

Strange Beliefs

Son-o'-God Comics #3 Cheech Wizard Psychology Ptoday

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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AUGUST 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS





Best by test.

It's only natural these days that you try to get the most value for the money. In an AM-FM stereo receiver this means increased performance, greater power and the widest range of features for maximum flexibility. That's the story behind Pioneer's SX-525.

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PIONEER
when you want something better

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Hi there, rock fan!

Here's a way for you to enjoy Martin Mull's great new album *Martin Mull and His Fabulous Furniture in Your Living Room*

(including that cute hit single "Dueling Tubas") in a way that quite possibly has not occurred to you. It's a beautiful little idea which came to Martin himself one day not long ago while musing over the ingenious title of his great new album (which includes the clever "2001 Polka").

OK now, you'll love this:

Why not invite all your friends over to your house one night (you can tell them you have a special treat in store for them; that'll really pique their interest) and charge them, oh, say \$4 to \$5 a piece to sit in your, let's face it, *used* furniture, and listen to Martin's great new album (containing the controversial "Martin, Leon, Elton and John") on your stereo.

After doing this several times (and you can be sure it'll be several times—once your friends listen to Martin's great new album (including the touching "My Wife" they'll ask to come back to hear it, time and time again) you'll no doubt have collected enough money to go out and buy yourself some *brand new* furniture. (It may take a little longer for those of you with only one or two friends.) Your friends will then be able to say, "Let's go over and visit (*your name here*) and sit in his fabulous furniture and listen again to that great Martin Mull album (which contains the poignant "Ukulele Blues")."

Now, won't that be fine? Fabulous furniture! Isn't that a great idea? You'll be so proud! Now, it was *Martin's* idea, but you can tell all your friends that you thought it up yourself, if you want. C'mon. Do it just as soon as you can. It's a sure bet you'll be a big hit around your neighborhood when you do.

CAPRICORN RECORDS



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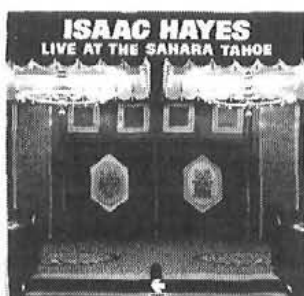
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This summer hang out with some heavies:

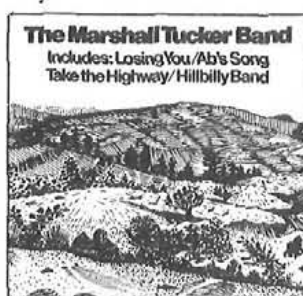
Sly • Isaac • Marshall • Ten Wheel • Leonard • Kootch
 Danny O' • Mary Mc • Severin • Edward • Martin
 and take along a Lemming for laughs.



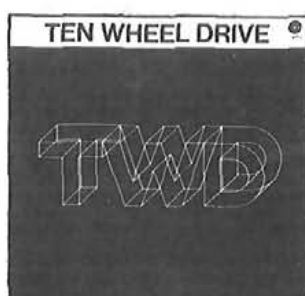
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
FRESH on EPIC



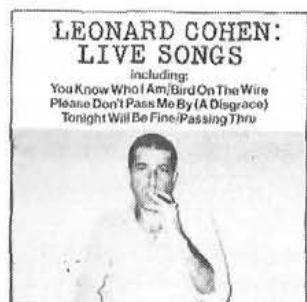
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LIVE AT THE SAHARA TAHOE
 on ENTERPRISE



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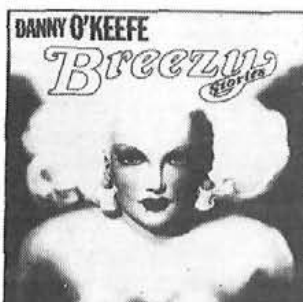
TEN WHEEL DRIVE
 on CAPITOL



LEONARD COHEN
LIVE SONGS
 on COLUMBIA



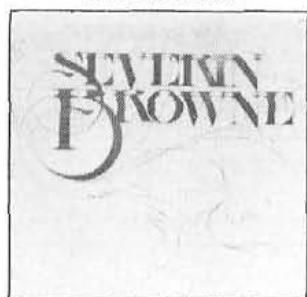
DANNY KORTCHMAR
KOOTCH
 on WARNER BROS.



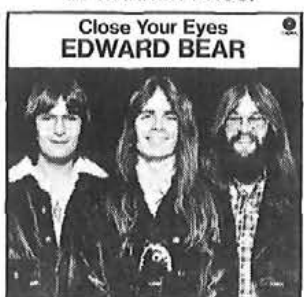
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BREEZY STORIES
 on ATLANTIC



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 on SHELTER at MCA



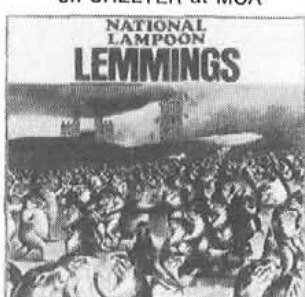
SEVERIN BROWNE
 on MOTOWN



EDWARD BEAR
CLOSE YOUR EYES
 on CAPITOL



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AND HIS FABULOUS FURNITURE
IN YOUR LIVING ROOM
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EDITORIAL PAGE



Many of us were saddened by the recent, public conversion of former SDS stalwart Rennie Davis to the worship of the fifteen-year-old Perfect Master, whose beatific toe, Rennie assures us, he would crawl across the world to kiss. The rest of us had already been saddened by the Fathers Berrigan's conversion to radical politics.

Aquarius, hell. An Age of Faith is upon us. Oral and Billy are boffo on the tube; Jesus Christ Superstar is packing them in; Process and Krishna and Cayce and Nixon disciples rush, crazed with religious fervor, into the yawning credibility gap. No sooner had God (b. 1,000,000 B.C.—d. 1952 A.D.) ceased to exist, than it became necessary to mass produce Him.

Not a few of us have turned, as did the British in the twilight of their Empire, to the mysterious East for spiritual consolation and colorful metaphysics. Surely, we tell ourselves, a people who have been dying of malnutrition and unspeakable diseases in stinking crowded hovels for centuries must have much to teach us about the meaning and value of Life. And yet, might not this universal whoring after strange gods and bizarre beliefs signal a return to the principles of wide-eyed superstition upon which this nation was founded?

Freedom of religion, the right to believe any cockamamie thing you like as long as you don't do anything

offensive to the majority who believe in some other cockamamie thing, was written into the Philadelphia Creed by the Founding Fathers. And well might it have been. "We hold these Truths to be self-evident," they intoned, and then took off on some leaps of faith that would have left a medieval monk caviling at the brink, whimpering about axioms and syllogisms.

But look at it this way. If you had fled the gothic horrors of feudal Europe's established churches, with their mad demands that you believe it possible to gobble up the flesh of a carpenter who had been dead for seventeen centuries, wouldn't you have insisted on freedom of religion in order to hunt and burn every local wench who'd been having carnal knowledge of a ten thousand-year-old disobedient archangel with horns and a tail?

And before you render it unto Caesar, take a look at that dollar in your hand. What is that cabalistic Rosicrucian clashing of symbols portrayed on the back? A mystic eye, a pyramid, a thunderbird, a cloudburst of stars . . .

Wait. There's something you should

know. This very magazine is a Roman Catholic front. Editors Hendra, McConnachie, Kenney, and Kelly were raised in the arms of Holy Mother Church. Hendra was a monk for awhile, that's how Catholic *he* is. Beard and Trow are almost Catholic—they're High Episcopal, and except for a quibble about apostolic succession it comes to the same thing; O'Rourke and O'Donoghue should be Catholic, but their great-grandfathers took King Billy's soup in Connaught, so they grew up with just the hereditary guilt and none of the ritual consolations.

So we have reason to believe that if you read the *Nat Lamp* on the first Friday of every month for nine consecutive months, you will receive either one thousand days indulgence or papal permission to sexually molest the Protestant of your choice.

Cover: Frank Frazetta's cover illustration arrived too late for our Tits 'n' Lizards issue, but we thought we'd use it here, especially since the polaroids of me healing Ann-Margret with a laying on of hands turned out smudgy.

Two limited editions of Frazetta's weird paintings, at a mere \$10 each, are available from Russ Cochran, Rt. 1, Adel, Iowa, 50003—which is a difficult plug to slip in unobtrusively, Mike. □

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Sirs:

On newsstands, bookstalls, bookstores, and wherever paperbacks are sold, I've seen for sale a collection of your past letters columns bound smartly with a thickish, glossy cover that virtually rings the bell of professional modern book publishing and I was wondering why you never promoted this fine book *in* your letters column. You do have, I've noticed, an advertisement for it in the rear of the magazine but nothing comparable, in size or enthusiasm, to the brilliance of its hilarious range. The book is really great and you are not telling the people; or more accurately, not being fair to the people by keeping this masterpiece under wraps, as it were. I applaud your ethical stand by banning commercial items from your editorial package but in this case you are doing

a disservice to the millions of readers whose lives would be brightened by the best example of humorous writing to appear in America in many years. Please, abandon this course for everybody's sake.

Or are you embarrassed by all of the spelling mistakes, typos, and printing errors where letters don't get continued to the next page? Don't be. It's all the more reason to love the book. Perfection is nice but who can live with it? This is a *real* book with all the blemishes (or zits as you call them—haha) and scars of actual life. You are further endeared to us *because* of it.

Look, have whoever is writing this letter stop and tell him to compose a justly deserved, glowing "fake letter" about the utterly great *Letters From The Editors* book. And then sign it Garry Wills or Susan Sontag. But don't put any jokes in it because people see jokes and they'll know you actually wrote the letter. Why don't we do this, you . . . wait . . . I just realized something. You won't do it. You really *are* too ethical. Rather than slip in some totally harmless plug for the *Letters* book, you would be willing to let that work of genius flounder in a sea of paperbacks, and with each day's passage be churned deeper to the bottom as monthly tidal

waves of new books are dumped like bilge upon the endless ocean of reading matter. Well, if that's the way you want it, that's the way you want it. I would like to admire you for your purist attitude but I can't bring myself to ignore the eventual harm you will be doing to every person who will never hear and consequently will never read the *National Lampoon Letters From The Editors* book. You probably feel too high-minded to be ashamed of yourselves but you should be ashamed of yourselves none the less. . . . Look, just one plug. Just mention it once. No one is going to think any the less of you for doing it. HOW CAN YOU LET WIT LIKE THIS GO UNHERALDED???? Alright, alright. Don't say anything about the damn book. What do I care. I have my copy. Why should I care? Keep it a big goddamn secret. You're not the only ones who can play this game. And if I say so myself, I can be pretty good at it. Not only will I never mention that fantastic book, if anyone else does while in my presence, I will quickly change the subject to the passing of Vaughan Monroe. People, being generally polite, will inquire about my interest in Vaughan Monroe. I will then tell them at considerable length how fond I was of his "Ghost Riders In 'The Sky'" and "Racing With The

continued on page 11



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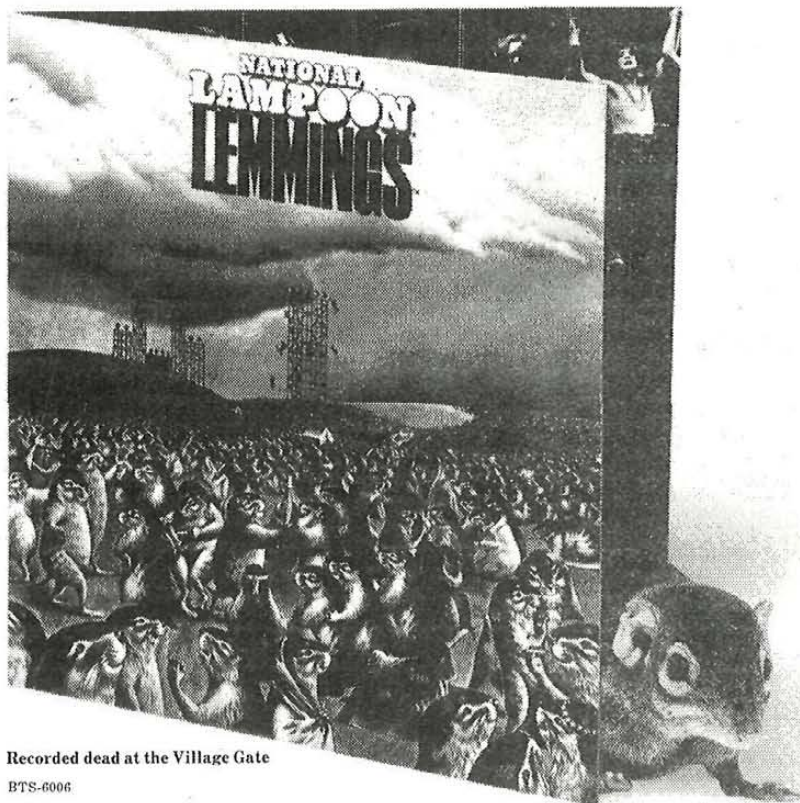
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Moon" and after I get done with that, I'll ask them if they can remember what other songs he made popular. If the great *Lampoon* book is able to surface in that veering morass, I'll grab my throat and make gagging noises. That'll send it down for good. Something just dawned on me; as long as I keep going, I have the floor. I mean, that's the law, isn't it? As long as I can hold the column, it's mine. I can start writing about anything I damn well feel like. And as long as I keep writing, you have to keep reading and waiting. Waiting until I decide to end and then, and only then, can you start putting in your funny letters. You never thought this sort of thing could happen to you, did you? Well, it's happening. Let's see, as I look over to my bookshelf, what do I see worth writing about? Ah, how about *The Encyclopedia of Gardening*? We'll open the hefty tome and see what's listed after A. What do you know, *abelia*, a genus of slightly tender evergreen and deciduous flowering shrubs, moderate in size, daintily flowered and graceful in habit, although not spectacular, they will grow well by the seaside but do not object to limey soils. Shall we proceed on to *Abeliophyllum*? Or perhaps you'd like to make some suggestion as to how I could be a bit funnier and ah . . . point out examples from past letters that have ah . . . been

printed in previous issues of your magazine. I really have no effective sense of humor as you no doubt have noticed by this time. But that's not my job, it's yours. And you are very good at it I might add and you're probably at this very minute thinking up and jotting down some snide cracks about me. Do your worst. I doubt very much if they'll see the black of ink . . . hey, that's pretty good. The black of ink. Maybe I *am* funny. Let me try something else. What am I asking you for? I'm not asking you for anything. I'll do what I feel like doing. Ah, it left me. I don't want to do that now. You know what I want to do now? Of course you don't. But I've always found it amusing to ask rhetorical questions in print. But better than asking rhetorical questions in print is reflecting on the right to ask rhetorical questions in print. And taking up five, now six, sentences to do it. And if this sentence has anything to do with rhetorical questions, seven. Or this one, eight. Have you learned your lesson yet? HA! Another rhetorical question! That's nine, and ten, and this makes eleven. But enough of this. Back to my original point. I said I wouldn't mention the outstanding *Letters* book again and I mean it. That's your business and I really have no place interfering with it. I realize I have made somewhat of a nuisance of myself but I have no regrets for having done so. I believe my cause to be worth sacrificing for even if your morals prevent you from agreeing with me. We are opposed, but you do have a point of view. I truly hope that point of view can pay the rent once a month. Alright, alright, I'll drop it. I won't go into any lectures on how the artist should be supported by his art. That, no doubt, will come to you one day as bluntly as does the heating bill. Try and be prepared.

I'm done now. My advice, I see, has fallen on deaf ears. If you don't want to promote one of the greatest books ever written, don't promote one of the greatest books ever written.

You can have your letters column back now. I won't bother you any more. You should have room left to put in some funny letters.

I guess it would be ridiculous for me to suggest that you mention the special you're running on subscriptions this month. Yes, I guess it would. Well, there's nothing more for me to say. Maybe you'll change your minds one day. I hope so.

Best,
Wilfrid Sheed

Sirs:

This isn't me, it's someone else and I was just wondering why you have never mentioned your fantastic *Letters From The Editors* book in your letters column. Could it be you don't

astounding sounding

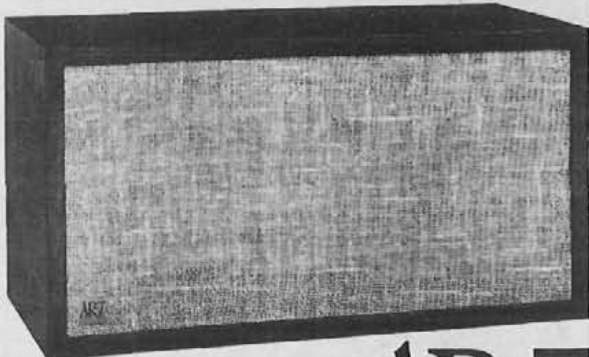
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AR-7

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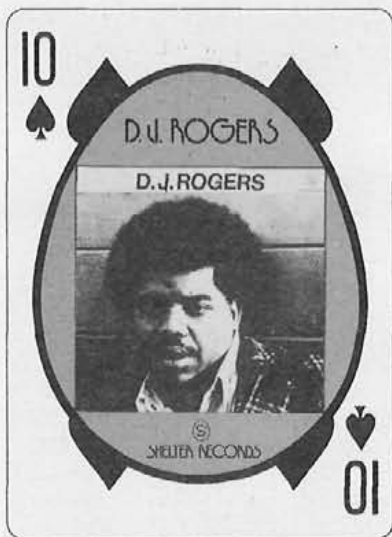
And we have to agree.

Because really, we couldn't have said it any better ourselves.

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Judy to Diary, Judy to Diary . . . Do you read me? I certainly hope so, but you *will* have to muddle through my jouncy scribbles. (I haven't been at the Vivarin again, honest, but the pilot says we have to fly a bumper route and travel without headlights so we don't crash into a flock of those ack-acks or Fantas which I gather are kinds of "endangerous specimens" the Edible Society is always whining that we're running out of ecology-wise.) You may indeed, too, be puzzled by the fact that I am traveling high above the Atlantic under cover of darkness without my Spiggy—and let me tell you if the Veep himself were here, the Second Homemaker of the land would have a proper first-class seat instead of being cramped up back here with all these mailbags marked "Hush Hush" and packing crates with "For Deep-Six File Only" stenciled on them—but these are the hardships a Special Secret Underthe-coverswoman must bear with a stiff upper bridge.

It seems only a few hours ago that I was just plain Judy Agnew, pleasingly dumpy Baltimore housewife and mother of three lovely children (well, *four* if you count Randy, which I am loaf to do until that new chippy wife of his apologizes for filling Spiggy's champagne glass with Scope ruining the wedding toast, the hussy, the nerve), but *now* I am Judy Agnew, Girl Operative, winging silently through the night, far from her comfy kitchenette and gleaming countertops to another world, of danger (!), treachery (!!), and espionage (!?!).

Speaking of "Another World," I still fail to see what Russ ever saw in Rachel (she's pushing forty if she's a lunchbreak no matter who plays her) after the way she raked Steven (Steven Frame Enterprises, quite a catch) over the briquettes, although that Alice is no spring fryer, either, as any faithful viewer will tell you with nary an armtwist, and John Randolph (cad) and Wade Addison (heel, sneak, never liked his looks from the beginning), aren't exactly

the cream of the Rotary Club either, if you catch my warp and woof.

Frankly, that cute girl Cindy who toughed it out and got married in a wheelchair before she had to die anyway of a heart mutter or a blown valve—I forget which—was the only one in all of Bay City *this* regular watcher would give two green stamps for. *That* girl had more pluck, if you ask me, than even some of my favorite Secret Storm troopers.

Ahem. (Gone but not forgotten, Mr. Cerf.)

But really, when she rolled down the aisle I thought I'd dissolve in tears, and by the time she blacked out at the altar my tears *had* dissolved so many ruts through my mudpack Spiggy said I looked like an erosion map of Oklahoma. Actually, *Cindy* didn't black out, but the TV *did* because that was right when Dick—who's taken to sleeping over under the daybed whenever Pat won't take her happy-mints or there's a full moon—threw an empty Hires Root Beer bottle through the picture tube. *That*, of course, was because Dick had just found out that Senator Ervin had gotten to the networks and set up "The Watergate Show" before Mr. Santilino (Dick's special assistant) got to Senator Ervin with some sort of helpful hint he would find hard not to say okay to (?). (The last time Dick broke the set (shoe this time) was when NBC's Garrick Utley (ick) said Dick's suggestions for Watergate Prosecutor had been turned down, which was a slight I bet Mr. Montalban, Mr. Co-sell, and Clifford Irving won't forget at Christmas card time.

Needless to say, the home situation has been "extremely sensitive" since this Watergate business started up—what with Dick and Mel Laird playing spooks and plumbers in the rumpus room until all hours and John Connally (yum!) dropping by to take a bed check for the Republican Committee and Mr. Phew always calling long distance from Saigon (collect) to ask Dick when he's going to launch those Skylab whatcha-madinglees and turn Hanoi into sweet

continued on page 16

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MARY McCREARY



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from



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You can hear the difference now.



continued from page 12

and sour gook and those awful spats Spiggy gets into with Dick when he phones Dick and sings "Hail to the Thief" in the receiver.

They're all just great, big, spoiled tots, if you ask me.

Well, last night Spiggy and I were finally having a quiet evening at home with me at my sewing (I'm recovering the seat belts to match the new bullet-proofing on our tandem exercycle) and Spiggy at his tic-tac-toe, when the phone rang twice, beeped once, and honked shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits and began to smoke, which is Dick's signal for front burner double-trouble. Well that woke David and Tricia (we sometimes sit for Pat when she has to go to the Quiet Room and Eddie Cox and Julie are on government leave in Bermuda) and Spiggy said holy bad word Excedrin Crisis number fifty-six and threw down the crayon and stomped to the phone.

Naturally, I tiptoed to the door to see what was "up" and overheard Spiggy say *Joe's Pizza—We deliver* which is a new joke he's been hopped up on for some months now and then *huh? who? you mean Judy? No way. Fifty thousand? Cash? Well, I guess I can rinse out my own shorts for awhile, heh heh.*

Well, when Spiggy returned from the phone he flushed me a grin that would have given Bette Davis the creepy-crawlies and said get your wrap, my Meadow muffin, Dick has a favor to ask you—now move it.

When we got to the White House we were met by Dick's Secret Secret Servicemen and after we let their fresh dogs make sure we weren't carrying any exploding marijuana cigars they led us down the trapdoor through the tunnel past the mechanical ghosts to Dick's underground bomb bungalow where he's been spending most of his time (when he isn't under our daybed). (You can always tell if they're Secret Secret Servicemen, by the way, because each has a little scar in the middle of his forehead and if you ask one how Dick's been feeling little blue lights go on in its eyes and it says the-President-is-very-fine-as-usual-why-do-you-ask-talk-into-my-tieclip-when-you-hear-the-beep, and then they go beep.)

Much wierdness, as Kim says.

Anyway, when they opened the door we saw more Secret Service snipe-hunters standing by the door against the leadfoil wallpaper waiting for some Arab terrorist to just try and come in and do a terrorism without knocking first and Dick, who was standing over a big black trunk, with Hank Kissinger and John Connally, looked up with a start and promptly fell flat on his bottom into

continued

THE CAPITOL SUMMER HEARINGS



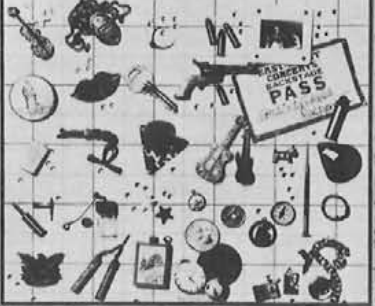
Close Your Eyes
EDWARD BEAR



TEN WHEEL DRIVE



Music
BANG



Make Music
RENA SINAKIN



SHAUN HARRIS



continued

a wastebasket, which was actually that stooge pigeon *John Dean's* fault because this so-called bugging scandal has made Dick's jowls sag so much from worry that his makeup man has to tuck the extra slack into Dick's collar and cinch it down with his tie so when Dick jerks his head up too suddenly it pulls his shirt-tails out of his pants and the garters that connect his shirt to his socks (he got the idea from Pat who garters her dress-shields to her arch supports) pull his feet out from under him and thump there you are.

Well, when John and Hank got Dick unstuck and helped stuff his jowls back, they all came over and offered me a chair. Then, John Connally put a rubber bandage around my arm and attached it to one of those pornographs they use in *The Streets of San Francisco* to tell whether the girl actually *saw* the kidnapping or was only trying to get cozy with Karl Malden (yum yum) and Hank said hello Chooody and Schpiggy nice I am seeing you. Spiggy got mad when John put a bandage on his arm but John said wal naw Speggy don't you take no off-fence but ah got mah orders. Hank explained that John made Dick and everyone who saw him use the pornograph and a tape recorder now because Mr. Getty and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Lockheed and John's other little helpers have always thought

honesty was the best policy and John tweaked Dick's ear and said ain't that rat, Dick?

Dick smiled his tilty smile (the one that makes his bottom teeth look like they go with the top ones) and said *anything you say* and Hank tweaked Dick's other ear and said *may be held against you*, ja mein quarterback? and John tweaked Dick's nose and said that's rat, Hank, that shore is rat, heh heh.

Well, after the heh-hehing trailed off John Connally said wal naw Judy, Humpty-Dumpty heah (meaning Dick) has got himself in a hole passel of trouble and only *yoo* can hep him out. Ja, said Hank, ve vant dot you deliver der schpecial information to President Phew, und *tonight!* Der plane is waiting.

Dick knotted his jowls down a little tighter, loosened it to clear his throat, tightened it again, and said Judy I am sure you understand the embarrassing position John Dean has put his *own country* in with these wild lies he intends to reveal next week on the "Dick Cavett Show," and I would like you to take this big trunkful of information—as my Special Presidential Courier—to Saigon immediately.

Well, I must say I was somewhat confused. For example, I couldn't understand what President Phew could do with the information in the trunk (it was a big black steamer with some airholes punched in it and a striped necktie hanging out from the lid), and why I had to deliver it? Dick smiled tilty smile no. 2 (which makes his eyes look like they're on different sides of his nose) and as he handed Spiggy a satchel full of something, said your presence will make it seem like an accident, of course, dumdum.

Well, I was a little taken aback by this, but when they gave me a silver bracelet and attached the other half to the trunk handle and told me it was a perfect replica of the one John Ehrlichman gave Mrs. E. Howard Hunt for her last vacation (?) I melted and said if it's for the country, okay, and we all took limousines (well, they had to put me and the trunk in a truck) and headed for that secret air strip in Langley where all those girls from that Madiera School picnic *never returned*.

We drove up to the plane (it was painted black and had a cute pirate flag painted on the back end) and Hank introduced me and the trunk to the pilot who I at first thought was Burt Reynolds (yum yum YUM) and made my heart jump like the first time I saw Robert Taylor's widow's peak in *Romance in Rochester* at the Trans-Lux as a schoolgirl. Well, as it turned out, it *wasn't* Mr. Reynold's broad, sensual features I saw after all,



BLACK GRASS (SW-8916)
Leon Russell's fabled heavenly backing choir leap into their own with the Rev. Patrick Henderson at the helm.



SHELTER RECORDING CO., INC.,
5112 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90027

but just those of an *ordinary* pilot with a body stocking over his head that sort of mooshed up his face. (By the way, dear Diary, do airline drivers usually wear parachutes?)

Anyway, the plane started to warm up and I told Spiggy I'd have to be back by noon tomorrow to help with Pat's plastic flower arranging party and could I see Mr. Phew and be back in time? And Spiggy patted his satchel and said sure toots it'll be as easy as rolling off a fuselage and then they sealed the hatch and I was off!

Well, we're over the ocean now and I have sleuthed out that we must be ready to land soon for our first snack stop in *India!* The stewardess — another "B.R." look-a-like — told me to stand by the trunk (it's been sort of moaning and banging a lot) right over the Bombay door and hold my nose (a special Indian-greeting of hello for Mrs. Ghandi I bet).

I'll tell you how the rest of my mission turns out, dear Diary, as soon as I get back to home base and discover in what sort of state Kim and her "friends" have left it — you never know who'll drop in when mom's away.

Over and offed,

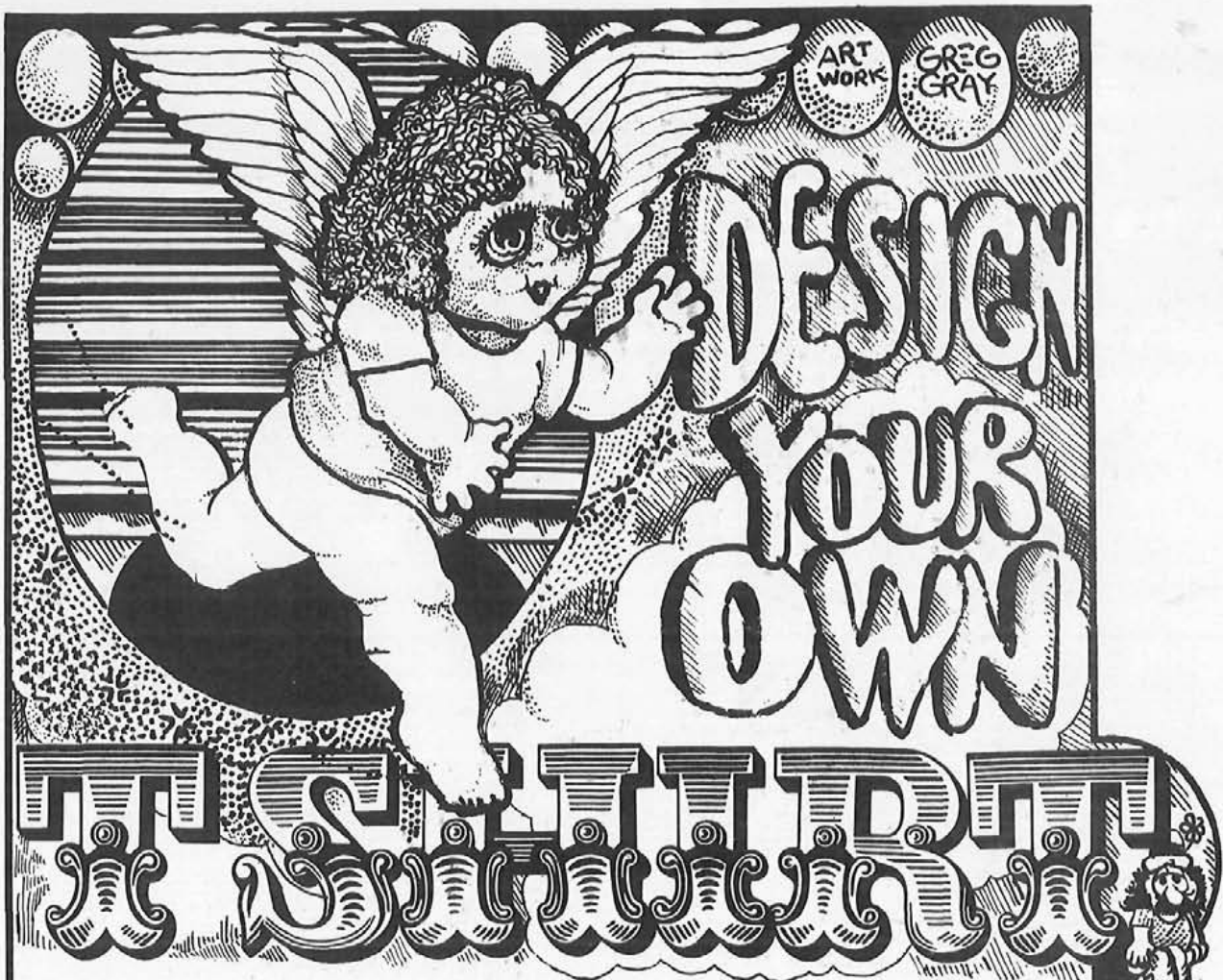


JIM'S HORNS/Jim Horn
(SW-8918)

"The miracle of this album was accomplished with the help of all my friends"
Produced by Jim Horn



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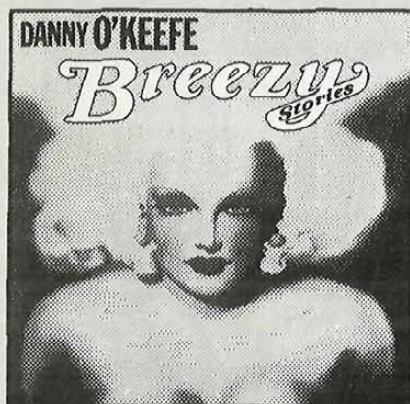
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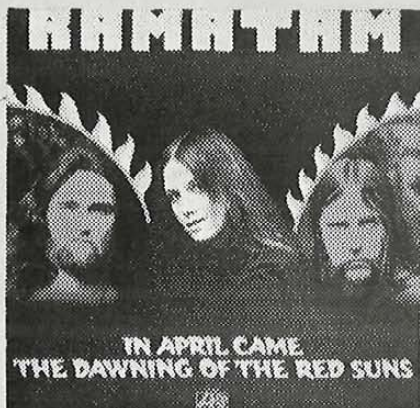
Music for a Summer Place.



