

**Decadence Issue**

**Fetish Supplement Terry Southern on Unclean Practices**

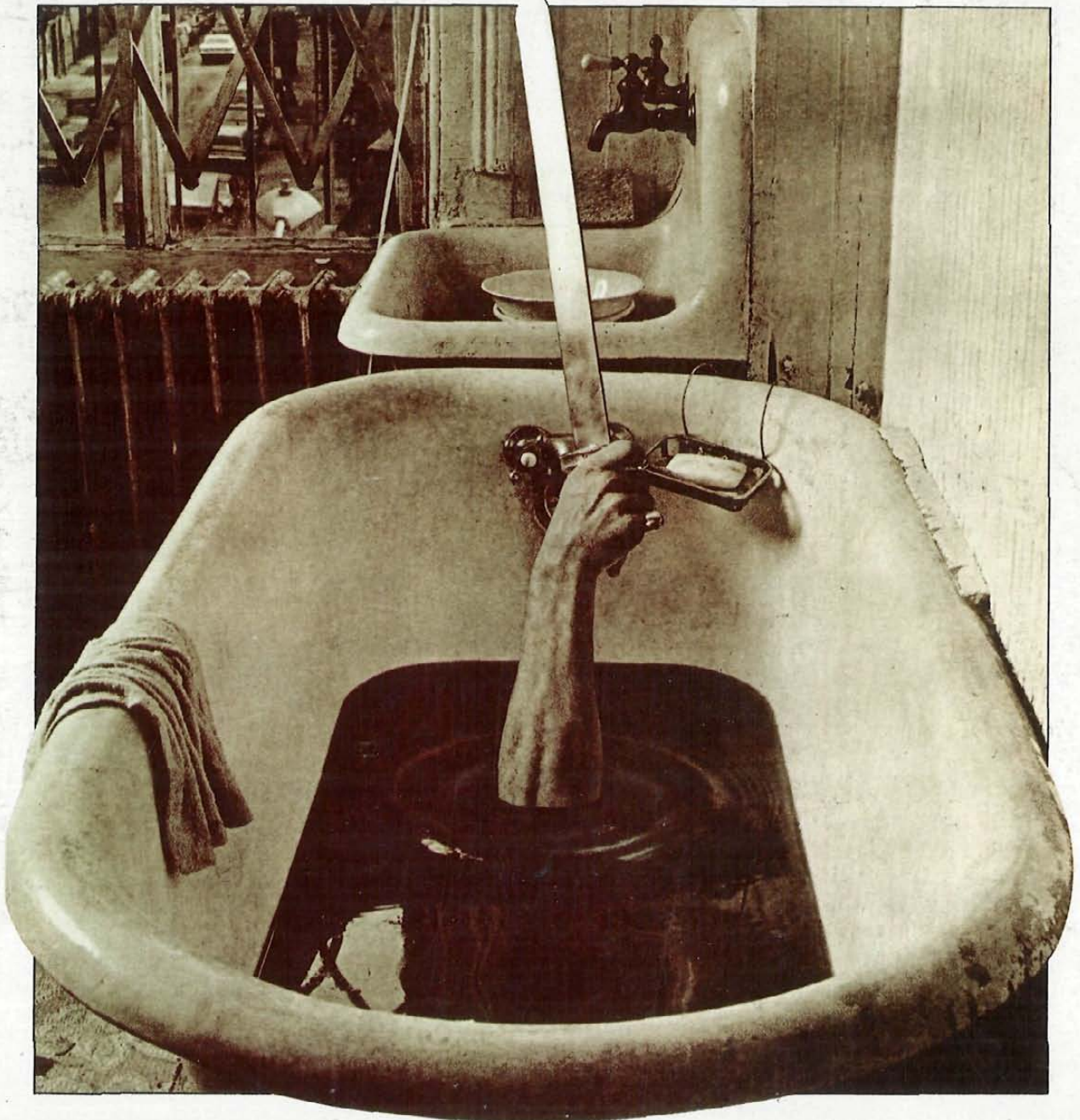
**32-Piece Cutout Meat Chess Set**

**Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band**

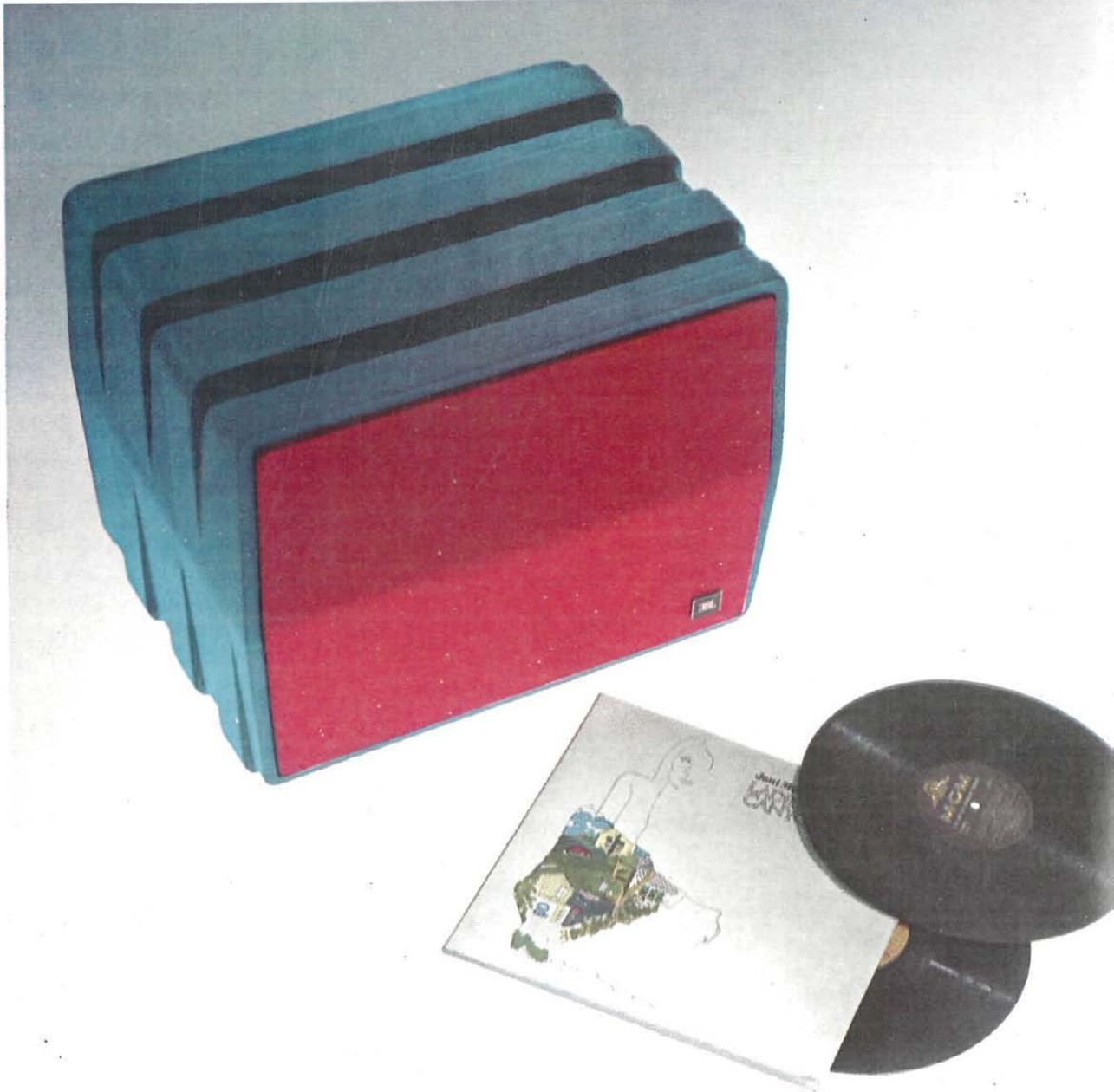
# **NATIONAL LAMPPOON**

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NOV. 1972 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



# PRIM



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# CONTENTS

November, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 32

**FETISH SUPPLEMENT, 33**  
**How to Talk Dirty in Esperanto, 34**  
By Henry Beard and Richard Bonker  
**Hard-Corpse Pornography, 37**  
By Terry Southern  
**O Comes to America, 38**  
By Anne Beatts  
**Rural Free Love, 40**  
By Brian McConnachie  
**Fredrick's of Toyland, 43**  
By Michael O'Donoghue and Mary Jennifer Mitchell

**Checkmeat, Fish, and Poultry, 46**  
By Anne Beatts and Michael O'Donoghue

**The Remnants of Dignity, 51**  
By Ed Bluestone

**Defeat Day Section, 57**  
By Henry Beard, Tony Hendra, and Sean Kelly

**Vestiges, 65**  
By Daniel Maffia

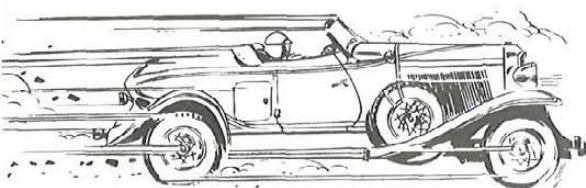
**Vintage Auto Demo Derby, 71**  
By Michael O'Donoghue

**Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, 74**  
By Sean Kelly

**Surprise Poster #2, 80**  
By Michael O'Donoghue

**The Iliad and the Ecstasy, 82**  
By P. J. O'Rourke

**RIP-OFFS**  
**Editorial, 4**  
**Letters, 4B**  
**True Facts, 10**  
**Mrs. Agnew's Diary, 19**  
**News, 22**  
**Foto Funnies, 70**  
**Funny Pages, 89**  
**Coming Next Month, 96**



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# EDITORIAL PAGE



Don't vote and the choice is theirs.  
Vote and the choice is yours.

Strapped for cash? Just clip these out and paste them over less fashionable buttons such as "Draft Beer Not Men!", "Yippee!", "Give a damn!", "All Power to the People!", "Peace Now!", whatever, and watch the dollars roll in.



## No Laughing Matter

Attention NatLamp readers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one: On November 7, millions of new voters like yourself will go to the polls. Since this election is so critical, we

have decided, just this once, to put aside the wisecracks and discuss your emerging role in the democratic process. Needless to say, we won't presume to tell you *who* to vote for. That is a decision you must make after weighing carefully the issues and assessing the candidates. We will, however, tell you *how* to register, *how* to get the most from your vote, and *how* to make your voice heard.

**Registering:** Let's face it, the main reason one becomes involved in politics or almost anything else, for that matter, is to get laid, and there's no better place to score during an election year than your local registry board. If, for instance, you should spy a likely companion sporting a McGovern button, simply step up and say, "I think it's high time someone put an end to the senseless slaughter in Southeast Asia and made big business shoulder its fair share of the American tax burden! Let's fuck!" If, however, the prospective playmate is wearing a Nixon button, then try the following: "I'd sure hate to see our great nation, considering the massive strides we have made during the last four years in every area of human endeavor, turned into a second-rate power that has to go begging to Hanoi! Let's fuck!" Politics makes strange bedfellows indeed!

**Caution!** Never, never actually register. If, God forbid, they should ever get a hold of your name and address, you'll be called up for jury duty and lose two weeks' wages learning why black defendants refer to our judicial

system as the "underground railroad." **Getting the Most From Your Vote:** Don't expect to ring up your local election committee and say, "Hi! I'm John (or Jane) Q. Young Citizen, and if you want my vote in your pocket, start coughing up some big bucks!" Aside from Newark, New Jersey, where such phone calls are commonplace, a more subtle approach is required, an approach limited only by your imagination. For example, one resourceful eighteen-year-old of our acquaintance designed his own campaign button that reads, "My vote is up for grabs. Make an offer." (reproduced here, along with a few more, for your convenience) and made a tidy sum by just hanging about the polling booths.

Many young people, idealists that they are, go around thinking they can sell their vote for one hundred dollars or more. To them we say, "Climb down from your ivory tower, bubbleheads! One vote just isn't worth that much!" The fact is, in some districts (i.e., Newark, New Jersey), you can stuff a whole ballot-box for a "C-note" and get change back. Our advice is to name a reasonable figure (anywhere between ten and fifteen dollars) and be prepared to settle for a lot less.

**Making Your Voice Heard:** Chances are, if you are a member of the Democratic Party, your voice has already been heard, at least by the Republican Party whose alert Committee to Re-Elect the President rarely misses an opportunity to "tune in" on the loyal opposition through special polling de-

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vices. There is, of course, a difference between making your voice heard and making your opinion felt. Unless you have a hundred grand (minimum) to back up your opinion, there is only one other practical way to get your feelings across with impact. Just make sure the fuse is long enough.

We've passed along a few hints on how to make the best of your first election, but the rest is up to you. Get involved. Remember, the hope of America is its youth!

—MO'D, BCL

**Cover:** This month's cover is entitled "The Lady of the Bathwater" and was photographed by Steve Myers. By now the astute reader is probably wondering, "If this, as it would certainly appear to be, is intended as an off-the-wall parody of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, then why the fuck is a *man's* hand holding the sword?" The explanation is simple. Michael O'Donoghue, who came up with the idea, turned the entire project over to Art Director Michael Gross. O'Donoghue didn't bother to go over every detail with Gross because he figured any schoolboy has read *King Arthur*, not realizing that Gross, who's still trying to finish a *Blackhawk* comic he began some months ago, thinks that *King Arthur* is a seaport in Texas. When he saw the cover, O'Donoghue, always considerate of other's feelings, slow to condemn and quick to forgive, just didn't have the heart to tell Gross that he is a **stupid, illiterate, cloddish, defective, imbecilic, retarded, dense, moronic, subnormal, feeble-minded dolt** who's about as bright as a **night-light** and as sharp as a **napkin**. Your brain belongs in **Forest Lawn**, you **beef-witted dumbhead!!!!**

Just kidding, Mike.

Eat me. □

**Plug:** If **RAW SEX, TWIN-FISTED ACTION**, and **HIGH-VOLTAGE THRILLS** are your cup of TNT, you won't want to miss *Savages*, A **POWERHOUSE OF A MOVIE** that **BRISTLES WITH TENSION**, written by NatLamp regulars George W. S. Trow and Michael O'Donoghue. Actually, *Savages* is about as exciting as a six-pack of **Carnation Instant Breakfast**, but we thought maybe they could pull a few of these phrases for reviews. In fact, here are a few more: **FAIRLY EXPLODES ONTO THE SCREEN**, **RIPS THE LID OFF HOLLYWOOD**, **MAKES THE GOD-FATHER LOOK LIKE BAMBI**, **MAKES THE STEWARDESSES LOOK LIKE I REMEMBER MAMA**, **AT LAST—A BLACK JAMES BOND**, and **I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE ENJOYED A FILM MORE**.

# "Hot Licks, Cold Steel & Truckers Favorites" will get you off your ass.

**Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen got their name from an old science fiction serial and their music from...**

If you'd been sitting in a bar in San Antonio some years back, and put a nickel in the juke box, you probably would have heard some music known as "Texas Swing". And if your taste was together enough at the time, you would have dug the fact that this music was just too good to ever go away.

And sitting in the balcony at the Brooklyn Paramount some years ago, you would have been privy to some strange sounds that started the kind of music revolution that's going on today. Rock and Roll. The kind of music that frightened parents and was considered, in some Neanderthal circles, to be a Communist plot to subvert the youth of America. The point of all this is that there were a lot of different kinds of music that

were on the brink of being forgotten forever and ever.

That's where Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen come in. They're eight people who play the kind of music that you could have heard if you'd been in all those right places at all those right times. And they play it with a contemporary perspective that makes it really come alive.

As the band puts it, "Our aim in music is to get people off their asses".



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Sirs:

I read two months ago that *Esquire's* Harold Hayes had a bunch of *fuck-yous, cocksuckers, etc., etc.* left over that they're not allowed to use and I was wondering, if you can't use them, we sure can. We ran short last month and the situation is threatening again. Please let us know. We'd be deeply in your debt.

Michael Janeway  
*Atlantic Monthly*

Sirs:

Show me the way to go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed.

Sen. George Aiken  
Fraser, Vt.

Sirs:

I'm a guy. But if I was a girl, I wouldn't go anywhere. I'd sit all morning in a big comfortable chair with my hands up my dress. And then

in the afternoon, I'd put my hands in my blouse. It'd be fantastic. Why the hell would I want to go anywhere? You answer me that.

Mark Farmers  
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

What's all this nonsense about "nice people get VD too"? It may come as a shock to you, but the Mellons are not walking around with open sores in their mouths, the Vanderbilts haven't been complaining about blindness or insanity, and the Rockefeller's haven't been dripping. I suppose these facts sadden you a mite, but nonetheless they're true. Nice people *don't* get VD. Nice people get low back pains, heart trouble, and drinking problems.

Owens Fisher  
Elmhurst, France

Sirs:

You want Tandalaio make tiffin for you? Tandalaio make good tiffin.

Tandalaio  
Rain Forest

Sirs:

Perhaps you can help me. I'm in the process of producing a musical review, but I've run into somewhat of a problem. At the end of the show, there's a medley of songs that the whole cast sings. The theme of the medley is flashlights, and I need six

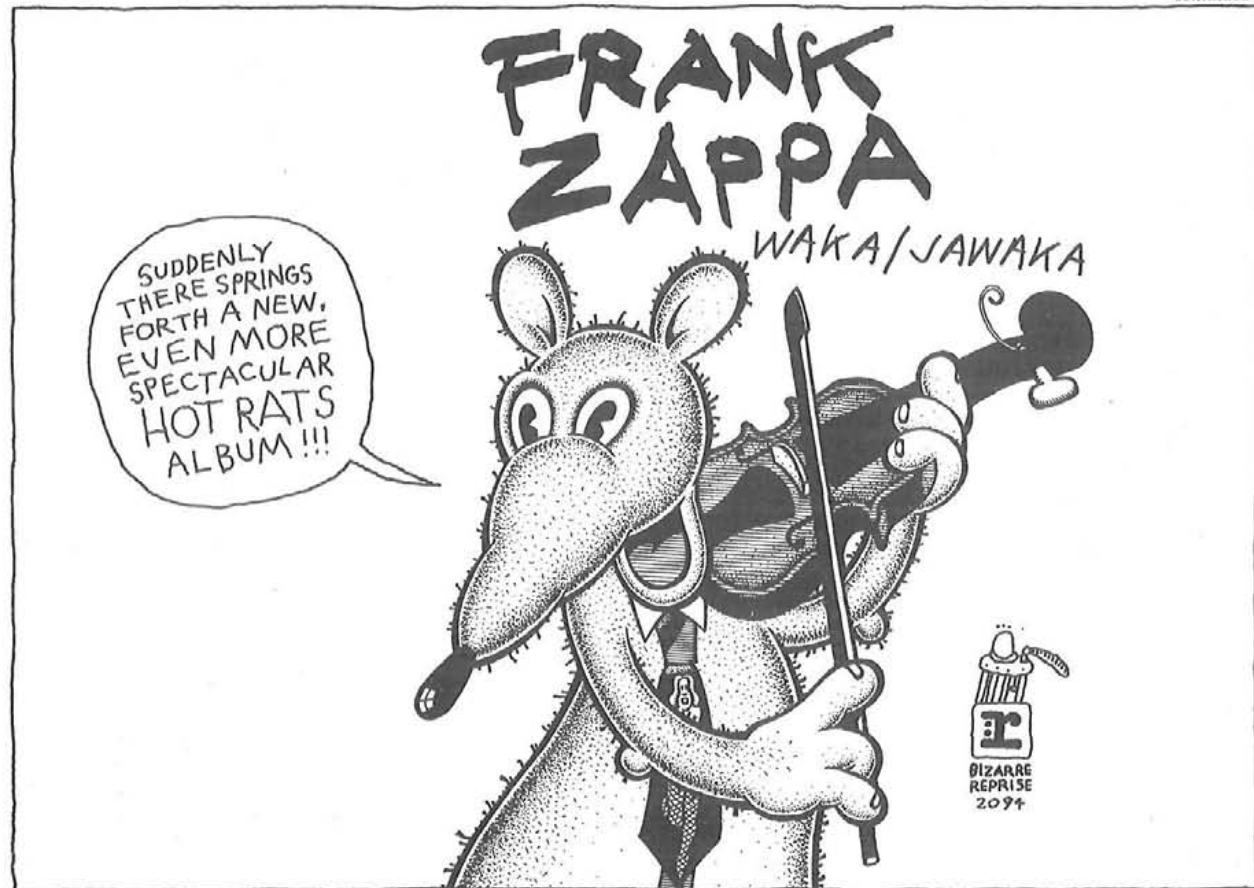
songs that have either "flashlight" in the title or "flashlight" in the lyrics. So far I only have two: "Flashlight When You Flash Love" and "Two Flashlights in the Dark." I need four more and the show is next month, so you can see I'm in quite a bind. Perhaps you or your readers know of some songs I can use. I'd really appreciate it. You won't be sorry. It's for a worthy cause. We're raising money to buy flashlights to send to Eskimos who don't have flashlights.

Ken Schmidt  
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

This, I suppose, is your "Letters" column. I don't particularly want to be in your "Letters" column. I'm just resting here until I build up enough strength to go plowing through your rather puerile magazine in search of a subscription form. (It's for a friend, I assure you.) I don't think I can do it. Why don't I wait here and you get me one? I'll wait here among all of these witless letters and this self-indulgent drivel and you go move your blotchy bottoms and come back to me with a subscription form. And don't take all damn day. I don't like it here. Not a bit. On second thought, don't get me a subscription form (my friend will understand). And don't bother to see me out. I'll go out the

*continued*







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You wouldn't know it to look at me, but nobody loves me. Every morning I wake up feeling like beans and franks. Wouldn't you suppose someone like me would have little trouble getting a date? Well, don't count on it. Looks aren't everything. I've chased after commuter trains, rock bands, troop ships, even traveled with the Pittsburgh Steelers. My favorite magazine says one should buy lots of cosmetics, learn how to make small talk, and cultivate a sophisticated aloofness with sexual overtones. I love that magazine. They really cater to my Cinderella psyche, especially when I'm bored stiff. Which is pretty often. I enjoy fellatio and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I guess you'd have to say I'm that COSMOPOLITAN Girl.



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But because the arts are too restless today to be compartmentalized, much of Saturday Review/THE ARTS will deal with new forms and mixtures. The sleek new home appliances from Italy. Fiber sculpture. The world's leading behaviorist writing on "having" a poem.

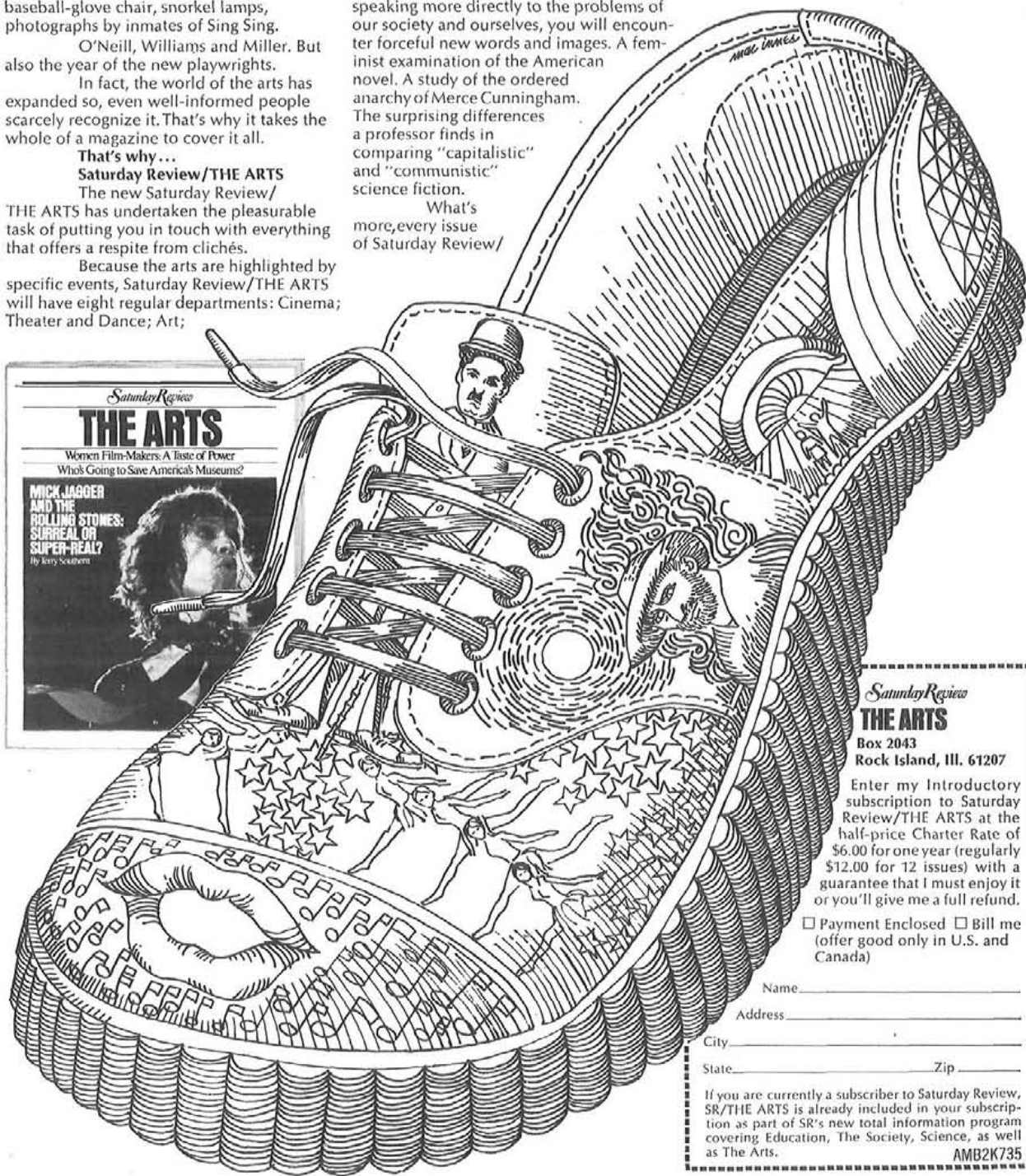
And because artists and critics are speaking more directly to the problems of our society and ourselves, you will encounter forceful new words and images. A feminist examination of the American novel. A study of the ordered anarchy of Merce Cunningham. The surprising differences a professor finds in comparing "capitalistic" and "communitistic" science fiction.

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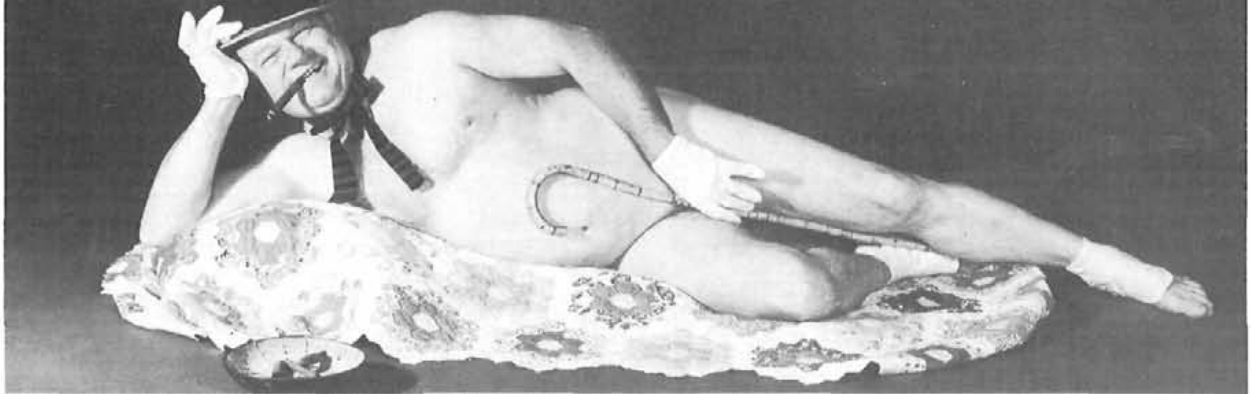


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*continued*

front of the magazine; it's closer.

Slammin' Sammy Sneed  
Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

I was just going through your "Letters" column and happened to see that there were no letters from David Frost calling himself an asshole or, actually, you calling him an asshole, and I was wondering if that's over . . . or if you plan on having someone else replace him. Who will you get? I'm really anxious to see who it will be. Probably someone who will least expect it, huh? Someone just tranquilly passing along and whammo, he finds he's calling himself an asshole—"I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole"—just like that. Wait a minute . . . you don't think that I . . . Hold it! Look, there's no percentage in getting me to call myself an asshole because I'll just deny it like I'm doing right now. I am not, repeat, *not* an asshole.

David Steinberg  
New York City

Sirs:

To my way of thinking, not that anyone asks me or anything, but to my way of thinking the best radial tire is Kleber V 10. It's a fabric radial, not a steel, and therein lies its secret. Thank you.

Tom McCormack  
Bethesda, Maryland

Sirs:

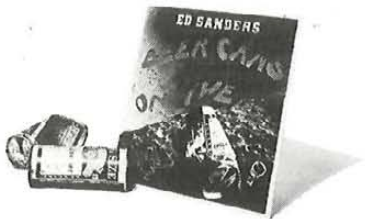
First I bought an Ike and Tina Turner for my tooter, then I bought an Ike and Tina Tuner for my tuna. And with the money I had left over, I was able to replace my Ike and Tina

Tweeter and my Thomas Woofier. How many stops did I make? You weren't counting the stops, were you, you daydreaming bozos!

Shamus Zingboing  
Great Neck, New York



## Beer Cans on the Moon: New Outrage by Ed Sanders.

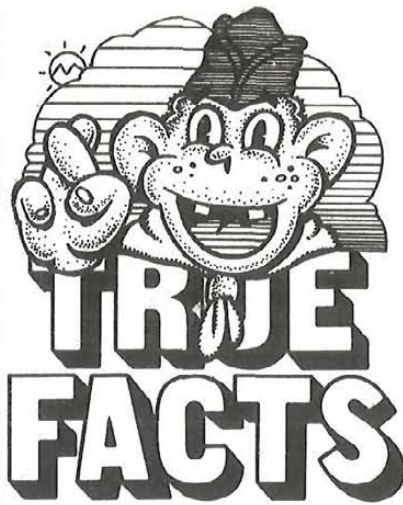


"It's not protest: it's positive rock," says Ed Sanders of his latest platter. "There's no sexism and I tried to put poetry into it. There will be no problems with this album and only the Republican National Committee won't like it."

What it is is Gandhi Rock, Administration Politics Rock, Astral Country Rock, Eco Rock and other pioneering musical forms spread through titles such as "Henry Kissinger," "The Shredding Machine," "Kaw River Valley Progressive Hempune," "Yodelling Robot" and "Six-Pack of Sunshine." There's even an adaptation of a William Blake poem, "Albion Craggs."

