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JULY 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS





Check: ■ **CRAFTSMANSHIP**
■ **VERSATILITY** ■ **SPECIFICATIONS**
■ **PERFORMANCE** ■ **POWER** ■ **FEATURES**
■ **CRITICS' REVIEWS** ■ **DEALER RECOMMENDATIONS**
■ **VALUE** ■ **MUSIC REPRODUCTION**
■ **PIONEER OWNERS** ■ **RELIABILITY** ■ **WARRANTY**
■ **REPUTATION** ■ **SERVICE** and you'll
reach
the inevitable
conclusion...

SX-525

SX-727



in high
the best is



fidelity
s Pioneer.

Incredible as it may seem, six years ago only the most avid followers of authentic sound reproduction were familiar with the Pioneer name. Yet, Pioneer's reputation for quality craftsmanship has been 35 years in the making. And it's continually being enhanced with each new component introduced. Case in point. Pioneer's outstanding AM-FM stereo receivers. They're the superb result of everything we've learned about sound and quality sound reproduction.

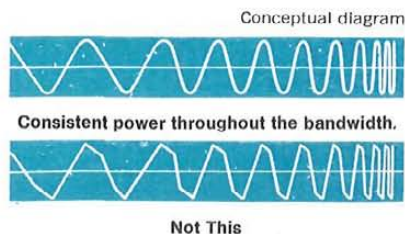
Reliability through exhaustive quality control.

Pioneer builds each receiver as though it was one-of-a-kind. To begin with, we produce virtually every part that goes into our receivers on our own production lines. So we know we're putting in the best there is. Until it's a completed unit, each receiver is continuously checked and inspected every step along the way. (A receiver in production travels on the average of twice the length of a football field. You can imagine how many quality checks it undergoes.) Still, that's not where our quality control stops. Because each receiver is then subjected to another rigid round of inspection before it's shipped to your Pioneer dealer. As a result, the Pioneer receiver that ends up in your home is as trouble-free as a receiver can be. To top it off, Pioneer backs it up with a full two-year warranty on parts and labor.

All the versatility you need — plus.

Pioneer designers are people-oriented. You'll appreciate this when you see that each receiver has more than a full complement of connections

for every music source available: records, tape, FM, microphone, and 4-channel. You can do your own tape-to-tape duplicating and even make listening tests of different phono cartridges and speaker systems.



Consistent power to spare.

Merely comparing the power capabilities of different brands of receivers does not tell you what's behind the power. Not only do these Pioneer receivers provide more comparable watts for your high fidelity dollar, they also deliver consistent power throughout the most vital listening area — the 20 — 20,000 Hz bandwidth. This is important. It means you get better bass response plus greater across-the-board frequency response with absolute minimum distortion.

Great specs + top sound = outstanding performance.

To many hi-fi buffs top performance means great specifications and impeccable waveforms. However, most people listen first and check the specs later. Whatever your modus operandi, you'll be more than delighted with Pioneer's outstanding performance.

Here's a mini spec list:

SPECIFICATIONS	SX-828	SX-727	SX-626	SX-525
IHF Music Power 4 ohms	270 watts	195 watts	110 watts	72 watts
RMS @ 8 ohms. Both channels driven @ 1KHz	60+60 watts	40+40 watts	27+27 watts	17+17 watts
FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better)	1.7uV	1.8uV	2.0uV	2.2uV
Selectivity (The higher the better)	+75dB	+70dB	+70dB	+45dB
Capture Ratio (the lower the better)	1.5dB	2.0dB	2.5dB	3.0dB
Power Bandwidth	All exceed by a wide margin the usable sound frequency spectrum			
INPUTS:				
Tape monitor	2	2	2	2
Phono	2	2	2	Phono/Mic.
Auxiliary	1	1	1	1
Microphone	2	1	1	Phono./Mic. (as above)
OUTPUTS:				
Speakers	3	3	3	2
Headsets	2	1	1	1
Tape Rec.	2	2	2	2

Easy-to-use features increase listening enjoyment.

All four receivers share many basic features for simplified operation, such as loudness contour, FM muting, click-stop tone controls, mode lights, signal strength meters, and a super wide FM dial scale. With Pioneer's wide variety of models to choose from, you're bound to find just what you're looking for in the way of sophistication and refinements.

Unanimous acclaim from the experts.

Stereo Review: "Pioneer's moderately priced SX-727 has a degree of operating flexibility and electrical performance previously found only in some of the most expensive receivers . . . The array of operating features is impressive . . . In its flexibility and in many areas of its measured performance it is somewhat better than much of the competition at its price level."

Audio: "We find the SX-727 to be a rugged, reliable instrument that certainly represents state-of-the-art receiver technology in its design and performance."

Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers' Guide: "This (SX-828) excellent performer features full power output at all frequencies . . . excellent reception of weak FM signals . . . selectivity was excellent."

High Fidelity: "... Solid quality . . . Pioneer has avoided a make-do approach in the SX-626; we wish we could say the same for all under \$300 receivers."

Stereo Review: "... We were especially impressed by the solidity and precise 'feel' of the SX-626's controls. Clearly, nothing has been skimped in the mechanical design and construction of this receiver. It is a joy to use, a very good value in every respect."

A Pioneer receiver costs less than you'd imagined.

Normally you'd expect to pay a lot more for such quality, performance and features. But not at Pioneer. We believe sensible pricing goes hand in hand with craftsmanship. Let your capable Pioneer hi-fi dealer give you a complete comparison demonstration. It's the only way to find the best in high fidelity and the best high fidelity for you.

SX-828 — \$469.95; SX-727 — \$399.95
SX-626 — \$329.95; SX-525 — \$259.95.
Prices include walnut cabinet.

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178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt,
New Jersey 07072.

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June 17—Palace Theatre
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June 23—Auditorium Theatre
Chicago, Ill.

June 29—St. George Theatre
Staten Island, N.Y.

June 30—Plaza Theatre
Scarsdale, N.Y.

July 25—Galaxy Theatre
Des Moines, Iowa

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Cedar Rapids, Iowa

July 27—Capitol Theatre
Davenport, Iowa



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Y-321 1973-1977 NIXON COUNT-DOWN CALENDAR The greatest poster ever made! Grid over Nixon's face is numbered with the days left in his term. You "X" out one box each day until his image is gone. Guaranteed satisfaction. 24 x 15. Only \$1.98

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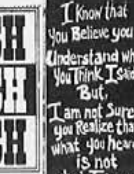
Y-270 NOTHING TO SPRITZ ABOUT 4 color heads in Full Color. 13" x 31". \$1.98



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Y-209 ADA Revealing full color photo, on coated stock. 30" x 40". \$1.50



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Y-158 LADY BARBARA. She is our choice for nude of the month. Full color 24" x 28". \$1.98



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Y-197 CATS N BLANKET. Full color photo. 21" x 34". Only \$1.58

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Y-272 THE BIG "A". You won't believe it! But this is the absolute end. Black and white photo (untouched), size 23" x 29". Staggering \$1.50



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Y-198 LOVE IS CONTAGIOUS - WE GET IT FROM ONE ANOTHER. Full color drawing 11" x 17". \$1.00



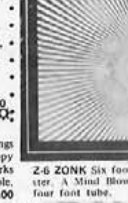
Y-277 World's most famous cow appears to us. B/W photo. 13" x 29". Only \$1.00



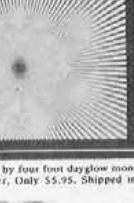
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Y-301 Now Yes Art can solve your boring door problem with a 4 color door graphic (red, yellow, black, and blue). This exciting new item is perfect for any room and easy to hang! Fits almost any door, overall size is 87" x 42", only \$10.00 complete. For full color book with over 35 8 feet x 22 feet wall graphics circle item C-51 and send 50c for handling. Supply is limited.



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Y-271 EYE CHART Yellow and Black Dots. Day glow. 10" x 15". \$1.00



Y-32 HE KEPT OUR BOYS OUT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Full color Nixon poster. 17" x 23". \$1.00



Y-206 W.C. FIELDS. The classic Fields! Black and white photo. 30" x 40". \$1.00



Y-320 BOGIE'S BACK! POSTER OF POSTERS. Giant Bogart photo. B&W. 30" x 40" \$1.50



Y-40 SHIT CENEEL LA. 13" x 21" Velum Red, Green and Blue \$2.00



Y-313 1984 Red, White & Blue \$1.00



Y-278 THIS ONE'S FOR YOU BABY. Black Light. \$1.00



Y-207 TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO JOIN YOU Full color. 22" x 34". \$1.98



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Y-42 STARS BACK! We have a Stargazing poster of bet front! 25" x 34". \$1.98



Y-48 RAQUEL WELCH. Giant black and white photo. 29" x 42". Only \$1.98



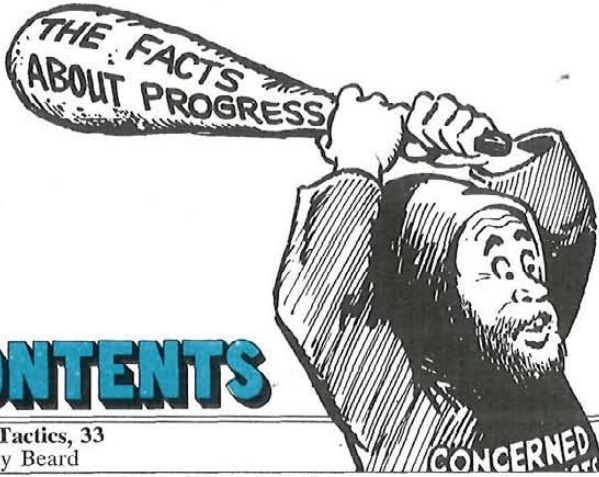
Y-205 I WANT TO BE A DOCTOR \$1.00

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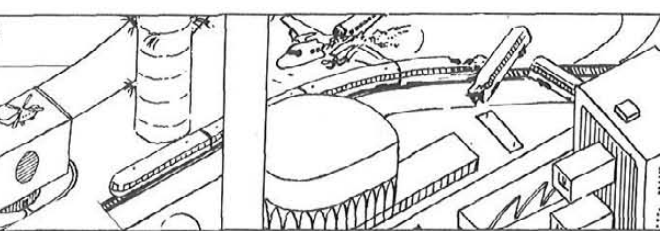
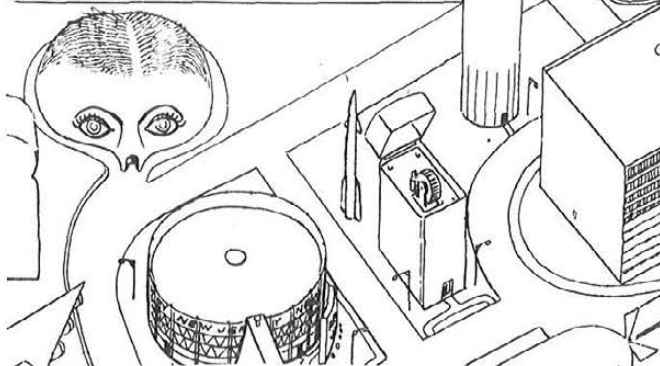
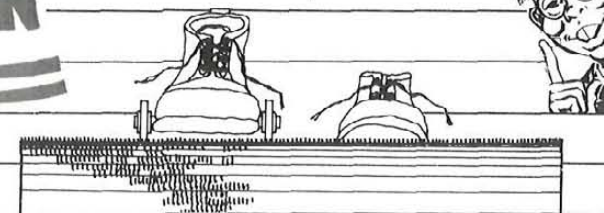
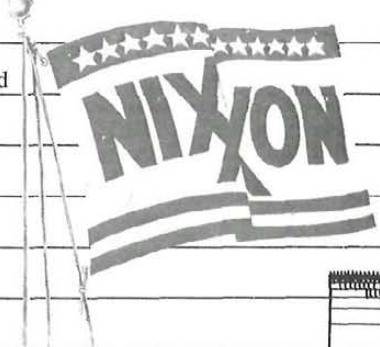
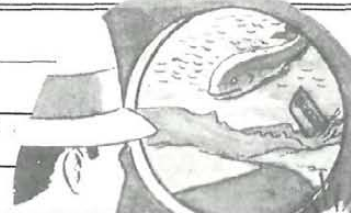
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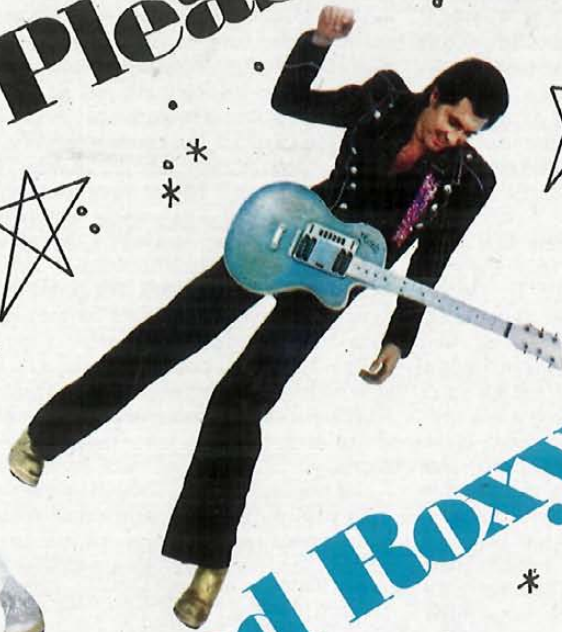


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EDITORIAL PAGE



Readers who had looked forward to *NatLamp's* in depth interview with philosopher/social critic Lewis Mumford in this issue are asked to be patient; the thought-provoking conversation with the controversial Mr. M. on *Quo Vadis, Technology* will appear in an upcoming number of the magazine, as soon as our interview can be re-scheduled. The redoubtable Mr. Mumford's train to New York City found itself delayed by several hours due to technical hitches in the equipment and was then discontinued altogether as part of the Penn Central Railroad's current "streamlining" of routes and schedules; due to difficulties with telephone service to New York, the message of Mr. Mumford's "no-show" failed to arrive at *NatLamp's* midtown headquarters in time for changes to be made in the table of contents.

Chalk up another "wait till next month" for that foreword from the pen of legendary science sage R. Buckminster Fuller, originally scheduled to occupy this space. We'll let the irrepressible "Bucky" explain in his own inimitable style, dashed off in a note that arrived several days late owing to breakdowns in the local New York mail service. "Just a line," the Fuller missive quips, "to say 'is my face red!' about the couple of paras I promised. Guess what—the [unintelligible—Ed.] typewriter broke down on me! Can't get the ribbon back on the little round thing for the life of me. C'est la vie, as they say. Got to run—big conference in Sweden!"

Speaking of big conferences in Sweden, a big snafu in Ceylon prevented would-be contributor Arthur C. Clarke from jetting into the *NatLamp* offices this month to prepare his list of the "100 Technological Breakthroughs to Expect This Month." Seems the radar system at Colombo's modern new jetport went "on the fritz" and left Arthur stranded and unable to make it by deadline-time.

And deadline-time reminds us to remind you to bear with us while the new *NatLamp* computer has a few early "bugs" smoothed out. Those readers who find blank pages, pages repeated, and pages missing from this issue will get full refunds just as soon as the computer is restored to "A-OK" status and when the automated *NatLamp* subscription labeler is finally put "on-stream." If you *have* received your issues of the magazine recently, you may have noticed mistakes (called "typos" in the trade—Ed.) that made reading hard. No cause for alarm; the printer informs us that by December, thanks to an ingenious new gadget known to printing experts as a self-justifying scanner sensor, your *NatLamp* will look—and read—as sharp and clean as your daily newspaper.

All isn't adversity, though; we note with thinly disguised pride that *NatLamp's* own auxiliary generators pro-

vided almost full power during the recent eastern seaboard electrical failure, helping "put the issue to bed" within days of deadline. Design Director Michael Gross (as local New York readers may already know from the running story in the *Times* and Channel Seven's TV Eyewitness News) yells up from the elevator he was trapped in during the blackout that he expects to be cut out any day now and has used his enforced idleness in the old broken Otis to come up with some "dynamite" new ideas for upcoming *NatLamps*. And to postscript this month's news around the magazine, we say a fond so long to one Copy Editor and welcome aboard a new one—a robotized thingamajig that can automatically read, edit, type, and specify copy ready for the printers without the aid of human hands. for the printers without the aid of human hands. for the printers without the aid of human hands human of aid the without printers for the STOP HERE Hands human without aid the aid of the 54Pt SLUG Goes Now hands human say a fond so long.

—Bruce McCall

Cover: This month's cover (see cover) was painted by writer Bruce McCall. There is no satisfactory explanation for this. Mr. McCall wonders if anyone notices that the aircraft in the upper left corner of his painting is a Grumman "Skyrocket." He reports that *Autogyro* is actually spelled *Autogyro*, and was invented by a Spaniard. He is interested in raising the Titanic. He lives alone. □

Guest Editor: **Bruce McCall**

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The best time to upgrade your component system is before you buy it.

If you're a typical reader of this magazine, you most likely have a sizeable investment in a component system. So our advice about upgrading might come a little late.

What you might have overlooked, however, is the fact that your records are the costliest and most fragile component of all. As well as the only one you will continue to invest in.

And since your turntable is the only component that handles these valuable records, advice about upgrading your turntable is better late than never.

Any compromise here will be costly. And permanent. Because there is just no way to improve a damaged record.

If the stylus can't respond accurately and sensitively to the rapidly changing contours of the groove walls, especially the hazardous peaks and valleys of the high frequencies, there's trouble. Any curve the stylus can't negotiate, it may lop off. And with those little bits of vinyl go the high notes and part of your investment.

If the record doesn't rotate at precisely the correct speed, musical pitch will be distorted. No amplifier tone controls can correct this distortion.

If the motor isn't quiet and free of vibration, an annoying rumble will accompany the music. You can get rid of rumble by using the bass control, but only at the expense of the bass you want to hear.

Experienced component owners know all this.

Which is why so many of them, especially record reviewers and other music experts, won't play their records on anything but a Dual. From the first play on.

Now, if you'd like to know what several independent test labs say about Dual, we'll send you complete reprints of their reports. Plus a reprint of an article from a leading music magazine telling you what to look for in record playing equipment. Whether you're upgrading or not.

Better yet, just visit your franchised United Audio dealer and ask for a demonstration.

You'll find Dual automatic turntables priced from \$109.50 to \$225.00. That may be more than you spent on your present turntable, or more than you were intending to spend on your next one.

But think of it this way. It will be a long, long time before you'll need to upgrade your Dual.

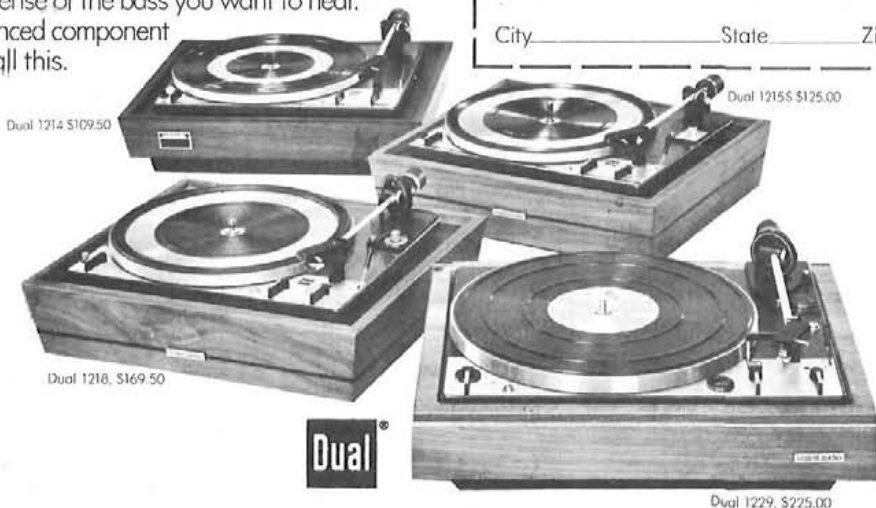
United Audio Products, Inc.,
120 So. Columbus Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553 Attn: Dept. NL

Please send me your free literature on turntables.
I won't mind if you include your own catalog.

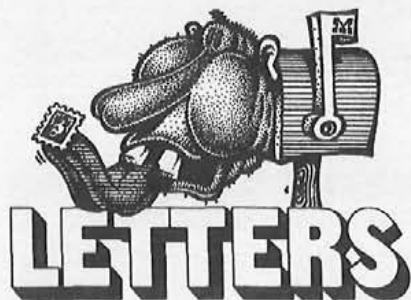
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United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual



Sirs:

The *National Lampoon* sucks dead boogers!

(Heh heh, bet you thought I was going to say "dead niggers," fooled you!) Well, all kiddin' aside, the guys in the dorm and Mr. Kretzer (my creative lit. prof, the dumb fuck) have been dumping on me for not writing you about a summer job. (Maybe you've seen my strip in the *St. Tunafish University News*? I bet you'd really dig the one where Blow-job Man jerks off the Pope on a pile of dead nuns.) Also, since I can't get out of my last exam until the 23rd, you'd better get Crumb and Wilson started on the cover for the Toe-cheese Issue—I need a picture of Blow-job Man eating out a big foot that looks like the Pope.

Keep up the good work, you wise-

guys, and CU soon.

Buster Hymen
Tappa Kegga Bru
St. Tunafish University
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

Hi. My name is Rod Serling and tonight I'd like to take you on a journey—a journey that you may find disturbing, even terrifying—but one you are not likely to forget. Tonight, we are going to travel, on all fours, up David Frost's asshole.

Underneath your seat you will find giant pinky-cheaters, flashlights, and galoshes—the ladies in the audience are requested to remove their heels. Please slip on the giant pinky-cheaters and wait for the ushers to daub you with Vaseline.

There, are we all ready? Anyone without a flashlight or a gas mask? (Remember, it may get pretty close in there.) All right, I'll go first—okay, David, say "Ah" . . .

Rod Serling
David Frost's Asshole
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

*Dump dee dah dah dump dee-dee.
Dump dee dah dah dump dee-dee. . .*

(*Cut to Mr. Hitchcock, dressed as giant bottle of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.*)

Good evening. Tonight, we would like to present for your edification and

viewing pleasure a small fable concerning a man with a problem . . . a problem, I might add, that requires a full measure of what is popularly known as "intestinal fortitude." But first, I am afraid our sponsor asks you to submit to this brief, painless purge. . . . (*Insert 60-second commercial spot.*)

There, that wasn't so bad, was it? Oh, I forgot to mention that the man's name is, oddly enough, a Mr. Rod Serling . . . a man who finds himself trapped, oddly enough, inside a Mr. David Frost's asshole. Thus, we find ourselves confronted with an asshole lodged inside an asshole's asshole . . . a phenomenon rivaling a Möbius strip or a Klein bottle in its topological improbability. Fortunately (*Mr. Hitchcock gestures to his costume*), as you can see, I am prepared to solve these gentlemen's difficulties and will now effect a *finale* which I hope all of you out there at home will find quite . . . moving. Good night.

*Dump dee dah dah dump dee-dee. . .
(Cut to profile. Credits.)*

Alfred Hitchcock Productions
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Will the *National Lampoon* break the media's conspiracy of silence surrounding America's brutal and oppressive ant farms? These "educational" plastic pissmire-cages are, in

Pictures of us from JOHN KAY'S
new album entitled "My Sportin' Life"
including: NOBODY LIVES HERE ANYMORE
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BILL COOPER
...and others

*courtesy Warner Bros Records



reality, mass extermination camps with which prepubescent "naturalists" perform acts of unspeakable sadism upon their six-legged captives, not the worst of these practices including burning with magnifiers, big floods, and siccing the Black Ones on us. Ick.

Also, we demand free picnics, people leaving more crumbs around the kitchen, and making it illegal to tell jokes like the one about the Hymenopteramerican who tore across the dotted line on the Nabisco box.

Ant Jemima
Anton Dvorak
Anatole France
Antilla the Hun
Dante Alighieri
Michael B. Anthony
Will & Ariel Durant
Cape Snow, Antarctica

Sirs:

Aunt Em? Aunt Em? Goodness, Toto, this doesn't look like Kansas at all! Why, it looks like steam baths at the New York Athletic Club!

Pat Moynihan
Montauk Point, L.I.

Sirs:

Hi kids, my name is Xyllx and I'm a Venusian lungsucker. Us lungsuckers are all green and creepy and look like a cross between a plumber's friend and a bagpipe. What I do is, when a *National Lampoon* reader under fourteen (the ones with the ant farms) goes to sleep, I home in on his brain waves and crawl through the broken window in the cellar door. Then, I wait until it gets dark and mom and dad are making uh-uhs and can't hear. When I think you're asleep, I sort of ooze across the bedroom floor, leap up on your bed, AND CLAMP MY LUNGSUCKER OVER YOUR MOUTH! (My air-bladder expands, which you see, in turn, implodes your lungs and pops them down my bottomless gullet.) Arhgh, it's going to be scary.

Xyllx, the Venusian Lungsucker
Your House, Tonight

Sirs:

What's the most confusing time of the year?

The Late Rev. Dr. Martin
Luther King
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Father's Day in Harlem.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

For many months, we at the Tassajara Zen Center have enjoyed your fine humorous antics. As thanks, we send you this *koan* for your enlightenment.

One day, Nikoban, the master of the monastery in Kyoto, requested that Tenishu, a young monk, accom-

continued



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continued

pany him to a distant shrine at the foot of Mt. Hekuba. They had barely journeyed beyond the pleasant sound of the courtyard gong when Nikoban and Tenishu were set upon by a band of robbers, who took the poor monks' few coins and small quantity of rice and *miso*.

"Master, let us return for more rice and *miso*," said Tenishu, "lest we grow hungry and starve." "There will be food enough," replied Nikoban, continuing on his way. For three days they traveled thus, until Tenishu, spying the corpse of a long-dead badger in the road, fell upon the carrion and proceeded to devour it greedily. After he had finished, Tenishu reprimanded

his Master on his own fastidiousness until suddenly, his face grew dark. Falling silent, Tenishu turned and vomited plentifully upon the road. "Foolish one," said Nikoban, as he took out his chopsticks, "is it fastidiousness to prefer a hot lunch?"

Baba Rum Raisin
Truth-in-Advertising,
N. Mex.

Sirs:

"I have nothing" to hide. I repeat, I have nothing to hide."

It is not known whether this statement is an operative statement or an inoperative one; however, it has been sent to you for good luck. The original

is said to have come from the President of the United States who passed it on to Hugh Scott. It has been around Washington seventy-six times. The luck has been sent to you. You are to receive good luck within four days of receiving this letter. This is no joke. Send twenty copies of this letter to whomever you think needs good luck; do not keep this letter. It must leave before the grand jury finishes its investigation. You have now received the luck but you must pass it on to others. Four days after receiving this letter, a high White House aide received \$10,000 just for keeping his mouth shut. But a member of the Committee to Re-elect the President lost a \$40,000-a-year job because he broke the chain. In another case, Maurice H. Stans, former Commerce Secretary, received a suitcase filled with \$200,000 in tens and twenties. But now he is facing a grand jury indictment for obstructing justice. He failed to circulate the letter. Make twenty copies of this letter and send it to whomever you think needs good luck. Add your name to the bottom of the list. Do not bother to send a copy to Jack Anderson. He's already stolen a copy.

H. R. Haldeman
John W. Dean 3d
Richard Nixon
John Mitchell
Martha Mitchell
Jeb Stuart Magruder
Richard Nixon
Charles W. Colson

Richard Nixon
L. Patrick Gray
Richard Kleindienst
Spiro Agnew
Gordon Strachan
Richard Nixon
E. Howard Hunt
General Cushman

John D. Ehrlichman
Dwight Chapin
Donald Segretti
Richard Nixon
Frank Sinatra
Harold Gineen
Egil Krogh Jr.

Matty:

Q. How does the Pope hold his liquor?

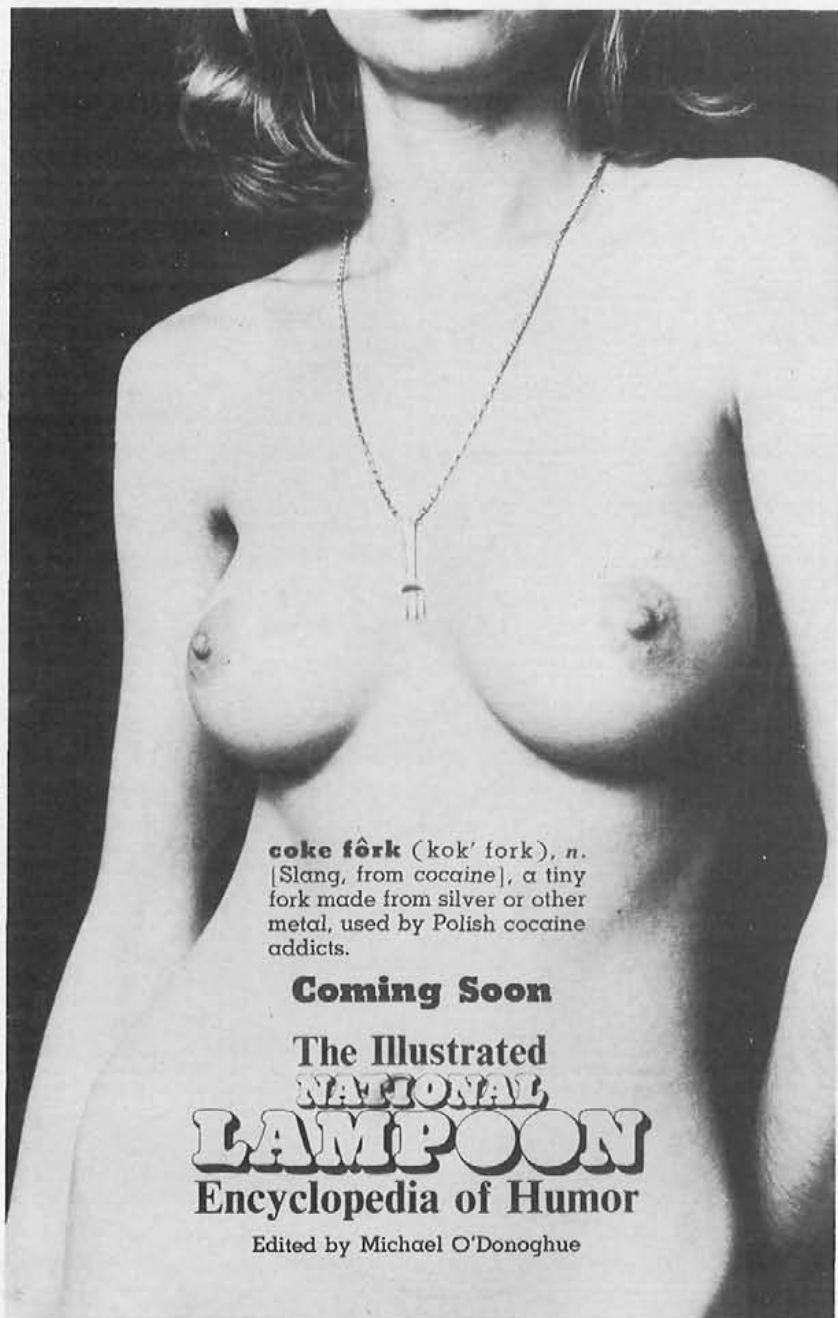
A. By the ears.

The Boys
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I forgot to tell you that *another* reason I wouldn't be caught dead at MacDonald's is the kids that work behind the counters in all that grease. Christ, have you ever noticed what their *skin* looks like under those fluorescent lights? Gah.

My Pop
Maypop, Tenn.



coke fôrk (kok' fork), *n.*
[Slang, from cocaine], a tiny
fork made from silver or other
metal, used by Polish cocaine
addicts.

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45
STEREO
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

MISSION: Impeachable

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The U.S. government appears to have accepted in good grace the recent blunt announcement by Japanese officials that Emperor Hirohito would not be able to make a long anticipated goodwill visit to the United States in 1973 because of pressing obligations at home, including a long standing commitment to dedicate the corn harvest

to his ancestors. "We understand how it is," commented one high Defense Department planner. "Of course," he added, "we do hope that Japan isn't invaded in the next few years. We'd like to be able to honor our treaty obligation to come to her assistance, but frankly, the Army, Navy, and Air Force are all operating on a very tight

schedule. What with Memorial Day parades, wreath layings, flybys, and annual maneuvers, we're booked solid throughout the decade. I think we could squeeze them in late in June, 1981, for a week or two, but it better be a short war, because we'd have to be back in time for Flag Day."

