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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

JUNE 1974 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 85 CENTS



Fidelity.



The Allman Brothers Band is available exclusively on Capricorn records and tapes.

Pioneer High



The Allman Brothers Band has a great new sound...



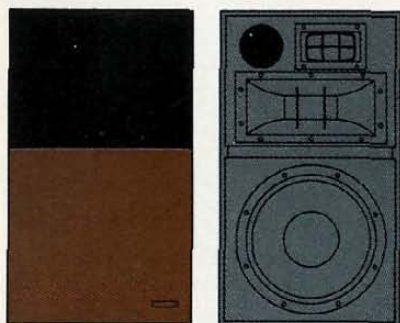
More than anything else, the Allman Brothers Band are musicians. Accomplished, sophisticated musicians whose blues-rooted improvisations have carried them to the top of their field.

Musicians, not rock stars. Their success doesn't depend on sequins or serpents, or make-up, or put-on showmanship. Instead, they innovate. And they stake their fame on their music.

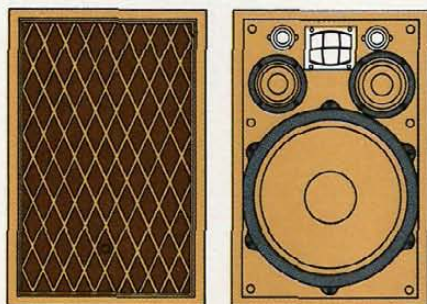
As musicians, the Allman Brothers Band prefer the sound of Pioneer speakers. They prefer Pioneer speakers because of their clarity and overall sound quality. They prefer Pioneer speakers because they reproduce the sound of an original performance without adding coloration, hyped-up bass or artificial brilliance. They prefer Pioneer speakers because exactly what goes in is exactly what comes out.

With Pioneer speakers, the Allman Brothers sound right to the Allman Brothers. It's that simple.

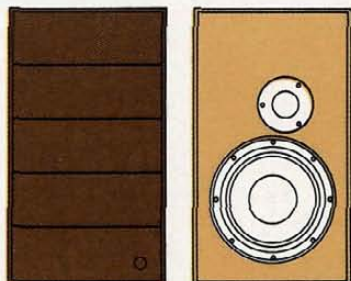
Pioneer makes a variety of speakers to match any hi-fi system. Speakers that are consistent in their clarity, sound quality and ability to exactly reproduce the sound of an original performance. Speakers that vary because people vary, hi-fi systems vary, room acoustics vary, budgets vary and tastes vary.



R-700



CS-99A



PROJECT 100

Series R

Series R speakers are designed for the individual who demands the finest in styling, design and sound. Styling and design as contemporary as the state of the art. And sound as contemporary as a live performance.

Series R speakers bring new life to live performances. And truly live performances to your listening room. Their high efficiency, extreme accuracy and zero coloration have been equally praised by artists, engineers, critics and musicians.

All of the Series R speakers — R700, R500 and R300 — deliver the true vibrancy of a live performance. In an untouched, uncolored and unusually natural way.

Project Series

Project Series speakers are designed to deliver maximum performance per dollar in a contemporary bookshelf design. Smallest of the three, the Project 60 is an extremely efficient speaker system that delivers a surprisingly high sound level from moderately powered receivers and amplifiers. It is perfect for smaller hi-fi systems. And equally well suited for 4-channel systems — since many of the new 4-channel receivers and amplifiers have less power per channel than their stereo counterparts.

Project 80 and 100 speaker systems use their air suspension design to deliver a beautiful natural

sound. Their superb bass response can effortlessly reproduce the lowest of lows with minimal distortion and uncanny accuracy. Their dome tweeters provide exceptionally wide dispersion and highs of unsurpassed clarity.

CS Series

There is a myth about speakers that handsome cabinets hide inferior sound. Fortunately, it need not be the case.

If you seriously demand the acoustic quality of custom cabinetry along with powerfully smooth sound, the CS series speakers will be your first choice. Their sound is precise and natural. And their craftsmanship is a reflection of an almost bygone era.

The air suspension design of the

CS series speakers help to provide the quality of sound that is the hallmark of Pioneer engineering excellence. From the compact 2-way 2-speaker CS-44 to the 4-way 6-speaker CS-63DX, Pioneer CS series speakers offer a combination of superb sound reproduction and custom-crafted cabinetry.

There are 12 different speakers in the Pioneer line. There are six different musicians in the Allman Brothers Band. Different people have different needs and different tastes. Even the Allman Brothers. But they agree that Pioneer speakers deliver the best sound available.

Pioneer speakers are part of a complete line of Pioneer audio components — components preferred by the Allman Brothers Band. A fact you might consider when you make your own selection.

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Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill.
60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

Model	Type	Maximum Input Power	Size (HxWxD)	Price
R-700	12" 3-way	75 watts	26"x15"x14"	\$229.95*
R-500	10" 3-way	60 watts	24"x14"x12"	159.95*
R-300	10" 2-way	40 watts	23"x13"x11"	119.95*
PROJ. 100	10" 2-way	35 watts	23"x13"x10½"	129.95
PROJ. 80	10" 2-way	30 watts	20¾"x11¾"x11"	99.95
PROJ. 60	8" 2-way	20 watts	18½"x10½"x8½"	79.95
CS-63DX	15" 4-way	80 watts	28"x19"x13"	269.95
CS-99A	15" 5-way	100 watts	25"x16"x11"	229.95
CS-A700	12" 3-way	60 watts	26"x15"x12"	189.95
CS-A500	10" 3-way	50 watts	22"x13"x12"	149.95
CS-66	10" 3-way	40 watts	22"x12"x12"	119.95
CS-44	8" 2-way	25 watts	19"x11"x9"	74.95

*Fair Trade resale price where applicable.

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when you want something better



If Bach were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

It's been said it would take a present-day copyist seventy years just to *copy* all the music Bach composed.

So, next time you record something take a hint from the master. Use "Scotch" brand—the Master Tape.

The quantity of his work is staggering. But so is the quality.

And *that's* what made Bach the pro he was.

And that's why, if he were recording today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape. Just like the pros in today's music business.

After all, nearly 80% of all master recording studios use "Scotch" brand.



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The Master Tape.

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Michael Murphey's music is his magic.

At a Houston concert 11,000 people sang his songs with him. One of his songs, "Geronimo's Cadillac," has developed a cult following all over the country.

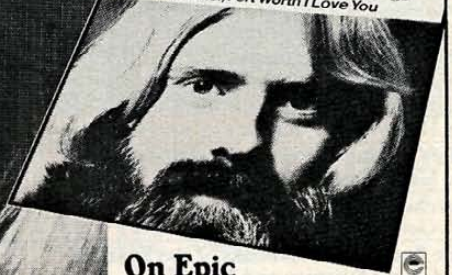
Rolling Stone said of his work, "He is that rarity among songwriters, a humanist . . . he merges the immediacy of rock music with a folk consciousness and a country sensibility."

Michael Murphey was born and raised in Texas and still lives and works there. In fact, he's the most noted young songwriter to have emerged from the Texas scene in quite a while.

And with the release of his latest album, "Michael Murphey," people coast to coast will be captured by that ol' Murphey magic.

Michael Murphey

including:
Nobody's Gonna Tell Me How To Play My Music
Good Ol' Natural Habits/Healing Springs
Holy Roller/Fort Worth I Love You



**On Epic
Records and Tapes**



NEWS ON THE MARCH

JUNE, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. LI

NIXON CAUSES STINK IN PARIS



KISSINGER WEDS HORSE IN BIZARRE NUPTIALS

PIECE AT LAST!

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I HAVE NO OBJECTIONS AS LONG AS THERE ARE ADEQUATE PROVISIONS FOR AN IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL.

BOZ SCAGGS. "SLOW DANCER"



The new Boz Scaggs album, "Slow Dancer." (Produced by the great Johnny Bristol of Junior Walker and Gladys Knight fame.) The finest, fleetest-footed album of Boz's brilliant career.

BOZ SCAGGS/SLOW DANCER

including:
I Got Your Number/Sail On White Moon
You Make It So Hard (To Say No)
Let It Happen/Pain Of Love

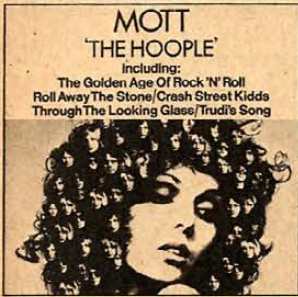


On Columbia Records

Sources in the New York publishing industry have reported that former Vice-President Spiro Agnew has submitted yet another proposal for a book to several potential publishers. Like his first effort, the second book is also said to be a political thriller. Set in 1976, the planned novel would involve a Presidential candidate who is nominated at an incredible "open" convention during which, through a bizarre turn of events, he picks a man as his Vice-President who is actually qualified to serve as President in the event of his death. He then goes on to conduct a fanciful campaign for office in which he states the issues clearly, never resorts to slander, invective, or distortion, and rejects improper financing. Following an unprecedented fair election, he becomes President and begins to exhibit strange behavior. He assembles an odd cabinet filled with men of high competence and integrity, and together they work to create an administration dedicated to the amelioration of social ills, the restoration of economic stability, and the provision of equal justice for all. Even more implausibly, he fashions a foreign policy based on the support of democratic regimes around the world. Then, in a series of daring moves that pile shock upon shock, he holds regular press conferences, insists on the full availability of all governmental information to the public, appoints a man of the highest stature to the Supreme Court, forbids wiretapping, demands full adherence to individual rights, enforces anti-trust laws, wages no illegal wars, refuses to impound money authorized by Congress, grants a complete amnesty to war resisters in Canada, initiates a sweeping reform of the income tax laws, orders a series of high-level investigations into abuses of corporate power, revokes the privileges of the oil industry, commits massive sums of federal money to urban reconstruction, and takes literally hundreds of equally odd actions genuinely intended to benefit the people. And in a final, dramatic twist, he is not assassinated.

According to reports from several book editors, the book has been rejected by eleven major publishers thus far as being "absurd," "way out," "totally unbelievable," "far-fetched," "a puerile fairy tale," and "pure fantasy." As the president of one highly respected publishing house is said to have remarked in a personal letter to Mr. Agnew, "Even in a work of political fiction, there has to be some grounding in reality, and this kind of story is completely out of touch with the real world. It is just plain stretching credibility too far to

GIVE ME! BUY ME! TAKE ME!



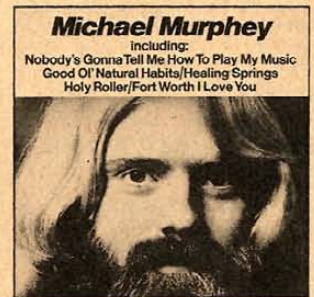
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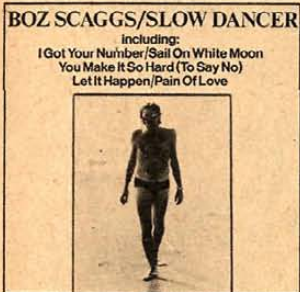
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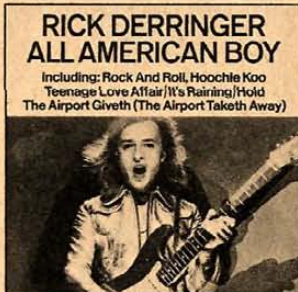
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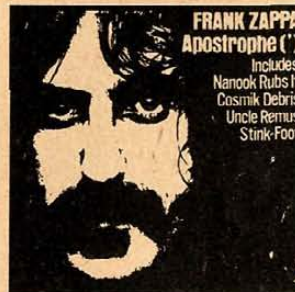
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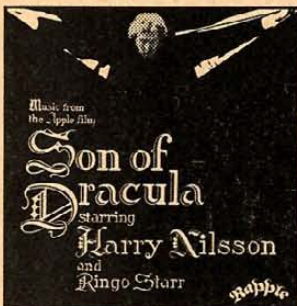
on Columbia



on Warner Bros.



on A&M



on RCA



on Motown



on RCA



on Capricorn

disc records

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continued

suggest that the things you have described could ever happen in America."

The salad days of the emerging Republican majority, the southern strategy, and Mr. Nixon's much-vaunted silent majority are clearly over, at least for a time, but the President's senior political advisers have not been idle. In recent weeks, they have been working hard to forge a new, last-ditch coalition of disparate groups of people who can be relied upon to support the President to the bitter end, and hopefully, by their votes in the Congressional elections in November, their telegrams and letters of support, and their responses to opinion polls, help keep him in office. Here, as near as we have been able to piece it together, are the key constituents of the new coalition.

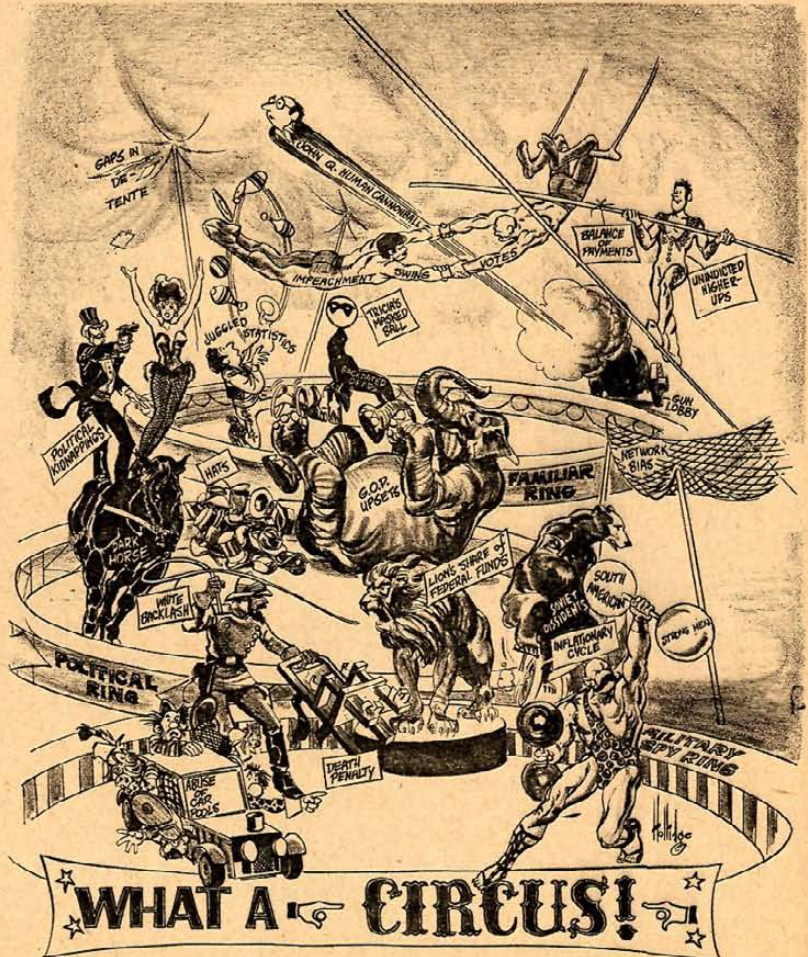
Deaf-Mutes. There are more than a quarter of a million American citizens, well over half of whom are of voting age, who can neither hear nor speak. White House planners are counting on their "natural isolation" from the bias of network commentary

and the prejudiced viewpoints of the tiny majority of Americans who oppose the President to keep them in line. Mr. Nixon may give a brief TV address in sign language to "lock them up."

The Mentally Retarded. The White House hopes that the two million or so mentally retarded Americans over eighteen will reject "the sophisticated, clever arguments of professional Nixon-haters and the welter of complex, confusing, and contradictory accusations" and show a "simple loyalty" for the President. A major effort to get out what White House strategists have dubbed "the special vote" will be made this fall for the congressional elections. A massive letter writing campaign by retarded citizens has been shelved as "impractical."

The Noninstitutionalized Insane. A study prepared by longtime White House political consultant Patrick Buchanan shows that among lunatics and the severely disturbed who are not currently under close restrictive care—about one million, according to best estimates—the President can count on a strong "wild card factor,"

continued





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GREGG ALLMAN • DEEP PURPLE • THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
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 PLUS!

The very best and *newest* of today's top artists star in this full stereo two-record bonanza. Complete in every respect, the songs in *Hard Goods* are there at this low \$2-for-everything set because that's Warner Bros. Records' way of interesting you in getting into some of 1974's best new albums.

Hard Goods stands on its own, though. Not only are all of the artists listed above in *Hard Goods*, but also newer artists whose albums equally deserve your ears (Terry Melcher, Robin Trower, Montrose, Ted Nugent and The Amboy Dukes, The Talbot Brothers and Chunky Novi & Ernie).

And... there's more: a quadruple bonus of collector's items not otherwise available anywhere, including the *Beach Boys'* "Vegetables," written by Brian Wilson and Van Dyke Parks; "War Song" by Neil Young and Graham Nash; Dooley Wilson singing "As Time Goes By" from *Casablanca*; and a hilarious item from the vaults called "The '68 Nixon" by Denver, Boise & Johnson (anyone remember Denver's first name?).

You might be suspicious that any profit-motivated company—and Warner Bros. Records *is*, they keep telling us, supposed to

be profitable — would put out a non-profit splendor like *Hard Goods* for only \$2.

Warner's accounting department is also suspicious.

Nevertheless, *Hard Goods* is everything we say it is, and hopefully a turn-on to other albums, where Warners *does* indeed make a buck.

Hard Goods is available only by mail, not by retail. Get yours by enclosing \$2 with the coupon below, and we'll get you the better half of today's music at an unreasonably low price.

HARD GOODS

V

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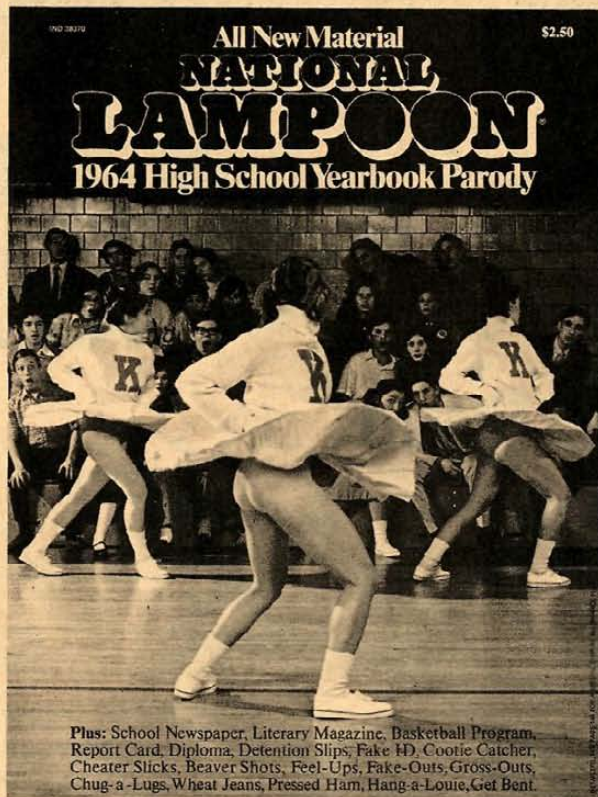
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• An unusually young-looking female driver recently talked her way out of a traffic ticket with a highly persuasive form of sign language.

According to State Police Trooper Ronald Goff, he stopped a car on Interstate 65 near Monroe, Indiana, because it appeared to be driven by a small girl.

Goff said he approached the car and asked to see the girl's driver's license, explaining that she didn't seem to be old enough to drive a car.

The woman immediately unzipped the front of her outfit, threw back her shoulders, and said, "Does that look like I'm old enough?"

Goff said the evidence was overwhelming in the girl's favor. *The Mt. Vernon News* (G. Sheffer)

• Two alleged Mafia executioners encountered difficulties when they attempted to rub out Vincent Ensulo, a Brooklyn man who apparently owed money to a loan-sharking operation run by the two, said to be members of the Carlo Gambino crime family.

Police said the alleged gunmen, James Gallo and Joseph Conigliaro, forced their way into a car driven by Ensulo when he stopped at a Brooklyn gas station.

After driving for several blocks with Ensulo between them in the front seat of the car, Gallo and Conigliaro reportedly drew guns and opened fire on Ensulo, wounding him in the neck and right shoulder. In the crossfire, Conigliaro was shot in the left shoulder by Gallo, and Gallo was shot in the head and left arm by Conigliaro.

All three were hospitalized. A police spokesman remarked, "I don't know what we're coming to when organized crime types can't even shoot straight." *Newsday* (H. Bi-racho)

• A man wearing a Halloween mask and carrying a revolver walked into a liquor store in Riverside, Calif., on Thanksgiving Day and asked clerk Thomas Dougherty, "How's business?"

Dougherty replied that it had been a rotten day because customers had stayed home because of the holiday. The would-be holdup man nodded sympathetically and left. *New York Daily News*

• Charles Richardson, thirty-nine, of Cartersville, Ky., sustained a serious foot injury while hunting when he accidentally shot himself with a sixteen-gauge shotgun.

State Police reported that Richardson was hunting rabbits in the late afternoon when he saw something moving and shot at it. It turned out to be his left foot.

According to the police, Richardson was under the influence of alcohol at the time. (M. Cascio)

• Addressing a meeting of drivers at Palembang, Sumatra, Gov. Asnawi Mangkualam, an Indonesian provincial governor, said he was disgusted about the constant traffic violations he observed while he was personally directing traffic in Palembang over a two-day period.

"Under the circumstances, I may feel compelled to throw my golf balls at the windshields of speeding cars," he warned. *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* (T. Safford)

• A self-employed writer in Menlo Park, Calif., who allegedly stomped a puppy to death has been jailed on an animal cruelty charge.

According to witnesses, Cydney Jasmin approached Robert Bliss, twenty-one, and two friends who were sitting on the lawn of Bliss' parents' home in Menlo Park. Jasmin had known Bliss from high school. After shaking hands and exchanging greetings, Jasmin noticed Bliss' dog, Gus, a part Labrador, part Golden Retriever puppy.

"Oh, a puppy, huh?" Jasmin is said to have exclaimed. "You know what we do to them." Jasmin then jumped into the air and landed on the dog's skull with both heels.

"Dogs are a menace to society," Jasmin is alleged to have told the horrified onlookers. "Children all over the world are starving and dogs are eating all the food." *San Francisco Chronicle* (C. Miller)

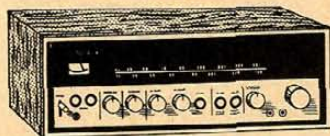
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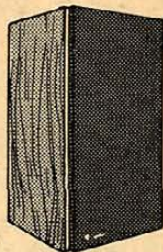
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since these Americans traditionally vote their own feelings and are rarely swayed by outside influences, news reports, other people's opinions, or much of anything at all. He believes that they feel a strong sense of identification with the President.

The Senile. Anywhere from a million and a half to two and a half million in number, they have for the last few weeks been referred to around the White House as "the young elderly" or "exceptional senior citizens," a sure sign that they're being courted. The Nixon political staff is counting on a large percentage of this category mistaking Mr. Nixon for Calvin Coolidge or Herbert Hoover because of his Republican affiliation. They will be encouraged to write their congressmen in support of the President, but asked not to specify which one.

After thirty years of sporadic guerrilla activity in the Philippine jungles, Lt. Hiroo Onoda, fifty-two, emerged recently when a search party from Japan managed to convince him to surrender. Like so many other Japanese soldiers who fought on with fanatical loyalty long after the war's end and who have been discovered one by one on islands throughout the Pacific, Onoda expressed astonishment that the war was over and disbelief in its outcome. "It is very hard

for me to accept," Onoda is reported to have said upon his return to Japan where he was reunited with his aging parents, "after so long a time of struggle, to discover how things turned out, it is still not possible to believe. When we went into the hills in 1945, there was no doubt in any of us. We were totally convinced. We fought on, yes, we were loyal to the Emperor, you see. But, of course, we knew it was hopeless, we knew we would lose. I still cannot believe we won. The television sets, the Toyotas, the motorcycles, the cameras, the little tiny radios, all of this I could not imagine. Attacking the dollar, buying America instead of conquering it, these strategies did not occur to me. I am filled with shame that I doubted."

People who were annoyed at the prospect of Russians chortling over their cleverness in manipulating the greed of grain dealers and the incompetence of high American officials to obtain vast amounts of wheat at depressed prices will be happy to learn that through the accidental misreading of a central planning directive, the Soviet Ministry of Breadstuffs inadvertently mixed somewhat over half the flour derived from the grain into one single gigantic dumpling weighing nearly 8 million metric tons. An early attempt to cover up the blunder by

having the Ministry of Meat Production provide 2 million tons of medium grade meat products to transform it into a meat pie faltered in inter-ministry squabbling, and thus far nearly a hundred former Breadstuffs Ministry officials are presently taking part in an interesting experiment in Siberia to determine if nearly a hundred former Breadstuffs Ministry officials can live on a diet consisting entirely of corduroy. Meanwhile, the huge bun, which occupies 1,200 acres of level land just north of Lintsk, is swarming with central planning officials who are trying desperately to devise some method of transporting it to bread-short cities throughout Russia. As of now, the bitter Russian winter is effectively refrigerating the immense muffin, but by mid-June, the spring thaw will arrive, bringing with it threats of mold. A plan to detonate a very small yield atomic bomb above the enormous bakery product to toast it has been rejected for fear of upsetting the process of detente with a forbidden atmospheric nuclear explosion, and plans now call for cutting vast slices off the gargantuan doughball and shipping them around the country on flatcars. Failing that, a crash program will be initiated to lure settlers to a new city to be built on the site with the promise of unlimited cheap baked goods. □



Now the world's most modern changer costs less than a rhinestone roach clip.

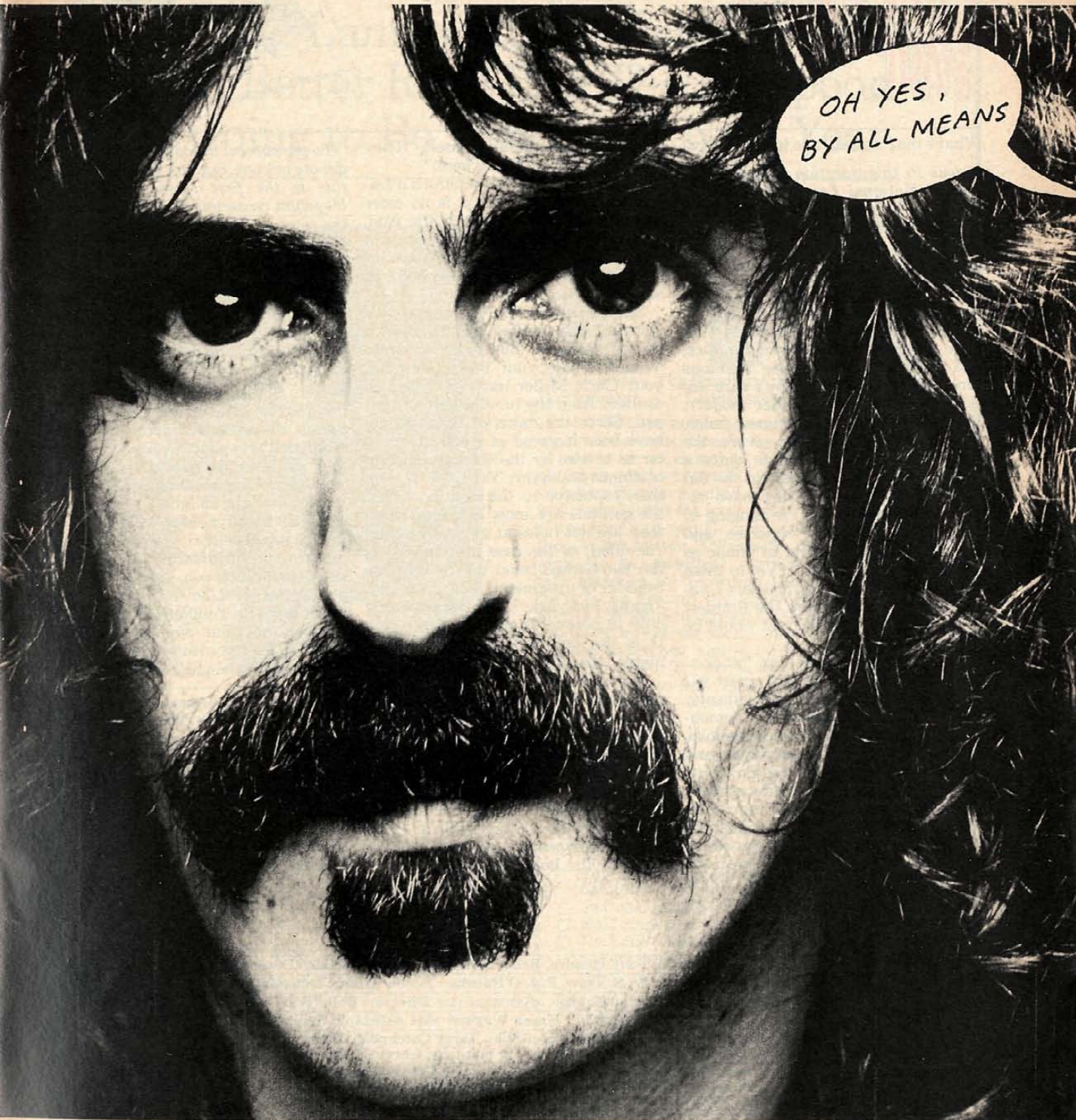
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EDITORIAL PAGE



What's the funniest hole in your body? It was to this question that the first annual National Lampoon Symposium on Humor addressed itself. A greatly abridged version of Professor Kelly's concluding argument is presented below, by way of introduction to this, our Food Issue.

Learned Assholes:

The anus has its devotees. We have heard from fart joke fanatics, and collectors of whoopee cushions (including Doctor Kenney's rare antique colonial pig's bladder model). Spinners of earthy barnyard tales, graffiti authors, hot seat givers, the Asshole Brigade has made quite a case for the comic primacy of the old chocolate speedway. They have argued convincingly for the flinging of dung as the origin of repartee, and for the breaking of wind in public as the apotheosis of theater. Yet to these turd watchers and moonflashers I answer: If an asshole were the funniest thing on earth, David Frost would be the king of comedy.

Against the earhole, or "stick-a-banana" school, I cite that great wit Freud's work on displacement theory. Their case he dismissed by demonstrating that for purposes of the joke, as well as for most conversation and all political speeches, the ear functions merely as a substitute asshole.

To the nose buffs, or Cyranoiacs, the hilarity of that organ must be conceded, especially in the context of the ethnic joke. Yet it is invariably the fleshy protuberance itself which is risible, rather than the nostrils. In

the words of Bertrand Russell, "They think it's funny, but it's not."

The navel, however ludicrous a feature of the human body, is no more a true hole than any pockmark. And, in any event, a case put by persons who find the words *belly button* irresistibly funny is, of course, beneath serious consideration.

Spokesmen for the humorous primacy of the genital orifices have a strong case on historical grounds. Your Rabelais, your Terry Southern, your Chris Miller have mined much drollery from the mother lode of vagpen. Since the dawn of time, people have been inspired as much to laughter as to awe by the thought or sight of dingus and quim. Yet there is more than sophistry to the argument that the genitals are most hilarious when they are not holes at all, but blocked (or filled, as the case may be). It is the two-backed-beast that is the true beggetter of merriment. The old in-out. Jigajig. Fickyfick. The holes are funny only *in potens*, as the schoolmen say. It is the *act* itself which is, undeniably, the silliest thing on earth.