Ed Sanders' trenchant career in the arts has led him from beat poet to Fug founder to solo recording to *The Family*, his best-selling chronicle of the activities of the Charles Manson people. Hear him rise again in *Beer Cans on the Moon*.

## A Sharp-Edged Album on Reprise Records and Tapes.



- A teacher in a small town in Czechoslovakia, afraid that the lack of children in his school would result in his transfer, spent four years going around the village late at night and clandestinely knocking on the windows of young married couples to wake them up. There are now enough children for his school. *Los Angeles Times* (G. Holt)

- In a book on the wartime exploits of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), R. Harris Smith, a former CIA analyst, revealed that at one

time American intelligence officials planned to drive Adolf Hitler insane by exposing him to pornography.

After conducting a long-range psychiatric study that convinced them that the Fuhrer could be unhinged by obscene material, a group of OSS psychoanalysts collected the finest library of German porno ever assembled. They planned to drop the material by plane over Hitler's headquarters in Berchtesgaden in the belief that the Nazi dictator would wander outside, see it, and immediately be driven insane.

Unfortunately, the Army Air Corps colonel delegated to organize the smut-drop left his first meeting with the OSS officials in a blind rage, cursing them as maniacs and refusing to jeopardize a single airman's life in the operation. *Winnipeg Tribune* (S. Zmetana)

- Two Detroit policemen burst into the East Side home of Mrs. Walraud Buchanan one day in the middle of August and smashed glass doors, overturned dressers and cupboards, and held Mrs. Buchanan's eighteen-year-old daughter, Eva, at gunpoint, demanding, "Where's the stuff?"

After Eva doggedly insisted that she didn't know what the police were talking about, the policemen reread their warrant. "Uh-oh, it looks like someone screwed up," said one of them, and the two hurriedly left.

"We goofed," a police spokesman admitted afterward. "It was a simple case of human error, and we're sorry." *Tulsa Daily World* (H. W. West)

- A fifty-nine-year-old Sydney, Australia, housewife died of a heart attack in front of the television cameras after learning that she had won the first round of an Australian quiz show called "Temptation."

An executive of the TV station said the show, which was being taped at a local studio before a live audience, would not be aired but that "when the relatives recover from the shock, we may offer them the film of the program. I'm sure they would like to see how happy she was." *San Francisco Chronicle* (K. Carnes)

- Maria Marcon, twenty-four, of Rome, Italy, got off a train and accepted a ride from a dark-haired stranger. Shortly after she entered the car, a three-foot dwarf popped out of a cardboard box on the back seat, clubbed her over the head, and stole \$60 from her purse. When she came to, she was lying on the street. *Canadian Press*

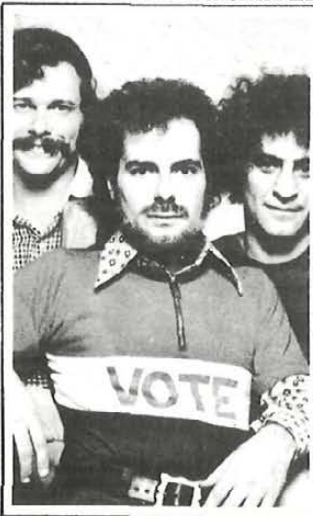
- President Jean Bédel Bokassa of the Central African Republic led soldiers into Bangui prison and ordered them to beat with wooden clubs all the inmates who had been imprisoned for theft. The Government later an-

continued

A RECORD, A DIALOGUE, A MANIFESTO—  
MIAMI BEACH, 1972 AND BEYOND

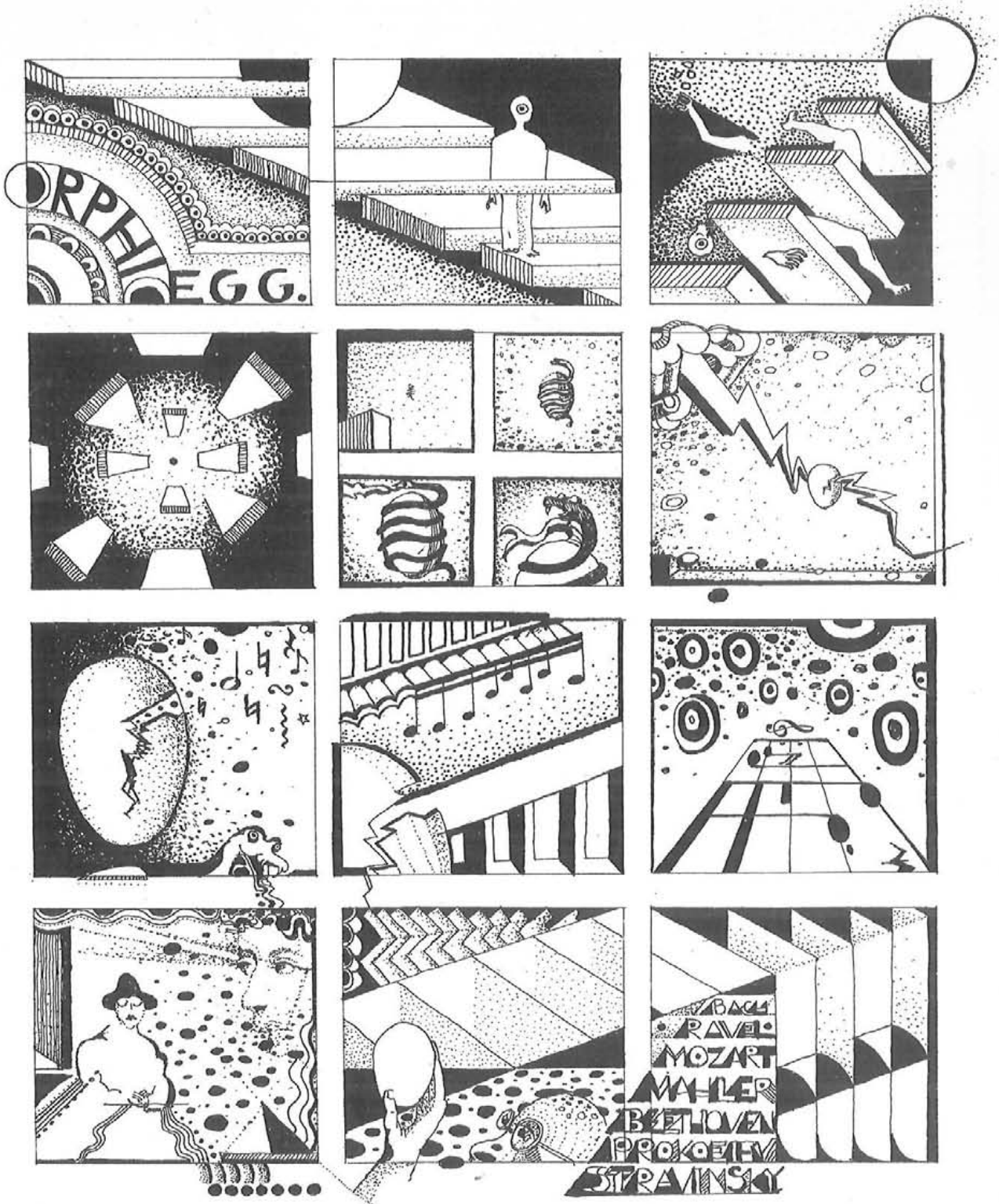
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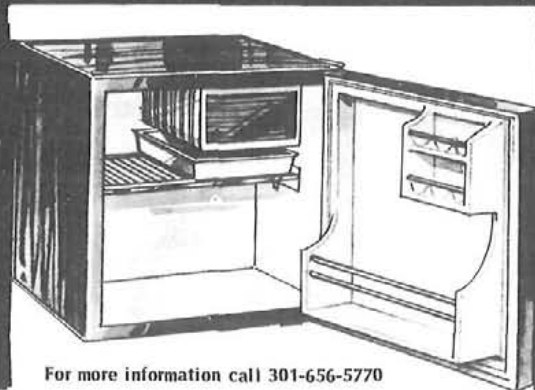
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*continued*

nounced that several of the prisoners died as a result of the beatings.

After announcing in a radio broadcast that the "results" of the "show-down between the national army and the army of thieves" would be displayed in public the next day, General Bokassa had the dead and wounded thieves transported to a central square in Bangui, capital of the C.A.R., and forced a number of individuals awaiting trial for theft to touch them as a warning.

"Thieves must all die," he commented. "There will be no more theft in the Central African Republic."

At the prison, the general had told the soldiers that they could "keep on hitting them till you kill them" as they advanced on nearly fifty prisoners who had been brought into the prison courtyard. During the beatings he turned to a correspondent who was present and remarked, "It's tough, but that's life." *New York Times* (N. Fish)

• A watchdog bit police detective H. R. Outlaw at a residence where the police officer had gone to investigate a burglary.

"I can't understand why the dog didn't get the man who broke in instead of me," said Detective Outlaw.

The dog was sentenced to serve a ten-day term at the Chattanooga Humane Society. *Pacific Stars & Stripes* (J. Jacobson)

• Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis has urged that skyjackers be tried right at the airport and hung on a mobile gallows.

"I would recommend we have a portable courtroom on a big bus and a portable gallows," suggested the police officer, "and after we get the death penalty put back in, we conduct a rapid trial for a hijacker out there, and then we hang him with due process of law out there at the airport." *Los Angeles Times* (S. Samaha)

• Chris Haines of Little Thurlow, England, a farm laborer, yawned too widely, and it required more than seven hours for doctors to close his mouth. Haines reported later that he could only make gargling noises during the ordeal and had no way of communicating his quandary to the doctors.

At one point he was urged to see a psychiatrist. *New York Times* (R. Andersen)

• During a visit made to the West Virginia delegation to the Republican Convention in Miami in the middle of August, Tricia Cox, President Nixon's daughter, said, "The entire Nixon family applauds you, not only for what you have done for the Republican Party but for what you will do between now and November 7."

*continued on page 16*



# HEAR FAMILY SEE AMERICA.

If you were impressed by Family's **FEARLESS**, their first album for United Artists, you'll be amazed with **BANDSTAND**.

In *Rolling Stone*, Richard Gold called **FEARLESS** "a phantasmagoric rush" and described lead vocalist Roger Chapman's singing as



"volley after volley of naked power."

In contrast to the demented intensity of their earlier recordings such as **MUSIC FROM A DOLL'S HOUSE**, **BANDSTAND** presents a mellow side of this multi-faceted group — this due in part to added vocal support from others in the band.

**This fall Family explores America on their first national tour — with Elton John.**

September 26  
Barton Hall  
Cornell University

September 27  
Boston Music Hall

September 29  
New Haven Arena

September 30  
Philadelphia  
Spectrum Arena

October 1  
Rochester  
Memorial Auditorium

October 2  
Montreal Forum

October 5  
Toronto Maple Leaf Garden

October 6,  
Cobo Hall, Detroit

October 7  
Buffalo  
Memorial Auditorium

October 9  
Nassau Coliseum, New York

October 11  
Horton Field House  
Illinois State University

October 12  
Wichita  
Civic Culture Center

October 13  
Field House  
University of Kansas

October 14  
The Hilton Coliseum  
University of Iowa

October 15  
Denver Auditorium Arena

October 18  
HIC Arena,  
Honolulu, Hawaii

October 20  
Seattle Arena

October 21 & 25  
Community Theatre  
U.C. Berkeley, Calif.

October 22  
Anaheim  
Convention Center, Calif.

October 23  
The Forum, Inglewood, Calif.

October 27  
Tucson Civic Plaza

October 28  
Phoenix  
Civic Assembly Plaza

October 29  
San Diego Sports Arena

November 1  
Gallagher Hall  
State University Diane, Okla.

November 2  
Assembly Center Southwest  
Tulsa

November 3  
Fair Grounds Arena  
Oklahoma City

November 4  
Kansas City  
Memorial Auditorium

November 5  
The Municipal Auditorium  
Dallas

November 8  
Coliseum  
Texas A & M

November 9  
Municipal Auditorium  
San Antonio

November 10  
Assembly Center  
Louisiana State University

November 11  
Mid South Coliseum  
Memphis

November 12  
Nashville  
Memorial Auditorium

November 14  
Memorial Coliseum  
University of Alabama

November 15  
Atlanta Coliseum

November 16  
Charlotte Coliseum

November 17  
Civic Center  
Charleston

November 18  
The Coliseum  
Hampton Roads, Virginia

November 19 & 20  
Carnegie Hall, New York

November 21  
Baltimore Civic Center

November 22  
State Farm Arena  
Harrisburg

November 24  
Jackson Coliseum  
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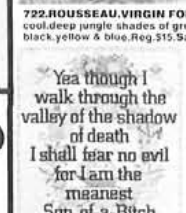
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WHOLESALE INQUIRIES INVITED



"When I told my father that I was coming here to visit you today, he said, 'Tricia, when you go there, tell them I think they are great Americans, great supporters, and great friends.'"

In an appearance before the South Carolina delegation, which she made later on the same day, Tricia declared, "The entire Nixon family applauds you, not only for what you have done for the Republican Party but for what you will do between now and November 7. When I told my father that I was coming here to visit you today, he said, 'Tricia, when you go there, tell them I think they are great Americans, great supporters, and great friends.'" *Chicago Sun Times* (P. Sikora)

• Faced with a troublesome leak in a sewage outfall line that cost the town of Daly City \$10,000 last year and had turned a nearby stretch of beach into dangerous quicksand, the city fathers called on Ed Graf, president of the Pressure Grout Company.

Using a technique he had previously employed to save a lead mine in Missouri from flooding, Graf successfully plugged the leak with sixty Kotex sanitary napkins. *San Bruno Enterprise-Journal* (L. Mezzetta)

• A former University of Illinois student was the victim of a rape attempt

by three coeds who had taken offense at an article he wrote for the university newspaper about women's lib organizations.

The student, William Chester, said the three invited him to the women's lib office to discuss his article, then lured him to the sixth floor of the student union.

"When we got there," said Chester, "one of the girls—a husky two-hundred-pounder—put a bear hug on me from behind. The other two pushed me and the big one held me while lying under me."

He said one of the girls tore open his shirt and another pulled down his pants before two university employees came down the corridor and scared the girls away.

Chester quoted one of the girls as saying, "Let's really get him and show him what sex is all about."

"Just to show I'm no male chauvinist pig, I filed only simple battery charges," said Chester. *Chicago Tribune* (W. Sanke)

• A woman's body was discovered in a backyard barbecue pit fifteen hours after the end of a party at the house of Edwin Pendleton in Wolcott, New York. The police investigation that resulted in the discovery began when Mr. Pendleton called the state troopers to report that he had not seen his

wife, Virginia, thirty-nine, since the party began to break up in the early hours of the morning.

The body was discovered by Pendleton's son, Ronald, who found the charred remains among the burned wood in the family's shallow, four-foot-square barbecue pit.

An autopsy was performed, and it was ascertained that the body was that of a woman, but further identification was impossible, pending a check of dental charts.

"All we have is bones," said a state police sergeant, who added that investigators were thus far not considering the possibility of homicide.

"I'd hate to say anything right now," continued the sergeant. "She may have passed out, fallen in. It's hard to tell right now." *New York Daily News* (M. Nichols)

• In a recent issue of *Medical Opinion*, a monthly magazine for physicians, Dr. William B. Ober of New York City's Beth Israel Hospital propounded the theory that the defeat Napoleon suffered at Waterloo was the result of a painful case of hemorrhoids.

Dr. Ober, who has studied the effects of piles on illustrious historical figures, bases part of his theory on the disastrous results of Napoleon's affliction, which affected him most se-

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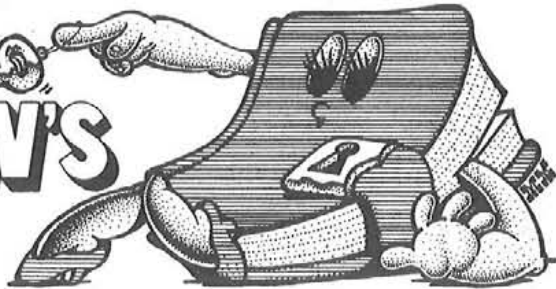
It's not just the "We Will All Be Famous Here For 15 Minutes" Fandango, either, sweetheart. These boys are pros, baby, *pros*.

"Everybody's in Show biz," their new double album, splits it: half studio with some of the Kinksiest Kinks songs in an age ("Celluloid Heroes," for one; "Supersonic Rocket Ship," for another), the other half live in-concert at Carnegie Hall.

"Everybody's in Show biz." The Kinks. That's REAL show biz, kid. Eat your heart out.

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# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



In the interest of a better-informed electorate, "Mrs. Agnew's Diary" this month is, by gracious permission of the wife of the Vice President, given over to a full, unedited transcript of a debate between Mrs. Agnew and Mrs. Eunice Shriver, wife of the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, Sargent Shriver, held at Mrs. Agnew's home on October 3.

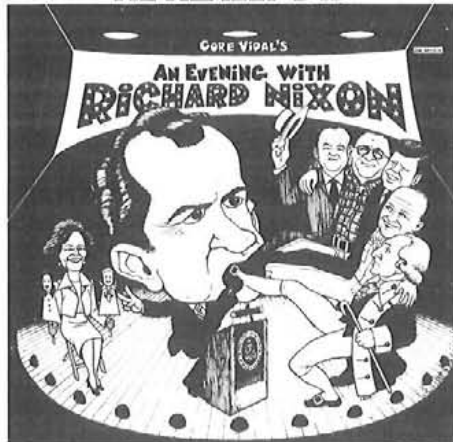
MRS. SHRIVER: Hello, I'm Mrs. Shriver.  
 MRS. AGNEW: Hello. Oh goodness, you must be the Avon lady. Gosh, I've seen those ads on TV. Do you really have cologne in a bottle shaped like a tennis shoe? I know Spiggy would love one of those.  
 MRS. SHRIVER: No, you see, I'm Eunice Shriver, the—  
 MRS. AGNEW: I'm awful sorry, but I don't have a niece named Kyver. You must want the Leibowitzes,

they're at 1264, just down the block. We're really very progressive here, you know. There's a very nice colored family only three miles away, or at least there was when we moved in, because we got the place quite cheap.  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Mrs. Eunice Shriver, the wife of Sargent Shriver, the candidate for Vice President.  
 MRS. AGNEW: Oh dear, honestly, isn't that silly of me. I forgot all about that business with the electricity, and I couldn't remember the name, but I knew it was a bird, like Turkeyton or Chickendon or Weasleton, no that's not a bird, but gee, I'm so embarrassed. You see, I was thinking you'd have a bird in your name, and when you said Kiker—  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Shriver.  
 MRS. AGNEW: Shyber, well, I just drew a blank. Well, do come in. I have my cake all ready. Did you bring yours?

MRS. SHRIVER: Cake?  
 MRS. AGNEW: You know, for the bake-off.  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Bake-off?  
 MRS. AGNEW: Yes, I mean, we're supposed to have a bake-off, aren't we?  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Uh, well no, it was more in the line of a debate, wasn't it? You know, a sort of discussion on our beliefs, that kind of thing.  
 MRS. AGNEW: Oh. Are you sure? I could of sworn Ron Ziegler said a bake-off.  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Why, yes, of course I'm sure. But, really, there's no harm done. We can just go right ahead. All you have to do is state your positions on the pressing issues of the day and—  
 MRS. AGNEW: Are you sure you wouldn't rather have a bake-off? I've got a real beaut in the oven, a triple-decker Devil's Food with marshmallow icing and cashews. Spiggy is nuts about cashews. Whoops! I made a punt! Get it? Nuts, cashews—cashews are a kind of nut—  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Quite.  
 MRS. AGNEW: Well, look, let's make the best of it. You taste my cake and I'll sort of sit and listen while you state your petitions and press those tissues.  
 MRS. SHRIVER: Really, I do think we should have a proper debate. I'm

*continued*

## HE REALLY DID



"An Evening With Richard Nixon" by Gore Vidal is a bird's eye view of Nixon's career from the beginning...this is accomplished with the help of Kennedy, Eisenhower, Washington, Agnew, Humphrey, and the like, acting as advocates pro and con, commenting on the "action" (so to speak) of Nixon's political aspirations. All that Nixon says, he has said in real life, nothing has been invented, nothing has been taken out of context. Gore Vidal, in researching this play, carefully footnoted each of Nixon's statements for time, origin, and nature of the speech. An annotated bibliography is available on request.

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continued  
 sure you'll agree we owe it to the American people to provide them with a clear statement of our contrasting political philosophies, followed by a period of thorough, searching rebuttal—

MRS. AGNEW: Hey, just a darn minute!

MRS. SHRIVER: I beg your pardon.

MRS. AGNEW: You should have your mouth washed out with soap.

MRS. SHRIVER: For what?

MRS. AGNEW: For what you just said, that's what.

MRS. SHRIVER: I don't think I—

MRS. AGNEW: Think me no thinks.

I heard what I heard. Why, if my daughter Kim used a word like that,

I'd give her rebuttal a good whacking.

MRS. SHRIVER: You? I? What?

MRS. AGNEW: If women spent more time in kitchens baking cakes and less hobnobbin' with the Chicano Red Sox and John Kenneth Schlesinger and George McCarth this would be a better country in which to work and/or play.

MRS. SHRIVER: Listen, I have to be downtown at the Quasi Club at three o'clock for a meeting of the Women for Peace and Justice. Can't we just get this over with? What do you say we just have five minutes for our opening statements, then two three-minute response periods, and then we'll call it a day?

MRS. AGNEW: I know all about that kind of meeting. You sit around with Jane Fondue tape-recording prophyganda speeches for them to broadcast over Radio Honey telling our boys to lay down their arms and

go back and bebop with their sweet-hearts.

MRS. SHRIVER: I'm afraid I don't—

MRS. AGNEW: Well, the game's up. You must wait and see. You may be boasting now, but you'll be roasting after Election Day.

MRS. SHRIVER: I think I'd better be going.

MRS. AGNEW: Yes, and why don't you tell that Sergeant you're married to that there are a lot of right-thinking people who don't cotton to having Negroes parachuted into their suburban communities—even though they're very progressive people and don't mind one nice family three miles away—and don't want their children sent on stinky buses to smelly trade-schools to learn mechanical drawing and rotary-mower repair with a bunch of knife-totin' Mau Maus with bones in their—

MRS. SHRIVER: Really, I must be going. So nice to have had this little chat. Good-bye now.

MRS. AGNEW: Well, I never. Oh fiddle, half-way through "Secret Storm"!

MALE TELEVISION VOICE: Marilyn, it's about Peter. He has, he has—

FEMALE TELEVISION VOICE: Oh, Dan, it can't be, it can't be—

MALE TELEVISION VOICE: Yes, Marilyn, I'm afraid it is.

FEMALE TELEVISION VOICE: Will they, will they have to operate?

MALE TELEVISION VOICE: Yes, yes they are. The doctor is sending to Switzerland for a special chain saw.

MRS. AGNEW: Gee. □

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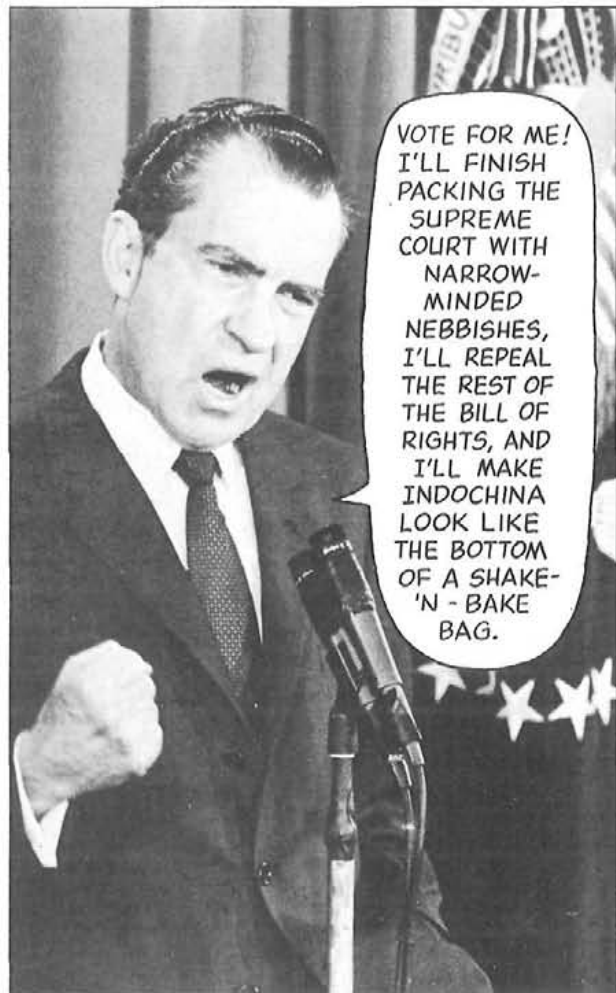
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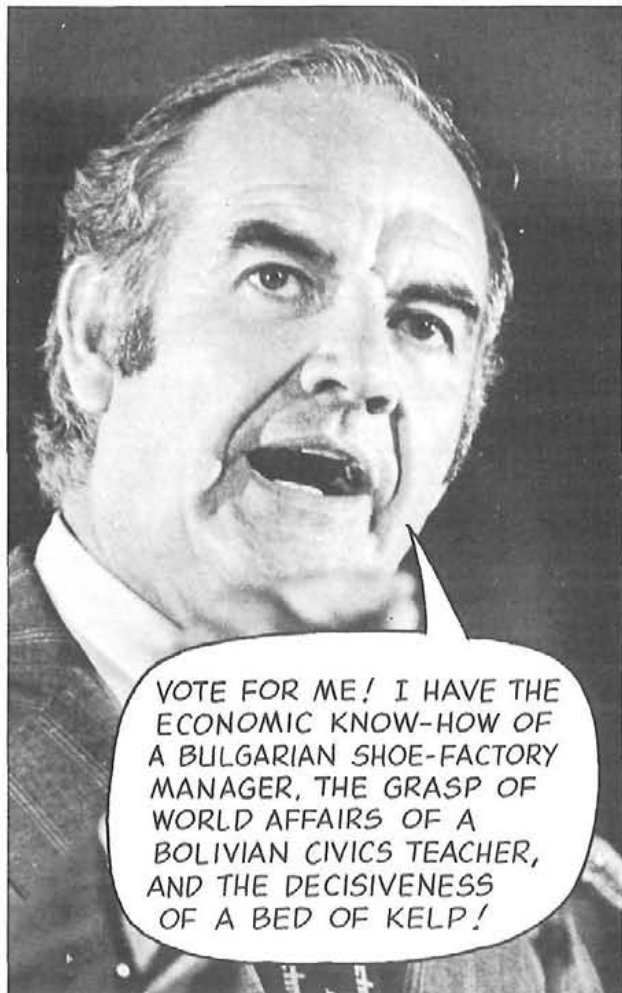
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AND THE DECISIVENESS  
OF A BED OF KEMP!

Following the nomination of President Nixon for the Nobel Peace Prize by Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, sources close to the Nobel Prize Committee report that in spite of the President's inarguable achievements on his trips to China and Russia, "persistent and unsettling reports" of his having engaged in "activities fundamentally inconsistent with the spirit of the Peace Prize" in Southeast Asia make him ineligible for the award. Nevertheless, the committee is known to be considering him for two of the

other prizes: the Prize in mathematics, for his pioneering work in the application of imaginary numbers to economic statistics; and the Prize in biology, for his groundbreaking experiments in Pavlovian behavioral theory, centering chiefly on the use of fear, hatred, and alienation as a means of eliciting desired responses from mass human populations.

Word has been received from Prague that shortly after President Anwar Sadat

asked the vast majority of Russian troops and advisers to leave Egypt, the Czechs made a similar request of the Soviet Union regarding the ten or so Red Army divisions still stationed in Czechoslovakia four years after Russia's "goodwill invasion" in August 1968. The withdrawal request, which Czech spokesmen stress was made "in a spirit of comradely friendship," has as yet received no response from the Russians. "Perhaps our notes crossed in the diplomatic pouches," theorized one highly placed

*continued on page 26*

**S**avoy Brown first reached the people by playing the blues. Good ole Chicago-style blues. From there they moved into hard rock boogie. In their new LP, "LION'S SHARE," they get back into the blues. The band has been on the road a lot in the past year or so. And now they want to share with you some of the feeling they got from their audiences. The wailing, sensitive guitar of Kim Simmonds sets the mood for some really fine hard rock blues.

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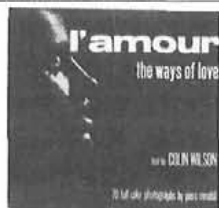
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**Sometimes different is better.**

Czech official. "The couriers are very unreliable. Or maybe it's taking them a long time to pack. After all, they did bring an awful lot of tanks and planes and things when they came. Or it could be that they're advertising for another place. Really, I think what with the winter coming on they'd like a nice resort country with a southern exposure much better, something like Yugoslavia or Romania. In any case, I'm sure we'll hear any day," he added.

Perhaps reflecting a coming of age of space exploration, NASA has announced that under present plans the space shuttle will be run by the Department of Transportation under an operating authority similar to Amtrak, the National Railroad Passenger Corporation. Trips to earth orbit will require 27½ hours, the rockets will be made from leftover V-2s seized from the Germans with wooden seats bolted to their walls, there will be a space station whose corridors will

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**The right-in candidate.**

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continued

double as restrooms, the only food available will be dehydrated ham sandwiches and orange drink, and flights may be cancelled without notice up to five minutes before scheduled departure times.

