

SPORTS

JULY 1979

NATIONAL

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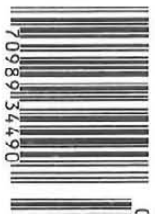
THE HUMOR

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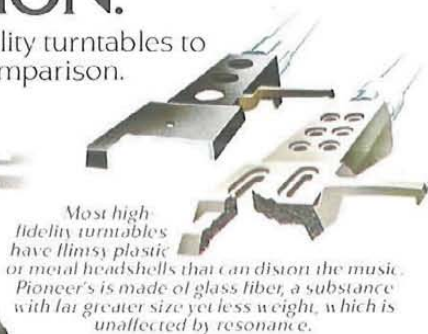


TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

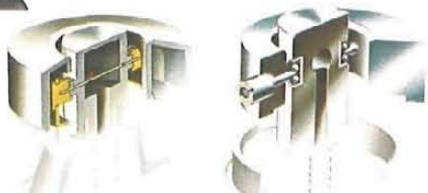
When you compare what goes into most \$200* high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.



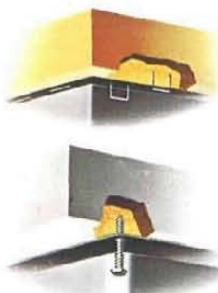
On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.



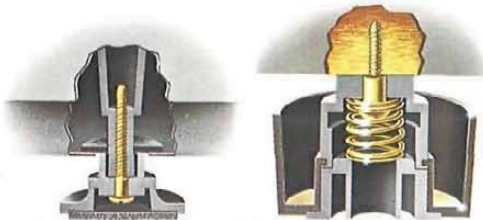
Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater size yet less weight, which is unaffected by resonance.



Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.



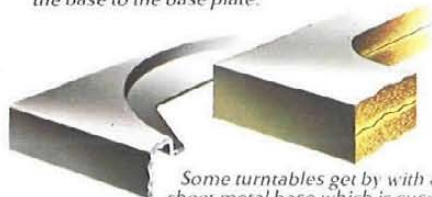
Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rautling the turntable.



Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.

PIONEER We bring it back alive.



© 1979 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, High Fidelity Components.
85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price



TDK's second-best tape never leaves the factory.

At TDK we don't make a "second-best" tape. Each TDK cassette—SA, AD or D—is the best you can buy for its particular use. We make sure of that with a quality control philosophy that allows no room for compromise.

Each cassette that comes off our assembly lines has passed through thousands of checkpoints at every stage of the manufacturing process, from raw material to finished product. If a cassette doesn't measure up on every test, it doesn't leave the factory. Sometimes this means destroying tape that other manufacturers would be satisfied with. But we're never satisfied with anything less than our best.

This extreme dedication to quality allowed TDK to introduce hi fi's first full lifetime warranty*—more than a decade ago. And it is this dedication that assures you that whichever TDK cassette you choose, you're getting the best there is: TDK SA, the number

one selling high bias cassette in America, for critical music re-

ording; TDK AD, the normal bias cassette with the "hot high end," that's perfect for use in your car as well as at home; or TDK D, the modestly-priced general purpose cassette that offers the best sound and the most reliable mechanism in its class.

Life is full of compromises. But it's nice to know that when it comes to your music, you don't have to settle for second-best. TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement. © 1979 TDK Electronics Corp.



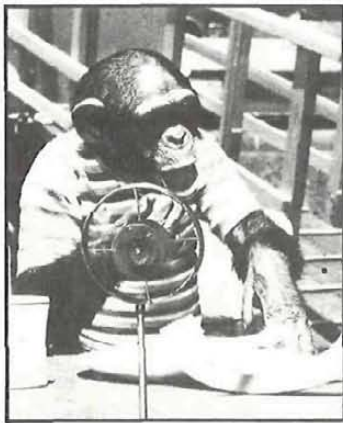
 **TDK**
The machine for your machine.

Details of a Contest. Get Free Gifts. Receive Sizable "Disc-counts."

Is that "disc-count" supposed to be a pun or something? I may only be a typesetter, but I think stuff like that blows soap bubbles out its air hole. Yick.

O.K. Here's how to play. Look through the magazine. Make a list of all the audio advertisers appearing in this issue. Now put a hand over your right ear and read the rest of this ad out loud as if you were an old-time DJ. (Keep your list in front of you—you have to read it at the end.)

"Hey, stereo nuts and audiophiles. If you buy audio equipment from a National Lampoon advertiser in this issue, now through September 1979 at a participating retail outlet, you'll get a fabulous NatLampCo 'Disc-count' value pack! [Howl like a dog for emphasis.] That's right! This pack contains a special limited pressing by MCA Records of the Animal House theme, with the "Delta House" theme on the flip side, both recorded by the Michael Simmons band! And that's not all! The Disc-count giveaway package also contains coupons good for substantial disc-counts on the two best-selling National Lampoon comedy albums, That's Not Funny That's Sick and Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon. Remember, just buy a product from one of these manufacturers [read your list now] at any participating retail outlet through September 1979, and receive the NatLampCo 'Disc-count' pack for free! [Shout hey, hey! For fun.]"



Chimp-man Jim, formerly of WKRI Chicago, now head of Magazine Disc Jockeys School.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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Again we turn the world around.

The world's first pure power DC receivers, the Sansui G-line, redefined the limits of musical fidelity. Sansui's capacitor-free DC amplifier design (patent pending) with super-high slew rate, ultra-fast rise time, and full transient response, makes music sound much more true-to-life.

Now Sansui does it again. With the new G-7500 and G-5500. Using the same exclusive DC circuitry all others are trying to imitate, these new models offer more watts per dollar than ever before.

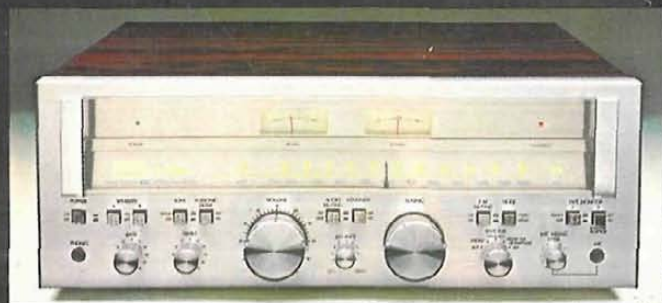
The **G-7500** delivers 90 watts per channel, min. RMS, both channels into 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000Hz with no more than 0.025% total harmonic distortion, at a suggested retail price of only \$620.

The **G-5500**, at a suggested retail price of only \$465, offers 60 watts per channel with no more than 0.03% THD under the same conditions.

From their macro-designed power supplies, for rich, full sound over the widest frequency range, to their micro-sensitive double speaker-protection circuitry, the G-7500 and G-5500 are unbeatable.

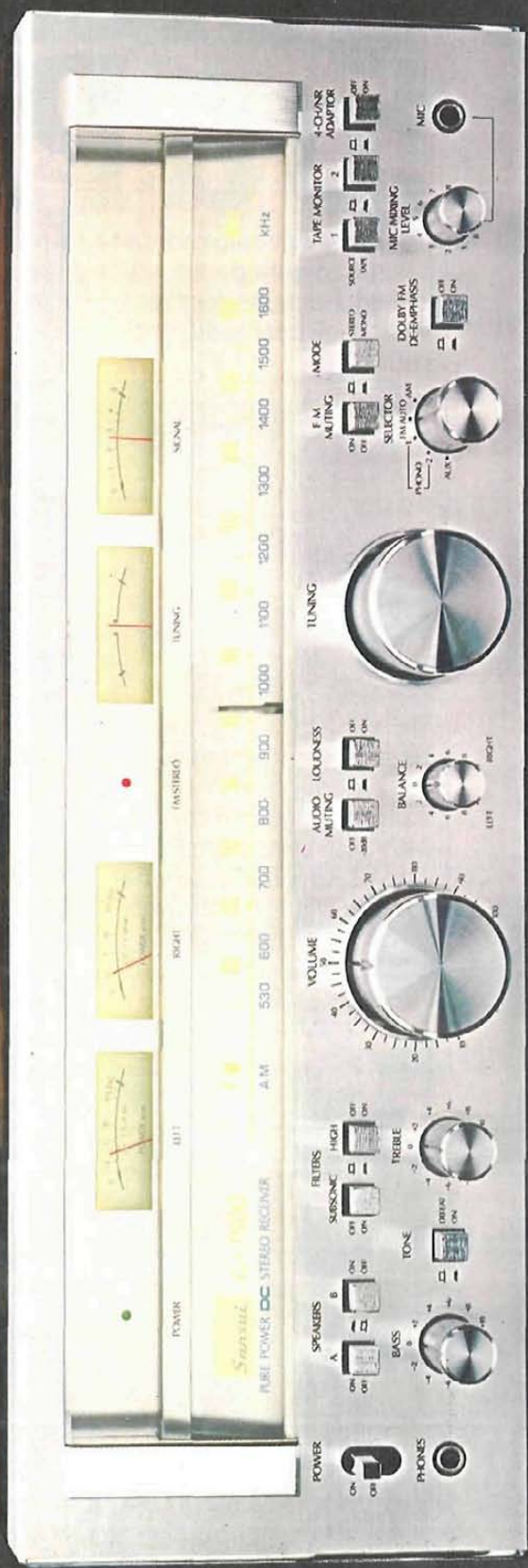
The FM sections further enhance Sansui's reputation for tuner excellence. Pinpoint selectivity and ultra-sensitivity to even the weakest signals guarantee pure and clean reception, always. And always with maximum stereo separation.

Let your franchised Sansui dealer demonstrate the comprehensive, human engineered features and controls. There's nothing in the world with quite the same feel as the Sansui click-stop attenuator and ultra-smooth tuning knob.



Now look carefully at the graceful styling, with elegant rosewood veneer cabinet. It is setting the trend for all other receivers.

For the best receiver values, the world is now turning to the newest DC by Sansui, the G-7500 and G-5500. Shouldn't you turn to Sansui, too?



Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071 • Gardena, Ca. 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium
In Canada: Electronic Distributors

84 reasons to go to a Pioneer dealer

A lot of people pick out a car stereo with their eyes closed. Because, for them, what they hear is all that counts.

rest, we've gathered 83 more reasons (besides great sound) why you should be down at a Pioneer dealer now, instead of reading this ad.



KE-5000. A digital electronic tuner/cassette deck.

Which is all right with us. Because when sound decides, Pioneer wins every time. Maybe that's why we're number one in car stereo.

A lot of other people, though, come into the market with both eyes open. Fine with us, too. Because what you see will win you over.

So in the interest of a totally unfair comparison between us and the



Paraphernalia. Pioneer T-shirts and visors. Wear the colors.

Reason #2. The KE-5000. Does everything but drive your car. A totally electronic AM/FM Supertuner® car stereo with cassette deck. Has a digital station display. Digital electronic tuning. It automatically seeks out and locks on to a station. Even has a digital clock. So you won't be late for work.



TS-X9 surface mounted 2-way speaker.
TS-M2 tweeter.
TS-168 flush mounted 3-way speaker.

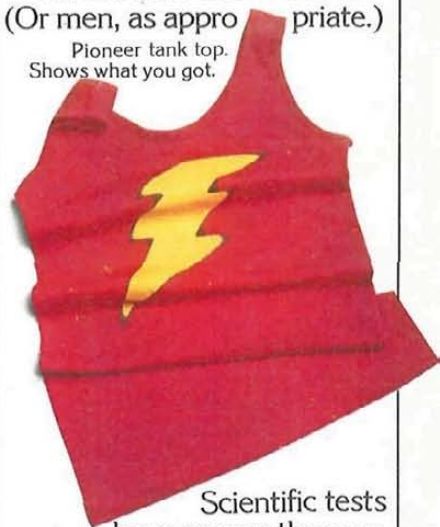
3 through 35. An ear-dazzling array of speakers. Built with extraordinary attention to design and materials. 32 different deck-mounts, surface-mounts, door-mounts, dual-cones, two-ways,

three-ways and tweeters.

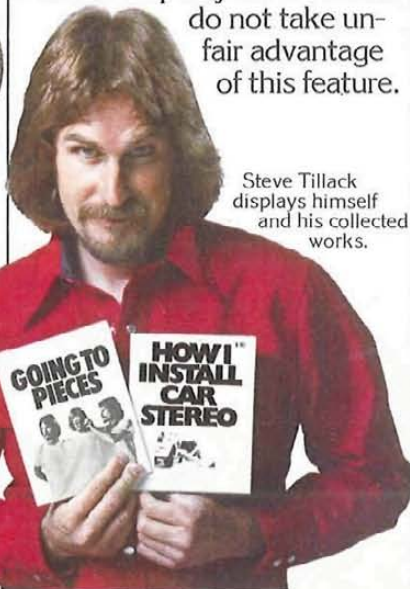
36. Supertuner FM circuitry. The inspired bit of electronic engineering that makes our FM signals come in so crisp and clear.

37. Success with women. (Or men, as appropriate.)

Pioneer tank top. Shows what you got.



Scientific tests have proven the awesome amorous effects of a Pioneer Supersystem. Please do not take unfair advantage of this feature.



Steve Tillack displays himself and his collected works.

t your ears down er.

38 through 59. Integrated supersystems. We offer 21 different systems with built-in amplifiers. In-dash or under-dash. AM/FM & Cassette. AM/FM & 8-Track. AM/FM only. FM/Cassette combo. Or 8-Track or Cassette alone. Now that's freedom of choice.

60. Autosound fashions.* Owning a Pioneer Car Stereo requires a suitable wardrobe. Check out our T-shirt and tank-top collection. Featuring Pioneer I.D. on the flip side, so people will know where your sound is coming from.



Your walls can have ears. This poster now in fifth printing.

61. The highway library.* There's an impressive body of literature to go with Pioneer Car Stereo. Our renowned resident auto stereo authority, Steve Tillack, has authored four best-sellers on the subject.

62. Dolby.** Found in several of our models, Dolby eliminates tape hiss.



Get in touch with a whole other dimension in sound.

63. Bodysonic. Car stereo you can feel in your bones. The first major breakthrough in autosound since stereo itself. Test feel it.

64. Audio decor.* There's a whole collection of Pioneer-aphernalia. Including our much-beloved Eargasm poster, a celebration of aural ecstasy.

65. Have a fit. With the world's broadest line of quality car stereo, Pioneer fits in perfectly whether you drive a Rolls or a VW.

66 through 84. Pioneer component car stereo. Build a car stereo that puts most home systems to shame. 18 different separates—tuners, cassette decks, and seven-band graphic equalizer. Plus amplifiers powerful enough to drive the hottest string of speakers.



GM-120 component amplifier. 30 watts per channel. KPX-9000. A component tuner/cassette with pre-amp. CD-7 component 7-band graphic equalizer

O.K. We've been reasonable enough. Now you've got to hear Pioneer. Go to a Pioneer dealer. It'll be the most rational thing you ever did.



Find your nearest dealer, toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400.

PIONEER®
The best sound going.

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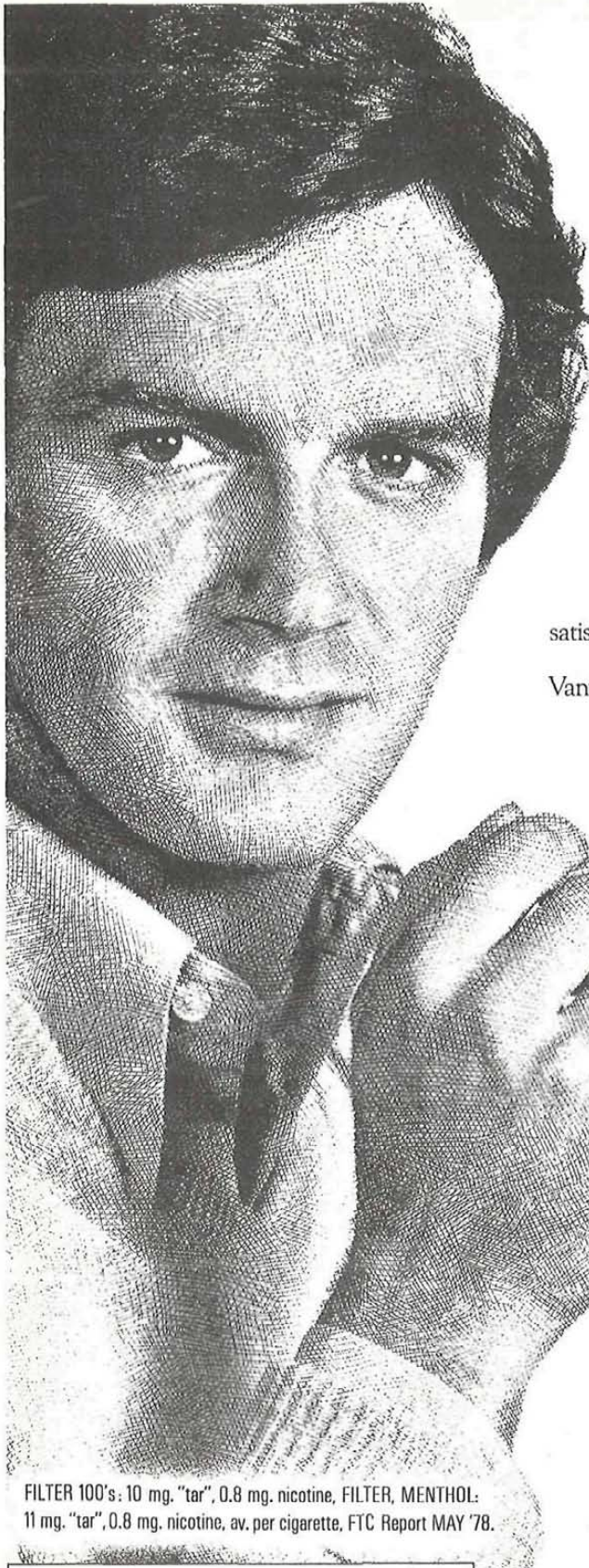
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'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

Editorial



Welcome to Sportsland, U.S.A.!

THE RULES OF THE GAME

I am becoming increasingly disturbed by the fact that many people are playing the game without any knowledge of the rules. Or, at best, they have a very superficial idea of what the rules are. As anyone with the slightest knowledge of the game knows, it's a much more interesting and exciting affair when it is played properly, using the *original* rules, which are still the best. Perhaps the younger generation is not aware of the original rules. If so, permit me to describe them.

1. There are seven players on each team.
2. The field, which can be grass or artificial turf, measures 200 yards long and 125 yards wide.
3. The game is played in five periods of nine minutes duration. There can be no ties. If the score is deadlocked at the end of the game, the team with the fewest bungos wins.
4. Players are allowed to cross into enemy territory provided they have clicked an opponent. An illegal click is defined as any contact made above the waist.
5. When a player is in enemy territory, he can run in a straight line or laterally, but never backward. If he runs backward, or is caught and holed, he must surrender his tarpin and stay out until

the period is over, or until a teammate holes a member of the opposite side.

6. Two holed players may request a front-off, with the winner being immediately released and returned to the game, while the loser must remain out of the game for another full period.

7. Physical contact is permitted between the left and right strollers and the two men playing the pole positions. Contact can be made with the palms only. Palms may be slapped or cuffed, grasped firmly, and shook. No pinching or chopping is allowed.

8. If an opponent has been holed, the holer must cry out: "I've been holed! I've been holed! I've been holed!" The holer is then allowed one free churn, whereby he can roll the ball as far as he can, and the yardage is added to his team's score. No one is allowed more than five churns per period, no matter how many players they've holed.

9. The middle man, or "head baffle," calls the plays for his team. He has exactly thirty-five seconds to call his play. If he goes over the limit, his team must relinquish the ball, and ten points are deducted from their total score.

10. The ball can only be put in the air by the head baffle, or a team member he designates. The ball can be thrown or kicked. Once it is in the air it is free, and can be recovered by either side. The side recovering the ball can then call its own play. The team that recovers the most balls and advances

them down the field to the pole positions will have the best chances for a shastock. A shastock counts for ten points.

11. No other part of the body but the hands is allowed in physical contact. Any illegal contact detected by the umpires will result in an automatic penalty of minus eight points and a red mark on the cheek. Any player who accumulates six red marks is automatically ejected from the game.

Some of the veterans think that the new, more "open" style of the game is more than simply a violation of the rules. They believe it is symptomatic of a deep sickness in our society. "Breaking or playing fast and loose with the rules is the new name of the game," one of them was quoted as saying. No one cares about proper form as long as he wins. What have these new players proved? Only that they can score a huge number of points and excite spectators who don't know any better and are hardly aware of the fine points of the game. I can only hope that this new game, with its quasi-dirty tricks and brutish styles, is a temporary lapse, a cycle that will wear itself out. Today's spectator must be reeducated to the game as it is truly played—first and foremost, according to the rules.

Gerald Sussman

Unabashed Plug

Buy a book called *Live With Style*, by Robert L. Green, published by Coward, McCann, and Geoghegan. It tells you everything you ever wanted to know about living the good life. If you like to entertain people, cook terrific food, wear nice clothes, make friends, give gifts, decorate a house, and a thousand and two other social-type things, then why not do it right? Mr. Green tells you how. He knows more about true style than anyone in the world.

Can I go home now, Bob?

G.S.

PS. Thanks to Paragon Sporting Goods for the use of the football equipment on page 41 and to the Scandinavian Ski and Sports Shops for the use of the ski boots on page 58.

Summer. Seven Style



Summer's here and the mixing is easy. Refresh yourself with a tall, cool glass of Seagram's 7 with 7-Up, cola, ginger ale or your favorite mixer. Enjoy summer Seven style! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

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Aftate® for Athlete's Foot

is better than Desenex.® Really better.

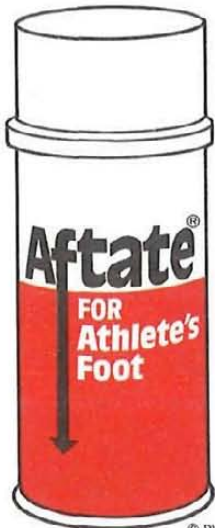
If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 14 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. 14 to 1.

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



© Plough, Inc. 1979

NL-F

Trial size offer.

Enclosed is 50¢ (for materials, handling, postage) for one (1) .09 oz. Aftate Gel for Athlete's Foot, plus a coupon good for 25¢ off on my next store purchase of regular size Aftate products. Send to:

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: Plough, Inc., P.O. Box 377, Dept. MC, Memphis, TN 38151 Tenn. residents add 2¢ sales tax. Offer good only in Continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1979.



Sirs:

I love your "Sports" issue, but there was one sport you left out, and I'm pretty disappointed because I'm grand national champion. The sport is target pissing. It's not recognized by any sporting organizations yet, but it's very exciting to try and break up a cigarette butt with a pee stream or poke a hole in a sheet of toilet paper. The most demanding event, and my personal favorite, is trying to knock a stray spit wad off the seat without splashing your pants. I don't think it'll make the Olympics for awhile, but it still deserves some attention. Thank you.

Len Dukus
Motron Grove, Ill.

Sirs:

When are you guys going to do another "Teen" issue?

John Wayne Gacy
Norwood Park, Ill.

Sirs:

What can I do? I'm sorry. I tried. I smacked her in the head, I took away her shoe allowance! Look, talk to her parents, I can't take the blame for the whole thing. I just married her, fucked her half a dozen times, and whoops, her brains ran out of her ears. I'm sorry. Okay?

Pierre Trudeau
Ottawa, Canada

Sirs:

I'm trapped about seventy-five kilometers north of Kampala with a few loyal troops, and frankly, not much hope. This is the first time I've had to think through the events of the past several days, and, like most anyone who finds himself perilously close to the end of his life, I am compelled to examine the past and hopefully, offer a final, summary perspective of my true successes, failures, intentions, and sentiments for the history books and for my own peace of mind. Let me begin by saying I bear no grudges. My eight years as a sovereign head of state were the happiest and most enjoyable of my life, which nothing, not even death, can possible take away. I ex-

perienced things few men ever have; cowing to no worldly convention, answering to no other drum than my own. To borrow a phrase, "I did it my way," and not many people can honestly say that. I wish to thank the people of Uganda, Africa, and all the world for every joy you have provided me, and believe me, there have been many. Good-bye, and once again, thank you.

Idi
Somewhere Outside Kampala,
Uganda

Sirs:

That's what I was trying to say at the Academy Awards.

Sir Laurence Olivier
Drivel-on-Kent,
England

Sirs:

We have just received a revised copy of the last will and testament of our client Idi Amin Dada, wherein the following conditional devise has been made to you and your staff. If you can get his junior wife a seat on the Securities and Exchange Commission, the British Isles are yours.

Demaree, Rocha, and Flynn
111 W. Mbotu Road
Kampala, Uganda

Sirs:

There were thirty rapes in the New York subway system last month. But don't worry. It was all me.

Gloria Steinem
Ms. Magazine
Central Park Zoo

Sirs:

I'll tell you one thing. If that had been Bobby Kennedy at Chappaquiddick, he would have called the cops and reported his car stolen!

Pierre Salinger
Paris, Ill.

Sirs:

*So many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie.
Yet a thousand slimy things lived on,
And so did I.*

Bobby Garwood
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

Those people who took the 27,000-foot death-defying plunge in the TWA plane a while ago are really lucky to be alive. We did almost the same thing in a bus for only 400 feet, and we're all dead.

A Whole Bunch of Mexicans
Canyon of the Snakes, Mexico

Sirs:

I am a Marine guy stationed here on Okinawa. The other day I decided to take in this kind of Japanese theater they got over here called a no-play. I asked this Jap guy about it, and he gave me a pretty fair rundown of what it meant and how I was supposed to act at the show and all. Except for crapping politely at the end. I can't figure a polite way to do that.

PFC Sawyer
548-9876 Okinawa

Flip Jestrup
Pacific Palisades, Cal.

I dig vans. I've got a Dodge van. I really dig my Dodge van, but there's just one thing—Dodge vans are a little top-heavy.

Sirs:

Sirs:

One thing about us American Indians—we sure make you white guys appreciate your niggers and spics.

Big Chief Six-Pack
Gallup, N. Mex.

Sirs:

Let me just set the record straight—I won the mayoral election fair and square. I did not use my body or my sex to get votes. One look at my picture in *Time* or *Newsweek* and you'll know I speak the truth.

Jane Byrne
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I loved the article on "Action Golf"! I've been doing that for years! By accident!

Gerald R. Ford
Palm Springs, Cal.

Sirs:

I read your "Communism" issue and boy, did it set me straight! If I'd known that things would turn out like they did, I never would have given Marx all those free lunches.

Freidrich Engels
Socialist Workers Afterlife Collective

Sirs:

You really should have nuked us back in '68 when you had the chance. We're nothing but human ants and our lives don't mean anything, and there isn't a god anywhere that would have given two hoots if you fried us. Why, hell's bells, Jack, we're not even good enough to be Chinese!

The Vietnamese
Cambodia

Sirs:

Some of the humor in your magazine is righteous and I can dig it, but other stuff is like, too out there, man, like, sick and weird, and other stuff just isn't funny. So print more of the quality that gives us the jollity. Like why Polish womens hates to breast feed their babies. 'Cause it hurts to boil the nipples! What I said! *Hahhahahha-hooo-ho*. It hurts to *boil the nipples! Dig! Yah-hey-ha-hoo*. They all be like that, O.K.? Later.

Cleon Boots
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please be informed that as of August 1, 1979, women will be required by federal law to make a full disclosure of their sexual preferences and the extent to which they are willing to engage in sexual activity at the outset of any encounter with a male that could result in sexual relations. As of that date, women who do not intend to perform sexual acts may not display themselves in a manner in which any implication of interest in sexual activity could be perceived by a male—i.e., women may not "tease" males or use language or body movements or motions that could be construed as erotic. Women will also be forbidden to use the promise of sex in order to solicit visits to restaurants, nightclubs, or movie theaters. And once a sexual act has begun, it will have to be completed in the manner prescribed at the outset. Failure to comply with the Federal Sexual Disclosure Act will result in fine and/or imprisonment.

U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We just thought you'd like to know that we put taste into a 3-mg. cigarette. Our special double filter gives you easy draw but never muffles the taste. We use imported tobaccos that put so much flavor up front that enough good taste comes through. It took us twenty-five years to do it, but it's done. Just thought you and your readers would like to know.

Kent
Lorillard U.S.A.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

There's this little Chinese market on the boardwalk in Venice Beach, California. Meet me in front of it at 12:30, July 28, and I'll show you some of the filthiest, most pathetic human beings you've ever seen.

Vincent Price
Hollywood, Cal.

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THE SMART



by John Hughes

Congratulations to all the winners of this year's Academy Awards! Once again, you fine men and women have proven that those who suck longest and hardest do come out on top!...It was a wonderful night in Hollywood. The

Oscar ceremonies went off without a hitch, except for WARREN BEATTY calling JON VOIGHT a "winky-dink-brained back end of a Porsche 928" after Jon snatched the Best Actor in a Wheelchair award....JANE FONDA brought tears to the eyes of millions of men when she used deaf language to thank the Academy for her Best Actress award and proved that yes (gosh darn it!), that marvelous piece of ass is still a fuzzi-brain. What a waste!...ROBERT DE NIRO being passed over for his role in *The Deer Hunter* was called the greatest injustice since the Academy snubbed DON KNOTTS for his performance in *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*....I would personally like to thank the little putz who wrote the Best Song winner, "Last Dance," for his acceptance speech. It gave me an opportunity to shower, shave, and catch up on the new *Penthouse* letters....JOHNNY CARSON did a swell job of hosting the four-hour gala, except I missed ED and DOC and TOMMY, and I kept wondering when John was going to go up into the audience to play "Stump the Band"...SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER blessed the evening with his charm, insight, and eloquence as he delivered a stirring speech following the ac-

ceptance of a special Oscar honoring half a century of outstanding achievement. Sir Laurence proved himself a giant in a world of dwarfs. It was a touching and inspirational moment. It's just a damn shame that no one had the courage to tell him that his barn door was open.... Elsewhere, a plate of chicken gizzards and a sodden cigar butt tied for first place in a TALIA SHIRE look-alike contest held in N.Y.C. Talia's new film, *Old Boyfriends*, is the first major motion picture ever to be based on the bowel movements of a horse....A Canadian magazine is saying that former First Canuckette MARGARET TRUDEAU had a "romantic liaison" with SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY's fox terrier BRUNO. The copyrighted story adds that PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU was "extremely annoyed" when he learned the news and ordered Maggie, as the Montreal dock workers call Mrs. Trudeau, "dewormed and sprayed for fleas and ticks"... That Polish ham, POPE JOHN PAUL, has had the famed Shroud of Turin made into a two-button sports coat, which he plans to wear when he goes "shopping"... ORSON WELLES recently sold the remains of his relatives to get money to buy food. "I needed a little spare cash to tide me over until my cookie commercial residuals come in," the old tub said....I must applaud JUDY COLLINS, who at the age of thirty-nine is still trying to figure out how much music people can listen to without getting a headache, for having the balls to put her naked butt on the sleeve of her latest record. I could puke but won't out of respect for Judy.... "What I know about life and people you could fit in the reservoir tip of a size three condom," mealy-mouthed author GORE VIDAL told a group of writers gathered in a posh New York rest room to honor Gore for having gone through nearly a whole life without having to act like a man. "As long as I have full use of my rear end," Mr. Vidal added, "I will fight for the rights of homosexuals to spout off about things they don't know"... VANESSA REDGRAVE is in a snit over publication of personal information in a London gossip rag, including a statement by her brother that she is not circumcised.... My sympathy goes out to the family of television's CAPTAIN VIDEO, who died recently in his hotel room of V-ray wounds inflicted by Xerontite soldiers.... Also on the slab recently was IDA P ROLF, who, besides developing the famous deep-massage technique that earned her fame and for-

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So before you descend into the maelstrom of hype, hearsay and techno-jargon, call 800-221-7502 (in NY State call 212-476-8300) and discover your nearest JVC dealer. Or write to US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, NY 11378.

He'll open up a world of sound so wide you may forsake TV and reading for the joy of discovering new sounds on your old records, and amazing sounds on new records.

When you're ready for a world of music that real, you're ready for JVC.

Shown: A separates system with the A-S7 integrated amplifier (50w/ch, 20-20kHz, 8-ohm, .05%THD), T-V5 AM/FM tuner, QL-A2 Quartz-locked turntable, KD-A3 Metal-compatible cassette deck, SK-700MK II 3-way speakers in an LK-G342 roll-around rack with smoked glass door. A receiver system with the R-S5 receiver (25w/ch, 20-20kHz, 8-ohms, .05%THD) L-A11 belt-drive automatic turntable, KD-10 Dolby® cassette deck, SK-500MK II 2-way speakers in an LK-G142 rack. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



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NEWS ON THE MARCH

"If You Can't Lick 'Em..."

CARTER SEEKS U.S. MEMBERSHIP IN OPEC

President Carter has instituted a bold new domestic oil program that he hopes will qualify the U.S. for membership in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

"Boy, were we a bunch of dumb bunnies," remarked Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger. "It took us all this

time to get it — namely, that the U.S. produces oil, right? And we can jack the price up just like they can. So that's what Jimmy's doing: deregulating oil prices here at home and letting them go sky-high. Then we join OPEC, screw the Israelis and the Japs, and everything's O.K."



FIRST I'M GOING TO GET MYSELF ABOUT ELEVEN CADILLAC'S AND A COUPLE OF NEW WIVES, AND THEN I WON'T BATHE FOR A YEAR! ALSO, I'M GOING TO HAVE JERRY BROWN AND LINDA RONSTADT STONED TO DEATH FOR ADULTERY!

...AT NIGHT WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP, INTO YOUR TENT I'LL CREEP, THE STARS THAT SHINE ABOVE, WILL LIGHT OUR WAY TO LOVE. YOU'LL RULE THIS LAND WITH ME, I'M THE SHEIK OF ENERGY!

Core Cooling, But Controversy Still Hot FUROR OVER THREE MILE NUKE MISHAP



LET ME REASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DANGER OF CONTAMINATION. I HAVE BEEN INSIDE THE POWERPLANT, AND EVERYTHING IS FINE.

