

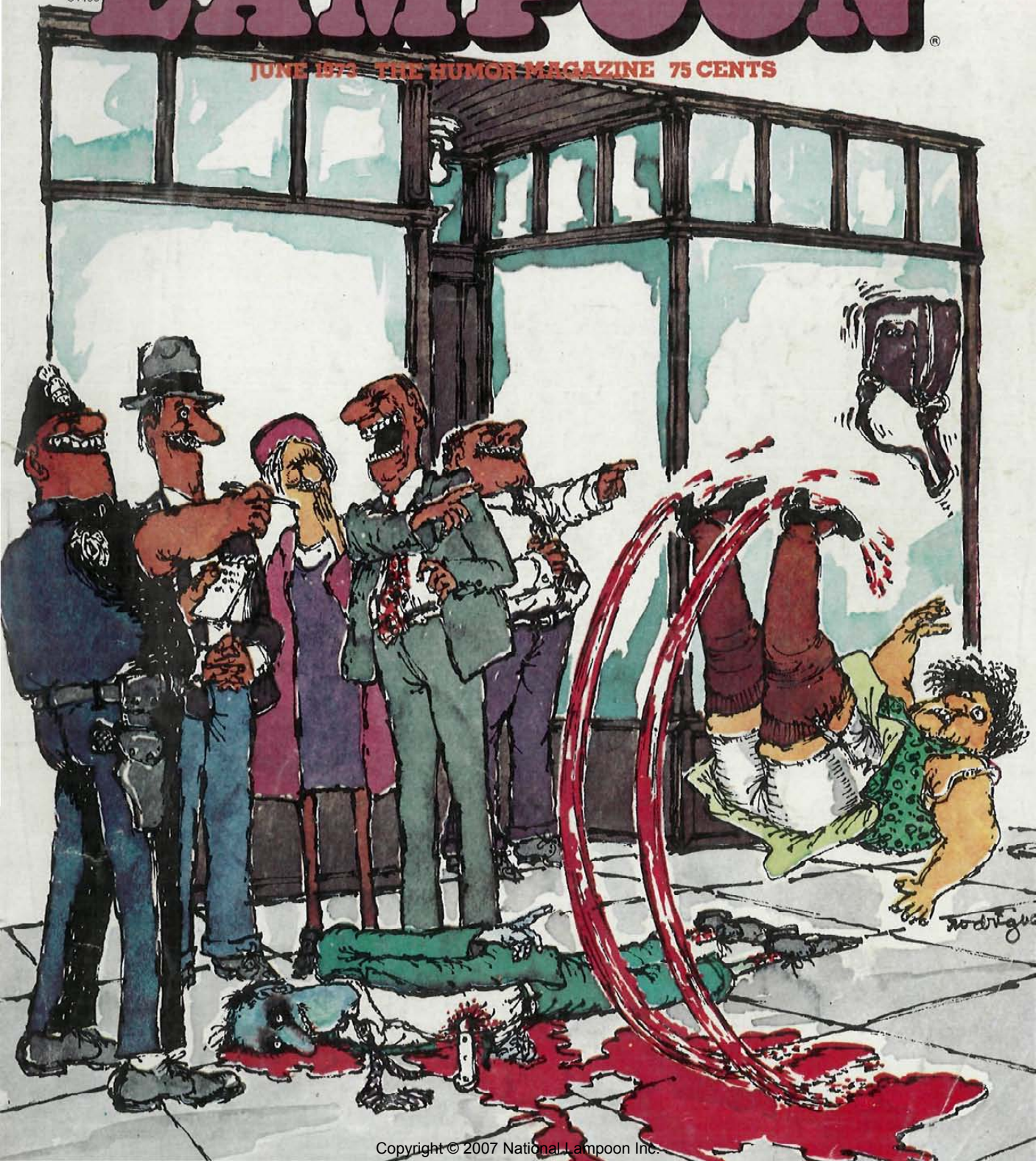
Violence

**The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self-Defense
Gun Lust Magazine Gloomy Tunes Comics The Gandhi Papers**

NATIONAL LAMP OON[®]

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JUNE 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



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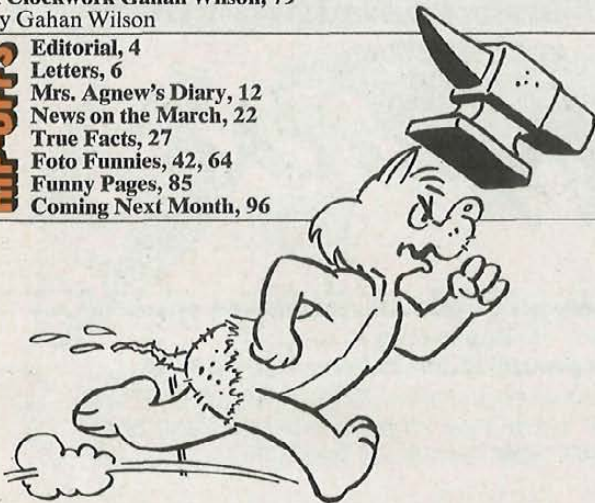
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Faith



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EDITORIAL PAGE



As a public service, we are presenting in this space the Abbreviated Delaware Standard Psychological Test. The pressures, frustrations, and emotional instabilities which drive men to commit wanton acts of violence, even mass murder, are shrouded in the impenetrable mysteries of the chemistry of the brain, but extensive research has made it possible in many cases to identify individuals with a potential psychopathic personality before their latent psychoses erupt into episodes of uncontrollable blood-lust. The ADSPT is by no means perfect, but it can at least give a "storm warning." We urge all readers to take it, and then, if the easy-to-tabulate results indicate the presence of possible mental disequilibrium, to seek qualified professional help.

Directions: Complete the following sentences with the word or phrase that best suits your personality. Even if none of the alternatives seem entirely satisfactory, you must choose one.

- I would most like to be:
 - a male nurse
 - an interior decorator
 - a dressmaker
 - a butcher
- If someone asked me what I thought of a lamp they had bought, I would say it was:
 - darling
 - just the cutest thing
 - too, too sweet
 - good for hitting people over the head with
- Of the following sports, my favorite is:
 - maypole dancing
 - field hockey

- hoop spinning
 - rugby
- Of the following foods, the one I prefer is:
 - ladyfingers
 - truffles
 - tiny little tea cakes
 - good red meat
 - Of the following words, I would be most likely to use:
 - faience
 - chiaroscuro
 - andante
 - thud
 - If I had to chose among these books, I would read:
 - Ten Steps to a More Satisfying Homosexual Life*
 - A Layman's Guide to Un-natural Love*
 - Faggot! Confessions of a Homosexual*
 - Pork Chop Hill*
 - When I see a gun, I think:
 - what a cunning lamp it would make
 - how much fun it would be to kill someone with it

Directions: Choose the statement which most expresses your feelings. Even if neither statement is entirely satisfactory, you must choose one.

- I like to suck things.
 - I like to kill things.
- When I go to parties, I like to be ignored and made fun of.
 - I would like to maim a woodland animal.
- Sentimentality makes me puke.
 - I like the sight of blood.
- I would like to stay home and fiddle with sachets.

- I would like to go out on the town with the boys and get into a brawl.
- Sometimes I feel like the top of my head is going to fly off.
 - Sentimentality makes me puke.
 - I like the sight of blood.
 - The sight of pus isn't half bad either.

To determine whether you have anti-social tendencies and suffer from the "Involuntary Violence Syndrome," turn this page upside down, and give yourself 5 points for each one of the "symbolic hostility" answers listed below. If your "psychotic profile" score exceeds 30, arrange for an interview with an experienced psychiatrist without delay. If it exceeds 60, have a friend or loved one strap you to a bed or chair IMMEDIATELY.

Questions 1-6: All "D" answers indicate hostility.
 Questions 7-13: All "B" answers indicate hostility.
 Questions 8-13: All "A" answers indicate hostility.

Cover: This month's cover is by Charles Rodrigues. Rodrigues is the author of *Great Expectations* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and has received the Nobel Prize in Physics for his pioneering work in the use of lens prisms in the collimation of non-discrete ions. He currently makes his home in Jakarta, where he takes time off whenever he can from his busy schedule as President of Indonesia to go riding on one of his prize unicorns or work on a few new entries to his dictionary of the dolphin language. □

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Cheap JeansTM Vs. The Army.

Sergeant Crumb and I were very close, so close, in fact, that the long hairs sticking out of his nose almost put out my eye. Yet for some inexplicable reason, as close as we were, he was bellowing at me like I was a mile away.

"Wallpaper!!!"

"It's Walpiznisky, Sergeant," I corrected.

"Wallpaper," he insisted, "is you blind or what? Dooo you see all them pretty soldiers in formation there? All in pretty green uniforms? All identical the same?"

I admitted that I had noticed a similarity.

"Why then do I behold you on this fine Army morning in a pair of fruitcake dungarees?"

Biding for time, I answered: "They're not fruitcake dungarees, they're Cheap Jeans."

He didn't seem impressed.

"Wallpaper! You give me a thousand pushups. And while you're at it you tell me why you're out of uniform!"

Between asthma attacks, I explained that I found Cheap Jeans eminently more practical and comfortable and added that, from the tactical standpoint, burnt orange blended in with autumnal foliage much better than green.

And then I gave him the zinger: "Besides, my father, General Walpiznisky, gets them for nothing. Like everything else."

Crumb was visibly stunned. "You mean... you're *that* Wallpaper?" I simply nodded. From the prone position. But Crumb got the message.

"All you mens out of uniform over there," he ordered, "line up here behind Wallpaper!"

And as visions of maids and four-day passes danced in my head, Crumb asked me quietly: "Say...uh...Lawrence...does your Daddy got anything in a 42 short?"

He knew who was wearing the pants.





Sirs:

In answer to your ad in *The New York Times*, I recently purchased from your organization a National Homesite (The Alaska, 4 million square miles) for \$7.2 million. I have

just returned from a trip to visit this land, and I have discovered that much of it is covered year-round by ice. Frankly, I think that you are guilty of a sharp business practice, and I feel that if you are motivated by any sense of ethics, you will forthwith return my money.

William Seward
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You don't have to be a millionaire to act like one. Why, just the other day in a restaurant I threw a handful of whipped potatoes and hit a guy on the back of the neck. Before he could say "boo," I ran over and told him the potatoes were really tough and while cutting them, my knife slipped. Then

I offered to pay for all the damages if he would just send me the bill. Of course, I have no intention of paying. Later, I flipped a pad of butter off my knife. It stuck to the ceiling but no one saw that. And finally, I ordered two dozen whooping crane eggs to-go. The waiter told me they didn't have whooping crane eggs and if they did, it wouldn't matter because they don't have a take-out service. Armed with this, I offered him five thousand dollars for the eggs, then upped my price to ten thousand dollars. The guy couldn't do anything. I like that feeling, and when I get it there is no stopping me.

Wayne Balducci
Mice, Iowa

Sirs:

As clearly the ad stated, I regret that all sales are final.

Nicholas II
St. Petersburg, Russia

Sirs:

I suppose all you people ever read is the *Nieuw Amsterdam Times*, run by "Tulip" Sulzburger and his band of Holland-lovers, so you wouldn't know about the many threats to our way of life that are made daily by Prince Bernhard and his dedicated hordes of door-cutters. Well, maybe you don't have an eight-year-old daughter who comes home crying every day because in her school, dupes of Dutch world drainage schemes make children read stories that treat Rip Van Winkle as a harmless fairy tale character instead of the beer-maddened mastermind of the Erie "Canal," and ply them with suspicious grilled *cheese* sandwiches in the cafeteria.

Well, put this in your clay pipe and smoke it, and if you don't catch a whiff of *Nederlander* perfidy, I'm betting there's a "Van Der" somewhere in your name.

Where do you think all the water is going that is pumped out of the Netherlands and Dutch Guiana?—New Orleans, that's where. Or did you fall for that "flood" baloney, and do you have to wait until all you can get everywhere is Colonel Bernhard's Dutch Fried Chicken, and everyone's wearing plywood loafers to "zee" what's up?

Raymond Petri
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

How many ways do I love thee?
Let me count the holes.

Jim Schwarz
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Our eyes riveted on each other at the party. Without a word, we left together. I got into his car. He gunned the motor drunkenly and drove with one hand. His other slipped under my

continued on page 8



"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 1.50 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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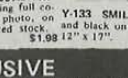
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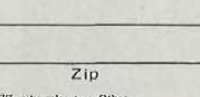
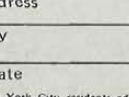
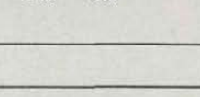
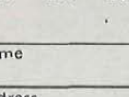
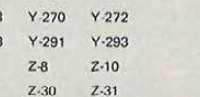
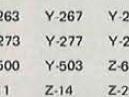
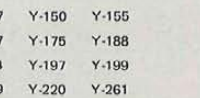
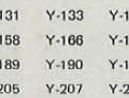
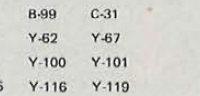
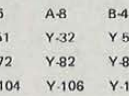
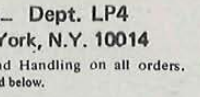
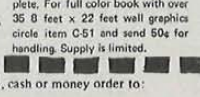
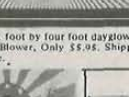
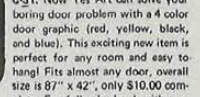
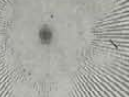
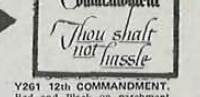
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wool plaid skirt and caressed the insides of my damp, clamped-together thighs. Methodically, his searching, inquisitive fingers fondled the elastic of my thin panties and slipped inside. Once there, he probed deeper, my knees falling helplessly apart as his fingers entered my double secrets. I squirmed on the upholstery and my left hand tentatively crept into his lap and unbuttoned his tennis shorts. I held his throbbing organ as he tore his eyes from the road and fastened his lips on my now-bared, fifteen-year old breast.

Suddenly, above the roaring of the engine and the pounding of my heart, I heard a rustling and a sleepy yawn in the back seat. I grabbed him by his hair, and he jerked the car to a stop. I remember screaming, "Ted! Ted! Mary Jo heard *everything!* What if she tells your wife? We'll have to do something!" "Don't worry, darling," he chuckled, as he stepped on the gas. "We will do something! . . ."

That's it for this month's porno, kids. By the way, you farheads haven't sent me a check yet for last month's "White House Whorehouse" story. Cough up, you cheap dorks.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Your appliance really does the job.

I am thirty-nine years old and play third base on a softball team. I almost had to give it up. The other teams, when they found out about my affliction, would yell, "Hit it to the third baseman, he has a rupture. He can't pick up things." And they were right. I couldn't lift anything. The doctor warned me that the next time I tried, I'd be shaking hands with my colon. So I wasn't about to take any chances. If the ball was hit to me, I'd just let it go into left field. I was sorry but there was nothing I could do. That is until I purchased your device. I'm fine now and get to make a lot of outs.

William Rose
Wilmette, Ill.

Sirs:

As you know, under the doctrine of executive privilege, I am unable to appear before your committee, but the president has authorized me to reply to questions submitted in writing, provided they do not cover areas of personal confidence or national security.

John Dean
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

No. Yes. I suppose so. Ooooh, that's a curve. Dover? Yes. Joe DiMaggio, against the Red Sox, in 1959. No. The train that left Chicago will arrive at 4:45 P.M. I can't recollect. No, to the best of my knowledge. Because he's

a Longfellow. Yes. Yes. To keep his suspenders up. No. Yes. I was not present at that meeting. No. To see time fly. Yes. Oh, that's a tough one, let's see, yes, Las Vegas is west of Los Angeles.

John Dean
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Thank you for your kind words about Mr. Brando, but he doesn't want them. Not until all red people live in total-electric medallion teepees, get free shoes for life, and are offered opportunities in the fast-growing insurance claims-adjusting field. And throw in some electroplated moccasins. And we want to eyeball some of those treaties, too, because there's a lot of prime "ranchette" land out there, and the way we see it, we've got rights to about four trillion deluxe heritage one-fourth acre lots.

Princess Cassamassima-ha-ha
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

This letter isn't really to you, it's to Clifford Sitts. The selfsame Clifford Sitts who called me an "insane moron" for preferring the sleek fabric radial to the clunky steel-belted radial. You, Clifford Sitts, are a CRAZY IDIOT and if you are in the hospital, I hope it's to have your brains fixed! And if you're not in the hospital to have your brains fixed you're probably there because steel-belted radials turn cars into Sherman tanks and Sherman tanks can't make 90-degree turns like cars can. Is any more proof needed? You are your own undoing, Mr. "Screws Loose" Sitts. If you had been using the superior Pirelli CF 67 or the Kleber V 10 you would be enjoying this fine spring season and would no doubt be able to take long drives through the blossoming, rich countryside. Provided, of course, you converted your armored car by changing the tires. There is a large selection of fabric radials you can choose from. In addition to the above mentioned, there are: Conti TT 714, Fulda P 25 RIB, Dunlop Sp 57F, Phoenix P110Ti, Bridgestone, Metzeler Monza and the Goodyear G800. They are all excellent tires. They are made for driving on roads which I assume you'll be doing when you get well. If you wish to drive alongside roads, over stone walls, through gulches, and assault country farm houses, then leave the metal cleats on your car.

If you will heed my advice, I hope you get well. If you don't heed my advice, I hope you stay in the hospital where you and your armored personnel carrier can do harm to no one.

Thomas McCormack
Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

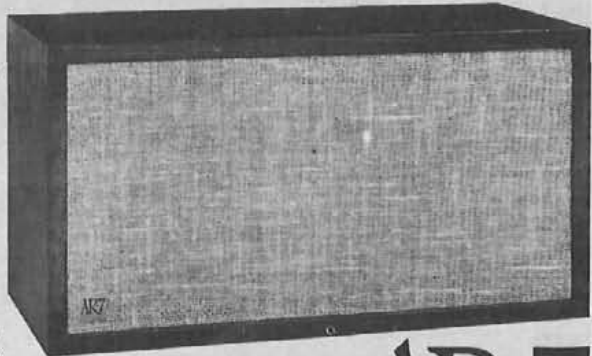
In the streets, the people go "hoo,
continued on page 10

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25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

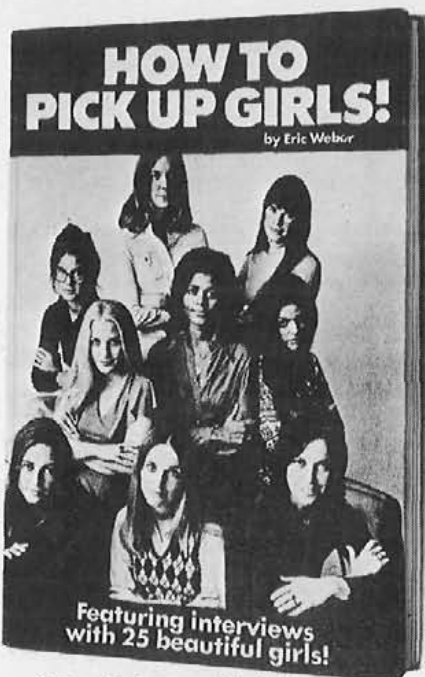
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

continued from page 8

hoo, hoo," at the tops of their tongues. They tug at my funny whiskers. They do wee-wee on my yak-butter hoard. They make cutting remarks about my ancestors. I am filled with shame. I am also filled with about ten goat bladders of sherpa wine, but who can blame me? These are not the pranks of a playful citizenry. These are many a sledgeload of much badness. My wife, who is from the city you call Philadelphia, says that I am too excitable but what does she know? Does she know of the customs of the primitive yak herdsman who make their captives play cribbage with poisoned cribbage pegs? Please send me some atomic bombs.

Chogyal Palden Thondup Namgyal
Gangtok, Sikkim

Dear Sir,

OK, Mr. "Smartypants" Billy Graham, I'll top that. Rapists should have their livers made into wallets for the family of the victim and be forced to eat their kidneys out of dishes made from their kneecaps.

Maharaj Ji
Delhi, India

Sirs:

Actually, I happened on the vase in a rundown hotel in Cleveland, the Hotel Majestic, where it was being used as an umbrella jar.

Deitrich Von Bothmer
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

In order to improve the overall quality of my collection by purchasing a new Cadillac, I am de-accessioning several pieces, including 4 stereos, 6 color television sets, 415 odd pieces of silver tableware, and 20 transistor radios. If you would be interested in acquiring any of these items, go to the Superior Billiard Parlor on Van Buren Street and ask for Louie.

Miguel
(last name withheld on request)
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

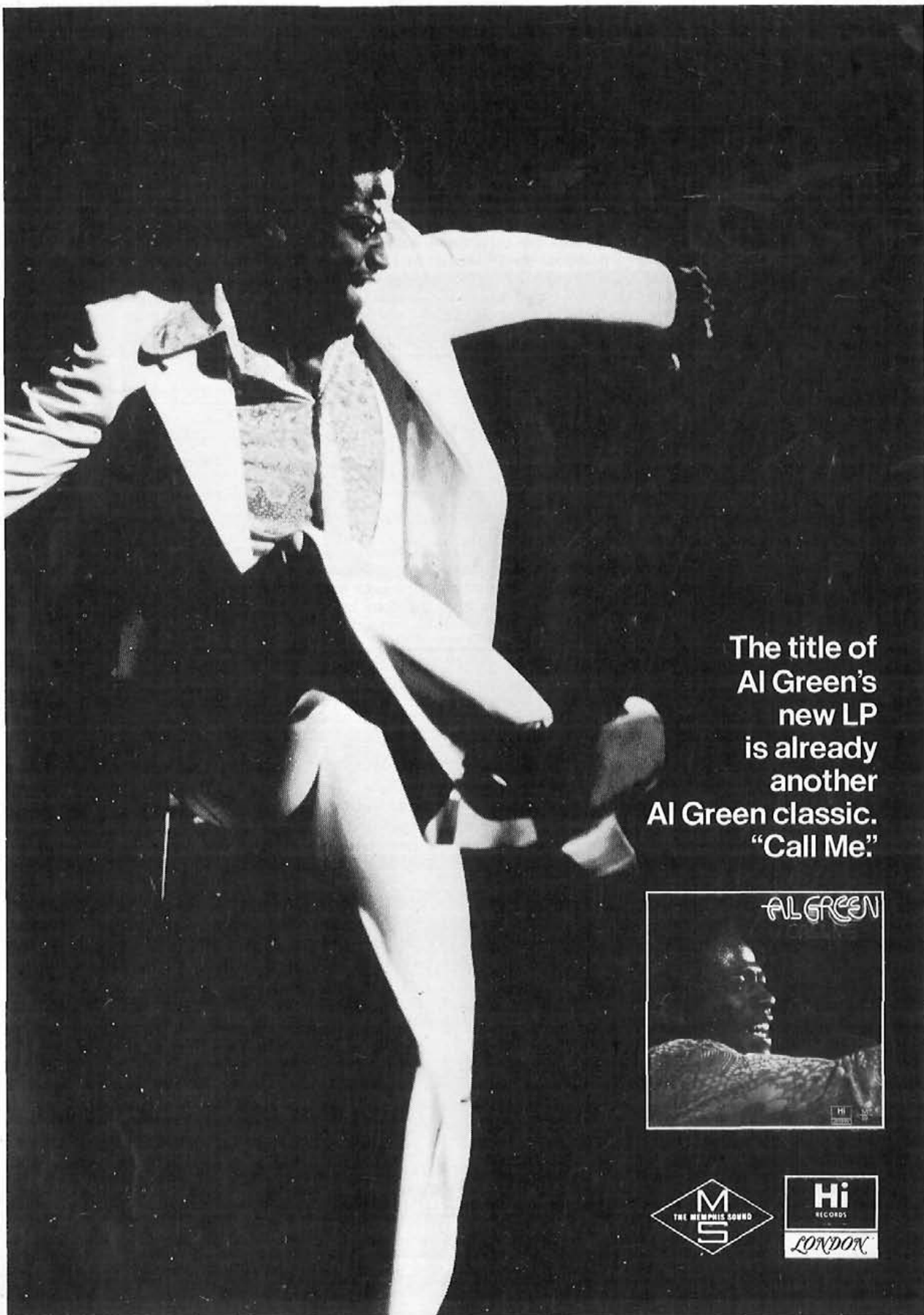
We're ready to come down now. It's been great, and the view is terrific, but you know how it is, you get a little lonely for the good things: strolling down Kalinin Prospekt, feeding the informers in Kalsishna Park, waiting in line for lint sausage. You haven't forgotten us, have you? Ha ha. Ha?

P. Sheremov
T. Yuranov
R. Selinoyetskin
Salyut 9, In Orbit

Sirs:

How about that Marlon Brando? Hey, hey, hey, he is one hot patootchie! I'll bet he's got one the size of a belaying pin, or my name isn't Vincent Balboa, and I didn't discover half the new world!

Balboa
At Sea, 5°14' N 15° 11' W



The title of
Al Green's
new LP
is already
another
Al Green classic.
"Call Me."



MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear You-Know-What,

I know this may come as somewhat of a disappointment, but your long-term friend and Confidet, *Ms. Judy Agnew*, is no longer permitted to entrust her small pen-and-inklings to your comforting pages. That meddling hubby of hers, Spiggy, the beast, has forbidden her to record so much as a semicola more for posterity, and that is why she asked me, *Ms. Agnes Wudjy* (a visiting neighbor of hers from Baltimore, that she may have never mentioned before, although with a Man-Like-That underfoot for twenty-seven years it's no wonder she occasionally lets something slip through her mind) to explain why Judy must give the Muse the soft shoulder and communicate on the Q Tip, if you know what she means.

It all began this evening when Judy was minding her own floor wax, warm-

ing some English muffins for Spiggy's favorite TV treat (easy on the relish, heavy on the Wildroot) and that darn toaster went on the blink again. (Ever since Spiggy had to hire that new houseboy, Bhug Phun, as part of Hank Kissinger's North Viennese Rehabilitation Program, the little yellow rascal has been tinkering with all the kitchen appliances—now it doesn't toast very well, but it does pick up WKGB, which must be one of those FM hard-roll stations because they play nutty songs like "The Internatural" and "The Vulgar Sportsmen" and all the disk jockeys sound like they are talking backwards.) Well, the muffins wouldn't pop up even though the little red light went on and the disk jockey said transmission received over, so Judy went to get a fork when out of the blue the door burst open and Dick and Hank and a dozen

masked men in coveralls pushing file cabinets barged in without even wiping their sneakers. Well, before she even had to time to take their coats and walkie-talkies, Dick pulled the blinds while Hank told the men to roll the cabinets in the little boy's room and start flushing, which was a bad idea because that's where Spiggy always watches *Mary Tyler Moore* and *Wild Kingdom*. Naturally, there was a bit of a rumpus and Spiggy ran out in a snit and a Marriott Inn Towel screaming, "What the naughty word is going on!" and that was when he stumbled across the dee-aye-eye-are-why. Bhug Phun, you see, is such a lazy-daisy that Judy just hides her you-know-what under the rug like it was only another big dustkitty, but Spiggy accidentally tripped over it and knocked Dick, who was bending over to take a Cert from the candy-dish, face first into the fruit bowl and wedged a wax banana between his cheeks, sideways. While the moving-men tried to pry the banana out with a bottle opener and Spiggy crawled under the carpet to see what the lump was, Hank explained that that nosey Senator Irven had found out that the Watergate and ITT fuss was only the tip of the iceberg, and Hank had taken the liberty of borrowing back these files from the little snitches because

Lee Michaels Live

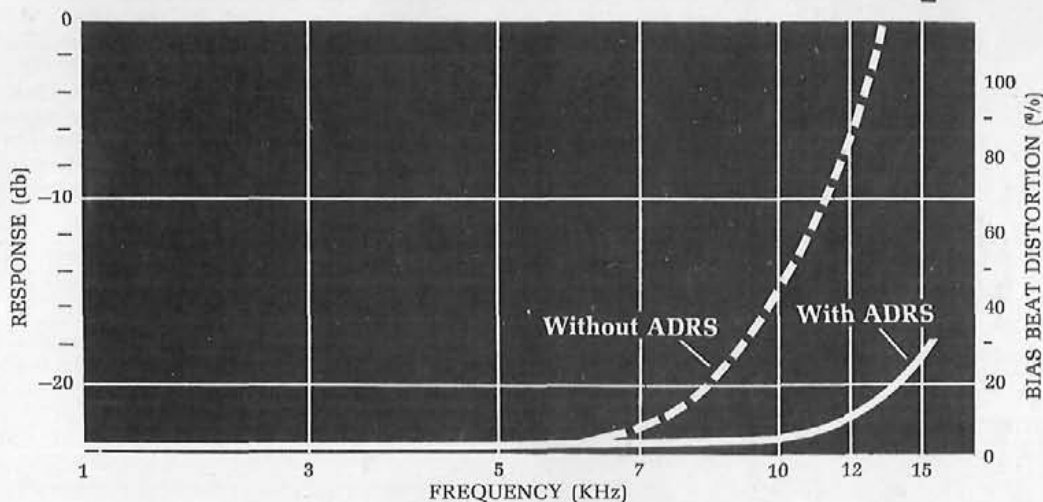


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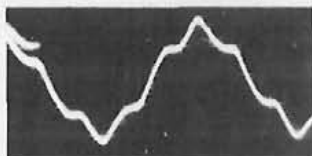
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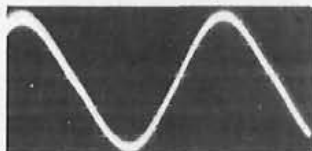
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continued

if they were made public, Spiggy and Dick wouldn't be able to raise a dialtone, much less bail.

