Night"
 Black Crock, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have never written to your magazine before, as before this time I always had money. Now, however, the bottom having fallen out of the children's anthropology book market, it occurs to me I just might be able to sell a few books with a strong sex angle. Enclosed please find a manuscript entitled *African Genitals — Vanishing Breeders of the Darky Continent*. I sincerely hope you will see your way clear to serialize this work.

Robert Ardrey
 Martha's Vineyard, 1976

Sirs:

I don't mean to sound racially prejudiced or anything, but are they *bussing* Negroes into the U.N.? I know they're not from the neighborhood 'cause I live right around here.

Daniel P. Moynihan
 The Little Wobbly Table Next
 to the Men's Room, Elaine's

Sirs:

Do you know how you can tell which housewives shopping in the supermarket are into women's lib? By the haircurlers under their arms! If you print this, can I still use it in my giant book about a family of Irish kikes who stab each other in the tits with pen knives?

Norman Mailer
 Apt. 3B
 Tudor Sedan Towers
 Passaic, New Jersey

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?



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EDITORIAL



Say, "Hey!" It's your old Uncle Peej back with another dump-the-drawers-and-rifle-the-ugly-file issue. Comes around regular as clockwork—twice a year, the plant life down in accounting makes us run all the stuff we bought when we were drunk. You know how it is. Say you're a young editor who's been working hard all afternoon on a bottle of George Dickel and a plastic trash bag full of ice cubes. In comes a nineteen-year-old free-lance artist in vulva-colored hot pants and a pair of fuck-me shoes. She has this petulant lower lip that's broadcasting on the international emergency oral sex frequency, and first thing you know, you've purchased half a dozen color pages worth of orphaned kittens suffering from a form of ocular giantism. Or say a fellow loans you his Lamborghini Urraco for a heavy weekend at Stowe with the promising young star of *Girl Scout Suck Slaves*. It then becomes remarkably tempting to purchase his 85,000 word humorous spoof on the complete works of Emanuel Swedenborg.

Of such compromises is life made, and so's this issue. Anyway, at least it won't be as bad as January. What the fuck was *that* all about? The cover, for instance—I mean, if you know what the joke was, will you please write and tell me? Personally, I

think Doug Kenney's cerebral cortex has crash-landed. That editorial of his — am I wrong, or was it, well... *incoherent*? And the JFK assassination, thing. Christ almighty, did that ever suck. Those Ant Farm hippie jack-offs would blow a dog if you told them it was a hairy hash pipe. They really shit themselves with that "Eternal Frame" junk, you ask me. Bunch of queers. I wouldn't take those douche-bags to a rat shoot if they strapped carpet tubes to their asses and ran around on all fours squeaking for cheese. And while I'm on the subject, what gives with the forty-eight color photographs of fire hydrants? Hey, Kenney, you think you work for fucking *Art Forum*, huh? Jeez.

So much for the editorializing. Now what? Goddamned art director's going apeshit. Says if he doesn't get any print run-over, he'll have to use pictures of his mom in all those spaces next to the ads for used panties, Day-Glo rim-job posters, and Bay City Roller T-shirts that our magazine is full of, and she's liable not to dig that at all, and come to think of it neither would the readers unless they're into bestiality or something. Hmmm.... Guess I could take this opportunity to get cute girls' names into print. That always impresses them. Hello there,

Iris Brown! (Iris has raven-colored hair, the face of a goddess, and eyes like limpid pools. She also says she can't go out tonight because her cousin might come over from across the street and that goes double for next month.) Moving right along. Greetings to adorable Diane Trubull of Hamilton, Ohio. Lots of people make fun of Diane because she comes from Hamilton, Ohio, but lots of people date things the stork must have had drop-forged. And last but not least, a special great big "Hi!" and a kiss to Andrea Ambandos. You may think Ambandos is a ridiculous last name, but it doesn't look so funny on 180 of the world's largest oil tankers. Eat your heart out, Stavros Niarchos.

Did you hear the one about the Polish girl who was startled by a loud noise while giving a blow job? She swallowed her diaphragm. You *had* heard that? Sorry.

Let's try some office gossip: New staff writer **Peter Kaminsky** has lots of political opinions that sound, frankly, *Communistic*. Some say Peter's a boring hippie; others think his traitorous entrails should be torn out and fed to the rats we grind up in our grain shipments to Soviet Russia, where they don't know rodents from

continued on page 106

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Come up to KOOL.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

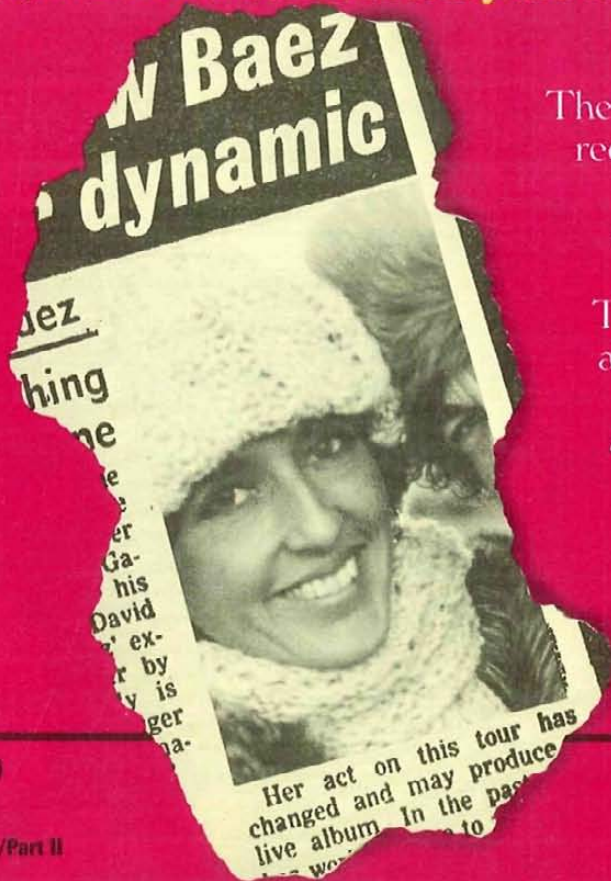
Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

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JOAN BAEZ

"FROM EVERY STAGE"

A new, live collection of her first 15 years of great music.



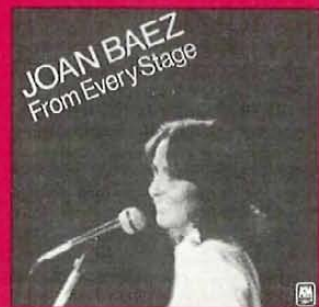
The performances in this recording were selected from concerts by Joan Baez during the summer of 1975. The artistic goal of the album was to faithfully recreate the music as it was experienced by the audiences at those concerts and to make the recording as natural as the original performances.



(Ain't Gonna Let Nobody)
 Turn Me Around
 Blessed Are
 Love Song To A Stranger/Part II
 I Shall Be Released
 Suzanne
 Blowin' In The Wind
 Stewball
 The Ballad Of Sacco & Vanzetti
 Forever Young
 Natalia
 Love Is Just A Four-Letter Word
 Joe Hill
 Diamonds & Rust

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
 Oh, Happy Day
 Lily, Rosemary And The Jack Of Hearts
 Boulder To Birmingham
 Amazing Grace
 The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down
 Please Come To Boston

Includes 8 songs previously unrecorded and unreleased by Joan Baez.



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➤ Momentous change purse from Pinkeye, S. Dak.!!! More stuff overheard said by Kissinger anent Nixon, and not previously reported: "Nixon's a nasty old thing. And he's a sissy, too. And I'm going to tell my daddy what he did, and my daddy's going to tell the principal, and Dicky's going to get in a lot of trouble. So there." Why does the press keep these things from us? What has the freedom of the fourth estate come to? Who stole my carrot?

➤ Eyepopping portfolio from Cleavage, Alaska!!! The Elizabeth Seton story grinds to a start in June under the jodhpurs and swagger stick of Ken Russell. Title unsettled. *Saintomania* under consid. Also, *The Nun Friend*. Working title: *The God Blowers*. Oh, well. It was also discovered that Ken Russell is not a human being, but a cruelty. He comes

in a little candy box and looks like any other bonbon. But, when it comes time to sign a contract, his pinky-ringed hand reaches out quicker than a roach in a follow spot. Ken is taken out every night by his keeper, Elisha Cook, Jr., and put back in the day time. Ken does the same for Cookie, singing to him, and tucking him into the identical gold foil. His film cutter is June Haver.

➤ Rip-roaring briefcase from Snowjob, N. Dak.!!! Now the truth can be told! Nixon's Irish setter, King Timahoe, was "Deep Throat"!!! O, rightly named—for miniature recording devices were introduced twice daily into his Wayne Kibble, and morning and evening Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward followed his spoor with a shovel as he was aired. Timahoe, who didn't even like the president, would just lie around during those secret conferences when the dirt was dished, smiling to himself how he could go into any room in the White House unsuspected. "Timahoe had a remarkable ear for the significant and the piquant," says Bernstein. "We're trying to have him extradited right now from San Clemente, before Nixon tries to cover him up. In the body politic,

Nixon is a hangnail. In future, he's likely to say he wants to make it perfectly clear he never even knew Timahoe."

➤ Red-hot knapsack from Flatulate, Idaho!!! The congressional debate to change the name of Mt. McKinley is approaching the wire. McKinley was a Republican, so the Dems want to call it Mt. Czologosz. Likewise, when the Dems try to dub it Mt. Kennedy, the GOPs put forth Mt. Oswald, or at least Mt. Sirhan. "Mt. Lincoln!" shout the Reps between licks of their ice cream cones. "Mt. Booth!" counter the Dems. One thing's sure, nobody's going to get it named Mt. Malcolm X. As to the Indians, whose name for it, *Denali*, means "The Great One," they think it would be nice if it could lend its name to presidents, rather than vice versa. Those who do not stand with their eyes raised to heaven asking, "How?" are glaring at the dirt mumbly, "Ugh."

➤ Dumbfounding keister from Muss, Wis.!!! Eric Clapton's new record, *Dental Floss*, is actually made of white dental floss, and if you uncoil it, you can really use it! Because you will then not be able to hear the

continued

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that can't wait. Bell & Howell Schools also holds in-person "Help Sessions" in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year. There you can talk shop with fellow students and receive additional help from instructors. These personalized programs cannot guarantee you a job or income opportunities in electronics, but do equip you with important occupational skills. The knowledge you pick up could help you look for a job — or advance in the one you already have.

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Birdbath

continued

record, this will help prevent both the decay of your teeth and your taste.

Scuttlebutterich reticule from Durst Ye, Okla.!!! After topping her nine-foot-three high jump record under hypnosis, beautiful **Rosaline Few** was scratched from the big show by Olympic Games Chancellor **Dean Martin**, who ruled that all Olympic medals be banned and the stadium torch be doused lest contestants stare too fixedly into them before competing. "These unnecheshary intoxicicanshts are a blight on the bumblebee," said the great hermeneutist and former

ballet star as he gingerly toppled over backwards in his Morrish chair. Wayta call 'em, Deano!!!!

Scintillating duffle bag from Gotcha, Mass.!!! Head of Argentina's government since her husband died, **President Isabel Peron** is switching professions. Following her physical and emotional collapse after the fist-fights which levelled the Argentine Congress, "Belle" Peron sighed: "They were always fighting over me, those men, and saying dirty things in Spanish or something. What was I, a poor, lorn girl, to do? I've leaving it all behind. Farewell, you nasty big old men, you!" Her closest political aide,

astrologer **José Lopez Rega**, says Madame Peron will reenter the bordello where Peron found her. "It's her seventh house," says he. "Gracious me," responded the Widow Peron, "I hope and pray I shall do nothing of the sort. Rather, I mean to fulfill a girlhood ambition of mine. If I can make it, I'm going to become a stewardess."

Titillating steamer trunk from Wargames, Vt.!!! The Smithsonian has unveiled a new exhibit: **Betty Grable's** legs! The luscious gams were willed to the Institute by the famed star, whose career "stemmed" from them. They go up to but do not include the private parts, and are displayed in an otherwise dark room standing spotlighted on a diamond horseshoe dais in pink pomponed high heeled mules, while a tape of Betty's eggy voice warbles, "Cuddle up a little closer, baby mine."

Saying of the month: "What is cowardice but a premature hastening to the victory ball?" — **R. Minding**.

Colossal pung from Desert Swamp, Iowa!!! **Ginger Roger** lives! Ginger Rogers (twenty-three) has been in a mechanical respirator for the past four years. "I feel wonderful," says Ginger, "and I met my new lover in there." "Ginger is a grand gal," says Greg (ninety-two), her handsome new lover. "She's just as alive today as if she hadn't died nine years ago, which she did."

"And it wasn't the first time, either," adds Ginger. "After all, I'm no spring chicken. I've died eight times all told. Dying is wonderful. I recommend it for everyone. Look at my fingernails. My blackheads are finally gone. And the most interesting people pass by. **Jay Sebring, Jeff Chandler**. And the all-time great, **Linda Darnell!**" □

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PA 120

100 watts RMS with an extremely wide dynamic range to handle musical instruments as well as vocals with super fidelity; 4 channels with volume, bass, treble, and reverb controls on each channel; a very functional master section containing controls for overall volume and reverb; professional response and maximum portability make the Peavey PA 120 the ideal PA amp for small clubs and auditoriums. List price: \$275.

STANDARD PA

130 watts RMS; 4 entirely separate channels with two wide range inputs along with volume, bass, treble, and reverb on each channel; master section containing controls for overall volume, bass, treble, and reverb for professional PA effects; a monitor output jack for driving an external monitor system; ultra modern design and extremely wide dynamic range create a versatile, rugged PA amp that is without question the finest in its price range. List price: \$300.

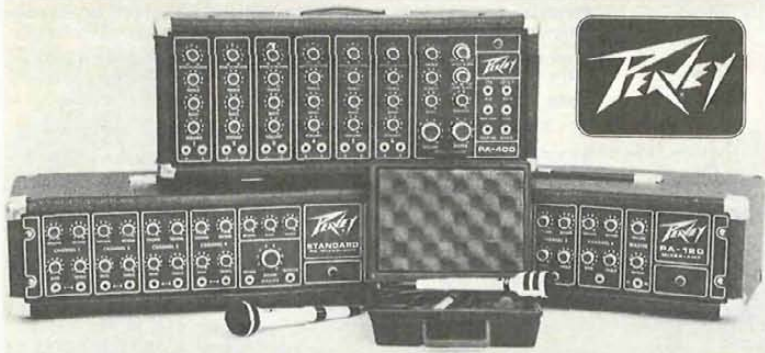
PA 400

The Peavey PA 400 approaches the ultimate in "packaged" PA amps. 200 watts RMS; 6 channels with low and high gain inputs, controls for volume, bass, treble, middle, and reverb/effects send on each; a master section featuring master controls for volume, reverb, treble, bass, middle, and effects for optimum balance of the entire system; unique "scanning" anti-feedback filters that may be activated in the low and high frequencies to tune out feedback; a patch panel containing outputs for driving external mixers, power amps, monitor, or effects units; auxiliary inputs, power amp input, and an input for reverb footswitch are featured in this highly professional unit. The exceptionally reasonable price of the PA 400 reflects the sophistication of engineering and design rather than any lack of features and is in accord with the Peavey policy of producing the very best unit for the least money. List price: \$400.

All Peavey PA amps are available with a variety of columns and enclosures.

The Peavey line of professional low and high impedance microphones was designed to comply with the high standards of quality found in Peavey public address systems. Peavey mikes feature extremely wide frequency response with a very tight cardioid pattern for clean, realistic, vocal or instrument reproduction. All mikes come complete with a rugged, foam padded carrying case, deluxe mike holder, and a 20 foot cable. All have on/off switches and excellent shock isolation. List price (all models): \$99.50.

For a look at the complete line of Peavey professional sound equipment including PA Mixer/Amps, speaker enclosures, Mono & stereo Mixers, guitar amps, and a host of other quality sound reinforcement gear write: Peavey Electronics / Box 2898 / Meridian, MS 39301. We'll send you a free catalog. You'll be impressed.

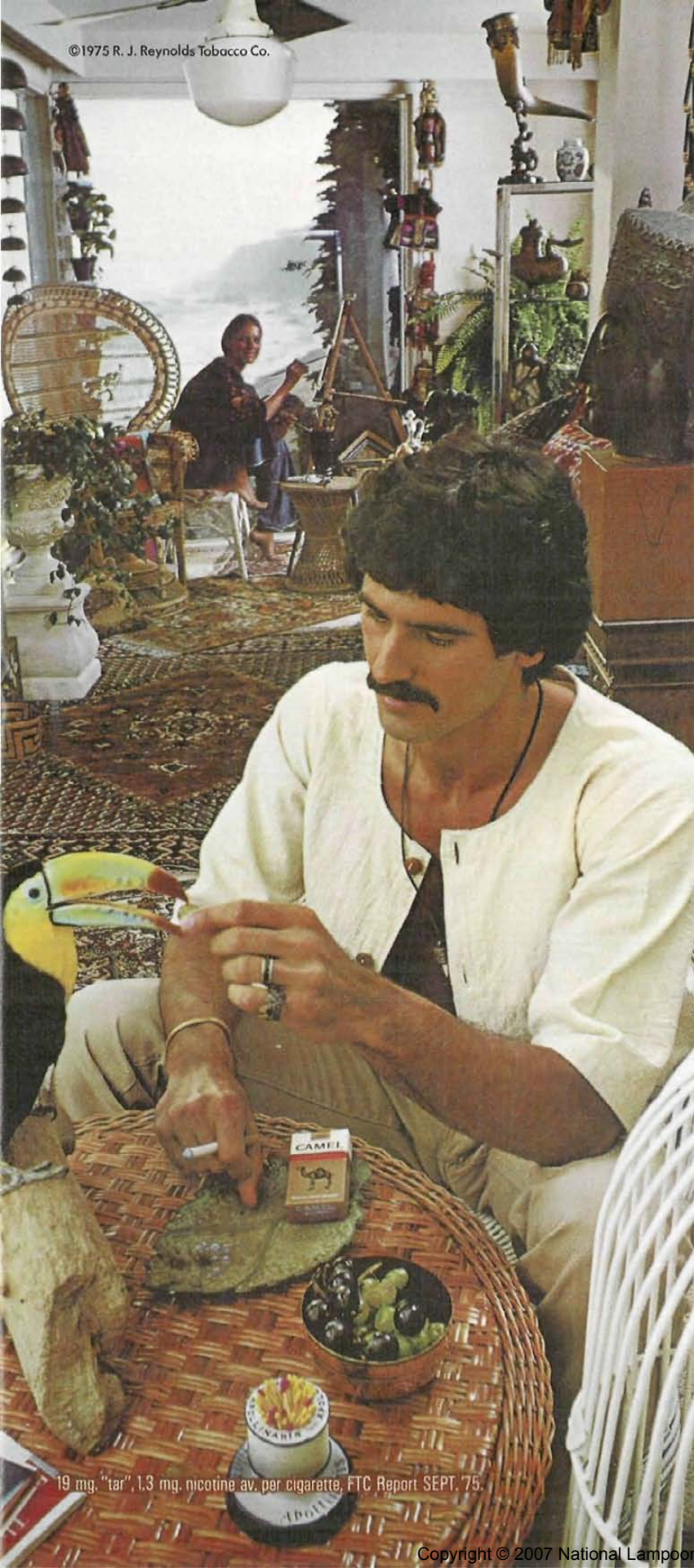


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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 75.

Andy Warhol's unfinished symphony.

We asked Andy Warhol to paint a picture of a Pioneer high fidelity receiver. He can't seem to finish. He says he gets so wrapped up in the beautiful sound of the subject that he can't concentrate on the way it looks.

Andy is a great artist, filmmaker and journalist. And he's a man who appreciates great music. He knows you can't have great music unless you have great equipment.

That's why he owns Pioneer. As far as the portrait goes, he has our unfinished sympathy.

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WHO BURNED THE CHOU?



Former Chou En Lai lies in state as grieving Commies mourn (left). Later that day, China overtook the West in critical category of heads of state who have been converted into two quarts of hydrocarbons and common oxides (right).



Jackie Bares All Reveals Love Match with JFK

Jacqueline Onassis maintained "a close personal relationship" with former President John F. Kennedy from 1957 until his death in 1963.

Speaking before a morning news conference in the Hotel Pierre, the fading jet set beauty produced records of over twenty phone calls placed to JFK during his White House years. She had evidence of some thirty-seven White House lunches as well as photographs showing the two lovers leaving "more than one" hotel.

Asked to comment, former Kennedy aides were at a loss to place the stylish social climber, but did observe a similarity be-

tween photographs of Jackie and Kennedy paramour Judith Campbell Exner. Reached at his poolside office, former brain-truster Arthur Schlesinger said, "There were so many women in and out of the Oval Office (and bedroom) that it's hard to remember this Jackie person. Anyway, Jack really went for blondes most of the time."

Reduced to a nomadic way of life since her White House years, Mrs. Onassis has bounced back and forth from such backwaters as Gstaad, St. Tropez, and New York's seedy Park Avenue. She has fond memories of her love affair with the former president. "He was a warm and wonderful Keynesian liberal and

a very forceful lover. In bed he was always the commander-in-chief to me, and that's part of the reason he'll always be the only man I'll ever love."

Jackie plans to "tell all" in her forthcoming memoirs, revealing all the goings on in Camelot and clearing up some of the rumored links between Kennedy and the notorious jet set. Making it perfectly clear that she is "serious and not just a scandalmonger," she will demand a "show of good faith" from any publisher to prove that they will treat her memoirs with the respect and dignity due the office of the president. When asked to name a figure that would represent good faith, Jackie replied, "Nothing less than \$2,500,000."

Hold Meat Until Demands Met

Terrorists protesting the illegal use of toilet bowl cleaners against the lower classes of Southern Iceland are

holding two sides of beef and a shoulder of lamb they kidnapped from a Krogers in Illinois today. They are

demanding a plane, two Remington electric shavers, and four packets of Mrs. Paul's Frozen Fishsticks.

Chip Off Old Blecch

Tom Snyder, host of NBC's "Tomorrow" show, suffered a mishap today when a large piece of his hair chipped off and fell to the studio floor. Cosmetic technicians are making repairs, and expect to have the host in working order soon.



Flashlight on Freon, Our Silent Friend



by Brittanica Dimwiddie

How would you like to eat a bowl of warm Jello? Or have your thick, juicy pork chops turn green and moldy? Sounds like a nightmare, but it might have happened, if Freon wasn't invented. Freon is that miracle ingredient, that magical gas that makes our refrigerators refrigerate and our air conditioners air condition. Freon, a silent, odorless (and quite harmless) gas, is singlehandedly responsible for keeping our foods (and our bodies!) cool and fresh.

Contrary to popular belief, Freon is not a natural gas. It is totally artificial and was invented in 1921 by Dr. Robert Fishback, a chemist in the DuPont laboratories. According to Dr. Fishback, Freon wasn't even invented, but came about through a happy accident. "I accidentally spilled some acetylacetic chloride into a solution of carbon tetrahalozine, and before I could clean it up, it turned into this gaslike ingredient that emanated coolness," said Fishback in his book, *Freon, Our Silent Friend*, to which I am indebted for much of my information.

The technical details of how Dr. Fishback converted this happy accident into what we know as Freon need not concern us. It is enough to say that his achievement was a monumental one, one of those staggering accomplishments of modern science that we all blithely take for granted. Today, the DuPont company manufactures over one billion gallons of Freon every year, enough Freon to fill the Houston Astrodome every day for eleven years! Added to this, DuPont licenses the manufacture of Freon to over 100 other companies, whose combined output is well over one million billion gallons. If we gave a gallon of Freon to every person in the world every day, we would not use up the supply for three hundred and eighty-six years! Think about this the next time your air conditioner or refrigerator breaks down. Then perhaps you won't be so blasé about the wonders of Freon, one of the best friends you ever had.



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ALREADY GONE
BEST OF MY LOVE

LYIN' EYES
DESPERADO
PEACEFUL EASY FEELING
TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT
WITCHY WOMAN

THEIR NEW ALBUM



ARAB RADICALS KIDNAP SELVES

Threaten to Kill Each Other If Demands Aren't Met

B e n g h a z i , Libya—Members of the Palestinian Liberation Organization walked into their own headquarters this morning and, drawing their guns, took over their offices.

They are reportedly holding themselves hostage.

Libyan armed forces quickly surrounded the building, but PLO members, using a loudspeaker, warned the troops that "if you get any closer, we'll kill

us."

The principal PLO demand is said to be withdrawal of all Israeli forces from Israel. According to informed sources, they have threatened to begin killing themselves if this demand is not met immediately.

IRA Bomb Drive Begins This Week

New York—The annual IRA Bomb Drive began last night with a kick-off dinner at the plush Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel here.

New York governor Hugh Carey was the keynote speaker. The theme of this year's drive is "Plant a Bomb in Ireland," and Governor Carey asked his audience to redouble their efforts on behalf of the hard-pressed Irish national homeland. Among those in attendance at the \$1000-a-bomb dinner were Ella and Barry Fitzgerald, Larry and Margaret O'Brien, Joe and Mary McCarthy, Dennis and Georgia O'Keeffe, Norm and Bing Crosby, Carmel and Anthony Quinn, Donald and Carroll O'Connor, George and Ethel Kennedy, Lloyd and Gary Nolan, Audie and Bride Murphy, Eugene and Tatum O'Neil, John and Maureen O'Hara, (continued on p. 11C, Home and Garden Sec-



UFO: Unionized Flying Object

Herb Peltzer, a fifty-seven year old Teamster who claims he is psychic, told reporters today that he knows of the whereabouts of James Hoffa, missing since July 30.

Peltzer claims that he had the hammer down on Interstate 70 when the voice of God came over his C.B., warning him of a speed trap up ahead. While

he had Him on the C.B., Peltzer claims, he asked Him where Jimmy was. "He told me this, and I swear it's the truth," said the psychic truck driver. "Jimmy Hoffa has been kidnapped by Martian manufacturers to arbitrate a contract with the Venusian laborers. I swear that's what he said!"

Peltzer has been employed with the Anthony Provenzano Transportation and Storage Company for thirty-six years.

THE BEAT GOES ON

By JIZ WENNER

Who's the rock sensation critics are calling the latest Bob Dylan? It's elfin poet/songstress Patti Smith. Spotted by Clive Davis, Arista Records' hot fat president, Smith is destined for big things, like cars and apartments. Described by Davis as a "butt-blistering good poet," others less kind have referred to her as a "leftover piece of sixties amphetamine filth."

Patti claims to be influenced by Arthur Rimbaud, the dead French poet. Unable at this time to read her mentor's work in the original French, she is taking a course from Jeune Correspondence Schools, which will enable her to read everything Rimbaud wrote in the present tense by sometime next year. Rimbaud himself claimed absinthe and opiates as major influences, but died before he could perceive the effects of steady and increasing dosages.

Although poetry is Patti's strong point, she's no Lenard Cohen in the music department, either. Chief boil at Arista, Clive Davis, says she's "one of the best Bob Dylans to come along musically in years."

The life of a rock "phenom" is not an easy one. Catapulted from obscurity to stardom almost overnight, many young stars are unable to adjust to the rapid change in their lifestyles. "How much is that in ups?" one of the more recent Bob Dylans was reported to have asked Clive Davis when presented with a check for \$300,000. About the only difference good fortune has made to Patti is that she has been able to acquire several more exotic homosexuals, which she keeps as house pets. Her manager, Judah Weinbottle, has invested the rest of the money for her in "multipreferred across-the-board exacto cow chips at the Aqueduct exchange."

How far will Patti go? Only time will tell, but we can say this: if shit for tits means anything at all, she'll go a long, long way.

Next month: Backstage at New York's fabled Bells of Hell, in the dressing room with the Martha Graham modern moving and dance company, and in the showers with Barry Manilow, "the homo's Bob Dylan."

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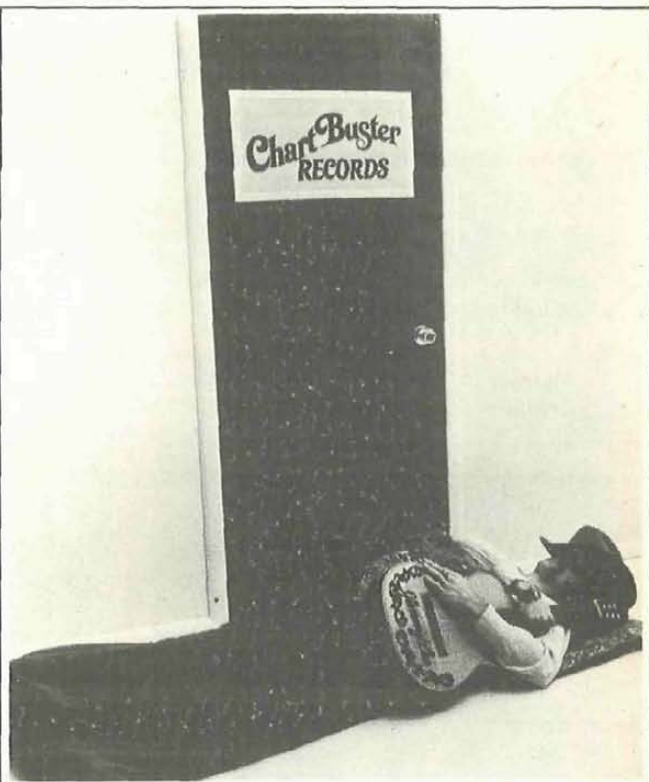
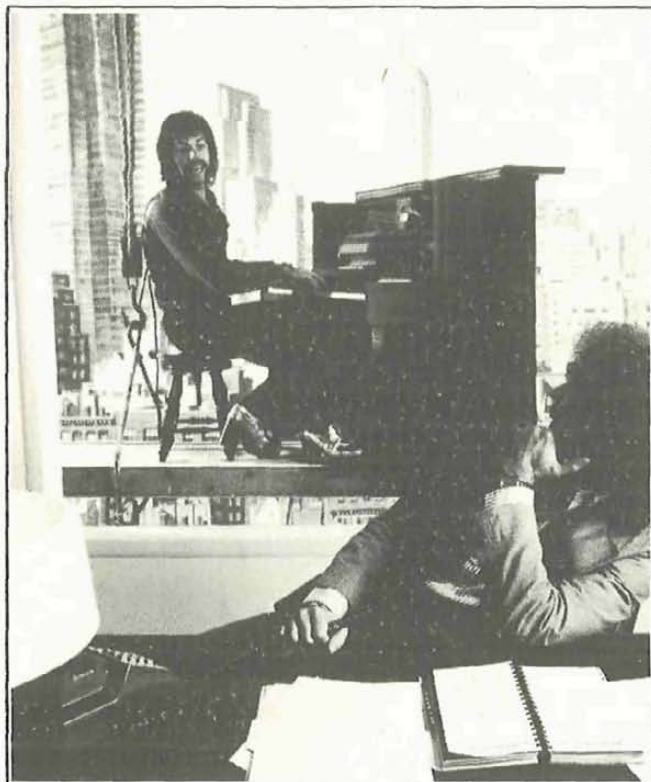
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CLASSIC WEDDING DESIGN

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MARIJUANA DESIGN

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



The sure way is the 1976 American Song Festival.


Instead of going to ridiculous lengths to get a music business heavy to hear your song, enter it in the 1976 American Song Festival songwriting competition. We'll guarantee your song will be heard. At least twice. And by the "right" people. Because the right people serve as our judges. They're A & R pros, music executives, artists and publishers.

All you need is a song. You don't even have to write music, because all entries are submitted on cassettes. And there are categories for all kinds of music.

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

Over the past two years, more than \$250,000 in cash prizes have been awarded. But even more important, there's a chance to advance your career with recording and publishing contracts. That's what happened to many of our past entrants. This year it could happen to you.

We are accepting entries now, so mail this coupon today for complete information and an official entry form.

To:  The American Song Festival
(An International Songwriting Competition)
5900 Wilshire Blvd., W. Pavilion, Los Angeles, CA 90036
(213) 930-1090

From: _____
Name (Please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization NLP

Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

By the time you read this (deadlines in this man's game of journalism being what they are, but that's another story), the pampered denizens of the diamond, the overgrown boys who play the grand old game for gold instead of glory—in a word, the professional baseball players—will doubtless be picketing the parks, turning the innocent ritual of spring training into a pointless exercise in petulant nay-saying strife.

Didja ever wonder, while riding the bus to the plant where you bust your tail every day for just enough not to meet the mortgage, and you read in the paper about how some flannel-clad lout gets paid more in a season than you'll make in a lifetime to shag the odd fly ball in the sun. "Hey—what the heck is goin' on?"

Some little tow-headed rube with the IQ of a tuber develops, as his sole motor skill, the ability to hit a ball with a stick one time out of six, he gets drafted onto an expansion team that'll put anything still breathing in its starting lineup, and suddenly he's earning more than a college prof, a five star general, or even yours truly.

And the next thing you know, the ingrate goes on strike, because all mean old organized baseball asked in return for guaranteeing the moron life-long security and all the beer he can swill is that he loaf around in the sun wearing whatever color uniform the owners decide to give him.

That means he's being exploited, you understand, and his civil rights have been violated.

Well, I'll tell you one damn thing, and that is, if I had to pay to get into the ballpark, I wouldn't go. If the owners had taken my advice, back then, and not hired Robinson and Dobey and all those guys, why, this year they could tell their high-mucky-muck holdouts to stay out, and they'd have a vast talent pool of eager ballplayers from the all-Negro leagues to replace them with. As it is, the only recourse open to the owners is to sign up those Oriental kids who've been winning Little League titles for years, and who you can bet would be glad to play big league ball in the U.S. of A. without quibbling about their so-called civil rights. As usual, Formosa is our last, best hope.

