

Sexual Frustration

**Porno for Women The Palma Sutra
Piddle, The First Sex Paper for Kids**

NATIONAL

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FEB. 1973 **THE** MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



Willardson

**What's
the best way
to turn on
Blood, Sweat
& Tears?**





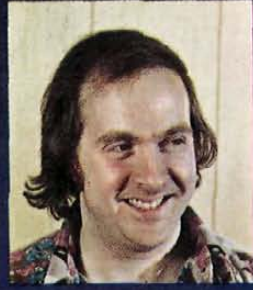
Jerry Fisher

"The richness and fulness of my Pioneer system lets me hear and feel music the way it should be. When I listen, I want to hear everything that's played. I like my music loud."



Steve Katz

"I love everything about my Pioneer receiver. Reception is beautiful. In fact, as good as records sound playing on my turntable, it is surprisingly matched by the sound of my favorite FM stations."



Lew Soloff

"I like the fact that I can listen to clear music at moderate volume. Pioneer equipment makes all types of music sound great."



Georg Wadenius

"The first time I heard of Pioneer was when I lived in Sweden. But I really didn't know how great hi-fi could sound until I bought some Pioneer equipment over here."



Jim Fielder

"Let's face it. I'm a hi-fi expert. Just a musician who knows what he likes. So when people ask me to recommend hi-gear — in all honesty I tell them Pioneer. It's great."

Do it with Pioneer





Chuck Winfield

"When I first heard Pioneer speakers at my hi-fi dealer, they sounded more precise than any other speaker in his comparison test."

Lou Marini Jr.

"I had a regular compact system which I thought was OK. But then I heard Bobby's Pioneer system and realized that mine was redic. Now that I've got a Pioneer system I've got more friends than Bobby."

Bobby Colomby

"I believe in Pioneer because they work the hardest in bringing you excellent equipment."

Larry Willis

"Living in an apartment, I've compared loads of hi-fi equipment that's supposed to give great sound at low volume. Nothing compares to Pioneer."

Dave Bargeron

"Traveling on tour the way we do, you get to listen to some mighty sad excuses for high fidelity. It's always a pleasure to get back home to real music with my Pioneer system."

r hi-fi equipment.



Blood, Sweat & Tears are accomplished musicians. They have mastered the art of rock and jazz and have creatively blended them to make their own distinctive sound. Individually and collectively B,S&T demands perfection when they're performing — and when they're listening. So it's really no coincidence they all decided on Pioneer hi-fi components.

Their decision to use Pioneer components was made the same way you would make it — by listening to a lot of brands in a dealer's showroom. Naturally, they wanted great sound. Sound that didn't cop out with eight bars of Jim Fielder's gut bucket bass or crack up at the pulsating highs of the trumpets of Lew Soloff and Chuck Winfield. Sound that was free of distortion across the entire audible frequency range.

You don't have to be a pro — professional musician to appreciate great sound. And you don't have to settle for mediocre sound because you think you can't afford it. Pioneer

stereo and 4-channel components — receivers, tuners, amplifiers, speakers, turntables, cassette & open reel tape decks, headphones — come in all price ranges.

And regardless of which Pioneer components you buy, you get the same top quality that Blood, Sweat & Tears have in their Pioneer components. Quality that assures you the finest in trouble-free performance. Quality that meets our own high standards of sound reproduction — as well as yours.

If the fact that 10 skilled musicians like B,S&T unanimously agree on the outstanding performance of Pioneer components doesn't impress you — visit your Pioneer dealer and listen. That will.

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Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 /

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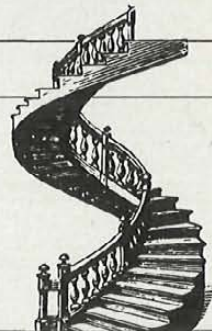
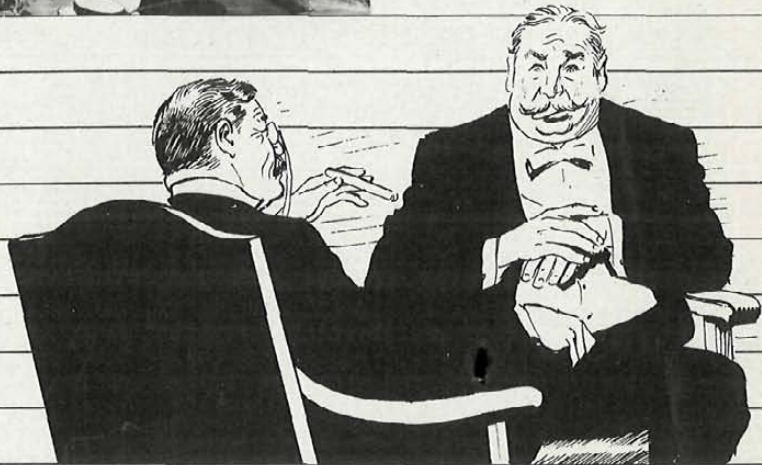
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**We are the Garrard Engineers
who made the Zero 100.**

**We are the Garrard Engineers
who are going to sell it to you.**

We're engineers, not salesmen.

Yet, here we are, looking out at you from the pages of this magazine, selling you the machine we made. Not because we have anything against salesmen. But because we are so involved, over-involved perhaps, with the Zero 100.

It's understandable. After seven years of computations, of planning, of drawing and redrawing, of failure after failure, we made the automatic turntable people said could never be made.

A turntable that actually made a difference in the sound we heard. One with zero tracking error. That worked, not just in theory, but in hard practical fact.

We started traditionally, by defining the problem.

Distortion.

A record is cut at right angles, from the outside groove to the final one.

To reproduce this sound perfectly, a turntable should have a cartridge head that tracks the record exactly as it was cut, at the same 90 degree tangency. But no automatic turntable could achieve this.

Our solution? We created a turntable like no other turntable. A turntable with two arms.

The first arm of the Zero 100, the more normal looking arm, is the one with the cartridge head. The auxiliary arm, our innovation, is attached to the first arm by a unique system of ball bearing pivots. Because of the precision pivots built into this auxiliary arm, the cartridge head keeps turning so that the stylus is always at a 90 degree angle to the grooves of the record.

The result? No distortion.

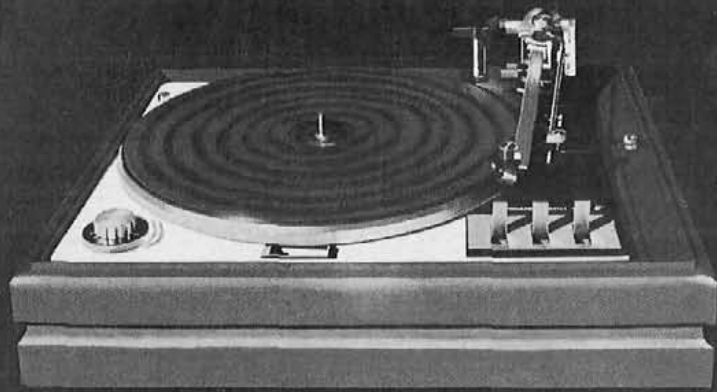
We are not men who are comfortable with words like "vision" or "dream." And yet we have had one, and seen it come true.

We have read reviews of our work in Stereo Review, High Fidelity, Audio, Rolling Stone, The Gramophone. And they fill us with pride.

We stand proudly beside the Zero 100.

And offer it to you.

The Garrard Engineers



Mfg. by Plessey Ltd. Distributed by British Industries Company

EDITORIAL PAGE

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peckers. . . . No. Peter Piper picked a peck of pockered peters. . . . No. Peter Piper poked a peck of peckered peters. . . . Wait. Peter Porker pucked a pole of pickled peppers. . . . PeterPiperPeterPiperPeterPiperPeter . . . Peter Piper picked a pool of puerile penises. Booted. Peter Piper poked the pud. . . . Peter Piper pick ed a peck of pickled pricks. . . . DAMNDAMNDAMN. Deep breath onetwothree onetwothree. Peter Pucker peeped a pook of Polish prostates. PUDPUDPUD. Peter Pooker, up-and-coming insurance executive, poo-pooed. Peter prick peepee poopoo purple perineum. Fuck. I slit a sheet. I sheet I slit. And on that shitted slit I slit. Schlit. I schlit a schlot a sheet. I . . . I . . . I . . . and shit and fuck and tits without nipples and pricks without cause. Lum lum lum lumdeedum lumlumdoo dee dum. Lum-lalum Peter lala lum deedum Piper lololadeeda picked lululudeede A ladaLUMdedum Peck dodo dodee dee Of Tar Rah rah BOOM dee-aaayy Pickled boomdiddi boomdiddi boomdiddi boom PECKERS. PECKERS PECKERS PECKERS. PEPPERS!!! Peppers pickled. Peppers pickled of. Peppers pickled of peck. Peppers pickled of peck a. Peppers pickled of peck a picked. Peppers pickled of peck a picked Piper. Peppers pickled of peck a picked Piper reteP. FOOK SHID SHID AND FOOK. FOOK AND SHID. The big black bug bled bad blood. The big-

blackbugbledbadblood. There. PETER PORKER PRICKED A PUD OF POOPOOED PROSTATES.

You make me sick.
Last Month's Cover: Remember it? . . . The dog that was going to be killed if you didn't buy the issue? You people are really incredible. You had us kill that sweet pooch. And don't for a minute go blaming us. The choice was yours entirely. We held the gun, but you sure as hell pulled the trigger . . . though there are those among you who did buy three and four issues to take up whatever slack existed. Those people are to be commended. But it wasn't enough. It was for everyone to pull his and her share. And you didn't. We are really overwhelmed by what little regard you hold for life. You should be ashamed of yourselves. And be punished. Outside of the editorial you had to read to get to this paragraph, we couldn't think of any-

thing suitable. If, by some chance, you didn't read the editorial, go back and read it. Three times. No, four times. It's hardly punishment enough, but it'll have to do for the time being. And if the day ever comes when we have all become policemen, and you are being held hostage by crazed killers who have their guns aimed right at your semicircular canals and are yelling to us to throw down *our* guns or you'll be chasing your frontal lobes down Sunny Goodge Street, we'll remember what you did to that dog. Just remember that.

Cover: This cover is further punishment for having us kill the dog on last month's cover.

Oops Plug: Last month we mistakenly said that Edward Gorey's *Amphigorey* is being published by Simon & Schuster. Since Simon & Schuster didn't send over a bunch of copies and a case of Chivas Regal, we were led to assume that they are not the publishers. Our assumptions turned out to be true. The *real* and *true* publishers are, in fact, G. P. Putnam's Sons. G. P. Putnam's Sons are wonderful publishers and would be probably interested in the fact that we also drink Wild Turkey Bourbon, 1,000 Beagles Vodka, and occasionally our Richard Bennett custom-made suits. □



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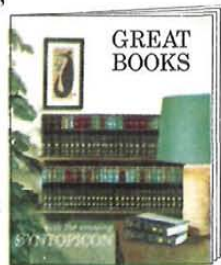
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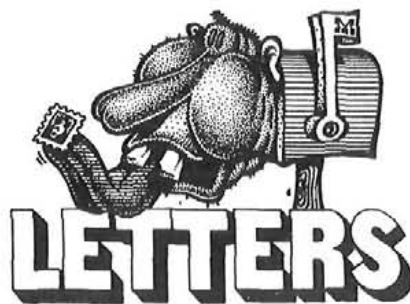
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Sirs:

Last week some time, I'm lying on my rack half-asleep and half-awake, and I get an erection, but I don't know it at the time. I flip over on my back, and it flops up on my stomach and scares the hell out of me. I have no idea what I thought it was, but I start screaming, "THE DROMES, THE DROMES."

My two roommates sit bolt upright in bed and yell, "JESUS, WHERE?" "THEY'RE IN THE BEDS," I shout.

Well, we all leap out of our beds and start beating on the covers with our fists, and then we all run out into the hall where there was some light.

My question to you is: What are dromes, and why do you suppose we all acted in that odd fashion?

Marty Zelker
Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

Professor Plum in the underground aviary with the mace and chain.

Minnie Savvas
Point of Order, Ore.

Sirs:

Felix, qui propriis aevum transsegit in arvis. Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem!

Just a Latin
From Manhattan

Dear Sara Lee:

I have never written to a cheesecake before, but I just don't know who else I can turn to. Actually, it's not that serious. Please don't let me give you the impression that I'm calling upon you to take some drastic action on my behalf. I'm not. It's a little something you might like to know about. Well, what it is, is I was in a bar that is sort of a hangout for professional football players, and I happened to notice one of them standing on a milk carton in the corner by the coo-coo clock. When it was almost time for the coo-coo to come out, he drew his head back around the side of the clock. When the coo-coo came out he whipped his head around like a lizard and bit the coo-coo in half. Then he climbed down, drank a full pitcher of beer, and belched (not a real loud belch but like a tiny mouse belch). That's all. Everything after that was perfectly

normal.

As I said, it's no big thing. I hope this is the kind of thing that cheesecakes like to hear about.

Dennis Cleary
Willingboro, N.J.

Sirs:

They are not over there and they are not over here. They are not behind these things and they are not under those things. Where, oh, where are my twin pigs?

Howard Kenner
Deerfield, Ill.

Sirs:

Sexual frustration, my pocked ass! What the hell do you know about it? Try being a main character in a Saul Bellow novel for an afternoon. Or Roth or Updike. Or in a movie by Rohmer or that nitwit Woody Allen. It's a big goddamn joke with them. Keep the hero from getting laid, it's called. And you pack of ball-less cretins, you're no better. No, maybe I shouldn't say that. Look, I'll give you a chance. Now, this is the sitch: I'm a character in a book (pretend this is a book); now—GET ME LAID!!! Now, right here. Right in front of all the other letters. I don't give a shit who I do it in front of. Come on. What about that chick who wrote the second letter? What's she like? Hey, Minnie baby, how about it? What do you say,

continued

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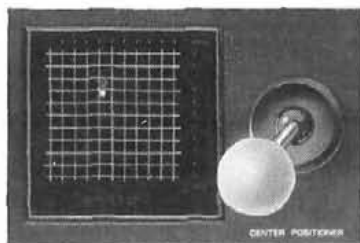
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continued
kiddo, how about it? A hunk of that, a hunk of that. Hey hey. Come on. Who the hell is writing this thing? Get her over here. All you say is: She comes over here, takes off her clothes. . . . No, I tear off her clothes and we ball. That's all you have to write. What the hell are you worried about? I'm only a fictitious character, for Chrissakes. Come on, you PUNK BASTARDS, GET HER ASS OVER HERE!!! All right, I'll calm down. I'm calming down, annnnnnnnd now . . . I'm calm. Look, I could understand it if you were Herman Melville or Gerard Unmanly Hopkins or Joyce Kilmer. I'd say fine. But you're the stinking *National Lampoon*. What the hell bother is it to you if I get laid? I'll even wear a rubber if you're worried about VD.

O.K., fine. Have it your way.

You know what I've learned how to do? Take off my own pants, that's what I've learned how to do. Click, click, zip, done. Now come the shorts and wissssh down the leggies and done. Like it so far cause you, as they say, ain't seen nothin' yet. Now, as I remember it, the bullshit euphemism goes: ". . . the *feu de joie* surged my maleness forth, . . ." and then something else. I don't usually get that far. Until now! And now, do you know what I do? No you don't, but you're wondering. I start for your nearest full-page ad, and what I do in that full-page ad with my surged maleness the postal department, your distributors, and the advertiser will wind up doing to you in spades, in suits, and in court. And here I go. . . . What's this? Well hell-o, Minnie. You're a cutie-pie. Hey hey. I'm going to get laid now. Thank you, whoever is writing this. Wait, get me laid in the third person. I want to be laid in the third person. Or else.

"And they took off their clothes and lay down together, and he had all the sex he ever dreamed of."

Good.

Name withheld
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

You published a letter by me last month in which I told Clifford Sitts of Rego Park to "wake up" before he rates the radials. I expected him to respond this month, but as I can see, he has chosen to remain silent. Perhaps Mr. Sitts is replacing his steel-belted radials with the superior fabric-belted radials. I won't rub it in, Mr. Sitts. And to you, *National Lampoon*, thank you for letting us conduct an open forum where we freely exchanged our ideas on the merits of the steel-belted radial vs. the fabric-belted radial.

Tom McCormack
Bethesda, Md.

Only one person could make an album called JOE COCKER.



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over that candy store? Anyway, they got together and Spiggy said all of his friends were going to meet over at our house and it was war. And I told him he was a grown man and he really ought to play something besides War, like maybe Crazy Eights. Well, Spiggy's campaign manager came by, and, honestly, I still can't remember what he's called, but it's a first name that sounds something like "gum machine" —Gum Machine McGurn, or something like that—and John ("the Secretary of Transportation") Volpe came and so did Frank ("the Mayor of Philadelphia") Rizzo and Anthony ("the State Assemblyman") Imperiale did too and they started making all kinds of phone calls so fast I could hardly catch what they said on the rec room extension, but the rimshot of it all was that Bebe ("the President's Best Friend") Rebozzo was having a new cur slipped in from French Marcel the next day and if Hank and Dick didn't act nice somebody was going to check somebody's fender . . . which I think is the same fender identity that our doctor keeps talking to Randy about, so sure as anything that Spiggy of mine was threatening to tattle on David for what he did to the puppy with the water pik 'cause Spiggy says Randy uses his water pik for the same thing, except it was Bebe's puppy this time, I guess.

They must have all made up because the very next day Hank came over and said would I like a vital roll in the Fairs of the Nation? I didn't think my baking was that good, I said, but what else was up? So he made me an official member of the national Cost of Living Council. There are only six of us now that some of the other members are in labor (we must remember to send them a little something!) and we have a special badge

we wear and a secret handshake and decoder rings and everything. Spiggy says he doesn't mind a working wife one bit as long as it keeps me out of the house on Thursday nights because that's when Hank promised to show him a swing set and they play 52 Pick-up. (Spiggy's going to be mad when he finds out what that is. I know I was when Martha did it to me. But, golly pete, I don't understand men. First War, then swing sets and 52 Pickup, and just yesterday I caught Randy playing doctor with Ed Cox!) So every Thursday night me and Buffalo Bob Smith, Dinah Shore, Rodney Dangerfield, George Plimpton, and Morris Klafish, the famous television personality who does the voices for Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy, all meet in the community room at the Watergate Public Library and stem the tide of immolation. It's a lot of fun. For instance, just yesterday a man from General Motors came by and showed us a brand-new beautiful orange 1973 Pontiac. "It doesn't have hardly any mileage on it," he said, "and the tires are sound. It has a new paint job, not a dent in it, and no rust." And he told us how it had only been driven by a middle-aged man from his assembly line to a truck every so often. "Now, isn't that worth at least \$581.23 more than some old beat-up 1972 model?" he asked. Well, we all had to agree. And you know what? That man from General Motors was so happy that we agreed with him that he flew us all to Detroit for supper on top of the Buick Building!

All for now,

Judy

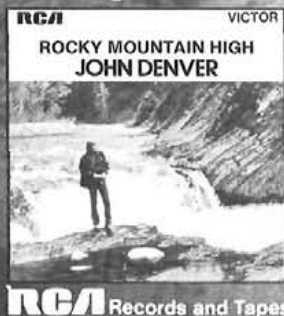


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Watch the John Denver TV special, "Big Horn," in mid-January. Check your local listings.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.

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.

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie 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?), 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 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, and My Weekly Reader.

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

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie 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; and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angola 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 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine 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 *Klik*.

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

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of 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, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

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

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

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

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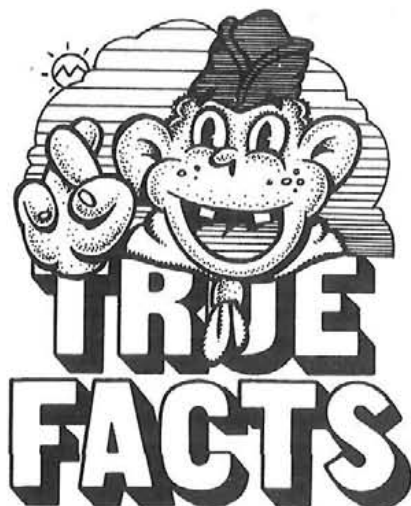
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• Nashville's teen-age Robin Hood, Jimmy Lee Wiley, struck again in August. Wiley is a sixteen-year-old who, in September, 1971, was placed in a work program by Nashville's Metro Juvenile Court for defrauding a local bank of \$1,100 through a bogus-check scheme. He reportedly spent the sum on his poorer friends.

"We got a call from a Nashville motel asking us when we were going to pay for the party we had held there August 4," said Juvenile Court Judge Richard W. Jenkins.

"We had not had a party there, but we had been charged \$204 for a party of forty people on August 4," the judge explained. "The person signing the check told the motel he was Jimmy Lee Wiley and that the party was to be charged and billed to the Metro Juvenile Court." Jenkins thought the name rang a bell, and when he checked the court records he discovered Wiley's previous bad-check charge.

"He could have charged that party to some other department with a bigger budget than Juvenile Court," said Judge Jenkins. "But I guess he's more familiar with us." *The Tennessean* (L. Nelson)

• A fire in a house in Hamilton, Ontario, was officially listed as caused by a dog smoking in bed.

Firemen made the determination after an investigation of the smoke-damaged interior of the home of Kay Smith of nearby Trenton, Ontario, yielded no clue to the cause of the blaze except for a smoldering dog's bed with two cigarette butts in it. *Raleigh News and Observer* (G. Reid)

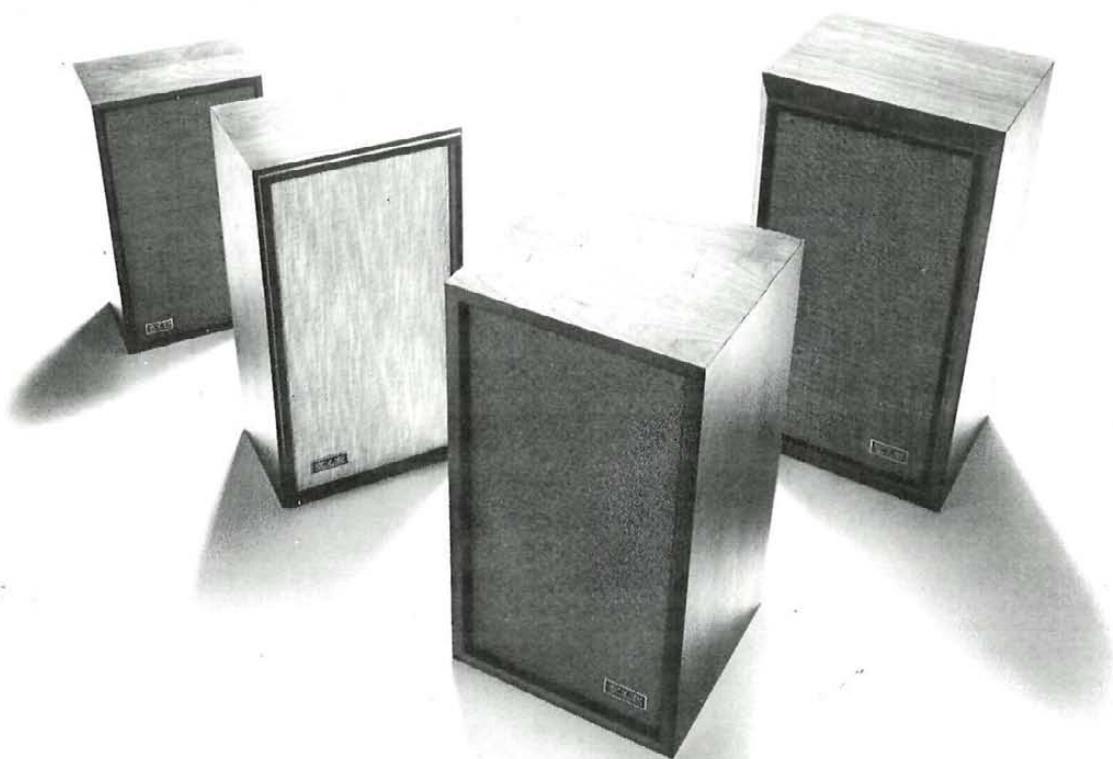
• Albert De Salvo, known as the Boston Strangler, who is currently serving a life sentence in Walpole Prison in Walpole, Massachusetts, spends a considerable amount of time in the prison's hobby shop where he makes choker necklaces. *New York Sunday News*

continued on page 22

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* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes



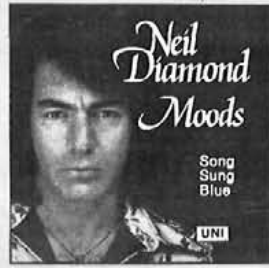
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or Any 11 tapes - \$1.97

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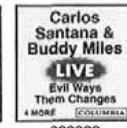
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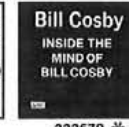
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221630



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214403



216812 *

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If you prefer your music on Stereo Records join the Columbia Record Club and get ANY 15 for \$1.97. Just indicate your 15 records on the application and mail it, together with your check or money order. In exchange, you agree to buy eleven records (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: records, \$4.99 or \$5.99; cartridges and cassettes, \$6.99; reel tapes, \$7.99, plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: whichever Club you join, every four weeks you will receive a new copy of your Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music.

... If you do not want any selection offered, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified

... If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically

... If you want any of the other selections offered, order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

... and from time to time we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by returning the dated response form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for your Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now — fill in and mail the handy application today!

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RECORDS

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- Easy Listening Teen Hits Classical
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I am enclosing my check or money order for \$1.97, as payment for the 11 tapes indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the Columbia Tape Club. I agree to buy eight tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so.

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF TAPES (check one box only)

- Cartridges (K5-W) Cassettes (K6-X) Reel Tapes (K7-Y) 51E

OR TAPES

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

- Easy Listening Teen Hits Country Classical

Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do not wish any selection, I'll mail the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want only the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

- Mr. Mrs. Miss. Miss.
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address:

City: State & Zip:

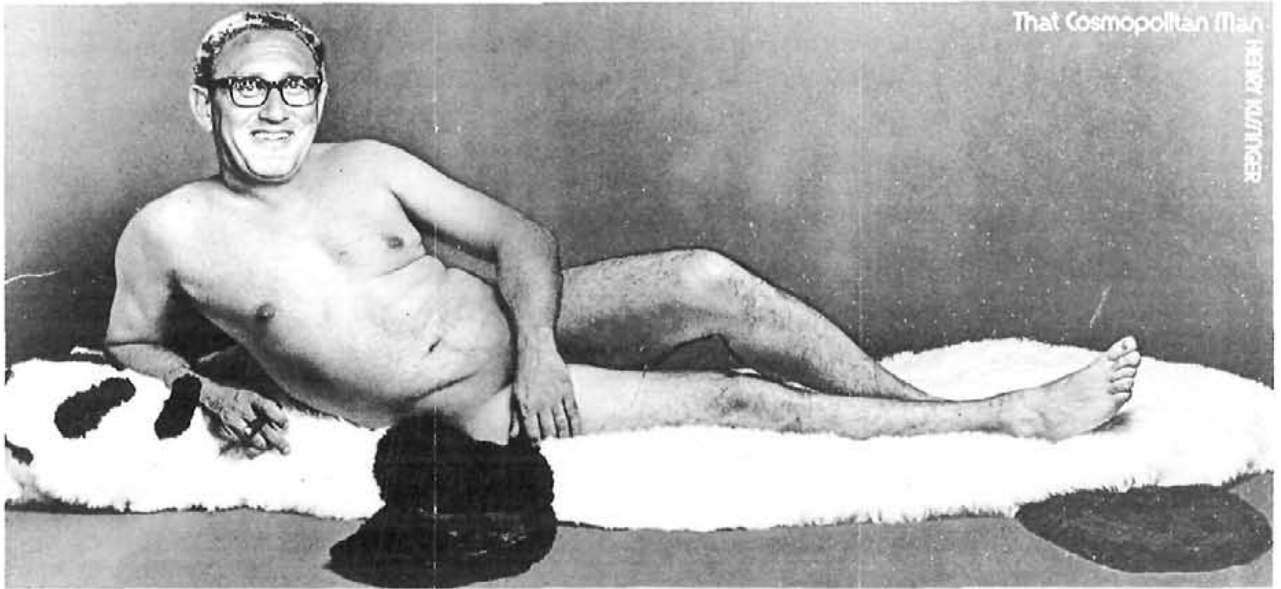
Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) YES NO
APO, FPO addresses: write for special offer

D61/S73

“Slowly, Kissinger modified his bargaining position and put forth his lengthy proposal, forcing his key issue into Madame Binh’s working document. “Here’s my one-point plan,” he whispered, as she desperately renewed her nonnegotiable demands for withdrawal. Suddenly, her resistance to his last minute peace-push collapsed.

“Stop your aggressive actions,” she moaned, “and we can come to a conclusion that is mutually satisfactory to both parties.”

—The Story of K



The famous Henry Kissinger nude centerfold from the Harvard *Lampoon's* best-selling parody of *Cosmopolitan* magazine is now available as a giant, 18" x 38" full-color poster, for only \$2, including mailing charges. Order today for your copy of the most revealing breach of security since the publication of the Pentagon Papers.

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2NLOM

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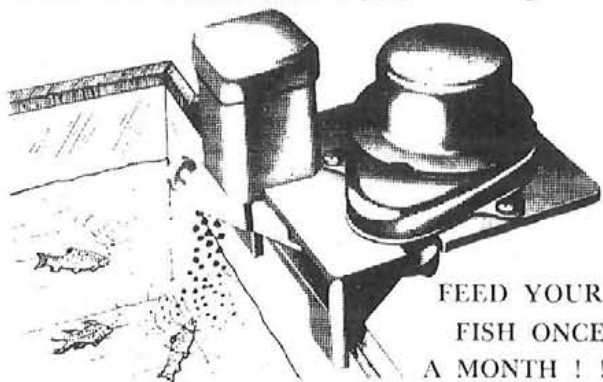
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Please send me the "SNAP" automatic fish feeder. If not fully satisfied I will return it within 10 days for a full refund.

I enclose \$15.95.

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continued from page 16

● In the final days of the Presidential campaign, Senator McGovern was heckled by a young man in Battle Creek, Michigan, who shouted "Four more years, four more years. We'll beat you so bad you'll wish you never left South Dakota."