(That ITT mess was a fine pound of fish—that nice Mr. Geneen from the telephone company had promised Spiggy a hundred bonus message units and two weeks for two at the Santiago Hilton as soon as that awful Senor Allende fell in front of one of those hit-and-run-tanks you always read about, but now with all the tattletaleing going on Judy can't even get them to come fix the Mixmaster (it keeps ringing even after you pick it up.)

Hank went on to say that the files had better cool their casters here until Irvn was run over by a tank (they were mostly cancelled checks for things like the deal the boys made for the black meat market steaks Mrs. Gandhi sent over before somebody noticed the sacred sirloins were still wearing their Pakistani doggie tags.) But Spiggy was still burrowing under the rug saying if that lump was what he thought it was, and it ever trotted into the wrong senate committee hearing room, it would make the stuff in the toity look like a couple of doctored parking tickets.

Well, Dear You-Know-What, right then the lights suddenly went out (Bhug Phun must have been "fixing" the fusebox again, the scamp!) and my friend Judy thought that *her* buns were out of the oven, too, so to speak, because Spiggy wouldn't be able to see what the uh-uh was in the dark. Unfortunately, the movingmen hadn't been able to get Dick's banana out by prying and had to drill a hole through it with a hot oven thermometer, put a piece of string in, and use it for a wick until the wax was soft enough for Dick to spit it out. (They were holding Dick down on the floor and Hank was catching the drippings, well, most of them, in a measuring spoon so they wouldn't stop up his throat.) Spiggy brought her volume of little jottings over to the flickering candlelight, said "Aha, I thought so," gave me—I mean Judy—a sharp look, and started thumbing through the pages looking for security leaks.

Well, right then Judy knew she was in hard water, so she tried to distract Spiggy by saying goodness wasn't it remarkable how the banana made Dick's jowls stick out just like Marlo Brandau's in *The Godfather* and Spiggy was right after all about how the crease in Dick's nose was getting wider. (Pat told me that Dick had finally gone to a plastic surgeon about it—the same one who gives Senator Brooke melanin injections to perk up his tan and those silicone ones to Strom Thurmond for the wrinkles in his neck—and the doctor told Dick

that it seemed that his nose was gradually splitting into two separate ones but he couldn't explain why, except that if pot can grow bosoms on hippies there's no telling what all that ketchup and cottage cheese might do to a President.) I was thinking, Dear You-Know-What, that if smoking rovers actually works it might be a good idea if Pat tried a few of those marijuana oinks and a rock poster herself—tee hee.

Spiggy, who was sitting cross-legged by the candle with the you-know-what covering his I-wish-I-didn't, suddenly came across the entry about the time Dick and Judy were trapped in an elevator in the White House together and he tried to exercise his executive privilege and make her watch while he played pocket veto with himself. Spiggy's ears turned deep pink and he let out a miffed snort and told Hank to stop catching the drippings, but luckily for Dick (and Hank) the snort blew out the candle just in time—the next entry would have spilled the beans about the time Hank caught me in the same elevator (maybe that little scalawag had been playing Mr. Fixit in the White House too?) and tried to act fresh with his pitiful, helpless giant.

Well, the lights went back on then but Judy was relieved to see that Spiggy had turned to another page—the one with the snap Judy took of Spiggy playing horsey on the nose cone of that secret IBMOC hidden inside the Matterhorn ride at Disneyland—and he noticed that some pages had been torn out and said, "Okay, plumpumps, where's the other bad word pages?" Judy told the truth and said that only that morning she had looked through it for anything that might look funny if some pushy Senator got ahold of them so she ripped them out and threw them down the trash chute. Spiggy's ears went from pink to white and he said did Judy remember exactly what was in those pages and Judy said certainly, first there was the entry about how Dick and Spiggy had one-too-many at Martha Mitchell's dirty scrabble party and rubbed burnt cork on their faces in order to visit Senator Stennis and pretend they were muggers as a fun prank, and then there was an entry about how President Thieu wouldn't go along with the peace treaty unless Dick promised to airdrop him Joey Heatherton, not to mention the time that Golda Meir asked Spiggy where the ladies room was and Spiggy said follow your nose Kike and the poor woman spent three hours lost in the White House basement and . . .

Spiggy didn't wait for Judy to finish. Instead, he grabbed Hank by the lapel and said, "Holy worse word—

continued

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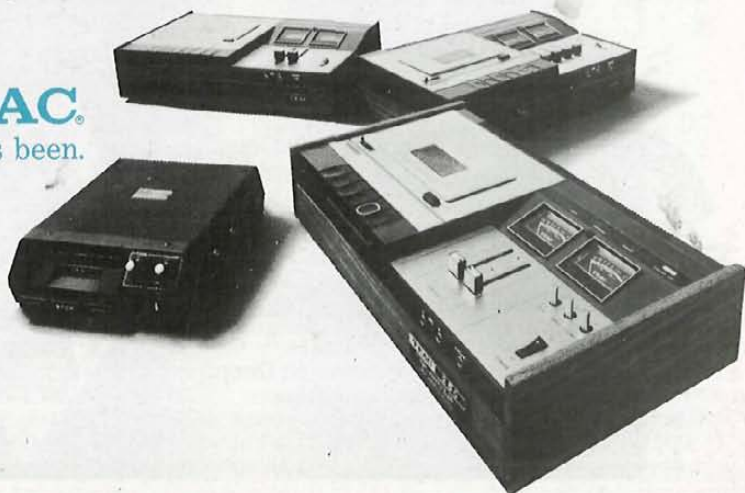
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we've got to get to the trashbin before they do or Martin Bormann'll have three extra bunkies by breakfast." Hank nodded and looked at Dick, who was still trying to spit up the banana, and said, "Jawohl, I didn't want to end up as a gas station pennant like Mussolini," although now that he thought of it Dick looks a little like a rubber knockwurst he saw once hanging over a Weinerwald counter, nicht wahr? (Who says Germans don't have a sense of humor?)

The movingmen helped Dick to his feet and they all raced for the elevator but when they got to the furnace room the super said the sanitation truck

had just left with the day's load a minute ago. Hank had one of the movingmen flag down a cab (he shot out the windshield to catch the driver's eye) and they all piled in. The driver said, "Where to, folks?" and Dick told him but the driver said, "Sorry mac, I can't hear you you've got a banana in your mouth," and Spiggy said, "Cut the jokes, buster, just step on it and follow that garbage."

They got right behind the truck and the movingman had a bead on the rear tires when a patrolman pulled them over and said, "Okay, where's the fire." Spiggy flashed his Honorary G-Man badge and said it'll be in your

shorts if we've lost that truck but maybe you'd like to be back in the Safety Patrol? By the time they caught up with it again the truck driver was lying unconscious on the road and the back end (of the truck) looked like it had been blown open. When Hank and Spiggy brought him to and said, "Hey, where's the garbage?" the man said, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, you're too late"—he'd already run into three separate sets of hijackers and they'd cleaned him out. One was a man with a southern drawl and a white head named Irving or something, another was a Mr. Anderson who said he needed some for a trash-in-the-street interview he was doing for the *Washington Post*, and the third was a group of little yellow men in quilted jackets and little red stars on their caps who hauled the rest of it off in an unmarked armored car that he could have sworn turned down Mass. Ave. and disappeared through a trap door in the driveway of the North Korean Embassy. (If those silly communists can't make their 5-Day Plans work why don't they just admit it and go to the Stop 'n Shop like everybody else is what Judy wants to know.)

It goes without saying, needless to say, that Hank and Spiggy and Dick were cranky all the way back in the cab (especially Dick because even though the movingman finally had to shoot the banana out, his jowls wouldn't snap back and now he sort of looks like a blowfish with a five o'clock shadow) and Judy was given a severe tongue-lashing about keeping anymore you-know-whats. Now Dick and Hank are home packing their bags and Spiggy is phoning for reservations to Buenos Aires (he says he'll send for Judy and Kim and the pup as soon as some Statue of Limitations falls over) and—oops! I can hear him coming now. . . .

Ahem. That was a close one. Spiggy just told Judy that as soon as he put the Mixmaster down it rang again and it was Schlesinger from the CIO who says that Telstar discovered that someone is sending *secret pictures* of either the moon or an English muffin from *this very apartment* and what the even worse word is coming off?

I'd better trot off now, Dear You-Know-What, I think I smell something burning in Judy's toaster.

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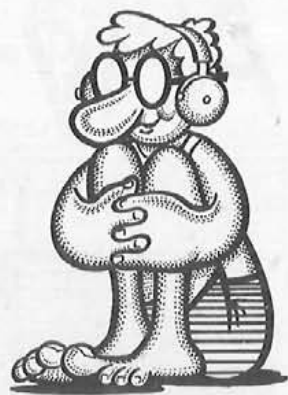




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To Hear On The Moog | 222372 * GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
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OF BILL COSBY |
| 216812 * CONWAY TWITTY
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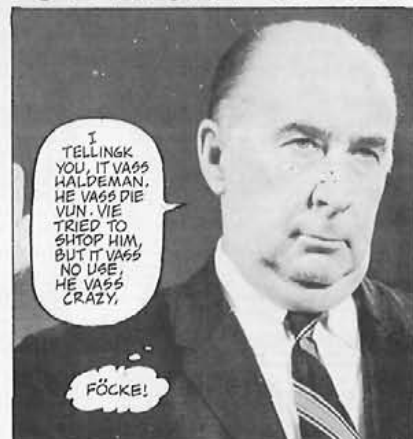
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

JUDGMENT AT WATERGATE

In The Other News: Picasso Enters Black Period



In what many observers regard as its most significant attempt yet to expand Presidential power, the Nixon Administration has issued a policy statement insisting that in spite of the peace settlement, the repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, and the absence of any treaty obligations with Cambodia, the President has authority to continue the bombing of Cambodia under the doctrine of executive privilege. "The way we read the situation," explained Ron Ziegler, who said he was speaking for Mr. Nixon in the President's role as commander

in chief, "the B-52s are members of the President's personal staff, albeit large ones; and the activities of his staff, whether circulating memos or dropping bombs, are not properly subject to congressional review." Mr. Ziegler pointed out that it would be "impractical" to have one of the giant bombers appear before a Senate committee unless the committee was willing to convene "on a runway at McGuire Air Force Base," but that if a duly constituted Senate committee wished to submit questions, the planes would answer "within the area of their

competence." Asked to enlarge on that point, Mr. Ziegler defined their "area of competence" as chiefly "procedural and mechanical in nature" and covering questions relating to their fuel consumption, engine temperatures and the like and "unclassified portions" of their daily movements.

As the last American GIs returned home from Vietnam, stories of brutality, cruelty, and inhuman treatment have begun to circulate. Many servicemen, who were detained under force for an

continued



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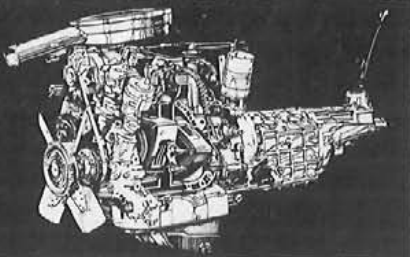
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average of one year during the period from 1966 to 1972, spoke of living in chicken-shed-like "barracks"; of being given almost inedible meals of chipped beef on toast, cold, watery spaghetti, and unwholesome canned rations; of being issued nothing but floppy, pajama-like green suits to wear; of being herded from place to place like cattle; of being forced to perform exhausting and humiliating physical punishments; of being made to do pointless tasks, like digging holes and filling them in again; of being awakened at four in the morning to stand at attention in endless lines; of being required to sit through endless indoctrination sessions during which they were lectured on militaristic, totalitarian ideals; and of being continuously harassed by stupid and vicious officers who took apparent pleasure in their suffering.

Defense Department records seem to corroborate their tales. Of the more than one million Americans who spent time in the "Saigon Hilton," 45,000 died and 303,000 were wounded, many of them seriously enough to cause permanent incapacitation.



In answer to critics who have questioned his convenient inability to recall specific details of ITT's involvement in Chile in spite of his reputation for a nearly perfect photographic memory, Chairman Harold Geneen has explained that he often suffers from "recollection difficulties" and that he is "not completely sure" whether Geneen is spelled with two e's or *i-n-e* and whether he is head of ATT or ITT.

There have been three separate developments in the "meat crisis." First, Senator John Tower, R., Texas, in a recent speech, insisted that the ranchers, cattlemen's associations, and other meat-producing groups in his home state have been "unfairly maligned" in the national consumer-outcry

against the skyrocketing price of meat. Senator Tower reported that the real culprit is the unpublicized but highly effective union activity among the beef herds, which has resulted in vastly increased cattle-raising bills to ranchers, who now must pass along to consumers the cost of huge increases in the amount of "take-home-to-the-barn feed"; expensive fringe benefits, including extensive hospitalization-coverage for hoof-and-mouth disease and distemper; and much longer "cud-chewing breaks," which have resulted in lowered productivity. Tower blamed the American Federation of Longhorns; the aggressive Hamsters Union, which originally organized the pet-and-laboratory-animal industry but has recently moved into the cattle field; and the Mexican-oriented Grass-Croppers Union, which has scored big successes among Santa Getrudis "hump-backs" and other breeds from south of the border by destroying the traditional relationship between rancher and herd and "agitating among cattle to get them to make unrealistic demands." He spoke of bitter "sit down under a tree" strikes; sabotage, such as cows kicking over pails of milk; and the refusal of other farm animals, including pigs and chickens, to cross "grazing lines." "They may have had a legitimate beef in some areas," said Tower, "but this is just out-and-out rustling."

In the second development, President Nixon attacked the "gluttons of Zurich" and other international speculators for establishing huge hoards of beef in Swiss freezers in a conspiracy to drive up the price of meat. He threatened to suspend the convertibility of the dollar into meat and vowed to use "every available means" to hold down the "prime" rate. Simultaneously, Prime Minister Heath of Great Britain announced that a pound of filet had risen to \$2.49, more than 7 cents higher than the pound sterling, which closed last week at \$2.42, and he hinted that England might go onto the meat standard. "The traditional roast beef of olde Englande can be a new beginning we need to enter a period of unparalleled financial prosperity," he remarked. It was not clear what he meant, but it is thought that France may retaliate by pegging the franc to a ten-gram glass of Beaujolais of "indifferent vintage."

In the third development, the American Restaurant Association is said to be "exploring the possibility" of installing electronic menus, either as wall-sized visual display-boards or as individual table ticker-tape machines, which will give up-to-the-minute quotations on steaks, roast beef, filet mignon, and other meat dishes,

continued



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and possibly lobster. Under the system patrons of a restaurant would pay according to the going meat prices, or "Cow-Jones quotations," as they have already been dubbed, and restaurateurs would be saved the considerable expense and embarrassment of having to print new menus every week or of constantly crossing out prices and writing in new ones. A sample entry would read, "Nw Yrk Srln 7.28, up 14, 7.26 bid, 7.30 asked," and waiters, or "personal table brokers," would authenticate orders to protect patrons from any price rises while their meal was being cooked.

Following the decision by a New York state judge who ruled *Deep Throat* obscene and ordered it removed from theatres and under the threat of similar rulings elsewhere, the movie's producers are said to be at work on a sequel that will satisfy the Supreme Court's requirement for redeeming value and literary content. Called *Deep Thought*, it will also star Linda Lovelace, who will play the role of a young girl who discovers that her clitoris is in her brain. As with *Deep Throat*, the emphasis will be on oral sexual activity, but the heroine's many sexual partners will read passages from Kant and Wittgenstein to "blow her mind," and there will be

several meaningful discussions at key moments on nominalism, the validity of the teleological argument, and the limitations of sensual perception as a tool in judging the phenomenological universe.

Speaking to a crowd of thirty thousand young New Yorkers at the first of a scheduled series of Crusades to Call the Continent to Its Senses, atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair announced plans for a rock opera, *Charles Darwin, Superstar*, and revealed her intention to file a series of lawsuits under the "fairness doctrine" to force hotels and motels to place racy best-sellers in night tables that contain Gideon Bibles.

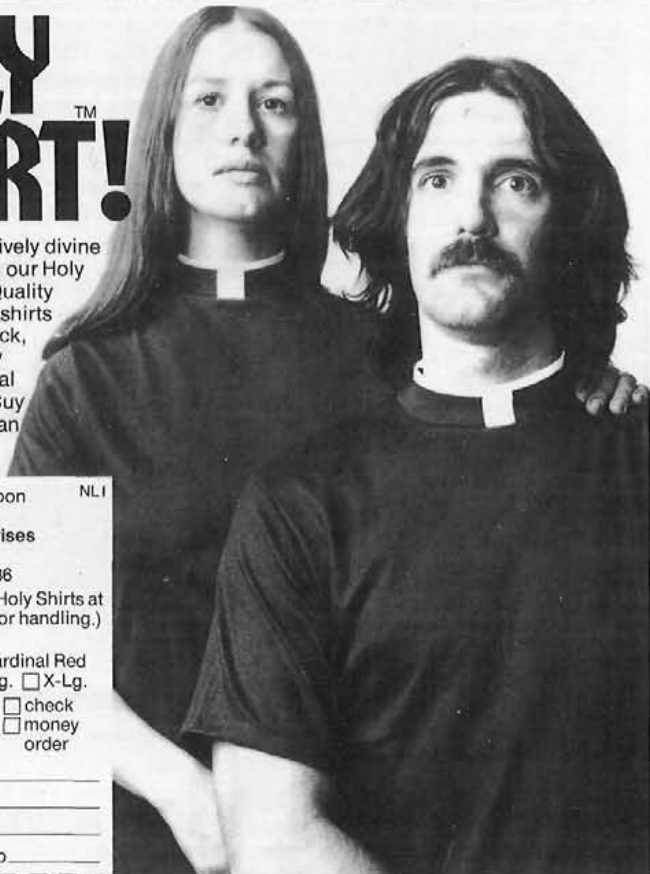
Later in the program, the throng of young people who filled Madison Square Garden listened in a hushed silence as a teen-age girl testified, "I was a devout Baptist all my life, and my life was filled with meaning until one day, as I was leaving church, I saw a strange and beautiful light shining down on me and when I looked up, I saw that it was only one of those extra-bright new streetlights. And then I knew that Nothing was Everything and Everything was Nothing." The crowd responded by forming zeroes with their thumbs and forefingers, pointing their raised hands heavenward, and chanting, "No way!"

Mrs. O'Hair told her audience that she hopes to raise \$9 million through her crusade and that her slogan will be "Ante up for Antichrist." Speaking with emotion, she said to the assemblage, "We desperately need funds to not build churches across the land; to distribute thousands of blank leaflets, buttons and bumper stickers; to give away small 'doubting Thomas' statues for car dashboards; and, most important of all, to knock on every door and ring every doorbell in America and then walk away when someone answers."

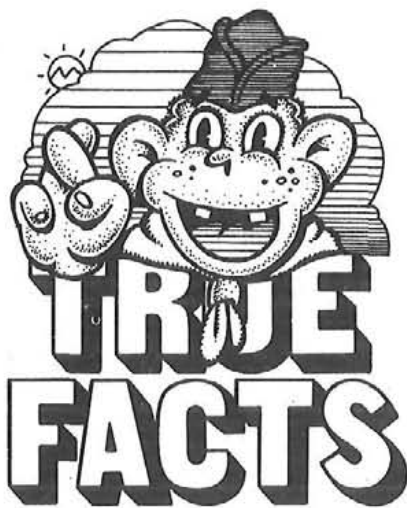
As more and more revelations about the Watergate affair are made public, another far more serious and damaging scandal is coming to light. It is now clear that in January, 1969, with the help of secret financing and by using deception, slander, and intrigue, a group of unprincipled men with authoritarian right-wing leanings—among them Richard Nixon, H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, John Dean, and Ronald Ziegler—broke into the White House with the intent of destroying the Constitution of the United States, eliminating half a century of social progress and remaking America in their own vicious, petty image, and that now, more than four years later, they're still there. □

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TRUE FACTS

● An Oregon radio listener, who was first annoyed, then concerned when no one changed the record he had been listening to after the music finished, telephoned the studio to complain. When he got no answer, he called the police.

When the Oregon City police arrived at the KYXI studio, they found that the disk jockey, Michael David Roberts, twenty-two, had committed suicide by hanging himself with a telephone cord.

The last record Roberts had played was "Softly as I Leave You." *Durham Morning Herald* (J. G. Hamilton)

● A Canadian dentist made the following appeal in a medical-advice column in an Ontario newspaper:

"To parents who are getting professional help for children who have a marijuana problem, I have this plea. Do not forget the child's dental health.

"So often parents in this particular position feel that the marijuana difficulty is so serious that dental health takes a back seat, and the child turns out to be a 'dental cripple.'

"The fact is that during this time that is so trying to them, the children may need extra visits to the family dentist and added instruction on home dental care." *Toronto Star* (M. Closs)

● An attempted holdup of a branch of the Marine Midland Bank in Buffalo, New York, was thwarted by a persistent teller. According to Lieut. Raymond Fries of the Buffalo police, a man approached the teller, who had been held up several times before, and said, "I've got a gun. Hand over the money."

"Show me the gun," insisted the teller.

"I can't," replied the would-be holdup man. "Other people in the bank would see it."

"Well, then give me a note," said the teller.

"Give me a piece of paper," said the holdup man.

continued



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The teller handed him a piece of paper. While he was writing a note, another teller leaned over and asked what was going on. At that point, the holdup man threw up his hands and said, "Oh, the hell with it," and ran out of the bank.

He was captured by the police a block away. *New York Times* (R. Boegenann)

• State Rep. Jim Kaster has filed a bill in the Texas Legislature that would require criminals to give their intended victims twenty-four hours notice before committing a crime against them.

The bill permits notification either orally or in writing and specifies that the victims be notified of their right to use deadly force to resist.

"I'm not optimistic about the bill's passage with all the lawyers we've got around here," admitted Kaster. *San Jose Mercury News* (R. Perez, Jr.), *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* (W. Pugh)

• In an article in *Science* magazine, Professor D. L. Rosenhan of Stanford University described an unusual experiment in which eight perfectly normal people faked mild symptoms of neurosis to gain admission to a number of psychiatric wards in hospitals ranging from expensive private clinics to public institutions.

To gain admission, the eight phony

patients—three psychologists, a pediatrician, a psychiatrist, a painter, and a housewife—told examining doctors the whole truth about their lives, their emotions, and their personal relationships, all of which were completely normal. They lied only about their names, their symptoms, and, in the cases of those with medical backgrounds that might arouse suspicion, their occupations.

The symptoms they all complained of were hearing disembodied voices saying the words "empty," "hollow," and "thud."

In every case but one the diagnosis was schizophrenia.

Once inside the hospitals, they stopped pretending and behaved as normally as they could. Although they were regularly detected as frauds by fellow patients, who made comments like, "You're not crazy. You're a journalist or a professor. You're checking up on the hospital," the hospital staff never suspected them, even though they spent most of their time taking extensive notes. The daily comment on the psychiatric record of one particularly avid note-taker among the fake patients was "Patient engages in writing behavior." No one bothered to examine the writing or to ask the bogus patient what he was writing about.

The eight individuals involved in the experiment stayed in the various hospital wards for as long as they could stand it. The average was nineteen days. One of the specific experiments they performed was to ask passing doctors sensible questions—for example, "Excuse me, doctor, could you tell me when I will be eligible for ground privileges?"—in a normal tone of voice. Twenty-four out of twenty-five doctors walked on without stopping to answer the question.

Following the completion of the study, in another experiment, a hospital was warned that phony patients would be attempting to gain admittance with concocted symptoms. After receiving the warning, the two doctors in charge of admitting patients turned away a total of 64 patients out of 193 who applied for admittance. None of them was posing as a disturbed individual, and in fact no fake patients were sent to the hospital.

Commenting on the results, Professor Rosenhan urged doctors to err on the side of caution and "refrain from sending the distressed to insane places." *London Observer* (M. P. McGough)

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honorable discharge/ā-nōr' bul dis'chārg/: how the Japanese address their clap symptoms

polio margarine/pō'lē-ō mār'ār-īn/: a crippling butter substitute

postcard bomb/pōst'kārd bām/: a method of terrorism employed by members of the Polish Liberation Front



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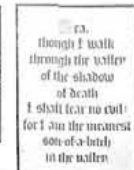
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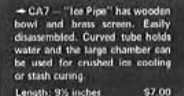
Incredible new acrylic pipes are carbureted for a sweet, cool draw. Virtually unbreakable, beautiful rainbow colors will never fade or peel.

OMNI PIPES

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THE CONTINUING VOYAGE IV

... then God knows pollution is a lingering sort of fat. And the footholders involved? I recall clearly telebed in acid, as it were) the effluence of universes created when one finger pressed and released one gustating I mean, what then is all of this - all this - bringing about? Shudder... "world without end"ville. God help us. Ah, but then it can be directed into delicious French curves, etc. - even if that is working from the outside inward. And all this time...



1124 Fuck! Housework
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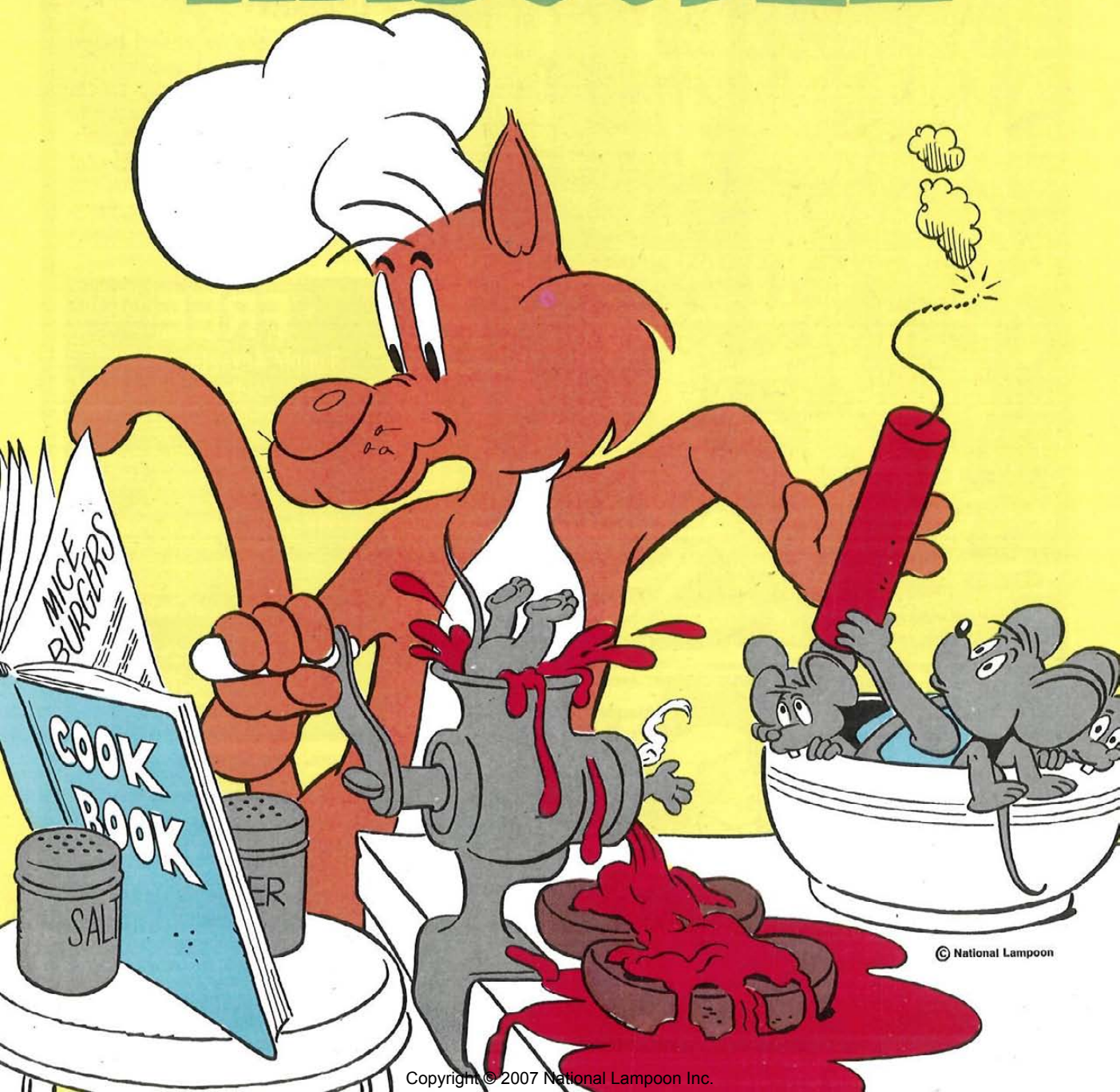
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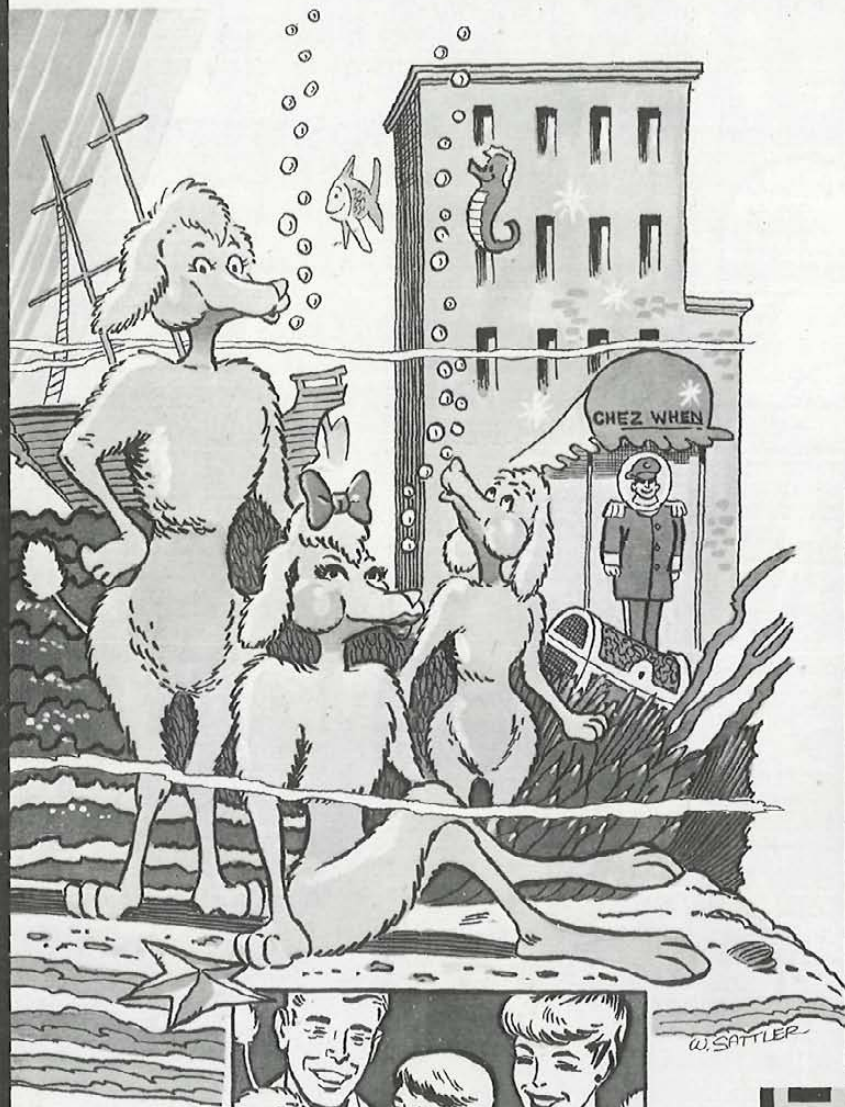
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Pretend your Sea-Poodle is on a secret mission from the planet Pluto and is here to conquer the Earth.