Danny O'Keefe has come up with his strongest album to date, filled to the brim with beautiful original songs. Besides some of the more obvious stunners like "Angel Spread Your Wings" and "Magdalena," O'Keefe has really outdone himself with about eight classics on each side. Danny's singing guitar playing are absolutely top-notch, with firm and sympathetic back-up by talents like Donny Hathaway, Hugh McCracken, and Bernard Purdie. After the recent smash "Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues," this album will put Danny way up there in a position commensurate with his talents.



Badger is a new, incandescent rock band led by the keyboard wizardry of Tony Kaye, a former mainstay of Yes. In this dynamic live recording from London's famed Rainbow Theatre, we have Tony displaying amazing aptitude on a variety of instruments, counterpointed by Brian Parrish's inventive lead guitar, Roy Dyke's drums, and Dave Foster's bass. This album promises a long and fruitful career for Badger.



The newly re-formed Ramatam, featuring Ms. April Lawton on guitars, vocals, bass and organ, Tommy Sullivan on keyboards, sax, and vocals and Jimmy Walker on drums, literally explodes on this second album... displaying a virtuosity that is nothing short of amazing. From acoustic ballad to jazz abstractions, and on to fiery rock statements, Ramatam charges right along, infusing the whole proceedings with their particular kind of energy.



With an extensive background that includes guitar study with Luis Bonfa and Segovia, stints with the Chad Mitchell Trio and the Jacques Brel "Revue," Michael Johnson now steps out with a first solo effort that more than demonstrates his ample vocal and instrumental talents. Each one of his interpretations of fine contemporary material is a beautifully executed and self-contained gem with Johnson's extraordinary guitar technique adding a special presence. An impressive first album.



! THE BIG BODE CARTOON CONCERT SPECIAL !

CHEECH WIZARD

SUCKS OFF A TURNIP



YOU SLUGS PECKER, YOU PINHEAD TOAD, YOU LOST MY BEER MONEY!

OW OW OW OW!

GOLLY, CHEECH, I GAVE DAN NICKELE TO A STARVING PARAPLEGIC BEGGER BOY WHO WAS LAYIN BY THE ROADSIDE!

DRAG YER SWAMP BALLS BACK TO DAT KID AN GIMME MY NICKELE OR I'LL MAKE YOU EAT A COWFOP AGAIN!



AN, WHEN YOU COME BACK, YOU APE TURD, YOU GOT TO EMPTY DA BED PANS, WASH DA DIRTY CLOTHES AN FIX DINNER FOR ME. CAUSE YOU NOT GONNA GET ANY SUPPER!

DAT GODDAMN HAT, THAT SHIT FAKE WIZARD!! I BEEN HIS APPRENTICE OVER A YEAR AN HE NEVER DONE A TRICK, HE NEVER TAUGHT ME NOTHIN' BUT A BUSE AN PAIN!

THE TIME HAS COME TO DODA DEED I BEEN DREAMIN TO DO. I GONNA BREAK DAT FUKER, I GOING TO SET CHEECH UP. FRAME HIS NO GOOD ASS!



TO ALICE COOPER

I'M GOING TO STRIKE
TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF
DA VILLAGERS DRESSED AS
THE IDENTICAL TWIN TO
CHEECH WIZARD!



I'LL DIG UP THE MAYOR'S
FRESHLY DECEASED
MISTRESS WHO DIED OF
DA BI-MONTHLY CITY-
GOVERNMENT GANG BANG
PARTY LAST WEEK.



AND DRAG DA
BIG, MUSTY LUSTY
BUXOM BODY
DOWN TO DA
TOWN SQUARE.



...GET HER SETUP FOR
DA SEX SHOW. I ABOUT
TO PERFORM A BUNCH
OF UNSPEAKABLE PERVERSIONS
TO DISSTIFF, BUT VOLUPTUOUS
DEAD BROAD.



GASP ACK GAW

**CHOKER, LOOK WHAT DAT
WIZARD IS DOIN !!**



SIX COMES LATER

AN NOW TO LEAD A
UNMISTAKABLE TRAIL
RIGHT UP TO DAFUKER'S
DOOR, SO DA REVENGING
POSSE DON'T GET LOST.



WELL, WELL, HERE COME DA COPS. I'LL LET EM SCARE THE SHIT OUTTA CHEECH, SIAP HIM AROUN'A COUPLE DAYS BEFORE I COME ALONG AN GET HIS BUTT OFF DA HOOK.

GOOD LORD, IS THERE NO LIMITS TO DIS PERVERT'S APPETITE. HAT, YOU IS UNDER ARREST FOREVER!

GO JERK OFF TO DA BIBLE, FUZZ BALLS.

GET DAT FUKER, BOYS.

CRASH
YOW!



BIG TRIAL TODAY, READ ALL ABOUT IT! NEGRO-PERV HAT TO PAY FOR PUBLIC BODY BOP!

HEAR YE, HEAR YE, SUPREME COURT OF UNION PENNY, IS NOW IN SESSION. THE STATE VERSUS THE BLASPHEMING, NECROPHILIAC HAT, CHEECH WIZARD.

THE HAT'S COUNSEL MAY MAKE HIS OPENING STATEMENT.

YOUR HONOR, I PROTEST BEING SADDLED WITH THE JOB OF DEFENDING THIS SCUM. THERE IS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND, THIS CRAWLING SHIT IS GUILTY!



I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST WIZARD! I CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS, AN TURN RIVERS! I GOT THE KEY TO THA UNIVERSE!!

SIT DOWN HAT.

WE GOT YOUR NOTORIOUS ASS LEGAL THIS TIME, CHEECH WIZARD THE WHOLE TOWN SAW THE UNSPEAKABLE ACTS YOU DID ON MILLY, I MEAN DAT POOR DEAD STIFF. SAW YOU PLAIN AS DAY.

HAT, THERE IS NO POINT IN CONTINUING FURTHER... IT IS THE HAPPY DUTY OF THIS COURT TO FIND YOU GUILTY ON ALL CHARGES. I SUBJECT YOU TO BE HUNG BY THE NECK OR HAT TILL DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.





HOHA CHEECH, YOU FUKER, IT WAS I, YOUR FAITHFUL APPRENTICE WHO DID THA DEED JUST TO TEACH YOU A SHARPLESSON!

LIZARD, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW DISAPPOINTED THE COURT IS TO HEAR THIS UNTIMELY CONFESSION, YOU COULDN'TA WAITED AN HOUR. OH WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.. RELEASE THE HAT AN HANG THE LIZARD.

IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO VOLUNTEER TO KICK THE LEVER, CHEECH. MORE BEER?

HOW'S DIS SOUND; 'APPRENTICE WANTED GLORIOUS CAREER WITH WORLD FAMOUS WIZARD. ALL GLORY, TOP PAY, NO WORK?'



A New \$2 Double Album
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Alice Cooper  **Van Morrison** 
 **The Doobie Brothers**
Faces  **Deep Purple** 
 **Seals & Crofts**  **Arlo Guthrie**
Procol Harum 
And 18 More!



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APPETIZERS... a fresh new double album containing "Borstal Boys" by **Faces**, "Billion Dollar Babies" by **Alice Cooper**, "Warm Love" by **Van Morrison**, "What a Shame" by **Foghat**, "Lovesick Blues" by **Arlo Guthrie**, "Baby Please Don't Go" by **Paul Butterfield's Better Days**, "Jessica" by **Seals & Crofts**, "Toujours L'Amour" by **Procol Harum**...

Plus, tracks by **Deep Purple**, **The Beach Boys** and **Linda Lewis** that can't be bought for any price on any other album...

Plus, new music by **John Cale**, **Flo & Eddie**, **The Incredible String Band**, **Steeleye Span**, **The Doobie Brothers**, **Martin Mull**, **Seatrain** and more..

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

It's Time to Play "Let's Pass the Buck"! MORNING TV GETS SMASH NEW GAME SHOW!



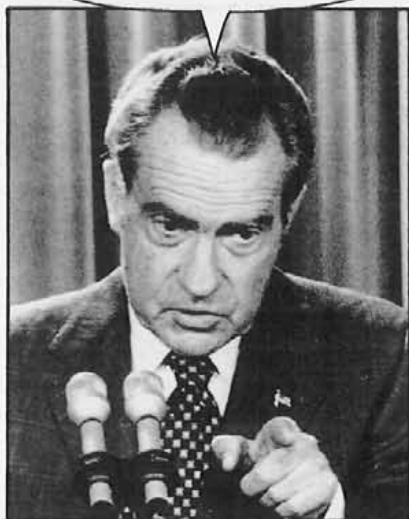
In early June, as the country watched breathlessly, the Nixonauts in the crippled White House carried out a dramatic series of maneuvers in an attempt to rescue some part of the historic Presidential mission. To replace the critical Watergate cover which had totally disintegrated, raising the heat on the President and his staff to intolerable levels, they managed to erect a quickly-manufactured tissue of lies and evasions. Still, the situation

remains serious. The delicate executive privilege shield which had been designed to deflect sharp questioning and damaging testimony has been ripped away and is likely to prove irreplaceable, and over half of the normal Presidential power supply has been lost because of the sudden drop in vital popularity levels and a catastrophic credibility failure. Observers fear that much of the exciting Nixon program will have to be curtailed or

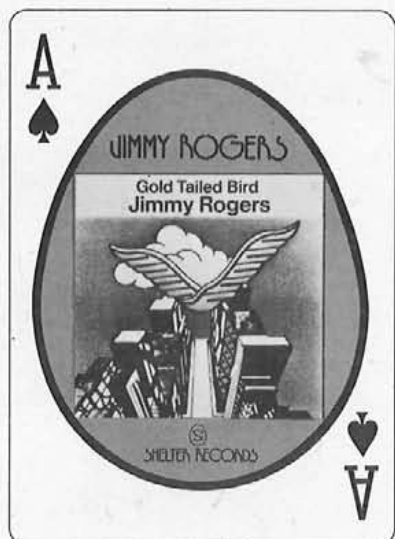
eliminated entirely, including fascinating experiments in electronic surveillance, media intimidation, the development of efficient police-state tactics, and other exotic new techniques, and there is considerable doubt as to whether the Nixonauts will be able to remain in the White House for the full four years originally planned.

On the eve of Leonid Brezhnev's visit

ONE OTHER THING I PROBABLY SHOULD TELL YOU, BECAUSE IF I DON'T THEY'LL PROBABLY BE SAYING THIS ABOUT ME TOO, WE DID GET SOMETHING! A GIFT BEFORE THE ELECTION. A MAN DOWN IN TEXAS REMEMBERED MY MENTIONING THAT ALL PAT HAD WAS A RESPECTABLE CLOTH COAT. AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE DAY BEFORE THE NEW CAMPAIGN LAW WENT INTO EFFECT, WE GOT A MESSAGE SAYING THERE WAS A PACKAGE FOR US. YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS? IT WAS TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, SENT ALL THE WAY FROM MEXICO. NICE AND GREEN AND CRISP. AND I JUST WANT TO SAY THIS RIGHT NOW, THAT REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT, WE'RE GOING TO KEEP IT.



to the U.S., there is mounting evidence that the Soviet party leader has nothing to chortle about so far as Watergate is concerned. There have been persistent rumors in Russia of a vast scandal involving high-ranking members of the Communist bureaucracy in a serious conspiracy. Implicated in "the Volgate" are a group of liberal officials who were caught removing bugs from telephones, mixing actual letters and telegrams from Soviet citizens in with the usual phony ones, telling the truth to foreign newsmen, slipping real documents into fabricated official histories of the Khrushchev era, and trying to influence the outcome of normally rigged nominations to the Communist Party Presidium by surreptitiously introducing genuine ballots into the vote counts. Perhaps more seriously, all of them have refused to lie at their trials or participate in the traditional cover-up process. Top Politburo members are said to be deeply concerned about the sudden wave of morality in Communist party affairs, and the chillingly "democratic" mentality of some of the individuals involved, and are accusing Brezhnev of a shocking lack of vigilance, charging that he knew nothing of the affair until it was discovered by the KGB.



























GOLD TAILED BIRD
Jimmy Rogers (SW-8921)
 The legendary blueser is back . . . Produced by steaming Freddie King and mellow J. J. Cale.

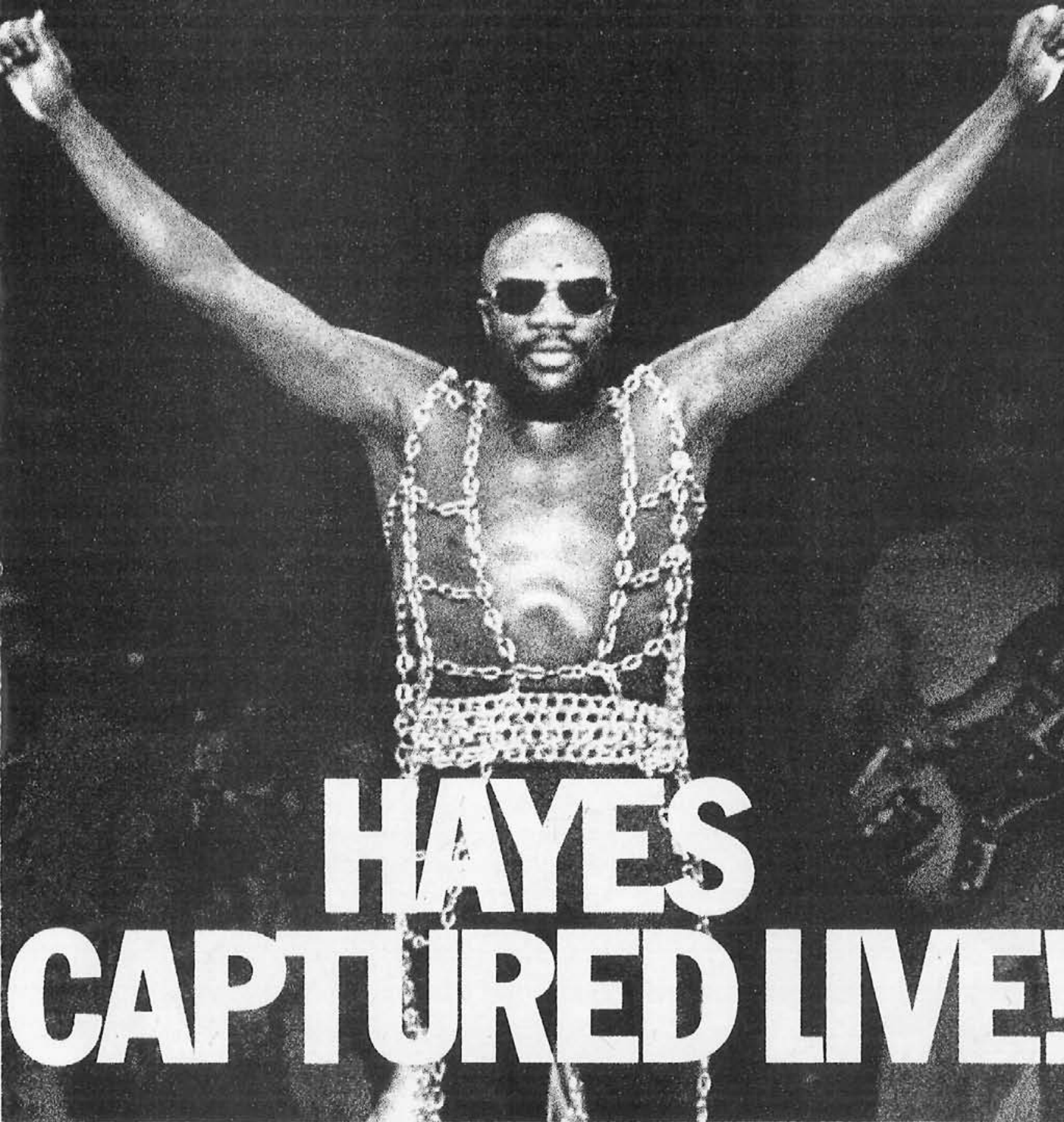

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All the immensity and greatness of Isaac Hayes has been captured "Live at the Sahara Tahoe."

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ISAAC HAYES "LIVE AT THE SAHARA TAHOE"

It's a two record set with 9 new Hayes' heavies. And some new versions of Shaft, Look of Love, and other Hayes' favorites. On Enterprise Records and tapes. ENS-2-5005

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Strange Beliefs of Children

by Gahan Wilson

Outside of the occasional surviving stone age tribe come across on an isolated Pacific isle or discovered tucked away in some obscure bend of the Amazon, there is no observable group of humans living on this earth more darkly benighted, more shuddersomely superstitious, or more grossly misinformed than the ordinary children we see pottering about daily at our knee level. Constantly forced to obey the incomprehensible rules of a society they cannot even dimly begin to understand, menaced by awesome diseases and fearsome technological poisons, endlessly presented with unanswerable questions, these tiny creatures, in a brave, if faltering, attempt to explain their basically alien environment to themselves, have created one of the richest troves of strange beliefs ever assembled.



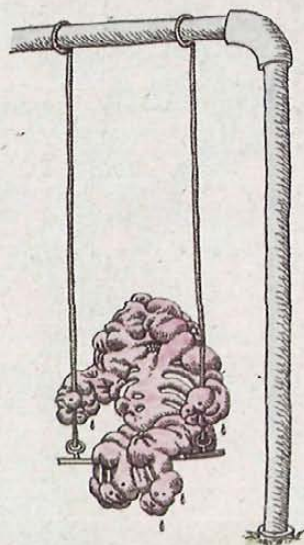
Storm Drain Biters

If a coin or a ball or a marble rolls into the opening of a storm drain, the wise child will try to claw it out with a stick or just leave it alone, as there are things down there which bite off fingers.



Counting Every Board

Compulsion is an important aspect of children's beliefs, and whose life has not been severely bent this way or that accepting some dare or crossing a drawn line? Here is a self-imposed challenge—the child has vowed he will touch each and every board, and count it, on the way home. If he does not do this, he knows that he will be eaten.



Swinging over the Bar

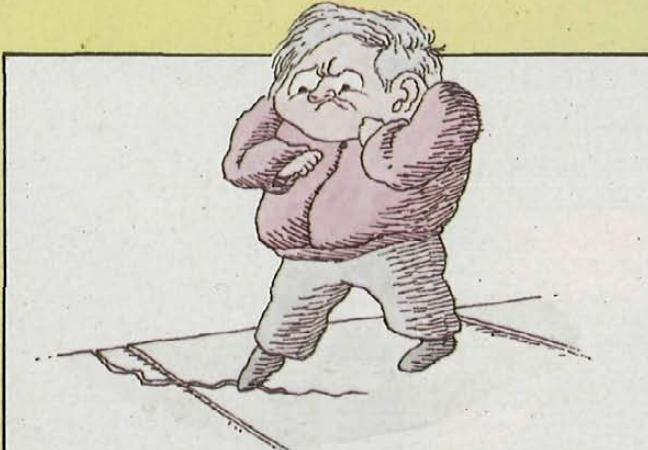
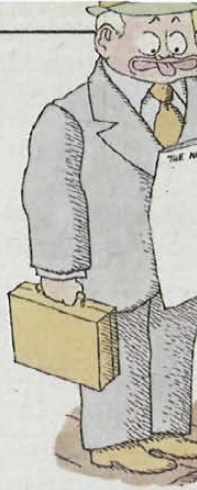
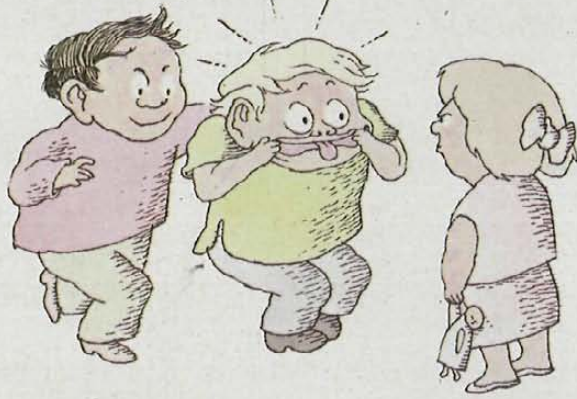
Swinging over the bar is to be avoided at all costs for it will turn the swinger inside out.

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON 29

Making a Face

If you make a face and are slapped on the back unexpectedly while doing it, the face will stay there for the rest of your life. If you stick your tongue too far out, it will stay like that for the rest of your life, and if you cross your eyes wrong, they will stick for the rest of your life.



Step on a Crack and Break Your Mother's Back

Very few children actually believe this, but probably there is not one child who has not tried it, just to see.



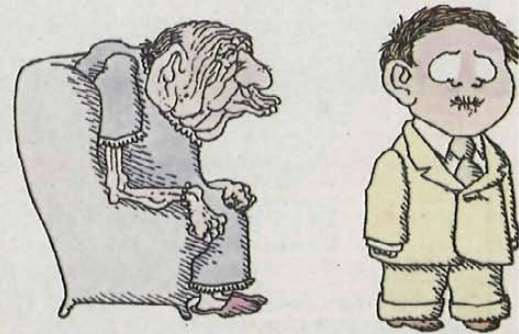
The Awful Stuff in the Center of a Golf Ball

If you cut down into the center of a golf ball there is this horrible acid that destroys everything. Somebody once told me they had done it but they weren't burnt so I knew they were lying. I got down as far as the rubber band part once.



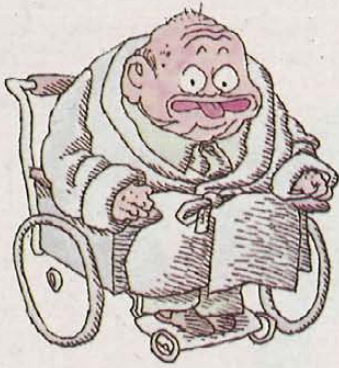
Water Fountain Germs

Children know there are germs on water fountains, but are vague on what germs are. They know they are nasty, slimy things. Probably they jump.



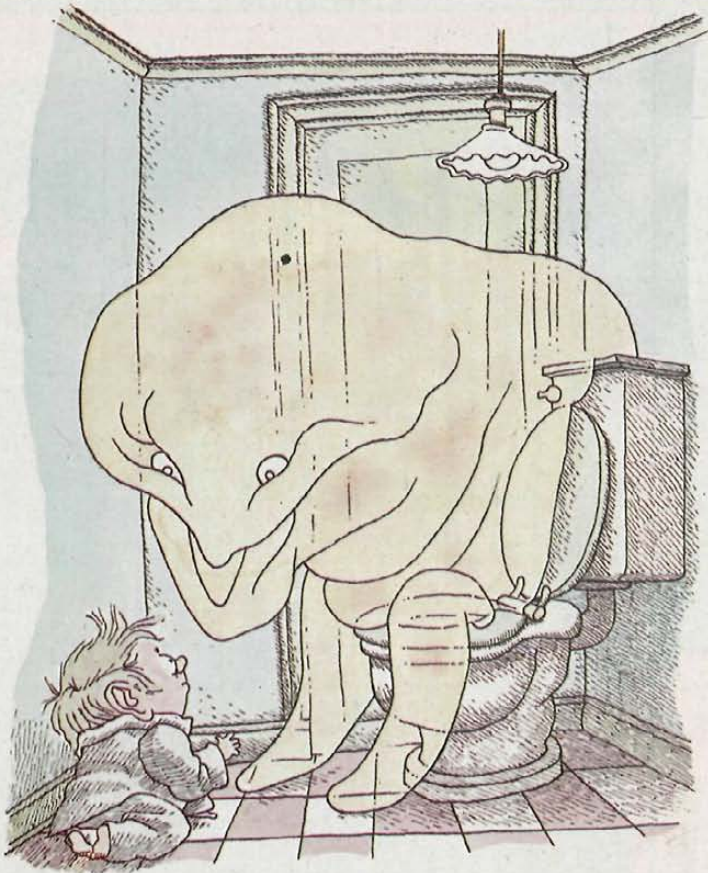
Kissing Grandma

If you kiss grandma your lips will get all wrinkled up like hers are as it is catching, but of course there is no way to avoid kissing grandma.



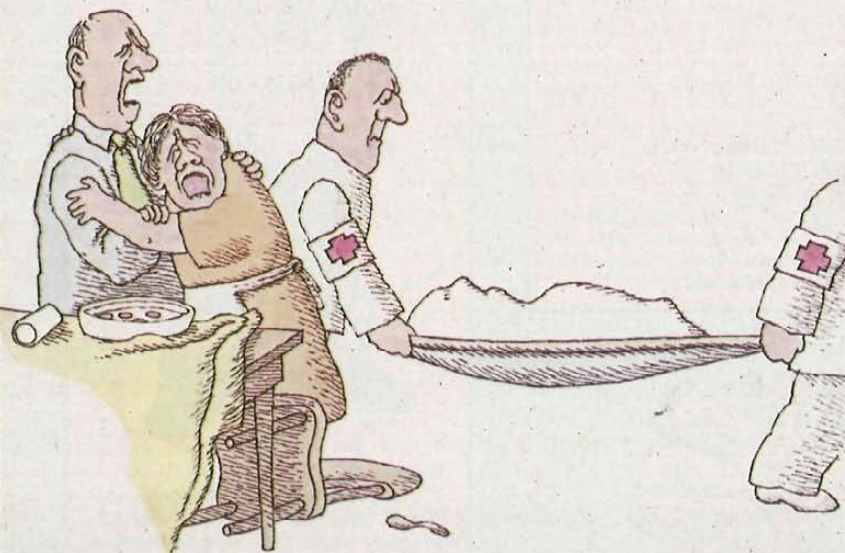
Getting Cramps from Eating

If you eat anything, even a half a hot dog, and you go into the water less than a half hour later, you will get terrible cramps. If you are swimming, you will sink like a stone.



The Toilet Monster

I never knew about this when I was a child, thank God. There's this thing which lives in the toilet, and *likes* it, and when you go late at night and flush the toilet it *wakes the thing up*, so you better hurry getting out of there. This kid was too slow.



Eating Milk and Cherries Together is Poison

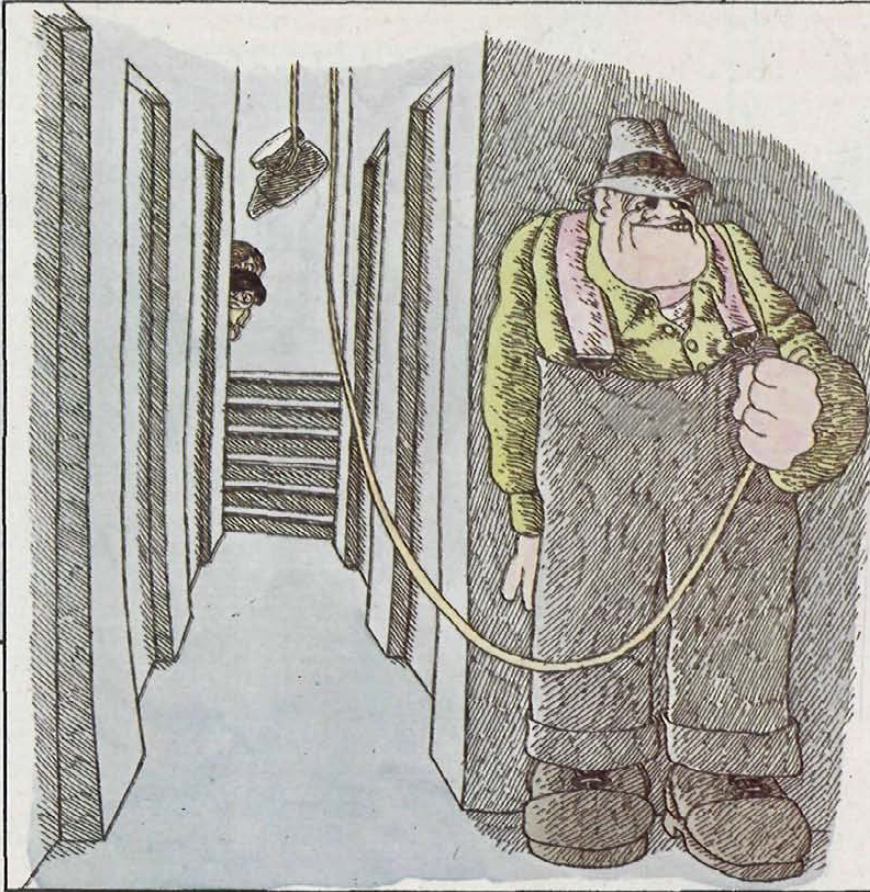
This boy told his parents that eating milk and cherries together would kill him, but they wouldn't believe him and they made him do it and now they are sorry. Another thing that will kill you is coke and aspirin, and if you drop a candy bar on the sidewalk and then eat it anyway you are really asking for trouble.



The Exploding Boy

If you block a sneeze wrong, you can burst your eardrums. If you block a burp wrong, you can burst your throat. If you block a fart wrong, you can burst your asshole. If you do all of these, this is what happens.

continued



Mr. Knudson, the Super, Sets Traps in the Basement

Building superintendents have all kinds of reasons to want to *get* children, good reasons, and so children understand that they will probably have what they deserve if they are not very careful. It's a good idea to be especially wary around the furnace.



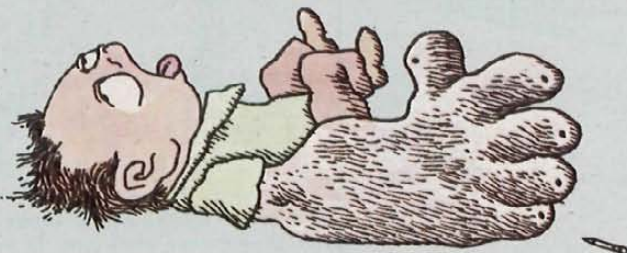
Getting Warts from a Toad

Of course if you touch a toad you will get warts from it and probably swell up.



