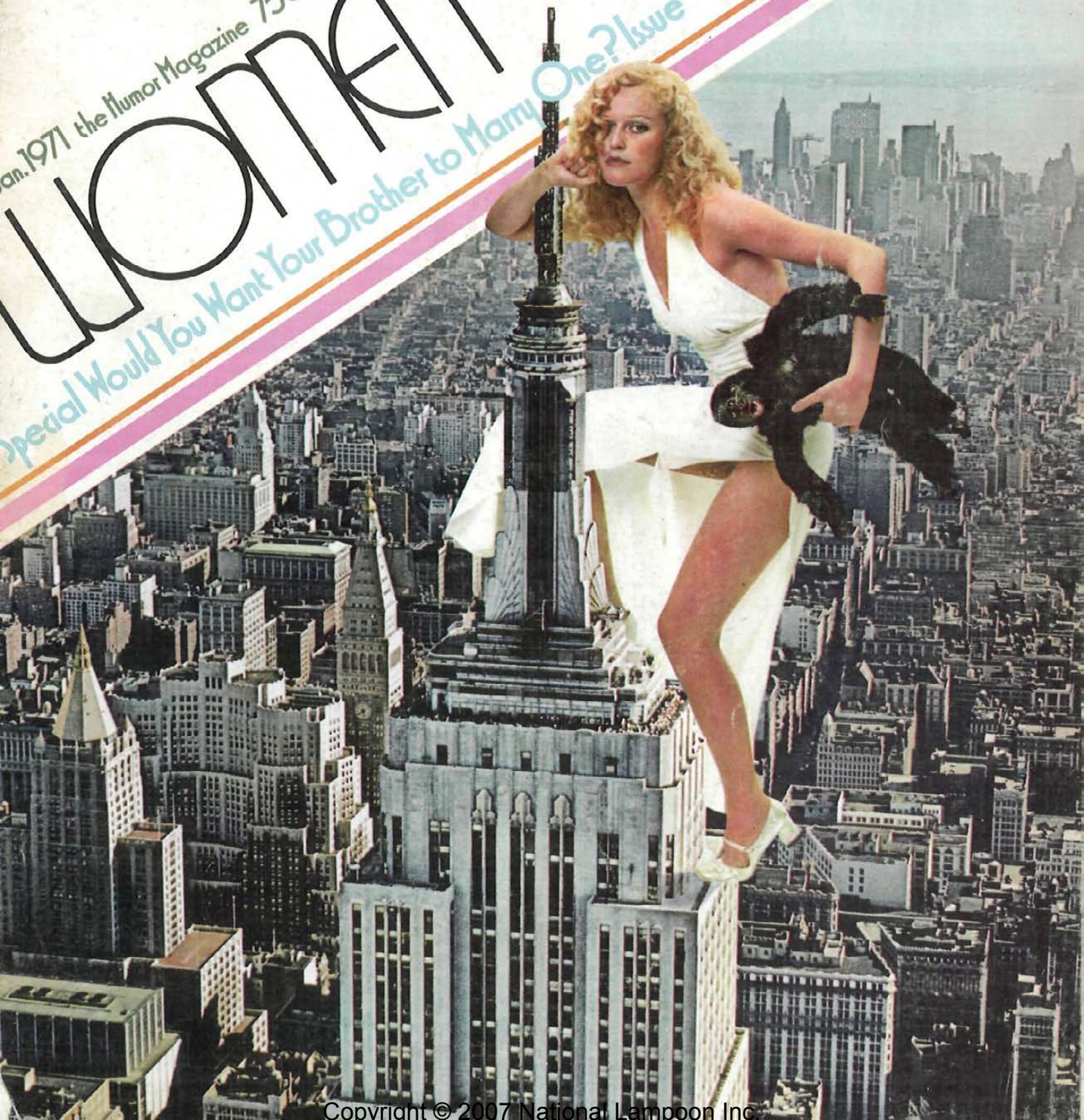


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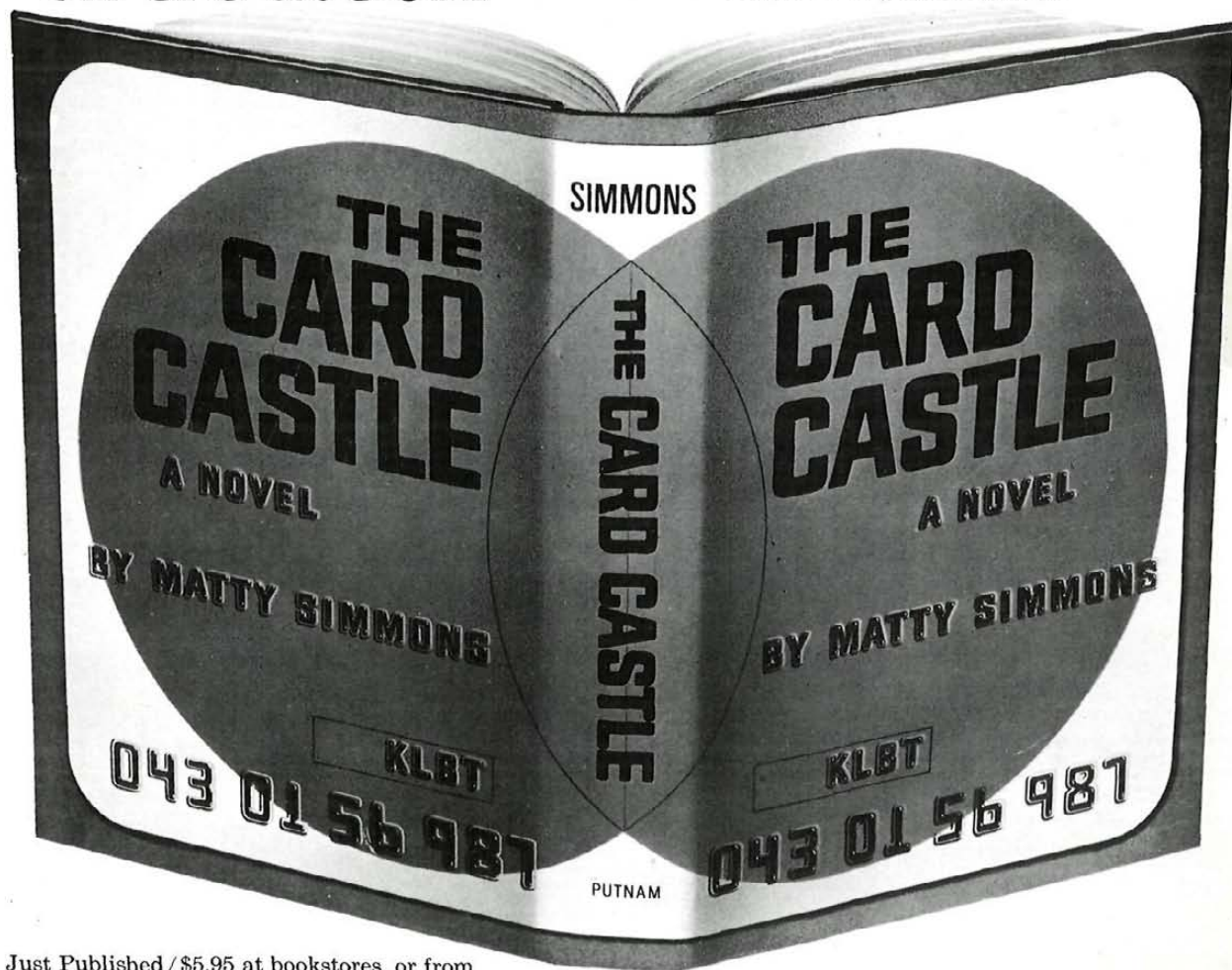


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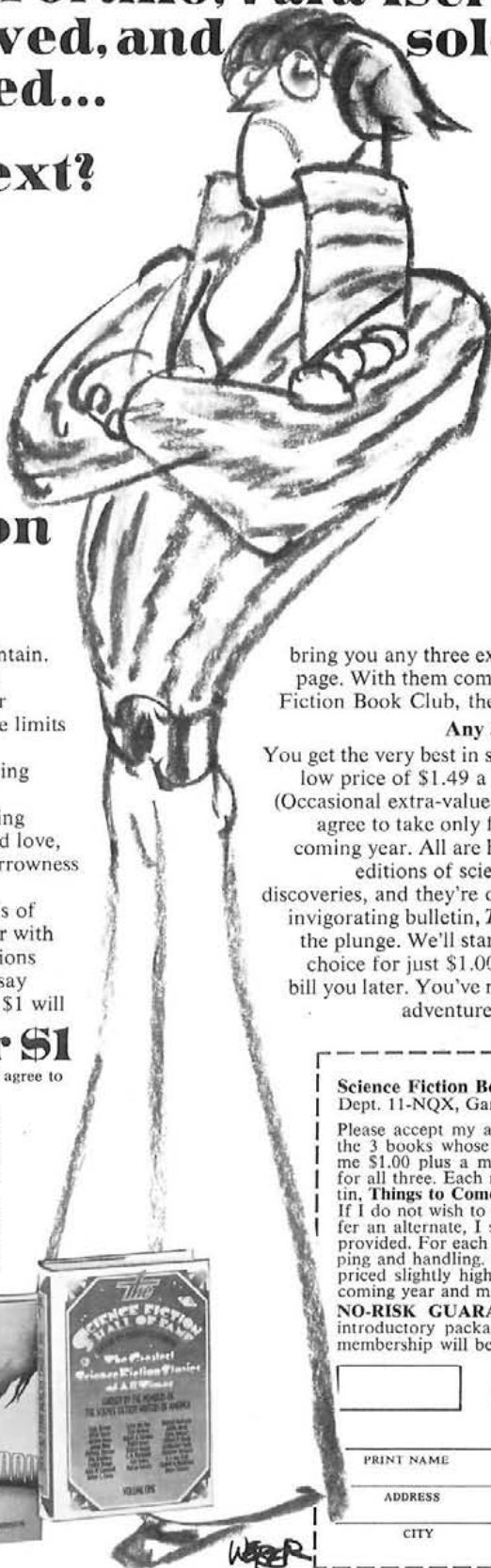
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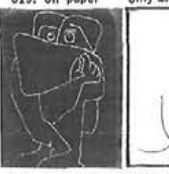
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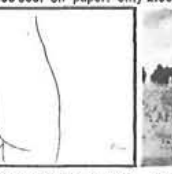
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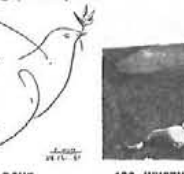
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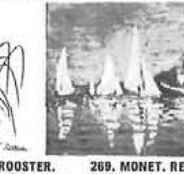
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Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for \$4.98, \$5.98, \$6.98, or \$7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

### BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33 1/3%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

### NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). We send only what you order.

### HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer**. Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here\* (worth up to \$20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for \$5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). This entitles you to a **LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP**—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee. If you want to give Gift Memberships to friends

and relatives, this same special offer applies to each and every one of them. You can choose the free selections for them, or you can allow your gift recipients to make their own choice (in which case we will rush them an Order Certificate with the first shipment of their memberships materials).

### NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership and any Gift Memberships to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

### LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%... Never less than 1/3 off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of all labels (including foreign)... all musical categories.
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to \$20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

### GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over one million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

\* If you and gift members can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.

## TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

\$4.98 LPs average as low as \$1.88  
\$5.98 LPs average as low as \$2.19

Savings of 63% or more from recent Club sales up to \$3.79 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

Label	List Price	Avg. Club Price
Simon & Garfunkel—Bridge Over Troubled Water	Colum	5.98 2.19
Peter, Paul & Mary—10 Years Together	WarBr	5.98 2.19
Credence Clearwater Revival—Cosmo's Factory	Fanta	4.98 1.88
Lettermen—Reflections	Capit	4.98 1.88
Bessie Smith—Any Woman's Blues	Colum	5.98 2.19
Neil Young—After Gold Rush	Repri	4.98 1.88
Mantovani—In Concert	Londo	4.98 1.88
Santana—Abraxas	Colum	5.98 2.19
Glen Campbell—Goodtime Album	Capit	5.98 2.19
Jimi Hendrix & Otis Redding—Live at Monterey	Repri	5.98 2.19



**RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA**  
CLUB HEADQUARTERS  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **V023**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE TAPE which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my \$5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

### 3 FREE LPs

### or 1 FREE TAPE

8 track  
 cassette

or  Defer Selection—send expanded list.

Also add Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each to my request along with 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape each. (A small handling and mailing fee for gift members' free LPs or tapes will be sent to you later.) (Attach separate sheet with names and addresses of gift members. Also note on sheet either the free selections or that you want gift member to choose his own free selections.)

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ covering my \$5.00 lifetime membership plus any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

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

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging \$\_\_\_\_\_ to cover my \$5.00 membership and any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each, plus mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected by both me and the gift members.

Check one:  Diners Club  Master Charge  
 American Express  BankAmericard

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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**RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club**

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The time has come for us to set straight certain wild-eyed individuals who have publically accused the *National Lampoon* of harboring chauvinist pigs, sexist dogs, female-exploiting jackals and other unfashionable quadrupeds in its editorial kennels. Nothing could be further from the truth. However, to allay the fears of the 27% of our readership who happen to be Female (68% Male, 5% Undecided), we hereby openly admit that certain female staff members of the *National Lampoon* have grown restive of late (under the inflammatory goadings of a certain Managing Editor Marshmallow, no doubt).

The Editors were recently presented with a list of demands by these shrill individuals which included the following outrageous ultimatums: 1) all female staff members' salaries are to be paid in real money or its equivalent in edible produce, 2) a permanent cessation of corporal punishment for lateness or general editorial pique, and 3) exemption from the *National Lampoon's* Weekly Purification and Fertility Ritual.

Needless to say, these preposterous prattles of a too-long-pampered platoon of pusillanimous panhandlers were rejected out of hand. Nevertheless, our crack team of negotiators responded immediately with what we, the management, feel was a reasonable, perhaps even over-generous counterproposal that included 1) free dimes for the executive washroom, 2) free track shoes and uniforms for the morning wake-up jog around the Editor's desk, and 3) free medical consultation following any injury resulting from the Weekly Purification and Fertility Ritual.

We are unhappy to report that these magnanimous counter-offers were unceremoniously hooted at by our strikers, not all of whom, we must add, have been a credit to their sex. However, after long sessions with strike representatives and days of haggling, whining and the stamping of stacked heels, an equitable compromise was finally hammered out, and we are pleased, ladies, that we have arrived at a happy solution.

You're fired. — DCK

**COVER:** The Kong-size cutie mounting the Entire State Building is the work of photographer George Adams, contributor to *Playboy*, *Evergreen* and other dubious publications, and Consulting Dean to the Kwik-Pix Academy of Snazzy Snaps, Inc. Mr. Adams created this interesting composition with trick photography involving, among other things, a stuffed and shrunken gorilla, a specially-designed rubber torso and a number of perverted f-stops.



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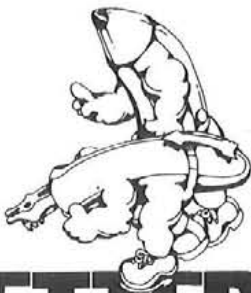


# Springtime!

It happens every Salem.

NATURAL MENTHOL. Not the artificial kind. That's what gives Salem a taste as soft and fresh as Springtime. It's only natural.





# LETTERS

Sirs:

A bunch of us girls have been following your wonderfully impudent magazine since your first issue and we are delighted by your apparent success. We wonder, however, if you haven't overlooked the financial advantages of peripheral merchandising? *National Lampoon* cuff links, billfolds, sweat shirts, etc., could easily be marketed through your magazine, all under the guise of "kookiness." This profitable self-promotion should eventually evolve into *Nat-Lamp* Club franchises, which would cater to the too-sophisticated-for-*Playboy* phonies. You would wish to develop something equivalent to the "bunny," of course. *Your* symbol is a duck. Enclosed are costume sketches for a topless, bottomless, crotchless "Quackerette" ensemble featuring plastic beak, fluffy tail feathers and webbed footgear.

It is in regard to this specific proposal that we are writing you. Your buxom bebies of Quackerettes will certainly require the management abilities of trained duckmothers and we feel that our long experience in similar leadership positions makes us excellent choices for such a managerial position.

Interested?

Betty Friedan  
Kate Millet  
Ti-Grace Atkinson  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

"Fascist pigs" is right! Just the other day, me and my chick were trashing a few capitalist war-monger boutiques in Harvard Square to rip off a few rags for those cold Boston winters, when all of a sudden I noticed one of those Nazi storm trooper traffic pigs trying to slip a parking ticket under the wiper of my Porsche. We'd almost finished offing the m\*\*\*\*\*r with some broken window glass and a metal peace medalion when a whole bunch of these middle-American, Agnew-type construction workers came around the corner waving boards and pipes. Wow, what a bumper.

Lucky for us, somebody called a cop.

Mike Ansara  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Women's Lib Issue, hah! You don't even mention the hapless plight of average, middle-aged housewives like myself, chained to a house of monstrous ugliness chosen, of course, by my Goth of a husband, and forced to sit in the background and watch him ruthlessly connive to satisfy his own bloated ambition. How many times have I had to smile woodenly at our pompous "friends" whose very sight disgusts me. As I pour tea for these stuffed shirts, I secretly weep for my children, socially awkward and practically illiterate from being bounced around from school to school as *he* restlessly seeks greater power and empty approval. I simply cannot stand it another day and soon I will do what I must do. Perhaps someone will read about it in the papers and wonder what could have driven a woman to perform such a horrible act.

But now, at least, someone will know.

Pat Nixon  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Turning and turning in a widening gyre the falcon cannot hear the falconer; things fall apart; the center cannot hold.

Ralph Nader  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.

Martha Mitchell  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?

S. Agnew  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Burma-Shave!

Rod McKuen  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I wonder if you could help me find my Tabby. She has a silky gray coat, three white paws and the cutest expression you could ever imagine. Tuesday I went out to the corner to get him some Pop-Tarts (Tabby loves Pop-Tarts, even though the vet says you have to be careful), and when I came back she was gone. I've looked and I've looked, but she still hasn't shown up and the police can't find a trace of her much less find the pieces of her victims.

Mrs. Florence Nesbitt  
Montreal, Canada

## WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE 30 Days at My Risk?

By E. A. CAREY

All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.

My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

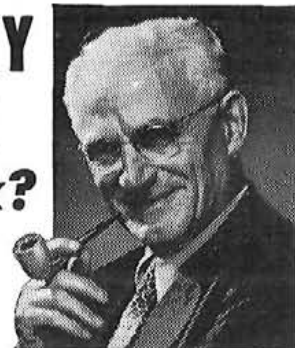
I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it never has to be cleaned! Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo as it forms!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. The coupon or a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my pipe-smoking friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life, FREE. Write E. A. Carey, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 0000, Chicago 40, Illinois



E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave.,  
DEPT. 0000, CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS

Please send facts about the Carey Pipe. Then I will decide if I want to try it for 30 Days at YOUR RISK. Everything you send is free. No salesman is to call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Now... a new way to get stereo tape cartridges - at great savings!

As your introduction, choose

# ANY 3 8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

**\$1.00**  
FOR ONLY plus mailing and handling

when you join now, and agree to purchase as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

**YES, THAT'S RIGHT!** You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only \$1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join now and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's buying guide. Each issue offers scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered . . . or take no cartridge at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Club will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

**YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT!** Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

**FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN!** Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE (plus 25¢ mailing and handling) for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount from regular Club prices on all the 8-track cartridges you want . . . for as long as you want!

Columbia Tape Club  
a service of  
**Columbia House**

Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

## SEND NO MONEY NOW!

**COLUMBIA TAPE CLUB A72-8/4F**  
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for \$1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Club price under the terms outlined in this advertisement . . . and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

**SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below):**

--	--	--

My main musical interest is (check one box only):

Easy Listening  Today's Sounds  Country

Mr.  Mrs. (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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



<p>Engelbert Humperdinck We Made It Happen 193789</p>	<p>(Soundtrack) Barbara Streisand Yves Montand On A Clear Day You Can See Forever 194548</p>	<p>JIM NABORS EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL 193821</p>	<p>SIMON &amp; GARFUNKEL Bridge Over Troubled Water 186809</p>	<p>TOM JONES Without Love (There is Nothing) [PART 1] 10 MORE 191734</p>
<p>Andy Williams Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head 192187</p>	<p>SANTANA 181909</p>	<p>The Best of Peter, Paul and Mary TEN YEARS TOGETHER 191809</p>	<p>Burt Bacharach and THE SUNDANCE KID Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head Sung by B. J. THOMAS 186114</p>	<p>CROSBY, STILLS, NASH &amp; YOUNG, DALLAS TAYLOR &amp; GREG REEVES Deja Vu 188060</p>
<p>FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS Strangers in the Night Somethin' Stupid Forget Denmark That's Life 168989</p>	<p>MARTY ROBBINS My Woman, My Woman, My Woman 190546</p>	<p>STEPPENWOLF PLUS Move Over 5 MORE 185017</p>	<p>THE BEST OF TOMMY JAMES &amp; THE SHONELLIS 185876</p>	<p>Blood, Sweat &amp; Tears 3 191825</p>
<p>HELLO, I'M JOHNNY CASH 186270</p>	<p>THE 5th DIMENSION PORTRAIT Puppet Man + 4 MORE 191205</p>	<p>THREE DOG NIGHT It Ain't Easy 188656</p>	<p>Dean Martin My Woman, My Woman, My Wife 193615</p>	<p>TAMMY WYNETTE TAMMY'S TOUCH I'll See Him Through 10 MORE 191270</p>
<p>IRON BUTTERFLY LIVE SOUL EXPERIENCE 5 MORE 188227</p>	<p><b>TWIN-PACKS</b> Twice the music—yet each counts as one selection</p>	<p>Bob Dylan Self Portrait 193110</p>	<p>RAY CONNIF'S CONCERT IN STEREO Live at The Sahara/Tahoe 191338</p>	<p>THE WORLD OF JOHNNY CASH + 12th Miss Someone + Casey Jones 10 MORE 192179</p>

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**9984. TAROT REVEALED. A Modern Guide to Reading The Tarot Cards.** By Eden Gray. The 78 cards are authentically illustrated in this easy-to-use explanation of the mystic symbolism on these ancient fortune telling cards. 9 1/4 x 6 1/4.  
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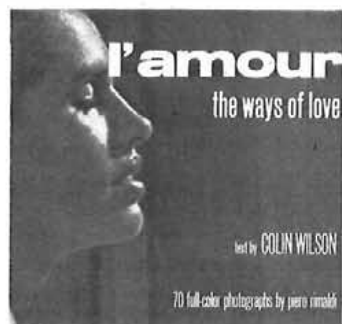
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# Mrs. Agnew's Diary



*The Old Year flees now fast apace,  
 New Year's tapping at our door;  
 Wash'ton gleams with snowy lace,  
 (Though not as nice as Baltimore).  
 Our land is free of Folly's pranks,  
 And mobs with aspirations piggy;  
 For safe-sound hearths we give our  
 thanks*

*To John and Dick and Hank and  
 Spiggy.*

Dear Diary,

Well, what do you think of it? It's only my very first poem (at least, since my girlhood on the high school yearbook), but it received a B minus from the Famous Writers School! My instructor says I have a real flair for verse and he's personally recommending me for the Supplementary Poetry Course! (I hope Spiggy didn't notice I'm dipping into the grocery money for my tuition — you know how he feels about a woman getting too much education and where her place is, anyway.) Nevertheless, my instructor wrote me that I'm showing signs of real talent, and I may be on the road to a successful career in the wide-open poetry field, not to mention big pay. (I really don't want big pay, of course, dear Diary, but it would help replace the \$699.98 I owe the grocery budget.)

Well, dear Diary, the New Year is indeed upon us ("indeed" is a very versatile word, the School says) and Spiggy and I are trying hard to live up to John Mitchell's New Year's resolutions. That's right, dear Diary, I said John's. You see, Dick and Pat called up the whole gang to come over to their annual New Year's Eve party and asked could we all come dressed as some famous person we admire? Well, Spiggy balked at first, saying it sounded like another one of Dick's little jokes, but I finally convinced him to put on that funny Humpty-Dumpty

costume he wore to the Baltimore Rotary Halloween Ball in 1959. Well, it fit rather snugly, indeed, since Spiggy says he has added more muscle the last few years to give him strength to fulfill his important and demanding duties, but I sometimes indeed wonder if perhaps he hasn't put on too much of a good thing. Indeed.

Anyway, we arrived a little late (I dressed as Pat, knowing she'd be flattered, and it took longer than I anticipated to iron in all the wrinkles) and everybody was there looking as gay as can be. Hank was quite handsome in his Wizard of Oz outfit and Barbara Howar (she came as Jane Fonda) played with his long, pointed magician's hat and made jokes about it all night long, some of which, I must say, were in questionable taste.