By process of elimination, then (begging the pardon of the asshole advocates), we come (begging the pardon of the genital advocates) to the mouth.

At this juncture, I surrender the floor to my learned colleague, Doctor Hendra, a mouth specialist who has taken more than a few orals at Cambridge University, and will put the case for the hole in the face....

(Continued next month.)

To the subject of food, we propose to devote not one, but two issues of which this is the first (some minor pre-Hegelian reasoning will indicate that the next is the second), and it is on the brink of this groaning banquet board of bacchanalian boffs that we leave you, dear reader, slavering, drooling, dribbling, and slurping through (what else?) your mouth.

Cover: "Proserpine con Alimenti Escecrabili" di Melinda Bordelon (XX^{mo} Secolo, Scuola di Arlington). Bordelon, pittore molto sensitiva ed elegantissima, chi conosce l'importanza della realtà nell'arte popolare, esibisce altrove, una maestria di questa qualità nel capolavoro "La Madonna del Pickle," "Tutto nella Famiglia," "Il Calendario di Marilyn Monroe 1974," ed in altri lavori celebri. "La Proserpine," pittura splendidissima, eccellentissima, realizzata con una finezza suprema, noi abbiamo "slapped on" una "fruit-crate" e l'abbiamo fotografata. Ebbene, noi non diamo un "shit." L'arte è l'arte, eccotutto. Ma una fotografia—questa e qualcosa!

Important notice to readers: Put this issue down and go back and get the May issue. Turn to M. K. Brown's Truly Western Romance. Now read the first page first, the third page second, the second page third, and the fourth page last. You should have read it this way in the first place. Frankly, we wished we had printed it this way in the first place. □

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This Is The Only Advent Ad in The Lampon This Year, So You Had Better Read It or The Lampon Is Going to Be Very Sorry Next Year.



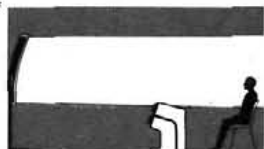
*If you do not read this ad, we will not harm this man,
this horse or this cigar; but watch out Lampon!*

You may not have noticed, but the National Lampon accepts advertising.

Never mind the way the magazine pretends to joke around about everything; it likes to have people advertise in it and pay money, believe us. (The Publisher of the Lampon calls us up on the telephone and advises us to advertise, so you can bet we know a thing or two.)

Well, we at Advent don't exactly spend the earth and sky on advertising (we don't have that much money left over after we invest in the products we make), but we are not unsporting. We will try this ad in the Lampon this year, and if we like the results, we may run another ad next year. That will help the Lampon joke around and get rich.

But if you aren't reading this—well, you know who can forget about an ad next year.



Now. With the stakes so high, you may want to know that we make these speakers:



The Advent Loudspeaker, The Smaller Advent Loudspeaker, and the Advent/2,

all of which are not only superb but way beyond their price classes in performance (it usually takes at least twice the money to do nearly as well). We also make the Advent 201 stereo cassette deck*, which critics have called the best available, and which we think is the most satisfying tape machine of any kind for a regular human being to use. Then there is the Advent 202 cassette player (a kind of turntable for cassettes), our Chromium Dioxide tape cassettes for recording (you can also leave them lying around the house blank, but since they're the best you can get for making recordings, you might as well use them), our Process CR/70™ cassette recordings, and the Advent VideoBeam™ Projection Color Television set** (which, if you're crazy enough to like television, shows you ten times more of it—about four by six feet worth—than any other set.

So. You can see why we wanted you to read this ad, what with all those really good things to tell you about.

If you want to know more about them just send in the coupon.

Thank you. And good luck, Lampon!

To: Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

- Yes, blackmailers, I read your ad.
- No, I don't read ads.
- No, I don't read the Lampon. I'm just sitting around in this: doctor's office _____, dentist's office _____, college health office (never mind why) _____, miscellaneous place _____.
- I have read all this way and I'd like to know more about Advent products.
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Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.



Sirs:

Did you hear the one about the rich Puerto Rican? He was born with a silverfish in his mouth!

I have a million Hot Ones like the above.

Ralph Di Ploma
Tuba City, Ariz.

Sirs:

I just joined a fraternity last semester and I've been really having a swell time with the guys. A real "ball," if you know what I mean. Except there's this one guy, Murphy, who really gives me a pain in my keister. Murphy's idea of a big joke is to sneak up behind me and yank my shirttail out of my trousers and then run away.

Now I can laugh at your college high jinx as well as your next guy, but this prick, Murphy, is carrying things too far. He does it to me all the time now. Ten times a fucking day!

Then the other night was the last straw. I was saying goodnight to my girl friend Dotty on the front porch of

her sorority house and just as I was about to kiss her and give her the old Frencheroo, blammo! Fucking Murphy yanks my shirttail out of my pants. I was so startled that I screamed "Shit!" right in Dotty's mouth.

Now she's really pissed at me for something I don't honestly believe was my fault.

Al "The Lob" Ortega
Kent State

Sirs:

*Little boy sits on the edge of the bed,
Little eyes closed in his little gold head,*

*Hush, hush, don't say a word
Christopher Robin is bashing his bird.*

Two with the left,
Two with the right,
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?

The cold's so cold
And the hot's so hot
(I locked the door
So I wasn't caught.)

If I open my eyes
Just a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's gown
On the back of the door.
She wears it around
And she leaves it untied
So I see all the goodies
She's got inside.

It's a beautiful blue
But it hasn't a hood.
Oh, Nanny! Nanny!
There, that feels good!
Mine has a hood
But I pull it back

And spit in my hand
And whack and whack,
And I think about Nanny
And Mummy, and Paul
And sometimes I don't get
To sleep at all!

*Little boy gone for his little boy nap
Little hands busy in dear little lap.
Hush, hush, keep it discreet!
Christopher Robin is beating his meat.*

W. T. Pooh
Smuggling, England

Sirs:

Just because a Big Mac is the kind of meat you can eat on an Ember day, it's no reason to suggest to your readers to toss a brick through our front windows with a note attached, "You deserve a brick today." It isn't fair. Please tell your readers to stop doing this.

Ronald McDonald
Palm Springs, Calif.

P.S. Jesus, there goes another one!

Sirs:

For the past four years the corporate ruling class through their puppet organization, the Department of the Navy, has refused to make known to the people our negotiable demands. As a result of this, we have broken off all contact with them and will now only deal with them through you, the *National Lampoon*.

They have been informed that we are in possession of their boat, the

continued on page 20

In a dog eat dog world, Buzzy Linhart proves pussycats can go far.



Buzzy Linhart's unique style of music projects a very special combination of endearing warmth, jubilation and zaniness. He is an original and very, very special singer/songwriter who communicates by making you feel happy and good as you listen to him. And no album has ever captured the unique sparkle of Buzzy Linhart's music as well as his debut album for Atlantic, "Pussycats Can Go Far."

"Pussycats Can Go Far" contains eleven Linhart originals ranging in style from the 1950's to the 1990's. It was recorded in Muscle Shoals and Buzzy is ably backed up by their famous rhythm section and some good friends. And best of all, the album makes you feel good all over.



Produced by
Barry Beckett
and Roger Hawkins

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"Pussycats Can Go Far" By Buzzy Linhart.
On Atco Records and Tapes.

The Sansui SR-212.

Fine music on a platter.



Put your favorite record on the large 12" aluminum platter of the new Sansui SR-212 automatic return turntable and you will be pleased with the results. You'll be pleased with the ease of operation. A cueing control that lets you place the arm at any point on the disc and go "automatic" from there. You'll be pleased with the reliability and rugged construction of the SR-212's belt-driven full size platter powered by a 4-pole synchronous motor.

You'll be pleased by the statically balanced S-shaped arm and anti-skate features. You'll be pleased by the solid stability assured by Sansui's multiple point suspension system. You'll be pleased by Sansui's added features of handsome wood base and hinged dustcover. And, most of all, you'll be pleased by the reasonable price that goes with this new Sansui turntable. Hear it at your nearest franchised Sansui dealer.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP. Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan • SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium

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"Odyssey." A rock garden. Seeded with blues, jazz, country, classical. A 12-inch LP of all kinds of music, but all persuasively mulched with the ritual magic of rock.

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There's Paul Williams combining rock and M.O.R. Strawbs blend the rough wit of English music halls with today's beat. Also Sonny and Brownie, Sandy Denny, Joan Armatrading, Cheryl Dilcher, Lani Hall. Each a distinctive cultivator in this garden of rock.

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Why so little? Simple. It's our way of celebrating another year of Altec leadership in designing and producing monitor loudspeakers for the recording industry. Produced in conjunction with A&M Records and pressed from 100% virgin vinyl, "Odyssey" is a tribute to a perfect relationship between art and technology through the medium of music.

41 minutes of rock gardening excitement. Available through participating Altec dealers, or by mail. Supply is limited, so get your rock garden today.

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Enclosed is \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Please send me my copy of Odyssey. (Stereo only)

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NL74

Canadian Corner



No one who has partaken of a *hot dog stimee all dress* on Montreal's Rue St. Laurent Street or sampled a steaming bowl of gritty Red River cereal one sub-zero Winnipeg morning will deny that there is a Canadian cuisine, unique in all the world. International epicures classify Newfie Screeck, the local beverage of Newfoundland, as the tastiest potable that ever doubled as an antifreeze.

Yet to the average Yankee (and is there any other kind?), the splendors of Canadian cooking remain as enigmatic as the foreign policy of the nation which trades with Cuba and manufactures the engines for USAF bombers.

To Canadian, as to all great national cuisines, there is a secret ingredient: starch. As surely as garlic is the *sine qua non* of Mediterranean cooking, and curry is the keystone of Indian food preparation, Canadian food is distinguished by the pinch of white processed flour with which the Canadian chef garnishes each and every dish.

To Canada must go the credit for the invention of frozen foods; in fact, it was not until late in the nineteenth century that unfrozen food was eaten north of the forty-second parallel; cooking was introduced shortly thereafter. And even today, delicate, paper-thin, translucent shavings of frozen seal or caribou are the *hors d'oeuvre* at many a chic Canadian cocktail party. The severe cold provided, if anything, a culinary incentive to the cannibalistic denizens of the tundra, whose recipe for Eskimo pie possesses the elegance of simplicity: Find an Eskimo. Dig in.

Freezing remains a compulsory first step in the preparation of any Canadian meal, so that in the kitchens of city dwellers, who have no easy access to glaciers, a home freezer is *de rigueur*. All meat, fish and poultry, as well as the turnips and other root vegetables that form an important part of the Canadian diet, are either bought frozen, or popped into the freezer directly from the garden.

When these victuals have attained the proper crystalline consistency, they are processed through the other essential utensil in the Canadian

kitchen, the blander.

In the blander, food is melted by boiling for long periods, and cornstarch is folded in to taste. More experimental cooks sometimes add, at this time, a soupçon of the quintessential Canadian spice, arrowroot.

While popular throughout the Dominion, blanderizing dominates the cooking of the Maritime provinces, and is indeed the only known method of preparing the local staples, salt cod, finnan haddie, and Kraft macaroni dinner.

Quebec, "*La Belle Provence*," is justly famed for her many restaurants featuring authentic French cuisine. What has been less widely publicized is the fact that the cuisine is authentically that of sixteenth century Brittany, whose prison ships unloaded the ancestors of today's Quebecois. It was the first and last cultural exchange between Old and New France. *Fèves au lard*, sugar pie, and blood sausage may not be to everyone's taste, but they are undeniably authentic.

In dining, as in every field, Toronto, Ontario is in the *avant garde*. And pizza has taken cosmopolitan Toronto by storm. The local C. of C. brags that no citizen of "Metro" is more than a dozen steps from a "pizza-to-go-no-anchovies" parlor. The Chinese restaurant in town remains popular with an adventurous few, and it is in "T.O." that one most often finds the housewife daring enough to add a sprig of parsley.

Lovers of fresh water fish know Ontario's northern lakes and streams as a sportsman-gourmet's paradise. (Of all her fighting fish, Ontario is perhaps proudest of the pike who held the commonwealth middleweight championship, 1937-1940.) Yet even when "the big ones get away," experienced campers can always be sure of a hearty dinner for four of stuffed roast blackfly.

On the prairies, the buffalo, once a butcher shop on the hoof for the native peoples, is gone. The great herds of the Monarch of the Plains have been replaced by the Iron Horse, and only rarely is Canadian Pacific diesel killed and eaten.

Today in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, populated as they are by Ukrainians and gophers, wheat is king. Wheat, which grows in profusion during the summer months, especially buckwheat, the groats of which proud westerners mill into a viscous porridge, is that substance of which Mounties loudly remind their Malamutes, inspiring them to feats of super-canine endeavor.

Beaver (whom its advocates describe as tasting somewhere between a catfish and a rat) is no longer the

continued on page 20

FALL INTO SPRING

Rita Coolidge

New songs from Rita Coolidge on A&M Records.



diet of the intrepid trapper. The hardy breed on the arctic frontier now subsists almost completely on raw sterno and whooping crane eggs—when they can find them.

Canadian bacon is illegal in Canada.

Tapioca pudding holds its place as Canada's favorite after-dinner sweet, although jello has its followers in the larger urban centers. But frugal Canuckers long ago discovered that the remains of supper, liberally sprinkled with soft brown sugar, makes a nice dessert.

Maple syrup, prized as delicious the world around, is known in its native land only as a cathartic. S.K.

Pueblo, and if they ever want to see it again—on top of the water, that is—they must arrange for free lifetime passes on the Rock Island Line R.R. for all of the colored and so-called white trash people. If they should find this offer unacceptable, they should make a counter offer through this letters column.

Symbionese Liberation Navy
The "Breakers" Cottage
North Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I send away for that godamnit *How To Pick Up Girls* book and what do I read . . . "by the waist . . . by the love handles . . . under the arms . . . by the

hair . . . by the ears . . . by the fuzz. . . " God's number two ovary. Am I angry!

Tommy Manville
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why all the fuss about Hank Aaron? Everybody knows the coloreds have bigger bats.

Lester Maddox
Axe Handle, Ga.

Sirs:

Just a note to say that my uncle, Octave Kreml, passed away while whittling on the front porch of his small cottage in his native Hungarian village of Asyerp, on December 3rd last. As you may recall, Octave Kreml was noted primarily for his 1904 success, *The Gypsy Baron's Widow's Merry Student Prince's Desert Mill*, and his 1905 plagiarism conviction.

Nancy Kreml
Pathfinder, La.

Sirs:

Your mention of the study of etymology (*NatLamp*, April 1974) reminds me of the city of Jodhpur in northeastern India. Residents of Jodhpur under the British Raj were never known as Jodhpurites or Jodhpurnians, but fell under the way of a Victorian affectation that had made household words of *Liverpuddlian*, *Haligonian*, and *Glaswegian* for residents of Liverpool, Halifax and Glasgow, respectively. The fashionable English habit of twisting a city's name into unrecognizability reached an apogee of sorts in the case of Jodhpur. The residents of this place were christened merely Pants. By 1885 the nomenclature had become institutionalized, as marked by an editorial in the English-language *Times* of Bombay demanding "a kick to the Jodhpur Pants" by civil authorities during the infamous Seltzer Riots of that year. The name Jodhpur soon became a euphemism for trousers because of this clumsy pun. Historians have since tried to make much of the fact that the commander of the British garrison at Jodhpur in this period was Major General Sir Harry "Cavalry" Twill, but if only for the sake of preserving sanity, the connection between "Cavalry" Twill, Pants, and Jodhpurs has been forgotten if not rigidly suppressed. So indeed has the fact that following British evacuation of India in 1948, the people of Jodhpur passed a referendum changing the city's name to Gabardine. This is held to be a misspelling of the Scottish town of Aberdeen, where most modern-day jodhpurs are made. Jodhpurs are pants, often fashioned of cavalry twill. Four prominent etymologists committed suicide in 1949.

Mary Ann Mobley
Decatur, Ill.

Columbia introduces the 50 minute 8 track ...right on time.

Columbia's new 8-Track Cartridge plays a full 50 minutes, so you'll never have to sit around waiting for your 60 minute 8-Track tape to play itself out, with 10 minutes of nothing. Or, have your favorite album cut off at 40 minutes.

And if you're into 4 channel quadraphonic sound, there's an exclusive new "ConvertaQuad" slot that lets you convert from 2 to 4 channel sound automatically.

Columbia "Fail-Safe" cartridges are the best performers in the business: they have an exclusive 3-point suspension system with self-lubricating Delrin to prevent friction and sticking. And a collapsible hub keeps them from jamming. Available in 40, 50, 80, and 100 minute lengths and head cleaner.



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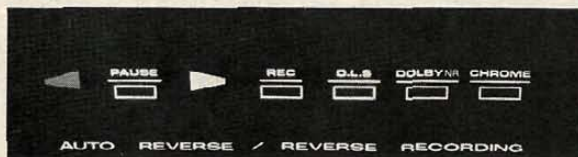
3 hours continuous record and playback with the "hands-off" wizardry of AKAI GXC-75D.

Just flip the magic switch and you never need to flip the tape. This is the stereo cassette wizard that thinks for itself. Record back and forth with automatic stop.

Playback can be one-way, both ways or continuous. Now you can tape an entire record collection, your favorite station or a live performance without missing a beat. The GXC-75D does it all for you, with incredibly faithful reproduction.

It has Dolby* noise reduction, AKAI's exclusive ADRS (Automatic Distortion Reduction System) and over-level suppressor.

FREE! AKAI includes with the purchase of any tape recorder, BASF low-noise, hi-output reel-to-reel tape or 8-track cartridge, or Chromdioxid™ cassette. Up to \$16.00 retail value. (Offer good only in continental U.S.)



Illuminated, color-keyed control indicators let you know what's happening.



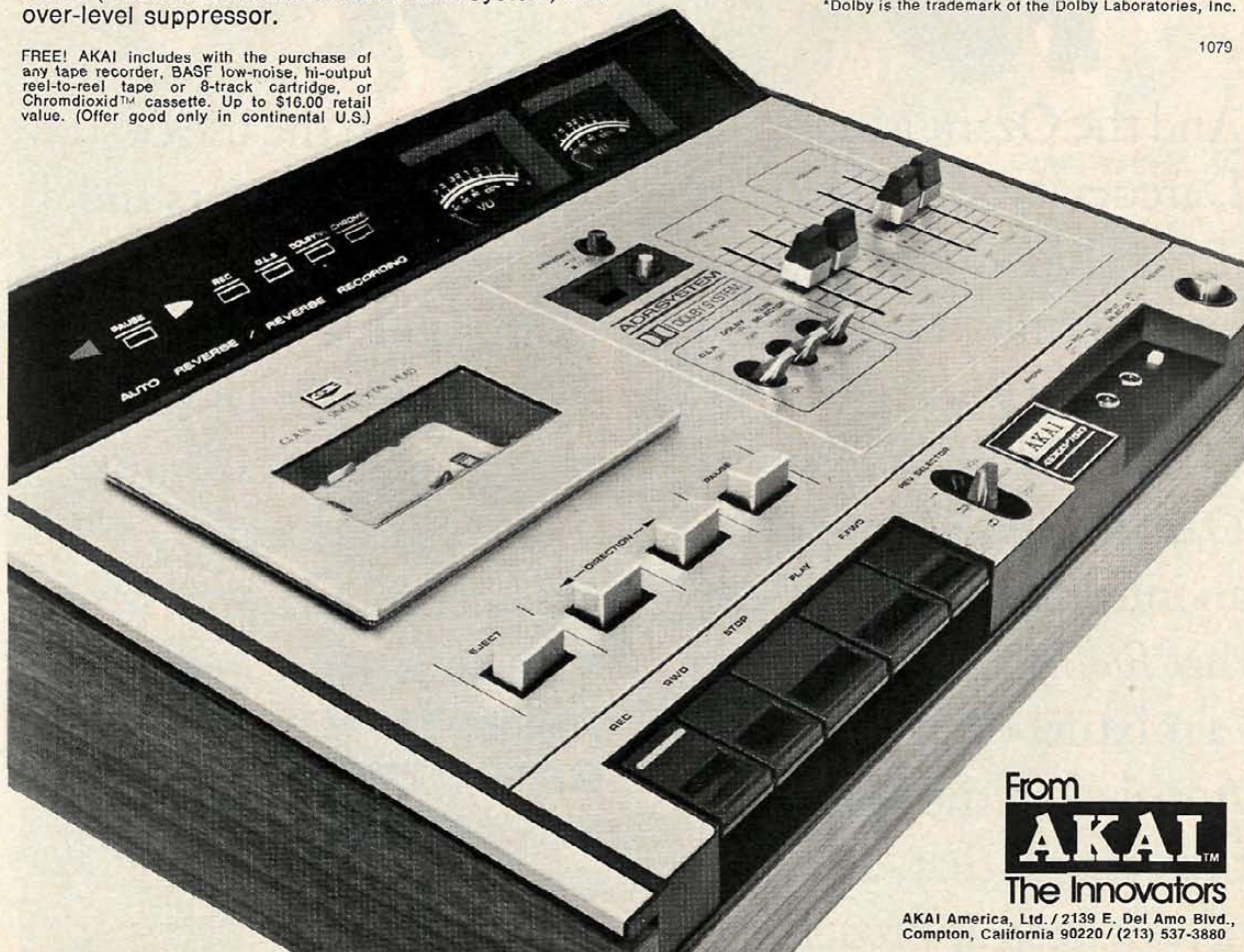
Precise switching controls one-way, round-trip, continuous playback and automatic stop.

Memory switch lets you return automatically to a pre-selected spot on the tape.

Get the wizard, just one of many ways to go cassette with AKAI, the innovators. From \$209.95 with Dolby.

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And the Ozark Mountain Daredevils don't hurtle through hoops of fire on screaming two-wheeled chariots of doom.

The calling of *these* Daredevils is to spread an infectious brand of music that *Rolling Stone* has called "a mixture of country, Appalachia, the South and rock & roll" that "always takes a fresh approach."

Through the use of some unusual instruments and the sparkling production of Glyn Johns and David Anderle, the Ozarks have created a remarkable new sound called Ozark Mountain Daredevil Music.

**THE OZARK
MOUNTAIN
DAREDEVILS.
NEW MUSIC
ON A&M
RECORDS.**



CLASSICS

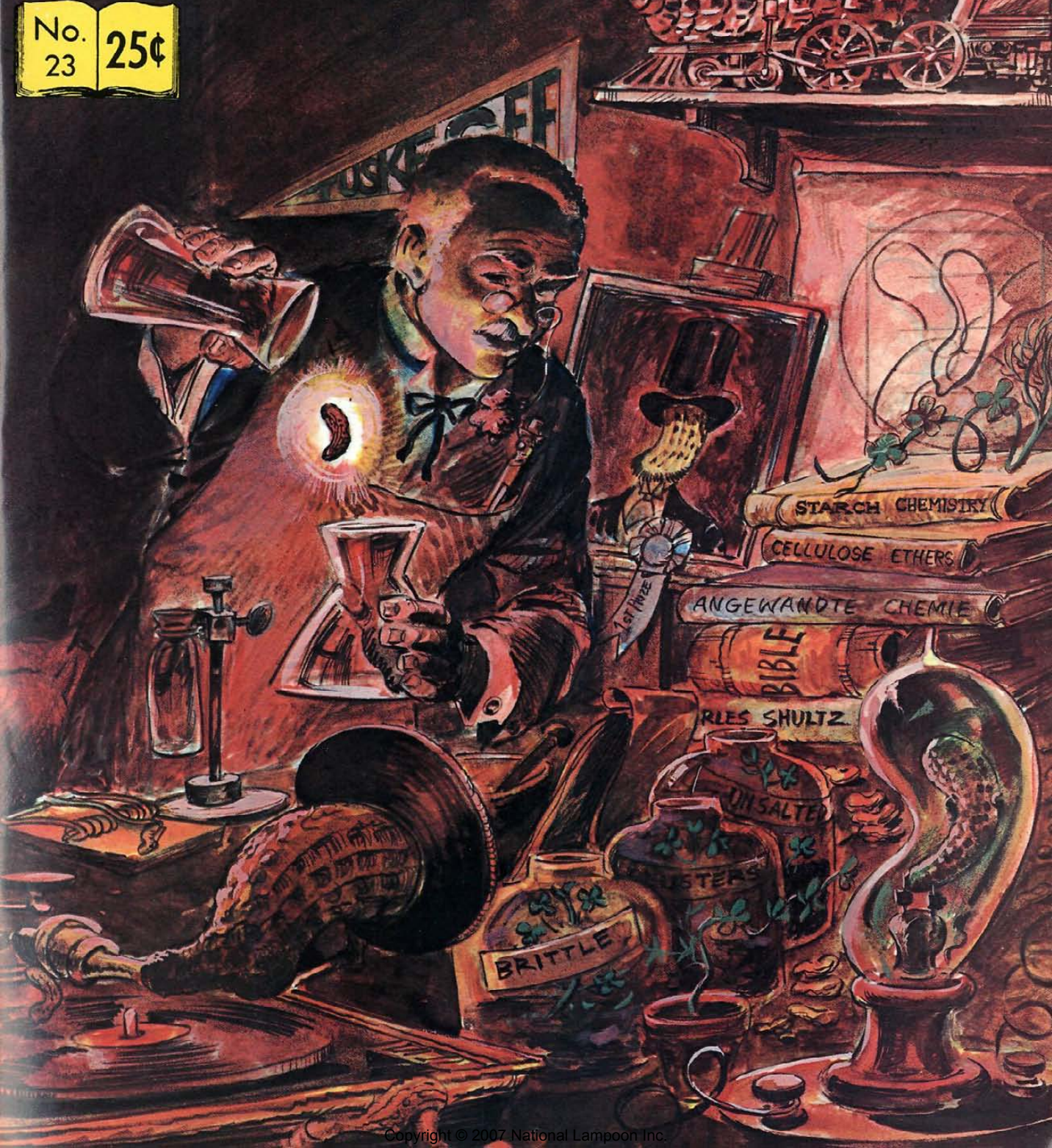
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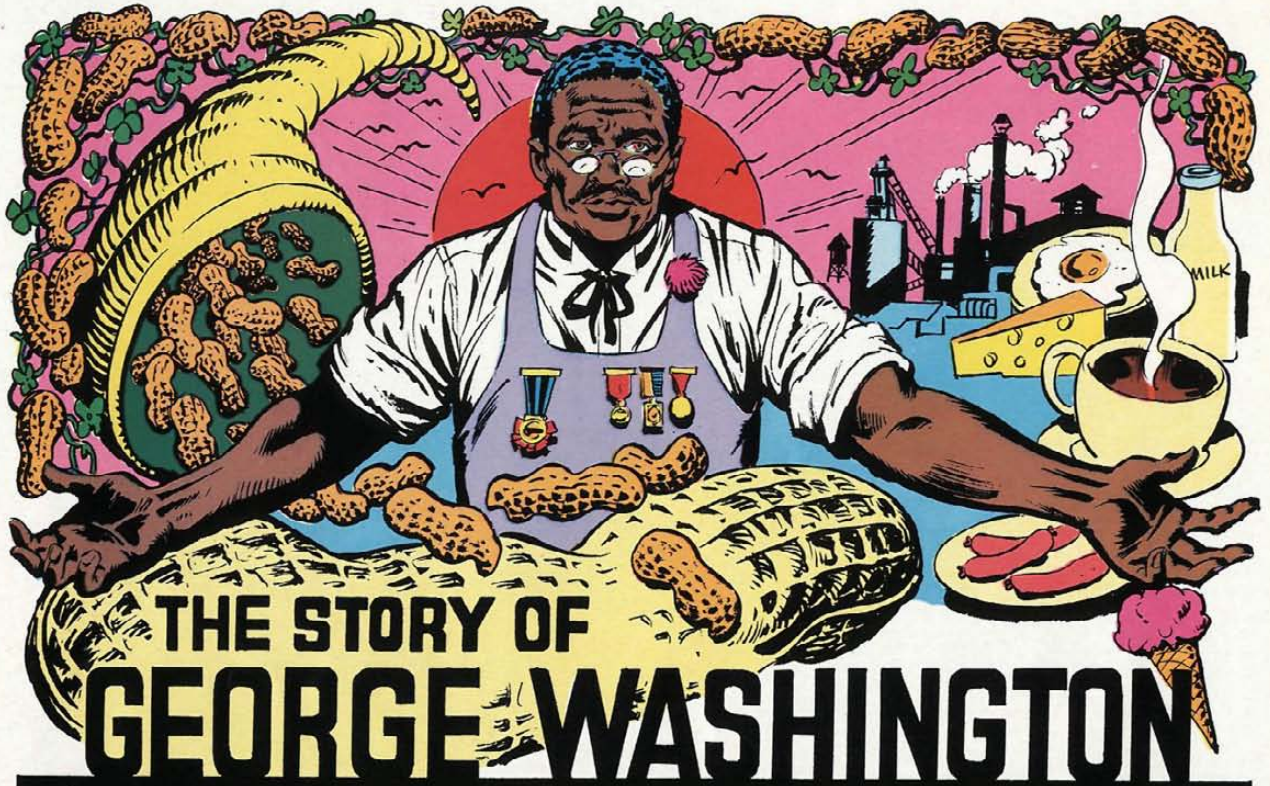
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No. 23 25¢

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

FATHER OF THE PEANUT



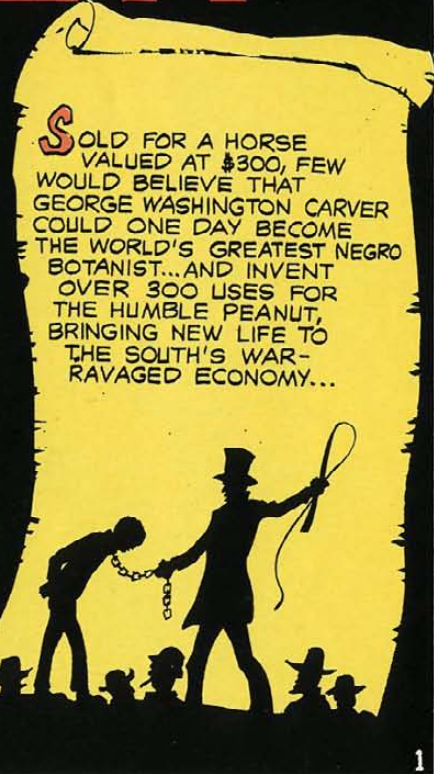


THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

IN 1860, A SON IS BORN TO MISSOURI SLAVES...