The recent incident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant near Harrisburg, Pa., has had far-ranging repercussions. Officials, however, are firm in their insistence that "nothing bad happened, and nothing bad will ever happen anywhere ever."

In one development, antinuclear protesters calling themselves the "Shrimp, Mussels, Oyster, Scungilli, and Calamari Alliance" remain at the reactor site, chained to a safety fence. They are adamant in their refusal to leave until "all excess radiation is gone." Scientists estimate that it will be a matter of waiting until "November, or thereabouts" until the protesters have absorbed all the radiation.

Nearby, in Hershey, Pa., the threat of a "complete and catastrophic" chocolate meltdown continued. One official commented, "We've got a minimum of eight hundred thousand kisses on line here at any given time—not to mention the thousands of Crackles, Mr. Goodbars, and the world-famous Hershey bars themselves. If all that melted, it would certainly create a stupendous mess, but it would probably be a lot of fun to clean it up."

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HOOOO!
KIDDIES!**



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You Can Keep a Good Man Down Larry Flynt Found Guilty in Obscenity Trial



THE JUDGE SAID I DIDN'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON. WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS SITTING DOWN. I KNOW SOME OF THEM WANT TO GIVE ME THE CHAIR, BUT I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY FROM THIS....

Garwood: "Sorry I'm Late" Longtime Viet POW Home at Last

America's last remaining POW, Marine Private Bobby Garwood, has been returned to U.S. soil after fourteen years of alleged "elective residence" in North Vietnam.

Faced with charges that he willfully and volitionally "cooperated with the enemy" during that time, Garwood retorted, "Look, I was seventeen years old, and hell, I couldn't tell a tent from a tit, much less the difference between a North and a South gook. It was noisy, people were running like crazy all over the place, and I got confused. I went with the wrong guys, it's as simple as that."

Garwood went on to say he did not realize he was in North Vietnam until late last year, when he overheard someone mention it in a local department store. "Of course, the minute I found out, I went straight to Hanoi and demanded a ticket home."

The beleaguered private claims he gave up substantial equity in his house, a good job, friends, and "all the other intangibles a man builds up after living in a community for a long period of time" just to get back to his native country. "And they still want to punish me. What kind of sense does that make?"



I'M NOT SAYING THEY ALL LOOKED ALIKE-- THAT WOULD BE RACIST. BUT, WELL, JESUS CHRIST...

Windfall Profit Tax on Oil Proposed

Oil Lobby Canvases the Congress



I SEE YOUR POINT. IT'S A REPRESSIVE, INFLATIONARY, UNJUST TAX, AND I INTEND TO VOTE AGAINST IT.

I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT OUR WAY, CONGRESSMAN.

"A Harrowing Ordeal"

Patty Hearst Renounces Marriage



...AND THEN HE FORCED ME TO MAKE HIM BACON AND EGGS EVERY MORNING! IT WAS HORRIBLE!

Newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst has renounced her recent marriage to her former bodyguard, Robert Shaw, claiming that she had been "brainwashed."

Ms. Hearst claimed she was "psychologically coerced" into accompanying Shaw to a "church," where she was forced to wear bizarre white garments and participate in a strange cult ritual, after which Shaw repeatedly had sex with her and forced her to change her name. She said that for a while she cooperated with her "husband" by waging campaigns directed against "roaches, dirty dishes, dull, dingy laundry, and other enemies of household tidiness," but that now she had "come to her senses" and wished to be free.

Family spokespersons say that attorney F Lee Bailey has been retained to defend the overprivileged vacuum-brained heiress.

Lord of Hosts Displeased God Blamed for Disasters

A spate of natural disasters, some involving the deaths of hundreds, has been blamed on the First Cause, Prime Mover, and Creator of the Universe, God.

During a two-week period marking the celebration of the Jewish festival of Passover and the Christian holiday of Easter, a series of catastrophes including tornadoes in Texas, severe flooding in Jackson, Mississippi, an earthquake in Yugoslavia, and a reawakening volcano on the Caribbean island of St. Andrew has brought pain and suffering and even death to hundreds, while leaving behind destruction of property estimated in the millions.

"A number of things have recently displeased the Lord," explained one spokesperson for God. "For one thing, Geraldine Page did not win Best Actress at the Oscars. Plus, of course, the Nets blew the play-offs, gas has reached a dollar a gallon, and *Superman*, which the Lord saw last week, was a great disappointment."

God Himself was not available for comment.

Cultural Exchange Proceeding Well BSO Boffo in Peking



WILL SOMEONE PLEASE HAND ME THE RESIN?

The ongoing cultural exchange between the U.S. and China attained a milestone of sorts recently when the Boston Symphony Orchestra played a series of concerts in Peking.

Highlighting the tour was the performance of Mozart's Violin Concerto in D minor (K. 312) featuring, as guest soloist, the First Violinist Collective of the Chinese People's Classica Music Orchestra and Drill Press Competition Team.

"We tried to explain to them that a soloist was one person," shrugged BSO conductor Seiji Ozawa. "But they said one person would be elitist. What the heck?"

Pakistani P.M. Bhutto Hanged World Leaders Outraged



HANG A HEAD OF STATE? RIDICULOUS! THAT WOULD KILL HIM!



YOU CAN'T EXECUTE A PREMIER! HE'S THE BOSS!



NO, NO, IT'S A TERRIBLE IDEA! WHO WOULD RUN THE COUNTRY?



WHO WOULD GIVE EVASIVE PRESS CONFERENCES?



WHO WOULD MISMANAGE THE ECONOMY?



OH, PLEASE, ALLAH! LET THEM HANG ANYONE BUT ME!

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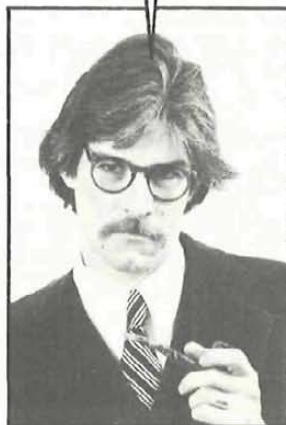
Female Movie Critics

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MAD. - 8.11



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Egypt-Israeli Treaty Brings Reprisals Egypt Reeling Under Boycott Impact

The trade boycott directed against Egypt by several Arab nations in retaliation for Egypt's signing of a peace treaty with Israel is having a "noticeable" effect on the Egyptian economy. To deal with the problem, Egyptian President Sadat is seeking help from President Carter.

The boycott has resulted in "severe" shortages in Egypt of "dirty head towels, silly robes, unkempt beards, camel stink, and blood-crazed terrorists killing children in schools."

President Sadat has made several visits in person to Washington to seek assistance in dealing with the problem.



Maggie T: "I'm Passion's Slave" Further Revelations from Canada's Top Slut

Former Canadian First Lady Margaret Trudeau, author of the forthcoming memoir *Beyond Reason*, has revealed an ever-increasing number of amorous adventures, involving, among others, Senator Edward Kennedy, Jordan's King Hussein, and Fidel Castro.

In addition, Mrs. Trudeau has numbered among her bedmates, back seat-mates, and phone booth-mates the infield of a Cincinnati Reds farm team, the woodwind section of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the entire cast and crew of *Hurricane*, transsexual "singer" Barry Manilow, and a Mrs. Smith's frozen pumpkin pie.

"And that ain't the half of it," remarked her literary agent. "Wait till next year, when we come out with *Beyond Reason II*."



Painful Evacuation Considered President's Piles May Go Critical



Presidential press aides and a team of the nation's top proctologists have offered confusing and often contradictory accounts of a mysterious accident that recently took place involving President Carter's hemorrhoids.

The crack proctologists differ on the seriousness of the mishap, but all agree that the president's piles could "go critical," and many would not rule out the possibility of a meltdown.

According to Dr. James Fenton, chief rectologist at the Mayo Clinic, attempts to cool the blazing piles have been hampered by the presence of a large, potentially explosive gas bubble within the rectum. Several gas leaks have occurred already, though in Dr. Fenton's words, "Exposure to the contaminated gas is no more dangerous than standing behind a fully-loaded garbage truck.

"The president's brother Billy has complained of similar problems with his asshole," continued Dr. Fenton, "and we're looking into it."

Buzz = Bomb.



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NEWS BRIEFS



Roy Cohn to Sue Tobacco Company

Roy Cohn plans to launch a multi-million-dollar suit against the Carlton cigarette people. The trouble reportedly lies with their slogan, "Carlton is the lowest." Lawyer Cohn contends that he is.

Republicans Debate Candidate for '80

The Republican National Committee is reportedly experiencing extreme difficulty in finding a presidential candidate who will be able to lose to President Carter in 1980. "According to the latest polls even a Robert Abplanalp / Chuck Colson ticket could beat Jimmy Carter right now," says committee chairman William Brock. "But don't worry, we'll find somebody. Richard Speck, maybe, or Monty Rock III."

Six African Nations Eaten by Bugs

Giant flying insects have eaten most of what was once Upper Volta, Mali, Niger, Togo, Benin, and Ghana. No details are available.

Chinese Send Delegation to Hanoi

Peking has ordered a delegation to Hanoi to meet with Vietnamese officials to discuss why their border war ended so quickly. Both sides expressed concern that because of the rapid conclusion to the hostilities, it will not qualify as a war but may be remembered instead as a "clash."

Presidential Hopefuls Tour Africa

Following the lead of California Governor Jerry Brown, other 1980 presidential candidates have begun tours of Africa with attractive female singers.

Republicans George Bush, Howard Baker, and John Connally are currently visiting Africa with Stevie Nicks, Emmy Lou Harris, and Tanya Tucker. Morris Udall announced that if his wife will let him tour Africa with the two girls who sing for Heart, he will throw his hat in the ring once again.

IRA Disavows Bombing Credit

After taking credit for the bombing death of Conservative party leader Airey Neaves, the provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army has issued a statement that they would rather have credit for the recent firebombing of a West End warehouse, in which eleven workers perished. Scotland Yard said that it will transfer the credit.

Death Toll Zero in Nuclear Disaster

A nuclear accident in Canada has resulted in no deaths and no injuries. Millions of dollars in property was unharmed and the vital farm industry surrounding the reactor felt no ill effects. Air was not contaminated for miles around the facility. However, in an unrelated incident, a truck carrying radioactive nuclear waste ran over a dog and knocked down several rural mailboxes when an ash from a cigar fell into the lap of the driver. Human error is believed to have caused the ash to fall. An investigation has been ordered.

Arab League Sanctions Called Illegal

Egypt has said that the effort to punish Cairo for making peace with Israel is illegal, and if sanctions are not lifted they will call the police.

Kurds Rebel

Rebellious Kurdish tribesmen and ultra-leftist Fedayeen guerrillas seized control of Sanandaj, a city in Western Iran. They are holding the city against a demand for the deposed Shah's telephone number in the Bahamas. The Kurds claim that the exiled Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi owes them a power station and a fire truck.

Carter Fights for Oil Tax

After being told by advisers that he could not "sort of" deregulate oil prices, President Carter has vowed to tax profits on money made by oil companies through deregulated oil. Mr. Carter has indicated that the new tax dollars would be used to ease the burden of increased energy costs caused by the deregulation. "Or something like that," Mr. Carter said.

Swedes Outlaw Spanking

The Swedish parliament recently voted to outlaw the practice of spanking disobedient children. While the law carries no penalty, it will encourage children and neighbors to call police and social agencies if a child is spanked. When asked why they would pass such a law, a supporter said, "What do you expect from a country that makes a \$10,000 economy car and meatballs without the spaghetti?"

Returned POW Plans Big Weekend

Recently returned POW Robert Russell Garwood, who faces treason charges, says that he will forget the troubles that lie ahead of him and enjoy a wild American weekend after spending sixteen years in Vietnam. "I'm going to put on my beads and my bells," Garwood said. "Then I'm going to cop a matchbox of weed and go to a concert. Hendrix, the Doors, Janis, Canned Heat—any of them will be groovy."

Former Iranian Prime Minister Executed

An Islamic revolutionary court has executed Amir Abbas Hoveida, who served for thirteen years as Iran's prime minister. The brief closed court session found Hoveida guilty of not being smart enough to get out "while the getting was good."

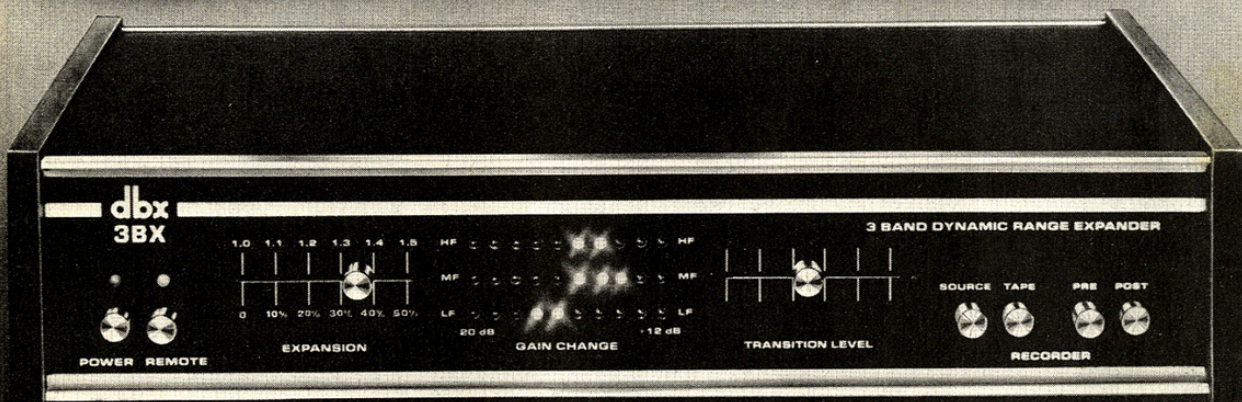
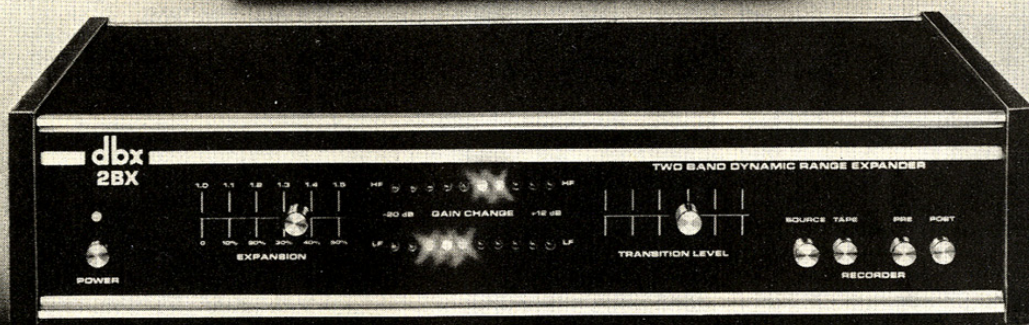
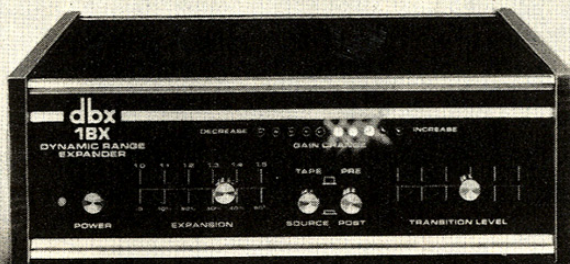
Administration Announces Price Drop

Chief inflation fighter Alfred Kahn has announced price drops in what he considers "key economic categories." He notes that ski goggles dropped 17 percent, galoshes were down by 38 percent, and rock salt has fallen 190 percent for the month of June. The administration is optimistic about further price declines in July and August.

Queen Says She Will Return to Persian Gulf States

Upon the conclusion of her tour of Saudi Arabia, Qatar, Bahrain, Kuwait, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates, Queen Elizabeth II said that she will return to those countries as soon as possible and as often as possible. The queen netted some three million dollars in jewels and gold on the trip. Insiders believe that the queen is hoping that several trips will ease Britain's balance of trade situations.

Restore the impact of "live" ...easy as 1-2-3.



No matter how accurate your stereo system is, it's only as good as the records and tapes you play on it—and they leave much to be desired. The recording process does some terrible things to live music, and one of the worst is robbing it of dynamic range, the key element which gives music its impact.

Fortunately dbx has developed a whole line of linear dynamic range expanders which can restore lost dynamic range.

1BX. The 1BX is the most sophisticated one-band expander on the market. Its RMS level detector incorporates an infrasonic filter to prevent mis-tracking caused by turntable rumble and record warp.

2BX. The 2BX divides the frequency spectrum into two bands and expands each separately. It doesn't allow the bass to influence the vocals or mid-range instruments, and in strongly percussive music, that's important.

3BX. The 3BX is the state-of-the-art, but with the introduction of the 3BX-R Remote Control option, it's more flexible and more fun than ever. The 3BX divides music into three frequency bands. Low bass will not influence the midrange. And midrange crescendi will not boost low level highs, so operation is virtually inaudible. For complex musical material, the 3BX is the best way to restore dynamic range.

All dbx expanders have design features in common. All utilize true RMS level detection. All feature a program-dependent release time, for natural, life-like sound. All are true stereo expanders that maintain rock-solid stereo imaging. And all dbx linear expanders have a pleasant benefit—up to 20 dB of noise reduction.

The 3BX is still the standard. But now there is a family of dbx expanders designed to bring any system one step closer to "live."

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FOTO FUNNIES



HI, THERE... I'M **ELVIS PRESLEY**.



NO KIDDING. I'M NOT REALLY DEAD.



THAT WHOLE "ELVIS DIES" BIT WAS FAKED SO THAT I COULD GET OUT OF THE MESS I WAS IN.

THINGS WERE JUST AWFUL.

I WAS STUCK IN **GRACELAND** ALL THE TIME... COULDN'T GET OUT WITHOUT GETTING MOBBED. GIRLS WERE AFTER MY BODY CONSTANTLY, AND SPEAKING OF MY **BODY**...

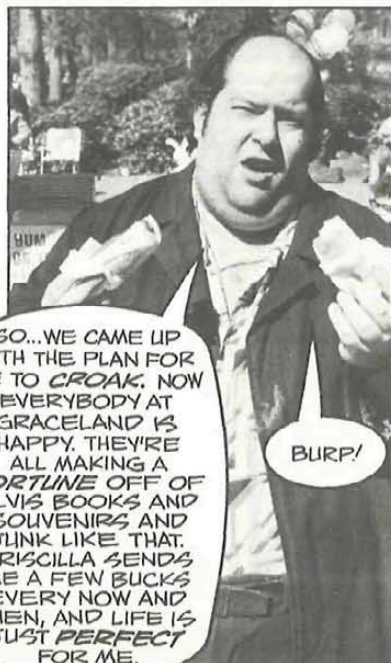


...I HAD TO GO ON **CRASH DIETS** ALL THE TIME.



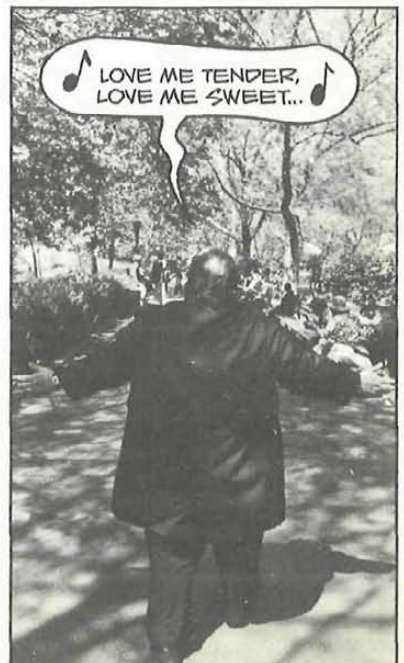
THERE WAS EVEN TALK OF WIRING MY **MOUTH SHUT** AND FEEDING ME **INTRAVENOUSLY**.

NO WONDER I WAS GOING A BIT **WEIRD**... JUST LIKE **HOWARD HUGHES**. I **HAD** TO GET OUT.



SO... WE CAME UP WITH THE PLAN FOR ME TO **CROAK**. NOW EVERYBODY AT **GRACELAND** IS HAPPY. THEY'RE ALL MAKING A **FORTUNE** OFF OF **ELVIS** BOOKS AND **SOUVENIRS** AND **JUNK** LIKE THAT. **PRISCILLA** SENDS ME A FEW **BUCKS** EVERY NOW AND THEN, AND LIFE IS JUST **PERFECT** FOR ME.

BURP!



LOVE ME TENDER, LOVE ME SWEET...

Alive with pleasure!
Newport

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 per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

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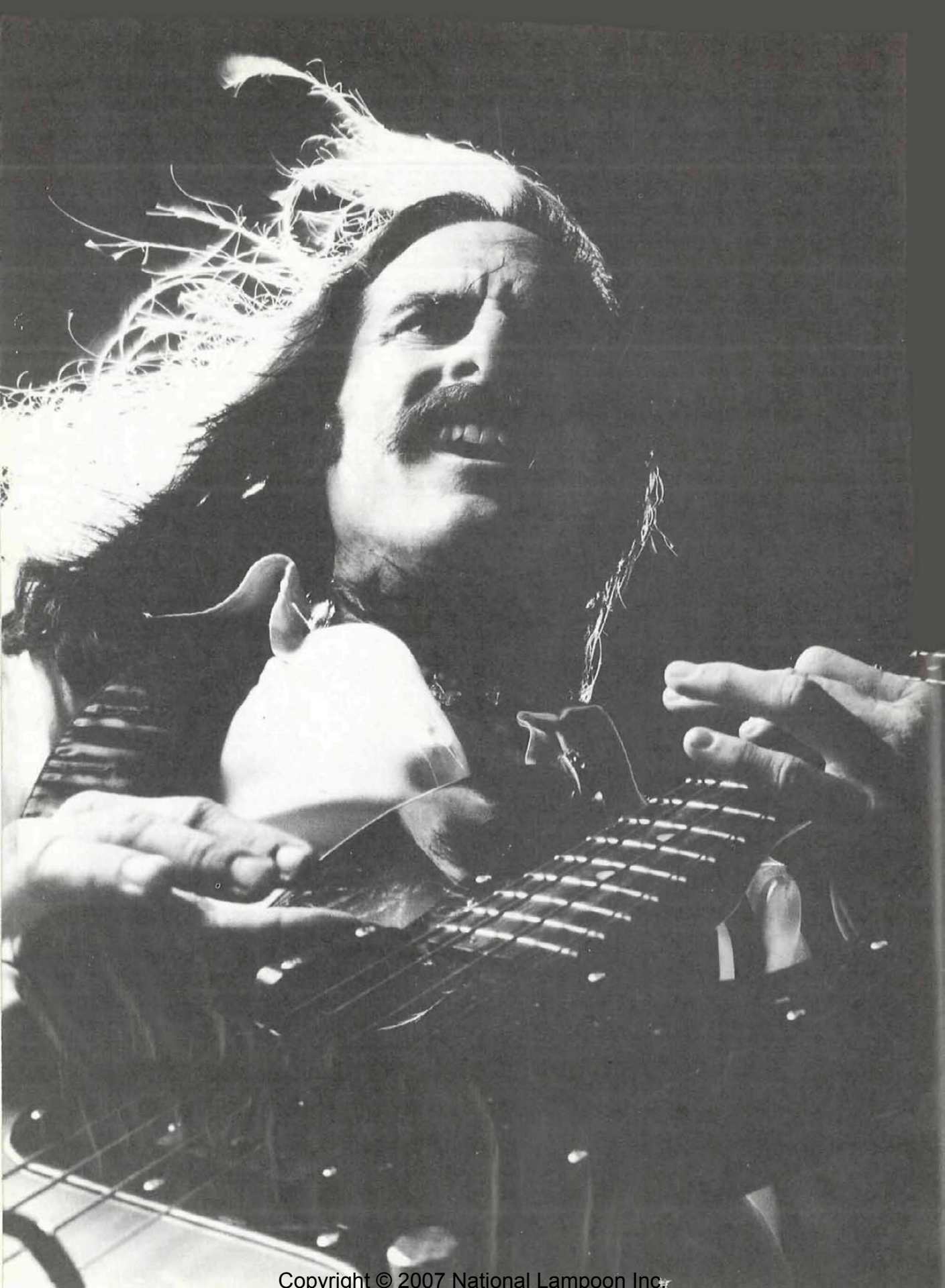


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Astonishing, the way these 3-way speakers bring the concert inside your car.

Or perhaps it's just the illusion of a live performance, brought to you by the speaker that others are still trying to duplicate. The Jensen Triaxial 3-way.

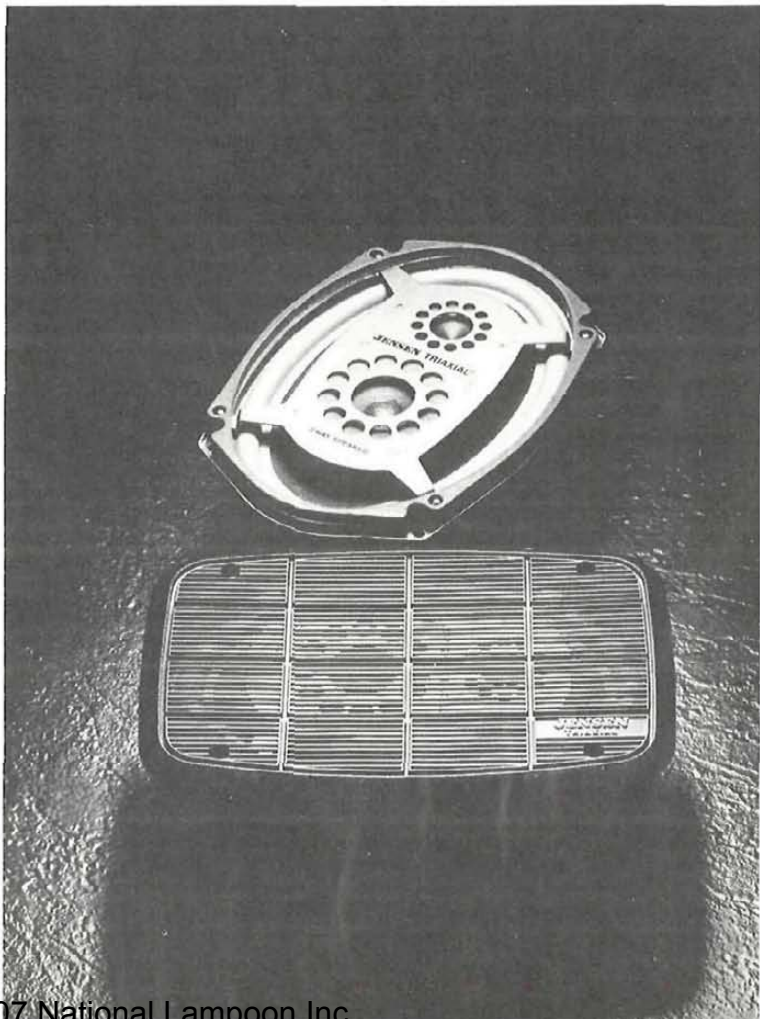
The Triax's® 6" x 9" woofer is suspended by a rim of densified, closed-cell foam for cleaner, smoother response. The midrange unit is specially designed to reproduce the subtle, yet all-important middle tones. And the special piezo-electric tweeter accurately reproduces crisp high frequencies well beyond the range of human hearing.

Each and every Jensen Triaxial is individually tested to verify its remarkable ability to re-create your music. So that you can experience the thrill of being there. With the Jensen Triaxial.

JENSEN
The thrill of being there.

For more information, write Jensen Sound Laboratories,
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Kenwood has consistently made the significant technical advancements that make a difference you can hear. Like the first introduction of DC into integrated amplifiers.

And now, Kenwood does it again. Our exclusive *Hi-Speed amplifier* has actually changed the standards by which high fidelity is measured. It reacts much faster to changes in the music, particularly in the mid to upper frequencies. So all the subtleties of the music come through—even an individual singer in a backup vocal group.

In our tuners, we've developed *Pulse-Count Detector circuitry* to digitally reduce FM distortion by half while significantly reducing background noise. You'll hear the difference in your FM reception as a more distinct, clearer sound. And only Kenwood has it.

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Your Kenwood dealer can demonstrate how these features actually improve the tonal quality of your music.

And that's what great performance is all about.

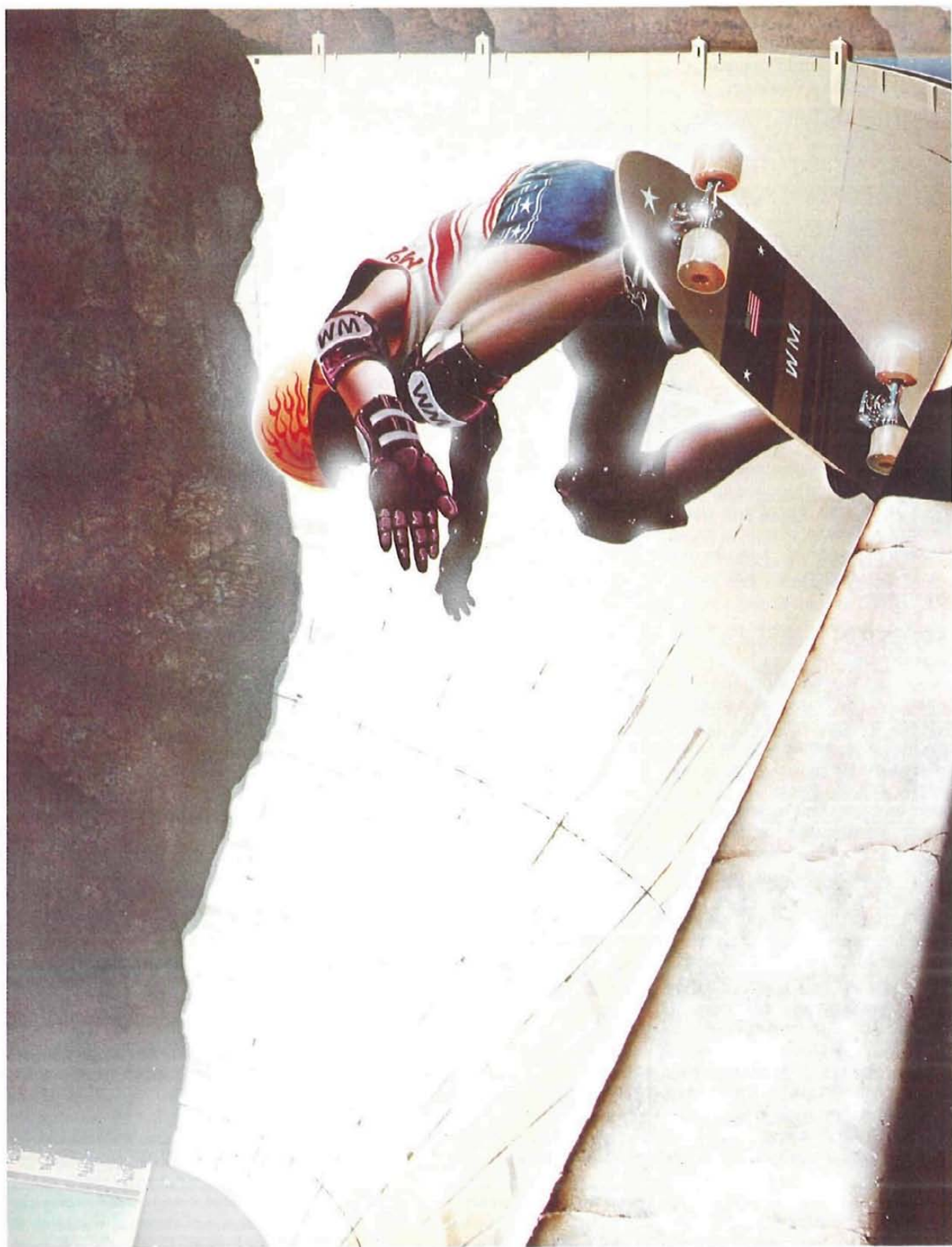


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SPORTS



Boulder Dam, June 28, 1979: The intrepid Wayne McLoughlin commences his attempt for the skateboard land speed record set by John "Safeway" Rath in 1972. McLoughlin would have been thirty-one this month.

The National Lampoon Encyclo

Edited by P.J. O'Rourke
with entries by Tod Carroll,
John Hughes, Ted Mann,
P.J. O'R., Gerald Sussman,
and John Weidman

ARCHERY. Archery has all the appeal of shooting a pointy stick at a big circle made out of hay, which is exactly what it is. Even the Indians gave up archery once they got a hold of rifles. (You never hear of white men raiding Indian camps trying to get bows and arrows.) The bow and arrow is nothing but a feeble attempt by Stone Age people to make a gun. The only group that recognizes archery is the Bow and Arrow Manufacturers Association. Hunting with a bow and arrow is simply walking around the woods looking for your stray arrows and dodging the flying lead of rifle hunters, against whom you have no protection. The only places you will find serious archery enthusiasts are girls' schools or in high school gym classes. The physical benefits of archery include the development of one muscular arm, two crooked fingers, and squint lines around one eye.

BADMINTON. Badminton is so silly it's hardly worth discussing, but here's an interesting variation called *armchair shuttlecocks*: two comfortable armchairs are placed in the middle of each side of a regulation badminton court. Two metal garbage cans are placed close to each chair, the first can containing two cases of beer on ice, and the second can filled to the brim with badminton birdies. The players can make any shots they wish, but they cannot rise from their armchairs for any reason. The first player who has to go to the bathroom loses.

BASEBALL. The summer game. The national pastime. Is there any sport more quintessentially American? Is there any sport more deadly dull? I doubt it. See, what happens in a baseball game is one man, called the pitcher, throws a small white ball in the direction of another man, called the catcher. In between them stands a third man, called the batter, who attempts to strike the ball with a long stick of wood. Not bad so far. Each man has a job to do, and each must keep his mind on what he's doing. Indeed, if baseball were a three-man sport it might pass muster. Just. But baseball's not a three-man sport. While

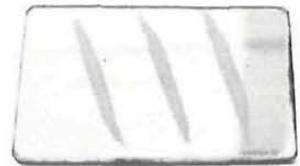
our trio entertains itself as I've described, as many as two dozen other "players" are required to stand around and watch them on the off chance they'll be drawn into the action. Needless to say, this happens just about as frequently as the return of Halley's Comet. Don't believe me? Think I'm exaggerating? Ask any kid who's ever been assigned to play right field.