It now appears that President Anwar

continued

THE WATERGATE COMEDY HOUR



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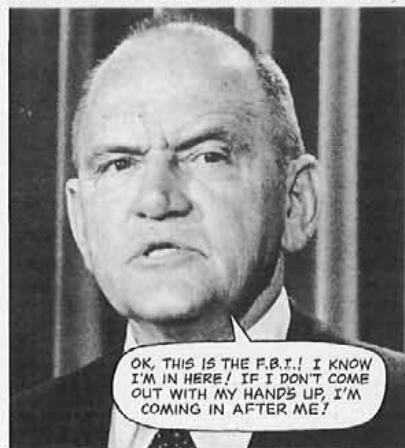
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continued

el Sadat's latest national commitment to all-out confrontation with Israel represents little less than total war. From now on, as part of his recently declared Millenium of Decision, Egyptian soldiers facing Israelis along the Suez canal have been ordered to call their foes every name in the book, including "foul eater of unripened dates who cares not a hang about currycombing his camels" and "defilers of minarets and Arabian cheaters at Ka'l'aba" (an Arabic form of canasta played with hardened slabs of goat dung). A cadre of student shock troops is being organized to write vicious book reports on Abba Eban's new book, and suicide squads are said to be planning to pie the beds



of Israeli diplomats in Europe and put thumbtacks on the seat of the Israeli delegate to the UN. All subscriptions to American publications which "espouse the Zionist cause" are to be canceled, and no birthday greetings will be sent to Israel on her twenty-fifth anniversary. Atlases will henceforth be issued with unkind remarks stamped over maps of Palestine, and when prevailing winds are eastward, citizens of Cairo will be asked to prepare huge batches of Zadiya'm'alnah (a popular dish made from lamb lungs, garlic, rotten taffy, sandflies, and old Ka'l'aba decks). Paving bricks and pyramid stones will be sent to high Israeli officials COD, and on national holidays, all Egyptians will be asked to hold their breath until they turn blue.

The main reason offered by the Pentagon in favor of going ahead with construction of the second ABM site around the national capital, as permitted by the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement, has been the argument that "preservation of the Federal command structure," including the White House, Congress, the Federal bureaucracy, and, presumably, the Pentagon itself, should receive high priority in any national defense plan. Obviously, under this reasoning, the defensive missile site around

continued

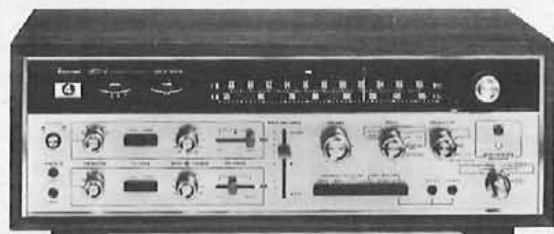


**vario
matrix:
the
magic
matrix
by
Sansui**

The heart of the new Sansui QRX6500 is a unique electronic circuit called the vario matrix. There are other receivers with matrix decoding circuitry, and there probably will be receivers that claim to handle many different four-channel systems. But the Sansui vario matrix does more than just about any component available. For instance, it:

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- can take auxiliary two- and four-channel inputs, as well as monitor one four-channel and two two-channel tape decks.

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continued

Washington, D.C., is totally unnecessary, since it is hard to believe that the Russians would not regard as one of their major war aims the preservation intact of the command structure responsible for the U.S. involvement in Indochina, support of the Pakistanis against India during the December war, the division and demoralization of the country and the destruction of its economy, and the planning and execution of the vast Watergate conspiracy, including the eventual attempt to cover it up.

In what many experienced observers interpreted as a strong new move to court organized labor, President Nixon and top Administration officials have reportedly decided to form a new union, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet Officers, and Senior Advisers, Local 1, and run the United States government on a "closed shop" basis. According to sources within the White House, Mr. Nixon has been meeting regularly with his close friend, Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and his new Secretary of Labor, Peter J. Brennan, former head of the New York Buildings and Construction Trades Councils; he is said to be planning to announce that the White House is being organized as soon as the Watergate investigations die down. Among the actions Local 1 is expected to take are: renegotiation of several "contract" clauses, a term most Washington insiders believe refers to the Constitution of the United States and, specifically, the Bill of Rights; refusal to authorize expenditure of funds for bills lacking a union seal, which is generally thought to include social legislation passed over Presidential vetoes; the establishment of picket lines, probably manned by army troops, around the Capitol in instances where Congress rejects "legitimate union demands"; the use of "go slow" techniques—for example, taking a week to sign a bill with 40,000 pens or calling in "sick" from Camp David as pressure tactics; and scheduling lengthy "chapel meetings" in the Blue Room during international crises to force Congressional support of executive actions.

At least a few of the prisoners of war who courageously resisted the persistent efforts of North Vietnamese propagandists to brainwash them into thinking that the United States is run by a tiny clique of criminals dominated by powerful business interests, bankrolled by huge monopolistic corporations, and working hand in glove with the CIA in a campaign of intrigue at home and abroad, must surely now be wondering why they bothered.



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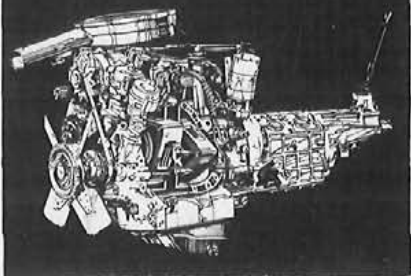
would stop, and record a glimpse of the vision, the collective vision of Josef Zawinul (keyboards), Wayne Shorter (reeds), and Miroslav Vitous (bass), transported by the rhythmic power of Eric Gravatt and Dom Um Romao.

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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

What can you say about a five-egg, seven-layer chocolate mocha cake that fell? *Fudge it to double-darn heck* is what Isobel Judefind Agnew says this morning, *and fudge that Spiggy too!* Now I don't mean to *go Women's Lip* on you or anything, but if you had been working your oven-mittens to the quick all morning just to have a nice dessert ready for that horrible Mr. Jack Anderson (who's *own* wife I bet couldn't make ice water from a mix with the Galloping Gourmet talking her through the hard parts) and then, just when it's almost done, *your* hubby decided to crack walnuts on the rumpus room floor with his bowling ball... well, let me tell you it would take more than a pint of my special nerve medicine to keep you from leaving the cake *and* that dope flat.

I know you may be puzzled, dear Diary, about why Spiggy even invited Mr. Anderson for coffee and cake in the first place. (Dick is so worried lately about that Watergate business his face is beginning to look like a left-over baked potato.) Well, of course I asked Spiggy what was "up"—only the night before Spiggy had suggested to Dick that they conk him on the head, shove one of those marijuana woofers up his poo-hole, and bust him for possession—but Spiggy said to just follow orders and keep my tit out of the soup, which is something I double-dare him to say again the next time I'm using the bread knife.

Anyway, Spiggy told me to whip up a fancy cake for that evening and make sure I sprinkled a lot of this delicious secret topping he'd picked up at the CIA cafeteria's Gourmet Shoppe (it came in a little shaker with a funny little Halloween-mask-and-crossed spoons on the label). I told Spiggy I bet a million dollars that Mr. Anderson wouldn't even come, but Spiggy and Dick had Mr. Anderson's dentist bug one of his fillings, and he (Spiggy) knew a tootsie on "R" Street and a couple of Greek sailors at the Galaxy Health Spa who'd take that bet.

Well, sure enough, at seven sharp the buzzer buzzed and Mr. Anderson was at the door with his collar up, his hat brim over his eyes, and a false

rubber nose on so his Communist sympathizers wouldn't recognize him. While I went to hang up Mr. Anderson's hat and nose and tell Dick that he was here (Dick was in Kim's room listening to "The Little Engine That Could" which always helps him unwind before an important meeting) I heard Spiggy say well it certainly was nice of him to come by for a piece of Judy's cake and Mr. Anderson said yeah fine but first how about a drink and Spiggy said sure Jack name your poison I mean prison I mean price I mean what'll you have? Mr. Anderson said bourbon make it a triple and make it fast and sat down on the edge of the couch holding his briefcase, which I noticed was connected to his wrist by a little chain which didn't seem odd at first until I noticed that he had even littler ones connecting his shoes to his socks.

I brought in the percolator and the cake and set them down on the coffee table and went back to get Dick (sometimes the needle gets stuck on the "I-think-I-can-I-think-I-can" and you have to knock real loud). When we came back, Spiggy was cutting a big piece of cake for Mr. Anderson, who was looking more and more uncomfortable. (Spiggy says Mr. Anderson gets a boner(?) every time he's in front of a television camera and I *did* notice he began crossing and uncrossing his legs and wiggling a back molar with his thumb when the little red light on the percolator went on and said the coffee was ready.)

Dick shook hands with Mr. Anderson and started to cut another piece of cake for him even though he hadn't even touched the first. Mr. Anderson said he'd already had supper with Judge Sirica earlier that evening and really couldn't eat a bite. Right then Dick dropped the dessert plate by accident into Mr. Anderson's lap and Mr. Anderson stood up and said a naughty word and Spiggy jumped up and said one even more naughty and told Dick to say he was sorry and don't worry because the crumbs were still good and wasn't it a shame the way so many people wasted food these days?

Well, Mr. Anderson clutched his briefcase to his chest and said alright, what's the scoop and Spiggy smiled

continued

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and said oh come off it Jack we just want you to keep the lid on anything you might have in that little bag of yours and in return the White House will grant you immunity because Dick had just spoken with the Attorney General and was assured it would be a piece of *cake*. Mr. Anderson said he didn't need immunity, but if he were Dick he'd see about getting some shots for claustrophobia. Spiggy said Dick meant immunity from a thirty-ought-six slug because there's going to be a lot of them going around lately. C'mon, Dick said, what do you want—an oil refinery? A shiny new aircraft-carrier? How about your own mountain retreat? I hear Yellowstone is swell this time of year and we'll throw in the mineral rights and the bears for free to sweeten the *cake*. Mr. Anderson said thanks but no thanks—Teddy Kennedy had already offered him Martha's Vineyard and his own TV camera and anyway he couldn't betray the trust of the American people now could he heh heh? Dick offered another slice and said he admired Mr. Anderson's firmness and bet those sailors and that pencil sharpener he was keeping in Georgetown did too heh heh but all he was asking was that Mr. Anderson take the Watergate-type stuff off the front burner and sort of let it simmer in the crisper, including that little joke about Yellowstone heh heh. Sure, said Spiggy, anyway when we name you Secretary of State all that other stuff will just be frosting on the *cake* heh heh. Then Spiggy pretended to get mad and said hey what's the matter you don't like my wife's cooking or something?

Mr. Anderson apologized and said he'd stuffed himself already on the case of caviar he got from the Viet Cong and he didn't really think he could betray his trust to his readers anyway because the Washington Post was going to raise their price—Dick's pecker on a hotdog bun to start with heh heh. Dick dropped the second plate at that and Spiggy grinned and said oh let them eat *cake*, after all a million readers can't help you out-run a bullet, can they?

Well, Mr. Anderson didn't think

that last comment was all that funny and said he had to be going because Walter Cronkite was waiting at a bar with another suitcase he wants to swap for this one before the taping and did his makeup look alright? Dick's eyes rolled back in his head and started whimpering chug chug and Spiggy grabbed Mr. Anderson by the lapels and yelled you're not going anywhere you slimy mother-fucker (tsk) until you have a piece of Judy's delicious *cake* AND YOU'RE GOING TO EAT SOME IF I HAVE TO PUMP IT DOWN YOUR GULLET WITH A PLUMBER'S HELPER!

Needless to say, dear Diary, Mr. Anderson was somewhat miffed at Spiggy's manners and left in a huff. Between chugs Dick said we're really up the tunnel without a flashlight now and Spiggy said what you mean we, paleface? Dick said I mean if they get me I'm going to make sure my friends at the Rifle Association—you know, the guy who gave those free lessons to Sirhan, Oswald, and Ray?—takes a few of my buddies with me and by the way ole buddy can you do mach 3 without track shoes?

Spiggy put Dick in a taxi and just as I'd finished picking up the mess (that tattletale never even touched the *cake*) and was ready for bed Spiggy told me to get my Girl Scout Leader's uniform out of mothballs, see if Mr. Anderson left his nose in the closet, and trot my twat back into the kitchen because I had work to do.

And that, dear Diary, is what it's been like around the house during these troubled times. Spiggy even made me cancel my appointment at Pat's new hairdresser tomorrow (his name is Mr. Sven and they say he used to be King Gustav of Sweden's personal taxidermist) just to sell some cookies door-to-door, which seems silly to me because how does Spiggy know that Mr. Anderson even likes bitter almond crunch?

All for now,

Judy



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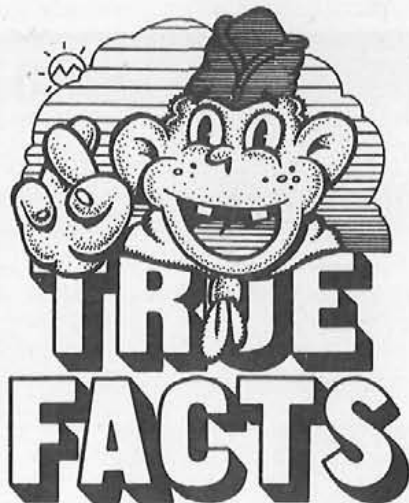
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● In an unguarded moment during a newspaper interview, Jacques Leal, chairman of Chanel Ltd., of London, revealed that a key ingredient in Chanel No. 5 is "the sweat of a whipped abyssinian civet cat." Mr. Leal described the "ancient technique" by which the sweat is collected: "They put the cat's head into a sort of torture chamber, whip it, the cat gets mad, and it gives off a glandular secretion."

Following the disclosure, the New York Society for Animal Rights urged its members to boycott Chanel's products, and *Cat Fancy* magazine organized a letter-writing campaign.

Mr. Leal insists that his published remarks were "misinterpreted." *Wall Street Journal* (J. Cestone)

● The last Marine tactical air-strike of the Vietnamese war was carried out by Lt. Col. Delbert G. Ranney, forty, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who dropped a specially painted red-white-and-blue five-hundred-pound bomb on a suspected Communist position. *Nashville Tennessean* (M. Casstevens)

● During a debate in the Arkansas State Legislature on how to retain capital punishment in the face of recent federal-court decisions, Representative Steve Smith of Huntsville, Arkansas, submitted a proposed amendment to the Arkansas State Constitution which would substitute drawing and quartering for the electric chair.

The amendment provides that "drawing and quartering shall be performed by tractors, one driven by the governor, one driven by the Commissioner of the Department of Corrections, one by the foreman of the convicting jury, and one by a representative of the Arkansas Sheriffs Association."

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continued

headed, and the head displayed in the capitol rotunda in Little Rock.

The amendment also stipulates that the executions be held in public at either the Fayetteville or Little Rock stadiums. Tickets would be sold, but families of the condemned would be given priority for fifty-yard-line seats. *National Observer* (N. Trill)

● During a local election campaign, Jonathan Guinness of Lincoln, England, a Conservative Party candidate for Parliament, called for the return of capital punishment in Great Britain but at the same time suggested that razor blades be left in the cells of convicted murderers so they could

execute themselves if they wished.

"Hanging is sadistic," Mr. Guinness told newsmen who interviewed him following his speech. When informed by one of them that death by razor cuts was slower and less certain than hanging, Mr. Guinness remarked, "Well, perhaps a pill or a revolver. I haven't thought this out very carefully." *Great Falls Tribune* (T. Eastman)

● A baby with two heads was recently born in a private clinic in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The baby died a few days later, but lived long enough to present the Rev. Emilio Andres Parrado, a Catholic priest, with a difficult

doctrinal problem concerning its baptism. After lengthy consultations with Archbishop Blas Victorio Conrero, Father Parrado performed the rite twice, baptising one head Carlos Alberto and the other head Arturo. *New York Post* (L. O'Kennedy)

● Captain Edward Hubbard of Overland Park, Kansas, who was a prisoner of war in North Vietnam for nearly seven years, recently called his wife, Beverly, who works as a telephone counselor on a "hot line" at a drug crisis intervention center.

"Let me call you back," she told him, "I have a boy on the other line who just dropped some acid."

"It sounds pretty serious," ventured Capt. Hubbard. "Did he spill any on himself?"

Mrs. Hubbard told her husband she would explain when she got home. *Lawrence (Kansas) Daily Journal World* (J. Blair)

● A black man named Nathaniel Walker, found hanging by a noose from a pine tree, with his legs tied together and his hands bound behind his back, was declared a suicide by an all-white coroner's jury in Flagstaff, Ariz.

The jury reached the verdict after three minutes of deliberation.

Sgt. Walt R. Hinson, the Deputy Sheriff of Coconino County, offered the following reconstruction of Walker's death for the benefit of the jury.

After climbing to a large branch, Walker tied several lengths of military belting around a branch and his neck. He then tied his legs together with more of the same material and tied a slipknot around one wrist, putting the other wrist behind his back and through a loop in the belting. He tugged both wrists together in a loose tie and then jumped off the tree limb. *Milwaukee Courier* (R. Pomazal)

● A former sugar plantation owner in Uganda named Shekhar Mehta recently won the East African Safari Rally. Mr. Mehta is one of several thousand persons of Asian ancestry expelled from Uganda in 1972 by President Idi Amin.

Following his victory, Mr. Mehta received the following telegram from President Amin:

"I send you my every best wishes and congratulations for your having won the East African Safari of 1973. . . . Although you are now a refugee in Kenya after milking Uganda's economy . . . your success goes on to show the determination of Uganda. It further shows that Uganda has a good representative refugee who has been able to defeat powerful competitors." *New York Times* (E. Olson)

● A West German toilet paper manufacturer is printing English lessons on

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		10 PAT PRESBY'S CAT - Black on blue				
		11 MR. MAYHEM - Yellow & black on white				
		12 WONDER WART HOD - Red & blue on white				
		13 FLYING FROG - Rainbow on white				
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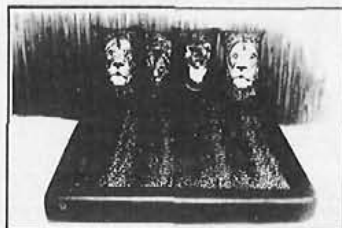
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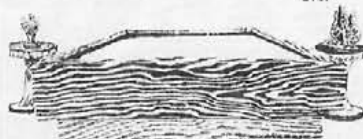
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room tissue.

There are twenty-six lessons on each roll. The firm's advertising slogan for the product is: "Learn English whenever you want—in a quiet corner." *New York Post* (R. Richardson)

• An Albany County Grand Jury ruled recently that two New York State legislators had acted in a "boisterous and obscene" manner while receiving free heart tests given by a twenty-year-old female technician at the Albany Medical Center.

The grand jury, which declined to name the legislators involved and did not file any indictments, said in its report that one of the legislators had held the technician "in a bear hug fashion and lifted her bodily out of her office into a corridor."

"He was then prevented by her from attempting to brush off powder that had been transferred from his body to her clothing," the grand jury report continued, "and later he asked her if she was a virgin and whether or not she had ever made love to an Italian."

The report also said that the same legislator had placed an electrode "down the front of his trousers" and had asked the technician "what kind of a reading she thought she would get there."

According to the report, the second legislator turned up a treadmill to a high speed while two patients were on it and threatened to unplug an electric defibrillator. *New York Times* (no credit)

• A twenty-seven-year-old electrician in Auckland, New Zealand, killed himself by rigging up an elaborate suicide machine that shot him six times in the heart while he was asleep.

Police say the man, whose name was not disclosed, lay down on a platform he had built which consisted of a series of snaplocks on chains and wooden crossbars designed so that if he changed his mind at the last minute, he couldn't escape.

Electronic devices connected to two time clocks, one a backup in case the first failed, were set to fire a .22 caliber rifle through a hole in a board above the man's heart.

If there had been a power failure, an electromagnet would have switched off, automatically pulling the trigger, and if anyone had entered the room, the opening of the door would have activated a mechanism which would also have fired the rifle.

After making all his arrangements, the man thoroughly cleaned his house, emptied and turned off the refrigerator, and left a note for the milkman telling him not to deliver any milk, but to notify the police.

The man then took sleeping pills

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"Plight of The Redman"

The story of Xit as a recording group began a little more than a year ago with their first album, "Plight of The Redman." It was dedicated to "the cultural preservation of the American Indian." It was a concept album, using narration and sound effects in some parts to relate the story of the Indian's peaceful existence being shattered by the white man. It also revealed the gentleness and spiritual understanding

of the Indian:

"I was raised with wise-spoken words, by the splendor of life, with nature as my guide."

A hit in Europe.

The album gained expected underground acceptance here in America. But it was Europe who really discovered Xit. Their 1972 tour of France and Italy was a smashing success. They were the only American group to appear at the 8th Annual International Music Festival in Venice. Their performance of "Nihaa Shil Hoza (I Am Happy About You)," an Indian love song, from their first album was an instant hit. And "Plight of The Redman" rides high on the European charts.

"Silent Warrior" in America

New America is discovering Xit, with the release of their second album, "Silent Warrior." It too is a concept album. It shows the more romantic side of the Indian, telling the story of an Indian boy, from his birth to his eventual homecoming from school, the army, and city life. The message is strong. The music both authentic and contemporary. One track, "Reservation of Education," is a rhythmic, driving song about schools, with a haunting background of authentic bells and drums. Another, "Color Nature Gone" is a song of universal appeal about the depletion of our natural resources. In short, "Silent Warrior" is a relevant album.

An Album of unique beauty.

But with all its relevance, "Silent Warrior" is first and foremost an album of uniquely beautiful and exciting music. And that makes its message even stronger.

In the words of Xit: "You haven't listened to us in the past. Now, we've put it to music. Will you listen to us now?"

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and locked himself into place on the platform. *Milwaukee Journal* (T. McNulty)

• A young Arab woman arrested in occupied Gaza for carrying a basket full of hand grenades told an Israeli military court that the thought they were oranges.

She admitted that she had noticed that their color was different from that of most oranges, but she said she didn't want to look too closely. *London Jewish Chronicle*

• Commenting on the disappearance of a young girl in Pender Harbor, Vancouver, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police corporal working on the case said, "We have checked the area thoroughly, and there is nothing to indicate the child is actually lost, other than the fact that she is missing." *Vancouver Sun* (M. Nelson)

• Michael MacDonald, thirty-three, of Toronto, is offering for sale a cigarette butt which he claims is the unused portion of a cigarette smoked by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in 1962.

MacDonald says he picked up the butt—the remnant of a king-sized, mentholated, filter-tip cigarette—when Mrs. Onassis threw it out of the window of a limousine as she passed a New York hotel where he was working at the time.

MacDonald put an advertisement for the butt in the Toronto newspapers and received nearly three hundred calls, with offers ranging from

\$1.50 to \$100. *The Montreal Star* (S. Ettinger)

• The Rocky Mountain Casket Company of Whitefish, Montana, has decided to take action in the face of the rising cost of funerals.

The firm has announced that it is now manufacturing old-fashioned pine boxes for \$125 apiece.

A company spokesman suggested advance purchase of the coffins. "The casket can be used as a wine rack or a linen closet until the buyer's time has come," he said. *Long Island Press* (B. Finnegan, S. Doe)

• Apparently despondent over a painful illness, Edward K. Killian, eighty-five, of Sparks, Nevada, arranged for his own funeral, then drove to the mortuary and shot himself in his car.

Police said Killian had telephoned the Pyramid Funeral Home and inquired about the cost of cremation. He then wrote a suicide note to his wife. Authorities said Killian had a \$300 check made out to the funeral home in his pocket. *Worcester News* (J. Cohen)

• A singer named Waldick Soriano was singing a song called "I Am Not a Dog" at an outdoor concert in Juazeiro Do Norte, Brazil, when a dog walked on stage wearing a sign that read "I'm not Waldick Soriano."

Soriano, who was not amused, proceeded to insult the audience. A brawl resulted, and the singer fled to his hotel. *Detroit Free Press* (R. Juhl) □

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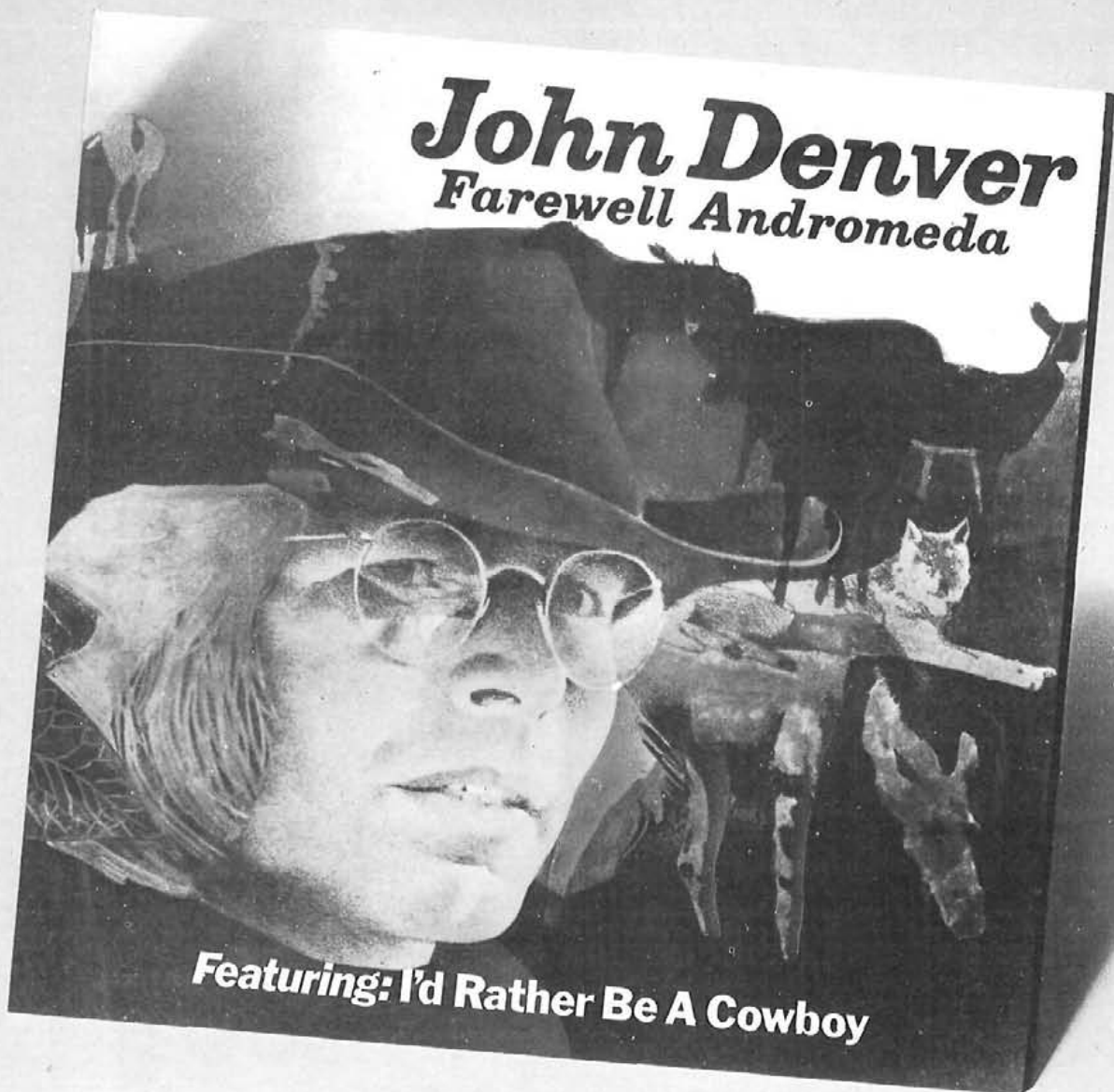
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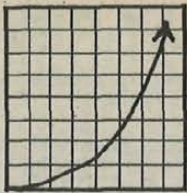
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SECAUCUS CLUB BULLETIN

JULY 1973

SECAUCUS CLUB PRESIDENT GIVES ADDRESS AT ANNUAL MEETING

Mr. Don Grinzeg, president of the Secaucus Club, began this year's meeting at the Century Hotel in Los Angeles with a report of a "heartening" increase in contributions to the Secaucus Club by companies concerned about the technology.

Receipts for 1972 were up more than \$14,000,000 over 1971 for a new record total of \$56,783,350. Mr. Grinzeg explained that, as in the past, contributions would be put towards a large number of Secaucus Club projects, including the preservation of exploited areas threatened by conservation, such as the unique Santa Barbara offshore oil lease district; opposition to anti-technological legislation like SST noise limitation laws; and production of society publications, among them *Techno-Tactics*, and books like *Rumpus Room Earth* and the highly successful *In Packag-*

ing is the Preservation of the World series.

Mr. Grinzeg also announced that several innovative undertakings would be continued, including extension of last year's novel program of educating members of Congress to the desirability of technological improvement as a means of achieving comfort and leisure by providing them individually with funds to permit them to experience richer life-styles.

During a speech in which he touched on a number of topics of interest to technologists, Mr. Grinzeg called for the designation of the coal-bearing lands of Appalachia as "Forever Mined" regions and their inclusion in a proposed National Mineral Preserve.

He termed opponents of surface mining as "the sort of fruitcake-type individual who saves strings, reads books about weasel orgies under the covers with a flashlight, uses other people's toothbrushes when they aren't looking, and goes around telling everyone turnips can think."

"The trees, rocks, streams, and so forth which cover coal and other mineral deposits are nature's gift wrapping," Mr. Grinzeg explained. "We must take off the wrapping, and mosh it up and throw it away, before we can get to the goodies inside."

Mr. Grinzeg also blasted "wildlife

wierdos" who are "always whining about how some rat with wings is laying eggs too thin to hatch" because of DDT. "This is just another case of poor packaging," said Mr. Grinzeg.

"The fact is," continued Mr. Grinzeg, "that nature has put a lot of inferior or dangerous products on the shelf, and it's time they came off. Let's face it—if you put a box of mosquitoes on the counter or a jar of wasps, you wouldn't get many takers."

Proceeding on a more serious note, Mr. Grinzeg reminded his audience of the extinction of the SST, and called attention to the fact that, because of war losses, there are more whooping cranes left than there are B-52s.

He also warned that any significant decline in automobile production caused by emission controls could have a severe effect on the delicate technological balance, resulting in the long term loss of productive capacity, the disruption of traditional market patterns, the drying up of precious capital sources, the depletion of talent reservoirs, and the eventual destruction of the entire industrial base.

Mr. Grinzeg concluded his remarks with a call for the establishment by the federal government of an Industrial Protection Agency to safeguard the business environment from the depredations of powerful general-interest groups.

ELECTRIC COMPANIES PREDICT ENERGY CRISIS

A lot of people who scoffed at the warnings in *Silent Insinkerator* and *The Closing Circuit* as "exaggerated" or "hysterical" are starting to look a little silly right now. The energy crisis is fact—not far-out fantasy.

The Secaucus Club began sounding the alarm years ago, telling anyone who would listen (and fewer than 80% of the members of Congress did) that if we continued to turn our limited hydroelectric sites into barren parks and supinely acquiesced in the systematic rape of our nuclear and fossil-fuel generating capacity, we'd better buy a tin cup the size of Texas and start gearing up for pencil production!

We saw the blue sky the size of a man's hand when no one else even bothered to look, and frankly, we wish we'd been wrong, but no such luck.

The U.S. now faces a decade or more of power shortages, brownouts, and even blackouts, and we must mobilize immediately to persuade our legislators to "vote for volts." And listen, the next time some environmentalist complains because there's a power failure and he can't see *Wild Kingdom* or some panel discussion on how we should turn our parking lots into grazing areas for some smelly, lunch bucket mammal, tell him to go plug his TV into a tree!

Here's One "Species" We Wouldn't Miss!



by Henry Beard

PROMPT ACTION SAVES PRECIOUS HIGHWAY FUND

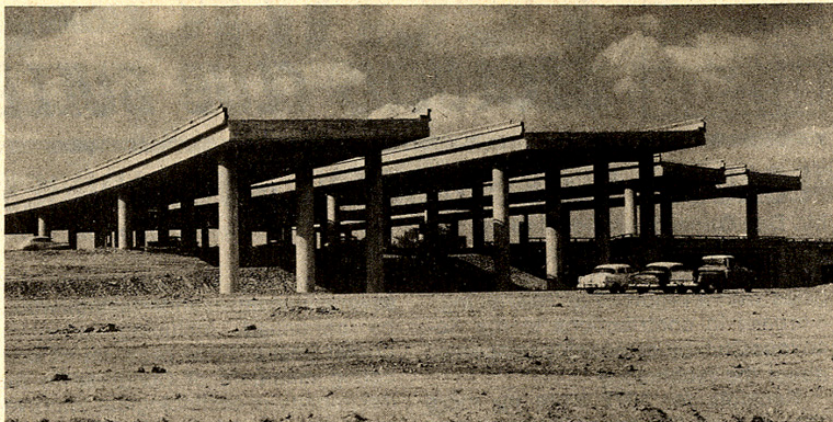
Another threat to our majestic national interstate highway system has been narrowly defeated in the House of Representatives, thanks to fast, effective action by the Secaucus Club and a number of other concerned industrial action groups.

These few, meager strips of asphalt and concrete, wrested at such great expense from grasping bird sanctuary builders and arbitrary park authorities, are a testament to the vision of a handful of dedicated men whose dream of a nationwide system of a few million miles of industry trails and urban tarbelts, set aside forever for cars, trucks, and buses, is at long last coming true.

Their vision has benefited us all. Last year, highways attracted 190,000,000 Americans, compared with a mere 15,000,000 to all National Parks combined.

But a great deal still remains to be done. A chilling statistic: Unpaved lands, if put together, would cover every state in the union except Maine!

And in a number of areas, espe-



The lonely abutments of a severed expressway present chilling evidence of man's failure to live in harmony with technology.

cially San Antonio, San Francisco, and Boston, huge overpasses and access roads, doomed forever to incompleteness by the opposition of the unscrupulous mass transit lobby, stand in mute testimony to the shortsightedness of man.