Red Hots. . . . Tennis heart-throb Jimmy Connors has inked a multi-buck pact to play the role of "Big" Bill Tilden in the upcoming AIP flick *The Love Set*, penned before her untimely demise by the late, great Jackie Susann. . . . East Coast track touts impatiently waiting for Ruffian's will to clear probate. . . . Come spring training time, we all miss Casey Stengel more than ever. In any argument, the Perfesser always got in the last word. I remember once he said to me, "Red, why don't you eat a bowl of fuck?" Adios, amigos.

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P.S. It's A Dirty Book!

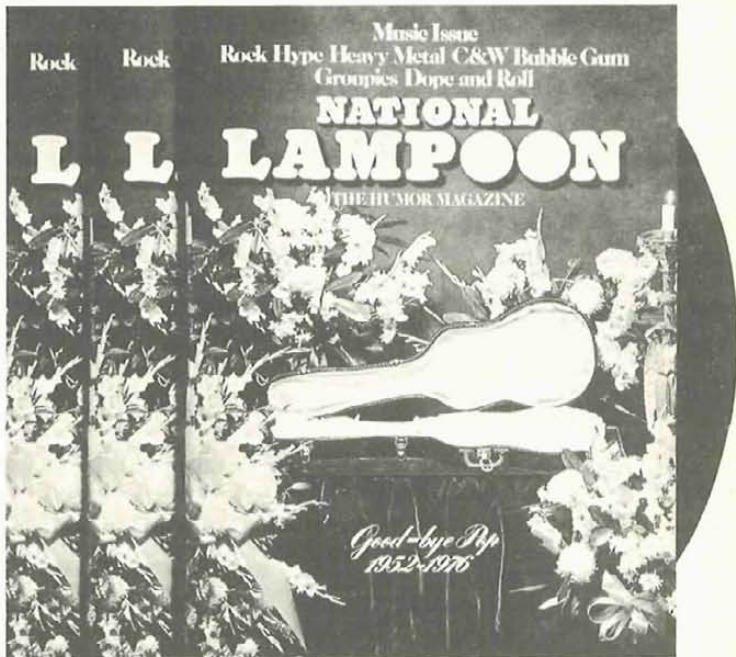
The staff of the NATIONAL LAMPOON
wishes to thank the Academy
for its very kind words
on behalf of their forthcoming special edition,

THE NAKED AND THE NUDE
HOLLYWOOD AND BEYOND

The NATIONAL LAMPOON special on the movies,
which will be out shortly,
is great but, in all modesty,
it's not that great.



This year there will be thirteen issues of the National Lampoon.



One
of them
is a record
album.

“Good-Bye, Pop” via Epic Records


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• Sgt. David Odett, a six-year veteran with the Pontiac, Michigan, police force, stopped a suspicious-looking hitchhiker. Odett put the hitchhiker into the back seat of his cruiser and went to retrieve a bag he saw the man throw into some bushes. The hitchhiker leaped into the front seat and drove away, leaving Odett holding the bag, which contained several bottles of wine and beer.

Odett fired and flattened a rear tire on his own car, but the hitchhiker continued his getaway. Odett then called for help on his portable radio.

The only other officer patrolling the township sped off to help, and as he was doing so, issued a county-wide alert for the stolen cruiser. Unknown to the authorities, the hitchhiker had already abandoned the car in the Oakland University parking lot, and fled on foot.

As police continued the search for the stolen car, two university policemen, patrolling in separate cars, saw the other Pontiac Township police officer responding to his comrade's S.O.S. Thinking it was the stolen cruiser, the university police gave chase.

One campus policeman parked his cruiser across the road in order to stop the speeding vehicle—and shot the left front tire as it neared the makeshift roadblock.

The car came to a halt; but the second University police car was still in hot pursuit, and, unable to stop, it plowed into the roadblock, causing extensive damage to both cars.

The stolen police car was recovered one hour later. The hitchhiker had fled without a trace, but left his driver's license, which was attached

to Sgt. Odett's clipboard. A warrant has been issued, charging the hitchhiker with car theft. *The Wichita Eagle* (R. Pritchard)

• Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Carlone began to smell an unpleasant odor in their kitchen in 1964, just after an Ohio Bell phone installer put in a telephone jack for their patio.

For the next eight years, the Carlones called in various fumigators, but none was able to locate the source of the stench.

On August 21, 1972, the kitchen wall began to bulge. Suddenly, the wall exploded, showering the horrified Carlones and their guests with forty gallons of human excrement that had been accumulating for eight years. Apparently, the Ohio Bell installer had, on that fateful day in 1964, drilled through a four-inch waste pipe connected to the upstairs plumbing fixtures. The human waste oozed out of the hole in the pipe and built up in the kitchen wall for eight years. The Carlones are seeking \$290,000 in damages. *Detroit Free Press* (D. Halsey)

• Every day for fifty years, Jeanette Gilbert had afternoon tea in Robert Simon's cafe. Simon observed the widow's eighty-fifth birthday by promising her the free drink of her choosing every day for the rest of her life.

Although Mrs. Gilbert had never touched liquor, she couldn't resist Simon's birthday offer and ordered champagne and assorted liqueurs.

Leaving the restaurant, she got the hiccups, walked in front of a speeding truck, and was killed. *Times Picayune*, New Orleans (D. Petitfils)

• After Roberto Tercero reported that he had been robbed, police routinely questioned him in hopes of discovering the thief's identity.

When asked if Tercero had noticed anything unusual about the robber's appearance, he replied, "He had pop-sicle sticks up his nose, gray socks on his hands, and he wore a brown paper bag as a hat." No arrests have as yet been made. *New York Daily News* (J.P. McMahon)

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 post-mark is selected.

Quality speaker systems distribute the audio load between a combination of two or more speakers. Low frequency sounds are produced by the larger woofers, while high frequencies are generated by the dome or horn driver or an ele...

WHICH SPEAKERS ARE BEST? Individual listening taste, and even the same people don't agree.

The sensible way to buy speaker systems is to listen to the ones you like. A-B test the two favorites by having music back and forth between them. Differences. (Keep the volume the same. It will fool you and the louder speaker will always note the power required for other components.

Most turntables are driven by the indirect method, whereby the platter is turned either by idler wheels or by a belt device (better) connecting the motor to the platter. The most sophisticated units employ the direct drive method which eliminates the idler wheel system by coupling the driveshaft of the motor to the platter.

WOW YOU. The most sophisticated units employ the direct drive method which eliminates the idler wheel system by coupling the driveshaft of the motor to the platter.

caused by a variation in speed below 20 cycles per second, the percentage of wow should be less than 0.5 percent.

changes above 30 cycles per second. It also doesn't have a flutter rating, which is less than 0.5 percent.

ability to track the quietness of the signal, 45 db as opposed to 55 db.

AN INTRODUCTION TO STEREO.

At Yamaha, we feel uniquely qualified to introduce you to the joys of true stereo high fidelity sound.

Since 1887, Yamaha has been making some of the finest musical instruments in the world. Pianos, organs, guitars, woodwinds, and brass.

With our musical instruments, we've defined the standard in the production of fine sound. And today, with our line of state-of-the-art stereo components, we're defining the standard of its reproduction.

However, at one time, owning a Yamaha stereo system tended to be a rather expensive proposition. Our "ultimate" system, for example, hailed by the critics for such innovations as Vertical-FET circuitry and beryllium dome speakers, carries a suggested retail price of over \$7,000.

But now, Yamaha introduces a selection of new stereo components that let your Yamaha audio dealer create a high quality system for a suggested retail price of around \$700.

What you're getting is the same performance and design concept of our most expensive system, but without the frills. Also, each component has been specially selected and matched to enhance the performance of the other components.

The Receiver: There's a lot more than power to our new CR-450 stereo receiver.

You'll enjoy brilliant tonality resulting from super low distortion—0.1% intermodulation and total harmonic distortion. (These figures are amazing, considering most other competitive receivers are typically .5% to 1.0%)

In addition, Yamaha offers a full complement of functional features on the CR-450. Twin meters for precise tuning. High and Low Filters to eliminate noise interference. And two headphone jacks, so you don't have to listen alone. Plus our own exclusive Variable Loudness Control, which gives you full tonal balance—even at low volume levels.

The Turntable: Yamaha's new high-performance YP-450 shares many of the features of our "ultimate" system turntable, the YP-800.

A low mass tonearm, with adjustable height and anti-skating, allows the stylus to track flawlessly at the lightest pressure. And the cue control is viscously-damped in both directions to prevent record damage.

A handsome walnut-grained base and a dust cover are standard.

The Speakers: By the careful refinement of proven acoustic and electronic

engineering principles, Yamaha's NS-2 rivals the sound quality of many larger, more expensive speakers.

The NS-2's soft dome tweeter and high compliance, foam surrounded woofer (the same design principles featured in our superlative NS-690 speaker) offer excellent high frequency dispersion as well as clean, accurate bass reproduction.

Underneath the NS-2's removable grille cloth, quality construction is evident in the fully finished front cabinetry.

The Headphones: Yamaha's patented new Orthodynamic design HP-2 combines the smooth highs of the best electrostatic headphones with the full, rich bass of the best dynamic types.

The HP-2's comfortable, featherlight styling (by Italian designer Mario Bellini) is now on display in the New York Museum of Modern Art.

An Introduction to Stereo. Chances are, when it comes to understanding terms like watts, dB's and signal-to-noise ratios, you're probably a little confused. So we've prepared a booklet that explains the basics of the world of sound.

Appropriately enough, it's titled "An Introduction to Stereo."

To get your free copy, just send us the coupon.

Then, once you know the basics, visit your local Yamaha audio dealer. His knowledgeable salesmen and extensive demonstration facilities can save you a great deal of time and money in helping you select a system. And his first-class service will keep you happy.

So talk to your Yamaha audio dealer. His experience and your ears make the perfect introduction to stereo.

Yamaha International Corporation,
Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600-C,
Buena Park, Calif. 90620

Please send my free copy of
"An Introduction to Stereo."

NAME _____

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CITY _____

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YAMAHA

**TURN
IT UP.**

Don't buy any loudspeaker until you test drive it. You're not going to a recital. You're choosing a roommate.

Challenge it. Put it through its paces. Most loudspeakers can handle mid-range, mid-volume, mid-mid sound. That's no test.

Turn it up!

Really loud. Loud loud
Kid-next-door loud.

How does the loudspeaker sound? Do you like it? Is it clean? Is it clear? Or does it hum the low lows when nobody asked it to? Does it splatter the highs? Is it fuzzy or distorted?

You don't have to live with loud music, but you ought to visit there. Loudness magnifies the imperfections that will scar your subconscious at regular listening

levels. Loudness tells you what time will do to your ears, your head, your disposition. Now:

TURN IT DOWN.

Way down. Take it to the edge of silence, and then come back a little.

Can you hear every part of the music, or does it sound like half the band went out for a smoke?

Are all the textures and detail and harmonics of the music still there, or is only the melody lingering on?

Nobody wants to live with a loudspeaker that can't make its point unless it yells.

So. Turn it down.

One last thought: don't let anyone, including us, tell you what you like in a loudspeaker. You're dealing with a very personal, subjective matter of taste. Loudspeakers are art.

Buying them is, too.

That's what this message is all about.

We're all in this together.



JBL offers a number of different high fidelity loudspeakers from \$156 to \$3210. Shown here, from left, are L36, L166 and L300. They are priced at \$198, \$375 and \$897 each.



For the JBL dealer nearest you, call (800) 243-6100. In Connecticut, call (800) 882-6500.

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17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.

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* * *

*Beep...beep-beep-beep...beep-beep...
beep-beep...calling all teens on
International Dateline....Stay
tuned for radio free friendship around
the world....High fun warnings are
up!...May-Date!...May-Date!...
May-Date!...*

First item on the Dateline tonight is from peppy Palestinian Kahlisha Mohamud. Kahlisha is a nineteen-year-old Moslem girl living in Israel. She'd like to communicate with friendly young men in the Syrian military, especially the Air Force. "If you would like to make of my acquaintance, I am weeknights on the rooftop of the Tel Aviv Hilton Hotel. I will be here with the flashlight," writes peppy Kahlisha Mohamud, who lives in Israel. You can get in touch with her at:

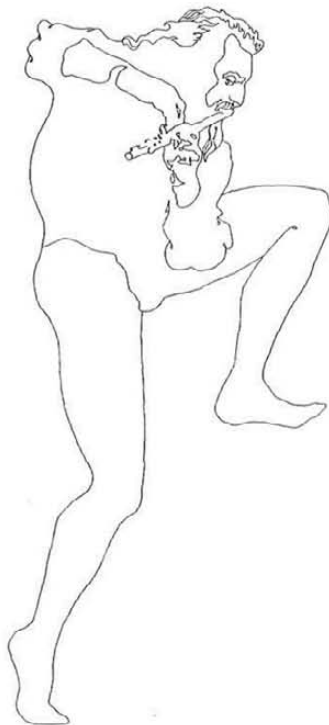
Censor
Camp Four
West Bank, Israel

Here's a popularity tip from Illinois teen Patty Antwerp. She says, "If you're 'lacking something' in the bustline but still want to emphasize your figure's good points, try leaving off your underpants." Thanks, Patty, and that reminds us—if you're petting after dark, wear white. When a

continued

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TEACHER / AQUALUNG / THICK AS A BRICK EDIT #1
BUNGLE IN THE JUNGLE / LOCOMOTIVE BREATH / FAT MAN
LIVING IN THE PAST / A PASSION PLAY EDIT #8
SKATING AWAY (ON THE THIN ICE OF THE NEW DAY)
RAINBOW BLUES / NOTHING IS EASY

The ten best-loved Tull songs on one album, plus a previously unreleased track and a souvenir poster.



Now available on **Chrysalis** Records and Tapes.

continued

fellow can't see what he's doing, he might "go too far" by mistake.

Any of you Jills and Joes out there in a coma? Sally Sue Hupper of Orlando, Florida, is, and she'd like to have some "pulse pals":

Marginal Care Ward
Palm County Hospital
Orlando, Fla.

And here's a note from three Oklahoma high school girls who are also refugees from South Vietnam. They'd like to meet a couple hundred American guys in the Tulsa area. They write: "Yank you want do boom-boom fuckey-suckey twenty dollar?" Doubtless a message of greeting in their native language. Why don't some of you "cow-teens" just "mosey" over to:

Suki, Wing-Wang, and Ho Quim
Apt. 17K
Highball Towers
6500 Sooner Avenue
Tulsa, Okla.

Ivanovich Ivanofsky is a Russian young person from Moscow, Soviet

Union. His father is one of the USSR's top missile technicians, and he'd like to know if any U.S. State Department teens would like to trade a pair of blue jeans or the new Elvis Presley record for some drawings by his dad:

Comrade Ivanofsky
Sector N
Block 506
Complex 3B7
Bldg. 890658
Apartment EEE24J6
Room 4
Moscow, RSSR, CCCP

Umug Idi Ug writes to us from Upper Volta, Africa. Her hobby is eating food. If you have anything around the house that might be of assistance to Umug in her pastime activities, she'll be glad to send you some dried mud. Mail your card or letter through the American Red Cross and tape a shiny bead to the upper right hand corner.

That's all for International Dateline for this month....Roger, Wilco... over and out (but not too late on school nights!)...beep...beep-beep-beep...beep-beep...beep-beep.... □

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Not just
lakefront footage,
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Aqua Ranches, R.F.D. 50
Upper Peninsula of Kansas

**SEND
\$25**

For No Reason Whatsoever to:
A New Alfa Romeo GT for P.J. O'Rourke if he promises to take his pals Tony and Sean over to that whorehouse in Canarsie where Doug Kenney got the nylon pantyhose job from the nine-year-old with rubber dentures.

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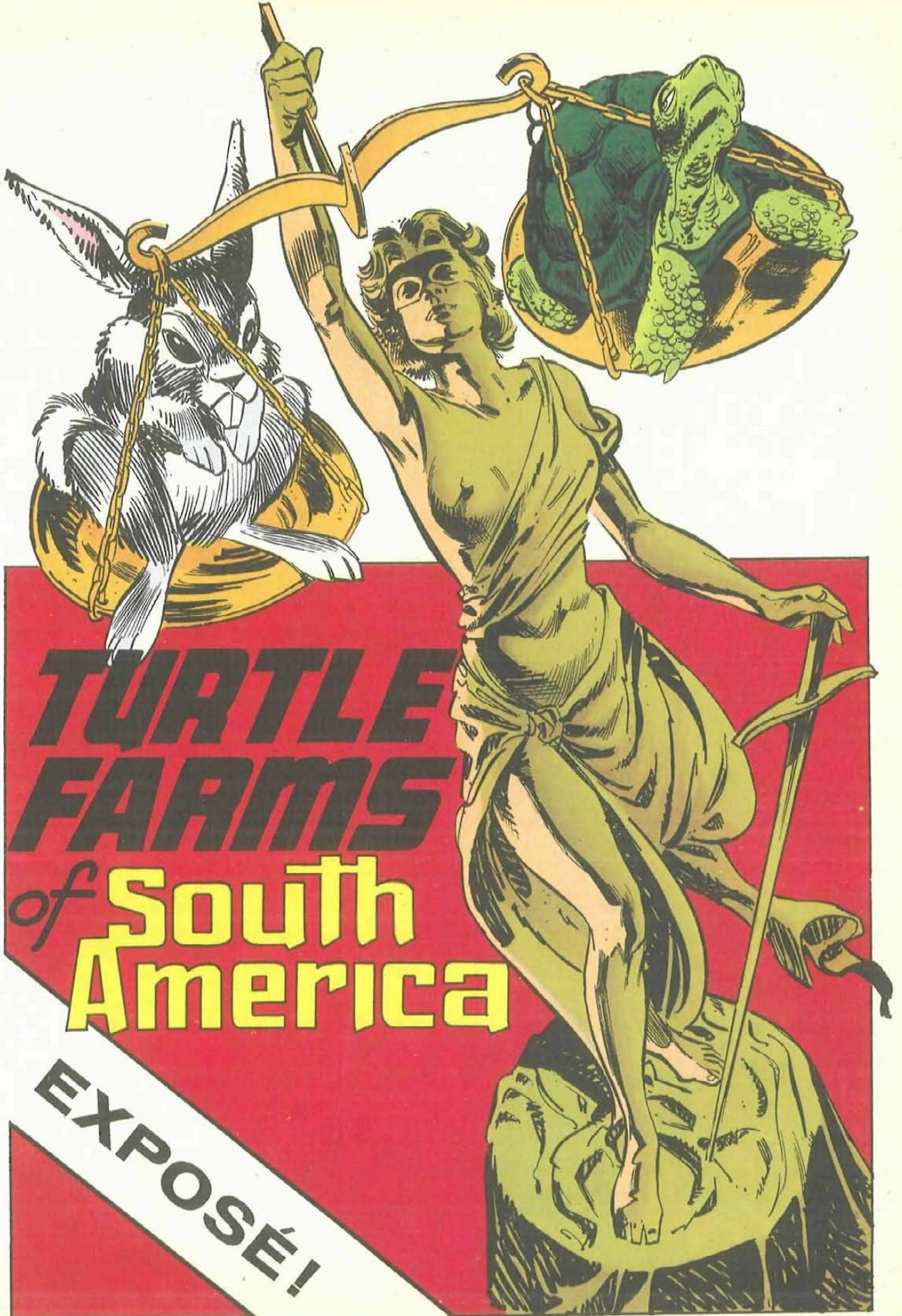
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TURTLE FARMS
of South
America

EXPOSÉ!

A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, I RECEIVED AN UNUSUAL PHONE CALL. IT WAS FROM AL THIMBLE, A FRUITITARIAN HIGHER-UP IN THE ASPCA'S INTELLIGENCE DIVISION.



TURTLE RANCHES!
SUSPICIOUS,
VERY SUSPICIOUS.

I'LL
CHECK
IT OUT!

IT SEEMED SOME SOUTH AMERICAN TURTLE RANCHERS WERE ABUSING THE MOST HARMLESS OF GOD'S CREATURES. NOBODY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GOING ON - BUT I WAS GOING TO FIND OUT.



...THAT'S RIGHT, NEXT
FLIGHT TO RIO DAGO.
WORKING CLASS
TICKETS PLEASE.

I TOLD THE CUSTOMS GREASERS THAT I WAS A BIG BOUTIQUE MAN DOWN TO BUY SOME TURTLE SHELL JEWELRY. THEY TREATED ME LIKE MY BROTHER WAS A POLICE CHIEF.



S: A-M

GARCIA
MUCHACHAS.

SI!

I WAS SOON RIPPING DOWN THE ROAD TO LOS TORTISES GRANDES RANCHES.



CORNERS LIKE A
CHRIS-CRAFT IN QUICKSAND.
SHOULDA BROUGHT TH'
VOLVO.

PED
XING

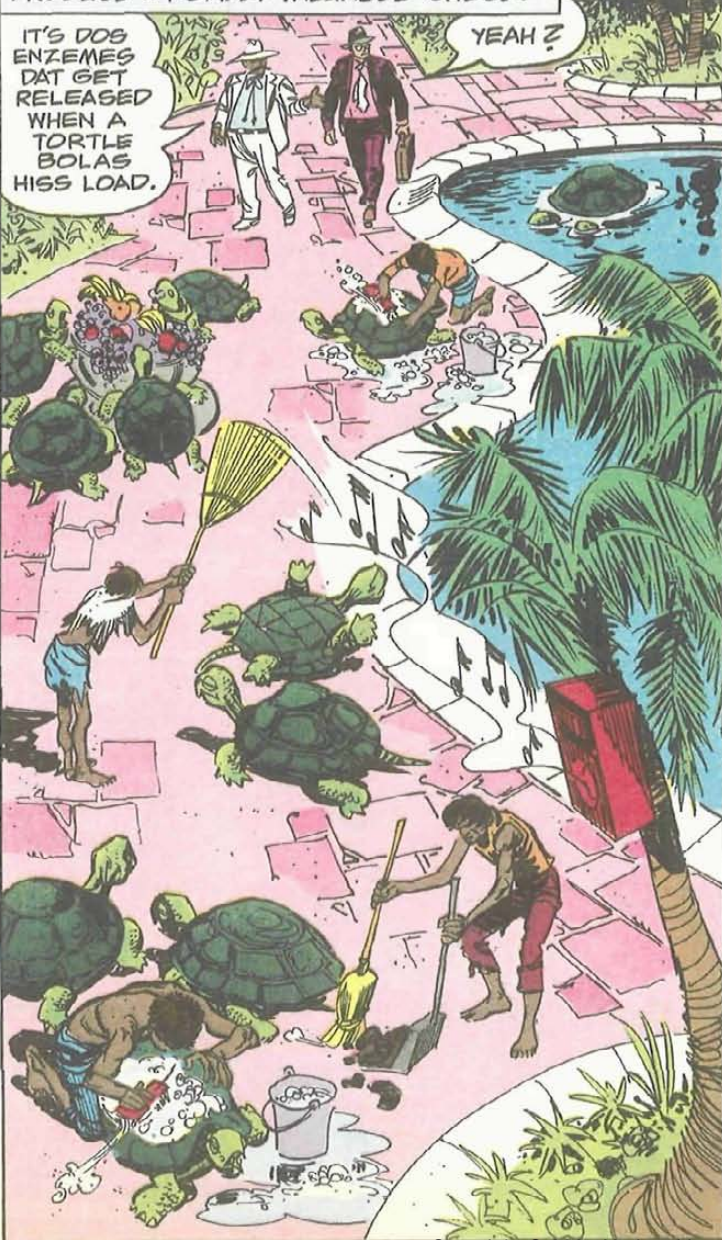
I EXPLAINED TO SEÑOR GAUNCHEZ THAT I WAS A BIG-TIME TURTLE SHELL SPECULATOR, AND HE PROVED MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHOW ME AROUND THE RANCH.



ALLO
ALLO
ALLO!

HI, THERE!

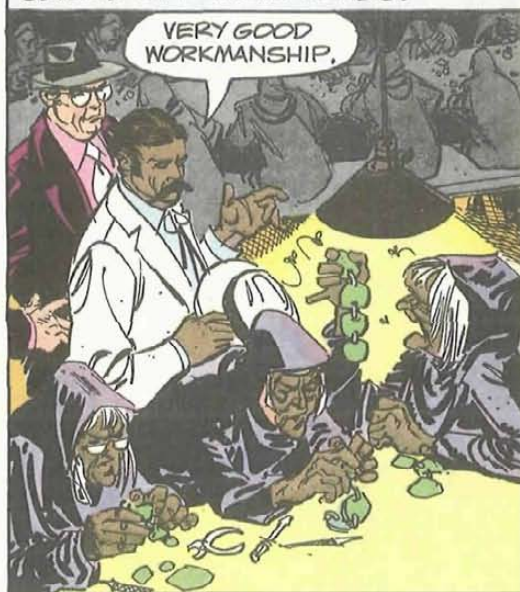
IT LOOKED TO ME LIKE THE TURTLES WERE GETTING A LOT BETTER TREATMENT THAN THE NATIVES. GAUNCHEZ CLAIMED THE TURTLE SHELLS WERE PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS IF THE TURTLES WEREN'T HAPPY. IN FACT, A TURTLE MUST DIE DURING ORGASM TO PRODUCE A REALLY VALUABLE SHELL.



IT'S DOS ENZEMES DAT GET RELEASED WHEN A TURTLE BOLAS HIS LOAD.

YEAH?

THE SEÑOR TOLD ME THAT THE CHURCH AUTHORITIES USED TO GET UPSET WHEN VILLAGERS MASTURBATED THE TURTLES TO ORGASM, THEN SLICED OFF THEIR HEADS.



VERY GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

BECAUSE THE CHURCH OPPOSED WORKERS TOUCHING TURTLES' PRIVATES, SEÑOR GAUNCHEZ IMPORTED HUNDREDS OF NORTH AMERICAN BUNNY RABBITS. THESE RABBITS, KEPT IN SMALL CAGES, SERVED ONLY ONE PURPOSE.



DEY KEEP DOS TORTLES 'APPY!

WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR A TURTLE TO DIE, A BLOW RABBIT IS REMOVED FROM THE CAGE...



JESU.



JESU!

THE STARVING RABBIT'S TEETH ARE KNOCKED OUT WITH A BALL PEEN HAMMER TO PREVENT HIM FROM GNAWING THE TURTLE APART....

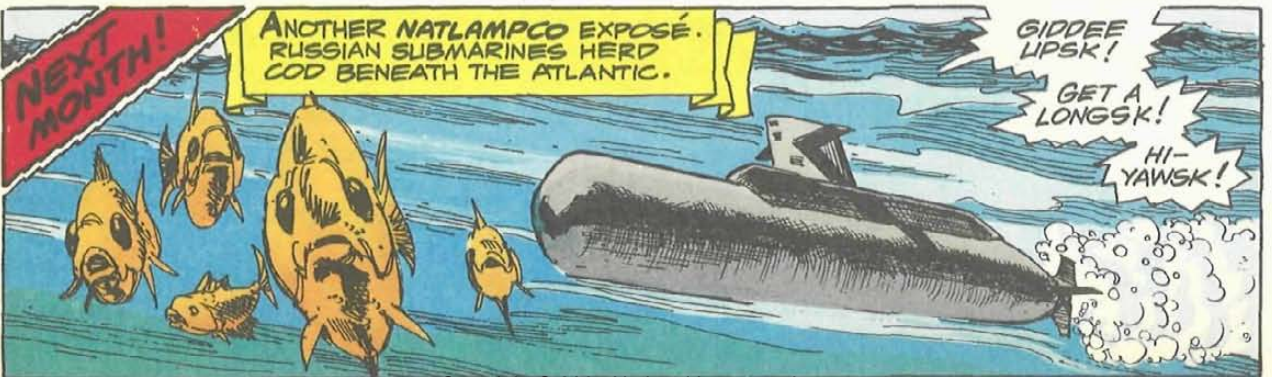
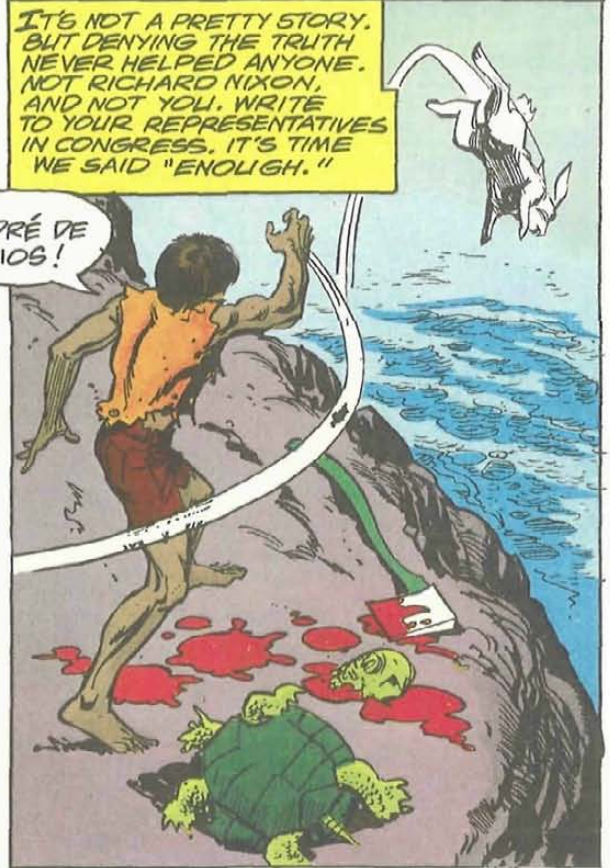
AFTER A BLOW RABBIT IS USED ONCE, HE IS FLUNG OFF A CLIFF, HIS USEFULNESS ENDED.



CHRISTO.

IT'S NOT A PRETTY STORY, BUT DENYING THE TRUTH NEVER HELPED ANYONE. NOT RICHARD NIXON, AND NOT YOU. WRITE TO YOUR REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS. IT'S TIME WE SAID "ENOUGH."

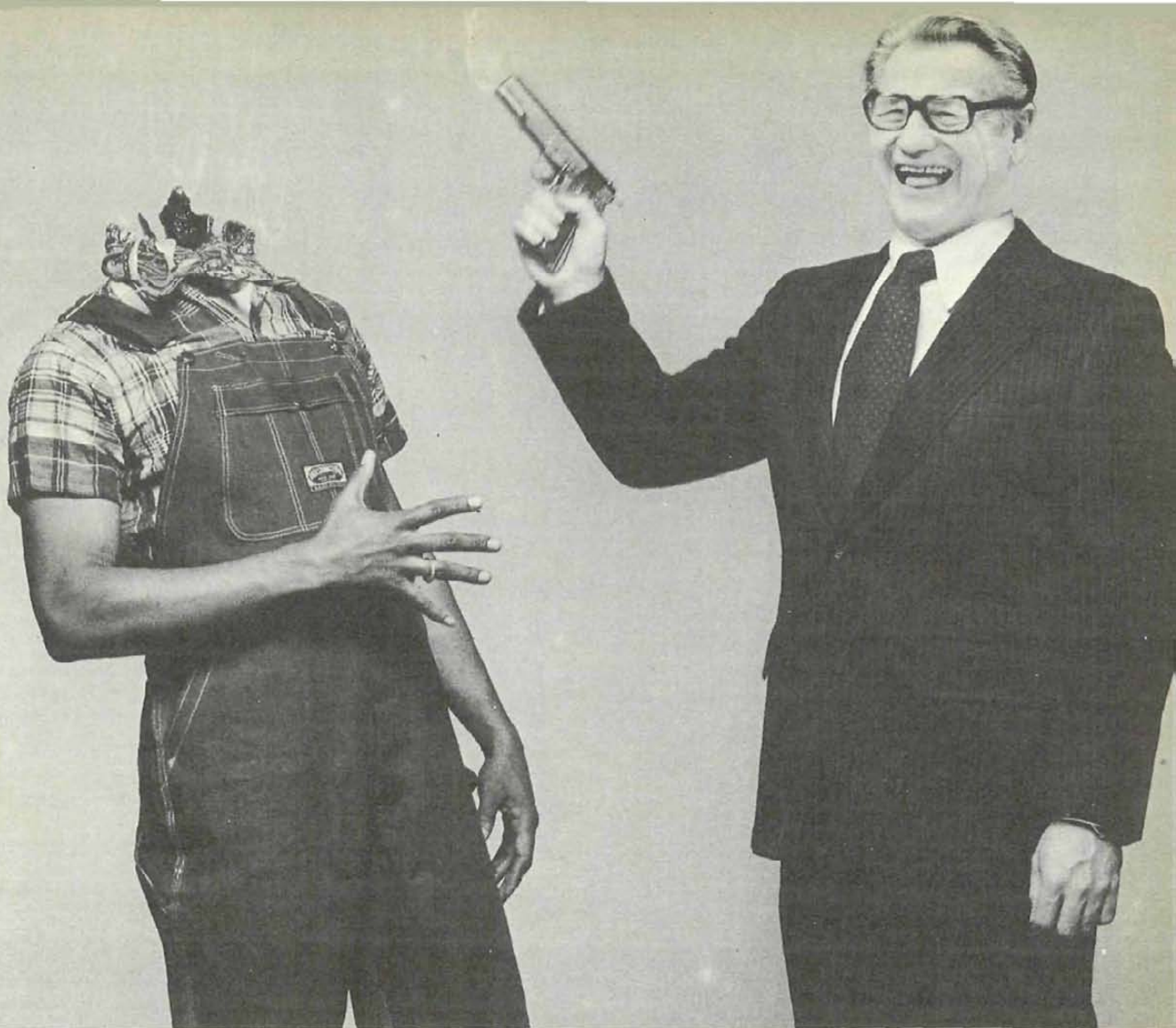
MADRÉ DE DIOS!



NEXT MONTH!

ANOTHER NATLAMP CO EXPOSE. RUSSIAN SUBMARINES HERD COD BENEATH THE ATLANTIC.

GIDDEE UPSK!
GET A LONGSK!
HI-YAWSK!



Bye, fella.

The headless corpse you see in front of you is a former Negro named Cleon Robinson. He was a nice guy, had a family, and I blew his head off with a .38 Magnum. It was an unfortunate thing for Mr. Robinson, but it proved an important point: **I'm Nelson Rockefeller and I can do whatever I want.**

But don't worry. All you and your family have to do to get the kind of protection Cleon needed is make the right choice on election day. (P.S. Plus, I'll give you one hundred dollars if you vote for me.)



