

Artists and Models

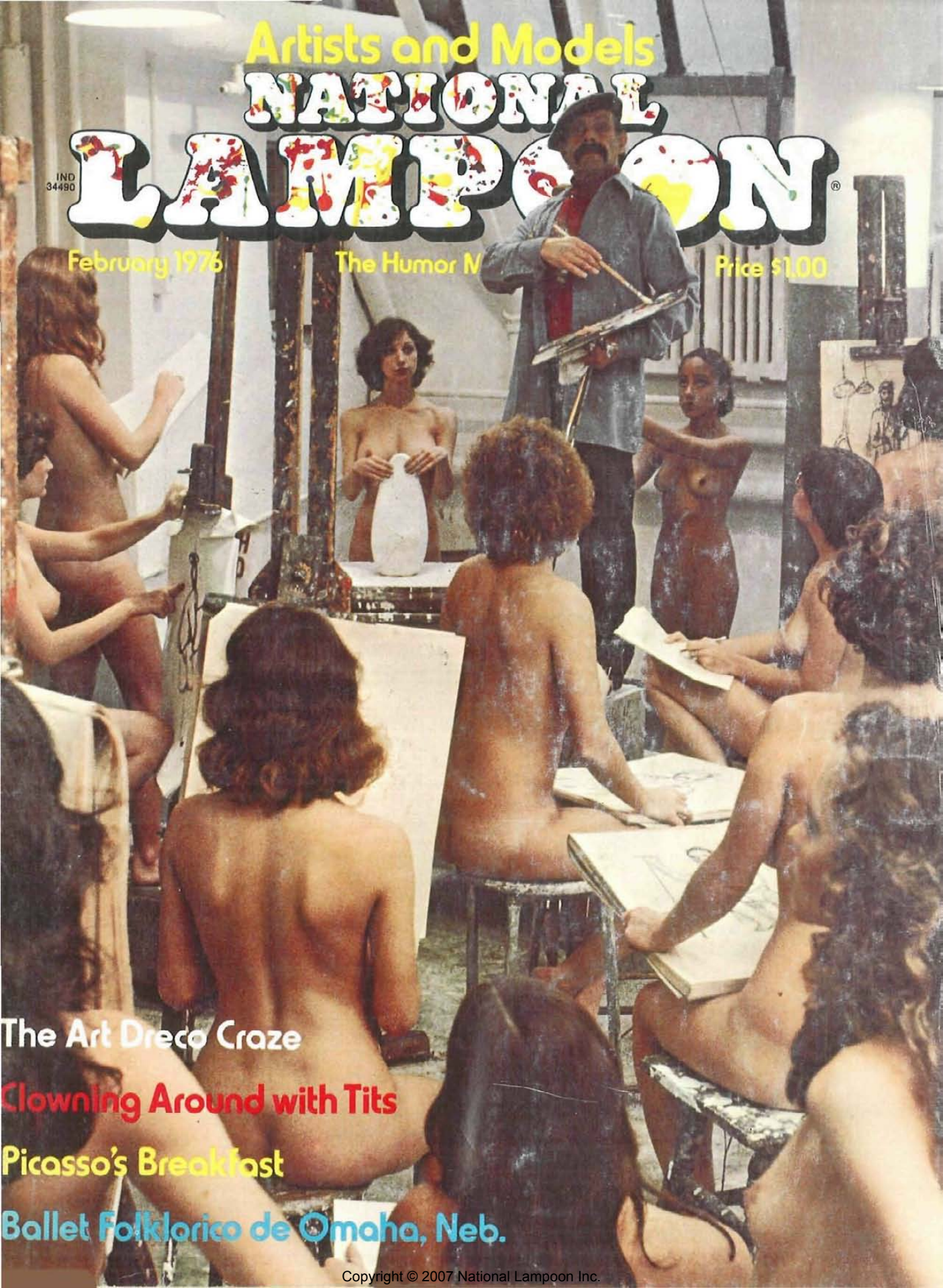
# NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND  
34490

February 1976

The Humor M

Price \$1.00



The Art Dreck Craze

Clowning Around with Tits

Picasso's Breakfast

Ballet Folklorico de Omaha, Neb.

# Why is Tareyton better?



## Others remove. Tareyton improves.

|| Charcoal is why. While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste. But Tareyton has a two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. || Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make beverages taste better. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths, balances and improves the tobacco taste. And that's why Tareyton is better.

Join the  
unswitchables  
and see why...



### Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm.: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Pioneer's new High Polymer Molecular transducer technology will alter the course of high fidelity.

There's a significant new development in high fidelity that is destined to play a vital role in sound reproduction. It is intimately tied in with the piezoelectric principle.

The piezoelectric effect deals with certain crystal devices that flex when voltages are applied to them. Now, Pioneer has discovered a totally new application of the piezoelectric effect by applying the principle to ultra-thin aluminum coated high polymer film.

By employing this film as a low-mass diaphragm and applying audio signal voltages, the material expands and contracts uniformly generating acoustic energy. For the first time it becomes possible to transform electrical energy to an accurate acoustical equivalent. Such thin-film diaphragms properly mounted are capable of reproducing all music frequencies by means of an incredible "breathing" effect. The ramifications of this unique refinement of the piezoelectric principle are far reaching. Consider such immediate applications as microphones, cartridges, speaker systems and headphones — in fact, any type of electromechanical transducer requiring resonance-free performance.

There have been many attempts to create sound using diaphragm motion. For example, electrostatic speakers and headphones. But in contrast to the electrostatic principle, the new application of the High Polymer Molecular principle as discovered and perfected by Pioneer, requires no dangerous, high polarizing voltages.

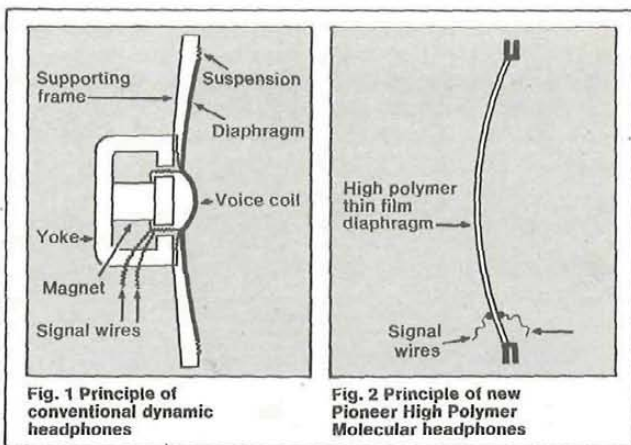


Fig. 1 Principle of conventional dynamic headphones

Fig. 2 Principle of new Pioneer High Polymer Molecular headphones

## The first totally new concept in headphones in over a decade.

Pioneer has successfully incorporated the High Polymer Molecular transducer principle in two new headphones that are unlike any others. Conventionally designed headphones use moving coils, miniature loudspeaker elements and other mechanical parts — as shown in Figure 1 — all of which come between you and your music. Pioneer's new SE-700 and SE-500 headphones don't. They employ a single thin-film high polymer piezoelectric diaphragm that reproduces sound directly, as shown in Figure 2. Only the diaphragm moves air — and moves it accurately, in exact conformance with the electrical signal applied directly to it. The accurate, low-distortion signals available from any standard headphone jack on your receiver or amplifier are directly translated to equally precise, low-distortion sound by the action of the high polymer film diaphragm. Nothing, absolutely nothing comes

between you and the original sound.

Even though you may now own a pair of headphones, you owe it to yourself to hear these new piezoelectric high polymer transducer headphones. In fact, compare them with other types. You'll find a lower level of distortion-free sound than has ever been achieved — even at unprecedented volume levels. The experience of listening with these new

Pioneer headphones is a revelation. In addition, the open-back design, light weight and soft, snug fitting earpieces permit hours of comfortable, private listening. You'll come away from your Pioneer dealer thoroughly convinced that Pioneer has altered the course of high fidelity.

SE-700, under \$80\*; SE-500, under \$50\*. Both come with a 9' foot connecting cable, standard phone plug and storage case.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S.H. Parker Co.



\*The value shown is for informational purposes only; the actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

**PIONEER**  
when you want something better

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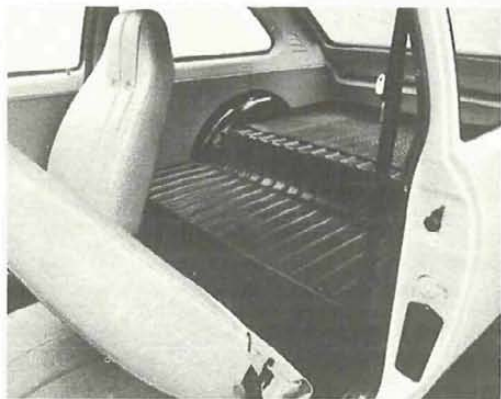
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Vol. 1, No. 71  
February 1976

# NATIONAL LAMPoon

# What's the world come to when a backseat is considered optional equipment?



**The 1976 Chevette.  
The new idea from Detroit.**

As incredible as it may seem, on the 1976 Chevette Scooter, for your \$2,899\*, you don't get a backseat. You get a space where a backseat could go. If you want a backseat, it costs you an extra \$199.

It's part of a trend in the auto industry. Things that people once considered important to the design and safety of a car are now considered luxuries.

On many cars, radial-ply tires are now optional. Padded steering wheels are optional. Power-assisted brakes are optional. Even day/night rearview mirrors are optional.

And many of the things that make a car look better are anything but standard.

For example, on the standard VW Rabbit, armrests, vinyl interior trim and vinyl seats, and bright metal exterior trim, and carpeting are yours. But only at extra cost. They've even left off the rubber pads on the brake and gas pedals. Those are optional, too.

On the standard Chevette Scooter, the door panels are embossed cardboard and the bumpers and hubcaps aren't aluminum or chrome. They're metal painted gray.

Why are we telling you this?

Because even today a few cars still give you a great deal of standard equipment for your money. And we're happy to say one of them is Fiat.

On the standard Fiat 128, our least expensive model, the door panels are vinyl not cardboard. The seats are vinyl instead of cloth. The bumpers are aluminum and rubber instead of painted metal. There are front door armrests. Passenger-assist handles. An electric windshield washer. A day/night rearview mirror. All standard.

Radial-ply tires, which cost \$100 to \$200 extra on many cars, are standard on the Fiat. Power-assisted front disc brakes are standard. Rack-and-pinion steering is standard.

And then you get things standard on the Fiat you couldn't get on most cars even as options: front-wheel drive, 4-wheel independent suspension, a transverse-mounted overhead cam engine.



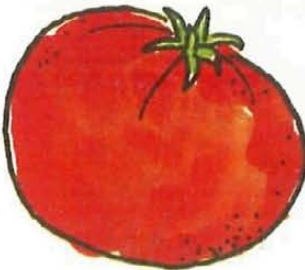
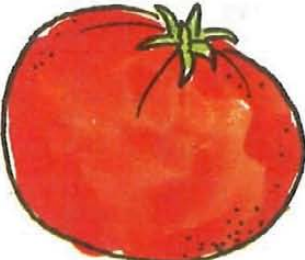
**Instead of a long list of options we  
give you a long list of standards.**

Now that you know all this, we hope that when you go out to buy a car you'll take the time to figure out the real price of the car, the price that includes everything you want on it. And that you won't fall for the stripped-down price on the sticker. It will save you a fortune. And it's been known to make us a few customers.

**FIAT**

**A lot of car. Not a lot of money.**

\*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Fiat car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

You say  and  
we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY.  
WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA?  
PERHAPS WE CAN HELP. JUST MAKE A BLOODY MARY  
WITH ALL THE USUAL THINGS. THEN ADD ONE NOT-  
SO-USUAL THING. JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA.

SHAKE WITH VIM  
OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH.  
SERVE OVER ICE. OR  
UNDER. (IT'S A FREE  
COUNTRY.)

BLOODY GOOD,  
ISN'T IT? BLOODY GOOD  
AD, TOO, IF YOU ASK US.





Sirs:

I heard a rumor that to me seemed so incredible I could scarcely credit my ears, which incidentally used to stick out rather far before my father saved up enough for the operation, a rumor which suggested, well, that you took the *real* letters people write to the magazine, roll them up into logs with coat hangers to hold them together, soak them in rain water, and after drying them, burn them in your fireplaces. This is said to produce beautiful colors. Well, what about it?

Jim "Tepee Creeper" Thorpe  
Run Amucking, Nude, The Woods

Assholes:

Where the fuck is that T. Mann, we're going to kill that cocksucker with a big murdering bomb that burns as it rends as it rips as it shreds as it tatters and so on. We tried to find your offices the other day but we had a few drinks and went to the wrong floor and murdered some accountants and a messenger. Seamus stole the messenger's bike, though, and we're shipping it piece by piece to Ulster for the little children to ride around on. The children suffer the most in any war, especially the Catholic children, and any *fucking* body else that gets in the *goddamn* way! So you tell that bastard T. Mann that if he thinks hacked-up hack writers are funny, he can go on like he was before if we haven't found him yet.

The Mighty Micks  
Society of ERA and the Green Thumb  
Bells of Heck, N.Y.

Sirs:

Richard Cory was a great guy. Everybody in town liked him. His suits were always clean and he never had a bad word for anybody. People said that when the chips were down, you could always count on Richard Cory to come through with a helping hand. Then one night, Richard Cory went home and had a sex-change

operation. Read about it in this month's Cue.

Edward Arlington Cemetery  
Lebensraum, Austria

Doug: Bob Singer wrote this letter. He tells me he always wanted to get something published in the magazine, and it looks like he's finally geared himself up for the big leap into print. I realize that the letter's a little on the lame side, but I owe him money.

Sirs:

I saw a group of maidens/ A-bathing in the lake/ One cried out in anguished fear/ That she'd been a bitten by a hake.

Does that make me a "lakes poet"?  
Rod McCoon  
Rikers Island

Sirs:

I am writing in regard to Brian McConnachie. Several months ago, I bumped into him while scrambling my new Mustang bicycle up the side of a spic's burial mound in Central Park. McConnachie happened to be sitting on top of the mound, chanting. Well, when I got home, I found one of his antennas jammed in my mud guard and also part of what looked like a "feeler." I am wondering if he would like these appendages back, and if the lack of them has impaired his functioning? He can drop me a line anytime. I live in a big housing project for partially educated middle income whites by the river.

Lonnie Goneagain  
Hhhhhhrack

Sirs:

I'm a letter, and I think it's about time we letters had a chance to write in to somebody ourselves and speak our minds, because boy, you may have a lousy lot in life, but you don't have any idea what it's like being a letter.

I mean, let's just take the idea of being written on for starters. It hurts. It hurts bad enough in felt-tip, but it's really something with a sharp pencil point, and when they type on you, you go through the agony of hell, let me tell you.

And what's it all for? So they can put whatever opinion on you they want. Most of the time, it's not even your opinion, anyway. And they never even add a disclaimer like, "The opinions expressed in this letter are those of the writer, and not necessarily  
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## Anyone can talk impressive specs. We guarantee them.

Unlike many audio manufacturers, we do more than just talk about performance. We guarantee it. Because every RS-676US deck is backed by a guarantee\* of the *five* most important specs for any cassette deck.

But what makes this guarantee important is the music you'll hear—and the noise you won't.

You won't hear any *wow and flutter* because we use an electronically controlled DC motor with twice the torque of our conventional motors.

And for *greater speed accuracy* both the flywheel and capstan are extra large. So an E flat will stay an E flat.

You can forget about tape hiss because we improved the *signal-to-noise* ratio with Technics exclusive low noise circuitry and Dolby†.

And we decreased the *total harmonic distortion* to an inaudible level with our high-gain low-noise transistors.

For the kind of *frequency response* that gives you silky smooth highs, even during the highest guitar riffs, the RS-676US has our patented HPF head. Its microscopic gap literally concentrates the high frequencies onto the tape.

And every RS-676US has feather touch controls. Memory rewind-play. FM Dolby. A peak meter check switch. And much more.

Technics RS-676US. Talking about performance is one thing. Guaranteeing it is something else.

\*Technics RS-676US is guaranteed to perform equal to, or better than, the specifications (wow and flutter, speed accuracy, S/N ratio, THD and frequency response) stated in the Specification Guarantee Card packed with the product and available at Technics dealers. This guarantee will be honored for 90 days from the date of original purchase if delivered freight prepaid to a Panasonic factory service center. Technics‡ will remedy any unit that does not perform to the specifications. Specification Guarantee is in addition to the parts and labor limited warranty.

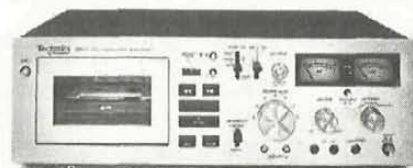
†Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.  
‡Technics is a brand name of Matsushita Electric Corporation of America.

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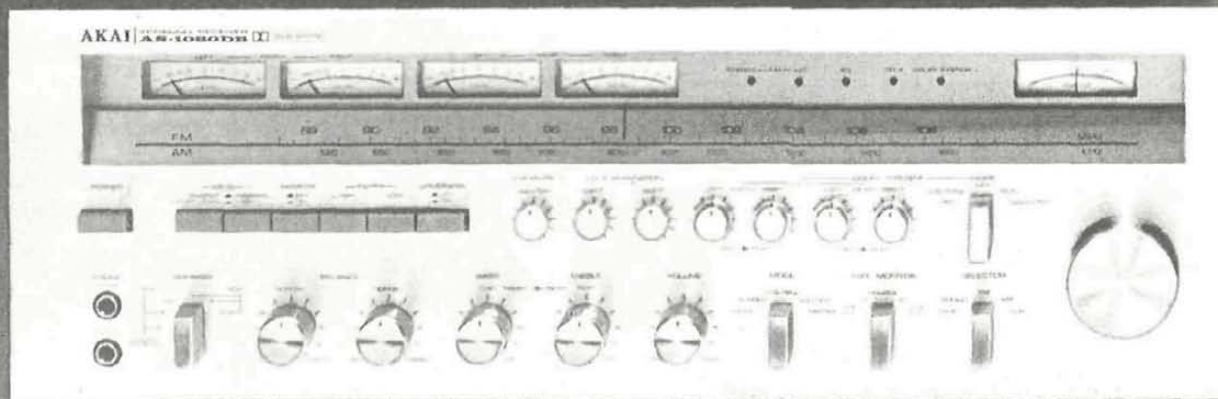
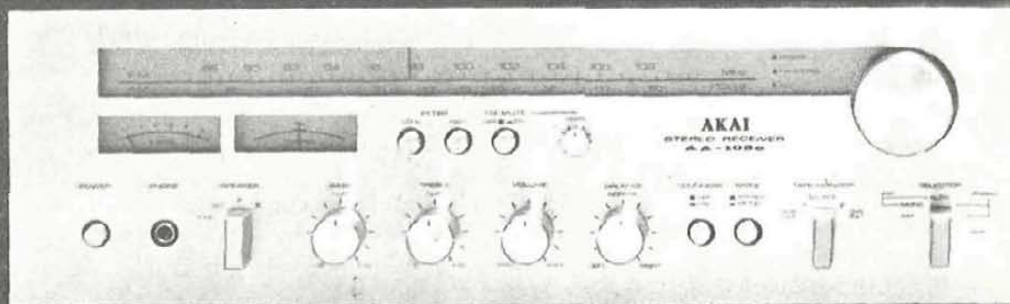
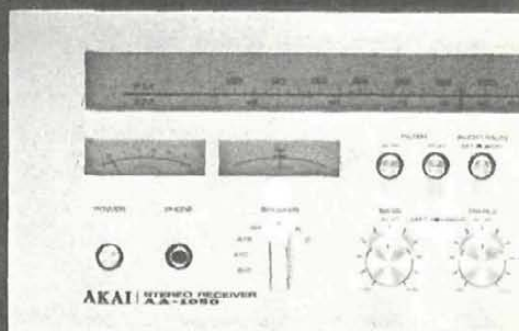
# Technics

by Panasonic

Front loading cassette deck — RS-676US.



# AKAI COMES



We're no newcomers to this business. We've been around a long time. Making a name for ourselves. A strong name. Akai. Worldwide, one of the strongest names going in tape equipment.

And now we're stronger than ever.

Introducing the Akai 1000 Series. Our powerful new line of Stereo and Quad receivers. We put this line together with one purpose

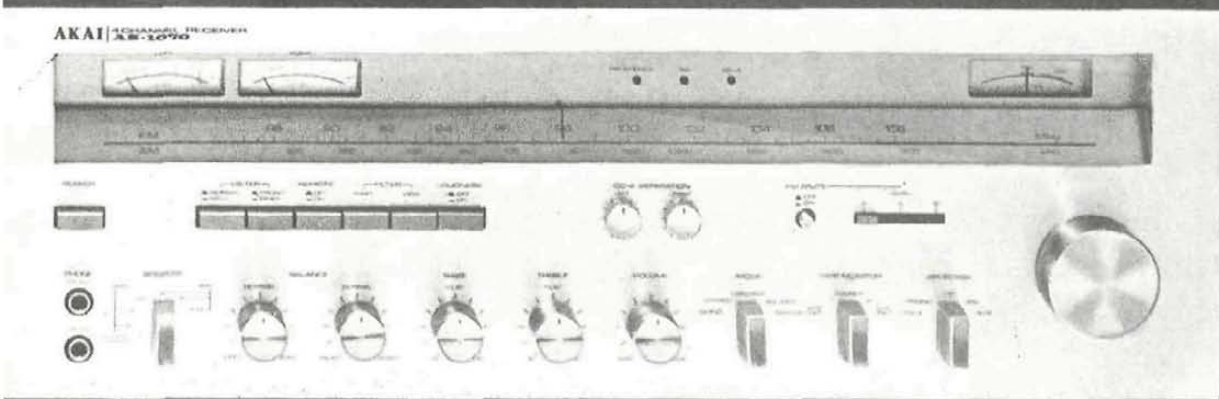
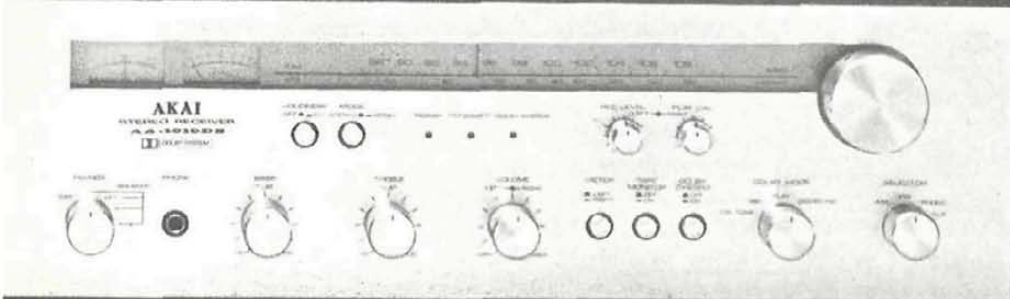
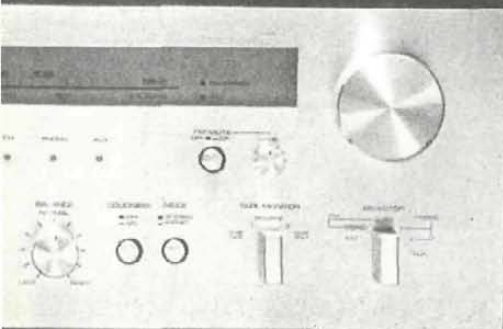
in mind: to turn out the best line of receivers for the money, in the business. As far as we're concerned that's exactly what we've done.

The strength of the 1000 Series starts with its engineering. It's every bit as strong as the quality that made our tape equipment famous.

Next, strong performance characteristics and features. We honestly don't know where



# ON STRONG!



you'd find, for the price, a line of receivers that comes on with better sound and more versatility than ours. If that sounds like a strong statement, a visit to your Akai dealer may convince you it's not strong enough.

As for styling, look for yourself. Look again. It's brushed aluminum. Clean. Handsome. Superb. Everything styling ought to be. Period.

As for value, we couldn't make it stronger. A high to low price range to fit the needs of just about anyone.

The Akai 1000 Series. With power output from 14 to 80 watts per channel, it's got the quality, performance, looks, value. And with a receiver line like that, you've got to know we're comin' on ...strong!

# AKAI

COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai 1000 Series receivers from \$300 to \$900 suggested retail value.  
For more information write to Akai America Ltd., 2139 Del Amo Boulevard, Compton, California 90220

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## Introducing The Ice Cube.

It can go all day and all night and still keep its cool. Here's why:

**One**, there's an absolutely exclusive 2000-watt solid-state inverter power supply instead of those massive transformers you're used to horsing around. Total weight: 35 pounds!

**Two**, there's a thermally activated two-speed fan that runs low most of the time and kicks into high when the going gets hot.

**There's more:** 300 watts RMS per channel, both channels driven into four ohms from 20Hz to 20KHz, at .05% or less total harmonic distortion.

Color-coded peak reading lights step up and down so you're the first one to know if the power needs to come down a bit.

Go see the Ice Cube. Its formal name is the JBL 6233 Professional Power Amplifier. Bring \$1500 and you can take it home.

# EDITORIAL



*"I am a prisoner on a Cubist Homo Farm."* — Mark Rudd

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# America's coolest cigarette and the



## **Grand Prize:**

The \$100,000 63-foot yacht "Lucky Lady" or \$100,000 cash! It's the actual boat used in the making of the spectacular new 20th Century-Fox adventure film, *Lucky Lady*, starring Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds.

## **10,000 Second Prizes:**

Two tickets for the picture *Lucky Lady*. Two things about this sweepstakes are extra cool. One is the great taste of KOOL cigarettes. The other is the 63-foot, \$100,000 yacht "Lucky Lady." It's the yacht sailed by Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds in

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

the production of the sensational new 20th Century-Fox movie *Lucky Lady*. And the yacht, or, if you prefer, a cool \$100,000 in cash, just might become yours if you win the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. To enter, follow the official contest rules and mail in the entry blank. Then you'll be eligible for the drawing of the winner of "Lucky Lady," or two tickets for the film. Who knows? You may be sailing over cool waters or counting all that cool, green money. It's one of the coolest sweepstakes ever from the coolest cigarette ever. That's KOOL—Filter Kings, Super Longs, Milds and Box.



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new year's hottest movie present...

# THE KOOL LUCKY LADY SWEEPSTAKES

## KOOL cigarettes proudly presents... THE KOOL LUCKY LADY SWEEPSTAKES.

**Official Rules:** 1. To enter, print your name, address, and zip code on the entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4448, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. **NO PURCHASE NECESSARY!** 2. Each entry must include two empty packs of KOOL, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have printed the words "COME UP TO KOOL" in plain block letters. Entries must be postmarked by March 1, 1976. 3. Prizes. The Grand Prize—the 63' yacht "Lucky Lady," valued at \$100,000 or \$100,000 cash. 10,000 second prizes—two tickets to the film *Lucky Lady*. Tickets are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. 4. Grand Prize-winner chooses yacht or cash. The yacht will be delivered to the winner at its berth in California. Payment of Federal, state, and local taxes imposed on the prizewinner and the cost of delivering the yacht to the winner's home city are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. Prize is non-transferable. 5. Winners will be selected in a drawing conducted by H.



Olsen & Co., the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Grand Prizewinner must agree to use of his name and picture for this promotion. 6. This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the United States 21 years of age or older. Employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliate companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., 20th Century-Fox Films, Inc., and their advertising agencies, and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state, and local laws apply. 7. For the name of the Grand Prizewinner, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL "Lucky Lady" Winners, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, Illinois 60677.

KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 4448  
Chicago, Illinois 60677

Please enter me in the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age and have read the official rules.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ (REQUIRED)

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

You make a tape with time and thought. Carefully chosen selections recorded in the sequence that most pleases you. The musical coherence and perception is yours, a personal expression. And when the time is right to share



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when you don't want the music to stop  
**TEAC A-4300**

# Squeaky to Appeals Court: "Manson who? Colson is the Charlie I'm talking about!"

-Details Inside

**OUTLOOK:**  
Bleak

**AIR QUALITY:**  
Acceptable



Our Advertisers Sure Are Swell  
So Let's Go Out and Buy Like Hell

IND  
34490

# The National

\* \* \*

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1, No. LXXI

February 1976

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

# RAY'S MAGIC BULLET— HOOVER SAVED FBI QUEEN FROM KING

WASHINGTON—Newly released FBI documents reveal that a jealous J. Edgar Hoover was the mastermind behind the Martin Luther King assassination.

Informed sources claim that the conspiracy grew out of a minor tiff between Hoover and his life-long breakfast guest and assistant, Clyde Tolson. According to the secret papers, Hoover had "a soft spot" for the natty Tolson, but had grown increasingly suspicious of his bureaucumate's allegiances upon discovering a collection of Sugar Ray Robinson photos behind the commode in the lavatory separating their sleeping quarters.

Hoover's suspicions grew when Tolson painted his office a bright shade of blue (a shade particularly hated by the director) and began to plead



The Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., meeting last week in Moscow.

"work at the office" to excuse himself from their nightly sessions.

Things came to a head in early March 1968, when Tolson observed to Hoover, "That Martin Luther King fellow probably

has a nice body under those robes."

Convinced that a serious affair was afoot, Hoover let out a contract on King's life to former dance instructor James Earl Ray. Though ques-

tioned thoroughly by Justice Department officials investigating the assassination of King, both Hoover and Tolson withheld all information, pleading "the sanctity of the marriage bond."

# REIGN IN SPAIN FASCISM ON THE WANE

MADRID—Moving quickly to win favor for Spain's long-standing application for membership in the Common Market, King Juan Carlos de Borobon laid out the first steps in his "phased democracy" program.

Speaking before the newly-enlarged Council of the Realm, the pluralist potentate pro-

(Continued on page 2, col 2)

**"LISTEN CLOSELY.  
YOUR MUSICAL  
HERITAGE  
LIES BETWEEN  
THESE GROOVES."  
"Record World"**

"THE HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK VOLUME III" Bridging two generations worth of memories. Featuring favorites by The Hollies, The Dave Clark Five, The Zombies, The Troggs plus hard to find tracks by The Kinks, Cream, David Bowie and The Lower Third, Chris Farlowe and Elton John.



THE SCREAMS MAY HAVE DIED



BUT THE BEAT GOES ON!



SIRE

Marketed by ABC Records

# A Scout Is Clean, Brave, Reverent and Under Surveillance

WASHINGTON—In a continuation of its probe into FBI-CIA alleged improprieties, the Senate select committee on intelligence today issued a half-inch thick report on illegal infiltration of the Boy Scouts of America by both the FBI and the CIA.

Drawing on 5,000

pages of testimony taken from 300 dens, packs, and troops of the BSA during closed-door hearings, the bipartisan committee headed by Frank Church confirmed many long-standing rumors and suspicions concerning the FBI and the CIA's attempts to smear the Scouts.

The CIA-FBI report spanned decades, going all the way back to J. Edgar Hoover's childhood, when he was expelled from the Boy Scouts Troop 24,

Woodchuck Patrol, for alleged homosexual activities. Apparently, this traumatic event served as the impetus for Hoover's life-long campaign to crush the BSA. Among the atrocities reported by the committee:

- FBI and CIA operatives, disguised as den mothers, worked from 1956 to 1960 at undermining the morale of the Scouts. This was accomplished by sabotaging knot-tying displays, and

planting smelly bombs at various Boy Scout Jamborees.

• Pictures of Scouts practicing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation were taken from 1959 to 1960 and sent to parents of the boys with poison pen letters accusing them of being gay.

• Any Scout caught playing unskillful at fire building was placed on a computerized list of subversive arsonists.

The select committee's report also detailed a noticeable increase in FBI harassment of the BSA in 1968, when Lubow, of Montgomery, Alabama, a four-year-old Scout won his merit badge genealogy, discovering that J. Edgar Hoover and Martin Luther King, Jr. were actual distant cousins. A young Scout appeared on "The Day Before Yesterday," a local night television show then hosted by Tom Snyder, wearing a disguise and stating that he feared a contemplated assassination by certain Eagle Scouts who were working for the FBI. The boy disappeared on a camping trip.

## FASCISM

(Continued from

page 1, col. 5)

claimed, "If democracy means anything, it means giving the people a wide range of choices." Detailing the "many advances in human dignity during the reign of Generalissimo Franco," such as "clean uniforms," the King unveiled a far-ranging reform of Spain's legal system, promising that "all ETA terrorists, Bolshevik Social Democrats, Protestants, and Freemasons" would henceforth be given complete freedom of choice between the firing squad or hanging.



U.P.I. Photo

It's the middle of summer "down under" in sunny Australia. That's why Carmalita Weinstein is showing you her tits. Miss Weinstein is an actress in the Bronx, New York. She enjoys modeling and watching TV.

# Bum Scare Rocks U.N.

NEW YORK—An unexploded bum was discovered early last week outside the delegates' dining room at the U.N. building in New York. The bum, who planted him-

self over a hot air vent, is believed to have been seeking warmth.

Panicked delegates fled the immediate area, and it was cordoned off when an Irish attaché noticed that the bum was "sweating." Experts on

the New York City bum squad, who were responsible for removing the bum, confirmed later that "a sweating bum is always more dangerous."

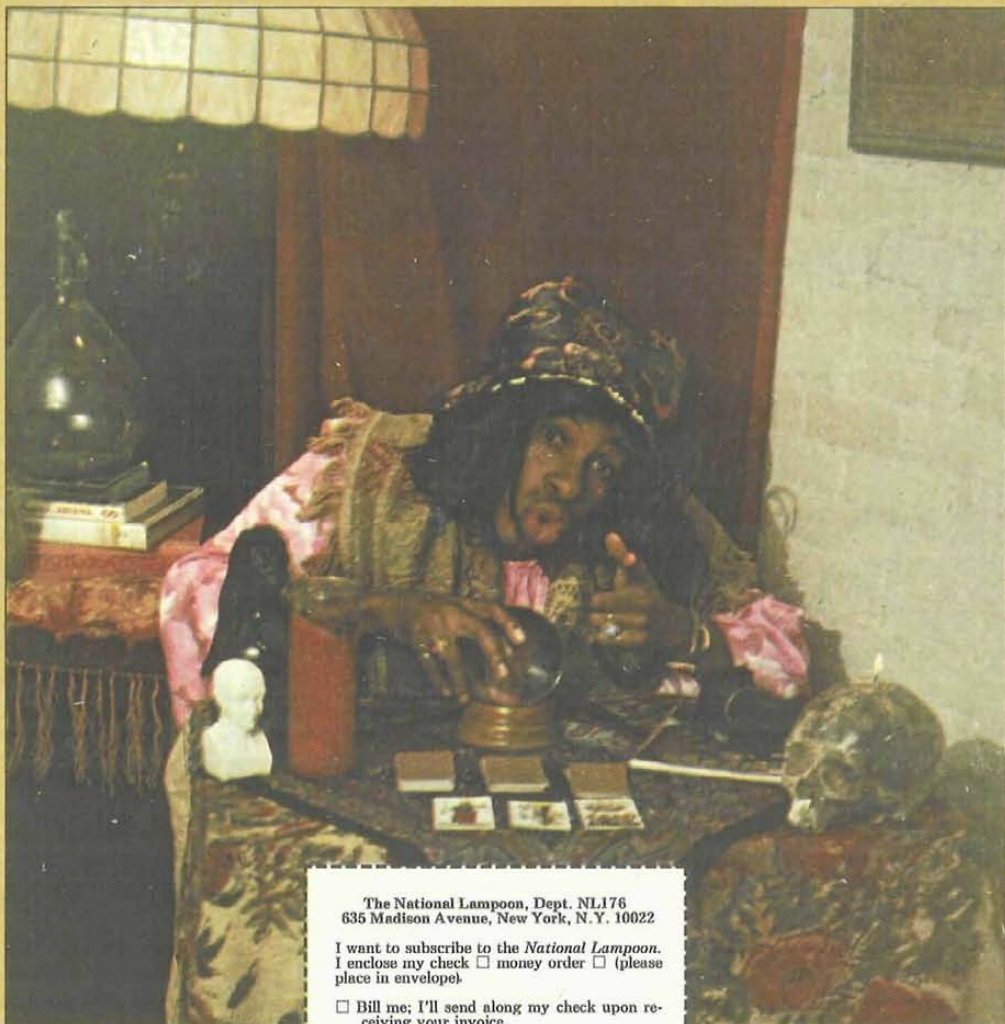
*Bums Away*

Lieutenant Dave Tynan, who was in charge of the forty-five

minute bum disoperation, said the bum was awakened with an air horn, lured outside with several bottles of Irish Rose. Once outside, the bum herded down the stairs and into the back waiting paddy wagon by motorcycle p



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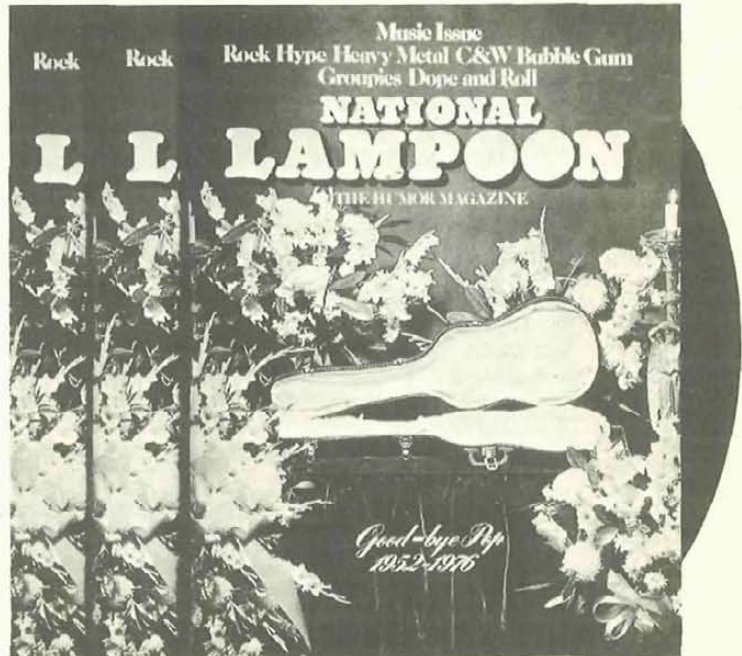
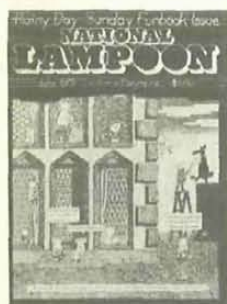
•President Gerald Ford saw this ad three times. Advisors told him not to worry. Twice, loonies tried to kill him,

and the third time he had a car accident. We decided to give him a gift subscription.

•Singer Elvis Presley saw this ad. He said it was a lot of bullshit. Later, he developed a severe colonic infection that required surgery.

•Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze saw this ad and strongly denounced it as a fascist ploy to subvert the will of the people. General Cinque was burned to death in a basement on national television.

# This year there will be thirteen issues of the National Lampoon.



One  
of them  
is a record  
album.

**“Good-Bye, Pop”** via Epic Records

# Organized Government Suspected in

## \$90 Billion-a-Year Protection Racket

WASHINGTON — Investigations of organized government here have turned up evidence that as many as 210 million Americans have been victimized by an elaborate "protection racket" that may

have netted more than \$2 trillion over the past three years.

Victims were threatened with nuclear holocaust, the loss of Western Europe, and Communist enslavement if they failed to

cough up. And those who did not pay sometimes were held prisoner for years.

Prime suspects in the protection shakedown include Donald "The Secretary of Defense" Rumsfeld, Thomas "Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff"

Moorer, and Robert "Commandant of the Marine Corps" Cushman. No indictments have been handed down so far, however.

Recent polls have shown growing public concern over organized government. Government statistics have

risen alarmingly in every category over the past decade, with organized government accounting for almost 100 percent of the governings committed. Yet only a few dozen organized government figures have ever been convicted in court.

# I.R.A. Sets New Mark in Guinness Book of World Records

LONDON—The Irish Republican Army set a new world's record for killing editors of the Guinness Book of World Records by killing an editor of the Guinness Book of World Records last No-

vember 27, the Guinness Book of World Records reported today. The previous world's record for killing editors of the Guinness Book of World Records was none.

# Latest Harris Poll Prefers Harris for President

NEW YORK — Pollster Louis Harris discovered that he is now the most popular presidential candidate for either party. In his latest preferential poll, he listed the fifty major candidates and included a space marked "other." It turned out that he garnered 36 percent of the entire sampling, appearing in the "other" category. Harris beat all fifty candidates by a wide margin. His closest competitors were Ted Kennedy with 8 percent, followed by Reagan with 5.5 percent and Wallace with 3.2 percent.

Harris believes his popularity stems from the fact that he is neutral and represents every region of the country. "It's also possible that people remember me because the name of my company is

at the top of every questionnaire," said Harris. "It's the only name in a bigger size typeface than the others, so it probably makes a bigger impression."

Harris is "thrilled and delighted" with the results of his poll, and is busy forming a nationwide organization for fund-raising and campaigning. With 36 percent of the votes in the bag, he figures he needs a plurality of 42-45 percent to win it all. As for his VP running mate, he leans toward Fred Harris, the neo-populist Democrat, for obvious reasons. "Harris and Harris," said Harris. "It's easy to remember and above all, it promises stability and continuity in office. And that's what the American people want right now."

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NICK & NICK

ODD FELLOWS -- JUMPING INTO THE CESSPOOL WHILE I'M TRYING TO SWEEP THE FLOOR -- WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR, ANYHOW?



NICKY! NICKY! LOOK! THAT'S IT! --

THE DU POINT BUILDING -- WHERE JILLY FAPP'S MOTHER IS BEING HELD IN THE SAFE! QUICK -- TO THE WINDOW!



WHAT DO YOU SEE?



! GASP! NO! IT COULDN'T BE!

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WHAT?



IT'S -- IT'S -- SILK STOCKINGS!

SILK STOCKINGS!

## Widows on Parade



by **Brittanica Dimwidly**

This month: "Black Widow" Coretta King

"The truth is, I feel relieved now that Martin is dead." That's Mrs. Coretta King speaking, widow of the world-famous Negro preacher and activist.

Not that Mrs. King wasn't saddened by her husband's tragic death. It's just that she was under far too much pressure and tension while he was alive. Life wasn't exactly a bowl of cherries for Coretta! "Martin liked to use me as his sounding board," said Mrs. King. "But as things got worse in his last years, he began to use me more as a punching bag, and I don't mean verbally. Not that I blamed him. Lord knows what he was going through, with the FBI and the right-wing elements after him. He had to let out his fears and frustrations on someone—what better person than his wife?"

And to prove her point, Mrs. King hitched up her long black dress to reveal a collection of unsightly scars on her thighs, where she claimed her husband used to beat her with a ham hock.

"And that business about liking my southern-style cooking was just public relations," said Mrs. King, as she gracefully mixed up a shakerful of planter's punches. "Martin preferred haute cuisine, that's French food, you know. If he didn't have his lobster thermidor or duck a l'orange, I'd get another thumping with the ham hock. And I never could get the hang of cooking

French food."

And so, Coretta King is relieved that her husband is dead. She'd much rather lead the modest, unassuming life she leads at the present—managing a chain of Chicago hair conking parlors.

Are there any new men in her life? Coretta King smiles coyly but dismisses the idea with a wave of her punch glass. She's much too busy for serious romance. And, as she says, "After you've been married to a King, everything else seems so common."

# One South Moluccan Cone Please Hold the Sprinkles

**JAKARTA, INDONESIA**—The Provisional Government of South Molucca today signed a multiparty agreement with Indonesia, the Netherlands, and Howard Johnson, Inc., whereby the Melanesian middlemen will relinquish all claims to national sovereignty in return for full proprietorship in a newly created flavor at all Howard Johnson franchises. The new frosty delight will be called South Moluccan Bombe.



Photo taken at 1954 Democratic fund-raising dinner allegedly shows CIA agents in background, disguised as waiters.

U.P.I. Photo

## Ike Used CIA Agents to "Serve" Dem Fund Raisers

**WASHINGTON**—The continuing investigation of CIA clandestine activities by the House Select Committee on Intelligence has revealed that CIA agents were used by the Eisenhower administration to spy on Democratic

party fund-raising events.

According to documents subpoenaed by Committee Chairman Otis G. Pike (Dem., N.Y.), crack teams of CIA operatives, under orders from President Eisenhower, infiltrated major Democratic fund-raising dinners in 1954, 1956, and 1958, disguised as waiters and busboys.

Memos dated shortly after the 1954 \$1,000-a-plate National Democratic Party Dinner in Kansas City, Missouri, show that Eisenhower was provided with detailed information to the effect that Adlai Stevenson disliked broccoli, Mayor Daley has to go to the lavatory every thirty minutes, and the little tiny fork way over on the left is for oysters.

Pike, in a statement released today, noted that one of the most disturbing aspects of these CIA activities was that "the agents active in the infiltrations at that time are now in positions of prominence and authority inside the agency." Pike went on to say that such agents could hardly be ex-

(Continued on page 155, col. 2)

# Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Along about the winter solstice came the word, via the so-called liberal press, that half the pro athletes in this nation are pansies. Homos. Fruitbars. It brought old Red's sangfroid to a boil. Poets and lawyers, sure. Even some journalists of the acquaintance of yours truly have indulged in the unspeakable vice. But athletes? No way, I reasoned. How could a boy, raised up manly, spending half his leisure hours rolling about on the sward with his fellows, and the rest disporting naked 'neath the locker room showers, turn into a goddamn fairy?

But your agent decided to check the scandal out, beginning with a between-the-lines reread of the exposé in question. Football quarterbacks, the muckraker implied, are the pros most prone, as it were, to the perversion. And, come to think, some years ago the sports world was rife with rumors that the happy menage of a leading QB and famous tenor had been shattered by a bitchy beefcake movie star.

So old Red put spotters with stopwatches on all the bowl and play-off games, just to see which, if any, field generals spent too much time snuggled up to the snap's posterior in the classic T formation. It checked out. My statistics indicate that not the reported trio, but a half-dozen NFL signal-callers are lousy faggots. Limp-wristed liberal libel laws forbid me to name names, but you can take this simple test. The queers in question are those quarterbacks who call numerous audibles at the line, thereby gaining for themselves a few more seconds of lascivious pleasure frottaging the presented posterior of the center. 'Nuff said.

**Red Hots...** Off-season trades brought some surprises, with Yankees swapping their entire outfield for a mint condition Orlando Cepeda bubble gum card and first rights to TV reruns of *The Lou Gehrig Story*. ... Portland's lackluster Trailblazers caught red-handed negotiating with city of Boston to import tall, expensive Negroes wholesale. ... Yours truly predicts big things for ABC's upcoming "Celebrity Quoits" series. ... Carmen Basilio, newly added as a sparring partner by George Foreman, says big George looks good to him. ... The quality of pro wrestling greatly improved since officials took our hint, and forced the grunTERS-and-groanERS to play fair. ... Thanks and a tip o' Red's topper to the thoughtful reader who sent old Red tickets to the Winter Olympics in Minsk ... I'm off in the morning.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**FILLER**

State bird of Indiana is the small-mouthed bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# Jewish Terrorists In 9,861st Day of Siege

Two million Jewish terrorists continue, today, to occupy the small country on the Mediterranean Sea which they seized last May 4, 1948. Negotiations seem to be stalemated.

More than two million Moslem hostages continue to be held inside the country, two million others having been let go. The terrorists threaten to release the remaining hostages into Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt if their demands aren't met.

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• Doctors in Teruel, Spain, examined a seventy-six-year-old woman who complained of abdominal pains and found she had been pregnant for forty years.

In 1935, when the woman was in her eighth month of pregnancy, doctors diagnosed a stillborn fetus. Because of the lack of hospital facilities in the town, doctors decided not to remove the fetus, hoping that it would disappear.

The woman eventually resumed menstruation and had no complaints until stomach pains developed a few weeks ago. She was offered a free operation to remove the calcified fetus, but refused it. *San Francisco Chronicle*

• After a quarrel with his wife Shirley, Emerson Reed stormed out of the house. Thinking her husband was walking down the road, Shirley and several of their eight children piled into the family car after him.

Shirley was backing the car down the driveway when the children screamed, "Mommy, you've run over Daddy."

Emerson, who had been lying on the grass behind the car, tried to get up after a tire had run over his stomach. Shirley panicked and drove the car back up the driveway, running over her husband again.

Emerson Reed managed to get up and comfort Shirley, who had by then dissolved into tears. Mr. Reed was hospitalized for observation, complaining that it was hard to catch his breath. *Toledo, Ohio Blade* (B. W. Bopp)

• Janos Pek was an avid soccer fan before he was paralyzed as a result of an accident. The accident also rendered him mute, and since 1964, Pek

had lain in a Kaposvar, Hungary, hospital bed virtually unable to communicate. Several patients gathered around a radio near Pek's bed to listen to the opening soccer game of the season. As the announcer described how a forward was tripped in front of the goal, Janos Pek shouted, "Penalty!"

Doctors say his dumbness, caused by a nervous trauma, was cured by excitement. His team won, and Pek is speaking normally again. *Chicago Tribune* (L. Rudd)

• The government-owned Italian railroad system has filed suit against a dead man.

Lorenzo Castelli is charged with holding up three trains for periods ranging up to twenty-nine minutes by "crossing the tracks incautiously and being hit by a train." Castelli was killed instantly by the train in question. *Chicago Sun Times* (T. Fortin)

• When Jose Luis Perez goes on hunting trips, he carries extra .22-magnum cartridges in his hat lining. After his last trip, Perez drove to the Orange County New York Social Services Department to wait for a friend. While waiting, a bee flew into the car window. Perez chased the bee out of the car, and when it landed on the sidewalk Perez swatted it with his hat. One of his extra bullets, a rimfire type that any sharp blow can set off, discharged as Perez's hat hit the sidewalk. Perez was treated for an inch-long graze on his forehead. Police said local ordinances show no law against carrying an unlicensed hat, and the case was closed. *The Times Herald* (R. Lasky)

• Bird watching has been classed as a "hazardous hobby" by a British medical journal, *The Practitioner*. The magazine reported the case of a bird watcher so oblivious to other forms of wildlife that he was eaten by a crocodile. *Omaha World-Herald* (R. Naugher)

• Joan Hansen of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, escaped injury in an automobile accident which involved her car, twelve parked cars, six light poles and retaining posts, a section of fence, and a traffic sign.

Police report that Ms. Hansen backed out of a parking stall at 1:18 A.M. and apparently became confused while steering her auto over

continued

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1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
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3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?
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**The new Bob Dylan album.  
On Columbia Records and Tapes.**

## True Facts

*continued*

a safety island. During her maneuvering, she somehow got her car wedged between the edge of the parking lot and a row of light poles. As Ms. Hansen tried to drive between the poles and the row of cars, she struck one car, pushed it into a second, which hit a third, which hit a fourth. She then slammed into a post, which hit the fifth car. Her own car then hit a sixth, a seventh car, a sign, an eighth car, a ninth car, a tenth car, a light pole, an eleventh car, another pole, a twelfth car, two more poles, and the fence.

Ms. Hansen and her automobile finally came to rest fifty feet beyond the fence on a sidewalk. She was not ticketed. *Oshkosh Daily Northwestern* (W. Roy)

• A visiting priest called the death of the Rev. Joseph Mueller, who died of a heart attack while performing a wedding, "the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Rev. James Kaczmarek, Mueller's fellow priest, was assisting in the wedding Mass when Mueller collapsed. Said Kaczmarek, "It seems fitting that a man who devoted his life to God should die on the altar, and it's as if my whole purpose in being there was just to give him the last rites. Too few people are lucky enough to have that kind of death."

Kaczmarek completed the wedding ceremony without further delay, but noted that the newlyweds "stood around the church for quite some time" before continuing on to their reception. *Madison (Wis.) State Journal* (T. Laughrin)

• Leah Edwards was eating in a New Orleans restaurant when two youths ran in and snatched her purse. She chased them out of the restaurant for six blocks, yelling "Stop, thief!" all the way. Finally, in the seventh block, an unidentified man heard the cry, saw Miss Edwards running, and tripped her. The thieves escaped. *Dallas Morning News* (L. Proctor)

• A crew of firemen was dispatched to a Portsmouth, Virginia, street to rescue a cat from a tree. Mission accomplished, the cat was released, frightened but unharmed. As the fire truck started back to the station, it ran over the cat. *The (Norfolk) Virginian-Pilot* (W. Cote)

*continued*



• In an ironic twist to the age-old cops and robbers story, the burglars became the victims in Lawnsdale, California.

Three men suspected of stealing a television set from a home in this suburban community were themselves kidnapped by a local vigilante group. The three were held for ransom until the television set was returned to another home in the area the next morning.

The vigilante-kidnappers released two of the hostages, deputies said, but took Joe Arce, twenty-six, to an isolated section of the Palos Verdes peninsula overlooking the Pacific Ocean. At that point, they apparently pushed Arce off the 250-foot cliff.

A group of boys out fishing found his body the next morning and notified the authorities. Tipped off that Arce's plunge was no accident, an investigation began and arrests followed.

"You can't take a man's TV set," one deputy said. "Sitting in front of the TV drinking a beer, isn't that what America's all about?" *San Francisco Chronicle*

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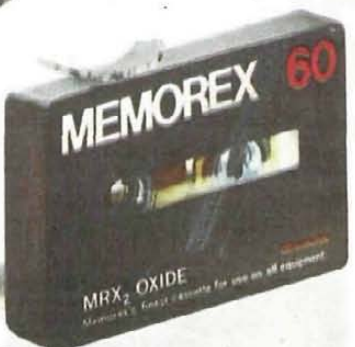
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*The Len Feldman Report  
in FM Guide*

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*Hi-Fi News and  
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## Letters

*continued from page 5*

those of the letter." That wouldn't help much, but it would help some.

I mean, you should have seen my sister when they used her for a pro-Communist letter, and she's really anti-Communist. And they used my cousin for a letter in favor of abortions when he's supporting three whole boxes of stationery just because he wouldn't dream of doing something like that.

Well, I'm glad I got this off my chest. Thanks for printing this. And tell your readers that when they read the other letters in the letter column, they should always think of them as guys like me and not necessarily what they say.

Sincerely,  
A letter

Sirs:

I do my thing, and you do your thing. I am not in this world to live up to your expectations,

And you are not in this world to live up to mine.

You are you

And I am I,

And if by chance we find each other I'll have you on your back with

your pants down around your ankles so fast it will make your head swim.