John and Martha were the best of all, in my opinion, with their handsome disguises as Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham, respectively, although John had to scold Martha occasionally not to fiddle with his bow and arrow (half the balloons were gone by the time he got them back the first time, not to mention two White House guards and a busboy). Dan' Moynihan was there, too, accompanied by the sweetest little French poodle and both in the most cunning clown suits. Dan's, of course, was left over from the children's party Tricia had on the lawn last summer.

Everybody was having a good time (particularly Martha, who kept pouring something into the Kool-Aid from her silver cologne bottle), but suddenly we realized that Pat and Dick had not appeared as of yet. This was puzzling, indeed, because the children were already heading off to bed (David looked so cute as Babe Ruth, but Tricia also came as Pat and didn't really look much different than usual. Julie, however, was perfectly charming as Teddy Roosevelt.) Finally,

(continued)



# The Puppets

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# Collector's Items

... That's what they're calling the early issues of the *National Lampoon*. And no wonder. Think of what a deck chair from the *Titanic* would bring these days, or a strut from the *Hindenburg*, or a complete set of *Collier's*. If you don't have the first issues of the *National Lampoon*, don't worry, you can still make your grandchildren rich! Order now.

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**NOVEMBER, 1970 - NOSTALGIA:** A spin out on Memory Lane. While you're recuperating, read the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue, The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; The Teen-Age Death Song Game; and reminiscences by Jean Shepherd and Jerome Weidman.

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(continued)

the loudspeakers played *Hail to the Chief* and Dick and Pat appeared at the top of the stairway, although it took them some time to reach the bottom because the record kept getting stuck and they had to go back up and start over again several times.

Pat presented a remarkable picture in her Revolutionary War costume (some said she was Molly Pitcher or Betsy Ross, although Spiggy whispered she was supposed to be Peter Pan, but I am sure he was kidding, indeed!). Dick, oddly enough, was dressed in a dark business suit with a white shirt and a dark green tie with little purple dots on it, which, if I am not mistaken, was the same thing he wore the day before at Chapel. But I must have missed the joke, because all the guests applauded him for a long time and Dan Moynihan rushed over and said it was the best costume at the party. Dick only smiled his funny smile, though, because Dan's poodle got so excited, it made a little mess on one of Dick's shoes.

Anyway, Dick shook everybody's hand (except Dan's) saying he hoped we were having a good time and he would appreciate our support in '64 - he'd had a number of martinis beforehand, I gather. Right behind him, Pat was distributing white sheets of paper to everybody, explaining that John was going to save everybody a lot of bother and give them their New Year's resolutions all mimeographed out. Well, I thought that was a clever idea and had to admit that a lot of the resolutions were quite good, indeed. (My ears were certainly burning when I read the one about "I resolve that I will run my household on a firm fiscal policy" and decided then and there to write as many poems as I could from now on.) There were some other good ones, too, about resolving not to go to certain movies or read certain newspaper columnists or watch certain news commentators or write any books about everybody else after Dick's second term. That last one, I must say, will be hard to keep. My instructor says that even though poetry is my forte, I shouldn't restrict myself artistically, and anyway, I know that Dan, Bob Finch, Hank, and Dick's cook have already spent their advances.

Well, dear Diary, the New Year's Eve party was beginning to break up (it was already almost 11) and we all thanked Pat and Dick and promised to try as hard as we could to follow the resolutions. I must say, though, dear Diary, that the one about not writing any books about Pat and Dick after will be a hard one to keep. I have already spent my publisher's advance on a Supplementary Novelist course. I'm really in a pickle now, Indeed.

All for now,

Judy





# CONTEST

TRYGVE LIE MEMORIAL  
INTERNATIONAL PUN TOSS &  
YOKOHAMA THROW



Entries are sought for the *National Lampoon's* Trygve Lie Memorial International Pun Toss and Yokohama Throw. As usual, endurance, skill and good sportsmanship are the qualities being tested, and we hope all entrants will participate in the spirit of integrity and fair play that have characterized the first quarter century of the United Nations. Cheating permitted.

Examples:

"He sold his birthright for a Mesopotamia."

"If there's one thing I like in a woman, it's a nice Pyrenees."

"I never Mediterranean I didn't like."

"For someone with a college degree, he has a hard time making up his mind. He's a Stalingrad."

"If we don't pay up, they'll probably Suez."

"Don't take that from those bullies. I mean, whassa matta, Euphrates guys?"

"No, Kimosabe, him speak with forked tongue. Himalaya."

"That's not my elephant, Jarbal. His skin is tighter and his Tuscaloosa."

"Well, how was the date? Jamaica?"

"I say we put Lefty in charge. He's the Bosphorus."

Submit as many as you like. Entries will be judged on originality, and annoyance. Winners may choose any three books from the Special Book Bargains on page 10. Runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions to the magazine of Yuma (*National Lampoon*). Send all entries (postcards only) to Miss Mary Marshmallow, Pun Commander, National Lampoon (Entries addressed to the *National Lampoon* will opened with a Vegematic), 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

## ANTI-DRUGS CONTEST RESULTS

...poured in by the thousands once again, despite every attempt on the part of our Contest Editor, Miss Marshmallow, to divert the flow into a round filing cabinet she keeps under her desk for just such inconveniences. As you may remember, contestants were asked to complete the following sentence in 25 words or less:

"I will never smoke dope because \_\_\_\_\_."

The quality of the remaining entries ranged from insipid to imbecilic, the best\* of which appear below.

\*best /bĕst/adj. 1) pertaining to items on the tippy-top of a large, annoying pile of similar items 2) pertaining to random items remaining on a floor or carpet area following the removal of a large or troublesome mass of similar items. (*NatLamp New English Dictionary*)

### \$20 FIRST PRIZE (\$15 on the Coast)

I will never ever smoke dope because drugs do the darndest things.

Howard Franklin  
N. Hollywood, Calif.

### \$15 SECOND PRIZE (\$10 on the Coast)

I will never ever smoke dope because two years ago my cousin Fred did and now he's living in Dayton, Ohio.

Roland Wagberg  
Chicago, Ill.

### THIRD PRIZE (Free year's subscription to *National Lampoon*)

I will never ever smoke dope because children are starving in Europe.

Scott Edelstein  
Silver Spring, Md.

I will never ever smoke dope because he is the only Vice-President we have. And besides, what would I do with the roach?

Joe Teague  
Seattle, Wash.

I will never ever smoke dope because if I light up, Smokey the Bear will crush my butt.

Mike Giachino  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I will never ever smoke dope because I have one lung.

Steven B. Young  
Fairless Hills, Pa.

I will never ever smoke dope because once I saw a real asshole smoking it.

Robert Colborn  
Ocean City, N.J.

I will never ever smoke dope because I am a fish.


Lilivati  
Jamaica, N.Y.

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# News of the Month



The positions of both the Allies and the Communists at the Paris Peace Talks call for "free elections" in South Vietnam to determine the ultimate make-up of the postwar government. With the recent Congressional elections in mind, it seems that the U.S. may still have a chance to pull the whole situation out of the fire if it makes use of modern political techniques. Some possible campaign "game-plans":

1. Get Vice-President Ky a good speech writer so he can call Communist opponents catchy names like Cau Canh Coh Cinh (unworthy turtles) and Tranh Tau Tinh (foolish hen-ravagers).
2. Have President Thieu make a flashy, show-the-flag (the Old Yellow & Red) tour of some "safe" spots including Haiti, Liberia, Greece and Formosa.
3. Arrange some 10,000-piaster-a-bowl dinners with guest speakers like Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Martha Raye and S. I. Hayakawa.
4. Emphasize beneficial U.S. "pork barrel" projects like Khe-sanh and Da Nang. Work up some folders showing a happy family living in an abandoned tank. Point out that the Communists left nothing but bomb-cratered trails and sodden rice caches.
5. Accuse local Communists of hobnobbing with Hanoi sophisticates and members of the ultra-liberal "Northern" establishment.
6. Saturate the countryside with hard-hitting buffalo stickers carrying slogans like HONOR INDOCHINA!, and VIETNAM: LOVE IT OR WE WON'T LEAVE IT.
7. Get some coverage of peasants in conical hats beating up unpatriotic students and organize a march on Saigon by "real" Vietnamese.

8. Attack "infiltration" concept and insist on neighborhood atrocities. At the same time, take the curse off the My Lai incident by arranging for the indictment of remaining villagers for "provoking" soldiers and making crude remarks in Vietnamese.

9. Picture Communists as opportunists who seized on the war as an issue when attempts to characterize American presence as "imperialism" failed.

**Burn those best sellers** and sandbag that coffee table: the annual crop of end-of-the-year special books is in. They're lush! They're lavish! They're \$20 and up until Christmas and three for \$4.98 by Groundhog Day. Some of the best: *The 1945 Minneapolis Telephone Book*, Memory Press; *Magnificent Vacancies*; *Great Motel Interiors of the American Middle West*; *Busload of Beauty*, poetry by Rod McKuen, illustrated by Walter Keane; *The Protocols of the Housewives of Oakland* by "K"; *Art by the Astronauts*, a portfolio of out-of-this world sketches by America's astronauts, many of them actually done in flight; *My Favorite Foreign-Sounding Recipes*, by Patricia Nixon; *The Collected Telephone Calls of Martha Mitchell*, selected by John Mitchell; *Les Tres Etranges Moyens*, Catherine of Cleve's Book of Unusual Sexual Techniques; *The Deluxe Illustrated Report of the President's Commission on Pornography*, edited and with an introduction by Ralph Ginzburg; *World of Filth: What to Expect if the Pornography Report Is Adopted*; *Exhibit A from Grade Z: Evidence the President's Commission on Pornography Found Too Hot to Handle*, by the editors of *Avant-Garde*; *The Architecture of Hawaii*, by Edward Durrell Stone; *Stuff It!: The Joys of Taxidermy*; *Little-Known Copies of Obscure Masters of the*

*School of Paris* from the Collection of Sarah M. Gotschell; *The American Heritage Book of Clams*; and *Great Treasures of The Famous Artists School*.

As an eleventh hour public service, we are printing this important holiday season message from the American Safety Council for all parents and children who may be assembling plastic models, make-it-yourself toys or other presents requiring stoop labor and a working knowledge of Reimann surfaces:

"Before unpacking toy, pick a large flat area to work in. You will probably need a complete set of Phillips screwdrivers, a pair of industrial wire cutters, a small anvil and a chain saw, so get these now. You will also need something to cut your finger with and a sofa to ruin. To save cleaning up later, cover your work area with a drop cloth (asbestos or Butyl rubber are best), but a sheet of galvanized steel will do in a pinch. Remove all wooden objects from room. If you have goldfish or other aquarium pets, cover their bowls with two-inch pine boards and smear Vaseline on the glass. UNPLUG ALL ELECTRIC CLOCKS. Remove plants; spray with hairspray or shaving lather those that cannot be moved. Pension any servants. Be sure to have a jar of cold cream or mustard handy. Persons with a sensitive skin or a history of skin rash, seborrhea or psoriasis should allow hands to soak for 10 minutes in a 50-50 solution of paste wax and mayonnaise before handling glue. DO NOT OPERATE WALKIE TALKIES, TOASTERS OR METRONOMES. Keep all downspouts clear. Do not play woodwind instruments. Throw away stuffed birds."

(continued)

Photo by Bob Pike



# Little Doug Kenney will go to bed hungry tonight.

... unless you help. Raised in a small village called by the natives "Ohio," Doug has never had the things that your children have had. He was 10 years old before he owned a pair of Florsheim shoes, he was almost 20 before he had his first ride in a Lincoln Continental, and his parents were too poor to send him to a fancy Swiss private school like his playmates. He has never tasted caviar. . . .

Won't you find it in your heart to join the *National Lampoon* Foster Subscription Program? It costs only pennies a day and can do

so much. If you buy a one-year subscription, little Doug Kenney can have a crust of bread and a cup of milk every day. A two-year subscription will send him to school, where he will learn to read, write and play polo. A lifetime subscription will enable him to throw an entire coming-out party for his less fortunate friends in the south of France.

Just \$5.95 will give you a year of reading pleasure.

And little Doug will love you.  
Subscribe, dammit!

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 171  
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to help those less fortunate than myself and subscribe to the *National Lampoon*.

I enclose my check  money order

- 1-year subscription (12 issues) — \$5.95 (you save \$3.05)  
 2-year subscription (24 issues) — \$10.50 (you save \$7.50)  
 3-year subscription (36 issues) — \$14.50 (you save \$12.50)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(please print)

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Please be sure to include your correct zip code number



**"CAUTION: too much of Sugarcane can cause you to rave endlessly about him and become a bore."**

The above quote was lifted from Joe Klee's review of the new John Mayall album, "U.S.A. Union." It was written, in *Rock Magazine*, before Sugarcane's solo album was released.

Sugarcane, in addition to being featured on Mayall's new album, played with Zappa and the Mothers. He's played with The Johnny Otis Show for a long time, and his electric violin is featured on Johnny's recent album.

But never, before his new Epic album, could you hear so much Sugarcane all in one place.

Here's more from the John Mayall review:

"Completing the quartet is one of those amazing giants about whom I'm afraid to say much for fear of getting carried away into novella. I've been digging Sugarcane Harris on fiddle for awhile now. It is only that I haven't had the chance

to hear him live that keeps me from stating categorically that he is **the greatest artist who ever touched horsehair to a gut.** Harris has the equipment to truly exploit the fiddle in all its *vox humana* qualities. His swelling, swirling sounds can really engulf you in his musical journeys and sweep you involuntarily along with them.

"Watch out—like I said—Sugarcane is habit forming."

**A whole album of Sugarcane, on Epic Records**

**Sugarcane Harris**

including:  
I'm Unconscious/Do It Yourself/Funk And Wagner  
A Little Soul Food/Take It All Off



(continued)

Follow any major highway outside a city for two miles or two hours, whichever comes first — that will put you just this side of the paper screen you'd break if your gasoline had hard-working preposterate instead of all those sob sister fossils — and you'll see a large sign that says "If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home Now." You'll also notice the smokestacks of a company that turns old rubber tires into oily smoke for the lucrative oily smoke trade; the high-pitched mating cry of the colorful silver-bellied Whisperjet, several of which will be doing their famous dance of dalliance over your head; and a cluster of buildings that look like a cross between an A-bomb test village and Alcatraz. This is "home," better known as Edinboro Manor or "Nauga Heights," a carefully planned, self-contained, residential community complete with everything a bustling little town needs, including spaces for 100,000 cars, huge parking lots, well-lit auto storage areas, handsome vehicle holding points and plenty of places to leave "the old buggy" when you're not using it. It also has an asphalt plant ON THE PREMISES and a crack team of gardeners who go around shooting any tree that grows higher than three feet. If by some chance there isn't one of these places in your area yet, don't worry. Coming soon are: Dutch Elm Acres, a handsome new village conveniently located around a major superhighway exchange just a few minutes outside of Cincinnati with several choice lots still available in the median strip, cloverleaves, and adjoining the many exit ramps; Chateau Astro, in Waco, Texas, the town of tomorrow today, built on 1,000 acres of carefree Astroturf, with an actual French chateau transported stone by stone from Belgium by builder Sy Weincork and offering a wide choice of dwellings ranging from the economical Astrodungeon on a Mini-acre (300 square feet) to the lavish Astroduchy located on a vast Cama-Lot (1¼ acres); and the Tower of New London, featuring (for those who enjoy the good city life but don't want the crime that goes with it) impregnable living in a 20-story concrete bunker surrounded by a handsome landscaped mine field.

NEWS OF THE MONTH EXTRA



In the light of the recent discovery that marijuana injected into laboratory rats causes birth defects, it is none too soon to test the effects on humans of intravenous doses of cheese, two-day-old garbage, plaster, dead insects and paint peelings. □

# horroroscope

Augury (o gy re) n.; L. auguri.

The practice of foretelling events by auspices or omens, frequently based on meteorological occurrences.

January 2, 1971 (*monsoon rains*) As part of new peace overtures, the United States Information Agency offers to produce and distribute a documentary film on the life of late North Vietnamese leader **Ho Chi Minh**. When spurned as "imperialist nonsense," Information Service re-directs project and begins negotiating distribution of 15-minute "thriller" entitled *Charlie Chan Goes to Hanoi*.

January 4, 1971 (*fallen stars*) Following a freak accident, ex-Supreme Court nominees **Clement Haynsworth, Jr.** and **Harold Carswell** are pronounced dead on arrival at Jacksonville city hospital. Haynsworth and Carswell were both killed instantly when the ambulance they were chasing took a sharp right turn and their cars collided head on.

January 7, 1971 (*heavy fog*) World-renowned telepathist **Harold Kriswell** makes late-night talk show debut on Hollywood's *Merv Griffin Show*. Challenged to read his host's mind, Kriswell concentrates intensely for 20 minutes, then gives up in despair and announces his retirement.

January 10, 1971 (*purple haze*) Tragedy again strikes the world of popular music as **Arthur Fiedler** and the 106 members of his Boston Pops Orchestra are found dead in their hotel rooms on tour in Miami Beach. Pending a coroner's report, death is tentatively attributed to an

overdose of management-furnished **Muzak**.

January 13, 1971 (*lily-white snow*) After nine months of what liberal Senate wags had sarcastically referred to as an hysterical pregnancy, Nancy Thurmond, 23-year-old wife of 68-year-old South Carolina Conservative **Strom Thurmond**, gives birth to a healthy, nine-pound bouncing baby bigot.

January 17, 1971 (*hot air*) In an impromptu news conference called at 3 A.M. in the tap room of the Washington Hilton, hostess with the mostest **Martha Mitchell** announces that the leaders of the Democratic congressional delegation all eat shit.

January 21, 1971 (*wind from the East*) Newly-elected leftist President of Chile **Salvador Allende** calls together his country's major foreign investors to reiterate his promise that 99 per cent of Chilean residents have nothing to fear from his communist regime. As armed guards open fire, Allende regrets the fact that the one per cent with problems all seem to have found their way into the same room at the same time.

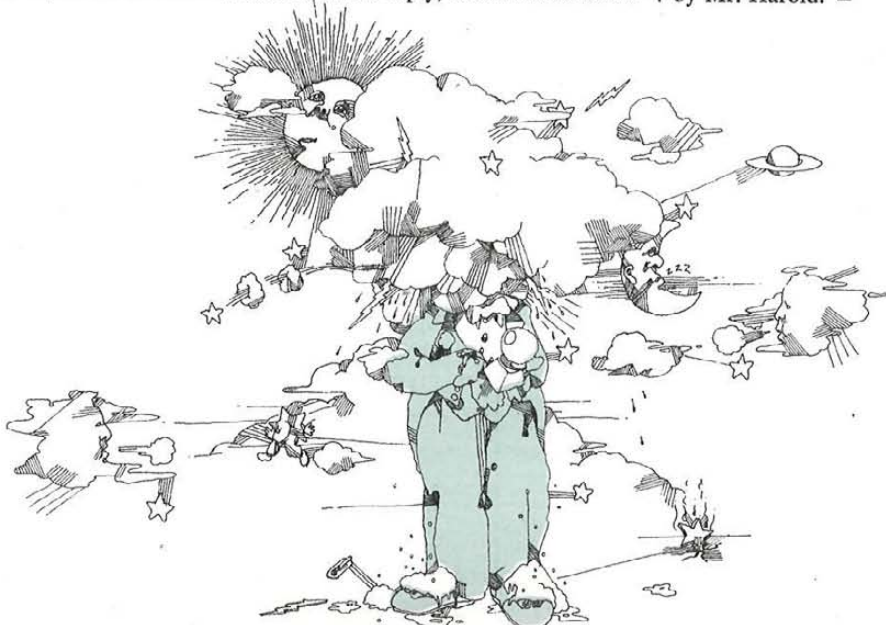
January 23, 1971 (*hot and sticky*) Re-emphasizing his rejection of the President's Commission on Pornography, **Richard Nixon** declares that public discussions on sex are disgusting and un-American. In reply, Commission Chair-

man **William Lockhart** suggests that sexual intercourse is a highly personal act, and that in the case of the First Family, he can sympathize completely with the President's feelings.

January 25, 1971 (*burning sun*) In an apparent attempt to undermine Israeli morale, Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat** announces that Israeli Minister of Defense **Moshe Dayan** was in fact killed during the Six Day War. Confronted with Dayan's many public appearances since that date, Sadat cryptically refers reporters to June, 1967, newspaper reports on the disappearance of the Hath-away shirt man.

January 28, 1971 (*shooting star*) Production is suspended on Paramount's western epic, *Reach for the Sky*, when superstar **John Wayne** develops an irritating case of piles. Suspension is only temporary, however, since, as Wayne insists, "A man who licked the big C, cancer, shouldn't have any trouble licking his hemorrhoids."

January 30, 1971 (*light breezes*) In the latest in a series of political kidnappings, Gay Liberation activists abduct Attorney General **John Mitchell** from his backyard rifle range. When Administration Officials refuse to accept their Bill of Fey Rights, Liberation leaders make good on their threats and dump Mr. Mitchell on a lonely beach on Fire Island with both his wrists broken and his hair styled by Mr. Harold. □



# jazz & POP tells you where it's going to be

**JAZZ & POP** is one of the few intelligent music publications that can still rap about the art of the music, without getting hung-up on the superficialities of the 'scene.'

—**Bill Graham**  
Producer, FILLMORE EAST & FILLMORE WEST

It is good to have a really intelligent, controversial and dynamic magazine covering the contemporary music scene. **JAZZ & POP** is a unique publication and I am proud to be associated with it.

—**John Hammond**  
Producer, COLUMBIA RECORDS

**JAZZ & POP** is my kind of magazine. I really dig what it has to say about what's happening in today's music.

—**B. B. King**

**JAZZ & POP** is an important publication that really meets the needs of young people today.

—**Tom Smothers**

**JAZZ & POP** is as broad as life. When I say that I mean that as far as contemporary music is concerned and as far as ascertaining roots of what is happening today, **JAZZ & POP** is right there! **JAZZ & POP** goes into the philosophy and life of the artist. Not superficially—where he's playing, the bread, and so on—but **JAZZ & POP** introduces the artist to you as a human being!

—**Rosko**  
Disc jockey, WNEW-FM

I am happier with **JAZZ & POP** than with the "other" magazine. **JAZZ & POP** is creative, artistic, unbiased in its reviews and most important, is non-racist!

—**Pharaoh Sanders**

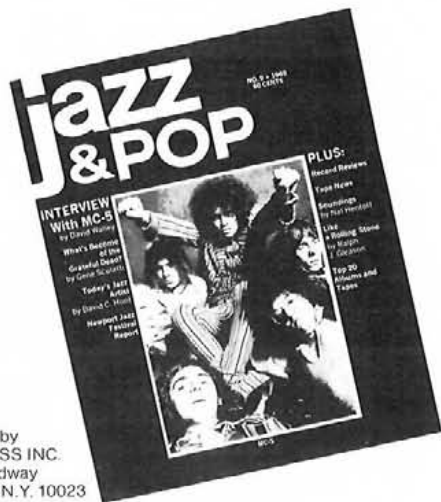
**JAZZ & POP** is not to be ignored as an important medium for reaching the youth market.

—**Frank Zappa**  
Unsuccessful American Composer [sic]

We threw out our original ad copy about the virtues of **JAZZ & POP** when we received the above comments from some of the leading figures in the music world.

You've probably seen **JAZZ & POP** around, maybe read an issue or two. But there are probably some things about our magazine that you didn't know. For example, we were the first national music magazine to run a story on Janis Joplin. Or an interview with Eric Clapton. Or to do an extensive series on Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. Before their records hit the charts. **JAZZ & POP** was the only magazine to carry the last major interview granted by the decade's greatest jazz innovator, the late John Coltrane. We don't want to brag, but we have a consistent record of being able to tell our readers not just "where it's at," but *where it's going to be*. In fact, it's what we've been doing ever since the magazine first began, a little more than seven years ago.

That's why we feel it's time for you to join our list of subscribers. To make it really inviting, we are offering special introductory rates to new subscribers: You can subscribe for one year and receive 12 monthly issues for \$4.00, instead of the regular subscription price of \$6.00. Newsstand price of **JAZZ & POP** is 60¢, so you are saving \$3.20. We make a little less money this way, but that doesn't really bother us. Because once you've gotten the magazine for a few months, we're sure you'll agree: **JAZZ & POP** isn't just another music magazine—it's a necessity!



Published by  
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1841 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10023

**JAZZ & POP**  
1841 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10023

Enclosed find payment of \$4.00. This special subscription rate entitles me to 12 issues of **JAZZ & POP**—a one-year subscription.