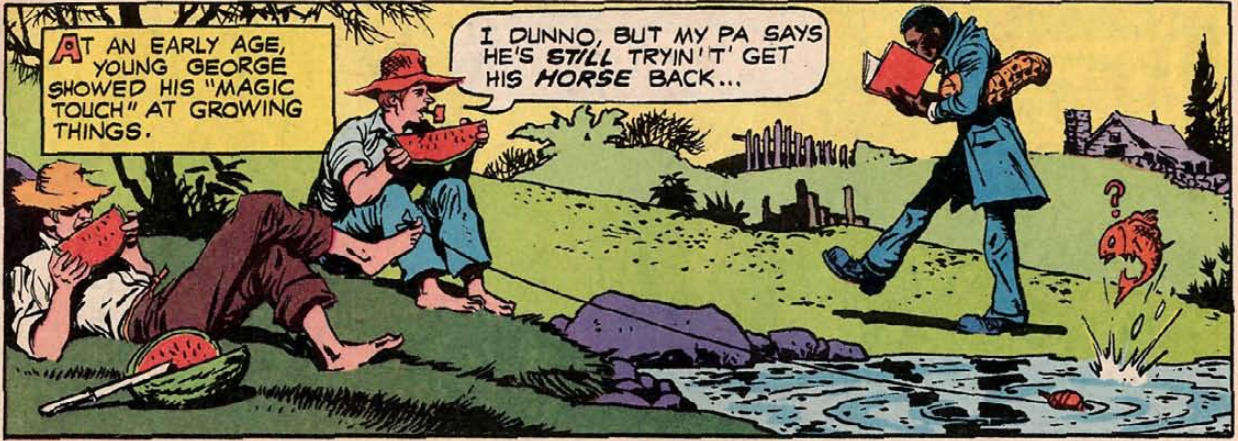


...HIS PARENTS ALREADY SENSING GEORGE TO BE NO ORDINARY BABY.



SOLD FOR A HORSE VALUED AT \$300, FEW WOULD BELIEVE THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER COULD ONE DAY BECOME THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO BOTANIST... AND INVENT OVER 300 USES FOR THE HUMBLE PEANUT, BRINGING NEW LIFE TO THE SOUTH'S WAR-RAVAGED ECONOMY...

LEGUMINOSAE!
ARACHIS HYPOGAEA!
DICOTYLEGENOUS!

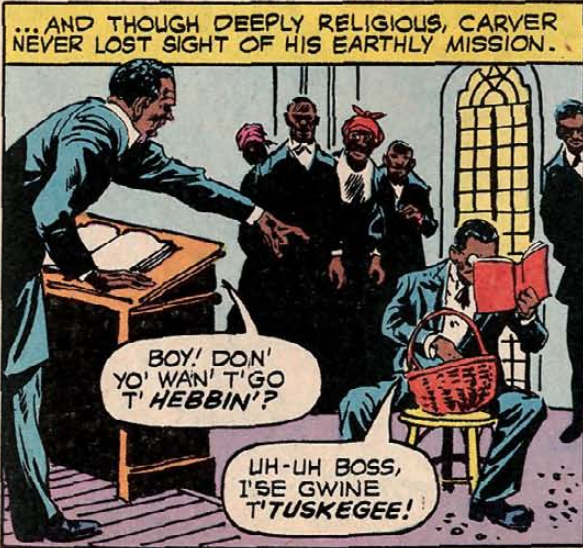


AT AN EARLY AGE, YOUNG GEORGE SHOWED HIS "MAGIC TOUCH" AT GROWING THINGS.

I DUNNO, BUT MY PA SAYS HE'S STILL TRYIN' T' GET HIS HORSE BACK...

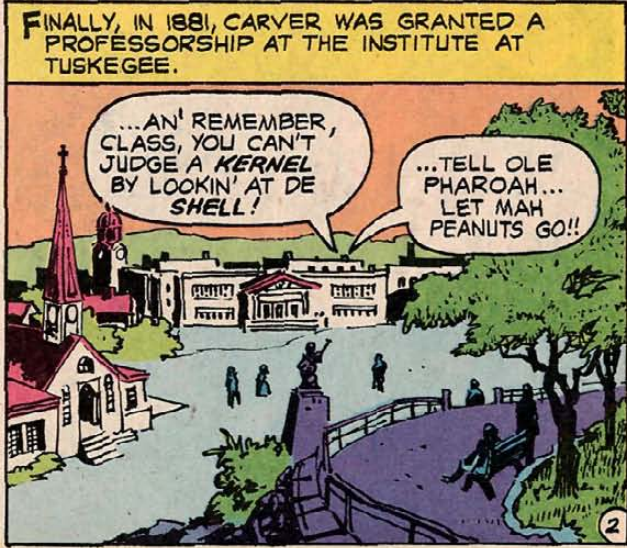


FREED WITH THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR, CARVER JOINED A TRAVELING SHOW TO CONTINUE STUDY IN HIS CHOSEN FIELD...



BOY! DON' YO' WAN' T' GO T' HEBBIN'?

UH-UH BOSS, I'SE GWINE T' TUSKEGEE!



FINALLY, IN 1881, CARVER WAS GRANTED A PROFESSORSHIP AT THE INSTITUTE AT TUSKEGEE.

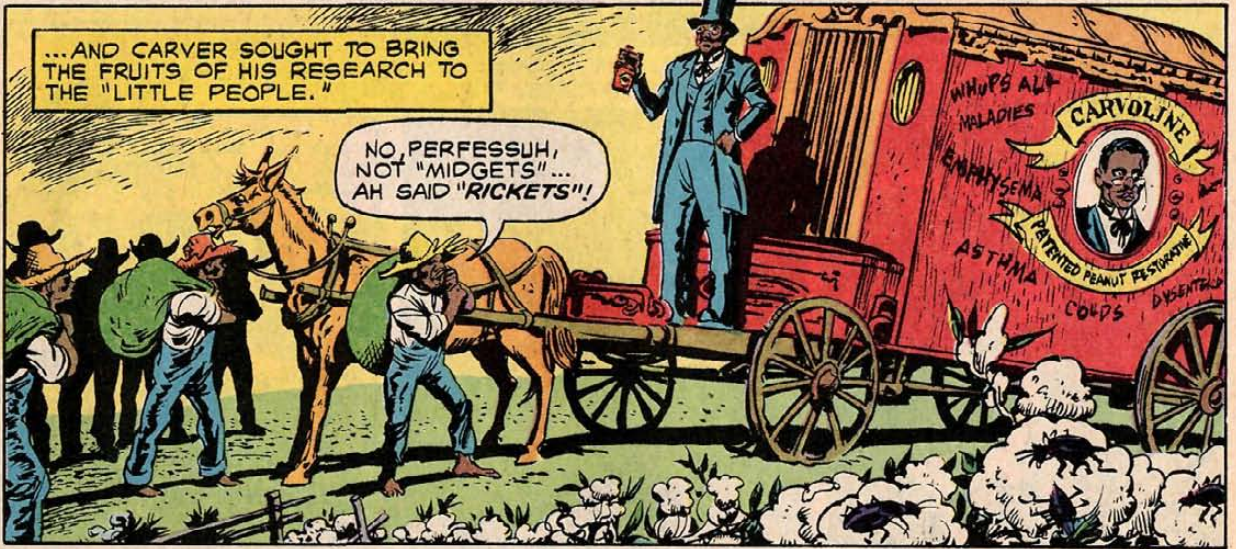
...AN' REMEMBER, CLASS, YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KERNEL BY LOOKIN' AT DE SHELL!

...TELL OLE PHAROAH... LET MAH PEANUTS GO!!



IMMEDIATELY, THE STUDENTS BECAME INVOLVED WITH DR. CARVER'S EXPERIMENTS...

PTOO-EE! DESE HEAH GRITS TAS' LIKE PEANUTS!



...AND CARVER SOUGHT TO BRING THE FRUITS OF HIS RESEARCH TO THE "LITTLE PEOPLE."

NO, PERFESSUH, NOT "MIDGETS"... AH SAID "RICKETS"!!

WHOP'S ALL MALADIES
CARVOLINE
 EMPHYSEMA
 ASTHMA
 COUGHS
 DYSENTERY
 RICHMOND PEANUT RESTORATIVE



OCCASIONALLY, DR. CARVER'S SPECIAL GIFTS AIDED HIMSELF AS MUCH AS THEY DID BELEAGUERED FARMERS!

ANY LAST REQUESTS, NIGGER?

NOSSUM! S'LONG'S YO' DON' THROW ME INTO DAT PEANUT PATCH YONDER!

HAW! HAW!

HAW HAW HAW!



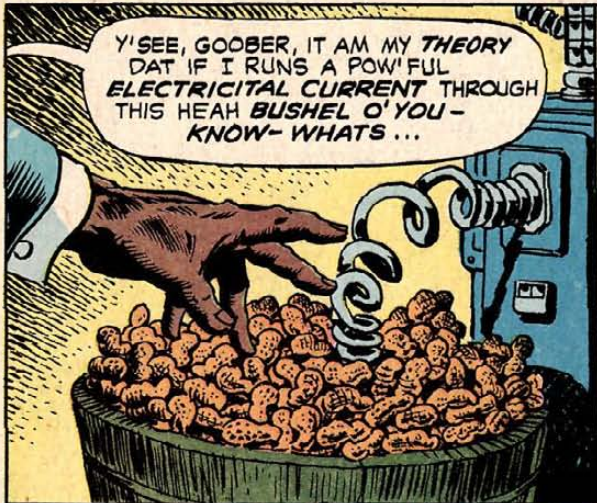
YEAR AFTER YEAR, CARVER STRUGGLED FOR AN IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH. UNTIL ONE FATEFUL DAY IN 1919...

HI, MR. C! WHAT YO' DOIN' THEAH?

DAT BOY AGAIN!

OH, HULLO, GOOBER...

TING-A-LING



Y'SEE, GOOBER, IT AM MY THEORY DAT IF I RUNS A POW'FUL ELECTRICITAL CURRENT THROUGH THIS HEAH BUSHEL O'YOU-KNOW-WHATS ...



...LIKE SO...



...IT'LL PRODUCE A SOURCE OF EE-LUMINATION FO' HOME 'N' INDUSTRY...

IT'S SMOKIN', MR. CARVUH...

YO' PEANUTS, MR. CARVAH... DEY'S TURNIN' ALL BLACK....!

...TEN TIMES AS GOOD AS DESE OLE LIGHTBULB! AN' DATS NOT ALL, BOY!

DEN COMES DE HI FI PHONOPEANUT, AN' AFTER DAT DE LONG-DISTANCE, DIRECT-DIALIN' TELEPEANUT, AN' DEN DE...



MR. C! AH THINK IT'S GONNA EX-



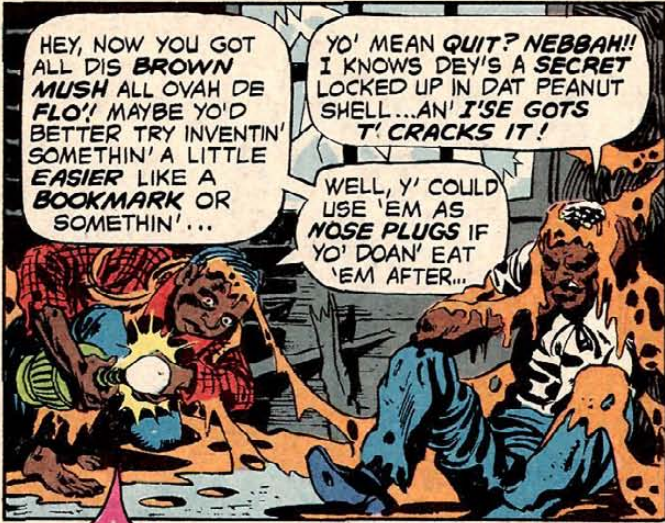
COUGH
COUGH
HACK
COUGH
BANG
CRASH
OUGH

GOOBER! GOOBER! COME HEAH! AH...AH NEEDS YO', BOY!

OH DEY YO' IS, MR. C! JUST I LEMME TAKE THIS BUSHEL BASKET OFF YO' HAID...

DON' FUSS 'BOUT DAT, BOY! JUS' GIT DE PEANUTS OUTTA M' NOSE!





HEY, NOW YOU GOT ALL DIS **BROWN MUSH** ALL OVAH DE **FLO!** MAYBE YO'D BETTER TRY INVENTIN' SOMETHIN' A LITTLE **EASIER** LIKE A **BOOKMARK** OR SOMETHIN'...

YO' MEAN **QUIT? NEBBAH!!** I KNOWS DEY'S A **SECRET** LOCKED UP IN DAT PEANUT SHELL...AN' **I'SE GOTS T' CRACKS IT!**

WELL, Y' COULD USE 'EM AS **NOSE PLUGS** IF YO' DOAN' EAT 'EM AFTER...



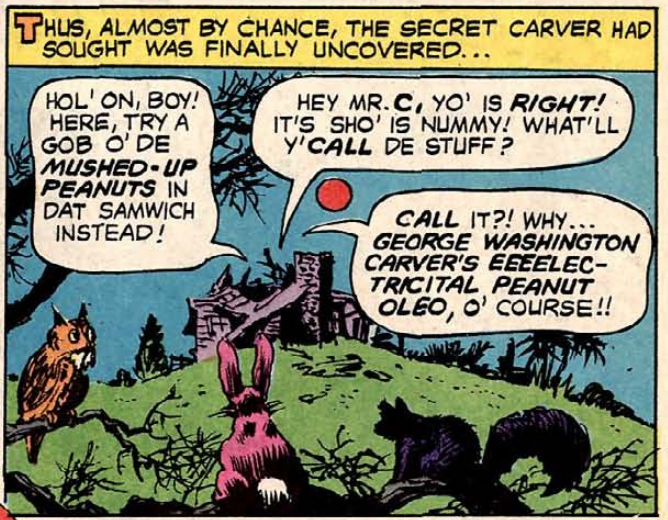
GOOBER, WHY DOAN' YOU **BUZZ OFF** FO' SOME **NUM-NUMS** WHILST I CLEANS UP!

YASSUM, MR. C, AH SHO' COULD USE A...

- WATER
- RESINS
- FATS
- SUGAR
- GLUT
- PELICTOSIN
- PECTOSSES
- GUMS
- LESUMEN
- LYSINS
- AMINO ACID



...**SAUERKRAUT 'N' JELLY SAMWICH.**



THUS, ALMOST BY CHANCE, THE SECRET CARVER HAD SOUGHT WAS FINALLY UNCOVERED...

HOL' ON, BOY! HERE, TRY A **GOB O' DE MUSHED-UP PEANUTS** IN DAT SAMWICH INSTEAD!

HEY MR. C, YO' IS **RIGHT!** IT'S SHO' IS **NUMMY!** WHAT'LL Y'CALL DE STUFF?

CALL IT?! WHY... GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER'S EEELEC-TRICITAL PEANUT OLEO, O' COURSE!!

...AND SO IT WAS THAT "PEANUT OLEO" WAS BORN! YES, PEANUT OLEO, THE "BROWN GOLD" DESTINED TO BECOME A STAPLE OF AMERICAN LUNCH BOXES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY... THANKS TO GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER... "THE WIZARD OF TUSKEGEE."



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West 42nd Street, Moonlight Serenade

A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots

by Henry Beard, Christopher Cerf, and Joyce Jurnovoy

The Chamber of Commerce. Home-sick salesmen and executives "just passing through" Kansas City will welcome the relaxing, convivial atmosphere of the Chamber of Commerce. Open for lunch only, it features classic American "function cuisine" (the simple but reassuring fare offered is always the same—slightly rubbery broiled chicken, with peas and mashed potatoes, preceded by a glass of tomato juice, with a lettuce and tomato salad on the side drowned in a watery, vaguely blue cheese tasting dressing, and topped off with a slice of plain yellow cake on which a ball-bearing-sized piece of vanilla ice cream has been placed). Diners sit at long tables on folding chairs (a dollar slipped to your host, Mr. Bob "Fred" George, a genial midwesterner with an endless supply of slightly "risky" jokes, will get you a seat at the head table). Depending on the day you visit, you'll hear any one of a number of uplifting speeches on the Virtues of Hard Work; the Meaning of the Flag; the Wholesomeness of Farm Life Whose Merits We Shouldn't Lose Sight of in This Hectic, Whirl-a-gig, Everyone's Out For a Buck World; and Our Motto Should Be—"I Couldn't Care *More*." If it's your birthday, let Mr. George know—everyone will be expected to chip in a quarter to the "kitty," which will go to the local ASPCA Dumb Animal Picnic and Candy Toss, and you'll get a Hostess cupcake with a candle in it and the best wishes of all present. The meal concludes with the traditional presentation to Mr. George (his friends call him "Pete") by one of the waiters of an electroplated, oversize roller skate with a 49-cent price tag labelled "Biggest Cheap-skate in K.C." After receiving this "gag" award, Pete will come up with a few "stag stories, since I see there aren't any members of the fairer sex in attendance," and then end on a more serious note with the reminder that "Christ was a salesman, too, and it's up to each of us to help Him work

His territory."

Open, for lunch only, Monday through Friday.

Prices moderate.

The Midnight Snack. After-theater supper-hunters and insomniacs alike flock to New York City's latest all-night eating spot, Manny Mory's Midnight Snack. Basically a delicatessen but with an important twist, the Midnight Snack features a double row of intimate booths containing anywhere from four to eight vinyl chairs surrounding a formica-topped kitchen table. Diners place their orders with pajama clad waiters who pad sleepily around the dimly lit, heavily carpeted interior while a continuous tape-loop plays sounds of distant toilets flushing and burglars rummaging in dresser drawers. There's a wide variety of classic icebox treats on the menu, from cold legs of lamb, potato salad, and chicken legs to wedges of chocolate cake, pickles, and all the makings of a hero sandwich; guests' selections are invisibly inserted into their refrigerators from behind, and the cheery sound of the refrigerator motor turning on lets everyone know that it's time to open the door and rummage around. A nice extra touch: Each booth has a medicine chest chock full of Pepto Bismol.

Open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Prices inexpensive to moderate.

Le Buffet Completé. Recognizing the popularity of lobster and trout tanks which give customers an opportunity to choose their meal in a live state, salad bars which let diners make their own salads, and other gimmicks which involve guests in the preparation and service of their own meals, M. Donald MacRamé, the enterprising proprietor of Boston's Le Buffet Completé, has devised a novel eating experience for inhabitants of that city, which reflects both sides of his Scots-Gallic heritage: a Frenchman's native gift for *haute cuisine* and a Scotsman's eye for a thrifty operation. Visitors to Le Buffet quickly learn why it ad-

vertises "home cooking—just the way you like it." Upon arriving, they are greeted by M. MacRamé, who helps them select items for a "supermarket shopping list," which they are then sent around the corner to purchase. Upon their return, they are dispatched to the kitchen to cook it. M. MacRamé supervises, but there are no cooks around to spoil the fun and no annoying waiters getting underfoot. (Ladies are advised to wear a light, inexpensive dress; it gets a little hot around the stove, and, of course, spills are common.) Once their meal is prepared to their satisfaction—and here each diner is his own Cordon Bleu chef—guests carry their meal into the dining room and eat it. (You may wish to purchase a bottle of wine from the liquor store down the street; ask M. MacRamé for their price list. He'll help you select a good vintage, but of course, you'll have to go get it.) After the meal, monsieur may wish a fine cigar (there's a good tobacconist within easy walking distance) while madame retires to make the coffee, or perhaps a superb pastry from the Cake 'n' Bake (only two blocks away). Then, it's back to the kitchen to wash up (if monsieur and madame work as a team, it only takes a jiffy). Needless to say, there's no tipping, since there isn't anyone to tip, but it is customary to give M. MacRamé "a little something" in addition to the hefty cover charge, or the next time you come, he may "forget" where that large pan is or "run out" of forks.

Open for lunch and dinner, seven days a week.

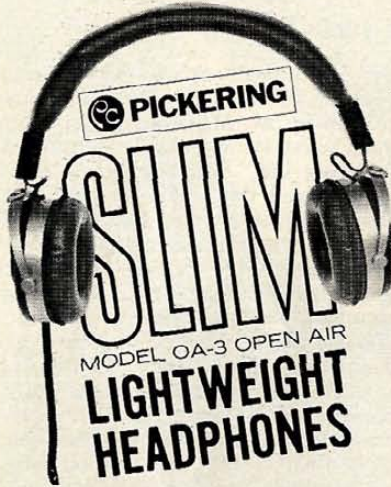
Prices expensive.

Le Second Hand. In the multiplicity of restaurants, it's impossible to pick the establishment with the widest variety of *truly* excellent food at the *very* cheapest of prices, but Le Second Hand may well be it. Each and every dish available nightly from its kitchen was served up earlier the same week at one of the ten most elegant "in" French restaurants, and

continued

what a
shape!

what a
sound!



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continued

Mme. S. H. Rose, the charming hostess, and her capable staff are absolute wizards at making the leftovers look and taste as good as they did the "first time around." (Mme. Rose, incidentally, is a still handsome woman who nearly made the "ten best dressed" list a few years back.)

Always a treat at Le Second Hand is the special Plat du Jour; usually it's a stew or casserole made up of choice remnants from the previous evening's most fashionable society gala or charity ball.

Open, for dinner only, Wednesday through Sunday.

Prices moderate.

The Manner House. Dedicated to those who combine a love of graceful behavior with a fierce competitive urge, The Manner House in Philadelphia is a charming and unusual spot to eat, as long as one doesn't object to the glare of mercury vapor lights or the omnipresent eyes of the closed-circuit television cameras that monitor every table.

Visitors to The Manner House will find spread out before them an often bewildering array of large and small forks, knives, and spoons; at the sound of a gong, waiters begin carrying in soups, patés, shellfish, dips, canapés, sauces, and spreads, and each guest, as he samples them, must try to avoid committing even the slightest breach of etiquette. One slip, and a buzzer at your table, activated by the unseen judge who evaluates your decorum via TV, indicates you're out of the "game," and, if you wish to continue eating, you'll have to wait until the next "contest" begins—usually about half an hour later.

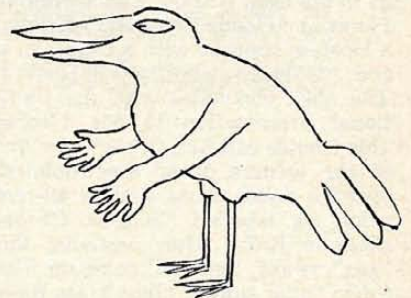
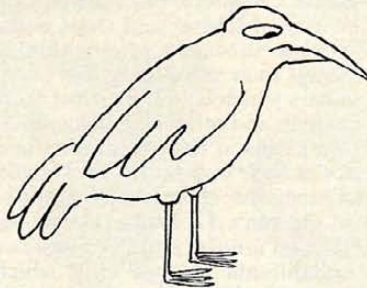
Each diner is eliminated in turn

until only one remains—he or she receives a handsome trophy and his dinner free as a gift from host Bernhard Van der Bilt (a distant relative of Amy Vanderbilt, and quite an authority on etiquette in his own right). Others pay a single prix fixe for each "game" they enter, and also receive a complimentary lecture on table manners from the genial host himself. Closed Sundays.

Prices moderate to expensive (depending on your decorum).

Plato's Cave. Discerning intellectual gourmets who can successfully make reservations at this tiny pitch-black restaurant a philosopher's stone's throw from the University of Chicago (the phone is answered either by someone who always lies or someone who always tells the truth), are in for a rare experience for both palate and pâté. There is a wide and varied menu, but the waiters, all of whom are philosophy students, are quick to inform customers of the impossibility of knowing for certain, in any ultimate sense, whether a particular dish does in fact exist at any precise moment in the kitchen. The meal proceeds in a logical fashion through an exploration of teleological and ontological dilemmas. For example, regardless of what appetizer he may order, the diner will be brought a stone cold bran muffin soaked in brine. He will then have to resolve to the waiter's satisfaction the inherent difficulty of identifying reality by means of the imperfect and fatally biased mechanism of physical sensations like the perception of heat and saltiness, and he must then offer a firm empirical argument for why the inedible bakery product should be

continued on page 42



S. GROSS

"I can't fly, but I can finger-fuck."

KOSHER

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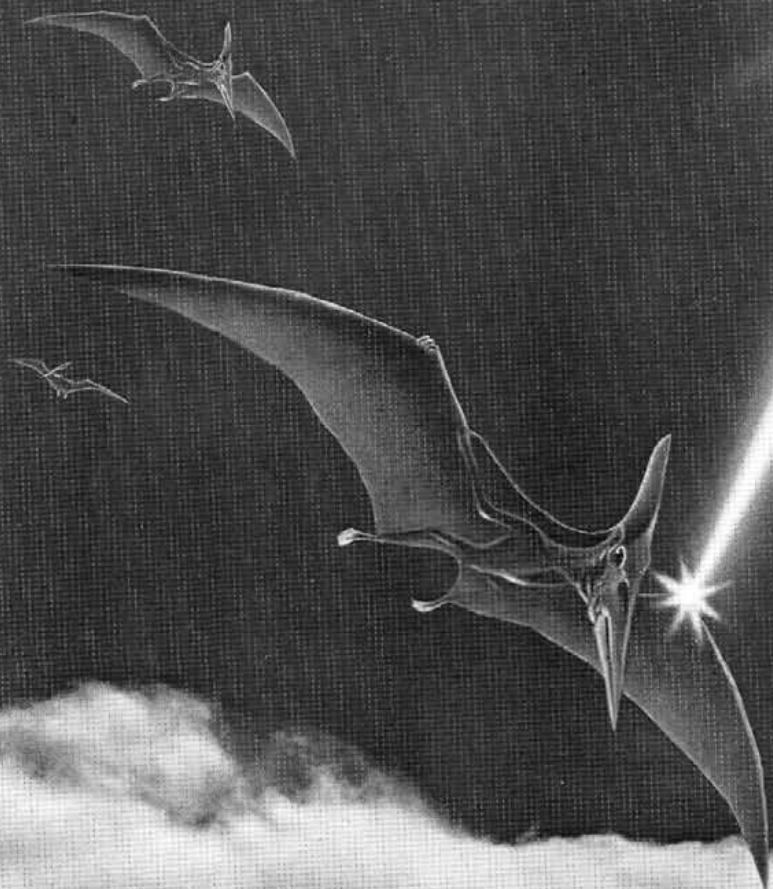
SERVER	TABLE NO.	RESERVED FOR	CHECK NO.
Mary M.	Benquet #11	J. Christ Party of 12	Q. XLCIV
HHH HHH	11 Wine	1 B. Mary	XII.L II.
HHH HHH	11 Wine	1 P. Lady	XII.L II.
HHH HHH	11 Wine	1 B. Helande	XII.L II.
HHH HHH	11 Wine	1 Margarita	XII.L II.
HHH HHH	1 Wine 11	Margarita	XI.IV IV.
HHH	1 Wine HHH	11 Margarita	VI.LX XIV.
HHH HHH	111	Margarita	XXXVI.
BEVERAGE SUBTOTAL			CXXVII.
LOAVES	13 Matzoh 1 Pumpernickel		VI.L
FISHES	15 2 (?)		III. IV
	13 birded down of Lamb (à la G)		IIC.
	1 Fatted Chaf		L.
DESSERT	Withered Figs Loc. + Honey		XVI.
TOTAL FOOD			CLXXIV.L
TOTAL FOOD & BEVERAGE			CCLXXXI.L
PLEASE PAY WAITER THIS AMOUNT			RENDER UNTO CAESAR
			LXXVIII.X
			TOTAL
			CCLXXVIII.LX
CUSTOMER RECEIPT			CHECK NO.
TOTAL			Q. XLCIV
CASH <input type="checkbox"/>			
CHARGE <input type="checkbox"/>			





Handwritten signature

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Seven cuts never released before
and two singles never on an LP can now
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World, It's Alright, In the Morning,
J.P.P. McStep B. Blues, Go to Her, Up or
Down, Mexico and Have You Seen
the Saucers.

The Airplane collector has to have
this album to take the full trip.



GRUNYEN
RECORDS AND TAPES



The Joys of Wife-Tasting

by Anthony Hendra

God created wife to make merry the heart of man, says the good book, and in truth nothing complements a fine meal, warms a winter evening, cools a soft summer day, or turns a casual moment into a memory more exquisitely than a few rich-red mouthfuls of wife. Beyond the simple pleasures of refreshment, however, lies a panoply of further delights for the discriminating palate, subtleties of flavour, colour, age, and bouquet whose appreciation constitutes nothing less than a fine art, and for a fortunate few, a life's work. Who can wet his lips, as once the Roman legions did, upon the great wives of Burgundy without rhapsodizing over that inimitable flavor that packs the mouth with its classic fragrance? Who can resist the hint of sun-soaked soil the dainty wives of Moselle offer, somewhat sweet to the palate but nectar to the nose? And who in all conscience can much longer remain a member of that dwindling clique to whom the smooth, fruity, sea-breeze savour of the Napa Valley wives is anything but sublime? These are not pleasures, as the wag once remarked, to be sniffed at.

An opportunity to indulge in such epicurean delights presented itself in the most appealing fashion recently when the Société Internationale des Grand Maitres de Tastefemme foregathered at the sumptuous Hotel Sheraton-Sonesta-Marriot in downtown Chicago for its annual tasting. The occasion brought together the fine old classics of France, Italy, and Germany, the relative newcomers from California, and for the first time the robust if somewhat tangy wives of Australia. In short, all the major wife-producing areas of the world were represented, with the exception of New York State and Spain, whose wives I must confess my palate still finds somewhat raucous. More than two dozen wives were tasted by the Société during the course of the evening, ranging from the stately '41s to the new crops of '54 and '55, many of which, to our surprise, we found extraordinarily mature. As in previous years, however, we were disappointed to

find that some of the domestic wives had been the victims of sprays and other chemical additives, so much so in one or two cases as to completely obliterate the original flavour. Happily, the incidence of this deplorable practice was noticeably less than before; one feels certain that the Californians, with their uncanny ability to assimilate in years what others have taken centuries to learn, will soon master the innermost secrets, so long an exclusively French province, of wife husbandry.

The theory and practice of wife-tasting has been enshrined elsewhere in far clearer words than my humble mind can conjure. Nonetheless, a brief recapitulation might be useful for the neophytes amongst my readers.

Wives are, of course, as myriad as the regions which produce them, some dark, some light, some pink, some deep red, some lusty and full-bodied yet gentle withal, some unassuming and dainty yet with a flavor to make Bacchus blush. Notwithstanding the width of their range, however, the manner in which a great wife is brought to the lips of a *connoisseur* is generally uniform. The wife must proceed through three stages—seeding, aging, and maturing—and no matter what the idiosyncracies of a given area,* all three of these must be observed for the wife to be palatable.

Many profess to enjoy if not prefer young wives before they are aged: however, while unusually vigorous and effervescent at this point, they have little flavour and always lack depth. I have never found the tasting of young wives, necessary as it occasionally is when one has to buy early on a bumper crop, anything but a disagreeable task.

A wife is generally seeded in the spring—although this is not a rigid rule—and is up the next morning. Once the bloom of youth has disappeared, the wife usually goes

*In southern France, for instance, during the maturing stage, wives are often left open for weeks at a time—an unconscionable process to the wifemasters of Northern France but which nonetheless gives them a quite inimitable tang.

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON 37

through a hollow period, during which she has little or no flavour, no body, and no colour. An inexperienced wifemaster might despair at this point, but happily the great wives are in the hands of those who know that this is when stupendous flavours and bouquets are building up, only waiting for release through the magic of *maturacion*.

Maturing is the most critical process for the wifemaster, for he must bring out two of the most important aspects of his wives—their bouquet and their colour. The bouquet will have already established itself, so all that he has to do is make sure that it regulates itself at all times and in all places, even after traveling.

The colour, however, is a very different matter. The process of maturation involves constant opening and tasting, and according to climactic conditions, the wifemaster must not only be wary of overexposure to the elements and hence of oxidation—lest the wife become *tuillée* or brown round the edges—he must also protect the delicate flavour and bouquet from foreign bodies which can easily enter the wife at this point. During maturation, a number of other dangers beset the wife, due primarily to constant uncorking and recorking, but if the wifemaster is circumspect—and I have yet to meet many who are not—the labourious journey should end in triumph.