**Members of the Committee to Re-Elect the President** have recently denied accusations that members of the President's staff are engaging in a "low road" campaign against George McGovern. "We're sticking to the record and nothing but," one aide insisted, "and we're willing to let the facts speak for themselves. Naturally," he continued, "we think the American people want to be told when we, for example, learn of the existence of a set of glossies showing Senator McGovern having sexual relations with a racoon and playing spit-in-the-ocean with Adolf Hitler, or of his plans to put Ramsey Clark in charge of a drum-head court to try everyone who served honorably in Vietnam for murder, or of the draft of his proposal for forcing hardworking middle-class Americans to turn their barbecue pits and recreation rooms into mini methadone-clinics." □

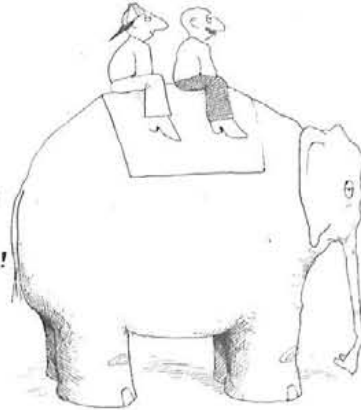
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②

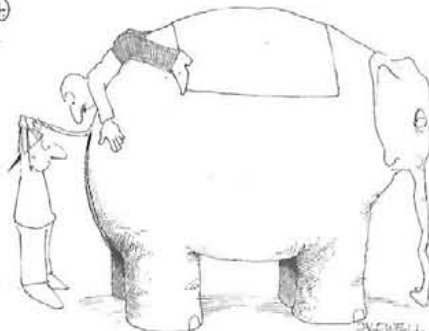
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③



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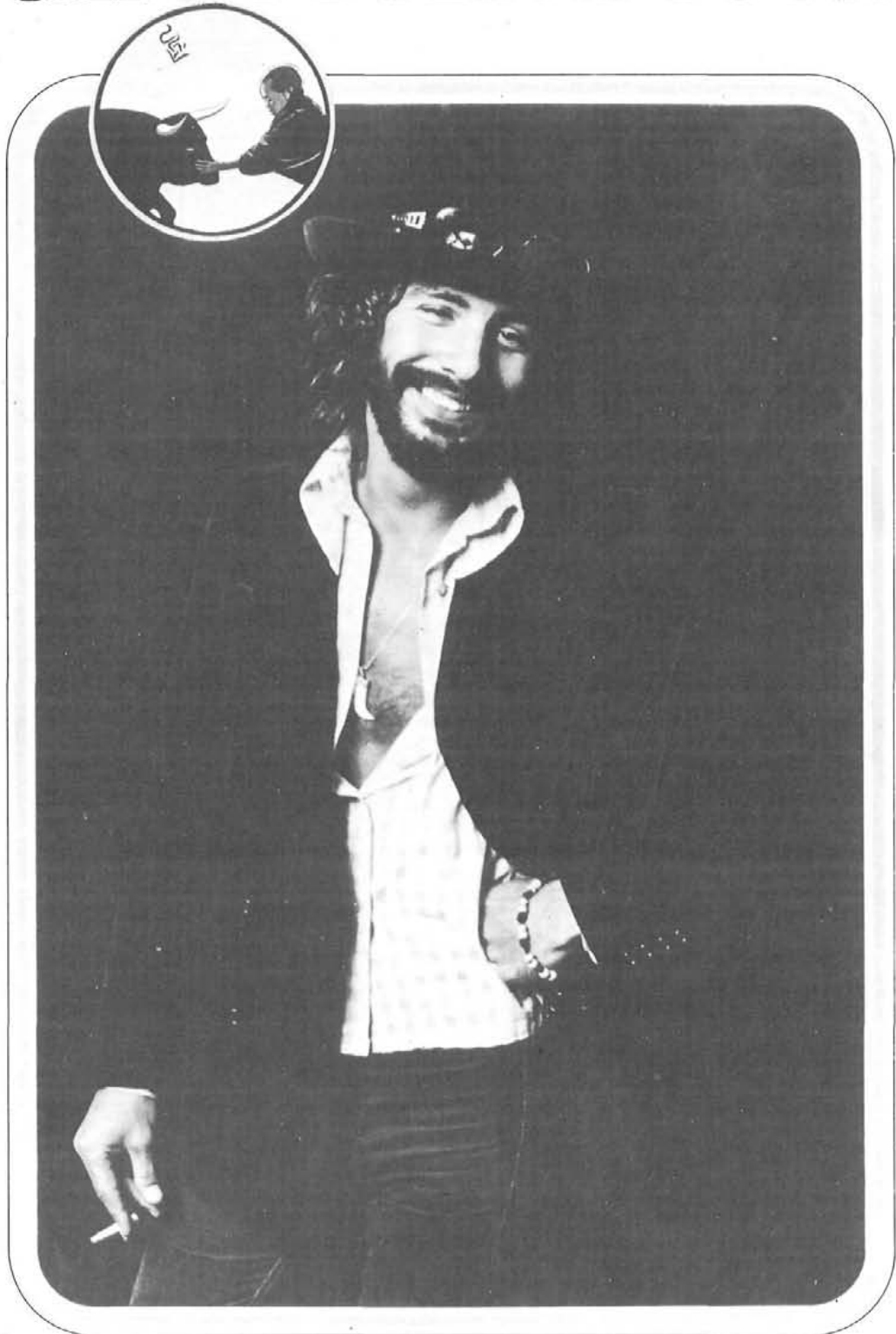
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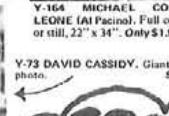
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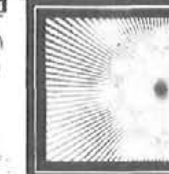
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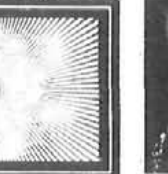
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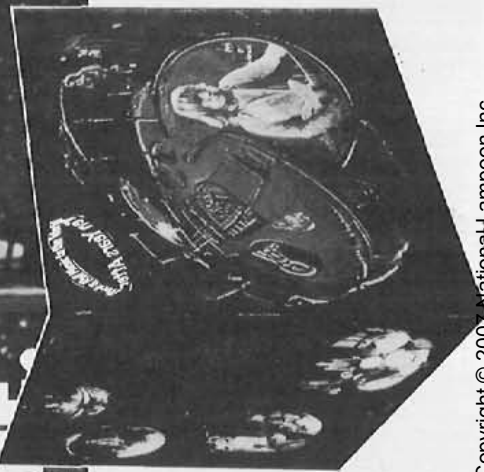
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# FETISH SUPPLEMENT



BRAD HOLLAND



# How to Talk Dirty in Esperanto

Kiel Parole Malpure en Esperanto  
by Richard Bonker and Henry Beard

So you didn't think you could! Frankly, it's as easy as a *furpie* if you follow my simple rules. There are many sound reasons for spending the next few hours learning them. To name a few: With Esperanto you can write graffiti on the walls of the restrooms of the United Nations, the World Court at The Hague, or the European Parliament at Strasbourg without shame, and on more common surfaces without fear of contradiction. With Esperanto you can derive considerable pleasure from uttering even the vilest phrase in Esperanto; although your language is from the gutter, it is from the gutters of the Champs Elysées, the Kurfürstendamm, Jermyn Street, and the Via Sant Angelo. And if afterward you should feel remorse, you are entitled to wash your mouth out with beeswax or anise or some other exotic astringent instead of ordinary soap. With Esperanto you can trade imprecations as an equal with members of foreign-born minority groups whose native caterwauls—with their varmint-like barkings, pagan speech-rhythms, and moronic, sing-song syllables—are so much more appropriate to scatological usage than the noble cadences of English. You can expound at great length on the chastity, racial characteristics, and sexual inventiveness of their mothers without risking the kind of comprehension that has them reaching for knives to supplement their disappointing vocabularies. And should you, by great good fortune, enter into an altercation with a fellow Esperan-

tist, the great commitment to international brotherhood and understanding that you share with your antagonist will quickly overcome the bitterest of enmities, and you will be able to adjourn speedily to a nearby trattoria, there to partake of a toast of beeswax and anise to Dr. L. Ludwig Zamenhof, the creator of Esperanto, and to us, of course, for correcting his puzzling oversight of not having included any dirty words in Esperanto in the first place.

**FIRST: pronunciation!** Master these rules and you will be able to speak Esperanto like a native!

Esperanto is phonetic; letters are always pronounced alike no matter where they appear! B, d, f, h, k, l, m, n, p, s, t, v, z, are pronounced exactly as in English, so don't worry about them.

- a ..... Father made me do it.
- ĉ ..... tits
- c ..... Chew on these, big boy.
- e ..... there
- g ..... gobble
- ĝ ..... Gee, you sure have a small cock, needle-dick daddy.
- ĥ ..... German "Achtung!" (The closest English equivalent is suck.)
- i ..... cherry
- j ..... yoni
- ĵ ..... pleasure pit
- o ..... old dirt road
- r ..... French "merde" (pronounced mer-r-r-r-de)
- ŝ ..... shit
- u ..... boobs

- aj ..... Spanish fly
- au ..... go down on
- ej ..... foreplay
- eŭ ..... "eh" plus "oo"
- oj ..... joint
- uj ..... Oh, ick, it's all gooey!

Now that wasn't so hard, was it? Don't be ashamed to consult this list whenever you feel the need. And, one more thing, remember: In words with more than one syllable, the stress is always on the next to last syllable. In words of only two syllables, the first is stressed, since it is also the next to last.

**SECOND: grammar!** Esperanto has the easiest grammar in the world! Memorize these rules and you will have no trouble with the language. All Esperanto words consist of a root<sup>1</sup> and an ending. The root gives the meaning of the word and the ending tells what part of speech it has. Nothing could be simpler and there are no exceptions in Esperanto.

Now watch as we make our first whole sentence:

*Liroj mangas viadon.*  
LEE-roy MAHN-jass vee-AHN-doan.

Leroy eats meat.  
Isn't that easy! What we really wanted to say was "Leroy eats shit," but our Esperanto dictionary unaccountably refused to list it. Nevertheless, we push on with:

*Sandra lekas pilkojn.*  
SAN-drah LEH-kass PEEL-coin.  
Sandra licks balls.

all of which are in the book. Notice  
<sup>1</sup> As soon as you've had your little laugh, we'll go on.



how useful the affixes are:

*Sandra lekadas pilkegojn.*

SAN-drah leh-KAH-dass peel-KEH-goyn.

Sandra frequently-licks large-balls.

In Esperanto, the verb *veni* means "to come." Using the suffix *-uj*, which means "container," we get *venujo*, scumbag; whence:

*Li venas en la venujojn.*

LEE-VEHN-ass EHN LA veh-NOO-yon.

He comes into the scumbag.

Other useful appurtenances of *veni* are *venajo* 'come-substance' or 'jism,' *venegulo* 'a real comer,' *venestro* 'come-leader' (useful at orgies), etc. With these preliminaries out of the way, we are all set to go to town (or around the world) with this larger passage:

*Saluton! /Kiel vi fartas? /Gage bone! /Ĉu vi havas la plumon?*

*/Jes, mi havas la granda forta plumon, sed la inko estas malpura.*

*/Malbene! /Kia idioto mi estis, ne uzi la venejon.*

Hello there! /How are you faring?

/Jolly good! /Have you a pen?

/Yes, I have the large strong pen, but the ink is rotten. /That is awful!

/What a fool I was not to use the scumbag.

We've gone as far as we can without some bona-fide dirty words. We won't let the spoilsport editors who compiled the dictionary have the last word; Esperanto is nothing if not adaptable. Dirty words are as easy to come by as a well-engineered teat—provided my patented system is followed.

### THIRD: Vocabulary!

Example: Asshole. This could be rendered accurately as "anus open-

2 The word *farti*, contrary to your expectations, means "to fare" in Esperanto. Makes a jolly pun, though: "How do You do?" puns with "How are you faring?"

ing," but this somehow lacks vividness: *anoaperturo*. A much better rendering would be "windhole." Thus, add *vento* to *truo* to get *ventruo*. Another more colorful rendering would be to borrow the Chinese expression "fart-eye." Thus: *fartokulo*.

Example: *Furburger*. This rather eloquent euphemism for the vulva is simply rendered by noting that the Esperanto for "Hamburg" (the alleged city of origin for the meat patie) is *Amburgo*. Add to this the word for "fur" to get *felburgo*.

Example: *Twat*. This one's harder. "Twat" is from an old English expression for "hole in the hedge." The Esperantan rendition for this is impossibly long—"growing-thing-fence-hole," i.e., *kreskaĵbariltruo*. However, the essence of "twat" is "bushy,"

which is best rendered (inasmuch as the Esperantan for "bush" is "little tree"—too long a word) as *broso* 'brush'.

Example: *Prick*. This is directly translated as *pikilo*, but to get a shorter word, we truncate it to *piko*. Another possibility might be to make use of the suffix *-il* which means "tool" or "instrument of." Thus, if *fuki* is the verb "to fuck," then *la fukilo* means "the tool to fuck with" or, in other words, cock or prick.

Example: *Shit*. There are a number of baroque possibilities here, such as *noktomalpuro* 'nightsoil', which seems excessively prudish, and *brunaserpento* 'brown snake', which is evocative but clumsy. The best bet is to use the common root found in other languages, as is the custom in Es-

<b>Nouns:</b>	-o	singular
	-oj	plural
	-on	singular noun used as direct object
	-ojn	plural noun used as direct object
<b>Verbs:</b>	-as	present tense
	-is	past tense
	-os	future tense
	-us	conditional mood
	-u	imperative mood
	-ant	present participle
	-int	past participle
	-ont	future participle
<b>Personal pronouns:</b>	mi	I
	vi	you
	li	he
	ŝi	she
	ĝi	it
	ni	we
	ili	they
<b>Adjectives:</b>	-a	(-aj, -an, -ajn for plural, singular as direct object; and plural as direct object, respectively)
<b>Adverbs:</b>	-e	the
<b>Conjunctions,</b>	la	and
<b>prepositions,</b>	kaj	on top of
<b>and related words:</b>	sur	under
	sub	on (abstract) as in "on the rag"
	je	to
	al	of
	de, da	with
	kun	but
	sed	who
	kiu	"do" as an auxiliary, as in
	ĉu	"Do you give head?"
	jes	yes
	ne	no, not
	kio	what
<b>Useful affixes:</b>	ek-	sudden action
<b>(suffixes and prefixes)</b>	fi-	shameful, nasty
	mal-	the opposite of
	pra-	very old
	-aĉ	contemptible, disgusting
	-ad	frequent or continuous
	-ec	abstract quality of (-ship or -ness)
	-eg	great size
	-et	small-sized
	-in	feminine
	-uj	container

## USEFUL SENTENCES

Esperanto	Pronunciation	Translation
1. <i>Leroj merdas.</i>	LEE-roy MEHR-dass.	Leroy shits.
2. <i>Leroj ekfimerdas.</i>	LEE-roy eck-fee-MEHR-dass.	Leroy nasty-shits-sudden.
3. <i>Leroj kaj Sandra merdadas mon-tegojn da pramerdo.</i>	LEE-roy kai SAN-dra mehr-da-dass mon-TEH-goin da pra-MEHR-doe.	Leroy and Sandra frequently-shit great-sized-piles of antiquated-shit.
4. <i>Vi estas dek funtoj da merdo en kvinfunta sako.</i>	VEE EHS-tass dek FOON-toy da MEHR-doe ehn kveen-FOON-tah SOCK-oh.	You are ten pounds of shit in a five-pound bag.
5. <i>La grandioza kvalito da via merdo garantas aboleri la konkurson.</i>	La gran-dee-OH-zah kval-EE-toe da VEE-a MEHR-doe ga-RAHN-tass ah-bo-LEH-ree la kohn-KOOR-sohn.	The superb quality of your shit is guaranteed to wipe out the competition.
6. <i>Fuku vin!</i>	FOO-koo VEEN!	Fuck you!
7. <i>Peki estas homa, fuki estas divina.</i>	PEH-kee EHS-tass HO-ma, FOO-kee EHS-tass dee-VEE-nah.	To err is human, to fuck divine.
8. <i>Li fukas ŝian broson.</i>	Lee FOO-kass SHE-ahn BRO-sohn.	He fucks her twat.
9. <i>Vi ekfukas ŝian broseton kun via pikego.</i>	Vee eck-FOO-kass SHE-ahn bro-SEHT-tohn koon VEE-ah pee-KEH-go.	You quick-fuck her tiny-twat with your giant-cock.
10. <i>Mi pendegas.</i>	Mee pehn-DEH-gass.	I am well hung.
11. <i>Via pendeco estas malkredaba.</i>	VEE-ah pehn-DEH-tso EHS-tass mal-kreh-DEH-bah.	Your state of being hung is highly questionable.
12. <i>Li pendas kiel hamstro.</i>	Lee PEHN-dass KEE-el HAM-stro.	He is hung like a hamster.
13. <i>Viaj veniloj aperas multe kiel spinakaco.</i>	VEE-aye veh-NEE-loy ah-PEHR-ass MOOL-teh KEE-ehl spee-nah-KAH-cho.	Your genitals bear a remarkable resemblance to moldy spinach.
14. <i>Estes mia esprimo deziro ke fulmo frapus frapus vian pinon.</i>	EHS-tass MEE-a ehs-PREE-ma deh-ZEE-roh keh FOOL-ma FRA-puss VEE-ahn PEE-non.	It is my express wish that your penis be struck by lightning.
15. <i>Estas mia konjekto ke via patrino estas ne strango al cirkaŭprenoj de hejmaj dorlotoj kaj fojnejoj kortaj bestoj.</i>	EHS-tass MEE-ah kohn-YEK-to keh VEE-a pa-TREE-no EST-ass neh STRAN-goh ahl tseer-cow-PREH-noy deh HEM-mai dor-LOT-toy kai foy-neh-yo-KOR-tai BES-toy.	It is my conjecture that your mother is no stranger to the embraces of domestic pets and barnyard animals.

peranto: "merde" to form *merdo*. It's an effortless step from the construction of dirty words in Esperanto to the compilation of short phrases. Remember, a little imagination goes a long way.

**FOURTH: Practice!** Translate these sentences into Esperanto.

- The weather is nice. It is pleasant here. That is a pretty dress. Let's fuck.  
*Vetero estas agrable. Estas placo ĉi tie. Tiu estas beleta kostumo. Ni fuku.*
- There seems to be some error. Your ass is occupying the position which rightfully belongs to your head.  
*Apera esti ia eraro. Via parto okupas la pozicion ke laŭrajte apartenas al via kapo.*
- You are a booby. Would you be so kind as to bend over so that I may insert this kumquat into your rectum?  
*Via estas naivegulo. Vi estus afabla sufiĉe kliniĝi tiel ke mi esteblos enmeti ĉi tiu kumkvaton en via anuson?*
- Please correct me if I am mistaken, but are you not accustomed to eating shit?

*Mi petas korekto min se mi eraras, sed ĉu vi kutimas ne mangi merdon?*

- Shame! You should have your mouth washed out with beeswax and anise!

*Honto! Vi lavu vin buson kun abelvakso kaj anizo!*

- Can you direct me to the nearest medical facility? My penis has been struck by lightning.

*Ĉu vi povas direkti min al multoproksima medicina efiko? Mia piko estis frapont de fulmo.*

As a final test of your newfound skill, translate the following passages at your leisure into English. And remember, practice makes perfect!

**Passage No. 1**

*Mansignant la konstitucion kun minaco, ili devigas Ĝ. Ĥ. Uver leki la pilkojn de F. Ĝ. Sin dum Elen Keler masturbas kun kolumbo.*

**Passage No. 2**

*Ili fukas panjon sur lithovrilo de la amerika flago kun dileto de tagaĝa varmeghundo dum pisant sur la Biblio kaj frajton kaj reprodukto de "Amerika Gotika."*

**Conversation**

*Pardonu, fraŭlino, mi vidas ke vi portas verdan stelon. Jes. Ĝi es-*

*tas ĉar mi parolas lingve. / Kiel vi fartas hodiaŭ? / Mi fartas bone. Ejnstejn edzigis lia kuzinon en Skenek-tadi. / Ĉu vi observas ofte birdmigradojn? / Ne. Mia patro estas okulisto. / Mi esperas ke Ejnstejn estis plena de boneco. / Ĉu mi pruntus tason de teo? / Jes. Kiu estas la pli alta: hundido aŭ tekruceto? / Mi ne konas. Mi ne fartas jam de multaj tagoj. / Je kioma horo vi aŭdas la veterprogonzon? / Videmandas multajn demandojn. / Ĝi estas ĉar mi demandas ilin. Demetu vion ŝtrum-pojn. / Ni aŭdis unu horon da muzikaĵoj per gramofono. / Demetu nun vian brakteningon. / Estas ne vorto por "brakteningon." / Vi komprenis min sufiĉe. / Antaŭ tri tagon mi vidis teatraĵon de Leroj. / Ĉi tio estas koko. / Ho ĉu estas tio koko? / Ĉi tioj estas pilkoj. / Kial ekzistas tia multigeco da haroj? / Nun vi demandas la demandojn. / Mia patro estis okulisto. / Mia patro edzigis Ejnstejn. / Kiel mi faras pri tio? / Metu ĝin en vian buson. / La okulo estas granda! / La pli bono vin vidi! / Kial vi grutas? / Mia anguinalo jukas. / Mia patro jukas neniam. / Fuku vian patron! / Mi fukas ja. Tial mi ekzistas. □*



# Hard-Corpse Pornography

Gook Rimming in America

Number 1 in a Series of Correspondence from Distinguished American Authors

This month: Terry Southern

TERRY SOUTHERN

BLACKBERRY RIVER  
EAST CANAAN, CONN.

25 Jan 1972

My dear O'Don:

Many thanks for your kind letter -- which, through curious misdirection, has only just come to hand. Your 'Nothing Sacred' issue sounds like a real winner, and I greatly appreciate the generous invitation to ~~xxxxxx~~ contribute. I should be most delighted to do so, but unfortunately have nothing suitable at the mo. The piece I'm presently working on is more or less ~~xxxxx~~ straight journalism and would hardly suit your purpose -- which I presume (correct me if I'm wrong) tilts more towards the 'satiric'. It is a piece, however, not ~~is~~ wholly devoid of interest, and one which might well (and hopefully!) find a place in future pages of your good ~~magazine~~ mag -- since, though completely factual, it is not without an element of grim irony. Briefly then, it involves an organization of Vietnam veterans, of which you may or may not have heard (due to its somewhat clandestine nature), most often referred to as 'The SGR'. The SGR came into being, evidently, through the preservation and extension (in some cases, elaboration) of certain practices among the older members of a number of specific advanced field-units in the Nam. When these units, or their individual members, returned Stateside, they formed these small, highly secretive, groups, or 'sharcoots' as they're called (in an apparent corruption of the French 'charcouterie') and continued the nefarious and ritualized practices evolved in the Nam. The SGR, or 'rimmers' as they call themselves, less formally, is ~~xxxxxxx~~ comprised of normal healthy American lads (or so they would appear) who "got hooked", as they explain it, on the rather unsavory (in my view) act of "stiff-gook rimming" -- i.e., tonguing dead Cong assholes with such incredible fervor and abandon as to finally lose consciousness (and "the gamier, the better" according to them). Michael, you and I do not know each other too well, but I can assure you I am not, I believe, a particularly squeamish person, and yet I must say in all frankness that ~~xxxx~~ to witness their dervish-like gluttony when working Cong-rim is a mind-bender of ~~me~~ considerable weight. Though developed, as I say, in the paddies of the Nam, they continue to practice this heinous 'art' -- if, indeed, it's so called -- right here in heartland of USA, receiving packages of "cut-outs" as they're dubbed, straight from the deltas of the Nam, often via 'Diplomatic Pouch' (so highly placed are various elements of the membership). Mike, they say the stench of one of these so-called "rim-pacs" has an actual impact that will send an E-meter needle right through the side of the goddam box! Well, anyhoo. . .if you'd be interested seeing ~~the~~ completed piece on the SGR (including action-pix of a fairly compromising nature) please let me know. Meanwhile all best for continued success of your good mag.

*T. Southern*



O  
Comes  
to America  
by Anne Beatts

Illustration by Jeff Jones

It has never been established for certain why it was decided that O should go to America. O herself never knew, but then there were many things that O did not know, that she never dared to ask, just as now she did not dare to ask why she had been smuggled into the service elevator of the Hôtel Crillon or the Hôtel Hilton or the Hôtel Georges V, one of those hotels de grand luxe that Americans stay in when they come to Paris to negotiate.

Anne-Marie went with her as far as the door of the hotel room, then stopped short and waited, indicating that O should enter.

O tried the doorknob. It was unlocked. She pushed the door open timidly. There was no one in the room, which was decorated in shades of beige.

In one corner of the room was an open steamer trunk. O could see that the original lining had been ripped out so that it could be relined with dark red crushed velvet.

I do not know how long O waited before someone came out of one of the adjoining rooms. I do know that she was very thirsty.

The man who came into the room was carrying a glass of ice water.

"It must be the Hilton," O said to herself.

She saw that the man was tall, with gray hair and sideburns. He looked like a military man or perhaps a member of the diplomatic corps. It was the dignity of his bearing that she noticed first. Then she saw he was wearing nothing but a transparent plastic raincoat. On his feet he wore plastic rainboots.

When he saw O, he raised the glass of ice water to his lips in an ironic toast. O could not restrain an involuntary moan.

"You will be punished for that later," he said.

The steamer trunk was quite comfortable, once O got used to the bumps and jolts as the porters carried it on board, and to the rocking motion of the ship at sea. A sliding panel in the side of the trunk allowed her to receive food during the voyage.

After the three days' crossing, they arrived in New York. O's presence in the trunk may have been explained by the fact that her passport, which was made out in a false name, listed her occupation as magician's assistant. As soon as they had cleared Customs, they went directly by private car to a brownstone in the East Sixties, a fashionable district of the city.

In another version, O arrives at Kennedy Airport. A car and a chauffeur are sent for her. She is driven to

a palatial residence in Long Island. She dines alone. After dinner, she goes out into the garden, where she sees a small green light blinking at her from across the water.

On the particular afternoon with which we are concerned, O had been brought to the ground-floor lobby of a modern office building near the theatre district. She was met by a woman who looked very much like Anne-Marie. The woman was wearing a black suit with a bunch of violets at the lapel. Her perfume was so strong that it completely drowned out the smell of the violets and made O feel faint. She introduced O to a young man who seemed to be wearing the same scent.

When the three of them were seated in a restaurant, the young man began to talk to O very fast, in English. Although he spoke directly to O, she had the impression that his words were meant not for her but for the woman in black seated across from them, who so much resembled Anne-Marie.

He said that O was a valuable property and that they would probably agree to handle her, but only if they could be sure of having exclusive rights. He kept referring to binding contracts and ironclad clauses. O was not certain what he meant, nor to what new precepts she would be required to submit herself. The heavy scent and the rich food were making her drowsy. She agreed to whatever they asked of her. As they stood up to leave, Anne-Marie (for it was she) made a sign to O that she should accompany them.

For what seemed like an interminable time, they made O wait in an outer office, full of expensive magazines which she thumbed through idly. She was soothed by the soft splashing of the fountain in the center of the room.

From time to time young men passed by on their way into or out of the inner office. They were dressed in a curious uniform. Each one was wearing a shirt of a different color, with a tie constructed from some vivid floral-patterned material. The ties were short and very wide, so wide as to cover the entire shirt front. All of the young men were wearing two-tone shoes. Later, O would see this same uniform on a great number of the people with whom she was to come in contact.

Whenever a young man passed by the fountain, O observed that he bent to splash some of the water on the insides of his wrists and on his cheeks. The gesture had the significance of a ritual, rather like genuflection.

When O was quite sure that she was alone in the room, she went over and examined the fountain. As some droplets fell on her hand, she realized that it was not water, but eau de cologne, the same scent which was so pungent and overwhelming in the restaurant.

In the center of the fountain was a bronze plaque with an inscription. O read it quickly, nervously looking over her shoulder as if she expected someone to come in and stop her.

"This perpetual fountain of Brut cologne was provided by Fabergé, Incorporated in grateful appreciation . . ."

Just at that moment one of the young men entered the room. He told O to go home and come back tomorrow.

On her way out, O was able to remark the name of the company: the William Morris Agency.

O returned the next day. This time she did not have to wait. She was led past the fountain to a large office. On the wall above the bare, polished surface of the desk O made out a framed portrait of two American politicians, brothers, who were both assassinated. I do not remember their names.

O was wearing the owl costume.

The man behind the desk came out and looked O over very carefully, like a butcher inspecting a carcass.

"The costume is wrong, of course," he said.

O started to protest, but fortunately the cardboard inside the mask muffled her words.

He ignored O. It was as though she existed for him only as a body or, in fact, as a piece of flesh, a lump of meat.

Could she sing? Dance? he asked.

O could not find the strength to answer.

Pressing a buzzer on his desk, he summoned one of the young men. "Get this girl some clothes," he said. "The costume bit feels right, but we could go for something more cuddly. Nobody wants to snuggle up to an owl."

Bitter tears of shame trickled down O's cheeks behind the mask.

In the week that followed, O appeared at parties dressed as a squirrel, a chipmunk, and a gerbil. No one spoke to her, but she had to endure in silence while one or two of the more venturesome tugged at her tail or tweaked her whiskers.

One day when O, dressed in her street clothes, was crossing Park Avenue or Central Park South or Washington Square Park, I am not certain which, she saw a taxi in a place where there are never any taxis. The taxi

*continued on page 78*



# Rural Free Love

by Brian McConnachie

A traveling salesman is driving down this country road when all of a sudden his Dodge Polara breaks down. He gets out of the car and opens the hood to see what the trouble is, but he can't find what the trouble is. There's a tremendous storm that's about to begin, so the salesman decides he'd better look for shelter. The nearest place is a farmhouse just up the road. He walks there. It's not far. He gets to the house and knocks on the door. After a while—not long—a man, probably the father farmer, answers the door and asks him what he wants. The salesman tells him about the Dodge and the storm that's about to begin. The farmer looks him up and down, tells him to wait a minute, goes inside . . . and slams the door. The door has two small windows on the top with curtains. The salesman stands waiting on the porch. A couple of minutes pass and the salesman is still waiting. He looks all around the yard and turns around to look at the door hoping that the father farmer will come out. But instead he sees someone looking out at him. It's a middle-aged woman, maybe the father farmer's wife. Just after his eyes meet hers, she drops the curtain and disappears. The salesman doesn't know what to think. He keeps waiting on the porch and staring out at the dirt yard. More time passes, he turns around to look at the door again, and this time a girl, probably a daughter, is looking out . . . and again the curtain drops. By this time the salesman doesn't know what to think. Fifteen minutes must have passed. He starts pacing up and down the porch nervously. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and then he quickly turns to look into the door windows. Now this is the third time, remember. He quickly turns to look into the door windows, and instead of seeing two eyes staring out at him, he sees two little white boiled pota-

toes being held up against the glass. Then, in a flash, the curtain drops and the two little white boiled potatoes vanish. In the meantime it's really started to rain and the salesman is getting pretty jumpy. So he starts knocking on the door. Nobody answers. So he keeps knocking and knocking. He can hear a lot of moving around inside, and suddenly the door is yanked open. Standing there is an enormous guy in a pair of overalls but he doesn't have a shirt on. Just overalls. He asks the salesman if he wants to spend the night, and the salesman says yes. The enormous guy walks to the front of the porch and the salesman sees a tattoo on the guy's arm. It says "Born to Raise Wheat"; big sprigs of wheat are weaved in and out of the lettering, and the whole thing is framed in bales stacked on bales. The enormous guy turns and stares into the salesman's eyes for a good minute and then asks him if he's ever done any A&P. Before the salesman can answer him, the guy says that they don't take much to doing any A&P in these parts. Even mild A&P.

"S&H's O.K. and so's A&W, but no A&P. If I catch you doin' any A&P around here, I'll put your crainer in the combine and plow forty."

Then this enormous guy with the "Born to Raise Wheat" tattoo goes back into the house before the salesman can ask him what this is all about.

Bewildered, the salesman is staring at the door again, trying to figure when the father farmer will come out again.

"We've decided to let you spend the night here, but since there's no room in the house, you'll have to sleep with our International Harvester. But because we'd like to keep an eye on you, you'll be sleeping right here in the yard . . . in the dirt . . . in the rain. Jedidiah is bringing our International

Harvester around from the barn for you. And no A&P. If we catch you doing A&P, we'll stuff your vegetables in the feeder and fly the crop duster into it!"