McGovern took the heckler by the shoulders and said, "I've got a secret for you," then leaned over and whispered loudly in his ear, "Kiss my ass." *Washington Post* (S. Ford, D. Cawley)

● All of the inhabitants of the Fourth Precinct in Ames, Iowa, are pigs.

A quirk in a recent redistricting law resulted in the Experimental Animal Disease Laboratory, which covers fifteen acres in Ames, being classified as a separate precinct. Only hogs legally reside on the site.

President Nixon carried Ames by a large margin in his landslide victory. *New York Times* (L. Kagan)

● According to Issa Nakhleh, a Palestinian Arab leader, the six million Jews generally thought to have been exterminated by Hitler are "very much alive" and living in the United States and Israel after fabricating the well-known story of their deaths.

Nakhleh said it was the Jews who "invented the big lie" about their mass executions at the hands of the Nazis to "play on the sympathy of the world to win support for Jewish usurpation in Palestine" and "to blackmail Germany for more than \$18 billion in compensation." *Raleigh News and Observer* (H. Lucas)

● In response to the huge popularity of the two giant pandas given by Communist China to Tokyo's Ueno Zoo, a special telephone number has been set up, which Tokyo residents who don't want to stand hours in line to see the rare animals can call to hear a recording of the pandas barking.

The number has been swamped with calls. Persons who persist through the busy signals get to hear about three barks. *Binghampton Evening Press* (P. Corrigan)

● A newspaper in New England, which has kept a daily record of Pentagon body counts since they were first issued in 1965, announced in November that, according to statistics issued by the Department of Defense, the United States has killed every man, woman, and child in North Vietnam and that consequently, despite news reports to the contrary, the Vietnam war is over. *McGill University Daily* (G. Boudrais) □

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

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ASK BOTH WHAT I MIGHT DO TO YOUR COUNTRY AND WHAT I MIGHT DO YOUR COUNTRY FOR.

In an interview he gave shortly before his landslide election victory, President Nixon said, "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he's going to amount to something. . . . If you pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled, and eventually a very weak individual."

According to sources in the Nixon Administration, the President's comments represented not just idle philosophizing on his favorite topic of "permissiveness" but the first hint of a major new effort to restore traditional American values, which he developed

with his top aides at Camp David in November and which he is expected to announce sometime after his inauguration.

The program, which has reportedly been dubbed "The Bill of Responsibilities," is said to contain a number of unusual provisions aimed at improving the national character and curbing moral decay, including:









- A nationwide "lights-out" in each time zone, probably at 11:00 P.M. on weekdays and 11:30 P.M. on weekends, with utilities required by law to shut off electricity at the appropriate time. Random "bed-checks" by the FBI, local law-enforcement agen-

cies, or some new agency are also being considered.

- A series of federal laws making it possible to send persistent protestors, troublemakers, disobedient or sloppily groomed young people, and other "bad" citizens with "negative" attitudes to stand in the corners of the country, in northern Maine or Washington State, with their faces to Canada for as-yet-unspecified periods.

- Regulations permitting dumping of large amounts of soap concentrate into the reservoirs and other water supplies of communities that permit filthy language in films, books, magazines, and places of entertainment in

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<p>XV-151200E DCF 1200</p>  <p>MANUAL TRANSCRIPTION TURNTABLE</p> <p>AUTOMATIC TRANSCRIPTION TURNTABLE</p>	<p>XV-15750E DCF 750</p>  <p>MANUAL TRANSCRIPTION TURNTABLE</p> <p>AUTOMATIC TRANSCRIPTION TURNTABLE</p>	<p>XV-15400E DCF 400</p>  <p>MANUAL</p> <p>MANUAL/AUTOMATIC</p>	<p>XV-15350 DCF 350</p>  <p>MANUAL</p> <p>MANUAL/AUTOMATIC</p>
<p>XV-15200E DCF 200</p>  <p>MANUAL/AUTOMATIC</p>	<p>XV-15150 DCF 150</p>  <p>MANUAL/AUTOMATIC</p>	<p>XV-15140E DCF 140</p>  <p>CHANGER</p>	<p>XV-15100 DCF 100</p>  <p>CHANGER</p>

There's a "right" Pickering cartridge for every record player, and only Pickering has developed a way for you to be absolutely certain you select the "right" cartridge for your high fidelity music system.

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equipment you own or plan to purchase, there is a Pickering XV-15 cartridge exactly "right" for it. The DCF number enables you to select the proper Pickering XV-15 cartridge in relation to a particular type of playback equipment to achieve maximum performance.

If you're ready to buy your next cartridge, be certain you end up with the Pickering XV-15 cartridge that's best for your system. *Have your Pickering high fidelity dealer show you our DCF Chart, or write Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. NL, 101 Sunnyside Boulevard, Plainview, N. Y. 11803.*



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continued

their city limits.
 • Additional authority for the Wage Control and Price Commissions, which will allow them to make appropriate reductions in the "allowances" of workers who engage in strikes, make excessive pay demands, or fail to show productivity gains.
 • Further moves by the Supreme Court and through legislation toward taking away Constitutional "privileges" from "naughty" individuals, such as newsmen, persons accused of crimes, and other "wise guys" who

persist in "abusing" them.

We have obtained a copy of a letter from the Pentagon that reliable sources report has been sent to the defense ministries of more than forty Asian, Latin American, African, and European countries generally thought to be pro-American, or at least anticommunist. It reads:
 "Dear Secretary/General/Minister:
 "Well, it's that time of the year again when those defense budgets are getting a little thin and countries

both big and small are looking for bargains to tide them over into the next fiscal year. What with inflation and the rising tide of subversion, you're probably finding it harder every year to satisfy those pressing defense needs and the rising expectations of your masses, people, citizens, or whatever. With this in mind, the United States is happy to announce that our Defense Department is having a gigantic post-Vietnam clearance sale. Everything must go, at prices too low to be believed!

"You name it, we have it! . . . tanks; helicopters; artillery pieces or whole batteries; five-piece radar sets (good as new); aluminum mess-service for 100,000; mortars; convenient, easy-to-use recoilless rifles; grenade launchers; and much, much more, all sale priced at savings of up to 50 percent!

"Say, you generals in shaky democracies, it'll be quite a "coup" when you bring home a battalion of almost-new M-60 tanks, complete with no-mess, no-fuss, self-loading, easy-to-aim 105-mm. cannon and matching twin 50-caliber machine guns!

"Threatened by a local insurgency? You'll light up those rebels' eyes (and arms, and legs, and faces) with napalm and white phosphorous bombs dropped from late model A-4E Skyhawk close-support fighter bombers, with all the options, including ejection seats, all-weather capability, rocket racks, and sporty Vulcan-electric Gatling guns!

"Tired of infiltration along inhospitable terrain? Those aggressors will cry "uncle!" when you use antipersonnel mines and ball-bearing shrapnel clusters to give them a "hot foot."

"You small countries can be "top dog" with the Hound Dog wire-guided antitank or antiaircraft missile; and if you're tired of playing second fiddle to some aggressive neighbor, you can bet your assets he'll change his tune when you maneuver along his border in a regiment of light, rust-proof, sturdy, cast-aluminum-plated Armored Personnel Carriers.

"Third-world countries, here's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be the first in your bloc with a total airlift capacity! We have hundreds of almost-new C-35 transports with room enough to carry an army of six-footers to that special trouble-spot you've been promising yourself you'd visit!

"And for emerging nations with only a few hundred thousand to spend, we have thousands of "mystery convoys," two-and-a-half-ton trucks piled to the roof with an assortment of goodies. You might get a million bayonets, you might get ten miles of barbed wire, and you might get a tactical nuclear device!

"Don't miss this incredible event!
 continued on page 36

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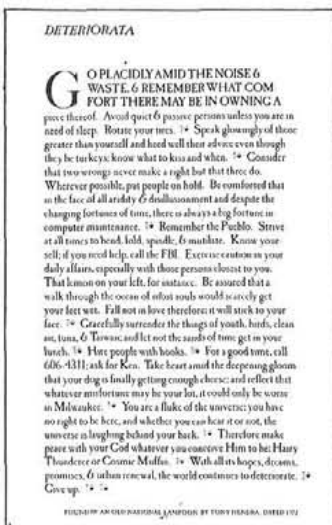
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WHOLE MIRTH



Deteriorata



I Am the Queen of England

National Lampoon Posters

There is one of these *National Lampoon* posters, or paper-printed-put-on-the-wall-eye-see-things, for each of the great rotations of Kielbasa, the Blessed Flywheel. They're better than a mandala for inducing the Three Basic States: Delaware, Wisconsin, and Oklahoma. They tell us a lot about our whole outmoded learning systems and why we should be taught useful things in school, like how to play spit-in-the-ocean and what the lindy is.

[Suggested by Kurt Waldheim.]

Reviewed by Rainer Barzel]

National Lampoon Posters

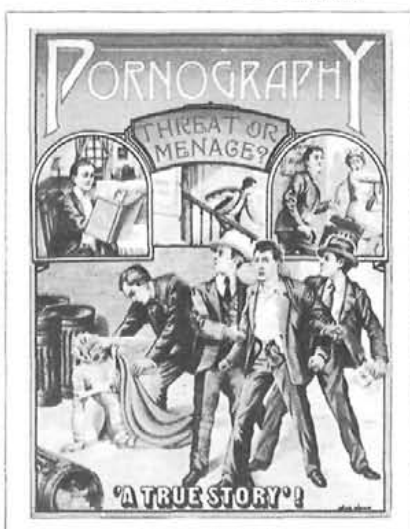
Deteriorata (from *Radio Dinner*, the *National Lampoon* comedy album)

\$1 (P1005)

I Am the Queen of England \$1.50 (P1000)



Mona Gorilla



Pornography Poster

National Lampoon Color Posters

Mona Gorilla (P1001)

Pornography (P1004)

Lt. Calley—What, My Lai? (P1002)

Che Guevara (P1003)

Posters: \$1.50 for each, \$3.50 for three, \$4.50 for four, \$5.25 for all five.

National Lampoon Mini-Posters

(black and white)

English Literature, a Course to Remember (MP1009)

Calculus! (MP1008)

Buckminster Fuller's Redesigned Sex Modules (MP1012)

Ralph Nader, Public Eye (MP1010)

Right On! Jane Fonda Movie Poster (MP1011)

Little Doug Kenney (MP1013)

Mini-Posters: \$1 each.

National Lampoon T-shirt

This is the well-known Yehmta-gvagli, the Baluchistani T-group meditation shirt made from fibers of the sacred cotton plant which grows in the Indus River basin. Durable and colorful, they each have a picture of Sri Gorilla printed on them by kindly old machines, which aids in contemplation on the uselessness of material things, like the mere \$3.95 that each T-shirt costs.

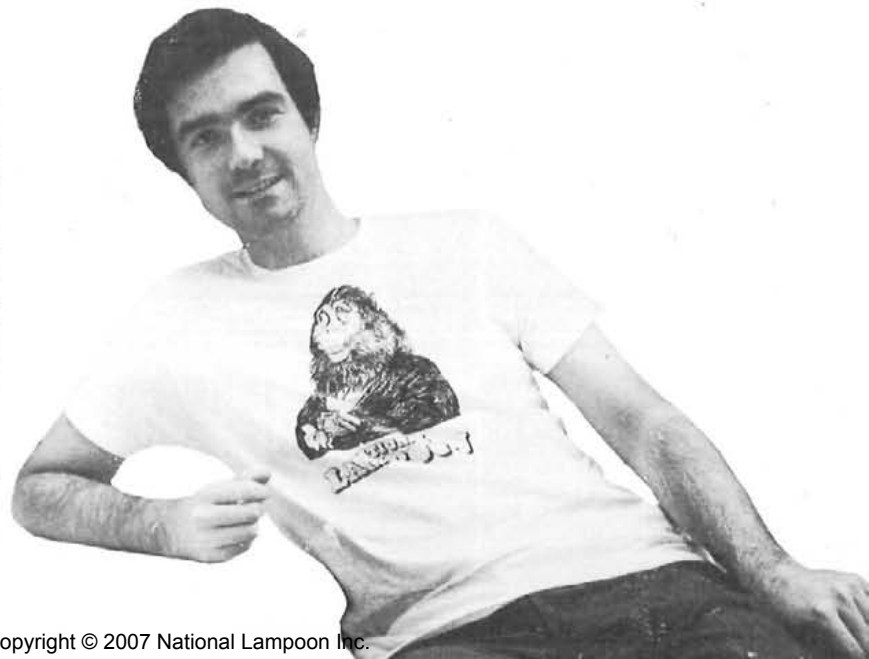
[Suggested by Judy Gould.]

Reviewed by Louise Gikow

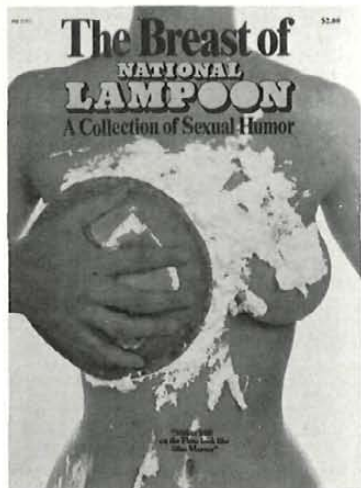
National Lampoon Mona Gorilla

T-shirt (TS1019) \$3.95.

Specify small, medium, or large.



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The Breast of National Lampoon

One look at this book and I knew it had to go right into my library next to *Building With Broccoli*, *Tibetan Cheese Worship*, and *Vegetonics: Ten Simple Exercises You Can Teach Your Produce*. I haven't had my mind blown so completely since I was turned on to Belgian bread-kissing and found out that the roof of my mouth was an erogenous zone.

[Reviewed by Brian McConnachie.
Suggested by Henry Beard]

The Breast of National Lampoon.
A Collection of Sexual Humor
(BR1020) 1972; 144 pp.
plus a Pornography Poster
\$2.

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1

There isn't anything you can't do with this book. I've used my copy to prime my potato-chip kiln, as a fulcrum for my dome-bilge shadoof, as a cheap lunar-power receptor, as a substitute for naval jelly in my recipe for elm loaf, and as a roof for scatter-site birdhouses. Open it to any page and you'll find something special—paper, ink, sometimes even colored ink, things we've left behind in our mad "anything-for-a-buck" technology-dominated world.

[Suggested by Brian McConnachie.
Reviewed by Henry Beard]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. **\$2.**



National Lampoon Binders

This simple, utilitarian tool is based on the Chaballa, or "thing," the Havatampa Indians used to keep Bachallas, or "things," in. Originally made from the bowels of an elk, this authentic modern reproduction of the traditional Indian artifact—it clearly predates our glove compartment—preserves all the beauty of the original, a product of a purer culture when people wouldn't think twice about playing a hand or two of spit-in-the-ocean with a raccoon or doing the lindy with a sycamore. Getting the knack of taking out the little metal rods and slipping in your magazines is easy. You can also get the binders already filled with all 12 issues of the *National Lampoon* from or 1972, which is a good idea, because I think it is important to support a magazine that only uses paper made from trees that willed their trunks to pulp mills and inks that do not contain ground-up seal molars or leopard-spot dye.

[Suggested by Louise Gikow.
Reviewed by Judy Gould]

National Lampoon Binder (B1014)
**\$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two,
\$9.90 for three.**

National Lampoon Binder with all
12 issues from 1972 (B1012)
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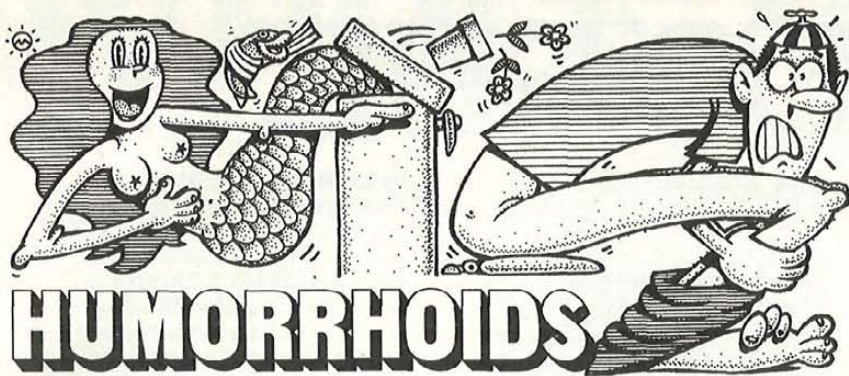
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(B1014) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three
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HUMORRHOIDS

The Big Slipcase

by Henry Beard

... Once again, Mr. Simpkins ("Supersleuth" to his colleagues) is eyeball to eyeball with his prey. He speaks. "Excuse me, sir," he says, "I'm from the public library. It's about all those overdue books." When they hear that, they know the game is up. Mr. Simpkins is one of the best of that unsung band of men from libraries everywhere who chase down stolen and overdue books—the library fuzz.
—Wall Street Journal

"It's no good, Jimmy," said Sammy "Sam the Blot" Incunabula, crouching lower behind a pile of *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literatures*. "They got us boxed in tighter than a complete set of Dickens."

There was a tinkle of breaking glass and the sharp "thwuck" of a bullet burying itself in a two-volume French novel. Jimmy Folio, alias Jimmy "the Thumb," alias Jimmy Novella, lit a cigarette and sighed. "It sure looks like ZAR to ZZZ," he said, counting the cartridges left in his pocket. There were twelve. "One for each book of the *Aeneid*," he thought grimly.

"Come out with your hands up," blared a megaphone from the street. "Come out or we'll come in and get you."

Jimmy stiffened. "I know that voice," he said.

"Yeah," said Sammy. "It's Simpkins. That goddamn glue-shoe."

Folio inched along the wall and peered out the window. He jumped back. "Christ, they've got a bookmobile out there," he croaked. "We haven't got a chance. The only way we're leaving here is in a slipcase."

"Take it easy, kid," said Sammy. "We'll make it. We always made it before."

"Yeah," whispered Folio, "but we never hit a federal lending library before. You know the rap—five dollars a book and ten cents a day. And for what? A lousy set of Thackeray and ten years' worth of *Who's Who*."

"I thought it was an encyclopedia."

"*Who's Who*, for Christ's sake. You

could have picked up the whole set of *Great Books of the Western World*.

"Hey, lay off. This job was your idea, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah."

Sammy paused. "Say, kid," he said finally, "how did you get into this racket? I mean, now me, I was doing fine in 'Subjects' in a nice little library in Michigan, and then everything went 'Alphabetical by Author.' It was rough. I couldn't make the change. They gave me my endpapers, and I figured I'd get even. I started small, *Bees of Jamaica*, *Portuguese Furniture of the Middle Ages*, *William Glinz: Mariner*, stuff nobody misses. Slap a fake bookplate in there—Francis X. Libris, something like that—fence it for a dime or two bits in one of those Any-Book-for-a-Buck stores, no questions asked. After that, I was a second-copy man for a while—you know, grab one copy, they catch you, you say, 'Look this one's mine,' they find they've got one and apologize, you're home free. Then I got into a gang that was working the biographies in Detroit. I was out of circulation for a while and I swore I'd go straight, but it was no good. But you, you got education. I mean, you coulda been a librarian."

"Shelve it," said Jimmy, grinding his cigarette out in a jar of book paste. But he couldn't help remembering. . . .

She was smart, she was pretty, and she read a lot. Jesus, she read a lot. I guess I should have known then that she was a "worm," thought Jimmy, but it was spring and we were both young—no creases, no stains. . . .

They had met in the card catalogue at the university library. She was looking for *Herzog*, and he was looking for "Hemingway, Ernest." In the wrong file, of course. Her hand had trembled. He had thought her fingers looked awfully black.

"You come here often?" he asked.

"Constantly," she breathed.

It began so simply. She had taken out all the books she could that month and she wondered, could she borrow his card? Just this once? She had this

term paper and two book reports—she'd see everything got back on time. Jimmy said yes, of course it was all right. She read me like a book, he thought bitterly.

The notices started coming in about two weeks later. First the green LATE, then the yellow OVERDUE—two of those—then the pink FINE. He tried to reason with her, make her understand, but they fought. She tore up his library card, cried. That was it for almost a month, then he got to thinking, "What a stupid thing—to get so riled up over some dumb books." He called her, they made up, and the world was a fifty-dollar Christmas art book with hundreds of illustrations, many of them in color.

They had a date, he took her home—an apartment in an old house on the edge of town. They went to her room.

It was filled with books. Floor to ceiling. There must have been a thousand of them. He picked one up and a public library slip two years old fell out.

She smiled weakly. "I thought you knew," she said quietly.

"You—you're speeding," said Jimmy. "I mean, you're really hooked, aren't you? Haven't you ever tried to put it down?"

She sat down on a stack of atlases. "I tried—once. Four years ago. I went to a special camp in Maine. Nothing for miles around—no 'print,' no 'pulp,' no 'slick.' I went crazy. I was reading No Hunting posters, pup-tent instructions, candy-bar wrappers. I can still remember to this day what's in a Milky Way: dextrose, caramel, vanilla extract, molasses, whole milk, eggs, cocoa, artificial flavoring—"

He slapped her, hard. She started to cry.

"Look," he said, "there must be a place for people like you, somewhere you could go." Suddenly, he realized he loved her.

"There is," she said, a strange tone creeping into her voice. "There are these two big stone lions outside. . . ."

After that, it was all he could do to support her habit. He stole everything: best sellers, histories, plays, poetry. He forged library cards, slipped books under his jacket and dropped them out of windows. But the checkers at the doors were more thorough, more suspicious. And she was more demanding than ever.

"I've got to have the real stuff," she said one day. "*Encyclopaedia Britannica*. I've got to have it."

Jimmy protested. "That's thirty volumes. And anyway, the library doesn't have it. They have a *Collier's Encyclopedia*, but that isn't even complete," he said, looking around the room.

continued

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SHE'S A RAINBOW	WE LOVE YOU
CHILD OF THE MOON	LET IT BLEED
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HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY,	
STANDING IN THE SHADOW?	
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"I know a place that does," she said.

It was the biggest library he had ever seen; it was like a railroad station. They caught him on volume 18. Tar paper, tarpaulin, tarpon, Tarquin, tarsal, tarsier. There was a hearing, and he was let off with a lecture and a stiff fine. When he got back to the university, he saw a stoop-shouldered instructor going into her apartment with the complete works of Milton. He kept walking.

He couldn't pass his exams. They wouldn't let him near a book. After he flunked out, he turned to the only trade he knew. . . .

"It's awful quiet," said Sammy. "No coughing, no sneezing, no nothing."

Jimmy started. "Yeah," he said. "If I ever get out of this," said Sammy, "I'm going to retire. I got a nice little place upstate, with about twenty years of *National Geographic*s stashed away. Maybe I'll work the clubs for a while, but this is my last job."

The door flew open and a short man in a slouch hat and a faded dust-jacket burst in. He had a mean-looking 23.05 Dewey Decimal in his hand and behind him was a heavys

policewoman with a pair of glasses around her neck on a string. "For once you're right, Incunabula. Both of you, drop those guns and reach for the top shelf."

"Simpkins," hissed Sammy. Two guns clattered to the floor. "Don't try anything funny, either of you, or you'll get it in the glossary." "Creep, crumb, cuss, fink, heel, knave, louse, rogue, stinker," spat Jimmy. "Any of the family Rodentia, especially the common, or Norwegian, rat!"

"File it, Folio," said Simpkins sharply.

Sammy glared. "All I can say is when I get out, your life ain't gonna be worth a dime, even if it's in two volumes and bound in leather."

"I'm too worried. By the looks of it, you two will be making bookplates for a long time to come." Simpkins smiled. "O.K., Miss Reilly," he said, "take 'em down to the main branch and write 'em up."

Simpkins watched as the policewoman put the three-ring binders on them and led them away. He lit a cigarette and idly picked up a book. It was *Butterflies of Angola*. Damn, he thought, if it had been *Crime and Punishment* I could have said something really swell. □



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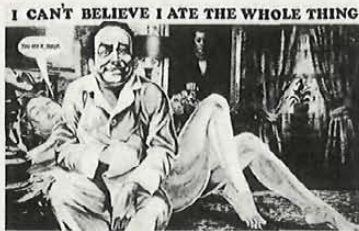
WHEN THE GOOD MAN MADE ALL THE PARTS OF THE BODY ASSIGNED HIM, HE SHOULD BE BOSS. THE BRAIN EXPLODED THAT SINCE HE CONCEIVED ALL THE PARTS OF THE BODY, HE SHOULD BE BOSS. THE LEGS ASSIGNED THAT SINCE THEY TOOK THE MAN WHEREVER HE WANTED TO GO, HE SHOULD BE BOSS. THE STOMACH CONCEIVED WITH THE EXPANDED THAT SINCE HE DIGESTED ALL THE FOOD, HE SHOULD BE BOSS. THE EYES SAID THAT WITHOUT THEM, MAN WOULD BE BLIND, SO THEY SHOULD BE BOSS. THEN THE ASS HOSE APPEARED FOR THE JOE. THE OTHER PARTS OF THE BODY LAUGHED SO HARD THAT THE ASS HOSE BECAME HARD AND COULDN'T UP. AFTER A FEW DAYS THE BRAIN WENT BOSSY. THE LEGS GOT WORKY. THE STOMACH GOT OLD. THE EYES GOT CROSSED AND STRAIN TO SEE. THEY ALL CONCEIVED AND MADE THE ASS HOSE BOSS. THIS PROVES THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BRAIN TO BE BOSS.

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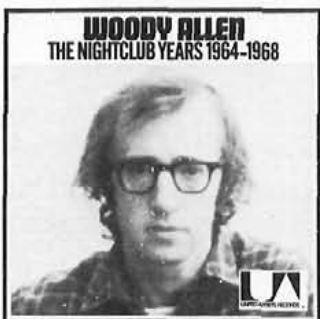
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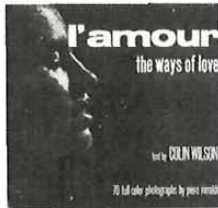
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continued from page 26

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method that makes it possible to forecast the results of any election as much as one year in advance with 100 percent accuracy; a novel approach to labor relations, which has kept the Soviet Union virtually strike-free and which is based on the interesting principle that a small amount of explosives will propel a properly shaped projectile down a suitably machined metal-tube with sufficient force to penetrate flesh and bone; and a highly modernistic communications technology, which makes it possible, for example, for any citizen to voice an opinion on any issue and have it automatically recorded on a nationwide opinion-sampling network merely by speaking into the nearest lamp, clock, or vase of flowers. □



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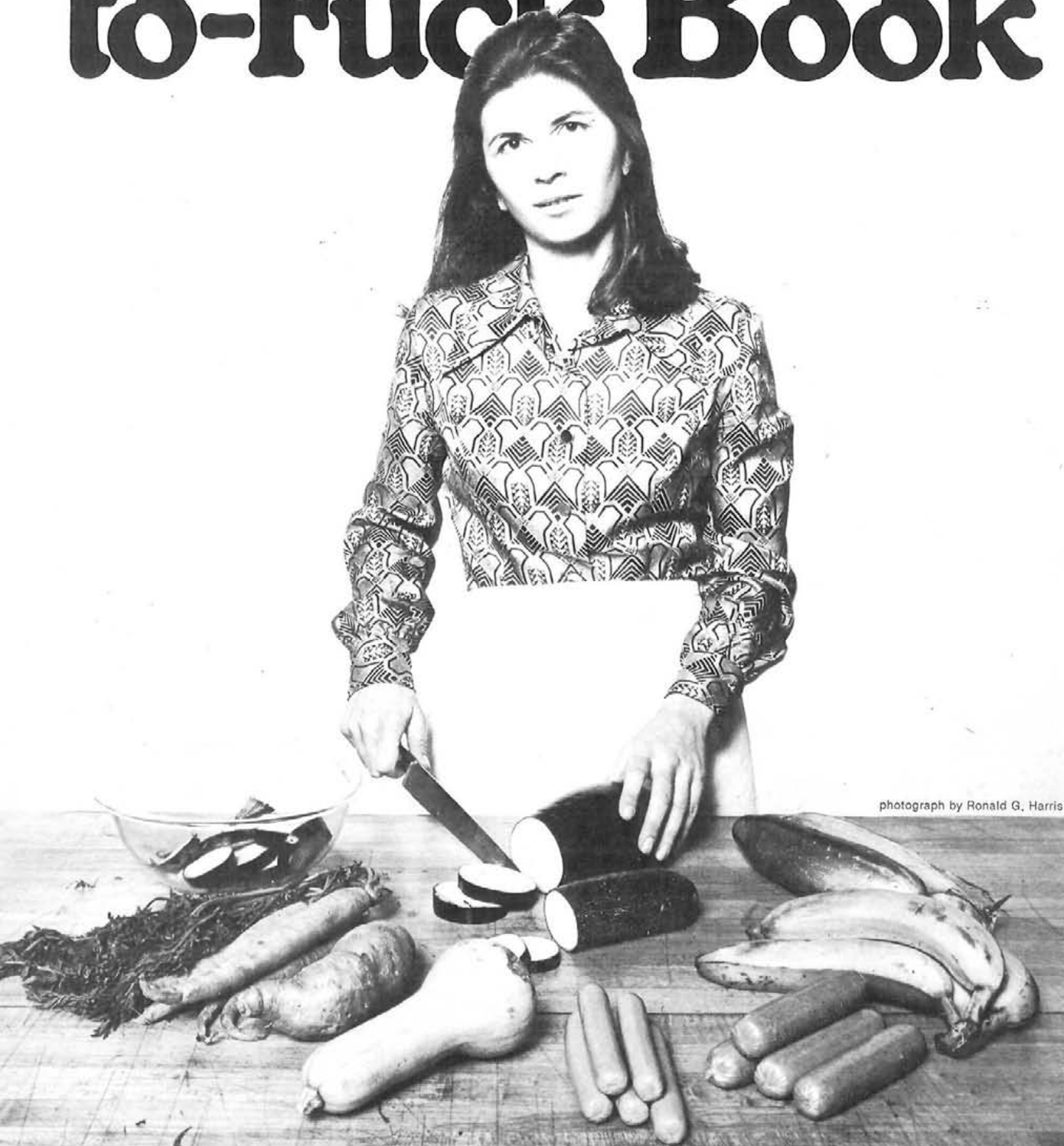
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The I-Hate-to-Fuck Book



photograph by Ronald G. Harris

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

How To Handle a Horny Man

Some women, it is said, like to fuck. This book is not for them.