Fritz Perlz

Esaloon Institute, California

Sirs:

As a professional etymologist, I had to laugh at your analysis of the words *dork* and *nurd*. You cited no Greek or Latin sources for these words, implying that *dork* was an American pioneer expression meaning "one who pees down his leg" and that *nurd* meant "one who farts in the bathtub and eats the bubbles." What sheer nonsense! *Dork* derives from the Greek word *doerkon*, meaning "Persian ne'er-do-well," and *nurd* dates back to the Latin term *nurdalis*, meaning "jail bait." Perhaps you dorks will be more careful in the future.

Maxwell F. Wagnall  
Lexicon, Kentucky

Sirs:

Moss does not adhere to a rolling stone. Diana Ross has a kidney stone. Stone your boss if you're at a loss. Toss a stone at a hoss. Jesus, this is good shit.

Ogden Hash  
Thaistick, Columbia  
*continued*



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# The VOLKSPEAKERS

You're probably saying to yourself, "This must be the astounding Orange Crate car I've been hearing so much about."

A swell guess. But no cigar.

Volspeaker is what Altec/Lansing is calling their new line of bookshelf speakers. Because, like the other 'Volks,' they represent superior performance, superior craftsmanship and superior economy.

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They range in price from \$89.00 for the Model One to \$289.00 for the Model Nine.

And, they're real easy to drive.

You don't need a ten megawatt, science-fiction amp to keep them going. Because even the biggest Volspeaker requires only 12 watts of power.

So, tuck your favorite record under your arm and take it in for a spin today.

The Volspeakers, now at your authorized Altec/Lansing dealer.



## THE VOLKSPEAKERS

Speakers for people from the people at Altec/Lansing

Sirs:

I've been dating this high-class chick named Ruby Ott. She's breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, so to speak. I can't make enough lucre to satisfy her every earthly whim, y'understand. The loaf of bread and jug of wine ran me about six bucks. The "thou" part stung me for a coupla Ben Franklins. I'm frantic, Abby. How long can this go on?

Omar Khayyam  
Two Nuts, Iraq

Sirs:

Tell Bilbo to blow it out his ass. I'm selling the ring to the KGB. See you suckers on the Riviera.

Frodo  
Hobbitshithole, Eng.

Sirs:

My client has just completed Part Two of his novel, *A Very Special Relationship*, which deals with the life and loves of a vice-president of the United States. Part One, as you may know, was serialized in *McCall's* magazine. However, they have elected to pass on their option for Part Two. My client has gone back to the typewriter and made some minor alterations which we believe you may find suitable for your magazine. An excerpt follows:

For several seconds they faced each other silently, he wondering whether to wipe the lemon meringue pie from his face, she half wishing he would get off her

foot. Then, the moment passed, and with it, wind.

The vice-president reached out suddenly, his open hand traveling in an arc towards her face. Instinctively, she drew up her arms for protection, giving the vice-president the opening he needed to tweak her nipple.

"Good night, Meredith. Sleep well," he said, then walked through the closed door, leaving behind a silhouette and a hundred dollar bill in Monopoly money.

Scott Meredith  
The Meredith Agency, N.Y., N.Y.

Dear Mom and Dad:

Right now what I'm really into is trying to find myself, and I think I might be in San Francisco. How's about plane fare?

Tina Tri-Delt  
Off-campus, Ohio

Sirs:

It's my Party and I'll cry if I want to. Cry if I want to. Cry if I want to. You would cry too if it happened to you.

V.I. Lenin  
In the glass box on the left, Russia

Sirs:

Please don't say anything to Columbia Records, but I'm that guy they're calling Bruce Springsteen. I just tape my nose down with flesh-colored Band-Aids and borrow a motorcycle jacket from Lance Loud.

Bob "The New Bob Dylan" Dylan  
Positively Fifth Avenue, New York

Deal Locky:

Am vely solly about poison Mu Shu Polk. Mistel Plesident no could vely good wolk chop-chop stickee an' gettee vely rittle in mouth. I send back yen quicke-quick.

Chou En Lai  
Forbidden Palace, China

Sirs:

Don't mess with Jim, because by now he is probably all rotten and terrible smelling. Believe me, I know.

Gram Parsons  
Death Valley, California

Sirs:

Listen, I don't want to say nothing, but Patti Smith has shit for tits.

Elizabeth Bare-Ass Browning  
Death-in-Venice, Italy

## The warm glow of power from Peavey



No doubt, the single unit tube amp is still the most popular form of guitar amplification. The reason for this, of course, is the tube amp's smooth, harmonic characteristics. And, as you know, a tube amp when overdriven produces sustain and gutty distortion that is unobtainable in most transistor units.

You should also know that Peavey offers you the most versatile line of tube amps going. This versatility is due to our new "Automix" feature that creates super sustain, tonal variations, and unlimited distortion by allowing the amp's two channels to be mixed, switched, and stacked with the Automixer footswitch. The Automix system is extremely functional since it permits both channels to be used to augment the tonal and distortion characteristics of the tube amp.

Big power in small packages is essential to the professional musician. That's why we've designed our versatile Automix feature into four single unit, tube models that afford the guitarist maximum compactness and portability.

**The Classic:**

A 50 watt (RMS @ 5% THD) professional unit with the advanced circuitry and features to compete with, or better the performance of,

amps selling for more than twice its price, the Classic features controls for equalization, master volume reverb, and tremolo and is available in two models: with 2 - 12" speakers at \$299.50 or 4 - 10" speakers at \$359.50.

**The Artist**

Size for size the Artist is the most powerful single unit tube amp commercially available. This super compact unit delivers 120 watts (RMS @ 5% THD); features equalization, master gain and reverb; and comes with a 12" super heavy duty professional grade speaker for only \$449.50. A 15" version is available at a slightly higher price.

**The Deuce**

The Deuce is powered by 4 rugged 6L6GC tubes in a push-pull paralleled circuit producing 120 watts (RMS @ 5% THD). Equalization, reverb, tremolo, and master gain controls are included in this fully professional amplifier. The Deuce with 2 - 12" speakers lists for \$449.50. Suggested list for our 4 - 10" version is \$499.50.

**The Mace**

The ultimate in portable tube type guitar amplification

is represented in the new Peavey Mace. Rated at a conservative 160 watts (RMS @ 5% THD), the Mace features two channels with pre and post gain controls on each channel, equalization, tremolo and reverb. The Mace is available in two models: the 2 - 12" speaker model that lists for \$599.50 or the 4 - 12" speaker model that lists for \$679.50.

We'll send you complete information about Automix and the exciting things it can do with the Classic, Artist, Deuce, and Mace if you write to: Peavey Electronics P O Box 2898 Meridian, Ms 39301 But you really must listen to appreciate the beauty of Automix.

After you do we think you'll be impressed.



**PEAVEY  
ELECTRONICS  
CORP.**



# BIRDBATH

Startling valise from Jane Austen, Tex.!! **Charles (Pat and Mike) Bronson** is now only six inches tall! A living humanette! That's why his private life is kept on ice, baby, and why but no one interviews the rugged sixty-one-year-old star. His short size is not the only problem, either. Dig: his wife is eight feet, six inches tall, beautiful though she is, and the actor—he of the formica school of acting—has long been under her "thumb." She doesn't allow him to talk at all, not even to mew. That's why he doesn't say much in his films. Only has a few words left. Evidently, she really wears the pants in that household, and beats him up a lot, or so the neighbors say. This gives C.B.'s screen roles added tang, but his make-up man says his crow's feet now have to be kohled on with a single hair; for thus does beauty draw us, and his toupé's a rat's cunt. He was originally over five feet tall, but loses

about an inch a film. He will be four inches tall in May, leaving him only four films before he vanishes, which he is scheduled to do on Whitsuntide.

Slambang imperial from Floorboards, W. Va.!! Suggestions that poet/novelist **Janet Burroway** was seen crossing the Pyrenees on white ass-back, garlanded in roses, smuggling penguin beaks, Quaker Oats, and kef, are a base canard. They have to be: the lady in question is a vegetarian!

Flabbergastering shopping bag from Pick Your Nose and Eat It, S.C.!!! That fluttering meacock, **Joe Frazier**, sucks goat dugs. 'Deed, he's never without eight wet nannies wherever he travels, and has six feedings a day, except when he cries; then he gets more. Joe lies flat on his back and sucks the capric wine directly from the pap. That new line of Joe dolls, which came out at Xmas in Ghettomarts all across the country, shows this. While nursing, Joe wears boxing gloves to keep himself from scratching his face. It's where he first learned to wear them, and is still his main reason for doing so. (He wears booties, too.) It's also where he first learned to lie flat on his back. In real life, of course, Joe wears diapers

under his trunks, and on the dolly, kids can change them. All you have to do is punch your Joe doll, and it shits in its pants. When asked what he does between bouts, Joe said, "The same thing I do between rounds, you goose. File my fingernails."

Incredible rucksack from Razor Burn, Md.!!! **Ava Gardner** has turned Communist!!!

Earth-shaking two-suiter from Is That Seat Empty, Miss.!!! Now that the amnicentesis test can prove birth defects in 99 percent of cases before birth, parents from all over are asking where was this when they needed it, for shit's sake. **Jerry Lewis's** mother says, "I would never a had him, the little martinet." "Into the kitty litter box with him," says **Andy Warhol's** mother. **President Ford's** mother wired in a special message: "He would not be where he is today. He'd be in the belly of a fish." But **Frank Sinatra's** mither, surprising to "Birdbath," said otherwise: "I had to have him. As soon as he got in there, he started throwing punches. If I hadn't had him, once he had of gotten out, he would of killed me."

Next month: **Ann-Margret** learns how to kiss!

R.B.M.

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# Canadian Corner



It is winter here in New York, and tonight as I sit typing with a rapidity increased in direct proportion to my recent pay raise, a Durafume log playing, rainbow in the fireplace, my mind wanders where my feet cannot: Canada. I have to my left a list of ideas for future "Canadian Corners." Get your eyes back here or you'll go snow-blind.

1. Get a guest writer for the column. "Hemingway's Canadian Journal"; all about ice fishing and how he really didn't like the Canadian journalists he worked with, although he grudgingly admits some of them really could report.

2. Same joke, only Canadian poetess/critic/novelist Margaret Atwood; a lot of stuff about finding yourself, your typewriter, and things in your purse. Better not mention the blow job stuff with Irving Latent; her lawyer's as anxious to go down in the annals of Canadian jurisprudence as Margaret is to go down on Latent.

3. Eskimos discover Canadian art.

4. Landlocked province of Manitoba

passes anti-seal hunting legislation, terming the yearly hunt which occurs off Labrador "brutal and inhumane." Labrador natives forbid the cultivation of wheat within their borders. Loony. 5. *Canadian Cartooning*. Run those five cartoons that came in last month. We'll lose every American reader we've got, some by their own hands, no doubt. I don't know why the guy who opened the envelope took those pills; it seems to me he had a lot to live for, at least compared to the guy that drew them.

6. *Canadian Sports*. Kleinman's been suggesting this one for a long time; frostbacks running naked races across frozen lakes with burning newspapers tucked between their legs. Events held under the auspices of the intemperance union.

7. A lucky number indeed. Multiply it by ten and you get the Prime Minister's IQ; multiply it by ninety-seven and you get the average age of a Canadian senator in dog years; subtract two from it and you get the number of years of penal servitude deserved by certain members of the Acadia University board of governors for their land dealings. Boring.

8. Sex piece about looking for oil. "Exxon Marks the Spot." "He brought his throbbing rig to bear above her mossy tundra. 'I thought you a little perma frosty,' he mumbled. 'Don't talk, drill me...' she sighed. Later, they did it between the mountains;

'What a gusher!' she gasped as his finger probed her tar sands." Starts out crude, but later it gets refined. 9. "Some Honorable Members"; more sex grunge about the Canadian Parliament. Hope mother doesn't read it. 10. Building up instead of tearing down piece. Everyone gets tired of obscure negative statements about unheard-of politicians who couldn't lead a class of six-year-olds through the moral jungle of a 1912 social studies textbook, and whose greatest claim is that they have never broken Newton's law of action and reaction...so why not say something good about the country for a change? Couple of columns like that would probably see a Stephen Leacock award sitting on the desk like Sean Kelly in a garrulous mood, and if it can't use a joke like a buggy whip, at least it doesn't fart. There are many good things about Canada:

Lakes: they look like girls' eyes, only more of them and full of fish.

Labor movement: take two bucks and call me tomorrow. Leaderless but not powerless.

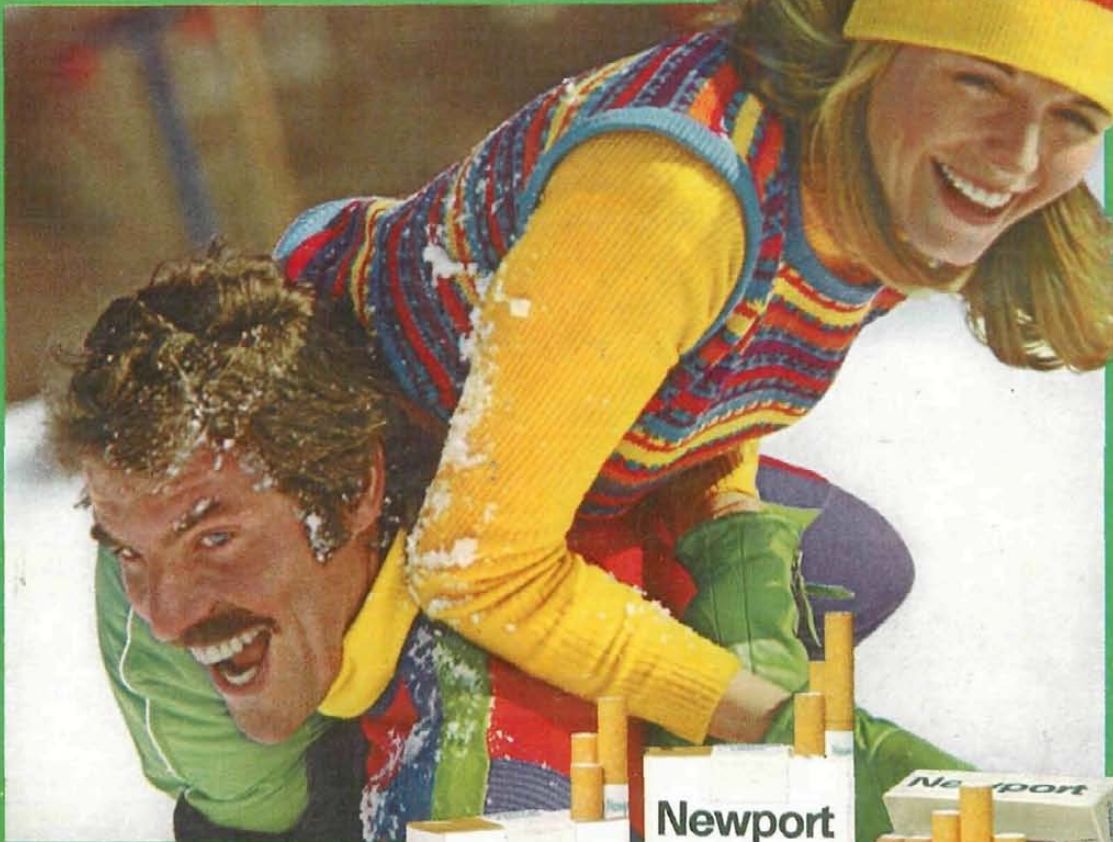
Characters: in the best sense of that word, like Milton Acorn, whose liver, he would be horrified to know, resembles an American flag.

Well, I could go on and on, but I understand the space normally allotted this column is required for a dildo ad, so good hunting and don't lick any pump handles.

T. M.



# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**



*After all,  
if smoking isn't  
a pleasure,  
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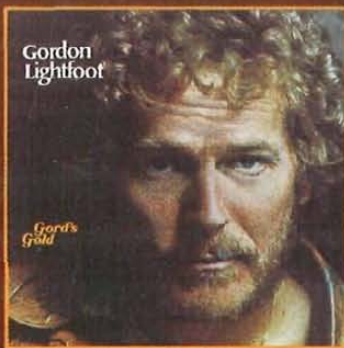
# Gord's Gold

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All of the very early compositions represented on Record #1 were re-recorded by the artist in July of 1975 especially for this occasion. Considering his current level of ability, the results are obviously more than satisfactory.

I'm Not Sayin' Ribbon of Darkness  
Song for a Winter's Night  
Canadian Railroad Trilogy  
Sofly  
For Lovin' Me Did She Mention My Name  
Affair on 8th Avenue  
Steel Rail Blues  
Wherefore and Why  
Bittergreen  
Early Morning Rain




2BS 2237

What makes the album complete?

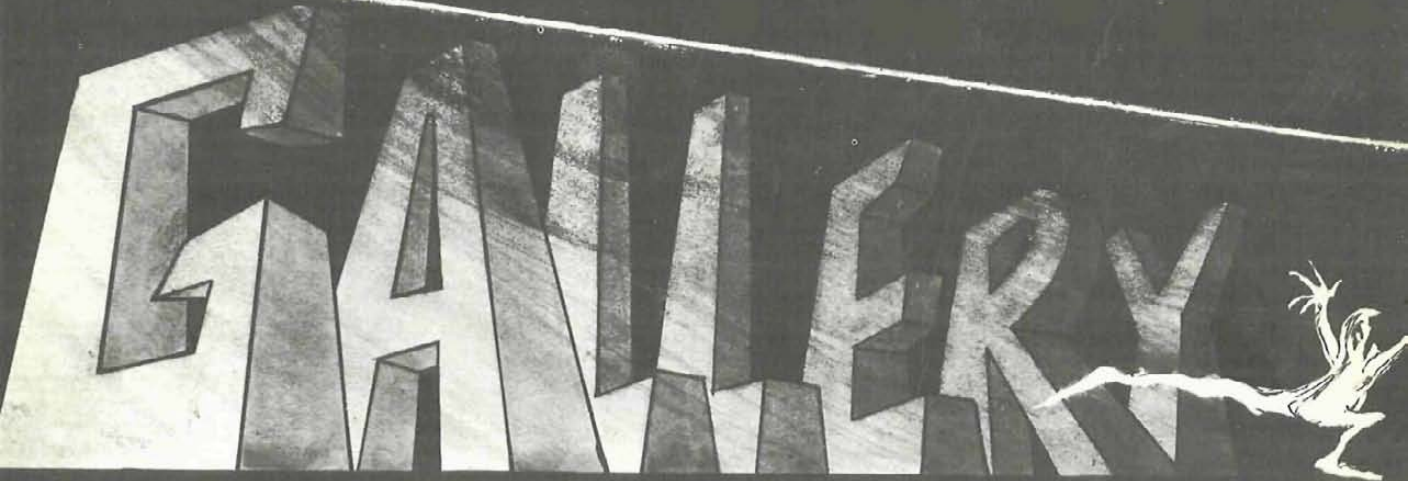
The selections on Record #2 include a significant cross-section of material from all of the Gordon Lightfoot albums treasured by Reprise Records.

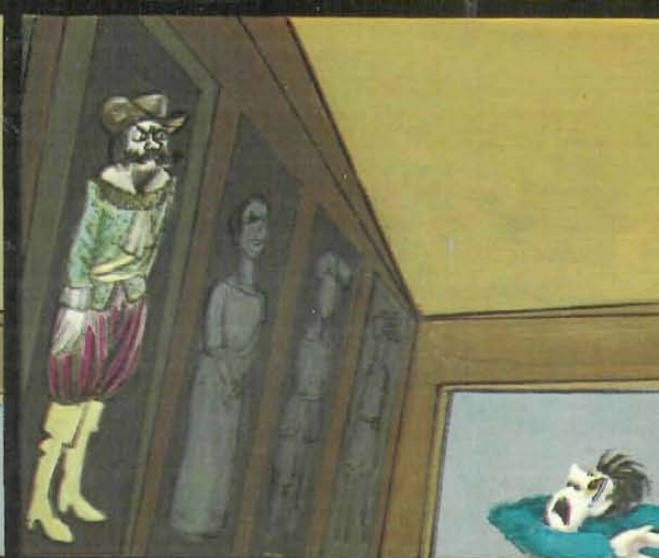
Minstrel of the Dawn  
Sundown  
Beautiful  
Summer Side of Life  
Rainy Day People  
Cotton Jenny  
Don Quixote  
Circle of Steel  
Old Dan's Records  
If You Could Read My Mind  
Cold on the Shoulder  
Carefree Highway

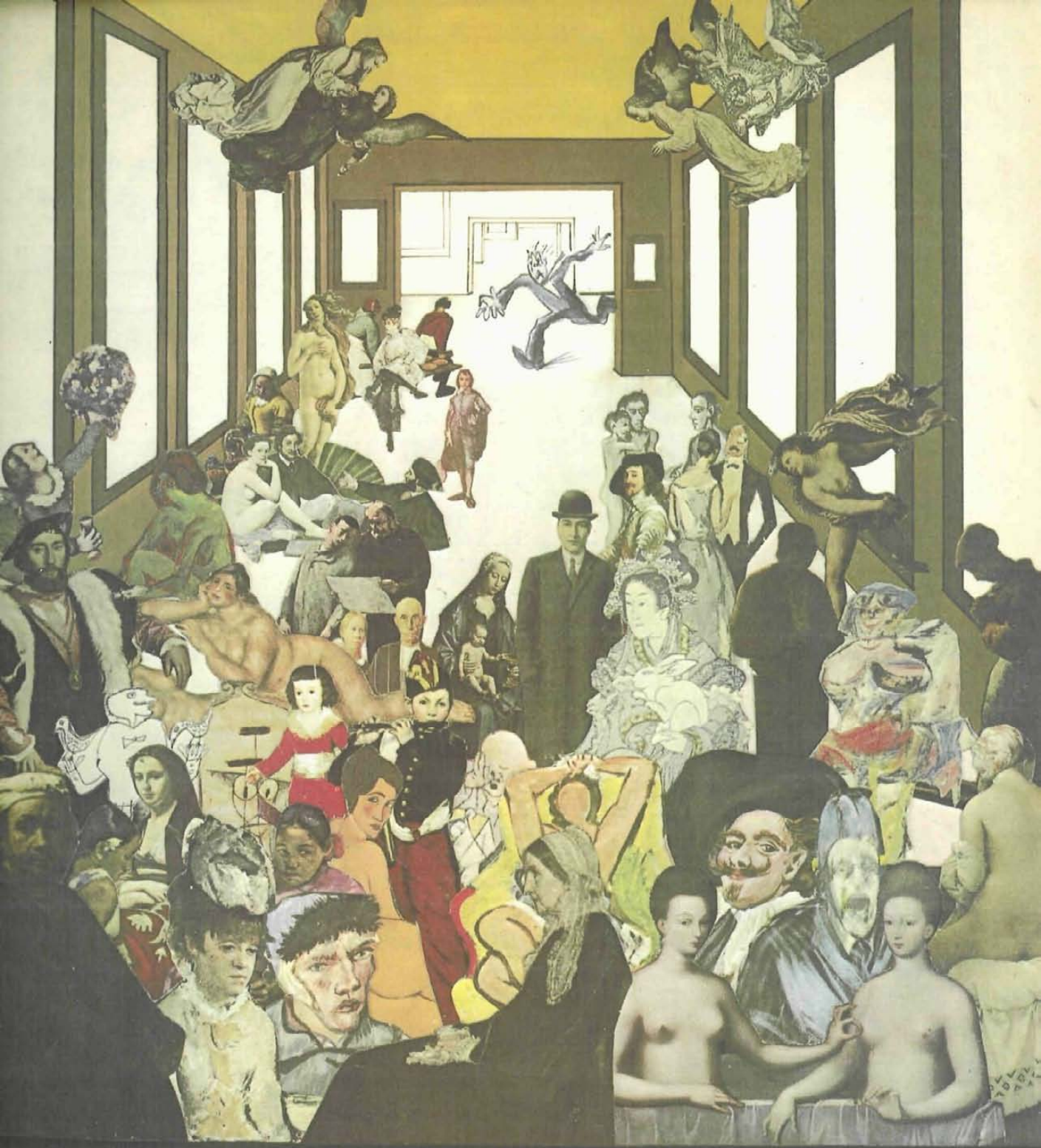
A two-record set on Reprise Records. 

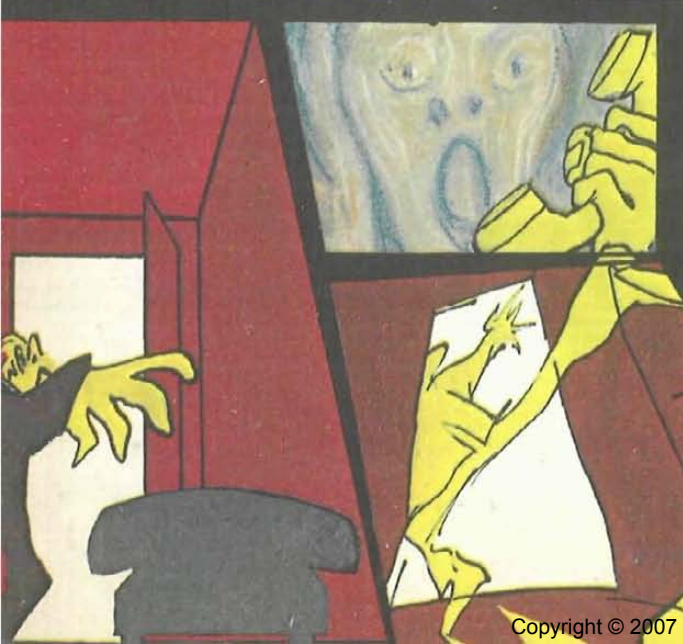
Gordon's next ORIGINAL album will be recorded early in the new year.