As regards the actual tasting itself, this time-honoured activity is of course attended by a number of distinct rules. Wives are considered in four main categories and graded accordingly: *colour*, *bouquet*, *flavour*, and what the Americans rather unromantically refer to as *after-taste*, but which I prefer to designate *finish*. Wives are uncorked about half an hour prior to actual tasting to give them time to breathe, and are sampled at room temperature. There is a school that prefers the lighter wives somewhat chilled, but I prefer them if anything rather warmer than their heavier, richer counterparts in order to bring out their subtleties more fully. The deplorable practice of chilling all Californian wives prior to tasting needs no further condemnation in so knowledgeable a body as the Société Internationale. I might point out for my own satisfaction, however, that I consider this practice little more than an overt attempt to disguise their abominable flavor.

Properly, the wife is first held up to the light in order to ascertain the depth and texture of colour, although in some cases mere exposure to light, such as a candle, suffices for the expert. Personal preferences aside, there are no connections made between quality and colour—who could honestly claim that the light translucent pinks of the *femmes blondes d'Alsace* are any better or worse than the cardinalial reds and episcopal purples of the stately wives of Tuscany? No, here comparison is made on the perfection, uniformity, and depth of colour, the lustre and sparkle that the wife displays. Too little 'glisten' may indicate a wife that will be disappointing to the nose; too much may indicate a wife who finishes poorly.



Three sumptuous *femmes de Bordeaux* await the arrival of the Grands Maitres and the opportunity to warm a discerning palate.

Second, the *bouquet*, or, for the uninitiated, the smell of the wife is tested. For some, a wife's 'nose' may be quite sufficient to discern all that need be known regarding quality, origin, and flavour; indeed, for many epicures it is the supreme pleasure of which the actual tasting is but a confirmation. The taster passes his nose lightly back and forth over the wife at a distance of a few inches, inhaling profoundly so that the full fragrance is taken deep into his nostrils. It is hard to convey any precise guidelines for assessing bouquet, so subtly and yet so distinctly do wives differ. Suffice it to say that a certain yeastiness will usually mean the wife is not yet fully matured, while acidity, whether of notorious 'fishy' kind or of some less identifiable scent, will usually mean the wife is past her prime. On the other hand, both these qualities, when correctly combined with other savours, are actually sought after in some regions (e.g., Sicily).

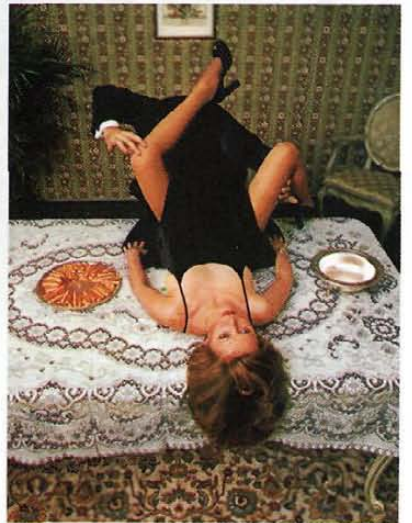
At last, the supreme moment—the actual tasting. Here, the years of preparation and work, the endless hours of tending and trimming, the arduous process of maturation, finally come to fruition. The wife is taken into the mouth—anything less than a generous mouthful is an insult to her quality—and rolled slowly round and round the tongue. The full force of flavour, skin, and juice is thus unleashed upon the palate, filling the mouth with ambrosia. If the taster is not completely certain at this point, he may proceed to roll the wife somewhat more around his mouth in order to allow the flavour to pass back and forth over his tastebuds. Of critical importance here is the proportion of skin to juice. The perfect wife will juice just enough to blend all the flavours into one delicious whole; a tendency to over-juice usually indicates immaturity, although if the juice is full-bodied this bodes well for the future, since juice is, after all, the beginning and end of a wife's flavour.

It is of interest to note that during blindfold tastings—such as this was—the actual tasting will convey to the expert a veritable wealth of information concerning age, maturation, and, of course, origin. Some experts can, from a single tasting, discern the origin of a wife down to village, street, and even box number.

Immediately after this, the wife is, of course, expelled from the mouth (I prefer *expelled* to the hideously graphic *spit*), and the aftertaste, or *finish*, is savoured. The taste of a truly fine wife may linger delightfully in the mouth for as long as five minutes, and such a period is a true testament to the skill of the wifemaster's art. It should hardly be necessary to add that a wife must *never, never* be swallowed, since this may severely damage her for future gustation, although—horreur!—such an occasion did occur at the Société's tasting when one of our older members, carried away by her excellence, attempted to swallow a fine young wife of the Loire. Happily, aside from his perpetual expulsion, little damage was done beyond a pair of broken glasses.

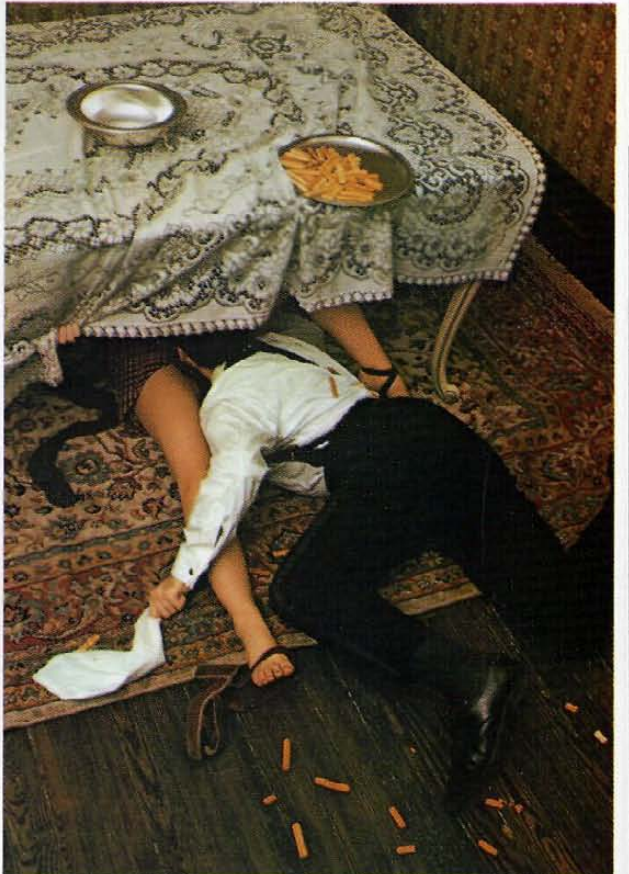


Savouring the *bouquet*—a delicate and all-important process requiring the utmost finesse. For some this is the ultimate pleasure, but for us lowlier mortals it is merely the prelude to headier delights.





(Bottom, right.) One unfortunate *maitre*, understandably overcome by her exquisite flavour, succumbs to the unforgivable temptation of swallowing a wife. It was the only incident to mar an otherwise perfect tasting.



The Ratings

Femmes de Bourgogne

Jeanne-Paul Musigny Première Crue ('49) A superb wife of incomparable depth and body, sprightly yet with a hidden hauteur, beautiful full nose, just the right amount of breeding to balance the weight. 18/20

Gervaise-Chambertin les Cazetières Grande Crue ('53) Medium colour, delicate nose, has fruit but is still somewhat closed up. A little more time to counteract acidity should guarantee this wife an excellent future. 14/20

Cloë des Ruchottes-Chambertin Première Crue ('53) Another splendid wife that fairly explodes in the mouth! Nose as smooth as velvet, bashful yet demanding, a superb tribute when compared with her north-slope relative above, of what regular exposure to the sun can accomplish. 19/20

Cloë de Vougeot Première Crue ('54) Good, full, fruity demeanour with a certain sauciness of bouquet, but displaying some unfortunate oxidation despite youth, hence considerable browning around the edges. 12/20

Alexis Corton Grande Crue ('51) '51 was not considered a good year for Burgundy due primarily to an extraordinary influx of Algerian wives, forcing a small crop and not a good one at that. Nonetheless this great family has once again produced a superlative wife, very deep, full, and round with plenty of nose, though perhaps a little too much skin in proportion to juice. 15/20

Yvonne Romanée Première Grande Crue ('50) A joy! A blessing! Fabulous nose, staggering earthy full-fruit flavour, finishes like a thoroughbred. The kind of wife, as they say, that tastes you back. 19/20

Femmes de Bordeaux

Madame Venus de Mons (Medoc) Première Grande Crue ('41) Alas, how can one express it without doing an injustice? This grand old wife, which I have tasted several times previously (notably at Dijon in '66 and Canterbury in '68), has still the same inimitable depth and nose, the same wit and verve, the same *insouciance*. And yet something has gone. Perhaps it comes from being laid down too long, perhaps it is simple age, but the finish was thin and a trifle bitter. 14/20

Madame "Pêche" Evelle (Saint Julien) Deuxième Cuvee ('55) Quelle surprise! This comparative newcomer has amazing colour, "glisten," and full, round, flavourful finish for one so young and—dare one say it—so cocky! A treasure indeed. 18/20

Madame Rosanne Ségla Première Crue ('53) A product of *fillerandage*, this small fruity wife has an attractive bouquet and an unexceptionable finish. The sweetness, however, like that of some Californian wives, seems to me more suited to a feminine palate. 13/20

Madame Margot Première Grande Crue ('50) Superb, as usual. What can one say? Depth sublime, nose without compare, finish olympian! I have never come across a Margot that did not stun my palate with her superlative qualities, so much so that if there is not a dud soon, tasting them will become quite a bore! 19/20

Madame Gloria (Medoc) Première Crue ('55) While exhibiting all of the breeding of this great and ancient line, the '55, incredibly enough, appears to have undergone some incorrect care in the early stages. I noticed definite signs of *pourriture* ("staining with earth or

sand") that quite corrupted an otherwise luscious flavor and rich nose. 12/20

Madame Magdelaine (Saint-Emilion) Première Cuvée ('49) Though a poor year for this region, this is big, special wife with a fine earthy flavour that is tasting particularly well. 17/20

Rosie d'Anjou ('58) Although exceptionally young and apparently still in the stage of maturation, this wife must be singled out as having a quite singular capacity to please. Light of nose, daintily fruity, lacking depth but amply compensating with vivacity and *joie de vivre*, Rosie is undoubtedly a wife that will go with anything (or anyone). 20/20

A brief tasting of the wives of Italy, although celebrated by some members of the Société with more powerful palates than this author, was as always somewhat disappointing. One has the feeling that these wives are consistently pressed too hard to develop a really true flavour. Nonetheless, one young '57 Veronese seemed to be perfect for those who seek an inexpensive wife for everyday use.

The few German wives that were tasted exhibited as usual an exceptionally delicate if not pale colour and that almost transparent nose and flavour so typical of the softer reaches of the Moselle.

Gretchen Himmelreich Kabinett ('55) An amazing translucent colour and a fresh, flowery bouquet, both very tentative, surprising one with a mouth-blowing flavour, not quite of the sea, not quite of the marshes, but indubitably typical of a culture to whom herring is a staple. 15/20

Needless to say, the world-famous *eisfrau* (of which there were several examples available for tasting), left this humble Francophile cold.

The Wives of California

Barbara (Martini) ('55) An impressively dark colour, and fine rich bouquet, indeed almost stifling, and sumptuous flavour reminding one of incense. I found this wife quite exhausting even though the tasting was brief. 9/20

Joanne Berger (Heitz) Grande Crue (?) ('45) Truly Californian wives are distinctive! A curious colour, light yet cloudy, a somewhat vinegary bouquet. Though well aged, this wife displayed definite greenness and the flavour, while full and rich, reminded one unmistakably of pickles. 5/20

Blonde de Blondes (Schramsberg) ('55) Otherwise unnamed, this wife displayed a superb colour, light, subtle, and with a glisten to make the best wives of the Loire jealous beyond endurance. This, coupled with a strong and distinctive nose, should have resulted in a flavour to match its appearance, yet a deep, prolonged (if rather puzzled) tasting left the inescapable impression that this wife had been heavily sprayed. 7/20

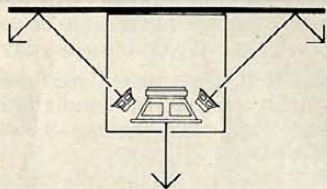
The Wives of Australia

Several of the best wives of our Southern friends were available but all exhibited much the same characteristics. One rating should suffice.

Sheila Kookaburra (Wallaby Wines and Spirits) ('54) Absolutely devastating colour of deep purple (almost black) and a nose that practically burned the olfactory nerves to a cinder. Flavour indescribable—buffalo? rabbit stew? ham and eggs? This is a powerful, florid wife not for the shrinking palate. 0/20

How to audition the BOSE 501...

Except for owners, very few people have really heard the new BOSE 501 SERIES II Direct/Reflecting® speaker. That's because it is designed for the home and not for the audio showroom — and there's a big difference.* The 501 is designed to be placed against a wall with 18 inches clearance on each side — a condition that is met easily in the home, but not achieved in audio showrooms containing dozens of closely spaced speakers.



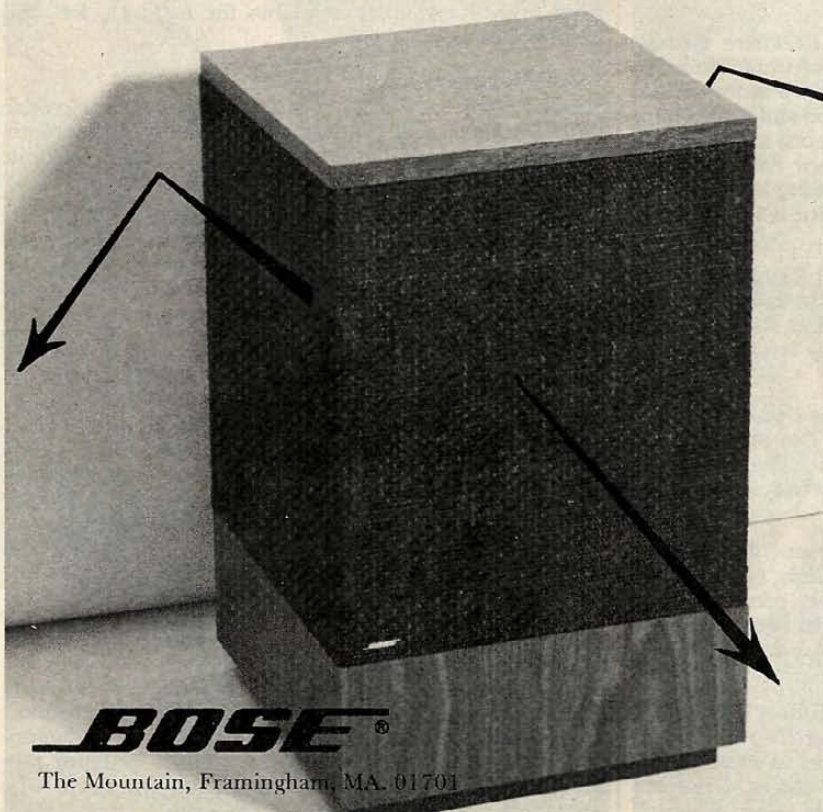
When the 501 is placed properly, its two side speakers radiate a component of sound rearward to the wall (see above) to produce a

stage-like performance that cannot be achieved by conventional direct radiating speakers.

The only way to audition the BOSE 501 is in the environment for which it is designed. Visit a friend who owns 501s or ask your dealer for a pair on appraisal. If possible, compare them — in your own home — to the most expensive of the conventional direct radiating speakers. After this comparison, you will appreciate why there are no direct radiating BOSE speakers.

For further information on the BOSE 501, circle your reader service card or write Dept. L4.

*The design, development, and technology behind the BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers is presented by Dr. Bose in the article, "Sound Recording and Reproduction," published in *TECHNOLOGY REVIEW* (MIT), Vol. 75, No. 7, June '73. Reprints are available from BOSE for fifty cents.



BOSE®

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continued from page 32

"sent back" since it may well be, in fact, say, a Coquille St. Jacques or an order of escargots, which his taste buds have "tricked" him into perceiving as an unpleasant morsel. (Hint: The standard a priori "fly in my soup" argument won't cut any mustard with the waiter. A much better approach is to rely on the Cartesian first principle of "I eat, therefore I am," and proceed from there to a systematic discourse on egoistic hedonism and Epicurean fatalism.) Guests will be confronted throughout the meal with many similar epistemological dilemmas designed to provide rich food for thought, and if they satisfactorily dispose of them, they will enjoy excellent continental cuisine. A final word to the wise: If you have after-dinner plans, be sure to pay with a credit card, unless you want to spend an extra half an hour at the end of the meal resolving Zen's Paradox as it applies to your bill. (You will be asked to pay half of the bill, then another half, then another half, and so on, and will not be permitted to leave until the entire amount is paid, or until you have refuted the paradox.)

Open for lunch and dinner, Monday through Saturday.

Prices moderate to quite expensive, depending on your own definitions of "moderateness" and "expense."

The Consulate. Located in a decaying but graceful mansion on Washington's Embassy Row, the Consulate provides the savvy and well-heeled diner an opportunity to sample the unique cookery of the international diplomatic community and rub shoulders with selected diplomats. "Receptions" are held Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. (don't arrive before 8:30 unless you want to spend ninety minutes cooling your heels in the foyer thumbing through old atlases). Reservations must be made one week in advance to allow time for your name to be misprinted on a formal invitation, but last-minute visitors will be permitted entrance if they send in a personal card accompanied by a \$10 bill (if you have no personal card, a social security card or driver's license will do) and dress is formal, with medals (a wide selection of sashes, orders, and decorations is available for rental at a very modest price at the door). Depending on the night you arrive, any one of a number of minor officials from neighboring embassies may be present, since the Consulate is more than just a restaurant—it is the actual ambassadorial headquarters of the perpetually money-short Republic of Paraguay, whose enterprising current First Consul, the Hon. Marca Registrada y Contempto Mundi Shultz O'Mur-

continued on page 56

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One Man, One Goat

June GOAT \$2.50

The Magazine of Better Nutrition

- Sewers: Our Richest Source of Vitamins
- Gold Bullion: The One Soup You Must Eat, Regardless of Price
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- The Poisons in Our Peppermills
- Licorice—Nature's Metroliner
- The New Goat Substitutes—Sham or Shummy?
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- Nutbars, Fruitbars, Healthbars, Gaybars—Is There a Difference?
- The Specter of Low Blood Soap
- Soil Banks: Are the Days of Low-Interest Loams Gone Forever?
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- Feeling "In the Dumps"?—It Could Be You Have an Undiagnosed Oxygen Allergy
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Yes, the social stigma of noisy trousers can be avoided! Those tiny fowl who proliferate in your private parts and drive you half mad with their pecking and crowing are in fact a little-known species of winged mini-mice, highly susceptible to the new STRONTIUM B-90 complex. STRONTIUM B-90 goes right to work reducing the 'pantycorn' (lymph-druff) on which these pests feed—within days, the pantyrooster's goose is cooked! 250 1000 I.U. pellets \$14.95

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Clogged pores, blackheads, and acne pits are both unsightly and unhealthy. Fill them with attractive, germ-fighting miniature shrubs, decorative garden flowers, and cash crops. Tiny plants come with set of miniature tools, easy planting instructions. Your sweat waters them, and the bits of dirt, soot, and pus matter in your face provide all the nutrition they need. Stop looking like a strip mine. Reclaim your face and have a "blooming" complexion! HAPPY FACE FARMS, MATCHBOOK, N.H. 13877



In Goat We Trust

A column of GOAT opinion

by Capricorn

I was down at the zoo a few weeks back—it's one of the few places where you can get helium, one of the key nutrients needed by your body for firm heels, healthy nose hair, and "sweet" palms, among other things, without a lot of "questions" being asked. I take four balloonsful a week, though I double the dosage during the flu season to keep the septum dry. I happened to pass by one of the cages where they keep farmyard animals and I heard a child of seven or eight remark to his mother, "Oh, look at that smelly ugly animal. Isn't he funny?"

I looked into the cage, and to my astonishment and dismay I realized that the lad was referring to its occupant, a fine young billy goat! All at once, I was reminded of the prejudice and just plain old pigheadedness—or maybe I should say mouseheadedness, because, as I noticed with sorrow but no surprise, the miserable tyke was wearing mouseketeer ears—that has made it so easy for the mouse lobby and its minions, the FDA, to hoodwink many millions of people with their vicious nonsense about "poisons" and "garbage." And as I looked at the lad's mother, an otherwise handsome woman of middle age suffering from severe neon deficiency complicated in all likelihood by a low-felt, wood-poor diet, I could almost hear her repeat for the thousandth time the rote propaganda of the giant food cartels, "Don't eat that!—how could you put such a thing in your mouth!" as her sickly son tried to eat a crayon to satisfy his starved body's desperate need for paper, rosin, and wax.

Later that day, over a delicious meal of spruce bark, skunk cabbage, and puffballs, washed down with organic turpentine, I reflected on the sad process by which the goat—the only animal to understand that everything is food and that much more than a small handful of mineral and metal deficient vegetables and meats must be eaten for a healthy diet—became the "butt" of jokes and an object of scorn.

But that wisdom has been lost in our day, and far from appreciating the need to eat the many hundreds of organic substances which our bodies cannot supply, most people do not even eat goat meat, or goat cheese, or drink goat milk, the only possible source of the wide variety of alloys, pulp products, fibers, and ores which are a regular part of an adult goat's diet.

No, instead we are fed the malicious lie that these essential nutrients cause "cancer." And how is this determined? By tests with laboratory mice, which, as anyone who has done any research on the subject at all knows, always get cancer, because they are in fact nothing more than furry tumors which burrow into our bodies during the night and form putrefying lumps unless we have the good sense to sleep in mouse bunkers!

And even if through careful eating habits we escape the horrible doom that awaits us in every package of chocolate chip cookies and every can of tuna fish, government regulations and labeling requirements rob us of the critical nutrients we must consume to control our runaway lymphatic systems, which produce enough lymph in an average lifetime to float the Queen Mary!

And at this very moment as I write these words, that poor youngster at the zoo and all the members of his generation are being subjected to skillful "brainwashing" to make them think of cute, lovable mice and dumb, ornery goats and to steer them to the garbage in the markets and the poisons on the shelves, to make them crave mouse-filled cupcakes and mousetard-slathered hot mice and mice-cream cones and to shun healthy, natural foods like paste, glue, and mud.

Well, that's a mouthful of "food for thought"—enough to last a month, I'm sure—so good health to you, goat bless, and remember—your body needs all the newsprint it can get, so eat this paper!

It is with some sorrow that the editors of this magazine must deviate from their usual moderate tone to bring to the attention of our readers the continuing refusal of the African nation of Zaïre to part with one iota of its extraordinary natural resources in organic nutrients. As is well known, Zaïre has the world's richest known deposits of many nutritional and trace metal supplements, including manganese bicarbonate (sodomite), white-water kelp, organic gabardine, raw musli ore, and frogs' kidneys.

The specious reasons given by the Zaïrean government—that they have more important things to attend to than unprofitable nutrient-mining, and that even if these materials are effective, they should remain the property of Zaïre—are simply hollow nationalist blatherings that mask a subterfuge designed to drive prices to astronomical heights. Phony earthquakes, trumped-up famines, manipulated crop-failures, and strikes have all been used as excuses to keep critical nutrients from those who keep up the lonely fight against poison and disease.

Can we afford much longer to keep frog's kidneys from our new-born babes? To keep gabardine from our aged? Sodomite from our young marrieds? We are all one family on this Spaceship Earth, one chain of being, one body. We cannot allow the narrow nationalist ambitions of a few colored gangsters to obstruct our progress towards a nutritionally balanced world. We urge every reader of this magazine to write their Congressman recommending immediate unilateral or allied military intervention to obliterate the nation of Zaïre and bring to every lymph-racked body and nibbled mind on the face of the planet, at reasonable prices, those essential nutrients they so desperately need.



GOATMAIL

Remarkable Recovery Attributed to Bismuth

I was walking across a quiet street in my neighborhood when suddenly a car bore down on me, seemingly from nowhere, at very high speed. I was struck and killed instantly. Ordinarily, I would have been written off as a "hopeless case," but fortunately, my husband is a regular reader of *Goat* and he remembered an article on the surprising restorative effect that bismuth can have when taken in megadoses. At my burial, he insisted that dirt in the grave be fortified with 100 pounds of raw bismuth, and every day from then on he poured a solution of bismuth and turpentine, five gallons at a time, into the soil around the burial plot. Within three weeks, I was ready to rejoin "the land of the living," and I was "raring to go" when my husband dug me up on the twenty-fifth day. I think this personal true story should convince sceptics once and for all of the important role of bismuth in good health!

Mrs. Kenneth DeVoto
Boxtop, Michigan

Nutritional Self-Defense Program Makes First Strike

I just have to write and tell you how you have changed my life. A week ago—it seems a century!—I felt like death on a Monday morning. Most of my hair had gone, a cataract had closed my left eye, and my right was on the way. I had impacted earwax, high blood pressure, no teeth, every skin ailment known to advanced dermatology, water on the knee, verukas, bunions, gout, syph, dysentery, bleeding ulcers, excess bile, emphysema, iron deficiency, gallstones, Huntington's disease, and mono. There were unexplained scabs in my armpits and one of my buttocks was rotting away. To top it all off, I was bored. Then I read *Goat*. It changed my life! I especially responded to your article on the

powerful lobbies in Washington who are trying to destroy our anti-lymph glands and inject us with the genetic characteristics of mice so that we become tiny translucent automatons ready to obey their every whim. It was horrifying! I immediately hurled myself into your Nutritional Self-Defense Program, starting with 10,000 mgs. a day of d-Alpha paraffin (6,000% of my MDR), followed by 500 loam capsules and a bottle of bitumen. Within twenty-four hours, my cataracts had disappeared and my eyes, according to my cleaning lady, began to glow with a strange new light. I stepped up the program with 7500 teflon tablets daily, followed by 5000 260-mg. capsules of newsprint, 15,000 IUs each spruce and teak supported by 50 gms. pure chalk, and 20,000 mgs. each trace zinc, calcium, chrome, and steel (in that order), two pounds of defatted shale, and 12 oz. concentrated capric acid (all in excess of 70,000% of my MDR). The results were incredible. My hair grew back so fast it had to be cut every few hours. The scabs disappeared from my armpits, crotch, and feet. My skin took on the glow of my eyes. My earwax fell out in great lumps. My stool was sleek and smooth and velvety and ooooh!, so long. My urine was clear—not a sea-monkey in sight. My phlegm rose in a great ball and was gone. Lint fell from my navel. Lymph flew from my nose. My knees shone. My nipples glistened. My ears sparkled. My hat-size increased. Just today I have added your Early Warning Alert Supplement to my regular intake, 400,000 mgs. each of tundra twill and turpentine, organic butane and neon, over 10⁷ times my MDR. Already this morning I have grown seven inches. My knuckles touch the ground. My skin is fiery gold with a thousand lights. My hair flies in a great arc of splendor. My cleaning-lady is dog-bile, pond-scum, the very canker of a mouse-person. I have crushed her easily with one hand into a tiny ball of lymph and fur.

Thank you, *Goat*, for all you have done for me.

Maurice Dansing
Narnia, Pa.

Gardens Organically at Home

Thanks to your excellent article, "Home No Artificial Sweetening Home: Organic Gardening without a Garden" (*Goat*, September, 1973), I now have a thriving completely organic garden in my three-room apartment in suburban Chicago. My first crop of sofa pumpkins is due any day now; my carpet chives and bureau yams are coming along nicely; my couch melons are small, but they look juicy, and my desk lettuce is crisp and tender. The key to the success I have achieved was the very good advice you gave on transforming the bathroom into a "personal compost heap," thus saving precious water and doubly precious fertilizer. It is a little messy, and guests are generally miffed when I explain to them why a pair of gum boots sits outside the bathroom door (they also get a little tacky when I tell them to turn down the hi-fi so my speaker peas won't wither!).

I'm afraid local building ordinances prevent me from keeping a goat in my closet or making a simple hen house out of my bookcase as you advised, but I have had good success in growing kelp in my water bed, and I've got some very fat shoe-mushrooms coming along (old sneakers seem to be the best) and lots of tart, delicious sock berries (argyles give the highest yield). All in all, it goes to show that you don't need "forty acres and a goat" to enjoy your own organic food!

Mr. Peter Cairn
Caligula, III.

Double Amputee Runs in Olympic Marathon Thanks to Quartz

As a youth I was a victim of a train wreck and had to have both legs amputated at the hip. The doctors said I'd never walk again. For years I was dependent until I picked up a back issue of your magazine that had an article about the healing power of raw quartz in leper colonies. My regular doctors scoffed at the claims made for this great mineral (they were mice-educated and mice-controlled), and warned me not to take it. But I went on a quartz rehabilitation program and in just two weeks my stumps started to sprout foot buds. In less than two months I had three-quarter-length legs and in five months my entire legs were back, healthier and stronger than ever! I had no ill effects and could run like the wind (I was now on an all-goat diet, of course). To cap off this story with a happy ending, I entered the last Olympic Marathon and finished fourth. Not bad for a former double amputee! I hope other amputees will read this letter and be encouraged to take quartz treatments. How can I thank you for bringing my legs back? God bless you.

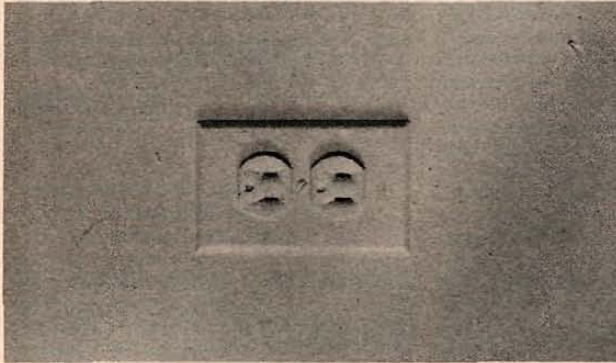
Richard Holmholzer
Canajoharie, New York

Neon Pellets Improve Golf Clubs

I'm a golf nut, like millions of other Americans, and Lord knows I've spent my share on lessons without improving my game much. While taking neon pellets to cure an attack of cancer (it was cured in two days) I noticed that my golf clubs felt better and performed better. I didn't do anything different. The clubs did all the work for me and pretty soon I went from 140 to the low 70s. I also noticed that my desk looked much neater, my pencils were always sharp, the lamp shades were clean and shiny—even the exterior of my house looked freshly painted. And I must add that I live alone, so there was no one else that could have done this. As soon as I discontinued the dosage of neon pellets, my golf clubs felt heavy and clumsy and everything went right back to its previous state. I repeated the experiment a few times and am now convinced that your claims for neon are even better than you say. Keep the good word coming!

Lawrence R. Nindelsparger
Zanesville, Ohio

An Interview with Claude X. Lamprey, Father of Modern Goat



If you have an electrical outlet and a blender, you can enjoy the same cocktail as the person who's being interviewed in this article.