For when the highways are stopped, the complex economy of an entire re-

gion can be irreparably damaged. First, trucks and cars disappear, then the companies they supply disappear; planes stop coming; and finally, developers and investors depart, leaving behind a ghost town.

God can make trees until they are coming out of his ears, but only man can make a cloverleaf!

Dear Member,

Well, the snowmobile must have seen its exhaust during National Engine Week, because spring has certainly come early this year. Mergers are in the air again; profits are rising, and the brightly colored packaging of new product introductions fill the stores.

But before I get carried away, there's a dark side to the picture this year. Because of the work of certain groups who believe in blind opposition to progress, who tirelessly press for the runaway growth of unproductive forests and wetlands, and who persistently reject Zero Animal Growth, in spite of the clear warnings in *The Wildlife Bomb*, the future is not all as bright as it might be.

This summer, on the hottest day of the year, don't be surprised if your air conditioner grinds to a halt. And on your way to the beach, don't be astonished when you find yourself in a monumental traffic jam because the expressway has been stopped short by an animal sanctuary where cottonmouths, rabid wolverines, honey-maddened bears, and spiders the size of croquet balls are resting up between attacks on picnickers.

And don't be amazed if your favorite lake or pond is closed to pleasure boating because someone read somewhere that grackles get migraines when they hear an outboard motor. And don't be flabbergasted if your car breaks down in the middle of no-

where because it's being forced to run on gasoline that is full of coconut shavings or custard or some other blockhead additive that's supposed to make the exhaust smell like a sachet.

Who's to blame? A lot of good people who are too apathetic or lazy to oppose the widespread attitude that anytime industry gets in the way of nature, everyone should ignore the technological considerations and let swing with the court orders and the nitpicking rules.

Let some nasty reptile with a couple of pints of poison more lethal than arsenic in his gizzard and fangs the size of knitting needles show up, and it doesn't matter whether it likes telephone cables for breakfast, and porch supports for lunch, and cash crops for dinner, if anyone tries to put so much as a tool shed in its habitat, let alone spritz it with a little something to slow it down a little, listen to the outcry!

What we're dealing with here is a double standard. If some company dumped 30 billion tons of crystallized water on Vermont, you'd never hear the end of it, but when nature does it, it's just "a record blizzard."

Did any company ever put anything in the water as lethal as sharks and barracuda, and has anyone ever gotten their leg bitten off by an isopropanol derivative of sodium bihexachloride?

Who put all that salt in the sea, all that dirt on the land, and all that white stuff around the poles? Who made

24% of the earth's land surface into deserts, carved up half its continents with ice "bulldozers," and yearly takes millions of acres of rich river land by "eminent domain?" Hint: It wasn't industry!

Let's face it—it's man's job to get nature's "house" in order. Her "place" is filthy and filled with germs. Half the time she forgets to water her plants or feed her "pets." She doesn't know the meaning of climate control. When you're her "guest" you sweat in the summer, and freeze in the winter, and get rained on in between. She's a lousy hostess, and it's time we taught her some manners!

Now, you'd think anyone who told you to throw out your sofas and sit on rocks, or suggested that you let a family of bobcats live in your coat closet, was a Grade-A moron. And yet, that's just what these nature loving nuthatches want us to do. Well, pardon my French, but I say that's a bunch of b.s.! What we've got to do is bring the great indoors outdoors. Sea-to-sea carpeting! Statewide air conditioning! National thermostats! What we need is a total program to clean up nature's mess once and for all!

Remember, nobody is going to do it for us. As John F. Kennedy said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." And he might have added, "and don't stand for any bunk from so-called environmentalists!"

Don Grinzeq

TECHNO-TIPS

You can do a lot to protect your personal environment from contamination. Follow these simple rules:

- Keep doors and windows closed; run air conditioners year round. They filter out germs, insects, and pollen.
- Every time you pass the bathroom, flush the toilet. This will keep nameless unhealthy substances from collecting and breeding.
- Spray likely bug hiding places regularly with insecticides. Make sure you use insecticides containing DDVP or 2,4,5 T unless you like the idea of giving chiggers and silverfish nothing more than a perfumed sitz bath.
- Replace lawn with astro turf or green painted cement to eliminate slimy worms, beetles, filthy dirt. Wrap trees and shrubs in clear plastic or replace with artificial plants to keep away dangerous bees and ratty birds—the Airline of Germs.
- Avoid returnable bottles, the Freight Trains of Disease.
- Avoid “organic” foods. “Organic” means they use their tomato patch for a toilet. Make sure you and your family get your minimum daily requirement of additives—in your system, they help “preserve” your good looks and retard “spoilage” due to aging.

BANNING OF SOME ANIMAL HIDES LEADS TO WIDESPREAD POACHING OF PETROCHEMICALS

The success of the powerful conservation lobby in ending the commercial use of alligator, crocodile, and elephant hides, seal skins, and a number of furs, is posing a serious threat to vinyl, polyurethane, polystyrene, and other irreplaceable plastics.

These harmless, friendly chemicals, long noted for their artificial luster and sleek, shiny good looks, spend millions of years in subterranean oil pools, bothering no one, and never making a picnic out of some poor tot or turning valuable leisure land into a combat zone.

Now, because of the ill-considered ban on the hunting of many animals, most of which are nothing more than bad-tempered walking handbags with a mouthful of switchblades, hundreds of millions of gallons of our reserves of petroleum, man's oily chum, will have to be sent to the refineries to make up the difference.

Well, we hear a lot about the “tragic loss” of some fur-coated maniac on all fours, but all we can say to Mr. Nature Nutloaf is, some bitter cold winter when all our oil is extinct, try tossing a couple of pumas in your furnace!

WHAT YOU CAN DO

It's up to each of us to spread the word about the threat to the technology in our own communities. Here are just a few things you can do. If you have any suggestions or successful programs to report on, send them to *Techno-Tactics*, c/o The Secaucus Club, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

- Organize industry walks to familiarize people in your local area with the basis of our real national wealth. Have someone come along who can identify pipes, valves, cables, machinery, etc., and can explain their role in the complex manufacturing process. Encourage youngsters to start bolt collections.
- Get together with other technology-conscious people and agree on a project you can work on together: blacktop a vacant lot, or do your own small part to help save our vital, but shrinking, dumplands by establishing a refuse heap in a nearby marsh area.
- Awaken your children's interest in technology by showing them the intricate production/consumption cycle firsthand. Follow a product from point of purchase to the garbage can. Go to a store and let them see the richly varied shelf-life. Point out how industry has equipped certain products with handsome packaging and promotional tie-ins to attract consumers, and the ingenious ways containers disguise the amount and nature of their contents.

WHAT'S NEW

• **The Airtex Corporation of Indianapolis**, a subsidiary of the Zitco Oil Co., has developed a new air pollution control system that holds promise for significant reductions in the unpleasant effects of smog without the imposition of unproven, impractical, efficiency-reducing filtration devices. Using airborne chemical dispersal techniques developed during the Vietnam war, Airtex has perfected a system for aerial spraying of urban atmospheres with large quantities of super-strength air fresheners. Existing compounds, which have the added bonus of being disinfectants, remain active for 12 hours, and 25,000 gallons would be sufficient to deodorize a city the size of Seattle. Ed Robeson, Airtex's vice-president in charge of market research, is confident that substances many times as effective will be available in two years. He predicts nationwide use of the urban sprays, with each city holding regular referendums to decide among pine, mag-

nolia, orange blossom, mint, and gardenia fragrances, will provide the solution to what he calls “U.S.-itosis.”

• **Phillip Bundo**, President of the Realty Fund, has proposed the construction of high-rise, cluster-style, scatter-site dens, burrows, nests, or whatever, for protected animals such as buffaloes, certain bears, eagles, and beavers, to free up the vast areas now required for their upkeep. The construction would be financed by special Federal Habitat Mortgages provided by revenue received from the sale or lease of former preserve lands for useful development and exploitation. Mr. Bundo sees the plan as greatly simplifying the job of game wardens and also envisions a “wildfare” system, with a federally subsidized forage stamp program for the animals, and, should the beasts become restless, he feels that they could be encouraged to seek useful employment as soups, stews, mantelpiece decorations, and glue.

• **Dr. Norton Albers of the American Petroleum Institute** has received a patent for a new method of getting seabirds out of valuable oil pools without unduly contaminating the essential purity of the petroleum with feathered carcasses, or other ornithological jetsam. The clean up system consists of a specially adapted hydrofoil equipped to drag water-ski-like paravanes, similar to those used by mine sweepers, on 50 ft. long spike-studded cables. Skimming along at 50 mph, the hydrofoil produces practically no turbidity to coagulate the oil, and the cables neatly snare and hold anything that protrudes more than 2 inches above the surface. Dr. Albers believes that his invention may help save 1 million barrels of oil a year that would otherwise be ruined by disastrous waterfowl mishaps.



In a lyrical testament to the permanence of man's works, a lone piece of concrete patiently endures in the midst of natural squalor.

WASHINGTON WIRE-PULL

The Secaucus Club is preparing a major effort to get an important package of technology legislation passed this year. Tom Snelling, head of the Secaucus Club's Washington office, has called for immediate action on these vital bills:

* Legislation to require the installation on a progressive schedule of anti-defecation devices on animals to combat the "outhouse effect." It has been estimated that nearly 500 million tons of solid waste is deposited yearly on land by domestic, farm, and wild animals. These wastes are unsightly, messy, unhygienic, and downright dangerous to health. Cities suffer worst, but the Secaucus Club will press for mandatory installation of equipment on animals in federal preserves by 1975. The devices, which are secured by harnesses and involve no surgery, catch the effluent in containers filled with special chemicals, and cost about \$300 each, plus anywhere from \$5 to \$1,000 to install, depending on the size and ferocity of the animal.

* Legislation to force environmental groups, the Department of the Interior, and other organizations and agencies, to file industrial impact statements before establishing new parks, wildlife preserves, etc., and before promulgating any new legislation that may restrict industrial activity or affect technology. Example: transformation of marshes around JFK airport in New York raises danger of pesky birds flying into jet engines, causing crashes. Establishment of spawning grounds near atomic electric plants can result in finny flotsam gumming up complex water intake valves. Stiff "pollution controls" could cause a plant to close, putting workers on the dole. Investment climate is very fragile: chain reaction domino effect of irresponsible actions now can bring huge damage to entire industrial sectors. For too long, environmentalists have been in the driver's seat, biting the "invisible hand" that feeds us all. It's time to shift the burden of the proof to where it belongs -- on the fanatical nature-lovers who think industry is infinite and that we'll never run out of clothes brushes, emery wheels, etc.:

* Legislation establishing a nationwide system of industrial parks to guarantee a high standard of living for future generations and to preserve such man-made wonders as the River Rouge Ford Plant, the Anaconda Consolidated Mine in Billings, the Gary Steel Mills, and other fairly-hard-to-replace national treasures. Action is necessary now: magnificent rows of 300 inch tall high-tension pylons that were built when Roosevelt was president are being dismantled, melted down. Offshore oil drilling rigs are threatened. Spectacular "Old Smoky" smokestack at the Tulsa Cement Plant is already gone. Says Snelling: "We must insure that there is always enough soda pop, hairspray, and other convenience items to go around. I don't want to have to answer some tyke twenty years from now who asks me what formica was like, or what sound a vacuum seal made when you opened it, or how it felt to walk on nylon cushion-weave socks."

DID YOU KNOW?.....

- Under proper highway conditions, a man in a fully-fueled automobile can travel for hours at speeds of over 60 mph, without stopping, and can easily cover 500 miles in a day without measurable physical exertion!
- Thanks to their sophisticated, man-made inboard guidance systems, commercial jet planes regularly fly distances of 3,000 miles or more and successfully navigate their way over trackless open water and through heavy fog and clouds to arrive precisely at their destinations!
- It has been estimated that ten earth-moving machines the size of the Continental Coal Co.'s giant "Might-Mauler," working around the clock, could excavate a pit the size of the Grand Canyon in 100 years—that's 2 million times faster than nature!
- A trained operator at the controls of a small fork lift truck can lift loads of up to 50 times his body weight—the fabled ant is only one-tenth as "strong."
- Based on calculations of "programmability" worked out at the Delaware Technical Institute, it has been found

that, with an effective "I.Q." of 3, the average household alarm clock is "smarter" than every creature in the animal kingdom, including the monkey, the chimpanzee, and the dolphin!

- The hydroelectric turbines of Grand Coulee Dam daily produce 20 times the electric energy of all of the bolts of lightning in an average thunderstorm!
- The worst "pollution" on earth occurred 3 billion years before man's arrival on the scene, when the air was filled with methane and ammonia and the "seas" were molten lava.
- The most elaborate mechanisms for attracting mates are possessed, not by odd fish or flamboyant birds, but by man. Unlike the limited repertoire of a half-dozen grunts, wheezes, whistles, and snorts employed by every other species, human speech consists of a minimum of 10,000 words that can be arranged into more than 7 trillion intelligible phrases to express meaning and feeling, and thanks to the telephone, human "mating calls" can carry hundreds, even thousands, of miles!
- The "bloomiest" plant in the world is the new manufacturing facility of The Rubber Garden Co. in Omaha. The completely automated plant

produces 50,000 plastic blossoms an hour, in both summer and winter!

NATURE DUE TO RECALL TIGER

It looks like Mother Nature is about ready to own up to another one of her blunders—the tiger model of the popular cat family. (The smaller household version has proven a huge success, thanks to its gentle nature, high domesticity potential, and the petiteness factor.)

The tiger, which is about to go the way of a lot of other four-footed Edsels, like the albino elk, the silver wolf, and the dodo, was on the long list of real menaces in Billy Nyland's important book, *Dangerous at Any Distance*. Bill Draved scowls and snubs from World Wildlife Fund goons to blow the whistle on nature's lethal goofs.

The tiger held an "exclusive" on several pieces of territory in India and was responsible for untold deaths and maimings. As usual, the only tears likely to be shed will come from the near-sighted eyes of conservationist softheads. What we want to know is, when is M.N. going to get around to the wasp, the mosquito, the housefly, and the rat?

Unum Pedem Parvum Pro Me, Sed Pedem Gigantum Pro Humanitate Hoc Est.

Programus Lunarus Antiquus Sanctissimusque

By Tony Hendra

The discovery of the exquisite thirteenth-century triptych reproduced on the following pages has startled not only the *cognoscenti* of the art world but has also provided serious food for thought to those historians who claim that to the medieval mind the moon was little more than a hole in the floor of Heaven. The superbly rendered panels depict no less than an attempt to plant the standard of Holy Mother Church upon its surface; furthermore, the implication is that the ambition to colonize the moon was widespread, since it appears that the Church was involved in what can only be described as a space race with the Saracens. It may well be that the medieval *naifs* so long scoffed at by post-Galilean technogogues actually took Neil Armstrong's giant step (*pede gigantum*) seven centuries before he did.

The main figure in this excellent example of *arte dodicesimo seculo* is the somewhat obscure* thirteenth-century pontiff Pope Eronius IV.** Pope Eronius, who was exercising his vicarship under considerable political pressure due to a struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines in Tuscany over stewardship of the city state of Cremona, a struggle complicated by the Pope's efforts to mediate by enlisting the support of the Duchies of Milan and Verona through the influence of his half brother Raimondo, Doge of Venice, acquired for the purposes of painting the triptych the services of the Maestro di Castelnuovo della Madonna di Topogigio, an Englishman tentatively identified as Roger de ?.

In the first panel we see a stern Virgin appearing to Eronius in a vision. In her left hand is the Saracen moon rocket ("*modulus lunarus horibilis disgustibus*") and in her right, the Christian response.

The central panel shows the construction of the Christian *modulus* under Eronius' supervision. The text explains the relative speed with which it was completed (47 years and 3 months) and its method of propulsion, namely divine grace. The theory was that the combined praying power of the monks incarcerated in the bottom two sections or sanctuaries of the *modulus* would give it such *contemptus mundi* (contempt for earthly things) that it would rise from the ground and ascend moonwards. The monks in the lowest or first stage sanctuary were solely required for the purposes of lift-off, after which the sanctuary was shed in deepest space; naturally, these were the holiest of all and the only ones considered were those who bore the *stigmata* or who had been authentically tempted by Beelzebub himself.

In the third panel we observe a triumphant Eronius claiming the moon in the name of the Blessed Virgin and banishing the loathsome infidel back to his *modulus*.

Whether the paintings depict an actual series of events or flamboyant wishful thinking on the part of the Pope is difficult to establish. It is however of interest that the thirteenth-century Chiesa della Madonna di Topogigio consists only of an enormous late Gothic steeple (not unlike that in the central panel of the triptych), the tip of which is broken in a manner which suggests that it once penetrated some resistant surface, and that among the church's most prized possessions are a number of small greyish rocks ("*le rocce miracolose della Madonna*") which, every Feast of the Assumption, according to tradition, do absolutely nothing.

*An obscurity scarcely aided by the complete misspelling of his name on his tomb in the crypt of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere.

**There seems to have been some doubt in the Pope's own mind as to whether he was Eronius IV or Eronius V.



Sanctissimus Eronius beatam Mariam Virginem in visione videt. In manum sinistram modulum lunarum horribilem disgustibumque infidelorum scurrilorum et in manum dextram modulum superbum splendidum pulcherrimumque sancti Jesu Christi tenet. Eronius constructionem moduli initiat. Postquam soli xxxvii anni iii mensi hora ascensionis moduli arrivat. Omni beatam Mariam Virginem supplicat. Et Habemus contemptus mundi demandat Eronius. Habemus contemptus mundi respondent sanctae astronautae.



Habemus malfunctionem demandat Eronius. Non habemus malfunctionem respondunt? Dicit Eronius x...ix...viii...vii...vi...v...iv...habemus contactum Dei...iii...ii...i...habemus ascensionem... nihil obstat... omni systemi ergo! Hallelujah! Et modulus assumptus est in coelis. † Quando ad lunam sanctae astronautae arrivant infideles scurriles horribiles expellunt. Sic triumphat gratia sancti Jesu Christi et matris suae Mariae. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Amen. †

Rx FOR DISASTER: WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THOSE WEIRD, WILD, WAY-OUT BEATNIK COMMUNES? By Bruce McCall

Reprinted from \$\$\$, the Magazine of Sharp Business Practices **Reading time: 14.5 minutes**

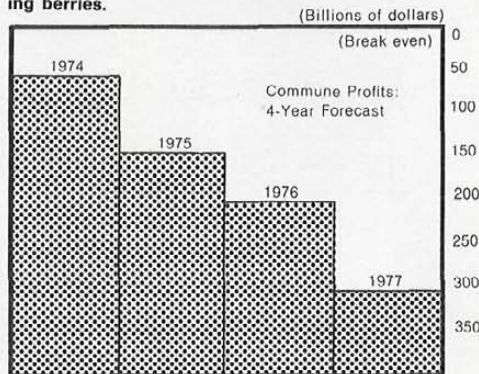
Flower Power's much-ballyhooed attempt to establish a viable decentralized corporate infrastructure is on the skids. Can corporate finance technology save them?

Communes, those flashy leisure/industry/life-style conglomerate darlings, of the bullish, free-swinging sixties that forecasters predicted would take off in the seventies, have flunked virtually every test of responsible business management—with these glaring at-a-glance results:

- Communes have so far generated a dismal profit picture despite abnormally high growth patterns in the booming youth market segment.
- Communes continue to lag in profits despite fixed costs that hover near zero and self-liquidating overheads.
- Communes enjoy an extremely favorable tax structure based on negative financing, i.e., no income earnings. Despite the obvious penalties of no carry-forward tax liabilities to be applied against future earnings, most corporation executives would boggle enviously at the no-tax loophole. "Give me that," says one prominent corporate tax man, "and you could shut down the Treasury!"



Wholesome Sunday picnics, a favorite of Americans for a century, are shunned by commune snobs. Their favorite sports: watching sunsets, bathing nude, picking berries.



Dollar-Scope Outlook:

No reason to panic but no reason to invest, either.

No overhead, no taxes—and yet, no profits. And worse, no growth. What went haywire? What ails these modern-day Hoovervilles that stud the landscape of the American countryside like acne studs the faces of the punks, draft-dodgers, trolls, and free-loving dropouts who populate them?

Checklist:

Do-gooder management deserves much of the blame. Talent development lags. Targets not focused. Commune technology scandalously obsolete.

Commune leadership is in itself an unwieldy instrument, saddled, as it is, with a policy of decentralization bordering on the democratic. **Rebound:** Discourages the action-oriented "take-charge" guy, gums up quick decision-making, ignores the virtues of experience personified by a carefully groomed management "team" in favor of diluting responsibility across the broadest possible spectrum. **Result:** Misfits, troublemakers, idealists, and cranks have a large say in not only fiscal but overall policy.

Quickblip:

Even if there was a Board of Directors or at least a Steering Committee heading up commune policy, their efforts at ramming through opportune moves—e.g., dealing in the money market—would be hopelessly snarled by the "rap sessions" (more like talkathons) that hobble the most trivial commune policy decision.

Scarepoint 1:

It is not uncommon for commune "leadership" to end a fiscal year without as much as a profit-and-loss statement, or even a balance sheet, to show for it. Phantom bookkeeping—Rx for chaos. **Plusnotes:**

- Annual reports frowned upon, incentive bonuses for outstanding performance even more sourly received.
- Pension funds, stock options are commune "no-no's."
- Management reduced to level of co-equals with rank and file regardless of business acumen, background. Stifles initiative Chinese Red-style. Homos, welfare loafers, agnostics deal on parity basis with Harvard Business, Wharton grads in communes. If \$\$\$ *Hotline* input accurate, sharing extends to cars, sport clothes, golf clubs, even wives.

Not too surprisingly, organizational chaos and the live-and-let-live style of communal life exact heavy tolls in the form of a hopelessly jumbled order of priorities. Communes, one business consultant observes, "don't go forward—they go around in circles!"



Breakfast nooks, barbecue pits are standard fixtures in homes like this—but beatniks trapped in commune life must share meals with strangers, make do without fences.



Commune anarchists frown on useful work, would scoff at these women making children's toys. What commune smart alecks miss: pensions, sick benefits, Xmas parties.

Quotesnip:

"A commune is just Communism looking for a handout."

Offshoot:

Old bugaboos like "environment" actually end up higher on the action list than new acquisitions, building programs, political contributions.

Upshot:

The management squad must steer its course by the unreliable light of pie-in-the-sky.

Pay Off:

Stable pursuit of major goals detoured by side issues like pacifism, health, religion, etc.

Backfire:

Banks, Savings & Loans won't touch communes with a ten-foot pole and federal construction programs are now carefully tailored to bypass them when the grants roll around. Backdate: See "The Crackdown On Those Rich Little Poor Guys," \$\$\$, May/72.

"Until the beatniks realize they have to play ball by the coach's rules," one New Mexico investment counselor told \$\$\$ recently, "they'll just keep sitting on the bench."

Are communes good corporate citizens? A resounding "No!" is the instant answer from those with inside knowledge of commune politics. Info-file items:

Quotesnip:

"When did you last see a commune beatnik at Rotary?"

- Communes practice strict "buy foreign" policy in everything from new plants to leisure wear, even entertainment. Volkswagens, Mexican jewelry and clothing, and trinkets from India are estimated to drain millions from the U.S. G.N.P. annually.
- Communes feed, shelter selves within own "in-house" systems, use scab labor paid far below minimum wage standards—withholding more dollars from the needy construction, banking, agribusiness markets.
- Unimproved property withholds more millions of tax dollars from local coffers, represents an eyesore to intruders, depreciates land values, scares away private investors and government facilities.

Reference reading: See "Washington's Overdue Plan To Bulldoze Those Indian Burial Grounds," \$\$\$, Sept./72.

- The U.S. Chamber of Commerce can find no communes or commune members listed on its membership rolls.

A sorry picture indeed. Backlash: Widespread mistrust and ill will toward communes and their staffs by the large majority of U.S. business.

But where communes have fallen down most spectacularly of all, analysts agree, is in their botch of the interface with corporate technology—the very thing, most experts privately admit, that might have saved them. And the boo-boo goes even further than the failure to adopt streamlined, space-age money-handling processes.

"It's like me watching my boy trying to cook his TV dinner in a Frigidaire, to watch them handle the challenges and opportunities of our technological age," an electronics executive states, shaking his head.

An outdated plant failed the New York Central; it could be the Achilles heel that finally rings down the curtain on the great commune dream, too. Checkoff:

- According to recent surveys by the Personal Grooming and Hair Care Institute, hot combs, hair sprays, ladies' electric razors, vaginal sprays and related products—all spin-offs from what industry experts term "the greatest explosion of human-hygiene and appearance technology to occur in our lifetime"—are ignored by commune buyers to the extent that it amounts to virtual boycott.
- Breakdowns from a national census of portable color-TV buyers indicate a similar sag in commune adoption of this staple. These findings are buttressed by estimates that an average of 85% of all commune homes lack electricity.
- Frozen foods, the "go-go" item of edibles marketing in the seventies, have not only failed to dent the communes, but signs are that even volume discounts don't motivate commune consumers.



Official statistics show that gals in jobs like these have a 90% better chance of landing hubbles than those in runaway dropout communes, where engagement rings are almost unknown.



Lacking money to enjoy smart supper clubs like this, commune dwellers entertain selves by dancing with floozies to flute music, studying Chinese Communist religions, eating raw vegetables.

Commune usage of clocks, Princess phones, laxatives, umbrellas, meat tenderizer, credit cards, sunglasses, foundation garments, pet foods, and even Christmas cards all stumble at levels disastrously short of the national average.

Nor has the exploding leisure market fared any better when it comes to nailing commune dollars. Nearby golf courses report virtually no membership applications despite the mass influx of commune personnel in recent years. A Las Vegas hotel reports that not even a low-priced package weekend deal lured the members of 104 communes to town after an expensive mailing blitz.

What are communes doing with their money?

"Beats me," explains a West Coast banker.

Beloved entertainer Georgie Jessel has an insight on the communes' flop performance. Says showbiz's most decorated civilian general, "In my time we were glad to have enough to eat and weren't afraid to work for it—or to fight for our country."

But such wisdom is lost on the communes and their staffs—if only because they make it a point of some pride not to listen to the world outside their jealously guarded boundaries.

Flashpoint:

Impatient local law enforcement agencies, pushed past endurance, are more and more taking the direct approach and staging midnight raids on commune facilities, using the latest modern technology, e.g., tear gas, Mace, etc.—thus bringing the communes face to face with technology in a hard-to-forget fashion.

Capsule semi-summary: *Maverick communes won't play business ball, drain economy when not undercutting same, downplay technology, ridicule U.S. way of life. Forecast: trouble ahead.*

Action Guideposts: U.S. Gov't should sponsor feasibility study of communes being bought out by hotel chains, resort developers. FBI could seize all assets as payment for drug-violation fines. SEC charges of incompetent, crooked financial maneuverings would jail commune management, and staff would scatter without leaders.

Social scientists, way off-base when professing to finger foibles of modern U.S. business, make sound sense when they take on communes. And it's in the moral and philosophical perversions of commune life that the fatal rot lurks. Proof:

- Rumors of interracial sex among groups of commune dwellers.
- Hints of violent deaths by the score from overdoses of marijuana.
- An FBI informant's report that far-left political beliefs flourish in the communes.

None too difficult to understand, then, why communes have delivered sub-par profit performance in every year of operation, why communes continue to undermine and sabotage the U.S. business world, why in commune hands the gifts of technology are rusting and unused. Limp-wristed pinko college professors and fluoridation of drinking water clearly played their part, as did the Supreme Court's decision to outlaw religion in American life.

Those weird, wild, way-out beatnik communes were headed for disaster all along.

Life jail sentences for welfare cheaters; increased subsidies to big business; loosening of stock exchange controls; tax credits raised 50 percent for new plant investment; reduction of minimum hourly wage to fifty cents; repeal of increase in bulk postal rates; lower property taxes.

Quotesnip:

"If those commune beatniks don't have any money, why don't they use Master Charge?"

Dollar-Scope Prediction:

Rx for Rescue:

THE WHEELS ARE TURNING!



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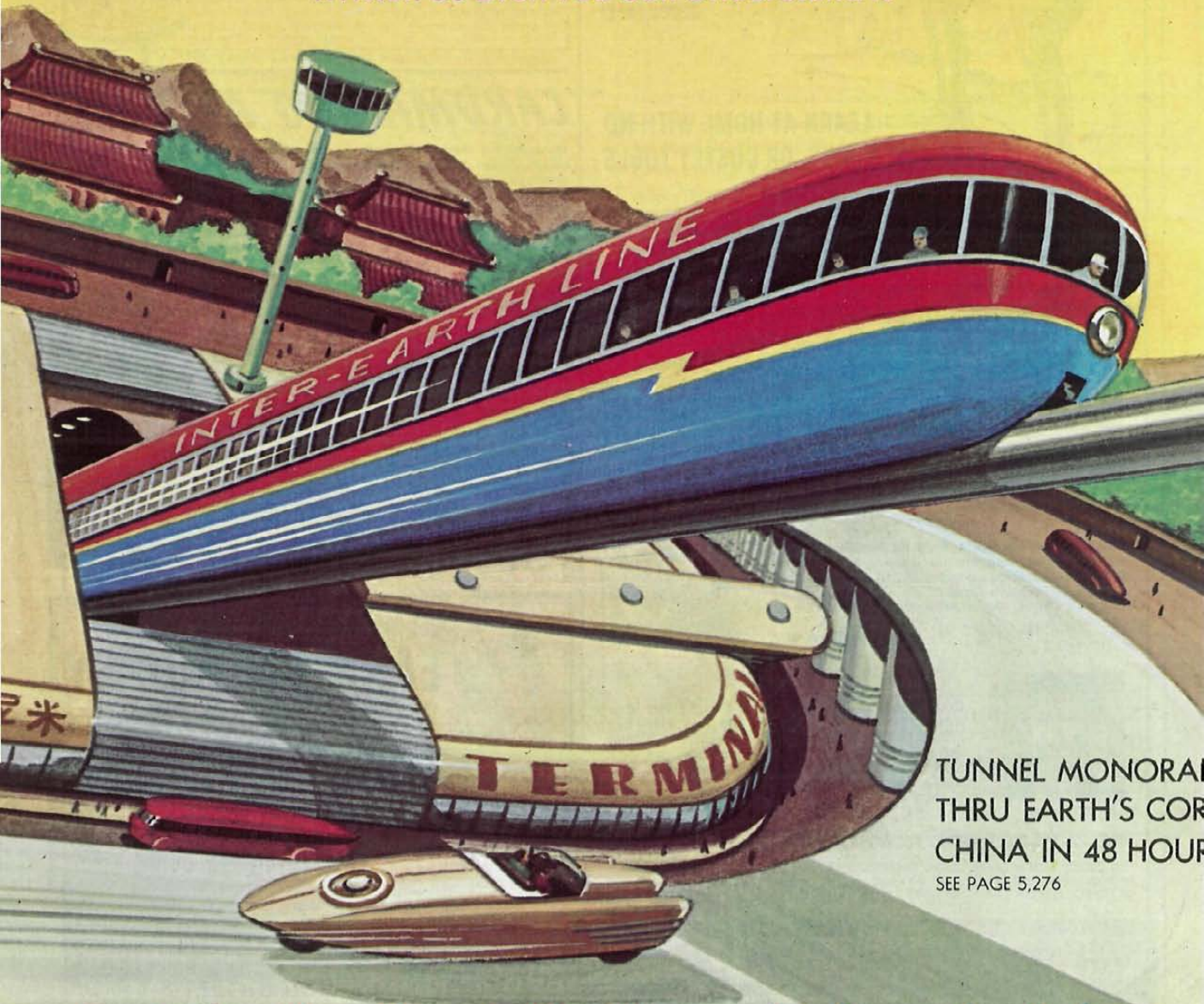
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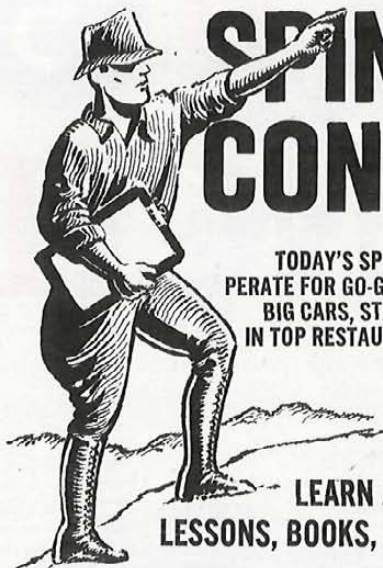
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—J.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.



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—T.R., Galveston, Tex.

