

GRAND FIFTH TERM INAUGURAL ISSUE

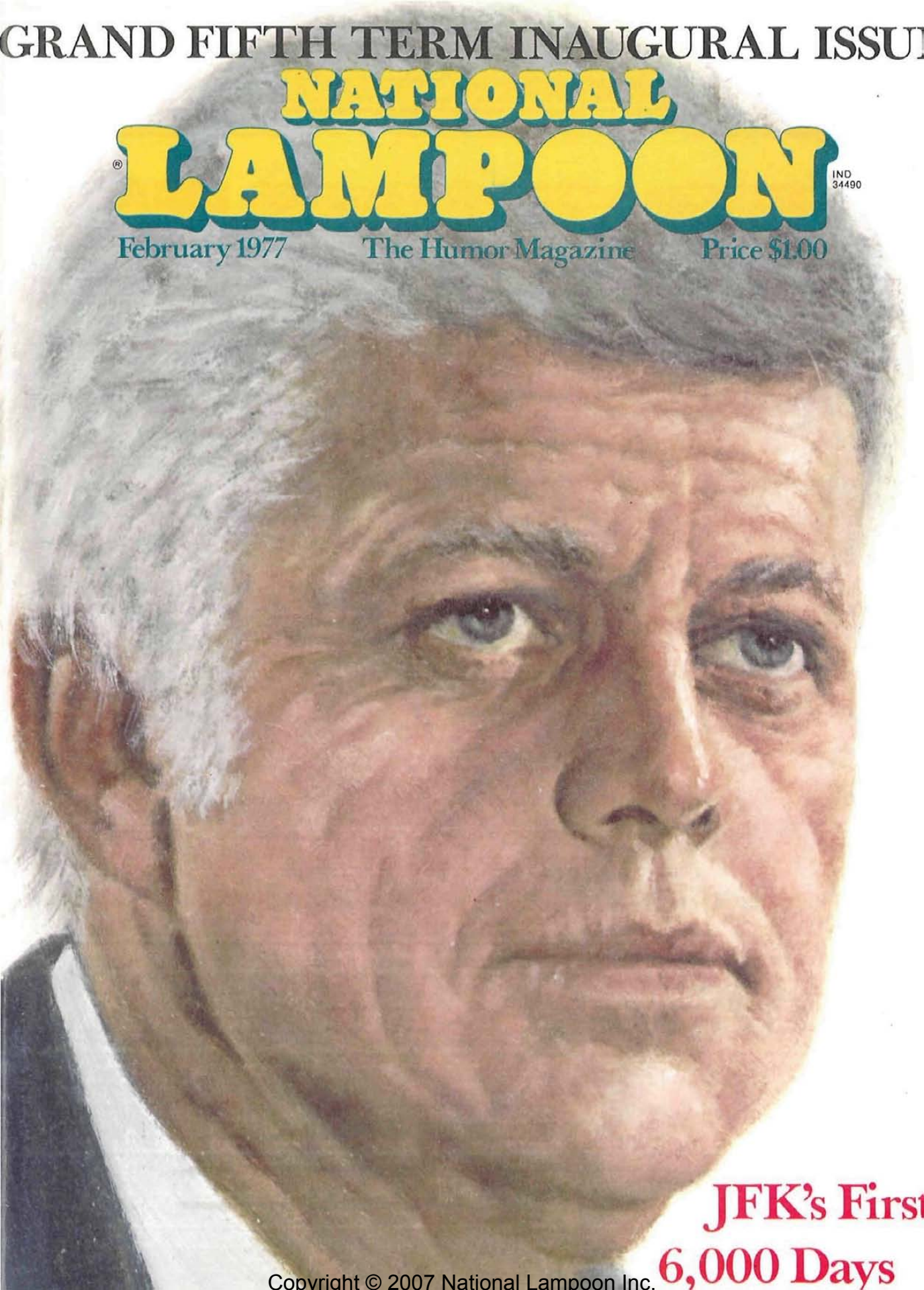
**NATIONAL
LAMPPOON**

IND
34490

February 1977

The Humor Magazine

Price \$1.00



**JFK's First
6,000 Days**

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

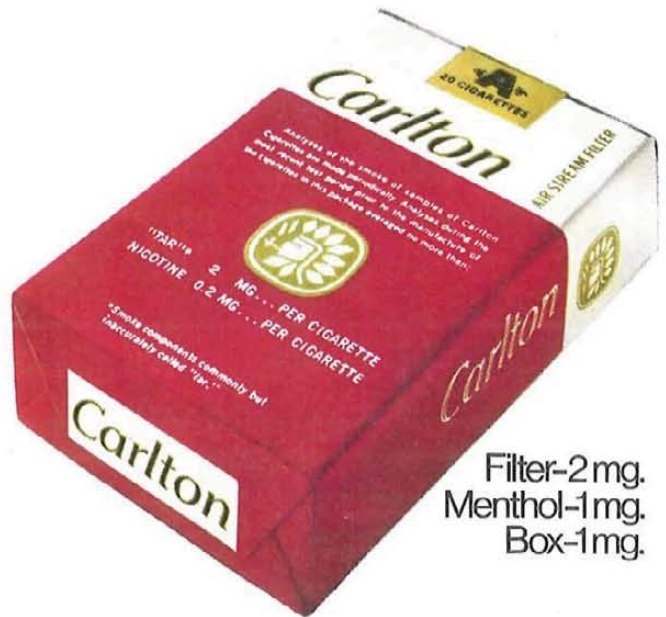
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton Box	*1	*0.1

*Av per cigarette by FTC method.



Filter-2 mg.
Menthol-1 mg.
Box-1 mg.

12 consecutive U.S. Government Reports confirm
Nobody's lower than Carlton.

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

Of all brands, lowest . . . 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
Carlton Menthol and Carlton Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE STORY SO FAR

DOMESTIC

INTERNATIONAL

CULTURAL

1963	1964	1965	1966	
<p>Assassination attempt in Dallas. JFK wounded. Jacqueline Kennedy struck and killed by press bus.</p> <p>Idlewild Airport renamed Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Airport.</p> <p>Warren Commission concludes assassination attempt the work of several people. Critics argue single assassin theory.</p>	<p>Goldwater nominated by Republicans. Immediately concedes election to bereaved president Kennedy. Connally ticket sweeps all fifty states.</p> <p>Peter, Paul & Mary concert at Kent State. Students riot against Vietnam war, racial discrimination, legal drinking age, and library cards. Local police hurt four students.</p> <p>First anniversary of Dallas tragedy. Jackie's birthday declared national holiday.</p>	<p>Draft deferments radically extended.</p> <p>First Summer of Love.</p> <p>Federal aid to Negroes. Initiation of LEAP program.</p> <p>Administration initiates Spare Change program of long-term low interest loans to young people.</p> <p>Winter Vatican established in Coral Gables, dubbed "Kingdom of the Keys."</p> <p>Stephen Smith appointed to Supreme Court.</p>	<p>Black Berets formed, amalgamating SNCC, CORE, various black activists.</p> <p>Second Summer of Love.</p> <p>Initiation of JUMP, SKIP and HOP program.</p>	<p>Urban protes Berets</p> <p>Thir</p> <p>Initiat VALU</p> <p>Voting years</p> <p>Twent repea</p> <p>Young Demor</p> <p>Eunice preme</p>
	<p>Moscow jubilant after <i>Beetcha Tuyit 1</i> crash-lands successfully on Venus.</p> <p>Pope Paul VI garroted in car accident.</p> <p>Commander-in-Chief withdraws U.S. advisers from Vietnam in wake of Kent State disturbance.</p> <p>Attempt on Castro's life.</p>	<p>Cape Breton Island missile crisis. Khrushchev backs down.</p> <p>Peace Clubs established in Ibiza, Gstaad, and Katmandu.</p> <p>Attempt on Castro's life.</p> <p>Richard Cardinal Cushing elected Pope Merlin I.</p> <p>July 26. Castro flees Cuba.</p>	<p>Nuclear tank march-past in Omsk after successful, very hard landing of <i>Beetcha Tuyit 2</i> on Mars.</p> <p>JFK visits Peking. Signs non-aggression pact.</p> <p>Pope Merlin I goes on world pilgrimage with Beach Boys.</p> <p>Dalai Lama assassinated by Howard Hunt.</p> <p>Good Vibrations at Lourdes with Pope. Miracles.</p>	<p>Khrus Genev</p> <p>Nicar chev t</p> <p>Chian Jack F</p> <p>Israel 1948 t</p> <p>Chines Lhasa</p> <p>U.N pe under</p>
	<p>Ground-breaking for Jacqueline Kennedy Memorial Family Dog Performing Arts Ballroom in Washington, D.C.</p> <p><i>Camelot</i> revival wins Tony.</p> <p>Pfc. Cassius Clay, heavyweight champ, last GI killed in Vietnam.</p>	<p>Floyd Patterson named heavyweight champ by W.B.A.</p>	<p>Creation of Congressional Records, federal recording label.</p> <p>InVista program makes psychedelic drugs available to all.</p> <p>Floyd Patterson defeats Carl "Bobo" Olson by a decision.</p> <p>First federal communes established in Taos and Monterey.</p>	<p>Nation Souve headq</p> <p>Black in maj</p> <p>Rock rates ing fe festival</p> <p>Jan 12 Henry</p> <p>Jan 13 Brian L</p> <p>Angie Motha</p>

1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
<p>Unrest. Negroes comes. Black Ten thousand die</p> <p>Love</p> <p>H. JOG. HURDLE. and CANTER</p> <p>red to sixteen</p> <p>Amendment</p> <p>pointed to state gations</p> <p>ppointed to Su-</p>	<p>Chicago Democratic Convention. Youthful delegates dominate voting. Ousted older people take to streets. Disturbance suppressed by police, hippies, Black Berets</p> <p>Fourth Summer of Love</p> <p>JFK nominated by acclamation. John Lindsay picked for VP</p> <p>Second Nixon-Kennedy debate. JFK wins decisively.</p> <p>JFK Marries Christina Onassis.</p> <p>Radical Inaugurated</p> <p>United Farm Workers incorporate Brotherhood of Teamsters. Ceremony in Cesar Chavez Ravine.</p> <p>JFK wins third term. Defeats Nixon, Agnew</p>	<p>Lake Shore Drive Seven tried and convicted for incitement to riot at Chicago Convention</p> <p>JFK announces intervention in Ulster at Woodstock Festival of Love and War</p> <p>Che Guevara, first Cuban representative (nonvoting) to U.S. Congress.</p> <p>Riots in major cities. Selective Service unable to process flood of volunteers</p> <p>First female astronaut completes successful orbit of earth, accompanied by Senator Edward Kennedy. Astronaut lost in splash down. Senator Kennedy survives</p> <p>Peter Lawford appointed to Supreme Court</p>	<p>Antiwar moratorium. leading brokerage houses suspend trading at New York Stock Exchange for three minutes</p> <p>WASP antiwar group bombs Jacqueline Kennedy monument, Washington, D.B</p> <p>Initiation of PACE, TROT, GALLOP, WIN, PLACE, and SHOW programs</p> <p>Act of Congress sets minimum wage for housework</p> <p>"United States" instant draft lottery inaugurated</p>	<p>Wealthy Protestants immolate servants in protest against Irish War. Nation shocked</p> <p>Jan. 9: VP Lindsay denounces war at Choate commencement</p> <p>Jan. 10: VP Lindsay disappears</p>
<p>JFK meet in</p> <p>ile crisis. Khrush-</p> <p>assassinated by</p> <p>ay war. retires to</p> <p>te first A-bomb in</p> <p>Trust Territory date</p>	<p>Nuclear helicopter fly-over in Leningrad to celebrate successful "smash-up" touchdown on Jupiter of <i>Beetcha Tuyit B</i></p> <p>Chinese detonate first H-bomb in Formosa test site. Moderate casualties</p> <p>First Radical field tour visits Eastern Europe, China, Vietnam</p>	<p>First detachment of Kelly Green Berets deployed in Londonderry</p> <p>Aleutian missile crisis. Khrushchev backs down</p>	<p>County Armagh pacified after carpet firebombing</p> <p>Nuclear submarine cruise past in Odessa celebrates vigorous impact of <i>Beetcha Tuyit 12</i> on Uranus</p> <p>Missile crisis—Virgin Gorda B.VI Khrushchev backs down</p>	<p>Israel loses Purim War. Retires to Negev</p> <p>St. Patrick's Day Massacre. Infantry company commanded by Lt. Manson wipes out inhabitants of Protestant village</p> <p>Bermuda missile crisis. Khrushchev backs down</p>
<p>ation of Jackie</p> <p>ufacturers opens</p> <p>Washington, D.B</p> <p>artial arts festivals</p> <p>Fort Dix inaugu-</p> <p>n" program, mak-</p> <p>available for rock</p> <p>tterson decisions</p> <p>tterson decisions</p> <p>in wins Oscar for</p>	<p><i>Persecution and Assassination of King Arthur as Performed by the Knights of the Round Table under the Direction of Sir Thomas Malory</i> wins Tony</p> <p>Bernadette Devlin lunches privately on president three consecutive days</p> <p>Floyd Patterson decisions Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson</p> <p>Cliff Robertson wins Oscar for <i>Waiting for Godot</i></p>	<p>Ian Fleming wins Nobel Prize for literature</p> <p>Floyd Patterson suffers crippling stroke</p> <p>Kennedy Arts Center opens first franchise. Topeka, Kansas</p> <p>High court ruling overturns baseball reserve clause</p>	<p>Look magazine officially becomes Kennedy magazine</p> <p>Floyd Patterson TKOs Jerry Quarry. Heavyweight title retired</p> <p>First and last issue of <i>National Lampoon</i></p> <p>Beatles break up after recording <i>Abbey Theatre</i>. War blamed</p> <p>Influx of U.S. kids into "Swingin' Dublin"</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series</p>	<p>National Football League merges with American Touch Football League, adopts touch rules, mandatory "Ten Mississippi" count, etc. Giants win Superbowl</p> <p><i>Long Day's Journey into Camelot</i> wins New York Critics Circle Award</p> <p>Frank Sinatra's triumphant return to Havana Hilton. Celebrities</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series</p>

1972	1973	1974	1975	1976
<p>Agnew nominated on the platform vs. Kennedy</p> <p>Nixon-Kennedy debate. JFK wins</p> <p>Nixon kidnapped by Dick Cheney and his Merry Pranksters</p> <p>Nixon wins fourth term. Defeats McGovern/Agnew</p>	<p>Fourth Inaugural—Beatles reunited!</p> <p>Washington Star attacks JFK's 72 campaign, "Dirty Pranks."</p> <p>Ethel Kennedy appointed to Supreme Court</p>	<p>GOP smear campaign against JFK fizzles. Dick Tuck removed from White House payroll.</p> <p>Congressional investigations on national security urge expansion of CIA's domestic operations.</p>	<p>Wheat sale to Russia: eight million metric tons.</p> <p>U.S. out of U.N.</p> <p>Inflation hits 25 percent.</p> <p>Local CIA precincts established in major cities.</p> <p>N.Y.C. declares bankruptcy.</p> <p>Kathleen Kennedy appointed to Supreme Court.</p>	<p>JFK picks Negress B. Jordan as VP.</p> <p>Fourth Nixon-Kennedy debate. Nixon fails to win.</p> <p>Cuba becomes fifty-first state.</p> <p>JFK wins fifth term.</p> <p>Supersolar Transport, piloted by Edward Kennedy, crashes on maiden voyage. 347 virgins drowned. Teddy survives.</p>
<p>Crisis in the Middle East</p> <p>Yom Kippur War. Israel loses Rosh Hashanah War. War ends in Masada.</p> <p>Christmas bombing of Belfast.</p>	<p>Israelis negotiate end to Yom Kippur War. Settlement calls for establishment of Gaza Plaza, enclosed shopping mall. Daniel Moynihan appointed U.S. ambassador.</p> <p>War in Ireland ends. United Kingdom partitioned.</p>	<p>Cornwall declares war on England.</p> <p>First anniversary of Gaza Plaza celebrated with one-half price sale.</p>	<p>Franco dies, goes to hell.</p> <p>Scots and other OPEC nations boycott England.</p> <p>Six-day price war breaks out.</p>	<p>Pound sterling replaced by ounce sterling on Geneva currency market.</p> <p>Republic of Quebec applies for statehood as "the Cajun State."</p> <p>Mao dead in drunken spree; world mourns.</p>
<p>Patsy Cline wins Super Bowl, renamed Patsy Cline Krater.</p> <p>John Exner wins Oscar for <i>Ubu</i>.</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series.</p>	<p><i>Let My People Come!</i> wins Obie.</p> <p>Richard Farina named publisher of national weekly, <i>Global Village Voice</i>. Robert F. Dylan editor-in-chief.</p> <p>Elton John marries Princess Anne.</p> <p>Pablo Casals at Astrodome: Twelve sell-out performances.</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series.</p>	<p><i>Bubbling Brown Camelot</i> wins Tony.</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series.</p>	<p>Kennedy Art Centers, Inc., celebrate "over one million concerts sold out!"</p> <p>Disco craze sweeps nation.</p> <p>Vaughn Meader sitcom <i>All in the First Family</i> sweeps Emmys.</p> <p>"NBC Saturday Night" cancelled after first show.</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series.</p>	<p>Jacqueline Susann wins National Book Award for official Jackie bio, <i>Dolores</i>.</p> <p>Animatron of Robert Frost shorts out reading dedication poem at New Frontierland.</p> <p>Washington Senators win World Series.</p>



**Make a good move.
Mix your martini with white rum from Puerto Rico.**



White rum martini

There's nothing like white rum to bring you together without coming between you.

That's because white rum — in sharp contrast to gin and vodka — has a taste so smooth you're almost not aware that it's there.

When you mix this smoothness of white rum with dry vermouth, the result is a drink that pleases from the first sip to the last. And from one drink to the next.

Only white rum from Puerto Rico

makes such a civilized martini, because only Puerto Rico requires that every drop of its rum be aged for at least a year.

Little wonder that 86% of all the rum sold in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico.

When you leave gin and vodka behind for the smoothness of white rum, you won't be alone. White rum is the fastest-growing major distilled spirit in America.

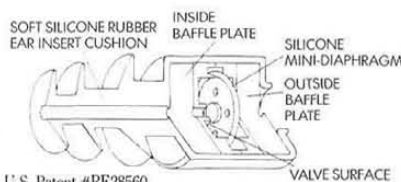
PUERTO RICAN RUMS



Goodbye, noise hangover.

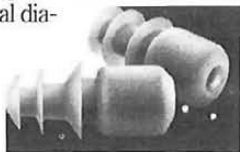
The new Sonic II Noise Filters not only improve your listening, they protect your hearing.

Sonic II Noise Filters... hearing protectors that are so effective they prevent the ringing in the ears, the headaches and discomfort—the noise hangover—after exposure to high volume rock, jazz, classics or blues.



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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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EDITORIAL

**"I shouted out, 'Who killed
the Kennedys'—When after
all, it was you and me..."**

**Mick Jagger,
"Sympathy for the Devil"**

Thirteen years ago, in the bland sunlight of a Texas afternoon, bullets of hate cut him down. They're still arguing over who was responsible. It doesn't matter. Satan's hand held the weapon, Satan's finger squeezed the trigger. Only the Prince of Darkness could have aimed a rifle at that fair head.

The news of the monstrous event spread like poisonous gas, a grim and relentless dispersion, bringing paralysis and pain to every place on earth where living things drew breath. At first, the mind recoiled from its hideous import. It was the unthinkable, and it had happened. Time stood still. We were riveted, frozen, as though encased in ice. In numb disbelief we watched the slow unfolding of the black opera: the swearing in of the vice-president, the distraught wife at his side. The funeral, with its riderless horse and muffled drums. The eulogies. The grief-stricken faces. The eternal flame. It was true after all.

Why? For weeks, even months, the nation staggered like a headless body. Like an awful giant, it lurched blindly, this way and that. He was the symbol of our pride, and they had taken him away. He was a man of kindness, and cruelty struck him down.

He was youthful, vibrant, and vital, and yet he was dead. Why?

Even a headless giant must find a way of carrying on. We went to work, came home, lived our lives. But it was a pitiful sham, an ugly mockery of what had been before death had raped us. Before evil danced its foul jig of triumph all over everything. Why? Did good stand for nothing, and hope for less? Why? Why him? Why not you, or me? What was his offense, that his life should be smashed out like that?

Was it that he was handsome and wonderful? Is that why they shot him down like a dog? He was brave and forthright. He stood tall. When he worked, he worked hard, and when he played, he played hard, too. Is that why they left him there to die? He was a good man, a real man. He was the best we had. And they killed him. Oh God, they killed him. Why? Why? God, is there no justice? Why, oh God, did...

No. It didn't happen. It couldn't have, and it didn't. □

THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.)

Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. Tape to tape. Year to year. Wherever you buy it.

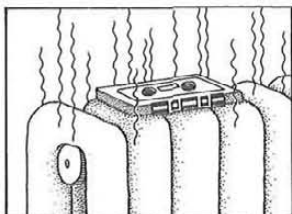
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a prob-

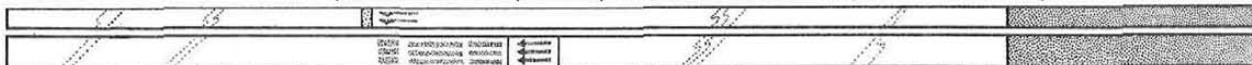


Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.



Every employee, vacuumed.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

lem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074



Sirs:

Did you hear the one about the religious mathematician who was always watching the sky for sines?

Mike Motto
c/o Dick's Den
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Knock! Knock!
(You say), "Who's there?"
Kojak.
(You say), "Kojak who?"
Kojak off in your hat!
Eric Severeid
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We're a pack of wild
dogs.
A pack of wild dogs
are we.
We run through the
hills
Bereft of job skills,
And we don't care
where we pee.
A Pack of Wild Dogs
The Hills

Sirs:

I was born in West Virginia, raised in Tennessee. Joined a travelin' show at thirteen, sang country at thirty-three. Got a solid platinum hot comb, a body shirt that fits, around my gross spare tire, plus a bald spot an' mottled tits. I sing about this country, from Bakersfield to here, an' I'll leave you with this song I sung, and a used condom in your glass of beer.

J. Cash
Centerline, Neb.

Sirs:

I was out in my Jag. It was late at night. An XKE pulled up on my right. The brakes crapped out. I started to swerve. Yes, I nearly lost my ass out on Dead Man's Curve.

Does that sound like a hit song to you? O.K., guys, remove the rubber bands from your scrotums, I think

we've got another good time classic on wax.

Jan N. Dean
Dude Vibrations, Calif.

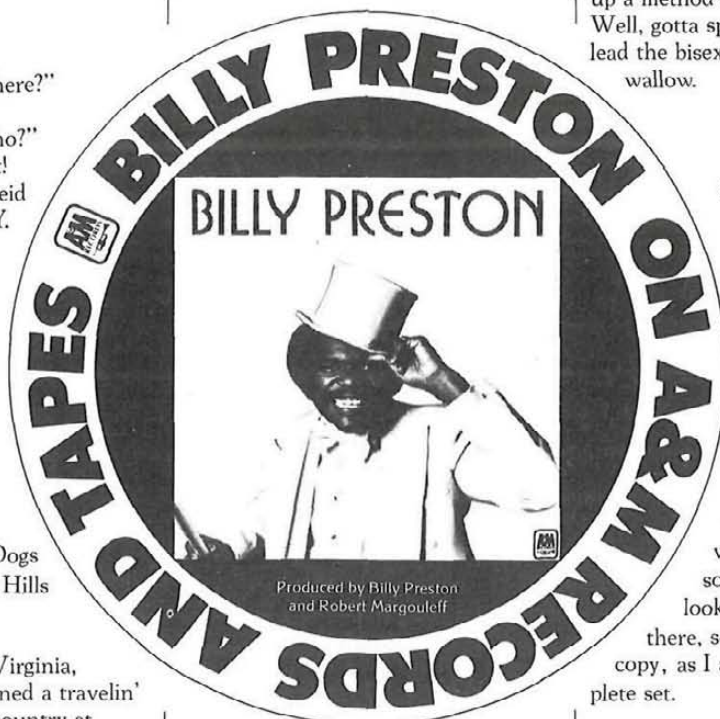
Sirs:

So you want to know why I don't like eggs? I'll tell you why I don't like eggs. Because...because a bloody...because a goddamn chicken, a stinking chicken, killed my dad.

Pete Meyers
Bells of Hell, N.Y.

Sirs:

In my spare time, I enjoy: Irish setters; long walks; listening to records;



quiet moments with someone I care deeply about; sewing my own clothes; organic cooking; reading.

I'm looking for somebody to share these simple pleasures with, as well as a blow job with a few Dutch ovens thrown in.

Wally O'Malley
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

We're the characters in a virtually unknown Booth Tarkington novel; and we're writing in to say that it looks like it'll stay that way.

The Lorenzo Bunch
Lorenzo Apartments
A City in the Midwest

Sirs:

Just writing to tell you about the commune's new plan for super-natural childbirth. Mavrula got pregnant, so we've been keeping her spiritually high with organic methedrine made from natural levoamphetamine. Amines are a basic building block for everything natural, y'know. Aside from the diet, we've been taking her for midnight rides on the commune's donkey and exposing her to the moon. In eight to nine months, the donkey will deliver her to the barn, where Captain Blue, our veterinarian, will deliver the child. We plan to hold the super baby for ransom until Father Divine coughs up a method of turning life into fun. Well, gotta split, man, it's my day to lead the bisexual preschool sensitivity wallow.

Group Leader Frodo
Andromeda and Antares
Communal Dude Farm
Super Natural Childbirth
Collective

Sirs:

Please send me a new copy of your December 1976 issue. I am a regular subscriber and receive your magazine every month, but all the jokes must have fallen out of my December issue while it was in the mail or something. Anyway, I looked, and they weren't there, so please send me another copy, as I am trying to keep a complete set.

Danny Duckhotser
Muckaluck, Mich.

Sirs:

I have an idea for a new way to use Daylight Savings Time. Let's use Daylight Savings Time to make it light from six at night until about seven or eight in the morning. This way, we will all be able to see at night, which is when most crime and bad accidents take place.

Leon Pester
Isle de France, Fla.

Sirs:

Every year, millions of board feet of American lumber are destroyed by bugs. We're working to solve this problem without damaging the ecology, but so far the use of male sex hor-

continued on page 10



One of a kind offer

Save over 40% on these embossed leisure boots. Only \$16.95 from Camel Filters.

Put yourself in his shoes. The same embossed "American Eagle" boots you've seen selling in fine stores for over \$29. Yet they're yours by mail, exclusively from Camel Filters, for only \$16.95. Rich latigo cowhide foot, with matching leather-look vinyl top. Order yours today.



IMPORTANT: Send check or money order and 1 bottom flap by first class mail. Make check payable to Leisure Boot Offer.

MAIL TO: Leisure Boot Offer, Spotts International
P.O. Box 9686, St. Paul, Minnesota 55196

Please send me _____ pair(s) of leisure boots. I enclose \$16.95 and 1 bottom flap from a package of Camel Filter cigarettes for each pair of boots ordered. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

Boots available in "D" (medium) width only, sizes 6½-13—state shoe size below.

All promotional costs paid by manufacturer.

Offer open only while supply lasts.

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Tel. _____
(Include Area Code)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(Required)

My normal shoe size _____
(length) (width)

Allow up to 30 days for shipment.

Offer is limited to the U.S.A.
Void where taxed or prohibited.



Turkish and Domestic Blend

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

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

CONTENTS

Conceived and written by



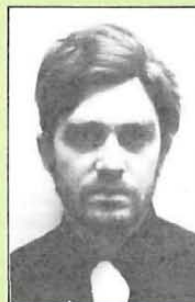
Danny Abelson



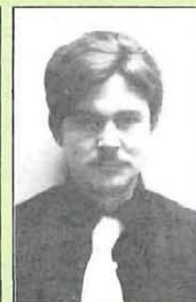
Tim Crouse



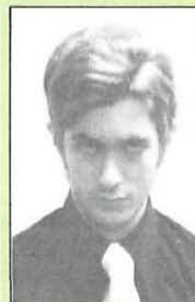
Jeff Greenfield



Peter Kaminsky



Sean Kelly



Peter Kleinman



Chris Kluess



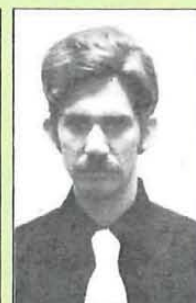
Stu Kreismann



Ted Mann



John Weidman



Ellis Weiner



Issue edited by
Tony Hendra

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By Jeff Greenfield

OVER the years, Fiat has built itself a reputation as the maker of true Italian sports cars. And we're proud of that. But a lot of people don't realize that the family cars Fiat makes also drive like, well, Fiats.

To understand why this is so, you first have to understand where our reputation comes from.

Back in 1900, just one year after building our first Fiat, we won our first race. In the next twelve years we won the Emperor's Cup, the Targa Florio, Le Mans, the French Grand Prix, the American Grand Prix (three times), and captured the land speed record of 190 miles per hour.

Over sixty years later, Fiat still finds itself followed by checkered flags. Just last year we were the North American and European Rally Champion.

You might very well ask yourself what drives a company like Fiat to build cars that win races. The answer is simple. We were born in Italy, the land of Ferrari. Where driving is more a passion than a means of transportation. As a result, a lot of what we learn from our race cars, we put into our production cars.

You'll find this true of the

AFTER 76 YEARS OF MAKING SPORTS CARS IT'S HARD TO MAKE SOMETHING DULL.

Fiat 124 Spider, one of the few convertibles in the world still open for business. And the X1/9, one of only three mid-engine sports cars under \$20,000. About \$15,000 under in fact.*

As far as our family cars go, they handle like you wouldn't expect a family car to handle, insulating you from the road without isolating you from it. Quite unlike the dull, deadened, numbing cocoons most people are used to.

In fact, in Europe, where they judge a car on how it drives rather than how it looks, the Fiat 128 won eight Car of the Year Awards. Not bad considering it only costs around \$3,000.*

For people with larger family needs we offer the 131, a larger family car. It comes with a twin overhead cam engine, like some of the world's finest sports cars, and offers a five-speed transmission

as standard equipment. (One of only ten sedans in the U.S. that do.)

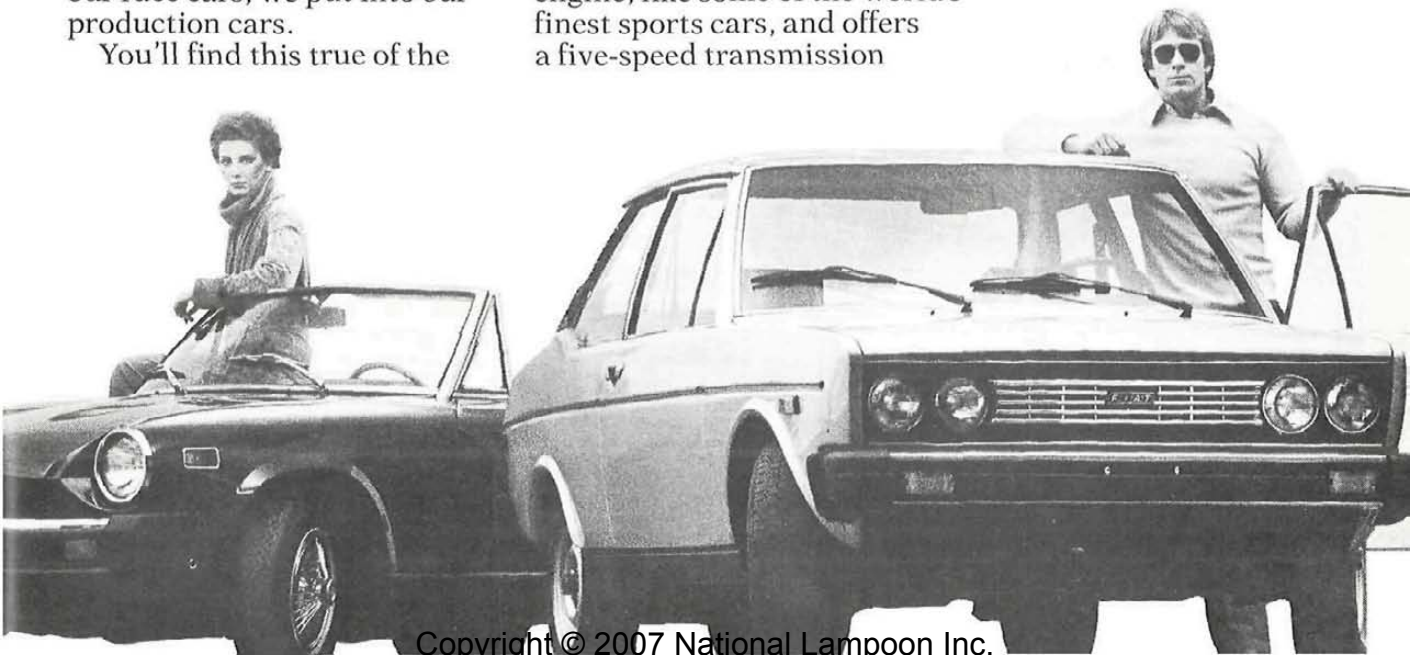
In addition to having features that make it drive nicely, it has features that make it nice to drive in. Like reclining front bucket seats, a tilt-adjust steering wheel, even rear reading lamps.

By now you should realize, the only way to really experience a Fiat is to wrap yourself around the wheel of one, find an empty ribbon of road, and go.

Because ten miles' worth of words can't sell you a Fiat as well as one mile's worth of driving it.

FIAT

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.
*Not including inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes.



Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?

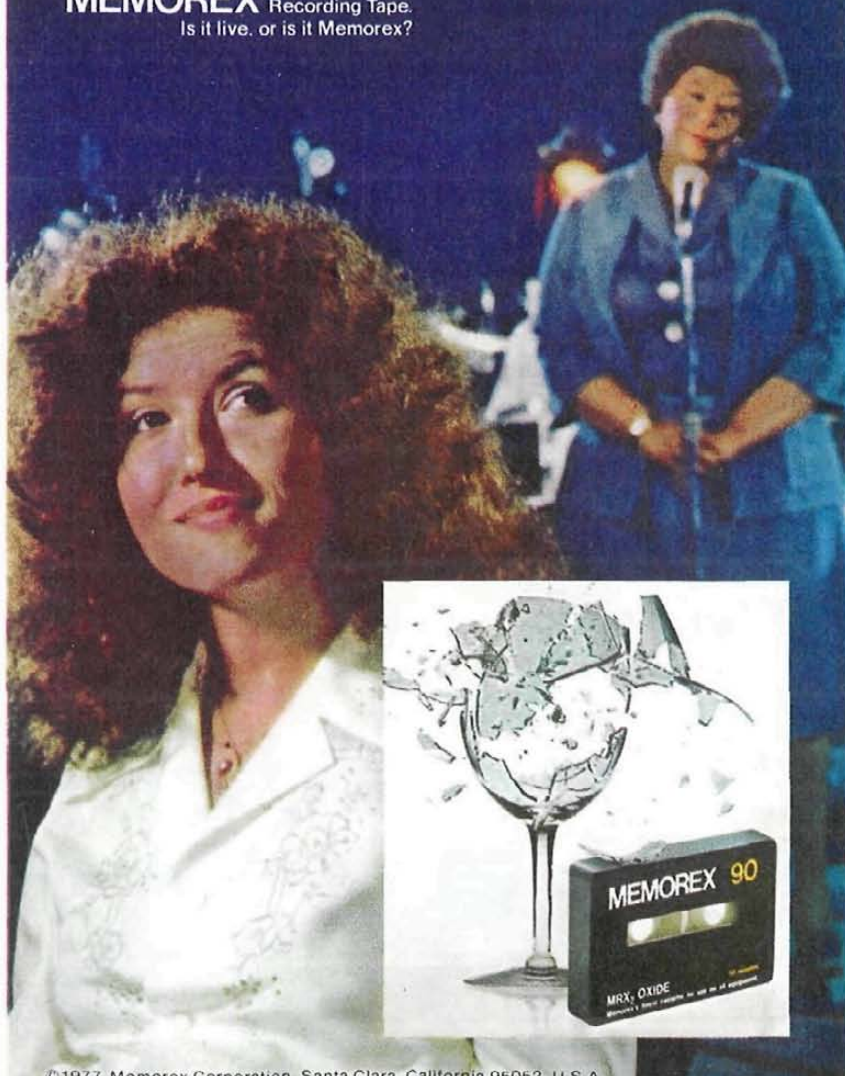
We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX₂ Oxide?