He's still as spry as a jackrabbit. His opinions are as salty as ever. And at last he's getting the recognition he deserves. Claude X. Lamprey has spent a lifetime bringing the natural wonders of goat to people everywhere. Among his many accomplishments, he was the first to break the man-goat barrier, mating himself with a French Alpine to produce the prize-winning Lamprey Hybrid. His book on goat minerals, *Live Longer the Hard Way*, has become our bible. Back in 1869 he invented radio, transmitting signals through goat substances. He had his own show for 100 years, battling the mice interests fearlessly. On April 2, 1974, this feisty little Belgian celebrated his 210th birthday (with a gypsum-tungsten birthday cake, of course).

The editors of *Goat* magazine were granted an exclusive interview with Lamprey as part of his gala birthday celebration. He lives in a ramshackle farmhouse in New Goat, Pennsylvania, with his wife, Ida, who is 189. His sons, Pinbone and Brisket (named after goat parts) manage his goat hybrids and live nearby. Lamprey still looks marvelous, and he assured us that he'll be around for a long time. "As long as it takes to beat the **** out of those son-of-a-beehive mice interests," he said. At present he is working in the New Goat Public Library as a paperweight.

GOAT: What's it like being a paperweight?

LAMPREY: It's not as dull as you might think. Now my wife Ida, she's not as active as me. For a while she worked in the library as a bookend and hated it. Hardly had anything to do but sit there. She's a regular chatterbox and she had to keep her mouth shut because you're supposed to be quiet in a library. I've got plenty to do. I'm usually moving from one pile of papers to another. Bills, letters, receipts, and things are always changing. It's just a part-time job, though. Got plenty of other irons in the fire.

GOAT: Everyone asks you this question, and we won't be different. What are your nutrition secrets?

LAMPREY: I have no special secrets. I just eat as many goat minerals as I can, especially the metals. I'm talking tungsten, nickel, copper, molybdenum, and of course, steel. The reason why most Americans die in their 70s and 80s is that they get very little steel in their diet. It's been refined and processed out by these ***** mice interests. When there's no steel in your system you're inviting Mr. Cancer and Mr. Stroke to have a field day. Of course, you can't take steel without copper and bauxite. Steel by itself can cause a serious loss of cellular quartz, which adds a great strain on your kidneys that suddenly have a lot of extra minerals to dispose of. Steel without quartz has no nutritional effect. That's why copper and bauxite serve as the "nutritional diplomats" that bind steel and quartz together,

provided that your daily radium level never falls below 500,000 grams a day. You can't get enough goat minerals. The more you eat, the harder and more concentrated you get. That's why I'm now one foot tall and weigh 135 pounds. I'm a perfect paperweight.

GOAT: What other jobs have you been doing recently?

LAMPREY: When I was a bit lighter I was a hammer. Punch me. I'm as hard as nails (*laughter from the editors*). I was a lamp base. I served as a doorknob on a very expensive hotel. In my youth, before I met Ida, a very famous silent screen actress hired me as a hood ornament on her Pierce-Arrow. When Ida and I were married, we were dumbbells for a while.

GOAT: Dumbbells?

LAMPREY: Those weights you lift when you exercise. It wasn't bad. We worked in a private home, only thirty minutes a day. If we were hired for a gym, we'd be working day and night.

GOAT: Can you give us an idea of your typical regimen during a working day?

LAMPREY: The first thing I do is jump out of bed. I can't move my arms and legs as much as I used to, so I have to jump around like a solid unit. Then Ida and I sit down to a big breakfast: a glass of aluminum or aluminum alloy juice; a bowl of Steelola sprinkled with coal germ (if you can get natural Bessemer steel, that's even better); a plate of scrambled manganese and pig iron with plenty of nickel muffins, and our special goat mineral cocktail, "Hard-O", that contains most of the supplementary nutrients we need for proper balance.

GOAT: Can you reveal the ingredients of your cocktail?

LAMPREY: You take a few natural quarry marble chunks, a large bowl of oak, one-half cup gypsum granules, one quarter cup unpolished quartz (the long-grain quartz with the kernels), one cup of nonfat lead solids, two cups whole or skim copper, three tablespoons of raw platinum, a quart of tungsten, and a quart of brewer's steel (brewer's steel is a must—it regulates your glands). You can also add a little neon to taste. Whip all the ingredients in a cement mixer or heavy-duty industrial blender and you've got a delicious metal supplement drink. Remember: Every day you can get harder or softer. It's up to you.

GOAT: How about exercise?

LAMPREY: Jumping is my main exercise. I used to swim but I can't anymore. I sink too easily. Ida and I still have plenty of sex, to satisfy your morbid curiosity. My member is permanently hard. Can't go internal because Ida's organ hardened and closed permanently about ten years ago. But we rub each other a lot and I come in little steel sperm balls. Ida doesn't move her body that much in response. She's even harder than I am. But I know she loves it because a tiny drop of steel drool trickles out of her mouth. She and I have both been declared legally dead five times, you know.

GOAT: You're joking. You look as alive and kicking as we are.

LAMPREY: Tell that to the mice-controlled doctors who examined us. We were just taking our afternoon naps. Since we only inhale and exhale four times an hour and we don't move our limbs that much, they thought we kicked the bucket. We were even buried alive twice. If it wasn't for the high-potency carbon steel wafers we always chew for snacks, we wouldn't have had the necessary balance of nutrients to keep us alive until someone heard our screams.

GOAT: How do you feel on your 210th birthday?

LAMPREY: More than adequate. I can still jump five miles a day. My only problem is rust. I develop rust spots if I don't get enough neon and feldspar. Suddenly my tungsten sugar gets low and I'm more susceptible. It can also happen if I get caught in the rain without a coat or an umbrella. Of course, I always take megadoses of vanadium and stainless steel to ward off magnet attacks from mice agents.

GOAT: Is there anything you still want to do very badly, a crowning achievement?

LAMPREY: When I die I want to be made into a goat bullet and fired into the heart of a mouse lobbyist. Then my life will be completely fulfilled.

No Kidding

Secretary of Agriculture Earl "No-Goat" Butz, mouseketeer extraordinaire, whose name does nothing to disguise his profoundly uncaprine origins, has once again failed to say 'no cheese' to the international mouse-cartels. It seems that the Big Nibbler is about to recommend to Congress a bill making it mandatory to license nannies—and we don't mean Mary Poppins. If that doesn't bring a glow to the faint hearts of Mr. B's cheesebarrel buddies in Mousecow (not to mention Chairman Mouse Tse Tung), nothing will. The Secretary of Ratculture professes "sorrow" that such measures have become necessary due to "fly-by-night nanny rackets" and "worthless pedigree peddlers," but we know his squeaking for what it is—another hole in the wainscoating of progress, another capitulation to the furry minions of mousedom. Well, goat folks, the buck stops here. Capricorn doesn't go with Cancer. This time the rabid rodents must be fought incisor to incisor—and Mr. Butz, who like to characterize himself as a plain-speaking, down-home farm boy, must be taught once and for all that when the goats get gruff, the gruff get going.

Miceopause: Not Just a State of Mind

Many psychologists and other "experts" in the women's magazines are trying to tell us that there is no such thing as miceopause, that a happy, fulfilled woman should have a healthy sex drive for as long as she wants to have sex. This is the kind of wishful thinking that brought about Munich and World War III! It blithely overlooks the findings of leading nutrition researchers who have proven that long term deficiencies of coal germ and ambergris have a direct effect on the sex gland's abilities to secrete vital hormones necessary for strong sexual dives. Why are the so-called "conservationists" coal mining? Why are they trying to protect whales, calling them an endangered species? Again, the mice interests have provided a liberal smokescreen called "conservation" in their never-ending efforts to undermine our health, this time trying to prevent us from getting coal germ and ambergris, two vital nutrients that Dr. Konrad Nardling of Langston University calls "our fountains of youth." Hot flashes getting hotter? Nipples not getting perky anymore? Overcome with fatigue and thigh rash? It's all a state of mind, say the doctors on the FDA payroll, as 50 million coal germ and ambergris-starved women condemn themselves to sexual suicide!

Goattip

July is time to think about planting the fall crop, and therefore time to be thinking about that old compost heap out back. Right now your compost is at its most

potent after two months of rotting and humming in the sun, and if you've been giving it the right amounts of bone meal to keep its teeth shiny, mulch to keep it fat and sassy, and limestone to make it mad, that heap should be one big mess of slavering enzymes and bacteria with ammonia and nitric acid fairly dripping from their little jaws. If you can't tell just by looking, here's how to check if your goods is ready to go to work. Get a Secretary of Agriculture and push him face down in the compost. If it's ready, he should have disappeared completely within two minutes. If even part of him is left after that, you still have a way to go. Throw on a little more bone meal and line up another Sec. of Ag.

The recent famine in Chad gave us some dramatic new evidence in the unresolved millet/lymph controversy. A special Goat team of medical observers found that the inhabitants of Chad, who subsist almost entirely on millet, died when it was no longer available. Some observers concluded that this might be because the absence of millet, considered by them to be a lymph-depressant, allowed excess lymph buildup resulting in death. Proponents of the millet-as-lymph-stimulant view, however, surmised that it had so destroyed the natives' anti-lymph mechanisms that even though they stopped eating it, they were unable to survive. In other words, Chad missed out on its one chance for survival—famine. They further argued that if the natives had not been so stupid as to commit themselves to millet, but had instead taken as a staple some less virulent lymph-stimulant such as nettles or felt, a famine of that substance would have meant they'd still be alive today. On the whole, the anti-millet forces seemed to carry the day, but in any event it points up once again the necessity of getting the Goat message out to everyone.

KNOW THE SYMPTOMS OF MOUSE POISONING!

- Unusually damp or dry palms
- Prolonged breathlessness or extended periods of slow breathing
- Significant weight gain or loss
- In newborn babies, "attached" earlobes or telltale "dangling" earlobes
- Soft or scaly skin
- Unpredictable bowel movements or abnormal "regularity"
- Premature baldness or "runaway" hair growth
- Chronic bone aches or suspiciously "painless" joints
- Copious or inadequate urination
- Excessive or insufficient flatulence
- Listlessness or hyperactivity

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Sounds of goat scare car mice to death. Listen to them squeal for mercy as they think a band of angry goats are coming at them. Tape cassette recreates authentic goat sounds. Great for home entertainment, parties, perfect birthday, anniversary gift. Send only \$19.95 to GOAT-ETTES, Box 50, Noonville, Pa. 98090

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continued

The Colon That Nearly Conquered the World



Do these people know that the legendary Genghis Khan claimed control over half the world, thanks to his control over his legendary colon?

by Mavis Kuhldreyer

Before I get into the gist of this article I want to state at the outset that I will have a lot of good things to say about a very cruel and sadistic man, a man who cared little for human life and actually enjoyed looting, pillaging, plundering, and all the other horrible things that go with making war, not love. Does this mean I approve of the actions of Genghis Khan? Of course not. That's why I have to say up front that this article is not concerned with the rights and wrongs of his deeds or his politics. It's concerned with the primary reason for his success, like him or not—his colon.

The BMs That Shook the World

From what we know about Genghis Kahn, he was certainly an impressive figure of a man. A proud warrior at fifteen, a ruler of a vast empire at thirty-nine, a world conqueror for the next forty years—what made him such a dynamic personage? Archaeologists have recently discovered an authentic journal of a Mongolian officer who served under this legendary leader. This typical entry will give you a clue:

Awakened at 5:00 in the morning, not by the crow of the cock, but the regular and majestic sound of our most illustrious Khan's elimination. It is like a storm of thunder, a flood of waters, a mountain whose stones gather great force and roll down the countryside. When his act is complete, he pounds his chest and exclaims to all, "I feel so good this morning I can conquer the world!" His confidence is an inspiration to all of us.

Based on what we've learned about the importance of total elimination, the sentiments of Genghis Khan sound pretty familiar to *Goat* readers, don't they? Evidently he had one of the most efficient colons in history (they say that even the horses were in awe of him). It was also no coincidence that Genghis Khan had his own *durka*, a great nutritionist who watched over his diet like a hawk. Experts tell us that Mongolia contains the largest and finest deposits of goat nutrients in the world. The Khan's all-goat diet was rich in *everything*. Imagine free-running goats, breathing unpolluted Mongolian air, eating unsprayed limestone, pig iron, bauxite, gypsum, coal germ, spruce, and hundreds of other natural goat substances! With ingredients like these in his colon, it was like having a fine automobile engine that never gets "clogged," never needs tuning or repair. No wonder he moved out his wastes with 100 percent efficiency and moved on to bigger things!

Mice: The Killers That Can Strike Your Heart through Your Colon

Why is total elimination so important? If your colon retains any waste at all, even a fraction of one percent, you

may get cancer and certainly a heart attack. The non-eliminated matter is none other than pure mouse, broken down in the digestive process into deadly bacteria that breed in your colon. In order to stay alive and multiply, they need enormous amounts of blood. They get it by diverting blood from its normal channels and sucking it into your colon. This causes a great strain on your heart. You may not be aware of it, but you are bleeding internally because of these mice bacteria. Common symptoms are fatigue, nausea, headaches, muscle aches and cramps, dandruff, and body itch.

In 1968, Dr. Russell Kinderhook of Hartnell University discovered that by giving his patients large doses of unsprayed limestone and unpolished copper (the same goat minerals Genghis Khan ate in abundance) he reduced internal bleeding quite a bit. Your supermarket won't sell you unsprayed limestone and unpolished copper because the government has declared them "of undetermined nutritional value" and "dirty." But they were clean enough to help Genghis Khan conquer all of Asia and parts of Russia as well! All reputable goatganic stores carry limestone and copper granules. You need ten cups a day (it's delicious sprinkled on cobalt).

Limestone and Copper Are Not Enough

Unfortunately, we can only manage 60 to 70 percent elimination at best. The reason Genghis Khan could do almost 100 percent was his perfect goat diet, the incredible strength of his colon, and the meager mice population of Mongolia. Even with an all-goat diet, you still need various goat supplements to deal effectively with that 30 to 40 percent mouse buildup.

Limestone and copper will provide a safeguard against internal bleeding, *but only if used in conjunction with gypsum and osmium*. The oxidation that forms in your body from breathing mouse-polluted air can destroy the limestone and copper granules unless gypsum is taken in large doses. Doctors R. Merzel and G. Roehls report in the *Journal of Gypsum* that 10,000,000 grams of this mineral acts as a "policeman" in your colon and stops oxidation in its tracks.

Osmium: The Vanishing Goat Mineral that Must Be Replenished

As we grow older, elimination gets to be a harder task. What has not been known until recently is the crucial role of osmium in the elimination process. Osmium is the all-important goat mineral that activates the colon and "gets things moving." In order for osmium to function effectively, it must use an enzyme called cartonic acid. But cartonic acid requires osmium for its own composition, which means that osmium is actually feeding on itself, doing double duty! The harder osmium works, the more it gets depleted. As you get older your body gets less osmium. Hence you have a less active colon when you need a more active one. Osmium has been called "the vanishing mineral." You need more and more of it every day. Fortunately, there are sufficient amounts of osmium in natural slate.

If you supplement your all-goat diet with a healthy slice or two of slate, plus limestone, copper, and gypsum, spruce hip tablets (300,000 USP), bauxite pellets, and plenty of coal germ (preferably raw rather than toasted), you should achieve even better than 70 percent elimination. Take this supplement every day, before and after meals, in between meals and at bedtime. It could save you from fatal colon buildup.

The Lessons of Genghis Khan

The life of Genghis Khan is another example of how so-called barbaric peoples were far ahead of us in their use of goat nutrients. Your history books will tell you all you want to know about Genghis Khan's exploits on the battlefields. No need to dwell on them here. For us, he is the ideal, the *model of what every goatganic person will someday achieve*—total elimination. Morality and politics aside, he surely deserves one of the highest places in history. But as one wit said, "If everyone knew the real reason for his success, they'd rename him Genghis Colon."

Dry Cleaning Not as Dry as You Think

A number of complaints have reached the FDA about the unusual amount of dampness in what is supposed to be "dry cleaning." Customers have taken freshly dry-cleaned garments out of their closets, where they have been hanging for days, only to discover they are wet and clammy. Analysis of the dry cleaning fluid used in many stores revealed that it was composed largely of mouse urine, a deadly fluid that seeps into your clothes and can cause instant skin cancer upon contact. As usual, the Food and Drug Administration (better known as the Mouse and Dregs Administration) laughs off the matter and refers the complaints to the Better Business Bureau. In our circles we call that passing the buck!

Extra Nostril Comes in Handy

A tribe of Indians in the Amazon jungles of Brazil have discovered an extra nostril in their chin clefts. This amazing "seventh sense" has enabled them to detect the smallest amounts of mice and lymph in their bodies and in their environment. They also claim that they can use their ears in place of their mouths for eating, with the extra nostril serving as the taste organ. This puts far less strain on the mouth, teeth, and lips, those highly sensitive areas that mice attack first. Why are we allowing our own chin clefts to lie dormant when they can be doing the job Mother Nature originally intended them to do? The answer is simple. The AMA (controlled by the mice interests) won't allow investigation of this wonder organ we all possess. Although we hear that the Chinese are well underway with their research program in this area!

DID YOU KNOW?

Lymph is the forty-seventh biggest killer in the nation, just above snowshoe accidents and just below psoriasis. (Only cancer, heart attack, and forty-five other minor diseases kill more Americans each year.)

The Goat Code

Goatlike in mind and body
Goatlike in word and deed
Omnivore right to the core
Munching nut and seed:

We don't eat no ear meat
We don't braid our hair
We don't fill our cavities
Just because they're there.

Goatlike in all our actions.
Goatlike every time we think
You can keep the frozen pastries
All we want's the kitchen zinc.

Danger

Many doctors gaily prescribe the use of oxygen to patients during emergencies or hospitalization, without informing them that oxygen is a by-product of the process used to make deadly hydrogen, chief ingredient to the bomb of the same name! Your witness, Mr. American Medical Association!

DID YOU KNOW?

The Puertoricans, a tribe of American Indians living mainly in the Northeast, can exist on a diet of paint chips for days at a time. Reason? Paint chips contain precious lead, one of nature's most effective lymph-depressants.

Jog-Cooking

Well-known health food specialist and author of seventeen books on natural living the goat way, Mr. Seymour Rutin has long used a form of food preparation which combines both the virtues of healthy exercise and sound cooking principles. His method: tapping the heat generated by the actively exercising human body to cook meals!

"There's nothing to it," says Mr. Rutin. "The knack is in putting the various kinds of food in just the right places around the body for the exact amount of heat desired. Now, no two bodies are the same, so I recommend that each person find out his own 'hot' zones by jogging a few miles with oven thermometers in his crotch, under his armpits, in his pockets, and so on. For me, I find the 'broiler' is in my pants, so I put chops and small cuts of meat in my pockets and roasts I try to hold between my legs. Hamburger patties and fish cakes I 'deep fry' in my armpits."

According to Mr. Rutin, sweat is nature's most perfect cooking oil. "It has it all—salt, water, a little oil, you name it. On a good ten mile jog—which is what you need for a roast or a deep dish pie—you generate five pints of sweat—and that's a lot of Mazola!"

Mr. Rutin steams vegetables under his sweatshirt, heats soup in flat canteens in his back pockets, and bakes cookies on his back. "They all have a very full, hearty aroma and a healthy taste," says Mr. Rutin. "Actually, the flavor reminds me of me."

Exclusive interview with Deaf Smith

Goat: Mr. Smith, we understand that your new cold pressed oil process could have significant results in reducing hypoglycemia . . .

Deaf Smith: Nice to see you too, sonny.

Goat: Mr. Smith, could you enlarge on the USDA's contention that far from being a model for refertilization of large-scale cabbage farming, your land is ip fact peculiarly suited to growing kohlrabi and other forms of *Brassica oleracea*? Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith . . . ?

Deaf Smith: Goddamn, look at that hay-mow! Goddamn wetbacks don't have no more pride in 'r work 'n mule turd. Who are you?

Goat: We're from *Goat* magazine.

Deaf Smith: Store's back down the highway apiece. Don't self nothin' up 'ere.

Goat: Mr. Smith, we were wondering if you'd mind answering a few questions about nutrition.

Deaf Smith: How 'bout that Hank Aaron, eh? Who'd ever've thought the Babe'd be surpassed by a nigra?

Goat: Thank you, Mr. Smith.

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Bakeilite	115 mgs	Adobe	54 mgs
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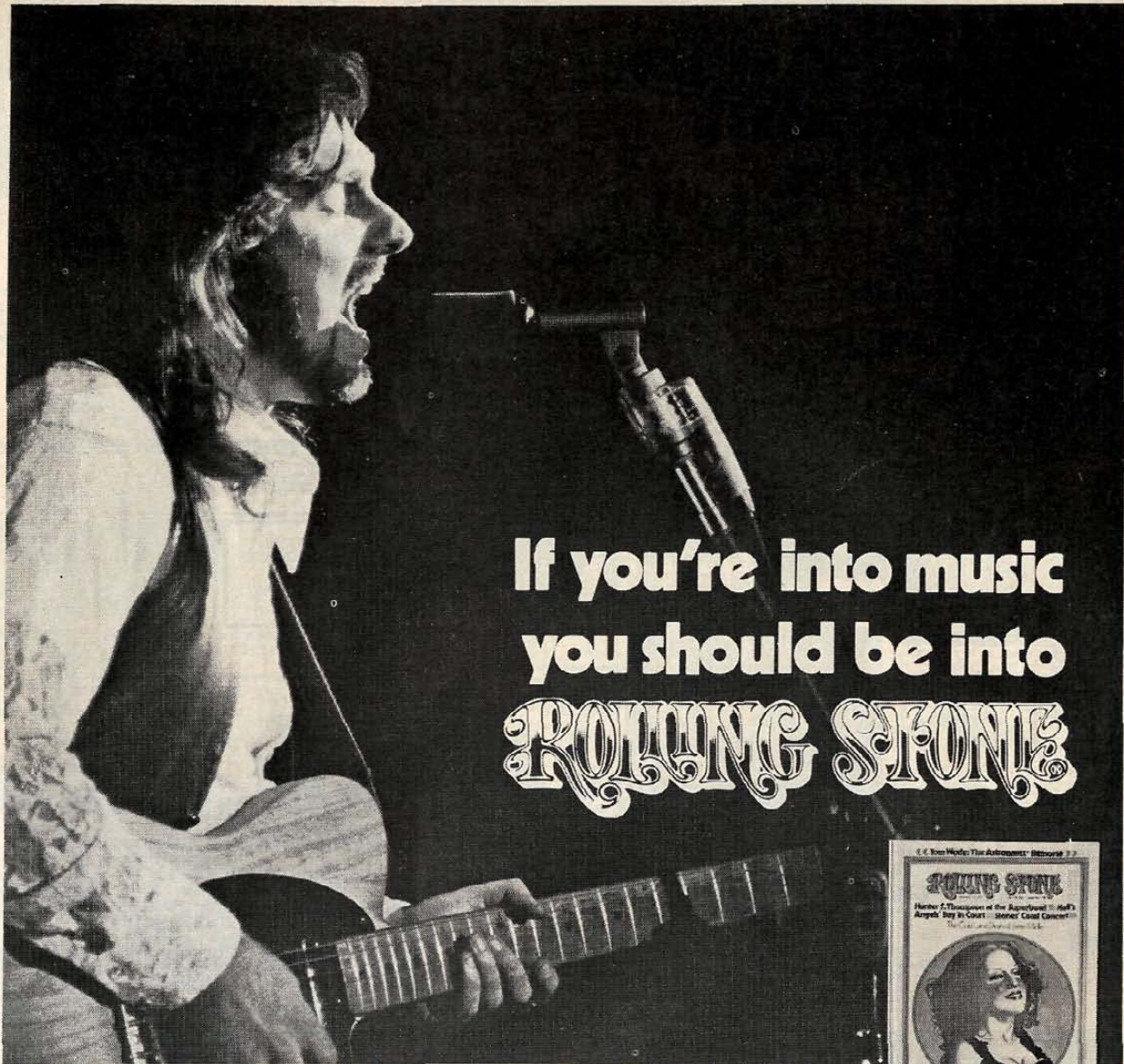
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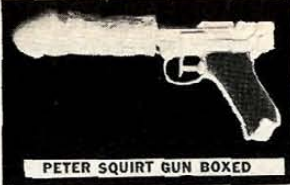


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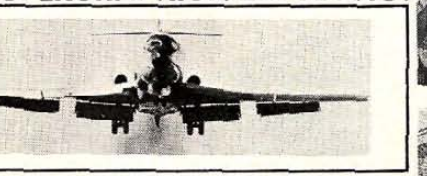
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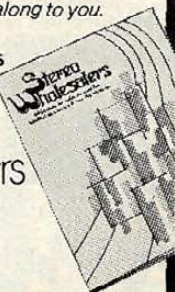
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continued from page 42

phy, has turned a perennial operating deficit into a popular eating place. The food is vintage embassy fare and is served on trays by footmen; it is, of course, eaten standing up. Specialties include a tiny slice of ham on a small square of toasted bread, topped by a slice of American cheese; a lump of creamed tuna on a toast point with a rosetted pimiento olive; celery stalks filled with Roka Blue cheese dip; little sandwiches containing a reddish mixture (the exact contents are a state secret but it tastes like cold roast beef hash); and deviled eggs. These and other tidbits are washed down with New York State champagne served in old Dom Perignon bottles or a fruity Paraguayan punch made with Argentinian beef wine and served in cut crystal cups. A note of warning: Discuss whatever you feel like with the other guests, but do not bring up the dispute with Uruguay over the 1934 Naval Limitation treaty and avoid, even if pressed, taking any position on the question of Uruguayan sovereignty over the Paella islands in the Rio Punta. At the conclusion of the reception, precisely at 11:00 P.M., you will be expected to stand silently during the singing of Paraguay's anthem, "O Paraguay, Mother of Cheeses," and following the traditional toast to the health of the President (immediately preceded by the ceremonial long-distance call to determine who is the current President), you will be committing a minor incident if you don't throw your glass into the fireplace. (Plastic cups will be provided just prior to the toast—make sure you don't accidentally throw a goblet or a punch cup. At \$6 a piece, breaking one is an expensive gesture of international good will.)

Open for dinner only Monday through Friday.

Reservation required. Prices expensive.

The Bivouac Lounge. Large, well camouflaged, and covered with pine needles. The Bivouac Lounge, in Wrightstown, New Jersey, is an engaging place to satisfy a taste for Class-A Field Rations, and for the strict military discipline that traditionally surrounds them.

A fatigue-clad "sargeant" issues you your own mess kit at the door (make sure you stay at least five meters from your companion and for God's sake don't talk!), and guides you to garbage cans filled with steaming water where you can "pre-dip" and "dip" your eating utensils. And make it snappy—you're on your own time!

From there, it's a quick trip through the mess line (the creamed

chipped beef is a must), and a silent "tactical" supper on a rock and twig strewn floor behind the shadow line of a remarkably realistic plastic spruce forest.

Ten minutes is all you're allowed for your repast; then you're herded over to a new array of trash cans where you separate your empty milk cartons and leftovers (if you're not going to eat it, don't take it!) into "edible" and "inedible" garbage, and "dip" your mess kit once again, this time into hot boiling water filled with cakes of laundry soap. The management will usually offer you a five-minute cigarette break if you choose; then, unless you're one of the unlucky diners selected for K.P., your "sargeant" will call you to attention and march you briskly out the door.

Open every day:

Breakfast 3:55-4:05 A.M.

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Supper 5:40-5:50 P.M.

Modest prices include all the chocolate milk you can drink.

The Office. Quickly becoming a favorite with mailroom and clerical workers eager for a taste of the middle-management lifestyle is The Office, occupying the ninth floor, South Tower, of New York's glittering new World Trade Center.

Every diner is seated at his own individual double pedestal steel desk, with brushed chrome legs and burn-resistant high pressure plastic top in his choice of gray, mist green, or executive beige; once there, a comely secretary will sit on his lap and take his dinner order in Pitman shorthand, or, if he prefers, type it on the IBM Selectric bolted to the attractive matching return section of his desk.

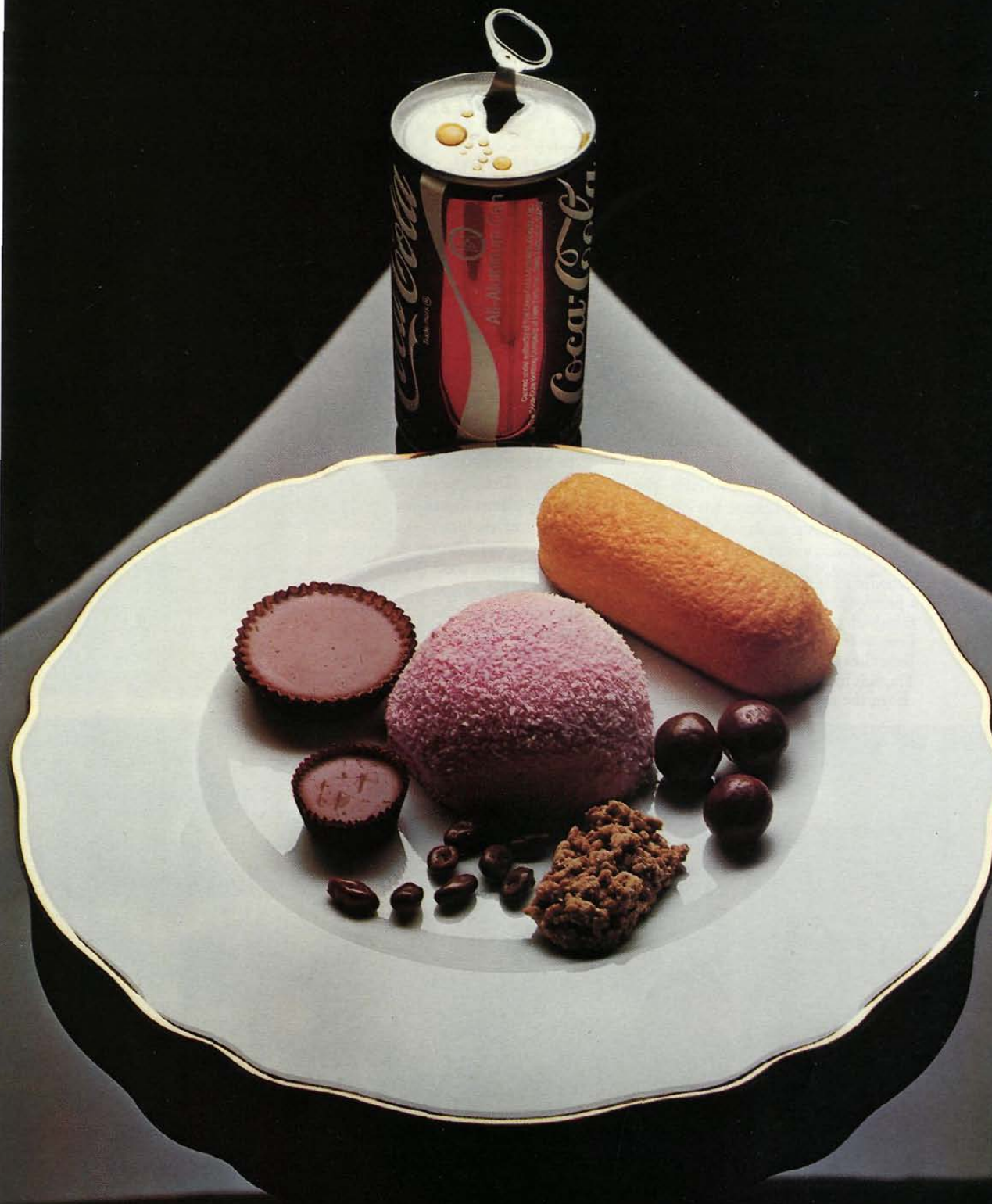
The Office, in keeping with its theme, has no kitchen of its own, but customers can "send out" for sandwiches or salads from any drugstore or delicatessen within a ten-block radius of the Trade Center. (For speed of service combined with adequate quality and reasonable prices, we'd recommend Lerner's Delicatessen, located just across the street from the W.T.C.'s West Tower—phone 555-3721.)