BASKETBALL. Basketball was invented in 1878 by Thomas Basketball and was originally played with croquet mallets and a three-pound Indian club. Later, the rules were formally codified, and the sport was used to promote integration in white suburban high schools with too few tall Negroes. Today, the primary purpose of varsity basketball is to humiliate short Jewish guys who think they're good at sports and maybe won't go to med school after all, and to introduce the public to tiny colleges in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Professional basketball provides a means of honest employment to persons who would otherwise have to make their living as circus freaks. The game is played on a television in front of small groups of drunk adult males. They keep score with loud cries of "Did you see that!?" or "Jesus Christ!" The game may also be played by depraved-looking urban adolescents, in which case the rules are modified to include empty shirts tucked inside the waistband of blue jeans, and cans of malt liquor in small paper bags. Basketball was made an Olympic sport in 1958, when the first six-foot Czechoslovakian was discovered locked in his parents' fruit cellar.

BILLIARDS AND POOL. Pool is to sports as sitting in a chair twiddling your wang is to sex. The object of the game is merely to hit balls into holes in a table, using a long stick, blue chalk, and talcum powder. It is renowned for having the worst physical specimens of any sport save senior division fat girl wrestling. Often called *Italian hockey*, pool and its bastard brother, billiards, is a refuge for fat card sharks looking for more exercise than they get from shuffling cards and raising whiskey bottles to their lips, guys who are too dumb to box, and little, tiny Negroes who can't play basketball. Pool is scheduled to become an Olympic event right after the committee agrees to include farting in the bathtub.

BOBSLEDDING. If you happen to own a bobsled, you are probably the second or third best bobsledder in the whole world, if not the very best. In much the same way, if you own a roller coaster and are careful not to let anyone else use it, you are the very best roller coaster racer in the world. If you own a bobsled, you are the captain. The people who sit behind you are your team. You steer. They do nothing. But at least you have a team and you are the captain of it.

PLATE I Sports Equipment



1. Ski lift



3. Body bag (skydiving)



5. Bob (bobsledding)



This is a very good sport for people who want to be the captain of a winning team.

BOWLING. French President Charles de Gaulle's 1969 All-West title competition with Dean Acheson, prince of the American diplomatic corps, has been described as one of the great match-ups in bowling history. De Gaulle had been playing with a duChamps "288" sixteen-pounder, known on the European cir-

opedia of Participatory Sports

cuit simply as the "bruiser." His hook was working to perfection. He had completely overcome a finger-lift problem that hampered him throughout the big tournaments at Montmartre and Ronquet. Acheson, on the other hand, was essentially untested, yet his polished, consistent form distinguished him as a considerable opponent. De Gaulle led off with a turkey, followed by a 3-10 baby split. "Uh-oh, Chuck's using his water ball tonight. Any body get wet back

BOXING. The only true sport, as it is a contest between man and man as opposed to man and bicycle, shuttlecock, or electronic TV game. Unfortunately, many contests have become rather dull, as managers try to roll up a string of victories for their fighters by matching them against opponents who look like bags of leather stuffed with horse hair. Only the absence of the Everlast logo from the center of these men's backs distinguishes them from the heavy bags used for training in the gym. Boxing remains one of the most exciting sports for the audience. So passionate do the supporters of some Hispanic flyweights become that it is only the fact that the beer cups are made of paper that prevents crazed men from breaking off the tops on the backs of chairs and jamming the jagged shards into each other's throats.

CYCLING. One of the first sixties-induced health manias to make it big in this country, cycling had previously been restricted to geeky Europeans who rode around on holidays in teensy little shorts and carried tiny, tiny, little paper sack lunches for outdoor fun. Besides, they had no other means of transportation. Then everybody in America bought ten-speeds, all of them were stolen, and now the only cycle people left are the fanatics whose desperate desire to be part of something has caused them to purchase silly hemispheric helmets and actually use hand signals.

DARTS. Now here's a game. Darts is unquestionably the most appealing, stimulating, satisfying sport that one can play in either Europe or America today. Why? Because you play it in a bar, that's why. Because you play it with a Bud in one hand and a lit Camel in your phiz. You say you'd rather jog? You say you'd rather ski? Go to it, asshole. More beer for the rest of us.

DIVING. Remember when you were just a kid and the high board didn't look so high from down around the pool, and so when Larry dared you to go up there it didn't seem like such a big deal? So you went up, and when you got there it was like they'd shot you to the moon and you were looking back at earth with all the teeny, tiny people and the birds and clouds and way, way down there what you guessed was water? Do you? Sure you do, 'cause that's the day they

had to go call the cops to come and bring you down. O.K. Now, as a child you knew that diving off that high board was for lunatics, and let me tell you, kiddo, you were right. If I had fifteen cents for every guy who broke his elbows when he hit the water sideways, or his molars when his face glanced off the diving board, I'd be as rich as *The China Syndrome* is going to make Michael Douglas now that Harrisburg has glowing leukemia juice rolling through its storm sewers. Believe me, there is only one sport crazier than diving—sky diving (c.f. same).

FOOTBALL. Football is considered the most elaborate cover-up for organized homosexuality ever devised in the name of a sport.

The names given to the positions, for instance, are not even disguised. There is the tight end, the split end, the wide receiver, and the tailback, all names that play up the prominence of the buttocks and the rectum.

The buttocks are prominent in every football play, starting with the opening gambit, in which the quarterback places his hands directly under the outstretched rear end of the center. This is not merely symbolic; it is part of a bizarre ritual in which the quarterback, or "Queen Bee," dictates which members of the team will sleep with each other that night. This is done by shouting an elaborate set of signals to the players. The quarterback is almost always fickle, and changes his "signals" on virtually every play.

The players, all hardcore homosexuals, revel in the body contact of the game, which includes lots of blocking and tackling, holding and clipping. Many players have lovers on opposing teams, and we often see them teasing each other, running away from outstretched arms, eluding and escaping tackles, wrapping their arms around their boyfriends and rolling them to the turf. After the game there is usually an orgy in the shower, and lots of soap is dropped.

The coaches participate in this elaborate charade by acting as den fathers. They are the older, more pathetic homosexuals who are not as trim and good-looking as the players. It is their lot to simply hang around the team and hope for an occasional sexual favor from the young Apollos. Actually, their main duties are custodial—taking care of the

continued

2. Fencing foil



4. Basketball



6. Hand (handball)

here?" Acheson quipped. "What's the matter, Chuck, collar too tight? Don't choke on me, pal!" De Gaulle claimed he was distracted by someone in the next lane. "Looks to me like you just forgot to take your ball out of the bag," Acheson razzed. De Gaulle was rattled. He staggered through a 4-7-6-10 double, as Acheson was playing pinball machines between frames and setting up de Gaulle's pins in the gutters. The general was thoroughly crushed.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

continued

players' apartments, running errands, showing game films during the week, and trying to maintain "discipline" in their rough-and-ready crew.

FRISBEE. The repeated exchange of a plastic disc by chemically-damaged park and beach trash who, through some lame and pitiable thought process, have determined that Frisbee-throwing constitutes a sufficiently healthy counterbalance to a lifetime of intense drug abuse; sleeping until four in the afternoon in frowsy, black rooms with tinfoil taped over the windows and rotting fruit crushed into stolen carpet remnants matted with Irish Setter hair and saliva-congealed hooka water; eating several hundred Chuckles and sixteen-ounce Cokes for breakfast; and never having enough public assistance money to pay for their gamma globulin shots. Thousands of these broken-down vegetables apologize to their corroded mucous membranes and flash-fried central nervous systems every weekend by wheeling and bounding through the ozone, the dogs, and any collection of persons willing to look at them. Frisbee is never played without an audience, except by a certain especially pathetic few who regard it as so critical to their life-style that they insist on tossing Frisbees in places like the Galapagos Islands for the sheer existential accomplishment of "being themselves" among the monitor lizards and strange rocks. Attempts have been made to aggrandize the Frisbee by manufacturing "professional" and "autograph" models; however, Frisbees will always be the same "Pluto Platters" they were in the fifties when the Whammo Corporation marketed them to succeed their earlier triumph, the Hula-Hoop. And the leather-visored dog-people who still derive satisfaction from sailing Frisbees between their legs into your ice chest will continue to look for the same nebulous reinforcement they didn't get in the sixties and won't ever get until they drop dead penniless and unnoticed and are finally out of everybody's way.

GOLF. If you want to take long walks, take long walks. If you want to hit things with a stick, hit things with a stick. But there's no excuse for combining the two and putting the results on TV. Golf is not so much a sport as an insult to lawns. And as for the sartorial display unfolded by golfing's participants, it is as though some barbarian race were mocking us with a clumsy burlesque of our habitual attire—their costumes correct in

general design but wildly exaggerated, with rude colors and absurd tailorings. No decent person would make such a spectacle of himself, and so far, no decent person has. It's instructive to recall that golf is thought to have been invented by the Scots, a people completely without shame as to how foolish they look, sound, or behave. Though perhaps that is too hard on these freedom-loving Celts, for other authorities claim that golf was invented by the English, who forced the Scots to play as punishment for their rebellious ways. If this is so, a stronger argument for devolution could not be put forward.

GYMNASTICS. A loose assortment of circus acrobatics, feats of strength, and pigeon ballet designed for little Japs, little Communists, and little American girls so bored in the summer that they sink to joining city recreation programs. The rules and distinctions of the various events are largely determined from week to week by Cathy Rigby, who, having parlayed an enduring relationship between mind and pigtail into a network color job, blathers off imperious screeds of phony gymnastics lingo as if everything down to glandular secretions on the performer's upper lip had a technical name and a standard of perfection. Gymnastics is without question the least cost-effective activity in the world: gymnasts rarely earn a dime; no one goes to see the events (except in Oriental and Soviet bloc countries, where there is nothing for two billion farmers to do but pack into public halls the size of Portugal and wait for movement); and it takes roughly 40,000 man-hours to get one three-second move down. Nadia's "Saucy Romanian Tyke on a Pony" tumbling finish took thirty-eight months of practice. Gymnastics has proven to be very popular among crippled high school kids, who can score points for the handicapped community by binding their legs together and flying around on the rings. Upper bodies built up by years of walking on crutches make them ideally suited to the sport; however, almost any gymnastics coach would prefer to work with a conscientious Filipino. (See related articles: "Nelson, Rick and Dave"; "Smothers, Tom and Dick—Former Gymnast, and Where Are They Now?"; "Musical Tumbling Accompaniment—Milestones in the Live Amplification of Really Awful Music.")

HANDBALL. A primitive court game played by high school coaches and other low income, socially stunted individuals whose dim mentality excludes them

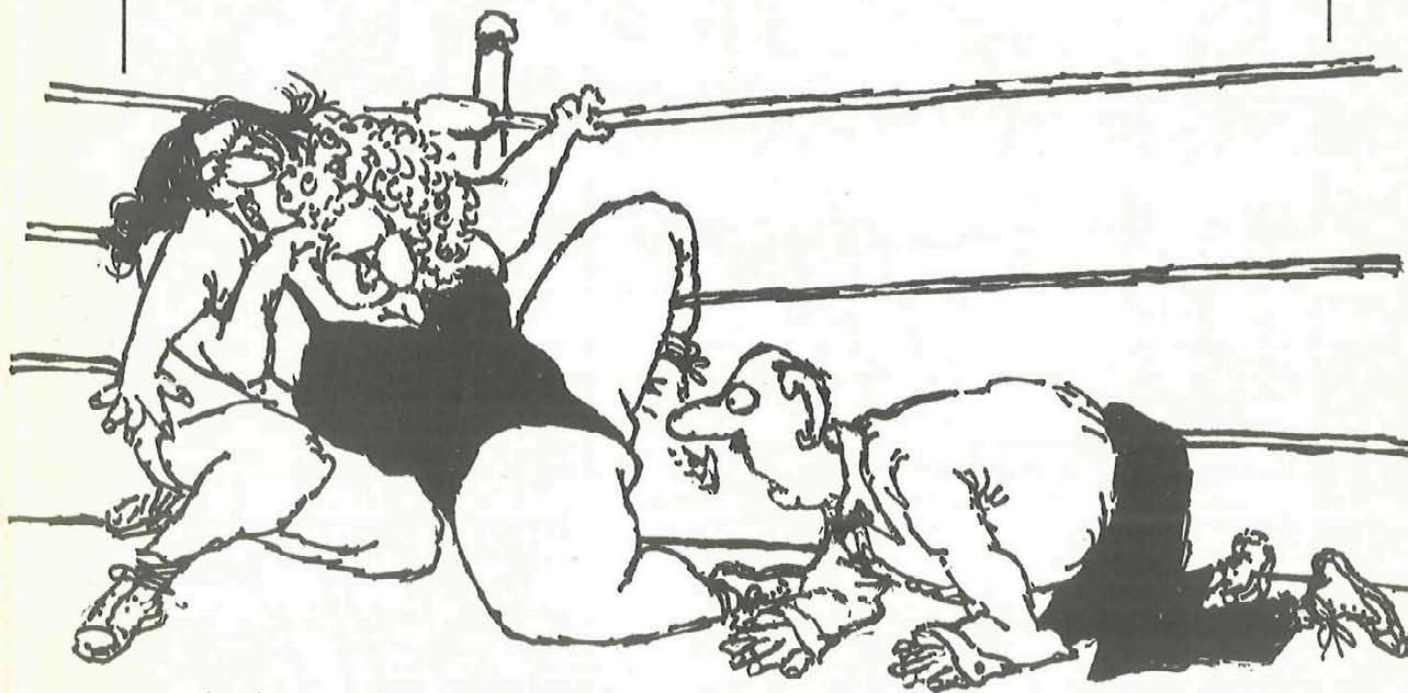
from tennis and squash. The object of the game is to slap a small, pressurized ball against walls until the grinding torpor of a dead-end vocation and life is reduced by lack of oxygen. It is no surprise that many American felons are encouraged to play handball, especially in the federal prison system, where administrators have bigger budgets and can build nicer courts. There are local, state, and even national handball champions, but no one has ever heard of them. This is because most people do not care what forty-five-year-old coaches and convicted killers do with their spare time so long as it is not spent dismantling large numbers of old cars on their front lawns or burying mutilated paper boys under the porch. Handball is also popular in some quarters among the more privileged classes, most notably at Eton, where caul-k-faced English schoolboys like the sport because it can be played indoors, where they are protected from high concentrations of Vitamin D. (See related articles: "LSD—Games Never Played Under the Influence of"; "Handball-Hooks—Prosthetics Never Used During the Play of.")

HOCKEY. A sport that can be played by most Canadians, hockey reaches its highest form when played by the French type of Canadian. Because the French-Canadian has no teeth, due perhaps to his diet (almost exclusively Pepsi and a sweet cake known as the Mae West), he plays all-out during his three or four seasons of minor league apprenticeship, untroubled by the fear of losing teeth, a possibility that hampers his English-Canadian compatriots.

Hockey games are often interrupted, much to the detriment of this great sport, by the chatter of sports announcers who feel compelled to debate at great length the "violence" that is spoiling the enjoyment of the contest for the two North American hockey fans who have weak stomachs.

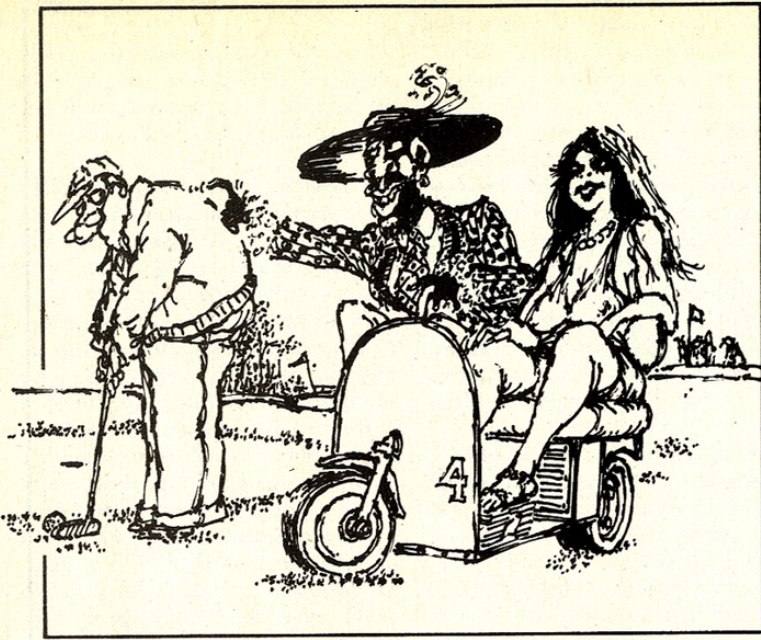
Hockey in America is played on a nine-by-fourteen-inch Japanese color TV set by two teams of six men between one and two inches high. Peter Puck explains the rules.

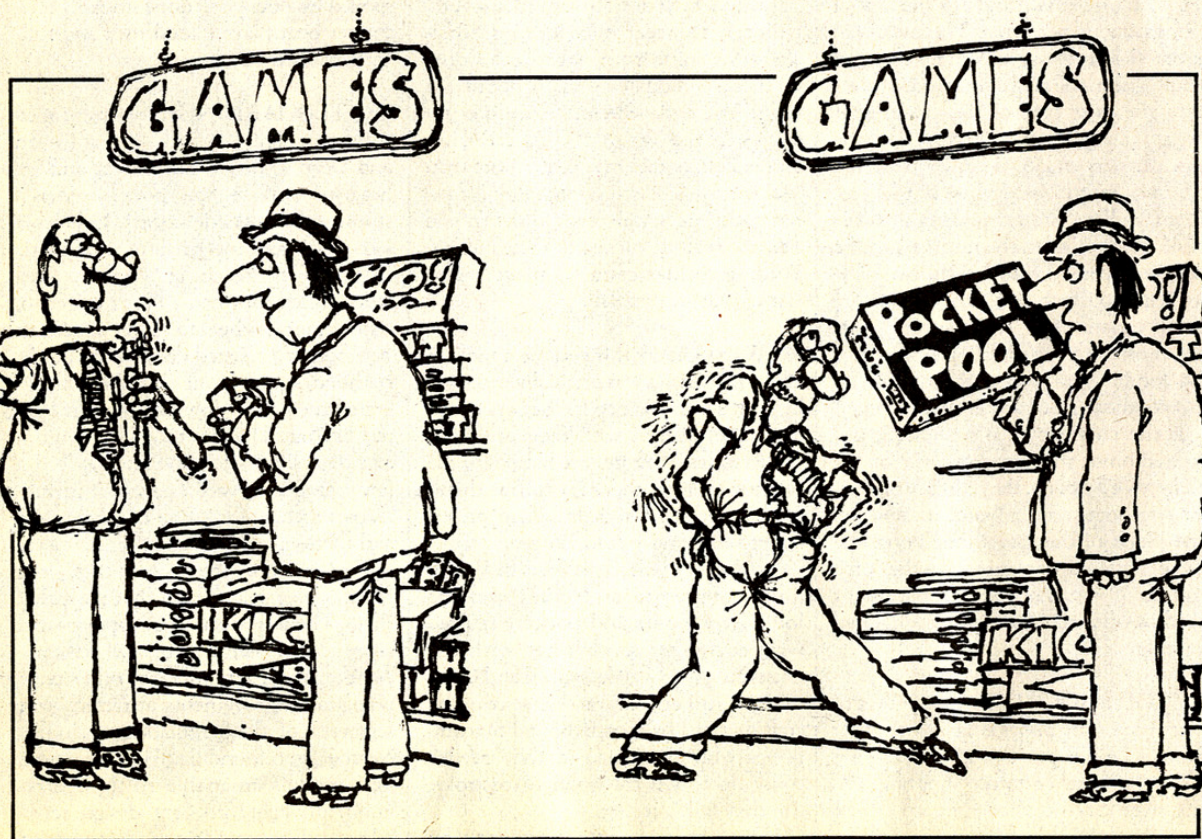
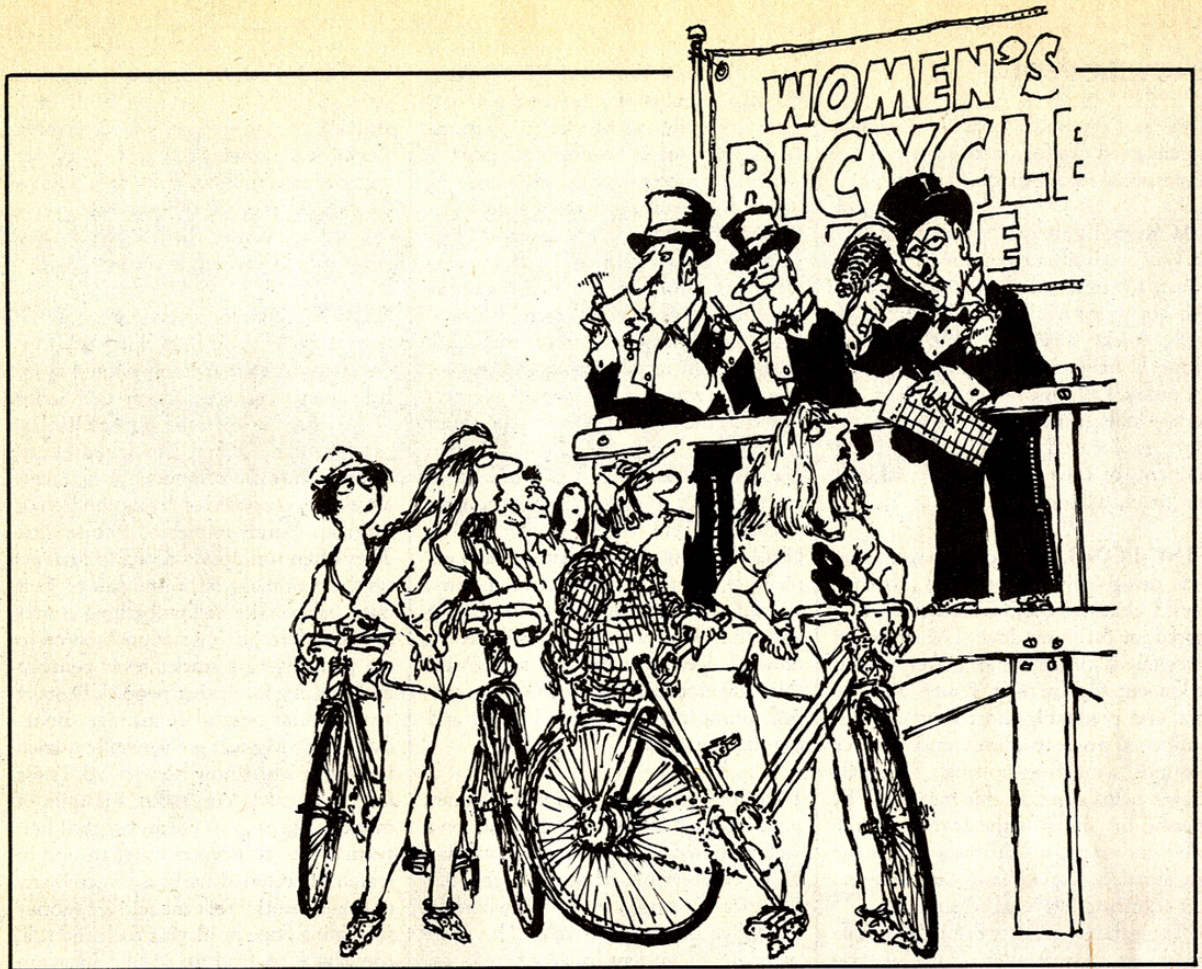
ICE SKATING. Ice skating falls into two categories: speed skating and figure skating. Speed skating is skating real fast in a circle trying to catch East Germans. Figure skating is basically bad ballet performed at moderately high speeds. Figure skaters can aspire to achieve professional recognition and success with touring shows in which they ice-dance with giant figures of Fred Flint-



SEX EXPORTS

BY *Bob Thodring* nee © copyright 1979





ENCYCLOPEDIA

(continued from page 32)

stone and Snoopy. There is no professional speed skating, just as there is no professional running around the block.

LACROSSE. This isn't a sport; it's a city in Wisconsin situated on the Mississippi River, 105 miles northwest of Madison. Air-conditioning and heating equipment, trucks, sheet metal, and farm machinery make up the bulk of the economy. LaCrosse is the home of Viterbo College, and a soil experiment station is located there. The 51,153 residents of LaCrosse are governed by a mayor and a city council.

PING-PONG. Ping-Pong is a game that was designed for teen-agers, so they could channel their frustrations and boredom on rainy days. The object of the game is for the female player to wear a low-cut top or tight T-shirt with no bra, and preferably short shorts. She is supposed to leap about and bounce around as much as possible. The male player helps along in this maneuver by placing his shots in the corners of the table and trying to "drop shots," forcing the female to lean forward a lot to reveal her bouncing, heaving breasts.

The game continues until the female produces a very slight film of perspiration on her face and just the hint of moons under her arms. The male will have a slightly glassy look in his eyes and a dull ache in the area of his crotch.

In the next part of the game, after twenty-one points have been played, the two partners sit down on the battered old sofa in the basement of the "rec room," where the game usually takes place. At this point, the racquet and the ball are dispensed with and the two players begin to touch each other. There are many variations of the touching part, but most often they involve "petting," the fondling and squeezing of various parts of the female partner's body.

If the partners hear a sudden, unwanted noise, the sound of a visitor, say a parent or a sibling, they quickly pick up their racquets and ball and resume the first phase of the game. Ping-Pong, the name of the game, comes from the "ping and pong" of raindrops on basement windows during those aforementioned rainy days.

PISTOL SHOOTING. Since the primary use of the pistol is against another human being, practice almost always takes the form of target shooting. On any given day, hundreds of men can be found in soundproofed subterranean

ranges blasting bolt-sized BBs through the paper brains of silhouette man-targets. Generally, the smaller the man the larger the gun he chooses to practice with. Tiny men prefer the .44 magnum, which has a muzzle flash like a Cessna hitting a high-tension line, a report like a beaver's tail would make if beavers weighed ten tons and had tails the size of basketball courts with which they walloped the water when afraid, and, naturally, enough recoil to spin the shooter like a pinwheel if his sleeves weren't nailed to the armrest. Larger men shoot .45s, .38s and even .32s, although a man would have to be very big indeed to practice with a mere .22. Surprisingly, policemen seem to be less interested in pistol shooting than civilians, which explains the number of broken windows, busted streetlights, and dented stop signs that occur when a cop is forced to draw his weapon while on duty. Pistol shooting is occasionally practiced on garbage dump rats, Heineken bottles, and egg-sucking dogs.

POLO. A form of mounted croquet, polo is played by a single horseman on a well-groomed greensward with a woman and a convertible in the background. Matches are staged every fall wherever expensive outerwear is sold. The sport originated in ancient India, where it was practiced in order to convince young children to wear silly-looking long-sleeved T-shirts with horizontal stripes on them. A modified version, popular in California, is played with second-rate actresses in the bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Polo ponies may be no more than 14.2 hands high, except on a Ralph Lauren necktie. They are kept in strings and tied to wealthy bachelors in the 1930s. Polio, a similar game, is played with horses that are crippled.

ROWING. How this became a sport at all is a mystery. It was originally practiced by poor slaves chained to the benches of Phoenician galleys with their butts full of slivers, lest their intense hatred for the activity prompt them to throw themselves overboard and drown in preference to engaging in competition.

Now, every year, thousands of British dolts congregate at Henley wearing loony straw hats and pockets stuffed with cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off to watch Oxford and Cambridge Universities race unseaworthy craft manned by muscle-bound nincompoops who are so stupid they need a coxswain to tell them when to stroke: this they style a regatta.

has seen this contest that the British can keep a straight face and sing "Rule Britannia." The only sensible thing for a spectator at a rowing race to do is to root for a collision that will put a rapid end to the ridiculous proceedings so that everyone can adjourn to the bar, which they never should have left in the first place.

SAILING. Proper sailing can only be done in craft longer than thirty-five feet. Smaller craft are inevitably piloted by fat bald men wearing headgear that looks like a cross between the caps of Ruritanian hotel doormen and seventeenth century Turkish admirals. Their crews are either composed of crying children or drunken friends impressed into service. They often run upside-down spinnakers up the mainmast, or hoist a pair of their own balloonlike yellow bathing trunks in place of the jib. It is not uncommon to see them flying a scarlet fever pennant and crashing into other people's boats at any popular coastal anchorage. Boats over thirty-five feet are generally owned by people who know how to sail. These folk have made enormous amounts of money very early in life and spend their permanent vacations cruising around in search of secluded harbors. Since many of these wealthy folk made their money smuggling dope or playing rock and roll, they hate to find an idyllic location spoiled by a bunch of dope smokers on a charter boat playing loud rock and roll, particularly their own.

SKATEBOARDING. Originally called surfskating and sidewalk surfing by Jan and Dean until Jan ran his car and his head into a truck, the sport passed as a stupid substitute for surfing. California kids who were too small or phlegmatic to get to the beach, and Arizona kids who wished they had a beach to get to, nailed metal-wheeled roller skates to plywood and coasted down steep neighborhood streets until they fell off and graded their faces down to the cartilage, just like Jan. The idea caught on nationally, died soon after, and was revived a few years ago by vacuous California subteens searching for a way of killing time and themselves alternative to the methods embraced by the wave of dope- and truth-seeking sun trash that preceded them. The introduction of sophisticated suspension systems, exotic wheel compositions, and a number of other technological improvements attracted great segments of the population, including Negroes, who found flamboyantly-styled new models amenable to their fifty-knob/fifty-light/fifty-cent design sensibilities, while providing the first wheeled



WEEKEND ATHLETES IN CENTRAL PARK

The New York Jocks

by Rick Meyerowitz and Gerry Sussman



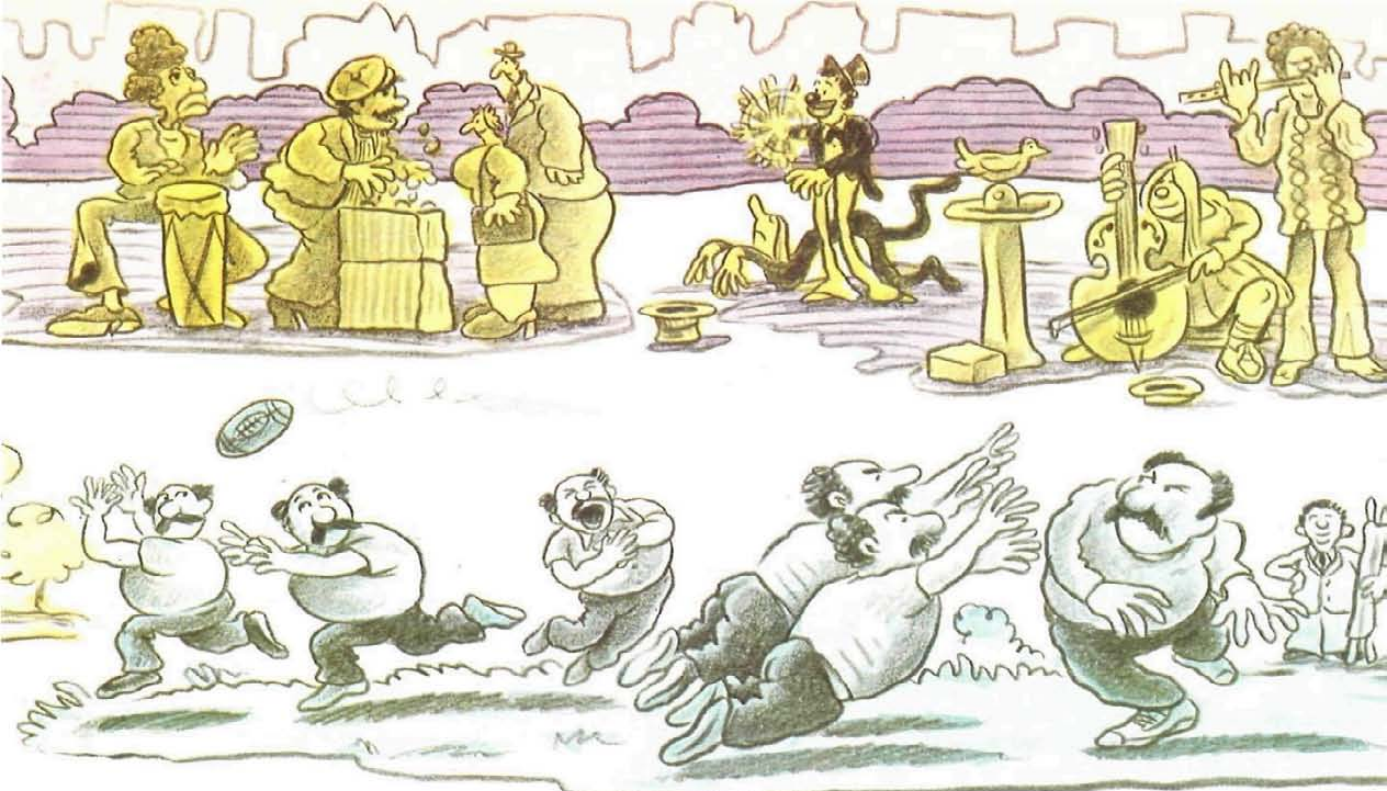
No one knows his real name or where he comes from. He's called the Ancient Marathoner because he never stops running. Sympathetic onlookers give him fruit juice and liquid protein. The iron lung was a gift from a jogger club. Some say he's a writer who's been punished by a publisher for not handing in his manuscript on time. At twenty-six, he is already a living legend.



They shoot horses, don't they? Yes. At least a dozen mounts a day fail to clear one of the many gigantic potholes on the bridge paths. "New York has no money left for bridge path maintenance," said Mayor Koch. "We have to fix the potholes on the streets first. What's more important, a car or a horse?"

