

MAY 1976

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

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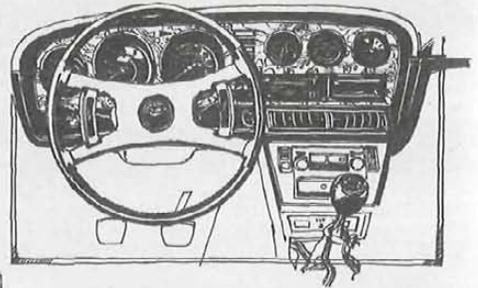


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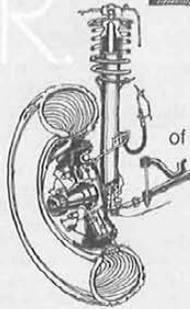
IT'S THE IMPORT CAR OF THE YEAR.

MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE:

"The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback,TM but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.



Execution: "The Celica has been a significant force on the U.S. automotive scene for several years...so although this award is for the 1976 Celica line, it is also recognition of the quality of all those that have gone before."



Engineering: "With only 56% of the total weight on the front wheels, larger wheels, steel belted radial tires and firmer suspension, handling is excellent with no sacrifice in riding comfort."

Performance: "...good performance without sacrificing fuel economy..."
 NOTE: 1976 EPA tests with 5-speed overdrive transmission: 36 mpg on the highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending upon your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.



You can see Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year at any of nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the country. And, for a limited time, if this is the year you purchase a Celica, you'll receive an Import Car of the Year Plaque engraved with your name. And if this isn't your year for a sporty car, look into the 19 other Toyota models. Each has been given the same attention to detail, quality and performance that has helped make the Celica the Import Car of the Year.

WE GOT IT.



Celica ST



Celica GT



Celica GT Liftback

THE 1976 TOYOTA CELICAS.

A new way to use your head.

Pick up your favorite glass. (Are you with us so far?) Now put it down. Now pour your favorite beer into the glass. Now pour your favorite tequila, Jose Cuervo by name, into the glass. Add a pinch of salt and don't stir.

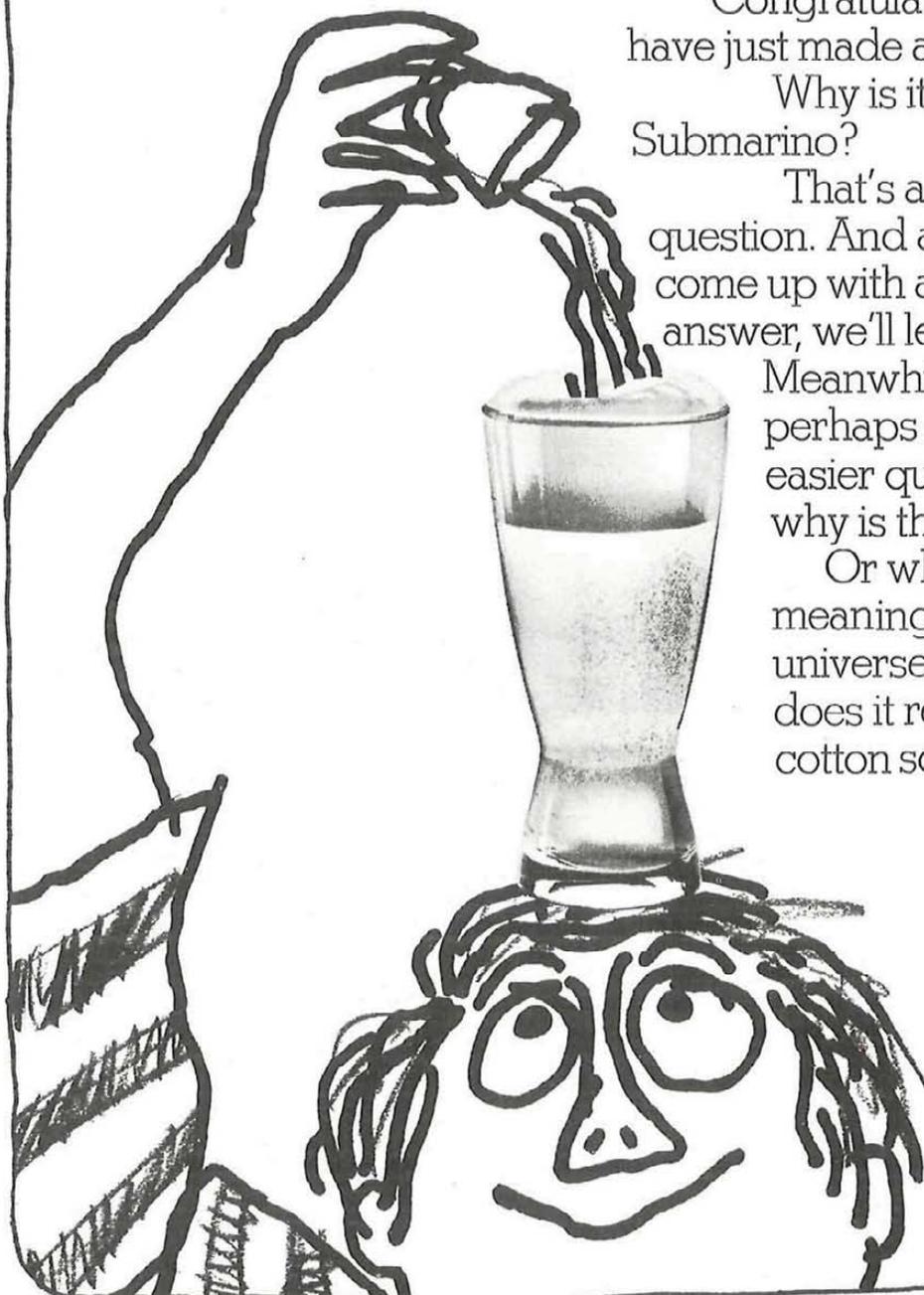
Congratulations. You have just made a Submarino.

Why is it called a Submarino?

That's a very good question. And as soon as we come up with a very good answer, we'll let you know.

Meanwhile, could you perhaps ask some easier questions? Like why is the sky blue?

Or what is the meaning of the universe and how does it relate to 100% cotton socks?



JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250.

Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.

As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

To begin with, the SX-1250 is at least 28% more powerful than any other receiver ever made. Its power output is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's, with a large toroidal-core transformer and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors.

But power isn't the only area in which the SX-1250 excels. The preamplifier circuit has an unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV). This means that no magnetic cartridge in the world can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And the equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within

± 0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is also special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

FM reception is loud and clear even on weak FM stations because the tuner combines extremely

high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer

SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

That means you don't just come to Pioneer for the world's best.

You also come to us for the next best.

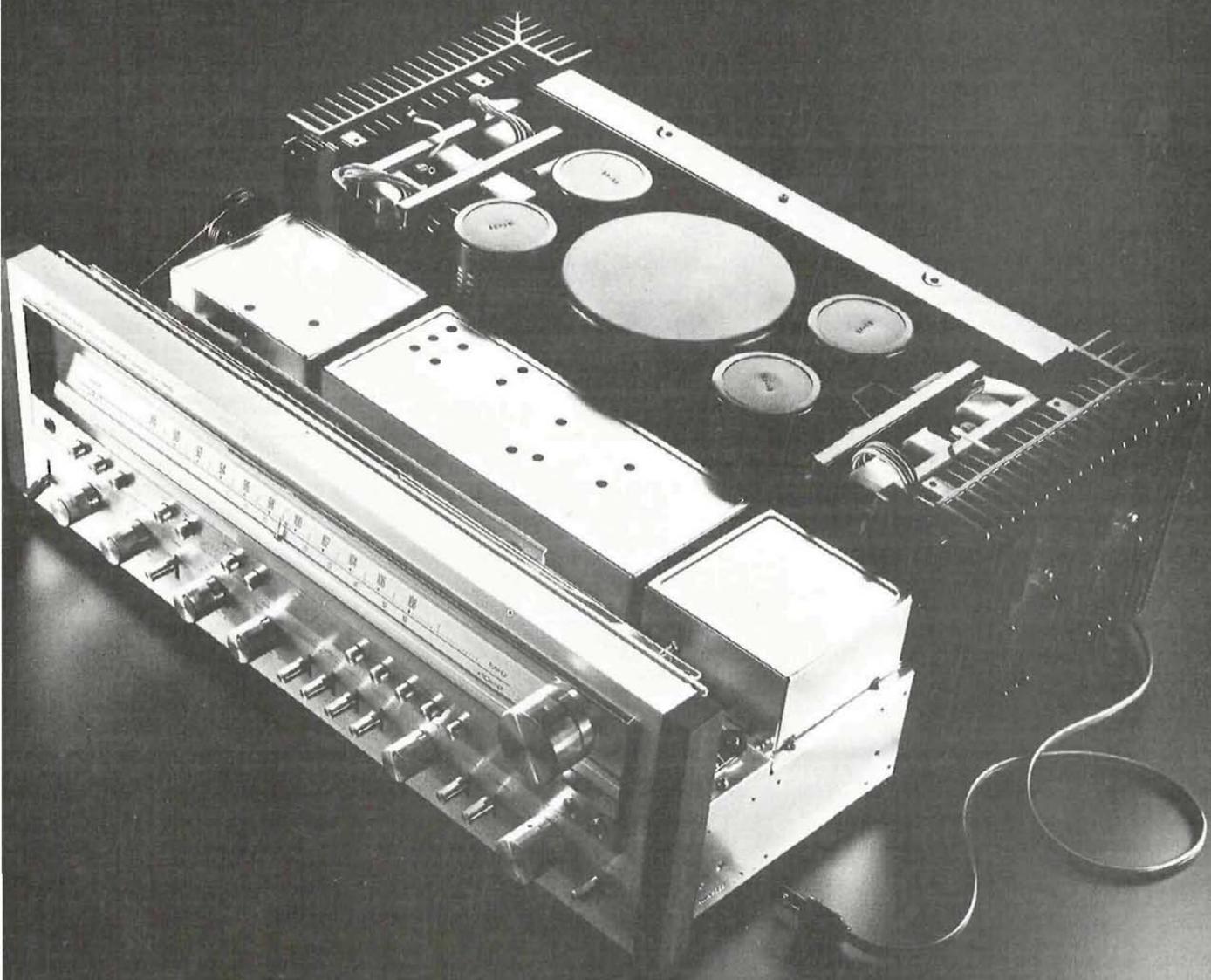
For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under \$900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

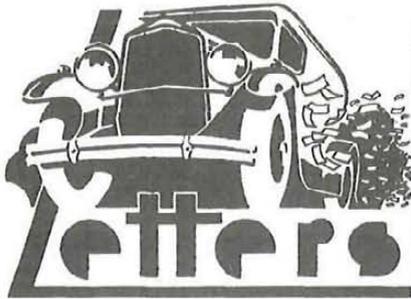


PIONEER®

Anyone can
hear the difference.

	PIIONEER SX-1250	MARANTZ 2325	KENWOOD KR-9400	SANSUI 9090
POWER, MIN. RMS, 20 TO 20,000 HZ	160W+160W	125W+125W	120W+120W	110W+110W
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	0.15%	0.1%	0.2%
PHONO OVER- LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON/DUPL.	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone: Bass-Bass- Treble-Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (100 MHz)	1.5 μ V	1.8 μ V	1.7 μ V	1.7 μ V
SELECTIVITY	90 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB





Sirs:

Taxi! Taxi! Hey, over here, you prick! Taxi! Christ, the law says you gotta have your off-duty sign on, you're not gonna pick me up! Taxi! Hey! Over here! Shit fuck, none of the bastards will stop!

Martin Scorseese
Belmore Cafeteria, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am a professional writer with one briskly-selling book already on the market. I thought that before I embarked on my next opus, I might turn my hand to a few short items of a comic nature. Would your magazine, by chance, be interested in the following?

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

The Symbionese Liberation Army.
The Symbionese Liberation Army
who?

*The Symbionese Liberation Army
who am gonna whup you up
alongside de head wif a wine
bottle an' kidnapofy yo' girl
friend an' lock her in de closet
an' fuck her up de ass wif a
bodacious big doubledy-barreled
shotgun an' make her suck on
our black Johnsons till she
tells us wherefore her daddy
keeps all his money an' white
women!*

Johnson is an authentic Negro slang term for the penis. In my opinion, that type of detail adds an important dimension to a humorous piece. Please let me know immediately if you would like to purchase first North American publication rights.

Stephen Weed
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

During December of last year, I was strolling in the vicinity of Times Square. There was a light snow upon the ground. I had just turned the corner by the Floating Jism theater when I heard a *whoosh* behind me, and a skiing pimp on specially waxed wingtips flashed past on my right.

That's no joke, and I went home.

Louie the Ski Buttock
Chickenloaf Mtn., Ohio

Sirs:

It's important that you understand that you must trust me if you want me to help you. O.K.?

Come on, come on, get in the box.
In the box, *now!*

B.F. Skinner
Uarnuttin, Conn.

Sirs:

In case you were wondering how to distinguish me from the rest of the candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination, it so happens that I have a small wart on the underside of my cock. I never noticed it myself, but Eugene McCarthy pointed it out one time while he was gumming my gizmo at the convention in '68. When those kids said, "Clean for Gene," they sure weren't fooling. He's fussy.

Morris Uhaul
Fagstaff, Arizona

Sirs:

Thanks to Ted Mann's incisive reporting (and our own televised vigilance), no more turtles are being slain in Semena del Verde. Throughout Latin America, interspecies fellatio has been declared a felony. Chilean officials have jailed Jesús Haysue Gaunchez and Maximilian Schell, the turtle ranchers censured in the NatLampCo exposé (March '76). From Buenos Aires, word reaches us that Benito Cartwright (owner of the Ponderosa Jackrabbit Ranch) will be indicted. We followed Mr. Mann's trail and it made a marvelous video story. Morley Saler dressed up like Peter Cottontail to lure the ranchers into the open. His dentures got pulverized, but animal lovers everywhere can breathe a little easier.

Mike Wallace
"Sixty Minutes" on location
Semena del Verde, Chile

Sirs:

I don't know much about art, but in your February issue you credited Renoir with a painting which any dodo knows is "Silly Man on Bidet" by Frans Hals. Oh, and one more thing. Picasso isn't dead: he's recuperating from a motorcycle accident, and his next canvas will be called "Nashville Skyline."

(Mr.) Luther Greenjeans
c/o Art Dept.
Cornbelt Jr. College
Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

You know what the problem is in the world today? I can tell you. There are just no laffs anymore! Jesus, nobody has a sense of humor anymore; know what I mean?

Take Guatemala, for instance. So many damn good jokes could come out of that mess, but no, we have to be serious about the damn thing! No damn laffs!!

By the way, I haven't heard from you people in a long time! I used to be your friend, didn't I? I'm no good anymore, I guess! Lissen, I'm sick of your sniveling shit! If I ever see you again, I swear to God I'll blow my fuckin' brains out all over your nice, clean Esso jumpsuits, you stinkin' faggots!

Ken Kesey
Sometimes a Great Cuckoo, Oregon

Sirs:

All I ever hear from everybody is, "Why so much advertising?" Well, let me tell you this, smartasses: without advertising, you wouldn't know *what to buy!*

David Ogilvy
Easton, Conn.

Sirs:

Aw, she loved it.

Cujo
Los Angeles Dog Cemetery, Calif.

Sirs:

What in the name of all the asteroids is going on around your offices? We mean, where did Brian McConachie dematerialize to? Zlogon, Mxtube Nure, and I made a seven light-year trip through warp space from Mogdar just to bring him two article ideas and a lid of uric acid pellets. If we don't get the three-footed sets of argyle socks he promised us, Planet Captain Blutog will make us eat a crevice full of space debris when we get back. Please tell us where it is Brian works now, and it better not be NBC because we can't get through the force field.

Nax 114,
Ships Vet, Good Ship Venus,
Mogdar Registry

Sirs:

How dare you call me a "Jew comic"!

Shalom Aleichem
c/o Myron Cohen
Miami Beach, Fla.

Alive with pleasure!
Newport



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



© Lorillard 1976

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

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.

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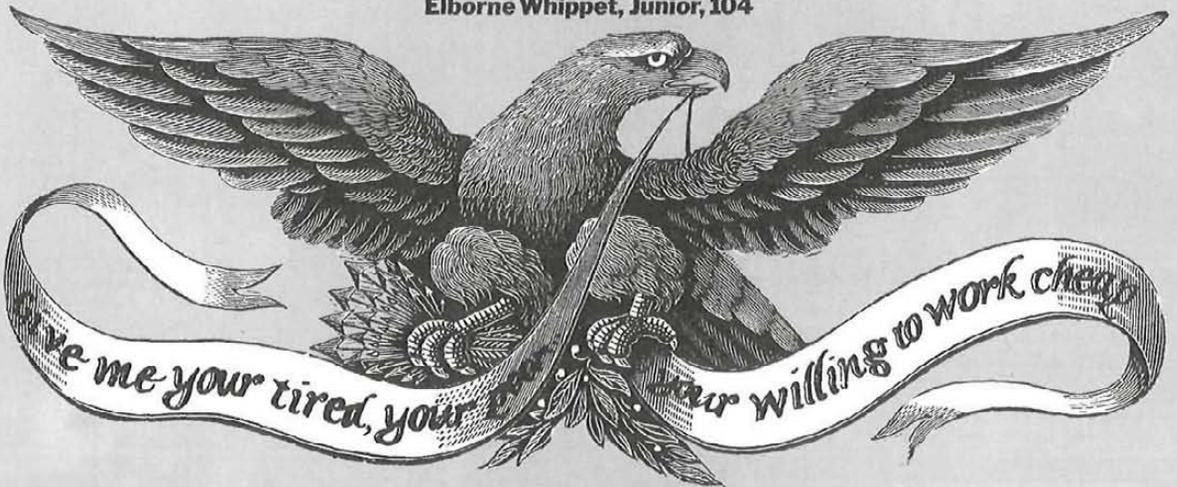
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If you're willing to spend about \$6,000 for a car, we can show you how to spend about \$4,000.



Volvo 242

Fiat 131

A lot of people we know have grudgingly come to the conclusion that to get a high-quality family car these days they have to spend \$6,000 or more.

That's simply not true.

Although you may find this hard to believe, we can offer you the same kind of quality, and the same kind of performance for just about \$2,000 less. In the Fiat 131.

More words, you say? Let us be a little more specific.

The Fiat 131 costs \$4,286.* We compared it with a car that costs \$6,295.* One of the finest, most highly respected cars in the \$6,000 range we know of: the Volvo 242. (Even if you're not

interested in buying a Volvo, we imagine you accept it as a fairly impressive standard.)

Here's what we found. Both cars have overhead cam engines, power-assisted disc brakes, front strut suspensions, live rear axles. Both have unitized bodies, impact-absorbing front and rear body sections, collapsible steering columns, safety anti-burst door locks. Both have tinted glass, rear window defrosters, electric tachometers, and radial tires as standard equipment. (The fact is, both cars are loaded with standard equipment.)

If all these similarities surprise you, you'll be even more surprised

to learn that in performance the cars are virtually identical.

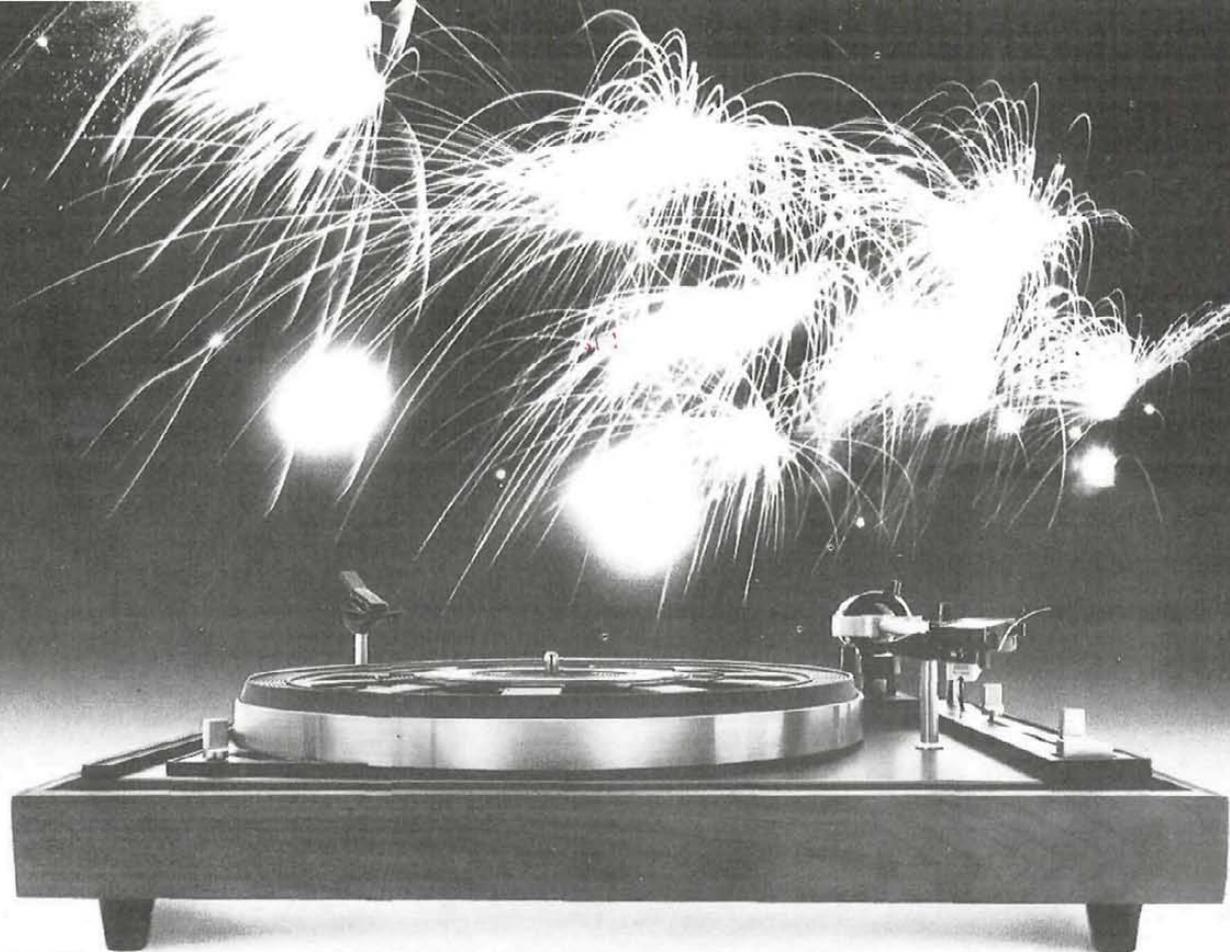
In acceleration, they go from 0 to 60 mph within 1/5 of a second of each other. In braking, they stop from 60 mph to 0 within 2 feet of each other. In cornering, steering, road-holding ability, and overall responsiveness, one is every bit the equal of the other.

Can you accept the idea that a car that costs about \$4,300 can be the equal of a car that costs about \$6,300? Fine. You've just saved \$2,000.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Fiat car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.



The perfect Bicentennial souvenir.

A B·I·C (bee-eye-cee) Multiple Play Manual Turntable is one of the finest turntables you can buy at any price.

It also happens to be the only multiple play turntable developed and built entirely in the USA, and we think it has a lot to say about some particularly American qualities we're celebrating in this bicentennial year.

It's innovative. When it first appeared it did things no other turntable could do. Today it's still miles ahead of the competition from abroad.

It's tough and honest. There are no frills for the sake of frills. Just a rugged instrument that does what it's supposed to do...superbly.

Technologically it's a masterpiece, a true combination of design sophistication, production wizardry, and quality control.

And in the best American tradition it's priced so that anyone seriously interested in good music can afford one.

There are three models: the 940 – about \$110, the 960 – about \$160, and the 980 – about \$200. See them at your audio dealer's. Or write for information to B·I·C Turntables, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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At TEAC, our fundamental mandate for any new product is performance and reliability. First and finally. Qualities that are measurable in terms of mechanical stability and inherent design integrity.

These are essentials. Because our technological resources established the cassette deck as a true high fidelity component. So we demand that a new product possess that measure of TEAC quality.

And that's what distinguishes the A-170. Compare it with other inexpensive cassette decks with Dolby, please. Just call (800) 447-4700* for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer. We think you'll agree it's a value you can rely on.

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

A-170

TEAC performance and reliability...

how can you really afford anything less?

TEAC.

The leader. Always has been.

Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC Corporation of America/7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, Ca. 90640 ©TEAC 1975



Turkey

This Model Nine Volkspeaker never made it out the door. The sealing gasket around the twelve-inch bass driver was off an eighth of an inch. Chances are you never would have noticed it. But, Inspector Will Norris and his crew did.

We have a flock of people at our Oklahoma City factory with only one job—to inspect Volkspeakers at every stage of production.

If the curve on the frequency response sweep test doesn't measure up, we reject the entire unit.

If there's any kind of imperfection on the oiled walnut or oak veneer cabinet—it'll never see the inside of a shipping carton.

Every component of every Volkspeaker is tested prior to assembly. And when it's all together—we test it again.

This preoccupation with detail means that all of the five new Volkspeaker bookshelf systems will last longer and perform better than anything else in their class.

We watch our speakers like a hawk, so you won't get stuck with a turkey.

The Volkspeakers are now at your authorized Altec/Lansing dealer.



THE VOLKSPEAKERS
Speakers for people from the people at Altec/Lansing

For more details, send for free catalog: Altec Sound Products, a Division of Altec Corporation, 1515 S. Manchester Ave. (Dept. NL), Anaheim, CA 92803

Record them over and over again.

The life of a Scotch® brand cassette is a long one. Even when you record on it time after time after time.

Because there's a tough binder that keeps the magnetic coating from wearing off. So even after hundreds of replays or re-recordings, you get great sound quality.

We wish you a long and happy life. 'Cause you'll need it to keep up with your Scotch cassettes.



Play them back without jamming.

The life of a Scotch® brand cassette is a long one. Even when you play it time after time after time.

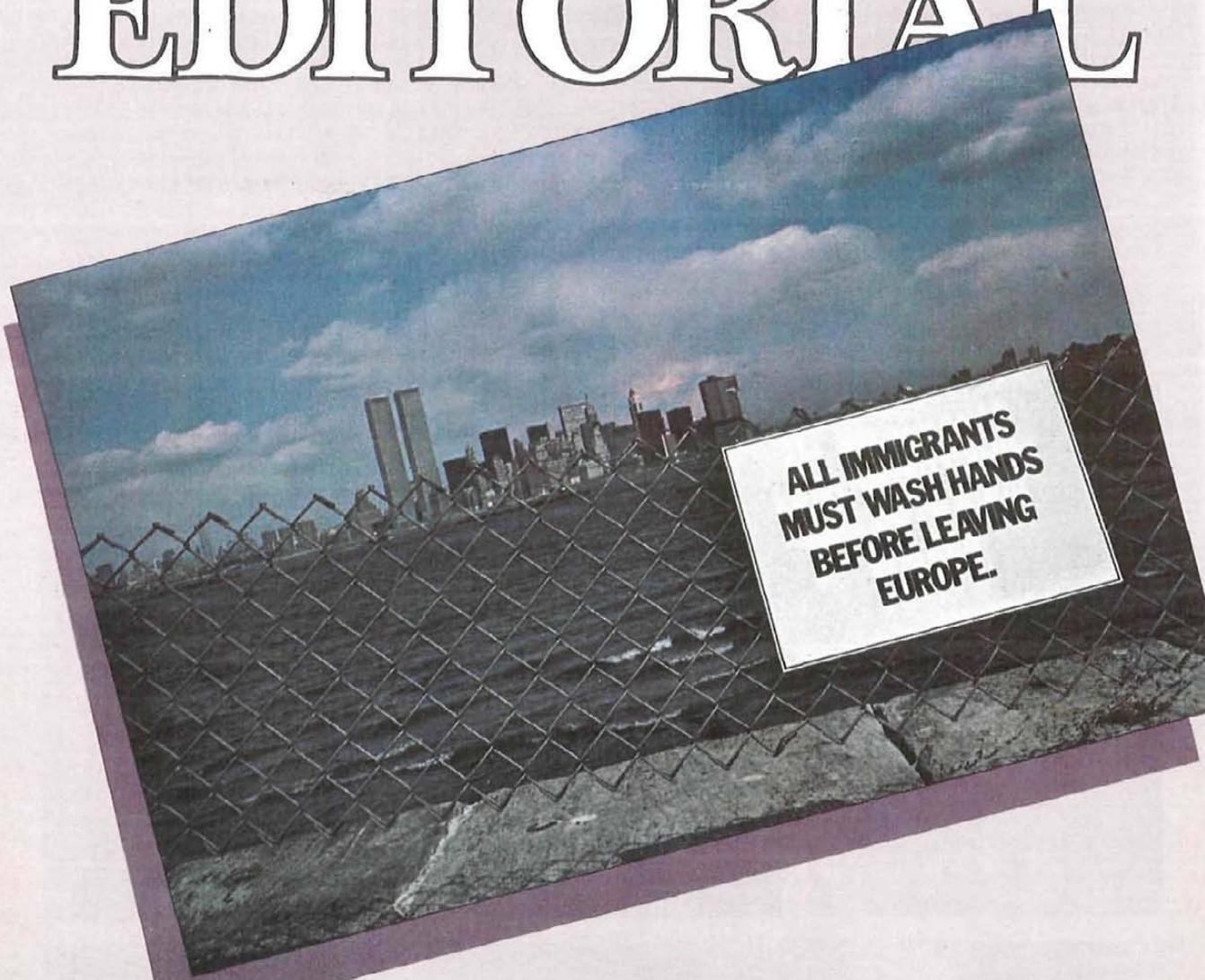
Because there's a Posi-Trak® backing that helps prevent jamming and reduces wow and flutter. And the cassette shell is made with a plastic that can withstand 150°F.

We wish you a long and happy life. 'Cause you'll need it to keep up with your Scotch cassettes.

Scotch® Cassettes. They just might outlive you.



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Winston Box fits more than my pocket.

Winston Box fits the way I live. It goes where I go. So the taste I want always goes with me. A lot of cigarettes come in a box, but only one has real taste. For me, Winston is for real.

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

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

FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT



...and get ready to hear a fantastic HI-FI stereo component music system.
IN YOUR CAR.

The AudioMobile SA500 car stereo system reproduces music with astounding clarity and power, and is compatible with every car radio and tape player on the market.

THE COMPONENTS

- 50 Watt RMS *Stereo Power Amplifier
- Precision Preamplifier/Equalizer
- Two-way Monitor Speaker System

Buckle Up: experience a musical trip you'll never forget.

*Typically less than 0.3% THD @ 20 Watts RMS per channel into 3 ohms, over the entire frequency spectrum from 20Hz-20kHz.



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3625 W. McArthur Blvd., Santa Ana, Calif., 92704 (714) 549-2730

I would like to hear the AudioMobile SA-500 Component Car Stereo System.
Please send me full information and names of dealers in my area.

NLM

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail To: AudioMobile, Inc., 3625 W. McArthur Blvd., Santa Ana, Calif., 92704 (714) 549-2730

**FALLING
NED** EPISODE #2
**LISTEN TO
ME**
NED! DIS IS
YOUR GURU! YOU
SHALL NOT JUMP!
THINK OF DE MANY
KALPAS YOU WOULD
SPEND ATONING FOR
IT! BESIDES, I
HAVE NOT YET
TOLD YOU DE
MEANING OF LIFE.
BESIDES, DIS IS
MY MOUNTAIN AND
YOUR JUMPING
FROM IT WILL GIVE
A BAD NAME TO MY
ASHRAM!



NEXT:
ANGELS
!!!

SCREW
YOU,
GURU!

Some reasonably unbiased suggestions on how to select your next record player.

Since you read this magazine, chances are you already own a record player. If you're considering replacing it, it probably no longer meets your requirements. One way or another.

For example, if your turntable operates only manually, you may now prefer the convenience and safety of automatic operation. If it already provides automatic start and stop, but only in single play, you may now want the ability to play a series of records in sequence and without interruption.

You may also be taking an expensive risk with your records every time you play them. Remember: your record collection probably costs more than the rest of your equipment combined. This alone should prompt you to give thought to a new turntable.

For years, Dual's approach has been to build every turntable with more precision than your records are likely to need. Since we traditionally lead the state of the art, every Dual tonearm produces optimum performance from today's finest cartridges and maximum longevity from every record.

This is as true of the least expensive Dual, the 1225, as it is of the CS701. All Dual tonearms, for example, follow the same basic design principles: straight line between pivot and cartridge for maximum rigidity and lowest mass; dynamic balance maintained throughout play; stylus pressure applied around the vertical pivot; anti-skating that automatically compensates for the inherent changes in skating during play.

As for rumble, wow, flutter and deviation from speed accuracy, all are far below audibility in every Dual. (With the direct-drive CS701, they are virtually unmeasurable.)

We don't suggest that Dual is the *only* quality brand turntable available. But where Dual does indeed stand alone is in the many years of proven reliability and durability. For example, many Duals that come in for servicing (usually only for lubrication and cleaning) are more than ten years old. And many Dual owners tell us (via letters and warranty cards) that they now own their second Dual... usually for their second system.

Dual quality comes in a variety of models: semi-automatic, single-play; fully automatic, single-play; single-play/multi-play. Seven models in all as described. We think it only reasonably biased to suggest that you will find your next turntable among them.



Dual 1225.



Dual 1249.



Dual CS701.

Dual 1225. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ " 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.)

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hat is it? Come on, guess.

Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?"

Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love it. It goes with everything, and it's al-

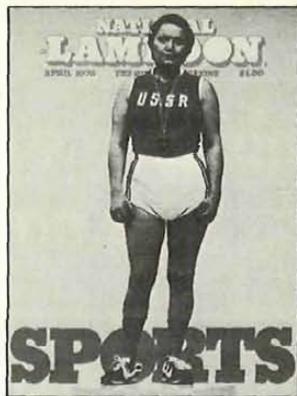
ways in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a three dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part* of something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *three dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$7.95, subtract three bucks and write out a check for \$4.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the three dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now you get the same three dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the three dollars, and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

When we get your money, we'll rush down to the post office and mail you your first copy of the *National Lampoon*. If you don't like the magazine, write to us and we'll return your copy of the gift certificate to you.



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May 1976

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Late Final: No News This Month!



Photo by U.P.I.

Washington, April 30—No news was reported again for the fourth straight week in this unrumor-ridden capital. Highly placed sources who did not wish to be quoted indicated that nothing had happened, was happening, or would be likely to happen.

Across the nation, several primaries were held, with no voters showing their preference for candidates. Conclusive results are not awaited by officials of both parties. Congress failed to take action on several measures, all of them open to veto and utterly ineffectual. From abroad came reports of

few developments in sensitive areas; Secretary of State Kissinger, who has been unavailable for comment, was not expected to respond within the near future, or the far future.

Any Offer Welcomed.

In a cooperative statement, the White House, the capital, and the networks announced that they would offer large cash compensation to anyone or anything who could provide them with hard news. Soft news was also said to be welcome. In an accompanying statement, both political and media sources were quoted as saying that they hoped the cooperative statement, the first of its kind in history, might be newsworthy. Reliable sources had no comment.

The Most Devastating Detective Story Of This Century.