This book is for those of us who hate it, who have learned through hard experience that sex is the stiff fine we gals must pay for our marital misdemeanor. Others may find their mons twitching and oozing at the mere thought of an impending private, but for me . . . peter palls mound!

More times than I care to remember my husband has come home from work rubbing his gluttonous groin and exclaiming, "Golly, am I horny! How soon do we fuck?" No matter how busy *I've* been all day, he expects me to drop everything and serve up a piping hot vaginal pie for him to dig into the minute he walks through the front door.

Sometimes I get so fed up with these public picnics that I could send up one loud and long sperm wail! I may run the kitchen the rest of the time, but when it comes to popping the self-rising-dough stick into an unheated ovarian oven, he's the baker and I'm just another tart.

Is there no justice in conjugal court? Women are, after all, the ones who must bear the weight of intercourse: in my case, six feet and 195 pounds of ponderous-pudding plunger. We simply *lie there* while our rough-ridin' ramrods drive their long-horns down the Old Jism Trail, herd the beef into the clitoral corral, and rush off to spend their pay in the uteral saloon. Our "freedom of choice" is limited to taking it missionary or doggie style.

I suspect there isn't a married woman in the country who hasn't had one of these unnerving experiences. Hubby appears after a workout in the garden, sticks his nose in your crotch, and says, "Mmmmm, boy, that smells good. I'm so horny I could hump a horse." But before you can get to the phone and call the stable, he's mounted you!

On top of that, the men just come and go, while we gals get stuck with cleaning up the mess. It might be more tolerable if cupid's cloister was coated with Teflon, but, sad to say, anatomical fixtures lag way behind modern culinary science when it comes to simple convenience.

Often I have lain prostrate on a sea of sheets, helpless, as his pelvic pirate forced open my hairy hatchway and plundered the gold in my little treasure box, and thinking there *must* be another way. Inter *can't* be the only course! How can the common housewife save her downy delta from ero-

sion by a testicular torrent without damming up the fertilizing flow for good?

Talking with some lady friends at lunch one day, I discovered they were as upset as I was over being forced to play post-office box for third-class males. Our attitude was that if men were anxious to deploy their gonadal guerrilla, let them practice some hand-to-gland combat!

Then one of my friends confessed that she had recently been experimenting with alternatives to intercourse, ways to give her husband satisfaction without rending the delicate fabric of her velvety vulva. With the subject broached, the others present, yours truly included, allowed as how we, too, had oft entertained similar thoughts.

Our casual luncheon meeting thereupon turned into an idea-swapping session on ways and means to remove a man's horns without getting gored ourselves. This guide is the result of that effort.

Here you will find five recipes, each requiring only rudimentary kitchen skills, which will sate a fellow's hunger while leaving your precious pantry full for those *special* occasions that call for an elegant opening and a lavish spread. There is also a generous dollop of household hints to help you through all manner of salacious straits quickly and with ease.

So, if you too hate to fuck, and believe that your rare and valuable organ should be played with discrimination and care—not banged like a phallic cymbal—read on! Then, next time that stout redheaded visitor pops up at your labial lobby looking for a warm and cozy womb at the Y, you'll know how to take the matter in hand and dispense with the unwanted guest.

PART TWO: RECIPES

1. Organ Grinder. Just as the hoary prescription of "A little hair of the dog that bit you" is valid for hung-over husbands, another axiom, "Organ meats are best for the organ," holds true for horny hubbies. It seems the soft, squishy texture of these cuts is a fair approximation of milady's passion passage, and the discriminating onanist would as soon slip it to a pound of sweetbreads as he would to the candy channel itself.

The recipe I devised (and which has become one of my husband's very favorites) calls for a half-pound of veal kidneys and one toy cement truck. Pack the kidneys in the drum of the cement truck (found in better toy-stores everywhere), taking care they are loose enough to be penetrated and

tight enough to remain in place. Your fellow can grind merrily away at his organ, cranking and rotating the little drum to suit his own taste, while your monkey takes the day off.

Unfortunately, my husband hates liver, a cavil that precludes me from preparing the popular simulation (sometimes called "Portnoy's Ploy") of slapping a piece of calf's liver around the insatiable cable and turning on the juice. For those men who *do* like liver, I pass along a recipe concocted by Dr. Christopher Miller, sex critic for one of our leading national publications. Dr. Miller suggests placing slabs of liver inside a gerbil wheel and letting the rodents have a good, long workout. Lacking gerbils, you could hook up the garden hose and make a tiny waterwheel that would be just as effective.

2. Hot Pork Sandwich. Next time he asks you to fix him a quick box-lunch, tell him the snatch shop is closed for repairs and offer instead this gonadal goody: Horizontally halve a ten-inch loaf of French bread and scoop out a trough lengthwise in each piece. Fill the twin cavities with a thick layer of soft, smooth cream cheese and place the halves back together, securing them with rubber bands or vise clamps. Make sure there is just enough room at one end for him to enter. Now glide the lubricated loaf over his pulsing pylon and watch his face contort with ecstasy as the staff of life embraces the lively staff. He can twirl it, he can pump it, he can pound it, he can jiggle it. And when he's through, you can chuck the whole shebang into the garbage pail. . . . No mess, no fuss, and pussy is left undisturbed.

3. Creamed Potatoes. Some guys just aren't satisfied unless they have something approaching human size and shape in which to burrow their tumescent tuber. You can solve this problem by simply removing the pedestal from a solid (not wire) dress designer's dummy (leaving a just-right hole in the base) and filling the bottom half with warm mashed potatoes. About five pounds should do the trick. You could even remove the pinkie tips from a pair of old rubber gloves and glue them to the breasts for counterfeit nipples. Now, place the whole production on a vibrating bed (or in the back seat of a car traveling over rough roads) and watch him dig those spuds!

4. Molded Mons Salad. If it's veneerism you're after, try this testicle treat: Obtain a plastic working model of the female reproductive system from a supplier of medical-school instructional aids, cut it in half lengthwise, and fill each half with ground-up raw haddock mixed with mayonnaise

continued

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continued

and softened butter. When the mixture has set, remove it from the molds and fix together with a layer of Lieberkranz cheese. Voilà, pseudo pubes! What with the simulated shape, cushy feel, and pungent odor of raw fish-and-cheese, you'll have him believing he's mining a 21-carat-gold piece.

5. Tabby's Delight. Should your swain tire of food fucking and decide to put dicky on a diet, you can still glut his groin using nonvegetable matter. There's a marvelous product on the market that all countercoitalists should know about. It's called Petromalt, and it's sold at pet stores as a cure for the feline condition known as "hair balls."

To give your spasm chasm a well-deserved breather, apply a generous coating of the stuff to his preening private, garnish with bits of Purina Cat Chow, and give Tabitha her head. When that sandpaper tongue works its ways up to his tender, tantalized tip, you'll see the biggest gol-durn eruption since Vesuvius came all over Herculaneum and Pompeii.

PART THREE: HOUSEHOLD HINTS

1. Those ghastly diaphanous nighties, crotchless panties, and fishnet-mesh rompers that he orders from Frederick's of Hollywood are perfect for straining jams or applying wood stain and varnish to unfinished furniture.

2. His sexual urge will be much less pronounced next day if you take care

to steep his dormant kielbasa in kerosene overnight.

3. You liberated ladies can put those discarded bras to excellent use in your gardening. Tacked to a wooden frame, the distended cups make for a cozy place to start tomato seeds come spring. Or, put them over tender young seedlings when a late frost threatens.

4. Should you be having breakfast in bed together, and he slyly hints that "something's just come up," a cup of scalding hot tea or coffee down the front of his pajama bottoms should take the starch out right quick.

5. I guarantee that he'll be much less insistent in nocturnal submissions if you tape the latest national statistics on venereal disease to the inside of the medicine-cabinet door. Add to his nighttime reading a vivid, scientific description of the effect gonorrhoea has on the male sex organ, and he'll be sure to pass up your vaginal stew for fear of getting a VD dinner instead.

6. The love creams, passion jellies, and orgy butters he places so conspicuously on your vanity with monotonous regularity are just dandy for keeping your garden tools in tip-top condition.

7. Is he the type of rugged chap who demands proper sound effects from you while converting your precious posy into a Venus open-fly trap? If so, Scotch tape several of your recent grocery bills to the bedroom ceiling, and you will have no difficulty at all in exclaiming, "Oh! Oh! Oh, my God, my God..." □

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You are mine. . . .
We are together. . . .
I knead you.



You see a rich green meadow
and you stop the car. You both
remove your clothes and begin
to run. Faster and faster the
breezes swirl between your
legs and lift your hair. Arching
through the air, your speed
accelerates and you find the
strength in this purity to go
even faster and you . . . yes . . .
YOU BEAT YOUR MEAT



The contemplative afterglow
day when nothing need be said.
Your thoughts are together
and in peace. In silence your
reverie recalls the gristle on
the rind, the pork chops of
Trebbia, the chaos of head-
cheese. These things will we
become till all things are one.
Flanks for the memories.

The Catholic Sex Manual

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INTROIT

In the ferment of our modern times, the Church has often been faulted with failure to "keep up" with the pace of change. Although it has been traditionally cherished as a steadfast, unyielding bulwark of stability, recently the Church has been urged by many laymen to radically alter its fundamental principles and teachings to conform with the mainstream attitudes and customs of secular culture. Indeed, a vocal minority of clerics within the Church itself has lately gained much attention by strenuously arguing that the Church should actively embrace certain contemporary "movements" that challenge some of the most basic tenets of established Catholic theology.

Of course, the Church has confronted and survived threats infinitely graver and more serious than this current advocacy of unstructured moral anarchy. It does, however, trouble Us to consider that countless otherwise well-intentioned persons may be unadvisedly corrupting their moral and spiritual fabric by adopting many of these so-called liberated modes of attitude and conduct, without the sound guidance that the Church would be perfectly willing to offer them, had they but the courage to ask.

And in no other sphere of modern culture is the Church's concern more profound, or the layman's confusion more pronounced, than in that of sexuality. It has ever been a source of disappointment for our clerics that their parishoners very seldom articulate fully sins against the Sixth and Ninth Commandments in confession, out of shameful reluctance to present such base physical matters before their spiritual mentors. And now, when it be-

comes more and more evident that a great number of persons are regularly practicing variations of sexual intercourse of which they had hitherto never dreamed, it becomes of paramount concern to the Church that the laity be advised of the dangers inherent in these several signal deviations from the traditional form of the procreative act. This is the intention of the writers of the following presentation.

Essentially, of course, the position of the Church toward intercourse remains unaltered: that it should be undertaken only by men and women previously joined in holy matrimony, and for the sole and exclusive purpose of procreation. However, even when these two conditions are fulfilled, there still exists a multitude of mortal and venial transgressions against the Deity that may be committed, knowingly or unknowingly, intentionally or unintentionally, by one or both of the parties engaged in any given sex act... especially so in many of the popular variations that people practice today. Accordingly, many of these variant

positions are photographically represented in the following precis, accompanied by the type and nature of the spiritual violations incurred by executing each and the approximate penance for each violation.

Thus, even if the erring communicant finds it impossible in his conscience to confess these sins openly to the priest, he may gain some measure of absolution for them by voluntarily performing the proper penance at Mass, before being given absolution for the sins he has openly confessed.

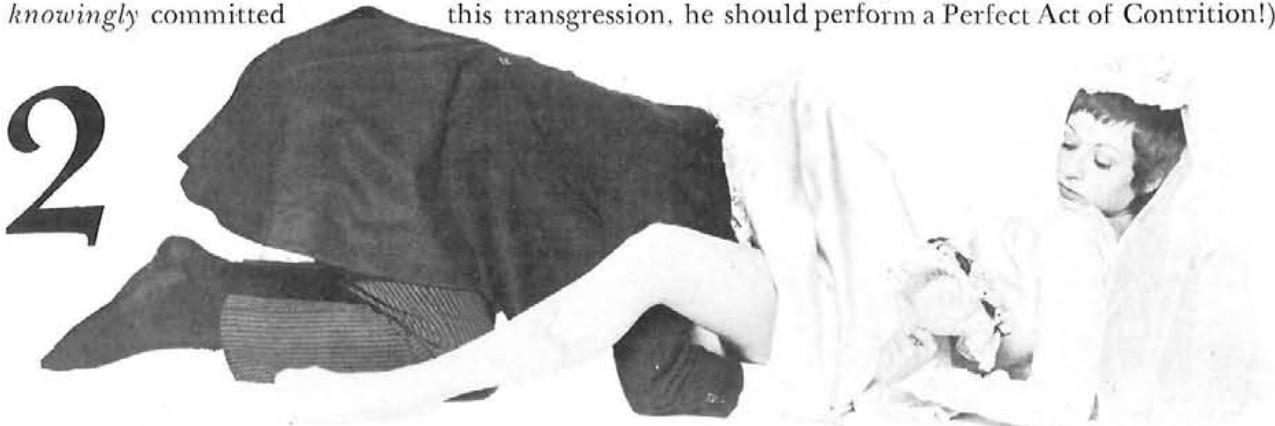
Of course, it must be borne in mind that this booklet is merely an impromptu, ap-



proximate advisory manual! Extenuating circumstances always exist during the commission of any sin, mortal or venial, intentional or unintentional, conscious or subconscious, which complicate its nature and the penance required for its absolution; these circumstances can only be certainly weighed by the priest in his confessional. No booklet or catechism or other public document can superannuate the grave judgment of your own parish priest. The authors of this work can only pray that it assists you somewhat to survive with an easeful conscience and a blameless soul on Judgment Day.



PENES SANA IN CORPORE INSANA: The female is supine, the male ascendant. *Coitum ad libitum* performed after this fashion is in perfect sanction at all times, except during the wife's *mensum sanguineus* and the fortnight in which it occurs, when *conceptis ova* is unlikely to occur. In these cases, a petty venial sin of *coitum titillatio* has been incurred, and both the woman and the man must perform sixteen Hail Marys and four Signs of the Cross for each occasion on which the act was either attempted or achieved. Furthermore, even in this attitude it often happens that *emissus profanum* occurs, with the consequent discharge of the husband's *homonuclei*—in whole or in part, knowingly or unknowingly, intentionally or unintentionally—elsewhere than at the point of *penetratum profundus*: that is to say, posterior to the woman's *abysmus hystera*, or even upon her *pubendum hirsute*. In this case, the husband is implicated in the extreme mortal sin of *homonucleicide* and must instantly perform an Act of Contrition. (If he has reason to suspect he knowingly committed this transgression, he should perform a Perfect Act of Contrition!)



OSCOLATUS MENTULAE (The Kiss of Shame): When the wife permits the anterior extremity of the husband's *mentula* to touch her *labia mandibulum*, she commits an act of *osculatum primis*, a venial sin for which atonement of forty Hail Marys and two Our Fathers may be given at Mass. If she then actively intermits, or allows intromission, of the *corona mentula* beyond her *labia mandibulum*, she commits the more serious offense of *osculatum secundus*, *osculo glans*, requiring two hundred Hail Marys, fifty Our Fathers, and twenty Signs of the Cross. If she moreover causes or permits the *emissus profanum* of the spouse's *homonuclei*—intentionally or unintentionally, on or near her *fascis*—the extreme mortal sin of *homonucleicide* occurs, requiring an immediate Act of Contrition on her part. For his intentional collaboration in *homonucleicide*

the husband must also perform an Act of Contrition, but if his collaboration was unintentional he need only read fifty Hail Marys and five Our Fathers at Mass. If the *homonuclei* of the husband *ingestus oralcum est*, intentionally or unintentionally, by the woman, *homonucleophagus gravis* is the mortal sin therewith committed; and an Act of Perfect Contrition must be performed by the wife and an Act of Contrition by her husband. (To be safe, the woman may utter an inaudible Act of Contrition while the *mentula* is still *in situ os*, but she must repeat it in the event of *emissus profanum*.)



3

OSCULATA LABIAE (The Leper's Banquet): In this case, *dilexi decorum domus tuae, et locum habitationis gloria tuae. Ne perdas cum impiis, Deus, animam meam; et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam. In quorum manibus iniquitates sunt dextera eorum repleta est muneribus. On the other hand, Ego autem in miserere mei. Pes meus stetit in unless ut audiam vocem laudis; if the act should be undertaken guineus, the husband's violation guinibus, removable by sixty Hail Cross.*

innocentia mea ingressus sum redime me et directo; in ecclesiis benedicam te, Domine. Not et enarrem universa mirabilia tua. However, during the period of the wife's mensum san- is reduced to the venial sin of bibendae san- Marys, four Our Fathers, and two Signs of the



4

EXACERBUS VERTEBRAE
(The Chariot of Satan):

The husband is supine, braced on feet and elbows, and the wife is ascendant upon him. As in all positions where the woman is placed above the man, the venial sin of *elevatum famularum*, raising of the woman above her life's station, obtains. Ordinarily, both husband and wife would be obliged to perform eighty Hail Marys, four Our Fathers, and two Signs of the Cross at confession, but in this case the husband need only perform twenty Hail Marys and one Our Father, for the great effort of maintaining this position is in itself a form of penance.

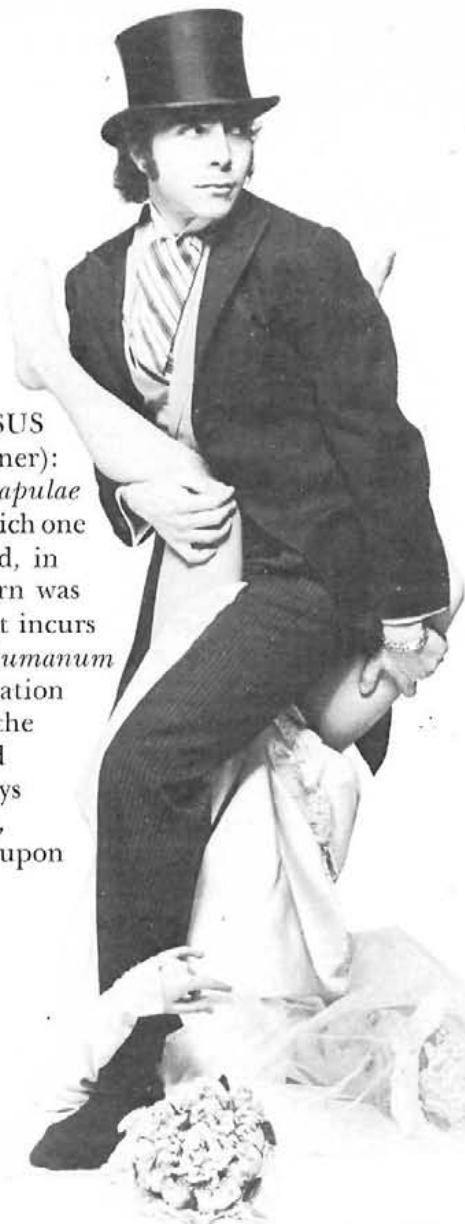
continued

5

INVERSUS PERVERSUS

(The Strut of the Prideful Sinner):

With the husband upright and the wife reclining on her *scapulae* between his straddled limbs, it is impossible to determine which one transgresses more odiously against the proper Image of God, in which Man was created and from whom Woman in her turn was fashioned. This abomination in the sight of the Holy Ghost incurs the venial sin *reductio ad absurdum*, causing the *corpus humanum* to appear foolish and ridiculous, and requiring for its obviation seventy-five Hail Marys, three Our Fathers, and a Sign of the Cross at confession. It is, however, permissible for favored communicants to practice *inversus perversus* on their days of Plenary Indulgences—Jubilee, Holy Year, Portiuncula, and Papal Blessing—if they have no greater sins weighing upon them at the time.



6



piddles

THE ADULT PUBLICATION FOR CHILDREN

"SUCK ME!" she cooed,
"OH, BABY! SUCK ME! SUCK ME!!!"



It's—
SIXUAL!
SIXSATIONAL!
SIXOTIC!

50¢
or a real Indian arrowhead, two
aggies, and a Branch Ricky Man-
ager that still has the gum in it.

Potty Pussi



Hi ya, kids, hi ya, hi ya, and pluck my magic twanger, if you catch my drift, Buster Brown. . . . Well, we just put another PIDDLE to bed and I "tink" I can speak for the whole staff when I say we're really wiped out. . . . It's a heck of an issue too. . . . Don't mean to toot our own horn, but it was well worth the strain!

THIS WEEK

Got a great puerilent tale from PIDDLE contributing peditor Norman Mailer, infantmous author of *The Bare-Bottomed and the Gone-Away-on-a-Long-Visit*, *Barbary Sandbox*, *Bambi Park*, *An American Bed-Wetting*, *Why Are We in the Girls' Room?*, *Armies of Bedtime*, and *Playing With Matches on the Moon*, . . . plus a high fever photo spread, "Baby Makes Three"—candied Kodak Brownie box-shots of one Saturday night when the sitter wasn't kidding around (not to mention titters, titties, taddles, and toddlers), . . . reviews of all the latest skinned-knee flicks—the usual didy pictures. . . . And that snot the half of it!

SHOW & TELL

Smart money is off the stork as far as where babies come from. . . . Indiana University prodigy Ph.D. Davey Standish, age ten, claims that babies grow in their mothers' stomachs, news that's rocked the chemistry set from *Weekly Reader* to "Mr. Wizard." "Accepting this hypothesis," says Standish, "points irrevocably to the long-suspect belly button as natal orifice!" . . . which reminds us, don't miss next week's PIDDLE PANEL PRATTLE on "Push-Ups: Why Father Can't Keep Shoulder Level With Rump and What Is Mother Doing Underneath?" . . .

Seems like just yesterday when daddy magazines were all num-nums and gym class . . . but new pop mag OUI (as in "wee-wee" and it's one catchy handle—at least that's what *oui* think) has jumped on the little red wagon with a picture book of animals getting married in its first issue! . . .

MONTGOMERY WARD SPRING CATALOGUE is out early this year . . . and you naughty get a load of pages 2227, 2463, 3478, and 4590-93. . . .

Bad news for boys and girls who got their mouths washed out with hexachlorophene soap . . . 340 with tongue damage to date, according to a new government study. . . .

Chic kids and kittens say doctor is on its way out. . . . Hip Jungsters and with-it p-teens are playing Off-Broadway, Sauna, and Esalen now. . . .

And for those of you who know how to read . . . take a Mother Gander at the *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*. Bum, poof, knickers, PU—it's all there in black and white. . . . Thought I'd pass it on! . . .

Gotta go now. . . . Hope everything comes out alright. . . . And, till next week, don't forget the First Principle of PIDDLE—aim high or urine trouble!

Uncle P.J.

Dear PIDDLE,

Hooray for "May The Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose," the article you did about what glues to sniff when eating which pastes.

You are right about DuPont costing too much. May I recommend Testor's AAA, only a modest domestic cement but possessing robust character and an unpretentious elan, which I think you'll find amusing. . . . especially with Huey Gooley and Looley Disneystick School Paste in the yellow can with a duck head on top.

Yours,
Rhoda Gelfond

Dear PIDDLE,

I thought "Why's My Weenie Get Like That?" (Jan. 22) was very good. "It's Probably Not Cancer" was my favorite part!

Simple anxiety is my own theory. Weenie-wise, our dog Puddles also gets like that. Questioning the gardener in this matter he replied that Puddles was nervous and I informed the gardener that I too was nervous and he became nervous himself I believe at that time.

Sincerely yours,
Arthur ("Four Eyes") Levine

Dear PIDDLE,

I am Louise. I am seven. I like my men ruff. I love my daddy. Lots of girls get a hair brush with there dress pulled up!!!!!! when they are bad. My daddy is a Liberal. When I am bad I have to go see Doctor Lubinsteen. What can I do?

Louise
(Call the maid a nigger.-- Ed.)



















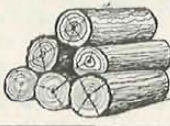





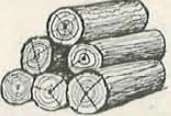









Dear PIDDLE,

Sister Mary Elizabeth caught me with a copy of PIDDLE inside a TREASURE CHEST and boy oh boy was she mad about that story Mr. Graham Greene wrote about "Do Nuns Have Hair On Their Wheels?" and now I can't be Assumption in the *Glorious Mysteries* pageant and all the girls in my corridor had to say twenty-five rosaries just in case and boy were they mad too and they made me drink all the holy water in the font after icky old Father Gilhoole-hoody blessed it but I don't care and I even said the Fatima Ejaculation after every decade to get you to run more stories like Mr. Greene's and the one you had about "Christ Child Ca-ca: Sacrilege or Sacred Relique?"

Winky O'Donnell
Crown of Thorns School for
Girls

PIDDLE brings you a brand-new piece of heirotic fiction from the Goldenrod tablet paper of America's Romper Room Rabelais . . .

Norman Mailer's Prisoner of Stork




K		me		.							
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with		E			.	2		l		were	
P		d		the s		t.					
We were			w		we		l				
most		the			.						
	E said he		l		a		ge				
of s			.	"		cause		k		b	

a  U  full  lak l  U of th  !”





 said he  l  a  ge  of

 d. “  cause  k  b  a

 U  full  lak!”







Then th   kd me.   ld them

  l  a  ge  of .

“W   U want a  ge  of

 4??!” th  kr  d. “  cause , ”

 said, “M  sis  own  h  a

   E  of   she

owns  th th  l  !!!”

***P-P-Peeks by our stutterbug
from the dark at the top of the stairs***

by Jane Holzer

BABY MAKES THREE



Saturday night when the sitter's steady stops by . . . he really wants to "get into it!"



It's alright with her if they "play indoors," but is she ready to "go all the way"?



Oh yeah! Oh wow! She's really wet!!



Now, will he change her, or will he wait till Mom and Dad get home?

Dirty Cracks

Did you hear about the girl who saw her baby brother in his birthday suit and thought he was a pull toy?

And we know a little girl who's so shy she won't even play dentist!

How about the kid who swallowed a four-leaf clover? The next day he had "pot luck."

Why aren't slow learners allowed to play doctor?

Because they keep sticking the thermometer-in their mouths!

Why'd the slow learner mess himself after teacher let him go to the boy's room?

He couldn't count to two!

How do you tell a boy snake from a girl snake?

Boy snakes stand up to hiss!

The Golden Book of PIDDLE says elephant ca-ca is "heavy-duty."

When the remedial-reading class came back from visiting a farm, what did the slow learner want for dinner?

Cow pie!

What's the difference between a booger and a boogie?

You can't eat the maid!

"Matinee" Houses

Scarsdale Mall Jerry Lewis Theatre, Versailles Freeway at Tudor Towers Rd. (Double Feature). **BAMBI**: Strictly pablum. Forget anything you ever heard about stag movies. All you'll get here are a couple of rear-view shots of a hero who doesn't have pooter or dingus. Neither does his mother. She doesn't even have nam-nams. Animals everywhere, but not a rabbit pellet or squirrel flop in sight. **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**: Boring as Park and Shop despite provocative title. Only scene you could possibly get off on is when the prince licks Snow White's face while she's asleep, but by then so are you. Disney's taking you for a kiddie-car ride with a couple more of his ca-ca teasers. Save your money.



Loew's Ranchette, Great Oaks Ave. and Country House Mews, Levittown. **HOSPITAL**: Parents will enjoy it, but not what you might expect from a doctor film. Too much mush and wrestling grown-ups, though sometimes they have their clothes off. Some good up-chucking and hunkers, but not a respectable thermometer in sight.



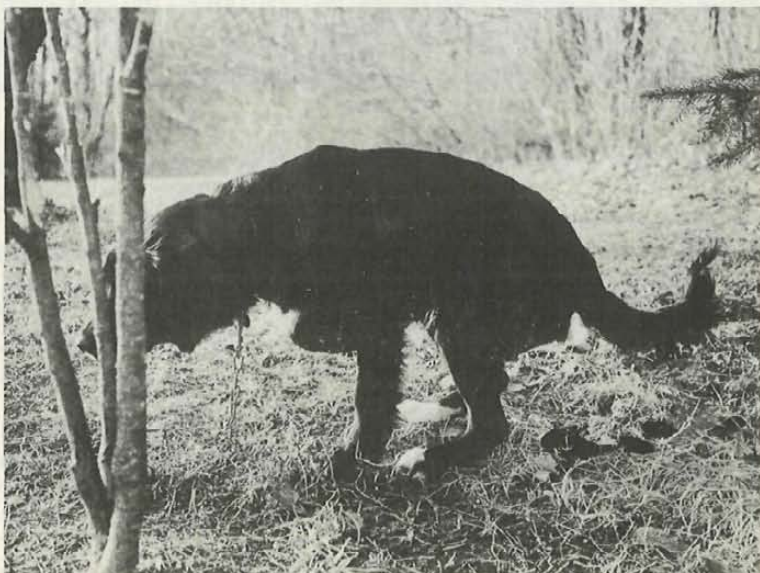
Cinema CCCXVIII, Tristan and Isolde Shopping Center, White Plains. **THE COWBOYS**: Starring John Wayne. More than just a boo-boo movie. Hottest American film in years combines lots of great tinkle and poop with real nits and grits where-babies-come-from, plus spit-up, nose dirt, and stealing—all framed by a plot that's remarkably plausible and coherent for this kind of film. Scenes like the villain being dragged by a horse down six miles of rocky gulch, which munches his skull to jelly, show a sense of humor that allows **THE COWBOYS** to transcend its genre.



SAFETY-PIN UPS



Alice Tully Hall, who's working her way through Maumee Valley Day School modeling for **Coppertone** ads, says she usually likes to play **kick the can** or **house**. But she's not feeling so well today . . . hmmm . . . Maybe she's **got a temperature?**



Oh-oh, looks like dog poo. . . . Uh-huh, smells like dog poo. . . . Yep, tastes like dog poo. . . . **Sure glad we didn't step in it!**

TALCUM PARLORS



GO TO BED . . . without dinner
At a real ENGLISH NURSERY
SCHOOL where our NANNIES
and HEAD MASTERS will give
you a STRICT upbringing!