"Wait a minute. . . ."

But before the salesman can really protest, the father turns and goes back into the house. Just as he does, out comes the mother with a blanket and a pillow, followed by three huge guys carrying a cedar wardrobe over their heads. The woman starts making a bed in the mud, and the three guys put the cedar wardrobe next to it.

Two of the guys are wearing overalls and the third has on flannel long-johns.

"We'll show you what we want you to do," says one of the guys wearing overalls, and he and the other guy wearing overalls go into the cedar wardrobe and shut the doors behind them. The cedar wardrobe starts shaking around so much that the mother and the guy in the long johns have to hold it steady. After about five minutes of this shaking and rattling, the doors open and the two guys step out.

"Do you know what we did, mister? We swapped overalls."

The salesman can't really tell if they did or not, but he takes their word for it. The rain has been coming down hard for a while now, and everybody's pretty well drenched.

"We want you to go into the wardrobe with Clep—he's the one in the flannel long-johns—and swap clothes."

"Now, look . . ."

"You better do like we say, mister."

He agrees. He climbs into the wardrobe, Clep goes in after him, and the doors are shut.

The mother yells into the wardrobe, "I don't want you going to sleep in those wet clothes."

Then the mother and the two guys steady the wardrobe as it starts shak-

*continued on page 46*



Tom Balchunas

continued

ing again. There's a lot of cursing and crashing around going on inside, and then the doors fly open and they both tumble out. But they did it! They swapped clothes. Then the mother tells the salesman to climb under the blanket and go to sleep.

"It's only six-thirty."

"Do like we tell you, mister, and don't go wandering around any. We're going back inside now. We'll bring you your dinner later."

They wait until he gets under the blanket, and then they go inside. When they're gone, he sits up looking around and wonders if he should make a run for it or not. Just then, the front door opens and the daughter comes running out. When he sees her coming, he quickly lies down and pulls the blanket up to his chin. She runs over to him, drops something, and then runs back into the house. He picks it up. It looks like a big white plastic cover to keep the rain off. But then he sees an air nozzle, so he begins blowing it up. It starts to take shape and it looks like, and it is . . . an inflatable sheep. And it's from Japan . . . an inflatable sheep from Japan. He looks over to the house and sees the girl staring out the window at him, but as he sees her she ducks back.

Just then, the door opens again and the big tattooed guy comes walking out. The salesman quickly stuffs the inflatable sheep under the blanket, pulls the blanket up to his chin, and pretends to be asleep.

The tattooed guy walks over. He starts nudging the salesman with the toe of his boot.

"We're expecting some company. Don't frighten them. What's that you got under the blanket with you? You doin' A&P under there?"

"No, no, no. Just this." He takes out the sheep to show him.

"O.K. But no A&P or I jam your neener into a copy of *The Pure Seed Laws*, slam it shut, and drive a tractor over it."

Then the big tattooed guy walks back into the house.

In spite of the rain, mud, itchy flannel long-johns, and the situation with the family, the exhausted salesman falls asleep.

He's asleep for about five minutes when a little girl comes out of the storm cellar, walks over to him, and starts shaking him awake.

"Hey, mister. Hey, mister. Wake up. Wake up."

"Whatzammer? What is it?"

"I'm Dorothy."

"What is it, Dorothy?"

"Nothing. I just want somebody to talk to. I stay down there in that storm cellar and I never get to talk to anybody. Or sing. I never get to

sing to anybody."

"Oh, that's too bad, Dorothy. . . ."

"I'm not that good, mister. They tell me that I'm tone deaf. Tell me what you think. . . . I'm only eleven years old, remember. . . . 'My cow's tits are as big as catchers' mitts / And we won't go sellin' her for beans. / You can trade us watermelon and a picture of Magellan, / But we won't go tradin' her for beans.'"

"Ah, Dorothy, I need your help. Do you know where my clothes are?"

"No, but if you hum a few bars, I'll fake the rest."

Just then, a truck filled with laughing, shouting people starts heading up the dirt road to the house. Little Dorothy quickly waves good-bye to the salesman, tells him that maybe they can talk later, and runs back down into the storm cellar. The truck screeches to a stop by the side of the house, and about ten people pile out yahooping and slapping their legs together and falling over one another trying to get to the house. They all go inside, and there's a lot more howling. The salesman begins to think that maybe he should forget about his clothes and make a run for it. No telling what's going to happen here. But as he starts to get up the door opens, and the daughter comes out and over to him. She asks him for the inflatable sheep. He takes it out from under the blankets and hands it to her. Then she goes skipping back into the house. As she enters with the sheep there's more howling. Then the place goes totally silent for about three minutes. The salesman can't figure out what's going on. Then, all of a sudden, out of this quiet comes an explosion of screams and laughter, and everybody who's in the house comes running and tumbling out, using all of the doors and most of the windows. They're staggering with laughter, and they begin collapsing on the ground all around the house. A lot of them start choking

and gagging because they can't catch their breath from all the laughing. But finally they all manage to quiet down and begin shaking their heads at one another in happy disbelief. Just then the mother appears at the door. She has a pair of men's overalls on backwards; in one hand she's holding an ear of corn and in the other, the deflated sheep. The laughter starts all over again. She looks angry at first but then starts to smile and laugh along with the rest of them. Then she gives them a disgusted wave and goes back into the house yelling something about getting the stranger his dinner. This turns everyone's attention to the salesman in the mud with the blanket. It's still really coming down. They all get up, form a big group, and keep staring at the salesman. And then they huddle. The salesman starts to get up on one knee in case he has to make a run for it.

"Stay where you are, mister," one of them shouts. The salesman slowly lies down again. "Or else I'll show you where the horsey bit me."

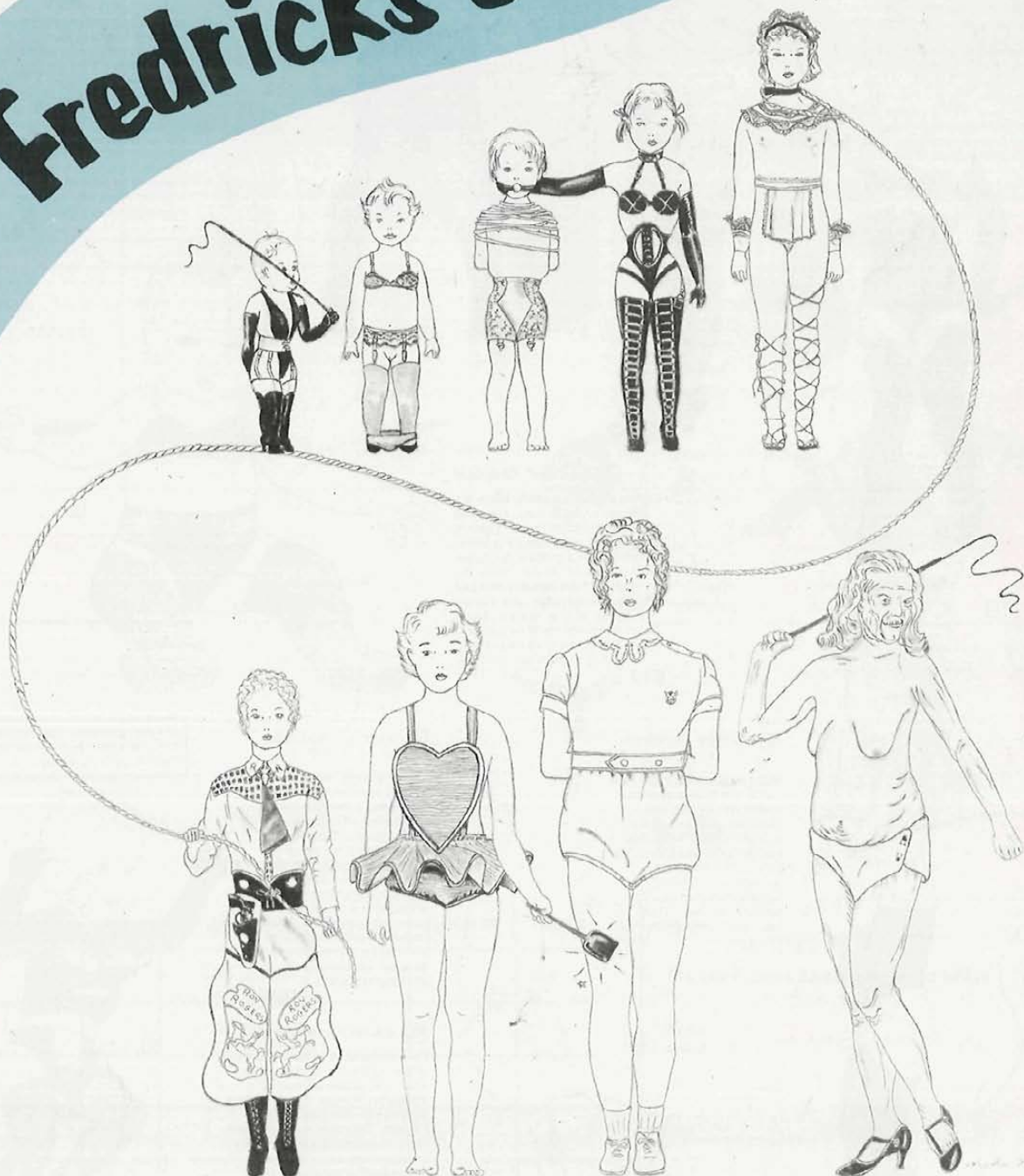
One of the guys in the crowd takes out a pack of Gauloise cigarettes, the French cigarettes. He lights one, then starts passing it around to everybody. They all take really deep drags. Then the guy brings out another one, and another one, until he has five going at once. Everyone's passing them back and forth and smiling at each other. The salesman keeps staring at them and trying to figure out what they're up to. He can't make out what they're saying because they're talking and inhaling at the same time. Soon they finish all of the cigarettes and begin sitting down Indian-style on the muddy ground.

One of the sons, Clep, jumps up and shouts, "Why don't we go inside and watch 'The Governor and J. J.' with the sound off?" A lot of them think this is a neat idea and get up to go inside . . . but not all of them.

continued on page 77



# Fredrick's of Toyland



by Michael O'Donoghue and Mary Jenifer Mitchell

illustrated by Neke Carson

FETISH SUPPLEMENT  
NATIONAL LAMPOON 43

**A** #3-4113 LITTLE RED RIDING CROP

"Why, Grandma, what a big \*\*\*\* you have!" "And getting bigger every second, my dear!" But don't worry, because she'll tame the baddest wolf in these inviting vinyl logs that require no washing. Just wipe clean with a sponge. Five pieces include a sassy halter, crotchless corset, "spanking new" gloves, Betty Bedwetter Boots, and spurs like a kitten. Flail extra. Black or Rust.

\$18  
Flail \$4<sup>50</sup>



**B** #3-4061 LITTLE BO PEEK

Ooooooo la la! To make frogs out of tadpoles, our designers capture the spirit of Paris, France, in an enticing ensemble that "bares looking into." What moppet wouldn't be utterly molestable in this clingy 100% Orion acrylic peignoir? And when worn over a tiny bra, a tiny garter belt, tiny panties, tiny nylons, and tiny shoes, you have an eye-catching combo that makes short work of childhood's innocence. Available in Aqua, Lilac, Coral, or Hot Pink.

\$16

**C** #3-4377 LITTLE MISS MUFF

Just sit back and enjoy the view when the "apple of your eye" dons this no-holds-barred, all-holes-barred creation from our Toys-'n'-Debasement collection, including a provocative cutaway Flirt Skirt and a daring lace-up Drop Top that unties in a jiffy, all styled from sturdy, machine-washable stretch satin. And Dad, if you wish your son would prefer Fire to Treasure Island, don't pass on this one! In Slinky Black with matching Purple gloves and lining.

\$18

**D** #4-2294 CRIB BAIT

Calling all cradle robbers! When it's just you and your baby, slip some Layette Lingerie on her, and before your eyes she's magically transformed into a goddess full-blown from the brow of Seuss. Classically crafted from luscious lace and Dacron polyester, this comely costume features see-thru bikini Scant Pants and the Pixie Cup Bra, sizes 10 AAAAA to 18 AAAAAAAA. In Red, Orange, Black, or Nude.

\$12



**E** #8-1829 GOODY TWO-BOOTS

With two gleaming thigh-high boots, a sensuous shaped-bodice leather top, and, "lash but not least," a durable plastic miniwhip, this toddler is dressed to beat the band... or baby sister... or even you. As the old nursery rhyme put it, "One, two, lick my shoe!" (non-toxic, of course). Black only.

\$27



**F** #8-1717 BOTTOMS UP

"Make it brief!" was the byword when we fashioned this open-tip training bra that reveals all her endearing young charms. Then we left our pint-sized pinup "stripped for action" in only 3 1/2-inch heeled pumps with stockings fastened to the skimpiest of elastic bands. The results? A "derrière-to-be-different" minor with morals just begging to be impaired. One size fits all. Assorted colors.

\$9<sup>50</sup>

All our garments are certified flame-retardant by the American Council on Child Safety.



**G** #8-1832 SINDERELLA

Time to change the baby? Begin by rubbering her the right way with a soft and supple zip-backed Rubbertex Romper Top, discretely padded with curvaceous Kodol Fiberfill. Then toss in a hint of midriff, a French maid's apron, sultry net stockings, a pair of black patent-leather shoes with shiny spiked heels and—voilà!—your baby is changed into an alluring *enfant fatale*. No wonder so many parents are saying as we do: "Children should be obscene and not heard!"

\$45





**H** #5-7312 SHEER DELIGHT

It's easy to see why this little patient has taken a "turn for the nurse," who's bound to make temperatures rise in her nothing-to-hide nylon tricot uniform, official nurse's cap, static-free undergarments and support hosiery, regulation shoes, and toy stethoscope. Perfect for playing doctor or watching TVs in. Needs little or no ironing. In White only.

\$15

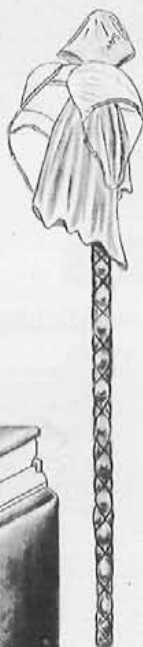


**H**

**I** #6-1119 FAGGOTTY ANDY

Direct from the Bar Nothing Ranch comes a hand-tooled, custom-fitted, steerhide G-string that's guaranteed to turn any young buckaroo into a gay caballero with no secrets "South of the Border." Add roller skates (securely attached by Fredrick's own patented "child-proof bindings") and white Ban-Lon socks for a unique look that's better imagined than described. Bottle not included.

\$20



**J** #6-9638 SUZY HOMOMAKER

If the patter of little high heels warms your heart, then why not treat your tyke to some grown-up clothes just like Mommy's (that is, if Mommy happens to be a dollar-a-go Yokohama hooker!) Complete with velveteen choker and open-toed shoes, this rugged, form-hugging Lycra Spandex outfit is honey-combed with hooks, eyes, clasps, ties, buttons, buckles, strap, chains, and even twin chrome-plated padlocks. While it takes you but mere minutes to dress her, it will take her, allowing for the limited dexterity of little fingers, hours to remove. And when she's wearing the snug, elbow-length "kid" gloves, it's darned near impossible. Ideal for developing manual skills. Red, Beige or Black.

\$32



**J**

**K** #1-1540 TITS FOR TOTS (not shown)

Why wait for Nature when Fredrick's can do the job now? Lifelike, stick-on Breastelles, molded from scuff-resistant latex, give any youngster the build of a brick tree-house instantly. When outgrown, mail them back to us, where, for a slight charge, we will preserve those precious childhood mammeries by bronzing and, for a few dollars more, turn the results into an attractive lamp or planter.

\$6 pair



**I**

**ORDER BLANK**

STYLE NO.	QNTY.	ARTICLE	SIZE	1st COLOR	2nd COLOR	PRICE \$

TOTAL \$

**FREDRICK'S OF TOYLAND**  
 Box 444-K, Santa Barbara, California 93038

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 please print last first

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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PREPAID (Enclose Full Amount)  
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Sorry, but we cannot ship C.O.D. without deposit

## NAMES OF THE PIECES

RAW	
pawn:	Hamburger Pattie
rook:	Meat Loaf
knight:	Chicken
bishop:	Mackerel
queen:	Tongue
king:	Crown Rib Roast

COOKED	
	Cheeseburger
	Meat Loaf Surprise
	Southern Fried Chicken
	Poached Mackerel
	Glazed Tongue
	Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière

### Anne Beatts's and Michael O'Donoghue's Chef Set



### Fish & Poultry

Once you have cut out and assembled your printed-on-specially-selected-extra-rugged-paper, complete-in-this-issue Chef Set; secured a suitable board (either an eight-by-eight square section of a red-and-white-checked tablecloth or a customized butcher-block); set up the pieces and begun to play, the question "How do I notate the moves?" will undoubtedly arise. It is for that reason that we now demonstrate the notation for a sample game, which chess enthusiasts will immediately recognize as the key bout between the great Akiba Rubinstein and the brilliant Cuban master, José Capablanca, in the San Sebastian International Tournament of 1911. Not surprisingly, Rubinstein, playing white or "raw," opens with the Queen's Gambit Declined or, as it would be classified under the Chef Set system, the Tongue's Gambit Declined.

#### Rubinstein

##### RAW

1. Hamburger Pattie to Tongue 4
2. Chicken to Crown Rib Roast's Mackerel 3
3. Hamburger Pattie to Tongue's Mackerel 4
4. Hamburger Pattie takes Glazed Tongue's Cheeseburger
5. Chicken to Tongue's Mackerel 3
6. Hamburger Pattie to Crown Rib Roast's Chicken 3
7. Mackerel to Chicken 2
8. Castles on Crown Rib Roast's side
9. Hamburger Pattie takes Poached Mackerel's Cheeseburger
10. Chicken to Crown Rib Roast's Chicken 5 !
11. Chicken takes Poached Mackerel
12. Mackerel to Meat Loaf 3
13. Mackerel to Chicken 5
14. Mackerel takes Southern Fried Chicken
15. Chicken takes Cheeseburger ! !

#### Capablanca

##### COOKED

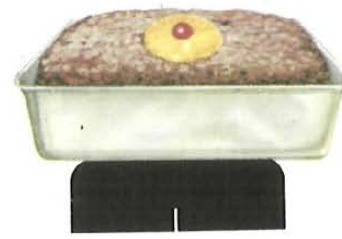
- Cheeseburger to Glazed Tongue 4
- Cheeseburger to Glazed Tongue's Poached Mackerel 4
- Cheeseburger to Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière 3
- Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière's Cheeseburger takes Hamburger Pattie
- Southern Fried Chicken to Glazed Tongue's Poached Mackerel 3
- Poached Mackerel to Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière 3
- Poached Mackerel to Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière 2
- Meat Loaf Surprise to Poached Mackerel 1 ?
- Poached Mackerel takes Hamburger Pattie
- Southern Fried Chicken to Poached Mackerel 3
- Cheeseburger takes Chicken
- Glazed Tongue to Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière 2
- Castles on Crown Rib Roast Bouquetière's side
- Glazed Tongue takes Mackerel

This should suffice to demonstrate notation under the Chef Set system. As to the outcome of the match, Capablanca, down a Cheeseburger, plays on, rallying in mid-game only to resign on the 42nd move, by which time Rubinstein has gained an advantage of 3 Hamburger Patties and a Mackerel.

chess pieces by Charles White III

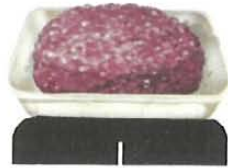
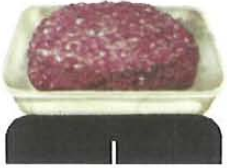
lettering by Michael Doret

Raw



BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB

Raw



Cooked



Cooked



# The REMNANTS of DIGNITY

WRITTEN BY ED BLUESTONE — ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

**I**N THE LATE SPRING OF 1960, ROBERT KENNEDY APPEALS TO THE ONE MAN WHOSE ENDORSEMENT CAN ASSURE JOHN F. KENNEDY A FIRST-BALLOT NOMINATION AT THE UPCOMING DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN LOS ANGELES.



...AND UNDER JACK, YOU'LL SURELY BECOME A GREAT SECRETARY OF STATE.

I SIMPLY CAN NOT REPUDIATE MY PREVIOUS DECLARATION OF NEUTRALITY. YET, THE MERE THOUGHT OF SUCH AN HONOR LEAVES ME BASKING IN THE RADIANCE OF DEMOCRACY'S...

IN THAT CASE, YOU'LL BE RECEIVING SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR SISTER WHIPPING TALLULAH BANKHEAD. I HAVE THE NEGATIVES, EGGHEAD!



ESPIE CONTINUING PRESSURE, ADLAI NEVER GOES BACK ON HIS WORD.

## The New York Times

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1960

### KENNEDY ELECTED; OVERCOMES STIGMA OF A RETARDED SISTER

### TITLE BROTHER VOWS TO HUMILIATE ADLAI "I'LL GET HIM", SAYS KENNEDY SIBLING

emier Is Admant  
ms for Settlement

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY  
Special to The New York Times  
Vietnam, ful in soul and mind. We have  
Phan Van the invincible strength of unity  
honor justice. Final victory he

vision, demoted in rank and  
stripped of a decoration. His  
deputy, Brig. Gen. George M.  
Young, Jr., was stripped of a  
medal and censured. In June,  
The New York Times reported  
that the Army's gills classified  
investigation into Mylai, known  
as the Heers Report, had cited  
43 specific acts of misconduct,  
on omission on the part of the  
con. generate in connection  
investigations.

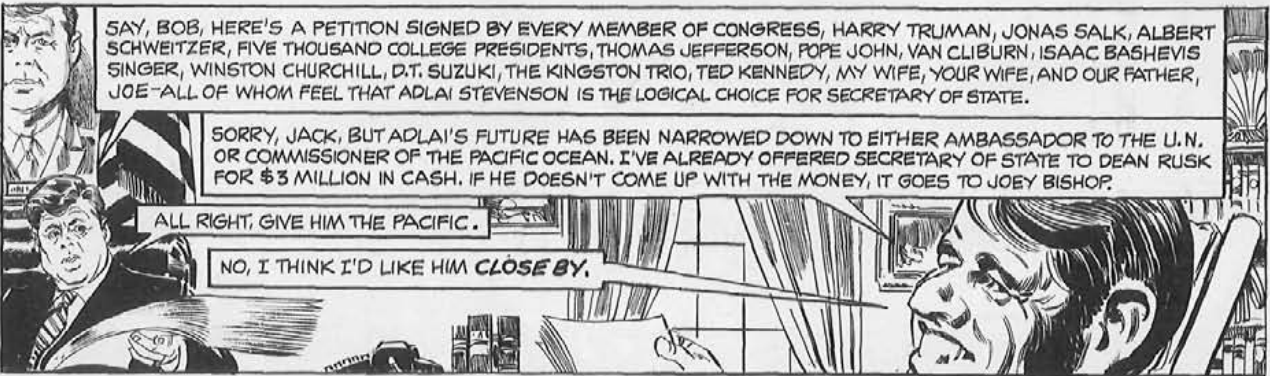


SAY, BOB, HERE'S A PETITION SIGNED BY EVERY MEMBER OF CONGRESS, HARRY TRUMAN, JONAS SALK, ALBERT SCHWEITZER, FIVE THOUSAND COLLEGE PRESIDENTS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, POPE JOHN, VAN CLIBURN, ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, WINSTON CHURCHILL, D.T. SUZUKI, THE KINGSTON TRIO, TED KENNEDY, MY WIFE, YOUR WIFE, AND OUR FATHER, JOE—ALL OF WHOM FEEL THAT ADLAI STEVENSON IS THE LOGICAL CHOICE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

SORRY, JACK, BUT ADLAI'S FUTURE HAS BEEN NARROWED DOWN TO EITHER AMBASSADOR TO THE U.N. OR COMMISSIONER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. I'VE ALREADY OFFERED SECRETARY OF STATE TO DEAN RUSK FOR \$3 MILLION IN CASH. IF HE DOESN'T COME UP WITH THE MONEY, IT GOES TO JOEY BISHOP.

ALL RIGHT, GIVE HIM THE PACIFIC.

NO, I THINK I'D LIKE HIM CLOSE BY.



TEVENSON'S FIRST SERVICE TO THE NEW ADMINISTRATION COMES AT PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S INAUGURATION, WHEN POET ROBERT FROST IS OVERCOME BY THE SMOKE OF A FAULTY HEATER IN THE PODIUM.



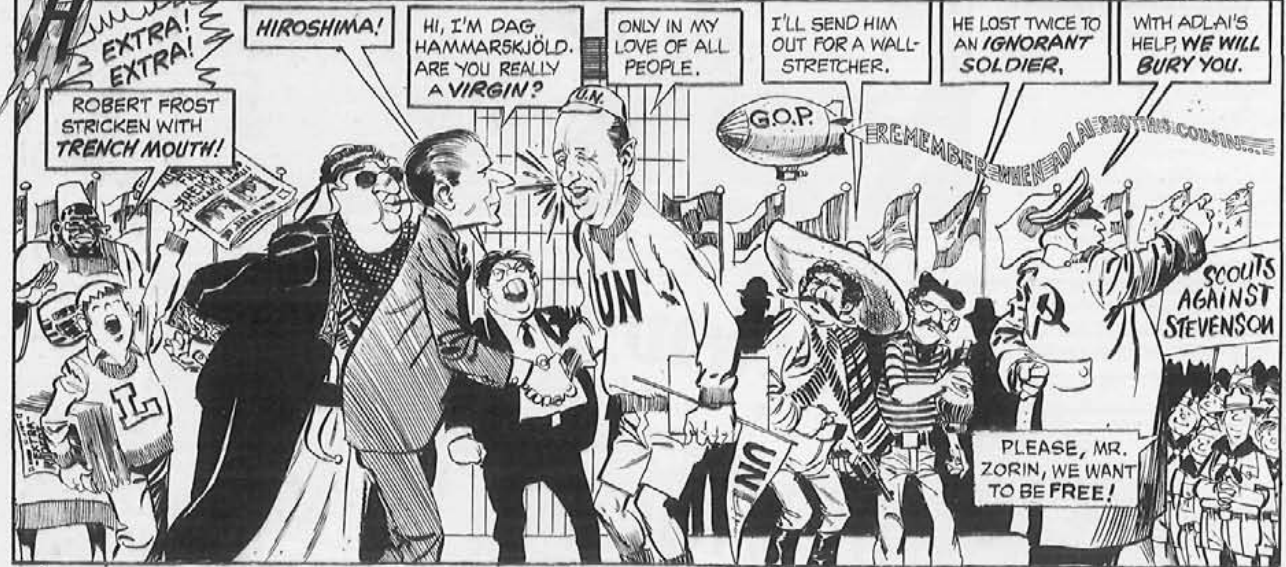
YOU CAN TELL THAT ADLAI ENJOYS IT.

HEY, ADLAI, DOES HIS BREATH SMELL?

WE'LL HAVE A SHORT BREAK WHILE ADLAI STEVENSON ADMINISTERS MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION. ADLAI IS THE TYPE OF GUY WHO ACTUALLY KNOWS FIRST AID.

I COULD NEVER PUT MY MOUTH ON ROBERT FROST'S MOUTH. HE'S SUCH A WRINKLY OLD MAN.

AVING ALREADY SAVED THE ADMINISTRATION FROM ONE CRISIS, ADLAI HEADS TOWARD MANY MORE AT HIS NEW JOB.



ROBERT FROST STRICKEN WITH TRENCH MOUTH!

HIROSHIMA!

HI, I'M DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD. ARE YOU REALLY A VIRGIN?

ONLY IN MY LOVE OF ALL PEOPLE.

I'LL SEND HIM OUT FOR A WALL-STRETCHER.

HE LOST TWICE TO AN IGNORANT SOLDIER,

WITH ADLAI'S HELP, WE WILL BURY YOU.

HE PRESIDENT RESPECTS BOTH ADLAI AND THE U.N. TO THE EXTENT OF NOT WANTING TO BURDEN EITHER OF THEM UNNECESSARILY.

HERE'S OUR OFFICIAL POLICY AND HERE'S THE BUNK YOU GIVE TO ADLAI.

WE'RE NOT READY FOR YOU, YET.

... ADLAI IS SWEEPED INTO A MULTIPURPOSE ROLE IN THE NEW FRONTIER.

ADLAI, WOULD YOU MIND GETTING US SOME COFFEE AND DANISH? PLEASE MAKE IT FAST BECAUSE I'D LIKE YOU TO FINISH PRINTING EVERY WORD IN PROFILES IN COURAGE ON MY ROCKING CHAIR BY TOMORROW.





I'D LIKE YOU TO HAVE SOMETHING THAT JACK HAS SIMPLY "OUTGROWN" SINCE HIGH SCHOOL. DON'T MIND THE "JFK" MONOGRAMS. PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT THEY'RE *INTENDED* TO GO WITH THIS PT-109 TIE CLIP.



**B**UT ADLAI'S RELATIONSHIP WITH THE PRESIDENT'S YOUNGER BROTHER REMAINS *STRAINED*.

...SO THAT'S WHY I WANT THE CAPITAL MOVED TO LAS VEGAS. I DIG DRINKING WITH ADAM CLAYTON—

BUT MR. SINATRA, WASHINGTON EMBRACES THE TRADITIONS THAT SUSTAIN A FREE PEOPLE WHO REQUIRE SOME SYMBOL—



DON'T YOU *EVER* INTERRUPT FRANK AGAIN.

**WHACK!**



GREAT BACKHAND.

BOB, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT HITTING ADLAI IN FRONT OF PEOPLE.



**S**TILL NURSING A BRUISED JAW, ADLAI IS SUDDENLY CALLED ON TO DEFEND THE ADMINISTRATION AGAINST ACCUSATIONS THAT AMERICAN AIRCRAFT TOOK PART IN AN INVASION OF CUBA.

IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT THESE ARE CUBAN AIRCRAFT.



UNITED STATES

**A**N UNCONVINCED WORLD TURNS ON ADLAI, NOT REALIZING THAT HE TOO WAS DUPED.

HI, FLUCK-FACE. YOU'VE JUST BECOME THE FIRST U.N. DIPLOMAT EVER TO GET 800 PARKING TICKETS IN ONE NIGHT.

TAXES AND TARIFFS ARE, IN A SENSE, DETAILS. THE UNDERLYING QUESTION, IN TERMS OF A PARABLE, IS...



**S**HUNNED BY HIS COLLEAGUES, COUNTRYMEN, AND FRIENDS, THE SHATTERED IDEALIST CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE, WHEN SUDDENLY, A CHILDHOOD IDOL AND OLD FRIEND OF DEMOCRACY APPEARS BEFORE HIM.

IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO TELL THE WORLD WHAT HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN. DO YOU THINK I LIKED *NIGGERS*?