CARNEGIE HALL

TONIGHT

THE WEAVERS



The Party

by Jeff Greenfield

Willis felt the excitement a block away from Carnegie Hall: clusters of teen-aged boys and girls hurried past him, boys in plaid shirts and work jackets, girls in black leotard tops and peasant skirts, laughing, shouting, linked by memories of shared summer days and winter weekends. He heard the cries of recognition, as if an Israeli drill instructor has been transported, clipboard in hand, to mid-Manhattan — "Goldberg!" "Cohen!" "Fleischman, hey, Fleischiy, babe!"

They were trading Ike jokes, Dulles jokes, Edsel jokes, quiz show jokes. Willis felt a tangible pang of loneliness in his chest, a longing to share in this communal sense of celebration, and a surge of anger at Baumgarten for not telling him how to dress.

("You're going to Carnegie Hall?" his mother had whined at him. "You'll wear your good suit and put a shine on those shoes, Mr. Beatnik, or you're not going anywhere.") Willis buttoned his coat tight, hoping no one would notice his dark gray suit, white shirt, and one-inch wide black knit tie with the pearl stickpin.

As he neared Carnegie Hall, Willis saw the pamphleteers, hawking *The Worker*, *The Militant*, "Remember

continued



the Rosenbergs" lapel buttons, Ban the Bomb petitions. He hurried by them, eyes searching the throng pushing into the ornate lobby, looking desperately for Baumgarten. It was Baumgarten who had sold him the ticket, with an impassioned account of the night's luminescence.

"Don't you understand, Willis? It's Pete—Pete himself. In person. And all the old group! It's a giant reunion, sold out for weeks. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss it!"

It had been a hard decision for Willis. His ninth grade math class had its weekly differential calculus test coming up, and most of his friends were spending this Friday night working equations by flashlight under their sheets. ("If you don't get a ninety-seven you can forget Bronx Science," Rosenbluth had sneered at him.) But Willis had spent too many lonely Friday nights already. This was his first invitation of the fall, and he wasn't about to let another weekend go by with only a bed full of potato chips and semen stains to show for it.

"Willis! Hey, Willis!" Baumgarten was standing by the stairs, dressed in a plaid shirt, chinos, and a work jacket, waving impatiently at him.

"Our seats are way up in the top balcony. Come on. Oh, boy," he added, as Willis unbuttoned his coat. "Whaddya think this is, a funeral?"

"You didn't say anything about

how to dress," Willis complained.

Baumgarten shook his head.

"I figured just maybe you'd of heard of what Pete's concerts are like, for God's sake. Come on. It's a long climb."

After what seemed like hours, the two teenagers reached their seats in the highest balcony of the hall. Far below, on the orchestra floor, the crowd was milling about, finding their seats, then leaping up to wave to a companion from summer camp.

"Hey, Bucks' Rock! It's Kinderring!"

"Do all these people know each other?" Willis asked in wonderment.

"Listen," said Baumgarten. "When you're part of this, you never lack for friends."

"Part of what?" Willis asked. "I thought this was a folk concert."

"Oh, yeah," Baumgarten mumbled, suddenly nervous. "Yeah—sure, sure."

Willis was about to ask him what he meant when suddenly, down on the orchestra level, there was a burst of noise: cheering, applause, a rush of people out of their seats.

"What's going on?" Willis asked his companion.

"Damned if I know," Baumgarten said, straining for a look. Then, like a tidal wave surging up from the floor of the great hall, the word began to spread. "Neeerow, neerow," it sounded like at first. Then, in an

instant, it was clear.

"It's a Negro! A Negro, here to see Pete! A Negro! A Negro!"

A mob of youths was converging on a seat in the aisle, from which a figure was vainly seeking to escape. It was no use: he was completely surrounded by scrawny, wildly grinning people with slide rules hanging from their belts, the gleam in their eyes clearly visible through their horn-rimmed glasses. Hands reached over shoulders, seeking to shake the Negro's hand, to touch him. Willis could hear the shouts even from his balcony perch.

"Hi, man!"

"Hey, how you doing? Can I get you a soda?"

"That Paul Robeson is some singer, isn't he?"

"We have four Lena Horne albums!"

Willis shook his head.

"I can't believe this, can you, Baum—Baum?" Baumgarten was missing. Willis shrugged, sat back, and watched the mob form itself into a line of well-wishers reaching all the way down the aisle, across the apron of the stage, and halfway down the other aisle, all waiting to exchange a word with the Negro.

"Willis! I—I did it!" Baumgarten, red-faced and gasping for breath, staggered back to his seat.

"I—I shook his—his hand...and said he—hello, and I—huh, huh,—I told him he could come over—to my house some night when the folks were out."

Willis nodded.

"Don't you see?" Baumgarten's eyes were wide with excitement. "It's happening. Those people are starting to understand who their friends are. Do you know how long it's been? All the fund-raising parties, the Scottsboro Boys stuff, all the Big Bill Broonzy records, and now, finally—"

"What are you talking about?"

Willis said.

"Uh—sorry, Willis, I forgot again."

Before Willis could ask his friend to explain his odd behavior, the house lights went down, and a lone figure walked to the center of the stage as a mighty cheer went up.

"Pete! Pete! Pete!"

He was tall and rangy, dressed in a rumpled work shirt with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and wrinkled denims. His eyes twinkled, and he moved with a kind of friendly, ungainly lope that was more kid than grown-up. He had a warm, open smile,

continued on page 99



It's true. You were actually born a beautiful princess, but you were given to us to be brought up...and there's not a damned thing you can do about it!

NORWAY SWEDEN DENMARK GERMANY NETHERLANDS BELGIUM LUXEMBOURG FRANCE AUSTRIA SWITZERLAND ITALY SPAIN PORTUGAL

The longest country in Europe.
Two months for \$195.

Student-Railpass covers 100,000 miles of track in thirteen European countries, all the way from the Arctic to the Mediterranean. And \$195 buys you unlimited Second Class rail travel for two whole months.

On a student's budget that's some deal. In fact, the only thing cheaper is thumbing it or wearing down your heels. Besides that, the trains are fast (some zip along at 100 mph), clean, comfortable and fun. You can go and come whenever you like. And you'll meet more Europeans than you would on the road.

Trains are dynamite. But how about ferries, lake cruisers, river boats and hydrofoils? Student-Railpass covers them, too. And it'll even get you discounts on motorcoach trips. If you want to do it big and mingle with the First Class types, think about Eurailpass. Same places, same trains (First Class, though), in two-week, three-week, one-month, two-month and three-month passes.

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STUDENTRAILPASS

SWAN SONG'S NEW ALBUMS BY BAD COMPANY AND PRETTY THINGS WILL REMIND YOU WHY YOU LIKED ROCK AND ROLL IN THE FIRST PLACE.

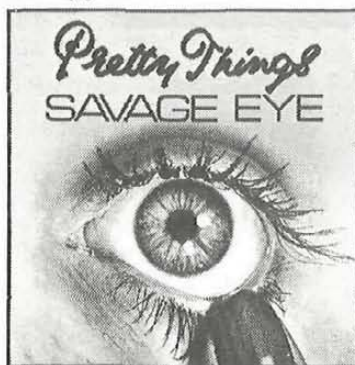


Produced by Bad Company

Swan Song offers two of the absolute prime examples of English rock. Bad Company's new album "Run With The Pack," is by far their best — and the band's first two albums have already established them as the most interesting — and successful hard rock English band of the last few years. The new album surpasses even the excellence of "Shooting Star," "Feel Like Makin' Love," "Can't Get Enough," and the many other favorites of the first two LP's. Some of the best on "Run With The Pack," are the title cut, "Young Blood," "Simple Man," and "Silver, Blue & Gold." Paul Rodgers — vocals, Mick Ralphs — guitar, Boz Burrell — bass, and Simon Kirke — drums.

Pretty Things, a legendary band who combine raunch and musical sophistication have created their masterpiece in "Savage Eye," a type of rock that you simply don't hear anymore. Produced by Beatles arranger and Pink Floyd producer Norman Smith. Phil May — lead vocals, Peter Tolson — lead guitar, Jack Green — bass and harmonies, Skip Alan — drums, John Povey — keyboards, Gordon Edwards — keyboard and harmonies.

ON SWAN SONG RECORDS & TAPES



OH, HARK!
NATURE AT HER MOST ELOQUENT...
...A WOODLAND SPRITE WITH SKIN OF PURE ALABASTER!
THAT'S NOT ALABASTER... IT'S FROST.

TROTS and BONNIE

soft core

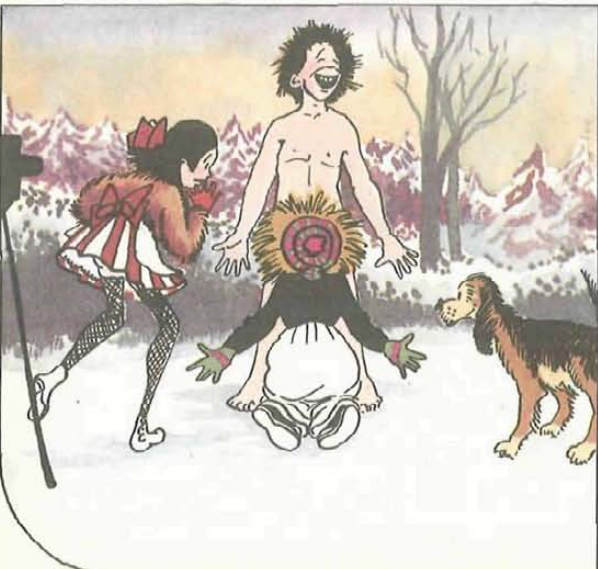
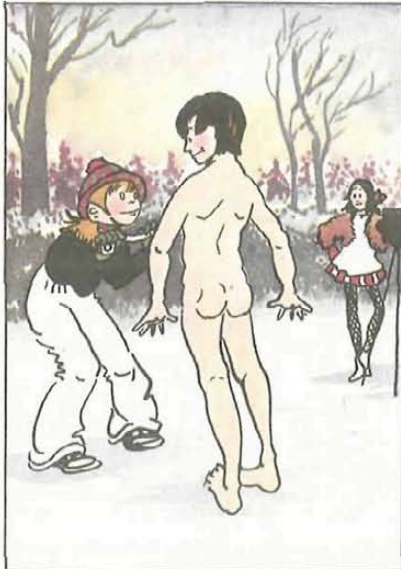
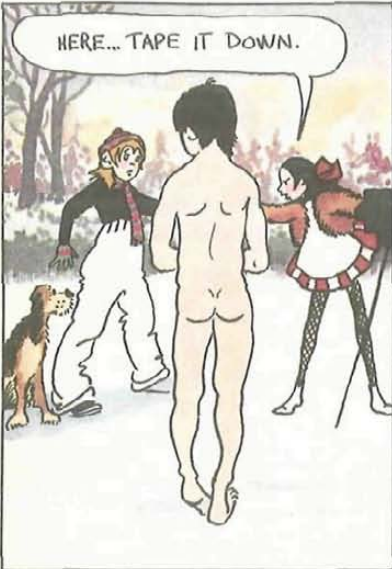
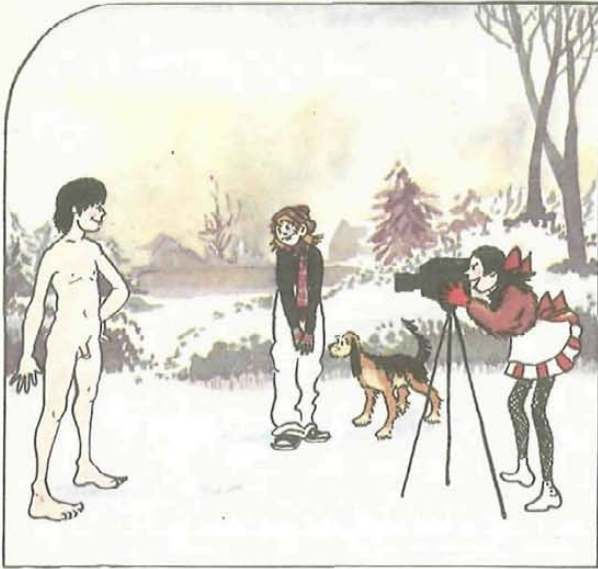
WHAT PRETTY UNDERPANTS!
NO FLIRTING BONNIE... THIS IS STRICTLY BUSINESS!

THIS HANDSOME BABE IS GOING TO HELP ME WIN FIRST PRIZE IN THE "PLAYTEEN" AMATEUR BEEFCAKE CONTEST!

I HAD TO BLOW EVERY DINGDONG IN THE EIGHTH GRADE TO FIND THIS HUNK.

HE THINKS HE'S GETTING TEN DOLLARS AN HOUR.

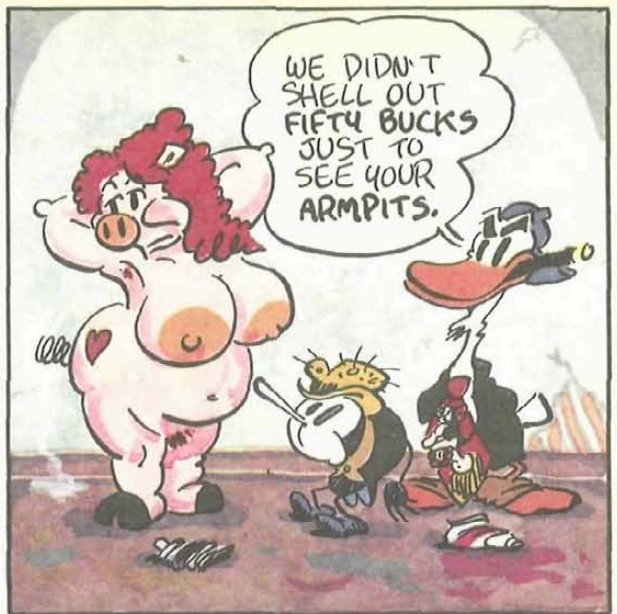
NOW SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS A LITTLE.

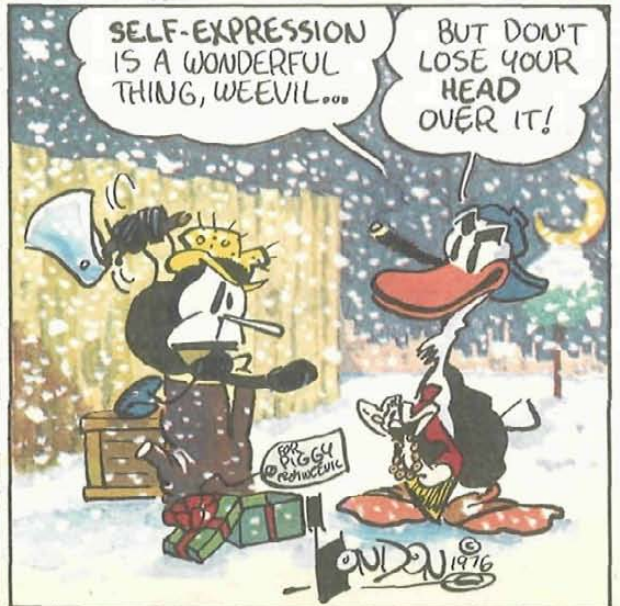
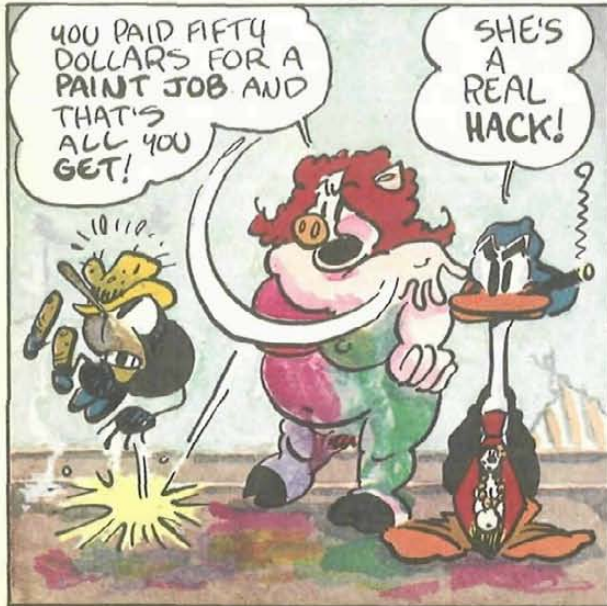
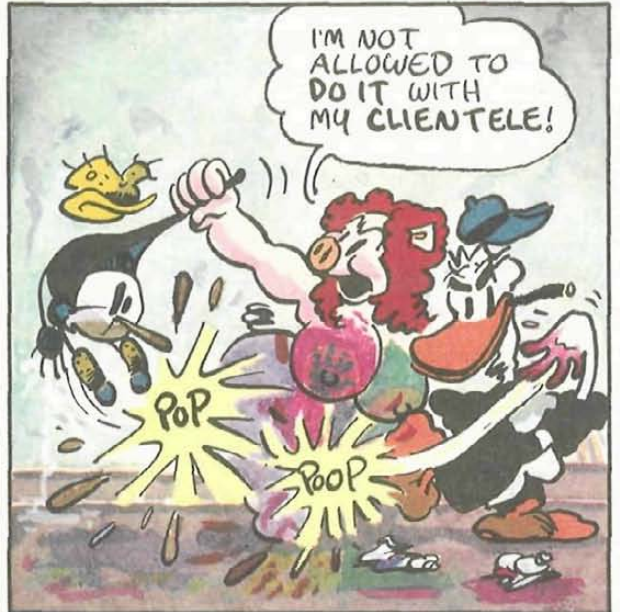
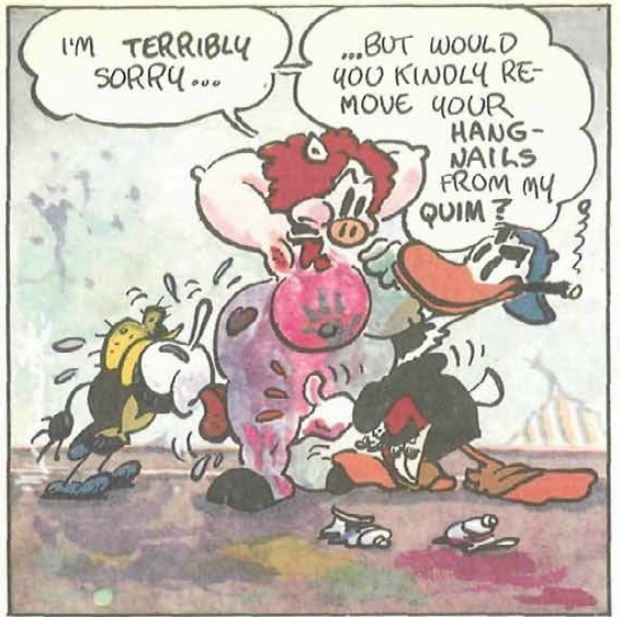


©76 SHARY FLENNIKEN

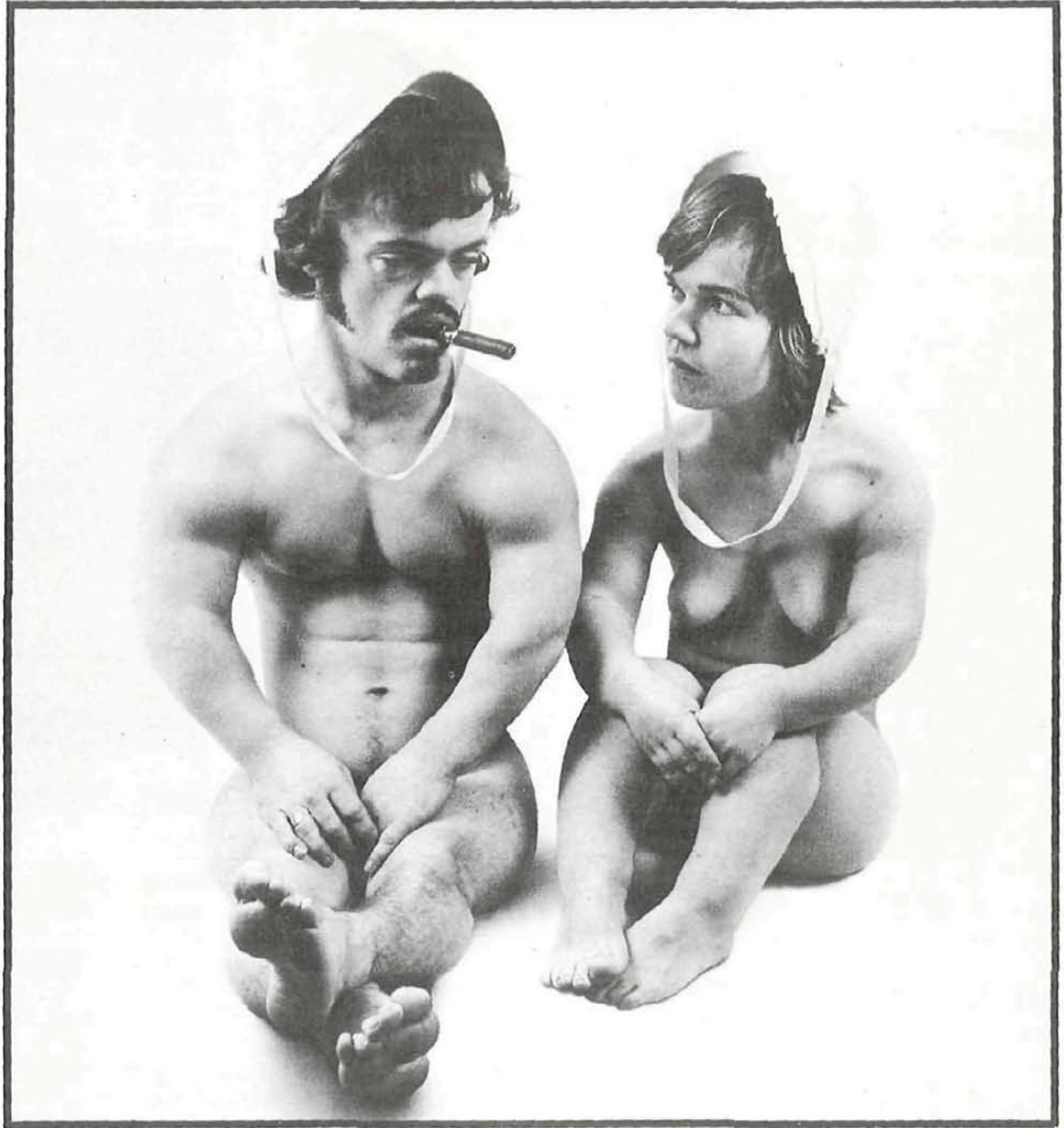
DIRTY DUCK

by BOBBY LONDON





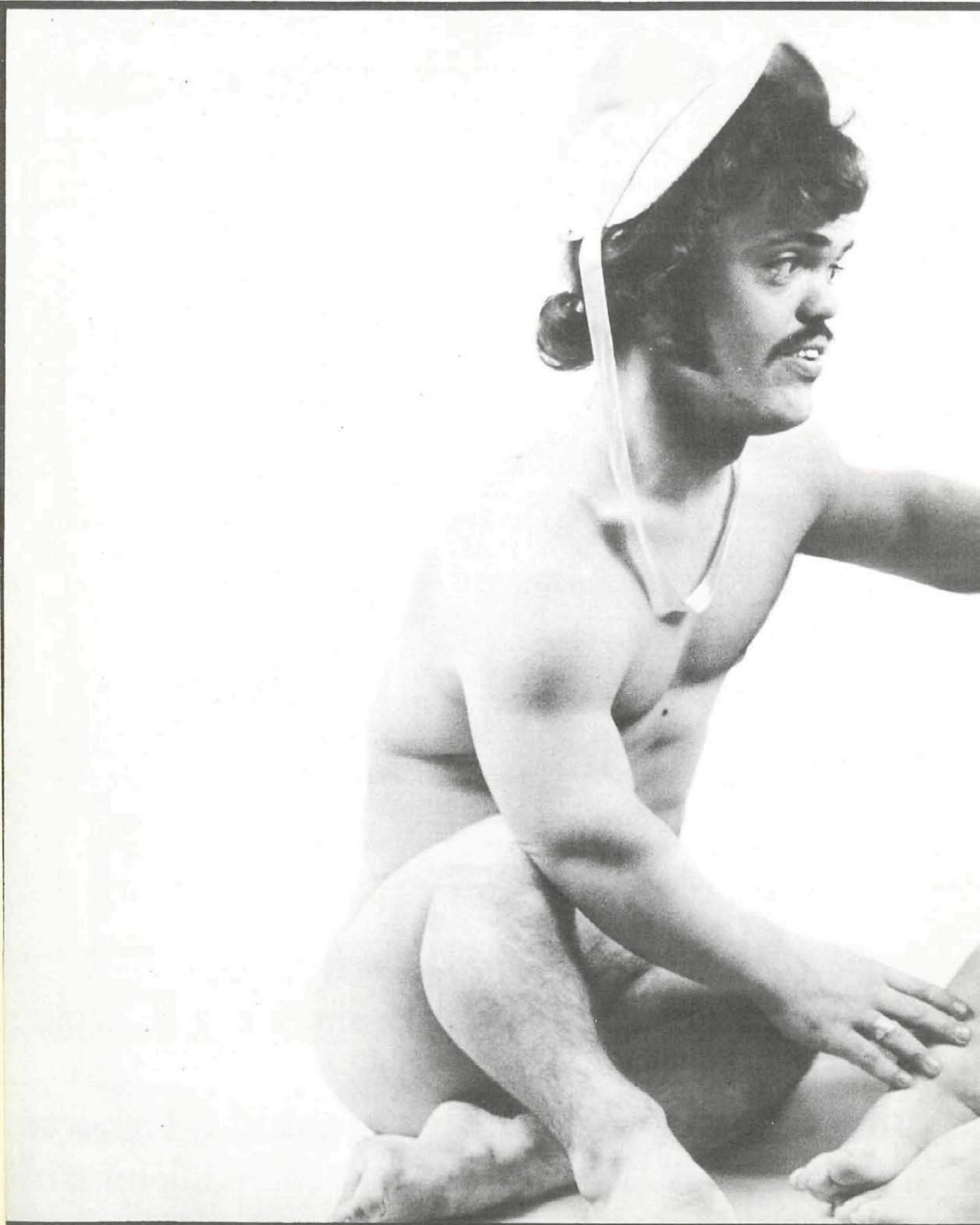
Blow Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and People Who Would Like to Have Sex with Children
Text by Ted Mann, Peter Kaminsky, Tony Hendra, P.J. O'Rourke. Photography by Peter Kleinman



I'll let you touch my **PEE-PEE** if I can touch your twat...



I mean **PEE-PEE.**



Christ, those are funny-looking kids

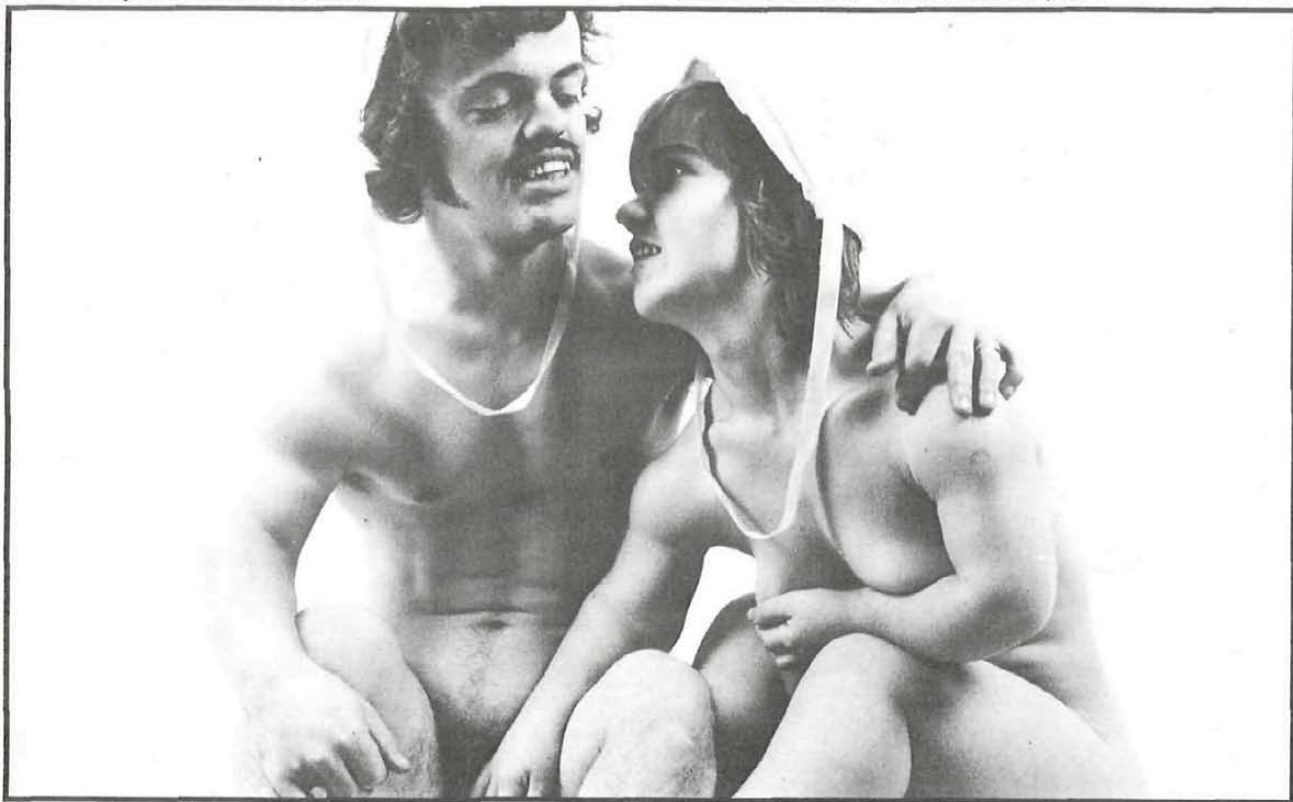




My **PEE-PEE'S** indoors.