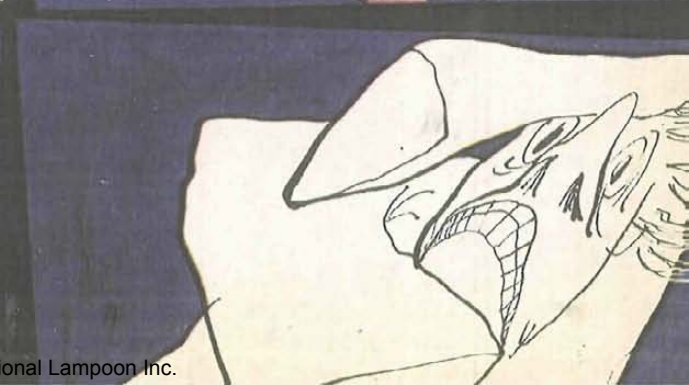
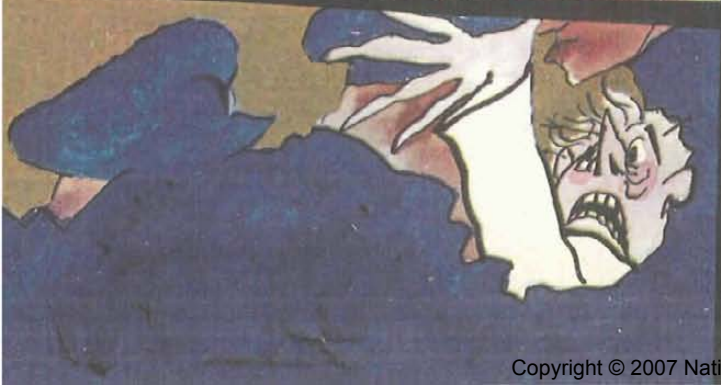
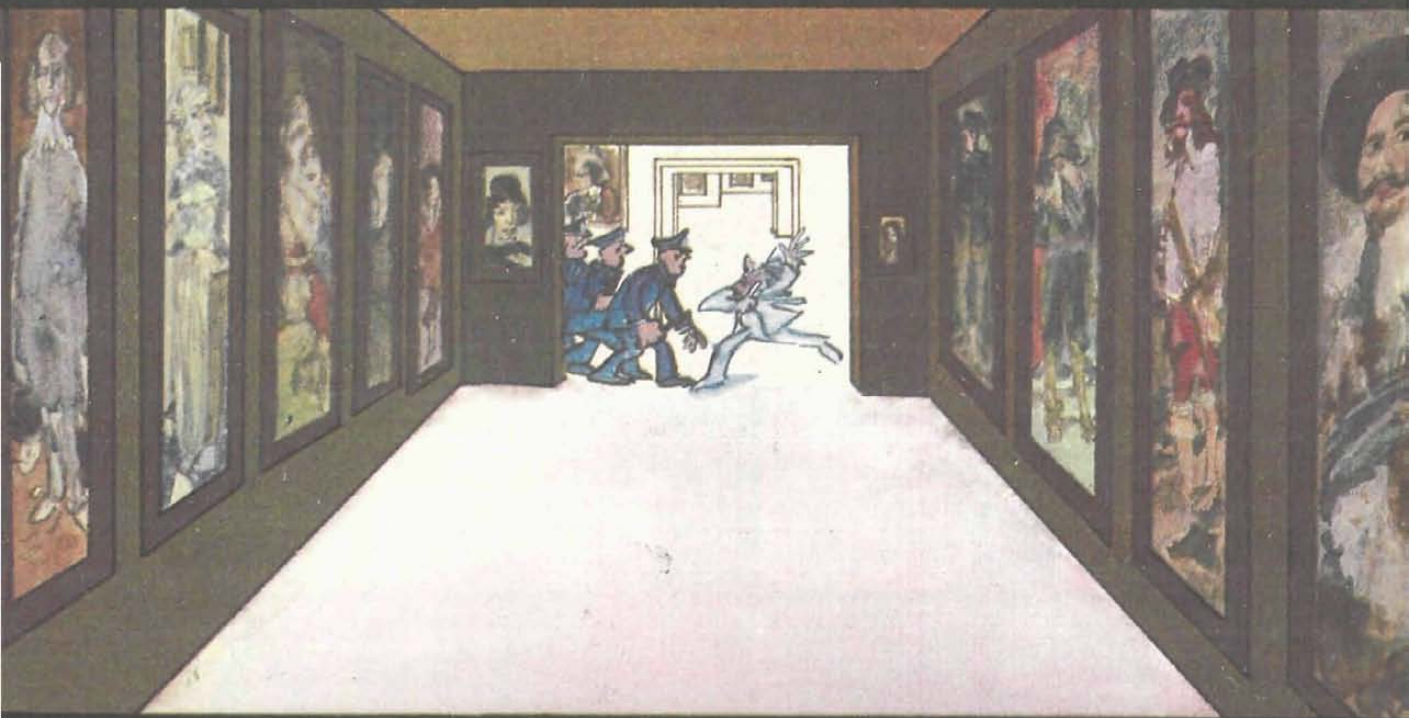


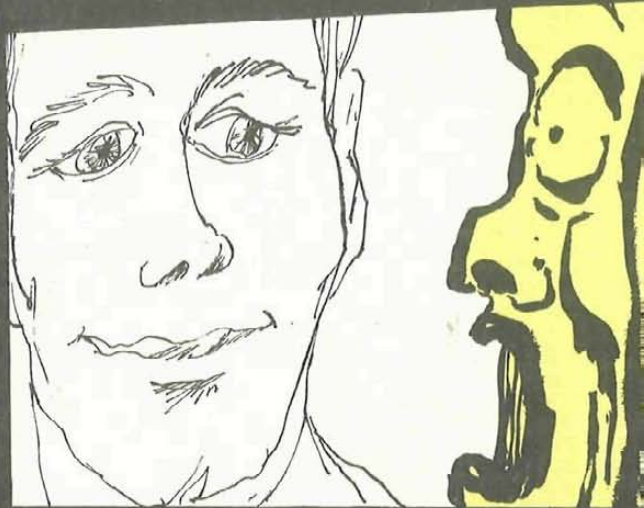












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# Collector's Items

**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.

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

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

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

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

**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, White-dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerra 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*.

**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 'Tyranic' 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, *Weight Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brie Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

**JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Bab 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 Batfart Comics.

**OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE:** With VD Comica, Nancy Drew Meets Pat Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

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

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingle berries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggles, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, *Blue Cross* in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedica, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

**JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE:** With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worst Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

**JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT:** With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610! Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hamurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court

**SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, Wacky Stuff, Zany Monkeyshines, and the *Esquire Parody*.

**OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE:** With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and THE INFAMOUS CUBAN HOMO FARM.

**NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK:** With Ferdinand and the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

**DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody.

**JANUARY, 1976/SECRETS ISSUE:** With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

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A major trend is gaining momentum, one which coolly examines the manifest physical reality of objects, landscapes, and persons with a technical accuracy and sophistication that is so goddamn amazing you can't tell if it's a painting or a photograph or what.

by Mel Tormé

**Going for baroque** ..... 28

There is a new look in wall safes, air conditioners, and bicycle racks. Though sophisticates may snicker, the ornate, the overblown, and the lavish have an appeal that is widespread. Look for fluted columns on next year's Mixmasters.

by Jerry Vale

**Art and the law** ..... 36

Last month, Director Thomas Hoving was torn to shreds by irate crowds at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Souvenir hunters purchasing scraps of Hoving's remains have run into a thorny legal question: does the buyer of "a work of art" retain the right of confidentiality of source?

by Al Martino

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The first of the Big Three publishers reveals its '76 line: Abrams's new art books are smaller, and apt to sacrifice luxury for utility. Hand-tipped plates and premium-bond paper have been dropped in order to compete with lower-priced foreign imports.

by Buddy Greco

**The inner torment of Walter Cronkite** ..... 87

The famed newscaster reveals a hidden talent in pastel and crayon drawings exhibited at his first one-man show in New York. The images—predominantly of dead beagle puppies and rancid squash—suggest much in common with the proto-surrealists Wunderlich and Bosch.

by Perry Como

**Old masters for a perfect master: The collection of the Guru Maharaj Ji** ..... 104

"You walk down the street and ask a man for a Superman comic book. If he does not have it, how can he give it to you? This is Art." The teenage avatar discusses the question, "Is Leroy Neiman the Caravaggio of the gridiron, or is Caravaggio the Leroy Neiman of the Renaissance?"

by Jack Jones

**From *The Fifth of May* to a can of flan.** ..... 148

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by Vic Damone

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Copa; Las Vegas: Joey Heatherton at Caesar's Palace; Nevada: Allen and Rossi at Lake Tahoe; San Francisco: Steve and Eydie at the Golden Slipper; Houston: Ann-Margret at the Flamingo; Washington, D.C.: Leslie Uggams at the Corcoran.

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**COVER:** Alexander Calder's *Braniff 707* (mobile-to-stabile). "When I complete a work of art, I know I must release it into the world. I know that my creations have their own destinies, I am merely their father." (The artist in a recent interview.)  
Sculpture by Peter Kleinman

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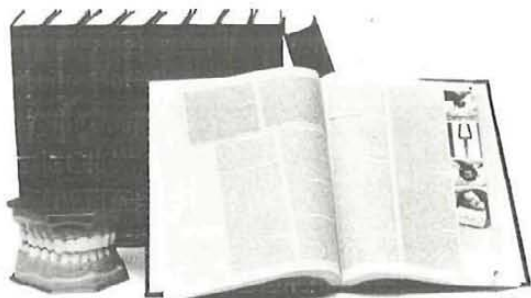
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## collage

Everyone's talking about... the bash high bidders Bernard and Jimmi Trefoyle threw after the record-breaking SPB auction last week. Absolute tops under the gavel was the two hundred Big Ones paid by the handsome sweat-shop magnate for the landmark Pop *Freedom Elegy* by Bobby Russianbucks... Op maestro Vasarely ensconced in his all powder blue suite at the Pierre hinting at a brand new development in his career—something very intelligent about the real, the retinal, and the metaretinal—ah, those brainy Europeans. V. confided to yours truly that he will be sending a banana to various heads of state as a gesture of revolutionary anger "sometime soon"... straight ahead. Vass!!!!... now it seems as though Nouveau is here to stay, as you-know-who predicted when all that old stuff was just old stuff. It simply makes sense that in these gloomy times we need a shot of plain old glamour... and speaking of

gloomy times, conceptualist whiz Aaron Ace is collecting for a most depressing news clipping show at the Annenberg Gallery of the Met... the absolute rave of the downtown set these days is Southerner Tony Tuff, whose oeuvre includes drowning babies in goat's milk every day the Dow Jones Index exceeds a certain figure. Tony is really angry, and no one can wait for the big opening... Baby Boo Rutherford, holding forth at the Factory, saying she's "just obsessed" with social inequality these days. Andy's *Cherry Pop* is definitely the last film she'll do until the situation improves. Meanwhile, word has it she's just sensational, steals the show from co-stars Mae Mash and Sarsaparilla... the Noodle artist who is doing the best people's Noodle portraits... **Gop Arts Collective**, the Soho group that's totally into stains, smears, and splatters—definitely the forerunner of Garbage Chic, remember where you saw it first... the

new commission announced in D.C. this week for IndianapolisIndiana's Love design, both the dollar bill and the presidential seal to feature the popular logo... Martini in hand at the opening of the new Hashhorne Museum Extension on the old Capital site, legal Art Biggie Frank Fogelby. Fat Frank is heading up the defense for the G.M. of the galleries against the suit brought by the family of that famous deceased painter, charging "deceitful manipulation of properties illegally acquired." When cornered and asked about the possibilities of the case erupting into a full-scale exposé of the commercial shenanigans of the Art World, handsome Mr. F. just looked mystère and toyed with his olive... looking fit as a fiddle and dressed to kill—sculptress Louise Nevelson, stepping out at the Arts Council benefit just two days after La N. declined to attend the Bacon opening because she was "ill"... is that so?...

## TOKYO

### Birthday boy

Video avant-gardist William Wigman performed four pieces this week in a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sony, Inc. Wigman extended his repertoire of video tape art pieces by sighing twice and then reciting his telephone number, asking his dog if the dog could speak French, confessing to the camera that he had not bathed in two days, and wishing Sony a "happy birthday." Local art aficionados feted Wigman and his dog with traditional Japanese cuisine; Wigman announced at the dinner that it was "delicious."

—B. S. KORTETTE

## STRASBOURG

### Big bang theories

Big news recently was the dynamiting of a founding's hospital by the "Underground Anti-Entropy Entity," a Naples-based group currently on European tour. The UAEE are leading exponents of the Destructionalist art movement, and declare their concern to be with "anti-constructivist non-shapes and post-decomposition gestalts."

—A. J. DOG



Underground Anti-Entropy Entity, *Destruction Piece #23 (West Berlin Foundlings' Hospital)*, 1976, various media, work in progress.

## PARIS

### French twists

The new vogue for Boring Art received the imprimatur of a major exhibition at Le Gallerie Bateau recently. Among the works shown is a collection of minor Pre-Raphaelite landscapes; their sub-pastel hues and concern with decoration *qua* decoration characterize these marvelously unremarkable canvases as visual equivalents of those moments of extreme tedium and purposelessness the French have called *ennui*. In fact, the paintings resemble nothing so much as cheap calendars of the type issued by garages and other petty commercial enterprises of the twentieth century.

The popular success of the show thus far is Salvador Dali's *Vermeer's Hermaphrodite Bicycle in Gala's Moustache with Nasal Delusions*, an excessive and sloppy indulgence by the well-known commercial artist.

In the gallery's east wing is a long corridor of formal portraits of middle-echelon ambassadors that are known as "courtesy portraits." A small plaque explains that these paintings were required by diplomatic protocol around the turn of the century; they are so unflinchingly boring that spontaneous eruptions of applause are not unknown in the corridor.

—NANCY NANCY

## LONDON

### Season opens

Sotheby Parke Bernet opened their London season this Saturday with a sale of 15th, 16th, and early 17th century paintings from Italy. The firm announced its satisfaction with the auction which, while seldom astonishing, featured steady prices despite fears for the health of the market.

One of the auction's few exciting contests featured the early Fra Filippo Lippi canvas, *The Holy Ecstasy and Divine Ascension of Saint Teresa*, executed in 1525 by the Italian master. The canvas depicts the saint in mystical communion with the Holy Light which bears her aloft amidst a heavenly choir of cherubim, angels, and trumpets. She is clothed in the simple raiment of a milkmaid, her

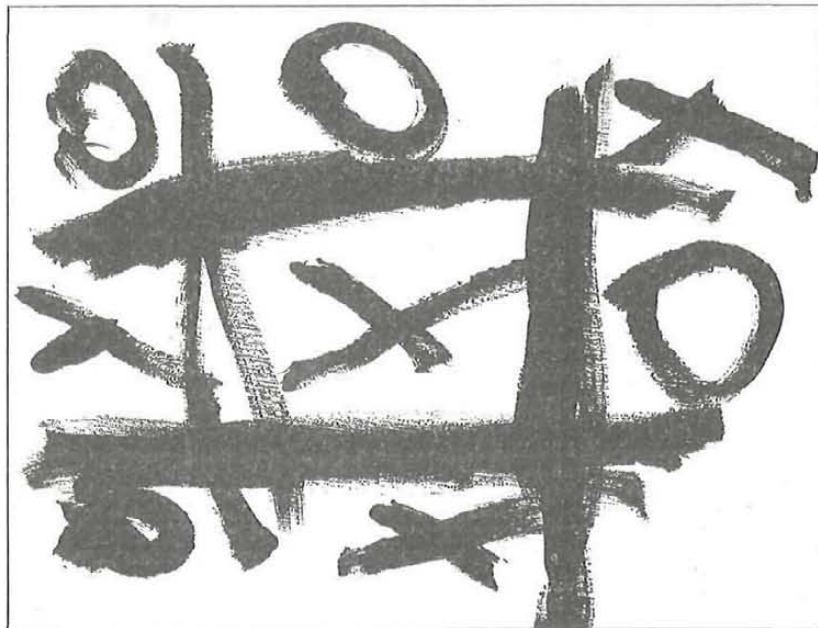
expression one of beatific purity and devotion.

After a brief period of general bidding, a battle for purchase pitting Lord Gavin Whiteface, the Surrey collector and industrialist, and Mr. Michael Allen, the American businessman associated with Allcomp, the London-based conglomerate, began. As both men continued bidding with apparently relentless and quite mutual determination, the figure climbed to double and then treble the minimum set for the sale. Veteran viewers were able to reconstruct the battle royale thus:

At \$100,000 a note was conveyed to Lord Gavin, reputed to contain insulting references to his birthright. The response from the red-faced Lord was a nod to an aide, later discovered to have been a signal to facilitate the expulsion of Mr. Allen from his gaming club and of his three sons from Eton. Mr. Allen then ordered a telephone brought to his seat and placed a call to his office in Threadneedle Street, setting in motion the liquidation of his company's Brazilian cocoa plantations. His investment in the Brazilian escudo thus threatened, Lord Gavin sent aides scurrying to effect the cancellation of Mrs. Allen's charge accounts at Harrods and Fortnum and Mason's, and raised his bid to \$350,000. Shaken, Mr. Allen ordered by transatlantic cable the closing down of his company's bauxite mines in Angola, a move designed to jeopardize the aluminum processing plants in Singapore and Sri Lanka owned by the British government. Lord Gavin was quick to engineer the revocation of his opponent's season pass to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and have him declared *persona non grata* by British Rail. The distraught American audibly ordered the conversion of his company's revenues in Swiss francs into Japanese yen, thereby threatening the integrity of Common Market currency reserves.

With bids and tensions steadily rising, Lord Gavin ordered with grim deliberation the negation of the divorce granted Mr. Allen five years previous by the Church of England, thus rendering him liable for prosecution under this country's bigamy laws. (The current Mrs. Allen, née Catherine Swanque, is Mr. Allen's second wife.) A wild-eyed Mr. Allen then leapt to his feet and shouted, "You fucking son of a bitch, I'll have that goddamn saint or see you rot in hell." In the appalled silence, the trembling Ninth Earl of Battendown rose slowly, made his way without assistance to the front of the room, and collapsed in a twitching heap at the foot of the lecturer.

—D. PREZ MAHONEY



Peter Kleinman

Zad Zed, *Busby* #387, 1975, encaustic on canvas, 36 by 24 inches. Smithsodium Institute.

**Klay Raisenbunn** (Kissandtelli, uptown; Visual Arts Gallery): Raisenbunn is much given to the pithy pronouncements, such as, "All objects are things," and, "It is the artist's duty to cover everything with paint. I myself would like to paint the entire world purple. Either that, or blue," and, "When color and form are indistinguishable, it usually means that my eyeglasses are dirty." Raisenbunn has always played the iconoclast, ever since the days of his "Gumball" series, in which spherical canvases were painted in bright monochromes and left for the hapless viewer to chew—nails, frame, and all—as best he could. Raisenbunn also pioneered what Harold Rosenberg dubbed "field-painted earthworks" when he commissioned the U.S. Air Force to fly over and drop exploding bags of pigment on the state of Utah. This work (*Utah-21 for Susie*) is included in the current exhibit, and requires a private Lear jet to ferry viewers out to its site for a 20-minute flyover.

There is an arrogance to this artist's stance that irks: now for art, now against it, now championing a "new oldism," now against that same movement. "My work is a search," he notes in the hand-out at the exhibit. "A search for new forms, for new interactions, and for new methods of making an awful mess and

getting paid for it." It is this militant honesty that has resulted in the important new works of the current show. Who but Raisenbunn could produce *You Betcha, Gamma-16*, in which spectators are invited to stand on a white X-mark on the gallery floor while, at suitable moments, Raisenbunn himself squirts bright primary colors directly from the tubes onto the viewer's eyeballs. Says the artist, "We're talking about the interface of viewer and painting. I prefer to bring the eye and color more directly together. That's all."

This involvementist attitude finds more suitable expression in the sculpture *The Pool*, an environment piece in which a large Olympic-sized swimming pool is filled with orange paint. Spectators are free to stroll along its edge or plunge in, after which a video-taped sequence is shown featuring Raisenbunn laughing uproariously at the viewer, mugging, making monkey faces, and then reading a statement of apology. Though oddly disquieting, the piece nonetheless manages to convey a feeling of élan, and one looks forward to other multi-media experiments from this innovator.

**Zad Zed** (Imawreck): Zad Zed is most noted for his series entitled *The Bushys*, a collection of some 417 canvases (at last count) depicting a flat-space mono-

chrome abstract pattern of lines, crosses, and circles arranged in a primarily totemic design. The title of the series is a tribute to Barton Busby, a New York collector and investor and a personal friend of Zed's. Busby helps Zed position his crosses and circles on the grid comprising nine squares; often a series of three symbols is connected with a short line.

In a recently published monograph about Zed, Thomas Hiss has written:

Zed's is the art of yes-no, of the basic elements indicating a dualism merely hinted at by the plaster thumbs (*Up and Down*) of Jasper Jones or the *Yes-No-Maybe* triptych of Robert IndianapolisIndiana. Zed extends this line of investigation a step further: restricting his palette to black and white, he achieves a synthesis of form and content at once painterly, sculptorly, and photographically.

Hiss has been Zed's yea-sayer ever since the early days of the Tenth Street Painter's Klub when, it was reported in this magazine, Zed published a broadside which he posted all over the walls of the Museum of Museum Art (which he called *Threat Project*) which read: "If Thomas Hiss doesn't like my art, I'll kill him." This self-advertisement brought instant notoriety to Zed, who a month later found himself executing the Pantry Pride Multiples Project, a lengthy series in which two-digit purple numerals were painted on cans of tomatoes, green beans, corn, etc. Evidently, after a much rumored personal visit from Zed, Hiss's eyes were opened: beginning with the *Bushys*, begun shortly after the completion of the Pantry Pride work, Hiss has been Zed's champion and interpreter. And indeed, one finds something compellingly primal in the gestalt of the thirteen *Bushys* on exhibit in the current show. Whether Zed has mined this lode of ideas dry by now or has more *Bushys* to present remains to be seen.

**Philip Godfrey Ear** (Midtown): Philip Godfrey Ear first attained public notice as a "found objectivist," a true believer and disciple of Duchamp who sold his services as a denoter of ready-mades. The customer paid his money, and for an hour wandered around New York streets with Ear, who pointed out objects





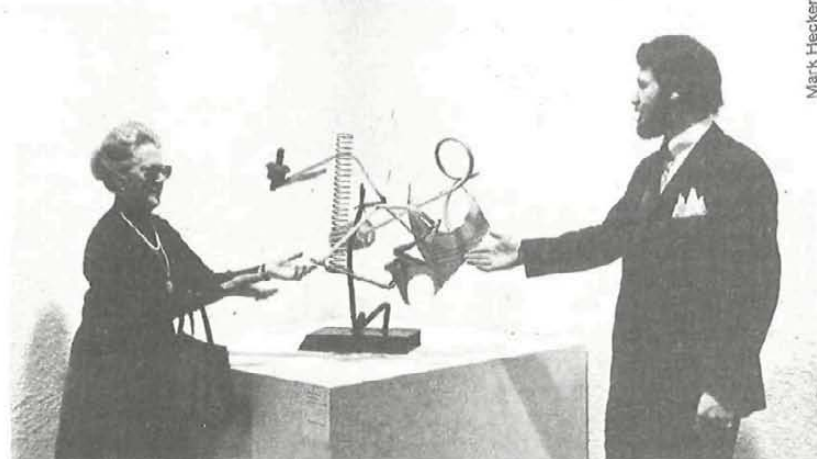
Ear executing *This Is My Arm*, Midtown Gallery. "Process is everything," he notes in the show's catalogue.

worthy of being "found." These were then carted home by the client at his own expense and, presumably, exhibited in the living room or buried in the basement as quaint "artistic" memorabilia. What distinguished this collection of broken bottles, candy wrappers, discarded sofas and chairs, etc., from other more mundane heaps of refuse was the affidavit signed by Ear attesting to the use of his services. (Robert Russianbucks helped Ear carry this procedure ad absurdum by presenting Ear with another affidavit, signed by Russianbucks, attesting to the receipt of Ear's document. Both papers were kept at Ear's East Hampton studio until August 1971, when Ear's wife threw them in the trash.)

Ear's more recent work seems to indicate a break with his found-object days, signifying a shift in the focus of his attention from things-out-there to *the-thing-in-here*, i.e., the body. One work on display is the body-object piece entitled *This Is My Arm*, in which Ear stands on a small wooden platform, holds up his arm, and announces, "This is my arm." The audience is invited to participate by pointing to Ear and say-

ing, "This is his arm." (More daring viewers add a frisson of irony by intoning, "This is Ear's arm," much to the artist's indifference.) However, the aesthetic impact of such a display is necessarily limited, its conception reactionary. Admirable though his knowledge of anatomy may be, the act of putting forth his arm *qua* arm constructs a barrier between the audience, the arm, and Ear. The power of the ready-made was its sudden *universality*: the object became *our* object. Ear, in proclaiming ownership of his arm, flaunts the private, personal aspect of the limb in a gesture which can only serve to isolate each of us from his arm, himself, and, ultimately, from each other.

More radical is Ear's group piece entitled *Everybody Jump on the Pavement*. The audience is separated into groups of twelve, each of which is instructed to jump up and down on a slab of concrete as Third World drum music and Bantu chants blare forth from hidden loudspeakers and Ear paints a sad clown's face (by numbers) on a black velvet background. Thus does the artist bring dissonant images and motifs into sharp juxtaposition. It is but a short step from this to what is perhaps the most memorable piece of the show, *I Am a Museum*, wherein the audience is invited to climb inside Ear's mouth and meander throughout his body, examining the sundry systems and organs for whatever visual and tactile pleasures can be gleaned. (Participants are forbidden to claim any of Ear's anatomy as ready-mades.) Ear then offers membership privileges for a nominal fee (\$20 yearly) which include advance notice of any surgery to be performed, unveilings of new prosthetic devices, and a handsomely-bound illustrated history of his glands. ● ARTHUR BEAMAN GUM



Mark Hecker

Ear "finding" object for client in New York, December 1967. "I don't believe in 'process,'" he noted in the show's catalogue.

## Simply... Picasso

*Simply...Picasso*



## Duncan David Douglas

One of the greatest artists the world has ever known recently died at ninety-five. But his light will continue to shine on the publishing industry for many years to come in hundreds of flimsy excuses for expensive and snobbish gift volumes. Previously unpublished material is being sifted through and sometimes even specially painted to our expert's specifications.

We have brought together the producer of *Picasso's Women* with the art director of *Picasso's Hands* to collaborate with Duncan David Douglas, who will be your guide to the daily world of a modern giant.

You will see the Master's eyes twinkle as he gazes fondly at his vivacious, devoted wife; you will thrill at his powerful, stocky body in shorts as he dabs at a work in progress; and share with him the joy of his noonday meal interrupted by a visit from eminent friends who stroll with the Great One amidst priceless and internationally famous sculpture carelessly strewn in the beautiful garden.

Make the acquaintance of the man who plays with his children, fondles his dog, and enjoys a good laugh. A man who in these pages is *Simply...Picasso*.

352 pp./\$19.95 until Jan. 1976/  
\$49.95 thereafter

"That magnificent delirium . . ."

## Futurism reconsidered

by Paul M. Pasto

**M**ilan—With cries of "Fill the museums with pasta!" and "The Pope is a trombone!" hundreds of Italian art enthusiasts celebrated the 90th birthday of the Italian Futurist Umberto Baccioli. Coinciding with the event is a Futurist retrospective entitled, "Futurism: Lunacy or Insanity?" at the Gelli Gallery, a timely and magnificent tribute to the spirit of modernism and popular revolt that found its most radical expression in the work of a dozen Italian painters, poets, and composers during the years of ferment, 1909–1918.

Many of the old standbys are on display: Baccioli's *Dynamism of a Dog Descending Staircase*, Marinara-Spaghetti's *The Noise of the City Rises Up into the Cab and Smashes the Anarchist Gaggi in the Face*, Giacomo Belli's *Dynamic Study: Steam Turbines Dancing along a Balcony at the Bal Tabarin*, and more. Also featured is the original manuscript of the *Manifesto Futurista*, hand-written by Baccioli and signed by the five artists who formed the nucleus of this short-lived but influential group whose main principles, as reprinted below from the *Manifesto*, were thus:

Our utter contempt for all that is moth-ridden, worm-eaten, dog-eared, snail-paced, and backwards leaves us limp with indignation and rage. Hatred boils in our veins for the flutulent, pathetic, fossilized forms of "art" now blessed by the neurasthenic cowards of the so-called academy—effetes and charlatans and gasbags whom the somnolent public is quick to obey with slavish docility. From now on, all that is atavistic, traditional, and archaic must be banished from our sight. Ours is the age of speed: henceforth the dynamo is our mother, the factory our father, the automobile our uncle, the airplane our aunt, the bridges our cousins, the steamship our grandfather,

and the locomotive our grandmother from Turin who sends us melons and cheeses every Christmas.

