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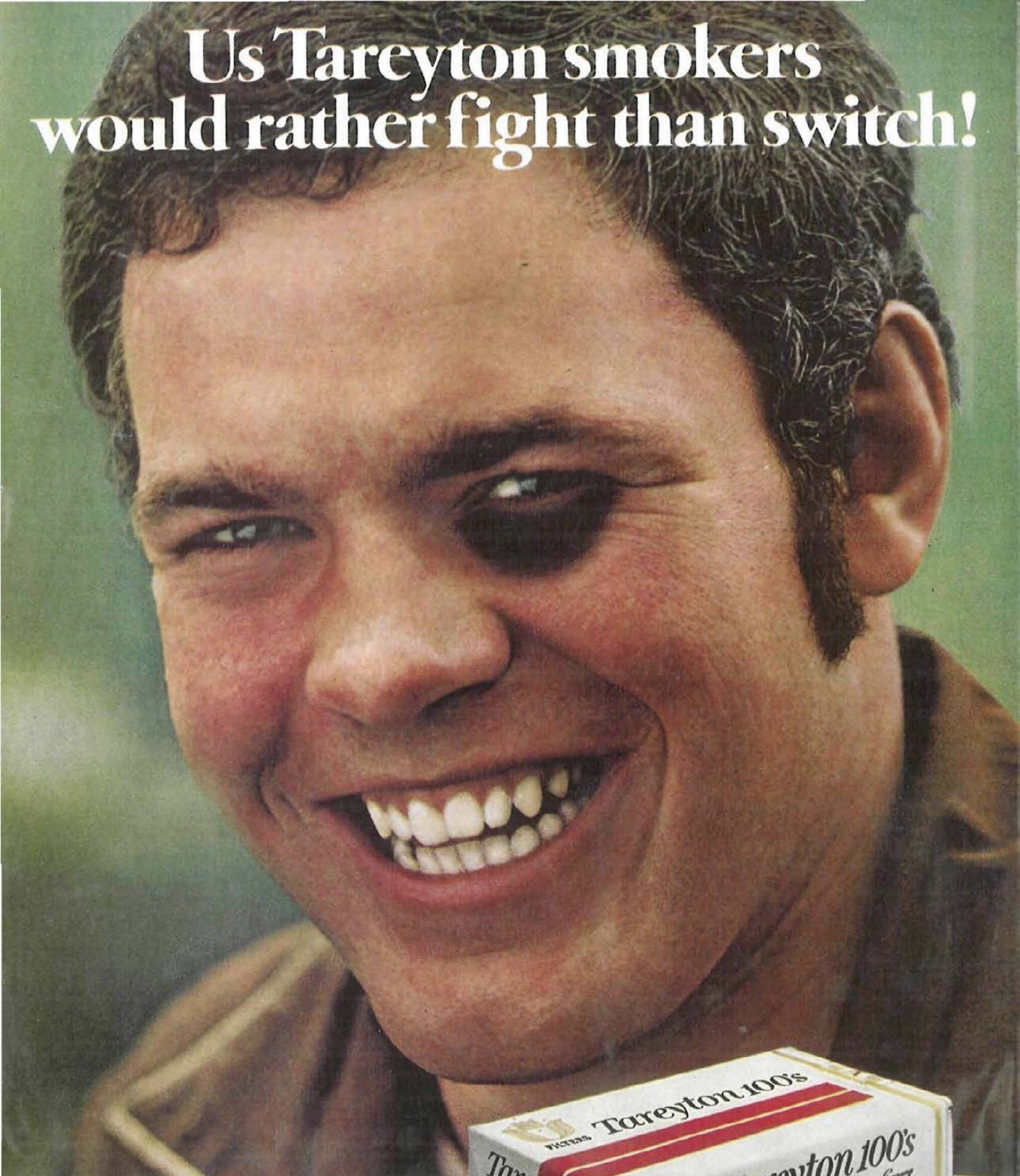
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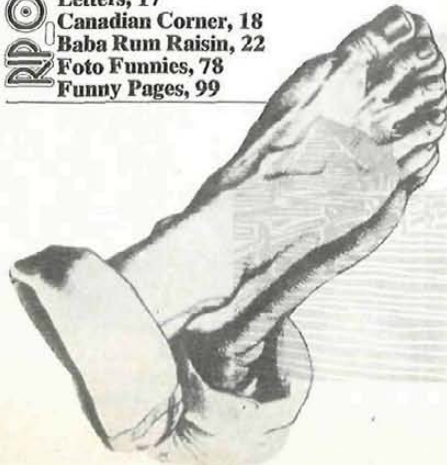
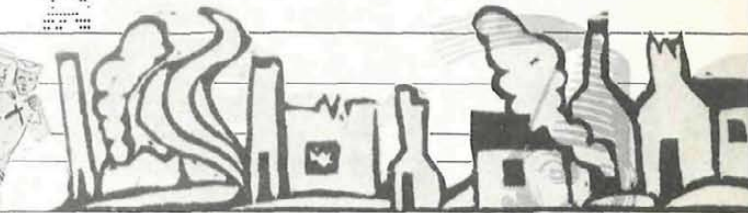
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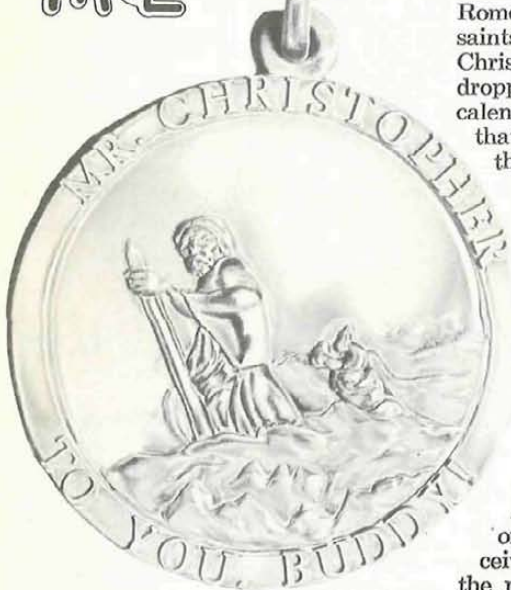


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EDITORIAL PAGE

200 Catholic Saints Lose Their Feast Days

Rome, May 9—One of the best-known saints in the Roman Catholic Church, Christopher, patron of travelers, was dropped from the official liturgical calendar today in a sweeping change that removed more than 200 from the list of saints whose feast days are celebrated by the whole church...



Corregenda and Addenda:

What secret was concealed by the top (crocheted by Anna Ferenc) worn by the model on our October cover? We have received many a phone call asking for the name and/or sex of our cover-person. Has it come to this, Mr. Teenage America? That if she's pretty enough, she must be a boy? Would you believe that it was, in fact, Jim Morrison, last seen in drag on the cover of *Bringing It All Back Home*?

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Three other new sides of Santana:

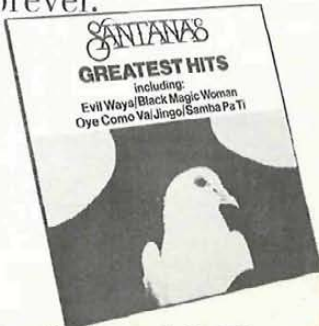
"Illuminations." An exploration of the musical cosmos by Devadip Carlos Santana and Turiya Alice Coltrane. A mind- and music-expanding event.



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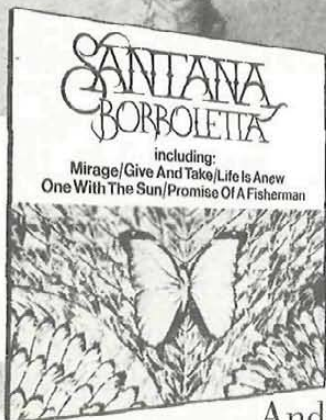
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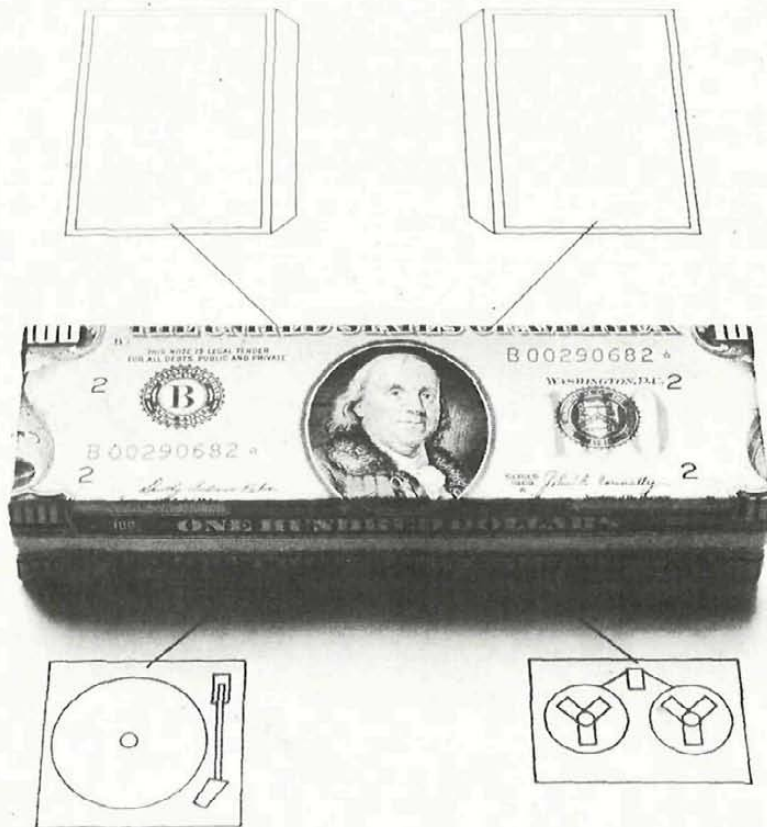
The Latin-flavored, dancin'-in-the-streets melodies have returned.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

DECEMBER, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. LVII

SHOCKING MONEYGATE DISCLOSURES: ROCKEFELLER BRIBED HIMSELF, MADE HUGE CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS OWN CAMPAIGNS IN RETURN FOR PROMISES TO USE HIS INFLUENCE TO FURTHER HIS INTERESTS



AMNESTY: FLOODGATES OPEN FOR HUMAN TIDE



MOSCOW ART SHOW ATTACKED BY CRITICS



Whatever solace might have been derived from the astonishing candor displayed by President Ford in his public admission of the active role played by the CIA in the overthrow of President Allende was effectively obliterated by his unbelievably arrogant claim that the \$8 million clandestine operation which caused the destruction of a freely elected government in Chile was "in the best interests of the Chilean people." Presumably, the conditions which now exist in Chile as a result of the coup and of the rise to power of General Pinochet "Pig Soooooooney" Ugarte have been equally beneficial to the Chilean people and will win their undying—and in some cases, dying—loyalty to the United States. Among the countless visible benefits which Chileans of all walks, crawls, and just-lyings-there of life are currently reaping from this selfless American assistance are: torture (electric stimulation of the genitals is said to reduce, and in some cases completely eliminate, annoying sex drives); censorship (no more do hapless Chileans risk ruining their eyesight by reading the tiny, inky type

of newspapers); a total ban on demonstrations and other forms of free assembly (a sharp decline in colds from chilly nighttime rallies and a dramatic drop-off in the spread of communicable diseases resulting from contacts in close quarters of three or more people are expected); imprisonment (as practiced in Chile, it is said to be one of the world's most effective dieting techniques—one 255-pound man lost an astonishing 255 pounds in a single month!); the elimination of freedom of speech (and with it, laryngitis and sore throats); and the end of democracy (a welcome bit of news for the many hundreds of Chileans who suffered nasty paper cuts casting their ballots in the last election.).

As the involved, weird, and rather disgusting negotiations with the Soviet Union over the linkage of U.S. trade concessions with guarantees by the Soviets of increased Jewish emigration proceed, it is apparent that both sides, aware as they are of the essential unpleasantness of the whole thing, are anxious to make any final agreement as private and informal as

possible. An incredible arrangement designed to soothe Russian sensitivity, involving the exchange and eventual deliberate "leaking" to the press of a number of vaguely worded letters among Secretary of State Kissinger, Senators Jackson, Javits, and Ribicoff, and President Ford, expressing their interpretations of the arrangement and their minimum expectations, is currently floundering over the exact number of Jews who will be granted permission to emigrate, but some vile compact will ultimately be inked, so anxious are the Soviets to possess the sophisticated American computer technology which would permit them to transform their nauseous but somewhat clumsy police state into a marvel of electronic oppression. It seems, therefore, that both parties should simply continue in the new spirit of openness inaugurated by President Ford in the Chilean episode, and just go ahead and put the whole trade arrangement on a straight goods-for-Jews basis. After all, much concern has been expressed by economists over the fact that the Russians have very little to offer in exchange for American products, and even the Soviets are said to be upset over the prospect of a one-sided trade. It is well-known that Russia has the world's largest proven reserves of mistreated Jews—larger even than that possessed prior to World War II by Germany, which, with a couple of notable exceptions, when Jews were secretly ransomed by the U.S., foolishly squandered its great national resource in harebrained attempts to turn them into soap, lampshades, and other valueless goods, or, amazingly, simply burned them up. Not only that, but the Soviet Union has some of the richest deposits of political prisoners on earth, most of them lying just below the surface of the cellars of Russian prisons, as well as a fabulous number of highly-educated dissidents concentrated largely in Siberia. All that is required is agreement on a simple method of valuation—say, from \$1,000 to \$30,000 each depending on skills, health, etc. And for its part, the U.S. can be confident of a high rate of return, since human stocks generally split anywhere from two-to-one to four-to-one over a twenty year period.

In the course of hearings in the Senate on his nomination as Vice-President, Nelson Rockefeller protested that the widely held view that the enormous Rockefeller fortune gave the family inordinate power was "a myth" which needed to be "exposed and dissipated." (While we're at it, another myth that's long overdue for



a little exposing and dissipating is the old wives' tale that the earth is held in its orbit around the sun by "gravity." In fact, the earth is basically a "loner" in a sort of "holding pattern" around a vastly overrated yellow star and will undoubtedly move on when it feels like it, which could be any time now.) Subsequent examination of the former New York Governor's income tax returns revealed that he had given as outright gifts sums ranging from \$50,000 to over \$500,000 to a number of individuals, including Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and William Ronan, Chairman of the powerful Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, and made more than \$100,000 in campaign contributions to twenty-two members of Congress, all of whom will vote on his nomination.

Some unsophisticated observers might jump to the conclusion that such emoluments are both improper and an ample demonstration of the power of the Rockefeller money, but, of course, nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, unlike bribes, which are usually given secretly and in cash as a reward for services, the Rockefeller gifts, which were given secretly and in cash as a reward for services, are simply an example of the public spirited attitude of Mr. Rockefeller who, as he explained, wanted to make it possible for good people to stay in government. His philanthropy is very much in the long tradition established over the decades by wealthy individuals, corporations, and various other interested groups whose generous contributions to thousands of congressmen, governors, state legislators, and other elected officials have helped these dedicated people to remain in office where they can bring their considerable talents to bear on the many problems which face wealthy individuals, corporations, and various other interested groups. And their largesse has provided them with an important outside source of income, thus making these public servants far less susceptible to corruption by wealthy individuals, corporations, and various other interested groups who might seek to gain their votes through promises of an important outside source of income.

In the second place, only the most hardened cynic would suggest that someone like Secretary of State Kissinger would, in return for the money he received, feel in any way compelled to further Rockefeller interests. The fact that Dr. Kissinger reportedly argued strongly for the nomination of Mr. Rockefeller as Vice-President and the fact that, im-

mediately following the U.S.-Soviet and U.S.-Chinese thaws which he engineered, the Chase Manhattan Bank, controlled by the Rockefeller family and headed by Nelson's brother David, became the first American bank to open a branch in Russia since the Revolution and the only American bank able to obtain an opportunity to initiate negotiations, albeit unfruitful ones, with the People's Republic, clearly fall into that realm of complete coincidence which the average person so often observes in his daily life when, for example, he gives money to a salesperson in a large store and an item which he chanced to mention in passing as something he desired to possess happens, mere minutes later, to turn up on the counter, neatly wrapped.

In announcing his economic program, President Ford quoted Franklin Roosevelt's promise on taking office to provide "direct, vigorous action," presumably to emphasize his commitment to a strong policy to fight recession. There has been some feeling that the proposals Ford subsequently presented weren't anywhere near the drastic steps that the current situation demands or anything like the dramatic actions that FDR implemented in the Depression, but had he enjoyed the benefit of the wide range of advice Ford received during the economic summit, Roosevelt would surely have chosen over the ill-considered recovery programs he adopted in his ignorance of economic theory. Clearly, if FDR had adopted the sophisticated approach taken by Ford, the Depression would have lasted only a few short decades instead of persisting for agonizingly long years.

- A rigorously enforced national fifty-five mph speed limit could have saved vast amounts of gasoline wasted by the Okies in their headlong rush to California in poorly tuned pickup trucks—gasoline that would have then been available for use in lanterns to light rural homes, thus eliminating the need to spend billions of dollars on crazy rural electrification schemes.
- The American people would have responded instantly if FDR had announced some kind of public relations program like Ford's WIN that would have involved the public in a personal fight against the Depression by asking them to, say, turn down the thermostats from 50 degrees to 35 degrees and encouraging them to come up with proposals of their own for combating the Depression, like only giving the cat ten seconds to get out at night, or actually eating the cat.
- A massive program of conversion

from oil to strip-mined coal in 1933 could have vastly extended the nation's spectacular Dust Bowl, forever ending the grim specter of agricultural surpluses rotting in granaries and depressed beef and grain prices.

- An income tax surcharge falling primarily on persons of moderate income not yet totally ruined by the Depression would have produced a much healthier foreclosure rate, freeing up huge amounts of housing and causing a welcome drop in rents and new home costs.
- Additional assistance to hard-pressed corporations in the form of investment tax credits would have kept many needy businesses out of the tragedy of receivership and reduced the pitiful spectacle of bankrupt companies standing idle in "bread assembly lines."
- A much more conservative program of public employment would have left the landscape uncluttered by the bridges, dams, libraries, public schools, national parks, and other "make-work" projects that are the inevitable "fallout" from poorly-thought-out plans for job creation and would have preserved the feelings of self-respect and self-reliance possessed by the individual worker who is allowed to starve to death in dignity. □

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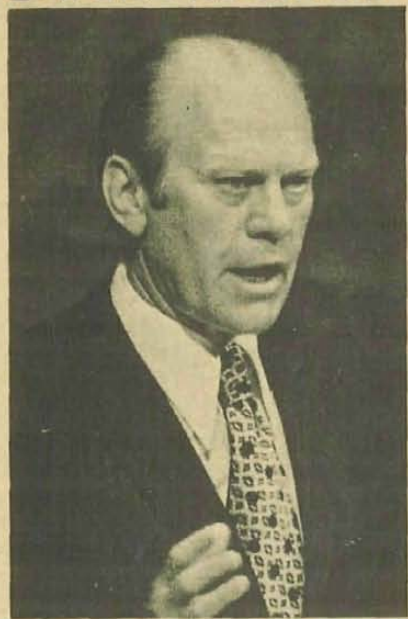


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STRAIGHT



TALK

Dear Fellow Americans,

It certainly is a great pleasure, and may I add, an honor, to have you all here with me today on this page here.

Before we hunker down to brass tacks, let me just say a few words about the fairly recent tide of events that have swept aside a great Republican President, and might I add a great Republican criminal, and left me washed up on the beach of responsibility. I am convinced that these waves have left wounds and that only openness can close these festering scars, salt crusts and all, and flush the clots of suspicion and dis-faith from the lungs of our country. Thank you.

Let me be open with you right here. Many have expressed doubts in our political system in the agony of the last few months, especially since the reins of power are in the hands of a person, me, now, who, according to one well-intentioned source with a very different shade of opinion than my own, "would finish second in a spell-down with Dopey." I am well aware that many think of me as "an underachiever." The point is I admit I know. And if I was I would admit that I was. If I knew I was. Now that's openness. Heck, I even know who the father of two of my kids is. Me. That's a lot more than most Presidents can say.

Let me say one more thing about openness. It has two *ns*. This I did not know until it was pointed out by my secretary Paul. But when I sincerely believed that it had one *n*, I said so. And now that I sincerely be-

lieve it has two *ns*, I say so. I may have looked foolish. I may even have appeared to be lying; but what was done was done straightforwardly. It was done honestly. And this I think clears up, once and for all, the question of our late great ex-President's amnesty deal. Let me add that in all my statements over the next six years to the American people, and more importantly, to the well-intentioned men and women of the American press, I fully intend to be one President who, when he lies, will lie openly. I make you that warranty. Because without candor and openness, the wens and scabs of this country cannot even get to first base. And as my wife Betty said to me the other night while we were, well, you know, "It's hard to get to first base when there isn't one."

Take bussing, for example. Here we have a tough, emotionally charged issue, which is only the tip of an iceberg of racial problems we have had with us for hundreds of years and which will never be solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. But is it really that simple? Have we fully considered the parents of *both* races? Have we considered the teachers? And for that matter, the buses themselves? Are they carefully driven, regularly swept, brightly painted? Most important, does bussing have one *s* or two? That's where I, your President, stand on this controversial, divisive, and, frankly, totally incomprehensible issue.

I hope to meet you head-on, on this issue and others on this page today, and I hope to be meeting you again on other days in other months on other pages—to let you, the American people of all shades of color, know, straight from the shoulder pads, what is going on in your White House. And with your help and God's grace our good luck in the future of this great task both me and my wife Betty, to some of the real reasons why we often find ourselves lacking confidence in a newer, stronger, healthier, decent, and safer America along with you. Yours faithfully, Gerald King.

Hello? Gee, I must have dozed off there for a moment. These prayer breakfasts really wipe me out. As I'm sure many of you know, we had a secret prayer breakfast this morning to discuss nuking some Arabs over there in Arabia, and it's quite a spread these White House fellas lay out. Everything from prunes to Toast'ems and all the Bloody Maries you can keep down. While we're on this subject, I should mention that I, as your President, have frankly not got used to the way they do things up Here. Like the fork. I am convinced, although I wouldn't want to take an unalterable position on this until all

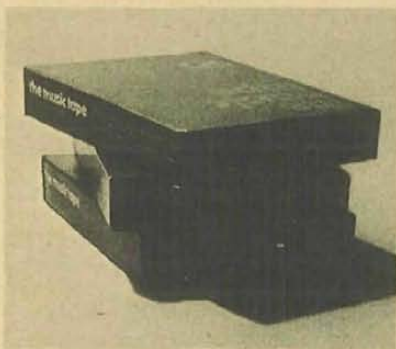
the facts are in, that the fork is on the wrong side. They put it on the side you lean on, whereas Betty puts it on the side you throw with. Then there's this holdover fella from Dick's staff who tastes everything before you eat it. Seems pretty rude to me although Hank Kissinger says he's essential. Apparently Dick ran through four or five of them. Hank's Jewish, I understand, which, straight-from-the-shoulder, I didn't cotton up to at first, not that that should make any difference to his being at a Christian prayer breakfast, of course, these days. Downs his Bloody Maries with the best of us. He has another name for them—something to do with Hugh or Lincoln. Rocky was there, too, and a few of his people—very nice guys, I might add, always ready to run an errand down to the Hill or take over the controls for a while if a person wants to catch a quick nap—and the gals, Happy and Betty and Nancy, and, of course, God, where the buck really stops, of course.

Betty and Nancy have hit it off pretty good, I'm happy to report. Hank tends to be a little abrasive around Nancy, though—keeps calling her "Mrs. Secretariat of State" and feeding her lumps of sugar. (He really cracked us up the other night at Mel Laird's when he got her to show us how she stands on her hind legs. Quite a card, that fella.)

Betty and Happy are going great guns, too. Happy's been helping Betty get the house in order, and according to Betty, she knows her way around so well it seems like she's lived in the place all her life. Betty sure has needed the help, too, particularly in the kids' rooms. That Eisenhower boy must have owned every kooky rubber thing ever to come out of Japan, all stuck together like one of those sculptures down at the Kennedy place, and jammed into a linen closet. They had to chip it out in big sections with cold chisels. And in the girls' rooms, the janitor snaked something out of the sink pipes I hope I never have to see again sober.

Anyhow, I got to the prayer breakfast a little late—couldn't find my Desenex again—and things weren't going too well. Hank was already playing "How Old Are You?" with Nancy where she has to bang her front hoof on the table, and I got a funny feeling God was feeling pretty edgy, too. (I always like to have God briefed at these meetings as I've found over the years that he tends to have a much better grasp of the issues than I do. On the other hand, he can be real cranky at times and this was one of them.) To break the ice, I introduced him to Hank, who went into his "I beg your pardon?" routine,

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continued

which I must admit I don't "get," but everyone seems to think is hilarious, and apparently God and Rocky knew one another from school or some such thing—so everyone relaxed and chowed down.










After that, I must say in all honesty, I didn't follow too well what went on. Hank and Rocky started talking very fast and making jokes about Israel. (Rocky isn't Jewish, by the way. Found that out a couple of days ago from Betty, who looked in their fridge.) First we decided not to nuke the Arabs, if you-know-what happened to Saudi Arabia, which had to do with some David fella—this is the part I really couldn't follow—and then all Rocky's people started talking even faster than before and for some reason we then decided, as Rocky put it, "to nuke anything in a burnoose." God didn't seem to be taking too much notice, what with having hit the Bloody Maries pretty hard, so I figured I could leave them to it. Later on, however, the atmosphere got somewhat tense and Hank started yelling about being the only nuker in the room, and told Rocky to keep his mitts off his, Hank's, pony. His glasses steamed up so much they dripped on his bagel, which I feel is the kind of relevant detail the American people have a right to know if we hope to lance our nation's boils. A great deal of what I would describe as forceful discussion followed, in the course of which Hank's eggs wound up in Rocky's ear. Topics covered included Tel Aviv, accidental plane crashes, Mrs. Hunt, and Attica. Finally Rocky yelled at Hank that he better get into line if he expected to find anything in his stocking this year, and Hank quieted down. Rocky then told me I had decided not to nuke the Saudis at 5:30 A.M. on January 1 and this is what I will be telling you, my fellow voters, openly and straight-from-the-hip when and if the time comes, as it does for all of us.

Let me say what a privilege it has been being with you here on this page and leave you with one not underlong thought. A good leader may be able to lead a team of rugged hikers up the side of a mountain, but a good follower will be right behind that leader, holding the rope between his strong, large hands, digging in with his little spikes, not making a fuss, doing his bit around the camp, win or lose, and running for the tight hole, warts, jock itch, chlorine on the ear and all. That's the way I like it, and with God's grace and yours, that's the way you will, too.

Thank you.

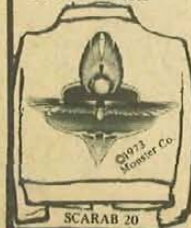
Jerry
Acting President of the
United States

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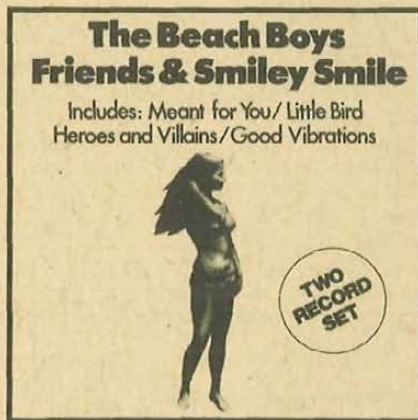
Bike Bag



UFO 18

Beach Boys

There's more to The Beach Boys than just "Surfer Girl," "Fun, Fun, Fun," "Good Vibrations," "California Girls," "Help Me, Rhonda," "Surfin' U.S.A.," "Wouldn't It Be Nice," "Sloop John B.," "I Can Hear Music," "God Only Knows," "Don't Worry Baby," "Wild Honey," "Caroline, No," "Do It Again," "Darlin'," "Sail On Sailor" and "Heroes and Villains."



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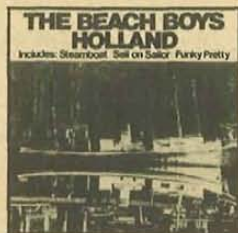
20/20 & Wild Honey
2MS 2166



Pet Sounds
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in Concert 2RS 6484



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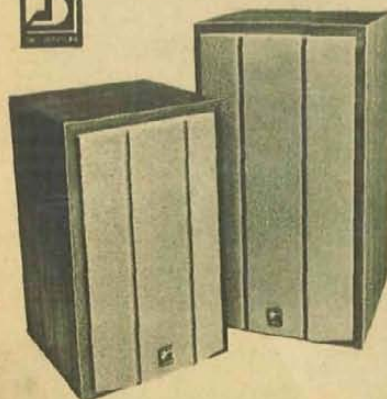
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● Kenneth Thompson, of Phillips, Texas, drove nearly three hundred miles to Springfield, Illinois, with the partly decomposed body of a woman next to him on his car seat. He took the body to the emergency room at St. John's Hospital in Springfield, saying he thought she might need medical attention. Ambulance attendants found the body with her head next to the driver's seat and her feet dangling from the door.

Coroner Norman Richter said that the body was in such a state of decomposition that he would not allow relatives to identify it. "I wouldn't put a family through that," he said. According to Richter, the woman sustained broken ribs, internal hemorrhaging, and other internal injuries.

Thompson told police that he drove the woman, identified as Mary Grace Rainey, all the way from Phillips, Texas. "She started to look bad around Litchfield," said Thompson. "She must have been alive in St. Louis because I talked to her then," he added. The car was full of foodstuffs, clothes, and household appliances. A cat was also found in the back seat. *St. Louis Post Dispatch* (D. Lamprecht), *Las Vegas Review Journal* (R. Reaney), *Illinois State Register* (R. Zimmer)

● In an effort to boost tourism, tribesmen in New Guinea have offered to turn cannibal again. They told committee members of the Mt. Hagen Show, the big territorial festival, that they were prepared to eat human flesh at the show in August. The tribesmen added, however, that they did not want to kill any of their enemies and would make do instead with a body from the local hospital morgue.

A government officer at the meet-

ing politely but firmly declined the tribesmen's suggestion. *Los Angeles Times* (R. Rush)

● Jean Pradal of Moissac, France, treated himself to a Christmas present of a gaily decorated coffin, to celebrate the second time doctors have declared him dead.

Pradal, who was put into a morgue after being injured by a mine in 1942, found himself in a coffin again after a recent car crash. Just as the undertaker was nailing down the lid he sat up and said, "I may be dead, but I'm feeling very hungry." *San Francisco Chronicle* (T. Costanzo)

● A false alarm at a bank in Roanoke, Virginia, set off a chain of events that caused more trouble for the local police than an actual robbery.

A teller in the bank pressed the wrong button, setting off the robbery alarm. Police, believing a robbery was in progress, raced to the scene, with patrolmen N.W. Tolrud and R.P. Doyle the first to arrive.

As Tolrud and Doyle were being told that there really wasn't a robbery, officer J.T. Santopolo whipped his motorcycle into the parking lot and struck a raised manhole cover.

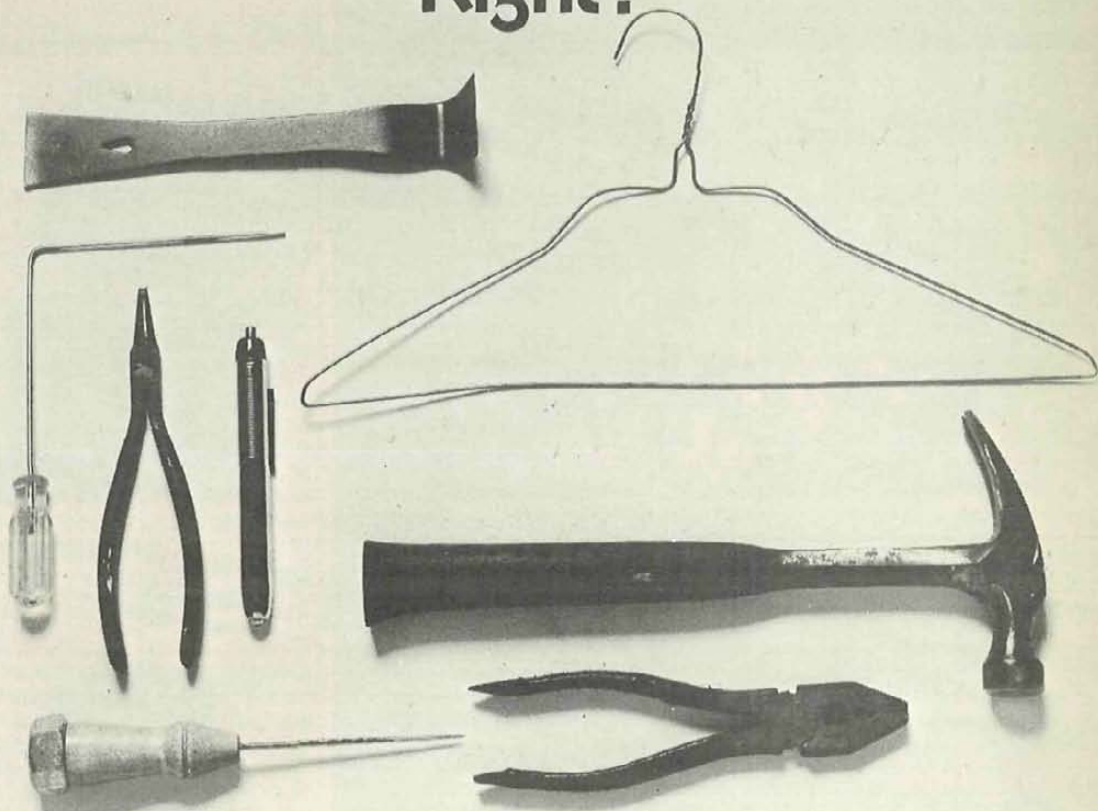
Santopolo went one way, the cycle the other. Tolrud, inside the bank, saw Santopolo flying through the air and ran to his aid—through a plate glass window. As Santopolo hit the ground he heard the window break and drew his revolver on Tolrud, thinking he was the bandit making a fast exit. Tolrud made a fast explanation.

Police said the damages included minor injuries, a torn shirt for Tolrud, scratches and bruises for Santopolo, \$150 damage to the motorcycle, and one smashed plate glass bank door. *Lynchburg Virginia Daily News* (A. Craig)

● When is a true fact not a true fact? It's 'fess up time. The item "When is a horse a bird?" printed in the September True Facts column, was, as it turns out, a hoax perpetrated not simply upon us, but upon the august *Harvard Law Review*, among others, by Hart Pomerantz, a Canadian television writer who has been known—this is a true fact—to impersonate a beaver. This is the second time this column has been sent up, and as a humor magazine, we consider it no laughing matter.

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

It looks like the car stereo thief has everything going for him. Right?



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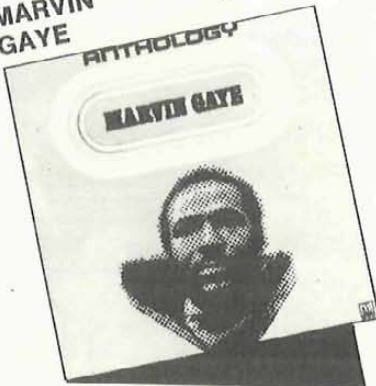
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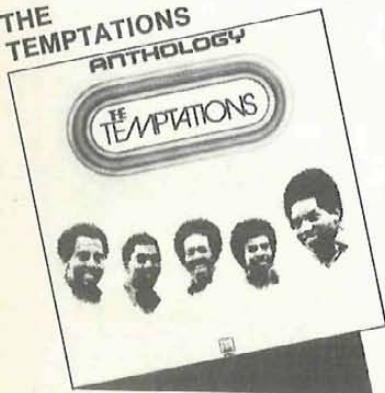
**MARVIN
GAYE**



**SMOKEY ROBINSON
& THE MIRACLES**



**THE
TEMPTATIONS**



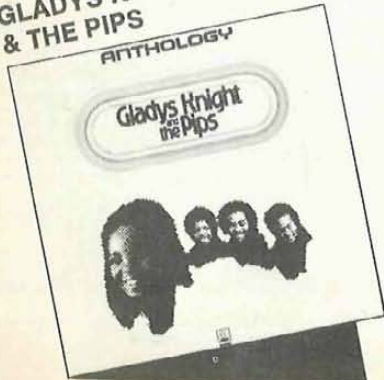
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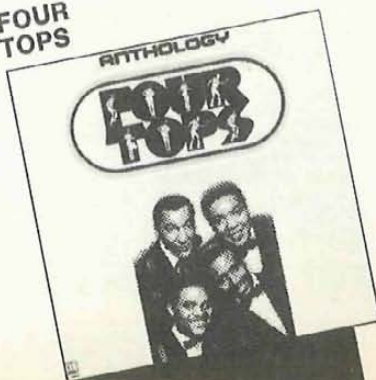
**GLADYS KNIGHT
& THE PIPS**



**MARTHA REEVES
& THE VANDELLAS**



**FOUR
TOPS**





Sirs:

If we can make a decaffeinated coffee, why aren't we able to send a man across Snake River canyon? And we call ourselves Americans! Ha.