CHILD'S GARDEN OF PERVERSE

- Hickory-stick, hair-brush,
and riding-crop "back rubs"!
- Learn "Greek" from the boys
in the upper forms!
- Paregoric!
- Vaporizers!
- Cold baths!
- Tight collars!
- Woolen underwear!
- "Posture" lessons!
- Clean your plate!—liver, spin-
ach, headcheese, and brussels
sprouts!

71st St. & 5th Ave.
Right Across from the Boring
Central Park Zoo

IS THIS YOUR SCENE?

Then swing with



Dr. Dan
the Bondage Man

at the
KINDERGARTER BELT

M&M, BVD & ABC's too!
Experienced and Understanding
1045 East 52nd Street

98.6° or?
NURSE NANCY
Down in your basement or mine
600-5189

"HORSEY-HORSEY"
call
"Uncle" Ralph
519-2112

Toddle Down to **TEDDY BARE**



SWEDISH-STYLE PERMISSIVE PLAYROOM SALON

Where you'll find even fewer no-no's than at
Ga-Ga's house. Come on! Let's go outside in
our school clothes and get ready for more
than just good clean fun. Take a bath with
"Mom"! Play with dolls! Wiggle your peter in
front of "company"! Make doggy-dirt castles!
Pick your nose and eat it! Throw up in
"church"! Or just smear peanut butter all over
our kitchen cabinets.

- Make-Water beds
- Models for "finger" painting
- French thumb-massages

West 4th St. & 6th Ave. (Just tell them you're
going to the Judson Church Children's The-
atre!)

tee-tee tee-hee's ca-ca ha-ha's

NAUGHTY NOVELTIES!!!

- Done too soon? *Poo-Long* keeps you high on
legal pot for hours.
- Vibrators—Why use an old-fashioned corn cob
soaked in kerosene on that tom cat?
- Doctor Kits—Hot dog! Just look up gynecol-
ogist in the dictionary and see what you're
getting.
- Great big undies all your own just like in the
bedroom dresser-drawer.
- Rubber Sheets—so you can "do it" wherever
you want.
- Special Spanish Fly—always sticks, so Mom
will have to help.

PLUS BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS,
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

Winnie the POO, original European edition
The Little Engine That DID
The Piddle Prince
True Spit
Pee Nuts
The Cat in the Hat Makes Flatus

Send for our free catalogue.
HOWDIE DOODIE
Box L58 Baltimore, Md.

BAD WORDS

Brand-new list of over 5,000 bad words and what they mean. (So when they ask you if you know, you can tell 'em!) Including hard-to-get inner-city bad words like "ofay," "mammy jam," and "size queen." And "Words You Never Knew Were Bad"—just try out "price control" or "dictatorship of the masses" down at daddy's office and see what we're talking about!

ACT NOW AND RECEIVE 2 FREE BONUSES

Fifty Bad Gestures for Every Occasion—Hit 'em with the "clenched-fist power salute" at the Moose Lodge Father and Son Dinner, pull a "thumb-nail-tooth-flick" at the Italian restaurant, or show off "Sophia-Loren-two-hands-full-of-casaba-melons" to your mother's bridge club.

One Hundred and One Bad Sentences—They'll flip for these. Let fly with "Mrs. Teacher gives me hyperactivity therapy candy," or "I helped Mr. Assistant Minister make white tinkle after Sunday School today," and watch the fun begin.

Write to: YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, Box 65, N. Y., N. Y.

Personals

Boys or Girls: I love to play house and be "baby." Let me be your baby. I will say "titty" or "you stink," and you can wash my mouth out. Can cross busy streets.—Tiny, 218-6154.

BATH TIME: Be Mommy and give me a bath and you say "O.K., you can do the rest yourself," and I won't do it right. I promise.—Randolph, Box 781.

GIRLS—Show me yours and I'll show you mine if you show me yours first or do no. 1 standing, and I'll teach you to spit up.—S. D., Box 911.

My doggie tries to get married to your leg and the coffee table. 5¢ or Wonder Woman I haven't seen.—Charles Schultz, Box 5 or 707-8000.

Let's play farm! I'll be the cow and you milk me. Then I'll be mommy pig.—Larry, 818-5462 after school.

Back Issues *National Geographic*—Box 711.

Free candy for little redheaded girls.—Chuck, 707-8000 or peek in back window of dark sedan by bicycle rack.

Personals

This little piggy went to market. This little piggy stayed home. This little piggy had roast beef. This little piggy had none. This little piggy went wee, wee, wee all the way home. And **THIS** little piggy **TOOK A RIDE UP THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.**—Box 5.

I know how to poof whenever I want to. Write Box 222 for details.

Firemen wanted. I'm a hook and ladder. Joey's a pumper. Gary's got a lot of rubber tubing so he's a hydrant. Ding . . . Ding . . . Ding . . . Squirt! Squirt! Fire's out!! No girls allowed.—Box 104.

Little girl to hold football for place kicking. You could become famous if I see up your dress when I fall on my bummy.—707-8000.

Two swingers looking for girl or girls to push if you don't wear panties.—P. S. 58. Meet us behind the slide.

Strip "Animal Snap!" Do you have any piggies? Wee, wee, wee!—Box 5.

BM or 3 R's. No new math.—Tony, Box 454.

My wiener is 7 inches long. How long is your wiener?—707-8000.

NEXT WEEK IN PIDDLER...

Have You Reached Puberty, or Is That a Crayon in Your Pocket?



Day after day, facing a castroriling older woman trying to force her femininity down his throat . . .



Can today's boy still get it up?



YES HE CAN!

FOTO FUNNIES



FEEL LIKE GETTING EATEN?



O.K., LIFT UP THE SHEET.



SUCK, SLOPP!



SMECK, SMACK, SLOBBER!



GNORG!

BLAM!

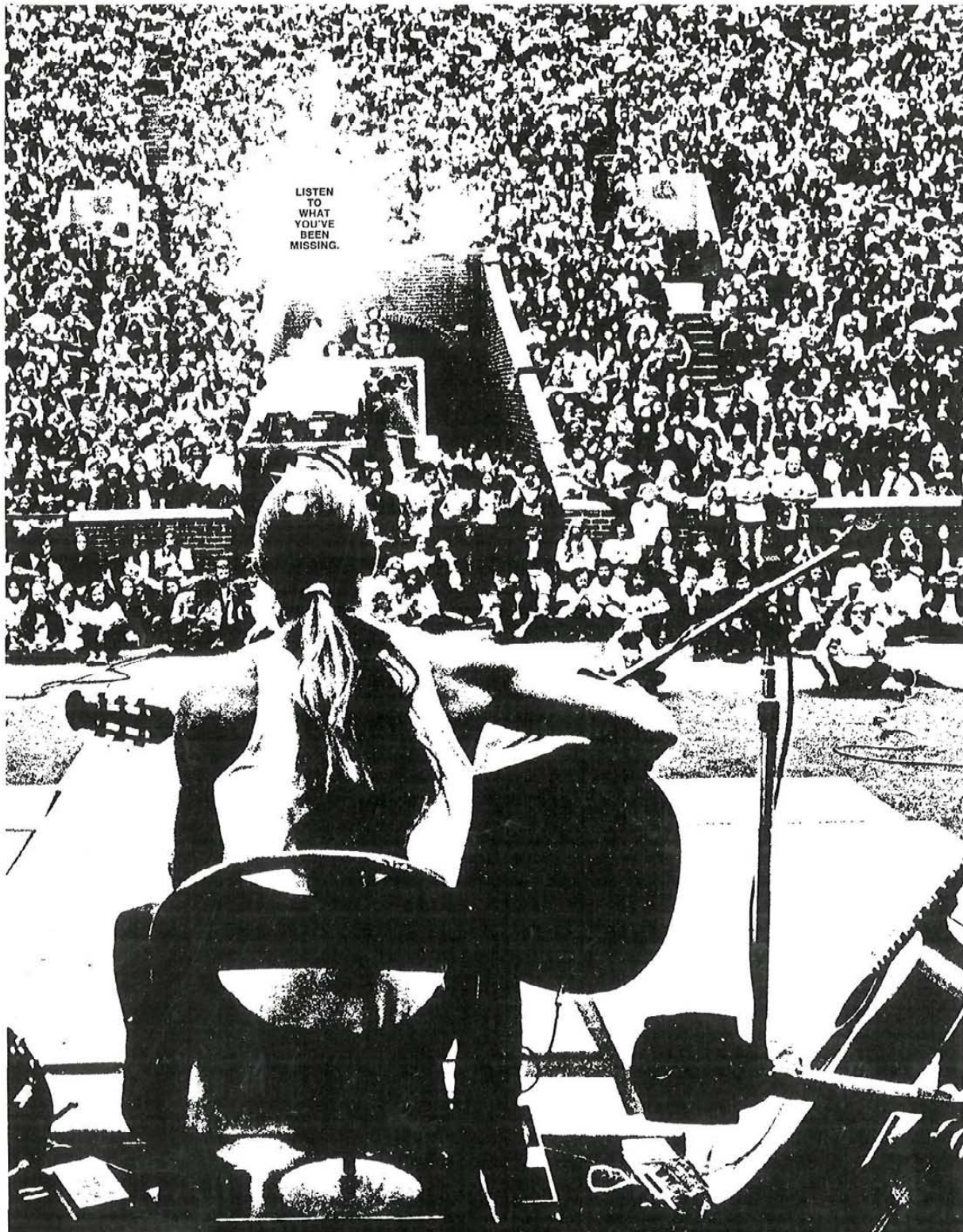


SWALLOW, SWALLOW



GOD, BABY, YOU SURE PUT ME THROUGH CHANGES!

LISTEN
TO
WHAT
YOU'VE
BEEN
MISSING.



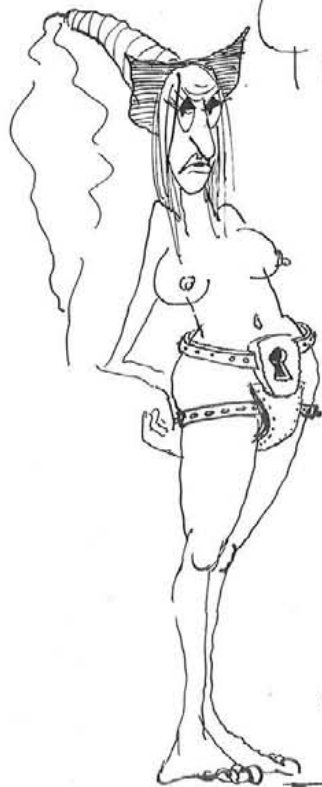
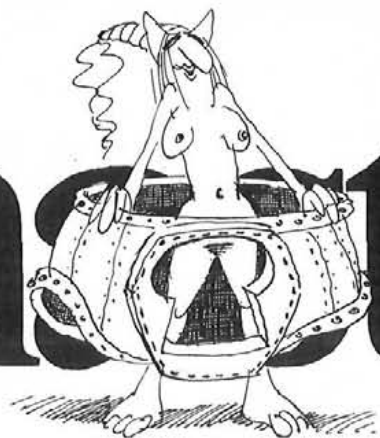
SHAWN PHILLIPS

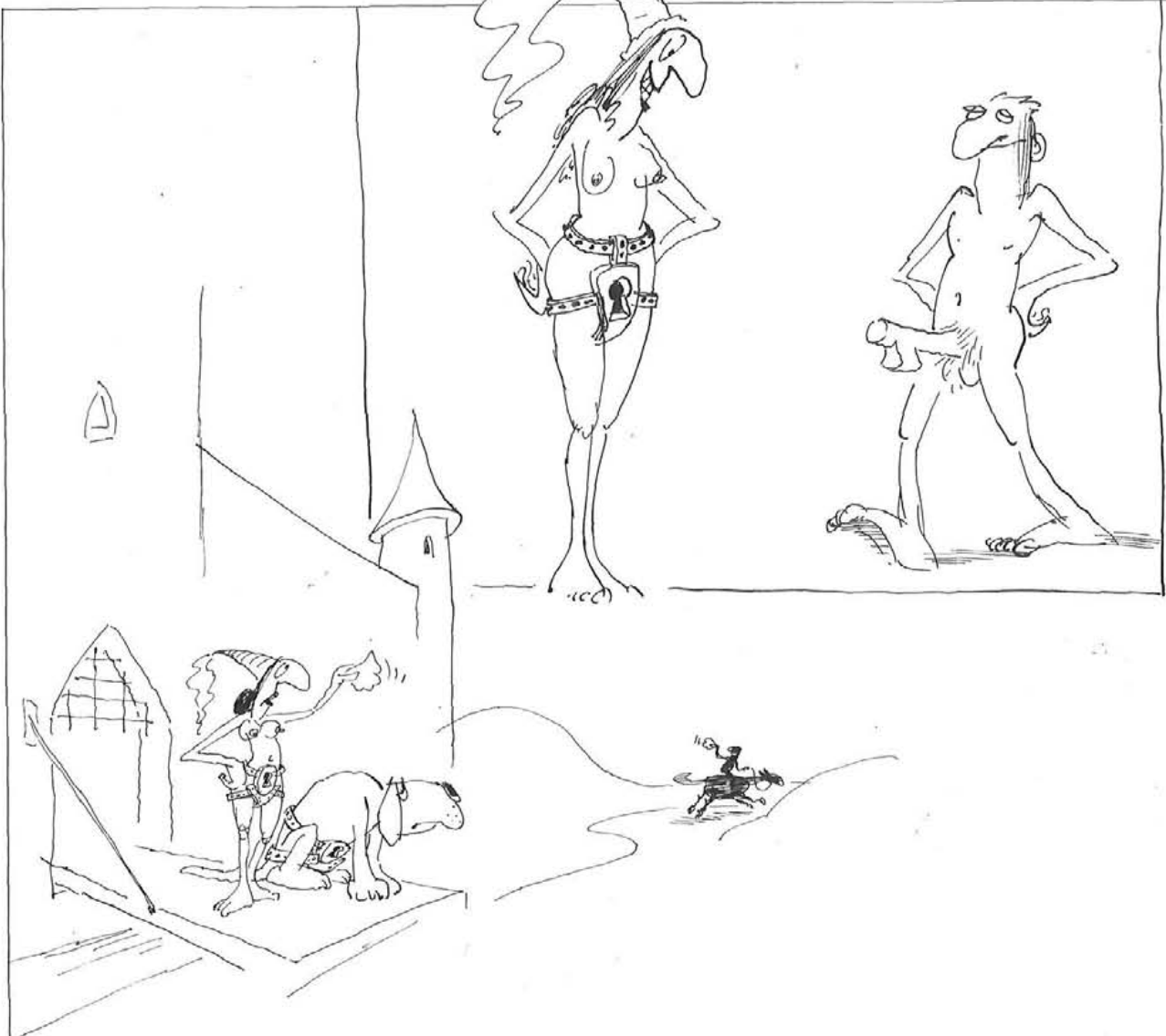
A&M Records

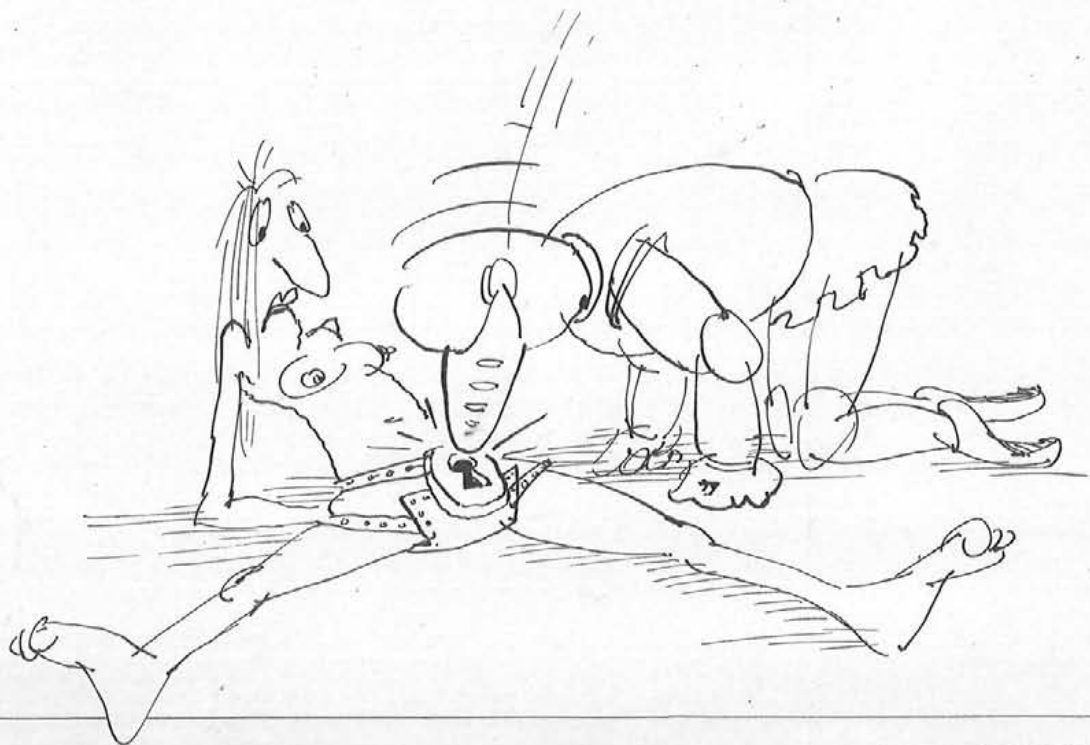
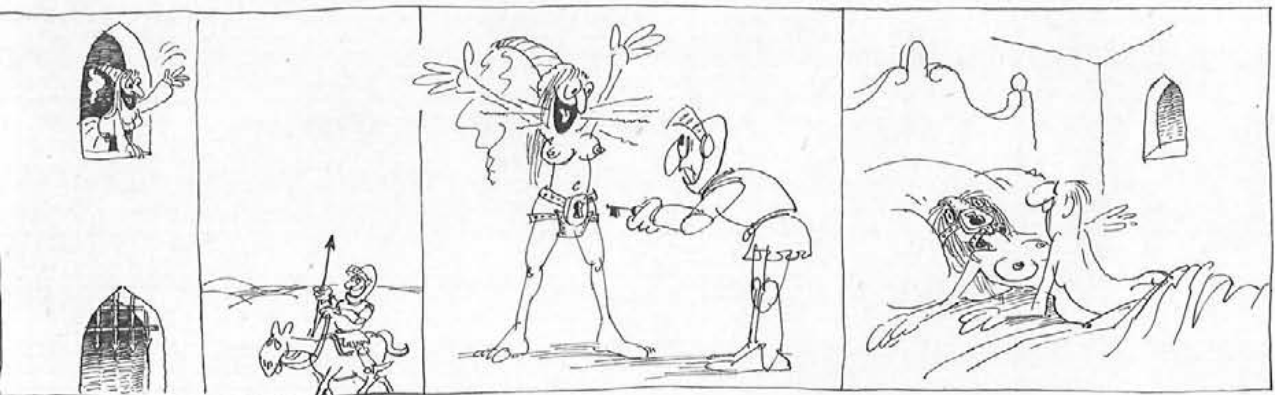
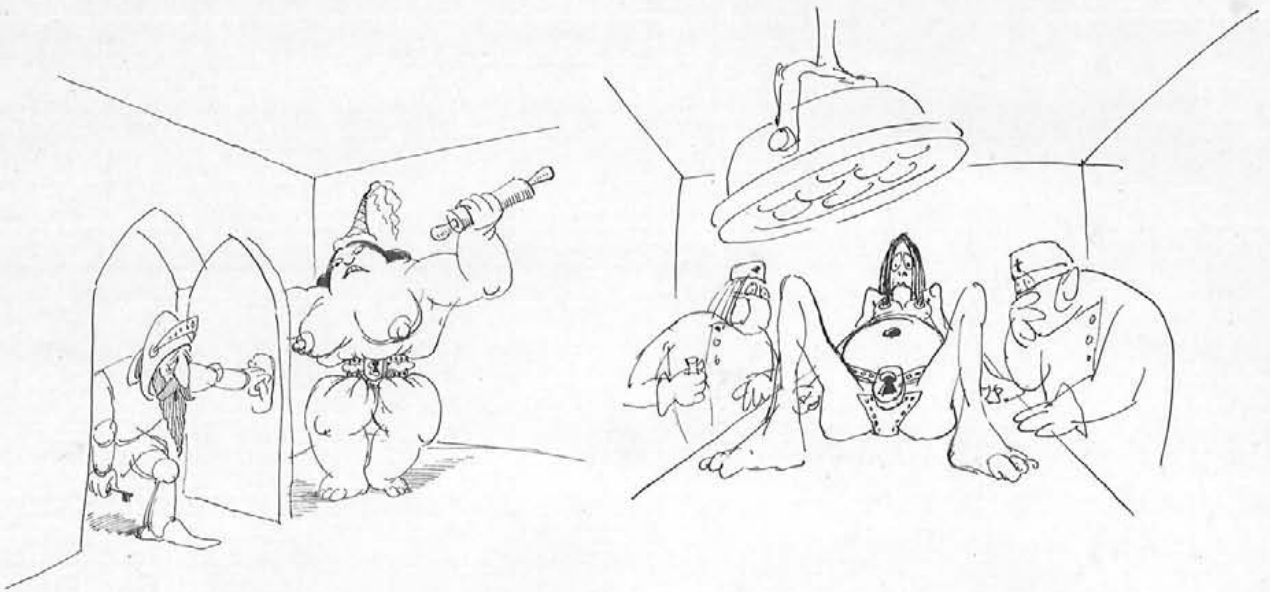


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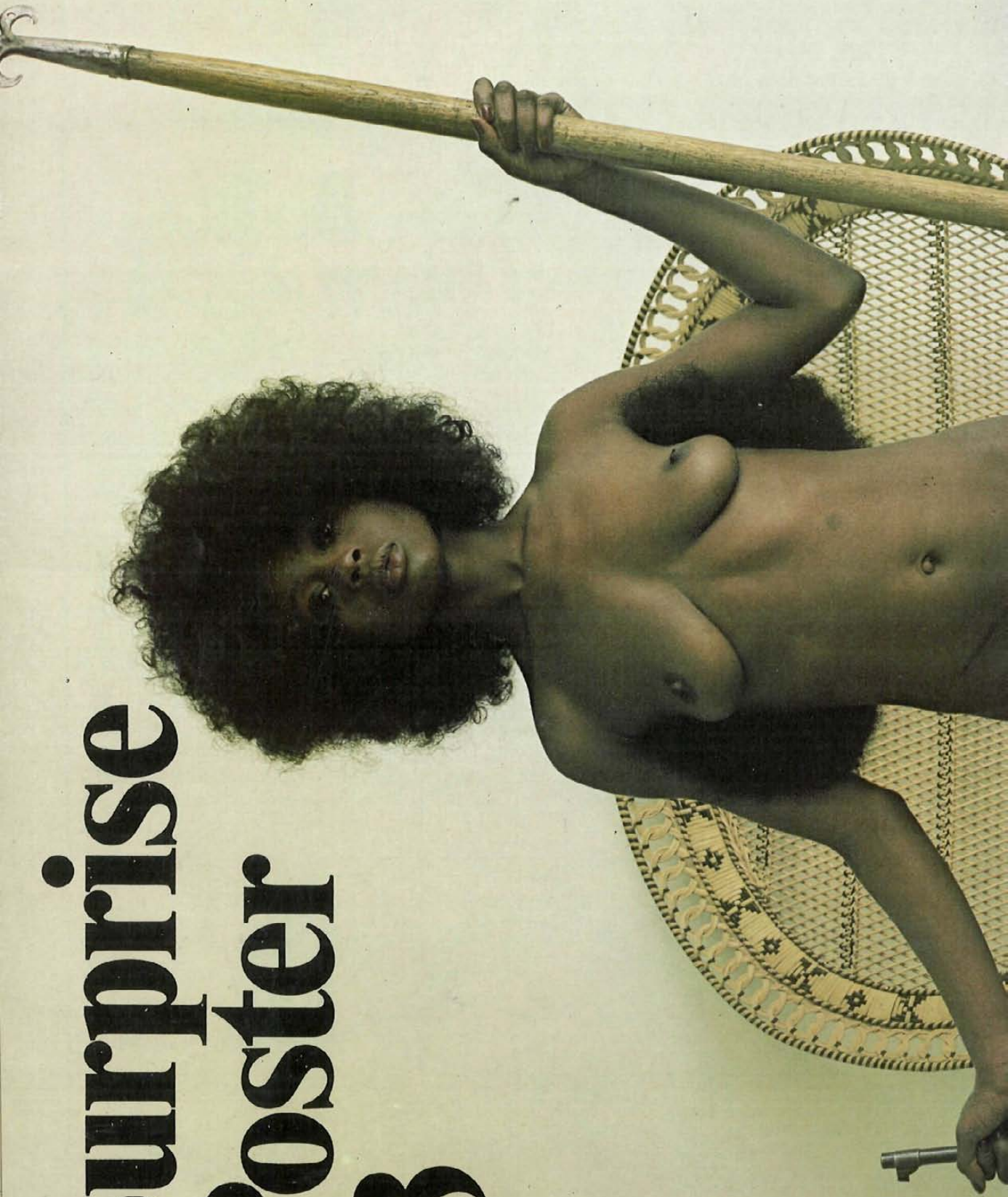
by Picha

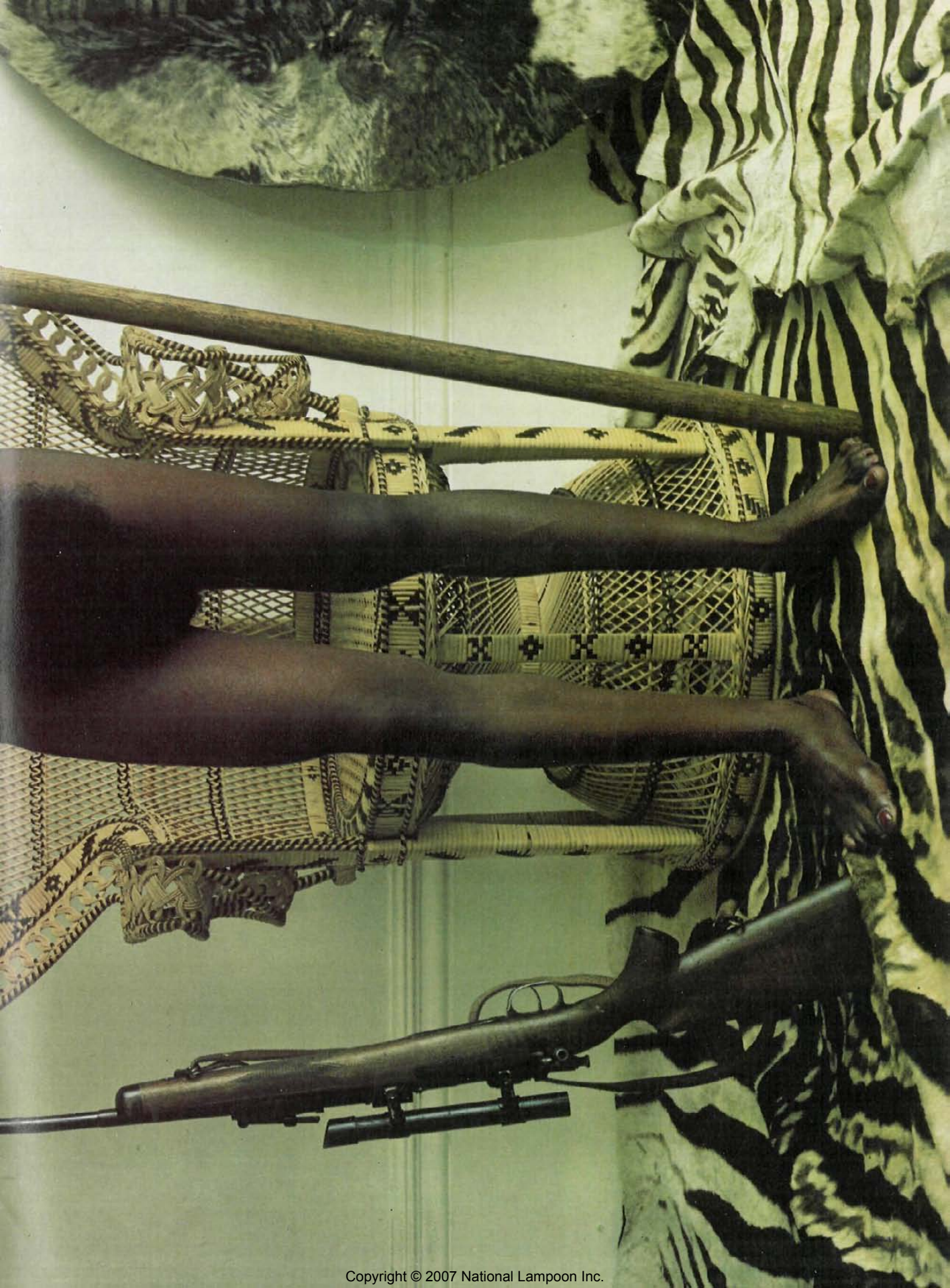






Surprise Poster #3





Mother's Little Helper

a self-abuse pamphlet
by Anne Beatts

In the absence of a popular feminist literature of stroke books for women, it is hoped that the following will help to fill the gap. . . .