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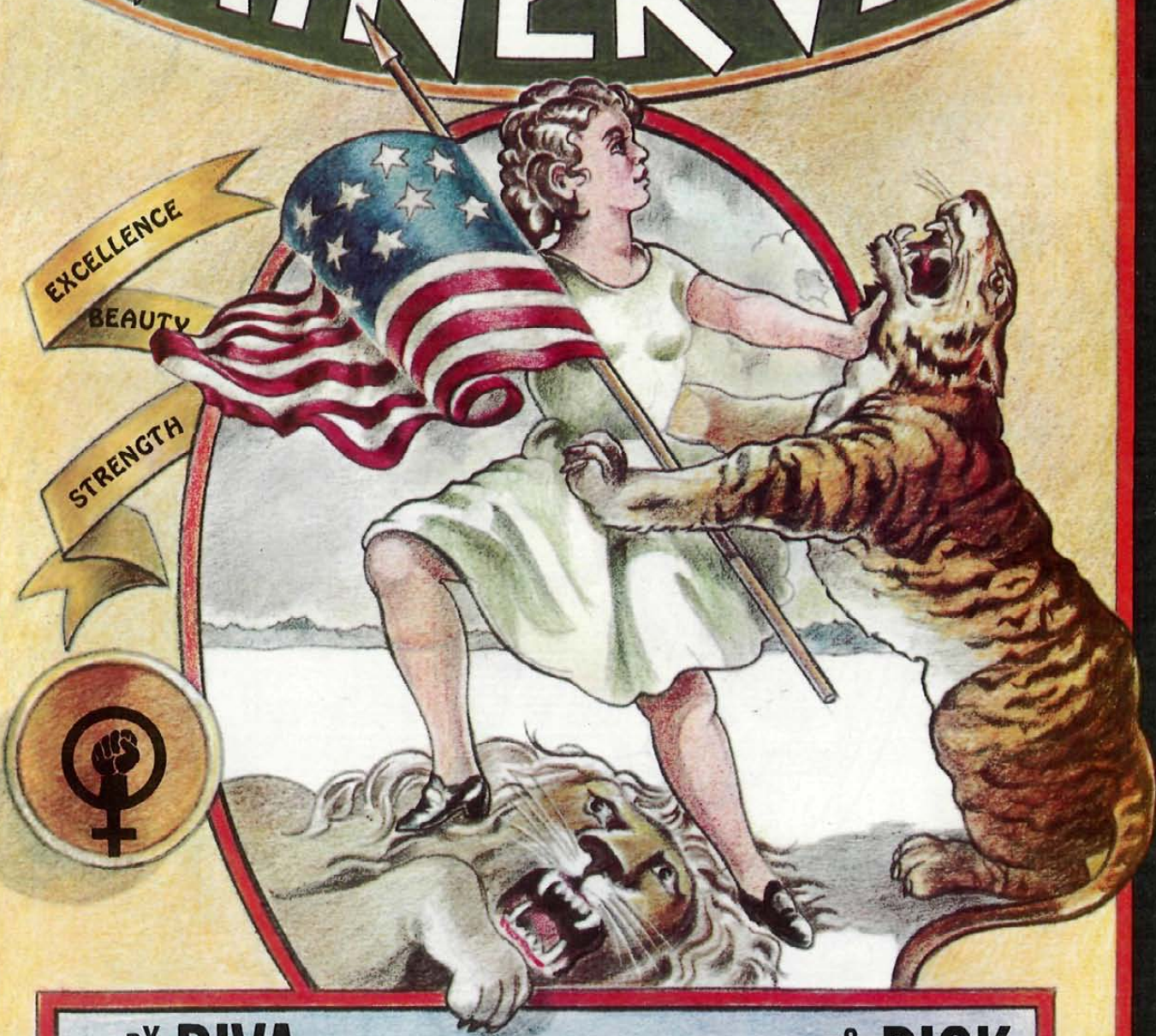
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New subscriber  Extend current subscription

Payment must accompany order. We do not bill.

HIPPITY HOP WITH

# MIGHTY MINERVA



STORY BY **RIVA  
KREPLACH**

ENDORSED BY THE  
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE  
AGAINST  
CHILD SEXISM

PICTURES BY **DICK  
HESS**

*Thank God, it's a girl so there'll be  
someone to carry on the name... I'll buy her  
some blue overalls ... UGH! She's wet.  
Hrrr! Change her!*

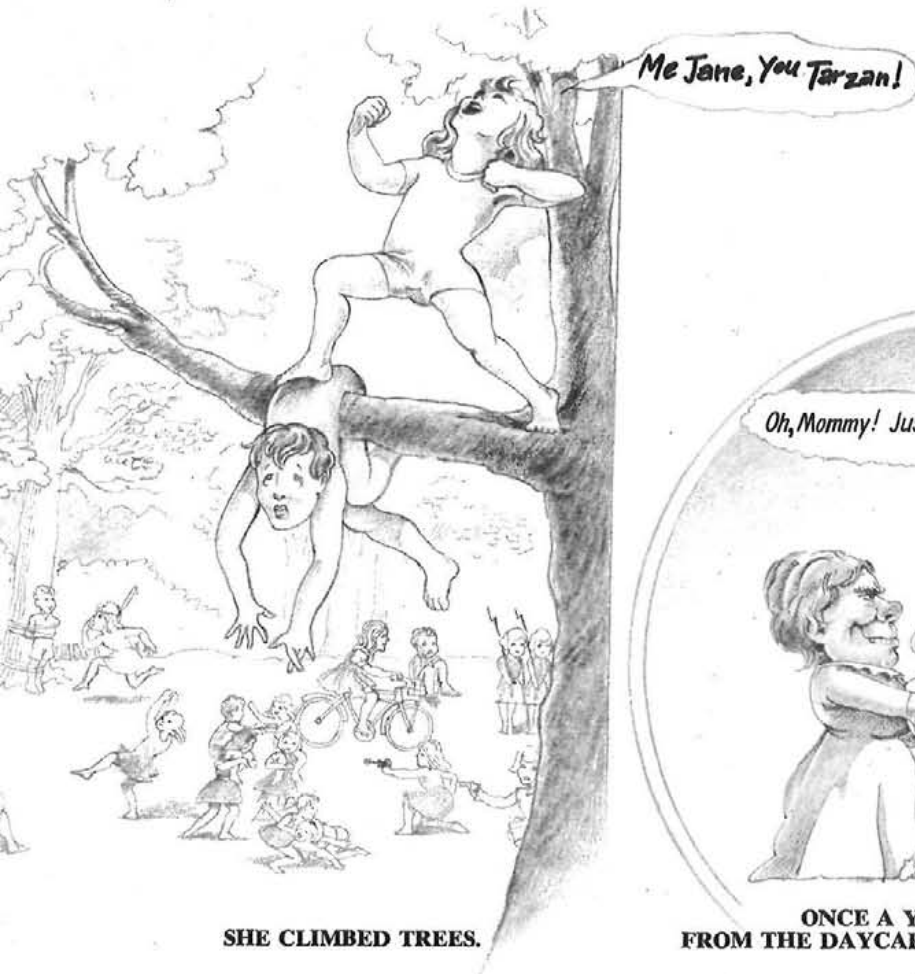


**VERA VESTAL HAS JUST EXPERIENCED  
THE DISGUSTING MIRACLE OF CHILDBIRTH.**



**MINERVA GREW UP BRAVE AND NOBLE  
AND STRONG. SOON SHE WAS CALLED MIGHTY MINERVA. SHE PLAYED ALL KINDS  
OF GREAT GAMES. SHE PLAYED DOCTOR.**





**SHE CLIMBED TREES.**



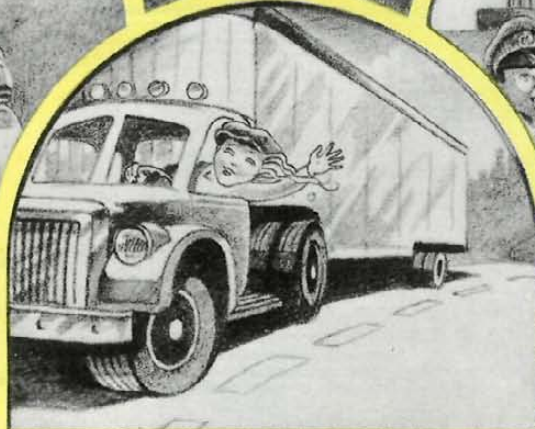
**ONCE A YEAR SHE CAME HOME FROM THE DAYCARE CENTER FOR HER BIRTHDAY.**



**SHE WENT TO SCHOOL.**



**WHEN SHE GREW UP SHE GOT TO DO ALL KINDS OF FUN THINGS. SHE GOT DRAFTED.**



SHE WAS A RIVETER. SHE PLAYED THE TUBA.  
SHE WAS A FIREMAN.  
SHE WAS A MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.  
SHE WAS ON THE TACTICAL POLICE FORCE. SHE WAS A UROLOGIST.  
SHE WAS A FULL PROFESSOR WITH TENURE.  
SHE WAS A GARBAGE MAN.  
SHE WAS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AT NEWSWEEK.  
SHE DROVE A BIG RIG.  
SHE WAS A POWER BROKER FOR THE  
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.



*You think you work so hard. You hand me five bucks Friday night and then you hang out in the poolroom - while I'm stuck here all day with no life of my own, cleaning up after that damn dog of yours... And don't think I didn't see you giving Wilfred Weak the eye the other day.*



*Can't make it, eh? I might have known! Goodbye!*

**SHE LIVED WITH FREDDIE FEEBLE.  
SHE WAS CALM WHEN FREDDY GOT HYSTERICAL.  
SHE FIXED FREDDY'S ELECTRIC EGG  
BEATER WHENEVER IT BROKE. SHE PAID ALL THE BILLS  
FREDDY RAN UP AT DEPARTMENT STORES.**

**BUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.  
FREDDY FEEBLE COULD NOT HELP HER  
WITH HER PROBLEM.**



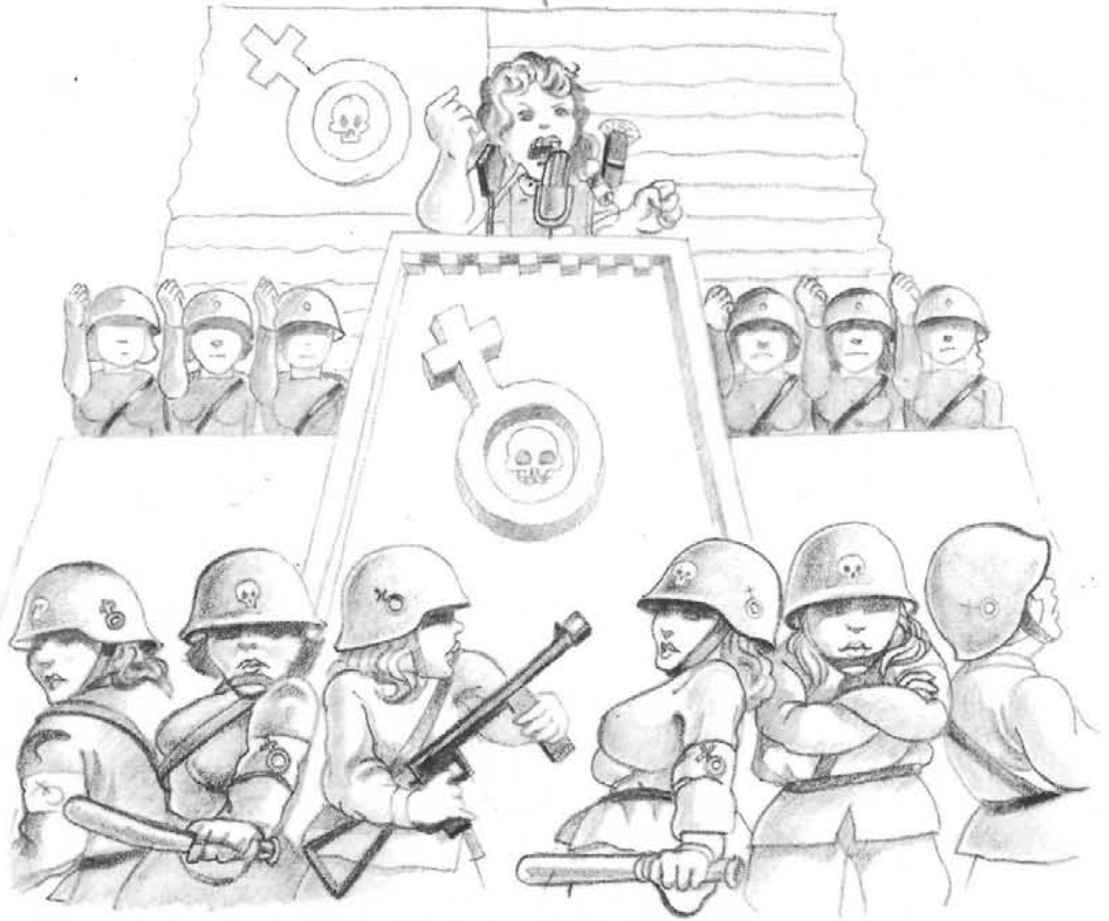
*Awww! Awww! Sweet camera fly... WAIT! THAT'S IT!*

**ONE NIGHT MIGHTY MINERVA  
SAW THE PRESIDENT ON TELEVISION.**



**WHEN SHE TOLD THE PRESIDENT  
HE WAS DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WOMEN,  
HE COLLAPSED.**

... And there'll be no warmongering man in my cabinet!  
We're going to sternly repress those Fascists...and let Freedom ring!



**MIGHTY MINERVA BECAME PRESIDENT.**



**WHEN MIGHTY MINERVA WAS ABOUT  
TO GET HER PERIOD, SHE FELT ICKY, SHE DROPPED A LOT OF ATOM BOMBS.  
ALL THE MEN IN THE WORLD WERE DESTROYED.**

**The End.**

# A Statement from the Editors

We, the editors and staff of the National Lampoon, make little effort to disavow our editorial policies. Our magazine regularly attacks both absurdities in our society and prominent "popular" individuals, often without charity, often without what some term "good taste."

This is the reason for our existence.

However, there are times when a public issue transcends our impulse to "take a poke." There are real causes too vital to be tossed aside with unthinking flippancy.

The fight for women's equality, we believe, is such a cause.

For this reason, the editors and staff of the National Lampoon feel that this is a proper, although admittedly rare, time to say, "But seriously, folks..."

As often as not, the image of the American woman has been defiled in the media. Her natural beauty and talent have been exploited in pandering magazines, films and advertisements. In the past, even this publication has not been without blemish.

Thus, perhaps as a partial penance, the National Lampoon hereby dedicates the following pages to six heroines of women's long struggle against barbaric social attitudes.

You may wish to cut out and save this memorial, not to six great women, but to six great human beings. . . .

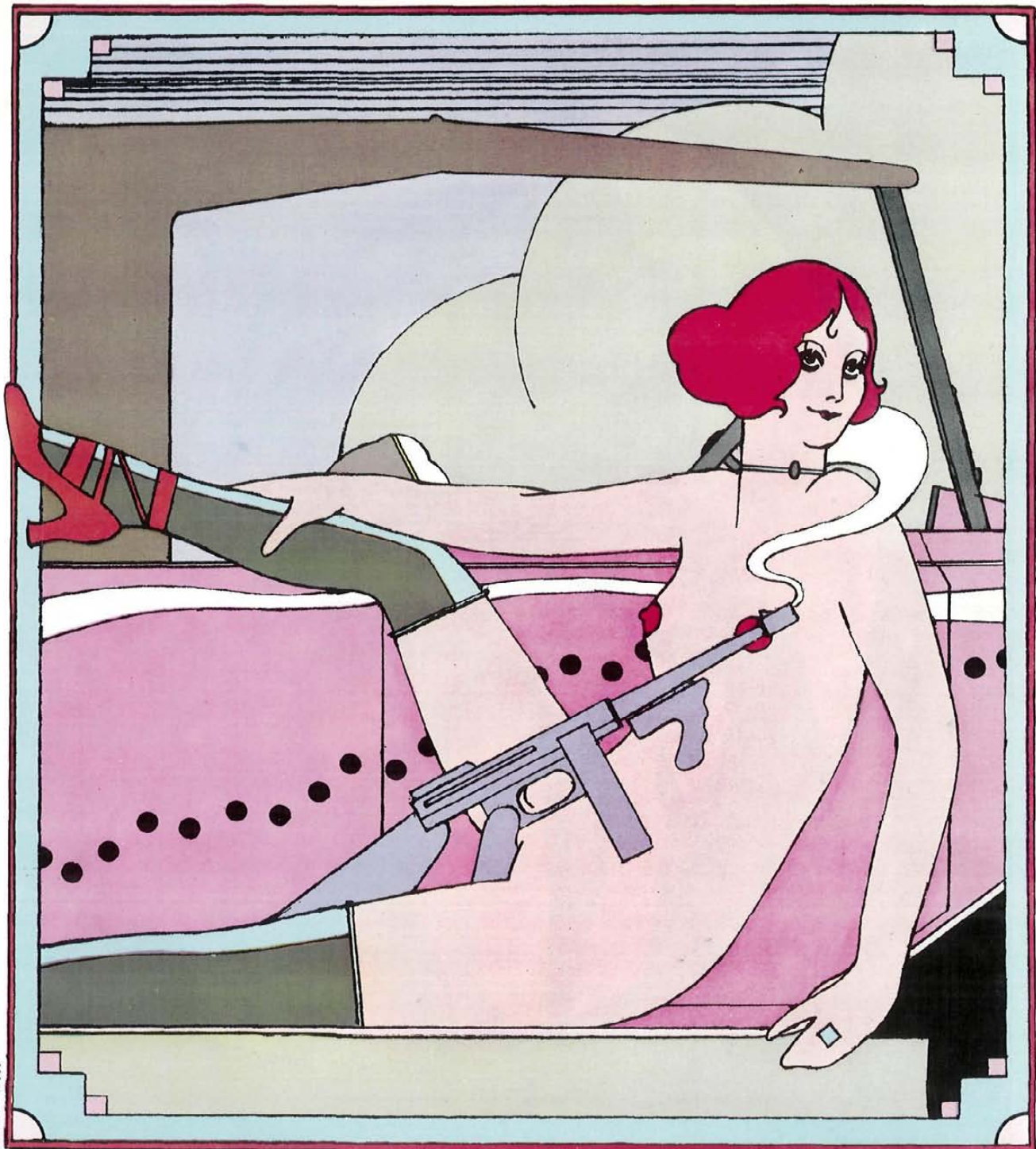


Larry Couzens

**The Dark 1900's, the femmes in a fix,  
 "Brains," hubbies tell them, "and women don't mix."  
 But Madame Curie could fill up a stadium  
 With prizes for sex appeal, housework and radium!**

January							February						
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31



Michael Gross

March							April						
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28	29	30	31				25	26	27	28	29	30	

For cold-blooded slaughter, Ma Barker was best,  
 Said "Not every cutthroat has hair on his chest."  
 The banner of women she did much to bolster,  
 And gave every lawman a lump in his holster!



Larry Couzens

**Amelia Earhart, the Goddess of Flight,**  
**Soared on to glory through the gloom of the night.**  
**She broke flying records and the hearts of her fellers**  
**Who never could get her to twirl their propellers!**

May							June						
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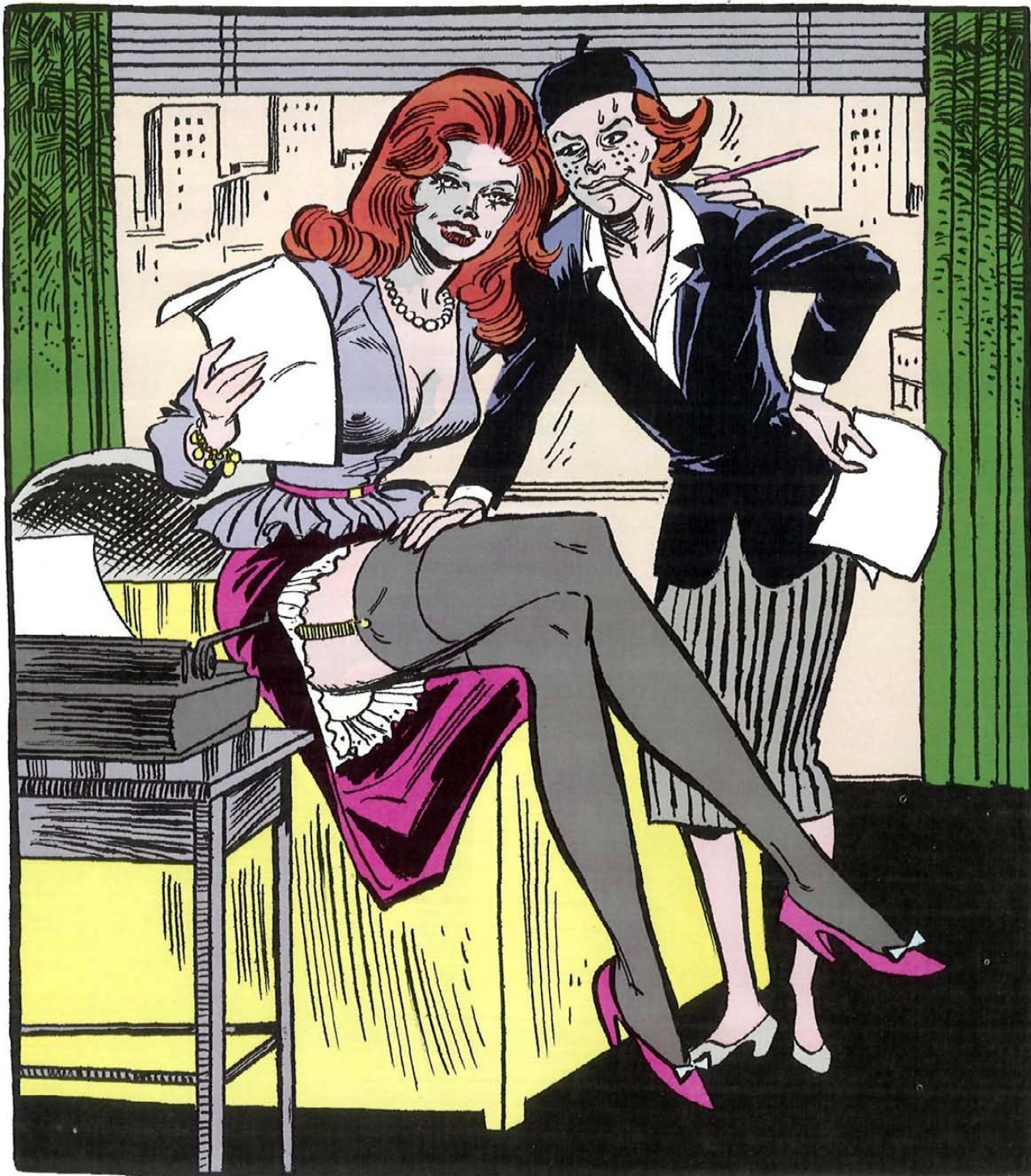
Charles White III

**July**

**August**

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While F.D.R. tussled with world wide Depression,  
 The President's Lady made cheer her profession.  
 With Fala, her pup, she lightened our trials  
 When the "bottom dropped out," she wreathed us in smiles!



A "Starr" of the '50's was buxom young Brenda  
 A reporter whose "scoops" were on all men's agenda.  
 The pioneer symbol of modern career girls,  
 And quite fond of "Hank," an odd sort of "near" girl!