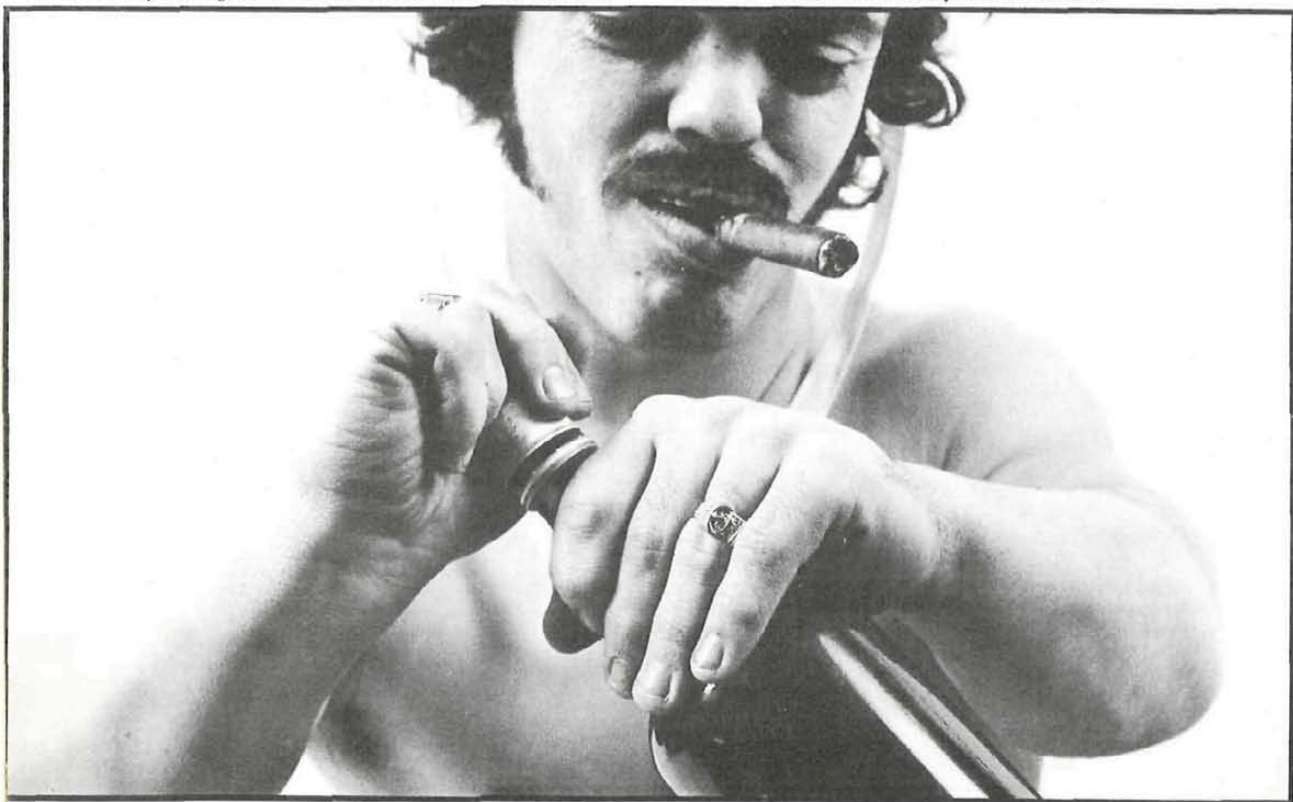
Sure it is. Wanna **DRINK?**



Daddy has a big **WHISKEY BOTTLE.**



Yeah, does he have any **ROCKS?**

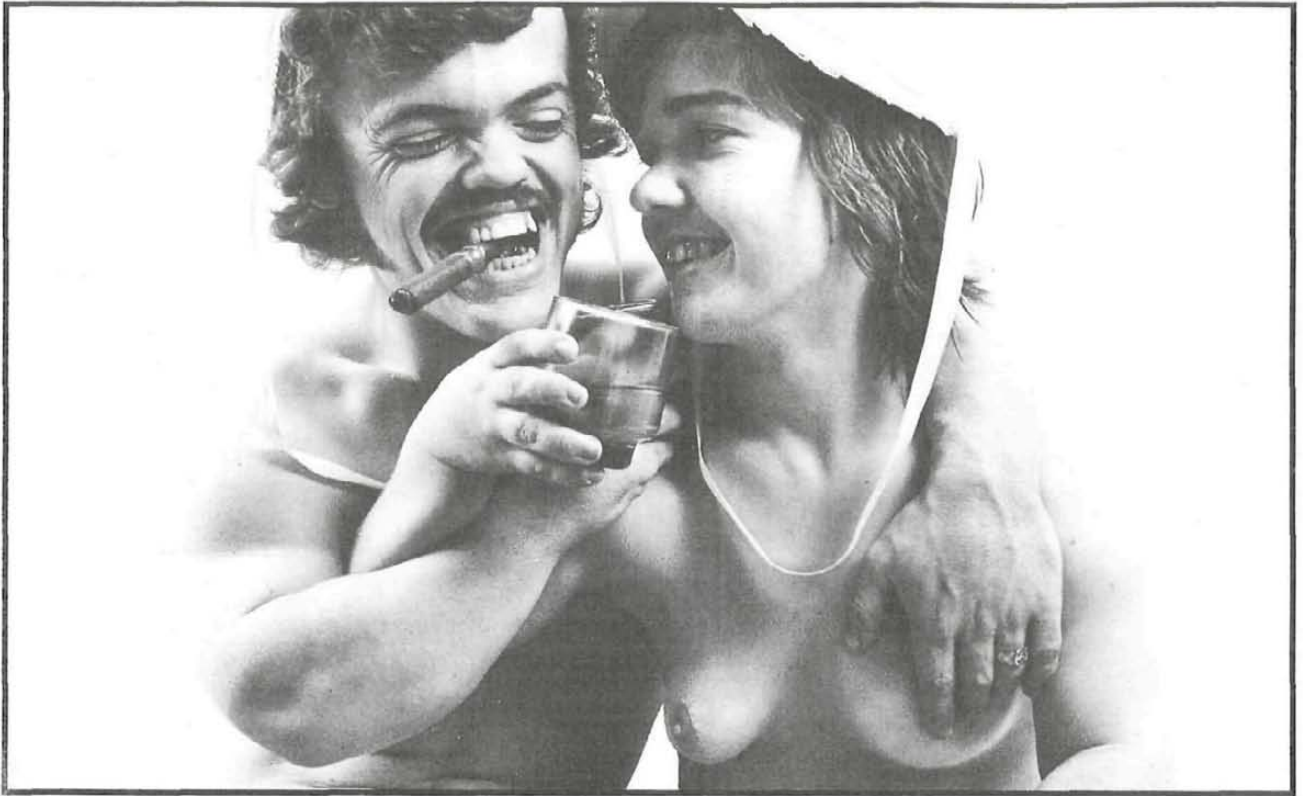




They're **MIDGETS!**

I didn't buy this book

to look at any goddamned **DRUNK MIDGETS!**



Get off of me, you horrible little **DWARF!**

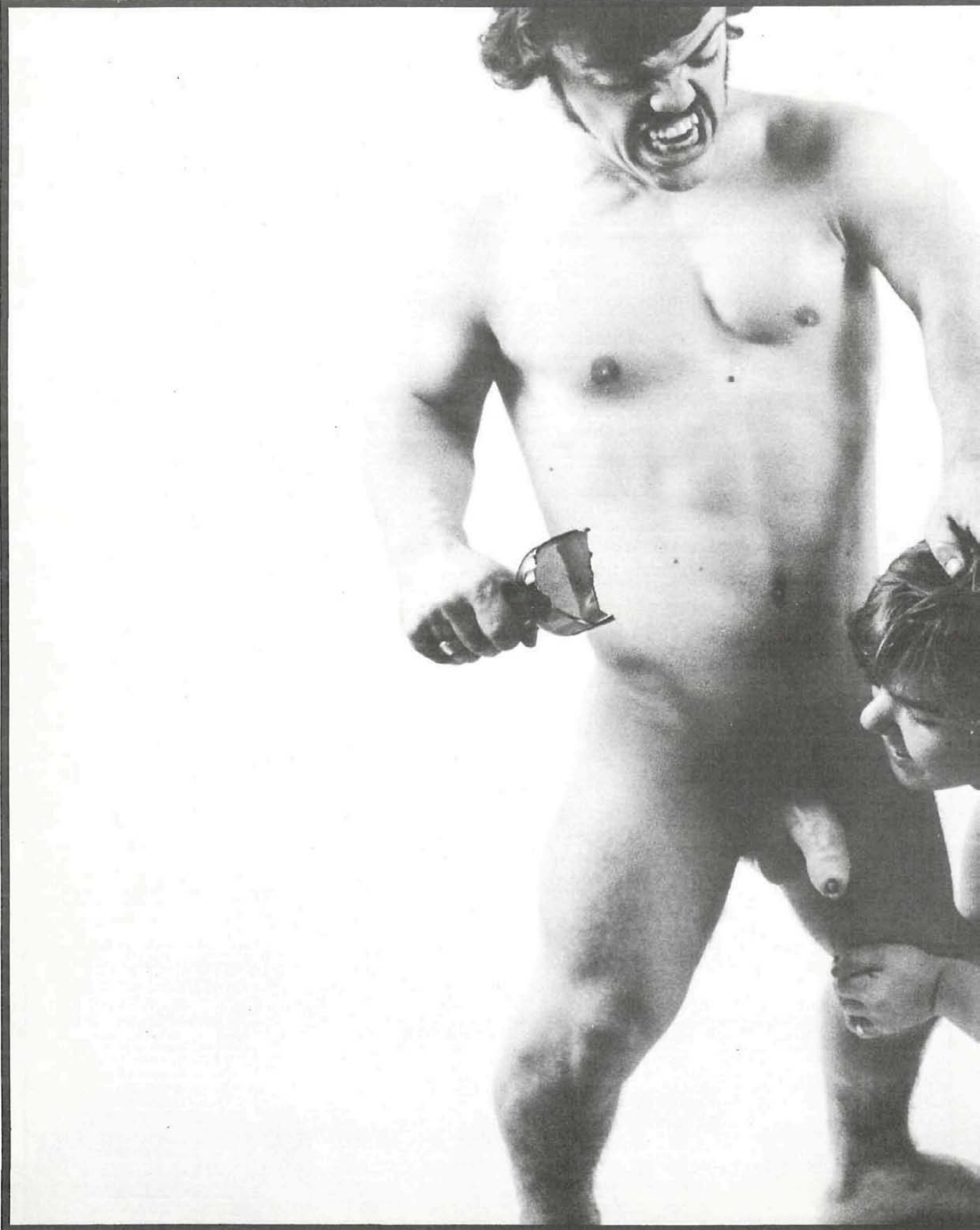


Where are the naked children? I want my **\$19.95** back!





All right, you sawed-off little cunt, **BLOW ME!!**





What a fucking **RIP-OFF!**





Pull the lever...not the plug.

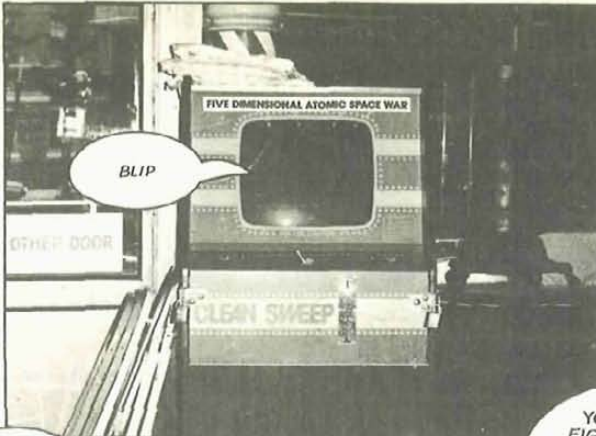
Cancer is a terrible thing. It can fill your days with pain, your nights with fear, and turn your body into something that looks like a bus-sized truffle. But don't get upset. I have several dozen Nobel Prize-winning biochemists on my payroll and they've developed a 100 percent effective knock-out punch for this dread killer. And all you have to do to keep me from flushing it down the toilet is pull the right lever on election day.

Remember, this 50 cc vial is all there is on the whole planet. So the choice is yours, America; what's it going to be—a term as president for me or a terminal malignancy for you? (And, what's more, you'll receive one hundred dollars for your "Rocky" ballot.)



Vote for me—don't vote for free.

FOTO FUNNIES



BLIP

YOU PLAY IT IN EIGHT DIMENSIONS, WITH 100,000,000 BILLION POSSIBLE COORDINATE POINTS...



WOW!

OH, BOY, DOUG, THIS ONE'S GREAT! FIFTH GENERATION PONG TECHNOLOGY LINKED BY COAXIAL CABLE TO A HUGE COMPUTER IN SAUSALITO!



BLIP
BLIP BLIP
BLIP BLIP BLIP
BLIP BLIP

OH, YEAH?! WELL, I JUST DID NINETEEN LINES OF PERUVIAN ROCK CRYSTAL AND I CAN MOVE THESE DIALS SO FAST YOUR EYEBALLS'LL SMOKE JUST WATCHING ME!



HA! THIS IS A SNAP! WHY, I'VE SMOKED SO MUCH JAMAICAN TODAY THAT THESE TINY BLIMPS SEEM TO MOVE LIKE GARDEN SLUGS.

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CEASE, CEASE, EARTH BEINGS! WE GO IN PEACE! NEVER WILL WE ENTER YOUR EIGHT DIMENSIONS AGAIN. YOUR WEAPONS ARE TOO AWESOME!



GEE, P.J., I GUESS YOU'VE WON.

Now, for the first time, in the privacy of your own living room!

THE **REST OF** NATIONAL LAMPOON!

FEATURING MANY HEARTWARMING CHUCKLES
FROM THE BACK PAGES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE
MONTHLY LAFF RIOT!

This Saturday night, tune in to

SATURDAY

Totally organic humor:
guaranteed 100% recycled jokes!

BIG STARS!

SEE! Chevy Chase's hilarious impression of a writer looking for a typewriter up his nose!

HEAR! occasionally-before printed jokes from the pens of your favorite National Lampoon jokesmiths.

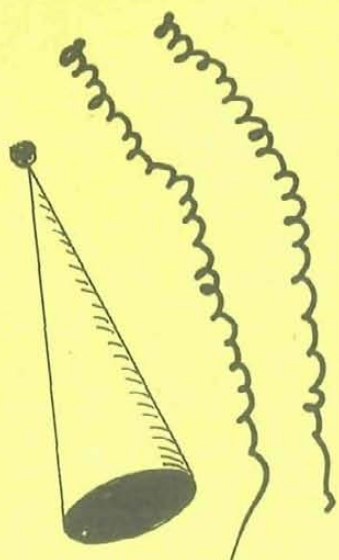
HEAR! never-before-printed jokes with totally unacknowledged authorship.

SEE! highlights from Ken Shapiro's hard-to-grok "Groove Tube."

CHORTLE! to tried-and-true sketches from the legendary Committee and Second City groups.

SPLIT! your sides with the best topical jokes of 1972.





NIGHT.™



THE CRITIX ARE RAVING ABOUT IT!!!

- ★ "Makes 'F Troop' look like 'My Little Margie.'" — *New York Magazine*
- ★ "When will they put on dresses and start talking with English accents?" — *The Village Voice*
- ★ "Far fucking out...better than a fistful of 'ludes..." — *High Times*
- ★ "Utterly original..." — Clifford Irving
- ★ "We like it—in fact, our lips move." — *The National Lampoon* editors
- ★ "Bravo Beatts...the man behind Michael O'Donoghue." — *Ms. Magazine*
- ★ "Sick, but where it's at." — John Denver
- ★ "Groovy." — Jack Ford
- ★ "Sexy." — Susan Ford
- ★ "I like it; in fact, my lips move." — Paul Sills
- ★ "The show that took Art Garfunkle away from Mike Nichols." — Penelope Gilliat
- ★ "Hiyo..." — Ed McMahon
- ★ "A fine, bold experiment in breaking new ground in the field of contemporary youmah." — Alan King
- ★ "Ratings that whip 'Garner Ted Armstrong' and 'Chiller Theater' combined." — *Broadcasting Magazine*
- ★ "Savage, clever, pulls no punches." — *New Times*
- ★ "I like it...in fact, my lips move." — Ken Shapiro

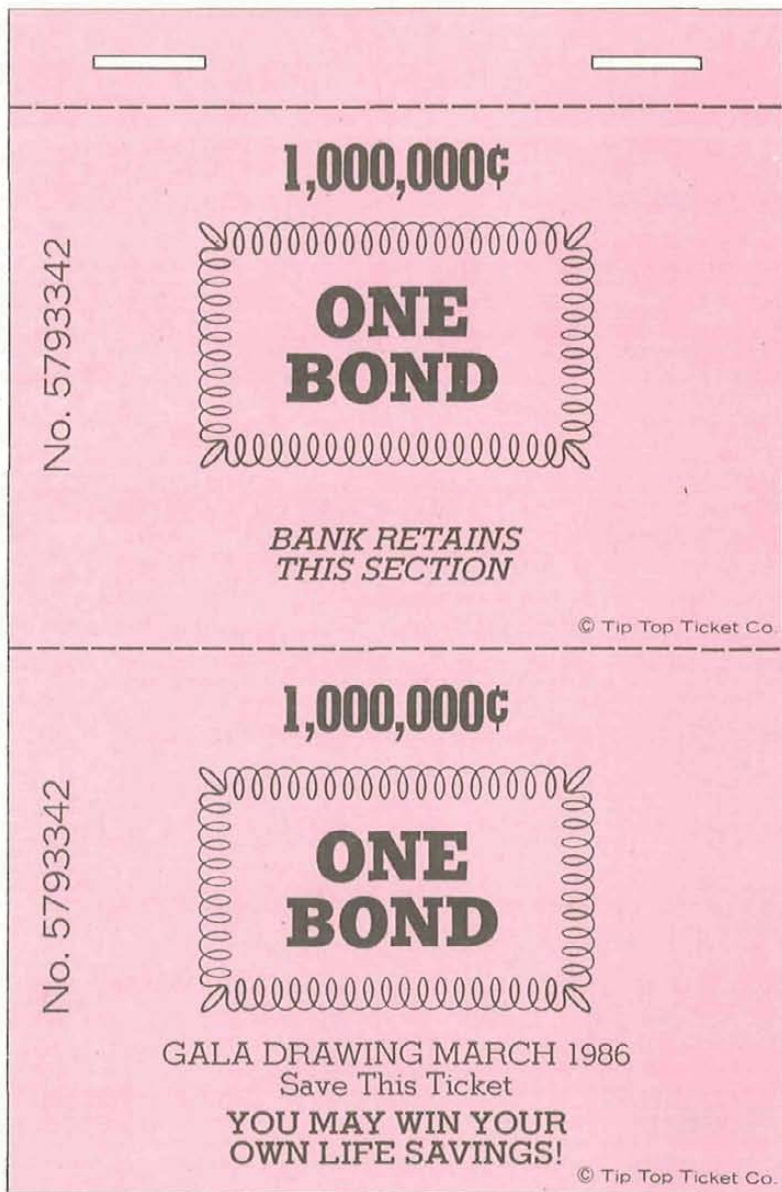
MORE TO COME!!!

- "Saturday Night and the Holy Grail"
- "Saturday Night's Younger Smarter Brother"
- "Blazing Saturday Nights"
- "Love and Death on Saturday Night"
- "Your Saturday Night of Saturday Nights"



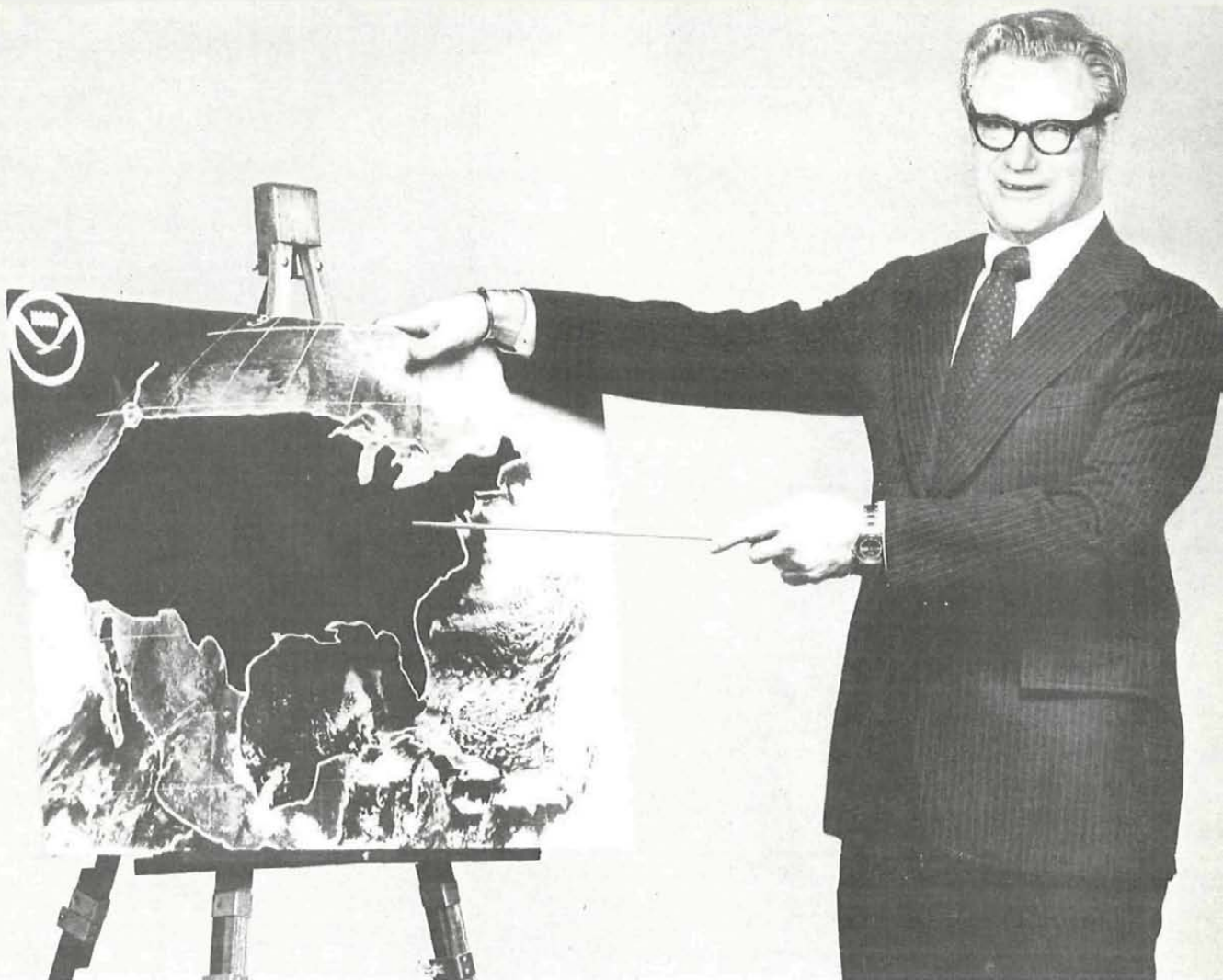
Free to all readers of the *National Lampoon*

One Genuine New York City Municipal Bond



Instructions:

Clip off bottom coupon and save. Send the rest of your magazine to:
Mayor Abraham Beame
City Hall
New York, New York 10007



Lights out.

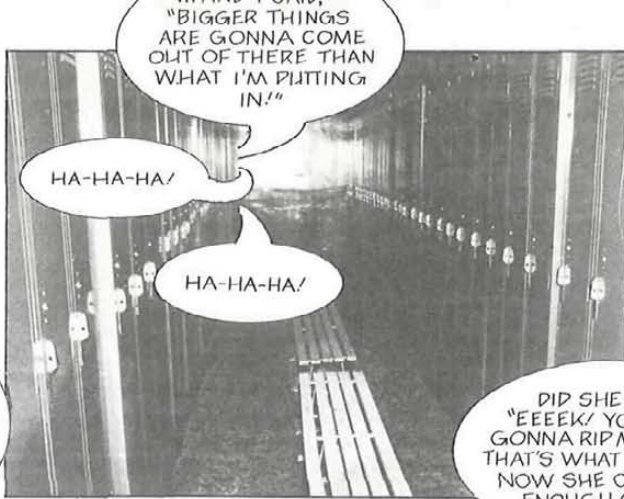
The picture you see reproduced above is an actual satellite photograph of the continental United States at 11:00 P.M. Central Standard Time. You'll notice that there isn't one light bulb flickering from Maine to Oregon. I shut off the entire electrical generating capacity of the U.S. to prove a simple point: **I'm Nelson Rockefeller and I can buy anything.** Including your vote.

That's right, I'm offering to buy your vote. I'll pay, not \$5, not \$10, but **\$100** in lawful American currency for each and every vote cast for me this November. Just give your name and address to any guard at the polling place of your choice.

★ ★ ★
ROCKEFELLER

The Rock owns a piece of you.

FOTO FUNNIES



BOY, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE THE FIRST TIME SHE PUT HER HAND DOWN THE FRONT OF MY PANTS! I THOUGHT SHE WAS GONNA FREAK OUT!

HA-HA-HA!

HA-HA-HA!

DID SHE GO, "EEEEK! YOU'RE GONNA RIP ME APART"? THAT'S WHAT PEGGY DID. NOW SHE CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT.



WELL, I'M GOING TO LAY SOME PIPE! WITH SUE ELLEN TONIGHT!

SLIP 'ER THE OL' SALAMI!

SLAM HER GLANDS!

GANGWAY FOR DIESEL DORK, SUE ELLEN, BABY!



BEAT HER WITH THE MEAT AX!

BUST HER BABY HATCH!

AFTERPLAY HELPS TO REASSURE A WOMAN THAT SHE'S MORE THAN JUST A SEX OBJECT YOU'RE USING TO GRATIFY YOUR SELFISH NEEDS...

OF COURSE, IT'S TECHNIQUE THAT REALLY MATTERS...



CLITORAL STIMULATION IS THE IMPORTANT THING...

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD BORN TO DIE



It's a Killer!!

On Capitol Records & Tapes

Produced by JIMMY IENNER



Capitol

Would you recommend your turntable to your best friend?

If not, you need a Dual.

If you were to replace any of your present components, would you know exactly what its successor would be? And then buy it without further consideration? Perhaps. But we think it more likely that you would look for more information, either in a music/equipment magazine or from a knowledgeable friend. Probably from both.

Which brings us to turntables... and Dual.

Each year we hear from a sampling of Dual owners in response to a lengthy questionnaire. A high percentage tell us they're now on their second Dual. An even higher percentage formerly owned manual turntables. And nearly all rate their Duals as either "excellent" or "good."

Although there are other fine turntables, few match Dual's reputation for quality performance and reliability, and none match Dual's operational versatility. For example, if you want to be able to play records in sequence, you have four single-play/multi-play Duals to choose from. If you simply want fully automatic convenience in a single-play-only turntable, you have two to choose from. And there is now a semi-automatic Dual.

The way a tonearm is moved to and from the record is not critical. Nor is the type of drive system. What is critical is how faithfully the tonearm permits the stylus to follow the contours of the groove and how accurately and quietly the platter rotates. To compromise with quality in these respects can risk damage to your precious records and produce sounds which were never recorded.

Every Dual, from the 1225 to the CS701, provides more precision than you may ever need. Which is why more component owners—audio experts, hifi editors, record reviewers and readers of the music/equipment magazines—own Duals than any other turntable.

There's no better recommendation we can offer you. Or that you can offer to your best friend. Unless you happen to own a Dual yourself.

Dual 1225. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10" platter. Less than \$140, less base.
Dual 1226, with cast platter, rotating single-play spindle, less than \$170.
Dual 1228, with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle. Less than \$200.

Dual 1249. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Belt drive. 12" dynamically-balanced platter. Less than \$280, less base. Full size belt-drive models include: Dual 510, semi-automatic, less than \$200; Dual 601, fully automatic, less than \$250. (Dual CS601, with base and cover, less than \$270.)

Dual CS701. Fully automatic, single-play. D.C. brushless, electronic direct drive motor; tuned anti-resonance filters. Less than \$400, including base and cover.



Dual 1225



Dual 1249



Dual CS701

United Audio Products, Dept. NL, 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual

Dual

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of the



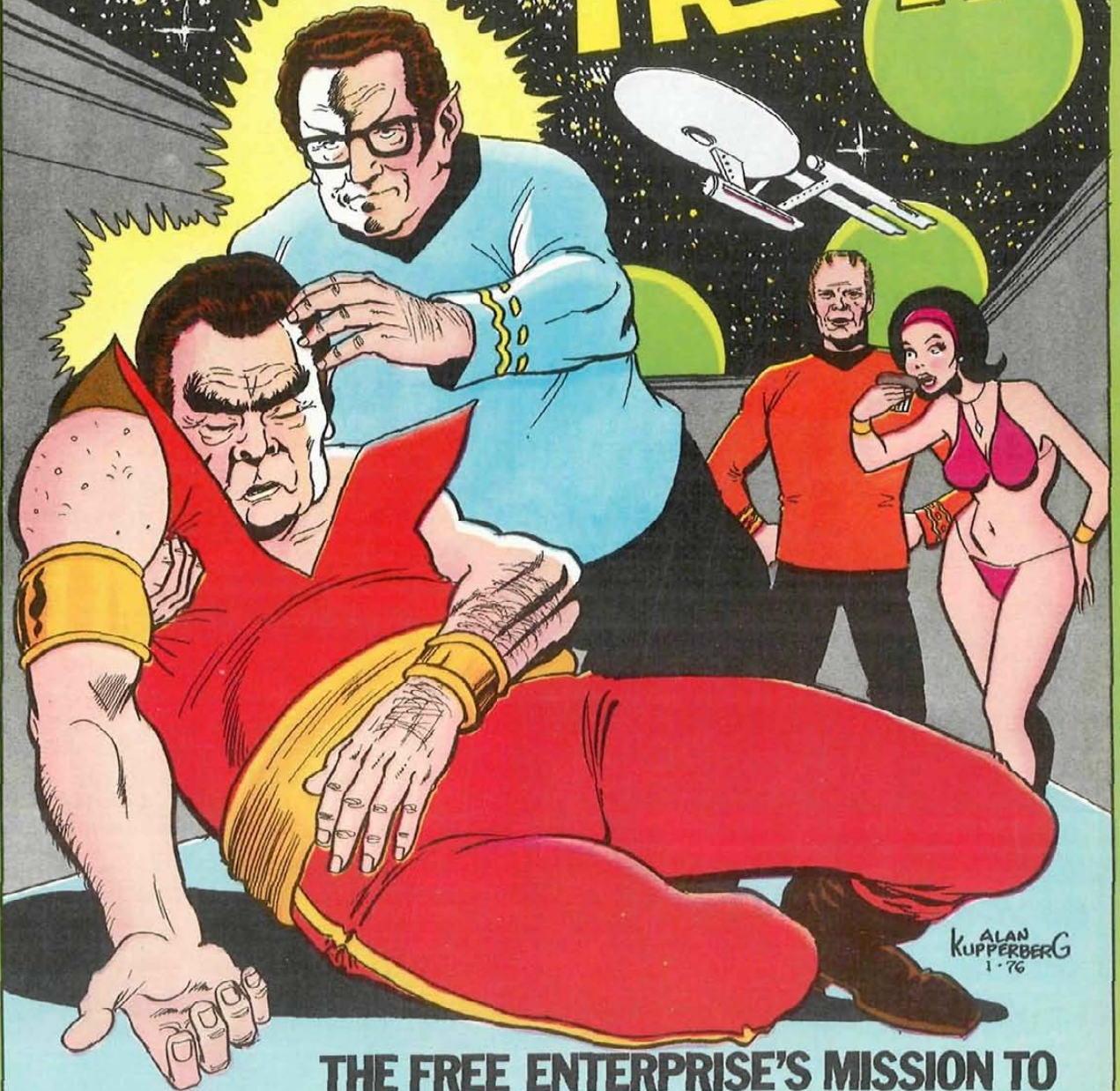
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DETENTE TREK

25¢

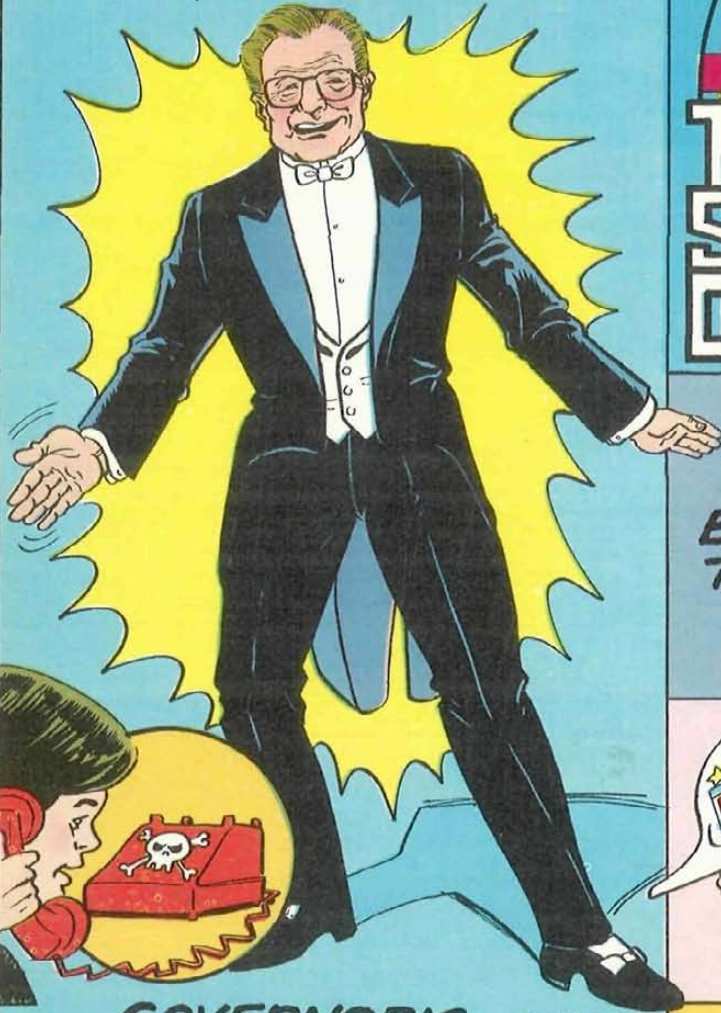
DETENTE TREK



ALAN
KUPPERBERG
1-76

**THE FREE ENTERPRISE'S MISSION TO
MIDEASTIUS: AVERT GALACTIC WAR!**

ALL THE **POWER!**
 ALL THE **INFLUENCE!**
 ALL THE **"BUYONIC" ACTION!**
T.M.



GOVERNOR'S PHONE T.M. **13" TALL**

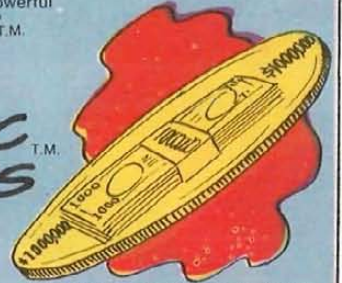
He calls in the National Guard, the State Police, or the Eighty-second Airborne on the GOVERNOR'S PHONE T.M.—his direct line to Warden Oswald® at H.Q.

*Also for sale.

THE SIX BILLION DOLLAR MAN

He does it all with powerful BUYONIC TOKENS T.M.

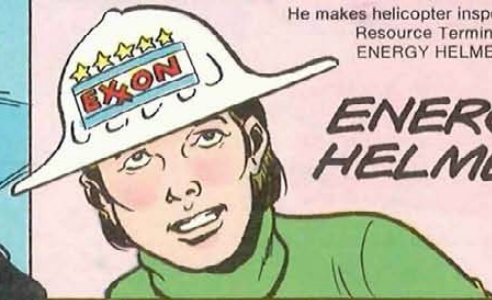
BUYONIC TOKENS T.M.



* Each worth one million mega-bucks.

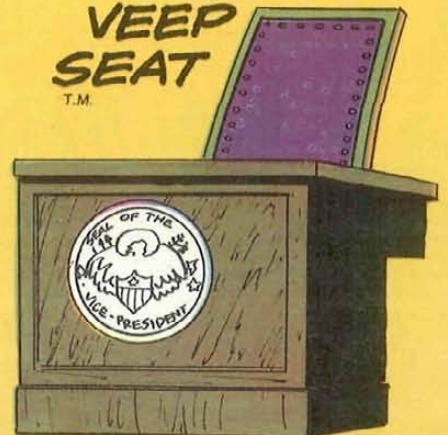
He makes helicopter inspections of his Resource Terminals in his ENERGY HELMET T.M.

ENERGY HELMET T.M.



He's just a heartbeat away in his VEEP SEAT T.M. (Gavel included.)

VEEP SEAT T.M.