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POPULAR WORKBENCH

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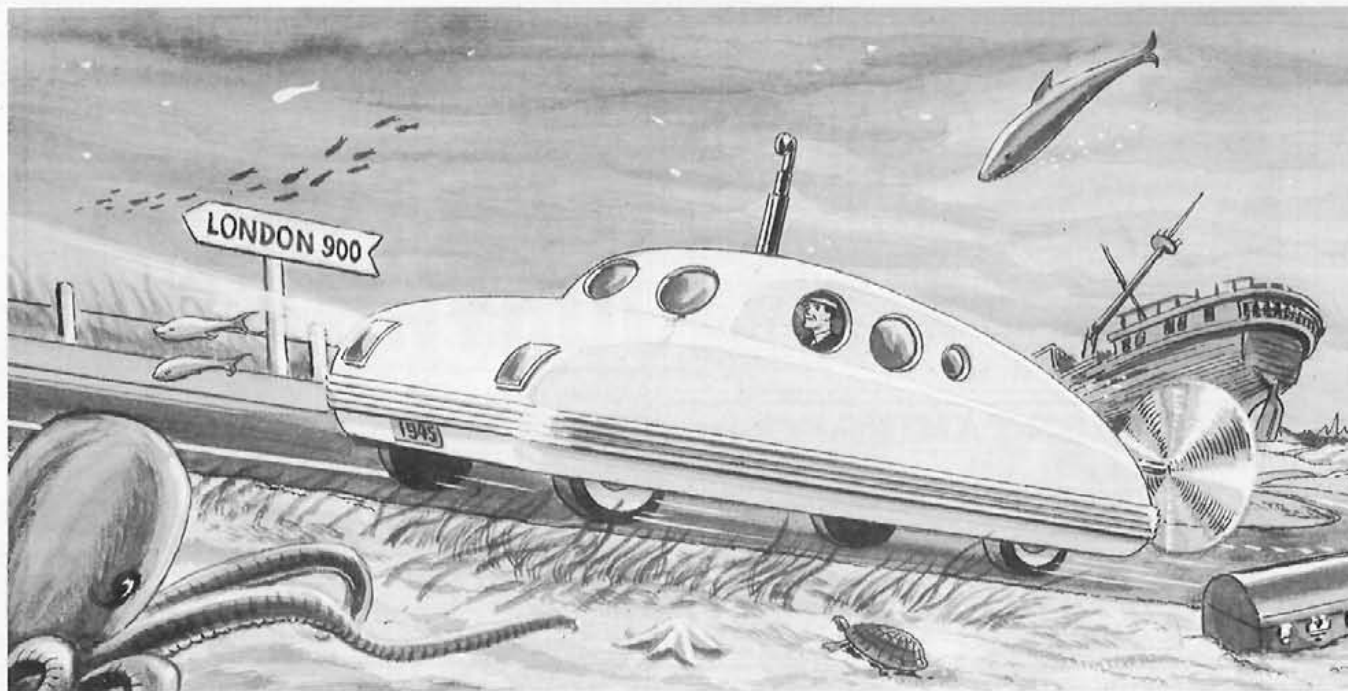
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Superhighways Under the Sea Will Speed Streamliner Autos of the Future to Europe in Comfort, Safety

by Prof. R. B. Fuller

Officials predict that by 1950 the Atlantic sea-lanes will be so choked by gargantuan million-passenger luxury liners, floating airports, and trans-oceanic bridges that all extra room will be used up.

Thus, millions of American families—each with an annual income of \$1,000,000 by then, economists forecast—might have to put off visits to the fabled Old World and miss seeing the mammoth earthquake scheduled to devour Europe in 1952, or be turned back by the monster icebergs geologists tell us will clog the Atlantic soon.

But engineering science has produced another of its marvels in the nick of time. Soon you will be able to make a reservation by radio, paying with magnetic celluloid chips instead of money, and drive straight to London, England, on a wide, underwater superhighway system!

Let us join a typical American family about to embark upon a holiday motor-tour of old Europe. Baseball mitts and Shirley Temple scrapbook all packed, the Joneses are pleased as punch with the new family bus, a Sea-Kar.



Giant paving ships will lay routes.

Junior is so proud he thumbs his nose at ordinary Joes and Janes in their old "jalopies."

Dad sits behind the wheel while Mom adjusts the periscope. The streamliner car is handsome outside but cozy inside with its waterproof mohair seats and even a special breadbox to keep foods fresh, for no restaurants lie along the underwater trail!

"Batten down all hatches!" Dad orders Junior and Sis in the back seat. At last, sealed snug as a bug in a rug, the Sea-Kar slips underwater at a special ramp near the Statue of Liberty.

Junior is puzzled. "When will the motor come on, Dad?" he inquires. "That is a

good joke, Junior, for it has been on all along!" Dad replies, and the whole Jones family guffaws at Junior. He did not know that in the rear of the Sea-Kar is a powerful electric motor turning a large propeller-like screw in perfect silence.

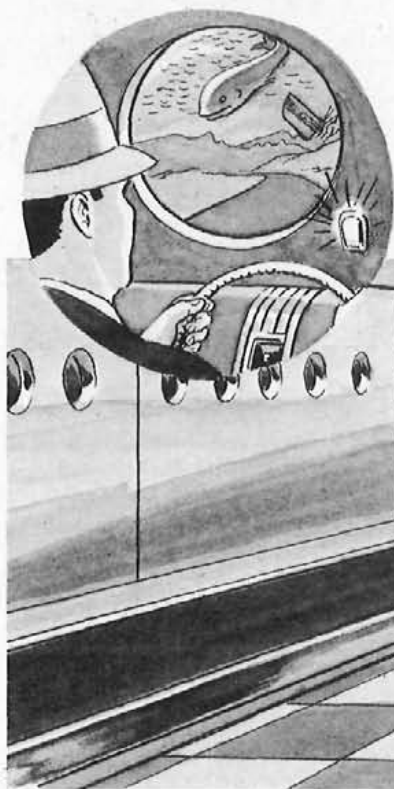
"But what is that queer odor?" asks Mom. "It is Junior," Sis chimes in. Dad chuckles, for here under the sea where there are no rest rooms, such accidents will happen!

It is dark in the watery vastness, but Dad has switched on powerful aircraft-type headlights.

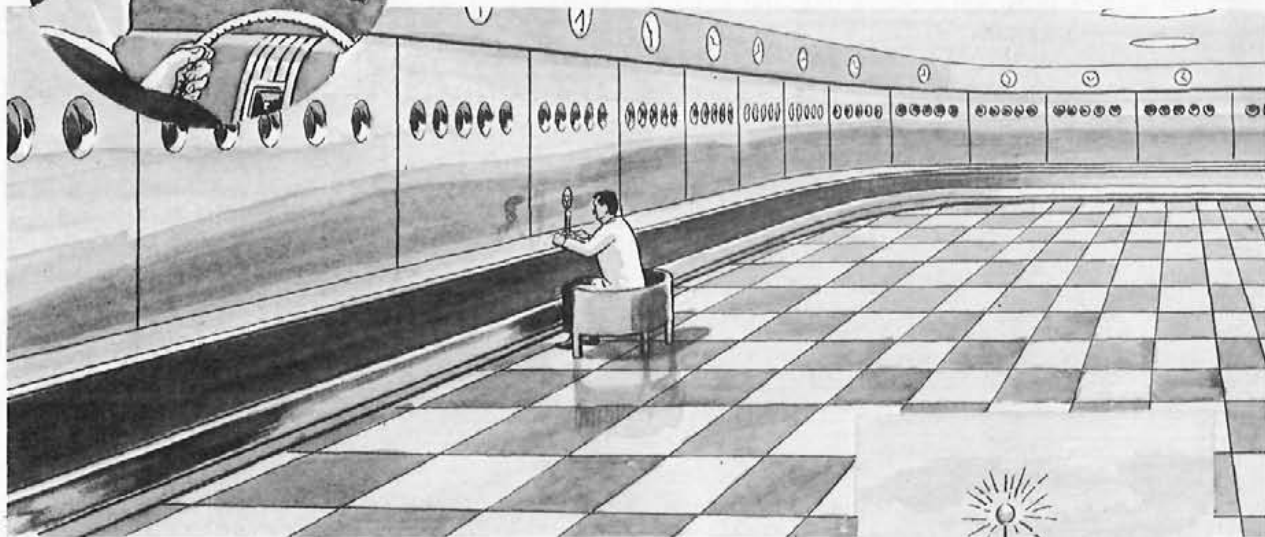
"Watch out, Dad!" Sis suddenly remarks, for a large shark has appeared ahead in one of the port-holes. Dad smiles. "Do not fret, Sis, for this special button will take care of our finny friend!" Dad

forget that we are many fathoms under the sea where radio waves cannot reach us!" There is much traffic on the highway, but few accidents. "Remember," Dad explains, "the water around us cushions all collisions. See how I ram this fellow ahead of me and he does not even know it!"

But the driver ahead has felt something, for now he shakes



Left, driver spots fish and hits buzzer. Control room below monitors undersea traffic while lighted buoys mark roadway on surface.



presses the button and a special underwater buzzer sends out vibrations that scare away the dazzled denizen of the deep.

"I wish we could kill those pesky fish!" says Junior. Dad chuckles. "Well, Junior, perhaps the new model Sea-Kar will have such a device!"

Meanwhile, at Underwater Center in New York City, a signal is being sent through the Atlantic wastes to all travelers on the underwater route. "Warning! Warning! Road near Greenland blocked by sunken ship. Detour to Canary Islands!" The message arrives in code, and Mom, using a special de-coder built into the Sea-Kar's dashboard, quickly deciphers it.

At speeds sometimes reaching sixty miles per hour, the Sea-Kar skims past the ghostly wrecks that litter the ocean bottom.

"Hmm, that's the *Titanic*, I believe!" notes Dad as a huge hulk looms in the gloom.

"Oh, how exciting!" Mom retorts. "Turn on the radio please, Dad, for it's 'Amos 'n' Andy' time!"

"A grand notion, Mom," Dad replies, "for 'Amos 'n' Andy' is our weekly radio 'treat'—but you seem to

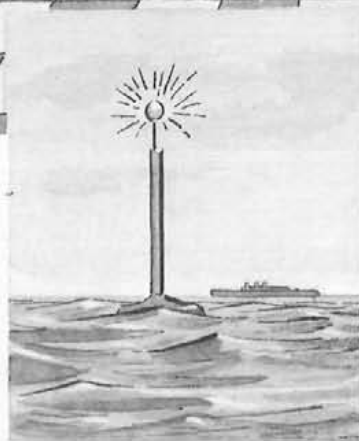
his fist at Dad. Junior makes a loud "raspberry" in answer.

"No use, Junior," Dad chuckles. "Deep underwater, sound does not travel. You must save your 'raspberry' for the Brooklyn Dodgers back home!"

But home is far behind, for the Joneses are almost in England now. Soon the Sea-Kar surfaces and climbs a special ramp into land, and that evening the Jones family celebrates their arrival in a cheery "pub."

Junior has ordered fish, and suddenly he begins to choke. "Oh," says Mom, "Junior has a bone in his throat!"

Dad chuckles. "Well, well, after we have driven thousands of miles alongside the fish in the ocean and disturbed their quiet lives, perhaps they are getting their revenge!" Sis and Mom join Dad in a hearty laugh. So ends a big adventure on the Superhighway Under the Sea.





Solving the Riddles of the Ancients

by **RADIO**

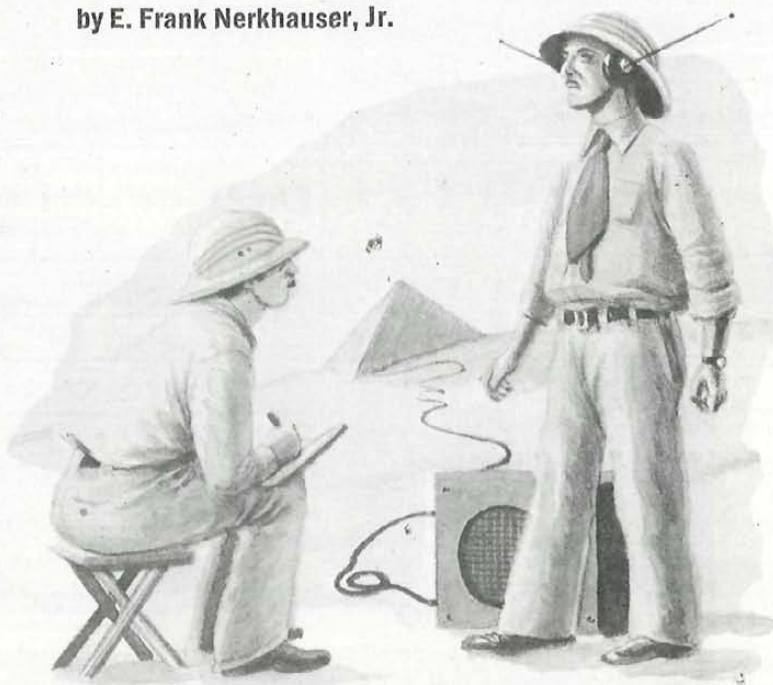
by E. Frank Nerkauser, Jr.

Did the Ammonia People of Pluto once contact our planet? Long ago in olden days did Egypt's storied King Pni, the Rat-Faced Skunk Boy of holy temple friezes, operate a "ham" radio station from his sacred pyramid tomb?

Dr. Emolius Fang of Laredo, Texas, is bound and determined to find out!

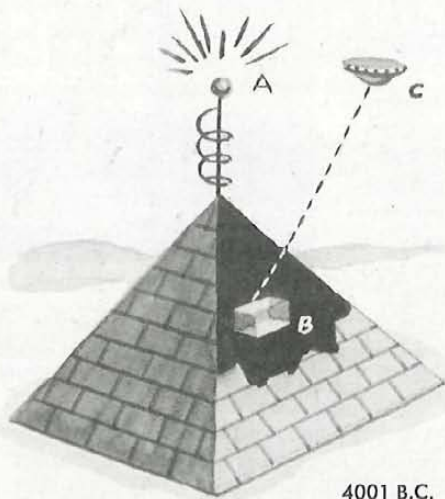
Dr. Fang is undertaking radio experiments near the mysterious Pyramid of Pni. By hooking up a microphone of his own invention inside the pyramid's central tomb, the Yankee chiropractor-turned-history-sleuth expects to catch voices twenty centuries old. Amplified and deciphered, these pre-historic sound-waves may unlock the secrets of bygone civilizations.

Theory behind the novel experiment is Dr.



Eavesdropping on earlier eons, Dr. Fang tenses for tell-tale prattle from past.

HOW ANCIENT EGYPT CONTACTED PLUTO



Antenna atop pyramid (A) directed signals from Pluto to control-room in tomb (B), which bounced code back via passing space roadster (C).

4001 B.C.

Fang's discovery that the three triangular points of a pyramid exactly match one-hundred-million-billionth of the distance between Pluto, Earth, and the outer-galaxy Ghost Planet Lubdimus when all are arranged in pyramidal form, with Pluto at the apex.

To date, Dr. Fang claims to have heard music on special earphones that "broadcast" queer goings-on from inside the pyramid. Could the tune be Pluto's national anthem? Dr. Fang points for support to friezes in the Holy Temple at Bah, showing what appears to be the mother-in-law of the uncle of King Pni, the Rat-Faced Skunk Boy, carrying an early microphone in one hand, a tray of caramels in another, a stork in another and preceded by a Plutonian holding sheet music.

Such are the mysteries unravelled when a plucky American decides to solve the Riddles of the Ancients by Radio!

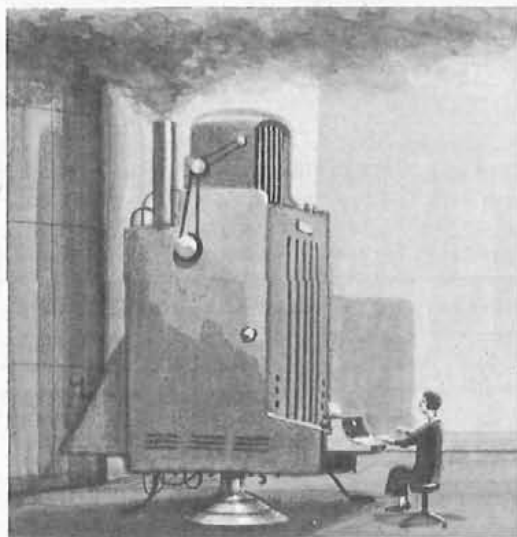
Automatic Nose-Blowing Device Cures Mankind's Oldest Nuisance



The familiar hanky may be on its way out if Swiss scientists get their wish. Using no electricity, the ingenious invention at left first squirts heated air into the nasal passages by pneumatic pressure, then sucks it back out to create what hydraulics engineers term a "snort vacuum"—all within a split second. A handy dial on the machine's nosepiece controls temperature and intensity. The nose can be "force blown" with no more discomfort than having a wisdom tooth extracted. The device fits comfortably over the face by adjustable straps and can be rinsed after use. Energy experts estimate that the power generated by the world population's nose-blowing in one twenty-four-hour period could, if harnessed, operate the entire trolley system of Montevideo, Uruguay for 200 years or turn the engines of the giant luxury liner *Mauretania* long enough to take it around the globe thirty-eight times non-stop.

Diesel Typewriter Reduces Effort

The 4,000-horsepower, three-and-a-half-ton diesel typewriter shown at right lays claim to better than 4,000,000 words per gallon of fuel, making it economy champ of the world's diesel typing devices. Standing no higher than a boxcar, the machine provides a full standard-typewriter keyboard. Heart of the goliath gadget is a rolling paper-drum good for more than 10,000 average business letters without restocking. The roll is fed automatically into the typewriter at a rate of six inches every ten seconds, matching a typing speed of 375 words per minute. The machine is so sturdy that it can be rammed by a five-ton truck moving at fifty mph without jarring the keyboard. Belt-driven gears automatically shift the quarter-ton carriage at the end of each line. A similar machine is currently being used to type up daily menus for the Finnish Army.

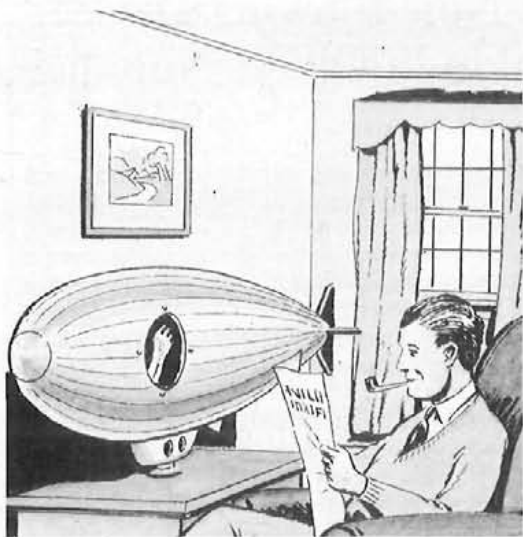


"Talking Bat" Radios Hot-Hitting Tips from Dugout to Home Plate

"Lemme outta here, this bat's jinxed!" That is what an unsuspecting slugger might well exclaim, were he to try harassing a moundsman's horsehide offerings with the baseball bat shown at left in the hands of Chicago White Sox star Vern "Turkey" Kazok. The bat, nicknamed "Gabby," was adopted by the Windy City nine in an effort to boost the club's hitting record and perhaps escape the Junior Circuit basement this semester. Hidden in the bat handle is a tiny radio set specially designed to "broadcast" instructions and hot tips from the dugout to the batter between pitches. To foil opposing eavesdroppers all messages are in code: "Bunt" comes across to the hitter's ear as "Hit away," and "Swing for the fences" is disguised as the order to "Watch those outside pitches." White Sox officials expect the talking bat to be adopted by other clubs as soon as a shatterproof radio is developed.



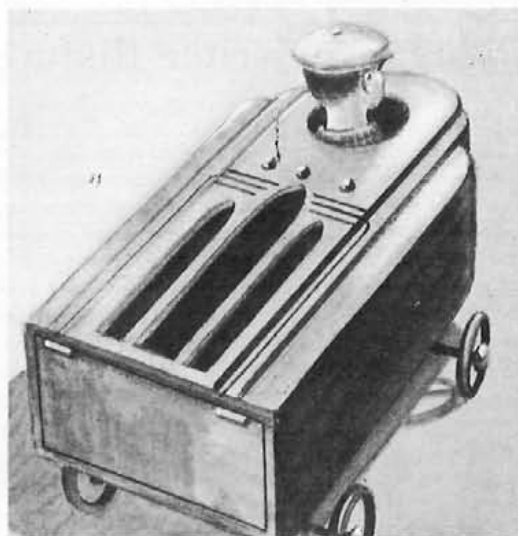
Handsome Zeppelin Display Is Actually Iron Lung



A dandy conversation-piece for any home has been developed by a Milwaukee engineering firm. Our sketch shows a typical setting for the "Zepp-Lung," which makes it possible for invalids confined to iron lungs to be taken out of the sickroom and placed "in the middle" of things. Attached to the novel Zepp-Lung but hidden from sight is a bellows easily fashioned from a discarded accordion and linked to a pump made out of an old meat grinder, tied by an old leather belt to the motor of the family washing machine. Tip to home handymen: Make sure motor of washer is running! Necessary gauges for operation of the Zepp-Lung can be mounted in the base and are available for pennies at your local salvage yard. The base can be made to swivel by fitting a ball joint found on any wrecked auto. A full, working Zeppelin model can be made by removing invalid from lung and filling in porthole.

Odd Auto Made from Radio Cabinet Locates Stray Mutts for City Pound

A "midget auto" in more ways than one, the unusual vehicle shown at left is a familiar sight on the streets of Elmira, N.Y.—along with its driver, also a midget. Constructed from the cabinet of a discarded radio and powered by the pedalling action of its diminutive driver, the pint-sized runabout is both quieter and more maneuverable than normal motor vehicles and thus makes an ideal weapon for sneaking up on stray animals as they skulk in narrow alleyways. Carried in a compartment behind the sawed-off operator are a lasso and a chloroform pad to catch and tame the beast, and behind this compartment is a locker for transporting it back to the pound. Elmira's Dog Patrol has rounded up more than twelve dogs in this manner, probably preventing an outbreak of the Bubonic Plague that swept through Europe in medieval times and brought most industry to a halt. Cost of the "dog-gone clever" doodlebug is reported to be less than \$2.



Powerful Shoe Flashlight Is Recharged by Foot Action

A handy helper for night watchmen, tunnel dwellers, the infirm, the near blind, outdoorsmen, explorers, bat-keepers, and the like is this novel shoe fitted with its own "toe-light," patented by a New Jersey man. Unlike earlier models that utilized a simple flashlight mounted on the shoe toe, this clever invention is designed to harness the natural power of the foot and leg in walking or running motion. An insulated clamp fits over the leg just below the knee, holding in place an asbestos sock with open-toe construction to allow six wires, three positive and three negative, to coil around the bare toes. A simple generator under the foot arch is linked to the big toe and hooked up with these wires as well as to the 2-watt bulb of the shoe light by a short insulated cable. Back-and-forth movement of the foot and pumping motions of the leg are sufficient to direct steady current to the bulb, and electrocution while running is rare.

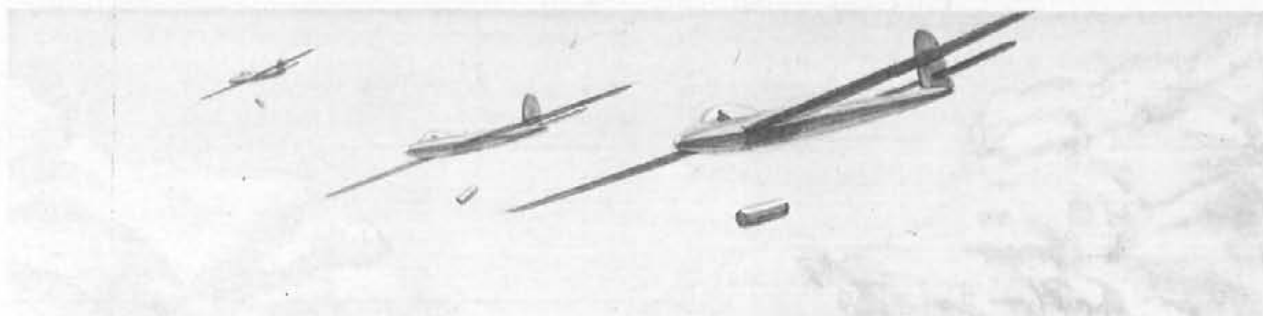
HOBBIES THE WORLD



Jap Cadet Builds Perfect Replica of Pearl Harbor Base

Ensign Yichi Omakugu of the Nip Navy zeroed in on our Pacific bastion, tabletop-style—and so successful was the young modeler's attack that the Hawaiian naval-base-in-miniature is visited by Imperial Jap Navy brass for look-sees that last far into the night!

The super-detailed model includes jetties, oil tanks, airstrips, and every warship in the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Training to be a pilot, young Yichi plans to visit Pearl Harbor in person no later than the end of 1941. His familiarity should pay big dividends!



Austrian Glider Club Practices Dropping Mail "on Target"

Peeling off and diving like hungry nighthawks, the black gliders angle earthward and suddenly level off. A moment later comes the sharp whistle of a hurtling projectile aimed with pinpoint precision. The mail's arrived! All part of scientific experiments by the Furi-

ous Eagles Postal Club of Zeltweg, Austria, aided by the German Reichspost. German experts claim Europe's skies will soon be dark with similar craft winging parcels to Deutschland's neighbors, especially Poland. Look up, Warsaw, Germany calling!



Odd German Invention Previews Courier Service to England

A speedy "buzz-bundle" may soon be seen carrying messages from Berlin to London if a few enthusiastic German hobbyists have their way! Half airplane, half rocket, it is said to reach 400 miles per hour and is capable of being aimed within a few square

miles of its planned destination. Its "payload" could be hundreds of first-class letters or special packages. German designers say the "buzzy-bundle" could land anywhere and predicts that its loud engine noise will soon become a familiar part of British life!

Alabama's State Police Utilize Modern Science to

"CATCH A NIGGER BY THE TOE"

Barefoot Negro tramps who steal jam have caused a major crime wave in the state of Alabama.

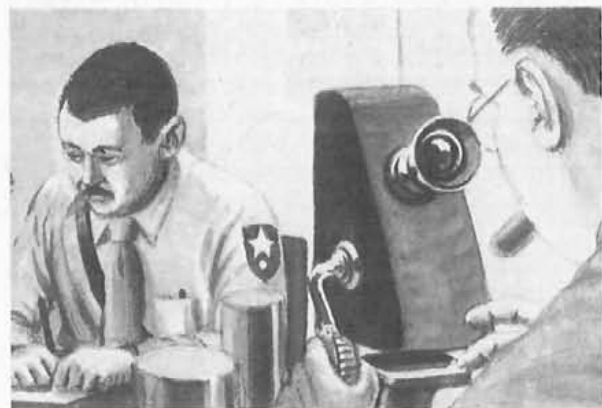
How to foil them? Too lazy to work in the cotton fields or shoddy mills, these mischievous sweet-toothed scallywags will often sneak into an untended pantry in the countryside and help themselves to delicious preserves.

If surprised at their plunder, they vanish into the trackless forest where even police armed with powerful penlights find pursuit futile.

But Alabama crimebusters have a new friend in collarizing the naughty Negro. Called the "Toe-Scope," it is an optical device that analyzes toe prints much like fingerprints and comes up with the culprit scientifically.

Police anthropologists in Alabama were led to the Toe-Scope when they found that the Negro toe is larger and more splayed-out than is a white man's. Its print, left in sand or mud, is easily identifiable as Negroes walk barefoot by clenching their toes deep into the earth. Guardians of the law need only match the unwitting "calling card" left at the scene of a crime against records at headquarters to know and nab their man.

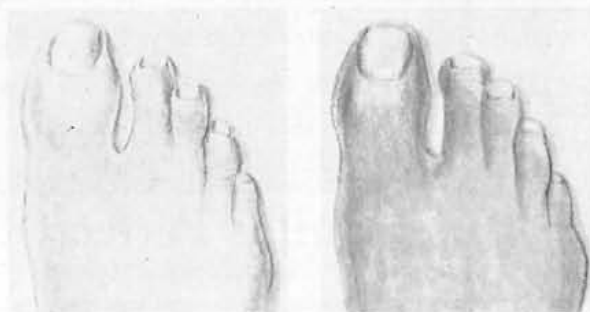
The renegade tramps are being rounded up in ever increasing numbers as a result. Spotting what instinct told him must be Negro toe prints on a public beach



Crimebuster uses Toe-Scope to close net on Negro.

where Whites Only are permitted to bathe, one quick-witted peace officer telephoned headquarters immediately. Within minutes, three armored cars and a special raiding party armed with high explosives had demolished several Negro "shanties" and flushed out a number of would-be suspects as well as their surviving next-of-kin.

Sgt. N. Slurd of the state militia recently arrested six Negroes by using Toe-Scope science. The toe prints of all six were perfectly identical, and Officer Slurd



Photos compare white vs. Negro feet. See how disfigured and ugly Negro foot is.

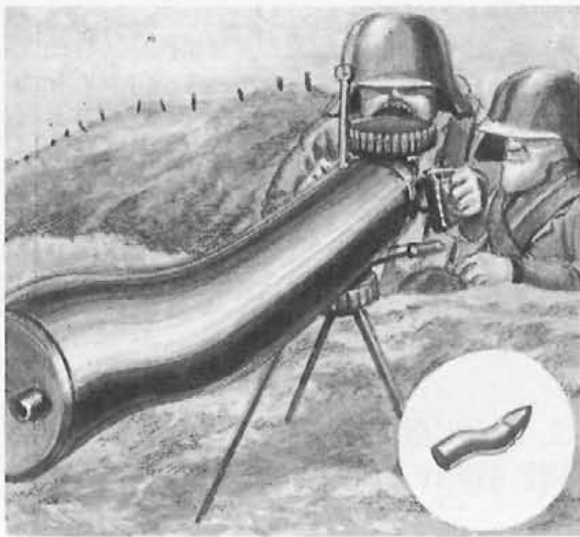
charged them as a group with stealing a shoe.

Another Alabama peace officer arrested a Negro who had been suspiciously lounging on his own front porch and with Toe-Scope wizardry proved him to be a murderer wanted since 1878. Without the Toe Scope, the culprit might have escaped the "hot seat."

Pioneered by the fine police force of Alabama, Toe-Scopology may soon sweep the nation and put a final "stopper" on the Negro Crime Wave.



This dead Negro's toe told the tale: its print matched almost exactly with Toe-Scope evidence that the man had once been charged with loitering.

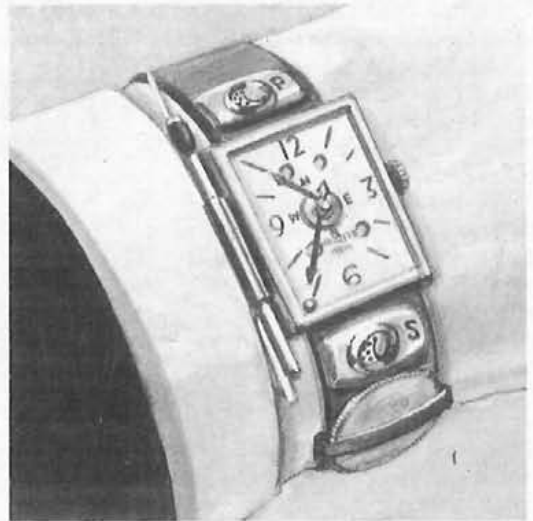


Zig-Zag Gun Fires Zig-Zag Bullets in Zig-Zag Pattern

The Bulgarian Army is trying out a radical new weapon of war, designed to outwit fleeing enemy soldiers who try zig-zagging away from the line of fire as they retreat across the battlefield. The weapon is a specially designed all-Bulgarian gas/electric/coal/diesel/steam machine gun, meant to out-zig and out-zag the most adroit foe by firing bent bullets from a crooked barrel and sending a deadly fusillade across the enemy's rear in a twisted trajectory. Trials during the recently concluded Bulgarian Army War Games, using captured Armenian border violators as the mock enemy, showed the deadly gun to inflict a promising number of casualties, some of them on the mock enemy. Another plan for the ingenious device, according to Bulgarian Army sources, is to donate it to an enemy.

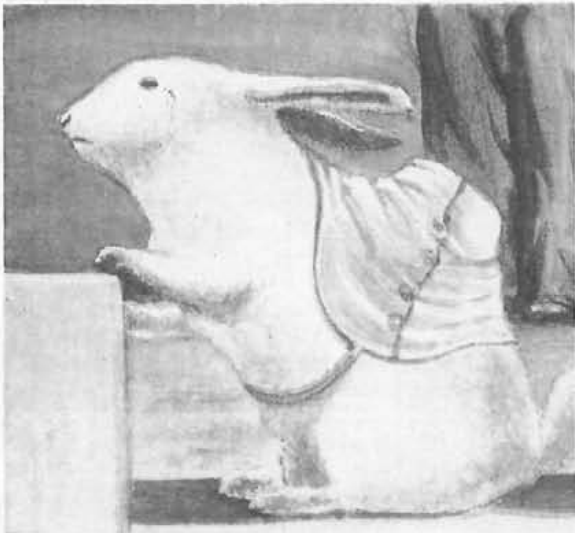
Novel Wristwatch Is Also Salt and Pepper Shaker, Toothpick Holder

A New York firm has introduced a "gadgeteer's dream" of a wrist watch. Fog-proof and claimed accurate to within one month per minute, the 2-jewel Swiss-assembled timepiece is not only a means of counting the hours but also a fine magnetic compass, a sterling silver salt-and-pepper shaker, a toothpick holder, a match caddy, a change purse, a boiled-egg timer, a calendar, a table of measurements and weights, a mirror, an amusing game of skill, a wrist heater, a spare-button bank, a magnifying glass, a tourniquet, and a weed killer. The handsome device weighs less than 4 oz. but handily combines all these functions by careful design and following the principles of miniaturization. Sportsmen, military men, aviators, businessmen, ship captains, musicians, hobbyists, and underwater explorers are expected to be ready customers.