September							October						
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Bob Pike

**November**

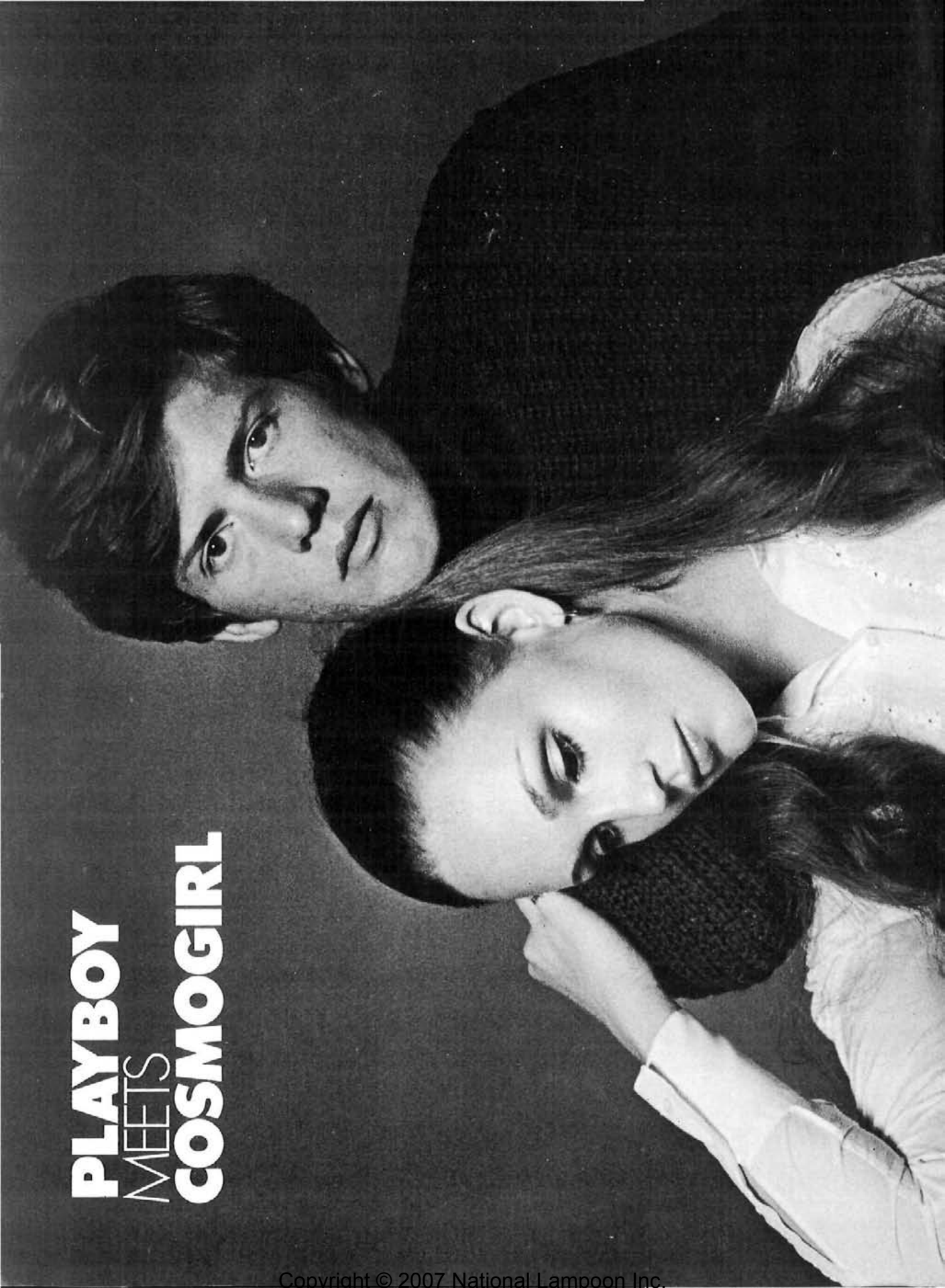
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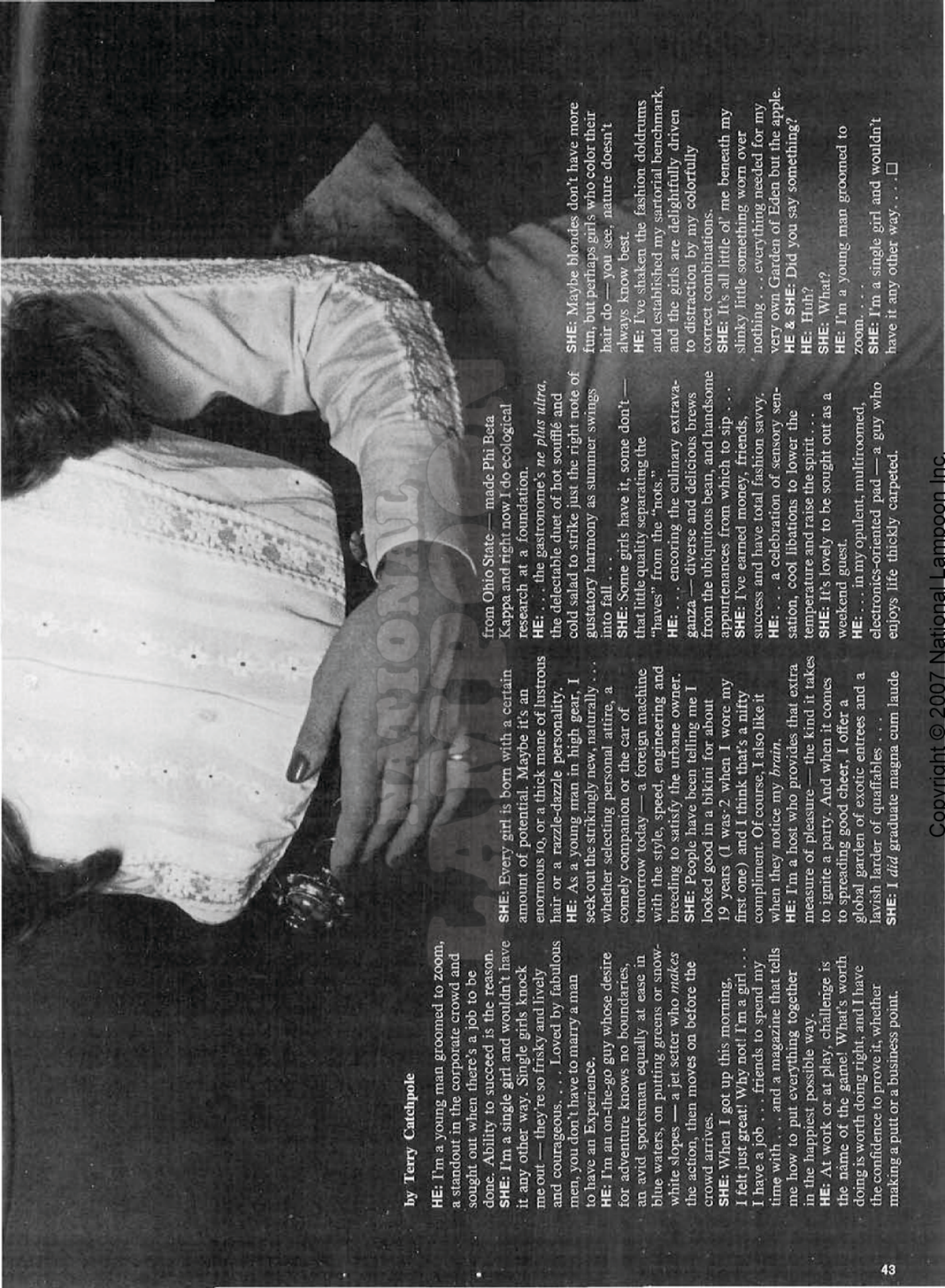
**December**

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**So much for the Past, now what of the Future?**  
**No longer a downtrodden, house-ridden smoocher**  
**The last juicy tidbit to round off the plot line**  
**Our first female Prexy plugged into her hot line!**

**PLAYBOY**  
**MEETS**  
**COSMOGIRL**





#### by Terry Catchpole

**HE:** I'm a young man groomed to zoom, a standout in the corporate crowd and sought out when there's a job to be done. Ability to succeed is the reason.

**SHE:** I'm a single girl and wouldn't have it any other way. Single girls knock me out—they're so frisky and lively and courageous. . . . Loved by fabulous men, you don't have to marry a man to have an Experience.

**HE:** I'm an on-the-go guy whose desire for adventure knows no boundaries, an avid sportsman equally at ease in blue waters, on putting greens or snow-white slopes—a jet setter who makes the action, then moves on before the crowd arrives.

**SHE:** When I got up this morning, I felt just great! Why not! I'm a girl. . . . I have a job. . . . Friends to spend my time with. . . . and a magazine that tells me how to put everything together in the happiest possible way.

**HE:** At work or at play, challenge is the name of the game! What's worth doing is worth doing right, and I have the confidence to prove it, whether making a putt or a business point.

**SHE:** Every girl is born with a certain amount of potential. Maybe it's an enormous IQ, or a thick mane of lustrous hair or a razzle-dazzle personality.

**HE:** As a young man in high gear, I seek out the strikingly new, naturally. . . . whether selecting personal attire, a comely companion or the car of tomorrow today—a foreign machine with the style, speed, engineering and breeding to satisfy the urbane owner.

**SHE:** People have been telling me I looked good in a bikini for about 19 years (I was 2 when I wore my first one) and I think that's a nifty compliment. Of course, I also like it when they notice my *brain*.

**HE:** I'm a host who provides that extra measure of pleasure—the kind it takes to ignite a party. And when it comes to spreading good cheer, I offer a global garden of exotic entrees and a lavish larder of quaffables. . . .

**SHE:** I *did* graduate magna cum laude

from Ohio State—made Phi Beta

Kappa and right now I do ecological research at a foundation.

**HE:** . . . the gastronomic's *ne plus ultra*, the delectable duet of hot soufflé and cold salad to strike just the right note of gustatory harmony as summer swings into fall. . . .

**SHE:** Some girls have it, some don't—that little quality separating the "haves" from the "nots."

**HE:** . . . encoring the culinary extravaganza—diverse and delicious brews from the ubiquitous bean, and handsome appurtenances from which to sip. . . .

**SHE:** I've earned money, friends, success and have total fashion savvy.

**HE:** . . . a celebration of sensory sensation, cool libations to lower the temperature and raise the spirit. . . .

**SHE:** It's lovely to be sought out as a weekend guest.

**HE:** . . . in my opulent, multiroomed, electronics-oriented pad—a guy who enjoys life thickly carpeted.

**SHE:** Maybe blondes don't have more fun, but perhaps girls who color their hair do—you see, nature doesn't always know best.

**HE:** I've shaken the fashion doldrums and established my sartorial benchmark, and the girls are delightfully driven to distraction by my colorfully correct combinations.

**SHE:** It's all little ol' me beneath my slinky little something worn over nothing. . . . everything needed for my very own Garden of Eden but the apple.

**HE & SHE:** Did you say something?

**HE:** Huh?

**SHE:** What?

**HE:** I'm a young man groomed to zoom. . . .

**SHE:** I'm a single girl and wouldn't have it any other way. . . . □

# I've Got a Trillion of 'Em

H.U.B.E.R.T.

Was Laughing All the Way to  
the Memory Bank

by Julia Verne

"...so the sheep dog turns to the cop and says, 'Look officer, if I'da knew he was Jewish, I'da let him find his own fire hydrant!' Heh heh, but no, really, folks, New York's a great town — ."

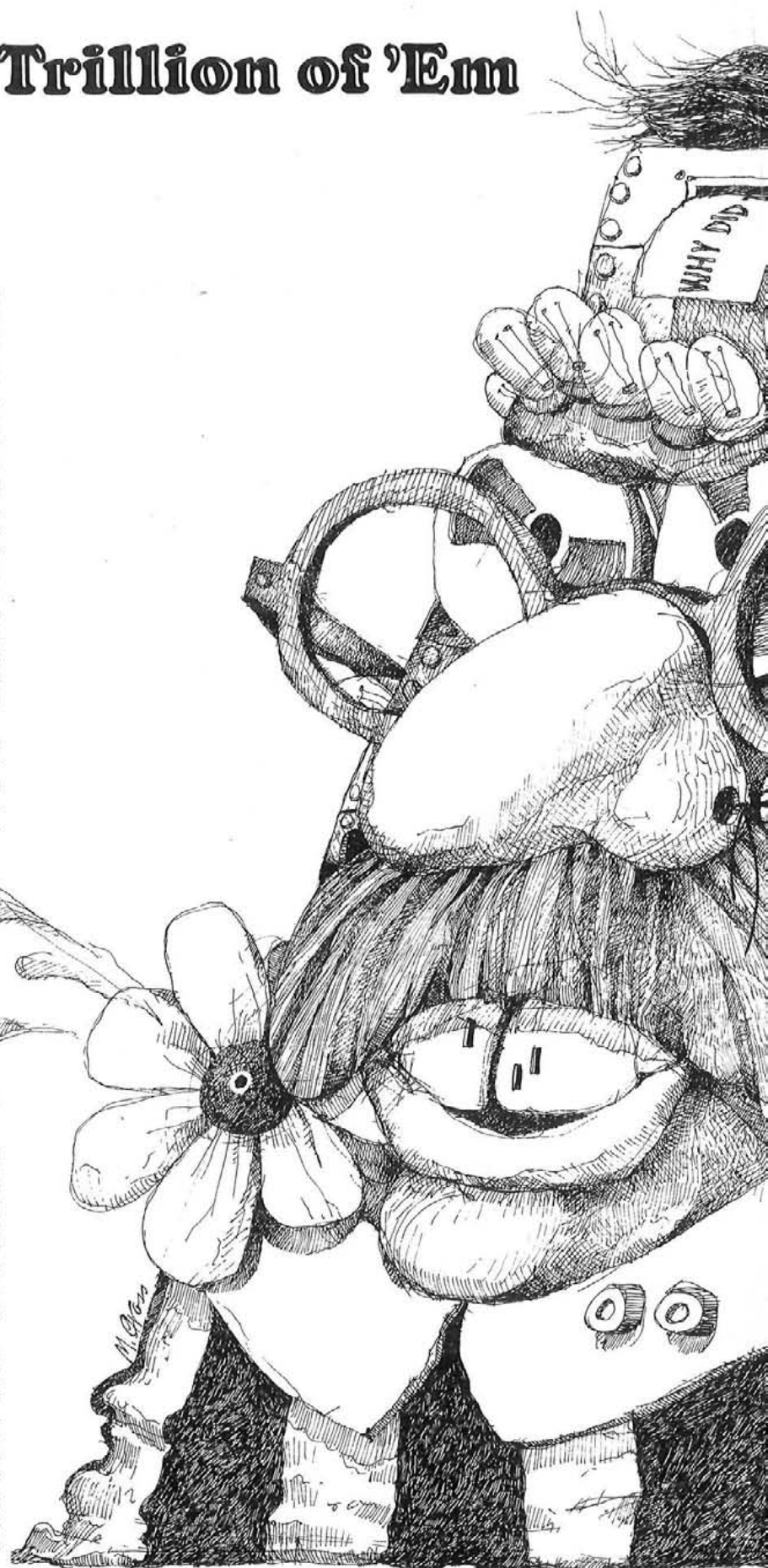
Haphaistos McGee cut short the comic's monologue with a deftly aimed sneaker to the volume control. As Shecky Lee's rubbery mouth and trademark cigar wagged on the tv screen, McGee evicted Babbage, his cat, from his cot, rose and padded barefoot past HUBERT's silent bulk to the portable refrigerator at the other end of the laboratory. With something less than a flourish, Haphaistos McGee opened its door and took stock of his larder. Three franks, raw; two stalks celery, limp; one jar Hellman's mayonnaise, empty; six cans Calo Cat Chow. McGee picked up a can and studied the label.

"Chicken parts, Fish products, Corn Meal, Sodium Nitrate, Crude Fat, Ethoxyquin . . ." mused McGee. Babbage, a remarkably obese Siamese, began clawing its way up McGee's pant leg and suc-

ceeded in distracting him from a Rash Act.

Disgusted, McGee fed the cat and, after a brief wrestling with his sense of smell and/or common decency, decided not to notice the four days' worth of dishes and garbage that threatened to escape the laboratory sinks. "Like my Daddy used to say," McGee explained to Babbage, "'sno use cleaning the cobwebs out of the bedpan if you don't have anything better to fill it up with."

McGee paused, vaguely staring at HUBERT, then lay down on his cot and turned up the tv. "But no, folks," Shecky Lee pleaded, "I really love my mother-in-law, even if her mouth is so big that every time she can't find a parking space . . ." McGee winced. "Like my Daddy said," he instructed his senile tom, who had recently lost all voluntary bladder control, "the only thing that stinks worse



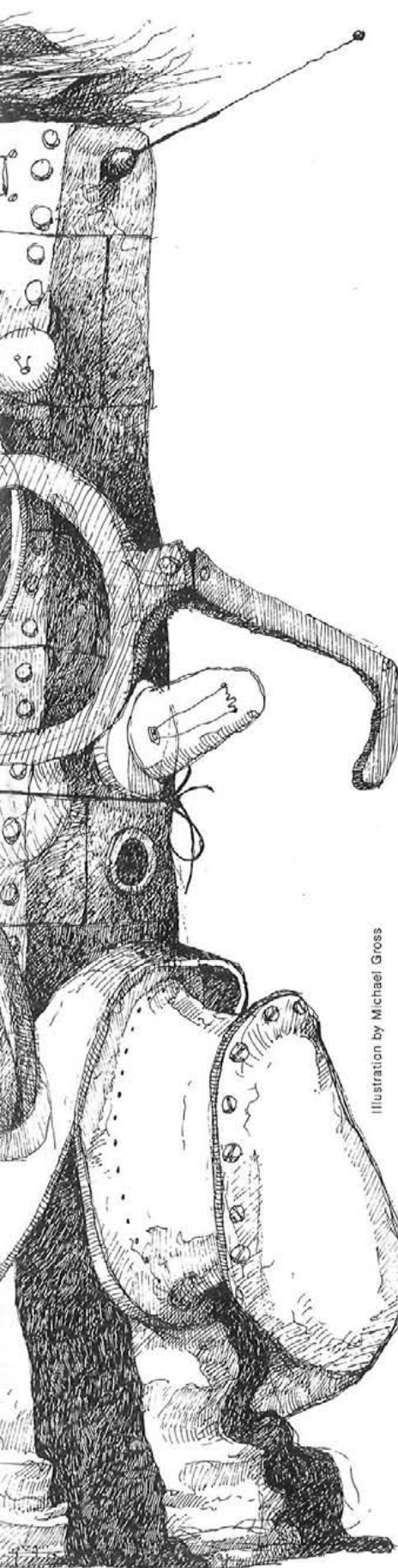


Illustration by Michael Gross

than last week's Limburger is last century's jokes." Babbage yawned and peed on a stray sock as if in a roundabout sign of agreement.

McGee's reverie of his father, an Irish immigrant with a twin genius for chess and forgery, was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone, a miraculous occurrence since the telephone company, as soon as it learned of the failure of McGee's computer business, vowed to tear out its electronic tongue.

"Hullo?"

"Mr. McGee?" said a male voice excreted through a quantity of Vaseline.

"Depends."

"Depends?"

"On whether you're a collection service."

"Heh heh. Very funny, Mr. McGee. You *do* sound like our man."

"Oh. What for?"

"We can discuss it tomorrow, if it's convenient. Say lunch? Or, if you prefer —"

"Lunch."

"Fine. We'll pick you up."

"Who'll be picking me up?"

"Why, Mr. Lee, of course," said the voice, "Mr. Shecky Lee."

The limousine arrived promptly at 11:30 the next day, but its only occupant was a gaudily uniformed, monosyllabic driver whom McGee intensely suspected of harboring Bulgarian blood. ("You can tell by the foreheads," McGee *père* had warned. "They don't have any.") McGee was left, wordlessly, at a midtown Madison Avenue office building. The address of Shecky Lee Productions, Inc., he saw on the wall directory. The five top floors. McGee stepped into the elevator's maw.

"So, as you can see, Mr. McGee," said Vaseline Voice over a still quivering 12-dollar steak, "a great deal depends on the success of Shecky's new production."

"Ya, we've got to sock it to the folks this season," said McGee's other lunch-companion, "y'know?"

"Not exactly," said McGee. He sipped his second Scotch and studied Shecky Lee's ravaged face with interest. Half-hidden by violet-tinted aviator's glasses and cigar fumes, Shecky's face appeared much older than it did on television; this time, no powder base masked the fine stipling that sang of heroic but unsuccessful bouts with adolescent acne and a long adulthood of fleshy self-indulgence.

"Well, Mr. McGee, to be perfectly frank, Shecky's material has, ah, not been quite up to its usual excellence," said Vaseline Voice, or "V.V." as McGee preferred to dub him and whose Christian name was Fisher. From what McGee observed, V.V. served as Shecky Lee's frontal lobes.

"It stinks," said McGee, mentally attempting to reconstruct the approximate number of abscesses that had once laid claim to Shecky Lee's epidermis. "Why

not get new writers?"

"What'n the hell you *think* we've been doing?" Shecky whined. "We pay the meatballs a grand a week, some of 'em, an' they burn out in two. They just don't produce, y'know? None of that old zip."

"But —" said McGee, slightly addled by the expensive restaurant and the expensive Scotch.

"We're told you run a computer concern."

"Ran," McGee corrected. "Went bust four months ago."

"However, we're also told that your computer, Harold —"

"HUBERT," said McGee. "Heuristic Universal Bionic Eulerian Random Tabulator."

"We're told that you maintain, ah, the HUBERT can perform actual creative functions . . . write plays, for example. I believe some poems were printed in the *Times* last year?"

"Damn straight. Pretty good ones, too," McGee nodded angrily, "but the competition claimed I pre-programmed them in myself. If I ever —"

"We followed the controversy," V.V. sympathized, "and Mr. Lee and I would like to help you demonstrate conclusively your machine's, ah . . . talents."

"Meaning?" McGee asked.

"Look, pal," whispered Shecky desperately, "we want that HUBERT thing of yours to try and write my material."

"But it isn't possible now. I don't have the price of a meal, much less software and power for HUBERT. I —" McGee stuttered. He was drunk.

"And," V.V. crooned, "we'll pay you two-hundred-thousand dollars — payment due upon the success of the premiere. All expenses covered by Shecky Lee Productions until that time."

Through a fine amber mist, McGee looked at a contract and a ball-point pen V.V. had put in front of him. He toyed numbly with the pen and mused that maybe old Shecky and old V.V. weren't such bad sorts after all.

"Like my Daddy once said," McGee told Babbage while he happily supervised 11 technicians who busied themselves among HUBERT's components, "give me a lever, a place to stand and enough simoleons, and I'll make the planets do the hootchie-kootchie on stage at Radio City." McGee surveyed his gleaming laboratory with satisfaction. He had had the place cleaned of four months of accumulated refuse. The sinks gleamed and every last one of their six-legged tenants had been dispatched to cockroach Valhalla. HUBERT itself was in fine fettle. In the last two weeks, the scurrying technicians had resoldered and rewired HUBERT's entrails, dusted its relays, regulated its pulse beat within a nanosecond's accuracy and given its sluggish high speed peripherals a series of tender electronic enemas. (continued)

(continued)

McGee himself had not been idle. He read voraciously on the psychology of humor, from Bergson to Benchley, and spent long, intimate nights at HUBERT'S console typewriter testing model programs, studying HUBERT'S printouts and testing again, giggling or cursing depending on the computer's progress.

McGee was inspecting a case of components freshly arrived from Osaka when he felt a flabby palm, moist even through his shirt, clamp down on his shoulder.

"Howsit goin', pal?" Shecky asked. "Whazzat?"

"Sandwich-type cadmium sulphide cells," said McGee. "Your doctor's name for 'battery.'"

"Heh heh, y' mean like in a flashlight? Heh heh, that's a good one." Shecky's lumpish face darkened. "That stuff looks expensive . . . 'zit gonna help that computer come up with some real zingers?"

"Real zingers," said McGee.

"It'd better, we gotta *contract*, heh heh," laughed Shecky, not smiling. "Remember, I gotta have my material in three weeks or . . ." He didn't finish the sentence. McGee continued to inspect the cells, hoping he would take the hint.

"What I mean is, how do I know this thing'll even write *anything* funny?" Shecky continued, blinking nervously. "We got a lotta money invested in this thing. . . I mean, how does that thing even *know* whether somethin's funny or not? I mean, bein' funny is somethin' y' can't put your finger on." Shecky, perhaps to illustrate his point, dropped a fat lump of cigar ash into the cell case.

"Wrong," said McGee. "It doesn't always matter whether something's funny or not, only whether, particularly with your material, it's *supposed* to be funny."

"Huh?" Shecky asked blankly, dropping another ash.

"Take a kid about six weeks old," McGee explained, "and play peek-a-boo with him. You pop up at him, waggle your eyes and generally act like a silly ass. The kid's probably scared shitless at first, but is smart enough to see that you're laughing like an idiot, so, being intensely receptive at the age, he picks it up from *you*. He apes the parent and laughs too. It becomes a learned social response . . . a conditioned reflex."

"That's a lotta crap," Shecky snorted. "The audiences love me."

Doesn't matter," McGee said. "Have you ever made an individual listener *really* break up? Doubt it. They laugh at your stuff only if there's a lot of other people in the place laughing too. Like at a night club. The bigger the crowd, the easier it is to get them hysterical. The social tension becomes greater in a group. They *know* the joke's supposed to be funny, even if it's the same one they heard at the office that morning. On TV, your audience sits home in twos and threes and is bored stiff because they

don't *feel obligated* to laugh by a lot of other people. Look at your ratings before canned laughter helped bail you out."