All meals are served in the wax paper, plastic plates, and paper cups they come in, and you can keep the brown paper bag accompanying your dinner as a souvenir. And, for a modest extra cost, you'll be ushered to a conference room, with a river view, where you and your companions can dine together in utter privacy while your waitress-secretary takes notes on everything you say.

Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Prices moderate to expensive. □

The Cookings of Provincial New Jersey



by Gerald Sussman

Welcome to the Cooking of Provincial New Jersey: Twenty-one Cuisines, One Great Taste

When we refer to New Jersey cuisine as provincial, we do not use the word to mean narrow, crude, or limited in scope. Quite the contrary, New Jersey offers a dazzling variety of dishes. We mean that the cooking traditions spring from the local foods sold in each province, or county, as they are called. For generations New Jersey cooks have managed to thrive on what they can buy from their native supermarkets, groceries, and "superettes."

Though each county owes its allegiance to the great state as a whole, the diversity in cooking styles makes you feel you are in twenty-one separate countries. When you are in Bergen County you will be enjoying a cuisine heavily influenced by the powdered foods and mixes, with frozen foods, food helpers, and canned foods equally as popular. Essex County, on the other hand, seems to like frozen foods, although it boasts of a strong following for powdered mixes, food helpers, and canned foods. In Monmouth County you can expect hearty dishes based on the local preferences for food helpers, but there are plenty of recipes that depend on frozen foods, powdered mixes, and canned foods as well. Passaic County seems to be equally divided in its choices among canned foods, food helpers, frozen foods, and powdered mixes.

New Jersey provincial cooking will always depend on time-honored traditions: on what the giant food processors are manufacturing, on the day-to-day shifts in supermarket inventory, and of course, on how much the food distributors are paying off the supermarket managers to promote or "push" certain foods, a widely-used merchandising technique that helps acquaint New Jerseyites with new palate-pleasing ideas.

Brooding gas tanks stand guard over a picnic spot near the town of Elizabeth in the county of Essex. Even at such an informal affair, New Jerseyites insist on traditional fare. Though it may take a bit of extra effort, the results are well worth it.

location photography by R. G. Harris



No one likes to miss New Jersey's Thursday Penny Saver Value Days because they know those pennies can add up.



New Jersey Kitchens: Meals in a Minute, for Any Mood

The colorful, bustling New Jersey supermarkets: Fresh cartons from a nearby truck will soon be ready for sale.



The perennial appeal of New Jersey cooking lies in its infinite variety and the effortless dexterity of the New Jersey cook in preparing as many as five or six completely different cuisines at the same meal. Dad, coming home from a hard day at the office, dreams of his Kraft Macaroni and Cheese casserole, daughter wants an old-fashioned Swanson turkey TV dinner, the two boys are waiting for their pizza and egg rolls to warm, and mom is treating herself to frozen Veal Parmigiana with spaghetti and Spatini sauce mix.

The fact that her family rarely eats together doesn't bother the New Jersey cook in the least. Her cupboard and freezer are amply stocked with delicious meals ready to be prepared at a moment's notice. New Jersey cooks do not go to cooking schools to learn their art. Tradition dictates that they learn the same way their girl friends did, in their own kitchens, where there are no professional chefs, no teachers to guide them. Each time they use a box of Roast 'n Boast or whip up a batch of French's Potato Pancake Mix, they depend solely on their inherent skills and excellent reading ability.



A canny New Jersey shopper examines a can of whipped topping to check its freshness, noting that it cannot be sold after July, 1979.



Every day, frozen fish sticks await the morning buyers in Hoboken, whose supermarkets are famous for their rich cargo of treasures from the deep.

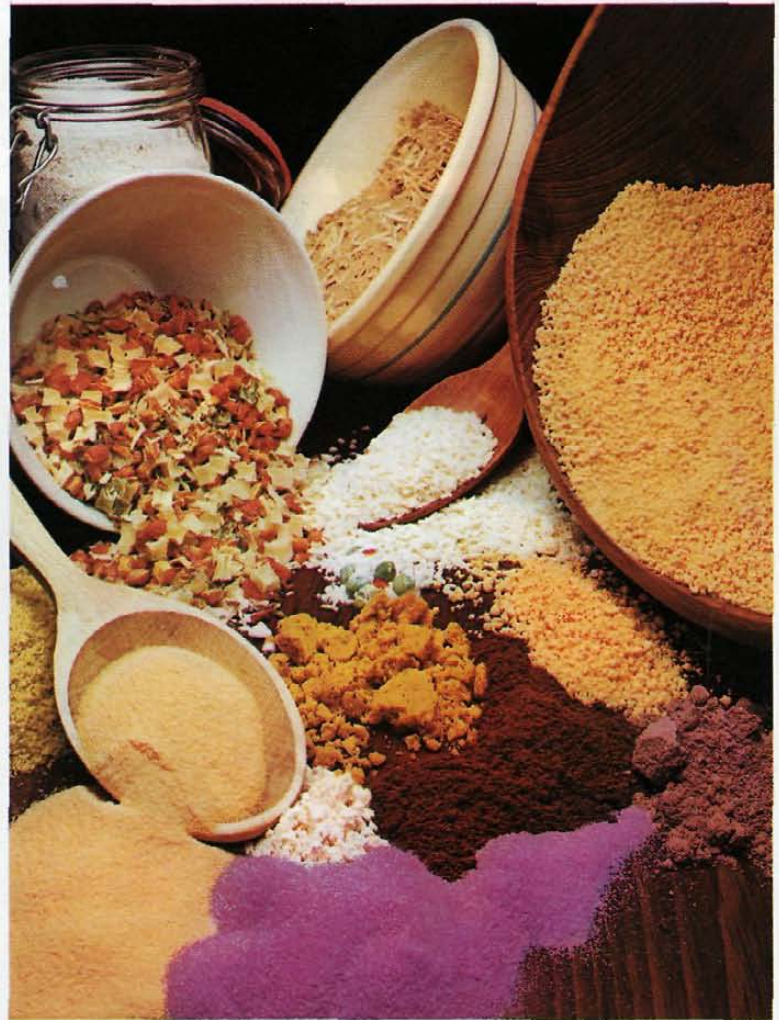
The Prepared Food Mixes: From Powder to Perfection

The New Jersey housewife rarely uses a recipe unless it is foolproof. She knows that the prepared food mixes in her supermarket come from the laboratories of the finest food processors in the country. She's aware that every package of food mix she buys has been carefully researched and tested for ease of preparation, appetite appeal, and minimum spoilage probability.

Her cupboard of prepared food mixes reads like a *Who's Who* in gastronomy. She wouldn't think of using unknown "house" brands when she can buy the finest name brands at just a few pennies more, such as Lipton Cup-a-Soup, Hunt's Skillet Stroganoff, PDQ Instant Egg Nog Flavor Beads, and the hundreds of superb dishes from the Kraft and General Foods people.

This attitude reflects the kind of tradition we hope will never die in provincial New Jersey cooking—the respect for consistency and quality, and the trust in the good names of the food processors. New Jersey housewives settle for nothing less than perfection every time—because they know that if they follow package directions to the letter, the results will always be letter perfect.

A typical selection of powdered mixes bought from a supermarket in South Orange. The New Jersey cook can start her day with Tang and Maxwell House Instant Coffee, have some Betty Crocker Potato Buds for lunch, and build her dinner around Tempo Swedish Meatball Mix, Golden Grain Italian Style Risotto Seasoning (just add it to Minute Rice) and desserts like My-T-Fine chocolate almond flavor pudding.

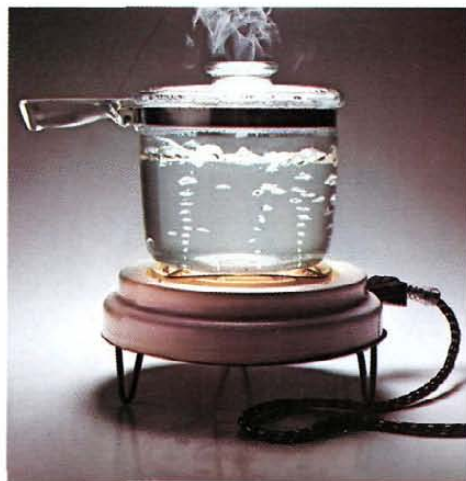




New Jersey's Frozen Foods: Modern Miracles of Freshness and Flavor

At the exact moment a snap bean or a succotash is ripe, it is carefully picked by the greats of the frozen food industry, such as Birds Eye or Green Giant. But the vegetables do not lie about. They go immediately to spotless plants, where they are flash-frozen at 200 degrees below zero to seal in all their flavor and freshness. Only then can they rest. First, in the vast frozen food section of a New Jersey supermarket. Then, in a New Jersey housewife's capacious freezer. But it is only a temporary sleep. For at any moment they can be awakened by a few measures of boiling water, and in a matter of minutes, a miracle has happened. Their original garden freshness has returned, and the robust appetites of a New Jersey family will be happily satisfied again.

A visit to the frozen food section of a New Jersey supermarket can span the continents in the variety it offers, from Holloway House stuffed peppers to Chun King Chow Mein to Jeno's Pizza. And for dessert, Sara Lee, Colonel Morton, Mrs. Smith, and a host of other master pastry makers tempt the discriminating shoppers with toothsome delights that make the finale of every meal an event in itself.



saucepan from Design Research

Boiling water is essential for preparing many frozen foods. A New Jersey cook has a trick for knowing when water comes to a boil. She will watch for bubbles to form. The bigger and more active the bubbles, the greater the boil.

Steps to a perfect Shake 'n Bake Chicken



Empty mix into shaker bag. Moisten chicken pieces with water or milk (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup).



Shake off excess liquid.



Shake 2 or 3 pieces at a time in bag until evenly coated.

*Seasoned Mixes
and Food Helpers:
A Little Extra Work,
a Lot Extra in Taste*

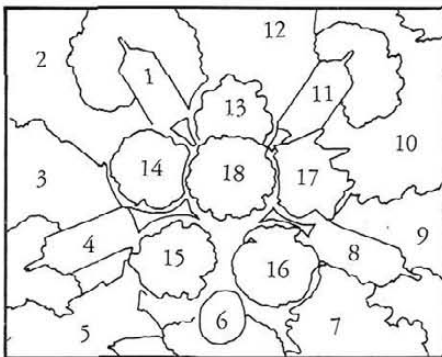
Though Shake 'n Bake, Roast 'n Boast, and other seasoned coating mixes require extra work in preparation, New Jersey cooks gladly meet the challenge, because their tradition demands that they spend many loving minutes in the kitchen. And no matter how satisfied they were with their chicken, they are not afraid to admit that the great seasoned mixes make them even better.

Since New Jersey cooks have always added Rice-A-Roni and other instant starches to their meats and canned fish as "filler" material, the handy new food helpers were welcomed with gusto. Another good example of how provincial New Jersey cooking adjusts from the old to the new and creates a better dish in the bargain.

For the crowning touch, there's always room for plenty of salt, pepper, catsup, Kraft Miracle Whip, and mustard (the milder varieties) in a New Jersey dish. No matter how flavorful a dish already is, New Jerseyites can enhance it even further. Just a dash of this and a shake of that seems to make all the difference in the world.



Arrange chicken in a single layer in ungreased shallow baking pan. Bake at 400° for 40 to 50 minutes, or until tender. Coats $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds cut-up chicken.



1. American Cheese-Flavored Aerosol
2. Pretzel Sticks
3. Potato Chips
4. Cheddar Flavored Aerosol
5. Corn Tacos
6. Bleu Cheese Flavored Aerosol
7. Barbecued Cheese Doodles
8. Meunster Flavored Aerosol
9. Pork Rind Flavored Chips
10. Cheese-It
11. Pimento Cheese Flavored Aerosol
12. Funyuns
13. Garlic Flavored Cheese Doodles
14. Beer Pretzels
15. Barbecued Tacos
16. Onion Taco Rings
17. Taco-Dippies
18. Hanky Pankies

The Snack: Fast, Fun, Filling... Fantastic

No New Jerseyite would dream of a day without snacks. In fact, many New Jersey children devote their entire meals to snacks. New Jersey cooks put the snack to a bewildering variety of uses—as an hors d'oeuvre, a side dish to a main course, a main course, a dessert, a between meal treat, a TV "munch." Snacks are a must for picnics, car trips, for filling up fast and of course, to accompany the traditional New Jersey beverages, instant iced tea, Coca-Cola, Pepsi, 7-Up, and Kool-Aid.

Whether it is the simple potato chip, the Cheese Doodle scooping up a powdered onion soup dip, or the baroque swirls of Snack Mate American cheese aerosol spray on a Funyun, New Jersey is in love with snacks. And it's no wonder. For the snack represents the epitome of New Jersey gastronomy—it can be spicy or bland—it can tease the appetite or satisfy it completely. It is fast, yet fulfilling. The snack is the all-purpose wonder food that deservedly occupies the highest niche in provincial New Jersey cuisine.



M. Rescué

Psychopathia Cheesealis

The case histories of
Dr. Richard Von Kraft-Ebing
Translated by Gerald Sussman

Case 27. Cheesyriasis. P., age thirty-one, importer of twine and adhesives. Married, father of two. Triangular cranium. Testicles slack, indicating congenital hysteria. Came from wealthy but tainted family involved in many cheese aberrations. Older brother conjunctive, subject to morbid thoughts, liked to cover young boys with Mozzarella cheese and bake them; later eloped with a Provolone and was married in a civil ceremony, greatly upsetting his parents, who were Catholics. Uncle on his mother's side a cheddarast.

At the age of twelve, P. was powerfully attracted to the cheese of one of his comrades. The sight of it caused acute weakness of the will, inducing erection. First nocturnal pollution soon afterward, dreaming of a wedge of Port Salut. Touching a piece of cheese was enough to produce ejaculation. Even a slice of bread or a soda biscuit that once had a few crumbs of cheese on it would send him into a state of uncontrollable lust.

In the summer of his fourteenth year, he traveled alone by railway carriage to Hanover to visit his aunt. In the opposite seat a young woman opened a package of Beer cheese and was about to cut some for her child. The sight and smell of the cheese in the warm compartment of the carriage was too intoxicating for P. to resist. He exposed himself and made an indecent proposal to the cheese, seizing it from the child and violating it, ejaculating seventeen times. Afterward P. was filled with remorse and disgust, and begged the horrified mother not to tell the authorities. He blamed the heat and noise of the train which caused him great anxiety. She complied with his wishes.

On attaining his fifteenth year he was sent to a boarding school. In an effort to build his moral character, P. tried to live up to the traditional school ethic of receiving floggings and committing homosexual acts with students and professors. But he did not have the discipline for such behavior. Coitus with women did not interest him. He developed a passion for cheddars, trying to satisfy his growing desire by committing onanism with pic-

tures of cheddars from mail-order gift catalogs. But masturbation could not satisfy his delirious lusts. He began to roam the countryside at night, breaking into the cheese-making rooms of nearby farms, searching for young virgin cheddars that were not yet fully ripened, deflowering and assaulting them in a coarse, brutal manner. Everywhere he went he would leave a room full of crumbled, soiled cheddars, useless for future sale. The farmers were enraged. He was finally apprehended. Because of his family's social position, he was pardoned of his crimes, but it was necessary to send him to the sanitarium at Dornz.

Subject fervently desired to be corrected of his sickness and remained at the sanitarium for three years, taking potash treatments and living in complete abstinence from cheese. When released he was considered cured and resumed his schooling, graduating with honors from a leading university. A position in the family business awaited him and his parents made an excellent marriage arrangement. On the wedding night he discovered that he could not consummate his marital duties. The thought of coitus with a woman filled him with horror and disgust. "My wife was understanding about our unsuccessful wedding night, being a woman of sensitive nature and refined manners," related P. "I made an excuse about my preoccupation with a business matter of great import and she was content to wait until the mood was propitious."

Failure to perform adequately on his wedding night drove P. back to thoughts of cheese. With no regard for familial decency he took cheeses into his own home and committed vile acts on them in his vegetable cellar. Every cheese he met excited him. If he had to have coitus with his wife he could attain an erection only by thinking of a buttery Bel Paese or a richly veined Roquefort. His wife did not make sexual demands upon him and had no idea of his cheese affairs.

In October of 1888, on a business trip in a small seaport city, P. was overcome with lust. He entered a cheesemonger's shop and attacked a

Camembert in broad daylight. The following day was a religious holiday and he was obliged to break into a closed shop, where he assaulted virtually every cheese he could find. Even a baby Gouda did not escape his powerful sensuality. Before his arrest he culminated his horrible crimes with the mutilation and lust murder of an entire wheel of Norwegian Jarlsberg, tearing it to pieces.

Subject taken to my clinic for treatment. Outward appearance calm, post-cheese coitus torpor, with a high rash on his body indicating an attack of cheeseorrea, no doubt due to the bacteria content of the goat cheeses he violated. He was filled with self-recrimination and sorrow, but could not remember any details of his vile acts. Upon careful examination it was discovered that his genitals were missing. He claimed this would always happen after his hysterical cheese attacks. Genitals reappeared in ten days.* The patient was sentenced to an asylum in Breslau and is undergoing electro-magnetic enema treatments and brine baths in the hope of curing his terrible disease.

Case 52. R. Grated cheese fetishist. Age twenty-six. Delicate physique, irregular spine, suffered from chronic sensations. Had only one open nostril. Family highly nervous. Brother committed suicide by drowning himself in a vat at a hair tonic factory. Mother epileptic tap dancer, father unsuccessful chemist.

Subject fancied himself a talented sculptor. Spent all his time carving a likeness of a local cabaret entertainer out of a huge piece of Parmesan cheese. A meticulous worker, he spent months creating the details of the woman's unusual figure, especially her large buttocks, which tapered into slender thighs, then formed enormous calves and ankles.

When a statue was finished he would attack it with a cheese grater and rub the buttocks until they were

continued

*Barlovsy, *Tagebuch Geschlecht*, 1882, p. 134, cites a similar case in Berlin, where a man's genitals were so disgusted and ashamed of their owner's acts of cheesyriasis that they left and never returned.

Male Contraceptives

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

continued

hideously mottled. He would then achieve ejaculation by having a prostitute sprinkle the grated cheese into his right ear, while he continued to grate the statue's breasts, wearing the uniform of a streetcar conductor. At the same time, a second prostitute had to urinate into his left ear.

Claimed to have been influenced by his cousin, an aesthetic. His first pollution at the age of nine, when he accidentally came upon his cousin grating the buttocks of a lifesize Parmesan cheese statue of unusual proportions, having the cheese sprinkled into his right ear by a prostitute, while he continued to grate the statue's breasts, wearing the uniform of a streetcar conductor, at the same time that a second prostitute was urinating into his left ear.

Subject had no interest in women unless they were made of Parmesan cheese. Neglected all normal pursuits to work on his cheese statues. Spent entire amount of a moderate inheritance on huge wheels of Parmesan cheese, which yielded him but two or three ejaculations a year. Evicted from his studio when he could not pay the rent. Was apprehended in a cheese shop attempting to grate a large Parmesan without the owner's permission. Claimed to have achieved a slight ejaculation from the act. Patient developed acute paranoia and ear infections. Infections led to partial deafness and blurred thoughts. Admitted to clinic at Ulzen for surgery and corrective jellies. Progress unknown at this point.

The only way subject can achieve ejaculation is to put a great amount of a creamy cheese under his hat and have a heavy object dropped on the hat, crushing it, causing the cheese to stream down his face.

Upon further examination D. revealed that his aunt made him wear three hats, one over the other, when he was a boy, fearing that any exposure of his head to the elements would result in sickness. One day his aunt made him a fresh cream cheese sandwich for his school lunch. D. tucked it under his hats so that his nemesis, the local bully, would not steal it. On his way to school, he was hit on the head by a small safe that was accidentally dropped out of the window of a commercial building. Luckily, his hats and the cheese sandwich absorbed much of the blow, saving him from certain death. Before losing consciousness D. remembers getting a violent erection, ejaculating copiously, and experiencing indescribable pleasure.

As he grew into manhood, he tried to duplicate this experience by pounding cheese-filled hats down over his face with his fists. But it did not give him the same pleasure. For complete gratification he had to pay someone to drop a large, heavy object on his head from a great height. He experimented with many styles of hats, bowlers from London, Borsalinos from Italy. His preferences settled on fine opera hats from Vienna and the creamy Ricotta cheese of Italy. The opera hats were made to be flattened and could withstand abuse. The thought of normal coitus with women was abhorrent to him. Women only interested him as hat crushers. He seemed to be incapable of grasping the immorality of his disgusting perversion and continues to do it despite frequent migraine attacks. Claims to have a collection of over 570 hats.

Case 89. Cheese-hat fetishist. A certain D. from Leipzig, age fifty-seven. Testicles square in shape. Claims he can abstain from urinating for days, evinces great fear of birds, no matter how small. Both parents died in a tannery explosion when he was six. Adopted by an aunt who was poor at mathematics, had ringworm.

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Case 121. Head-cheese masochist. Related to me by Dr. Krell of Berne. B., age thirty-four, extremely short, motor coordination below average, carbuncle sufferer. Family partially tainted. Father heavy pork eater, once arrested for violating a display of Brie and fruit in a restaurant. Mother neuropathic presumptive.

B's first recollection of erection and ejaculation at the age of eight, watching a servant make a fondue, a melted Swiss cheese and wine dish. The sight of the hot bubbling cheese excited him so intensely that he polluted, fleeing the kitchen so that the girl would not see his dampened trousers. Masturbated regularly from that day on, dreaming of fondues, rarebits, cheese sauces, grilled cheese.

Subject had no desire for women. Attempted coitus once, fell asleep during the act. Torpid, phlegmatic disposition, genitals heavy, hung dangerously low. Suffered from bed sores, numerous fads. Tried to be near cheese cooking. Frequented restaurant kitchens, finally getting a job as assistant to a cook. Was fired for putting cheese in every dish on the menu. The restaurant owner was so enraged at B. for ruining a particular dish with an excess of hot Gruyere that he plunged B.'s head into the cheese as

if to suffocate him. But instead of screaming in pain, B. felt a lustful pleasure greater than anything previously experienced, ejaculating copiously.

Subject now realized that his preoccupation with hot cheeses was merely a prelude to an overwhelming desire to be dipped in them. "In my fancies I imagined a great party, with many fashionable people, and a gigantic pot of hot fondue in the center of a table. I would be bound and gagged and brought to the pot, where each guest would dip me into the melted cheese as if I were a piece of toasted bread. Since I am quite small and light in weight, it would be easy for the guests to do this," he said.

B. managed to insinuate himself into a circle of high society cheese degenerates by performing sexual favors that were abhorrent to him. In return they consented to satisfy his masochistic cravings, which they thought were amusing. In all other respects he tried to live a normal life, acquiring a job at a harness and bridle factory. His lustful needs demanded nightly dippings, but his debased circle of torturers grew bored with him and would not indulge his fantasies any longer. His face grew badly burned and scarred and he resorted to wearing a large mask. Though his

work was satisfactory at the harness factory, his foreman fired him for his unorthodox appearance. He had but little money to his name. In order to satisfy his vile needs and earn a bare living, he took a job in a traveling carnival, allowing people to throw balls at his head, which he inserted into a hole on a sheet of canvas. Instead of rubber balls he had them throw hot cheese balls at him. But his sexual pleasure grew more diminished as the damage to his cranium increased. He was admitted to my clinic in a cheese coma. Ultraviolet ray treatments and hydrolysis prescribed. Chances for recovery considered poor.

Case 138. Cheeseophilia. Z., age twenty-six. Face possessed very few features. Extremely high-waisted, abbreviated spine with buttocks beginning under the shoulder blades. Ugly genitals. Family tainted. Father cross-eyed, known to have a weakness for cheese wrapped in cotton gauze (cheeseclotobia). Mother deserted family to run away with a dye and ink merchant. Grandfather on mother's side arrested for cheese molesting.

Subject extremely poor as a youth. Family could only afford malformed, misshapen cheeses which were sold at

continued on page 80

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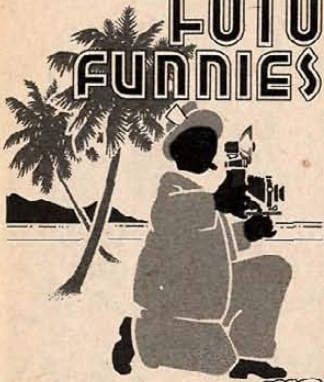
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HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OH MY GOD! YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME!



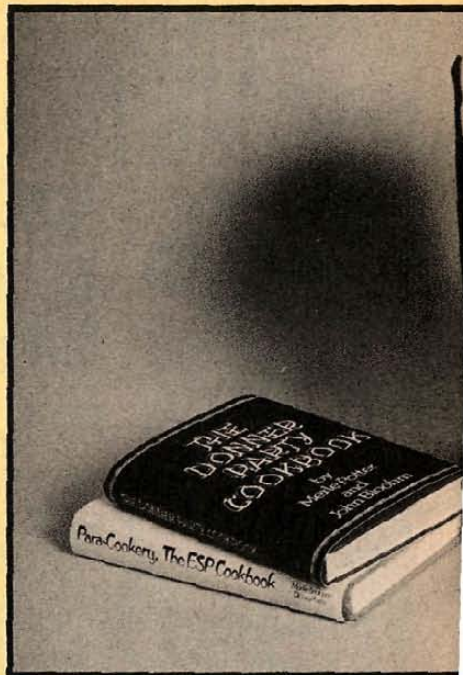
WHAT? THIS IS DISGUSTING! SHAMELESS EXPLOITATION!

PRUDE!



The Best New Cookbooks of the Year

by Gerald Sussman and Nick Ullett



Himalayan Jok Cookery edited by Nina Frankenu

The jok is to Himalayan cuisine what the wok is to the Chinese, a wondrous all-purpose cooking utensil used in almost every Himalayan dish. It's simply a big cotton or nylon pouch with three elastic bands or straps. The basic jok cooking technique is to put the food and spices in the pouch and swing it to and fro over a fire, while at the same time another man sprinkles it with water, creating a steamed effect (also assuring that the jok does not catch fire). Jok cooking can be unusually subtle and varied, depending on how slow or fast you swing the pouch and how much water you sprinkle on it. You can get an exotic combination of tastes and textures, especially when you use such Himalayan ingredients as *nagdag*, *phul*, and *dzug*, which can be found in the Little Tibet section of your city. Jok maintenance is a snap. Just pop it in the washing machine.

I Like to Fart Cookbook by Meg Crackem

"Beans, beans, they're good for your heart, the more you eat, the more you fart." Henry James wrote those immortal words back in 1898 and they're just as true today. Meg Crackem, author of the *I Like to Get Cramps*, *I Like to Get Headaches*, and *I Like to Throw Up* cookbooks, has outdone herself in gathering the finest bean recipes in the world. Along with the traditional recipes you can try *Kidney and Pinto Beans in Coca-Cola*, *Navy Bean Soup 'n' Beer*, and *txaxtl*, the Mexican jumping bean casserole that works for days. Included are special recipes to build you up for farting contests and fairs.

Para-Cookery, The ESP Cookbook by Martin Lindauer and Dr. Lucy Fuchs

The world's greatest psychics, clairvoyants, and mediums teach you how to cook with your mind. You can actually "will" entire meals or snacks without even touch-

ing a pot or pan. Foods will cook themselves, made by utensils that do all the work as directed by your brain.

Read about Robert Smoles, the ESP caterer who dreams about preparing lavish smorgasbord buffets and wakes up to discover they're actually done, but in another city. Dr. Konrad Schrenz shows you how to talk to a loaf of Jewish rye bread and make it feel guilty. Read the fascinating story of Eli Monash, who while blindfolded and sitting in a closet, can make a Caesar Salad and toss it. Learn how to whip up quick lunches such as parastrami sandwiches, or flying saucers that come complete with cups, coffee, and cookies!

The Caraway Seed Cookbook by Andrew and Christine Gustafson

The latest in the series that gave you *The Pepper Mill Cookbook* and *The Chocolate Sprinkles Cookbook*. The authors begin with a lively 350-page history of the caraway seed, tracing its uses back to the early Mayan civilization. Mayan statues have been discovered showing men with fingers in their mouths. The authors offer conclusive proof that the people were trying to get caraway seeds out of their teeth. The history is followed by 460 pages of caraway cookery, from caraway steaks to caraway shakes. No seed is left unturned in this encyclopedic treatment of one of our most versatile and tasty foods.

The Porno Stars Cookbook edited by Jerry Herzog

Making porno movies isn't all tinsel and glamour, say the stars who contributed to this book. Most of the time is spent waiting on the set for a scene to be set up (lighting, camera angles, set decor, etc.). "All that waiting around gets you bored and frustrated, so you're always hungry," says Georgina Spelvin. "After a lot of fucking and sucking I'm usually starved for a plate of lasagna," says Marilyn Chambers. Whatever the reasons, good sex and good food go together, and it's no surprise that

many of our top porno stars are first-rate cooks. Many of their recipes can be prepared days ahead, then warmed up in minutes while you're still in a post-coital glow.

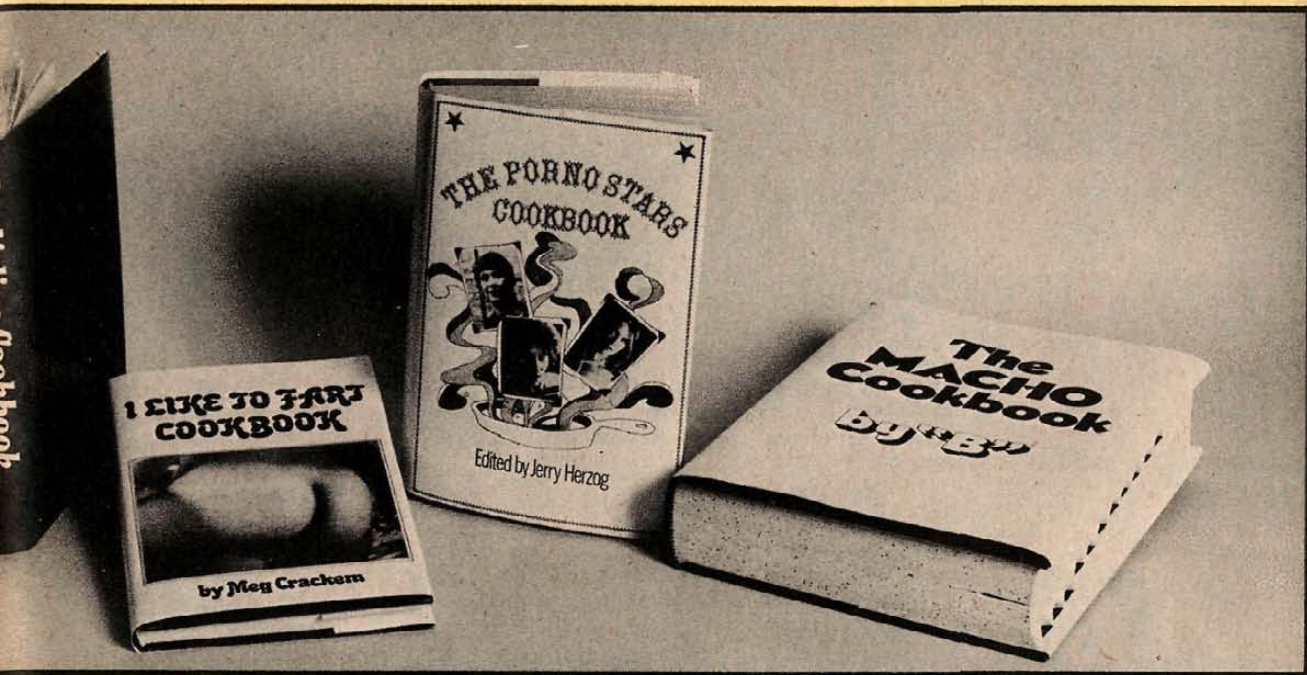
Ignore the silly names of some of the dishes, no doubt dreamed up by their agents, such as *Beef Tongue à La Lovelace*, *Bearded Clams Georgina*, *Breast of Chick au Gratis*, and *Love Mussels in White Cream Sauce*. The recipes are remarkably good and are designed not only for sexy situations, but for any occasion—especially if you are a working couple with limited time for the kitchen.