It's a **Killer Toy**

JOIN NOW THE SIX BILLION DOLLAR MAN **BUYONIC ACTION CLUB**



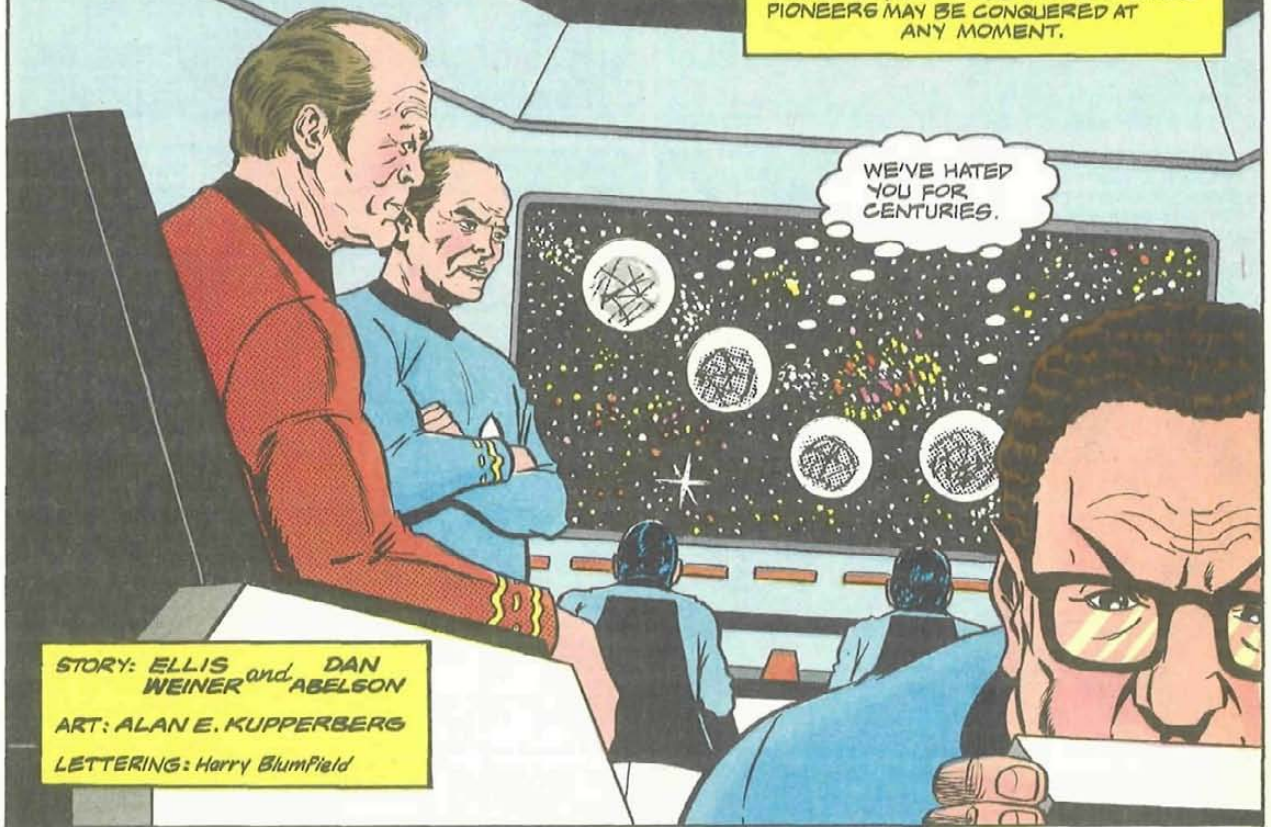
Please enroll me in the Six Billion Dollar Man Buyonic Action Club and give me the power to destroy other people's lives with a flick of my "Buyonic" wrist. Also send me one paperette "Buyonic" Token Plaque and one Almighty "Buyonic" Token Credo on velveteen, suitable for framing. You've seen him on T.V. in: "The Six O'clock News" • "Meet the Press" • "Sixty Minutes" • "Not for Women Only" Now see him in 3-D!

NAME _____ (please print)
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DIPLOMATS IN DANGER!

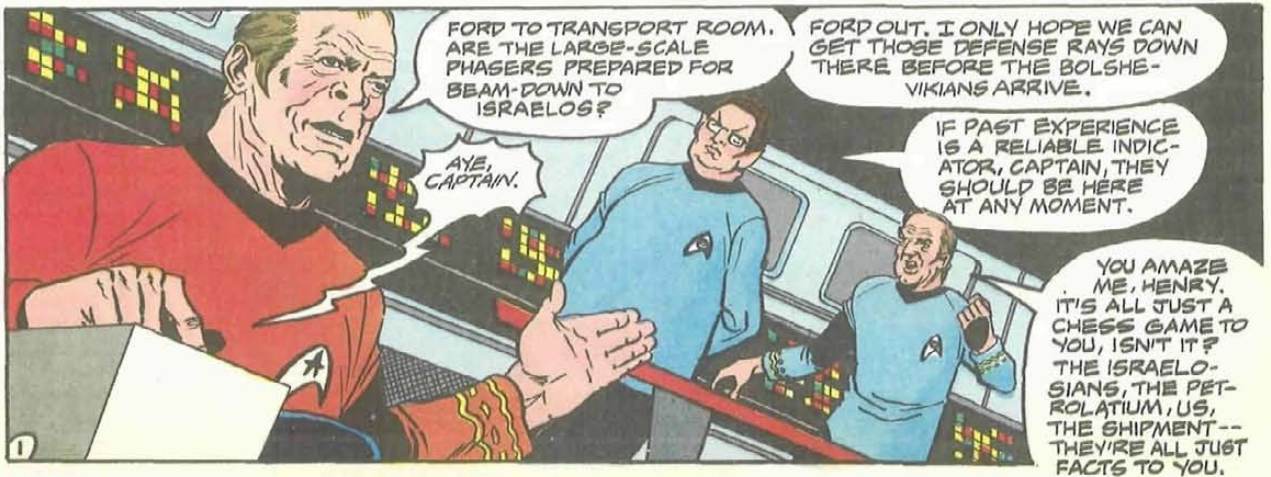
CAPTAIN'S LOG, FEDERATION STARSHIP FREE ENTERPRISE, STARDATE 2318.6: RESPONDING TO DISTRESS SIGNALS FROM PLANET ISRAELOS, BESIEGED FEDERATION OUTPOST IN THE LONG-TROUBLED STAR-SYSTEM MIDEASTIUS. ONCE AGAIN ISRAELOS IS UNDER MANY-SIDED ATTACK FROM HER NEIGHBORS SYRIOS, EGYPTOS, AND ARABIOS, A LOOSE ALLIANCE OF PLANETS HEIR TO A TWO-FOLD LEGACY: CENTURIES-LONG HATRED FOR THE ISRAELOSISANS, AND THE RICHEST DEPOSITS OF PETROLATIUM IN THE GALAXY.

THE DETERMINED ISRAELOSISANS HAVE FOUGHT HARD TO KEEP THE FEDERATION FLAG FLYING OVER THEIR DESERT PLANET, BUT THEIR ENEMIES -- BACKED BY THE BOLSHIEVIKISANS, SWORN OP-
PONENTS OF THE FEDERATION -- ARE ATTACKING WITH GREATER FORCE THAN EVER, AND THESE INTREPID SPACE PIONEERS MAY BE CONQUERED AT ANY MOMENT.



WE'VE HATED YOU FOR CENTURIES.

STORY: ELLIS and DAN WEINER and ABELSON
ART: ALAN E. KUPPERBERG
LETTERING: Harry Blumfield



FORD TO TRANSPORT ROOM. ARE THE LARGE-SCALE PHASERS PREPARED FOR BEAM-DOWN TO ISRAELOS?

AYE, CAPTAIN.

FORD OUT. I ONLY HOPE WE CAN GET THOSE DEFENSE RAYS DOWN THERE BEFORE THE BOLSHIEVIKISANS ARRIVE.

IF PAST EXPERIENCE IS A RELIABLE INDICATOR, CAPTAIN, THEY SHOULD BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT.

YOU AMAZE ME, HENRY. IT'S ALL JUST A CHESS GAME TO YOU, ISN'T IT? THE ISRAELOSISANS, THE PETROLATIUM, US, THE SHIPMENT -- THEY'RE ALL JUST FACTS TO YOU.



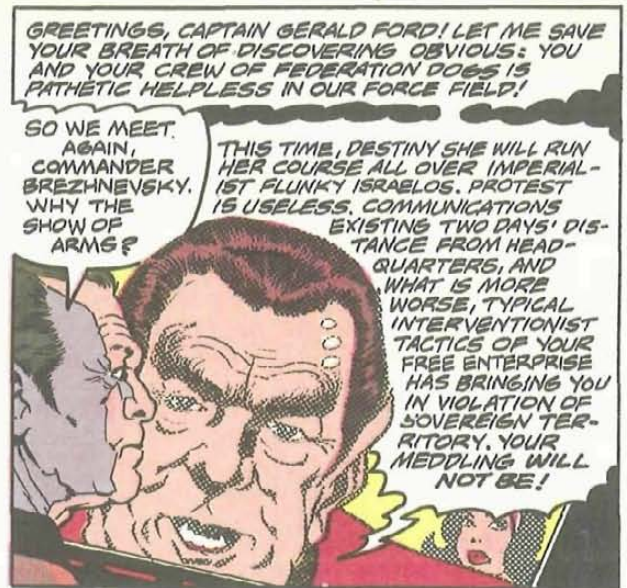
S U D D E N L Y...

I'M LOSING RESPONSE ON ALL NAVIGATIONAL SYSTEMS!

RUMSFELD TO BRIDGE: WE'VE GOT SOME SORT OF ENGINE MAL-FUNCTION DOWN HERE, CAPTAIN! I CAN'T UNDER- STAND IT...

...ALL I KNOW IS, I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE WISDOM OF THE FOUNDING FATHERHOIDS, WHO MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR A GERMANOSIAN TO BECOME A STARSHIP COMMANDER.

SOMETHING'S COMING IN ON THE VIDEO SCREEN!



GREETINGS, CAPTAIN GERALD FORD! LET ME SAVE YOUR BREATH OF DISCOVERING OBVIOUS: YOU AND YOUR CREW OF FEDERATION DOGS IS PATHETIC HELPLESS IN OUR FORCE FIELD!

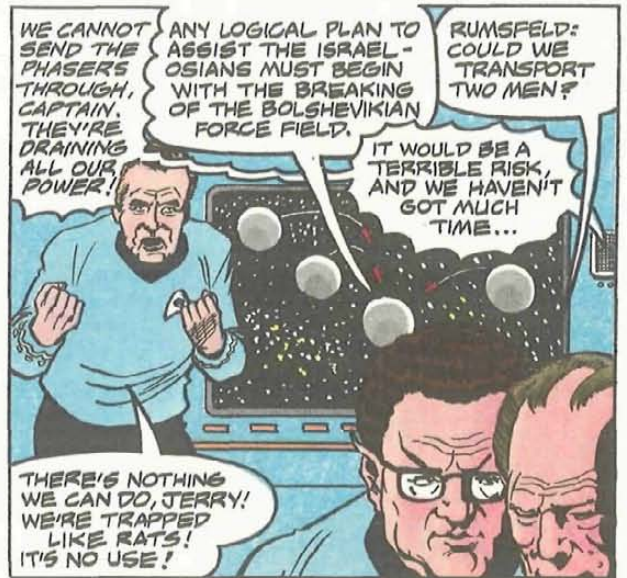
SO WE MEET AGAIN, COMMANDER BREZHNEVSKY. WHY THE SHOW OF ARMS?

THIS TIME, DESTINY SHE WILL RUN HER COURSE ALL OVER IMPERIAL-1ST FLUNKY ISRAELOS. PROTEST IS USELESS. COMMUNICATIONS EXISTING TWO DAYS' DISTANCE FROM HEAD-QUARTERS, AND WHAT IS MORE WORSE, TYPICAL INTERVENTIONIST TACTICS OF YOUR FREE ENTERPRISE HAS BRINGING YOU IN VIOLATION OF SOVEREIGN TER- RITORY. YOUR MEDDLING WILL NOT BE!



CAPTAIN, THEY'VE SEVERED COM- MUNICATION! WE CAN'T REACH THEM!

RUMSFELD: STATUS REPORT. MR. KISSINGER: ANALYSIS.



WE CANNOT SEND THE PHASERS THROUGH, CAPTAIN. THEY'RE DRAINING ALL OUR POWER!

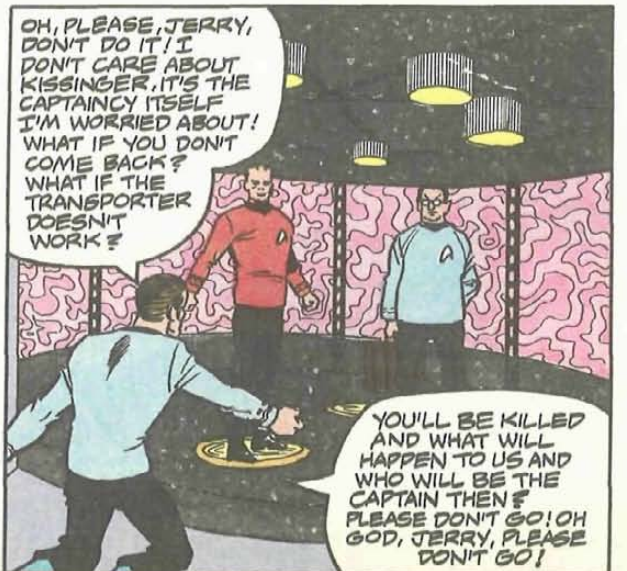
ANY LOGICAL PLAN TO ASSIST THE ISRAEL- OSIANS MUST BEGIN WITH THE BREAKING OF THE BOLSHEVIKIAN FORCE FIELD.

RUMSFELD: COULD WE TRANSPORT TWO MEN?

IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE RISK, AND WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME...

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, JERRY! WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS! IT'S NO USE!

CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL : THE FREE ENTERPRISE IS HELD PARALYZED IN A BOLSHEVIKIAN FORCE FIELD. THE ISRAELOSANS ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES, AND MUST HAVE OUR DEFENSE SHIPMENT. WE HAVE DEVISED A PLAN BASED IN PART ON THE ESTIMATION THAT THE BOLSHEVIKIAN WHEATILUM RESERVES ARE EX- HAUSTED, LEAVING THEM DEPENDENT UPON FEDERATION SUPPLIES. IT IS IRONIC THAT THE ISRAELOSANS' ONLY HOPE LIES IN SOME SPECIAL GERMANOSIAN "DIPLOMACY." IT IS A DESPERATE GAMBLE, BUT WE MUST MAKE IT.



OH, PLEASE, JERRY, DON'T DO IT! I DON'T CARE ABOUT KISSINGER. IT'S THE CAPTAINCY ITSELF I'M WORRIED ABOUT! WHAT IF YOU DON'T COME BACK? WHAT IF THE TRANSPORTER DOESN'T WORK?

YOU'LL BE KILLED AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US AND WHO WILL BE THE CAPTAIN THEN? PLEASE DON'T GO! OH GOD, JERRY, PLEASE DON'T GO!

CAPTAIN FORD AND MR. KISSINGER ARRIVE ABOARD THE BOLSHHEVIKIAN VESSEL.



I'LL HANDLE THIS, MR. KISSINGER.



NO DOUBT.

WANT A WHEATYTREET?



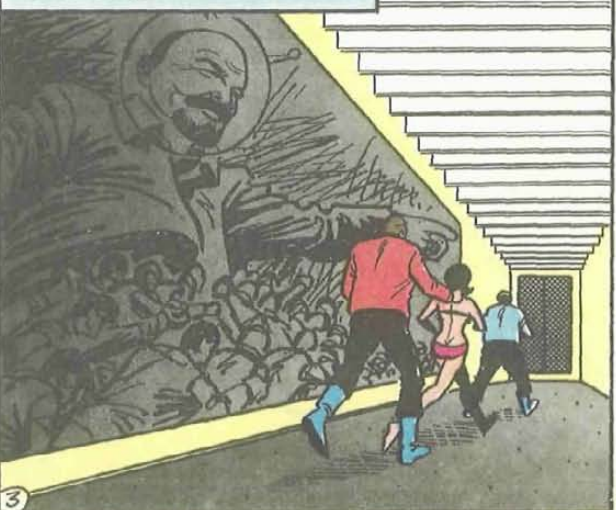
IS THIS JOKING ME? ALL OUR WHEATILUM IS GONE FROM SHIP-- ONLY SYNTHFOOD LEFT. ARE YOU EVER TO BE EATING THE SAWDUST, VASELINE, AND PAPRIKA?

LISTEN CAREFULLY. IF WE SUCCEED, YOU WILL GET ALL THE WHEATILUM YOU NEED, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO PLACE YOURSELF IN TERRIBLE DANGER. WE MUST SPEAK TO BREZHNEVSKY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. WILL YOU TAKE US TO HIM?



FOR WHEATILUM I WILL BE DOING HANDSTANDS IN AN ION STORM. FOLLOW ME.

DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE BOLSHHEVIKIAN SHIP...



COMMANDER, WE HAVE COME AT GREAT RISK TO MEET WITH YOU...

SVETLUNA! WHAT TREACHERY DOES THIS BE?

WE REPRESENT DIFFERENT BUT EQUALLY GREAT--



FOR A STARSHIP COMMANDER, YOU HAVE MADE THE BIG STUPID, CAPTAIN. I WILL CRUSH YOU AND YOUR GERMANOSIAN LUCKY SQUASH DEAD LIKE RIGELLIAN CREAMBUGS BENEATH THE BOOT OF---

IDIOT! YOU WANT TO BE EATING WOOD FOR THE ENTIRE OF YOUR LIVING?

GOOD WORK, SVETLUNA! NOW, MR. KISSINGER: THE MIND LINK!

AT THIS MOMENT, THE ISRAELOSIANS FACE IMMINENT DEFEAT. BUT WE DARE NOT ALLOW EITHER SIDE TO WIN IN THIS CONFLICT. IT IS ESSENTIAL, THEREFORE, TO IMPLEMENT A PARTIAL SETTLEMENT DESIGNED TO STABILIZE HOSTILITIES. ONLY A CONTROLLED LEVEL OF CONFLICT IN THIS REGION CAN SERVE BOTH OUR INTERESTS: THE FEDERATION WILL MAINTAIN AN OPTIMALLY EXPANDING DEFENSE MARKET AS WELL AS HER CONNECTIONS TO THE PETROLATIUM RESERVES; YOUR EMPIRE BENEFITS BY PROVIDING STRATEGIC AID TO BOLSHEVIKIAN-BLOC PLANETS IN THE MIDEAST-IUS SECTOR AND ENJOYING ACCESS TO FEDERATION WHEATATIUM.

WE MUST NOT ALLOW THIS ANCIENT AND SOMEWHAT EMOTIONAL LOCAL DISPUTE TO JEOPARDIZE THE COOPERATIVE PROGRAM FOR ANTAGONISTIC COEXISTENCE BETWEEN OUR TWO SYSTEMS. WE HAVE UNDERSTOOD FOR SOME YEARS THAT BOTH YOU BOLSHEVIKIAN AND WE OF THE FEDERATION NEED AN OPPOSING SYSTEM IN THE GALAXY -- IN THE MINDS OF BILLIONS OF CITIZENS. IT IS "THE BOLSHEVIKIAN THREAT" THAT LEGITIMIZES OUR POWER.

AND WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT "THE SPECTER OF FEDERATIONISM"? BY ALLOWING A DECISIVE ISRAELOSIAN DEFEAT, YOU THREATEN THE BALANCE OF USEFUL FEAR THAT SERVES BOTH OUR EMPIRES SO WELL.

CAPTAIN! MR. KISSINGER! I WELCOME ABOARD YOU TWO SUCH ACCOMPLISHED DECEITFULS. IT IS BEING SELDOM SINCE WE FOES HAVE LAST DRUNK TOAST TOGETHER. GENTLEMEN: "MAY THE SPECTER OF FEDERATIONISM AND THE BOLSHEVIKIAN THREAT BE ROMPING LIKE BALKANOSIAN METHANE BEARS IN HAPPY OPPOSITION!" IS THAT NOT HOW WE SAY IT?

PRECISELY, COMMANDER.

THE BOLSHEVIKIAN FORCE-FIELD REMOVED, THE FREE ENTERPRISE IS ABLE TO TRANSPORT THE PHASERS DOWN TO ISRAELOS. RUMSFELD PREPARES TO BEAM BACK THE CAPTAIN AND MR. KISSINGER.

GOODBYE, SVETLUNA LANDOVITCH.

GOODBYE, BIG JERRY FORD, WHO IS BREAKING TWO OF MY HEARTS. YOU ARE MOST GENEROUS CAPTAIN IN GALAXY AND I AM DOING ANYTHING ON YOU ANYTIME.

SOON, ABOARD THE FREE ENTERPRISE...

WELL, MR. KISSINGER, YOU AND YOUR UNIQUE SKILLS HAVE PROVEN USEFUL ONCE AGAIN, AND THE ISRAELOSIANS HAVE MUCH TO THANK YOU FOR. YOU HAVE ACTED NOBLY ON BEHALF OF AN ANCIENT ENEMY. YOU CAN BE PROUD.

PROUD, CAPTAIN? I CAN ASSURE YOU MY SOLE CONCERN WAS FOR THE WELFARE OF THE FEDERATION. THE EXERCISE OF POWER IS ITS OWN REWARD.

WE'RE GOING TO DEFENSE THOSE SCHMUCKS TO LITTLE PIECES.

I BET YOU'RE PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, YOU POINTY-EARED HALF-BREED. YOU'RE SO SMUG IT MAKES ME SICK. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT OUR CAPTAIN! YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT POWER! I HATE YOU!

INTERESTING... BUT QUITE ILLOGICAL.

THE END

Snuff Movie

Script by **P.J. O'Rourke**

Produced and directed by **Peter Kleinman**

Photography by **Phil Koenig**

STARRING

Maggie Mulligan as Ellen Hemplewhite
Alonzo Goldsteiño as El Commandante
Janis Hirsch as the sister
Manuel Goldó,
Pedro Kámino,
 and **Angelo Huerta** as the henchmen
Philippe Halsmaño as the cameraman

Ellen Hemplewhite, an out-of-work actress with a tragic problem, visits her hospitalized sister...

Oh dear, my poor sister has been in a coma for almost six years!



How will I ever make enough money to pay for the expensive defense lawyers I'll need to get acquitted after I pull all the tubes and wires out of her body so she can die in a dignified way?



Meanwhile, in South America...

We hav' made the moving peectures of enema lesbians, animal feet, the dreenking urine, peeg fucks, one-legged womens, men who dress een rubber stockings, an' eating the shit from leather auto seats. ¿What feelthy thing can we make the feelms of now? Thees I do not know.

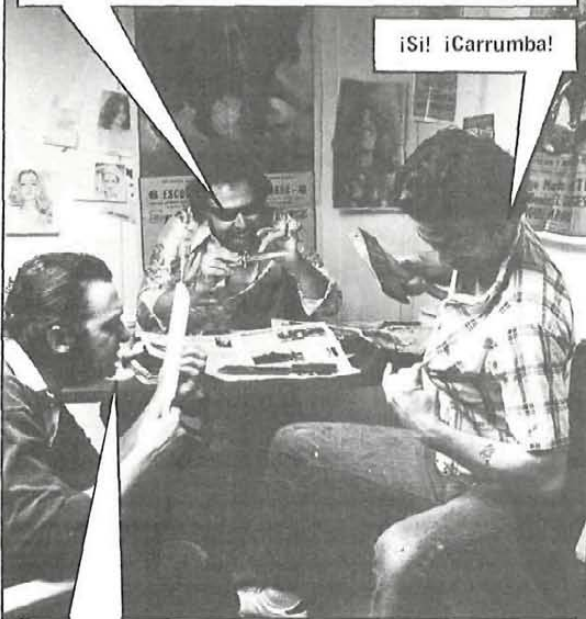


I hav' been reading een the American newspapers, El Commandante. Allow me please the suggestion...

Pedro explains his idea to the "Commandante."

¡Ees good, Pedro!...¡Tie her up an' then eenstead of the fake wheeplash an' spanking noise, we keell her weeth knives!

¡Si! ¡Carrumba!



¡I weel place a ad een a "Sweenger's Magazine" pronto, El Commandante!

Back in the United States...

Perhaps there'll be an employment opportunity in this "Swinger's Magazine"...



Hmmm...."Out-of-work actress wanted to make the harmless pornography. Reply in person, Room 511, Hotel Punta Villa, São Paulo, Brazil!"

I mustn't let considerations of prudery stand between my sister and a natural death.

São Paulo, Brazil, please.



Muchas gracias for coming to thees audition, Señorita Hemplewhite. ¿I hope only you are able to get the time off from your job een America so that you are not **absent from the place of your eemployment?**

Actually, I don't have a job right now.

Of course, thees movie we make weell be the harmless pornography. ¿But even so, perhaps your mother an' father they weell be upset you are **gone so long from home?**



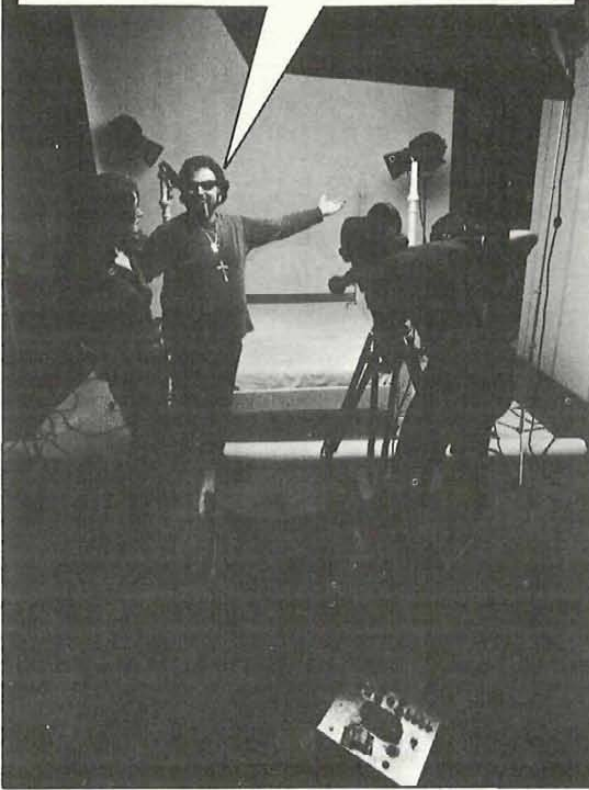
I'm an orphan.

That ees very sad. ¿But soon you weell return to be weeth your many friends **who no doubt meess you?**

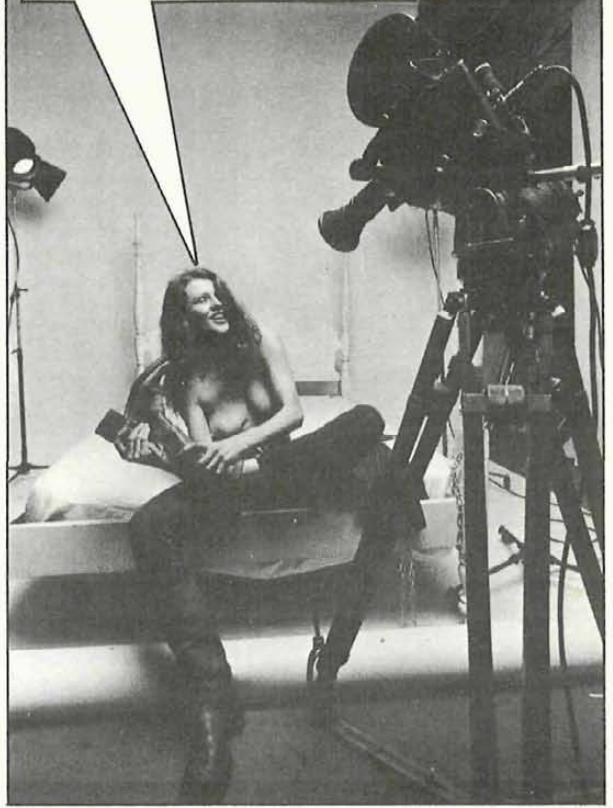
Gee, I really don't have any friends.

You are hired.

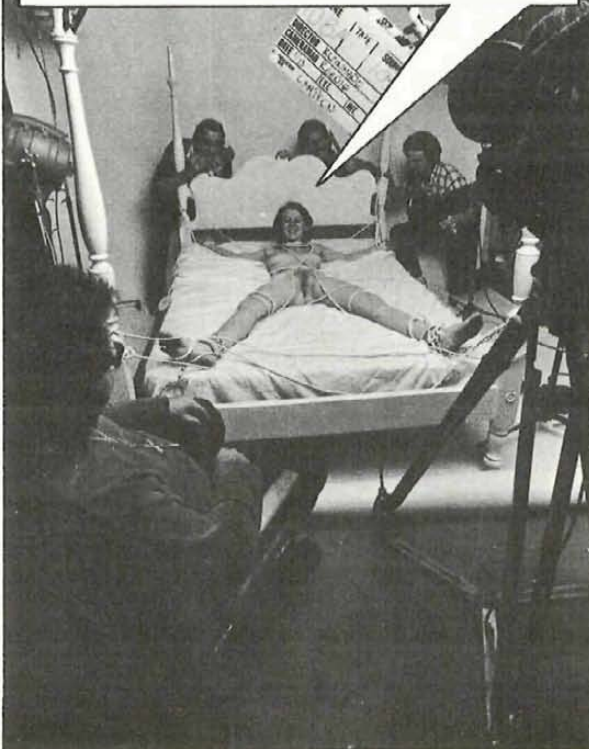
Thees ees the very modern movie studio. ¿Si? Your co-stars, they are very clean.



I hope I won't have to blow any dogs.

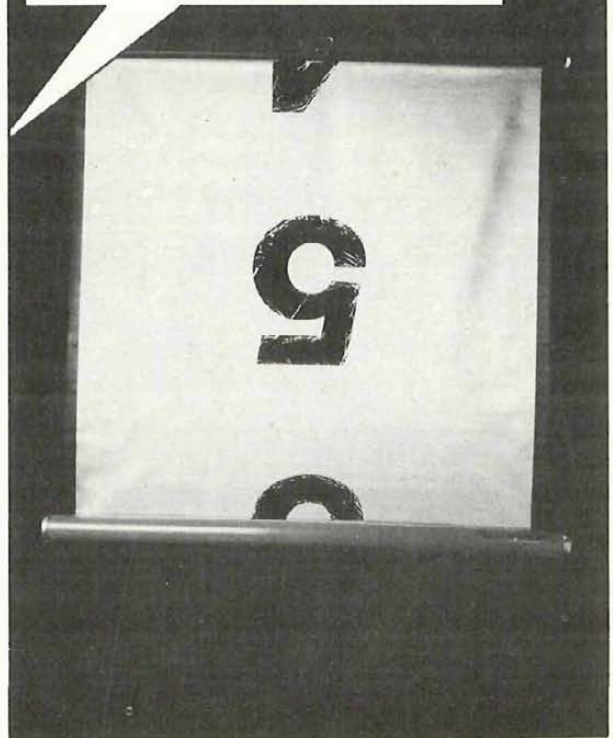


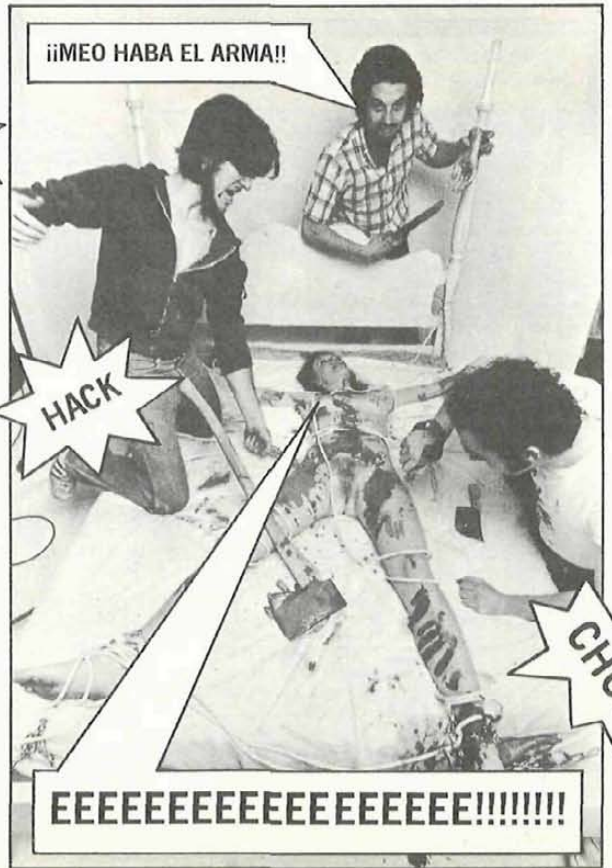
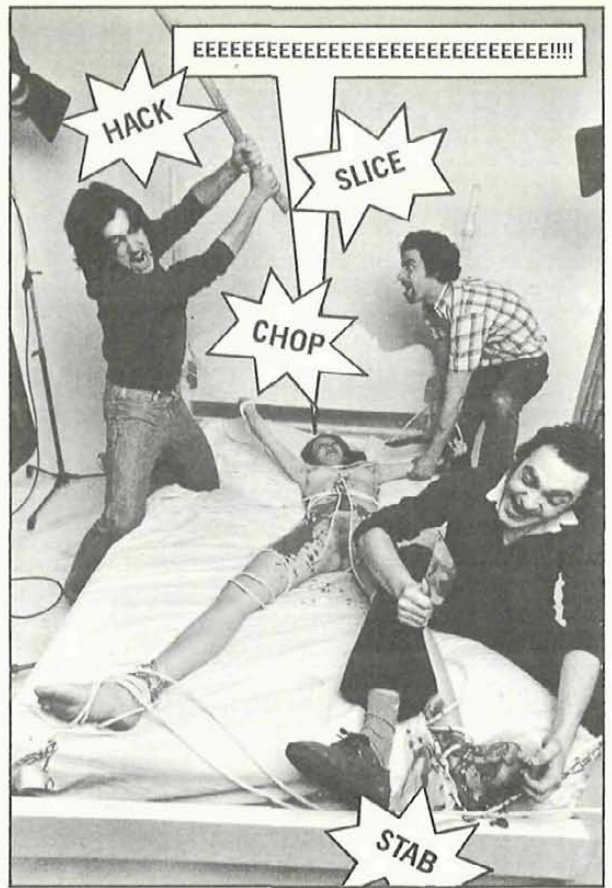
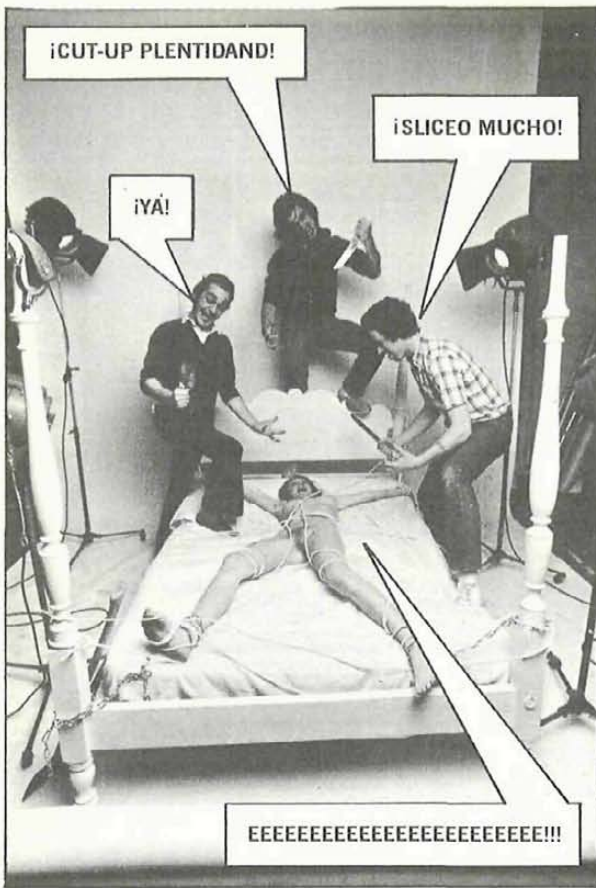
This is really a neat bed. I got one almost just like it at the Goodwill for only \$15 and I took the paint off with paint remover and it was *solid brass* underneath...