Jagging Off

If you jag off you will become very ill and pale and have blue sacs under your eyes. Also hair will sprout on the palm of the hand you jag off with. Also you may go crazy. Now that you are jagging off it is time you left strange beliefs of children behind and took up those of adolescents. They are fun, too.



Lead Pencil Poisoning

If you poke the point of a lead pencil into your skin you will get lead poisoning and die horribly. There is absolutely nothing that can be done to save you once the poison takes hold.

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• Two 300-pound sculptures made from discarded metal by the abstract expressionist John Chamberlain were mistaken for junk recently and hauled away at night by a scavenger.

"I had them at the side of my warehouse to clean them up a little for a prospective buyer," said Walter Kelly, 32, owner of a Chicago art gallery which deals in Mr. Chamberlain's work.

"I had them covered with canvas but the wind blew it off," Mr. Kelly

explained. "Buildings are being renovated in the neighborhood and a lot of junkmen are around hauling things away."

Mr. Kelly said he valued the six-foot-high two outdoor sculpture pieces at a total of \$20,000.

"I'm sick about it," he went on. "It's all a tragic mistake. We've called all the scrap dealers and junkyards in town. No luck yet. I'm offering a \$1,000 reward, no questions asked."

The sculptures were made from car bumpers and porcelain-covered sheet metal from old washing machines. The metal was crumpled, folded, and welded.

"I'm certain it wasn't a theft," said Mr. Kelly. "And that makes it worse, because whoever took them away might destroy them. These are important works by a great artist. One of Chamberlain's works is on permanent display at the Art Institute of Chicago."

"They are very powerful, dynamic, forceful," said Mr. Kelly, describing the missing sculptures. "When you look at them you have to form your own opinion of what you see or what is represented." *Washington Post* (L. Zarfes)

• Discouraged by the reluctance of their chimpanzee population to mate, officials of the Chessington Zoo, in

England, have taken to showing blue movies to the chimps.

Andy Bowen, a spokesman for the zoo, said that thus far the chimpanzees have been shown portions of a British Broadcasting Corporation documentary which contains explicit scenes of chimpanzees kissing and cuddling.

Most of the chimpanzee population at Chessington responded enthusiastically, copying every move, and an eight-year-old female named Cressida was especially "turned on," according to Mr. Bowen.

"We tried it in three cages in the ape house," he explained. "The orangutans were only interested in the projector. The gorillas became aggressive, but Cressida was just overcome with passion."

If the current fare proves insufficiently titillating, the zoo plans to move on to hard-core flicks. "We hope to hear the patter of tiny chimpanzee feet around here soon," said Mr. Bowen. *Fort Worth Press* (M. Monar)

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"Kootch"

"'Kootch' is a nickname I've had since I was 15. Then James Taylor put my name as 'Danny Kootch' on his *Sweet Baby James* album and Carole King did, too, on *Tapestry*. Kootch or Danny Kortchmar is fine, but Danny Kootch — that just isn't me."

Danny Kortchmar, guitar ace and onetime Fugs sideman, sets the record straight, once and for all, with his own album. He's written the songs, sung them and backed himself on guitar, bass and drums, with a little help from his friends William Smith, Craig Doerge, Jim Horn and Doug Richardson.

At the top he's put his name as he likes it.

"Kootch"

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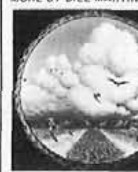


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Telejester

by Chris Miller

I am hanging around my apartment the other night, imbibing a soupçon reefer and glancing over the new *Luke Cage—Hero for Hire*, when suddenly the doorbell begins ringing loud as dentist drills. In fact, somebody is leaning on my bell like he is only seconds ahead of a maddened dog pack and I hasten to the door to peer through the peephole and who is there but Prime-Time Pearlstein, waving his arms around and looking very excited indeed. Since I can see no dogs behind him, I unbolt my various police locks and let him in.

Immediately, I am being washed in exclamatory bursts of maybe five or six words each, so that I do not understand a thing Prime-Time is trying to say. So I sit him down and shove my pipe in his mouth, figuring that if I know Prime-Time, this will shut him up for a minute or two and, sure enough, he cuts off in mid-word-cluster and begins to suck on my corncob like a suffocating miner at a suddenly discovered air pocket.

Now this Prime-Time Pearlstein is a noted media nut who lives down in Soho with a loftful of TV sets, radio receivers, tape decks, and the like, and seventeen pussycats with names like Sarnoff, Stanton, and McLuhan, who sleep in the chassis of an old Dumont twenty-one incher. He is a big, beefy guy with a splatch of kinky black hair worn in a haphazard Isro and a very white pasty face which he gets as a result of bathing it in TV emissions maybe ten or twelve hours a day. But the first thing you notice about Prime-Time is his eyes, which are very bright and can flick about, bip-bip-bip, so fast that many persons figure he can see every individual dot in a TV picture, if he wants. All in all, he is a dude who will startle people on the street, a fact for which I will modestly accept some credit, since Prime-Time is one of my best customers and it is mostly my weed, acid, and what-have-you that he is always smoking, dropping, and what-have-you, and this is largely what accounts for the

curious state of his physical appearance. At any rate, he has now taken a baker's dozen hearty tokens and has slowed down considerably.

"So, Prime-Time," I say, "what is it that creates such disturbance in your mind?"

"Mmm? Disturbance?"

Well, I can see that Prime-Time has gotten off very well indeed behind the Colombian I am stocking and consider offering him an ounce for fifty dollars but before I can suggest this transaction Prime-Time remembers what it is that creates such disturbance in his mind and begins shouting and waving his arms all over again. "Man, you are not going to believe this," he says, or words to this effect. Now, I consider this a clear case of stating the obvious, since Prime-Time Pearlstein is as noted for his drugged-out revelations and other assorted strange beliefs as he is for his twenty-one television sets, but nonetheless, I look attentive and Prime-Time raps to me as follows:

It is about a half hour ago (he says) and I am sprawled out on my mattress, still wasted from the PCP I snort for "Animal World," when suddenly I realize it is time for "Kung Fu." Now "Kung Fu" and "Animal World" are on the same channel, but they are interposed by "Mod Squad," a series I detest, and I have skonked the picture by throwing a pillow at the controls, all of which means I must now stand up and make adjustments. As I am not sure I can achieve this unaided, and there is nobody else in the room, I must reach for some of that fine Bolivian flake you dealt me last Saturday. I do a modest one-and-one from the ice cream scoop and, as you may imagine, find myself quickly vertical and walking jaunty, jolly to the TV set. By the time it is tuned in I am feeling really good, very high and clear, so I fill my chillum with some of this incredible Nepalese Temple Shit I scored last week from Carol McHashoil, settle down into my pillows and go into total communion

with the audio-video.

At this point, a voice comes on and says "Kung Fu" will not be seen tonight due to the President's speech and, bam!, there is Tricky Dicky up there! I mean, hey man, y'know? I mean, what is this shit, Tricky Dicky instead of "Kung Fu"? His upper lip is sweating and he hasn't even started yet! Yes, I am righteously pissed. I am staring at the screen, swallowing great lungfuls of hash smoke, just getting angrier and angrier, and I start to have this fantasy, you know, like I'm looking at Tricky and making his voice slow down and then I make him gradually fall forward until he just kind of slumps face first onto his desk—and sticking out of his back is a key!

Now this strikes me as pretty funny and I am starting to laugh when suddenly I blink and notice that the picture I just fantasize is still on the screen. I mean, Nixon's just lying there with a key in his back, not moving or anything. Well, I really get freaked by this and don't know what to do, so I blow another one-and-one, which inspires me to grab my coat and rush from my loft for, frankly, I am scared out of my bazoo by this entire incident and need to tell someone about it fast.

"Well, Prime-Time," I point out, "if you are going to snort coke on top of PCP, you have to expect these kinds of bummers."

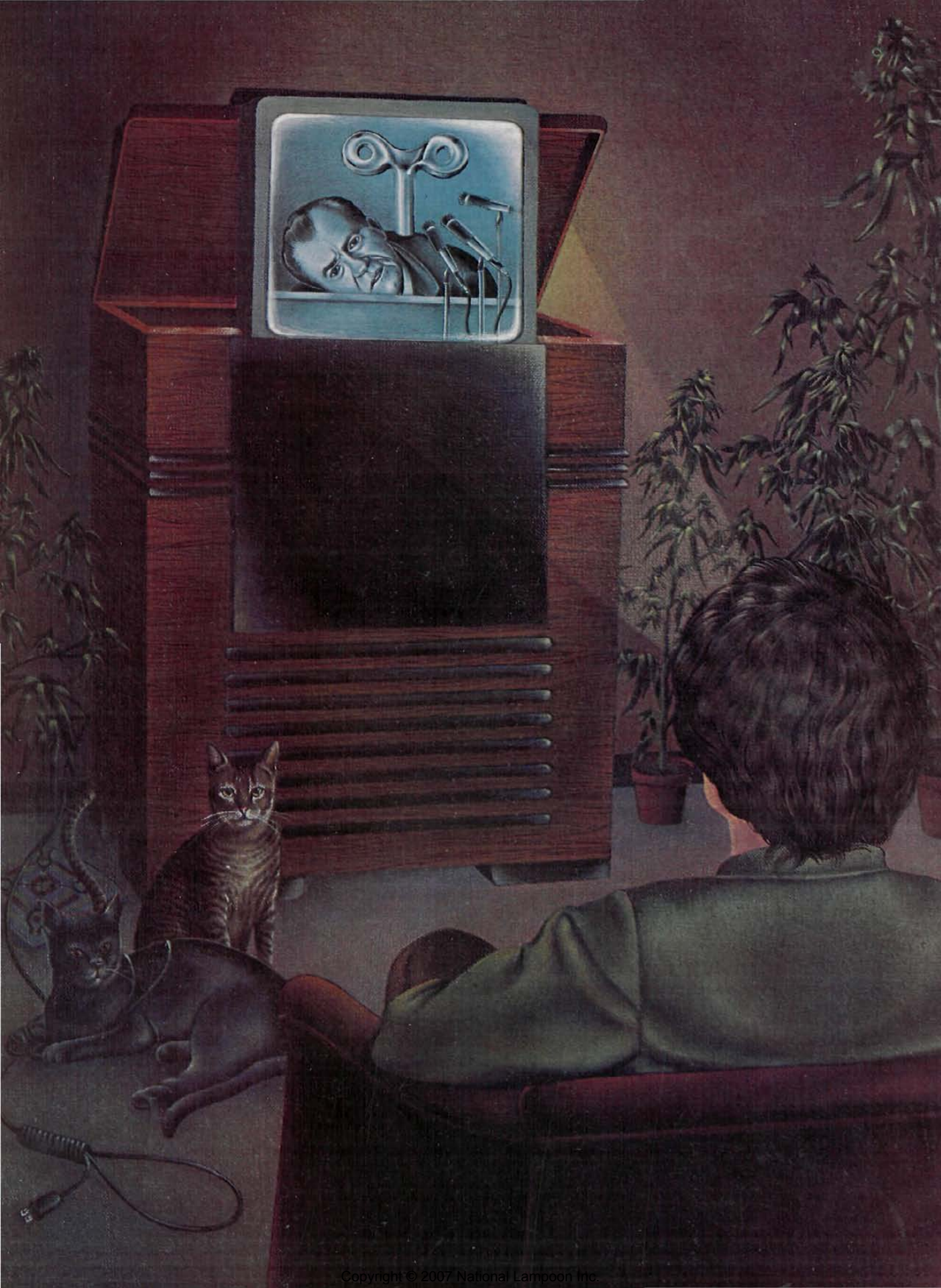
"Then this is what you think it is? A chemical bummer?"

"I cannot think of anything else it could be."

"Well, this makes me feel much relieved," he says. "Still, I would like you to do me a favor. Please turn on your TV. The speech should still be going and I wish to see Tricky Dicky alive and talking so as I will feel completely together again."

As you can imagine, I am by this time thinking that perhaps Prime-Time *does* go out of his bazoo, since his bazoo certainly seems untenanted at the moment, but I have learned to be tolerant of people's idiosyncrasies

continued



and besides a customer is always right, so I get up and turn on the TV. After a minute the picture forms and there is the President, droning on in his usual fashion, upper lip sweating like sixty, and I turn to Prime-Time and observe that all seems back to normal in the oval office.

"So it would appear," Prime-Time replies, "but, ah, if I may ask—just so I can feel completely together—are you on Channel Seven?"

I turn and see that I am on Channel Four and, with a mental roll of the eyes, bend over and turn to Seven.

And slumped over the Presidential desk is a body with a key sticking out of its back.

"Ho-lee shit," whispers Prime-Time, and then has to move fast to catch me and help me sit down. I take several quick tokes and a two-and-two and go in the bathroom and throw water in my face but when I get back there is still a body lying across the desk, unmoving.

"Prime-Time, what have you done?"

"I didn't know I was doing it!"

"You broke the President!"

"But only on Channel Seven, man!"

"Prime-Time, do something."

"What the fuck am I supposed to do?"

"You make this happen; you must make it stop!"

Looking less than confident, Prime-Time turns to the screen. I see a peculiar fixed expression come over his face and then his eyes start to flick in their sockets, fast as pinballs between bumpers, so that his gaze is firing again and again across the surface of the screen. At first, nothing happens. Then my mouth falls open because a man walks into the picture, one of those wimpy Presidential aides, the cute one, and starts winding the President up. Though the key turns with difficulty at first, the aide puts his weight behind it and, before you can say Colombian boo, Nixon is sitting up in small jerks and slow but accelerating words are coming from his mouth. The aide finishes winding. Then he bends and spits delicately on the President's head, removes a handkerchief from his breast pocket and gives the Presidential hair a few deft flicks, like a forties shoeshine boy.

"Prime-Time, stop embellishing!"

"Oh, all right." Prime-Time sends a reluctant stare at the screen and the aide exits. The President talks on as if nothing has happened, about bombs or something, and everything seems back to normal. I get up and switch back and forth from Seven to Four. The pictures match exactly. I click the TV off.

"Now just how did you do that?!"

"I have no idea. Pretty far out,

huh?"

Well, I can see that Prime-Time is no longer scared one bit by his strange new power. In fact, he looks like my little brother looked the Christmas he got the electric trains. I, however, am scared.

"Listen, man, that body was already lying there when I turned to the channel. What if out there? . . ." I make a gesture with my hand meant to convey all other television sets in the United States.

"You mean . . . aw, not a chance, man."

"How do you know?"

"I . . . don't." Prime-Time is suddenly sitting up straight and shaking.

I make it over to the phone and dial Dope David, a business associate of mine. "David, you aren't by any chance watching . . ."

"A key!" crows Dope David through the receiver. "A fucking key in his back!"

Slowly, I hang up and turn to Prime-Time. "Dope David saw it too. Whatever you did to the picture must have gone all over the country."

"Too much!" Prime-Time looks awed. But simultaneously I detect the birth of a strange new glow in his eyes, about which I find myself strangely reluctant to inquire.

As you can imagine, there are any number of shits being taken at the White House the next morning. Zeigler calls a special press conference and states in no uncertain tone that the President does not now have and has never had a key in his back. The cute aide is trotted out to announce that he was not even in the White House last night since he is extremely tired from covering up scandals all day and goes to bed early. Then they wheel out the aide's bed and an FBI bed reader comes on to say that, yes, the aide is definitely in his bed from 9 P.M. on. He starts to add that there are at least two others in bed with the aide, but Zeigler sticks an elbow into the aide's ribs and the aide hustles the bed reader out of there.

Zeigler goes on to say that the perpetrator is thought to be an agent of the far left, probably working inside Channel Seven itself, and that the President has asked the network to fire all of its employees to guard against any repetition of this kind of subversive nonsense. Ol' Ron is really getting into it now. His eyes flash angrily and his voice is quivering with indignation, and I am thoroughly getting off on his performance when all at once I am sitting up straight with my mouth hanging open because Ron Zeigler has lapsed into a thick German accent.

"Isn't that a little extreme, Ron," suggests a reporter.

"Extreme? Vat extreme? How can ve vin ze peace in Asia if ze uzzer side zinks ze President hass ein key in ze back?"

And then he steps from behind the podium and suddenly he is wearing this snazzy black uniform with gleaming jackboots and an American flag armband around his left bicep. I do a triple take. I mean, I always think these White House guys are a little, ah, Teutonic, but. . . Then it hits me. Prime-Time, you crazy fuck, what are you doing? I grab the phone and dial him and after a couple of rings he answers.

"Prime-Time, you crazy fuck, what are you doing?"

"Oh, hey, man. What's happenin'?"

"Ron Zeigler's talking to reporters in a Gestapo uniform, that's what happening, you freak!"

"Yeah, far out, huh? You like the armband? Nice touch, huh?"

"Prime-Time, you are going to screw up the whole country this way."

"Somevun iss going to screw up ze whole country ziss vay," says Zeigler from the screen.

"Stop copping my material, god-dammit." If truth be told, I am considerably uptight about this entire situation since it is probable that, as Prime-Time's dealer, I am an accessory before the fact.

"Watch this, man," says Prime-Time.

Uh-oh, I think, and turn to the screen. Zeigler is back at the lectern, dramatizing his points with gunshot-like cracks of a riding crop. "Zoon," he is saying, "ve vill identify ze culprit and ven ve do . . ."

And suddenly there is a *twanggg* and a little puff of smoke and there on the lectern top is a leering rubber frog.

" . . . stick him up your ass," says the frog in a gravelly voice.

"Ja, ve vill shtick him up mein ass." Pause. "Nein, nein, vait, zat iss not vat I meant to zay!"

The camera cuts to a shot of the reporters, who are laughing delightedly. In the fourth row, a reporter in a polo shirt jumps up and down, clapping his hands.

"Vat I meant to zay," says Zeigler, "is zat ziss so-called pragtical joker iss actually . . ."

" . . . a commie, prevo, hippie, dope fiend, homosexual, feminist, Negro flouridator," says the frog.

"Ja, ein commie, prevo, hippie, dope fiend—Nein, nein, nein! You are getting me all mixed up!"

The frog laughs devilishly and makes a fart noise.

"Prime-Time, enough," I say weakly into the phone.

"Yeah, I guess," Prime-Time agrees. On the screen, the frog abrupt-

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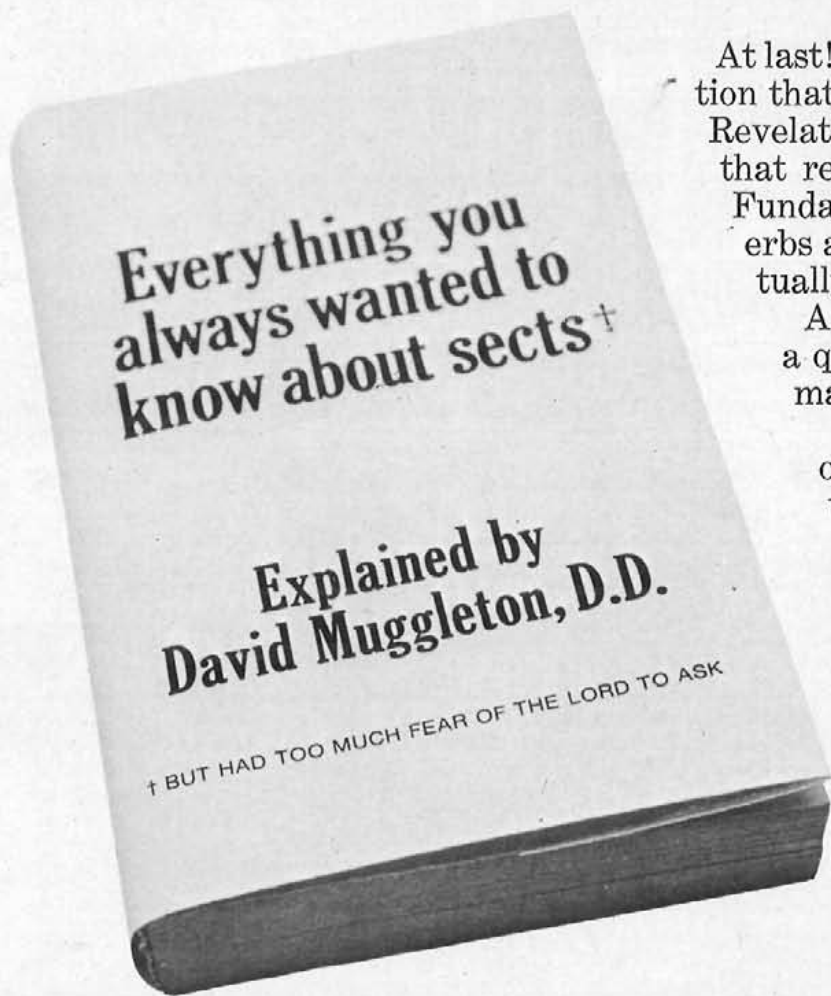
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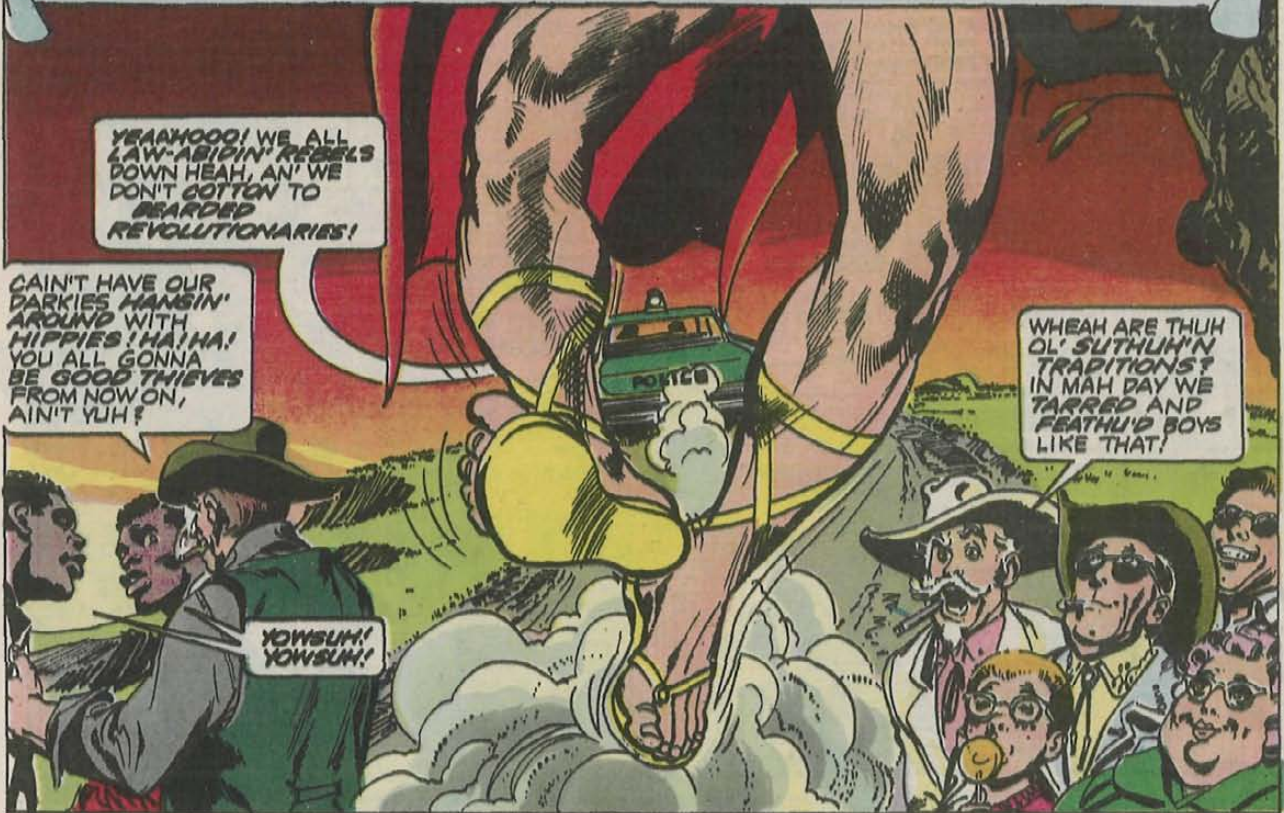
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YEAHOOO! WE ALL LAW-ABIDIN' REBELS DOWN HEAH, AN' WE DON'T COTTON TO BEARDED REVOLUTIONARIES!

CAIN'T HAVE OUR DARKIES HANGIN' AROUND WITH HIPPIES! HA! HA! YOU ALL GONNA BE GOOD THIEVES FROM NOW ON, AIN'T YUH?

YOWSUH! YOWSUH!

WHEAH ARE THUH OL' SUTHUH'N TRADITIONS? IN MAH DAY WE TARRD AND FEATHU'D BOYS LIKE THAT!



HOW ARE WE GONNA GET HIM BACK TO BENNIE DAVID'S PLACE THIS TIME?

WE MUST BE MILES FROM BROOKLYN!

MAYBE WE COULD SEND HIM RAILWAY EXPRESS... COLLECT!

TOO SLOW! MY UNCLE ONCE SENT US A COFFEE TABLE, AND IT TOOK FOUR MONTHS!

DOES THE SOUTH HAVE AIRPORTS YET?

DOOR!

THERE MUST BE ONE IN MIAMI! I BET SHECKY GREEN AND ALL THOSE BIG HOLLYWOOD STARS DON'T HITCH-HIKE!

AND SO, LITERALLY INTERPRETING SON-O-GOD'S COMMANDMENT TO RETURN HIM TO THE HOUSE OF BENNIE DAVID, THE DEPENDABLE DOZEN SET OUT ON THE ROAD TO BROOKLYN...



DOWN BELOW! THAT'LL NEVER FIT IN THE OVER-HEAD RACK!

OH BOY! IS THAT GUY GOING TO HAVE A HANGOVER WHEN HE WAKES UP!

DEM BONES, DEM BONES GONNA \$WALK AROUND...

LONG HOURS LATER...

♪ WE'RE HERE... BECAUSE WE'RE HERE... BECAUSE WE'RE HERE... BEC... ♪



BUT FATE, COINCIDENCE - OR DIVINE PROVIDENCE - INTERVENES, IN THE UNGODLY GUISE OF PALESTINIAN TERRORISTS!



WE DON'T TAKE UNACCOMPANIED BAGGAGE... IF ALL TWELVE OF YOU FLY, YOU CAN AVOID THE OVERWEIGHT CHARGE... BELIEVE ME, IT'LL BE CHEAPER!

ALLAH BE PRAISED! IT IS WRITTEN WE MUST HIJACK YOUR 747!

ACCORDING TO THE SACRED KORAN, IF YOU COOPERATE YOU WILL BE HURT!



ANY VEGETABLES, FRUITS, OR POULTRY?

NO, THANK YOU... BUT COULD I OFFER YOU A LIFESAVER?

FLIGHT EL FATAH, FROM MIAMI TO BAGDAD, IS NOW READY FOR BOARDING, O MOST RANSOMABLE INFIDELS!

POULTRY? ...UH-OH!

SOME TIME LATER, AS THE HIJACKED JET NEARS ITS MIDDLE-EASTERN DESTINATION, THE PUSSANT PIGEON SUDDENLY BEATS ITS WAY OUT OF THE PAPER BAG!



I'M SORRY, SIR... WE DON'T SERVE SANDWICHES ON FIRST CLASS!

SO WHAT'S SO SEC-OND CLASS ABOUT BALONEY AND SWISS?

I DIDN'T KNOW FISH LAID EGGS!

YOU GET MORE OUT OF ONE GOOD CHICKEN EGG THAN OUT OF A THOUSAND OF THESE!

H.G.!! COME BACK!



BY ALLAH! WHAT WICKEDNESS IS THIS?

BY THE PROPHET'S PANTALOONS, BE STILL, THOU FEATHERED SCARAB!!

HEY, FRANK... WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT STEWIE YOU KNEW IN BAGDAD?

YOU SHOULD'VE PUT BUBBLE GUM UNDER HIS WINGS!

OH YEAH... THE LITTLE BRUNETTE NUMBER! LEMME SEE... NANCY, I THINK... OR WAS IT MARSHA?...

ALLAH BE PRAISED!
WE ARE GOING
TO CRASH!

MOHAMMED HAS SAID
THAT HE WHO DIES
SKYJACKING WILL
BE HAPPY FOREVER
IN THE GARDEN OF
ALLAH!

WE ARE PERISHING IN THE
DESERT! ALLAH IS KIND
TO FAITHFUL SERVANT
AND INFIDEL DOG ALIKE!

AT THIS TIME, PASSENGERS
ARE REQUESTED TO
FASTEN THEIR SEAT
BELTS...

... RETURN THEIR TRAYS AND
SEATS BACK TO THE
VERTICAL POSITION...

... EXTINGUISH
ALL
CIGARETTES...

... AND REMAIN
IN THEIR SEATS
UNTIL THE AIR-
CRAFT HAS
COME TO A
COMPLETE
STOP.



H.G.!...
WAIT!
WE
NEED
YOU!

MALT, THOU
MISBEGOTTEN
SONS OF
CAMEL FLEAS!

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! DADDY'LL
TAKE YOI SWIM-SWIM! JUST
HOLD IT IN, WILLYA?

THIS IS EVEN BIGGER
THAN THE BEACH AT
THE FONTAINEAU!

AND NO
POLLUTION!

HARRY, WHERE'S
THE COPPERTONE?

YOU'D THINK
A PLACE
LIKE THIS
WOULD HAVE
A HUNDRED
LIFEGUARDS!



DO KIDS HAVE
TO PLAY THAT
GARBAGE
WHEREVER
YOU GO?!

I REMEMBER HER NAME NOW!...
NATASHA! SHALL I GIVE HER
A CALL?

LATER!

YOU CAN RELAX! I
HAVE TO CALL THE
OFFICE AND EARN
A LIVING!

THE ODOR OF THIS SIMPLE KOSHER SNACK WAFTS INTO THE
GROUNDED AIRCRAFT, TRIGGERING THE HALO'D HERO'S MOST
EFFECTIVE WEAPON-RESURRECTION! BENNIE DAVID, UNPOP-
ULAR LITTLE SCHLEP FROM BROOKLYN, AND SECRET ALTER-
EGO OF SON-O'-GOD, AWAKES WITH AN APPETITE,...



MY HUSBAND, THE KYETCH!
STOP KYETCHING, MATTY...
I'LL MAKE YOU SOME DIET
CHICKEN SOUP!



HEY, WAIT FOR
ME, GUYS!

I BET THEY'RE GOING
TO SOME GIRL'S
HOUSE TO PLAY SPIN-
THE-BOTTLE!





THEN IT IS SETTLED, COMRADE CALIPH! THE U.S.S.R. AGREES TO TRADE ONE BOTTLE OF VODKA FOR EVERY HUNDRED BARRELS OF CRUDE OIL!

BUT DOES NOT THE KORAN FORBID THE DRINKING OF FERMENTED GRAIN AND GRAPE?

OH FOOLISH ONE! VODKA IS MADE FROM POTATOES. ALLAH WILL BE NONE THE WISER!



NOW THAT ALL US JAZZ MUSICIANS HAS CHANGED OUR NAMES TO ARAB ONES, CAN WE JOIN THE SHRINER'S CLUB?

SAXAPHONE?! WHERE'S THAT AT, MAN? EVERY CAT IN CLEVELAND'S BLOWIN' THE OUD!