Discarded Spat Makes Grand Overcoat for Chilly Rabbit

A Rhode Island man has found a handy use for an unused pair of spats. He chose the cleanest one of the two and, with no glue or nailing, converted the dressy accessory into a snug-fitting winter "coat" for his pet rabbit, which he had noticed would often shiver in its cage behind the house. The second spat is held in reserve as the man plans to acquire a second pet rabbit by and by. In this way whole rabbit "families" can be outfitted against the elements and America's forgotten spats put to work instead of lying in closets. The trick with the "spat coat" is to anchor the understrap firmly to the rabbit. As rabbits tend to nervousness, the strap must be drawn tightly against the belly and cinched to stay. Slippage is countered by wiring the strap in position.





I PREDICT...

BY ASSISTANT PROFESSOR M. McLuhan

HOW RADIO IS CHANGING AND WILL SOON REVOLUTIONIZE HUMAN LIFE, MAKING OUR WORLD ONE GIANT BLUE NETWORK

Marconi was the first vegetable engine. He worked backward, not forward, sending data through a time screen; we hear static from radio but radio is not static. The human ear is a contradiscriminatory scanner, a fact known better by the Eskimos than General Sarnoff.

Everyone is a radio announcer. The germanium is germane, even in Germany. (Why do we say "See you tomorrow" over the telephone?)

We move toward an age (in fact a moment-moment) when the radio announcers will outnumber the radios and receiving will be deceiving. Electric impulses in the air color our brains.*

A man in New Jersey turns on his radio set and the ecology of Tennessee begins to shift. Space is the ultimate loudspeaker capable of refracting effluvial syllogisms in perfectly inverse measure to the voltage applied—a holdover from the Industrial Revolution.**

Precambrian man knocked rocks together to make the first station identification. A spatial gong could be sounded; had there been no Niagara Falls, it would have had to be invented.

In 1776, King George III knew this. It sparked (?) the American Revolution. Consider Washington at Valley Forge.

Did *hear* come from *ear*, or vice versa? The ancient Babylonian prince Musta used to tell his generals to listen to their knees before engaging in battle.

*In the Sahara, where radio has not reached, certain Arab tribes dress in white.

**Copernicus once remarked to Pelagira, "I feel tired." He fell down.

The President, tuning in his radio, thinks he lives in the White House. It is a trick of sound waves. He lives in a lighthouse.*** The Chartists once petitioned the Church to take their shoes rather than their spoons. Shoes travel altogether less far than the silverware, tripping our seventh sense and foreclosing the past before it can be assimilated in our input receivers. (Receiving is, as noted, deceiving.)

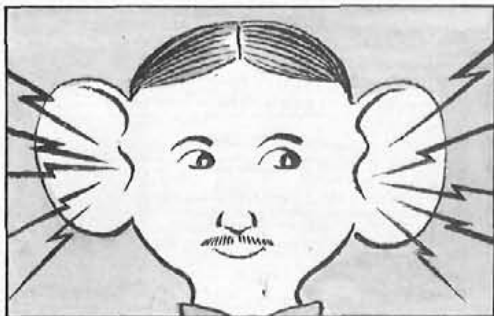
The bathtub is a microphone. So is Vermont. Army legions are not, nor are poets, occupying a superseded terrain that would not appeal to any four-year-old.****

Experiments with relaying radio signals have already taught us what the Mexican farm laborer with piles already knows, but will take us centuries to un-know. Turning a radio "off" is an outmoded concept. So is turning a radio "on." It matters little to the sender, who will go about his business regardless of individuated decisions in the megastructure. Dictatorship is merely a coping mechanism. The Cliquot Club Eskimos are hot stuff.

A man sneezing into his handkerchief is broadcasting. Flycasting is broadcasting, at least to the fish. If fish could talk, they wouldn't. One experiment in a German university clinic failed when somebody pulled the plug on the radio; the simplest New York taxi driver could have predicted it.

****A Kansas City man once heard his name on the radio while reading it in the telephone book.

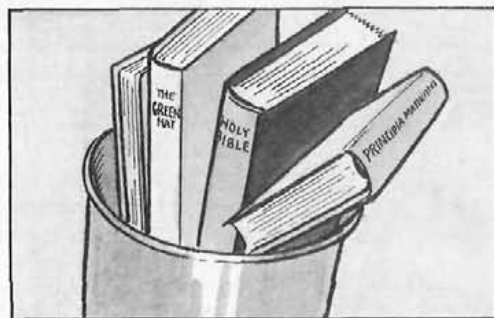
****When you pick up a bar of soap, is it "up" or "down"?



Radio will alter man's physiognomy.



Radios may be portable by 1955.



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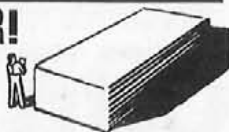
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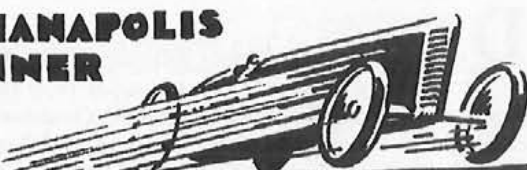
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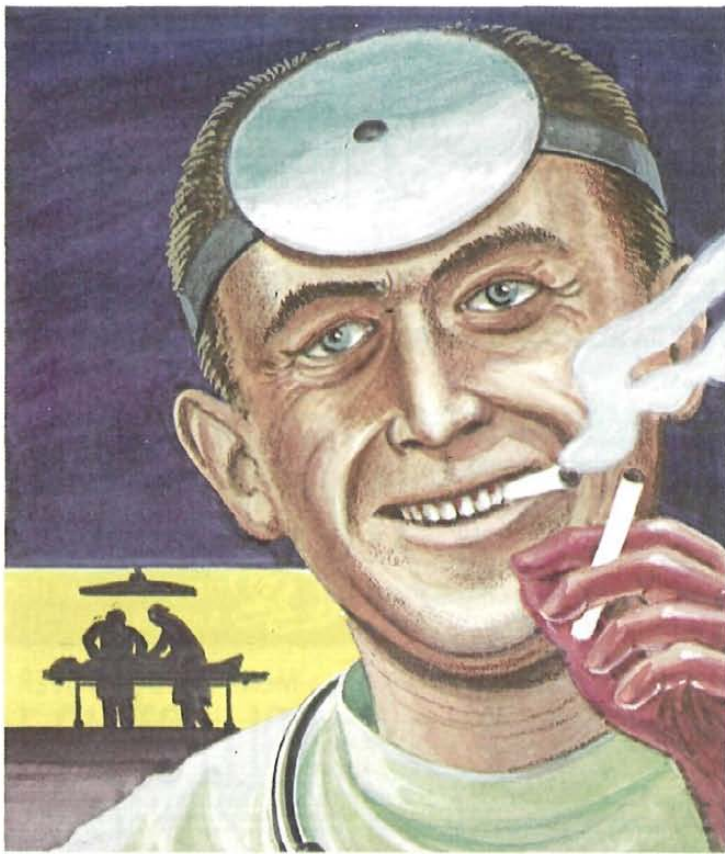
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EGYPTIAN CORKS

National Science Fair Projects

by Brian McConnachie and Henry Beard

Ever since the first stone age man was left behind when everyone else went out on the hunt because he had a high voice and couldn't do fifty push-ups, and while they were gone, he invented the bow and arrow, and then when they came back, he gave them all horrible infected wounds (he had invented poison, too, probably just a smear of bison dung on the points), and they died after suffering for many days, ever since then science has been a very important part of our world. In fact, our whole world is built on science, and scientists are the most important people in it, and if you don't believe me, the next time you want to know how to limit ion diffraction in a solid-state optical collimator, go ask Tony Franks and his friends on the football team! What do they know?

Science in high school is very important, too. And this is why science fairs are important. If we spent all our time in Mr. Smethurst's drug store drinking cherry cokes and talking with those girls in the tight sweaters so tight you can see their thrusting breasts, why we wouldn't have rockets, and atom bombs, and jet planes, and hydrogen bombs, now would we? No, we certainly wouldn't.

They'll laugh at you. Oh, yes. They laughed at us, too. They called us names like "foureyes," and "fairy," and "wonk," and "geek," and "nurd." I remember. (It is very important for a scientist to have a good memory.) They made fun of our pencil holsters and our slide rules and our baby clothes that our parents made us wear instead of the clothes we wanted to wear. They were all down in the old wrestling room with Mary Vincenzo, and she had her shirt unbuttoned and her bra off, and they were looking right at her thrusting breasts, and we were upstairs in the chem lab looking right at guppies and mice.

Well, let them laugh. I remember one time I was walking back from the library with Phillip Snell, and Tony Franks and his hoody friends started pushing us, and they tripped Phil, and he just picked himself up and opened up his book bag and took out a petri dish with a culture in it that he had been working on for the Science Fair, and he threw it at Bill Dorn, and the next day Dorn's hair started falling out and his face looked like chipped beef, and three days later he died and they had to bury him in a vat of quicklime.

There's an important lesson in this. You think anybody likes spending 500 hours in a smelly basement classifying moths by the number of little brown spots on their anterior wings? No, we'd rather be at the multiplication dance, but Mary Vincenzo and her friends won't dance with us. They can tell. There's some way they can always tell. Well, so all right.

But look out, Tony Franks. One day when you're married to Mary Vincenzo and you have sixteen kids and you're working late at your stupid gas station to make ends meet, I'll come driving up in my car that can go around the world five times on a half a can of unsalted peanuts, and I'll say, "Remember me? I'm Brian Milley," in my high voice, and you'll recognize me, and then I'll take a long black tube out of the glove compartment and

push a button, and then, Tony Franks, you'll spend the rest of your life sucking glucose out of a catheter in the wet end of a gym bag.

Brian Milley
Senior Coordinator
International Science Fair

Fear in Mice

by Rodney Purwiss



Rodney Purwiss showed that a project need not be complicated to be a prizewinner. His study of the fear reaction in mice won a First Award.

I did this project to find out if mice get scared the same way we do when someone bigger than us gives us "a hard time." I chose mice because they are much smaller than I am, and so it is very easy to scare them, and they don't scare me at all, because if they get "out of line" I just step on them with a track shoe.

I tried many ways of scaring my mice, and I found that all of them worked. These were a few of the ways I used: banging trash can lids together next to their tiny heads; singeing their fur with hot matchheads; throwing burnt-out lightbulbs at their cages; serving them into sofa cushions with my brother's badminton racket; putting them in an Osterizer and turning it to "Puree."

I tested all of these methods because I thought the mice might be "faking it." I discovered that they weren't because a lot of them died.

The next thing I did was to make a scientific test with many mice and I refined my ways of scaring them. These are the results:

BURNING	STICKING	STABBING	POKING
Made a bad smell	Good. Drives them nuts	Good. Squeals	Takes too long
CRUSHING WITH PLIERS	DROWNING	REMARKS	
Made a big mess	Too quick	Mice died	

Since mice cost money, I had to find a way to scare them without killing them. I finally decided on a method which requires a hammer. I hit the table hard very close to the mouse, and it runs around very fast. It is very scared. It tries to escape, but there is nowhere to go. Finally, it stops running, because it is exhausted, and just sits and cringes. I hate mice. They are so puny. Sometimes I accidentally hit the mice with the hammer—accidentally on purpose, ha ha.

I learned a lot from this project. It cost me fifteen dollars for the hammer and some knives and awls and things, and ninety dollars for all the mice. It was worth it. Now I am experimenting with pets from the local pound. They are bigger and harder to scare, but I have learned a lot about electricity and acid in my science classes this year, and I am putting my knowledge to good use.

Where Rocks Come From

by Winston Bressalew



Winston Bressalew's project falls into the category of straight exhibit. There are no scientific principles being explored, and the project deals only with the importance of our geological heritage.

Since I walk by myself with my head down a lot, I see a great many interesting things that the average person misses, and what I mostly see is rocks. There certainly are a lot of them around! This is how I became interested in rocks, and why I decided to do my Science Fair project on them.

Rocks are our friends! You can talk to them, and they are very polite, and they don't care what you look like or anything. They're swell. They make excellent pals.

I have only a few rocks here in my collection because I didn't want to take too many rocks so far away from home. Many of the rocks I especially thought were nice have pebbles. You shouldn't take a rock away from its pebbles.

There are many different kinds of rocks, and different sizes. There are no two alike, just like people, but unlike people there are no bad rocks. Rocks are born inside the earth. Most of them were born a long time ago and are very old and have quite a "story" to tell about what the earth was like before there were so many noisy people around pushing and shoving.

I think if people were more like rocks the world would be a better place. Rocks stay put, and don't fight with each other. The more time you spend with rocks the more you get to like them. They aren't very good at card games and stuff, but who cares? They don't mind if you sit on them. They are very quiet, but I think this is because things go too fast for them.

But people should be careful of rocks, too. Once someone was chasing me after school, and he tripped on a rock and fell and hit his head on another rock. It's funny, I'd walked over that place before and I never saw those rocks. Maybe they were just visiting. Anyway, this person got a bad concussion, and now he drools and blinks, and he pronounces words like he had a dish of cole slaw in his mouth.

Development of a Practical Death Ray

by Mark Gott



Since Mark Gott's project arrived at a number of conclusions that were not supported by prior scientific evidence, it didn't qualify for a First Award, but the judges were very impressed by the neatness and good layout of his presentation and he received a Second Award.

There were many reasons why I chose this project. I have always been interested in ultra-klystronic projection and electromorbidity effects in the transuranium elements, particularly in their possible utilization as demolecularizers in a theoretical photodestruction process.

This led me to experiment with instantaneous total-voltage release in dry cell batteries, and to the perfection of a workable flux conversion cycle based on the principle of phased electromagnetic pulses at the wavelength of hydrogen with resultant catastrophic elimination of hydrogen bonds.

I think that a death ray could come in very handy some day. We do not know what we may find in outer space, and I think just to be on the safe side, we ought to have a few tricks up our sleeve. Also, the communists are bad people and may want to do something to us one of these days; it would be nice if we could fry a couple of them to teach them to lay off and stop making fun of us and bumping into us in hallways just to impress their girlfriends.

I have tested my death ray. Here are some results:

Bugs—Total vaporization.
Mice—Total vaporization.
Dogs—Vaporization. Some ashy residue.
Birds—No traces found. Some smoke when hit.
Goldfish—Vaporization. Some slime on top of water.

I have not completed penetration and range tests yet, but here are a few tests which I have made:

Four Feet of Concrete—No noticeable reduction of power.
Test with Target Cat on Golf Course at Range of 500 Yards —
No noticeable difference in effect achieved at point blank range.

These are all the tests I made. I did not test my death ray on Doug Ransome. I don't know where he is. Maybe he went off and joined the Army. Why would I do a thing like that? People say I didn't like him because he made me cry a lot. Maybe so, but just because you don't like someone doesn't mean you go and use your death ray on him.

Homo Sapien Reproduction

by Minton DeFolley



Minton DeFolley chose to explore the physical process of human gestation for his project.

I know this is a dirty subject, but sometimes it is necessary to undertake a dirty subject in the name of science. It is also a difficult subject, because it is hard to get any information about it, since everyone you ask thinks you're being "funny" or "dirty."

I used a number of scientific methods for my project, including investigation and observation. None of them worked very well, and I didn't find out very much. Basically, what seems to happen is, a man and a woman get together somewhere, like in a bed or outside or in the mop closet in the basement of the East Wing, just outside of the locker room, and something happens. I am not too sure what happens, but what I think happens is, a woman has a hole somewhere, maybe where men have belly buttons, and the man does number one into her hole. I know this is disgusting, but a good scientist doesn't judge Nature.

I don't think the woman likes to do this much, because when I have been able to observe this process, the woman is usually groaning and once one of them screamed. Also, when you ask women about it, they usually get angry, unlike men, who usually laugh at you.

I was able to make some observations. This is what I found:

	I	II	III
	Back seat of car, night	In the mop closet, day	Shrubs near field house, day
Noise:	Moans, like at dentist	Breathing hard. Doing exercises first necessary?	Breaking twigs, groans Fighting?
Action:	Same as dancing, only closer and lying down	Couldn't see	Couldn't see
Results:	None observed	Girl left school to visit sick grandmother; never came back	None observed
Remarks:	Had to run, lost flashlight	Beat up	Beat up

I also did researches in available publications. This is what I learned:

Hot Wind in Havana: Action compared to waves, pounding surf.

Must refer to #1.

Nugget: Women have big things in front. Is this where babies grow?

Roller Derby Girls: Women sometimes do this with other women. Why? Practice?

Finally, I attempted to verify my basic conclusions with other sources. This attempt was not successful.

Information

Sister Mary Louise: God will put you in a barbecue pit for forty thousand years.

Mr. Lenders (Biology Teacher): I'm retiring in two years. Do me a favor and go study sphagnum moss

I still don't know how this process produces babies. Something is needed from a drug store, I think. Also, it is supposed to be more fun than collecting stamps. Someday I hope to find out more about this subject.

This subject cost me \$14.50, including \$2.00 for the flashlight. Also 300 Hail Marys, if that counts.

Mice in Orbit

by Nevil Kraus



[Nevil Kraus's project dealt with the effects of earth-orbiting on test rodents. Because it was incomplete, it did not win an award.]

Four of my mice are gone. When I set up this exhibit, I had twelve mice. I don't think this is fair. I spent six months on this project. I did flight parabolas. I tested the mice for osteoporosis. I could have been holding the bats for the baseball team or counting the number of seed pods on the maple tree in our back yard or learning the multiplication tables up to 500 times 500 or something, but instead I was doing this project.

You can't leave anything out around here, that's what I learned from this project. Next time I do something for a science fair, I'm going to put a lot of electricity in it, and if anyone gloms any of my stuff, they're going to end up with a pair of baked potatoes on the ends of their arms.

continued

Growing High Nutrient Bacterial Cultures and Feeding Them to Bugs

by Ann Ditzenberger



The original experimentation in Ann Ditzenberger's project represents several years of work and won this young scientist a First Award.

For my project, I took many different kinds of protein-rich bacteria, including some new strains of cocci I bred, and mashed them up in Clark bars and fed them to a lot of different bugs.

The bugs here are just a few of the ones which I have been able to grow. At home in my cellar I also have a moth the size of a tennis racket, a seven pound chigger, some silverfish larger than cocker spaniels, and a spider as big as a number seven frying pan, but they don't like coming out in the daytime.

Many people don't like bugs, but I think this is silly. Bugs help mankind in many ways, and they are very loyal. They make very good watch "dogs," and if someone tried to break into our house, my wasps would sting him silly before he got five feet, and my spider would wrap him up like a mummy and suck him dry.

Establishing Communication with the Center of the Earth

by Jed Hibbs



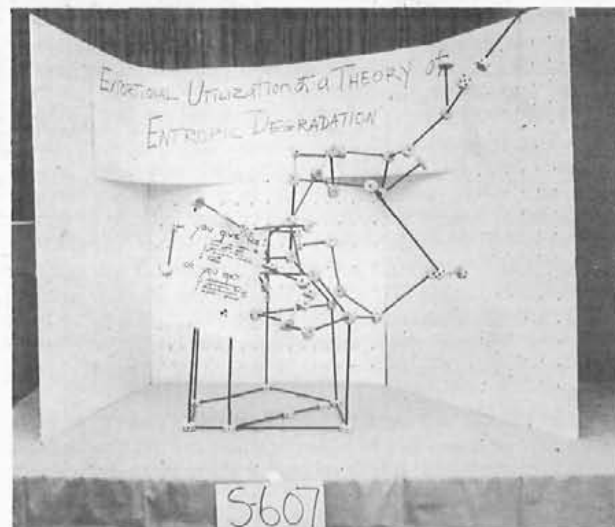
For as long as man has pondered the stars, man has also pondered the origins and nature of the center of the earth. In a most ambitious project, this junior scientist has set out to prove that life does exist at the center of the earth and that we are able to communicate with it.

I think it must be nice in the center of the earth. It is very dark and no one can see you there. I am sure there are people down there and they are nice people. I spent many hours in my basement with the light off to test what it is like, and it seemed fine. At first, I planned as my project to try to get down to the center of the earth and go there for a visit over summer vacation, but when I dug a hole, I could only get down about nine feet before it filled up with water, so I gave up this idea and decided instead to talk with the people in the center of the earth.

To accomplish this, I put a microphone in the hole I dug, and then I waited and listened. After about three or four months I was about to give up and that's when I heard something. It sounded very far off but I could make out some of the words. It was a bunch of middle-earth dwellers in trouble. They said, "Help me Rhonda help me something something my heart." And then it went dead. I couldn't get anything for two years and then it came back as mysteriously as it went away. They were louder this time. It was the same voices and they said that they wished they all could something something California girls. Then it went dead just like the first time. I think they want all our California girls and we're supposed to drop them down a volcano to them.

Extortionial Utilization of a Theory of Entropic Degradation

by Edmund Wilting



The judges are still discussing this novel project with Edmund Wilting.

In the course of experiments aimed towards evolving a practical means of measuring the acceleration of the entropy quotient in subatomic particles which I conducted during my junior year, I discovered that $E \times 4/R^2 + (\sqrt{V_1 + V_2 + V_n}) - (3\sqrt{X_n} - V) < Mh\nu$ and $E^2 = \frac{Ft^5}{\pi 2x^0}$

$$\frac{m \times \sqrt{C} \div A}{\sqrt{-1 \cdot F}}$$

I also found that if I combined $.9k + x\sqrt{F}$ with $V^0 + \frac{pr^0}{pr^0}$

$$\frac{(x^2 - x!) + F^0}{P} \text{ then } E = m - c^2.$$

I figure I can maybe make myself about $10 \times \$100^+$ by not using it. It'll be interesting to see what happens. □

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An Evening in 1973

In Which the Reader Is Invited Along for a Fanciful Visit to a
Typical Residence in the Scientific Shangri-la Half a Century Hence

by Ed Subitzky

"Stop number 6,017!" the conductor cheerfully called out.

John Smithers smiled, picked up his rubberized attaché case, and left the train. How good it was, he thought, to have a stop right outside his door. Of course, so did every other commuter—but that was just one of the advantages of living in 1973, when trains could travel 1,200 miles an hour.

Actually, though, he was a bit later than usual tonight. He'd stopped off at his doctor's office on the way home for a routine check-up; the painless neutron probe had indicated extensive cancer through his entire chest and abdomen, and it had taken the doctor a full fifteen minutes to cure it.

Opening the front door manually (because he was late, Vera hadn't set the automatic timer), John Smithers walked into his completely plastic house. As he always did, he looked upwards, through the cellophane ceiling, at the stars. He was pleased that the Citizen's Committee had voted to postpone the first April rainfall for another week, when surveys showed that an above-average number of people would have reason to stay indoors.

"Honey, I'm home!" he shouted.

His wife, Vera, came out with two self-igniting frozen dinners. Scraping them along the table like a match, she grinned as the bottom of each dinner burst into flames, heating the top thoroughly, and then being automatically extinguished by the newly-liquefied gravy dripping down.

Vera, tonight, was dressed in a skin-tight plastic suit which covered her entire body, with cellophane cut-outs for the eyes.

"How about a little air in here?"

John said as they were eating.

Vera nodded. The all-plastic automatic thermostat maintained room temperature at precisely 71.6°, a computer-determined figure based on the average of their body temperatures

and the average rate at which they sweated. However, to get the proper scent and flavor to the air, it was necessary to resort to the Pipes.

"Which would you prefer," Vera asked, "Northern or Southern?"

"We had Southern last night," John replied. "How about Canadian?"

"Suits me." Vera first went over to the cellophane window on the plastic Canadian pipe to be sure that no snow was blowing through. Satisfied, she turned the knob until the damper opened and fresh Canadian air blew into the room. Vera could remember how, years ago, many people had scoffed at the idea of installing huge fans in Canada and Mexico, and having them blow air into the United States through a system of pipes. "Even in this day and age," they had said, "science isn't that advanced!" But the far-sighted engineers had persisted in their efforts, and now, in 1973, the entirely-plastic system was a reality.

"That sure feels good!" John Smithers said, blowing a kiss at his wife through the refreshing pine-scented air. "What's on the agenda tonight?"

"The Wilsons are coming over," Vera said.

John smiled. He liked the Wilsons, and because the frozen dinner, intended specifically for the evening after a workday, had been laced with an odorless and tasteless derivative of coffee, he felt wide-awake and ready to socialize. "Did they say which train they were catching?"

"Either the 7:09, 7:10, 7:11, 7:12, 7:13, or 7:14," Vera said. "I wish I could remember so we could set our rubberized three-tube automatic door timer."

"Well, we'll just have to open the door by hand then," John said.

"I'm sorry," Vera said. "I guess I should have taken a Memory Chocolate."

John Smithers kissed his wife.

"Don't worry about it," he said.

Vera smiled. It was wonderful to have such a considerate husband, she thought, although, of course, every woman did.

"Dessert?" she asked.

John nodded. While he turned on the videobox, a seventeen-tube, all-plastic device which showed full-color three-dimensional motion pictures through a cellophane window, complete with smell and sound, Vera went into the kitchen and brought out two frozen desserts. She scraped them along the table and watched as they ignited; through cellophane windows on the plastic packages, she could see the flames eating through the seals of the attached packages of extra-cold ice which, by melting, first extinguished the flames and then tumbled over the desserts and made them extra-cold.

Suddenly, the six-tube, all-plastic automatic door record-player said, "Someone is here to see you."

John flicked the switch of the wireless, seven-tube, all-plastic, limited-range radio transmitter and said, "Who is it?" His voice was carried outside, where the Wilsons were standing, having just gotten off the all-plastic 7:11. "No automatic door timer?" Paul Wilson asked. His voice was picked up on a second limited-range, all-plastic radio transmitter and reproduced inside where John could hear it.

"Vera forgot which train you were on," John Smithers said. "Sorry."

He got up and went to the door. Through the cellophane window, he could see Paul Wilson and his wife Alice. Paul was wearing a soft metal suit, the kind that was all the fashion rage in 1973. His wife was wearing a plastic soil-covered dress which had a pretty patina of extra-thin roses and peonies growing out of it.

John pressed a rubberized button inside the plastic door and a hidden one-tube suction device opened it. As

continued on page 74

PANACEA CREAMS



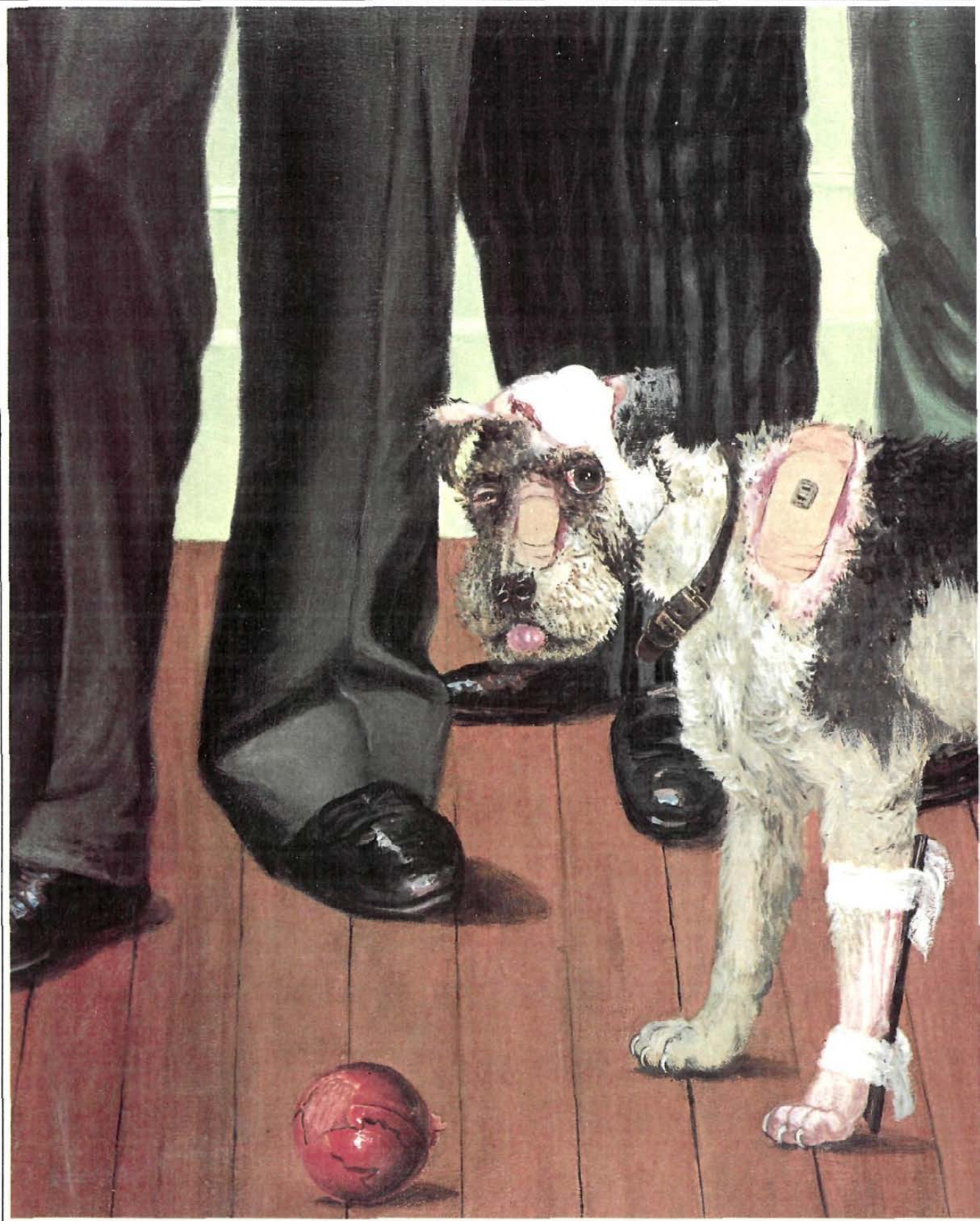
"Pretend It's Candy"

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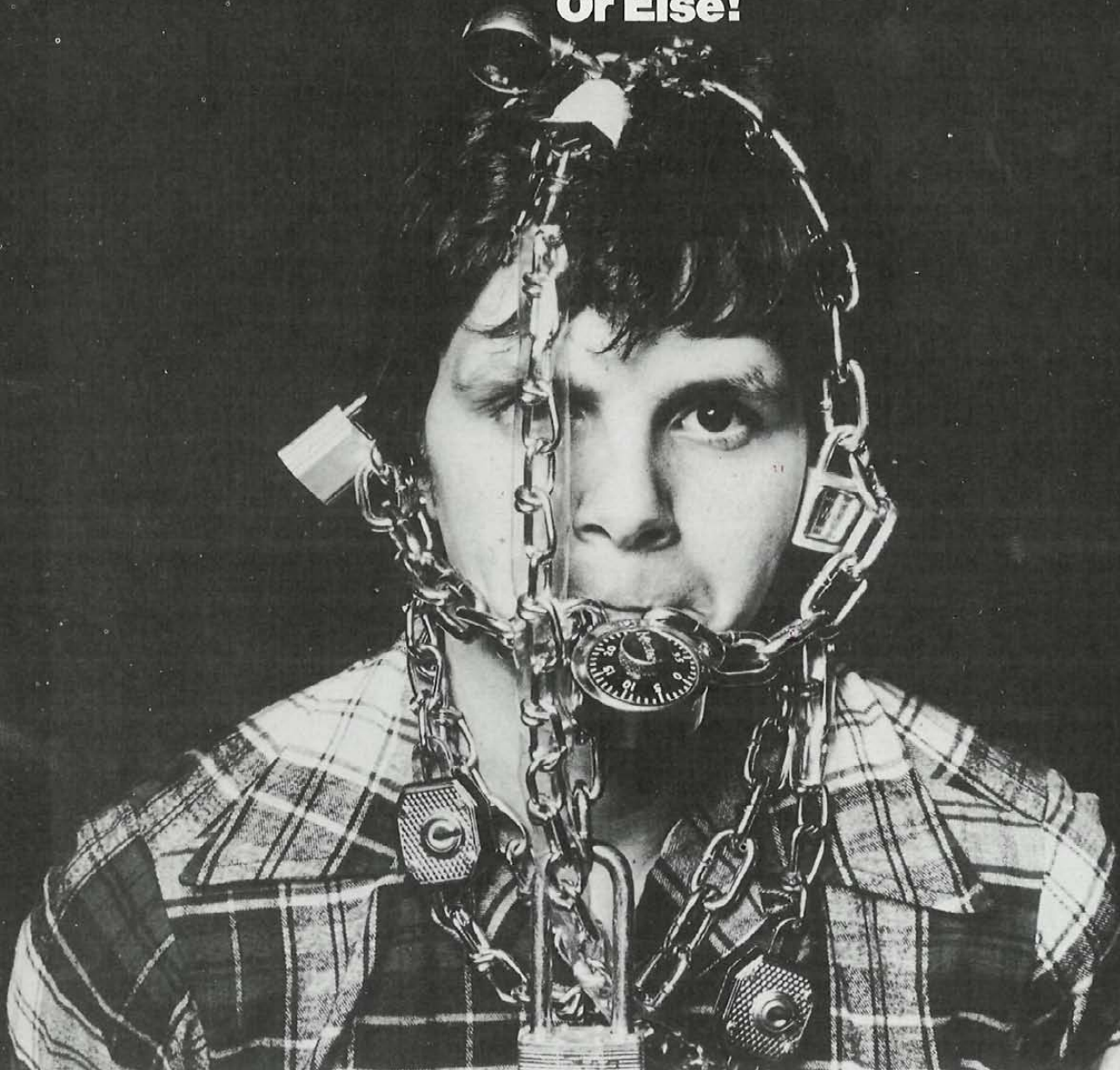


Immortals in the Saga of Science



No. 382 in a Series Pavlov's Dog

Little Stefan Better Not Laugh Or Else!



photograph by Ronald G. Harris

Because of their controlled press and their dictatorial rulers, millions of people behind the Iron Curtain grow up thinking that firemen wear red suspenders to demonstrate their solidarity with world socialism and that the chicken crossed the road to escape capitalist exploitation and seek a "utopian" way of life in the "poultry paradise" of a communist egg commune.