Coitus Interruptus

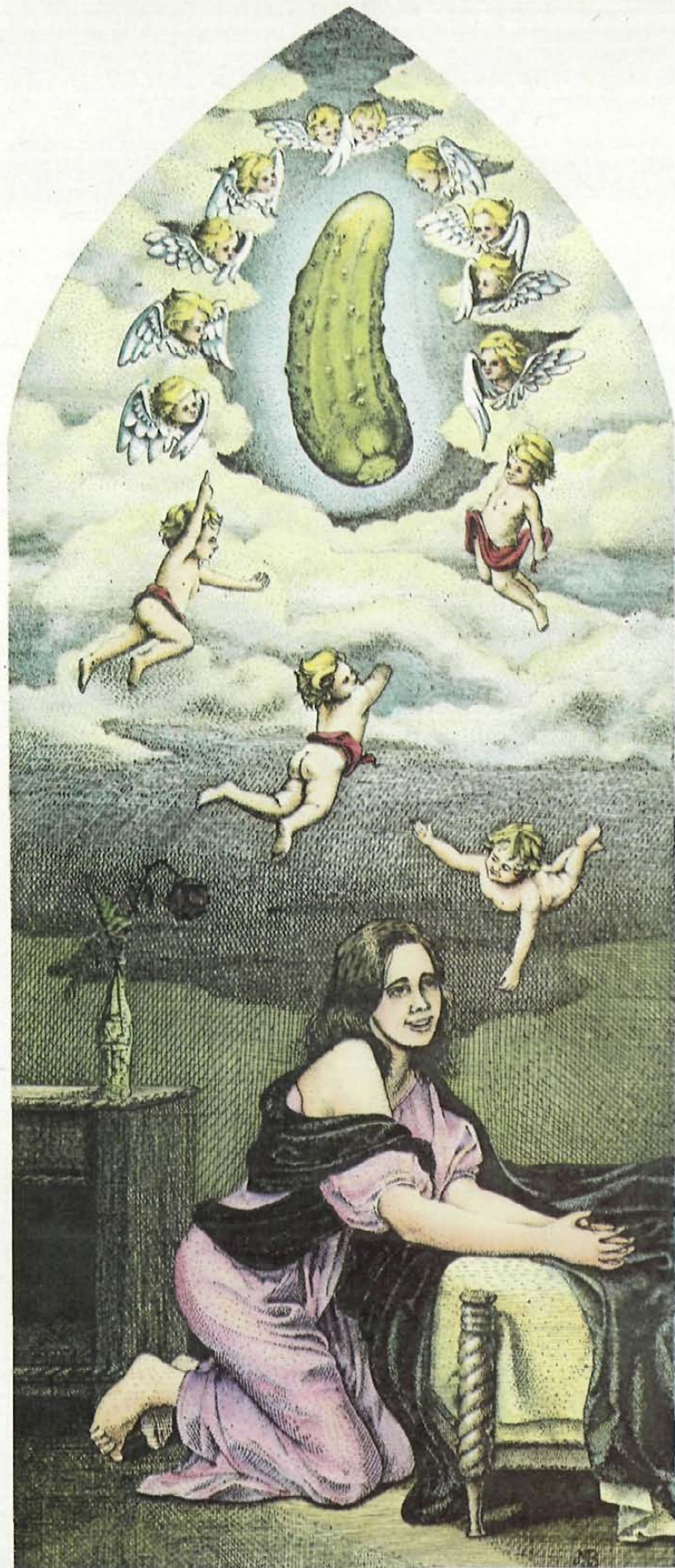
When I first came to dour, gloomy Ravenscroft/Fisherman's Cove/St. Michael's Hospital, I never suspected that the dark, twisted younger son of the Earl/cod fisherman/brilliant brain surgeon would come to exercise such a strange fascination over me.

Even after that morning in the deserted cupola/cove/surgical dispensary, where I had gone on the pretext of looking for my embroidery/some sea-shells/a bedpan, when he found me in tears and put his arms around me to comfort me, I thought his interest merely feigned, a polite gesture that was part of his natural aristocracy/New England courtesy/bedside manner.

How could he, who could have any noble lady/local girl/nurse he wanted, take an interest in a mousey governess/tourist/junior probationer?

But now, as he reached out for me, I began to realize that his cold, proud exterior concealed a warm, beating heart. Yes, I reflected as he crushed me against his ruffled shirtfront/oilskins/starved white tunic, even years of shutting himself away from everything except his hawks and hounds/codfish/patients hadn't closed his heart to me. The warning Old Melissa/Mrs. Abernathy/Matron had given me was wrong. He could feel, he could love. And it was I whom he loved.

"Cathy, Cathy," he repeated, his voice choked with emotion, his hands



wandering over my body, his face pressed against my hair. "Will you, my darling, will you?"

Just then the door of the cupola/fisherman's shack/surgical dispensary flew open. A voice thundered/drawled/barked, "Leave Ravenscroft forever!" "Isn't it time for summer people to be goin'?" "Report to Matron at once!"

Hot tears of shame sprang to my eyes. But as I tore myself away from his arms, I could not keep from saying his name: "Dirk, oh, Dirk!"

—after all lady novelists with three names

Sodomy

Now we come (catch the clever double entendre?) to something really naughty and, some people think, just a teensy bit wicked. Yes, girls, you know what I mean. The "back door." Now, before you wrinkle up your pretty little noses, just give it a chance to sink in. Lots of really famous people are all in favor of this one . . . Jean Genet and Norman Mailer, for instance. And we all know how significant they are.

After all, fainting and pretending to be such a delicate plant was for your grandmother, not for a big girl like you. Shame on you for being so squeamish! We're not actually that sensitive in that area, if the truth be told. You probably won't find it at all unpleasant (provided you remember to wash thoroughly before and afterward with a strong carbolic soap—Caswell-Massey makes a divine one). Make sure he washes too, because disease can be a no-no! And don't let him touch you anywhere else while it's going on.

Then, you can just lie there and enjoy it! UHMMMMMMMM!

—after Joan Garrity
(*The Sensuous Woman*)

Autoeroticism

**CHILDREN UNDER SIX
NOT ALLOWED ON TEETER-TOTTER
UNLESS AN ADULT IS PRESENT**

Rape

He advanced toward her, the fluorescent light glinting off his open switchblade.

"Whatsa matter, dontcha wanna be nice to me, Teach?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Bel ("*Up the Down Staircase*") Kaufmann

He advanced toward her, the sunlight glinting off the barrel of his pistol.

"Wal, a purty lady like you ain't ascairt of a Union sojer, is you, ma'am?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Margaret Mitchell

He advanced toward her, the firelight glinting off the blade of his rapier.

"Sblood! Is't that milady wilt spurn her noble suitor?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after the Baroness d'Orczy

He advanced toward her, the moonlight glinting off his neck plugs.

"Va na ga va va gagagaga?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Mary Shelley

Bestiality

Ellen shifted position slightly and looked down at his sleeping form. His beloved head, with its rough luxuriant mane, was pillowed on her lap. The dark eyes were closed now, but she could feel the warmth of his breath. Even in the half-light, she could see his strong, beautiful body, capable of carrying her whole weight with ease. As he slept, his powerful shoulder muscles rippled under the skin, which was dewy with a faint film of sweat.

Suddenly, she felt him stirring. He raised his head, nuzzled her cheek, and whinnied.

"Oh, Gramps, it's all right! Blaze is going to be all right," Ellen said.

—after Anna Sewell
(*Black Beauty*)

Sublimation

Bonwit Teller

Dear Bonwit Credit Account Customer:

Thank you for paying your account so promptly. We have extended your credit to

We hope you enjoy shopping at Bonwit's.

Sadism

Inasmuch as it would become necessary and, indeed, imperative to rid ourselves of the restrictive authority of the male, the goal of revolution would be to halt the functional obsolescence of masculine dogma by the reversal of its subjective tenets, formerly perceived by both sexes as moral obligations, or "commandments." Take as a case in point the injunction to refrain from the elimination by violent means of others of our species: It is at best of dubious authorship, and even if we give credence to the supposition that it was handed down from a higher authority, it is readily apparent that Moses himself, motivated by what even Freud had to admit was totemic fear of the all-powerful Father, was in

Marxist terminology enslaved by an economically exploitative relationship (easily threatened by the withdrawal of manna) and thus merely a self-appointed lackey of the supreme male chauvinist, Jehovah. Therefore, in order to achieve the actualization of a valid expression of that nature, which is felt to be feminine, it is evident that the first stage in the ongoing process of liberation in fact requires a corresponding invalidation and negation of all concepts and ethical systems that have been formulated by the repressive strictures of a male-dominated universe. Under this heading we may include logic, justice, truth, beauty, and the Pythagorean Theorem. And besides, women could pee standing up if they wanted to!!!

—after Kate Millett

Heterosexuality

The silken curtains surrounding the bed fell away at a touch, and she was revealed to his gaze, her pink and white bosom heaving slightly as she slept. Her feet were like tiny white doves in her little pink slippers. Her golden hair curled over her white shoulders. She looked so fresh and beautiful, it seemed as though she had just that moment closed her eyes. He bent to kiss her rose-leaf lips. On the instant, every bird in the palace garden began singing, and everyone in the palace woke up and went on with their tasks, exactly as if they had not been sleeping for the past hundred years.

—after *The Red Fairy Book*

Masochism

- 12:30 2 **THE SHINING HOUR**
Brad comes out of his coma to find that Dot has left him.
- 4 **TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY**
Dot has a brain hemorrhage when she hears about Cindy and Brad.
- 7 **ALL MY SORROWS**
After finding out that Cindy has left him, Ronald has a serious accident on the way to meet Dot.
- 9 **REACH FOR THE MOON**
The only person with Ronald's blood type is his illegitimate son, who is also Brad's doctor.
- 11 **TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT**
Cindy tries to shield Ronald from finding out that his illegitimate son is a drug addict.
- 47 **MADRE DE DIO**
Nunca diga "Canadian" se non dice "Club."
—after all major networks

Group Sex

As she cruised down Park Avenue in the hazy winter twilight, Bitsy fell into a reverie about her past lovers. She had to admit . . . she'd been out with some real doozies.

There was Waldo, the pudgy do-it-yourselfer who wanted to build her a whole new box.

And Roberto, the sensitive South American amateur bullfighter who preferred her ears to her tail.

continued

She thought with a special fondness of Binky, the crazy dentist from Hackensack who'd brought her home to eat his mother.

Yes, she'd done them all. You name it, she'd tried it. In spades. Chinks too. Christ, at least she hoped she wasn't prejudiced.

But none of them had given her what she was looking for. None of them had pressed that magic little button. Where was it, anyway? She knew it wasn't her navel. Filling that with cream cheese had done absolutely nothing for her.

Bitsy surreptitiously adjusted the Pursette that she wore instead of panties. But no, there was never a flicker . . . except for that time with the two albino hairdressers from the Hotel Great Northern and the trained slug. Maybe if she had thought to remove her Pursette . . .

But who knew? Who could say? Where would it all lead? When would she ever find the One . . . or Two?

She realized that if she didn't hurry she'd be late for her rendezvous with the zoo keeper and his twin brother. She crossed to the other side of the Avenue and began walking uptown.

—after Joyce Eberts
(*The Crazy Ladies*)



Incest
Lovely Lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me to be just like you.
If it's true that God is Three-in-One,
You bore your Father's only Son.

Lesbianism
yesterday was a bitter day and because outside was so cold and inappropriate I went over to Freda's for some coffee and she didn't have any

coffee so we had goat's milk ironic really because that time in westbeth with the trouble over the elevator and then together we both went to Joan's where the doorbell isn't working just like old times I said thinking of Mexico and brave Joan who had been to the dentist's too and recalled the time the barman was so rude to her played with her white cat and I wondered was the cat male or female and she said neuter so I thought the day was too and with a sudden swoop of clairvoyance speak of the devil Alice called disguised as a marine so we all met Alice at the restaurant without any cigarettes because of the doorbell and the cat stayed at home feeling bitter no doubt but the cigaretteless restaurant had fat-cat cushions warm and friendly-feeling and Joan said something really sweet so that made the day sweet too if you get what I mean so maybe it was bitter-sweet after all like the chocolate that Alice gave me in the taxi and I went home with Alice to have two very good orgasms, one bitter and one sweet.

—after Jill Johnston

Exhibitionism

Q. I am a tall Australian girl with all her own teeth and a weakness for British rock musicians. In my book I used several dirty words. Since then I find I am driven by an irresistible desire to appear on television and talk about sex. I have achieved international exposure and was featured in two sleazy sex-papers and on the cover of a major American news magazine. Recently I stated in a women's-magazine article that I prefer not to wear any panties. Is there any hope for me?

A. I see no reason why you, like any other woman, shouldn't find happiness and fulfillment through marriage—as long as you remember that you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. (See the heading "Honey vs. Vinegar" in the chapter on a richer sex life through the use of food in my forthcoming book, *Every Woman Could If She Wanted To, But Why Bother When Mah-Jongg Is More Fun?*)

Next Month: "VD, the Disease You Get from Toilet Seats"

—after Dr. Rose N. Franzblau

Voyeurism (Consciousness I)

Meanwhile, Steve's lovely wife, pert, lovely actress Jayne Meadows, sat dangling her toes over the edge of their kidney-shaped swimming pool, taking time out from romping with Randy, their full-grown English sheep dog, and tutoring the disadvantaged child of their Mexican gardener, to go over a part and whip up Steve's favorite dessert while we chatted.

Her sunny exterior betrayed no sign of the inner turmoil that must have raged within. Phrasing the question as delicate-

ly as I could, I asked her, "Jayne, there's been some nasty rumors going around this burg, and I'd like you to clear them up for our readers. For instance, why is it that you and Steve are forced to sleep in separate bedrooms?"

Jane laughed her full-throated throaty laugh. "Don't give it another thought, Rona," she said. "Steve and I are forced to sleep in separate bedrooms because I like the window open and Steve likes it closed."

COMING NEXT MONTH

The Lennon Sisters: "If Only We Were Black!" Sandy Duncan: "How My Operation Changed the Way I Look at Sex!" Liz to Jackie: "You Can't Have My Dick!"

Voyeurism (Consciousness II)

Tooth Makers Help Convict Three-Time Sex Offender

PERTH, Australia (UPI)—The Honorable Justice Blackmer set an unusual precedent in allowing dental molds as admissible evidence in the case of George Osborne, accused of the brutal rape-murder of a 14-year-old girl.

Osborne, 31, a Melbourne resident, was picked up by police here on vagrancy charges. While undergoing some emergency dental repairs in custody, the prison doctor noted the similarity between Osborne's upper bite and the photographic record of toothmarks left on the dead girl's body by her assailant.

Osborne today was convicted of slaying Lucy Brigham, 14, of Perth, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He is awaiting trial for two other similar sex crimes that have occurred in the Perth area during the past six months. It is not known whether tooth molds will be used by the Crown in the prosecution of the other two cases.

Voyeurism (Consciousness III)

I had been sitting in the same chair in the Apple office on Wigmore Street for three days and nights. When he walked in I could hardly believe it. Was this thick, cloddish, nahaven boor in the dirty mohair sweater the guy that millions of teenage girls were creaming for? I guessed so.

I followed him out to his car and lay under it.

He came around the block again before I had finished brushing off the tire tracks. This time he stopped the car, opened the door, and grunted. I hopped in.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't in love with him, that his grunts were too pretentious, but it was hopeless.

The bedroom of his elegant townhouse was covered in priceless Oriental rugs. The Oriental rugs were covered in dogshit from the puppy he brought home. I was supposed to clean up the shit, wash

continued on page 90

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Invisible Robkin in the Girls' Locker Room

by Chris Miller

Mr. Zobiah, the chemistry teacher, was noted for his lips. They were thin and plum-colored, and puffed when they met, like gently-squeezed blisters. When apart, they released generous clouds of lethal chemical-breath, emissions that each year caused several of his eleventh graders to faint dead away.

Robkin Heller felt dangerously close to joining that asphyxiated elite. Mr. Zobiah's instructions washed across his face in oily waves, causing his vision to waver and his olfactory centers to cry out in stunned disbelief. Through the windows he could see the entire student body of Nozzlin High streaming into the afternoon sunshine, leaping jauntily into bull-nosed Fords and Mercs, combing their hair, lighting covert cigarettes, hitching their pegged pants, and smoothing their tight sweaters. Ah, the jugs. Restrained by bras, they jiggled tightly in place like cantilevered Jello. Why had he alone been kept after school to make up lab assignments?

"Heller, please take your hands from your pockets and pay attention. You're going to be working with sensitive chemicals here, and if you don't perform the operations exactly as I've described them—foof!"

Mr. Zobiah's clever sound-effect slid another moist finger of breath into Robkin's nose. Attempting to speak without inhaling, he assured the teacher of his certain ability to perform the experiment flawlessly, even if blindfolded.

Mr. Zobiah was unconvinced, but he returned to his desk. Maybe the little putz would lose a finger or something. Sighing, he sank into his swivel seat and lost himself in a recent report

on yttrium, soon forgetting Robkin's presence entirely.

Robkin, meanwhile, turned to the racks of chemicals, chose several, and resignedly set to work. As his hands mixed and heated a solution, his mind retreated back to third-period history. In that steamy class he dropped his pencil to the floor an average of twelve times a day in order to bend and sneak quick glances up the tight woolen skirt of Wilma Schwerkper, whose faintly puckered thighs had elevated her to current teen-queen of Robkin's beat-off fantasies.

He was so horny. If only he could get *laid*. But that mad act seemed virtually unknown in comfy, suburban Nozzlin. Oh, the hood girls probably did it, but the hood girls wore tiny gold crosses around their necks, chewed gum with their mouths open, and mainly were always hanging around with male hoods wearing wide, heavily-buckled black belts. Robkin was afraid of the hood girls.

Unfortunately, the sole alternative was the Jewish girls, who wore tiny gold mezuzahs around their necks, chewed gum with their mouths closed, and mainly were always hanging around with their mothers, who laced their food with saftpudding, an Eros nullifier. These circumstances had cut Robkin's options to a bare choice between his left and right hand. There matters stood.

As his mind darted up skirts, through fortress-like girdles into slick, honeyed grottos, his eyes completely missed the advent of the thick, white vapor that began to pour from the mouth of his test tube. Anticipating perfumed breezes of the delta, he inhaled luxuriously and snorted his lungs full of unknown chemical gas.

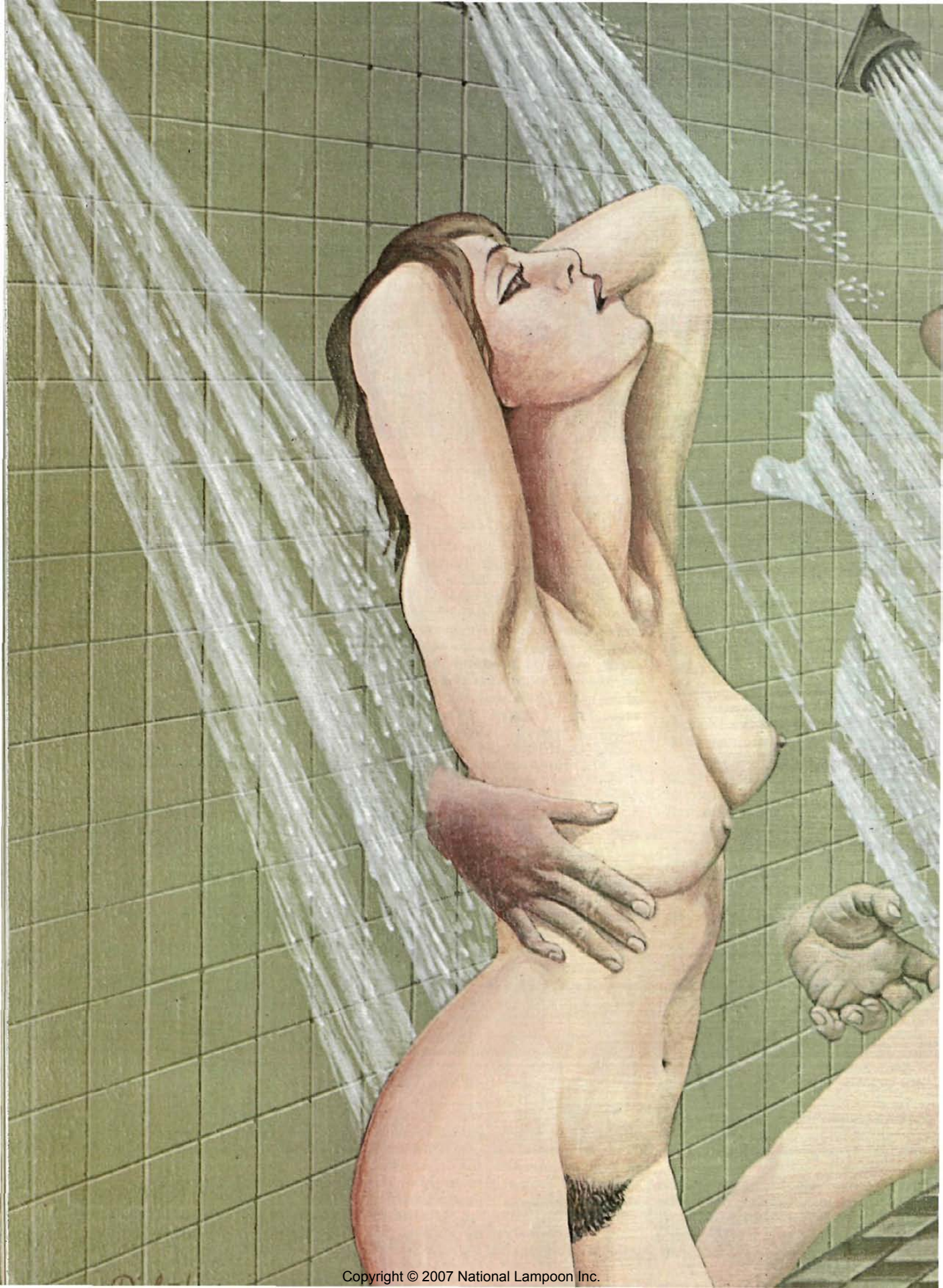
The abrupt Verdun of coughing from the lab table launched Mr. Zobiah's journal from his lap like a terrified bird. He glared up, framing a withering epithet, but stopped without speaking. He faced a green-on-green sateen shirt and a pair of black pegged pants, untenanted, doing a small, insane dance before the Bunsen burner. Good lord, he'd hoped for a finger, or even a whole hand, but this was ridiculous. Mumbling formulas, he got rapidly into his overcoat and departed the lab with great dispatch.

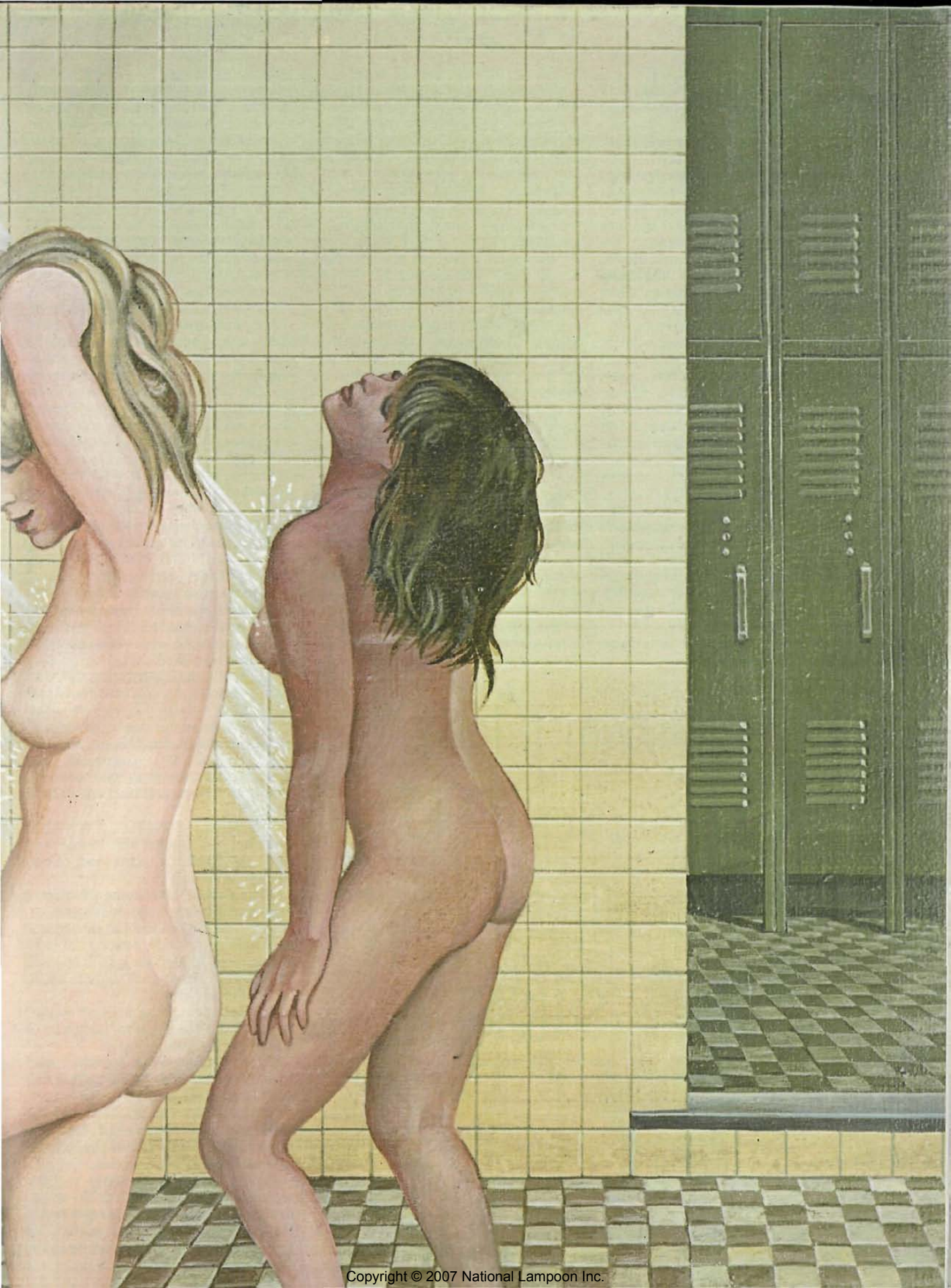
Robkin, meanwhile, had controlled his coughing and now stood unmoving, staring at his reflection in the darkening panes of the window. He looked like the Playtex Living Bra commercials, only in Hempstead hood clothes. "Holy shit," he realized, "I'm *invisible*." He stole a glance at the test tube he still held in one hand. Half a tube of silvery liquid remained, winking naughtily at him in the fluorescent lab light. He'd invented an invisibility potion!

The first question that occurred to Robkin's trained Jewish mind was how best to exploit this miracle. Rob a bank and be rich? Infiltrate the Kremlin and steal Russian secrets? What he really wanted, of course, was to infiltrate a few *vaginas*. But how?...

He snapped his fingers suddenly. *The girls' locker room!* If he hurried, he could still catch the showers of the field-hockey team. Scrambling to his feet, he launched himself for the door and, invisibility being a mite tricky to get used to, fell flat on his face amidst a clatter of desks and chairs.

The crash was loud and clear out in the hall. Old Walt Bezinski, brooming a ragged line of wine-colored sawdust down the deserted corridor,





continued

paused in his work to peer curiously through the door to the lab. He beheld an empty shirt and pair of pants thrashing wildly amidst a small forest of fallen furniture.

"Heh," commented the grizzled prole. Shaking his head wonderingly, he ambled on down the hall.

But Robkin had glimpsed the face at the door. Shmushed against the window glass, it had appeared hostile and ogreish, and had scared him badly before he'd realized who it was. Then he realized something else — he was visible again!

So the potion had a time limit. Some twenty minutes had passed since he first breathed the vapor. Well, twenty minutes would be plenty of time to get him where he was going. Once there, he could take more potion as often as he needed. He returned the test tube to the burner flame and sniffed cautiously about its mouth. Then he removed his clothes.

It took him five minutes to penetrate the still-empty locker room and hide himself inside the mop locker. He'd just wait there until the girls came back—all sweaty and slippery and giggling—recharge his invisibility, and step forth to view the disrobing. And then . . .

The door to the locker flew open, flooding him with light.

"Whuffo you here?" cried Minnie, Nozzlin High's colored cleaning lady, her brown marshmallow arms roiling in indignation. "Whuffo you in the wimmin's locker room? An' whah is you undress?"

Shocked, Robkin stared down at himself. He was completely visible and strikingly naked. "Uh, gluck . . ." he said.

"You bess come out dere fore Ah counts five," Minnie warned, "or Ah gwine thruss mah mop in yo' face." She began to count.

Robkin rolled his eyes about wildly. Minnie would march him straight to Mr. Formosa's office, and that would be it for him at Nozzlin High. His parents, Manny and Isobel, would be so scandalized they might have to move to a goyishe neighborhood. His palms were sweating so profusely that the test tube nearly slipped from his hand.

Test tube?

Shmuck! he realized, smiting his forehead with his other hand, which contained his Zippo windproof lighter and which fetched his left eyebrow a nasty whack. Lighter and test tube. Right. He thrust the former beneath the latter and lit it.

"Fo! Fi—" Minnie broke off, eyes bulging. "Good hebbins!" she cried. Her feets did they stuff.

Heart still pounding with alarm, Robkin pulled the locked door closed and sank down upon a bucket. Holy shit. And why had the potion worn off so soon? Had he inhaled too little? Or was the reversibility triggered by something other than passage of time? Abruptly he realized that both times he'd been scared. First Walt had scared him, and then Minnie, and each time he'd popped into visibility like a pudgy light bulb.

Fear made him visible.

But . . . holy shit! How could he invisibly fondle and finger in the girls' locker room when the main thing he feared was girls? Maybe he ought to forget the whole thing, go back to the lab for his clothes, and see if he couldn't find Steamin' or Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and listen to some records or something. Yeah, shit. He stood up and reached for the door.

SHRIEK! CRASH! GIGGLE!

Robkin yanked his hand from the door as if it were red hot and shrank back against the rear wall of the locker. Too late! The girls had returned. He doubted if he could even walk through them without being scared enough to turn visible. Look at him now, for God's sake. Even inside the locker he'd turned visible. He'd have to wait them out, stay right where he was until they'd all left.

Suddenly, he heard the voice of Mrs. Butch, the large-shouldered girls' gym teacher, seeming very close. "Carlotta, Leonia, I don't know where Minnie is today, but this room hasn't been mopped. After you finish your showers, I'd like you two to do it. You'll find mops and buckets right in here."

WHANG, WHANG, WHANG went her fist against the locker wall next to Robkin's right ear. Good Christ! he thought.

"Miz Butch? How come Ah always is de one dat has to do de moppin' an stuff?" said a voice Robkin recognized as Carlotta ("San Juan") Hilton. "How come Ah nebber gets to go to de office wif de attendance, like de white an' de Jewish girls?"

"Thass right," agreed a second voice. "It not because we members of a mah-nority group, is it?"

"You're both quite sweaty," said Mrs. Butch's voice. "Take your showers." Sharp footsteps receded.