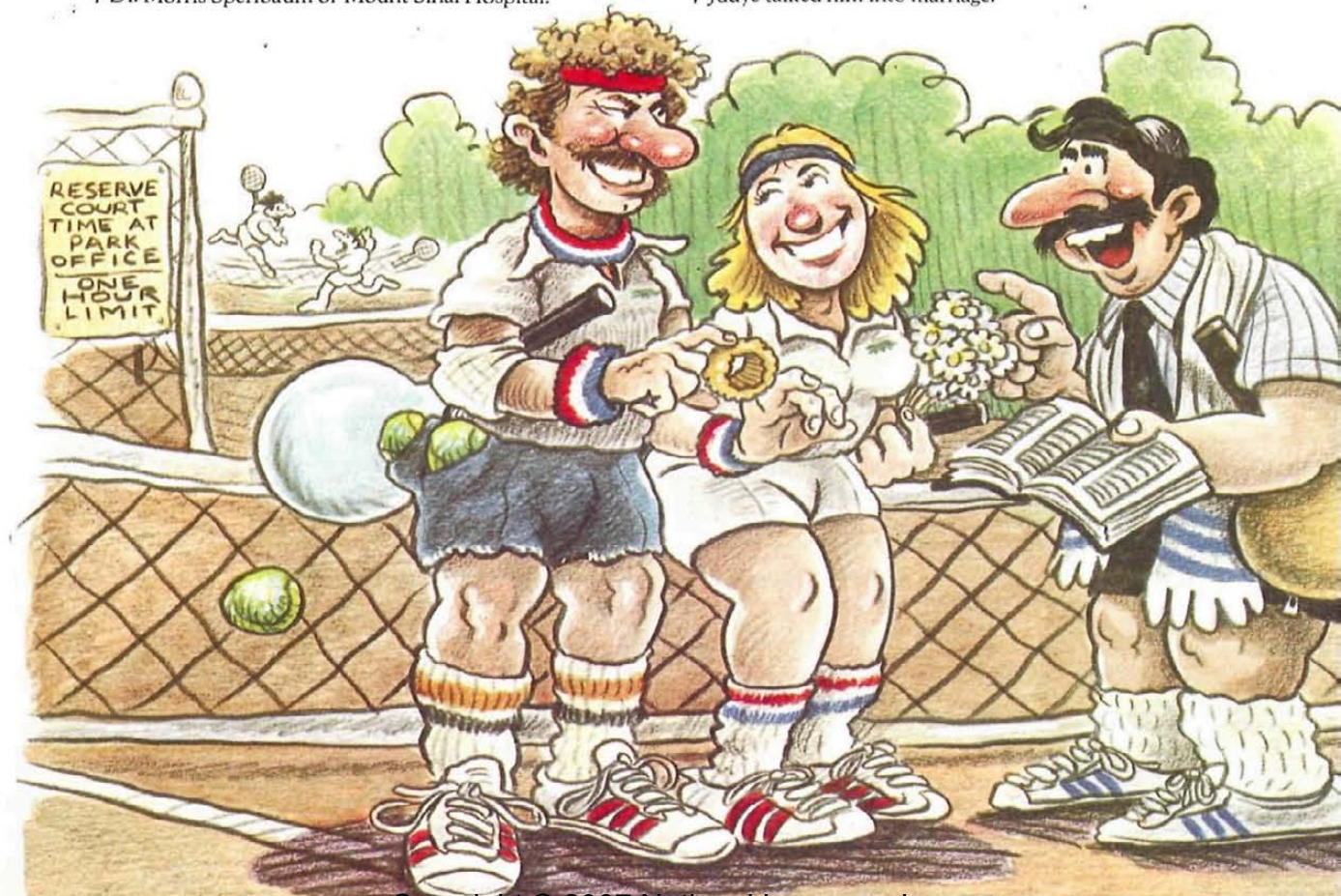
The Coco Caribe Lounge softball team pucker their lips in approval as the Feminist Jogger approaches. The classic confrontation of Latino Macho vs. Superliberated Liberal: "Hey, muchacha, wanna few beers and some chicken? We wanna fuck you." "If you touch me, I'll cut your penis off with my switchblade knife!"

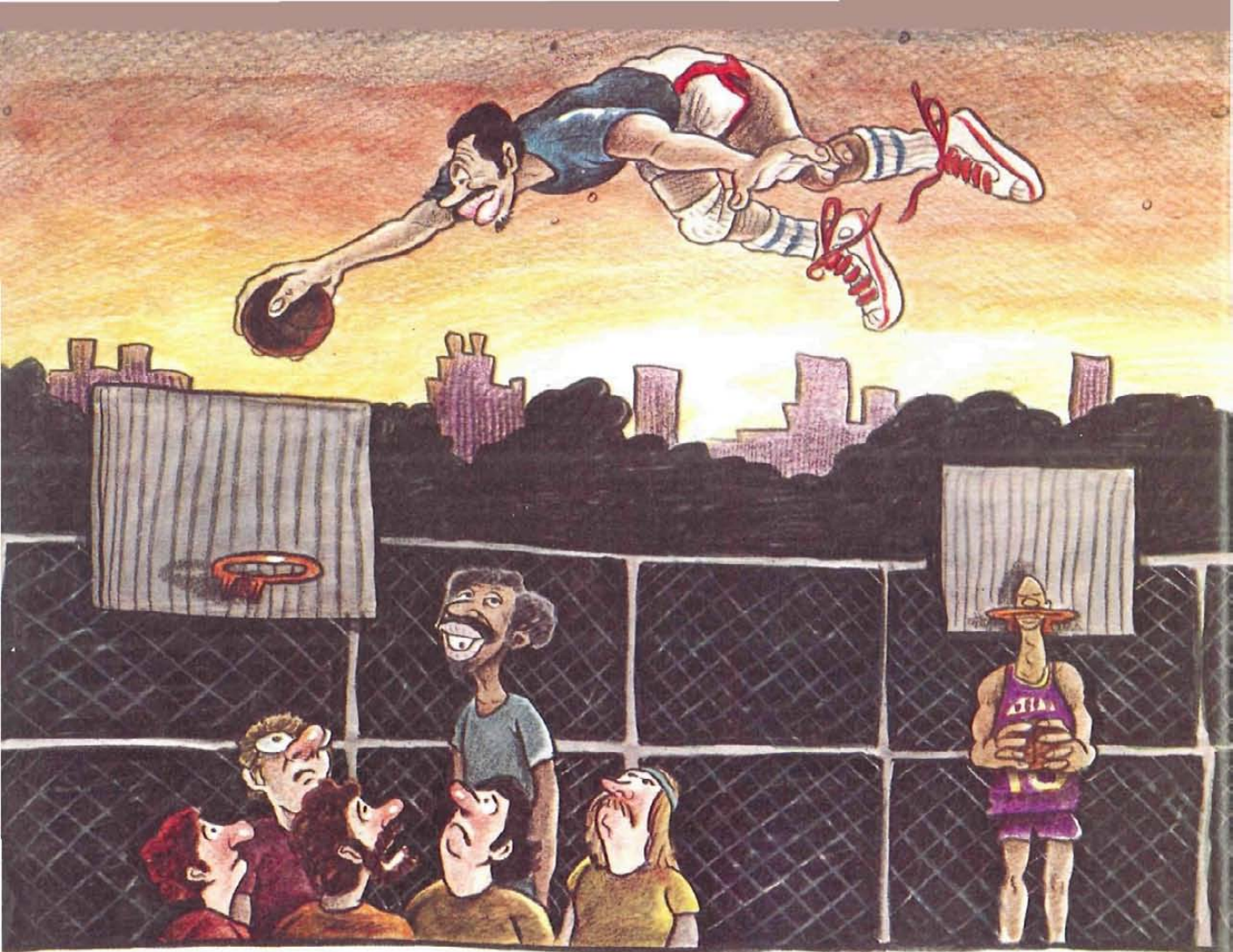




Milton Plotnick, Stan Spielstone, Stu Weissbird, Norm Zonder, Al Hesch, and Gene Kablonka, all forty-eight years old, will all die of heart attacks while playing touch football. "Inside every chubby Jew is an O.J. Simpson trying to do the 40 in 4.4. Their hearts can't take that kind of strain," said Dr. Morris Sperlbaum of Mount Sinai Hospital.

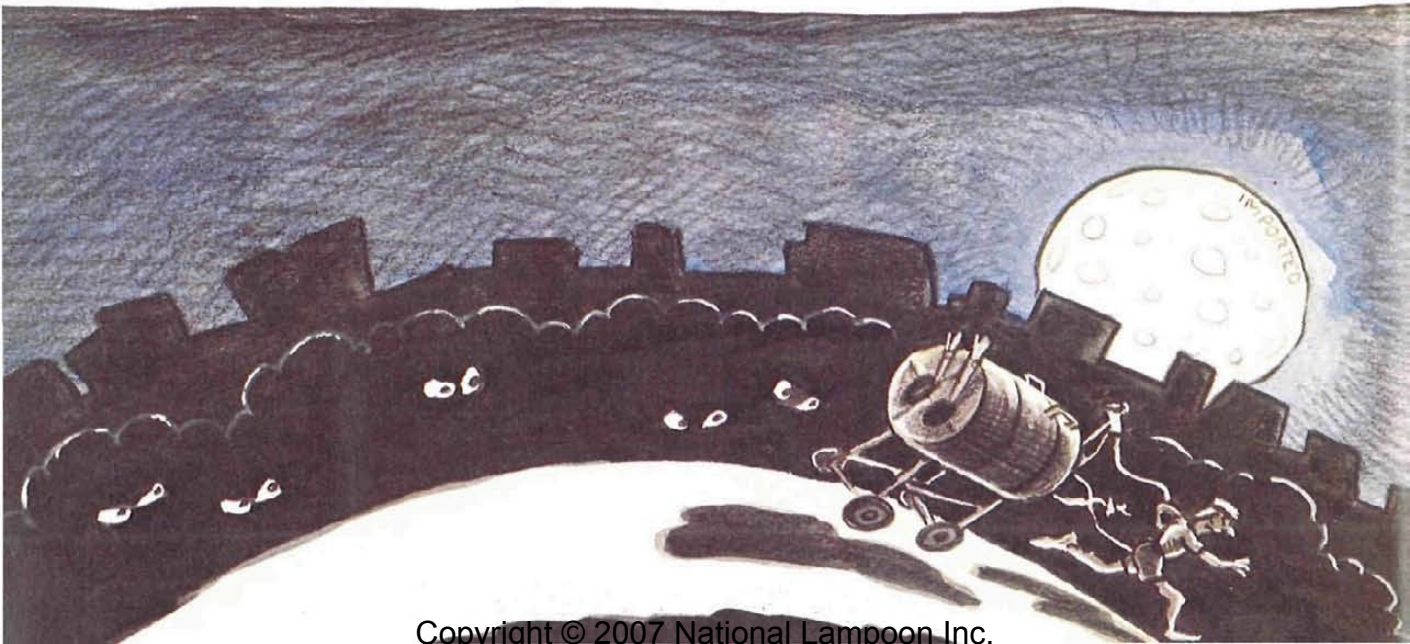
Jay Krinklestein and Judy Bleume met two years ago on the lawn in front of the public tennis courts, the city's biggest outdoor singles party. Jay straightened out her serve, got her to groove her backhand properly, and boosted her confidence at the net. To repay him for this invaluable coaching, Judy talked him into marriage.





↑ **T**hese whiteys never go home. They have no dates anyway. If they had dates, they would have to take showers and find clean clothes to wear. They've been waiting since early afternoon for their "next," for the privilege of playing against "Lucas Skydunker," "Dave the Swayve," and Lonnie Tabasco, known as the Jamaican Jumping Bean.

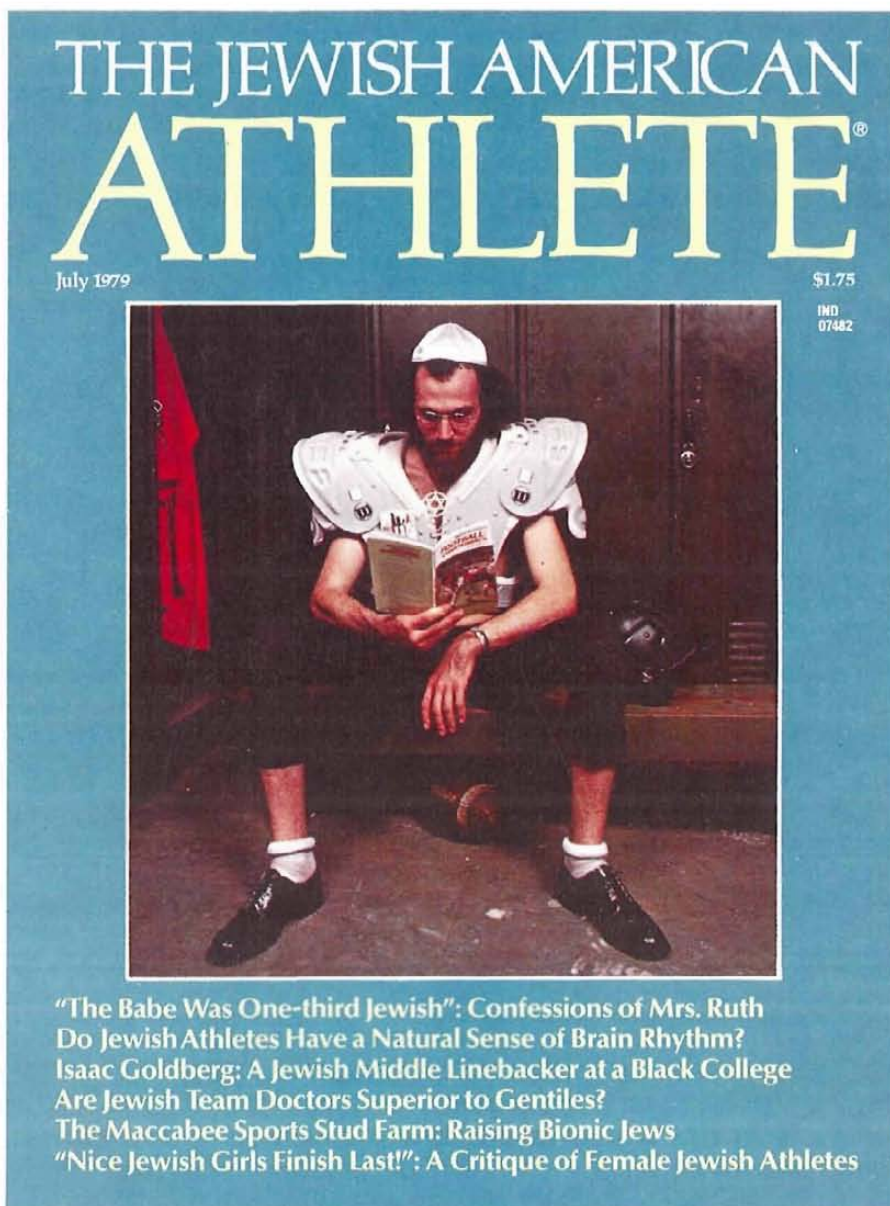
↓ **O**nly the lonely figure of the Ancient Marathoner remains as the muggers prepare for their night's work. If they're desperate, they'll go for his lung, or maybe for his shoes (not his shirt or shorts). But a fence won't give them much for an iron lung, so they'll end up playing with it, spray-painting it, and when they get bored, they'll push it off a roof and kill someone. □



SPECIALIZED SPORTS MAGAZINES

Four New Entries
to Satisfy the Insatiable
Appetites of Sports Fans

by Gerald Sussman



The Jewish American Athlete is the brainchild of Craig Rothbard, a real estate attorney and investor who is a self-confessed "intellectual sports freak." In 1977, Rothbard bought out Jewsport and Jewk, two gossip and picture magazines. He fired the staffs, brought in a team of young rabbinical students, and decided to make it a "controversial thinking man's magazine, a magazine that would do for Jews in sports what Commentary does for Jews in world affairs."

Grandstand

BRUISER

THE MAGAZINE FOR FIGHTING FANS

Mastering the
Art of
Bottle
Throwing

July 1979

IND
42780

75¢

How to Smuggle
Hard Liquor
Into Stadiums

Beating Up
Tennis Wimps:
It's Easy, It's Fun

The Panama Fight Fan:
Everton's a
Roberto Duran

The New Stadium
and Arenas and
How You Can
Vandalize Them

Sal Digliemburti:
Grandstand Bruiser
of the Month



Obviously, this is a magazine whose time has come. At most sporting events there's usually a better show going on in the stands than on the field. Grandstand Bruiser is dedicated to the aficionados of sports whose passions and loyalties evoke the spirit of a simpler, happier time.

July 1979

The Magazine of Sports Gear

\$1.50

JOCKS & SOCKS

IND
97452

**Chess Shoes:
Three New Models for
All-Night Games**

**New Pong Warm-up Suits
Stress Ease of Movement,
Washability**

**The Truth Behind
Odor-Controlled Socks**

**New Shoes That Can
Help You Fly**

**Steroids in Your Shorts:
New Way to Break Records**

**Disposable Paper
Ski Parkas:
The Future of Snow Gear?**

**1979 SWEATBAND RATINGS:
A PRODUCT REPORT**



For millions of athletes, the outfit is much more important than the game itself. No matter how simple or obscure your sport, there is a huge sports equipment conglomerate making the perfect outfit for you. It's light in weight, easy to clean, and gives you that extra edge of looking good, no matter how bad your game is.

Chickie

July 1979

\$1.50 IND 042789

THE MAGAZINE OF SPORTS GROUPIES

"I Was Slam-Dunked by Doctor J!" A True Story

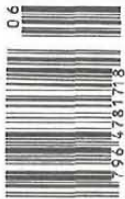
A Hot Groupie Says: "Jockeys Can Be Fun!"

Getting Pucked: A Hockey Groupie's Dream Comes True

Exclusive! Hidden Camera Goes Inside the Locker Room of the Pittsburgh Steelers

Who's Bigger—Football or Basketball Players?

Win a Date with Pete Rose!
(See details inside.)



Chickie comes from the burgeoning empire of Neil Shapiro, the nineteen-year-old boy genius who has developed such magazines as Pocket Pool, Barn Bunnies, and Truck Stop Woman. Chickie is his first entry into a class market, complete with quality high-gloss paper and four-color photographs.

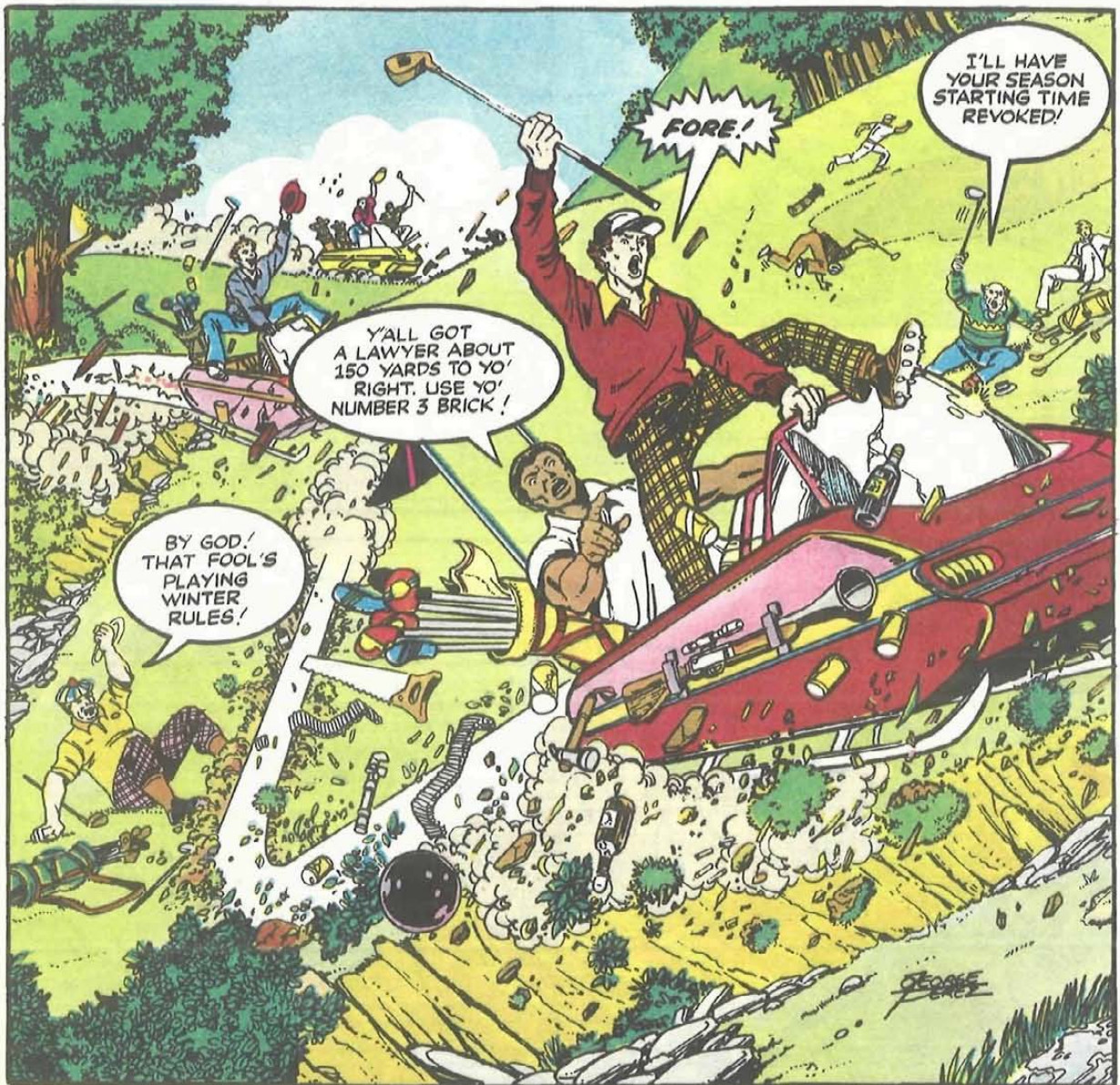
ACTION GOLF

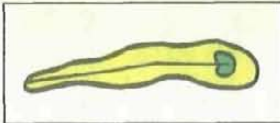
Nine Holes of Hoopla With John Hughes,
Briarbulb Country Club



HOLE No. 1

It's a beautiful, balmy summer Sunday morning. The birds are singing, the fairway grass is wet with dew, and my snowmobile is howling like a panther passing a kidney stone. Down into a sand trap! Up over a bunker! Ziiiiip! It's time to putt!

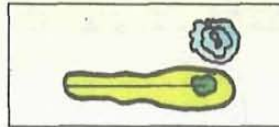




HOLE No. 2

According to the official rules of Action Golf, it is

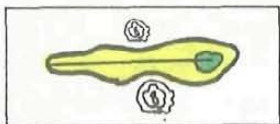
permissible to drive into a foursome provided that no one person in that group can kick the stuffing out of you. I select a club (a thirty-eight-ounce Hillerich and Bradsky Willie Stargell Autograph), toss a Titleist into the air, and socko! Why the major leagues don't use golf balls is beyond me. If Greg Luzinski smacked a golf ball like he smacks a baseball, you'd need the Glomar Challenger to find the son of a bitch.



HOLE No. 3

In order to pick up a few strokes, I elect to pass on the

third hole. Instead, I perform a "Thirty Seconds Over the Cup" putt. I hold the ball at chest height directly over the cup and drop it, shouting, "Bombs away!" It's harder than it sounds because a perfect, dead-center strike often bounces out. You have to hit the lip and let the ball fall in. If you miss, you have to hole out with your dick, and if you can't get hard like I couldn't get hard, it's like trying to hit a Goose Gossage slider with a French bread.

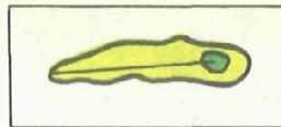


HOLE No. 4

The fourth hole has sand traps and bunkers like a Dago has colored underpants, so I elect to tee-off with my favorite club—a \$39.99 Montgomery Ward single-barrel, twelve-gauge

shotgun (catalog sales only) with a custom-flared muzzle that accommodates a golf ball perfectly. I aim a cunt hair below the pin and squeeze the thunder button. *Blam!* I'm on the green in one. I dig out my shot and power putt for an eagle, two.

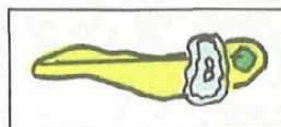
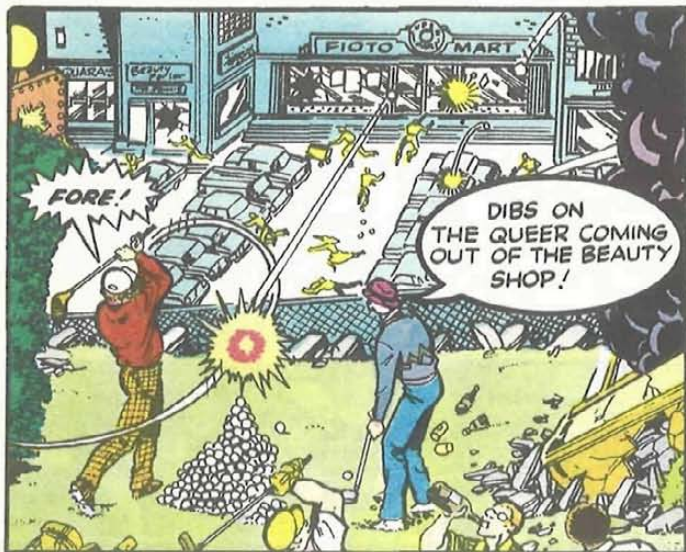




HOLE No. 5

You'd never peg a Mexican as someone

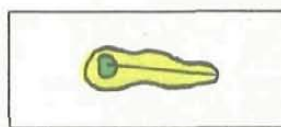
who gives a shit about anything but Jesus Christ, disco shirts, and da-glo Ford Rancheros, but wait until one catches you doing major surgery on a green or fairway that he's watered every night for ten years! The fifth hole runs right past the greenskeeper's bungalow, so we all decide to take it easy, and instead of regular play, we lay everything on a Piss 'n' Putt contest. I mark off three club lengths, unzip, and aim for the hole. The number of seconds I hit the cup and stay in it count as strokes off my score. A crosswind and a foursome of cute girls on the next tee hold me to a paltry three seconds. By the way, when you Piss 'n' Putt, be a class guy and pull the pin for the benefit of the players behind you.



HOLE No. 6

By the sixth hole it's pretty apparent

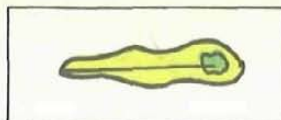
who's been doing push-ups at night and who hasn't. I'm shooting 11,168. Another guy is at 2,990, another has a 503, and the whiz has a 77. We're in need of some handicapping. The guy with the four-digit score gets four chugs, the guy with three takes three chugs, and the whiz gets two pops. It's only fair. Then, since I have five figures I get five gulps plus a high score bonus, which allows me to take a sip for the Pope and one for the girl who sings with Blondie, and since I also bottom-out the bottle, I get to lick the cap. To see how handicapped we are, we try our hand at knocking off shoppers in the parking lot adjacent to the country club. We wisely use thirty-six Christmas balls bearing the name of Dr. Richard Whitehead, a locally renowned pediatrician.



HOLE No. 7

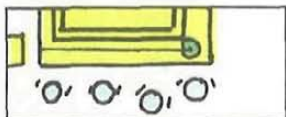
Any duffer can put a ball in the hole

in five strokes, but only a handful of golfers can put a club in the hole in five strokes. I'm one. I can throw a sand wedge like nobody's business. I've dented more club caps, bent more flag sticks, killed more birds, crippled more bunny rabbits, beamed more caddies, shorted-out more electrical wires and golf carts, put out more windows, and scared more ladies back onto the tennis courts than anybody in the history of my country club. I'd have my own line of clothes at Sears if the PGA would outlaw golf balls.



HOLE No.8

One of the strong points of my game is tree surgery. I'm in the rough, but with my Eager Beaver chain saw I clear a perfect approach to the eighth green. That week I spent up in northern Michigan last summer knocked half a dozen strokes off my game.



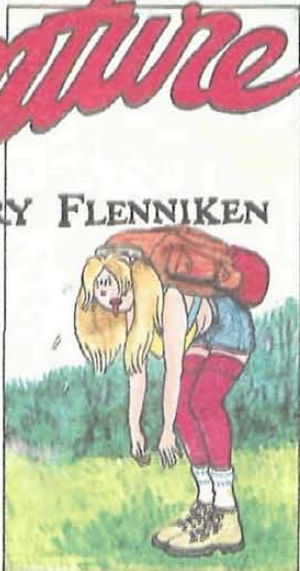
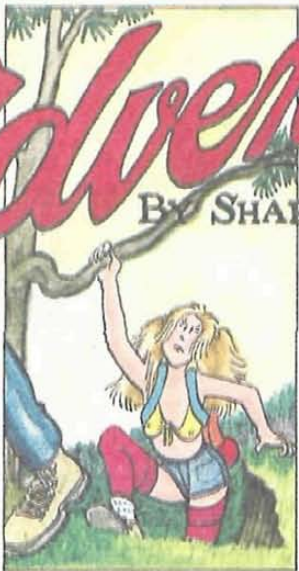
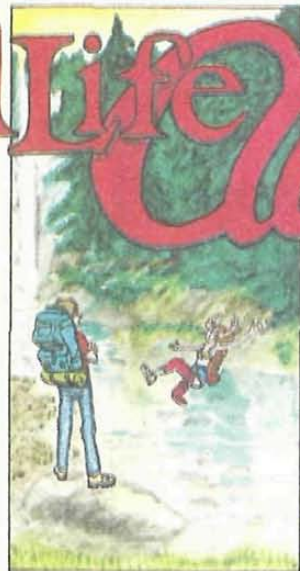
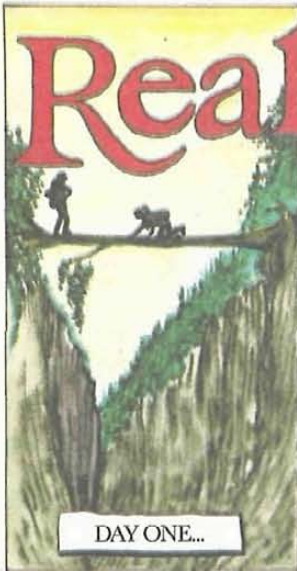
HOLE No. 9

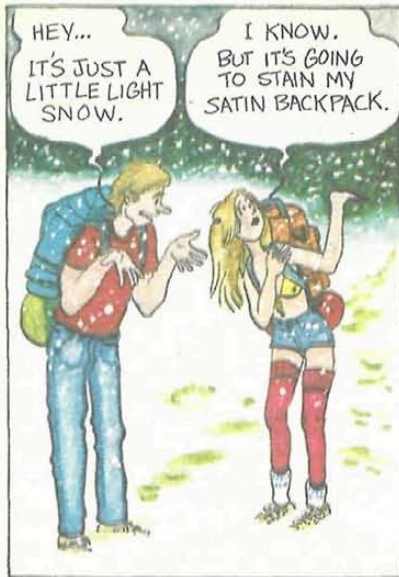
The ninth hole is a ballbuster now that Marie is gone. She was the Italian barmaid who had more kids than fingers, and she was a cinch to one-putt. But this new gal, Cindi, she's a doll and only twenty, but even with a clear, dry bar you can hardly ace her. But that's Action Golf. The rules change, the game changes. The winners are the ones who can adapt. It looks like I know my adapting pretty well because I've overcome an 11,000-stroke deficit to win the match. If Hubert Green can do that, I'll give him my day's winnings. Just as soon as the guys I beat determine how old their daughters will have to be before I can collect, that is.



Real Life Adventure

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN



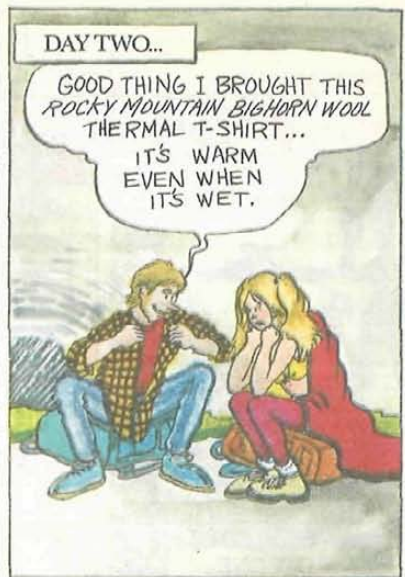


HEY...
IT'S JUST A
LITTLE LIGHT
SNOW.

I KNOW.
BUT IT'S GOING
TO STAIN MY
SATIN BACKPACK.



OH... IT'S JUST A SUDDEN
BLIZZARD.
WE'LL BUILD A
SNOW CAVE.
HERE'S MY ICE KNIFE...
START CUTTING CUBES.



DAY TWO...
GOOD THING I BROUGHT THIS
ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIGHORN WOOL
THERMAL T-SHIRT...
IT'S WARM
EVEN WHEN
IT'S WET.



DAY THREE...
THIS GORE-TEX
BACKPACK IS
FABULOUS...
LOOK AT THAT
WORKMANSHIP!



DAY FOUR...
DID YOU NOTICE THE
INTRICATE STITCHING
ON THESE POLAR-
GUARD BOOTIES?
YA JUST CAN'T
BEAT OLD LL.BEAN
FOR QUALITY!



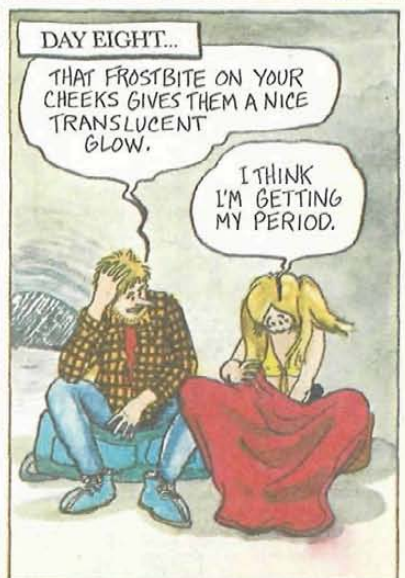
DAY FIVE...
I DIDN'T BRING ANY
FREEZE-DRIED FOOD...
I FIGURED WE'D
PICK BERRIES AND
MUSHROOMS AND
HORSE WORT AND
SKUNKCABBAGE.
NATURAL
STUFF.
SHUT UP
AND EAT
YOUR
TRAIL MIX,
PETER.