The Smith Brothers
Bee City, Ky.

Sirs:

Do you want to bring a big smile to a little boy's face? Just tell him the wonderful and enchanting story of "Bowl or Die." "Bowl or Die" doesn't take long to tell. It's about a bowling team whose bus stalls on a railroad track and they can't get out. A train comes, hits them, and they all go to heaven. If that doesn't bring a smile to a little boy's face, try chortling him under the testicles.

Jim Nabors
Nextdoor, Calif.

Sirs:

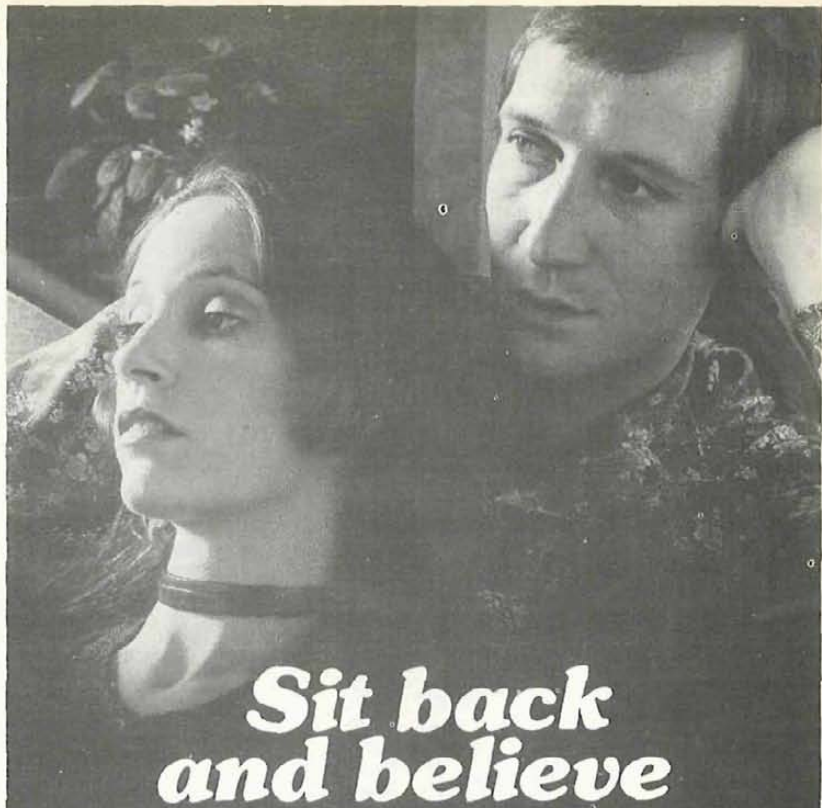
I am now at this very instant writing to you directly from Buenos Aires. Isn't that amazing? Now you may not think this so incredible until I tell you that I died of a massive coronary occlusion fourteen months ago, but then again they said I could never make a political comeback, either. Tomorrow I will arise from the dead in Colombia and walk on coffee.

J. Peron
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Sirs:

Well, it's that time of year again and I'm ready with my annual Christmas joke. I worked on this one for quite a while. O.K., here goes: One day, Jesus was walking down the street and He saw a bunch of people who had set up a street fair in the holy temple. They were selling hair shirts, fruit, jewelry, leather belts, and everything. Well sir, He got furious and started kicking over their tables and knocking all their stuff on the ground and then he began punching them out. A lot of them got scared and began to run away, but Jesus wasn't about to stop, and He took off after them, chasing them down the street. Now, sitting by the side of the temple propped up against one of the columns was a

continued on page 21



Sit back and believe

The true test of any speaker system is how it sounds at home. You don't live in an audio laboratory, a demonstration room or an anechoic chamber. Bose speakers are designed with *your ear and your room* in mind.

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Canadian Corner



It is a well-known fact that throughout her history, Canada's folksongs have displayed a telling awareness of every facet and nuance of Canadian life. Such classics as "I Have Been Drowned in the Canoe Accident of Her Embrace" or "The Drunken Metis Importunes a Sack of Pemmican by Mistake" clearly display the Canadians' grasp of the lyrical and complex nature of existence.

Literally hundreds of songs have been written by Canadians! So it is not surprising that with their experience and proven abilities, Canadians should rise to the challenge of Rhodesia: *write us a national anthem.*

Yes, the Rhodesians are having a contest to see just who can write them the most fitting national song. And here you see the Canadian entries, one of which may be destined for immortality.

Oh, Rhodesia

Oh, Rhodesia, we stand on guard for thee,

Oh, Rhodesia, you are our favorite country.

With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
 Your plains and rocks and bees,
 Oh, Rhodesia, we stand on guard for thee.

We fear not your many hostile snakes,
 Gladly brave your rivers of running dust.

You are a jolly nation, in God and munitions we trust.

It's So Hot Here

It's Almost Repressive

Rhodesia, you are a land where there's heat enough for all,
 And none need go chilly, even in the fall.

If you feel cold you've got malaria,
 that's all it takes,

Or possibly you've been bitten by one of Rhodesia's hostile snakes.

And if our neighbours say to us "Give us all your heat,"

We push them over backwards and urinate on their feet.

The Bush Buggers Are Climbing Stately Branches

As we tour you in our jeep,
 We can see the niggers creep,
 Up that stately evolutionary tree.
 Soon we will permit them to own cars,
 And let them work in shoe stores and in bars,

And someday in the future, perhaps while we're alive, We'll see a proud darky sitting in our "Marmot-strangle," or Parliament.

This Land Is My Land, Not Your Land

This land is my land, it's not your land,
And I can prove it,
With this piece of paper,
That the Marmot-strangle has issued to me.
You can grow grapes here,
Or harm the snakes here, you see those stakes there?
They mean this land belongs to me.
So why don't you go climb the evolu-

tionary tree. (Flourish.)

Rhodesia Is Our Favourite State

The progressive laws enacted by your Marmot-strangle
Stand as a beacon to mankind.
Your tax structure is straightforward and fair.
Your swimming pools and private schools
Are the wonder of mankind,
Your free-fire zones and western homes
Are a glory unto themselves.

Which one will win? Some nice rhythmic one, something to offer sharp contrast with the music of the natives? Well, nobody really knows

what the judges will be looking for. It is possible that since no mention was made of the Rhodesian Ridgeback, the judges will look askance upon the Canadian entries. Judging will take place in the near future and will be carried out in the traditional Rhodesian fashion. All entries judged "admissible" will be placed in a barrel and stirred around. Then the mayor will reach in and pull one out. This lucky entry will be proclaimed the best, and the lucky composer will be heaped with honors, including fifty sandbags bearing the Rhodesian coat of arms or the coveted "Muse to the Marmot-strangle" appointment.

T. Mann

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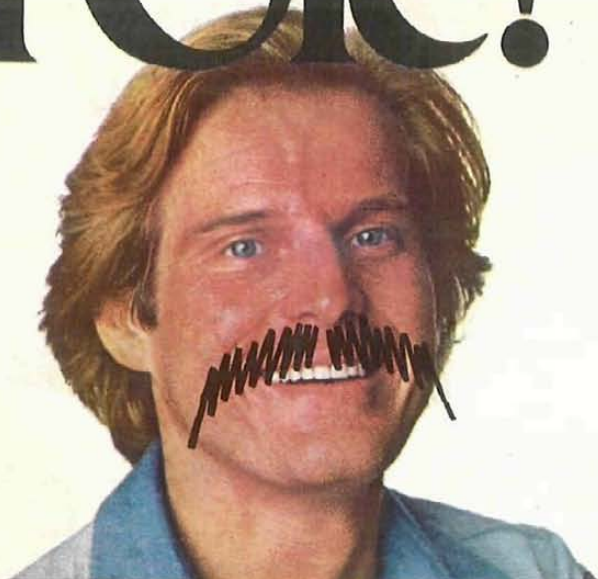
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Cheech & Chong's Wedding Album



Includes

Earache My Eye
featuring
Alice Bowie



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cripple, who noticed that when Jesus ran out of the temple after the people He was beating up, Jesus forgot to shut the door. And the cripple yelled after Jesus, "Hey, shut the door. What were you brought up in, a barn or what?"

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar
Lakeinthewoods, Bermuda

Sirs:

I have a friend who has a water pipe, or wine pipe, if you will. He has smoked a lot of *Cannabis sativa* in it. He has also smoked a lot of opium through it. I have become worried, though, about him. He wants to collect a plentiful residue in the bottom of the water pipe and cook it up and inject it intravenously! I've heard of shooting opium, but water pipe residue!

My question is, how do I go about explaining to him the pharmacological dangers of doing such a thing? I mean, injecting narcotics is one thing, but injecting the scum off the bottom of a water pipe! My friend has a violent temper and I must tell him subtly.

R. Alan Grimes
Portland, Oregon

Sirs:

This is just to let you know that "exchanging pix" is not my idea of "stimulating entertainment." Nor, for that matter, is Gene Shalit my idea of a "discerning gentleman."

(Name withheld by request)
Johnson City, Texas

Sirs:

Hey. If those meshuggah Palestinians can't take what our boys are dishing out to 'em, why the goddamn hell goddamn don't they go back where they came from? Huh?

Jacob Javits
New York, N.Y.

Dear Brian:

O.K., this is the gift list so far: Sean wants a broken electric train to go behind his statuette of Lawrence of Arabia. Tony wants a tin of Jacob's biscuits and a size eight and a half cricket hat. Henry still wants an AM radio for his dump truck. Doug wants something called a "wrist organizer"; it tells your age, the month, the year, which direction the sun rises, how many ounces in a pound, and the eleven times tables. No dope this year; he's finally gotten his head together. P.J. wants a bra and a dress with lots of crinolines. Everyone else wants the usual—flashlights and beeper hats.

And I want a raise for writing this junk.

Louise

New B.I.C 980 Automates Brillo Bob

A bunch of us from Warehouse Sound Co. were doing the national electronics show, and it'd been a long day. We'd started from San Luis Obispo and traveled nine hours by ox cart, plane, and bus, and then walked miles in that overgrown exhibit hall. Now we're looking for a cab, all of us beat and wishing we were anywhere but in Chicago.

All except Brillo Bob, who's our permanently wired audio freak; he's bubbling about some new B.I.C. turntable he's just seen and using words like "revolutionary" and "incredible." But nobody's listening — our cars have long since shifted out of gear from too many over-hyped salesmen.

We flag a cab and pile in. Bob gets the front seat, but promptly turns around. "I wish you guys would listen to me . . ."

Weary silence.

"You've got to see this thing, the B.I.C. 980 . . . they're using a twenty-four-pole, servo-controlled 300 RPM motor. It's *programmable* . . . and it's

the first
belt-driven
automatic
changer!
Cripes —
you ought
to see



the way it handles records . . ."

Mike tells Bob to get back in his cage. Bob just grins. "Okay, but I'm telling you it's a ball-buster. Just wait and see."

We reach the hotel and guess who I get for a roommate.

Next morning I awake to find Bob has fled after using my toothbrush, comb, and all the towels. There's a note on the mirror: "Do something about your midrange-snooring, you distort. See you at B.I.C."

When the rest of us finally get back for the show's second day, we head for the B.I.C. display to see what the hell Bob is so excited about. And there he is, surrounded by B.I.C.'s vice-president, Frank Hoffman, and half their sales staff. And Bob's telling them about their own 960 and 980. Mr. Hoffman tells me that they'll let Warehouse Sound Co. have the first shipment of new turntables, if only Bob would put their demonstrator back together . . .

Now, several months later, we've had time to check out the new B.I.C. turntables. Bob jilted his manual and lives with a new 980. The rest of us think the B.I.C.'s are so fine that we've even featured them in our new catalog. Write or call, and we'll zip you B.I.C. literature, fast and free. Add \$1 for postage, and we'll also send our 64-page discount catalog of music systems and components, plus your choice of the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, a 185-page full-color guide of today's stereo and quad components, complete with photos, specs, and prices, (normally \$1.95), or our own 64-page Professional Products catalog for musicians.

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Railroad Square, Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 (805) 543-2330 E7



FLOWER TOP WATCH BAND & BUCKLE

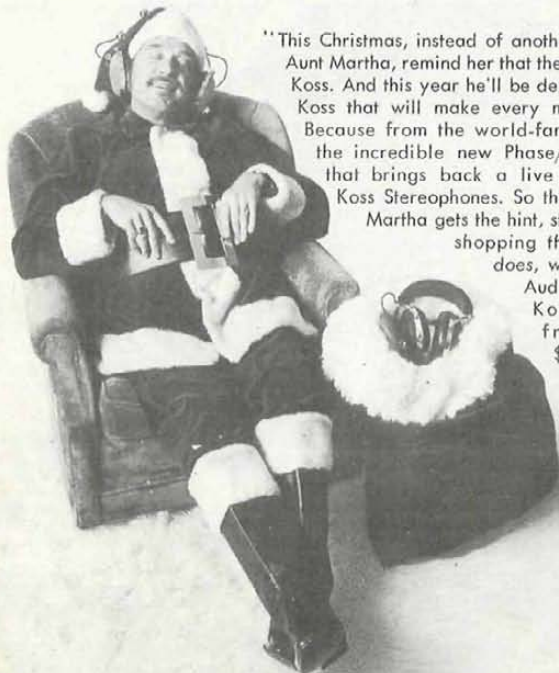
Hand made by skilled leather craftsmen.
Custom made to fit you.

- **WATCH BAND:** Hand Dyed Cowhide Watch Band with hand tooled "Flower Top" cover. \$9.95
- **BELT & BUCKLE:** Hand Dyed, 8 oz. Vegetable Tanned Cowhide belt with Antique Brass Finish "Flower Top" Buckle \$9.95
- **FLOWER TOP COMBINATION:** Both Watch Band with Belt and Buckle (as above) \$17.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
State wrist size _____ inches
(and/or) waist size _____ inches
(Add 50¢ Postage and Handling)

Ulysses Leather
P.O. Box 170, Willard, Wisconsin 54493

"Yes, there is a Santa Koss."



"This Christmas, instead of another paisley tie from Aunt Martha, remind her that there really is a Santa Koss. And this year he'll be delivering a Sound of Koss that will make every music lover merry. Because from the world-famous PRO/4AA to the incredible new Phase/2, there's nothing that brings back a live performance like Koss Stereophones. So this year, after Aunt Martha gets the hint, start your Christmas shopping the way old 'Doc' does, with a stop at your Audio Specialist. With Koss Stereophones from \$15.95 to \$175.00, Christmas never sounded so good."

KOSS stereophones
from the people who invented Stereophones.

KOSS CORPORATION, 4129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53212
Koss S.r.l., Milan, Italy • Koss Limited, Ontario



My Hushpuppies,

Many hellos and bulk quantities of Good Luck in the days to come transigrate their happy way to all paid-up Baba Rum Raisinettes from the unarguably famous and very clean Disneyworld, Florida! More specifically too, the very exciting Adventureland and yet further pin-pointedly, the intimate if damp hospitality provided by the snug interior of a Mr. Disney semisubmersible mechanical hippopotamus.

From my vantage point above the waving jaws of this delightful playing your Baba even now watches a most whimsical Disneyworld police launch (two-thirds scale) plying the still, warm waters. Between musical toots, its searchlights dance among lifelike palms, staccatto bursts of machine gun fire raking the shore free of underbrush in the frantic attempt to insure Baba's safety.

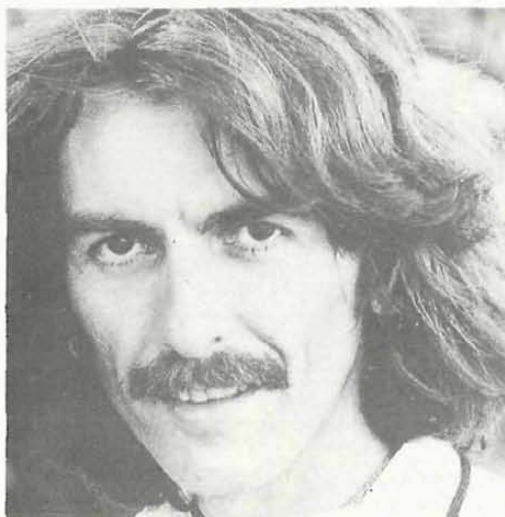
As Baba looks on, typing intermittently, the chief Security Officer (his bulletproof ears and grinning mouse-skull emblem are yet visible in the dying half-light) methodically inspects the mouths of my adopted and comically chunky family with an inquiring marlin spike, hoping against hope to save Baba from a sadly supposed Watery Doom.

And speaking of dooms, there are several unpleasant varieties in store for flagrant vagrancies in regard to Basic Rules of Raisinette Discipline. For only a single example—Ms. Terri Kupferman, fourteen, of 2167 San Pectino Blvd., Glendale, California, has not yet returned unsold Baba Rum Raisin 1975 Gift Calendars complete with individualized daily teaching (free sample—Jan. 1: "Today is the first day of the rest of the month.") —B. R. Raisin) plus bonus fakir's dozen commemorative on-the-spot watercolors of Baba's eleven most talked-about miracles. Includes the

continued



The group.



The producer.

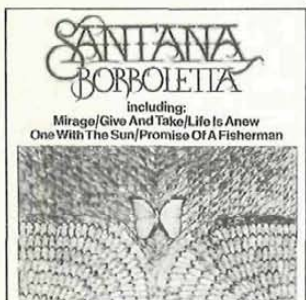


The album.

SPLINTER "THE PLACE I LOVE"
ON DARK HORSE RECORDS



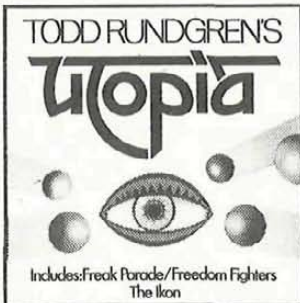
BY-NO-MEANS!!!



on Columbia



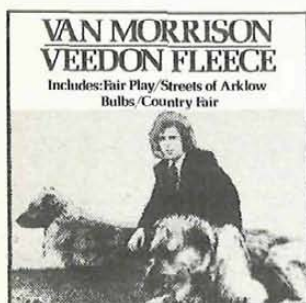
on Mercury



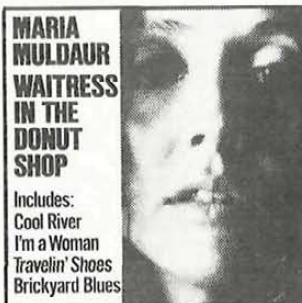
on Warner Brothers



on A&M



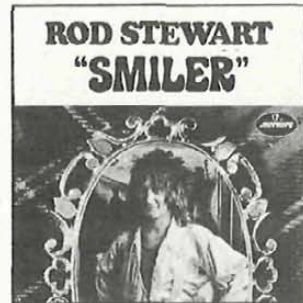
on Warner Brothers



on Warner Brothers



on Virgin



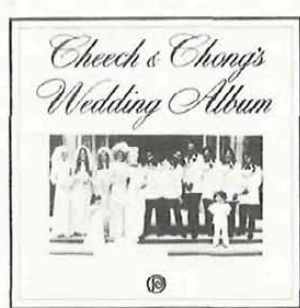
on Mercury



on Atlantic



on Warner Brothers

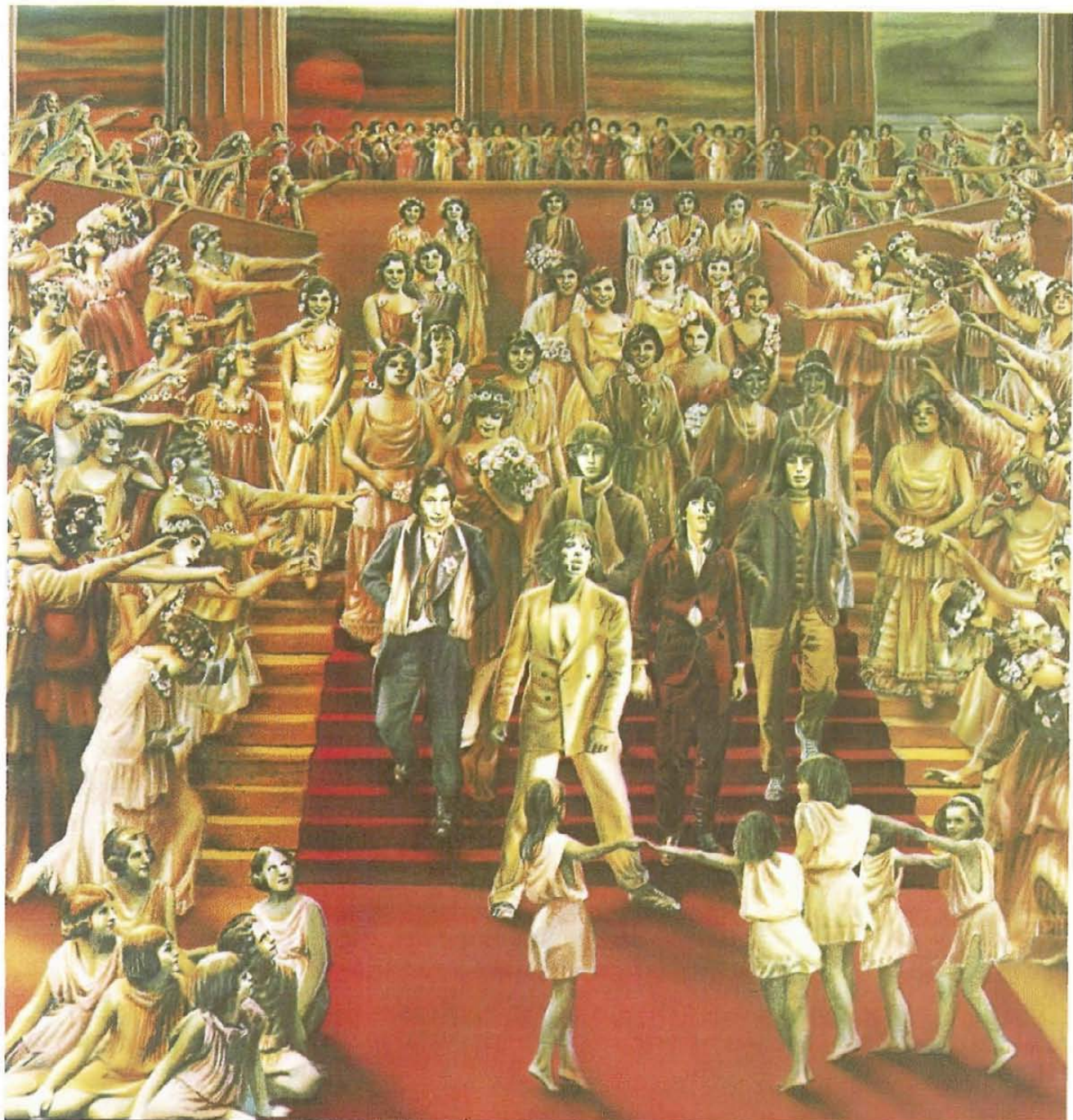


on Ode



on Columbia

Korvettes The world's largest record department.
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The Rolling Stones




It's only Rock'n Roll!

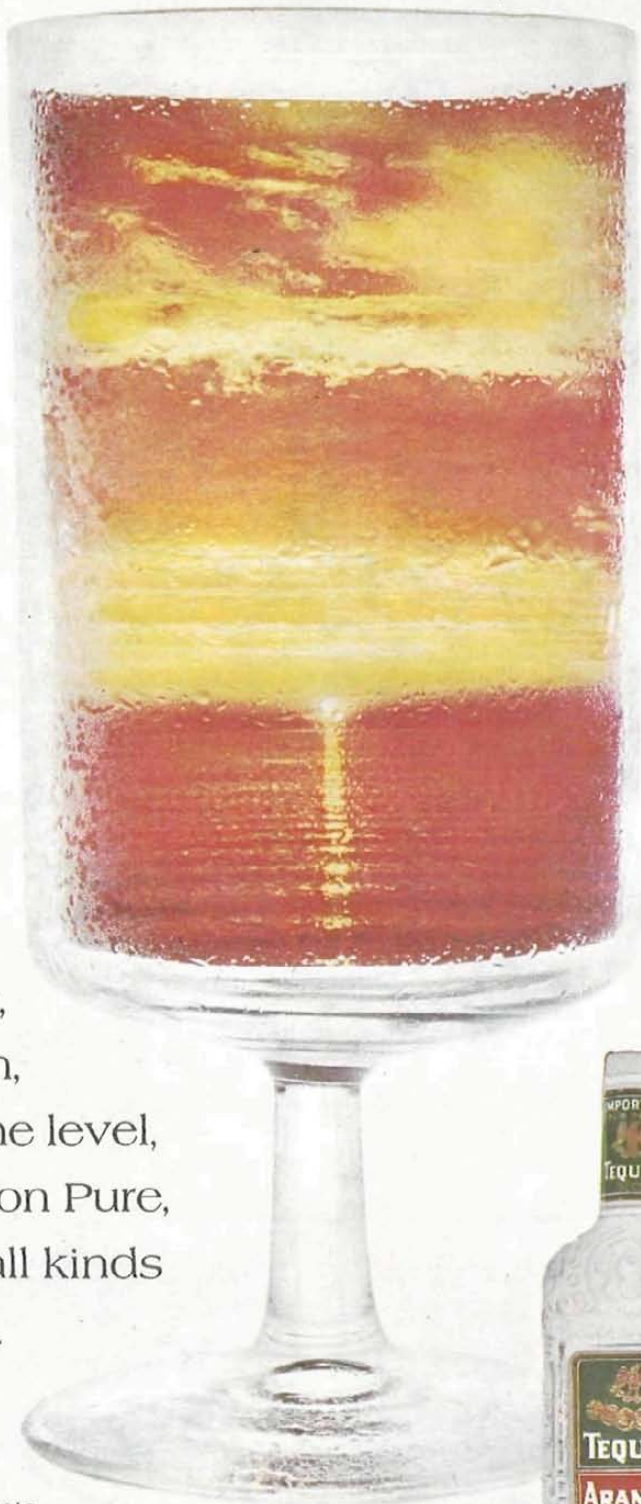
A New Album On Rolling Stones Records and Tapes

DISTRIBUTED BY ATLANTIC RECORDING CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY GLIMMER TWINS FOR PROMOTONE B.V.

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Arandas
captures a
True Sunrise
for those who are
into the real McCoy,
the legit, the right on,
coming clean, on the level,
straight goods, Simon Pure,
in the groove, and all kinds
of sweet vibrations.

Taste the Sun! Pour 1½ ounces
Arandas Tequila (White or new
Oro) and 4 ounces orange juice into
a tall ice-filled glass. Stir. Add ¾ oz. grenadine
(more or less) and a squeeze of fresh lime, then drop
the lime wedge right in. Now you have a True Sunrise...
and nothing can outshine it.

continued

changing of the waiters into winos at Baba's last supperclub appearance (look soon for *The Many Moods of Baba Rum Raisin Live at the Red Coach Grill/Blue Thumb #AR-2446*) and My much-and-favorably reviewed raising of a withered worm while spreading the Seed in a needy midtown Manhattan massage parlor.

Ms. Kupferman—whose dues for June, July, and August have yet to wing their way to Baba's Comptroller Office—is hereby on Official Reprimand and, until the unused portions of her consignment are returned, neither will be that of a certain soon-to-be-lost kitten Sniffles who misses her owner very much and whose piteous cries echo Baba's own hope that dimes and calendars come home soon.

This *Newsletter* is suddenly halted as the intrusion of a marlin spike pops Baba's prescription aviator goggles from his beaming face. Although the inquisitive Mouseketeer has moved on (a very lovely Ms. Funicello, whom Baba regrets having ungraciously un-introduced before, here now in these cramped quarters whispers that the fellow in his youth was the one who played the Mouse Club drums, badly, she adds), Baba's spectacles are in disrepair and each lens must individually be seated by wrinkling up Baba's old nose. This, it is understood, hampers Baba's vision and permits an unchecked flow from gaped nostril to already dampened paper. A *mantra* that this [water-damaged] Olivetti does not short out.

In other news, reports from Our recently-dedicated *ashram* in Darien, Connecticut, reveal a serious and troubling lack of vigor in the exercise of Baba's *Official Ashram Operating Procedure Handbook* (BR R PAMPH A/216/c—all other editions obsolete). Failure by Raisinettes to sign for long distance calls and wails from neighbors as to loud stereos and boisterous monkey-dancing until all hours have contributed to an unwholesome atmosphere for safe and sane meditations plus well-balanced karma.

More, Darien Raisinettes have brought their new fine split-level ranch-type temple with semiattached double auto house much "lame vibes" in newspapers and police blotters with totally unrelated alleged firebombings of three local churches, a Christian Science Reading Room, a judo school, and an unmarked auto allegedly belonging to the doubtless very fine Darien Joint Narcotics Strike Force then idling outside the temple.

No "Kung Fu" until Baba's Darien flock are sheepshape! And no whining. Baba has spoken.

In the distance, Ms. Funicello has

spotted the launch chugging back in this direction. In the deepening twilight we can just make out the crew restocking the river with highly realistic piranha fishes—perhaps a shy invitation to Baba for festive fish barbecue? Baba kindly must refuse, already sated with His recent repast of clam in garlic.

Ms. Funicello, cramped as we are in this ingenious though unpredictable behemoth, appears to have lost the interest in the happy joking Baba displayed earlier in Mr. Disney's very entertaining Tunnel of Fear.

How did all these jumping events?

This. Indolent and disrespectful manager Mr. Morty Taumicbaum at last telephone calls Baba at fabulously luxuriously expensive Polo Lounge with dollars in his voice but scorpions in his hands only. Mr. Disney requires Baba immediately in exciting Florida family fun center. Baba must be on 5:06 A.M. out of L.A. With eyes still fettered by pus of sleep, Baba is confronted at the airport by a most remarkable limousine auto and seven of the famous dwarfsuits only Stoopie is six-feet thirteen-inches tall and packing his rod, as is said in your justly famous gangster cinema. Get in the one they call Doc laughs in a manner similar to also impressive Nazi cinema and I do.

Under the ground in the Dumbo-mobile the German examines My papers and explains many interesting features of large underground honeycomb. Baba sees Mr. Walt Disney himself frozen solid as the fishstick and not to be opened until cure for deadness is found. Also extremely life-like quickfreeze Mr. President Kennedy and talking head of Ms. Jayne Mansfield. Very convincing. Also an extremely fine Mr. President Lyndon Johnson model only there is an aerial apparatus from his nose and too a happy beepbeepbeep. As Baba watched it sit up and down the one they call Doc heiled a taxi-duck and Baba exchanged vehicles and also learned the very interesting news that the robot Mr. Kennedy unfortunately had been "shrimp cocktailled" as they call it because his head could not be properly rewired. "It ist not like der lamp," the very strangely familiar dwarf told, "much more complicated. Kept schorting out und schparking at der head as der dragging muffler, ja?"

The happy dwarf made a joke about "der six-million-dollar-vegetable" and said to make a suitable replacement when they snatched Mr. Ex-President Nixon was almost impossible. "Der nose," he explained to me, "der schnoz ist der hardest part. Vun of mein assistants finally molded ein rubber vun from der shaved buttocks of ein baby lemur. But ve neffer licked der schvet on der lip."

continued



I, John Viera, sent off to the Warehouse Sound Co. and quick as a hot riff, received a 64-page Professional Products Catalog complete with guitar amps, synthesizers, mikes, mixers, sound reinforcement . . . everything a full tilt musician needs to get his chops together. All major brands are at juicy discounts. Plus a steamin side order; for \$1 in postage those good folks will also send one of the following: their new 64-page full-color stereo components and music system catalog, or the 1975 edition of the *Music Machine Almanac*, a 185-page guide to stereo equipment which sells on the street for \$1.95! So clip or call, it's fast and tasty.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Professional Products Group
Box S, Railroad Square
San Luis Obispo, CA 93405
(805) 544-9020

**WAREHOUSE
SOUND Co.**

Professional Products Group

Yeah, do it. Slip me a catalog.

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

Also enclosed is \$1 for: (check one)

Stereo Components Catalog

1975 Music Machine Almanac

Railroad Square, Box S, San Luis
Obispo, CA. 93405 (805) 544-9020

NLM E8

When Baba's very appreciative laughter died down with a blow to the turban, He also observed a fine assemblyline of half-built plastic hippies awaiting to be installed their spare-changers. Also too a prototype ("mit un accent on der proto") of the very respected Mr. President Gerald Ford. "He vass easy to copy," said Mein Furter as Baba was asked to call him always, "so ve vill just switch them. For der hell of it, versteht? Und der robot ist schmarter! But der ist schtill *vun* thing dot puzzles Mein Furter."

"What is that, Mein Furter," Baba asked, knowing to "blow it real cool." "Neither vun shits," laughed the merry dwarf, lighting a cigar on my face in fun.

Baba's sandals slap slapped through the very lengthy corridors until His old eyes met a disturbing and empty robot pedestal next to an exceedingly real-appearing Marjoe gumvendor. ("Ven his TV movie bombed ve got him cheap.") The brasslike plate at the bottom read Baba Rum Raisin circa late twentieth century and the one they call Doc although sometimes Hank (?) said, "Freeze, towelhead."

Baba turned to find the dwarf surrounded by a number of highly unconvincing but nonetheless disturbing Rod Serlings who approached with bottles of pain relievers and insurance policies and those deadly things I have heard some call Vegematics.

Thinking with the swiftness of the

speeding hummingbird, Baba nudged a glass containing the very lovely Ms. Funicello of my earlier introduction. The crash revived Baba's favorite Mouseketeer and yours, fellows, too, if I see clearly. One of your sheets would be evidence enough in goddess Kama's Kwality Kourt of Bliss, my naughty monkeys.

Snatching the well-preserved young woman from her suspended animation, Baba also removed the radio-active spell of her kryptonite pantyhose—something a guru might well do gingerly after so many years the fish unwrapped as the Old Ones in my humble village are fond of cackling like macaws. Hoot hoot.

But this is no time for joking now. This is a time to pack up portable Olivetti and handy accessory powerpac. Must close soon. First sign this.

What does a Scotsman wear over his kilt?

A RRRROACH Laddy!



Yes! I am a teen-in-the-know! And I'm tired of that bummed-out, fucked-up-all-over feeling. No kidding, I am one far-out youth who blows it cool for a good way to get high without harmful drugs or "dope." Also, with my quarter (25¢ no stamps) I hear I get a free secret massage hand-shake from the postman on his way back.

Can you fill me in? Wow.

Name _____

Address _____

Police Record (if any) _____

Arrests? Convictions? _____

Do you have a chauffeur's license? () yes () no

pilot's license? () yes () no

legally registered handgun or automatic weapon? () yes () no

Describe: _____

At this moment Ms. Funicello tugs at Baba's loincloth—many giant zombie mice are crashing through the polystyrene jungle, lining the shoreline with an eerie glow of torches, this gay spectacle underlined by the steady drumming of inquisitive bullets.

Further, our watercraft itself seems to be backing steadily toward a herd of noisesome metal males—and by the gleam in their lightbulbs Baba and the White Goddess must close to batten down hatches, Olivetti cases, and brace ourselves—the following portion of the exciting hippo ride promises to be highlighted by a good deal of white water.

Omigod,

BH BH BH

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Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20, money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

Independent reviewers usually reserve superlatives for the most expensive speaker systems. So, when a medium-priced speaker like the AR-2ax receives the kind of praise quoted above from Larry Zide in *The American Record Guide*, that's news.

Design goals

At Acoustic Research we manufacture speakers that are the best we know how to make, regardless of price. We also offer speakers in whose design and manufacture cost is a consideration. But in designing these lower-priced AR speakers, we try to choose those compromises with cost that will have the least effect on the accuracy of sound reproduction.

That's why Mr. Zide was able to say that the AR-2ax speaker system was 'as close to being perfectly balanced as any I have ever heard.'

Audio magazine seemed to agree, reporting that 'this is indeed a superior loudspeaker with as little coloration (or less) as anything in its price range.' They went on to comment in detail: 'Smoothness, as evidenced by the curves is very good and dispersion is outstanding. In our experience, few loudspeakers have equalled, let alone surpassed, the performance of this tweeter. The terrific performance of the tweeter has been accomplished simply by applying the laws of physics (the smaller the radiator, the better the dispersion) without resorting to reflecting or deflecting devices which can introduce coloration.'



Woody Herman at home with his AR-2ax speakers.