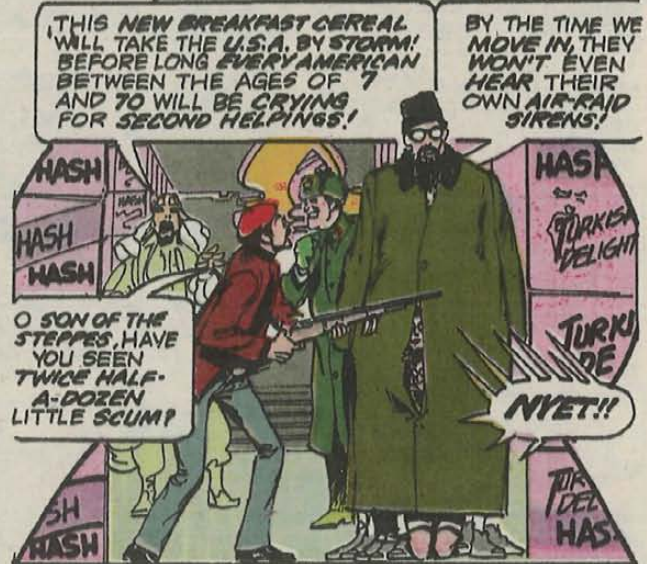
WE ARE PROUD OF YOU, COMRADE GIBRAN! THIS VOLUME OF YOURS MAKES THE LITTLE RED BOOK READ LIKE DICK AND JANE! ALREADY IT HAS CORRUPTED THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF AMERICAN YOUTH!

PTOOEY!

PTOOEY! THIS IS WORSE THAN YEVTU-SHENKO!



BY THE BEARDS OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES, WHERE COULD THOSE TWELVE MISCREANTS BE HIDING IN A ROOM FULL OF EMPTY OIL DRUMS!



THIS NEW BREAKFAST CEREAL WILL TAKE THE U.S.A. BY STORM! BEFORE LONG EVERY AMERICAN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 7 AND 70 WILL BE CRYING FOR SECOND HELPINGS!

BY THE TIME WE MOVE IN, THEY WON'T EVEN HEAR THEIR OWN AIR-RAID SIRENS!

O SON OF THE STEPPES, HAVE YOU SEEN TWICE HALF-A-DOZEN LITTLE SCUM?

NYET!!



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, JUST RUB!

MAKE ME YOUR SLAVE!

MASTER, PLEASE MAY I SIMONIZE THE CAR?

I'LL MASSAGE YOUR NECK WHILE YOUR MARTINI IS CHILLING!

WHY BOTHER GOING TO THE OFFICE? I CAN TAKE DICTATION HERE!

YOU NAME IT, I'LL DO IT!

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY!

LEAVE THE DISHES, I'LL GET THEM!

THESE LAMPS WILL SOON BE ON SALE AT LAUGHABLY LOW PRICES IN GIFT SHOPS AND HARDWARE STORES ACROSS AMERICA!

RUB A DUB DUB, AND POOF GOES THAT OLD PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC! TRULY A STROKE OF GENIUS!

WHY NOT HAVE LUNCH IN BED TOO?

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU RELAX?



WILL YA LOOK AT THE BARONGAS ON THAT BELLY DANCER! **JEE-ZUX!!**

INADVERTANTLY, BENNIE DAVID TAKES THE NAME...

AND SHOULD THAT ACCURSED WET CARPET SON-O-GOD MAY HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS GIVE HIM STOMACH CRAMPS, EVER HINDER OUR MERCILESS PLAN TO MORALLY DISARM THE AMERICANS, WE WILL BE READY WITH A SPECIAL KING-SIZE TREAT JUST FOR HIM!... FATIMI THE HOUR!!



OUR IRON-HEELED SUBJUGATION OF AMERICA IS ASSURED!



TAP TAP



...AND IS TRANSFORMED MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF HIS EASTERN NEMESIS!

ABA DABA DABA



KISS ME, MY FOOL!



SON-O-GOD! HERE IN BAGDAD! SO THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT WAS COME TO THE MOHAMMEDAN! THIS TEMPTATION IN THE DESERT SHOULD KEEP HIM OCCUPIED FOR THE NEXT 1001 NIGHTS!



THOU SHALT HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR HALO! HERE, MY BLUE-EYED BEAUTY!

GASP! SOME ARE BORN EUNUCHS, AND SOME ARE MADE EUNUCHS; AND THERE BE EUNUCHS WHICH HAVE MADE THEMSELVES EUNUCHS FOR THE KINGDOM-OF-HEAVEN'S SAKE!



DISAPPOINTED THAT THE MODEST MESSIAH CANNOT BE LED INTO TEMPTATION, FATIMA CASTS HIM INTO HER PERFUMED GARDEN....

THE HAREM GIRLS WILL HELP THEE FORGET THY SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANNERS! AT SUNSET I SHALL RETURN FOR SOME OF THY FABLED CHRISTIAN LOVE!



SULP! EUHH... SOME ARE ARE BORN EUNUCHS, AND SOME...



SON-O-GOD! WHAT'S A NICE GOY LIKE YOU DOING IN A PALACE LIKE THIS?

WHEW! I FEARED YOU WERE TWELVE; VERY FOOLISH VIRGINS! WE MUST KICK THIS DEN OF INQUITY AT ONCE!

AT THAT MOMENT, AS IF IN ANSWER TO A PRAYER, AN IDOLATROUS CALL TO PAGAN WORSHIP FILLS THE AIR...

AIEEEE! OAOUWEO

QUICK, SON-O'-GOD! SLIP THIS ON!

BOY, WHEN THEY CIRCUMCISE AROUND HERE, THEY REALLY MEAN BUSINESS!

MECCA MUST BE THAT WAY!

THEN WE BETTER GO THIS WAY!

THE FAIR-HAIRED ONE IS ABDUCTING TWELVE HAREM GIRLS!

THEY SEEM NOT LIKE GIRLS, BUT LIKE BOYS!

AIEE! THEY MUST BE THE SULTAN'S OWN HAREM! AFTER THEM!



PHARAOH'S MAD, AND WE KNOW WHY... CAN'T GET THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE!

BY THE CODE OF HAMMURABI! WE ARE TRAPPED!



AND BEHOLD, THEY COME UPON A NARROW-GAUGE RAILWAY, WHICH GIVES SON-O'-GOD A GOOD IDEA....

THE MOSCOW EXPRESS! WATCH AND WAIT, GANG! WE'LL SHOW THOSE GODLESS ATHEISTS THEY'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!

I HAVE COME THAT YOU MAY HAVE LIFE ...AND WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S COKE!



WE'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO BE... A COCA-COLONY...

THE CHARISMATIC CRUSADER THEN CALLS DOWN A SHOWER OF BLESSINGS UPON THE MISGUIDED MOSLEMS....

BEHOLD, IT SHALL RAIN TRADING STAMPS AND MAIL-ORDER CATALOGUES, AND THE LAND SHALL BE THICK WITH CREDIT CARDS AND INSTALLMENT PLANS! AND YOU PEOPLE SHALL BE VISITED BY A VISION OF THE GOOD LIFE!



AMAZING GRACE... HOW SWEET IT IS...

HERE ARE THE LATEST DOW JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGES....

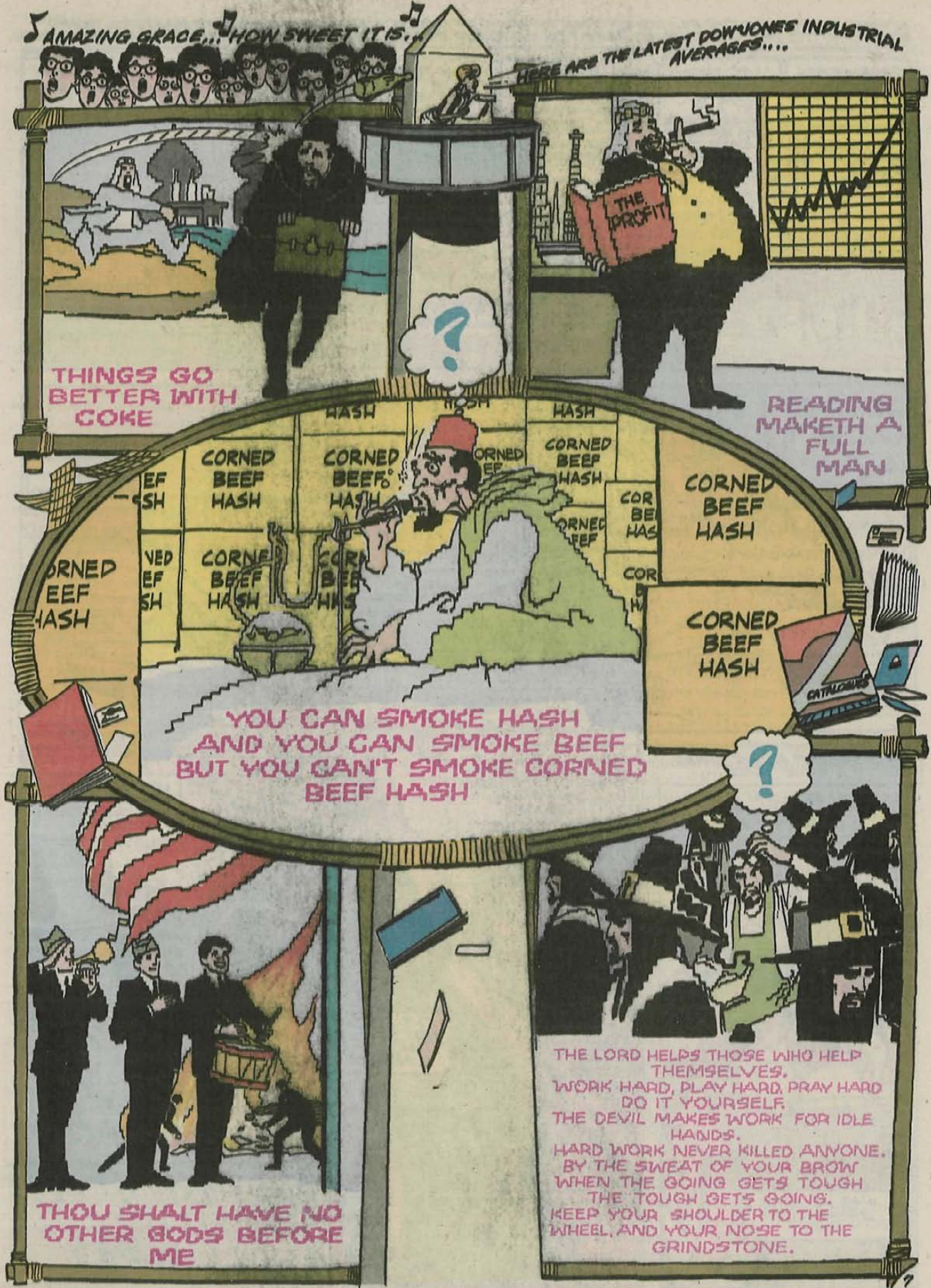
THINGS GO BETTER WITH COKE

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

YOU CAN SMOKE HASH AND YOU CAN SMOKE BEEF BUT YOU CAN'T SMOKE CORNED BEEF HASH

THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME

THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES. WORK HARD, PLAY HARD, PRAY HARD DO IT YOURSELF. THE DEVIL MAKES WORK FOR IDLE HANDS. HARD WORK NEVER KILLED ANYONE. BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GETS GOING. KEEP YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, AND YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE.



HAVING DISRUPTED THE PLANS OF THE MINIONS OF MESSA AND THEIR MUSCOVITE MASTERS, SON-O'-GOD AND THE TRUSTY TWELVE MAKE THEIR EXODUS ACROSS THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF ARABIA DESERTAII.

DOCTORS SAY TOO MUCH SUN CAN GIVE YOU CANCER!

WE'VE WALKED MILES! CAN'T WE HAVE A CAMEL?

IF I'D KNOWN WE WEREN'T GOING TO GET ANY MAMA BREAKS I'DA GRABBED A CASE OF COKES!

HOW LONG DOES IS TAKE TO REACH THE PROMISED LAND, ANYWAY?

IN THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IT TOOK TWO AND A HALF HOURS!

THAT WAS IN THE MOVIE! IN THE BOOK IT TOOK FORTY YEARS!

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

IT'S A PILLAR OF FIRE!

IT'S A PILLAR OF A CLOUD!

NO, IT'S....

SANDY KOURAK CAN'T FITCH!

YOUR SISTER WEARS ARMY BOOTS!

MOSES DID IT WITH SNAKES!

NASSER ATE FORK!

OMAR SHARIF SKUNK'S BIRS!

.... AN ARAB-ISRAELI-BORDER SKIRMISH! WE'RE SAVED!

FAROUK YOU!

THE PRINCE OF PEACE CRIES OUT IN A SOUD VOICE....

SALAAM! SHALOM! PEACE! BE STILL! LET THERE BE A CEASE-FIRE!

HAS HE GONE BANANAS, OR WHAT?

SURELY, I SAY UNTO YOU, WE CAN SETTLE THESE DIFFERENCES IN A CHRISTIAN MANNER!

UP AGAINST THE WALLS YOU GALILEAN ZIONIST!

O.K. YOU NEO-NAZI GOLIATH! THIS ONE IS FOR SINAI BIRTH, CHAPTER 102!

THE TRICK IS NOT TO MIND THAT IT HURTS!

HAS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD BEEN SHUFFED OUT? HAS HIS SACRED MISSION FAILED? IF GOD IS GOOD, WHY IS THERE EVIL IN THE WORLD? FOR THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND OTHER QUESTIONS, DON'T MISS A CHAPTER OR VERSE OF OUR NEXT ISH!!

ly disappears (with another twang and puff of smoke) and a normal press conference emerges, phoenix-like, from the wreckage of the last.

"You know what?" says Prime-Time.

"What?"

"I get on all three networks and the educational channel this time. For the education station, I make him look like Goebbels. I figure they will get the reference."

"Prime-Time, you will make these guys crazy. They have less sense of humor than the average sponge. They will find you and disappear you."

"Ridiculous," snorts Prime-Time. "How could they ever find . . . *Holy shit!* There's a fucking helicopter outside my window!"

"A what?" But it sure sounds like a helicopter, all right.

"There's a whole bunch of guys in hats in it. They . . . uh-oh!"

And then I must tear the receiver away because what sounds like the Battle of Stalingrad suddenly erupts from the earpiece. When the sounds subside somewhat, I cautiously begin to listen again. The helicopter is still going *thuapata thuapata*, but the shooting has ceased. In the background, I can hear tense, tough voices calling orders to one another.

Then, suddenly, it occurs to me that maybe it is not such a terrific idea that I am sitting here holding an open line into whatever trip is going on at Prime-Time's, since I hear the government now has a kind of nerve gas you can send over telephone lines, so I quickly hang up and proceed to start shaking. Poor Prime-Time. He is always kind of a *shlep* until he becomes aware of his strange power, but he sure goes out in a blaze of glory.

Then I remember that both parties to a phone conversation must hang up to break the connection, which means that these gun guys can still find their way to my window. Fast as a chase sequence, I throw my dope and some clothes into a knapsack and head for the airport, for I suddenly recall an urgent business appointment in Colorado, involving 20,000 tabs of something or other, and must be on my way.

Thus, I am on an isolated commune for the next week making my *own* television shows with some of the tabs of the something-or-other and reflecting on the vicissitudes of mortal existence, the yin-yang of life and death, and other shit like this. I return to New York and find that my apartment, happily, is cool. So I stash my stash in the usual place, take a long shower (these hippies never heard of soap), put on some cocaine struttin' clothes and go back out again. But I get no further than Jimmy Day's, a

saloon across Sheridan Square, because I see this enormous crowd inside, all looking at the TV and laughing like they've been sniffing nitrous. Now the only thing I can put together from a bar crowd, TV, and laughter is the Harlem Globetrotters, who are always cool to watch, so I slip inside to take a look.

The Harlem Globetrotters are not apparent. Instead, the "Miss America Beauty Pageant" is on and Bert Parks is up there introducing the contestants. I don't yet understand what is so funny about this, but all around me people are poised and expectant, completely hushed, so I keep my attention on the screen and wait to see what develops.

"Next, Miss Oklahoma, Julie Walker!"

Miss Oklahoma steps up beside Bert, all smiles, and the camera moves in for a close-up and just then Bert Parks reaches over and rips away the top half of her bathing suit. A great roar of laughter goes up all around me, but I still don't get it until the camera moves in for an even tighter shot, and then I see that there on the front of her boobs are the faces of Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

"Too much, too much!" says a bald, bearded guy standing next to me, shaking his head and wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Has this been going on since Miss Alabama?" I ask him.

"Buddy, this has been going on for eight days. Where have you been?"

Eight days? A little land mine of gladness goes off somewhere in my lower trunk. They didn't get him after all! Prime-Time is alive!

"I've been away, man. What is this? What's happening?"

"My God, how far away could you be? It's the Telejester, of course."

I take a glance back at the screen, just in time to see the toppling of Miss Pennsylvania, and there on the front of *her* boobs are Mitchell and Kleindienst. The crowd can scarcely keep its feet it is laughing so hard. Far out, Prime-Time, I think, and this time I am laughing too. Then I split from the bar and head back to my building, to the basement, hoping to find a morning *Times* in the trash room, for suddenly I want very much to read about this Telejester.

The elevator in my building is an ancient brass job that must precede the invention of electricity by half a century, and I have always suspected is actually powered by cats chasing mice on treadmills. Tonight, either the cats or the mice have won, for nothing happens when I push the call button. Saying a few choice shit-fuck-cunts, I make it out the back door, down steep steel steps to the second

cellar entrance, inside and into the trash room. And sure enough, there is a *Times*. It says:

NIXON OPENS JAILS

Happy Cons Disperse

"Enjoy, Enjoy," Calls President Over Bullhorn

Prime-Time has the newspapers too! Suddenly, I just cannot believe this whole fucking thing anymore and feel a strong craving for some smoke and blow. I return to my apartment and do this and then sit down with the paper and read, in succession, that Agnew has been busted for exposing himself on a subway, Kissinger has been photographed with hookers, Mayor Daley has quit and joined a circus and, in a squib tucked into a corner, that the President is pleading with the Telejester to "stop fucking around."

Well, I am just sitting there, musing on what a far-out dude Prime-Time turns out to be, when this fucking doorbell of mine goes off, sending newspaper and pipe flying into the air, and I leap to my feet, concerned that Feds may have been staking my place out for the last week after all, and now that I'm home they are coming to take me away to windowless rooms and slide punji stakes under my fingernails. Indeed, the ringing is very persistent and I am considering departing via the fire escape when the ringing stops, there are a couple of clicks and my door opens.

"Hey, man, excuse me for ignoring your lock but I know you are in here and I don't . . ."

"Prime-Time!"

" . . . have time to fuck around. See, it turns out they learn how to triangulate on me, so I cannot spend longer than ten minutes or so anyplace where there's a TV or radio. So please bring me some C and some reefer, for I will need all the inspiration I can get when I create my masterpiece tomorrow night. How you doin', anyhow?"

"Uh, fine. Prime-Time, how did you? . . ."

"I can do a lot of things now, man, and more new things everyday. Did you catch the "Dinah Shore Special," on which I turn everyone into werewolves?"

"No, I was away from TV for a week. Now, listen. . ."

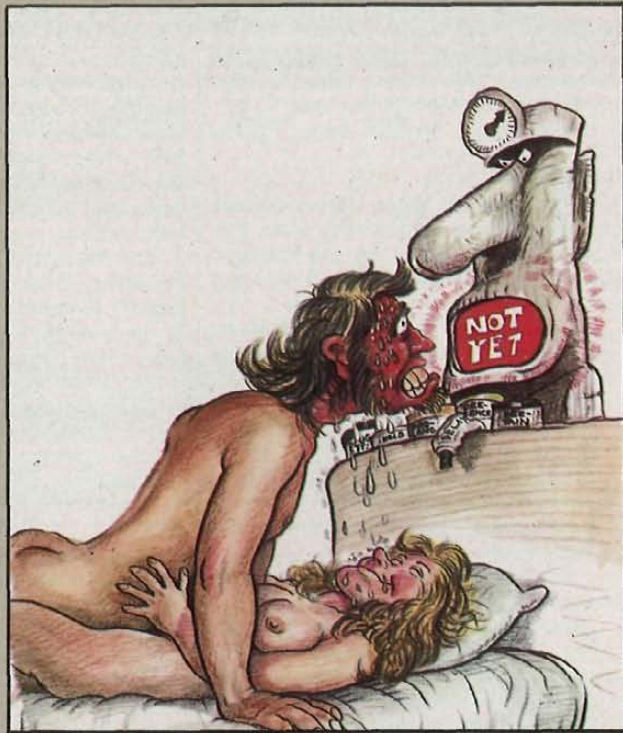
"That's a shame. That means you missed my disembowelment scene on Lassie, and Marcus Welby throwing up into his patient and . . . but we do not really have time to go into this. Please, a gram and an ounce and then I must go."

Abruptly I remember the artillery fire coming from the phone last week and that these guys could even now be

continued on page 58



MAGNEETO, GOD OF GHOST-FREE RECEPTION. Magneeto, all powerful Sorter-of-Pictures, Straightener-of-Test-Patterns, is also the God of Double Exposure, Deja Vu, and Twin Births. A schizophrenic and erratic God given to prankish punishments, he often displays his displeasure with earthlings by changing the action of instant replays or causing women to foal picture tubes.



REUBEN, GOD OF PREMATURE EJACULATION. Stern overseer of mortals during advanced stages of coitus when men must beg him for strength and women for more time, this great but demanding god metes out awful punishments to those who would deny him his rightful homage. Just such a prideful mortal, found boasting of his extraordinary self-control, was caused by Reuben to ejaculate prematurely merely upon being introduced to his date's parents.



The Heavenly Pantheon has decreed that the **GOD OF BLIND DATES** will never be seen by mortals unless accompanied by a doctor. The myth tells us that men and women gazing upon this god will experience impotence or frigidity, whichever comes first, compulsive vomiting, and clotting of the gums. Therefore, surrogate totems like the Andy Hardy Lucky Foot are used, especially in the Midwest, where the ancient practice of blind dating, often with real blind people, is still tolerated.



TOKE, GOD OF SCORING. A direct descendant of Pan, the alto-Piper, who first turned him on, Toke, many-headed Totem of Scoring, is really single-headed. It only looks like six heads to his cult of dazed worshippers. His legendary quest for the fabled Golden Gage is an inspiration to anyone needing a connection. He also serves as God of Speedreading, Writing, and Writhmetic, whose cultists attempt to solve difficult problems of integral calculus while tripping.

Though long gone is the need for such primitive gods of the Olympian panoply as Athene, Goddess of the Hunt or saffron-garbed Ceres, Goddess of Harvest, there still is great dependence upon the gods who have replaced them. They are adored in countless ways, in the shrines of Angelo, God of Garbage Collection and on pilgrimages to the Reservoir of mighty Faucet, Ruler of Hot and Cold Running Water. Many propitiate the bucolic gods of Price Supports and Strip Mining and who among us has not made temple sacrifice to rosy-fingered, chintz-robbed Bingo, Goddess of Lottery and Long Shots?

And lest the gods feel ignored, we must continue this homage: to the great Urban Gods of Rent-Control and Parking Space; the seasonal Dieties of Cold Beer and White Sales; to the Six-nosed, Angry God of Plastic Surgery; to Stereo, God of Proper Speaker Placement and the infant Biafra, Godchild of Quick Weight Loss. Among the lesser gods there is demand to satisfy Wedgie-mounted Groupie, and Flash, wing-footed God of Indecent Exposure, as well as the awful One-eyed Jack, and the dread Jersitaur, the Bull that ravaged Newark.

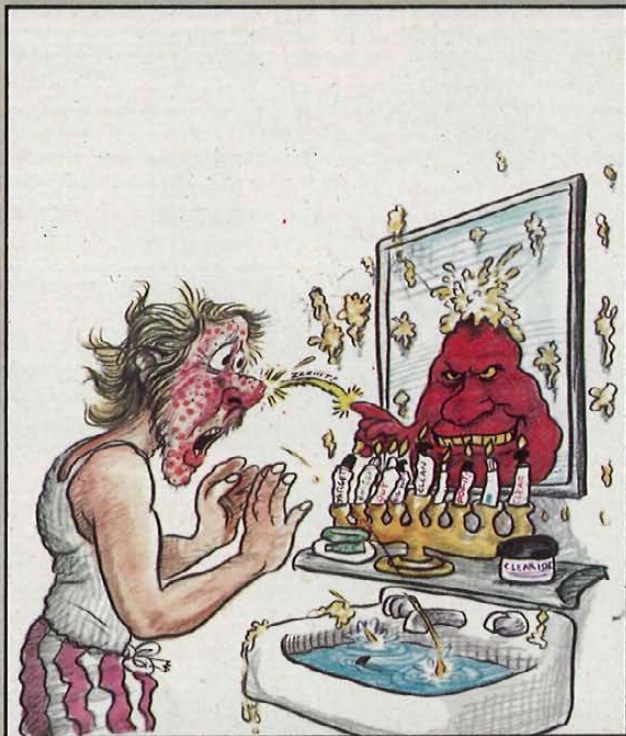
Remember always that we need the gods more than they need us and as they gaze down from their heavenly abode high atop the World Trade Center, let us praise them before they become angered and give us the Divine Finger.

Godspiel

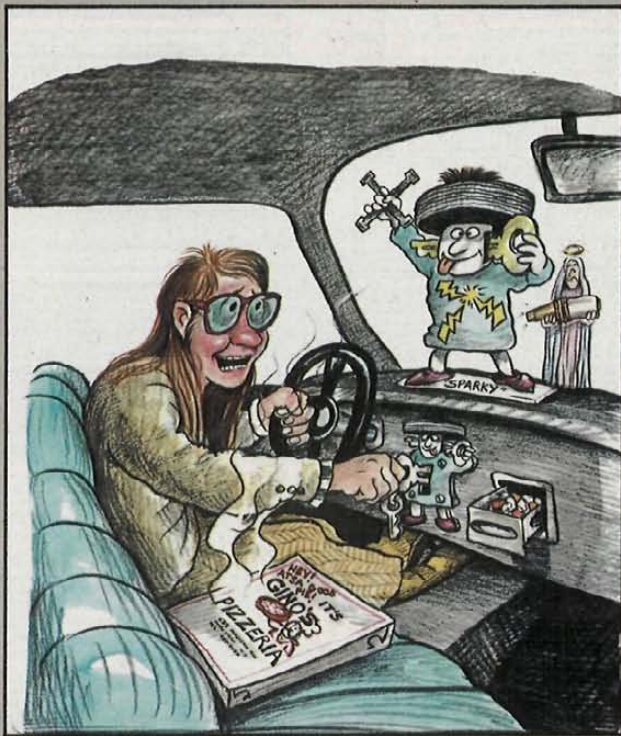
by John Boni



AMTRAK, PAGAN DIETY OF COMMUTATION. This severe, unfeeling god is the offspring of a mortal woman and the fabled Winged Volkswagen. Millions attempt to propitiate him twice daily at bizarre rituals which feature frenzied chants from the Book of Timetable and culminate in the sacrifice of a virgin attaché case. If Amtrak is well pleased, the 8:05 may arrive on time, somewhere around 11:43.



ACNE, GOD OF YOUTH AND INSECURITY. Once a handsome, middle-aged God in the prime of manhood, Acne became filled with lust for the nubile Lolita, Goddess of Early Development. He appeared to her in the form of a training bra and took his fill, so angering the other gods that they banished Acne to a life of perpetual adolescence and unremitting erection.



SPARKY, GOD OF IGNITION. Sparky's lineage is unclear though his cult claims ancestry with Prometheus since there is some evidence that Sparky's father once shook hands with the great Fire-stealer at a party in Thrace. Along with the Gods of Good Gas Mileage and Tire Rotation, he is part of the powerful triumvirate of so-called Highway Gods whose shrines dot all major arteries. □

drawings by Rick Meyerowitz



Worlds In. Collusion

by Ed Subitzky

We have become their slaves.

We have subordinated our natural common sense to their intricate web of fallacies.

Like cattle (who, as we shall see, are slaughtered by the thousands every year for no reason at all), we have let them slaughter our precious rationality.

True, there are many of them. True, they control the press. And their voices can be heard resoundingly loud through the ivory-trellised academic world.

But the human mind cannot forever remain fettered. See through them we must. And see through them we shall!

Who are they, you ask?

They are the ones who stand to benefit, of course.

The ones who get the garbage after it is collected.

The ones who kill the cattle.

The ones who, every day, selfishly ignore the greatest single crisis ever faced by humanity: the "S & P" that any day now threatens to engulf us all.

But who are they, you insist? We shall see.

The Big Lie

Think for a moment of the world as you have been taught to believe it is. Massive continents thousands of miles long separated by equally monstrous oceans. A globe rushing through "space" at a fantastic speed. Three billion people to share a dwindling food supply.

Think of it. And ask yourself: how much of this have you actually *seen* to be true with your own eyes? And how much do you believe simply because you have been *told*?

Take our own country, for example. According to the government, press-controlled textbooks, and encyclopediae, over 3,000 miles long. Very impressive indeed! But perhaps you would not be quite so patriotic, so willing to go out and die for it, if you knew the truth: that the distance from coast to coast is really 612 miles!

Ah! But just a minute, you say! (I can almost hear your objections!) How can I be so certain, you want to know, that the United States is not 3,000 miles long?

I shall answer momentarily. But first I must ask *you* a question: how do you know it *is*? Even on the clearest day, your eyes can't see for more than ninety miles, and that's a fact!

Moreover, consider elementary physics. A primitive calculation suffices to show that, if a land mass *were* more than 957 miles long, its force of gravity would be enough to crush you against the ground into a blob! (It is interesting to note that, when I first pointed this out, in 1932, the head of the physics department at Princeton somehow "decided" my grades weren't high enough and had me summarily expelled!)

But still—you raise another objection, don't you! (I've heard them all before!) Why, you demand to know, do planes take so long to fly from New York to California? At six hundred miles an hour, the trip takes five

hours, you say. That must prove something!

Some "Plane" Facts

And again I must succinctly return your objection: just how do you *know* how fast those planes are really flying—that is, without taking the word of the giant airline cartels?

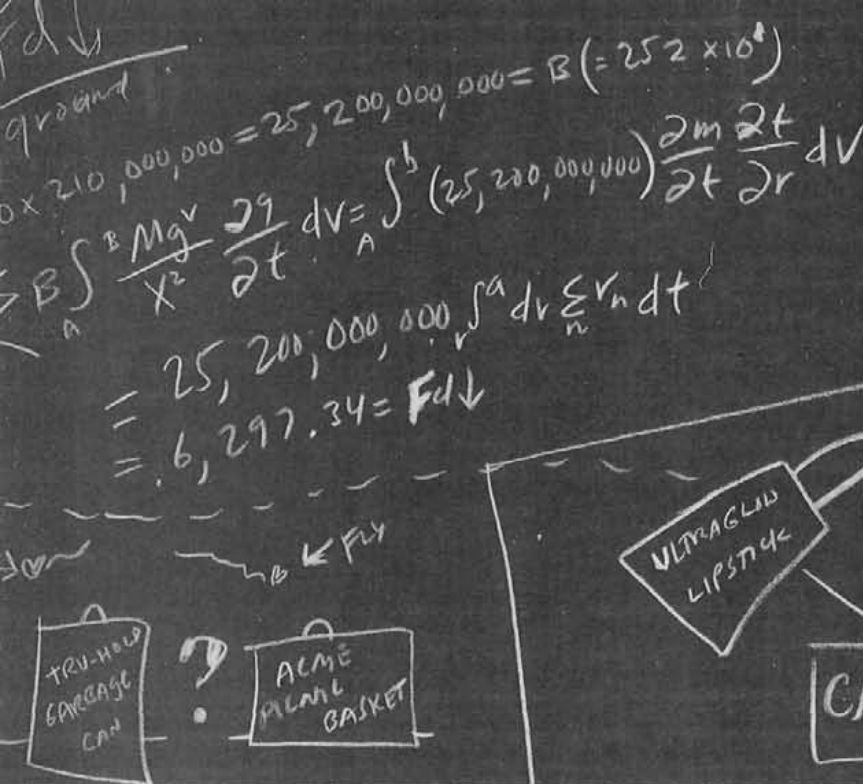
Think of the last time you underwent even moderate acceleration in a moving car. Remember how it felt when you slammed on the gas and pushed the speedometer up to just seventy? How you became aware of a gripping pressure against you, pushing you back into the seat?