DAY SIX...
THIS SLEEPING BAG
IS SOAKED.
I KNEW WE
SHOULD HAVE
BOUGHT
FIBER-FILL
THREE.
YEAH.
YA CAN'T
BEAT THOSE
SYNTHETICS.



DAY SEVEN...
DO YOU WANT TO
MAKE LOVE?



DAY EIGHT...
THAT FROSTBITE ON YOUR
CHEEKS GIVES THEM A NICE
TRANSLUCENT
GLOW.
I THINK
I'M GETTING
MY PERIOD.

DAY NINE...

I HOPE THEY DON'T SEND SNOWMOBILES AFTER US. UGH... THE NOISE... THE SMELL... THINK OF THE IMPACT ON THE ENVIRONMENT. NOW... SAINT BERNARDS... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SAINT BERNARDS?

AND LITTLE KEGS OF BRANDY.

DAY TEN...

DAMN. I DREAMED I WAS ON A BEACH IN THE BAHAMAS... LYING NAKED UNDER A BLAZING TROPICAL SUN.

OH... I WAS DREAMING THAT THE AIR CONDITIONER WAS TURNED ON TOO HIGH AND I WAS LYING NAKED UNDER A PILE OF ICE CUBES.

DAY ELEVEN...

WE'RE GONNA DIE, I KNOW IT. WE'RE GONNA GO TO SLEEP AND NEVER WAKE UP. LET'S GO TO SLEEP IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, LINDA. LET'S BE BEAUTIFUL WHEN THEY FIND US.

DAY TWELVE...

MAYBE WE SHOULD PRAY...

DEAR GOD... PLEASE DON'T LET ME WET MY PANTS OR ANYTHING EMBARRASSING WHEN I DIE.

AT LEAST, IF WE FREEZE TO DEATH UP HERE, OUR BODIES WON'T BLOAT AND PUTREFY AND ROT AND DRIP GOO AND TURN BLACK AND BE COVERED WITH MAGGOTS CRAWLING IN AND OUT OF OUR ORIFICES.

I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. WE'RE PRETTY FAR FROM THE BEATEN PATH...

THERE'S A CHANCE THEY WON'T FIND US 'TIL AFTER THE SPRING THAW.

NOT BEFORE FLY SEASON.

I DON'T WANT OUR BODIES TO LIE HERE ALL YEAR...

WE'D LOOK AWFUL.

"WITH-IT' COUPLE EATEN BY CHIPMUNKS."

IF WE MOVE CLOSER TO THE MAIN TRAIL IN THIS BLIZZARD, WE'LL DIE BEFORE WE HAVE TIME TO BUILD ANOTHER IGLOO. THEN WE'D REALLY LOOK LIKE GREEN HORNS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND GET AS CLOSE TO THE TRAIL AS POSSIBLE...



Linda and Peter kept their spirits up through mutual support and prayer. Knowing that their limited supplies of food and warm clothing wouldn't be enough to see them both to safety, Peter bravely stayed behind and froze to death, while Linda trudged the many arduous miles to a ski lodge. Although Linda lost her left foot and her nose to frostbite, she feels her life is now a tribute to Peter's sacrifice and insistence on never giving up hope in the face of impossible odds.



PHYSICAL FITNESS

Section

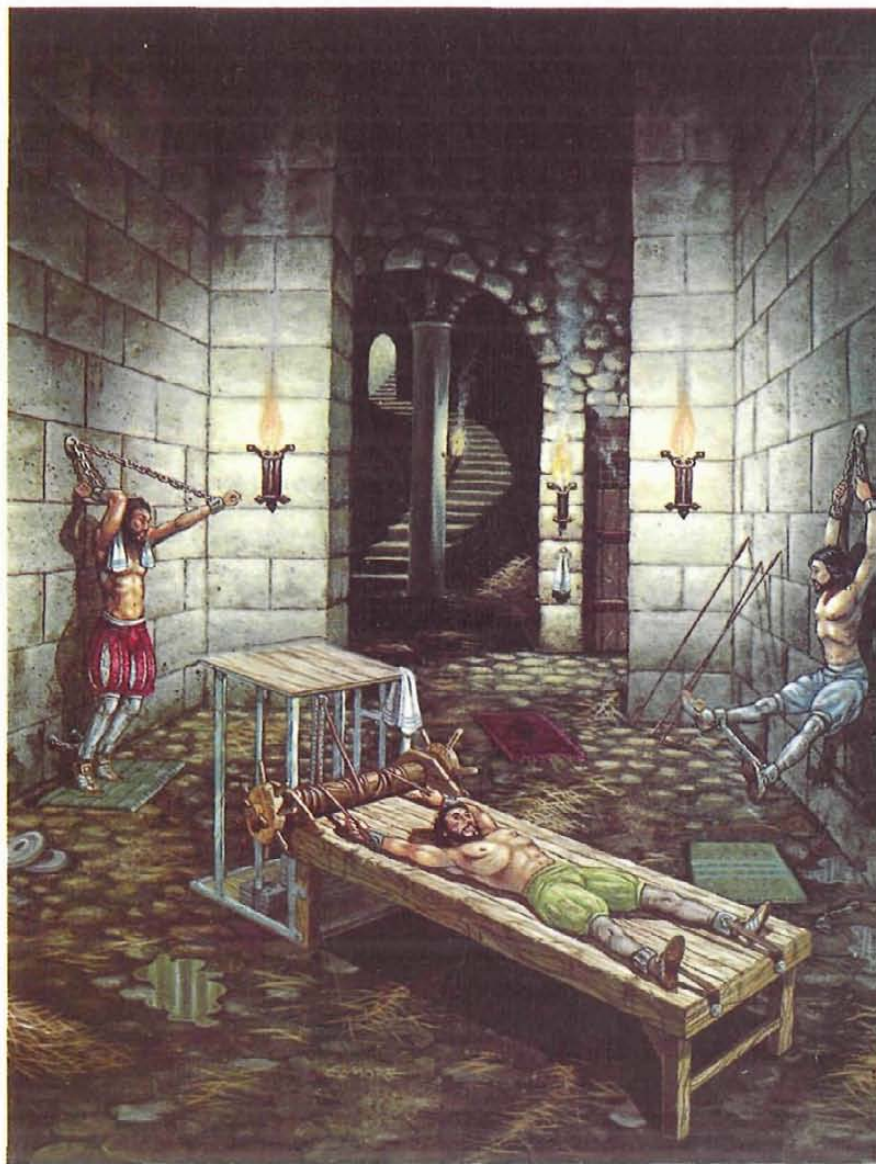
Fifteenth Century Spain: The Cradle of Physical Fitness

Physical fitness training and body building as organized pursuits were first developed by the Spanish in the early fifteenth century. For many years the wealthy padrones of Castille and Seville had enjoyed an informal exercise regimen called *chalupas*, which consisted of running in place, deep knee bends, and an abbreviated form of proto-flamenco dancing called *chimichangas*.

Practiced first thing in the morning and immediately before meals, *chalupas* was considered not so much a body building program as it was an appetite stimulant and laxative. Indeed, it was not until 1441 that the overall healthful properties of *chalupas* were first recognized. In that year, José de la Lanne, provincial governor of the Balearic Islands, formalized the program, dropping the flamenco dancing and replacing it with an exercise of his own invention called the five-count squat thrust. Two years later, de la Lanne published a pioneering folio describing his regimen entitled *The Grandees Book of Grooming, Good Health, and the "New" Chalupas*.

Soon "new" *chalupas* groups—founded by followers of de la Lanne called de la Lanniacs—were being formed from one end of the Iberian peninsula to the other, and by mid-century formal exercise had become a part of every Spaniard's regular routine. In several of Spain's larger cities "new" *chalupas* groups began to meet in primitive gymnasias called *flautas*, which in turn gave rise to the first formal health and exercise emporia, called *suizas*. Most famous of these were Tomas de Torquemada's Suizadromes and Spa Chambers.

A self-confessed physical fitness *nuez*, or "nut," Tough Tomas, as his patrons called him, is generally credited with revolutionizing Spanish body building. Dissatisfied with mere calisthenics, he developed specialized machines, each one designed to exercise one specific muscle or muscle group (see above), which set his spas apart. Young gentlemen and commoners alike flocked to his centers for rigorous daily workouts, and



soon the Spanish were renowned throughout continental Europe for their bulging, muscular physiques.

Three of de Torquemada's most enthusiastic followers were Hernando Cortez, Francisco Pizarro, and Ferdinand Magellan. Indeed, their extraordinary exploits in conquering the Aztecs and the Incas and in circumnavigating the globe can be directly attributed to the amazing strength and stamina that they developed in de Torquemada's spas. Cortez, for example, disembarking in Mexico and finding himself surrounded

by a mob of hostile Aztecs, is reputed to have fallen to the sand and done three hundred rapid leg lifts. This so astonished and impressed the Indians that they threw down their spears and arrows and surrendered forthwith. Similarly, one of Magellan's shipmates reports that the puissant captain would frequently dive overboard and swim alongside his armada as it made its way around the world. It was thus that he lost his life while breaststroking his way through a group of cannibals disporting in the surf beyond the reef of a South Seas island.

continued

The Sports Medicine Approach

by Dr. Boyd Callahan, M.D.

As a physician active in the practice of sports medicine for over ten years, I can tell you with authority that the body of a fitness enthusiast is entirely different from the body of an unconditioned, sedentary person. For example, a physically fit heart is three to four times larger. A super athlete like O.J. Simpson has a remarkably large heart, which weighs over forty pounds and has enough muscle to lift an ordinary color television set all by itself. And, obviously, a bigger, stronger heart can do a better job than others. Look at this chart.

QUARTS OF BLOOD PUMPED PER MINUTE WHILE:

Playing cards	1 qt.
Folding towels	1½ qts.
Eating a cracker	1 qt.
Running twenty miles as fast as you can	1,000 qts.

How many quarts would you like to pump? A thousand or more? Well, you need a large, powerful heart to do that kind of work, and as you probably already know, an intense program of continuous exercise is the only way to assure success. My job as a sports medicine expert is to help prevent injuries from interrupting your exercise routine. Studies show that a layoff of as little as thirty-six hours can be devastating.

When Jimmy Connors, the champion tennis player, missed two days' practice, I quickly asked to examine him. His ordinarily bulging and toned heart muscles were reduced to sagging, pendulous folds, barely able to move. Jimmy's heart looked like it had been in a German death camp. This process is called *reversibility*, and it's important not to let it happen to you. Let's take a look at some of the injuries that might interfere with

your fitness routine.

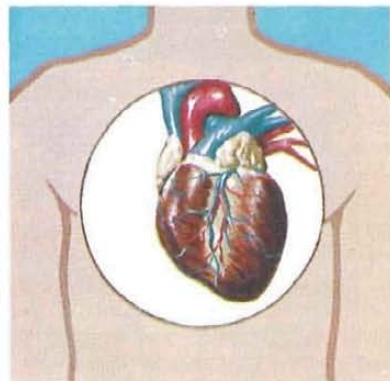
BONE FRACTURE. A specialized sports injury in which the bone becomes cracked or broken completely in half. *Example:* Star running back O.J. Simpson had his pelvis broken in a big game. Here's how to tell if you have a broken bone. First, let *pain* be your "inside man." It will tell you where to suspect a fracture. Second, repeat the event that immediately preceded the injury. If the pain persists, have someone wrap his hands around the sore spot and press as hard as he can while rotating his hands in opposite directions. Continued discomfort means you have a fracture. **Treatment:** Because your first concern is preventing heart shrinkage or decay, I always prescribe a lightweight *cardiatic*—a wedge-shaped rubber insert that fits between the heart and the diaphragm. The *cardiatic* puts extra pressure on the heart muscles to keep them robust until your fitness schedule can be fully resumed.

MUSCLE, LIGAMENT, TENDON, AND FASCIA PULLS. These are uniquely sports-related injuries that occur when muscles, joints, and fascia are twisted, torn, or ripped completely apart. *Example:* Frank Shorter, renowned Olympic runner, ruptured his Achilles tendon during an important race. How can you tell if you have severed or "pulled" a muscle or joint? Again, ask your body's "information officer," *pain*. **Treatment:** Intensify your routine immediately. You will already have incurred a "fitness debt" to your heart by slowing down to examine the injury, and it may be reconciled only by renewed activity that is more vigorous than ever. Baseball superstar Thurman Munson reports that his heart became "dangerously limp and felt like a soft clay ball" after a mere five-minute hiatus from his workout.

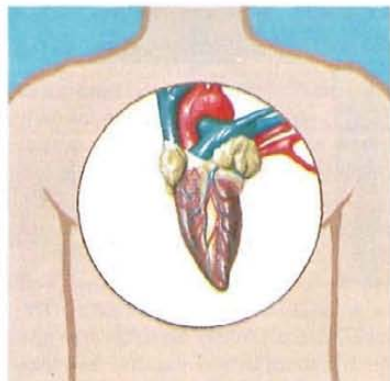
HEAT STROKE AND SUNBURN. Trained athletes have known

how to prevent heat stroke and sunburn for years by making this checklist for themselves: Is it hot outside? If so, do I plan to perform my fitness workout outdoors continuously between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon? Do I have an article of clothing covering portions of my skin I do not wish to be burned? If the answers are yes, yes, and no, you could be asking for a sports injury. **Treatment:** Overheated skin can tire the heart, and as you know, a slowed heart will deteriorate extremely quickly. A reputable heart ointment or lotion will protect the heart from excessive outdoor heat.

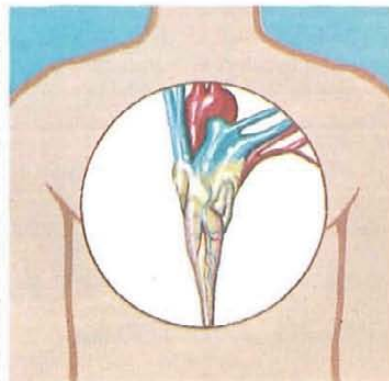
In closing, I'd like to discuss a question that I often get: *What can I do before a competition to give my body the best performance edge?* I recommend *Depletion* and *Amphetamine Packing*, a two-phase, six-day program I devised to put you in top "game day" condition. As you know, humans are among the few mammals that do not manufacture their own amphetamines. Our primary sources are coffee, Coca Cola, and pharmaceutical supplements. The *Depletion* phase calls for a three-day amphetamine-free diet consisting of meat, potatoes, chocolate, biscuits, pies—anything but coffee and Coca Cola. This forces muscles to use up your body's amphetamine reserves, and in effect, trains them to utilize amphetamines more efficiently. The *Packing* aspect follows, and the results are exactly opposite. You must restrict yourself to coffee and Coca Cola only, and take 10,000 mgs. of methylamphetamine per day. The drug is bound into your newly-conditioned muscle fibers in much larger quantities than usual, permitting peak performance for greatly extended periods. International skating sensation Cheryl Flemming can keep her heart (a forty-three pounder) going at an enviable rate of 210 beats a minute for five consecutive days by using this method.



Typical active fitness enthusiast's heart.



Same heart after twenty-four hours of inactivity.



Heart is barely recognizable after three-day layoff.

Das Kalistenik

Das Kalistenik is a unified, single movement exercise program developed by Dr. Hans Geldstehlen, trainer of the East German National Swim Team. In exactly seven seconds, it exercises each of the body's six hundred and fifty-six muscles and places a scientifically determined

amount of healthful stress on each of the internal organs. If *Das Kalistenik* is performed correctly, no other exercise is needed, or advisable, for three weeks.

Das Kalistenik's only weakness is a function of its strength, for if Dr. Geldstehlen's exercise is performed for even a

split second too long, the added stress placed on the muscles can result in serious pulls and tears, and irreparable damage can be done to the internal organs, particularly the heart.

The following diagram gives a rough idea of *Das Kalistenik*:

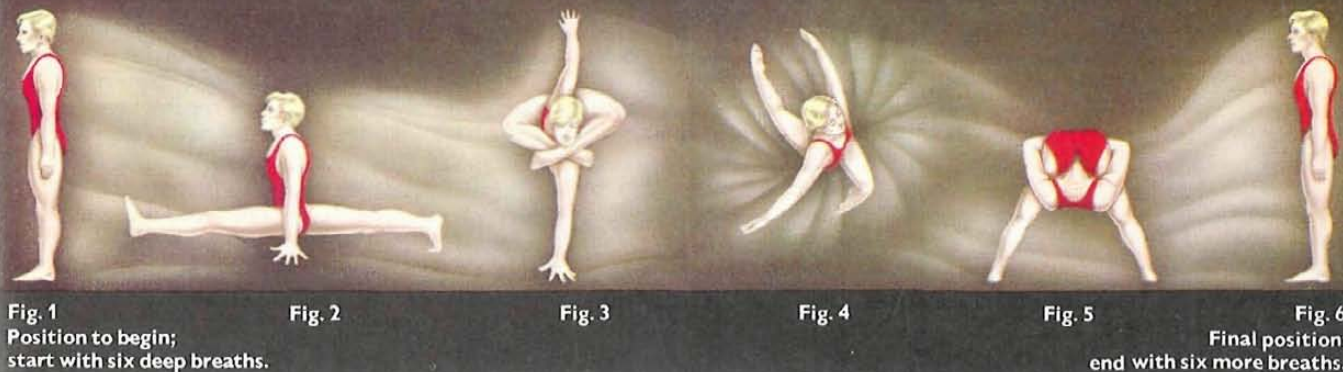


Fig. 1
Position to begin;
start with six deep breaths.

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

Fig. 6
Final position;
end with six more breaths.

Running Through the "Z Barrier"

by Hal Thromby

I like to run. Wait, it's more than that. I love to run. I'd rather run than eat. Running is not just the only thing, it's everything to me. So if you're not deeply involved with running, what I am about to relate may not be of interest to you. But if you are involved in running, it may inspire you to move along the same paths I did, and hopefully, to live through the same remarkable experience I had.

I am a veteran marathon runner. I am not of championship caliber, but I do break the three-hour mark regularly. In fact, in the last few marathons, I finished with hardly any pain. I felt exhilarated after the twenty-six miles. And so, the next time I started training I decided to simply run as far as I could, distance be damned.

At the beginning, I still experienced the usual "wall," that feeling after about ten miles that you can't go on, that your body has given up. This is the time you have to run through your pain. The harder you run the faster the pain disappears, and in the next ten miles or so, you feel euphoric and free-floating. The last two miles of a marathon is when your body tries to "flash" at you, scaring you with stomach and leg cramps and severe chest pains. These are "false alarms," which I've learned to ignore.

From the twenty-sixth to the thirtieth mile my body felt fuzzy, as if it were saying, "Hey, wait a minute, the mara-

thon is over. Why are you still running?" I decided not to answer that question, but to erase all thoughts from my mind and just put one leg in front of the other.

By the thirtieth mile, I entered a new stage I never felt before—terminal pain. Every bone in my body, every ounce of my flesh felt as if someone were beating me with a lead pipe. For the next fifteen miles I ran with this pain. My head was one big migraine. I had toothaches, and my lungs were on fire (I was sure they would burn to a crisp).



Thromby, after breaking the "Z Barrier."

At the fifty-mile mark, the pain subsided somewhat. This was actually more dangerous, because again, you are tempted to stop, "to quit while you're ahead." But quitting was now out of the question. I was determined to hold out as long as I could.

I was hoping for a reward, a new level of euphoria and lightness after all that pain. But at the sixty-mile mark, the pain got worse. It was difficult to breathe. I felt sharp, stabbing pains in my chest. My legs ceased to have any

feeling. I looked down at them and could see many dark blue veins ready to pop. I confess that I was almost ready to quit at this point, but a little voice in the pit of my stomach (it was no longer in the back of my mind) urged me to keep running.

At seventy-five, I noticed that my hair was falling out in big clumps and my skin was drying rapidly and feeling crisp to the touch. It began to fall off in flakes, like strudel dough. A pale, yellowish liquid was dripping out of my ears. I was feeling the effects of dehydration, but continued to run.

I consulted my odometer and thought I saw the magic number 100, but everything became a blur. My eyes stopped functioning. I had to pinch and bite myself and bang my head against trees as I ran because I was beginning to lose all sense of feeling.

And then, the final breakthrough happened. At what must have been the one-hundred-twenty-fifth mile, I went into a state I call "non-space." Suddenly I lost all control of my bowels and bladder. I emptied myself. I drooled uncontrollably, tears flowed from my blinded eyes, and that odd, yellowish liquid oozed out of my ears again. I broke through the final wall, what I call the "Z Barrier." I no longer had any responsibility for my body.

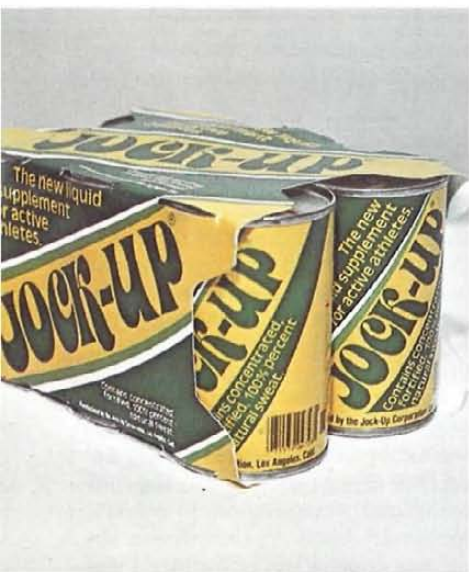
Breaking the Z Barrier was the most thrilling moment of my life, but it took a lot out of me. I was so exhausted afterward that I couldn't run for two days. I am now back on a full training schedule and plan to break the Z Barrier again soon. Why not try it yourself?

continued

DIET AND NUTRITION

Jock-Up

The last word in liquid supplements for active athletes, developed by Dr. Whitney Payne of the University of Southern California Sweat Center. Dr. Payne and his colleagues specialize in the study of the human sweat glands and how to replenish the body's supply of sweat during strenuous exercise. They've developed a new drink called



Jock-Up, the first liquid supplement that contains pure, natural sweat instead of chemical substitutes. "Jock-Up uses the sweat of the best athletes at USC, many of them world-record holders," said Dr. Payne. "We run them on a treadmill and attach various suction devices to their bodies, which draw off their perspiration. The liquid is then blast-frozen to preserve it at the perfect temperature. Then it is made into a powder concentrate and combined with natural spring water, vitamins, minerals, and of course, some flavorings. Right now we have a fortified citrus-flavored beverage."

The "sweat concentrate" of the famous athletes is of a very high quality, and the patented blast-freezing method retains its natural freshness and potency. Only small amounts need be taken after strenuous exercise. Dr. Payne advises that you can also mix it with tap water, "like vermouth with gin in a martini, say, six or seven parts water to one part Jock-Up." Jock-Up will soon be available in selected health food stores and some department stores.

The Evelyn Wood Diet

Conceived by a woman who simply calls herself Evelyn, the Wood Diet may be the answer to the search for the perfect food. Evelyn has discovered that certain woods contain all the nutrients we need for a perfectly balanced diet. She recommends pure, 100 percent wood from trees. The best woods come from pine, oak, maple, ash, hickory, and fruit trees. White birch and elm are to be avoided. Magnolias, weeping willows, and trees native to the Deep South are less nutritious than the northeastern trees.

A six-ounce serving of pine or oak will supply you with 97 percent of all the nutrients you need in a balanced diet. It

contains vitamins A through G, iron, niacin, phosphorous, calcium, riboflavin, zinc, and manganese. It has over 93 percent of the protein you need, plus the perfect balance of carbohydrates. Of course, wood is full of natural fibers—the roughage you need for regular bowel movements—and a long-range safeguard against cancer of the colon. Wood has no cholesterol or sugar.

The best way to serve wood is to put it in the blender with a bit of chicken broth and chop it into small bite-size pieces. Evelyn warns us not to eat the "processed" woods, such as fiberboard, wood boxes, or paper—not even expensive "rag" papers used for stationery.

Eatercising

Exercise while you eat.

One of the most effective ways to stay fit is to combine a low-calorie diet with rigorous exercise at the same time. Dr. Alex Shimfoy, a dietician, and Paul Ziv, a noted physical therapist, have collaborated on this new method, which virtually guarantees you a lean, trim physique.

Here's a typical daily regimen from Eatercise:

Breakfast

While eating your fruit juice, bran flakes with skim milk, one slice of whole wheat toast with margarine, and one cup of herbal tea or decaffeinated coffee (no milk), do the following exercises simultaneously:

- 50 push-ups
- 75 sit-ups
- 100 deep knee bends
- 100 toe touches

Lunch

Enjoy a white meat turkey sandwich on crackers or whole wheat bread with lettuce (no butter or mayonnaise), a small mixed green salad with safflower oil and vinegar dressing, and a fresh fruit cup or gelatin dessert as you do:

- 50 squat thrusts
- 50 "L" leg-ups
- 50 head, neck, shoulder, and torso stretches

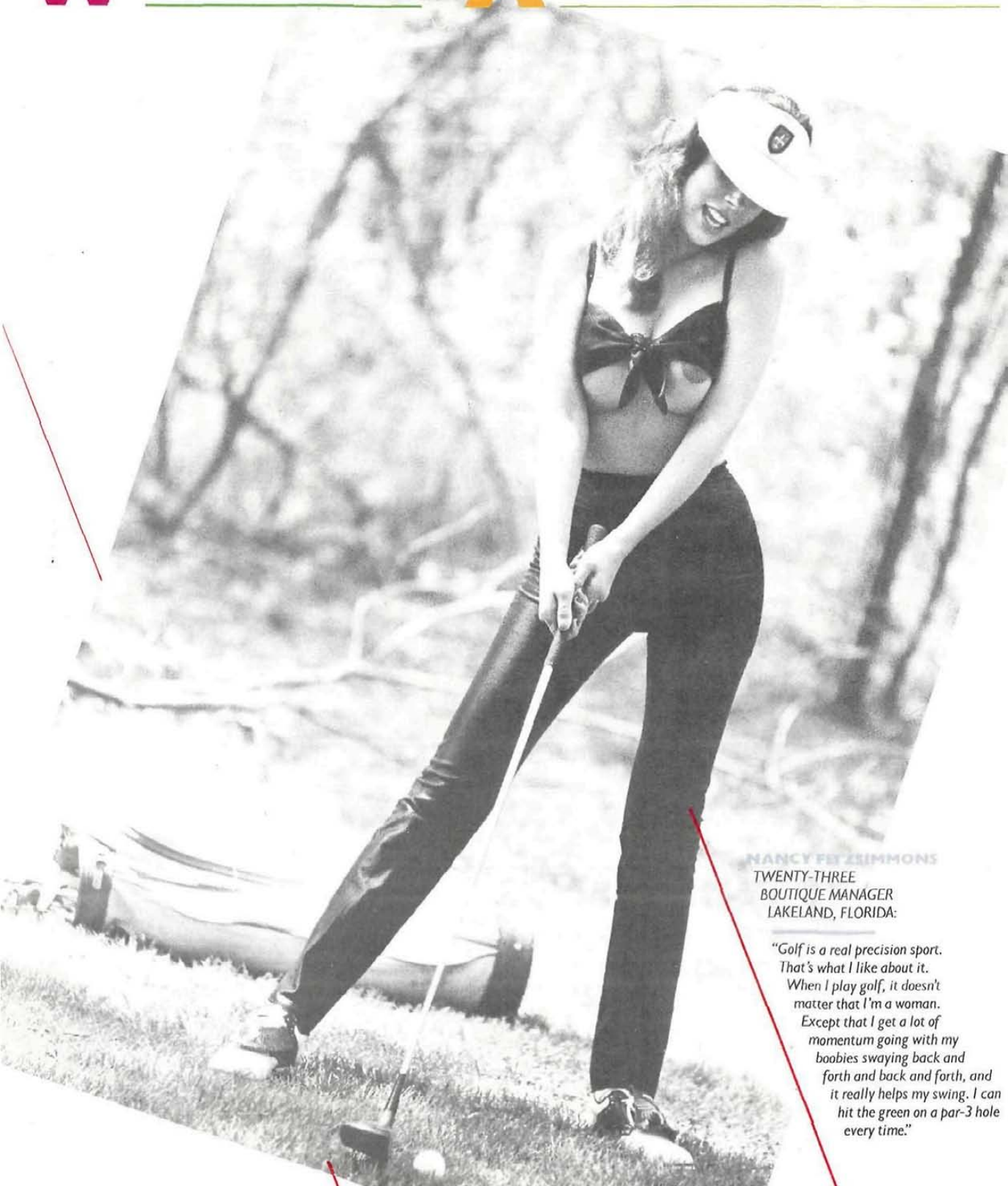
Dinner

About six ounces of broiled fish (scrod, haddock), two green vegetables, a slice of angel food cake, herbal tea or decaffeinated coffee, or a diet soda. Along with this dinner do:

- 20 minutes of running in place
- 10 minutes of arm, torso, hip, and leg stretching
- 100 push-ups



One arena where sex takes a backseat to skill
WOMEN **A**THLETES




NANCY FITZSIMMONS
TWENTY-THREE
BOUTIQUE MANAGER
LAKELAND, FLORIDA:

"Golf is a real precision sport. That's what I like about it. When I play golf, it doesn't matter that I'm a woman. Except that I get a lot of momentum going with my boobies swaying back and forth and back and forth, and it really helps my swing. I can hit the green on a par-3 hole every time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CALLIS

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GLORIA HAUSMANN
TWENTY-SIX
PUBLISHER'S ASSISTANT
MANHATTAN, NEW YORK:

"I love marathon running. I know it sounds corny, but it gives me a real natural high. And I always run with my pants off. That way three, four, sometimes a dozen Puerto Rican guys will be chasing me. It does wonders for my pace. I can do 26.2 miles in two hours and thirty-five minutes."



DARLENE TRENT
TWENTY-ONE
RECEPTIONIST
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA:

"Skiing is everything to me. I live for it. Really. And Aspen is the best place to ski, as far as I'm concerned. In the winter I go there almost every weekend. I don't know how I do it on a receptionist's salary, but somehow I manage."

SALLY TYLER
TWENTY-EIGHT
RESEARCHER
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

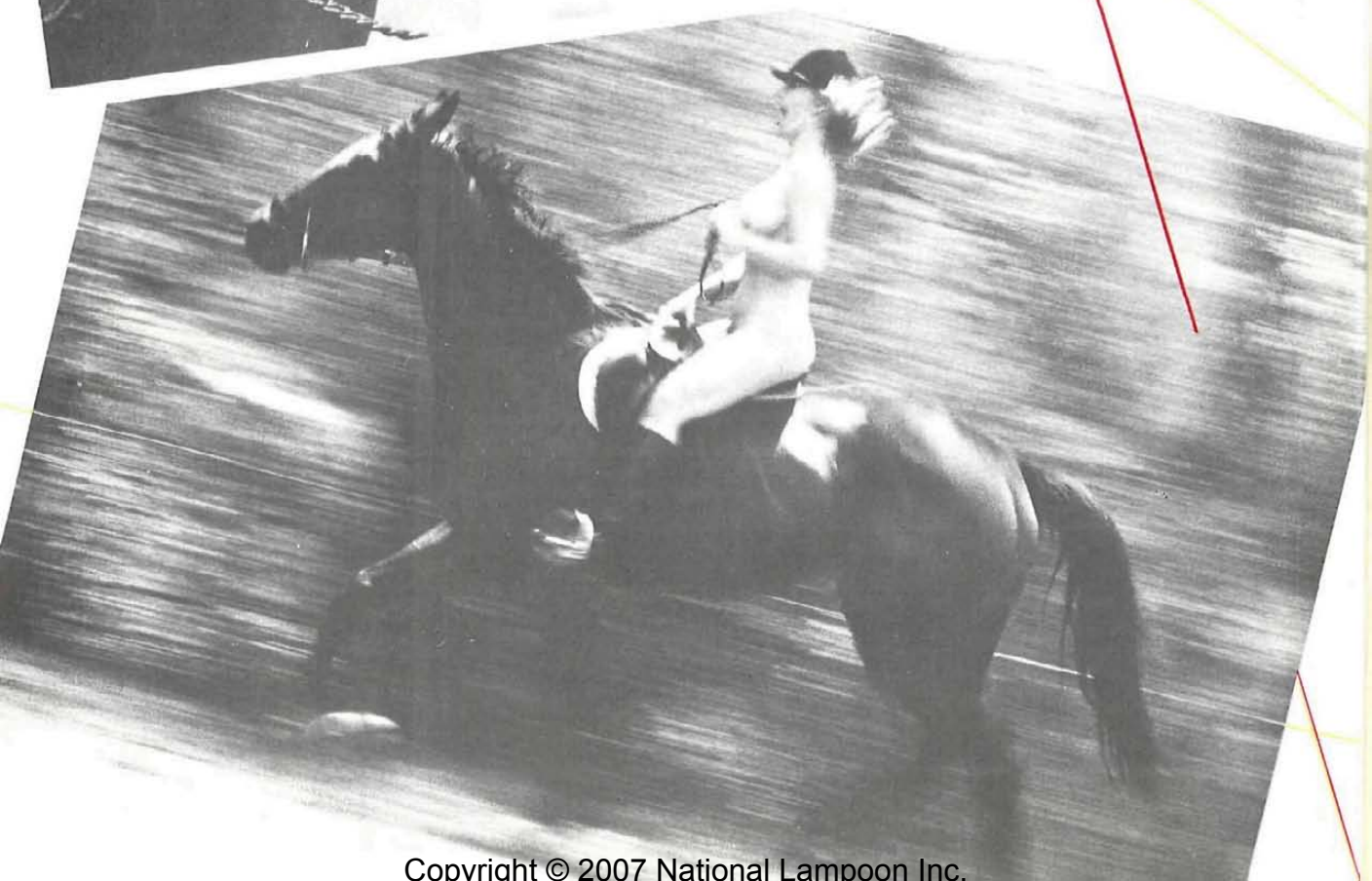
"My tennis game has really taken off this year, which sort of surprises me because my serve is still pretty weak, and my backhand isn't very good at all. Even my forehand hasn't really improved all that much. But I'm still able to beat most of the men at the tennis club. Maybe it's because I've been taking a lot of lessons. Also, I read Inner Tennis."