Power handling

Another performance characteristic normally associated with the most expensive speaker systems is the ability to handle great amounts of amplifier power. 'If you like your music loud,' Larry Zide said of the AR-2ax, 'this speaker can take it — and give you superlative sound. It just does not break up. In my bass tests, I literally tried to cause power breakup. At any level that one could stand in a residential room, I could not succeed.' And from *Stereo & Hi Fi Times*: 'The speaker loves power and will take all you can give it.'

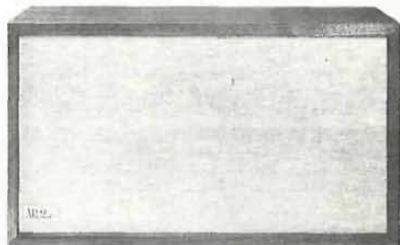
**'A good product has
been made great.
And I am nuts about it!'**

Musical accuracy

The basic design goal for all AR speakers is that of musical accuracy. Or, in the words of Robert C. Marsh writing about the AR-2ax in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, 'they draw little attention to themselves, but seem to be windows into a world of music.'

In sum, *Stereo & Hi Fi Times* stated flatly that, 'in its price category, the AR-2ax remains at the pinnacle. No one contemplating purchase of speakers should fail to audition this system.'

As with all AR speaker systems, the performance specifications of the AR-2ax are guaranteed for five years.



The AR-2ax: 'At the pinnacle.'

Acoustic Research

US office:
10 American Drive
Norwood, Massachusetts 02062

International office:
High Street, Houghton Regis,
Bedfordshire, England

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Ontario





"Really the only thing that's important is that I play music for people to hear, either on records or at concerts. That's it, the music and the people. All the other stuff—the personal managers, the photographs and the publicity kits and the articles and the pressure merchants and the music magazines—so much of it is bullshit . . . 'Cause in the end it all comes back to the music."
 — Van Morrison

SEE VAN MORRISON ON TOUR:

- | | | | |
|--|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| Oct. 16—Columbus, Ohio | Oct. 21—Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto | Oct. 27—Boston Music Hall, Boston | Nov. 2—Passaic, New Jersey |
| Oct. 17—Masonic Temple, Detroit | Oct. 23—Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C. | Oct. 28—New Haven Coliseum, New Haven | Nov. 3—University of Maryland, Baltimore |
| Oct. 18—Auditorium Theater, Chicago | Oct. 24—Spectrum, Philadelphia | Oct. 31—Rochester, New York | Nov. 7—McFarlin Auditorium, Dallas |
| Oct. 19—Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo | Oct. 26—Palace Concert Theater, Providence | Nov. 1—Felt Forum, New York City | Nov. 8—Houston Music Hall, Houston |
| Oct. 20—Flint, Michigan | | | Nov. 9—Austin Coliseum, Austin |

Veedon Fleece/On Warner Bros. records and tapes BS 2805

SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE

SON-O'-GOD

COMICS
CODE
7th
SEAL OF
APPROVAL

CHAP. I VERSE i-XIV



Learn religion straight from God

Thanks to the magic of the computer, for just \$11.95.

When you Dial-a-Prayer, do you get a busy signal? Want to improve your chances for an uptown train on Judgement Day? Uncertain where the path of your belief lies? If you're discouraged at your lack of devotional improvement, you need the advice of a proven professional. But where can one go for such advice?

The Pope makes fewer and fewer house calls these days. Even the Wailing Wall has been turning a deaf brick.

Well, brothers and sisters, NOW . . . due to a recent miraculous discovery in computer technology and automation, it is possible to receive expert advice direct from the Judeo-Christian Heavenly Being of your choice. **ELIMINATE THE MIDDLEMAN!**

Not face to face, of course. But in the next best form—by way of direct, one-to-one written communications straight from the shoulder.

Your lesson from GOD runs 8,000–10,000 words, and will show you in illuminating detail how to find enlightenment.

For over a year now, GOD and a group of communications experts have been programming a computer with everything GOD knows about religion. At the same time, the group also worked out a series of questions through which every man can profile his religious life.

The advice you receive is the creation of GOD and computer to responses received from your questions.

With regular reference to the lesson you receive (in a fire, flood, and plague-resistant cover) from GOD, you too will be able to make friends, impress people, and decimate your enemies in a very short time. Act now.



THEY DID IT!

St. Dismas: "It's a steal!"

Mary Magdalen: "Sure turned the trick for me!"

Adolf Eichmann: "A real gas!"

Moses: "This is no bullrush!"

St. Joan of Arc: "It really burned me out!"

QUESTIONNAIRE

CAUTION: Please pay your VERY BEST ATTENTION when completing this questionnaire. The value of the guidance you receive will be in direct proportion to the value, honesty, and accuracy of all your answers. (Besides, we'll know if you lie.)

Dear GOD:

To help you make my enlightenment more meaningful, here is some information about myself.

CIRCLE APPROPRIATE ANSWER

- My age is:
A. under 20 years
B. 20–35 years
C. 36–50 years
D. over 50 years
E. waiting for the last rites
- I am a:
A. Male
B. Female
- My religious persuasion is:
A. Catholic
B. Jewish
C. Protestant
D. Not sure
- I go to a house of worship:
A. Never
B. Once a year
C. Once a month
D. Once a week
E. Once a day
F. I live there
- I go to Church or Temple because:
A. I like the music
B. To look at the stained glass windows
C. My family makes me go
D. Hebrew and/or Latin make me laugh
- I consider myself basically a:
A. Sinner
B. Saint
C. Martyr
D. In between
- I share this much of my daily bread with GOD a year:
A. \$1,000 or more
B. \$100
C. \$10
D. \$0
- I use this money to
A. Buy Christmas presents
B. Plant a tree in Israel
C. Balance my tax forms
D. All of above
- The sin that tempts me most is:
A. Adultery
B. Murder
C. Pride
D. Possession or use of graven images
- I feel closest to GOD:
A. Watching Pat O'Brien movies
B. Making love
C. Firing machine guns
D. Shooting heroin

Send \$11.95 to Compreligious Inc., Heaven, Neb. \$\$\$\$

Name _____

Street/Apt./Cell Block _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

NO C.O.D. Please allow two weeks for delivery.

SON- O'- GOD IN A SAVIOR IS BORN!

IN THE BEGINNING WERE THE WORDS-- MANY WORDS-- AS THE FATHER GODS CONVIENE FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE HEAVENS ON IMMORTAL BUSINESS...



MY BOY CASSIUS, HIM GO BIFF! BAM!

CASSIUS MY BOY, YOU BLACK FOOL OF A FOOL!

I TINK MEIN LITTLE ADOLF DONE GUT, JA?

PLEASE TO BE SHOUTING MORE SOFTLY... MY GOODNESS GOSH!

GODS! GODS! FOR THE LOVE OF MAN, LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WE HAVE A MESSIAH TO CHOOSE HERE!

ALLAH

MUMBO JUMBO

VISHNU

ODIN

JEHOVAH

ZUS

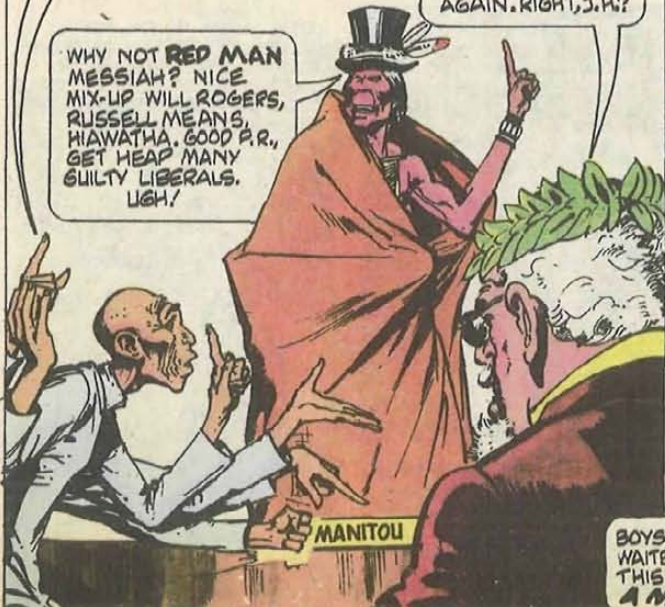
I AM THINKING MY LITTLE BLUE KRISHNA WAS ALRIGHT A-O.K. BEFORE THOSE HIPPIES GOT HIM, MY GOODNESS, YES!

BOYS, YOU ALL FORGET WE GOTTA CONTRACT. IT'S JEHOVAH'S TURN AGAIN. RIGHT, J.W.?

WHY NOT RED MAN MESSIAH? NICE MIX-UP WILL ROGERS, RUSSELL MEANS, HIAWATHA, GOOD P.R., GET HEAP MANY GUILTY LIBERALS. UGH!

LISTEN, BIG GREEK BUFFALO-FART BREATH! YOU SENDUM LAST SAVIOR HIM MARRY KENNEDY SQUAW!

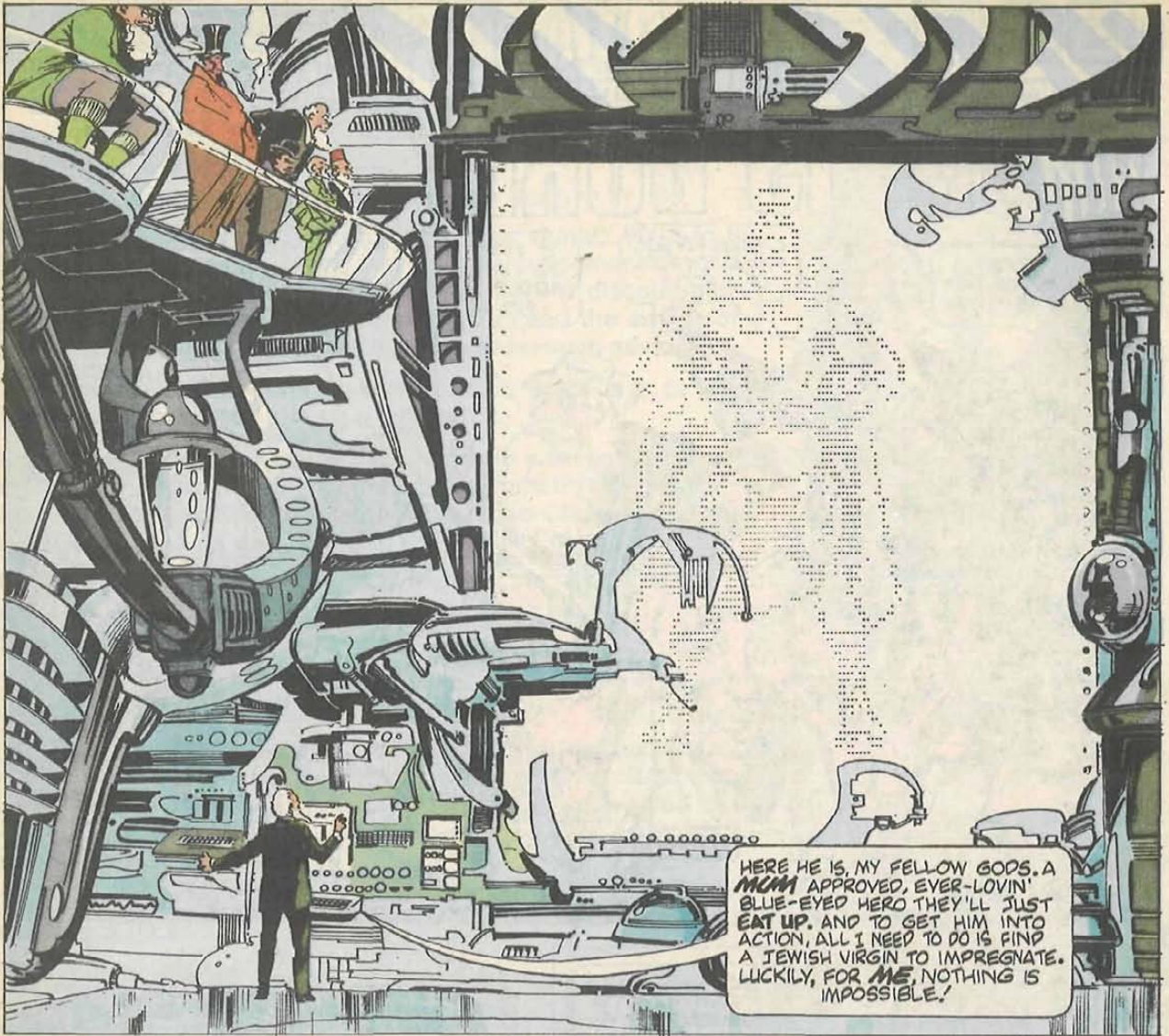
WASSA MADDA, STUPID? LAG' DEMIGOD YOU MAKE STRIKE OILS WELL UNPER TEEPEES, BUYING BIG CADILLAC, DROPPING ALL GODS GAMES, DTUI! I SPIT!



MANITOU

BOYS, BOYS, IT'S MY TURN AGAIN! TWO THOUSAND YEARS I'VE WAITED SINCE I BLEW IT WITH THE LAST KLUTZ I SENT, BUT THIS TIME I CHECKED WITH MUM. *AND HAVE I GOT A MESSIAH FOR YOU!

THE MONOLITHIC UNIVERSE MACHINE



HERE HE IS, MY FELLOW GODS. A **MUM** APPROVED, EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED HERO THEY'LL JUST EAT UP. AND TO GET HIM INTO ACTION, ALL I NEED TO DO IS FIND A JEWISH VIRGIN TO IMPREGNATE. LUCKILY, FOR **ME**, NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

AND SO, IT CAME TO PASS UPON THE EARTH...



C'MON, MARY! ENOUGH ALREADY! IT'S TIME WE WERE MARRIED. I LIKE YOUR FATHER, I LIKE YOUR MOTHER...

I DUNNO, JOE. YOU'RE KINDA OLD FOR ME. HERE BIRDIE, HERE PRETTY BIRDIE...



WE WOULDN'T GO TO THE POCONOS ON OUR HONEYMOON. I GOT A FRIEND, A SHIP'S CAPTAIN. WE COULD GO TO PALESTINE EVEN!

THANKS A LOT, JOE. BUT I DON'T THINK SO... HERE NICE BIRDIE, HERE NICE WHITE BIRDIE.



LOOK, MARY, TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I GOT TAX PROBLEMS, I COULD USE A DEDUCTION, THERE'S A WAR COMING, I COULD USE A DEFERMENT, ALSO I LOVE YOU, WHAT CAN I SAY...



YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN FLATBUSH! MY FRIEND THE CAPTAIN CAN MARRY US ON THE BOAT. HE DEALS IN WHOLESALE WEDDING VEILS AND HE'S A RABBI ALSO!



SOON, ABOARD THE S.S. EXODUS.



AND HE CAME UNTO HIS OWIV, AND HIS OWIV DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT. MR. AND MRS. DAVID ONLY KNOW THAT THEIR STRANGELY BEGOTTEN SON IS... SOMEHOW... DIFFERENT...



MOM, CAN I HAVE A HAM SANDWICH AND A GLASS MILK?



WOULD YOU MIND HITTING THIS CHEEK, TOO? I KINDA LIKE IT.



AND, IN THE EIGHTH GRADE...

BUZZ OFF, BENNIE! YOU CREEP!



GOODBYE, LAURA LEVY, I'M DYING FOR LOVE OF YOU!



HEY! THIS IS GONNA HURT! JESUS CHRIST!

BENNIE TAKES THE NAME...



AND IS TRANSFIGURED INTO SON-O-GOD!

WHY ME?

GET THAT TRASH OFF THE TRACKS!



GOD? WHY ME?

HONESTLY, KIDS TODAY!

DRIVER, RUN HIM OVER!

CRUCIFY HIM!



MEANWHILE, IN HEAVEN...

HANNAHAHA

HOHOHO HOHO

TEENEE TEEHEE

YUCKA YUCKA

JEHOVAH, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

This is all we want to do. But perfectly.

The engineering of high-fidelity turntables is a technical and controversial subject.

But the concept of a perfect turntable is perfectly simple. Since a perfect turntable is what we at Garrard have been striving to make, we'd like to communicate this concept to you as unequivocally as possible. Then all the claims and counterclaims you hear will fall into place.

Think of it this way:

A phonograph record doesn't know and doesn't care what kind of mechanism is spinning it,

as long as it's spinning properly. If your hand could turn it at exactly $33\frac{1}{3}$ RPM, without the slightest fluctuations in speed, and keep it moving in the horizontal plane only, without the slightest jiggling or vibrations up-and-down or sideways, you could expect perfect reproduction.

Similarly, a phono cartridge has no idea what's holding it in the groove, as long as it's properly held. If your other hand were holding it, correctly aligned, with the right amount of downward force and without resisting its movement across the record, it would perform faultlessly.

That's really all there is to it.

The basic point is that the turntable and tonearm have exceedingly simple and purely mechanical functions, just like a chemist's analytical balance or a gyroscope. That's why turntable manufacturing is, above all, a matter of precision and integrity, with the emphasis on perfect operation rather than hi-fi pizzazz or features for features' sake.



Of course, theoretical perfection in an actual mechanical device is an unrealizable ideal. But even though 100% is impossible, there's a big difference between 99.9% and 98%.

It's in this most fundamental sense, we feel, that Garrard turntables are in a class by themselves.

For example, in the case of the Zero 100c changer and the Zero 100SB single-play automatic, tracking error has been reduced to a virtually unmeasurable quantity (in effect, zero) by the geometry of the tonearm design. Rumble, wow and flutter figures are also coming ever closer to theoretical perfection in these and other top Garrard models. (The Zero 100c and the Zero 100SB are both priced at \$209.95.)

To a less spectacular degree, the lower-priced models, from \$49.95 up, also come quite close to the theoretical ideal because of this emphasis on fundamentals.

Remember: all we want is to make your record revolve perfectly and to position your phono cartridge perfectly.

And we're almost there.

For your free copy of The Garrard Guide, a 16-page full-color reference booklet, write to Garrard, Dept. G-11, 100 Commercial Street, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.



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CIRCLE NO. 24 ON READER SERVICE CARD

THE ANCIENT TEQUILA ARTS OF MONTEZUMA.

The reign of Montezuma was the golden age of the Aztecs. And, according to Montezuma Tequila, the golden age of tequila drinking.

The Aztecs drank a forerunner of tequila. It was a sacred drink. And was symbolized in many Aztec religious artifacts. Like the sacred Aztec calendar called the Sun Stone.

Within the Sun Stone's inner ring are twenty symbols; one for each of the 20 days in the Aztec week. These symbols can also be viewed as suggesting what kind of tequila drink it might be appropriate to serve on each day.

Tequila Sfinger. A lizard symbolizes the fourth day of the Aztec week; representing cunning and quickness. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. green creme de menthe; shake with crushed ice, strain and serve in chilled cocktail glass.



CUETZPALLIN

Bloody Maria. The first day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a crocodile; representing alert and aggressive beginnings for all endeavors. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. lemon juice, dash of salt and pepper, dash of hot sauce, dash of worcestershire; shake with cracked ice, strain into 6 oz. glass.



CIPACTLI



COATL

Tequila Manhattan. The serpent symbolizes the fifth day of the Aztec week; representing colorful sophistication. The drink: 2 parts Gold Montezuma Tequila, 1 part sweet vermouth, squeeze of lime; serve on rocks in old-fashioned glass, garnish with cherry and orange slice.



Tequila Sunrise. A monkey symbolizes the eleventh day of the Aztec week; representing high-spirited social fun. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. lime juice, 3 oz. orange juice, ½ oz. grenadine; pour into tall glass with ice, garnish with lime.



OZOMATI

Aztec Punch. Herbs symbolize the twelfth day of the Aztec week; representing variety and tasty adventures. The drink: 1 gallon Montezuma Tequila, juice of 12 lemons, 4 (16 oz.) cans grapefruit juice, 2 quarts strong tea, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1½ oz. bitters; pour into large punch bowl, let stand in refrigerator 2 hours; stir well before serving; makes 124 cups.



MALINALI

Montezuma Tequila is made in the tradition of the finest ancient tequilas. For all twenty ancient Tequila Arts recipes write: Montezuma Tequila Arts, Barton Brands, 200 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604.



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Montezuma® TEQUILA

the noblest tequila of them all.

The Goyspiel According to Bernie

as transcribed by Gerald Sussman

Where you going? The Waldorf? Right. I bet you're going to a convention. You're wearing one of those badges on your jacket. National Conference of Christians and Jews. *Oh*, yeah . . . *oh*, sure . . . I know those guys. I see your name is Bernard Schwartz. That's a coincidence—my name is Bernie, too. Listen, Bernie . . . we got a long ride to the hotel from the airport. Before you get to that convention I want to tell you a few things you should know . . . so you don't walk in like Joe Schmuck, y'know?

First of all, just between us Yids, that whole National Conference of Christians and Jews is full of shit. It's a big front that the goyim are using to try and fuck us. Don't argue with me, Bernie, I know what I'm talking about. I been driving a cab for forty-five years and I seen it a million times . . . the Gentiles are no fucking good and they never will be. It's us against them, Bernie . . . believe me. You think I'm bullshitting you? Listen to this . . . last night I pick up three of your fucking friends from the Conference, three priests or ministers or whatever the hell you call them. They're drunk out of their fucking skulls. They can't see straight. First they start singing these religious songs with dirty words . . . about Jesus and Mary and Joseph and God knows what else. About Jesus fucking a shepherd up the ass . . . the Virgin Mary getting gang-banged by the disciples . . . stuff like that. I've heard some dirty songs in my time, but this was disgusting. I mean, I don't give a shit personally—he's *their* God, not ours. But they shouldn't talk like that about one of their own.

But then they start carrying on about the Jews. Seems like they never saw so many fucking Jews in their life. Everywhere they turn in New York they bump into a Jew. Jews are pushing them, conning them, robbing them, taking their money at every turn. Each time they think they see a Jew on the street they take potshots at him with these BB pistols they're carrying. They almost took a guy's eye out.

So they're talking and giggling and

carrying on like a bunch of kids about the tricks they're playing on all the rabbis that are attending the Conference with them at the hotel. They've done stuff like "Frenching" the rabbis' beds, whatever the fuck *that* means—they put matzoh crumbs all over the bedsheets—they're dropping water bags on them—all that classy stuff that the Shriners and the American Legion used to do. The rabbis think some gang of anti-Semitic kids is doing this. And of course, the ministers are putting on this big front about living together in brotherhood. Meanwhile, I'm driving along like I'm Joe Schmuck—like I don't hear a word.

Then one of these scumbags starts talking about how all these tricks are just kid stuff—and if they really wanted to do something important, something their superiors would be proud of, they should carry out the plan. The other guys agree. They're going to do the plan tonight. They talked it over in my cab and I heard the whole fucking thing. The plan is to arrange a social evening with the most prominent rabbis at the conference. Jews are not big drinkers, y'know. It doesn't take much to get them a little tipsy. So while they're tipsy the ministers will put some kind of a pill in their drinks and drug them real good. Then they're going to take them up to their rooms and have a bunch of fags fuck them, blow them, make them blow the fags, etc., etc. And while all this is going on they're going to take pictures. A real bunko scheme. Only the fucking ministers are not going to give the rabbis the incriminating pictures in exchange for big money. Oh no. They're going to release the pictures to all the media. Get it? The gist of the plan is to destroy the rabbis' reputations. These are the biggest, most respected rabbis in the country. Can you imagine what Jews all over America will think when they see these pictures? Especially the young people. You know how sensitive we are about homos. Then with all our top rabbis in disgrace, they're going to walk in and feed the younger kids a nice

line of propaganda and convert them all to Gentiles. That's the plan.

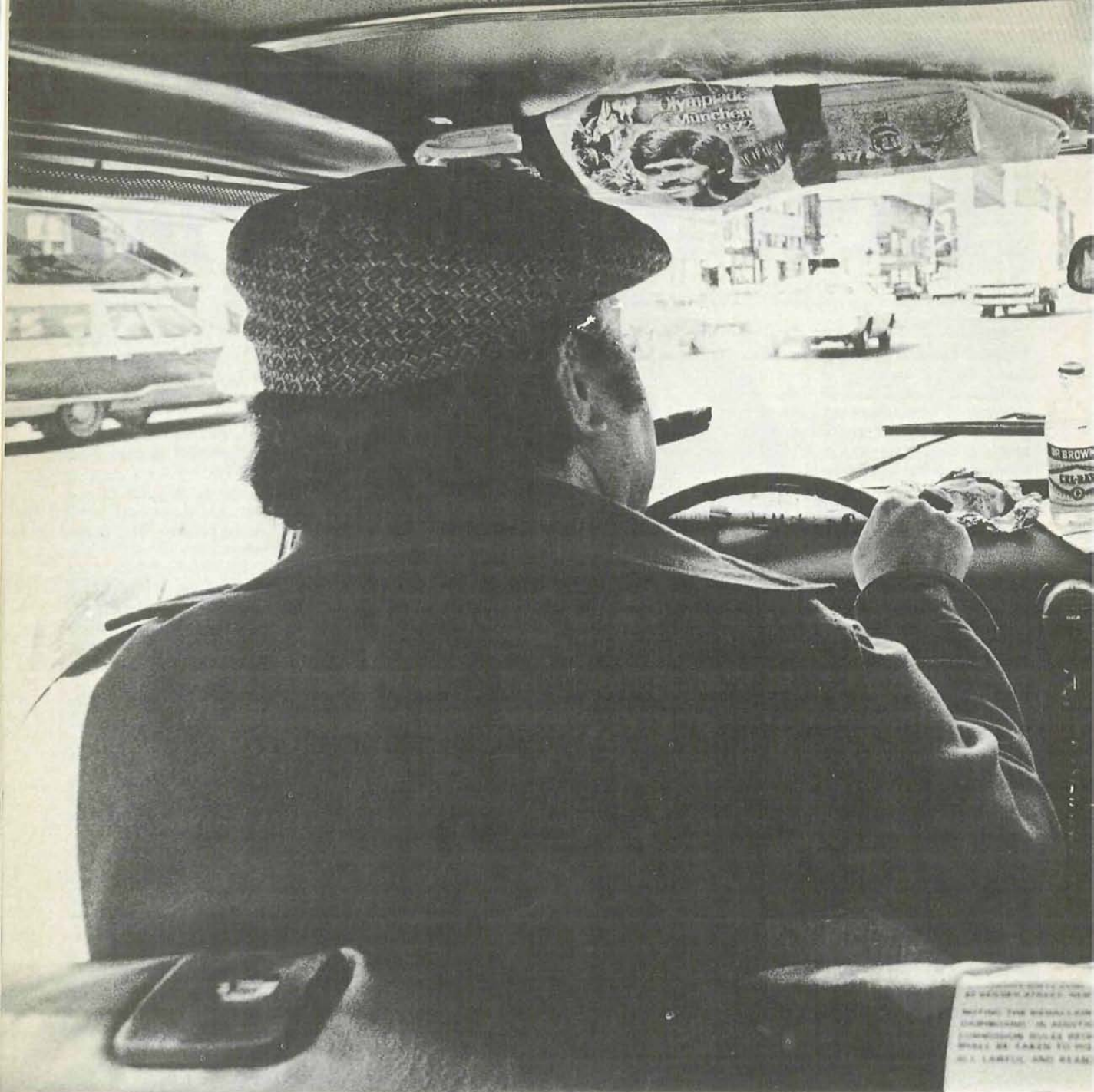
Naturally, I could've stopped the cab at any time and kicked the shit out of those lowlifes with one hand tied behind my back. And believe me, Bernie, I was tempted to do it a hundred times. But then I had a better idea. What if the rabbis got wind of the plan and played possum? They could make believe they were drugged and when they got up to the hotel room they could really lay into those ministers and turn the tables on them—make *them* go down on the fags, which those guys like to do anyway. Then they can crease them up a little—y'know, . . . wrinkle them a little, to teach them a lesson.

So I'll probably tell the rabbis about the plan as soon as we get to the hotel. Unless you want to do it. You know them all, I suppose. I'll leave it up to you. One thing I know . . . there's going to be plenty of Gentile blood flowing in the Waldorf tonight, kid.

As long as we're talking about Gentiles, I might as well fill you in on them. We got millions of them in New York—all kinds. And for some reason, God wants to punish me. He brings them all to me. That's all I get in my cab all day long—fucking Gentiles—the cream of the crop. I know them all. The Irish, for instance. When they're not killing each other, they do have one great talent, I got to admit—they really know how to get drunk. You don't know what a drunk is until you get fucking drunken Mick in your cab. They're always singing some stupid song and you can't understand a word of it because they got so much phlegm in their mouths. So what they do is clear their throats and lay their lungers in my change compartment. It's always a nice feeling to stick your hand in there and come up with a half a dozen Irish oysters.

As disgusting as the Irish are, the best drunken pukers are the Italians. Must be that greaseball food they eat and that wine they make in the basement out of cow's blood. They don't

continued



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sing and they don't talk. They eat and drink until they're going to explode. Then they hail my cab, get in, and puke in it. What am I supposed to do? They could be Mafia, the fucking clowns.

You know what the fucking Greeks like to do? They like to bargain with me over the fare. They got 'all these cards in their pockets that they want to give me instead of money. These cards are supposed to give me big discounts on all kinds of merchandise that their cousins sell. I'll give them discounts . . . right up their fucking keisters.

Every once in a while I get a Polack. You got to stop for a Polack. Y'know why, doncha? He always hails a cab by walking right into it while you're driving. You got to stop on a dime. Even if you crease them a little, they don't feel it. Polacks never heard of tips. They don't tip for anything. They see the price on the meter and that's it. You can't explain to them that you work on tips—that you don't make much in salary. One night a Polack took a shit right on my back seat. That's what he left me for a tip. I guess when they have to go, they have to go.

There's only one Gentile worse than a Polack that I had in my cab. I don't even know what they were. They were talking a language I never heard of and they were wearing those clothes the English singers used to wear about ten years ago. I think they were from a soccer team or a hockey team or something, from some place like Latvia. They were carrying on something terrible. When they got out of the cab they ripped out the back seat and took it with them. I started to go after them and one of them laughed in my face and I swear to God he knocked me unconscious



with his breath. It made the Polack's shit smell like Chanel Number Five. To this day, whenever I think about it I get dizzy and I have to stop the cab for a few minutes.

What's the sense talking about spades and PRs? I never pick them up. I don't care how respectable they look. I figure I'm still too young to die.

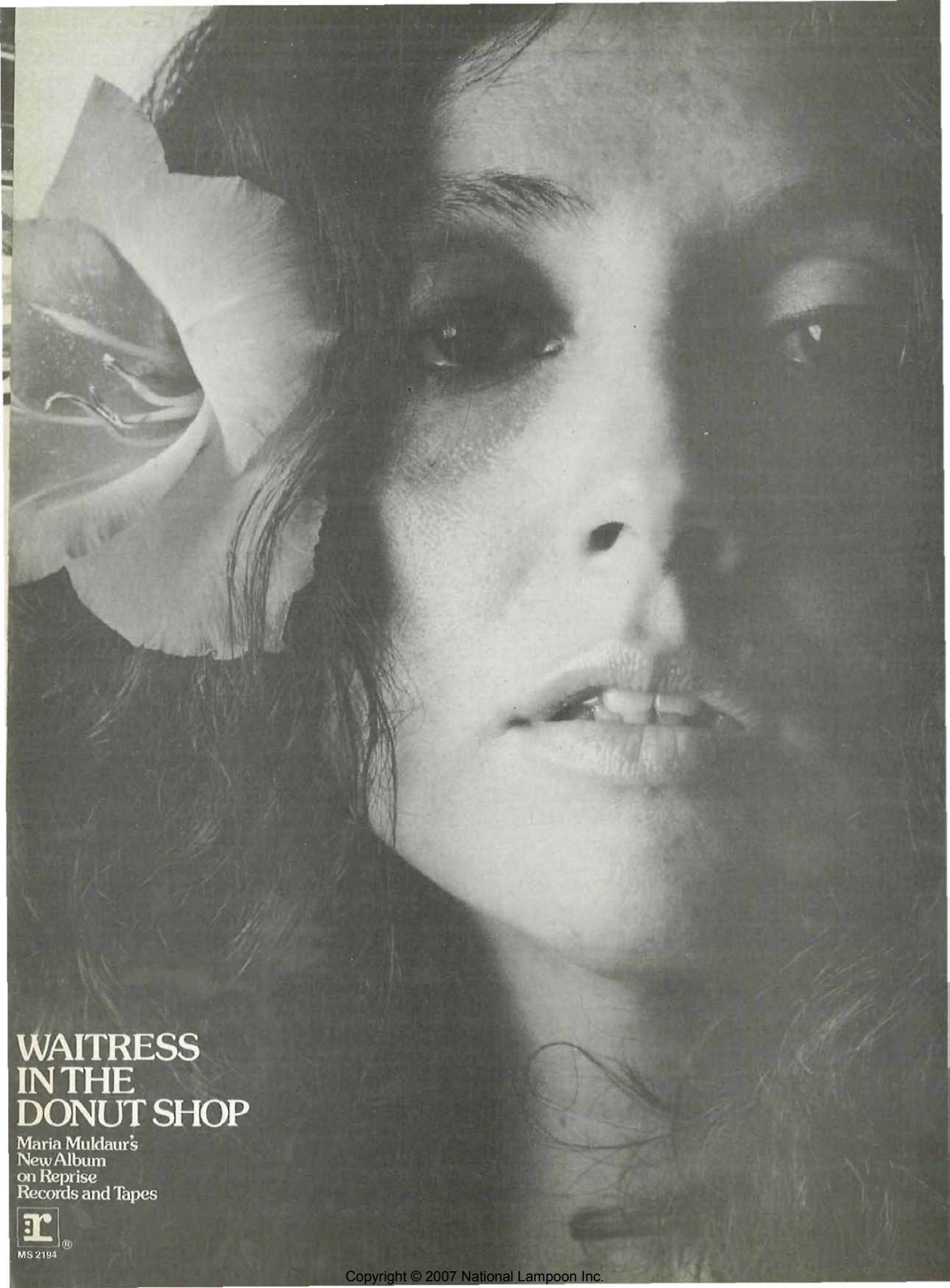
There's one bunch of Gentiles that really drive me up the fucking wall. The big shots. I get 'em in my cab all the time—on Wall Street or Park Avenue, coming out those clubs. They're supposed to be the smart

ones, the ones that own everything and run everything. You can see how smart they are by how fast this country is going to the shithouse. The only thing smart about those fucking closet queens is what they're doing to Jews like me. Those millionaire cocksuckers are driving me to an early grave. Because of them I'm going to get a heart attack. And not just me. All my friends who drive cabs. All the Jews. I'll tell you what I mean.