Later, in a Manhattan hotel...

I hav' here a most unusual motion peecture...





¡¡EL BREASTOS PARA MEO!!

STAB

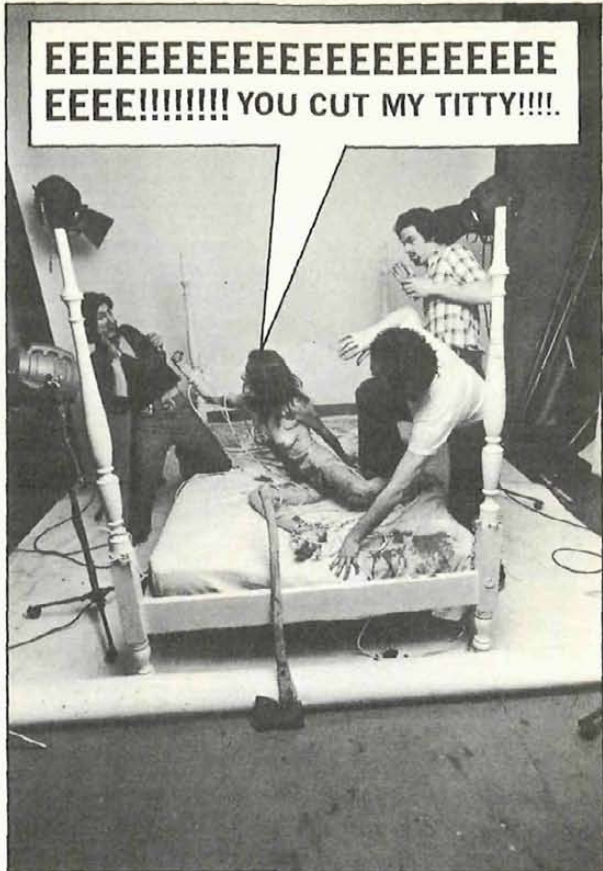
SLICE

HACK

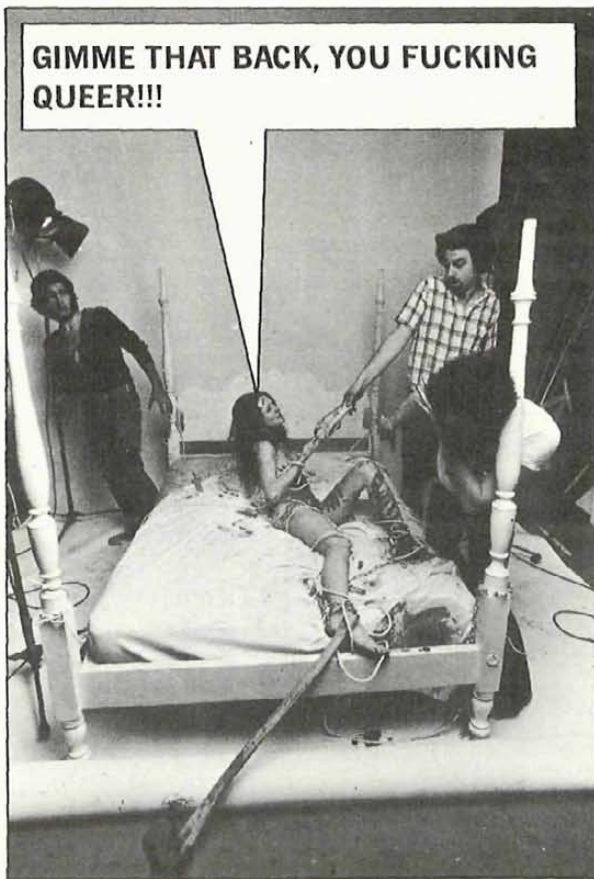
EE!!!!!!!



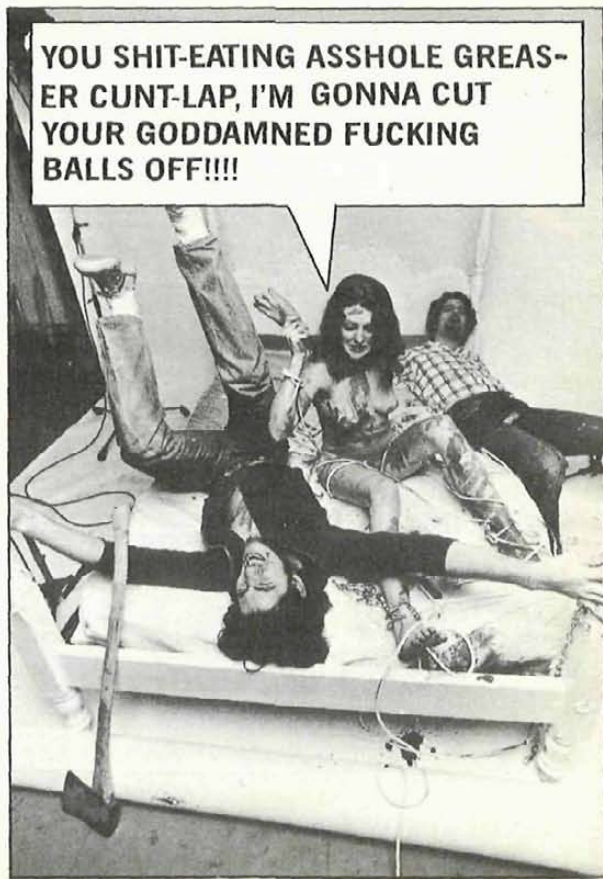
**EE
EEEE!!!!!!!!!! YOU CUT MY TITTY!!!!.**



GIMME THAT BACK, YOU FUCKING QUEER!!!



**YOU SHIT-EATING ASSHOLE GREAS-
ER CUNT-LAP, I'M GONNA CUT
YOUR GODDAMNED FUCKING
BALLS OFF!!!!**



iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiy!!!! iiiMEO CAJONES
ES GONZO!!!



FUCKFACED ASSWIPE SPIC TWAT-
HEAD SON OF A BITCH DICK
BREATH...

YOU PISS SHIT CHILI-DIPPER, I'M
GONNA STUFF YOUR GODDAMNED
PETER UP YOUR FUCKING NOSE!!!!



A prent of thees feelm you just see costs the 10,000
American dollars. But I thenk you weell agree that eet
ees worth eet.



We definitely ought to buy it, Miriam. It'll be an invaluable
fund-raising tool.

Absolutely!

Right on!

Statewide
Organization
of Women

WELCOME
Statewide Organization of Women
ANNUAL FUNDRAISING EVENT

The End



FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER THOSE STUPID THINGS YOU FELL FOR OVER AND OVER EVEN THOUGH YOU KNEW EACH TIME YOU WENT THROUGH WITH THEM THAT THEY WERE STUPID, AND BOUND TO FAIL, AND WERE AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF YOUR TIME?

AT THE CIRCUS... HERE Y'ARE, HERE YARE - THE GREATEST PETS IN THE WORLD - LIVE CHAMELEONS!

OH, GOD - NOT AGAIN!

EACH ONE WITH HIS OWN CHAIN AND SIMULATED GOLD COLLAR - WATCH 'EM CHANGE COLOR BEFORE YOUR EYES - HOW ABOUT IT, SONNY?

THE LAST ONE I GOT DIED THE SAME NIGHT.

WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, YOU'VE GOT MY WORD, JUST ASK FOR AL. I'LL GIVE YOU A DIME OFF ON THE LITTLE FELLOW, BESIDES.

DAMN IT!

OK - YOU'VE GOT A BOWL OF SUGAR WATER, AND I CAUGHT YOU TWO FLIES. NOW LIVE!

THAT MORNING...

MAYBE NEXT YEAR I'LL BE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT-DATELINE: WASHINGTON 3:06 P.M. HAVING APOLOGIZED TO THE FUNGUS FOR THEIR BABY'S RASH BEHAVIOR, THE ALIENS PREPARE TO DEPART FROM EARTH!



WE BID FAREWELL TO YOUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY! WE WILL LONG REMEMBER THIS JEWEL OF THE GALAXY.



IT'S VAST PEGETT'S WITH THEIR ETHEREAL GLOW!



IT'S SUBURBAN CULTURAL CENTERS-- IT'S PROBING YOUTH!



"YOUR 'ALDANY MALL' AND IT'S TRIBUTE TO MAN'S OVERRIDING CONCERN FOR HIS FELLOW HUMANS!"

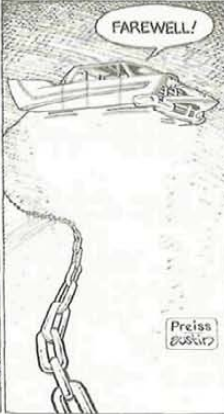
IS IT A HAD A HAWNER?

THIS IS AMERICA TO US-- A CENTER IN ALL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM WHERE GOOD TASTE AND MONEY MELD TOGETHER TO FORM A LANDSCAPE OF UNSURPASSED ECONOMIC ARTISTRY--



IT BRINGS A TEAR TO OUR EYES! OH YES, IT DOES!

THEREFORE, AS WE LEAVE YOUR PLANET, WE OFFER AN EXCHANGE OF GIFTS-- THIS SIMPLE CRAFTWORK OF OUR CIVILIZATION FOR A SYMBOL OF YOURS-- WE TAKE WITH US A TRADEMARK OF AMERICA TO BE SEEN ACROSS THE GALAXIES!



FAREWELL!

Preis 2000/2



DEAR, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD DRIVE WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES!

JUST RELAX, HONEY!



3:12 P.M. THE CROWD RUSHES THE ALIEN'S GIFT AND DISCOVERS--

WHAT IS IT? I DON'T KNOW, LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ANIMAL! NO! LOOK! ITS HEAD BOBS UP AND DOWN! HEY! THAT WOULD LOOK TERRIFIC IN MY CAR WINDOW! YOUR CAR? I GOT A CADILLAC! IT'D LOOK BETTER IN MINE! CADILLAC? I GOT A MERCE! AH, KNOCK IT OFF! THIS IS ART!

SO IT GOES-- NEXT MONTH: THE INDOMITABLE SNOWMAN!

TRANGER SMITH'S NATURE NOTEBOOK. DON'T WAIT FOR THE SYSTEM TO GET YOU! SEND IN ALL YOUR FOOD AND MONEY NOW!



J. Walker

HARD-BOILED DICK

THEY WERE TOUGH AND THEY WERE CORRUPT--THEIR WORLD WAS SEEDY, SICK AND WILD--THEIR CITIES WERE L.A., SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM, A PRIVATE EYE.

THAT LITTLE PIECE OF PINKNESS OVER THERE CALLS HERSELF SONJA. SAYS I KNOW HER. FAT CHANCE. NO BRA, RINGS ON HER EARS. SWEATY CHIN. "IT'S NATURAL," SHE SAYS. "DEATH'S NATURAL," I TELL HER. I SHOULD KNOW. I'M A PRIVATE DICK. MY NAME'S ABE.

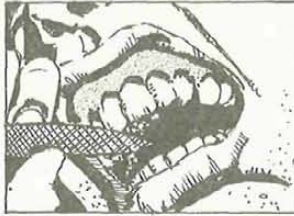
I DON'T CARRY A GUN. NO LICENSE. COPS GOT IT. DON'T NEED EITHER OF 'EM. I BITE. YEAH, THAT'S IT. I BITE. GUY WANTS TO MESS WITH ME, I SINK MY CHOPPERS INTO HIS NOSE. MESS WITH MY STOMACH, I BITE HIS ARM. YEAH, I'M TOUGH. TOUGH AS THEY COME.

THIS "SONJA" SAYS SHE'S GOT A BOYFRIEND NAMED MICKEY DOLZ. SYNDICATE CONNECTIONS. USED TO HAVE THEM. WOUND UP LOOKING AT HIS DEAD BODY ACROSS THE HOOD OF A PACKARD. TOO BAD I LIKE PACKARDS. SAYS SHE WANTS TO FIND THE GUY THAT DID IT. I TELL HER \$100 A DAY PLUS EXPENSES.

SHE KINDA SMILES UP TO ME, TELLS ME SHE'LL MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE IF I DO IT FOR \$20 A DAY PLUS ALL THE SONJA I CAN TAKE. I TELLS HER \$100 A DAY OR SHE CAN START WALKING. SHE PULLS OUT A ROLL OF HUNDREDS, TEN O' THEM. TELLS ME I GOT 2 WEEKS TO FIND THE SLIME WHO TRASHED HER MICKEY OR I'LL HAVE TO ANSWER TO SOME OF HER GIRL FRIENDS.



SOMETHING INTERESTING, SWEETHEART?



THEN SHE SORT OF WINKS AT ME AND BEFORE I KNOW IT SHE'S GIVING A QUICK KNEE-- JERK TO MY GROIN. I PULL BACK, BUT NOT IN TIME TO MISS THE FORCE OF HER THIGH.



SHE LAUGHS LOUD AND SAYS I SHOULD BE BACK IN ACTION BY THE TIME I FIND HER SUSPECT. I LAUGH RIGHT BACK IN HER FACE, LETTING A LITTLE SALIVA FALL OUT TO ADD SOME CLASS TO THE ACT. I TELLS HER I'M THE HARDEST HARD-BOILED DICK IN THE WHOLE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO. SHE KEEPS LAUGHING, HER MOUTH HANGIN' OPEN LIKE A HUNGRY PAIR OF JOWLS. I THROW OUT A LINE TO CLOSE 'EM UP.



STOW IT, SONJA. I'M A EUNUCH.

REALLY?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE FEY.

I SMILED. THIS SONJA WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER AND FAST AS A HEARSE. I WASN'T ANXIOUS TO VISIT HER POETRY CLASS EMPTY--HANDED.

CHAYKIN/PREISS ©1976 B.R.V.P. INC.

ENGAGED? ENGAGED! TO BE MARRIED? TO BE MARRIED! YES, FOLKS. STEVE AND JILL HAVE DECIDED TO TIE THE KNOT! COULD THIS BE THE END OF THEIR--

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

LET'S SEE WHAT THE PRINCIPALS HAVE TO SAY...

by Preiss + Reiss

STEVE, ARE YOU REALLY SURE THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT-- TO MARRY THIS GIRL YOU'VE BEEN GETTING RIGHT AND LEFT FOR MONTHS? WHY PAY FOR MILK?

IF YOU CAN GET IT FREE, TAKE THE CATERERS' HALL, JILL-- FORGET ABOUT THE BALLROOM

DANCING-- THAT WILL BE HAPPENING BETWEEN THE FRUIT CUP AND THE ROAST BEEF... BETWEEN THE SALAD AND

BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU-- THAT'S ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT, SON-- IF YOU BOTH FEEL YOU CAN MAKE IT...

WORK-- DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD YOU HAVE TO WORK TO SUPPORT KIDS THESE DAYS? MARRIAGE, THEN KIDS-- IT'S A NATURAL

PROCESS FOR ORDERING YOUR CHINA PATTERN-- YOUNG LADY, PUT YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND'S LAST NAME ON THIS

PIECE OF PAPER WHICH IS MORE THAN A LICENSE-- IT'S A REPRESENTATION OF A COMMITMENT TO BE

HONORED BY OUR CAR HOPS WHEN YOUR GUESTS PRESENT IT AFTER THE WEDDING

RECEPTION YOU GET FROM JILL'S FAMILY IS VERY IMPORTANT, STEVE, ESPECIALLY FROM THE MAN WHO

BRINGS IN THE CAKE, WE WILL ROLL IT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR AND YOU'LL COME AND CUT

THE FIRST SLICE OF MARRIAGE IS LIKE THE FIRST SLICE OF PIE, JILL-- RICH AND FULL... EACH SOIREE WITH YOUR HUSBAND IS LIKE A...

COURSE, WE EXPECT TO SEE YOU AND STEVE MORE OFTEN NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MINDS ABOUT

GETTING MARRIED-- STEVEN, DID YOU EVER THINK AN ACT OF AFFECTION COULD BE SO COMPLEX?

COMPLEX? THE WHOLE THING IS MIND-BLOWING! YOU KNOW WE COULD GET PAID \$300 TO BE MARRIED IN A BOWLING ALLEY!?

\$2300! \$2300!

MILDRED GO LIGHT THE CURTAINS!

STEVE, DO YOU THINK BEING MARRIED WILL BE MUCH DIFFERENT THAN LIVING TOGETHER?

SURE-- LIVING TOGETHER MEANS WONDERING WHETHER WE'LL ENJOY SLEEPING TOGETHER FOR THE HUNDREDETH TIME...

BEING MARRIED MEANS WONDERING IF WE'LL ENJOY SHARING THE SAME FLOT!

IS THAT ALL?

THERE'S THE LIFE INSURANCE.

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NEXT: THE SHOWER

THE NEW IMPROVED AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS

LIFE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE OFFICES

RUNNER

GEORGE AND ALEX ARE IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE DEFUNCT LIFE MAGAZINE. THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR HAS UNSETTLING VIEWS.

GEE, ALEX, I'M SORRY YOU GOT THE OLD HEAVE-HO-TOUGH!

C'MON OLD BUDDY, LET'S GO SEE THAT CRAZY CHINAMAN AT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY-IT'LL CHEER YOU UP!

LOOK, I'M SORRY, BUT I GOTTA LAY OFF ONE OF YOU GUY'S—OUR CIRCULATION TOOK A DIP AND WE GOTTA CUT EXPENSES. YA UNMASTAN? YOU—WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN? ALEX?—OKAY, ALEX, WE GOTTA LET YOU GO. NOW, GEORGE, GO DOWN TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY—THERE'S A CHINK DOWN THERE AND HE'S TRYIN' TO RAPE HER FROM THE INSIDE. GET DOWN THERE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DIG UP...



WELL, GODDAMNIT, I DIDN'T GET FIRED! COME ON—I GOT A JOB TO DO!!!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, BREAK IT UP!!!

OKAY, WHAT'S THE STORY? WHY'D YOU HIT THIS MAN?

SHOVE OFF, WILL YA! I'VE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE TODAY!

SHOVE OFF? OKAY, WISEGUY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ONE PHONE CALL AND ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU.



COME ON, MISTER!

PIQUE!



WHAT THE...?
WHAT THE HELL...
TWO GUYS HOOKED IN SERIES!

OFFICER, CAN I GO? I HAVE TO GO TO WORK!

WELL, JERK, YOU GONNA ARREST ME OR NOT?

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A CLASSIC CHALLENGE TO THE 14TH AMENDMENT



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A COLLEGE GRAD TURNED HOT-SHOT JOURNALIST RETURNS TO HIS OLD HIGH SCHOOL AS AN UNDERCOVER STUDENT? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT ALL GOES TO HIS HEAD?

MADE IN THE SHADE! THE GIRLS THINK I'M HOT STUFF--THE GUYS THINK I'M COOL--I EVEN HAVE A DATE WITH THAT FREE-SPIRITISH LOOKING GIRL FROM THE LUNCHROOM! I CAN REALLY GET INTO THESE HIGH SCHOOL DAYS!



HI, PHIL!
WHAT'S DOING, M'LADY JONELL?
TAKE IT SLOW, KID!



SMUG,
PRETENTIOUS



GRUBB UP FOR THE SHOT--
AND SCORE!



SHOW-OFF! DIP!



WHAT A FANTASTIC FEELING! I'M ALL THE THINGS I NEVER WAS WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL.
THERE ARE THE BIG JOCKS--MAYBE IT'S TIME I JOINED THE ELITE!



ALAN TERRY HOWIE
MIND IF I HANG WITH YOU GUYS?
NN SHRUG GRUNT
THANKS



LONELY AT THE TOP!
NN SHRUG
HMM
DIPS!
SHOW-OFF!
SMUG!
PRETENTIOUS

WEISS/PREISS ©76 B.P.YR. INC.

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 88

BLACK PEOPLE

BLACK PEOPLE ARE STRUGGLING TO GAIN THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN OUR SOCIETY, AND THE COMIC ARTIST CAN HELP BY REFUSING TO DEPICT THEM IN A STEREOTYPED MANNER. STUDY FIG. # 1 CAREFULLY, THEN TRY TO CAPTURE THIS POIGNANCY, THIS EMPATHY FOR THE BLACK MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR HUMAN DIGNITY IN YOUR OWN DRAWINGS.



THIS STRIP IS FOR **JOY**
ROBIN + GOMPS

... AND NOW FOR A GOOD HEARTY BELLYLAFF ...

CHICKEN GUTZ

DECORATION, COURTESY OF ACMIC DECORATORS INC.

this is a real BICENTENNIAL strip!
it's only worth 2 cents!

by ENO

ARE WE ALL HERE?

good afternoon everyone, I'm your very pretty guide NOREEN OSEOOD... follow me please and try to stay together.

I don't have to work in this strip if I don't want to y'know...

She talks REAL GOOD, doesn't she?

IF YOU'LL ALL LOOK UP YOU'LL SEE THE CONVIVAL DOME. THIS EDIFACT WAS COMPOUNDED BY GREEK ARTESIANS OF MILLIONS OF MINIFOLD GRAINS OF MARBLE WELDED INTO PLACE AND TRANSPOSED HERE BY PERSIANS OVER A PERIOD OF TIME COMPOSING THREE DECADES.

Omyggod!

because I happen to know OLIVE OIL personally!

looking down, you'll see our floor!

I love Culture.

YOU ARE NOW STANDING ATOP THE HORIZONTAL ROTUNDA OF CHARLES THE FOURTEENTH KNOWN AS EDWARD THE FIFTH. IN THOSE TIMES, IT WAS A PLACE OF REFUSE FOR MONKS AND PERSONS OF ILK STATUARY. THE PAINTING AT YOUR LEFT EXEMPMATES THE TEMPERED IRRESISTANCE OF THE TIMES.

OH MY!

I wonder where the bathroom shed... I have to NIXON!

to think that someone painted that by hand.

THAT WINDS UP OUR EXCURSION LADLES AND GENTLEMEN, I HOPE IT WAS A PLAUIDBLE JOURNEY INTO THE MINIONS OF SOME EARLY CULTURES. I'VE ENJOYED HAVING YOU, AND WE HOPE YOU'LL TAKE HOME THE MEMORIOUS OF A HARPLESS TIME OF OLDEN EXPLICATION, THANK YOU!

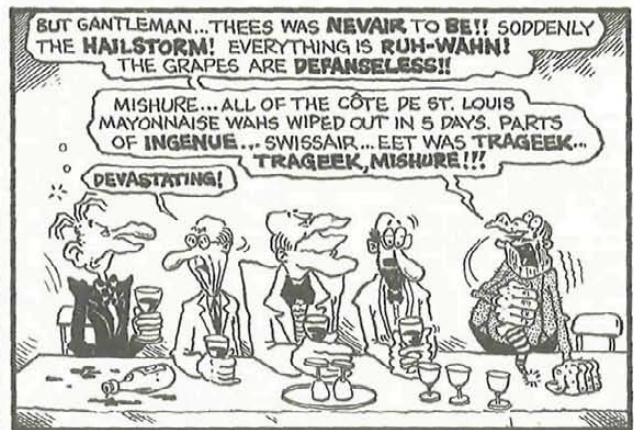
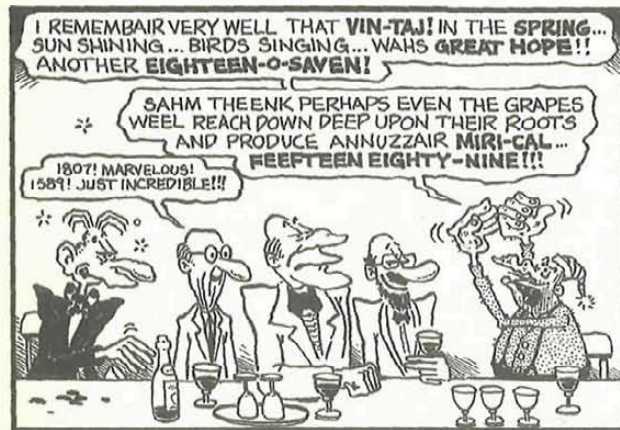
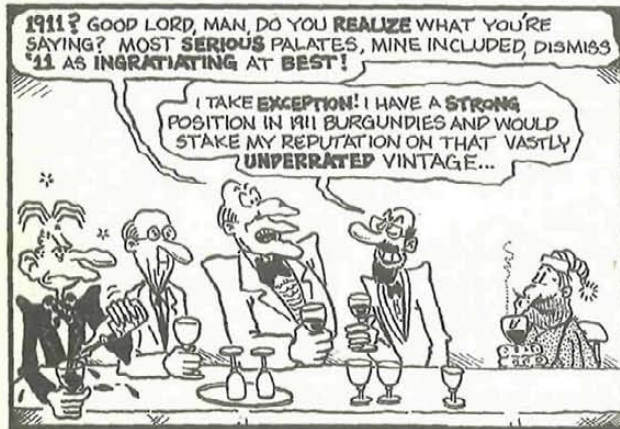
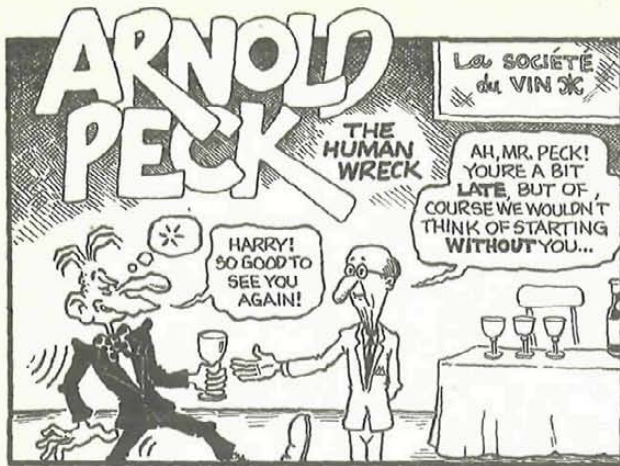
HA, NOREEN you're a GAS!!

one more panel and it's BEBBY OYE for me!

I should have listened to my mother--"SON, A MAT IS NOT A HOME!"

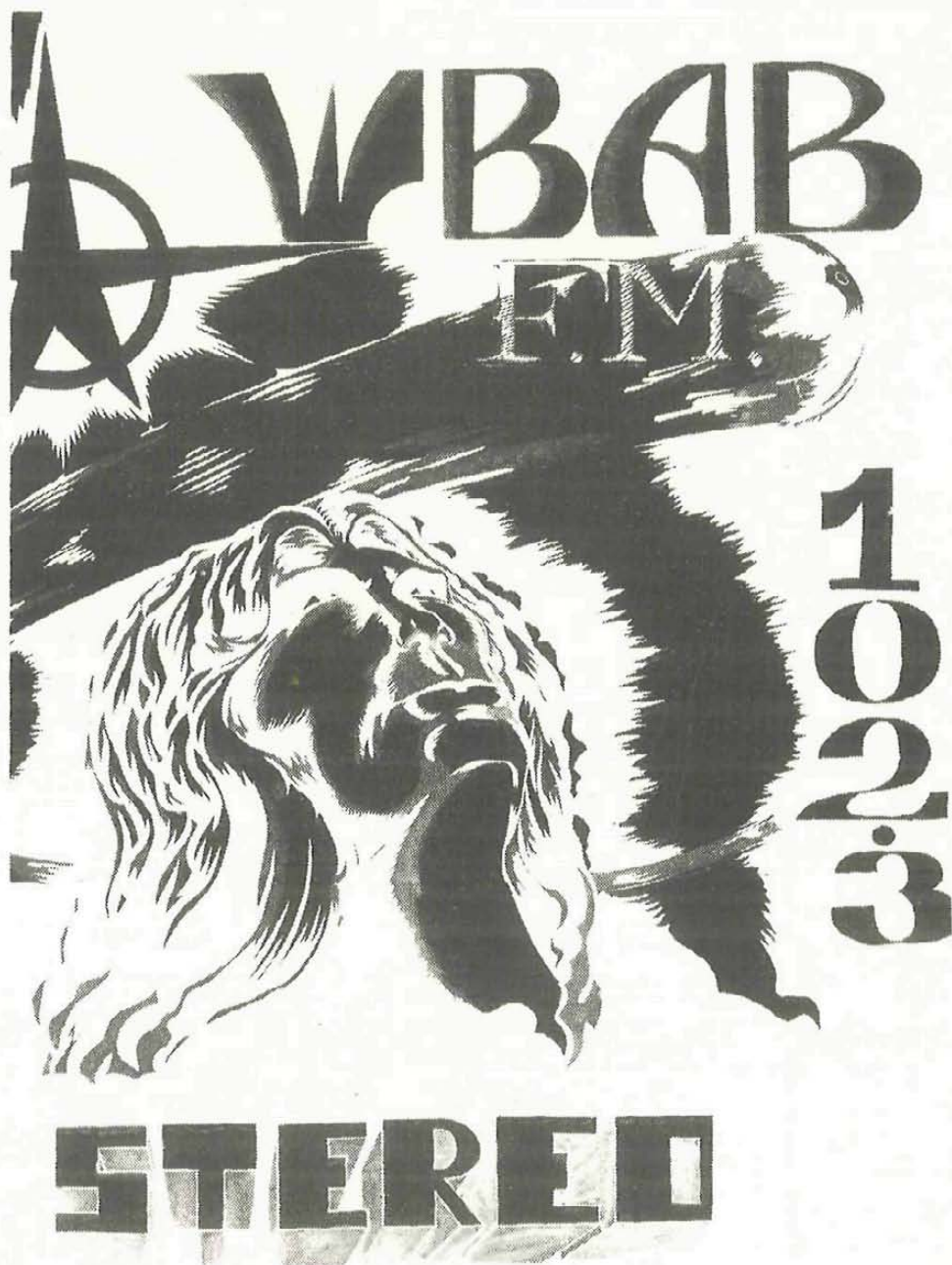
BRIAN... are you listening to me?

THANK TO KATHRYN FROM NANTUCKET FOR THE BASIC H. WE LOVE YOU.



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"Radio Long Island"

The Great Entertainers from The Tower of Babylon talk to Long Island and talk to the industry. WBAB is a Gavin correspondent, Billboard FM Action Reporter, Rolling Stone and Earth News Station and a member of the Progressive Radio Network.

MR SCIENCE

M.K. BROWN

HI MR SCIENCE!
HEY!
WATCHA
BUILDIN'?
PHEW!
WHAT STINKS!
HUH?
P.U.

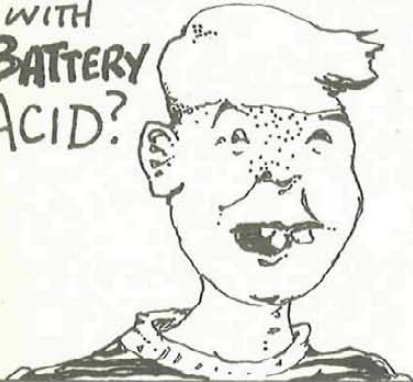


OH, HI BILLY!
COME ON IN!

THAT'S
BATTERY
ACID YOU
SMELL!
I WAS
JUST DOING
A LITTLE
EXPERIMENT!



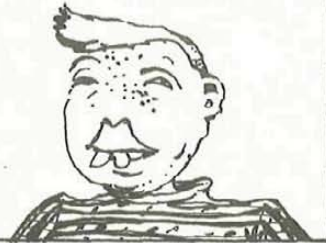
WITH
BATTERY
ACID?



SURE! ITS EASY!
COME ON,
I'LL SHOW YOU.



WELL, I DUNNO, HEH,...



YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
OF A LITTLE ACID
ARE YOU?



ME? NAW-HA HA!
SHOW ME, MR. SCIENCE,
PLEASE?



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BILLY--
SEE, FIRST YOU
TAKE AN
ORDINARY
ORANGE,



YOU THROW IT
INTO A PAIL
WITH BATTERY
ACID - THEN
YOU STIR IT
AROUND WITH
A SCREWDRIVER!