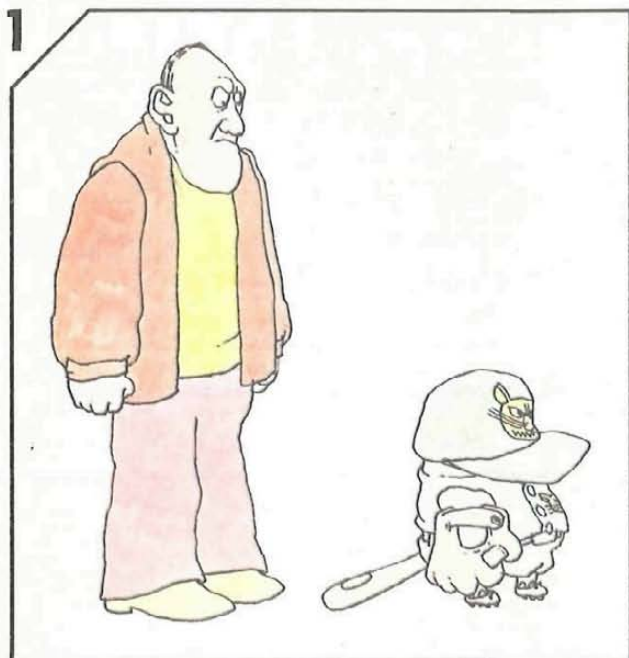
JESSICA VAUGHN
TWENTY-SEVEN
ART GALLERY OWNER
SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY:

"I adore riding. I don't know why, but I just do."

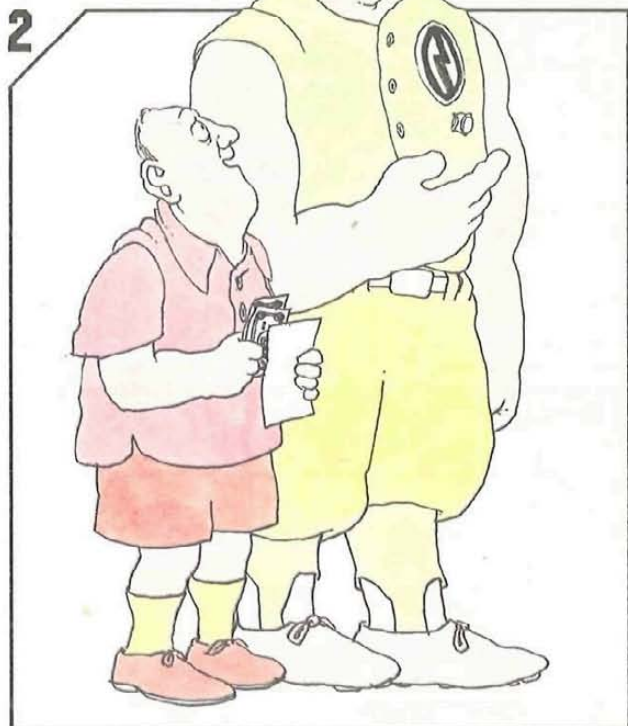


HAVING A GOOD SPORT

BY GAHAN WILSON



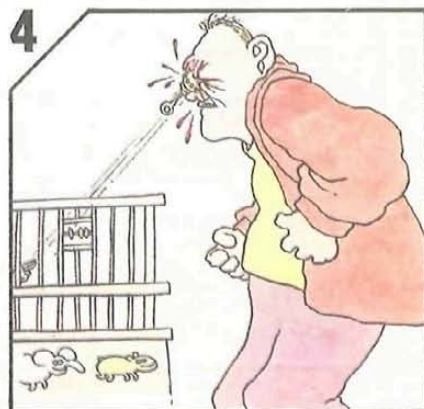
A common tragedy for sports-loving fathers is to have a son who is useless in athletics. Arthur Harding of Manahakkat, Long Island, was among those so afflicted, Arthur Harding, Jr., being a total washout in anything having to do with physical competition. But Arthur Harding refused to let this blight his life....



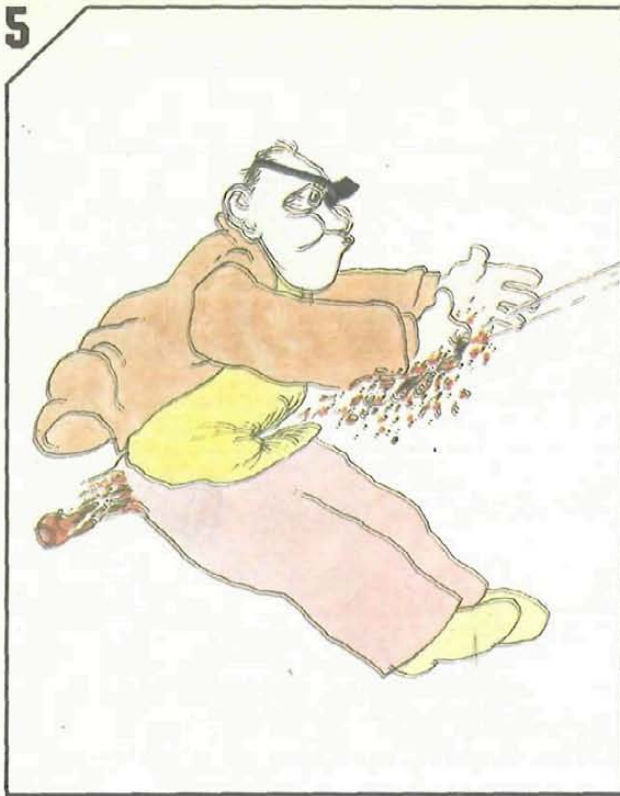
He drove to the winter training camp of his favorite ball team, and with the help of a surprisingly small bribe...



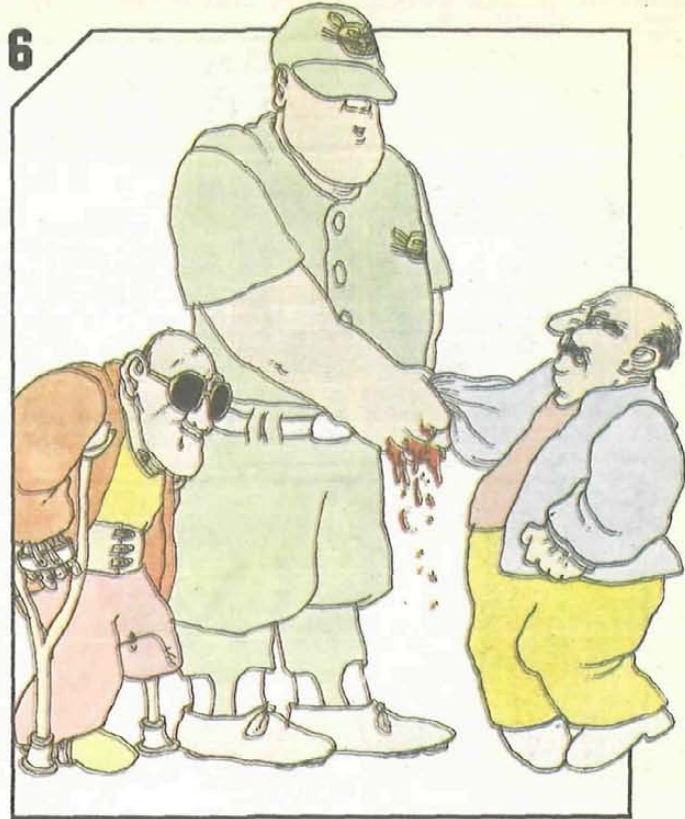
...arranged to have Hinch Streckky, the team's leading fielder, impregnate Harding's wife, Beryl.



The lad resulting from this union was more along the lines of what Arthur Harding had wanted. He called him "Bull," and was very pleased, though it was obvious that raising the child would not be without problems.



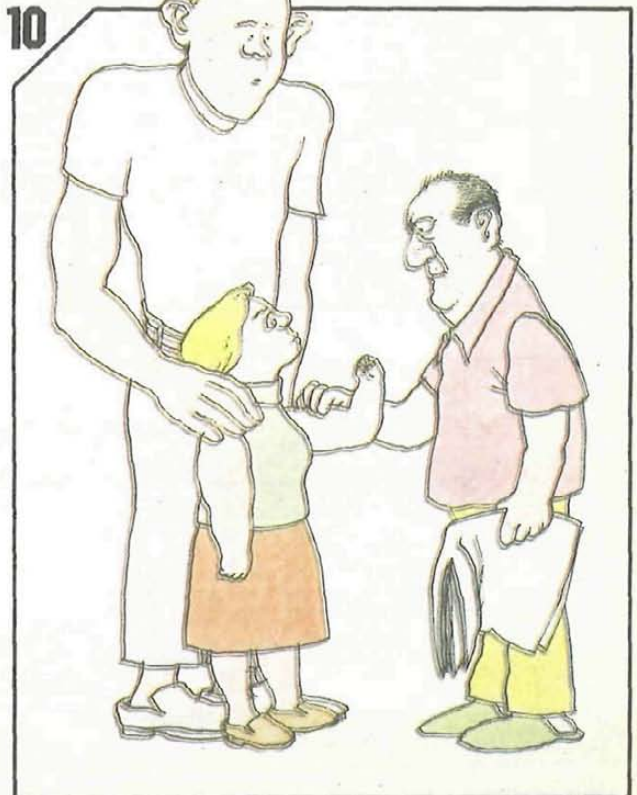
Bull took to sports with a vengeance, and the only problem Arthur Harding had was keeping pace with him during their little practice sessions.



Arthur Harding would glow with pride when he heard the little fellow praised for his wonderful achievements on the playing field.

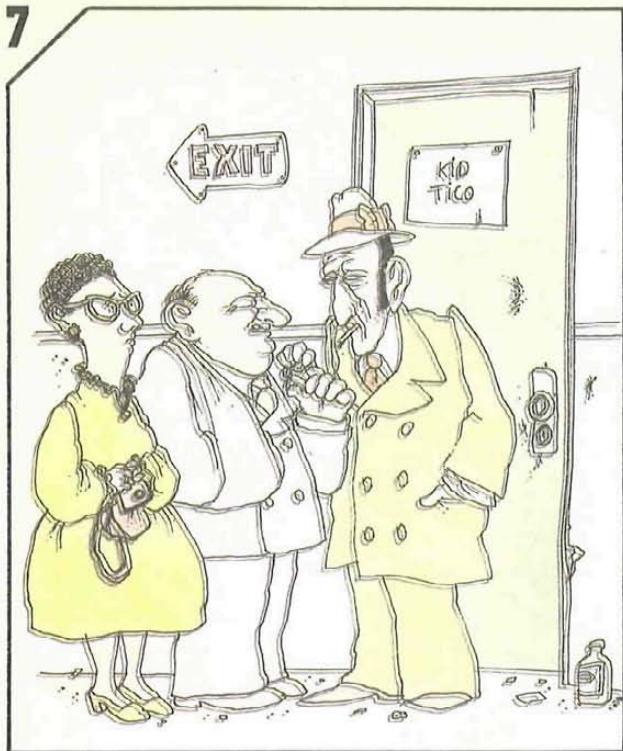


Business know-how introduced techniques whereby, without embarrassment and in the privacy of one's own home, a wife could be fertilized by a wide choice of superstars.



The children resulting from these sometimes costly unions were looked after carefully, of course. Prospective suitors were expected to prove they would not be spoiled.

7



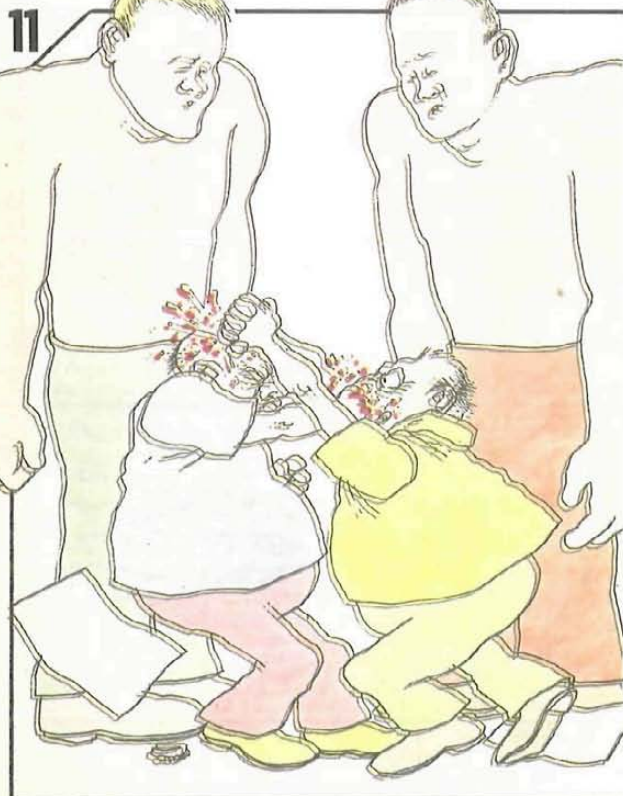
Arthur Harding's friends were so impressed by the results of his bold move that they decided to try it themselves. Soon husbands from coast to coast were dropping old inhibitions in order to reap the benefits of introducing more promising sperm than their own into their wives.

8



These wives, seeing the possibility of happier marriages, cooperated fully with the new fad, even forming coffee parties on their own where they could be studied by some celebrity athlete.

11



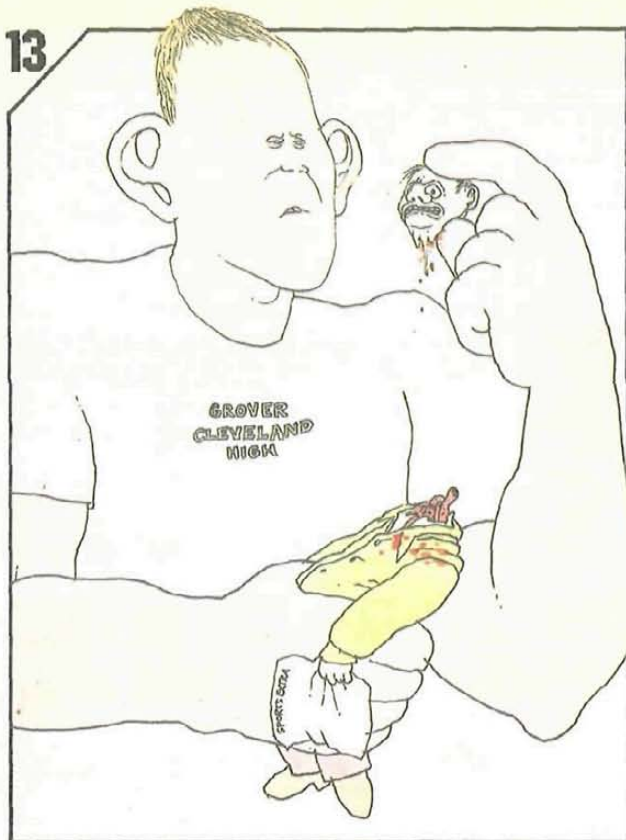
From time to time, violent arguments would break out between different parents over which had the offspring with the best pedigree...

12



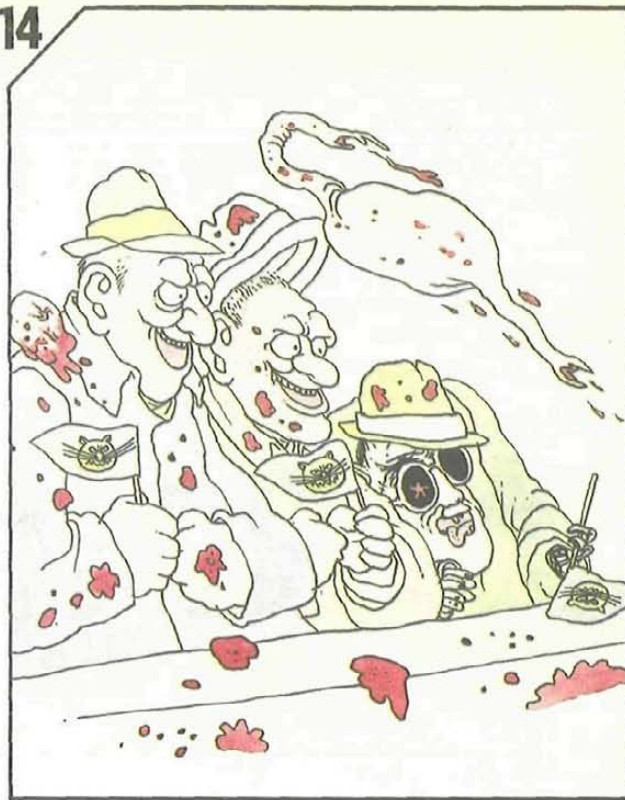
...and the economic burden of bringing up a nearly perfect athletic type grew heavier and heavier...

13



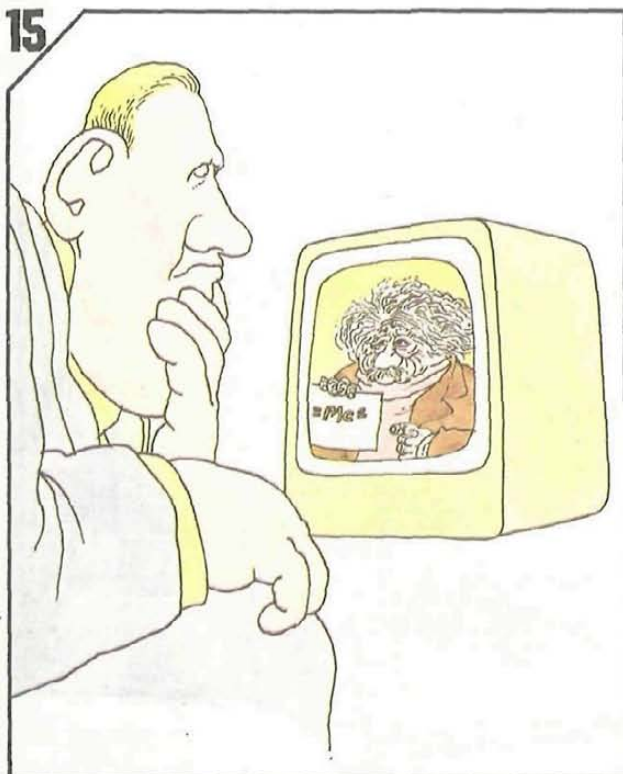
...while now and then a mischance of overbreeding produced a more than ordinarily unruly child...

14



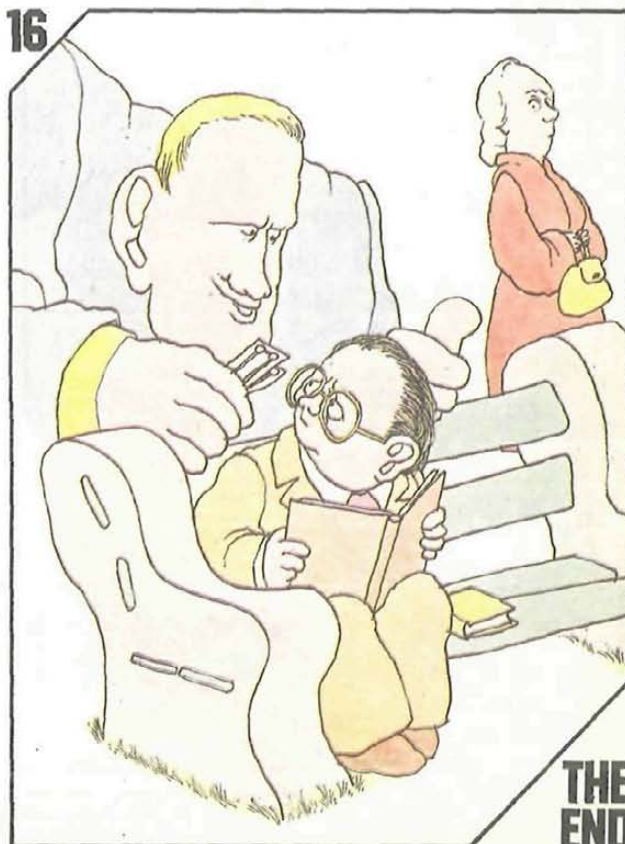
...but the satisfactions produced by the marvelous contests played by these super-offspring made their dotting fathers' sacrifices more than well worthwhile.

15

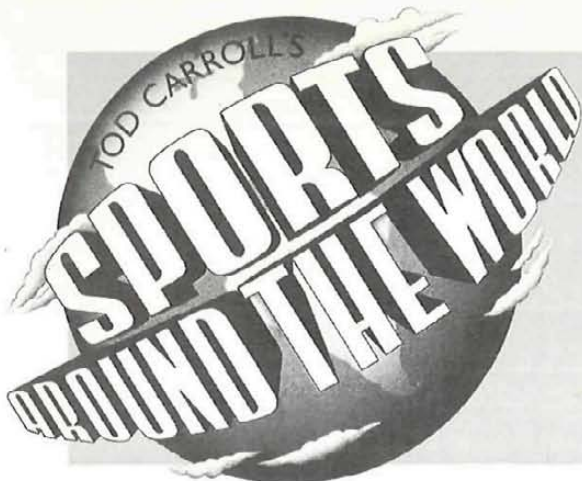


In time, however, because of all this careful genetic control, athletic excellence became commonplace. One day, the rebroadcast of an old television interview called attention to the shortage of first-rate minds...

16



**THE
END**



BASQUE ÈKSKLUZA

—AS OLD AS THE HILLS

Èkskluzà, or literally “grass mountaining,” has been a traditional sport among simple Basque herdsmen and farmers for centuries, so highly regarded that at one time it was a principal means of determining courtship rights, criminal and civil liability, and even appointments to local public office.

Play has remained essentially unchanged since the game’s inception several hundred years before the time of Christ. Anywhere from three to ten men gather at the crest of a moderately steep, grassy hill, wearing heavy coats and protective *èiklii* pads at the knees. Upon a signal from the *èsklonsa* (starting official), contestants hurl themselves toward the base of the hill. Although some tumble, most roll horizontally: the object is simply to collect as much grass in their mouths as possible without stopping, and without use of the hands. Each player, of course, attempts to maximize the number of times his mouth comes in contact with the hill, biting off a clump on each revolution.

After crossing the finish line, players are examined by the *bilbák*—a sort of chief umpire who removes the grass from each man’s

mouth—and after culling pebbles and other foreign materials picked up along the way, measures its weight on a small scale called an *èskleta*. The individual who gathers the greatest amount of grass is the winner.

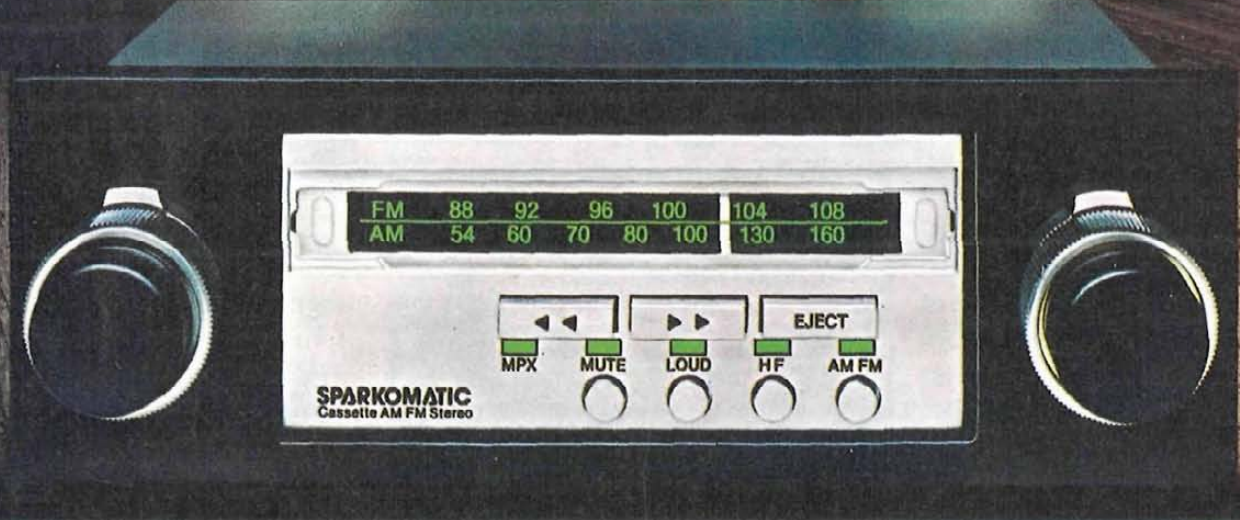
Today, less than 500 people are known to regularly participate in *èkskluzà* contests,



Looks like a winner, but the final decision belongs to the *bilbák*. A two-pound clump is not uncommon.

which are still held in some of the remotest valleys of the eastern Pyrenees. The once-revered *kèlota*, the *èkskluzà* champion, was feted with extraordinary banquets and awarded a brilliant green sash to distinguish him as an honored member of the community. Old records show that 3,875 children born in 1643 were named after that year’s most popular player, Keik Elosa, who later became one of the wealthiest men in Europe as a result of busi-

ness and investment opportunities afforded him by loyal fans. Other *èkskluzà* heroes were presented with lavish castles and vast amounts of land—but these policies are not in effect anymore. Now the *kèlota* must settle only for the satisfaction of having contributed to the preservation of one of the oldest sports traditions on earth. ■



THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. CAR STEREO FOR THE TRAVELIN' WOMAN WHO IS NO STEREOTYPE.

You're a travelin' woman because you know the action doesn't stay put. And one of the driving forces in your lifestyle is music—today's spectacular high fidelity sounds. Which means the stereo that shares your driving space had better share your high standards.

Meet Sparkomatic's High Power AM/FM Stereo with integrated Cassette SR 3100. A whole new generation of car high fidelity designed for your demanding expectations. Styled along the lines of the most beautiful and sophisticated home components. With reception and sound reproduction that compare as well.

This particular Sparkomatic Stereo is a High Power tour de force—45 scandalous watts of stereo-phonetic power. With sensitivity and separation a

purist like yourself will love. Advanced efficiencies like *feather touch* electronic switches activate major high fidelity functions. Separate bass/treble and balance/fader controls put you in total command of the performance. What you ultimately hear is the ultimate achievement in car sound.

There are 20 unique Sparkomatic car stereos to choose from, including many other High Power models. A set of Sparkomatic speakers completes a sound system in fabulous high fidelity fashion.

Because you're a travelin' woman who is no stereotype, Sparkomatic has your type stereo. Visit a Sparkomatic dealer for a demonstration.

SPARKOMATIC

For the Travelin' Woman...and Man™

GAME BUNNIES

—FIGHTING PRIDE OF FRANCE

Bunnyfighting has long been the province of a handful of aristocratic French sportsmen, who gather in secluded barns and dense backwoods to pit bunny against bunny in what is regarded as one of the liveliest and most unpredictable sports in the world. Specially selected for their size and temperament at birth, these bunnies are groomed to fight and fight and fight until one stops or the match ends. Methodical trainers teach them to fear all other animals of their species. Then at six weeks of age, they fit the bunnies with *petit chaussures*—small shoe-like weights used to strengthen their paws and limbs.

After repeated exposure to the *lapin truqué*—a monstrous-looking bunny effigy operated with a short stick by the trainer—the young bunny *apprenti* is initiated to live competition in a ritual known as the *egal lit improvisé*. Here, the bunny is generally matched against an experienced but second-rate bunny, who will put up an instructive fight without causing too much damage. Many *apprentis* are adorned with brightly-plumed ceremonial collars, to

which more feathers are added each time the bunny wins a bout or provides an exceptionally good show.

At the urging of their handlers and dozens of shouting, frantic spectators, who oftentimes wager small fortunes on the outcome, the spirited combatants slowly circle each

other in a six-by-six-foot pit called the *gravier l'accueil*, hopping up and down and from side to side until they eventually make contact. At this point, the hopping becomes accelerated, sometimes even wild. The bunnies will jab and pull at each other in short flurries, then stop fighting altogether. Sometimes they will start up again—the pacing is frequently erratic. After twelve minutes, a judge determines the winner by scoring each bunny's willingness to



Famous *lapin vaillant*, Marcel, has defeated over 100 bunnies.

fight, basic skills, and relative advantage at the end of the match. The victorious bunny is customarily rewarded with special delicacies, such as baby peas and imported endive lettuce from California, and is thereafter known as *lapin vaillant*. Approximately 300 of these full-fledged game bunnies are active today, some worth thousands of dollars. ■

Uncle P.J.'s INDOOR PAGE

for Nonathletic Sports-Haters

Here are a few hints and tips for those of our readers who, like myself, loathe the outdoors and would rather drink ditch-water and dork Bella Abzug than participate in any organized sport.

1. An Inspirational Poem

I hate fresh air and windblown hair
And running and jogging and Coors.
A glass of Perrier I greet with dismay
And I don't want to go outdoors.
The dampness wets my cigarettes,
The dew my drink does water,
And as for sniffing coke outdoors,
I do not think you oughter.
Making love on a bluff in the totally buff
May be fine for a squirrel or a Viking,
But a hotel, first class, and a girl with a past
Are the wilds that are more to my liking.
And to hunt or to fish is worse than I'd wish
On the dirtiest thief of a Hindoo.
I'll hunt 'neath the sheets for game such as teats
And shoot pigeons out of my window.
Riding's perverse and basketball's worse,
Golf is an abomination;
My love of life palls at the thought of footballs,
Soccer's played by the lowest of nations.
I'd rather the dentist than two sets of tennis,
Softball's sadder than playing with blocks.
I'll go to bat with umbrella and hat
And I'll score with a big hit in stocks.
Yes, I hate fresh air and windblown hair
And running and jogging and Coors.
A glass of Perrier I greet with dismay
And I will not go outdoors!

2. Make Money

Nowadays, with the occasional exception of an oil rig or lumber company, most money is made indoors. While everybody you know is outside throwing Frisbees, playing volleyball, and running in marathons, why not stay at the office and make lots and lots of money? Then, when everybody comes back inside, you can fire them.

Here are some indoor types of moneymaking you might want to try:

- Municipal bond sales.
- Diamond dealing.

- Manufacturing computer components.
- Booking hit rock bands.

3. Try This Exercise—It'll Make You Feel Great

From a seated position, get up and walk to the bar. Mix one jigger of dry vermouth with seven jiggers of gin. Pour over 3/4 cup of cracked ice and stir well. Strain and pour into a glass. Twist one lemon peel over the top. Sit down and drink.

Repeat.

Build your stamina slowly and soon you'll be able to do ten or twelve of these!

4. The Dangers of Staying Indoors Too Long

Nothing is without risk, and staying inside too long can be just as dangerous as exercising. Here are some things to avoid:

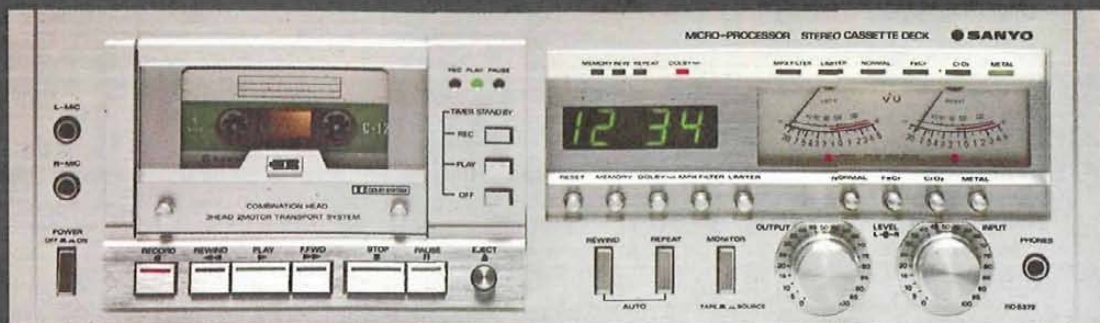
- Don't watch daytime TV and talk on the phone all the time. If you do that for more than two weeks, you turn into a girl.
- Don't read *Oui* magazine. *Oui* seems to be written by guys who

watch daytime TV every day and never get off the phone, not even to write. They may have already turned into girls, as evidenced by the recent subjects covered in their "Sex Tapes" feature (e.g., "What kind of jewelry turns you on?"). Read *Club* instead. Many of the girls in there are from foreign countries and will do anything.

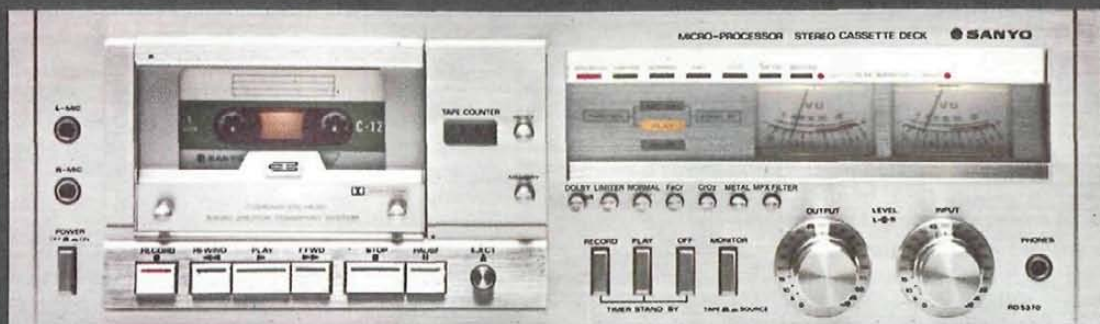
- Don't snort cocaine and clean out your desk, cupboards, or closets. Instead, jack off and then handicap the trotters. Trotters are the only truly adult sport.
- Don't get a cat or raise houseplants. People who have cats and houseplants are really sad types. Also, the cat eats the houseplants and the houseplants poison the cat, and sooner or later you'll have to go outside to throw one or both of them in the trash can.
- Don't read science fiction books. It'll look bad if you die in bed with one on the nightstand. Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
- Don't smoke marijuana when you're alone. It'll make sci-fi books and *Oui* magazine seem interesting.

5. Take A Fluorescent Light Bath





RD5372



RD5370

Two big mistakes you can make buying a cassette deck (and two great new ways to avoid them).