A couple of weeks ago I'm cruising down Park Avenue about ten, ten-thirty at night when this woman hails

me. She's wearing a mink coat that must have cost more than I make in five years. She looks like Grace Kelly when Grace Kelly was in the movies. I was never crazy about that type. I go more for the Sophia Loren type. But you wouldn't throw this broad out of bed, believe me. She wants to go to the Village. About ten blocks later she changes her mind. Now she wants to go uptown. O.K., fine. But a few minutes later she changes her mind again. I tell her, lady . . . it's your money, but I wish you'd make up your mind. She says she's still not sure, so how about driving through

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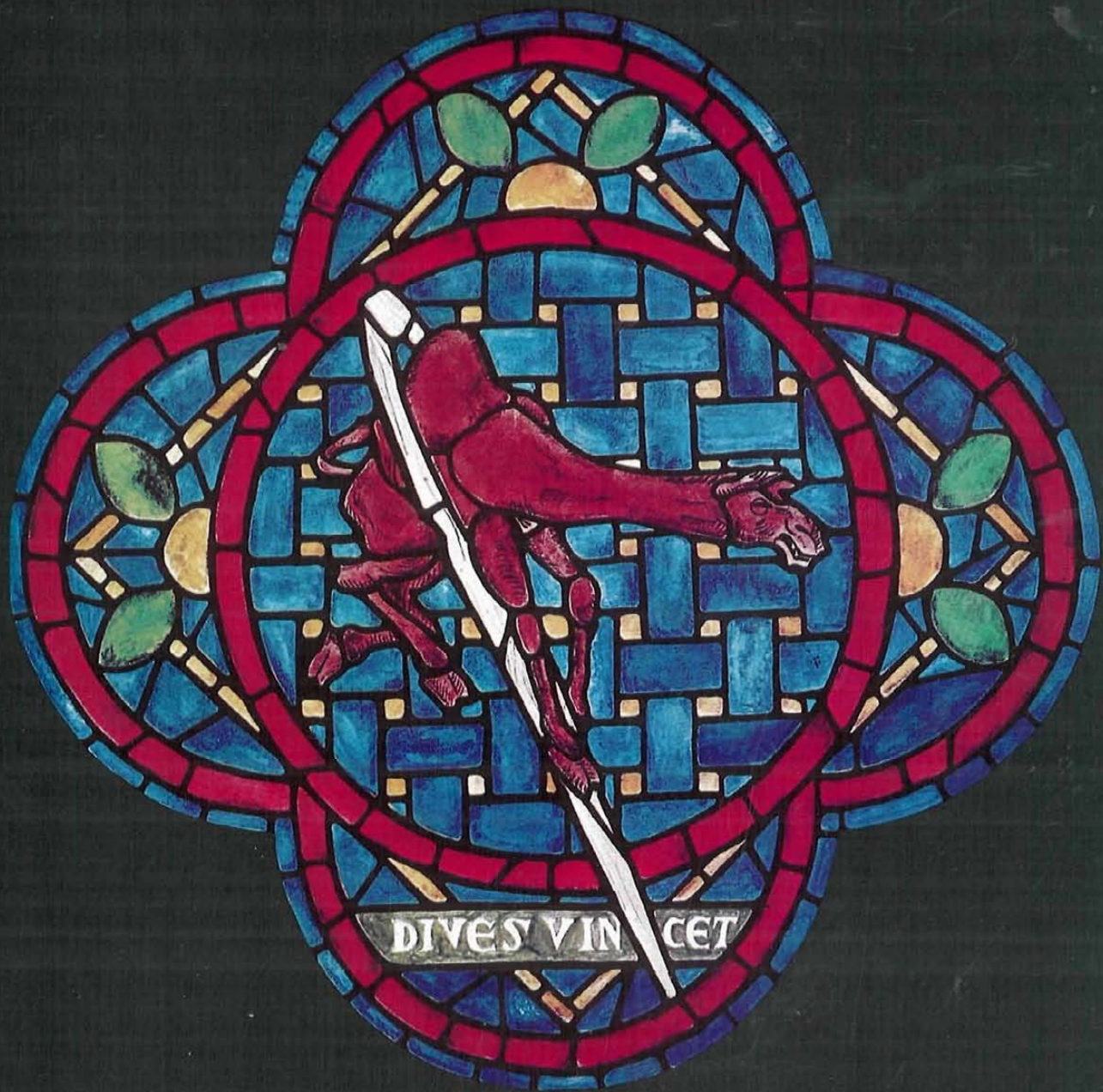


**WAITRESS
IN THE
DONUT SHOP**

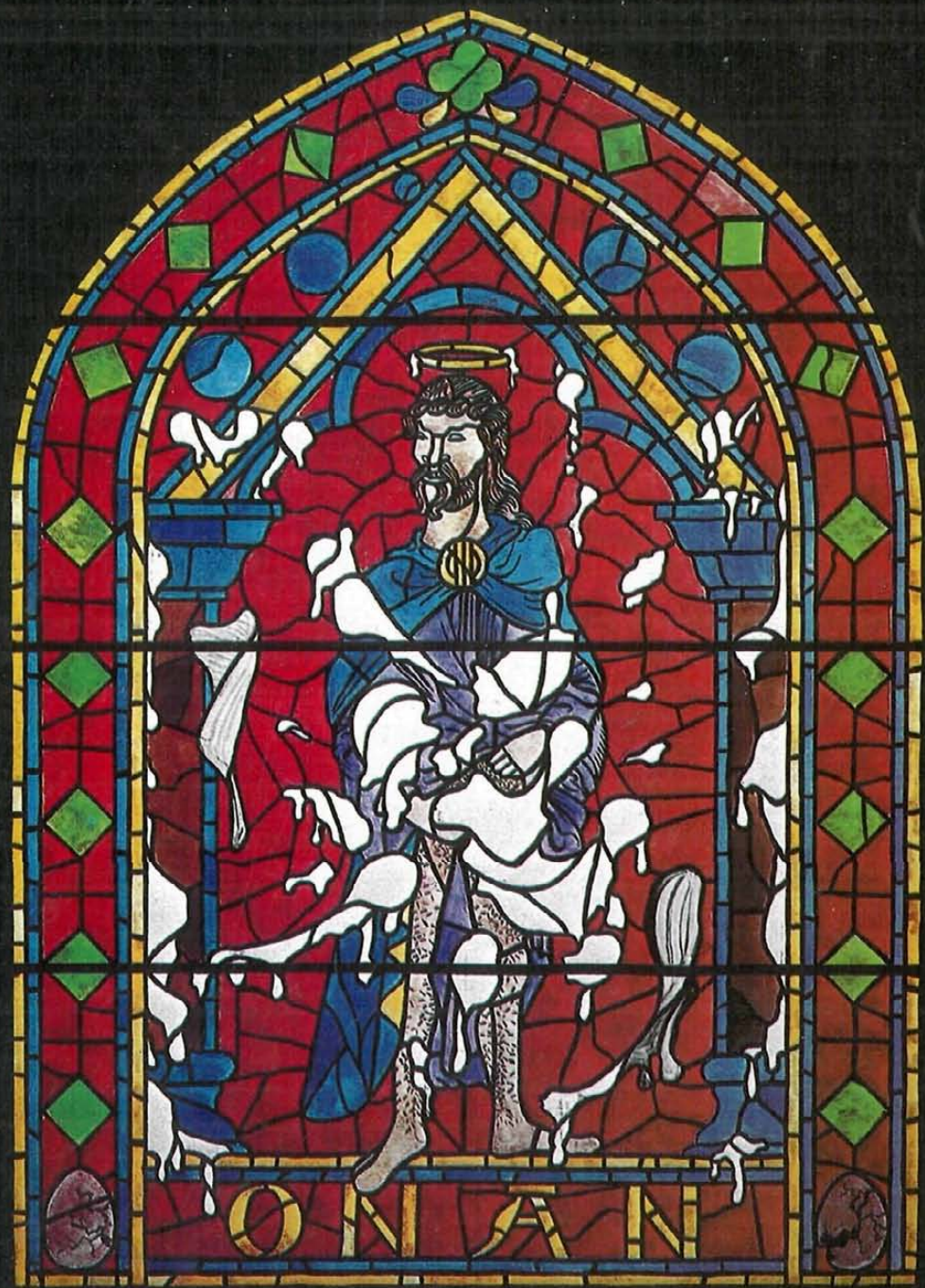
Maria Muldaur's
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on Reprise
Records and Tapes



MS 2194



A detail from the great Medici rose window of the Cathedral at Florence. The camel leaping with ease through the eye of a needle (*For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, Luke XVIII 25*) is a recurring motif in works commissioned by the wealthier patrons of Renaissance religious art.



Like many an Old Testament figure, Onan was known by reputation only to medieval craftsmen who were forbidden to actually *read* the Bible. Thus, many a Gothic window celebrates less than savory patriarchs; St. Cain, St. Goliath, St. Pharoah, etc. Onan was revered by the faithful as patron saint of small families.



Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are offered throughout Christendom; but in Vichy, and the other "spa" towns of France, invocations to another, more appropriate of the Savior's blessed organs are not uncommon.



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Central Park while she thinks it over. We get into the park and she starts talking to me—about how driving a cab must be a dangerous business—how you have to be brave to drive a cab at night. Then she asks me if it's O.K. for her to sit up front with me so we can talk better. Shit, I don't want to be unsociable and I'm not sure if she's O.K. in the head, so I figure I'll play along. She tells me she feels very restless—at loose ends—that's why she doesn't know where she wants to go. Then she starts telling me about her home life, about her husband, how he's busy all the time with business and golf and squash and all that shit—and how they got separate bedrooms and she never sees him and how she never knew marriage could be such living hell. I looked at her in that coat and you can imagine how sorry I felt for her. They all of a sudden she starts stroking my leg and playing with the back of my neck and telling me how sexy I look and how she likes older Jewish men who don't shave every day. By now she's zipping down my fly and playing with my shvance. When she sees how big it is she goes crazy and begs me to find a quiet spot somewhere in the park. This kind of thing happens to me all the time with the broads. They must have a sixth sense about the size of my joint. Anyway, I figure she's too clean to be working a Punch and Judy act, so what do I have to lose? Besides, if I don't throw her a few fucks she might go to a nigger. So I take her to this spot I know where all the cops go and I fuck her till her ears bleed. I must have come about twenty-nine times and I can't remember how many times she came. You'd need a fucking adding machine to figure it out.

She's so fucking grateful she wants to give me a couple of hundred bucks. Money is no problem, she says. Her husband is president of one of the biggest banks in the country and he owns this and has stock in that, etc., etc. If I told you his name you'd shit purple. What could I say? She made me take the money and then she made me promise to fuck her and her two friends tomorrow, which I did, to everyone's satisfaction.

Well, I'm feeling pretty good about this deal I fall into. And pretty soon this broad has a whole group of friends that I'm fucking, almost every day of the week—all these beautiful blond shiksas with small tits and nice long legs and flat asses. They can't keep their hands off me. They got to have a big Jewish cock. Their husbands are fags or they can't get it up anymore or it's too fucking small or whatever. But when my cabbie friends at the Belmore cafeteria tell me the same story I smell

a fucking rat. Those fucking Gentile cunts are really working for their husbands all along! They know that Jews can fuck all day and all night so they seduce us and make us fuck our brains out until we're all going to get heart attacks!

So I call up all these broads I been fucking and tell them I'm through—that I smelled out their fucking plan. They all cry and scream and beg me to change my mind. They said that it started out as a plan to kill us—that their husbands made them do it—but they could never go through with it because now they're desperately in love with me—they know what real sex is and they would die rather than give me up. My answer to all that was “up your hole with a Mello-roll.” The next day I read in the papers that twelve society ladies committed suicide. Fuck 'em. I didn't even shed a tear. It was their own fault. All those fucking shiksas are spoiled. If they don't get their way, they go right to the fucking sleeping pills.

Of course, your basic American Gentiles come from out of town. I always get cursed with a Gentile family at the airport. They're on vacation. First time in New York. They all come from Indiana, Ohio, or some place like that. The husband wears red pants and a yellow Banlon shirt with two little golf clubs on it, and white shoes with gold links. His wife wears a pants outfit with weird color combinations. She has a big, square ass and her pants are always too short. She wears a scarf because her hair is in curlers. They have two kids—always boys—about ten, twelve years old with blond hair and no features on their faces. The kids never talk. All the kids in Indiana, Ohio are mutes.

All of them have those little cameras but I never saw one of them take a picture. The father has this big fucking leather pen holder on his pants with all kinds of gadgets in it. He likes gadgets and he always shows me his combination tire gauge and shoehorn. Sometimes one of the blond, mute kids takes out a bolo knife or a hand grenade from a plastic shopping bag and starts playing with it. And the father says, “Edna, why do you let them pack all that junk whenever we go on vacation? We won't have room for anything we're going to buy.” The kids always send away for that kind of stuff—that's their favorite toys.

Naturally, they always ask me the same questions. “Is New York really as dangerous as they say?” It all depends on the neighborhood and the time of day, I say. In Harlem it's always safe. Fifth Avenue, Madison, Park—those are the dangerous streets—especially

in the morning. They're not sure whether to believe me or not so they try to make a little small talk. These people are so fucking boring they're almost dead. The wife reminds me of the Gentiles you see on those TV commercials. They're always testing a paper towel against another dooch-bag who has the good towel. She talks like a zombie while her towel is doing a shitty job, getting all stringy and gummy looking. You notice they never use a Jewish girl in those commercials? Only Gentiles from Indiana, Ohio. Can you imagine what a broad like that must be in bed? I'd rather fuck the wet towel. They're worse than boring, those assholes. They're creepy. These are the ones that scare the shit out of me, and there's millions of them out there.

Did you ever notice how many Gentiles walk around with a stupid look on their face, with their mouths open? Y'know why, doncha? It comes from eating so much fucking peanut butter on Wonder Bread. When they were kids they were always scraping that peanut butter off the roof of their mouth, but they could never get it all off. Eventually they got a permanent wedge of peanut butter up there that keeps their mouth open. It gets as hard as a brick. I had a dentist in the cab once who told me all about it. He says you could have an operation to cut it out but it's very dangerous. So they all walk around with their mouths a little open. It's just right for drinking beer and eating Big Macs, which is all they eat when they get older. I swear to God I think a Jewish mongoloid is ten times smarter than a Gentile.

But let's face it . . . the main reason the Gentiles are so fucking dumb is they were born that way. I once had a very big rabbi in my cab, a very learned man. He told me the real story of the Jews and the Gentiles. First of all, he said, you can always tell the difference between a Jew and a Gentile because the Jew has the Holy Crystals in his blood. The Holy Crystals are like kosher salt. When a Jew is born these Crystals appear in his blood. They're supposed to be very beautiful, like snowflake designs, only they're invisible. The Crystals stay in the blood until the Jew dies. Then they fly out of his body and go back to heaven, where God can use them again in another Jew's blood. God put these Holy Crystals into a Jew's blood to make him smarter than anyone else. That's how He made us the Chosen People. But since He was a just God, He had to do something for the rest of the people, the Gentiles. So He made them the *shtarkas*, the strong ones, like animals they were, with

continued

thick heads they could use like helmets. The Gentiles were allowed to eat anything, even pigs.

But when God made us His Chosen People we became too smart for our own good. We strayed from Him. He always wanted us to be perfect and it was very hard. Finally He lost patience with us and had us kicked out of Palestine and scattered all over the world. His parting words were something like, "You're smart enough to fend for yourselves. I'm not going to fight your battles for you anymore. Your punishment is you must live with the Gentiles for all time, or until I send a Messiah for you. They hate you like poison because you're much smarter, so they will make your lives miserable or kill you all."

Meanwhile, the Gentiles were trying their best to imitate the Jews, even going to the trouble of making up their own God. They made up a crazy story about a God being born from a virgin. Can you imagine a Jew making up a story like that? Then they went crazy with their new religion and made all kinds of rules and regulations. They even made a lot of money and bought a lot of fancy churches and fancy clothes and jewelry for the priests. If the Jews had a God and a church, they were going to have a better God and a fancier church. That's how we got the Catholics. And then everybody wanted to get into the act and now we got a million different Gentile religions. The rabbi calls them all "The Chosen Assholes."

Speaking of Chosen Assholes . . . I'll give the first prize to the Catholics. Those fucking Catholic priests really take the cake. I nearly killed one of those guys once. I'll never forget it. I had this priest in the cab with two boys, about ten, eleven years old—two really nice looking boys. I'm taking them to Saint Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. We don't go more than three blocks when one of the kids starts crying. He says he won't go. He says his older brother hated it and told him how disgusting it was and he didn't want to do it. The priest has this very soft voice. He was trying to calm the kid down, saying it was a privilege, an honor, that the kid was too young to understand how important it was for him, but that he should trust the Church and he would always be taken care of. But the kid got more upset and said he didn't care—he just wanted to go home. Meanwhile the other kid is giggling and says there's nothing to it, that it tastes like a cucumber with a little salt on it. Now the kid is really crying and the priest is getting annoyed. He keeps telling the kid what an honor it is, that he was

chosen from hundreds of kids that were dying to do it—that his parents are proud of him and that he was going to get a scholarship to Notre Dame. And all he had to do was give up an hour or so of his time a few days a week.

The other kid is a spiteful little bastard. He says that Kevin, that's the one that's crying, is really afraid of the other thing. Now the priest switches back to his soft voice. He's a beauty, this guy. And he says something like . . . "Kevin lad . . . I was once in the same position as you. I was terribly frightened. Do you know why? I was thinking of myself, not of the Lord and what He wanted of me. When the priests took me and blessed me and offered a prayer of thanks to the Lord, I wasn't frightened anymore. And do you know something, Kevin? Those were the happiest hours of my life."

Kevin is wiping his eyes and giving the priest a look that says you're full of shit. He says his older brother used to come home in pain all the time. It was so bad he had to stay in bed, lying on his stomach. He priest says that it was truly unfortunate—that Kevin's brother was a great favorite and would always be invited to the special parties for the bishops and the cardinals and whatever and sometimes things got a little out of hand. He would make sure that this wouldn't happen to little Kevin.

By now I'm beginning to put two and two together. I always knew this kind of shit was going on in the Catholic churches. Those fucking priests got homo written all over them. I happen to be one of the best fag detectors in New York. The cops use me on tough cases, when they want to get something on a guy. Nobody can spot a fag faster than me. But when it's going on right under your nose it takes a little while to sink in. I figure that this priest must be pimping for whatshisname . . . Cardinal Spellman.

I'm thinking that this poor kid is going to be ruined for life. Even if he is a Gentile, he's still a human being, right? By now I'm pulling up to the side entrance of Saint Patrick's. The priest pays the fare and takes the two kids out. All of a sudden Kevin makes a run for it. And just as I was about to get out and kick the shit out of that priest so he couldn't put the chase on the kid I see two big Irish cops come out of nowhere, grab the poor kid, and carry him into the church. What's the sense in tangling with a couple of Jew-hating cops over one little Gentile kid? But I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. That's what those fucking Catholics do with a lot of their kids

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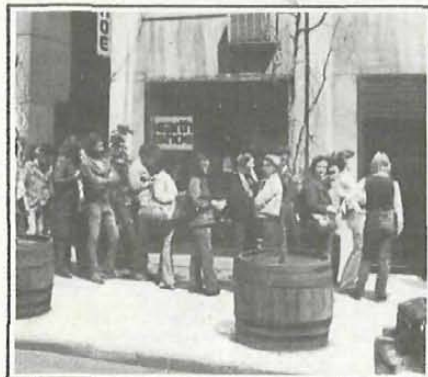
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Please be patient. We're making our shoes as fast as we can.



Who ever heard of standing in line for a pair of shoes?

We're amazed. Really amazed. At first people called our EARTH® brand negative heel shoes strange and ugly. And now they're standing in line to get them.

And while the ends of the lines are waiting to get into our stores, the beginnings of the lines are buying up all of our shoes.

Of course we always knew Earth® shoes were a great invention. And we knew people would love them. But we had no idea the word would spread so fast.

It all started with Anne Kalso.

It started in Denmark 17 years ago, when Anne Kalso had the idea for the negative heel shoe. A shoe with the heel lower than the toe.

The concept was that these shoes would allow you to walk naturally. Like when you walk barefoot in sand and your heel sinks down lower than your toes. Anne was convinced that this is the natural way the body is designed to walk. And that this shoe would

work in harmony with your entire body.

So she worked for 10 years refining every delicate adjustment. Until finally they were perfected.

The shoe that works with your body.

And the result was the Earth shoe. The shoe that's not just for

your feet.

Not only is the heel lower than the toe, but the entire sole is molded in a very special way. This allows you to walk in a gentle rolling motion. And to walk easily and comfortably on the hard, jarring cement of our cities.

Even the arch of the Earth shoe is different, and the toes are wide to keep your toes from being cramped or squashed.

Now everybody wants them.

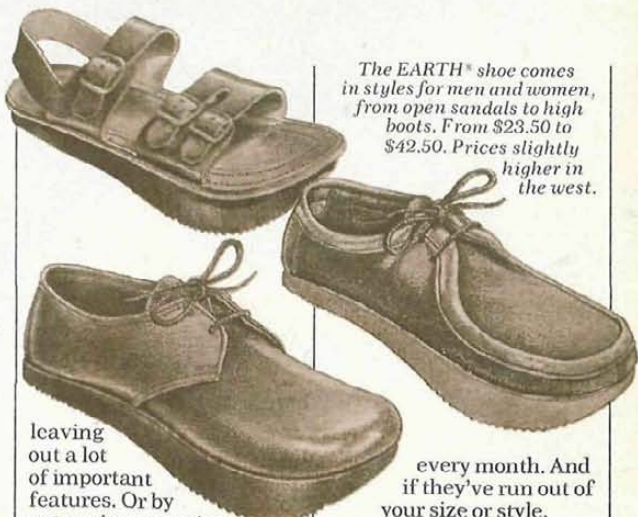
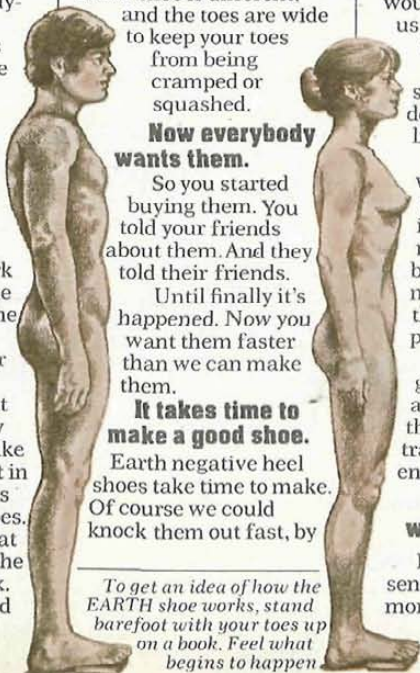
So you started buying them. You told your friends about them. And they told their friends.

Until finally it's happened. Now you want them faster than we can make them.

It takes time to make a good shoe.

Earth negative heel shoes take time to make. Of course we could knock them out fast, by

To get an idea of how the EARTH shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book. Feel what begins to happen



The EARTH® shoe comes in styles for men and women, from open sandals to high boots. From \$23.50 to \$42.50. Prices slightly higher in the west.

leaving out a lot of important features. Or by not paying attention to quality. But then it wouldn't be the Earth brand shoe.

Lowering the heel isn't enough.

We knew we had a good idea. And we knew others would try to imitate us by making negative heel shoes too.

But just because a shoe looks like ours, doesn't mean it works like ours.

The 10 years that went into perfecting the Earth shoe are very important. We have many, many features built into our shoes to make them work. And that is why they are patented.

So to be sure you're getting the Earth negative heel shoe, look on the sole for our Earth trademark, and U.S. patent number 3305947.

They're worth waiting for.

Please be patient. We're sending out more and more shoes to our stores

every month. And if they've run out of your size or style, they'll have it soon.

And when you do try them, you'll see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it's like to walk more gracefully, naturally and comfortably.

And, believe us, that's worth waiting for.



**EARTH is the registered trademark of Kalso Systemet, Inc. for its negative heel shoes and other products.*



Anne Kalso.
Inventor of the EARTH® negative heel shoe.

Our shoes are sold at stores that sell only the EARTH® shoe. For a list of these stores please see the facing page.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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*.

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.

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 Tail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 Gracious 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. Kilban'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 Bat 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 *Poonbeat*.

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 Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrranic' 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, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and Baffart Comics.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

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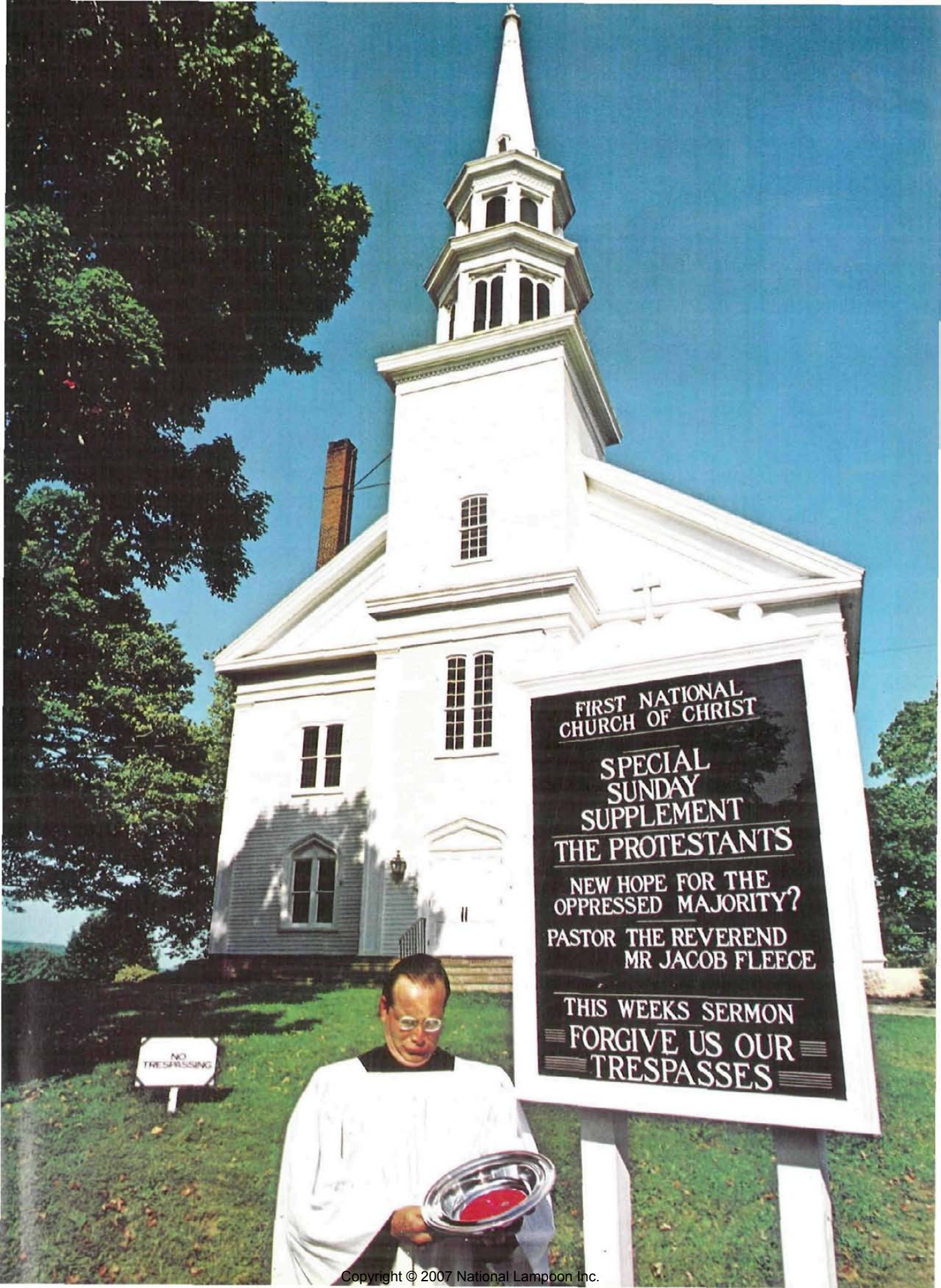
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NEW HOPE FOR THE
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PASTOR THE REVEREND
MR JACOB FLEECE

THIS WEEKS SERMON
FORGIVE US OUR
TRESPASSES

NO
TRESPASSING

Great Moments in Protestantism #1



Martin Luther nails his ninety-five feces to the church door in Wittenberg, 1517.

The New Good Word for Everyone Who's Modern

At that time Jesus and His disciples were given an invitation by the King announcing the wedding of his beautiful and wise daughter, whose value was far beyond that of pearls, to the excellent son of a neighboring King. When Jesus and His disciples arrived at the front door, they were shown to the main wedding feast table by the King's chief maitre d'. Jesus, able to read the minds of all of the people there, knew that among the guests were tax collectors, robbers, fornicators, and sheep thieves, and to them He spoke thus: "The kingdom of heaven is like five foolish servants and five drowsy virgins who found themselves bewildered by the commotion of the marketplace and all fell down a well. They realized their peril and all began to shout for help. At that time a man and his slave were passing by and heard the cries. 'Who are you down in this well?' called the master.

'We are trapped, please help us,' the ten answered back.

'My slave will throw you a rope. Who shall he pull up first?' It was decided among the ten that the virgins should be raised first and then the servants. The master's slave pulled up the five virgins, who thanked the master and fled to their beds, for the hour was late. Then the slave pulled up three of the servants before he grew weary and begged his master that he might stop. The master granted the slave his wish and both headed on to their home. And the two servants were left in everlasting darkness where they moaned and gnashed their teeth. Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it. Many are called but few are chosen." Thus spoke the words of the holy gospel. Praise be to God.

Illustrated by Jeff Cox



HEAD SHOP
OR
DEAD SHOP
?

By PJO

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Jewes we kille
To ferve God's Wille



Illustrated by Gil Eisner

photographed by Peter Kleinman

COSMOPROTESTANT

December 1974 \$1.00

The Protestant Orgasm:
How to Achieve/
Avoid/ Fake/
Camouflage It

Using Radioactivity
to Determine
How Long Your Family
Has Been Wealthy

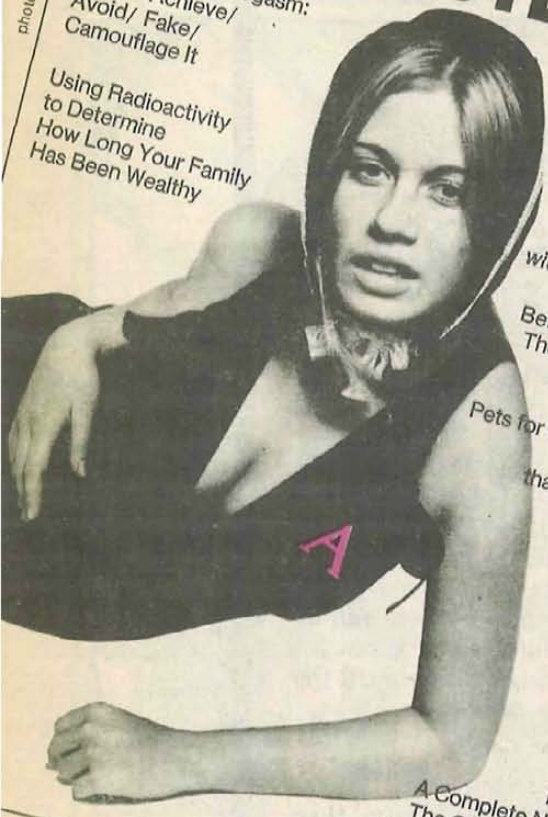
Ten Ways
to Make Love
without Touching

Exclusive:
Potato Chips
You Can Eat
with a Knife and Fork

Betty Hutton Today:
There's Methodism
in Her Madness

Pets for Presbyterians:
20 Mammals
that Don't Shed

Plus:
A Complete Novel
The Other Woman
Was of Another Faith



In the Shade of the Withered Fig Tree

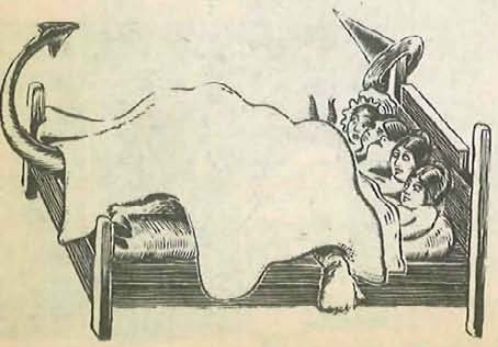
In the Shade of the Withered Fig Tree,
There is room There for you and for me;
Where the blind and the lame and the halt and the odd
Seek the Pearl of Great Price in the Oyster of God.

In the Lap of the Lord I shall sit,
When the bright burning Martyrs are lit;
While the Lord reads aloud from the Book of His Love
Writ in Blood with a quill from the Tail of the Dove.

Should we Saints ever weary or tire
Of our parts in the Heavenly Choir,
We will gird up the Loins of our Spirits and go
To delight in the Pains of our Neighbors below.

From the tempest-toss'd bark of this Life,
We are gathered like Lambs to His knife;
And untroubled by doubts about Life, Death, or Birth,
We put Heaven on High and make Hell here on Earth.

A Mormon's wives
Ye Deville swives,

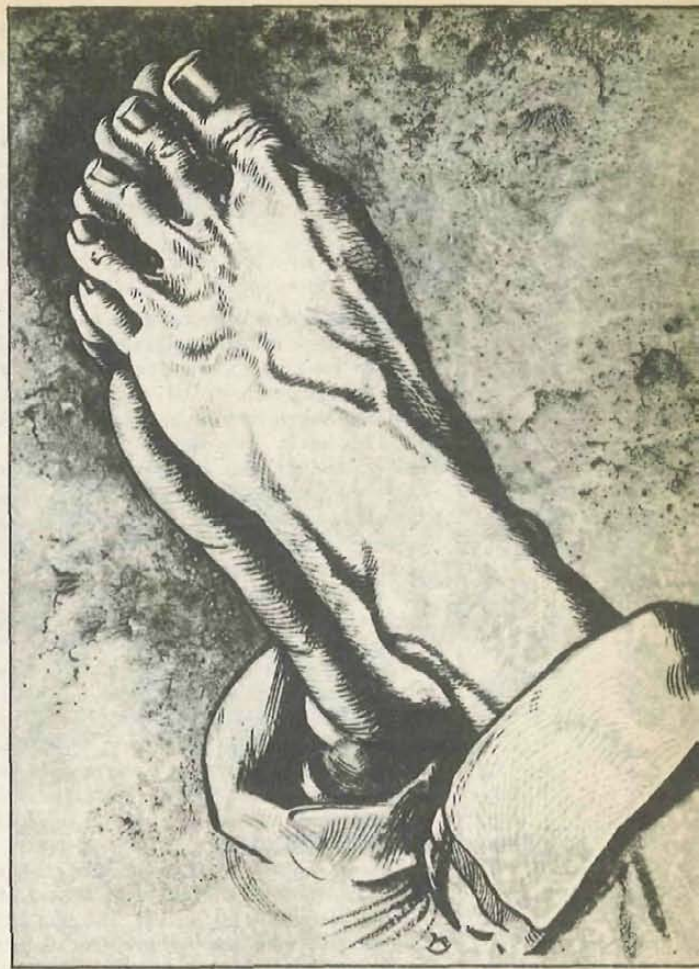


On Trays of Gorham Silver

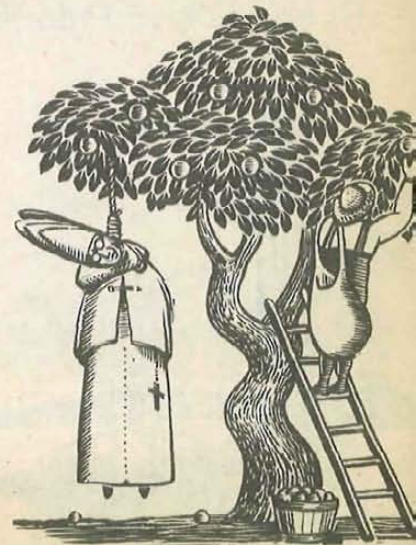
Oh Jesus come to tea with me and in my midst do sit,
 Under my rural roof we'll be or out by the barbecue pit.
 It matters little where we're served the bakery pastries we deserve
 On trays of Gorham silver.

For nothing is too good for You from French éclairs to cordon bleu
 From napoleons to mocha cake, I'll buy them all for my Savior's sake.
 And when we settle down to dine, I hope I don't take too much time
 Pouring tea in cups by Lenox.

Then after that grand time of day and all the plates get cleared away,
 We'll sit upon the porch and sway and I'll ask You questions if I may.
 But interrupt myself to say You are the Perfect Guest
 Because of all mankind You still love me the very best.
 And if You love me from now till then, I know You'll stop by soon again,
 For we must do this more often.



Ye Pope to shun,
 A Battle wunne.



I Never Metamorphosis I Didn't Like

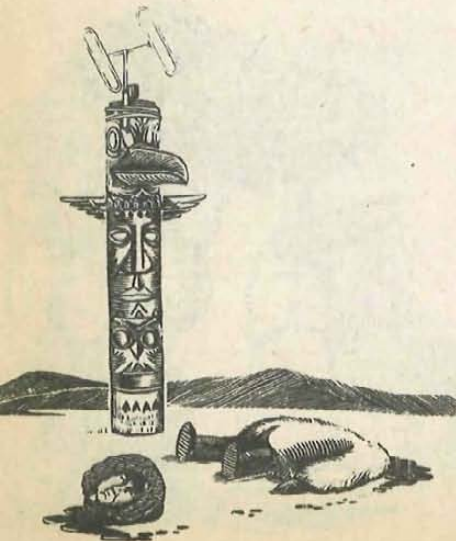
Awaking one morning from an uneasy sleep, Joseph K. found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic Wasp. He lay on a hard, bony back, and when he lifted his head a little he could see only a flat, muscular belly, as white as the sheets, and utterly devoid of hair. His legs, pitifully thin and scrawny, stretched away before his eyes, their kneecaps glowing pink in the distance like spring roses.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. The familiar walls of his room stood all about him. On the table were the ledgers and documents he had pored over the previous evening until almost midnight. As his eyes roamed the room, he became aware of a further change. Raising his fingers to his face, he clutched several times at places where the boundaries of his nose were usually to be found. He found nothing until by chance he encountered a tiny protuberance he could barely see even by squinting, straight, and covered with innumerable freckles. The misty aspect to his vision he had mistaken for sleepiness, he discovered to be due to a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles so securely in place that they seemed to be a natural outgrowth of his skull.

Dear God, he exclaimed to himself, how demanding is this career I have chosen! Up so early in the morning, studying so late at night, hardly time for meals, let alone to visit the theater or step out with the ladies. Those other clerks, see how they loll around, flirting with the tellers; what strain were they under? And did it make any difference to the boss that he worked like a donkey while they played the fool? Not a jot! Well, wait until the day his diploma arrived. Then he would place his lips upon the old windbag's ear trumpet and give him what for! Now, however, he must rise, for his train left at seven.