The obvious truth is that, being ninety-eight percent flesh, human beings are quite soft and therefore highly compressible. Any speed of more than one hundred miles an hour would simply crush you and that would be the end of your "flying!"

Of course, this is not to imply the airlines always *go* eighty or ninety miles an hour, even though they can. They know full well that, the longer the trip takes, the more they can charge you. They also know that, above the clouds, they can circle for days without you being able to tell! (An advantage the train cartels wish they had. To do their circling, they have to build tunnels!) In fact, the airline cartels enjoy a most gargantuan profit margin. A full tank of helium (which, of course, is the *only* substance that can make a nine hundred pound plane rise above the ground) costs only about fifty dollars.

Speaking of the planes and trains,

continued



continued

surely you must have observed how seldom are they filled to capacity—just like the movie theaters and baseball stadiums, their “attendance figures” notwithstanding!

Yet our government, as you might expect, still claims for itself a most enormous population—210,000,000!

But have you ever counted it yourself? Of course not!

The Population Bamboozle

Do you realize that, at an average weight of 120 pounds, a population of 210,000,000 would weigh 25,200,000,000 pounds? By elementary physics, the ground beneath us would crack like an eggshell and we’d all fall right into the “P & S” down there and be covered up like dogs!

Moreover, the very idea of a population increasing is an impossibility by even the most elementary mathematics — because everyone who is born, dies. Therefore, we may safely estimate the population of the United States to be a static 160,000, just as it was stated in the last honest census, published in 1776.

Just take a look at your family tree sometime. See all those great uncles and grandparents and cousins and aunts? How many are still alive? Just you and Mom, right?

Why, you must wonder, does our government go to such great pains to exaggerate its numbers?

For one thing, if they’re going to keep all those congressmen on the payroll, they have to come up with

people for them to “represent!”

In addition, it has always been militarily advantageous, since the time of Caesar, to overestimate your population in order to make your enemies think you can marshal enormous armies at will. (Needless to say, our enemies do the same — “Great Horses” of China, my eyelash!)

“Sea” for Yourself

And, while we’re on the subject, what about those enormous “oceans” that supposedly separate one country from another? Could so much water really have accumulated in a world where, as we all know, it seldom rains even once a week? Even to a dunce, the obvious answer is: No Sireee!

Now, admittedly, there *are* some very large rivers in the world. Take the Atlantic, for example. At its widest, between the U.S. and our European enemies, it actually spans a full 127 miles! But, since your radius of vision is restricted to the aforementioned ninety miles, what’s to stop you from believing their outrageous claims?

Oh, but you have another question, don’t you! Why then, you want to know, do the boat cartels take several weeks to cross the Atlantic? Well, one part of “the ocean” looks like any other—and that should give you a pretty big hint! And, while we’re at it, think a little about the idea of a seven hundred pound metal vessel “floating.” Isn’t it obvious that they still run, as they have done since the days

of Caesar, on tracks along the river bottom. Of course, their wheels are carefully hidden beneath the surface (where oil “spillages” keep the water dark enough to hide them) and must be very large in diameter—in some places, the Atlantic is as much as twenty-eight feet deep! (Were it any deeper, the pressure of the water on top would turn the water on the bottom to ice.)

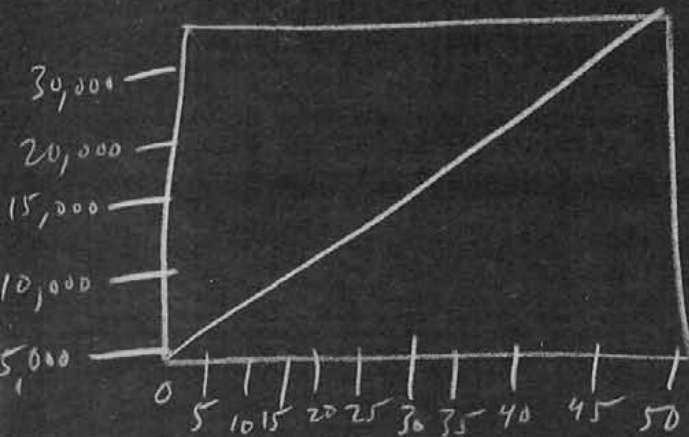
A planet thousands of miles wide! With enormous populations! Had they stopped here, we might forgive them a little bragging. But these myths merely set the stage for other ones which affect and afflict us on a far more personal basis—in the ways we live, eat, even make love.

The “Shocking” Truth

Consider electricity, for example. This is something we certainly pay dearly for as the electric cartels regularly increase their rates. (Ralph Nader may be making a big point of this now. But I first brought the matter up back in 1947, and “coincidentally,” the next day, a mysterious shock in my bathroom almost killed me!) What is the *real* truth about electricity, anyway?

Let us begin our investigation by carefully examining what we *do* know. We know that electricity is scarcer in summer than in winter. In July, we are beset by constant “brownouts” and “blackouts”—while, in January, our appliances just keep humming merrily along.

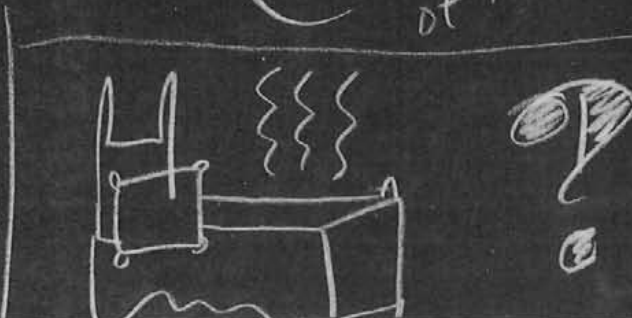
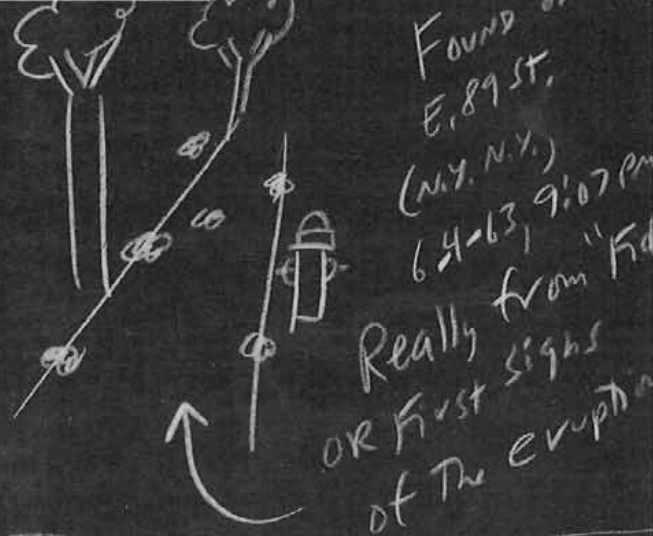
Naturally, the electric cartels have



Age
Approximate "S"
Deposits per citizen

$$SND \approx A \times 365$$

(where A = age)



their own explanation for this—and they've spent millions publicizing it! They insist that, because they have to "generate" the electricity themselves, their "generating equipment" can't handle the "larger summer loads."

Now I ask you: just who in this wide world do they think they're fooling with this one!

First of all, even an idiot knows that people use much less electricity in summer. Aren't you always out of doors then? Aren't your friends and uncles and aunts, too? And, with the days being so much longer, you certainly don't use as many lights!

And how long are we supposed to go on buying the notion that electricity can be "generated!" Not even the greatest magician of all time can create something out of nothing! The merest common sense tells us that electricity, like everything else, must originally come from nature. But when and where?

The Ben Franklin Conspiracy

Couldn't it be that, just the way it plants its flowers, nature also plants a bountiful supply of electricity every spring? And that the electric cartels merely capture the precious seeds from the air with large "lightning rods" before they have a chance to fall to the ground (where we might all avail ourselves of them for free)? And that they simply store them until maturity, which occurs around December (the gestation period for elec-

tricity being about that for humans) when they flood the market with their product and electricity is plentiful? By summer, of course, the supply has nearly run out and we must wait until the new seeds have grown before we can get more—how else to explain the annual summer shortages!

Incidentally, I am not the first to have uncovered this. Benjamin Franklin preceded me by over a century—but, soon after making his discovery, he was mysteriously offered a lucrative position by the government. I assure you I shall not be bought so easily!

And speaking of electricity, even Ralph Nader himself barely suspects how much of it we needlessly waste. Take your refrigerator, for example. Do you really believe the *motor* in back of it is what keeps it cold? Even a child knows that motors generate heat, not cold! For the real cause of the coldness, take a peek sometime in the secret compartment near the top. You'll find several trays of carefully concealed ice cubes!

Food for Thought

Second only to electricity, the most important item in our daily lives is food—and for it we too pay enormously high prices. But where, exactly, does food come from? Is it really as scarce as we've been made to think it is? Do the food cartels really have the right to charge their outrageous prices?

Well, for centuries, they've been justifying these prices with the same

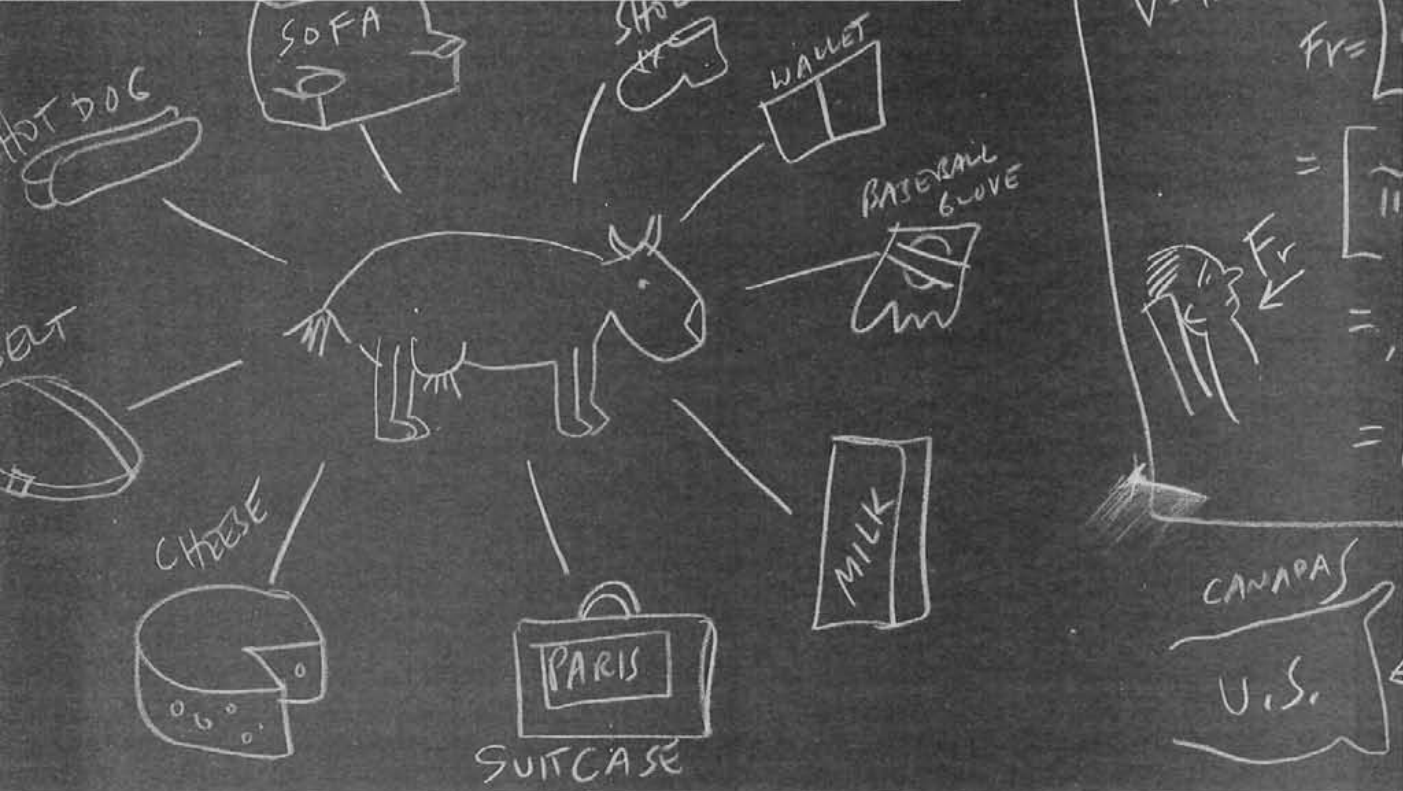
hoary myth: that food is "grown" on trees!

This particular one is so ridiculous, you'd think even they'd know better! We've all seen thousands of trees in our lifetimes—they're everywhere! Have you ever seen bread or cookies or mallomars on even one of them? And, even if you could, would you really eat something that comes from such a weather-soaked, bug-ridden thing as a *tree*?

Actually, aware of the inherent absurdity of their "tree theory" and fearful that alert citizens might one day see through it, the food cartels have spent additional billions publicizing the notion that food also comes from *cows*! In fact, this polite, considerate animal has become one of the favorite catch-alls of the cartel mind-manipulators. A list of the things that supposedly come from cows staggers the imagination. Milk, meat, butter, cheese, ("sour milk" they tell us—try it and see!), belts, wallets, catcher's mitts, sofa coverings, shoes—all are supposed to come from cows! (Which reminds me: where the hell are we supposed to think sweaters come from—when the longest hair on a sheep is 6"!)

Now, it is hardly necessary to point out that, in something with the profit potential of the food supply, the government is inevitably involved. So, to get a clue as to where food might really come from, let us first ask ourselves what the government seems to find most valuable and horde the most.

continued



Rubbish about Garbage

Every day, in every town and city, the government spends untold billions of dollars in pursuit of a single ceaseless task: collecting the garbage. In New York City, for example (with its huge population of over 1,200), over \$5,000,000 is spent monthly in this endeavor. What is the real reason for this expense, anyway?

They say the mail must go through, but they allow mail strikes to go on for weeks. They say the trains must be kept running, but they make us endure railroad strikes that paralyze whole cities, stranding hundreds of commuters. Yet, what do they do as soon as there's a garbage strike anywhere? Call out the National Guard, that's what—to come and pick it up!

And why do the garbagemen act so "dumb" all the time? Could it be they want to discourage us from approaching them with some pretty embarrassing questions?

Like it or not, you certainly must admit it: someone, somewhere, wants our garbage above all else! But just what is the connection of all this with the food supply?

Well, I'm not saying anything for sure. (Especially not with that man who has been following me lately!) But try this experiment. Place some garbage in the middle of your living room. In just a few days, notice how it turns moist—just the way food is moist. See how it begins to soften, its texture becoming more and more foodlike. And—this is most important

—flies will be attracted to it. As any picknicker can attest, flies certainly know where the eats are going to be!

Moreover, why is it that, in India, where they have one of the worst garbage collection systems in the world, people are constantly dying of starvation?

And why, wherever you find a food vending machine, is there always a garbage can within a few feet? Explain that one away, if you can!

Regrettably, this same subject—waste material, although of a different kind—confronts us with the gravest crisis mankind has ever faced: the impending bursting of the very earth itself!

P & S—The Threat Beneath Our Noses!

Consider your own bodily waste matter, if you will (your "P & S," as I call it for the sake of delicacy). And ask yourself this: where does it go, day after day after day? The answer, of course, is down! Down deep into the earth! Why even for a twenty-five-year old, that amounts to at least 9,125 deposits of "S" and countless more of "P"!

Admittedly, if the earth really were a sphere with a circumference of 25,000 miles, it could hold a great deal of waste material in its hollow center. But you and I, whether we like it or not, now share the burden of knowing the true size of our planet—and thus we find ourselves forced to start asking some pretty pointed questions! Like: what happens when

the earth finally gets so filled up with "P & S" that it can't hold anymore? I don't have to tell you!

It is most instructive to note that, in Southern California: (1) garbage collection is modern and streamlined, (2) the inhabitants are known for eating especially well, and (3) they suffer more violent earthquakes than any other part of the country!

Years ago, in 1953, I publicly offered to humanity a most brilliant solution to this crisis: building mountain resorts out of our waste material instead of filling our precious planet up with it! Considering the well-known "friendship" between the underground-pipe cartels and the government, I was hardly surprised when they laughed me out of the auditorium!

As an aware and concerned individual, you are doubtless asking yourself at this point: by what means do the powers-that-be manage to keep our minds off this impending "P & S" crisis which threatens to engulf us all in the most unpleasant way imaginable? They invent a host of distractions, of course!

Birth, Copulation, and Death: Red Herrings

Surely you must have noticed how the vast majority of our congressmen and senators are old people. Why aren't the young people getting wise to them? Answer: because the young people are constantly worrying about growing old!

Now, just exactly where did this

$$\left[\frac{\partial}{\partial u} \frac{\partial u}{\partial n} dn \right] v \sin \theta t$$

$$\left[\frac{\partial u}{\partial u} \frac{\partial u}{\partial n} dn \right] 100 e \sin \theta t$$

$$76 (152 \times 10^8)$$

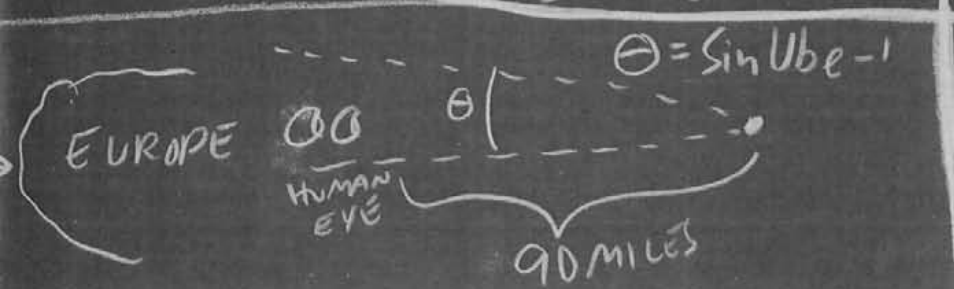
$$.52 \text{ (dynes)}$$

(ice forms when $f_c \geq 12$)

Let $d = 29$

$$F_c = \pi B(3!) m q v \left[\frac{d \partial x}{\partial t} \right] e$$

$$\approx 29 \left(\frac{1}{2} \right) = 14.5$$



quizzical notion come from — that “old” people were “young” once and that “young” people turn into “old” ones? Could there possibly be any truth to it?

Well, just ask yourself this: do lizards turn into snails? Do goats turn into walruses? Do white people become black ones, or black yellow? Do apes turn into men? As any high school student knows, genes and chromosomes are chemically fixed, and one kind of person simply cannot turn into another kind! If you happen to be lucky enough to be one of the “young” and energetic types of humans, you needn’t ever worry about changing into the other kind. Just have yourself a grand time!

Speaking of “young” people, since they’re the lucky ones who can also enjoy sex (that is, half of them can), it’s not surprising that vast sex-related cartels have sprung up around them, complete with some very odd claims indeed.

Take the curious notion, for example, that sexual intercourse can lead to babies. What kinds of pinheads do they think we are to swallow this one! We’ve all heard of couples who want children desperately, but can’t seem to have them—even though they make love regularly. Now, to the person with even half a brain, that certainly must prove something! (Of course, if you want to keep forking over your hard-earned money for the so-called “birth control” devices, that’s your privilege, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.)

What, you may wonder, does cause babies? As our first clue, we may take the obvious fact that women have babies and men don’t. Naturally, this means that women have their babies because they *do* something that men don’t. What could this something be? I’m not saying—but did you ever stop to wonder why the big lipstick cartels also own so many of the diaper services?

Another common myth about sex, one that has persisted ever since the days of Caesar, is that women take pleasure in it, and even experience ecstatic orgasms. To this bit of feminine tomfoolery, my only answer is: come on, gals! If you really enjoyed sex so much, why do you always have to be cajoled into having it? If a woman enjoys ice cream, does she have to be talked into sharing an ice cream cone? If a woman enjoys swimming, must weeks be spent goading her to take a jump in a pool? Similarly, if women really enjoyed sex—especially as much as we men do—would they have to be wined, dined, and prodded into having it? Not a ghost of a chance!

So remember: the more you worry about growing old and having babies, the less you turn your attention to the things that genuinely warrant your concern. Like the way our earth is filling up so rapidly. (Sometimes, on a damp night, you can almost smell it!) And what they really want your garbage for. And another thing I intend to make some noise about: why is the Salvation “Army” so all-fired

anxious to get its hands on our old furniture? When I first asked that question in 1968, I was tripped the next day by a fake Santa Claus!

What Is To Be Done?

Thus, you can see for yourself the general web of deceit that has been so subtly spun around us.

But the important thing is this: what are you going to do about it? Question it!

The next time you’re ready to automatically hand over your hard-earned money to one of the cartels, ask yourself first: is it really necessary?

The next time they come and “collect” your garbage, approach the garbageman with a few pointed questions and carefully note his reaction.

Don’t add to the already critical “P & S” crisis by flushing your toilet. Your very next flush could be the straw that breaks the camel’s back—and breaks the world in two!

But above all: help to spread the word.

Make telephone calls (they’re free, of course, if you just pull the phone out of the telephone cartel socket and into any of the thousands of other sources of phone energy nature has provided all around you). Write letters (but remember, don’t pay extra for useless “air mail!”). Let your old congressmen know that you’re watching their every move.

Veni, vidi, vici.

The truth shall set us free. □



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on their way to chez me with their arsenal, so I hurry to my stash and bring Prime-Time a gram and an ounce and put them in his hand.

"Uh, about the bill, man . . ."

"Forget it," I say. "Viva la revolution."

"Far out," says Prime-Time. "Whatever you do tomorrow night, do not miss the 'White House POW Ball,' Channel Four, nine o'clock." With a wink and a closed fist he is out the door, and I sit down and hear helicopters outside my window for the next three hours and finally drop a couple of 'ludes and fall out.

The next day, the *Times* says that the President has sold Chicago to the Russians for a hundred-room villa on the Black Sea. I drink some orange juice and eat some croissants and decide that, tonight's masterpiece notwithstanding, I had better hustle my ass around town and move some product or not be able to pay the rent next month. So I load up my shoulder sack with baggies of weed and hustle my ass around town and manage to sell a few lids, although mostly all anyone wants to do is talk about the Telejester and what he may pull off next. I get home in time for the "Seven O'Clock Report" and there is Harry Reasoner with earrings and Howard K. Smith in a do-rag, and reports concerning the President's nose job, the accidental firing of a hydrogen bomb in Las Vegas (this accompanied on audio by the Stones' "Tumblin' Dice"), the appearance of a glowing figure resembling Robert Kennedy in downtown Los Angeles, and the conversion of the Detroit Lions to Judaism. The weather forecast is for locusts.

Finally the news is over and the tube reverts to normalcy so I turn it off and begin pacing, waiting for nine o'clock, thinking thoughts and feeling feelings. Part of me is elated at the sheer magnitude of the stunts my friend is performing. I mean, next to Prime-Time Pearlstein, Ken Kesey now seems a lightweight, Abbie Hoffman a dabbler. It is as if Prime-Time has put all of America onto an eight day acid trip; no one will be the same ever again.

But I am also paranoid and sad, because I do not know how much longer he can keep it up. There must be a massive manhunt under way, pursuing him relentlessly. In his own idiom, he has become the ultimate Dr. David Kimball, fleeing a thousand Lieutenant Gerards. When Prime-Time is here last night, he looks extremely wasted, even for him. He still wears the clothes in which I saw him last, the week before, and he is unshaven. I get the strong impression that he has been attempting to subsist on

drugs alone. In fact, he looks like hell and if I am betting in a pool on how many days are left to him, I do not wish any number much higher than two or three.

Such thoughts as these occupy me as the minutes crawl by until finally it is nine o'clock and I turn on the TV and, clutching my pipe like a security blanket, sit down to watch.

The show opens with a montage of arrivals and hand shakings as the POWs, dressed in ill-fitting, rented tuxedos, and their wives, stuffed into ancient prom gowns, move slowly into the White House. Apparently, they have flown five hundred of these guys in from all over the country in order that they may be honored and also may help the President's sagging image. And speaking of sagging, most of the women in view are, with the exceptions of Julie Eisenhower, whose skin seems, on the contrary, much too tight, and the date of a major from California, an ex-Playmate of the Month named Nikki, who is all jiggling cleavage and saucy derriere.

For the first five minutes or so, I can detect no sign that Prime-Time is at work, except for the Negro servants, whose eyerolling and lip-smacking seem a touch overplayed, but then this may simply be the way things are in the White House. But when the crowd suddenly changes into a herd of sheep who mill about going "maaa maaa" until the Vice-President comes in wearing robes and starts driving them into the ballroom, I begin to detect the subtle Pearlstein touch.

When the camera cuts to inside, the sheep are POWs again, and Lester Lanin commences to play some snappy fox trots and one and all start to dance it up. At this point, handwritten words begin to crawl up the screen, the way credits are rolled at the ends of shows. They say: HI GANG . . . WELCOME TO DISNEYLAND . . . FROM YO' BUDDY, LENNY PEARLSTEIN . . . "THE TELEJESTER." So Prime-Time's real name is Lenny! In five years, I never know that, but under the circumstances it seems so appropriate I cannot help but smile.

Now any number of strange things start to happen. Vampire bats attack and drain Judy Agnew. General Haig, in a Napoleon uniform, steps from POW to POW, upbraiding them on their shoeshines. The camera pans to a shaded alcove wherein can be seen Julie and David snorting a popper. The camera cuts back to the dance floor just in time to catch the brutal gang-rape of Nikki the Playmate by twenty-seven former Green Berets and I can see that they are having a fine time reliving their war experiences. When they have finished, Lieu-

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Dr. Bruno Beetlemind	90	Rod-Sparing and Child Spoilage A child psychologist suggests that a drastic but effective solution for curing an intractable child of persistent thumb-sucking, bed-wetting, or other inconvenient behavior, is to put it in a Hefty garbage bag and throw it off the rear of a moving train or beat it to death with a spoon.		
	4	Input	40	Brainfag
	9	Feedback	94	Upchuck
	32	Freakout	102	Poopchute

SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS. If you are having problems with your subscription not arriving on time, it may be because you are basically an anal retentive personality and are obsessed to an unhealthy degree with “regularity.” If you are not receiving issues at all, it is probably because you are subconsciously punishing yourself for an imagined misdeed that went unpunished when you were a child, and you are deliberately losing your issue or hiding it from yourself after it arrives.

PSYCHOLOGY PTODAY (Incorporating *The Saturday Review of Behavioral Science*, *The Saturday Review of Children's Art*, *The Saturday Review of Social Adjustment*, *The Saturday Review of Educational Therapy*, and *The Saturday Review of Bankruptcy*) is published monthly by Communications/Research/Analysis Programs Inc., Maltomar Valley Road you are getting sleepy, so very sleepy. Your eyelids are coated with lead. It is so hard to keep your eyes open. Close your eyes. You are so, so drowsy. Go to sleep. Deep, deep sleep. Are you asleep? Good. Take out your checkbook. Write out a check for \$12.00 to *Psychology Ptoday*. Put it in an envelope. Put a stamp on the envelope. Seal the envelope. Send it to *Psychology Ptoday*, Maltomar Valley Road, Del Webb, California 92801. When you read the word “Canada” you will wake up, but you will remember nothing.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$12.00 per year, \$22.00 for two years, \$30.00 for three years in the United States.
LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Regular, \$100.00. Suicidal personalities: \$25.00. Add 50¢ per year for Canada.

What Do You Do After You Say Hello, Sailor?

That sir, will depend entirely on whether I embrace transactional analysis or your genitals.

Donald Reenyl

Mill Valley, Calif.

Alternate Pedagogical Techniques

As both a parent and a teacher, I couldn't help but be outraged and saddened by Saul Glickman's article [May]. The very idea of grabbing little children by both their ears and banging their heads against the blackboards in an effort to, as he puts it, "replace bored blood with brisk blood," is reprehensible. Have we come nowhere? The United States Army banned corporal punishment over a hundred years ago. Is it now going to rear its vile head in our schools? If Mr. Glickman has his way, it will.

I would laugh off this notion if it wasn't so tragic and actually within the base standards of Glickman and his colleagues. I do laugh off his other suggestions of bloodletting and brain food force feeding as I am sure do all responsible persons dedicated to *humanity first and education second*. It's a wonder you would print such a story.

Rose Barber

Sacramento, Calif.

Okay, Glickman, I did it your way, blackboard style. Now I can't get a couple of them to uncross their eyes. What gives? I have them wearing sunglasses for the time being but somebody's going to find out sooner or later. How about some advice and in a hurry if you don't mind?

Richard Hudson

Menlo Park, Calif.

I am compelled to extend my congratulations and admiration to Saul Glickman. Not only has my class memorized all of our presidents, the capitals of all the states, and the present membership of the League of Women Voters, they did it in a total of only two weeks time. And further, they have asked me, *asked me mind you*, if it would be alright if they memorized the San Diego yellow pages! Glickman, you're a genius. But I do have one complaint. My blackboards look something like that garage wall in Chicago on St. Valentine's Day. Outside of that, no complaints.

Benjamin Blass

Los Angeles, Calif.

My little boy came home from school with bumps all over his head, a deep cut on the back of his neck, and his stomach so filled with some strange food it was distended. We asked him what happened but all he did was recite the Magna Charta over and over again. I want to know if this Glickman character is responsible for this. Someone's going to pay.

Charles Samson

San Francisco, Calif.

Saul Glickman Replies:

Is there so much time and so little to do? Is that the plague of our age? Must we occupy our idle minds by flailing out with bursts of character assassinations? I refer to Rose Barber's letter. My good woman, I have no idea what you're referring to. I said no such thing. You seem quite disturbed and I suggest in spite of your rudeness, you seek help.

Mr. Hudson asks a question of me. I have no idea why he chose me to aid in the solving of his problems but when called upon, I do what I can. I am not in full understanding of the problem but would suggest offhand that he hold the afflicted child by the ears, this time from behind, and gently tap the child's forehead against a slate sheet.

Use the doorknob.

Finally, Mr. Samson, whom I assure I had nothing to do with his child. Your child sounds deranged, but I'm sure it's nothing that an ice bath, some wet sheets, a frontal lobotomy, and electro-shock treatments can't cure.

PP at Work

I used to have sixteen distinct personalities living in me. Thanks to PP, I now only have four. This is Agnes right now expressing her gratitude. Gracy and Brunhilda are not that happy about it. It seems that Marge, she's one of the ones who has left, was the only one who was a halfway decent housekeeper. With her gone, the place is a mess. Now, of the four of us, the only one who does any housework is Tracy. And it pains me to say it but Tracy is an idiot. We have to clean up and what does Tracy do? She takes a bottle of Windex, climbs into the back of the hall closet and spends the whole day shining the galoshes. Both Gracy and Brunhilda are furious and would like to ring Tracy's neck. I don't know what that means or if they can actually do it but that whole thing scares

me. Is there any way I can get Marge back? Just once a week to clean up. It would really be a great help.