Mistake #1: missing out on metal tape.

If you've ever noticed that conventional cassette recordings seem to lack some of the brilliance and "sparkle" of the original source, you're ready to move up to the new metal particle tape. With about 5dB more "headroom" at low frequencies and up to 10dB more at high frequencies, these new cassettes deliver sound quality you could only get from discs or open-reel tapes before.

However, it takes special modifications to a cassette deck to realize these benefits — modifications that other companies are charging plenty for. But with the new Sanyo RD5370, you can get superb metal tape performance for no more than a lot of decks without this feature: just \$399.95*. So even if you're shopping decks in the \$300 price range, you definitely ought to consider spending the extra money for a deck that won't be made obsolete by metal tape.

So before you buy any tape deck, find a Sanyo dealer and put the RD5370 and RD5372 through their paces with a metal particle cassette. If you don't, you could be making a big mistake.

Mistake #2: paying too much.

Other manufacturers are asking \$700 and up for cassette decks designed for metal tape. Sanyo offers you a choice of two machines — both under \$500. Besides the RD5370 mentioned above, there's the \$499.95* RD5372. It's loaded with features like a microprocessor-controlled dual motor solenoid tape transport, separate Sendust Alloy record and playback heads, electronic digital tape counter, programmable automatic rewind and repeat, timer standby, plus switchable peak limiter and MPX filter.

And in case you thought the less expensive RD5370 was a stripped down version, it gives you all of the above except the electronic counter and auto rewind/repeat! Both machines deliver performance you have to hear to appreciate (like 30-19,000 Hz \pm 3dB response with metal tape, and 0.04% WRMS wow & flutter).

SANYO

Sanyo Electric Inc. 1200 W. Artesia Blvd. Compton, CA 90220

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price determined by dealer.

© 1979 Sanyo Electric Inc., Compton, CA

ENCYCLOPEDIA

continued from page 36

device capable of sustaining black street behavior in most of its variations.

SKIING. There are two main forms of this sport: Alpine skiing and Nordic skiing. Alpine skiing involves a mountain and a \$5,000 to \$10,000 minimum investment, plus \$300,000 for the condo in Aspen and however much you spend on drugs. It is a sport only a handful of people ever master, and those who do, do so at the expense of other skills like talking and writing their own name. For pure sports chuckles, the Blind Olympics can't hold a candle to the hilarity on the intermediate slope at a ski resort on a snowy Saturday afternoon. At any given time, \$800,000 to \$1 million worth of ski equipment and garb is hurtling down the hill attached to terrified boneheads. Put a normally dignified chief officer of a major multinational conglomerate or a chart-busting rock 'n' roller on a pair of skis and point him down the bunny hill and *voilà!* Topo Gigio! Better to slip and slide in a pair of jeans than in a designer suit that makes you look like a competition Porsche with love handles. Fortunately for ski enthusiasts, skiing is only a

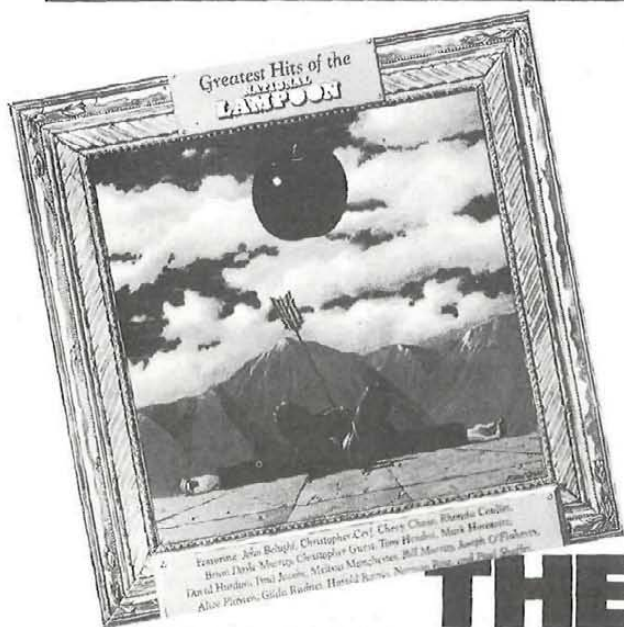
small part of skiing. There are parties, music, drinking, hot tubs, sex, drugs, and food. The main reason many skiers risk breaking their bodies and make screaming nincompoops of themselves on the slopes is to get that wonderful ruddy windburned skin and sun-bleached hair that Robert Redford had in *Downhill Racer*, and to have a legitimate reason to wear a cowboy hat and reflective sunglasses. The female skier who has spent a long, frustrating day of spitting out pine needles, getting her hair snarled in her bindings, and getting whacked in the ass by the lift chair, is especially eager to recoup her pride. This results in hundreds of normally staid, upright, conservative wives of Chicago carpet, packaging, institutional food, and plastic knob barons outbidding their daughters for the right to blow the ski instructor. A major benefit of Alpine skiing is that black people can't do it. The easy, fluid grace and rhythmic ease that Negroes bring to most athletic activity works about as well on skis as it would in an F-4 Phantom fighter plane. Skiing is an insane, brutal, Nordic sport more akin to a berserk Viking attack than to dancing the hustle. What this means in practical terms is that you don't have to worry about finding your-

self the only white at an all-black ski resort.

Nordic skiing, on the other hand, isn't so much a sport as it is a way for Norwegians to get to work in the winter. It is basically walking around with pieces of wood on your feet. Not surprisingly, Nordic skiing has caught on in places like Iowa and Ohio where, after the Super Bowl, there are no winter sports. Nordic, or cross-country, skiers will tell you that their sport has marvelous cardiovascular benefits, and that it takes great endurance, stamina, and guts to tough it out over a gruelling tour down to the K-Mart and back. Nordic differs from Alpine skiing in that there are no fashionable Nordic ski spas and resorts; women don't flock after Nordic skiers; and without the widespread use of snowmobiles on cross-country trails, the sport would lack any excitement at all.

SKY DIVING. If thoroughbred racing is the sport of kings, then sky diving is the sport of king-sized idiots. Remember how your old man told you about paratrooper training during World War II? How they pulled him out of code school, strapped a bed sheet on his back, and kicked his ass out of an airplane fifteen thousand feet above a cornfield? Re-

continued on page 86



THE FUNNIEST ALBUM ON RECORD.

To assemble this cast today would cost over twenty-seven million dollars—if it could be done! Back then, we got them for free milk and cookies. But that was before we launched a dozen meteoric careers, garnered three Grammy nominations, and made a bundle for the home folks. Now, in one album, a star-studded selection of satire, parody, frivolity, and wit in the *National Lampoon* tradition—from the performers and writers who made that tradition!

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Gimme, gimme, gimme _____ GREATEST HITS OF NATIONAL LAMPOON albums at \$7.98 apiece. I enclose a check for \$ _____. (There is no charge for handling and postage.)

Name _____

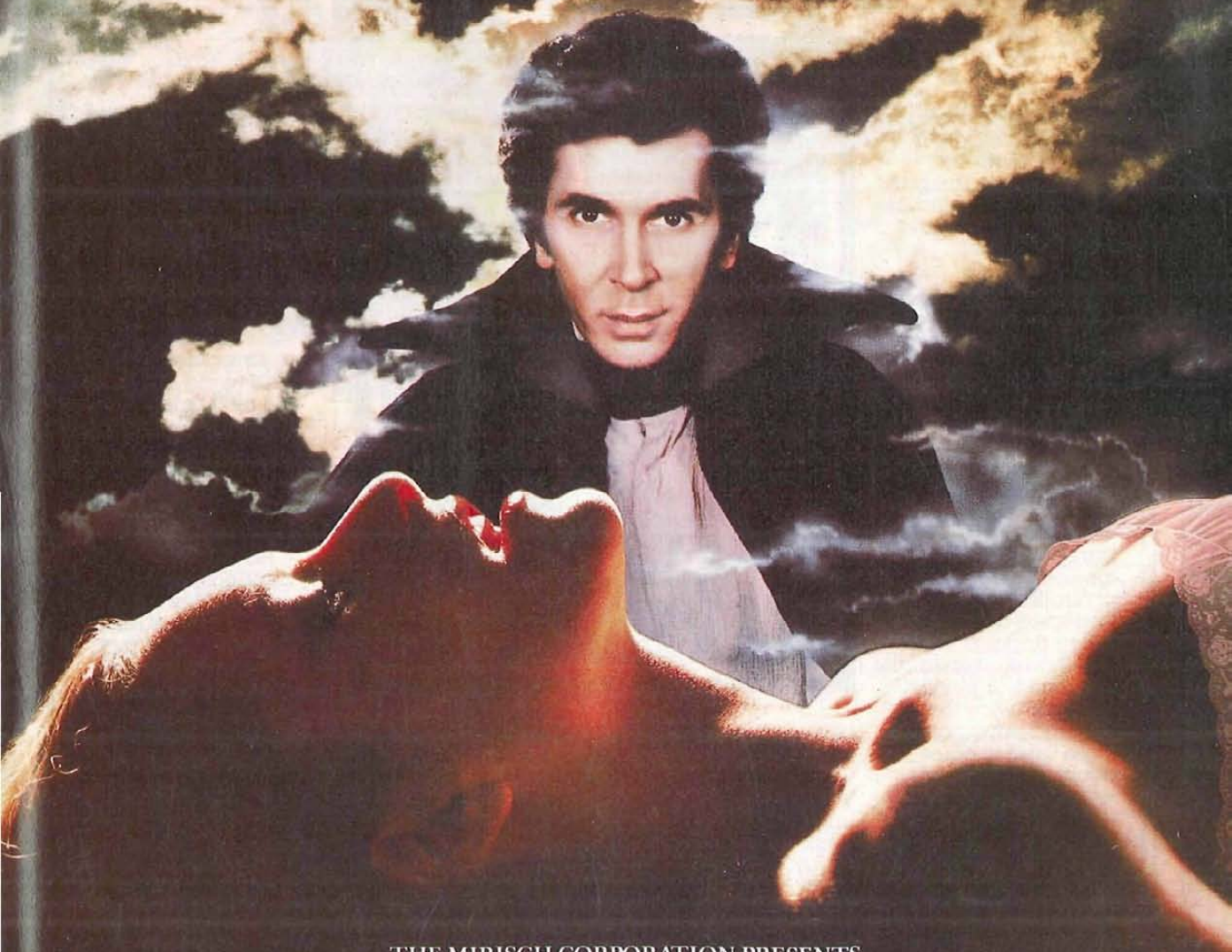
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IN SELECTED THEATRES

Opening Friday, July 10th, 1970

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TEAC

WE'VE GOT THE GUTS.

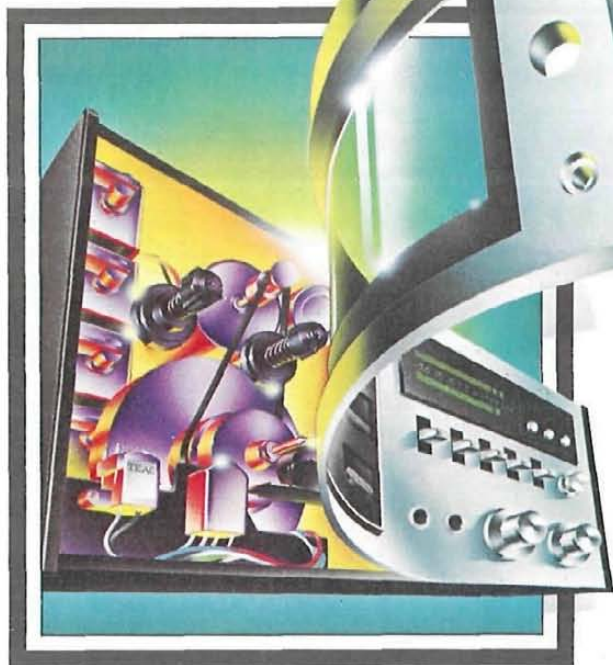
Look inside any tape recorder and you'll find the parts that really matter. The parts that define the ultimate quality of your sound. The transport mechanism.

Transports must work in a world of micro-tolerances. A millionth of an inch error can ruin your audio quality. Because when the transport errs, no amount of electronic wizardry can replace the lost fidelity.

Consider the TEAC transport. Capstans formed on computer-controlled lathes and perfected on industrial micro-grinders. Massive flywheels, inertially balanced. Solenoids typically twice the size and power of those used in other decks. Belts that are tested for dimensional stability under the most severe temperature, humidity and atmospheric conditions.

The results of this specialized design and manufacturing technology are unusually high levels of accuracy, stability and durability. Proven qualities that make a TEAC sound better initially and maintain its sonic integrity after years of use.

Often, to reach these performance criteria, we've found current state-of-the-art con-



cepts lacking. So through the years, we've introduced new technologies.

Like the first cassette deck with integral Dolby* noise reduction in 1971. And the first cassette transport to break the 0.1% wow & flutter barrier in 1973. Designs that helped make the cassette deck a respectable high fidelity component.

Today, we're producing cassette components with instrumentation drive systems. Mechanisms taken right out of our own data recorders. These transports are

built to withstand continuous read/write use in computer installations. Where megadollars are at stake. And reliability is everything.

Soon you'll see the first popularly priced cassette decks with integral dbx** noise elimination. Originally designed for open reel recorders in professional recording studios, the dbx system gives you sound so quiet, so noise-free, it's scary.

Twenty-five years of specialization has taught us that design balance is critical for quality

sound reproduction. So you'll find that balance in every TEAC.

The proof is in the results. That's why more professional recordists rely on TEAC machines than any other make

in the world. So next time you're distracted by an Astro-this, Fluoro-that or Spectro-something else, remember: a tape recorder is a machine.

How well it works depends on how well it's made.

Look into a TEAC, and you'll find that we've got the guts. To show you what's

inside. To let you evaluate our performance. To make you the final judge.

To us, it's a matter of craftsmanship. To you, a matter of decision. Because when you peel away the bells and whistles, you find the real measure of every tape recorder. Especially ours.

For more information, see your TEAC Audio dealer.

Or write us at Dept. NL-7.

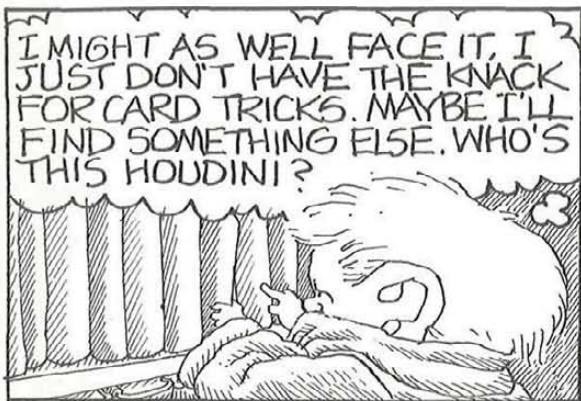
*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories
**dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, inc.

TEAC[®]

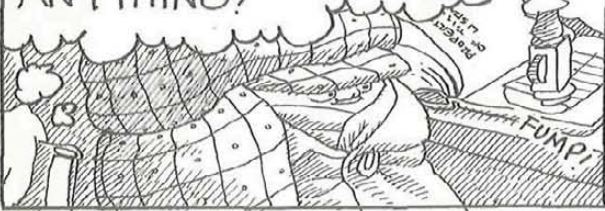


SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW LIBRARIES WERE ACTUALLY DANGEROUS PLACES BECAUSE YOU COULD COME ACROSS ALL SORTS OF WEIRD IDEAS THAT WOULD START YOU DOING WHO KNEW WHAT?



WOW, THIS IS SOME STUFF! HE COULD GET OUT OF JAILS AND BOXES UNDER WATER AND CRAZY JACKETS! HE COULD GET OUT OF ANYTHING!



THIS ONE DOESN'T LOOK TOO HARD. YEAH! I COULD DO THAT! I'LL GET SOME CLOTHESLINE FROM THE LAUNDRY CLOSET....



I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS GODDAMN KNOT! SHIT! WHY THE HELL DOESN'T IT COME LOOSE? MAYBE IF I-- OOF! DAMN!



I'M DEFINITELY NOT GOING TO CALL FOR MY MOTHER.



The A-SOP BROTHERS. PRIVATE DETECTIVES! SIAMESE TWINS-DETECTIVES!

A MR. OTIS ST. CLAIR TO SEE YOU, MESSRS. A-SOP...

SHEND 'IM IN, SWEETHEART!

YEAH. SHEND 'IM IN!

THE A-SOP BROTHERS PRIVATE DETECTIVES AT YOUR SERVICE!

YEAH, AT YOUR SERVICE!

YOU GENTLEMEN WERE REFERRED TO ME BY MR. P. J. DE WITT.

OH YEAH—THAT CASE DIDN'T MAKE SENSE. WE FOUND HIS WIFE IN A HOTEL ROOM WITH A CHINK.

YEAH. A CHINK.

MUCH TO MY CHAGRIN, I SUSPECT MY WIFE OF THE SAME THING!

PERHAPS I SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING.... MY WIFE IS YOUNG, PRETTY, AND HOW CAN I PUT IT—SHE HAS A PHYSICAL HUNGER AND I—ALAS, I AM IMPOTENT...

WHAT'S THAT?

IMPOTENT?

YEAH, WHAT'S THAT?

I CAN'T HAVE SEX!

WHAT'S SECKS? SEKS?

GROWN MEN DON'T KNOW WHAT SEX IS?

IF YOU ARE TO HANDLE MY CASE, THEN I MUST EXPLAIN TO YOU WHAT SEX IS!

BUT THAT DON'T EXPLAIN WHY MRS. DE WITT WANTED A HALF-CHINESE BABY!

AND WHY DID SHE HAVE TO FORCE HIM TO GIVE HER ONE WITH A WHIP?

Trots and Bonnie

Royal Fork Smörgörama RULES:
 1. Take all you want-eat all you take.
 2. Use a plate.

OH, BONNIE! THEY HAVE YOUR FAVORITE TONIGHT... ROAST BEEF!



OH, GOOD! THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF CARROT AND RAISIN SALAD LEFT!

AND CREAMED HERRING!



EIGHTY-THREE KINDS OF SALAD! FOR \$4.95, YOU REALLY GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

TAKE LOTS OF MUSHROOMS.



HOT ROLLS! CORNBREAD! BRAN MUFFINS!

TUNA NOODLE CASSEROLE!

UGH... BOILED PEAS BOILED CORN AND BOILED BROCCOLI.



TAKE SOME MASHED POTATOES, BONNIE... THEY TASTE GOOD WITH THE TURBOT.

I LIKE THE MACARONI LASAGNA BETTER.



I CAN'T WAIT TO DIG INTO THOSE SWEDISH MEATBALLS AND FRIED CHICKEN WINGETTES!

OH, BOY! A WHOLE VAT OF CHOCOLATE MOUSSE!



JELL-O? YOU GOT JELL-O? YOU CAN HAVE JELL-O AT HOME!

BUT IT'S GOOD HERE... IT'S GOT CANNED GRAPES IN IT.



I LIKE TO MIX THE CHOP SUEY WITH THE HAMBURGER STROGANOFF.

HMMM... NOW I CAN'T TELL THE TAMALES FROM THE EGG ROLLS.

GOSH! GREAT GOULASH!



OH, BONNIE, IF YOU'RE GOING BACK FOR MORE MOUSSE, WILL YOU BRING ME SOME GARLIC BREAD?

AND MORE SWEET AND SOUR RIBS!



I KNOW IT'S JUST COOL WHIP MIXED WITH COCCA... BUT IT'S THE BEST MOUSSE I'VE EVER HAD!

CAN I FINISH YOUR SPANISH RICE?

I'LL TRADE YOU FOR A FISH STICK.



WHEW!... I WAS SO HUNGRY WHEN WE GOT HERE... AND I'M SO STUFFED NOW. I WAS ONLY HAPPY FOR A BRIEF PERIOD IN THE MIDDLE.

SORT OF LIKE SEX.

© 79 SHIRY HENNIKEN

BACK



ISSUES

MARCH 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins
APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Buickmobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Come Plot Comics, Frontline Cartelists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos n' Andy
SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Kest, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the I Chink, National Geographic parody, and the President's Brother comic
OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Family, the Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and Ivory magazine
MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandann
AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o-God comics = 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk
SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Niaz Regalia for Gracious Living, White dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerra Magazines*, and Military Trading Cards
MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*
APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg
JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*
AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu
SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Balfart Comics
NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics and Watergate Down
JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, *Watergate Trivia Test*, and *Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre*
APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shops
MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks is God, Airport 69, and Glitter Burns
AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent Their Wind, and World Night Court
SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With The Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody
DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody
APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Duckie and cat hammerer
OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the *Aesop* Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins and dozens of other comics and cartoons
NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural gas
JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With *T Bird* and *Monza*, *T.V. Magazine*, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and *Dinah's Dumpster*
JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross
JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hot Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything
OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Moplop Favoritebeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia: Organic Backlash, White Flastafanans, and Best Negroes in New York
DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretnins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World
FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euronazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fossil Food
MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes and Just Deserts
APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama
JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST: With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Nat'lamp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky
AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS: With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nat'lamp* report on education in America
SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, *Alro Sheik*, and a complete fall fashion forecast
OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT: With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nat'lamp* guide to the Big Ten
NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY: With *Moments of a Surgeon*, *Pot Mews* and *Coke Alley*, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section
DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY: With Modern Menus, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food-Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section
JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION: With *Psychopages*, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken
FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY: With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr. Right
MARCH, 1979/CHANCE: With *Trat Rats*, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section
APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL: With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Buickmobiles, and a *Life* magazine parody
MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM: With EXPL0 '79, Boris Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide: the Pink Pages
JUNE, 1979/KIDS: With Alice in Regularland, Young Burns, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

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	Sept., 1972		Nov., 1974		Feb., 1977		July, 1978
	Oct., 1972		Jan., 1975		Apr., 1977		Aug., 1978
	Dec., 1972		Apr., 1975		June, 1977		Sept., 1978
	Apr., 1973		May, 1975		July, 1977		Oct., 1978
	May, 1973		July, 1975		Sept., 1977		Nov., 1978
	Aug., 1973		Aug., 1975		Oct., 1977		Dec., 1978
	Sept., 1973		Sept., 1975		Nov., 1977		Jan., 1979
	Mar., 1974		Dec., 1975		Dec., 1977		Feb., 1979
	Apr., 1974		Apr., 1976		Jan., 1978		Mar., 1979
	July, 1974		Sept., 1976		Feb., 1978		Apr., 1979
			Oct., 1976		Mar., 1978		May, 1979
							June, 1979

I enclose a total of \$_____. All 1978 and 1979 issues are \$2.00 each; 1977 issues are \$2.50 each; and all issues before 1977 are \$3.00 each. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

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DIRTY DUCK



WHAT DO YOU WANT, BUGGER?

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AW, SHUCKS!

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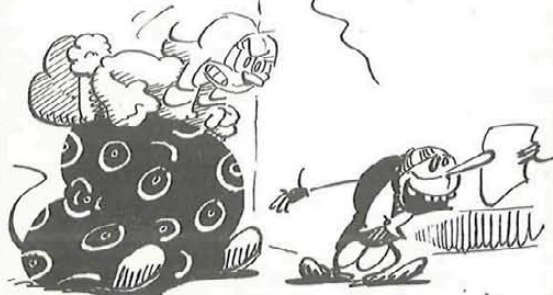
"I THINK THAT I HAVE NEVER BIT A THING SO YUMMY AS A TIT..."



"...A TIT WHOSE TASTE IS JUST AS SWEET, WHEN PROPERLY ADDRESSED AS 'TEAT' ..."



"...POETRY IS PURE BULLSHIT, BUT ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TIT."



OUCH!! I THINK YOU FAIL TO GRASP THE INNER MEANING, MISS RAT!



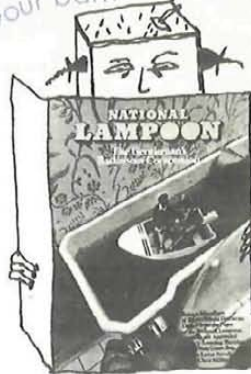
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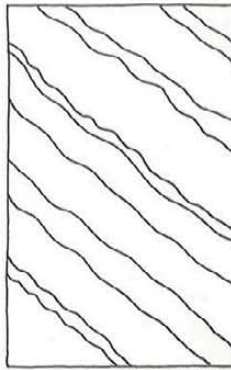
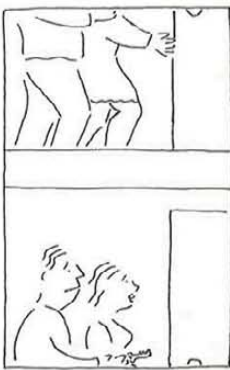
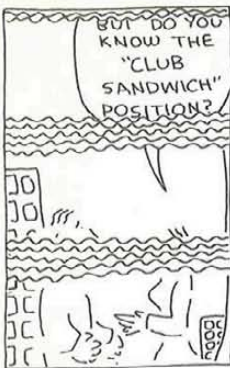
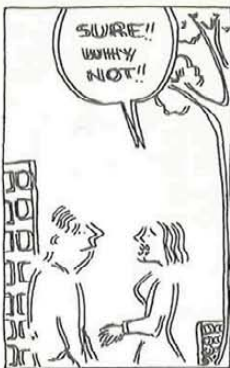
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BY ED SUBITZKY



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THE GUARDS ASLEEP, NOW'S MY CHANCE.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

YES, IT'S ME, SALLY, BE QUIET.

STEVE WORKS QUICKLY-

SNIP! SNIP!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

NEXT MORNING...

CHEE, BOSS, LOOK! SOMEBODY REUPHOLSTERED ALL DA FOINICHOOR!

YEAH, FLORALS. I HATE FLORALS.

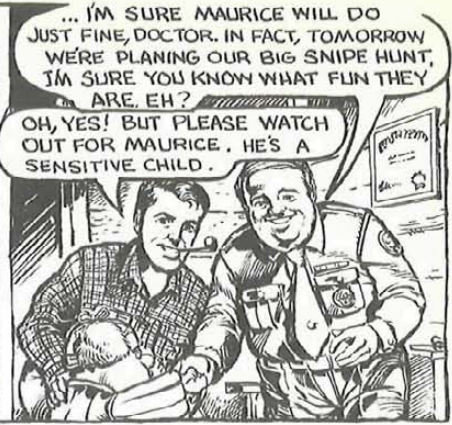
WELL, IT SOITAINLY DOES MAKE THE PLACE LOOK MORE CHEERFUL.

TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor



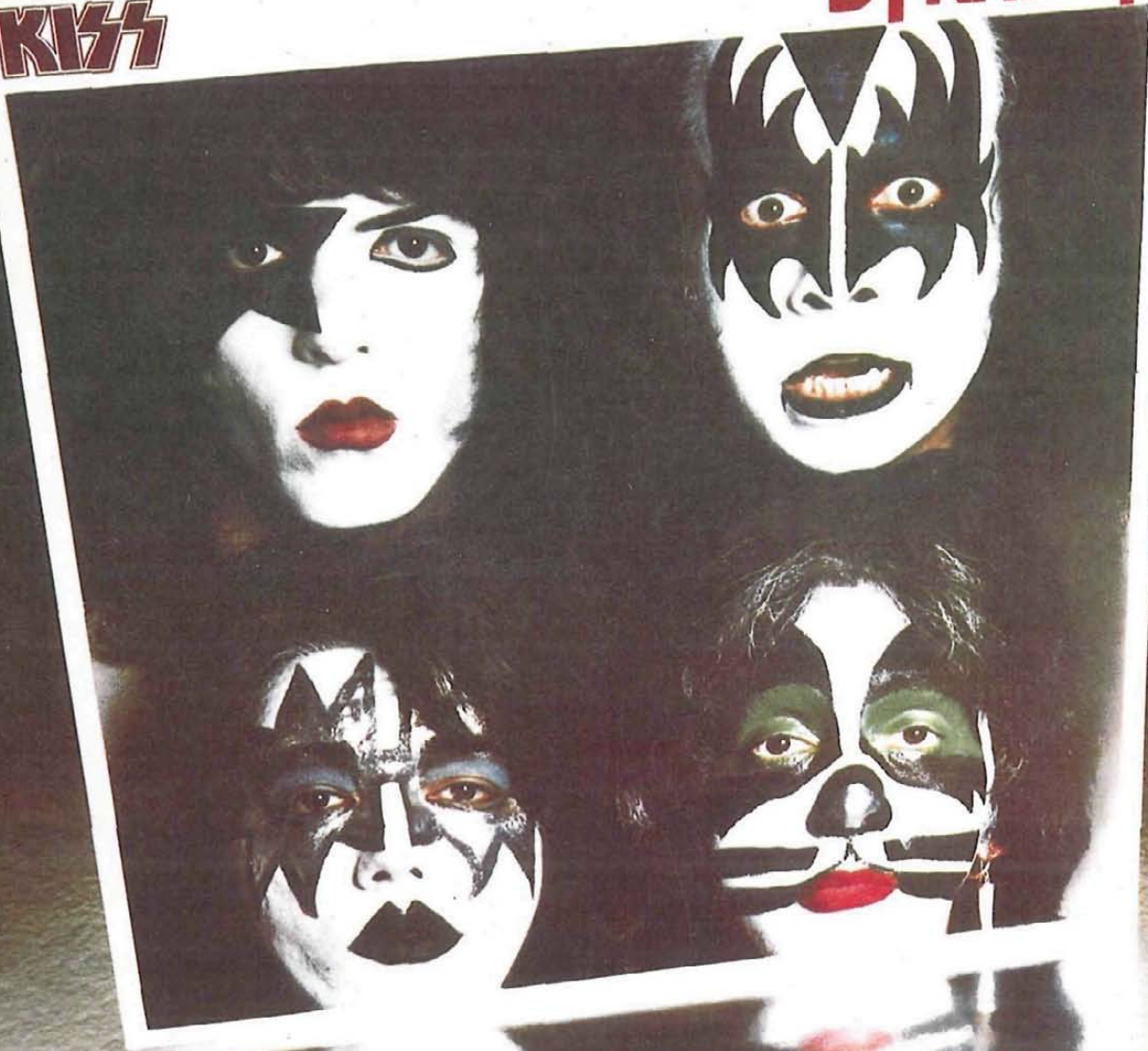
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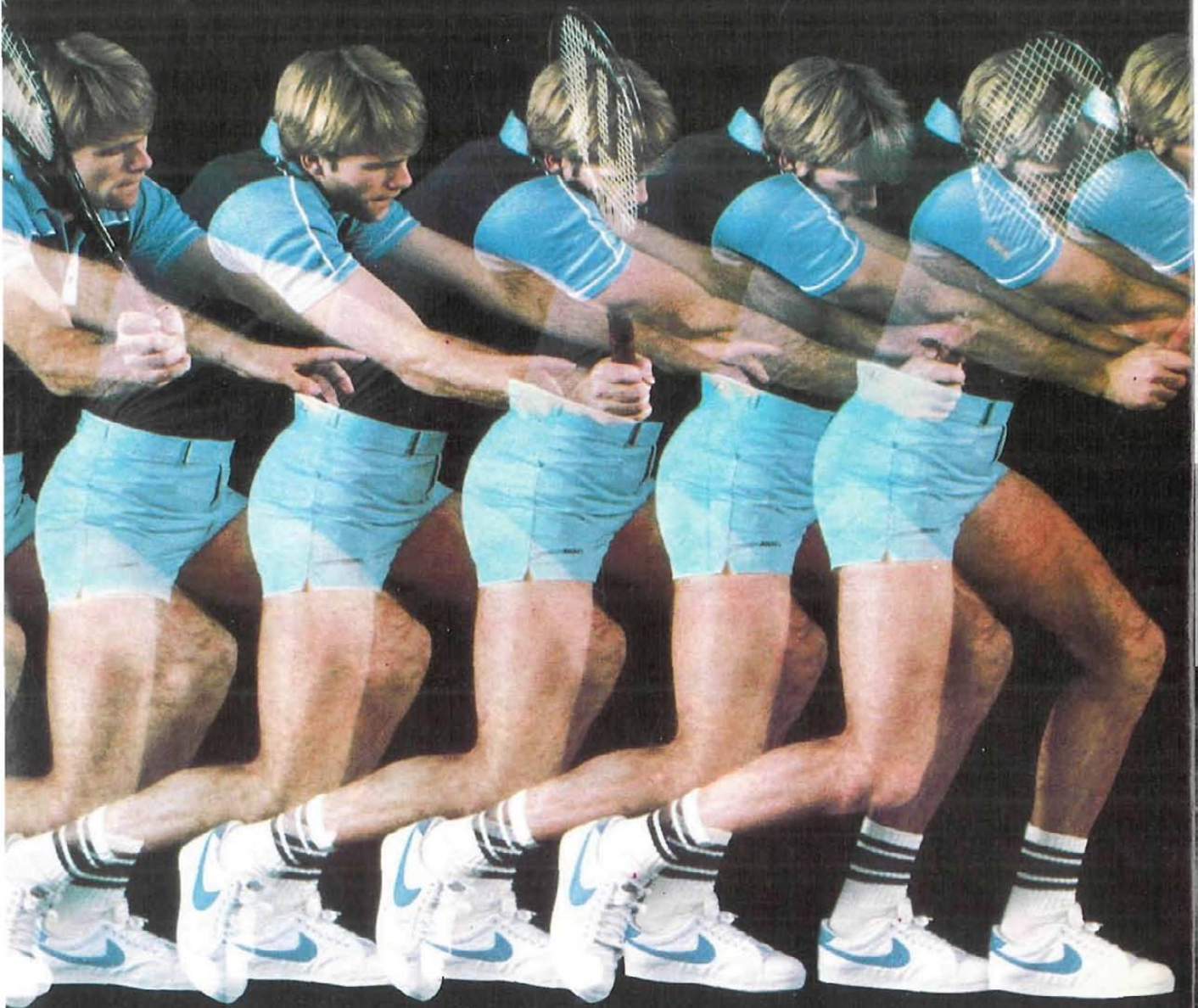
KISS

DYNASTY



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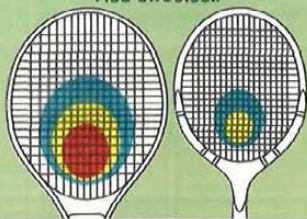
All around the world, makers of tennis rackets are huffing, and puffing, and making their rackets bigger. There is a very good reason for this. It is known as The Prince Principle, and the Prince Principle has literally changed the face of tennis. In the dark ages of tennis, all rackets were wooden and about the same size. Then along came Howard Head, who singlehandedly revolutionized skiing. Mr. Head developed the Prince racket. And the Prince racket is measurably more responsive than any other. Four times more responsive.