"I don't get it," said Shecky.

"I began with simple puns," McGee told V.V. and Shecky the next week. "Basic homonyms, related in loose logical relationships." They watched as he pecked out on the typewriter, "*Too many cooks spoil the broth.*" McGee tapped at the keys again, and HUBERT'S banks of flashing red and green lights winked, reels of magnetic tape spun, and invisible fingers hammered out . . . TOO MANY BOOKS SPOIL THE GOTH. TOO MANY POKES RILE THE SLOTH. TOO MANY CANDLES BROIL THE MOTH. TOO MANY CROOKS FOIL — until the possibilities exhausted themselves 40 seconds later.

"Heh heh, that's a good one, about the moths," said Shecky, impressed.

"Next," said McGee, "I ran HUBERT through increasingly complex forms — spoonerisms, knock-knocks, morons, non-logical dialogues, each time giving HUBERT every example I could find, explaining the mechanics involved with each logical and syntactical structure until —"

"How 'bout mother-in-law jokes? Lemme see it do some good mother-in-law jokes," Shecky demanded.

McGee's fingers played across the keys for a few seconds, and HUBERT replied instantly . . . YOU TALK ABOUT LOUSY COOKS, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW AND LUCRETIA BORGIA IS THAT AT LEAST AFTER HER DINNERS, YOU DIDN'T LIVE TO EAT BREAKFAST. BUT NO, REALY FOLKS, MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS AN ASSET TO MY HOME. SHE'S GOT A MOUTH SO BIG, WE RENT IT OUT IN THE WINTER AS A GARAGE. NO KIDDING, HER VOICE IS SO LOUD, ONCE SHE CALLED US UP LONG DISTANCE FROM CHICAGO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. "CAN'T YOU TALK MORE QUIET INTO THE PHONE?" I ASKED HER. "PHONE?" SHE SAYS, "WHAT PHONE?" BUT REALLY, FOLKS, DON'T GET ME WRONG — "Not bad, not bad at all," said V.V.

"Yeah, that would go good in my premiere," admitted Shecky, "but it's all gotta be in my style, y'know? Like no big words an' stuff."

McGee explained that Shecky's broken sentence structures and egregious grammatical lapses had been drilled into HUBERT'S accumulator long since, and assured him that there was no chance of his inimitable delivery being betrayed by an unSheckylike departure into erudition.

Long before Shecky's much-publicized new season, HUBERT could spew out one-

liners, monologues, black-outs and several varieties of bons mots on any given topic from Alimony to Zippers in nine ethnic dialects including German, Puerto Rican, Yiddish, Irish, Italian, Polish, Chinese and Greek, which Haphaistos McGee included out of respect for his mother.

"And, as a special bonus," McGee told V.V. and Shecky, "you also have a wide assortment of subroutines to choose from for special audiences."

"Subroutines?" Shecky said.

"Yes. Say, for example, you want to use this material for personal appearances. If you're playing a Manhattan night club full of young knee-jerk liberals, you certainly can't use the exact same material as for an American Legion convention. Just give HUBERT the proper data on the social, economic and political leanings of your audience, and HUBERT will work up an entire hour-and-a-half of appropriate material, editing out offensive gags and inserting surefire local references instead.

"HUBERT can run through an ideal subroutine suited to any combination of IQ, cultural background, age group, sex and wage level.

"That's all very well, but we have a much more serious problem, Mr. McGee!" McGee whirled around and saw V.V. holding a telephone and looking uncharacteristically distempered. "The sponsors of the program are insisting now that Shecky do the first ten minutes of every show *ad libbing* from live audience questions!"

"Jesus Christ!" Shecky's cigar fell from his lips and his pudgy face turned a pale yellow that, as if fulfilling an omen, exactly matched his shirt. "Hell, I haven't done that *shtik* since '57! Look, maybe we can load the seats with some ringers an' —"

"That won't be necessary," McGee yelled, mentally resisting an insistent vision of two-hundred-thousand dollars sinking into quicksand, "but you'll need a quick mastoid implant."

"A *what*?" Shecky's face now matched his tie, a sort of pea green.

"A minor, painless operation. The surgeon hollows out a tiny portion of that little bony ridge in back of your ear. Then he'll insert a tiny, transistorized transmitter-receiver. When someone from the audience asks a question, it's picked up by the little radio and sent directly to HUBERT. I'll rig up an auditory pick-up tonight. HUBERT hears the question, selects a clever response and sends it back to the little receiver behind your ear as a radio signal. The mastoid bone resonates to the slightest vibration, so you'll actually hear HUBERT'S response inside *your own skull* and repeat it instantly, all with the speed, literally, of a flash of lightning. Now, a little post-hypnotic suggestion wouldn't hurt to speed



up the time between your *hearing* HUBERT's reply and your actually *repeating* it. It'd make it more automatic, of course, if we had the time to surgically alter the larynx itself —"

It was several moments more before McGee realized that Shecky had passed out.

While V.V. oversaw the security measures surrounding Shecky's emergency "tonsillectomy," McGee happened upon a further, even more subtle refinement to HUBERT's task. Since HUBERT was now to have direct contact with its audience through Shecky's implanted transmitter-receiver, McGee devised a method for the computer to "listen" to the decibel level of each audience response and "remember" which parts of the material drew the biggest laughs. HUBERT now could independently judge which topics were most successful and, through an adaptive learning process, effectively maximize the laughs from any given live audience.

The final days of rehearsal for the premiere went more smoothly than anyone could have hoped. The operation on Shecky's mastoid had healed enough to be completely invisible with a dab of make-up, and Shecky and HUBERT cooperated perfectly.

Confidently, Shecky stood at the foot of the stage and practiced his opening, ad lib "quickness."

"Hey, Shecky," called a stagehand, "how 'bout these New York winters?"

"Such a winter we're having in New York," Shecky-HUBERT returned airily, "a friend of mine was walking through Central Park and got mugged by a penguin."

"Shecky, how do you feel about the new Governor taking the oath of office?" cried an assistant producer.

"You mean the *old* one left something to steal?" Shecky-HUBERT chuckled.

"Shecky!" called out a cameraman. "How 'bout them hippies?"

"Funny you should mention that," returned Shecky-HUBERT without hesitation. "One of 'em came up to me on th' way to the studio and asked me for a dime for a bar of soap. 'A bar a' soap?' I said. 'Yeah,' th' hippie says, 'when I'm desperate, I'll smoke *anything!*'"

After rehearsal, Shecky and V.V. congratulated McGee, who was not totally unimpressed with the demonstration himself.

"You were good," he allowed. "The show will be a smash hit!"

"Y-yeah," Shecky grinned, nervously sucking his cigar, "but it kind of gives me the creeps having that thing inside me doin' th' talkin' for me."

"What's the matter, Shecky, losing your grip?" V.V. smiled.

"Hah! The only grip I ever lost was the one with all your mother's clean

undershirts in it!" parried Shecky-HUBERT.

"I think he's got it," V.V. later confided to McGee excitedly, "I really think he's got it!"

That night, McGee watched the premiere of the new *Shecky Lee Show* in the privacy of his laboratory, accompanied only by Babbage and HUBERT, who hummed and winked merrily like an understudy who has just learned that the star has suffered a stroke. McGee carefully set the subroutine specifications for the show. *Median I.Q. 105, 49% Male, 51% Female, predominantly middle- and lower-income, Religious Quotient 78%, 67% Under-16 audience...*

Making these final adjustments, McGee turned on his television and listened to the announcer's familiar, "Heecerrre's Shecky!" and *Whistle a Happy Tune*, Shecky's adopted theme song.

Amid the applause, Shecky strode from behind a yellow curtain grinning from ear to powdered ear.

Shecky waited for the band and hand-clapping to die away, and then, after welcoming the home viewers to the opening of "a doozy of a new season," invited the studio audience to ask him anything they liked.

"Mr. Lee!" giggled a teen-age girl, "do you think sixteen is too young to go steady?"

"Hell, honey," Shecky-HUBERT said bouncily, "in my neighborhood, we were swipin' Ex-Lax out of the medicine cabinet when we were four!"

Silence. Shecky only blinked. Another voice asked, "Hey, Shecky, do you wear pajama's in bed?"

"Are you nuts? I wore some the first night of my honeymoon, and after my wife came out of the john with her jugs hanging out, it took two bellboys to pry my bottoms off the ceiling!" Shecky stiffened slightly, his eyes blinking more rapidly and an odd tremor teased his lower lip.

A longer silence. McGee was helplessly spellbound as a third member of the audience, an elderly man, stood and mumbled that he and his wife were cele-

brating their 50th wedding anniversary that night.

Shecky's face was now a sickly white, his jaw moved up and down as if fighting his words, his eyes rolled in his head; but Shecky lost the uneven struggle. "Anniversary-schmanniversary, the only reason old farts like you stay up to watch my show is so's you can wait for the National Anthem and hope that *something'll* pop out besides your *bridge-work!*"

Finally, of course, the studio engineers recovered enough to kill the remainder of the broadcast and substitute a film short entitled *Magical Manitoba, the Winter Wonderland*.

But not before 30 million home viewers were treated to what was to be the last and finest bit of showmanship of Shecky Lee's career.

Smiling oddly, Shecky dropped his pants.

Frantically, Haphaistos McGee began packing the instant Shecky Lee's image faded from the screen. It was only a matter of time before the network or the police traced what had happened back to HUBERT, still happily twirling its tape reels and winking its lights. They would never believe that HUBERT, not he, had inexplicably decided to alter the evening's planned subroutine to one ideally suited for a Midwestern Elk's Club stag dinner.

"It serves me right, Babbage," McGee muttered as he stuffed the protesting animal into its traveling box. "I didn't like those characters in the first place. Like my Daddy always said, if you wrestle with a turd, win or lose, you're going to get messed up." HUBERT, if it was aware that McGee had left, gave no outward sign, just the same whirring of sprockets and the quiet hum of a million pulsing relays.

When the authorities eventually cut the computer's power and begin the job of dismantling, poetical types will be tempted to say that HUBERT had been punished, not unlike Adam, for developing a mind of its own.

Or, more specifically, a dirty one. □



# Marshmallows

By Robert Heit

is immediately raised if, for instance, a patient asks, "Don't you think my hang-nail might respond to a gelatine rub?"

Lately there has been a rash of sensational magazines featuring personal ads. Defying obscenity laws and postal regulations, the thinly disguised announcements read: "Broad-minded young man would like to contact woman interested in white spongy culture. No prejudices." ... "Attractive woman would like to swap photos of gelatinous substances." ... "Couple (she 37-28-36; he 42-36-38) wishes to contact couple interested in soft, white, rubbery objects (1¼-1¼-1¼)." ...

In several of the larger cities there exist notorious white-light districts. The marshmallow houses are often raided by the police. It is rumored that if a man has the price, he can rent a room and an entire box of marshmallows! Few, however, have that kind of money or are that depraved.

Parents on Krok watch their children fearfully, waiting for the slightest sign of interest in marshmallows. Although assured by psychologists that up until a certain age, an interest in marshmallows is "natural," parents still react violently to such questions as, "Why can't I eat marshmallows?"

Psychiatrists on Krok warn that spanking the child on such an occasion may result in a trauma that could leave a lifelong craving for marshmallows.

Their offices are filled with patients suffering from marshmallowphilia. The primary techniques used in therapy—free association and dream analysis—had been developed 50 years ago by a brilliant Krokian scientist. He had stunned the world with his theory that in every man's unconscious there dwelt a marshmallow. He had shown the importance of symbolism in dreams: A dream of falling off a black building, for instance, was an obvious reversal of a desire to eat a marshmallow.

One of the vital issues of the day on Krok is the great outpouring of pornography. The magazine with the biggest circulation on Krok, the *Wrathful Digest*, has been busily conducting a campaign against marshmallow smut.

The lurid descriptions in books available to Krokian youth are almost unbelievable:

"He thrust himself into the great gelatinous mess. His hands reached out and grabbed the pulpy roundness. He opened his mouth and sucked in the soft, spongy lumps."

"The woman's dark skin contrasted obscenely with the whiteness of the marshmallows she wallowed in. "I can't bear it!" she cried. "Oh, the stickiness of it! Ooooooooooooooooooh!"

"He thrust himself into the sea of marshmallows. He felt his body sinking into the glorious sponginess. Deeper and deeper he sank. He could no longer breathe, but that didn't matter..."

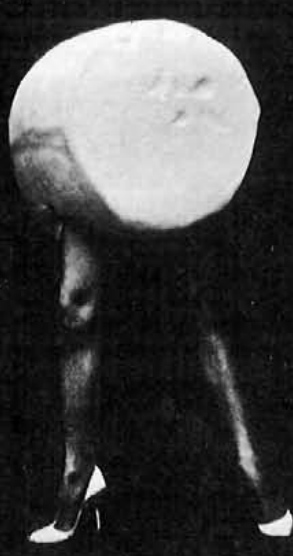
Stag movies on Krok contain fantastic scenes of foreign-looking men actually wading in marshmallows. Others contain scenes of men and women hurling marshmallows at each other. (For homosexual audiences, men are shown throwing marshmallows at other men.)

Highly suggestive symbols can be found even in the upper echelons of Krokian society. Rock gardens are popular. The rocks are square—and have rounded corners. Spaghetti on Krok is big, lumpy—and cube-shaped. However, brides dress in black, for white is considered too suggestive.

Several years ago, a great scandal arose when a man high in the state department of one of the most powerful nations on Krok was discovered sleeping with a marshmallow. The administration went down to disastrous defeat in the following election.

Recently, a group of "enlightened" citizens, who call themselves the I.S.A.M.R. (International Society Against Marshmallow Repression), caused a great furor: The aroused public, horrified and sickened by the sight of clean-shaven young men and respectable looking women picketing in such a grotesque cause, broke through their lines; the ensuing riot resulted in many injuries. Police, repelled at the notion of having to defend such a depraved group, looked the other way.

With Krok now entering upon its age of space travel, let us be grateful it is not part of our solar system. It would be embarrassing to try to explain the abundance and bizarre quality of our many sexual taboos on Earth... almost as embarrassing as trying to explain the presence of marshmallows in our supermarkets. □



On the planet Krok there lives a people astonishingly similar to the people of Earth. The culture is identical in every area but one... the sexual.

Sexual attitudes are permissive. Sex is considered an expression of individuality and all the sexual variations are respected. There is one exception. Any sexual act involving marshmallows is forbidden.

The great majority of Krokians do not question this taboo. They have been taught from childhood that the very thought of sex with marshmallows is disgusting. The conversion of such dreadful fantasies into reality is an abomination that neither the courts nor society can forgive.

No one knows the origin of the taboo. It is so deeply ingrained in the culture that the people cannot conceive of a time that it had not existed.

One certain way to start a fight on Krok is to call a man a marshmallent. It is the most derogatory word in the language.

In men's rooms, such scribbblings as "Harry eats marshmallows," "Evelyn keeps marshmallows for her boyfriends" and "Joe makes it with marshmallows" can often be seen.

The manufacture of marshmallows is, of course, forbidden. However, a vast criminal underworld exists which is devoted exclusively to the production and bootlegging of marshmallows. Gang wars often erupt and the jails are filled with marshmallow hoods.

Some perverts run the risk of confrontation with the law, on the one hand, and with gangsters, on the other, by actually making marshmallows in the privacy of their homes. Adding to their problem is the fact that corn syrup, sugar, albumin and gelatine are available only with a doctor's prescription. No reputable doctor is willing to risk the loss of license by prescribing more than one of these items for any patient. One might find four different doctors, but suspicion

# *Unlikely Events of 1971*

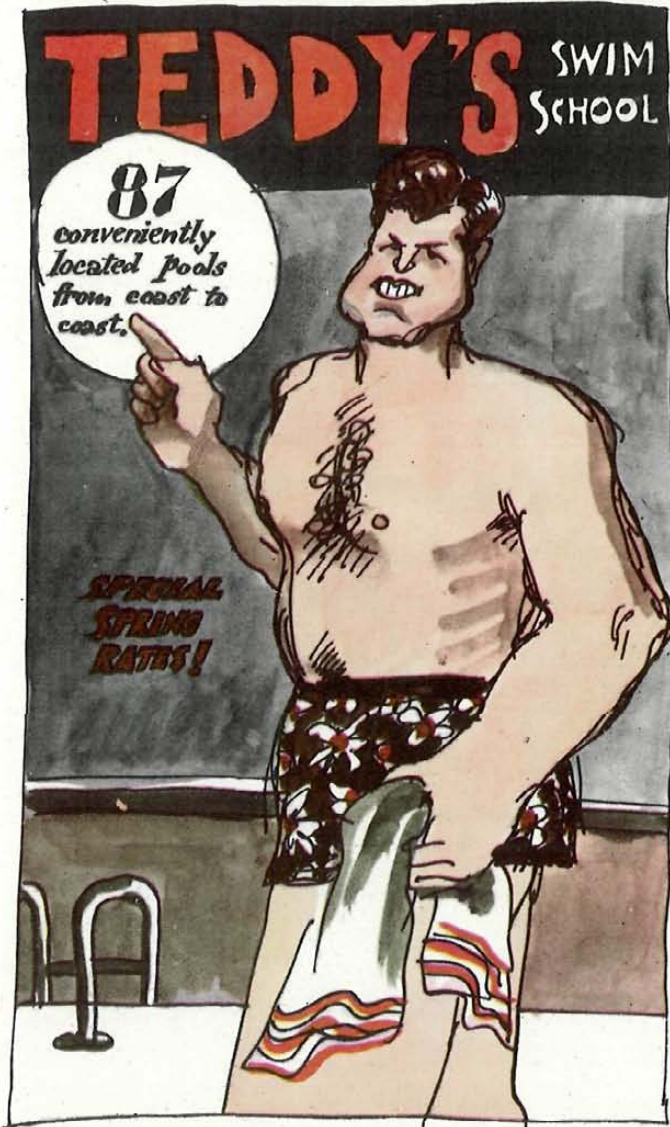
by  
*Edward Sorel*

*Bennett Cerf  
stays up all night correcting  
student papers from  
The Famous Writers School.*



*(continued)*

Ralph Ginzburg actually goes to jail.

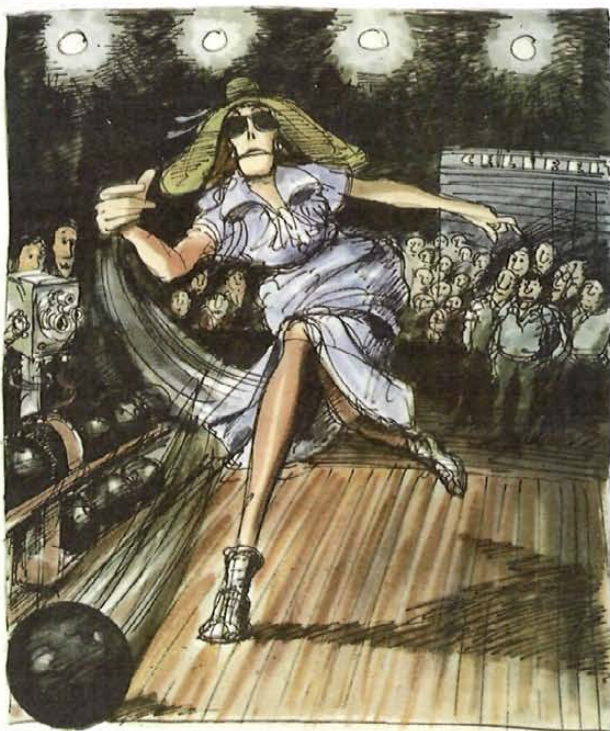


Edward Kennedy  
leaves politics to open up  
a chain of health clubs.



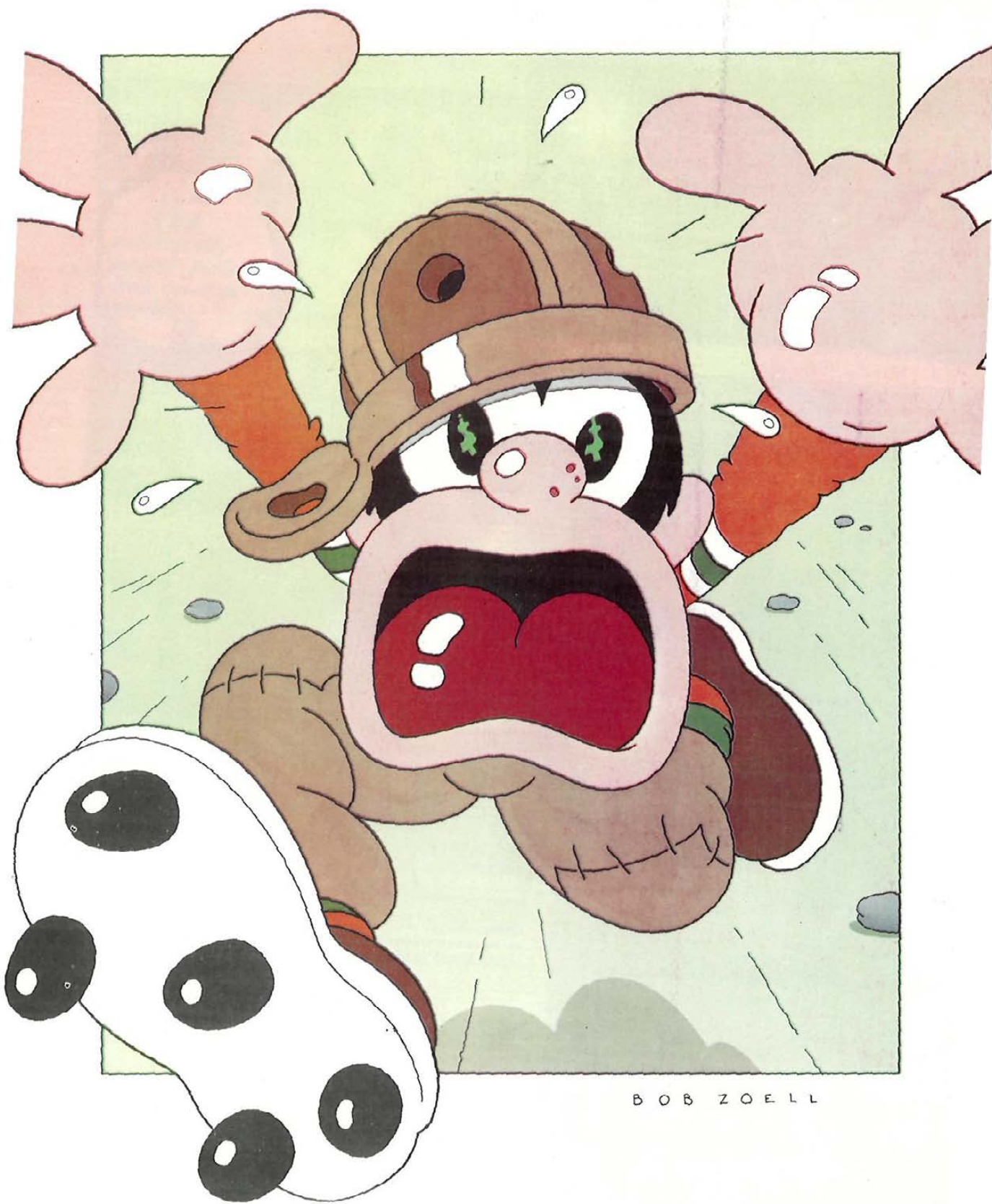


*J. Edgar Hoover and Randy Agnew are discovered together in a motel.*



*Greta Garbo comes out of seclusion to appear on television's Celebrity Bowling.*

*Walter Keane is commissioned to paint the official portrait of President Nixon.*



BOB ZOELL

# Instant Ball Foul

By Gerald Astor

Sunday, Dec. 13

The locker room is as quiet as a tomb, a tomb in which we have just been buried by the collective efforts of the New York Giants football team. The silence is deafening. Rhino Thalmus, our 340-pound All-Pro guard is squatting in front of his locker working on the needlepoint throw rug he started back in training camp in August. Rhino thinks needlepoint helps him unwind after a big game. The rest of us think Rhino is a fairy, but the last guy who said so out loud was found face down in the whirlpool bath with his feet stitched to his ass, so we keep our thoughts to ourselves. Rhino drops a pin, and we hear it drop. We all know what's coming.

The door to the locker room slams suddenly open and in stalks the coach. If I play this game for another hundred years (which I may have to to make up for the bath I took in bowling alleys and franchise diaper services last year), I don't think I'll ever meet another man like Vince Brute Caesar — fearless, friendless, ruthless, cruel, and the greatest Goddamn football coach who ever lived.