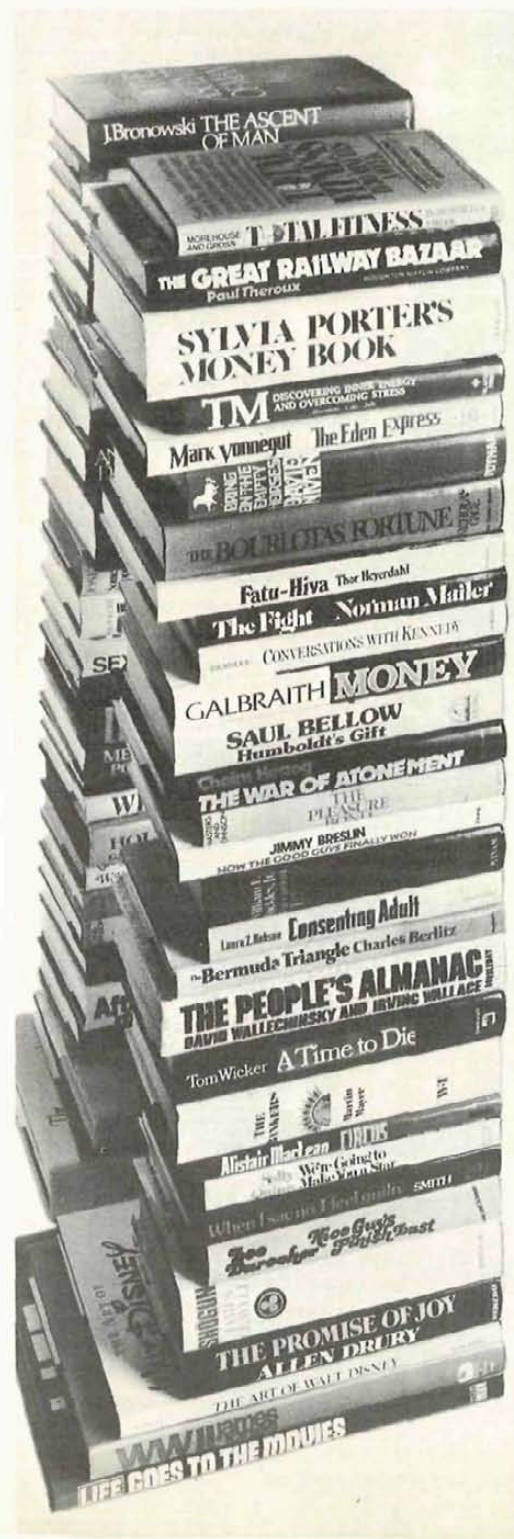
WOW!
AND THEN WHAT
HAPPENS, MR. SCIENCE?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "AND
THEN WHAT HAPPENS,"
BILLY?



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- ¶ **The Ascent of Man** by J. Bronowski
- ¶ **The Pleasure Bond** by Masters and Johnson
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- ¶ **WW II: A Chronicle of Soldiering** by James Jones

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100 Years of

HARVARD LAMPOON PARODIES



PLUS SPECIAL
FULL COLOR
REPORT:
PORNOGRAPHY
IN DENMARK

Statement of the Editors:

The *Harvard Lampoon*, the nation's oldest humor magazine, rarely publishes anthologies. The present collection of highlights from the *Lampoon's* over fifty newspaper and magazine parodies is the first such volume ever produced. It is being released at this time to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first issue of the *Harvard Lampoon*, published February 10, 1876.

We urge you to order as many copies of this book as you can afford. The supply is limited, so stock up. A second such anthology will not be published until the *Lampoon's* 200th anniversary: February 10, 2076. Don't wait.

On sale at major newsstands (ask for it) or order directly with this coupon:

The Lampoon
Dept. 276
635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

I know a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity when I see one. Please send me _____ copies of *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies* immediately.

Enclosed is my
 check money order
for \$2.50 for each copy ordered.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip code. Add 35¢ for postage and handling.

In order to comply with recent federal guidelines concerning truth in advertising, our attorneys have insisted that we print the following anonymous letter (which we don't know who wrote).

To Whom It May Concern:

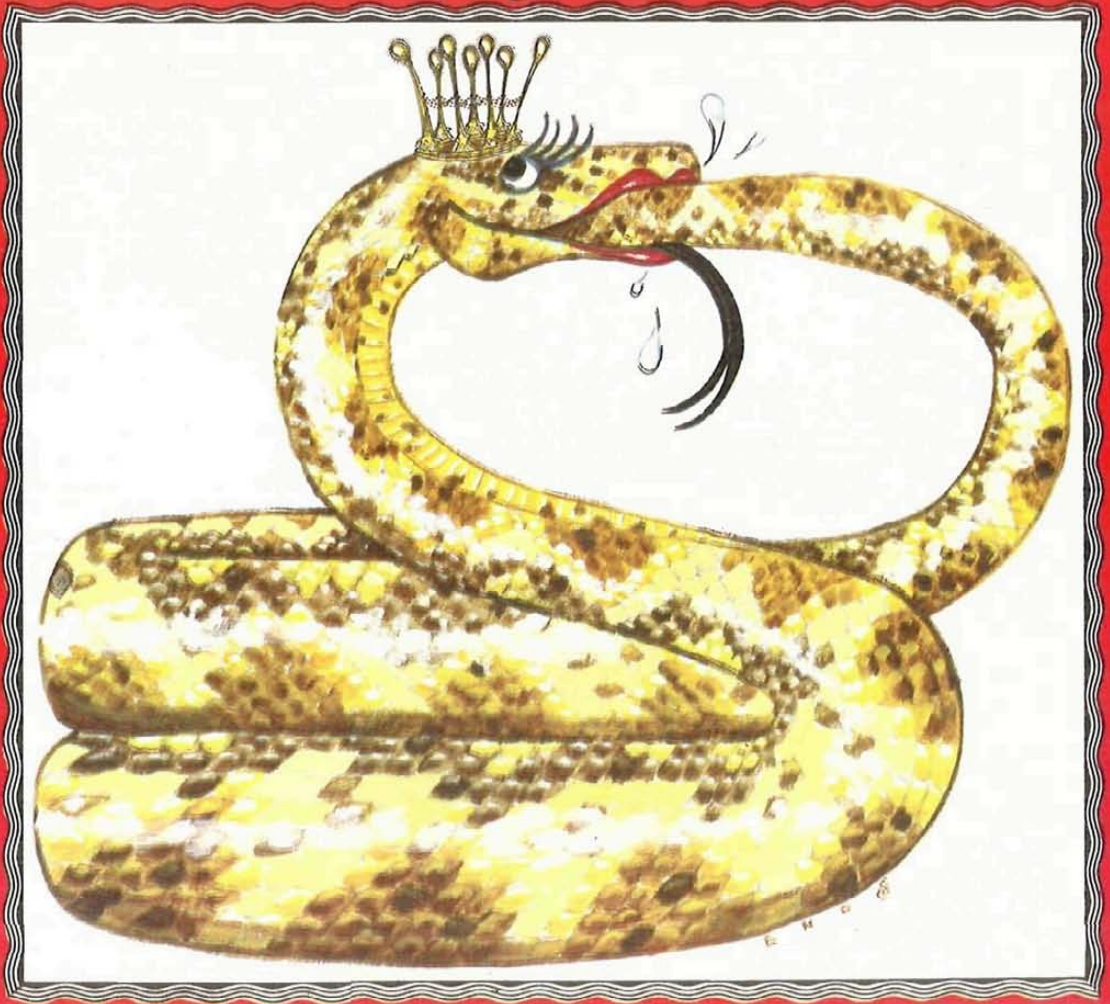
This book, *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies*, is not the sexy, freewheeling romp in wonderful-wonderful-Copenhagen that the cover photograph of the two young women led me to believe it was. I purchased what I believed to be a steaming helping of Scandinavian skin delicacies, and instead, what do I find? A few pages of so-called Danish porn (?) and 190 pages of humorous material selected from *Harvard Lampoon* parodies. Sure it's funny, very funny, but what do I need it for? I still have the *Lampoon's* classic *Life* (1967) and *Time* (1969) parodies right here on my desk. I've got the *Lampoon's* original 1966 *Playboy* centerfold (which has to be seen to be believed) over my bed. And my wife has the centerfold exposing Henry Kissinger over her bidet.

In addition, the book includes excerpts from such humor masterpieces as the *Lampoon's* *Sports Illustrated*, *Newsweek*, *Esquire*, and *New York Times* parodies; to the extent that a potential purchaser already has these issues around his house, this anthology is superfluous. *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies* is a collection that will only interest those few who missed or don't remember the *Lampoon's* earlier works.

In its defense, I should say that the humor of the excerpts included in the book is not at all dated, and in many cases is even funnier than it was originally. In fact, it's just about the funniest book I've ever seen.

Anonymous
1800 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C.

The Tail of Monty Snake



or
And Now for Something Very Much the Same
A Faerie Storie

TERRY GILLIAM'S HOME ANIMATION HINTS FOR THE HANDICAPPED.

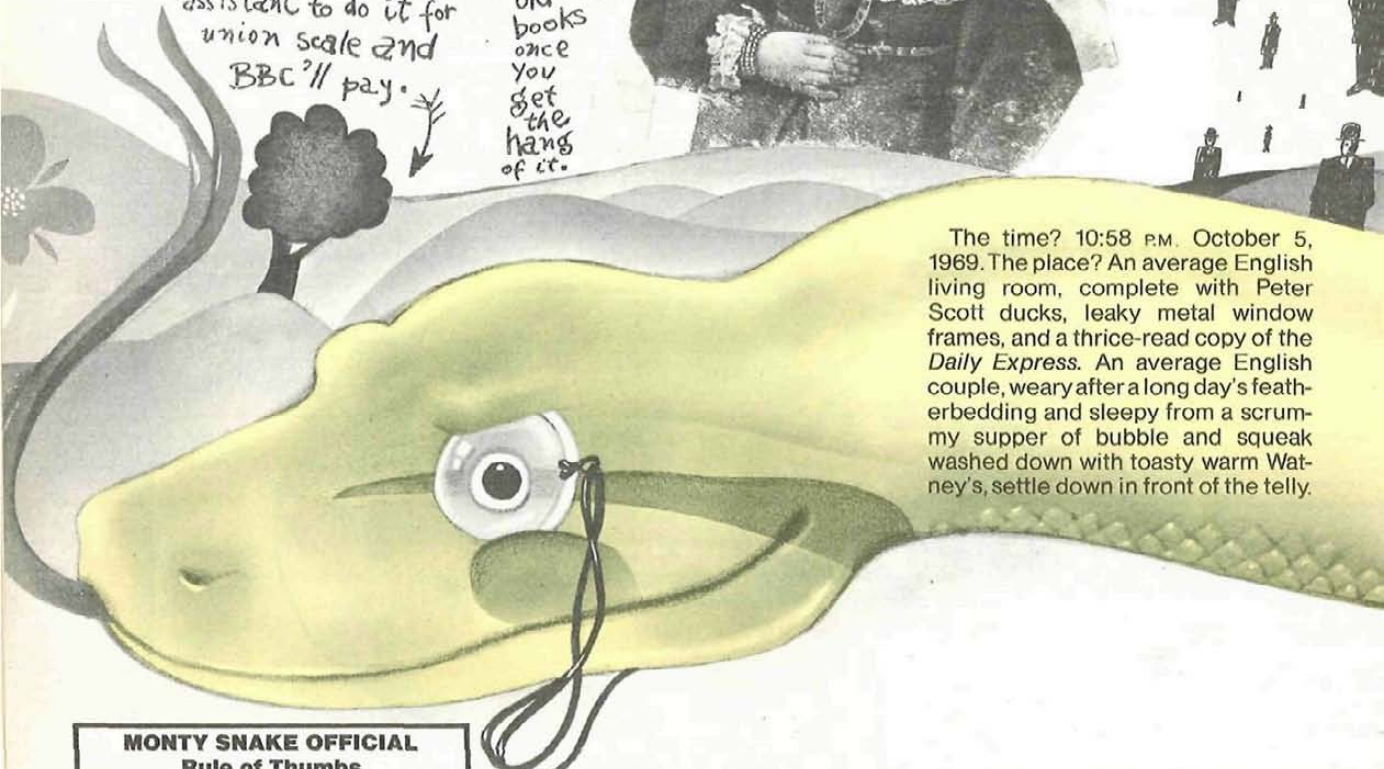


3. Nothing could be funnier than typical British business types of fifty years back. Specially if you have them raining from the sky. Chap named Magritte did it first, ages ago, but I wouldn't have known that myself except that his widow brought suit.

2. Use plenty of your nineteenth century engraving sort of stuff. They're ever so much nicer than what you can do yourself and quite easy to cut out of old books once you get the hang of it.



1. Put lots of pricey-looking airbrush landscape things in. You can get some grotty assistant to do it for union scale and BBC pay.



The time? 10:58 p.m. October 5, 1969. The place? An average English living room, complete with Peter Scott ducks, leaky metal window frames, and a thrice-read copy of the Daily Express. An average English couple, weary after a long day's featherbedding and sleepy from a scrummy supper of bubble and squeak washed down with toasty warm Watney's, settle down in front of the telly.

MONTY SNAKE OFFICIAL Rule of Thumbs

Rule No. 1: Dress up like women and shriek.

Rule No. 2: Taawk inyer ihncawmp-ra'ensibul waawkin' clawss awk'zents a' yer hindoostroll sit-ez anya nought hove Hengland.

Rule No. 3: Animals are funny because handguns are outlawed in England. Try these: garfish golden retriever wood beetle ant bee cherrystone clam

We've used up all the rest.

Rule No. 4: Dress up like women and shriek.

Rule No. 5: Keep it naughty but nice.



4. Strange bits of incomprehensible machinery are terribly funny and rather say something about our age and dehumanization and all that. Don't you think?

5. And don't spare Queen Victoria!



What happens?

Magic.

The screen is invaded by a zany tribe of overeducated nitwits and the worst animation since the Bayeux tapestry. For half an hour, they cavort in dresses, shriek incomprehensible references to obscure poets, and hit small animals with hammers. At the end of it, Mr. Average English Couple leans forward and flicks off

the box. "What the flamin 'eck was that all about then?" he mutters. Yes, the silly old working class has missed the boat again, and...

A legend is born.

How did all this come about? By the wave of a wand of some fairy godfather? Not on your nelly. Starting out as mere law graduates, medical students, and medieval scholars, our lissome lads worked long and hard

for that enchanted evening. For simply years, they studied things at prestigious Oxford and Cambridge (the Harvard and Yale of old Albion), things like the theory and practice of mortmain, the mating rituals of the smaller vertebrates, the lesser-known masses of Walther von der Vogelweide, and diverticular diseases of the lower colon. One might have expected them upon graduation

Rule No. 6: Make any piece of prose hilarious by replacing all its adjectives with *silly* or *naughty* and all its nouns with *cheese* and *twit*.

Not at all hilarious.

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

Very hilarious indeed.

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Cheese Twit, one twit in the cheese of naughty twit, and found him in naughty cheese with a very silly, naughty-faced, silly cheese, with naughty silly cheese. With a twit for my cheese, I was about to withdraw, when Twit pulled me abruptly into the cheese and closed the cheese behind me.

Rule No. 7: Introduce the trivial concerns of the British middle classes into heroic situations: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to Tunbridge Wells Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on the hour. First tide, 9:00 A.M. and closing down at 5:00 in the evening. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays on the half hour from 10:30 until 6:00, except for the Tea Tide, which goes out at 4:00. Sunday and holiday tides available for charter by appointment . . ." and so on and so forth until everyone's ill.

- Rule No. 8:** Repeat yourself.
- Rule No. 9:** Repeat yourself.
- Rule No. 10:** Repeat yourself.
- Rule No. 11:** Repeat yourself.

Rule No. 12: BBC talk shows are positively sidesplitting, and even more so when you have a dead person or something for a guest—it's one of those things you just can't overdo.



to jump right into the dozens of new jobs opening up in Britain's dynamic postwar economy. But no. Our daffy half dozen decided instead to devote themselves to the grueling (and quite serious!) business of Being Funny. Being funny about mortmain. Being funny about the smaller vertebrates. Being funny about the lesser-known masses of Walther von der Vogelweide and diseases of the lower co-

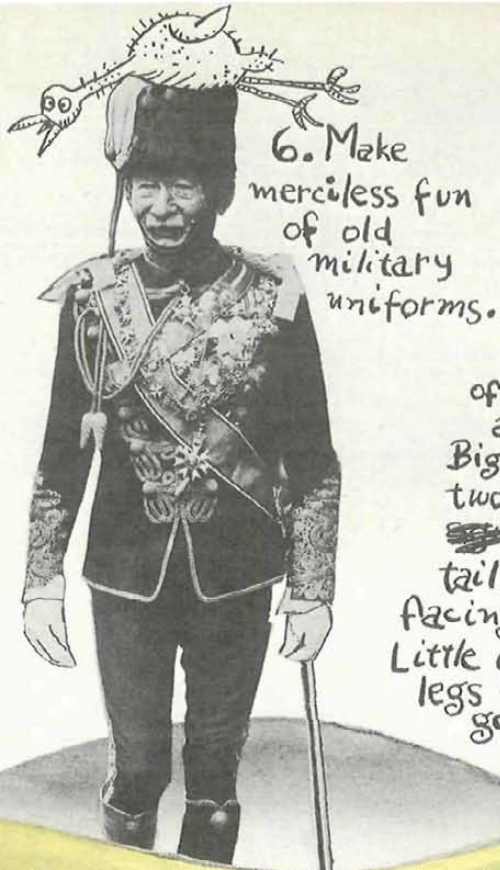
lon. But especially...being funny in dresses. Orskirts. Orminis. Orgowns, kilts, cassocks. Anything that looked remotely like a dress.

Only one thing remained to be done for the stardust to fall, and one bright (but cloudy with occasional cheese!) day...it happened. For-gathering in a trendy mod restaurant in Chelsea's groovy King's Road, the crazy cross-dressers hatched an out-

rageous plan. Instead of worrying about boring old Vietnam and boring old revolution and boring old Northern Ireland and boring old collapsing economy and boring old educational privilege and boring old rock music and boring old pollution, why not do a show about Absolutely Sweet Bugger-All?

They had the jokes. They had the dresses. And Auntie would give them



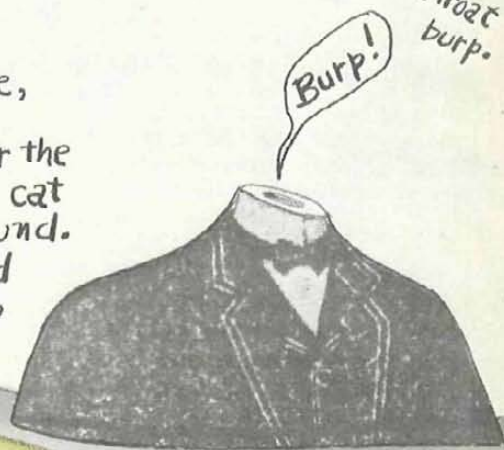


6. Make merciless fun of old military uniforms.



7. Draw something of your own if you absolutely must. Big circle, little circle, two pointy bits, and a squiggly line for the tail is a good start on a cat facing the other way around. Little curves for the hind legs are the dicey part, go slow on these.

8. In a pinch, you can always chop off somebody's head and have his throat burp.



a barn. Now all they needed was a name.

This, declare the silly sextet, was the hardest part of all.

"What we were looking for, actually," says yummy Gram Chapman, "was something that suggested a sort of, well, in a sense, so to speak, you know, an enormous penis."

"A long, slimy, hard, smarmy, thick kind of thing," adds Terry "Pass Me

Wimple Ducks" Jones.

"A big dick," proffers quadriplegic Terry Gilliam, who is American.

And so Monty Snake was born, uncoiling his merry madness week after week down the very throats of the unsuspecting British public. But never let it be said that doing a show about Absolutely Sweet Bugger-All prevented our dotty darlings from speaking their collective mind. So-

cial relevance coruscated from Monty's ample couplings. Savage indictments of smaller vertebrates, driving satirical thrusts against medieval literature, devastating attacks on cheese, vicars, talk show hosts, hermits, Robert Newton, lumberjacks, and old ladies kept the BBC's phone busy for hours each week with calls from outraged viewers.

The crazy kinks were undaunted.

Rule No. 13: If there's no way out of showing women's breasts, make sure you show old ones. So much more tasteful.



Rule No. 14: Dress up like women and shriek.

Rule No. 15: Make long lists of things like rules.

Rule No. 16: Make it a rule to do so.

Rule No. 17: Dress up like women and shriek.

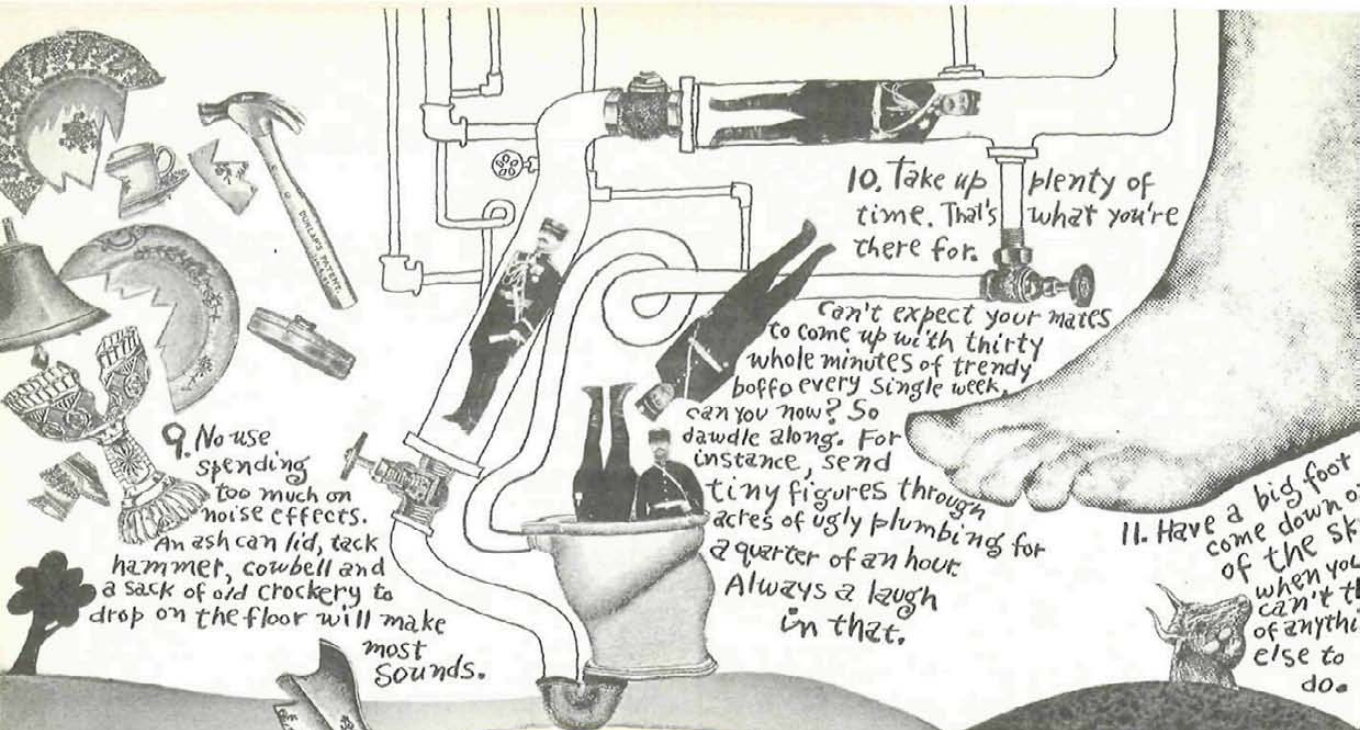
Rule No. 18: Do scathing political satire, treating on current world events in the manner of Swift and Voltaire.

Rule No. 19: Go especially rough on the IRA.

Rule No. 20: Ignore rules 18 and 19.

Rule No. 21: Especially 19.





10. Take up plenty of time. That's what you're there for.

Can't expect your mates to come up with thirty whole minutes of trendy boffo every single week, can you now? So dawdle along. For instance, send tiny figures through acres of ugly plumbing for a quarter of an hour. Always a laugh in that.

11. Have a big foot come down on the sk of the you can't th of anythi else to do.

9. No use spending too much on noise effects. An ash can lid, tack hammer, cowbell and a sack of old crockery to drop on the floor will make most sounds.

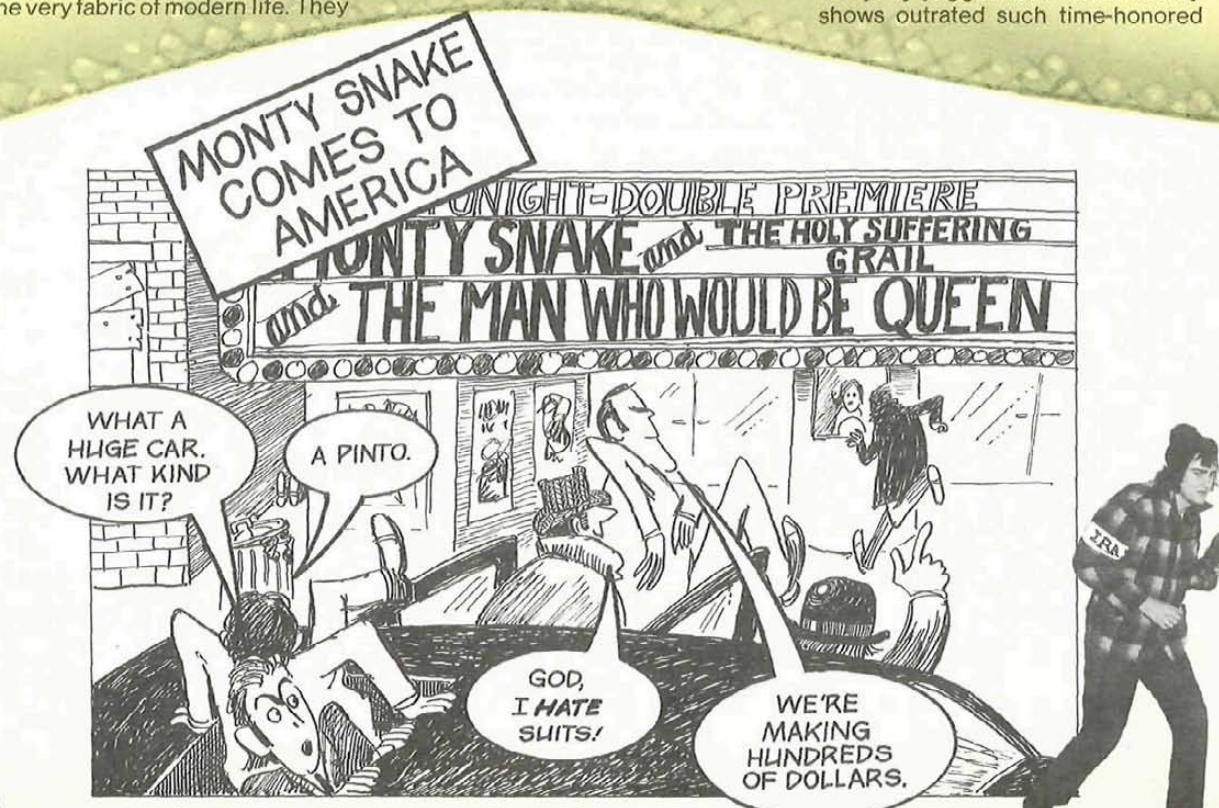
They kept right on biffing the bad guys on the bean. The Spanish Inquisition was shown up for what it was. Experimental playwriting took body blow after body blow. Waiters were revealed as an utter sham. And if the British public was rocked and shocked and shaken, still they loved their goofy mentors all the more for stripping away the hypocrisy that gnawed at the very fabric of modern life. They

loved the little boys who stood up and shouted: "The Emperor has no new clothes! But look at our lovely dresses!"

It was only a matter of time before our merry men would hear the call of the Great Buck and depart to hunt it down on freeway fere and subway sere. In October of 1974, a can of comical confections—the classic hitting-small-animals-and-shouting-

incomprehensible - references - to - obscure - poets premiere, still going strong at the ripe old age of sixty months—was carried via the far-flung video empire of PBS. Across fully fifteen zero-rated outlets the hilarity hastened. The response was electric. Monty Snake had done it again.

After that, there was no stopping the jolly juggernaut. The weekly shows outrated such time-honored



MONTY SNAKE COMES TO AMERICA

TONIGHT-DOUBLE PREMIERE
MONTY SNAKE AND THE HOLY SUFFERING GRAIL
AND MONTY SNAKE AND THE MAN WHO WOULD BE QUEEN

WHAT A HUGE CAR. WHAT KIND IS IT?

A PINTO.

GOD, I HATE SUITS!

WE'RE MAKING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS.

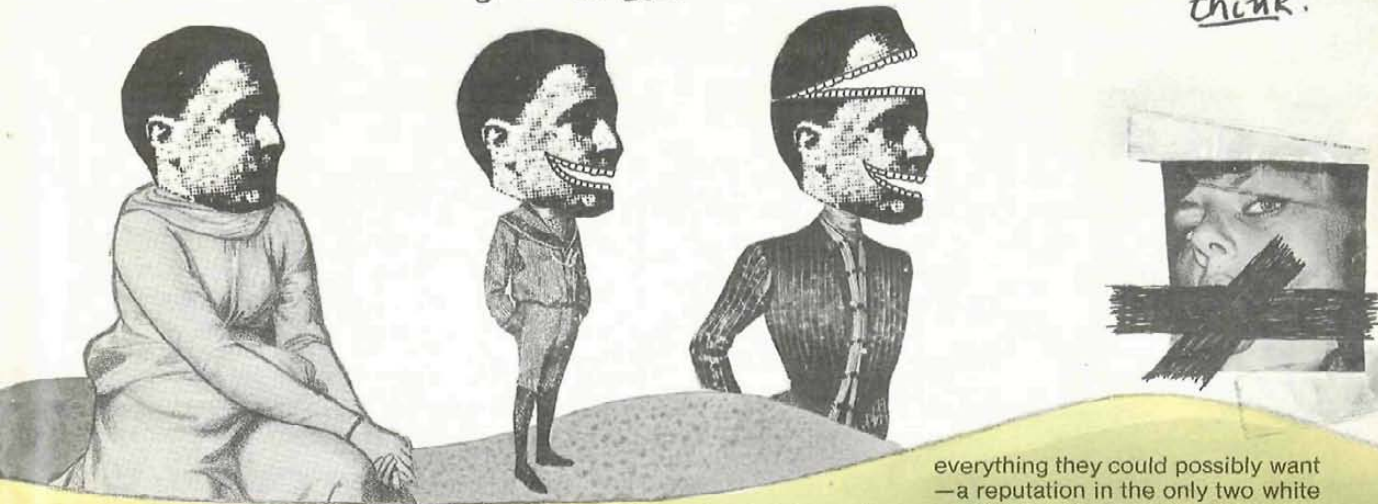
12. Or muck about with the heads in secondhand etchings.

It's extra amusing to put them on the wrong shoulders!...

...or show lots of teeth. Teeth are very funny in England. If you don't think so, just watch an Englishman eat!...

...or lift the top of the skull, that's convulsively droll!...

...or open up the mouth and pop something in ... but not what you think.



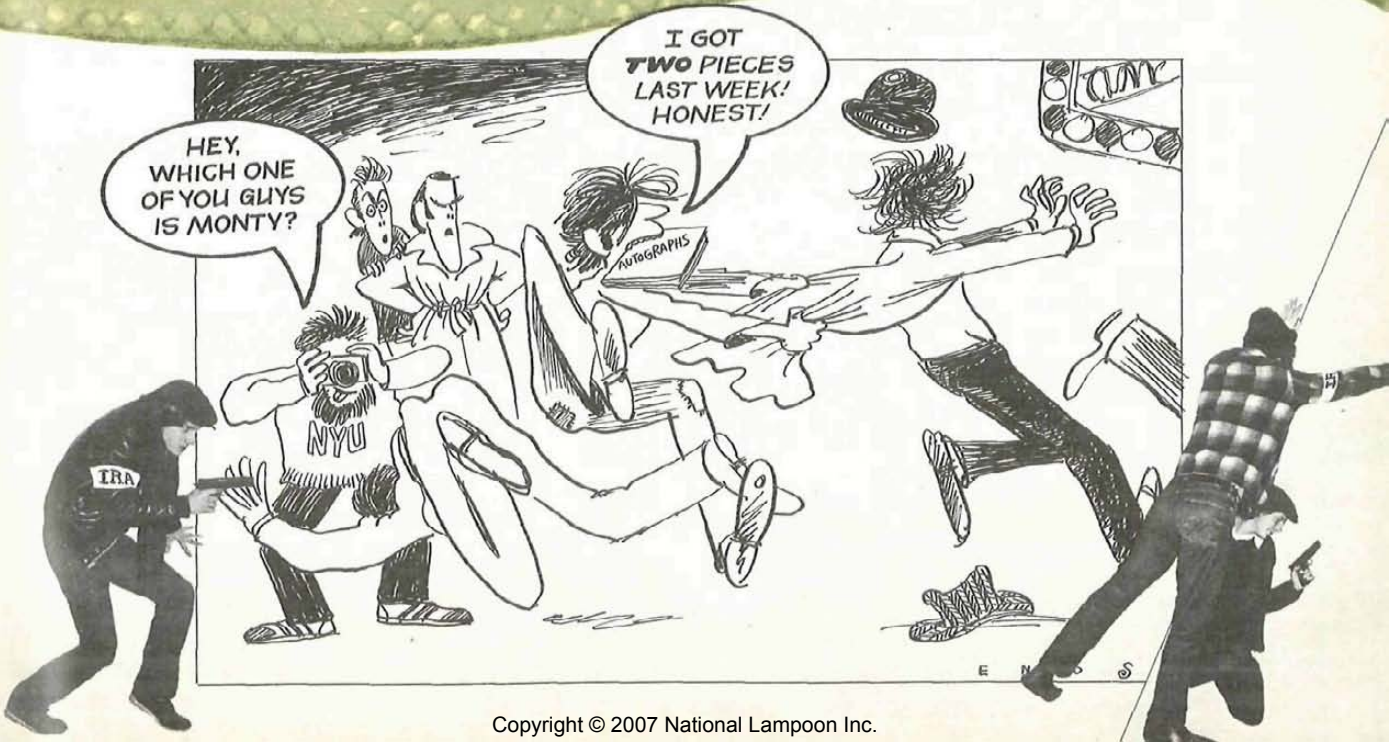
PBS favorites as "Dance and Movement in the Inner City" and "Our Vanishing Liberals." Requests for reruns poured in from dozens of experimental communities. When the dotty dynamo visited Stateside, they were mobbed by scores of people. They made hundreds of dollars in personal appearances. They ate in moderately expensive restaurants. They were the darlings of the antisupersonic jet set.