YOU: You Godless beast! What have you done with Colonel Redford, Professor Hobbson, and his niece Nora?

SEA-POODLE: Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp.

YOU: I can't understand your gibberish. Perhaps if I submerge you in this solution that's made up of two parts hydrogen and only one part oxygen, you'll become more cooperative.

SEA-POODLE: Yelp, yelp, yelp, glub, glub, glub . . .

YOU: I try and be fair with you invaders and what does it get me? Heartaches!

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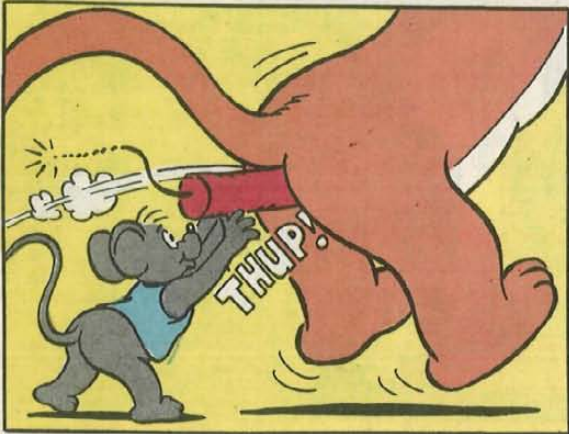
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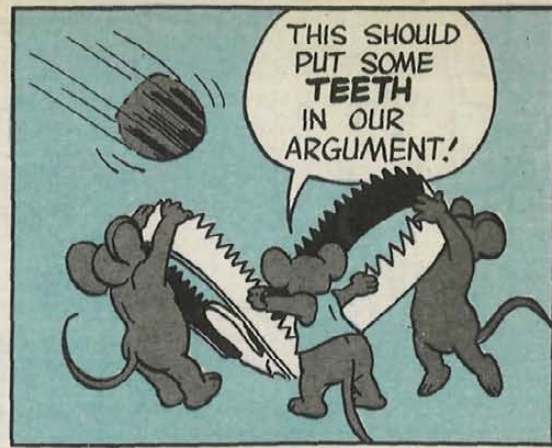






CRASH





The Gandhi Papers

by Gerald Sussman

"In the early days India was too vast a country for one criminal organization to control. There were few powerful darthas ('bosses'). It depended on who had the gun."

T. K. M. Bandu,
The History of Organized Crime in India

Early Struggles and Setbacks

The Numbers Racket

Since there were no racetrack parimutuels or stock-market figures for devising a numbers system, Gandhi came up with the idea of basing his numbers racket on how many people had minor foot-surgery in the seven largest cities in the country. Every doctor had to register his daily operations. Each city's newspapers would publish the daily number.

In order to keep the odds as high as possible, there always had to be a catch. If someone claimed the right number, Gandhi's numbers man would say that the winning number was really the square root of the actual surgery count, or that it was the number divided by eight and multiplied by thirty-four, or any of a thousand dodges.

The system caused a lot of grumbling and ill feeling among the bettors. Arguments and fights erupted. Profits dwindled.

Gandhi tried to lure the bettors back with free prizes—chalk, bunches of twigs, large flat stones. He won some back, but couldn't generate the big volume he needed.

Protection Money

Gandhi dreamed of nothing less than organizing all of India in a protection racket. His mob would extort from the millions of peasants in the countryside. It would add up to a fortune.

But the billing problems were monumental. People sent cash in the mail, which was either stolen or lost. Records were not kept. No receipts were mailed back. Checks bounced. Many peasants couldn't afford the regular rupee-payments and sent boiled cornmeal, which the banks in Calcutta and Bombay would not cash.

The Families who controlled each piece of territory were supposed to

send a certain percentage of their take to the central office, but many of them forgot or claimed to have run out of envelopes.

Gandhi worked late every night for eight months trying to straighten out the mess.

The Enforcers

Gandhi organized a group of enforcers called Dirty Looks, Incorporated. They had fair success with the farmers and peasants who were small and thin but had a hard time terrorizing dock workers and big fellows in general. Gandhi was disappointed. His followers begged him for more violent weapons—curry paste to smear on the precious silks and satins of the rich merchants and mule dung to fling in their eyes. Gandhi was tempted but did not give in. "You must not be afraid to look directly in their eyes. Step on their feet or poke them in the belly if necessary," he said.

Working with the Caste System

Gandhi had 7,143 different castes (India's famed "Castes of Thousands") to coerce and terrorize. In Bangalore alone there were over eight hundred. There were the upper-class *Brahmins*, of course. There were the *Kudras*, who dealt in hosiery and undergarments and controlled the water supply. There were the *Bikhs*, primarily a race of carpet shampooers; the *Darsees*, who could lift great weights; and the *Vasayhadas* (the learned ones), who read the *Bhagavad Gita* and played handball. On and on the castes went, until you reached the Untouchables, who were poor and downtrodden. Below the Untouchables were the Unspeakables, who were so poor they had to beg from the Untouchables. Below the Unspeakables were the Unthinkables. The only activities of the Unthinkables were wailing and contracting the plague.

The *Mhurkas*

The *Mhurkas* were a proud, fierce, warlike mountain tribe that made a living by looting, raping, and all-around plundering. They would swoop down on a village and make things very uncomfortable for everybody but have a terrific time themselves. Gandhi tried to bring them into the organization, but they only looted, raped, and plundered his group as well.

He offered to set them up in a Disney-type show called *Mhurka Land*, a re-creation of a *Mhurka* village-raid, complete with terrorizing and violence. There would be admission charges, food-and-drink bars, souvenir stands, parking concessions, etc., with the *Mhurkas* getting half the take. But the *Mhurkas* (the only Indians with blond hair) refused.

Gandhi was once asked if blond Indians have more fun. "The *Mhurkas* sure do," he said. "As long as they have a good time in the *boondokhs* (little villages) I'm fine. I just pray that they don't ride into the city and bother me."

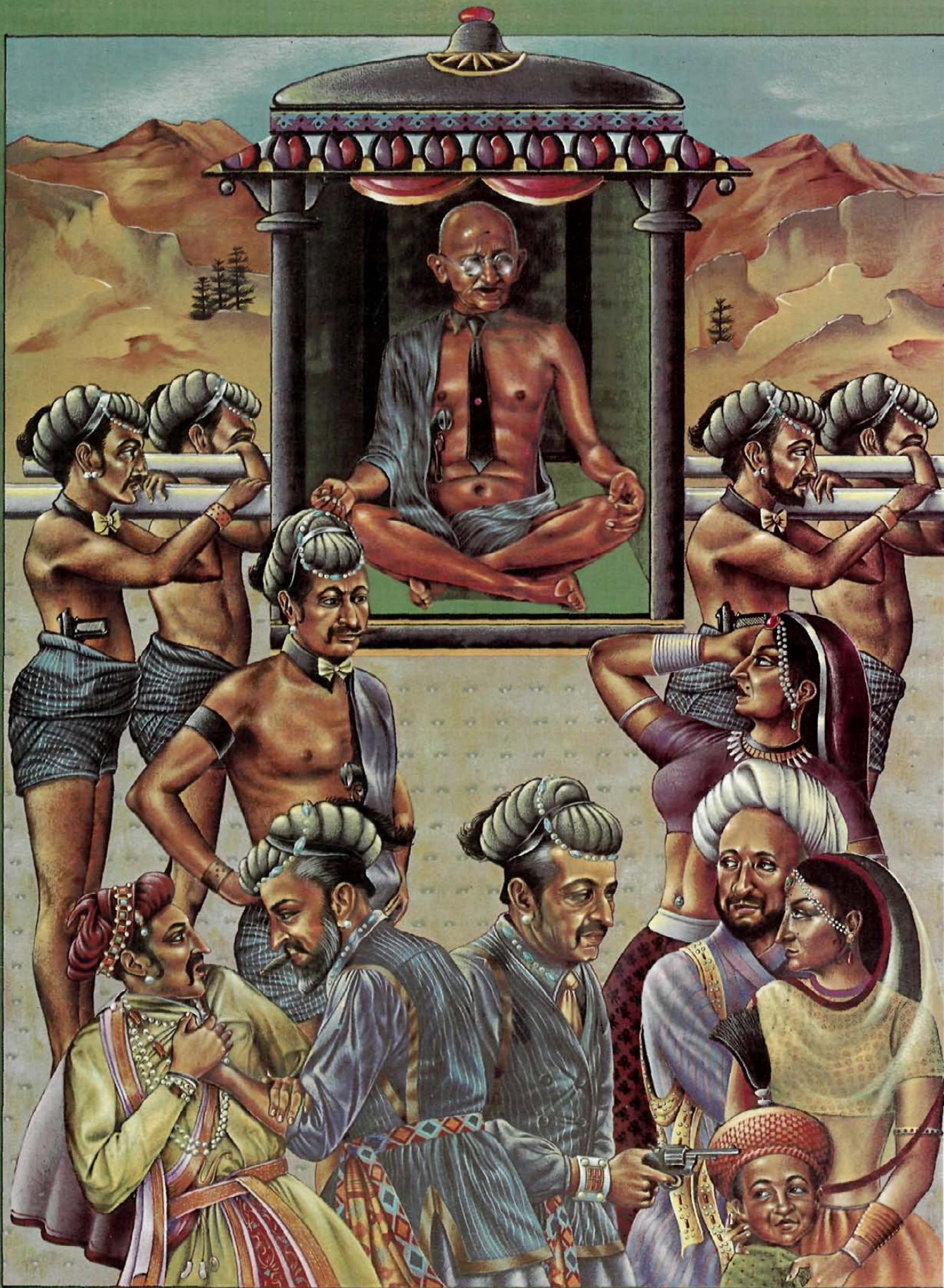
An Attempted Hijacking

One day Gandhi heard of an unusually large shipment of *ghee* (liquid butter made from buffalo milk) that was going from Hyderabad to the warehouses of Calcutta. *Ghee* was the most commonly-used cooking fat in India, and Gandhi saw an opportunity to corner a good share of the market by hijacking the shipment, hoarding it until the demand soared, then selling at astronomical prices.

He chose four of his top lieutenants to plan the hijack: Shivana ("the Cumin Seed") Tandu, Chakiri ("Chick 66") Mnobala, Malinga ("the Nightingale") Vatsu, and Kirini ("Krishna Plantains") Kama.

At a secluded spot where they knew the ox-drawn *ghee* caravans would be

continued



Organization Chart

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

(Mahadhartha—Boss of Bosses)

Chiriti ("Kid Mango") Tanamurti Kananga ("Frankie the Clove") Nharaba
 Chandala Vrishnuti, alias Vrishnuti Prana ("Johnny Sitar") Sharam
 Chandala, alias Boris Goldowsky,
 alias Wanda Landowska

Bharami ("the Mystic") Shastini
 Khandu ("Charley Chutney") Malada
 Nalyana ("Joey Jasmine") Kamala
 Albadore ("Big Al") Narishna
 Vhagore ("Bhim Bham") Bhamboola

Jhagurti ("Jhag the Jhug") Amadena
 Tagore ("Trish") Mokara
 Vhed ("Gherry Ghee") Mahanta
 Chama ("Betels") Vhangore
 Phita ("the Lute") Vhasayana

Bhuga ("the Buffalo") Khandana
 Jhabala ("Joe Ganges") Vishnaba
 Mohni ("Mhoni the Mouse") Mhadevi
 Shivana ("the Cumin Seed") Tandu
 Kirini ("Krishna Plantains") Kama

passing, Gandhi's men staked out an ambush. Two of the men would stop the caravan to ask for help for their injured horses. When they sensed that the caravan leaders were distracted and were believing their stories, they would blow their whistles as a signal for the ambushers to attack.

At the appointed hour the ox-drawn caravans did indeed pass through. Gandhi's men attempted to stop them, but the head caravan-driver wouldn't hear of it. Gandhi's men panicked and blew their whistles. The sound of the whistles caused the oxen to panic, and they reared up wildly. This caused the *ghee* to panic, and thousands of jars were thrown to the ground, dashed to pieces.

The oxen lapped up the spilled *ghee*, and for some reason the *ghee* made them even crazier. They stampeded through the woods and ran into trees. Meanwhile, the rest of the ambushers watched helplessly as millions of rupees worth of *ghee* were sinking into the ground. The caravan drivers were so enraged that they thrashed the Gandhi gang thoroughly, rubbing their faces in the buttery muck.

When Gandhi heard the news of the bungling he was enraged. He called in the gang, had their eyes removed, had their fingers snapped at the halfway mark, and had them transferred to desk jobs.

Thereafter these unfortunates were always called *Varnistini Daka Duva*, ("The Gang That Couldn't Toot Straight").

The Middle Years: Fighting to the Top

Studying with the Gurus

Gandhi's spirit was not broken by the many setbacks and blunders of the early, organizing years. But he realized that he still had much to learn. First, he would undergo further self-purification not only by fasting, but by walking on one leg and depriving himself of the pleasure of cleaning his

ears with Q-Tips, one of his few hobbies. Secondly, he would go to Sicily and study with the old gurus, the Men of Respect.

He studied narcotics and prostitution with Guido ("the Squid") Parpino. He learned all aspects of gambling from Carmine ("Charlie Boogie") Coccia. He finished with loan-sharking and various odds and ends from the teachings of Domenic ("Doug Chapin") Passalacqua.

From Sicily he went to America to study with the gurus of New York, Chicago, and Miami, getting actual on-the-job training. After many meetings he convinced the bosses that India had fantastic potential for the rackets. As a sign of good faith, they loaned him \$2 million to finance his take-over in exchange for a percentage of the action. As collateral Gandhi had to leave them his Kohinoor ruby ring, which glowed in the dark and had a secret compartment, and his left kidney.

Getting Rid of Dead Wood

Gandhi's reputation for discipline and ruthless housecleaning grew to legendary proportions, culminating in the elimination of his chief competitor, Anaka ("the Lotus Leaf") Pravabala.

One evening three men walked into a small curry house in the buttons-and-notions section of Bombay where they knew Pravabala was having dinner. They grabbed him and force-fed him mango chutney until he fell into a coma. The other patrons of the curry house pretended nothing had happened. But they missed their chutney, and the restaurant got bad word of mouth and had to close.

Other victims got the slow torture of being talked to death. Indians can actually bore a person to death with their nonstop talking.

For years, however, the deadliest hit-man in Gandhi's organization was Albadore ("Big Al") Narishna, a highly skilled specialist with the poison-dart blowgun. Narishna's promis-

ing career was cut short when he accidentally killed himself on a job by inhaling.

Slot Machines

With the loan from his American friends, Gandhi purchased 800,000 slot machines, which his organization installed in cypress trees. The problem was that very few people in the countryside could afford to play the machines. This forced Gandhi to go into loansharking. "I laid out the money for the machines, and then I loaned the people money to play them. There was a lot of money circulating, but it was all mine," said Gandhi.

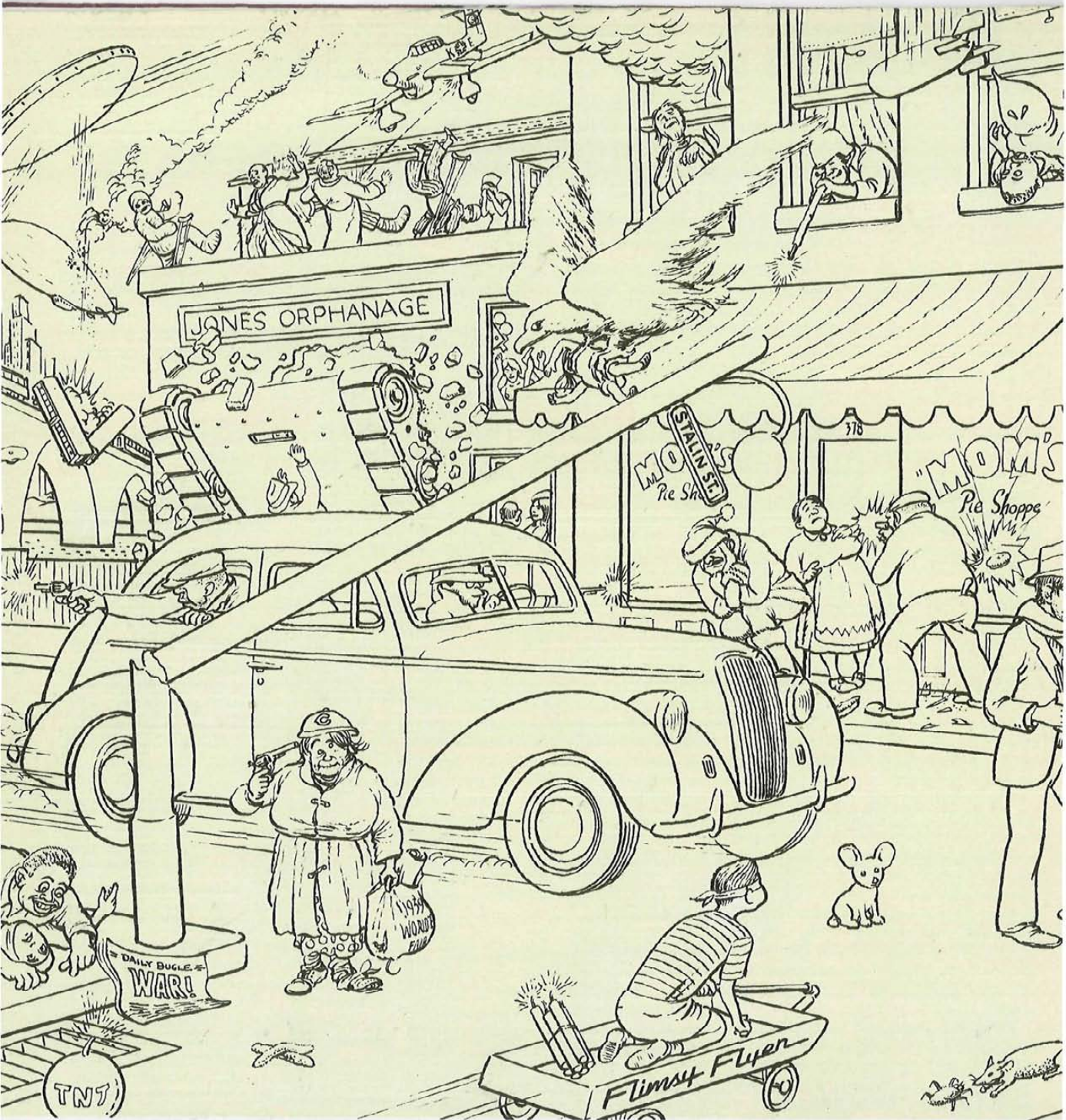
A Daring Kidnap

Without Gandhi's knowledge, one of his lieutenants, Nalyana ("Joey Jasmine") Kamala, planned to kidnap the first-born elephant of the Maharaja of Mysore and hold him for a ransom of five million rupees. This would stem the organization's losses in slot machines and loansharking and might leave something left over for the men, who hadn't been paid since joining.

The problem was that no one in the kidnapping gang knew how to ride an elephant. They had to carry him. About half a mile from the Maharaja's palace the thirty men who were carrying the blindfolded elephant collapsed. Unfortunately, many of them were under the elephant at the time. The survivors not only got triple hernias, but had to submit to the ritual punishment for kidnapping an elephant and not being able to get him back to the hideout. They were locked in barrels filled with vinegar and pickling spices for eight months.

Moslem Rituals—the Bloodbaths

For years there was a bitter rivalry between Gandhi's Hindu mob and the Moslem gang headed by Muhammed ("the Chick Pea") Akbar. Gangland-style slayings multiplied at an alarming rate, culminating in the infamous Shiva Day Massacre.



How Many Nice Things

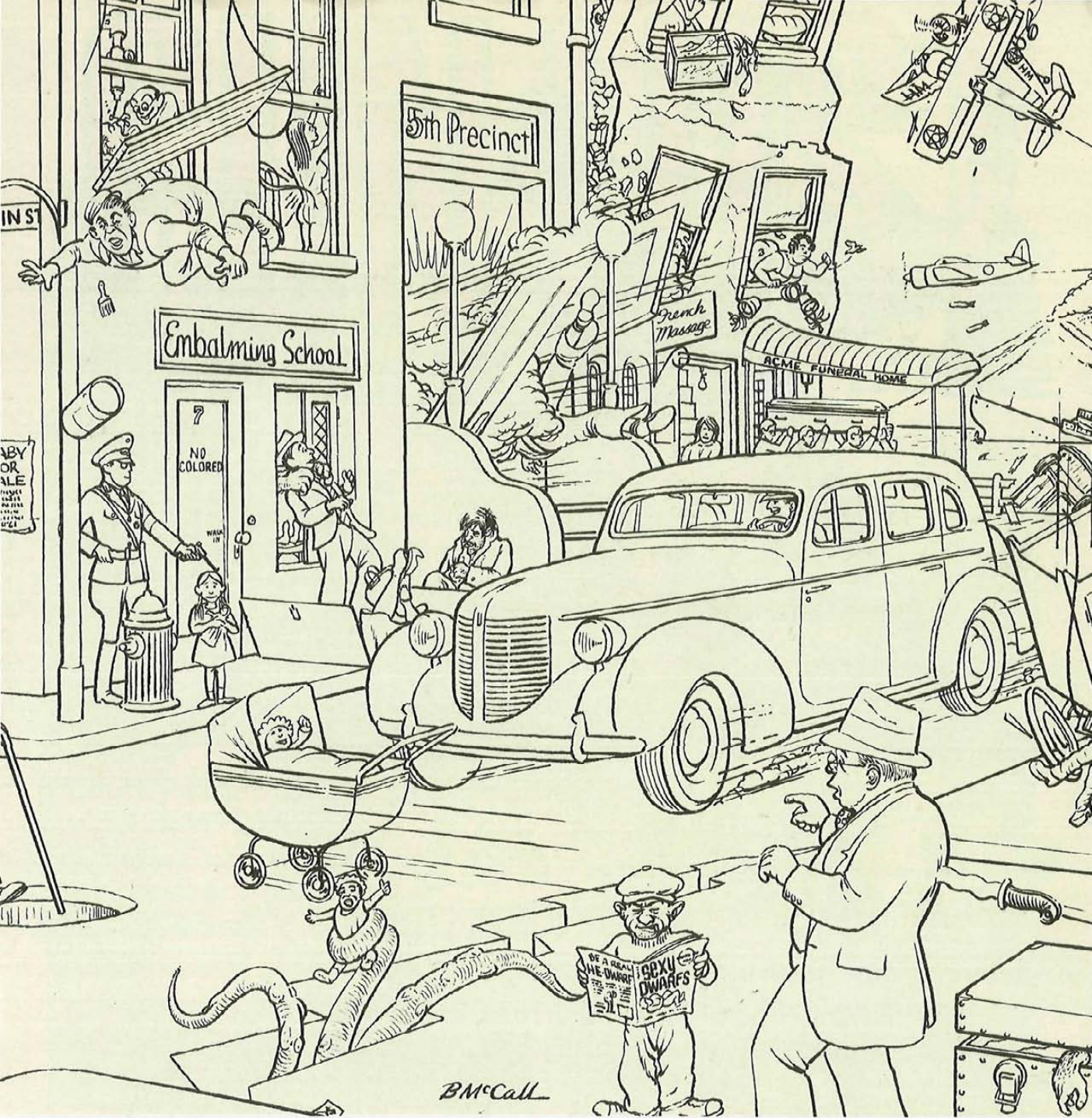
Can You Find In This
 Chuckle-Choked Puzzle-Picture Picture-Puzzle?

by Bruce McCall

Here's a revealing test of your personality! Our artist sketched the picture above with the scientific guidance of top modern psychologists of today—the experts nobody can fool! Planted in the picture are dozens of hidden clues to test what kind of fella or gal you really are.

a "Gloomy Gus" or a "Happy Horace."

Study the puzzle-picture carefully. If you find it to be sad or depressing, you're a "Gloomy Gus" type of person, unable and unwilling to see the smiling Mr. Sunshine for all his faults. If you carry everywhere—surly, pig-headed, and



probably suicidal.

If you're the optimist type, the "Happy Horace," as top modern psychologists of today put it, you'll study the puzzle-picture and probably say, "Gee, but I see *lots* of grand things here!" You're friendly, outgoing, the type who takes charge when there's a singsong to be sung or a handshake to be met.

Take five minutes to scrutinize our little mind-twister. Then get paper and pencil and write at the top of one side of the page "Gloomy Gus." On the other side, write "Happy Horace." Then list all the good and bad things you find in the picture-puzzle, under the appropriate heading. When you're done, total up your score. How many things made you a "Gloomy Gus?" How many a "Happy Horace?"

Scores and ratings are listed on the right—but don't peek until you've finished your test!

50 or more "Happy Horace" clues: You're a Cockeyed Optimist, modern psychology's top rating!
 40 or more "Happy Horace" clues: We'll invite you to our next shindig 'cause you're irrepressible!
 30 or more "Happy Horace" clues: Average. Say, you should read the funny papers more often!
 20 or more "Happy Horace" clues: Come on now, let's see that great big smile! You can do better!
 10 or more "Happy Horace" clues: Maybe what you need is an hour with a top modern psychologist!
 5 or more "Happy Horace" clues: You're selfish and narrow-minded, a real "party pooper."
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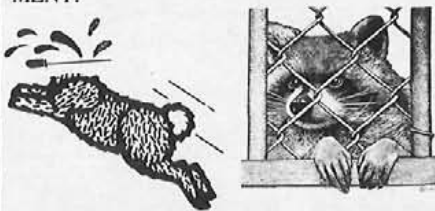


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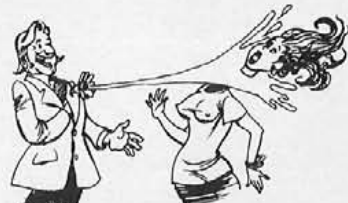
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Dear Ed:

As a known assassin, I support Gun Lust's courageous stand against the billion-dollar boondoggle of assassin registration. Surely the long-suffering public has had enough of big-government bureaucracy without having to put up with yet more gold-chip, red-tape infringement of their Second Amendment rights? We assassins take pride and pleasure in our work. Thanks to Gun Lusts' plucky fight against this so-called reform, we have once again proved that few though we may be, we can certainly make ourselves felt. . . .Name Withheld on Request, New Orleans, La.