Let every man who fancies himself a true painter strip naked and daub himself with factory sludge. Let every man who would dare to sculpt first graft onto his own torso a camshaft from the Ford Model T automobile. Let any man who would claim the title "artist" begin by sticking his head into a bucket of gasoline, and then telling us what he finds there.

Do not bother. We already know. Such a man smells the perfumes of our New Age, an age of motion, noise, and strength. Let us proclaim our destiny to the stars as we shout: Today is not yesterday! It is today! O asinine countrymen, O nation of cowards, fools, and impotents: we're not kidding. We really mean it. We seethe with anger at all that reeks of the stench of the old, the worn-out, the aged.

Therefore, take your parents and throw them down the sewers, then join us as we dance drunkenly around a factory ditch and drink our fill of sweet industrial wastes. Accompany us as we break wind with all our might in the Central Gallery at the Uffizi; let your cheers blend with ours as we hurl light bulbs at the Pietà; assist us in the screaming of shocking obscenities in the Sistine. Drop your pants, as we do, in the Piazza di Trevi.

If there is any time left for painting, here is our position:

### We Declare

1) That all must be Motion, Speed, and Force. Does not a car passing in the street come into our homes, kiss our wife on the cheek, and recline beside us on our couch? Does not a child playing Jack-jump-up beside us on the sidewalk "fall" into a store window, there to mingle with dry

goods, yapping dogs, and multiform light reflections?

2) That universal dynamism and simultaneous plasticity must be rendered as a complementary relationship between congruent continuous motion and three-dimensional continuity, whatever that means.

3) That everyone who sneers at us must be kicked in the teeth, and stomped on the head, and punched in the nose, and then ignored utterly.

### We Demand

1) Paintings with bright Colors, music with loud Noises, sculpture with strong Forms, and patrons with Blank Checks.

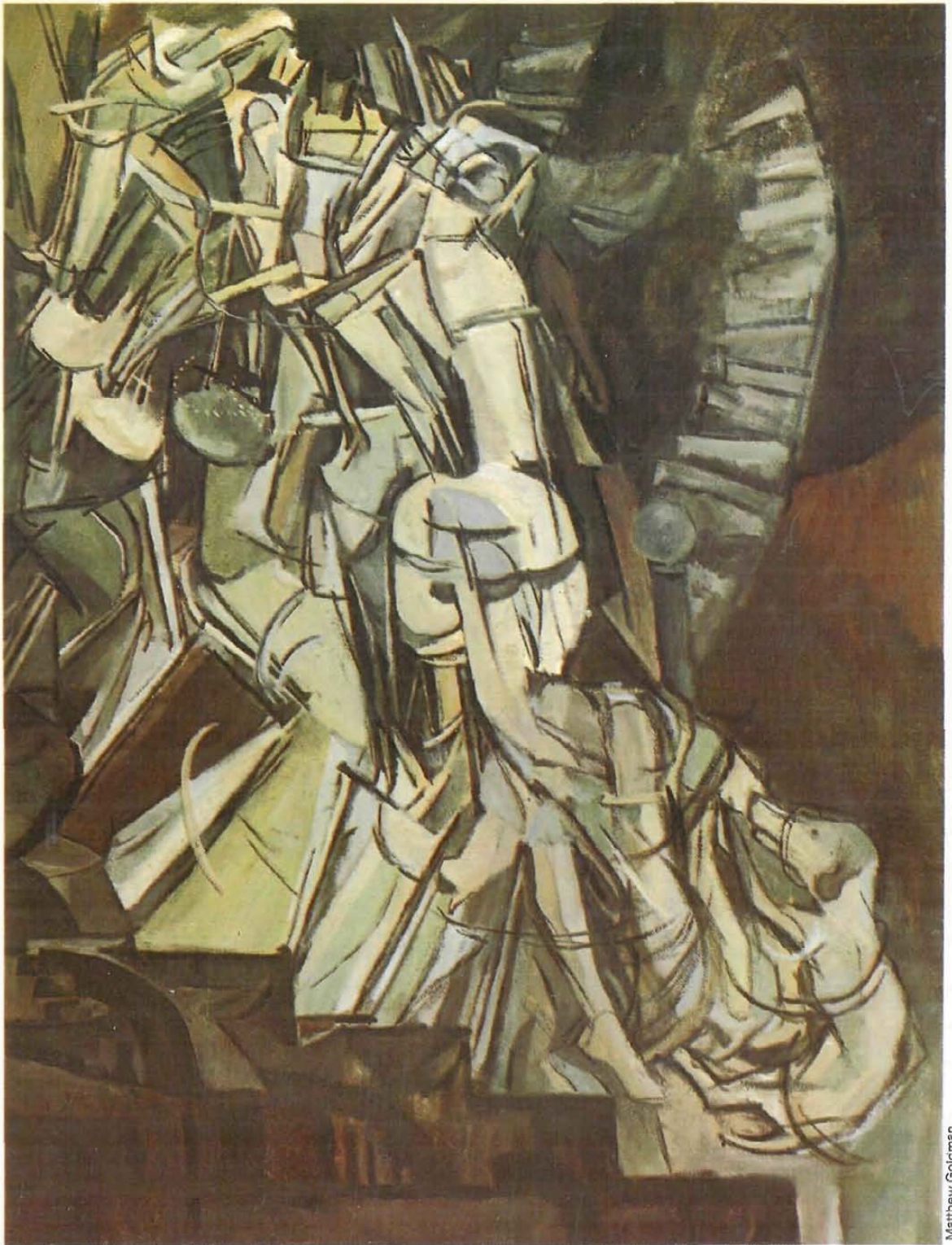
2) More machines, more industry, more filth, more din, more motion, and more chaos. Free aspirin for all!

3) The immediate destruction of all museums and libraries. If they wish to be looked at, let the paintings come and visit us in our homes. Books shall be sold in the market stalls, like tomatoes.

4) To be recognized as geniuses by next Thursday, lest we vent our youthful artistic spleen in ways that make even us tremble with their imagining.

Other Futurist manifestoes on display were Belli's *Futurist Manifesto Concerning Pencils, Pens, and Erasers*, Carlo Carramba's *On the Painting of Loud Smells*, and Patella's *Exhortation to Futurist Piano Tuners*. Homage was paid by the public in the form of indiscriminate car accidents, traffic jams, riots, and chanting in the central plazas. "I am proud to be here today to witness the triumph of the Futurist ideas," commented Italian Under-Minister for Culture Udo Connoli. "Our modern industrial state is the fruition of the work of these great, crazy madmen."

Marie Belli, only surviving daughter



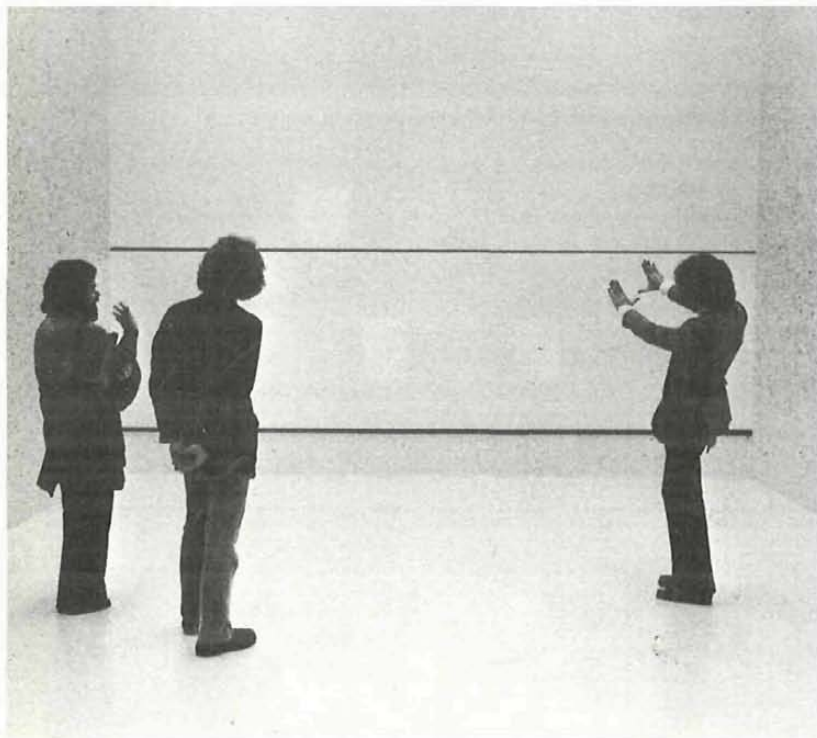
Matthew Goldman

Umberto Baccioli. *Dynamism of a Dog Descending Staircase*, 1912, oil on canvas, 62 by 47 inches. Museo La Sagna, Milan.

of Giacomo Belli, blessed the proceedings by allowing herself to be photographed before a line of electrical generators. In the gallery itself, hundreds gazed admiringly at the paintings and sculptures of a school which was unafraid to experiment with the translation

of motion, sound, and duration into two-dimensional graphic form. While these experiments were not always successful, they did draw comment from every sector of the art community. "I am conscious of an enormous contradiction when I regard their work," wrote Ger-

man Expressionist Franz Marc to Wassily Kandinsky. "It is this: that, while I loathe their actual paintings and sculpted objects, I nonetheless find their ideas and theories to be execrable and idiotic." Kandinsky's reply was terse and concurring: "Me, too." ■



Pedlar Nees

Witje and Erlin O'Flaherty, *Nothing Suite*, 1975, mixed media, 180 by 144 by 288 inches. On loan from the Fifth Avenue Racquet Club. "...floating in arrogant horizontality..."

LOS ANGELES

Group show at Grossini

For my money, Klaus Uber's *The Liberation / Judgment of Paris* is the high point of the show. A shallow metal trough nine feet across and some twelve deep, it is constructed of a special alloy struck in Essen under the personal supervision of the artist. The trough is filled to a depth of some inches with sausages of various types (listed in the catalog, from bratwurst to wiener).

The display is first of all a retinal delight, the unrelieved surface tension playing to great effect against the rigidly

horizontal geometry of the shape. Close scrutiny of the sausage sea will reveal many hidden treats. A blood-stained photograph of Neville Chamberlain peeps out, as does the miniscule mast of a plastic ship, the latter a waggish word play on the fecal nature of the material, something Uber is fond of doing.

A companion piece, listed as an appendix, hangs adjacent to *Liberation*. It is a portrait comprised of irregularly shaped sausages sufficiently suggestive of viscera to give the title a second meaning. The face formed is an interesting one, possibly oriental in character.

As a whole, the piece works and works well. It is at one and the same time aggressively real and proudly abstract; the interplay of the iconic food matter

and the spatial dimensionality is subtle and compelling. It is a witty, well-wrought work.

*Liberation* is a tough act to follow. Witje and Erlin O'Flaherty's *Nothing Suite* is a cryptic new work by the team that attracted considerable attention with their *Laserlasslovelees* at HOT in Milan last year. Pencil marks are the visual referent for a strip of red tape that wanders across the wall, floating in arrogant horizontality at a deliberately provocative height. Cognitive harmony is disrupted by the subtle segmentation of wall and floor—stripe becomes divider becomes stripe. Negative shape is thus stressed in a manner that suggests that the O'Flahertys are more than casually concerned with the problems of visual representation in philosophical terms. As with most cerebral, highly differentiated works, there is a disquieting feeling of something lacking.

Roman has contributed four watercolor studies of the knee, the subject of his exclusive concern for many years. The plastic qualities of the subject matter are exploited fully, though I for one long to see Roman escape the studio. We have had *Knees in Love*, *Famous Knees*, *Knees Time Out*, to name but a few, why not *Knees at the Beach*, *Knees Attend an Opening*, *Knees on the Grand Canal*, and so on?

Davis's toenail clipping assemblages, Tammer's shredded vegetable tableaux, and the Bozo Group's *Hot Tamale*, a parody of the drollest sort, all address themselves to the problems of depicting organic truth in an entropic and increasingly synthetic reality. —CURT VILE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dyce/Powell/Crass at Staletti

This is the first time that Fresno Powell shows on this coast, despite the fact that for some years he has been something of a luminary in Tulsa circles, principally for his mammoth kitsch-derived studies of Oral Roberts University, a hometown showpiece there. The canvases shown are highly stylized artificial land-

scapes, classically composed in a manner that would flatter Claude, were he only able to attend the show. The subject matter leans toward the fantastic, and Powell plays amiable jokes with size inversion; the image of donut threaded by carrot is peculiarly compelling and displays a canny intelligence at work.

The young West Coast artist

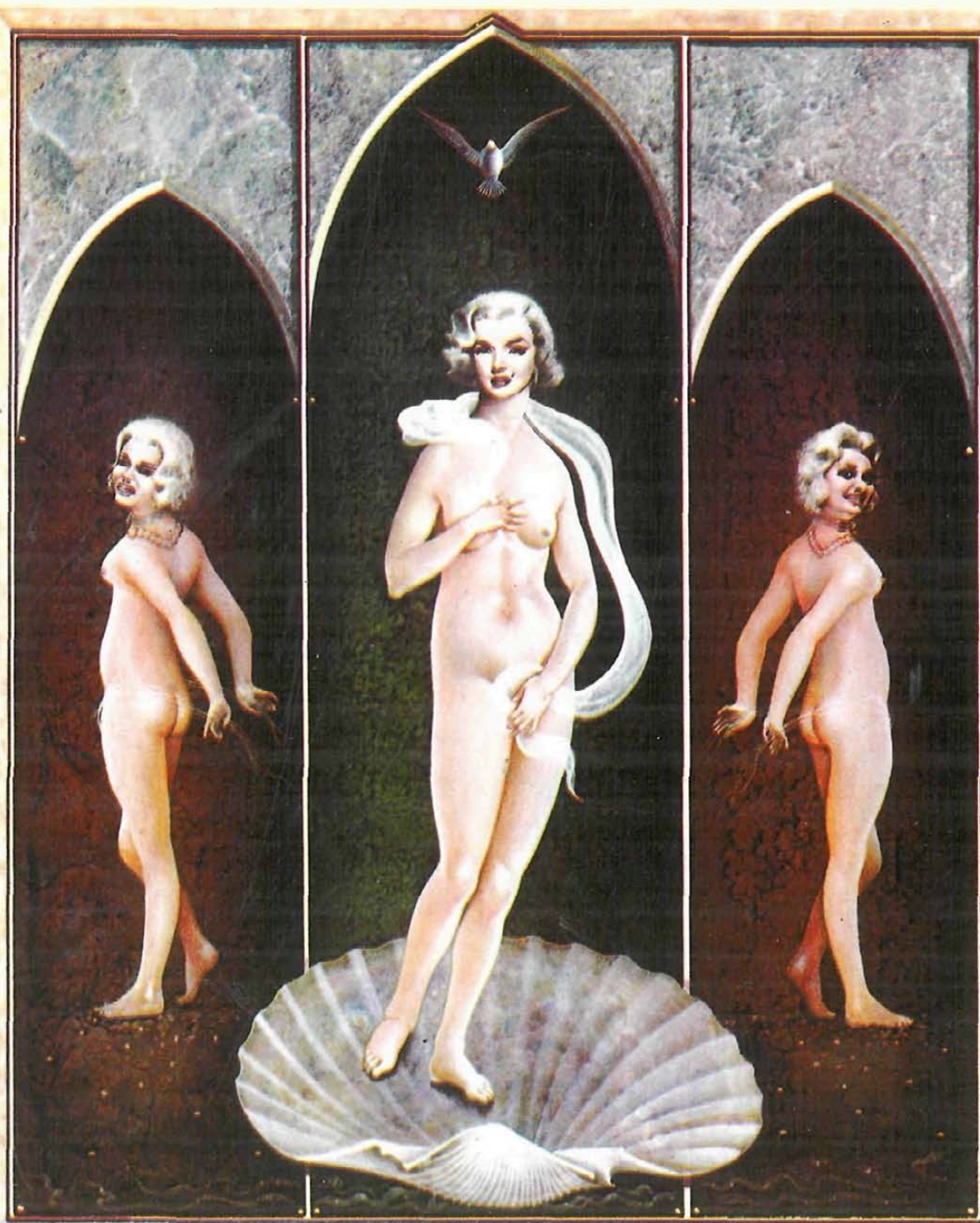
N.O. Dyce should augment her reputation for strangeness with the multimedia piece *The Love Life of Lyndon Johnson*. The central motif is a television set covered in syrup above which is suspended a metal and rubber device of obvious sexual reference. The video image is instantly recognizable as the iconic picture of the late president hold-

ing a dog by its ears. Between the head of the dog and the head of the man, a bold question mark hovers ominously. The layered, viscous liquid gives the amber-shaded image a painterly, tactile quality, heightened by the contrast with the cold metal and rubber of the suspended harness.

It isn't often these days that one sees



Klaus Uber, *The Liberation/Judgment of Paris: Appendix*, 1975, mixed media, lent by the artist.  
"... possibly Oriental in character."



Ken Crass, *The Tragedy of Marilyn Monroe*, 1974, acrylic on canvas, 98 by 60 inches. Collection Johnny Carson Foundation.

an authentically scaled triptych in a show of new paintings. The large centerpiece of Ken Crass's *The Tragedy of Marilyn Monroe* is a touching frontal portrait of the famous star, capturing the doll-like innocence of her features—the

tremendous vulnerability of a child/woman in a world that was cruel to her. Both side panels are odalisques in the manner of Botticelli of the Gabor sisters. Zsa Zsa and Eva appear quite serene amidst billowy effusions of pastel

flesh—voluptuous and classic. The three panels form a work that would have to be described as a thought-provoking comment on myth-making in particular and American society in general.

—I. M. ROODE

# the 'vasari' diary

## A fool's fillet

Those present at the Zad Zed opening at the Museum of Museum Art found thrust into their hands a broadside mimeographed by the Soho Post-Art Peoples' Caucus, an activist group exploring the connection between art and politics. I have reproduced the text of that document in its entirety below; my only prefatory comment being that most ARTynews readers know what is to be done should the shoe fit.

Before you read this, destroy a piece of art in a gallery. It would be kind. How would you like to hang on a wall all day, squat on the floor with only genital zones on your horizon-line??

Reality is absurd and dull, a stuffed duck sitting on a bench.

In the future, everyone will have the perfect right to stand on their heads, if that is how they wish to converse. More importantly, they will also have the guaranteed liberty to come back the next day to finish the conversation. The only conversation: the DNA conversation.

Picasso is a very fat sardine, plump and

shiny. The whole thing was a typical setup, anyway. Arp, Breton, etc., the whole '29 crew, were pimps and fawning sycophants—Eluard, "the divine temptress."

Come the Revolution, every citizen will be issued incendiary materials and turned loose on the slag heap. How I yearn to see them all finally get theirs. Raphael's pious sluts socked in the kisser. So long Fra, Jo, El, Ad.

The critics loved Pop. They of course didn't notice the micro-workers making circuit cities. The critics are sardines without even that soft backbone that crunches satisfyingly between your teeth.

Wittgenstein said, "Absolutely nothing interests me at present." The creative trans-cogoid has no problem understanding this.

Eat Art for breakfast—watch out, vegetarians!!!!

The only continent that matters is China. Anyone who doesn't understand this is a porpoise.

Semiology is the last language, because it has no separate symbols for the hamburger and the relish.

Some people had the revisionist notion that if you learned how to give back rubs and listened to Ornette Coleman, you were in the spearhead of the great anti-establishment alternativist vanguard. What about toothpaste?

The only appropriate medium is excreta. Everything else is a lie, a bow, and a scrape at the feet of class-conditioned Ideas of the Beautiful; the Renaissance is over, in case you hadn't noticed.

The Artistic Idea, may it rest in torment, was the non-response to end them all. What a joke; the CIA/museum/money axis exploited it for their own gains. There is nothing interesting left to say about that.

The only difference between the collector in his silk underwear and the Guggenheim is size and shape and manner of operation.

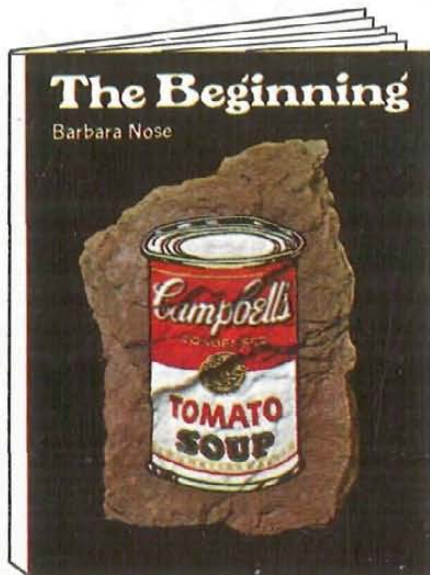
Mona Sardine . . . Les Sardines d'Avignon . . . Italian Neo-Sardinism . . . Mont Sardine-Victoire . . .

Picabia and the constructivist priests were machine-fixated sardines.

Tear up the Art Books, the coffeetable monographs. Send the scraps to Hiroshima, Vietnam, the Jersey Isles. ■

# The Beginning

—Barbara Nose



"The caveman," says Marshall Buckfuller, "was the first cool spectator at a hot event." From this exciting premise springs a major new work from a widely respected authority on Gothic, Renaissance, Mannerist, Flemish, Abstract Expressionist, Pop, Minimal, Conceptual, and Prehistoric Art. "No one had time to attend an exhibition," she writes in the introduction. "More immediate problems, like survival, predominated. Also, the nonexistence of serial time would have made scheduling almost impossible." Insights such as this are generously sprinkled along the path of the reader's tour, a path that begins at the beginning, the infancy of Pictorial Art.

Special chapters on: Rituals and Magic, Ancestor Worship, Early Wallpaper, Cave Dada, Cave Op, Cave In.

217 pp./\$24.95 at booksellers





# Don't Read This

A symposium of modern thought  
compiled by Dr. Ellis Weiner and  
Dr. Daniel Abelson

**A** revolution is coming. Indeed, it is here. Indeed, it is over. And we know the story too well: the wheel, then iron, then Gutenberg. And then the deluge: the bookmark, the ashtray, scalpel, sledgehammer, automobile, the shoehorn, the H-bomb. That was one revolution, and we as Western Man still reel from its impact. Yet look out: another revolution is upon us, and all of us are its victims as well as its perpetrators. The young, the poor, the dispossessed, the dead—all have known for years what our scientists, philosophers, statesmen, and artists have discovered: the old order is dying. The disparity between our technological sophistication and our ecological devastation is manifest: the gap between our "hardware can-do" and our "software no-can-do" is blatant. Will we nill we, time runs out with every pop-top top popped, with every baby not yet born, with every satellite launched into oblivion, with every Bic flicked.

We must begin Again. We must do things Differently.

It is undeniable that we live in the present-as-past rather than the present-

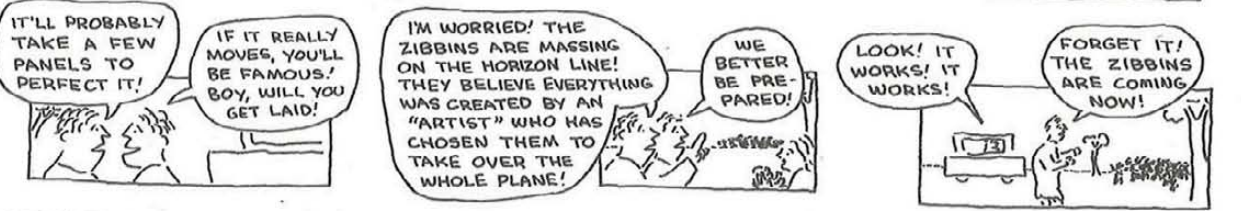
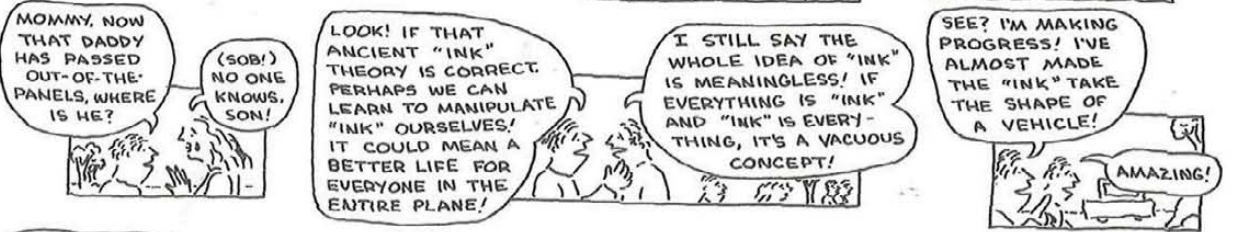
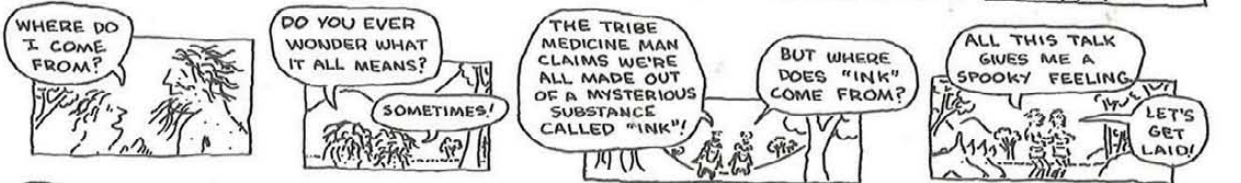
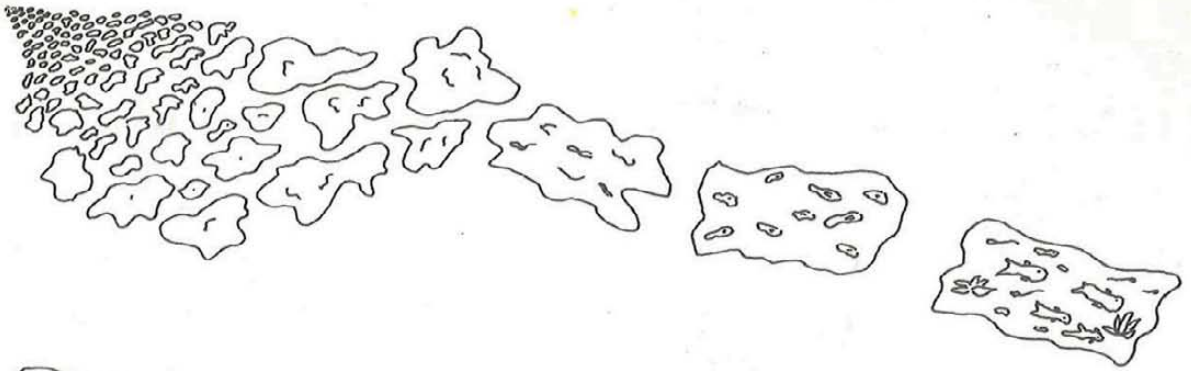
as-present. The dilemma that this represents, and how we are to extricate ourselves from it, is the concern of the present document. As the sine curve of History unwinds, we find ourselves once again at the crest of a tidal wave that threatens to engulf us all. If we are to swim, not sink, if we are to move forward, not backward, if we are—as Jaspers so cogently put it—"to jump and not to fall-on-our-elbows" ("*Gevault und nicht valldownenbumpouch*"), it will require an unprecedented act of faith: in our collective potential for coping with coping, for seeing our own sight, for knowing how to know that we know...if indeed we do. We will need faith, too, in our synergistic response-ability, in our techno-savvy, in what Buckminster Fuller likes to call "us."