EVITALIZED BY HIS VISIT FROM THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR, ADLAI BECOMES DETERMINED TO PERSEVERE THROUGH ANYTHING.

LISTEN, ADLAI, WE NEED A REPRESENTATIVE AT TRUMAN CAPOTE'S MASQUERADE PARTY, AND BOB HAD THIS MARVELOUS IDEA THAT YOU COULD GO DRESSED AS AN EGG.

THAT'S WONDERFUL, MR. PRESIDENT. I'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED ROBERT'S SENSE OF THE ABSURD.



ADLAI, MEET INGEMAR JOHANSSON.



I'M LOSING MY YOLK!

TEVENSON'S FINEST MOMENT COMES DURING THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS.

ARE THERE, OR ARE THERE NOT SOVIET MISSILES IN CUBA? I AM PREPARED TO WAIT FOR YOUR ANSWER UNTIL HELL FREEZES OVER!

BIG WORDS FROM A HUMAN OMELET.

TEN TO ONE THAT ADLAI HAS A HEART ATTACK.

ADLAI'S MAD. THIS IS A RIOT.



ET SOON, NEW DEVELOPMENTS SEND ADLAI'S SPIRITS PLUMMETING TO AN UNPARALLELED LOW.

WHY DO I HAVE TO TURN THE BACON WITH MY FINGERS, MRS. KENNEDY?

ETHEL, I'VE GOT THE GREATEST IDEA FOR JACK'S BIRTHDAY. WE'LL GIVE HIM A LAND WAR IN ASIA!

THAT WOULD NOT ONLY BE FUNNY, BUT IT WOULD REALLY UPSET JOAN BAEZ!



THEN...



The New York Times  
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1963  
KENNEDY SHOT BY HOSTILE CONSTITUENT; GRIEF-STRICTED RFK BARS ADLAI FROM FUNERAL; OSWALD FROM WANTING TO KILL PRESIDENT  
"I THOUGHT HE WAS ADLAI WITH A TOUPEE"  
They stood together eyeing apple pie in rows of corn that farm... the flat Illinois hotel... a slight Chin...



VEN THE HORRIFYING TRAGEDY CANNOT BRING STEVENSON AND ROBERT KENNEDY CLOSER TOGETHER.

OSWALD WANTED HIM! I'LL KILL YOU, DAIRY-BRAIN!

TIMES OF GREAT EMOTION PRODUCE STUPEFYING IRRATIONALITY, YET MAN HAS A WAY OF COPING WITH...



IN THE DAY OF THE GREAT FUNERAL, ADLAI IS SENT TO REPRESENT THE ADMINISTRATION AT THE FUNERAL OF J. D. TIPPIT, AN INSIGNIFICANT COP WHO WAS ALSO SHOT BY OSWALD.

BUT I'M JUST REACHING A CRESCENDO.

WE DON'T CARE!

EVERYONE WANTS TO SEE THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL ON TELEVISION.

CUT IT SHORT.

I LOVE SEEING WALTER CRONKITE CRY.



HE NEW ADMINISTRATION TACTFULLY UNDERTAKES A SENSITIVE TRANSITION OF POWER...

O.K., JAN JAN AND CORA LYNN. HIGHTAIL YOUR LITTLE TUSHIES OUT OF LYNDIA BIRD'S ROOM.

JUST IGNORE HIM, AND SAY YOUR PRAYERS, CHILDREN.

...AND...



THAT'S RIGHT. BURN ALL OF JACK'S IDEAS EXCEPT FOR THE GULF OF TONKIN RESOLUTION AND HIS STUDY ON DEGRADING ADLAI.

TIME FOR YOUR SIX-HOUR RUB-DOWN, NASHUA BIRD.

HE STEADFAST ELDER STATESMAN STRIVES TO MAINTAIN HIS INTEGRITY THROUGH LYNDON JOHNSON'S ESCALATION OF THE WAR IN VIETNAM. BUT ON JULY 15, 1965, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS ASSISTANT, MRS. MARIETTA TREE, ADLAI IS STRICKEN BY A HEART ATTACK IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.



OH, MY GOD!  
HE'S CRACKED  
HIS SHELL.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!  
THAT MAN HAD A CHICKEN  
IN HIS HEAD!

DESPITE UNCONSCIOUSNESS, ADLAI  
SCRAWLS OUT A NOTE ON HIS  
HOLE-IN-SHOE MEMO PAD.



NE LAST TESTIMONY TO HIS INTEGRITY...

WHAT  
DID THE  
NOTE  
SAY?

HE OFFERED TO PAY FOR  
ANY DAMAGE HIS SKULL  
HAD DONE TO THE PAVE-  
MENT, AND HE ASKED  
THE FREE WORLD TO  
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIS  
CHICKEN.

WHAT ARE WE  
HAVING FOR  
DINNER, DEAR?

ADLAI'S CHICKEN! IT COST ME  
\$80,000, BUT IT WAS WORTH  
EVERY PENNY.



# Special Sellout-Pullout Pullout Section

by Henry Beard, Tony Hendra, and Sean Kelly

★★★★  
**FINAL**

# DAILY EXAMINER

**10¢**

New York, Thursday, November 9, 1972

# DEFEAT!

## *US Withdraws From Nam After 10-Year Struggle*



**Shamed crowds shun Times Square as Nixon bows to Red demands.**

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### To Fight Another Day

From his military HQ in a mountainous area to the west of Saigon, plucky South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Van Thieu vows to continue to the death his struggle against Red aggression. Deeply concerned about the future of his beloved homeland, Thieu has already blasted Hanoi in an "extremely strong" letter to the *London Times*.



DEFEAT DAY  
58 NATIONAL LAMPOON

### For the Record

Vice-President Agnew proudly receives gold copy of million-selling album *Defeat at Sea*. Disc, recorded by Boston Symphony Pops, movingly documents failures, mistakes, omissions, betrayal, and cowardice of Southeast Asian debacle.

### Brown Thumb?

Winner of nationwide Defeat Garden competition, Nellie Pisman of Indiana won her prize-winning plot. During 12-month duration of competition, sponsored by National Negotiated Settlement Board Drive, Miss Pisman failed to grow a single living thing in her defeat garden. First prize was 1,000 of the absolutely worthless bonds.



### It's a Wrap, Ladies

Women Volunteers for Defeat wear smiles as they roll the last few reefers for their "Joints for Joe" campaign. President Nixon praised boo-girls for their part in losing the war, citing their "significant contribution to the speedy recovery of our boys' severely damaged egos and badly hurt feelings."

photo by Judy Hendra



### Mild Blue Yonder

Humiliated Phantoms slink meekly across Washington skies in pathetic D formation, marking President's declaration of defeat and utter rout of US air power at hands of North Vietnamese snipers.



### Down Memory Lane

Well to all that, as workmen begin to remove reminders of dear, dead days when victory still stared us in the face. One too are aid-and-comfort rallies, Pentagon-Paper drives, and heroin rationing. Ah, well, we will have these moments to remember.

### Fishy Business?

Just what lovely Winnie de Pugh of Miami is up to down there with her finny friend is anyone's guess, but it sure hasn't much to do with America's shame and degradation. The only thing Winnie's surrendering is her charms, and by the look on the loony tuna's face, that ain't chopped liver.







# U.S. Army Decorations and Badges for the War in Vietnam (1962-1972)

All throughout history, for as long as men have fought in wars, they have been driven to wonder: What is cowardice? What is it that, in battle, turns one man into a certifiable maniac intent on self-destruction and another into a sane, sensible shirker? And where does any man find the inner strength in one brief instant to desert God, country, friends—everything, to save his own skin?

We will probably never know the answer, but the medals on these pages are a living reminder—for the men who wear them—of a time of testing when they came closer to knowing what pusillanimity is than most of us will ever know, a time when they came face-to-face with death and said, "I'd sooner Lipton."

*continued*

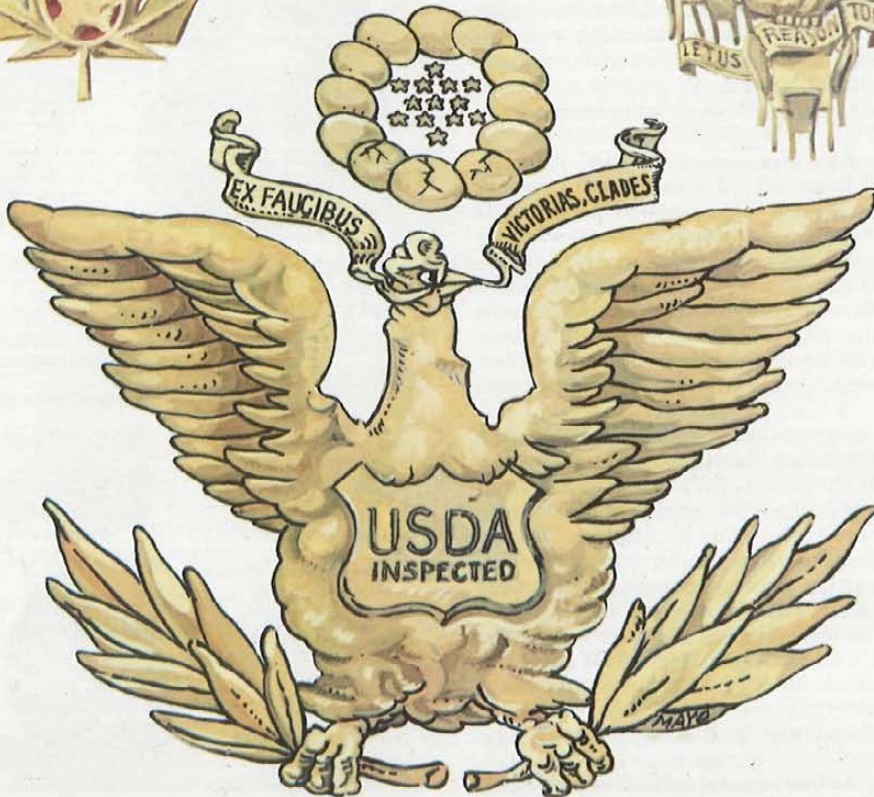
Congressional Medal of Discretion



Indochina Defeat Medal



Distinguished Negotiation Cross



continued

**The Congressional Medal of Discretion.** For well-considered conduct by unusually careful individuals who, through their own conspicuous intelligence, carried themselves out of earshot of the call of duty. It has been awarded to only 52,356 Americans since its creation by act of Congress on July 5, 1965. One of these was Stanley R. Weinbaum of the Bronx, New York, whose citation reads, in part: "In the city and county of New York, by order of the Attorney for the Southern District of New York, the following individual, having failed to report for his pre-induction physical as required by law, is declared delinquent under the Selective Service Act of 1956 as amended June 1, 1966, Section 4C: Stanley R. Weinbaum, 190 E. 189th Street, New York, New York." And in Weinbaum's own words: "The last hundred yards were the worst. There were U.S. Customs officials everywhere. One of them walked over to where I was parked. 'You aren't dodging the draft, are you, son?' he said. I don't know what came over me. The next thing I knew, a voice that sounded like mine said, 'No sir! Just visiting my brother in Winnipeg.' That's all there was to it."

**The Indochina Defeat Medal.** Authorized for wear by all individuals who served in any capacity, military or civilian, in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, or Thailand and for all civilian personnel who worked in the State or Defense Departments from January 20, 1960 on.

**The Distinguished Negotiation Cross.** For protracted discussion face-to-face with the enemy. Among the relatively small number of sensible soldiers who have received this coveted decoration is Col. Francis P. Angino, to whom it was awarded prehumously. With his badly shattered battalion entirely encircled by a regiment-sized North Vietnamese unit and with heavy clouds making air support or rescue impossible, Colonel Angino received a radio message from the North Vietnamese commander ordering him to surrender within the hour or face total annihilation. "Nuts" was Angino's immortal reply or, more fully, "We'd be nuts to turn down an offer as attractive as this in the light of our really quite weak bargaining position." After nearly seven hours of fierce head-to-head discussion, Colonel Angino managed to obtain his unit's release in return for handing over its remaining artillery, tanks, and other equipment intact, together with the plans for Operation Dewey Canyon III.

**The Faint Heart.** For self-inflicted wounds incurred as the result of an attempt to avoid engaging the enemy. In the words of Pvt. Arthur T. Flemson of Nogales, Arizona, one of the countless thousands of Americans to receive this unmanly medal, which proclaims to all that its wearer has passed the ancient, ultimate test of a soldier's will to live, "All through basic you ask yourself the question: When the time comes, will I have the guts? Will I be able to take it? Or will I let myself down and maybe come home in a Glad bag instead of just with a sexy limp? I mean, when it comes right down to it, you either got what it takes to put a slug in your own foot or you don't."

**The Military Service Avoidance Medal.** Authorized by the Secretary of the Army for all individuals who evaded the draft through fraudulent statements to examining physicians at Selective Service medical examinations. Thomas V. Pilcher, of Baltimore, Maryland, is just one of more than 250,000 recipients of this craven commendation. Says Pilcher, "I'd read the papers, I knew what the gooks were doing, maiming our guys, mutilating them, all the rest of it. Hell, I knew guys that got it. I had a cousin in the marines, he got both his arms blown off. It made my blood boil just to think about it. All I wanted was a chance. So I went into my physical in a dress, kissed five sergeants, and I got out scot-free. I mean, Jesus, who needs it?"

**The Mendacity Medal.** Authorized for senior military and

DEFEAT DAY

62 NATIONAL LAMPOON



Faint Heart



Complaint Qualification Badge

Military Service Avoidance Medal



Commissioned Officer Elimination C



434th Combat Interrogation Company



"Shock Troops"

39th Armored Pacification Group



"Mindwinners"

187th Rest-and-Recreation Brigade (SUMMERVAC)



"Easy Does It"

245th Defoliation Detachment



"Fearless Weed Killers"

Racial Incident Participation Rib



Veneral Disease Ribbon



Reserves Activation Lawsuit Rib



Bob Hope Troupe Booging Rib



Exper



Basic



CIA Opium Smuggling Ribbon



Geneva Convention Contravention Commendation Emblem



Presidential Unit Accusation



Withdrawal Ribbon



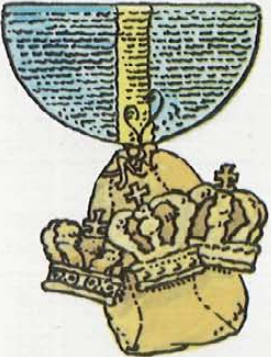
Mendacity Medal



Narcotics Sharpshooter Badge



Distinguished Flight Cross



Meritorious Procurement Medal



27th Pizza Distribution Company (Helicopter)



7th Unavoidable Noncombatant Casualty Infliction Division



"Oops Troops"

30th Combat Avoidance Division



"Jameson's Jellyfish"

49th Truce Arrangement Regiment (Mechanized)



"The Talking 49th"

civilian personnel who have lied on at least three documented occasions to public officials, to reporters, or to investigating authorities. In the words of Lt. Col. Carl Berm, who received the award for his part in a successful cover-up following a military operation in which 314 Americans were killed taking the wrong hill, "There we were, completely surrounded by dovish congressmen. My heart was beating wildly and my knees were like water. It was a case of do or be demoted. 'Let me put you into the picture, gentlemen,' I said, desperately trying to keep the fear out of my voice. 'We can now reveal that the headquarters for the entire Communist apparatus in Asia was located on that hill.'"

**The Commissioned Officer Elimination Citation.** Authorized for enlisted men, who risked court-martial if caught, to dispose of unit officers whose needless, aggressive actions threatened their lives. One of the hundreds of GIs to whom the citation was awarded anonymously, as is customary, is a specialist, fourth class, in the First Air Cavalry Division, whose tale of personal diffidence is typical among the wearers of this decoration: "We were taking it pretty bad, and along about nightfall me and these two buddies of mine were in the bottom of a foxhole, just sort of keeping out of the way of things, when the lieutenant, a jerk-off named McSweeney, comes over and says, 'I want you three men to sneak up that hill and blow that machine-gun nest.' We all opened up on him, but I got him first."

**The Meritorious Procurement Medal.** Authorized for senior noncommissioned officers, and USO and PX personnel. One of the many distinguished recipients of this medal is M. Sgt. Rufus K. Thorndyke, supply chief of the Combined Services Depot at Tonsonnhut Air Base, Saigon, who was awarded his Procurement Medal for single-handedly charging \$50,000 worth of goods at a Saigon post exchange on a phony credit card and reselling them on the black market.

**The Distinguished Flight Cross.** For individuals who risked imprisonment for desertion rather than face combat. Cpl. Peter V. Murphy, of Standee, Utah, exemplifies the spirit of sacrifice and conspicuous panic of the less than five hundred holders of this base emblem: "Rough? Sure it was rough. We ran into some bad weather over Copenhagen and landed fifteen minutes late."

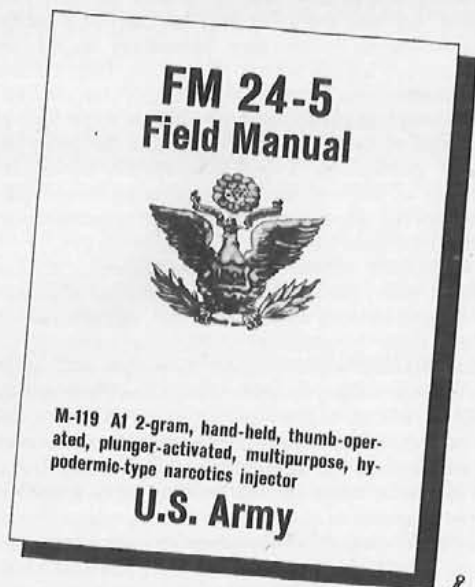
**Campaign Ribbons.** Awarded to soldiers who took part in military reverses or exhibited conduct especially worthy of condemnation. The Geneva Convention Contravention Emblem is authorized for all officers and for noncommissioned officers above the grade of E-6 who served anywhere in Indochina. The Presidential Unit Accusation is authorized for units that as a whole refused to obey a legal order to advance, attack, or otherwise engage in offensive action. The Reserves Activation Lawsuit Ribbon is authorized for Reserve and National Guard units that brought suits against the Army to overturn their mobilization orders on the grounds that their enlistment contracts specified "declared wars" and "national emergencies" as the only legal bases for activation.

**The Expert Combat Evasion Badge.** Awarded to enlisted soldiers on active duty with an infantry unit who did not participate in a single battle or other combat activity during their entire tour of duty and to all officers above the rank of captain.

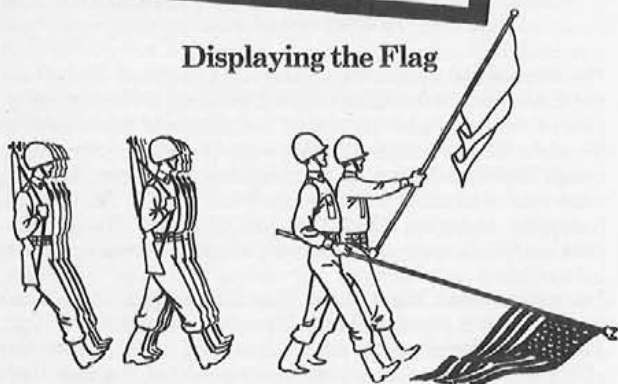
**Qualification Badges.** The Narcotics Sharpshooter Badge, with appropriate drug bars, is approved for wear by soldiers who, after a rigorous urine test, are found to be satisfactorily addicted. The Basic Rifle Qualification Badge is awarded to soldiers who can fire the M-16 rifle ten consecutive times without a misfire, jam, or breech explosion. The Complaint Qualification Badge, with appropriate Response bars, is authorized for soldiers who have received an answer to a letter of complaint addressed to a member of Congress or media correspondent.

continued

# A Military Tradition in the Making



## Displaying the Flag



When marching in formation, the flag is to be dragged along the ground four inches in front and twelve inches to the right of the right foot of the color bearer.



When displayed with other flags, the U.S. flag is always flown lowest.

When using the flag to wipe up spills, fold into triangle (as shown) with stars outermost.

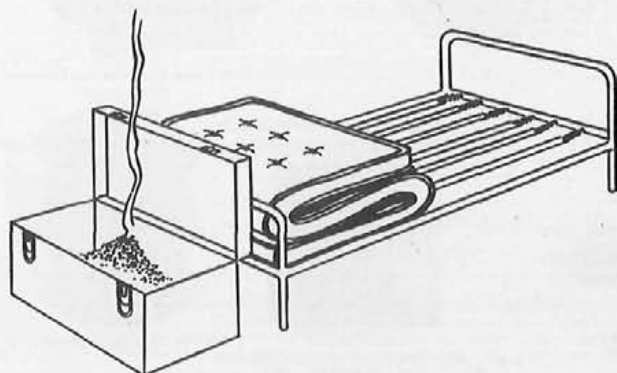
—The Soldier's Handbook, 1972 ed., p. 68.



## Surrendering

Giving the "hands up" sign is a custom as old as war itself. It originated as a method of merely showing that the surrendering individual had no weapons, but as given today it has become a symbolic gesture indicating total defeat and humiliation and indicates that the person surrendering is willing to do anything whatsoever to stay alive. A smart, crisp raising of the hands with head erect, the elbows straight but not locked, the arms six inches from the ears, and the thumb and fingers extended and joined earns respect from even the most contemptuous foe and proclaims that the surrendering individual, even in defeat, is proud of his appearance and bearing.

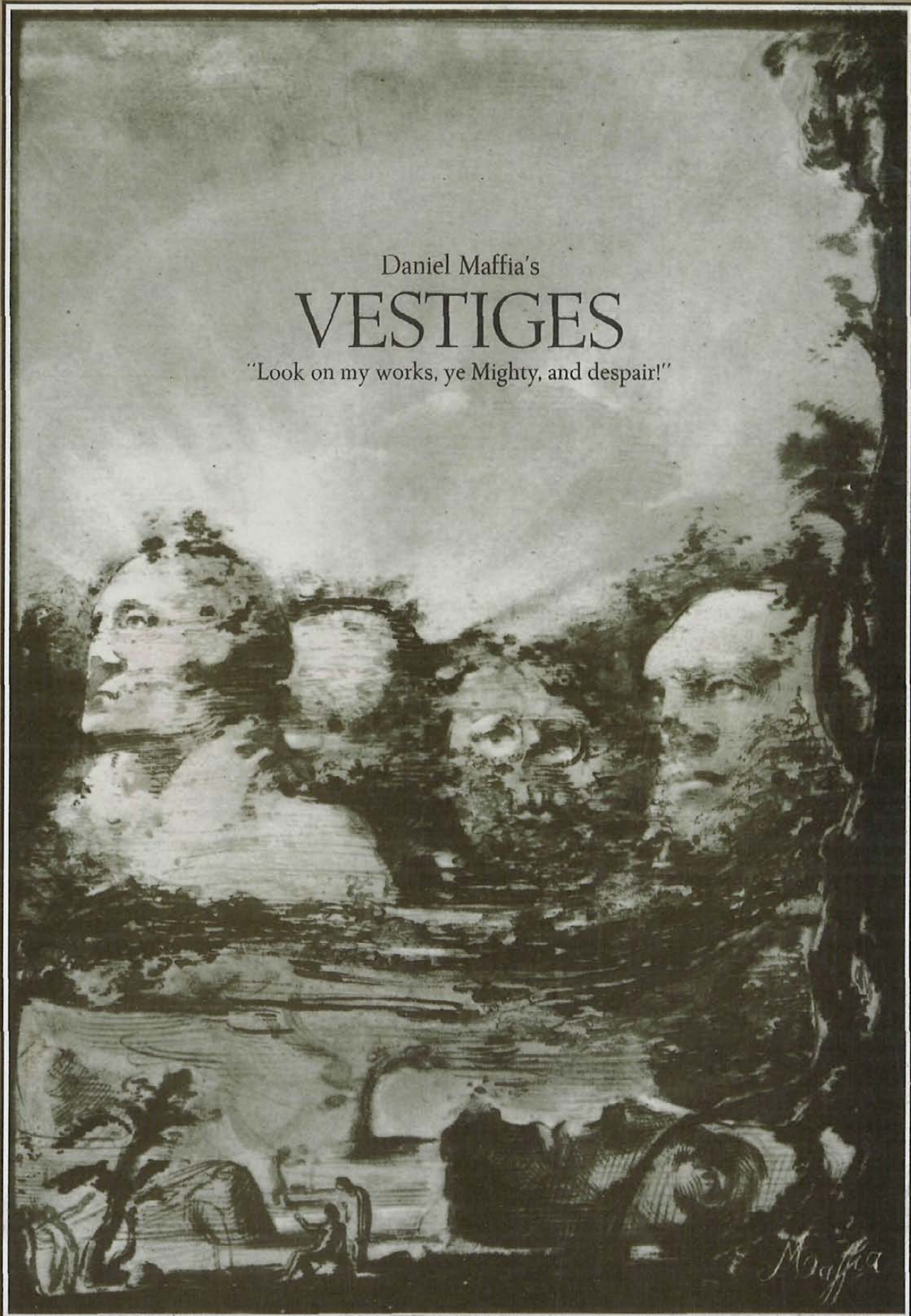
—The Soldier's Handbook, 1972 ed., p. 34.



When deserting or going AWOL for periods longer than thirty days, the soldier should remove all of his equipment—including his bedding—roll his mattress in the standard garrison-roll, leave his locker empty with the door open, and insure that his area is well policed. Deserting soldiers may, if they wish, leave a neat, well-sifted pile of ashes of burnt uniforms, not more than eight inches high at the center bottom of their lockers.