The silence in the room becomes, if possible, more complete as Caesar strides to the blackboard, plants his 240 pounds in front of the podium and taps the microphone for attention. I sense that the postmortem is about to begin and slip a cassette into the tape recorder hidden in my helmet.

Caesar is so angry that his eyes are glowing and his mouth looks like it's doing an endorsement for Foamy shave cream. Anticipating the roasting we're about to receive, Gary Gorbaltz, our middle linebacker, falls to his knees and tries a ploy that has worked several times in the past.

"Oh, god of the gridiron," intones

Gorbaltz, "forgive us our pathetic failure on this Sunday afternoon. We don't deserve an instructor of your skills and abilities. Punish us with push-ups, whip us with wind sprints, but give us a chance to redeem ourselves."

Any hopes we may have had for mercy are quickly dashed as backfield coach Lance Lepidus, acting on a signal from Caesar, rifles a bullet pass into Gorbaltz's breadbasket. Caesar clears his throat and the session begins in earnest.

"Hey, Burrhead ["Burrhead" is Caesar's affectionate nickname for Flash Wellington, our all-East halfback from Grambling. Vince learned his football as head coach at Mississippi State], you wanna get your hand off your banana and tell fag face to put away his knitting needles?" Flash and Rhino both respond immediately.

"I'm going to make this short and sweet," growls Caesar, and everyone holds his breath. "This piece of paper I have in my hand here is a contract from Random House Publishers. This piece of paper says that Random House has agreed to publish a book by one Vince Brute Caesar on the 1970 football season, said book to be titled *First and Ten*, or *Two Minute Warning*, or *On Any Given Sunday*, or any other dum dum title I can come up with. This piece of paper says I get a 20,000-dollar advance if we win the division, 40,000 if we cop the playoffs, and 60 thou if we take the Super Bowl. Today we should have clinched the division. Next week we had better clinch the division. Do I make myself clear, gentlemen?"

Dead silence.

"Excellent. Now, Gorbaltz, you should be in good shape after chasing Tarkenton across the goal line five times today. Take 'em out for twenty laps around the stadium."

You've gotta respect a guy who cares as much about winning as Brute does.

Thursday, Dec. 17

Caesar called a meeting today to give us the bad news that Rhino Thalmus had been suspended for the rest of the season for conduct unbecoming a professional football player. It seems that Caesar discovered Rhino in the shower room literally faking one of our rookie safety men out of his jock. Caesar said he was a very moral man who couldn't put up with that kind of behavior, on top of which he felt that a late season suspension would make good copy for his book.

Saturday, Dec. 19

We got together in the locker room today to go over the game plan for tomorrow's key contest against the Cleveland Browns. Caesar had had a slight change of heart and insisted he wanted something dramatic this week, a squeaker. "I don't want us to run away with the game," said Brute, "but you can bet I don't want to lose, either. If we have a lopsided score by the end of the half, it'll just be a repeat of the Denver game and not worth writing about. Therefore, we're going to change our style of play completely. We beat the ass off the Browns last time by putting the ball in the air. Now we go to a total ground attack. I'm working on a fantastic chapter on the reasons why you drop a successful tactic and try something else. If any of you guys can help me come up with some reasons, I'll be happy to mention you in the acknowledgments section of the book.

"Next, moving the ball on the ground may be difficult with Thalmus out of the lineup. I don't think I'll ever find a player who loved contact as much as Rhino. Nijinsky, you and Stenkowski will be alternating at Thalmus's right guard position tomorrow, and if you don't do a job on the Brown front, four Italo-American acquaintances of mine will personally see to it that you never play pro ball in

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(continued)

the United States of America again."

"How 'bout Canada, Coachie?"

No one laughed.

### Monday, Dec. 21

Caesar called us together today to review our victory over the Browns. We'd managed to keep the score even through three periods, then won on a 75-yard punt return in the fourth quarter. That meant we'd taken the division, so everyone was pretty happy except our quarterback, Bubber Tucker.

Bubber stands 6 foot 2, has a blond hairpiece that hangs to his shoulders, and a devil-may-care lilt to his upper lip thanks to repairs made by a plastic surgeon. His baptismal name was Wilson Ethridge, but Brute said it lacked box office appeal and was a little faggy for a he-man game like football, so he changed it to Bubber. Since the plastic surgery and the name change, he's become the idol of swinging kids and empty-headed stewardesses everywhere. His book will be called, *Huddling with the Chicks, Sex and Pro Football*.

Bubber was sore on two counts. First off, he said he'd been embarrassed about handing the ball off to Cleveland linemen three times in the second period in order to keep the Browns in the game. In the second place, he said he was upset about Squeaky Plimsoll.

Plimsoll is this hotshot artsy-fartsy writer who is trying to do a piece on what it's like for an "intellectual" to play pro football. Secretly we all hope the little creep gets his neck broken, but Plimsoll agreed to help Brute out with his book, so Caesar agreed to play him for a couple of minutes in our last few games.

"Mr. Caesar," pleaded Bubber, "you got to do something about Plimsoll. No matter how much the critics like his material, I'm getting my butt kicked every time he comes in the game and pits that 126 pounds of his against a defensive end. I mean, Plimsoll can't block worth a Boys' Club Luncheon fee." (That Bubber must have Woody Allen writing his stuff.)

Plimsoll then demanded equal time and went to the microphone to read us his latest chapter. It's full of a lot of junk about the football being a mother surrogate; and catharsis, which is something or other having to do with "aggressive reservoirs," not poo-poo. He then went on to talk about the relationship between the quarterback and the center, and the symbolic act of grabbing the phallic object from between the center's legs. There was a lot of nervous scrapping of cleats on the cement floor. Plimsoll talked about the special closeness between our center, Homer Vethro, and Bubber, both shacking up with the same girl, and before you could say "time out on the field," Homer was out of his seat trying to use Squeaky as a tackling dummy.

Plimsoll, his shoulder pads hanging down to his elbows and his pea head rattling around in his helmet, was led to safety by Caesar himself. For trying to rough up his collaborator, Brute sent Homer out to take 60 laps around the stadium.

### Friday, Dec. 25

Since today was Christmas, Caesar said he would try to keep the team meeting as brief as possible. As far as the game plan for Sunday's play-off against the Jets is concerned, Caesar said he doesn't care what the hell we do as long as Tucker hits Wellington on the fly pattern for a TD on every fourth play.

"And if you drop the ball, Sambo [that's what Brute calls Wellington when he's in a really good mood], I'll have you and six Bengal tigers out running laps till you all turn into butter."

Just before the meeting broke up, Doc Bucher, the team physician, came in and gave us our annual pre-season physicals. Nijinsky wanted to know how come he was giving them so late in the year, and Doc explained that he'd been very busy on the medical lecture circuit with his talk, "100 Tibia Reconstructions After Traumatic Fracture." As a result of the physicals, two guys went on the temporary disabled list. It turned out that Stemkowski had suffered a coronary occlusion in the Dallas game, and that explained his shortness of breath. Doc said it was a good thing he was able to diagnose the trouble because Stemkowski might have been accused of malingering. Deke Andrews also went to the intensive care ward. That stoopy posture of his was due to a broken vertebra rubbing against his lungs.

Doc said he'd heard some of us weren't gobbling our goofballs regularly. These are the little blue pills we call "uppies."

Non-athletes who use them are called speed freaks. But they really make you play! Doc said he was increasing our dosage of uppies since we were heading into the stretch drive for the championship. Doc also said he knew some of us felt a bit depressed at times but that that was a normal reaction after uppies wore off. He said he knew a very good therapist who could handle any problems that cropped up after the season ended.

### Monday, Dec. 28

We came out of the play-off game with a solid victory over the Jets, and everybody was feeling pretty good about our chances against Oakland in the Super Bowl—everybody, that is, except poor Bubber.

In the last minutes of the final period, the Jets big defensive end Gerry Philbin shot through into our backfield like a runaway train. Plimsoll was supposed to pick him up, but instead Philbin picked Plimsoll up and rammed him helmet-first into Bubber's face guard. They extracted Bubber's teeth from his lower lip and Doc Bucher wired his jaw together. The problem is, Bubber can't talk so good now and when he calls signals, a lot of guys get confused and mess up assignments. Caesar has us all studying sign language.

Bubber went to Caesar's office and told him, as best he could, that he wasn't picking up a football again till Plimsoll was off the team. Plimsoll told Caesar he thought he could get him on *The Tonight Show* to plug his new book. Caesar then told Bubber that football is a contact sport, and if you can't stand the heat, you should get out of the kitchen. That ended the conversation.

### Friday, Jan. 1

Commissioner Rozelle came in to talk



"Give my people a written language. Give them a desire to record history and a sense of destiny. And while you're at it throw in taxes and a timetable for conquest."



to us today. He said that Sunday's Super Bowl was going to attract the largest television audience in history and he wanted to remind us of a few things.

First of all, he said, he had watched last week's game on TV and wanted to compliment Gorbaltz on the way he had blocked O'Neil's punt in the third period. He said he hoped the cast would be off Gary's groin in time for summer training camp.

"Let me point out, however," he went on, "that women and children make up a large part of our viewing audience and the next time we show an instant replay of a man rolling on the ground holding his crotch and screaming obscenities, the FCC is going to give us an X rating and move us out of prime time."

He also said that he'd heard some players were dropping acid, that the airlines were complaining about several attempted rape on stewardesses, and that one plane was completely gutted by a team after bad weather held them on the ground — although we never did more than break up a couple of seats and a galley on flights I've been on. The commissioner also said he'd heard that some players were partners in bookmaking operations and were shaving points. He said that this kind of behavior could give the game a bad name and he would like us to be more discreet. Then he said he wanted to warn us of a really serious matter.

"Next," he said, "I understand that several of you may be doing books on the 1970 season." This was a reasonable assumption since I had just popped a new cassette into my tape recorder and Caesar and Plimsoll were busy scribbling the highlights of the Commissioner's speech on the blackboard.

"Publicity," said Rozelle, "is always good for pro football. But if I discover

that any of you are considering attacks on any of the institutions or idols of the game, I may be forced to take punitive action."

The Commissioner had a good point here. Some guys have knocked the brains out of big stars just to sell books. I personally am not about to go that road. For example, I think it should not be on the public record that a gridiron great like Zeke Bowers had this thing about balling chicks on the fifty-yard line or that a household name like Pee Wee Rogers stored burglar tools in his locker. What ball players do in the off season is their own business.

### Sunday, Jan. 3

We just took the championship from the Oakland Raiders and Caesar is running around the locker room giggling and telling everyone they've just given him a shot at the Pulitzer Prize.

The victory is satisfying, but the game was rough. Oakland has that mountain-sized guard, Hotchkiss — we call him "Burning Lips" just to bug him. But he weighs maybe 280 pounds and trying to get around him is like running crosstown in heavy traffic. So I worked out this strategy against Hotchkiss. I slipped my wrists and forearms into cardboard mailing tubes, then had Eyes and Ears, the clubhouse man and house Dick, cover the cardboard with a thick layer of the quick-dry plaster they use for ankle casts. We covered the whole thing with tape and it gave me forearms like Popeye.

On the first few plays from scrimmage, I smashed my forearm across old Burning Lips's helmet. We call that "ringing his bell." He got kind of a weird look in his eyes. Next time I charged, Hotchkiss had his arms up to protect his head and I let him have a forearm followed by my helmet right into the gut. He went "oof,"

and threw up a little. Now I had him worried. He was trying to protect his head and hold onto what was left of his lunch. I barreled in and smashed him a shot at the knees where he's had surgery five times. After that I had no trouble with Burning Lips.

Some guys thought that I ought to have really put the blocks to old Hotchkiss in a pileup, stuck my thumbs in his eyes so he'd lose a little of his peripheral vision. But, hell, I think Hotchkiss is a great competitor, a credit to the game, and dirty stuff after the whistle didn't seem called for.

### Wednesday, Jan. 6

We had our last meeting today before the team broke up for the off-season banquet circuit. We get graded by the coaches after each contest and, although I thought I did a pretty good job on Hotchkiss, I got a barely passing mark because he was still able to walk at the end of the game. I reminded Caesar that Burning Lips had been taken to the hospital right after the final gun for knee and brain surgery, but Brute said he doesn't care what happens after the game. It's what happens on the field that counts.

Caesar said I did a much better job on the post game interview. He gave an 85 for cliché feedback. "How did you feel out there today?" Answer: "You always feel great when you win." "What was the difference between the two teams?" Answer: "We wanted it more than they did." "When did you think you had it won?" Answer: "When they blew the final whistle." "What about next season?" Answer: "I leave the future to Mr. Caesar." (I forgot to say, "We play them one at a time.") "You have great faith in Brute?" Answer: "I'd run through a brick wall if he asked me."

Unfortunately, I fell down badly in competition theater. The game films showed that I failed to pound the dirt after dropping an interception or jump up and down frantically to signal our ball after Nijinsky recovered an Oakland fumble. Caesar reminded me that pro football is competing for the entertainment dollar, and I promised to work on my emoting during the off season.

### Friday, March 8

Brute's book, *That's All She Wrote*, was published today. My book, *First and Goal*, will be coming out tomorrow.

### Wednesday, April 8

*First and Goal* reached number one on *The New York Times* best-seller list today. I got a note from Brute congratulating me on the success of my book and informing me that I was being given my unconditional release despite the fact that my football skills rated All-Pro.

Like I said earlier, you have to respect a guy who cares as much about winning as Brute does. □



# FOTO FUNNIES



# COSMOPOLATIN

JANUARY 1971 75¢

Do Call Girls (pant pant)  
Have Orgasms? Do They!

Create a Groovy  
Orgasm Nook in Your Apartment  
(on a Budget)

Orgasms Burn Calories:  
How to Fornicate Your Way  
to a Better Figure (yum!)

Do Black Men  
Have Bigger Orgasms?

Small-town Orgasms

Orgasms Can Turn  
Milk into Yogurt and  
Save You Money

Does Jackie (whee!)  
Have Orgasms?

The Mini-Midi-Maxi  
Orgasm

Orgasm and the  
Kent State Killings

The  
Jewish  
Orgasm



## STEP INTO MY BIDET

□ Well, girls, here it is another month. Did you get your period this month? I'm *sure* you did. Isn't the Pill *marvelous*? Actually, I myself never *had* periods, even when I was younger, but then I think I'm *lucky* I still feel like a complete *woman*; I just avoid all that messy *blood*!!!

As I write this, my divine husband David (he's the masterful creature pictured above with little ole me during a quiet evening *chez nous*) is out walking our miniature poodle, Success, with our best friend Jackie Susenstein, who is walking *her* miniature poodle, Irving. The big news tonight is that David, ingenious marvel that he is, has bought a Pooper Scooper so that he and Jackie can pick up all of Success' and Irving's do-dos and avoid polluting our city streets. Isn't that just too clever?

You marvelous single readers have often asked me how I managed to *land* a super-terrific catch like David. After all he *was* one of the most eligible — and elusive — bachelors in New York: tall, dark, handsome, urbane, masculine, athletic, suave and *rich*. Of course he wasn't precisely an *official* bachelor; he did have a *wife*, but she was stuck away in some asylum with Parkinson's Disease, so she didn't really *count*!

Well, I never could have pulled it off at the age when those *unimaginative* girls get married, in their early twenties. In fact, when I was in my twenties I was too much of a *mess* to enjoy my youth and freedom (but then I didn't have the benefit of Cosmo's infallible *guidance*!!). I weighed 300 pounds, I was simply infested with pimples, I fell over my ortho-

pedic shoes at the very *sight* of a man, I dressed as if I were still back home in Donohue, Nebraska, and worst of all I was stuck in the — gasp — *steno pool*!

When I spent my 30th birthday alone, *gorging* on take-out egg foo young and Merit Farms spareribs, I decided that something had to be *done*. I bought myself a juicer (it's *still* my most precious possession), locked myself in the bathroom — and lost 212 pounds by drinking carrot and kohlrabi cocktails fortified with rose hips and zinc. Since then I've added a little pre-stressed concrete to my diet — it gives you energy when it counts the *most*! — but whenever I find myself creeping upward from 93 pounds (*stripped*, of course!) or squeezing into my size 4's, I cut that pre-stressed concrete right *out*! After I lost all my disgusting blubber I bought myself some adorable pink barbells and bench pressed my way to a yummy firmness. No sissy stuff *either*, girls, I jerk 150 pounds in the morning — *every* morning, no matter *what* was going on the night before (tee hee) — and 260 pounds (from *squat position*!) at night, no matter what is going to be going on *later*. By the time I had my *body* in shape (all that lovely zinc took care of my *skin problem*!), the boys in the mailroom were asking me out. But I wanted *more*!

I slinked around the office, *sopping* with perfume, plonking my zingy bottom in my boss's lap when his secretary was in the little girl's room, meddling with the other girls' typewriters, eavesdropping on the company president, and it paid *off*. I was made a private secretary and I finally had the money to *dress* the way I wanted to (not to mention having a number done on my adorable dimpled nosey-posey with some help from Beneficial Finance). I got some minis (remember, this was 15 *years* ago), some black stockings and some fabulous costume jewelry, but most important I bought a sexy padded *bra* (yes, I *believe* in them!). Now *accountants* were taking me out, but I wanted *more*!

I added another 15 pounds to my exercise program (during my lunch hour, under my desk) and I really *tortured* my gluteals, abdominals and levatores until they could function *better* and longer than the gluteals, abdominals and levatores of anyone else in the *office*. I bought a slinky black nightie and a can of Redi-Whip and I was set to make my move. I levitated my levatores into the company president's office one day and — zap! — I found out that older men really *are* the best lovers: for one thing, they buy you enough nighties

and Redi-Whip to last a lifetime, and they're too *nearsighted* to see that you're lifting weights and drinking carrot juice in bed! No, the corporation president was *not* David — unfortunately, the president had a wife who was definitely *not* disabled — but I *met* David through him — David owned the conglomerate that bought him out and *ruined* him!!!

But why am I *talking* about getting a husband when all you sprightly frisky lively courageous girls have so many more *interesting* things on your minds? Being an Avis Rent-a-Car girl is fabulously stimulating, isn't it? You adore your freedom to run off to Atlantic City at a moment's notice, *don't* you? You love decorating your apartment with all those inflatable catsup bottles, *don't* you? You eat up your terrific extension courses in electrical engineering and sky diving, *don't* you? And you couldn't bear to give up the fun fun fun of being able to hop from singles bar to singles bar, ending up in bed with a different warm body each night if you want to, *don't* you? And most of all, those *zingy* exotic *abortions*!

It's only old-fashioned unliberated *jealousy* that makes all those fat stodgy boring married women carp at the joys of being a single girl. What do they *mean*, "Don't you ever get tired of yogurt and don't your dates ever get tired of Stouffer's potatoes au gratin?" It's just because the most fascinating things they ever read are *cookbooks* (of course our own Garland Eliason's *Stewardess's Aphrodisiac Cookbook on a Budget* really is fascinating). What do they *mean*, "Didn't I see you in Tiffany's last week staring all teary-eyed at the engagement rings?" You were only looking at the slave bracelets and tanzanite nipple pasties, weren't you?

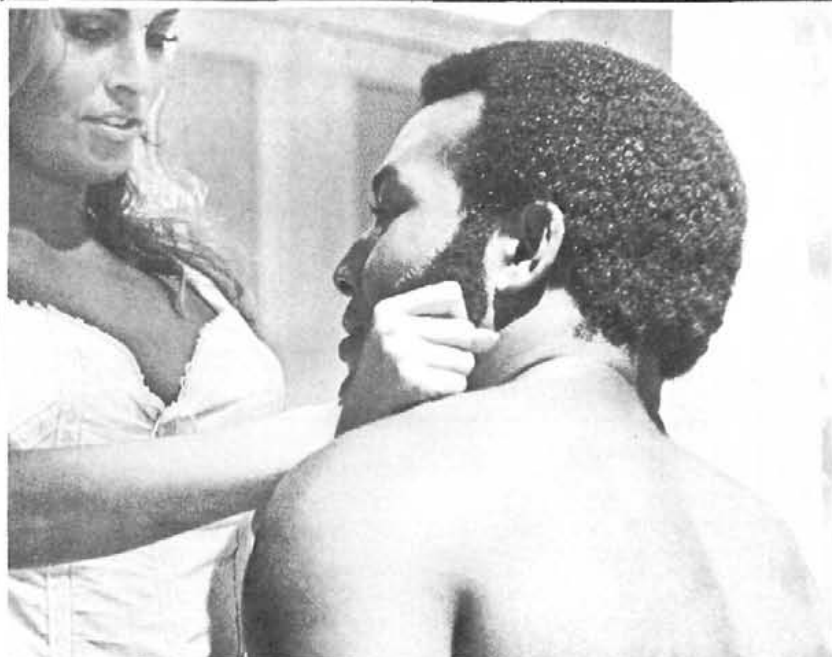
Don't let *anyone* fool you, girls. The age of the single girl, in all her glory, is *NOW*! With girls outnumbering men 8 to 1 in cities with populations over 250,000 (see, single girls are up on sprightly things like the latest  *census*), it had *better* be . . .

David just came in looking manfully rumped from the breezes on Sutton Place and I must go empty his Pooper Scooper for him. He does all the *man's* work, but then I have to make it up to him by waiting on him like a geisha.

Ta ta for this month, and remember your *most* important exercise, to be done *right* before you go to bed: repeat 100 times, as loudly as your plasterboard walls or your roomies will allow, "I am a bachelorette; I am *not* an old maid. I am a bachelorette; I am *not* an old maid. I am a bachelorette; I am *not* an old maid . . ."

Helen Cleveland Brown

# cosmo tells all



## negro naughtiness:

1) Newest "In" fad with society swingers is balling black men. White girls are beginning to realize that these natural-rhythm powerhouses can do a lot more than just

step 'n' fetchit! If you decide to pick up on this "Now" thrill, remember never to call your lover "colored"; black people are like children, not quite civilized, and they can be violent.



## lovebugs:

2) The latest rage from far-out London is an adorable group of floppy-haired moppets called *The Beatles*. These cuddly Carnaby cuties have just released their first American hit, *Please Let Me Hold Your Hand* and *Cosmo's* young up-to-the-second superhip underground music critic, Nat Hentoff, finds them "immature but promising."

## sexy shivers:

3) Good ol' U.S. technology has done it again! First talkies, then technicolor, and now — believe it or not — 3D movies. *House of Wax* is a spine-chilling 3D spellbinder now playing at neighborhood theaters. As you watch the movie through adorable paper glasses that the management provides *free*, the monsters seem to leap right off the screen, which will be your cue — if you're the smart *Cosmo* girl we think you are — to leap right into your date's arms!

## Cosmo predicts:

4) Smart gals are talking about the romantic new maxi coats that are sweeping New York's Upper East Side (and sweeping doggie curbsings, too!). Smart guys are talking about the new Nehru coats that look so smashing with turtleneck jerseys (white silk only, please!) and love beads or a peace symbol on a metal thong.



## comic cutie is:

5) *Cosmo's* Swinger of the Month. Don Rickles, underneath his sophisticated big-city insults, is obviously a vulnerable and lonely little boy just crying out for luv. And what red-blooded *Cosmo* girl could resist giving this hunky chunk of raw manhood a lot of the mothering he needs?

## slinky stand-ins:

6) Are you tired of those draggy waist-cinchers and ankle-corsets you have to wear with your new midis? (We aren't *all* the glimmering girl-stalk type required to carry off the New Droop!) Why not do what many San Luis Obispo girls are doing — Rent-a-Midi-Model? For \$10 an hour, a 6-foot-4-inch, 34-pound model simply goes to the party or the conference in your stead, suitably attired in a shapeless tricot midi only eight inches off the floor. For \$2 extra per hour, the model will wear cork-soled open-toe lace-up-the-polio-skinny-leg sandals or coral suede wedgies.

## fetus fun:

7) Now that abortions are legal in many states, sentimentalists are flocking to buy Aquarian Baby Jars (clear lucite miniature containers) to display the remains of that *almost* blessed event. Available in two sizes, to fit the by-products of D&C and saline operations, the jars are \$5 and \$7 at hip boutiques everywhere.



## kinky but kicky:

8) CeeZee Guest, Babe Paley, Minnie Cushing, Princess Ira von Furstenberg and, of course, Francine Lefrak are doing it. Why not you? Spin the Bottle is the latest "In" kick and it's easy to play: Arrange your party guests in a circle, sit in the middle, spin the bottle and kiss whomever the bottle points to when it stops! Those who are as daring as avant garde jet setter Trish Nixon might even enjoy playing — *gasp* — Sardines (details too spicy for *Cosmo's* flammable glossy stock!).

# COUNTRY MOUSE INTO CITY RAT

Just because you're new to the Big Apple, you don't have to peel to get to its juicy, kinky core . . .