(Ed—Attaboy, Name Withheld on Request—and good huntin'.)

Dear Your Senator:

As a loyal and red-blooded American, I believe that what's kept this country strong and free is a gun in the hand of every loyal and red-blooded American. I urge you to quit your unpatriotic support of handgun control bills aimed at the law-abiding sportsman or you're going to find your brains on the wall.

Yours, Your Name

(Ed—For the last time, you're supposed to fill these out with YOUR OWN NAME and the name of YOUR OWN SENATOR and send it to HIM, NOT to US. O.K.? Good huntin'.)

Dear Ed:

I'm 100 percent behind Gun Lust in its struggle for our constitutional rights, what's more I don't mind powdering a few skeet myself once in a while, but sometimes I think we've gone too far. Why just last week four sportsmen ran into my backyard with .44 Magnums, shot my little Deirdre, skinned her, and ate her raw. Is this covered by the Second Amendment?

Mrs. Molly M.—Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Ed—Anything that moves is covered by the Second Amendment. Anything. It's just this kind of weak-kneed belly-aching split in the ranks that the gun-control kooks like Teddy Kennedy feast on. We stand united or we fall. Remember: freedom isn't free. Good huntin'.)

Dear Ed:

I am the proud owner of an original 1921 50-round drum-mag Thompson submachinegun with which I have spent many happy hours in the duck blind. However, I find that even when I catch them completely off-guard I can still only bag a dozen or so at a time. How can I better my kill ratio?

A. B.—Tuscaloosa, Ala.
(continued)

GOOD DEFENSE GOOD NEIGHBORS



A GUN LUST SELF-PROTECTION SPECIAL

All around you, wherever you live, lurks danger. Crime in our nation's cities has risen by 169 percent in the last year, 53 percent of which were killings. In our nation's suburbs the situation is hardly any better, with self-defense killings reaching 245 percent. The chances of being murdered or mutilated on the street, in your living room, or in your bed have risen faster than meat prices. There is no one left to trust. The nice young couple next door could be ex-Weathermen, the old guy up the block whose franks you eat each Sunday could be passing for white. Is it any coincidence that the nation's leading locksmith has the same name as that of the nation's leading radical college? In these circumstances all that can be said is—good defenses make good neighbors. Here are a few survival suggestions from the editors of Gun Lust.

USES MAKE IBORS



ing the neighborhood a free-fire zone. At this point, the combined resources of your own arsenal and that of other friendly forces must be used to destroy all potential redoubts, infiltration routes, and other resources that might be used by the aggressor. And remember, the function of a free-fire zone is to level all but friendly enclaves TO THE GROUND.

PROTECTIVE REACTION

Having secured your own neighborhood against the enemy, you are now in a position to initiate protective-reaction strikes against adjacent neighborhoods. These should be used sparingly at first and staggered so that your opponent will not know where you are going to strike next. Soon you will be able to recruit friendly forces within those neighborhoods in order to complete the pacification and free-fire modes.

YOUR OWN FAMILY—FRIEND OR FOE?

All this, of course, is to be accomplished in the name of that greatest of American institutions—the family. But can they be trusted? Most of all, can the woman you share your bed with be trusted? Is she a mother or a mugger? Have you a clear notion of her background? Have you ever bothered to check? Does she own concealed weapons? What does she think about while you sleep the sleep of the just by her side? All these considerations, taken together with the verminous brainwashings of Women's Lib, make her about as safe to sleep with as Truman Capote.

(continued on page 77)

THE DECOY FAMILY

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The first target of any attacker is going to be your family, especially the females. Your first job therefore is to remove your family from danger and substitute one you don't care about to lure the attacker into a combat situation where he can be eliminated. Initially this involves the conversion of your basement into a comfortable area where you and your family can live until the attack occurs. Meanwhile, of course, the lure or decoy family occupies your regular house. (If you can't trust a live decoy family, which you shouldn't, an inflatable one will do. In any event DO NOT get YOUR FAMILY and THE DECOY FAMILY MIXED UP. This could prove fatal.) Having gotten your decoy family installed and your real family comfortable down in the basement, all you have to do is wait until the attacker decides to strike. When he does, the first thing he (or they) will try to do is rape the decoy family. At this point you'll have him dead to rights.

PACIFY YOUR BLOCK

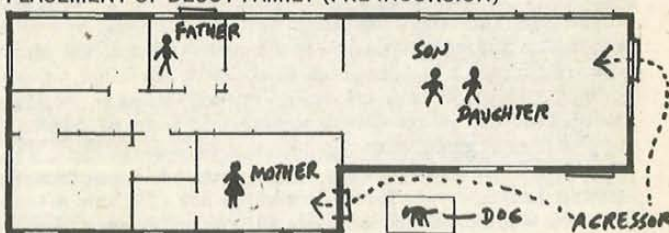
If hiding in your basement for a couple of years is a bit in the passive line of duty for you, there are other more immediate steps you can take to remove the threat of aggression from your neighborhood. Experience among our armed forces in the Southeast Asian conflict has led to the valuable conclusion that prevention is better than cure. If it could bring them victory in the jungles of Vietnam, it can certainly bring you victory in the jungles of our cities and suburbs. The plan is simple. First, institute sweeps through your own block to eliminate hostile enclaves.

Naturally, you will need the cooperation of friendly forces in your block to accomplish this. Just as naturally, as in Vietnam, a lack of cooperation can only mean one thing. It would be best at the outset, however, to avoid any direct retaliation such as occurred at My Lai. You would be best advised to pacify hostile enclaves by burning their homes and confining them indefinitely in a convenient location such as a bowling alley or a high-school gym.

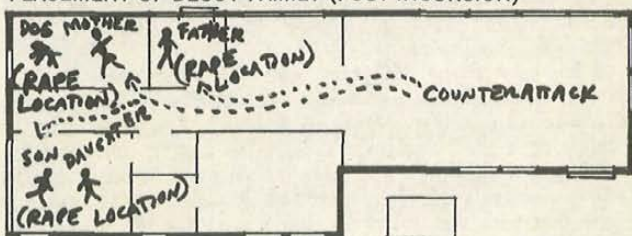
NEIGHBORHOOD FREE-FIRE ZONE

Once your own block has been secured or pacified you may proceed to other blocks using the same basic system. When a given number of blocks have been pacified by this method, it is time to eliminate any remaining pockets of resistance by declar-

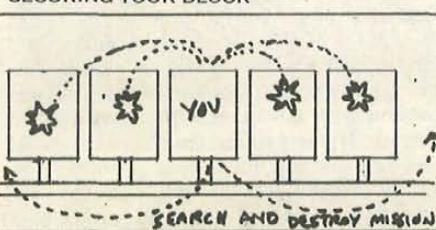
PLACEMENT OF DECOY FAMILY (PRE-INCURSION)



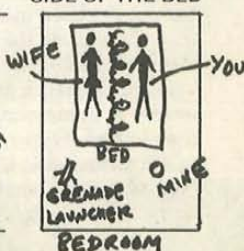
PLACEMENT OF DECOY FAMILY (POST-INCURSION)



SECURING YOUR BLOCK



SECURING YOUR SIDE OF THE BED



TRACKING THE ROGUE YAM

Even in Spring
when his mating juices flow,
the wily old yam
is still a
formidable prey.

The dawn was so cold and crisp I could have used my breath to make martinis. Tensely I hunkered down in the low brush, not moving a muscle, my quilted, down-stuffed camouflage hood and suit making me one with what little cover there was. Firmly in my hands, a bruiser of a 250-grain bullet loaded ahead of 75 grains of 4831 slammed home and ready to go in the chamber, I gripped my trusty Remington 700BDL 7mm Mag. How long it would be before I could let that little doozie fly there was no telling—hours, perhaps even days—but just a split second before, less than 50 yards away, I had spotted the bristling telltale leaves of the wild yam.

Even with the increasing sophistication of calls, camouflage, and arms for this fast-growing sport, the big old Tennessee rogue yam is still the most treacherous of vegetables. Since the rogue yam is almost impossible to distinguish from a host of his near relatives, the inexperienced tracker will often find himself pumping lead for days into wild broccoli, spinach, or even gumbo, only to end up with an acre or so of green soup instead of the tastiest game vegetable this side of wild turkey. Also, there is no way of telling even from a correct I.D. just how big the old devil is, for the leaves on a kid or doe (illegal in several states) are just about the same size as those on the buck. Add to that the fact that he sits so far below the surface that even at point-black range there's no guarantee of dropping him fair and square and you've got yourself one mighty hunter's headache.

I had picked the 250-grain bullet even though it packs a powerful wallop because I was concerned first of all about the depth at which he was lying. A lighter bullet would tend to scatter as it passed through the topsoil and shatter the yam, making him useless for the table. The heavier bullet, even if it passed clean through him, would remain intact, and the chances were that with a really sweet shot it would lodge dead in his belly. The Remington, of course, I had picked because accuracy and Mag-Na-Var scope would allow me to pick him off from a distance instead of at point- or near-point-blank range, thus eliminating the possibility of soil disturbance, which would also tend to destroy the skin and with it his trophy value.

A quick glance through my spotter confirmed that this was indeed a rogue yam—and with all the fixings. There was no time to lose. Now or never. It was a tricky shot, almost parallel to the ground, and would have to dig fully a foot below the surface at a mean angle. My heart raced wildly as I brought the scope to my eye and my finger tightened (continued on page 88)



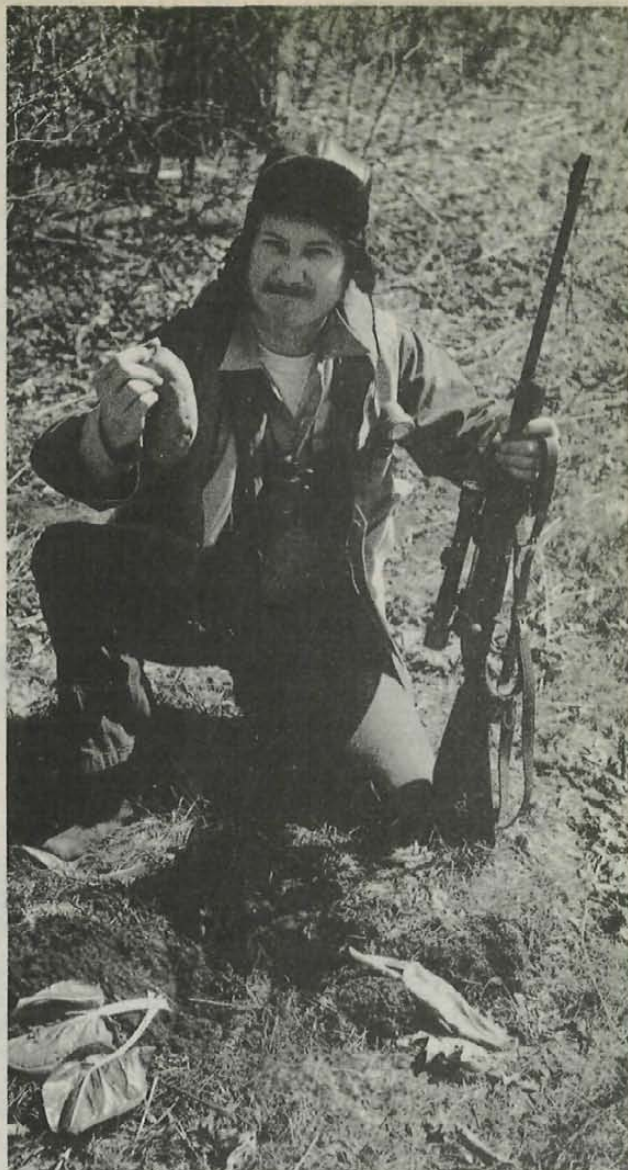
Author spots yam at range of 50 yards from cover. Use of yam-blinds is increasing but robs sport of much of its excitement.



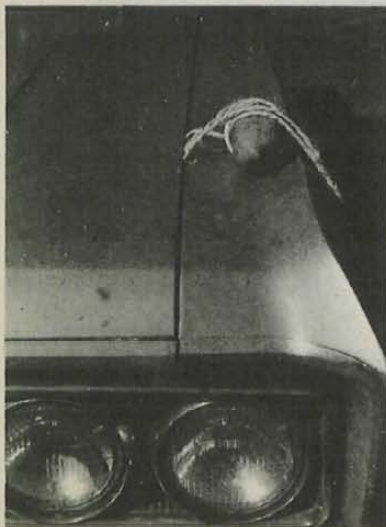
First shot, a 50-yard squeeze-off aimed 12" below topsoil to penetrate directly into yam lair and better chances of clipping or winging it. Yam leaves wilt after only a few hours' wait if yam has been badly hit.



Unsuccessful first shot leads author to try risky near-point-blank bead to left and high on presumed location of yam. After only 4¾ hours leaves wilted, indicating clean kill.




Proud sportsman displays prize, one of largest Tennessee rogue yams ever taken. Kill was sweet, hitting below tip but above trunk without significant mashing, leaving yam ideal for both table and trophy room.



Happy (and full) author relaxes with new addition to trophy collection that already includes many fine heads (wild cauliflower, desert lettuce, and Rocky Mountain broccoll) and several outstanding specimens of stuffed buck zucchini and horned avocado.



FIRING PINUP MISS JUNE



Safety's Off!

The Latin for love is 'ammo,' coos the pretty piece gracing *Gun Lust's* June Gallery and it's once more unto the breach for the loveliest and most uninhibited firearm we ever took a bloodbath with. She is interested in politics but 'bores' fast, so no heavy plinking please—those comely cross-hairs offer unlimited scope for a lot more than fireplay; and if you're a muzzleman of her caliber, she's one big barrel of rimfire fun from blue-job to squeeze-me butt. Whatever gang you're banging it's no holes barred, and though the name of the game ain't tame, we think even the most venerable beadsman would go for a round or two in this lady's chamber. All in all the kind of arms you'd like to have in yours, and if she can't take care of your Second Amendment, brother, you don't deserve the First.

GETTING THROUGH THE BIBLE

Blessed Are the Steel-Jacket Slugs: In Praise of Ammunition That Can Pass the Lord's Word

Bible-thumping is one of the severest tests of a bullet's penetration powers. Even projectiles that pack enough punch to mince a moose won't make a bible "hole-y." Our tests showed that small caliber bullets with standard hollow tips or dome shapes peter out in the Pentateuch. Heavy-duty steel-jacketed slugs like the Mauser cal. .45 seem to be the only authorized versions.

Bullets, which were all fired from point blank range at a standard King James Bible, varied considerably in performance, but generally speaking, lighter bullets tended to fragment or mushroom before the Ten Commandments. Interestingly enough, all but the .22 cal. slugs passed last month's test of religious medal penetrability with ease. The superior bulk and shock absorption characteristics of the Bible, together with its low shrapnelization potential, made the difference.

A word of caution: Ralph Klingman, chairman of the Nimrod Society (whose campaign to replace bibles with pistols in hotel and motel night table drawers was reported in *GUN LUST*, Jan. '72) warns sportsmen to beware of ornamental or presentation bibles with heavy covers made of thin metal or very thick cardboard (continued on page 87)

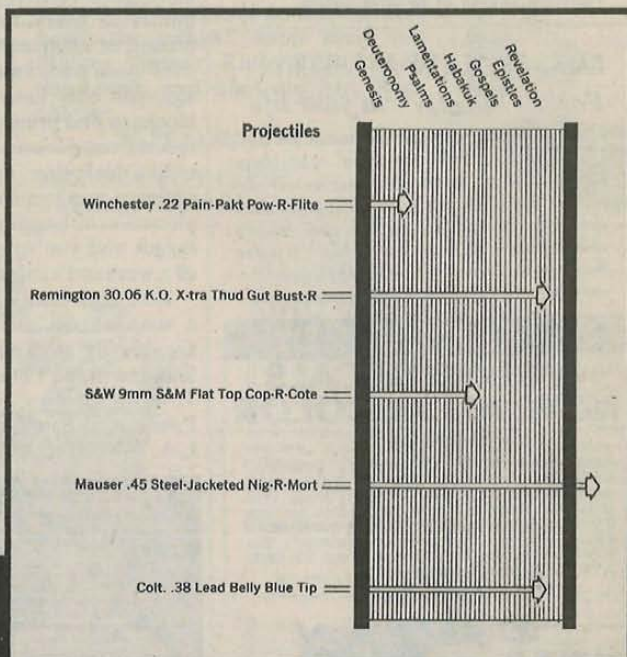


FIG. L. Depth of Penetration Table of Bullet Performance



As these high speed photographs show, it's easier to shoot a camel in the eye with a needle gun than get good penetrability on a bible with standard slugs. Even high velocity shells, in the 1,800 FPS range, failed to hit the good parts in the Song of Solomon, proving that you can't expect to get by on "oomph"

alone. Best bet seems to be the cal. .45 steel-jacketed pistol slug. Any 100 grain projectile would probably get the job done, but apart from the .45, the necessary bullet weight just isn't available in anything smaller than a buffalo gun. Results are a new testament to the stopping power of Old Reliable—the Browning .45 automatic.



BOOZE and BACCY GUN

Shoots slug of liquor or tobacco clear down your throat without touching sides. Refillable cartridges. Comes with throat-reamer and supply of swabs. Declared relatively safe by American Council of Relative Safety.

GALS—SMELL LIKE AN ARMORY . . .

For the "loader" in your life

No sportsman worth his salt wants his doll to smell like a fruit. So throw away those namby-pamby lotions and perfumes and set his blood racing with Ardenes. Just the right blend of gun oil and freshly skinned meat. Also available: black powder flush-on and cordite burns appliqué. Remember, the Latin for love is armor.

FAMOUS WOUND DECALS NOW: ALL IN COLOR

Not a detail missed!

Exact copies of famous "hunting accidents." Fatal and near fatal. Tens of thousands in stock. Includes Lincoln, Kennedy, King, Wallace, etc. Exits and entrances. Ideal for ashtrays, car doors, glassware. Great conversation pieces. NEW! Great "Black Wounds": Lumumba, Malcolm, Fred Hampton, etc. 50c each, 3 for \$1.00, plus handling.

REAL REPLICAS

Authentic full-size replicas of classic firearms. Perfect copies—these replicas look, feel, disassemble, reassemble, and sound like originals. ALL BARRELS PLUGGED with tough wind-resistant material.* NO FIRING PINS INCLUDED. May be shipped anywhere in the world.

Real Replicas, Inc., Yablonski St., Boylestown, Ohio

*Guaranteed made of 100% USDA-inspected soybean byproduct.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Do Blacks Have Longer Guns?

Democratic Vistas—The Poetry of Charles Whitman

Tots as Targets

Vietnam Vets—How They Shoot the Works

Constitutional Law Part 74—Your Right to Hold Up Liquor Stores and Cripples

Gunninglingus—Eating Lead the Easy Way.

A SLICE OF WILDLIFE

Anything With Four Legs Is Fair Game

In today's crowded world, where cry-baby game-restrictions hornswoogle the hunter at every turn, the thrill-packed pursuit of antiques has many advantages over more traditional sport. On the average, you only have to travel a few city blocks to find prime targets. There are no federal restrictions involved. Best of all, unlike duck, deer, and other tricky game, antiques can't move. Add to this the attraction of bagging the occasional buck faggot and you've got yourself one hell of a weekend's shooting.

Like rock-hunting, antique-hunting is a snap almost anywhere. Major cities are heavily stocked—look on the East Side and in the Village in New York; Old Town in Chicago; Fisherman's Wharf in Frisco; and Santa Monica Boulevard in L.A. A word of warning about the coast



Author displays rogue chippendale bagged at swap-meet in Bucks County, Pa. March '73

though—what passes for an antique in California can often be as little as a couple of weeks old. You may need steel-jacketed slugs to drop those old fridges and bubble-gum machines.

If you feel like getting out of the city, any small town in the Northeast is riddled with antique "stores." Here too, is where you find your heaviest concentration of faggot. Remember, if you're looking to add that pair of pierced ears to your trophy case, that your basic faggot, especially the doe, has a habit of wearing sweaters, jumpsuits etc. to help her blend into her surroundings.

Either way it's a ball in a china shop, and believe us, you may well wonder what you ever saw in our furry friends, once you've heard the satisfying crunch of No. 3 buckshot slamming into a set of Royal Doulton or ripping the guts out of a Récamier chaise longue. Good huntin'.

Letters to Ed (continued)

(Ed—Making things harder on yourself is one of the real pleasures a sportsman has, and an old Thompson subbie sure ain't no primrose path. Myself, I prefer the challenge of letting them take off first and then bagging them on the wing, but I even things up a tad by using a late-model U.S. Army mortar loaded with an anti-personnel fragmentation shell. These little beauties explode anywhere from 200 to 500 feet above the ground, spraying deadly flechettes over an area the size of a football field, and are guaranteed to drop you a freezerful of honkers every time. Good huntin'.)

Dear Your Own Senator:

As a loyal and red-blooded American, I believe that what's kept this country strong and free is a gun in the hand of every loyal and red-blooded American. I urge you to quit your unpatriotic support of handgun control bills aimed at the law-abiding sportsman or you're going to find your brains on the wall.

Yours, Your Own Name

(Ed—Look, once and for all, we're never going to get anywhere if I have to keep explaining this thing every month. You address the letter to YOUR DULY ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., and you sign it with THE NAME YOU WERE BORN WITH. If you want to see this country strong and free, GET IT RIGHT! Good huntin'.)

Dear Ed:

Congratulations on your fine article, "New Thrills at Home and Afield—Hunting Yourself" (March '73). Thanks to the encouragement of my friends and family, I have already spent countless hours of sporting thrills hiding from falling shot and dodging ricochets. It certainly adds a whole new dimension to be both the hunter and the hunted. With regard to the last section, though, "Closing in for the Big Kill," I'm still having problems. Either because I am using too small a gauge or because of a weak trigger-toe, I have so far only bagged my left ear. What is the problem?

N.M.—Brooklyn, N.Y.

(Ed—Trigger-toes, like trigger-fingers, must be strong and supple for a firm, clean draw. I suggest some simple exercises such as lifting weights with your trigger-toe plus some target practice. You should be able to manage a 2" group at 50 yards with a .30-06 or .35-40 before attempting the Big Kill. Finally, you might try lodging the barrel of the gun deeper into your mouth. Good huntin'.)

Dear Your Duly Elected Representative in Washington, D.C.

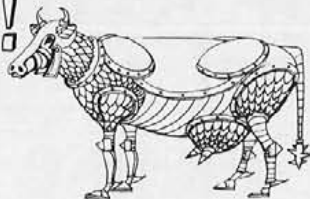
As a loyal and red-blooded American, I believe that what's kept

(Ed—Continued next month.)

FARMERS!

Protect your livestock and your livelihood with... COW ARMOR!

How many times has your Daisy bought the farm because of some simple-minded sportsman who thinks anything that doesn't have leaves is a deer? Worry no more. Our amazing COW ARMOR, manufactured from the same 1/2" galvanized steel used by many prominent world leaders, guarantees her lifetime protection from her horns to her "dairy-ère." Spot-



welded on the spot. Over 100 hinged parts for easy grazing and milking. Udder-dome optional for beef herds.

Armor also provided for sheep, goats, chickens, and small tractors.

Inquiries: Damascus Steel Products, Intercourse, Pa.

HEY DAD, CAN I HAVE A...

CUDDLY GUN

Each toy is an oversize replica of a famous sidearm in tough kid-proof cotton and stuffed with finest goose-down. Tots 1 thru 5 just won't be separated from their fluffy, lovable software. Gets them into that "underneath the pillow" habit early on. Mickey Mauser, Kathy Colt, Lenny the Luger, and kind old Mr. Winchester.

\$5.95 each, no FFL required.

HRUSKA TOY CORP.,
Yawning, Nebraska



PANTHER CALLS



Simple wooden instrument reproduces exact sound of the fabled panther. No panther can resist. Hours of sport in your apartment or backyard. Specify "Free Bobby," "Free Huey," or "Free Breakfast." Also available: Homo Calls. Guaranteed infallible. All kits include instruction manual on skinning, stuffing, and mounting.



AT LAST

ROTC MEMORABILIA

Authentic reproductions of insignia, uniforms, manuals, etc., of the dreaded CS (Citizen Soldiers). Includes the famed torch insignia worn by CS officers who ran the hideous internment campuses of Columbia, Notre Dame, and Kent State; mysterious rank emblems and flashes; good-scholarship medals, good-marching medals, military-history proficiency badge, military-ball invitations, diplomas, summer-camp relics, and countless other ROTC atrocities.

Send now for illustrated catalogue.

GENUINE SWISS CUCKOO GUN

.35-.40 caliber 23" barrel stock inlaid with scene of yogurt festival. Exactly the same rifle as used by prominent Swiss lunatics. Includes stupid hat with feather in it. Only \$29.95 or 100 Sw. francs.

(WARNING: Federal law requires that to purchase this item you must be over 21 and certified legally insane!)

ALSO: GENUINE SWISS ARMY GUN

Amazingly versatile weapon. Has 1,000 uses. Unstops drains and toilets. Makes buttonholes. Dices carrots in seconds. Kills people.

Only \$39.95 or 100 Sw. francs. Write Box 7H, Banque de Gnome, Zurich, Sw.

TRIGGER-HAPPY?

Then gun-stomize your home with these beautiful pistol grips. Converts cutlery, door handles, toilet flushes, vibrators to gunlike beauty. Give your family that added sense of security around the house. Pearl, checkered, or blue. Any size or style from Luger to Colt.

LONG-DISTANCE DUCK CALLS

Draw a blank in the blind? Just call this number toll-free: (801) 606-4311 and DIAL-A-DUCK will send you a fully-grown mallard stuffed with bird shot. Simply bill it to your phone. Ducks available unplucked, fully dressed or à l'orange.

REPLICAS GALORE

Genuine replicas of FAMOUS FIRING PINS. Firing pins that made history. Look, feel, and work exactly like originals. No federal restrictions. May be shipped anywhere in the world.

FOR DISPLAY ONLY.

(WARNING: Federal law prohibits the use of these items in conjunction with any other firearm, or part thereof, or plausible replica of a firearm, or part thereof.)

Real Replicas, Inc., Yablonski St., Boylestown, Ohio

REPLICA BULLETS

Amazing replicas of ammo for classic firearms. Contains replica slugs and replica black powder. WILL NOT FIRE.* Guaranteed to produce replica wounds, replica blood, and replica pain or death.

Real Replicas, Inc., Yablonski St., Boylestown, Ohio

*Unless correctly loaded.

WILD SHOTS!

8 1/2"-by-11" glossies of Remingtons IN THE BUFF! Breech-muzzle bolt and chamber action: Hard-nose and soft-nose penetration. Hot Blue Jobs! Various positions. B&W or color. Also in 8mm. No miners.

DAYGLO ANTLERS!

Fool the deer but feel SAFE.

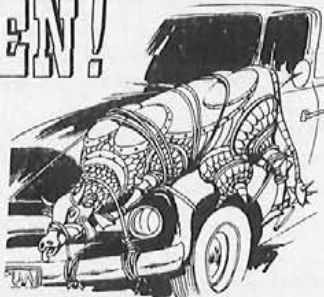


Other sportsmen immediately recognize fellow hunter by virtue of bright red color of camouflage, but foolish wildlife come right up to you and nuzzle your muzzle! Available in deer, elk, and moose.

SPORTSMEN!

No need to go home with an empty fender! Now there's... COW-ARMOR-PIERCING BULLETS!

How many times at the end of a dud day have you been ready to shoot anything without leaves, only to find some simple-minded farmer has welded his livestock into a metal suit? Worry no more. Our amazing COW-ARMOR-PIERCING BULLET packs a whopping 500-grain steel-jacketed slug that can rip



through any known protection system, even after going through the side of a barn.

Inquiries: Damascus Steel Company, Intercourse, Pa.

The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self-Defense

by Gerald Sussman

It is no longer an exaggeration to say that every time you walk in the streets you take your life in your hands. Muggers, rapists, thugs, teenage hooligans, surly drunkards, and others of the criminal ilk stalk our streets in ever-increasing numbers. If you have not mastered some form of self-defense, you could easily be their next victim.

Many of you have thought about taking courses in karate or judo. These techniques look good, but do they really work? What if your attacker is not in the perfect position for your karate chop? Remember: in real life he is not going to pose for you like they do in the karate textbook!

No, you need more than karate or judo to defend yourself in today's unpredictable world of random violence. You need the remarkably effective techniques the Japanese use themselves, the methods they *know* will work when they are about to be mugged or raped.

Beware, punks, wise guys, purse snatchers, molesters, muggers, and petty thugs; you'll be sorry you tangled with someone who has mastered THE SEVEN SECRET JAPANESE TECHNIQUES OF SELF-DEFENSE!