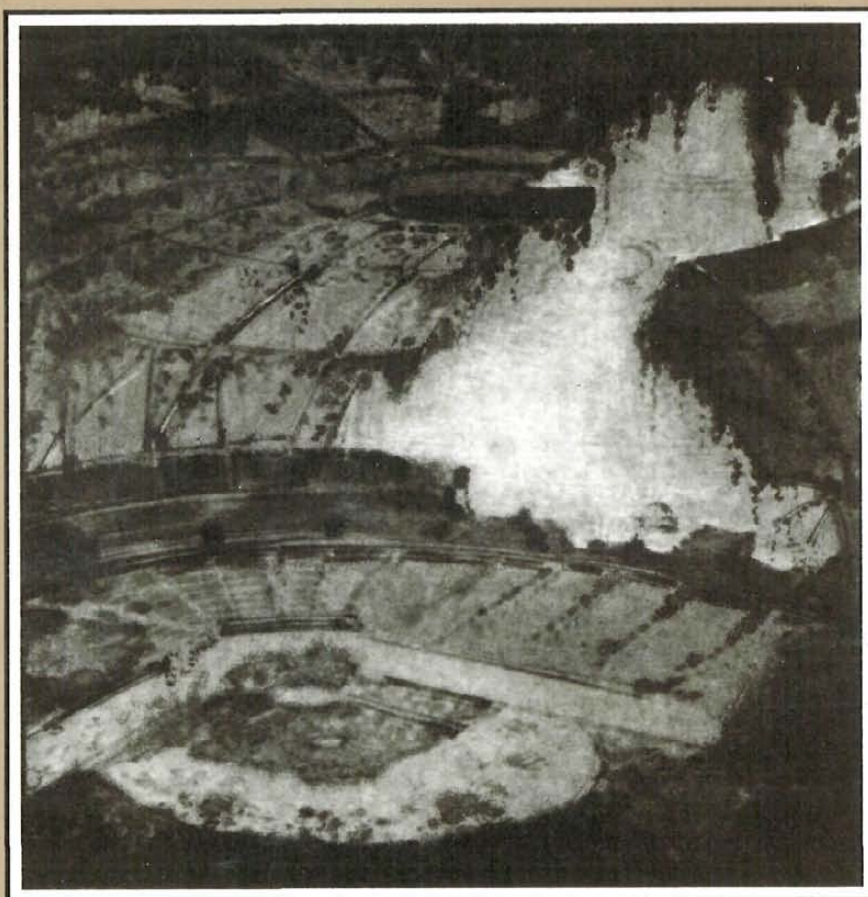
Daniel Maffia's  
**VESTIGES**

"Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

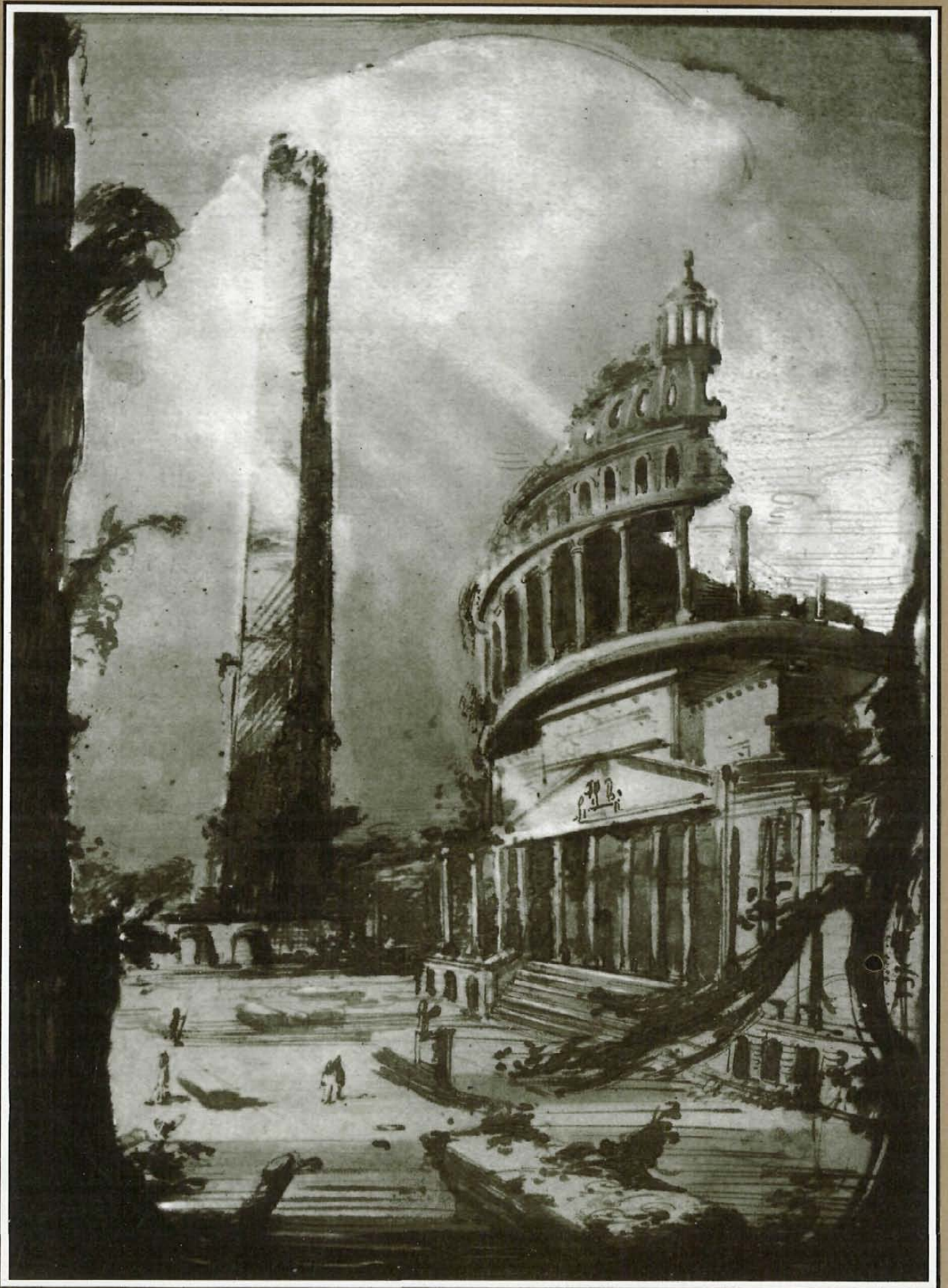




Grand Central Station



The Astrodome



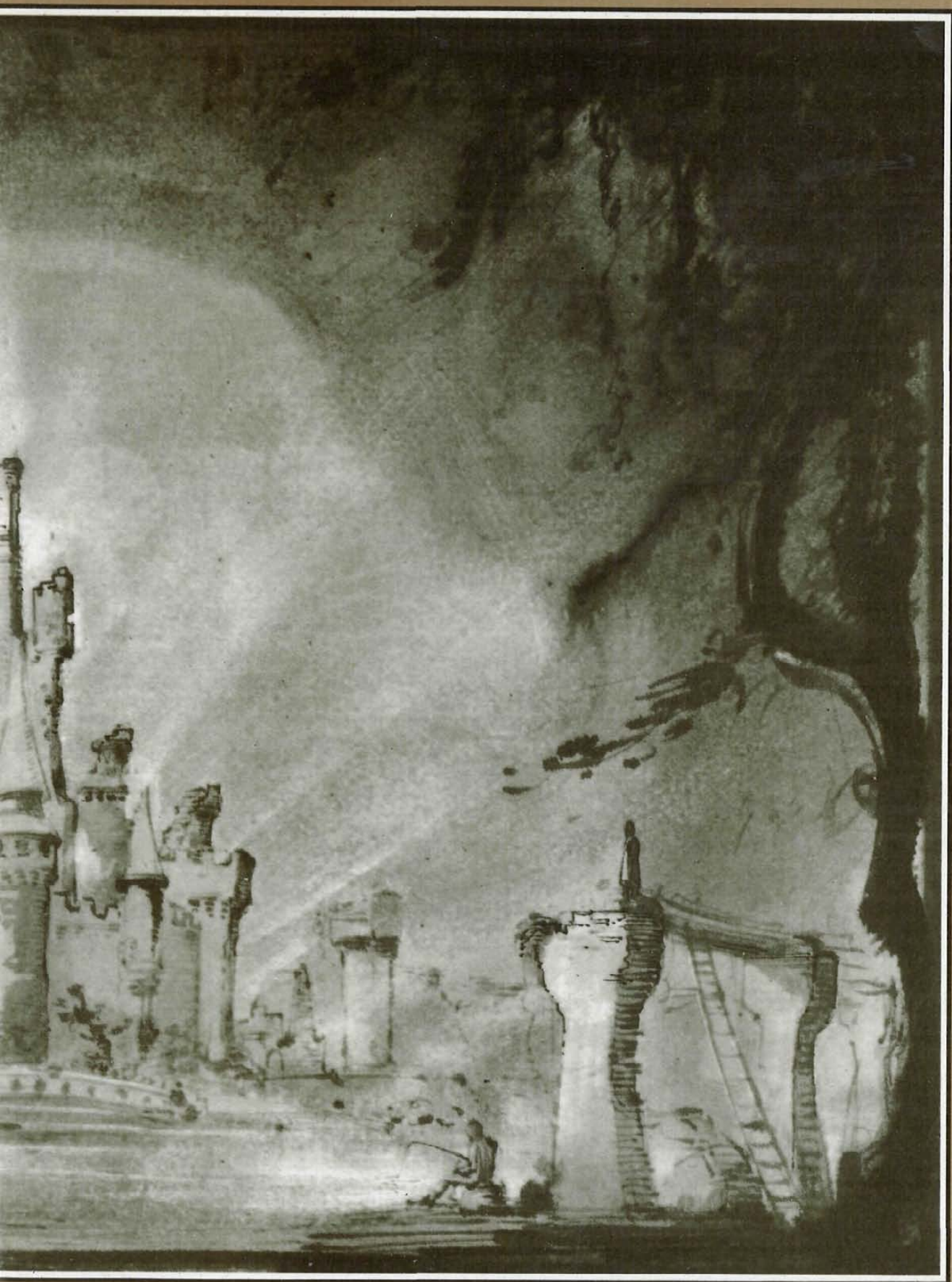
The Capitol

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The Enchanted Castle





# FOTO FUNNIES



KILLING, FAMINE,  
CARNAGE, FLACHERIE,  
LIMBLESS BODIES,  
ATOMIC BLASTS...



...UNEMPLOYMENT,  
DEFENSE  
SPENDING, AGNEW,  
HEROIN TRAFFIC,  
VENEREAL  
DISEASE...



...THERMAL  
INVERSION,  
FORGOTTEN  
MEN, HOUSING,  
B-52s,  
ROMANA  
BANUELOS...



...CARTEL, GENERAL  
L'AVELLE, MEANINGFUL  
DISSENT, ITT,  
DEFICIT SPENDING...



...GREECE, SEGREGATION,  
LOCKHEED, RAY CONIFF  
SINGERS, CONSTRUCTIVE  
CRITICISM...



...BABY LENORE, BOWLING,  
CALLEY, NAPALM, THE ELKS,  
PAT'S WARDROBE, GENOCIDE.





GOOD AFTERNOON, THIS IS THE OLD SPEEDCASTER, DAVE DYNEL, OUT HERE AT ISLIP SPEEDWAY AT 111 ISLIP AVENUE IN ISLIP, LONG ISLAND, BRINGING YOU THE FIRST ANNUAL VINTAGE AUTO DEMOLITION DERBY. AND WE CERTAINLY HAVE A GREAT DAY FOR IT AS A CAPACITY CROWD OF TWELVE THOUSAND HAS GATHERED TO WATCH ONE HUNDRED PRICELESS AND IRREPLACABLE MOTORCARS BATTLE IT OUT FOR A WHOPPING BIG \$125,000 WINNER-TAKE-ALL PURSE. WITH ME IN THE BOOTH IS DERBY PRO, ROGER HESSELING, WHO'LL BE HELPING TO COVER THE SMASHES AND THE CRASHES. ROGER? THANKS, DAVE. I'D LIKE TO MENTION THAT, UNLIKE REGULAR DEMO DERBIES, THERE'LL BE ONE HEAT ONLY WITH ALL THE CARS PARTICIPATING. AND THE LAST ONE STILL ABLE TO MOVE WINS IT? THAT HASN'T CHANGED. WHAT ABOUT THOSE CARS, ROG? THEY ARE BEAUTIES! SOME OF THE FINEST AUTOMOBILES EVER MADE ARE WITH US--



LA GALLES -- YOU NAME IT! AND SINCE MOST OF THESE OLD CARS ARE BUILT LIKE TANKS, WE'RE IN FOR ONE HECK OF A CONTEST. HAVE THE CARS BEEN MODIFIED IN ANY WAY FOR THIS EVENT, ROG? NOT REALLY. OF COURSE, THE ARMRESTS AND DOOR HANDLES ARE REMOVED TO PREVENT BROKEN RIBS. I SAW AN ISOTTA-FRASCINI WITH AN INLAID KNOBS, SO THE DRIVER TAPED SOME ALL. AS LAST YEAR'S NATIONAL SHARE A FEW DEMO DRIVING AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, OUT THE OTHER GUY'S ONCE THEY'RE GONE, "HIT 'EM IN THE NOSE!" PUT THE IDLE PRETTY LINKAGE FALLS OFF, ... LOOSEN THE FAN REVVING UP DOWN LIKE WE'RE JUST BEGIN. THERE'S

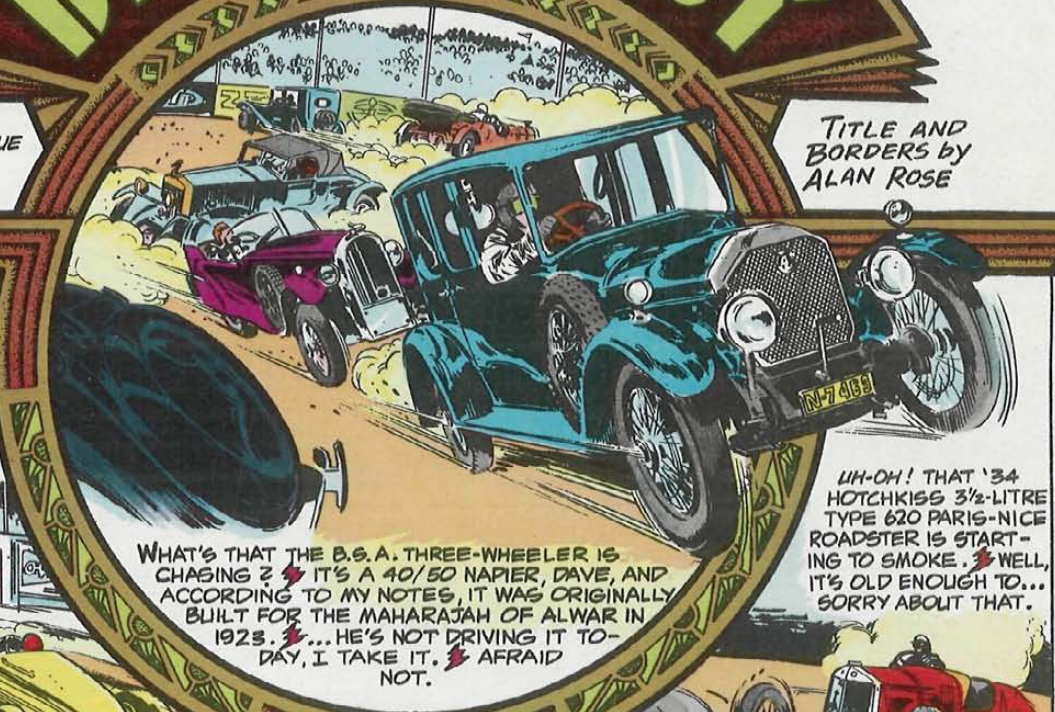
BUGATTIS, CORDS, FRAZER NASHES, MORGANS, DUESENBERGS, TALBOT-LAGOS, BENTLEYS, TULIPWOOD DASHBOARD THAT HAD A LOT OF FOAM RUBBER OVER IT. THAT'S ABOUT CHAMPION, ROGER, WOULD YOU SECRETS WITH US? WELL, THE TRICK IS TO KNOCK BATTERY OR RADIATOR. THAT'S THE BALL GAME. RIGHT, ALSO, I USUALLY HIGH SO IF THE GAS THE CAR STILL MOVES. BELT A BIT. THEY'RE THERE SO IT LOOKS ABOUT READY TO THE FLAG.

# VINTAGE AUTO DEMO DERBY

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE  
DRAWN BY FRANK SPRINGER

TITLE AND BORDERS BY ALAN ROSE

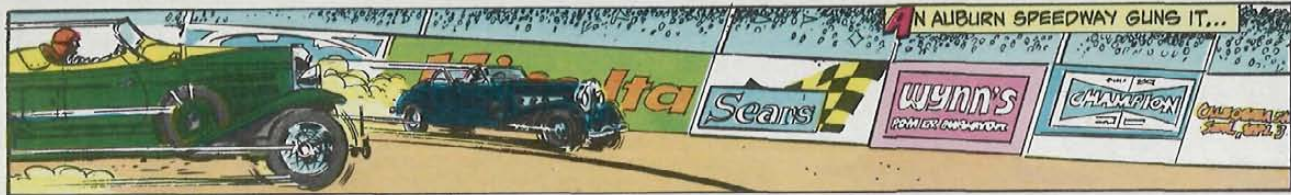
THE FLAGMAN'S INSIDE THE FENCE AND THEY'RE OFF! A '31 DELAGE D8 WASTES NO TIME IN REAR-ENDING A '38 TYPE 57SC BUGATTI ATLANTIC COUPÉ.



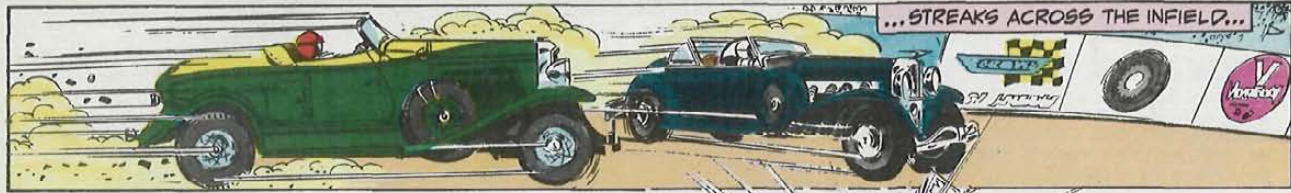
WHAT'S THAT THE B.S.A. THREE-WHEELER IS CHASING? IT'S A 40/50 NAPIER, DAVE, AND ACCORDING TO MY NOTES, IT WAS ORIGINALLY BUILT FOR THE MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR IN 1923. ... HE'S NOT DRIVING IT TODAY, I TAKE IT. AFRAID NOT.

UH-OH! THAT '34 HOTCHKISS 3 1/2-LITRE TYPE 620 PARIS-NICE ROADSTER IS STARTING TO SMOKE. WELL, IT'S OLD ENOUGH TO... SORRY ABOUT THAT.

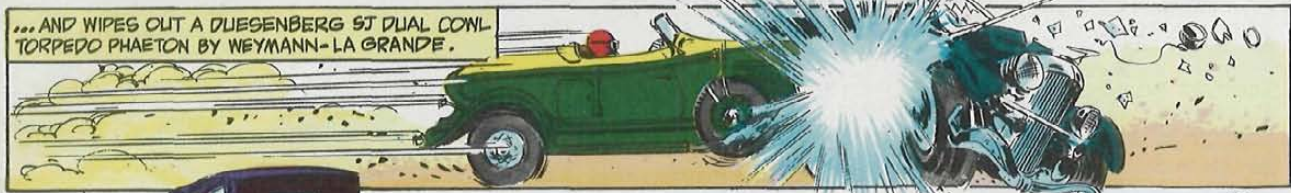




1 IN AUBURN SPEEDWAY GUNS IT...



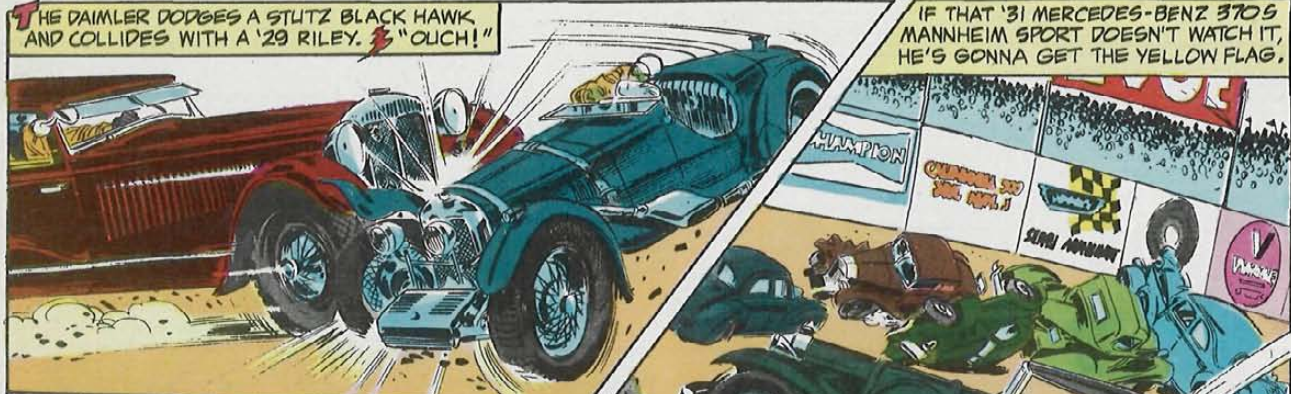
...STREAKS ACROSS THE INFELD...



... AND WIPES OUT A DUESENBERG SJ DUAL CONVL TORPEDO PHAETON BY WEYMAN-LA GRANDE.

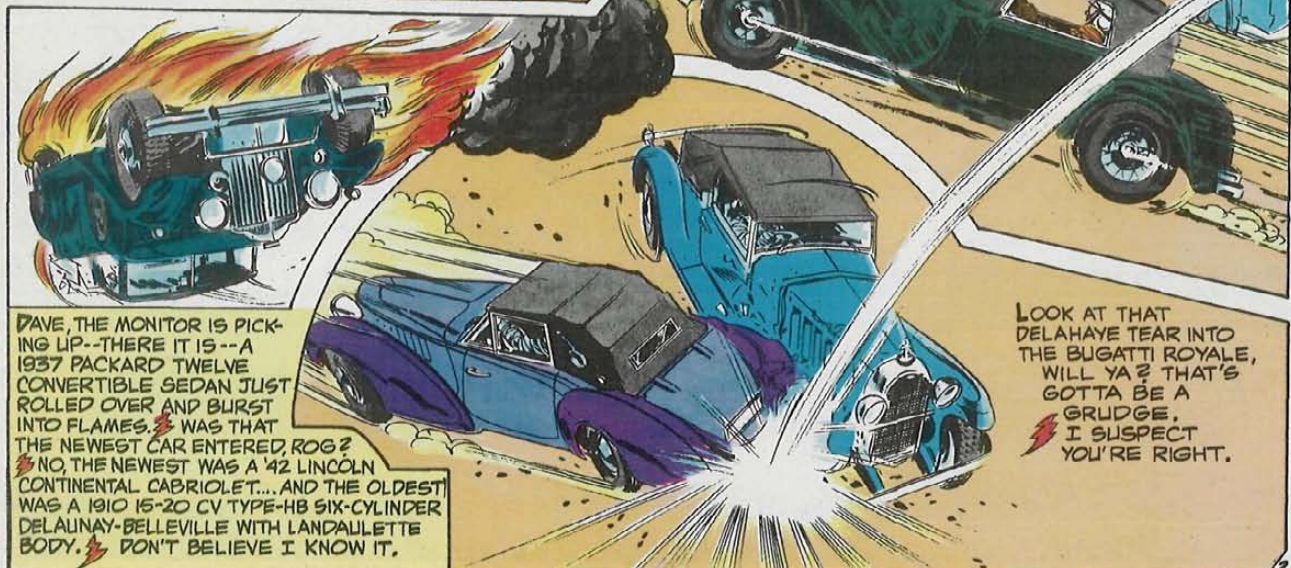


THAT WAS A '32 ALBURN SPEEDSTER, DAVE. IN THE EXCITEMENT, I THINK YOU CONFUSED IT WITH THE JORDAN SPEEDWAY FIGHT.



THE DAIMLER DODGES A STUTZ BLACK HAWK, AND COLLIDES WITH A '29 RILEY. "OUCH!"

IF THAT '31 MERCEDES-BENZ 370S MANNHEIM SPORT DOESN'T WATCH IT, HE'S GONNA GET THE YELLOW FLAG.



DAVE, THE MONITOR IS PICKING UP--THERE IT IS--A 1937 PACKARD TWELVE CONVERTIBLE SEDAN JUST ROLLED OVER AND BURST INTO FLAMES. WAS THAT THE NEWEST CAR ENTERED, ROG?  
NO, THE NEWEST WAS A '42 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL CABRIOLET... AND THE OLDEST WAS A 1910 15-20 CV TYPE-HB SIX-CYLINDER DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE WITH LANDAULETTE BODY. DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW IT.

LOOK AT THAT DELAHAYE TEAR INTO THE BUGATTI ROYALE, WILL YA? THAT'S GOTTA BE A GRUDGE. I SUSPECT YOU'RE RIGHT.

TALK ABOUT ACTION! A V-12 HISPANO SUIZA SPORTS SALOON SHOT OUT OF NOWHERE AND SIDESWIPED A LEYLAND EIGHT...

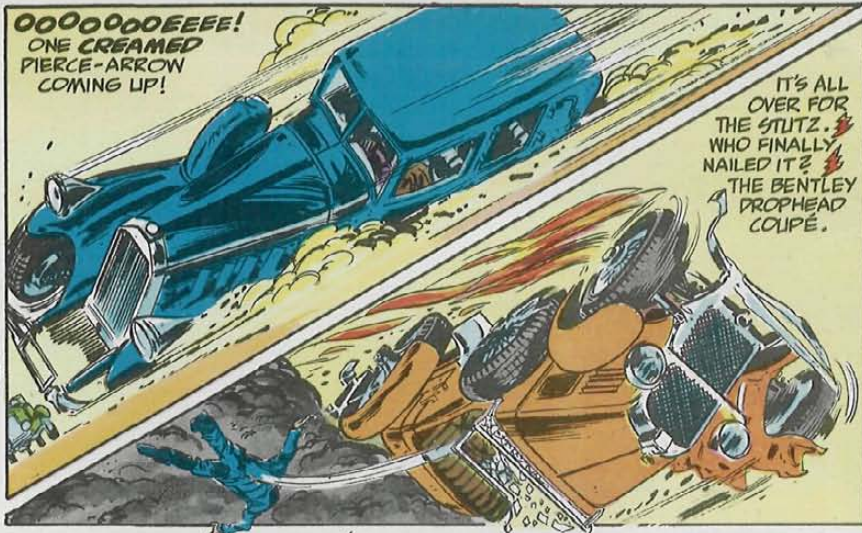


... CAREENED OFF A '37 CORD...

... AND THEN TOTALED A '26 ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM I SEDANCA-DE-VILLE.

THAT CLOWN NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM.

OOOOOOEEEE!  
ONE CREAMED PIERCE-ARROW COMING UP!



IT'S ALL OVER FOR THE STUTZ WHO FINALLY NAILED IT! THE BENTLEY DROPHEAD COUPE.

NOT MUCH MOVING DOWN THERE. TO RECAP, THE BENTLEY TOOK OFF AFTER THE DAIMLER, GOT RAMMED BY THE ALVIS SPEED TWENTY... ALSO A DROPHEAD COUPE, INCIDENTALLY... WHICH STOPPED IT COLD, BUT THEN THE ALVIS CONKED OUT SO IT APPEARS AS IF THE DAIMLER IS OUR WINNER. NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL "FENDER-BENDER."



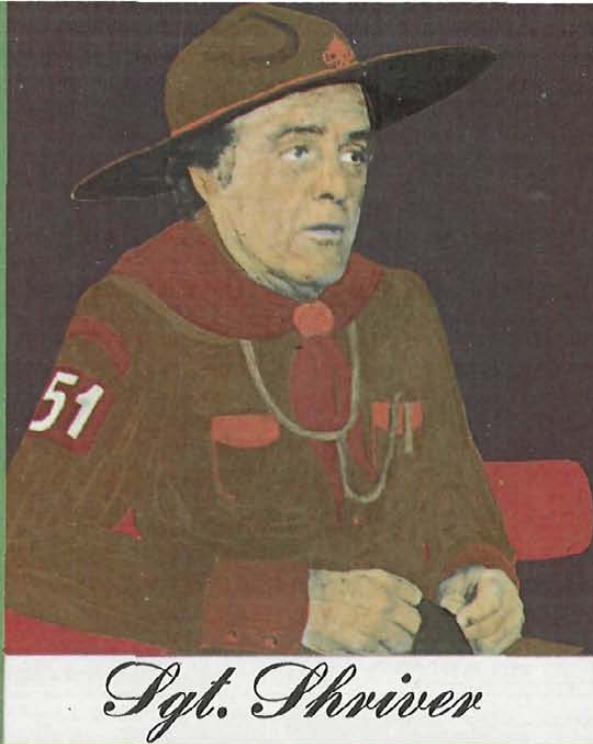
...WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT, A BASHED AND BATTERED 1932 SLEEVE-VALVED DAIMLER DOUBLE-SIX HUNG IN THERE TO COP TOP HONORS. NOT TO MENTION \$185,000! THAT'S ONE HAPPY DRIVER, ROG. JOIN US AGAIN, TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY, WHEN WE'LL BE IN LANGHORNE, PENNSYLVANIA, COVERING THE GRAND NATIONAL POWDER-PUFF CLASSIC CAR FIGURE-EIGHT RACES.



UNTIL THEN, THIS IS DAVE DYNEL AND ROGER HESSELING SAYING "SO-LONG!" AND URGING YOU TO MAKE THAT "ONE FOR THE ROAD" A CLIP OF COFFEE. THAT'S GOOD ADVICE FOR US ALL, DAVE.

**SGT. SHRIVER  
CUTOUTS**

1. Tie Clip
2. Picture Card
3. Badges
4. Stand-Up



3.

Is This Glass  
Half-empty or Half-full?



Join the Peace Corps

2.

1.



4.

Printed in the U.S.A.

*Lee Sturdicund*

by Sean Kelly  
with a little help from Tony Hendra and Henry Beard

*Side One*

SGT. SHRIVER'S BLEEDING HEARTS CLUB BAND

Just a dozen years ago today,  
Sgt. Shriver taught the clan to play  
Once they played for Bobby and for John  
Now they're guaranteed to raise a yawn.  
We now reintroduce to you  
The act we've blown for all these years,  
Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club  
Band.  
We're Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts  
Club Band,  
The martyred brothers' kith and kin.  
We're Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts  
Club Band,  
Sit back and watch the votes roll in.  
Sgt. Shriver's bleeding, Sgt. Shriver's  
bleeding,  
Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club  
Band.  
It's wonderful to be here,  
It's certainly a thrill.  
You're such a dumb electorate,  
We'd like to take you home with us.  
America, come home!  
We don't really want to stop the war,  
But that's what you'll all be voting for,  
You'll forget amidst this stupid sham,  
We're the ones who got you into Nam.  
So let us introduce to you  
The once and future Tommy—who?  
And Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts  
Club Band.

A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

(TEDDY'S SONG)

What would you think if I told you a fib,  
Would you go out and vote GOP.  
Give me four years and if nothing goes  
wrong,  
I am certain you'll turn back to me.  
I got off with a little help from my  
friends,  
At the trough with a little help from my  
friends,  
I don't scoff at a little help from my  
friends.  
What makes you think you can carry  
the South.  
(I'm a shoo-in in a three-way race)  
How can you speak with your foot in  
your mouth.  
(Well it helps to have another face)  
And a little help from all my  
well-heeled friends,  
Do you need anybody,  
I need some fascist for Veep.  
Could it be anybody  
A down-home little red-neck creep.  
What about all the wild oats that you  
sowed,  
In four years they'll be underground.  
What did you see when you turned off  
the road,  
I can't tell you, but I think it drowned.  
Oh I get by with a little help from my  
friends,

Yes I can lie with a little help from my  
friends,  
With a little help from my friends.

JACKIE IN THE ISLES WITH DIAMONDS  
Picture yourself on a yacht on an ocean,  
With gold-plated plumbing and dozens  
of maids  
Somebody calls you, his voice thick and  
moldy,  
A Greek wearing wraparound shades.  
Sell the same powers that made you  
our queen,  
Glowing, over-inbred.  
Marry the Greek with the shades on  
his eyes,  
And you're gone.  
Jackie in the isles with diamonds,  
Follow him off to a junta-led nation  
Where coarse-talking people get  
busted, and quick,  
Everyone waves when you drive past  
the prisons,  
You're oh so impeccably chic.  
When paparazzi appear on the shore,  
Wanting you for Photoplay,  
Climb on their backs, give their heads  
a few clouts,  
And you're gone.  
Jackie in the isles with diamonds,  
Picture yourself in a Halston creation,  
The spray-net madonna of gay  
masquerades,  
Sullenly someone pays up while you  
learn style,  
The Greek with the wraparound shades.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. KIKE

For the benefit of Mr. Kike  
There will be a missile strike on Lebanon  
The Hebrew guns will flame and flare  
The Arab countries which were there  
will be gone!  
Over Aden, Sinai, Jordan, Gaza  
Blasting all those wogs dead with real  
fire!  
Then you'll see George McG. will  
capture the vote!  
The celebrated Golda Meir  
Ends her war by Saturday near  
Zion's Gate  
For ancient Hebrew laws deplore  
The flight of Phantom jets for more  
than six days straight.  
Messrs Sarge and George assure  
B'nai B'rith  
Air protection that is second to none  
Toe to toe, Gary and Joe dish out  
the shmaltz.  
Campaigning starts in old New York  
When Sargent S. renounces pork and  
eats a blintz  
Before a Bronx Hadassah group  
George eats ten bowls of chicken soup  
without a wince  
Gott in Himmel, man, they've got  
Kimmelman  
Footing the bill!

*Side Two*

IN WITH YOU OUT WITH YOU

We were talking—about the space  
between your ears  
And the people—who find themselves  
behind the walls of institutions  
Never told the truth—now it's far  
too late—votes are pissed away.  
Tried to compromise us and yourself  
But your brain cells took that charge  
Now you see you're really only very  
small,  
And life goes on without you, Tom,  
without you.

LOVELY DITA

Lovely Dita memos made.  
Everything that Geneen does,  
We can invoke to put some folk away.  
Though she could have been discreeta,  
Glad we got that tip from Dita,  
All about the contents of her little  
black book.  
Lovely Dita, poorly paid,  
May I suggest discreetly,  
Give us a leak,  
And pique the GOP.  
Then you'll be free to flee  
The ITT.

A DAY ON THE LEFT

I saw the news that day oh boy  
About a lucky shot Lee Harvey made  
And though the news was rather sad  
I found it kind of droll  
I saw the grassy knoll.  
They blew his mind out in a car  
Nobody noticed that the film was  
changed  
Commission witnesses declared  
That to their great dismay  
Nobody could really say  
If he was from the CIA.  
I saw a press release oh boy  
The Peace Corps had just put an end  
to war  
A crowd of peacenik volunteers  
Were quickly sent away  
Wearing green berets.  
Woke up, fell out of bed,  
With a ringing in my head  
When I realized it was the  
phone,  
Picked it up and heard McGovern's  
drone.  
Gabbled a bit then took the bait  
Made the ticket twelve days late  
Found my way upstairs and told the  
wife,  
Who asked about insurance on my life  
I saw reports today oh boy  
Ten thousand craters in the DMZ  
And though that count might be  
impugned  
The country heard and swooned  
Now we know how many holes it takes  
to make an exit wound.  
I'd love a term like John's . . .

# National Lampoon presents **RADIO DINNER.**



## Eat it.

**Radio Dinner**—the first **National Lampoon** album—dishes it out to John and Yoko and Paul and George and Yoko and Dylan and Baez and Kissinger and Kleindienst and Ted Kennedy and Barbra Streisand and Rod Serling and Les Crane and Saint Thomas Aquinas and Yoko and Jim Nabors, not necessarily in that order.