It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell.

It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

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



©1977, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052, U.S.A.

Letters

continued from page 6

mones to lure female Western Pine Beetles into poisoned traps has resulted in hordes of lesbian insect pests.

David L. Brick
Department of Insecticides
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

As a special service of the U.S. Post Office, here are some free zip codes that your readers can cut out and attach to the addresses in this letters column: 66125, 75920, 04875, 92567, 48950, 11057, 36497, 64536, 34542, 59834, 84930, 17649, 90043, 01346, 23874, 34198, 36098, 32165, 91035, 98456, 13457, 49761, 83741, 87429, 64648, 64773, 84884, 91546, 32243, 45663, 77435, 49214, 36560, 58488.

Benjamin F. Bailar
Postmaster General
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

What has two legs and a fly and has oppressed women for centuries? Give up?

You!

And who says women don't have a sense of humor?

Anne and Deanne Titters
Remainder Rack
Val-u-Mart Book-o-Rama

Sirs:

Though you may not have realized this, the energy crisis is still going on. There is a terrible shortage of gasoline. Many of us have been driving around for months with empty gas tanks and just didn't know it.

William F. Anders
Head of the Nuclear Regulatory
Commission
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We know you've been trying to make sure your average readers are mature and adult and not just a bunch of kids. Well, we're average readers and we're very mature and adult. Mom said so.

Timmy and Bobby
Sandusky, Ohio

continued on page 97

Collector's Items



DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life, Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulge-mobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spoltiane, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Talt

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Sermonity, and Tales of the South comics

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Insider*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and *Ivory* magazine

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics = 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gostaur Living, *Whitedove* comics, *Vichy* Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon Building*, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesecake

MAY, 1974/50TH ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulge-mobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomie Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizeable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Battart Comics

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rocketteller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With *Barbar and His Enemies*, Gone with the Wind '75, *Englandian*, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedians, and Our Wonderful Bodies

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worst Monster, *Parlourbook*, *Orgyqami*, and Cloo

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rocketteller 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*

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handcapped

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts

MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION: Out with Blow Me, the Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietsname, and the Culture Vultures section

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kelauber High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's *At the Movies*, *Canadian Weekly*, and another *Bernie Xpose*

JULY, 1976/DOWN HOME: With E-Z Rider, Gathouse on Wheels, southern literature, *Christian Crusader Weekly*, a map of the New South, and *Pickers 'n' Kickers* magazine

AUGUST, 1976/COMPULSORY SUMMER SEX: With Marilyn Chambers, Life on Uranus, The *Hustler* parody, a portfolio of Sam Gross, and Early American Fucke Art

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 Buckle 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

DECEMBER, 1976/SELLING OUT: With our first ever sexy centerfold, Confusions of an Adman, plus plugs for Doris Abraham's new album, *Labor of Love*, on Philo

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON
Dept. NL 277, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Send me the following:

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_____	Mar., 1973	_____	Nov., 1974	_____	July, 1976
_____	Apr., 1973	_____	Jan., 1975	_____	Aug., 1976
_____	May, 1973	_____	Feb., 1975	_____	Sept., 1976
_____	June, 1973	_____	Mar., 1975	_____	Oct., 1976
_____	July, 1973	_____	Apr., 1975	_____	Nov., 1976
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I enclose a total of \$ _____. All 1976 and 1977 issues are \$1.25 each; 1975 issues are \$1.50 each; and all issues before 1975 are \$2.00 each. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

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You know what you get

JBL's new L166 doesn't add anything to the music. It doesn't take anything away. That's what all the excitement's about.

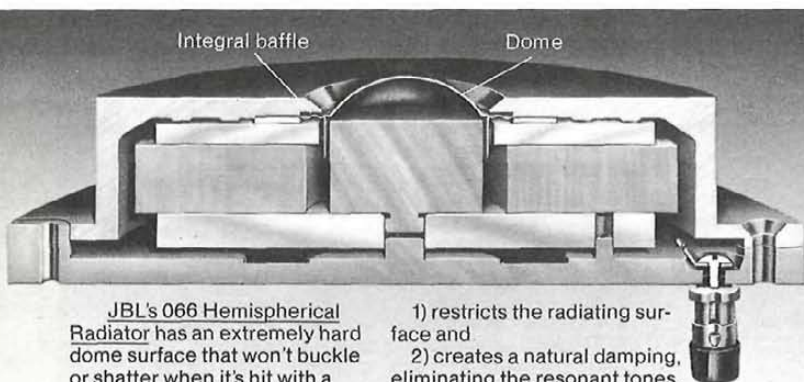
It's the most accurate bookshelf loudspeaker JBL has ever made, and that makes it pretty good. A lot

of our business is with recording studios and professional musicians who live in a hundred decibel, twenty kiloHertz, twenty-four track world where accuracy isn't a standard; it's an obsession.

There are four reasons to hear this new 3-way system:

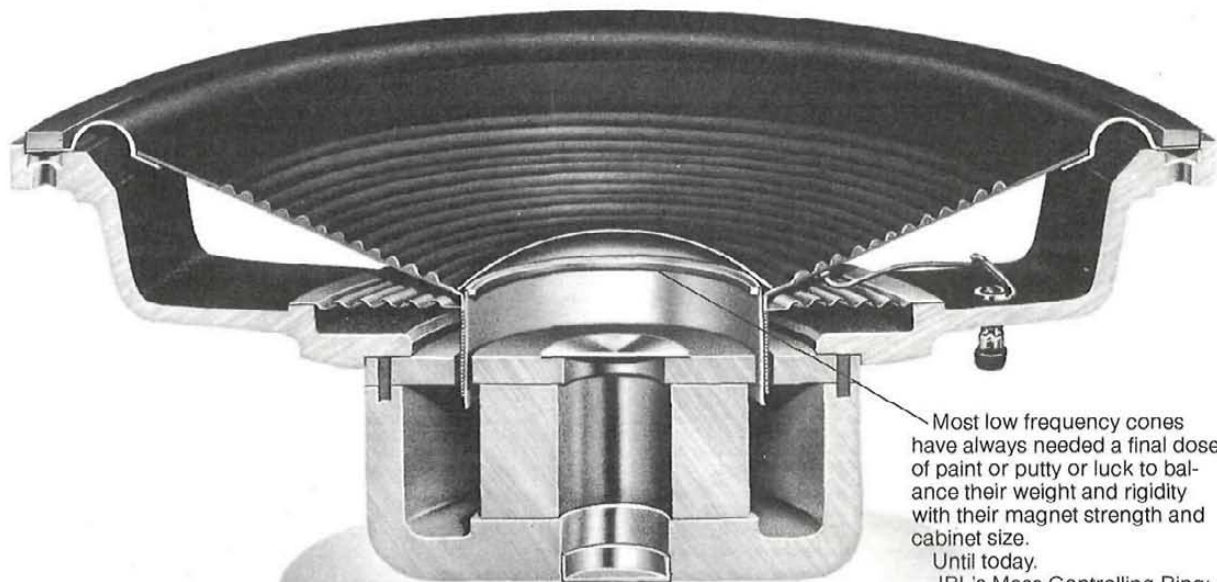
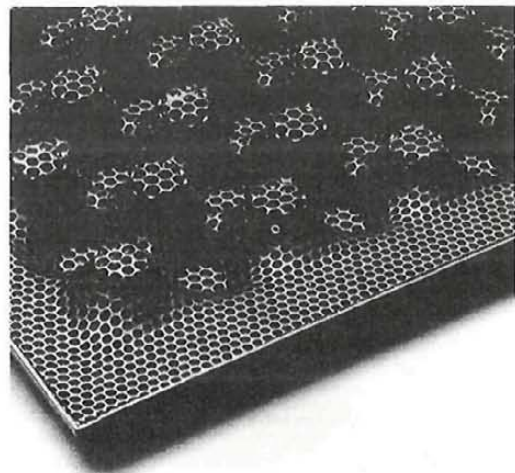
One, a new, one-of-a-kind dome tweeter. It can handle all the highs your amplifier can throw at it and deliver them to any corner of a room. Like a drumstick and a cymbal. Stand anywhere and witness the crash.

Two, an exclusive, new low fre-



JBL's 066 Hemispherical Radiator has an extremely hard dome surface that won't buckle or shatter when it's hit with a high, hard transient. And—as if that weren't enough—there's a unique integral baffle that:

- 1) restricts the radiating surface and
 - 2) creates a natural damping, eliminating the resonant tones.
- Result? Pure sound, dispersed 150° horizontal and vertical at 20 kiloHertz.



Most low frequency cones have always needed a final dose of paint or putty or luck to balance their weight and rigidity with their magnet strength and cabinet size.

Until today.
JBL's Mass Controlling Ring: Perfect balance. Perfect bass response. Every time.

for your \$800? Nothing.

quency transducer. It has the tightest, cleanest bass you've ever heard—all the way down down down to the lowest audible note. (Ask the L166 to play an amplified cello, an organ pedal, a kickdrum. Nice.)

Three, a new grille material.

It's not just another pretty face. Through it pass the purest highs ever heard. It's the most acoustically transparent grille ever created.

Let your JBL dealer explain the first three reasons. We'll explain the fourth. It's JBL.

JBL has been at this for more than thirty years, and one thing we've learned to make with the greatest care is a promise.

Promise: If you haven't heard JBL's L166, you haven't heard nothing.



JBL's new L166. \$400 each.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.,
High Fidelity loudspeakers from \$168 to \$3510.
8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329

When your taste grows up, so should your cigarette.

What you want from a cigarette changes. Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste. And Winston's real taste is what I want. Winston is for real.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report APR. '76.

Dan Duryea Look-Alike Contest

Details Inside

OUTLOOK:
Bleak
AIR QUALITY:
Acceptable



The French Canadiens
they are a funny race,
They fight with their sticks
and a puck in the face.

The National

IND
34490

* * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume I No. LXXXIII

February, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

100cents

GARY IN DE OVEN, GARY IN DE OVEN, THAT'S THE PLACE HE WANTS TO BE...

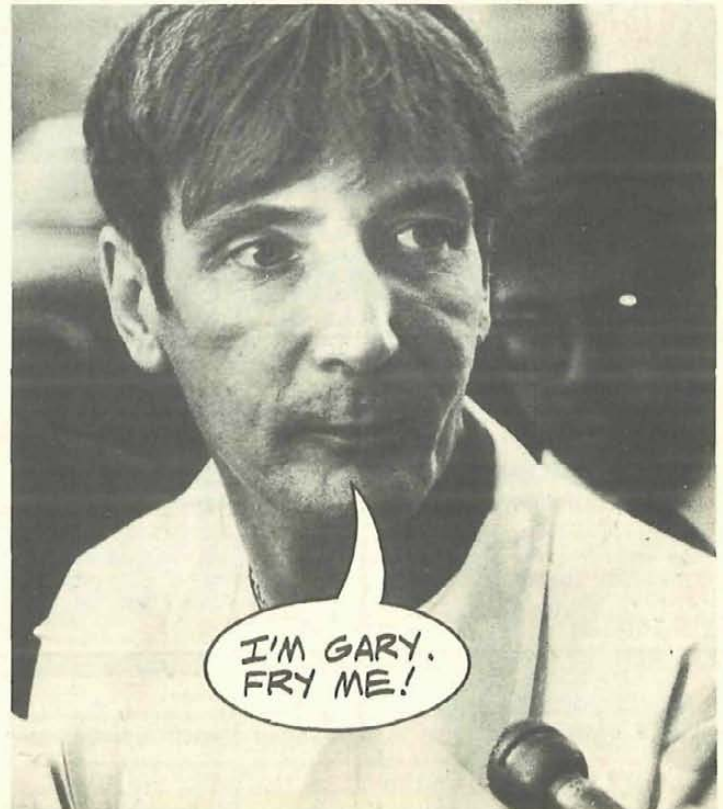
Salt Lake City—Gary Gilmore is fighting for his death; and in Utah, that means if Gilmore wins, he loses his life to a firing squad.

In the past, he would have been stood against the wall in the prison gymnasium and potted at with shotguns by the warden and his drunken friends. The Gilmore case, however, has received so much publicity that numerous celebrities touched by the homicidal maniac's pleas for death have volunteered to extinguish him.

Norman "Fire on the Man" Mailer offered to beat Gilmore to death with his fists. Accused Negro Rubin "Hurricane" Carter made a similar gesture, as did Emile Griffith. Keith Moon of the Who is willing to run convict Gilly over with a car, and another musician, David Allen

Coe, offered to knife him. Frank Rizzo volunteered to garrote the killer, while hockey player Dave Shultz suggested pounding his brains out his ears with a stick.

Simple offers to shoot Gilmore are pouring into the court clerk's office. Claudine Longet, Alain Delon, William Burroughs, and Nelson Rockefeller are all reportedly bucking for spots on the state's elite green-uniformed firing squad. "It's not really a firing squad anymore," said court official Bernard Boozer, "more like a firing company. By the time we're finished, it'll be battalion size."



Carter No Threat

Prez to Temper

Order with Stability

Washington, D.C.—The new Carter administration today continued to send strong signals to the financial, business, and international communities that Mr. Carter's anti-Washington and new-faces campaign themes should not be taken as a literal attempt to "unduly threaten the essential continuity of American presidents and policies."

He plans to install secret tape recorders throughout his offices and living quarters to "prove to the American people that I never will

tell a lie during my tenure as president."

He will also outfit a special new branch of White House trumpeters with gold-braided

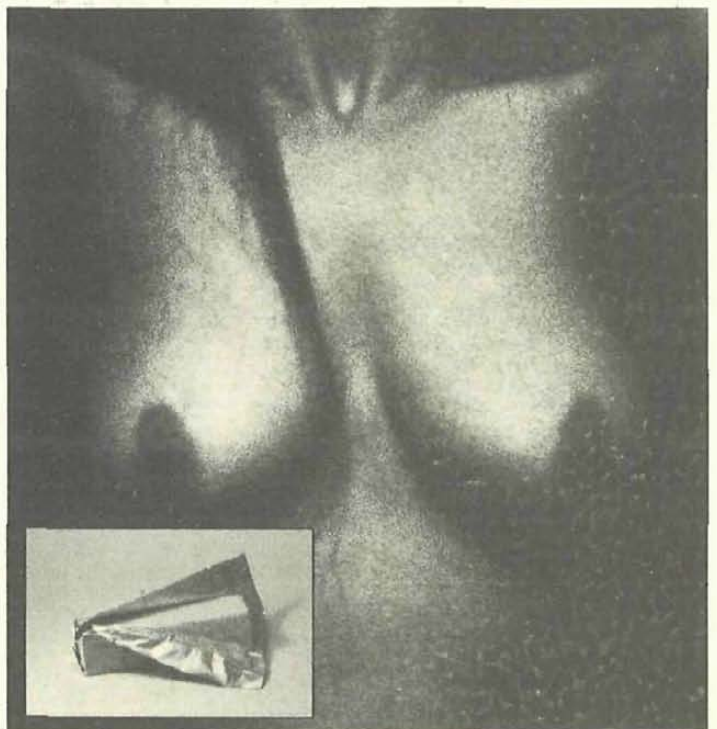
livery, to demonstrate his "utter indifference to the trappings of state. I believe those who take comfort from such splendor ought not to be offended by their absence," Carter said.

Further, aides to the new president have told the Secret Service they want the Southern White House in Plains outfitted with a heliport, a heated indoor and outdoor swimming pool, a terrazo-tile

shuffleboard, landscaping, an ice machine, and one Cuban exile multimillionaire confidant. "It seemed the presidential thing to do," personal attaché Clement Beausoleil explained.

The business community is expected to draw comfort from Mr. Carter's intention to play two rounds of golf a week with lobbyists from America's top corporations, to "continue the economic dialogue begun by Mr. Ford." Carter has reportedly agreed to participate in all aspects of the ritual, including telling off-color jokes, patting the bellies of his companions, comparing cholesterol counts, and breaking into frequent, unexplained bursts of hearty, manly laughter.

Eat Your Heart Out, Margaret Trudeau



Eleanor Roosevelt was loved far and wide for her charitable work, her soothing voice, and her smart brain. Exclusive photos obtained by *The National* reveal that Lenny was right: the former First Lady had a set of first-rate knockers the size of your head. Eleanor's secret ingredient for memorable mammae? Nucoa margarine... of course.

South African Blackout

Another first for Dr. Christiaan Barnard! The celebrated sawbones will transplant the entire Negro population of South Africa to Rhodesia. The decision to operate came in the wake of four days of nationwide black rioting.

Using his delicate boxcar technique, Dr. Barnard has already cleared heavily afflicted Soweto township of its 80,000 blacks. Plans call for him to complete the transfer of the country's remaining 4,920,000 by the end of the year.

Knowledgeable ob-

servers expect the unprecedented undertaking to garner for Barnard the highly coveted Pretorian School of Race Relations Award for Outstanding Performance by a White Doctor on a Large Body of Negroes.

Down the Tubes

By Harry Zontilhold

It's that time of the year again! The pointy heads and so-called intellectuals are putting the rap on TV for what they call "excessive violence," as they have done time and time again. I'm getting sick and tired of the whole thing!

What gives these people the right to consider themselves as purveyors of "videowisdom"? A degree from some Ivy League school? Membership in some "media watchdog" society?

The so-called "violence" that these people harp on is not there to titillate, thrill, or excite. TV violence is an educational and uplifting experience, with the ability to teach lessons to all of its viewers. Complainers, know-it-alls, pointy heads, and fellow travelers are not above the lessons that "educational violence" can teach!

Last week, for example, on NBC's controversial "Baa Baa Black Sheep" (kudos to the net for this fine program), "educational violence" prompted a history lesson in my own home.

My youngest son, Lance, and I were watching and thoroughly enjoying a scene where Pappy Boyington (portrayed by the underrated Bob Conrad) was gouging the eyes out of a Jap P.O.W. with a rusty bottle opener. Lance turned to me and asked, "Dad, why is he doing that?" and I explained that the Japs were our enemies in W.W. II and that's the way that you treated your enemies.

Astonishingly, Lance had never heard of W.W. II! Granted that he is only eighteen, and far too young to remember, but he should have at least heard of it!

I'm thankful to NBC for the violence that opened my son's eyes! In my opinion, if it were not for "Baa Baa Black Sheep," my son would never have known about one of the history's great wars. He has even begun to watch "Combat" reruns in an effort to learn more on the subject.

Another program that is often maligned by the elitists who miss the point of its "educational violence" is ABC's great "Starsky and Hutch."

On a recent program, the detective team had cornered a Negro drug dealer and were beating him senseless with hammers. In the middle of the beating, Starsky's hammer broke off and was embedded in the skull of the "suspect." Hutch, however, continued to pound away with his seemingly unbreakable hammer.

My next door neighbor, a carpentry enthusiast, was watching. He caught the name of the "unbreakable" hammer and ran out the next day and bought an identical one. He later told me that if a hammer could put up with that sort of punishment, he wanted one for himself! I think of this as "violent" consumer education.

Are the pointy heads that complain about "violence" soft on crime and evil? Maybe they should spend more time watching and less time complaining!!

Or are they afraid that they may learn something?

Highlights of the Month

- Feb. 7
9:30 P.M. NBC. JESUS SAVES. Lorne Greene as an elderly parish priest who moonlights as goattender for the Toronto Maple Leafs.
- Feb. 9
9:00 P.M. ABC. COHN TIKI. Four rich Jewish girls set sail for adventure aboard a fifty-five-foot cabin cruiser across Long Island Sound. Jeannie Berlin, Bette Midler, Joan Rivers, Shari Lewis. With Gabe Kaplan as "Al."
- Feb. 13
8:30 P.M. NBC. LIFE GOES ON. Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store and buys a twenty-carat diamond ring. He takes it back to Molly waiting at the door and as he gives it to her she begins to sing, again. Bob Crane, Abby Dalton.
- Feb. 19
9:30 P.M. ABC. WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS! It's 3 A.M., the subway is deserted, and Carlos needs a fix. Carlos: Freddie Prinze. Rich old cripple: Walter Brennan.
- Feb. 24
9:00 P.M. CBS. ALL NIGHT NOTARY PUBLIC. An early morning inquiry concerning a bill of sale triggers a startling chain of events that ends with Bruce wandering through downtown Philadelphia dressed as a beaver. Bruce: Arnold Stang.
- Feb. 25
9:00 P.M. CBS. INSIGHT. A hip, with-it priest discovers that there is a fortune to be made by hosting a weekly television drama and paying big stars scale. Father Murphy: Elwood Keiser.
- Feb. 26
10:00 P.M. NBC. EAST SIDE STORY. A window dresser at Bloomingdale's stumbles upon a plot to destroy the bubble machine at Regine's. Tommy Tune, Marisa Berenson.

You only hear
what's on top of the platter.
Not what's beneath it.



JVC's new JL-F45 turntable platter is directly driven by a specially designed two-speed DC servo motor. Which means rumble is virtually nonexistent. And wow and flutter defy audibility. The JL-F45 is a manual with fully automatic features. It can even repeat play a record up to six times — or infinitely.

Today's ultra low tracking cartridges require positive groove tracking and low

tracking error. The JL-F45 provides them with its exclusive Tracing-Hold tone-arm and unipoint gimbal suspension. You also get 2-way viscous damped cueing. A 12" aluminum die cast platter with illuminated strobe. Anti-skating control. Even a dust cover and base are included.

At \$250*, the JL-F45 delivers the most turntable precision, reliability and value JVC has ever offered.

JVC

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Famous for his "Last Tango In Paris" soundtrack, Gato on "Caliente!" connects your body to some of the most exciting music ever put on record. "Caliente!" is a world of dancing to hot rhythms until the cold light of dawn. "Caliente!" is a new expression of Third World consciousness.

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Produced by Herb Alpert

Includes the singles "Fiesta" and "I Want You"



Frenchmen Learn to Divide

Winnipeg, Manitoba—In the wake of recent Parti Quebecois victory in Quebec, Francophone communities across the Canadian wasteland have been rallying to the cause of separatism.

A list of demands was issued to the Federal government Thursday by members of the St. Boniface, Manitoba Louis Riel Brigade. The chief demand of the *Metis*, or French-speaking Canadians descended from the French trappers who interbred with Blackfoot Indians, crows, caribou, and wild dogs, was for a cross-country corridor to connect isolated French-speaking communities.

Cross-country Hookup

The proposed corridor, stretching from Mallairdville in the west to Bathurst, N.B. in the east, would insure freedom of trade between Canada's scattered French hamlets. Stretching over two thousand miles, the new French nation would follow the route



of the trans-Canada highway, deviating only where necessary to insure that a Pepsi-Cola bottling plant or a Mae West factory becomes a part of the new nation's future.

As yet, no response has been made by the Canadian government to the demands of the Louis Riel Brigade, but the Frenchmen are expected to be shot or hung.

Urban Gorilla Held

Chicago, Ill.—Stanley Stenkowski, thirty-six, was released from St. Weseslaus Hospital into police custody today, and remanded on charges of attempted terrorist activities. Stenkowski, an admitted member of the clandestine Polish Order of Loyal American Citizens (POLAC), was injured while allegedly attempting to

damage city property in protest against the continued Soviet presence in his homeland.

The self-styled freedom fighter, a distant relative of New York Rangers' hockey star Peter ("The Magnetic Pole") Stenkowski, was hospitalized after burning his lips on the exhaust pipe of a bus he was ordered to blow up.

W

hat is it? Come on, guess.

Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. We knew you'd love it. It goes with everything, and it's always

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

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

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *two dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$7.95, subtract two bucks and write out a check for \$5.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the two dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

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

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



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● The Ku Klux Klan may be a force to be reckoned with in the old South, but north of the Mason-Dixon line, it seems to be having difficulty maintaining its image. The Illinois State Legislature, alarmed by rumors that Klan ranks had swelled to 2,000 in northern Illinois—and that it was successfully recruiting more members—ordered an investigation of Klan activities in the state.

The investigating committee discovered that the Illinois Klan actually had less than 100 members—and they were so inept that they had trouble burning crosses.

The committee's report stated that three undercover agents infiltrated the Klan with such success that one of them rose to be the second highest officer in the largest of the three Klan factions in Illinois.

The report also described a cross-burning ceremony that took place last July 10 at a farm near Georgetown, Ill. After starting an hour late, the Klansmen found that the cross was too heavy to lift; it took them nearly three hours to chop it down to size and get it raised. And after they finally managed to get it up, they were unable to ignite it. *Sentinel Star* (Barry Scanlon)

● Tennessee's Shelby County Grand Jury recently charged Walter Rentrop, Jr., twenty-seven, with illegally obtaining unemployment benefits while holding a part-time job. He had collected \$500 in a two-month period during which he was working.

Rentrop had been employed by the Tennessee Department of Employment Security. Part of his job involved processing unemployment cards for certification. *The Houston Post* (W.L. Hindman)

● In last November's race for a California Municipal Court judgeship, the incumbent, Judge Leo Freund, was challenged by Santa Monica attorney Warren H. Biscailuz. Biscailuz, son of the late Los Angeles County sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, was rated "not qualified" by the California bar association's evaluation committee. Freund defeated his opponent by 55,000 votes.

There was only one problem. Freund was dead.

The judge had passed away on September 29—too late to have his name removed from the ballot. *KROQ news* (Jerry Kaye)

● Recently, a Duke University psychologist, William Ervin, conducted a poll of 1,500 drivers for the National Driving Center. He discovered that if you have a master's degree, you are twenty-eight times more likely to feel sleepy when driving than if you have a grade-school education.

Ervin discovered that 3.2 percent

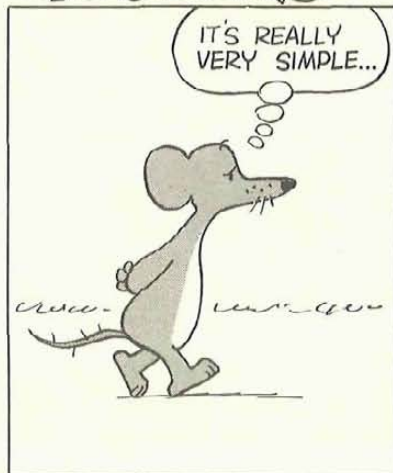
of the drivers who didn't make it beyond grade school got sleepy behind the wheel, as opposed to 84.9 percent of the drivers with post-graduate degrees. *Family Safety* (David Clark)

● The California Department of Motor Vehicles has issued a driver's license to a man on the condition that his "nagging" wife always accompany him in the car.

The man has impaired peripheral vision, and would normally not be granted a license. But the man's wife, who does not drive, apparently is great at "nagging" him about potential road hazards. So the agency decided that he could drive "as long as she accompanied him." *Family Safety* (David Clark)

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

GOOBERS featuring *BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN*

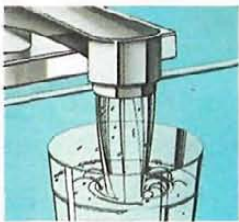


Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Of course
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Tareyton has less tar than 75%
of all other cigarettes sold!

...but it also improves the taste
with activated charcoal.



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water. As a matter

of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

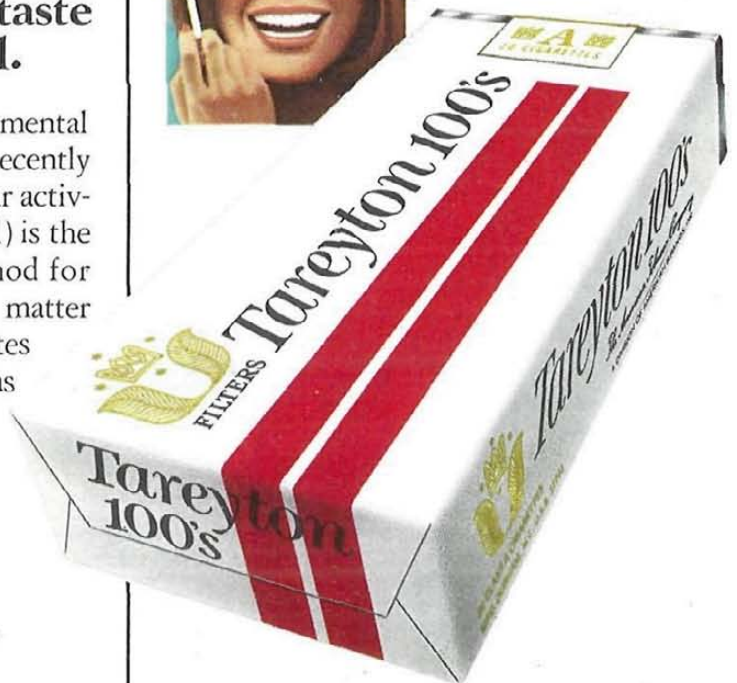
Charcoal also helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



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

King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Pioneer's new 9191...the best cassette deck under \$450[†] that money can buy.

Here is a magnificent cassette deck with specifications that are beyond what our industry had been aware were possible; specs that surpass anything that a deck of this price, performance and quality has ever been able to come up to before. Unbelievably low wow and flutter; solenoid controls that operate at a touch with almost magical precision, and a unique, truly-visible horizontal front loading system by which the cassette is effortlessly set into place with two fingers, are only a few highlights.

Pioneer's new 9191 incorporates a cascade of features and innovations: automatic CrO₂ tape detector and indicator light; an illuminated panel scale that lets you see at a glance the amount of tape remaining on a cassette; and an advanced memory rewind circuit that permits quick and easy location of (and automatic re-start from) any point on a cassette tape. It also has two independent drive motors, including an electronically-controlled DC unit for recording and playback.

Our engineers took into consideration the many types of tapes available and included superior bias and equalization circuitry and switching (in addition to the automatic CrO₂ detection system) so that the 9191's recording capability is



Unique, effortless front-loading system.



Selectable equalization and bias switches.

optimized for any kind of cassettes you want to use. And, of course, there's built-in Dolby B* to bring the 9191's S/N ratio up to 62 dB, even with standard tapes. We've also included separate mic/line mixing, and an extra pair of input and output jacks.

By now you realize that here is a cassette deck rivalling the performance of decks costing hundreds of dollars more; a deck whose controls make it respond faster than many reel-to-reel machines, and which offers greatly-extended frequency response and dynamic range. And it's the only front-loading, front-

control, stackable deck to have all the features we've mentioned.

But of all the ingredients that make up the 9191: performance, reliability, style and features, the most important of all is its value. We set out to build a cassette deck that was better, but less costly, than any deck built previously. We know we have succeeded. We know that you'll agree when you see and handle the Pioneer CT-F9191 at your Pioneer dealer.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz \pm 3dB); CrO₂ tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz \pm 3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52 dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes) More than 66.5 dB over 5,000 Hz with CrO₂ tape

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (0dB)

Wow and Flutter: No more than 0.07% (WRMS)

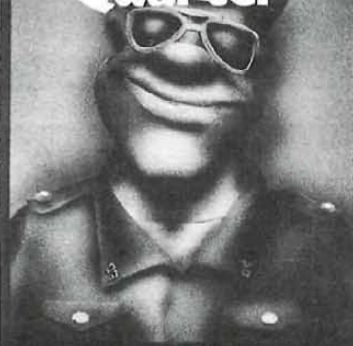
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Four For A Quarter



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"Pull up your socks and taste this one, honey."

With these immortal words was born a drink as rare and unforgettable as its name, "Tijuana Cherry."

You take your basic shot of tequila, your basic half oz. of lemon juice and stir in a shot and a half of Peter Heering, the 49 proof cherry liqueur. Let the ice cool her off,

and you got something to tell the boys back at the base about.

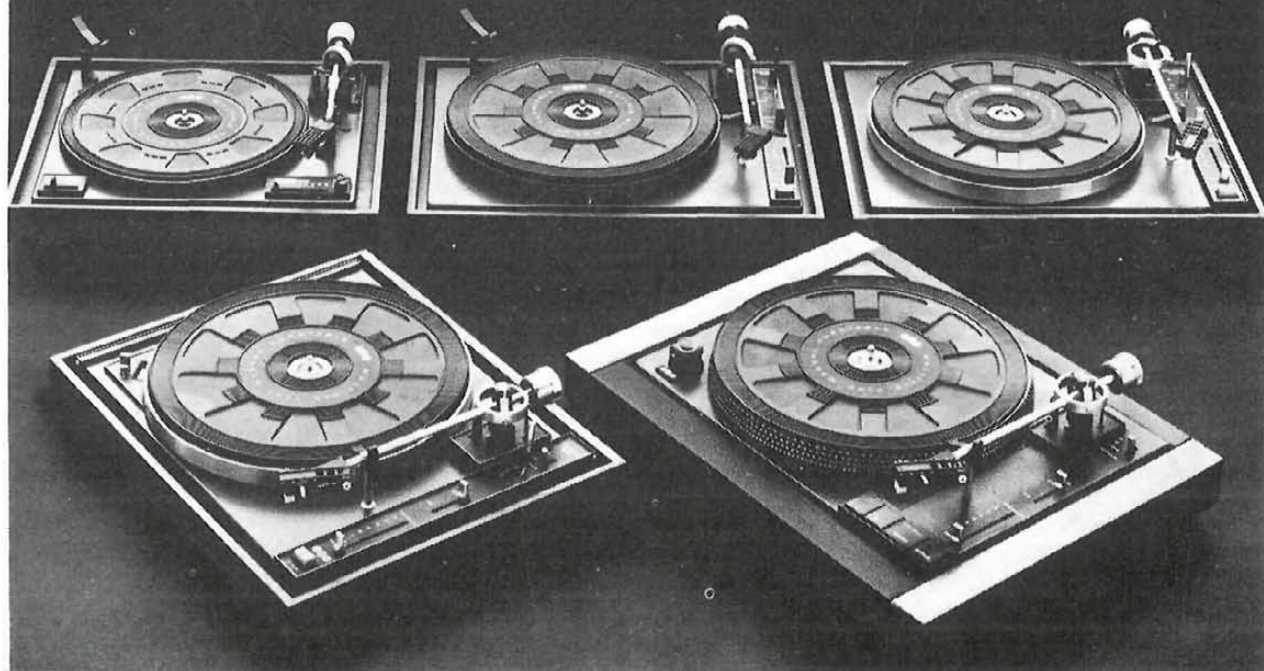
Tijuana Cherry... once you've had one, you'll never forget it.



PETER HEERING
The cherry liqueur imported from Denmark

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Anyone who tells you that a single play turntable is better than one of these has never checked out one of these.