Tishendo

("the burning one")

The art of flinging boiling water

For centuries the entire Japanese economy was based on boiled water. They couldn't make rice or tea without it, and they never wasted a drop. Every house had a pot on the stove for leftover boiled water. When a guest would leave a Japanese home at night to walk the streets alone, he would always receive a *tishendo* weapon, a beautiful porcelain vase full of boiling water from the "leftover pot."

He could have his *tishendo* weapon plain (just boiling water), with a little tea in it (for a quick nip on a cold night), or with tea leaves on the side. Some *tishendo* fighters like to throw tea leaves at their attacker as a diversionary tactic before flinging the boiling water. Hundreds of tiny tea leaves can stun an attacker before the big kill.

Nowadays, porcelain *tishendo* vases



By using your attacker's momentum, you've increased the lethal force of your boiling water by 425 percent, while using very little force of your own!

are collectors' items. Most *tishendo* fighters use a sturdy aluminum or stainless-steel pot because it can be used as a follow-up weapon for *dentu*, the art of bludgeoning with a heavy metal instrument.

With boiling water inflicting severe burns and your pot doing the finishing crippling touches, *tishendo* certainly spells surefire double trouble for any attacker!

Tishendo Techniques

1. You are walking down a poorly lit street late at night. Suddenly, a huge, snarling gorilla of a man appears. He's got a wild, crazy look and bloodshot eyes. There's spittle oozing from his mouth, and he's coming at you with murder and mayhem in every step.

2. Before your attacker comes close enough to strike a blow, move back a few steps, get down on your knees, hold your pot of water close to your body so he cannot see it, and beg for mercy (*timori*).

3. *Your attacker will never have mercy.* You can be sure of this. You are simply "setting him up." He now feels he has found a "patsy," a poor, defenseless chump; and he will let his guard down a little.

4. As he is moving down to you, ready to strike, fling some boiling water at his face using a short, upward

stroke (*kawata*). Most of the power of this stroke comes from the downward movement of your attacker's face. *By using your attacker's momentum, you've increased the lethal force of your boiling water by 425 percent, while using very little force of your own!*

5. Your attacker is now screaming in pain. While you are still on your knees, fling some water on his legs and shoes (*tojida*).

6. Get into a semi-upright position and douse him in the crotch and buttocks (*sumishi*). This not only causes pain but acute embarrassment. You have "wet his pants."

7. Now the tables are turned. Your attacker is in the kneeling position, begging for mercy, and you are towering over him! If you have any water left (and you should be careful with your supply), give him a *kagiri* ("a splash down the neck") so that he's burning from head to toe.

Want to finish your attacker off and teach him a lesson he'll never forget? See section on *dentu*. You've got the bludgeoning instrument right in your hand—your empty water-pot!

Aiki Awada

("the benevolent stab")



If you want to be sure of inflicting heavy damage on your attacker without the possible benefits of acupuncture, strike the same vulnerable areas with a knife.

Aiki awada has become a comparatively minor form of self-defense but

is worth mentioning because it is none other than acupuncture, the ancient medical technique that is so popular today!

Long before it became a medical technique, the Chinese and Japanese stuck long needles into their attackers as a form of self-defense. The primary intention of *aiki awada* was to draw blood and inflict pain. Ironically, as a defender was plunging his needles into his attacker, he might be curing the man's backache! Unless you were an expert, you never knew whether you would kill, cure, or give an anesthetic.

There is a small, cultlike group that still practices *aiki awada*. If done properly, it can be very effective. The important thing to remember is to plunge your needles into a vulnerable area, like the heart, or a soft spot, like the eye. A black belt *aiki awada* can pluck out both eyes in a twinkling and hold them out to his attacker like a pair of oysters on a skewer!

If you want to be sure of inflicting heavy damage on your attacker without the possible benefits of acupuncture, strike the same vulnerable areas with a knife.*

Hagawa Hatsu ("the beautiful stab") The art of fighting with a broken bottle



Remember: in classic *hagawa hatsu* always turn the other cheek so that your patterns are perfectly balanced on each side of your attacker's face.

If you know the Japanese, you can be sure they will have at least one self-defense technique that combines

*An interesting sidelight to knife-fighting is *Emmenzeller*, the Swiss Army method of self-defense. As a traditionally neutral country, the only thing the Swiss armed their soldiers with was their famed Swiss Army knives. If a Swiss soldier was attacked, he could stab with two or three different blades, cut the seat of his attacker's pants with his scissors, pull out nostril hairs with his tweezers, saw off a finger with his saw blades, file teeth with his file, run his screwdriver through his attacker's navel—and then sit back, open a bottle of wine with his corkscrew, open a can of pork and beans with his can opener, eat his lunch, and pick his teeth with his metal toothpick!

deadly striking-power with delicate beauty. This is *hagawa hatsu*, the art of fighting with a broken bottle.

Most beginners use the single- or double-pointed bottle. The more advanced students use the "Saber-toothed Tiger" model with extra-long points and the multiple-pointed types for detailed work. As you progress in technique you will learn how to vary the intensity of your stabs, twists, turns, and strokes to create different designs and patterns on your attacker's face.

Every *hagawa hatsu* stroke must be done swiftly and deftly, in a manner similar to Oriental pen-and-ink drawings. For a brown belt you work in simple geometric shapes. For a black belt you advance to traditional star-and-floral patterns. A gold belt *hagawa hatsu* works not only in stars and flowers, but in animals, birds, and even human figures! He is able to weave his designs into little stories and fables. This is a difficult technique to master and is more for the entertainment of the Royal Japanese Court than for actual self-defense.

A new school of *hagawa hatsu* has recently emerged in rebellion against the traditional techniques. The new methods are completely nonrepresentational and deal with pure form and the nature of blood itself. The traditionalists dismiss the rebels as *daka hosu* ("clumsy, no-talent butchers"). The rebels call the traditionalists *kiki kogiri* ("constipated academic faggots").

There is no doubt that the rebels, with their breakdown of the traditional forms and their slashing and smashing, create a powerful effect. But is it art?

Hagawa Hatsu Basic Techniques

1. A filthy, seedy, drunken lout approaches you and demands money for a bottle of whiskey. Despite his alcoholic state, he still wants to club you with his giant, hamlike hands.

Step aside and offer him a "swig" from your own bottle. He'll get a drink he'll never forget!

2. As he lunges toward you mumbling obscenities, assume your *hagawa hatsu* stance: feet close together, back to your attacker.

3. Suddenly you spring around and give him a straight stab in the mouth with your broken bottle (*takashi*). The lips are especially sensitive and bleed profusely.

As a beginner, you should use the straight *takashi* stab as an opening stroke, messy as it may be, because it subdues your attacker quickly and gives you the time to practice your more difficult *hagawa hatsu* techniques without resistance.

Remember: in classic *hagawa hatsu* always turn the other cheek so that

your patterns are perfectly balanced on each side of your attacker's face.

Akatori

("the deadly stab")

The art of poison-pen fighting



Fig. 1. Flick the button on your pen that releases the poison point and stab your attacker hard and fast anywhere you see exposed skin (*mishagori*).

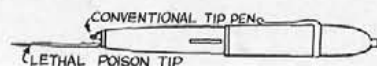


Fig. 2.

Tisho, the great twelfth-century poet, once remarked, "The pen is mightier than the sword, especially if it is dipped in *akatori* and plunged directly into a vein . . . unless, of course, your sword is dipped in *akatori* and plunged directly into a vein."

Tisho's words still ring true. For sheer stopping-power you can't beat a big, sharp sword dipped in *akatori*, the deadly poison of the Japanese *aka-aka* plant. If you don't mind your scabbard always bumping against your hip when you walk, then by all means use a sword. It's very stylish and impressive, and it goes deep into people when you stab them. But for authentic *akatori* you must use a pen.

The modern Japanese adaptation of the *akatori* quill pen looks like an ordinary ballpoint pen and works like an ordinary ballpoint pen. But your attacker is unaware that this pen contains two tips, the other being a lethal, poison tip that is over one and a half inches long! Just drop your poison cartridge into the pen and it's ready to use. Most *akatori* pens now use a synthetic poison, which is just as deadly as the natural *aka-aka*, which is now quite rare.

Akatori Techniques

1. You are alone and trapped in an elevator with a big bozo who is making a lot of threatening noises about wanting all your money or he'll break your legs, choke you, etc.

2. Tell him you have very little

continued

WHOLE MIRTH

DETERIORATA

G O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A

piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. * Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. * Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do.

Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all anxiety & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. * Remember the Pueblo. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle, & mutilate. Know yourself; if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you.

That lemon on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fill not in love therefore it will stick to your face. * Carefully surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Tivoli, and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. * Hire people with hooks. * For a good time, call 606-4311 Ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough cheese and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. * You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can bear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. * Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Harry Thunders or Cosmic Muffin. * With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. * Give up. * **

BY TOKYO HEMIRA

FOUND IN AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON, DATED 1971

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-eyo-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 out-moded 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 (P1006)

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.

Harvard Lampoon's Cosmopolitan Parody

Centerfold Poster of Henry Kissinger

This wonderful wall-hanging was lovingly created by a group of followers of the True Path, or Road to Riches, as the capitalist sect calls it. Living in a simple mansion which they inherited themselves, where they dress only in simple tuxedos or business suits and eat nothing but a few ounces of filet mignon, washed down with clear, pure champagne, they have dedicated themselves, in the best Zen fashion, to making just one thing better than anyone else: money.

Harvard Lampoon's Cosmopolitan Parody Centerfold Poster of Henry Kissinger (P2001)

\$1.50 reduced from \$2 (color 18" x 38").

[Suggested by Tenzig Norway. Reviewed by Olaf Palme]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3

The *National Lampoon* has come up with a good way to recycle their articles. Instead of just leaving them around everywhere, they collect them altogether, pay the authors 2¢ a pound, then bind them into anthologies which they send to special recycling centers all around the country. This particular one, *The Best of No. 3*, costs \$2.50, but that's not too high a price to pay so that the next time you're in some nice unspoiled area, you won't find old jokes all over the place and the streams all clogged with puns.

[Suggested by Dave Kaestle.

Reviewed by Jane Kronick]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3

(BO1001) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50

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

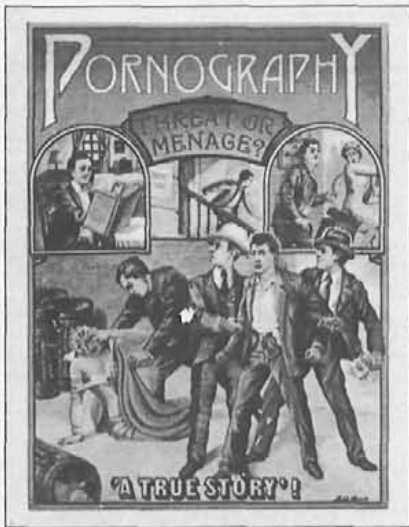
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. \$2.

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



Mona Gorilla



Pornography Poster



CATALOGUE access to yocks

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.

Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon

Here's a little book to put in your knapsack along with a hunk of goat bread, a nose harp, a couple of jugs of mouse wine, and a Pez gun. It contains just about every letter from the *National Lampoon*, the sacred magazine of the West. Living without it would be like trying to put the Holy Grommet on the Blessed Lug Nut without first applying a good dab of wren grease.

[Suggested by Jane Kronick.
Reviewed by Dave Kaestle]

Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon
(LF1001) 1973; 208 pp. \$9.95

National Lampoon T-shirt

This is the well-known Yehmta-gvaghi, 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.

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 1972, which is a good idea, because I think it is important to support a magazine that only uses paper made from trees that will 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) \$10.95 each.

Use this coupon for your order

Indicate the **Whole Mirth** products you would like, enclose check or money order, place in envelope and send to:

National Lampoon Dept. NL673
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

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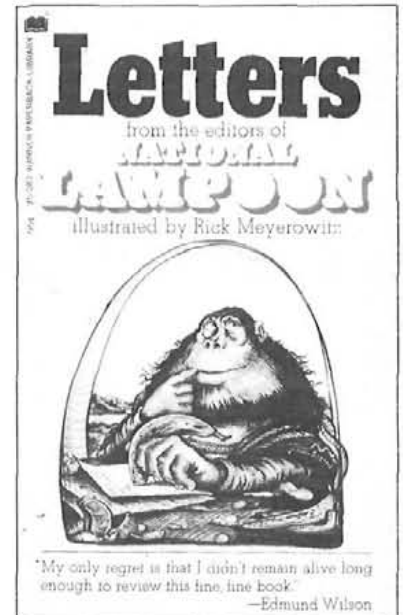
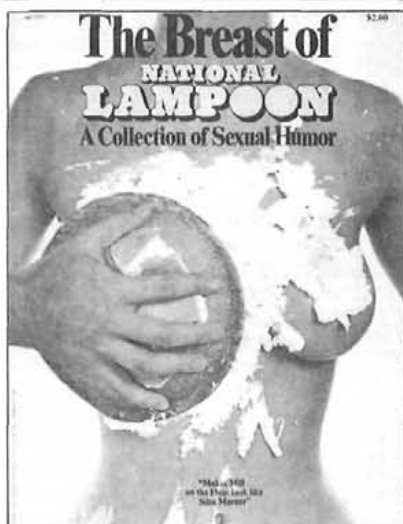
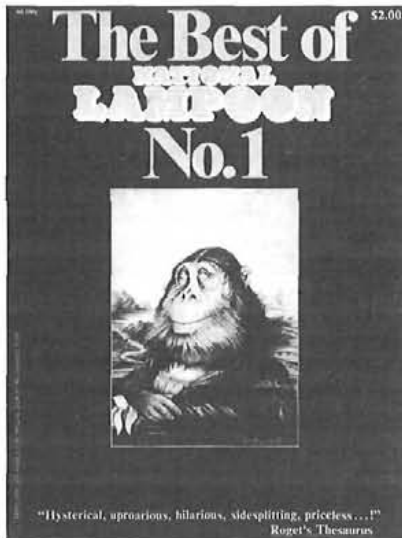
I have enclosed total of \$.....
(New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes)

Name.....
(please print)

Address

City.....State.....Zip.....

(please be sure that your zip code is correct)



money with you but you can write him a check. Many muggers now accept checks, providing you give proper identification (your driver's license and phone number are usually sufficient).

3. Start writing your check with your *akatori* pen. It has a regular pen tip as well as your deadly one. Make out the check for a huge amount. What's the difference? Your attacker will never cash it. As his eyes light up from the munificent sum you are giving him, assume your *akatori* stance: one foot on the ground, one foot in the air.

4. Flick the button on your pen that releases the poison point and stab him hard and fast anywhere you see exposed skin (*mishagori*).

In about three seconds he will feel the symptoms of *akatori*: dizzy spells, nausea, hair loss, and death.

Haishido

("the humiliating one")
The art of flour throwing



Two fistfuls of flour will put your attacker in a state of severe depression. Two more and he will be in a "Pillsbury Coma."

You're walking down a dark, lonely street. Actually, as we shall see, you're not walking, you're limping. You look like a soft touch for any halfway-decent mugger or rapist. And sure enough! Here comes the Gentleman Mugger, the most dangerous type of all. Tall, flashily dressed, and sleek, with oily hair, pencil mustache, and narrow slits for eyes, he's a man who hides his viciousness behind a veneer of gaudy clothes and fancy grooming. He spots your "limp" and licks his lips in anticipation.

This is part of the fun of *haishido*. Since you must wear a newspaper dealer's "change sack" to hold your flour, you might as well play the part of a "crippled" news dealer and do a limp. When your attacker spots your

limp and your change sack with *Newsweek* or *House Beautiful* on it, he he thinks you're an easy mark loaded with dough, a "piece of cake." Little does he know he's going to get a mighty tough cookie!

Haishido Techniques

1. As your attacker approaches, say something like, "O.K., O.K. . . don't hit me . . . take it all . . . all my bills and loose change. . . It's all yours."

Meanwhile, you dig deep into your sack pockets with both hands and come up with two big fistfuls of flour.

2. As your attacker reaches for the money, assume your *haishido* stance: feet spread wide apart, hips moving from side to side (the hip movement is just to distract him).

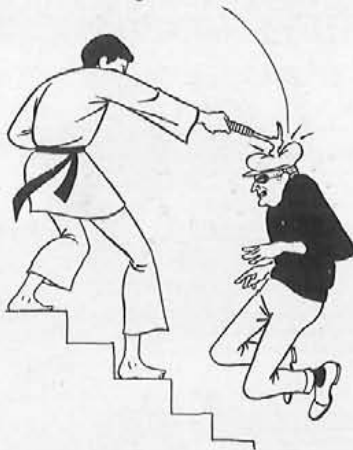
3. With a quick, springing motion (*akari*), dump your flour over his hair and face and clothes. Nothing upsets a Gentleman Mugger more than getting his new threads doused with flour and his hair prematurely white. Two fistfuls of flour will put him in a state of severe depression. Two more and he will be in a "Pillsbury coma."

4. To finish him off, pour some water over him and push him down to the ground (*kotigi*). In a few minutes your flour will turn to flour paste and he'll be stuck so hard to the ground he'll need the fire department to pry him loose!

A ruined suit, floured hair, eyes blinded and glued to the ground. You have completely humiliated and crushed your attacker, teaching him not to mess around with a "crippled newsy" well versed in the art of *haishido*!

Dentu

("the heavy-handed one")
The art of bludgeoning with a heavy metal instrument



The object of dentu is to drive your attacker's head into his neck.

1. You are awakened in the middle of the night by the sounds of a prowler. You confront him, feigning a

sleepy, frightened look. The prowler senses an easy prey and closes in.

2. Without even assuming a *dentu* stance, simply use a downward stroke of your heavy metal instrument and bash his head in (*chishinga*).

The object of *dentu* is to drive your attacker's head into his neck. For this purpose a hammer or a steel pipe is best. But when it comes to bludgeoning, everyone has his favorite weapon, ranging from a sewing machine and a bass drum to a twenty-five-pound striped bass. The main point is: if your tool works, then it's right for you.

Gho-un

("the devil's messenger")



The speed and velocity of the gho-un's hot lead pellet (*baku*) provide all the striking force necessary to inflict permanent injury.

Gho-un (sometimes pronounced "gun") is one of the most subtle, yet effective, Japanese techniques of self-defense. There is hardly any physical effort needed. Yet your attacker will be in for a powerful shock when he feels a pellet of hot lead entering his body at a fantastic rate of speed!

Gho-un Basic Techniques

1. Let's say two, three—or even four—big, burly thugs confront you in a dark alley (you are taking a shortcut home). These men are especially dangerous. They may even threaten you with weapons of their own.

2. While pretending to reach for your wallet, you assume your *gho-un* stance: both feet on the ground.

3. Pull out your *gho-un* and aim it at your attackers (*katura*).

4. With a gentle motion (*shomu*), squeeze the trigger. That's all you have to do. The speed and velocity of the *gho-un*'s hot lead-pellet (*baku*) provide all the striking force necessary to inflict permanent injury. You don't even have to use the momentum of your attacker. He just has to be in the neighborhood! □

Criminal Identificationism

Police Sketches of the Great Artists

by Gerald Sussman and Henry Beard

Before they became rich and famous, many of our greatest artists had to take commercial jobs to eke out a living. Many of them became police sketch-artists, but even then they could not adjust or corrupt their styles just for the sake of apprehending a criminal. This accounts for the unmistakable stylistic trademarks of their police periods. It also may explain why none of them lasted more than a few days.

In any case, the sketches reprinted here, by kind permis-

sion of the respective police forces,* represent a major find in modern art, revealing a little-known area that was germinal to their early work. It should be of interest to both art historian and art lover alike.

*Our thanks to the records division of the Deuxième Bureau, the Brussels Poste de Police N° 64, the Soviet MGB, the Amsterdam Politie Corps Bureau, the 34th Precinct of New Canaan, Connecticut, and the 103rd Precinct of the East Village in New York City. Also, grateful acknowledgments are made to the artists themselves for their comments and recollections.



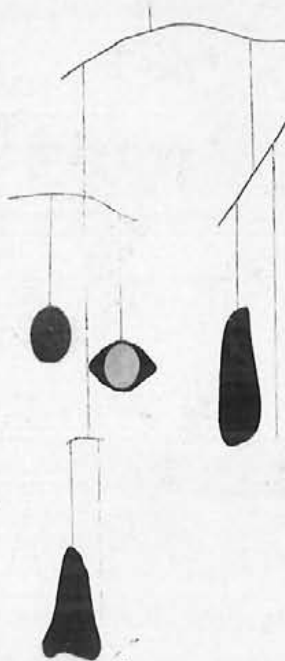
Chagall

"This Chagall, he is worse than a klutz, he is like a chiropodist who does not know a bone from a blintz. He is responsible for the arrest by the Czarist police of 546 Jews, 231 birds, 79 goats, and the destruction of 48 violins—some of them quite valuable."

Shtetl Tribune
December 11, 1909

"I could not help it. Everybody I drew looked Jewish. I must have started a hundred pogroms."

*Memories of a Village Painter:
The Young Marc Chagall*
by Max Kussovitski



Calder

"A man, especially a violent one, is made up of little pieces, held together by filaments of remorse, hope, whatever. Every man has masks, disguises—not just moustaches and dark glasses, but whole different ways of seeming. You can't just make a two-dimensional picture and hope to "capture" him. He moves, he changes. I'll give you a for-instance. You drop a tureen of hot bean soup in someone's lap. Does his expression change?"

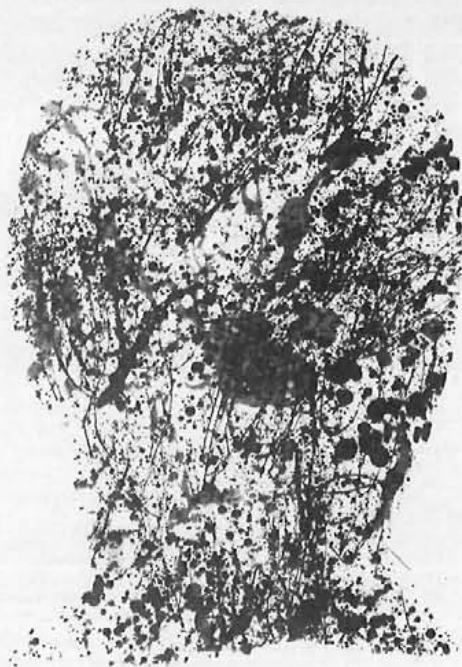
"Calder Speaks,"
Art News, May, 1964

"I drag out this bunch of plates and things on a string and dangle it in front of this guy, and I say, 'Have you ever seen this man before?' and he looks at me like I should be wearing a straight jacket instead of a blue jacket."

Cop: A Policeman's Story
by Patrolman Vincent Amelio
as told to Leonard Strop

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON 59



Pollack

"After conducting an interview with the proprietor, Myron Goldfish, and other witnesses, special police artist J. Polack (sic) prepared a composite sketch of the alleged perpetrator in the holdup of the Imperial Deli. A preliminary search of the area resulted in the apprehension for questioning and subsequent appearance in a lineup of fourteen men, all with very bad facial acne, and a combination pizza (mushroom with anchovies)."

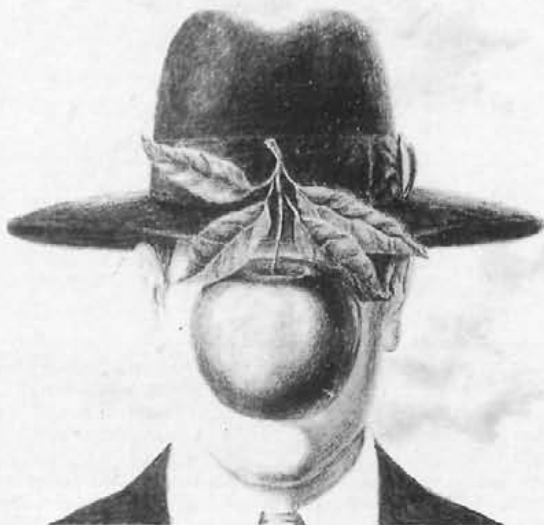
Desk Officer's Report, Prince Street Station
July 14, 1949



Picasso

"He is an incorrigible. . . His very first likeness, that of a man of the second story described to him by a concierge in the Rue Tabac, resulted in the arrest of thirty-four innocent freaks and other unfortunates. Thirty-two of these pitiable ones were eventually released with the apologies of the bureau, but two suffered attacks of the heart from sheer fright. . . I respectfully submit to M. le Directeur that my little one, Marie, who has but ten years, could do better."

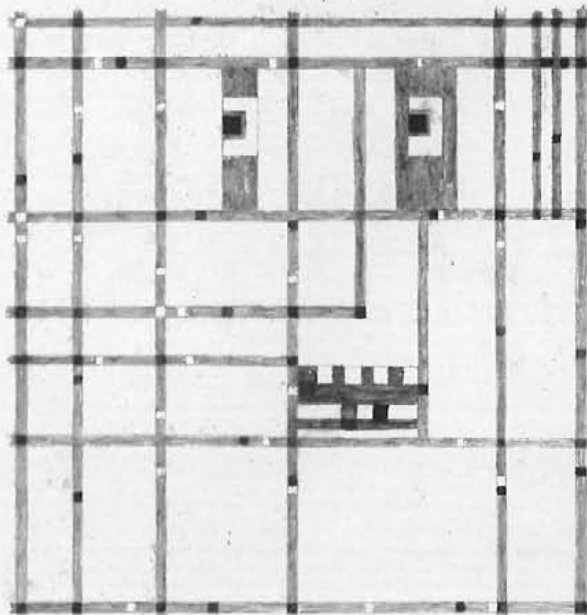
Report of Sous-Préfet Hubert Panhard
to Le Directeur de la Gendarmerie Parisienne
November 12, 1906



Magritte

"Your basic criminal, most of the time, he is what I would call the apple type. Your pervert, he would be a tangerine, perhaps even a persimmon. The police, all they see is eyes and noses and ears and lips. They do not perceive the inner produce in a man, the groceries of the soul. Nightsoil! They are cabbages!"

Letter to his friend René Eclair
June 16, 1919



Mondrian

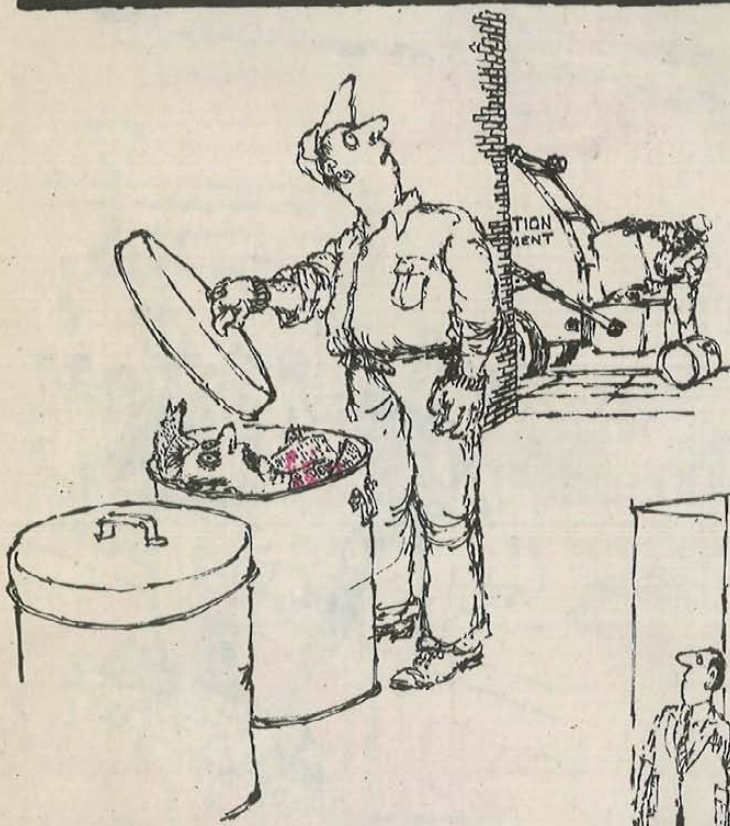
"Inspector Van Den Groon does not think that my sketches are of much use in police work, but has been very kind. I have a commission to do the wallpaper for the gendarmerie rec room, and his wife has ordered drapes. The salary is only ten guilders, but this is better than I earned along the canals doing portraits of passersby, who would often hit me."