BEFORE

□ Bessie Mae was the prettiest farmhand in Stockton Springs, Me., (pop. 504). But fulfilled? *Forget it!* When she turned 18, Bessie Mae jumped on the Aroostock & Moosehead Lake mail train as it slowed to drop off the Sears catalogues, and clung to the undercarriage all the way to the Big Apple. Would she devastate city-slicker insurance trainees as she had the local grease monkeys? Hah! The only man she could get to fondle her was her chiropractor!

Tearfully, she thumbed to Cosmo's offices to ask our advice, and Beauty Editor Mallis de Scentoff told her that to Make It in the City of Finalists she would need a total retreat. Bessie Mae's skin (especially her cheeks) had acquired a distinctly ruddy tone from too much brutal sunshine and desiccative fresh air — she actually had *freckles* on her nose. Her flopping, undisciplined hair made her appear as trendy as Rebecca of Sunnysbrook Farm. All that hard work harvesting yeast (or whatever they have up there) had built up unsightly *muscles* that marred the sleek lines

of her bones, and the pemmican and opossum stews (or whatever they have up there) had made her revoltingly *robust*. Her clothes, which she cunningly made out of stapled gunnysacks and Sears catalogues, might have been awarded first prize at the grange shows, but they would be fashion *death* anyplace where people aren't complete *animals*.

Cosmo treated Bessie Mae — who had changed her corny milk-maid name to a more sophisticated Bessamé — to a week at the Lady Hamilton Health Spa and Goat Gland-a-rama. Drastic measures were necessary. Total traction reduced Bessamé's weight and atrophied her muscles at the same time. At the end of six months, you could play simple xylophone tunes on her rib cage, and count her spinal vertebra — from the front. She was kept indoors entirely, force-fed soot and concentrated car exhaust and allowed to sleep only three hours a night: In just seven days she achieved the special green skin tint, gray eye bags and mottled purple spider veins that are

the *definition* of the real New Yorker! Then, just to tone her new slinky figure, Lady Hamilton's assistants regularly and methodically broke every bone in her body.

Mr. Fifi shaved off Bessamé's unmanageably long mop and gave her a Congo cut and perm, first *shaping* the head with a surgical saw and carefully placed explosives. All but six hairs of Bessamé's bushy eyebrows were singed off at the Catherine the Great Salon — the remaining hairs were brushed upward to give her that latest "zonked chick" look. Her dullsville-blue pupils had to go, of course, and were replaced with zingy violet contacts, making them as mysterious and compelling as a junkie's. Dead white chalkpaste (and a series of thorough blood-lettings) masked her (already fading) freckles,

Her big-city image was completed with a smashing khaki midi skirt with sexy shoulder-bone cut outs and campy jump boots. The results: a new girl, ready to take Fun City by storm as soon as she's released from the hospital. ■



AFTER



## COSMO READS THE NEW BOOKS

by Elizabeth Barrett Bromberg

**The New English Bible with the Apocrypha** (Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, \$9.95). An easy-to-read edition that finally makes all *sorts* of groovy goodies clear: exactly what Adam and Eve *did* in that funky garden, just what Abraham's weird perversion and Onan's kinky deviation *were*, and much much *more*. But this is all tame stuff compared to Volume II (The New Testament), which will leave you breathless: It's all about one of those *gorgeous* Alyosha/Billy Budd types you can never quite get your *hands* on. A blockbuster best seller — don't miss it! (P.S. Be sure to buy the complete — i.e. *not* the \$8.95 — edition and read the shocking yarn of Susannah and the Elders in the Apocrypha.)

**Financial Institutions and Markets** (Money and banking in terms of the '70's), edited by Murray E. Polakoff (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$18.50). The story of how commercial banks, mutual savings banks, savings and loan associations, credit unions, insurance companies, pension and mutual funds affect inflation, unemployment, interest rates and economic growth. Is this pornography? Well, let's just say it left this reviewer without any need for her usual nightly session with the vibrator. . . . Luckily, ads for this book have been very discreet, and if you're embarrassed to buy it in person, you can order it straight from the publisher (2 Park Street, Boston, Mass. 02107). Happy twitching!

**My Lai 4: A Report on the Massacre & Its Aftermath**, by Seymour M. Hersh (Knopf, \$5.95). Aren't those cool inscrutable dinks just *yummy*? Mr. Hersh (a man so brave he makes your spine tingle) thinks so, too, and he writes about one of modern history's most enthralling events with thrilling vividness. Why *don't* they draft women? You'll get a delicious shudder, especially from the sections describing in intimate detail the mass graves into which the tangled — and often *naked!* — bodies of the massacre victims were dumped. You receive a bonus when you read this book: Your beau will be ter-

ribly impressed that *his* girl is so hip about current events. A winner!

**Eco-Catastrophe**, edited by the editors of *Ramparts* Magazine (Harper & Row, \$3.95). The first section of this book is yet another — ho hum — description of how we will be stifled by the air we breathe, poisoned by the food we eat and the water we drink, crushed by over-population, etc., within the next decade (and just when you planned to take over the company, too!). You've heard it all before. But the book concludes with an oh-so-filthy "sextion" about a turned-on commune near Berkeley whose members try to get close to the earth in more ways than *one!*

**Sexual Politics**, by Kate Millet (Doubleday, \$7.95). This liberated lady has obviously been burning the midnight oil instead of her bra! Kate Millet has read not only Norman Mailer, Henry Miller and Jean Genêt but also heavy Sigmund Freud. It's nifty to have a real intellectual in the movement, but I do think Miss Millet goes too far when she blames men — male historians, economists, psychiatrists, sociologists and novelists — for the problems of women. We all know that itsy-cutsie little mensipos wouldn't hurt a flea and that pussycat power works better than vinegar. ■



The lone\$ome choo choo of my mind  
i\$ warm like drippy treacle  
on the wind\$wept beach  
The wave\$ come in, recede,  
like memorie\$ of lover\$ from the pa\$t  
Their hairy che\$t\$, their  
girded loin\$, their  
firm yet pliant buttock\$  
always\$ sun\$wept like breakfa\$t croi\$\$ant\$  
in \$ome half-forgotten city  
Where are they now, and where am I,  
and where are you?  
We'll never know, we never knew.  
With only a \$heepdog now my gay companion  
we walk thi\$ one-man empty beach  
I thru\$t my dirty \$neaker deep  
into hi\$ \$eat of feeling  
He doe\$ not under\$tand  
He jerk\$ around to gaze  
at me  
in di\$belief.  
Hi\$ deep brown languid tru\$ting eye\$ are \$o Surpri\$ed.  
Hi\$ claw\$ and fang\$ care\$\$ my face, and  
My pockmark\$ deepen.

## P. S.

Why oh why  
do \$o many of our boy\$ in the \$ervice  
Have to die?

You will meet a tall hand\$ome \$tranger.

If I can love \$o pa\$\$ionately, holding nothing back, how come I'm  
all alone?  
Maybe I'm a big fat phony.

With Love...  
from Rock McPoof



## QUACK'S COUCH

by Afflatus Hardon, B.P.M.

**QUESTION:** Several months ago I met a very groovy fellow in my therapy group and when our leader felt we were ready, we decided to try to "make it" together. My problem is that although I have now had 14 years of private analysis, and six years of group therapy as well as two years of weekly marathon encounter sessions (some of them even in the "altogether"), I cannot come to climax with this fellow.

However, after seven years in analysis, I was able to achieve orgasm easily through manual manipulation, an electric vibrator or a Water Pik. Without really thinking about it, I believed that when the "time came," when the right fellow came along, I would hear bells ring and see colored lights and the earth would move, and all, if you know what I mean.

The first time this fellow and I "went all the way," it was quite painful "down there" and there were funny-looking red blotches on the sheet. However there has been no pain since then so that can't explain my difficulty. Can you suggest any way I can achieve the ultimate fulfillment of my womanhood?

This fellow is, like I said, very groovy, and he wears lime-and-tangerine-striped bodyshirts and he has sideburns and he works in the Media and he wears lovebeads and he drives a Mustang, so I know the fault must be with myself. I should add that I am 34 and he is 39; this is the first "affair" for both of us.

Please help me as this fellow is beginning to lose interest and sometimes feels almost limp and he might leave me alone forever and I'm almost 35 and I am prone to frequent, pointless hysterics.

**ANSWER:** Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle. I believe kindly old Dr. Afflatus Hardon, B.P.M., may be able to be of assistance to you, my dear, just as he has been of assistance to so many others. But first, you must relax and trust me completely. . . .

You have made the common socio-psychological error of considering this "groovy fellow" of yours as a *total human being* instead of what he actually is, an *instrument of your pleasure*. Yet there is hope! Many foolish novelists and poets, as well as our own advertising agencies on Madison Avenue have filled the gullible heads of girls like yourself with impossible romantic nonsense. You will be relieved to hear that this "groovy fellow" is interested in his career, his sideburns and his lime and tangerine bodyshirts — not in sabotaging your ego function. Remember: He is not a person, he is a dildo.

Keeping this in mind, there are several practical steps you can take to assure yourself of release from sexual tension and at the same time console yourself that you have done so in the normal healthy adult manner, through coitus with a male.

First you must train your body: The mind and the body are both inseparable components of the same elaborate organism, and they work together. Two simple exer-

cises should help you. 1) Practice push-ups, keeping your body absolutely straight. 2) Stand up. Bending your knees, lean over backwards as far as you can, keeping your body absolutely straight. When you have perfected these calisthenics, without your partner's knowing it place several thick books under the base of your bed; this will tilt you downward and away from his body, since he will remain horizontal, not knowing the bed has been tipped. During intercourse, bend your arms at the elbow and hold your young man's body upward and away from you, meanwhile keeping your own body absolutely rigid. In this way you should be able to prevent any contact whatsoever with his body. Relieved of the confusing pressure of whiskers, hair, breath, muscles, flesh, perspiration and bouncing testicles, you should find it much easier to concentrate on achieving a satisfactory orgasm.

With only the sexual congress itself to concentrate upon, you should then apply yourself to the similarities between the gentleman and your former instruments of passion. (What difference is there, after all, between a man and a finger, a man and a vibrator, or even a man and a Water Pik? They are all the same in the dark, is it not so?)

During the foreplay that most men seem to find obligatory for arousal, borrow a technique often used to avoid pain during childbirth: Concentrate on looking at a crack in the ceiling (if the room has been recently replastered, imagine a cockroach crawling on the light fixture). If you can see a clock, so much the better: Watch the sweep second hand. Meanwhile, breath slowly, in and out, and grit your teeth. If possible, fall into a deep sleep.

As intercourse itself begins, more forceful measures will be necessary to avoid any attendant fear and revulsion. Indulge your wildest fantasies: Pretend that your boss has called you into his office and promoted you to billing, think of living in Bloomingdale's or eating an entire bucket of Colonel Sander's fried chicken — whatever sensual and erotic fantasies come into your head, no matter how risqué they may seem to you. After all, who is to know? If thoughts like those I have suggested do not arouse you to climax, imagine your roommate, with those beautifully firm and thrusting breasts of hers, naked in the shower. Or imagine murdering your mother and consummating a relationship with your father, or vice versa.

If you are still unable to trigger orgasmic spasm, there are several relatively simple physical remedies you might find helpful. If your rigidity exercises have not enabled you to avoid total contact with your partner's body, you might suggest to him that you exchange positions. He will no doubt be thrilled at the novelty of having you on top, and delighted at the opportunity to take a breather. You, in turn, especially if you sit upright, can maintain your independence while enjoying a heady feeling of power and dominance. *You* decide when to let him up.

Or, to take another technique from natural childbirth, try rhythmically contracting and releasing the muscles of the vagina. This will achieve no useful purpose whatsoever, but it will keep your mind occupied and it will earn you a reputation with your young man (who has doubtless, having been in therapy, read sexual manuals) as being "one hot momma."

If this fails, you could try convincing him that Masters and Johnson have decreed that normal heterosexual coitus consists, not of insertion of the penis into the vagina but of gentle massage of the right or left side of the clitoris with the tip of the glans.

If you have still not found release, you could insert your thumb (or, if you prefer, a Virginia Slim) into any open orifice, or you could remind yourself that when it is all over, you can have a nice cigarette (or your thumb — be sure to wash it) and relax. ■





## BLUBBER BLABBER

by Francine Frump

□ Diabolically clever paparazzi have recently managed to obtain long-range telephoto shots of the immortal Mrs. O. herself — *in the nude!* La Jacque! The Queen! The Golden Greekess! Her Serene Buyness! Commissioned by Cosmo they were able, by hanging upside from the Leaning Tower, to snap the Willowy Widow at the one time during the day when she is totally unswathed — during her Royal Queen Bee Jelly whirlpool sauna bath and deep robot massage.

The news is that the Merry Martyr's hipbones are exposed — and I mean *exposed*, razor sharp and without the teeniest layer of epidermis, for a full 12 inches. This means — groan, you pudgies! — that from the back of her waist to the top of her thighs is now **SOLID BONE!!!**

How did the Outtasite Auchincloss do it? We all *know* that at last spring's collections she was *nothing* if not a full size 8 — Valentino practically had to turn his V's into W's — and Letitia van Baldmountain, Jackie's former Mistress of the Hem and Lady in Waiting in Charge of Ironing Pantyhose, smuggled out the word that the Feline Fairy Princess had ballooned to 23-19-24!

The Bouvier was Bovine! Ari was spending more and more time with a certain fading songstress in his *piéd à terre* in Gay Paree!! Jackie certainly didn't mind being relieved of the Wife's Duty, but when Ari was whooping around the boulevards with Miss Callas, it would hardly have been *good taste* for his wife to waddle her rolls of Crisco into the same city for the *collections*. So she was *forced* to knock off that ugly flab or she would practically have had to clump into Bendel's to buy — gasp! — off the *rack!*

Well, girls, it had gotten to the

point that the Fluttering First Lady really *meant* it when she kicked and screamed at the photographers to leave her alone. She was hiding more than her peepers behind those giant sunglasses! Mr. Lazlo was painting her puffy cheekbones *black!* Ann and Charlotte and Chessy and Pukey were horse-laughing her out of Kounovskys', and at Chauveron even the busboys began pelting her with breadsticks! To console herself she was sitting at an obscure back table in the Frog Pond every afternoon . . . just *stuffing her fat face!*

But the Couture Cutie was equal to the challenge. She lost 57 pounds in three weeks and now, tours Tibetan ruins, jumps Arabian horses, skis the Monocan Alps with the best of them. Why, she even flaunts the *gaudiest* of endangered cat coats, and you *know* the bulk *they* add to the silhouette!

What was the Baby-voiced Bouvier's secret? Her diet was *simple* and eminently suitable for the Cosmo girl with her gay gay laugh-a-minute expense-account-lunch life.

Breakfast for the Empty Empress was a demitasse of freshly ground java-pithdown — black, of course! — and two *fraises du bois*. Lunch was three Beluga caviar eggs (taken only from the most fabulously well-connected sturgeon) air-dropped in daily from the Caspian, and an aperitif of premier grand crus Piper Heidsieck from the southward-facing slopes of Ay and *always* from a newly opened magnum. Dinner consisted of one-half ounce of the distilled essence of the intestinal juices of a 93-year-old Bulgarian who had never let anything but yogurt and native grasses sully his lips.

If her High Fashion Holiness, the Kickiest Kennedy, can do it . . . so can you! ■

## 'COMING' ATTRACTIONS

DO GEISHAS DO "IT"? By W. H. Fopville. What goes on inside all those inscrutable Oriental geisha houses? What goes on behind all that inscrutable white make-up? And do gooks really have horizontal ones?



REAL WOMANLINESS EMANATES FROM WITHIN. By Ann Margret. Movieland's most female female reveals how she cuts through the phony glitter of Hollywood to exude the essence of true sexuality. *Plus:* To add graphic POW to your walls, four — yum! — pages of luscious Ann Margret pinups — including a full-color foldout of Ann Margret's famous legs in her famous white boots!



TAXIDERMISTS ARE LOUSY LOVERS. By Lyn Turnabuck. Do the men at the top of this grueling profession feel the pressure so much that they can't stuff their women? After a taxing day with the 'derms, do they give their wives a look that's a bit *glassy-eyed*? Are they so tired that their girl friends never get *mounted*? We've left no pelt unturned to give you the answers.

**PLUS:** What Goes on Between Photographers and Their Models (Male Models, That Is) . . . The Goddesses: The Women Who Write Ad Copy (Cosmo's Success Story of the Century) . . . The Sperm Diet (All Protein) . . . My Mammoplasty Insertion Fell into My Shoes (There's Danger in Plastic Surgery) . . . and Much, Much more.

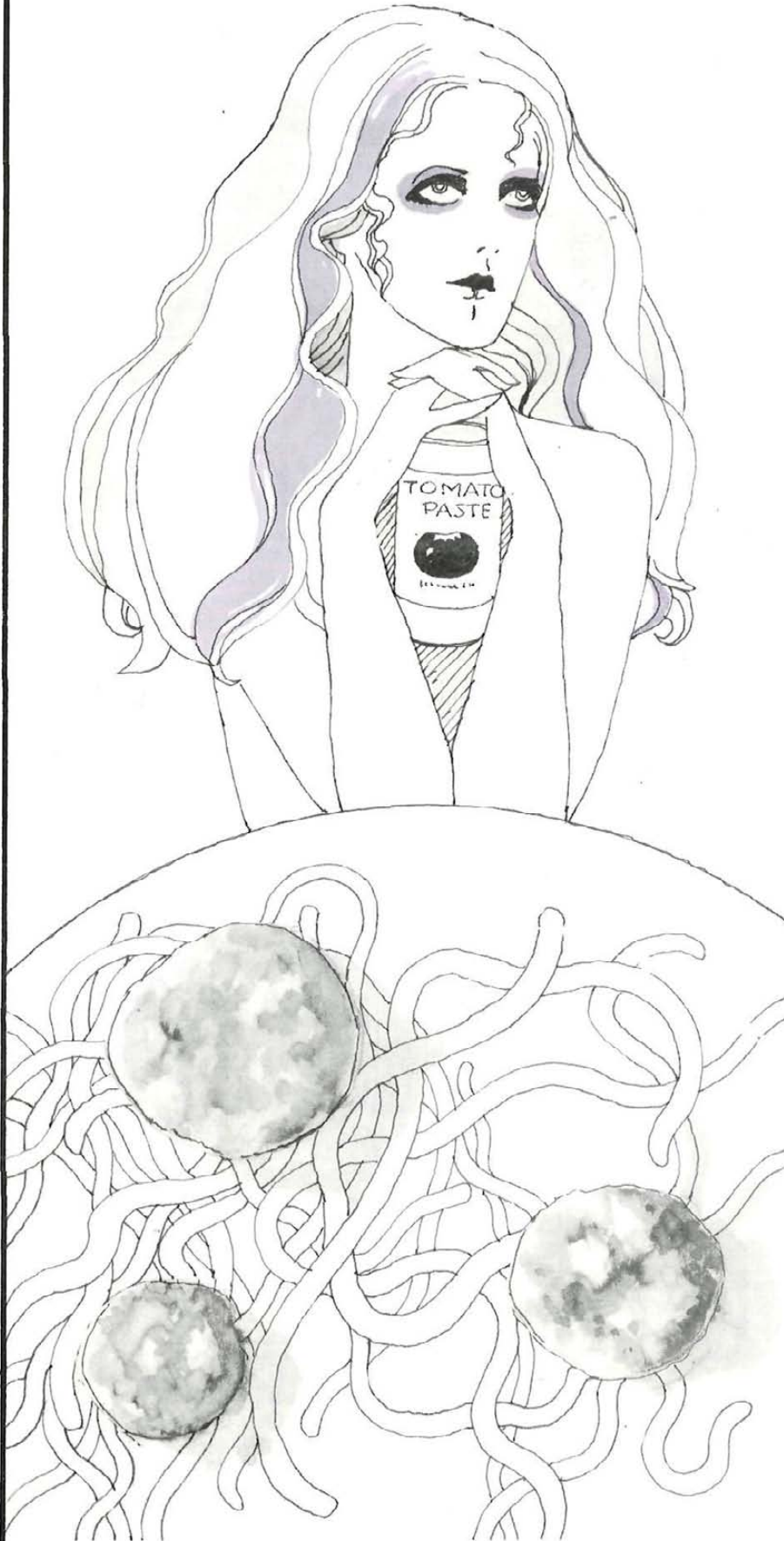
## Cosmo's Confession:

# I HAD A COMPULSION TO 'DO IT' WITH MEN

The candid revelations of a self-admitted heterosexual who believes copulation is a disease, *not a crime!*

□ To all outward appearances, I was the girl who had everything. I led a chic exciting life as assistant copy-reader of *Art Avanti*. My criminally expensive studio apartment at the Cézanne Towers in New York's Greenwich Village was tastefully furnished with a Mediterranean-style armoire and a putty wide-wale corduroy '30's couch from Bloomingdale's. I had adorable little walnut stained movable louvre shutters on my window, Flotaki rugs on my floors, orange and purple art deco deep plush velour bath towels in my bathroom and a genuine Lichtenstein lithograph (#314/516). I wore the slinkiest midis that Count Down and Paraphernalia had to offer — I even owned a lace-up gypsy jumpsuit from Betsey, Bunky and Nini and half-invest in a pair of Herbert Levine evening boots. Michaél (a dashing young fashion photographer), Heinz (a high society interior decorator) and Billy Rae (a counter culture unisex dress designer) took me to all the gayest openings and all the most obscure dumpling houses in Chinatown and all the Ruby Keeler revivals. How could a girl like me, a girl who no doubt would have been the envy of millions, a girl who was enjoying the best that life had to offer, how could a girl like me throw it all away for the sake of an insane... *perversion*...?

It all started one chilly November evening as I huddled under my imitation skylight in my plum velour slit maxi from Bendel's. The dress had been advertised for just such an evening as this, and when Billy Rae arrived to sip Dubonnet with me and listen to my new Pink Floyd album, he would be impressed. Then, suddenly, I felt an uncontrollable urge for an ugly fruit. How chic! How kinky! Billy Rae would be *extremely* impressed to



see me in my plum velour slit maxi eating a tastefully contrasting exotic greenish-yellow ugly fruit!

I rushed out to Balducci's, the only greengrocer in the neighborhood open at that time of night who always stocked ugly fruits. Fighting my way through the fruits that clustered in front of the store, I stood in line to wait my turn. Suddenly I noticed a tantalizing odor that had nothing to do with the fresh tarragon or Spanish onions. It was emanating from the person in front of me in line. I sniffed deeper and felt almost faint. My legs, encased in the ruby crushed velvet cuffed straightleg trousers from Rive Gauche I had hurriedly thrown on for the trip to the store, began to quiver.

"Pardon me," I said, thinking Michaél, Heinz and Billy Rae would be fascinated, "could you tell me the name of your aftershave?"

He turned around and slowly looked me up and down—I had a feeling it wasn't my ruby trousers or even my tobacco ribbed acrylic boat-neck he was noticing.

"That's not aftershave lady," he said. "It's sweat."

"Perspiration? Well, I can't help noticing your unique mouthwash. Could you tell me what brand it is?"

"Garlic. I just ate a loaf of garlic bread."

"A whole loaf of garlic bread? Aren't you worried about your waist-line?" I had noticed that although his waist must have been easily a 36 or even a 38, he had no protruding belly at all. Michaél, Heinz and Billy Rae would be fascinated to know his secret!

"Let's cut out the small talk, lady. You wanna fuck?"

"What a marvelous line! Such reverse chic! Er, I can dig it! Right on!"

My hand was trembling as I unlocked the door to my apartment. Would he, like Michaél, want to eat Mallomars off my belly button while he tried unsuccessfully to get it up by listening to *Somewhere over the Rainbow*? Or would he, like Heinz, want me to stick a cucumber in his poochute while he watched himself in my antique ogee mirror? Or—horror of horrors—would he, like Billy Rae, want me to watch as he did those terrible things to a spaniel? Where would we get a spaniel on such short notice? Of course, when Billy Rae and his poodle arrived...

No sooner had we walked into the living room than he ripped off not only my tobacco boatneck and my ruby hipjeans but also my copper stretch-net bikini panties and matching leisure bra. He picked me up in his peculiarly brawny arms and carried me into the bedroom section of the studio (I had slaved for three

years to afford a studio that would have a special L-nook for a bed!). Knocking over my tasteful rattan screen, he threw every one of my red embroidered Indian and Persian pillows onto the floor and hurled me onto the Marimekko fabric-covered mattress trimmed with plaid gingham ruffles! Was this to be the old sado-masochistic trip that would end up with me wiping up whipped cream for weeks? But no! He pressed me down on my back and crushed his garlicky mouth on top of mine! What incredibly far-out kind of maniac was he? And then it happened. He took something rather long but most noticeably quite thick from his trousers (which were of no identifiable make or style) and stuck it you-know-where!! As soon as I had recovered from my shock, I found that I was contributing with inexplicable enthusiasm to this wild obscenity. It ended with a mysterious and delicious sensation I can only describe as an overwhelming yet not in the least painful contraction of the nerve endings. I was hooked. He rose and zipped his fly.