These are the five belt-drive turntables from B-I-C (pronounced "bee eye cee"). All feature low speed 300 rpm motor, program system, and superior tone arm that give them the high performance of comparable manual turntables plus multiple-play capability. For details pick up our "5 Turntables" folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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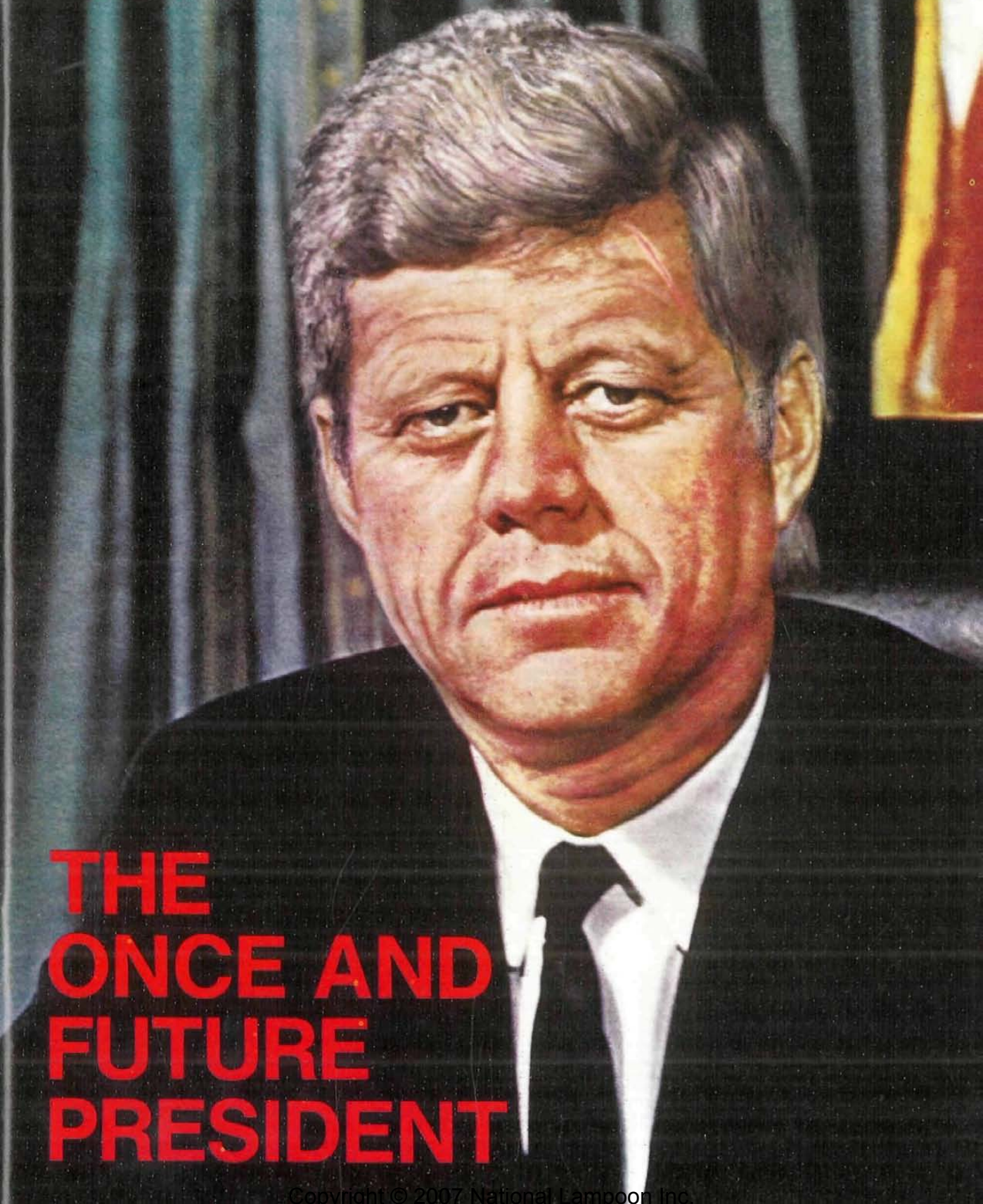
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FORMERLY LOOK MAGAZINE

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**THE
ONCE AND
FUTURE
PRESIDENT**

Where Are They Now?



It's still a Latin beat for deposed Cuban dictator Fidel Castro, but the setting's different: instead of the sweltering sugar fields of Oriente province, Fidel is getting pink under the Spanish sun at Costa del Sol. Fidel, who gave Coach Kennedy some rough moments way back in the Coach's first term, got his just desserts a few years later. Before a crowd of a million people in downtown Havana on July 26, 1965, Castro got the shock of his life when his beard fell off, his hair fell out, and his cigar exploded in his face! Stripped of his *macho*, Castro fled, and Cuber was once again restored to democracy. The once bearded wonder still blames "American gangsters" for his demise, but prominent Cubern businessmen John Rosselli and Sam Giancana firmly deny the fib.



The final bell sounded long ago for America's 1960 Olympic heavyweight champion Cassius Clay, but the melody lingers on. Clay, who was training for a shot at Sonny Liston's title, was instead drafted into the United States Army, where he was placed in a special U.S.O. squad and taken around the world to entertain American servicemen. While in Vietnam in 1964, Clay was killed in a guerrilla ambush only minutes before President Kennedy announced the complete withdrawal of American forces. To preserve his memory, an induction center has been named in his honor in Lexington, Kentucky.



Former vice-president Alben Barkley used to tell of two brothers, one of whom went off to sea, the other of whom became vice-president. "Neither of them was ever seen again." Well, that's the literal truth in the case of John V. Lindsay, former New York mayor who ran with the chief exec in his precedent-shattering third term race back in 1968. Lindsay publicly broke with K in 1971 and attacked the American participation in the liberation of Northern Ireland as "most unacceptable." Shortly after this demagogic outburst, Lindsay dropped from sight and has not been seen for the last seven years. The disappearance, still a mystery despite a full-field FBI investigation, has sparked all sorts of outrageous rumors, but an unofficial spokesman for the Semi-unofficial Committee of One has said flatly that no application for such disposition of the former mayor was either approved or filed.



Well, fate has been kind to many of the original New Frontiersmen, but for first-term Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, it's been a cruel decade. The portly, wisecracking shepherd of the Fourth Estate quit his job to seek a Senate seat, only to lose to a song-and-dance man. He fled to Europe, failed in business, and at last report was reduced to appearing on American television dressed in stupid costumes and falling down a lot. Says a longtime Salinger-watcher, "It's as if his life was written by some sick humor magazine."



He was called the Assistant President, Old Number Two, Mr. Ruthless, but Robert Kennedy's moved off center stage now. The racket-busting lawyer, campaign manager in 1960, and attorney general left after the 1968 elections to "seek new challenges." He has since then served as owner-general manager-coach and backup quarterback for the National Touch Football League's Boston Massacres. But RFK also keeps a hand in national affairs, informally meeting with bigwigs, and chairing the Semi-unofficial Committee of One, which, he says, "is concerned with life and death matters affecting national security."

Let Us Continue to Begin

The rerereelection of John Fitzgerald Kennedy is a time for reflection as well as celebration. While the triumph of the Coach was typically sweeping and impressive—the Skipper carried all 51 states and the District of Bouvier—certain aspects of the victory give rise to concern.

The voter turnout of 9 percent bespeaks a certain indifference to the electoral process which can only hamper our chief executive as he attempts to preserve a land of peace and prosperity. Granted, the election was never really in doubt. Still, such poor participation should give us pause. Let us resolve to do better next time.

More seriously, one must raise the strongest possible objection to the behavior of some of our younger citizens. The offensive, even obscene graffiti that littered some of the voting booths forces us to remind our future citizens that rights carry with them certain

responsibilities. And we congratulate the members of the Executive Protection Service for their swift, if occasionally overzealous actions in preserving the integrity of the electoral process. Such hooliganism—for that is the only appropriate name for it—has been on the rise in recent years, and the forthright control of such behavior is one of the Fifth Term's most urgent imperatives.

Still, as we celebrate, there is much to cheer: the delightful Greek touch brought to the White House by the delightful Second Lady, Christina Onassis Kennedy; the never-ending delights of the First Family's capers; and the assurance that, as the Old Man himself likes to put it, "The leaders of today are the leaders of tomorrow." With this, we raise high our glasses with a toast from our hearts: "Many more years, many more years." It is a toast we hope will become reality four short years from now.

Letters to the Editor

Kudos to your entire staff for the delightfully informative photo essay on "The First Family's Favorite Coat Hangers." I just hope those malcontents who say there's nothing more to say about our First Family would realize what a constant joy it is to see the vitality that they bring even to the most mundane aspects of White House life. In her inventive redecorating of the closets and shelves, Christina has proven herself worthy of inclusion into this special family.

RICHARD GOODWIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Your otherwise enjoyable *JFK Trivia* contest was marred by an unfortunate error in your question about the 1960 West Virginia primary. Kennedy did not spend \$9.50 a vote—the correct figure was \$11.30. You ignored the Election Day Joe Kennedy Foundation grants to the county sheriffs. Watch it!

STEVE SMITH
Chicago, Ill.

Chief Editorial Officer's Note—Whoops!

KENNEDY Magazine (formerly LOOK) is published monthly except for July–August by the Domestic Publications Commission, a sem-independent fusion of the public and private sectors, with nine members, three each appointed by the President, the chairman of the Professional Responsibility Committee of the National Press Council, and the chairman of the House Government Operations Committee. The White House press secretary serves as chairman ex officio. Kindly address all inquiries, proposed manuscripts, to KENNEDY Magazine, 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.B. 20008, with carbon or Xerox copies to Family Trust, Hyannisport. Attention: Muggsy O'Leary.

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The Fifth Inaugural Address of John F. Kennedy

Mr. Chief Justice, Your Holiness, Madame Vice-President,
Members of the Congress, Members of the Diplomatic Corps,
Members of the Family, My Citizens:

We observe today not a victory of party, but a commemoration of perpetuity. For I have sworn once again—not from duty, but from memory—that same oath which I have sworn so many times before. Standing here today, you and I, you below, I above, we are reminded once again that ours is a land which not only seeks the best, but will choose the best among us to lead us to the destiny of a kindly Providence.

Each time I have stood here, I have affirmed a solemn bond between governed and governor; and with each year, that bond has grown tighter, tighter, ever tighter, until the distance between President and people has shrunk beyond measure. I do not shrink from this shrinkage. I welcome it.

For indeed we may say, as did the great Greek poet so long ago, "We set our course by the stars of challenge, yet none among us fears the sea of danger, for the helmsman is brave and handsome, and filled with vigor, and he shall find the sun at the farthest of frontiers."

So let the word go forth, from the same time, same place, that the torch has been retained by a venerable generation of Americans: born for this century, tempered by the resolution of conflict, disciplined at home by the harsh tasks of administration, proud of our modern capacity, and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those responsibilities to which we remain dedicated here and around the globe.

Yes, we live in a time of testing, as did our forefathersmen two hundred years ago. But the nation whose birth we celebrate did not fear, nor should that emotion rule us today. Let us never celebrate out of fear; but let us never fear to celebrate.

For we have met and mastered the sternest tasks before us.

To those, at home and abroad, who sought to overcome the burden of color and chromosomes, we gave the hand which assists without compelling.

To those in Ulster, who sought liberty, we gave the arms which defend without aggressing.

And to those here at home, who sought to grind the grain of discontent in the mills of scandal, we gave the finger which warns without striking.

To the next generation of Americans, restless with the energy which always flows in the young, we have given the right and the resources to lead their lives in comfort. And what might have been purposeless destruction became instead productive consumption. They have

proven that cashing in on the system is better than trashing in on the system.

Yes, there are those who remain disaffected. There are those who scorn the traditions and heritage we have built for them. But we have listened and learned. We know who they are. What they want. What they think. Where they live. And we shall persevere. For if this nation cannot find the few who are opposed, it cannot save the many who are reposed.

So let every citizen know, whether he wishes us well or ill, that we shall bear any burden, pay any price, support any friend, repel any foe, in order to assure the success of this administration in countless days to come.

All this will not be finished in the first six thousand days; nor in the next six thousand days; nor in this century; nor even in the life of this administration. But let us remain.

My fellow Americans, sixteen years ago, I first stood before you, on another January day, to ask for your help and your hearts. With your help, and God's, we will be here again—and again—and again.

For in the long history of this nation, there are those who lead for a moment; there are those who lead for an age; and there are those happy few whose leadership is ageless, ceaseless, endless. As the great Roman commentator said, "We are many in this land, but to lead, we must choose one—the strong one, the brave one, the best one."

My fellow Americans, let us be the one. And let us be the one not out of a lust for private gain, but out of a longing for public greatness. Ask not what this country's leaders can do for you; ask what you can do for your country's leaders.

What you can do—what you have done—what you will do—will keep each of us where we mean to be. For in keeping the torch in the hands of those who have borne it for so long, you insure against that dangerous process of transference wherein all our fingers may be burned.

So let us once again celebrate the joy of choosing wisely. And let us remember what we dare not forget: that those from whose hands trust is taken are those into whose hands trust must be given; and those in whose eyes the nation shines least, are those in whose hearts the nation must do most. And when those who must do reach those to whom much must be done, then the most of those from whom and to whom the deeds will match the words will be those to whom and from whom the land we love will be reclaimed from those who gave to these what we have, which is what those most dearly love.

Thank you.

Years of Greatness



1961: It was the New Frontier... Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, and a stately though temporarily incapacitated Robert Frost... The next four years demonstrated the first signs of JFK's magic touch: the Bay of Pigs... the Berlin Crisis... the Cuban Missile Crisis... then, November 22, 1963, at Dallas... and the beautiful Jackie passed from living legend into legend...

1965: JFK and John Connally... they ran as "the Survivors," defeating the Goldwater-Miller ticket in early August... Venerable Robert Frost was there... and in the next four years, America doused the spark of conflict in Vietnam before war could rage... We listened and learned from the young... Skipper John took himself a new wife, beautiful Christina Onassis... and America got itself a Pope as Richard Cardinal Cushing became Pope Merlin I.



Days of Glory

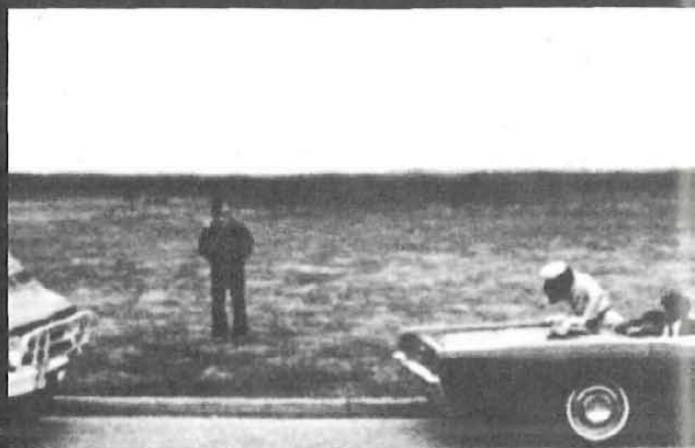


1969: Two good terms deserve another, they say, as the Exec and New York's John Lindsay teamed up to defeat Dick Nixon, as Robert Frost tried to lend dignity to the inaugural. But the four years to come would be tumultuous, as JFK's famed Woodstock Festival speech sent thousands of America's brightest and best to Northern Ireland and the War to Free Ulster. The Beatles split, and so did Veep Lindsay (Lindsay hasn't been heard from since), as a dissident, noisy WASP minority protested the war and gave aid and comfort to the enemy. Finally came peace.

1973: Go forth, Jack, and so he did, with Vice-President Jimmy Carter and Dick Tuck's Band of Merry Pranksters to give Nixon fits. Robert Frost helped make the inaugural one to remember, but a small coterie of sensation-seeking journalists and Republicans tried to create scandal out of Tuck's fun-loving pranks (opening mail, bugging phones, "kidnapping" Tricia Nixon). A courageous Washington Post team got these gadflies off Jack's case, and a grateful President turned the White House East Wing into the new editorial offices of the Post. And the best is yet to come!



A Time for Tears



This amateur movie footage shot by Dallas businessman Abraham Zapruder captures the tragedy. As mysterious shots are fired, Jacqueline scrambles on the trunk, obviously searching for help. The President reaches after her, trying to restrain her.

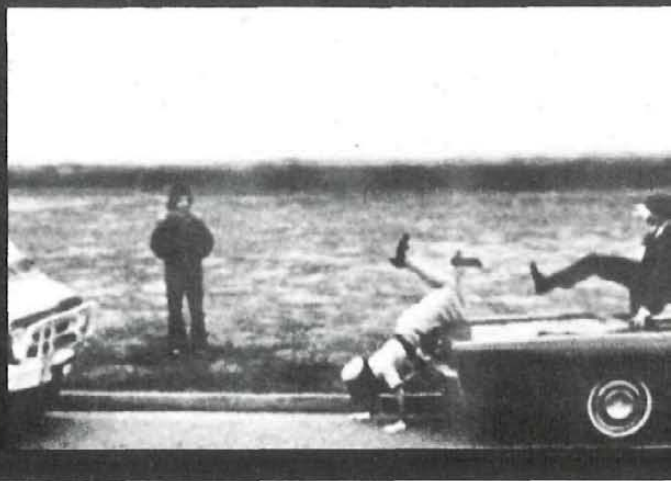
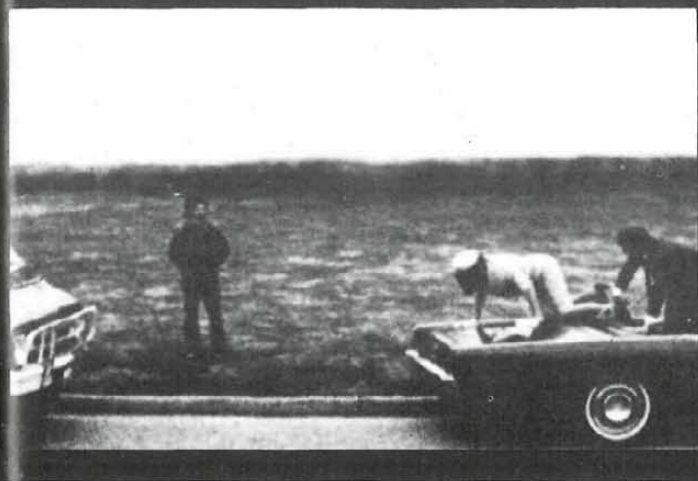


All along the Champs Élysées, the slim, sad young men dashed from their boutiques and salons, gnashing their teeth and wailing, “*O, mon Dieu!*” (“Oh, my God!”). In the kitchens of La Grenouille and Côte Basque, soufflés shattered as master chefs and young apprentices dropped their wisks and sobbed, “*O, mon Dieu!*” (“Oh, my God!”). In the editorial offices of a dozen magazines, as well as *Women’s Wear Daily*, editors, writers, and photographers downed a month’s worth of Valium, gulped rivers of Maalox, and screamed, “Oh, my God!” (“*O, mon Dieu!*”).

She was gone, in an instant that November 22, 1963, with her husband, whose hopes and beds she had shared with so many, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, Queen of Queens, Goddess of Grace, First Mate to the Skipper and First Lady of the World, was gone, lifeless beneath the wheels of the press bus following the motorcade in Dallas.

The tragedy spawned an outpouring of grief and tributes: Idlewild Airport became JBK; twenty-two expressways in fifteen states now bear the name of the slain beauty; an au-

The world’s most sensitive and au courant young men were simply devastated at the news of Jacqueline Kennedy’s untimely demise; boutiques, fashionable restaurants, and dozens of magazine offices were draped in black.



In this key still, the President just misses pulling her to safety. Finally, his face a rictus of utter agony, President Kennedy sees Jacqueline plunge off the car, directly into the oncoming press bus, and into America's legends of immortality.

tomobile, four Midwestern suburbs, and a sandwich at Arthur were similarly renamed.

But her death also brought rumors from those who feast on sorrow. Professional muckrakers hurled questions which, despite the exhaustive investigation by Chief Justice Warren, continue to this day.

Was the sudden activity in the presidential limousine triggered by a lone gunman, in nearby Dealy Plaza or perhaps the Texas School Book Depository?

How did investigators account for the pristine condition of the press bus's right front tire—the notorious Michelin 399?

Was the bus driver, a loner named James Earl Ray, somehow more than an innocent party to the tragedy?

Despite such sleazy posturing, the nation continues to mourn. For the ageless Jacqueline, no burial, but a tasteful mounting on permanent display in the window of Bloomingdale's. ("She would have wanted it that way," the grieving JFK declared.) And for the president, despite the taking of lovely Christina Onassis as a new wife, Jackie will remain, in his heart, as the one true Eternal Flame.

The eternally lovely Jackie now rests permanently on display in a window of fashionable Bloomingdale's, because, as President Kennedy said, "She would have wanted it that way." Every November 22, she is outfitted in the very same outfit in which she met her death under the wheels of the motorcade press bus.



The Coach at Home



Half child, half woman, the beautiful Caroline Kennedy bids JFK an affectionate good-night. It's clear Caroline's heart belongs to daddy.

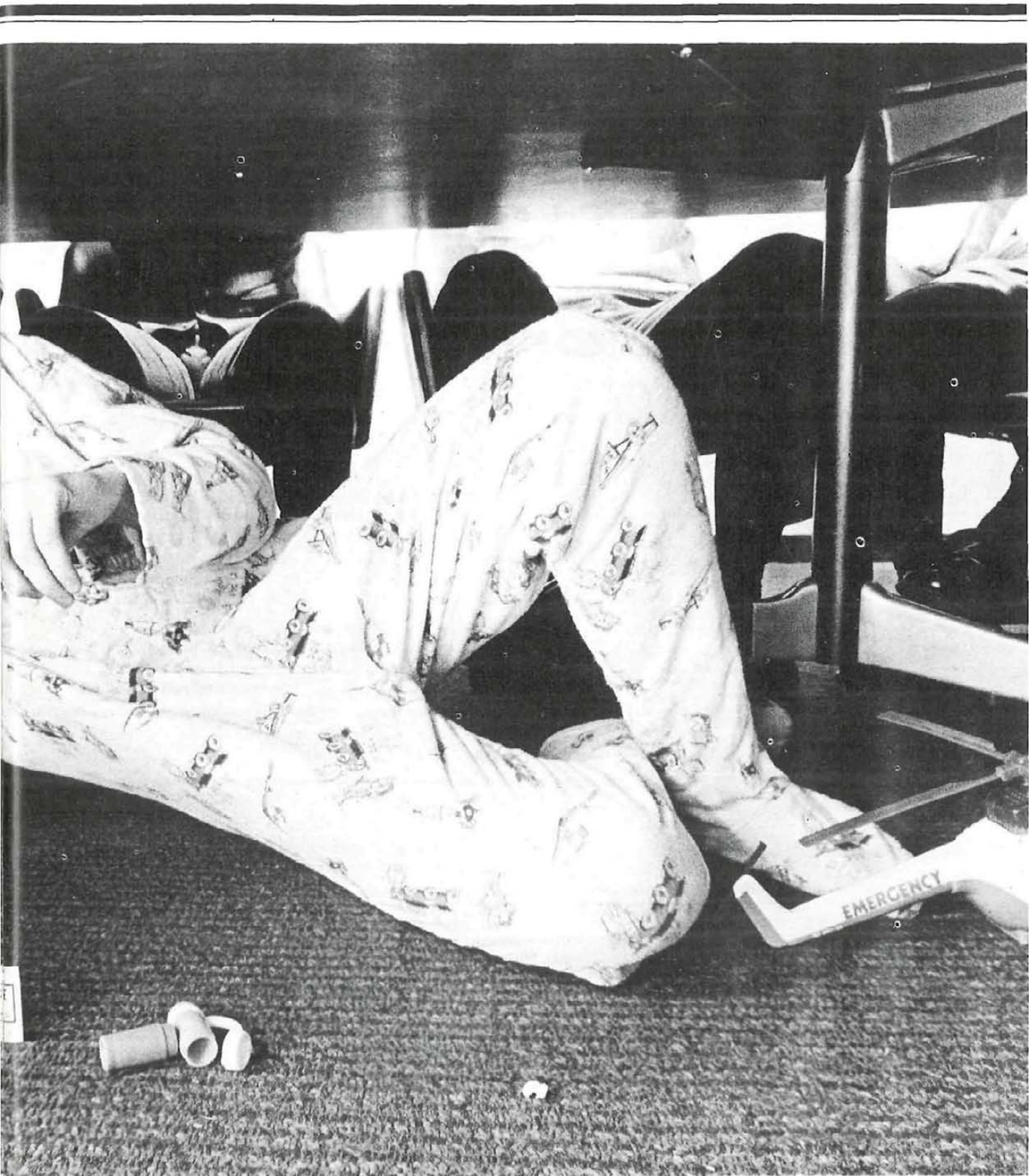
Even in the wake of sorrow, life goes on. And for the Chief Exec, life means sharing the simple pleasures of home and family with his new wife, Christina Onassis, and the children—Caroline and John-John.

Querulous critics claim J.J. (as he now likes to be called) is too old for the joys of parental play—frolicking underneath daddy's desk, cavorting on the White House lawn with toy helicopters, bounding about the West Wing in his Dr. Dentons. To which White House Press Secretary Robert Scheer replies, "Childhood is not an age; it is a state of mind." As for Caroline, the one-time toddler has now blossomed into glorious young womanhood, a condition which caused a most amusing *faux pas* on the part of JFK. At a recent White House masked ball, the Skipper brushed against a beautiful young thing and murmured, "And whose little girl are you?"

"Why, *yours*, daddy," was the giggling reply.



Still the eternal toddler even though he's a hearty and healthy sixteen, John-John plays with his endearing little toys and the helicopters he



loves so well amidst the solemn affairs of White House business. Some critics say John-John is a shade mature for such diversions, but the First Family—and key demographic voter attitudes—disagree.

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301 THE TRUMPET SUMMONS US AGAIN by PETER DUCHIN. JFK's favorite inaugural ball performer reveals how he chose the music for the past galas, and tells how he taught the Chief the Hustle.

302 NOT AS A CALL TO BEAR ARMS by CHESTER BOWLES. Coach Kennedy's most trusted foreign policy advisor details the president's firm resolve to ease the arms race.

303 THOUGH ARMS WE NEED by WALT ROSTOW. The Exec's favorite foreign policy aide demonstrates JFK's firm resolve to keep America militarily strong.

304 NOT AS A CALL TO BATTLE by R. SARGENT SHRIVER. Excalibur's five-star general in the Club Peace and the Negotiated Settlement on Poverty points out the prexy's deep faith in moving away from Cold War policies that threaten world peace.

305 THOUGH EMBATTLED WE ARE by GEN. MAXWELL TAYLOR. The Old Man's key right hand in the defense region explains Kennedy's firm understanding of the threat of Sino-Soviet domination.

306 BUT A CALL TO BEAR THE BURDEN by JEAN MARSH. Moving account of how a grieving John Kennedy called the noted actress to help rear his two children after the sudden loss of Jacqueline in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

307 OF A LONG TWILIGHT STRUGGLE by ANGIE DICKINSON. The lovely and talented actress-turned-author recounts her efforts to help a prominent American political figure and world leader overcome the torture of premature ejaculation.

308 DAY IN, DAY OUT by RAOUL TAGALOG. Amusing, homey account by veteran Chief White House steward of life in the Camelot years. Includes hilarious episodes of White House party games, and mix-ups in guest rooms which caused the Skipper to spend three consecutive nights in bed with his wife.

THRILL to the early years, the invasions, the diplomatic threats, the brink of war...

WEEP as the lovely Jackie is struck down at Dallas...

LAUGH at the madcap stunts of Dick Tuck and his Merry Pranksters as they turn the 1972 elections into a laugh riot...

LEARN the historical significance of these first fifteen Kennedy Years with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s five-volume series (*The First Thousandth Days; The Second Thousandth Days; The Third Thousandth Days; The Four Thousandth Days; The Five Thousandth Days*; all in a handy looseleaf edition).

Send no money! Simply return this handy coupon, and start living history as it's being made. Remember what the Skipper says: "To those from whom much would be found, much must be learned." So join the New Frontier Book Club; it's like a fifty mile hike for your mind.

309 REJOICING IN HOPE by ED MCMAHON. The White House entertainment director details some of the famous comedian's best one-liners. Hi-yo! Heh-heh-heh-heh.

310 PATIENT IN TRIBULATION by YVES SAINT LAURENT. Paris's most noted couturier recounts the shattering experience of attempting to collect \$25,000 in unpaid bills from the estate of the late First Lady.

311-15 A STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMIES OF MAN
The Collected Speeches of the Head Scout
VOL. I TYRANNY...
VOL. II POVERTY...
VOL. III DISEASE...
VOL. IV...AND WAR ITSELF
(Not pictured.)
Counts as one selection.

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JAN 20, 1977/75¢ OR THREE FEDERAL MAGAZINE STAMPS

TAR

**"I have a scheme!"
Ex-Nobel Peace Prize Winner
Explains His New
Self-Help Crusade**

"REVEREND M." LUTHER KING

TAR

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Cover photography by Rakita

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CIVIL WRITES

Dear Editor:

As a Muslim, I'm just writing to you to add my voice to what must already be a loud chorus about your fine article, "Floyd Patterson—the Champ Turns Fifty." Those who put the rap on Floyd for fighting only welterweights and Japanese would do well to read this fine article, which should shut them up. Any black man who can maintain his title for even a minute, let alone fifteen

years, deserves our praise, and not all this hassling. Yours in Allah,

Francis 3X Bushman
King of Prussia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

As a Muslim, I say "right on!" to Fred Williamson, O.J. Simpson, and Robert Hooks, and their new movie, *A Hero Ain't Just a Sandwich*. It's high time the straight-out truth about the crucial role the black man played in bringing peace with honor to Ulster was told. My uncle, Cooky, lost a leg delivering pizza to the front-line troops in Derry, during the Tight Offensive, and what with the overlooking of this crucial role, he has had trouble collecting veterans' benefits. Perhaps this great movie, which tells the dramatic story of the 101st Lunch Corps, who, even though they didn't have college degrees and guns and didn't get to fight in the frontline, made a mark on history that will never be erased, will help. Yours in Allah,

Rainey Price
Waco, Tex.

Dear Editor:

As a Muslim, all the sisters and I down here at TROT headquarters in Washington, D.C., heartily applaud Lola Falana's decision to continue her show business career, despite her impending nuptials with the Reverend M. We understand Dr. King might think a sister's place is in the home, but when a gal "gets down" like Lola does, there ain't no way she ought to push a broom. Keep the faith. Yours in Allah,

Aquanette C. Johnson
Dep./Sec. Urban Removal



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INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

President Mfrodo of Soweto (formerly South Africa) announced today that his country's name would henceforth be changed to *Bantunia*. It seems that an aide to the president pointed out that the name *Soweto*, long believed to be that of a legendary Bantu warrior, was in fact an abbreviation of the words *southwestern township*, used by the police department of the deposed white government. Readers will remember that the name of the new nation has been changed more than a dozen times since it gained independence seven years ago.

HEALTH

Sickle-cell anemia, long thought to only afflict those of African descent, was diagnosed last week in several peasant communities of the Central Steppes of the U.S.S.R. Scientists have tentatively dubbed this strain of the deadly killer *hammer-and-sickle-cell anemia*.

THE STOCK MARKET

Nothing this week.

LAW AND JUSTICE

The Honorable Jesse Jackson, supreme chairman of the Supreme Civilian Review Board, announced a decision reversing the ruling of the Third Circuit Review Board of Appeals. The

High Board held a police officer has no civil recourse against a suspect for injuries sustained while making an arrest, when that officer has omitted reading the suspect his rights prior to being injured.

FASHION

Hair bigwigs to the contrary, rumor has it that the JFK Afro may be on the way out. Admirers of The Man have no need to fret, however, for the latest "do" is inspired by no lesser a head than Christina Onassis Kennedy's. Its name: Afro-dite!

BIOPHYSICS

Nothing.

ASTROPHYSICS

Ditto.

TECHNOLOGY

Floyd McKissick, vice-president in charge of special marketing for American Motors, announced that next fall, AMC would market its first drivable radio. Dubbed the *Eldorado*, the new vehicle will surround the driver with four walls of soulful sound, will go from zero to sixty in five seconds flat, and comes equipped with—you guessed it—"disco" brakes.

People

• **James Meredith**, former director of LEAP, the federal street activities assistance program, was promoted this week at a special ceremony in the White House. He will henceforth serve as executive director of PACE, the federal jazz development agency.

• **James Earl Jones**, who last year won an Academy Award for his starring role in the musical *Autobiography of Frederick Douglass!* has accepted an offer from the Oakland Raiders. Jones will play middle linebacker and/or run back punts. He replaces linebacker Richard Roundtree, who was sold to the St. Louis Cardinals at the end of the last season.

cated for Congressional relaxation at home and abroad.

• **Whitney Young, Jr.**, until last week chairman of the coordinating committee of SKIP, the federal relocation and emigration bureau, was promoted recently at a special ceremony in the White House. He will henceforth serve as head of JUMP, the federal small bankrupt business administration.

• **Abdul Bernstein Baraka** last week became the one-thousandth majority child to become successfully integrated into a low-income family under the auspices of the federal program of familial



Adam Clayton Powell



Abdul Bernstein Baraka



Floyd McKissick



Jesse Jackson

• **Claude Brown**, ex-executive director of PACE, the federal jazz development agency, was promoted this week at a special ceremony in the White House. He will henceforth serve as chairman of the coordinating committee of SKIP, the federal relocation and emigration bureau.

• **The Honorable Adam Clayton Powell**, chairman in perpetuity of the powerful Committee on Leisure Activities, announced in Bimini today the creation of a standing subcommittee to facilitate the disbursement of moneys allo-

desegregation. Abdul's natural father Solomon, an antitrust attorney in Cleveland, called his former son long-distance to congratulate him, but the phone in the Baraka household in Watts, where Abdul now makes his home, had been disconnected.

• **Floyd McKissick**, former head of JUMP, the federal small bankrupt business administration, was promoted this week at a special ceremony in the White House. He will henceforth serve as director of LEAP, the federal street activities assistance program.



Eldridge Cleaver greets his guests. Inset: Seale as Black Beret on pacification patrol in 1967.

Gala Fete Marks Opening of Dee-Bee Algiers!

Twelve years ago, prospects for the black man in the inner city were grim and dim. But thanks to the foresight and vigor of a youthful president, a crack team of young black realists was assembled to wage a relentless war on poverty. Fondly nicknamed the Black Berets, these young men marched shoulder to shoulder into the very jaws of the enemy—ghetto crime and grime. They had no illusions about the steps that had to be taken, the sacrifices that had to be made. They were fighting a war and they knew it. From all corners of the black nation they came, college students and convicted felons like Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, Fred Hampton, George Jackson, and Malcolm X. They organized hot breakfast programs, hot lunch programs, hot car programs—anything that would help. They ruthlessly enforced urban removal and community security. They engineered

long, persuasive talks with landlords, merchants, cops—anyone who wouldn't help. They moved hard and fast to save the ghetto from itself. Sure, there were protests—from friend and foe alike. And there were casualties, as there are in any war.

Were they successful? Some say yes, some no. But at the star-studded opening of the new multistory Algiers Motel in Washington, D.B., the naysayers would have been hard pressed to make a case. On hand to toast top Algiers executives Cleaver and Seale and the fiftieth motel in their nationwide chain were many former Black Berets. As he doffed a chef's hat to serve his turned-out guests, Cleaver recalled the fateful day when he and Seale were called in to quell a slight disturbance at a small motor court in Detroit. "By the time the dust had settled," grinned Cleaver, "we owned the place." Since then, thanks to tough, aggressive business practices perfected in the service of their country, the pair have become millionaires many times over. Is making money his favorite hobby, TAR asked the jubilant Cleaver? No way, opined Eldridge; he loves to cook. Matter of fact, we'll be seeing his first literary effort before long—a freezer cookbook titled *Soul on Ice*.

SMART

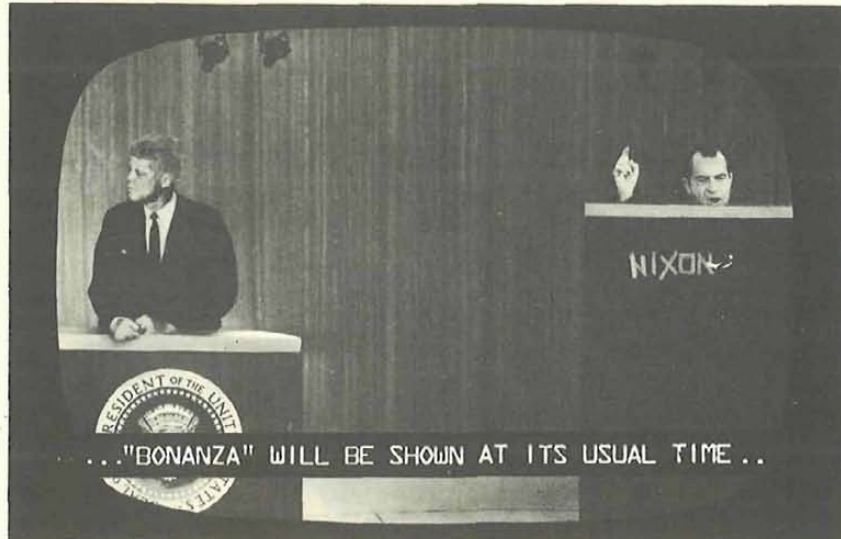
Pert 'n' perky, statuesque Angie Davis is more than meets the eye. 'Neath that natural "do," there beats a brain as big as all outdoors, which is where Angie, an assistant Poli Sci instructor at Lompoc Community College in California, likes to spend her leisure time, surfing, sunbathing, or just plain walking.