REDFORD/HOFFMAN "ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN"



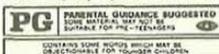
ROBERT REDFORD/DUSTIN HOFFMAN ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

Starring JACK WARDEN Special appearance by MARTIN BALSAM, HAL HOLBROOK and JASON ROBARDS as Ben Bradlee
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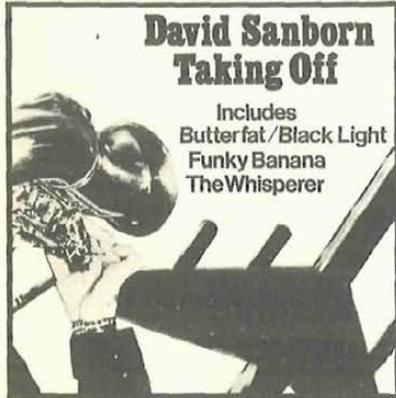


NOW PLAYING EVERYWHERE

“People don’t realize it, but some is making their minds shallow. Most two chords...it doesn’t give your whole

David Sanborn
Taking Off

If you’ve heard David Bowie’s *Young Americans*, Bruce Springsteen’s *Born To Run* or Paul Simon’s *Still Crazy After All These Years*, you’ve heard David Sanborn’s saxophone. Now hear *Taking Off*, the Sanborn solo debut that *Modern Recording* magazine called “One of the best produced and engineered albums this year . . . a prize.” Warner Bros. BS 2873
Produced by John Court

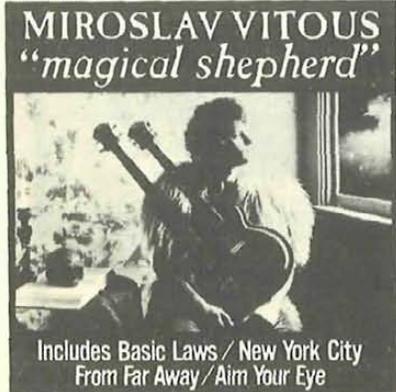


David Sanborn
Taking Off

Includes
Butterfat / Black Light
Funky Banana
The Whisperer

Miroslav Vitous
Magical Shepherd

Miroslav Vitous came to America from Czechoslovakia in 1966 and was soon playing with the musicians whose work he’d admired from afar, including Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock. Vitous was a longtime member of Weather Report, whose hit albums included *Mysterious Traveller* and *I Sing the Body Electric*. His first Warners LP finds him in danceable-funk territory with his specially-made, double-necked, synthesizer-equipped guitar and such guests as Herbie Hancock and vocalist Cheryl Grainger. Warner Bros. BS 2925
Produced by David Rubinson and Miroslav Vitous for David Rubinson & Friends

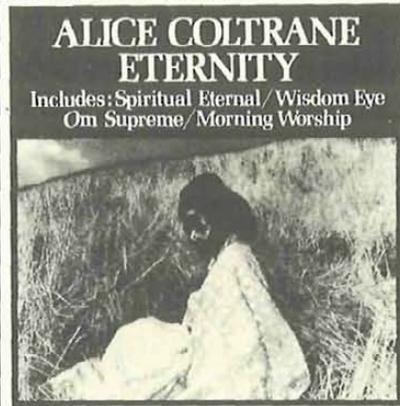


MIROSLAV VITOUS
“magical shepherd”

Includes Basic Laws / New York City
From Far Away / Aim Your Eye

Alice Coltrane
Eternity

Spiritually inspired, years-ahead harp and keyboard work from one of the front-runners in innovative contemporary music. *Eternity* is highlighted by “Wisdom Eye,” a shimmeringly beautiful harp solo; “Los Caballos,” dedicated “to all who like horses”; and a stunning reworking of a theme from Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring*. Guests include Charlie Haden, Hubert Laws, Fred Jackson. Warner Bros. BS 2916
Produced by Ed Michel

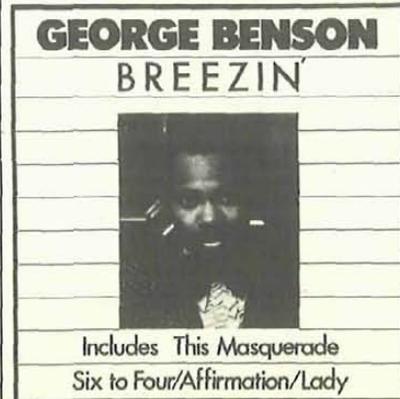


ALICE COLTRANE
ETERNITY

Includes: Spiritual Eternal / Wisdom Eye
Om Supreme / Morning Worship

George Benson
Breezin’

Guitar Player magazine writes: “Is George Benson the best jazz guitarist of the Seventies? The *Playboy* All-Star Poll, the Grammy Awards and many of the hippest jazz musicians say yes.” Benson, whose previous smash LPs have included *White Rabbitt*, *Bad Benson* and *Body Talk*, employs both voice and guitar on his first album for Warners. Sources of material include Leon Russell, Bobby Womack, Jose Feliciano and Benson himself. Warner Bros. 2919
Produced by Tommy LiPuma



GEORGE BENSON
BREEZIN’

Includes This Masquerade
Six to Four / Affirmation / Lady



SOCIAL SECURITY BLANKET
Questions and Answers
by *Tehebeth Shatworthy*
Social Security Administration
Baltimore, Maryland

Q. I am ninety-four, and have been receiving Social Security payments for twenty-nine years. Can you recommend a good investment for me?
A. Long Term Certificates of Deposit.

Q. I have heard a lot of talk that by the time I retire in 1983, Social Security may not be able to help me. My wife says I am crazy, but I say I’m right. Can you tell me if I’m right?
A. Your wife has the right attitude. If you do think the government will help you, just look what they’ve done for the American Indian!

Q. I am fifty-three, and was seriously injured in an automobile accident. How long must I have worked to qualify for Social Security Disability Benefits?
A. The general rule is: One year longer than you have.

Q. I will be applying for a new job which will pay me \$25,000 per year. However, I have misplaced my Social Security card. Can you help?
A. Do not worry. Use 161-44-9631, and you will be properly credited.

Q. My wife asked me one evening if I would like to spread whipped cream on her crotch, then let it off. She later suggested we dress up in rubber suits and beat each other with horsehair whips. Will this affect my Social Security benefits?
A. Just look at what they’ve done for the American Indian!!

Shatworthy Tip of the Week:

Remember, if you have had a heart transplant there is a possibility that you may qualify for Social Security benefits before or after your heart does! This applies to kidney transplants in most states also.

Keeping Abreast of the Minorities

“Something must be done for the vast number of women in America who belong to this minority group, and who have for so long remained silent in the face of overwhelming prejudice and bigotry!”

So spoke Jackie Onassis this week when she announced that she had joined with Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller to form the Teeny Weeny Titty Committee.

Susan Brownmiller, who was recovering from injuries she received when she was raped by a small group of lesbians on Manhattan’s Lower East Side, told reporters, “I feel that the time has come for this silent minority to speak out against those who would hold flat-chested women’s bodies against them.”

In sympathy with the newly formed group, Sophia Loren and Carol Wayne have formed the Teeny Weeny Titty Pity Committee, which will support the struggle of the “flatties.”

Whole-body music from

Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Nine years ago, when the ABA threw up its first tricolored jump ball, Old Red predicted rough running for the junior roundball circuit. Red was hoping Dame Fate would prove him wrong, but the twenty-four second clock is running down fast for the hard-pressed hoopsters.

Does this mean that the ABA is about to foul out of pro sports forever? "Over my dead body," insisted Freshman Cage Commissioner David "Dave" DeBusschere, as this reporter hoisted a few frosties with the former Knick Non-Negro Netster at Toots Shor's.

Whether it was the beer or the excitement, Dave was literally foaming at the mouth as he outlined his blueprint to put the ABA back in the black. "The trouble with basketball today," opined the Prior Piston Pacesetter, "is over-exposure. Too many teams, too many games, too little interest. Less is more," slurred Dave, pumping in a double boilermaker. "I mean, who gives a shit about the regular season anyway? Next year, we're heading straight into the playoffs with a three team league.

"They'll play a four out of seven round robin series on holiday weekends between Thanksgiving and Easter. During the week they'll be available for cocktail parties, bar mitzvahs, supermarket openings—whatever. Anytime, anywhere, as long as the price is right."

Waxing eloquent, the erstwhile Wayne State Warrior continued, "Let's face it, Red, basketball is entertainment and entertainment means sex and violence. The fans want to see ten enormous jigs gouging each other's eyes out. Basketball is war and war is hell. The hell with basketball.

"Where was I? Oh yeah. We've got a package of rule book changes that's going to knock John Q. Public's cock right into his watch pocket. What do I mean? I'll tell you what I mean. We're gonna go the twenty-four second clock one better. We got a new ball. We call it the hot potato. At the end of twenty-four seconds, it detonates.

"From now on, there's no such thing as a foul. Anything goes. As for the sex angle, we've got that covered too, or you might say uncovered . . . Shorts and Skins."

Red Hots: Overheard at the nineteenth hole at Pebble Beach. A contrite Lee Elder to third-round leader Johnny Miller: "Sorry about that fart out on the fairway." Miller's retort: "It wasn't the fart that bothered me, it was the follow-through." . . . Condolences to Mrs. Maxie Rosenbloom, whose husband Slapsie took his last dive in March. . . . Personal to Johnny Bench: "You betta off." . . . For those who wonder how Belgium lost the Congo, Old Red recommends a replay of the Ali-Copman fight.

of the music they're hearing today of the rock music you hear is based on body a chance to react to beauty."

-Rahsaan Roland Kirk

Rahsaan Roland Kirk
The Return of the 5000 Lb. Man

down beat has called flutist-saxophonist Kirk "one of the most versatile and energetic musicians living and playing in the world today." His first Warner Bros. album furthers Kirk's reputation as a nimble interpreter of widely varying material (including John Coltrane's "Giant Steps," Charles Mingus' "Good-bye Pork Pie Hat" and the Minnie Riperton hit "Loving You"), as well as a great composer and a player of astounding technical proficiency. Warner Bros. BS 2918 Produced by Joel Dorn

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK
THE RETURN OF THE 5,000 lb. MAN



Includes
Sweet Georgia Brown
Loving You
Giant Steps

Antonio Carlos Jobim
Urubu

His writing credits—"The Girl From Ipanema," "Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars," "One Note Samba"—have established Antonio Carlos Jobim as the single greatest figure in modern Brazilian music. He's pursued an active performing and recording career, including albums with Frank Sinatra, Herbie Mann and Joao Gilberto and such solo efforts as *Tide and Stone Flower*. *Urubu* puts Jobim in a full-orchestra setting. Warner Bros. BS 2928 Produced by Claus Ogerman

Antonio Carlos Jobim
Urubu

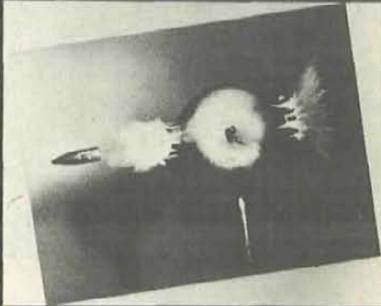
Includes Ligia Angela Valse Correnteza



David Newman
Mr. Fathead

He's played with some of the most impressive names in modern Rhythm and Blues: Lowell Fulson, T-Bone Walker, King Curtis, Herbie Mann and (for 10 years of touring and recording) Ray Charles, meanwhile making such solo albums as *Hard Times* and *Lonely Avenue*. On his first Warner Bros. LP, he turns his flute and alto and tenor saxes loose on such recent pop successes as "Dance With Me" and "I Love Music," as well as previously unrecorded material. Warner Bros. BS 2917 Produced by Joel Dorn

DAVID NEWMAN / MR. FATHEAD
Includes Dance With Me / Shiki Ebo Man / I Love Music



Pat Martino
Starbright

The guitar of Pat Martino may be heard on recordings by Bobby Hutcherson, Joe Farrell, Chick Corea and Stanley Clarke, as well as on eight solo albums for Muse, Prestige and Cobblestone. His first LP for Warner Bros. shows that he has mastered a variety of playing styles and of tools, from the most basic (acoustic guitar) to the most complex (electric guitars and synthesizers). Warner Bros. 2921 Produced by Ed Freeman

PAT MARTINO / STARBRIGHT



Includes Fall / Eyes / Nefertiti / Blue Macaw

Warner Bros. Records. 

The Candidate's Plane Is Missing

Maytag, Wis.—Presidential candidate Morris Udall doesn't seem to be in the news much. This fact has led some old capital watchers to conclude that he has

disappeared, perhaps in an airplane.

This would mark the first time a man believed by some to have been a candidate for the best furnished office in the land has disappeared without a

search.

Ben Bradlee, editor of the probing, fearless *Washington Posthole*, was contacted with regard to the candidate's disappearance. "I don't know," said the pudgy editor. "Has anybody tried phoning his family?"

Schorr to Steno: Take a Leak

(AC-DC) Sources close to *TV Guide* magazine say that it was CBS news correspondent Daniel Schorr who leaked the surprise twist ending to an upcoming two-part "Kojak" special.

The source at the

magazine, who asked to remain nameless, revealed that Mr. Schorr had approached them with the ending after being turned down by *People*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Our Sunday Visitor*, and the *National Review*. A spokesman for CBS said there will be no official comment for

now, but council is being retained for possible legal action.

The article in *TV Guide* states that Starvaros was shot with a dummy blank cartridge, and crime boss Caposito's seeing eye dog had been switched while he was stuck in the artificial kidney machine.

Bailey to Hearst: All I Want Are Truffles and Strife

Unusually informed sources today revealed the compensation promised attorney F. Lee Bailey for his courtroom defense of heiress Patricia (Patty) Hearst.

William Hearst, the father of the accused, has agreed to dispatch to a street corner in Beverly Hills adjacent to Bailey's home, trucks loaded with ten million dollars worth of beluga caviar, pheasant under glass, truffles, hearts of palm,

grouse breasts, Château Lafite-Rothschild '61, and other epicurean foodstuffs.

"I knew it would cost me more to ransom Patty from the Feds than the SLA," admits Hearst. "They've been in business longer, they're better organized."



There's a Ford in Your Future

Camelot, D.C.—Theresa Weisenheimer, who claims to be the "other woman" in Gerald Ford's life, held a thirty-minute press conference this week in which she named the president as the father of her child.

Miss Weisenheimer, a part-time model and New York Rockette, told reporters that she first met Ford on the slopes of Vail, Colorado, in 1974.

"We met in the lodge on several occasions and in my room two or three times," the shapely twenty-seven-year-old said. "He offered to sharpen my edges and tighten my straps. I told him I was running for Miss Nude U.S.A., and he said he'd put his ballot in my box any time. One thing led to another, I guess. Little Jerry was born nine months later."

Miss Weisenheimer told reporters she has been receiving regular checks from two men dressed as plumbers and wearing plastic noses.

FUNNY



Sensitive Instrument Picks up Presence of God "in Air"

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 1—A super-sensitive scientific apparatus has picked up the presence of God "in the air," it was revealed today. The instrument, nicknamed "Godoscope" by scientists, caused rejoicing at the University of Michigan, where the experi-

ments are taking place "to find and/or talk with God." "We hope to communicate with Him later on," said Homer Fieldsmith, who is presiding over the research. "but for now I'm just tickled that we've located Him." According to Fieldsmith, God is "about eighty feet tall and has a full head of hair plus a longish beard."

Pick Up the Left Man's Burden

Speaking before a crowd of two-and-a-half million *campesinos* in Havana's Plaza de la Revolución, Cuban Premier Fidel Castro delivered an abbreviated three-day speech explaining the Cuban commitment to Africa.

Punctuating his speech with quick stabbing gestures and numerous barks and growls, Cuba's Number One Comrade said, "In the days of the vicious imperialists, the international cartels, through the legal pretense of intervention undertaken by their client states, used to station thousands of imperialist troops up and down the length of Africa, forcing the African masses to surrender tribute in the form of tin, bauxite, oil, and

women. Thanks to the continuing success of our sugar harvests, the peace-loving socialist people of Cuba are able to send thousands of *socialist* troops to defend the Africans from the depredations of the imperialist troops. In return, the peoples of Africa express their thanks to us by giving us tin, oil, bauxite, and women."

Underlining the Internationalist aspects of the Cuban Revolution, the Western Hemisphere's Chief Collectivist told the cheering multitudes that he had been named an Honorary Member of the Politburo of the MPLA, as well as empress of Mozambique and margrave of Botswana. While denying rumors that he is actively campaigning for the Patriarchate of the Coptic Church, Castro declared his willingness to accept a draft.

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Maddox Exposes Carter: "Jimmy's a Negro"

At a surprise press conference sponsored by a joint committee of Wallace and Jackson supporters today, Lester Maddox revealed that his former running mate and this week's Democratic front-runner Jim-

my Carter is "more than slightly touched by the tarbrush."

Maddox, who punctuated his address by whacking away at a bag of peanuts with an ax handle, allowed as how FBI agents, phenologists, and a water diviner attached to his Georgia gubernatorial campaign had

all warned him of Carter's racial taint, but that he had then "kept Jimmy on the team to balance the ticket."

Now that Carter is as serious as any other presidential contender, however, Maddox felt it "no more than his duty" to speak out against this "threat to blacken the image of the White House."

"Lookit the lips on him," observed Maddox conclusively.

"And who invented the peanut? A certifiable Negro, that's who."

Dark horse Carter, laid up temporarily with what his doctors term "a very mild case" of sickle cell anemia, was not available for comment.

Reagan, Wallace Taking to Hills

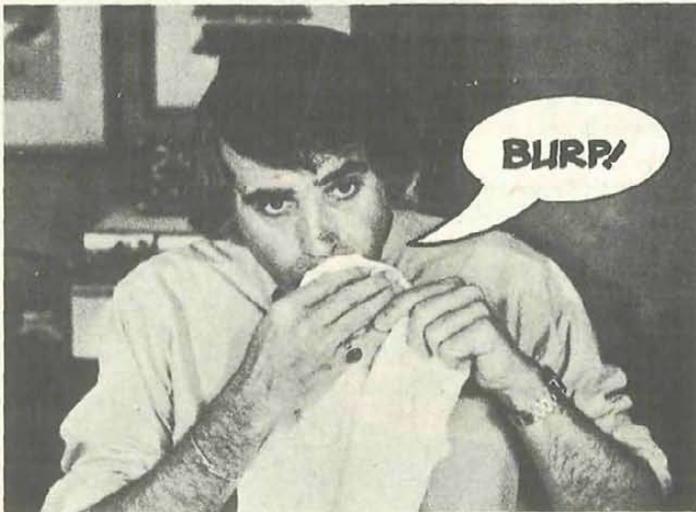
In the wake of disappointing landslides in early primaries, radical leaders Ronald Reagan and George Wallace have both independently announced that they may be forced to adopt guerrilla tactics to bring their programs to the people.

Wallace is said to be recruiting a small, highly trained force of right-wing Democrats confined to wheelchairs who will hide in the Great Smoky Mountains and swoop down unexpectedly on integrated schools, welfare offices, and "fancy" restaurants. Thus he hopes to attract a considerable army of disaffected citizens to rally to his banner, and fight to death against the corrupt and "illegal" government which is now controlling the nation. Wallace is quoted as

saying that he will accept any bona fide recruits, providing they are no more mobile than himself.

In a similar move, ex-Governor Ronald Reagan is forming what is described as a radical right-wing "capitalune" in the High Sierras. Members will be recruited from the upper echelons of the business and defense establishment and required to live and train together in small cadres at an exclusive rod and gun club to the immediate east of Sacramento. According to undercover aides, rules of the cadres will be strict. Participants will have to wear ties and jackets to dinner and pool their portfolios. Numerous courses will be taught to prepare members for their role in the "backward-looking oppressive oligarchy" for which Reagan is convinced the people will call. Mr. Reagan was last seen on a rocky crag overlooking U.S. 80 riding a magnificent white stallion.

Snyder Loses Control - Eats Guest



Tom Snyder, the thirty-nine-year-old host of NBC's "Tomorrow" show, a late night talk show which appears on NBC directly after the more popular "Tonight" show, lost his cool last week when he grew impatient with a guest and ate him live.

Snyder, who is thirty-nine years old, and had gained a reputation as one of the network's most verbal talk show hosts, also became one of the most oral talk show hosts when he swallowed Walter Meyer-Putrick in two gulps.

Meyer-Putrick, who claimed to be a transsexual ex-CIA agent who had been kidnapped by extraterrestrial beings and given psychic powers to aid in the

ing of his novel, *You'll Never Believe This, But . . .*, was explaining to Snyder why he feared a possible assassination attempt, at which point Snyder leapt across his teddy bear and ingested the guest.

NBC issued a formal statement, saying Snyder had been under a lot of mental strain lately, citing as an example the fact that his modish mood ring had been glowing bright red just before



One of a kind.

He is at home in a world few men ever see.

A world where wisdom earns more respect than physical strength.

He smokes for pleasure. He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

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

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

Brut for Men.

**If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.**



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.



Enthralling penny loafer from Indian Ambition, Oreg.!!! **Evel Knievel**, the man most likely to die from a fall in the bathtub, began his career with a pissing contest against his Uncle Lem. Who could piss the farthest? You know the sort of thing. Girls have them. Except with them it's who can grow their tits the farthest. With boys, it's who can spit farthest. When they're really tiny, it's who can shit farthest. Later on, who can come farthest. Nothing wrong with it, but, sad fact, Evel lost all those contests, never won one. So that's why he does what he does. Each time he does a leap, he shits, pisses, and comes—over fourteen busses—farther than anyone in the world. Good for you, Evel, you're a peach. Zat why you walk dat way?

Dumbfounding hip boot from Zzzzz, Kans.!!! **Dr. Christiaan Barnard** performed a heart transplant on himself yesterday. Dr. Barnard said, "I have long wanted to do this, and why shouldn't I? Why? Why? How come I should be the only one who can't have a fresh heart? It's not fair. So I did it." Dr. Barnard simply lay down in an empty hospital room, gave himself a local, unzipped himself with a scalpel, poked around the right atrium, lit a cigarette, poked around in the left. Called for a heart, took it out of its Baggie, snipped out his old heart, tossed it on the coffee table, put his cigarette out in it, put in his new heart, snapped it onto the ventricles, and pinched the nurse, who was assisted by his cat, Olga. "I've never done a real transplant before," said Chris. "It was always my assistants. And Olga. It's a lot of fun, though. I think I'm really going to get into it."

Electrifying stacked sandal from D-Cup, Ga.!!! **Marion Hart** (eighty-three), the flying grandmother, is going to the moon in her toque. She's going with **Marie-Claud Beaumont** (thirty-four) of France, leading auto driver, **Chris Evert** (twenty), tennis championette, **Keun Hye** (twenty-three), first lady of Korea, **Sarah Caldwell** (twenty-seven), conductress,

and **Christine Wren** (ninety-four), recently installed professional baseball umprix. The trip is being sponsored by MCP, and interservices-intergovernmentalinterbusinessinter-sportsinterarts interest for the promotion of women who have made a name for themselves in men's fields to see if they can do any better for themselves, or any better than men, or any better than the cat on the fence. They will be sent to the moon with **Leonard P. Matlovich** (thirty-two), a humpy virgin upon whom they will, undoubtedly, unleash themselves in flight, endeavoring to force him to give up la masturbacion for *peretubuhan deiluar nikah*. Matlovich will serve them all, gay dog that he is, and leave them limp and rewarded as they go round the world with him in frequent, thrilling orbits. MCP hopes never to hear from any of them again, but Birdbath thinks otherwise. They'll probably get to the moon and bring it back with them, thus securing it once and for all for democracy. MCP has been urging women to acts of derring-do this decade. They're the bunch who made **Bette Davis** do her own stunts in her new movie, *Kamikazi Marm*. **Margaret Chase Smith** was strapped to a motorcycle and sent hurtling over twenty-four barns into a blazing hayrick filled with rusty ploughs. **Rusty Ploughs** was set doing bench presses pressing a bench on which Mr. America was set doing bench presses. "If these ladies want to make fools of themselves trying to make fools of we hairy, broad-shouldered, more powerfully poetical, more wisely intellecting, more forbearing, and more humorous males, let them. Let them," says **Morris Udall**. "See if I care. I don't. I don't care one bit. Not one bit, I tell you, But—just this—let me know, will ya—send me a cable—get it into the Almanac—knock up a monument to it on the mall—give it a little three column spread—hold a parade for it on the Unter den Linden—add it to the Florida license plate—call it in from left field—tattoo it onto your ninny and staple it to your ass the day they learn to piss against a wall."

Walloping galoshes from Your Mother Called, Fla.!!! Pissing against the wall is real big with niggers these days, and hardly a day goes by but what you don't see it. Course if you miss it, you miss it, and unlike "Thank you" at the A&P, there's no consolation, you just do. Madison Avenue

is getting into it, aping the blacks as is their wont. Ad men are now going out on the streets to piss. They piss against cars in front of the Roosevelt Hotel, and right in the lobby of the Graybar Building. Even the lady ad-ers are into it, taking clients out from meetings and pissing in the gutter. Crapping has not happened yet, it's not the in thing yet, and probably won't make it, because street defecation happens in the owly night. But account gals, script gals, and those high-powered Roz Russell types are leaping out of cabs to micturate on the way to El Parador as noon gongs twelve, and they say clients love it. Birdbath doesn't know what's coming next. Vomiting's nice, though.

Blazing patten from Dump, R.I.!!! And while we're at it, **Fred Astaire** is doing commercials for Roots shoes. Fred is looking younger every day. He looks eighty-two. He's promoting the shoes in state fairs and Loblaw openings across the nation. He also ends droughts by doing his rain dance (one, two, side-together, gush) in them for Indians, both American and East. The East Indians had a rain dance man before Fred, but he wore Carber-ators and they didn't work, and **Indira Gandhi**, who of many millions is the only person left in India, under her sari wore cloven Earth shoes, didn't you know, so he was not allowed to send out any uncensored bulletins to the clouds, and his Roots were put in prison due to a national emergency, even though the sole national emergency in India boils down to, or rather, dries up to, drought. The other national emergency being flood, Fred is allowed to dance in India only forty-one inches a year, and even then Indira purses her maroon lips to the side and taps her forefinger on her kris. Careful, Fred, tiptoe out o' there. We don't want to lose ya.

Exquisite Wellington from Stay Over on Your Side, Ky.!!! World's greatest *danseur noble* **Eric Bruhn** is waiting on table at a swank east side *boîte* between engagements with the American Ballet Theatre. "Lifting trays keeps me in practice for lifting ballerinas, except that trays of dirty dishes are cleaner," says Eric. "Rudy comes in to busboy *de temps en temps*, trying to work his way up, as usual, but I shoo him away. 'Shoo, Rudy, shoo,' I say, 'you've got your nureyev.'"

Illuminating bluchers from Durance Vile, Minn.!!! Woolworth heiress **Barbara Hutton** (sixty-two) is playing Little League Baseball for a

Romulus, Michigan team these days. Babs doffs her sables and dons an athletic supporter cup—no female chauvinist she—and snatches at flies with her muff—a \$1,000 chinchilla hand job created for her legendship by I.J. Foxe in '32. "I love grabbing balls and handling bats," says she, "and all those little boys just love me to play with them. I'm a nickel and dime girl at heart."

Stupifying Wallaby from Angina Pectora, N.Y.!!! Recent scuttlebutt that poet/novelist **Janet Burroway** was seen fleeing from an Arab mosque followed by no one is in all probability sheer nonsense. It would have to be: she doesn't even like to ice skate.

Zooming carpet slipper from Dial Tone, N.J.!!! Fatso **Princess Grace of Monaco** has joined Weight Watchers, which leaves her practically nothing else to do, since she's got so much of it. Weight Watchers is an organization in which members sit for hours and days together fieldglassing their pounds. They stare at their dimpled elbows, gaze at their plump toes until they practically hallucinate hallucally. But this is nothing to the time they spend trying to see their obese sacroiliacs or lumbdorsal fasciae. Twisting around like that to watch those weighty parts really scatters the uglies. But how, one wonders, one really does, is old G.K. going to manage looking under her chins?

Celestial mule from Wargames, Vt.!!! **Jacqueline Kennedy** went to work at Viking Press to recupe after her tempestuous *affaire de coeur* with **Bob Marley**. Jackie's had a series of interlewds with musicians in the past—**Spike Jones, Tina Turner, Ringo Starr**. Loves musicians. Seems she can't get enough of their bass line, and has the old round heels for anyone from a "Country Gardens" tyro of two to **Mstislav Rostropovich**. As for Marley, she loved the way he played her kikunazi with his zakar—oh, mammy! At Viking, she's editing a collection of new songs by young popsmiths and, interviewing them, finds the pain exquisite, etc. "Ah so," murmurs blind, uniballed, Kobe street pennywhistler/panhandler **N-Komisauronagowankikiawara** (eighty-two): "Plomise her anysing, but give her alleggio." Tonight we love!

Rip-roaring Zori from Duck, Hawaii!!! **Robert Redford** skiiis!

Next month: "How to Make Religion and Riches Mix"—an exclusive interview with **Pope Paul**. □

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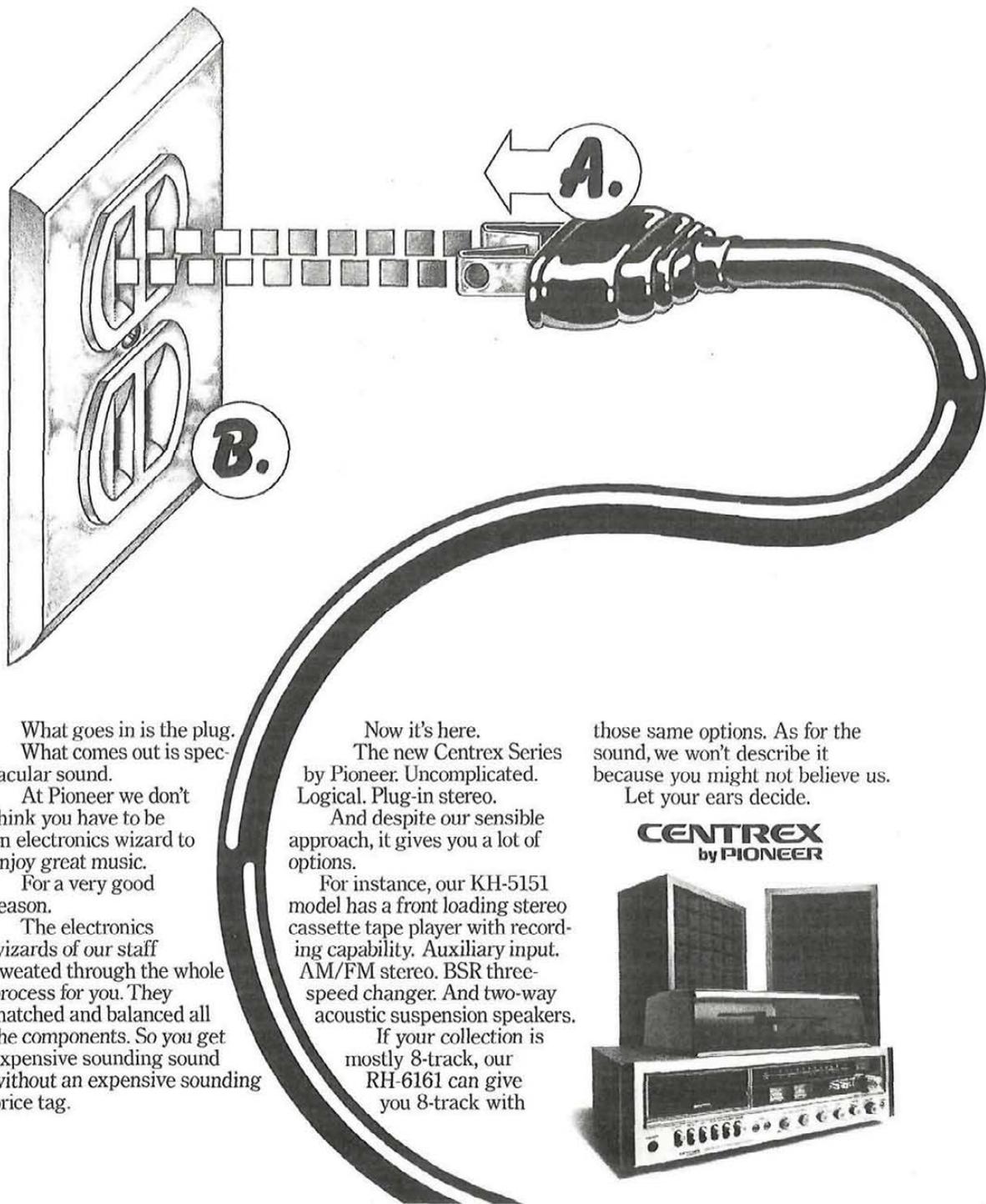
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Bill's Records
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Audio Central
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Gramophone & Things
Redding
Music Box
Sacramento
Stereo Showcase
San Francisco
Good Guys
Sherman City
San Jose
Miller's Appliances
Quement Electronics
San Mateo
Peninsula Music
Saratoga
Stereo Factory
Sunnyvale
Sunnyvale Electronics
Vallejo
Vadjo-Wynn
Vestlia
Vesala Sight & Sound
- CALIFORNIA**
SOUTHERN
Bell
College Stereo
Catexico
Radio Shack

- Culver City
Glendale Music
WBS Stereo
- Eagle Rock
Glendale Music
El Cajon
Sound Center
El Centro
Radio Shack
- Escondido
California
Sound Center
Glendale
Glendale Music
Hemet
National Stereo
Huntington Beach
Messner Stereo Stores
Lancaster
Hunn Enterprises
Los Angeles
Cal Stereo
Federated Electronics
Ken Cranes Stores
Now Sound Stereo
Pacific Stereo
Sound Foyer
Two Guys Dept. Stores
University Stereo
- Oceanside
California
Sound Center
Orange County
Cal Stereo
Ken Cranes Stores
Now Sound Stereo
Pacific Stereo
Two Guys Dept. Stores
University Stereo
- Oceanside
California
Sound Center
Orange County
Cal Stereo
Ken Cranes Stores
Now Sound Stereo
Pacific Stereo
Two Guys Dept. Stores
University Stereo
- ALBANY
Riverside
Cal Stereo
Mission Electronics
Pacific Stereo
San Diego
Dow Sound City
Lafayette Pro Am Store
Pacific Stereo
Quad Sound
Two Guys Dept. Stores
Walker Scott
Department Stores
Westminster
Sound Hound
- COLORADO**
All Stores
Team Electronics
Colorado Springs
Lafayette
Mecka Music
Denver
Downings
Empire Audio
LaBelles
May D&F
Fl Collins
K&H Electronics
Moe's Sight and Sound
Grand Junction
Raetek/Lafayette
Greely
Big R
Pueblo
Audio Den
Sound Shop
- CONNECTICUT**
All Stores
Fred Locke Stereo
Prime Value House
Value House
Bloomfield
Bernies TV
Danbury
Kooper Products
National Wholesale Co.
Fitchburg
Fitchburg Music Co.
Hartford
G Fox
Madison
Sight & Sound
Mansfield
Music & More
Meriden
Menden Auction Rooms
New Haven
Edward Malley Co
Newington
Hi Fi Stereo House
Norwalk
Beck & Dunit
Caldor
Portland
Sound Expansions
Waterbury
J & L Stereo
Shoppers World
Windsor
Consumer Sales
Showroom
Daly
J & M Electronics
Dixon
Dixon Electronics
Galesburg
Lindstrom's
Highland Park
Columbia Hi Fi