"Don't go!" I begged, a prisoner of my twisted passions.

"You be good, maybe I'll come back. You oughta move your hips a little more, maybe gain some weight."

With that he was gone; when Billy Rae came I did not answer my buzzer. For days I hung around Balducci's hoping he would return (had he been there to buy garlic?). Thinking he must be Italian, I bought a \$25 book on Provincial North Italian cuisine and stayed home from the office practicing spaghetti sauce (I bought the plum tomatoes for my experiments at Balducci's lest they wonder what I was doing there for hours at a time). I wore my tobacco boatneck and ruby straight legs until they were falling off me in filthy shreds, because I had been wearing them when he found me. Somehow, I could not arouse any interest in letting Michaél eat Mallomars off me, or in sticking cucumbers into Heinz, or in watching Billy Rae's poochophilia—the old thrills had lost their luster. All I wanted was that ineluctable thick thing...

I lost my job ("You simply don't have the old pizzaz anymore," my boss, Willoughby, told me). I lost the lease to my apartment and finally I lost all vestiges of pride. I crawled through every gutter in the Village searching frantically for "It."

Then I saw him. On a hunch, I had crawled all the way down to Little Italy. As I was edging around the corner from Grand Street onto Mulberry, I ran right into a pushcart full of wind-up monkeys banging cymbals.

"Whatsamatter, ya bum?" he yelled. "You blind? Get up off that

street!"

"Argh," I choked and grabbed his massive rock-hard legs.

"The fancy lady! Whatsamatter? You're all dirty!"

"It! It!" I gasped.

"Ho, ho, ho. Well, we gotta clean you up a little first."

He took me to his humble tenement on Mott Street and did the same thing, precisely the same thing, as before. It was uncanny, his single-minded fascination with this one perversion and my unique response to it. We were made for each other, the only two people in the world who could groove on this identical kinky thrill, and I had to be near him, no matter what it cost.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Whatsadiff'rence?" he said, zipping his pants exactly as he had the time before.

"What's the difference?? We're Platonic halves! I'm willing to give up my fabulous career for you, even move into your humble railroad flat! I want your name! I want to marry you!"

"Marry me? Listen, lady. I'm Italian, I'm a good Catholic. I marry a virgin—*vergine*, get it? You do it before you get married, you no good. You justa little *puttana*. Plus, you still don't move your hips enough—and you're dirty."

I was so angry, I thought I would leap at his beefy throat. "You... you... why, you're a... MAN!!" I spat the word out.

He threw his head back and laughed. Scratching his hairy chest he picked me up by my tattered neck and threw me into the foul-smelling corridor. Through the door I could hear him laughing to himself and muttering in Italian something that sounded like, "Mamma mia, that'sa spicy meataball."

This was rock bottom for me, and I knew it. There was only one way to go, and that was up. Oh, I realized it wouldn't be easy. I've now been admitted to Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School and I am willing to start over again as a humble typist. It will be many years before I am once more an assistant copyreader. I buy my clothes in the junior department of Macy's and I know it will be a long time before I see a Betsey, a Bunky or a Nini. Will the chic world of the BP's ever readmit me? I doubt it: Of course they don't know exactly what I did (who could ever imagine it?), but they know it was something beyond the pale—there are limits! Yet, I have my pride. I have been through the lowest circle of hell and I have come back. No matter what, if I never attend another opening for all the Tuesday evenings of my existence on this earth, I will never again do "It" with a... man. ■



# COSMO'S CUTIE OF THE MONTH

MR. MICHAEL "YUM-YUM" O'DONOGHUE



# COSMO'S DREAM VACATION

by Roberta Ashtray

□ Are you just dying to get away from those dreary midwinter office blues although one of the *reasons* for those blues is that buying all those groovy hip belts has left you so broke you can scarcely afford your ginger ale and saltine suppers, let alone a vacation? Why not try one of the zippy kicking young micro-mini-tours sponsored by Youth Explosion Exploitation, Inc. (PO Box 1360-A, Des Moines, Ohio)? Judy Sevrance, adventurous young assistant computer programmer from Peoria, Ill., took the Exploitation agency's \$539 all-expenses-paid super-bargain micro-mini-tour of New York City, and says, "It left me a changed girl!"

5:19 A.M. Judy has just finished hitchhiking from Peoria, the latest *fun* way to travel. She was sexually molested by the occupants of the last car to pick her up, a group of hardhats on their way to work at the World Trade Center, but that's the way to *really* get to know the natives.



Photos by Michael Sullivan

5:43 A.M. Luckily, the friendly shelter of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, right near New York's glamorous Times Square, beckons, and Judy has the great good luck to meet *two* handsome bachelors, Juan and Bruce, before she has been in the city an hour. Some girls wait years for luck like this!



8:00 A.M. First stop on the tour is a romantic smog-rise breakfast in beautiful Central Park, included, like the hitchhiking, in the base price of the tour. The girls in Peoria will never believe this!





**12:00 NOON** The tour brochure promised the largest group of bachelors in New York (they also recommended the Fluffy Powder Puff Lounge in Greenwich Village) and they told the *truth!* Yummmmm. . . One of the bachelors even relieves himself in the gutter, and is he *hung!*

**3:00 P.M.** The tour had included a chauffeur-driven limousine, but Juan and Brucie find a much more exciting way for Judy to see the sights.

**9:00 P.M.** The height of New York sophistication and the climax of the tour! Judy, Juan and Brucie actually stand outside the fabled Playboy Club and see the closed-circuit television!



**10:19 P.M.** Back where she started, Judy bids a fond farewell to exciting New York. An officer arrests her for soliciting and hitchhiking; a member of the silent majority, enraged by Judy's mid-skirt (actually, minis haven't quite *reached* Peoria yet) tries to run her down; Juan and Brucie ask her for \$200 each for their day's services. New York, New York! What a town! What a trip! Good-bye, New York, and good-bye, midwinter blues!! ■



# HUMP A HUSBAND

Who says home-wrecking isn't fun fun fun?  
(Even if it is the teeniest bit naughty!)

by Doreen Levine

□ “Married men have absolutely the most pizzaz as lovers. They *know* about women and sex. After many years of being domesticated by some dowdy *hausfrau*, they *know* that women don't really like to screw. If you jerk them off once in a while, they leave you alone.”

So said Rhoda Horowitz, sparkling young ad agency assistant receptionist. “Why, of *course*, I don't expect them to stick around forever drinking instant cappuccino in my cozy gay chic yet tasteful and budget-wise West Village apartment while I nibble their toenails in my plum velour jumpsuit. Such nonsense! I wouldn't *dream* of such a thing! Why should a married man leave his dumpy wife and snotty-nosed kids in Great Neck to shape my glamorous go-go life and genuine brass bedstead? What a yuk!”

As she spoke these words, Rhoda leapt up from her white plastic free-form chair in the agency's reception room, picked up a philodendron in an antiqued leather pot from Abercrombie's and threw it at the smoked glass wall across from her smoked formica desk, which was covered with the remains of her smoked salmon on rye. The wall shattered and Rhoda slumped to the floor shrieking. As she was dragged off by a 54-year-old female copywriting trainee and three Ph.D.s from the steno pool, Rhoda added, “I have my career! I'm going to make it big! They're considering me for Punctuation Assistant!”

Girls like Rhoda, girls who manage to have their married lovers *and* their careers, are increasingly common in the swinging '70's. All that phony old *guilt*, of course, went out about 1937, when girls finally decided to knock off pretending to feel sorry for the poor injured wife. We all know that any woman would dismember any other women for any man, right? So, why wilt our Andrea medium-fine natural flutters with crocodile tears?

With guilt disposed of, however, there were still problems. Many more girls than ever before celebrated the zingy new freedom of the '60's by having marvelous adventures with somebody else's husband (or, at least, many more of them *admitted* it!). Yet when these affairs ended, there were nearly as many girls with those tragic low-down funky gotta-have-hot-fudge-sundae blues as in the dreary old-fashioned days of Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina and Christine Keeler.

We can all just breathe a great big sigh of relief from the depths of our brand-new whalebone waist cinchers that those dark days are over. And they *are* over! Girls like Rhoda, from Sausalito to Augusta, are discovering the delicious pleasures to be enjoyed with an encumbered male.

Of *course*, we girls still have hearts of gold inside our zonked exteriors, and we will all end up marrying some nice guy some day, if there ever is one who isn't a faggot or an artist or 87 years old or in Tanganyika... or married. Meanwhile, while we're young and supple and luscious, it's just fun, fun, fun! Right? Right!!!

Take my friend Bunny Goldberg, for example. She played house with her married lover five days a week while his wife and kiddies were in Martha's Vineyard (even saw him off on the helicopter every Friday noon!) and cheerfully moved out on Labor Day. I asked her if she had any regrets.

“None at all,” she said. “C'mon over and I'll show you what I mean.”

Fascinated, I rushed over to Bunny's efficiency apartment. After greeting her seven roommates (all of them, like Bunny, working for master's degrees in elementary education), I went straight to Bunny's corner in the kitchenette to hear the news.

“Look at this,” she said, a conspiratorial gleam in her eye. She pulled a fiberboard box from under her cot and showed me what she had gained for a summer's pleasure. There were menus from Jerry's Chop House, Mr. Mort's Sandwich Shoppe, Steak & Suds, Horn & Hardart, Bun 'n Burger and Manny's All-U-Can Eat.

“He wanted to take me to '21' or Elaine's,” she explained apologetically, “but he said their first chefs were off during the summer.” Brightening, she pulled a bottle from the box.

“Twelve ounces of Tigress! It's cologne, too, not just toilet water.” Delving deeper, she pulled out a red demi-bra with foot-long fringe and a pair of matching bikini panties with clever sayings printed on the seat.

“They're almost like Pucci's, aren't they?” she asked. Next came an expensive-looking onyx desk set com-

plete with ball-point pen.

“Why did he give you something like that?” I asked. “Did he know how important to you your rise to the heights of educational administration is?”

“Actually,” she said, grinning sheepishly, “I copped it off his desk. But—wait a minute!” Reaching for what was obviously her greatest treasure, she pulled from the box a midi coat of rare Canadian lapin with fewer than six or eight seams on the back.

“But, Bunny, what are those papers at the bottom of the box?”

“Oh, those,” she said. “Well, starting right after Memorial Day I took notes. I wrote down every embarrassing thing he said about himself, everything personal he said about his boss, and especially everything *nasty* he let slip about his wife. I'm going to call her on Christmas Eve and read her the list.”

The “NOW” girl takes care of herself! But material possessions may be the least of the rewards to be garnered from an affair with a married man. My friend Bubbie Baker, a stewardess temporarily grounded for obesity, covers the scars on her wrists with charming little macramé wristlets.

Bubbie puts it this way: “Let's face it. Most bachelors you meet these days are just dullsville. They're only interested in themselves and a 'quickie.' But married men are a better education than reading Will and Ariel Durant! So what if you can't spend your whole life with them? Is that any reason to miss the marvelous enriching experience of knowing them? Take Harry, for example. He and I went to Miami Beach last February while his wife was having a kidney transplant. I just sat and *listened* for two weeks. He made the bachelors I know seem like callow downy-cheeked children. He told me about the time his wife overdrew the checking account and the butcher actually *telephoned* him at the *office*. He told me about the time Harry Jr.'s new \$3,000 braces were fused together by a foul tip in the Rye-Scarsdale Little League playoffs, he told me about all the clever tricks the fellows play on the train—like the time they set fire to the bar car, he told me about the time the toilet backed up and he had to—”

“All right, Bonnie,” I said. “But were there *really* no qualms when you had to come back from glamorous romantic Miami Beach?”

“None at all. I consider that we parted with the score precisely even. You see, he wouldn't take me to the Deauville—he didn't even want to take me to Miami Beach *itself*—un-



less I promised to do his favorite little kinky trick. You take a cuticle scissors and cut a tiny hole in the scrotum. Then you insert a straw — one of those you get free with the French fries from McDonald's seems to work the best — and you blow v-e-r-y v-e-r-y gently.

"Well, his damned wife called while I was puffing away and she said her damned transplant hadn't taken and would he come back. Believe it or not, he said, 'Yes,' and to top it off he asked me to do it with the straw again before he ran for a plane. He was lying there with his eyes closed writhing around, so I attached my straw to the hose on my douche bag, jammed the hose to the ice-water faucet in the bathroom and let 'er rip. His wife has a new kidney? Let him get some new balls!"

Shapely assistant buyer Selma Schmedrick was my next source of information.

"George was the most fabulous lover in the world," she said as she flipped through a copy of *Elle*. "For one reason. Unlike most men I meet, George was not jealous of my career. In fact, he helped my career *along*. How could he be jealous when he was the head of the whole department store? I was only a salesclerk in depilatories until George discovered me. Before the affair fizzled out — he discovered a fresh face in men's socks — I was made the youngest assistant buyer in the history of the store. After all, what's a father for?"

That sounded like the true *COSMO* girl spirit, so I asked Selma if she was going to make it to the top by being just a bit better at her job than she had to be.

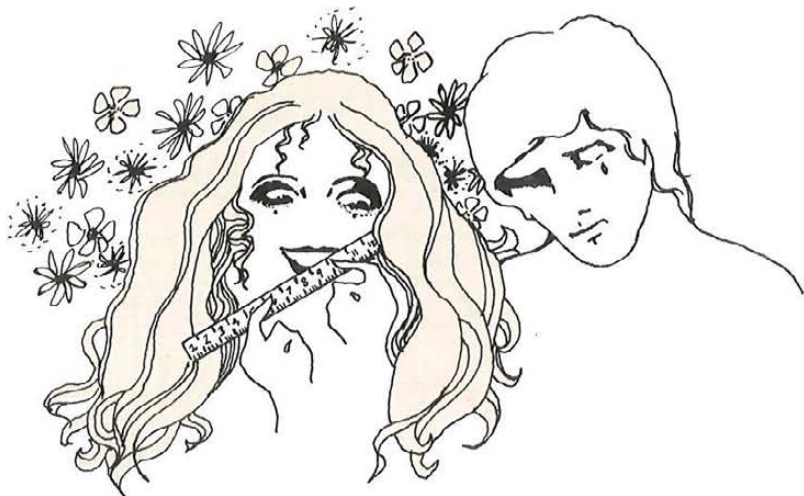
"Oh, yeah, yeah, sure," she said. "Plus *Women's Wear Daily* might be interested to know that one of their biggest retailers — the chairman of the Gotham Gala for Homeless Hemophiliacs — put on his mother's dresses and made it with his 17-year-old teeny-bopper sister — *me!*"

Right on, Selma! Finally I spoke to Lydia LaRue, a free lance masseuse. Lydia told me, "The best thing about married men is that they *can't* marry you. Bachelors are constantly after me to do the whole hearthside bit, but I just can't see that. . . . I want to be free, independent, courageous, *adventurous*."

Congratulating Miss LaRue on sounding like the *true* woman of the '70's, I asked her if her name was really Lydia LaRue.

"No," she said. "Actually, it's *Larry* LaRue. When I was in the navy, I realized that I was really a woman who had been born, through a horrible accident of nature, into a man's body, and so I

[continued on page 87]



## COSMO'S QUIZ:

# IS YOUR MAN IDEAL?

is your fellow fashion-fab or just plain fffffff?

Score 0 points for each "A" answer, 2 points for each "B" answer, and 5 points for each "C" answer. If your man rates 50 points, you might *consider* giving up your cherished independence to — gasp! — *marry* him. (Important: If your man's annual income is below \$25,000 net, subtract 45 points from his final score.)

### 1) Is your man's body

- A) disfigured by uncivilized muscles and hair, perhaps even given to emitting occasional barbarous perspiration or hormone odors?
- B) covered with so many lumps of jiggling blubber that his tailor makes his hipbudders out of old parachutes?
- C) sleek and bony-thin with a slight swelling at the hips and two funny lumps on his chest?

### 2) Does your man subscribe to

- A) *Cycle World*?
- B) *The New Republic*?
- C) *Greek Glamor*?

### 3) If the toilet overflows, does your man

- A) throw a few towels on the floor and grunt, "Forget it,?"
- B) peel off his lime brocade dinner jacket and fix it himself?
- C) run out of the bathroom screaming, "You stupid bitch! I told you to call a plumber weeks ago! There's poo poo all over the floor!"?

### 4) Is your man's dog

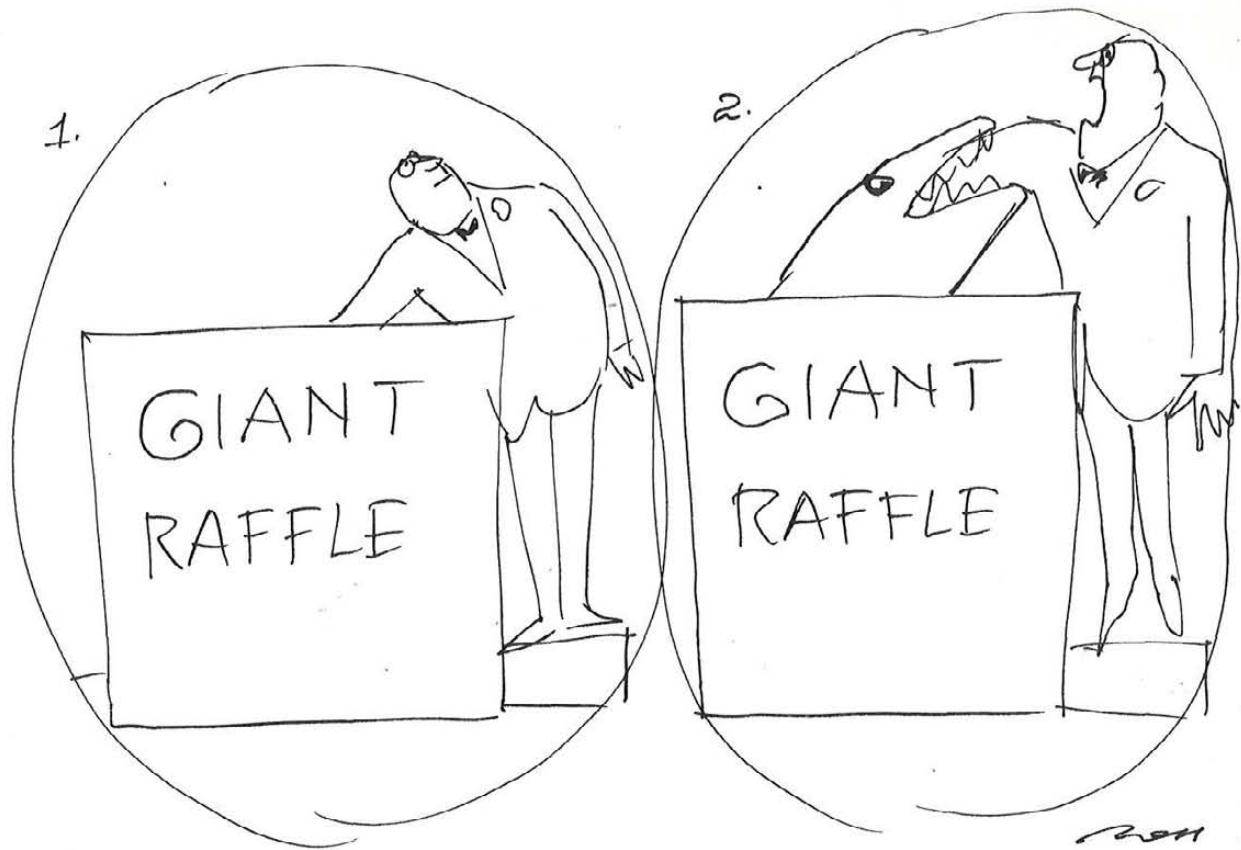
- A) half collie, half German shepherd?
- B) a miniature poodle?
- C) a sheep dog this year, an Afghan last year and a schnauzer the year before that?

### 5) Are your man's leisure trousers

- A) torn baggy jeans with a bulge at the

crotch?

- B) jeans he fringed himself and bleached at the laundromat?
  - C) pre-spot-bleached wide-wale bell-bottom hip-hugger jeans with no crotch?
- 6) **Does your man**
- A) screw you?
  - B) leave you in peace?
  - C) wear satin underwear and tickle you with a feather duster as he smears you with Vaseline and projects pornographic movies onto the ceiling?
- 7) **Is your man's favorite movie sex symbol**
- A) Jayne Mansfield?
  - B) Jane Fonda?
  - C) Henry Fonda?
- 8) **On your anniversary does he**
- A) screw you — *again*?
  - B) fail to remember it?
  - C) come home with a bouquet of white rosebuds and a slinky black Enka Crepeset pegnoir trimmed in ecru lace — plus something for you?
- 9) **Are your man's favorite sports**
- A) football and baseball?
  - B) squash and punting?
  - C) hopscotch and puff billiards?
- 10) **Does your man drive a**
- A) Chevrolet pickup truck?
  - B) Chevrolet Corvette?
  - C) pale blue flowered golf cart with candy-striped umbrella?
- 11) **When you are wearing a new dress does he**
- A) rip it off and pin you naked and writhing to the floor?
  - B) fail to notice it?
  - C) say, "Isn't that an Antron Glitter-Knit by Stan Herman for Mr. Mort?"



# Coming Next Month

## SPECIAL FREAK ISSUE

It's like no hype, y'know? I mean it's . . . it's like this rilly incredible riff on what's *happening!* Like, I mean, we rilly get into our heads and do this rilly far-out head trip number . . . y'know? I mean—uh—like it's this — uuuh — oh *wow*, like . . . y'know? I mean like we've got these — uuuh — rilly spaced-out — uuuh — *articles* and things . . . y'know? I mean y'dig it? I mean. Like . . .

**ALICE IN BUMMERLAND** / Ignoring her parents, her health teacher and her *own common sense*, foolish little Alice M. yielded to temptation and accepted a *poisonous marijuana cigarette!* A single puff, and the hapless girl was enveloped in a weird, uncontrollable hallucination.

Suddenly, she began to see a vision of . . . of Art Linkletter, beckoning to her from an open window. . . .

**THE FREAK'S PROGRESS** / or *The Road to Ffffffft.* Step by step, Arnold Roth (the Wonderful Wizard of Booz) traces the biography (and eventual autopsy) of the unfortunate lad who befriends Danny Dope and finds out, too late, that he's lost his best pal, Barney Braincell.

**NATLAMP'S CLASSY COMIC** / For those who still think Herman Hesse was Rudolph's brother or a kind of super-sandwich, here's the E-Z 2 read comic book that gives the real info on Siddhartha, Buddha, and all that heavy Truth stuff without boring words and para-

graphs and things, y'know?

**NATLAMP'S TRIP-EE TAROT DECK** / Rick Meyerowitz's turned-on, tripped-out, turned-around, trumped-up tarot cards will enable you to predict the future, contact the Spirits from Beyond, avoid probate and regularize your bowel movements.

**SPECIAL FREAK FEATURE** / Interesting puzzles, games and wiggly surprises to cut out and give to your worst enemy or your favorite dealer, assuming they aren't the same guy. Don't worry, the directions are in **BIG PRINT**.

**PLUS:** Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horror-scope, Special Contests, Beautifully Colored Advertisements & Assorted Downs!

# Every day somebody comes up with another cockamamie idea about how to solve New York's problems.



There have been a lot of crackpot suggestions about how to deal with New York's problems.

And some not so crackpot.

But there's one thing everyone agrees: The people in the New York area have a unique set of problems like no other people in the world.

Nobody pays higher taxes. Or higher rents.

Nobody lives through more crippling strikes, more dug up thoroughfares, or more all around aggravation.

No one waits longer to see a good movie, or get a leaking faucet fixed, or even just to get a waiter's attention. (Not to mention waiting for ghost trains on the Long Island and Penn Central railroads.)

And so when we created WINS, the New York area's first all news station, we decided that there was one thing a New Yorker

wasn't going to have to wait for: His news.

WINS is as fast-paced in tone and style as the community itself. Because we serve a people who make news as fast as we can report it.

We didn't set out to be an "emergency station." But what we found was that in Crisis City, life is just one little emergency after another. Which makes us practically indispensable to a community like this.

We're there with *all the news all the time*. 24 hours a day.

Because as bad as the news may sometimes be, New Yorkers have an insatiable need to know.

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Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's  
The cigarette that  
made extra puffs popular.  
REGULAR OR MENTHOL