Yet he did not rise, although the hands of the clock that regularly woke him at six already indicated half past eight. What had come over him? Hours ago the chief clerk would have made his rounds, frowning at K.'s empty desk and consulting his watch. He was in a stew, but the persistent thought went through his mind that there was no need for him to rise before noon! Should he say he was sick? But what doctor could he summon to certify his condition? His nose was dry, his stomach sweet; the aches and pains he usually experienced in his bowels, back, and shoulders were quite absent. On the contrary, he would like to spring from his bed and do forty push-ups. How pleasant it would be to sail all day upon the bay despite the icebergs! Later he would buy a blazer or an oil painting.

An Idolator slain,
Christendom's gain.



Wise Up!

This would not do, he thought, and resolved to rise. His huge, bony legs would not budge, however, and repeated attempts at swinging them to the floor only left them waving about in the air in the most ludicrous fashion. Accordingly, after a moment of reflection he began to work the top half of his new bulk from the bed, using his arms as cautious forelegs.

Hardly had he embarked on this arduous operation, his useless huge legs flopping this way and that behind him, than he heard the doorbell ring and immediately recognized the voice of the visitor. It was the chief clerk himself! In his agitation he lurched from the bed and fell with a crash to the floor.

As he tried to stand on his impossibly long legs, which refused not to buckle, he heard them moving anxiously towards the door. "Joseph K.," said his father, "the chief clerk is here on account of your lateness" — and meanwhile the chief clerk himself was greeting K.: "We hope, Mr. K., that you are not so incapacitated as to be unable to afford us entrance to confirm your disability." He knew not what to do. His chest seemed so broad his legs could never support it, and he was so much taller than before that his head swam with dizziness. In
(continued)

Is God a "Dope"?

Are earthquakes, floods, and famines part of his design or is he just plain clumsy?

DECEMBER 8, 1974



Freemasonry's trowel
Stabb' Christ's bowelle.



Wise Up!

"Lo, I have eyeballed the wet clocks
and given the sundials a look-see,
and I put it to you, it is time you wised up."
—Judges 14:34

Volume LV

December 8, 1974

Number 24



Why is God Such a Dimbulb?

HAVE you asked yourself that question? Many sincere people have. People who have seen illness strike a friend, or read in the newspapers of terrible natural disasters, wars, and other saddening events.

How many times, on learning of a tragedy, have you exclaimed, "If God can turn out planets and stars like so many BBs and flora and fauna like yard goods, why can't he put the kibosh on these fool hurricanes and such not?"

After much consideration, some people conclude that there is no God, or that some of his faculties—like seeing, hearing, and thinking—have become seriously impaired over the eons. Others, made bitter by personal loss, suppose that God is a nasty trickster who gets his "kicks" by making things hot for us in this life.

Did God deliberately put us in "a world of hurt"? And if so, why should we "say to the Lord that he is jake and send him singing telegrams of praise" (Deut. 56:14)? Wouldn't you think that anyone who suggested that you worship a vicious criminal

WISE UP!—DECEMBER 8, 1974

who had just robbed and stabbed you was a "nutball"?

Perhaps you are now wondering where you can turn to find answers to these disturbing questions. Yes, there is such a source. The Bible (Clean Sweep Translation of the Holy Scriptures, \$9.95) offers clear and convincing explanations of Jehosophat God's strategy throughout human history from the creation to the coming millennial jamboree picnic where the wicked and unbelieving ants who have infested his garden will be cast out forever and denied even the crumbs from the mocha cake of his loving-kindness that will supplant the evil devil's food of this corrupt era.

When we survey Biblical history, we quickly realize that the Bible is a record of the human family every bit as accurate and all-inclusive as the family album or scrapbook which you may have in your home. If someone said to you, "How can I believe that you really had an Aunt named Jane or that your daughter married a man named Frank," after you showed him a collection of

frustration he attempted an answer, conscious he was on trial before his whole family. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I do assure you this is but an attack of giddiness brought on by the studies I have been pursuing in order to augment my usefulness to the firm!" He had a shock, however, as he heard his voice. His voice it was, beyond a doubt, and his words, yet with a horrible goatish bleat that arose like a cry of triumph from the depths of his throat and descended upon consonants and vowels alike to mangle their meaning and leave them reverberating senselessly between his lungs and his adenoids.

There was an ominous silence outside the door. K. heard his mother sobbing quietly and his sister comforting her. The chief clerk spoke low: "That was no human voice." K.'s father began calling through the house: "Fetch the doctor! Fetch the locksmith! Fetch the speech therapist! Fetch the wheelwright!" K. decided to make one great effort. Bracing his legs against the doorjamb, he threw open the door and stood before them all, scarcely able to get his head beneath the lintel, and twisting his broad shoulders to get them through the opening.

His mother went white, then regaining her color, began to smile. His sister, open-mouthed, blushed deeper and deeper, so that K. glanced down to see if his modesty was in some way compromised.

Hindoos charm A soule to harm.



UPTIGHT?! IT WAS OUR SAVIOR
JESUS CHRIST WHO WAS PUT UP
ON THE CROSS AND NAILED TIGHT.

I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM DOWN
BY STAYING HERE. GOOD-BYE!



OH-OH! THE POLICE HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT
THAT "HEAD SHOP"! THEY'LL ARREST THE
WHOLE GANG!

OFFICERS! PLEASE!
MY FRIENDS!



But of them all the most flustered was the chief clerk, who after a moment of bewilderment, swept off the hat he had not yet deigned to remove and said: "Forgive me, sir, Mr. K., I had no idea . . ." All K.'s concentration now was on appeasing the chief clerk and he tottered towards him, entreating forgiveness. At this very moment, the front door burst open, and three men in dark suits and bowler hats marched importantly up to K. "You are Joseph K.?" asked their leader, a fat man who clearly held sway over any room he was in. K. nodded. "All charges against you have been dropped," said the fat man, proffering a roll of documents. "What charges?" cried K. "I have done nothing wrong!" "Indeed you have not, as far as we are concerned," replied the leader, looking K. over approvingly, "and even if you had, the charges would still be dropped." Then with a bow to his mother, the three left as suddenly as they had come.

All present in the room turned their smiles on K., in particular the chief clerk, who came forward to congratulate him. "Forgive us," he said, "for arousing you so early, but I feel sure that a visit to the office some time today might be to your advantage. An opening has appeared on the board." As K. started to protest, he held up a respectful hand. "Please," he smiled, "the question of stock can be raised at a (continued on page 456)

family photographs and newspaper clippings, you would be astonished by his doubt.

And yet many thoughtful people still doubt that the Bible is "true"! Why is this? Could it be that Satan is sowing the weed of doubt in the truck garden of faith planted in our minds by Jehosaphat God? This is a serious matter, for "They who get wind of God's word, but are slow on the uptake, shall have their ears pulled from their heads and made into conversation pieces, and their livers shall be served unto them in chafing dishes made out of their kneecaps" (Ezekiel 34:9).

The Bible shows clearly that at every step of the way, from Eden to his dealings with Israel to the preachings of Christ, God has gone to great trouble to establish clear "rules," but he has always let man "play" however he likes. The reason for this is simple: It wouldn't be any "fun" for God, if he made all the "moves." Anyone who has played solitaire knows that it quickly becomes tiresome; and trying to have a game of chess with yourself is not enjoyable because you always know what you are going to do next!

Because God is all-powerful and all-seeing, it is even harder for him to be able to derive any satisfaction from the "game." If man did not have free will to make "wrong moves" that often result in wars, famines, and other calamities, what would be the purpose of his existence? And as for earthquakes and similar natural calamities, who can "blame" God if in his anger at man's



Many intelligent people believe that persons who do not heed the word of God are brought back to life as slimy and repellent creatures. There is no proof of this, but it is something to think about.

continual "cheating," he sometimes "tips over the board"?

Man does have choice, and one of the most important choices he can make is the role he takes in life. Some might feel that they would prefer to be powerful, moving everywhere to influence things, but with such power comes great risk, and it is written: "The pawns will win the game" (Matthew 5:5).

Perhaps this is why so many thousands of wised-up people have chosen to commit their goods and their lives to God's plan and become Jehosaphat's Bystanders so that they shall be "queened" at the Eighth Rank and enter into God's Kingdom while others who were more reckless are taken and placed back in the box forever.

Rank	1,000	2,000	3,000	4,000	5,000	6,000	7,000	8,000	
First Rank	1,000	2,000	3,000	4,000	5,000	6,000	7,000	8,000	
Event	MAN'S CREATION	NOACHIAN FLOOD	FIRST CULTIVATION OF THE TURNIP	WICKEDNESS—TURNIPS MADE INTO WINE	DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST	ELECTION OF CHESTER A. ARTHUR	CHISOX WIN SERIES	COMET KOHOUTEK	GOOD STUFF JUST AHEAD?

After 7,000 years, according to Bible prophecies which wised-up folk have spotted in the Holy Writ, a thousand year picnic—with lots of bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches and no alcoholic beverages—await those who succeed in attaining the Eighth Rank.

Ye Dervifhe doth turnne
Chrift's Croffe to spurne.



Stories for Youth
**Oh, Little Star
of Babylon**
Part Three

Thammuz and Dagon
Journey to Visit
the Anti-Christ Child

Our Tale So Far: Despite the cold and stormy weather, Thammuz and his little sister Dagon set out to discover the meaning of the bright star which has appeared in the sky beyond their village.

"Oh, Thammuz, I am so cold," said Dagon to her older brother. "Try to be brave, Dagon," replied Thammuz in a manly voice (though, in fact, he had only turned eleven a week before). "For I'm sure it will be warm enough where we are going presently."

"Oh, I shall be brave," said little Dagon. "I won't complain again. It's only that I wish the Star we seek would come a little closer. It seems to move so slow." And thrusting her hands deep into the folds of her sheepskin coats they wore in an-
Continued inside

For Next Week

Learn the Lord's Prayer backwards

Amen. Ever and ever for glory the and power the and kingdom the is thine for. Us against trespass who those forgive we as trespasses who us forgive and. Bread daily our day this us give. Heaven in it is as earth on done be will thy. Come kingdom



"Our Father, Who aren't in Heaven..."

My
**Sabbat School
Reader**

This Week's Hymn...

"Lucifer Loves Me,
This I Know"

Lucifer loves me, this I know,
The Book of Satan tells me so,
Little one to him belongs,
They are weak but he is strong.

Yes, Rimmon loves me,
Yes, Belial loves me,
Yes, Abaddon loves me,
The Book of Satan tells me so.

Words to Learn

Congregation All the people who come to the church service.

Sacrifice Something we give to Satan to thank Him for all the...

Knowing
about Your Church
Part LXIV: The Altar



The Altar is where the High Reverend of Satan in your church kneels to say his prayers to the Devil in Hell. One of the grown up ladies in the congregation lays on top of the altar in her bathing suit to remind us that grown-up ladies are one of the wonderful gifts that Satan gives us. Also in the altar is a billy goat. During the service all the worshippers come up to the altar and give the billy goat a kiss on his fluffy tail.

The Altar is an important part of the church. It represents the...

Perfect
Attendance
Pentacle
Bronze one year
Silver two years
Gold three years



Hillsdale Satanist Church
2621 South Cove Rd.
Reverend F. L. Cartwright, No. 1 minister

SERMON
TODAY'S LESSON: NO RESPECT FOR EVIL!

Mrs. Ellis on the Organ
Mrs. Murdock on the Altar
Incenseburner 100%

Skepticks prove
God's juft love.



GOD WANTS YOU TO DIE AND GO TO HEAVEN

**HEAVEN
OR
HECK?**

The choice is yours.

DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST'S
DIVINE CERTIFIED CHECK TO
COVER ALL YOUR DEBTS TO GOD
OR DID YOU MAKE JESUS PAY IN
CASH WITH HIS BLOOD MONEY
FOR YOUR SINS?

YES NO

TAKE THESE VOWS TODAY

1. I will stop reading my horoscope in the newspaper.
2. I promise not to buy any more Alice Cooper records.
3. If Jesus comes back tomorrow, I swear not to be Jewish and crucify him on the cross again.
4. Not a word about this to my parents so they won't have me "deprogrammed" and sent to stay with my aunt in Michigan for a "long rest."

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**O'ROURKE
PUBLICATIONS**

635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10017 U.S.A.

—millions of them. Today Kevin is probably cruising around Times Square with all the other Catholic kids. He probably has gonorrhoea or the syph . . . if he's not dead already.

You know what the really scary thing is? The fucking Gentiles are at it again. They're showing their true colors. They want to kill all the Jews again. You don't believe me? They're already starting it. You don't read about it in the papers because the goys control all the media. Already, a lot of Jews are disappearing in Florida. The Gentiles are trying to wear us down from all sides. And do you know what they're doing in the neighborhoods? The butchers are selling different kinds of meat, depending on whether you're a Jew or a Gentile. The Jews get the shittier cuts of meat. They always did this in the German neighborhoods, but now they're doing it everywhere. They're doing it with all kinds of food. Yesterday I stopped at this diner for a cup of coffee and a roll. The coffee tastes like piss warmed over and the roll must be a week and a half old. I knew something funny was going on so I said to the Greek, "Give me a cup of coffee from that *other* urn and give me a roll from that *other* bin over there." The fucking Greek gives me a dirty look. He knows I got his number. I said, "Don't worry, asshole, I'll pay for the two coffees and two rolls. Just give me a pair from the same place you took it for your other customers." So I taste the other coffee and roll and sure as shit they're both fresh. The fucking scumbag is trying to get rid of stale food on the Jews. I heard it's happening in all the restaurants and stores now. They want to get us undernourished, so we'll become weak and defenseless.

I had a guy in my cab yesterday that used to work for the government, a Jewish fella, very smart. He told me that something terrible could happen to all the Jews in America soon. He said Nixon made a deal with the Arabs before he resigned. The Arabs said they would give America all the oil they wanted, for free, if the Americans kill all the Jews living in their country. It would have to be done fast—like in one day. It should look almost like an accident. Well, it just so happens that J. Edgar Hoover, who was the biggest anti-Semite of them all, once devised a perfect plan to get rid of all the Jews in one day. He had a master file of every Jew in America—their names and addresses and apartment numbers—everything. On the orders of the President he would send out his men to every place where a Jew lived and they would fix the water system so that poisoned water would flow into the

taps of Jewish homes only. In one day almost every Jew would drop dead. Hoover tried to sell his idea to all the Presidents. Nixon was absolutely ready to buy it and then he had his own problems. This guy who used to work in the government told me that President Ford is just about ready to carry out the plan.

So what are we going to do about it? We got to use our water, and we don't know exactly when that cocksucker could feed poison into our plumbing systems. I say the only thing we can do is get guns and go to Washington and kidnap Ford and make him tell us his plan. We got to be like the Israelis. Hit them before they hit you. The only way we can win is to use surprise tactics because they got us outnumbered. Meanwhile I wouldn't mind mowing down a few hundred Gentiles and busting a few of their stupid heads. They got away with killing millions of us in Europe but they're not going to get away with this one, not if I got one drop of life in me.

What? What did you say? Why don't I start by trying to bust your stupid head? Why should I do that for? We're in this together. This is the time for all the Jews to stop arguing and fight back fast. What are you talking about . . . you're not a Jew. Your name is Bernie Schwartz.

It's right on your fucking card you got pinned to your jacket. What's that? Your name is Barnhard Schwarz? How do you pronounce that? Barn . . . hard . . . Schvaarrzz. I thought you said Bernard Schwartz. My hearing is getting bad. What kind of name is that? German? It *is* German. You want me to stop the car and go out to that field over there and settle this once and for all . . . you want to pick a fight with me, right now, in the middle of this highway? You got a good case. Why don't you pick on someone your own size? I'm half your size, you fucking scumbag. I got a weak heart and I can't even make a fist, I got so much arthritis in my hands. You're all the same, you fucking Gentiles. You can only fight Jews who can't fight back. I'd like to see you try the same shit with my nephew. He'll beat the shit out of you with one hand. What? Take you to my nephew right now? You must be crazy. What am I, your slave? Your chauffeur? Even if he was right here I wouldn't let him waste his breath on you. Get your fucking hands off me, you Nazi! I'll yell for the police! I got a police radio in the car! Stop hitting me or we'll crash the car! Help! Police! Help! Somebody . . . please help! God . . . please . . . anybody . . . Oy! Oy! Oy! Oooooooy . . . □

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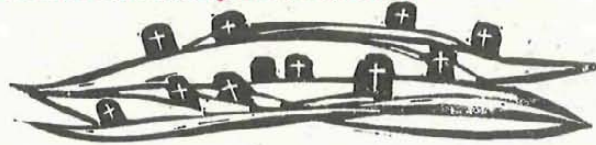
A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN ULSTER



BY SEAN KELLY



with woodcuts by Randall Enos



One Christmas was so like another in those years around Waterside now, that I can never remember whether there were twelve Papish killed on the twenty-fourth or twenty-four Papish killed on the twelfth.

All the Christmases roll like an armoured patrol down Shakhill Road, ricochet round my brain like rubber bullets in a bogside boxcar, and into the Donneybrook I dash to salvage whatever I can find. Into the gas cloud bottle bomb melee of Belfast memories I scramble, and out I come with Mrs. Shaughnessy, and the Tommies.

It was in the aftermath of the day of Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs. Shaughnessy's back alley, waiting for Catholics, with her son Tim. Patient, cold, and callous, our faces covered with nylon stockings, we waited to clobber the Catholics. Wild-eyed and drunk as lords and horribly whiskied, they would stagger or slink, saying Aves and Paters and rattling their beads down the cobblestones, and the sharp-eyed gunners, Tim and I, King Billy's dragoons from the battle of the Boyne, off Crumlin Road, would fire our deadly dumdums at the red of their eyes. The wise Catholics never appeared. We were so still, black and tan marksmen lying in ambush for the Mayo Flying Column, that we never heard Mrs. Shaughnessy's first scream. Or, if we heard it at all, it was, to us, the far-off lament of a Sinn Fein banshee over the smoking ruins of Cork. But soon the cry grew louder. "I.R.A.!"

cried Mrs. Shaughnessy. And we ran down the alley, our guns in our hands, toward the house; and glass indeed was shattering out the windows, and automatics were rattling, and Mrs. Shaughnessy was howling bloody murder as was appropriate to the time and place.



This was better than all the Catholics in Ulster with targets pinned to their greatcoats standing in a row. We crawled to the threshold, cradling our rifles, and peered into the door of the pitchblack room.

It was pitchblack with reason, and so was Mrs. Shaughnessy, who was rumored to be very high up in the Women's Auxiliary of the local Orange Lodge. She was sitting in the middle of the room, saying, "A fine Christmas," and clawing away at the smouldering tar with which she was smeared top to toe. "Call the Constabulary!" she bellowed, a surprisingly talkative tar baby.

"They won't be here," said Mr. Shaughnessy. "It's Christmas."

continued

continued

There were no I.R.A. men to be seen, only Mr. and Mrs. Shaughnessy, and she black as sin and scrubbing away at herself like Aunt Jemima playing Lady Macbeth.

"Do something," she said.

We let go a round or so out the back door—I think we missed Mr. Shaughnessy—and ran out of the house to the telephone box.

"Let's call the army as well," Tim said.

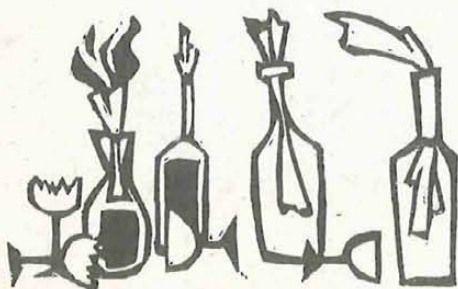
"And the B Specials."

"And Ian Paisley, he likes riots."

But we only called the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and soon the paddy wagon came and the tall men in helmets rushed into the house with Thompson guns and Mr. Shaughnessy got out just in time before they opened fire.

Nobody could have had a noisier Christmas. And when the policemen ran out of ammunition and were standing in the destroyed and bloody room, Tim's aunt, Miss Shaughnessy, came downstairs and peered in. Tim and I waited, very quietly, to hear what she would say to them. She had the gift of the gab, for sure.

She looked at the three tall policemen in their brass and helmets, standing among the smoke and rubble and her expiring sister-in-law, and she said: "Would yez care for a drop o' the crayture, at all, at all?"



Just yesterday, just yesterday, when I was a boy, when there was trouble in Ulster, and the night sky was bright orange as a twelfth of July flag, we ran riot day and night down streets that reeked of fear and pee, and we chased with tins of petrol the superstitious nuns and leprechauns through the wassailing streets of Christmas in the North, when it rains. And rains.

But here a small boy says: "It rained last year, too. It washed my whitewash slogans off the walls, and I cried."

"But that was not the same rain. Our Christmas cloudbuster rain was wet as martyrs' blood, our rain roared down the gutter like beer from a blown-up public house, our rain glistened on the mackintoshes of the patrolling B Specials till they glittered like Christmas trees in the flare light, and it swept the bits of bodies and such down the true blue sewers out to the Protestant sea."

"Tell about the presents."



"Ah, the presents. After the dour and sour smelling service, the presents. There were Useless Presents: toys and dolls and King James Bibles, crayons in various shades of orange, red, white, and blue; never, of course, green; and a pair of socks or some candy . . ."

"Go on to the Useful Presents."

"Plastique bombs and ammo belts, spring knives and knuckle-dusters, blackjacks and cherry bombs, ski masks for tugging over your mug till your own mum wouldn't know you at a mugging, toy guns that looked realer than real ones, and a shrill whistle to summon your friends to call the Tommies to save your hide; and a booklet that warned in big bold type NOT to make incendiary devices out of the accompanying batteries, blasting caps, wires, bottles, rags, petrol, and powder, with instructions and detailed diagrams, oh! easy for little guerrillas!"

And on Christmas morning I would walk the rain-wet streets with Tommy, conjuring whistle and a bundle of weapons under my coat, scouring the town for mass-happy Catholics, saluting the local patrols as they slithered by on the slippery streets, till I rounded a corner and out of a rain-veiled lane would come a boy, the spit of myself but a Dogan for certain, misshapen and grim as a Galway spud. I hated him on sight and sound, and reached for my gun to blow him off the face of Christmas when suddenly he reached into his coat, whipped out his revolver, and we sprayed the street with a volley of shots so quick, and so exquisitely wild, that tinselled windows shattered all down the block and a half-dozen goose-gobbling citizens fell face forward into their Christmas dinners, instantly concocting a traditional Ulster recipe, brain stuffing. The young gunmen, he and I, unharmed, ducked and were gone before the echoes were.

And when I got home, as often as not, there was a crater where the dining room had been, and Uncles like burst balloons and Aunts like broken teacups would be festooning the ruins of the feast. And I would squat amidst the rubble and nibble bits of what I hoped was the turkey, carefully following the instructions for little guerrillas, and produce what might be mistaken for a battery-powered nuclear device.

Or I would go out, my shiny new pistol cocked, into the Bogside, with Tim and Dan and Mike, and prowling the still streets, leaving little bullet holes in the fences and people.

"I bet people will think there's been provos."

"What would you do if you saw a provo coming down our street?"

"I'd go like this, bang! I'd throw him over the railings and roll him down the embankment and then I'd kick him behind the ear and he'd pack it in."

"What would you do if you saw two provos?"

Trenchcoated and terrible provos strode and strove through the sputtering snow toward us as we passed Mr. Grogan's house.

"Let's post Mr. Grogan a fire bomb through his letter box."

"Let's write things on his walls."

"Let's write Mr. Grogan looks like a Dogan all over his front door."

Or we walked by the freshgrave patchwork cemetery.

"Do the corpses know it's snowing?"



A bogside cabbage-smell fog drifted in from the docks. Now we were crack troops of Cromwell, scouring the fens of Fermanagh, eagle-eyed and English armour-plated, and cowering Catholics fled before us to hell or Connacht. And we returned home through the poor streets where only a few children scrawled Free Derry on the charred walls and fired a few aimless rounds at us as we scampered across the bridge

above the troopship bobbing docks. And then, at home, the Uncles would be solemn, and toast the Queen and absent friends which in this case meant half the family and most of the neighbors, now deceased, for the old cause.

Bring out the tall tales now that we told while the peat fire made fairy pictures of King Billy, his white horse like a ghost of flame, and the blazing battle of the Burning Boyne. And the gory ghosts of slaughtered Sinn Feiners listened at the blacked-out windows and the Tommygun spirit of Michael Collins lay in ambush under the bed I must climb to trembling in the dark.



And I remember we went out terrorizing once when there wasn't by chance a building burning to light the terrifying streets. Flush to the cobbles was a big brick house. And we stood before its black bulk with our safeties off, just in case, and all of us too brave to say a word. The wind came round stone corners, cold and sharp as the blades of invisible pikes.

"What shall we give them? The Protestant Boys?"

"No," Mike said, "The Auld Orange Flute. I'll count three."

One, two, three, and we began to sing, our voices high in the darkness round the house full of baby-eating Catholics maybe.

*In the County Tyrone in the town of Dungannon
Where many eruptions meself had a hand in . . ."*

Then a big red roar, like the sound of a muzzle loader that has not been fired for a long time, slammed against the door; a loud, old Gaelic gun blew shot through the keyhole. And when we stopped running, we were outside *our* house; the parlor was lit for Christmas and everything was bright and clean and Protestant again.

"Perhaps it was a priest," Tim said.

"Perhaps it was the College of Cardinals," Dan said, who was always reading.

"Let's go in and see if there's any gelignite left," Mike said. And we did that. □

**THE
SEVEN
SACRAMENTS**
A
"Millstone" Pamphlet
For
Little Catholics
by
Bro. "Al" Andrien



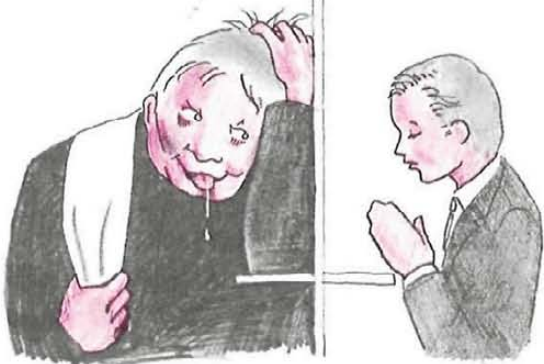
Baptism is the Sacrament in which babies renounce the devil, die to the old life of sin, and are born again of water and of spirit.



Confirmation is the Sacrament through which the Holy Ghost enables us to profess our faith as strong soldiers of Christ. The bishop gives the person he confirms a blow on the cheek to remind him he must be ready to defend the faith, even unto death.



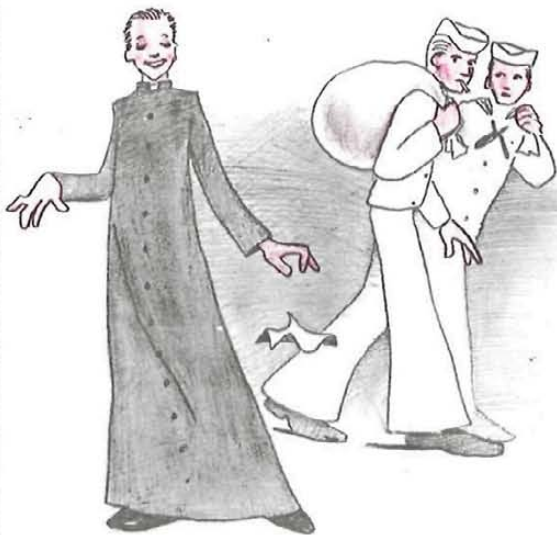
Holy Eucharist is the Sacrament in which we "take and eat" the sacrificial body and blood of Jesus Christ.



Penance is the Sacrament in which we confess all, even our most private and secret sins, to God, in the person of the priest.



Matrimony is the Sacrament in which a man and a woman bind themselves eternally, body and soul, and receive the grace to perform their difficult marital duties on the sea of life.



Holy Orders results in an increase in Grace, and a greater capacity for loving one's fellow man.



The Sacrament of Extreme Unction frequently produces a quick and easy death.

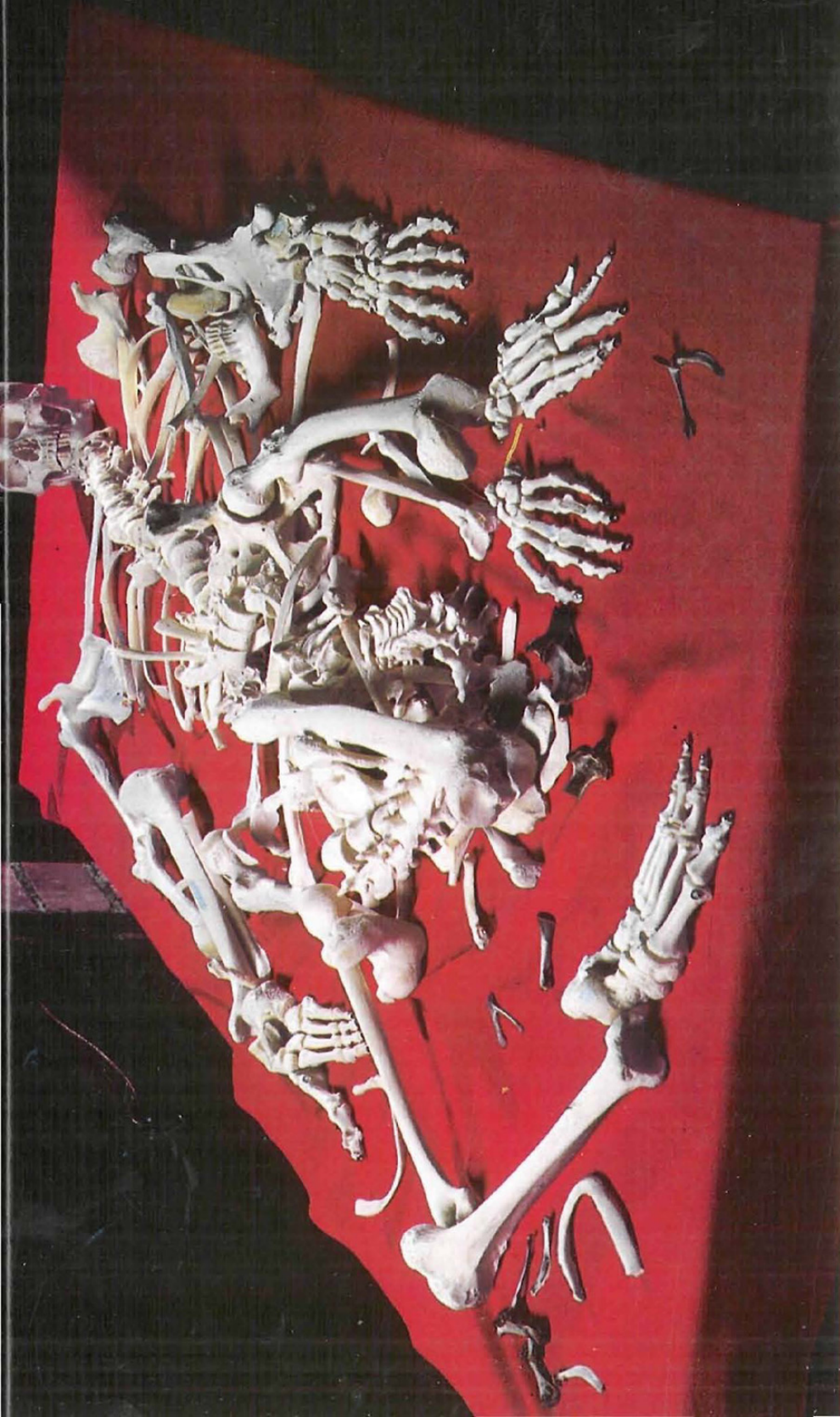
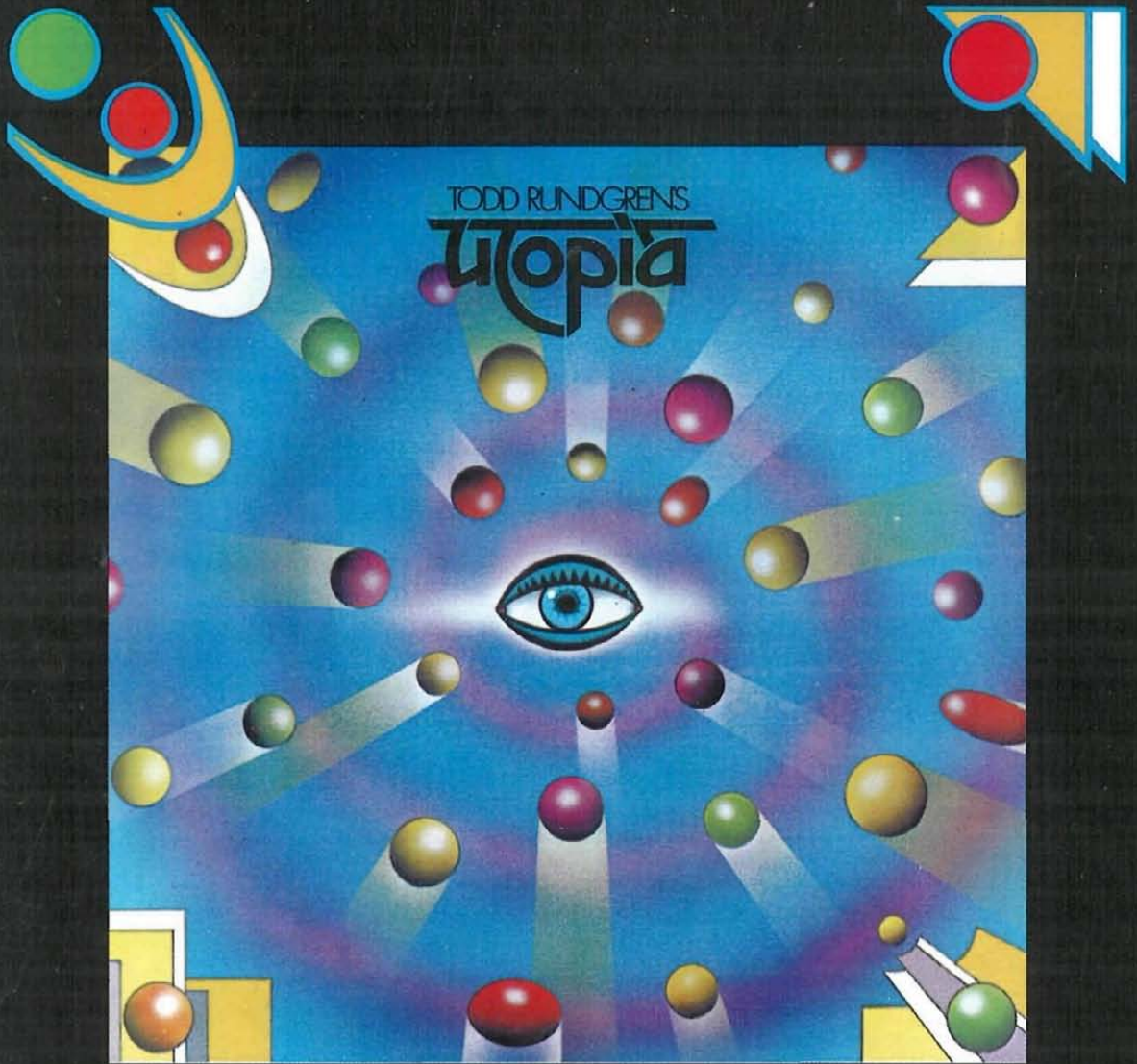


photo by Vince Aloia

Surprise Icon #CVIX

Such True Relics of the Saint Philomena
as are found at one of her twenty-six Shrines near Padua.