STIENEM SURVEYS THE BEAUTY SPAS: Looking Good Is the Best Revenge (P. 32)

the global village **VOICE**

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Understanding Media

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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEE

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U.F.W.
Take-over
BY PHIL TRACEE (P.43)

Editorial

there was joanie 'n' me 'n' the jack o' hearts
 speakin' to the hobo crowds at woodstock
 cuz we were tellin' 'n' they were absolutely
 listenin'
 to split the scufflin' street 'n' split
 the village to go thunderstruck 'n' fight
 the universal freedom fight
 'n' jackie lyin', dyin' stone cold stoned out,
 stone dead
 but I ain't dyin'
 'n' me 'n' pablo 'n' mary 'n' jack 'n' buffy
 makin' troubadour trips to the white house
 'n' eatin' escargots, artaud, mirō,
 'n' fennario's where it's at for woody's
 children fightin'
 when mr. businessman 'n' mr. uptight cover
 in the coward's robe
 'n' the train stops at belfast
 while the virgin mary weeps for the
 leprechauns
 who been 'n' gone
 but I ain't cryin'
 cuz the *global village voice*
 is published weekly
 'n' subscriptions cost eighteen dollars a year
 in the u.s. 'n' its possessions 'n' second
 class postage is paid at n.y. n.y. 'n' bob dylan
 is the publisher
 'n' I dig it absolutely

r.z.a.k.a.b.d.

Letters

Where There's Smoke- There's Ire

Dear Editor:
 I thought your story on Governor Ché Guevara was pretty good, but how come you hardly said anything about how badly he's treating the Rizlas? It's pretty ironic that the native Cuberns (the same people who started the rhumba music that's so popular on the mainland) are being treated like outcasts in their own land just because they smoke tobacco. It's not like they're leaf freaks or anything. They are very religious and tobacco is their sacrament. After all, in a way, marijuana is a drug, too!

-Arthur Wilson
St. Marks Place

Cheese It

Dear Editor:
 Kudos to the *GVV* for your "Where to Get the Best Cheesecake in the Western Hemisphere." But you forgot to mention the terrific strawberry cheese pie available at La Casa Grande in Bogotá, Colombia. Otherwise, keep up the good work!

-David Green
Brooklyn

Wafer Madness

Dear Editor:
 Maybe you could write an article about why all the kids are converting to Catholicism. It sure beats me.

-Harvey Cox
Boston

Sorell



The Sweet Smell of Secession

"Not for nothing did this mayor promise that if elected he would make the Great City in the World this nation's fifty-first state. It was a bold conceit. It was a provocative conceit, yes, a conceit worthy of a man who has applied the brain of a novelist to the problems of a town no pol could master.

"But now it fails to do justice to the mood of our time. Therefore, I propose that the City of New York break off from the United States and become a separate and sovereign nation. There is a whiff of blood and of passions yet to be tasted in the meat of such a suggestion. Greetings, across the vale of karma, to General Robert E. Lee!"

Mayor Norman Mailer's opening statement
at a press conference, January 23, 1977

A Reporter Sets Out to Witness the Crowning of a King and Follows His Working-Class Irish Poet's Instincts to a Bar in Queens, Where He Witnesses the Truth

By Joe Flabbherty

The whine of the jet motors cut through the triple-thick plate glass windows of the Cockpit Lounge and Grille hard by the walkway to the Eastern shuttle, that airborne escalator that whisks the furrowed-brow attaché-case set up and down the east coast. From deep inside the comforting confines of a Scotch on the rocks, the jets sound like the infuriated screeches of the Madison Square Garden crowd, watching their sure 3-1 thing fall to the canvas under the fists of a hungry street-dude welterweight from Cypress Avenue.

The whine might also be the beckoning of an editor, urging this humble scribe on to D.B.-land, where the Eternal Irishman will soon slap the presidential hand on an Inaugural Bible (already imprinted with enough of Jack's fingerprints to fill an FBI file) and keep the job he retained in an election fight with all the tension of Rocky Marciano taking on a Sunnyside Gardens reject.

Well, why not? A gig is a gig, as they used to say down at Pier 45 (no, not on the docks where yrs trooly once wielded a mean hook and got his permanent accreditation in the *Voice's* never-ending drama entitled, "I Worked with My Hands Longer Than You Did, Elitist Prick," but the old jazz hangout where greats like Gonorrhea Gargan played the mouth organ for a nickel). Hit the wide avenues of Monsieur L'Enfant's imagination, watch the First Family renew its lease on the White House (one more term and they'll cover it with clapboard siding and annex the damn place to Hyannisport) and listen to the gilded words of the Man from Gab.

So, expense account in hand, this amen-uensis of Mr. Nationhood Incarnate set out toward LaGuardia Airport and the flight to Washington. LaGuardia is aptly named; like its mayoral namesake, the airport is small, misshapen, a byproduct of an Italian sense of order and a distinctly Hebraic sense of

loose spending. The Eastern shuttle is reached through a barnlike structure lacking only Mrs. O'Leary's bovine for genuine authenticity. It possesses, nonetheless, an estimable establishment which goes by the name of the Cockpit Lounge and Grille; and if the name is not wittily dry, the drinks are.

Thus, armed with useful quotations from the cabdriver and the bartender (working class exemplars honored fulsomely by editors and publishers whose ethnic roots are such that those of us with baptismal certificates are assured years of blissful indolence), this correspondent began his journey to Kennedyville, armed with the knowledge that in a publication where staff positions are few, and the word rate execrable, punditry and picaresque anecdote not only expand the definitions of journalism, but aid mightily when the rent is due. □

(Next week, in Part II, Flabbherty walks to the boarding gate.)

Pfeiffer

IN 1960, I SAW KENNEDY AS A YOUNGER VERSION OF THE POWER-HUNGRY FAT CATS HE ATTACKED ON TV. HE WAS RICH, GLAMOROUS, AND HAD AN ADORING, BEAUTIFUL WIFE. I HATED HIM. BUT I HATED NIXON MORE.



IN 1964, I FELT THAT HE WAS A NEW ENGLAND ARISTOCRAT WHO WAS RUNNING ON GOOD LOOKS AND THE SYMPATHY OF A SOFT-HEARTED ELECTORATE BUT AT LEAST HE WAS A LIBERAL.



IN 1968, I WAS OUTRAGED AT HIS ARROGANT DISREGARD FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION IN RUNNING FOR A THIRD TERM. NEVERTHELESS, I RECOGNIZED THE VALUE OF THE PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION HIS ADMINISTRATION PROMOTED.



IN 1972, THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND SEEMED LIKE HACHO POSTURING ON A GRAND SCALE. STILL, HE GOT US OUT, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION SEEMED MORE VIGOROUS THAN EVER. I BEGAN TO WALK TALLER.



IN 1976, SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT CAMPAIGN IRREGULARITIES. IT SEEMED TO ME THAT THEY WERE UNFAIR. WHEN A STRONG LEADER BRINGS ABOUT MAJOR REFORMS, THERE IS BOUND TO BE WHINING.



THIS YEAR, I FINALLY REALIZED I HAD A PROBLEM WITH LEADERSHIP. I DIDN'T FEEL SURE OF MY OWN STRENGTH. HOW COULD I HELP RESENTING A STRONG LEADER? NOW I HAVE A NEW SELF-IMAGE AND A NEW REGARD FOR COURAGE, STRENGTH, AND DECISIVENESS.



IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO KNOW ONE.

KENNEDY'S FIFTH INAUGURAL

Notes from an Immovable Feast

By Pete Hamell

And so they came once again, with faces carved in blood and stone from the granite heart of America.

They came, the ironmonger from Benshurst, craggy-faced, with a lunch bucket full of yesterday's meat and a heart full of tomorrow's dreams that would never be.

They came, the kid from the Pittsburgh steel mills with a good-looking swing and a glove that might have gotten him a few days' look at Vero Beach with the Dodgers if the men with the hearts filled with ugly numbers and their beady eyes dancing with dollars hadn't ripped the Dodgers out of Brooklyn, out of the hearts of the riveters and cops and firemen, the way a hired killer rips the guts from his victim.

They came, the housewife from Boston's Dorchester, her lined face a road map of too many pennies squeezed from a budget, too many dinners of meat scraps and potatoes, too many nights at a kitchen table with the light bill and the rent bill and the heating bill spread out before her and her husband, old

and wasted at forty like a Kleenex wrapped around too many noses.

They came to see and hear a handsome man, not young but still surrounded by the golden aura of youth, from an American aristocracy, yet still with a craggy grin and a twinkle in his Irish eyes that spoke of nights with the boys and a few beers and the sounds of music and the laughter of young girls.

They came to hear this man, this man they call Kennedy; they heard him speak of roads taken and roads yet to be taken; of promises made and promises kept and promises yet to keep. They came to see this man bend a crowd to his will the way DiMaggio once chased a long fly down in the endless reaches of a stadium back before the rotten money-hungry real estate moguls and their fat-faced politician friends turned that ballpark into the living embodiment of corporate greed.

When this man they call Kennedy stood, right hand in his jacket pocket, left hand jabbing at the sky as a Loyalist anti-aircraft gun

once probed the bloody skies of Barcelona to root out the fascist planes and bombs, you remembered again the feeling when you were young, and a young man stood among the old faces, corrupted by greed and cowardice and dried-up juices, and spoke of a better world—and there was laughter in the trees and the children of the beaten black poor jumped a little higher on the asphalt playgrounds of dreams that could never be.

And the earth moved.

When it was over, when the man they call Kennedy had left the podium, and the bands began to march, I passed an old man standing on a Washington street corner. His face was weathered with the years of sun and soil, his hands were gnarled by decades of honest, sweaty work, and in his eyes were the dreams of workers and farmers and hungry children and old people everywhere—the dream of a land that was truly theirs, the dream of a nation caring for the sick and the old, the dream of a world where the obscenity of mogul-gorging profits had been turned into a place where everyone could have a home, a beer, a ticket to a ballgame where kids named Rizzuto and Gordon and Robinson and Furillo played the endless summer game.

I asked him what he thought of this man they call Kennedy.

"You know," he said, "I was there on the Spanish steppes when the fascist hordes sent the dream of a Republic crumbling into rubble. I was there when the goons smashed the union men at the underpass at Dearborn. And when I listen to this man they call Kennedy, I hear the dreams of a land where workers read great books and children play, and singers truly sing of your land and my land, and the play of children and the laughter of young girls mingle with the hard, honest voices of men at rest after a day of rewarding work that makes your heart swell."

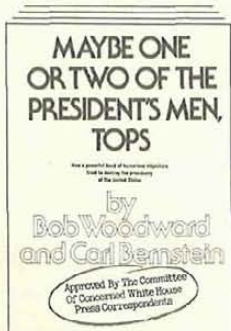
In the voice of that old man is the hope of the land. In the voice of that old man, the tinsel of this media event is swept away, and the echo is heard of a land of good food, good love, a good pair of shoes, a comfortable home for those whose sweat and toil built this nation.

We still wait for this man to truly rip the reins of power from the blood- and guts-drenched fingers of the corporate barracudas. But there is still hope.

And that is good. □

Now in paperback!

The sensational book that saved the presidency and ripped the lid off the incredible conspiracy to reverse the results of the 1972 election!



"An accurate, informative account of a modern-day struggle between good and evil."

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

"A blockbuster!"

Dave Powers

"Wish I'd written it myself!"

Theodore Sorenson

The year was 1972, and in a light-hearted attempt to inject some humor into the lifeless presidential campaign, well-known zany Dick Tuck and his band of Merry Pranksters lit a hotfoot or two under the too-solemn stuffed shirts of the opposition party.

It was funny, too, ordering 500 pizzas and charging them to the GOP, intercepting mail and telephone calls, canceling rallies and meetings, even (in a tribute to Southern California football rivalry stunts) kidnapping Nixon's mascot—his eldest daughter Tricia—and holding her for a million dollar ransom. (Who can forget Richard Nixon's face as he declared, "We could get a million—it would be no problem—but it would be wrong?")

And then came the incredible effort to turn humor into harassment. The phony charges of "dirty tricks" and "cover-up." The Congressional threats and dilatory lawsuits. The inflammation of public opinion which threatened to turn our greatest president into a pitiful, helpless giant.

Now, in *Maybe One or Two of the President's Men, Tops*, you'll read the full story of how two courageous young reporters, with the help of dedicated officials in the executive and intelligence branches of government, exposed this slander on a great man. You'll see how they received inside information on the proclivities of JFK's enemies. You'll see how His Holiness the Pope came to issue his historic Papal Bull—"If you don't like what Jack's doing, go back where you came from." And you'll read the prize-winning, perspective-establishing editorial by *Washington Post* Editor Ben Bradlee, "Get off the President's Back, Which He Injured Fighting for His Country."

Don't wait for the movie, or the TV series. Get the whole story now! Only \$2.35 at your bookstores, branch post offices, and public schools.

Women, Men, Aloneness, and Me

By Karen Dibbin

Some years ago, while visiting home, I sat down with my seven-year-old sister Cheryl to watch television. The program—her favorite—was "Tar Trek," a weekly adventure series about the crew of an aircraft carrier (the *Enterprise*) on patrol in the Mediterranean and the north Atlantic. In the middle of the show, Cheryl suddenly pointed at the captain of the ship (played by Cliff Robertson) and squealed, "Karen, look! Captain Cork looks like President Kennedy!" Then, after a brief pause, she said, "How come Christina isn't with him?"

How come, indeed? Is it because the television writers and media people involved with the show decided to remain true to Navy tradition, and deny the ship's commander the presence of his mate? Or does this beg the question: why, then, are there so few women in the real Navy? I couldn't answer my sister, and in fact, went into a mental tailspin as I pondered the image of Robertson/Kennedy decisively and manfully handling the helm of the *Enterprise*/America.

Could I do that? Could I steer a big aircraft carrier around the ocean? By myself? (I could if my husband were there to help me, but otherwise...) And anyway, how different is that from running a household? Are they really the same thing? Could President Kennedy run my house, while I ran the country? Is that a good idea? What am I talking about?

I'm not complaining. I collect my housewages like every other housewife, and make good use of them. Oh, sure, I feel a little guilty taking money from the government "just" for doing the ironing, the vacuuming, the cooking, etc. But I do take it, and I think I know why: because that is what makes my life meaningful. Not the money itself, but the implied acknowledgment on the part of the government that women can be something besides secretaries.

But that doesn't mean that I wish to be a man. Or alone.

Perhaps anatomy is destiny. Freud—who was married—went to his grave wondering what it is that women "really want," and yet, I suspect, the answer is all around us. I have a friend whom I shall call Andrea—a vital, vivacious, vigorous woman who is saving every penny of her housewages to, someday, open a flower shop. When I ask her about it, she simply replies, "It's what I want." Her husband, an architect, explains, "My wife has always wanted to be surrounded by beauty." Andrea is the woman who temporarily engages in "thinking like a man"...but for a decidedly feminine end! Of course, she can afford to do so: she is married, and therefore has a great deal of emotional and spiritual freedom. But



Why is this housewages check signed by a man?

what if she were single? What if I were single? What if we were alone? Wouldn't that be horrible? Or would it? Or what?

I never had to think about such things at college. I remember when I learned of President Kennedy's decision to end our involvement in Vietnam, shortly after the Kent State demonstration. As the media all hailed the move, I thought, "Thank God we have a president who knows when to pull out." There was something reassuring in the news. Is not the president our archetypal Father? And would not Jung say that governmental policy is our national Mother? Therefore, we are all, in a sense, America's children—and with so many "brothers" and "sisters," how can any of us really be alone?

After graduation, I did what most of my friends were doing. I traveled around a bit, Headed West, flirted with Catholicism (going so far as to contemplate entering a convent), and wrote poetry. I had lovers. I had tremendously liberating experiences on LSD—and frequently, because in 1968 you didn't need a prescription to obtain the drug like today. You just bought it over the counter. Even in those moments of psychedelic ecstasy, I knew I was not alone. I had my lover, my friends, my peer group, my president.

I think, however, that my most revelatory experience concerning aloneness came during the period between 1968 and 1970, when I was living in Bermuda as part of a Peace Club program. I had read of all the excitement at Chicago and Woodstock, and naturally felt a little removed from things. Granted, I was living in a community of young Americans much like myself, so there was no want of companionship. And yet, I

felt strangely out of touch with my life—as though my many months of tropical surroundings and leisure had somehow robbed me of something I could not quite define. What was I, I thought, as I sat in my bungalow, naked to the breeze that cooled my back and blew the smoke curling up from my joint into a bluish-gray haze. Tom was out snorkling, and no evening activity had been scheduled to follow dinner. I sat there, faced with the reality of having to be by myself for three, possibly four hours, and felt a sudden panic at the question that kept repeating itself inside my head. What was I?

Then my hand caressed my calf, and—seemingly of its own volition—gently moved up along my thigh. And the thought came: this is me. My hand continued its exploration: up over my hips, traversing the rib cage, to the summit of my shoulder. And again: this is me. Then—timidly, hesitantly—down my chest, tracing not one but both breasts, feeling their shape and heft. Down onto the facade of my stomach, past my navel, and further still. *This is me!* Into the tangle and sudden heat of my crotch, and still onward, through my legs and up into the cleft of my behind, and stopping, awestruck with discovery, at my anus. *This is me!*

And then I knew what I was, and I knew what it meant, and I knew what I suppose I had always known but had never really grasped. I was a woman. I was a creature to be loved. I was meant to be with someone, a lover, a mate, a boyfriend, a husband. We could live together, or we could marry. It didn't matter. What did matter was that I would complete him, and in so doing, I would be complete. As I think back on that seminal discovery, I am reminded of Joseph Campbell's description of the Primal Being in Egyptian mythology, before the separation into male and female. "They were not They, for They One were. One was, and not They Them." To regain that blissful unity—that is our task both as men and women.

I tell this to my friend Andrea and she smiles a secret little smile that makes me realize that she has known this all along. "Who wants to be alone?" she muses. "Tek." Yes. Ick. Ick because to be alone, and therefore to deny a man his role of *sharing with you*, is to live selfishly.

Some of my radical friends have opted for a different direction than mine, and will disagree with what I say. I respect their values. But I feel in my bones that if womanhood is to mean anything, then we must rediscover and reaffirm those feminine attitudes and life-strategies that are so important.

The president knows this. (It is no mere coincidence that Barbara Jordan, our new

Continued on page 8

SCENES

By Howard Psmith
& Brian Van der Wurst



Sounds of Violence

The woman we spoke to at the office of West Village Ombudsperson Charles Reich wouldn't give us too much information about the violence that has erupted around the trucks recently. Word among the gay community is that fights have broken out "regularly" in the Village waterfront area. Apparently, the source of the trouble is the struggle for franchise licenses inside the newly-covered area underneath the West Side Interstate. It looks like the Refurbishment Subsidy has caused gays more hassles than anything else. A little rough trade is one thing, but intimidation and harassment are something else again.

Heads of Class

The Harvard University Alternatives Center in Aspen is playing host to what should turn out to be one of the year's most interesting events. It's the First Annual Dialogue on Catholic Mysticism and Growth Psychologies, sponsored by the President's Council on Liberated Lifestyles, and it promises to attract some pretty far-out thinkers to Colorado this June.

So far, the definites include F.C.C. Commissioner Marshall McLuhan, Radicol Consultant Herbert Marcuse, Dr. Richard Alpert (Prof. of Comparative Religion at Synanon U.), National Endowment for the Humanities Chief LeRoy Nieman, Bureau of Indian Affairs Commissioner Buffy Sainte-Marie, nutritionist Adelle Davis, and our own Richard Farina.

You Gotta Have Art

The Calder-painted post office down the street is all very well, but it's always a rush when an artist comes along with some really challenging work. Barbara Baltimore, whose show just opened at the Mobil Peter Max Memorial Gallery in Soho, is nothing if not challenging. For the last two years, she's been teaching videotape in reservation day care centers in Arizona, but now she's back in full force.

To give you an idea of what to expect, her last work here was an environment in which a slide of soldiers doing parade drill was accompanied by a single object, a wrought iron

question mark. She didn't pull her punches then, and she's not pulling them now. "Some things aren't nice," she told us, "and I believe in asking why!"

Shuttle Off to Buffalo

Since their success on the Democratic campaign team, the regrouped Mouseketeers seem to be stronger than ever. While the legal wrangles with Disney, Inc., are far from over, the gang can still do the odd benefit, which is just what they're going to be doing at the Jackie Kennedy Arts Center in Buffalo. They will be sharing the bill with Sly and the First Family Stone, and the proceeds will go to the Hell's Angels Catholic Mission Program.

Forget that stuff about it being a worthy cause. This is sure to be one heck of a show. So nip up to Zabar's for a gram of their new Nepalese and grab the Olympia shuttle on the fourth. I'll be there, and so should you!

Just What the Doc Ordered

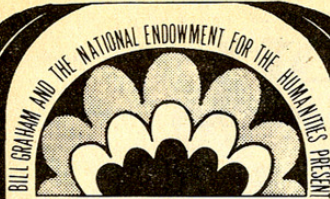
And while you're at it, be sure to catch the latest production from the Living Theater's Neil Simon Festival. It's always worth checking out whatever Beck, Malina, and company are doing. After all, they were the ones who disproved the notion that it has to be obscure and unpopular to be worth taking seriously. Besides, when has David Merrick ever let you down?

Lord Beaverbrook of Brandmarts

Today the media, tomorrow the world. The biodegraded king of pulp has struck again, and many a tree will be shivering its timbers tonight. Inside sources have informed us that Stewart Brand Enterprises is poised on the brink of a major expansion. If you didn't already know, SBE is an empire built on the supermarket handout that became the *Whole Earth News*, the mass market's very own version of the *Global Village Voice*. Not that we want to put the knock on the tabloid that performs the useful public service of providing a home for all of journalism's deformed offspring. Crackpot astrology, UFO idiocy, and right-wing paranoia are just some of the unfortunates made to feel right at home along with the candids of the California lasses enjoying the surf.

Now it seems that a group of magazines has been singled out for engulfment, and by all accounts some of the hair-raising hybrids soon to arrive on our newsstands should make the Annenberg takeover of *Commonwealth* look dignified and respectful by comparison. We do know this much: *Sail* will reemerge as *Whole Sail*, a lifestyle magazine designed to cash in on the current fad for boating songs, customized coracles, junks made from scrap material, and CB jargon. Also, *Dairy Farming Magazine* will be artfully transformed into *Whole Milk*, a dream child of editor-elect Ken Kesey, who has already developed a first issue devoted to making liquid nutrients from such diverse sources as soy meal, chuck steak, used electronics components, and women.

It could be worse. Brandmarts could crawl back into the cave from which it came, and then all those unfortunates would be turned loose on the legitimate press, running sores and all. □



FEB. 4 THRU 6 AT 8 P.M.

PABLO CASALS
TAJ MAHAL

ONE NITE ONLY
FEB. 8 AT 8 P.M.

PABLO CASALS
STRAWBS

FEB. 13 AT 8 P.M.

AN EVENING WITH

PABLO CASALS
AND HIS VERY SPECIAL GUEST
PETER FRAMPTON

FEB. 15 THRU 18 AT 7 P.M.

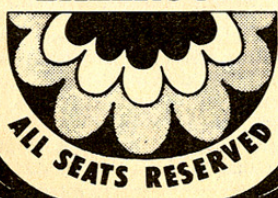
PABLO CASALS
THE
NITTY GRITTY
DIRT BAND
AND FRIENDS

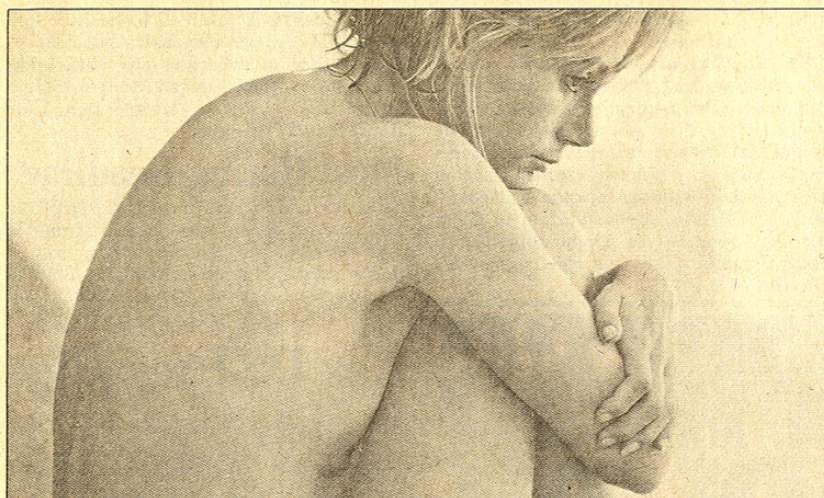
FEB. 20 AT 8 P.M.

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

PABLO CASALS
TANYA
TUCKER

JACQUELINE
KENNEDY
MEMORIAL
FAMILY DOG
PERFORMING
ARTS
BALLROOM





Peggy Lipton in *Spy, etc.*...generating internal resonance.

FILMS IN FOCUS

doses and somewhat sickening in large ones.

The modish neorealism of *Grow Up*, Antonioni's tortured rebuke to a progressive society (American), is essentially a mawkish, stylistic imitation of classics like *The Bicycle Thief* (currently being refilmed with Jayne Mansfield and a Nikos Kazantzakis script). It is an oppressively self-conscious effort that ends up offering glib epistemological paradoxes along the lines of "we know what we see only when we are too close to see what we know." One would think that at this late date, any halfway awake moviegoer would know the difference between dialectical jump-cutting and the flagrant self-mockery of the decadently chic Europeans, marching under the banner of social significance into the valley of the meaningless, dragging the rest of us in there with the oppressive literalness and ambivalent narrative technique that is the natural bedfellow of artistic nihilism. Between the absurdist pretensions of Fellini and Rohmer and the stuffy ideological rantings of Wertmuller and Godard and crowd, there is little to celebrate and much to condemn. The cinema, after all, is a medium of entertainment, and not a form of punishment, albeit self-inflicted.

My readers know that I am not implying that movies are unfit vehicles for all but the most blandly centrist pabulum. Just recently, I was moved to rereview both *Morgan* and *They Sailed from Nantucket*. The former is the blackest of comedies about a conservative banker working for Morgan Guaranty (hence the title) who is so disturbed by what he perceives around him that he is driven to dada forms of protest, ultimately collapsing one day as he makes faces in the bronze-framed teller's windows. *Nantucket* is the best of the easterns, a recent but by now quite considerable genre. (They are not, as Pauline Kael mistakenly claims, whaling films. Only the bluntest of critical scalpels could fail to cut through the blubber and into the meat of these interesting moral dramas.) While it is an engrossing adventure story with the usual abundance of high seas and even higher drama, it can hardly be accused of being mindless or flippant.

The same goes double for a literate cine-

Living in the Reel World

By Andrews Harris

The Spy With the Biggest Penis You Ever Saw in Your Life.

Directed by John Frankenheimer, produced by Sir Lew Grade (in cooperation with Robert Stigwood Org.)

As my readers know, I seldom regard a partially realized work that succeeds within its own narrowly delineated territory as a total artistic failure. It may be that I'm starting to go bland from all those hours of eye-straining movies, but anyhow, I find myself unwilling to dismiss any cinematic work that generates sufficient internal resonance to crystallize vague theoretical notions into a critically viable structure. This is a case in point.

It has lately seemed to me that the custom of regarding the extremely popular and intriguing phenomenon of the so-called souvlaki western as merely a commercially fortuitous hybrid is grossly inadequate (as is the romantic notion that it is some sort of artistic celebration of the meeting of Delphis and Hyannis in the White House). After all, the American western is a unique, indigenous form, somewhat like jazz music. Its overriding theme, Freudian patina notwithstanding, is the heroic quest, be it for identity or salvation. One cannot say the same for the souvlakis; where we had the quest, we now have the central element of revenge, and in place of symbolic confrontation, we have the excessively picturesque violence that lends the appealing element of camp kitschiness to these films, at least for the more sophisticated audience.

The late Dwight Macdonald used to tell me, as we argued late into the night with other colorful *engagé* village intellectuals of the day, that I would one day perceive all American films as forming one continuous narrative, a "fairy story in the painful process of becoming an aesthetic formulation." Dwight, you're not here anymore to argue and encourage and lean over and smile and pat my hand in that earnest way of yours, kind even when you thought I was dead wrong. There were times when it seemed as though I just didn't deserve such a wise, dear friend. Dwight, they took you away too soon.

As far as the question of what is and isn't American goes, one need only look at the current state of European cinema to throw the

"The new wave directors...continue to serve up second-rate metaphysics dressed up in the smug garb of the angry bourgeoisie..."

question into bold relief. The new wave directors who seemed to offer so much hope continue to serve up second-rate metaphysics dressed up in the smug garb of the angry bourgeoisie betrayed by a false ruling elite. Sober self-evaluation has deteriorated into navel gazing—Godard and Truffaut et al. are offering us a pathetically graphic illustration of the truism that Big Questions (Life, Death, Love) are, like baklava, fine in small

matic essay like *The Graduate*. Mike Nichols's second feature as a director is a simple vampire story set in suburbia that becomes, on second or third viewing, a subtle exercise in visual grammar. Anne Bancroft's Mrs. Robinson is a bored and boring beauty, and when her teeth sink into the young star's thickly muscled neck, we have one of the most powerfully poignant symbols of the

Continued on page 8

Jackie "Offed"?

Inauguration time means high visibility for King Kennedy, whose relationship with the media has always been more amatory than adversary. One scribe less than supine at the president's feet is the irascible Paul Krasner, however, and his editorial in the current number of *Ramparts* bears the titillating headline, "Some Straight Talk about Murder." But, sad to say, the article disappoints.

Krasner joins ranks with perennial malcontent Mae Brussel in imputing malice aforesaid to Kennedy in the death of his wife Jacqueline: "But what if Jackie was not accidentally killed, but instead offed in a calculated plot? What if JFK wanted her eliminated? It would be a cinch for Kennedy to plan and execute the whole thing: pay a few gunmen to take pot shots from the grassy knoll and elsewhere, dump the little lady off the rear of the car, and splat! 'An unfortunate accident...' Seems to me there's more here than meets the eye..."

Indeed, Conspiracy buffs and science fiction fans have been concocting this sort of stuff since That Fateful Day in Dallas. Alternate theory-mongering has acquired all the earmarks of a growth industry. Still, Krasner's impudence is at least refreshing—in contradistinction to Mark Lane's tiresome documentation and freeze-frame obsessiveness over "a single gunman" (emphasis his) in the Texas Book Depository. Where it will all end remains an open question.

Fore!

The White House press corps has always been a servile and bloodless bunch, but its performance during the recent campaign and inaugural proceedings might best be described as abysmal. One hears rumors of PR handouts reprinted verbatim as wire service "stories." Several reporters (notably John Osborne of *The New Republic* and Jules Witcover of *The Washington Post*) made a feeble attempt to drum some life into their colleagues with a full-page ad in *More* proclaiming, in banner headline, "This Is Getting Ridiculous." To little avail, sad to say. What with the *Washington Post/Newsweek* crew firmly ensconced in their plush East Wing pressroom, reports of Scotty Reston seen walking Kenny O'Donnell's twin Mala-

lates, and *Timesman* James Naughton proffering a think piece entitled "The Case for Perpetual Presidency," the outlook for a Fourth Estate mighty of sinew and hale of spirit is grim indeed.

The final insult—or is it only one of many?—comes with the report that no less a personage than Benjamin Bradlee (editor-in-chief of the *Post* and notorious Kennedy sycophant) was performing the caddy chores for the king when Kennedy strolled Burning Tree golf links with the Japanese prime minister. I will resist the temptation to query whether, prior to the presidential tee-off, caddy Bradlee kisses the chief executive's Maxflis.

PRESS CLIPS

By Alexander Coeburn

Ad Man Out

From the pages of *Advertising Age*, this tale of vaulting ambition: H.R. Haldeman, special assistant to the president of J. Walter Thompson, the ad agency, has resigned in the wake of a scandal begun nearly a year ago. Haldeman, you may know, was connected with the ill-fated break-in at the headquarters of Young & Rubicam, a rival agency. Last July, five men were apprehended rifling Y&R's files, planting line taps, etc.

One burglar, Dwight Chapin, has evidently considered indiscretion the better part of valor. He's named names, and among those on his little list were Haldeman and Thompson's attorney, John Mitchell. Condolence cards may be sent in care of the agency's director of information, Ronald Ziegler.

Most Boring Lead

"Thirteen-year-old Timmy Davis had an idea." From the *Boston Globe* of January 23,

1977. A sound achievement in lachrymosity. The story—noteworthy, actually—goes on to describe Federal action brought against little Timmy as a result of his science fair project. The lad was demonstrating a cheap, easy method of collecting and harnessing solar power using commercially-available materials. The project: "How to Light Your House for \$12.75 Forever."

Most Boring Headline

"President Has an Inaugural 'Ball'"—a tedious exercise in double entendre from the *Chicago Tribune*. This narrowly bested James Reston's mind-numbing column of Tuesday last entitled, "You're All Right, Jack."

Ask Dr. Pressclips Helpful Hints for Harried Hacks

Dear Dr. Pressclips:

I am desperate. In an article concerning my latest book, *The Rerereremaking of the President, 1976*, I seem to have written: "...but if one is to understand the Kennedy victory, one must first comprehend Nixon. 'The perennial adversary,' some have called him, and indeed, not without cause. However, he was a man who knew of which stuff he was made. Not for him the Harvard polish and preening pomp of old New England money. Here was a man who spoke the idiom of the 'old style' football, the football of tackle and contact. His language—and therefore, his being—was rooted in the earth. Here was a man who took pride in his own 'toughness,' a man who telephoned coaches to talk shop. A man, in short, one felt one could trust."

Could I have actually written this tripe? Please advise.

—THEODORE H. WHITE

Dear Theodore H. White:

I will be blunt. Your case is terminal. Abandon the pen, and learn a manual craft such as pottery, or perhaps a wind instrument. On no account should you write again. Both you and your loved ones will be the better for it.

—DR. PRESSCLIPS

Aloneness

Continued

(vice-president, is a woman.) I mention all this to my sister—now several years older and many years wiser than when we both watched "Tar Trek" together. "Nonsense," she sniffs, incredibly articulate and sophisticated for her fifteen years. "Your man Kennedy is merely a canny politician, the gamesman *par excellence*. He bores me—and my friends. With his lurid macho posturing, his prattle about 'frontiers' and 'vigor'...honestly." She gestures with a long black cigarette holder, at the end of which is, not a joint, but...a cigarette. God only knows what shady sorts of contacts and dealers she uses to obtain this contraband. "We are not frontiersmen, darling," she says to me, idly inspecting her long, crimsoned fingernails. She speaks patiently and with amusement, as though to a child. "We are civilized."

I do not understand her. But I do feel sorry for her. □

Reel World

Continued

crisis of age in a time that belongs to youth. So the fashionable sneer deprecatingly at the optimism of large budget films like the encyclopedic *PT 109* series, and popular musicals, splashy extravaganzas along the lines of *Midnight Cowboy* or *The Pawnbroker*, both bittersweet celebrations of urban life.

What the devotees of the whine-with-the-main-course cinema don't realize is that they are unwittingly expressing their own deprivation in their enthusiastic endorsement of primitive technique and subterranean density. The obsession with negative themes is similarly more self-referential than anything else—dissolution and decay are simply projected onto the screen (quite literally). How natural that the disaster film has become the preeminent underground form (see my review of *San Andreas Was My Fault*, *GVV*, Dec. '76).

A joyful celebration like *Camelot* does more for the body and soul than a dozen de-

pressing celluloid indulgences. Let the record show that there is no rule that states that entertainment should be gloomy and downcast, sinking into ever deeper layers of the human substrata. It is far more positive to feel optimistic and vital (as one does after the upbeat ending that is Hollywood's stock-in-trade) than to experience the dizzying depression of a new wave film, the numb shell shock induced by the souvlakis, and certainly better than leaving the theater in the limp-wristed funk brought on by the underground abominations.