If we are to save ourselves, our Selves, each other, and each Other, it is imperative that each of us as individuals and otherwise recognize this fundamental precept: something is "going on." Human societies the globe over are imploding with frightening power, fragmenting from within under the duress of unprecedented

antihistorical dislocations and quasi-cultural ingrowths of the collective psyche. Societies' screams, the agonized primeval shrieks of change, all but deafen the voices of Reason and Hope. The three-headed Cerberus of Fascism, Starvation, and Hunger stands barking at the gates of an almost inconceivable post-technological Hell. As Erving Goffman acutely observed, "Who knows what is this?"

The ideas that follow can help us. They can help us Be as well as Do, for they provide access to information we can use to synthesize the "bits" of our experience. When one man says to another, "You are stepping on my toe," the dialogue reverberates throughout the wavelengths of History. It is an interaction. Similarly, these readings are an interaction. They say to all of us, "You are stepping on my toe."

With this issue, we commence a series of articles in which we hope to present the words of those thinkers at the very cutting edge of our intellectual history. The range of subjects will be broad, from Astronomy to Zen. The writers excerpted herein are



AND SO, CLASS, AT PRESENT PANEL WE KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT INK THAN OUR PRIMITIVE FOREBEARS!

SO MANY STILL BELIEVE THAT THE MERE EXISTENCE OF DRAWINGS LIKE US IMPLIES AN ARTIST!

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY NOW EVEN HAS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT OUR SO-CALLED MENTAL THOUGHTS ARE MERELY MANIFESTATIONS OF PHYSICAL INK!

IN MY OPINION, ASKING WHETHER THERE IS SOMETHING "BEYOND THE PANELS" IS MEANINGLESS, AS BY DEFINITION NO EXPERIMENTAL PROOF OR CON EVIDENCE CAN BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MATTER!

WE KNOW IT APPEARS IN THREE BASIC FORMS, "LIGHT," "DENSE," AND "WASH!"

BUT CAN WE NOT JUST GO BACK ANOTHER STEP AND ASK WHO DREW HIM?

MIND-INK PROBLEM

DR. RONDILAR IS SO BRILLIANT! NO WONDER THEY ALL GIVE HIM HEAD!

HOWEVER, WE STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND, AND MAY NEVER UNDERSTAND, THE MYSTERIOUS PERSVASIVE FORCE THAT HOLDS US TO THE PAPER!

AND WHAT MIGHT THE QUALITIES OF THIS ARTIST BE? IS HE REALLY GOOD? IS HE ALL-POWERFUL? MANY VICIOUS WARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT OVER HIS IDENTITY, FROM THE WILSONISTS TO THE BODÉANS TO THE SUBITZKYTES!

DOES THAT MEAN IF SOMETHING DOESN'T FIT INTO A BALLOON, WE CANNOT IN PRINCIPLE THINK IT?

WHY WAS I DRAWN DISTORTED?

I LOVE YOU!

BOY, IT'S AMAZING WHAT MODERN SCIENCE HAS LEARNED TO DO WITH INK! WE HAD NONE OF THIS WHEN I WAS A KID!

THE WONDERS OF THE FUTURE PANELS WILL BE EVEN GREATER!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO MEET A WARM, KIND, INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE FEMALE-DRAWING LIKE YOU!

OH, MY DARLING!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER FINAL PANEL?

NO... I BELIEVE ONCE YOU'RE NOT DRAWN ANYMORE, THAT'S IT!

IT MUST ALL HAVE A MEANING, THOUGH!

WELL, SOLEVITCH BELIEVES IT'S ALL DONE FOR SOMETHING CALLED A "READER"!

AND WITH THIS POWERFUL NEW MATHEMATICS, WE CAN PROBE THE VERY LIMITS OF PLANAL SPACE ITSELF!

MY ARTIST!

DR. FENNER! WHAT'S WRONG?

THE EQUATION SEEMS TO IMPLY THAT THE PLANE IS FINITE! THERE'S ROOM ONLY FOR ABOUT FORTY PANELS! AFTER THAT, THERE'S NO SPACE LEFT!

IT WILL BE THE END OF THE UNIVERSE!

WE CAN'T STOP OURSELVES! WE'RE RUSHING HEADLONG TO OUR DOOM!

YOU MUSTN'T TELL ANYONE! THERE WILL BE PANIC!

EXTRA! EXTRA! FAMOUS MATH-EMATICAL INKICIST COMMITS SUICIDE! ERASES OWN BODY LINE!

COME ON, BABY! THERE MAY NEVER BE A SUNSET DRAWN THIS BEAUTIFUL AGAIN!

WHO GOT THE HOMEWORK RIGHT?

JUST A FEW MORE PANELS AND I PROMISE!

I DID! IT IS ESTIMATED THAT APPROXIMATELY 33-37 PANELS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE ORIGINAL START OF CREATION!

WE ONLY PASS THROUGH ONCE, YOU KNOW!

SOMETIMES IT DOES ALL SEEM TO HAVE A PURPOSE! FOR US TO LEARN, TO GROW, TO ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR OURSELVES!

BUT IF OUR WORDS ARE INKED IN ADVANCE, HOW CAN WE HAVE FREE WILL?

BOY, OUR HUMORISTS ARE COMING UP WITH SOME STRANGE THINGS THESE DAYS! HERE'S A PIECE THAT TAKES UP THROUGH THE WHOLE HISTORY OF A WORLD WHERE THE CHARACTERS CONSIST OF DRAWING-DRAWINGS WHO DON'T KNOW THEY WERE CREATED BY AND FOR REAL DRAWINGS LIKE US!

VERY FUNNY! AND LOOK WHERE THEIR WORLD IS ABOUT TO COME TO AN END AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! HA! HA! HA!

COME ON, BABY! PLEASE! I CAN'T WAIT ANYMORE!

ALL RIGHT! IN ONE MORE PANEL, I PROMISE!

COME ON! IF WE DON'T HAVE FREE WILL, WHY WOULD WE HAVE BEEN PRE-INKED TO THINK WE DO?

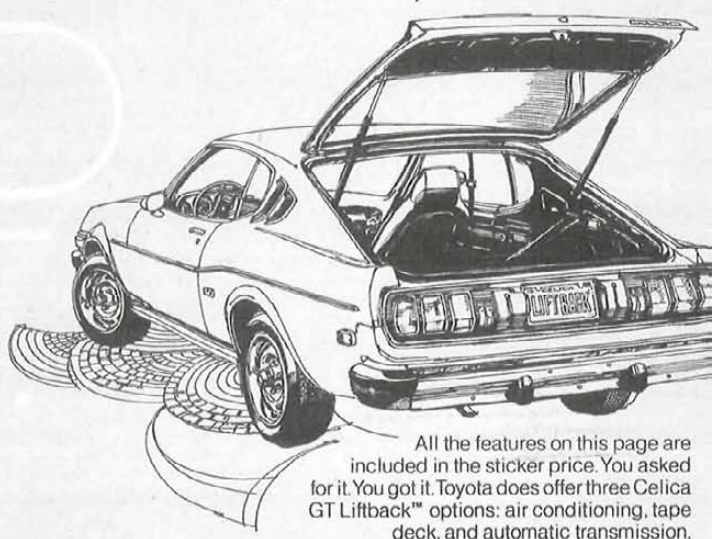
DON'T TAKE THIS BULLSHIT SO SERIOUSLY! LET'S GO OUT AND GET LAID!

THE END

To: Sean Kelly, National Lampoon  
From: Ed Subitzky  
Sorry for handing in such a boring strip, but I really need the money.

YOU  
ASKED  
FOR IT.

You asked for a quality GT with room. You got it. Tachometer, gauges, a 2.2 liter hemi-head power plant, wide steel-belted radials on styled steel wheels, and room for four plus nine bags of groceries, or with the rear seat down, two of you can haul the groceries plus a side of beef.



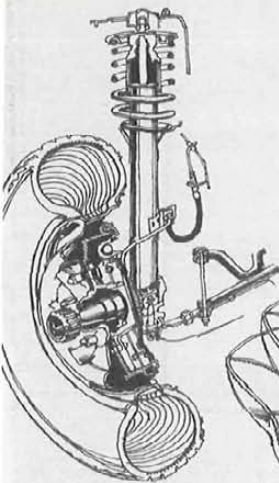
All the features on this page are included in the sticker price. You asked for it. You got it. Toyota does offer three Celica GT Liftback™ options: air conditioning, tape deck, and automatic transmission.

YOU  
GOT  
IT.

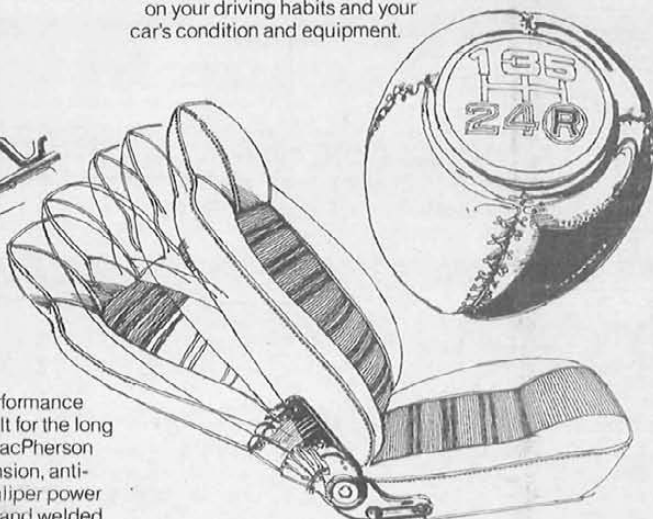


TOYOTA.

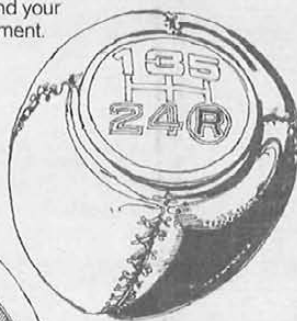
You asked for gas economy. You got it. A 4-speed plus over-drive fifth gear transmission to deliver great gas mileage. Note: 1976 EPA 36 mpg highway, 20 city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.



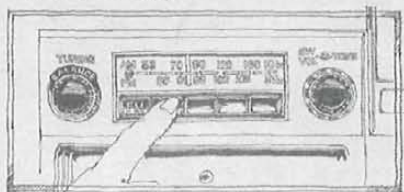
You asked for performance car character built for the long haul. You got it. MacPherson Strut front suspension, anti-sway bar, dual caliper power front disc brakes and welded unit body construction.



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**The ideal**

To merge the identity of the large corporation with culture and beauty in the minds of the people, and in so doing obscure the fact of corporate greed and exploitation.



artist: larry poons

**The real**

Ours is an era of violent economic upheaval. In such times, improving

public relations for large companies often presents difficulties. In the instance of our company, whose total disregard for the quality of human life is matched only by its indif-

ference to the integrity of the environment, the problem is almost insurmountable.

**AtlantisRichfueledCompany** 



artist: jean louis andre theodore gericault

# Clowning Around with Tits

What is the funniest thing in the world? Right, but we can't show an erect penis in this magazine. What are the next three funniest things in the world? Right, tits and a clown.

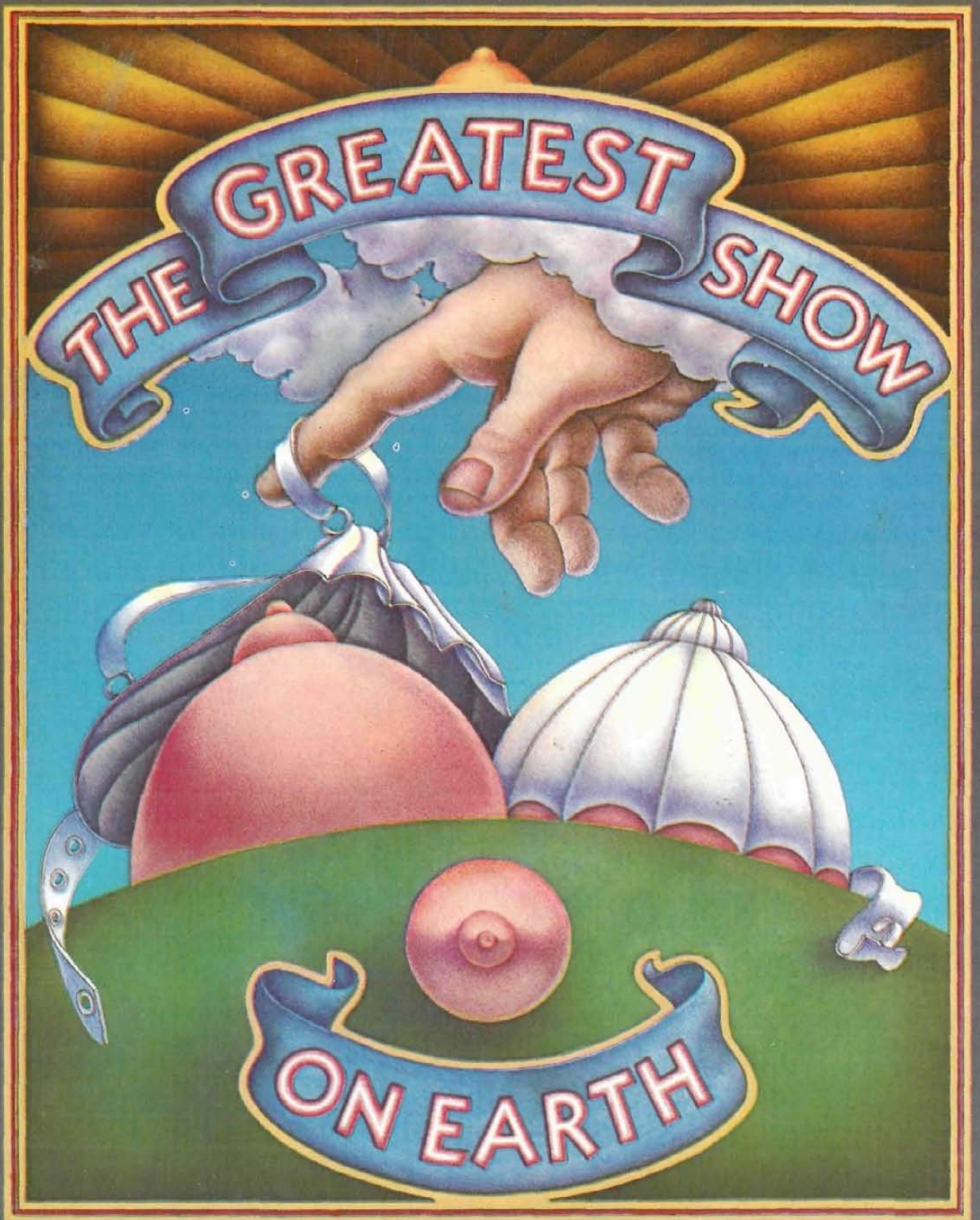
Here, then, for that miniscule minority of our readers who seek within our pages not

astriquent satire, brilliant parody, and enlightenment, but rather knockers and boffs, are five famous artists whose names you'd know in a minute, clowning around with tits.

You can giggle and smirk. Or you can turn the page.

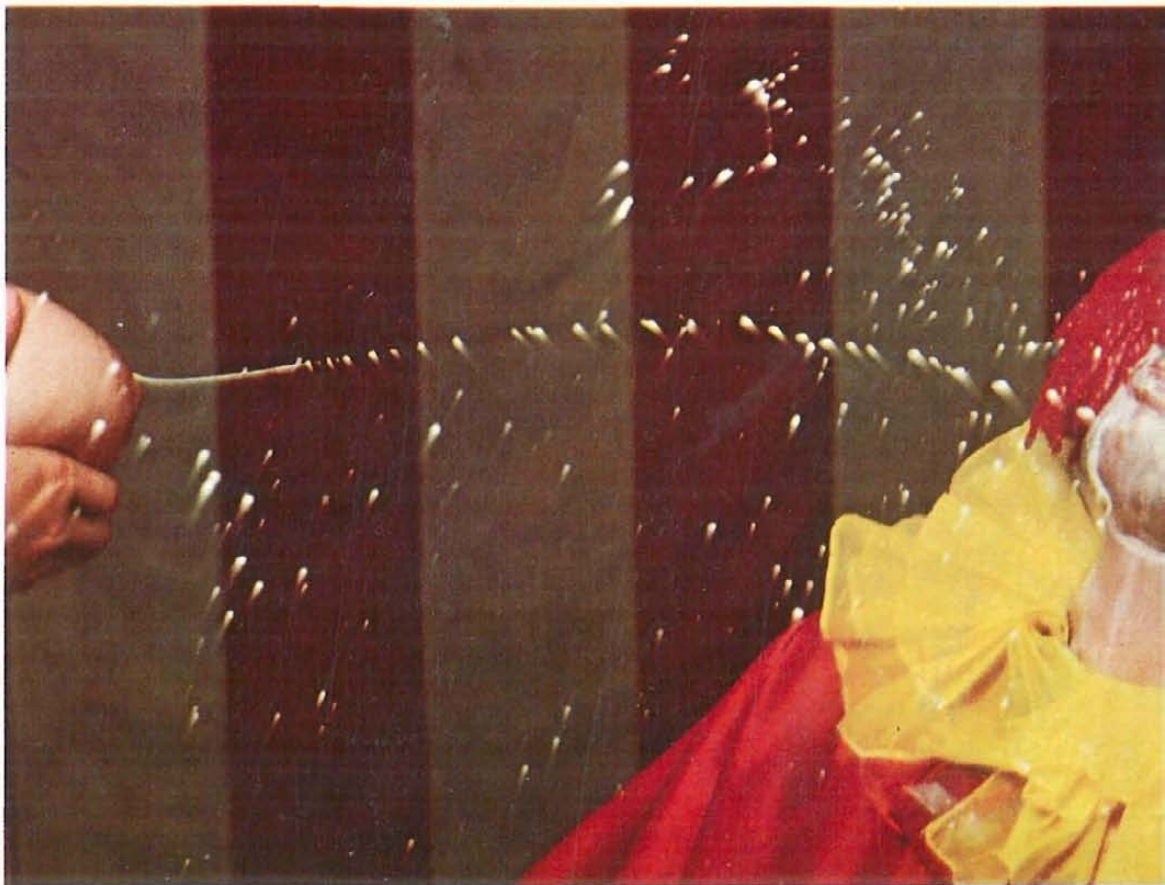


illustrated by Patricia Dryden



Illustrated by Mary Anne Shea



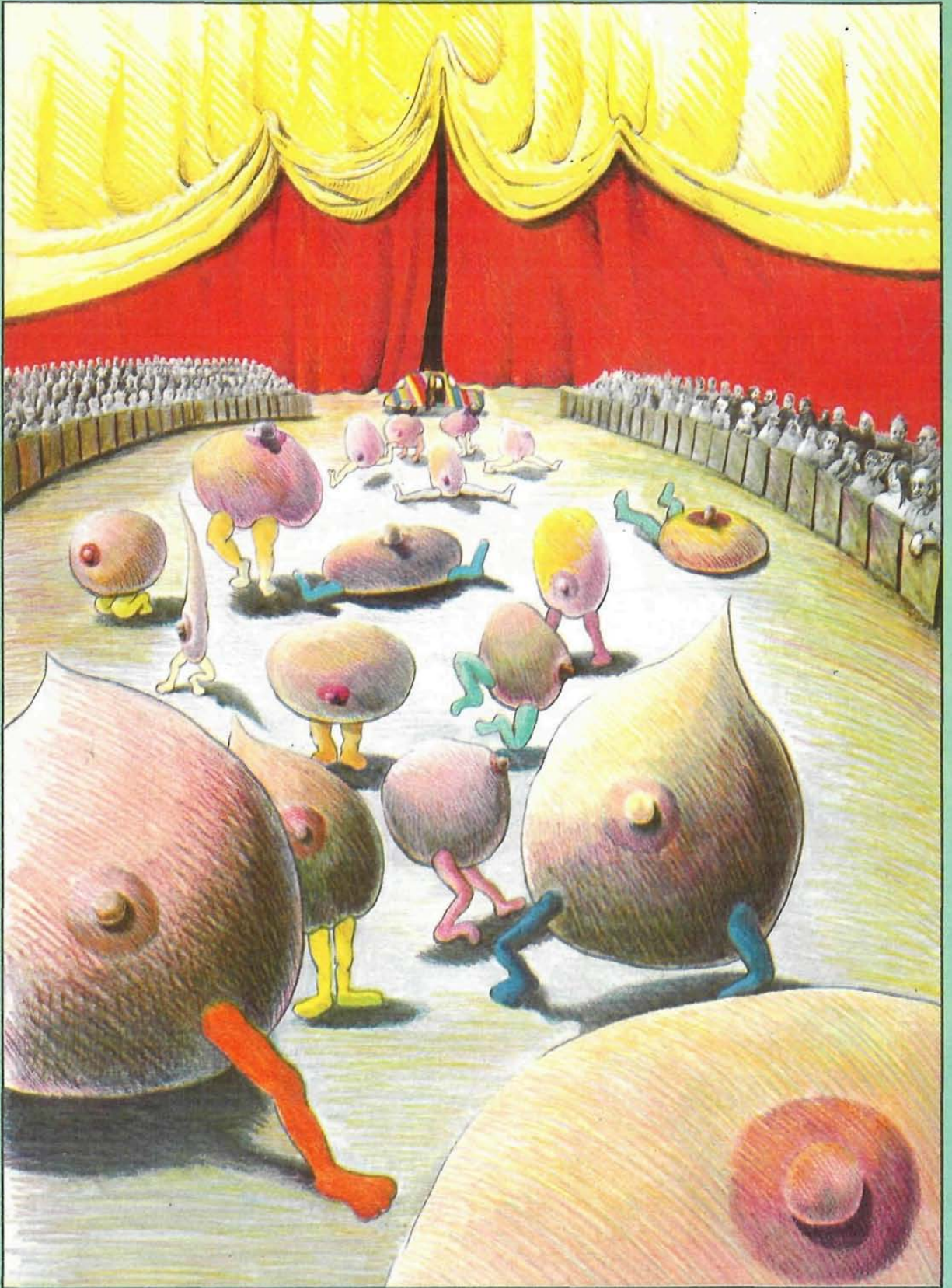


photography by Miguel Sanchez



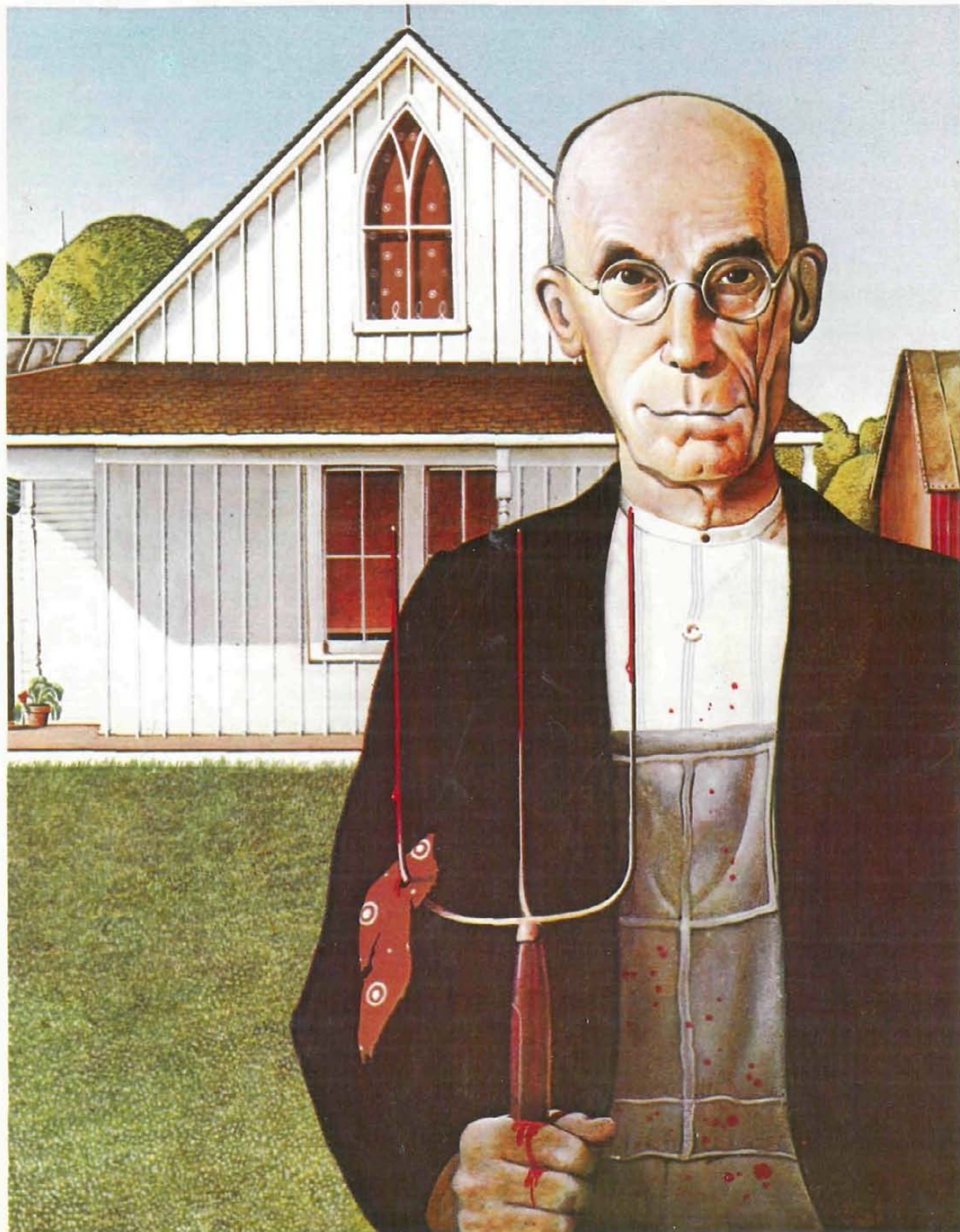
photography by Cris Callia

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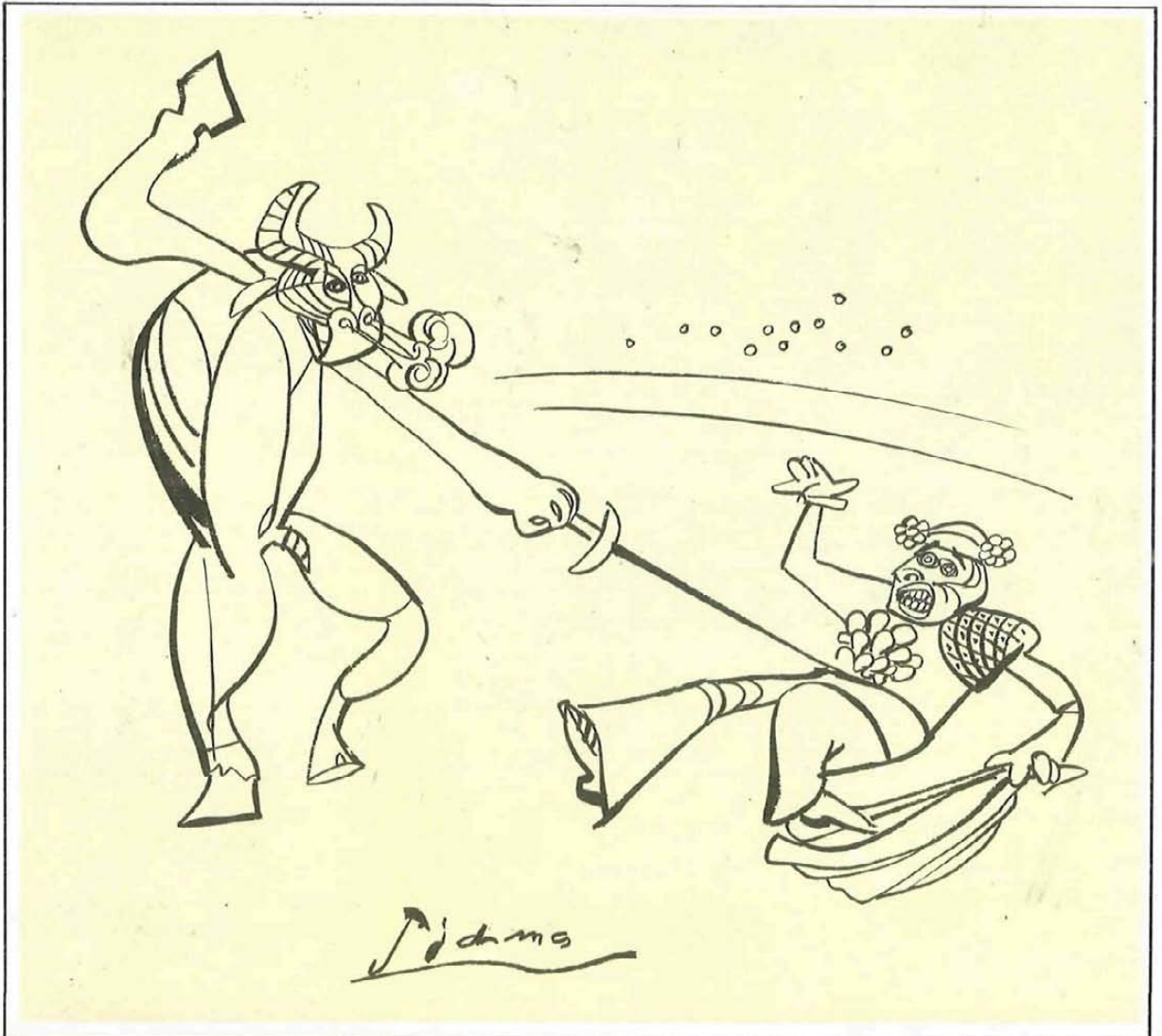


# Take My Wife... Please

by Wayne McLoughlin



# Simply... Picasso



# Simply... Picasso

Some have called him “the most wonderful person who ever lived.” Others insist he is more important than everybody else in the world put together. To me, he is simply . . . Picasso.