AgnnnaaahhhhhBRUNHILDA

Knuts

Jack and Jill work for the same boss. Jack is afraid Jill is in love with the boss. Jill is afraid the boss thinks Jack is afraid she is in love with the boss. The boss is afraid Jill thinks he is in love with Jack. Should the boss lay Jill or Jack off?

Jack thinks Who's on first. Jill thinks What's on first and Who's on second. If a group like the Who can get into Who's Who, What's what?

Jill wants a pail of water, Jack doesn't want to climb the hill unless Jill comes too. And Jack wants Jill. Jack does wonder why Jill has a roll of brown paper and a bottle of vinegar with her, however.

Jack says he thinks Jill doesn't think he thinks she thinks.

Jill says she thinks Jack thinks she thinks so, too.

If Jill tells Jack she thinks he thinks she doesn't think, what will he think? she says.

Neither Jack nor Jill thinks the shrinks is taping all this with plans to publish and make a lot of Jack

R. D. Lang

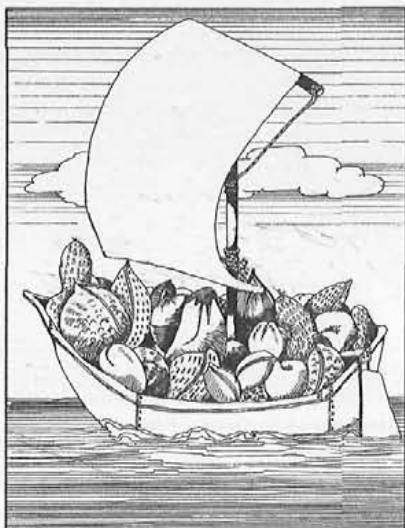
Bedlam, Eng.

Well, Thank You!

Thank you, PP, and bless you. I can't begin to tell you how you have changed my life. Well, that's not so. I can tell you. Before I couldn't tell you because I was stupid and crazy and would try to put my pants on both legs at once. But now all that's changed (Continued on page 90.)

NUTSHELL

by Patrice Honk and the Editors of *Behave!*, the Professional Cranks' Newsletter



The Disturbed Ship of Fools

Professor Bud "Bob" Weltmaker of the University of Alabama School of Psychiatry and Psychoforestry, has offered an imaginative solution to the problem of overcrowding in state mental institutions.

His plan calls for the conversion of a Liberty ship or possibly even a retired ocean liner into the "S.S. Lunitania," a seagoing asylum.

The cost, according to Weltmaker, would be nominal. "All we'd need is some bars to batten down the booby hatches with, so to speak, about 10,000 square feet of padding, and 1,200 straight-lifejackets."

Among the positive benefits of the proposal, Weltmaker cites cosmetic and economic considerations—"getting these blow-lunch type kooks out of our hair and off the free lunch wagon"—and a vastly lessened risk of escape. "If any of these nutbars get Jesus Christ delusions and figure they can do some anklng on the waves," says Weltmaker, "they'll be in line for some electroshark therapy."

Anthropology The Havatampas

In one of the most important pre-Columbian discoveries in the United States, a team of researchers from the University of Arizona appears to have stumbled on the remains of a unique tribe of Indians, the Havatampas, who made their homes in mud slides in the central Arizona desert from about 500 A.D. until 1500 A.D., when the Spanish shipped them to Central America as ballast for their galleons.

Early excavations have produced evidence that the Havatampas had stumbled on both fire and the wheel by about 1400 A.D., but didn't have enough time to resolve an early and basic confusion about their respective potential roles or perfect their use. At the time of their disappearance, they were still using wheel-shaped log slices to stoke their fires and hadn't progressed beyond a crude wagon which ran on four blazing braziers.

Their culture, however, was far from barren. They developed an elegant sign language based on juggling cassavas; a form of impermanent, but fascinating, written language which involved aligning live worms of various lengths on divots; they appeared to have domesticated rocks and some small plants; and they had an elaborate, if puzzling, religion based on the worship of spoons.

What few clues to their language that have survived—mostly in the form of scrawls on pieces of the petrified wood characteristic of the area—indicate that their written language consisted of three letters: *gla*, *glo*, and *zni*. These could be arranged in any combination to produce a total of nine words, all of which seemed to have meanings related to hunger, thirst, and heat.

Further research into this mysterious culture should prove fascinating.

Learning Womb with a View

Multimodal-Interphaso-Versamax-Teachatronics, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass., has developed an ingenious new teaching tool that holds considerable promise as a means of dramatically raising intelligence levels among the very young.

Their system, dubbed "Fetoflix" by its inventors, consists of a relatively simple movie projector which employs optical fibers—a bundle of thin flexible plastic tubes capable of transmitting light and images around corners—to make it possible to show educational films to fetuses *in situ* in the womb.

A small 16 mm projector is mounted on the expectant mother's thighs and a harmless tube, containing the optical fibers and a tiny screen, is inserted into her vulvar canal. Beginning in the fourth month of pregnancy, a special series of films is run, beginning with simple subjects like symbol identification, toilet training, and shoe tying, and progressing to basic algebra and state capital recognition.

Although it is too early to tell whether the technique will fulfill its stated goal of producing significant improvement in the speed of effective social and cultural integration of the child into the educational matrix (the oldest test subject is just entering first grade) MIVT, Inc. has already reported the accidental discovery of an additional use for the device—showing unwanted fetuses *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and *A Clockwork Orange* as a means of inducing abortions.

Tonight Bongo Will Go To Bed Hungry

The field of dream research may very well be in for a revolutionary breakthrough, according to **Dr. Aran Dolly**. In his report, "Dreaming Dreams," on page 39, he describes the anatomical process by which we are able to visualize images within (and without)

social and anti-social situations. The doctor defines the function as, "your frontal cranium, or the inside of your forehead as most people call it, serves in much the same fashion as does a movie screen. That's where we actually see the dreams. Why else would we shut our eyes and roll them up into our heads when we sleep? The problem now is finding where the projector is located. It might take a while, but I'll find it. I have a pretty good idea where it is."



With one animal asylum completed and two more under construction, **Dr. Anthony Fitzwillow**, the eminent psychozoologist, further states the needs for establishing these institutions

for the study of erratic behavior in animals. Though his work to date has dealt exclusively with the quasi-psychotic behavior of bears, Dr. Fitzwillow plans to extend his detentive studies to include Irish setters, capons, and sloths. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, *The Dark at the Top of the Bear*, to be published this fall (Redline Publications, \$8.95 hardcover, \$2.95 clothbound. Copies are available through ads in this magazine on pages 12, 19, 21, 22, 35, 40-47 and 80), the doctor states, "When all is said and done, bears act like desperate idiots and bums. They root through garbage cans and sleep far too long. This isn't right. But bears aren't the only culprits. There are a lot of psychotic animals walking around and nobody's doing anything about them but me. We institutionalize first, then we study."



The husband and wife team of **T. Claude and Susan B. Farmer** leads the field in anthropo-rodent experimentation. It was they who discovered that mice, when blinded in sets of three,

were immediately imprinted with Mrs. Farmer as a mother-surrogate, unless she surgically removed their spinal appendages. In their article, on page 68, "Removing King Solomon's Rings from the Behavioral Sink," they suggest that the stress of overpopulation leads to alienation, pair-bond breakdown, the collapse of socio-political structures, and a love of cheese.

"If you've still got a carrot on the end of your stick, take it off, eat it, and beat the hell out of your donkey with the stick," is the pithy way **Rudolph K. Kringe** sums up his behavioral theory.

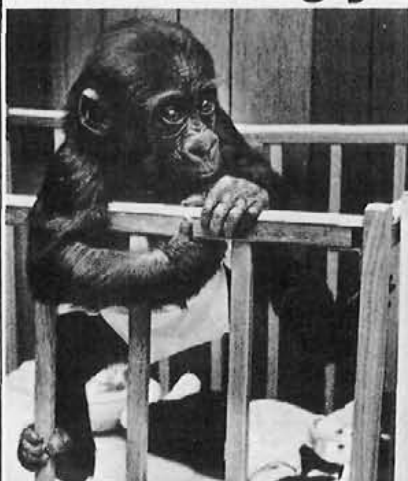


A governmental advisor on penal reform, Kringe did research for his theory of negative reinforcement as psychiatric consultant on the Manhattan Project. Currently on loan from the state department to the government of Brasil, his "One Man, One Volt" appears on page 67 of this issue.



Elwood Clutch's concern with pedagogical psychology led him to do field work as a substitute teacher for almost a month in Harlem. This experience served as the catalyst for his chilling

indictment of our entire school system, "Black, Bored, Jungle Bunnies" on page 68. This article is an excerpt from his best-selling exposé of the scandal of minority education in America, *To Be Preadolescent, Possessed of Supra-Normal Creative Capabilities, and of the Colored Persuasion*. With the royalties from his book, Clutch has established a free-form, ungraded, "open classroom" private school in Westchester, N.Y.



Hungry for love. For Bongo has never known the security, sacrifice, and devotion of a real parent. All he has known from birth have been cloth mothers. And too many times it has happened that even this poor parent substitute has been snatched from him in the middle of the night by a behaviorist. That is the way things are. Or were. Now there is hope for Bongo and the dozens like him, thanks to the successful efforts of Primates Helping Primates. Pennies a day will keep Bongo from the thoughts of his loneliness because Bongo will play with those pennies whenever he feels insecure. With nickels and dimes he can practice his stacking ability. With quarters and half dollars he can do George Raft imitations. With dollars he can make nests and clothing and he can roll them up and use them as ear plugs so he can get a full night's sleep. Please, send what you can so Bongo won't be unhappy anymore.

PRIMATES HELPING PRIMATES

15 West 41st Street
New York, New York 10019
I want to do what I can. Enclosed are _____ pennies, _____ nickels, _____ quarters, _____ half dollars, _____ dollars.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone _____

**"Under the hair,
we are all there."**

The Gospel According to Sigmund: Love Me, Love My Dogma

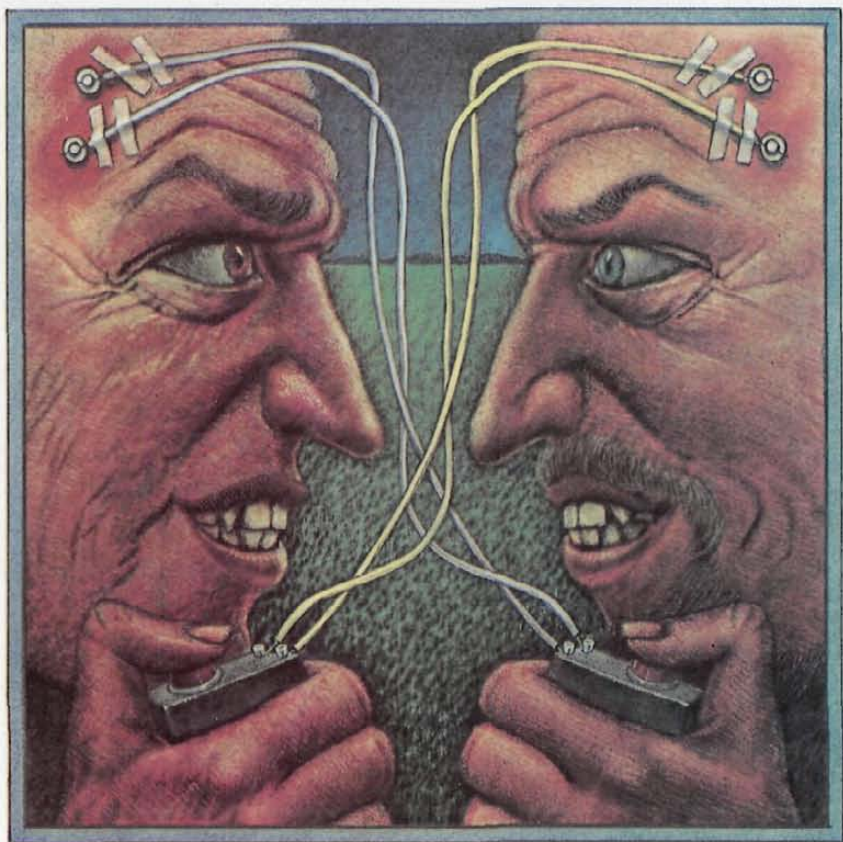
A professional dialogue-in-depth between two of North America's leading psychoanalysts, Karl Scheissmann, M.D., Ph.D., D.P., and Fritz Knutthausse, M.D., Ph.D., S.S. (ret.).

K.S.: While rereading Freud the other morning early (*Complete Papers and other Works*, Vienna, 1950, *passim*), it to me like that came. In a flash. If the libidinal urges are with the life force (*Lebensgewalt*) identical, how can it be that the Döktor Himself is recommending us to them repress (*unterdrücken*)? And then on me it day-broke. Did Freud say *unterdrücken* or *unterstützen*? "Repress," or "Give aid, help, support to?" Eh?

Those last papers he dictated to his daughter, and Anna was always a little uptight (*Auf-fest*) as is known well, and might thus have it written down, no? Also, The Master at the time had of the jaw cancer, and might have been mumbling at the time, yes, no?

"Give aid, help, support to" the urges! This is more better altogether a translation! This Marcuse is substantiating and in myself at the time relieving long-standing urges to which immediate support, aid, and help was given! And better I felt I assure you! Not only that but also my patient, Freida K— of M— was also feeling better, also!

F.K.: Psychologists are people, too. Ordinary, guilt-wracked people, subject to the same anxieties, neuroses, and irrational drives as laymen. No further proof of this is necessary than my esteemed colleague Scheissmann's infantile, hostility-motivated, oedipal attack on the Father Figure—in this case, Freud Himself.



Dr. Scheissmann reveals in the very ferocity of his rejection of the authorized text—a text never questioned hithertofore, a text, I dare say, of dogmatic importance, and thus defined by the Twenty-Seventh Biennial Meeting of The Vienna Psychoanalytical Society of which I have the honor to be a member and the sessions of which I attended, which is more than I can say for Scheissmann who spent his time regressing past the oral phase in the hotel bar . . . but I digress.

Amistranslation indeed, Scheissmann! A Freudian misprint, perhaps?

Freud Himself suggested (*Uncollected Papers*, Private Collection) that certain of his disciples would betray Him before the phallic symbol had crowed three times. By which He meant that within three generations certain psychiatrists would reject Him, and deny the unnamable Word He had brought us.

How right He was, of course. How they denied Him! Jung, Brill, Jones, Adler, that whole primal horde of sublimated psychopaths cannibalizing the Tabu Body of His work! And where did it get them for all their anal retentiveness? In the end!

In fact, if the truth be known, I alone have remained true to the Master. I alone still practice classical analysis, and if you think that's fun, listening for fifty minutes every hour to the dreams of middle-aged women, never intervening, you've got another think coming. Bored! Sometimes I'd like to jump on them there on the couch, eat the boots off their silly old legs, shit in their handbags . . . but I digress.

Remember what happened to Reich, my dear Scheissmann. Repent! It is not yet too late! I am ready to receive you back. My arms are wide to you, my door is open, my welcome mat is spread, need I say more?



Psycho-Drama: One Act Plays and Short Schiz

Dr. Mel Dunfield Interviews Himself

Dunfield: It's hard for me to see you from where I'm sitting. Did you take a seat?

Dunfield: Why, is there one missing? But seriously, let's get down to cases. I have a full one in the bedroom closet. Which reminds me, if it takes two hours to make Philadelphia, how long does it take to make you? To say nothing of how long it takes to make our bed which I promised to say nothing about but since you brought it up, fine, now that you ask. Yourself?

Dunfield: Come on. I have a great number of things I have to ask you...

Dunfield: Hey, listen. What was that?

Dunfield: I didn't hear anything.

Dunfield: No. You didn't hear anything? You never hear anything. Just like the night mother called and called for me to come help her. But you wouldn't let me go to help her because *you* wouldn't let us hear her...

Dunfield: Drop it. I'm warning you.

Dunfield: No, I won't drop it, you son of a bitch. And Cora knew all about it. She knew from the beginning how you felt about mother. But you were never quite sure if she was the only one. And that was really driving you crazy wasn't it? All that crap about meaningful relationships and those absurd afternoon teas...

Dunfield: Look. Shut up. We'll talk about it later.

Dunfield: We'll talk about it now, you bastard.

Dunfield: That's wonderful, Mel, calling me a bastard. Okay, get it all out. The great catharsis purging all the poisons. Let's not start in the middle though. Let's start where you would sneak into her room and climb into bed with her. You'd put your hand inside her nightgown and pre-

tend to rub her stomach...

Dunfield: Mel...

Dunfield: She'd wake up then close her eyes and hum... I'm not done, Mel... then close her eyes and hum with contentment. Then you'd rub her stomach a little higher...

Dunfield: Alright, you win...

Dunfield: I'm not playing, Mel. And a little higher and a little higher. Ah, baby's so cute nuzzling around. And you'd purse your grotesque little watery lips and hum with her...

Dunfield: Shut up, goddamn you...

Dunfield: What were you, about nine then, Mel? That would have made her an invalid from the riding accident for almost... four years. Let's not forget that part of it. She didn't have many visitors, did she? No. Then the little finger would start. It was always the finger with the longest nail. And back and forth it would go along the bottom of her breast...

Dunfield: For God's sake, Mel...

Dunfield:...collecting all you could. Do you remember what you called it, Mel? You called it jug jam. That was cute. Then when that fingernail was good and filled, you'd run from the room leaving her all alone. You'd run downstairs and outside to the gazebo where you hid the jar underneath... and you call me a bastard! There would be some reason for understanding if you saved it and smelled it because it gave you security. But I had security for five of us. You knew that. You saved it for the sole reason that you JUST LIKED TO SMELL THAT STINKY STUFF. AND ME, YOU CALL A BASTARD.

Dunfield: You done?

Dunfield: Why? You going somewhere?

Dunfield: Why? You going somewhere?

Dunfield: Alright, Mel, knock that crap off.

Dunfield: Alright, Mel, knock that crap off.

Dunfield: Do you know where you're going to wind up? I'll tell you where you're going to wind up. You're going to wind up with my wrists slit well before your time.

Dunfield: No, I won't.

Dunfield: Yes you will.

Dunfield: No, I won't.

Dunfield: Will.

Dunfield: Won't.

Dunfield: Will. You will.

Dunfield: I'm tired now. And I'm bored. I don't want to talk to you anymore. I want to have fun.

Dunfield: Do you want to drool and mess yourself?

Dunfield: Maybe.

Dunfield: Do you want to stick your thumbs in your ears and wiggle your fingers all around and start screaming at the top of your lungs?

Dunfield: Maybe.

Dunfield: Do you want to bring out the jar?

Dunfield: I'm warning you...

Dunfield: Look, Mel, you're not warning me or anybody. It's no use. It's all over. All that time I spent pleading with you, trying to get you to understand the simple differences between selfishness...

Dunfield: You stop right there. The time you spent with me! Don't make me laugh. You had no time for me. You were always off somewhere. It was always "later, Mel, later!" What was *later, Mel*, the time when you get to tell me it's over? Mel, this isn't your brother or mom (*continued page 84.*)

BENEATH FREEDOM AND DIGNITY

by B. S. Skinner

He turned up one day in front of my favorite bench along the Ladder. He was short, round, and balding, and his nondescript casual clothing could not disguise the sallow pallor of the fugitive. He might have been any one of the five hundred-or-so former students whom I had managed to wipe from memory during the three years since I joined Walden Two.

"Gutentag, Professor Burris," he said authoritatively. I fumbled for the name and he added, "Bormann, Sir. Martin L, Class of 'thirty-two."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said, dimly placing him as one of the handful of German exchange students I had taught in my pre-war classes at the university. "Good to see you again. Have a seat."

He turned and motioned down the Ladder passageway, and I saw that he was accompanied by a tall, blonde young man. "Herr Professor, this is Obersleutnant Schmundt."

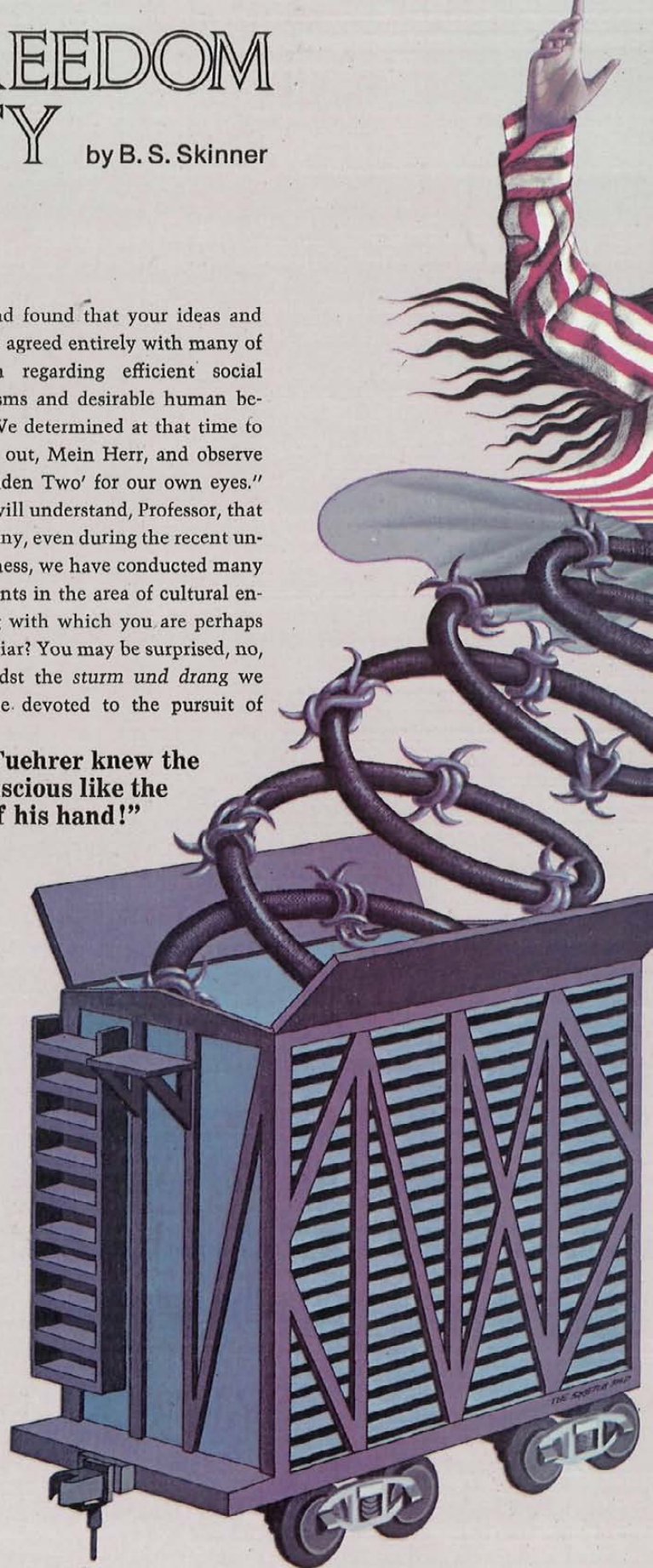
We shook hands and the two visitors drew up chairs as I asked them the usual questions. Was Hitler a schizoid? What was Rudolf Hess' psychological history? Who won the war? Bormann replied perfunctorily, seeming impatient with such small talk. At the first opportunity he cleared his throat and began what appeared to be a prepared speech.

"Herr Schmundt and I have been, let us say, travelling extensively during the past five years, Herr Professor, and this has afforded us time for lengthy conversations. One topic which we discussed at length was your literary account of this place, *Walden Two*, which we came across in the home of a friend living in a South American nation which shall remain nameless. We read your book with great interest, Pro-

fessor, and found that your ideas and proposals agreed entirely with many of our own regarding efficient social mechanisms and desirable human behavior. We determined at that time to seek you out, Mein Herr, and observe this 'Walden Two' for our own eyes."

"You will understand, Professor, that in Germany, even during the recent unpleasantness, we have conducted many experiments in the area of cultural engineering with which you are perhaps not familiar? You may be surprised, no, that amidst the *sturm und drang* we should be devoted to the pursuit of

"The Fuehrer knew the subconscious like the back of his hand!"



**"...men and women...
were treated as full
equals by our managers,
or guards..."**



**"...this community we
have named Buchen-
walden Two, in honor
of one of Germany's
more successful experi-
ments in social
engineering..."**

pure science, yes? This is so. All over the beautiful Deutschland were created cooperative living centers in which behavioral science was applied to life situations, much as in your Walden Two."

Despite my excitement at learning of this German interest in the behavioral sciences, my long academic training prompted me to probe more deeply into Bormann's report before giving an unqualified endorsement. "These installations you describe would not, by any chance, be those known to us as 'concentration camps,' would they?" I asked cautiously.

"Ach, enemy propaganda!" Bormann rejoined energetically. "I am certain Walden Two has suffered similar aspersions—the futile, desperate attempts of a doomed elitist culture to denigrate a superior social design which is destined to supplant its decadent system of competitive individualism and ex-

ploitative capitalism, and eradicate the inevitable frustration, hatred, jealousy, envy, and other mean emotions they create and feed on."

I had to blink my eyes and shake my head vigorously to see clearly that it was not T.E. Fraser I was talking with. "We have had some outsiders accuse us of undermining the moral fibre of the country," I confessed, "but we have had no trouble with the government. We pay our taxes and ask only to be left alone."

"The very same as we of the Third Reich so devoutly wished for our people!" Bormann took up my point as eagerly as our members pick up their own meal trays in the Walden Two dining rooms. "But certain nations, concerned only with the matter of physical supremacy over others, refused to leave us alone. They could not tolerate the existence of a government in their midst which was based upon scientific reinforcement of human behavior according to proven techniques of applied psychology, such as Germany became under the skillful hands of our Great Planner, our Fuehrer.

"As you so perceptively observe in your excellent work, Herr Professor, the control of behavior is an intricate science which only those fully initiated and trained can perform adequately. Our Fuehrer realized this very fact and insisted on maintaining full control of our national behavioral experiment in his own hands, despite all it cost him in personal happiness. You did not know, perhaps, that our Fuehrer was so trained and initiated in the principles of applied psychology?"

I acknowledged that I was unfamiliar with many facets of Hitler's background, this one among them.

"But he was in Vienna!" Bormann laughed, spreading wide his upturned palms in the gesture of *fait accompli*. "As a youth he was for years in the psychology capital of the world! Freud, Jung, and Gestalt were like brothers for him. Believe me, Mein Herr, the Fuehrer knew the subconscious like the back of his hand."

I bowed before my guest's hard, empirical evidence on this point. Even I.

had never been in Vienna. However, I admitted, I still had difficulty in making a direct, functional association between the German experiments and our own work at Walden Two.

"Our entire communities were designed and controlled much as the facilities for children which you describe in *Walden Two*," Bormann replied. "The members were housed in a meticulously-designed environment of small cubicles and dormitories which minimized labor, care, and upkeep. In this way, we found it possible to virtually eliminate such unessential and financially debilitating items as clothing and bedding, as in your 'aquarium' nursery."

"Diet, exercise, labor—all member activities were given close attention by our kommandants, those whom you call 'planners,' so that every action went toward reinforcing the desired behavior and submerging the motive of personal domination to the good of the whole group. There was as little 'simple democracy' here, as in Walden Two. We sought eagerly to eliminate competition and individual aggrandizement, and to see that all members—men and women alike—were treated as full equals by our 'managers,' or guards. Work and leisure were the same for all, and no one member was allowed to take it easy and sponge off the industry of others. This mechanism, of course, necessitated the attenuation of the parent-child relationship and other manifestations of the outdated familial social unit, which, as you so ably argue, has no place in a community of common interest."

"That's all very good," I interrupted, "but weren't a disproportionate number of your community 'members' of the Jewish faith?"

"I would not know of such superfluous details," Bormann hurried on. "This matter was left entirely in the hands of our capable Manager Of Membership Recruitment, Herr Eichmann. All I know is that our members were drawn from various socio-economic positions—the professions, arts, science, government, the international banking cartel—and we tried only to

Continued on page 73

The dynamics of motivation can be construed as a function of the individual's ego-ideal and interpersonal insecurity quotient, in direct correlation with his socio-economic status aspirations.

On the basis of preferences and attributes expressed by a broad sampling of subscribers and newsstand customers, our social research team finds a high degree of homogeneity among the social characteristics of *PP* purchasers. The character profile tends to middle brow, large sensitive nose, and flannel mouth. The question our team set out to answer was: why would nearly one million people, once a month, lay out a buck for a magazine of incomprehen-

sible drivel, the belabored obvious, and chi-chi art direction?

The survey accorded deviant responses a place on a bell curve (what the hell, we figured, why not?), and came up with the following eight "character types"—and subsequent motivation dynamics. (see graph)

EGG HEADS. Masochism, which would have seemed a dominant motive for buying the magazine, occurred only in the classic intellectual type; not surprisingly, the only group who even claimed to "read" the magazine. College graduates all, afflicted with terminal literacy, first contracted in the stacks of some library, manifesting itself in the ghastly symptoms of file card

collecting, bibliographical studies, and the drawing of charts. They pursue a vain and pitiful search for newer and bigger "facts" and/or "theories"; and are prone to a shameless indulgence in reductionism. This group, the second largest among *PP* buyers, our research team classifies as "not so much motivated, as addicted."

The third largest nexus of motivations and, thus, subgroup in our survey, overlaps more than a little with the Egg Heads; these are the **PIN HEADS** (see graph), guilty white Yankee believers in progress, questers after the hard facts which will lead to a simple but effective solution, an improved system, and the Truth—which they know in their hearts will make them free, get Mc-

Motivation among the Marginally Sane: Why People Buy Psychology Ptoday

100%

80%

60%

40%

20%

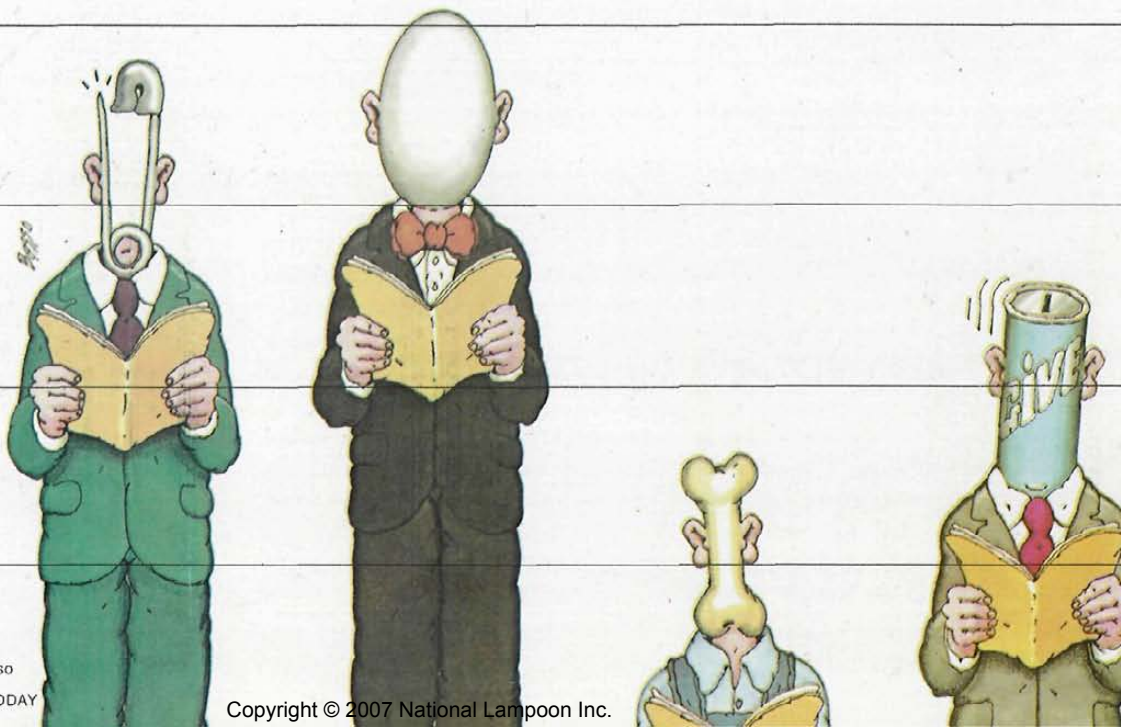


illustration by Bill Basso

70 PSYCHOLOGY PTODAY

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Govern elected, bring back Eleanor Roosevelt, and end meaningless violence. For all normal purposes, a Pin Head can be defined as an Egg Head with a vasectomy. The motivating factor here can be seen to be primarily religious in nature, the purchase of *Psychology Ptoday* functioning as a ritual act to propitiate the terrible gods of "Know How" and "Info."