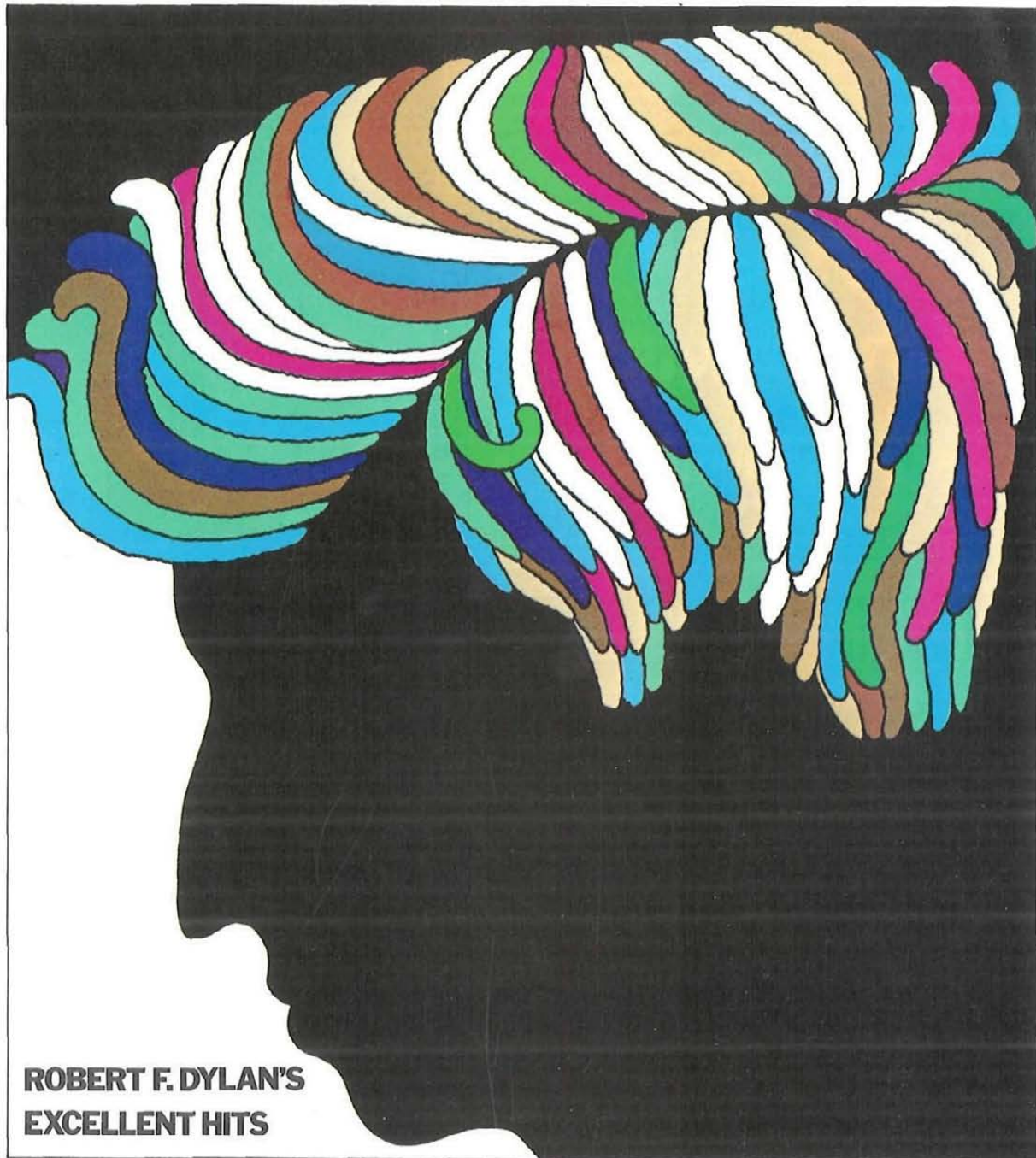
We live in an age, when all is said and done, filled with contradictions and imperfections. Ultimate reality looks like a zone that will forever be slightly out of our grasp, which is really too bad for the high-flown aesthetes among us; but as far as the rest of us are concerned, as Nana Moskouri says to John-John in *A Man for All Seasons*, it is for us to live for today and tomorrow, "on condition that we remain human always, because ours is the human condition." □

The Young Troubadours of Camelot

The music reflected the era...the era reflected the music. Five albums typified "the changes" we all went through.

Folk 'n' roll bard Robert F. Dylan led the way, his biting ballads protesting negative attitudes and promoting better citizenship. His best-selling *Excellent Hits* album includes "The Times They Are Terrific," "Reclaimed Delta of the Lowlands," "Highway 61 Repaved,"

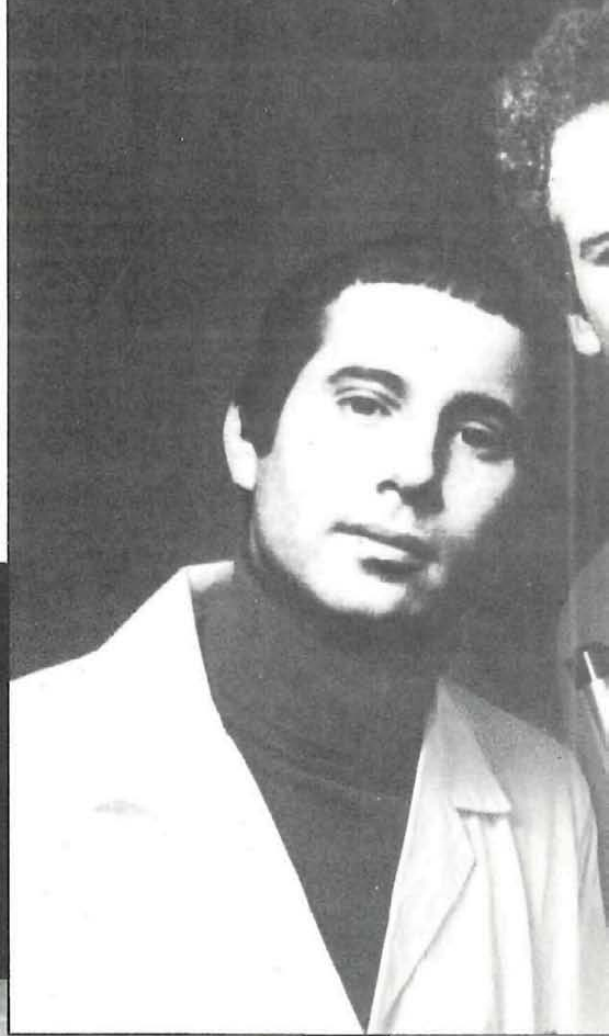
"Rainy Day Nest Egg," "Subterranean Homes and Gardens," "Dove Is Just a Four Letter Word," "Just Like a Roman," "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Washington," "Like a Roll of Tens," and the "home from work song," "It's Me, Babe."



The best selling of Vaughn Meader's two dozen First Family comedy albums was the "funkiest" of the lot, a ribald spoof on the president's legendary virility. Album cuts included "Come-a-lot," "Rubbers, Duckie," "You Can't Spell *Kennedy* without *K-Y*," "A Thousand Lays," "Touch, Don't Tackle," "Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Oh Christ I'm Coming, Mr. President," "Hail to His Briefs," and the side-splitting "Good night, Jack, good night, Bobby, good night, Ted, good night, Christina, good night, Caroline, good night, John John, good night, Fiddle, good night, Faddle, good night, Brumis" routine.

THE FIRST FAMILY

VOLUME 23 Vaughn Meader



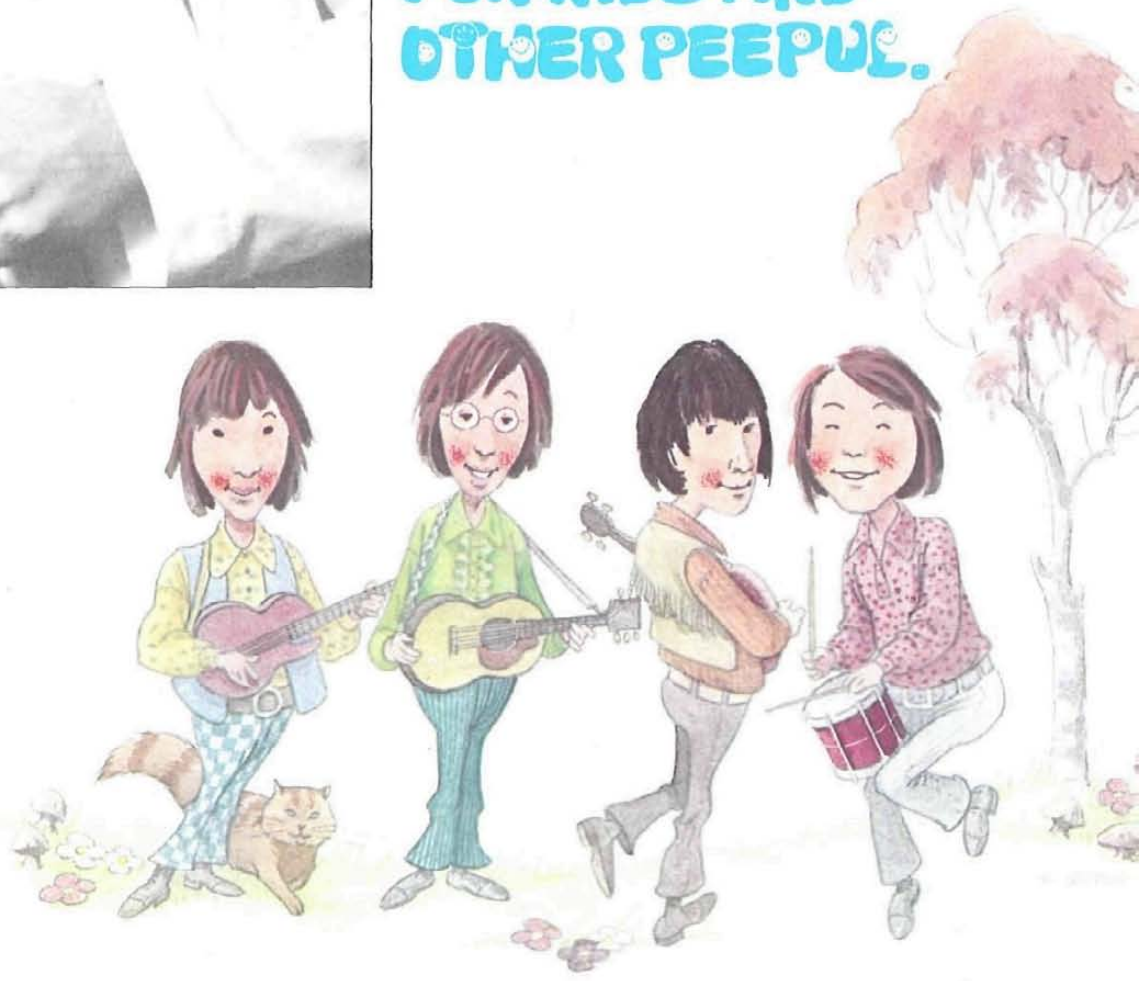
SIMON AND GARFUNKEL



A pair of likely lads turned from early songs of poetic introspection, such as "I Am a Schmuck, I'm from Long Island" and used their considerable gifts to support the Administration's Pursuit of Technocracy program. Their *Sounds of Science* LP featured the moody duo harmonizing "Here's to You, Madame Curie," "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Other Monocotyledonous Herbs (Are You Going to the Leipzig Trade Fair?)," "Low-lying Nimbostratus Formations Consequent to the Autumnal Equinox," "For Emily, at the Point Where Our Parallel Time-Space Continua Intersect," "Structures Exhibiting High Tensile Strength over Turbulent Drainage Basins," and the rewritten "I Am an Igneous Stratified Dolomite Completely Surrounded by H₂O."

This zany quartet kept the preschoolers humming such painlessly educational ditties as "Did You Ever Have to Do Up Your Shoes," "Summer Camp in the City," "Mommy, I'll Be Home Soon," "Nashville Brats," "Do You Believe in Gadgets?" and "What a Day for Some Day Care."

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL FOR KIDS AND OTHER PEEPUK.



The January Honda: 54 mpg highway. 41 mpg city.*

For as long as the EPA has been testing cars, 50 miles per gallon has been a magic number, a record to shoot for. Like 60 home runs or the 4-minute mile.

Now our 1977 Honda Civic CVCC[®] 5-Speed has become the first car sold in America to do the impossible. According to EPA estimates it got 54 mpg for highway driving, 41 mpg city.*

See your Honda dealer and test drive the car that broke the Mileage Barrier. The 1977 Honda Civic 5-Speed. It's brand new. But already it's a very rare car.

Civic CVCC 1488cc	Price**	EPA Mileage Estimates*	
		Highway	City
(5-Speed)	\$3599	54 (51)	41 (34)
Hatchback			
(4-Speed)	\$3299	50 (46)	39 (35)
(Hondamatic)	\$3449	37 (34)	32 (28)
Sedan			
(4-Speed)	\$2999	50 (46)	39 (35)
Wagon			
(4-Speed)	\$3549	41 (37)	30 (28)
(Hondamatic)	\$3699	32 (32)	27 (25)
Civic 1237cc (not available in Calif. and high altitude counties)			
Sedan			
(4-Speed)	\$2779	43	28
(4-Speed)	\$3049	43	28
Hatchback			
(Hondamatic)	\$3199	29	23

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*EPA ESTIMATES. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. For high altitude models, see your dealer for EPA mileage estimates. Calif. mileage shown in parentheses.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price plus freight, tax, license and optional equipment. High altitude models \$35 extra.

JANUARY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON



HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

18 TUES 19 WED 20 THURS 21 FRI 22 SAT 23 SUN 24 MON 25 TUES 26 WED 27 THURS 28 FRI 29 SAT 30 SUN 31 MON

THE TOP FORTY

1962-1976

As surveyed by the United States Department of
Entertainment Bureau of Records

1	CAMELOT Robert Goulet/Broadway Cast 1960-76 (Hyannis Records)	23	ARE YOU EXPERIENCED? ARE YOU QUALIFIED? Jimi Hendrix 1967 (Job Corps Records)
2	TIME/LIFE IS ON OUR SIDE The Rolling Stones 1964 (Potomac Records)	24	SET THE CONTROLS TO ONE THOUSAND WORDS PER MINUTE WITH 99 PERCENT COMPREHENSION Pink Floyd 1969 (Evin Wds Rcds)
3	SHE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN, SHE DIED IN DALLAS Kitty Wells 1965 (Memorial Records)	25	THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DICKIE DOWN The Band 1969 (Reelection Records)
4	GOIN' TO GET ME A SHOT OF PHYSICAL FITNESS Joe Cocker 1968 (President's Council Records)	26	BURNING BUSH BOOGIE (HYMN FOR THE PAPAL BLUES) Canned Heat 1968 (Vatican Records)
5	RESOLUTION The Beatles 1968 (Capitol Hill Records)	27	HEY, WENDY, URBAN RENEWAL TOOK AWAY ALL MY SONG MATERIAL Bruce Springsteen 1975 (HUD Records)
6	JESUS WAS JUST ALRIGHT, JFK IS TOP TEN Doobie Brothers 1972 (PT 109 Records)	28	PT 109 HUSTLE Van McCoy 1975 (Mythology Records)
7	GRIS GRIS GUMBO JOHN-JOHN Dr. John 1968 (Fitzgerald Records)	29	MRS. EXNER, YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY DAUGHTER Herman's Hermits 1966 (Giancana Records)
8	TRIPPIN' ON THE NEW FRONTIER Grateful Dead 1967 (Youth Dept. Records)	30	ABRAHAM, MARILYN, AND JACKIE Dion 1969 (Cover-Up Records)
9	KING HARVARD HAS SURELY COME The Band 1970 (Congressional Records)	31	MASSACHUSETTS GIRLS Beach Boys 1966 (John-John Records)
10	I'M COLORED AND I'M PROUD James Brown 1969 (Civil Rights Records)	32	EXORCISING THE EVIL SPIRITS FROM THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE OCT. 21, 1967 The Fugs 1967 (Democratic National Committee Records)
11	GIVE MEDICARE A CHANCE Plastic Ono Band 1969 (HEW Records)	33	BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS Mary Jo and the Oldsmobiles 1969 (Defunct Records)
12	NIGHTS IN GRAY FLANNEL Moody Blues 1968 (Brooks Bros. Records)	34	SEE ME, HEAR ME, FEEL ME (IN THE LINCOLN BEDROOM) The Who 1969 (Caroline's Pony Records)
13	BORN TO BE SUAVE Steppenwolf 1968 (Ivy League Records)	35	PUT DAVID IN JAIL Joan Baez 1970 (Selective Service Records)
14	LET'S MAKE HIM KING Jackie De Shannon 1968 (Rocking Chair Records)	36	TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYIN' HERE WITH MARILYN. TOMORROW I'LL BE STAYIN' HERE WITH YOU Bob Dylan 1968 (D.B. Records)
15	LET'S MAKE HIM EMPEROR Sammy Davis, Jr. 1969 (Lawford Records)	37	SEVEN MILES HIGH The Byrds 1968 (Air Force Records)
16	LET'S MAKE HIM JESUS CHRIST'S BROTHER Pat Boone 1970 (Hail Mary Records)	38	FEEL-LIKE-I'M-FIXIN'-TO-DEFEND-MY-COUNTRY-RAG Country Joe and the Fish 1968 (Pentagon Records)
17	LET'S MAKE HIM JEWISH Allan Sherman 1971 (Goldberg Records)	39	DO THE BACKACHE, BABY Rufus Thomas 1965 (Orthopedic Records)
18	LET'S MAKE HIM COLORADO John Denver 1973 (Rosie Records)	40	ODE TO MARY JO Bobbie Gentry 1969 (Chappaquiddick Records)
19	LET'S MAKE HIM A WOMAN Lou Reed 1975 (Vidal Records)		
20	LET'S MAKE HIM HORNY Donna Summers 1976 (Dept. of Disco Records)		
21	SHOOTING CUBANS FROM MY BACK PORCH David Allen Coe 1975 (Invasion Records)		
22	ME AND BOBBY F. K. Janis Joplin 1970 (Ethel Records)		



1977

OFFICIAL YEARBOOK



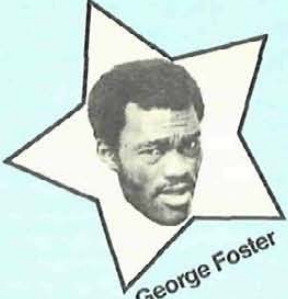
Dave Kingman



Joe Morgan



Pete Rose



George Foster



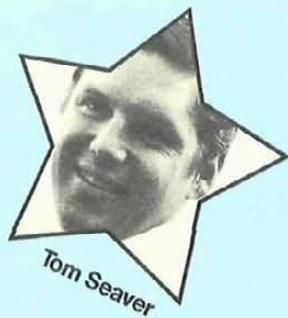
Johnny Bench



Mike Schmidt

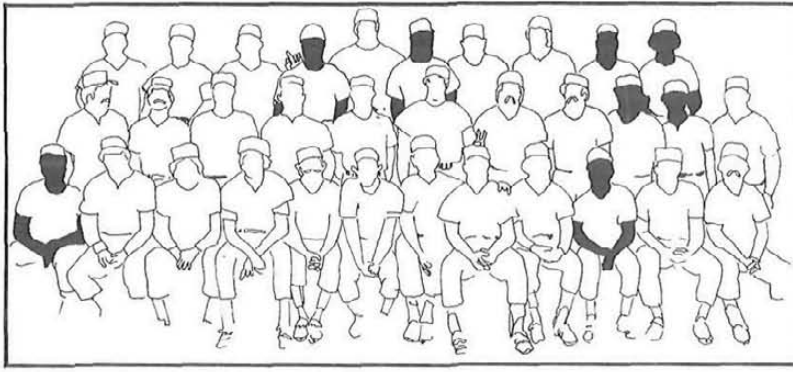


Randy Jones



Tom Seaver

First in Peace, First in War, First in the American League



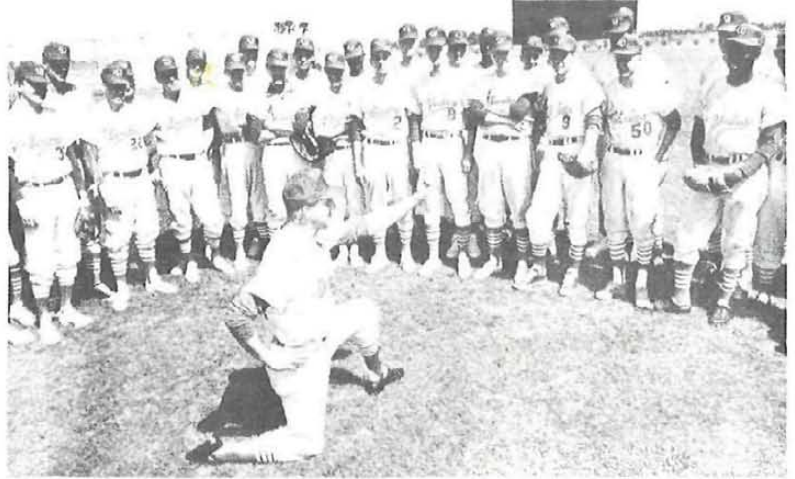
1977 WASHINGTON SENATORS

TEAM PICTURE

Front row (left to right): Al Oliver, Bob Boone, John Montelusco, Rick Rhoden, John McNamara, coach; Sparky Anderson, manager; Danny Ozark, coach; Steve Garvey, Randy Jones, Joe Morgan, Pete Rose, Ron Cey. Middle row: Mike Schmidt, Larry Bowa, Russ Nixon, batting practice catcher; Carroll Beringer, batting practice pitcher; Bill Russell, Jon Matlack, Steve Swisher, Dave Concepcion, Cesar Cedeno, Dave Cash, Greg Luzinski. Back row: Dick Ruthven, Tom Seaver, Johnny Bench, Ken Griffey, Dave Kingman, George Foster, Woodie Fryman, Ken Forsch, Tony Perez, Bake McBride.

COACHING STAFF

Left-handed pitching coach Warren Spahn makes a point with some of Senators' coaching staff (left to right): Joe DiMaggio, home run coach; Phil Rizzuto, base path coach; Gus Bell, bloop single coach; Dixie Walker, right-handed batting coach; Ted Williams, left-handed batting coach; Gene Mauch, infield throwing coach; Harvey Kuenn, outfield throwing coach; Yogi Berra, foul ball coach; Sandy Koufax, strike coach; Johnny Sain, strikeout coach; Billy Rigney, first base pick-off coach; Bob Turley, spitball coach; and Satchel Paige, "humor" coach.



BASEBALL'S FABULOUS FOUR HUNDRED:

NATIONAL PASTIME TO NATIONAL OBSESSION

In 1969, baseball was in deep trouble. Pro football was threatening to replace it as the national pastime, as a mere twenty-four cities were represented by either the American or National Baseball Leagues.

President Kennedy was concerned. He believed in baseball and its traditional place as the "American game," but something had to be done to bring the game to the people, to make it more representative and democratic.

At the conclusion of the 1969 season, JFK swung into action. He ordered the attorney general to begin anti-trust action against the "Lords of Baseball" and the baseball establishment.

The battle began as the government argued that baseball was a monopoly and a trust. The baseball establishment threw its best legal team into the case. It made no difference.

On December 16, 1969, the Supreme Court ruled that the reserve clause was unconstitutional, and that the major leagues were a monopoly and a trust. The old game was in for many changes.

On January 3, 1970, President Kennedy announced that major league baseball would, from that day forward, be a semipublic corporation, subsidized by the federal government. The National Endowment for the Arts was given the responsibility for initial funding and financial maintenance.

On that day, Daniel Patrick Moynihan was appointed Federal Commissioner of Baseball. The wheels had begun to turn.

On January 10, 1970, the restructuring of baseball was announced. The plan called for the addition of 376 teams by opening day. The new organization was to be known as the Federal Baseball Conference, and would be made up of the "new" American and National Baseball Leagues. Each league was assigned 200 franchises, ranging in size from great metropolises such as New York and Chicago to sleepy little towns like New Kennebunkport, Maine. Baseball was at last "democratized."

That same day, player "drafts" were held involving major and minor leaguers and college, high school, and American Legion players. Three days later, a "recent retiree" draft was held for players that had retired since 1960. Many old favorites were once again returned to the game that they loved and the fans that loved them.

At the time, some skeptics felt that baseball would be destroyed by the "watering down" of the game's talent and inability to draw fans.

The success of the Washington Senators coupled with their power-packed lineup has led to a string of undefeated seasons, a feat unmatched by the 1927 Yankees.

Attendance? Just look at the Washington Senators! The skeptics were proven wrong there, also. Last year, over *six million* fans enjoyed games in the new Vigordome, and even more are expected next year!!!

April 10, 1977, will be the eighth anniversary of the Fabulous Four Hundred—eight years since the dawn of a new age in American sports, as the Washington Senators met the Eau Claire Éclairs in Washington, D.C., in the "new" baseball's first game.

The Senators won, 32-2.

The Story of the New Washington Senators

"Washington: first in war, first in peace, and last in the American League!"

For many years, this was the standard joke among baseball fans everywhere. When they thought of baseball at its worst, they thought of the Senators.

That joke, however, went out the window in 1970 with the coming of federal baseball. The Senators are a joke no longer!

Of all of baseball's "Fabulous Four Hundred," the Senators are tops! Washington has been lucky enough to win seven straight World Series titles, and to have been able, year after year, to rebuild with fresh new talent.

The following is a capsulized history of the "new" Washington Senators:

1970: The Senators were lucky in the 1970 dispersal draft, picking up sluggers Henry Aaron, Willie Mays, Joe Torre, Frank Robinson, Boog Powell, and Frank Howard. Luck continued to smile on them as they received pitchers Jim "Catfish" Hunter, Bob Gibson, Jim Lonborg, and young Tom Seaver.

The Senators won the first American League championship in the new alignment (their first title since 1933) and nosed out the "new" Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series in five games.

1971: Washington's hopes for a second championship brightened with the flames of the 1971 California brush fires which burned Chavez Ravine Stadium to the ground. Commissioner Moynihan reassigned the franchise to Long Island. The financially strapped franchise received \$25,000 from the Senators to aid in moving expenses. In return, Washington received catcher Johnny Bench and Brooks Robinson. The Senators set a record with 140 wins and 22 losses as they won their second straight league championship and made it two World Series victories, jamming the Springfield Rifles in four games.

1972: A year of transition for the Senators, highlighted by a key trade. The aging Willie Mays, an original "new" Senator, was shifted to the National League's Kokomo Teabags in exchange for slugger Reggie Jackson, pitcher Vida Blue, and infielder Rod Carew. Proving that good things come in threes, the Senators copped their third straight A.L. pennant and crushed the N.L. champs, the Modesto Grapes, in the World Series.

1973: Former Raleigh Coupon pitchers Jon Matlack and Jerry Koosman joined the Senators in the preseason. In a totally unrelated incident, all of baseball breathed a sigh of relief as the IRS called off an investigation of Raleigh Coupon owner Joan Payson, baseball's "Grand Old Lady."

The addition of Matlack and Koosman helped to give the revitalized Senators their fourth pennant, whipping the Long Island Potatoes for the American League crown. They continued their winning ways into the fall classic, stuffing the Albuquerque Turkeys in four.

1974: A record-breaking year for the Senators, as they lost only three games and won their fifth straight World Series. Manager Sparky Anderson credited the team improvement to the deal that brought hard-hitting third sacker Mike Schmidt, all-star Steve Garvey, pitcher Jim Palmer, and slugger Al Oliver to the Senators from the Buffalo Chips for \$50,000 and "future considerations."

1975: The Senators continued to amaze baseball as they clinched their league's crown on May 1, and won 162 straight games! The key to the team's success was the deal that brought the entire Cincinnati Reds' infield to Washington! Shrewd General Manager Shriver swung the deal by clearing the way for Reds' owner Bob Howsam to rewrite zoning laws in the "Queen City," thereby making it possible for him to build a fifteen-story parking lot where Riverfront Stadium used to stand. Washington's sixth straight World Championship came over the Montgomery Cliffs in four.

1976: Last year was one of elation and disappointment for the perennial champs.

Elation through their new home, the Vigordome, baseball's best stadium.

Disappointment for their failure to win 162 straight as they had in 1976. (They were rained out on the last day of the season and had to settle for 161.)

One sixty-one is nothing to laugh at, and they won those with the aid of some new additions: George Brett, Dave Kingman, Cesar Cedeno, and Fred Lynn.

1977: What does 1977 have in store for the Senators? Only time will tell, although they are sure to be improved with the addition of free agents Don Gullett, Mickey Rivers, Hal McRae, and Ron Leflore, who signed contracts totaling \$40 million!

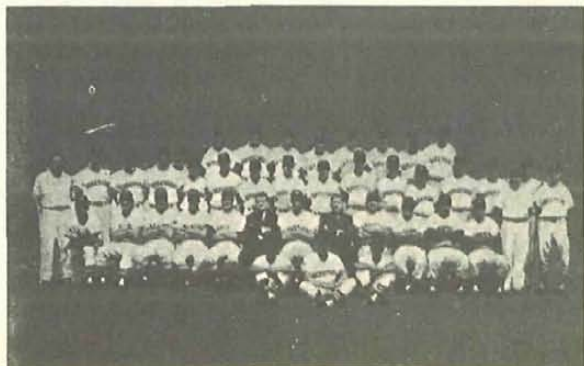
One thing is for sure, there's a new joke going around baseball these days: "Washington: first in war, first in peace, and first in major league baseball—forever!"

NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STARS 1976

FRONT ROW (left to right): Dick Stuart, Walla Walla Wallbangers; Horace Clarke, Lincoln Steffens; Roy McMillan, Cincinnati Reds; Clete Boyer, Cogswell Cogs; Frank Thomas, Bay City Rollers; Norm Siebern, Albuquerque Turkeys.

SECOND ROW: Coco Laboy, Santa Barbara Barbers; Clay Dalrymple, Salt Lake City Mormons; Pete Broberg, Modesto Grapes; Johnny Podres, Montgomery Cliffs; Bill Monbouquette, Kokomo Teabags; Denny McLain, Elizabeth Tailors; Jim Mason, Pittsburgh Pirates.

BACK ROW: Harry Bright, Visalia Vespers; Wally Moon, Springfield Rifles; Leon Wagner, Provo Lonies; Rocky Colavito, Ogden Nashes; John "Blue Moon" Odom, Boulder Dams; Rich Coggins, Selma Chocolate Clowns; Jim Sundberg, San Diego Padres; Joe Pepitone, Hattiesburg McDaniels.



FINAL STANDINGS AMERICAN LEAGUE 1976 (TOP 60)

TEAM	WON	LOST	GB
WASHINGTON SENATORS	161	0	—
DES MOINES REGISTERS	81	81	80 1/2
CHARLOTTE RUSSES	80	80	81
QUINCY ADAMS	79	83	82 1/2
DETROIT TIGERS	78	84	83 1/2
FAIRBANKS JUNIORS	77	85	84 1/2
CHEYENNE AUTUMNS	76	86	85 1/2
BUFFALO CHIPS	75	87	86 1/2
WICHITA LINEMEN	74	88	87 1/2
TALLAHASSEE LASSIES	73	89	88 1/2
CATONSVILLE NINE	72	90	89 1/2
DOVER BOYS	71	91	90 1/2
MINNESOTA TWINS	70	92	91 1/2
LIMA BEANS	69	93	92 1/2
KNOXVILLE KNOCKERS	68	94	93 1/2
EUGENE DEBS	67	95	94 1/2
WINSTON-SALEM WINSTON-SALEMS	66	96	95 1/2
BAKERSFIELD DOZEN	65	97	96 1/2
MACON WHOOPES	64	98	97 1/2
EL PASO WETBACKS	63	99	98 1/2
CLEVELAND AMORYS	62	100	99 1/2
SAVANNAH BANANAS	61	101	100 1/2
CHATTANOOGA CHOOCHOOS	60	102	101 1/2
JOHNSTOWN FLOODS	59	103	102 1/2
MUSKOGEE OKIES	58	104	103 1/2
RALEIGH COUPONS	57	105	104 1/2
AMARILLO ARMADILLOS	56	106	105 1/2
YAKIMA CANUTTS	55	107	106 1/2
DAYTONA 500S	54	108	107 1/2
BIRMINGHAM BIGOTS	53	109	108 1/2
HAMMOND ORGANS	52	110	109 1/2
RENO SWEENEYS	51	111	110 1/2
JUNEAU PAYCOCKS	50	112	111 1/2
HAVANA CIGARS	49	113	112 1/2
LONG ISLAND POTATOES	48	114	113 1/2
ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED FEVERS	47	115	114 1/2
NEW YORK YANKEES	46	116	115 1/2
CASPER FRIENDLY GHOSTS	45	117	116 1/2
AURORA BOREALISES	44	118	117 1/2
ASHVILLE ASHRAMS	43	119	118 1/2
LAKE GENEVA CONVENTIONS	42	120	119 1/2
YORKSHIRE PUDDINGS	41	121	120 1/2
MIDDLE VILLAGE IDIOTS	40	122	121 1/2
MARION FAITHFULS	39	123	122 1/2
AUSTIN HEALEYS	38	124	123 1/2
CALIFORNIA ANGELS	37	125	124 1/2
BURLINGTON LOOKS	36	126	125 1/2
CHESTER REILLEYS	35	127	126 1/2
SALEM FILTERS	34	128	127 1/2
ALBANY MALLS	33	129	128 1/2
SAN JOSE JIMENEZES	32	130	129 1/2
MOBILE HOMES	31	131	130 1/2
JOHNSON CITY SLICKERS	30	132	131 1/2
CEDAR RAPIDS SAPSUCKERS	29	133	132 1/2
FORT LAUDERDALE OLD FARTS	29	133	132 1/2
VENICE GONDOLIERS	28	134	133 1/2
JOLIET JULIETS	27	135	134 1/2
RICHMOND ROBBER BARONS	26	136	135 1/2
COMPTON PLATIONS	25	137	136 1/2
CHICAGO WHITE SOX	24	138	137 1/2

140 TEAMS TIED FOR LAST



THE TORCH HAS BEEN PASSED TO A NEW GENERATION.

The Senators better start looking over their shoulders, because our farm team, the Kansas City Kids, posted another perfect 125-0 season, and the pitching staff didn't allow a hit all season for the second straight year. Seen here are the members of their famed "Gurgler's Row," all of whom hit above .800. Our junior Senators do us proud.

SENATORS PITCHING LEADERS 1976

NAME	WON	LOST	ERA	SO	PERFECT GAMES
CATFISH HUNTER	35	0	0.00	478	16
TOM SEAVER	31	0	0.00	531	9
MARK FYDRICH	27	0	0.12	403	11
JIM PALMER	26	0	0.19	377	6
JERRY KOOSMAN	29	0	0.32	286	4
RANDY JONES	13	0	0.09	241	5



Pete Rose and Cesar Cedeno whoop it up during the post-game pennant-clinching celebration last May 1.