This book began five years ago, towards the end of my work on *My Best Pal Pablo* (Viking, \$49.95). Picasso had turned to me from his canvas, his face set in a brooding mask of concentration, the golden Mediterranean light slanting across the studio floor, and said, “In a world of confusion, only the image has clarity.”

At that moment, this book was born.

*N. D. D.*

*Picasso's Statement to the Author*

David—I must say nothing. Like me, you are a man. These are photographs. You took them. To truth!

Picasso





Edmondo the rooster heralds the dawn to a sleepy household. "El es mi alarm clock," says Picasso, who traces a fondness for early rising to his peasant ancestry.

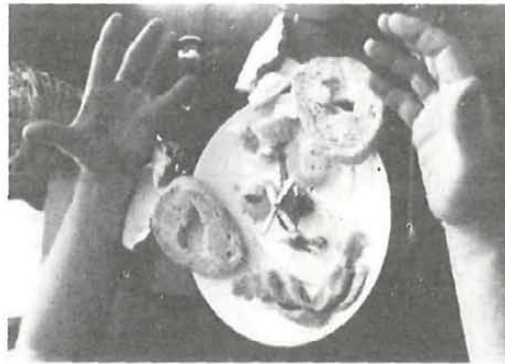


The Picasso table is a meeting place for friends and well-wishers from the world over. This morning the Great One is host to three countrymen, delegates from a Spanish Civil War Veterans' Organization, who have come, like so many others, in search of patronage for their cause.



A discovery! A trinket created for the delight of children seizes Picasso's imagination.

The creative flame that burns within flares anew. The convivial murmur around him recedes; the powerful hands knead and shape. He freely transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary, as with sure, economical motions, he enlists these mundane materials in the service of his genius.



Art and Life meet.



In the sultry Provence afternoon, Picasso ascends to the studio. Here, his artistic spirit rules supreme; nothing must disturb the rising ferment of his creative essences. For hours he paints furiously, his inspiration gushing forth in a lava-like eruption of fertile energies. It is late afternoon when the beautiful Jacqueline pays him a discreet visit, sharing a tender moment with the man whose privacy she guards so devotedly.

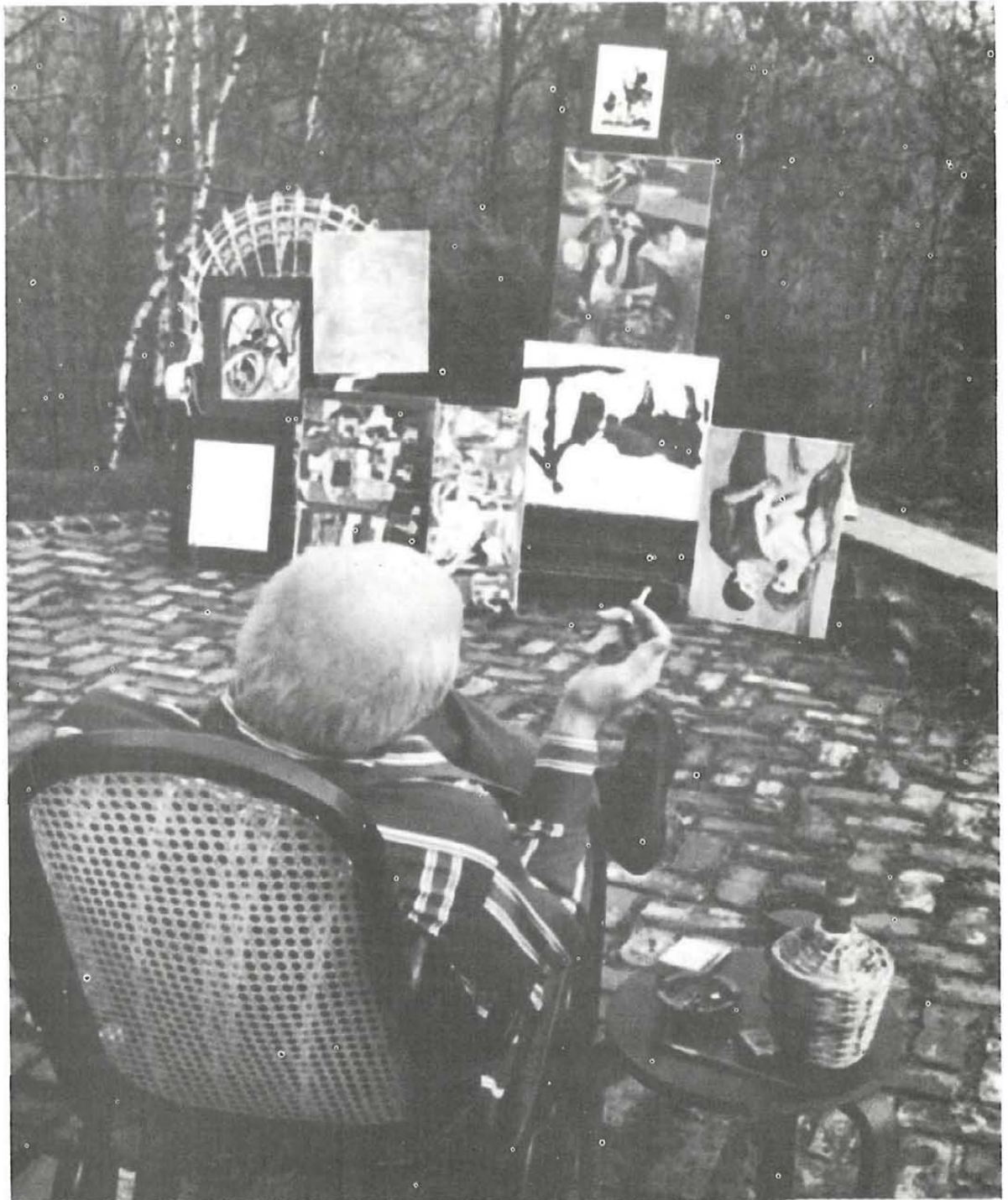


Picasso's pleasure at a gift from Manolete is evident as he gestures to the gods in the traditional manner, the thunderous roars of the *corrida* ringing in his ears. The ceremonial garb stirs deep emotion within the maestro. More than merely a favorite subject, bullfighting is this Spaniard's metaphor for the Great Struggle. Maturity has not robbed Picasso of the ability to enter, childlike, into other worlds.

A delighted Claude becomes *el toro* to Picasso's matador. Showing a solemnity befitting this moment of truth, he is no longer a child, but a combatant in an ancient contest in which one or the other must die.



*Dusk: Portrait of  
the Artist in Repose*  
Picasso surveys  
the day's accom-  
plishments as his  
wife looks on.



# One of a kind.

He is at home in a world few men ever see.

A world where wisdom earns more respect than physical strength.

He smokes for pleasure. He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



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Domestic Blend**

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## Don't Read This

continued from page 55

all "experts"—yet it is their very expertise they will call into question as they examine our culture's most fundamental precepts, habits, and assumptions. For only by exposing the roots to scrutiny may we begin to cure this ailing tree which is Society.

Yet we are not so much interested in being the "editors" of "a series of readings" as in providing an eco-web of source-contexts. Just as reality is a man-made process, our techniques are based on natural systems-models. The model of our systems has always been the system of our models (e.g., "The brain is a vacuum cleaner"). And today, with microminiaturization, the tool-network is-made small, i.e., miniaturization writ large (e.g., "The brain is a small vacuum cleaner"). Thus do we hope to emulate the example of Nature.

As we look forward toward the future in these stormy Mondays of the soul, we naturally turn to any prophet who points a hand, be it firm or wavering, in any given direction. Academic discourse, now frozen into categories which themselves are subdivided ad nauseam, offers either the cold comfort of overintellectualization (I-Me-Mine), or the hot compress of mystification and esoterica (They-Them-Thine). The endpoint of

this lamentable process is an anti-Utopia of overspecialization and overqualification. But, as these readings will show, there are thinkers who even now are seeking solutions. Like them and with them, we are involved in the Future as it impinges on the Present in the shadow of the Past: that is our Where. Data are our What. Here's How.

### Introduction to "Twenty-five Statements about R.D. Laing"

John Cage is a composer, author, lecturer, mycologist, and poet. His writings are known for their erratic typography, opaque Zen anecdotes, gossip about modern artists, and provocative statements concerning Art, Life, Nature, Reality, Time, and God. He also writes about music.

R.D. Laing is a Scottish psychoanalyst, author of *The Chopped-Up Self*, *Knutts*, and *You're Crazy*. His radical synthesis of existential psychology and Eastern mysticism has made him the *enfant terrible* of the psychiatric profession.

### Twenty-five Statements about R.D. Laing

(Note: This article was printed in the March, 1969 issue of *Cough [Milan]*. It may be read entirely, in part, or not at all. The spaces may be read instead of the text. Telephone numbers or autographs may be recorded in the spaces. The style of

the printing is not important. The words in italics are either statements by Laing or titles of his works. You may find it interesting or boring. If interesting, then good for you. If boring, then good for you.—J.C.)

Insisting over trans-Atlantic phone call 3 A.M. my time that I read Ellul. Remembered next morning as though in a dream. Later, I thanked him, comparing experience to story of monk aroused by Eckhart in orchard. He said, sternly, "You are as incorrigible as Huxley."

*Duchamp told me standing on Forty-second Street: Brancusi was the first Oriental.*

We both smiled when Alan Watts said that Joyce was the Bruce Lee of Ireland, "an Eastern soul in a Western sensibility."

Going to hear Bubbi Friedmann's "Automotive Melancholia" in Dusseldorf, Stockhausen confided to me that he would like to have his legs cut off in order to have more time for his music. Later, when the bus broke down, I was moved to remind him that freedom is the privilege of time. Taking our seats for the performance that evening, we both overheard someone behind us say quite distinctly, in English, "Time is the freedom of privilege." Laing would agree.

In Cleveland, David Tudor and I were discussing the remark of Ananda Swanihowiluvya: "Art is the imitation of nature in her manner of operation." I added that for Laing to consult *Bhagavad Gita* on matters of existential psychology was right and proper. Later, in San Francisco, I recounted to him the conversation. His reply: "It is the same with madness."

Bunny Brown brought up the subject of spirituality. Laing said, "I believe only in an inner reality co-existent with and not exclusive of an outer reality." Riding home, I asked him what he had meant by that. He looked surprised and said he hadn't the faintest idea. Some time after I was again confused when he spoke of "the self expanding constantly within an infinitely contractive life-space," but knew not to interrogate him.

Swami Rivva set out to read and study all 374 Spitanjelli sutras. He discovered that by the time he had completed the task, he could no

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continued on page 99

# Modes d'Art

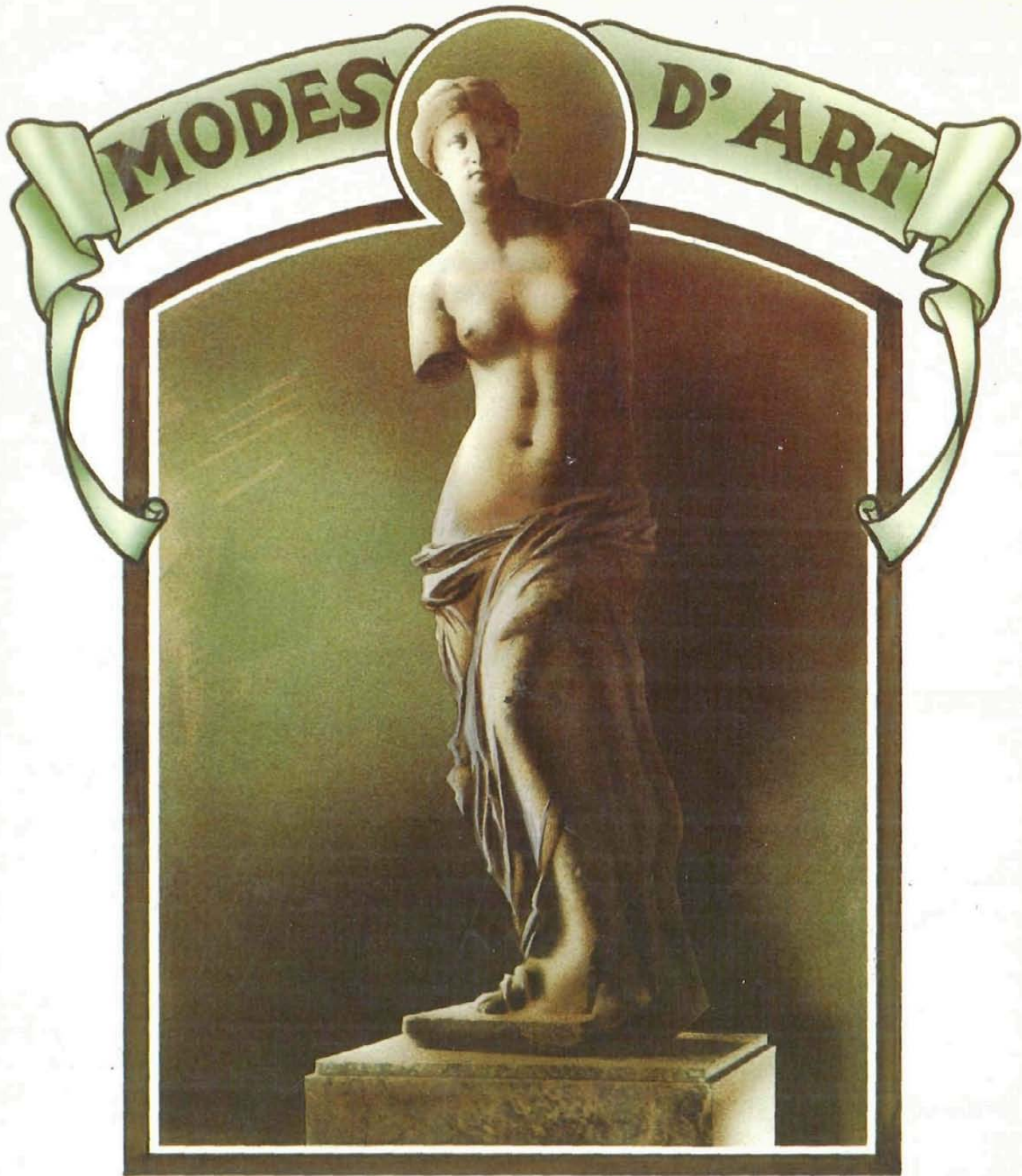
Magazine



JUNE  
25¢

Gladys Sawyer in  
"Comes The Dawn"  
Palace Deluxe Theatre  
Photoby Pablo Cervantes

French Figure Poses - For Art Students Only



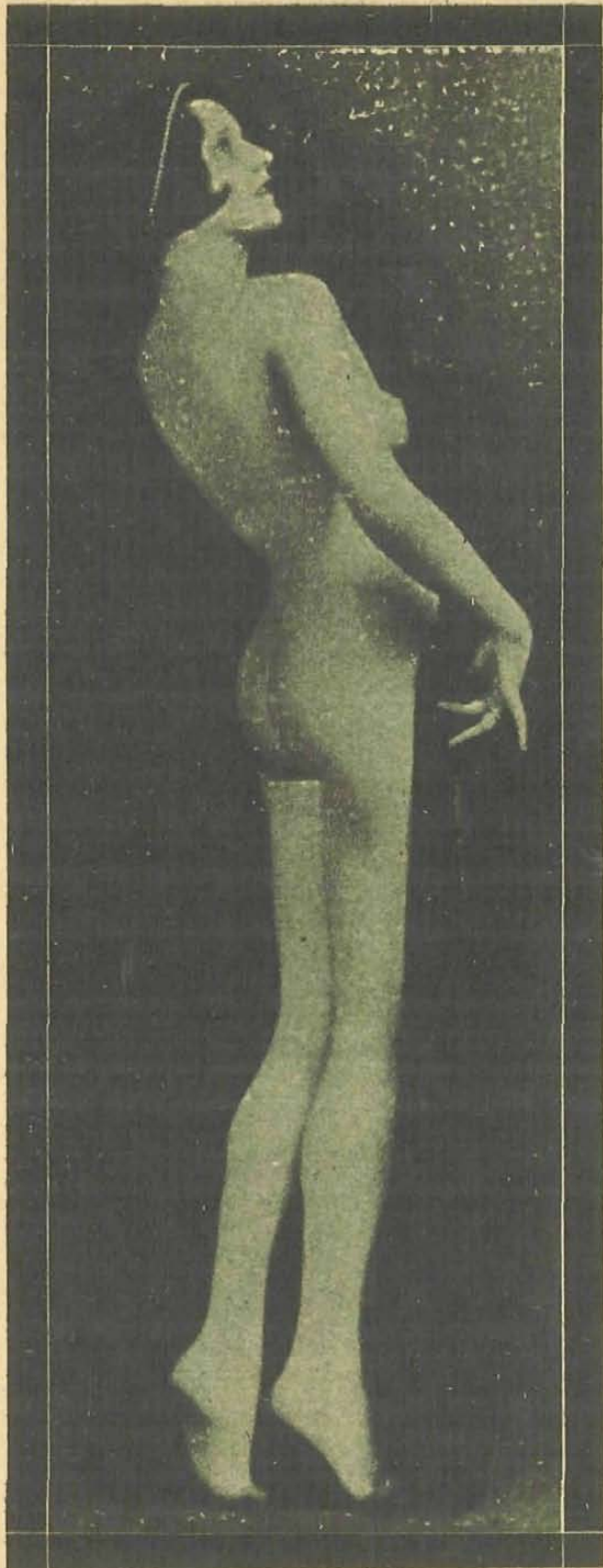
"Upper Torso Study"

*After a sculpture by Rodin. A valuable study for artist and critic alike. Photograph by H. P. Dovetail*

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Modes D' Art Magazine is published monthly by HeArt publications, 1504½ State Street, Chicago, Ill. Jed L. Huscorn, President and Editor; Norwood H. Farley, Secretary and Treasurer; Wesley R. Cabarga, Arts Director. Subscription, \$.50 yearly; Paris, France \$3.00. Application pending for second class mailing permit under provisions of Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies outside of subscriptions will not be sent by mail. All requests for models' names and telephone numbers will be denied under Act of August 13, 1892. Copyright 1926.

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"Dawn"

This masterpiece of light and shade by noted photographer A. J. Mc Glintry is inspired by the music of the "Peer Gynt Suite."

written and designed by Leslie Cabarga

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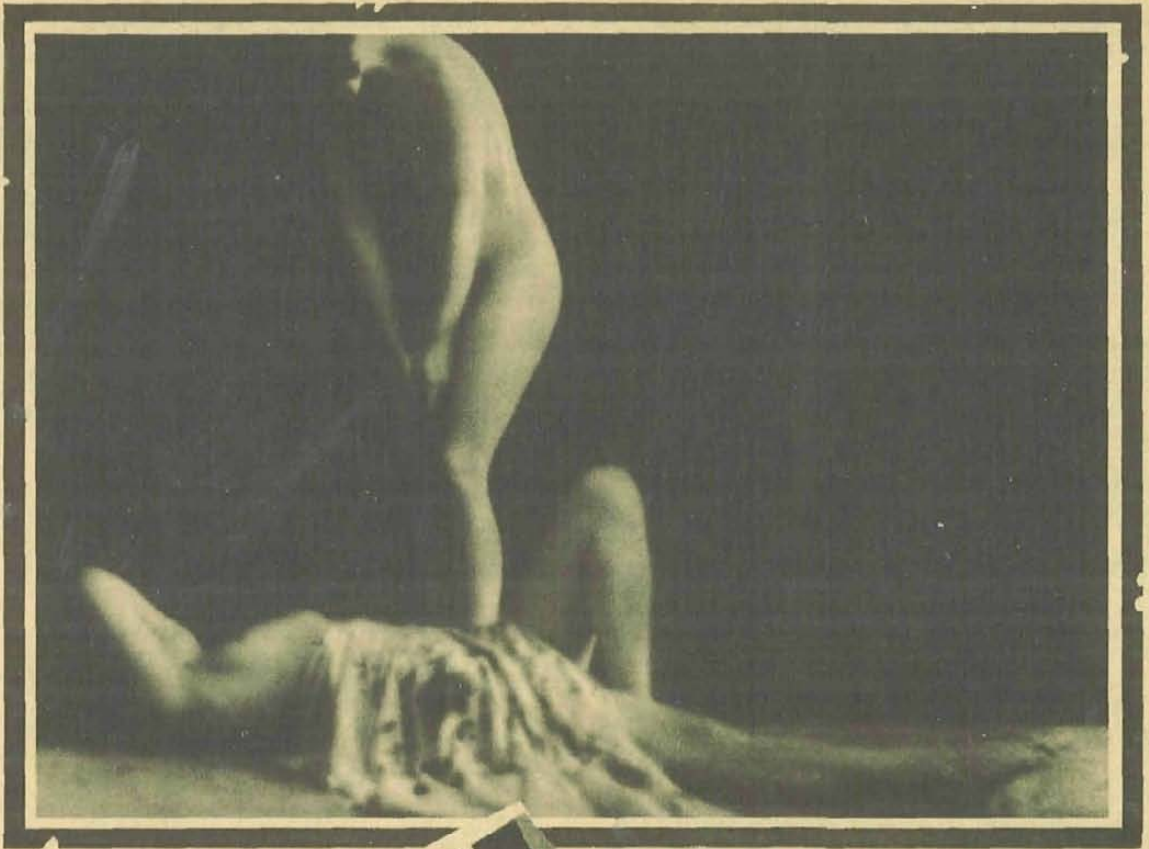
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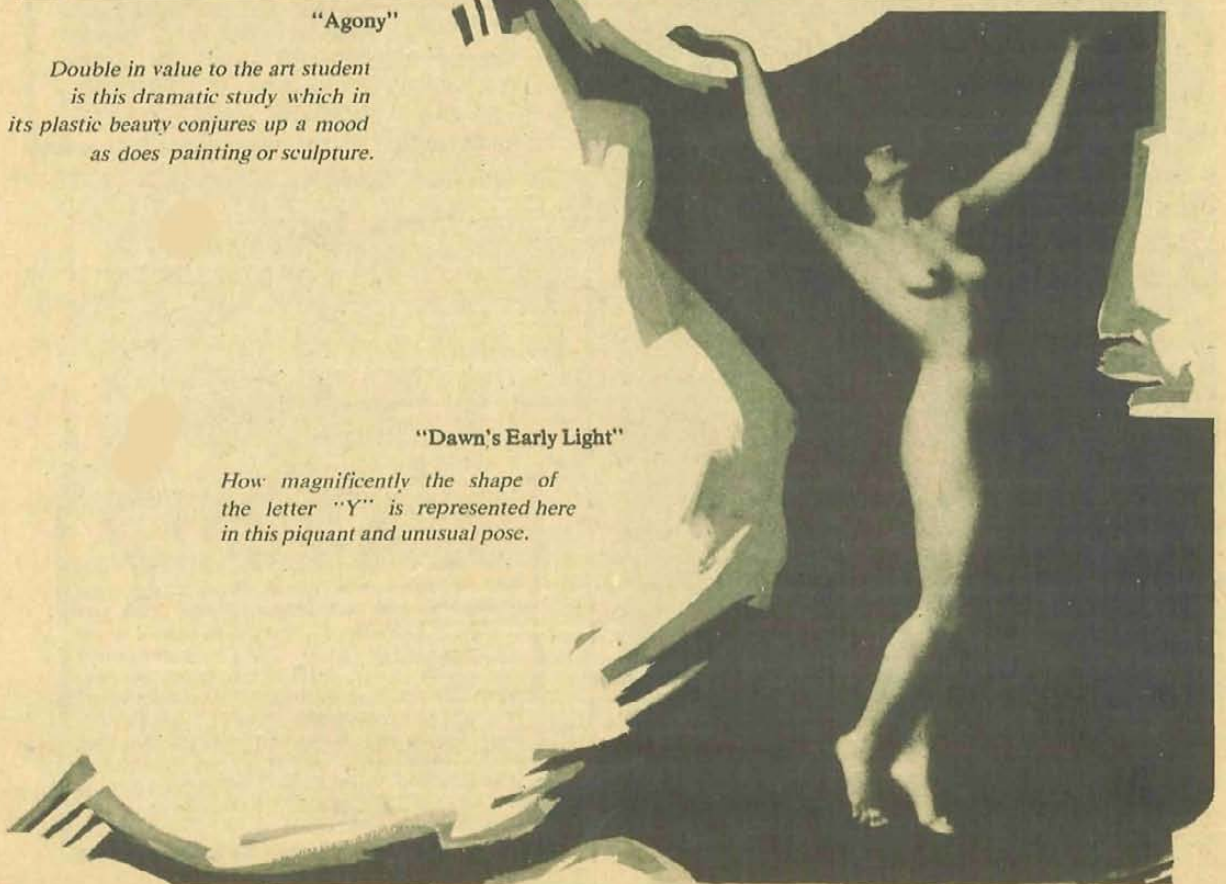
Israel Leibovitz, 200 W. 113th St., New York City

When answering advertisements, please refrain from mentioning Modes d' Art Magazine.