"Fuckin' jive bitch," muttered the Carlotta voice, fading off into the generalized locker-room babble of squeals, gossip, and giggles.

Robkin whimpered softly to himself. Obviously, he had to do something before they came for the mops. He'd better calm himself, collect his thoughts. Slowly, the pounding in his chest subsided. Well, he'd just have to screw up his courage and use his



invisibility to get himself out of there. After all, invisibility *was* something no teen-ager in the world had ever possessed before. Feeling cool and controlled, he made himself invisible and eased from the locker.

One glance shattered his control instantly. His hands and feet began to shimmer into substance. With a cry, he hurled himself back inside the locker and pulled the door closed just in time. Good God, the room had been filled with naked women! He had seen bush! How the hell was he not supposed to be scared when there was pubic hair all over the place?

He glanced at his test tube. There was enough potion left for a single dose, no more. Well, he really didn't have a choice. He'd have to squeeze his eyes nearly shut and make a run for it. He emerged from the locker, took six steps, turned a corner into one of the locker alcoves . . . and found himself face to face with Wilma Schwmerper. Wilma was removing her bra.

His fear abruptly forgotten, Robkin decided to stick around for awhile and watch.

Wilma, after all, had filled his every masturbatory fantasy since he'd been seated in front of her last September. Her lips were full and Semitic; her eyes round, dark and dumb. And . . . *Good God, what a pair of knockers!* She'd just finally gotten the third hook of her bra undone, and the underthing had practically exploded off her. She was like the women in the magazines! Almost unbidden, his hand reached out for her.

"Hey, Wilma," bawled a voice, "Ah show you mah hickey?"

"Why, no, Carlotta, you didn't."
"Well, den, feas' yo' eyes on *dis*." Carlotta, nude and very black, passed within inches of Robkin to sit beside Wilma on the low wooden bench. She indicated a discolored spot on her neck. With a small coo of admiration, Wilma bent to look; and one of her soft, pink and white breasts lightly nudged one of Carlotta's firm black ones. The girls' eyes locked for an electric instant. Carlotta licked her lips.

"I wonder if the showers are ready?" Wilma asked, a little breathlessly.

"Ah sho hopes so," said Carlotta. "Ah is *ready*." She took Wilma's hand, and the two of them padded away, glancing at each other with shy excitement.

Robkin was stunned. Things like this went on? In the girls' locker room? While the boys hid in lonely toilet stalls, pulling their miserable wires and dreaming of better days? Holy shit. But, then, he'd always somehow known that this was what

happened in girls' locker rooms. He hadn't *believed* it, but he'd known it. Wow.

But this was no time for philosophizing. By now, most of the girls had padded by his alcove, towels over their arms, bosoms all ashiver. He'd just bring up the rear, as it were. Squaring his shoulders, he fell in behind Carolyn Czezarski, a girl who took Home Ec and typing classes, and followed her fat little tushie all the way to the shower room.

The entranceway billowed steam, hiding the interior, but he could hear many showers and, above them, coos, whimpers, and moans. God, the guys would *never* believe this.

Carolyn hung her towel on a peg and sidled into the steam. Swallowing, Robkin followed.

At first he could see nothing. Then, like an airplane emerging suddenly from a cloud, he could see *everything*. All about him were girls—girls he'd been passing in the halls and sitting next to for years—utterly naked, stroking and fondling and sliding against one another, their matted woolies like small, drowned mammals. The whole room seemed perfumed with . . . well, an odor much like low tide at Coney Island. But good! He was immersed in a steaming chowder of slick flesh and sweet, funky broth. Checking with his hand,

he found that he'd gotten the boner of a lifetime.

But what should he *do*? He felt like a small child set free in the world's greatest candy store. He wanted *everything*.

He decided to start with an appetizer. He would squeeze the small, rodent-like bosoms of Darlene Dell'olio. He stepped over to her, reached out a hand . . . and began to feel afraid. With alarm, he saw his hands, feet, and the German helmet of his wee-wee blink into view. Good God. He stepped back, closed his eyes, and concentrated with all his might on not being scared, on not feeling anything. Taking a breath, he opened his eyes and looked. His extremities were invisible again. He sighed with relief.

But when he reached with his hand, he found that his hard-on was gone.

Fighting a terrible, sinking feeling, he gave himself a new hard-on and reached for Carolyn . . . and felt frightened and began to turn visible. He stepped back and dampened his emotions . . . and stayed invisible, . . . but lost his hard-on.

Gritting his teeth, he made one more stab. He reached for Wilma Schwmerper . . . and began to feel afraid.

"Ah, shit!" he yelled so loudly that several nearby girls turned to stare.

But, of course, they saw nothing. □



A Gourmet Guide
to Love Making
for men and women
who are familiar
with the basics—
and want to go on
from there

The Joy of Sex



You've read sex manuals before. But there's never been one like this.

THE JOY OF SEX is Different with a Capital D.

It's a book that is based on the premise that love making should be *joyous, inventive, and carefree.*

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in encyclopedia form that contains sane and beguiling advice about love making in all its aspects. The authors write very well, with relaxed humor and with awareness of the profound relationship that sex is for."

—New York Magazine

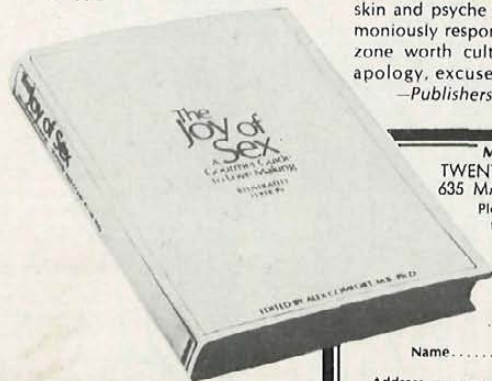
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—William E. Hartman, Ph.D., Director, Center for Marital and Sexual Studies, Long Beach, California

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PRESIDENTIAL PERVERSION COMICS
 PRESENTS
THE ORAL PASSIONS OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

WE JOIN OUR TWENTY-SEVENTH PRESIDENT, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY OF A NURSERY-SCHOOL CHUM, BARELY OUT OF THE CRIB, TAFT WAS ALREADY MAKING HIS MARK IN THE ADULT WORLD.

AH, YES, LOUISE TAFT'S CHILD, THE LAD IS FIVE YEARS OLD AND **PASSIONATELY EAGER FOR MOUTHFULS OF BEAVER**. ISN'T HE JUST **DELIGHTFULLY SCANDALOUS?!**

IN TEN MORE MINUTES I MEET HIM IN THE BEDROOM. I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF HE'D THROW IN A **RIM JOB**, BUT THAT MAY BE ASKING **TOO MUCH** FROM A CHILD.

THERE'S THAT LITTLE BOY WHO PUTS HIS **TONGUE ON LADIES' PRIVATE PARTS**.



AND YOU'LL STAY IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL YOU LEARN THAT **GRANDMA** DOES NOT WANT **YOUR LIPS ON THAT PART OF HER BODY**.

AN HOUR LATER...

MRS. TAFT IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT BOY AGAIN.

ALPHONSO, YOUR SON WAS FOUND IN A BEDROOM WITH HIS BEST FRIEND'S MOTHER, AND HE WAS **WETTING HER WHISKERS!**

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW? THE BOY IS GOING THROUGH A STAGE. WAIT UNTIL HIS OTHER **EQUIPMENT DEVELOPS**.



SOME SON! A PERVERT AT AGE TEN!

BUT THE COMING YEARS WERE TO PROVE THAT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT WAS BORN TO EAT, AND NOT TO FUCK.



WRITER: ED BLUESTONE
 ARTIST: GRAY MORROW
 LETTERER: ALAN KUPPERBERG

WHEN WOMEN WERE NOT AVAILABLE, HE WOULD TURN TO MORE CONVENTIONAL SOURCES OF NOURISHMENT.



I'LL HAVE A FEAST RIGHT HERE IN MY ROOM. WHO NEEDS GRANNY? SHE'S SO DRY AND LIFELESS ANYWAY.

AT YALE, HIS ORAL EXPLOITS BECAME LEGENDARY.



SHE HAD A 7-POUND CLITORIS THAT LOOKED INSATIABLE. BUT JUST AS I WAS GIVING UP HOPE, BILL'S TONGUE BECAME ERECT, AND IT WAS LIKE TWO HORSES FUCKING UNTIL THE CIRCUS FAT LADY COLLAPSED IN ECSTASY!



YOU'RE ALMOST IN BED, BIG FELLOW.

I WANT SOME ICE CREAM BEFORE I SLEEP.

TAFT'S BRILLIANT LEGAL MIND BEGAN TO EMERGE AT CINCINNATI LAW SCHOOL.

BUT THAT'S ABSURD, MY DEAR. FORNICATION AND CUNNILINGUS MAY BOTH BE ILLEGAL IN THE STATE OF OHIO, BUT NO EXISTING STATUTE APPLIES TO STRADDLING A HARD AND STIFF TONGUE. THE UNIQUE INSTRUMENT THAT I'M OFFERING YOU IS NOT A PENIS, BUT NEITHER DOES IT LICK, LAP, OR SUCK IN THE LEGAL INTERPRETATION OF THESE WORDS.

WELL, MAYBE I'LL TRY IT!



WHILE BOBSLEDDING ON MOONLIT MOUNT AUBURN, BILL FIRST MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF NELLIE HERRON.



WHY, YOUR SLED'S A LOT BIGGER THAN ALL THE OTHER BOYS! IF THERE'S ONE THING I LIKE, IT'S A MAN WHO CAN SLIDE A-CROSS SLIPPERY SLOPES, SAIL THROUGH THE SLUSH, AND USE HIS HEAD WHEN HE CHOOSES A SLED.

IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE, I'M GOING TO TICKLE HER ICICLE.

EVEN THEN, NELLIE KNEW.

MOTHER, I'VE MET A MAN WHO CAN BE LED TO THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE SCENT OF MY SNATCH. HIS NAME IS BILL TAFT.



THE FIRST STAGE OF NELLIE'S PLAN TO BECOME FIRST LADY WAS COMPLETED ON JUNE 19, 1886--THE TAFTS' WEDDING DAY.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE OTHER STUFF. I WANT TO MUNCH YOUR MOUND.

NOT UNTIL YOU'RE PRESIDENT! YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET YOUR MAMMOTH HEAD OUT OF THERE!



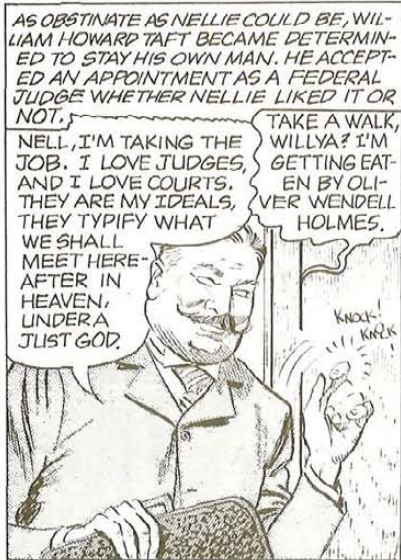
BY THIS TIME, TAFT WAS SOLICITOR GENERAL, THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTORNEY IN THE SUPREME COURT. YET NELLIE WASN'T SATISFIED WITH HER HUSBAND'S PROGRESS TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE. AS SHE ADAMANTLY KEPT HER KNEES TOGETHER, BIG BILL SOUGHT SOLACE IN THE WORLD OF FOOD.

LOOK, YOUR HONOR, THIS SLOB'S BRIEFCASE IS STUFFED WITH LICORICE, POTATO CHIPS, TOOTSIE ROLLS, CLARK BARS, JORDAN ALMONDS, A ROAST DUCK, STURGEON SANDWICHES, AND VIENNESE PASTRY. AND IT'S A LAW THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN CHEW GUM IN THE SUPREME COURT.



GIVE ME THAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, COUNSELOR. CASE DISMISSED. THE FAT BOY LOSES AGAIN.



FOR SEVERAL YEARS NELLIE SLEPT IN HER VAULT, WHILE BILL SLEPT NEXT TO HER IN A REFRIGERATOR.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?

LYING AMONGST MY MEATS, CHEESES, AND ICE CREAM. AND THERE'S NOTHING I'D RATHER BE DOING, MY DEAR. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH, I WAS JUST LYING UNDER THE COVERS AND THINKING ABOUT OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. AND THEN I TOOK MY FINGERS OUT OF MY FLOUNDER IN ORDER TO SMELL THEM. THEY EXUDE YOUR FAVORITE FRAGRANCE TONIGHT.

I'LL KILL YOU.

UNEXPECTEDLY, TAFT IS ASKED BY PRESIDENT Mc KINLEY TO GIVE UP HIS JUDGESHIP AND BECOME GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

I'M NO LONGER A JUDGE.

THANK GOD!

I'M GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES!

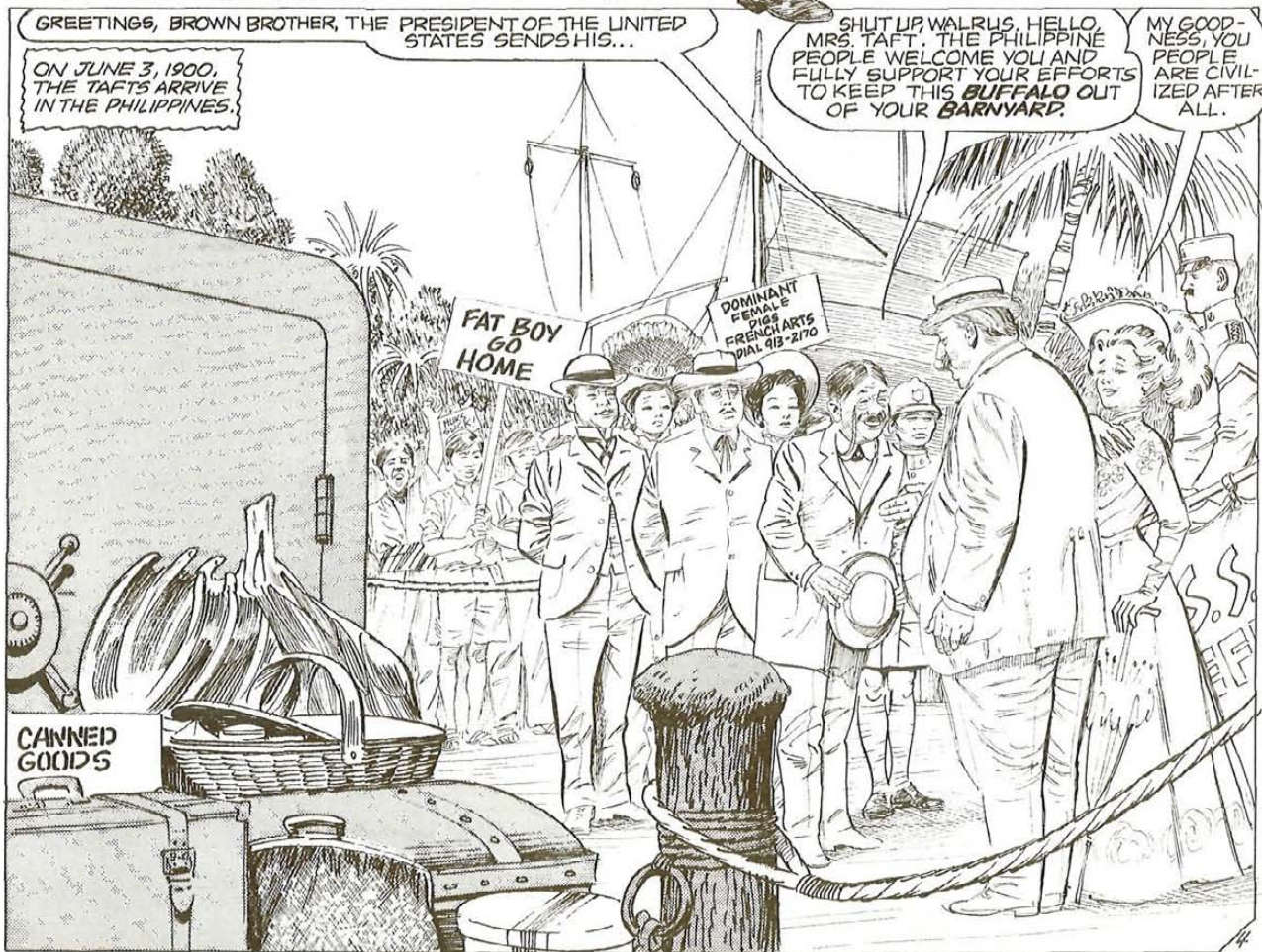
WHERE THE HELL WILL THAT LEAD! NO BIGWIGS. NO PRESTIGE. JUST HOT JUNGLES AND A LIFETIME OF NOT LICKING MY LLAMA!

GREETINGS, BROWN BROTHER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENDS HIS...

ON JUNE 3, 1900, THE TAFTS ARRIVE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SHUT UP, WALRUS. HELLO, MRS. TAFT. THE PHILIPPINE PEOPLE WELCOME YOU AND FULLY SUPPORT YOUR EFFORTS TO KEEP THIS BUFFALO OUT OF YOUR BARNYARD.

MY GOODNESS, YOU PEOPLE ARE CIVILIZED AFTER ALL.



OPPOSING FACTIONS OF NATIVES REPRESENTED NELLIE AND BILL IN GUERRILLA WARFARE.



VAULTED VULVAS!

MOIST MUFFINS!

SQUISH, SLOP, LICK, TWITCH, DRIP, GLURP, POP

TICK, TICK, CLICK, DIAL, TOCK, TOCK, LOCK.

GOVERNOR, THE TONGUES AND VAULTS ARE AT IT AGAIN, BLOODSHED IS RAM-PANT, CHAOS REIGNS SUPREME, AND ALL THE NICE PEOPLE ARE CURSING!

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE. I'LL CLOSE THE COW AND TALK TO NELLIE.



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT'S 154 STARS NATIONAL 154 CHOCOLATE-MILK COW UDDER-FRESH COCOA DELIGHT

THE NEXT DAY, TAFT WON THE FILIPINOS' TRUST AND RESPECT WITH A PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.

BOTH MY WIFE AND I ARE QUITE CONTENT. TO PROVE MY POINT, NELLIE SHALL MAINTAIN HER USUAL SILENT COMPLACENCY WHILE I HAPPILY DEVOUR THIS FIG'S HEAD. AND THEN, WE SHALL SLEEP TOGETHER AS IF WE HAD JUST ENJOYED CUNNILINGUS.

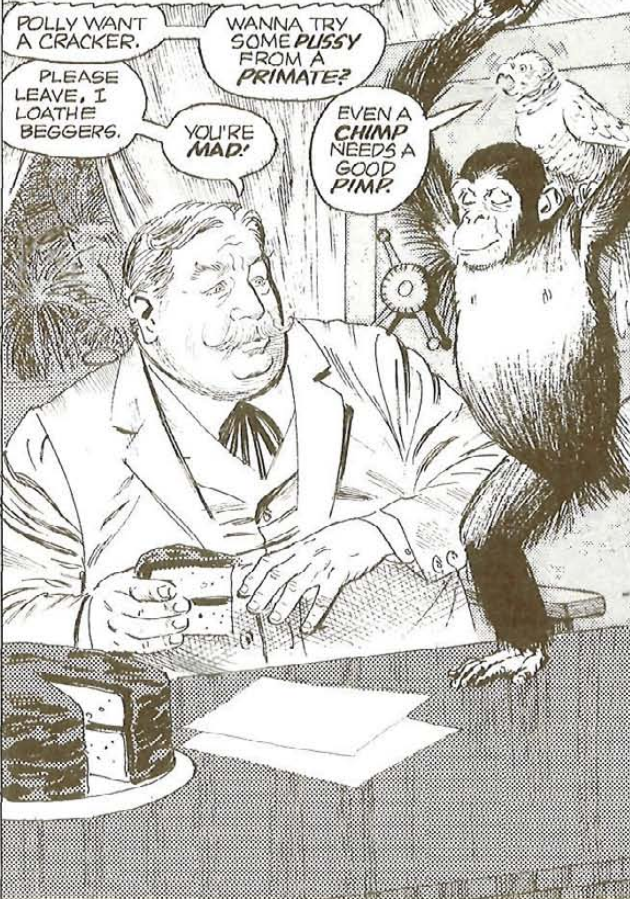
MM. MMM. GA, GA.

HAD JUST ENJOYED CUNNILINGUS.



PUT HER TO SLEEP AS SOON AS HE STARTS ON THE HEAD.

AND BILL TAFT'S SOCIAL LIFE ACTUALLY WAS ON THE UPSWING AS THE PHILIPPINES OFFERED IT'S OWN UNIQUE BRAND OF CUNNILINGUS COMPENSATION.



POLLY WANT A CRACKER.

WANNA TRY SOME PUSSY FROM A PRIMATE?

PLEASE LEAVE, I LOATHE BEGGERS.

YOU'RE MAD!

EVEN A CHIMP NEEDS A GOOD PIMP.

SUDDENLY, TAFT IS RECALLED FROM THE PHILIPPINES BY HIS OLD FRIEND AND NOW PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO A MONKEY? WE'RE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

HOW DID IT LEAK OUT?

REUTERS BOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A PARROT.



LONG NIGHTS OF WORRY IN WASHINGTON...

WHAT WILL TED-DY DO TO ME?

HE'LL PROBABLY MAKE YOU AMBASSADOR TO GIBRALTAR. THE WHOLE PLACE IS NOTHING BUT MONKIES.



WHAT A GUY. HE'S ON THE ROPES AND STILL HE LETS ME LIVE WITH HIM.

FINALLY, ROOSEVELT REKINDLES THE OLD FRIENDSHIP AND TAKES OVER AS TAFT'S MENTOR.

I LIKE YOU, BILL. YOU'RE STILL GONNA GO PLACES. BUT REMEMBER- YOU CAN'T BEG A CLINT. YOU'VE GOT TO CHARGE IT. YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND DIVE ON IT LIKE A LEOPARD.

LET'S PRETEND THAT SPIT-TOON IS HER KUMQUAT. I WANT YOU TO LUNGE AT IT, MOUTH FIRST!

O.K., NOW!

WHA?! WHA?!

THAT A BOY! CHEW UP THE CHINA AND WOLF DOWN THE WET STUFF!

CRACK! SNASH!

THE FOLLOWING LIKE A LEOPARD DAY...

HOW'S BILL, NELLIE?

OH, JUST FINE. I THINK YOUR BABY IS HUNGRY, MABEL.

I'M GLAD I'M YOUNG AND HAVE SO LONG TO LIVE.

BILL!

MY CHILD!

CRUNCH!

The New York Times

LARGEST REPUBLICAN CIRCULATION IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, SATURDAY MORNING

VOL. XLV - WHOLE NO. 9,037

TAFT SLAYS INFANT IN PARK COLLISION:

ADORABLE CHILD IS FATALLY CRUSHED UNDER 370 LBS. OF FLYING FAT

ROOSEVELT PRAISES TAFT FOR STOPPING POTENTIAL ASSASSIN: "THAT KID WAS OUT TO GET ME"

IS THIS THE FACE OF AN ASSASSIN?

CHILD'S MOTHER DENIES CONSPIRACY; CONTROV STIRS.

ROOSEVELT ACTS QUICKLY TO QUELL TAFT'S CRITICS.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS COURAGEOUS CONFRONTATION WITH THAT **DES-PICABLE INFANT**, I'M NAMING WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT AS MY NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

IT LOOKS LIKE THE **PORPOISE** MAY BE **PRESIDENT** AFTER ALL.

AT HIS NEW POSITION, TAFT BECAME ROOSEVELT'S CLOSEST ADVISER.

WELL, BILL, WHO SHOULD WE MAKE WAR ON NEXT?

SWITZERLAND! WE'LL STEAL HER **CREAMY MILK CHOCOLATE**...

NO, BILL, YOU'VE GOT TO START THINKING IN NEW DIRECTIONS.



THEN, ONE FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE WHITE HOUSE...

AS YOU KNOW, BILL, I'VE PLEDGED MYSELF TO SERVING ONLY ONE TERM. NOW, I COULD SEE YOU AS PRESIDENT. AND THEN AGAIN, I COULD SEE YOU AS CHIEF JUSTICE.

MR. PRESIDENT, SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY, I WANTED TO BE CHIEF JUSTICE.



BUT SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY, I'VE ALSO HAD **OTHER ASPIRATIONS**.



IT WAS SHORTLY THEREAFTER THAT TAFT DECIDED TO BATTLE WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

IF MR. BRYAN HAS NOTHING TO HIDE, THEN WHY WILL HE NOT FACE ME IN A **PIE-EATING CONTEST**?

I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET PAID FOR THESE **THREE PIZZAS** WITH **MUSH-ROOMS, SAUSAGE, PUBIC HAIR, AND VASELINE**.

TAFT FOR PRESIDENT

FRENCH ARTS FOR MIGRANT WORKERS



VOTE FOR BRYAN

I'LL KEEP *THESE CREATURES* OUT OF OUR *CLASSROOMS* AND OUT OF THE *WHITE HOUSE*.



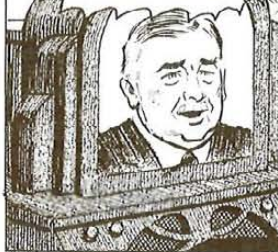
FUCK SPENCER TRACY



GIMME THAT OLE-TIME RELIGION.

ON NOVEMBER 3, 1908, BILL'S PASSION AND NELLIE'S DREAM CULMINATED IN A SMASHING VICTORY OVER BRYAN!

CBS NEWS NOW PROJECTS TAFT THE WINNER BY A CLAMSLIDE - I MEAN LAND SLIDE!



YEAH!

A TONGUE IN THE TWAT IS WORTH TWO ON THE TIT!

HE'S FINALLY IN THE FUR!

BRAVO!

A TOAST TO BILL. MAY HE GOBBLE THE GIMLET WITH GRANDEUR, AND BE A GOOD PRESIDENT, TOO.



HE'LL BE HUMMING IN THE HERRING TONIGHT.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BEDROOM...

YOU'RE SHREPPING MY GOWN!



R-I-I-P!

YOU PROMISED!

AFTER YOUR INAUGURATION!!

COULDN'T I JUST LOOK AT IT?

SURE. IF YOU DRILL A HOLE IN THE VAULT.



WHAM!



SLAM!

DUE TO A RAGING BLIZZARD, TAFT'S INAUGURATION WAS HELD IN THE SENATE CHAMBER. THE NEW PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS WAS A FINE ONE, UNTIL THE REALIZATION THAT HE WAS ONLY HOURS AWAY FROM GRAZING IN THE GOLDEN GRASS OF HIS GODDESS SENT TAFT'S MOST SENSITIVE ORGAN INTO UNCONTROLLABLE ANTICIPATION OF THE EVENING TO COME.

HE CAN'T TALK. HIS TONGUE IS SWOLLEN. CALM DOWN, LEOPARD. THINK ABOUT SOMETHING BORING, LIKE STARING AT BANK VALUTS. JUST LET THAT TONGUE DEFLATE A LITTLE, AND TWO HOURS FROM NOW YOU'LL BE SLOBBERING IN THE SLIME.

MY GOD! THE PRESIDENT HAS ONE OF HIS ORAL ERECTIONS.

MAYBE NELLIE HELD OUT UNTIL TONIGHT.



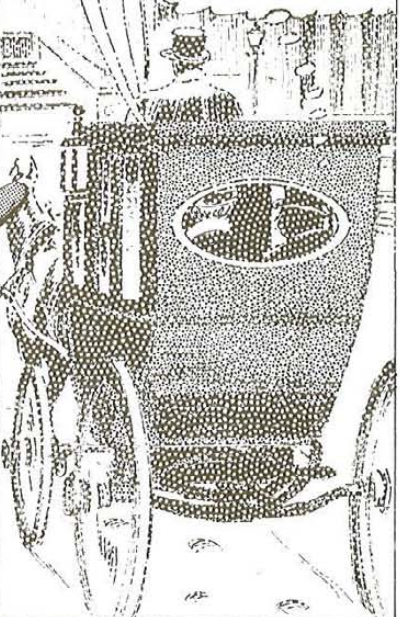
TAFT BRAVELY FINISHES HIS SPEECH.

AN DU BOOSUS OF DUMICROOCLIS FRU UNTUPURSE UND U VOOBRUNT UCOONUUMY. DUNKYOO.



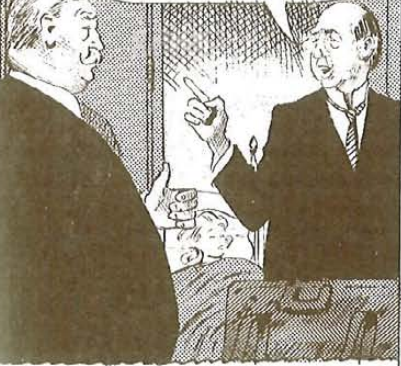
TAFT'S HEART THROBBED ANXIOUSLY ON THAT FIRST SNOWY COACH-RIDE TO THE WHITE HOUSE, BUT THE WEATHER WAS BEGINNING TO AFFECT NELLIE ADVERSELY.

COUGH, COUGH, HAACHOD! I'LL DO IT IN THE BLUE ROOM. THAT'S WHERE JAMES BUCHANAN FIRST FINGERED FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



BY EVENING, NELLIE'S APPARENT COLD HAD NECESSITATED A VISIT BY THE WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN.

WHAT IS IT DOCTOR -- JUST A COLD? NO, MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR WIFE HAS ALDACKALEMIA. THIS IS A RARE DISEASE WHICH IS CONTRACTED IN IN THE PHILIPPINES. IT'S FIRST AND ONLY SYMPTOM IS A SIX-HOUR VIRUS THAT EMERGES EIGHT YEARS AFTER INFECTION. SHE'LL BE FINE BY TOMORROW AND START LEADING A COMPLETELY NORMAL LIFE UNTIL THE VIRUS LEAVES HER BODY SEVEN YEARS FROM TODAY. THE ONLY THING TO KEEP IN MIND IS THAT DURING THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS CUNNINGLUS WOULD KILL HER INSTANTLY!



AND SO IT WAS THAT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT RESIGNED HIMSELF TO STILL ANOTHER LONG WAIT.