Only 33% of the sample had true **BONE HEAD** social characteristics: a taste for Schaefer and a willingness to follow Archie Bunker wherever he might lead. These "blue collar" workers, or hardhats, have an average yearly income of \$55,000, which compensates nicely for the average \$9,000 the Egg Heads earn, and allows us to generalize our sample as "middle income." Their motives for purchasing the magazine ranged from "mistake" (50%) to "tit-n'ass pitchers" (50%).

Lord Acton, who was a considerably perceptive analyst of social dynamics, despite his lack of familiarity with statistics, advised us "Never to neglect the possibility of stupidity as a factor in history." With the **BLOCK HEADS** (40%) we come to stupidity as a motive in purchasing *PP*. A minority of this

group (which overlaps considerably with the Bone Heads) thought they had bought another magazine, or had no idea that they had, in fact, bought a magazine at all. The majority are former contributors, who received lifetime subscriptions in lieu of payment.

Our survey indicated that most *PP* readers (97%) aren't getting much. This fact bothers many of them (50%), and they buy the magazine in the hopes that it will tell them how, or supply them with aids to auto-erotic fantasizing. What minimal sexual activity the average *PP* reader *does* engage in is found, invariably, to be unsatisfactory. He (or she) feels that the real thing has somehow eluded him (or her); the hunt for the big O becomes ever more frantic, the individual begins to suspect he has been putting it (or she has been taking it) in the wrong hole. This group, motivated by cold-sweat sexual frustration, we have therefore designated as the **GIVE HEADS**.

Fully 48% of those surveyed were at least partially motivated by **POT HEAD**-edness (see graph). The majority had first "used drugs" under medical supervision, and many of them, political radicals at the time, gratefully dis-

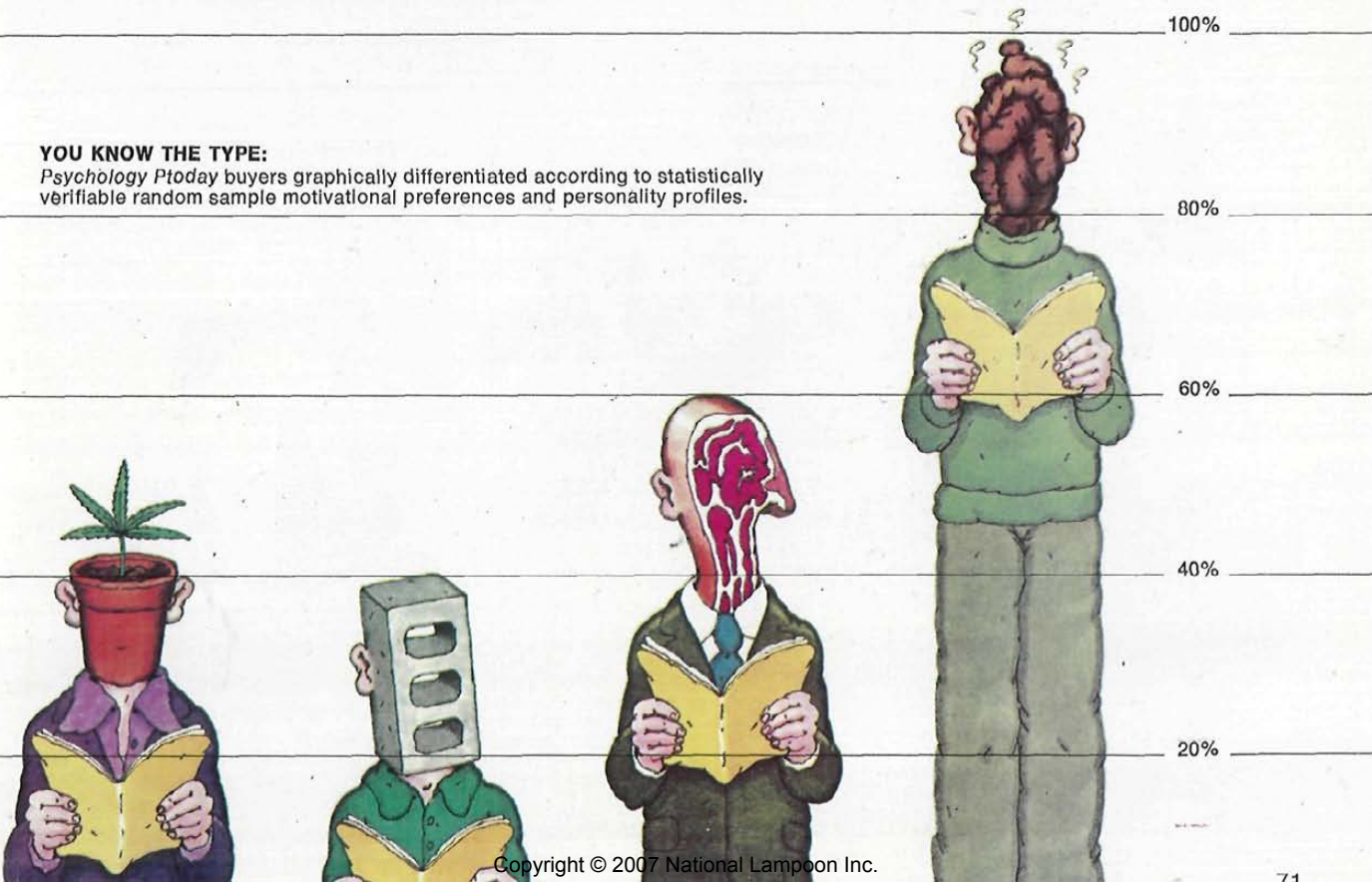
covered then that "the real revolution is inside your head, man!" They buy *PP* hoping to discover the name of the Pill That Will Save The World, and use the bastard-surrealism full-page bleed graphics to "get off on."

Hypochondria, the recurring delusion that one's body is a sack of flesh shot through with plumbing and electrical circuitry, motivates the **MEAT HEAD** (see graph). The Meat Head's belief that having his body rewired, chopped, channeled, fattened up, rendered down, flushed, scrubbed, turned inside out, plugged in, or tuned up, accounts for his fascination with cross-section illustrations, patent medicines, bio-feedback devices, crash diets, and all the books, games, and devices *PP* produces and advertises.

The **SHIT HEAD** syndrome, the condition of having too much money, too little mind, and nothing constructive to do with either, and the consequent desire to pass for well-informed at vernisages, receptions, and cocktail parties functions as a motivating factor in fully 100% (see graph) of the sample respondents. Shit Heads are oriented to phrasing clichés in the most abstruse, and, if possible, mathematical terminology, (Continued on page 101.)

YOU KNOW THE TYPE:

Psychology Ptoday buyers graphically differentiated according to statistically verifiable random sample motivational preferences and personality profiles.



Body Language

We use a number of methods of communication in our daily lives, some of them blunt, some of them subtle, and these methods are by no means limited to the obvious mode upon which we depend for the majority of our exchanges of information and emotion—verbalization. Although it is undeniable that spoken language is the key agent of wish, fact, and feeling transfers among individuals, because of the process of superego-actuated sublimations and taboos which limit certain forms of interpersonal discourse, particularly those relating to sexual matters, it has been necessary for men and women to develop, more or less subconsciously, an elaborate code of physical gestures, expressions, and other visible motions that make up the body's symbolic vocabulary as a sort of semaphore to communicate the essential, nominally forbidden, successions of mating queries and responses, which custom and culture have prohibited from common speech, and which more basic, and more deeply-seated factors, particularly fears of explicit verbal rejection, render, paradoxically,

too critical for exact discussion.

Regardless of the observable variations between intensity of physical gesturing behavior among cultures, there is a very high threshold of "body talk" common to all, widely held notions of "Anglo-Saxon reserve" and the like to the contrary. Of course, smiles, frowns, holding of the nose, the practically universal finger gesture of contempt, form an obvious and highly useful portion of the body language vocabulary, but equally important—and equally decipherable, if one takes the trouble to "crack the code"—is the vast corpus of leg crossings and uncrossings, arm foldings, grimaces, postures, facial tics, and other physical configurations which communicate surprisingly precise information about sexual desires. (Continued on page 80.)

A sample series of common instances of "body language" indicate the amazing richness of variety and informational content in the human physical vocabulary. To the trained observer, the emotional statements this young lady is making would be instantly obvious.



ABOVE: You hold a certain fascination for me. If we were alone I would approach you, but I am reluctant to do so right now because I am sensitive to peer group pressures against appearing "forward" or "easy."



ABOVE: I think that we could have a meaningful relationship. By nature, I am basically a sensual person, extroverted and anxious to develop human contacts, but my fear of rejection keeps me from engaging you in conversation.

BELOW: I am interested in sharing a deep emotional experience with someone, but I don't want to get involved unless you show me that you can sense my need for male companionship by making some gesture of acceptance.



LEFT: Something about you attracts me. I would like to get to know you, but I want you to take me seriously as a person, and I'm afraid that if I'm the first to "break" the ice you'll regard me as a sex object.

RIGHT: You are the object of my attention, but I am unsure of myself in social situations, and I don't know whether to interpret your aloofness as disinterest or just plain shyness. It's up to you to give me a hint.



maintain a certain cultural homogeneity as a simple precaution against inherent ethnic antagonisms which could otherwise detract from the purity of our behavioral experiment.

"I know you will be sympathetic with this need, Herr Professor. The majority of those in your *Walden Two* were white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, no?"

I conceded the point and suffered Bormann's soft chuckle in silence. I was finding his passion for pure science persuasive, and beginning to doubt that even Fraser could withstand the zeal of his presentation.

"So! Under such ideal conditions we were able to apply behavioral technology to group living arrangements to perfect a solution to psychological problems. We experimented extensively with the behavior of our members, and when a particular emotion was no longer a useful part of the behavioral repertoire, we proceeded to eliminate it. As in *Walden Two*, we designed a series of adversities which we deliberately inflicted on the members, as a scientific means of developing rational self-control and tolerance for annoying experiences."

"Certainly we anticipated criticism of our practice of purposefully inflicting unpleasant situations, but we stand shoulder-to-shoulder with you, Herr Professor, and echo the glorious challenge of your book: 'Call it deliberate, if you like, and accuse us of sadism, there was no other course!'"

I could only sit and stare in awe at the vigor and thoroughness of Bormann's oratory. Before I could speak, he was off again.

"Now, Mein Herr, you are interested, perhaps, in hearing of some ideas which I and my comrade, Herr Schmundt, have devised concerning the future activities of this community of yours, which we suggest be renamed *Buchenwalden Two*, in honor of one of Germany's more successful experiments in cultural engineering. First, regarding your need for two additional members of the Board of Planners . . .

(Continued on page 110)

THE INSULT THAT MADE A "SHRINK" OUT OF A DINK



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Listen to yourself at the next cocktail party you go to. Are you proud of your "rap"? Are you satisfied to go through life talking about the prospects of a Latin American Common Market, the influence of the Fauves on the blotter-paper collages of Kandinsky, and the diplomatic consequences of the Open Door? Well, no matter how "out of it" you are, the "sleeping" potential in your mind can turn you into a real AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST!

HOW CAN I CHANGE YOU FROM A MENTAL MIDGET TO A POWERFUL BORE?

It's simple. I can give you the appearance of a real HE-MIND, no matter how much of a dimwit you may be, thanks to my remarkable method. What's my secret? "POP PSYCHOLOGY!" No theory. No facts. Nothing to learn. All you do is master a few simple phrases WHICH NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND, and a handful of vague, silly concepts WHICH MEAN NOTHING. Once you get the hang of it, you can dominate any conversation. You can mesmerize your friends with references to the rope-toss rituals of the Nez Percé Indians, the consequences of anger in frogs, and the effects of eraser-clapping on the sinuses of black school children. You'll be the CENTER OF ATTENTION as you leave everyone speechless with statements about race, society, and human nature that any two-year-old could see through if they weren't couched in SECRET PSYCHOLOGICAL BUSHWA!

YOU'LL BE A BIG SHOT. People will seek out your opinions and offer you good jobs. You'll be able to effortlessly persuade beautiful girls to sleep with you by convincing them that any reluctance they may show is proof of lesbian inclinations. Reduce a rival to tongue-tied impotence by interpreting the way he eats a potato chip as a clear sign of a potentially homosexual oral compulsion. Turn any assault against your adversary with a burst of powerful JARGON. Just a few minutes a month skimming my magazine is all you need to become a verbal powerhouse.

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tenant Calley gets sloppy twenty-eighths, then shoots her with his service .45 and the entire group, replete, strolls to the punch bowl where their cups are refilled by a liveried Ed Brooke.

Next, there follows entertainment by John Wayne, who beats up several Chicanos; Martha Raye, who shaves her armpits; Joey Heatherton, who, bottomless, squats and picks up Pepsi bottles; and Bob Hope, who gets the crowd laughing in great merriment with several smutty jokes about about two South Vietnamese amputees during the My Lai massacre.

More words roll up the screen: ENJOYING YOURSELVES, FOLKS? . . . WELL, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET BECAUSE . . . HERE COME DE CHIEF!

Sure enough, here come Dick 'n' Pat, surrounded by a flying wedge of tight-faced security men and crew-cut karate black belts. The President is waving to all, making V signs this way and that, and Pat is just smiling away and suddenly the whole room is applauding and Lester Lanin breaks into a Latin arrangement of "Hail to the Chief" and you can tell that on both Prime-Time's and the President's schedule, this is meant to be the high point of the evening. So I toke up and settle back and watch

the President circulate. He approaches one young ex-GI and shakes his hand and the ex-GI gets this real funny look on his face and jerks his hand away and goes flying backward. The President smites his thigh in delight and holds up his right hand to the camera so we can see he is wearing a joy buzzer. Then he makes several more POWs shake his hand, even though they know he has the buzzer, and because he is President they must obey and they too go flying backward into the crowd and great is the merriment of the President's personal aides at this.

Finally, the President reaches his ten-point steel rostrum fortification and he and Pat stand there behind the bullet-proof plexiglass, waving and smiling, and there is another great ovation for him. Then he begins to speak.

"I just want to say," he says, "that Pat and I are awfully proud to have you all here. As Pat said to me earlier, they are our own sweet boys, and so brave too. I'm sure that as you lay around rotting over there in your wretched North Vietnamese prison billets . . ."

"There weren't any billets left!" shouts a voice. "You bombed them all!"

"Um, yes . . . you knew that without the many repressive measures we

were taking here at home, you might still be over there, forgotten."

"Show us your tits!" calls another voice.

"Thank you," says the President, and flashes V signs with both hands. "But, luckily, there were a number of exceptional men on my staff who took the appropriate measures and I am happy to announce that we have accepted the communist challenge in the repressiveness race—and we are winning that race!"

"You're a prick!" bellows someone. "I don't wanna race," shouts another voice. "I wanna dance!"

"Ah gots enuff problem wif mah race already," says a PFC.

"Thank you," says the President. "And now I've got a little surprise for you."

"What is it? A new Constitution?" someone yells.

"No, that's not until '76. Tonight's surprise is somewhat different. Now, you boys may have noticed some missing faces at this ball. In fact, there were about fifty of you who responded negatively to your invitations and we took these refusals to be positive identification of the cowards and collaborators among you. And, well, I've always been a man who can't take no for an answer, so I've had the Military Police find and bring here each and every one of these persons. So, for your entertainment, here they are now—the cowards and collaborators!"

With a grandiose sweep of his arm, the President indicates a red, plush theatre curtain that hangs at one end of the ballroom, and as he does so, the curtain parts and there are about fifty naked guys strapped into metal chairs, looking scared shitless.

"Act One: Defoliation," says the President, and fifty army barbers, flown in specially from Fort Gordon, set upon the naked men with straight razors and shaving cream and shave not only their heads, but also their chests and genitals. When the barbers depart, marching in a column of twos, the collaborators are hairless as cue balls. The crowd applauds and whistles.

"Thank you," says the President. "Thank you very much. Now, Act Two: Protective Reaction Bombing Strikes!"

At this point, various members of the White House staff quickly circulate through the crowd, handing paper bags to each POW and wife, and these bags prove to contain fresh, high-quality dog shit, which the POWs are encouraged to throw at the collaborators. This they do, with much laughter and nudging of one another and many of the turds find their mark. Soon the collaborators are looking very, well, shitty indeed.

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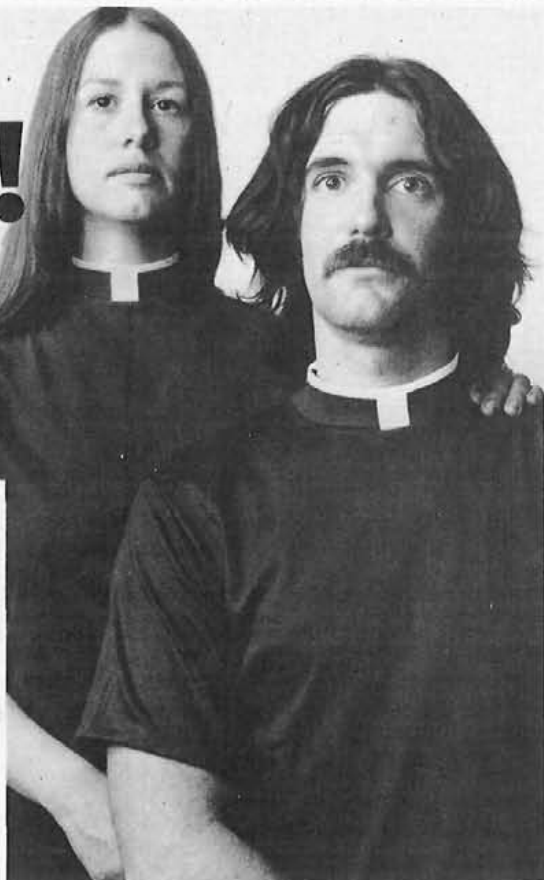
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When the bags are empty, the President once more goes to the microphone. "Thank you," he says. "Finally, Act Three: American Involvement! Go get 'em, boys!"

And with this, the POWs and their wives charge the stage, howling like banshees, and shortly the collaborators have completely disappeared beneath a sea of pounding fists and kicking feet. The camera keeps panning lovingly over the carnage and I am wondering how Prime-Time can possibly top this when, think of the devil, on comes another roll of words: HEY GANG . . . TELEJESTER HERE AGAIN . . . BAD NEWS, FOLKS . . . GOVT AGENTS CRASHING IN MY DOORS AND WINDOWS . . . NO ESCAPE . . . I MEAN TO LEAVE THE CLAYMORE MINES FOR LAST, BUT NO TIME . . . GOODBYE . . . LENNY.

And all of a sudden there are explosions going off all over the place and the ballroom is filled with millions of tiny jagged bits of flying metal at waist height and people are being bisected left and right. POWs, collaborators, wives, and White House staff mingling parts of their bodies in a rapidly accumulating soup on the floor and . . .

. . . the picture jumps and flashes and abruptly everything is normal again, no dismembered limbs, no

naked collaborators, just a lot of ordinary, boring people, many of whom have moustaches, dancing to a waltz, including Dick 'n' Pat, and I know that this time Prime-Time has been gotten for good.

In the ensuing weeks and months, there is naturally much speculation about the Telejester and what the government will do with him, but the government never says a word. In fact, they act as if none of it has ever happened, which is in keeping with their responses to peace demonstrations, minority petitions, and the like, and the tube reverts to its mind-deadening predictability and soon, people being people, few individuals are any longer concerned with Lenny whatever-his-name-was.

But it turns out Prime-Time has one more trick up his sleeve and the government plays right into it by deciding to fry him instead of hang him or dump him at sea or something. Because as soon as Prime-Time gets around all those electrons, well . . .

It is the climax of the Academy Awards and the Oscar for best director is about to be announced when, suddenly, into the center of the picture tube of every television set in America is burned indelibly the incandescent image of a man dying in an electric chair. And the man is laughing. □



"Is this it, Edward? Is this as kinky as we're going to get?"



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DETERIORATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE & REMEMBER WHAT COM FORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your term. ¹² Spish gleefully of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be taken to know what to know and when. ¹³ Consider that teenage girls make a right but that those do. Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be vaccinated that in the face of all anarchy & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. ¹⁴ Remember the Public. Show it all times to best, hold, spiffle, & mend. Know your self if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lotus on your left, for instance. Be aware that a walk through the ocean of most words would inevitably put your feet wet. Fall not in love, therefore, it will stick to your face. ¹⁵ Generally surrender the thoughtless youth, books, clean cars. ¹⁶ Toss and let out the needs of time go to your back. ¹⁷ Hate people with books. ¹⁸ For a good time, call 666. Oh, ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough exercise and reflect that whatever malpractice may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. ¹⁹ You're a Duke of the university you love as right to be here, and whether you can hear it or see, the universe is laughing behind your back. ²⁰ Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Hairy Theodor or Cosmic Mafia. ²¹ With all its hopes, deceptions, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. ²² Good-bye. ²³

Deteriorata (from Radio Dinner, the National Lampoon comedy album) (P1005) \$1



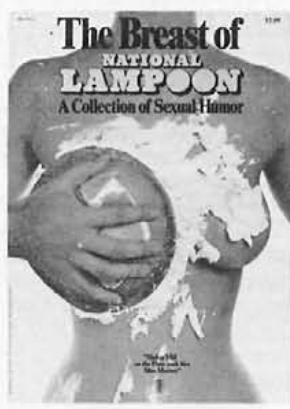
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3 (BO1001) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50



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Fuzz Against Bunk

by Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by Rubington

After an extended stay in Nepal, where he engaged in intensive occult research, Sir Edwin Fuzz returns to America to gauge its chances for survival.

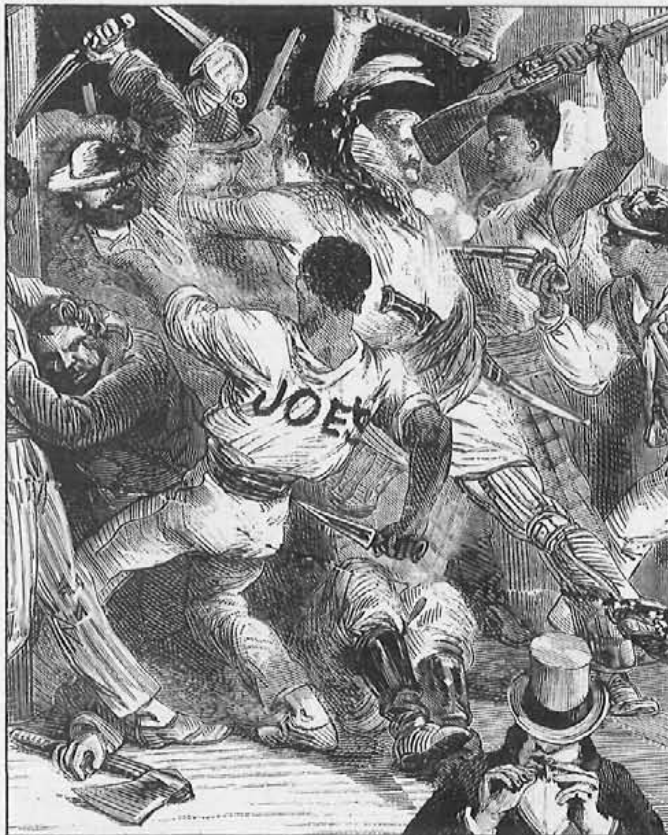
Regrettably, space does not permit reproduction of his full report, but some of the highlights of his perceptions, exposed here for the first time, will serve to show the trends and currents of the occult invasion of the New World. Fully armed with a technical background of first-rate caliber and his newly acquired insights into physical phenomena, Sir Edwin's observations are of inestimable value. To allay any suspicions of latter-day colonialist intentions, he insists that his fondness for this great and unusual country is greater than ever. He is part of no secret conspiracy to bend and warp the American mind or to subvert its institutions. On the contrary, he has the highest hopes his findings will help to clarify the peculiar problems that destiny has dumped first in the lap of America.



Sir Edwin's New Look



There were many who believed The Yellow Horde had reached the banks of the Mississippi.



Nostalgia for the old-style Saturday Nights



Dissatisfaction with the times produced the most severe cases of nostalgia.

He has been sent for in secret by troubled men of state who fear for the sanity of the nation. The strangest and most bizarre crimes have erupted, spreading like a plague a thousand times more virulent than the chronic drug epidemic. In the stricken country the president himself is a potential victim.

In consultation with experts and after due consideration of the troubling facts, Sir Edwin comes to a surprising thesis. This nation, says he, is Spellbound. . . . It is possessed by evil spirits. There being no scientific apparatus for detecting such esoteric phenomena, only a few recognized crackpots accept his theory.

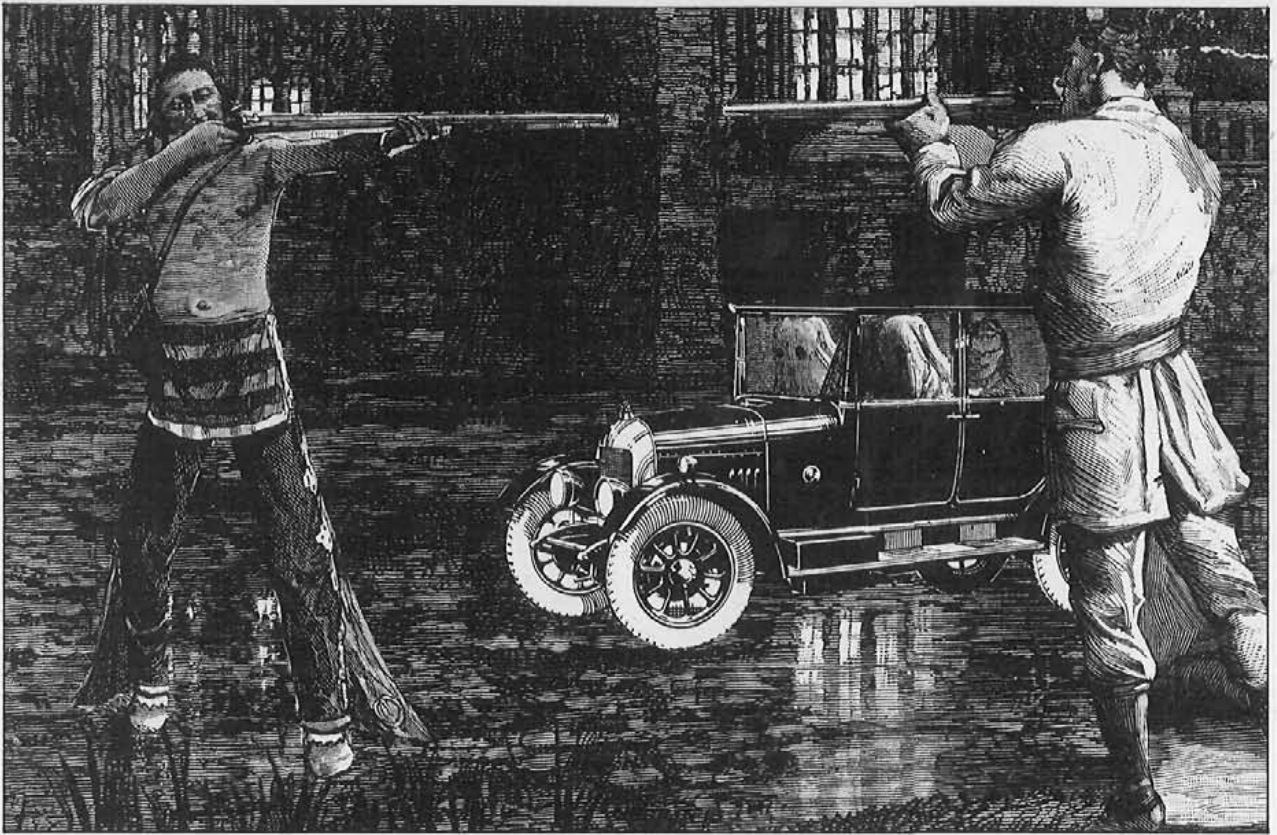
The experts are dismayed at this unexpected turn. Sir Edwin is known to be the very cream of the rational mind. Immediately there is suspicion that he is part of a conspiracy to undermine what basic common sense is still in evidence, and to accelerate the rot eating out the fibre. The only question is, *for whom is he working?* It is decided to accept his prognosis and see that his phone is tapped.

Sir Edwin travels about the country unaware that the evidence and testimony he collects is simultaneously reproduced in triplicate for examination by government agents.