- Ft. Lauderdale
Bell's Hi Fi & CB Store
Hi Fi Associates
Ft. Meyers
Stereo World
Ft. Walton Beach
Grice Electronics
Jacksonville
House of Stereo
Hoyt H. Fidelity
Standard Sales
Stereo Systems
Key West
Swifts Camera
Lakeland
Lafayette Radio
Lake Worth
The Sound Shack
Maitland
Standard Sales
Miami
Electronic Equipment Co.
Greencastle
Flamingo Panasonic
Freaport International
Gold Triangle Stores
Hi Fi Associates
N. Miami Beach
Lafayette Radio
The Stereo Shop
Orlando
Gold Triangle Stores
Pensacola
Grice Electronics inc
Gaylers
Plantation
Gold Triangle Stores
St Petersburg
Standard Sales
Sarasota
Kuban's
Tallahassee
Standard Sales
Stereo Sales, Inc.
Tampa
Gold Triangle Stores
Lafayette Radio
Standard Sales
Vero Beach
The Audio House
- GEORGIA**
All Stores
BP Electronics
Newsum's Music Stores
Albany
Rodd Electronics
Atlanta
CMC
Melton Electronics
Augusta
Stereo City of Georgia
Columbus
Merit TV & Sound City
Fitzgerald
Western Auto
La Grange
Audio City
Macon
Clark Electronics
Savannah
Norwoods Records
Warner Robins
C&L Electronics
- HAWAII**
Honolulu
Island Electronics
- IDAHO**
Boise
Ballou-Latimer
Great Western
Team Electronics
Idaho Falls
Phase 4 Stereo
Pocatello
Audiotronics
Sound World
- ILLINOIS**
All Stores
Apple Tree
CMC
Team Electronics
Venture Stores
Arlington Heights
Stereo Studio
Canton
Stereo Village
Carbondale
Lovell's Jewelers
Champaign
Evolution Electronics
Chicago
Auto Sound
Chicago Lincoln Stereo
Hi Fi Hutch
Musicraft
Pacific Stereo
Schaak
Webcor
Collinsville
Bert's Audio & TV
Showroom
Daly
J & M Electronics
Dixon
Dixon Electronics
Galesburg
Lindstrom's
Highland Park
Columbia Hi Fi

- Hillside
Hillsdale Music
McHenry
Tonnes Music
Mt. Prospect
Custom Stereo
Randhurst Music
Moline
Audio Dimension
Rockford
20th Century Elect
Sterling
Midwest Hi Fi
- INDIANA**
All Stores
CMC
Hillman Jewelers
McKinney's Appliances
Mr. Clark's Appliances
Playback
Sound Master's
Bloomington
Full-O-Peep Appliances
Greencastle
Shue & Son
Indianapolis
ACR Appliance Center
Wm. H. Block Co
Lafayette
George Tyre Appl
Muncie
Clark's Services
New Castle
H & H Sales & Service
Terre Haute
Root's
- IOWA**
All Stores
Cardige City Elect
Plym's Musicland
Sound World
Team Electronics
Des Moines
Brandeis
Ginsburg Furniture
Mitchum's TV & Appl
Waterloo
Black's Dept. Store
- KANSAS**
All Stores
Interstate Electronic
Supply
Team Electronics
Coffeyville
Westco Home Furn
Manhattan
Conde Music
Topeka
Tri City Sound
Wichita
David's
Space Age Sound
- KENTUCKY**
All Stores
Bacon's
Playback
Erlanger
Steinberg's Inc
Lexington
Barney Miller
Owensboro
FM Hi Fidelity
- LOUISIANA**
Alexandria
House of Electronics
Baton Rouge
Davis Electronics
Lake Charles
Decks & Tapes
New Orleans
Campeo Appliance
Tape City
Shreveport
Shreveport
Refrigeration
- MAINE**
All Stores
Value House
Augusta
Frank Pomerleau
W. Bell
Baltimore
International Hi Fi
Stereo Discounters
Washington, D.C.
- Douglas
Stereo TV-Hi Fi
German Hi Fi Center
George's
Star Radio
Cumberland
Sound World
Hutchinson
- MASSACHUSETTS**
All Stores
Jordan Marsh
Value House
Boston
Tweter Etc
Cohasset
Old Colony Stereo
Fall River
Haddad
Hanover
Old Colony Stereo
Holyoke
Paysaver

- Marblehead
Music Stable III
Quincy
Old Colony Stereo
Springfield
Fortbes & Wallace
Lafayette Radio
Westwood
Mal-Mark
Worcester
O'Con's
- MICHIGAN**
All Stores
Team Electronics
Adrian
Lafayette Radio
Ann Arbor
Big Georges
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Brighton
Big Georges
Coldwater
J B Branch Co
Dearborn
Adrays Appliance
Detroit
Stereo City Stores
Detroit Metro Area
Autoland Stores
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Grand Rapids
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Jackson
Lafayette Radio
Kalamazoo
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Lansing
Highland Appliance
Royal Oak
Royal Radio
Saginaw
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Westland
Berrys Home Supply
Plymouth
Big Georges
- MINNESOTA**
All Stores
Goldfine's
Hooley's TV & Audio
LaBelles
Loyquist's Sound Idea
Schaak
Stereo 1
Team Electronics
Minneapolis
Stereo Bus
Virginia
Hejda's TV & Sound
Worthington
Rick Bell's
Appliance Store
- MISSISSIPPI**
All Stores
Audio Systems
Newsum's Music
Stores
Village Sound Center
Grenada
Sewing Center
Gulfport
Magnetic Sounds
All Stores
Burnstein-Applebee Co
CMC
Reed's Stereo
Team Electronics
Venture Stores
Cape Girardeau
Kemper & Dodd
Columbia
Barne's TV
St. Louis
Anchor Distributing
Tipton
Springfield
Music World
- MONTANA**
Billings
LaBelles
Sound World
Cozeman
Sound World
Great Falls
Art's Electronics
Team Electronics
Missoula
Electronics Parts
Team Electronics
- NEBRASKA**
All Stores
Stereo Studio
Team Electronics
Grand Island
Lumbard's Lechensky
Kearney
Midwest Audio
Omaha
Brandeis
Paramount Furn & Appl
Sol Lewis

- NEVADA**
Las Vegas
Garland Music
Lafayette Radio
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Manchester
Br-Rite Merchandisers
Treiman's
Newington
Radio Shack
Minaola
Glens Falls
Seiden Sound
Warren Radio
Latham
Seiden Sound
New Rochelle
Cartridge Counter
New York City
J & R Music World
S & S Buying Service
Vendome Trading
Westman Distributing
Millsdale
Zalytron Tube Co
Patheogue
Square Deal Radio
Queens Village
Iran International
Schenectady
Seiden Sound
Syracuse
Gordon Electronics
Utica
Seiden Sound
Valley Fair
Cherry Hill
Radio Shack
Sound Odyssey
Flanders
Acro Sound
Hackettstown
Jersey Electronics Dist
Irvington
Balpor TV
Jersey City
Sound Machine
Kearny
Kearny Electronics
Lawrenceville
Music Scene
Manassan
Charles Rogers
Middletown
Moorestown
Radio Shack
North Bergen
Keystone Appliance
North Plainfield
Stereo City
Oakhurst
H.S. Stereo
Paterson
Marcoim's
Phillipsburg
Patel P Dennis
Rahway
Rahway's
Sutton Distributors
Shipbottom
Island Record Shop
Shrewsbury
Monmouth Stereo
Somerville
Imperial TV
Ostro's
Succasunna
Freud Appliance
Panosound Audio
Toms River
Lionels
Trenton
Hal's Stereo Center
Washington Stereo
Wayne
Mountain View Elec
Radio Shack
Newark
Woodbridge
Woodbridge Stereo
- NEW YORK**
All Stores
Abraham & Straus
Alexanders Dept Store
Newark
Churchill Stereo
Friendly Frost
Gem Electronics
Korvettes
Lafayette Radio
Leonard Radio
Mays Department Store
Newark & Lewis
Sam Goody Record
Shops
Sound & Sight Audio
Stereo Warehouse
Willoughby-Peerless
Albany
Seiden Sound
Binghamton
Hart Electronics
Bronx
Corner Distributing

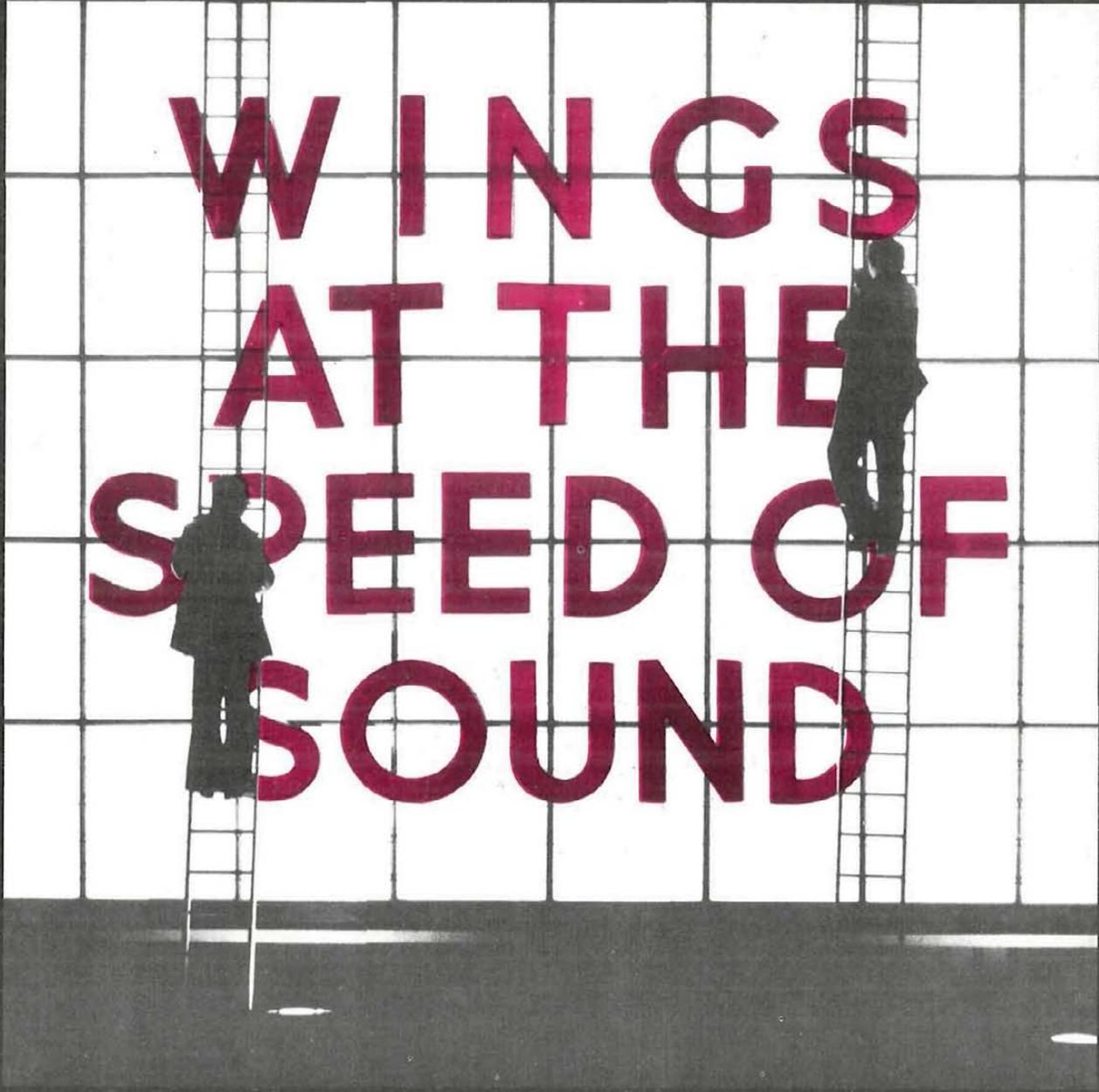
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Alamogordo
Audio Associates
Albuquerque
Hudson's Audio
LaBelles
Carlsbad
Bartlett Sound
Brighton
Big Georges
Coldwater
J B Branch Co
Dearborn
Adrays Appliance
Detroit
Stereo City Stores
Detroit Metro Area
Autoland Stores
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Grand Rapids
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Jackson
Lafayette Radio
Kalamazoo
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Lansing
Highland Appliance
Royal Oak
Royal Radio
Saginaw
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Westland
Berrys Home Supply
Plymouth
Big Georges
- NEW JERSEY**
All Stores
Bamberger's
Dee's of New Jersey
Prince Range
Rickles
Sam Gordon's
Stern's
Two Guys
Valley Fair
Cherry Hill
Radio Shack
Sound Odyssey
Flanders
Acro Sound
Hackettstown
Jersey Electronics Dist
Irvington
Balpor TV
Jersey City
Sound Machine
Kearny
Kearny Electronics
Lawrenceville
Music Scene
Manassan
Charles Rogers
Middletown
Moorestown
Radio Shack
North Bergen
Keystone Appliance
North Plainfield
Stereo City
Oakhurst
H.S. Stereo
Paterson
Marcoim's
Phillipsburg
Patel P Dennis
Rahway
Rahway's
Sutton Distributors
Shipbottom
Island Record Shop
Shrewsbury
Monmouth Stereo
Somerville
Imperial TV
Ostro's
Succasunna
Freud Appliance
Panosound Audio
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Lionels
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Hal's Stereo Center
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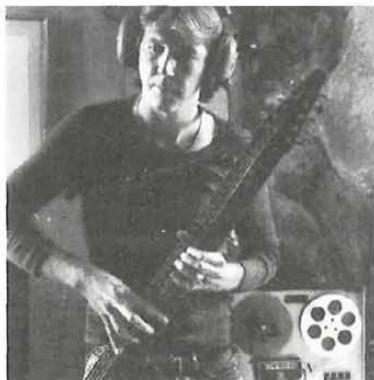
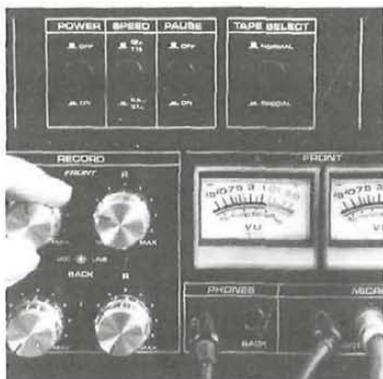


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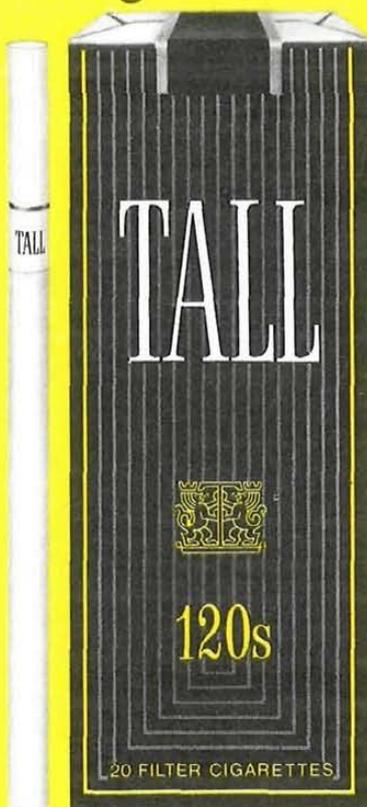
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● When police arrived at the scene of a two-car collision in Ventura, California, they found a totally nude woman behind the wheel of one of the cars.

The thirty-five-year-old Los Angeles resident was booked for investigation of reckless driving. She told officers that when she began her drive, she thought she was a camel in Morocco; but when she saw palm trees lining the downtown streets, she was convinced. *San Francisco Chronicle* (K. Barnes)

● Seventeen-year-old Poornima Kumari, who is thought to be the prettiest girl in her village, was gathering firewood in the Charbari forest in northeast India.

Suddenly, a herd of thirty wild elephants surrounded Poornima. But rather than attack, as is their usual custom, a Calcutta newspaper reported that they "trumpeted their lustful joy on finding a pretty girl alone in the forest."

One elephant, weighing nearly a ton, ripped off the girl's clothes. The girl lay, terror stricken, on the grass as the elephants circled her several times, trumpeting wildly.

After ten minutes, the herd left, and Poornima was helped home by an old aunt who found her crouching behind a bush.

Peasants living in and around the Indian forests say elephants frequently surprise women who bathe in village ponds. Salim Ahmed, a local animal trainer, says, "I do not know whether elephants are lewd and like to misbehave in front of women. But I do know that they treat women better than they treat men." *London Free Press* (Tim Rogeison)

● Robert Harmon of Limestone Cove, Texas, was admitted to the local Veterans' Administration Hospital for treatment of a gunshot wound in the foot.

When asked to explain the mishap, Harmon told investigating officers that he was in his bathroom when he noticed a spider on his foot. Since no newspapers were handy to swat the insect, Harmon was forced to shoot it off with a sixteen-gauge shotgun. *Johnson City Press Chronicle* (G. Drake)

● A dragline operator in Belle Glade, Florida, was so proud of his new 750 Honda that he invited a neighbor over to show off the machine. As the two men were standing on the patio admiring the motorcycle, the new owner went to press the electric starter button in order to prove how quietly the engine ran.

The motorcycle was in gear, and plunged through a glass door into his living room, dragging him along with it. He was taken to the hospital, where he received treatment for numerous cuts on his arms and face.

Meanwhile, his wife was sopping up gasoline that was seeping from the motorcycle, which was lying on its side in the living room. She flushed some gasoline-soaked paper towels down the toilet.

Her husband returned home, saw his new motorcycle and the shattered patio door, and took shelter in his bathroom. He lit a cigarette and sat on the john, dropping the match into the toilet bowl. The paper towels had clogged the pipes, and the match detonated the gasoline. The explosion blew the commode to pieces and propelled the man into the air, inflicting third degree burns on his exposed underside.

His wife called for an ambulance. Because of the burns, the attendants had to carry him spread-eagle, face-down on the stretcher. As he was being carried inside the hospital, one of the attendants tripped, and the stretcher crashed to the ground.

The fall left the owner of the new 750 Honda with a broken leg. *Palm Beach Post Times* (W. Gavigan)

Ten dollars in cash will be given for items used. Send entries to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

Canadian Corner



*Far to the north where the seals
give birth*

*There's little but frozen sod
The natives stink and are given
to drink*

And make mock of America's God.

Robert W. Servicestation
The Dying Politician's Son

Driven to xenophobia by climatic conditions, Canada has recently made several attacks on what American historians all agree is the greatest country in the world — America. Though perhaps an unlettered visitor from Africa might dismiss these conflicts as sibling rivalry, deep-thinking board members of rival intellectual concerns have been unable to do so.

"Americans," says Lawrence Lemur, writing the literary magazine *Elements*, "are fat, obnoxious persons in bermuda shorts who want to strip-mine Indian graveyards, turn ancient and weathered Baptist churches into all-night discos, and erect a sewage treatment plant on every trout stream that doesn't already have one of their nuclear reactors dripping mutated rat chromosomes into the city drinking water."*

Many Canadian creative types feel, like Lemur, that Canada is culturally dominated by Americans. Stars and stripey novels, poetry, and music are consumed by the Canadian public, which fails to distinguish between the two cultures. This irks Canada's artists and writers, who turn out all manner of anti-American works, bringing them into direct competition with the country's tourist bureaus, which turn out twice as much on better paper, encouraging Americans to come north and shoot Eskimos if they feel like it. In the end, there could be but one answer. Since Canadians can't tell the high quality home product from the imperialist foreign stuff, a protective tariff must

*This would result in the death of bespectacled brook Trot.

be enacted to safeguard Canadian culture.

Time magazine was told it must have at least 80 percent Canadian content or Canadian companies would not be able to deduct advertising as a business expense. The impact of this threat was horrific. *Time* left the country, and their boardroom boys are sweating out a few martinis right now, hoping the stockholders won't notice the extra twenty-nine dollars in the liabilities column of this year's annual report.

Things don't look much better in the music industry. The right wing wants more Canadian songs, the left wing wants all Canadian songs. In Vancouver, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation just built a new complex. They couldn't justify making it large enough to get lost in, but to insure it was impressive, they built corridors that go nowhere, put hundreds of extra buttons in the thirty-six elevators descending to the eleven-car garage in the basement, and painted doors every six feet down the walls.

Many of America's enemies in Canada are anticonsumption, anti-growth. It is not surprising that a lot of these people do not themselves produce enough to feed and house a family of field mice. It has been argued that poverty entitles people to many things, but a superior moral position is not among them.

"Americans are like...fascists, man. Like Hitler, you know what I mean? Taking over big rich countries like Vietnam...but they got beaten, man...like by the people, man. If we all got our heads together, we could nationalize everything, wow...it might mean a long-term shortage of venture capital, a precipitous drop in the standard of living, death by starvation, and probably atomic war, but Gordon Lightfoot might come home."

So it is a huge wave of Canadian nationalism threatens to rise up and overwhelm America. I, for one, shall not be caught without my rubber duck feet.

Remember the Bricklin. □



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Costs no more
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NEKTAR RECYCLED



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AURAL ECOLOGY

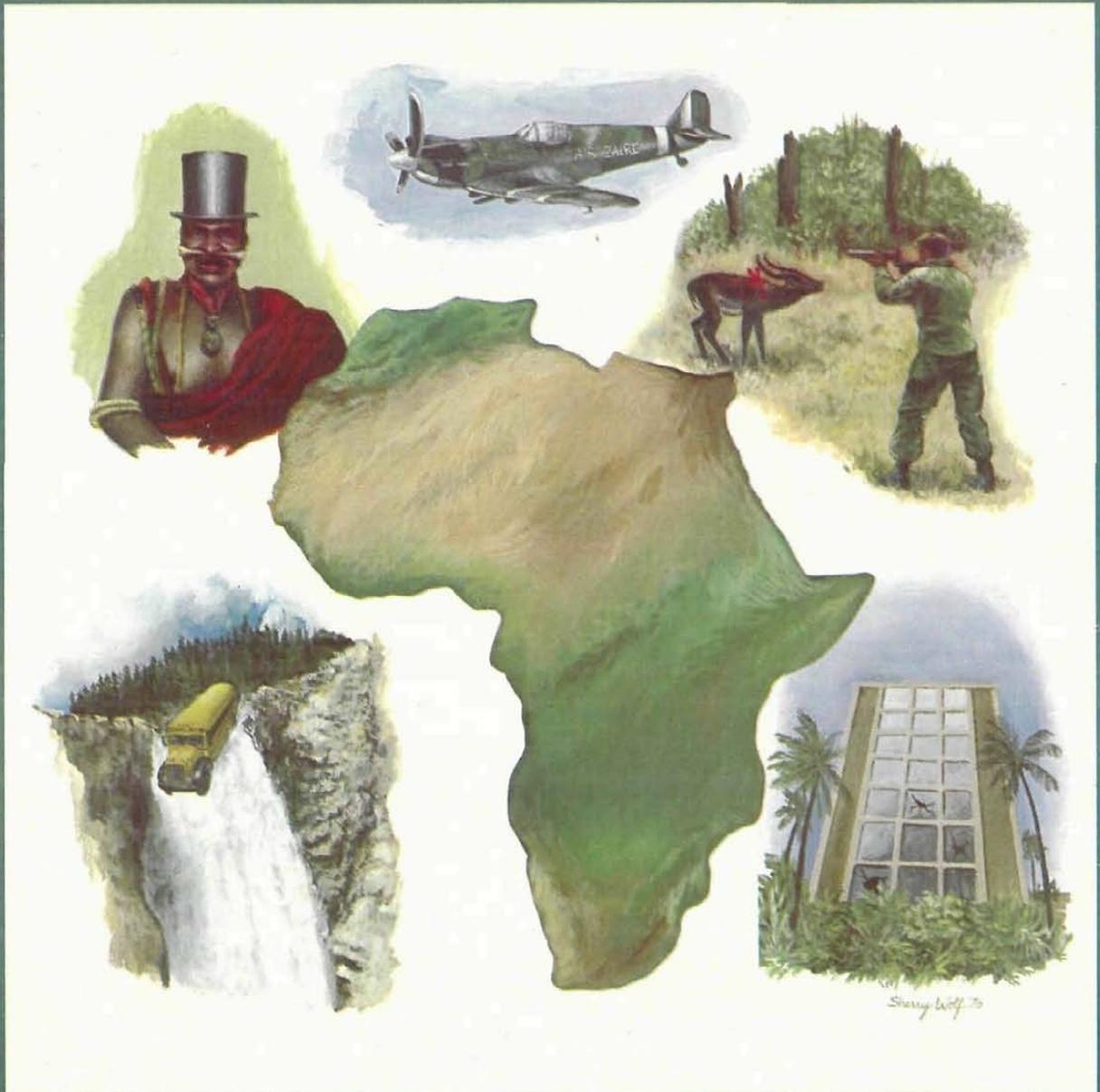


NEKTAR—on tour performing with
Larry Fast of Synergy 
April May & June Live It!



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Understanding Africa



A Center for Compulsory Humanism Textbook Level II

INTRODUCTION

Look around you. Some of the boys and girls in your class may have blue eyes, yellow hair, and straight noses. This means that they are the sons and daughters of "European" people. Possibly their parents or grandparents came to Our Country from England or Germany.

Now, look again. Other boys and girls have black or brown skin. Maybe you are one of them! How did this happen?

It is because a long time ago, many black and brown people came by ship across the sea to Our Country from a place called Africa.

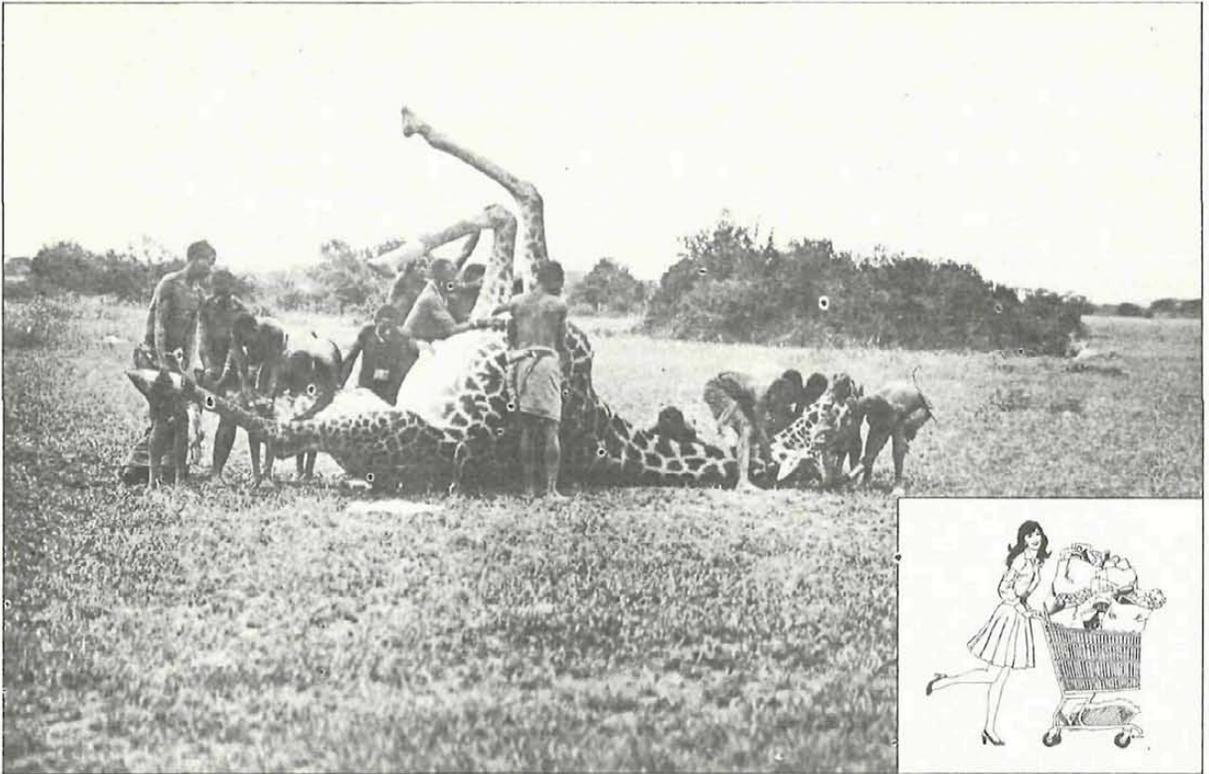
But even though many Africans came to Our Country, many stayed home. And they are still there!

This book is about life in Africa, which is sometimes just the way it was when the black and brown people left it, and sometimes just as modern as it is in your town, today!

Africa is a continent, which means a very big island. It is not just one country, but many countries. No one knows just how many countries, because new ones are happening all the time, and old ones keep changing their names. The people of Africa belong to many groups, or tribes, and speak many different languages, the way the people in China or England do, but not here.

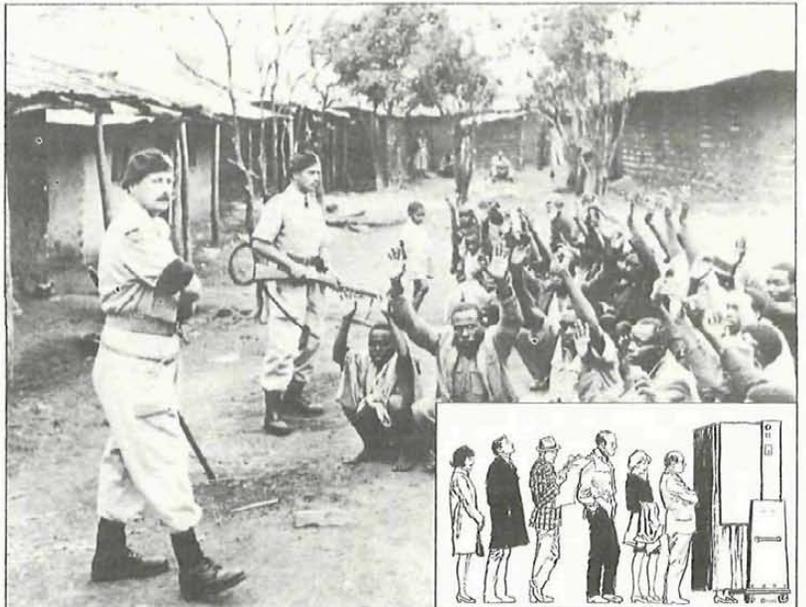
Let's visit Africa together, shall we? Some of the things we see may appear strange at first, but let's try to understand who the Africans are, and why they are *just like us*. Because that's what Understanding Africa is all about.





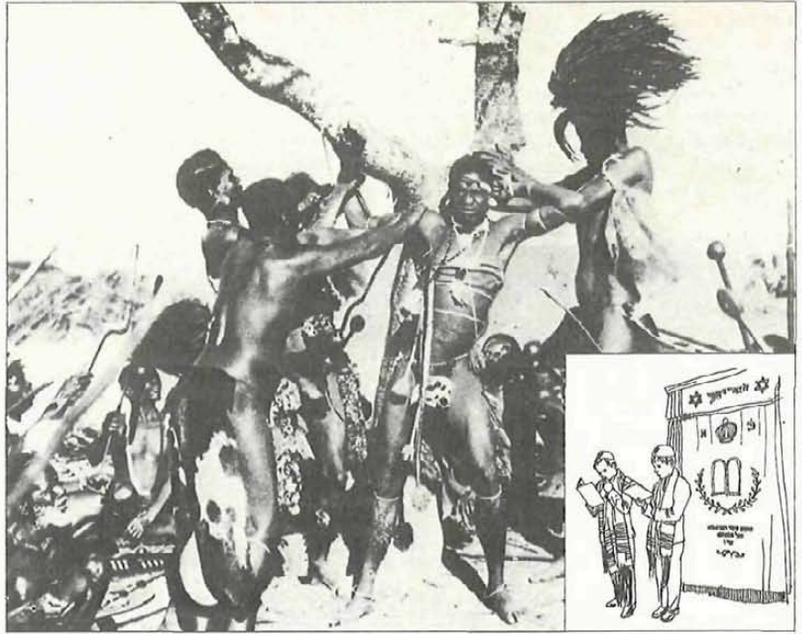
"Hey, Mom, what's for dinner?" African style. People everywhere need protein. And the meat we eat is meat, whether it once ran around the veldt or the stockyards. We are all related—you, us, the Africans, and the meat we eat. And we are all the same.

"Music hath charms," a wise man once said. Africans, like people everywhere, express themselves through their sense of rhythm. But timpani or tom-tom, violin or tom-tom, harpsichord or tom-tom, it's the same old song and dance.



Politics . . . progress . . . protest are part of every culture. Africans have their own form of government, and methods of making and changing rules that often differ from the ones we are used to. And our Congress is different from Parliament, or the Supreme Soviet. But, the world round, people yearn for law and order.

People all around the world do many things to make themselves look more beautiful. Your mother's dyed hair. Your father's moustache. Some African women hang weights from their earlobes. Others cut stripes into their bodies with rusty knives. African men often wear beards made of tin.



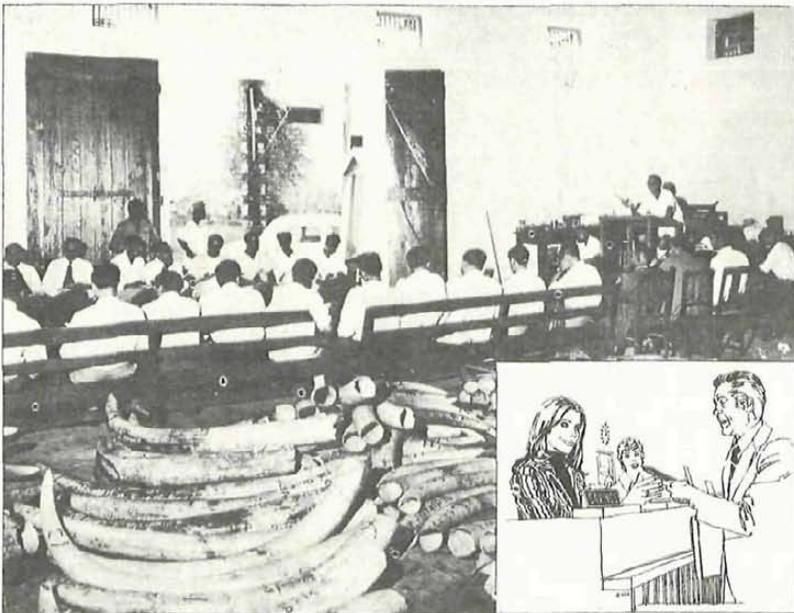
This African boy is about to become a man. What his friends are doing to him is called a ritual. Graduation is a ritual called commencement. Many colleges have rituals called hazing. What do you suppose the Africans call this ritual?



In all societies, certain responsible people are chosen to make decisions. War or peace? Buy or sell? Reward or punish? The people who make important decisions always wear garments that set them apart from other people. The hats these Africans are wearing mean that they know a great deal about birds. What does the tie your father wears mean?



When a group of people all believe the same things, we say that those people have a culture. And although cultures often look different because people believe in different things, deep down, all cultures are alike.



What is money? Money is a medium of exchange. It has value because our culture believes in it. Other cultures believe other things have value. Gold, for exam-

ple. Or work. Africans believe in elephant tusks, and take them to a kind of bank where they exchange them for guns to kill elephants to get more tusks.



History, which seemed to "pass Africa by" for many years, has "caught up with" the dark continent. Today, African workers make use of complicated machinery. Man has been called "the tool-using animal," and there's really not much difference between a sharpened stick and a moon shot, is there?