TOP TEN HITTERS AMERICAN LEAGUE 1976 (SENATORS NOT INCLUDED)

NAME	TEAM	AT BAT	HITS	AVERAGE
JOE FOY	CATONSVILLE	345	101	.292
AL KALINE	NEW MILFORD	321	88	.275
FREDDIE PATEK	HAMMOND	304	82	.268
DICK GROAT	OXNARD	279	75	.267
CHARLIE NEAL	CASPER	374	96	.256
TITO FIENTES	FAIRBANKS	230	54	.234
CARL FURILLO	TALLAHASSEE	298	69	.230
EARL BATTLEY	SCHENECTADY	391	89	.223
CURT BLEFARY	COMPTON	332	71	.213
TOM TRESH	SPARTANBURG	477	98	.209

SENATORS HIGHS AND LOWS FOR 1976

LONGEST SENATORS WINNING STREAK	161 GAMES
LONGEST SENATORS LOSING STREAK	0 GAMES
LONGEST SENATORS BATTING STREAK	161 GAMES by JOE MORGAN
LONGEST SENATORS WINNING STREAK (PITCHER)	35 GAMES by CATFISH HUNTER
LONGEST SENATORS LOSING STREAK (PITCHER)	6 PLAYERS TIED WITH NONE
MOST RUNS IN ONE GAME	152 (JUNE 8 vs. FORT LAUDERDALE)
MOST RUNS IN ONE INNING	39 (SEPT 20 vs. JUNEAU)
MOST HITS IN ONE GAME	277 (JUNE 8 vs. FORT LAUDERDALE)
FEWEST HITS IN ONE GAME	42 (MAY 11 vs. TRENTON)
MOST HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME (TEAM)	29 (APRIL 25 vs. BOISE)
MOST HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME (PLAYER)	11 by REGGIE JACKSON (MAY 2 vs. BOISE)
MOST HITS IN ONE GAME BY OPPONENTS	9 (JULY 12 vs. ASHVILLE)
MOST RUNS IN ONE GAME BY OPPONENTS	4 (OCT 1 vs. DES MOINES)

AMERICAN LEAGUE LEADING HITTERS 1976

NAME	AT BAT	HITS	AVERAGE
JOE MORGAN	925	681	.736
LARRY BOWA	220	152	.682
GEORGE BRETT	910	615	.676
BOBBY GRICH	942	591	.628
ROD CAREW	971	489	.505
PETE ROSE	1231	605	.492
RON CEY	424	196	.459
CARL YASTRZEMSKI	210	95	.452
THUFMAN MUNSON	811	369	.450
AL OLIVER	412	172	.414
FRED LYNN	753	309	.413
CHRIS CHAMBLISS	290	111	.379
KEN GRIFFEY	274	102	.363
MIKE SCHMIDT	305	108	.360
GEORGE FOSTER	278	98	.356
TONY PEREZ	170	59	.352
STEVE GARVEY	630	217	.349
REGGIE JACKSON	321	105	.328
DAVE CONCEPCION	75	24	.320
JOHNNY BENCH	322	101	.310
GREG LUZINSKI	869	269	.309
DAVE KINGMAN	390	121	.308

AMERICAN LEAGUE PITCHING LEADERS 1976 (SENATORS NOT INCLUDED)

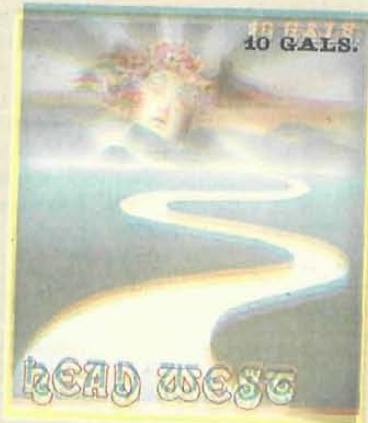
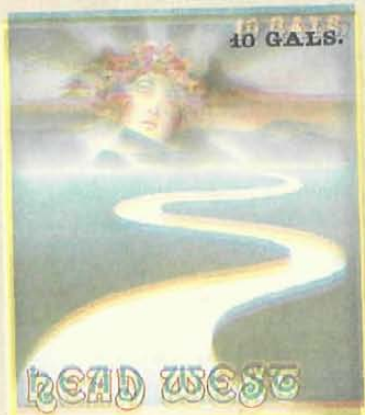
NAME	TEAM	WON	LOST	ERA	SO	PERFECT GAMES
ELROY FACE	JOHNSTOWN	12	11	5.26	108	0
RANDY MOFFITT	HAVANA	10	13	5.97	85	0
NELSON BRILES	MOBILE	9	9	6.55	103	0
TIPPY MARTINEZ	LAKE GENEVA	8	10	6.81	76	0
SAL MAGLIE	FORT LAUDERDALE	7	16	7.14	38	0
CLAY CARROLL	WATERBURY	8	14	7.35	87	0
JIM BUNNING	LIMA	6	6	8.09	40	0
RICH GOSSAGE	MIDDLE VILLAGE	9	22	8.33	79	0
BRENT STROM	EL PASO	8	9	8.96	51	0
DON NEWCOMBE	CHESTER	6	17	9.24	43	0

It was on a warm spring day in 1964 that President Kennedy's long and lasting love affair with the young people of America truly began. Before that, of course, there had been flirtations, fond dreams and longing glances, but only after an abrupt upheaval on an obscure Ohio campus did the romance blossom into its now legendary fullness. On that day, a folk group called Peter, Paul & Mary (who later died in a bizarre three-way suicide pact) gave a concert at Kent State University, in Kent, Ohio. Halfway through their rendition of "Blowing in the Wind," a demonstration erupted in the auditorium, and from thousands of young throats, long-suppressed resentments poured forth. The demonstration became a near riot, and continued for several hours. There were many protests heard that night, against the administration's policy on library passes,

for instance, and the ridiculously high state drinking age—but chief amongst the young people's demands was that the president withdraw all American advisors from the small Southeast Asian country of Vietnam (now Tonkin province, the southernmost part of mainland China). The Kent State authorities responded savagely to the outburst,

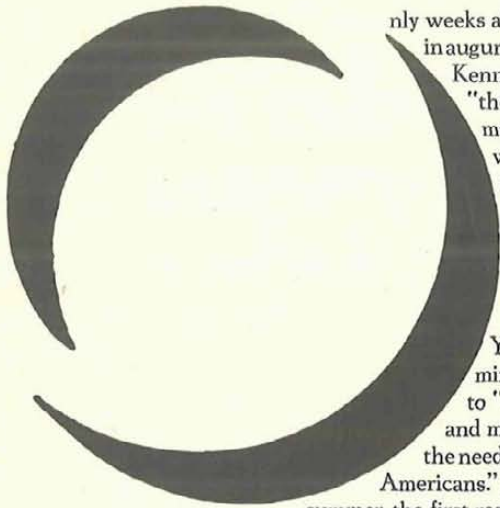
THE SUMMERS OF LOVE

calling in campus police and injuring four students in the process. The president, however, was not so rash. Small though the campus was, and insignificant as his commitment to Vietnam might be, he saw the pointless morass to which this foreign entanglement could lead. The next day, to the surprise of many traditionalists and the relief of their draft-eligible children, the president announced a phased withdrawal of all troops from Southeast Asia by election eve, 1964. Like true lovers, John F. Kennedy and the youthful protesters had recognized each others' strength. And from that moment, they trusted one another implicitly.



A Head West stamp. Blocks of ten were purchasable for ten dollars and were good for one hundred gallons of gasoline. The government redeemed the stamps from oil companies with appropriations from the Federal Highway Trust Fund. Later expansions of the program included Head North, Head Up, Head Out, Head 'Round, and Head Anywhere, as the craze grew for dune buggies, snowmobiles, aircraft, hydrofoils, trail bikes, and other recreational vehicles. The Head programs were held to be constitutional in 1975 in a majority opinion read by Chief Justice Ethel Kennedy.

THE FEDERAL YOUTH ADMINISTRATION



ly weeks after his 1965 inaugural, President Kennedy, or "the Chairman," as he was coming to be known, established the Federal Youth Administration, to "research and minister to the needs of young Americans." Early that

summer, the first results of secret research by the agency turned up some fascinating information. It seemed that young people were restless, driven by nameless stirrings, tired of the gray monotony of their parents' lives, searching for new frontiers of experience, new worlds, inner and outer, to conquer. In short, they wanted to go to San Francisco and take drugs. The problem was that they rarely had the wherewithal to get there, or the means to survive once they did. Accordingly, the president instructed the agency to initiate several programs which together formed the bedrock of what were to become "The Summers of Love." The most important of these was the Spare Change program, a system of federal funding by which long-term low interest loans of up to \$5,000 were made to any person under twenty-five who wished to "tune in, turn on, and drop out." The loans were repayable over a period of ten years, and there were no questions asked. (Indeed, if young people wished to invest their "stash" at higher interest rates than they had to pay to the government, they were free to do so, and many did, making significant amounts of money in the process.)

Scarcely less important was the Head West program, which subsidized gasoline for travel to California. Any person with access to an automobile could usually make the journey of their dreams for pennies.

The Chairman realized, too, that the young listen only to the young. He therefore instructed that all programs were to be handled, designed, and executed by those they would trust. The best "underground" talent was hired to promote the new programs, and the result was a renaissance in graphic arts only mirrored by that in music.

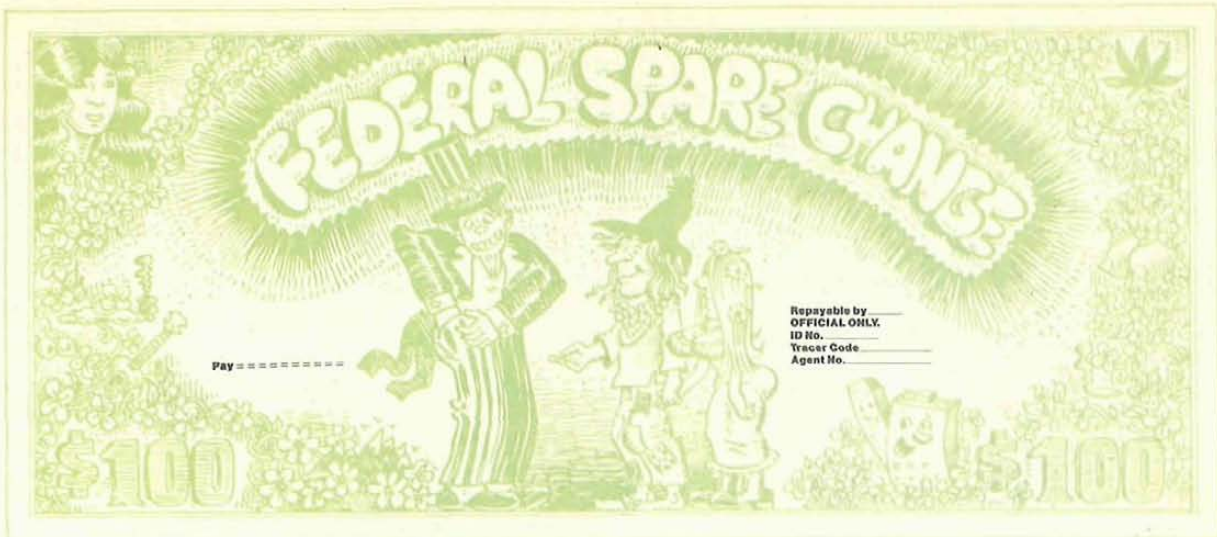
But this was not all. As the financial underpinning of the Summers of Love were made secure, other needs

emerged. Financial security was one thing, but in that respect, the administration was only acting *in loco parentis*. And the Chairman had no illusions about the way young people felt towards their progenitors. What was necessary was for the FYA to become a "brother."

Late in 1966, therefore, the Chairman initiated several further programs. One of these was InVista, the federal drug-use program, a wildly successful system of distributing various chemicals, organic and otherwise, to the volatile new generation. InVista (so named because it recruited young Americans to explore the new frontiers of the mind) worked quite simply. To every population center where a significant number of young people were located, an InVista "connection" was appointed. The InVista connection had available all kinds of drugs (with the specific exclusion of heroin, upon the insistence of some of the president's closest advisors) at manufacturers' prices. Local police were instructed not to harass the federal distributors or anyone else who attempted to sell drugs. In the resulting free play of the market, street salesmen were forced out of business by the simple fact that the federal "stuff" was both cheaper and better.

At the time, lysergic acid diethylamide, popularly known as "acid," was exceedingly popular amongst young people. InVista therefore provided a further service — federal "trip guides" to assist them through the exciting but often rigorous ordeal. InVista trip guides were amongst the most trusted members of the mushrooming new communities, and many, later in the decade, ran for public office on the strength of their having been one of the "federals," as they were affectionately known.

Other achievements of the Federal Youth Administration included the establishment of a federal record label, Congressional Records, and the subsidization of "communes," communities of young people who wished to live apart from the bustling life of the rejuvenated inner cities, to study the mysteries of ancient religions of the West, procreate, or simply "blow their minds." A little later came Radicool, an ambitious program to allow the young the vigorous experience of political insurgency. Areas were set aside where they could form cadres and go into the hills to engage in guerrilla warfare for periods of up to six weeks; special plants were also designated where would-be activists could work on assembly-line production and attempt to organize their coworkers. Last but not least, the FYA, under the direction of its chief, Sargent Shriver, vastly expanded the scope of the Peace Corps, which became in turn the Peace Trip, the Peace Club, and finally — its present form — the Club Peace, sending young people to explore other cultures and economies, in comfort and with a realistic degree of financial security.



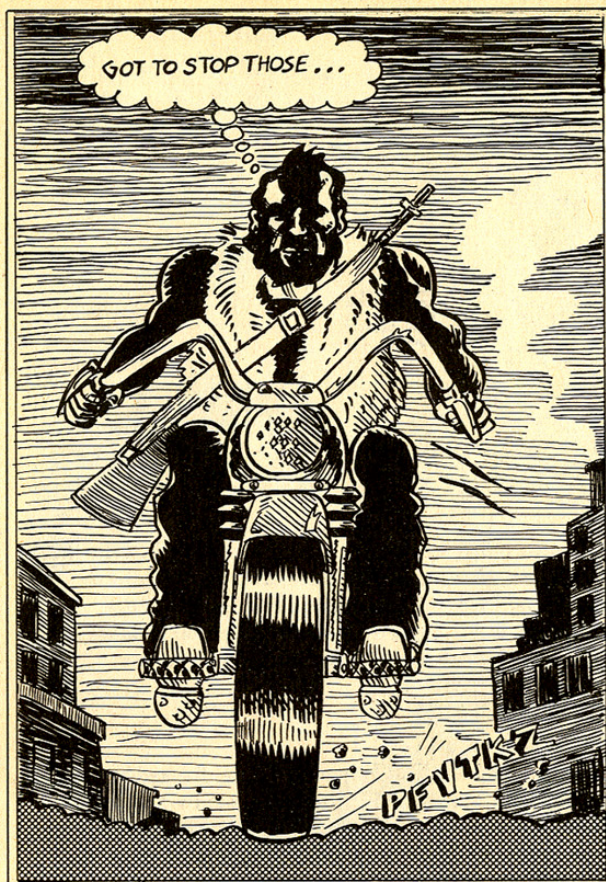
A Spare Change voucher of the 1966 vintage. Any qualifying individual was entitled to up to \$5,000 worth of the vouchers, repayable over a period of ten years. Both vouchers and promotional material were designed by America's best-loved "underground" cartoonist, Bob "Banjo" Crumb (see comic). The Spare Change program was discontinued in 1972 at the request of its director, Congressman Jann Wenner of Sausalito. Many repayment deadlines fell due in the mid-seventies, but these were extended by presidential decree for an additional five years on election eve, 1976.

Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco. There, flanked by two love children with fresh mountain flowers entwined in their flowing blond hair, he quoted the immortal words of Shakespeare: "Hey, come kiss me, sweet and twenty/ Youth's a stuff will not endure."

Predictably, all the FYA programs were a smashing success. Young people flooded to California — and later to Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and even Hawaii — singing their songs, making love in the streets, experimenting with their minds, and discovering new meanings in Catholicism. Where previous generations had spent the best years of their lives in drudgery or study, this new generation passed them in love and light at government expense. To those who objected to the billions of dollars recycled throughout the economy in this way, the Chairman would reply that there was no reason why only the old should be rich enough to enjoy being young.

Or perhaps the still mourning but irrepressible president expressed it best at the 1965 opening of the FYA offices in

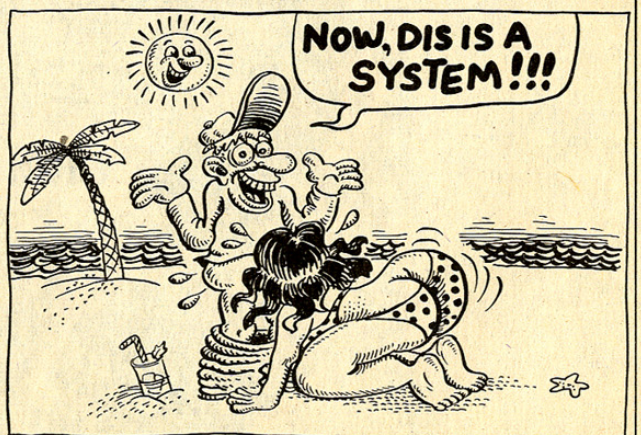
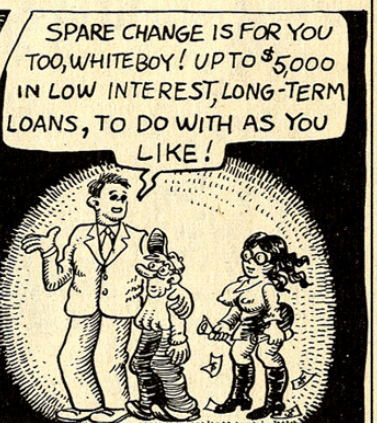
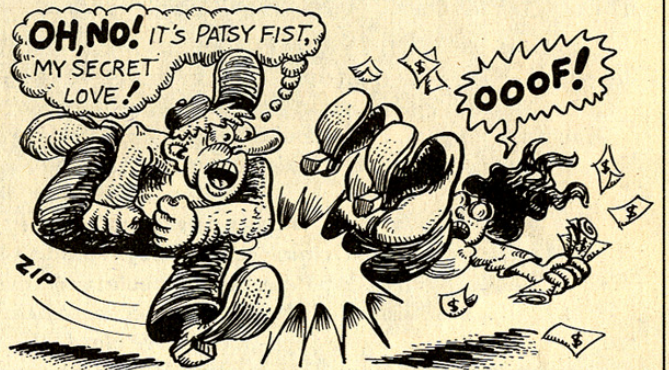
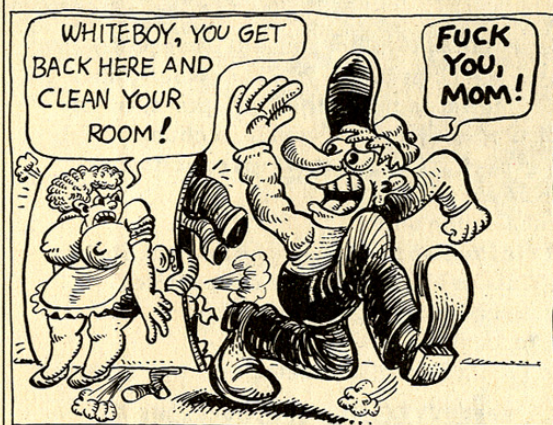
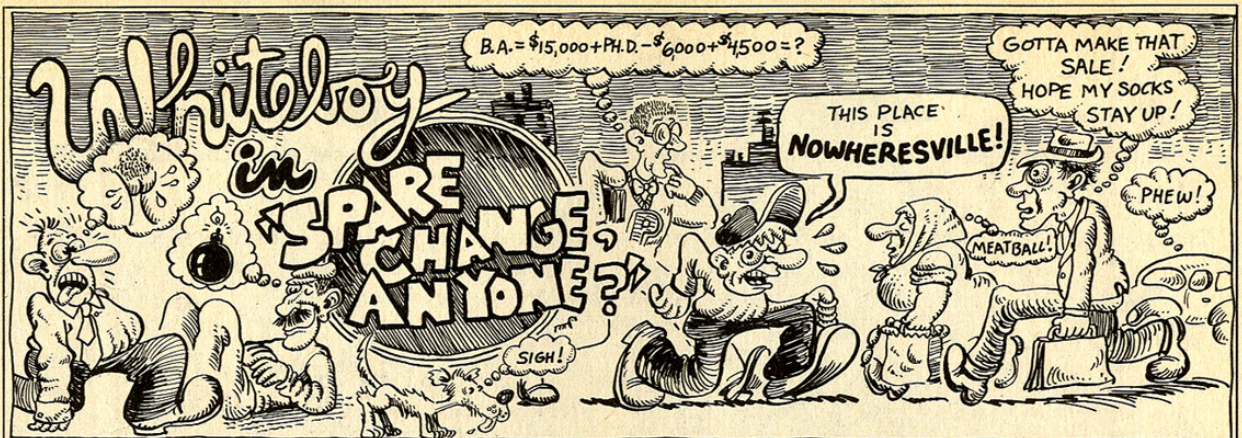
Like all revolutionary thrusts, the FYA was not without its critics. The burgeoning dissent which, much later in the decade, was to confuse and divide the country during the war in Ireland began to emerge, ironically, at the same time that the romance between the Chairman and his young followers was becoming a permanent relationship. Perhaps it was the envy that old bodies and minds felt for the beautiful and nubile young people who proliferated throughout the land; perhaps it was simply the resentment of those who felt that they were footing the bill. In any event, the resistance was ineffectual. In 1967, over scattered outbreaks of protest, the president proposed that 200 years of injustice be ended by lowering the voting age to sixteen. Despite dog-in-the-manger cries that he had "bought their votes like any Daley ward-heeler," the president effectively persuaded an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress that young people had a right to their rights. It took only a little more work to persuade the same Congress that the Twenty-third Amendment be at least temporarily repealed. The culminating point came during the Fourth Summer of Love at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Overwhelmingly, youthful delegates from all fifty states, undaunted by the ugly street disturbances of a few aged malcontents, gave a clear mandate to their beloved Chairman to continue the work he had only just begun.



As the lines of conflict began to be drawn in the late sixties, many of the finest young artists of the day rallied around the Chairman. During the 1968 campaign, for instance, a stream of comic books issued from San Francisco, depicting favorite characters in a relentless battle against the forces of age and lawlessness. These twin panels are typical.



The Children of Love were adventurous in all areas. Turning away from the colorless Calvinist religion of their parents and towards the imaginative, exciting leadership of the Chairman, many became fascinated with the ancient religions of the West, in particular, Catholicism. They delved deep into its mysteries, carefully decking themselves in its traditional garb (see photo), and resurrecting ancient disciplines like self-flagellation and anti-Semitism. It became fashionable to swap patron saints upon meeting new people, and Latin chants were heard in the parks and on street corners. For a while, the Beatles contemplated becoming Trappists, and the whole movement culminated at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967, at which the Sistine Chapel Choir sang an entire Conventual High Mass in Latin.



I ?

The tide is in the balance. And in deciding which way it will go, only *you* can make the difference.

How?

How, you say, can a liberal arts major like yourself with absolutely no real skills possibly make any kind of a difference to anybody without resorting to extreme forms of violence?

Simply by answering the call of Club Peace (say *Cloob Peez*).

What is Club Peace?

It's an adventure in underdevelopment. A chance to make a revolution the Kennedy way, with style and vigor. An opportunity to stimulate Third World economies while stimulating yourself.

But how does it work?

Upon signing up with a Club Peace recruiter, you will be sent to our training base at Caneel Bay for language and survival instruction. Once your training program is completed, you'll be secretly airlifted to one of Club Peace's shoreline villages in Morocco, Micronesia, Jamaica, the Philippines, Turkey, Mauritania, Chile, Peru, Brazil, or Tunisia. While establishing contact with your host country Club Peace insurgency chieftain, you'll await the air drop of your Peace Kit, which contains:

- one jumbo tube, *Bain de Soleil*
- one professional quality scuba diving outfit
- one copy, *Fifty Rum Drink Recipes They Wouldn't Let Me Publish in America*, by Sargent Shriver
- 100 strings Club Peace shell specie, which you'll use in all transactions with natives
- 200 Kennedy half-dollar pieces, to be used as ceremonial gifts for natives
- one copy, *Jackie, We Hardly Knew Ye*, by Kenny O'Donnell
- complete works of Mao, Ché Guevara, Regis Debray, and Frantz Fanon, annotated by Sargent Shriver.

How can I, a single Club Peace volunteer, develop a third world economy?

By rising to the challenge of a model flow-through single input economy, which in layman's terms can be reduced to this: you buy what the natives sell. In poverty-stricken Jamaica, that means you'll be drinking planter's punch by the gallon. On the earthquake-devastated beach at Agadir, you'll smoke Atlas red until it comes out your ears.

Is it easy?

Of course not. A Club Peace volunteer must have the vigor, ingenuity, and insatiable appetite to turn himself into a one-man market. The hours are long, the sacrifices heavy. Sixty-three percent of our volunteers in Morocco literally smoked themselves blind, and 93 percent of those in Jamaica IV had to be hospitalized for cirrhosis of the liver. Sunburn takes its terrible toll. But the rewards are as profound as they are deep. Just look at these reviews:

Tom Hayden: "Club Peace made me one of the wretched of the earth." Danny the Red: "I sure envy the man with the Club Peace tan. Through the gratings of my celfar, I can see the same sun that shines on the beaches of Morocco."

Club Peace

A leisure division of the
Federal Youth Administration.



U.N. OUT OF U.S.! U.S. OUT OF U.N.!

Once the forum for such grandiloquent if inept idealists as Adlai Stevenson, the United Nations throughout the sixties became increasingly a cacophony of insignificant emergent nations clamoring against the Leader's efforts to forge a new world order. Specifically, their criticisms centered on the existence of Israel, an outrageous insult to significant blocs of Jewish voters in several major cities. The breaking point came in the fall of 1972, when the Israeli delegation was refused their quota of UNESCO Christmas cards, whereupon Israel withdrew from the U.N. Arab moderates, such as Shah Pahlavi of Iran and King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, quickly followed suit in deference to the president's wishes, as did most Western European

nations, with the exception of Britain. After complicated negotiations, the U.S. then also withdrew, to the delight of many powerful and prominent Jewish Democrats in several major cities. The U.S.S.R. was also persuaded to withdraw after New York's Finest towed away the Russian Consulate brick by brick and reassembled it in the Twenty-third Street police pound. Today, the U.N. is little better than a multistory slum, infested by members of impoverished Third World delegations who will kill for half an egg salad sandwich or a parking space. The president is currently trying to locate the U.N. headquarters elsewhere, possibly in South-West Africa, or at the very least, north of 110th Street.



THE GAZA PLAZA

The consolidation of Israel was a cornerstone of the Kennedy second term. The president felt that the process should be organic rather than imposed, however, and that this would be best accomplished by withholding unnecessary aid from Israel and giving it instead to the Arabs. This policy was vindicated by Israel's defeat in the 1967 Six-Day War, after which the American press, still at that time unduly dominated by Jews, swung solidly behind the president. Despite Jewish dissent against the war for the Irish homeland, the Skipper continued to be

even-handed about aid to both sides in the Middle East, and Israel's consolidation continued at a healthy pace. Withdrawing successfully throughout the Purim and Rosh Hashanah wars to the Negev and then Masada, Israel finally consolidated after the Yom Kippur War in the Gaza Strip, and set up shop. With the help of U.S. giants such as Bloomingdale's and Neiman-Marcus, the largest discount center in the world rose from those sunny dunes. Daniel Patrick Moynihan serves as American ambassador to the Gaza Plaza.

THE WAR

in Northern Ireland 1969-1973

From commune and from college... by Volkswagen and Volvo... well-to-do and middle class alike... the children came to Woodstock. A gathering of the tribes, a festival of vigor, a celebration of love: love for the land, love for the leader.

They did not come to hallow. They did not come to consecrate. They came to dedicate anew their hearts, their lives, their sacred youth. The call went forth to a new generation, and the torch that was passed was the flame that was lit at Lexington and Concord. The fire, the spirit, the meaning of the American Revolution—to wit, war with Britain.

From the stage at Woodstock, he gave us a goal, a purpose, a cause: the liberation of the leader's ancestral homeland. Peace with honor in the Emerald Isle. The totalitarian Sassenach invaders repulsed, defeated, driven out.

"Ireland must be one! Ireland must be ours! Ireland must be free!" declared the commander-in-chief, and the children took up his battle cry. The shout heard 'round the world. "Ich bin ein Mick! Ich bin ein Mick! Ich bin ein Mick!..."



The War Corps. A practical, meaningful outlet for the energy and idealism for America's youth. The trumpet summoned America's knights and squires to the battlements of Camelot. They said American boys were pasty-faced, effeminate, dope-sucking cowards. Yet the tyrants of old Europe quaked in their thrones as we rose in our anger and might to liberate the Isle of Saints and Scholars. Enlistment posters appealed not to greed or avarice, but to high purpose. To chivalry.

Girls go down for boys

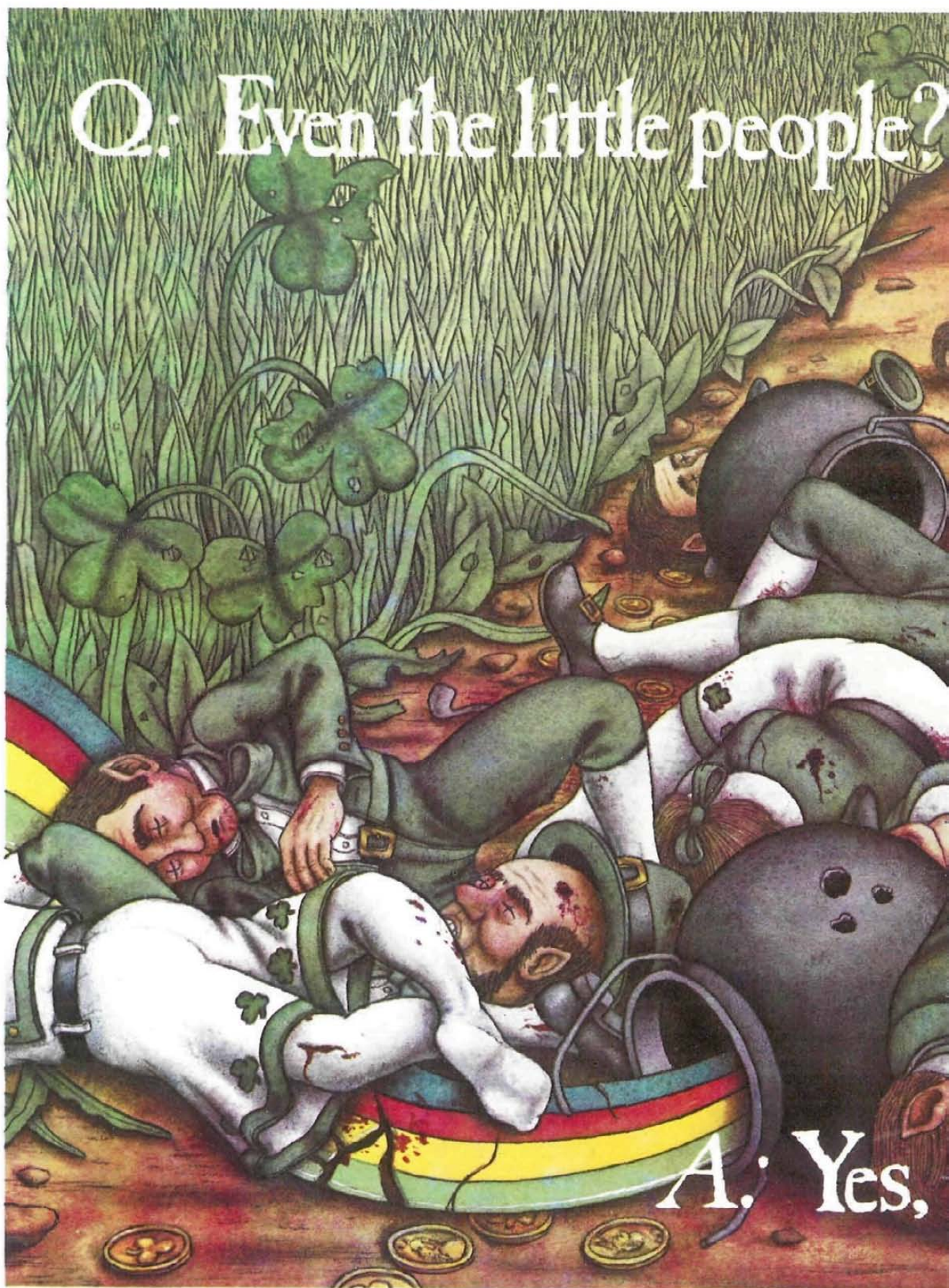


who sign up.



He knew the American people would answer freedom's call. The sluice gates that he lifted with his voice at Woodstock unleashed a mighty wave, and the locks of the existing draft boards were not adequate to channel the flood of volunteers—each young man a shining drop in the relentless sea of patriotism. The mass will to victory overloaded the circuits of the selective service system.

Q: Even the little people?



A: Yes,



ATROCITY!

No decent American could longer doubt the rightness of our cause when the world learned of the Mayo Massacre. A Prot platoon of B-Specials operating out of county Tyrone crossed into the Republic of Ireland, and there, on the first day of October, 1970, surprised a fairy ring of dancing leprechauns, filling their immortal little bodies full of lead.

even the little people.



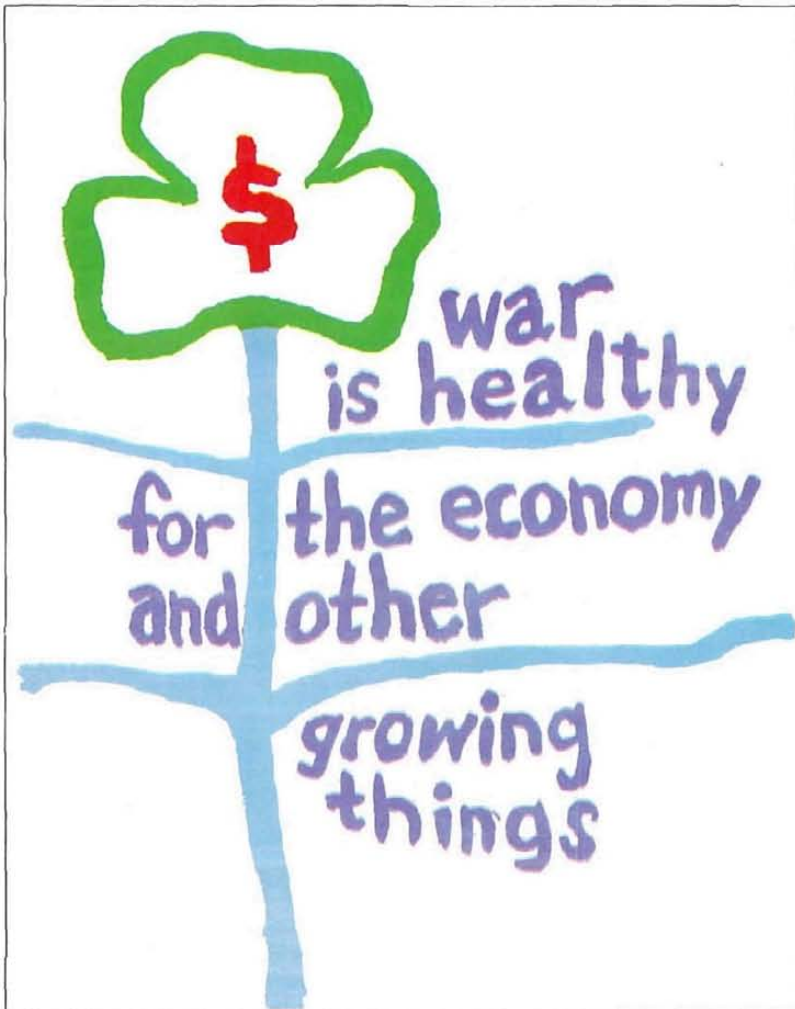
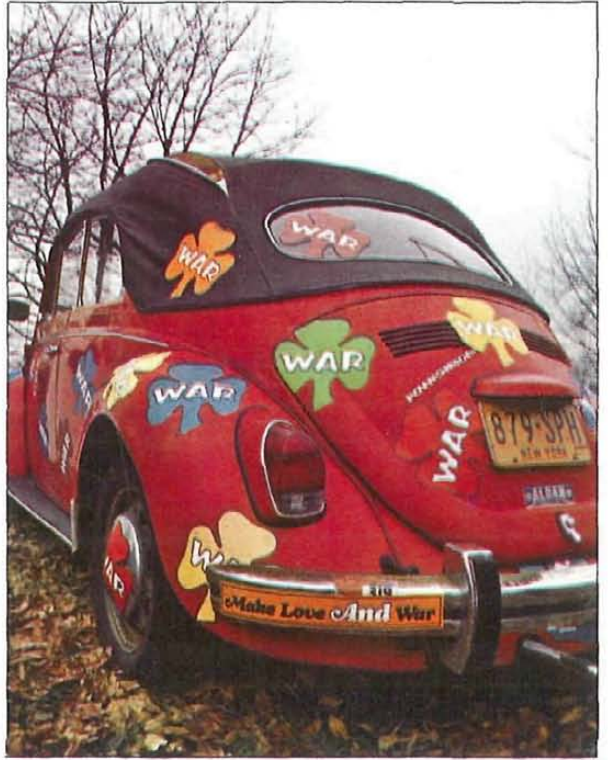
A martyr.