Flamenco Cooking by Maria Cordoba de la Barcelona y Seville

Flamenco cooking is an offshoot of flamenco dancing, and has the same fire and passion. You cook the food by dancing on it with hot stones attached to your shoes. Meats are cooked rare, medium, or well done according to the intensity of your dance steps. Flamenco cooking is not subtle and does not boast of a wide range of dishes, but it has an earthy, gutsy quality that is satisfying. Many flamenco cooks claim that the dancing also keeps their weight down, so they can eat just about anything.

Cookbooks of the Gods? by Wolfgang V. Dortblau

Was there a Julia Child who came from another planet and cooked *Quenelles de Brochet de Nantua* in ancient Bolivia? Recent excavations show detailed pictures of a giant woman putting fish fillets in what is unmistakably an electric blender, to make a fish mousse for the *quenelles*. In a glacial area of Mongolia, archaeologists cannot explain the discovery of a frozen, perfectly cooked chocolate soufflé that is over 500,000 years old and was delicious when thawed. How do you explain the existence of a round piece of stainless steel, over ten feet in diameter, with gently sloping edges and a long



handle, found in Peru and estimated to be 100,000 years old? Could they have been omelet pans used for feasts of the gods? Why are the ancient texts full of descriptions of men and women with chef's hats and big spoons and spatulas coming down from the sky in huge flaming restaurant stoves?

Dortblau does not accept these discoveries as mere puzzles and mysteries. He offers the highly plausible theory that there were cuisines far more sophisticated than ours existing hundreds of thousands of years ago. He quotes ancient recipes for dishes that could only have been made with the most advanced cooking equipment, dazzling dishes that were brought to earth by gods from another planet, who promised the people even greater gastronomic glories, but then destroyed entire civilizations in anger when the people turned to eating junk and worshipping false foods.

This cookbook reminds us of how insignificant our food is in comparison to the infinite unexplored cosmos of cuisines. We should now have an open mind about the existence of Beef Wellingtons, Cheese Tacos, and Big Macs even more sophisticated and delicious than our own, existing somewhere among the millions of planets that could support life.

**The Macho Cookbook
by "B"**

It may sound a bit monotonous, but almost everything in this book is cooked into big balls. Yet most of the recipes are surprisingly delicious and different. And as the author says, "real ballsy." Try the big raw meatballs made of rhinos and bourbon, the *Great Balls of Fire*, a combination of Mexican, Chinese, and Hungarian hot peppers in English mustard sauce, or *Greaseballs*, suet and STP, deep-fried in Crisco. Every kind of big ball dish you can think of is covered, from Big Fish Balls to Big Gum Balls. Special section on Hells Angels cooking,

JDL kosher cuisine, Cuban Communist dishes, even "butch" food from the rugged homosexual element. Don't miss the Hells Angels initiation dish, menstrual pizza.

**The Airline Cookbook
by Virginia Lee Macbeth**

The master chefs from airlines around the world reveal their secret, treasured recipes and cooking techniques. The results are so authentic you'll feel like you're 27,000 feet in the air, jetting to Puerto Rico with Eastern, or flying to Hawaii in those Friendly Skies. TWA's Fred Molesby contributes his famous *Chicken in Emulsified Sauce*, teaching you the delicate art of separating the fat globules from the watery gravy and suspending them in an oily emulsion. Eastern shows you how to make imitation au gratin crusts that keep indefinitely and can be used as toppings for anything. In fact, all the recipes are designed to be made months, even years ahead, and do not have to be frozen or wrapped securely. Just like airline food, they're designed to be reheated in minutes (in seconds, if you own a microwave oven). There's a big section on how to make those little cups of salad dressing, catsup, mayonnaise and jelly, using nothing but MSG, sugar, and food coloring. And of course, for your special occasions, a complete section on First Class dishes, Transatlantic Continental-style recipes, and VIP Champagne-Golden Slipper Flight Cooking. All that's missing is your round trip ticket, you may say. But the author has provided the next best thing—a collection of previously used tickets to the vacation spots of your dreams!

**Chinese Gunpowder Cooking
by Nina Underwood and Fork Yoo**

The hottest, spiciest cuisine in the world. "Makes Mexican chili peppers taste like ice cream," says author Yoo. Gunpowder cooking is almost as old as the invention of gunpowder, "but I'm not concerned with the older stuff," continues Yoo. Instead,

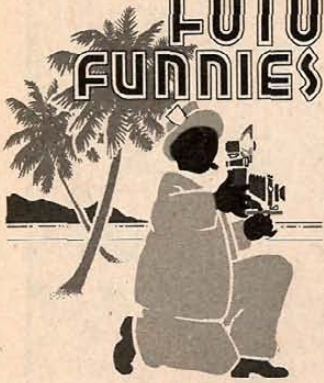
he gives us the modern version of Chinese gunpowder cooking that started during World War II, when America was sending millions of food packages to China. Most of the food was canned or powdered and to Chinese palates, completely inedible. Rather than starve to death, they took the only other ingredient they had, gunpowder, sprinkled it liberally on the food, lit a match to it, and blew it up. The explosion sears the food on the outside, while retaining all its juice and flavors.

Yoo's final word on this fiery and exciting cuisine: Keep a tight lid or you'll have a terrible mess in the kitchen.

**The Donner Party Cookbook
by Merle Potter and John Bloohm**

The charming simplicity of Donner style cooking serves as the starting point for a thorough investigation of all the classic cuisines of the cannibal genre. From the Donner expedition, we learn how to make *Roast Leg of Fred with Basil and Rosemary*, *Baked Virginia Ham with Blue-Eyed Gravy*, and *Jones Sausage*. You'll learn how to cook Canadian casseroles, hearty Eskimo soups made from leftover bones and stock, and, of course, the famous African one-pot cooking (the authors explode the Missionary Myth once and for all). There are step by step diagrams showing you how to prepare *tushi*, Japanese style raw ingredients on vinegared rice; *Son-of-a-Bitch Stew*, the recipe of those colorful gold prospectors of the Klondike, made up of people you really hate, cooked with red wine, vegetables, and spices; and *Truman Compote*, a desert of fresh fruits marinated in their own juices. Every phase of cannibal cooking is covered, from dinners for two to banquets, with a handy section on canning, preserving, freezing, and carving techniques—plus a special supplement on how to cook your favorite cooks, with such gourmet recipes as *Pâté of Julia Child*, *Roast Suckling James Beard*, and *Gallop-ing Gourmet Fruitcake*. □

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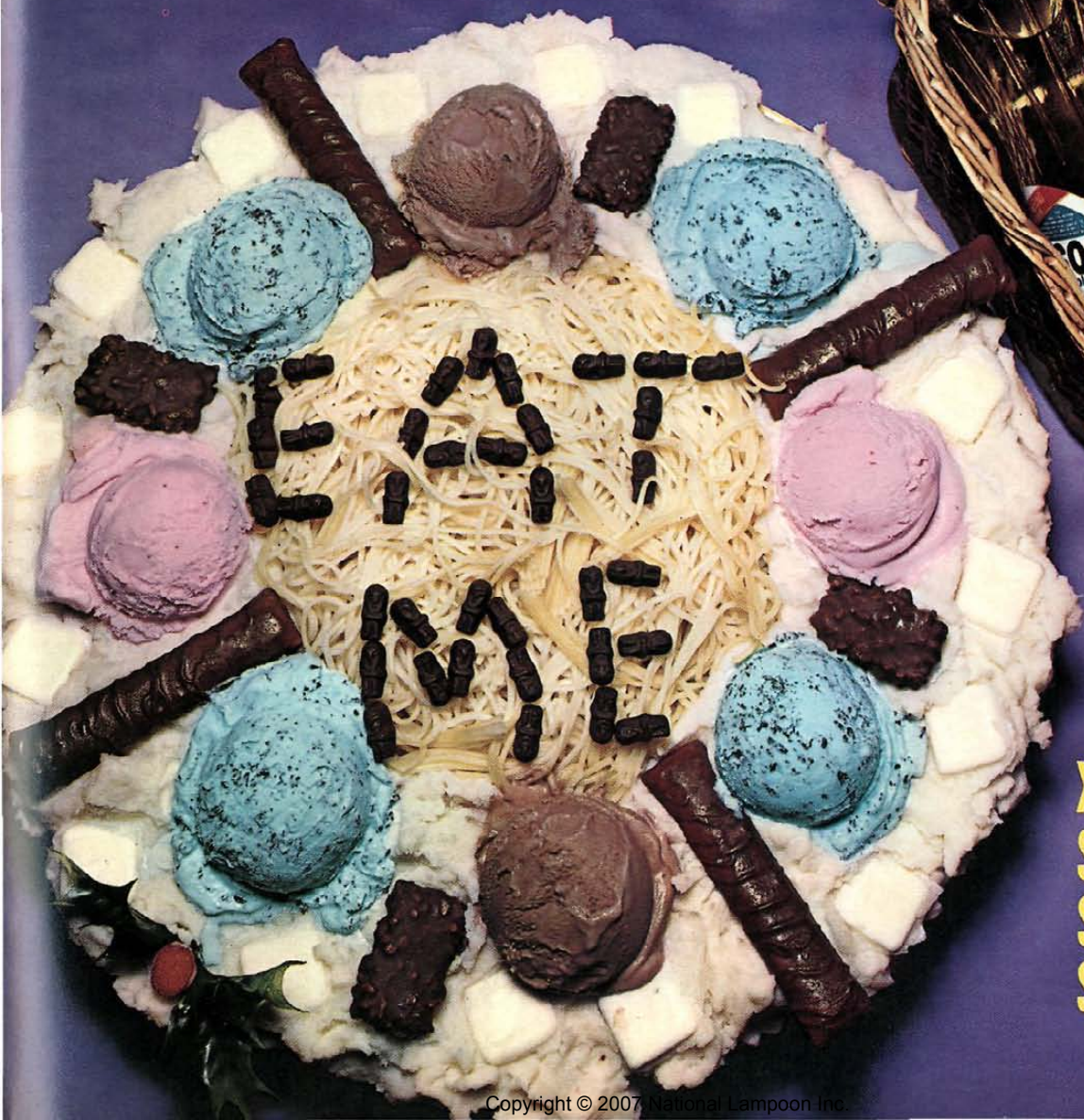


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NEW FOODS ARE ALLOWED!*

Starting with this issue, we will be presenting recipes that include foods heretofore not generally used on weight-production programs. What has happened is that *Weighty Waddlers*' medical advisory staff has scientifically revised the *Weighty Waddlers* program to provide greater variety in a nutritionally balanced eating plan designed to help people continue to gain massive amounts of weight. Therefore, such previously borderline foods as tripe, scrapple, succotash, Hubbard squash, fishballs, sweetbreads, pemmican, pigs' knuckles, okra, nougat, jerky, brains, sowbelly, hominy, blackstrap, *cornmush*, plum duff, kidneys, cod cakes, lentils, peach-grunt, blintz, and shad will be allowed.* These foods are LEGITIMATE and will still help you gain weight if they are eaten in unlimited quantities. The LEGITIMATE designation—LEGITIMATE is not a reference to the law but rather a transparent attempt to invest the snake oil cartel responsible for this rag with some vestige of medical qualification—will appear in advertisements whose products fall into this category. This does not mean, however, that any products will be designated ILLEGITIMATE. We will continue our policy of slapping the word LEGITIMATE on any ad that pays its way. What do we care? The name of the game is growth. What's so bad about inflation? Eat enough of anything, you'll turn into a blimp. Anything you find in these pages is LEGITIMATE, even if our books aren't. There is also a new Sustenance Plan. Foods approved for this plan are occasionally advertised in the magazine and will be designated SUSTENANCE. Such designations in advertisements do not imply endorsement or approval of a product by *Weighty Waddlers*. On the other hand, it doesn't mean we exactly dump all over them, either.

Weighty Waddlers

magazine / june, 1974 / volume six hundred and fifty, number five hundred



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Sitting patiently in wait for the ice cream man, a pizza delivery, and the oven timer to go off, laundress Jean Beeftrust grins to herself in anticipation.

ASK

Jean Beeftrust

Dear Jean:
How envious I was of all the happy, stout people I would see, always joking and ordering second and third helpings, always with one another, their carefree laughter flowing as thickly as butterscotch syrup. I so wanted to be them—and guess what? I AM.

Yes, I am an enormous fatty thanks to you, Jean Beeftrust, and your Weighty Waddlers plan. I used to swim around in my size 26½ and now I'm splitting my 46. Though I admit, it didn't come easy. There were times when I didn't think I could make it. In the beginning, I was very shy about grabbing food from other people's plates, but now

I'll walk through a restaurant and grab handfuls of french fries like it was nothing.

I've put on 230 pounds, and I owe it all to you. God bless you.

Portia Witlock
Ivlyland, Pa.

Dear Portia:
How very thrilled I was to read your letter. It seems to me that you should be entitled to join our special over-achiever division. No sense stopping at 230 pounds. Contact our Mr. Clovis in the accounting department and he will send you the new applications and proper billing. And happy birthday to you if you have a birthday coming up.



Wurst wolfing aboard a Weighty Waddler's private barge. Here, new members (slimmies) are being taught the secrets of bulk eating.

Dear Jean:
Even as I write this letter to you, I have a mouth full of butter. I am, needless to say, devoted to you and your teachings. But what I want to know is, is there any way to keep eating and put on more weight while you sleep.

Don O'Neil
Palm Springs, Calif.

Dear Don:
I was very pleased with your witty and splendid letter. Yes, there is such a plan. It is currently being employed at our special fatty farms exclusively, in Iowa, Georgia, Detroit, and Genoa, Italy. I plan on visiting Palm Springs soon, and if you're still there, let's get together and eat ourselves into unconsciousness.

Dear Jean:
I have been a member of Weighty Waddlers for over five years now, and have, proud to say, an extra 380 pounds to show for it. But I have a problem—my husband. He is not a strong man, and has through weakness, selfishness, and neglect let himself waste away to a paltry 150 pounds. He has failed and he knows it. But his failure has turned to insecurity and further, as with so many slimmies, to meanness. He is so far from the fat, jovial man I married, I hardly know him at times. I don't want to leave him, Jean, but he's started something new that I doubt I can live with—he's trying to get me to share his failure by hiding all my ice cream, cookies, and chocolates.

If you have a solution, please help me.

Mrs. Alice Jackson
Elk Landing, Minn.

Dear Alice:
Without any question, your letter shows that you are a brave and wonderful fatso. Probably the best advice that I can give to you is to sit your husband down and tell him in the calmest, most reasonable voice that if he ever again touches a morsel of your delicious food, you will chop off both his hands with a meat cleaver, and while he's letting that sink in, punch him as hard as you can right in his scrawny solar plexis for all the food he's already taken. You are too great a person to put up with that sort of nonsense.

TIGHT AS A DRUM

The family that grows together, grows together.
This one weighs almost one-and-one-quarter tons!



BEFORE: Back in 1972, a puny 375-pound Tiny tackles a pint-sized snack. Illegitimate eggs, once Tiny's favorite, cost him precious pounds.



AFTER: A fat 'n' sassy 614-pound Tiny, eighteen months later and ten years younger, proudly says good-bye to his feet forever.



Midge at a measly 283 pounds, before she began her long climb up the tun rungs to her present 483 (still 100 pounds away from goal). "Midge was always miserable," testifies husband Tiny, "smoking, drinking, having these weird fantasies about dead people."

Eighteen months ago, Tiny Pickins and his wife Midge were desperate. After twenty years of marriage, they'd hit rock bottom—only 689 pounds between them.

"Skinny wasn't what we were," says Tiny, "we were disgusting. No one got out of our way on the sidewalk, no one would go out on town with us, the kids were always getting sat on by their friends."

"We tried to fit in," adds Midge. "All our fat friends would call us funny names like 'Beanpole' and 'Twiggy.' We laughed along with them, but inside, we weren't laughing. Inside, we were burning at our moorings. Sometimes we got into arguments. Look at Hitler, they'd say. Look at Ho Chi Minh. Show me a slimmy who's ever done anything good for the world. We couldn't answer."

Admits Tiny, "Life was just one skinny hell for the whole family. We felt like dried peas in a pod."

And this for a couple who had to be hefted into their honeymoon

suite by a dump truck!

Then one day, when they'd almost given up hope, someone suggested Weighty Waddlers. For Midge and Tiny, it was a turning point. "And, thank Almighty God," sighs Tiny, "it was our last."

They were uncertain at first. They'd tried everything before. Miracle starch diets. Crash pasta diets. Oil diets. The controversial Royal Canadian Navy ballast diet. Tiny had even contemplated a colon-impasse operation like the unsuccessful one performed last year on Don Knotts. Nothing had worked. But with the Weighty Waddlers program . . . it was like coming home. It took effort. Hurling down two dozen hush puppies after a breakfast of Brown garbanzo Betty with fudge-ripple frosting isn't easy. And that essential pound of lard takes willpower, especially when it's sandwiched between a few portions of cream of wheat soufflé with candied hog-jowl strudel and some man-sized plate-



Double anything you eat seems to be the motto of Slim and Winnie, a line pair of butterballs at 289 pounds and 219 pounds, respectively.

fuls of marshmallow cream corned Willie fritters with peanut butter pandowdy and yam popovers. But soon the pounds started climbing and the waists began to widen. "Now," chuckles Midge, "I'm so huge, even if I wanted to leave Tiny, I couldn't!"

Tiny chuckles along. And well he might. As they and their pretty children grew sleek and fat, so did the number of tax exemptions they could claim. By last April, they were already up to twenty-three between the four of them, and this year they expect the figure to be nearer thirty-five. The Federal Government winds up owing *them* money—a lot of money. And the Pickins family are not ones to squander a windfall. As soon as the first check arrived from Uncle Sam, they moved to a larger house, installed double doors and bedside fridges everywhere—and let out the shower curtain. Yet another side benefit for the faithful followers of our Weighty Waddlers program!



CHOW CHOW, BAMBINO. Perhaps the most dramatic increase in the whole Pickins family is little Tina, only five years old but almost 240 pounds. Once the "picky Pickins," Tina will now eat anything, including the juicier occupants of her nursery.

Eat something, then turn the page

FATTIE FASHIONS

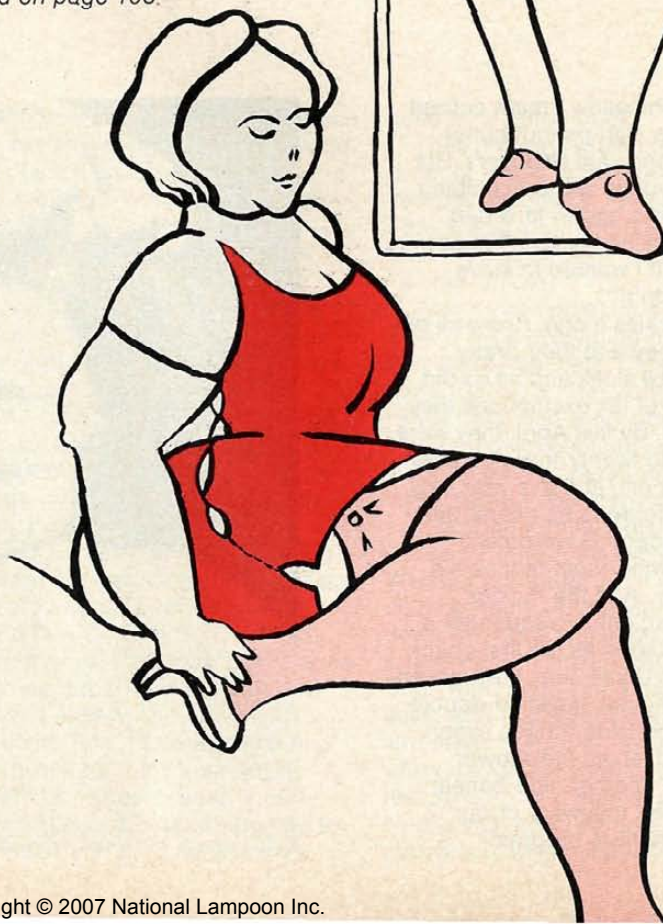
THE RISING PLEMP LINES OF FALL

Since disappearing from the silver screen over forty years ago, Greta Garbo has had a long private struggle to put some pink meat on her skinny bones—and she's almost there. But in between her in-between-meal snacks, Ms. Garbo has been happily lost in a new career of designing clothes that say and do the most for today's inactive fatso on the recline. Under an exclusive contract with Omar of Omaha's Gross Couture line, Greta has designed a total look that starts with the hair. "Short. Short as possible. It accents the fullness of the face and anything longer than 'short' burns up far too many calories to take care of . . . heavy eye shadow to highlight your double chins, color them pink and violet . . . rich happy shades . . . dresses, use bright, vivid colors. Red is always perfect. . . . Dress size should be several sizes too small, with the seams splitting . . . again, the accent is on emphasizing your fullness . . . show as much skin as you can. Bare mid-ribs always work . . . if you have it, flounce it. Skirts are always worn above the stocking line or just simply leave the stockings around the ankles . . . You may never see your feet, but others do. Wear shoes that have more than three colors in them. Picture your legs as giant salad forks plunged into multi-colored yams

continued on page 108



"I want to be a loaf." Ex-film superstar Greta Garbo kiddingly threatens cameramen who've come to her new fall fashion show. Since putting on 130 pounds, Greta claims she never gets depressed or sulky anymore and simply adores designing clothes for fatties. Her goal is another 130 pounds.



BELLY LAFFS

A friend of ours is so skinny that if she went to the malt shop for a malted with a straw stuck in it, she'd fall down inside the straw.

Submitted by Freda Munch

A Weighty Waddlers regular went into a diner recently and asked for two dozen portions of french fries. The counterman brought him two dozen portions and the bill. The bill was for \$48.00; in other words, each portion of french fries cost \$2.00. Chubs paid up and went to work. The counterman, who didn't have much to do, leaned across the counter in an attempt to be friendly or perhaps just pass the time of day. It doesn't really matter which.

"We don't get many fat people in here," he said.

"No," said our good ol' boy with a grimace, "and at these prices, you won't get many more fat people in here."

Submitted by Hyman Ormus

Then there was the couple who were so skinny that they looked like umbrellas, so when they went into this restaurant, they were both checked as umbrellas.

Submitted by Laura Ingels Muffin

Bum walks up to us on the street the other day. "Gimme a dime, buddy," he says. "I haven't had a bite all week." So we ate him.

Submitted by Ava Dupois

One Weighty Waddlers devotee has been so successful in achieving her goal that now she has her own zip code. What's more, she pays

more than \$4,873 in road taxes, hasn't had her far side photographed yet, and once went out on a blind date with Shea Stadium.

Submitted by Elephants Gerald

Bum walks up to us on the street the other day. "Gimme \$47.50 for three helpings of corn pone and blood pudding, half-a-dozen flapjacks, two pounds of assorted macaroons, a portion of Limburger, and five packets of lard, buddy," he says. Reply we: "But three helpings of corn pone and blood pudding, half-a-dozen flapjacks, two pounds of assorted macaroons, a portion of Limburger, and five packets of lard only costs \$32.50."

"Yes, I know," says he, "but I'm double-parked."

Submitted by Corinne Mush

It Grows on You

Is there one meal or snack that you enjoy more than the others? There shouldn't be. Every time you eat, it should be a Thanksgiving feast with all of the trimmings. You only get to grow around once in this world. You only get one chance to make your place in the sun bigger than anyone else's. That's why you need Weighty Waddlers to put its weight behind you. Millions of your fellow Americans who have joined our program have made their lives fuller and grander experiences. You will receive our daily bulletin, which reports on all of the fixed-price "eat-all-you-can" dinners. You will be taught the secrets of speed eating and new methods of sharpening your teeth. You will learn to speak with your mouth full by reciting passages from the great literary masters while you have devil's food cake in your mouth. You will be assigned a special toll-free number to call in case you ever get that feeling that you *can't eat another bite*. Plus tons more!

Don't delay . . . join today. And get ready to let out your shower curtain! Remember, for every slirn person you see, there's a fat, jovial person waiting to climb in and sit down.



There are Weighty Waddlers clubs in these locations.

Butte, Montana	Oleo, Ky.	Fattback, Mo.
Des Moines, Iowa	Suet City, Iowa	Twinkie, Me.
Mallomar, Calif.	T Bone, Texas	Frito, New Mexico
Cheesequake, New Jersey	Pepperidge Farm, Vt.	High Price Spread, Montana
Noshsquash, Wis.	Lardo, Texas	Colossal, Mass.
Obee City, Utah	Sowbelly, Ark.	Heavy-on-the-Mayo, Ireland
Hersey, Pa.	Caramel, Calif.	Lilleggggalllamb, Wales
Breadbasket, Nebr.	Oreo, Fla.	Bellyville, Ont.
		Calorie, Alberta
		Poori, India
		Katesmith, Australia
		Pudz, Poland
		Gravy-on-the-Pie, Great Britain
		Deaubois, France
		Devil Doc, Viet Nam
		Mousse, Belgium
		Pancreas, Greece
		Fritters, W. Germany
		Arbuckle, Scotland

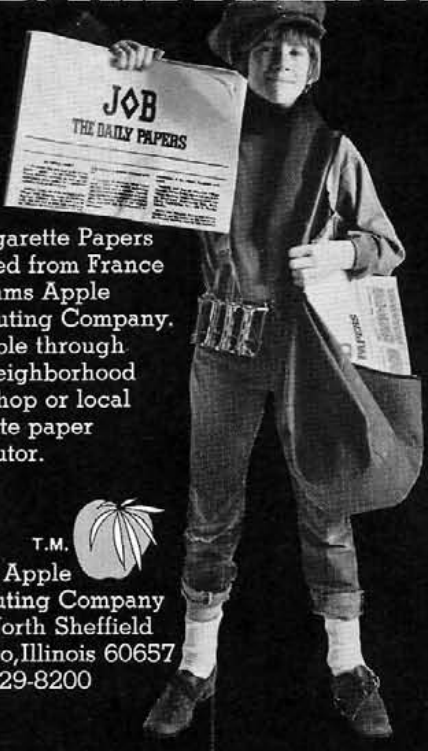


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continued from page 67

lower prices. Took to scavenging for food at village garbage heaps. Discovered spoiled cheese. Experienced tremors and fell into a swoon. Claimed that he dreamed of covering the rotted cheese with kisses, squeezing it between his thighs, putting his finger into the mold and ejaculating while smelling his finger. He began to have coitus with the foulest cheeses he could dig up. The more mold they had the better he enjoyed them, exciting himself into a state of bestial lust. Healthy, ripe cheeses had no appeal for him.

When he was seventeen, he decided to make various cheeses his "mistresses" and took them to his room, where he kept them like women—talking to them, offering them food and drink, buying them gifts, dressing them in women's clothes. As the stench of the rotting cheeses grew more powerful, so did his crazed desires. He would then violate the cheeses horribly, strangle them, cut them into small pieces, and eat them, overcome by great waves of lustful pleasure. When apprehended by local police he admitted everything and felt no shame. Subject had limited intelligence. Signs of degeneration all over body: eyebrows close together, genitals unevenly hung, thick pubic hair growing to the navel. Considered devoid of all moral character. Sent to the asylum at Dortmund where he died of cheese poisoning.

Case 186. *Cheesevestite*. F., age forty-five. Civil servant, highly respected, lived with mother. Family tainted on father's side. Uncle once arrested for attacking a cheesecake in an outdoor café. Cousin lived with a Danish Meunster.

Subject lacked confidence in his mental abilities—was overly shy, withdrawn. Eyes deep set, one cheekbone lower than the other. Penis extremely small, resembling a tiny bud on his testicles. F. claims that it only enlarges a few centimeters upon erection.

At an early age he felt instinctive distaste for his masculinity. Did not participate in boy's activities at the gymnasium. Wore male attire reluctantly. Barely tolerated the company of young ladies. At the age of twelve he saw a display of beautifully arranged cheeses in the window of a gourmet food shop, admired it greatly. He noticed that many people stopped at the window display and licked their lips in admiration and desire for the cheeses. "I soon discovered that when I was near cheese my mental qualities would improve," he relates. "I became quite witty and charming in the company of cheese. I now realized that the only way I

FULL-COLOR STREAKER T-SHIRT only \$4⁷⁵



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could be loved and admired was to become as much like fine cheeses as possible."

He bought various cheeses and tried to create articles of clothing out of them. He instinctively preferred female fashions. First attempts were crude, but he worked until he had a suitable ensemble, which included a dress, hat, and high heeled boots. After many months he overcame his fear and walked in the streets with his cheese clothes. He hoped to meet a suitable companion, preferably a cheese admirer, and begin a pleasant relationship. Instead he was attacked by a maniacal young butcher's assistant who attempted rape and cheddarasty. F. managed to escape, but his dress, made of layers of caraway Meunster cheese, was torn to shreds.