"I challenge you to break my World Record for the most miles traveled by bus in 30 days."



"The Guinness World Record for the most miles traveled by bus in 90 days is 17,104 miles. But who has the money to ride a bus for 90 days?"

So I established my own World Record: 12,147 miles in 30 days.

You say, there's a record I could get my teeth into, but not my wallet. Still no problem.

Trailways offers a number called Eaglepass: 30 days of unlimited travel for \$175, 60 days for \$250. How many guys have become living legends for a measley 1.444068 cents a mile?

Other companies have similar deals, but I chose a Trailways bus for its great ride, comfortable seats, and you know what else? Mother says they have clean toi-tois.

America is waiting for a new breed of red-blooded, two-fisted adventurer who will accept my challenge. Can you cut the ketchup? If so, give your travel agent a ring. Or mail the coupon. This could just be your first step to immortality."

- I accept your challenge, but not your shorts. Send me more information on Eaglepass.
 I'm crazy about travel, but not that crazy. Just send me more information on Eaglepass.

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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HAVING UNDERGONE DEPORTATION FROM EVERY OTHER PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE, THEY CAME BY THE HUNDREDS, AN INTERSTELLAR EXODUS OF UNEMPLOYABLE, UNDESIRABLE, UNINTELLIGENT BEINGS FROM ANOTHER THIRD WORLD...

ILLEGAL ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE!



3:42 AM...THE PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL IN NEW YORK CITY...IT IS BUSINESS AS USUAL... THEN SUDDENLY...



...AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED...

CA- RA- SH!



...FIRST, SUGAR FLASH GONNA BUY YOU SOME FOXY THREADS, THEN WE GONNA VISIT THIS DUDE AN' COP SOME *PHONY* I.D.

AIREVAX!
ASZ ASZ!

DON'T FORGET...
WORK *CHEAP!*



NEWS OF THE ALIENS' ARRIVAL SPREADS QUICKLY, SENDING UP AN OUTRAGED OUTCRY! FINALLY, AT CITY HALL, AN EMBATTLED MAYOR SPEAKS TO A BESIEGED CITY...

MY FELLOW NEW YORKERS...THE RECENT CRISIS CREATED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE ILLEGAL ALIENS CONCERNS ME GREATLY, AS I AM SURE IT DOES YOU...



"...THEY ARE CAUSING MASSIVE UNEMPLOYMENT..."



DOUBLE BURGER, NO ONIONS...TWO FISH FILLETS...JUMBO MALT...

"...SWELLING THE WELFARE ROLLS..."



MAY I SEE SOME IDENTIFICATION, PLEASE?

THERE'S MY DRIVER'S LICENSE, MASTER CHARGE, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD, PASSPORT...



NAME	JOHN SMITH	DOB	FEB. 6, 1942
ETHNICITY	GREEN	ISSUE DATE	MAR 19...
ISSUE DATE	MAR 19...	ISSUE PLACE	NEW YORK, N.Y.
ISSUE PLACE	NEW YORK, N.Y.	ISSUE OFFICER	MARY S...
ISSUE OFFICER	MARY S...	ISSUE OFFICE	NEW YORK, N.Y.

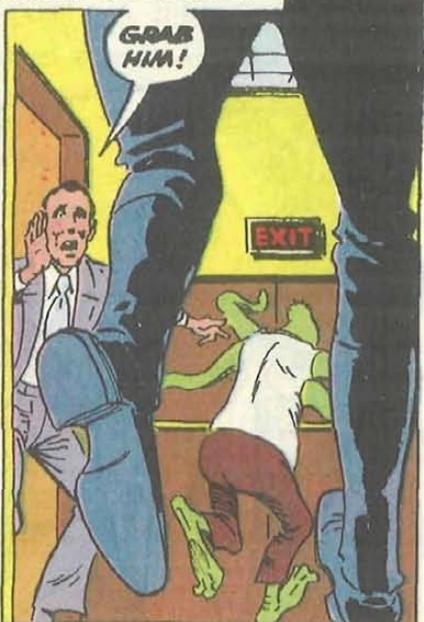
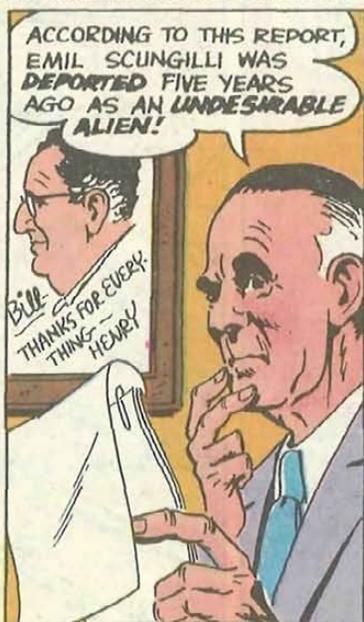
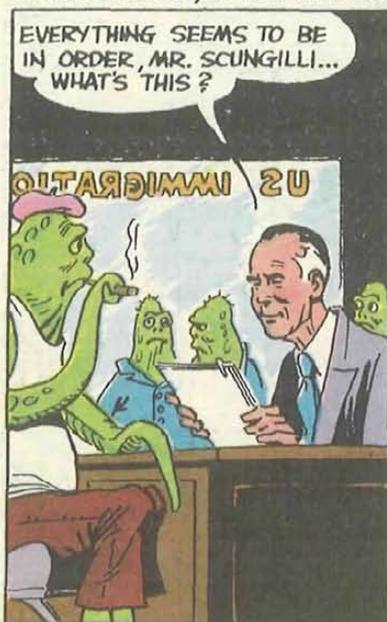
THANK YOU, MR. SMITH! YOU SHOULD BEGIN RECEIVING YOUR CHECKS IN TWO WEEKS!

U.S. IMMIGRATION
BURDENED BY ILLEGAL ALIENS
NEW YORK, N.Y. 258
MAR 7 1975

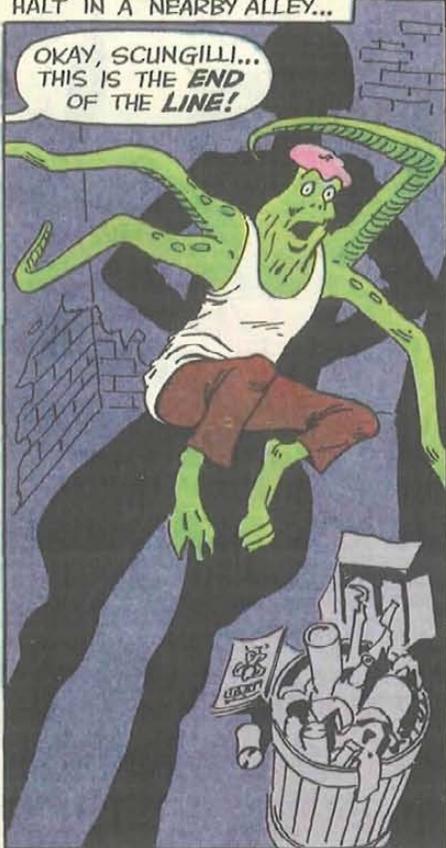
"...AND BY THEIR VERY PRESENCE, ARE THREATENING TO DESTROY THE CITY."



MEANWHILE, A COORDINATED EFFORT BY CITY, STATE, AND FEDERAL AUTHORITIES, HEADED BY THE BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION, BEGAN...WORKING ON TIPS FROM INFORMERS AND OTHER SOURCES, THE SEARCH FOR THE ILLEGAL ALIENS CONTINUED AROUND THE CLOCK...

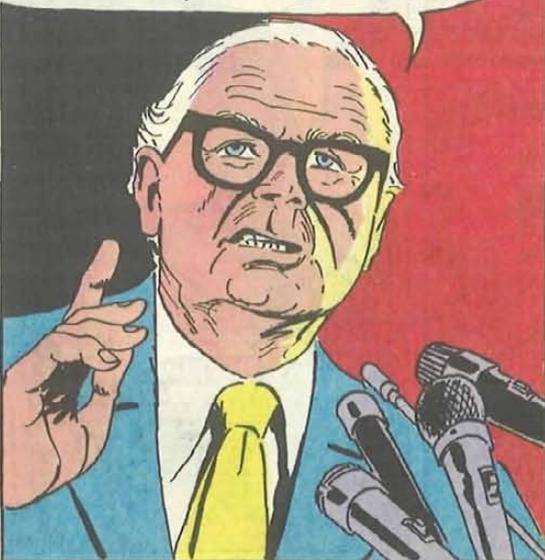


THE CHASE COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT IN A NEARBY ALLEY...

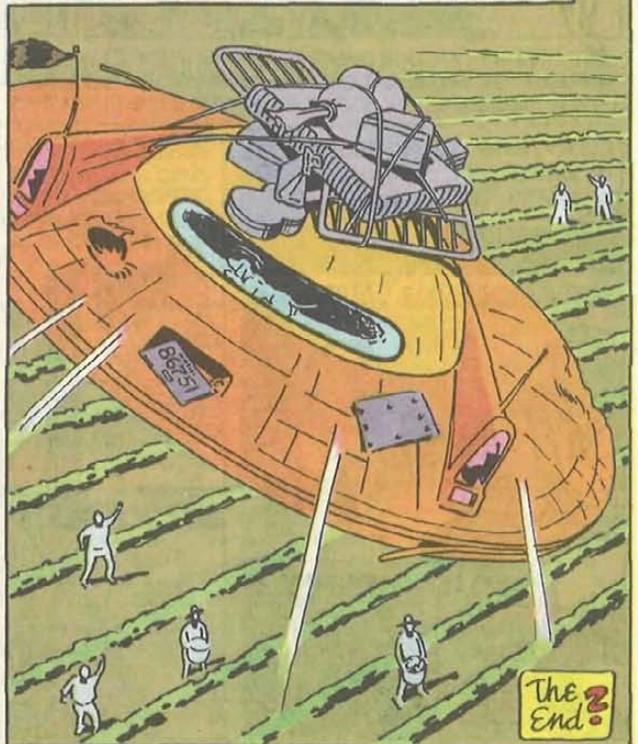


LATER THAT DAY...

...AND I THINK I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THANKS TO THE PROMPT ACTION TAKEN BY OFFICIALS OF MY ADMINISTRATION, WHICH RESULTED IN THE RECENT CAPTURE AND DEPORTATION OF AN ILLEGAL ALIEN, THEREBY SAVING THE TAXPAYERS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND HELPING TO RESTORE THE QUALITY OF LIFE HERE IN NEW YORK CITY, THE **CRISIS IS OVER!**



BUT IS IT? FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LETTUCE FIELD...

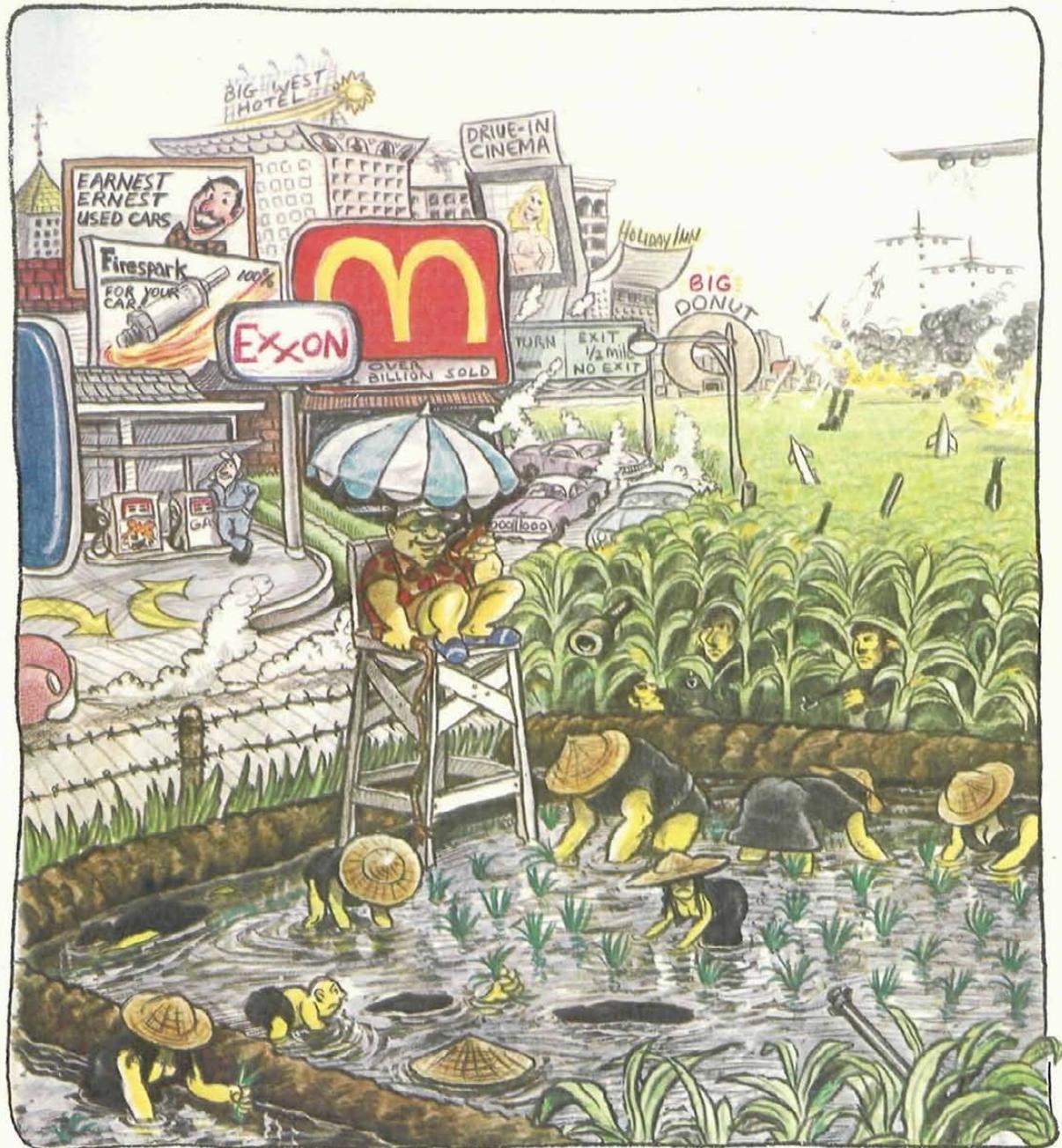


“Whatever Happened to Vietsitsname?”

by Tony Hendra

illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

Remember one year ago? In the wake—a good choice of word—of U.S. withdrawal from the dread Nam, didn't 130,000 of those we had to destroy to save actually survive our kindness and make it to these shores? Whatever happened to this critically endangered species?



LAND RECLAMATION

By far the largest proportion of the refugees were rice farmers. These diligent peasants have been put to work converting into rice paddies pieces of real estate no one else will touch, such as disused Chrysler showrooms and New York City. Others familiar with the traditions of Vietnamese agriculture supervise. Since,

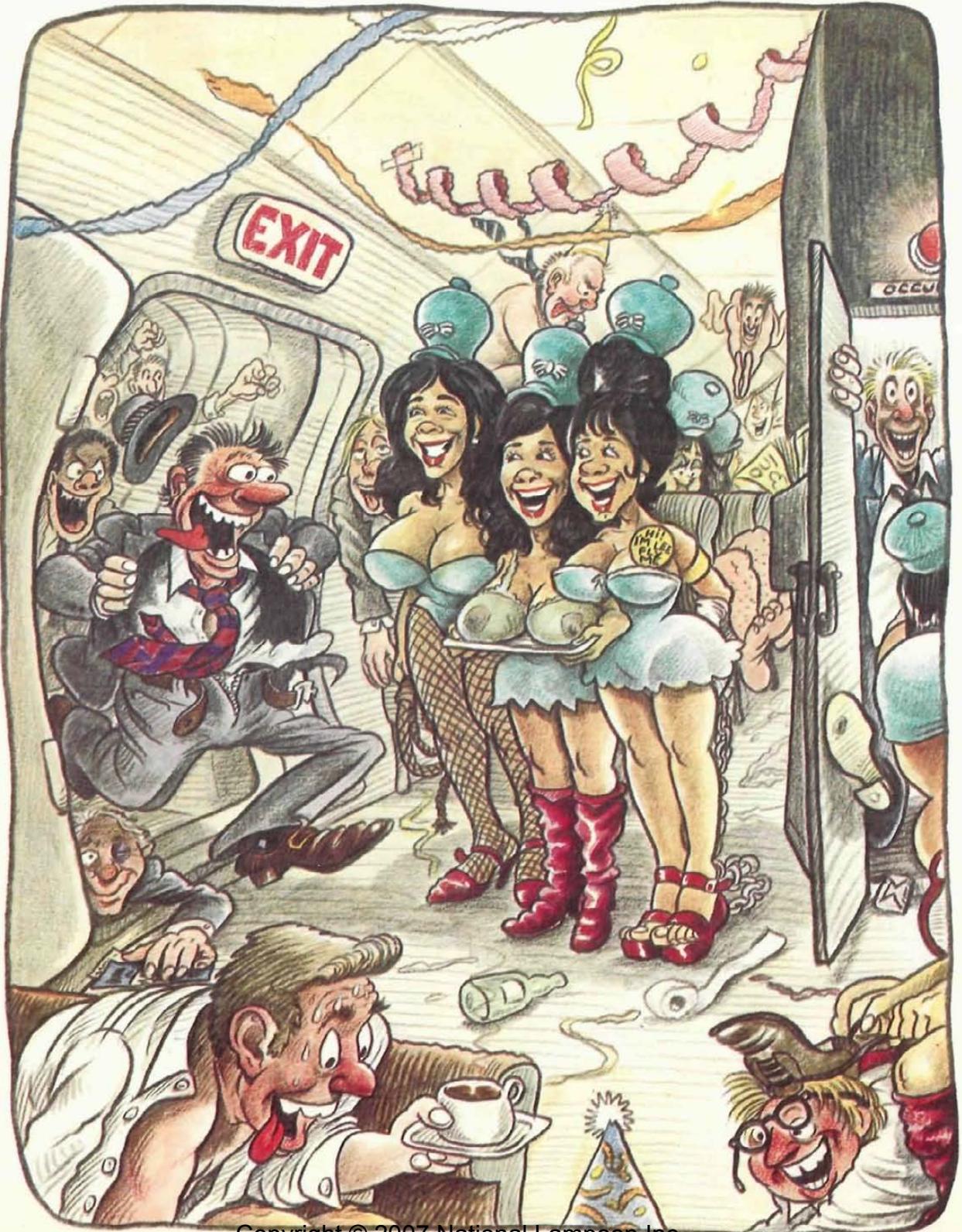
however, it is a proven fact that 45 percent of all Vietnamese peasants were Viet Cong, it's pretty certain that the paddies contain more than rice. Reclaimed areas thus make ideal training grounds for U.S. Army infantry and USAF bombers. In this way, they keep their hands in future missions of peace to the Third World. (And for that matter, to the First and Second, if they get out of line.)

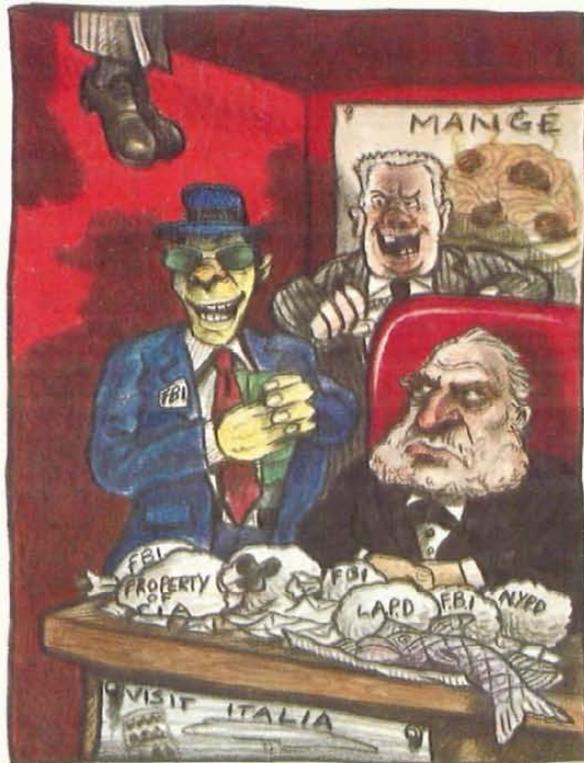
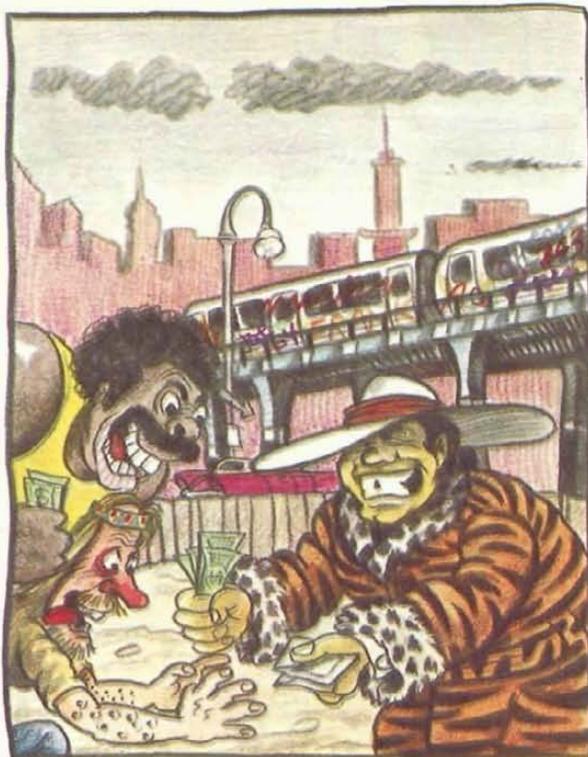
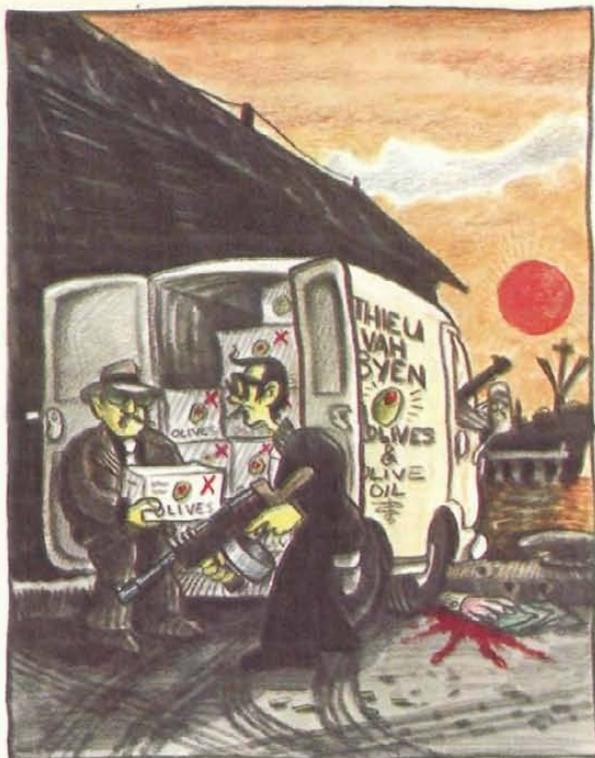
continued

ESSENTIAL SOCIAL SERVICES

Feminism, that newest and most insidious form of cancer, had already infected several areas of a society whose success was largely founded on bucks, biceps, and large things that blow up. The always capricious American female, urged on by bespectacled advocates of sisterhood, was deserting at an

alarming rate such jobs as secretary, stewardess, or waitress, where her employment was claimed to be only a transparent device for male titillation. Suddenly available was an entire generation of lissome talent; physically attractive, religiously servile, and—best of all—completely aware, from the earliest age, of the basic needs of Mr. Average American.



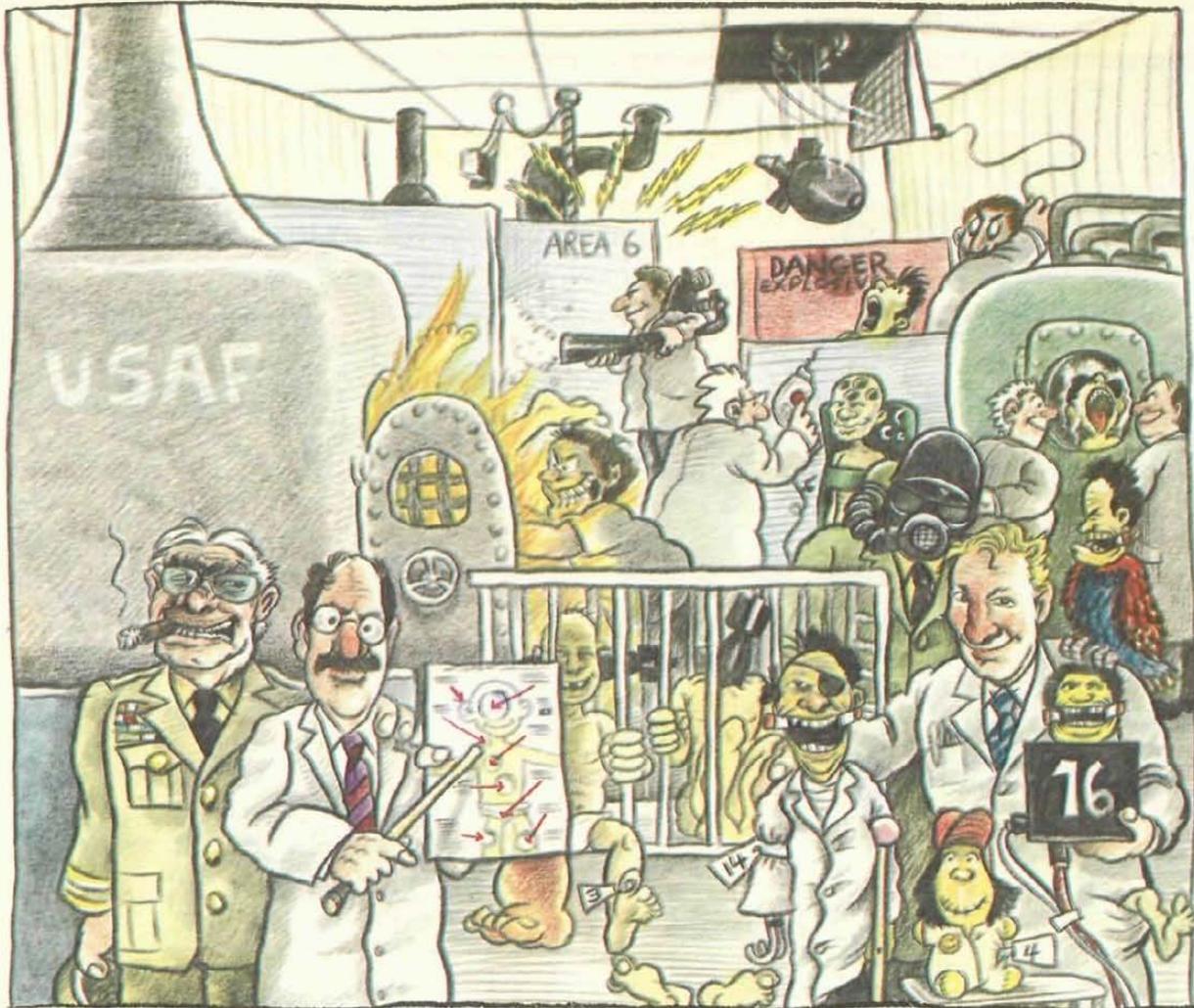


NARCOTICS ENFORCEMENT

In order to maintain internal security, it has for some time been necessary that various segments of the population be kept either inert or in jail. Law enforcement agencies have devised an ingenious system whereby they import a number of enervating substances, distribute them to the appropriate segments, and when their clients have reached the proper state of inertness, arrest them. Like any good cadre, the agencies

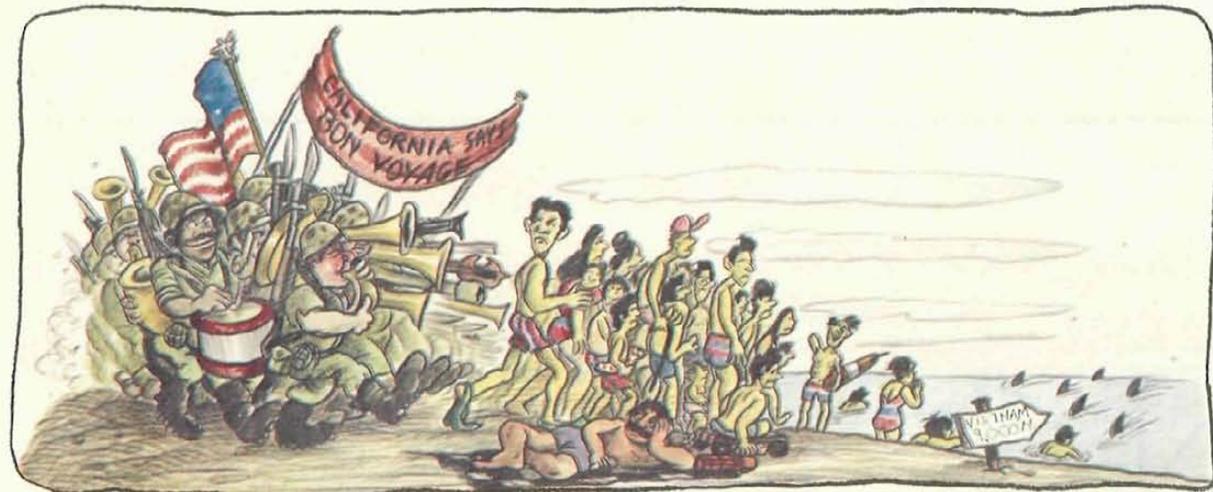
are constantly on the lookout for likely recruits, and none, since the arrival of the Sicilians, seemed better qualified than the South Vietnamese. Most already had long and distinguished careers in narcotics. Their methods of distribution—if the condition of the American Army during the war was anything to go by—were the best in the business. And, of course, their experience in arrest and detention without silly legal niceties was without equal.

continued



RESearch and Development
 If the U.S. is to continue in its mission to bring peace to the world whether it likes it or not, constant refinement of the tools of pacification is imperative. Top-level scientists, doctors, and chemists must

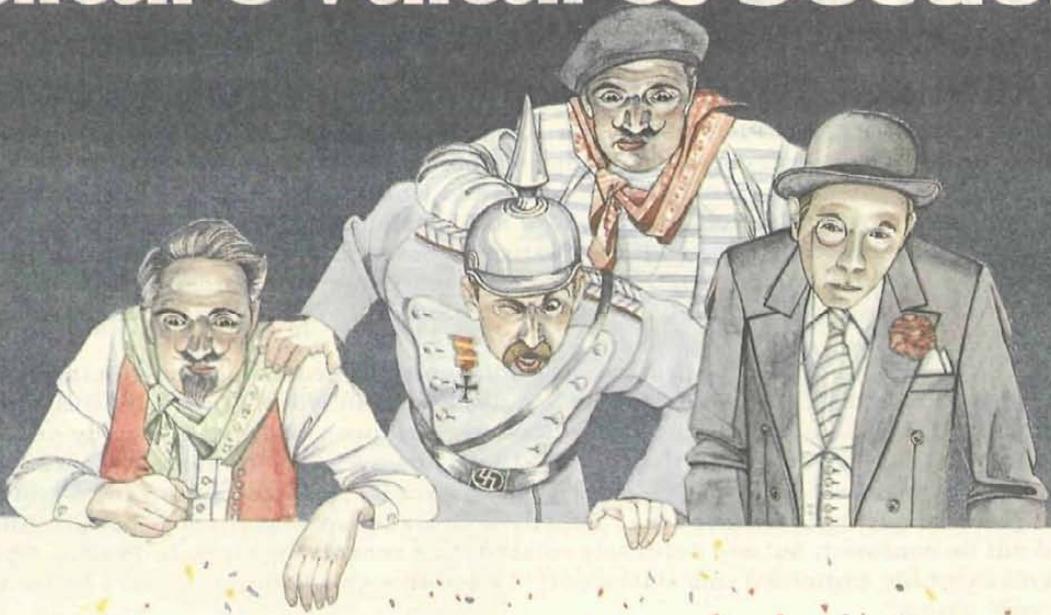
labor day and night, experimenting with better and nastier nerve gases, defoliants, fragmentation bombs, and automatic castration systems. The coincidence of a large influx of docile and otherwise useless bodies into the country thus seemed divinely inspired.



FREE TO COME, FREE TO GO
 Never let it be said that the Sweet Land of Liberty ever compelled a human being to act against his will. The United States recognizes any person's right to return to his homeland, even if it does represent an utter

capitulation to the octopus of godless Communism, the most disgusting form of ingratitude, and the waste of a perfectly good one-way air fare from Saigon to San Diego. We may not like it if they choose to leave, but we'll defend to their deaths their right to do so. □

Culture Vultures Section



SOVIET BLOC COMEDY FILM FESTIVAL

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF THE PEOPLE'S CINEMA

IS A DESCRIPTIVE, PICTORIAL spread of information and lectures presenting a grand review of the great, comic tradition in Communist Cinema 1942-1973. State-approved critical and biographical material will be presented where necessary, and there will be a list of recommended Soviet bloc comedies, as well as a master list of the Soviet "Critic's Choices."

The discussion will open with a treatise on Soviet Comedy by the leading Hungarian comedy critic and film maker, Rit Spohwrenodyohyol. Other film directors and cleaners will describe their own artistic techniques within the framework of Cinematic Soviet Comedy Technique (CSCT).

Spohwrenodyohyol will illustrate the difficulty in producing and filming Hungarian comedy features and define the problems one deals with in working with local Slavic talent. He will also discuss the complex nature of Eastern European and Asian comedy and go on to explain his "Soviet spontaneity" theory, i.e., that comedy itself is rarely the most effective laughter-inducing agent for Hungarians and Slavic people. In assessing the social value of his films, Spohwrenodyohyol believes that comedy and sexual activity among Eastern Europeans should not be confused, but are definitely related. In a recent interview in Prague, Spohwrenodyohyol carefully explained this statement: "I once thought differently, but I know now that I was very wrong."

At a recent lecture delivered to NYU's film school, Spohwrenodyohyol stated that he was not a nationalist. He also mentioned that the USSR was not a repressive nation. He went on to explain why the comic and sexual revolutions came relatively late in Soviet cinema and illustrated his assessment using conservative Bulgarian cinema as a case in point:

"Prior to 1957, it was considered distasteful by SOVOFILM standards to show films of Bulgarian men reacting together with Bulgarian women. After much debate, however, restrictions slackened remarkably, and in 1959 local theaters of film were permitted to show films that explicitly depicted Soviet men and women performing government tasks, light shopping, and even experiencing surgery together. By the end of 1963, card-carrying adults were already permitted to view these films, not to exceed three viewings per person per working month."

It was the great Rit Spohwrenodyohyol who first blazed the Soviet comedy trail in the early forties and brought with him the truly light-hearted, whimsical attitude that has recently become so stylish behind the iron curtain. Spohwrenodyohyol's more serious films also introduced new ideas to the Soviet viewing public, and it was his early works that introduced affection as an action completely devoid of imperialistic sentiment. As a result of these films, affection no longer requires zoning permits in the larger Soviet cities and ports. These early works of Spohwrenodyohyol made the Soviet citizen painfully aware that government workers, historians, and state scientists had the capacity to know and enjoy both humor and unclean love. These films are revolutionary in technique and preoccupy the viewer with honest, soulful considerations. The plots of the early works usually generate deep, heartfelt emotions where other, less facile directors simply depict coronary surgery.