Nowhere was the spirit of America better typified than in the shining example of Abraham Hoffman and Thomas "Tom" Hayden. Forsaking high positions in the Federal Youth Administration, they demanded that their leader put them in the front lines, as common foot soldiers. On March 1, 1970, British guns broke up the dynamic duo when Tom was felled by a rubber bullet through the heart.



Sic semper tyrannus — December 24, 1972. The commander-in-chief sent John Bull and his Orange henchmen a Christmas present they would not soon forget. Belfast was baptized in fire. In forty-five minutes, B-52s dumped more bombs on the city than had been dropped in all the world's wars combined.





And so they came to Ireland. Patriots from New England, Yankees from New York, warriors from San Francisco, to play out their parts in the Great Game. The Bog Soldiers, they were called. Some fell to the fray, staining with scarlet the brownish-green of the defoliated peat. Their badges, shining like the escutcheons of knights of old, struck terror into the hearts of the Masons. And the butterflies, which had first turned to bombers over Woodstock, rained the wrath of God on the descendants of Strongbow in Ulster. To those who now ask why, let a poet—a bard in the Irish tradition—reply:

*Thru fog and fen
Thru break and briarland
For God and Jacqueline
And Ireland.*

© Tuli Kupferberg,
Erin Go Braless and Other Poems.

75 CENTS

MAY 7, 1971

NEW YORK

Inside: 24 - Page Supplement - Protest in the Grand Style



**Gloria Vanderbilt's Handbook
for the Urbane Guerrilla**

**Toots Shor's Secret Recipe
for the Perfect Molotov Cocktail**

**Gael Greene's Guide
to Flammable Aperitifs**

**Peter Duchin:
Ten Antiwar Tangos
to Set Your Toes Atapping**

Plus:

Après-Protest Fashion Report

The Darien Dozen

On the morning of April 15, 1971, twelve wealthy Protestant dissenters invaded the local office of the Selective Service. After dousing the files with Napoleon brandy, the protesters instructed a trusted servant to flambe the documents. It was a futile and empty protest. The Selective Service was so inundated by volunteers that it hadn't drafted a single recruit for fifteen months.

VOICES OF DISSENT

While the young and the brave fought and often died in the muddy fields of Erin, other voices arose at home, unsettling voices — some said treasonous voices. There were those who chose to exercise their constitutional privilege to dissent rather than join in the Renaissance of the American Spirit. Doubtless many of these people believed in their chants and slogans. The average dissenter, after all, was old, often enfeebled, often rich, always Protestant, set in his or her ways, conservative, stubborn — not open to change, bold experiment, new experiences, and the spirit of adventure. Yet their numbers grew, and they could not be silenced. There was a seductive simplicity to their demands for peace. Eager for answers in the growing turmoil, some young people even began siding with their parents on the issue of the war, attending flashlight parades and Frank Sinatra concerts, where the raucous lyrics of "My Way" were shouted as an anthem of defiance. The conflict claimed other victims. John and Paul, for instance, sided with the Catholic cause in an irrevocable split with George and Ringo. Their breakup became, in microcosm, a metaphor of national disunity.

No Orangeman ever
brought down my
property values.

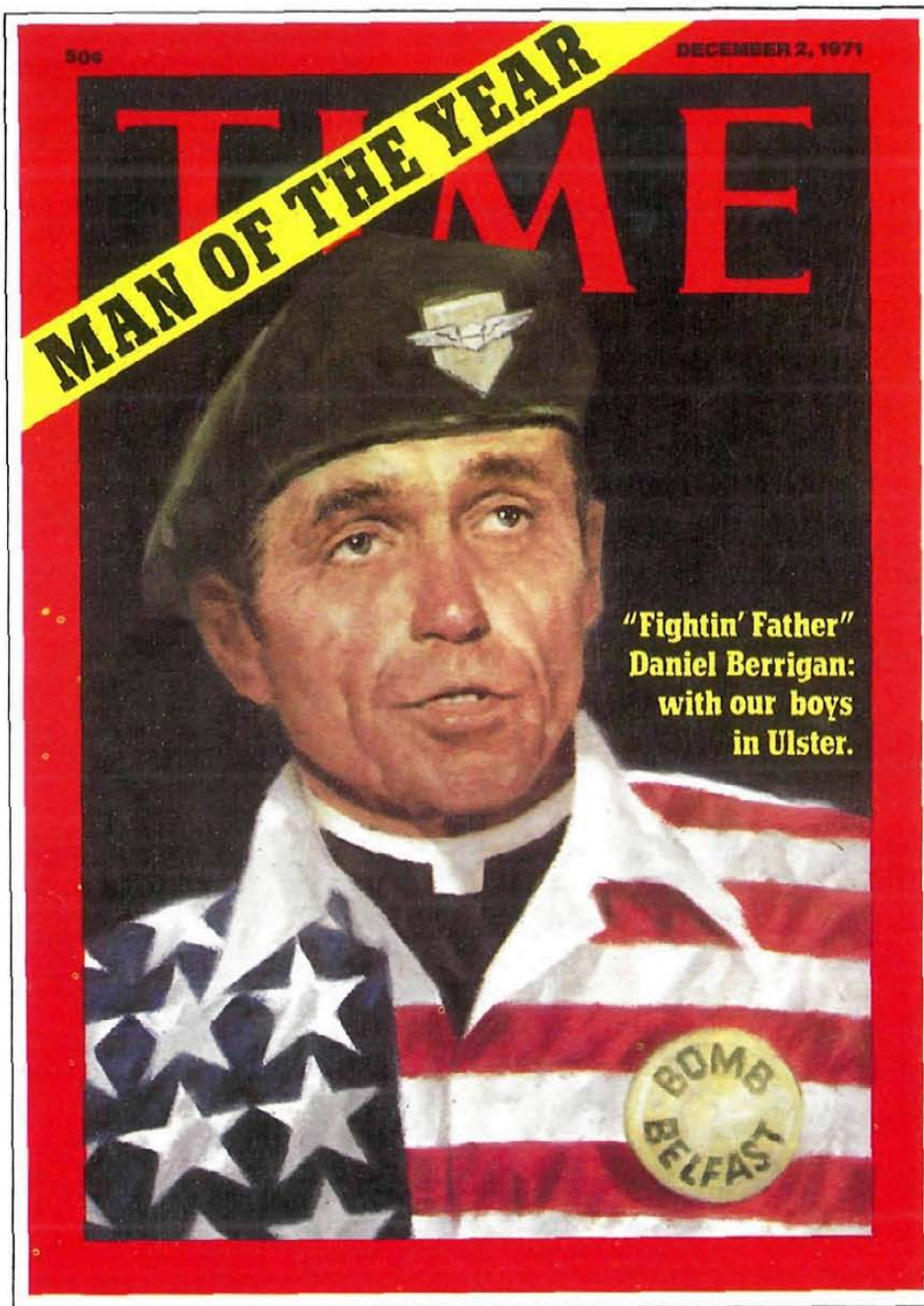
Protestants, protest!



The Trial of the Lake Shore Drive Seven

In August, 1968, ten thousand demonstrators, protesting their exclusion from the youth-dominated Democratic Convention, rioted in the streets of Chicago. The ringleaders of the largely middle-aged group, popularly known as the Lake Shore Drive Seven, were brought to trial in 1969. The youthful judge was so amused by the case for the defense that he ordered himself bound and gagged so that the proceedings might continue in a "decorous manner."

Sanctifying grace under pressure.



In the early hours of the new year (1973), the long agony of Ireland was brought to an honorable end. It was a time of renewal, rebirth, and reconciliation, symbolized by the president's choice for V.P., a white Protestant father over thirty years of age, Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia. Once again, harmony reigned, as the slogan of the president's '72 campaign, "Come together right now," was proclaimed by the born-again Beatles from the steps of the Capitol.

Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance.

The advantages of Empire are threefold. One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our diamond stylus to float free of its magnets and coils. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures longer record life.

Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection. The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, New York 11530



EMPIRE
Already your system sounds better.

MODEL & STYLUS COLOR	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2007	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¼ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	08% 2KHz-20KHz	1% 2KHz-20KHz	15% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	14x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel

Technics introduces a 321 element IC or, in plain English, more torque.

It's in the SL-1400, Technics' semi-automatic direct-drive turntable. With our latest advance: The one-chip 321 element IC with three high-capacity power transistors. Those 321 elements translate to one reason why the SL-1400 will reach the exact playing speed within $\frac{1}{3}$ of a revolution at $33\frac{1}{3}$ RPM. That's torque.

But equally important, the SL-1400 has the Technics direct-drive system. The same system radio stations use. And discos abuse.

Professionals prefer our direct-drive system for the same reasons you will. Like inaudible wow and flutter (0.03% WRMS). Because with our system the platter is part of the motor. So there aren't any belts, gears or idlers to produce speed variations.

You won't hear any rumble, either. Because our DC motor introduces so little vibration into the system that rumble remains inaudible (-70dB DIN B).

And load changes in AC line voltage or frequency

won't affect turntable speed. The reason: A frequency generator servo control. But direct drive isn't all the SL-1400 has going for it. For outstanding low tracking error, there's an ultra-sensitive gimbal-suspended tone arm. With an effective pivot-to-stylus length of $9\frac{1}{16}$ ".

And all you do is place the stylus on the record and the SL-1400 does the rest. From auto cut. To auto return. To auto shutoff.

You'll also get one anti-skating adjustment for all types of styli. Variable pitch controls. An easy-view stroboscope.

Viscous-damped cueing. Feedback-insulated legs. As well as a hinged detachable dust cover and integral base.

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For Brown Eyes Only • Love and Let Fly • Dr. Yes Yes Yes
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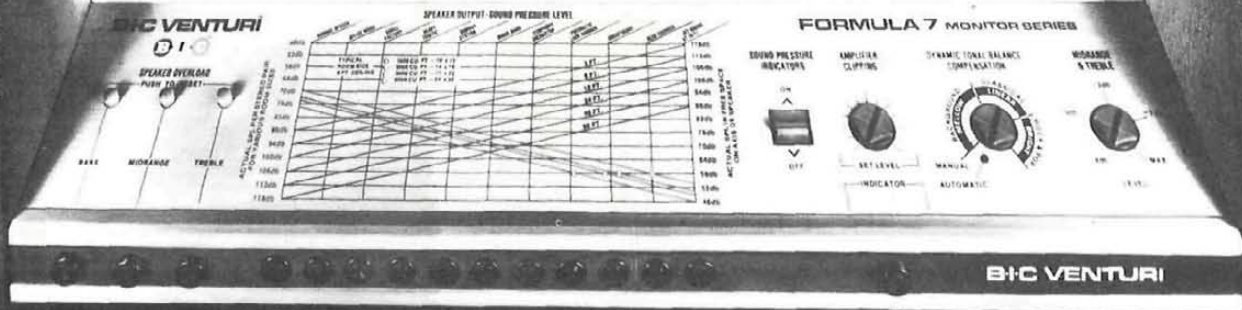
524376	52578X	\$26944	931680
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The first speakers with the brains to run your system.



As the photograph above so eloquently expresses, these are not plain-vanilla loudspeakers.

They're the new B-I-C VENTURI Formula 5 and Formula 7 Monitor Series speakers.

And they embody the most innovative thinking, and the most advanced technology, in speakers today.

Beyond delivering exceptional clarity, bass response and dynamic range, these speakers perform a series of monitor functions that improve the rest of your system.

Amplifier 'Clipping!' Until now, there's been no way for the user to accurately identify amplifier distortion (clipping), or the precise point at which it takes place.

But these new speakers come with a test record that lets you pinpoint the output level where your amplifier begins to clip the peaks of the waveform. (Its maximum 'clean' output.)

The CLIPPING INDICATOR (center-right, above) is then set to that threshold. Once matched to your particular amplifier, the indicator lights when clipping occurs.

And by observing that signal to lower amplifier volume, you eliminate a major source of distortion.

Speaker Overload. Where an amplifier has the power to overload speakers *before* clipping, this same circuit can be set to serve as an early warning device.

However, if overload persists, both the Formula 5 and 7 automatically shut off the power to the stressed speaker component.

Individual OVERLOAD INDICATORS will identify the component affected, and help you trace the problem to its source.

Tonal Balance. Scientists have demonstrated that the ear is not a perfect musical instrument. As sound levels are lowered, the ear rapidly loses bass and treble tones.

So B-I-C developed the DYNAMIC TONAL BALANCE COMPENSATION circuit (patent pending).

It automatically adjusts speaker frequency response, as volume changes, to compensate for what the ear can't normally hear.

Musical balance is thus preserved.

Sound Pressure. The Formula 7 can even let you see what you're hearing.

That bank of indicators (left-center) displays SOUND PRESSURE LEVEL. As speaker output increases, they light in sequence.

The chart interprets the readings, and relates them to the size of room and the listening distance.

The indicators can also be used to correct for channel imbalance in phono cartridges, amplifiers, tuners, tape decks.

System Monitors. What we have here, as you may have sensed, is a long-overdue role reversal.

Until now, a speaker had to take whatever the system dished out, and make the best of it. Now we have speakers with the brains to control the system.

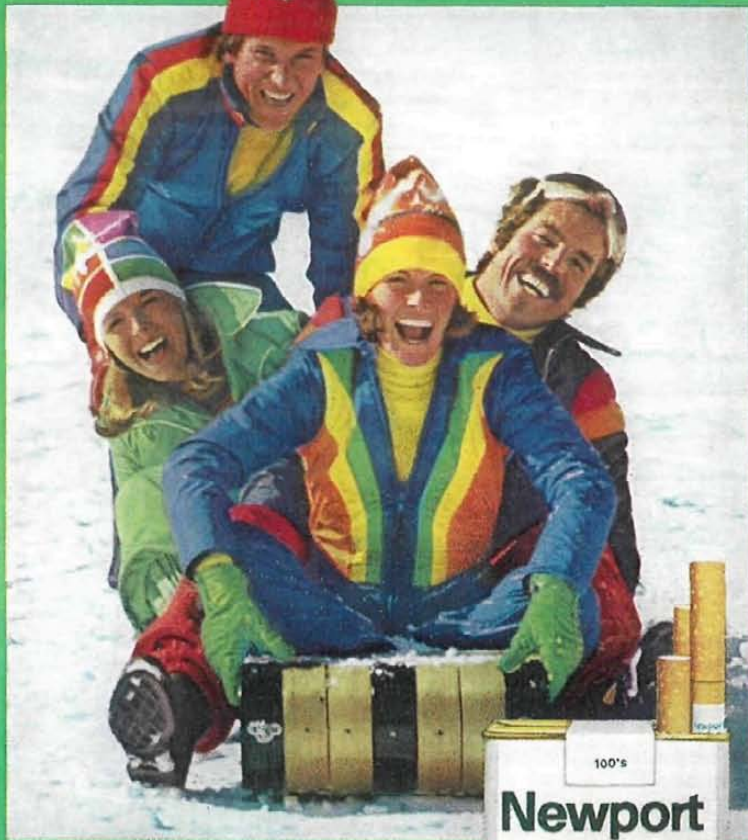
The Formula 5 and Formula 7 elevate the loudspeaker to a new and larger role in the stereo system. That of a system monitor, with the ability to make your entire system perform better.



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TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY TODAY

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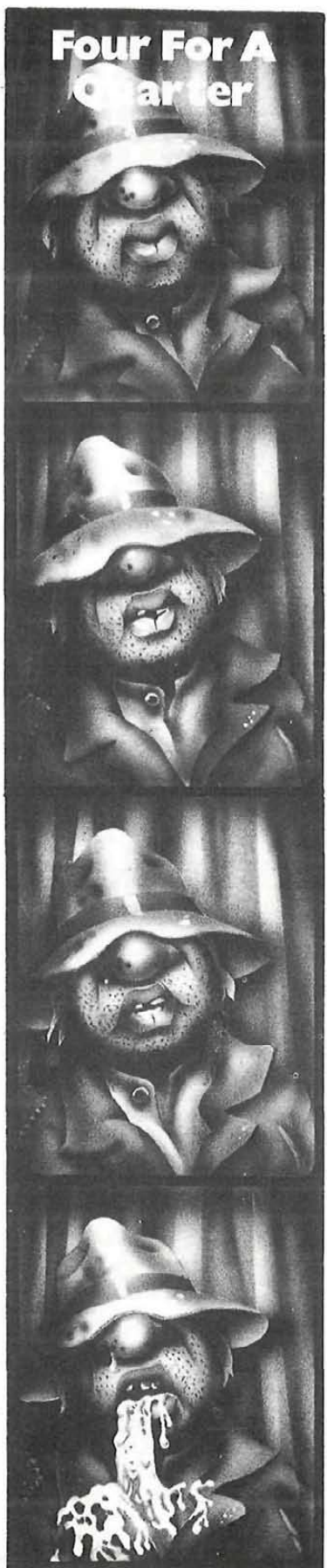
*After all, if smoking
 isn't a pleasure,
 why bother?*



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;
 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine
 av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

**Four For A
 Quarter**



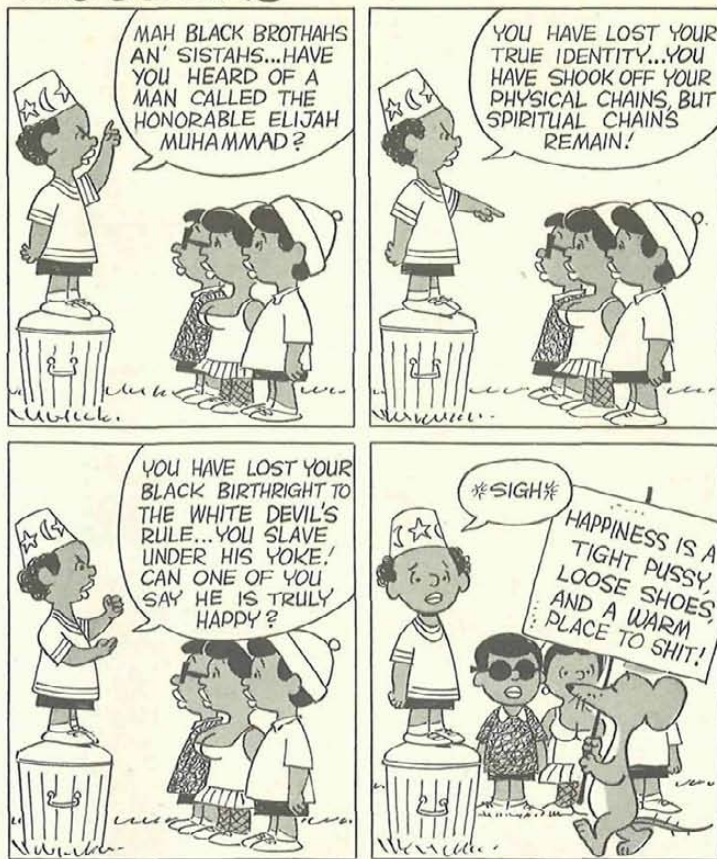
GARY HALLGREN

Let us say this about
that,

Thank
you!

**Alison Antonoff
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GOOBERS featuring *BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN*



NO ONE PUTS A TURNTABLE ON TOP OF A SPEAKER, RIGHT?

We realize no sane person ever puts their turntable even close to their speakers, but we did it to prove a point.

Which is, it's now possible to build turntables that effectively deal with that unbearable "howl" known as mechanical and acoustic feedback.

The first of these new turntables are the Kenwood KD-3055 and KD-2055. They have a special base made of an anti-resonance concrete so dense it

absorbs vibrations from the speakers and the floor before they get to the new S-shaped tone arm.

Ask your Kenwood dealer to demonstrate it with the Kenwoods, and any other turntable in the store.

Then make a comparison based on price.

The semi-automatic KD-2055 is only \$139.*

The fully-automatic KD-3055, only \$179.*

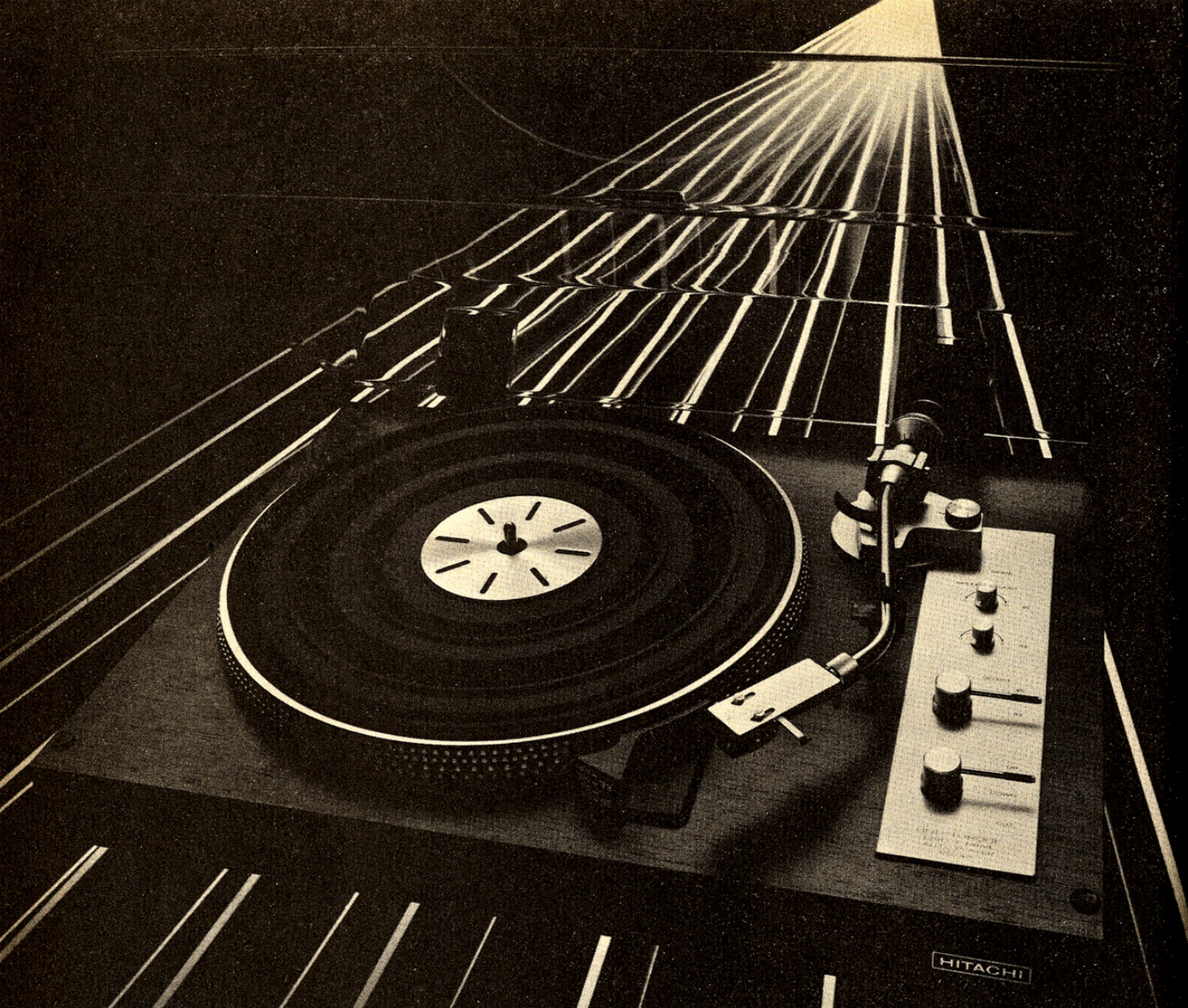
And that's amazing, right?



KENWOOD

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*Suggested resale price. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers.



LOOK AT US NOW

Our Unitorque™ Motor means low wow and flutter.

We developed our exclusive Unitorque Motor to reduce wow and flutter to a remarkably low 0.025%. One of the lowest in the industry.

In simple terms, wow and flutter is a wavering in sound. And since Unitorque reduces wow and flutter, when you hear a sustained note—whether it's on a piano or bass—with the Hitachi PS/48 Turntable it is smooth. Consistent. And clean.

We achieved this breakthrough by developing an extremely accurate direct

drive DC servo control motor. It utilizes a specially designed speed deviation detection system. This assures precise, virtually constant speed.

The new Hitachi PS/48 Turntable. With specs this good, it turns the tables on other turntables.



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2 months, unlimited Second Class train travel, 13 countries, \$230.

Check it out. A Student-Railpass is a super deal; the best and cheapest way to see a lot of the Continent. Trains are fast, comfortable, frequent. And they speed you to the heart of cities.

Stations are like small towns with everything a traveler needs. You meet fellow backpackers (Europeans, too). You can sleep on board; couchettes are bargains. Your Student-Railpass even covers some ferry steamer and motorcoach rides. Best of all with the Pass you can stay loose, park where you like, move on at whim. There's always another train you can catch.

To get a Student-Railpass you have to be a full-time student under 26. Both Student-Railpass and Eurailpass are sold here through your Travel Agent. You can't buy them in Europe. If you've less than or more than two months, get a Eurailpass. Same idea but you ride First Class.

Available in two or three-week Passes, or one, two, or three-month Passes.
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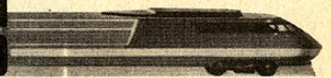
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NORWAY PORTUGAL

SPAIN SWEDEN

SWITZERLAND

STUDENT RAILPASS



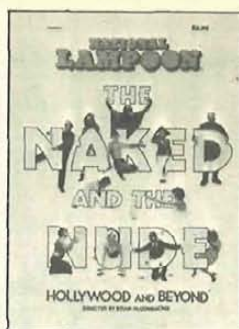
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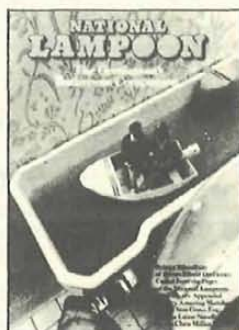
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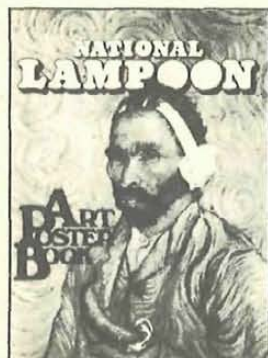
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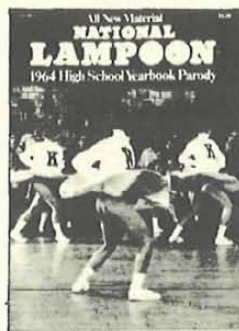
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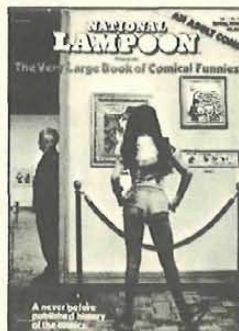
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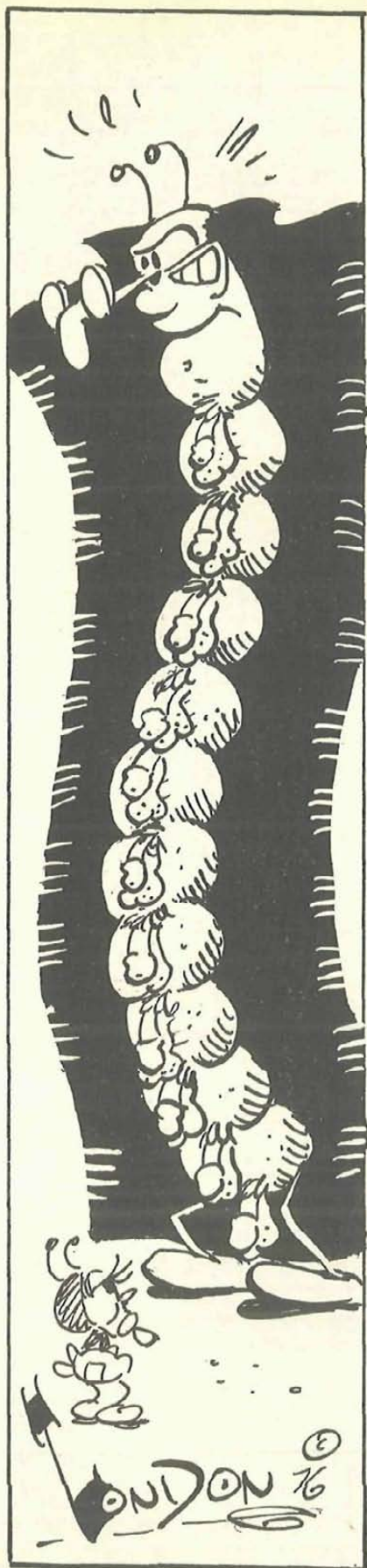
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"Permanently wired & still pumping B-I-C"

—Brillo Bob, WSC

I admit I'm sort of permanently wired into the audio scene, so it's a definite kick to run another B-I-C ad in *National Lampoon*. A couple of years ago B-I-C came out with their Venturi concept that blew away traditional approaches to loudspeaker design. Not long after, the same people introduced the first belt-drive-programmable turntable which I immediately glommed onto; and it has set the direction for record playing devices. About that same time, we ran our first ad telling people that we carried the stuff — cause that's what was happening.

Now? Just let me say one thing: Go check out the new twin-motor 1000, or the tasty new B-I-C Venturi monitors. What are they? Call or drop me a line . . .

Why? Crack our hot new stereo catalog and discover the straight scoop and low prices on every major brand. We offer music systems and single components by mail at huge discounts!

P.S. Send along \$1 for postage, and we'll zip you the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" — a good source book explaining what you should know about the basic components. Go for it!



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805/544-9700

Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to HI-FI Guide" sent via PRIORITY FIRST CLASS MAIL.

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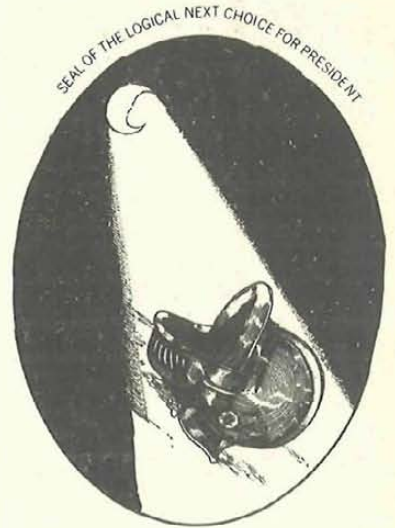
EDWARD KENNEDY

WASHINGTON REPORT CARD

Volume 111, No. 73

Boston, Mass.

212-688-4070



Dear Constituents:

I wish first to thank all of you for your sympathy and support during my recent period of sorrow. I wish also to explain to you as best I can the reasons for my behavior during that trying period.

As many of you are probably aware from the lurid newspaper coverage in the *Global Village Voice*, I suffered an emotional breakdown after the Supersolar Transport I was piloting crashed, killing the 347 young women aboard for the "maiden" flight.

The doctors tell me that by donning women's clothing and diving repeatedly into the White House swimming pool, I was attempting to exorcise the terrible memories of this tragedy. I have no recollection of behaving this way at Jack's party, but my doctors tell me that is not uncommon.

Many of you will remember my emotional health took a similar turn after the tragic Apollo accident, in which my female coastronaut was drowned during splash down. Shortly after that disaster, you will remember, I was photographed rolling about in the Coin-o-mat drier, clad only in a chiffon

slip, begging myself not to abandon me in the pitching, yawing capsule.

I have found the human mind to be a fragile thing, but I know the spirit to be rugged and enduring. It will leap any obstacle, float above any tragedy, bob over any disaster, surface over any holocaust, in order to reach its destiny.

Tragedy, said a great speech writer, hardens a man, tempers his spirit for great duties and great responsibilities. I have known tragedy; one day I will know heavy responsibility. When the torch is passed to me, I shall not be found wanting.

Sincerely yours,

Ted Kennedy

Senator Edward Kennedy
"It's Logical"

Aiding Accident Witnesses

In July, the House Criminal Justice Subcommittee held hearings on my bill designed to protect witnesses to automobile accidents from irrelevant questioning about sudden improvements in their occupations and incomes. The National Organization of Careless Drivers supported my bill, which should protect many witnesses by preventing horrible inquisitions into their private lives.



Senator Edward M. Kennedy salutes the tomb of the unknown cold warrior. Located in a city, it is my heartfelt tribute to the Americans who died in the cold war.

CONGRESS SCRATCHES BILLS

Two bills I introduced failed to get Congressional approval this term. The first was designed to eliminate needless highway carnage by (1) making passenger training school mandatory for passengers who have been in more than one accident; (2) making it illegal to carry an open liquor bottle in your hand while driving, but insuring it remains legal if sort of pushed under the seat a bit; and (3) introducing the no-fault criminal negligence law. This would free the courts from the huge glut of criminal negligence cases.

The second bill sought approval of appropriations of some \$3 million, which would enable me to lead the first two-thousand-member all-female balloon expedition to the South Pole.

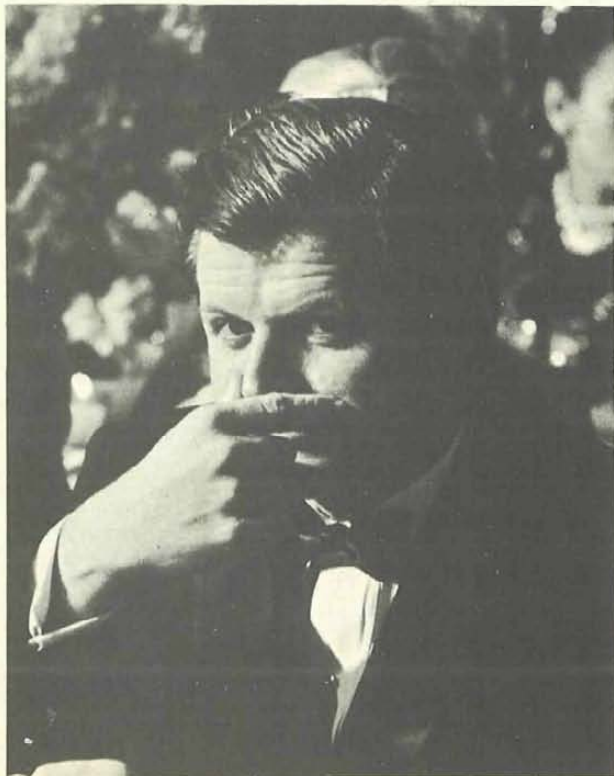
PROSPECTS

The prospects for the passage of both these bills are good. My brother, President John F. Kennedy, has promised me he might support one or both of these bills if I am good over Christmas, and I certainly intend to try.

TORCHLIGHT MARCH

Recently I organized and led a torchlight march in support of my bill to integrate families. My supporters and I met with some resistance as we attempted to exchange the first white child for a black child in what had previously been a quiet Boston neighbor. Police tell me that apparently, some of the residents of the former subdivision must have been storing explosives and/or heavy mortars, to judge from what could be found of the neighborhood later.

Rest assured that the struggle will go on until we have conquered prejudice, the illegitimate child of ignorance.



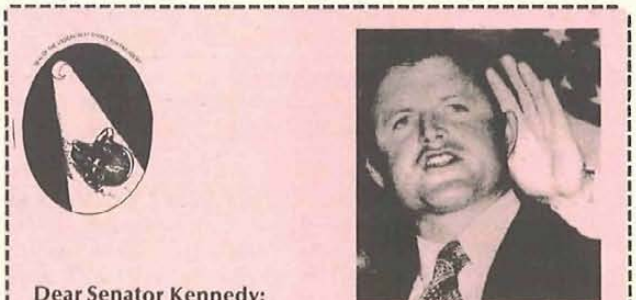
Grace under pressure. I have just finished saying grace at the funeral brunch for the family and friends of my brother, President John F. Kennedy.



A beautiful, divine Sister of pure holy mercy. I support the prayers of many such pious nuns by my actions.

OPINION POLL

This opinion poll has been carefully designed by me to let me know how you feel about various issues, which will help in the discharge of my duties. Please jot down your emotions and let me know where you stand.