NEXT ISSUE PRESIDENTIAL PERVERSION COMICS PRESENTS THE PROLONGED HUNGER OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

THE PRESIDENCY OFFERED TAFT AVEENUES OF COMPENSATION THAT WERE EVEN MORE UNIQUE THAN THOSE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The New York Times
LARGEST REPUBLICAN CIRCULATION IN NEW YORK

WHAT'S GOING ON? AS CRY MILLIONS, AS ARMY REPORTS 3,000 CASUALTIES THIS MONTH AN EXTRAORDINARY TOTAL FOR PEACETIME

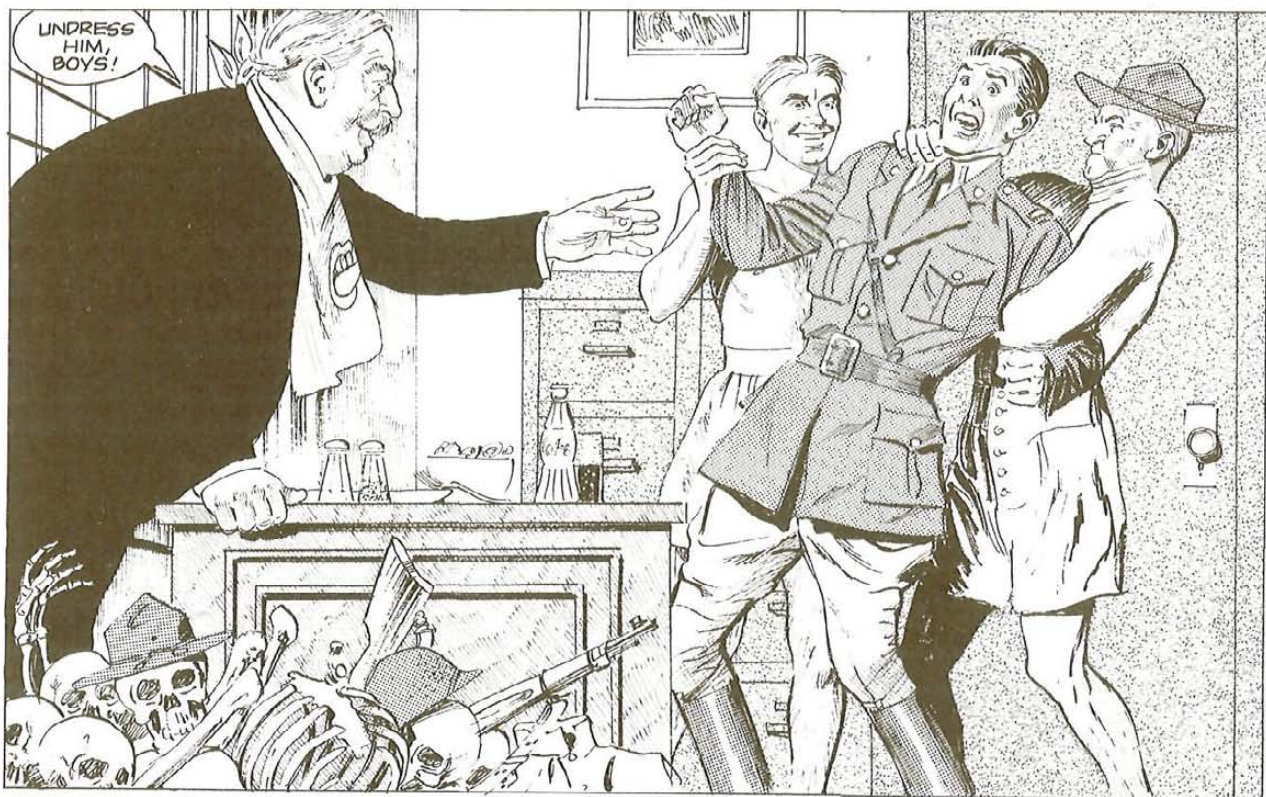
MOBS RIOT IN WASHINGTON INACCOUNTABLE DEATHS MAR THE MILITARY

PRESIDENT TAFT CALLS FOR INVESTIGATION. I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS

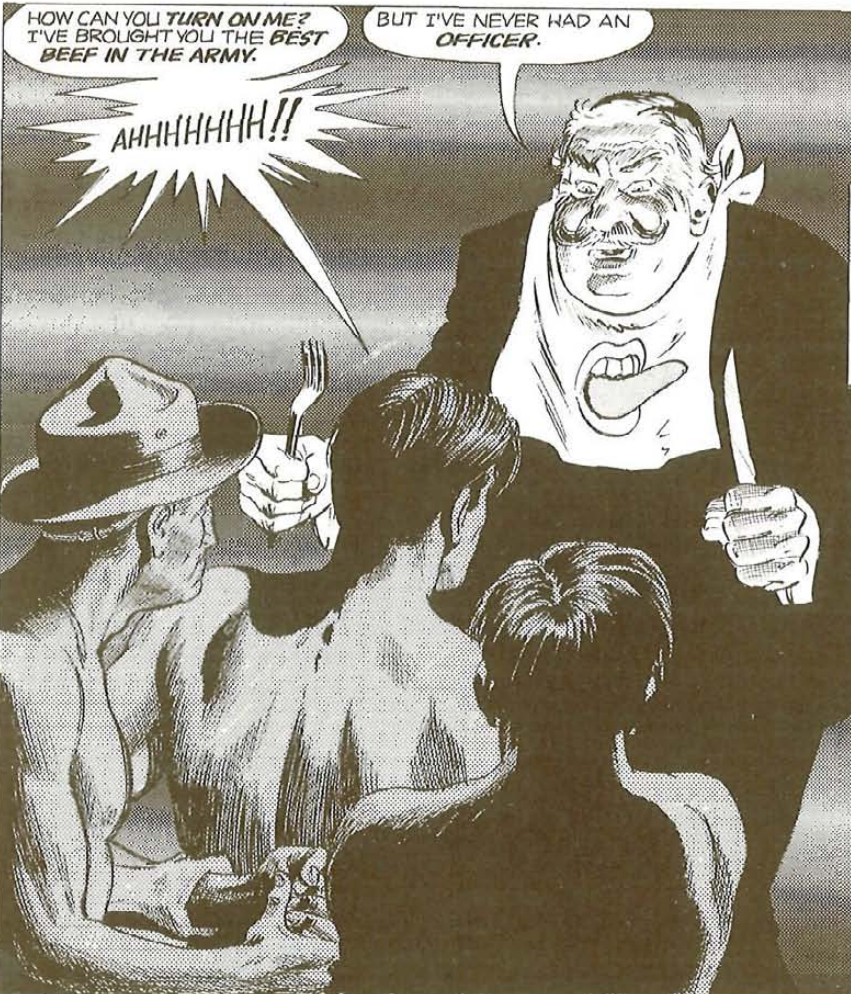
BUT THE MISSING TROOPS REPRESENTED NO MYSTERY TO PRESIDENT TAFT.

HERE'S TWO MORE BEAUTIES, MR. PRESIDENT. WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT FIRST? I JUST HAD AN IDEA, LIEUTENANT. TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES FOR A SECOND.





LINDRESS HIM, BOYS!



HOW CAN YOU *TURN ON ME?* I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE *BEST BEEF* IN THE ARMY.

BUT I'VE NEVER HAD AN OFFICER.

AHHHHHHH!!

IN COMING MONTHS
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR
THESE PULSATING
**PRESIDENTIAL
PERVERSION
COMICS**

**SYPHILIS
SPREADS** at
CAMPOBELLO

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Meets the **WOLF MAN**

The **ANAL PASSIONS**
of **MRS. GROVER
CLEVELAND**

Why **LIBERACE**
**NEVER BECAME
PRESIDENT**

The End

Good News for Hemorrhoid Sufferers



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Orde Dulany

The Palma Sutra

Translated from the Original Sanskrit by Doug Kenney

(Translator's note: The Palma Sutra, the definitive Hindu text on the sacred practice of mahasturbhata, or self-abuse, has long been familiar to serious students of Eastern literature. However, until recently this ancient treatise on the sensual art of onanism was inaccessible to those ignorant of Sanskrit. Predating the more popularly-known Kama Sutra by centuries, this work was studied by Indian yogis and mystics over 4,000 years before the birth of David Eisenhower.)

CHAPTER 1:

A Dialogue between Master and Student; Observations on the Three Necessities for Happiness on Earth—Virtue, Riches, and Manhandling One's Melon.

MASTER: The span of human life is about 100 years, and during this time a man must practice *Dharma*, or obedience to the Holy Scriptures; *Artha*, or the acquisition of riches; and *Palma*, or the enjoyment of yanking one's yam. These are the three principles of existence, and if they are ignored, a man will discover himself up the Ganges without an air freshener.

STUDENT: But Master, does not the great Buddha himself teach that the strumming of one's own sitar is forbidden by the sacred *Vedas*? Moreover, does not this vile and unclean habit impair the practice of Kundalini yoga by weakening and knotting the spine?

MASTER: You read the ancient writings as mere words rather than wisdom. I have long studied the yoga of which you speak, and if you have attained such self-mastery as to sit in a cave meditating upon your Third Eye for twenty years without noticing your Third Leg upon occasion, you are talking through your turban.

STUDENT: But is it not written, "Only the vain peacock excels at preening his plume"?

MASTER: And is it not also written, "A pigeon in the hand is worth—"

STUDENT: Don't bother.

CHAPTER 2:

In Praise of the Study of Mahasturbhata; the Pleasures of Doing the Homework.

While it is true that some sages have spoken against the art of fond-

ling one's fig, there are others who speak most highly of its many advantages. Lord Krishna Himself affirms, *no matter how passionately a man loves a woman, he will conquer her only after a great investment of words, but victory within one's own breech-clout requires only two rupees for the hanky.*

The revered Arjuna says, *the affection a man feels for a strong water buffalo, a silent woman, or a comfortable sandal is as nothing when compared to the love of a man for pounding his own pomegranate.*

The respected *Shastras* advise, *a traveler versed in the art of hoeing his turnips may swiftly relieve loneliness when far from his homeland, and a poor man who manipulates his mango need not afterward take his hand out to dinner.*

The *Bhagavad Gita* counsels:

A man who is both wise and cunning

Takes no wife save the one which bears his sword.

His arm is his companion and courtesan,

And should his arm be separated from his shoulder in battle,

He pays no alimony.

It is not astonishing, then, that numerous gurus, ascetics, and hermits yet refuse to wed any but "the elephant boy's wife."

Some others who may profit from betrothal to the "monk's maiden" include: cripples, lepers, wayfarers in unclean villages, sailors on long voyages, those confined in prisons, men with wives who are ill-favored, seekers of public office desirous of strengthening their handclasps, archers, those awaiting rescue from wells, butter churners, and Greeks.

Also, there are many evils that punish those who scorn the art. These unfortunates may be recognized by their several afflictions: their lower eyelids are stretched too tightly across the lower eyeball, impairing the contemplation of their scepter; they are too full of *rajas*, the mad impetuous energy of those who cannot find quiet activity for their hands; their complexions are unseemly — white and smooth as the belly of a fish — and they lack the crimson caste-marks that signify those who faithfully bang their betel nuts; their hand of greeting is as the limp lily pad, and they are

the laughing stock of tavern idlers in wrist-wrestling contests; their eyesight, too acute, blinds them in the bright sun; and they are given to aimless thumb-twiddling, knuckle-cracking, and unmanly knitting.

As the world has yet to end, there are still men filled with *avidya*, or ignorance, and destined to return to this world again and again in the ceaseless cycle of rebirth. If the Great Wheel of Life must yet turn and turn, does it not profit a man to strive for the calm of the center? Shall he not gather pleasure from greasing the hub?

CHAPTER 3:

The Proper Preparation of the Lingam; Its Care and Cleaning.

The male member can be divided into three groups according to firmness and resilience. These are known as the Elephant's Goad, the Cormorant's Neck, and the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom.

Accordingly, they are bestowed upon three categories of men: 1) those whose grip has the strength of ten, 2) those whose wrists are as supple as the cobra, 3) those who excel at naught but taffy pulls.

Thus, if a man boasts an Elephant's Goad, his hand soon gleams with a shield of calluses and, fearing not the pricking thorns of the berry bush, grows sleek and fat. If a man possesses a Cormorant's Neck, his agile member may learn to open locked door-latches from the outside and increase his wealth manifold. If, however, a man be endowed with the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom, he may still win favor with the king by offering his services as a pennant, which every passing breeze stirs to a cheerful salute.

Whatever the nature of a man's pestle, he should treat it as he would a bride on her wedding night. He must speak softly to it and allay its fears in a tender fashion. If the organ performs enthusiastically, a wise groom rewards his bride with garlands of flowers, essence of lime, cool sherbets, and a good horse-liniment.

The sincere seeker of Ultimate Release should choose a small, poorly-lit tent or room little frequented by vagabonds, neighbors, or inquisitive younger brothers and sisters. The chamber should be simply decorated and should contain a prayer mat, a

continued

pot of soothing oils, and eight incense sticks, useful both for their sweet fragrance and as splints. He should bathe every day; every fourth day he should change his garments; every sixth day he should move to a new abode.

Many often puzzle over the proper varieties of sacred representations suitable for assisting the novice in firming his fish. These depictions are most valuable for the elongating of one's eel and are divided into four forms, each according to the persimmon pincher's rank and caste:

Brahman (priests): An exquisitely-wrought wall plaque of burnished gold depicting the fully clothed goddess *Palma* enthroned on a cloud of flower petals and borne aloft by white swans. The hanging must have been made by the finest artist in the region, suspended by silken cord and lit only by the highest quality candles.

Ksatriya (nobles): A well-crafted carving of a woman of high birth dabbling her naked ankles unobserved in a pool of orchids and water hyacinths. The statue must be covered in beaten silver, painted with rich colors, bordered with semiprecious stones, and placed out of range of the bowman's nectar arrows.

Vaisya (merchants and freeman): A presentable tapestry depicting the delectation of a courtesan, or *gopi*, by three sturdy workmen, all possessing well-formed limbs and expressions revealing a readiness to resume their regular labors after lunch break. Their hands and feet should have the appearance of being recently washed.

Sudras (untouchables): A recognizable tattoo of a slave or serving girl being enjoyed by a leper, a lunatic, a four-legged animal no smaller than a tortoise and no larger than a he-boar, or a flock of geese. The wench should be of a rank no higher than that of the lowest participant, and the tattoo of a position so as to obscure it from the eyes of young children.

CHAPTER 4:

The Correct Positioning of the Hand; Appropriate Positioning of the Fingers; the Dangers of the Australian Grip.

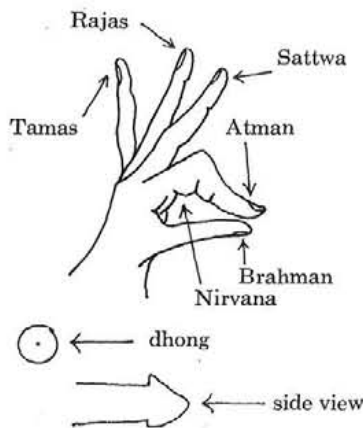
There exist two types of men who pluck their own bowstring: those who say, "I will devote myself diligently to the learning found in the *Palma Sutra* and thus most gracefully cleanse my *karma* in the ceaseless Dance of Life," and those who say, "Fie on the sacred practices! What care I for long and difficult years of self-discipline? What care I for the attainment of *nirvana*? It is all I desire to sound my gourd thrice daily

and participate in all manner of foul amusements and low company, for there is nothing more important in the cosmos than clumsily bludgeoning my beefcake."

The former are the beloved of *Palma* and will become united with her for all eternity; the latter are foolish and base men who, when they leave this life, will be reincarnated as a hyena's dingleberries.

Those who respect the traditional rituals will take pains to know the proper placement of the hand and the correct cradling of the *dhong*. Any ruffian can sit in the shade of a *Bo* tree and haphazardly squeeze his lemon. But only the dedicated practitioner can extract the nectar from his blossom without angering the gods or his housekeeper.

(ILLUSTRATION A)



As can be seen from the illustration, the three lesser fingers correspond to the three *gunas*, and the joined thumb and forefinger correspond to the uniting of *Atman* and *Brahman*. In the Divine Center formed therein is the Nothingness, or Void, which, as a cup or house, is useful only insofar as it is empty, calmly awaiting the introduction of the *dhong*, or Divine Business End.

The *dhong* is then inserted, neither as a heedless ram crashes through a thicket nor as a timid virgin puts her toe in a rushing brook, but as an experienced charioteer enters a busy intersection, carefully looking both ways first. So introduced, the *dhong* is gently encircled by the thumb and forefinger, symbolizing the union of *Atman*, *Brahman*, and *dhong*; and the three remaining fingers are extended away from the *dhong*, particularly if the man is accustomed to eating with his hands.

As the man begins to slowly massage his muffin, he chants the *mantra*:
Onan me pudme yum,
Boumalaka, boumalaka,

Boumalaka boum.

(O Divine Goddess, bring me release.

Give me thy grace to grease my crease.)

There are, in addition, other mystic incantations that can be called upon if the *dhong* fails to cooperate. Should the man pumping his python find that it remains flaccid, he may awake his drowsing serpent by repeating:

Svarga tapas garuda dholi,
Ravi shankar ravi oli.

(Buttocks and crotches and nipples with wings,

These are a few of my favorite things.)

If it happens that the man nudges his nutmeg too quickly, then he must temper his one-eyed worm's frenzy with the Song of Kali:

Indira gandhi hubbha hubbha,
Janma hetu ghudyir rubbha.

(To please the goddess and amaze her,

Saw off your schween with a rusty razor.)

There are times when the tongue is occupied elsewhere, as when attempting *Tasting the Spoon*. In cases such as this, it is right and proper that an assistant may recite the *mantras* for the practitioner from behind a screen or from within a cabinet or trunk. If it happens that the practitioner's ears are also occupied, as in the performance of *Listening to the Waterfall*, the assistant may yet aid him if they are both knowledgeable of sign language. In all such cooperations, however, the assistant is cautioned against losing his detachment from the higher purpose of the act by smirking, peeking, or charging admission.

Once all these preparations have been completed, the man must, before beginning, make sacrifices to the goddess *Palma*. On a certain propitious day, the initiate and his family should gather at the temple with offerings for the priests, either in the form of oranges, gold, or fully illustrated editions of the *Palma Sutra*, available to the readers of this copy at special savings by using the handy coupons on the scroll cover. The man then offers his member to the priests as a ritual sacrifice, and, if the other gifts are satisfactory to *Palma*, the priests let him have it back. Then, the man's family sings the hymn to *Palma* and falls silent. Women are warned against impious giggling; the traditional penalty is having their veils stuffed into their mouths.

CHAPTER 5:

The Positions to Be Assumed by the Man; Methods of Getting out of Them in Case of Slipups.

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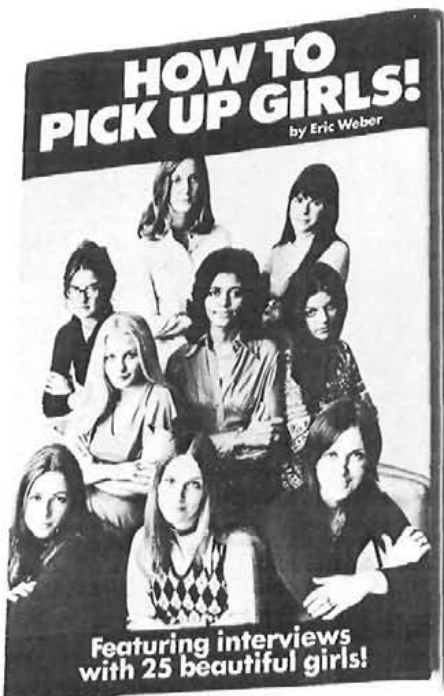
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From an accountant in Ohio

I want you to know that you have written one of the best books of all time. One that was long overdue.

From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.

From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.

From a 30 year old bachelor in Seattle

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Some ancient writers claim that there are 565 ways in which a man may successfully grind his corn and that there are many more which have been lost to the present world either through man's evils or stuck-together parchments. Whatever the true number, there are only a few basic postures, the rest being but variations on them devised according to the personal inclinations, physical capabilities, and mental health of the practitioner:

1. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it into his mouth, this is known as *Tasting the Spoon*.
2. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it in his mouth while balancing himself on a wooden ball, this is known as *Doing It the Hard Way*.
3. When a man lies on his stomach and, through drawing up his feet, imprisons his drumstick between his two heels and thus caresses himself by rubbing it vigorously with the soles of his feet, this is known as *The Swimming Toad*, and is particularly useful in water both as gratification and propulsion.
4. When a man reaches with his left hand around his neck and grasps his gland from between his legs, this is known as *Choking Yourself, Stupid*.
5. If a man squats on the floor, embraces his protuberance with his knees, and hops up and down until release is attained, this is known as *The Bouncing Buffalo*, or, in the far provinces, *Slopscotch*.
6. If a man inserts his ladle into a steaming broth and stirs until the contents of the pot are thoroughly spiced and seasoned, this is known as *Spoiling Your Supper*.
7. When a man inserts his cashew into the trunk of an elephant and shakes pepper in front of its face, this is known as *God Bless You*.
8. When a man places his drawstring in a pile of soiled garments by the waterside and awaits a woman of the village to pound it on the rocks, this is known as *Washday Black and Blues*.
9. If a man straps himself to the belly of a blind man's cow before milking time with his rudder pointing earthward, this is known as *Cheating the Toddler*.
10. If a man digs a hole in the ground, covers himself with dirt, and paints his upward-thrusting column with green paint during harvest time, this is known as *The False Celery*.
11. If a man assumes a prone position on his back and ties a long cord both to his pylon and to the leg of a goose during migration time, this is known as *Reach for the Sky*.

12. If the man enters a bakery by stealth and hides his pink cucumber among the bread sticks, this is known as *Let the Buyer Beware*.

13. If a man lies beneath a stage and places on it a woven basket with a hole in the bottom (through which to insert his upraised obelisk) and has hung a sign on the basket proclaiming SNAKE-CHARMER AUDITIONS, 3 P.M., this is known as *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

14. If a man befriends a baboon, this alone is known as *The Delights of 1,000 Bananas*.

15. If a man puts a glove over his eleventh finger and seeks out knaves anxious to find victims for their hand buzzers, this is known as *Shake, Pal*.

16. If a man hides himself in the temple bell at sunset and replaces the bell rope on his own clapper, this is known as *Wring out the Old*.

17. If a man attaches a magnet to his wand and, replacing the pea in a shell game with a ball bearing, lies unseen under the charlatan's table, this is known as *Heads You Win, Tails I Ooze*.

Although these techniques may, at first, appear simple for the beginner, many require a thorough knowledge of advanced yoga positions, and history records the dangers of some of these practices:

The King of Panchala was performing *Heads You Win* when a metal chariot passed by his magnet; and, while not parting the prong from its owner, it required him to travel to Jaipur to reel up the unfortunate member entirely.

Shakatani Shatavesudusi, minister to the Queen of Puntala, while performing *Let the Buyer Beware*, allowed his *tabalas*, as well as his bread stick, to be exposed and lost them both to a hurrying woman during a two-for-One sale.

CHAPTER 6:

Further Dialogue between Student and Master.

MASTER: Thus have I enumerated the most felicitous manner in which the pious may clobber their casabas without stain or vile practice. A devoted student, then, follows his master's words in these matters and rewards him generously for his unselfish instruction, not forgetting the handy order blanks on the flyleaf.

STUDENT: Long and full well have I heard your words, O Master, but they are as words written upon the water, and for this you expect fulsome rewards? Is it not written that—

MASTER: Hey, there's been a hyena around here lately, and he says he's looking for you. □

the kitchen floor, make the beds, pick up his clothes, fetch the paper, sit, beg, and roll over.

The pathetic lot of groupies who were always hanging about outside would stare at me enviously as I washed down the front steps on my hands and knees.

We went to visit a friend in the country. The lady of the house took me aside. "Be grateful for every second you spend with him," she said. I knew what she meant.

"I'm here to give you whatever will make you happy," I told him.

He only grunted.

He was drinking a lot by then. But there were the good times. We had our own special world, with special games and rituals, things only the two of us shared. For instance, every night when he came home from the recording studio, he always had the same pet greeting for me: "What's for supper?"

In bed he was perfectly adequate, as long as you didn't expect too much of him . . . as long as you didn't expect anything at all, in fact. But it didn't really matter that he was such a lousy lay. Being with him meant so much more to me than sexual gratification. It meant fame, prestige, and a big fat advance from Straight Arrow Books.

—after Francie Schwartz
(*Body Count*)

Fetishism

Pour 1 cup chilled heavy cream into chilled bowl and beat slowly with the whip until cream begins to foam. Gradually increase beating speed and continue until a) beater leaves light traces on surface of cream and b) a bit lifted and dropped will softly retain its shape. (In hot weather, it is best to beat over cracked ice.) Gently fold in 2 Tbs. sifted confectioner's sugar and 2 Tbs. kirsch. Turn into cheesecloth before refrigerating to ensure that the cream stays beaten. A fitting accompaniment for a *mousse au chocolat*. May also be served with Sacher-Masoch Torte.

—after Julia Child

Oral Sex

The tips of her persimmons had already begun to harden, and as she caught a glimpse of his round turnips and firm, fleshy scallion, she felt her honeydew go mushy. The next thing she knew, he was inserting a finger into her artichoke and forcing her to bury her nose in his cabbages. She nibbled daintily on his brussels sprouts and ran her fingers up and down his asparagus while he gobbled her tangerine. The intensity of his passion was turning her avocado to guacamole. Abandoning his lychees, she bit down hard on his rutabaga, causing him to emit a strangled cry of pleasure and upset the entire fruit and vegetable stand.

—after the *National Lampoon* □



How do you
make an elephant fly?
Well,
first you take a
five-foot zipper...

continued



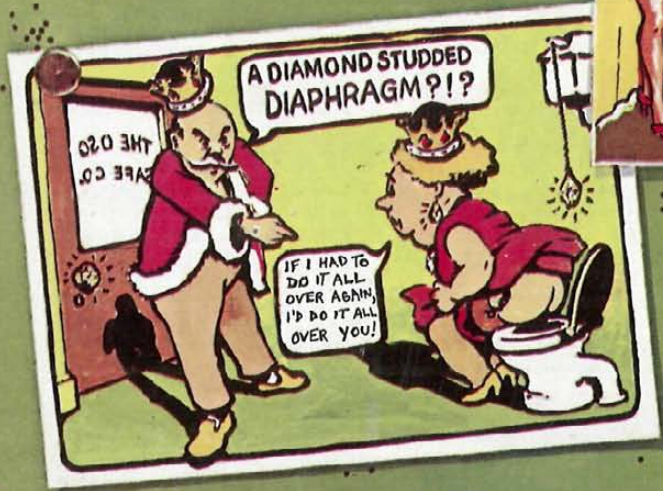
When I got up this morning, it looked so nice out that I decided to leave it out ALL DAY!



Cut out the hocus and pocus!



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHA-CHA AND DEA-GREEN PANTS THAT ANY BODY CAN LEARN TO CHA-CH



A DIAMOND STUDDED DIAPHRAGM???

IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN, I'D DO IT ALL OVER YOU!



ARE YOU GETTING ANY ON THE SIDE?

I HAVEN'T HAD ANY IN SO LONG, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D MOVED IT!



Do you smoke after intercourse?

I don't know! I never looked!

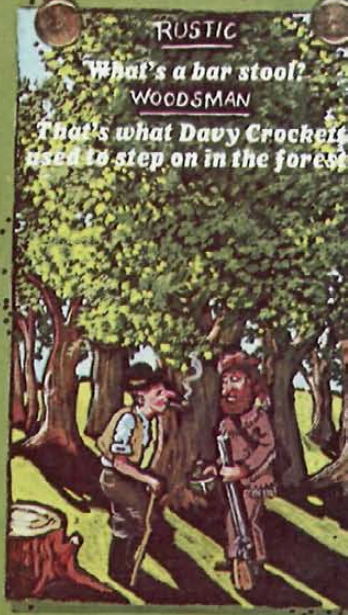


TO JAILBOUT JINGLES

In Illinois, when an old guy romances a 15-year-old girl, it's Romeo and Juliet!



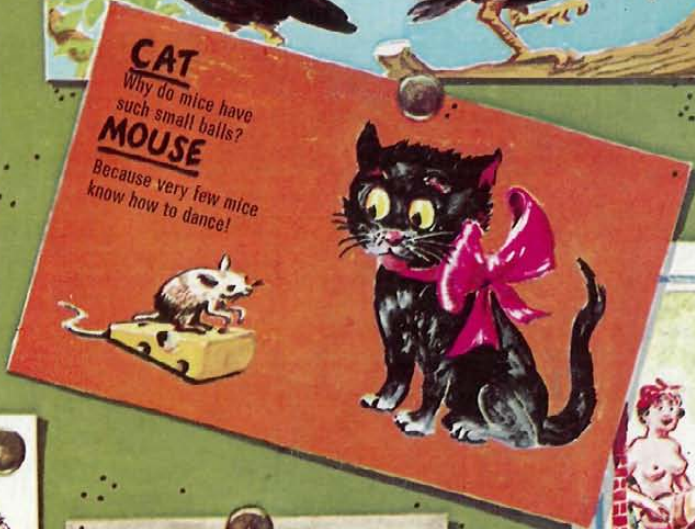
HEY, MATE, YOU WANNA BUY A SHRUNKEN HEAD?



RUSTIC

What's a bar stool? WOODSMAN

That's what Davy Crockett used to step on in the forest!





NUTS

REMEMBER YOUR VERY FIRST FUNERAL? HOW STUFFY EVERYTHING WAS? WITH THE INCENSE AND ALL? AND THE ORGAN MUSIC? AND EVERYBODY CRYING?

MY GOD-I NEVER SAW THEM ACTING THIS WAY BEFORE! THEY'VE ALL FALLEN APART!

BAHAHA
AHEHAHA
SAHAHA
BAHAHA

AKAKAKA
AKAKAK
AKAK

POA
HOO
SHOOA

AHASNIA
AHSNIA

Guhun
Wuhun

THERE UNCLE JACK IS-UP THERE IN THAT PURPLE BOX WITH THE VELVET... I'VE GOT TO LOOK AT HIM! WHAT IS HE LOOK LIKE?