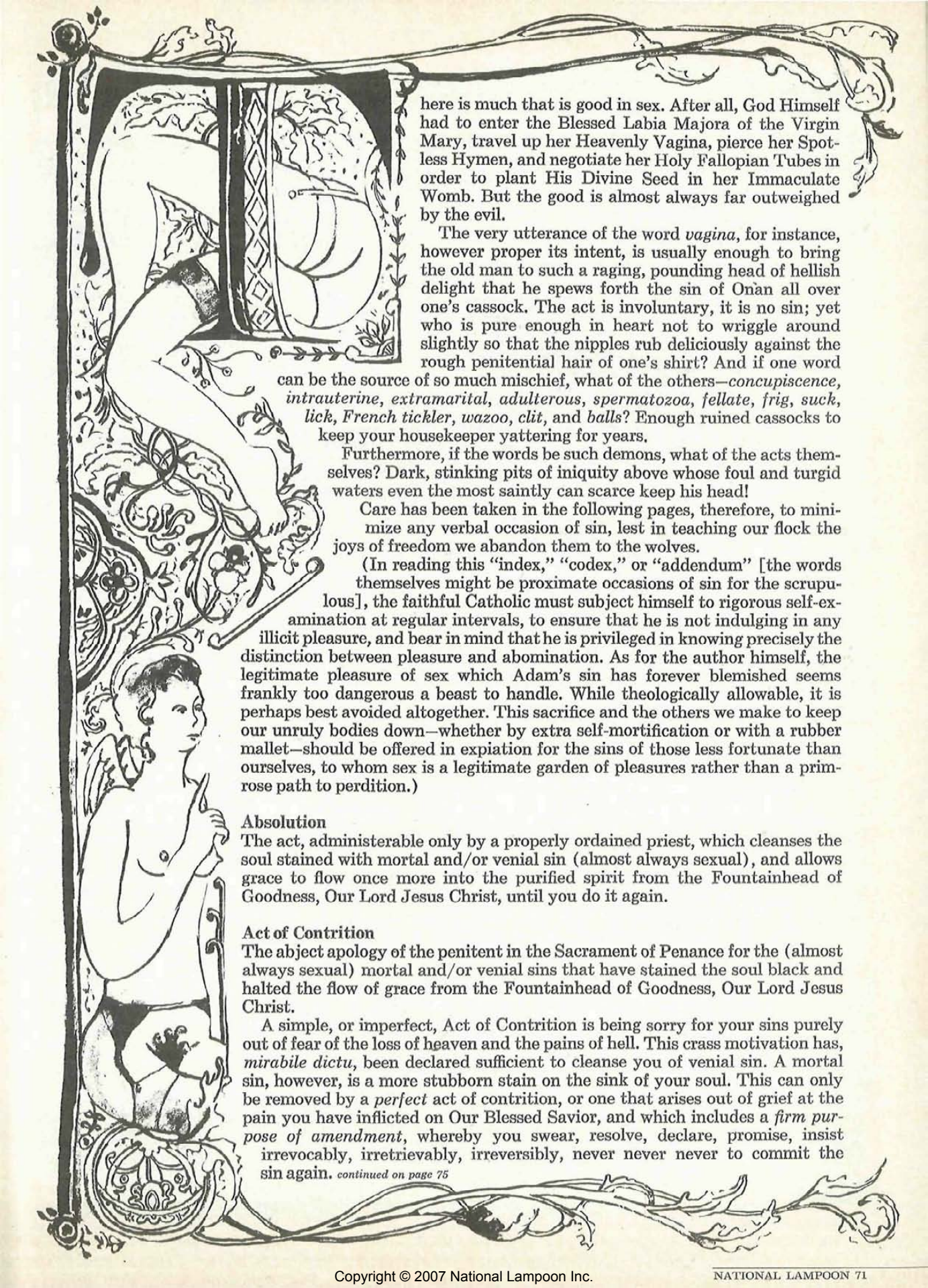
TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA IS KEVIN ELLMAN, MOOGY KLINGMAN, M. FROG LABAT, TODD RUNDGREN,
RALPH "CHUCKETT" AND JOHN SIEGLER
ON BEARSVILLE RECORDS AND TAPES (BR 6954)

**"AND THE MUSIC PLAYS FOREVER AND
IT CAPTURES EVERY EAR"***

TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA

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here is much that is good in sex. After all, God Himself had to enter the Blessed Labia Majora of the Virgin Mary, travel up her Heavenly Vagina, pierce her Spotless Hymen, and negotiate her Holy Fallopian Tubes in order to plant His Divine Seed in her Immaculate Womb. But the good is almost always far outweighed by the evil.

The very utterance of the word *vagina*, for instance, however proper its intent, is usually enough to bring the old man to such a raging, pounding head of hellish delight that he spews forth the sin of Onan all over one's cassock. The act is involuntary, it is no sin; yet who is pure enough in heart not to wriggle around slightly so that the nipples rub deliciously against the rough penitential hair of one's shirt? And if one word

can be the source of so much mischief, what of the others—*concupiscence, intrauterine, extramarital, adulterous, spermatozoa, fellate, frig, suck, lick, French tickler, wazoo, clit, and balls*? Enough ruined cassocks to keep your housekeeper yattering for years.

Furthermore, if the words be such demons, what of the acts themselves? Dark, stinking pits of iniquity above whose foul and turgid waters even the most saintly can scarce keep his head!

Care has been taken in the following pages, therefore, to minimize any verbal occasion of sin, lest in teaching our flock the joys of freedom we abandon them to the wolves.

(In reading this "index," "codex," or "addendum" [the words themselves might be proximate occasions of sin for the scrupulous], the faithful Catholic must subject himself to rigorous self-examination at regular intervals, to ensure that he is not indulging in any illicit pleasure, and bear in mind that he is privileged in knowing precisely the distinction between pleasure and abomination. As for the author himself, the legitimate pleasure of sex which Adam's sin has forever blemished seems frankly too dangerous a beast to handle. While theologically allowable, it is perhaps best avoided altogether. This sacrifice and the others we make to keep our unruly bodies down—whether by extra self-mortification or with a rubber mallet—should be offered in expiation for the sins of those less fortunate than ourselves, to whom sex is a legitimate garden of pleasures rather than a primrose path to perdition.)

Absolution

The act, administerable only by a properly ordained priest, which cleanses the soul stained with mortal and/or venial sin (almost always sexual), and allows grace to flow once more into the purified spirit from the Fountainhead of Goodness, Our Lord Jesus Christ, until you do it again.

Act of Contrition

The abject apology of the penitent in the Sacrament of Penance for the (almost always sexual) mortal and/or venial sins that have stained the soul black and halted the flow of grace from the Fountainhead of Goodness, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

A simple, or imperfect, Act of Contrition is being sorry for your sins purely out of fear of the loss of heaven and the pains of hell. This crass motivation has, *mirabile dictu*, been declared sufficient to cleanse you of venial sin. A mortal sin, however, is a more stubborn stain on the sink of your soul. This can only be removed by a *perfect* act of contrition, or one that arises out of grief at the pain you have inflicted on Our Blessed Savior, and which includes a *firm purpose of amendment*, whereby you swear, resolve, declare, promise, insist irrevocably, irretrievably, irreversibly, never never never to commit the sin again. *continued on page 75*



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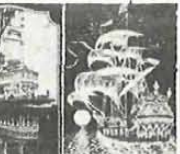


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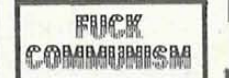
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E-21 BALCONY Unusual Fisheye Effect

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E-15 WATERFALL Black & White

E-21 BALCONY. Escher. B/W on art stock.

E-2 RELATIVITY. By M.C. Escher. B/W on art stock.

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Since in matters of sex you know full well that you will be doing it again next week, tomorrow, this afternoon, or even in four or five minutes, your firm purpose of amendment is worth about as much as a mink in hell.

In practical terms, your Act of Contrition is applied in two main areas. The first is marital sex, nearly always an occasion of serious sin. Modern psychiatric research has shown the act of intercourse with one's spouse to be so tedious as to occasion all kinds of comparative fantasy involving other spouses, animals, one's own or another's hands, priests, rubber, soft mushy substances, glass tables, etc. All such fantasies are mortal sins as sure as eggs are meant for one another.

It is advisable, therefore, during marital sex, to say an Act of Contrition *at least* before, during, and after the consummation—it is your talisman as you pass through the dark forests of the libido, a pomander against the hellish breath of Satan's hordes pressing in on you from all sides. An internal act of contrition is of course valid, but in order to set your partner a good example, an external or vocal one said as loud as possible and preferably in unison should save you both the hotter torments of purgatory.

In the second category, that of adulterous (or perverted marital) sex, there are no fine lines. All of it, from A to Z, from tingle to tangle, is 100 percent mortal sin. Since, as we have demonstrated, a perfect act of contrition—the only protection here—is virtually impossible, there is little hope for you in this category. Even if by some extraordinary powers of self-hypnotism you both, or all, manage to chant in unison a perfect act of contrition, the slightest subsequent millimeter of movement of your organs, the tiniest lascivious twist of your hips, the most miniscule amount of friction between any part of your bodies destroys your firm purpose of amendment and plunges you back in the pit. To be forgiven you must both (or all) rise, taking extreme care not to touch (other than withdrawal), dress, leave, go home, have your phone disconnected, and never ever talk to, touch, think of, dream about, inquire after, or "accidentally" come across photos

of your erstwhile partner(s) in the sty of lewdness. If, however, you continue in your folly, remember that medical science has conclusively proved that most heart attacks occur as a result of sexual activity after the consumption of food, drink, or tobacco, and almost always at the end of the day; that if you live in or near a large urban center the chances of a forced entry, airplane malfunction, fire, terrorist bombing, or building collapse are climbing at precipitous rates, that if your partner has the lack of morals to engage in this disgusting occupation he or she probably has a deadly weapon, poison, a snake,

etc., about their person, or is quite capable of strangling you at the moment of orgasm; and that outside of any other of a million catastrophes, God always has the power at any time, in any place, and for whatever mysterious reason He chooses, to snuff you.

Coitus Interromptus

An excellent method of birth control in which coitus, or sexual intercourse, is interrupted, or broken off in the middle. The breaking off falls into two categories. Firstly, the man may simply withdraw sometime during coition and go to sleep, work, a bar downstairs, or what-

continued on page 84

PROFESSIONAL SECRET

The Dokorder 7100 will never tell how little you paid for it!

What it will tell, loud and clear, are its exceptional features: Frequency response of 30-24k Hz at 7½ IPS • Signal-to-Noise better than 58 dB • Stereo separation better than 45 dB at 1 kHz • Electronic Echo

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We smuggled Virgin Islands Rum

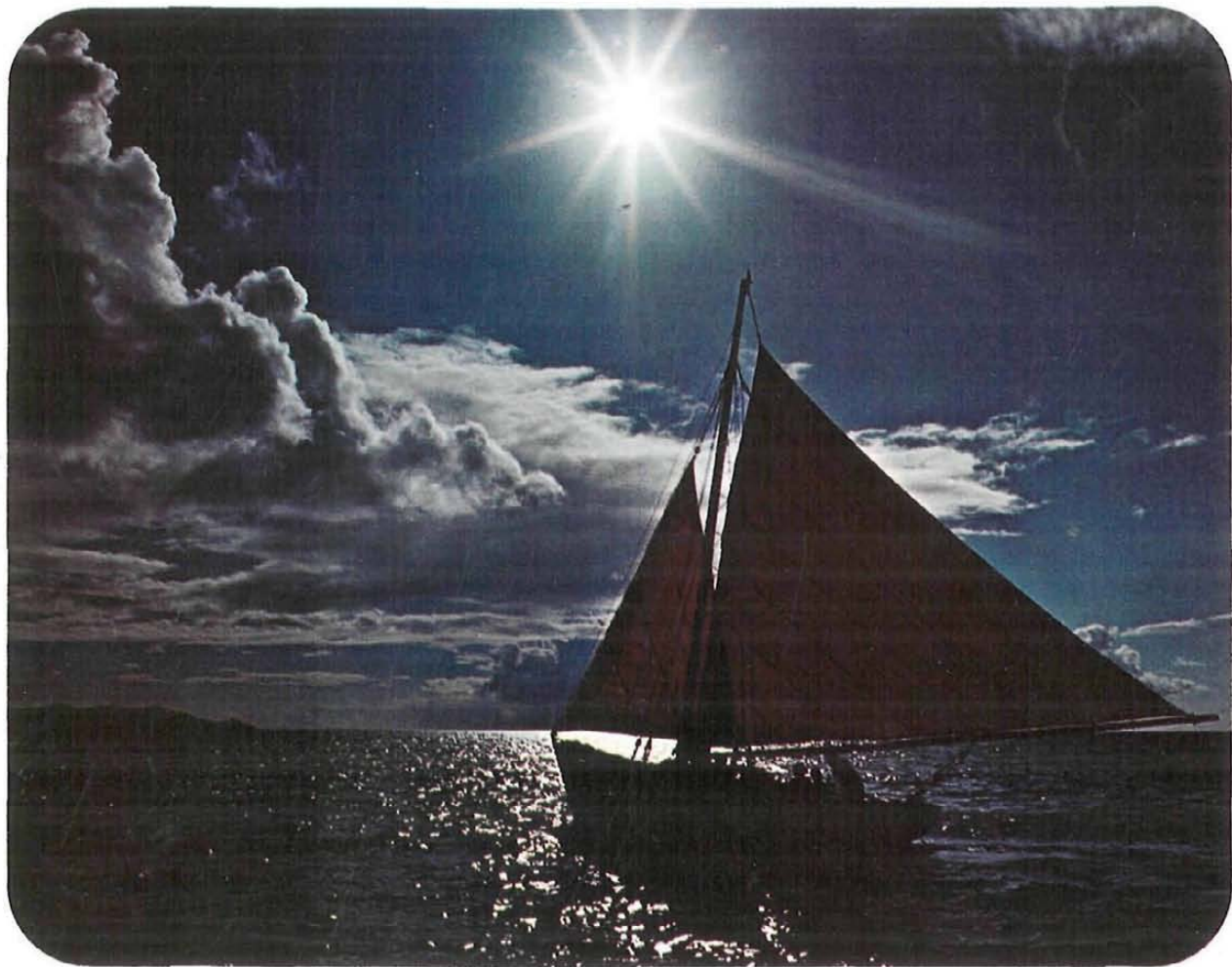


Photo: Fritz Henle

to George Washington's Army

The British blockade tried to keep us from supplying George Washington's army with rum and other supplies. Our harbors were closely guarded. But our native sloops sailed at night into the open seas to load our rum onto frigates

Some say that Virgin Islands rum kept up the spirits of George Washington's army during the long winter at Valley Forge, thus helping us win the war.

Try their famous winter winner—Hot Toddy. Pour 1 jigger of Virgin Islands rum into mug; add 1 stick cinnamon, 1 tsp. sugar. Then fill with piping hot water.

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Try a Virgin Islands rum and see what the excitement was all about. Over two centuries of rum experience means lightness and smoothness. Let us share our experience with you.

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The Fatima Letter

by Doug Kenney

Editors' Note: On October 13, 1917, near the small village of Fatima, Portugal, approximately 70,000 people witnessed ten-year-old Lucia Abobora's visitation by the Holy Virgin Mary.

Contemporary reports vary on minor details, but even the anticlerical press agreed that at 11:57 A.M., Lucia was greeted by an apparition in a tree "made wholly of light" who spoke a few words to the young shepherdess and vanished. Following the miracle, the sun turned pale, emitted rays of rainbow-colored light, spun three times on its axis, and "power-dived" in a zig-zag fashion to earth.

Subsequently, Lucia Abobora sealed a letter addressed to the Pope containing a number of secret prophecies marked "Not to Be Opened until 1960."

Although the letter was read some fifteen years ago, only *National Lampoon* has succeeded in breaking the conspiracy of silence surrounding this remarkable document of faith.

J.M.G.

Lucia Abobora, Age 10
October 14, 1917

Dear Pope John the XXIII,
yesterday the Holy Virgin Mother Mary of God
appeared to me and said to say a rosary every day
for the conversion of Russia, and for all poor sinners
in horrible Agony in Hell where it is even worse and
we'll never get out.

also she told me to tell you that Lucia Abobora
has been very good all year, even better than last
Christmas when she got coal in her piñata, even
though it was her brother Francisco who tied the
burro to the clean clothesline. Then she said to
tell you on December 7, 1941 the Japanese will drop
bombs on the Harbor of the Pearls (?) and that later
unconverted Communists will persecute a great
President for his beliefs and as punishment she
will make the market drop to 192 by summertime.
The last Almond Brother will die then too when
he reads it in the "Wall Street Journal."

also you will die on April 11, 1962 or three (I forget
which) and everybody will think you were a very good
Pope and you will go to Heaven.

Francisco won't, though, because he didn't confess
yet that he snuck Momma's hot empanadas
and keeps hitting me all the time. The Holy
Virgin said Francisco will have to spend 1,000,000
000,000 years in Purgatory for his hitting me and
talking in catechism class. No recesses, also.
Jacinta, my sister, will go to Heaven if she
gives me her three best Holy cards.

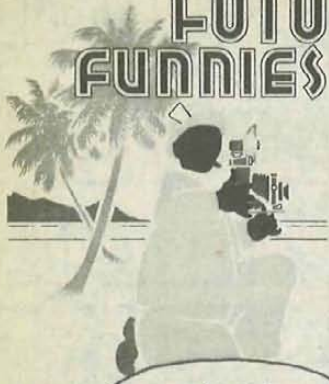
also, in 1974 a man will try to jump across a
cliff in a big Rocket but will fall and discover
gold at the bottom. Ali will flirt with Foreman
for the first eight rounds and take a dive in
the ninth. In the same year a Great Nation famous
for it's Italian cooking will be sold into slavery
but won't care. Also England where the Queen is.

Our Lady of Spain and Portugal says too that as
punishment for there still being Russian Communists
Her Son's father is going to send us war, famine,
irishwakes, tidal waves, pestilence and plagues
starting as soon as Sonny Bono is canceled. I
don't know what that last thing means.

That is all she said except keep up the good
work and no irish Pipes - she said you'd
like that one the best.

yours truly and Holy,
Lucia Abobora, Age 10

FOTO FUNNIES



WHAT'S THE CORPORAL WORK OF MERCY FOR TODAY, FATHER?

I BELIEVE IT'S FEED THE HUNGRY SISTER!

NO, FATHER, THAT WAS YESTER-DAY!

THEN IT MUST BE CLOTHE THE NAKED DAY TODAY!



BLESS YOU!

BLESS YOU!

December 11, 1974

Devoted to the Business of Religion

50 Cents



Food for thought: starved for rice but full of grace.

WORLD HUNGER—IS PIETY IMPERILED?

International Council Says No — Asks For U.S. Feed Grain and Soy Bean Price Support Increases
Cites Example of Avid Sahara Idolatry and Heavy Worship Consumption in India

In his opening remarks to the International Council of Religious Retailers' 86th Annual Econumenical Conference in Bonn, Germany, organization President Dr. Osaka Kasana stated: "We have only to look at the Roman Catholic Church of Europe's Middle Ages to see that a low agricultural yield is no deterrent to high sacramental income. In fact, reviewing the past twenty-five centuries, the contrary proposition must be put forth."

"Of course," continued Dr. Osaka, "this does not mean that we as religious leaders should abrogate our responsibilities to the corporate well-being of mankind. But neither should we lose sight of the fact that our first responsibility is to the immortal souls of man. A living person may have neither food nor money and still do no harm to his immortal soul but the living church is not so

blessed. So I say to you gathered here today, let's put first things first and set out to build the kind of strong, diversified, multinational institution best suited to the saving of souls. The relatively small sacrifices in physical comfort or corporal ex-

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INSIDE

CHALICE, SUBOREUM, PATENS, AND MONSTRANCES: "THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TABERNACLES!"
Precious metal prices continue to rise as Lord pursues establishmentarian policies page 3

NATIONAL POOR BASKET MANUFACTURERS COUNCIL STUDY SAYS XMAS ALMS ARE MOST EFFECTIVE LOSS LEADER. Now top spiritual counseling in charity returns page 6

PRAYERS FOR PEACE: Do they represent optimum investment during a recession period? page 8

URBAN FLIGHT: Big denominations in the inner city get small denominations in the collection plate page 9

PILGRIMAGE INDUSTRY MOVES TO OFFSET TRAVEL DOWNTURN. Annual "Sun Shrine" journeys planned to St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. Martin Holy Spas page 10

LAS VEGAS NIGHTS: Lucese Perrelli—Head of Cosa Notre Dame, Italian-American Management Firm—believes "sky's the limit" when "house" is the House of God page 12

INDULGENCE MARKET GAINS. Upswing comes on heels of four-century slump page 13

GOVERNMENT-OPERATED MILITARY CHAPLAINS: Christian soldiers or canon fodder? page 15

FOREIGN LABOR OF LOVE COSTS ALLOW IMPORT INROADS IN DOMESTIC RELIGION MARKET page 17

BINDING MEDITATION. Management's answer to strife with monastic communion leaders page 18

ECUMENICALISM: Glamour congreglomerates of the Sixties struggle to maintain their lines of credo page 18

FEATURE SECTION

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Gospel-Grams

Vestment Brokers report chasuble features strong, scapularies off in light trading on Chicago Canonicals Exchange...

American Religious Institute asked President Ford for a guarantee of exemption from any upcoming price controls, citing highest overhead of any industry in America...

Matrimonial Bond Market soft in fourth quarter with yield to maturity seen bottoming out at a 52 percent divorce rate...
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ORTHO-JEW

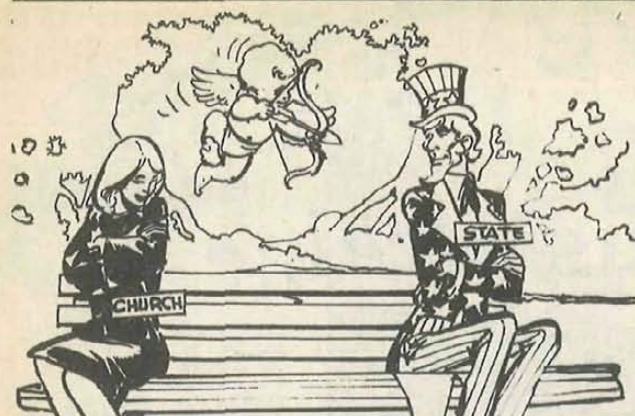
Real Estate Subsidiary Finds Profitable Sideline in Forest Products

Israel, the land development division of Ortho-Jew which leapt to international prominence with its policy of bold expansion during the heady real estate market of the nineteen-sixties, is offsetting recent losses with growing revenue from lumber and wood pulp products. Yitzhak Rabin, Premier in charge of Ortho-Jew's real estate activities, gives the parent company's "Plant a Tree" campaign credit for the successful new venture.

So impressive are the results of Israel's diversification that Mormon Utah is reportedly looking into a similar operation to create improved return for its extensive holdings in the western U.S.

Breakthroughs in Scripture Interpretation

A recent Palestinian Archeological dig yielded the earliest known manuscript of "The Gospel According to John," dating from circa 150 A.D., and shedding some much-needed new light on 2:13-25—where Christ supposedly throws the money changers out of the Temple. It appears that in the previously accepted manuscripts of John the koine Greek word θηλαρα (meaning "changer of money") was accidentally transcribed in place of the original θηλαρα (meaning "fuller" or "dry cleaner"). Therefore, properly translated, John 2:16 should read "And said unto them, Take these things hence; make not of my Father's house a laundry or dry cleaning establishment."



TIME TO GET TOGETHER?

EDITORIAL

When we look around us in this time of economic calamity at home and abroad, many of us tend to overlook a very important fact borne out by statistic after statistic: In periods of trouble, people seek out the "long-term security" offered by the religious service industries and give a lot more thought to "laying up their treasure" in the one place where inflation never strikes—Heaven.

The so-called boom years following the Second World War were no "Easy Street" for religion, but rather a "Via Dolorosa." For example, church starts in the period 1945 to 1965 amounted to less than 10 percent of the rate of new ecclesiastical construction activity in the period 1925-1945, and while Americans were rendering a whopping \$2 trillion to "Caesar", over the last two decades, God was making do with a paltry \$800 million.

There's no denying that from a strictly practical point of view, the declining value of church portfolios is putting quite a pinch on the Big Three denominations, causing severe cutbacks in traditionally "soft" high-risk sectors, such as charity, but every cloud has a "silver lining." Recent third quarter figures indicate that these vastly higher interest rates have been matched by an equally higher interest rate in religion on the part of a lot of people who in this last troubled month have been paying much more attention to Bible quotations than stock quotations.

Attendance up 17 percent over the third quarter of 1973 (as against a heartening decline of 5 percent in country club membership); contributions up 7 percent in spite of declining real income levels; and a pew occupancy rate of 61 percent nationwide, nearly twice last year's disappointing 36 percent—these figures add up to the hopeful conclusion that whatever may be happening in other areas of the economy, there's no recession in the professional!

No responsible churchman would pray for a continuation of our current national difficulties, but let's not forget that higher unemployment means longer wine-and-bread lines, and people trying to get back on their feet start off on their knees!

Religious Week®

"Devoted to the Business of Religion" ©

Dec. 11, 1974

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Patrick O'Rourke Editor

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Henry N. Beard Managing Editor

Christopher Cerf Senior Editor

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Flock Market Report

—1974—		Denomination	Collect. x 10000		Net Change
Hi	Lo		Dec 1	Dec 8	
15 1/2	14	AfrMeth 30	15	14 1/2	- 1/2
31	27 1/2	AmerBapt 41	30	31	+ 1
4 1/4	3 3/4	Amish 4	4	4	—
39	32	Anglic 7 1/2	35	34 3/4	- 1/4
1 1/2	3/4	Bahai 1/2	1	1	—
2 1/4	1/4	BlkMslm 1/2	1/2	1/4	- 1/4
5 1/2	4 1/4	Buddh 10	5	5 1/4	+ 1/4
46	38	ChChris 70	40	42	+ 2
3	1 1/4	ChGd 2 1/2	1 3/4	2	+ 1/4
48	39	ChrisSc n.a.	41	44	+ 3
26	22 1/4	Congr 22 1/2	24	24 1/2	+ 1/2
42	31	CongrBapt 40	38	42	+ 4
11	10	EOrth 13	11	10 1/2	- 1/2
24 1/2	211	Evang 80	240	241	+ 1
4 1/4	3	Evang 3 1/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	+ 1/4
15	6	GrOrth 12	11	10 1/4	- 3/4
1 1/4	3/4	HassJw 1/2	1	1	—
90	77 1/2	JehvWit 43	86	90	+ 4
227	221 1/4	Luth 150	225	224	- 1
8 1/4	7 1/2	Mennite 8	8	8	—
112	106	MoLuth 90	110	111 1/2	+ 1 1/2
516	501 1/2	Mormn 170	510	516	+ 6
1 1/4	3/4	Mslm 10	1	3/4	- 1/4
375	344	OrthJw 70	350	348 1/2	- 1 1/2
8 1/4	7	Pentestl 7 1/4	7 3/4	8	+ 1/4
36 1/4	41 1/2	PrimBapt 40	38	41 1/2	+ 3 1/2
13	9 3/4	ProgBapt 12 1/2	12	10	- 2
79	69 3/4	Quake 62	71	69 3/4	- 1 1/4
270	244	RefJw 25	250	244	- 6
23 3/4	22	RefPresby 2	23	23 1/2	+ 1/2
371	210	RomCath 483	241	237	- 4
3/4	1/2	RusOrth 3/4	1/2	1/2	—
157	146	SalvArm 30	150	157	+ 7
32 1/4	30 1/2	SevDyAd 22	31	32	+ 1
127	122	SoBapt 256	125	126 1/4	+ 1 1/4
1/2	1/4	SoMeth 1/2	1/4	1/2	+ 1/4
1 1/4	1/2	UnBreth 1	3/4	1	+ 1/4
280	261 1/4	UnMeth 253	270	269 1/4	- 3/4
130	124 1/2	UnPresby 100	125	123 3/4	- 1 1/4
7	3 3/4	UnUv 5	5	4	- 1

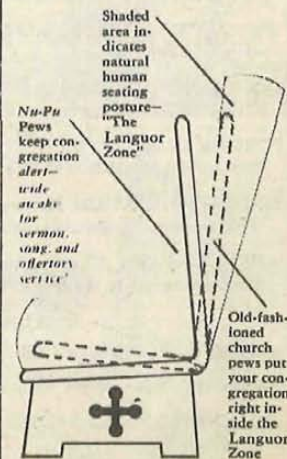
National Baptist Concentrating on Fast Faith Market

New franchises feature standardized spiritual helping in fast, efficient service

Ever since National Baptist pioneered the Drive-in Sunday service over twenty years ago, its forward-looking Pastoral Executives have had their sights set on suburban America's convenience-oriented society. According to NatBapt's Marketing Director, T. J. Williams, the church industry "has to literally keep pace with today's life-style. That," he continues, "means speed and reliability. The way I see it is, how can you expect a man to spend an hour getting close to God when he's only got five minutes worth of guilty conscience. We're not dealing with the kind of big sinners that we used to see. Frankly, the big psychiatric chains have dried up this market.

continued on page 12

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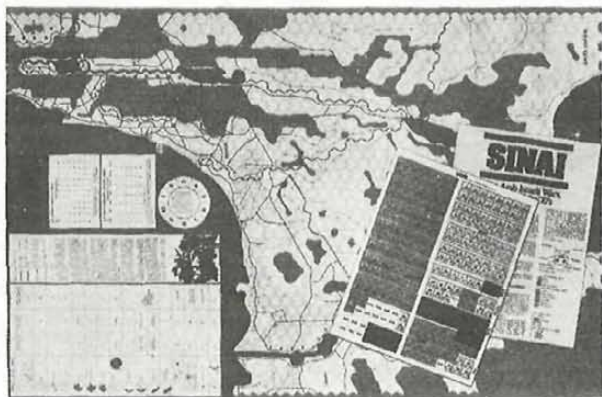
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continued from page 75

ever; secondly, if the dubious pleasure of orgasm is sought after, he withdraws just before it and ejaculates down her leg. He may ejaculate only down her leg. He may not ejaculate between her legs as this would be the mortal sin of femoralism. He may not touch himself, nor may she, as this would be the mortal sin of self-abuse. Neither may they touch one another as this would be the mortal sin of mutual self-abuse. Nor may he ejaculate in any other orifice or in any other part of her body, *id est* the armpit, the stomach, the buttocks, the breasts, the feet, the kidneys, other than that which God intended, as this would be the mortal sin of ejaculating in any other orifice or in any other part of the body other than that which God intended. He may only ejaculate down her leg. Coitus interruptus may thus said to be mortification without multiplication. It has been suggested that if it is within the natural law for him to dispose of the sacred gift of spermatozoa down her leg there can hardly be an objection to disposing of them in a small rubber sac fastened over his penis or even by chemical means, but such a suggestion is too trifling and stupid to be dealt with here. Nor is there *any* danger, if such a word is to be applied to the miracle of childbirth, of her becoming pregnant from "stray" eggs. The eggs come out when he ejaculates, not before and not after, and if he does things right they should all end up down her leg.

Coitus Noninterromptus

Coitus noninterromptus is coitus interruptus which one or both partners, for some reason, fail to interrupt. If the original intention was to interrupt, it may well be that coitus noninterromptus is a mortal sin, unless of course it results in the miracle of childbirth, in which case it becomes the blessed act of procreation. In practical terms, however, the immediate remorse which ensues after it, the weeks of waiting to see if conception has occurred, the prospect of strained budgets, lives and careers drastically altered, hopes dashed, plans canceled, retirements postponed, heart attacks made more likely, et cetera, are the natural punishments which God in His wisdom has decreed for such a moment of incontinence.

Confession

The act of confessing one's (almost always sexual) sin to a priest in order that he may bestow absolution on and thus free one's soul from the black stain of concupiscence, allowing grace to flow once more into the purified spirit from the fountainhead of Goodness, Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Blasphemers have suggested that kneeling down in a small box with a man in a skirt is itself a sexual perversion, and indeed some of our more austere brethren may have probed deeper into the soft squishy underbelly of truth than they need, but suffice it to say that confession is a means God's ineffable goodness has provided of cleansing the filth and stench of sin with almost no effort on our part. It is therefore, like a cigarette, an inseparable part of the "afterplay" of sex. The perfect Catholic sex act should follow this order: prayer and fasting, clothing in decent night garb, affectionate kissing (lips only), intercourse, confession, and the miracle of childbirth. For the married couple, strict adherence to this process will probably not involve more than a number of venial sins, which if death should occur during or after the sex act can only result in a few aeons in purgatory. Confession is advisable immediately afterwards, but can at a pinch wait until the morning or Saturday.

In the case of adulterous sex or marital perversion, however, confession is the only thing standing between the sinner and the unending flames, the wailing and gnashing of teeth, the unspeakable torments of eternal damnation. Both or all of the participants (if one or more is a non-Catholic, add another mortal sin) must get to confession at all costs, for as we have seen, a perfect act of contrition is virtually impossible, and death waits for us at every corner. Since the purpose of this index is not to stand apart from reality but to plunge headlong into the possibility that somewhere, sometime, a Catholic may, to use the vernacular, "tear off a piece," we will therefore give our best advice on how to coordinate this disgusting act with getting to confession.

Firstly, never tear off a piece at night. Although theoretically a priest must hear confession "on demand," most presbyteres and other

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Good Friday FRIDAY THE RABBI ATE PORK

Another
exercise in
stereotypes
by the author of
ASH WEDNESDAY
THE RABBI
FORECLOSED



F.M. AYR

1

David Schmaltz walked absentmindedly down the pleasant residential street on which he lived in the cozy little town of—what was it now? Oh yes, Cabot's Crossroads. How *goyish*. David Schmaltz was the rabbi of the Jewish congregation here, and an unruly lot they were, too. Sometimes they were so hard to handle, David considered saying the hell with them and opening a porn shop instead. But Naomi, his wife, wouldn't let him.

"Rabbi, me lad!" David looked up at the shout. A hulking creature with flaming red hair and a six-inch upper lip was trotting ponderously towards David, helping himself along with an enormous shillelagh.

"Mary, Jesus, an' Patrick to ye," panted the huge Irishman. "Faith but 'tis the luck o' the little people that Oi've found ye." He pulled a large green handkerchief from his hip pocket and mopped his brow.

"What can I do for you, chief?" smiled the rabbi, amused by the absurd dialect.

Chief Flanagan of the Cabot's Crossroads Police Department thoughtfully placed his finger beside his pug nose. Momentarily, the irrational suspicion struck David that the big Irishman was mocking David's own macaw-like proboscis—but no, such a subtle method of derision was far beyond the limited mental powers of the clumsy *goy*. It was probably just some superstitious ritualistic gesture, like genuflecting.

"'Tis a wee mystery that has my-

self fair bamboozled, yer honor.

An' ye've been so much of a help to th' authorities in past times that I thought to avail meself o' yer learnin', if I may."

"Certainly, chief," sighed the rabbi. What a drag. If he'd pulled this *goy's* hot cross buns out of the fire for him once, a hundred times he'd done it. "Lead the way. And tell me about it."

2

Sister Maria Vermicelli was on her way home after an especially grueling day at the parochial school. Nothing had gone right today. The mimeograph machine had been broken, she'd gotten yesterday's homework assignment snarled up, and her room had been the last one outside for the fire drill. And to top it all off, her swelling lip still throbbed with pain where the little O'Lincoln boy had thrown the

rock at her during recess. "I'd like to stomp the little bastard's ass off," she muttered to herself as she climbed the stairs to the apartment she shared with Father Macgillicuddy.

3

Muhammad al-Nigguh Boh-Dzhangulz stood in front of the men's room mirror of the Cabot's Crossroads bus station and tried for the fourth time to wrap his new gold lamé turban. He tied the final knot and looked up expectantly at his reflection. The turban fell in bright loops around his neck.

"Shee-it!" he groaned.

As he began to untangle himself, a little white boy dashed in the door, stopped to peer at the Negro for a few seconds, and then entered a stall. After several minutes, he emerged with an enormous amount of toilet paper coiled around his head and grinned at Boh-Dzhangulz' image in the mirror.

"Try thumbtacks," he piped, just as the turban collapsed for the fifth time.

4

The old abandoned mansion was surrounded by patrolmen brandishing pistols and nightsticks and crawling about in search of clues. They saluted

continued

continued

madly as the chief pushed a pathway through them for himself and the rabbi. The chief pointed to the body of a small boy lying forlornly under the bushes near the entrance of the dilapidated house.

"Sure an' that's the poor tyke I told ye of," said Chief Flanagan, huge tears rolling down his ruddy cheeks. "The loife's gone from 'im."

The rabbi bemusedly kneeled down by the body. He lifted one of the boy's arms and let it drop. "He's certainly dead. Who is he?"

"'Tis young Huey O'Lincoln. Altar boy at me own church. A lovely red-cheeked lad he was, too. But look at the pale little feller now."

"Has cause of death been determined?"

"No, rabbi. The medical examiner has not seen 'im yet, but there are cuts in the lad's throat, punctures of a sort, as ye can plainly see. Loike what a vampire would be makin'—rabbi! Ye don't suppose—"

"Hardly. We don't believe in vampires. Though, in Sanhedrin VI Rabbi Salmanezar ben Moloch maintains that they might, God forbid, exist. He is refuted skillfully, however, by Rabbi Schisch-Kebahb in the following paragraph, who says—"

"Please, yer worship," howled the huge Celt, clapping his slablike hands over his hairy ears. "I must not listen when ye speak of your Holy Book so.

'Tis not meant I should hear it. Oi mean no criticism of it, but—"

"Of course, chief. I quite understand."