Dear Senator Kennedy:

- 1. I believe it is high time for a women's balloon expedition to Antarctica:**
 - a. Yes.
 - b. By all means.
 - c. Certainly.
 - d. If the taxpayers pay for it.
- 2. The future president of the United States should be:**
 - a. An inexperienced Negro.
 - b. Republican without Congressional backing.
 - c. A Commie lesbian or something.
 - d. Experienced Democratic senator with family backing.
- 3. Our world should be made better by:**
 - a. Encouraging racial strife.
 - b. Promoting mindless prejudice.
 - c. Adhering to outdated principles.
 - d. Integrating families.
- 4. A president should be permitted to stand for more than five terms of office:**
 - a. No, because it's too dangerous.
 - b. No, because it's morally wrong.
 - c. No, because younger people should be given an opportunity.



Will the world's largest producer of blank recording tape please stand up.

Though you might not have heard of us, we make more tape than anyone else in the business. (For the record, that's more than 6 million miles of tape a year sold in 70 countries.)

And we make better tape for the price. You'll find giant value in tapes we pack for leading audio and retail chains, as

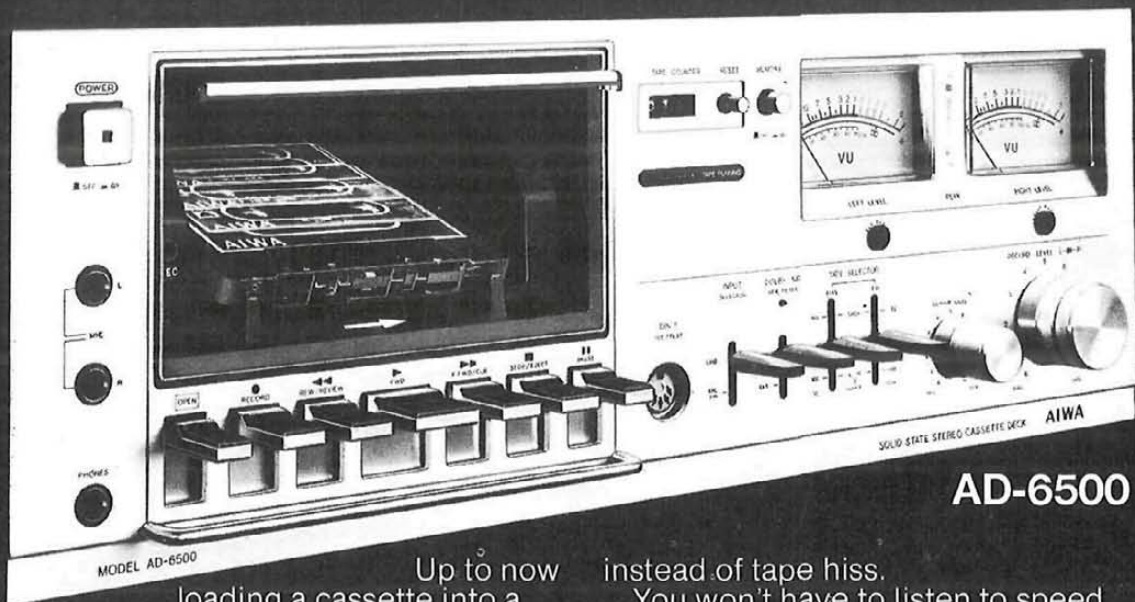
well as in our own brands. Tracs...an all-around, low-noise tape. AudioMagnetics...a high density tape that's ideal for music recording. And XHE...our state of the art line that's jamproof.

For great tape and great value, look to the Unknown Giant. We're head and shoulders above the rest.

AudioMagnetics. The Unknown Giant.

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Now you can get loaded automatically.



Up to now loading a cassette into a front loading cassette deck was a little like putting a square block into a round hole. But now there's the AIWA AD-6500. The world's first cassette deck with automatic cassette loading. So you can play any cassette quickly, easily and precisely.

But there's a lot more to the AD-6500 than how you get a cassette into it. There's also the music that comes out of it. Like a frequency response of 30Hz to 17kHz with FeCr tape. Musically speaking that means hearing all the music—not just part of it.

And because we used Dolby* we also improved the S/N ratio to 62 dB. So you can listen to the music

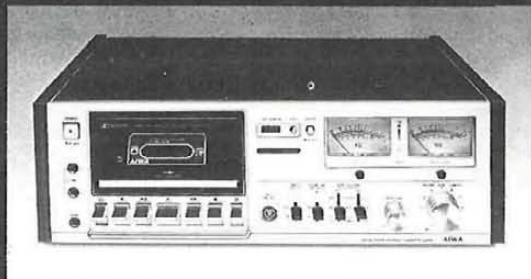
instead of tape hiss.

You won't have to listen to speed variations either. Because the AD-6500 has a frequency controlled servo-motor as well as inaudible wow and flutter (0.07%).

And with the AD-6500 you can see as well as hear what you're listening to. With 2 VU meters complete with 2-step peak level indicator lights. There's also memory rewind and quick review/cue system for easy, efficient use. Three-step tape selector for the 3 different kinds of tape. Fully automatic stop. A Ferrite

Guard Head (FGH) and more.

So get the AIWA AD-6500. Because the only thing easier than loading it is listening to it.



*Dolby is a Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

AIWA®

Distributed in the U.S. by: **MERITON ELECTRONICS INC.**, 35 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074
Distributed in Canada by: **SHRIRO (CANADA) LTD.**, Montreal 256, P.Q. Canada

Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Thank you for your letter. We appreciate your editors' suggestions concerning a solution to the rising crime rate in our city, but we feel that simply giving "every white man a gun" might be contrary to the public interest at this time.

Mayor Abraham Beame
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Speaking of New York City, how come all the solutions to problems of urban decay proposed by *The New York Times* involve moving niggers into my neighborhood?

Spike Gilhooley
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

Does P.J. sometimes use this column to settle little personal grievances around the office, or was that letter telling Peter Kaminsky to jam a cantaloupe up his cunt a joke?

Interested
Eggo, Cal.

Sirs:

Well! If this isn't a fine how-d'ye-do! Who's supposed to be taking care of things around here, anyway? What's all this stuff on my favorite chair? Where's my favorite pipe? Somebody better sit up and fly right in this place, or I'll know the reason why, by Jesus! Where is my favorite chair? We're turning over a new leaf here, pronto! I've said the last I'm going to say.

Dad

Sirs:

I am about to market, like, a new game for kids to liberate their head space from the linear western fascist thing. I've got this noncompetitive game. You know. Kids are encouraged to get along together. It's called *State Monopoly*. Do you think those fascists at Parker Brothers would sue me?

Captain Blue
Chairman of Play School Presidium
Boot Commune, Colofornia

Sirs:

Well, it has been lovely. The memories are beautiful, dizzyingly high and disquietingly low. We've been together, what, six years? Remember the time we made love in your bedroom and your mother almost walked in... when you came all over my Foto

continued on page 103

INTRODUCING RIZLA'S OUTER SPACE VEHICLE. ONLY \$2.00.

SAVE \$3.00 ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

Whether you fancy double width or regular size or even a filter tip the Rizla luxury roller can roll a perfect cigarette in seconds. Comes in burnished aluminum and jet black plastic, plus instructions. Regular price is \$5.00. You can have one for only \$2.00 plus five front labels of any Rizla cigarette paper packs. Send for yours today. You'll travel better with a Rizla luxury roller... and Rizla quality papers.

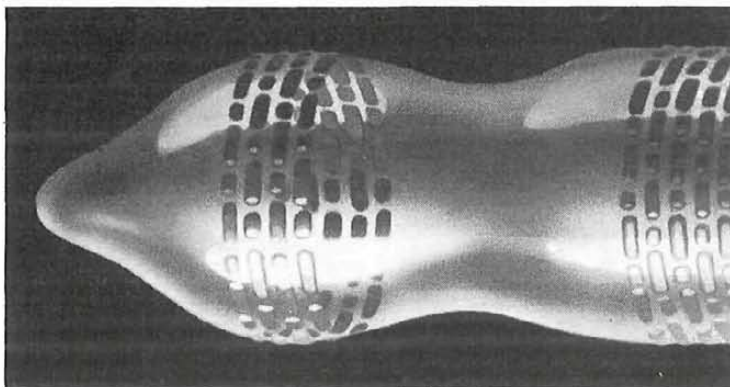
RIZLA

RIZLA+ PRODUCTS, U.S. 2850 E. 44 Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90059

Enclosed you will find \$_____ Please send me _____
Rizla luxury rollers. (For each roller, ordered include _____
five front labels from any Rizla cigarette paper _____
packets.) No C.O.D's. Offer void where pro-
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residents add 6% tax.

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STIMULATES ORGASMS DEEPER.**



The original Stimula, with 765 raised ribs on the shaft, was the first condom designed by scientists to help a woman reach orgasm.

Now, there's a new Stimula with 112 extra ribs on the head, to make it even more effective.

First, upon penetration, these new head-ribs massage the clitoris and the mouth and lips of the vagina.

Then, the raised ribs on Stimula's shaft continue the sensations.

Finally, Stimula's ribbed head, now deep within the vagina, lets you touch your woman in a way no man has touched her before.

And like the original Stimula, new Stimula is also shaped and silicone lubricated.

Send for the new, ribbed-head Stimula today.

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THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING RIBBED CONDOM.
NOW 112 RIBS BETTER.

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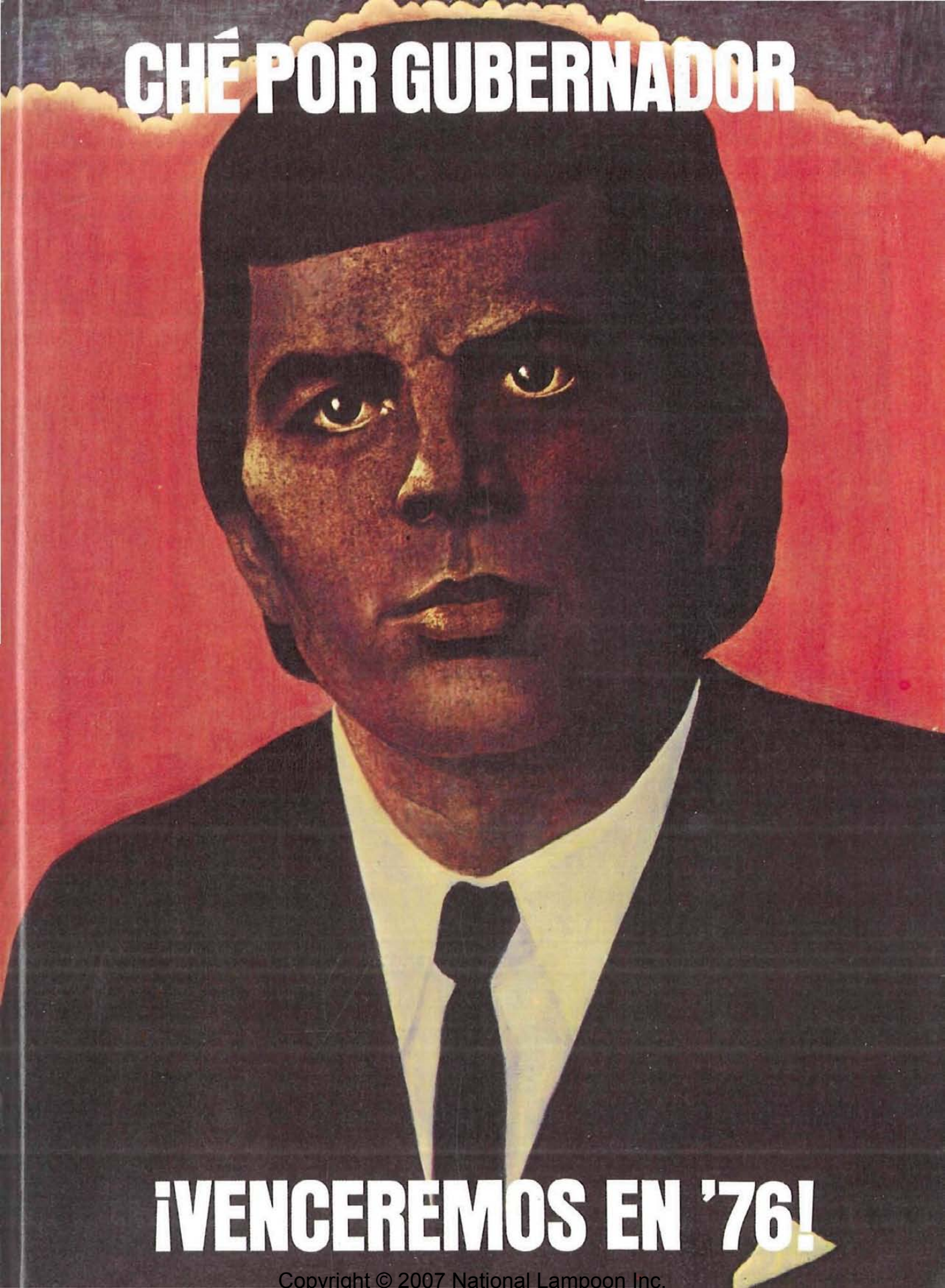
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\$4 sampler of 12 Stimula
 \$4 sampler of 3 Stimula and 12 other condoms
 \$25 super sampler of 120 condoms including Stimula

Free catalog with any order
 check cash money order

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CHÉ POR GUBERNADOR



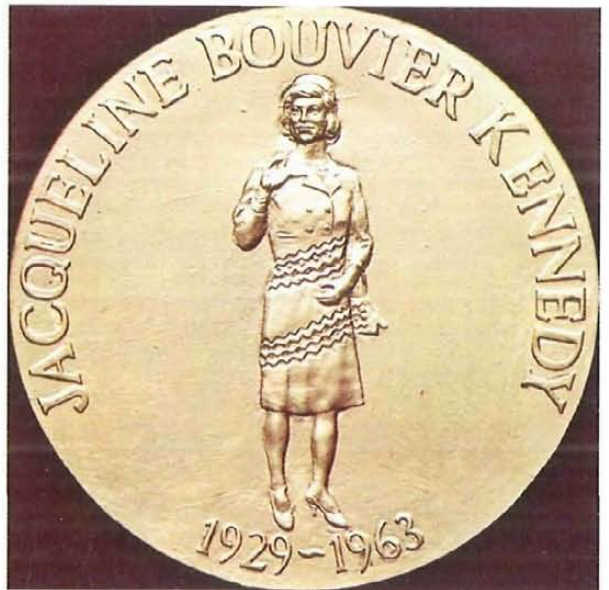
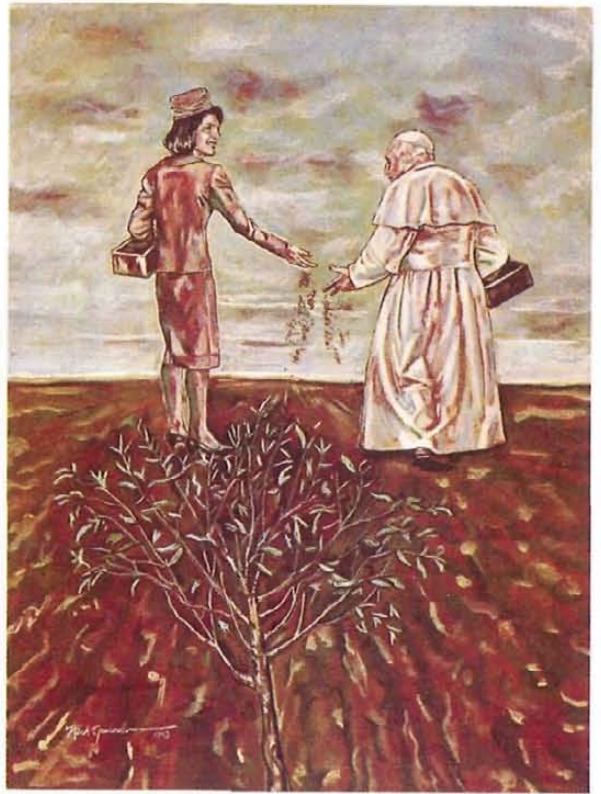
¡VENCEREMOS EN '76!

LEST WE FORGET

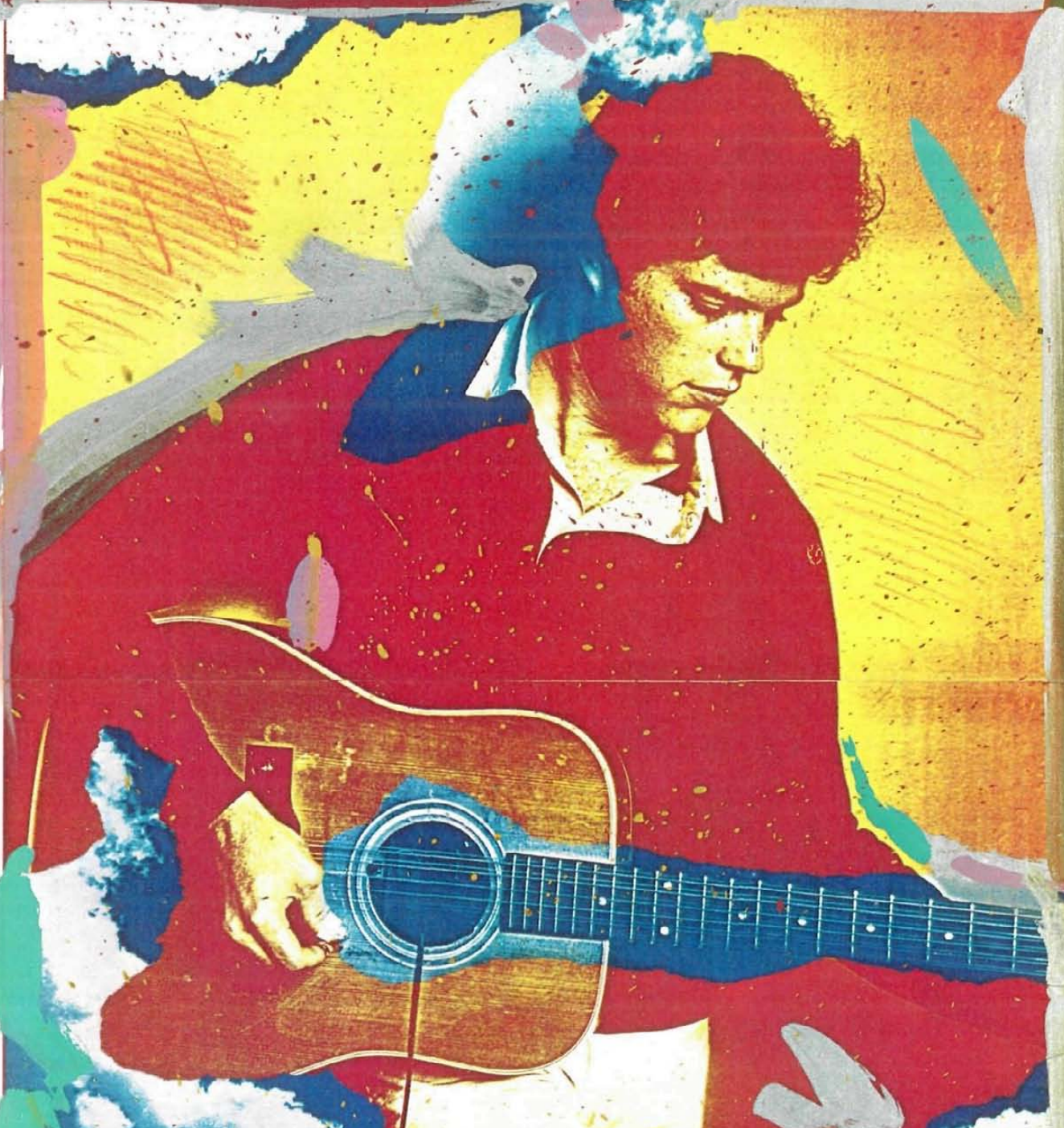
A famous Greek poet once said: "Nothing is as tragic as the loss of a beloved queen." She is gone; yet, after all these years, she lives. And Americans of all creeds and colors, lapses in ethnic purity and elementary taste notwithstanding, pay their tribute to her to the tune of

several hundred million dollars a year. Can anyone question why? For as the Skipper, in his humble way, once put it: "She was a goddamn saint. And sometimes I wonder, what if it had been me instead of her? What if she had lived and I had died? How different and better a place the world might have been!"





LEO KOTTKE



We're pleased to introduce
the first Leo Kottke
Album that bears his name as title.
We think that says something
about the unique material inside.

Chrysalis
records and tapes
The sound reason

Letters

continued from page 97

Funnies, I absorbed every drop. I loved you. But people change, don't they? They grow apart over the years; and phrases like, "Telegram for Pop-eye," too often repeated, begin to lose their meaning.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm leaving you. I can't compete with *Hustler*, and although I'm not a jealous magazine, I admit that when I saw you with a copy of *Esquire*, I decided to end it. Not that I have anything against bisexuals.

Well, so long. Hey...good luck at ITT, huh? No hard feelings.

National Lampoon

Sirs:

We are always hearing how this or that Nazi war criminal is now living in the United States and leading the life of an exemplary citizen. Well, if they are such exemplary citizens, why don't we get more of them instead of these damn Puerto Ricans?

Sam and Doris Greenslee
Frog's Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

You want to know how to commit a Polish mugging? Point a fistful of dollar bills at a nigger and say, "Gimme your knife!"

Franklin Delano Jones
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Here there is a future
Because fever can't kill time
The past will fade away like
deadmen's flesh
Soon we have the cars, guitars,
cigars, and piano bars
And with a hundred party
system we'll be blessed.

We no longer live in tree
We never eat the bees
Soon we learn to ski
We really paid our fees
Now we're absolutely free
Yowee, yowee, you see?

His Honor
Lord Abraham Lincoln Tunnel
Poet Laureate, Gabon

Sirs:

The councillor, possessed of an honorary law degree from CUNY for his civil rights activities, lives in a loft in Soho, N.Y. The pressures are too great for him to move, even to Chelsea.

His desperate-to-be-faithful

wife wants him to quit drinking, but nothing can stay him; he becomes more monumentally drunk. He has visions. He hides those tiny two-ounce bottles all around his apartment and can't remember where they are. He finally becomes colossally, mightily drunk and winds up *under the Volvo*.

Coming soon to a bookstore near you.

Malcolm Lowry
Dollarton Mud Guard Flats
Six Feet Below Sea Level

Sirs:

Sure wish you would let that P.J. fellow edit more issues, as we know he hates Communists as much as we do, and we aren't so certain about some of the rest of you.

Billy Bob and Lee Willy Bucket
Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

Walt Disney presents...*The Letter*.
Arf arf. Bark bark. Hi, Timmy, we love you, son. Oh, Dad, please don't put Becky to sleep, I'll take care of

continued

At last, a stereo power amp with professional performance for less than \$1.00* per watt!

THE CS-800

The latest high speed, high voltage, discreet technology combines with unique packaging and exclusive features to create the Peavey CS-800, a new stereo power amplifier that is unrivaled by anything on the market at its price.

The CS-800 produces 400 watts RMS of pure, undistorted (0.05% THD) power per channel. Overall, that's 800 watts of solid, high fidelity (5 Hz to 30 kHz) amplification retailing for only \$649.50*. At about 81 cents a watt, that's an incredible value for a stereo power amp with the CS-800's performance and versatility.

Features such as LED's on each channel give precise indication of any possible overload or clipping. A back panel patching facility incorporates small plug-in modules that provide

the CS-800 with balanced inputs and even a two-way electronic crossover. The amp's twenty-four high voltage output transistors are mounted on massive, fan cooled heat sinks for ultimate reliability even under the most demanding operating conditions. Protection circuits are built into each channel to protect speaker systems from any sudden abnormally high DC voltages. A steel reinforced die cast front panel in a 19" rack mountable chassis add to the system's appearance and versatility.

The Peavey CS-800 is a highly professional amp with honest performance at a very reasonable price. Drop by your Peavey Dealer for a demonstration of what the CS-800 can do or write us and we'll send you complete specs. We think you'll be impressed.



*Manufacturer's suggested list price

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S M L XL

Add 50¢ postage and handling per item.

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 Deluxe sampler of 38 assorted condoms \$8
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Satisfaction Guaranteed—300,000 Customers

The Ultimate Keeper

The Pyramid, product of forgotten ancient science. By now you've heard... of the puzzling dimensions, of the documented effects, of the unexplained power. We made one to see what would happen—it happened. Store your smoking mixture in the Ultimate Keeper... Touch the stars.



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Uncompromising replica of the Great Pyramid constructed of solid masonry. Chemically, physically and electromagnetically similar to the limestone



of the original. Removable apex covers interior chamber, Smoking mixture is completely enclosed. Polished white masonry \$14.95. Add \$1.50 postage and insurance. 7x7x4.456 inches, weighs over 4 pounds. An unforgettable gift. Full refund if not satisfied.

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Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™

No other condom has these special features. The boldness of color... blue, red, green, and black. Unlike other textured condoms with conventional ribbing, BOLD 45 features both ribbing and raised "Pleasure Dots"... more pronounced to stimulate her to previously unattainable levels of ecstasy.

BOLD 45 features texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. So thin, it transmits body heat in an instant. Lets you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated for extra sensitivity. ©1978 PPS

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(30 condoms, featuring BOLD 45)

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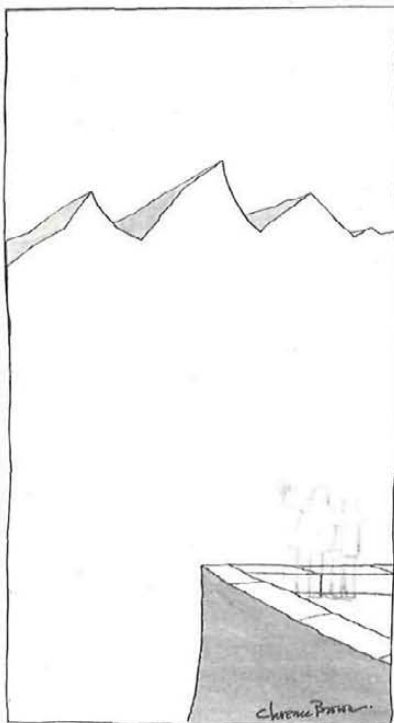
Letters

continued

her. O.K., Timmy, if you promise to do your homework. *Arf arf.* Oh! This seal must have escaped from a circus. Can I keep it, Dad? Look out, son, keep away from that mountain lion. Heck, Dad, that mountain lion saved my life and Becky's. Uh-oh, dynamite, and the fuse is lit! Quick, run! *Boom!* Oh, boy, gold! Let's use it to build an orphanage. Oh no, son. We have here enough money to put down payment on a flying car. Jeepers, really, Dad? That's right, son. We're going to fly to Arabia. Arabia? Where's that!? Far away in the land of the camel, son. Holy gosh, Dad, don't go there! Why not, Timmy? 'Cause Becky an' me'll both get fucked in the ass by Bedouins.

This letter has been discontinued. The *National Lampoon* would like to apologize to Walt Disney Studios, and to our readers and advertisers. When we purchased the above letter, we believed it to be a Walt Disney production. This is clearly not the case, and we extend our deepest apologies to all concerned for any embarrassment our mistake may have caused.

T. Mann
For *National Lampoon*



"Someday, my son, all these shaded parts will be yours."

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Comes with: Fancy clip, stand-up wood & brass pipe, 2 bowls, screens, 2 paks papers and a leaf stick pin.

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Comes with: Acrylic supercharger pipe with pocket clip, brass and acrylic stash pipe, 2 bowls, fancy clip, screens and 2 paks papers.

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. Send cash, check, or money order to:

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<input type="checkbox"/> 12 for \$3	<input type="checkbox"/> 48 Stimula \$12	<input type="checkbox"/> 24 Natural
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<input type="checkbox"/> 100 for \$20	Shipped in 24 hours. <input type="checkbox"/> *EXECUTIVE PACK - 3 each of the top ten most SENSUOUS. GOS-SAMER THIN, condoms \$10. (Sensual awaker, Sheik Sensi-Cream, Featherlite, Fiesta, Stimula, lubricated Trojans, and others.)	

12 condoms (4 different brands) only \$3. Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms \$6. Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) \$20. For air-mail add \$1 postage.

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Elborne Whippet's Washington

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

Washington, D.C.—And so, as the aging year, enfeebled and sclerotic, gasps its farewells and clutches its withered hand to its infarcted heart, it is time to listen to the last tales from the soon-to-be-expiring Ford White House. Regrettably, it is the duty of this correspondent to report a lapse in the otherwise admirable record of civility, decency, and personally buttered muffins of the Ford administration, which gave us such monuments to our way of life as the *Mayaguez* recovery, the veto of the strip mining and child care bills, and the attempt to declare New York City an illegal alien.

This lapse concerns the revelation that Gerald Ford had developed what news sources have called a "deep, personal, intense dislike" of Jimmy Carter. This is, so to speak, only the trip of the iceberg. For I have learned that this dislike was so deep and intense that Mr. Ford spent virtually every moment of his time between August and November desperately seeking to keep Mr. Carter from the presidency.

This passionate determination—"a campaign," one Ford aide labeled it—was total. More than \$20 million of government money was spent; the president traveled tens of thousands of miles, from coast to coast and from dawn to dusk, pursuing this aim. President Ford, my sources tell me, ordered messages to be broadcast over nationwide radio and television to urge the American people not to vote for Carter; and he sent his wife and family across the country with the same message.

Says this close friend of Mr. Ford, "It became a crusade. His voice, his health, the job of governing the country, everything was subordinated to this incredible effort!"

* * *

Indeed, Mr. Ford's obsession did not end with the election. From the White House back stairs, where sleazy gossip has replaced the once honorable traditions of discretion and quiet visits to kitchen-table doctors, comes a remarkable tale of the welcome prepared for Mr. Carter by the Ford



family.

In what is called "an effort to make the mud-loving cracker feel at home," the First Family has filled the presidential bathtub with catfish, garter snakes, and snapping turtles. In addition, five giant frogs have been inserted into the presidential bed.

Mr. Ford's final surprise is a built-in whoopee cushion inside Mr. Carter's Oval Office chair, "to make him feel as if the great rural Southern tradition of humor is alive and well!"

* * *

Meanwhile, several prominent members of Mr. Ford's cabinet are attempting to follow the trend established by Mr. Carter's appearance in *Playboy* magazine. Detailed vote surveys indicate that, far from being hurt by the interview, Mr. Carter touched a nerve within the more "liberated" members of the American electorate, polling heavy majorities among customers of singles bars, readers of pornographic literature, and regular purchasers of personal vibrators, K-Y jelly, and giant-size cans of Crisco.

In a heartening determination not to concede this critical "swing" vote to the Democrats, outgoing Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, whose tennis game, wine-selecting ability, and jawline clearly mark him as presidential timber, has agreed to author an article for *Penthouse* detailing his habitual dating of amputees.

"Apart from the fact that I never won a dance contest with any of my acquaintances," Rummy reports, "it was a satisfying and deeply rewarding experience." The *Penthouse* piece will be entitled, "Most Men Just Leave Her Up on the Hooks."

And another prominent Republican,

outgoing Treasury Secretary William Simon, will appear in a pictorial essay in *Hustler* called: "Me and the Enema: It Is Better to Give Than to Receive."

Explaining this venture, Simon says, "It's a symbol, in a sense, of my deep-seated belief that our nation's economy has been clogged by the excessive bulk of government regulations. Unless we irrigate this system once and for all, we shall ultimately be caught in the pent up explosion of waste. Besides," Simon adds impishly, "what better way than to rebut the notion that I'm tight-assed?"

* * *

This correspondent has long believed that the darker races fully deserve the respect, the attention, and the deepest sympathy of those of us blessed with pure genes. So it is with approval that we report the effort of the Caucus of Concerned Black Organizations to develop a clear legislative agenda for action by the new Carter administration.

"We seek not a handout, but a reaffirmation of traditional American prerogatives," says Caucus Chairman DeLesseps "Bodine" Harrison. He believes this tradition will overcome any nitpicking constitutional objection to the new bill giving all black federal employees Thursdays off.

* * *

Those high in government circles who abuse their rights, powers, and expense accounts have long found consumer advocate Ralph Nader a thorn in their sides. This time, Mr. Nader is after the junketeers, those who spend tens of thousands of taxpayer dollars to jet away on so-called "fact-finding missions," where the people's money is squandered on hotels, restaurants, nightclubs, and souvenir-purchasing.

Mr. Nader has obtained \$350,000 in tax-exempt funds from the Ford Foundation to send a team of thirty top law school graduates to follow every suspected congressional and executive department junketeer.

"We will dog their greedy footsteps every inch of the way," Nader warns. "We'll sleep where they sleep, eat where they eat, buy what they buy, to prove exactly how plush and comfortable and cushiony this reprehensible life-style of theirs is." Go get 'em, Ralph. □

* * *

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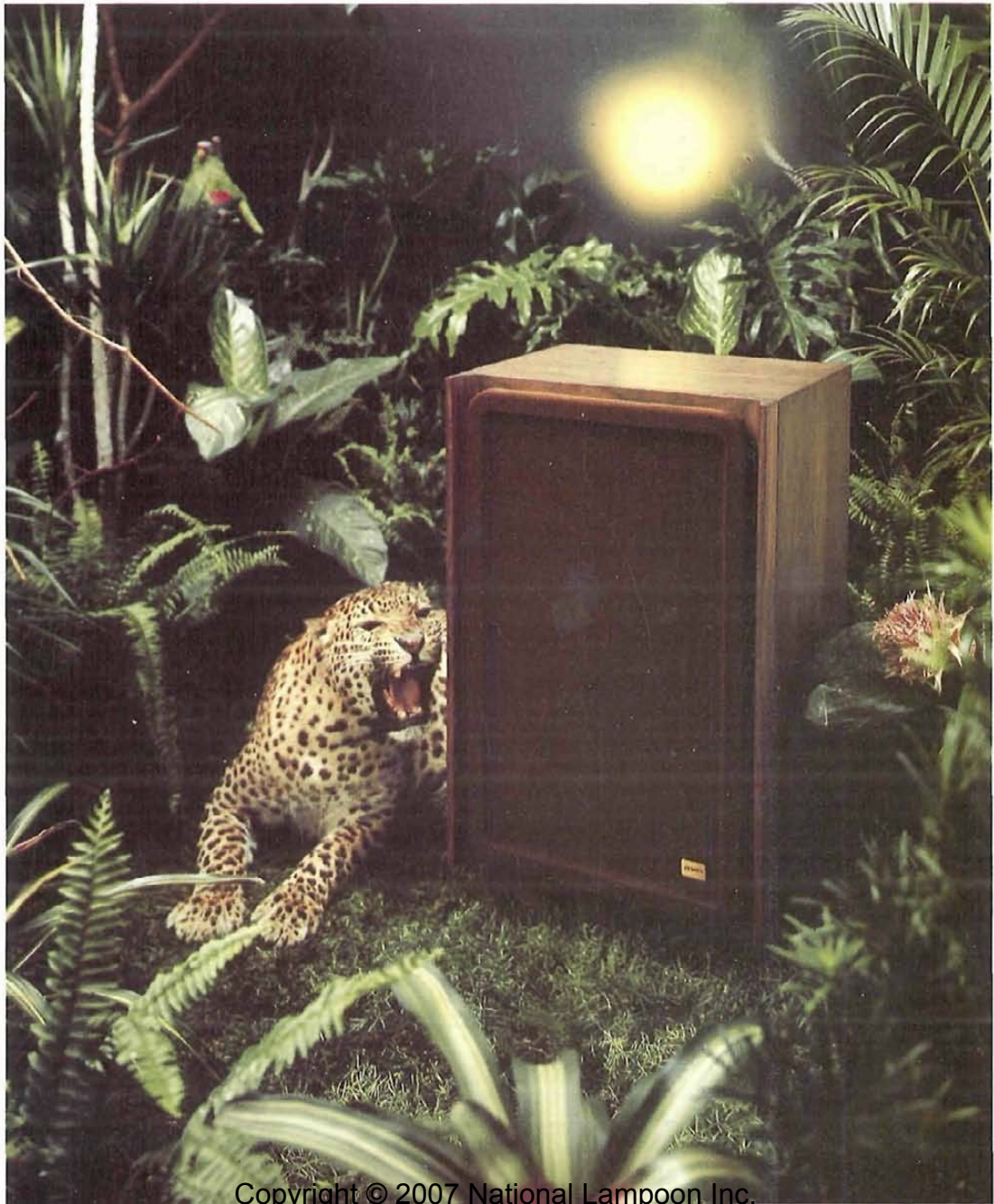
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