Letter to his brother Theo
January 19, 1921



HEMOPHUNNIES

BY: *rodriguez*



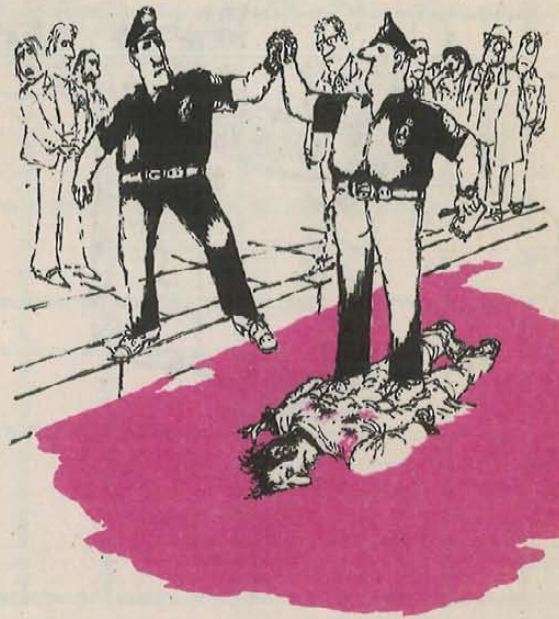
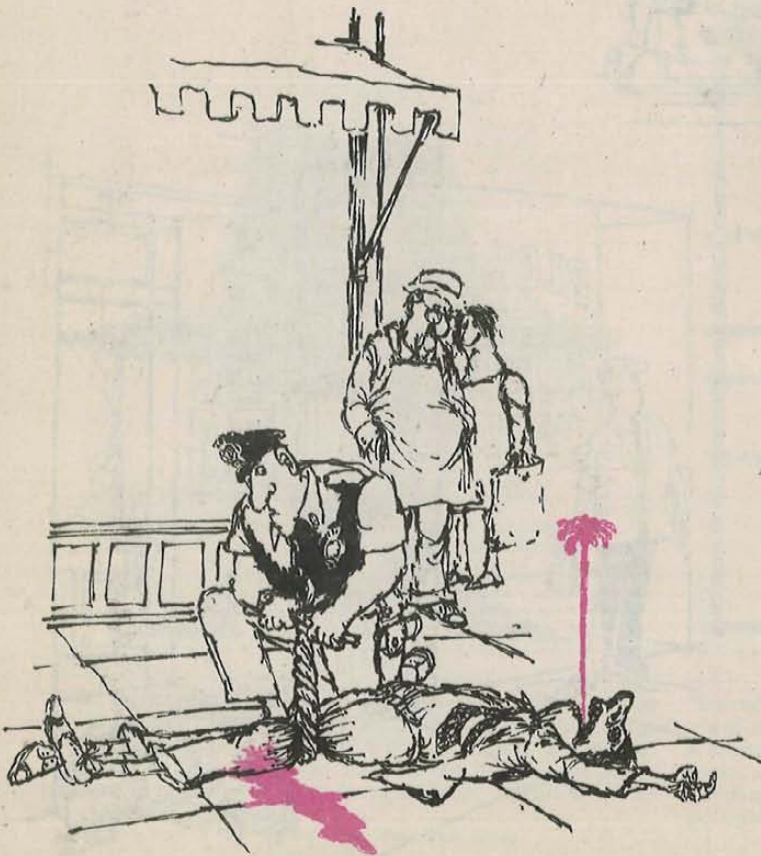
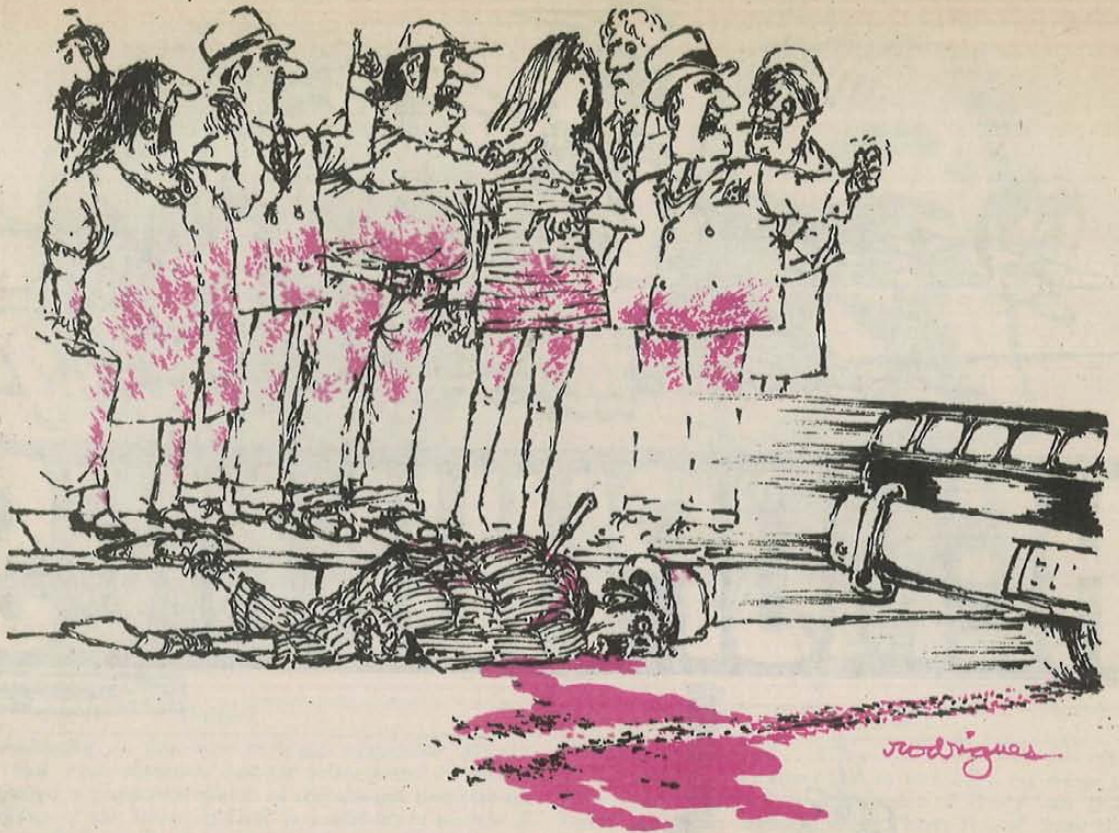
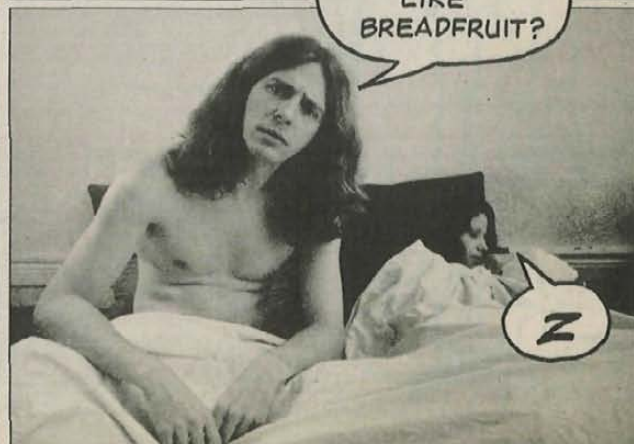
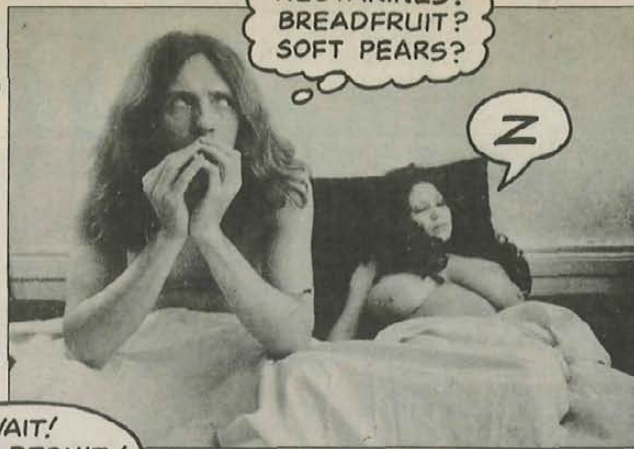




FOTO FUNNIES



KNUCKLE

A Real Man's Magazine



June, 1973
One Dollar

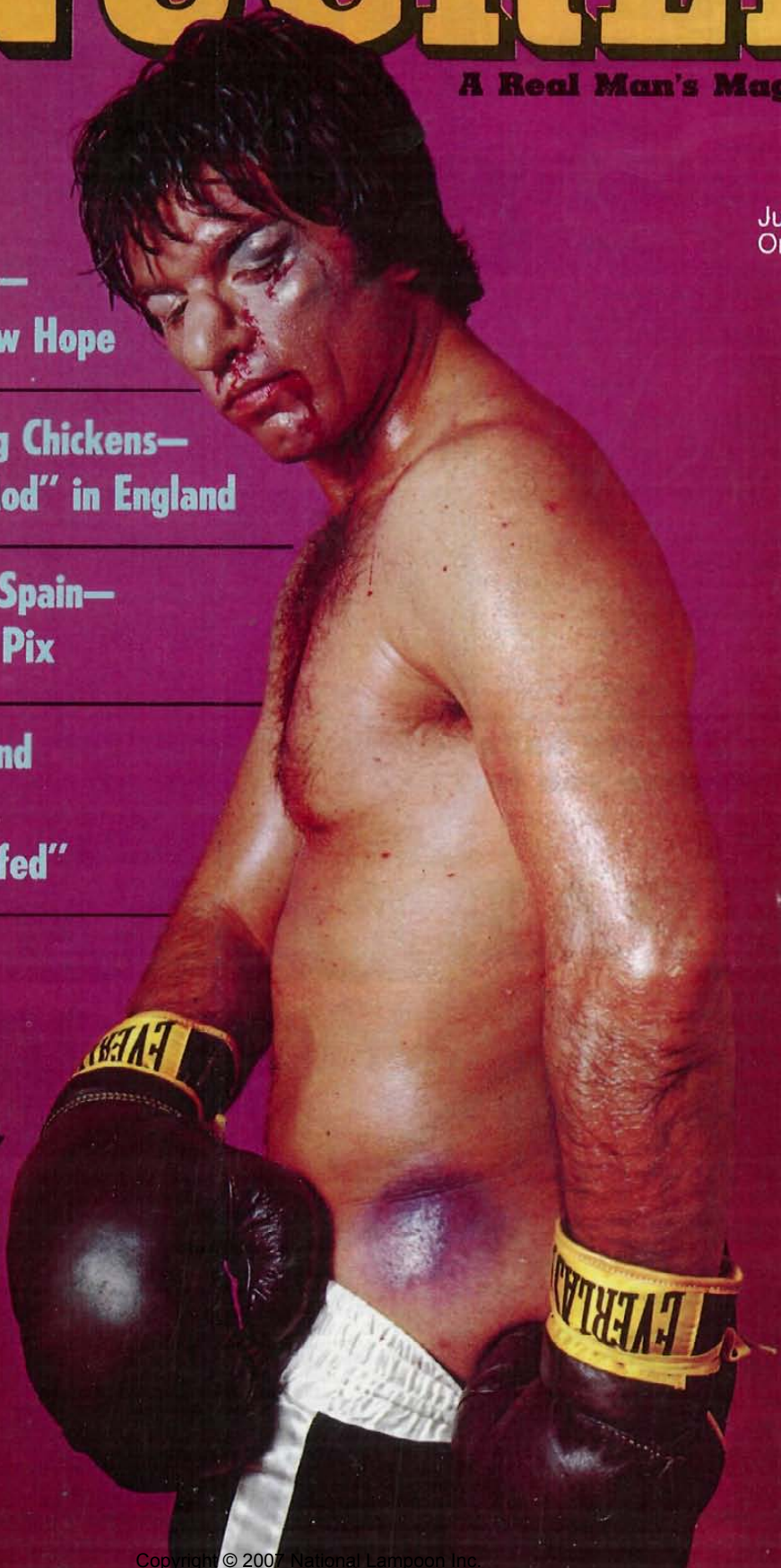
**Rage After Forty—
Doctors Offer New Hope**

**London's Swinging Chickens—
Making Them "Mod" in England**

**The Matadors of Spain—
Gore-geous Color Pix**

**Dozens of Gangland
Victims Reveal
"What Gets Us Offed"**

PLUS:
*A Slugsational New
Batch of Fresh Pin-
Downs—Folk Singers,
Accountants, English
Majors and Dues-
Paying Members
of the ADA*



Vincent's of Greenbay



#808



#701



#701 NEWARK

Rough, tough, second skin of clinging cotton rolled to show and ready to go with a permanently attached "Lucky Touch."

Gem White or Gym Gray.
Sizes S-M-L

\$3.98

#101 EYE-BEAM

Kick up some "heels" with Vincent's Peek-A-Boots, the finest in see-through safety shoes—gives you too a tip and safety foe a fright. Ideal for work or working-over.

Fish Net Tan Only.
Sizes 8B-15E

\$24.98

#50 THE NORTH WOODS

With authentic Michigan styling, this fighting flannel's just the thing when you're "hunting" for trouble, and courageous cut-outs leave you bare where it counts.

Red or Green Plaid.
Sizes S-M-L

\$8.49

#28 CONTENDER

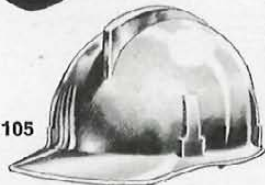
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KNUCKLE

A Real Man's Magazine

VOLUME 17

NUMBER 4

JUNE, 1973

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KNUCKLE RAPS

by USMC Sgt. Thomas V. DiAntoni (Ret.)

Dear Sergeant Tom:

Please reassure me on a very important question. My arm length is only 33 inches, and I don't think I measure up to most men. This worries me a lot. There's one guy in particular that I'd really like to fight, but I'm afraid I won't be able to get him bruised or that he'll laugh when he gets a look at my reach.

Sandy R.
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sandy:

In the first place your arm length is perfectly normal—even a little longer than average. Normal male arms vary between 24 and 38 inches with the average being about 32.

But, more important, any professional could tell you that length has little, if anything, to do with prowess. What really counts is how you use what you have!

Dear Sergeant Tom:

Is it true that you can get scratched and cut up in public toilets?

David G.
Maumee, Ohio

Dear David:

Not unless you like to fight in some pretty strange places!

Dear Sergeant Tom:

Although I am a relatively young man (36 yrs.), I can no longer get angry at anyone. I go to bars like other people, even get into arguments, but nothing seems to work. When a guy starts mouthing off about buses or the U.N., I used to get plenty "hot under the collar" but lately I just don't. Can you help?

Mike C.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mike:

When a man can't get angry the reason is psychological more than 90 percent of the time. But I suggest that you first have a talk with a reliable gym teacher to make sure that you're in good physical shape. More likely your problem is only temporary and a result of tranquility—don't get so relaxed. Lots of men go through periods when they can't seem to "put 'em up" usually because they're not worried about anything and feel secure with their opponent. This is perfectly normal. You should just take things more seriously.



Just my luck! Stuck here with a pacifist!

RADICALIB LIP-OFF

Cowardly collegiate, Phillip Goldbergstein, is a humanities major who wants to become a defense lawyer for welfare chiselers. "My goal in life," says the pinko pushover, "is to help rapists and murderers run wild in the streets."

When he's not listening to lectures by communist professors on how to fluoridate water, Phillip spends most of his time worrying about being beaten up by construction workers. "Gee," our craven chicken observes, "those people are so dumb that they believe in God. And I read somewhere that hard-hats are glad the prisoners of war came home. Well," the snot-nosed scaredy-cat pouts, "I'm not. I wanted them all to die from being tortured in Hanoi, while the North Vietnamese invaded San Francisco and killed Dinah Shore."

"Someday," says Phillip, "I'd like to see methadone clinics in every home and Black Panther homosexuals teaching compulsory sex-education classes in kindergarten. And it's really a shame that George McGovern didn't get elected because he would have given every Negro ten thousand dollars and a free white woman."



Milksop troublemaker muses, "Things sure would be hunky-dory if we could get rid of the U.S. Constitution and have a Russian dictatorship."



Phil just got a new flag. "I'm going to spit on it and use it for a potholder," he snickers, "at least until I run out of toilet paper!"



Phil hopes the "pigs" don't see him selling dope to school children. "The first one's free," he smirks.

"Nah-nah, nah-nah, nah-nah," taunts whimpy Phillip as he uses his expensive stereo set to help jam Radio Free Europe.

HOW TO PICK ON CHICKS

Continued from page 27

a result of the leftover Victorian mores in society, schools, and at home. Therefore, most young girls are told that fighting is dirty and they shouldn't fight with a man they aren't married to.

MYTH No. 3:

"Women Don't Get Hot Like Men"

Untrue! But a woman's reaction to stimulus isn't as fast as a man's, or as physical. So, if you really want to bring her to the boiling point, you have to move slowly.

When you see a girl you don't know but you'd like to beat, you can't just ask her to step outside. Even if she doesn't like you, you'll get no response. Take a more subtle approach. Give the bartender a can of Feminique and have him say, "It's been taken care of." Or make a comment that will prick her interest like, "We should take babies from their mothers and use them as fish bait," or "I have a wallet made out of a tit." Once you've broken the ice, the way is clear for a personal interchange:

"Excuse me, but your face just stopped my wristwatch."

POUNDING FLESH

Continued from page 18

trembling with passion and breathing heavily. My body became rock-hard and ready for action. He was wide-open and I thrust brutally. "Oh!" he moaned, writhing, his eyes opening wide with surprise and awe at my massive chunk of meat buried in his belly. "My God," he murmured, between gasps, "the biggest I've ever seen. I can't take it." I thrust again and again while he clutched at me desperately, thrashing wildly, sweat pouring from his body. "Ooooooh," he exclaimed once more, "I can't take it, no, please, no..." And I pushed against him, hard, feeling the soft flesh yield before my steady onslaught. Then, nimbly, he pulled away, flecks of foam dotting his lips. I wanted him to go down. Reaching out, I grabbed him by his tousled hair and thrust in his mouth. He nearly gagged but steadied himself and took me in a firm grip, squeezing hard, then quickly beat me off until I thought I would black out.

I was limp, exhausted, but when I felt the weight of his body on top of me, I came back to life, my weapon popped up—all eight gleaming inches ready to penetrate him—and he grabbed at it in a frenzy. We rolled back and forth, clawing at each other's bodies. He was panting, a crazed gleam in his eye, scratching and biting in wild abandon. I threw an arm around him and pushed him down on his stomach, his hand still clutching my shaft of steel. "Not in the back," he

"Is that all you, or are you hiding a pair of dice in your bra?"

"Aren't you with the Cockettes?"

"Was that your boyfriend who said you'd ream me for seventy-five cents? Isn't that an odd way to make a living? I mean considering your age?"

"Are you standing on your head or would you like a Cloret?"

If you're still getting nowhere, attract a little attention to her. Women just can't control themselves when you do that. Speak up loud and clear:

"TWO DOLLARS? That's a helluva lot just to watch somebody do it with dogs."

"Jeez! I bet that was a load off your mind when they dropped the child-beating charges. When's the kid get out the hospital?"

"EAT YOUR KOTEX?!?! GOD!! I'm gonna throw up. . . I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!! God! YOU'RE SICK!!!"

MYTH No. 4:

"A Woman Won't Make the First Move"

Again, untrue. Women are less brazen, perhaps, than men when they pick on people. But once you know the signals you'll realize that there are lots of

(continued on page 84)

pleaded, "you wouldn't. . ." I pushed his hand away and, raising myself up, plunged into his guts. For a minute he resisted, then he opened up and I could feel him grow hot, wet, and slippery. My mighty blade slid back and forth, in

(continued on page 71)



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Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gandhi and Akbar knew something had to be done, or both organizations would suffer permanent damage. In an attempt at peace and unity they agreed to take the ritual bloodbath. In both Hindu and Moslem tradition taking a bloodbath is the ultimate act of good fellowship and brotherhood. The bath is taken by the two enemies in the same tub.

Gandhi and Akbar proceeded to bathe together and were doing fine, but when Gandhi asked Akbar to do his back Akbar refused. In a rage Gandhi threw Akbar's soap out the window. Akbar retaliated by sitting on Gandhi's sponge. The ritual bloodbath turned into a hopeless free-for-all, and in the confusion Gandhi had his towel stolen.

Black-Market Activities

The Gandhi organization had to make some adjustments during World War II, when many of their regular sources of income dried up. They did well, operating a flourishing black market in food and water.

The Later Years

Installing a Computerized Billing-System

After years of discussion, the young-

er element in the organization sold Gandhi on the idea of a computer to make their billing system for extortion and gambling more efficient.

At a cost of 100 million rupees they bought one of India's first computers, made in New Delhi, the Shalimar Mark I. It was a beautiful machine made of wood—handcrafted of aromatic cedar, trimmed in gold, and inlaid with precious jewels and pearls.

The problem with the Shalimar Mark I was its inability to print numbers. No matter what information it was fed, all it could do was print out cards that told fortunes.

With \$200 million in American aid, an auxiliary model was constructed that managed to print out numbers, but with the wrong names, addresses, and amounts. The cards were sent out anyway, but without return envelopes.

"In the old days I had real people working in the billing department," said an angry Gandhi. "I had Kashna, Vhanta, Uthima, Chirisambla—many more. They weren't the fastest group in the world, but I could depend on them to send out five, maybe six, bills each and every day. That is more than I can say for that fickle computer that seems to be in the shop every Tuesday and Thursday."

Invading Legitimate Businesses

The tentacles of Gandhi's empire soon extended to legitimate enterprises. Many businesses that failed to pay their protection or loansharking debts were simply taken over. Gandhi himself had a 50 percent interest in a sari factory in Bombay, a business that almost went bankrupt when it introduced the mini. He also owned an after-hours yoga club and a small drug-firm that specialized in athlete's-foot powder (since Gandhi always walked barefoot he had a constant athlete's-foot problem).

Gandhi's most ambitious take-over was the chain of Krishnaverti hamburger stands, famous for their Big Krish (one-quarter pound of curry sauce, pickles, chutney, lettuce, melted llama cheese, and a meat patty on a *pajoori*, the national bun of India made of cotton).

Under the guise of lifelong vegetarianism, Gandhi changed the Big Krish to a vegetable burger, substituting cereal and soybean for meat. But the public wouldn't stand for it, and Gandhi was forced to put the meat back into the Big Krish.

"Shiva once said that you can never go broke underestimating the taste of the Indian people. How come they can taste the meat in a Big Krish with all that other junk on it?" asked Gandhi.

The Assassination

It is no coincidence that the Hindu extremist who assassinated Gandhi used the same method as Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, and James Earl Ray. There is no doubt that somebody wanted Gandhi out of the way . . . somebody with a lot to hide.

We do know that a few days before the assassination Gandhi was receiving calls from Aramco Oil, H. L. Hunt, the Krupp Interests, Maurice Chevalier, and the manager of the Vienna Boys Choir.

A number of interesting questions occur with nagging regularity. Why wasn't there a thorough search of the sleeping bag used by the assassin? No one has yet given a satisfactory explanation of the sudden outbreak of coconut-milk poisoning that took the lives of twenty-seven people who were in the immediate area of the shooting? Why was Nhakana Bhujanga, who worked the organization's switchboard, given a fifty-five-year, all-expenses-paid vacation to New Zealand? Who ordered the \$34 worth of shrimp chow mein that was left untouched? What about the persistent rumor that the victim was actually Gandhi's double—and that Gandhi is still alive and living in Bethpage, Long Island, under the name of Julius Negrasko, and owns a tuxedo-rental business? □



Is It Still "Playing" Post Office When the Mucilage Is Real and Covers Your Tongue?

by Chris Miller

"Hey, Charley, check out that blonde," Francis called across me to the driver. "She's way out-front."

He pointed to a woman climbing from a Volkswagen in a supermarket parking lot. Her long, winter coat was unfastened, and her figure was like what you find in top-shelf magazines. Charley saw her too. He pushed his mailman cap back on his head and shook his right hand before him in an arc, as if his fingers were thermometers.

"High heels! Her boots got high heels!" He glanced slyly at me. "You know what high heels do, don't you?"

"Uh, what?"

"They tilt it!" Both men exploded with laughter. A little self-consciously, I chuckled along. To hear federal employees discussing a taxpayer's body in this fashion was a bit shocking, but it was my first day as a mailman and I probably had a lot to learn. Anyway, I had been trying all morning to appear serious and industrious, and it wouldn't hurt to let my co-workers know that I could be a regular fellow too.

The traffic light turned green. Charley put the truck in gear and we drove on, our chains making a soft, continuous clank on last night's snow. To either side of us merchants were shoveling corridors to their stores. Though the roads were packed down, elsewhere the snow was deep, with drifts reaching mid-thigh. My introduction to letter-carrying would be sloppy and cold.

"Jeez," Charley smiled, "she reminded me of this lady on my old route in West Park, a real looker. One day she opens the door while I'm delivering her mail, lifts up her dress so I can see she ain't wearing nothing underneath, and says, 'Why don't you put it in this box?'"

"Christ, did you?" Francis's mouth hung open.

"Nah, I didn't think the *Life* magazine would fit."

They roared anew, shaking their heads helplessly. I fidgeted. Finally, I had to ask.

"Were you guys kidding about that? I mean, do women ever come to the door not wearing . . . I mean, do they ever? . . ." Both men were looking at me. Had I overstepped?

"Yeah, it happens," Francis said finally. "Sometimes they ask you in for coffee, only you can see in their eyes that coffee ain't what they want to give you. They try and tease you, like. Once a broad let her robe fall open right in front of me. Kind of accidentally on purpose, you know?"

"Really?" Women did that?

"Yeah, but listen, kid. If some broad starts acting funny, just hand her the mail and get out of there. See, some of these women are cuckoo. Give them half a chance, they call the office and holler rape."

I wanted to ask more, but Charley stopped the truck at the cluster of pink, metal flamingos that guarded the entrance to Sylvan Estates and marked the starting point of my route. A little shaken, I climbed down. I certainly hadn't heard about any of this.

Francis handed down my mail bag, which was as heavy as you would think, a week before Christmas. "You got all day," he told me, "so don't bust your hump."

"But don't let your meat loaf either," called Charley with a wink. The truck pulled away and disappeared around a curve.

Slinging my bag to my shoulder, I began walking from house to house in the strange, early-morning hush. Broad lawns and pastel split-levels stretched endlessly before me. Before some of them stood grinning, plaster, black boys holding iron rings, but I saw no living soul. I was alone with the small squeaks of my boots compressing new snow.

A few times letters were pulled from my hand through a door slot, and I could hear a feminine "thank you." This was my only human contact, and soon my mind was fleshing out these voices into great, round women in gaping housecoats with ripe, suburban breasts that swung like pendulums as they bent to get their . . .

I stopped suddenly and shook my head to clear it. What kind of thoughts were these for a new government man? To distract myself I began reading snatches from whatever piece of mail had reached the top of the stack in my hand. "Our Goyishe Friends and Neighbors Celebrate Xmas: The Meaning of This Holiday," said the headline of Mrs. Green-

spar's temple newsletter. "Sealed with a French Kiss," promised the back flap of an envelope for Debbie Lamb, who was probably about fifteen with breasts like new fruit and a soft, down-covered mound between her . . . Whoops, how about a *Reader's Digest*? "New Hope for the Leprous." That was better. And a *Cosmopolitan*: "The Misunderstood Dildo—Its Uses and Abuses." What? Mrs. Nizenson read things like that? In such a nice house? She must have been driven to the use of such devices by her wretched, undersexed husband and his basement-wide layout of electric trains. The poor woman! Surely, even then, she was perched on a stool in her darkened kitchen, legs wide apart, repeatedly plunging some slippery, flesh-colored . . . hey! Darn it, if Uncle Sam wanted his couriers to be clean of mind and fleet of foot, why did he allow so much smut in his mails?

Quelling my anxious manhood with a fist to the groin, I deposited Mrs. Nizenson's correspondence and walked hastily from her house, off Pastoral Terrace and onto Forest Murmurs Lane. I was still fretting about my overactive imagination when I was suddenly struck by a new, more dire concern: I had to go to the bathroom. Oh, Ma, why did you have to serve your turnip mousse last night?

I was miles from any public men's room. Should I knock on someone's door? I couldn't; the prospect of explaining my predicament to some strange, rich woman was too embarrassing. But a growing discomfort in my lower abdomen told me I didn't have much time to be choosy.

I stared about wildly. To my left, a double row of dense, shoulder-high bushes separated a sprawling, pink ranch from a squat, fake-Tudor mansion. Hunching my bag high on my shoulders, I zipped between the foremost bushes and duck-walked rapidly inward until I was out of sight of the road. With frantic fingers I tugged down my trousers and long underwear. Instantaneously, an amber stream jetted from my bum, blasting the crust of the snow and gouging a dark, steaming rent in its virginal surface.

It was in this act that I was caught

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by my first dog. He nosed through the bushes at eye level in front of me, a large, black Labrador barking with great hatred. I had to get out of there fast. Then I had a terrifying thought: What would I use to wipe myself?

I almost grabbed a piece of mail. Stooping low? You bet I was stooping low. My bottom was inches from the snow and growing colder by the second. But Francis's words came back to me in time: "If you throw away any mail, even the junk, it's a federal offense. So you better not, if you know what I mean." Strengthened, I searched for something else. There was a pine cone caught in one of the bushes . . . no, that was silly. But I'd better find something. The dog was jumping and snapping, barking as loud as gunshots. Someone surely would come to investigate.

"What you got, Debbil?" called a loud voice from the pink ranch. "A rabbit?"

I reached for the pine cone.

"Jus' a minute, jus' a minute. Ah'm comin'."

I rubbed it up between my cheeks, but it hurt. I had started wiping with quick handfuls of snow when the bushes suddenly parted and I found myself looking up at an enormous brown woman in a pert French maid's cap. She stepped back, startled.

"Whuffo you here?" she demanded. "Whuffo you crappin' in de snow?"