In 1967, Spohwrenodyohyol won all major Soviet Comedy film awards for his advanced technique in *Distinct Mind of Cartelli*, including the Hungarian Magyar Posta award for "Good Film," and in 1969 he won the coveted Soviet "We Laugh Together" award. To add to his honors, he will appear touching Olga Korbut's forehead near some large machinery on the 1977 Czechoslovakian postage-due stamp.

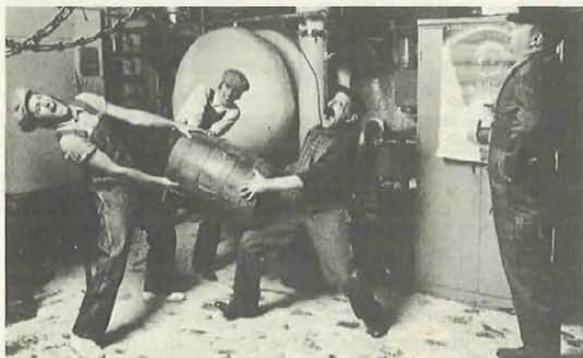
The "We Laugh Together" festival has become the marketplace for Eastern European and Asian comedy films, and will remain so. Each year, it is held in a different Soviet bloc city, and it is at these festivals that the films are viewed by their most rigid audiences, composed primarily of war veterans, state health officials, and relatives of defected citizens. The reactions of these panels determine whether a Soviet film will be considered humorous or funny. The films that appear below are all winners or runners-up in the Soviet "We Laugh Together" competitions, which began in 1942, just after Hitler invaded Russia. The festivals are held on odd years in Nyiregyhaze, Hungary, Kamenets-Podol'skiy, Poland, Belogradchik, and Stara Zagora, Bulgaria, and in Tirgy Jiu, Cluj, and Cimpia Turzii, Rumania. Each year, the best Soviet Disaster Film Comedy Awards are presented in Kamenets-Podol'skiy by Shelley Winters, who has finally received her honorary acting degree from the University of Szczecinek, Poland. 24

Старая Эмоция

(Seasoned Emotion) 1945, Dir. Plerzhzh, 87 min. Black and white (see photo-scenario breakdown below).

Seasoned Emotion is a slapstick, industrial comedy based on an old Russian myth in which workers at a graphite mill create havoc at their plant when they fill drums with contraband solutions and force their fellow workers into laughing. The great laughter causes a virtual production standstill. In the photographic sequence below, a stern shop foreman questions the rascals in an attempt to implicate one of them.

INT. CENTRAL SHIPPING AND REFINING AREA, AFTERNOON



[Reverse angle shot. Close-up of Markevitch. Dolly back, camera panning following FOREMAN to men]

FOREMAN MARKEUVITCH: [Approaches sternly, warily]...and I suppose you three will remark that Foreman Blaskii asked you to roll barrels in sawdust?

WORKER IV: [Proudly, though uncertain] It is a terrible mistake, foreman.

FOREMAN MARKEUVITCH: [Recovering and forceful] What you talk, mistake?! And you create needless fumes!

WORKER II: [Playfully rolling sawdust between his fingers] Worker IV lies on you, Markevitch.



[The camera tracks sideways to follow WORKER III, who leaps around the barrel. Camera dollies back, close-up of Worker III, then of Markevitch, then dollies further to view the entire group.]

WORKER III: [Pacing melodramatically, hopping, sensing confusion] I hate industry [The three jump and giggle, squeal. Worker III produces electrical razor, mimes using it]. I need a mechanical razor instead of Soviet foolishness!

[Worker III continues to mime and the three workers begin moving barrels, interrupting other workers. They are caught off their guard abruptly].

Edit. Kraszhnostovitch

Location: Ukraine

Release: Communist People's Comedy Cinema (CPCC)

Awards: Soviet Interpretive Award, 1949

Censor: Schtikkten Assoc., Kiev.



[Medium shot of the immediate area. Pan to F.M. brandishing razor carelessly]

MARKEUVITCH: [Motioning threats with straight razor] Shut up! All of you!



[Reverse angle shot to right. Pan back to medium shot]

WORKER II: [Calling to foreman, slyly] Markevitch?

MARKEUVITCH: [Puzzled] Yeah? What it is, stupid worker?

WORKER III: [Deceitfully, as an imperialist] Foreman! Do you not know that your shoes are not tied?

[Dolly in and close up on foreman looking down]



WORKER II: [Taking advantage of foreman, sprays foreman's scalp with an ammoniate] Foolish Foreman Markevitch!

[Camera pans as three workers run haphazardly to another working area, where Foreman Rosoff and Markevitch beat them with tempered steel and an alloy. The three Russian "stooges" are forced to attend political lectures and are soon performing their zany antics at a factory plant in the northernmost part of Russia.]



Эта Хорошая Стюардесса-Гражданка

(This Good Stewardess Citizen)

1957 Dir. Spohwrenodyohyol

(Photo left.)

Edit. Profphellohtok

Location: Ulan-Ude

Release: UNICOM

Awards: "We Laugh Together,"

1959, 1961, 1965

Lang: Georgian, Hung. sub.

Censor: Ungar, Budapest

Color: StalynColor

An enormous success in the tradition of Spohwrenodyohyol, but with the novel influence of Red Skelton. The story concerns an immature young Georgian sailor who is saved from bisexual chaos by a pretty Canadian stewardess (played by Zylasta Poszhruk). In the scene at left, Sailor Vasily presents the good female citizen with an expensive gift of Soviet appreciation. The presence of the disguised social commentator at right is typical of the Soviet comic trend in the late fifties known as "predislocation," and is generally employed for additional laughter. Many critics consider the technique cheap and useless. Critic Meyerovski of *SovoFilm Quarterly* (the Soviet equivalent of *Variety*) maintains that the sequence could have been successful without the continual presence of the "Santa Claus" figure that appears in every one of Spohwrenodyohyol's films from 1957 on.

Dir. Spohwrenodyohyol speaks on *This Good Stewardess Citizen*:

"This is an obvious, contemporary sequel to Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, although in my film the maggots appear on the leg of the sailor rather than on the leg of lamb. *Potemkin* was originally intended to be released as a naval comedy film, much like *McHale's Navy*, but Eisenstein realized that nobody was laughing while his characters were bleeding. You may casually note the remarkable resemblance between my own Sailor Vasily (above) and the American actor Phil Silvers. I intended this resemblance."

Кремль Верблюд

(Kremlin Camel)

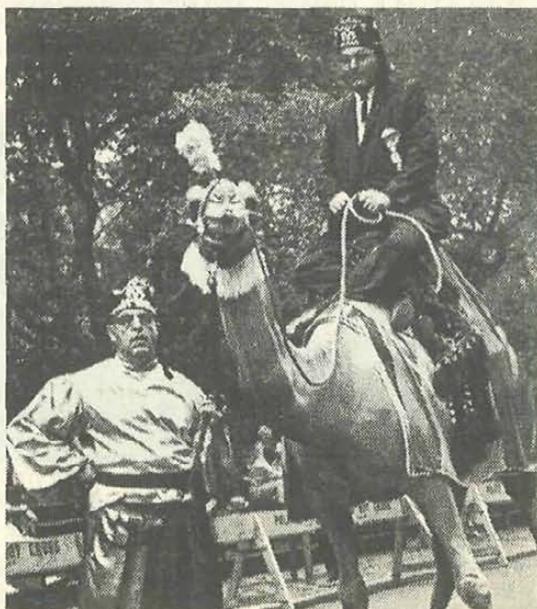
1957, Dir. Byrouti and Spohwrenodyohyol

This classic features the crazy Armenian duo of Bzarcycrus and Koulakjian, who would be the Soviet equivalent of a comedy team which might be composed of Dom DeLuise and Lenny Bruce.

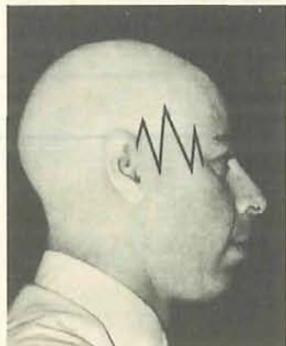
The still shown was taken during a break on location in Moscow. The sequence shot after the photo was taken is perhaps one of the most uproarious in Soviet Comedy History (SCH). It is the scene in which Bzarcycrus (left) accidentally leads Koulakjian's excreting camel beneath Lenin's Tomb. The film is hysterical, relevant.

Dir. Byrouti speaks on *Camel*:

"I very much enjoy working with Armenians. They are very appreciative and for very little. It used to be that way with Georgians and people from the Russian wasteland area, but many of these types have gotten very haughty since *Potemkin*. I dislike when Russian actors, especially those from the wasteland, become very arrogant. Regardless of problems, I have shown the world that Communist comedy can be very lucrative. These two zany Armenians rate number one in Soviet Comedy Polls and have managed to rake-in nearly \$3,000 since the start of their careers in 1963. This is no joke."



cahiers du TV



Prix d'Or

NUMERO UNO

14 THERMIDOR 1976

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Popèle Vegematic: à la recherche de Frank Perdue



Intimations of the New Man?

THEORY: The commercial . . . a sixty-second image warehouse . . . intimations of post-Industriel électronique meaning kernels.

PRAXIS: AN ONION IS WHOLE . . . AN ONION IS DICED AS IT'S SLICED. A CARROT IS RIPPED, BLEEDING, FROM THE EARTH MOTHER . . . A MOUND OF JULIENNE TEMPTS THE EYE. THE EGGPLANT—DENSE, PURPLE, BIG. A BLADE IS CHANGED. VOILÀ—THE EGGPLANT IS WHITE, CRISPY, AND DELICIOUS. THREE DISCRETE ACTIONS . . . ONE WONDERFUL TOOL!

THEORY: The commercial is the message. The TV show is the envelope. The commercial creates and controls the dramatic environment. It is the man who drinks a glass of water while swimming in the ocean. The man says, "I, by the act of swallowing, create the idea of water. The ocean itself cannot and will not create an idea. It would be happier if it were a pot of runny brie."

PRAXIS: VEGEMATIC SHREDS! IT KRINKLE CUTS! USE IT TO SLICE POTATOES! DOUBLES AS A PROM DRESS! THROW IT AT INVADING TANKS! ONE MACHINE, MANY FUNCTIONS. THE DIVISION OF LABOR BECOMES NEGATION. THE PASSING OF CAPITALISM IS MEASURED IN MOUNTAINS OF CHOPPED SCALLIONS! IT IS AMAZING. N'EST-CE PAS?

Reviews by Jean-Claude "Hoppalong" Cravat

Johnny Carson? Who is he? Steve Allen? I forget him. Dick Cavett? He wears girls' underpants that have been eat by Norman Mailer. For me there is one true *talkeur* who is today television. He is, you know before I even say, Merv Griffin of blue angora sweater who is continue all of greatness in TV (or you are talking James Harness or Gentleman Glen Campbell. Merv he is all this). Is the monologue funny? This is old-fashioned, daddio. Humour is not must be funny—humour is concept. Does he sing in music? Also who cares for what is sound of one hand clapping? Merv is not plot. Merv is television *anti-structuraliste*. Drama is person, person is drama, Merv is person. *Voilà*. Merv is *salon électronique* of Mme. de Staël. T. S. Eliot is writing of Renaissance and is say, "In rooms the women long ago/Talked to Michelangelo." Merv is in room, Merv is talk, talk is also Merv. Therefore: Merv is artist like Michelangelo only he is sitting down sometimes. Turn off *Star Trek*, which is only big fucking ripoff at *My Favorite Martian*. Merv is have Barry Manilow. Merv is have vaudeville and cat who wrotes *Future Shock*. This is *vraiment Amérique*. Merv is. Is Merv. Merv is Merv. Merv is also good commercials.

APPLAUSE

Panthéon des Étoiles

by Blue



Dagmar! All that which is le TV Américaine est consommée par Dagmar, reine de la brassière syncopatée. Sa visage spirituelle, Faulknerian, et un peu dérangée les a tué en Buffalo. Quelle tomate! Sa personnalité est composée des éléments si varieuse et aussi si monotoneuse that she stands for l'héroïne existentielle en pays de TV, Piaf de la parleshow. En verité, Albert Camus a tué hisself (en Buffalo) for her, autocide et suicide. En fin, sa presence mystérieuse, avec un aspect melancholique et piquant, was simply the result of the fact that elle s'a formée, de pied en cap, devant et derrière, comme une maison brique de merde.



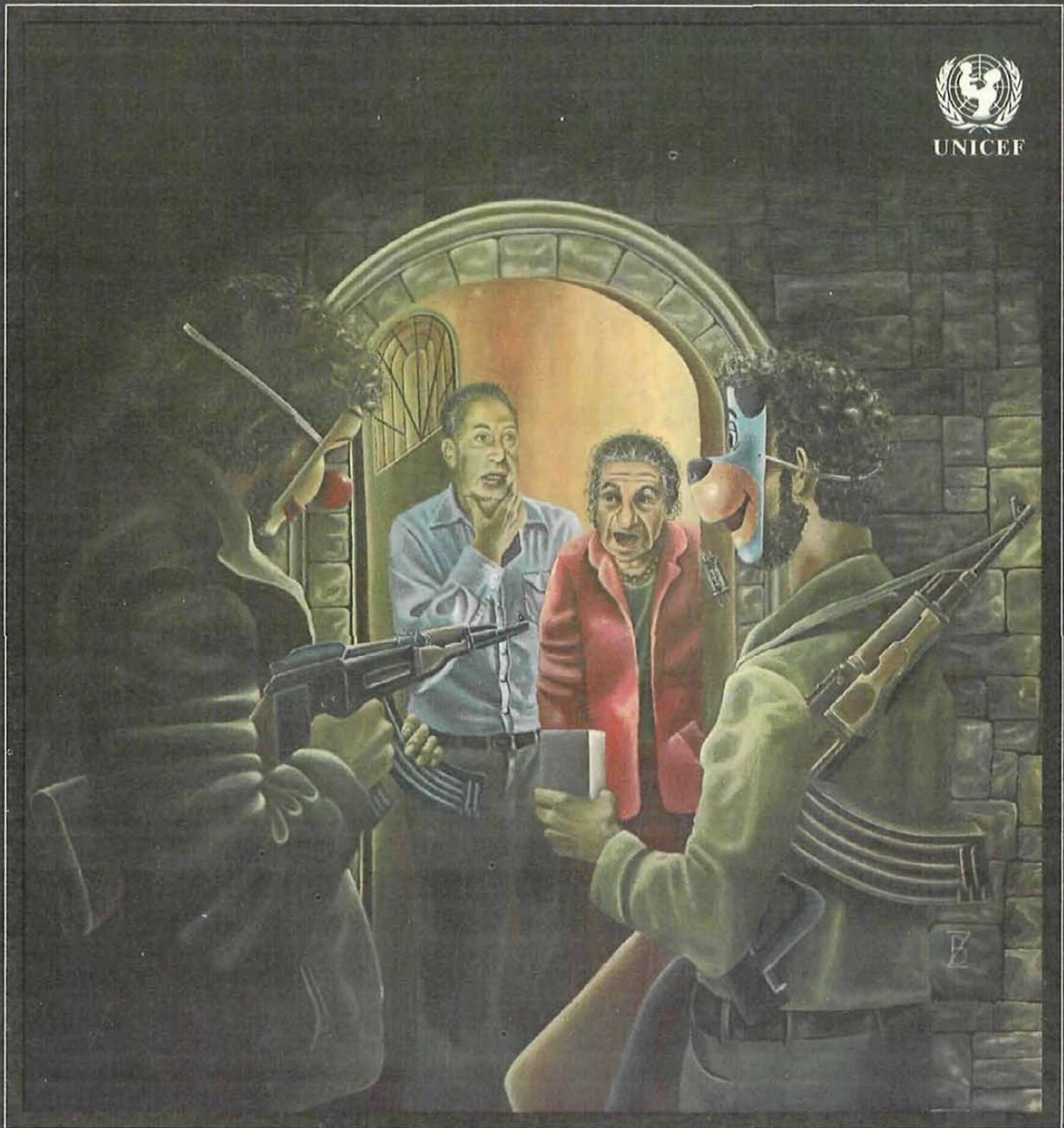
Coca! Cette visage tragique, unguentine pour notre temps, cette femme méritricieuse, "represente" la Piaf du *Show de Shows*, combinaison de Katharine Hepburn et Minnie Mouse, grotèsque, irreligieuse, méditative. Sa calme frénétique a possessée la mystère d'une sphynx et la volupté d'une odalisque Orientale. Mon dieu, qu'est-ce que je dis!? Eh bien, à continuer, Coca, as she is affectionately known by her countrymen, comme Bullwinkle. Garbo, Gimbles, a practicée le style haute de comédie TV Américaine, soignée, élégante, pénétrative. Elle is known as la doigt slammée dans la porte d'Oldsmobile de comédie. École de pigbladder sense d'humour, she has saved plus mariages Américaines than anybody par sa représentation des horreurs d'une femme one might just possibly run into if one left one's wife for even five minutes.



Turbulence Turbulence! Comme les artistes fameux encore installées en Panthéon des Etoilles TV, Simone Simone et Bill Williams,* par exemple, elle possède un nom paradoxal, n'est-ce pas? Par sheer hard wörk, elle became La Edith Piaf de comédies situationelles. Sa oeuvre complète de TV runs trois millions de la demi-heures. Avec sa vertu provocative et sédative, son intelligence inscrutable et miniscule, notre petite Margie devant la premiere piece du gâteau de fromage des Moines, sujet pour une whistle de loup universel, the Ilona Massey de la boîte idiote!

*Quelle coincidence! Marié de Mlle. B. Turbulence (Barbara Hale),
secrétaire particulaire de Perry Mason!

Trick or retreat!



This October 30, let's make it Halloween everywhere on earth. Sure, kids in the United States love to go from house to house collecting sweets, but while our children have good things to eat *every* day, there are youngsters in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East who don't have enough bullets for their machine guns or fuses for their shrapnel bombs even one day a year.

UNICEF wants to make Halloween into a day for *them*. Again this year, UNICEF collection containers will be available at most public schools and from your local branch of the International Red Cross. Why not help your child help others? The UNICEF funds he or she collects will be used to kill, maim, and kidnap Americans, Jews, and neocolonialist exploiters everywhere.

Here, for the first time,
 thanks to the immeasurable courage of Andrei Sakharov
 (well-known brother of Ikon Sakharov),
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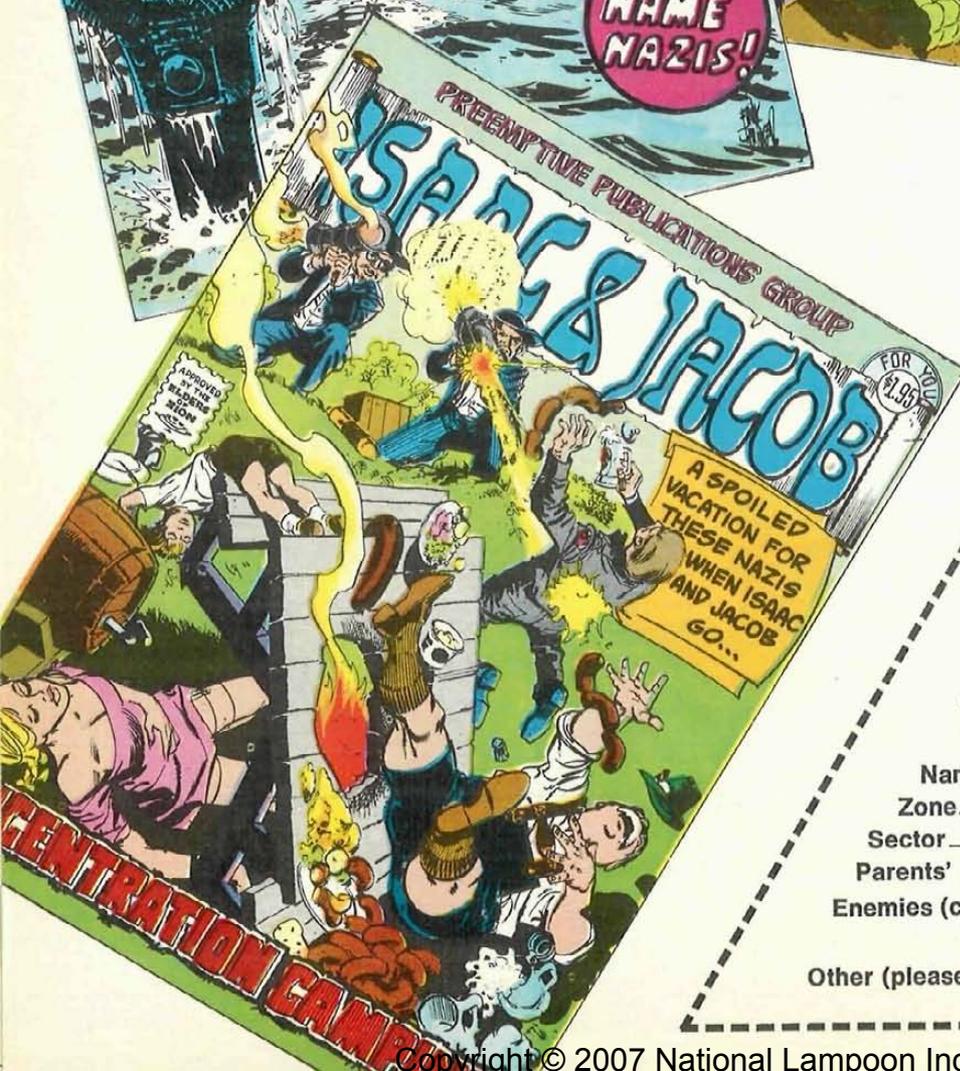
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THE TIMES OF INDIA

35 PAISE

NO. 33, VOL. CXXXXVIII. CITY NEW DELHI: MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1975

New look for army of the future

"The Times of Indira" News Service

NEW DELHI, June 30: In a tribute to the inspired leadership of P.M. Gandhi in her triumphant and continuing effort to carve out a definitive image for India amongst the nations of the earth, Chief of the Army General Raina has issued orders that henceforth the basic uniform for all ranks of all branches of the Armed Services will be the sari.

The new battle dress will be only slightly modified from the traditional Indian garb (a concealed urination zipper in front, for example, to avoid the indignity of hitching up one's skirts), and made from the bright, multicolored fabrics of indigenous Indian weavers.

Ranks will be distinguished by different colors. "For too long," remarked Raina, "we have allowed ourselves to be brainwashed into wearing British drab, symbol of the Raj and Indi-

anonymity. What we want are colorful, cheerful-looking soldiers who will stand out from the others in the field, not to mention the rocks and vegetation. There will be nothing sneaky or furtive or anything about the New Indian Army."

P.M. Gandhi expressed delight at the plan, saying it was "a lovely surprise." She added, "General Raina is a fine soldier who exhibits that most important of all soldierly qualities, the willingness to obey orders."

In honor of the occasion, P.M. Gandhi presented General Raina with one of her very own saris, an exquisite blue and green silk version with gold trimmings, which she has only worn several times.



Glowing economic report released

NEW DELHI, June 30: In an optimistic forecast,

Furthermore, performed superbly, jolly good.

Castration anxieties pooh-poohed by P.M.

"The Times of Indira" News Service

NEW DELHI, June 30: In an impromptu progress report on her brilliant compulsory sterilization program, P. M. Gandhi revealed yesterday that the national do-it-yourself vasectomy drive has been a colossal success. More than 60 percent of all Indian males have now performed vasectomies on themselves at little or no cost to the government other than minor ones, such as free razor blades.

"If our output is to go up, then our input must go down," said P. M. Gandhi, who has a wonderful sense of humor.

P. M. Gandhi denied persistent rumors that millions of illiterate farmers, misunderstanding both the intention of the drive and its instructions (which read: "Your vas deferens is the duct passing sperm from your testis via your epididymis to your reproductive organ. Simply anesthetize

your scrotal sac, sever your vas deferens, and cauterize your tubes."), had hacked off their penises with blunt agricultural implements and posted them to her, as a form of feudal tribute. She pointed out that if this had been the case, there would be a mountain of penises on the lawn of her bungalow at 1 Safdarjung Lane, New Delhi, or a "dong-hill," as she wittily observed. She added further that even if this had happened in isolated cases, no harm had been done by ridding the nation of a few more "untouchable organs."

"To pull this off, we must take the matter in hand," observed the P. M. with a characteristic flash of fun.

Mrs. Gandhi made her remarks during the launch of her much-praised Indian Self-Sufficiency Campaign, at which several thousand pounds of ground meat were distributed to the needy.

P.M. Gandhi issues day's menu

P.M. Gandhi will take toast and tea for breakfast, brain curry for lunch, and lamb chops for dinner, according to the official menu released today from the Department of Meals. Despite persistent questioning, officials were not forthcoming on what Mrs. Gandhi might eat tomorrow.

Sanjay denies suit

"The Times of Indira" News Service

NEW DELHI, June 30: P.M.-to-be Sanjay Gandhi, the much-beloved son of P.M. Gandhi, once again reaffirmed his support of homespun Khadi cloth manufacture today, as he purchased a dozen new sets of pajamas made entirely made of the celebrated fabric at a spring sale. Mr. Gandhi, who wears homespun Khadi cloth pajamas everywhere and at all times,

even to the most ceremonial of functions, returned to a familiar theme in an informal chat with reporters.

"When I wear these pajamas, I wear India," he said. "These pajamas are India. I am India. Wherever I go, I am India in her pajamas." In other comments, Mr. Gandhi described as "malicious gossip" reports that in bed he wears a three-piece Savile Row suit.

Bumper crop fails—CIA blamed

NEW DELHI, June 30: Agriculture Minister Ram announced in a statement today that the bumper grain crop failed dismally. He laid blame squarely on the CIA, who, he said, had withheld monsoon rains in the Indian Ocean.

In a study conducted by India's Research and Analysis Wing, it was revealed that CIA scientists and technicians, operating out of a U.S. base in Diego Garcia, had chemically neutralized the monsoon, causing the crops to dry up and fall in the Indian Ocean. Since the monsoon had failed, the CIA had been blamed for the havoc being wrought on the northern grain belt. The U.S. base in Pakistan was also blamed. There, not only was the monsoon neutralized with the help of Pakistani scientists, but a new Canadian-installed clear facility, the CIA had also, in addition, diluted the sun's rays over the area, making it impossible for any wheat that had survived the drought to grow. Mr. Ram went on to say that the CIA of wholesale removal of nutrients from the soil by methods classified as top secret. hinted, however, the means by which the plan had been effected had been narrowed down to "either a satellite or a Questioned as to whether there was any hope of irrigation facilities co-arranged elsewhere, Ram held out little since snows melting in the Himalayas were being diverted to China via ducts dug by CIA agents.

The Agriculture Minister said this was not the first time the CIA had intervened in massive irrigation projects in India's crop production. He pointed out that the CIA had done the same thing in the year for the last twenty years. He called for an end to the outrage, and affirmed that the matter be taken up in the U.S.

Stop press

All copies of today's edition have been withdrawn.

"Plane in every hovel" — Rajiv Gandhi

NEW DELHI, June 30: India is to produce a People's Aircraft, an official spokesman announced today, as part of the Prime Minister's 200-point program for self-reliance and rapid industrial advance. The People's Aircraft will go into production immediately or almost immediately, in the same factory near New Delhi which presently manufactures the People's Car, the People's Electric Knife, and the People's Water-pik.

The aircraft will be designed by the Prime Minister's older son, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi. Mr. Gandhi won the contract out of a large field of industrial designers who had submitted plans to a select committee headed by the Prime Minister. Mr. Gandhi is eminently qualified for the job, since he is an airline pilot and knows what planes look like. The award of the contract re-

called a similar situation some months ago, when the Prime Minister's younger son, P.M.-to-be-Sanjay Gandhi, was picked to design and manufacture the People's Car. P.M.-to-be-Gandhi has a large diploma from the Rolls-Royce plant in Great Britain, where he received intensive training in business lunch management.

Later, in an exclusive interview with the Chief Censor of India, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi described the People's Aircraft as "a symbol of India's galloping egalitarianism." He said that civil aviation was an ancient Indian invention, and stressed that since one of the purposes of the emergency was to restore Indians' prehistoric pride, it was in the fitness of things that every Indian should own a plane. Mr. Gandhi could not, at this time, specify the size of the proposed aircraft.

S. Gandhi releases details of breakfast; corrects shoe size

"The Times of Indira" News Service

In a bulletin issued this morning from his humble bungalow at 1 Safdarjung Lane, New Delhi, P.M.-to-be Sanjay Gandhi was said to be relaxing for half an hour after a light breakfast of yogurt and fruit. Details of Mr. Gandhi's lunch menu were not revealed. In

a later communiqué, Mr. Gandhi, through his official spokesman, Mohammed Ayub, corrected an erroneous report carried yesterday in this newspaper that his shoe size was nine (9). Mr. Gandhi's correct shoe size, according to the source, is in fact eight and a half (8½).

Mrs. Gandhi takes crucial step in fight for equality

NEW DELHI, June 30: It was officially stated today that for an indefinite period, P.M. Gandhi will ride to her office in a bullock cart. "Only thus can I restore pride in India's past and keep an eye on the stray cattle nuisance," she was quoted as saying. Instructions have been issued that cabinet ministers and senior officials will also ride bullock carts to their offices.

The contract to design and manufacture a VIP bullock cart has been given, out of a host of highly qualified applicants, to Mr. Rajiv Gandhi, designer and man-

ufacturer of the world famous People's Aircraft. The award was made by a select committee of bullock cart experts, including several bullocks, and chaired by the Prime Minister herself.

Several highly placed sources claim that Mrs. Gandhi is not satisfied that this step will be sufficient in her relentless campaign to bring equality to India. She is said to be considering the possibility of becoming a sacred cow and drawing herself to work. These reports have not been confirmed.

Dog eats editor — no repercussions seen

NEW DELHI, June 30: P.M.-to-be Sanjay Gandhi's pet Irish Horrorhound yesterday ate up the former editor of *The Statesman*, India's most influential daily. The editor, N.J. Nanporia, was taking the dog for a routine stroll on the lawn of P.M.-to-be Gandhi's humble bungalow at 1 Safdarjung Lane, New Delhi, when consumption occurred.

This is the third such mishap ever since most Indian newspaper editors were transferred to the P.M.-to-be's household staff as professional dog-walkers, in the wake of the state of emergency. Others devoured previously were Kuldip Nayar and George Verghese, both described in autopsy reports as "unemployable vagrants."

A spokesman for the P.M.-to-be expressed regret at the incident. He said that Mr. Nanporia was an able dog-walker who had appeared to be adapting himself admirably to his new profession. Other editors were urged to remain calm and to continue to perform their duties in "a traditional Indian manner." Efforts may be made to acquire poodles which the editors could walk with a greater sense of security, although P.M.-to-be-Gandhi has declared that anything smaller than an Afghan is a symbol of Western European decadence and exploitation.

Mrs. Gandhi to change name

"The Times of Indira" News Service

NEW DELHI, June 30: To reflect her dedication to India's future, and to bolster its new sense of potential and order, P.M.Gandhi has on several occasions indicated her willingness to adopt one or more new first names that might inspire the masses. It was revealed in New Delhi today that she has made her choice. The two first names by which she is now to be known are "Prime" and "Minister." Both are Anglicized forms of the names of two ancient Hindu gods, the god of edible meat and the god of

discipline.

Mrs. Gandhi's correct name and title will therefore now be Prime Minister Prime Minister Gandhi. Her baptismal certificate has been changed accordingly.

P.M. Gandhi denied through an official source that the move was intended to give her an unfair edge when and if elections were held again. The official pointed out that it made no difference, since whether Mrs. Gandhi were elected or not, she would still be Prime Minister.

P.M.-to-be's bodily functions clarified

An official spokesman for P.M.-to-be S. Gandhi's official spokesman confirmed today rumors that the Prime Minister's son farts in public. The official spokesman was quoted as saying that the official spokesman was quoted as saying that P.M.-to-be Gandhi was quoted as saying that despite evidence to the contrary, he is a perfectly normal human being.

The spokesman for the spokesman corrected reports that prior to contacts with U.S. and British diplomats, Mr. Gandhi consumes huge quantities of keema peas and soda water. "Mr.

Gandhi does consume large amounts of keema peas and soda water," said the spokesman, "but he does not discriminate in releasing the results." The spokesman also denied reports that P.M. Gandhi's son was observed masturbating in the Central Hall of Parliament. He confirmed that in keeping with the Prime Minister's population control campaign, Mr. Gandhi masturbated regularly every few hours or so, but that "he has never deposited his extraordinary secretions anywhere but the washbasin."

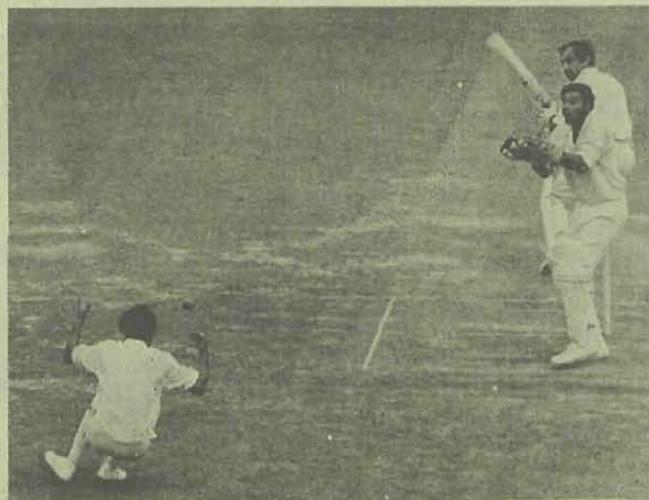
Gurus balance trade deficit

NEW DELHI, June 30: P.M.Gandhi's bold plan to export India's most abundant resource—religion—has paid off a hundredfold, according to a government report issued today. Gurus working in Western countries, most especially the U.S., have made so much money in stable foreign currencies that they have all but balanced India's trade deficits with those nations. Pinpointed for particularly spectacular growth were Sri Chinmoy, Satchidananda, Chubby child god Maharajji, and, of course, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the oldest firm in the field, and one whose operations are now multinational.

P.M. Gandhi refused to take credit for the success of plan, with characteristic humilizing instead the dedication and hard work of the Indian people. "For more than three thousand years," she writes in a personal introduction to the report, "the Indian people have labored to build up an enormous supply of outlandish faiths, folk tales, bizarre techniques, and downright silly superstitions. It was not easy. Sometimes it was humiliating. Sometimes the work was stalled, often for centuries. But they persevered, and here we are. It is time to cash in our chips."

P.M. Gandhi did, however, admit, that the success of the plan could do her no harm politically. "After all," she quipped during an informal discussion with reliable reporters, "what's the sauce for the gurus is sauce for the Gandhi."

In the same chat, P.M.Gandhi declared herself unconcerned by the entrance of new competitors into the world religion market, particularly from the Far East. She dismissed them as "cheap Japanese imitations" which would fall apart in a century or two, naming the Reverend Sun Young Moon as a prime example. The Prime Minister added, with that enchanting slyness for which she is so well known and loved "To me, these religions are just like the people who come up with them. They all look the same!"