On Banana Records, a leisure service of the **National Lampoon**.

Distributed by Blue Thumb Records

A subsidiary of Famous Music Corp. A Gulf + Western Company.

At record stores and record sections everywhere. Where else?

AVAILABLE ON AMPEX STEREO TAPES





By this time the salesman thinks that they've forgotten all about him, but then he sees the others get up and begin wandering around the yard. One of them sort of staggers past the side of the house and begins shouting. "Hey, everybody, look at this silo. That's the biggest silo I've ever seen. That's the biggest silo I've ever seen."

Some others come over and join him and begin screaming in amazement at the size of the silo. "It's so big . . . so far up in the air." Then one of them says that it looks just like a giant brick beer can wearing a giant beanie.

"No, no, no, it looks like a great big cement can of peas with a round bubble-top."

They all begin arguing. Now all of the time this is going on, the people who went into the house to watch "The Governor and J. J." with the sound off keep tumbling out of the house in fits of laughter. They collapse on the porch until they have the strength to go back inside. Then they go back inside.

Pretty sure that no one is going to bother him at this point, the salesman is sitting up taking all of this in. Just then he's proved wrong. The guy with the "Born to Raise Wheat" tattoo comes walking over with another guy. The other guy is in a tattered suit.

"You know something, mister, you're all right. You're an all-right guy. I want you to meet somebody here. This is my friend, the professor. A real smart guy. But the professor here can't remember anything. Isn't that right, professor? What do you call it?"

"Total no recall."

"That's right. Total no recall. He can't remember a thing. I don't know how he even remembers that. But anyway, about this A&P business, I've been thinking. Who the hell am I to tell you, a perfect stranger, that you can't do any A&P? You can do all the A&P you want. I'm just saying 'Don't let me catch you.' Fair enough? Do all of the A&P you can, but don't let me catch you. That's where the professor comes in. He's going to sit here in the mud with you and watch you. Now remember, he can't remember a thing, so you're probably safe to do it in front of him, but he's going to stay by you nonetheless. Go ahead and do it, but if I catch you, you know what happens: I lop off your jayboes with a trowel and toss 'em into the soil bank and drop a fifty-five-gallon drum of fuel on top."

The guy with the tattoo walks away and the professor sits down.

"He's right, you know. I do have total no recall. I can't remember a thing. Go ahead and ask me a question,

and I won't even remember what it is. Go ahead."

"What is the capital of Delaware?"

"I don't even remember what it is you asked me. What did you ask me? See, I can't remember anything. Ask me another question."

The salesman really doesn't want to do this but decides to humor the professor by asking him a bunch of questions. And sure enough, the professor can't answer any of them. Every once in a while, though, the professor gets a real mean look on his face and says, "Saaaaaaayy, who are you and what's this all about?" But then he goes back to politely not answering any of the questions.

Around then, the people who were watching "The Governor and J. J." start coming out of the house. They're all wiping laugh tears from their eyes. They all sort of sit around on the porch and relax for a while. Then one of them suggests that they do square dancing without a caller.

"Yes, yes."

"And no fair humming anything."

"Yes, yes."

"And with potato sacks on our heads."

"Yes, yes."

"And our britches down around our ankles."

"Oh, yes."

"And we won't get up tomorrow and do any chores."

"YES."

"Or rotate our crops."

"YAHOO!"

"And we'll do A&W and S&H. . . ."

"YEA-HAW!"

"But no A&P!"

"... no . . ."

Then they all start dropping their overalls and putting potato sacks over their heads. At first they just stay in place and sway to the imaginary music. Then they start shuffling around with their arms out, searching for

partners. A couple of people are ready to go right into reels and do-si-dos, but as soon as they do they fall over in the mud.

The salesman is taking all of this in, and then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the storm-cellar door opening. Dorothy comes out, walks over to the salesman, and says hi.

"I've been down in the cellar thinking, mister. This is no place to spend the night. Have you ever heard of the girl who doesn't have any legs and is always left hanging in trees?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, she lives with her family just down the road. Come on, I'll take you there. You come too, professor."

The salesman stood up slowly, looking around to see if anybody was watching him. Nobody was. He decided this was as good a time as any to leave. So the three of them started walking hand in hand down the road. The salesman looked back over his shoulder one last time. He saw all of the people shuffling into walls, tractors, stumps, fences, each other, and so forth. Then the mother came out on the porch dressed in a Naugahyde rain slicker, held out a bowl, and shouted, "Mountain oysters. Come and get your eats. Good eats." Then they really started crashing into things. Funny thing, they never took the sacks off their heads.

When they were a good distance from the farm, the salesman asked, "Dorothy, I know you're only a little eleven-year-old girl, but do you know what A&P is?"

"No, but if you hum a few bars, I'll fake the rest."

"I do," said the professor.

"You do!"

"I think it's a chain of hardware stores, though I can't be certain. I do have total no recall, remember. Ask me another question and I bet I get it wrong." □



"Now the next tale is strictly off the record." Kuren

driver beckoned to her, and she got into the back seat. O noticed that the meter was not running. O leaned forward and tapped on the plastic shield with her fingertips, but all the driver would say in response to any of her questions was, "What about that Lindsay?"

Suddenly, the driver turned the cab into a blind alley, stopped, and got out. O was too startled to make a sound when he opened the door on her side and forced himself upon her.

By the time O returned home on foot, it was almost dark. Anne-Marie was furious. "Where have you been? They're expecting you over at the studio."

"The taxi driver . . ." O began.

"What taxi driver? Never mind, hurry and get undressed. They're waiting."

The studio was a one-room loft in an unfamiliar part of town. Whenever O was made to go there, which was frequently, she was filmed, alone and with others, until she was so tired she could scarcely stand up. She was filmed in every possible position, and from every possible angle. She was filmed kneeling, standing, sitting, from the back and from the front, with and without the blindfold. She was filmed eating spinach, taking a bath, rolling in pound cake. She lost track of the variations she was expected to perform.

In one of the best films she is seen sucking a doorknob.

As a consequence, the name O began to be mentioned in certain circles.

During this time, the man from the inner office was handling her as he had promised. O understood that although he did not own her, he owned a piece of her. Which piece, she was not entirely sure, but she knew that

she must allow him to mold her to his taste (which was also the taste of a great many other people) and to make her over in the image which he considered most desirable. She was to defer to him in everything, although he was not her master. She had heard Anne-Marie speak of him as her agent.

At his urging, O entered the Miss Nude America Contest but was disqualified because of her chains.

It was at this point that O began to find out what it was like to do commercials. The squirrel, chipmunk, and gerbil costumes had long since been returned to the costumier, so O wore the owl costume. She was paid by the hour.

She posed holding a can of vaginal deodorant. The lights were overpoweringly hot. After three, four, or five hours of never-ending posing, moving, shifting her body and her hands, and opening and closing her mouth, O had slipped into a strange, trance-like state. She moved, bent, turned, twisted, and performed on cue, her body functioning, not by the force of her own will, but by another's. She felt she was no longer O, but merely those lips, those hands curving around the slim silver cylinder—lips or hands which could and did belong to anyone. And yet she had never felt so much herself.

Her agent had once said he had "big plans" for O. O was waiting in a state of delicious terror to discover what they might be.

Her anticipation of what he might say was so great, and her terror of what she might be asked to do so strong, that when he did speak, she could hardly remember afterwards what he had said. Something about a

hot property, and then "if it worked for Gloria Steinem, it could work for you . . . if we play our cards right."

O wondered who Gloria Steinem was, and if she would meet her where she was going. For she would leave New York: she was certain of that.

When she arrived at the mansion, she was given a new costume to wear, one which she found strangely becoming. It was a one-piece garment, made from a shiny black satin or rayon material. The legs were cut very high in front, at such an angle as to expose the hipbones, so that the dark vee of satiny material contrasted sharply with the white flesh of her thighs. The fabric was pulled tight over O's bottom, and low-cut in back, dipping down to reveal her lower vertebrae. Her breasts were pushed up and supported by the low-cut bodice, and trembled within it like twin flans on a serving plate. The waist was tightly nipped in, almost but not quite so severely as to restrict her breathing. With this O wore long, black net stockings and spike heels. At her wrists were fastened white wristlets, held in place, as was her collar, by ebonite discs. O's costume was completed by the addition of long rabbit ears and a fluffy white tail.

Thus arrayed, O was informed of her new duties. She was told that she would wait upon all key holders and their guests. She would be entirely at their service while on duty. Off duty, however, she would be forbidden to see them or to accept any rendezvous with any of their friends. She would wear her insignia at all times while on duty. When her services were not needed, she would repair to a restricted enclosure known as the hutch. Her official tasks would be light. Occasionally she would be summoned to the mansion, where she would be required to swim nude in the pool, pose for photographs, watch movies, and serve Pepsis. Her mouth would always remain half-open, as a sign of her complete and utter mental vacuity.

O accepted this account of her duties in perfect silence.

On the third or fourth day after the period of her service at the mansion had begun—she was not sure whether it was day or night, since all the days and nights in the mansion seemed to blend together into one long bout of wanton activity, like an interminable game of strip-tack-toe; at any rate, on the fourth day, or fifth night, a white-lipped O was just completing the mandatory three hours' skinny-dipping, when an unknown man in pajamas descended the spiral staircase that led to the pool.

He leaned over the edge to reach

continued on page 88

### What Little Girls Are Made Of



# Good News for Hemorrhoid Sufferers



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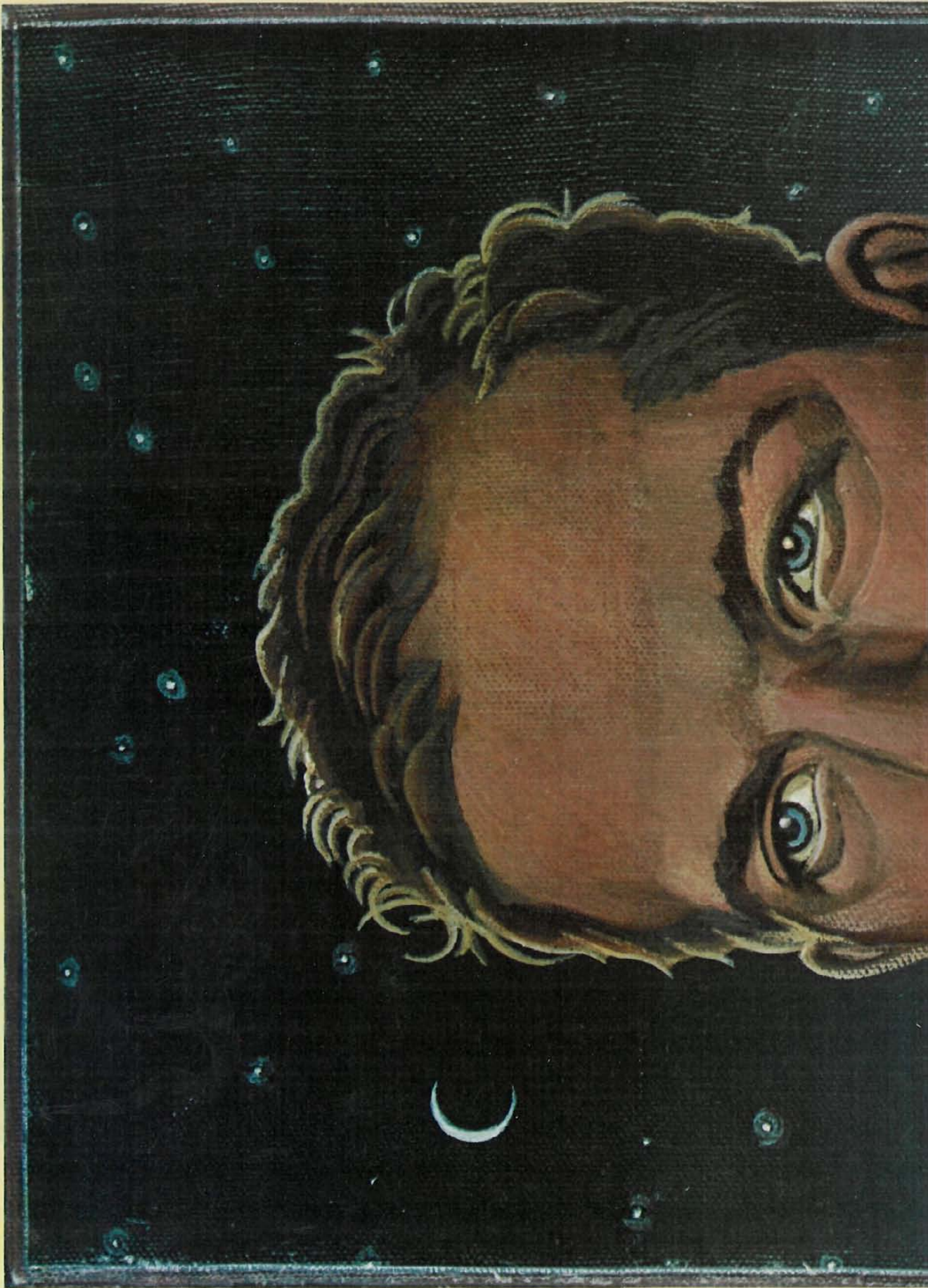
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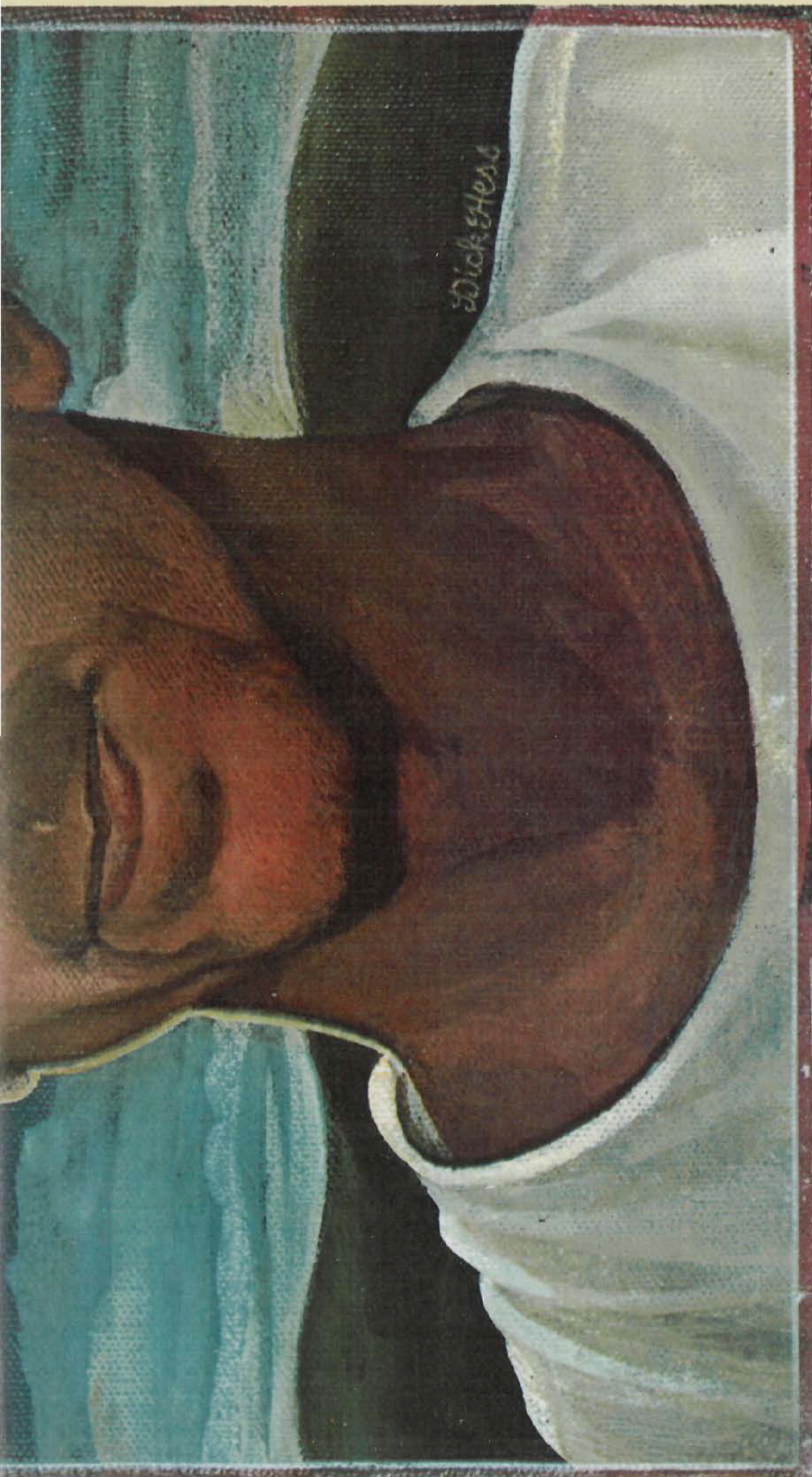
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poster by Dick Hess with apologies to Paul Davis

# Surprise Poster #2

# The Iliad and the Ecstasy

by P. J. O'Rourke

The woman is zoftig, forty, and well-groomed, affluent and hip with her butterfly batik print Capri pants and lemon-lime cable-knit Suzi-Togs halter. She's at home in the comfortable Queens Village apartment with its gay contemporary Mediterranean Hepplewhite sectional couch, wing chairs, and stereo TV decorator buffet. In this heartland American emerging - new - Republican-majority home, liberal on local school board autonomy, firm on the Middle East question, nearly a dozen friends surround her. Bridge? The latest variation on lotto or gin rummy?

No.

The woman—call her Dorothy Fieldstein (her friends call her Birdie)—sits with legs thickly crossed, full on the floor in the deep Dacron weave (wall-to-wall), her face drawn, her voice tense in self-appraisal: “My mother hated my goddamned fucking guts!!”

“No,” come the replies around the room, “small job.” “So what?” “I could care less.” “Who wouldn’t?” “She was probably right.”

Mr. Willie sits removed, the apothecosis of the new black man, neat and composed in his discreetly tailored international orange sharkskin evening clothes with the green clocks up the side, purple Orlon bow tie, and high-heeled patent leather wing-tip pumps. His eyes glitter behind mirrored sunglasses under the brim of his canary stetson. An elegant arm with four silver bracelets and two Benrus wristwatches beneath the burgundy raw-silk French cuff flicks out. Diamond-laden fingers snap:

**“YOU SHUT YER FUCKING JIVE ASS MOUTH WHITE BITCH YOU’RE SO FULLA FUCKING GODDAMNED JIVE SHIT YOU HONKY PIG I AIN’T NEVER HEARD NO MOTHERFUCKING OFAY HORSESHIT SO FULLA JIVE FUCKING SHUT YOUR GODDAMNED MOUTH.”**

Mr. Willie orchestrates the delicate nuances of subtle emotional interplay, carrying Birdie and the group to self-realization, to full sensitivity and comprehension of their personal interrelationships.

Birdie beats her fists and feet against the floor and wets herself.



Taking a new tack from these first brusque and piquant insights with the finesse of a racing sloop off the Hamptons, Willie kneels beside the prostrate matron. Stroking the now disheveled lacquer of her Henri Bendel flip, his voice is soothing, reassuring, fecund with promise. “Now, shit . . . Why, Angelcakes, you always want to feel like that? Damn fucking right you don’t. Shit, no. Now, here . . .”

The graceful arm flicks out again but this time the fingers curl around the glossy fold of a matchbook cover (“THE FIELDSTEINS—Bernie and Dorothy”). A pile of fine white powder lies in the groove.

“Do your ass a little snort here. . . .” Sniffing, Birdie sniffs.

Ahhhhhhh . . . the euphoric glow, what players of The Sisyphus Game call “expended conscience,” the raison d’être of Iliad House: Inner Peace Through Heroin.

All in a day’s work for Director William Lloyd Branewaythe (as he prefers to be called “off duty”), the young Harvard graduate whose Iliad House, Inc.—and The Sisyphus Game,

a heartrending, marathon hypersensitivity and otiose self-assertion session upon which the Iliad House concept is based—has taken the nation by storm, growing in the space of eleven months from an occasional exchange of malicious gossip over lunch at Schrafft’s to a profitable corporation with a net income, after taxes, of more than \$56.3 million so far this year and holding a controlling interest in the city of Miami, two Laotian airlines, 110,000 acres of Turkish farmland, several factories in Marseilles, and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

When asked to account for the tremendous success of The Sisyphus Game and Iliad House, Branewaythe (whose family came to Barbados from the Ivory Coast in the late seventeenth century as proprietors of an overseas employment agency for unskilled African natives) shrugs equivocally and, in a voice remarkably like that of the late President Kennedy, says, “Let me say this: They start with marijuana and, very soon, they wish for something with more vigor.”



His devotees are more vociferous: "It's the most wonderful thing that's ever happened as long as I've lived in my whole life," says Mrs. Sheila Fischer, one of the charter members of Iliad House's first chapter in Westchester, New York. "I was so bored, what with Elliot, he's my husband, down in the garment district turning out thousands of christening dresses every day. I tried Mah Jongg but I could never remember what to do with those bone things and then the maid used all the red dragons to level the refrigerator, and, well, the children are grown now. Morris is away at college . . . never comes home . . . doesn't call . . . says next year he's going with the Peace Corps to teach the ocarina in Chad. And Ruth, she married a goyisher rock-'n'-roll musician—I couldn't help it—and went to live in Ibiza three doors down from the Clifford Irvings. People you should only stay away from, I told her. What if your husband should do such a thing with his music? So my friend Lilly comes over and says it's the latest thing, I have to go over with her to Rena Dobermann's house (that's the Dobermann Appliance

Store, in White Plains) because there's a colored man that Rena met in Schrafft's and they play The Sisyphus Game every Wednesday afternoon. Except it isn't a game; instead it's one of those new group-therapies, but much better because this one is really *honest* and when we're all done being honest we would learn how to become *immune to pain*, in a way that would be as easy as an allergy shot. Which is how I got started playing The Sisyphus Game. I thought, you know, why not give it a try because, I said to myself, 'Maybe it will do you some good.' Has it done me good? It's done me wonders! Before, I was worried always that Elliot had a girl friend and that Morris and Ruth didn't love me and that I was getting dumpy and that someday I would get sick and die in the hospital. Well, when we play The Sisyphus Game, the first thing we learn is 'Don't Worry, Be Sure!'

"Morris and Ruth don't care a fig about me. I look like Jack E. Leonard and of course I'll get sick and die in the hospital—even sooner than I used to think. And I'm sure Elliot has a girl friend *now* because I 'don't give a

shit' (that's what we call it in Iliad House when we've transcended daily cares) about sex anymore. It's marvelous! The whole thing is marvelous! You just have to Be Sure. Mr. Willie always says, 'Once you're *sure*, you're *sure to shoot!*' "

A more recent convert is Harvey Garson, a bank teller from Oradell, New Jersey, who, at thirty-four, is one of the youngest Iliad House members.

"I guess I'm part of the new breed," says Garson, quickly ransacking a bureau drawer at his parents' home in East Orange. "Mom always used to keep her pearls in here. . . . You see, I've *always* felt that drugs are where it's at. But there's a world of difference between smoking grass or taking acid and shooting scag. I wish more people understood that. Before Iliad House I never wanted to try heroin. You know, I really avoided it. I just wasn't far enough apart. I did try shooting up once. Skin-popped some Demerol with this chick I knew in Jersey City. My arm swelled up like a grapefruit, hurt for a week, and I got sick and threw up too. I hated it. But The Sisyphus Game made me want to try anything to escape. Man, Iliad House really lays you open, makes you be truthful with yourself. For instance, the Circle of Truth exercise where we all stand in a circle and one person gets in the center with a blindfold on and holds his hands at his sides and falls backward and we all step aside and go through his pockets.

"It's rough, of course it's rough. You got to make sacrifices for a habit, like anything worth having; but it's such a beautiful experience, the way you nod and itch and feel at one with the universe. Before I could never understand all those happy spades and PR's living down in the slums, but smack really makes you get down with the People. Iliad House has led me to open doors and windows I never would have considered before. Like next Tuesday I'm leaving the bank and going to Algeria on the afternoon flight to Ft. Lauderdale. In Algiers it's only seven-fifty an ounce—uncut!" continued Garson, slamming the dresser drawer and pulling out an im-

*continued*

pressive gravity knife. "Let me go through your pockets, man."

But Harvey Garson, young veteran of the drug culture is something of an exception at Iliad House, many of whose members had never heard of narcotics when they came to their first Sisyphus session. "I thought marijuana was the capital of Costa Rica," admits Mrs. Elaine Bator of Greenwich, Connecticut, who originally came to Iliad House in hopes that it would help her lose weight.

"It's done more than that," she says, "much, much more. I never used to have anything to do, and now I'm busy the whole live-long day. Up in the morning and a little *psst* to get going, then down to the pawnshop and over to the street corner to score, panhandle a little, 'roll a john' (*cravat emphasis*, that's what I always say), pry loose an air conditioner or two, back to the pawnshop, down to the corner to peddle some hot Waring blenders, mug somebody, do a little shoplifting, stop by the pawnshop, back to the corner . . . I have a sense of purpose now and I *do* love it. And do you know *what*? I've lost fifty-six pounds in only three weeks, too!"

Others came, prompted by the example of their children. Louie Cranerson, a retired car-dealer from the Bronx, says, "Christ to God, it was getting so you couldn't pick up the papers without seeing this, that, and the other thing about heroin and dope. And my youngest, Bobby, was shooting himself full of it every day upstairs in the bathroom. Every time you turned around he was in there. I thought he was 'pulling the Pope,' know what I mean? Till one day he left the door unlocked and I walked in by accident—tried to tell me he was tattooing 'Mother' on the inside of his elbow. Well, I got to thinking: here the newspapers, TV, magazines, and Government are all the time telling you what a horrible thing this heroin is and how the kids are using it up right and left. But, hell, you look at these kids, running around and raising hell and having a good old time, screwing like minks. *Their* hair isn't falling out and *their* tits don't sag. Goddamned Government, TV, newspapers, and magazines are full of



a lotta dog squat, if you ask me.

"So I go over to Fourteenth Street and the first sort of shady ethnic type I see, I say, 'Hey, you got any of those *nickle bags*?' And he says, 'Mon, I haf dees seex boxees, dees very fi-neest eemeetation aleegator pockeet-books wheech I jeest geet frawm dee Kenneedee Hairport las' nigh, you know, but, mon, I can no sell dem faw a neekle! I don't know what I would have done without Iliad House."

Back at Birdie Fieldstein's apartment in a corner while the group concentrates on a Long Island City actuary. Mr. Willie sits back, aloof now, letting his students run the session.

"Come on, let's see it, toots. I bet it ain't three inches long," taunts the wife of a prominent mutual-funds broker.

William Branewaythe realized his dream of Iliad House with less ease than might be implied in his casual manner. Despite the worldwide acclaim won by his doctoral thesis on the Nietzschean mode of positive oblivion among sufferers of self-mutilation in the Southern states, few were willing to listen to him when he expounded his thesis that heroin represents an ideal product in a consumer economy and that its effects offer a ready answer to bourgeois grapplings with angst, ennui, loss of identity, and

insomnia. His book on the subject, *Opium, Opiate of the People*, went virtually unheralded.

Branewaythe attempted to raise money for a franchised chain of plush, suburban drive-ins with an oriental motif, to be called Poppy Pagodas, but he met with no success. A vending-machine deal with Howard Johnson's also fell through. Hardheaded businessmen were dubious that what they felt was a low-prestige item could be moved in large quantities to a luxury market. Branewaythe admits that there *were* certain marketing problems.

But then he hit upon The Sisyphus Game, an idea inspired by a series of particularly catty noontime meals he'd been having with a group of middle-aged lady friends. After spending a week in the Catskills laboriously researching various methodologies and constructing an adequately puerile but flexible set of precepts, he returned to New York and tried The Game on his luncheon group. Among the six original participants, there were four divorcees, two nervous breakdowns, an epileptic seizure resulting in prefrontal lobotomy, five severe cases of hives, and one woman who threw herself in front of a downtown D train.

Awed by the potential of this marketing tool, Branewaythe used his own savings to establish the first Iliad House in an abandoned snooker parlor in Westchester and opened ses-



sions of The Sisyphus Game to the public.

"At first," he recalls, "we were quite short of funds. Certainly our continued operation would not have been possible without the kind donations we received in those early and difficult months. The president of the Italian-American Patriots Association was good enough to send us fifteen hundred feet of rubber tubing, seven hundred bent spoons, sixty-five boxes of number twenty-six hypodermic needles, a crate of syringes, ninety-one thousand glassine envelopes, and the numbers racket in Harlem. And later, during a thankfully short-lived East Coast dock strike, we were saved from near extinction by a dramatic CIA airlift."

After Iliad House had been featured as the cover story in *Life* magazine for three weeks running, as the result of a rather embarrassing incident concerning Ralph Graves and the twelve-year-old son of Brooklyn real-estate consultant Anthony "Tony the Meat Hook" Guinivoldi outside a Times Square cocktail lounge, new members and donations began to roll in. Iliad House now numbers 104 chapters in eighty-six cities of all fifty states.

But much as middle-class Americans want to be in the swing of things, tutoring them in the fine points of drug addiction is, according to Branewaythe, no simple matter. Heavily oriented toward alcoholic beverages, they often persist in referring to the heroin high as "swacked," "tipsy," "plowed," "stinko," or "pumped up like a frog." And their command of the subcultural vernacular is often equally shaky, resulting in errors such as "Right arm," "Out of state," "Far away," and "What's your signal?" These unfortunate slips are apparently responsible for the demise of some thirty-five Iliad House members who have been mistaken for second-rate narcotics agents over the past six months.

Even worse, Branewaythe feels, is the tendency of the would-be junkie to rush into things. "No one likes a climber," I tell them. "You simply can't expect to start on hard stuff the first minute. . . ." The dears, they're such overreachers. You hear the most

touching conversations. One will say, 'Let's roll another *highball*!' And his wife will tell him, 'They're called *joiners* and I don't want any more, anyway. Let's shoot a spoonful of *hooch* the way the Negroes do and have an addiction.' And then the husband will say, 'That's *swank*, darling, and we can't yet. We haven't even LSDed.' Also," continues Branewaythe, "the novice has a tendency to love his new hobby 'not wisely but too well.' Frankly, this makes him easy prey for the less ethical element in the drug trade. Newly initiated Iliad House members have been burned rather grievously as a result; they've been sold milk sugar, baking soda, boric acid, face powder, pine shavings, and, on one occasion, an envelope of photographic mounting corners. Of course, we hold seminars and discussion groups about these problems—try to give them some pointers. We tell them not to buy anything that isn't at least *sort of* a white powder and to beware of things that smell excessively like kitchen cleanser. And if they aren't *sure*, they should give a little to the dog or the children first, or at least sprinkle a bit on the African violets and see if anything *drastic* happens. And we try to get them to always use the proper equipment—'Right tool for the right job,' we say—and not to go fooling around with larding needles, vacuum attachments, or spermicidal foam injectors. But you know how some people are, and, as yet," he admits, "we have a long way to go."