The rabbi rolled the body over with his foot. He clasped his hands behind his back and darted around the bushes Groucho Marx fashion for several minutes, then returned to speak with the chief.

"I believe I have some ideas on this, chief. I'll go and consult the Talmud and let you know if I come up with anything." Rabbi Schmaltz turned and walked toward the sidewalk, but turned again and called to the chief.

"Oh, Chief Flanagan. When you stopped me, was I walking toward the Temple or toward my home?"

The chief scratched his carrotty thatch of hair with his right hand ring finger and answered. "Oi believe—yes, Oi'm sure. It was toward yer Temple that ye were walkin'."

"Ah, then I've had lunch," said the rabbi, as he walked away.

and I break your neck. Why so late for God knows how many times this week? Dinner is cold. You don't want it anyway. Don't stand there like a *doppess*, take off your shoes and get in."

"The reason I'm late—"

"*Shah!* Go in the kitchen if it's dripping on the floor you want. You like nice cold Rice-a-Roni? It's on the table."

"I—"

"Shut up."

The rabbi dutifully removed his shoes and padded on his damp socks into the kitchen, smiling ironically to himself. He shrugged Jewishly and dug into the cold Rice-a-Roni.

"'Tis a sad day, Flanagan," said Father Macgillicuddy. Both the priest and the police were standing by the cemetery gates nodding to little Huey's mourners as they filed out from the funeral ceremony that had just concluded.

Rabbi Schmaltz approached the two from the direction of the burial place. "Nice job on the funeral service, father. Though I must admit you people have funny funerals."

"Are Jewish funerals different, then?" asked the priest.

"In a way," chuckled the rabbi. "What about the murder investigation, chief? How's it going?"

"Not well at all, rabbi," he sighed. "We can find no one with a motive, and no evidence at all that leads anywhere. Oi've never been so befuddled."

The rabbi stroked his chin and winked conspiratorially. "Have you noticed that *shvartzer*?" He indicated a tall Negro strolling down the sidewalk bordering the cemetery.

The priest and the police chief shook their heads.

"Well, he's been walking up and down the street ever since the funeral services began. He keeps reversing his jacket and taking his tie off and putting it back on, apparently so no one will notice that it's the same person each time. He even had a false beard on for a while which was his mistake because it called my attention to him. I recommend, chief, that you take him into serious consideration in your investigation."

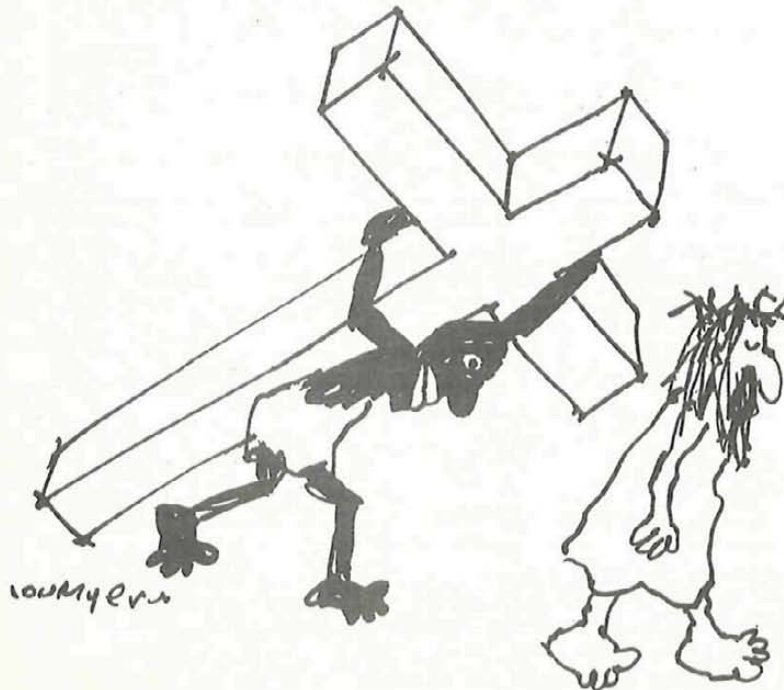
Though slow of thought, Chief Flanagan was always quick to act when a decision had been made. He moved quickly through the gate and headed in the Negro's direction.

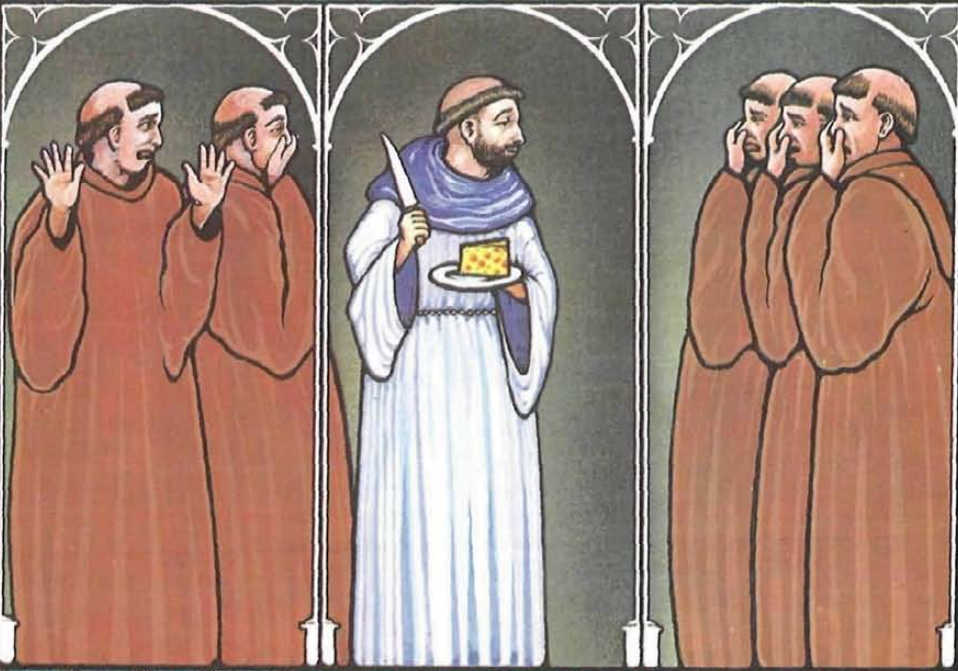
"Hold it there, you," he roared. "I'll be havin' a word with ye!"

The Negro's eyes grew big and white and his large feet began to dance nervously. "Not me, boss. Ah

Naomi Schmaltz opened the door for her husband, who had of course forgotten his key. He stood soaking wet in the doorway, smiling sheepishly.

"I told you to take the umbrella this morning, *nebbish!* You drip on my rug





Friar Timothy
hath just
broken wind!

(Pass it on)

places where priests abide have extensive burglar-alarm systems and/or penitent-detection systems to warn them of the approach of sinners, all have their doorbells removed, and all employ fierce attack dogs or armed guards. The sinner's chances of being shriven after six are nil. At a time when death is most common, he or she must thus spend long hours in an inconceivable pit of Despair—the unforgivable sin—trapped with the knowledge that one brief moment of cheap pleasure must be paid for with the misery of eternal oblivion.

Secondly, tear off a piece as near as possible to the church of your choice. The possibility of your being killed as you run from your shameless, clammy bed to the confessional by automobiles, blacks, policemen, or falling cornices, is immense. In many ways it might be best to tear off the piece inside the church, but in today's mad world, even a church is not safe, and you may well be knifed before you make it to the sacristy. Behind the confessional itself is therefore probably the best place to tear off a piece, and preferably while the priest is hearing confessions.

Thirdly, remember that your firm purpose of amendment is still necessary. If you tear off a piece five or six times a week or even a day, and keep confessing to the same priest that you will never do it again, he may refuse to absolve you, or worse, blab. While theoretically priests are supposed to hold the information they receive in the confessional in confidence, in practice many pass it along to other priests, parents, the government, the army, close relatives such as fathers and elder brothers, or indeed anyone who happens to be passing by. It is advisable therefore to vary your churches and priests both to ensure a continuing supply of confessions and to confuse them should they be in communication with one another about regular sexual offenders. This will naturally tend to limit the number of times you can tear the piece off; a good idea is to stagger the number of pieces, e.g., three in one day and then none for a month, rather than regularly once a week. Also, if you insist on the foolhardy option of tearing the piece off in the privacy of your home, it must be conveniently located within the shortest

possible distance from all available churches; if you prefer the infinitely safer option of tearing it off behind the confessional, familiarize yourself with the geography and schedules of the churches involved. The problem of persuading your partner(s) to allow you to tear off the piece in the manner and location most conducive to the salvation of your eternal soul falls outside the scope of this work.

Contraceptive

The prohibition against all unnatural barriers to procreation hardly needs repeating. In situations where adulterous sex is to be undertaken, however, it should be mentioned that if one's mate in the sewer of lust is a Protestant, Jew, or other heathen, there is not *ipso facto* yet another mortal sin involved in their use of a contraceptive device, provided that the Catholic partner has a firm intention of doing absolutely everything in his or her power to ensure that the union results in the miracle of childbirth.

Cunnilingus

May the Lord have mercy on you.

Erection

The raising, causing to be raised, raising by another or others for your benefit, on a professional basis or by private arrangement, of a statue, *ad majoram gloriam Dei*, in expiation of your (almost always sexual) sins. The erection can be of any of a number of well-known saints or members of the Holy Family, should be donated absolutely free to the church of your choice, and should be of a size (large) commensurate with your guilt. Reluctantly we must add that if you insist on the soul-rotting practice of tearing off a piece, a sufficiently large statue provides an attractive alternative to the confessional. It

is advisable, however, to persuade the priest to whom the statue is being donated (through intermediaries, of course) to locate it *near* an operating confessional.

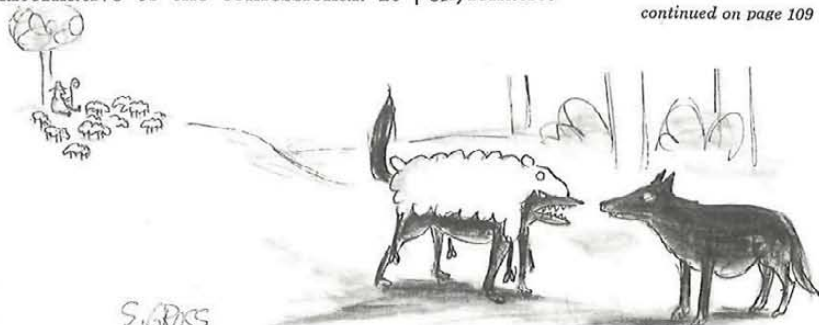
Extramarital Sex

The Church regulates the number of times a couple may engage in the act of marital sex to once every nine months. More than this is extra. Many modern couples, however, misled by the wiles of Satan and the desires of their unruly bodies, are, alas, increasingly indulging in extramarital sex, rutting, moaning, and panting between their sweaty sheets, or even on top of them, as often as once a month. While not theoretically reprehensible, in practice this is almost always a venial sin, and in cases where the delicate balance between pleasure and procreation is ignored, as, for instance, when the woman is already with child, quite definitely a mortal one. The exception to this is when such activity succeeds in planting the seed of a second soul in her womb, in which event we have not the exterior darkness of mortal sin, but the miracle of double childbirth.

Fellatio

A mistake. Hence the common theological terms, *fellacious*, *fellaciousness*. This root meaning gave rise to an ancient usage now discontinued, namely, the inadvertent osculation of the male organ by another's lips. This is believed to have originated in the fifth century after Christ, when an unknown deacon, kneeling in homage to St. Augustine, mistakenly kissed not his bejeweled finger, but his penis, which happened at the time to be outside the Saint's robe. The Great Father of the Church is said to have covered the young man's embarrassment by quickly remarking, "Oh, oh, fellatio."

continued on page 109



"It was a great idea and it would've worked if I hadn't gotten laid by the shepherd."

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Eric Weber



GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

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Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof!!* You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

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If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only \$7.95—*less* than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

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dunno nuffin'."

The chief pulled out his pistol and fired it in the air. The Negro shrieked, "Feet, do yo' stuff," and took to his heels, with the big Irishman in hot pursuit.

"I believe that *schvuggie* may be the key to this case," Rabbi Schmaltz said softly.

"You're a brilliant man, rabbi," said Father Macgillicuddy solemnly. "Chief Flanagan has often spoken to me of the help you've been to him."

"It's nothing, father," the rabbi replied, waving his hand deprecatingly. "It's the training I've had. Training in thinking at Rabbinical School. We Jews put a high premium on thinking, you know. We've been thinking for centuries and have gotten quite good at it."

The priest reddened slightly as the rabbi stepped towards the gate.

"Well, I'll be seeing you, rabbi."

David playfully waggled his eyebrows. "God bless," he said, and then he was gone.

7

David Schmaltz awoke to a series of sharp prods in his ribs. "Giddap," he heard Naomi snarl.

He blinked his eyes, orienting himself, and looked up at his wife with the foolish grin that never failed to infuriate her. "I'm on my way," he said, reaching for his *yarmulke* hanging on the bedpost. Naomi founced out of the bedroom in disgust.

David slowly drew on his trousers and paused awhile to worry the hangnail on his right big toe. He was thinking about young Huey and the *shvartzer*. He hadn't remained at the cemetery to find out what had happened. He supposed that Chief Flanagan had caught the *shvartzer* and charged him by now. He'd find out soon enough.

Gingerly, he went out into the kitchen where his wife was ostentatiously banging perfectly clean pots and pans about in the sink. He shuddered as he saw the bowl of soggy Captain Crunch that awaited him on the table. Sitting down, he took a token spoonful, then slipped away into the living room and dialed the telephone. After a couple of wrong numbers, David heard a familiar voice.

"Yes? Chief Flanagan speakin'."

"This is Rabbi Schmaltz, chief. I was wondering if you caught the colored fellow."

"That Oi did, rabbi, though he led me a merry chase. A surly lot he is, too. We have 'im at the station and expect to charge 'im today. He belongs to some wild voodoo gang and it seems 'twas surely 'im what drained

the poor lad's loife-blood from 'im." "It's a terrible thing."

"Well said, rabbi. Folks can't be hiding from such business nowhere. Even in a fine town like Cabot's Crossroads some mad Naygur will come for 'is pleasure and there's no stoppin' 'im."

"Chief, we musn't condemn a whole race just because of a single individual."

"Aye, rabbi. Oi know that's so as well as ye do yourself. But what manner of man, save only a Naygur, could do so abominal a crime? Oi ask ye?"

"I seem to remember reading about some similar executions at the time of the Inquisition."

"Well, rabbi, Oi suppose you're roight. You'll be knowin' more about that sort o' thing than me. Will ye be comin' down to the station to give us yer help with th' interrogation?"

"I'm afraid not, chief. At least not today. We have an important ceremony at the Temple and I must be there to conduct services."

"And Oi only wish Oi could be at me own church. And be there Oi would were it not for this damned Naygur. 'Tis Good Friday, as ye know—"

"I know," chuckled the rabbi.

"—but Oi've got me duty. Perhaps Oi'll see ye tomorrow."

"Yes indeed. Well, good luck with that colored fellow, chief. I'll be seeing you."

"Till later, rabbi."

David cradled the phone and went back into the kitchen. Naomi had apparently gone back to bed. Too bad. He'd wanted to tell her about his detective work with the *shvartzer*. He shrugged, opened the refrigerator door, and took out the three wine bottles for the ceremony, placing them in a shopping bag. There was plenty of time, but he liked to be early. He closed the front door gently, so as not to disturb Naomi, and set out at a leisurely pace for the Temple, leaving his umbrella hanging on the front doorknob.

8

"Confound it, man! Can't ye keep yer damned dog under control?"

The nervous patrolman strained at the leash of the enormous bloodhound which was trying to break away to follow the invisible trail. "It must be a powerful scent, chief. I've never known him to be so cager."

"If it's the roight trail he's followin'," snorted the chief. "We've already been drug to a delicatessen, two dirty picture shows, and a house of prostitution. Are ye sure the blasted animal knows what he's doin'?"

The young patrolman looked indignantly up at his superior. "If that was the right murder site we started him at, chief, I can guarantee he's on the trail of the murderer—uhff—" he said, as the dog jerked him off balance.

"Well, keep 'im goin', then, but if it's a damned butcher shop he's takin' us to I'll be havin' yer badge and yer ass as well."

9

Rabbi Schmaltz waited impatiently in the alcove behind the altar for the cantor to reach the rabbinical *leitmotif*. Drumming his fingers on his ceremonial hood, he went over the memorized litany to himself that he'd recited so many times in the past. Finally the quavering voice hit the familiar notes and the rabbi pushed through the black curtains, remembering at the last second to pull the hood down over his forehead.

As the cantor droned on, the rabbi looked out over the silent congregation seated in the darkened room. It's a better turnout than last year, he thought. He smiled as he recognized Naomi's stiff form at the end of the second row and congratulated himself that he had gotten her to come. It would have looked bad for his own wife not to show up.

The cantor fell silent. David began to intone the opening lines of the service while rotating in a small circle as four thousand years of tradition demanded, though he personally thought that part of the ritual not at all necessary and really somewhat ridiculous. Besides, it made him dizzy.

He stopped rotating with a feeling of relief as he came to the end of the initial chant, staggering only slightly, so that probably no one even noticed. He stepped up to the altar and uncorked the first bottle.

"Come forward and partake," he said in Hebrew.

He watched as the first row stood and began to file past the altar to drink their share of the ceremonial fluid. It amused him to think that probably none of them knew what the Hebrew meant, but that the age-old ceremony was ingrained so deeply that the first row would have begun to come forward at that point no matter what he said. He could have said "twenty-three skidoo," he quipped to himself. Maybe he'd try it next year.

It was now time for the cantor to begin his singing again, but instead of the expected voice, David heard a sharp shout from behind him as the curtains were shoved aside and the room was bathed in light.

"Hold it roight there! Don't nobody move. Keep yer seats."

Holy Cards from the
personal collection of Dean Latimer



St. Cloaca "The Unvanquished" (c. 260)

Although a woman, Cloaca was significant among the Roman Christians for her zeal in praying and in inspiring the congregation to ever greater extremes of contrition and self-mortification. So assiduous was she in the indoctrination of converts to a life of saintly denial and strenuous penitence, that all accounted it a dire catastrophe when she was betrayed during the Dacian persecution. Foursquare and indomitable in her faith, she confronted her inquisitors with massive contempt and bade them do their worst. When they brought cords and staves with which to beat her, yea, the cords frayed against her skin, and the staves snapped like kindling over her backbone. When they threatened to strip her naked and immerse her body in boiling pitch, she pleaded that if her clothes could only be left on her, concealing her shameful nakedness, she would step into the red-hot cauldron of her own accord; they readily agreeing, she proceeded to sit slowly down into the fulminating element, whereupon behold, it directly cooled! At length the astonished and distracted guards carried her to the Circus, to be exposed to wild beasts. A great black Thuringian boar, maddened by hot irons, was rushed at her, only to stop and lie down contentedly at her feet. Finally a Nubian with a great axe attempting to behead her, the blade thereof shattered against her neck. So that in the end, her persecutors returned her unharmed to her friends in Christ, who had heard nothing of her many perils and miraculous escapes, but were now more than ever eager to experience her vigorous discipline.

✠ Nihil significat
✠ Improbissimus

St. Phalust "The Illuminated" (c. 750)

Youngest scion of a great Hungarian family, relegated to Holy Orders after his sire's estate was divided among his brothers, Phalust sustained a series of dramatic visions about the age of twenty. A nervous, sorrowful, morbid youth, Phalust seemed surprised as anyone to prove the vessel for Holy Works. In these visions, the Lord Jesus appeared to Phalust and showed him the Wounds He had suffered at Golgotha, and also the bloody martyrdoms of the saints and apostles, saying, "Do ye even likewise in My name, and I shall make ye a Prince hereafter." So that Phalust seized up a great kitchen knife and so scarified his brow, palms, feet, sides, and loins that he collapsed insensible from loss of blood before any found him. On his release from the infirmary, he directly entered the monastery's carpenter shop at night and broke all ten fingers in the vise thereof, drove six long horseshoe nails into his right shinbone, and dousing his head and shoulders with varnish, set himself on fire. To avert future occurrences, the abbot had Phalust chained hand and foot to the cot of his cell, but the youth, resolving to keep a vow of silence, bit off his tongue and was found choking; so they untied him and turned him over to clear the lungs, and left him. Whereupon, despite the sore wounds of his mortification, he crept again to the carpenter's, where this time he drove two long iron nails into his forehead, one after the other. And then a true miracle occurred: for they found him alive, smiling and praying beatifically. And to this day, the simplicity and chastity of St. Phalust the Illuminated is cited fondly by the priests of the region.

✠ Impotens
✠ Non fecundas

Ss. Katerwaula, Hysterich, et al. "The Virgins" (c. 1100)

Betrothed in earliest childhood each to a Frankish nobleman, the Saxon princesses Katerwaula and Hysterich were given over to a convent near Cologne, Our Lady of the Miserable Burden by name, to prepare them in chastity and handiworks for their ordained husbands. Before the prescribed nuptials, however, both the gallant lords with whom they were to wed enlisted in the Great Crusade to Jerusalem. The seasons passing, and little word from the Orient reaching them, the sisters began to suffer catastrophic visions of flame and flood, during which they rolled insensible on the ground, rending their habits into tatters and crying out in strange tongues. And betimes, the symptoms of this possession spread to the other young nuns, who took even to flogging one another in their fits, and to struggling violently together, arms and legs straitly entwined, when so taken. When the Bishop of Cologne was called in to investigate, he decreed that it was the *animae* of the defeated Saracens, slain by our Christian Crusaders, passing sympathetically through these innocent vessels on the way to Hell, which caused such transports in them; and he counseled that the spectacle of some eight-score young girls animated by such vigorous possession be held a chastening moral example; and greatly augmented the revenues of the see by obtaining alms from pilgrims who came to look upon it. And the fits persisted until the return of the young barons, those who survived, in after years.

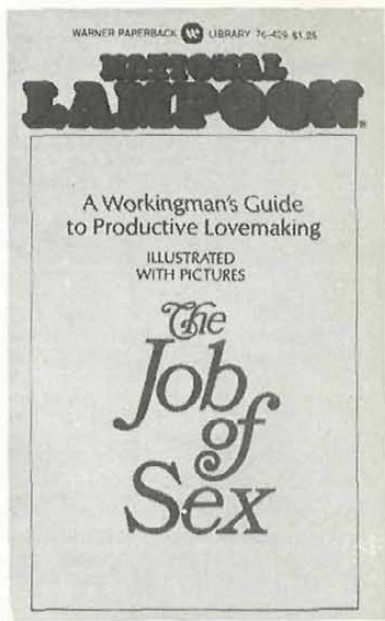
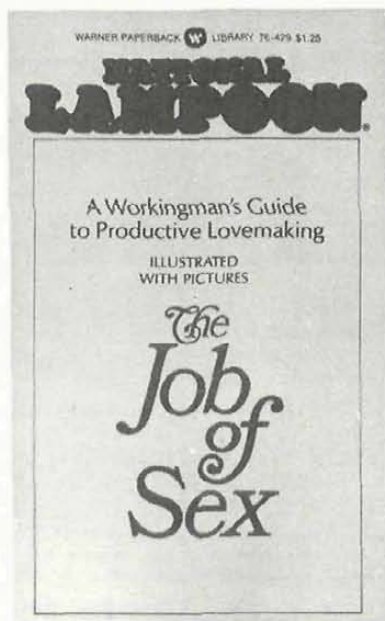
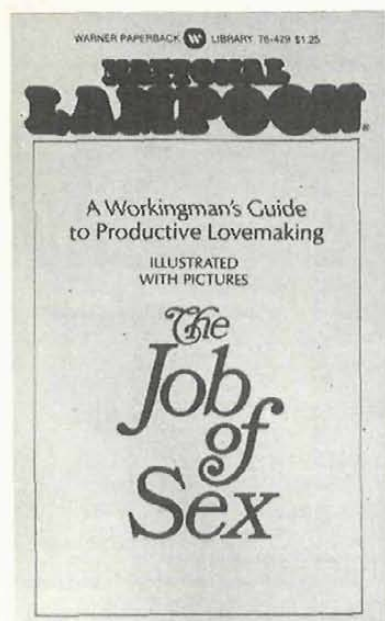
✠ Nihil obtendat
✠ Impurata

St. Clystre "The Shepherd" (c. 1650)

Born into a wealthy merchandising family of Cadiz, Clystre took the cloth when he learned that the Holy Order of St. Francis was seeking to establish a mission in Western Africa. No one was more excellently qualified to praise the black pagans of that area, he argued, than one whose family had a mercantile interest in them, and so it proved. Straightaway Clystre prospered in his work, communicating to the benighted black savages as much of the glory and grandeur of Almighty Christ God as could be easily understood by their simple imaginations. Although he found them little distinguished from the manlike beasts in the trees over their heads, Clystre was sore afflicted by the suffering they endured under the Mahometans. For this reason, Clystre did preach to them that Jesus Himself dwelt in the lands of white men; and that they had only to remove thither, and they would shed their black skins as does a snake, and become princes. And thus was his design accomplished, namely, to draw the converted blackamoors of their own accord into the barracons of the Portuguese, to be transported to Christian plantations in Brazil, Mozambique, Angola, Timor, and elsewhere. For his own part, the Mahometan Ameer of Howdah freely collaborated with Clystre and the Portuguese, showing the Infidel's typical disregard for the furtheration of his faith in favor of the accretion of his revenues. And the vital work of Clystre toward nurturing a worldwide community of Black Christendom went on until his death by dropsy in the sixth year, when he fell a martyr to the tropical climate.

✠ Mirable dictu
✠ Cui bono?

The Job of Sex is now on sale...



but in a larger sense, aren't we all?

You think you're pretty smart, don't you?

True or False?

1. Dogs flew spaceships.
2. The Aztecs invented the vacation.
3. Men and women are the same sex.
4. Our forefathers took drugs.

Firesign Theatre Sez

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Chief Flanagan emerged from the alcove followed by the bloodhound and a dozen patrolmen with guns and powerful flashlights.

"Who the hell's in charge o' this?" he roared. "You, there!" He pointed to the rabbi with a sausage-like finger. "Who're ye?"

The rabbi slowly pulled back his hood and fixed the Irishman with an indignant stare. "Chief, you are interrupting a most holy rite. I must ask you to leave."

The chief's chin dropped. "Wh—! Rabbi! Oi had no idea. Oi'm deeply sorry! B-but the hound, ye see, has led us here. He was followin' the trail of the lad's murderer from the old house, and —"

"Chief, I was present at the site of the murder with you, don't you remember? The dog obviously picked up my scent there and has been following *me*. Don't you have your murderer caught, anyway? Really, chief, do I have to do *all* your thinking for you?"

"Well, the Naygur has come up with a tight alibi, and —"

"So break it. Chief, are you an officer of the law or a rank amateur?"

"Oi suppose it can be broken —"

"Then do so, chief. And kindly get

your Keystone cops and your dog out of here. You've already spoiled the mood of the ceremony, but maybe I can salvage some of it if you leave right now. And get that dog away from the wine."

The patrolman holding the leash hastily jerked the bloodhound away from the bottle on the altar at the rabbi's order.

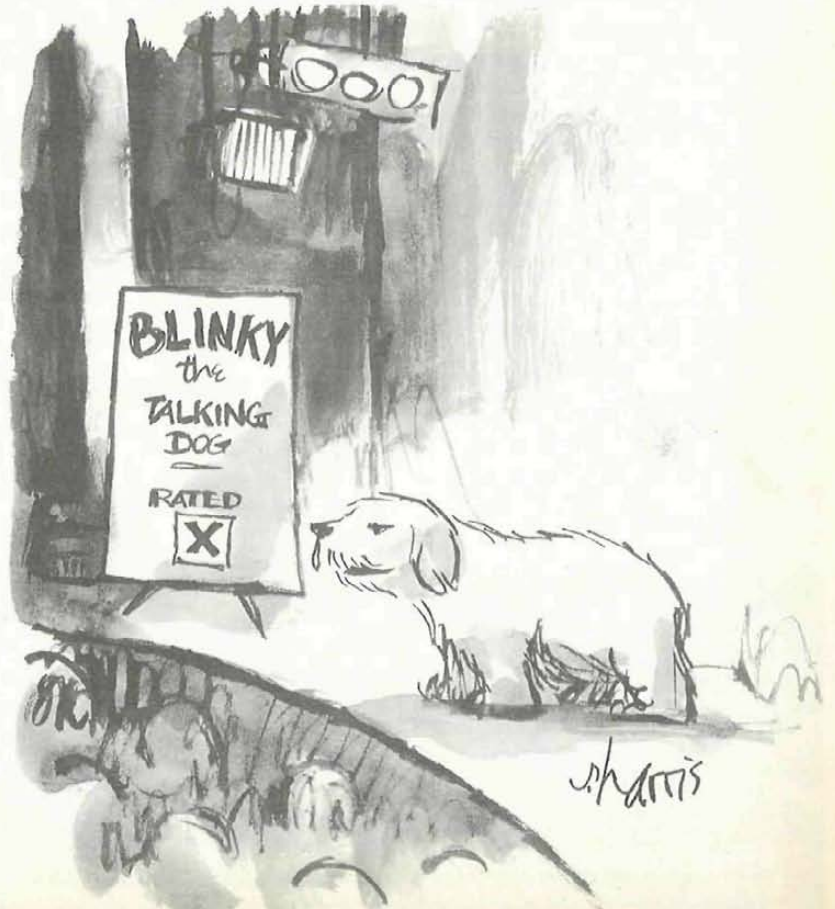
"Yes, rabbi, roight away. I beg you'll be acceptin' my apologies and them o' the Police Depar—"

"Yes, yes. Of course. Just get out of here!"

"Roight, roight." The chief shamefacedly gathered his subordinates together and herded them through the doorway. The rabbi walked over and closed the door gently behind them and turned to the congregation, replacing his hood.

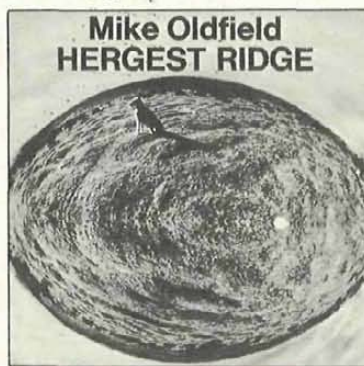
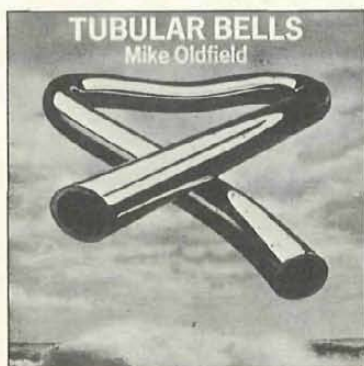
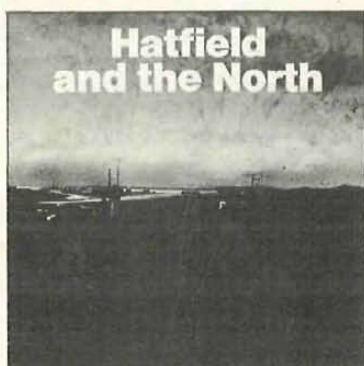
"I'm sorry about that nonsense," he announced as he stepped back to the altar and picked up the bottle. "But no harm done. We can start in where we left off. I believe it was time for the second row to come forward."

He held up the bottle to the menorah on the altar and squinted as he shook it gently. "Yes," he said. "No harm done at all. We can go ahead. It hasn't started to coagulate." □



"Meanwhile, Spot mounted the bitch behind the tree . . ."

Virgins



**MIKE OLDFIELD, HATFIELD AND THE NORTH AND
EDGAR FROESE ON VIRGIN RECORDS AND TAPES**



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REMEMBER ALL THE BUDGET PROBLEMS YOU HAD AS A KID? THE BASIC PROBLEM BEING THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SMALL CHANGE YOU HAD AND YOUR INSATIABLE GREED?

NOW I HAVE TO REMEMBER I'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH FOR TWO BOOKS, OR ONE BOOK AND TWO CANDY BARS.

SOMETIMES I WISH THERE WEREN'T SO MANY TO CHOOSE FROM!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, KID?

I'M NOT SURE YET, MR. SCHULTZ.

OH, JEEZ, I GOT TO GET THIS ONE!

YOU GOING TO BUY SOMETHING, KID?

YESSIR.

THAT MEANS I CAN'T GET MORE THAN ONE OTHER OF ALL THESE! OH, GOD, I CAN'T DECIDE! THE HELL WITH IT—I'LL GET THE CANDY BARS!

THIS ISN'T A LIBRARY, KID.

MAYBE NEXT WEEK I WON'T PANIC.

Graham Wilson

WEAK AND PUNY? DON'T BE!



IDYL



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READY... ON YOUR MARK... GET SET...

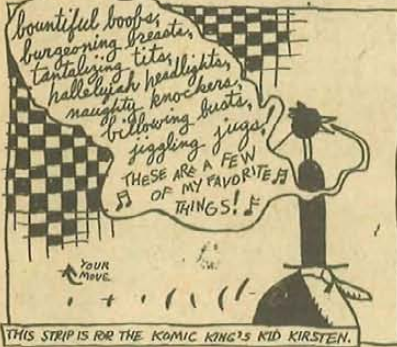
CHICKEN GUTZ

in "A BOSOM FRIEND BUSTS OUT."

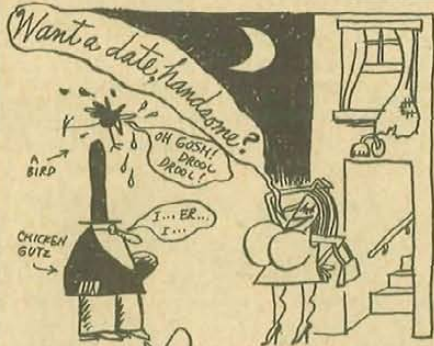
(WHAT WE LACK IN HUMOR, WE MAKE UP FOR IN SHEER ELEGANCE.)

SOS AND BOHOO, ETC., ETC... WHERE O' WHERE HAS MY LITTLE POTO FUNNIES GIRL GONE? OH SOS... GAD... SHE HAD A GREAT PAIR OF BRAINS!

by E N



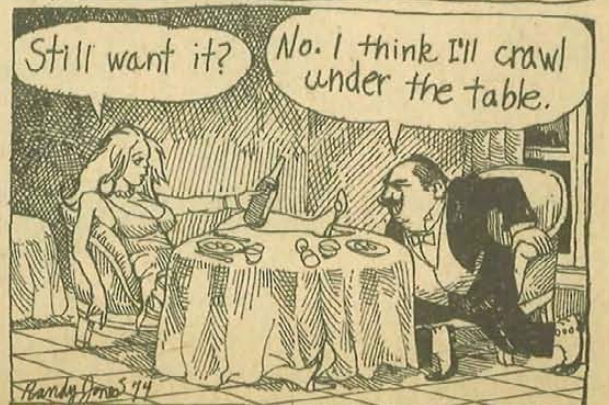
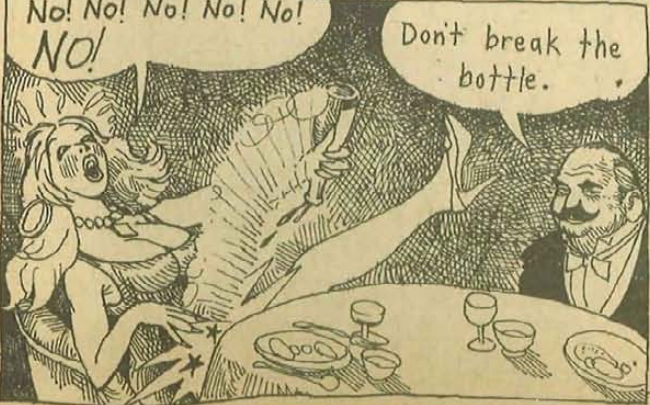
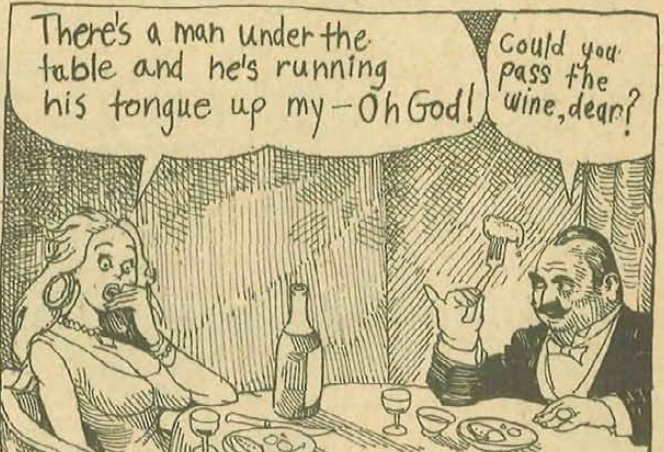
THIS STRIP IS FOR THE KOMIC KING'S KID KIRSTEN.