Ah, cricket—the great expression of multitudinous participation in a carefully regulated competitive society! Here we see cricketers enjoying a game of cricket without backbiting, retribution, political catealling, or character assassination. Lucky for India that she should be the home of the mother of sports, don't you think? We do.



THE TIMES OF INDIA

THE GOALS OF DEMOCRACY

The devil has his day, they say, and of no one could this be more said than of the much-to-be-despised Winston Churchill, when he observed that democracy was one of the silliest forms of government, "but show me a better one," or something to that effect. Herein the most loathsome Winnie put his fat finger on the paradox inherent in the democratic theory, that it is at once doomed to failure because it relies horribly on all the people all the time, and doomed to success because there is no fairer way to run a country, with a few exceptions, of course. But enough of Winston *soi-disant* Churchill. Let us turn to India and her illustrious and quite amazingly resourceful Prime Minister P. M. Gandhi. And her extraordinary yoni. The last thing from the viewpoint of this publication that India needs is a further extension of outdated and irrelevant Western political ideologies. For too long have we been dominated, nay, cowed, by European theories, European *lingua francae*, European cuisine, above all by the European *zeitgeist*. It is time for India to run with her own ball. It is time for India to stomp the opposing team. It is time, in fact, for India to develop her own peculiar and diverting version of a political construct that was always wrong. And who better to do it than the most glorious Indira? Can words express what this writer feels about his gorgeous leader? There are no words that could express what this writer feels about his gorgeous leader. None, in any *lingua* begged, borrowed, or stolen. But what, in short, a piece of crumpet!

Whither, therefore, democracy? Shall it survive, a stranger in a familiar land (this being a play on a familiar U.S. novel title no longer available in the inflexible subcontinent, but nonetheless a book which should be read by all when abroad), or should it be buried along with all the other tattered trappings, the

withered corpses, the curried remains, of Western democracy? Who knows? My love knows. Oh God, how I love her. How I would love to lay her gently upon her "bum" and, parting her most exquisite number of two legs, introduce myself courteously into her mysterious hinterland. Yes, there, oh Jesus, I mean Siva, would the delights of deepest Indira be revealed to my hungry eyes, or indeed to my sightful palate, worm of being that I am, grain of dirt in her eagle's scanning, crab on her mons that I would give my left bullock to be. How else will the inherent contradictions within the twentieth-century interpretation of democratic theory be resolved?

In conclusion, therefore, and confident that our readers will agree with this position, never in history having read this far down these inane columns, let the question be posed—would the most voluptuous and, yes, sexy Indira be better in the straight fucking position, reportedly favored by missionaries: in that position invented, sustained, and indeed backed up by the Greeks, which involves insertion of the lingam into the bumhole or *yonit minor*; or simply on her knees, receiving the lowly protein of one cast well beneath her, into her exalted, but in this case you better believe it, colonel, lowered, lips? Who can say? When shall we know? Is this democracy? What else is? How many questions must remain unanswered until this one, trivial though it is, is resolved? Finally the answer lies, as everything and I suspect everyone else does, with P. M. Gandhi. As a democratically elected benevolent despot, that, after all, is her right. Her right is the people speaking through her, or not, as the case may be. And that, we must emphasize, is the only course India can take if she is to survive in the great and ever-growing community of nations. Nevertheless, this publication feels that up the bum would be best.

P.M. GANDHI TO APPEAR ON LINGAMS

Tribute to Leader of "Enormous Proportions"

NEW DELHI, June 30: President Ahmed proposed today that henceforth Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's photograph would adorn all lingams and sundry phallic symbols in temples and town squares throughout the nation. With lingams that are sufficiently large, the photograph would be life-size, but in all cases be full-length, the Prime Minister's head corresponding to the tip of the lingam and her feet to its roots. This step should be taken, said the President, as an expression of national gratitude to the Prime Minister and in recognition of the fact that she and she alone was worthy of the adulation normally reserved for the male organ.

In a fanciful and speech, President Ahmed added: "The national phallus drooped, dwindled, and almost disappeared under

200 years of British rule; disuse almost made the thing drop off. And in twenty-eight years of freedom, experimentation with western liberal thought led to nothing more than a series of premature ejaculations, such as constitutional government, rule of law, and similar democratic aberrations. In short, India could not get it up. Taking advantage of the situation, a gang of eunuchs, abetted by western imperialists and the CIA, under the leadership of Jayprakash Narayan, made a bid to take the situation in hand by getting the Indian Army all excited. Little did they realize that concealed within that sari so beloved of us all were five feet of rock-hard, quintessential Indian lingam just waiting for June 26, 1975. On that great day, the living lingam, our P. M., rose up, thrust herself into the Indi-

an consciousness, and brought matters to a head. India will never be the same again."

President Ahmed added that since God had endowed India with the largest lingam in the world, so that he and all other members of Congress could bask in its glory and be inspired to grow their own lesser penises, it was in the fitness of things that her likeness should adorn lingams worshipped through the centuries.

The President's speech was received with tumultuous approval by Parliament, including senior cabinet members Jagjivan Ram, Chavan, and Bansi Lal, all of whom had orgasms. In conclusion, the President said that the proposal would take effect immediately, and that Parliament would discuss it tomorrow.

Opposition leader declares P.M. Gandhi a nice person

NEW DELHI, June 30: Renowned Opposition leader named Indira Gandhi in a speech today at a small rally.

Naming the P.M. as the most woman in the world, and a grace to the good name of India in the eyes of other nations,

called for her immediately.

described the proposed new limited constitution as worth the paper it was written on and about as just as a lump of bullock good word.

In conclusion,

declared that he did not mean a single, solitary word of anything he said, it was all a lot of good-natured scallywaggery, a big joke, ha-ha-ha, good night, thank you very much.

News in the Rest of the World

"The Times of India" News Service

*MOSCOW, Sunday. The USSR and China today reached agreement on

by Tuesday morning.

New Delhi P.M. Gandhi has the matter well in hand.

*KARACHI, Sunday. launched

by Tuesday morning.

New Delhi away for the weekend, or longer.

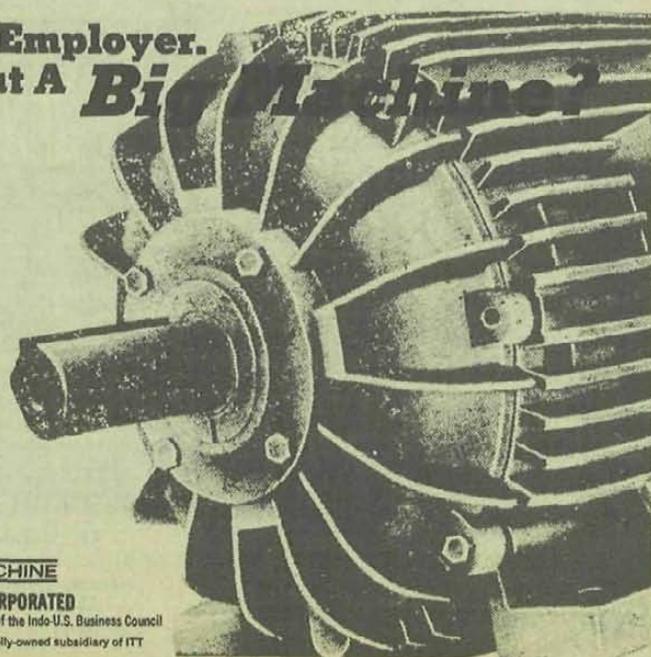
*BUENOS AIRES, Saturday. obliterating Paraguayan Army proceeded to

entire Amazon basin, as well as

in history, No Indian nationals were believed to have been involved.

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EEC! It's the U.S. of E!

models by Luck and Flaw captions by Tony Hendra

What Caesar couldn't do, what Charlemagne couldn't do, what Innocent III and Hitler couldn't do, it looks like the dough-faced burgher wimps of Brussels might finally be able to pull off—the unification of that portion of the earth's surface known severally as Europe, the Continent, Over There, and "the big, crinkly bit hanging out Russia's asshole."

What it took a country ten times its size less than a hundred years to accomplish, armed with only machine guns and a few trillion dollars, it has taken the squabbling, babbling tribes of Europe almost three millenia of wars, migrations, crusades, plague, pillage, partition, diets, dumas, duels, vendettas, incursions, invasions, intrusions, regicides, switching sides, and genocide to accomplish. And they may not get there yet. One Basque in the stockpile and you'd have Frog against Kraut, Greaser against Limey, Limey against Mick all over again.

But let's not be too hard on them. After all, the qualities which keep them apart are the very same ones that your

parents or grandparents have been trying to live down ever since they were cunning enough, well-heeled enough (or wanted in seven countries enough) to split. And just as no Atlantic, however wide, could ever alter the fact that Krauts are thugs, Limeys fags, Micks luses, and Guineas crooks, so when the old countries finally become one nation indivisible, these truths will remain self-evident.

Certainly, your editors feel, simply because a portion of the planet's passengers wish to adopt a uniform scale of weights and measures, the qualities which have resulted in so much fun, murder, and sodomy down through the centuries should not be obliterated. Therefore, with the clumsy assistance of two Limey fags who have devoted their limp-wristed lives to plasticene (Silly Putty to you, toots), and who rejoice in the completely up front monikers of Luck and Flaw, *National Lampoon* has prepared a series of proposals illustrating how once old Europa actually seizes the bull by the balls, she may still harness those enchanting yet disgusting national traits.

The English—Eurocuisine

Limeys cook good. Anyone who's sampled bubble-and-squeak or steak and kidney pudding after a night on the town of hot Watney's and bran-crammed bangers knows that not every bloody thing started in Greece. From time immemorial, the English, saddled with a climate that produced nothing tastier than mangel-wurzels and suet, have been forced to import anything that would stay down for more than ten seconds. They know how to take the freshest, yummiest, scrummiest food from anywhere and turn it into something acceptable to the fun-loving palates of Methodists who work in mines. Who better to serve the stomach of our new nation?



photographed by Bob Gramp

The Irish—Europopulation Control

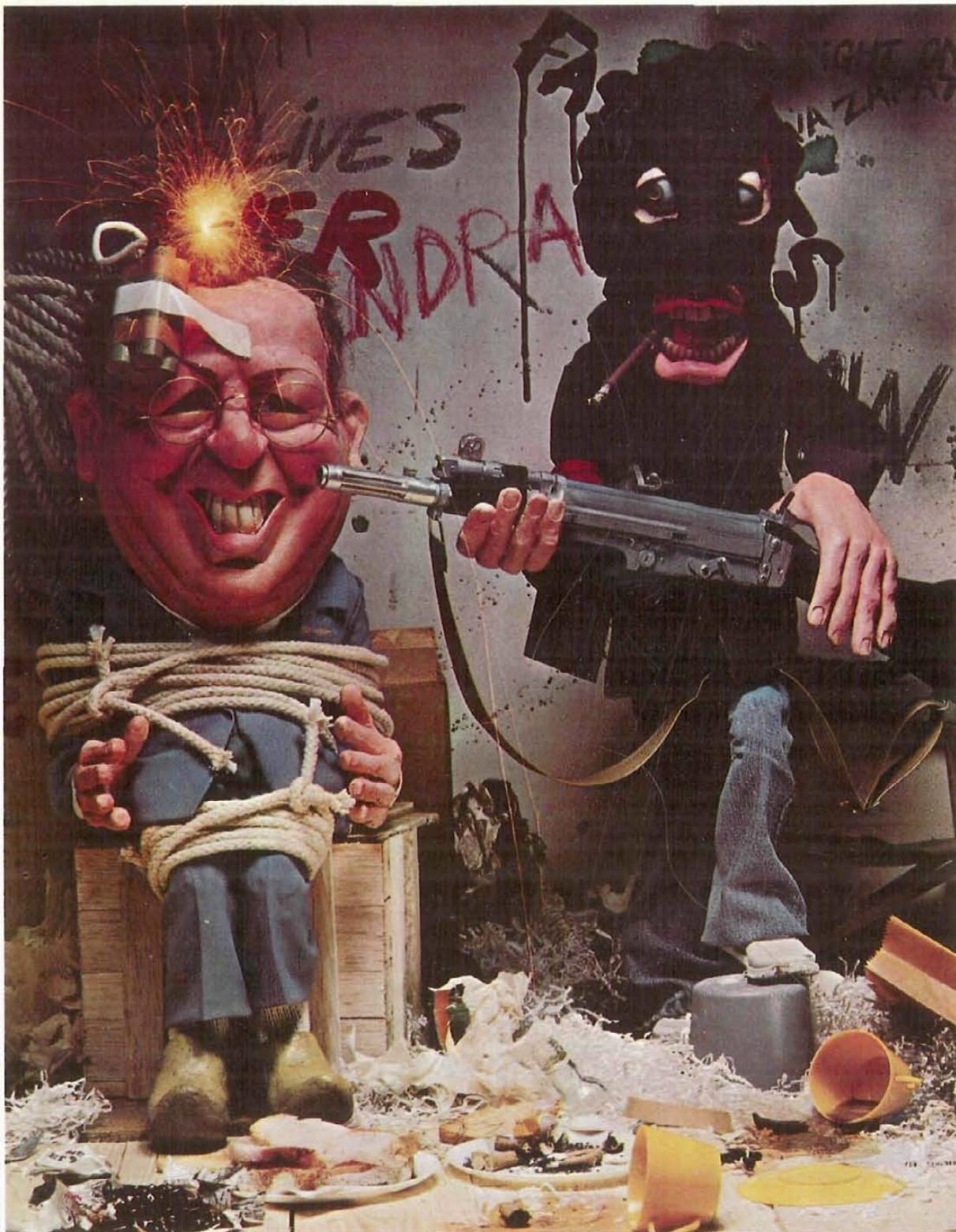


photographed by John Lawrence-Jong

By the year 2000, the population of the earth will be six billion. Whither then Europe? Shall the vineyards of old Burgundy be asked to produce inferior vintages to supply thirsty new mouths? Shall the truffle farms of Provence be forced to secrete rotting tennis balls in their sacred earth in order to meet the demand of countless new palates? Not on your nelly. ZPG is the paramount

goal of the EEC. With the Irish firmly at the helm, the population of the U.S. of E. will be determined by the number of coiti that can be reasonably interrupted, and the condoms that can be interposed twixt sigh and zygote. And by the year 2000, every second person in Europe should, God and His Kid's Vicar willing, be related to a king of the Emerald Isle.

The Dutch—Eurohostages



photographed by John Lawrence-Jong

All hail the Dutch, long-suffering neutrons in the endless movement against oppression and exploitation. Let us hear it for the Dutch, bland and obliging victims of innumerable wars which have rendered their land as flat as their treats. Where else will the ebullient minorities of Europe—the Serbs, the Bretons, the Romanys, an insurgent cadre from the Wapping Municipal

Housing Development—find such pliant and cooperative pawns in the deadly war against the suppression of individual rights? Every one of them is an uncle, not a one can muster real courage. Tie 'em up, stick an automatic to their heads, hang out with them for a week or so in a flat—you won't even know they're there. All hail the Dutch, nonpeople in the people's war!

The Belgians—Eurofashion



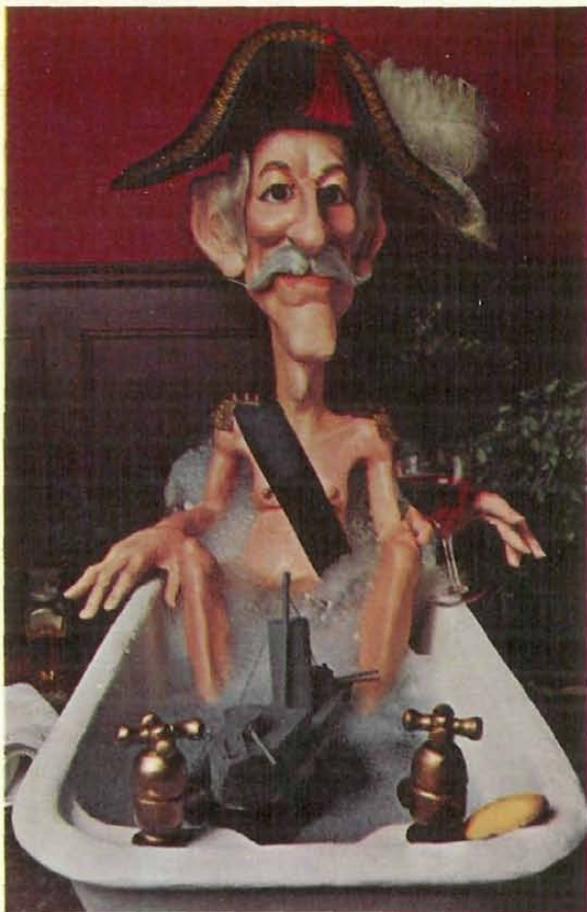
photographed by John Lawrence-Jong

Belgium is known affectionately to the French as "the gateway to Germany" and just as affectionately to the Germans as "the gateway to France." But what really comes to mind when one thinks of Belgium? Waffles? Brussels sprouts (or as the folk in Brussels have it, "sprouts")? Unknown Flemish masters? Unknown Flemish mistresses? Flems? Walloons? Leopold "King Congo" II?

Jean-Pierre "the Reclinin' Lion" Coopman? Hardly. What really comes to mind is...well...

The Belgians are a funny race; they fight with their feet and they...fuck...perfectly normally.... Ah, the Belgians....

Christ, who gives a flying shit. Put 'em in charge of fashion. We're going out for a drink.



The Luxembourggeois— Euro sailors

Are navies obsolete? Of course not. True fighting ships are extraordinarily costly, painfully slow in an era of supersonic aircraft, and if the lessons of the last few wars waged by white men are anything to go by, amazingly vulnerable to attack of all kinds. It might seem as though the destroyer, the battleship, the aircraft carrier should go the way of the great Jurassic reptiles. But this is to misunderstand the problem. The problem lies not with the ships themselves, but with the locations in which they are placed. The trouble with modern navies is that they have to operate in water, which is ridiculous stuff to get around in and offers no decent cover at all, except for Davy Jones's locker. What modern navies need is a nice, quiet, dry place where they can be safe from crazy slopes and nignogs in jets, and from which they can be quickly trucked to the event of any land attack. Where else but Luxembourg? Switzerland already has an army knife.

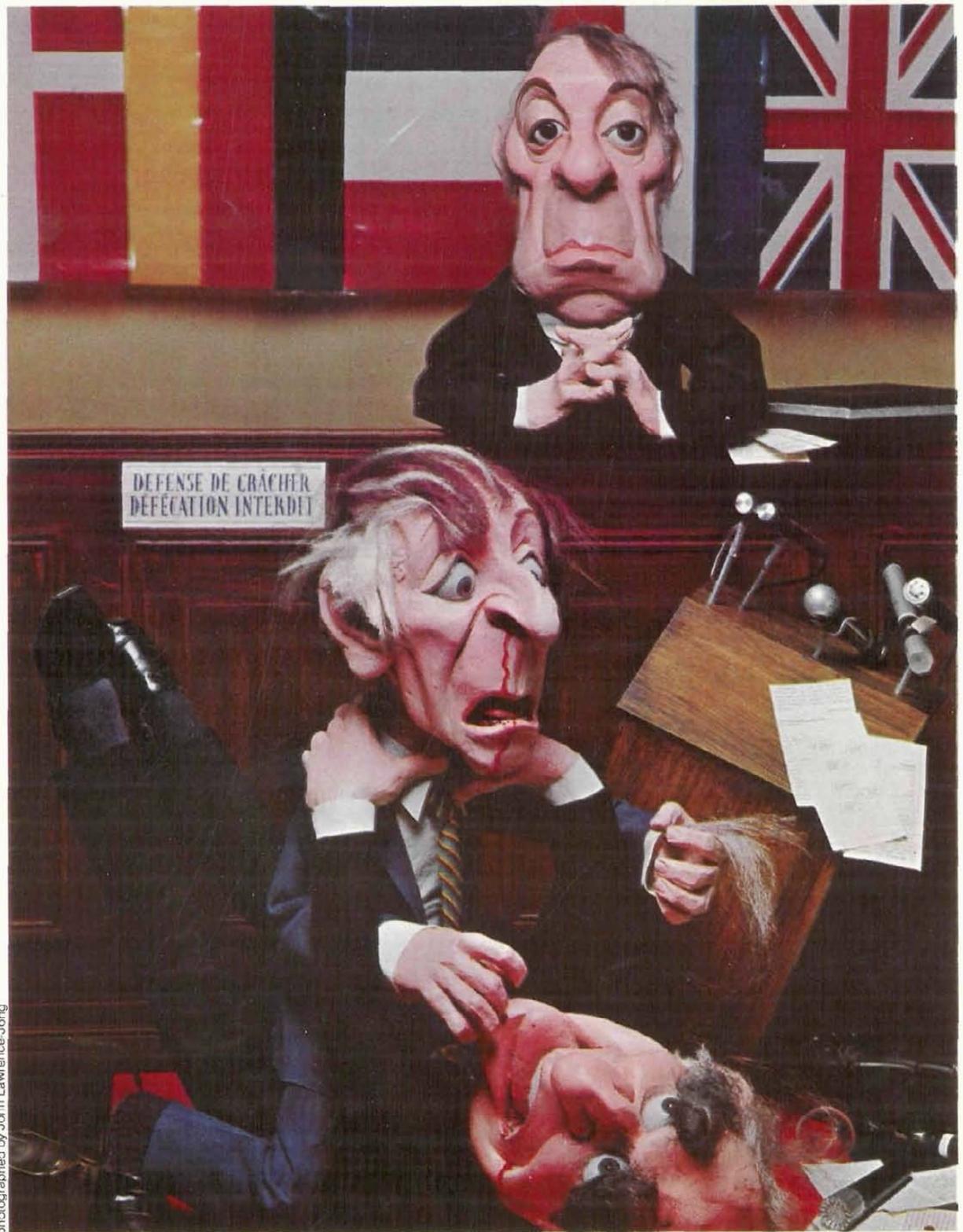
The Danes— Euroentertainers

From Hamlet to Kierkegaard, the word *Danish* has been synonymous with fun, fun, fun. Think only of those hilarious Vikings, exporters throughout the Dark Ages of good cheer and merriment, of King Harald Bluetooth, whose smiling brand of Christianity brought joy to the sun-kissed beaches of the Skagerrak and Kattegat, of wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen, sparkling city of fairy-tale and butter. Are these Danes great or what? Who else would have the sense of humor to stuff prunes and toecheese into lumps of wet dough and serve it to you for breakfast? Where else can a fella get a blow job from a pig while being pissed on by a syphilitic hermaphrodite with breast cancer? *Denmark, that's where!* Let's hear it for those very wonderful kooky, very crazy, very whacky, very witty Danes! They're the living end! And vice versa.

photographed by Bob Crampf



The French—Europoliticians



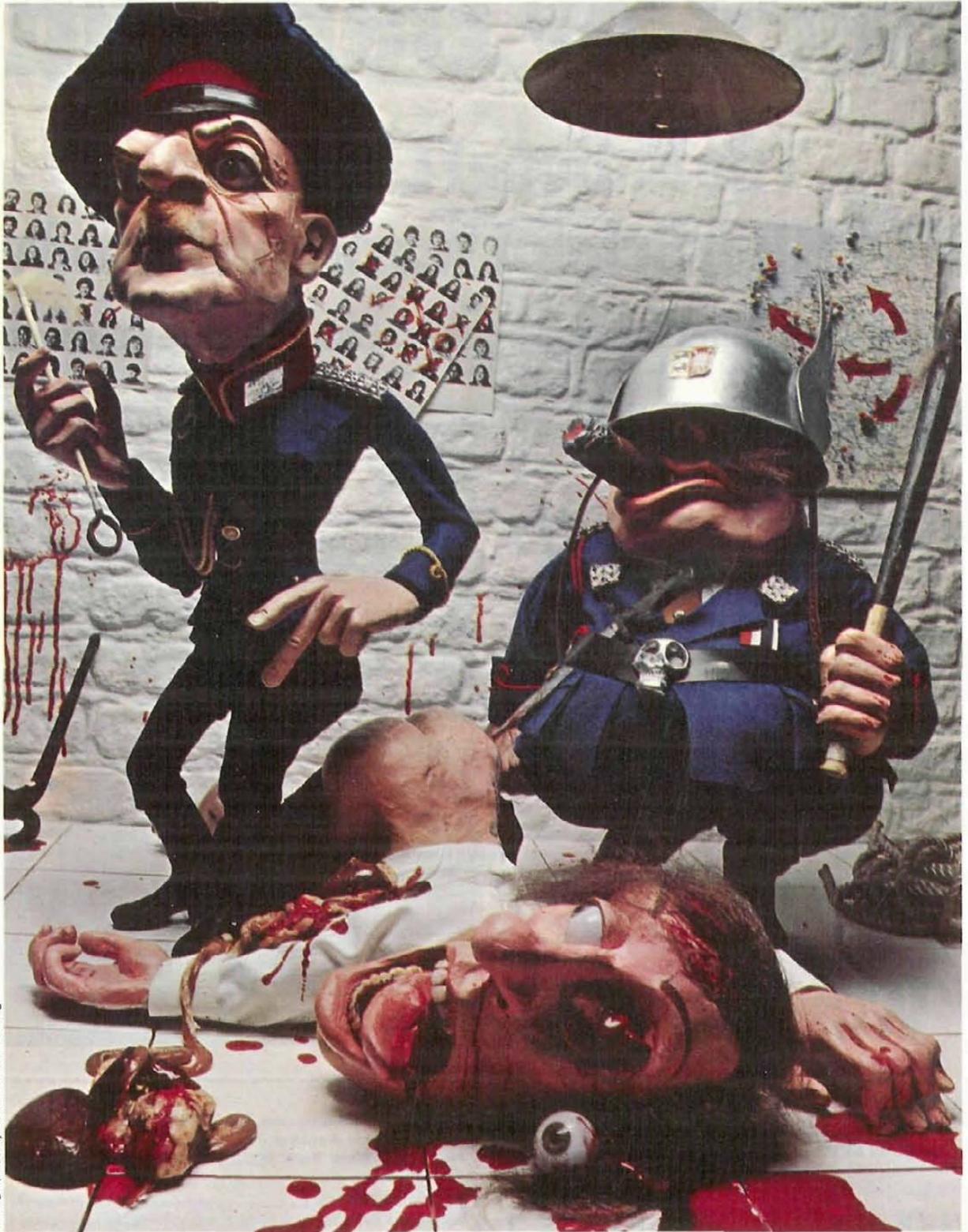
photographed by John Lawrence-Jong

One of the quintessential requirements of a new nation is a class of people who understand Great Thoughts.

A class that understands, without tutoring, the exquisite differences between capitalosocialism and sociocapitalism, who can explain why Christian Democrats are rarely charitable and always oligarchic, that quite properly regards misuse of labels such as

right-of-center centrism, *left-of-right centrism*, or *center-of-center centrism* as justifiable grounds for homicide. Luckily (and in part due to the shrewd maneuvering of the Vichy Government), there yet survives in Europe a people capable of these incredible antics in the murky, mucky places of the mind. They are known as *Frogs*.

The Germans—Europolice



photographed by John Lawrence-Jong

Most of the men who prepared and signed the U.S. constitution were lawyers. Thus we see that in the formation of a new nation, Mistress Law is the master. The rules of the game of life must be clearly ordered, and above all, written down and adhered to. No deviations can be allowed. All offenses should be punished according to the central code. Each according to his deed. Nor

must distinction be made between crime and crime. A parking offense is as abhorrent to the state as mass murder (in, say, ovens or big towns with lots of wood in them), and should be punished accordingly. Only with the hammer of law wielded by her extremely large elder daughter *discipline* upon the anvil of recalcitrant *human flesh* can a new nation be forged!

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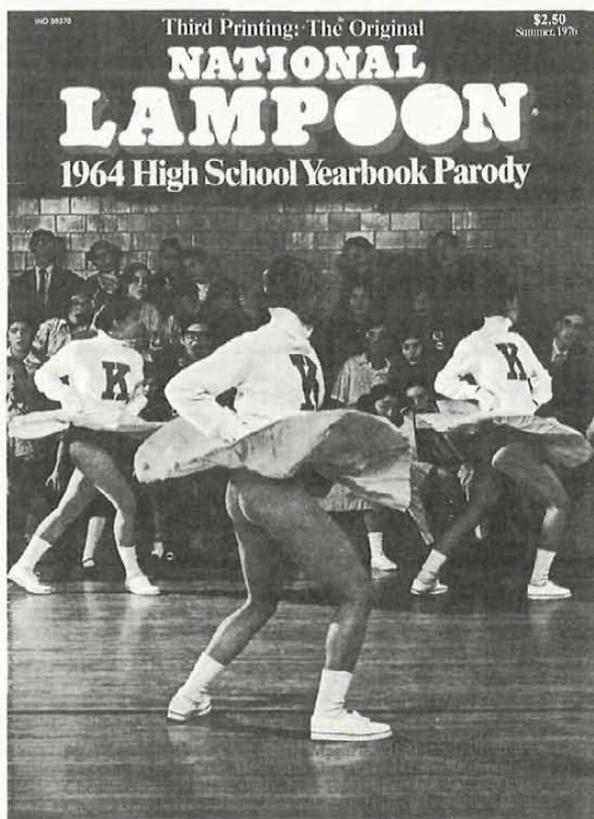
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FOREIGNERS AROUND THE WORLD

*A Brief Survey of the Various Foreign Types,
Their Chief Characteristics,
Customs, and Manners*

by P.J. O'Rourke, M.A., The Johns Hopkins University

AFRICANS



Racial Characteristics: Probably not people at all. Probably some kind of monkey. They eat each other and worship bundles of sticks and mud. You can never remember the names of their countries, which have a new Main Nigger every half hour and too many snakes and bugs anyway. They eat those, too. They put bones in their noses and wear

plants for clothes.

Good Points: Don't feel pain the way we do.

Proper Forms of Address: *Jig, coon, fishmouth, soot-back, shit-skin, boy.*

Two Anecdotes Illustrating Something of the Negro Character:

A traveling cattle barterer asks to stay the night at a root gatherer's hut. The root gatherer agrees but says the cattle barterer will have to sleep with the root gatherer's daughter. The cattle barterer goes to get onto the mat with the root gatherer's daughter and sees that she's very dead, so he spends all night eating her. In the morning, the root gatherer asks the traveling cattle barterer how he liked sleeping with his daughter. "She was wonderful," says the cattle barterer, "especially those delicious maggots in her mouth."

"Those weren't maggots," says the root gatherer, "those were just some grains of rice. She's only been dead since yesterday."

Then there was an African pervert who ate women before they were cooked.

ARABS



Racial Characteristics: Wear bed sheets and put bags over their women's heads. They burp and fart during meals and wash themselves in sand. They bugger little boys and practice some stupid religion that they're trying to get all our Negroes to believe in. Disorderly cowards when they have to fight anyone else, they nonetheless quite courageously murder each other

continued

Foreigners around the World

continued

and chop off people's hands for littering. They plant bombs everywhere they go and own all the earth's oil, which is why you can't buy high-test if you're wearing a yarmulke. They hate Jews because Jews are the only people in the world with noses uglier than their own, and they're cornering the Cadillac market so that the Hebes will have to drive Buicks.

Good Points: If they had any country clubs, they wouldn't let Jews in.

Proper Forms of Address: Camel jockey, tent-head, soggy Arabian, desert Irish, gas-ass.

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Arab Character:

During the Yom Kippur War, Syrian armored units were preparing to charge several fortified positions in the Golan Heights when the Israelis canceled their credit rating.

AUSTRALIANS



Racial Characteristics: Violently loud alcoholic roughnecks whose idea of fun is to throw up on your car. The national sport is breaking furniture and the average daily consumption of beer in Sydney is ten and three quarters Imperial gallons for children under the age of nine. "Making a Shambles" is required study in the primary schools and all Australians are bilingual, speaking both English and Sheep. Possibly as a result of their country's being upside down, the local dialect has over 400 terms for vomit. These include "tech-

nicolor yawn," "talking to the toilet," "round-trip meal ticket," and "singing lunch." It is illegal to employ the aboriginal inhabitants as anything but toilets, and some of the peculiar forms of native wildlife have up to nine assholes. The recent destruction of Darwin by a hurricane was actually a cover story for the regrettable coincidence of payday on three separate sheep stations.

Good Points: Amusing zoos.

Proper Forms of Address: Steady there, Cool off, For Christ's sake, not in the sink, Stay back, I've got a gun!

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Australian Character:

An Australian fellow asks his girl friend to fight, but she says she doesn't want to because she isn't feeling well. "Whatta ya mean, not feeling well?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I've got my time of the month."

"Whatta ya mean, time of the month?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I've got my period."

"Whatta ya mean, period?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I'm bleeding down here." And she opens up her pants to show him.

"Jesus," he says, "no wonder you're bleeding! They've gone and cut your cock off!"

CANADIANS



Racial Characteristics: Hard to tell a Canadian from an extremely boring regular white person unless he's dressed to go outdoors. Very

little is known of the Canadian country since it is rarely visited by anyone but the Queen and illiterate sport fishermen. It is thought to resemble a sort of arctic Nebraska. It's reported that Canadians keep pet French people. If true, this is their only interesting trait. At any rate, they are apparently able to train Frenchmen to play hockey, which is more than any European has ever been able to do.

Good Points: Still have plenty of Indians to abuse.

Proper Forms of Address: Bud, mac, mister, hey you.

Some Examples of Canadian Repartee:

Two Canadians are talking in a bar. One Canadian says, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my wife," replies the other.

A lady is shopping in a Toronto drugstore and accidentally leaves the bottle of aspirins that she bought on the counter. She gets on a bus and the minute the bus has pulled away from the curb remembers leaving her purchase behind. "My aspirins! My aspirins!" she yells.

And the bus driver says, "Maybe you left them in the drugstore."

A little Canadian boy named Johnny Fuckerfaster is screwing a little girl under the porch of his house. His mother comes out the door and yells for him, "Johnny! Johnny Fuckerfaster!"

"T'll be there in a minute," he says.

CHINESE



Racial Characteristics: Hordes of incomprehensible rat-eaters with a peculiar political philosophy and a dangerous penchant for narcotic drugs. No one can possibly know what dark and grotesque things pass through the minds of this hydra-headed racial anomaly which is, after all, more like a monstrous colony of flesh-crazed carpenter ants than a nation of rational men. Only a fool would deal with two-legged insects such as these. Our only hope is that the farsighted leaders of our own land will join with those of at least nominally Caucasian Soviet Russia and that together they will treat us to the welcome spectacle of a thermo-nuclear obliteration of this yellow menace.

Good Points: They're almost as far away as it's possible to be.

Proper Forms of Address: *Zipper head, Chink, slant, ching-chong Chinaman, yellow peril.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Chinese Character:

Nine hundred million Chinese walk into a bar. They order a beer, pay up, and then just sit there, sipping their drinks, not saying a word. Finally, the bartender can't stand it anymore. "We don't see many Chinese in here," he says.

"And with this atmosphere of hedonistic individualism capitalistically exploiting the labor of the masses and wasting the people's agricultural resources," say the Chinese, "you won't see many more."

ENGLISH



Racial Characteristics: Cold-blooded queers with nasty complexions and terrible teeth who

once conquered half the world but still haven't figured out central heating. They warm their beers and chill their baths and boil all their food, including bread. An intensely snobbish group, but who exactly they're snubbing is an international mystery. Lately they've been getting their comeuppance world power-wise, as their shabby, antiquated, and bankrupt little back alley of a country slowly winds down like the ill-crafted clockwork playthings of which their undersized children are so fond. In fact, last year their entire government had to kiss the ass of the fat aboriginal nig-nog who runs Uganda to retrieve a single flit hack writer from the clutches of that august nation. They all have large collections of something useless like lamp finials or toad eggs, and they would have lost both world wars if it weren't for us. They like to be spanked with canes and that's just what they deserve.