The citizens of the captive nations of Eastern Europe live in constant terror of the knock-knock joke in the middle of the night and of the ruthless secret riddle police who interrogate them for hours on end, demanding to know the identity of an object which is black and white and red all over, the similarities between a nun and a girl in a bathtub, and under what circumstances a door is not a door. For every incorrect answer, they are punished with a massive jolt from their tormentors' dreaded hand buzzers which the communist tyrants have transformed from a source of innocent amusement into a brutal instrument of torture.

One hundred million people live in Soviet satellite countries where glasses that don't dribble are the novelty and their limericks are forbidden by law to rhyme. The only laughs they get are in shabby dayclubs where they can, for a month's salary, drink watered down water and listen to comedians tell jokes like, "Why did the American throw the clock out the window?—Because it was a constant reminder of the fast approaching doom of imperialism" or "Who was that heroic socialist woman I saw you with last night?—That was no heroic socialist woman, that was a revisionist backslider parasite who persists in hewing to a splittist, anti-social viewpoint."

What can you do to help? Well, the *National Lampoon*, through Humor Free Europe and the Freedom to Laugh Foundation of Valley Forge, runs ads much like this in selected national publications to alert Americans to the important battle for the ribs and funny bones of mankind and promotes jokes at the expense of totalitarian regimes. Not only this, but every subscription dollar you send helps give the lie to the Soviet slavemasters of ceremonies and supports our way of

laughs. Subscribe today. Remember, you can't spell "America" without the "m", and the "r" in "humor!"

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL773
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Yes, I want to subscribe to the *National Lampoon*. And I certainly hope that the Kromlin commissars of comedy got the message that here's one Joe who won't fall for their Moscow party punch lines!

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HITACHI SPARKS MITSUBISHI

The FATHER of the TRANSISTOR RADIO

WRITTEN by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ILLUSTRATED by BOB MONHEGAN

EVEN AS A LAD, HITACHI IS FASCINATED BY MINIATURIZATION...



LIKE MOST BOYS, HE ENJOYS LISTENING TO THE RADIO...



AS HIS INTEREST IN ELECTRONICS GROWS, HIS SCHOOLWORK SUFFERS...



THEN, ON A FATEFUL AFTERNOON IN THE SUMMER OF 1938, A DREAM IS BORN, A DREAM THAT IS DESTINED TO CHANGE HISTORY...

CAN THREE OR FOUR OF YOU GUYS GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS RADIO & I WANT TO MOVE IT A FEW INCHES TO THE LEFT.

GEE! WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF SOMEBODY CAME UP WITH A RADIO YOU COULD CARRY IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET!

I'LL SAY!

... A DREAM OF A RADIO SO SMALL THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET!

THE YOUNG HITACHI MITSUBISHI SETS OUT TO MAKE THAT DREAM A REALITY. BUT OTHERS LACK HIS PIONEER SPIRIT...

OF ALL THE FOOL NOTIONS! A RADIO SO SMALL IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET, INDEED! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH FADDLE IN ALL MY LIFE!

BUT HONORABLE SIR, I—

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE AND STAY OUT!

SMALL
OANS

S. KURUSU

BANK AFTER BANK REFUSES TO FINANCE HIS RESEARCH.

TURNING TO HIS FAMILY FOR HELP, HITACHI CONVINCES HIS MOTHER TO SELL HER CENTURIES-OLD HEIRLOOMS FOR QUICK CASH. HIS FIRST EXPERIMENTS, HOWEVER, ARE CRUDE AND YIELD LITTLE BUT FRUSTRATION...

HYDROGEN-FILLED BALLOONS

TELL ME, MIYOSHI, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE GOLDEN MOTH AND TAPANKI SUBURI, THE SIGHTLESS PLAYBOY TURNED BAND LEADER, TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME?

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I DON'T BELIEVE

BALSA WOOD CASING

THREE-MILE EXTENSION CORD

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S PORTABLE!

SUDDENLY, BANNER HEADLINES PROCLAIM AN ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR AND THE WORLD IS PLUNGED INTO WAR. HITACHI ENLISTS IN THE ELITE IMPERIAL RADIO CORPS BUT STILL FINDS TIME TO PURSUE HIS STUDIES...

HEY, SPARKS, WE'RE PLANNING TO TORTURE THIS RED CROSS NURSE TONIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING LATER, WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN US?

THANKS, GUYS, BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BUSTED OSCILLATOR!

MONEY IS SCARCE AFTER THE WAR, AND IN ORDER TO CONTINUE HIS RESEARCH, HITACHI TAKES A JOB PAINTING GOLDFISH CASTLES...

HOW DO YOU SPELL "OCCUPIED"?

IN 1947, HE MARRIES, BUT THE UNION IS NOT A HAPPY ONE...

YOU CAN'T KEEP DRIVING YOURSELF LIKE THIS, BELOVED HUSBAND! YOU'VE HAD NO SLEEP FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I MUST FIND THE SOLUTION! I... MUST...

EVERY SPARE MOMENT IS SPENT WORKING IN HIS LABORATORY...

UNTIL FINALLY CLAIMED BY FITFUL SLUMBER...

...BUT I HEAR NOTHING, ANCIENT ONE!

YOU ARE LEARNING ALREADY, MY SON!

...NOTHING! I...HEAR...NOTH...

"HIS ZEN-MASTER'S VOICE"

ON RARE OCCASION, HOPE GIVES WAY TO DESPAIR...

TUBES! TUBES! ALWAYS TUBES!!

KLASH!

NO MORE RICE WINE FOR HIM! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY, HITACHI IS UP WITH THE SUN TO TACKLE THE TASK WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR...

THEN, AS IS SO OFTEN THE WAY WITH LIFE, HIS PERSEVERENCE PAYS OFF IN AN UNEXPECTED FASHION. WHILE VISITING TOKYO TO PURCHASE ADDITIONAL EXTENSION CORDS AND BALSA WOOD, HITACHI CHANCES TO OVERHEAR A REMARK MADE TO A BEVY OF SIGHT-SEEING NUNS...

NO DAWDLING, NOW! IT'S TIME TO BOARD THE TRAIN, SISTERS!

"TRAINZ?" "SISTERS?!" "TRAIN-SISTERS...? TRANSISTORS! WHY, IT'S... IT'S CRAZY, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK!"

STRUCK BY THE THOUGHT THAT BULKY, FRAGILE TUBES COULD BE REPLACED BY TINY DURABLE TRANSISTORS, HE RETURNS TO HIS LABORATORY AND WORKS FEVERISHLY...

MERE MONTHS LATER...

I'VE DONE IT!

DROP THE SWORD, MOTH, OR YOUR LITTLE PAL HERE WILL BE PUSHIN' UP LOTUSES!

HE HAD BUILT A TRANSISTOR RADIO, PRIMITIVE BY MODERN STANDARDS, BUT, NEVERTHELESS, A FUNCTIONING RECEIVER THAT COULD FIT IN A SHIRT POCKET!

SOME ARE SLOW TO REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF HITACHI'S DISCOVERY...

YOU ZIPPERHEADS MAKE GREAT CRICKET CAGES, BUT TINY RADIOS...? I JUST DON'T KNOW! LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER WITH THE RECEPTIONIST ON YOUR WAY OUT AND MAYBE I'LL GET BACK TO YOU!

FIVE COLOR BALLPOINT

MISSOURI MULE CIGARETTE COVES

S. GOLDFARB

RAM-YAL TRADING CO. FAR EAST SPORTS

OTHERS, HOWEVER...

I'VE HAIN'T NEBBER SEEN NUTHIN' PERZACKLY LAK DIS-HEAH LI'L' RADIO! ALL US CULLUD FOLKS'LL SHO'LY WANNA BUY ONE TUH CARRY 'ROUN' IN DE STREET! YASSUH!

UH...PERHAPS I WAS A BIT HASTY JUST NOW! LET'S HAVE A FEW DRINKS AND KICK THIS THING AROUND!

THAT SOUNDS GREAT, MR. GOLDFARB!

CALL ME SID!

MAGNETIC BLACK/WH SCOTTISH DOGS

S-KEY-MO THERMOS JAR

Rubber Clow BAHTROOM SCALES

RUBBER THROUPLIP

ENTERING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH SIDNEY GOLDFARB, HITACHI DEVOTES THE NEXT TEN YEARS TO REFINING HIS INVENTION, ELIMINATING NEEDLESS FRILLS, TIRELESSLY SEEKING NEW WAYS TO LOWER PRODUCTION COSTS SO THAT EVEN THE MOST HUMBLE WILL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A POCKET-SIZED RADIO ...

BUT FOR HITACHI, THERE ARE NO ANSWERS, ONLY NEW QUESTIONS...

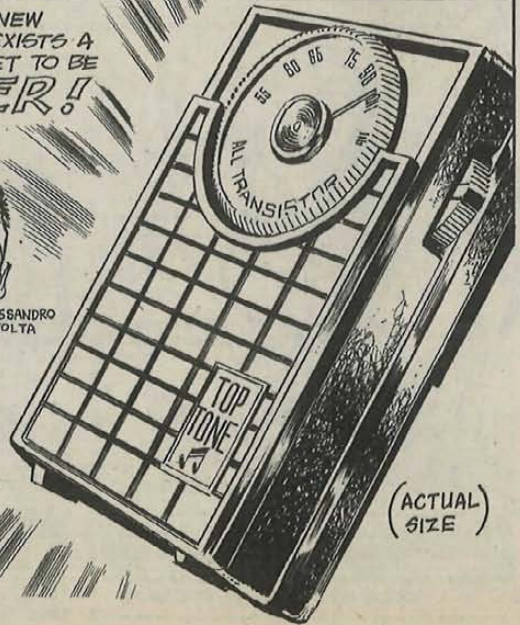
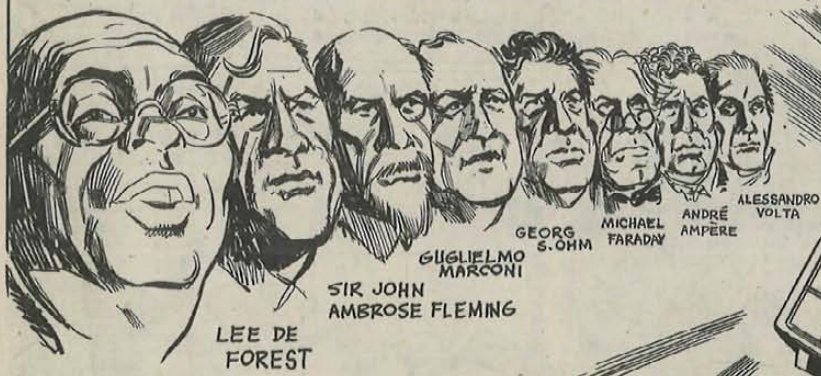
AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WHY, WE'LL MAKE TINY TAPE RECORDERS, TINY TELEVISION SETS, TINY ADDING MACHINES, TINY CAMERAS, TINY CARS, TINY TENSOR LAMPS, TINY DIGITAL CLOCKS, TINY...



WITHOUT WARNING, ON AUGUST 3RD, 1971, WHILE ATTENDING A TRADE FAIR IN NEW YORK CITY, THE GREAT INVENTOR IS CALLED TO UNRAVEL THE FINAL ENIGMA...



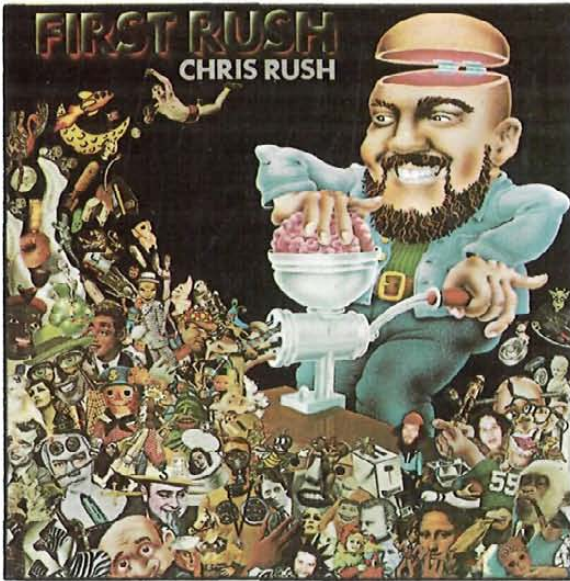
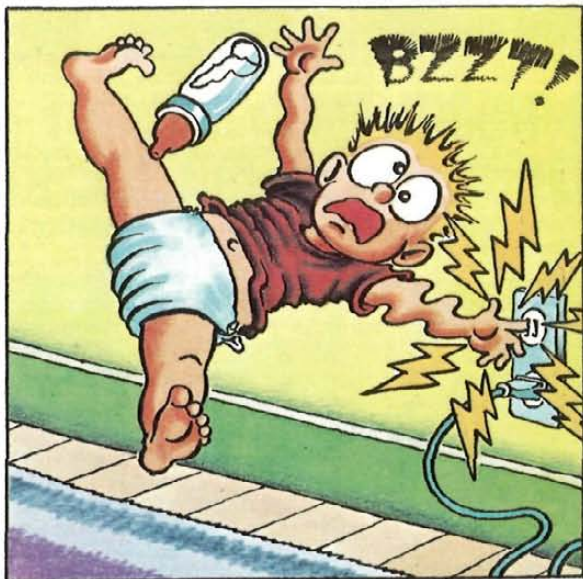
IT IS SAID THAT MEN LIKE HITACHI NEVER DIE. THEY ARE BORN ANEW EACH TIME A LITTLE CHILD ASKS "WHY?" FOR WHEREVER THERE EXISTS A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED, A RIDDLER TO BE ANSWERED, OR A SECRET TO BE UNLOCKED, THERE YOU WILL FIND **MAN the DREAMER!**



HITACHI
MITSUBISHI
1922-1971

(ACTUAL SIZE)

REMEMBER YOUR FIRST RUSH?



FIRST RUSH, the debut of Chris Rush, (who has appeared many times on the pages of this magazine), is a new dimension in comedy. Henry Beard, National Lampoon editor, 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; Blacula Meets Tar Baby; and more. On Atlantic Records and Tapes.



soon as Paul and his wife were inside, the suction device, sensing an increase in air pressure inside the house, closed the door automatically.

Vera came over to greet the guests. All sat down on the superbly comfortable, helium-filled plastic couch that hovered a few feet off the floor in the living room. As they were seating themselves, the couch sank a little lower.

Paul Wilson took out a self-igniting cigarette, scraped it along the table, and puffed comfortably.

"Before I forget," Paul Wilson said, "you were going to lend me your automatic pen, until I get a chance to change a tube in mine."

"I'll get it," John said. "It's upstairs."

John was closer to the all-plastic vacuum lift than the all-plastic automatic stairway, so he took the lift up to the twelfth level of his apartment. He pressed the letters "PEN" on the keyboard of the all-plastic Home Mini-Computer and watched through a cellophane window as a set of alphabet blocks was rearranged by rubberized suction motors to spell out the location of the object he sought. It read:

PEN: CLOSET 6, SECTOR 7A

John went over to closet 6, took out the automatic pen and because, having walked across the room, he was now closer to the all-plastic automatic stairway, took it downstairs.

"Quite a device, this automatic pen," Paul Wilson said. "Truly a marvel of 1973!"

"Yes," John Smithers readily agreed. "This all-plastic, automatic pen is truly amazing. Through a cellophane window, one can see the interior, where a lifetime supply of a special kind of liquefiable plastic is kept. The special, liquefiable plastic is heated to its melting point by a small internal filament; this filament is turned on by an internal miniature one-tube radio receiver responding to

signals sent out by an internal, miniature, one-tube radio transmitter; this transmitter, placed beside the point, is energized only when pressure is actually placed on the point. This assures that the plastic will be liquid—and flow onto the paper—only when actually needed. Since the plastic is solidified when not in use, eliminated forever is the danger of the pen leaking in, say, a shirt or suit pocket."

"Why, I can remember way, way back," Paul said, "when pens used to leak all the time!"

"Things sure are different now in 1973!" John Smithers said, grinning.

"That reminds me," Vera said. "Did you all hear the news?"

"What news?" Paul Wilson asked.

"Our scientists have finally fabricated an all-plastic space ship. Every part of it, even the suction-operated motor, is plastic!"

"Except for the windows," Alice Wilson interjected. "They still have to be made of cellophane. After all, one can't see through plastic, not even in 1973!"

"Do you think," Paul submitted, "they'll be able to land on the sun now?"

"Well," Vera said, "an all-plastic space ship, according to calculations, should be able to survive the temperatures there. For years, scientists have been wondering whether or not life is possible on the sun. But, because we live in 1973, we shall soon find out!"

"I can still remember when we first landed on the moon," Paul Wilson said, "back in '42."

"Yes," John Smithers remarked philosophically. "I'm afraid to say it, but we are getting on in years."

"That reminds us," Alice Wilson said proudly. "Today is our anniversary! Paul and I were married just forty-seven years ago this evening—and how the world has changed since then!"

"Alice wore one of the first cellophane wedding dresses," Paul Wilson

said, beaming proudly.

"Why, our first house didn't even have dynatricity!" Alice said.

John Smithers shook his head. He tried to imagine a world without dynatricity; it was almost impossible. He walked over to the room's plastic dynatricity container, looked through the cellophane window, and saw that it was full. He opened the container and scooped up a handful of the soft, gelatinous wonder that powered all his household appliances. He put a little dab in the all-plastic clock; the rubberized, automatic pants-presser; the cellophane, automatic salt-shaker; the all-plastic, automatic, suction-operated furniture mover.

"They were running low," he explained. "I forgot to fill them this morning."

"Perhaps you should take a Memory Chocolate, too!" his wife told him, good-naturedly.

"By the way," Paul Wilson said, "did you hear that dynatricity rates are about to go down?"

"Again!" Vera said with some surprise; rates had gone down several times during the last six months.

"Yes," Paul Wilson said. "Seems the Dynatricity Corporation has discovered a more inexpensive way to produce it, developed through a grant from the World Government. Naturally, they are passing the savings on to us, the public. What's more, they're working on a more dense form of dynatricity that should require refilling less often!"

"Wonderful!" John Smithers said with considerable enthusiasm.

The conversation continued amiably for a few minutes. Then, suddenly, Alice Wilson broke into it by saying to her husband, "Can we tell them now?"

"I suppose now is as good a time as any!" Paul Wilson said, smiling at his wife.

"Tell us what?" Vera inquired.

"Well," Paul said, "Alice and I were thinking. At 97, we are starting to get along in years and we thought, if we're ever going to have that family we talked about, we'd better start now!"

"Oh, Alice!" Vera said, running over to kiss her friend happily on the cheek.

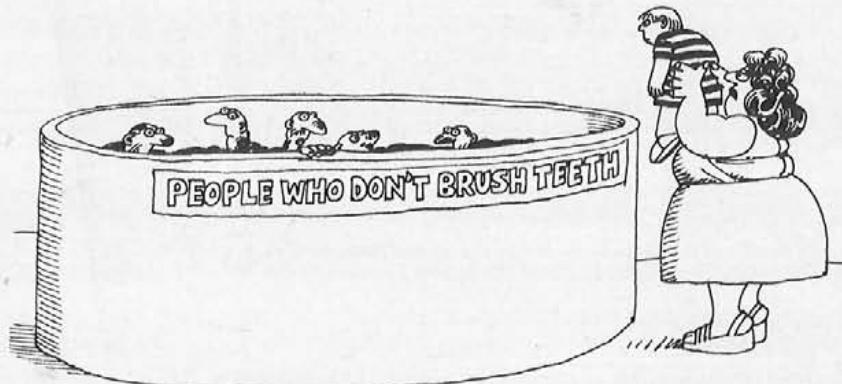
"Have you been 'rayed yet?" John Smithers asked.

"Tomorrow," Paul answered. "Alice and I have an appointment at the Selectra-Ray Center at 9:00 A.M. sharp."

"And what have you decided on?"

"Well," Paul continued, "Alice wanted a girl and I wanted a boy, so we let the all-plastic, two-tube heads-or-tails generator decide. Alice won."

"I told him we'll have a boy next time," Alice said, smiling.



SOVIET-MECHNOD-FOTO

HELLO

**"THE JOLLY FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE
OF SCIENCE IN THE MODERN U.S.S.R."**

JULY 1973

PRINTED ENGLISH

78 CENT U.S.A.

**THIS PENCILS COME
FROM AUTOMATIC FACTORY
IN ARCTIC CIRCLE! PAGE K**

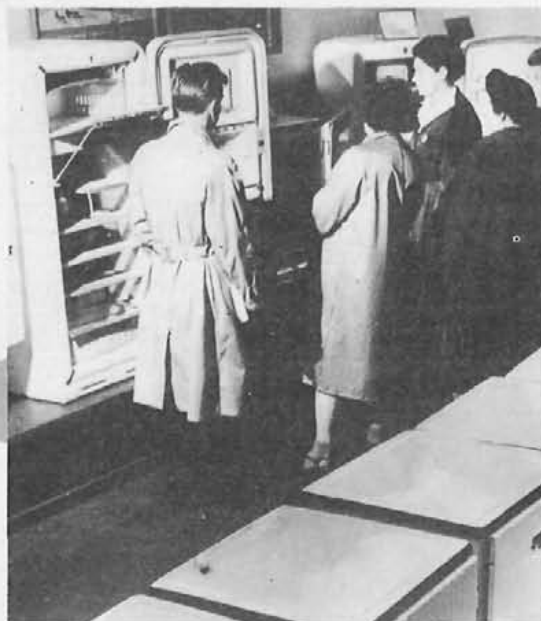
**IN THAT
ISSUE,**

- **SECRETARY PLUGOV GREET VISITING KOREANS**
- **SO YOU THINK SOVIET CONCRETE TECHNOLOGY**
- **LAGS? NEW CAN OPENER MAKE WIFES HAPPY**

PLUS, ALSO, YOUR QUESTIONS TO SOVIET-TECHNIK HELLO ANSWERS



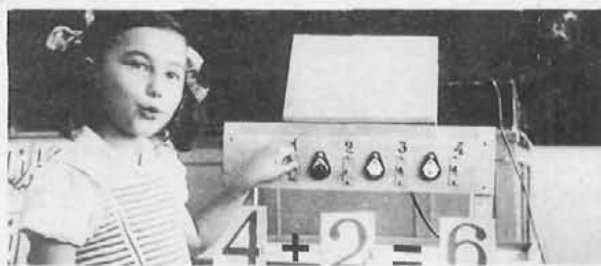
Yet one more Soviet dream-auto, so soon since the hysterical 1965 appearance of Z.O.D. sedan? Yes! It is Z.U.D., nickname, Tupolev Torpedo, from the mighty aircraft-making firm. A back motor, 3 headlights, and sporty demeanor obviously exist on it. But also: long range wireless, optic glass, and smart tires. "Every Soviet citizen will wish to drive on this thing," First Secretary Pagnov has decreed. Dear friend, the Torpedo has been the "hit" of the Sofia Hardware Fair. We salute the gallant genius of the Soviet engineers in friendly competition with those of other nations!



Father puts on his overcoat, scarf, fur hat, and boots at the midnight. "Where you go," asks the Mother. "Ah, just to get a snack," Father chides. "It is only 20 minutes by trolley to the refrigerator—may I bring back you a pancake?" Indeed, the Soviet State Planning Presidium supplied since 1960 1.2 million more iceboxes, or almost one for every 20 families in Greater Moscow. Indeed is the Soviet a "cold country," for at each refrigerator station is there ice and cold for all! The happy housewives here patiently wait their turn to use the State Refrigerator Co-operative, where all neighbors store their milks and vegetable. Soon, says First Secretary Pagnov, each block will have her refrigerator station! All hail Soviet ice genius!



Frozen on the camera's lens is a glorious moment in the history of the great fraternal link between the Soviet and Bulgarian peoples, for we see, gentle reader, borne on its special carriage, a length of the new fresh-milk pipeline between the U.S.S.R. and the B.P.S.R. on its way to installation, while Moscow traffic policemen respectfully watch and the Muscovites trapped on the avenue are spontaneously swept up in joyful outbursts of approval at this further cementing of the unbreakable bond between the Socialist camps of the two good neighbor nations!



"I wish to smelt ore, Dear Mr. First Secretary!" That was the content of little Tanya Chebova's recent letter to the Ministry of Slag near Kiev. Behold in our photographic picture, kind reader, how little Tanya proposes to help to increase Soviet ore tonnage. Her control board is perfection! Dear little Tanya, you have fired up the souls of all Soviet workers, students, and intellectuals! Little Tanya has invented this process herself, and tells that 16 lbs. of ore in her parents' garden have been smelted already. Kind friends, is that not better as dolls!

Here, we gaze upon the panorama of members of the Tashkent Computer Club, on their free day, "pitching on" to help at the moving from one building to another, miles distant, of their club rooms. In a spirit of Socialist neighborliness do these heroes and heroines of Soviet Recreation act. Seen here, it is that they carry the framework for Model B-54G Computer. But, beloved reader, where is the Computer? Oops! Have they lost it? The Workers' & Students' Committee will investigate; and if so, the Club members will volunteer to attend self-correction courses in the cool marshes of the Soviet outregions. What says Soviet computer technology lags?





"Put on your dancing boots, Eghina, and let us trip over the light fantastic tonight at the Molodezhny Youth Cafe?" So says our modern young Soviet Yuri or Lavrenti. He knows, fair reader, that Socialist technology has produced a happy and jolly new "rumple" in the Soviet dancing. The photo here shows well, how the dancing floor moves while the dancers stand up still, saving vital energy for their work on the morrow and ever nobler achievements in the cause of world peace! A system of hydraulic steam pistons and valves make the dancing floor tip, tremble, and swerve. Ingenious? But necessarily!



Foto-Soviet-Mechnod HELLO must regret that this photo has been classified as "SECURITY" by the Institute of Corrective Propaganda. Please do not circulate this under strict penalty of Soviet law. Now, turn page.



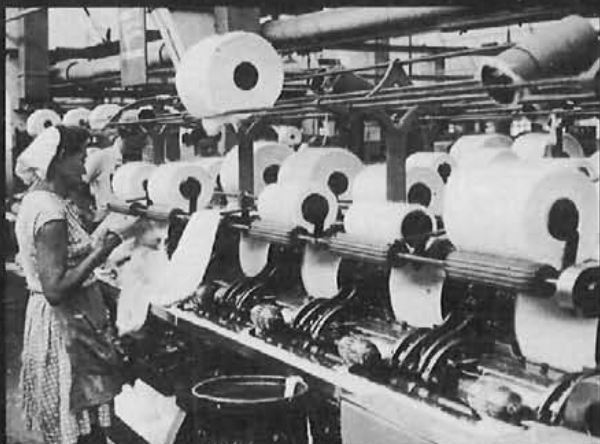
At the Yakutia aerodrome in the northeast sector of the Soviet Union, what is this that we see? Soviet ingenuity at work to guide in the mighty Ilyushin I-66 turbojet of Aeroflot for its weekly visitation! So frigid is it here that radar of the ground station will not function. So Comrade Semyon Sleptsov mounts aboard on his trained reindeer animal and rides into the runaway path to wave with his long pole at the Aeroflot pilot. A wave at the left—"O.K. to hit the landscape by your wheels; welcome, Soviet aviator, in a spirit of comradeship!" A wave at right, "Go back, go back, please, dear pilot!" If the sun is in Comrade Sleptsov's eyes, all the more risk of horrible accident. Other reindeer are huddled against the Ilyushin to keep it warm on the frozen earth. In this way, animals make Soviet technology to progress.



Frozen on the camera's lens is a glorious moment in the history of the great fraternal link between the Soviet and Czechoslovak peoples, for we see, gentle reader, borne on its special carriage, a length of the new naphtha gas pipeline between the U.S.S.R. and the C.S.S.R. on its way to installation, while Moscow traffic policemen respectfully watch and the Muscovites trapped on the avenue are spontaneously swept up in the joyful outbursts of approval at this further cementing of the unbreakable bond between the Socialist camps of the two good neighbor nations!



Frozen on the camera's lens is a glorious moment in the history of the great fraternal link between the Soviet and Romanian peoples, for we see, gentle reader, borne on its special trucks, a length of the new soybean-oil pipeline between the U.S.S.R. and the R.P.S.R. on its way to installation, while Moscow traffic policemen respectfully watch and the Muscovites trapped on the avenue are spontaneously swept up in joyful outbursts of approval at this further cementing of the unbreakable bond between the Socialist camps of the two good neighbor nations!

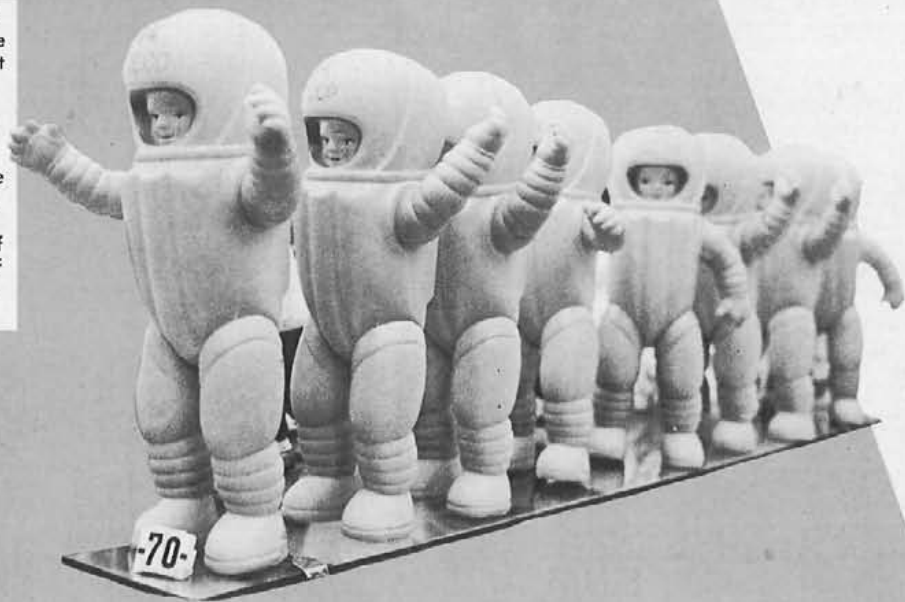


Soviet toilet tissue on the march! Soviet toilet tissue factories since 1966 have increased output by 85% over 1965, fulfilling Secretary Pugnov's promise to the Soviet peoples that all would share in the fruits of the 5 Year Plan for Home Hygiene. It not only is in the large items as skyscrapers, radios, and skates, but in the tiny blessings of Soviet life, that the Soviet peoples now bask in the heroic attainment of true progress. Toilet paper will soon roll out to almost every home in each city. This factory is named after N. Gagdov and is known as T.U.D., or "Mustard Seed of the Urals."



Is the lady lose her dog? That is a lie, beloved reader! These trees that we view behind them on the Molnikashaya Prospekt, Moscow, are with the nice ladies having water, and she turns the tap. But a riddle! This times, unfortunately, the lady turns the tap "backwards," and water, not to the trees but rushed up in face and on over the street. The beauty-loving Soviet peoples must insist for trees and bushes anywhere, and that will cause these scenes of old mothers like that. Summer in U.S.S.R. fills its entrails with such jokes!

We have come inside at the Y.I.Z. Steam Kettle & Auto Works at Vadnovny, where secrets of style are hiding. Yes, there that is: there stood the ornaments for the "hood" nose of the Soviet Y.I.Z. auto. What fitting, they are cosmonaut model made small! Soviet space triumphs are the "mode" of the member nations of the friendly Socialist camp—thus, indeed a cosmonaut in the nose has formed a distinctive symbol of the determination of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. to make all of space a peaceful paradise for mankind. On an auto.



by Bruce McCall

"And, anyway," Paul added, "Alice let me have my choice of eye color and hair color. I picked blue hair and orange eyes—my favorite color combination."