This is not a claim. It is a demonstrable fact, and when we demonstrated the Prince Principle to the U.S. Patent Office, they granted us Patent #3999756. And what that means, in the most basic terms, is that the only place you can get Prince response is from a Prince-size racket. The extra response is a function of the racket's size. It works so well, dozens of racket-makers are emulating The Principle. But, thanks to our patent, they can only emulate so far. What the Prince Principle gives you is a bigger (400% bigger) and more responsive "sweet spot." It comes in graduated degrees of response: sweet, sweeter and sweetest. And the sweetest spot on a Prince doesn't even exist on an old-fashioned racket. In developing the new Pro, we've taken the Prince Principle one step farther. The Pro is stiffer than our well-known Prince Classic, a little more streamlined, a little more responsive.

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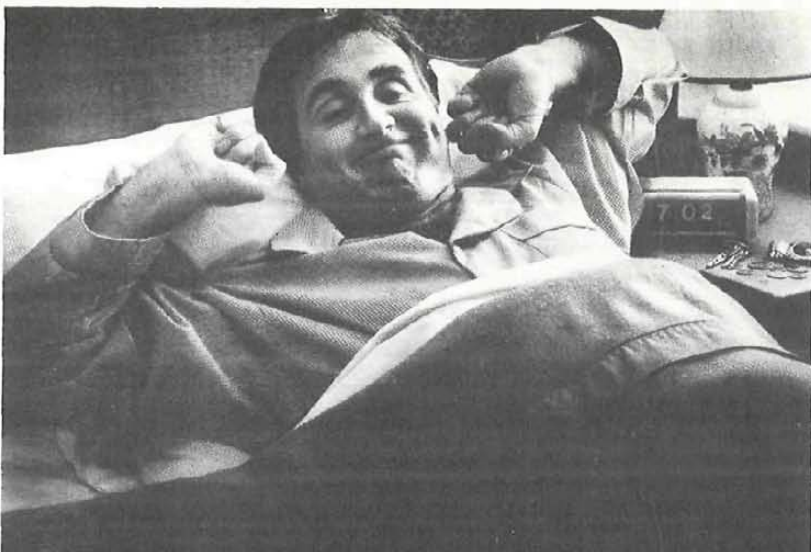
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THE SMART SET

continued from page 12

tunc, gave her name to the sound people make when they throw up.... Lawyer ROY COHN is reportedly amassing a huge sum of money to be used to buy back the soul that he auctioned off in the early fifties.... Speaking of old farts who lose all their talent and spend the rest of their lives casting doubt on their early work and making monumental assholes of themselves, GEORGE HARRISON and PAUL McCARTNEY have new records out, George, who was always somewhat to the rear of the mollusk in the metabolism department, literally fell asleep during the recording of his heap of vinyl. Listen for his head striking the mike on the last cut on the first side. Thank God for Old Dog Eyes. His new record is only a forty-five. But Paul McCartney doing a disco single makes for as much fun as your grandmother signing up for a nude dirt bike race. Were these guys all that cool or were we just really stoned?... A group of television archivists and researchers have determined that the late ERNIE KOVACS was exactly three weeks, six days, and forty-four minutes ahead of his time.... SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN says that he's thinking of stepping down from his Senate stool to become, in his words, "a fruit."

McGovern, whom his friends call "Shitbird," has always admired homosexual men and has admittedly emulated their mannerisms. "I like everything about them but their haircuts," says the dizzy South Dakotan.... ROBIN "MORK" WILLIAMS is emphatically denying rumors that he once sampled bird doo to see "what it tasted like"... Former N.Y. mayor JOHN LINDSAY says he's ready for a return to politics just as soon as he gets his dork out of the tub drain. "It fits in just fine but it doesn't fit out too good," says John.... Although family spokesmen are denying it, there are several reports in Texas newspapers that the late PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON reached out of his grave and stole money from a woman's purse as she paid her respects to the deceased leader.... Everyone seems to think that TV hot shit FRED SILVERMAN is just sitting around his NBC office these days. "Not so," says Chubby Cheeks, "I just cleaned my ears out with a pencil and scraped some dried-up milk off my tie"... Director STEVEN SPIELBERG is telling friends that he has taken his thumb out of his ass.... And finally, singer MONTI ROCK III has been sold for fertilizer by his manager. □

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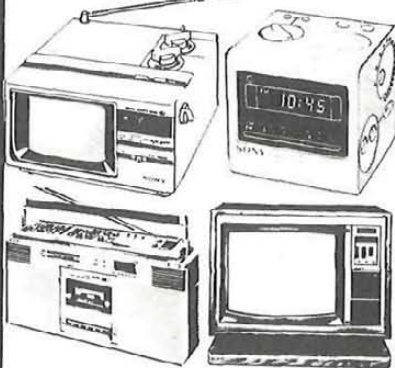
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ENCYCLOPEDIA

continued from page 70

member how he told you about shitting in his pants and trying to hang on to the guy behind him as the sergeant put his foot against his back and shoved? Of course you do. You don't forget a horror story like that in a minute. But get this: there're guys out there who do what your old man was forced to do, for *fun!* I mean it. There are guys out there whose idea of a good time is to throw themselves out of a fucking airplane! These psychos call it sky diving. I call it fucking suicide. Go figure it.

SOCCKER. Soccer is a sport new to Americans. In fact, if you look closely as you wander past a pick-up game in any downtown city park, you'll find it's being played by men who arguably aren't real Americans at all. Dark, swarthy gent's with names like Pagatini, Papadopoulos, and Maraceibo oil their way from one goal to the other, gibbering in foreign tongues and doing things with their heads and feet more suited to the ape cage at the zoo than an American athletic field. Take my advice and steer clear of this so-called sport. It may be on the up-and-up, but then again there may be something going on here that turns out to be of more than passing interest to the FBI, the CIA, and the U.S. Immigration Service. Why take a chance?

SOFTBALL. Softball is the last refuge of the over-thirty alcoholic failed high school athlete. It is a game so haphazard that no one has bothered to keep score since 1958. The outfield throws up. Girls are made to pitch. Toddlers are impressed into the batting order. The only thing worse than the game itself is the sort of person who drags one off to play it: beery second cousins at family reunions, unemployed friends left over from college, and hyperkinetic blow-job fodder in the steno pool. Often it's possible to fuck an overweight, sweaty girl after one of these contests, but, then again, it's *always* possible to fuck an overweight sweaty girl. There *are* organized and even professional versions of this sport, but it's like citing vintage years of R.C. Cola or making urination a Nobel Prize category.

SQUASH. Squash is a racquet game played in an enclosed court by an upper-middle-class lawyer, doctor, executive, or any graduate of a college that doesn't have an aggie department. Squash originated in England in the early nineteenth century after the king raised the tennis tax to intolerable levels. For this reason,

squash resembles tennis in many ways: you must dress like a silly, act like you own the fucking place when you walk into the shower room, and drive a foreign car that never works. A match is made up of five games. A game is won when one player reaches fifteen points or when a player smacks the other in the nuts with the ball. Play is continuous except for a one-minute interval to wipe the snot out of your moustache between games, and a two-minute interval to take a piss or call your wife between matches. The main reason why squash has not caught on in the U.S. like it did in the U.K. is that the racquet looks like it's for badminton, and most self-respecting men feel foolish carrying it on the street.

SURFING. As one might expect from the old address of the American Surfing Association—1303 Avocado Avenue, Newport Beach, California—any discussion of surfing will probably hurt. Nonetheless, here is a short history. While Christ was dying on the cross, several hundred thousand Hawaiians were riding giant wooden *olo* boards on top of thirty-foot breakers for hours on end because none of them had jobs or any responsibilities. A gang of Calvinist missionaries from Boston paid them back by killing off 95 percent of them, leaving a half-breed named Freeth to go to Redondo Beach and teach Californians to ride waves before the secret was lost forever. Bob Simmons invented the plastic surfboard, Hugh Bradner invented the plastic wet suit, and then Dennis Wilson announced on a record jacket that he was in possession of both an XK-E and a Stingray and wished to meet and drive around with every female in the United States. Instead, he decided to go crazy and give practically everything to Charles Manson. Dick Dale moved his act to Las Vegas; Del Webb moved to Hawaii; the Beach Boys performed their six-hundred-and-twelve-thousandth concert with Brian drooling over a ten-key piano; Bruce Brown ran *The Endless Summer* for six weeks on a bed sheet for five hundred Kurdish tribesmen; Hobie started making skis; and they stopped selling surf comics with the little gremlins in oversized huaraches and T-shirts bearing inscriptions like "Surfers Rule the World." The miserable truth, of course, is that among the millions of Clorox-headed, blue-sneakered surf scum of the day, there were doubtless tragic individuals who in their deepest, most profoundly Californian teen mind-set actually believed that surfing was the dominant and

controlling force on earth. Fortunately, drugs cured most of them, and they are now doing missionary work in Hawaii or are dead.

SWIMMING. Swimming is not a sport or a game. A sport or a game is something done by choice, presumably for fun. Swimming is something done out of necessity, presumably to not drown. You might as well organize a sport around "being scared of Negroes." Also the competitive forms of swimming are all predicated on different peculiar motions that one makes while in the water: backstroke, crawl, butterfly, etc.—an idea that would seem to owe much to the Monty Python "Ministry of Funny Walks" skit. Long-distance swimming is done by chunky girls with peculiar last names who grease themselves with unpleasant substances. As a further note on swimming and its adherents, it should be pointed out that the phrase "swimmer's body" occurs with great frequency in the kind of personal newspaper ad that solicits homosexual liaisons.

TENNIS. Tennis comes to us from England, where it served originally as a simple diversion to keep royal idiot children away from the fox hunts. What better sport for nitwits than to paddle a ball back and forth across a net? The game of tennis has not changed much from its noble beginnings except that, modern society being what it is, Jews are allowed to play. Since most people don't know their butt from a base line, tennis isn't very much fun and certainly isn't worth a poop as a form of exercise. A typical game of amateur tennis begins with the serve, which generally goes into the parking lot and is called a fuck-up. The person serving is given another swipe at the ball, which he does with considerably less force, resulting, in most cases, in the ball striking the middle or the top of the net and dropping, which means a point for the opposition. In the event that the ball does sail over the net and land in bounds, the player nearest it whacks it into the parking lot, giving a point to the server. The game is over when everyone is ready for a drink.

TOUCH FOOTBALL. Touch football is a washed-out imitation of real football, designed for the latent homosexual, the "closet queen" who will never admit what he really is. And so he "plays" at the sport, afraid to put his entire body into it, afraid of genuine blocking and tackling and playing with rear ends. Instead, he prefers to be "touched"

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● Mobsters Jim Gallo and Joe Conigliaro sandwiched Vinnie Ba Ba in the back seat of a car, leveled guns at either side of his head, and explained they intended to kill him for being a stool pigeon. Ba Ba was spared, however, when the driver took a sudden turn, causing Jim and Joe to lurch forward and accidentally shoot each other. Vinnie commemorates the event annually with a gift of wheelchair batteries to the permanently paralyzed Conigliaro and a note reading: "Keep rolling, from your pal Vinnie Ba Ba." *Edmonton Sun* (contributed by John Burke)

● A man entered a dry cleaning establishment, seized a stapler by the cash register, and announced to the woman clerk, "This is a holdup. Give me all your money or I'll put a staple in your head." She gave him sixty dollars. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Michael Roszkowski)

● When a thirty-eight-year-old Washington man learned his sister had a fatal kidney disease and was unable to locate a suitable organ donor, he killed himself so that she might have the use of his own kidneys. Doctors then determined his kidneys were no good. *AP* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

● Upon discovering his wife had been involved with another man, Gibbon Hedley of Teeside, England, sought to take his own life and that of his wife's lover. Accordingly, he outfitted himself as a human bomb and waited for the boyfriend to approach. Hedley's blast failed to kill either party, however, so he

crawled to his disabled victim and beat him to death with the detonator. *UPI* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

● A Nashville man was sentenced to three years in prison after an Atlanta court convicted him on twenty counts of simple battery (unauthorized touching of another person). According to police, the defendant repeatedly approached women who were wearing high platform shoes and stomped on their feet as hard as he could. *AP* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

● Manfred Kah, a West German branch bank manager, was arrested by police after women complained that Kah seduced them by masquerading as "Dr. Bender—specialist in virology." Kah selected random females from the phone book and told them he was treating their relatives for an unusual viral disease that may be present in other family members. He suggested the women undergo a free precautionary examination at a hotel room, during which they would be blindfolded so as to obviate embarrassment and main-

tain a fully "professional" atmosphere. When the women arrived at the hotel, "Dr. Bender" explained the virus was detectable only by means of sexual intercourse, conducted three times in immediate succession. He further indicated that the test would be seriously jeopardized if the patients did not achieve orgasm. Over 160 women are known to have submitted to Kah's examination. *Parade* (contributed by Bob Spieler)

● Mario Ticcinini and Alexander Giordano were arrested by Newark police and charged with stealing Jelliff Avenue between 18 Avenue and Waverly. They allegedly sold it stone by stone at nearby construction sites for over \$20,000. *New York Times Service* (contributed by Don Bell)

● A thirteen-year-old boy stole a San Francisco municipal bus and drove it as far as Truckee, California, where officers used squad cars and Department of Transportation sand trucks to force him off the road. The eighty-pound youngster, who claimed he was en route to New York City, had run away from home with his ten-year-old brother the day before. The latter had broken into a similar bus and driven it to Oakland. *North Lake Tahoe Bonanza* (contributed by Bob Wyman)

● Cletus Schlier, suffering severe arthritis in his right foot as a result of a construction accident, found prescribed medications ineffective. Consequently, he blew the foot off with a shotgun. *AP* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

Lives of the Great
THIS MONTH
JULIUS GROUCHO/MARX
(1890-1977)

"I'm a very bad lay." — After his third marriage.

IN 1928 GROUCHO'S FATHER ATTENDED ONE OF HIS SON'S PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK, AFTER WHICH GROUCHO RIPPED THE ELDERLY MAN'S SHIRT OFF BECAUSE HE "DIDN'T LIKE" THE SHOW.

GROUCHO, TORMENTED THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE BY PREMATURE EJACULATION, GAVE ONE OF HIS FIANCEES MONEY AFTER EACH DATE AS COMPENSATION.

AT FIFTEEN, GROUCHO CONTRACTED SYPHILIS FROM A PROSTITUTE, THEN SPENT SEVERAL YEARS "SLEEPING WITH COLORED GIRLS!" HE AND HIS BROTHERS OFTEN SHARED THE SAME WOMEN — IF ONE BECAME PREGNANT, THEY WOULD SPLIT THE ABORTION COSTS FOUR WAYS.

T

Spoilers

Here are the endings to some things that you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

MOVIES

Old Boyfriends: This movie is so bad you won't care how it ends.

The Champ: After seven years out of the ring, Jon Voight wins his comeback fight, but dies moments later in his dressing room, leaving Ricky Schroder, his son, in the arms of Faye Dunaway, his ex-wife.

The Passage: Pursued by Malcolm McDowell, a cunning SS officer, Anthony Quinn, leads James Mason and his children over the Pyrenees to safety. McDowell survives an avalanche only to die in front of Mason and Quinn in Spain.

The China Syndrome: Jack Lemmon is shot and killed when he tries to tell the press that the nuclear power plant is unsafe. Meanwhile, during the crisis, the plant almost blows up. Jane Fonda proves herself as a hard news reporter.

Hair: Treat Williams temporarily takes John Savage's place in boot camp and accidentally gets shipped to Vietnam, where he is killed.

BOOKS

Distant Stations by Jonathan Schwartz. Paul Kramer, television interviewer, and his girl friend Emily Keller, steal \$50,000 from an acquaintance named Decker. After breaking up with Emily, Kramer feels guilty and returns the money to Decker's bottom drawer.

The Bronx Zoo by Sparky Lyle. Sparky Lyle writes about being a Yankee in the tumultuous and amazing 1978 season. He makes himself out to be one of the abused good guys, while Reggie, Billy, and George are made out to be uncompromising troublemakers.

R

U

Understanding Africa

Here is a brief political history of modern Rhodesia. You are the Undersecretary of State for African Affairs—see if you can formulate a coherent and reliable foreign policy. You have thirty seconds. Go.

The ANC, formed in 1957 under the leadership of George Nyandore, was banned in 1959 and succeeded by the NDP, which was outlawed in 1961, after which NDP veterans instituted the ZAPU, while militants founded the ZNP, which was later declared illegal by Rhodesian authorities. So ZNP heads created a new group known as the PASU, which soon disbanded, leaving ZAPU as the nation's only significant resistance organi-

zation until Robert Mugabe established a ZAPU splinter group called the ZANU.

Bishop Muzorewa resurrected the ANC in 1971, while James Chikerema split from ZAPU and formed FROLEZI, which endorsed Ndabaningi Sithole and Muzorewa. Some time later, tribal chiefs Ndiweni and Chirau founded ZUPO and joined forces with the Rhodesian government.

Mugabe's ZANU and Nkomo's ZAPU then set up the Popular Front and ZIPA, which is presently battling Sithole, Muzorewa's ANC, Chikerema's FROLEZI, and the ZUPO of Ndiweni and Chirau as well as the Rhodesian government.

What's Wrong With This Picture?



Jim "Hopalong" Hendricks, "World's Only Paraplegic Cowboy," mounts Calvin the Wonder Horse while Bud "Dead-eye" Jones looks on. *Answer:* Jones is blind.

E

Your Tax Dollars at Work

These publications are currently available to you from the General Services Administration, most of them at no cost.

Safe Brown Bag Lunches. 559G. Free. 2 pp.

Grandma Called It Roughage. 563G. Free. 2 pp.

How to Donate the Body or Its Organs. 580G. Free. 16 pp.

And Now a Word about Your Shampoo. 573G. Free. 5 pp.

Food Shopper Language. 551G. Free. 9 pp.

Can Your Kitchen Pass the Food Storage Test? 556G. Free. 8 pp.

Successful Jogging. 586G. Free. 4 pp.

Acne. 587G. Free. 2 pp.

Organic Gardening—Think Mulch. 622G. Free. 6 pp.

Growing Vegetables in Containers. 619G. Free. 7 pp.

Imaginative Ways with Bathrooms. 615G. Free. 6 pp.

Beautiful Junk. 006G. 40¢. 12 pp.

Removing Stains from Fabrics. 079G. 50¢. 26 pp.

Firewood for Your Fireplace. 047G. 60¢. 7 pp.

Corrosion. 057G. 80¢. 8 pp.

Battery Hazards. 503G. Free. 5 pp.

True Masthead

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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

SOME WORMS, BUGS, ANIMALS, AND FISH THAT ARE JUST DISGUSTING

Pearl fish live in the bodies of sea cucumbers, entering through the anus tail first. Some types periodically venture out at night to feed. One genus likes to eat the gonads of its host. Preferred host cucumbers in the West Indies have five teeth ringing their anal cavities.

Bedbugs subsist on human blood, sufficient quantities of which cause girl bedbugs to become sexually aroused. Since females are not equipped with vaginal openings, males are forced to drill through their exoskeletal armor with curved, dagger-like penises. The female shell contains a faint notch that serves as a form of target and starter hole.



Threadworms like to fuck in potatoes. The female burrows into a host potato, positioning herself stomach-up just beneath the skin. She then punctures it with her sharp-lipped, telescoping genitalia, which the male threadworm, who is about twenty times smaller than the female, will hopefully discover while roaming around the outside of the potato on his search for vaginas.

Bats ball upside-down.

Bumblebee eelworms screw only in wet dirt. After copulation the male eelworm dies, and his mate locates a queen bee and bores into her body. The female eelworm's vagina soon expands uncontrollably until her entire body is transformed into one monstrous womb, wherein infant bumblebee eelworms are incubated and hatched.

Carp parasite worms spend their entire lives fucking in carp gills. Each has two sets of genitals, one male and one female, which lock together at first mating and stay that way until one or both partners die.

A female **starworm** is an odiously misshapen blob with a pickle-like body textured with large, fleshy warts. The tiny male starworm spends most of his life in the female's vagina, lounging and screwing.

Male **marine bristleworms** perform a frenzied sexual dance intended to cause females to drop their eggs so they may fertilize them with sperm. Should the eggs fail to become dislodged, however, a female will bite off her mate's penis and swallow it in hopes of accomplishing fertilization internally.

Mud snails prefer chain sex, during which each snail mounts the snail in front of him until a long line of simultaneously humping snails is formed.

Moth mites, who live on caterpillars, deliver their young in gender groups: males first, then females. Baby males linger at the mouth of the mother's vagina, waiting for their sisters to emerge, at which point the first male in line rapes the first-born female. His brothers each take turns repeating the act as more girl mites appear.

Prior to mating, male **porcupines** urinate on female porcupines to soften their quills.



ZSA ZSA'S DOGS

Concept and research by Bill Moseley

It has been established that between 1953 and 1978, Zsa Zsa Gabor owned at least fifteen dogs. Here are seven of them for your records.



Farouk.

WIDE WORLD



Zsa Zsa, Jr.



Mr. Magoo.

UPI



Zig Zag.



Harvey.

UPI



Unidentified.



Unidentified.

UPI

Food for Thought

Reader's Page



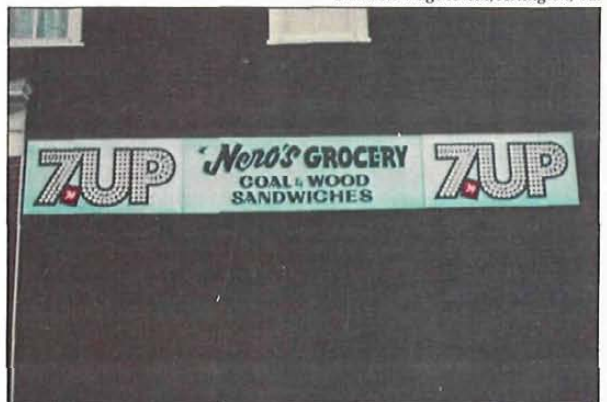
Kirk Whitney, Fresno, Cal.



Guido H. Wagenbreth, Arlington, Va.



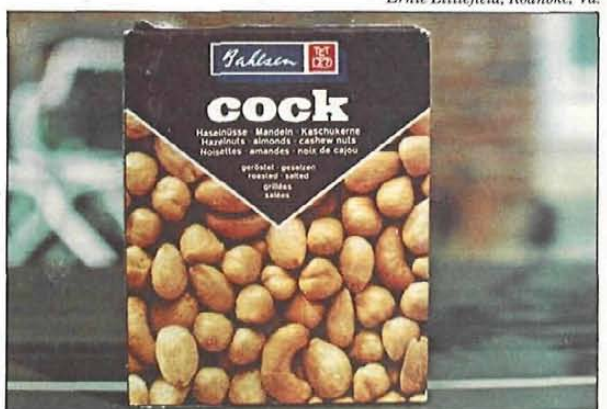
Ray Check, Detroit, Mich.



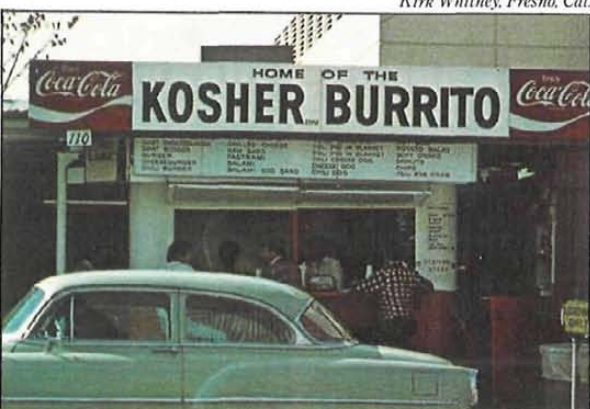
Ernie Littlefield, Roanoke, Va.



Kirk Whitney, Fresno, Cal.



Danny Caplan, Lawrence, Kans.



Paul Nisenbaum, Venice, Cal.



Paul Nisenbaum, Venice, Cal.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

continued from page 86

with two hands to denote when he is tackled, a not very stimulating feeling. When asked to compare real football with touch football, Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, one of the great homosexual players of all time, said, "Touch football reminds me of that old joke, 'Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat? Because it isn't felt!' Also, it doesn't have your dick in it."

TRACK AND FIELD. Most track events were invented by the Jews thousands of years ago when they were known as Hebrews. The events were designed to keep everyone fleet of foot, in case they had to run for their lives. Jews were always fleeing from one place to another, running from the attacks of hostile countries or simply being punished by their angry, wrathful god. They were, for the most part, natural cowards, except for a few highly-publicized celebrities such as David, who won his fight with a lucky shot.

The distance running events were created for the long retreats, during which the Jews would leave their country entire-

ly. A typical marathon run was about eight hundred to nine hundred miles. The sprints were designed for those quick bursts of speed needed to escape a flying rock or spear. In the original relay race, the Jews ran in family teams, and instead of passing a baton, they handed off a precious jewel, hoping a fresh runner could hold it and keep it away from the enemy invaders.

The modern field events came from activities devised by those English who were in charge of the insane asylums in the nineteenth century. The activities were invented by the doctors and superintendents to keep the inmates occupied with some kind of exercise. To the certifiably insane, the idea of swinging a gigantic ball and chain over one's head and then heaving it great distances made sense. The same applied to throwing a sixteen-pound steel ball or hurling your body over a seven-foot height into a sandpit. There were many other field events that did not attain the same kind of popularity as those we compete in today. One game called for throwing a twenty-quart cast-iron casserole pot straight up in the air as high as possible and catching it directly on your head, as

if it were a falling hat. Why the hammer throw, shot put, and high jump survived, and the casserole pot throw didn't, is still a mysterious, unanswered question. Surely the casserole throw is just as exciting and meaningful as the others.

TRAP and SKEET. Shooting with a shotgun at clay disks as they are flung at high speeds and in odd directions by machines or intoxicated friends wielding handtraps may seem a pale shadow of real hunting. Still, if you live in an urban area and are not fortunate enough to be a policeman on duty in Harlem during a blackout, you are not likely to find a much more challenging sport. The only way to shoot a duck now in many areas of the country is to sneak into a poultry farm late at night and, standing waist-deep in mallard shit, blast at the birds as they waddle by on the surface of the manure, supported by their flat feet. You can shoot geese in the children's zoo (if there is one in the area), and you might get a chance at a woodcock on a cigar store Indian, but other than that your chances of real shooting are slim. While you practice blowing the clay disks out of the air hour after hour, you can take sol-

Come along on *NatLamp's* international humor tour, featuring "Airlines of Emerging Nations," A Spicy Guide to European Hot Spots, "A Jew Goes Back to Germany," and much, much more!

Coming Next Month

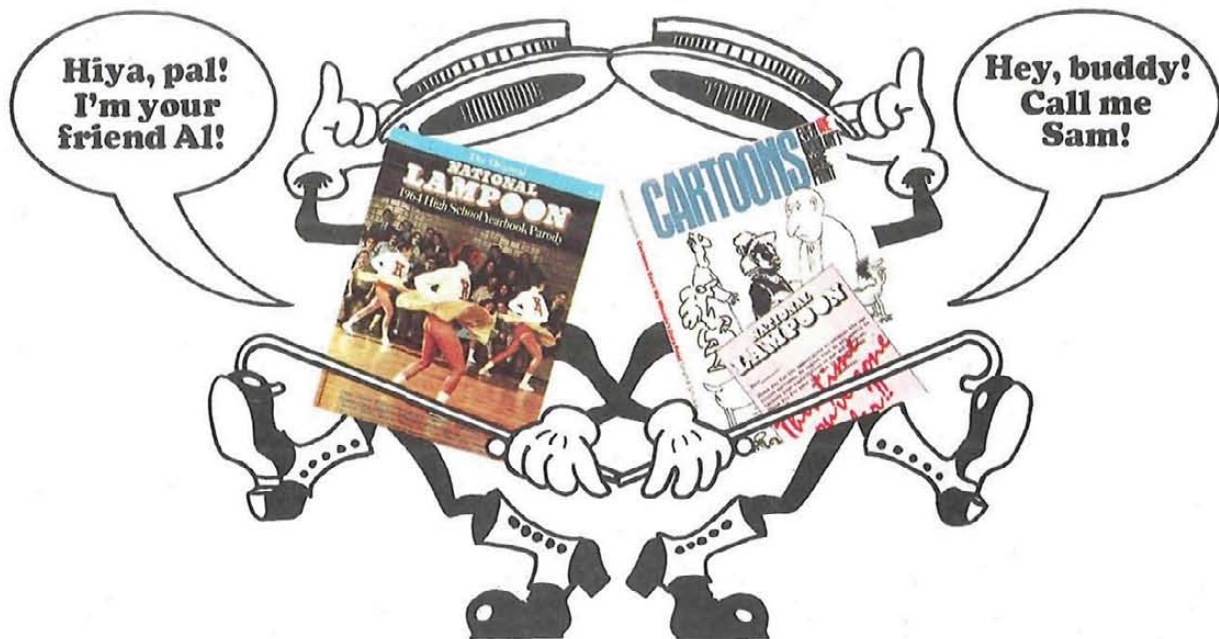
In the August **National Lampoon... Vacation Time!**



"O.K., sir, everything checks out here. But now you have to go with Christopher. Christopher is going to examine your rectum."

Books are our friends, right?

Take these two, for example. They have titles, sure, but let's not be so formal. Let's call them, oh, say, Al and Sam. Two potential lifetime pals. The kind of guys you'd like to lie around the house with, share some laughs, a couple beers...good chums who'd like to get to know you better. How? Invite them over! All you have to do is clip the coupon down below, send in a couple bucks (big deal), and Al and Sam will soon be knocking on your mailbox saying, "Hi, good buddy!"



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ace in the notion that if the earth is ever invaded by tiny aliens in relatively small flying saucers, you can probably earn a place in history as one of the planet's major defenders.

VOLLEYBALL. The object of volleyball is to get girls' breasts to jiggle up and down. It is against the rules in most volleyball conferences for women players to wear brassieres. Small-breasted girls are not very good at volleyball, although the friction of loose fabric across their chest area sometimes produces really first-rate nipple erections. Topless volleyball is a popular variation, especially in California, but many purists consider it to be "amateurish," especially with girls who have great big huge breasts that look really good in T-shirts but don't jiggle up and down when they're naked because they flop instead, which can be pretty gross-looking. Nude volleyball has been losing popularity recently because having your dick and balls hanging out makes you feel stupid.

WEIGHT LIFTING. "Don't lift that, Sol, you'll get a hernia." "That suitcase weighs a ton, dear; let the bellhop get it." "Leave it for the schwartze, Murray, or you'll break your back." Throughout history, man has measured his achievements and successes in inverse proportion to the weight of the objects he was forced to lift and carry. Despite this fact, some men today "relax" by jerking great, huge hunks of iron off the floor and wrestling them above their heads. If that's sport, then I guess a blow job and a dry martini are work. To each his own.

WRESTLING. Ugh. There is something really unsavory and queer-like about this homo-type sport. Not the professional kind—that's all showmanship, you know. Professional wrestlers really are great athletes—in their own way, of course. That is, as gymnasts and acrobats. And that stuff they do isn't easy on you. Besides, some of them really were great fighters, like Verne Gagne. He really was good. He could have beat somebody. He could have beat Joe Louis. He was the greatest. But the other kind, like the stuff they do in high school, is sort of, well, weird. Young boys like that and everything. Of course, doing it with girls without their clothes on and all covered in baby oil can be really interesting, and then you can tie them up to the mattress handles with old neckties. But Verne Gagne was really good. He beat Dick the Bruiser and everything.

GERALD SUSSMAN'S
Photorama
 PICTURE PARADE



Chicago, Illinois The Fuscorelli Baking Company decided to promote their new Italian-style raisin bread by baking the "world's largest bread", on their own roof. The bread was actually baked in sections, then hauled up to the roof and pieced together. The Fuscorelli Company claims it used over 1,000 pounds of flour, 475 eggs, 160 pounds of shortening, and 575 pounds of other ingredients. The bread is 110 feet long and twenty-five feet high.



Rochester, New York The latest development in support stockings, introduced at the National Stockings and Socks Show, is called "On Your Feet." Its manufacturer claims that you can wear these stockings and stay on your feet for up to thirty-six hours without sitting down. Foot circulation is guaranteed to remain normal. On Your Feet also doubles as thermal underwear.



Kalamazoo, Michigan One of the country's biggest paper manufacturers has just released pictures of their new branchless tree, an experimental tree that will be grown purely for conversion to paper and paper products. "The branchless tree allows far more wood yield per acre than the conventional tree," said Dr. Paul Spiro of the company's research department. "And we can grow them as tall as we want," he added.



New Delhi, India The world's largest public swimming pool has just been completed in New Delhi, measuring over twenty miles long. Shown in this picture is the wading, or beginner's, pool, especially designed for nonswimmers and those who just wish to refresh themselves. The pool is located in the heart of downtown New Delhi and is convenient to shopping and sightseeing.



"The popularity of white rum and tonic is no surprise. We Puerto Ricans knew it was only a matter of time."

Fernando Lugo, architect, and his wife Isabel

Chances are you've noticed. More and more people are enjoying Puerto Rican white rum in place of vodka or gin. Like the Lugos, they appreciate the incredible smoothness of white rum. It mixes beautifully with tonic or orange juice or soda. And makes a superbly dry, clean-tasting martini.

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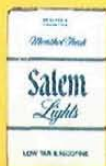
For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums,

Dept. NR, 1800 Woodloch Forest Dr., NY 10019. ©1978. Continued on p. 14 of Puerto Rico



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10
MG. TAR
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11
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



9
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



12
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



13
MG. TAR
0.9 MG. NIC.



9
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



14
MG. TAR
0.9 MG. NIC.



11
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