Good Points: It's relatively easy to make yourself understood with them.

Proper Forms of Address: *Limey, lime-eater, pom, poof, sister-boy.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the English Character:

In his unpublished memoirs, Benjamin Disraeli tells the story of a political conference with then-Prime Minister William Gladstone, who habitually conducted such private discussions while being felled by an able-bodied seaman of the Royal Navy. At one point during their talk, the sailor suddenly looked up from Gladstone's penis and said, "Excuse me, Sir, but you've come."

"By Jove, so I have," said Gladstone, and he gave the tar a sovereign.

FRENCH



Racial Characteristics: Sawed-off sissies who eat snails and slugs and cheese that smells like people's feet. They take filthy pictures of each other with cheap cameras, wash nothing but their cunts, fight with their feet, and perform sex acts with their faces. Utter cowards who force their own children to drink wine, they gibber like baboons even when you try to speak to them in their own wimpy language.

Good Points: Invented the blow job.

Proper Forms of Address: *Froggy, froggy-wog, frog-eater, French-lips, Franco fuck-face, clit-lick.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the French Character:

A Frenchman goes home with his best friend and they find the friend's wife laying naked on the dining room table with her legs spread apart. The Frenchman takes a close look at her cunt and says, "Zees looks like zee menstrual blood!" Then he bends down, takes a deep whiff, and says, "Zees smells like zee menstrual blood!" Finally he gets down on his knees, eats her out for about twenty minutes, and says, "Zees tastes like zee menstrual blood! Without a doubt, it eez zee menstrual blood! Mon Dieu, I am glad zat we did not fuck her!!!"

GERMANS



Racial Characteristics: Piggish-looking, sadomasochistic automations whose only known forms of relaxation are swilling watery beer from vast tubs and singing the idiotically repetitive verses of their porcine folk tunes—both of which

continued

Foreigners around the World

continued

amusements probably hark back to a pre-human state. Germans have never been successfully Christianized. Their language lacks any semblance of civilized speech. Their usual diet consists almost wholly of old cabbage and sections of animal intestines filled with blood and gore. Once every two or three decades, they set forth, lemming-like, on pointless military adventures during which great numbers of them are slaughtered — much to the improvement of the world in general. Their lardy women have long, tangled masses

of sticky hair under their arms, and the men shave the sides of their heads.

Good Points: Kill a lot of French.

Proper Forms of Address: *Kraut, Hun, Heiny, spike-head, sausage-breath.*

A German Joke of the War Years Illustrating Something of the German Character:

If your sister married a Jew — that will make you sauerkraut.

If your son married a Jew — that will make you bratwurst.

If your mother married a Jew — that will make you soap.

PACKAGED PA's & MICROPHONES FOR THE DISCRIMINATING PROFESSIONAL

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.

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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.

GREEKS



Racial Characteristics: Degenerate, dirty, and impoverished descendants of a bunch of la-de-da fruit salads who invented democracy and then forgot how to use it while walking around dressed up like girls. Today they bugger sheep and are engaged in an international campaign to take over all the world's small, filthy grocery stores. They eat the insides out of goats with their fingers. Their toilets are mere holes in the floor. And they cringe at the least threat from the imbecilic, taffy-yanking Turks next door.

Good Points: Cute alphabet.

Proper Forms of Address: *Feda-face, sheep dip, dog fashion, Geeho-European, eek-a-Greek!*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Greek Character:

An ignorant peasant girl marries a man who's been in the Greek navy for twenty years. After their third anniversary, her mother starts to worry because the girl still isn't pregnant. "Why are you not with child, daughter?" she asks. "Does not your husband make the love to you?"

"Of course," says the girl, blushing deeply, "but... but..." to tell the truth, Mother, I just can't keep from shitting afterwards."



INDIANS



Racial Characteristics: Dismal, obsequious deminiggers whose gods have too many arms and legs and about whom entirely too many articles have appeared in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. They wrap their heads in towels and wipe their asses with their hands. They are unable to feed themselves and what food they do have tastes as if it was mixed with the offal from muskrat dens. Their culture is moribund, their politics dictatory, their economy stagnant, their skins sebaceous, and their social order loathsome to the minds of decent men everywhere. "Sub-" is no idle prefix in its application to this continent.

Good Points: Dirty statues.

Proper Forms of Address: Wog, towel head, curry-dipper, human refuse.

Three Important Questions Concerning the Future of India:

What do you feed 563,490,000 Indians when you only have 300 pounds of wheat?

Leftovers.

What's the difference between an Indian toddler and a regulation NFL football?

A football has to weigh at least fourteen ounces.

What's the literal translation of the Hindi phrase for "take a shit"? *"Nothing to do."*

continued on page 94

The best songbook published since the collected works of Sammy Kaye.

Carmen Lombardo
Alto Crocker Magazine

The publishers, editors, producers, directors, writers, lyricists, music writers, actors, actresses, lighting men, sound directors, and wardrobe mistresses of just about everything the National Lampoon has for music present:

Forty-seven songs with lyrics, music, and those little things with the swirls at the beginning of each song. Humorous full color illustrations throughout.

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And the words and music from "Lemmings," "The National Lampoon Show," the National Lampoon Radio Hour, and the best National Lampoon record albums, including the newest, "Good-bye, Pop."

100 pages in all
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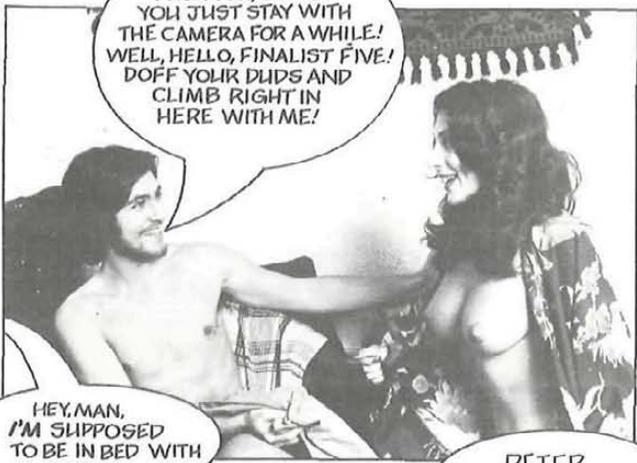


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Please send me _____ copy(ies) of your great songbook at \$5.95 each
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Enclosed is my check money order in the amount of \$ _____
Name _____
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FOTO FUNNIES



HEY, FUCK YOU, CHRIS! YOU JUST STAY WITH THE CAMERA FOR A WHILE! WELL, HELLO, FINALIST FIVE! DOFF YOUR DUDS AND CLIMB RIGHT IN HERE WITH ME!

HEY, MAN, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN BED WITH THE...

EXCHGE ME, I KNOW WE'RE IN THE MIST OF THE NEW MISS FOTO FUNNIES CONTEST AND ALL, BUT ARE YOU CHRIS MILLER, WHO WRITES ALL THOSE DISGUSTING STORIES?

PETER KLEINMAN!?



WHY, NO, MY DEAR. I'M PETER KLEINMAN, THE...



UH...



PETER KLEINMAN, THE NEW ART DIRECTOR??

WELL, IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR NOW...



BUT... I LOVE YOU.

ME?

OH, BABY, ALL THAT KOOKY ART YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR! AND THAT BARE CHEST OF YOURS ON THE FRONT OF THE "LOVE" ISSUE! WOW, PETER, LET'S DO IT!



PSST! PSST! HEY, CHRIS, WHADDAYA DO WHEN THIS HAPPENS?

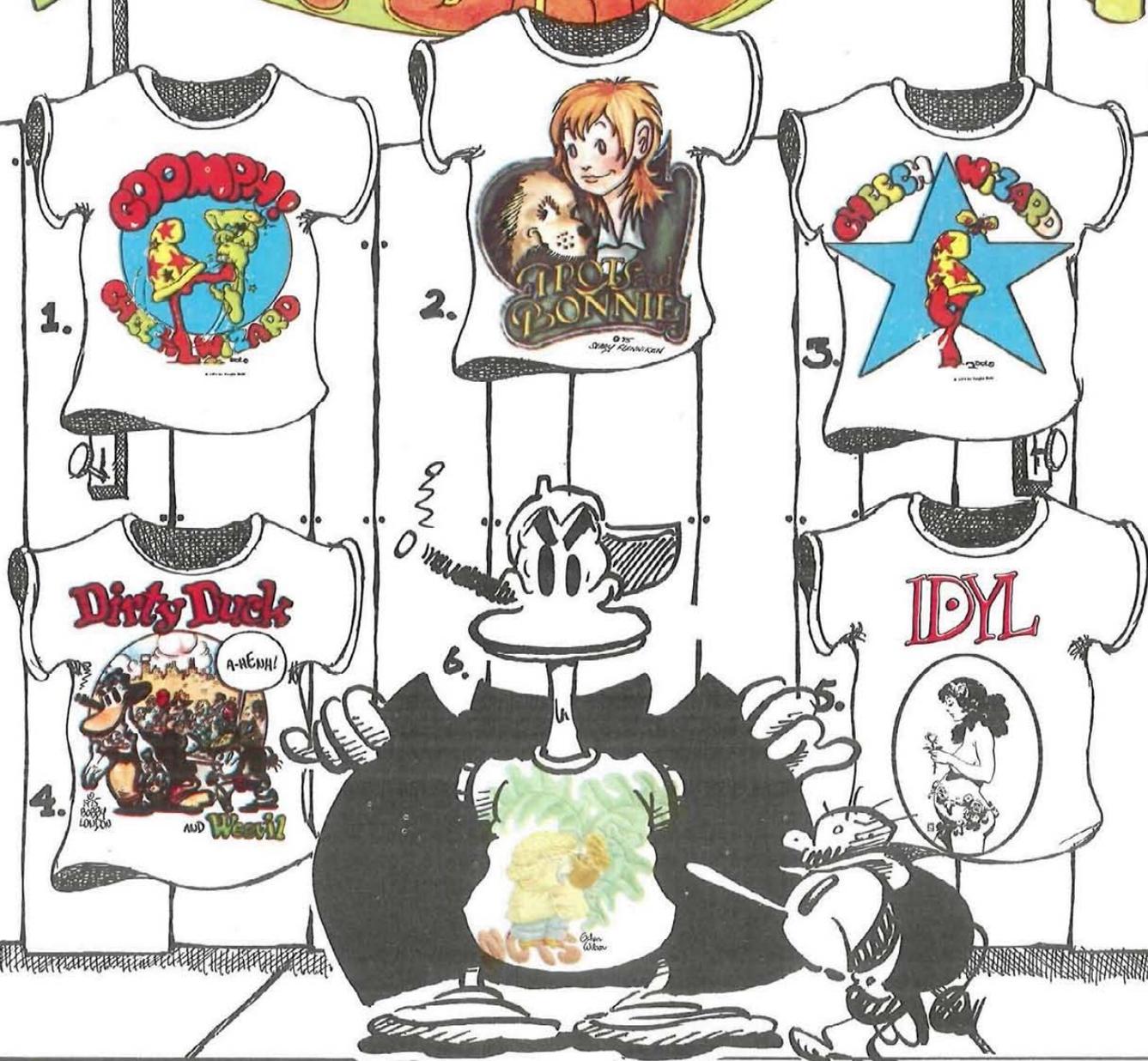
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH...



GOD, YOU NATIONAL LAMPOON GHS ARE SEXY! SO CYNICAL YET TENDER UNDERNEATH! SO JE NE SAIS QUOI...

CHR-OOPS! SHIT! OUCH! CHR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BIG T-SHIRT FLASH!



FLASH YOUR FAVORITE NATIONAL LAMPOON COMIC CHARACTERS WITH THESE FULL COLOR T-SHIRTS AND TANK TOPS. THESE SHIRTS HAVE THE COLORS DIED IN AND WILL NOT PEEL OR CRACK.

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

PLEASE RUSH ME MY FLASHED T-SHIRT OR TANK TOP
 SIZE: SMALL MEDIUM LARGE EXTRA LARGE
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 ENCLOSED IS \$3.95 FOR EACH SHIRT
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AKAI INTRODUCES ITS LOADED DECK.

The new Akai GXC-570D is our top-of-the-line stereo cassette deck. And it's loaded.

It utilizes a 3 head recording system — a GX glass and crystal combination head so you can source monitor when recording and, if you don't like what you've got, an erase head.

It has a closed loop dual capstan drive system which not only pulls, but feeds the tape across the heads, smoothly. That's the best drive system there is.

It has Akai's exclusive Sensi-touch® control system so you can go from one mode to another without ever pushing a button. You just touch them, lightly.

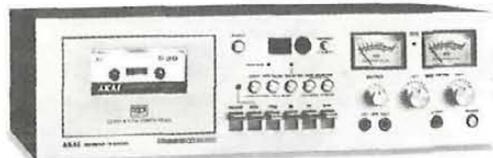
It has 3 motors, dual process Dolby,* remote control (optional) and as many switches and features as cassette decks costing a lot more. Plus something brand new — an electrically operated control panel cover. Just so you can impress people.

Plug in our GXC-570D and you'll know you're playing with a loaded deck. That's the strength of the Akai line. Quality. Performance. Loaded. From top to bottom.

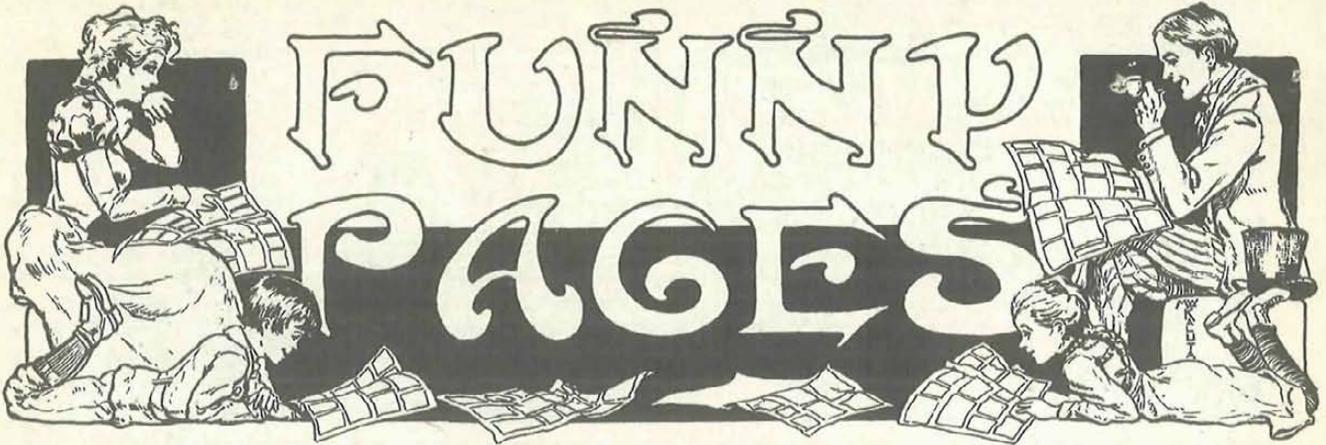
After all, nobody should be playing with half a deck.



GXC-39D. GX glass and crystal head. Dolby® memory rewind, full release auto-stop.



GXC-710D. GX glass and crystal head. Dolby® memory rewind, full release auto-stop, pause with lock.



SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHETHER THE GROWNUPS WERE TALKING TO YOU STRAIGHT OR PUTTING YOU ON, BECAUSE SOMETIMES WHAT THEY SAID JUST MADE NO SENSE AT ALL, NO MATTER HOW FAIR YOU TRIED TO BE?

YES, SON, THIS MONUMENT IS A MEMORIAL TO A MAN WHO WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICANS THIS COUNTRY HAS PRODUCED.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

CAP BELONGING TO GENERAL JOSÉ TRAMANCOS TORRES, SLAIN BY THE ARMY

IT'S PEOPLE LIKE HIM WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO LIVE LIKE WE DO TODAY.

REMAINS OF BONNET OF CHIEF RUNNING BEAR SLAIN IN THE FINAL WAR AGAINST THE MISKATONIC INDIANS LED BY COSMO

HE HELPED TO MAKE THE U.S. ONE OF THE MOST FEARED AND DREADED NATIONS IN THE WORLD.

CONQUERED THE WORLD KILLING THE ENTIRE NOT ONE SURVIVOR TO VICTORY. TIC DEAD HERE

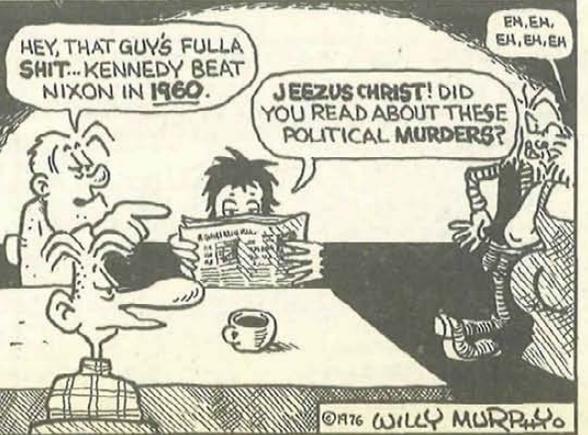
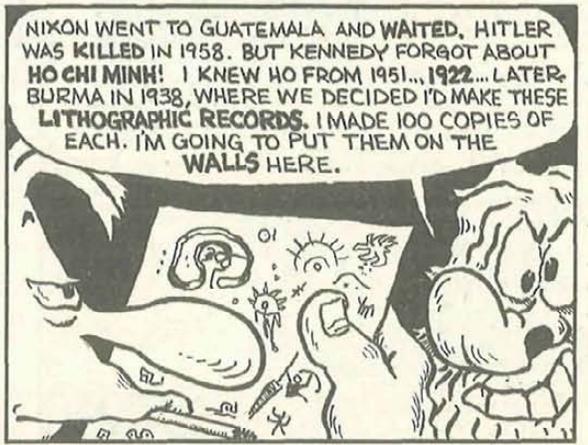
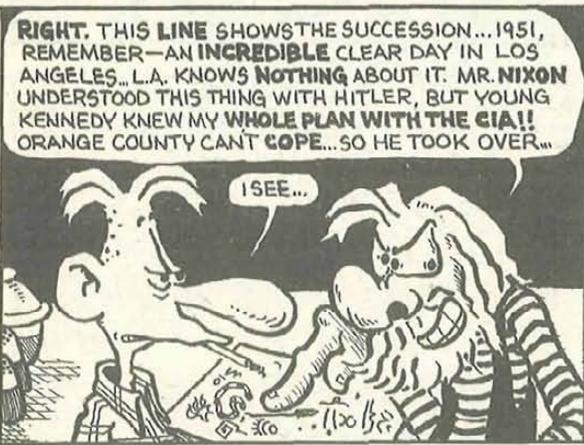
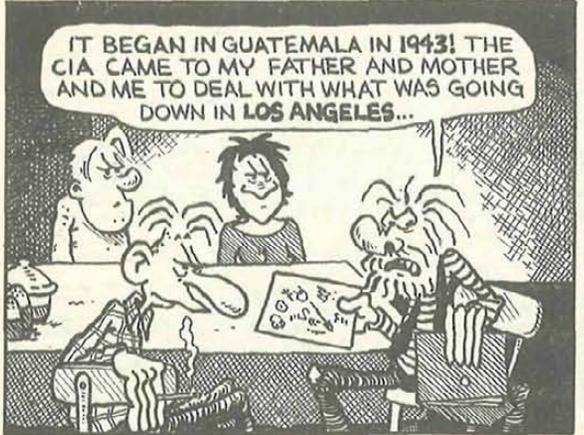
THIS HERE WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS EVER DONE IN OUR WHOLE HISTORY.

BATTLE OF LOWER NANKIPOODPOOH

WELL, I HOPE YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED AND SEEN HERE, SON.

I ALWAYS WILL, POP.

Arthur Wilson ©1976



BRING THREE OF THE BEST INTO YOUR BEDROOM.

Or your living room, den or recreation room. Now you can experience three of the world's greatest X-rated movies—two classics and a new French import—in the privacy of your own home. Find out why Deep Throat and The Devil in Miss Jones have generated such controversy. See why The Sensualist is destined to become another classic X-rated film.

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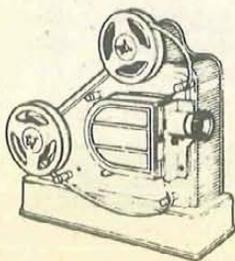
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Miss Jones | <input type="checkbox"/> Check |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sensualist | <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order |

Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

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I certify that I am over 21 years of age and that I am buying these movies for my private use only.

JILL HAS A RING! STEVE HAS THE BILL! THE CATERER HAS A COMMITMENT, AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR... THE SHOWER!

WAMSUTTA! WINE OH! GLASS! WAMSUTTA! GLASSES! SHEETS OOH! CHAPING! PERCALE! I OOH ZIP-A-TONE!

OH GIRLS-- WOMEN! EVERYTHING IS SO BEAUTIFUL! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK--

EXCUSE ME, JILL... THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR FOR YOU--

OH, LET HER IN, GAIL!

IT'S A GUY, JILL!

OH-- COULD YOU SEE WHO IT IS? IT MIGHT BE A FRIEND OF STEVE'S.



IT'S DAVID, JILL...

DAVID? DAVID WHO?

DAVID WHO YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED AND ALWAYS WILL LOVE.

OH!! THAT DAVID!

STEVE, YOU FINALLY HAVE IT MADE!

YEAH, UNLESS THERE'S SOME PEEKS DARK SECRET JILL HAS NEVER TOLD ME-- HA-HA-HA!-- THEN I GUESS WE'RE GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH!

© 1976 BRV

by DOLLETS and WENNEN

JILL! JILL! OH DEAR, WHERE IS SHE?

GAIL, YOU GOTTA COVER FOR ME! I HAVE TO SEE HIM!

BUT--

I HAVE TO! I'LL APOLOGIZE LATER--

JILL, JILL! OH MY... YOU'D THINK SHE DIDN'T WANT A SCENTED CANDLE!

JILL, I JUST HEARD THE NEWS--

D. DAVID--

DON'T SAY ANOTHER THING, JILL-- I KNOW THAT I HURT YOU, I WAS YOUNGER BACK THEN-- INSENSITIVE--

I STILL LOVE YOU, JILL-- TAKE ME BACK. HE'LL NEVER GIVE YOU WHAT WE HAD, TOGETHER--

BUT--

UH-OH!

THIS STRIP IS NOT FOR BRAD 'CAUSE HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.....AND AS SOON AS I HEAR FROM TUESDAY WELD...SHE GETS HER NAME IN THE STRIP! AND LOVE TO LAURIE.

and now for the only strip that contains a bird:

TO READ... HOLD UP TO MIRROR.

Wanna see me FLICK MY BEAK?

STUCK IN CHICKEN, in "PHOTO FINNISH"

WHEN ORD'RING MORE STRIPS, PLEASE SPECIFY RING SIZE.

THANKS TO BIG TIM.

by E N O S

first time I've been late in 33 strips!

SEE TV DRAGULA THE TRANSPARENT VAMPIRE

THERE! all set... now I can take some movies of myself and I'll have something to remember me by!

LOOK, FOLKS... EMPTY SPACE WITH NOBODY'S NAME WRITTEN IN.

BLESS MY BONES... IT'S...IT'S...IT'S TOOTSIE TURNER!

I DON'T GET A DRAGULA COFFEE!

Cruelty to birds... the suburban paper are going to hear about this!

the camera is aimed right at her... I don't believe it... I'm getting a movie of my secret love!

SEE THE NEW TV SERIES "A LITTLE SOUSED ON THE PRAIRIE"

DON'T I HAVE A GREAT PROFILE?

WHIRRRR

\$149.50 PLUS TAX

*THANK AND A TIP OF THE BIRD TO LI'L BRIAN O'NEIL.

THE FILM IS FINALLY BACK FROM THE DRUGSTORE, TOOTSIE TURNER FANS.

smoking in the balcony only!

POLLUTION

OH BOY O BOY O BOY O BOY O BOY O BOY O BOY!

\$19.31 PLUS TAX

LATER

OH NO!!

LATER LATER 'N LATER.

two aromatic PALM TREES with ROOT ROT.

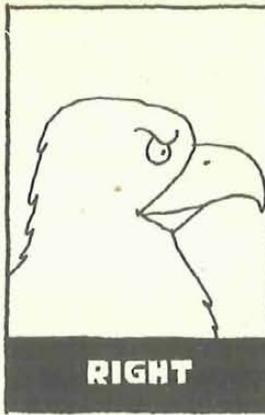
It's a good thing that TOOTSIE has terrific legs or this film would be a total disaster.

*THIS STRIP IS FOR MY LITTLE FRIENDS AT THE LITTLE PROFESSOR BOOK CENTER... AND (OF COURSE) KATHRYN FROM NANTUCKET... AND THE WEASEL IN CALIFORNIA... © 1976

MARK LOVES TUDY #05

**FAMOUS
COMIC
ARTISTS
SCHOOL**
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

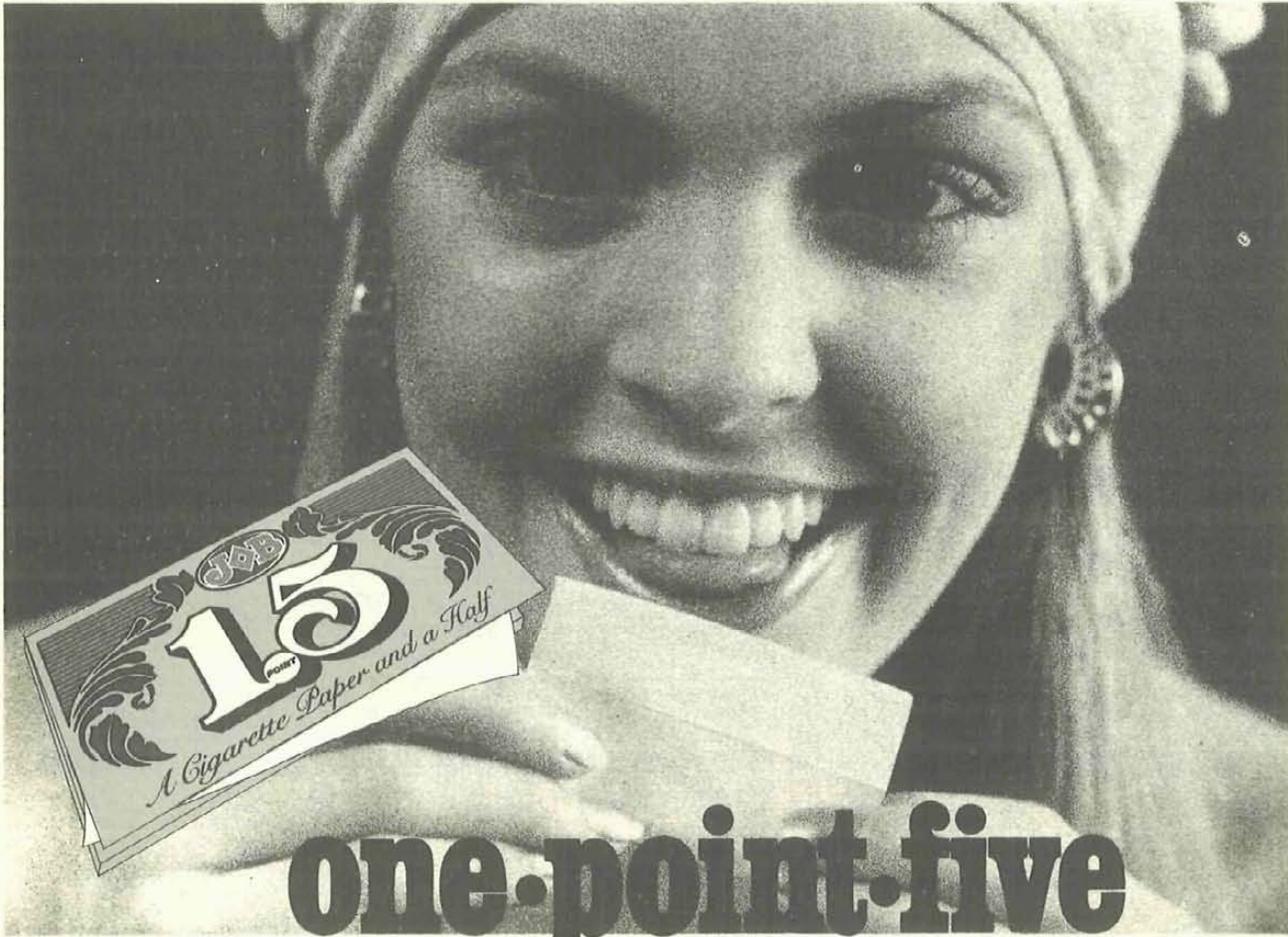
LESSON # 75
**THE
BALD
EAGLE**
IF YOU CAN'T DRAW THE
BALD EAGLE, YOU MAY BE
TOLD TO LOVE IT OR
LEAVE IT, YOU HIPPIY
COMMY PINKO FAG.



RIGHT



WRONG



one-point-five

A Paper and a Half

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new **one-point-five**, the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

JOB, the world's finest cigarette paper now in three sizes: double-wide, **one-point-five**, and single width.



JOB'S GREATEST HITS™

Includes two packs JOB Double-wide papers, white and strawberry; one pack JOB one * point * five; and one pack JOB wheatstraws, single. (One sample to a family, please.) I am enclosing \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling. I am over 21 years of age.

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

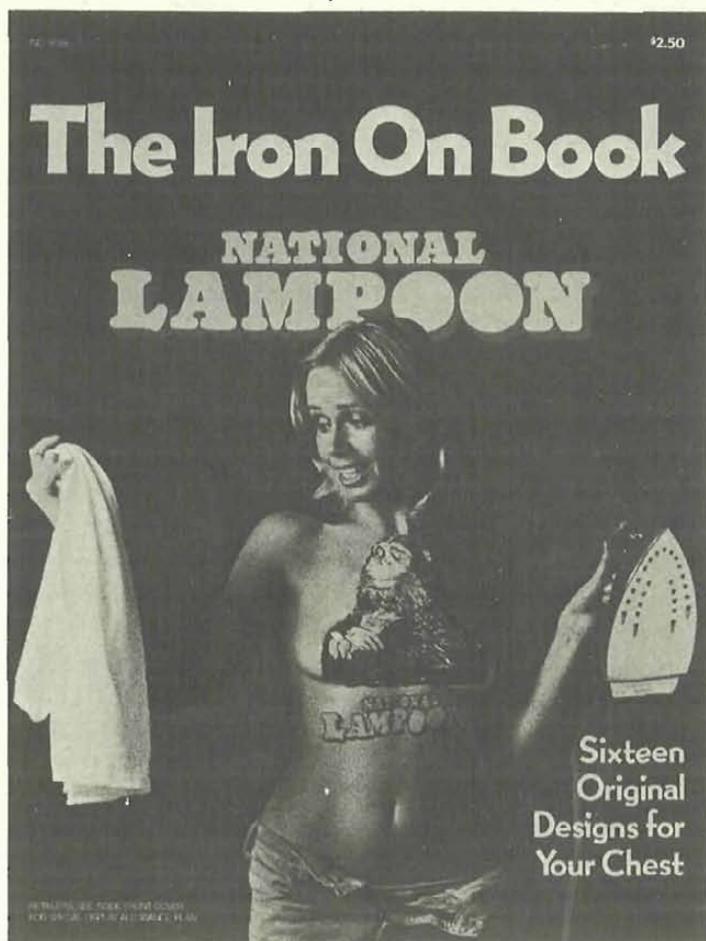
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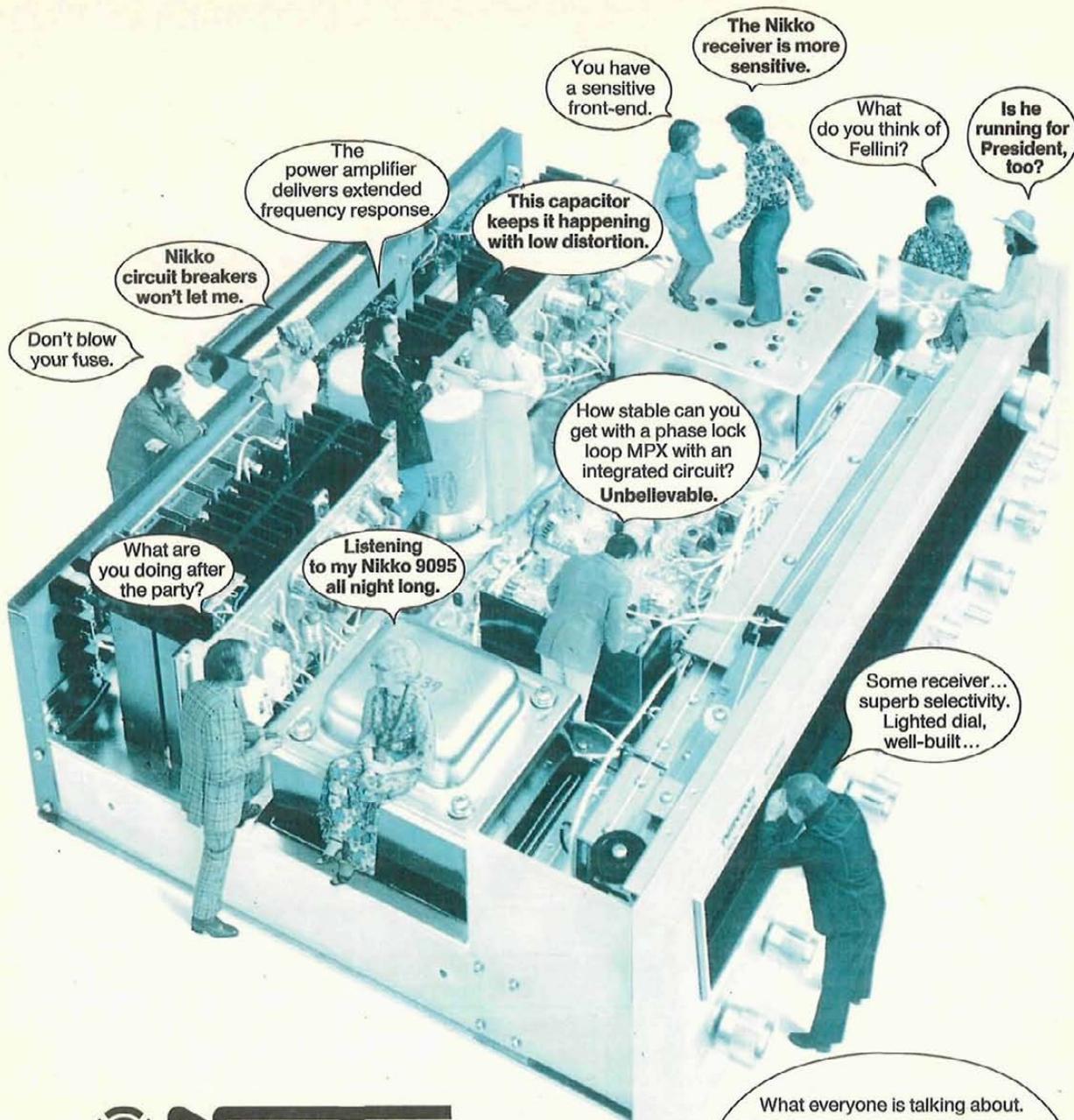
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip code
number.