In an attempt to impart greater savvy to his students, Branewaythe has designed a fifty-two-step "Complete Program to Full Addiction," which takes the Iliad House members from such basics as "Free Marijuana Cigarette" through intermediate "Attack upon a Visiting Foreign Dignitary with an Edged Weapon" to the final "Cold Turkey in a Newark Pay Toilet."

Attracting the younger member has been another problem. Though many teen-agers are now playing The Sisyphus Game, most Iliad House residents—who live in separation, with privately held property in boarded-up apartments donated by landlords trying to vacate buildings for sale to high-rise developers—are over forty.

Branewaythe insists that his mission "is and has been always with the middle-aged first in mind" but notes that Iliad House must "present the whole picture" and older members are unsuited to certain vital aspects of addiction . . . prostitution, for one. The appearance, last July, of a fifty-eight-year-old Far Rockaway mother of six on Central Park South in a 48DDD Chelsea lace and saffron pencil peek-a-boo bra, sequined G-string, crenellated cloth-of-gold thirty-seven-inch elastic garters under a clear plastic kimono, and a pair of mint-green Day-Glo angora go-go boots with heels that could jam radar, elicited three summonses from the Environmental Protection Agency and a sudden entrance of the lady's four daughters into a convent in Maine.

Conflict with other drug groups over goals and techniques has also arisen, particularly the bitter rivalry with Project Icarus, a West Coast group advocating methedrene dependence, and a fight over New York State drug-program funds with the Furies Foundation, an organization promoting peyote-induced ritual murders.

But if William Lloyd Branewaythe is worried, there's no sign of it on his calm, euphoric face as he answers the emergency phone call amid the vulcanite and stenciled appliqué Louis Quinze reproduction in Birdie Fieldstein's master-bedroom suite. The placid statesmanship of his voice floats above the chatter of The Sisyphus Game (whose participants are mercilessly enumerating the stretch marks and abdominal scars of a naked and snivelling Bensonhurst PTA Secretary-Treasurer). "Now don't lose your head," he says into the telephone. "Have your husband slam the screen door a couple of times and see if that helps. . . ."

Branewaythe ambles back into the living room. "That was poor Mrs. Bator," he says, "a most enterprising pupil but, I'm afraid, suffering from that very overenthusiasm that I just described. Seems she bought a spoon of what turned out to be baker's yeast and now she's stuck in the breakfast nook, swollen up to the size of a small Plymouth." He sighs resolutely, "*Il faut cultiver notre jardin. . . .*" □



Plans for the Tomb of the Well-known Conscientious Objector, Robert F. Phillips, killed in a two-car crash on the Trans-Canada Highway three miles west of Timmins, Ontario, April 4, 1968.

**Peace Hymn of the Military-Industrial Complex**

Mine eyes have seen the profits  
 On the path of compromise,  
 For a terrible swift plowshare  
 Beats a sword stock-market-wise.  
 As the serpent I am guileless,  
 As the pigeon they are wise.  
 We are splitting, two-for-one!  
 Glory, glory what's it to ya?  
 Clip the coupons that are due ya,  
 Dead dictators seldom sue ya.  
 We are splitting two-for-one!

We shall export wheat and hardware,  
 We shall sell them DDT,  
 Make loans at 95 percent  
 In perpetuity.  
 As we spent to keep them fighting,  
 We shall get now they are free.  
 We are splitting two-for-one!  
 (Refrain)

**Amerika the Dubious**

Undutiful to our allies  
 Commitments signed in vain  
 For purple, prose-phrased, bare-faced lies  
 And treaties down the drain.

Amerika, Amerika  
 God help you on the day  
 Your sons come back  
 Strung out on smack  
 From K to smiling K.

**The Brittle Hum of the Draft Dodgers**

From the hills of Nova Scotia  
 To the shoreline of B.C.  
 We avoid our country's battles  
 Very conscientiously.  
 Last to thaw, well after Easter,  
 First to freeze 'round Halloween,  
 But we'd rather be Canadians  
 Than United States Marines.

**When Johnnie Comes Slinking Home**

When Johnnie comes slinking home again,  
 So what? So What?  
 You'll hear from the average citizen,  
 So What? So What?  
 Oh, the girls will nod  
 And the kids will yawn  
 And the men will turn the TV on.  
 It'll be O.K.  
 When Johnnie comes slinking home.

"My only regret is that I have but one country  
 to give for my life."

Francis Gary Powers at his trial  
 in Moscow

"Gee, and I had just begun to fight."

Comdr. Lloyd Bucher, U.S.S.  
*Pueblo*, on being boarded by  
 North Koreans

"In answer to your question, I have no intention at this  
 time of returning."

Gen. William Westmoreland on  
 his departure from Vietnam

"What do you mean, there weren't any torpedoes?  
 Full speed reverse!"

Anonymous ship's officer, U.S.S.  
*Maddox*, during disputed attack  
 by North Vietnamese patrol  
 boats in the Gulf of Tonkin

"You may evacuate when ready, Gridley."

Col. Carl Rideout to Lt. Col. John  
 Gridley during the withdrawal  
 from Laos

"Praise the Lord and pass the embarkation passes."

Capt. Vincent Puglisi, Chaplain,  
 196th Light Infantry Brigade at  
 Bienhoa Airport, prior to the de-  
 parture of the brigade

"Don't shoot until you see the blue of the vein."

Anonymous soldier, Fire Base  
 Bastogne

**WILLIE AND ERNIE**



Gee, Willie, I guess this is what th' army means  
 by "individual initiative."

# The Credo of the American Infantryman

## I AM THE INFANTRY

I am the infantry, Closet Queen of Battle! I sit tight, stoned out of my squash while my country's representatives meet the enemy face-to-face and will-to-will across the peace table. For two centuries I have been the weak link in our nation's defense. I am the infantry! Fuck me!

Both easy victories and well-covered-up defeats I have known. Frankly, I owe a lot to friendly historians.

In the Revolution I spent most of my time slinking around out of uniform taking potshots at British troops from behind rocks. I invaded Canada, and even that was a failure. My best general went over to the British. For a while there I didn't know whether to shit or wind my watch, but the French navy pulled my chestnuts out of the fire.

I took on Britain again in 1812 thinking she'd be too busy with Napoleon to notice. I invaded Canada again and got beaten again. On my way out, I cravenly put the torch to the Houses of Parliament and then screamed like a stuck pig when the British burned Washington. New Orleans, the only battle I won, was fought after my gallant negotiators in Paris had signed the peace treaty. Incidentally, I won it with my usual tactic of hiding behind some rocks and taking potshots at the British troops.

After that I vowed to pick fights only with unusually weak, stupid, or backward peoples. The Indians fit the bill nicely. Generally speaking, I bought them off, bullied them, or got them drunk, but occasionally I had to fight it out, with a numerical superiority of only ten to one and nothing but my self-loading rifle to stand against their fierce spears and arrows. What's more, cowards that they were, they often hid behind rocks and took potshots at me. But I persevered, and in fifty-five years victory was mine (except for the Seminoles).

Mexico also fit the bill. I did a lot better there than in Canada. By the way, if you're thinking of building a military tradition, I really recommend your Spanish-speaking countries. I've been involved in about a dozen of them, and take it from me, they're pushovers.

Along in there I backed out of another fight with Canada. I mean, who wants to be a three-time loser? Remember "Fifty-four-Forty or Fight"? Well, my courageous negotiators saved me from that one.

In the Civil War, I fought on both sides. Toward the end I changed sides. In the North I fielded two dozen of the worst generals in the history of modern warfare, and if the British had come to the aid of the South the way I did later in South Vietnam, there'd be Customs officials on the Mason-Dixon Line right now. Once I had it won I marched to the sea in a cowardly and wanton punitive expedition that held the record for atrocities committed against civilians for half a century, after which I won it again in the Philippines.

I went back to massacring Indians for a while, just to keep my hand in and I added the Little Big Horn to my list of showy defeats. If you know what you're doing, you can make routs like that and the Alamo and Pickett's Charge into "heroic stands" or "glorious doomed fights." Anyway, I wised up after that and just surrounded Indian villages and fired into their tepees with cannon from four miles away.

Remember what I said about Spanish-speaking countries? Well, I handily beat Spain's seventeenth-century army in Cuba while my naval comrades sunk her twelfth-century fleet in Manila. Along the way I turned a major military blunder, the costly charge up the wrong side of San Juan Hill, into a famous victory. I picked up Panama at an auction and spent fifteen years pacifying the Philippines with the .45-caliber automatic, the Gatling gun, and the Krag buffalo rifle. I went into Mexico again after Pancho Villa, but they'd picked up the knack of hiding behind rocks, so I said the hell with it.

I waited just as long as I decently could before getting into World War I, but my valorous historians made my six months of fighting sound like the major event of the war. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada had ten times the troops fighting eight times as long, and you never heard of them, right?

I pulled the same trick in World War II, but the Nips forced me into it about three years early when my nuthatch of a commander in chief left the entire Pacific Fleet in Pearl Harbor with a "Bomb Me" sign on it. I actually had to do some fighting, but fortunately I've always had some pretty sharp scientists to back me up. Let me tell you, it helps to have the technological edge, whether it's Winchesters over arrows or grapeshot over musket fire or whatever. They came up with napalm, the Norden bombsight, and the atom bomb, to name just a few, and got me off the hook.

In Korea I managed to blow a sure thing when my commanders forgot that rivers like the Yalu turn into roads at 32 degrees Fahrenheit and that China wasn't a Spanish-speaking country. And of course I showed my true colors in the POW camps.

Since then, I've taken on Lebanon and the Dominican Republic and backed out of the Suez and Cuba. In Vietnam, I, the infantry, Closet Queen of Battle, came out of the closet. I used all my tricks: picking on small, primitive countries, taking potshots from the air (my scientists invented a sort of flying rock to hide in), shelling villages from four miles away, pretending that mistakes like Hamburger Hill were great victories, all of it. It didn't work. I lost, and everybody knows it. Fuck me.

out a hand. "You must be the new French cottontail. Welcome aboard!" he said, his pipe clenched between his teeth.

It should not be imagined that O was unhappy there. Not at all: on the contrary; even if, once freed from its plush confines, she puzzled over the fact of its existence. Had such a mansion truly existed, or had she dreamed it into being? It gleamed in her memory like some dull opal or tourmaline, as though glimpsed through a showcase window, distorted by desire.

The mindless games, the incessant teasing, the 3:00 A.M. screenings of *The Nutty Professor*—even the ears and tail—these she had come to cherish as signs of her condition. For this reason it was both an honor and a burden when they explained that she had been chosen to be displayed, quite naked, with staples through her belly, as that month's centerfold.

They airbrushed the chains. That left her agent no other choice than to announce their presence, on national television. The hoax was complete. There was no longer any discrepancy between O and the image that had been so painstakingly prepared for her.

She was linked to some prominent individuals.

It may have been at this time that O moved to Los Angeles. If it was not at this time, it was certainly soon afterwards. In all these months not once had O been brought before her new master, nor had his name been mentioned. But these two facts merely served to convince O that he was more powerful and terrible than any master she had known before. How could he not be, he whose devices spanned a whole continent? Here, amid the tinsel glare of used-car lots and burger palaces, of a sudden he seemed to loom larger than ever; an encounter seemed always imminent, around every corner, every loop in the freeway. To O, the very air seemed to tremble, about to spell out in sparkling letters the secret of his name.

As if to facilitate recognition, O had resumed wearing the owl costume.

She was seated in a low swivel chair between two strangers while they pried her open with questions, breaking down her defenses, penetrating her silence from all sides. A half hour earlier they had rehearsed her carefully in everything she was to do or say. "Relax, open up," they kept repeating. "Be natural." Her thighs stuck to the damp plastic seat.

Sometimes it was a man who questioned her, usually dressed in that curious uniform which had stayed in

her mind since that first day she had seen it in New York. Less often it was a woman. She was expected to be, and after the sixth or eighth time she found herself, wholly pliant and responsive to their demands. I believe one of the questions used most often was: "And what do you think of Los Angeles?"

Toward the end, she was completely open. Baring herself in this fashion had become completely natural to her. She could talk about the plight of the American Indian or what she had for lunch that day in front of eight million people with completely self-assured banality. Even at Roissy, when they had told her so explicitly how she would be prostituted, she had never imagined to what extent she would debase herself, or how joyously.

For it was with the shock of sudden joy that her heart almost stopped when she discovered one evening, upon returning from the studio, an envelope resting on her bureau. Inside she found an Eastern Airlines ticket to Orlando, Florida, and a sheet of paper, folded once, containing detailed instructions.

When she presented herself at the gates, there was some difficulty about the pass. Once inside, it took her several minutes to get her bearings, and she stumbled into Fantasyland by mistake. At last, sighting in a direct line from the eighteen-story spires of Cinderella's Castle, she crossed Main Street, U.S.A., skirted Liberty Square (pausing only outside the Hall of Presidents to apply fresh rouge and

lipstick), and entered Tomorrowland. She was panting and out of breath by the time she found the concealed entrance to the replica of the Blue Grotto.

She felt that she was treading on sacred ground. Everything around her, everything that she had seen, was animated by the spirit of her master. She herself was merely another of his lifelike creations.

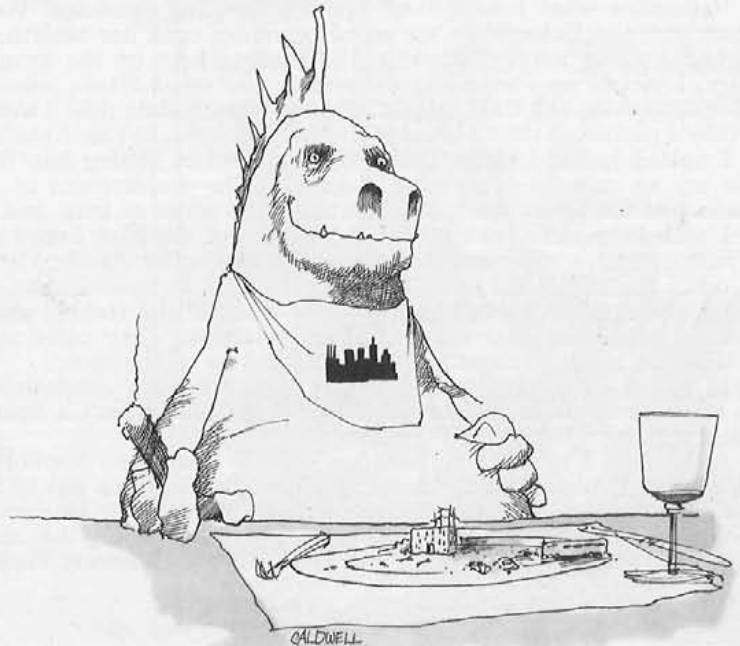
Against the far wall was a twenty-two-foot-high replica of the *Pietà*. Pressing her lips together to keep them from trembling, O touched the hidden switch. The wall swung open easily, and she stepped into the dimly-lit chamber. The beads of perspiration on her forehead had already hardened to tiny balls of ice. The walls were covered with a thick frost.

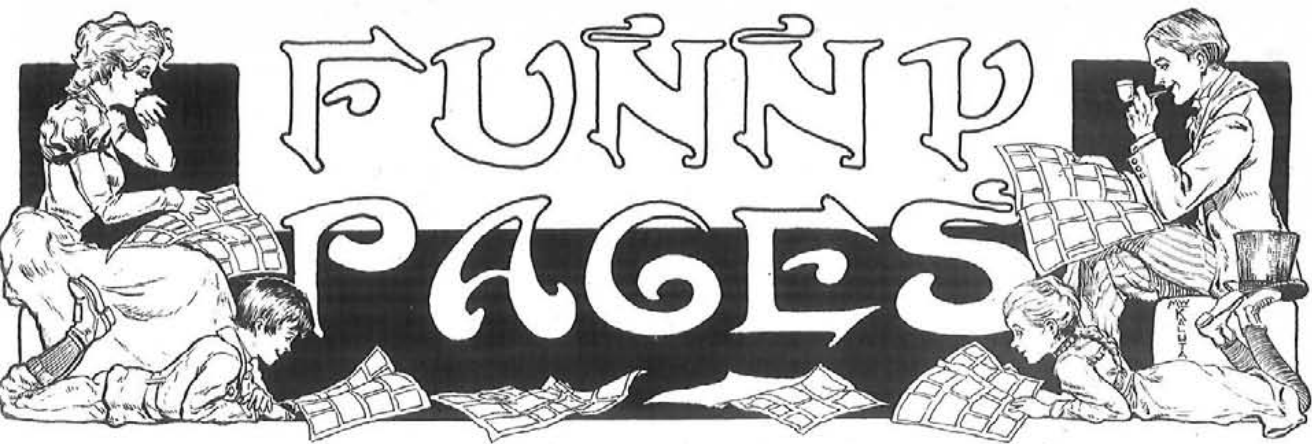
O lifted her gaze slightly until she could see the casket itself. It was made from a smooth, white, marbleized substance (as was the *Pietà* outside), which had remained completely free of frost. From almost the exact center of the coffin rose a single, hollow shaft.

O took the hard black rubber mouse ears out of her handbag and fitted them to her head. Then she bent her slender neck and applied her softly-parted lips to the tip of the shaft.

*In a final chapter, which has been suppressed, O becomes a housewife living in Poughkeepsie, where she is visited by her former lover.*

*There exists a second ending to the story, in which O becomes New York's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs.* □





**NUTS**

REMEMBER JUST ABOUT WHEN YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT ABOUT GIRLS AND BOYS AND BABIES, UP CAME THIS OTHER THING ABOUT HOMOS, ONLY NOBODY WAS REALLY SURE WHAT THEY WERE?

HOW WAS THE MOVIE?  
 DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?  
 OK.  
 WHAT DO YOU MEAN FUNNY?  
 OK. I MET THIS GUY. HE WAS KIND OF FUNNY.  
 WHAT DO YOU MEAN FUNNY?

WELL, HE TALKED FUNNY. HE REMINDED ME OF MISS POLLIS DOWN AT THE LIBRARY. AND HE WORE LOTS OF PERFUME.

SILENCE

HE SAID OSCAR WILDE WAS THE GREATEST WRITER IN ALL THE WORLD, BUT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.

LISTEN...

QUIET, HARRY.

HE SAID THE GREEKS...

DID YOU DO ANYTHING?

I MEAN WITH HIM, IS WHAT I MEAN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

HE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

ANYHOW, HE WAS A FUNNY SORT OF A GUY.

QUIET, HARRY.

Gahan Wilson



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It's a magazine of authentic communiques from the frontier of discoveries about people and relationships... de-jargonized and visually enhanced.

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There were stodgy professional journals and books where hair-raising discoveries were carefully concealed with an overlay of professional jargon and statistics...and where far-out probes into things like ESP, graphology, nude group therapy, and talking with dolphins were ignored or frowned on.

Then there was psychology for the masses, ranging from cute news items about the psychology of sex and marriage to self-help books on how to control yourself and others.

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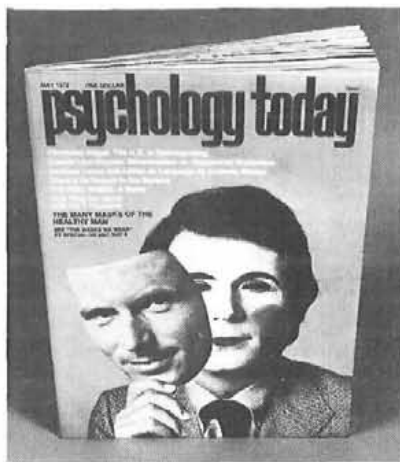
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Just a few examples:

**Could Psychology Today have prevented Vietnam?** "How could we have been so stupid?" President Kennedy asked after the Bay of Pigs. But stupidity was not the answer. The men who had participated in the decision were brilliant.



Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters. In each case he found that the decision-makers appeared to be the victims of certain clear laws of Groupthink that result in the distortion of sound collective judgment. And he made 9 recommendations for doing better, whether in the White House or your local P.T.A.

**All the world loathes a loser.** Why do we tend to hate martyrs? In a controlled experiment designed to find out, observers watched a 10-minute video tape of a person reacting with apparent pain and suffering to supposed electric shocks for incorrect responses. The observers were then asked to rate the attractiveness of the victim in terms of cooperativeness, maturity, kindness, etc. One startling finding: when the observers were powerless to alter the victim's fate and believed that they would have to watch the victim suffer again, they saw the victim as an undesirable, unattractive person.

**Persuasion that persists.** In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior. Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work.

**Do you have what it takes to be a successful investor?** 64 students were asked to manage imaginary stock portfolios. Later, psychological tests showed that the successful investors—those who did substantially better than the Dow Jones Industrial Average—had definite personality patterns. Then 60 stockbrokers were studied, and all 9 of the traits that identified successful student investors were found to be reliable predictors of actual career success.

**Spare the Rod, Use Behavior Mod.** Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior by a child, argue the behavior modification theorists, why not just change the behavior? Douglas was an 18-year-old who hadn't been able to sleep for two years. He consulted his mother about his worries 25 or 30 times a night. He had tried tranquilizers, a psychiatrist, a psychologist. After two weeks of behavior modification therapy, his bedtime visits ceased.



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**DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS:** Gahan Wilson's Christmas Beware!, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.

**JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN:** With The Censorless Woman by "O'D," the *Cosmopolitan* parody, Mighty Minerva, Unlikely Events, and the women's lib pinup calendar.

**FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE:** With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.

**MARCH, 1971/CULTURE:** With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Grand Slick's etiquette handbook.

**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

**MAY, 1971/FUTURE:** With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 *National Lampoon*.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

**JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY:** With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Dick in Jane, Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.

**AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE:** With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and (Classified), the CIA newsletter.

**SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS:** With Eloise at the Hotel Dixie, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is, and How to Cook Your Daughter.

**OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL:** With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, 125th Street, and The Final Second.

**NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR:** With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the Seventies, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Horror Movie Pocket Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

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

**JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED?** With Son-o-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog; and Where Do YOU Draw the Line?

**FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME!** With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

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

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bugemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, and Third Base, the Dating Newspaper.

**MAY, 1972/MEN!** With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.

**JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION:** With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine; a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story; *Sextraterrestrials*; The Last TV Show; Dodosaurus; and Gahan Wilson's *Click*.

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

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

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

**OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album, and An Afternoon St. Mark's Place Sometime Late in the 1960s.

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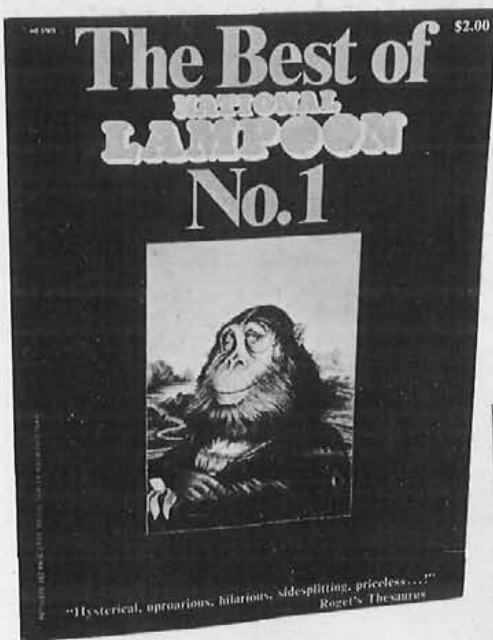
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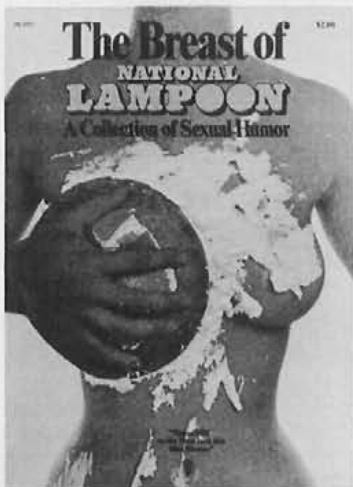
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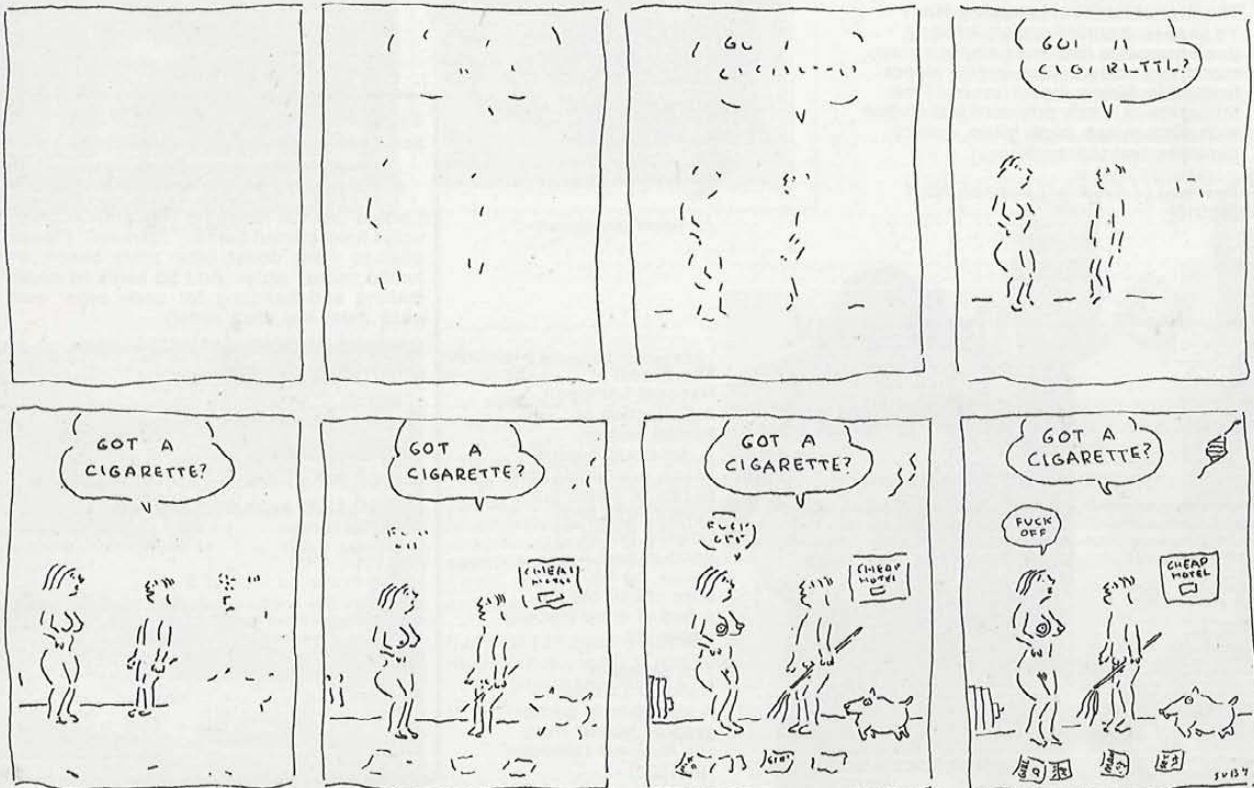
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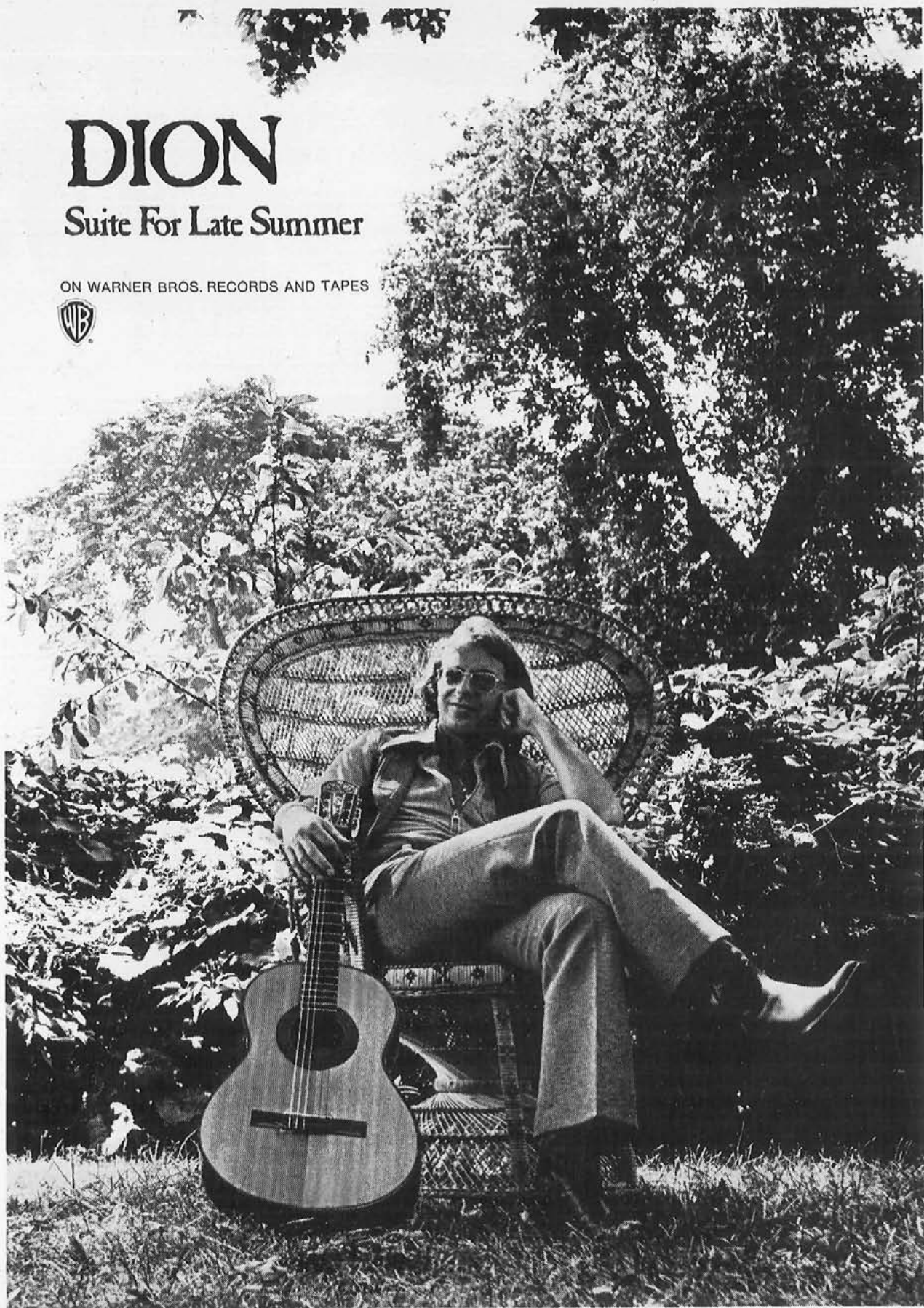
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