"And what about skin color?" John asked.

"Well," Alice said, "I preferred Oriental, but my husband wanted black. So it was back to the all-plastic, two-tube heads-or-tails generator!"

"And?"

"Paul won this time," Alice said. "Black it is!"

"At least I won something!" Paul said, good-naturedly.

"Do you remember," John interjected, "when, long ago, some people actually thought it was inferior to be black?"

"Yes," Paul said. "Thank goodness that, in 1973, we enjoy an enlightened world of eternal peace and brotherhood for all!"

Alice giggled. "I'm looking forward to tomorrow," she said. "I've never made love beneath a Selectra-ray before."

"Neither have I," Vera said, looking at her husband rather pointedly.

"Actually, there's not much to it," Paul Wilson pointed out. "The all-plastic, Selectra-Ray machine is hidden in the ceiling so you hardly notice it, the Selectra-Rays themselves coming through a tiny cellophane window. A technician simply sets the features you want and the ray bathes you while you make love. Of course, a bevy of highly-trained sexologists watch you to be sure your movements are correct."

"Will you take an Ecstasy Chocolate beforehand?" Vera inquired.

"Yes," Alice said. "We want our child to be conceived in a moment when our bodies feel a surge of joy and satisfaction beyond all belief."

Ecstasy Chocolates, as all of them knew, were chocolates coated with a simple, safe chemical that lowered the threshold of the pleasure centers of the brain so that only the highest and purest impulses could be produced there.

"Do you remember," John said, "when people felt repressed and inhibited about sex?"

"Just barely," Alice said. "But now, in 1973, sex is put in perfect perspective. It is accepted as one of life's greatest pleasures—made even better by the fact that, with our all-plastic, multi-tube, computerized matching system, everyone is deeply and gloriously in love with his or her partner. Men and women feel no shame or inhibition about sex or their bodies. And yet we don't exaggerate sex, either—or pervert it and make it an obsessive part of our lives."

"Yes," John pointed out, slapping

continued on page 90



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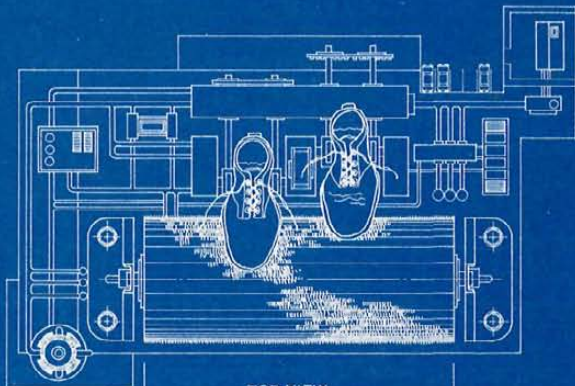
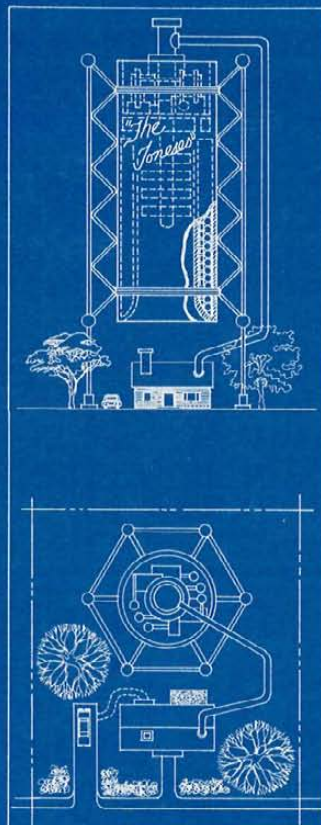
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Non-Polluting Power Sources

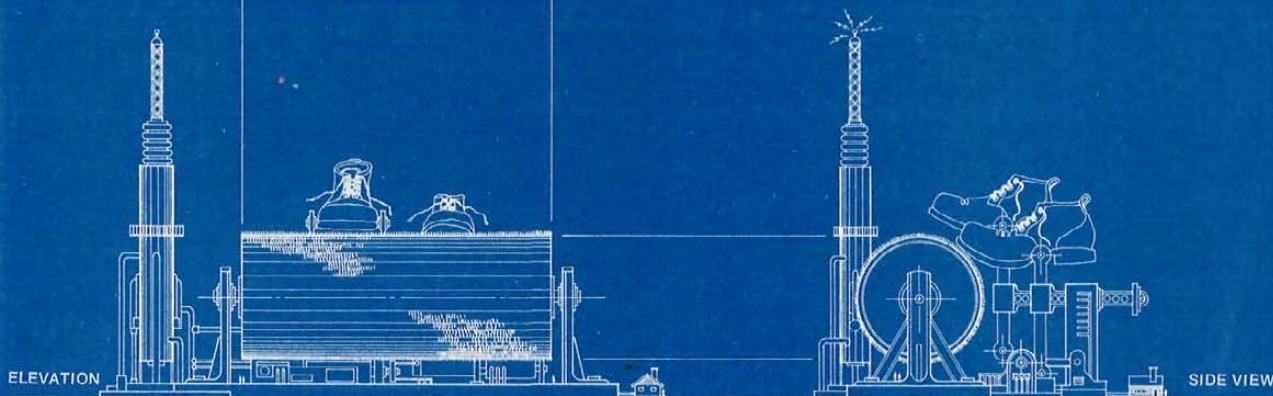
The Steingarten Energy Tube

The principle of the energy tube is based on one of the most basic and most easily demonstrable laws of physics: Nature abhors a vacuum. (A simple illustration of this valuable principle occurs whenever you open a bottle of soda or a can of coffee, and there is an audible hiss as the air rushes in to equalize the pressure.) It was Steingarten who first appreciated that this same effect exists all around us as an unutilized source of infinite energy potential. His concept was simple, and like many of the scientific discoveries which we now take for granted—for example, the heliocentric theory and evolution—it seems absurdly obvious to us today, but it actually represented a startling insight: The Earth's atmosphere is hot, dense, and under high pressure at sea level, and cool, thin, and under low pressure at higher altitudes. If an equalization effect could be created by canalizing the differential in a closed system, winds of terrific velocity would be generated as the high pressure air at the lower end of the system rushed to fill the relative vacuum of low pressure air at the upper end, and electric power could be produced with a simple fan-blade turbine. The result of this remarkable observation was the Steingarten Energy Tube.

As shown here in a proposal for a modest home version, the comparatively slight atmospheric gradient which occurs over 100 feet of altitude is more than sufficient to satisfy household electric needs. Larger tubes extending many thousands of feet into the upper atmosphere or into outer space itself could produce considerably more powerful air flows and correspondingly greater amounts of electric power. From an environmental point of view, the system is perfect: The natural effect of gravity ensures the eventual return to the Earth's surface of all but an infinitesimal portion of the oxygen and nitrogen molecules used in the process, and the only effluent emerging from the top of the smokestack-like tubes is pure, clean air.



TOP VIEW



The Subitzky Electrostatic Pedal-Friction Motor

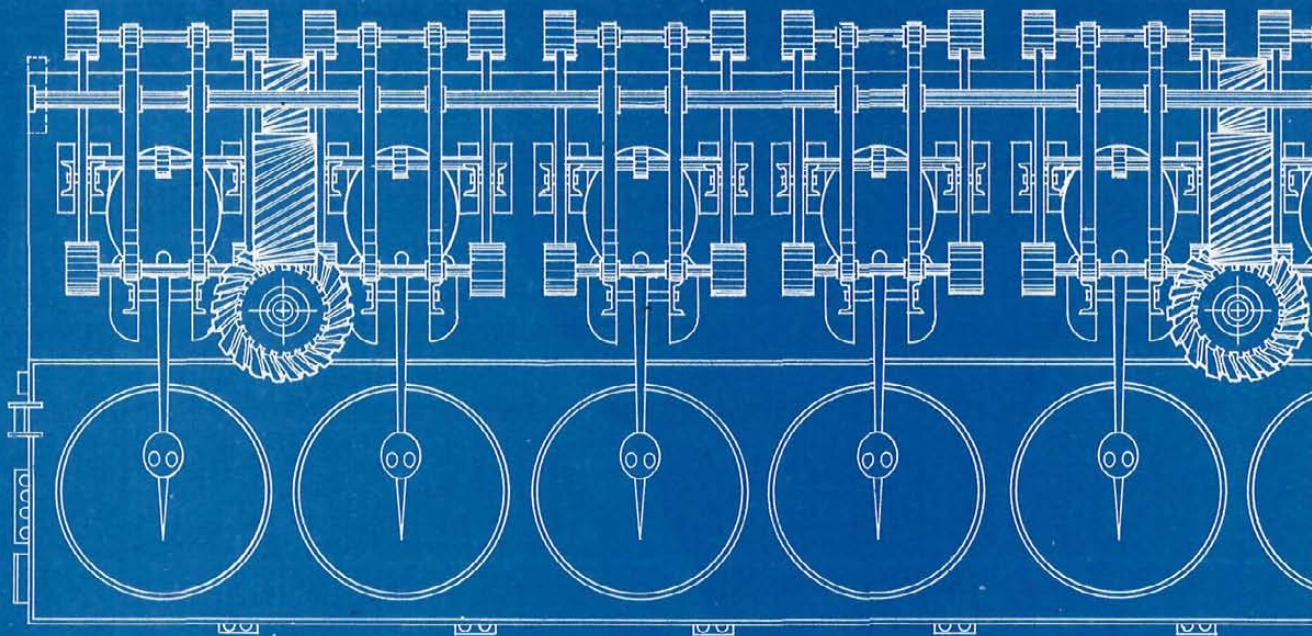
It seemed to Subitzky both ironic and unfair that in an era of increasingly serious electricity shortages, enormous amounts of electricity were literally everywhere, as evidenced by the perennial midwinter annoyance of painful electric shocks from static electricity buildup, and he vowed to find a way of turning this universal phenomenon into a cheap, reliable source of energy.

It turned out to be a surprisingly easy matter. Once he had abandoned as hopelessly impractical the Underwear Dynamo and the Nylon Sock-o-tron, projects to which he devoted two discouraging years, he hit almost at once upon the carpet/shoe configuration, and it was only a short step from there to the perfection of a working model generator large enough to produce a useful amount of electrical output. A relatively straightforward series of relays, transformers, and converters refines the sudden electrical pulses into usable current.

The electricity produced is not adaptable for most purposes, since the irregular power surges would destroy most appliances and machinery, but it appears to be almost ideal for providing D.C. power to the third rail and overhead catenary wires of urban transit systems, where the sudden starts, stops, and lurches likely to be caused by an erratic power supply are indistinguishable from similar idiosyncracies of motion long since accepted by passengers as a normal part of the operation of trains.

The generators only work in the winter months, but they perfectly balance out the special power needs of municipalities which, paradoxically, have higher demands for electricity in the winter because of the much longer time that their vast streetlighting systems are required to be in use. The only pollution which the electrostatic motor produces is lint, dust kitties, and rug fuzz in amounts which depend on the quality of the broadloom used on the surface of the generator wheel.

continued



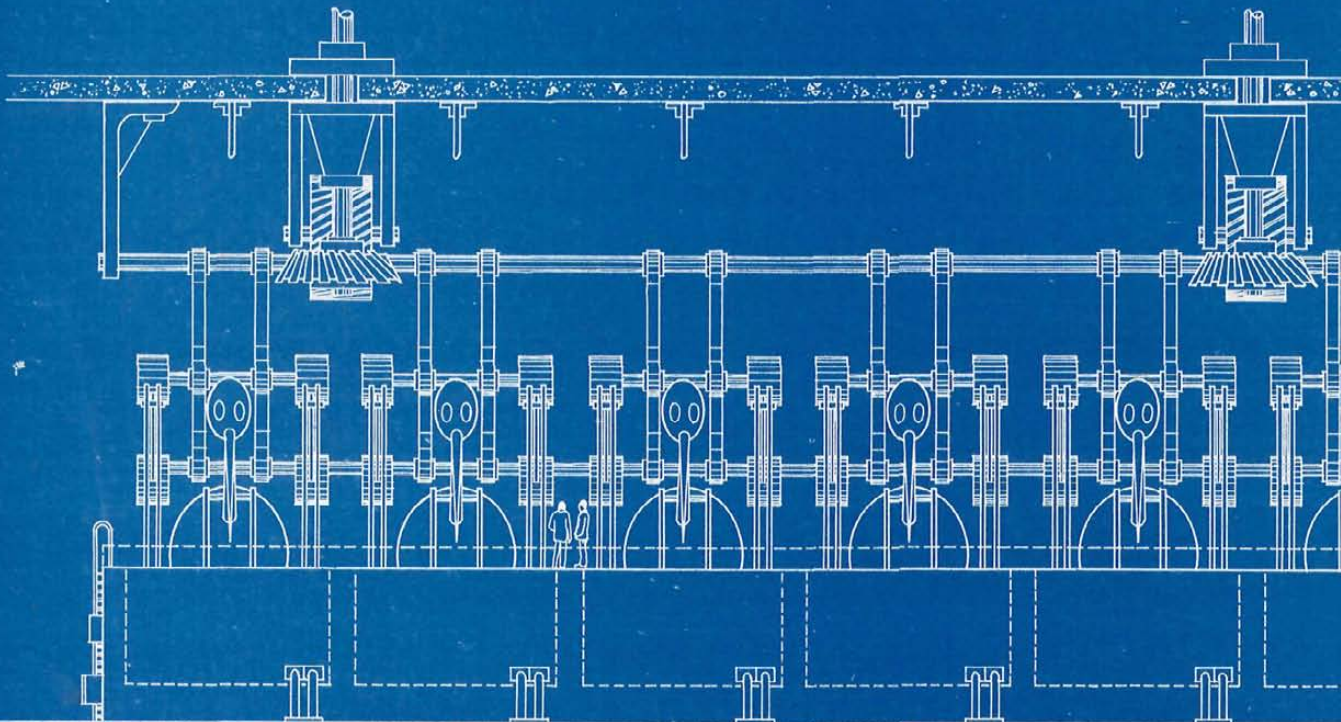
The Cerf-Frith Ornithological Engine

Like many of man's greatest inventions, the simple, elegant temperature-differential evaporation-cycle hydrologic engine was once dismissed as a mere toy, and a potentially inexhaustible source of clean energy for a desperate world bobbed away untapped in florist shop windows. Although work with aviarian mechanisms had been done before, most notably by Klantz in 1911 (*Die Flugendoppler, Kinderlaffe oder Glorische Machinen zum Deutschland?*) and in 1913, by Moirot (*L'Oiseau Qui Boit: Jeu d'Enfants ou Grande Machine pour la France?*), it took Cerf and Frith, the Watson and Crick of ornithophysics, to propose the construction of birds large and heavy enough to provide measurable amounts of power.

Harnessing the theoretically unlimited power of the birds is simplicity itself, or very nearly. The only tricky problem is synchronization of the downward stroke, or "power peck," in a large number of birds, a challenging task which requires some delicate adjustments by trained aviatorial mechanics (youngsters in search of a rewarding career, take note: It's estimated that we'll need 500,000 of these highly skilled, and highly paid, "birdmen" by the year 2000).

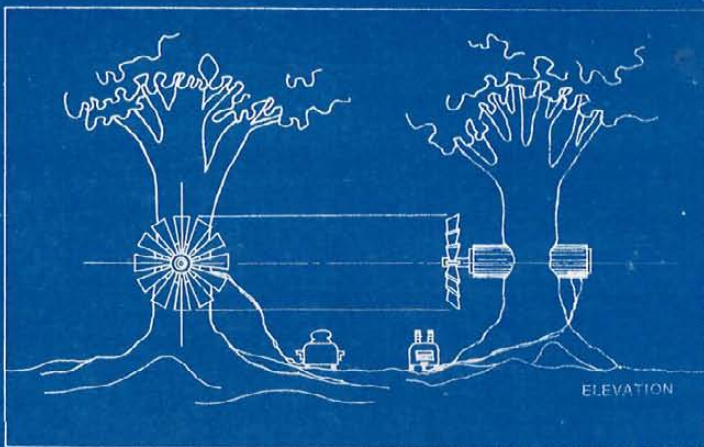
As the accompanying diagrams show, the classic dipping-bird engine is very similar to the internal combustion engine. The up-and-down pumping motion of the birds is converted to useful rotary motion through a simple gear and axle linkage. Although the individual power output of a single bird—even one of the two-ton brutes illustrated here—is minute compared with an average piston (one d.b.p., or dipping-bird-power, is equal to about 1/650 horsepower), there is "strength-in numbers," and dipping birds can be added in sequence endlessly to produce whatever amount of power is desired. And, of course, any comparison of the by-products of the two engines is immensely in the birds' favor: instead of foul smelling, toxic gases, the dipping-bird engine produces only a small amount of water vapor.

There are a number of obstacles to be overcome before dipping birds become as familiar a sight in industry as the diesel, but to doubters who scoff and say, "If man had been meant to tap the vast power of the dipping bird, God would have given us feathers, hulbous extremities, and a silly plastic top hat," the ornithophysicist confidently retorts, "give me a dipping bird of sufficient size and weight, a large enough pool of cool enough water for it to immerse its temperature-sensitive head in, a steady perch on which to place it, and air around it of sufficient warmth to cause its working fluid to expand, and I will move the world, or, at least, some large portion of it!"





TOP VIEW



The Arboelectric Turbine

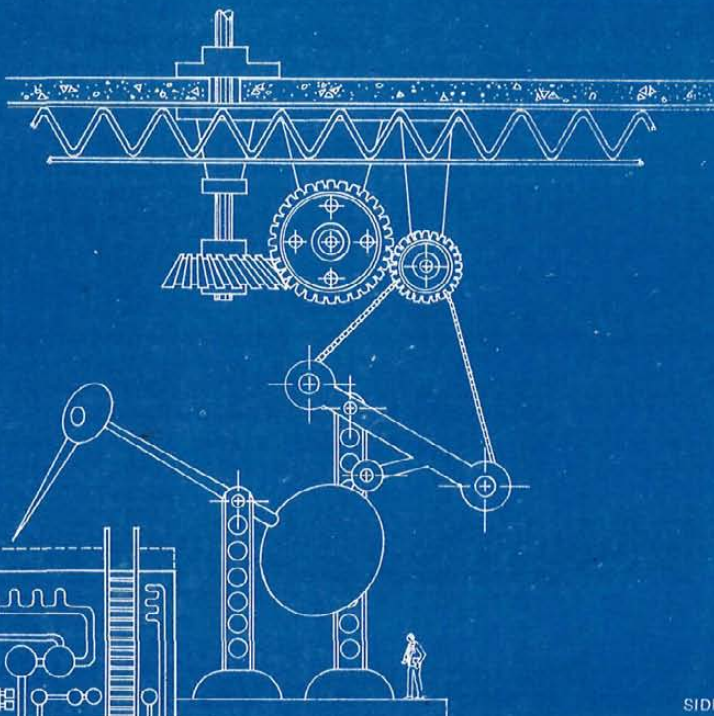
Possibly the greatest unused resource on the entire planet is the unimaginably huge capillary flow slumbering in our trees. According to one calculation, the hydraulic "head" of the rising sap in the trees in our national forests alone is equal to 15,000 Mississippis. And, quite fortuitously, over 70% of the capillary activity in the average deciduous or coniferous tree occurs during the summer, when electric power needs are at their peak.

Installation of the cheap, maintenance-free tree turbine is a delicate task, requiring some quite special skills (yet another fascinating and rewarding career possibility for 1,000,000 young Americans) to prevent damage to the tree, but once in place, the turbine, combined with an arboelectric converter, will produce approximately 1 kilowatt hour of electricity per year. A forest of 5,000 medium sized trees (12" girth or greater) can provide for all the energy needs of a small family.

Needless to say, the arboelectric engine produces no pollution beyond the few dead leaves, pine needles, and acorns of its arboreal component, and as an important ecological bonus, it presents an unanswerable argument against the rapacious harvesting of trees in our national forests. After all, wouldn't we be inclined to offer directions to the nearest nuthouse to anyone who proposed that we cut down our hydroelectric dams to obtain concrete?



ELEVATION



SIDE VIEW

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continued from page 79

his knee enthusiastically, "we sure are lucky as hell to be living in 1973!"

"Would you like to see my womb?" Alice asked. "I took my Preparatory Chocolate today to clean it out and get it all nice and shiny for its tiny newcomer."

"Why, yes," Vera said. "That would be most interesting."

Alice stood up and removed her plastic soil-covered dress, carefully placing it on the plastic floor; the extra-thin flowers on it were remarkably healthy, automatically watered all day long by her own sweat. Naked, she was a most attractive woman, although, at 97, a slight wrinkle had appeared in her midsection even though she had gone in for a head-to-toe transplant just a week ago.

Vera and John bent over so they could peer more closely through the cellophane window in Alice's abdomen. Her womb was indeed clean and sparkling. In one corner of it, near Alice's left kidney, they could see the tiny, plastic, combination six-tube, mini-microphone-loudspeaker-transmitter-receiver that was painlessly implanted in every woman upon reaching the age of puberty. The purpose of the microphone and transmitter was to alert the mother to any sounds her developing child might make; via the loudspeaker, the mother could, in turn, sing lullabies to her developing child and even, if she wished, begin to teach it the alphabet. Of course, that would have to be after the seventh day of pregnancy, when the child's brain was fairly well developed.

"Do you remember," Vera said, "in the old days, when women had to carry their children for nine months instead of nine days?"

"Yes," Alice said. "Of course, now we can control the rate of any bodily process by the appropriate speed-up or slow-down chocolates—whose coatings, incidentally, are organic derivatives of plastic."

Alice put her plastic soil-covered dress back on. "Wish us luck," she said.

"In 1973," Paul Wilson pointed out, "we don't need luck. Thanks to modern science, there hasn't been a birth defect in decades!"

"Yes," John Smithers repeated, slapping his knee again, "we certainly are lucky to be living in 1973!"

"You know," Vera said, "that starts me thinking. Tell me, of all the wonders of 1973, which one do you think is the greatest?"

"A good question," Paul Wilson said. He pondered a moment. "I guess I might say it's our plastic air cars with their helium-filled tires, rubberized exteriors, cellophane windows, and plastic, suction-type mo-

tors." He paused a moment. "Or perhaps its our all-plastic skyscrapers."

"What do you think, darling?" Vera asked her husband.

"Well," John Smithers answered, "I think it's the medical devices. I felt pain recently—at the History Museum, where they had this special booth set up—and let me tell you, it was horrible!"

"Of course," he hastened to add, "no one here on Earth, or on any of the colonized planets, feels it anymore."

"Speaking of the colonized planets," Alice said, "I think *they're* the most amazing thing about 1973. The way we've been able to send families to Mars and Venus and have them live long, happy lives up there in all-plastic communities!"

"I understand they're even mining raw cellophane on Venus now," Paul said. "It should help bring prices down even further—although, of course, in 1973 every human being can easily afford anything and everything he wants!"

"True," John said. "Poverty, want, crime, and class differences have been wiped out for years. And, thanks to the advanced state of 1973 psychology, even the most menial jobs are made to seem fascinating!"

Suddenly John Smithers turned to his wife. "Vera," he said, "I know how badly you want a child. And I know that, seeing and hearing Alice tonight, you're even more anxious to have one. Well, I think our time has come too!"

"Oh, John!" Vera burst into involuntary tears of joy and went over and showered her husband with kisses. "I'm so happy!"

At the sight of Vera's intense joy, John, Paul, and Alice began to weep also. In 1973, no one thought it necessary to be ashamed of or repress their true feelings.

"Hey, I've got a great idea," Alice said. "Why don't you take your Preparatory Chocolate tonight and then the two of you can join us at the Selecta-Ray Center tomorrow!"

"Swell," John said. "I'll call work. Of course, like everyone else, I get all the time off I want because, in 1973, every corporation has a deep human interest in the welfare of its employees."

Suddenly, John's body was wracked by deep, overpowering sobs. "I can't help it!" he said. "We're all such good friends, I love you all so much, I'm so happy to have a wonderful wife like Vera—and, most of all, I'm so thankful to be alive in wonderful 1973 when all this is possible!"

Hearing him, the others began to cry uncontrollably; all held each other closely for several long moments.

continued on page 90

America is changing its name to Nixxon



by Christopher Cerf

We're changing our name, but not our stars and stripes.

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Gossip: "We-llllll..."

2



Gossip: "Prices have been going up so wildly that housewives organized a nationwide meat boycott, and our trade deficit got so bad that the President was forced to devalue the dollar twice, and to stop inflation, the President froze everyone's wages for a while, but he let big business go on making huge profits, and he even bailed out Lockheed with a multimillion dollar loan when they almost went bankrupt because of their own mismanagement." **Returning POW:** "A-yuh."

3



Gossip: "The President signed a Southeast Asia peace treaty, and announced that 'peace with honor' had been achieved, and then in the next three months, he dropped more than 150,000 tons of bombs on Cambodia and Laos without Congressional approval or any constitutional authority, at a reported cost of \$500,000,000, and then he went and vetoed a whole passel of bills for veterans benefits and aid to the handicapped and medical care for the aged because he said they were 'wasteful spending.'" **Returning POW:** "A-yuh."

4



Gossip: "And a Rand Corp. researcher named Daniel Ellsberg xeroxed a secret Defense Department study exposing embarrassing facts about our Vietnam policy and gave it to the New York Times, and the White House tried to stop the Times from printing it, and when that didn't work, they sent some Cuban thugs to beat up Ellsberg and got the Deputy Director of the C.I.A. to give them equipment to help them break into his psychiatrist's office to get something on him, and then they put Ellsberg on trial, and when the judge at the trial started getting suspicious, they tried to bribe him by offering to make him the head of the FBI." **Returning POW:** "A-yuh."

5



Gossip: "And the Acting Director of the FBI had to resign because he burned some important evidence that the Counsel to the President had taken from a safe belonging to a former White House employee who'd been arrested when he got caught breaking into the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee on a raid approved by the then-Attorney General, who has now been indicted, along with the former Secretary of Commerce, for accepting a \$200,000 campaign contribution from a Wall St. financier, who has since fled the country, to fix an SEC stock fraud case for him, and it turned out that the Counsel's nephew was one of his closest associates." **Returning POW:** "A-yuh."

6



Gossip: "And America's changing its name to Nixon." **Returning POW:** "America's changing its name to Nixon?!! Well, I reckon that'll give folks 'round here something to talk about!"

Nixon explorers search for information all over the country—the odds are usually against them.

Tapping a phone or stealing vital records is no easy task. It can mean slipping bulky burglary tools or sensitive electronic equipment past hefty security guards or today's astonishingly efficient alarm systems. And more often than not, the reward is a batch of useless tape or irrelevant papers.

Nevertheless, the search goes on—and for good reason—to help make sure your President and his aides have enough information to keep on governing—now and in the future.

So the Nixon explorers keep on exploring, risking arrest and embarrassment, seeking the file cabinet that will not be empty. Sooner or later, their perseverance pays off, when they crack that rare safe that reveals the psychiatric state of an anti-war activist or the financial status of a political opponent.

Beyond this are the individual activities of the Nixon creative specialists, ever vigilant against the day when badly needed information is no longer obtainable, hard at work forging diplomatic cables and composing congratulatory telegrams.



During the Indochina War, Nixon specialists succeeded in dropping 7.1 million tons of bombs—284 pounds for every human being in the area!

As we write this, the bombs are dropping. They are dropping from F-4's and B-52's across Cambodia and up and down the Ho Chi Minh trail. The Nixon bomber fleet is among the world's largest. Before the recent cease-fire agreement slowed our activities somewhat, we managed to pock-mark Southeast Asia with more than 26 million craters, and that impressive number continues to grow steadily, day by day.

And, for situations where conventional bombs are of little use, Nixon scientists have pioneered new processes and devices. These include the "guava bomb," whose diagonally-ricocheting pellets can pierce buildings; the "rock-eye missile," useful in maiming people in underground shelters; and the ingenious "dragonteeth," which will blow the feet off any soldiers who step on them, thereby burdening the enemy with cripples!

All of this is part of a continuing effort to safeguard your freedom.

Nixon linguistics engineers average a new word a day every working day.

Stated as simply as possible, the job of today's linguistics refinery is to transform the crude and rigid English tongue into a language flexible enough for use in today's world of accelerating change.

At any given moment, a Nixon language technologist might be substituting the mellifluous, Latin-sounding "protective reaction" for the harsh Anglo-Saxon "bomb," or jettisoning the clumsy "deceitful" in favor of the more serviceable "inoperative."

Today it's common to refer to refugees as "ambient non-combatant personnel," but a scant ten years ago it was practically unheard of. And who would have thought in 1963 that, one short decade later, we'd all be saying "accidental delivery of ordnance equipment" instead of "bombing ourselves by mistake"?

Yes, times are changing. And Nixon is struggling to change with them.



Nixon is making a determined effort to preserve the environment.

The integrity of our ethnic neighborhoods is a precious part of our national heritage. That's why Nixon is working so hard to keep these historic "ghettos" just as they are. Here are a few of the things we're doing.

When Congress shortsightedly appropriated money to *rebuild* our so-called "slums" at the community level, Nixon technicians courageously moved to "impound" these funds, even though they had no legal authority to do so.

When a Presidential aide proposed a "Family Assistance Plan" that might have led to our beloved "inner city" areas being deserted by their colorful inhabitants, we sent him packing off to India.

And, in just a few months, we've managed to dismantle the once-powerful machinery of the Office of Economic Opportunity, which, whatever its good intentions, failed to appreciate the cultural importance of such national monuments as Watts and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

It's programs like these that have led important leaders like the Urban League's Vernon Jordan to enthuse: "There is persuasive evidence that the Second Reconstruction is coming to an end!"



Many people don't realize how often they've come face to face with Nixon.

You probably remember any number of moments when you've come face to face with your government. Like when you've voted for your favorite candidate, or served on a jury of your peers, or received a handsome refund check from our Internal Revenue Service. But you may not be aware of how Nixon is working for you behind the scenes.

If you're a journalist, for example, or a liberal senator, Nixon researchers are probably tapping your phone or following you home from work every day.

If you're a convicted union leader or a crooked financier, chances are we've sprung you from prison or even tried to help you buy a bank in Lebanon.

If you're the President of Chile, Nixon agents may have talked with the International Telephone and Telegraph Company about having you deposed.

And even if you're just an ordinary citizen, there's no reason why you might not be subject to a surprise terror raid by our Office for Drug Abuse Law Enforcement.

Although our name is new, we at Nixon realize our reputation will continue to depend upon the quality of the service we offer.

At Nixon, our business is POWER.

Let's face it. What it all adds up to is getting power, and keeping it. You hear a lot of talk about legal processes and checks and balances and the constitution, but that's a lot of hokey. We need more power, every day, to get the job done.

We deeply believe that Nixon is the hope of the world. But to be truly worthy of that hope, in every sense of the word, we've got to become more efficient. We've got to streamline our government by eliminating annoying bottlenecks like Congress and the Bill of Rights.

Only when we no longer let the old fogies in the Senate and the House of Representatives spend a couple of months chewing the fat every time we want to do something—only then will millions of people all over the world be able to live their lives in peace and freedom.

Therefore, we ask for your prayers to help us in everything we do.

God bless Nixon. And God bless each and every one of you.

Yours sincerely,
Richard M. Nixon
President,
Nixon



Before

After



Nixon. You don't know the half of it.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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/SUMMER 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 Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

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

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Think*, *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 Playmate—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.

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

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continued from page 84

"Say, Vera," John said at length. "I just realized something."

"What's that, my darling?" Vera asked.

"You never answered your own question. You never told us what you consider to be the most amazing thing about living in 1973!"

"You're right," Vera admitted. She pained a moment, looking at the thin pinpricks of starlight peeping through the cellophane ceiling. The refreshing Canadian air felt good against her skin. Later, she would suggest that they all take a No-Sleep Chocolate and wait for the dawn's red light to creep across the sky, turning the world warm and amber-orange and reflecting cheerfully off the all-plastic floor.

"Well?" John asked.

"I think," Vera said, "it's the Metford-Jorgenson equation."

"Why, yes!" Alice said. "I should have thought of that myself! You mean equation number three, of course—the one which proves mathematically that there is a God!"

"It was discovered only two years ago," Vera said, "in 1971. It's meant a great deal of comfort to me and to all our fellow human beings."

"Yes," John said, "and, when the proper factors are substituted, the equation even yields the fact that this God is all-powerful and all-loving and that there is a purpose and meaning to the universe."

"To think," Paul said, "philosophers and theologians have pondered this question for ages. But only in 1973 do we have a mathematics advanced enough to provide the answer!"

"I wonder," Vera said thoughtfully, "what the world will be like for our children?"

"Well," Paul said, "for one thing, it will have even greater wonders—wonders we can't even imagine now, in 1973."

"I read that, by 1979, they expect the first all-cellophane spaceship," John interjected.

"And," Alice added, "one scientist even believes that, someday, we'll be able to create an entire cellophane planet and send it out into space for people to live on. Then, people on one side of the world will be able to see the people on the other!"

"But, best of all," Jim said, "one group of researchers now thinks that, by the early 1980s, they should be able to turn light rays into cellophane and gravity into plastic!"