All checks must be payable within continental
U.S. or Canada.



Don't blow your fuse.

Nikko circuit breakers won't let me.

The power amplifier delivers extended frequency response.

This capacitor keeps it happening with low distortion.

You have a sensitive front-end.

The Nikko receiver is more sensitive.

What do you think of Fellini?

Is he running for President, too?

What are you doing after the party?

Listening to my Nikko 9095 all night long.

How stable can you get with a phase lock loop MPX with an integrated circuit? Unbelievable.

Some receiver... superb selectivity. Lighted dial, well-built...

What everyone is talking about.



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- 620 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hills
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Sun Stereo

- 2929 Arden Way, Sacramento
- 1549 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz
- 207 "G" St., Davis
- 6239 Pacific Ave., Stockton

West Coast Stereo

- 18050 Hesperian Blvd., San Lorenzo
- 1855 Willow Pass Rd.,

Cal Stereo

- 2355 Torrance Blvd., Torrance
- 17419 Bellflower Blvd., Bellflower
- 12323 Harbor Blvd., Garden Grove
- 11720 W. Pico, Los Angeles
- 1199 "E" St., San Bernardino
- 21418 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
- 420 N. Azusa Ave., West Covina

Churchill Audio Centers—All Stores

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- 2436 Middle Country Rd., Centreach, N.Y.

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- 792 Franklin Ave., Franklin Lake, New Jersey

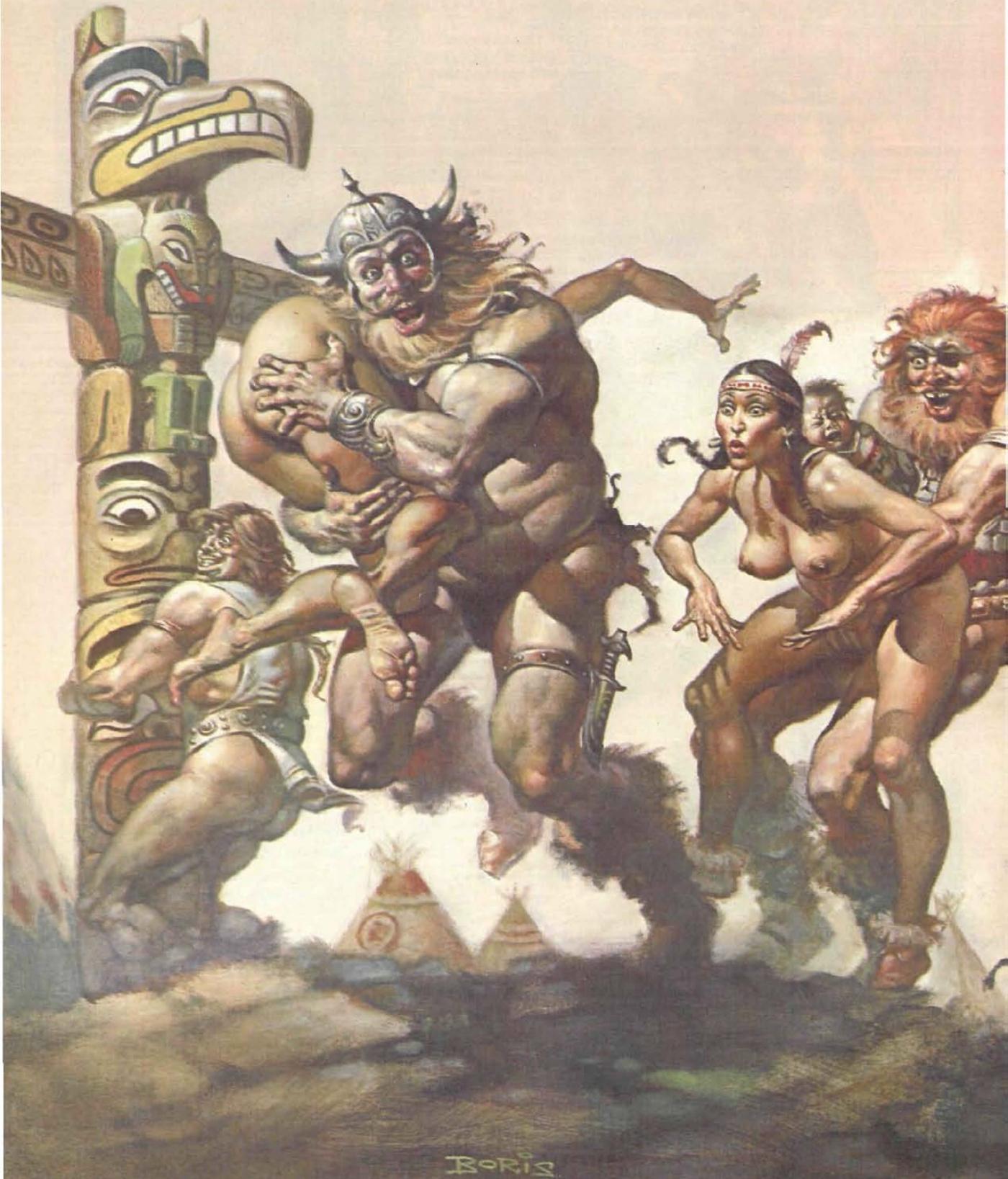
Ridgewood Stereo

- 260 E. Ridgewood Ave., Ridgewood, New Jersey

Custom Music

- 1777 Main St., Wallingford, W. Orange, New Jersey

The Discovery of America (c.1000 A.D.)





FALLING NEED

EPISODE
#3



BOY, I
HAVE SEEN
JUMPERS, AND
I HAVE SEEN JUMPERS,
BUT THAT GUY, THERE,
IS A JUMPER! RIGHT,
סוּסָרָה, BABY?

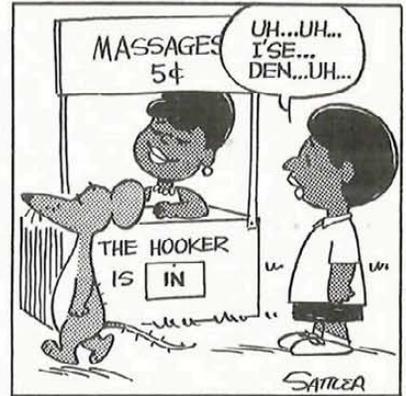
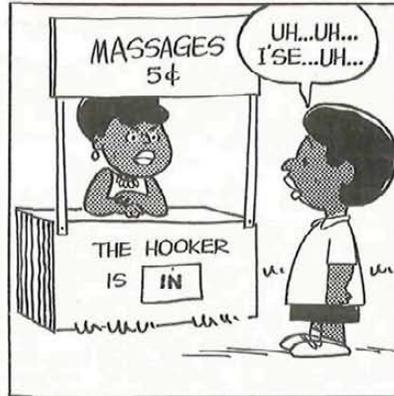
YOUR FUCKING
A, סוּסָרָה,
SWEETHEART.
THIS IS A KID
WITH REAL
STYLE! MUST
SEE THAT תוֹת
GETS A LOOK AT
HIM BEFORE HE
LANDS! HOPE
HE DOESN'T HIT
AN OUTCROP.

NEXT:
THE
CONDOR
PASSES



Graham
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GOOBERS featuring BAD BAD LEROY BROWN



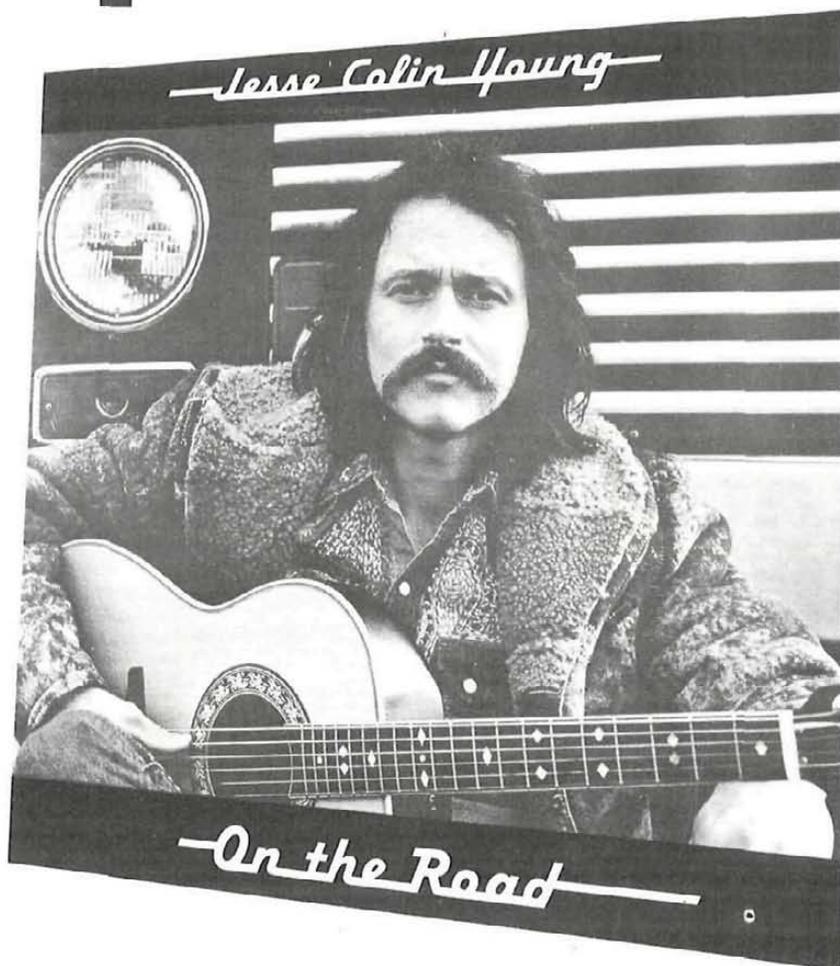
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for its very kind words
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THE NAKED AND THE NUDE HOLLYWOOD AND BEYOND

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



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On the Road Fifty minutes of Jesse Colin Young in concert.

Including "Sunlight," "Peace Song," "Ridgetop," Randy Newman's "Have You Seen My Baby?" and a medley of Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" and "Mercy Mercy Me (The Ecology)." On Warner Bros. records and tapes.  BS 2913.

Foreigners around the World

continued from page 77



"I never knew my mother. She died of hemorrhoids when I was born."

IRISH



Racial Characteristics: Pie-faced, neckless, bandy-legged sots who

almost never fuck. Ignorant and superstitious, they are in utter thrall to the vile, conniving priests of their dark and barbarous religion. Their women have their legs on upside down and no man in the country eats anything but potatoes, and only eats them when he's out of strong drink. The principal delights of the Irish are in quarreling and fighting and killing each other with bombs. They can be trained to do nothing useful that a dray horse can't accomplish in half the time, and they spew out a continuous stream of mumbles and grunts which they fancy to be "poems." They sell their children for whiskey.

Good Points: Many Irish are dead.

Proper Forms of Address: Bog-mouth, peat-face, Mr. Potato Head, nun-buns, dumb Mick.

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Irish Character:

There once was an Irishman who got so drunk while he was in Rome that he kissed his wife and beat the Pope's foot to a pulp with a coal shovel.

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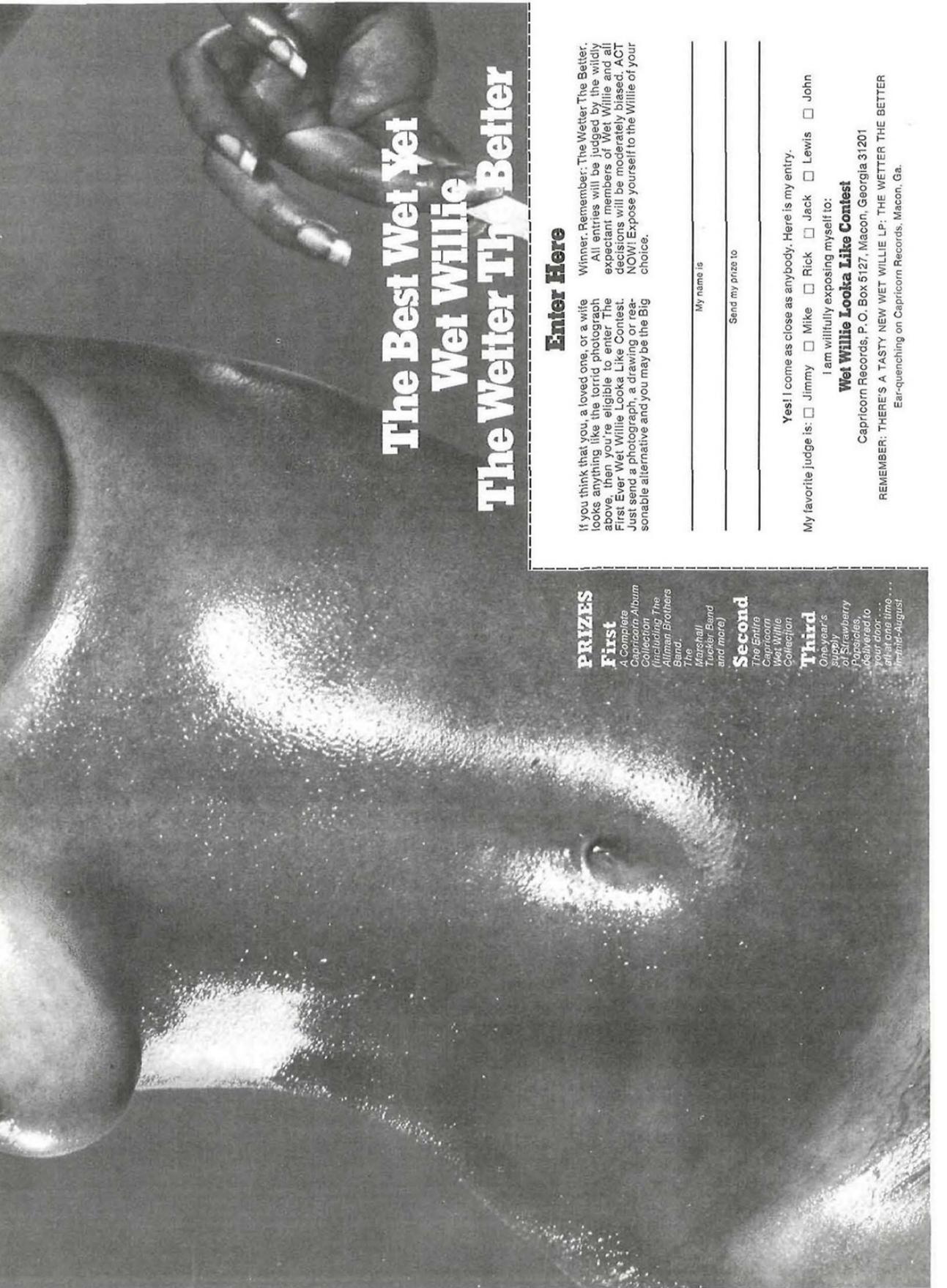
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ISRAELIS



Racial Characteristics: Living proof that money can't buy love, these greedy, usurious, scheming Christ-killers, who won't eat pork because it reminds them of their parents, go around moving into other people's countries and buying up all the pawnshops and delicatessens. They were personally responsible for the fall of the Roman Empire, the 1929 stock market crash, and the loss of World War II by a prominent

continued



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If you think that you, a loved one, or a wife looks anything like the torrid photograph above, then you're eligible to enter The First Ever Wet Willie Looka Like Contest. Just send a photograph, a drawing or reasonable alternative and you may be the Big

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Send my prize to _____

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My favorite judge is: Jimmy Mike Rick Jack Lewis John

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Ear-quenching on Capricorn Records, Macon, Ga.

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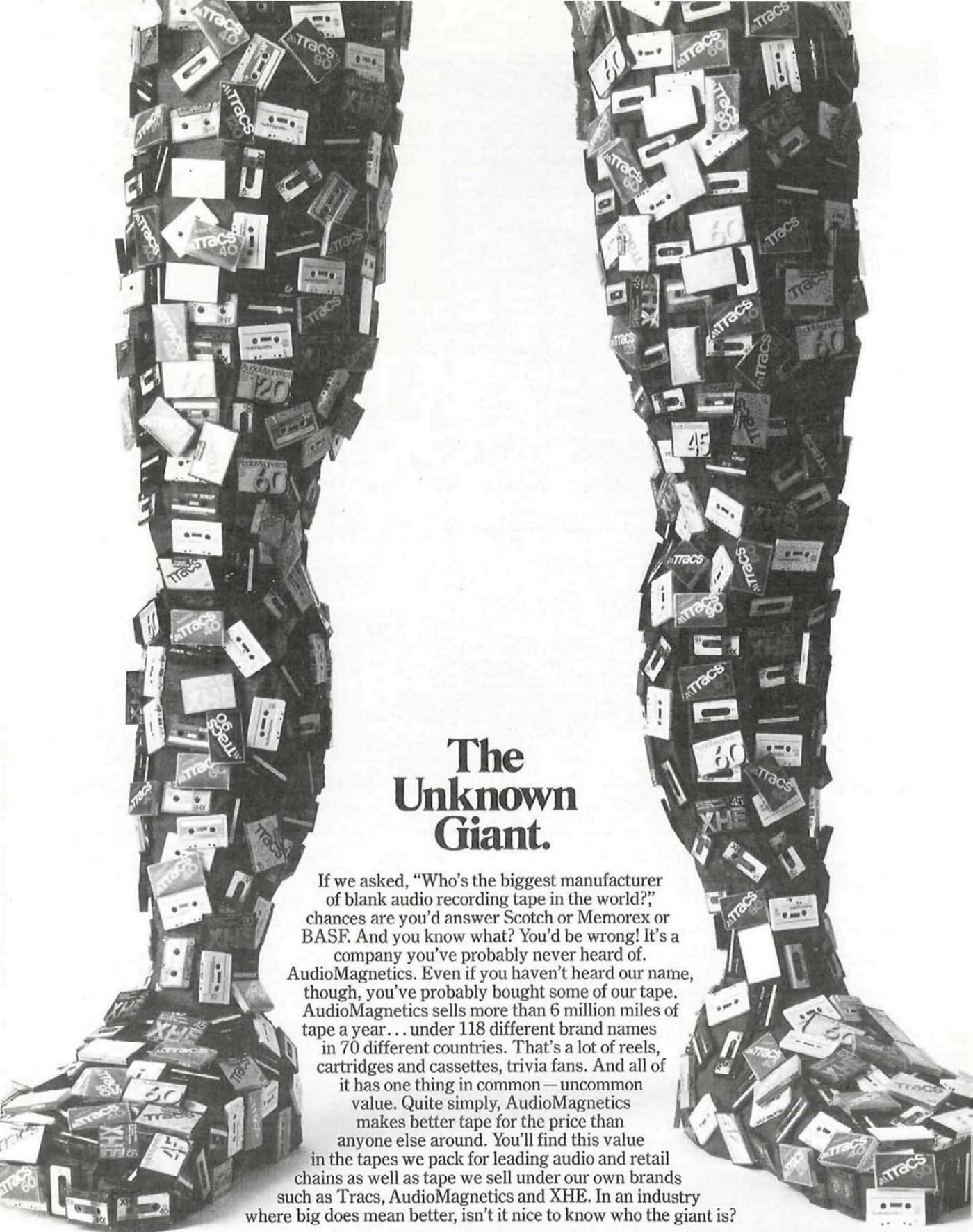
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AudioMagnetics

World's largest producer of blank recording tape

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Foreigners around the World

continued

European country. Now they're ruining show business. Their fiendish heathen religious rituals include mutilating the penises of their own sons and drinking the blood of Christian babies during Lent. The world's nations have historically competed with each other to see who could get rid of them fastest. They control the legal, medical, psychiatric, and accountancy professions, and are the force behind international Communism, Freemasonry, sex education, busing to achieve racial balance, the flu, the media, and the Catholic church.

Good Points: Clean women.

Proper Forms of Address: *Yid, kike, sheeny, Hebe, nickel-nose, knife-nose, gabardine stroking mockey, clip-tip.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Israeli Character:

A pious rabbi in Tel Aviv had to give up adultery for business reasons. He kept losing interest on his wife.

ITALIANS



Racial Characteristics: This least appealing of the European peoples combines natural criminal propensities with an attitude of slavish idolatry toward that Whore of Rome, the Pope. When speaking, the Italians gesture frantically with their hands in an attempt to distract your gaze from their ugly faces—upon which are clearly etched the marks of their moral and intellectual degeneracy. They cannot stop

stealing, and will sometimes go so far as to steal money that is rightfully theirs from the pockets of their own trousers even as they wear them. Worse yet, they rarely catch themselves doing so. (Not that it matters, since their currency is worth nothing.) Otherwise, they amuse themselves by kidnapping the neighbor's children, voting for Communists, and staying out on strike, where they've been since the 1940s. On the field of battle they are abject cowards, and in the kitchen they're enthralled with bruised tomatoes and the noodle only.

Good Points: Big tits.

Proper Forms of Address: *Ginzo, guinea, dago, spaghetti-bender, pasta-pud, wop.*

A German Joke of the War Years Illustrating Some Points Concerning the Italian Character:

During the campaign in North Africa, an Italian tank and a German tank accidentally collided and the two surprised drivers jumped out. The Italian yelled, "I surrender! I surrender!" The German shot him.

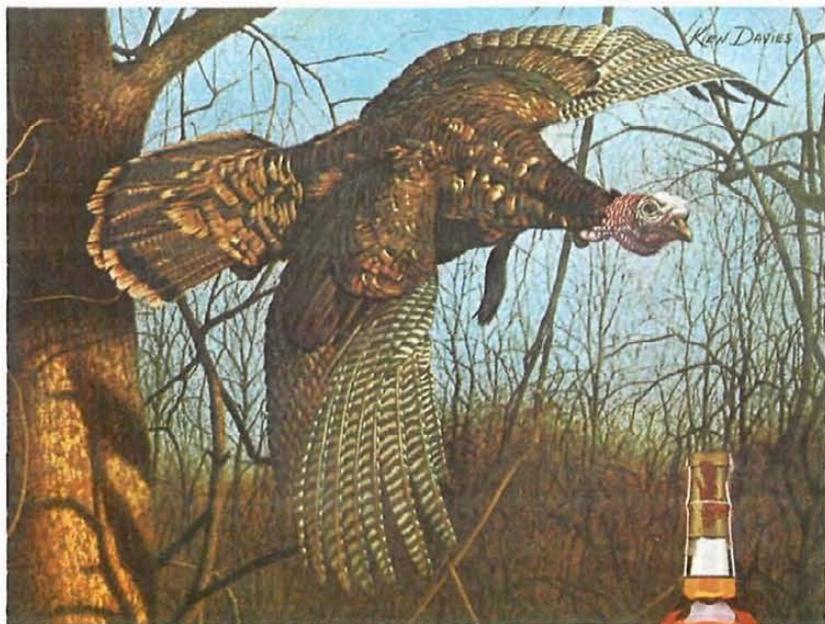
JAPANESE



Racial Characteristics: Resembling the Chinese in many respects but mercifully less numerous.

Their idea of a good time is to torture people, preferably by inserting a glass rod in the penis, then doing the predictable thing. And this is only for captured business competitors. During time of war, they resort to more drastic measures entirely. They have no new ideas of their own or any native creativity, but they are able to copy everything we do quite nicely, considering the color of their skin. Their diet consists principally of fish, which they do not cook or even, in many cases,

continued



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Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

Foreigners around the World

continued

kill. It's rumored that they know of sex acts peculiar unto themselves, and with any luck, so it will stay. The most frightening thing about the Japanese is that we've tried the atomic bomb on them twice and it doesn't seem to have much effect.

Good Points: Frequently commit suicide.

Proper Forms of Address: *Nip, Jap, dink, gook, yellow rat.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Japanese Character:

There was once a half-Japanese, half-Polish businessman in Tokyo who attempted to export miniaturized dildos.

MEXICANS



Racial Characteristics: Resembling the Spanish in all their more loathsome characteristics except lazier, dirtier, and more thieving. A large percentage of American Indian blood in the average Mexican deprives him of any natural human sympathies or moral sense and makes him a wholly unmanageable drunk. The principal industry of Mexico is the production of pornographic playing cards that depict their women corrupting the morals of donkeys. Completely untrustworthy, the Mexican will make food out of anything that will hold still, feed it to you, and charge you for it besides. An attempt to conquer and hence eliminate this pesky breed of miscegenators was launched by our government during the last century, but wholesale nausea on the part of our troops, when they'd witnessed Mexican home life prevented our doing as thorough a job as we should have.

Good Points: You can buy their twelve-year-old daughters.

Proper Forms of Address: *Wet-back, beaner, chili-dipper, taco turd, flap hat.*

Three Important Questions Concerning the Mexican Economy:

What do you call all thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac?

Grand theft auto.

How did they get all thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac?

They picked the lock.

What's hot on the outside, brown on the inside, and stinks like hell all over?

All thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac.

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You saw them with The Who
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POLES



Racial Characteristics: A nation known as the Rudimental Reading Class of Europe. Its citizens are turkey-loaf look-alikes descended from a barbarian horde that took a wrong turn on its way to sack Rome. They spent the Middle Ages trying to fight Vikings on horseback and invented breech-loading artillery by pointing their cannons the wrong way around. They didn't know about sexual intercourse until the tenth century, having previously reproduced by raiding warthog litters. In 1947,

the Poles became a Communist country under the impression that it was a rite of the Catholic church, and today their principal exports are snow tires manufactured from their own native deposits of snow.

Good Points: Easy to beat at contract bridge.

Proper Forms of Address: *Polack, dumbbo, lug wrench, kielbasa brain.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Polish Character:

A Polish queer was recently arrested in Warsaw for trying to blow his wife.

RUSSIANS



Racial Characteristics: Brutish, dumpy, boorish lard-bags in cardboard double-breasted suits.

Lickspittle slaveys to the maniacal schemes of their blood-lusting Red overlords. They make bicycles out of cement and can be sent to Siberia for listening to the wrong radio station. Their Communist party cuts the dicks off of high school boys to get women athletes, and shoots losing chess champions in the kneecaps. They shine their shoes with shit and spread Shinola on their wheat fields.

Good Points: They aren't allowed to leave their country.

Proper Forms of Address: *Redski, Russki, Commie scum, stinking Red slime, puke-gutted Bolshevik asshole-sucker.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Russian Character:

Three Russian kids were looking at a couple of pairs of blue jeans on a clothesline and discussing what they wanted most in the world. "I want a big box of turnips," said the first kid, "so I could have enough black market rubles to buy a pair of blue jeans like those."

"I want a big box of Shock-Worker's Medals," said the second kid, "so I could have enough

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People's Hero privileges to buy a pair of blue jeans like those."

"I want a big box of parents," said the third kid.

"A big box of parents?! Why do you want a big box of parents?!" said the other two.

"Because," said the third kid, "I only have two parents and my sister turned them both in to the Secret Police and now she owns both those pairs of blue jeans!"

SCOTCH



Racial Characteristics: Sour, stingy, depressing beggars who parade around in schoolgirls' skirts with nothing on underneath. Their fumbled attempt at speaking the English language has been a source of amusement for five centuries, and their idiot music has been dreaded by those not blessed with deafness for at least as long. The latter is produced on a device resembling live flutes that have grown a piss bladder. Formerly, the Scotch painted themselves blue and ranged far and wide over the British Isles, but good fortune prevailed and they were conquered by their betters. What passes for an alcoholic beverage in the dreary province to which the Scotch have been driven has enjoyed a short vogue among fairies and advertising types, but this appears to be giving way to cocaine.

Good Points: Attractive plaids.

Proper Forms of Address: *Scotty, Jock, legs, plaid ass.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Scotch Character:

In recent years, the small Scotch

Nationalist movement has become so desperate that it's been kidnapping money and ransoming it for people.

SPANISH



Racial Characteristics: As hot of blood as they are dim of mind, a national situation dating back to the fifteenth century when they expelled the last of the Moors, and with them the only people south of the Pyrennees who could count above twenty. The deep-seated strain of masochistic homosexuality manifested in their love for watching ritualized forms of stoop-tag played with large male cows needs hardly be commented on, except to say that Ernest Hemingway's fondness for this country and its neolithic pastimes was enough to keep most educated people away through the better part of the present century. Spiritually, the Spanish are disfigured beyond help by a particularly greasy sort of religious fanaticism that manifests itself in morbid visions of the type in which our Savior is seen swallowing the menses of his Virgin Mother and so on and so forth to an extent that turns sensible people ill. The Spanish are largely notable for having set out some 500 years ago and found the only people on the face of the earth primitive enough for them to conquer. (See *Mexicans.*)

Good Points: Only one book that has to be read for Comparative Lit. courses.

Proper Forms of Address: *Spic, greaser, tight pants, hankie-crotch.*

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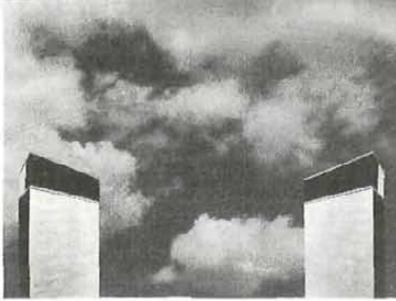
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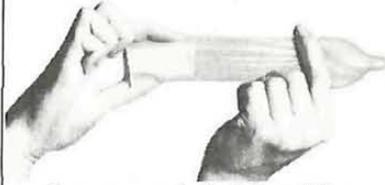
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Foreigners around the World
continued

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Spanish Character:

In 1536, the explorer Cabeza de Vaca brought an Antarctic penguin back to Spain and displayed it to the mother superior of the Carmelite Order in Madrid, who thereupon had 1,300 nuns burned by the Inquisition trying to obtain a confession.

SWEDISH



Racial Characteristics: Tedious, clean-living boy scout types, strangers to graffiti and littering, but who are possessed of an odd suicidal mania. Speculation is that they're slowly boring themselves to death. This is certainly the case if their cars and movies are any indication. They eat a lot of fish, and perhaps this is more brain food than their modest cranial endowments can cope with. In other points they resemble Canadians, though better looking. Not that that's saying much. Maybe they're depressed because they have the silliest sounding language west of the Urals. Or maybe it's that they have the ugliest famous actress of any civilized nation. No use asking them; what with their silly-sounding language and ugly actresses, it's almost impossible for them to get anything across to anyone. Swedes fuck a lot, but only in the missionary position.

Good Points: They're white.

Proper Forms of Address: *Herring-choker, herring-knocker, square-head, Swede.*

continued



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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.

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A gentle spring hangs easy over this oft-turbulent capital, beckoning those who shape our uncertain destiny to soothe their inflamed intellectual hemorrhoids that come with the momentous effort of movement in the comforting sitz bath of cherry blossoms and sunshine. And it is time, as well, to pause in the frenetic, mad rush to gain support in the quest for presidential leadership, and bathe in the wise and warm counsel of reason, prudence, and caution that characterize the life of that tireless public servant, Adrian Vanderhaupt — perhaps the last and greatest of those statesmen who guided America on her path to world leadership.

The years have been kind to Vanderhaupt, now ensconced in an office of understated opulence in one of Washington's most prestigious law firms. The mahogany desk, the coterie of devoted, nubile secretaries who glide in and out of his office to present him with matters of great import and his hourly high colonic treatments, the customized Mercedes-Benz 680-SL that awaits his pleasure in a restricted parking zone, all testify to the rewards which come from devotion to the national interest. So do the framed photographs which line Vanderhaupt's office, with the signed inscriptions of some of the great leaders of the postwar world, from Syngman Rhee to Bao Dai, from Alfredo Stroessner to King Faisal, whose nation's traditions Vanderhaupt defended before the World Court in 1956 (who can forget the statesman's immortal, eloquent plea: "Let others call it slavery—we deem it nothing more than nonnegotiable personnel transactions...a kind of Middle Eastern Employment Agency, where the agony of choice is lifted from the shoulders of those too frail to bear it").

Listening to him speak now of the "tragic vacuum in American leadership," one is reminded anew of the valiant efforts of Vanderhaupt to shape a better world. It was his initiative to organize the American Allies of a Free Cochinchina, which first alerted our intelligence operatives



to the quest of South Vietnam for freedom. It was Vanderhaupt who, along with Walt Rostow and McGeorge Bundy, drafted the Constitution of South Vietnam—an effort which dealt Vanderhaupt a grievous personal tragedy when his proposal for a unicameral legislature was turned down.

("I know," he insists, banging his desk with his forehead, "that if the peasants of the Central Highlands could have seen Marshall Ky's commitment to a one-house legislature, the infrastructure of the Viet Cong would have been destroyed in a week.")

And it was also Vanderhaupt who, in a rare act of courage, sent a personal letter to President Johnson urging him to "seriously consider sending a peace signal to Hanoi by cutting the tonnage of bombs by 6.5 percent." ("It was rough," he remembers. "I was barred from the White House prayer breakfasts for three weeks.")

Looking at the American political landscape today, Vanderhaupt mixes despair with hope. He believes, for example, that the irresponsible disclosures of CIA assassination plots have dealt a grievous blow to our diplomatic initiative.

"You have to understand these burheads and jaundice-jaws," he says affectionately. "I remember back in '57, negotiating offshore drilling rights in one nation. Their so-called head of state—I can't remember his name, Fungo, Fongool, something like that—started mouthing off about 'national self-determination' and 'exploitation.' Well, what he didn't know is that our deep cover boys had wired his chair. Nothing serious, just a minor shock. He darn near hit the ceiling, but he got the idea, and we got our drilling rights for about six dollars a throw. Once you take away the fear that these clowns might find a grenade in their soup, you just lose

all your bargaining power. How can you negotiate with people if they aren't afraid you might blow their chops off?"

Vanderhaupt is equally insightful about the consumer and environmental movements, which he regards as "hysterical and intellectually dishonest." Asbestos, for example, is seen by the statesman as "one of our surest sources of upward mobility.

"Sure, my firm represents Z.J. Parker Talcum Powder Co. before federal agencies," he continues. "But this is more than a fee—it's a matter of principle. You take the highest-ranking corporate executives, foundation heads, academics. They all use talcum powder that's loaded with asbestos, and they die, five, ten years faster than they might. What does that do? It opens up the job market; deputies become managers, vice-presidents become presidents, frustrations are replaced by promotions, and everybody gets a piece of the pie faster. Same with your polyvinyl chlorides, your red dyes, your effluents. It's nothing more than a struggle against national stagnation."

As the afternoon sped by, Vanderhaupt's color took on the shades of a magnificent sunset of orange and purple, and his visitor opined from the rapid throbbing of a vein just above his forehead that it was time to take his leave. This scribe left with a sense of regret that the fevered plunge into so-called "democratic" reforms in the selection of presidents has made it less and less likely that a statesman as gifted and visionary as Adrian Vanderhaupt will ever occupy the Oval Office. For which among those who would prod this nation into the five thousandth fortnight of our collective experience has the clear-eyed, tough-minded will to put aside the clamor of the day's madness, and look forward into that future when America might once again tap the skills and wisdom of its wisest male Caucasian gentile Episcopalians—aided, of course, by a back room of brilliant, hirsute Hebraics, whose memos are typed and filed by comely ladies of discretion, whose coffee is brought by chuckling gentlemen of color—all helping America keep its place in the world while respectfully keeping their own. Such, such are the lost dreams of idealistic youth. □

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