In short, within a few brief months, the name of Monty Snake became a household word, right up there with Amway and ginseng.

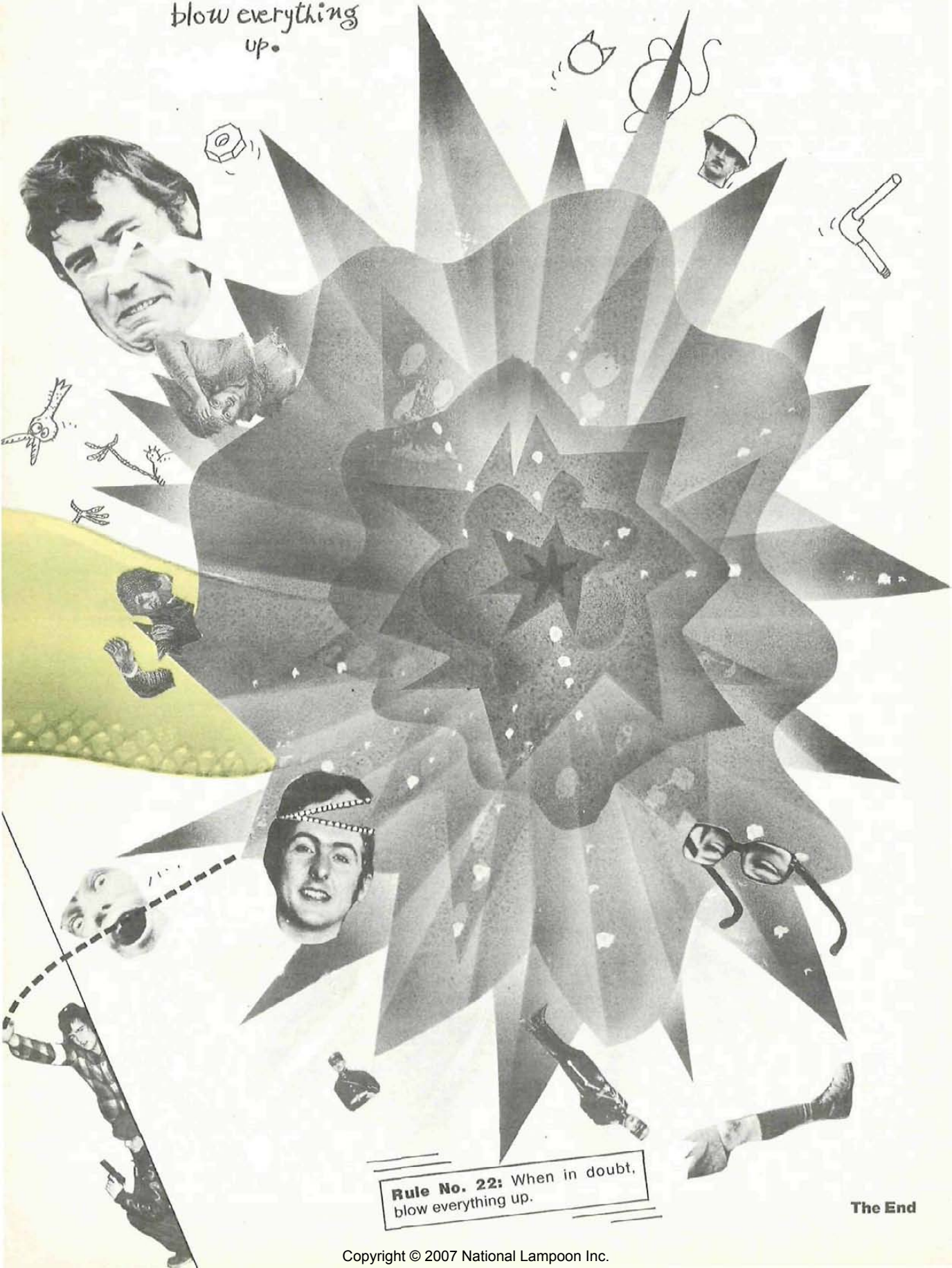
It was all a ball. A wonderful, shining, enchanted ball of dreams and dreams fulfilled. But no midnight struck for our sassy Cinderellas upon their return to the native hearth, no carriage became pumpkin or coachmen smaller vertebrates. They had

everything they could possibly want—a reputation in the only two white countries left on earth, their own Prince Charmings (well, most of them, anyhow), some priceless dollars, and best of all, a commitment for a series of blue-chip specials on fabled ABC, that Rolls-Royce among networks. What more could any reptile want?

And they all lived happily ever after.



13. When in doubt,
blow everything
up.



Rule No. 22: When in doubt,
blow everything up.

The End

Paddy Lyrically Announces Our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition

If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

In Ireland it is customary for a gentleman to pursue manly adventure, good whiskey and poetic inspiration, all at the same time. In keeping with this great tradition, Paddy invites your participation in our First Annual Irish Whiskey Competition.

To enter, simply compose a verse that conveys your impression of Paddy Irish Whiskey — the noblest of the noble liquors fondly called "Irish." Your verse should be brief enough to write or type in the space provided in the Official Entry Blank below. Any poetic form is suitable: jingle, ballad, limerick, free verse, rondelet or dithyramb. If you're pretentious you may even submit macaronic verse (mixed languages). Or invent your own poetic form.

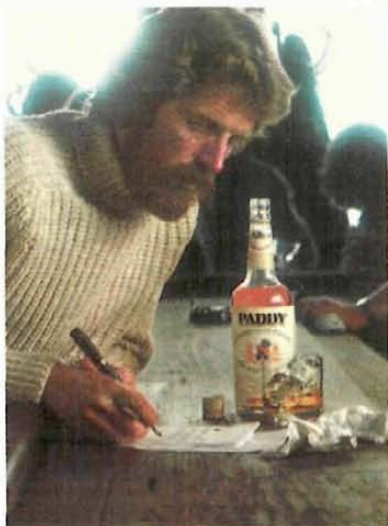
Truths To Inspire Your Poetry

Perhaps it will aid your muse to know that Irish was the original beverage of its kind, pre-dating all other whiskeys. It was being distilled by Irish monks in the 6th Century when savage tribes still roved the Scottish Highlands.

For loftier inspiration, we suggest you take a sip or two of The Official Subject Matter of the competition. You will find Paddy airy, fragrant and glowing, the same liquid essence that has prodded the imaginations of literary giants before you. Savor this liquid gold as you recite the roll call of lusty Irish wordsmiths: Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Brendan Behan... Now take pen in hand and pay an immodest verbal tribute to Paddy.

A Dearth of Valuable Prizes

The makers of Paddy recog-



Portrait of an Irish poet: "One man with a dream at pleasure / Shall go forth and conquer a crown."
A.O'Shaughnessy

nize that you are interested in fame and fortune. But we are prepared to entice you with only a modicum of the former. (Financial reward would be crass for you and expensive for us.) If you are among the eight finalists, your name and poetry will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. We'll also include your address in case the envious wish to write seeking guidance.

In the event that you reach the unspeakable eminence of First Annual Winner of the competition, your likeness as well as your name will be promulgated far and wide in one of our Paddy ads. And your name will be the first engraved on the Silver Loving Cup commemorating winners of the Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Think of the glory!

Become A Better Person

And even if you should win no recognition, we will see to it

that you become a better person for having entered. You and every entrant will receive a certificate designating the bearer as Honorary Irish Poet (regardless of race, religion, sex or nationality).

So expand your self-esteem along with your knowledge of one of the world's great whiskeys. Acquaint yourself with Paddy and inscribe the space below with Immortal Blarney.

PADDY

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

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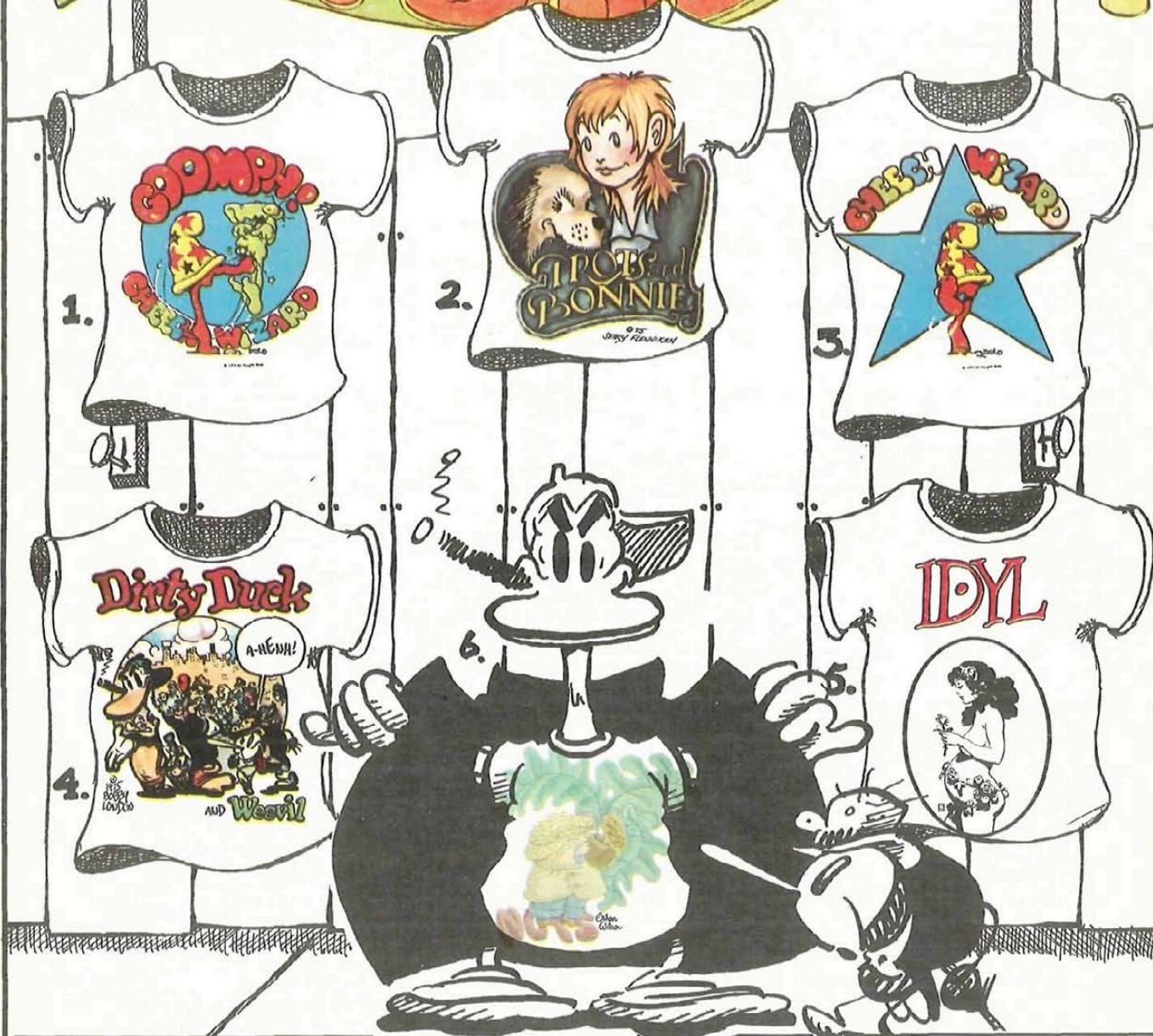
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The Party

continued from page 46

and when he held his five-string banjo aloft, the crowd broke out into a fresh cheer, as though the instrument was more a fellow performer than a tool of music.

"*Mir e druhzba!*" Pete shouted to the crowd.

"*Mir e druhzba!*" the crowd shouted back.

"What's that mean?" Willis whispered to Baumgarten.

"Peace and friendship," his friend answered him.

"What language?"

"Uh—I forget."

Pete slung the banjo over his shoulder, began to tap his feet, and strummed a few chords. The crowd was on its feet with a cry of delight.

"I've sung this song many times, here and yonder," Pete said over the din, "but tonight there's a special friend in the audience, and I'm gonna sing it for him."

("It's for the Negro," a voice behind Willis swooned.)

Pete began to sing with a quavering but lusty tenor voice:

Listen, Mister Cracker,

How come you cannot see,

That folks with color in their skins
Are good as you and me?

Listen, Mister Cracker,

There's good and bad in all

So take that sheet off and come join

The human race, you-all.

The next two hours passed like a dream of easy camaraderie—something Willis had never known before. Pete was so easygoing, so friendly, that Willis's sense of isolation almost instantly disappeared. Pete brought out his old folk-singing group. He sang songs from around the world—Poland, Hungary, China, North Korea. He had the audience sing along, dividing the crowd into *thesis*, *antithesis*, and *synthesis*.

"Now," Pete said, "I'd like you all to join on in on the chorus of this marvelous children's song."

"*The Frog and the Rat*," the crowd yelled.

"You guessed it," Pete said, and began to sing.

There once was a frog who worked
very hard

To feed his fam-i-ly,

When along came a rat, and just
like that,

Stole all the food he could see.

Now the rat took it all to his
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continued on page 104

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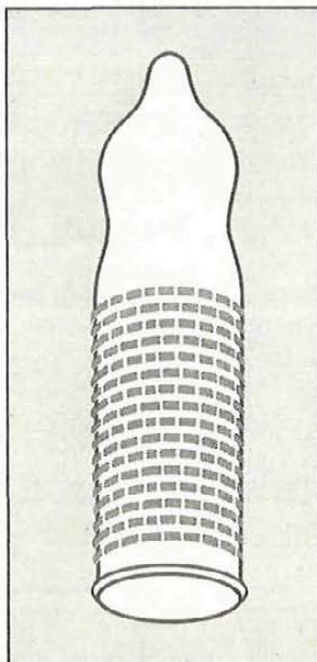
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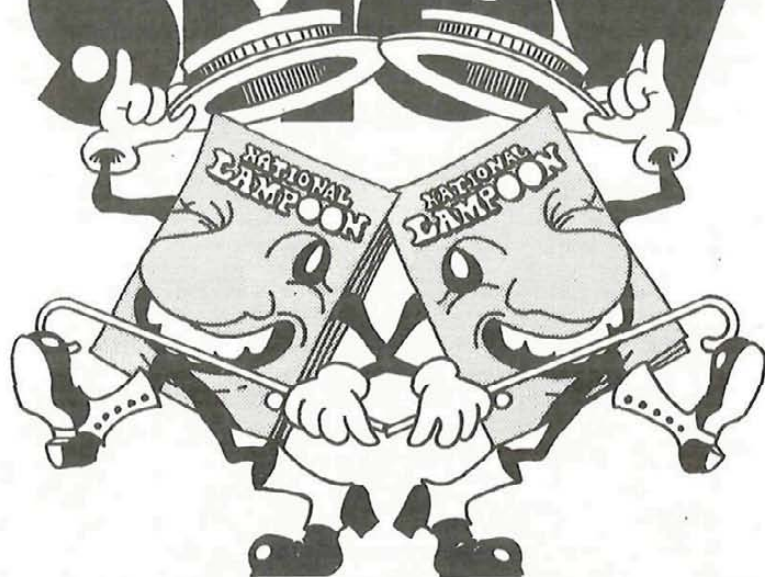
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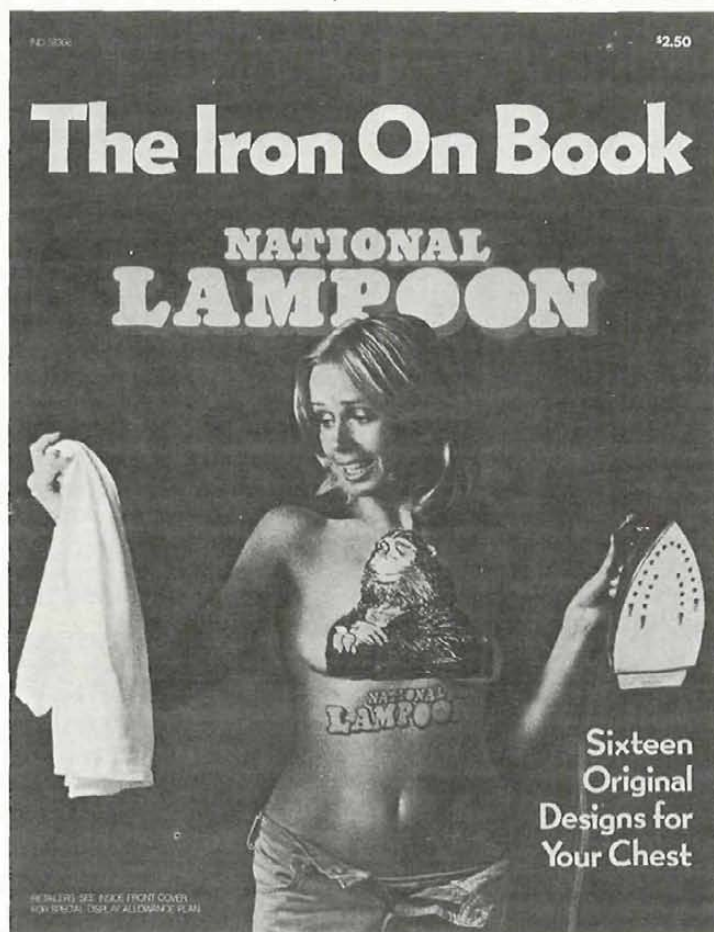
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The Party

continued from page 99

While the poor old frog went back to his bog,
 While his kids grew hungry and cold.

Though the frog was old and a gentle soul

He knew this was no joke,
 He found that rat and knocked him flat

Singing: "Croak, croak, croak, croak, croak."

Willis found himself singing along with the audience on the delightful "croak, croak, croak" chorus. Childish as it was, it seemed to spread a feeling of warmth throughout the audience, as each individual member submerged himself in the aura of communal unity.

Now Pete was strumming his guitar with special gusto, rocking back on his heels as he swung into the last verse:

Our modern rats wear silken hats,
 They own the banks and mills
 While the frogs, you see, like you and me,

Do the work and pay the bills,
 But the frogs will rise and organize
 And there will come a day,
 When around the world, with flag unfurled

We'll croak those rats away!

The hall was echoing to the "Croak, croak, croak those rats away!" chorus when a stagehand ran onto the stage and handed Pete a note. He held his hand up and the hall felt silent.

"I've got a special news bulletin to tell you folks about," Pete said. "Seems somebody sent up a newfangled rocket ship with a special satellite that's floating around the world."

There was a gasp of astonishment and a few scattered boos and hisses.

"Warmongers!" somebody shouted. "Hold on," Pete said with a big smile. "It's a Russian satellite."

Suddenly the hall erupted into cheers and shouts, and the hall spontaneously broke out into another chorus of "Croak, croak, croak those rats away!" Willis was puzzled, but it was soon overcome by a new rush of warmth and love. He turned to Baumgarten.

"This is terrific," he said to his friend over the swelling chorus. "It's like a—a party, yeah, Baumpy, a great big party, and I want to be a part of this party forever!"

Baumgarten smiled and nodded. "That," he said, "is exactly the idea, Willis. That's exactly the idea." □

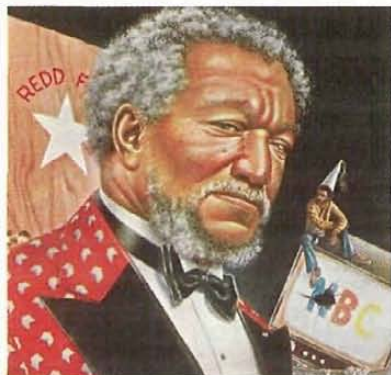
Bang! You're Dead!

Kids' games take on new meaning when the protagonist takes on the President. The author of *The Family* profiles **Squeaky Fromme**, the Mansonette who missed, in a behind-the-scenes article in the March issue of OUI magazine.



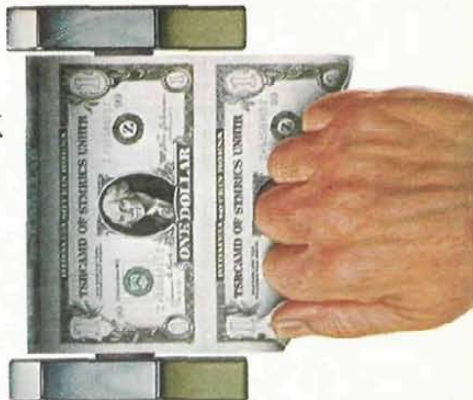
Has the Real Nashville

Moved to Austin? will come as a shock to country-music freaks. Nevertheless, the alle-mande west continues and Austin's where it's



at, as you'll see in OUI.

Passing the Buck gets harder as its value goes down. OUI gives you 30 things to do with it besides spend it, which, in the end, is futile anyway. **Con-**

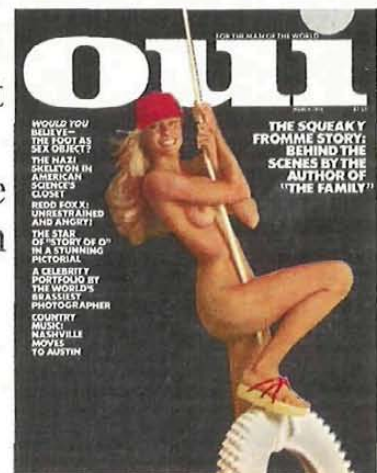


versation with Redd Foxx is also futile.

His top-rated *Sanford and Son* hasn't assuaged the bitterness of 35 unrecognized years on the boards. Corinne

Clery gets her shot at stardom in the **Story of O**. But you get a preview in OUI. Be a Mr. First-Nighter—just say OUI. At your newsstand now.

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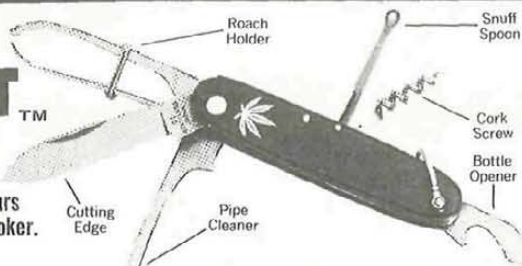
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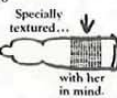
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Editorial
continued from page 12

rye bread anyway. This writer would certainly hate to become involved in such an acrimonious dispute, but does wish Mr. Kaminsky would leave off using all those Yiddish words with the throw-up sounds in the back of the throat. Talking that way only spreads germs.

Kaminsky case reminds us of short but fabulous editor Sean Kelly, who was a fervent Communist until his wife caught him at it.

At least as short and equally fabulous is associate editor Gerry Sussman, who's taking applications at this address for prospective clean, older women.

No truth at all in the rumors of an office collection taken up to get Ted Mann dry-cleaned.

Plenty of exciting speculation about Tony Hendra's new haircut—including one story about an attack by a tribe of stone-age lesbian pet barbers. Truth is stranger than fiction, though—he got it through the mail from Montgomery Ward.

Associate editor John Weidman is off on sabbatical writing a Broadway musical called *Pacific Overtures*. It's filled with Japanese. In fact, the whole cast is Japanese. God only knows why. *Overtures* is opening as we go to press, and may be a smash hit by the time you read this. Also, by the time you read this, Roger Staurbach may have gone to Casablanca for a tuck and roll job, come back, and been voted Ice Queen of the annual Dartmouth Snow Carnival. Anything is possible.

People are talking about: The wonderful layout in talented art director Peter Kleinman's well-known February issue. No one can imagine how he got all those beautiful ads right into the middle of the magazine like that. Peter will be laying out another issue in the near future, as soon as he brings a note from home.

Question you never asked: Does Doug Kenney have a single hair on his ass if he doesn't trade in that tacky old last year's Porsche Targa and get a shiny new 165 mph Turbo-Carrera and let me use it to cruise the singles' bars? Answer is smooth and pink.

Which reminds me—anybody out there interested in a swell 1965 Alfa Romeo GTC convertible previously owned by a famous *National Lampoon* executive editor (not to mention a gypsy cab company, six SCCA club

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This month's handy-dandy, double-duty, utility hodge-podge issue cover was drawn by attractive, heterosexual Rick Meyerowitz, and contains two, two, yes—two-jokes-in-one. National advertisers, supermarket chain owners, your mother, and other dopey fussy-budgets think the cute little lambykins is about to get eaten by mean Mr. Lion (in the prewar sense of the verb). But you and I and the rest of the kids on the block know perfectly well that Ms. Sheep is getting her wool-collared whoopee pipe tapped out and cross-threaded by three feet of slimy cat dork. Ha. Ha. Ha. That's really funny if you don't know how old Meyerowitz is. Let alone me. Oh God, I wonder if I can still get into law school.

The Big Tit contest will return as soon as we find out which fruit thought up this month's Foto Funnies.

Apologies: to Mitch "Mister to you, Mister" Markowitz, for not being credited for the *New York Review* parody (Jan. 1976). Mister Markowitz did sterling work on the personal ads section of the piece, and is definitely One of Us. More apologies go out to Phil Koenig for not being credited with photographing the "Artists and Models" cover. And even more apologies to Diana Feldman, who designed and illustrated February's *Ballet Folklorico* piece. And while we're apologizing (which we seem to have to do more and more lately), sorry, Phyllis, for having to sit in the art department and take all that abuse month after month. P.S. You're fired.

Plug: Look for Byron Preiss's new book, *Shlomo Raven*. It contains an exciting all-black musical version of *Citizen Kane*, among other things. Happy now, Byron?

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Elborne Whippet, Junior

Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

It begins, as it somehow must, in the cold; when the chill gray of a late afternoon New England winter slowly settles over the peaceful village of a New Hampshire hamlet, when men in impeccably tailored suits, men who seek to hold in their hands the power to wipe life itself off the globe, humble themselves before their countrymen as if seeking a blessing for their journeys of thousands of miles which, as always, begin with single steps, here in the frozen snows, as these men of great wealth, breeding, and power extend their sun-bronzed, manicured hands to meet the labor-gnarled grips of the farmers and mill hands of the Granite State—that state whose taciturn, rock-ribbed Yankees speak with their ballots the first firm, resonant voices of affirmation or denial, credulity or skepticism which, amplified a hundred thousand times from ocean to ocean, grunted from the stogie-filled, whisker-stubbed chin of the Brooklyn cabbie, croaked from the work-wearied throat of the Iowa farmwife, crisped from the Arrow-collared throat of the Illinois sales trainee, giggled from the throat of a sun-baked, ocean-salted, firm-thighed, ripe-buttocked California beach girl, will proclaim that renewal by which we place our trust, our hopes, our fears, our dreams, our nightmares, our fantasies, our illusions, our destinies.

For this correspondent, it is a time to bestir: time, once again, to leave behind the simple rewards of his craft: the crackling fire in the sitting room of a small but not inelegant Georgetown home; the soothing warmth of the hot toddy prepared by a manservant whose quiet subservience conceals a profound folk wisdom unmatched by a hundred scholarly tomes; the country farm where the capital's bustle yields to quiet retreats, sheltered by the loving care

of a refugee couple from one of our foreign follies (thoughtfully provided as a birthday gift by a State Department friend with warm memories of Scroll and Key nights); the leisurely lunches at La Menagerie, where Montrachet is king—time once again to measure the pulse of this impregnable yet vulnerable, diverse yet homogeneous land.

We are, in the last tenth of the twentieth decade of our nationhood, an uncertain and querulous people, hesitant, disquietous, uneasy, wary, even diffident as we rush from past to future with scarcely a moment's respite for the present.

We increasingly choose our leaders from the narrow, isolated chamber of the Senate, while men of great vision and civility, men of genuinely fine breeding and manners, go unheeded. We may well ask whither Columbia, when our nation sweeps aside such as Nelson Rockefeller, Kingman Brewster, John Gardner, David Rockefeller, Elliot Richardson, Sidney Hook, Eric Sevareid, Laurance Rockefeller, and others whose insights grace dinner tables and luncheon clubs across this land.

And yet still, however, conversations with a broad cross section of ordinary Americans reveal a citizenry which, if confused by the ever-increasing pace of change, yet remains tentatively confident that this battered, scarred Republic shall yet prevail.

Yes, we have perhaps lost our sense of purposeful direction, suggests a Yankee cabdriver to a visitor from Washington, as he searches back roads and side streets, with meter ticking, for a hostelry located on the town square ("You don't like it, city fella, jest git out 'n' walk a spell"). Yes, we are perhaps too anxious to demand more and more material compensation for shouldering the burdens that earlier generations more cheerfully bore (a bellhop hurls a quarter at the feet of an out-of-town scribe and suggests an unconventional lodging place for his valise). Yes,

perhaps we are less willing to face the challenges of the future (a bartender not quite accidentally spills a beer on the custom-tailored sleeve of a traveling journalist who had quite civilly asked for a Pimm's Cup with a chaser of Perrier, lightly chilled, in a glass with shaved ice).

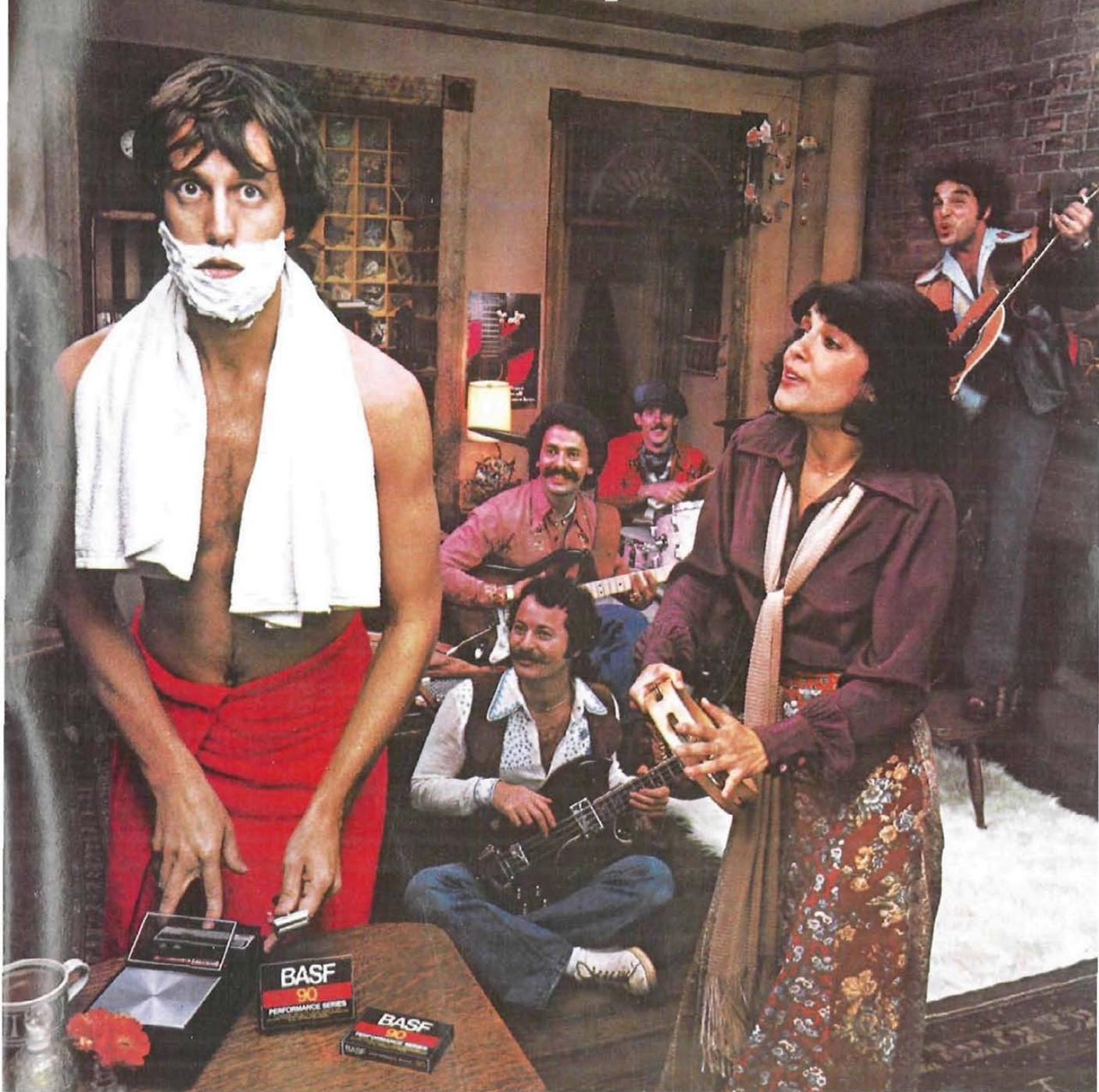
And yet, withal, the worn and stretched fabric of America retains its strength. One hears it in the raspy insight of an aged Yankee trader, as he sits by the county courthouse exchanging views with a sojourning chronicler.

"Yep," he says, "I got a wagon full o' recollections an' anecdotes, mebbe even an epiphany 'r two. Fill out a column quicker 'n a jackrabbit chasin' a butterfly. Ten bucks fer five minutes, a C-note buys you 'n hour."

A lesson for us all in the ways of old codger Ebenezer, a microcosmic revelation that these old settlers, their blood as pure American as maple syrup, have always known what we stodgy Washingtonians are just beginning to rediscover: that there is no such thing as a free lunch; that wisdom, no more than wealth or property, can be redistributed willy-nilly among the populace without cost. Or, as the crafty son of Ichabod put it, "No skin off your nose, pewter-head. Ever'thing's deductible nowadays."

And thus, as in some drama, long ago first witnessed, yet returned to again and again, as if in an act of enduring renewal, we set out across the great river that is America, seeking not simply knowledge but wisdom as well, from the faces, the voices, and the sleek, supple bodies of our fellow Americans, from whose hearts and minds, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, will come the choice for he who will guide us through the arch and into the velvet channel, that will, one hopes, mark the climax of the last year of that score of decades that is, after all, our country. And may the weary platitudes of the past give way to a new sense of plain-speaking wisdom for our future. □

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