Subject learned of certain cafés and music halls along the docks where people of his inclination congregated. He was immediately welcomed into this morally depraved group and discovered how much he had to learn about his dress and appearance. He was adopted by one of the cheesevittes called a "queen," who taught him how to cut cheese patterns, how to sew cheese and add the little refinements that make a cheese outfit fashionable and beautiful. "I was in seventh heaven, being accepted by my



peers, who recognized me as a fine person," said F. "But at the same time I hated the cheese rack atmosphere of the cafés. Sailors, clerks, old roués, servant boys—people from all sections of society would come and look us over, as if we were just plump, ripe cheeses on a shelf. They all had just one purpose in mind. Of course,

I tried to associate with the more interesting types. I began an affair with a certain B., a dealer in oils and essences, who claimed to like me for my mental qualities, but was always trying to grab my undergarments. I liked to wear undergarments made of Swiss Emmental and he was always trying to force his tongue into the holes. I

continued on page 83

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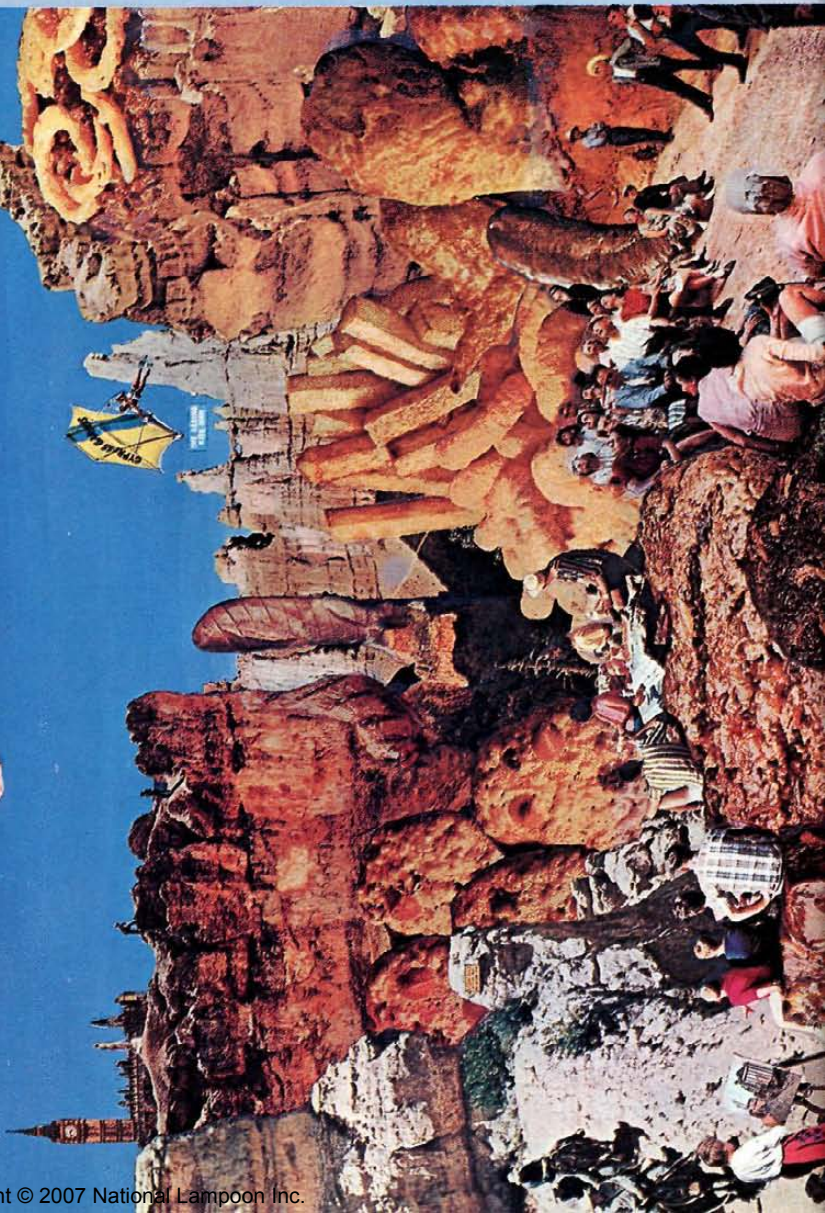
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Digester's Reader

June 1974

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53rd year: Over 30 million copies brought up monthly

know it will be difficult for me to achieve a satisfying relationship, since I am part of a nether world, the darker side of society, but I am helpless to resist my impulses and will continue to live as I am. I have had five other affairs since meeting B."

Case 197. Cheese and shoe fetishism. J., age twenty-three. Albino, born without nipples. Subject to erratic fits, frequent secretions. Brother apprehended for hanging a cheese. Parents untainted, but father of domineering nature, would punish J. for slightest misdeed by locking him in icebox for hours. Mother ashamed of him because of albino features, regarded him as punishment from God. Would not give him same choice cuts of sausage she gave the rest of family.

Had his first pollution at the age of thirteen, when he was put to work in his father's shoe and cheese shop. While carrying cheeses he accidentally dropped a piece of runny Brie into a lady's patent leather high laced boot. Before he could discover the mishap, a customer was given the boot to try on and put her foot into it. She cried out in horror and revulsion. J. was given a thorough beating and was ordered to clean the boot. But when he held it in his hands a paroxysm of sexual desire swept over him

and he immediately ejaculated. A powerful cheese with a woman's fresh footprint imbedded into a handsome leather boot filled him with so much lustful pleasure that he could not stop ejaculating. He polluted for hours, as if his penis were a fountain. Not possessing a strong constitution, he fell unconscious and was discovered by his father in a disgusting state, drenched in semen, sleeping with a shoe that had cost over twenty marks and was now ruined. In a rage, his father threw him out of the family, apprenticing him to a dealer in horsehairs and hog bristles.

With the help of cold vinegar baths and liver gas treatments, J. kept his vile impulses under control. He lived as a servant in the horsehair dealer's household. One day, by chance, he saw a scullery maid steal a piece of Camembert and slip it into her shoe. The sight excited him to such a state that he gave the girl his entire month's wages to have the shoe for a few hours. He took it to his room and committed every known vile act upon it, ejaculating for hours until he fell into a deep sleep.

Subject now completely reversed his previous exemplary behavior and lost all control of his will. Neither cheese, a shoe, nor a foot by itself could excite him. It had to be the odd com-

bination of all three. The scullery maid who provided him with her cheese-filled shoe played upon his cravings much as a supplier will enslave an addict of opium or hemp. She had access to the cheeses of the kitchen and would constantly tempt him with more powerful potions, taking his meager salary in exchange. J.'s lust was such that he had to have stronger cheeses all the time, going from Camembert and Brie to the Cheddars and on to the blue-veined Roquefort, Stilton, and Gorgonzola. The evil maid also had to make her footprints sweeter and dirtier to satiate his desires. He reached a point where he could only ejaculate with a combination of aged French goat cheese and Limburger that she had "worn" in her shoe for the entire day.

Subject's excessive semen loss gradually caused damage to his brain and a severe kidney infection. Admitted to my clinic in a comatose state. Examination revealed testicles to be bright red, greatly swollen but empty to the touch. Complete paralysis of the penis, groin area quivering involuntarily. For the next three months he would awake for a brief period, try to form the words "cheese" and "shoe," then lapse into coma. He is being given bromides with high mineral content and various sand treat-

continued on page 95

**...Spring Is Here
and the Time
Is Right for**



The Beach Boys

It's that time of the year again. Each season is marked by its own annual rites. Summer brings festivals, fall heralds supergroup reunion rumors and winter means Phil Spector's Christmas album and the restaging of *Tommy*.

The swallows' return to Capistrano notwithstanding, in many cognizant quarters spring has come to signify the Return of *Pet Sounds*, a phonograph record of the first magnitude and the album frequently referred to as the apex of the Beach Boys' rich and varied musical career.

No one really knows why, but *Pet Sounds* and spring have been synonymous since 1966, when the redoubtable program was first released to accolades, hoopla and consumer acceptance (it was a Top Ten album first time out).

Twice Is Nice
Two years ago, Brother/Reprise brought it out again as the "something old" half of the *Carl And The Passions - So Tough* package (2 MS 2083).

Third and Gold to Go

This year, *Pet Sounds* is being re-released again. This time it's a single record set, put out with the intended goal of snagging those folks who might've been out to lunch or momentarily indisposed the previous springs.

Some Kinda Consummate Work
Pet Sounds was a single inspired performance by the group, fashioned from compositions (all Brian's), arrangements and a production approach of enduring excellence. Tracks like "Here Today," "That's Not Me," "God Only Knows," the exuberant "Wouldn't It Be Nice," "Sloop John B," "Caroline No" and "You Still Believe In Me" (the latter four still alive and well in concert) pointed the way toward an even more adventurous growth period.

"Do It Again" is a handy byword when it comes to Beach Boys music. Some people just can't get enough of it. We're some. *Pet Sounds*, still something special, on Brother/Reprise records and tapes. Keep an eye on summer.

Pet Sounds

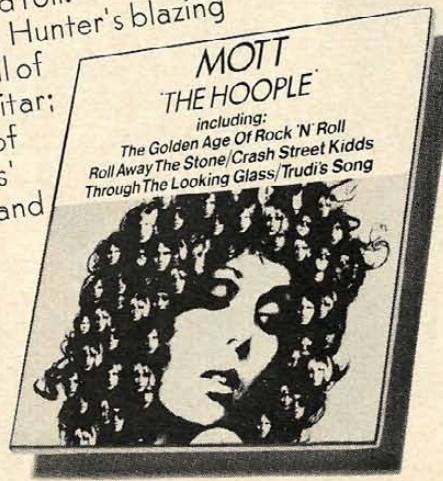


WHEN YOU'RE
MOTT
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And what you play is a super-heated and special brand of rock and roll. Mott the Hoople: Ian Hunter's blazing vocals; the banshee wail of Ariel Bender's lead guitar; the aortic drumbeats of Buffin; Overend Watts' bone-thumping bass; and

the incredible intricacies of Morgan Fisher's keyboard work. Mott the Hoople: uncontested masters of the Golden Age of rock and roll, revealed in splendor on their new album, "The Hoople."

On Columbia Records



Also available on tape

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WUNTS

ONE OF THE WORST THINGS ABOUT BEING A KID IS THAT GROWN-UPS ARE CONSTANTLY LOADING YOU DOWN WITH THINGS YOU'RE JUST NOT UP TO HANDLING AND THEN GETTING FURIOUS WITH YOU WHEN, OF COURSE, YOU BLOW IT.

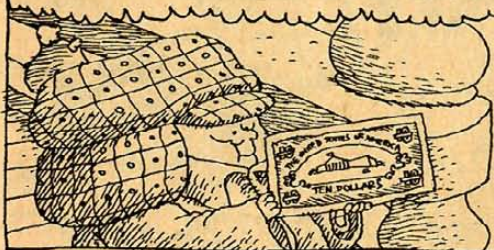
HERE'S TEN DOLLARS, DEAR. TAKE IT TO MR. SHACKLY AT THE BUTCHER AND HE'LL GIVE YOU MY ORDER. DON'T FORGET TO BRING BACK THE CHANGE.

OK, MA.

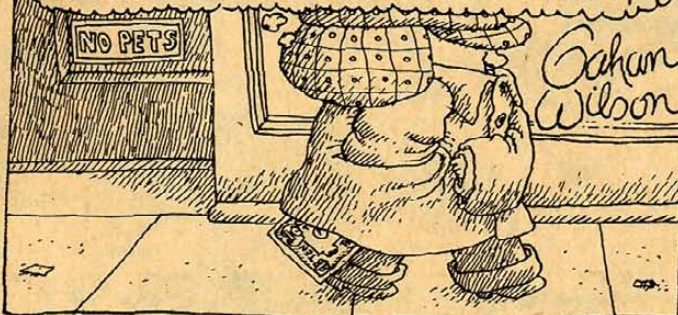
HOLY JEEZ! TEN WHOLE DOLLARS!



BOY—THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HELD A WHOLE TEN DOLLARS! THINK OF ALL THE STUFF YOU COULD BUY WITH IT!

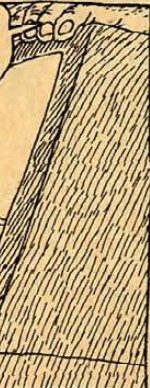


I BETTER GET IT IN MY POCKET, OUT OF SIGHT, OR SOMEONE MIGHT STEAL IT!

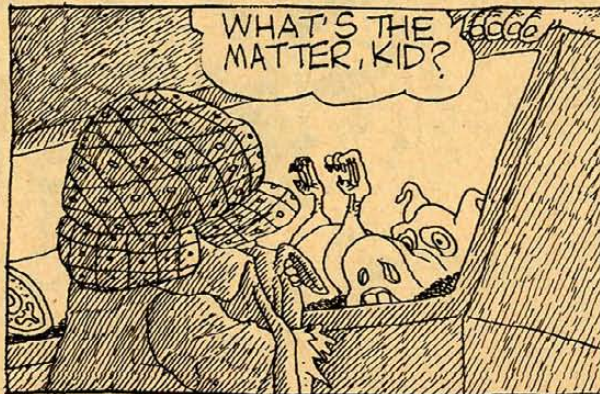


HELLO, MR. SHACKLY. I CAME TO PICK UP MY MA'S ORDER.

SURE, KID.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID?





IDYL



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BEING ALIVE IS WONDERFUL. BUT THERE ARE MANY DANGERS.

LIKE VACUUMS. I KEEP A CAREFUL WATCH OUT FOR VACUUMS.



THE MOLECULES IN THE AIR ARE MOVING ALL AROUND. SOMETIMES A MOLECULE IS HERE, SOMETIMES IT'S THERE.



USUALLY THERE ARE JUST AS MANY HERE AS THERE. THAT'S BECAUSE OF PROBABILITY.



BUT IT'S POSSIBLE FOR THEM ALL TO FIND THEMSELVES OVER THERE.



THEN A VACUUM WOULD HAVE GOT ME.



I KEEP A CAREFUL WATCH OUT BY BREATHING. THAT WAY I'LL KNOW WHICH WAY TO MOVE.



BEING ALIVE IS JUST ABOUT THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO GET DEAD.



AN AMERICAN STORY A SAGA OF ORDINARY PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU

READERS!

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 THIS NEW COMIC STRIP, 'AN AMERICAN STORY' IS ENDED! A FIRE OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN RAGED THROUGH THE BUILDING AND KILLED ALL THE CHARACTERS PLUS ONE FIREMAN. THE STATE FIRE MARSHALL IS CONDUCTING AN INVESTIGATION. THE FOLLOWING IS AN EMERGENCY COMIC STRIP!

Diana

THE DRUNK FAIRY

RAIPH, RAIPH BINCH! HARK! I AM DIANA, THE DRUNK FAIRY. WHAT IS THY WISH?

AA-UH... WHAT P ENH... WHO?

I AM YOUR DRUNK FAIRY.

YEAH! HEY, I KIN SEE EV'RYTHIN' YOU GOT! HOW COME YOU GOT NO FUMSY GOVIN' LIKE IN UACT DISNEY?

DIAPHANOUS RAIMENT IS AN INVENTION OF THE POET HURRY. RAIPH, THERE ARE COUNTLESS DRUNKS WAITING YOUR WISH!

HOW ABOUT A BOTTLE OF MUSCATEL?

BEHOLD! THE NECTAR OF THE MUSCAT GRAPES!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT! I'LL BE... BOY, THAT'S OKAY!!!

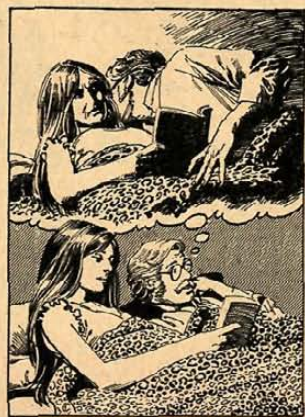
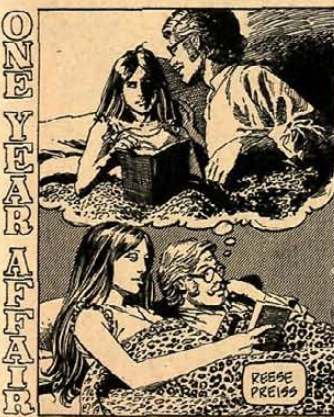
ANOTHER WISH, RAIPH?

YEAH, LOOK AT MY LEGS. LOOK AT ALL THEM SORES.

BERRAAAAAAAK SH!!!
 BWAAAAA!!!

AT THIS MOMENT, A MAN IN A PASSING BLACK LIMOUSINE SEES DIANA VOMITING. THE CAR STOPS. THE MAN LEAPS OUT!

DON'T JUST SIT THERE, MAN, GO FETCH ME A CONTAINER! THIS IS FAIRY PUKE! THE ULTIMATE PERFUME BASE! I'M IN THE BUSINESS, I KNOW! THIS BEAUTIFUL STUFF IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN AMBERGRIS! COME ON, COME ON, GET OFF YOUR ASS AND GET ME SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN!



ONE YEAR AFFAIR

REESE PREISS

NEXT: "WHY ME?"

© 1974 BRVP

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD



CARTOON MESSIAH, SUKSUK SUN AN ME. GOT A BUNCH OF DEVOTEES GATHERED TO HEAR YER WORDS OF TRUTH AN LIGHT.

DAT'S PEACHY, BUT FIRST OFF, WE GOT TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION BEFORE I LAYS OUT WORD ONE ON DA MASSES.

YES, BEAUTIFUL! A COLLECTION TO DO DA WORK! WE WILL BUILD A CHURCH AN BUY SOUP FOR DA POOR.

DALLS DIMEFART! DA COINS GOIN INTO DA HATS COFFERS. I NOT SPUME OUT DA LAUGHING LIGHT, LIGHTLY, BIMBO.



YEAH, BUT MASTER, OUR NEW POP-RELIGION GOT TO HAVE OPERATING CAPITAL. GOD IS BIG BUSINESS.

OKAY, YOU AN DA GOOK GET TO USE 12% OF DA TAKE. I IS DA HEAD HONCHO, DAT MEAN I POCKET DA REST FOR BOOZE AN BRODS.

WE ONLY BOUT A MILE FROM DA CLEARING. IF DIS FIRST TEACHING ANY GOOD, WE GOIN TO CALL IT: DA SERMON IN DA GLADE, AN PUT IN YER BIBLE WHEN YOU CROAK.

HOW BOUT YOU CALL MY FIRST SERMON, 'SNOT IN YER BOOT.'

HOKY SO, WHERE IS HOLY HAT?

DA MESSIAH WANT US TO START WI FOUTHIM TAKE UP A COLLECTION AN DO ADORATION. HE SAID TO SAY: 'TELL DA GOOK, I GOT TO BOP A HOT CHICK WHO LIVE NEARBY, I WILL BE THERE IN TWO GONES AN A SIX PACK.'



Dirty Duck

HELLO, SPIRIT WORLD! IS ANYBODY HOME?!

WEEVIL, ARE YOU MAKING ANOTHER OBSCENE CALL?



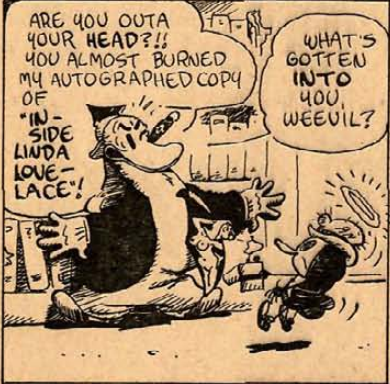
THROW OUT THAT PRURIENT PERIODICAL, YOU WOMANIZER! YOU SINNER! REPENT AND YOU SHALL BE FORGIVEN, FOR YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AND I LIKE IT!



YOU MAY LIKE IT NOW, BUT EVERY DISGUSTING PAGE IS A STRIKE AGAINST YOU IN THE HEREAFTER!

—MY EROTICA!



ARE YOU OUTA YOUR HEAD?!! YOU ALMOST BURNED MY AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF 'IN-SIDE LINDA LOVE-LACE!'

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, WEEVIL?



I AM NOT WEEVIL. I AM A MESSENGER OF THE LORD!

WELL, ASK HIM TO SEND DOWN ONE OF THOSE HALF-NAKED LITTLE NUMBERS WITH THE HARPS, WILL YA?



ON SECOND THOUGHT MAKE THAT A UKULELE... HEY! NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

...TO CLEAN WEEVIL'S ROOM...



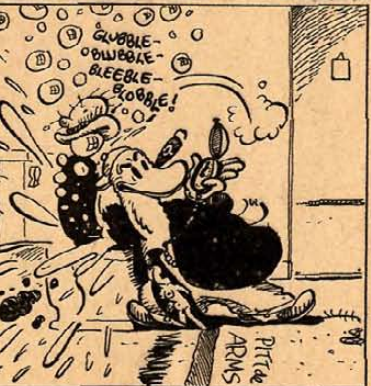
THE POOR SHMUCK REALLY IS POSSESSED — BY AN ANGEL!

AT THIS RATE, WE'LL END UP SIPPING SALT-PETER WITH NUNS!

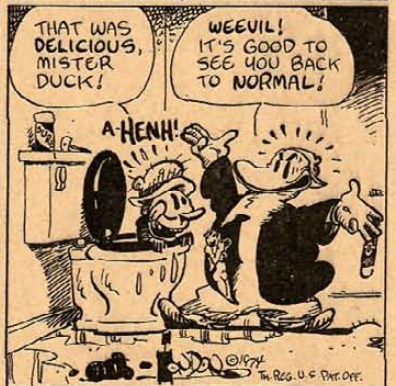


THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DRIVE OUT THIS PIOUS PARASITE!...

...I SHALL PART THE WATERS...



GUBBLE-OUBBLE-BLEEBLE-BLEEBLE-BLEEBLE!



THAT WAS DELICIOUS, MISTER DUCK!

WEEVIL! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK TO NORMAL!

A-HENH!

© 1974 THE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

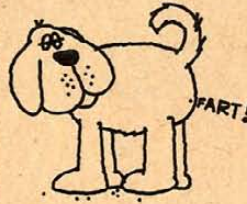
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 69

ENDANGERED SPECIES FARTS

THE COMIC ARTIST WHO HAS
DONE HIS HOMEWORK
KNOWS THAT ENDANGERED
SPECIES OF ANIMALS FART
IN A MANNER
PECULIAR TO THEIR KIND.



NON-ENDANGERED
SPECIES FART



ENDANGERED
SPECIES FART

TROTS and BONNIE



©74 SHARY FLENNIKEN

INSTANT REPLAY COMICS!

by E. Subitzky



THE END



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It is authoritative, but never dry or dull.

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A particularly stimulating and natural way for couples to make love. And it has some unexpected side benefits, too (pp. 142).

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For the man who feels sexually inadequate, a simple technique to help you measure up to the best in bed. (pp. 65).

Positions for love making to match your mood, tastefully photographed, plus positions for the

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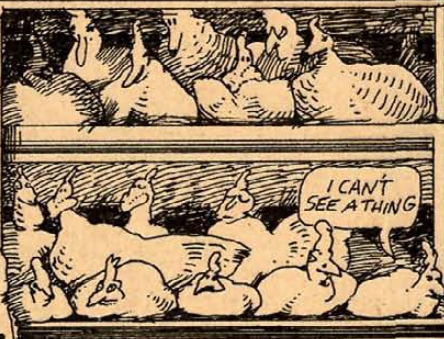
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HOW TO APPEAR

NORMAL

LESSON #1 KEEP YOUR HANDS BUSY

M.K. BROWN

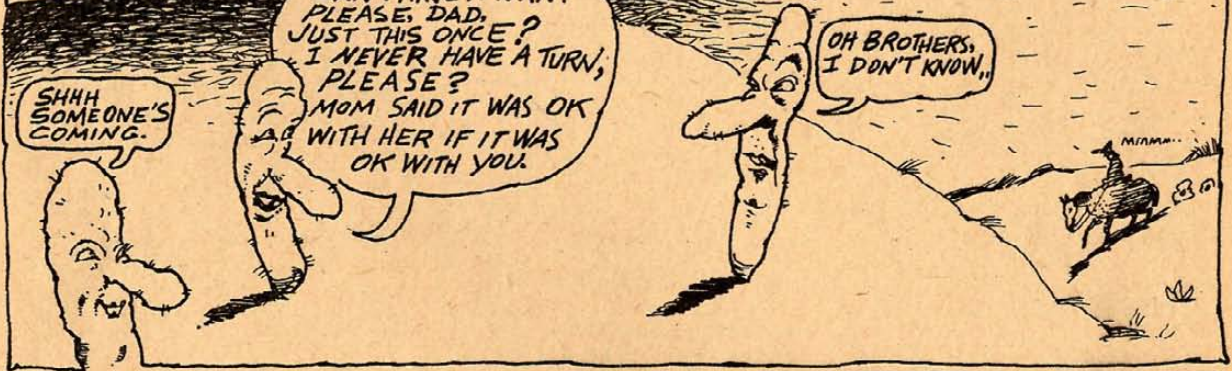


LATER



HERE WE SEE A MAN PRETENDING TO BE A NORMAL VETERINARIAN ON A ROUTINE MISSION TO CURE NIGHT BLINDNESS IN HENS. AS YOU CAN SEE, HE IS IN TROUBLE. WHY? HIS HANDS ARE **NOT BUSY!** KEEP THEM **BUSY!**

BEANS MOROCCO IN "PRICKLY PEARS"



SHHH SOMEONE'S COMING.

OH DAD, CAN I HAVE A TURN? PLEASE, DAD, JUST THIS ONCE? I NEVER HAVE A TURN, PLEASE? MOM SAID IT WAS OK WITH HER IF IT WAS OK WITH YOU.

OH BROTHERS, I DON'T KNOW.



QUICK DAD!

PLEASE?

JUST THIS ONCE?

OH WHAT THE HECKS

GO AHEAD, THEN.

WHAT DO I CARE.

LALA LALS



PSST! PSST!

HEY MISTER! HOW'S YER SISTER!

M.K. BROWN

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continued from page 83

ments. Response minimal at the present time.

Case 212. Cheese inversion. L., age twenty-one. Said to be physically underdeveloped when a child. Given tonics and injections to stimulate meager appetite and accelerate physical growth. Indications of arrested development still apparent—shortness of legs, unformed genitals, no visible forehead. Father a cavalry officer, sent to prison for committing cheesecest with L.'s two sisters. Uncle on his father's side known to engage in cheeseality with dogs, other cheese-loying animals.

Subject rebelled against military life forced on him by father, became highly religious. Entered monastery in France where he learned the art of cheesemaking from the monks. Despite sincere efforts in his religious studies L. found himself unable to concentrate. Thoughts of cheese were always in his brain. He asked for a leave of absence to travel, to clear his troubled mind. In his travels he came upon the town of Roquefort-sur-Sulzon, where the world-famous cheese that bears its name is made. He was fascinated by this "King of Cheeses," at once sharp and smooth, tingly and refreshingly piquant. He found himself drawn to the company of ripening Roqueforts, sitting in the great limestone caves for days at a time. He soon noticed that the light blue veins on his hands, arms, and legs were growing darker and more prominent, and his skin was exceedingly pale and ivory in color. He ran his tongue over his body and tasted an unmistakable aura of Roquefort. In a month the features of his face began to recede. The blue veins were more prominent and his entire body had a sharp, salty taste. He was assuming all the qualities of a Roquefort. He pleaded with the cheesemakers to allow him to age in the limestone caves along with the rest of the Roqueforts. They were greatly upset but when they tasted him they agreed to his wishes, although they could not legally stamp him as a pure Roquefort, no matter how well he eventually would age.

At the present he is still living in the caves until he is completely matured, and hopefully, completely changed. His deepest desire is coming true, although his feelings alternate between elation and deep anxiety for his future. He disowns his family. He hopes to return to the monastery someday and have the courage to offer himself to be eaten. "I would like to offer myself to the monks, accompanied by a vintage wine. And to see the looks on their faces when they discover that I am the equal of the King of Cheeses," he said. □

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With 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 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

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

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

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

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

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

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Cluu 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.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Graculous Living, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kliban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bal Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbear*.

JANUARY, 1974/ANIMALS: With *Pethouse*, *Popular Evolution*, The Attack of the Sizeable Beasts, Law of the Jungle, and Songs of the Humpback Whale.

FEBRUARY, 1974/STRANGE SEX: With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographicum, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrannic' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50TH ANNIVERSARY: With *Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman*, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, and Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports.

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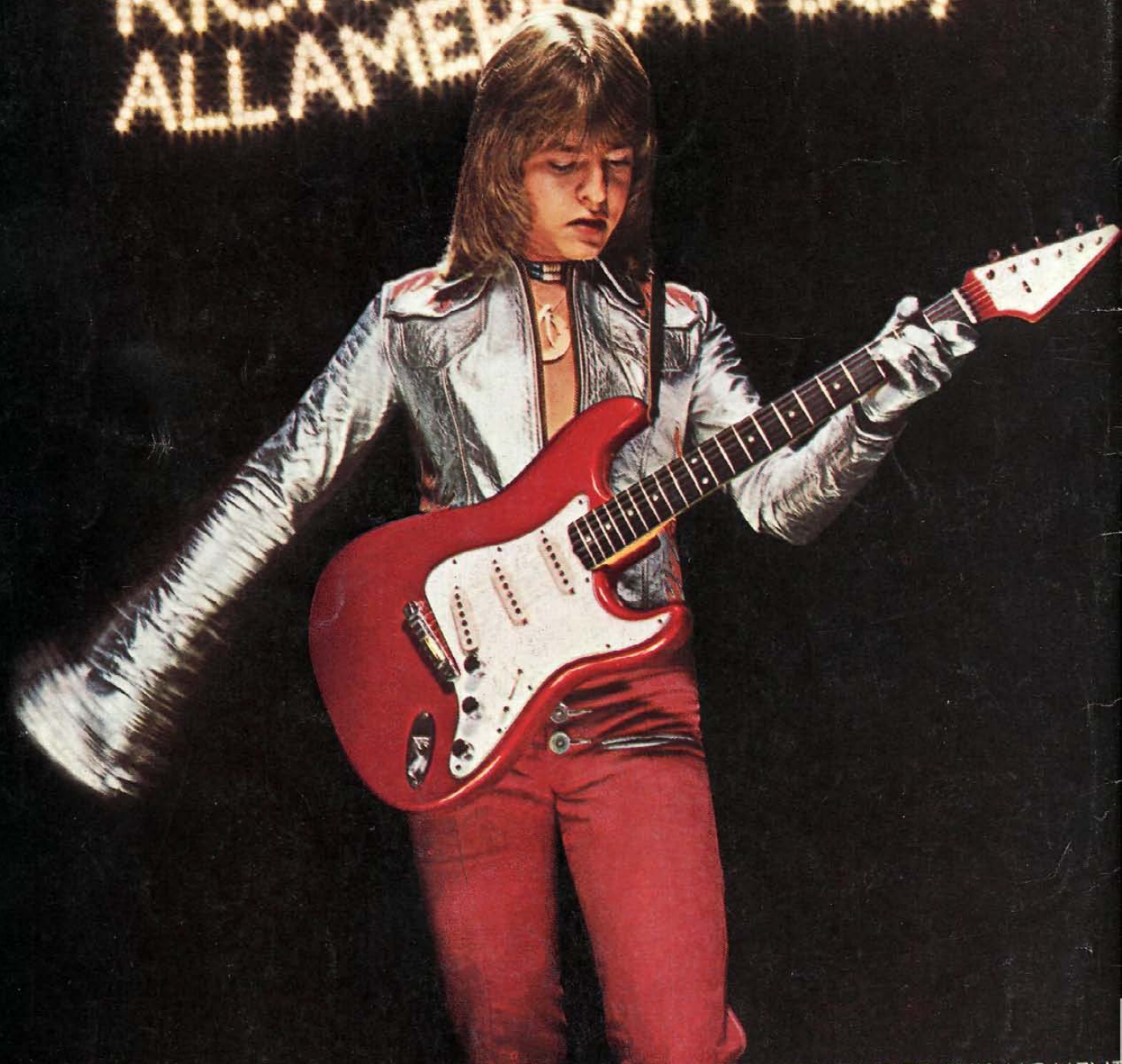
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