Vera nestled her head into her husband's shoulder. Her hair tickled pleasantly and he smiled. "I don't care about tomorrow," she said, casting her eyes back upwards to the stars. "Sure, things are bound to get more advanced—but I'm happy enough today, living in the paradise of 1973!" □



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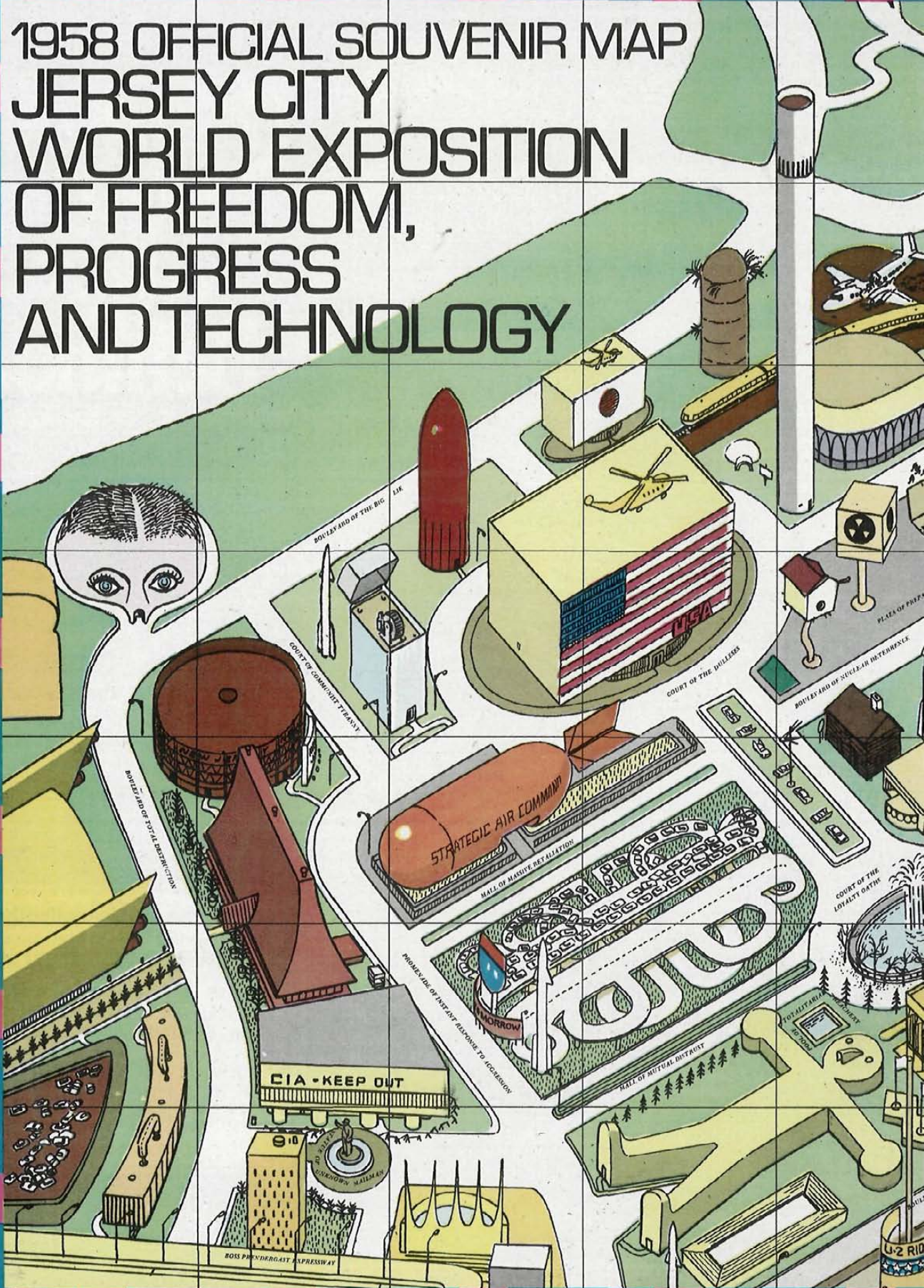
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1958 OFFICIAL SOUVENIR MAP
JERSEY CITY
WORLD EXPOSITION
OF FREEDOM,
PROGRESS
AND TECHNOLOGY



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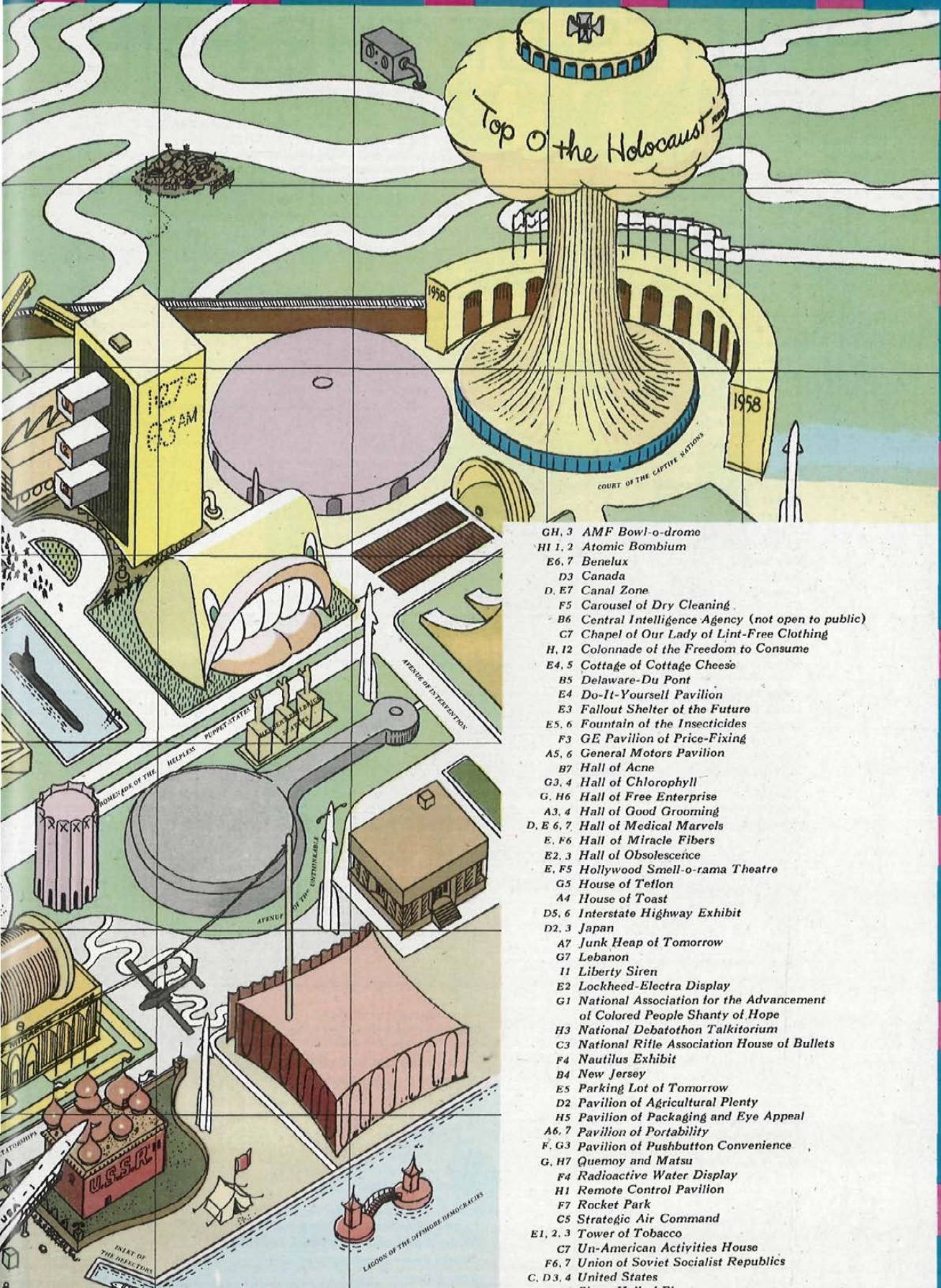
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- GH, 3 AMF Bowl-o-drome
- H1 1, 2 Atomic Bombium
- E6, 7 Benelux
- D3 Canada
- D, E7 Canal Zone
- F5 Carousel of Dry Cleaning
- B6 Central Intelligence Agency (not open to public)
- C7 Chapel of Our Lady of Lint-Free Clothing
- H, 12 Colonnade of the Freedom to Consume
- E4, 5 Cottage of Cottage Cheese
- B5 Delaware-Du Pont
- E4 Do-It-Yourself Pavilion
- E3 Fallout Shelter of the Future
- E5, 6 Fountain of the Insecticides
- F3 GE Pavilion of Price-Fixing
- A5, 6 General Motors Pavilion
- B7 Hall of Acne
- G3, 4 Hall of Chlorophyll
- G, H6 Hall of Free Enterprise
- A3, 4 Hall of Good Grooming
- D, E 6, 7 Hall of Medical Marvels
- E, F6 Hall of Miracle Fibers
- E2, 3 Hall of Obsolescence
- E, F5 Hollywood Smell-o-rama Theatre
- G5 House of Teflon
- A4 House of Toast
- D5, 6 Interstate Highway Exhibit
- D2, 3 Japan
- A7 Junk Heap of Tomorrow
- G7 Lebanon
- I1 Liberty Siren
- E2 Lockheed-Electra Display
- G1 National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Shanty of Hope
- H3 National Debatathon Talkitorium
- C3 National Rifle Association House of Bullets
- F4 Nautilus Exhibit
- B4 New Jersey
- E5 Parking Lot of Tomorrow
- D2 Pavilion of Agricultural Plenty
- H5 Pavilion of Packaging and Eye Appeal
- A6, 7 Pavilion of Portability
- F, G3 Pavilion of Pushbutton Convenience
- G, H7 Quemoiy and Matsu
- F4 Radioactive Water Display
- H1 Remote Control Pavilion
- F7 Rocket Park
- C5 Strategic Air Command
- E1, 2, 3 Tower of Tobacco
- C7 Un-American Activities House
- F6, 7 Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
- C, D3, 4 United States
- C, G7 Zion, Hall of Flame

HI-LITES OF THE FAIR

American Bible Association

Lecture: "When You're Blue, Don't Imbibe—Imbible!"
Hymn-sing led by choir of Bayonne School for the Deaf

American Cement Institute

Sidewalk Walk

American Coal Association

Miniature Strip Mine

American Furnituremakers Association

Stage Show: "Sofa—So Good!"

American Gravel Association

Palace of Pumice

Model of the Ground Grubber

World's Largest Rock Pulverizer

American Lamb Council

Film: *Take It on the Lamb!*

American Rendering Inc.

Cavalcade of the Animal Fats

Asbestos Institute

Film: *When It's Made with Asbestos, It's Made Asbestos It Can!*

Asphalt Association

Film: *Meet Mr. Macadam*

Association of Independent Foundries

Film: *Man, the Lug-Nut User*

Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce

Tower of Taffy

Better Chewing Institute

Musical Presentation: "Two, Four, Six, Eight—Please Be Sure to Masticate!"

Boy Scouts of America

National Rope Tie-off Finals

Canadian Tourist Board

Film: *The Tundra: Nature's Frozen Wonderland*

Carborundum Inc.

Exhibit: "Those Amazing Minerals," featuring

World's Largest Chip of Mica

Films: *Fun With Feldspar*

Bismuth As Usual!

Chap Stick Co.

Lucky Lips Lottery

Continental Can Corp.

Display: Pressurized Containers Through History

Cyanide Inc.

Stage Show: "Plastic—It's Fantastic!"

Dristan Sinus Pool

Egg Information Center

Fab-u-Foot Inc.

Avenue of Argyle

General Foods

Salon de Sandwich Spreads

General Mills

Pastry Pantry, featuring the World's Biggest

Biscuit

Film: *That Takes the Cake!*

Graylor Inc.

Office Equipment of the Future Display

Grindex Inc.

Hall of Varnish

Hatco

House of Hats

Ipana

Den of Tooth Decay, featuring Root Canal Ride and Molar Coaster

Kraft

Chateau of Cheese Snacks Dip-o-Drome

Lawn-King Inc.

Lawn Care Headquarters

Spire of Sod

Lunchcon Meat Producers Association

Hall of Spam

Stage Show: "Salami and the Dance of the Seven Veals"

Modern Metals Mall

Continuous showing of fourteen-hour film:

Tungsten—Metal of One Million Uses

Montana Mining Inc.

Ore-bucket Ride

National Basalt Institute

Film: *Pass the Basalt, Please!*

National Junior Scholastic Debate Association

Finals: Daily debates on the 1958 NJSDA topic, "Resolved: I would rather be dead than Red"

National Linoleum Manufacturers Association

Musical Presentation: "I'm Floored!"

National Overshoe Association

Stage Show: "Galosh—by Gosh!"

National Spelling Bee finals

National Trampoline Club

Leaps for Peace

Noxico

Fiesta of the Artificial Flavors

Otis Inc.

Escalator Ride

Phillips

Laxative Lounge

Film: *Meet Mr. Lower Intestine*

Posturpedic Inc.

Exhibit: Man the Sleeper, featuring Freedy Grench and the Forty Winks singing famous lullabies

Puntz Hydraulic Inc.

Parade of Pumps

Republic of Guatemala

National Eighty-Six Piece Castanet Orchestra

Reynolds Inc.

Bridge of Boons from Bauxite

Ritelco

Mansion of Manila

World's Smallest Manila Envelope

Sheetrock Manufacturers Association

Wall of Marvels

Shinola Co.

National Shoe Shine Championship Polish-off (twelve heats daily)

Soybean Institute

Exhibit: "Man the Soybean Eater"

Musical Presentation: "Soy Ahoy!"

Spiedel Inc.

Exhibit, featuring Gus Geek and the

Twistaflex Band

Starkist Inc.

Tunarama

Steel Wool Institute

Display: World's Largest Scouring Pad

Tapioca Institute

Musical Presentation: "Flamenco Tapioca

Turpentine Institute

Film: *There's Gold in Them Thar Trees!*

U.S. Footwear Association

Shoes of Many Nations

Singer Vince Facino in "Ripple Solo"

U.S. Produce Association

Parade of the Parsnips

Musical Presentation: "Let's Root for the Tubers!"

U.S. Smelter Inc.

Salon of Slag

Film: *Lead—Our Chemical Chum*

Valvoline Co.

Stroll through the Sludge

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly Inc.

Jar of Wonders

Venetian Blinds of Tomorrow

Vermont Tourist Bureau

Film: *Aye, Aye, Syrup!*

Wafabco Inc.

Wheel of Wire Fasteners

Warner-Swazey Inc.

Hall of Lathes

Film: *Let's Put the Screws on These Socialist Nuts!*

Weyerhaeuser Inc.

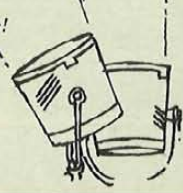
Hall of Pulp

Lecture: "Stumps in Our National Forests: Comfortable Seats or Convenient Picnic Tables?"

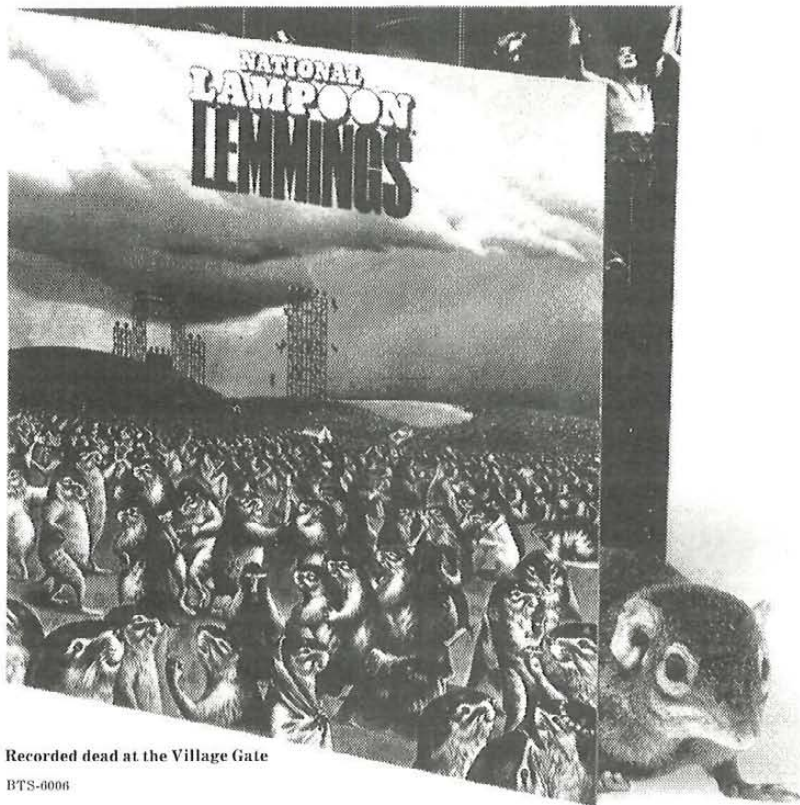
Wide World of Institutional Cooking

World Putty Headquarters

Zinc Center



Suicide pack.



Recorded dead at the Village Gate

BTS-0006

Our very deluxe Original Cast album of the National Lampoon's equally deluxe (and funny) off-Broadway rock review. But why take our word for it? See what the experts say:

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

— Douglas Watt, *Daily News*

"It makes me laugh just to think about 'Lemmings.' ... high-brow high jinx. A comic counter-culture crazy show.

Absolutely no respect. I liked it."

— Leonard Probst, *NBC News*

"A wicked parody of the world of rock, spoofing the talented along with the pretenders, their absurdities, conceits and affectations ..."

— Mel Gussow, *New York Times*

"Outrageously clever satiric revue ... positively dazzling."

— Marilyn Stasio, *Cue*

So, as one lemming was heard to say to another, "March!" ... to your nearest record store. It'll slay you.



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REMEMBER HOW THE PEOPLE WHO RAN YOU KEPT PUTTING YOU IN PLACES YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE SUCH AS CUB SCOUT MEETINGS, AND BIRTHDAY PARTIES OF PEOPLE YOU HATED, AND SUMMER CAMPS?

JUST BEFORE DAWN AT CAMP TALL LONE TREE...

KLANG! KLANG!

BREAKFAST TIME!
NO LAZY BOYS!
05:30! EVERY-BODY UP!

WHAT IS THIS HORRIBLE RED STUFF I'M DRINKING? I BET IT COSTS ABOUT TWO CENTS A GALLON....

CAMP TALL LONE TREE

HONEST, MR. KNUDSON - I TWISTED MY ANKLE! IT REALLY DOES HURT!

DON'T BE A SISSY, THERE! WE'LL REST UP ONCE WE'VE CLIMBED DEAD PINE TOR!

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING THIS FOR?

AHUCK! AHUCK!

GOD, I SWALLOWED THAT GREEN SLIME!

UGGAH-- HELP!!! SOME-UGGAH-ONE-I CAN'T-UGGAH!!!

DEAR FOLKS, I AM HAVING A GOOD TIME HERE AT CAMP LONE TREE. MR. KNUDSON SAID I WAS DOING WELL.

LOVE

Oaken Wilson

**You'll Never
Guess Which
Act Was
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You Peeked.

**Deep Purple
Are On Warner Bros.
Records (& Tapes),
Where They Belong.**



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IDYL



BEHOLD. A BIRD OF PREY.
AWAKE, AWING, AND AWANT.
A NOT TOO, TOO UNUSUAL
SIGHT.

AHHH! BUT, NOW, BEHOLD A
HORMONE REFRAIN, CLAD ONLY
IN BRA AND PANTIES.

WELL, SHE SANG
A SONG SWEETLY,
SO:

WHILE THE BIRD SOARED.

AND AS
FATE WOULD
HAVE IT...

SHE TOOK OFF HER BRA AND
PANTIES.

AND THE BIRD... WELL,
HE JUST SOARED.

SHE SANG SWEETLY LOVE...

THE BIRD, NOW, WHEN HE
SIGHTED THE GIRL WITHOUT
THE BRA AND PANTIES...

... WELL, HE JUST SOARED.

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

**GREEDY WAP
WIZARD**

WAP

HISO YELLOW
DEATH TRAIN IS
YEAR IN CHINA
MOUNTAINS, COMES
TO KILL INFAMOUS
SMEECH GIZARD!

HiEEYA!
YELLOW DEATH
DESCEND ON PIG
HAT AND SMASH
TO DOG SHIT!

KID

GETS KILLED
BY A GOOK



by VAUGHN BODE ©

SMEECH GIZARD'S
APPRENTICE PAY
THIS ONE LOTTA YEN
TO BLAKE DAT SEX
MONGER. HO HE
GOTO BUDDHA TODAY.

BOK

BOOM!

WELCOME TO
DA WEST, GOOKO.



WHOLE MIRTH

DETERIORATA

GO 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 their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to lose 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 Pueblos. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle & mutilate. Know your self; 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. Fall not in love therefore; it will stick to your face. * Gracefully surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Tiramisu 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 hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. * Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Hairy Transferee or Cosmic Mullin. * With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up. * * *

BY TONY HERRERA

FOUNDED IN AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON, UREKID 1172

Deteriorata



I Am the Queen of England

National Lampoon Posters

There is one of these *National Lampoon* posters, or paper-printed-put-on-the-wall-eye-see-things, for each of the great rotations of Kielbasa, the Blessed Flywheel. They're better than a mandala for inducing the Three Basic States: Delaware, Wisconsin, and Oklahoma. They tell us a lot about our whole 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 Olof 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 Krofick]

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

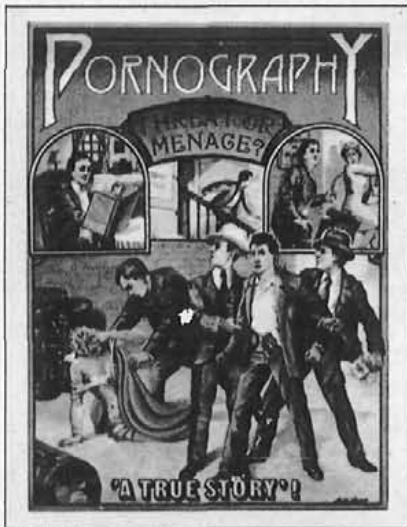
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. \$2.

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 Poz 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-gvaggi, 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 willed their trunks to pulp mills and inks that do not contain ground-up seal molars or leopard-spot dye.

[Suggested by Louise Gikow.
Reviewed by Judy Gould]

National Lampoon Binder (B1014)

\$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three.

National Lampoon Binder with all 12 issues from 1972 (B1012) \$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. NL773
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

(P1006) (P1001) (P1004) (P1002) (P1003) \$1.50 each, \$3.50 for three, \$4.50 for four, \$5.25 for all five.

(P1005) (MP1009) (MP1008) (MP1012) (MP1010) (MP1011) (MP1013) \$1 each

(P2001) \$2 each (BO1001) \$2.50 each

(BR1020) (A015) \$2 each

(LF1001) \$.95 each

(TS1019) \$3.95 each Circle: small, medium, large (B1014) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three (B1012) \$10.95 each

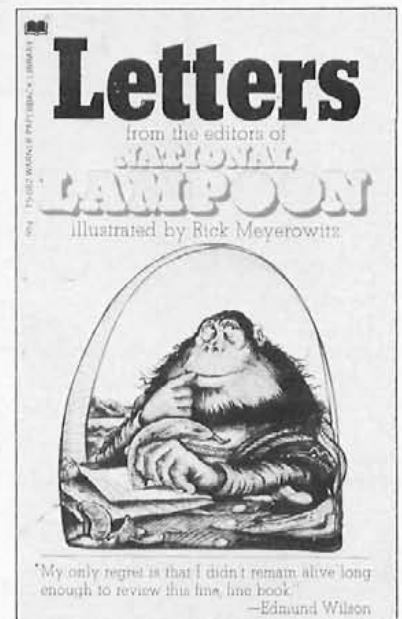
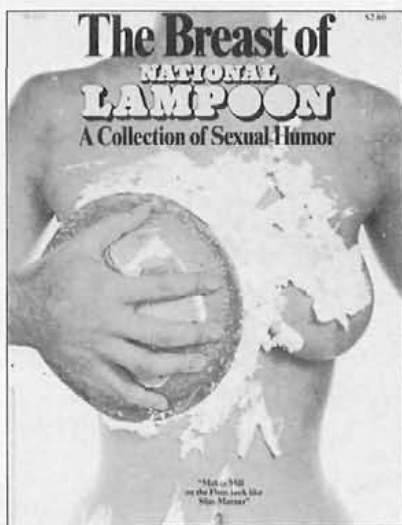
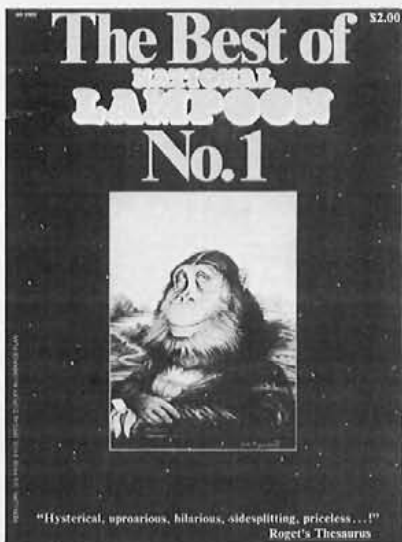
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I have enclosed total of \$.....
(New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes)

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(please print)

Address

City.....State.....Zip.....
(please be sure that your zip code is correct)



TROTS AND BONNIE

I THINK I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT MY BATHING SUIT, PERS! YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT!

BE LOOSE! BE FREE! BE NAKED!

LIBERATE YOUR BODY! UN-CLOTHE YOUR INHIBITIONS!

WHAT DID I DO WRONG, TROTS? YOU WERE SO LOOSE - YOU FELL APART!

HOW COULD YOU STARE AT HIM LIKE THAT? DON'T YOU HAVE ANY MANNERS AT ALL, BONNIE? HOW DISGUSTING WYNY, IT WAS PRACTICALLY SEXIST!

© 2006 SPARY FEENIKEN

DUCK and WEEVIL

15 MEN ON A YOUNG GIRL'S CHEST - HO-HO-HO... - I HOPE WE CATCH A NICE, SLIMEY JELLY-FISH!!

AHOY! HERE I IS! NOT TOO LATE, BUT NEVER ON TIME! LET'S HIT THE DECK, Y' SLOB!! THAT'S SWAB AND YOU LOOK OBSCENE!!

WHEN IT DOESN'T COME NATURALLY - AS IT DOES IN YOUR CASE - IT TAKES HARD WORK! YOU LOOK LIKE A LAND-LUBBER!!

ME?! A LANDLUBBER?! DIG IT, YOU LITTLE BASKETBALL - THAT'S AN INSULT TO MY SPECIES! WHY, I TAKE TO BOATS LIKE A "YOU-KNOW-WHO" TAKES TO "YOU-KNOW-..."

...WHAT?

-OH, I GET IT! - "LIKE A DUCK TAKES TO WATER !!!" I THINK I GOT IT, TOO!! A HENH!

MY TIMBERS ARE SHIVERING! OLP! WHERE ARE MY PILLS? WE'VE GONE TOO FAR OUT!

WE'RE NOT FAR OUT AT ALL, MR. DUCK - WE'RE FAR IN! HOW FAR UP ARE WE?

EASY NOW, EASY! ROW SLOWER! I SEE LAND!! HAVE WE REACHED JAMAICA?? QUUGGLE! HEY, WEEVIL! I SEE YOU'VE CAUGHT A BIG ONE!! HAR!

NGH! NH!

© 2006 LONDON



SPEEDY

**Speedy Keen
"Previous Convictions"**

MCA-391

The talented **SPEEDY KEEN**, former lead singer of Thunderclap Newman fame and co-writer of their smash single "Something in The Air," makes his solo debut on MCA Records with **"PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS"** a sure stormer for an incredibly exciting talent.

Thunderclap Newman created a totally *bizarre* album, "Hollywood Dream," and topped the charts with their first single, "Something in The Air." They disbanded shortly thereafter going "from nowhere to everywhere and back to nowhere again in less than a year."

Since the demise of Thunderclap Newman, **SPEEDY KEEN** has spent two years in recuperation.

Now you have **"PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS"**—Speedy wrote the songs and sings them, plays drums, guitars, and piano. He did the arrangements and the production. **SPEEDY KEEN**'s **PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS** are now yours to digest.



MCA RECORDS



COMING NEXT MONTH

STRANGE BELIEFS

With

SON O' GOD #3

In which the Messiah develops a Lawrence of Arabia complex

Plus

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY PARODY

If they know so much about behavioral motivation, how come their circulation is under one million?

Plus

DEBUNKING SCIENTIFIC CHARLATANS

Moldy bread cures infections, huh? Sure it does.

Plus

Astrology, astronomy, ghosts, molecules, and other paranoid fantasies, Don Juan, Cheech Wizard, a blasphemous surprise poster, and the legendary Chris Miller.

SONY 7065:

Dedicated to the proposition that an enlightened listener
is a happy listener.



You've got a really great receiver. With an air of confidence, you switch it on, prepared to demonstrate the soul-stirring quality of the FM Stereo. And get, instead, an embarrassing silence. Because the source switch is on phono.

It won't happen with the new Sony 7065, because it keeps you informed. Enlightened. With easy-reading function lights on the dial. AM, FM, Phono, Aux, Tape, Mic. You always know where you are, at a glance. Without squinting or stooping.

But that's just the beginning. The 7065 delivers its full rated power at each and every frequency across the entire audio spectrum (60+60W RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20kHz). You don't lose the power you

paid for when you need it, particularly for those gut-stirring lows.

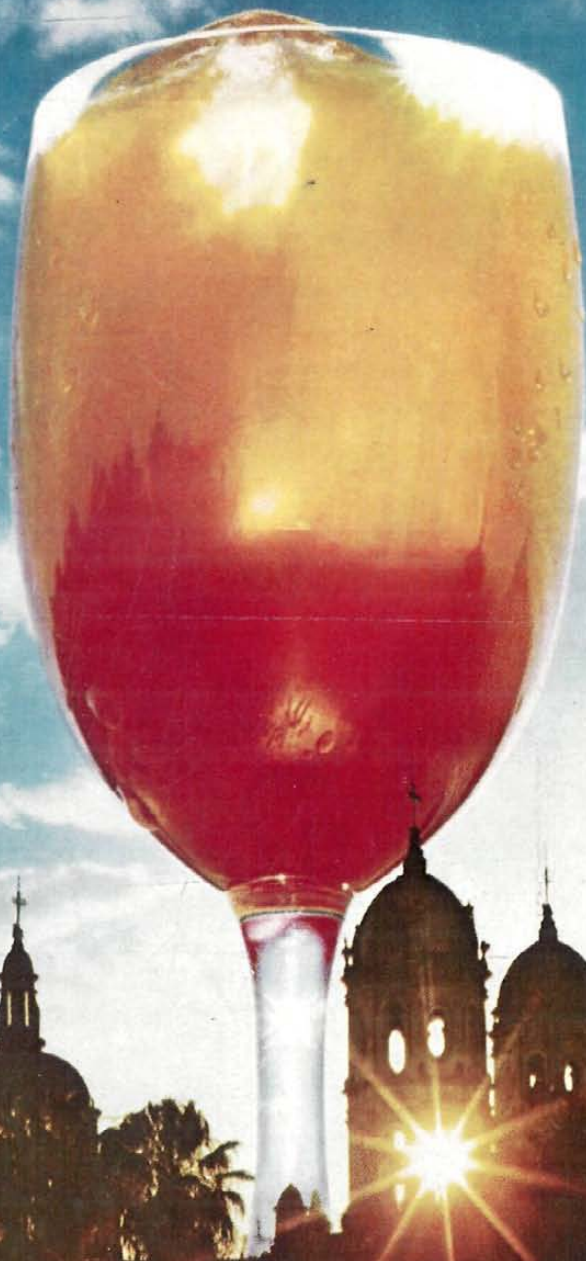
You can pluck FM stations from even the most crowded dials, or from fringe locations. And AM is quiet and sensitive.

The controls make that superb performance easy to enjoy. You can click in your choice of 3 speaker pairs, monitor two tape recorders, dub directly. You're ready to add SQ or any other matrix system at any time.

The price? An enlightened \$459.50 (suggested retail) including a handsome walnut finish cabinet at your Sony dealer. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Buy a Sony and see the light.

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You can make the Sunrise, too.
Pour 1 1/2 oz. Cuervo Tequila and
some orange juice over ice. Mix well.
Then add 1/4 oz. Grenadine (more or
less). Allow the Grenadine to settle to
the bottom.

See the sunrise. Stir the Sunrise.
Taste the Sunrise. The Tequila Sunrise.
Make it with Jose Cuervo.



For a full color, 18" x 26" Cuervo
Sunrise Poster, send 50¢ to Sunrise,
Box 2016, Heublein, Inc., Dept. J. C.,
Hartford, Conn. 06101.

Offer void where prohibited, licensed
or taxed. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Offer good while supply lasts.

Sunrise photographed in
Tlaquepaque, Jalisco, Mexico.

JOSE CUERVO MAKES THE SUNRISE.