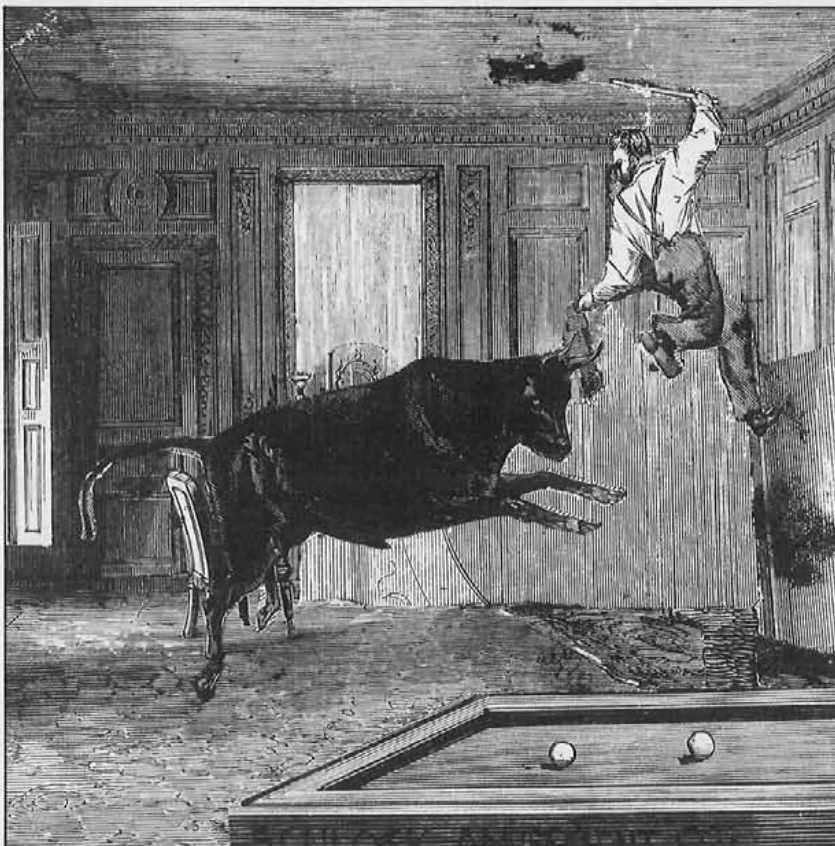
The dossier on his activities grows



Technological witchcraft



Wild West Nostalgia



A futile attempt to bring Nature back into daily life

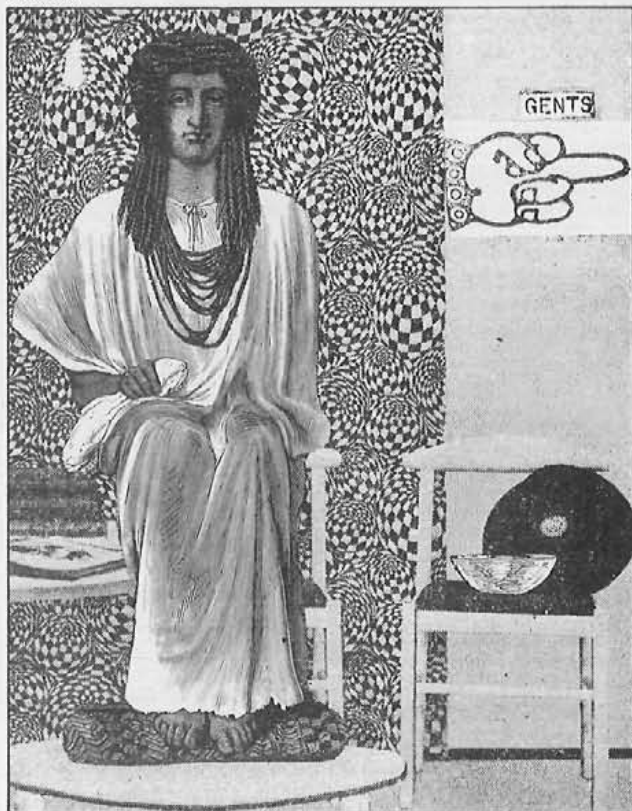
so voluminous a warehouse is rented to house the files. It contains enough evidence to send him to prison for life—were he an American. He has consorted with politicals right and left, mingled with enough religious hacks and pseudo-Jesuses to produce a dozen musicals, and cohabited with an assortment of gurus, maharishis, warlocks, witches, palmists, and necromancers in California, where they flourish best.

The dossier would fill a museum of such esoterica as bleeding dolls, strange thought projection devices, magic wands, unguents, and the odd weaponry of African witch doctors, from knives and scalpels to Solomon's Sword. Most peculiar of all is a type of astral vacuum cleaner for sucking up lost or wandering souls. In all, it is a panoply of witches' tools such as has not been seen since the days of the Inquisition.

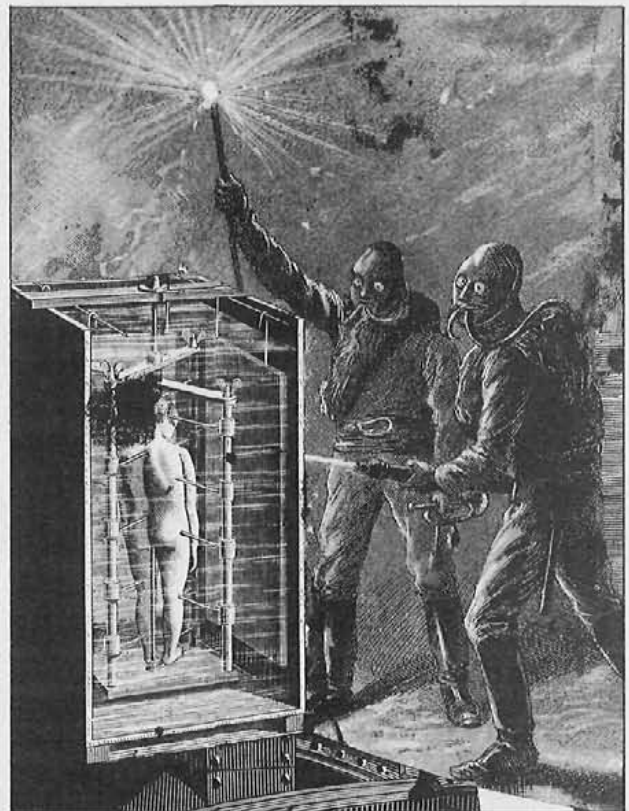
The material more than justified statesmen's fears, but they noted the Gross National Product continued to rise despite their alarm. They took this as a sign of health in the sea of madness and affirmed to the press that Sir Edwin's ideas did not correspond to reality. "This is a country of fads," they said. "It will all blow over."

Pursuing his course to the end, Sir Edwin synthesized his feelings into

continued



With the general conversion to unisex, transvestite yearns for a return to the old distinctions.



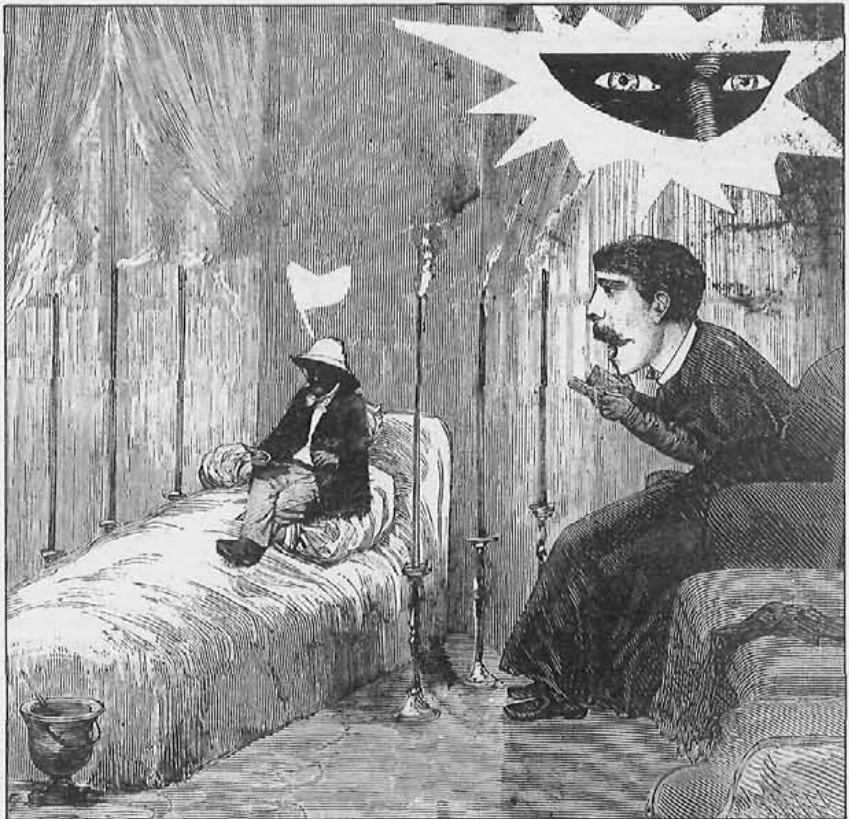
Experimenting with a new form of Bio-Degradable life

a singular conclusion: "The mushroom growth of the occult and its attendant ills are due to a single cause. The source of this evil is nothing else than the Work Ethic!"

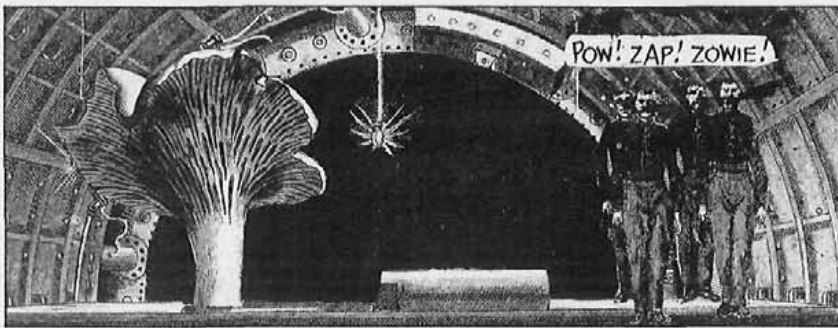
Such a finding is in direct contradiction to popular belief, for the Gross National Product would never be without the ethic of work. For the first time in his career Sir Edwin was faced with defeat, for, fad or not, the doll industry was experiencing a fabulous boom, trade with China was accelerated as a direct result of the demand for chop-sticks to serve as wands, and the Russians were mass-producing the celebrated Cossack hat so much in demand by well-tailored witches. Machine-tooled versions of ancient idols arrived in crates from Third World countries and the flagging dollar regained its legendary hegemony in the markets.

Despite these developments, Sir Edwin held his ground, and produced the only valid explanation for the existence of a silent majority in a democracy. "The people exercise their will through the phenomenon of ESP," he stated. "America has found the answer to Big Brother through mass thought control of their leaders."

With such revelations he had gone too far. No one likes to think his thoughts are run by someone else and least of all a politician. Sir Edwin was



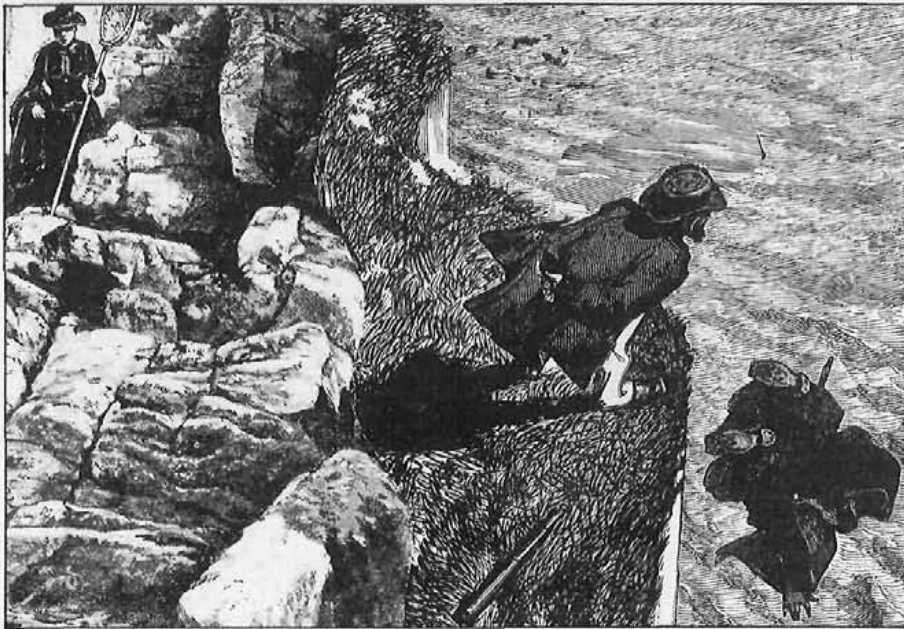
Orthodox psychiatrists, fearful of the inroads of the occult invasion, organize to save their livelihood into the Second Denominational Analytical Church of America.



Graduation ceremony at the Frankenstein Institute of Technology

declared undesirable and his services dispensed with, but he had disappeared long before, having thought-projected himself back to England. When that news reached the states the airlines feared for their future. They foresaw the next phase, ads saying "Fly me, I'm YOU."

At his final press conference Sir Edwin summed it all up: "There is no cause for alarm. Americans are no madder than anyone else; for it would be insanity to be sane in such an environment." □



ESP Murder—suicidal thought projection induces victim to leap to his death.



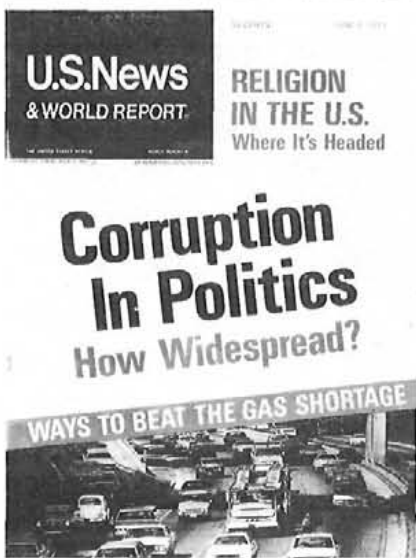
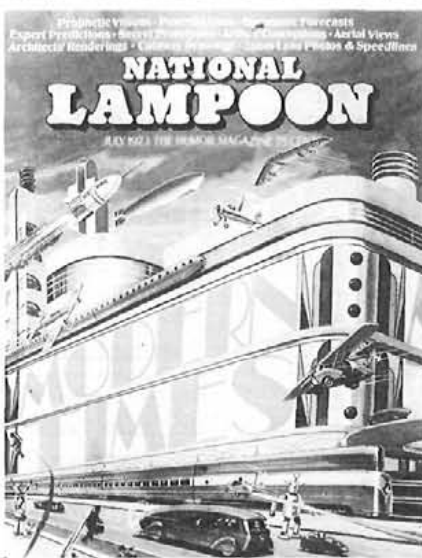
The embattled church strikes back against the new paganism.



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Merriment	YES	NO
Tons of Fun	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations	NO	YES
Snappy Patter	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year	YES	NO
	7 YES	2 YES

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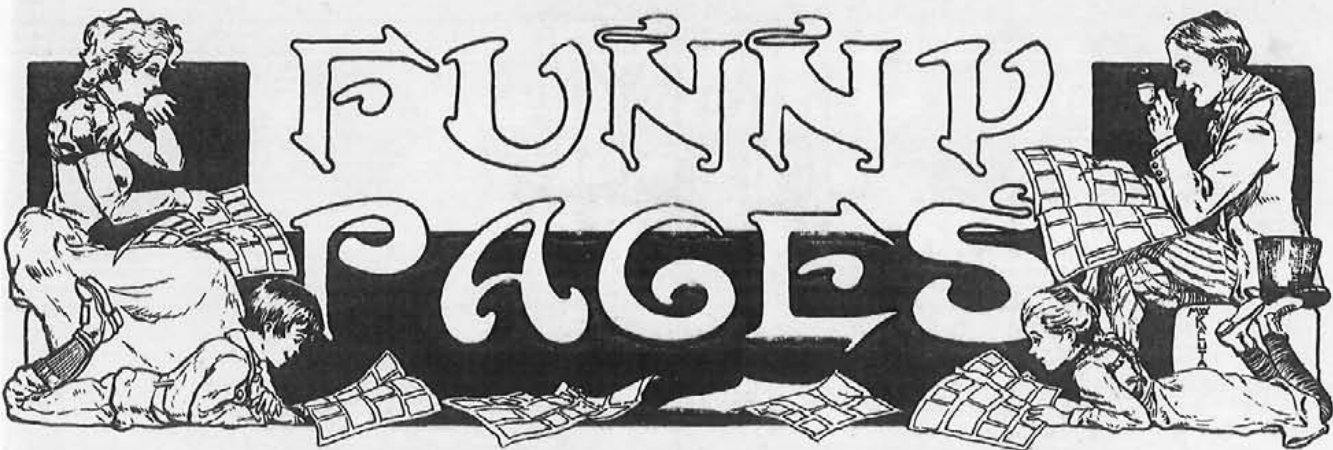
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NUTS

REMEMBER HOW WHEN AT LAST YOU GOT BACK HOME FROM CAMP YOU WENT RIGHT OUT TO SEE THE FAMILIAR PLACES AND PEOPLE?

WOW, BOY, IT SURE IS GREAT TO BE BACK! THERE'S OLD MR. ROPER! SAY, HE LOOKS A LOT WORSE! MORE STOOPED, AND ALL. AND THERE'S THE STORM DRAIN WHERE PAULIE BROKE HIS FOOT!

HERE'S THE DRUG STORE. I THINK I'LL GO IN AND BUY A CANDY BAR!

YOU'RE ONLY AS OLD AS YOU FEEL!

SMELL BAD? DON'T!

USE IT!

MOVE IT! WITH AMERICA'S FAVORITE LAXATIVE!

ONE \$40

PUFF... PUFF... (COUGH) HELLO, KID.

THEY'RE UP ANOTHER TWO CENTS. (COUGH)

HI, MR. SMITH, I'VE BEEN AWAY TO CAMP, BUT NOW I'M BACK! I'D LIKE A CANDY BAR!

ACH! HURT! PAIN! WHY NOT TRY STUPS?

PON'T BE SISSY! SMOKE STUPS!

GEE, THESE BARS KEEP GETTING SMALLER AND NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE NUT!

HEY—HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE NEW MANGLERMOBILES!

Graham Wilson IT'S NICE TO BE BACK!

VOOOOM!



IDYL



© J. JONES 1973



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 1966 National Lampoon.

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

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

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

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

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handcapped, 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, Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House, Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

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

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemoobiles, 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 Talt.

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 Klirk.

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, the *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/DECADECE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

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

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

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

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

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

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DUCK AND WEEVIL



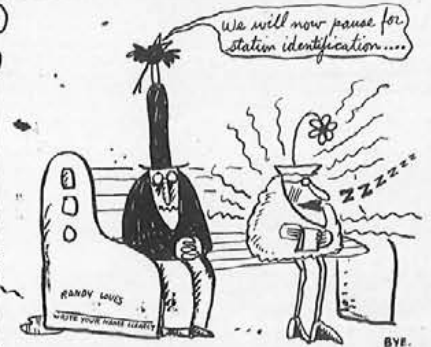
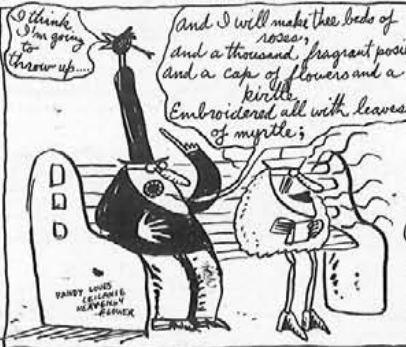
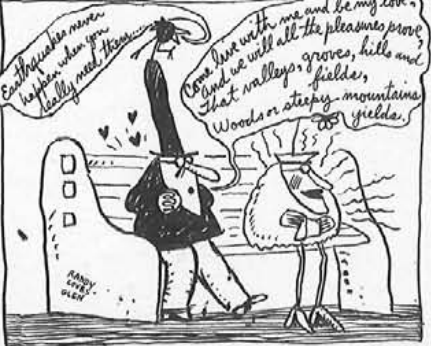
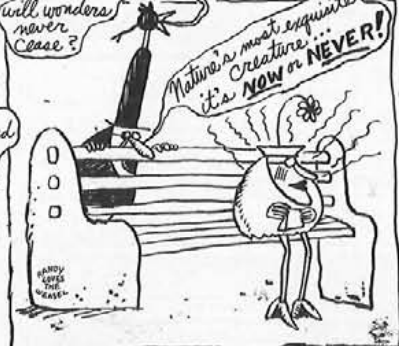
AND NOW... CHICKEN

THE STRIP THAT ASKS THE QUESTION: TOUGH SHIT!!

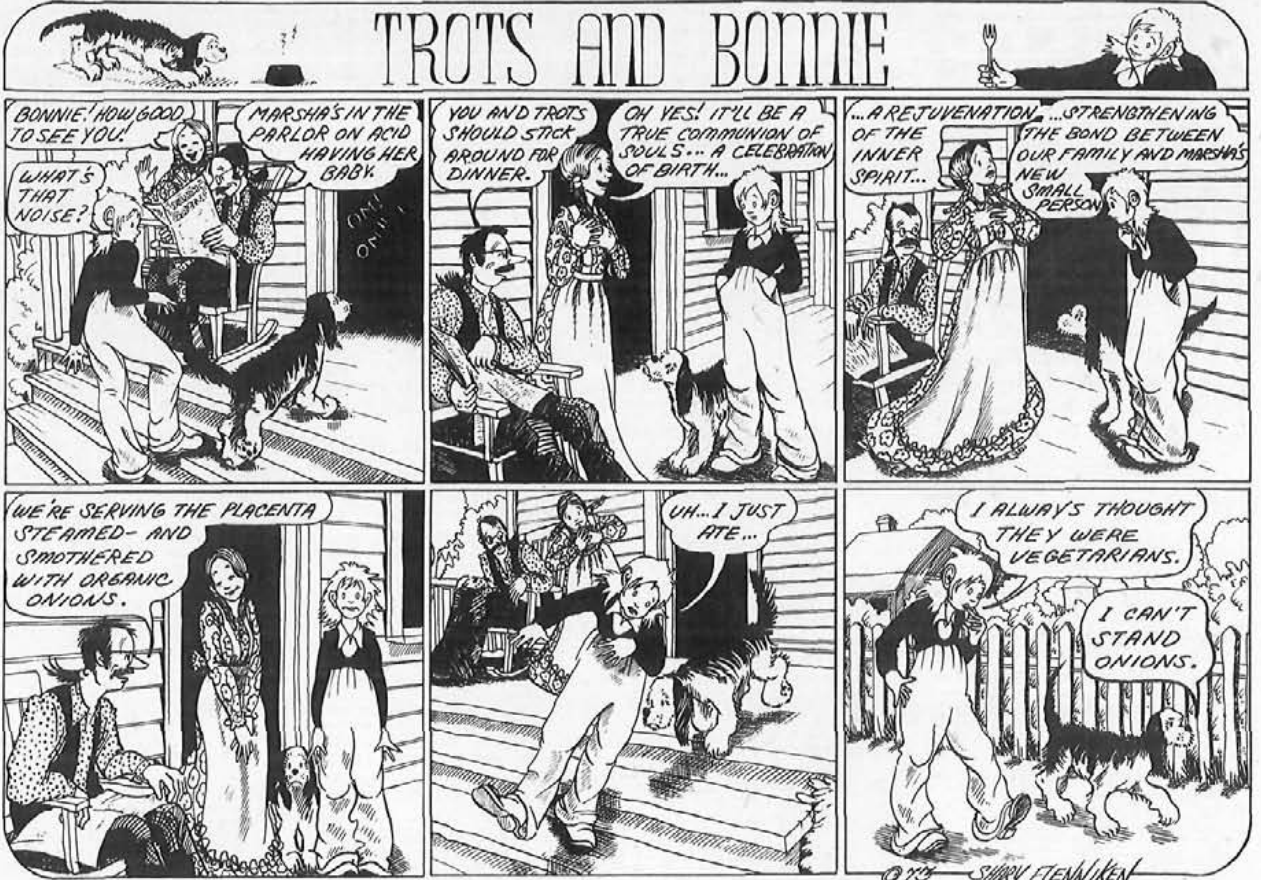
GUTZ

THIS STRIP IS FOR ROSENKRANZ, GUILDENSTERN & DANIELLE PENTON?

I'll be okay in a minute, fans. Had a rough mite out with some of the birds...

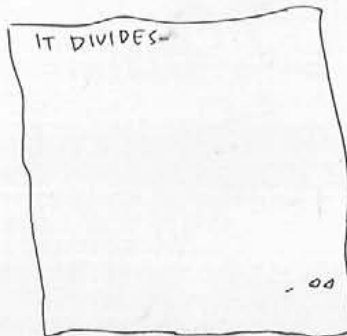
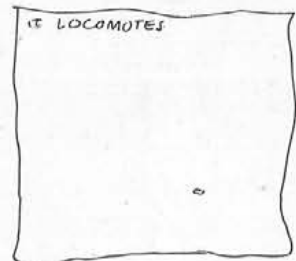
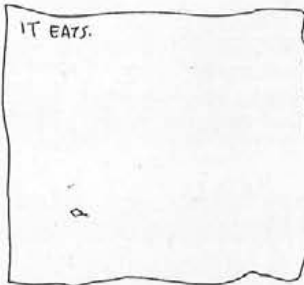
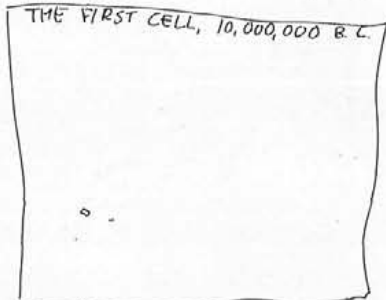


TROTS AND BONNIE



THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

by E. Subitzky



THE END

THE AESOP SIAMSE BROS TWINS

THE STORY SO FAR...
 AURORA BOREALIS CUTS HER WRISTS IN FRUSTRATION WHEN SHE FINDS THAT THE AESOP BROS. CANNOT PERFORM 'COITUS TU DIC AD SEMPE THYMUS'.



I WANT TO DIE, LET ME DIE. JOSEPH, I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING BEFORE I DIE—COME CLOSER...

YOU WILL NOT DIE, MADAM. THESE ARE MINOR CUTS.



YES, MADAM, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL ARRANGE IT.



NO NEED FOR CONCERN, GENTLEMEN. MADAM WILL BE ALL RIGHT. LET ME GET YOU SOME FOOD.



COFFEE, GENTLEMEN?

YEAH, THANKS.

SLEEPING PILLS!



I'M SLEEPY, I FEEL LIKE...

ALEX DO YOU

OH, OH, ONE OF YOU KISS ME! OOOO, PLEASE, I'LL GIVE TEN DOLLARS TO WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU KISSES ME! OH, WHAT A GLORIOUS PIECE OF FLESH!!



SOME HOURS LATER

LADY, YOU REALIZE THIS IS KIDNAPPING?

YOU MAY LEAVE, JOSEPH.



YOU'RE SICK, LADY, HAVIN' A DUNGEON IN YOUR HOUSE!

SILLY BOY, THIS IS AN OLD SET FROM SEVERAL OF ERROL FLYNN'S MOVIES, BUT, HE'S DEAD, DAHLINGS, AND WE'RE VERRRRRY MUCH ALIVE! MMMMMMM, THIS FLESH THAT HOLDS YOU TOGETHER, IT FEELS SO, SO FIRM...



YOU CRAZY BITCH!!! OUR BLADDER RUNS THROUGH THERE! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME PISS MY PANTS!

COMING NEXT MONTH

POSTWAR

With

VIETNAM—THE 6,781 DAY WAR

As the world watched in awe, the plucky Vietnamese, with a numerical advantage of less than ten to one, and only the Sixth Fleet, the American Air Force, and a few hundred ground troops for support, forced their foe to accept an inconclusive peace

Plus

KAMIKAZE TOT

or, there's a little Nip in the Air

Plus

WHITEDOVE COMICS

With a cry of DOV-EEEE!, the jet-powered helicopter of the International Commission of Control and Supervision swoops down on unsuspecting truce violators

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"Live Songs" contains definitive concert performances of some of Leonard Cohen's greatest songs—and a few surprises.

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LEONARD COHEN: LIVE SONGS

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1. Minute Prologue
London 1972
2. Passing Thru
London 1972
3. You Know Who I Am
Brussels 1972
4. Bird on the Wire
Paris 1972
5. Nancy
London 1972
6. Improvisation
Paris 1972

SIDE TWO

1. Story of Isaac
Berlin 1972
2. Please Don't Pass Me By
(A Prayer)
London 1970
3. Tonight Will Be Fine
Isle of Wight 1970
4. Queen Victoria
Room in Tennessee 1972

Produced by Bob Johnston
Rob Potter: Engineer

All songs

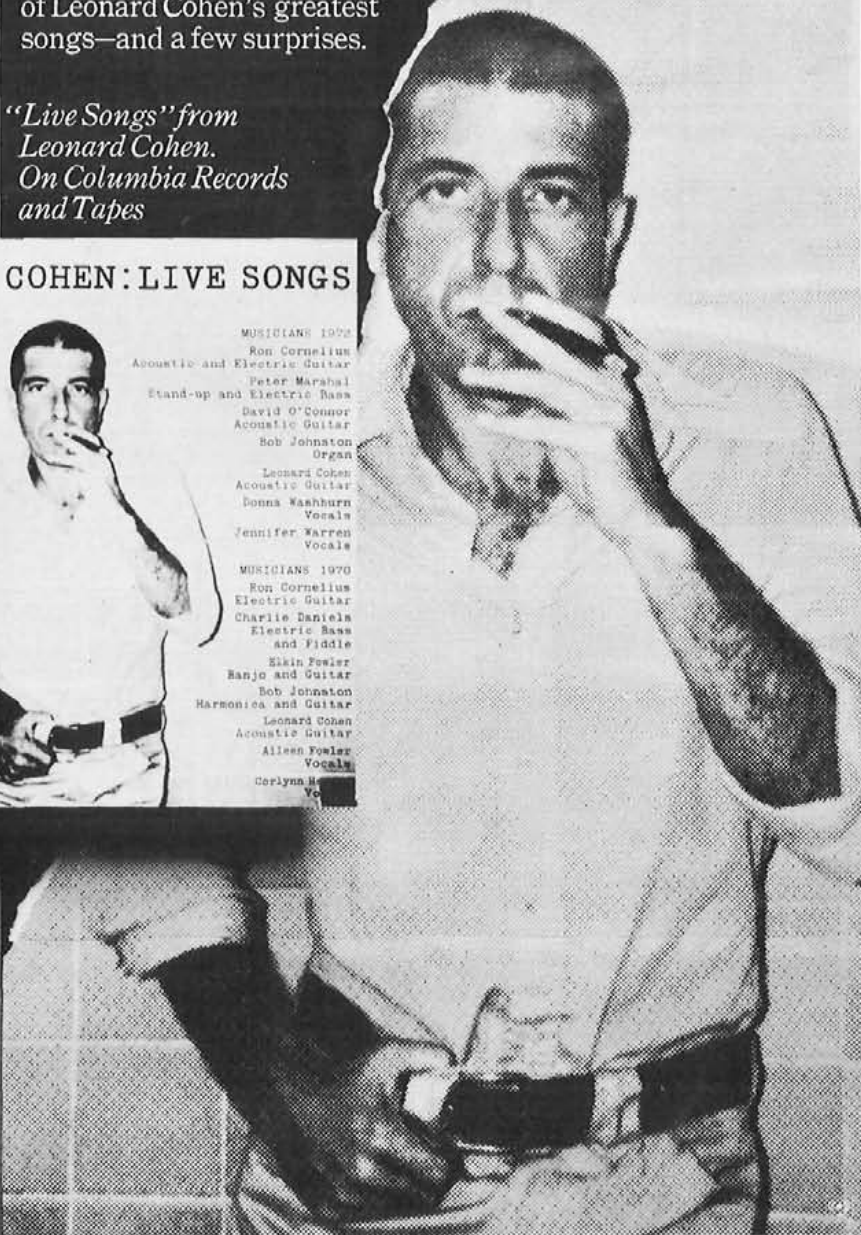
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Cover photographs by S. B. Kirov

MUSICIANS 1972

Ron Cornelius
Acoustic and Electric Guitar
Peter Marabal
Stand-up and Electric Bass
David O'Connor
Acoustic Guitar
Bob Johnston
Organ

MUSICIANS 1970

Ron Cornelius
Electric Guitar
Charlie Daniels
Electric Bass
and Fiddle
Ekin Fowler
Banjo and Guitar
Bob Johnston
Harmonica and Guitar
Leonard Cohen
Acoustic Guitar
Allen Fowler
Vocals
Corynn H.
Vo



WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

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

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

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

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

The Story As Originally Told.



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

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

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

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

Incriminating Evidence?

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

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

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

un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

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

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

What's a Brass Monkey?

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

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS



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