"Uh . . . you see, madam, my mother makes this turnip thing, and . . ."

I knew she wasn't impressed when she seized my ear and yanked me through the bushes toward the house. Debbil was making fierce, sharklike lunges at my thigh, and, with my pants still around my knees, I had to hop frantically to keep from being dragged. Finally we were through a door into a warm kitchen fragrant with baking bread.

"Oh, Miz Roistacher," called the maid, "Ah done foun' a mailman makin' a bowel movement in de yard. What mus' Ah do wif him?"

The voice came from another room.

"A mailman? Has he finished?"

"Ah don' know. He wuz wipin' hiz behin' wif de snow when Ah foun' him."

"Then you'd better show him to the bathroom."

With a grunt, the maid pulled me down a thickly carpeted hall to a large chrome-and-tile bathroom. "Now don' you steal nothin'," she cautioned, and thrust me inside.

I closed the door weakly. Well, so much for my new job. Mrs. Roistacher was probably already on the phone, indignantly demanding the postmaster. Before the day was out, word of my fecal indiscretion would sweep through every office and bureau of

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government. My driver's license would be revoked, and my file would be earmarked to warn against ever granting me social-security benefits. They might even deport me. In one morning . . . a pariah! Miserably, I wiped my bottom with powder-blue triple-ply toilet paper, buckled my trousers, and slunk back to the kitchen.

"Miz Roistacher wan' see you in de den," the maid said, busy at the sink. The flesh of her upper arm rolled like heavy marshmallow as she pointed the way.

I began to feel faint stirrings of hope. Perhaps I would be allowed to apologize. Hat in hand, head hung low, I stepped hesitantly into the den.

"I'm darned sorry about this, ma'am. If my mother hadn't . . ."

"Flo," she said. "Call me Flo."

I looked. And looked again. Mrs. Roistacher was lying as if flung on a low divan. Tight green lounging pajamas encased her like a stem, and her face, daubed with glistening pink and sticky lavender, was framed by a teased burst of flaming hair. She was scary as hell.

Then she sat up, and through the cloud of pale green gauze at her bust I glimpsed lazily moving enormities. Beneath my thickly waffled underwear, I felt myself beginning to perspire. Smoothly, Mrs. Roistacher drew a cigarette from a silver box and fitted it into an ivory holder. Watching me intently through lowered lids, she lit up and inhaled deeply.

"You must be cold," she said, al-

lowing the smoke to dribble thickly from her mouth and nose. "Why don't you . . ." She broke off, racked with coughing. "Shit," she said, wiping at her eyes.

I shuffled my feet uncertainly. Apparently Mrs. Roistacher wasn't going to call the post office, but I had a funny feeling that what she did have in mind could get me in even worse trouble. I knew I had to leave that house fast, for—I'll be honest—I could feel myself becoming aroused.

"Mrs. Roistacher, I . . ."

"Flo."

"Flo, it was swell of you to let me use your bathroom, but I'd better get going now. You know how Christmas mail is."

Flo came to her feet in a rush. Her lower lip was trembling.

"It's because I'm old, isn't it? That's why you're rejecting me."

"Gosh, no, Flo. Why, I thought you were the daughter of the household, really."

She reached out and touched my mail bag shyly. "Then stay for just a little while. I've already ordered drinks."

On cue, the maid walked in and offered me a martini on a silver tray. I didn't know what to do. If I refused, Mrs. Roistacher might call the post office after all. Promising myself to leave in five minutes, I took the drink and sat stiffly down in a straight-back chair. I kept my mail bag on, though.

The maid placed another glass on the table before her mistress, whispered something in her ear, gave me a

dirty look, and left the room.

"You'll have to forgive poor Vanilla," said Flo. "Both her parents were sterilized after her father failed his civil-service examination, and she hasn't trusted mailmen since."

I could think of no rejoinder to this, so I lowered my eyes and drank my martini. The cold liquid hit my stomach and turned hot; my perspiration increased.

I heard an odd, tiny, liquid sound and looked up. Flo had placed her drink on the floor and was on her hands and knees before it, lapping like a cat.

"I'm a very sensuous person," she told me between licks, "which is the reason I'm down here doing this. I have a strong feline streak in me."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. You see, beneath my dishwasher, my diaper hamper, and my frost-proof refrigerator, I am a maelstrom of musk and seething passion." She gave her body a shake so that her breasts hung and danced like puppets. My glass fell from my hand and broke on the floor.

"Yes, I've been reading up on this for years, and do I know techniques!" She began to crawl toward me on all fours, fixing me with a glassy look and darting her tongue in and out like a reptile.

"Get up!" cried an inner voice. "Flee!" Yet I stayed where I sat. What strange power did this woman have over me? Then she was slipping my mail bag from my shoulder.

"As far as playing post office goes," she purred, "I'm first class. And wait'll you feel my special handling." I sat as if paralyzed as she slid her hands up under my parka and began a search for my much-swaddled member. Quickly, though, she decided she'd do better if she pulled my pants down. Her fingers rushed up my leg and became thoroughly entangled in my postal key-chain.

"Fuck," she said. "Vanilla!"

The maid came through the door low, brandishing her stiffened hands karate-style, but stopped when she saw Mrs. Roistacher at my groin.

"Whut de matter?" she asked, blinking.

"Oh, it's these pants, dear. Would you help me get them off?"

Vanilla rubbed her hands briskly together, grasped my trouser bottoms, and heaved with all her might. They slid off easily, spilling her backwards heavily, her great chocolatey legs swinging far over her head. There was a flash of brown buns, then Mrs. Roistacher was between us, tugging off my Jockeys. Suddenly, to my horror, my damp, matted member was out in the air stirring like a freshly born bird.



LORE

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Special Message to Chiefs of Police and Heads of Law-Enforcement Agencies from the Attorney General of the United States, the Honorable Richard G. Kleindienst

Under the provisions of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, the Department of Justice, with the cooperation of the Department of Defense, is happy to be able to make available to local law-enforcement agencies a large selection of surplus military equipment freed by the recent peace settlement. By executive order, the President has directed that police departments be given top priority in the allocation of this equipment. A preliminary description of items available for immediate deployment to contain possible unrest situations in the summer of 1973 follows. Further announcements of the availability of additional surplus material will be circulated when appropriate modifications have been made.

All of this equipment, which you may have seen in action on the television news over the years (when the commentators weren't making smart-alecky cracks about patriotism), has proven itself time and time again against a tenacious adversary as hardened as any lawbreaker you will find on the streets of your city or town. The name of the game in Vietnam was firepower (in your locality, we might call it lawpower), and that means getting in there fast, with overwhelming force and tested techniques that will stop the antisocial individual dead. Because let's face it—with so many nit-picking judges and softheaded parole-boards around, the best place for the vicious criminal is in permanent preventive-detention, six feet under!

Good law-enforcement is a mixture of the carrot and the stick, but in the past, overly lenient do-gooders have been handing out ten-ton carrots to the criminal element and giving police nothing but toothpicks. It's time to restore the balance and at the same time restore some long-overdue respect and, let's admit it, a little healthy fear for our police. We must make it clear once and for all that "the only true freedom is in obedience to the law."

Richard G. Kleindienst

P-4 Indictor Aerial Patrol Unit



The P-4 Indictor is an ideal prowler either for maintaining safe, effective patrol of high-crime districts with a history of attacks on police officers or for establishing a highly visible, constant police-presence in entire inner-city areas. It is equipped to fire six thousand warning shots per minute over the heads of potential trouble-makers and may be adapted to carry either the "Hand-cuff" air-to-low-income-area felon-seeking missile or anti-

person or persons-unknown bomb clusters. It is perfect for "prepping" areas prior to visits by dignitaries, for securing motorcade routes, for mounting large-scale stop-and-frisk missions, and for staging no-warning vice raids. The P-4 is also available in an unmarked model for undercover air-cover.

P-52 High-Altitude Riot-Control Unit



When illegal marches, large, unruly demonstrations, widespread disorders, or major riots occur, the P-52 can provide a speedy, no-nonsense reaction carefully keyed to the severity of the outbreak. And unlike ground units, which can be surrounded or immobilized by a determined crowd and which can become a focus for further riot activity, the P-52 cruises soundlessly and invisibly at a discreet "hands-off" altitude of forty thousand feet, far from prying TV-news cameras. The P-52 can deliver a large payload designed to dampen any dissident's enthusiasm, including: 45 inert Slum Truncheons (shown), each one of which can subdue an area fifty by four hundred feet; 120 napalm cannisters, which mark riot participants for later identification with difficult-to-remove third-degree burns; 35 five-hundred-pound Vest Pocket Park Makers, which, if targeted properly, can help allay post-riot community resentments by creating recreation areas for ghetto youngsters; or 5 low-yield thermonuclear crowd-control devices.

Airmobile Arraignment Unit



Often the weak link in police procedure is in the period immediately following arrest when, because of delays, meddling attorneys, or poor police-methods, suspects "clam up" and the opportunity to obtain complete, valid

confessions is lost. Sometimes the presence on the scene of experienced personnel, trained in good interrogation techniques, can mean the difference between a minor conviction on a reduced charge and a solid, maximum sentence. The Airmobile Arraignment Unit can be dispatched within minutes of an arrest, making possible instant questioning of a suspect under ideal circumstances while he is still "off balance." Studies show that a significant percentage of properly interrogated subjects who are given the choice between cooperating with the police or being "bailed out" on the spot choose to "get it over with" rather than leave things "up in the air."

Safe Streets "Clean Sweep" Claymore Automatic Dagnet



What's the number-one urban crime-problem—and frustration? Unsavory downtown streets filled with pimps, prostitutes, derelicts, muggers, loiterers, dope pushers, perverts, addicts, and other undesirables. Arrest them and they're back on the street two hours later, thanks to permissive judges and medieval concepts of individual "rights." The solution? The Automatic Dagnet, a handy, portable, easy-to-operate antiperpetrator mine, which can be activated from dozens of yards away and which sweeps a sidewalk area the length of an average city-block. When you arrive on the scene to investigate a "probable gas-main explosion," you'll find deaths from "unknown causes" up to 50 feet away and serious flesh wounds from flying debris for 100 feet beyond. Now you can clear the streets and they'll stay cleared, because the criminal element knows you mean business when you "throw the book at them" in fifty thousand little steel pieces at 1,200 feet per second.

Heavy Routine-Search Vehicle



For stake-outs, entries of premises frequented by fanatical, armed militant groups, and other difficult situations, the HRSV guarantees apprehension of suspects—without subjecting police officers to excessive personal risk. A

cluster of six 106mm recoilless rifles fires a special series of rockets. The first two are hollow projectiles containing a search warrant and photostats of identification cards of arresting officers; the next three contain tape recordings ordering the suspects to come out unarmed and informing them of their constitutional rights to remain silent and have legal counsel; and the last contains fifteen pounds of Composition-B high explosive. These rockets may be fired in rapid succession, with one and a half seconds between rounds, or as a salvo in states with no-knock statutes. The projectiles may also be adapted to deliver subpoenas to difficult-to-reach underworld figures and to carry felony amounts of hard drugs into suspicious premises to augment evidence prior to search.

Police Special 40mm Service Grenade Launcher



The twin problems of generally unsatisfactory levels of marksmanship proficiency with the .38 pistol and the serious threats to life posed by police-hating militants armed with automatic weapons can be solved by issuing Grenade Launchers to foot patrolmen. Approximately the size and weight of a shotgun, the Grenade Launcher has many times the range and effectiveness, firing a one-pound projectile up to three hundred yards. The projectile will kill anything resisting arrest within a fifteen-foot radius of impact. At short or point-blank ranges, the projectile will embed without exploding, thus permitting suspects to be classified as bombs—and ultimately detonated safely in remote areas by bomb-disposal units.

Armored Community-Relations Vehicle



Every professional police officer knows that "an ounce of crime prevention is worth a pound of lead," and there's no better, or safer, way to keep good citizens on the side of law and order and at the same time remind potential lawbreakers of the risks they are running than with an aggressive community-relations program based on regular patrols in an ACRV. It's also a good way of getting the message across that law enforcement is a team effort, with police and citizens pulling together, and that if someone isn't doing his part he should be "sidelined" or "sent to the showers." □

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"Oh, my poor darling," cried Mrs. Roistacher. "You're all folded, spindled, and mutilated. Here, let Flo fix." She reached out gingerly and nudged it with her index finger until it uncoiled and hung between my legs, reaching halfway to the floor.

"Mah, oh mah!" Vanilla's face showed grudging respect. "Miz Roistacher, does you min' if Ah gets in on whutevva thing you got planned here?"

"Why, bless you, Vanilla, I don't mind at all. It's a very liberal idea. I mean, why *shouldn't* we both have fun?"

I didn't know whether to be aroused or scared. Why had she said "both" instead of "all"? Why couldn't I move? Why would my vocal chords produce no more than a weak cow sound? Mrs. Roistacher must have read my questions from my face.

"I put a special little pillsy in your drinkie, sweet stuff," she said. "Have you noticed?" She had peeled off her lounging outfit and was shining her pink and white flesh with vigorous handfuls of a jasmine-scented salve. Vanilla, too, was down to the buff. She held one enormous breast out to me.

"Ah done raise twenty-one chilluns wif dese ol' watermelons," she said proudly, "an' look at dem now." She finger-flicked one vast, ruined nipple as if it were an unwanted beetle; instantly it swelled to twice its size. Vanilla gave me a rougish look and waggled her eyebrows. Then she turned to Flo.

"Whut you wan' start wif, Miz Roistacher?"

"I think perhaps the Hornet Sting first, Vanilla."

"Hee hee, but that sho' soun' fine, Miz Roistacher. Will you show me how it done?"

"As soon as I get the hornets. Wait right here." Flushed and excited, she ran from the room.

I rolled my eyes and made a weak cow sound.

Then Vanilla was at my ear. "Now listen. Mah name actually Mocha McQueen, an' I wif de FBI. Ah've had de Roistacher woman under surveillance since we determined that seventeen missin' mailmen, delivery boys, and do'-to'-do' salesmen wuz las' seen enterin' this house. Ah b'lieve we gonna git her red-handed this time. Jus' play dumb."

She straightened up quickly as returning footsteps became audible. "Mah, oh mah!" she crooned, smacking her lips. "Ah sho hopes Miz Roistacher le's me eat de fambly jools."

"We shall see, we shall see," said Flo, striding briskly into the room. "First, the insects." She held out a large flask containing a dozen angry-looking hornets held inside by a rubber

valve at the base of the flask's neck.

I fainted at this point. Naturally, when I came to, my dong was in the flask up to the valve. Mrs. Roistacher clapped her hands with delight.

"The least expansion and it goes through the valve. We'll see quite a dance then. You should appreciate that, Vanilla, with your natural rhythm. Can you think of a way to arouse him?"

"Ah sho can!" exclaimed Vanilla. She mounted the arms of my chair, squatted, and pulled my face into her great groin. Reeling, I fought to breathe. Then I heard a tiny voice.

"Hello, mailman. This is Mocha, speakin' through a minispeaker implanted in mah lef' thigh. Sorry to be havin' mah period today, but it can't be helped. Don' worry! At this moment, a microcamera mounted in mah anus is snappin' all de picture we gon' need of Miz Roistacher an' de tools of her trade. As soon as de camera retract—now Ah gon' kick her ass. Hol' tight!"

At this, Mocha simply stepped backwards off the chair. I heard a groan as she landed. Then Flo crumpled sideways, unconscious, and the flask slipped from my member to land intact on the carpet.

Mocha grinned broadly at me. I breathed for the first time since my faint. At last the nightmare was ending.

"Of course," said Mocha, "we gon' have to put you in protective custody fo' a while. Now that you know who Ah am, we got to wipe portions of yo' memory. Luckily, de process is almost perfected. You can . . ."

"Is *this* how you thank me for the old clothes?" Flo was awake. She flew at Mocha, fists flying.

"Ah'll old-clothes yo ass right into jail, you psychopaff!" roared the surprised but doughty dark-skin, giving as good as she got. The two women rolled like wrestlers, around and around the room. During one circuit, Flo's foot caught a leg of my chair, and, still unable to move or speak, I toppled off. I didn't try to follow the fight; whoever won, I would lose. What a mess! And all I really wanted was to be a good mailman!

Then I felt hot breath at my ear and opened my eyes. It was Debbil! Would he gnaw my face while the women rolled and swore?

"Listen," hissed the Labrador, "you want to get out of here?"

What? I made an interrogatory cow noise.

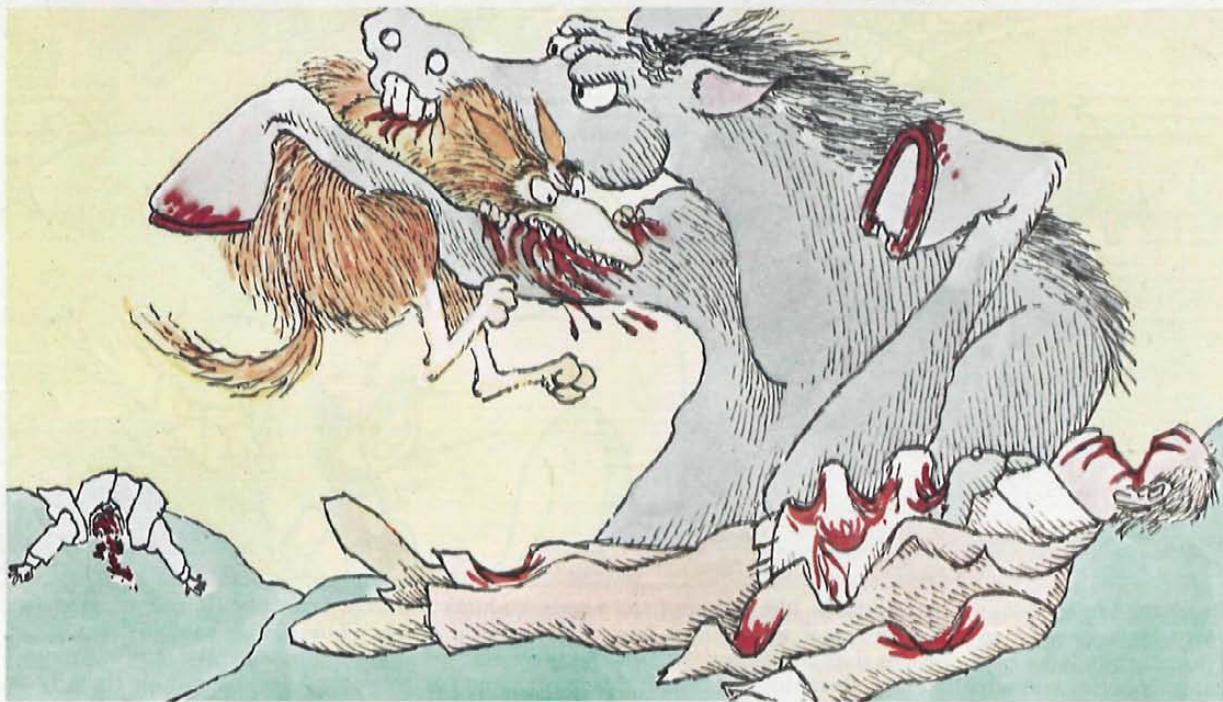
"I've been covering this location for the Revolutionary People's Movement, but it looks like the operation has had it, so I'm leaving. You better come. Your ass is grass if you stay."

Debbil was right. I needed to get

continued on page 82

A Clockwork Gahan Wilson

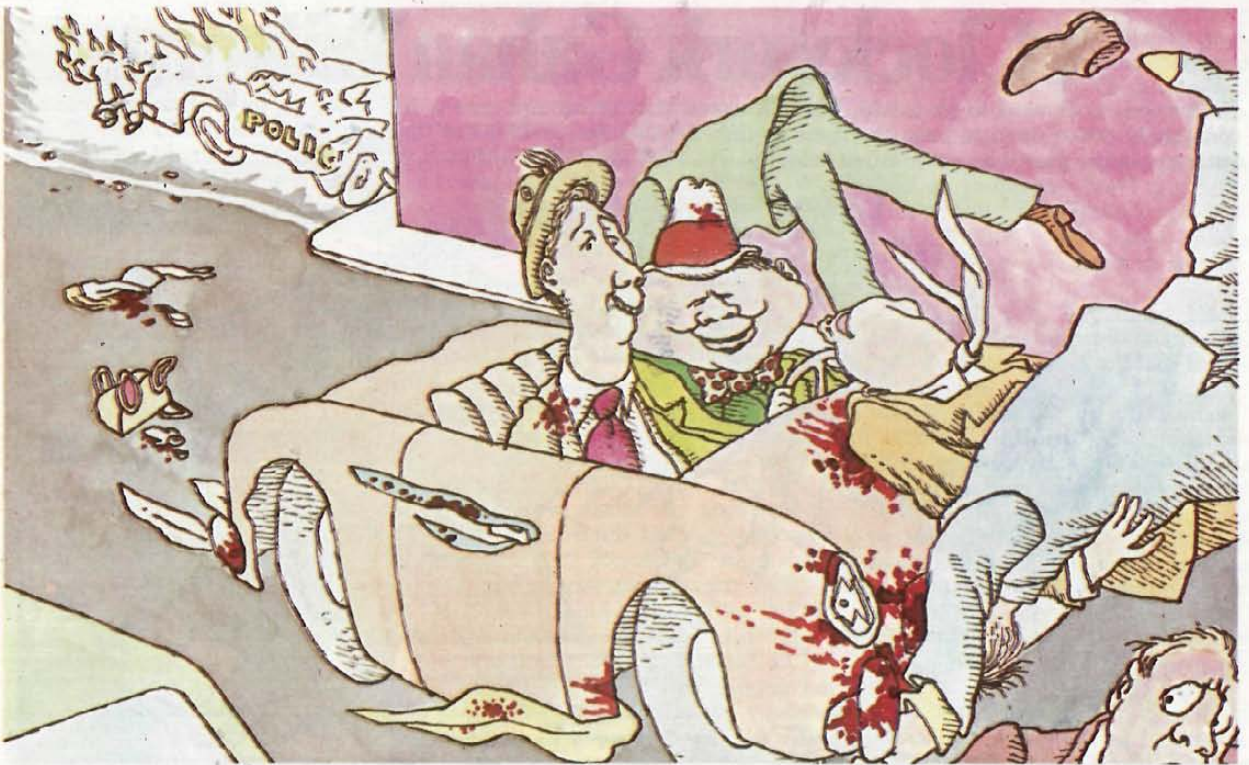
Hollywood, as it used to be called, has discovered that blood and gore is big box-office and, of course, can be completely relied upon to push the trend to unbelievable excess. None of the following films can be seen as yet, but you can bet they'll be at the Bijou before you can say Sam Peckinwhatsis, or gross profit, or unmitigated greed.



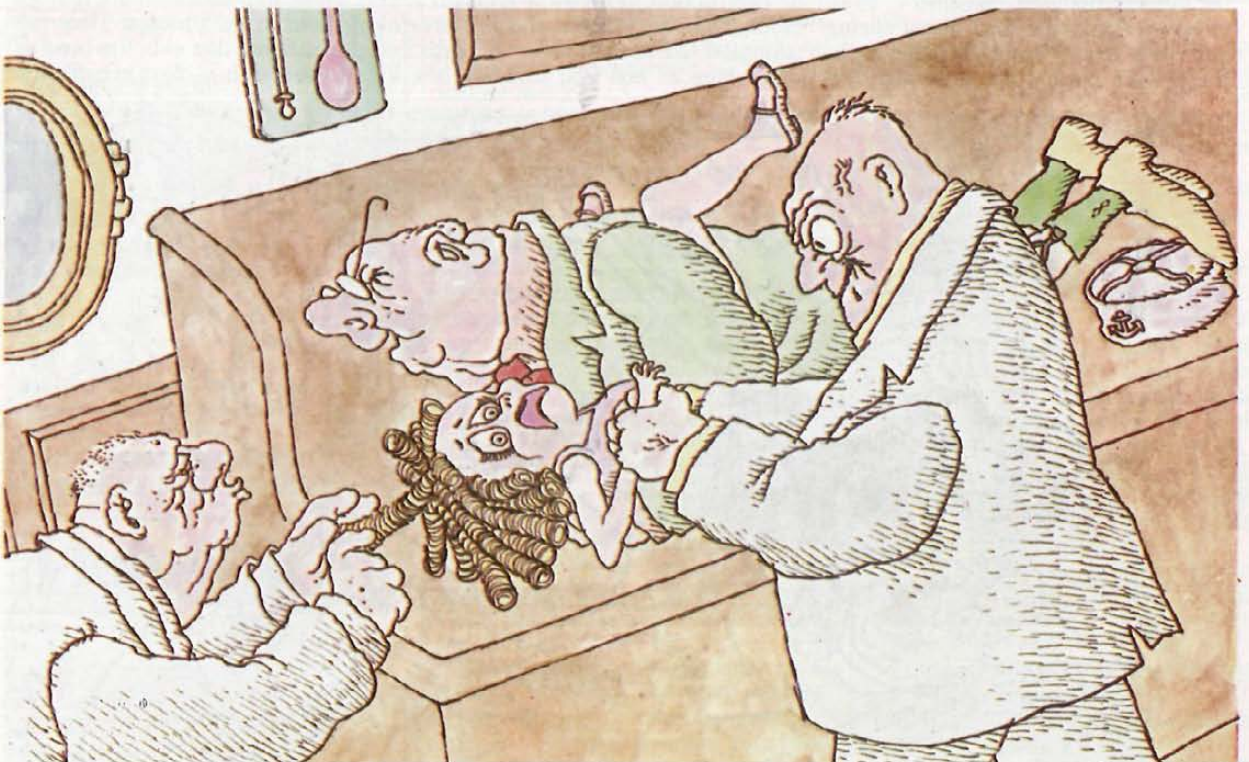
Lassie Meets Black Beauty: Lassie and Black Beauty romp through the quaint English countryside, terrifying its inhabitants and creating a swath of destruction. There's a colorful scene when the two animals disrupt villagers doing the traditional spring "Hooley Tooley" dance and kill several of them in the process. They fall out when Lassie finds that Beauty has trampled her human lover to death and the enraged dog eats the head of the horse's groom. It's a pleasure to have a film at last you can take the kids to see with a clear conscience.



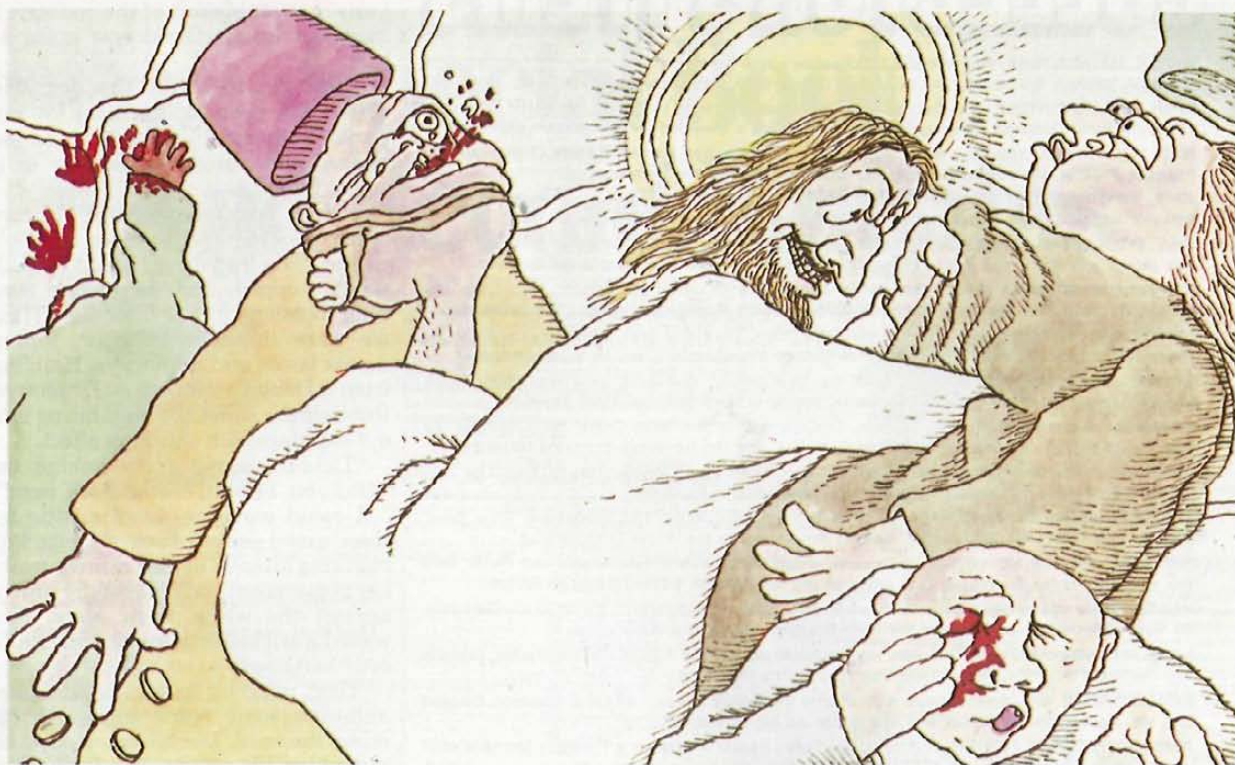
The Wizard of Odd: The only survivor of a 747 crashing into the magical land of Odd, Samantha is befriended by three strange companions as, one by one, she satisfies their peculiar sexual demands. They go to the Wizard who promises them aid if they kill various people he is displeased with. They do, and when he reneges they bring this charming fantasy to a close by setting up a fascist state of their own.