THIS STRIP CONTAINS: MAGNESIUM STEARATE, SORBITOL, ACACIA, NEUTOLS 62.0%. COLOR ADDED.



EATING OUT

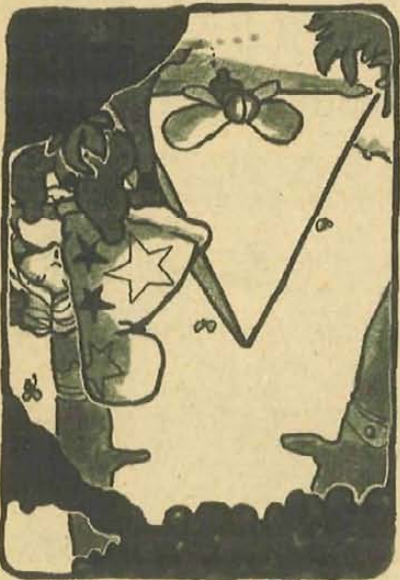




...MY MOTHER USE TO MOUTH
LIKE DAT BEFORE SHE GOT
REAMEED BY A DEX-HUMMING,
PSYCHOPATHIC PYRAMID.

I GOT TO TAKE A PISS.
MYHAT, LITTLE ORPHAN
KUNT, IS PYRAMIDAL IN
STRUCTURE, THOUGH BENT
AT THE TOP, I BENEFITS
FROM COSMIC FLOW INSIDE MY
HIEROGLYPHIC-LINED FEMUR.

AREN'T YOU A RAID
THEY GONNA MAKE OF NOTHIN EXCEPT
SYRPHUS, IF I IS
BOLENOUGH TO
IN THE ZONE
WHEN YOU IS
SERVING OFF.



HA! AREN'T
YOU A RAID
FRANKING
FUN OF
BIG
POWERS?

POPPI, DAT'S
NOT ATTY YOU
4-YEAR OLD
SUN MIND,
DAT AM I SET
PYRAMID.

VOUGHN BODE
SON OF
CHEOPS
SEE, MISTER,
I TOLD YOU MEAN
A BIG, POINTY,
RAGDAG FOUND
COME COLORED
TIT!
PYRAMIDS IS THE
CENTER OF
MYSTEROUS
COSMIC FORCES.
LIKE THE THROBBING
HEAD OF A HORN-ON.

BOB'S CAR-COON-ERY

UNBEKNOWNST TO STEVE, HE HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY JILL'S NEW ENGLISH ROOMMATE!



YES, YOU FOLKS MIGHT SAY I'M A LOW-PRICED CALL GIRL!



DON'T TURN IN HERE! NO!



SURPRISE!



RESILIENT GIRL, I MUST SAY!



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NEXT: PLEA BARGAINING

Trots and Honnie



©74 SHIRRY FLENNIKEN

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 72

EXTINCT ANIMALS

IN THIS AGE OF ECOLOGICAL AWARENESS, THE COMIC ARTIST IS OFTEN CALLED UPON TO DRAW AN EXTINCT ANIMAL. SINCE, BY DEFINITION, AN EXTINCT ANIMAL IS ONE THAT IS NO LONGER WITH US, THE TASK BECOMES QUITE SIMPLE.



EXTINCT ANIMAL



DIRTY DUCK



FEATURING
ANNIE RAT
AND
WEENIL
by **BOBBY OUTDO**



THE LAUNDRY ROOM IS DOWN-STAIRS, WEENIL. I'VE HAD A VERY BUSY WEEK, SO BE SURE TO WASH THE SHEETS TWICE.

YES, MR. DUCK...

BA-BOOM-PAH
BA-BOOM-PAH!...

TAKE YOUR FINGERS OFF IT!...

...DON'T DARE...

...TOUCH IT!...

... 'CAUSE YOU KNOW IT DON'T BE-LONG TO YOU!...

SHA-BOOM!

...SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF! MMMMM... 1968 ... AN EXCELLENT YEAR!

SNIFF

DING

NGH! BITE!

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH GULP!

ALRIGHT, BUGGER... GIMME MY UNDIES!

HOOWAARRGH!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU PUT THEM BACK ON, MISS RAT!

A-HEHH!

YOU HAVE UNDERPANTS ON YOUR BREATH.



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THE ADVENTURES OF ZOO TRAMP MARIE!

by ED SUBITZKY

SHIT. PISS. CRAP. ASS. FART. MENOPAUSE.

... IN THE BRONX ZOO, A FAMILIAR FIGURE RAMBLES ALONG...

CRAP. NUDE. TESTICLE. ME. IT. PISS.

... PAST THE SCHOOLCHILDREN...

SHIT. CUNT. BOO.

... PAST THE HONEYMOONERS...

ANUS. CLIT.

... PAST FRED, THE KINDLY OLD GUARD!

TITS. IT'S AGIN THE LAW TO THROW UP SO CLOSE TO THE INCUBATOR, BUT I AIN'T GOT THE HEART TA RUN YA IN!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICE OF A LOCAL BRONX CONGRESSMAN...

AND THIS SURVEY SHOWS THE VOTERS ARE VERY DISTURBED ABOUT THE RECENT INFLUX OF ZOO TRAMPS!

I'LL BASE MY RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN ON IT!

... AND SO, RESIDENTS, I HAVE PROPOSED A TOUGH NEW LAW THAT ANYONE DULY CONVICTED OF ZOO TRAMPING BE GIVEN NOT LESS THAN 60 YEARS!

THE LAW IS PASSED!

AYE. AYE. AYE. AYE. AYE. AYE. THAT DOES IT! LET'S START ROUNDING 'EM UP!

MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL BRONX ADJUNCT OF THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE...

DR. KARMOV! HURRY OVER! LOOK!

THE PROCESS WORKS! I HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO TURN PLATYPUS SHIT INTO PURE PLUTONIUM!

I SHALL WIRE MOSCOW AT ONCE FOR PERMISSION TO BUILD A SUPER-BOMB AND TAKE OVER THE U.S. IMMEDIATELY!

ALL WE NEED NOW IS THREE PLATYPUS-MORNINGS WORTH!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE THEY KEEP SOME - AT THE BRONX ZOO, WHERE THEY COLLECT VARIOUS KINDS OF SHIT FOR SHIPMENT OUT AS FERTILIZER!

WITH THE WEAK AMERIKAN SECURITY, IT SHOULD BE EASY TO STEAL!

JUST BE SURE NOT TO STEAL GIRAFFE SHIT BY ACCIDENT! IN THIS PROCESS, IT WILL FORM A POISON GAS AND KILL US BOTH!

MEANWHILE, AT THE ZOO...

I DON'T CARE HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND COMPETENT HELP THESE DAYS, SAM!

IF YOU DON'T HIRE SOMEONE AS A SHIT-SORTER IMMEDIATELY, YOU'LL BE BACK FEEDING OSTRICHES!

LOUSY SON-OF-A-FUCKING BITCH!

HEY, YOU, BABE, OVER THERE! WANNA JOB, \$1.72 AN HOUR?

RAPE. ASS. PISS. FART. PUBERTY.

NOW DON'T FORGET! THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF YOUR JOB IS TO PUT THE GIRAFFE SHIT THERE ON THE LEFT (FOR SHIPMENT TO THE BOTANICAL GARDENS) AND THE PLATYPUS SHIT ON THE RIGHT (FOR SHIPMENT TO JAPAN)!

PISS. ASS. PRICK. CUNT. FART. ME. UP. DICK. PISS.

MEANWHILE, UNDER THE NEW LAW, ALL KNOWN ZOO TRAMPS ARE ROUNDED UP AND SENT TO HARD-LINE JUDGE JONES!

ONLY MARIE IS MISSING! BUT WE'LL FIND HER SOON!

60 YEARS! 60 YEARS! 60 YEARS!

MUST BE IN ONE OF THE BUILDINGS!

AT THE RUSSIAN ADJUNCT

WELL, HERE IT IS!

LET'S GET STARTED!

ACK! COUGH! GASP!

ACK! COUGH!

AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

TODAY, WE'RE GOING TO TRY SEEDING THE CLOUDS WITH THE GIRAFFE SHIT SO THE RAIN WILL FERTILIZE THE TREES AND FLOWERS!

FUNNY... THAT'S NOT DISPERSING THE WAY GIRAFFE SHIT SHOULD!

IT SEEMS ALMOST DUCK-LIKE... BUT A LITTLE TOO MAMMALIAN FOR THAT!

IN JUDGE JONES' CHAMBER, UNDER THE OPEN SKYLIGHT

THE ONLY WAY I'LL MARRY YOU, YOU OLD CREEP, IS IF RIGHT NOW SOME PLATYPUS SHIT FALLS OUT OF THE SKY!

POPO!

HAVE IT ANALYZED AT ONCE!

ZOO TRAMP MARIE IS CAPTURED!

JUDGE JONES RAN OFF TO GET MARRIED! NO CHOICE BUT TO LET HER GO!

FUCK. PISS. SHIT. ASS. SCUM. GOO.

THE END



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Gomorrhea

A terminal disease of the sexual organs resulting from indiscriminate indulgence in sodomy.

Homosexuality

Originally a theological term used to describe the sexuality of God-made Man, referring to His love for all mankind and in particular for His Apostles, this function of the term being most accurately expressed in the time-honored salute, "Ecce Homo." Now debased to mean simply the love of one person for another of the same sex and by extension the perversion of the procreative act between them, and therefore a de facto mortal sin, homosexuality has recently been the object of some courageous and stimulating new thought, at least as it applies to members of the male sex. Cardinal Benedetto Colone, Dean of the Sacred Office of the Impious Vulva since 1847, has argued convincingly that the Redeemer's spiritual love for his disciples may in fact have been mirrored a corporal—that is to say, a carnal—one; although for reasons of discretion, no mention is made of such episodes in the New Testament, Christ's admonition to His Apostles at the Last Supper (an all-male gathering), is quite distinct: "Take, eat, this is my body." In addition, both He and subsequently His disciples refer clearly to the fact that He will "come again" and that there will be a "second coming," the verb "to come" having the same ambiguity in Aramaic as in present-day English. All indications, argues Cardinal Colone, are that Christ practiced and intended his disciples—and, of course, their successors through Apostolic succession—to practice a physical as well as a spiritual love for mankind. Not only does this view tend to correct the previous, somewhat Monophysite emphasis on Christ's purely spiritual love, it also explains the Church's hitherto only partially understood demand that the shepherds of her flock refrain from sexual contact with women.

Incubus

Satan and his hordes are never still and the ancient weapon of the incubus is one he still wields with undiminished vigor. An incubus is a demon who assumes the form of a woman and creeps silently at night

into one's bed, taking the shape of well-known movie stars, figures from history, close and distant relatives, and even, in some cases, one's housekeeper. Incubi are to be regarded as blessings from God since they test one's virtue to the utmost, fingering and sucking one's most intimate parts, thrusting their forked tongues into all the orifices of one's body, stroking, caressing, poking, feeling, slapping, rubbing every inch of one's body to provoke it (weak vessel!) into the unspeakable sin of childless orgasm. The severeness of the test is thus to be as humbly endured as it is lovingly given, and even if the old man is successfully seduced into that final hideous cataclysm, the power of faith over flesh will triumph if one's will is fixed firmly on the Godhead. Should you be visited by an incubus, do as our sisters in Christ are taught to do when the ignorant heathen attempt to breach their virtue. Do nothing. Go limp. Allow the demon to do all in its power to arouse you without the slightest sign of response. Nothing frustrates and thwarts Satan's minion more. Do not, as some misguided modernists have suggested, attempt to defuse its advances by offering it a drink or a cigarette, or trying to make up a double date. Satan is stronger than we and it is foolish to try to best him on his own ground. Let the incubus work its will with you and go, leaving you purer and stronger than you were, steel tried in the fire and found true.

Missionary Position

Actually a corruption of the seventeenth-century term Emissionary Position, first mentioned in the codicil *In Medium Rerum Vulvae* of the Council of Ghunt (1631), as being the position most likely to inject the maximum amount of semen into the womb. Later corrupted by agnostics, Deists, and other libertines into its present form, it is; ironically, even after three-and-a-half centuries, still the most effective in achieving the sublime end of procreation and the most devout in appearance. The spine is kept rigid at all times. The legs are held firmly together, the heels diverging at a 45 degree angle representing mystically that part of the Host received by the priest in communion. The eyes are kept downcast, or preferably closed in

continued

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continued

meditation, the hands being joined together in an attitude of prayer, palm to palm, fingers pointing upward. It may be performed lying down or, without incurring the least stain of sin, standing up and kneeling. An abomination of modern perversion has further corrupted this blameless technique by defining it as two or more people making torrid love in a large pot of hot water.

Mons

Abbreviation of the term *Mon-signore*, meaning a canon, usually an older man. Hence the term *mons veneris*, a venerable old canon.

Muffdiving

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
—miserere nobis.

Nocturnal Emissions

In the harsh reality of day-to-day life, it is quite possible for you to wake up one morning and find yourself the defendant in a hundred thousand dollar damages suit. Someone slipped and fell on your front step while you were on vacation, and broke their leg. You knew nothing about it, there was no negligence on your part; it was in no way your fault, and yet you are liable. So it is with nocturnal emissions. The nauseating secretion of your precious procreative fluid during sleep has been scientifically shown to be a product of stored-up impurity in your subconscious—a release valve of the filth your mind has been hiding away over days, weeks, perhaps years. Somewhere in your brain, while your organ is pumping out living replicas of your body and soul upon the sheets, a pornographic movie is running—and you are its writer-director. As such, you are liable for the damages, and God may sue you for mortal sin. Before you can return to sleep—the harbinger of death—you must make a perfect act of contrition, and your firm purpose of amendment must include a resolve never again to cast your eyes, ears, or any other sense upon any item, lewd or otherwise, that might be stored away by the corrupt squirrel of your libido for use on dark nights. Since you are unlikely to be able to manage this, you had best stay awake in prayer till morning when, if you are lucky enough to make it to church without being decimated, you can be absolved through the blessed sacrament of confession.

Nookienibbling

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine;
Domine audi me.

Penance

The third and most influential partner in the complex process of removing the stain of (almost always sexual) sin from your soul and thus allowing grace to flow once more into the purified spirit from the fountainhead of Goodness, Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Only through penance can the indefinite elements of absolution and contrition achieve a precise result. Yet it is not the mumbled, half-meant words of the popular cliché. In matters of sex, where the thunder of mortal sin and damnation rolls constantly around the penitent, penance must be made of stronger stuff. At the very least, a hair shirt with upholstery tacks sewn into the armpits should be round-the-year wear (including, needless to say, any activity in bed). Self-flagellation is making a comeback after several centuries of decline, and if you find this hard to perform, your partner might well oblige by doing the flagellating for you. Remember in general that penance is a finite commodity—the more you can store up, the more you have to draw on. Attempt at all times to inflict as much pain on yourself as you possibly can. Kick yourself in buses, walk into lampposts, punch yourself behind the ears, scrunch your testicles against the corners of tables, jump out of second-story windows, put ball bearings in your food. Wherever you go, and whatever you do, put penance to work for you.

Rhythm Method

An absolutely foolproof (but unfortunately, not intellectual-proof) method of contraception, falling squarely within the natural law, involving nothing more than two dedicated partners and a metro-nome. Extensive tests at the Vatican and at its contra-contraception agencies throughout the world have shown that if a couple establishes differing rhythms and maintains *strict* time, they can happily enjoy the pleasures of the sexual act for hours without ever reaching the perilous cliff of orgasm. Many rhythms have been proven efficacious—most popular are (a) the waltz, in which the man makes one long thrust followed by two short re-

sponses from the woman, (b) the more complex tango, in which the man performs four medium thrusts followed by a rest and the woman counters with three short responses and a long and short response, and, more recently, (c) the boogaloo, which speaks for itself. Many others exist—the Madison, the two-step, the jig, etc.—and experimentation is not out of the question. The most essential thing to remember in performing the rhythm method is that strict adherence to the metronome must be maintained at all times; any quickening, or indeed slackening, of tempo will not only induce orgasm, but is also a serious venial, if not mortal, sin. A set of drums may be substituted for the metronome if the presence of a drummer is not considered inhibiting and he is either blind or a Protestant.

Salve Vagina

Literally "Hello, vagina," these are the first words of a brief prayer to be murmured by the man upon first raising his wife's night garb and thus revealing her procreative entity.

Snatchlapping

Domine non sum dignus. Domine non sum dignus. Domine non sum dignus.

Sodomy

Basically the act of placing Bishop Peter anywhere other than in Sister Mary Vulva, as in the anus, in the mouth, in the naval, in the ear, in the armpit, in the nostril, in the hand, in a hole, in a fruit, in a missal, in an altar rail, in a candlestick, in a lavabo set, in a thurible, in a crosier, in a monstrance, in a reliquary, in a sanctus bell, in a tabernacle, anywhere. Long considered the unforgivable sin, sodomy is now the subject of intensive theological research designed to show that for an extremely small number of people in very specialized vocations who have the training to cope with its inherent dangers, sodomy may after all be less a sin than an obligation.

Tickler, French

A device originally used in the noviciates of French Benedictine monasteries, but now a staple in almost all seminaries throughout the world. The French tickler consists of a device rather like a stiff feather duster and is used to test the moral purity of the young initiates. The

novices sit in a circle around the prior or novicemaster with their tumescent penises laid out on their soutanes. For a period of up to three hours, the senior priest then tickles the tip of each penis with the device. Every centimeter that a novice's penis increases in length during this ordeal means one night of continuous vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. Devout lay couples who wish to emulate this saintly practice are invited to do so. A measure of the woman's reaction to French tickling would be possible if she were to sit on a large sheet of blotting paper. Every millimeter increase in the blot produced by her vaginal fluids would then be matched by the appropriate mortification.

Urolagnia

An obsession with matters pertaining to urine in both sexual and non-sexual contexts.

Urolagniac

One who is guilty of urolagnia or the obsession with urine in the conduct of sexual acts, or indeed at any other time.

Urolagnomaniac

One who is fanatically obsessed at all hours of his (or her) waking day, in or out of bed, in public and private, with his or anyone else's bright, yeasty, sparkling, sometimes lemon-yellow, sometimes golden-brown, toasty-warm, tongue-tingling urine.

Wazoo, Saint (233-277 A.D.)

Often considered one of the most austere of the early Fathers of the Church, Saint Wazoo subsisted on nothing but water for twenty years at the top of a fifty-foot pole until one day while reciting the Creed, he slipped and it went right up his ass.

Zoophilia

Sticking it in a badger's nose. Sucking some goat's long salty dong while banging away at the Agnus Dei. Sit on my face. Eat me. Rim my hairy bum. Aaaaaah. Go on. Who cares? He can't be everywhere. Suck it, oh God, ogodgodgodgod. Give us the tit. And the cock both of thmmmmmmzzzeeeuchzmmmmellsshoooochristtinnmarymotherssstwatsucksuckscumsuckgogogogogogogogod!!!!

Absolvo me in nomine Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Amen. □

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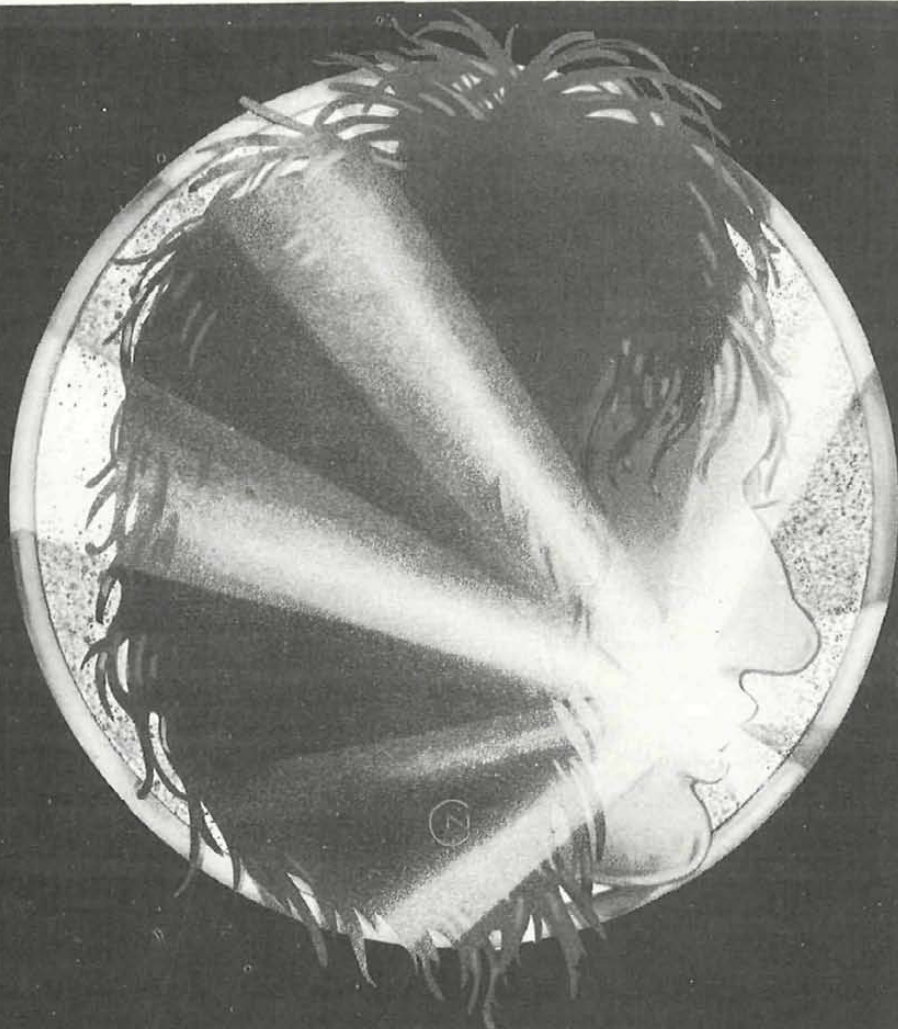
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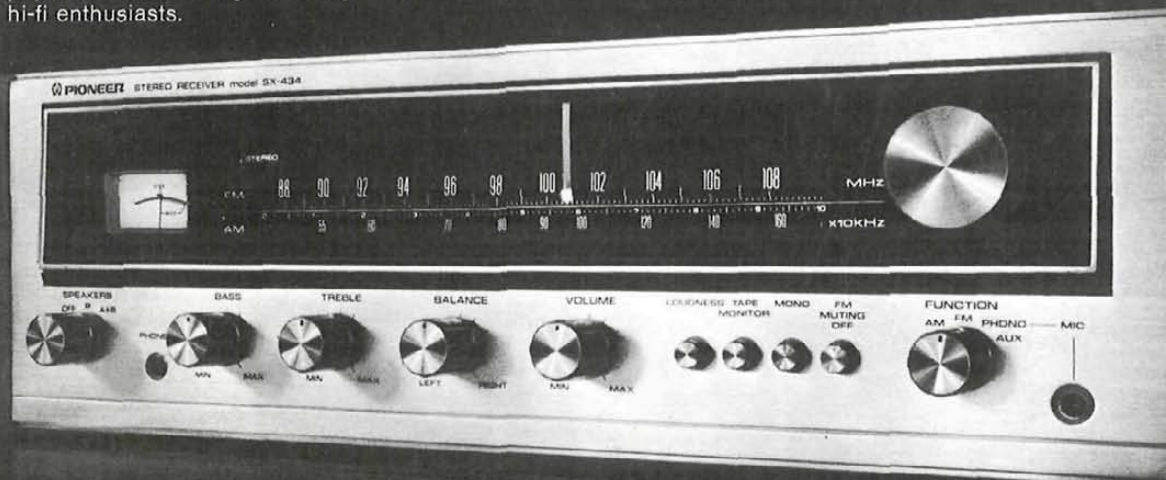
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(The people who make those superb, expensive loudspeakers announce
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We took some of the price out and left all the JBL in, and we couldn't be happier.

Great sound. Great looks. Great insides. All the cranky attention to detail that makes JBL JBL.

In this age of Instant Anything and Packaged Everything, JBL makes its loudspeakers from scratch. We make our own cabinets. We make our own electronics. And we make them with the best materials we can buy. Listen:

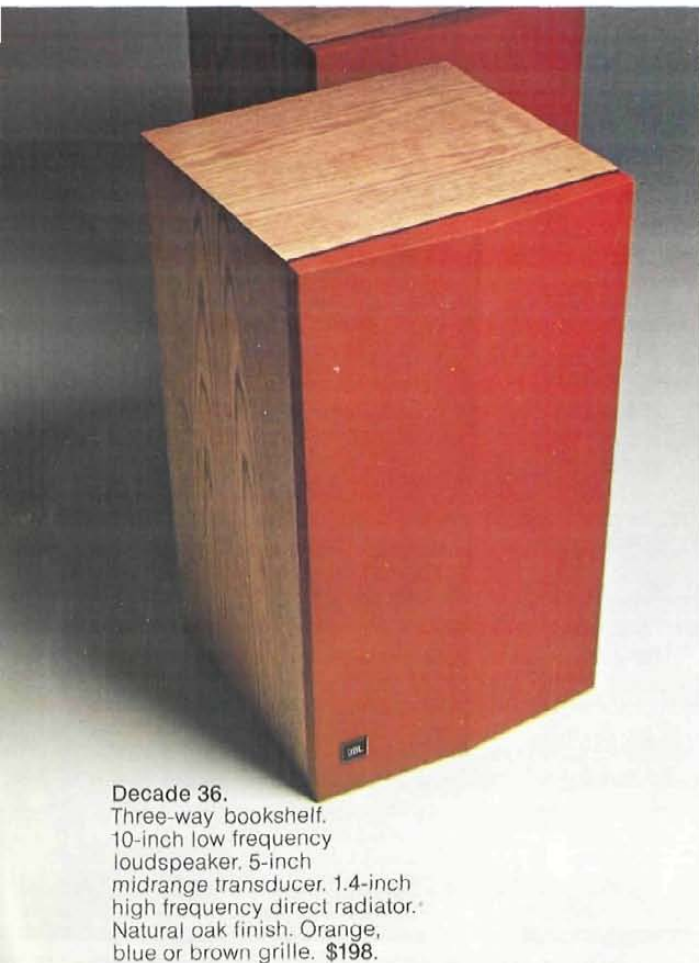
"Definition." That's a loudspeaker's knack for delivering each part, every part of a whole sound. The Decades have almost perfect definition.

"High efficiency." Most loudspeakers aren't. Most loudspeakers need a big amplifier to give you a big sound. Not The Decades. The big sound is built in, and a little amplifier goes a long way.

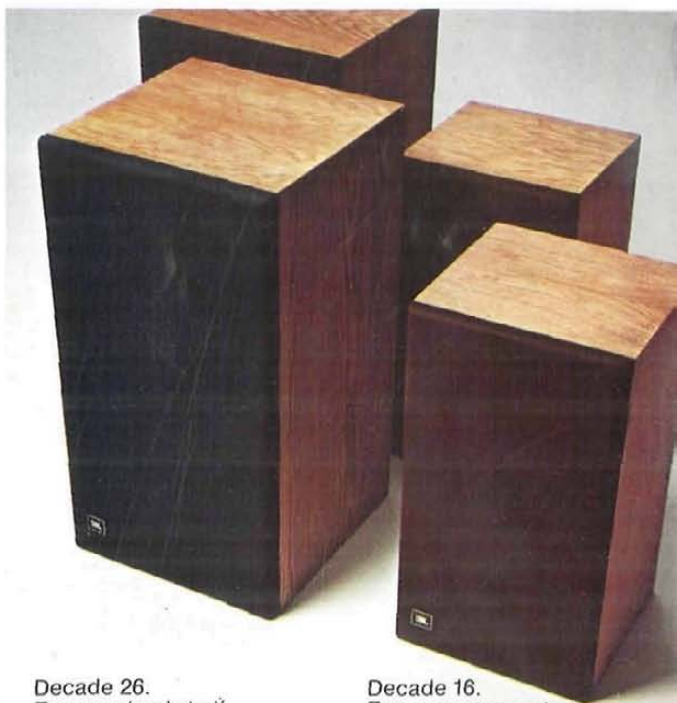
"Pedigree." Would it impress you to know that top recording studios like Warner Brothers and Capitol and Elektra and MGM — people who listen to music for a living — use JBL loudspeakers to record, play back, mix down and master their music?

It's true.

One of these days you're going to own JBL, right? Well, friend, this is one of those days.



Decade 36.
Three-way bookshelf.
10-inch low frequency
loudspeaker. 5-inch
midrange transducer. 1.4-inch
high frequency direct radiator.
Natural oak finish. Orange,
blue or brown grille. \$198.

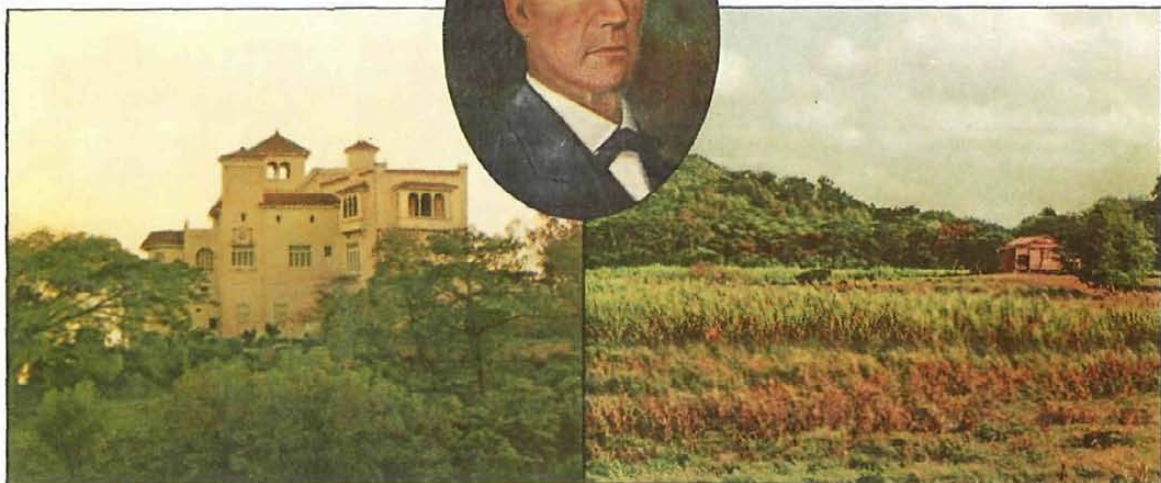


Decade 26.
Two-way bookshelf.
10-inch low frequency
loudspeaker. 1.4-inch high
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Natural oak finish. Orange,
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We're not sure why Sebastian Serralles left the comfort of his family's Cataluna estate to come to an island in the West Indies.

All we know is that in 1830, this youth of 20—possessed of fine education, heir to a considerable fortune—stepped aboard a sailing vessel bound for Puerto Rico.

When he got there, he cleared a densely forested tract of land, and planted it with sugar cane.

It wasn't easy. Forests kept creeping back onto freshly cleared lands. Equipment rusted. Materials were hard to come by.

Somehow, he did it. But the most remarkable thing was not the change he had made in Puerto Rico, but the change Puerto Rico had made in him.

It had made the youth into a man.

His business grew. Some years later, with the delivery of a French-made copper still, it diversified. From then on, the Serralles' fields produced not only sugar, but rum, as well.

It was, and is a rum as remarkable as the man it is named for. And Serralles Don Q® Gold rum is still made by the descendants of Sebastian Serralles, from sugar cane grown on the lands he cleared over 130 years ago.

It is a rum made the only way a truly good gold rum can be made. Mellowed carefully in oak casks. And blended with all the skill the Serralles possess.

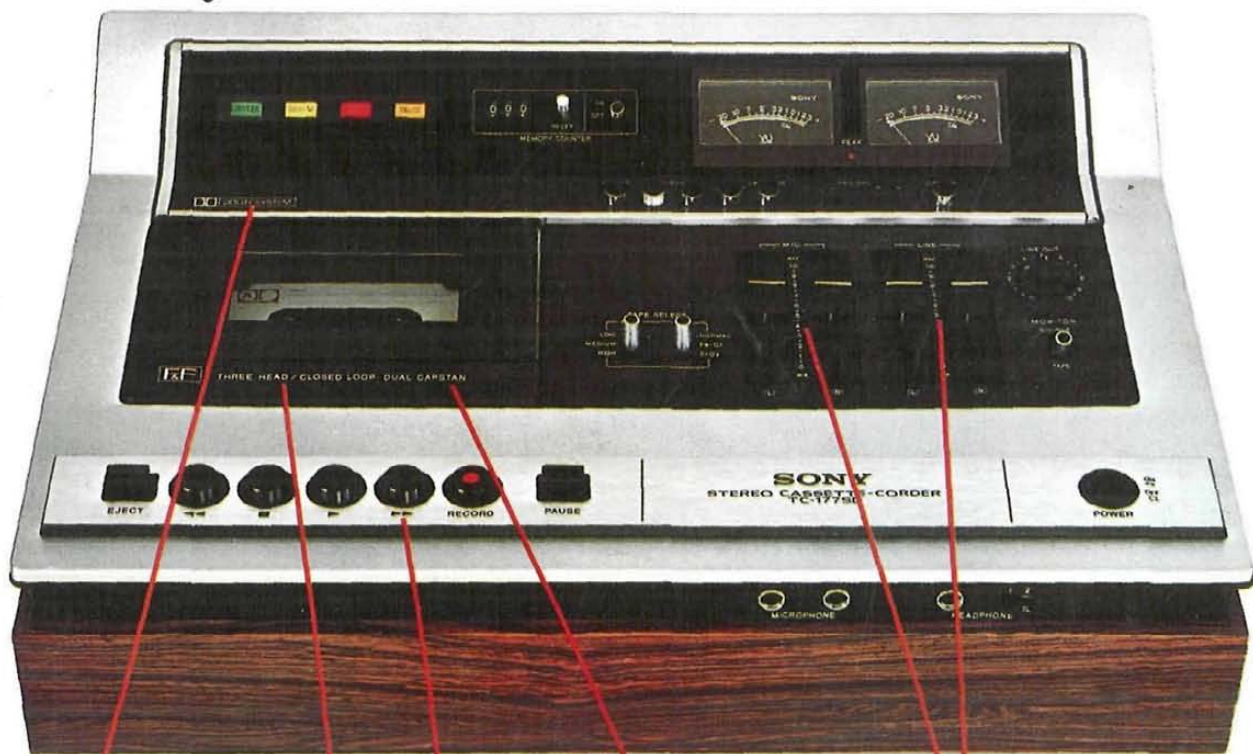
This is how Serralles Don Q Gold will always be made, even though times have changed since Sebastian's day.

You see, life in Puerto Rico may be easier now, but making a good gold rum is as difficult as ever.



You'd swear it had 10¹/₂" reels and 15 ips.

Sony's New 3-Head Stereo Cassette Deck.



Built-in dual process Dolby.*

Applies Dolby Noise Reduction to both recording and playback simultaneously for Tape/Source monitoring with signal-to-noise ratio of 63db.

Three ferrite heads.

One ferrite erase head. Two separate ferrite and ferrite record and playback heads. Inside: core and pole pieces are solid ferrite. Outside: another precisely machined layer of ferrite. Ferrite and ferrite heads last up to 200 times longer than standard permalloy. They give you wider frequency response and dynamic range and better tape-to-head contact. And Sony's exclusive three-head system provides the added advantage of Tape/Source monitoring.

0.07% wow and flutter and at 1⁷/₈ ips.

The TC-177SD features the same Closed Loop Dual Capstan Tape Drive system as Sony's finest reel-to-reel decks. Isolates the tape path in the tape head area from external vibration and abnormal tape movement. Eliminates the cause of modulation distortion and optimizes tape-to-head contact.

Professional feather-touch relay controls.

Provides smooth, precise and immediate response for all tape travel modes.

Mic/Line Mixing.

Previously available in reel-to-reel only. Records two different sources simultaneously: microphone inputs and line inputs (receivers, turntables, other tape decks). Provides precise fade-in/fade-out and cross-fading techniques.

The Sony TC-177SD Stereo Cassette Deck also features separate 3-position bias and EQ selector switches, peak limiter, dual VU meters with LED peak indicators, memory counter, stereo headphone monitor jack and echo capability with the optional SB-200. This top-of-the-line Sony goes for \$699.95 at your Superscope dealer.

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LONG-TERM DRIFT	Less than 0.1% (over 30 min.)
MIN. STYLUS PRESSURE	0.25 grams
TRACKING ERROR	$\pm 1.6^\circ$