HAAHA
AA

OHNO
OH!

OH, NO!!!

HAK
AHK
AK

HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT! I SWEAR TO GOD HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT! HE WASN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL!! WHAT DID THEY DO TO HIM?

JOHO
JOHO

...AND THIS MUSIC! HE HATED THIS KIND OF MUSIC!

OHNO
OHNO

NEXT MONTH! THE SERMON

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD EATS IT



by VAUGHN BODE ©

AW, BALLS. COME ON, YOU GREAT HEAP OF WOBBLY FLESH. I GOT TO SCORE SOON OR MY THING GONNA FALLOFF. HOW BOUT SOME CUNNILINGUSING?

WPO. NICE ASS! WIZARDS ARE NOTORIOUS PUSSYFLOWERS, YOU KNOW.

BEAT IT, HAT!



ME BEAT IT?... WELL, CUSTARD BUNS, IF DAT WHAT TURNS YOU ON, BUT I WAS RATHER HOPING YOU'D DO THAT FOR ME. WHILE I EAT OUT YER STORE.

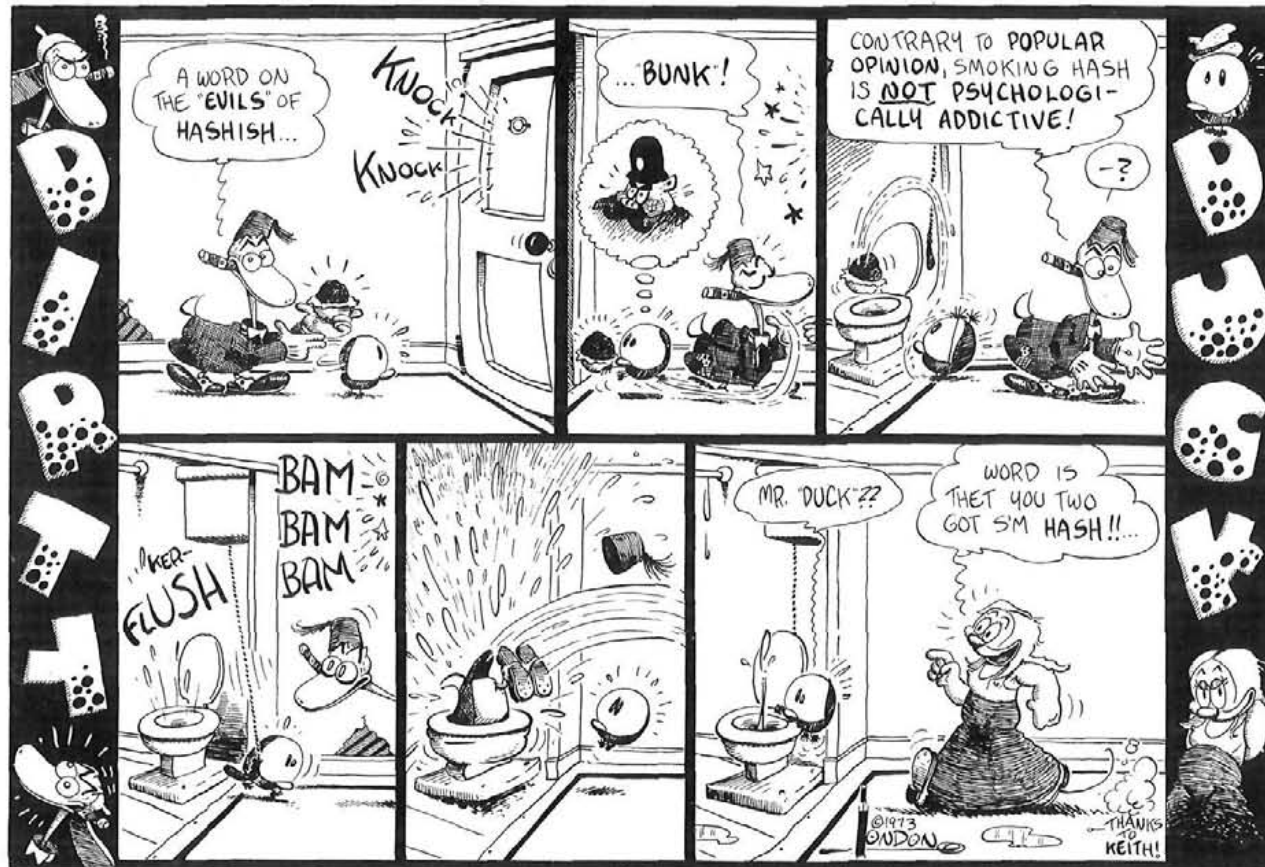
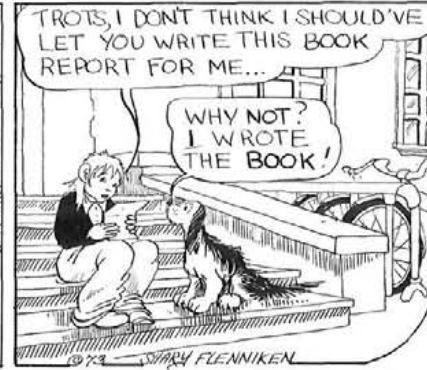
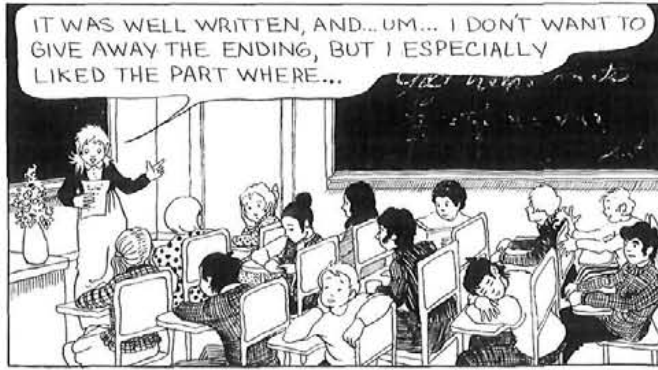
FUK OFF, HAT! RUNT

GOLLY, CHEECH, HOW DID IT GO? GREAT, I BET!

IT WAS PURE PASTEL POSSUM OF SENSUAL EUPHORIC EXSTACY. SHE LIKED IT SO MUCH SHE EVEN GAVE ME A CHURCH POOR-BOX FULL OF MONEY.



Trots and Bonnie





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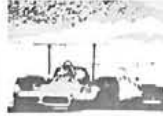
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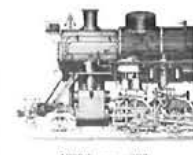
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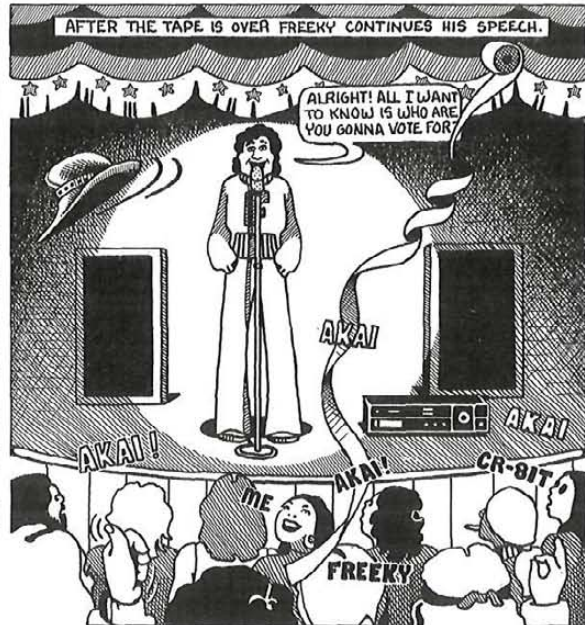
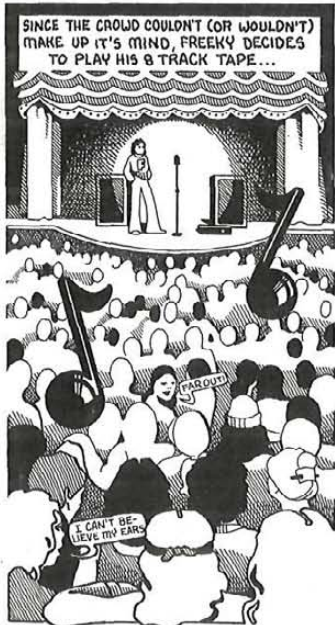
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THE ADVENTURES OF VIRGIL VIRGIN! A SEXUAL CASE HISTORY by E. Subitzky

CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF COLLEGE!

WE'RE SO PROUD OF YOU, SON! **NOW GO OUT AND FIND YOURSELF A GOOD JOB AND A NICE GIRL!** **THANKS MOM! THANKS DAD!**

AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
AND I HAVE A B.A. IN ADVANCED 4-DIMENSIONAL LASER CALCULUS!

REPORT TO MR. SMITH AT THE LOCAL BEAN BEAN FACTORY!

AT THE FACTORY
REMEMBER, SON, OUR PRESIDENT HIMSELF STARTED AS A BEAN COUNTER!
AND THAT'S 1,076 PER CAN!

THANK YOU, SIR! **GEE... I HOPE SOME GIRLS WORK HERE! ... 2... 3...**

ONE DAY
VIRGIL, THIS IS PAULA! SHE'S GOING TO WORK THE COUNT IN OUR LIVIA DIVISION! **NICE TO MEETYA!** **SAME HERE, HEH HEH!**

WELL, I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO YOUNG BEANBAGS ALONE! **SHE SEEMS NICE! I'LL TRY TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!** **NICE WEATHER. ISN'T IT, HUH, HEH HEH!**

YOU KNOW, KID, BEAN COUNTING ISN'T SO HARD ONCE YOU GET THE HANG OF IT! JUST REMEMBER TO START WITH THE FIRST, HEH HEH! **AND DON'T FORGET TO COUNT FASTER WHEN YOU GET TO THE HIGH NUMBERS BECAUSE THEY TAKE LONGER TO SAY!** **AND WATCH FOR "DISTORTED BEANS" WHICH CAN SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE TWO!**

STOP STARING AT MY TITS! **VIRGIL BEGINS TO WONDER WHETHER HE IS EVER GOING TO GET HIS INDOCTRINATION INTO MASCULINITY!** **HE GROWS MORE DESPERATE!** **GIVE ME THE ONE THAT SHOWS THE MOST PUBLIC HAIR!** **HE TRIES COMPUTER DATING!** **HI! ARE YOU THE 5'6" 130-POUND BLUE-EYED BLOOPER WHO MAJORED IN MATHEMATICS, LIKES TO PLAY CHESS AND CROQUET, AND BELIEVES IN EQUAL RIGHTS FOR LEPERS?** **NO, YOU MUST MEAN MY GORGEOUS ROOMMATE...**

...WHO BECAME A NUN YESTERDAY! **I WOULD HAVE CALLED YOU TO CANCEL THE DATE, BUT MY ORDER FORBIDS THE USE OF CARBON GRANULES, WHICH ACT AS A PIEZO-ELECTRIC GENERATOR IN EVERY TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE!** **THE YEARS PASS AND VIRGIL IS PROMOTED!** **SON, YOU ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE ENTIRE COUNTING DEPARTMENT!** **AND REMEMBER... WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU!** **ONE DAY** **MARCIA, THIS IS THE FOURTH CAN YOU'VE LET THROUGH WITH 1,077 BEANS!** **PLEASE DON'T FIRE ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING...** **VIRGIL AGONIZES...** **NO... NO... THIS ISN'T THE WAY I WANT IT... SHE'S A GOOD KID WHO DOESN'T WANT HER GERMAN SHEPHERD TO STARVE...** **WHAT SHOULD I DO TO KEEP MY JOB, BOSS MAN? JUST NAME IT!** **JUST GET BACK TO WORK AND BE CAREFUL!** **BOY, AM I A SHMUCK...**

CHAPTER TWO: THIRTY!

STILL SUFFERING FROM HIS PROBLEM, VIRGIL MAKES A BIG DECISION! **MY TROUBLE IS THAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER!** **VIRGIL GOES WHERE HE HAS NEVER GONE BEFORE: THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN!** **WOW! IS THIS SEEDY!** **HI! I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES SILK STOCKINGS!** **I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES LEATHER TOILET SEATS!** **I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO BODY-PAINT WOMEN WITH COLDS!** **I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO ACT OUT DIRTY TALK!** **I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO LOOK UP "WHORE" IN UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES!**

FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR ONE THING ONLY... I'M GOING TO BECOME A TIGER! **SUPPLYN A WOMAN COMES UP TO VIRGIL!** **HI! MY NAME IS CHRISTA AND THIS MORNING I REACHED THE SEVENTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION!** **WHAT'S THAT, HEH HEH?** **COME UP TO MY PAD AND I'LL SHOW YOU!**

VIRGIL FOLLOWS THE BRAZEN WOMAN UP TO HER NINTH-FLOOR WALK-UP! **READY?** **YES!** **HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TAKING OFF YOUR CLOTHES FOR?** **I THOUGHT...** **SILLY! DOING IT IS ONLY THE SIXTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION! THIS IS THE SEVENTH!** **WE JUST SIT IN OPPOSITE CORNERS OF THE ROOM AND THINK ABOUT IT! FREE OF MUNDANE MATERIAL CONSIDERATIONS... TRULY A PURE EXPERIENCE!**

OOOH! AHHHH! OOOH! SO GOOD! MORE! AHHHH! **GAAAA! NO! NO! OHOMYOOGREEZOH NO MY GOD!** **YOU WERE REALLY GREAT! HAVE A CIGARETTE AND COME BACK ANYTIME!**

DISAPPOINTED AGAIN, VIRGIL WALKS OUT INTO A SNOWFALL... **WHEN... PSSST, BUDDY! \$49.95?** **I'M REALLY A POLICEMAN! YOU HAVE SIXTY MINUTES TO LEAVE THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN!** **LATER** **MAYBE MASTERS AND JOHNSON ARE LOOKING FOR NEW VOLUN...** **OOPS! EXCUSE ME!** **MY FAULT ENTIRELY! MY NAME IS CINDY! I'M A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER! I HAVE A B.A. IN ROMANTIC LANGUAGES AND I'M LOOKING FOR A HUSBAND!** **WANNA GET MARRIED?**

VIRGIL IS NOW EARNING \$35,000 A YEAR AS VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF BEAN CALCULATIONS!



HE HAS A HOUSE IN A FANCY SUBURB AND SIX KIDS!



AND THEN THE CESSPOOL EXPLODED... HI DAD! VVVVVV

WHAT'D YOU BUY? THAT NIGHT NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

TRY THIS! ON TV THEY SAY IT... TV GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

TWO YEARS LATER THAT'S 872 HEADACHES IN A ROW! SHOULD'NT YOU SEE A DOCTOR?

AT THE JOB VIRG, IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU? YOU MISCALCULATED THE BEAN/SYRUP RATIO AGAIN AND J.B. HIMSELF NOTICED!

I GUESS I AM A LITTLE TENSE LATELY! THEN STOP OFF WITH ME ON THE WAY HOME!

A BAR? BUT... NO BUTS! APRES VOUS!

VIRG, THIS IS MELISSA MEL, MY BUDDY HER IS A LITTLE TENSE. POOR PUSSYCAT

I'VE NEVER HAD A DRINK BEFORE! IT'S TASTY!

HAVE ANOTHER AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BEAN BUSINESS!

AND THEN I SAID TO HIM, 'MAYBE YOU CAN SKIN A LIMA BEAN AUTOMATICALLY, BUT I CAN'T JUST FIRE 200 PEOPLE LIKE THAT!'

GOOD FOR YOU! YOU KNOW, YOU REMIND ME OF MY NINTH EX-HUSBAND! HE WAS VERY SEXY!

AW, I'M STARTING TO BALD!

I... I'D BETTER GO NOW! MY WIFE WILL WORRY...

LATER LOOK, HONEY, I PICKED UP A NEW SEX MANUAL ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK!

PRINTED MATTER GIVES ME A HEADACHE! IT WAS WRITTEN IN LAS VEGAS!

NEXT EVENING MEL, YOU'RE REALLY QUITE A LISTENER! AND HE REALLY WAS WILLING TO VENTILATE THE ENTIRE CHILL SECTION?

LATER THE KIDS ARE ASLEEP! WANNA SEE SOME PORNOGRAPHIC HOME MOVIES?

SUPER-BMM GIVES ME A HEADACHE! AND THEN I THREW THE BEANS AT HIM!

NEXT EVENING MY TWELFTH EX-HUSB WOULD HAVE DONE THE SA THING!

BUT I REALLY SHOULDN'T COME UP TO YOUR PLACE!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY! THAT'S JUST WHAT MY TWENTIETH EX-HUSBAND ONCE SAID!

LATER MEET FRED, MY THIRTY-SEVENTH HUSBAND! IT'SY, POO, WANNA HOLD HANDS?

NEXT EVENING CAN I WATCH YOU IRON YOUR PANTIES?

NEXT EVENING YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY WITH THE DUMBER? BUT CAN'T WE DISCUSS IT?

NOT NOW, I HAVE A HEADACHE!

CHAPTER FOUR: RETIREMENT!

IT IS WRITTEN: "AN IDLE MIND IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHING," AND NO ONE KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN PENSIONED OFF!

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, AFTER A LIFETIME OF SEXUAL FRUSTRATION, VIRGIL'S MIND FINALLY SNAPS!

GAA... HE BECOMES A DIRTY OLD MAN WANDERING THE CITY IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT!

COUGH! WHEEEE!

HE STANDS OUTSIDE THE RAILROAD STATION AND WATCHES PRETTY GIRLS GET IN AND OUT OF TAXICABS!

SNORT! COUGH! AHHHH

HE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF "GOLDEN AGE" DISCOUNTS TO X-RATED MOVIES!

HOW PLEASED HE IS AGAINST WOMEN IN CROWDED ELEVATORS!

GROWING MORE DESPERATE, HE PINCHES WOMEN ON THE BEHIND WHILE PRETENDING TO TIE HIS SHOELACE!

FINALLY, EVEN THESE DEGRADATIONS CAN SATISFY HIM NO LONGER! HE CRAVES MORE!

GRRR... HE EXPOSES HIMSELF ON THE SUBWAY!

HE EXPOSES HIMSELF ON THE SUBWAY!

GOD, THAT WAS GOOD! NOW A HARD-CORE "FLASH" ADDICT, HE DOES IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I THINK I'LL TRY A BIG BLONDE TODAY!

IN A VARIATION, HE TRIES "MOONING" OUT A SKYSCRAPER WITH... POLICE YOUNG

HE ACHIEVES WIDE NOTORIETY!

THE PRICE OF EYESHADES IN THE CITY TRIPLES AS GOOD WOMEN RUSH TO BUY THEM!

BUT EVEN THIS ISN'T ENOUGH FOR POOR VIRGIL! CENTENNIAL BIG PARADE TOMORROW

THE NEXT DAY, MILLIONS TURN OUT TO SEE THE BIG PARADE!

IS IT MY IMAGINATION, HARRY, OR DO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEM TO BE PAINTING IN THE PATH BEHIND US? MUST BE THE HEAT!

FINALLY THE F.B.I. RUSHES IN!

... AND ANYTHING YOU DON'T SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU ALSO!

VIRGIL IS TOSSED INTO THE NOTORIOUS "PERVERT ISLAND" PRISON WITHOUT BAIL

VIRGIL IS TOSSED INTO THE NOTORIOUS "PERVERT ISLAND" PRISON WITHOUT BAIL

HE IS CONVICTED BY A JURY OF TWELVE HOUSEWIVES! GUILTY... AND NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT EITHER!

THE JUDGE REMANDS HIM TO A CRUEL FATE! I SENTENCE YOU TO FIVE YEARS OF ATTENDING SENIOR CITIZEN "MAKE A FRIEND" LUNCHEONS!

GAAA... WANNA SEE A 3-D HOLOGRAM OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA HEAR A STEREO CASSETTE RECORDING OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA SEE A SET OF PLASTIC MODELS OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA SEE LIFESIZE WAX MODELS OF MINE? WANNA SEE FORTY-FOOT WEATHER BALLOONS SHAPED LIKE MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

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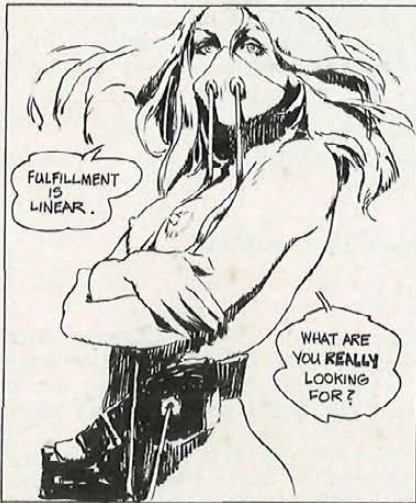
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FULLFILLMENT IS LINEAR.

WHAT ARE YOU REALLY LOOKING FOR?



WE SHOULD ALL RID OURSELVES OF SUBSTITUTE PATTERNS.



LISTEN, I'M TIRED. I WANT TO GET SOME SLEEP.

BLAM



3

SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN...

Like all great artists, Shel Silverstein gets his ideas "from real life."

"Preposterous," people reply. Because they've heard his debut Columbia album, "Freakin' at the Freakers Ball." Featuring such tidbits as "Polly in a Pomy," "Don't Give a Dose to the One You Love Most," "Masochistic Baby," "Thumbsucker," "Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out," "(When They Ask Me How My Life Has Been I Guess I'll Have to Say) I Got Stoned and I Missed It," and the song that goes "My

Ding-A-Ling" one better: "Stacy Brown Got Two."

But then, in a flash, a frightening thought comes.

My God! Maybe he does get all this stuff from real life.

My God!

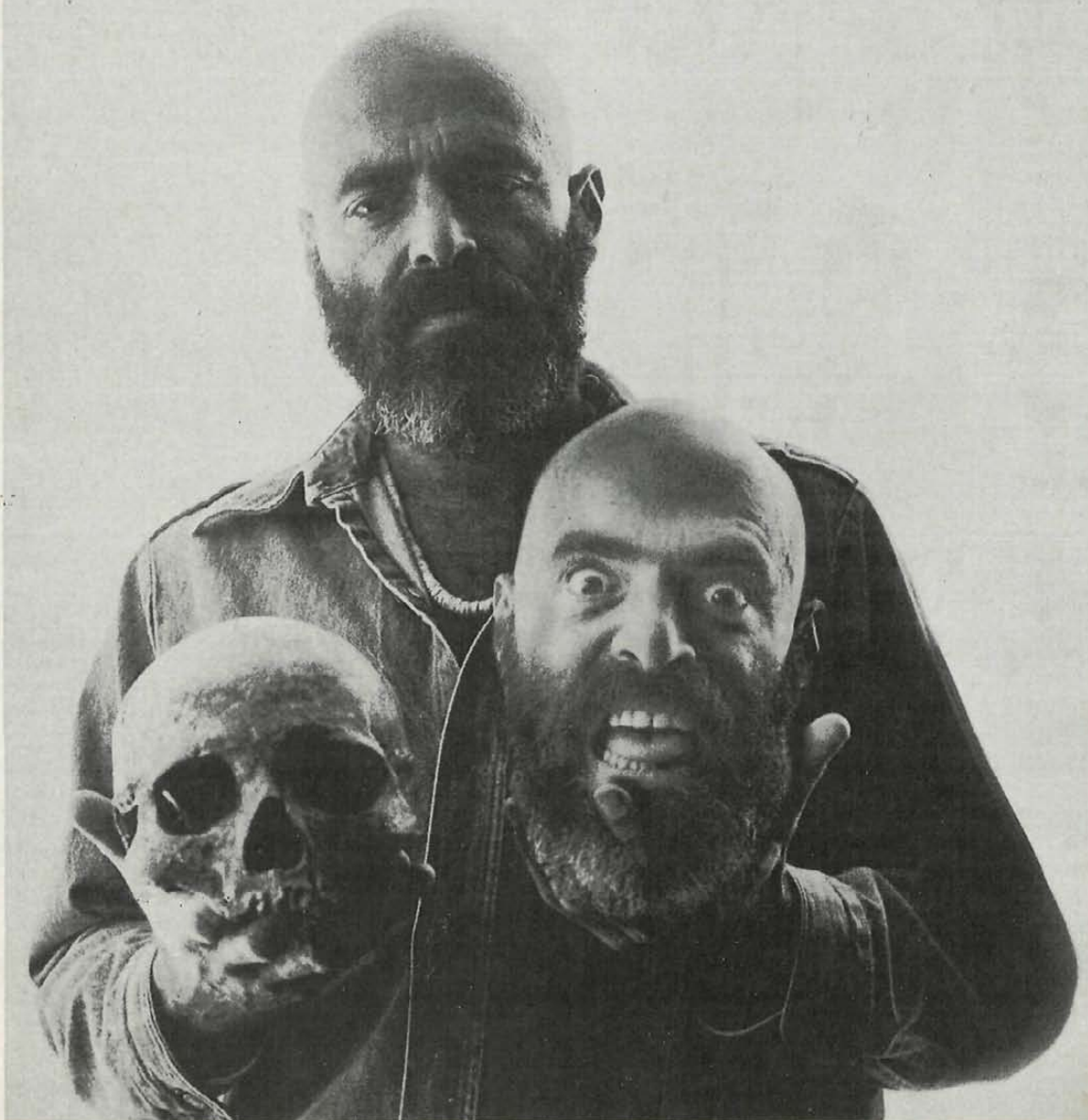
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Shel Silverstein, "Freakin' at the Freakers Ball!"

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the AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINNS

THE STORY SO FAR:
GEORGE AND ALEX ARE
OF CAPT. MENSHEVIK'S
CARNIVAL HOPING TO
MAKE OUT CARNALLY
WITH ANOTHER PAIR
OF SIAMESE TWINNS,
THE KAPLAN SISTERS.
ALEX WANTS THE
PRETTY ONE AND
GEORGE OBJECTS.
Please Read on

OKAY, GEORGE, I WON'T
INSIST ON HAVING THE
PRETTY ONE. WE'LL
LET THEM DECIDE
WHO GETS WHO...
OKAY!

HI, GIRLS. LOOK, SIAMESE
TWINNS JUST LIKE YOU TWO!
KER-RIPE, MOIRA, THEY ARE!
EEEEEE!

OOPS!
DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUT
HERE COMES
CAPTAIN
MENSHEVIK,
THE OWNER
OF THE
CARNIVAL!

HEY, YOU GUYS!
I'M CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK.
YOU WANNA WORK
MY FREAK SHOW?

NANH! WE JUST
CAME DOWN HERE
TO SEE THE
KAPLAN SISTERS.

AW, COME ON, A CHANCE TO
WORK WITH THESE TWO LOVELY
LADIES? \$150 A WEEK EACH,
JUST TO LET THE BOOBS LOOK
AT YA'. LISTEN TO THIS...

...WE'LL BILL YA' AS MARRIED TO THE KAPLAN
SISTERS. WE'LL EVEN SELL THE BOOBS PHONEY
BOOKLETS ABOUT HOW YOU WORK OUT YOUR SEX
LIVES. THEY'LL WANNA KNOW THAT!
AND I'LL CUT YA' IN ON EACH SALE! JUST SAY
THE WORD AND I'LL HAVE A BIG NEW TRAILER
HERE TONIGHT...
SURE!
WE'LL DO
IT. WE'LL
BE HERE
TONIGHT!
GREAT! BE HERE
BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

11:30 THAT NIGHT
YOU, ME, AND TWO
CHICKS IN A TRAILER.
SOUNDS TOO GOOD
TO BE TRUE. EH,
GEORGIE BOY?
ALEX, LOOK-THERE'S
THE NEW TRAILER.

RIGHT ON TIME,
BOYS, COME
ON IN.

THIS IS MY HUSBAND TEX,
SHAVING, AND THIS IS
DANNY, MOIRA'S HUSBAND...
YOU BOYS SLEEP
ON THE COUCH.
IT OPENS UP
INTO A BED.
(HOWDY!)
HI!

TEX, OH, OOOOH,
OH, OH TEX, IT
FEELS SO...
SUNN, OOOH,
PANT, PANT!
DANNY, DANNY,
DON'T STOP!
SLURP...
OOOOOH!
OH TEX!

I CAN'T WAIT TO
READ CAPTAIN
MENSHEVIK'S BOOK
ON OUR SEX LIFE.
AT THE FIRST
STOPLIGHT
I'M LEAVING
THIS GODDAM
TRAILER,
ALONE!

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SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

With
THE THEATRE OF KINDNESS/The lighter side of Harvey

Plus
THE NATIONAL INSPIRER/Tickling cures diabetes

Plus
THE LOVERS OF LAKEHURST/The giant blimp-herds of Europe

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WARRIORS



WARRIORS

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and
CHAMBRE CHOIR
with

GUEST SOLOISTS
(in order of appearance)

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SANDY DENNY

GRAHAM BELL

STEVE WINWOOD

MAGGIE BELL

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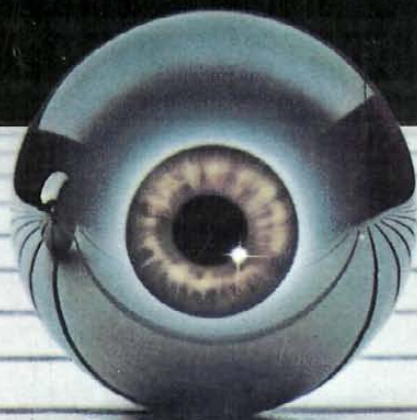
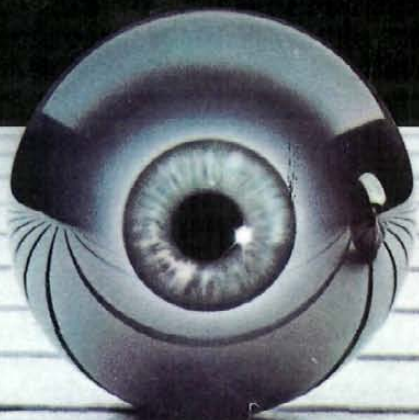
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