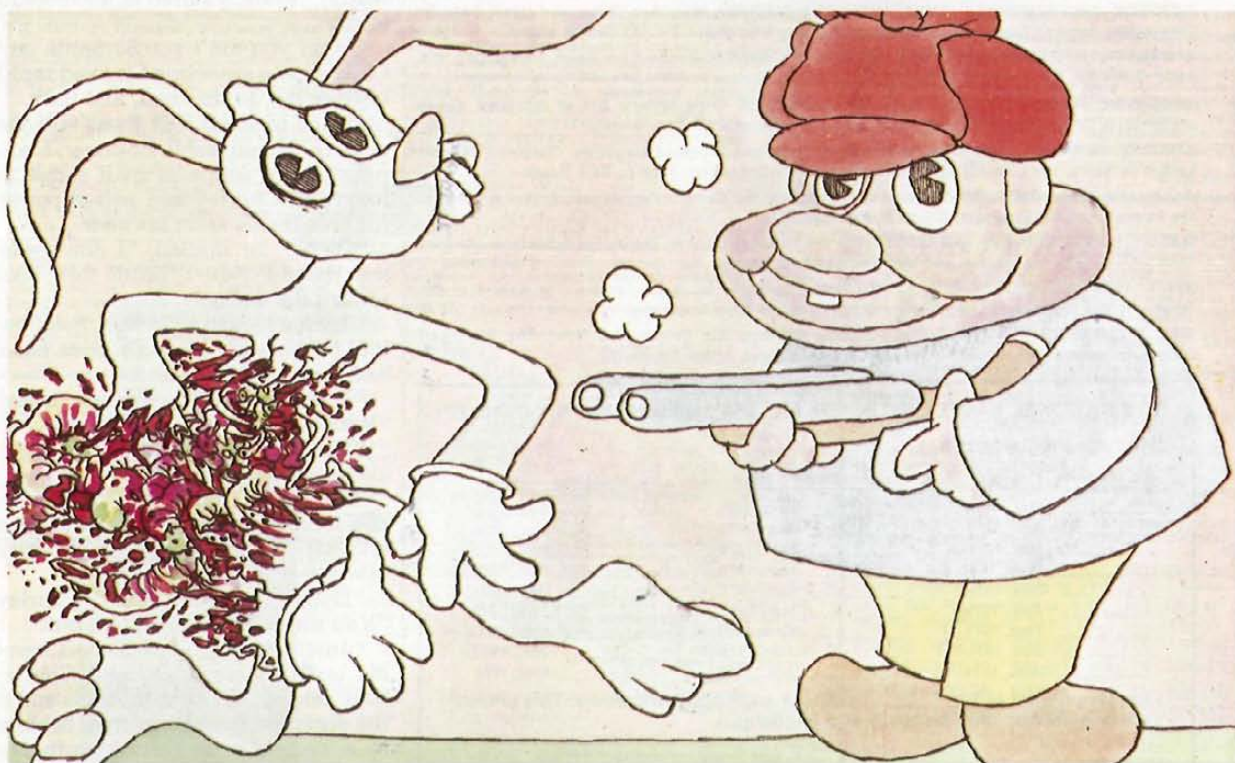
Road to Armageddon: This hilarious film starring the happy-go-lucky comedy team of “Boing” Martin and Jerry Hoke gets off to a running start when Jerry burns down a Seattle whorehouse after catching gonorrhhea (it turns out later he really got it from “Boing!”), and the two madcaps go on a cross-country tour of “nutsy” bank robberies and a really crazy slaughter of a farmer, his family, and his livestock. A laugh a minute right down to the smash finish when “Boing” and Jerry as prison guards get to execute the men they framed for their crimes.



The Li'llest Admiral: Adorable little Shirley Curley sings and dances her way into your heart as a tiny moppet who is lured from an Ohio slum by a group of elderly international financiers and gang-banged by them aboard their luxury yacht, the *Yum-Yum*. Shirley gets even with them by seducing the Portuguese crew in a sensational production number and inciting them to mutilate and kill the financiers. Then Shirley and her new friends sail off to begin a career of piracy.



Jesus Christ!!!: From the blasting of the fig tree to the rending of the temple veil, this is the story of a Messiah unafraid to crack down on Pharisees and money lenders or to mingle openly with whores and fishermen. A blockbuster that rips the wraps off the life of Our Savior, here's the Man who battled both Rome and the devil and made immortality a hard fact.



Rabbit Stew: Horst and Hoopie Hunter meet their match when they go after Raunchie Rabbit in their first (and, I guess, their last!) full-length animation film. After Hoopie accidentally shoots Horst in the arm, shattering his elbow, they separate, each pursuing the wily rabbit alone. The sly rodent arranges a series of painful surprises for Horst and eventually tricks him into crashing to his death from a cliff. Hoopie kills Raunchie at his moment of triumph but dies gagging on one of Raunchie's bones!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

continued from page 78

- 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 Dixee, 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 *Dracula*, 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; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.
- MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.
- APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Thir'd 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.
- FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION:** With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.
- MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.
- APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE:** With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

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away, preferably out of the country. I made an international cow noise at him.

"You got it," said the dog. He closed his jaws on the back of my parka, gathered his muscles, and we cleared the struggling women in a single bound.

"Uh-oh, look who splittin'." I heard a fist connect and another of Flo's moans. The thrashing behind us suddenly stopped, and there were running footsteps in our direction. Then we were through the door, loping across lawns and driveways. Hanging from Debbil's mouth, I plowed through the snow, the cold biting into my bare legs with shocking effect.

"Debbil," came a cry behind us. "Oh, you Debbil! Come back here!"

I could move my head a little by then, and I looked back. Mocha was charging after us like an express train, her great naked body startlingly brown against the white, snow glare. She waved a wicked-looking carving knife over her head.

Then, as if by magic, a red-white-and-blue mail truck appeared far down the road. Debbil saw it too and redoubled his efforts. We fairly flew after it, with Mocha in hot pursuit.

After what seemed like an eternity, we overtook the truck and, with a final burst of doggie power, sprang inside.

"Jesus Christ, you finished already?" Francis stared at me incredulously.

"Hey, you ain't got no pants on!" Charley was swiveling his head rapidly from me, to the road, and back.

I tried to speak, but I was still just mooing. Then Debbil took over. Dropping me on a pile of mail sacks, he lunged at Charley and poised powerful jaws inches from his neck.

"Okay," he snarled, "I don't want any trouble. Just head this heap toward the docks."

Charley looked at Debbil. Swallowing, he obeyed. Mocha's cries faded and were gone.

"What is this?" Francis asked. "What's going on?"

"Shut up," explained Debbil. Francis buttoned his lip.

The truck rushed on. Residential developments gave way to warehouses and depots. On both sides we could now see great ships.

"Here's the docks," said Charley. "You want I should let you out?"

"Just keep driving." Debbil bared his teeth in emphasis, and Charley kept driving. We shot from the end of the dock and found ourselves bobbing in a choppy sea. "Head south and east," directed the dog, and we settled in for a long trip.

And you, sir. How do you happen to be in Algiers? □

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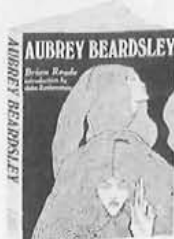


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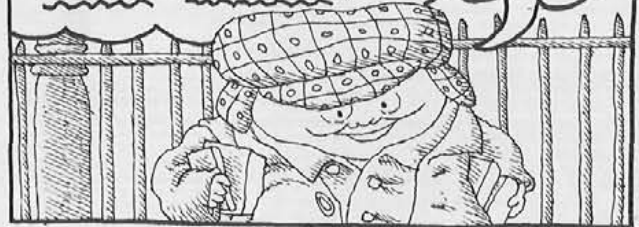
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WANTS

REMEMBER HOW WHEN YOU HAD ALL THESE GREAT IDEAS TO DO THINGS ON YOUR OWN? AND THEN FOUND YOUR PARENTS HAD YOU ALL PLANNED UP AGAIN?

OH BOY! SCHOOL'S OUT AND I'VE GOT THE WHOLE SUMMER TO PLAY IN! AND I WON'T HAVE TO STUDY ARITHMETIC FOR THREE MONTHS!



THAT EVENING...

I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE KID, MADGE - NO POINT IN HOLDING BACK THE GOOD NEWS!

YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT DADDY'S DONE FOR YOU, DEAR!



IT'S COSTING ME A LOT OF MONEY, SON, BUT WE'RE GOING TO SEND YOU TO CAMP TALL LONE TREE!

THE ONE ARTHUR WALSH WENT TO LAST SUMMER, REMEMBER?

HERE'S THE FOLDER.



HE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME, MADGE, AND IT WON'T DO HIM ANY HARM IF IT GETS A LITTLE ROUGH IN THE WOODS.

I'LL HAVE TO SEW LABELS ON EVERY THING, HARRY!

ARTHUR WALSH HATED IT!



I TALKED TO THE GUY THAT RUNS IT. OLAF KNUDSON. A REAL MAN, YOU KNOW? HE SAYS IF THERE'S ANYTHING HE HATES WORSE THAN A SISSY, IT'S A LAZY KID!

HE SOUNDS NICE, DEAR.

NEXT MONTH! CAMP TALL LONE TREE

If you'd like to see more of what Suzanne and other famous people are saying about Todd, send your name and address to: Rundgren Guide, 44 E. 80 St., New York, N.Y. 10022.



"(Todd Rundgren is) the only person I trust with electricity," states Suzette Berkeley Peyton* of Sewanee, Tennessee. And "A Wizard, A True Star" is the title of Todd's newest album—almost an hour's worth of adventurous trust-inspiring electricity in a one record set. Special note to fame seekers: it also includes a postcard which has the power to put your name on the next Todd Rundgren lp. On Bearsville Records and Tapes.

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD

DISCOVERS A
TRAITOR
OR: THE RUTABAGA
TURNS BAD

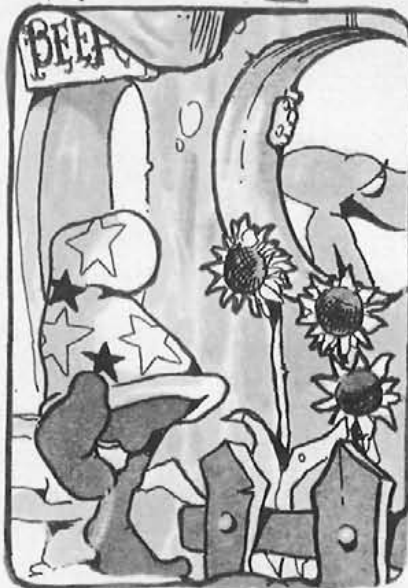


by VAUGHN BODE ©

EH?

..I'M TELLIN' YA, BABY,
IT'S ME CHEECH
WIZARD'S APPRENTICE,
WHO DA POWER
BEHIND DA HAT, AN
DAT'S NO SHIT.

DAT HAT IS A FAKE... I DA
ONE TAUGHT HIM ALL HE
KNOWS, AN DAT NOT MUCH.
YES SIR, I FOUND DA FUKER
WHEN HE WAS A LIMPID,
HAS BEEN ORPHAN.



CHEECH WAS A
HANDICAP, OF COURSE,
HAIR-LIP AN ALL. I
PULGED HIM OUT OF
DAGUTTER AN
TAUGHT HIM DIGNITY.

WOW,
AN I
BEEN
BALLIN
HIM ALL
THIS TIME.

GOOR!

HE
TOLD
ME HE
WAS
GOD...

HE GOT
MY BALLS.

...BUT HE
NEVER
DONE A
TRICK.





Could You Leave This Behind?

If you're a Penthouse reader, you're a man who knows what he wants and takes it. Like Penthouse itself—the most exceptional magazine for men in the world. Distinctive, distinguished and packed with the best entertainment money can buy, Penthouse features contributors of the stature of Kingsley Amis, Isaac Asimov, Stirling Moss, Arthur C. Clarke, and many others, as well as piquant cartoon features, interviews, satire, and those more than memorable Pets. If your newsstand is sold out of Penthouse, you're the kind of man who knows his own mind enough to take out a regular subscription. It costs just \$10.00 for 12 issues of Penthouse to be posted direct to your door. Think about it. Could you leave this behind?

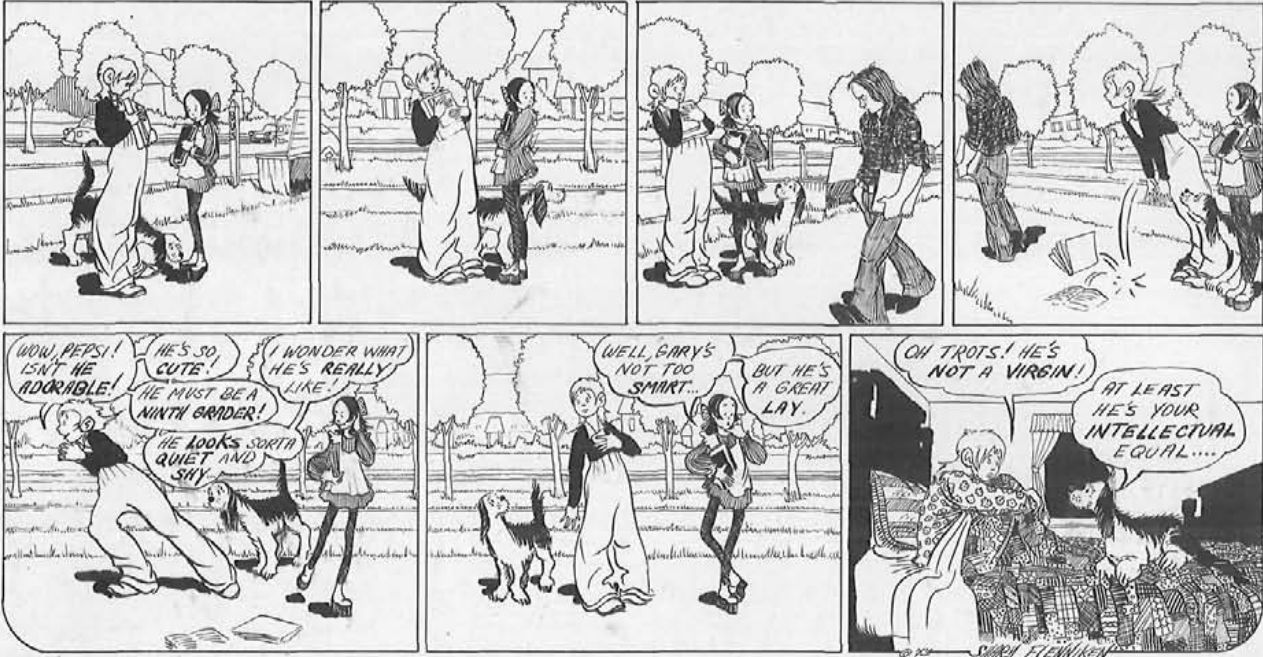
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Trots and Bonnie



Duck and Weevil





You Can't Use a Mouthwash Here!



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Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
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Can you tell whose voice this is: "Hell-o there. Remember me? And do you remember the time that you gave Jeff and me a real scare when you put your leather jacket on backwards, snarled up your face, and came running through our bedroom like Frankenstein? That was something I'll never forget." Yes, you know that voice. It belongs to your grandmother. But who was that Jeff character she referred to? Your grandfather's name wasn't Jeff. Look, don't worry about it. Subscribe to the National Lampoon and forget she even said it.





IDYL



© J. JONES 1973



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M GOING TO PUNCH MY HEAD OUT.



WHY'RE YOU GOING TO DO THAT?

BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO. I ALREADY DID IT ALL.



I SHOOK HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT AND KISSED THE KING'S ASS. I MET A FRIENDLY INDIAN.



AND LAID A BIVALVE.

I WENT TO WALES AND SAW A DUCK. I ATE CROW AND I LET A GIANT STEP IN MY BUCKET.

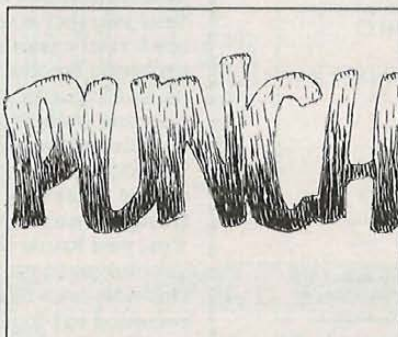


BUT THAT'S NOT EVERYTHING!

NOT QUITE. I NEVER PUNCHED MY HEAD OUT.



YOU COULD...



...PICK FLOWERS.

*The Allman Brothers Band
Brothers and Sisters*



The new album from the Allman Brothers Band

CAPRICORN RECORDS

Manufactured by Warner Bros. Records Inc.

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NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS

"...*Lemmings* will slay with its high-voltage humor."

Ted Kalin
Time Magazine

"A wicked parody of the world of rock, spoofing the talented along with the pretenders, their absurdities, conceits and affectations... Should keep the Village Gate busy for months to come."

Mel Gussow
New York Times

"National Lampoon's *Lemmings* goes straight for the satirical jugular on many fronts. My brother critics were falling out of their seats, and ... I was too."

Jerry Tallmer
New York Post

"The entire second act of National Lampoon's *Lemmings* is devoted to something called the 'Woodshuck Rock Festival.' It is very, very good and very, very funny—parody so acute and audacious that it edges into satire, and so strong that one needn't know the actual rock star or group that is being mocked in order to enjoy it."

Edith Oliver
New Yorker

At The Village Gate in New York City; corner of Bleecker and Thompson Streets in the heart of Greenwich Village. Performances: Tues. thru Fri. at 7:30 p.m.; late show Fri. at 10:45 p.m.; two shows Sat. evening at 7:00 and 10:30 p.m.; matinee only on Sun. at 3:00 p.m. Ticket Prices: \$5.95 Sundays thru Thursdays, \$6.95 on Fridays and Saturdays. Order immediately by sending the attached order form, your check or money order, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Lemmings Tickets: The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St., N. Y., N. Y. 10014

Coming In Mid-September: National Lampoon's *Lemmings* starts its college concert tour of the United States and Canada. For more information write or call: William Morris Agency, Concert Division, 1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y., 10019, (212) 586-5100

"...music—brilliantly done—and skits, some biting. *Lemmings* is high-brow high jinx. A comic counter-culture crazy show. Absolutely no respect. I liked it."

Leonard Probst
NBC News

"The magazine National Lampoon, which I hear is a great big success on campus, has now given birth to *Lemmings*, a satirical revue... first rate stuff. Funny, self-aware, unsparing. I like *Lemmings*."

Leonard Harris
WCBS-TV

"National Lampoon's *Lemmings* brings the revue back to impudent and bursting life. It is generally hilarious. You'll roar."

Douglas Watt
Daily News

"If you see one show this lifetime, it should be this one. This is no mere revue sponsored by the nation's most consistent humor magazine. National Lampoon's *Lemmings* is the theatrical triumph of the season."

Robert Adels
Cash Box

Lemmings Tickets Order Form

NL673

Make your check or money order payable to:
National Lampoon's *Lemmings*, 160 Bleecker St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

Please send me _____ tickets

for _____ 1973

(day) (date)

early show late show matinee

I enclose \$ _____ for _____ tickets

IN LATE JUNE
NATIONAL LAMPOON LEMMINGS
Will Be Opening In Toronto, Canada, At The Lemmings Theatre, 82 Bloor Street West

DIFFERENT STORY M.K. BROWN

GIL AND HIS NEW WIFE BETTE (HIS FORMER WIFE, HAVING BEEN STUNG REPEATEDLY WHILE IN GIL'S PRESENCE BY POISONOUS FLYING ANTS, DIVORCED HIM IN 1958) WERE OUT DANCING AND HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES WHEN SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...



POISONOUS FLYING ANTS! AIMED STRAIGHT AT BETTE! 'OH NO!' GASPS GIL - NOT AGAIN!



BETTE SOON ADJUSTS TO HER NEW ROLE... AT TIMES SEEMS EVEN TO ENJOY IT... BUT FOR GIL IT'S A... "DIFFERENT STORY."



COINCIDENTAL Juxtaposition COMICS!

by E. Subitzky



THE END!

MULE'S DINER

Stan Mack

SEEMS LIKE OLD DOBBS SPENDS A LOT OF TIME IN YOUR MENS ROOM, MULE.



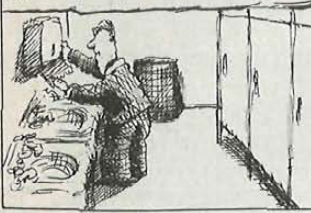
WHEN DOBBS WAS A KID, HE WENT TO WORK FOR ACME BOLT, IN ACCOUNTING.



IT WAS A PRETTY BORING JOB. THE EMPLOYEES WOULD USE ALL KINDS OF EXCUSES TO BUG OUT.



DOBBS WAS QUIET AND A FAST WORKER, AND NO ONE NOTICED WHEN HE BEGAN HITTING THE MEN'S ROOM FOUR TIMES A DAY.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, HE DEVELOPED ROUTINES - AN HOUR WITH THE PAPER IN THE MORNING...



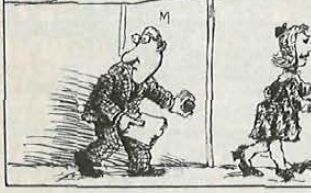
...URINAL, HAIRCOMBING, AND SOCIALIZING; SOMETIMES HE WOULD TAKE WORK IN.



WHEN HE WAS FORTY, THERE WAS A MANAGEMENT CHANGE, AND DOBBS WAS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO SOME OTHER FLOOR.



HE WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER HIS OWN TRANSFER PAPERS. BUT THAT DAY DOBBS SPENT THE AFTERNOON IN THE MEN'S ROOM.



HE MEANT TO DELIVER THE PAPERS THE NEXT DAY, BUT HE STOPPED IN TO READ THE PAPER FIRST, AND, BEFORE HE KNEW IT, IT WAS 5:00 P.M.



BY THE THIRD DAY, DOBBS REALIZED THAT ANYONE WHO KNEW HIM ASSUMED HE WAS WORKING ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING.



ON PAYDAY HE WENT DOWN TO THE CASHIER AND FOUND THAT THE COMPUTER HAD SPAT OUT HIS CHECK AS USUAL.



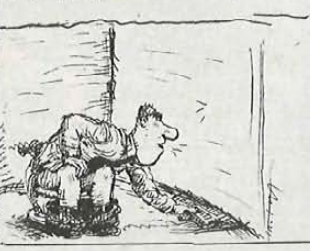
DOBBS SETTLED INTO A ROUTINE. EVERY DAY HE COMMUTED FROM NEW JERSEY TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR MEN'S ROOM AT ACME BOLT.



DOBBS KEPT TO HIMSELF, AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO CARE OR SUSPECT.



IT WASN'T BORING. THERE WERE PEOPLE TO CHAT WITH AND DAILY PAPERS TO READ.



HE HAD BOWEL MOVEMENTS FOUR TIMES A DAY, URINATED TEN TIMES, WASHED HANDS AND COMBED HAIR CONSTANTLY.



THE FEW PEOPLE WHO RECOGNIZED DOBBS THOUGHT OF HIM AS A FAITHFUL, DULL EMPLOYEE.



WHEN HE WAS SIXTY-THREE, DOBBS FOUND A NOTE ATTACHED TO HIS CHECK. IT ASKED HIM TO REPORT TO A VICE-PRESIDENT'S



...OFFICE, WHERE HE WAS GIVEN A RETIREMENT WATCH AND CONGRATULATED ON THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE.



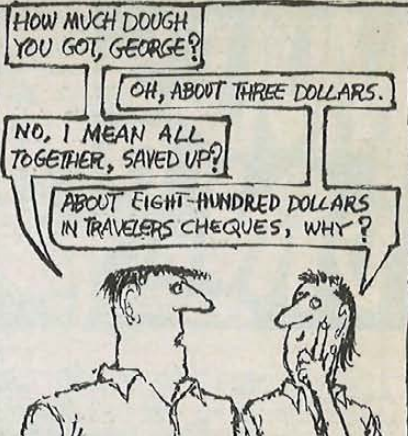
AND NOW HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAY IN MY MEN'S ROOM. IF YOU'RE GOING IN, WILL YOU BRING HIM THIS CUP?



THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



C'MON, ALEX, WE GOTTA DRESS. WE GO ON IN TWENTY MINUTES.



HOW MUCH DOUGH YOU GOT, GEORGE?

OH, ABOUT THREE DOLLARS.

NO, I MEAN ALL TOGETHER, SAVED UP?

ABOUT EIGHT-HUNDRED DOLLARS IN TRAVELERS CHECKES, WHY?

LET'S QUIT THIS GODDAM CARNIVAL! WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH - WE'RE FORTY MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, LET'S GO! LET'S GO RIGHT NOW AND SCREW MENSHEVIK GOOD! WHADDYA SAY?

AND THEY LEAVE FOR THE CITY OF ANGELS

OH, MAN, I FEEL LIKE I CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD LEAVIN' THAT BASTARD MENSHEVIK AND HIS CRUDDY CARNIVAL!



I'LL BET HE'S...

MADAME WISHES TO KNOW IF YOU WANT A RIDE TO HOLLYWOOD.



SHIT, YES!



LOS ANGELES 44 MI.



WELL, UH, WE'RE GOIN' TO LOS ANGELES.

I'LL DROP YOU OFF THERE. YOU POOR DEARS, YOU ARE SIAMESE TWINS AREN'T YOU? I CAN EMPATHIZE WITH YOU. I HAVE AN AFFECTION MYSELF - PLEASE, GET IN...

YOU SAID YOU'RE AFFLICTED WITH SOMETHIN', LADY?

PLEASE, CALL ME AURORA. YES, DAHLING, I AM A NYMPHOMANIAC.

HOLY HYMEN! WHAT OBTAINS?
 (COULD SHE BE AURORA BORAVALIS, THE MOVIE STAR OF THE THIRTIES WHO USED TO STAR WITH CLIVE BROOK, RICHARD GRIEZ, GUY SPANDING, JOE PENNER, ET...???)

COMING NEXT MONTH

MODERN TIMES

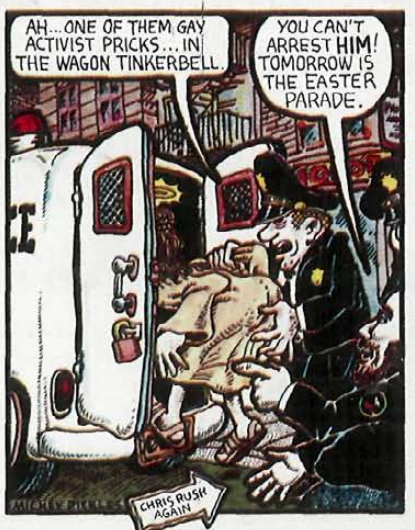
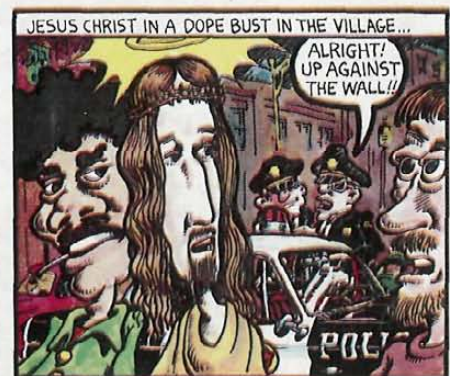
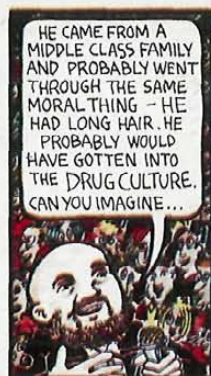
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POPULAR WORKBENCH MAGAZINE
 Written so even you can understand it

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Let's get those seabirds out of our dwindling oil reserves!

Plus
THE JERSEY CITY EXPOSITION OF PROGRESS, INDUSTRY & FREEDOM
 Peace through Pushbuttons

Plus
ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM:
 Soviet Technog Announcing—A flashlight no larger than a golf bag!



FIRST RUSH, the debut album of Chris Rush, is a new dimension in comedy. Henry Beard, editor National Lampoon, called it, "One of the best comedy albums in the last ten years." Some of the raps included: Jesus in a Dope Bust; Naked Ape; Dealer Man; Star Trek; Golden Zits of the Fifties; Mind Farts; and more. On Atlantic Records and Tapes.



*Advertisers Note: Usually they pay me for contributing to this rag but they really shafted me for this ad. Chris Rush.

WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasskel H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that each was protecting the other?

The Story As Originally Told.



The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief and the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to

un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that really is your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS



The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey. Heublein Brass Monkey®: 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. ©1973, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101.