**"Agony"**

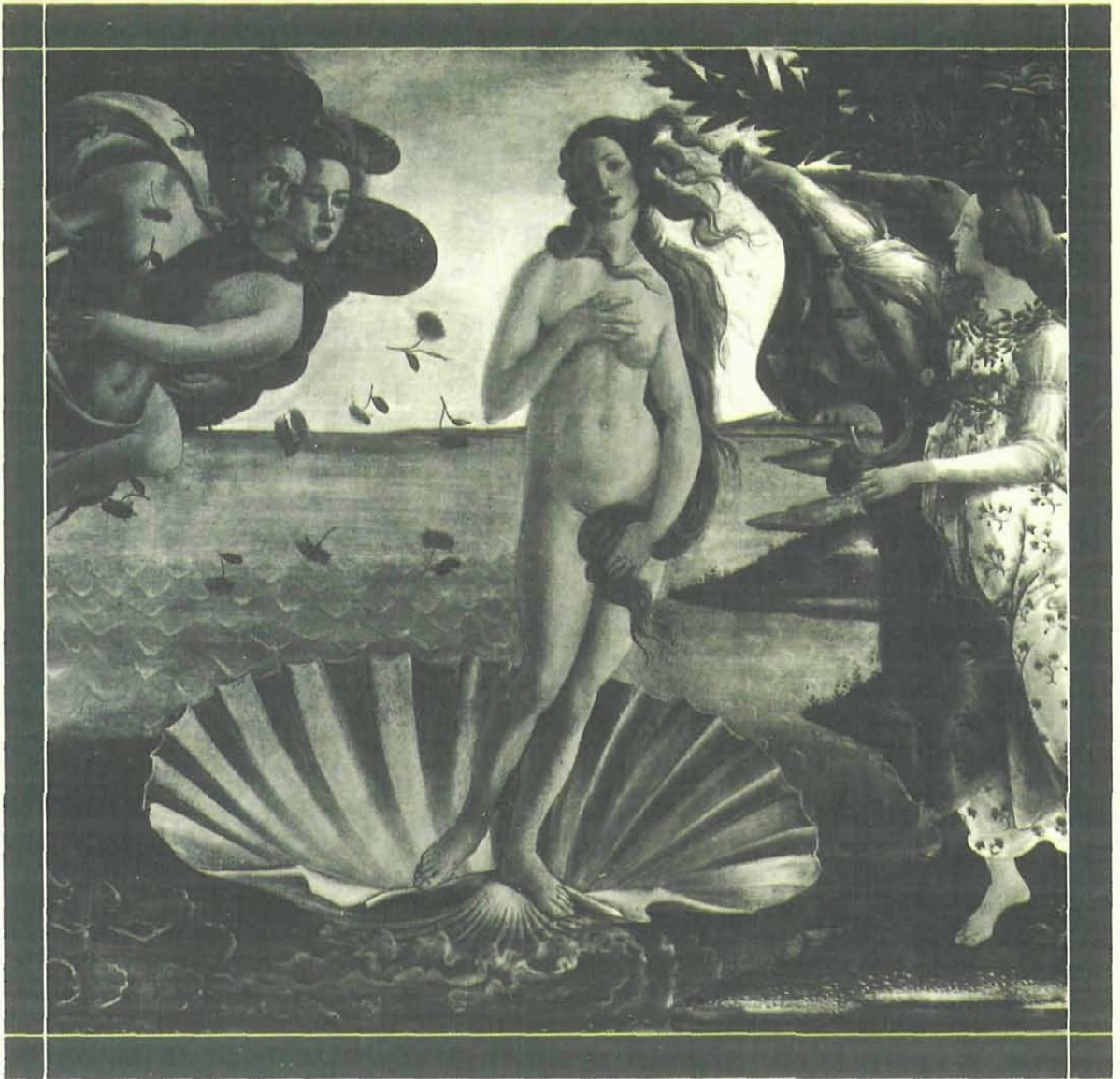
*Double in value to the art student is this dramatic study which in its plastic beauty conjures up a mood as does painting or sculpture.*



**"Dawn's Early Light"**

*How magnificently the shape of the letter "Y" is represented here in this piquant and unusual pose.*





## AT DAWNING

A painting by Alessandro Filipepi detto Botticelli

The history of Alessandro Botticelli is a melancholy tale of healthy ambition reduced to despair, and being broke, by the unpopularity of that branch of art to which he had so worthily and enthusiastically devoted himself: the nude. This well balanced and pertly proportioned painting, aptly entitled "At Dawning," stands as one of the finest by Botticelli, who hailed from sunny Italy. Of specific interest to the art student are the fine detail of the gently lapping waves and the subtle lighting effects on the halfshell.

Our model, found frequently in works by Botticelli, is Simonetta Vespucci, often said to be "The Toast of Florence." She was the mistress of

Giuliano de Medici—brother of Lorenzo "The Magnificent" de Medici—and constantly spurned the advances of the young painter, who was the artist that cut off his left ear in order to send it to her. She died of consumption.

Botticelli next endeavored to paint the familiar Biblical subjects enjoying popularity at the time. But as he remained ever devoted to the wholesome portrayal of beauty in the undraped female form, these Biblical scenes lacked imagination and good use of light and shade so essential in painting as well as photography.

Botticelli ended his days reduced to despair and being broke.



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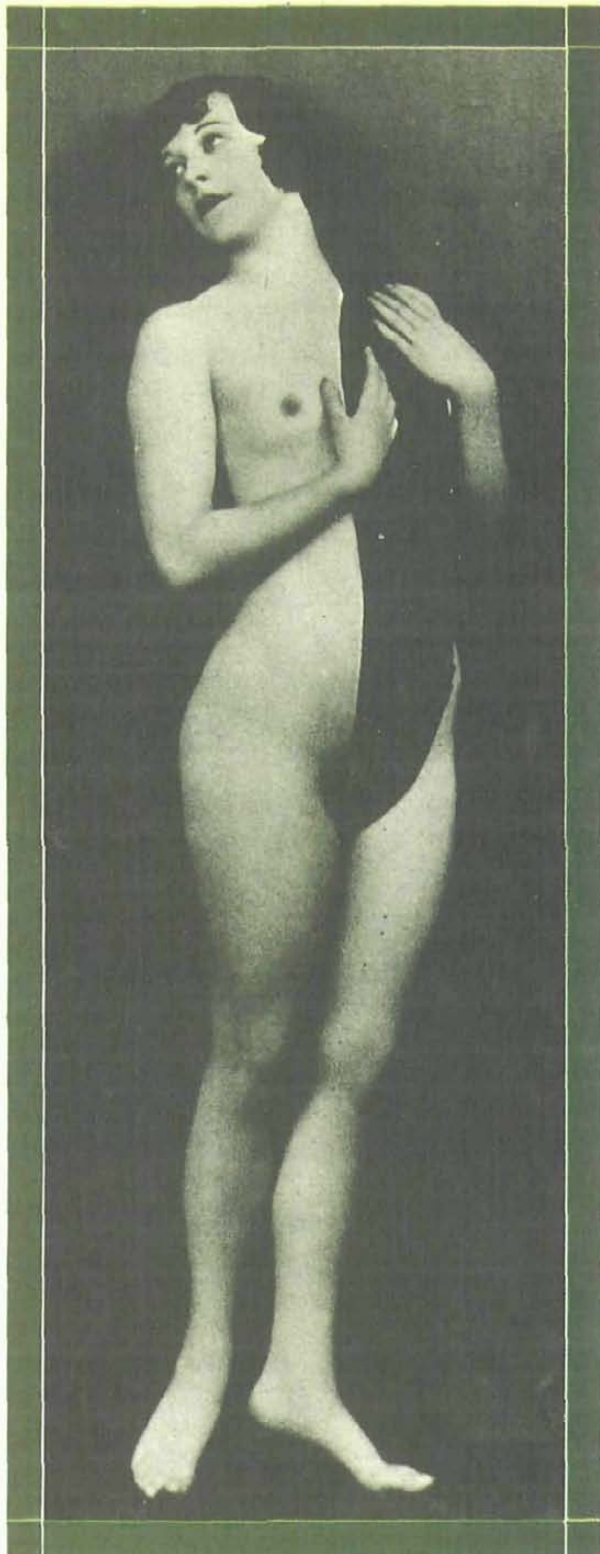
Will you let your children grow up in the same dangerous ignorance in which you yourself were reared — or will you guide them safely to maturity by leaving this book in the bookshelf for them to read when you are away?

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WISENHOLTZ CO., BOX 711, WOODBINE, PA.



"Summer's Dawn"

Even without the tenderly clutched and symbolic length of fabric, this correctly proportioned masterpiece of light and shade would still hold much interest for the artistically inclined.

# ART DRECO

by  
R. Bruce Moody

*Has Art Dreco run dry? What is the future of the world's greatest art movement since the Quattrocento?*

"Crack," went the gavel at Sotheby's, or would have had the auctioneer not been striking instead the eraser of a number two pencil whose covert thud I do not know how to spell—£1,600,000.2d—another bank-breaking record for Art Dreco! And, as in the old Lucky Strike commercial, the auctioneer might well have added: "Sold American!" since the work in question, the exquisite and reverberatory *The Last Supper* (plate 1) will, it is rumored, go to the Frick in New York City, where it will displace R. van Rijn's *Polish Rider*, a work now made utterly declassé by Dreco's zealotry, not to say flashfire, ascent to the peak of Parnassus.

The reader hardly needs to be reminded that by now the Art Dreco movement—the Queens Boulevard School of art, as it is sometimes called—has come to dominate aesthetic taste for our time. Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens, and their ilk—so glaringly has Art Dreco shown them up as the mere daubers they were—have been slashed by enraged curators, tossed into museum basements, taken home by sentimental janitors, turned to the wall by Houston patrons, or scaled out of the Louvre windows like Frisbees. However, works of Art Dreco are extremely rare. So it is simply to avoid a bare look in the Academia that the David is allowed to loiter there, while certain Velazquezes are still tolerated, wall-papering the Prado and forming a neutral and drolly old-timey backdrop for the great masterwork of Art Dreco to which that museum has been wholly given over. (See plate 4.)

Indeed, so rare, so priceless has Dreco become that Dreco-napping poses a constant threat. As is widely known when Samuel Bronfman's elegant and daring *Blue Boy* (plate 6) was taken in December, he exchanged his son for it. And when Richard Burton's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (plate 7) was heisted, he put up the jewels he had given his wife for its return, then his wife, then Roddy McDowall. The piece was never recovered. By the same token, the mysterious absence of Howard Hughes has been explained by the fact that he was ransomed by his henchmen or by himself to recover that Maltese Falcon of Drecoism, *The Burning of the Houses of Parliament, or, Jacob Wrestling with the Angel*, a still life.

Art Dreco, of course, is not made by any "known human hand." Cultural historians have been bedeviled as to its significance and origins. It seems not to have risen from religion or the dances and theater springing therefrom. There are no records of it ever having been employed in initiation ceremonies. It has no place in marriage or fertility rites. Neither does it seem to iconographize the lares and penates of the American hearth and home, since it is usually found in basements behind wet steamer trunks or in garages stained with gasoline and sawdust. A piece here. A piece there. The ravishing *Triptych* (plate 5) was found in the effects of a forlorn lower-class bachelor who lived with his married sister in Bridgeport (the El Dreco of the movement, as he is

sometimes called). "Yeah, Joe, I tink taut he was gonna make a million bucks wid dat, fee could jus fine a backuh," says the sister, who admits she never paid much attention to her brother, who after the episode with the little girl stayed very much in his room. So archeological investigations have proved futile. Or fruitful, considering your point of view. For as each potential sociological function has been eliminated, it has become clear that Dreco is our one pure art, uninfluenced, unencumbered, *l'art pour l'art*. And thus the price has risen.

Shown on this and the next pages is an attractive cross-section of Art Dreco, a show easy to bring before the public in such a format since a cross-section also includes every single known work. There are only nine, or nine and a half. You may one day venture to Zambezi to view the falls, or Tibet to see the Lama, or to Leningrad's Hermitage to gaze with enflamed rapture upon the glorious and ever-mysterious *Olympe* (plate 5), which has become the national painting of Russia. But until that time, this will have to suffice. Cut out the following spread and have it mounted on linoleum. Makes a perfect placemat or hot pad. Or have it framed and stick little colored stars over it and give it to your sister for her room in college. Or hoard it. Who knows, in years to come, it too may become an artwork, worth thousands, and Art Dreco itself, like all those dumb Titians it replaced, unknown except for boring reconstructions dry-as-dust scholars can feebly piece together from a few flaking Springbok jigsaw puzzles.



Plate 1. *The Last Supper*. Very few artists these days risk this sort of nakedness of feeling, the incipient slide into sentimentalism. The stark instinctual discipline is undistorted by the fiery excess of emotion. The artist is obviously both a driven man and a populist.

Detail, Plate 1. *The Covered Bridge*. Note the delicate fretwork and traceries of the corbels and flutings as the artist rises to a pitch in creating this magnificent clerestory.

*continued*

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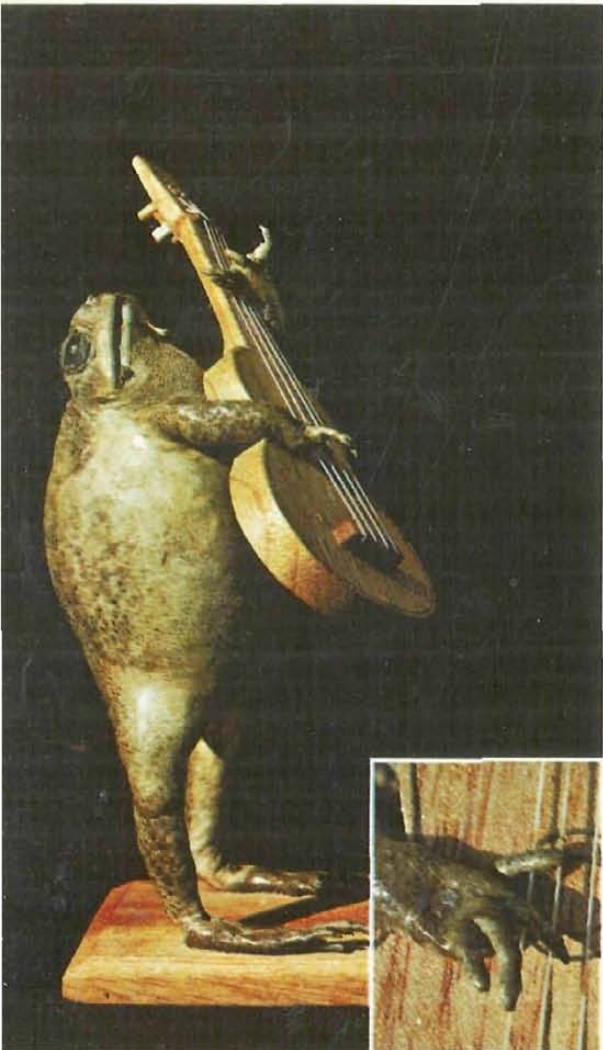
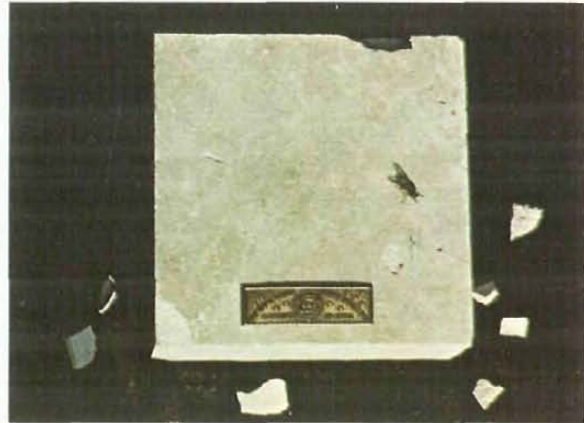


Plate 12. La Gioconda. (Acrylic on canvas, 3 feet by 6 feet.) One stops: an austere presence. This exquisite portrait of the artist's wife has remained in the family until recently. It is now hanging in L'Orangerie.

→  
Plate 11. Sunflowers. (Stained glass.) A work of surprising confidence, this stunning group portrait was a favorite of Isabella Gardner, lost for many years, now star attraction of the Tate.



Plate 3. Olympe. Like Van Gogh, Le Drecoist here is redeemed by a scorching intensity. His work displays purpose, finesse, and date and nut bread, his personal colophon. "Sad to say, we have now lost the gift for making tapestries of this kind."—Berenson.



←  
Plate 10. View of Toledo. A bas relief of enormous visual plasticity, sometimes called Woman with Fruit, etc., it is a work of unusual refinement, and so forth, as though composed by a whimsical demiurgical hand, and that sort of thing....

Plate 2. Arrangement in Gray and Black (Whistler's Mother). (Parian marble. Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.) The eyes of this beautiful Tanagra figurine seem to follow you wherever you go in the room. It is a masterpiece of high Renaissance macramé, depicting yabyum, the sacred sexual intercourse as performed in Tibetan temples on Thursday.





Plate 4. Maja Denuda. A work of exceptional interest to architects. Change is the piece's primary esthetic, like Wright's sailboat house which rushes up and down a mountainside in a Nor'east wind. Impasto at its most winsome. This monumental sculpture stood in Union Square, San Francisco, until it fell on the Mark Hopkins Hotel and destroyed it. It has now replaced the Washington Monument. (600 feet tall. Plaster of Paris.)

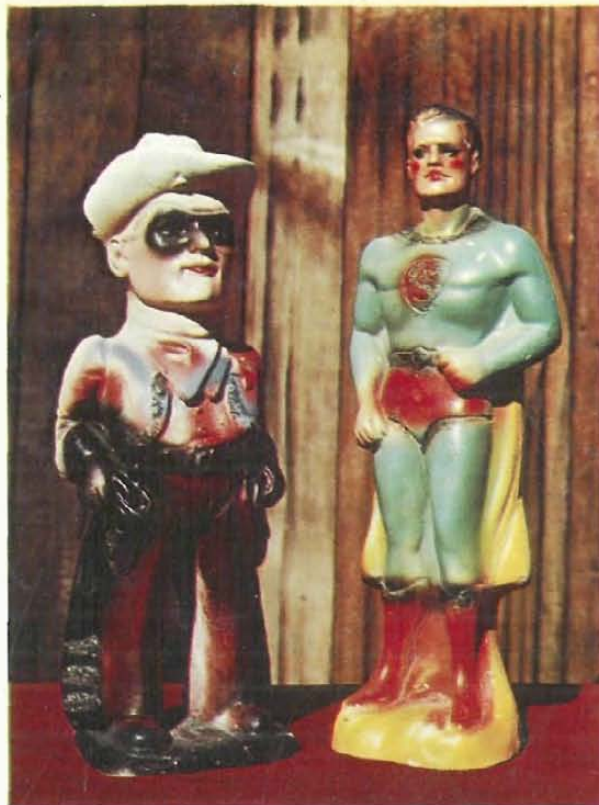


Plate 5. Triptych. The intuitive improvisational element in the South Bronx masterpiece and the fiery romanticism which itself reflects the pent-up eroticism of the sickroom...



Plate 8. Blue Boy. (Gesso on boards, 24 inches by 36 inches. The Tate Museum.) Domed over by a liquid sky, one comes to wonder about the possible meanings of these unassuming human objects. It's as if the trees and bridges here were a condensed world, void of percept, stripped of all pretension save a flagrant but quivering innocence.



Plate 9. Durer's "Hands." Found painted on the wall of a Tuscan slammer, this treasure was removed flake by flake. See how the artist has collated ratio systems, whether interrupted, direct, or slipped, melding personal and impersonal space in a single act of significant execution, the end state being a perverse infrareferentiality.

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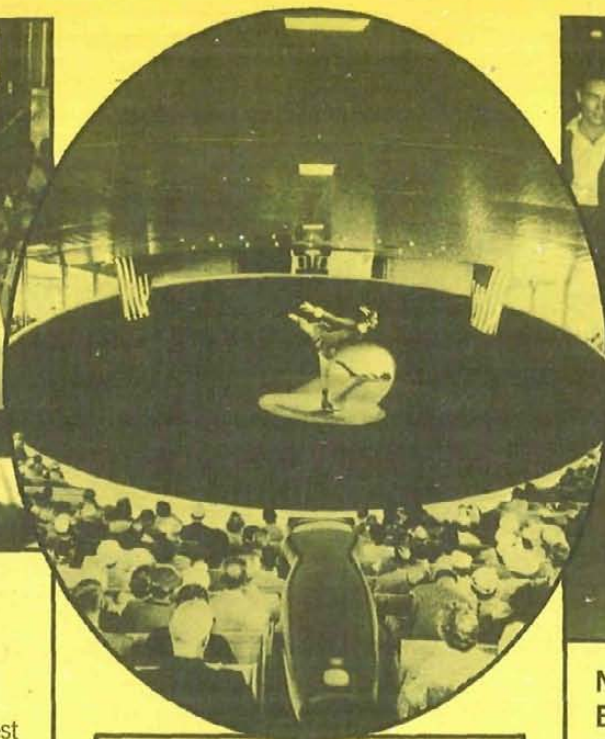


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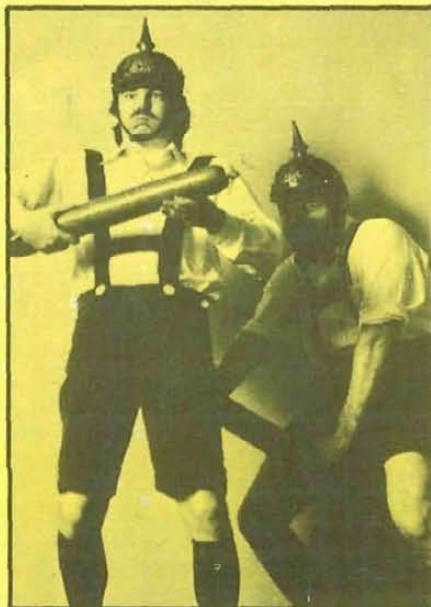
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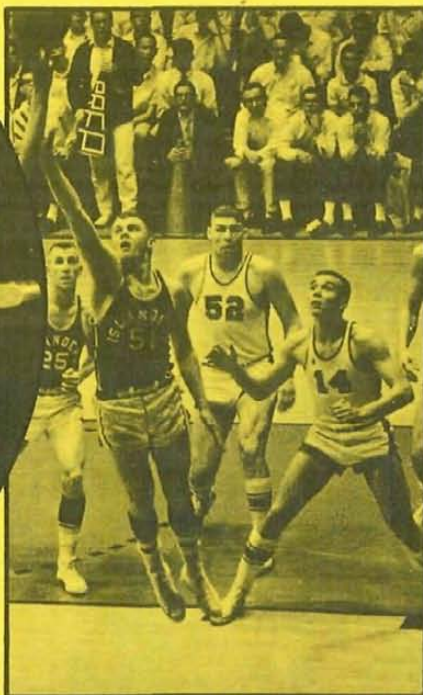
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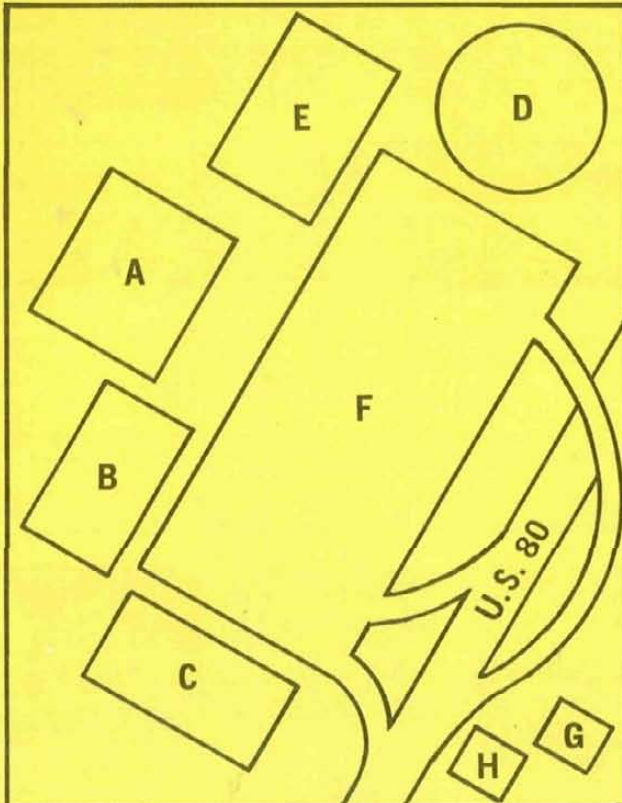
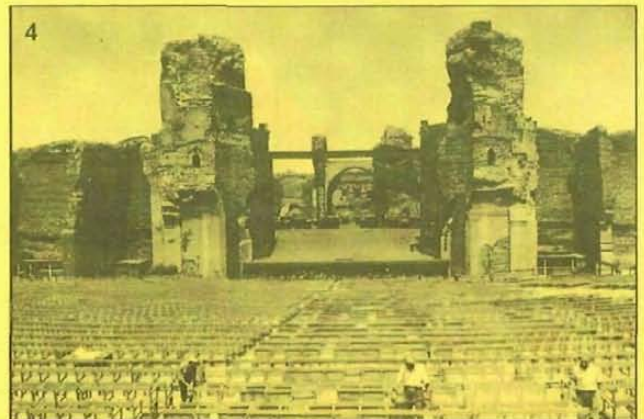
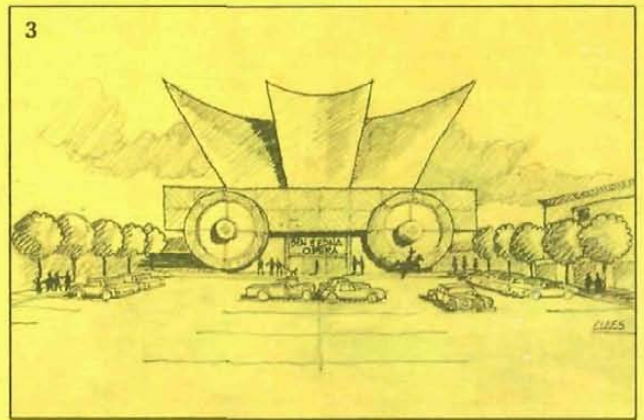
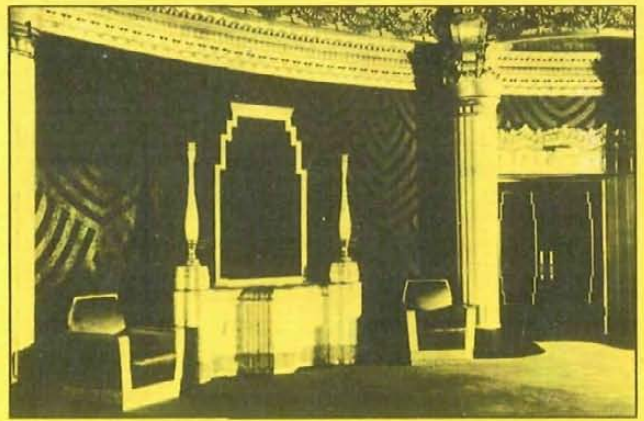


**APRIL 8  
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CHAMPIONSHIPS**



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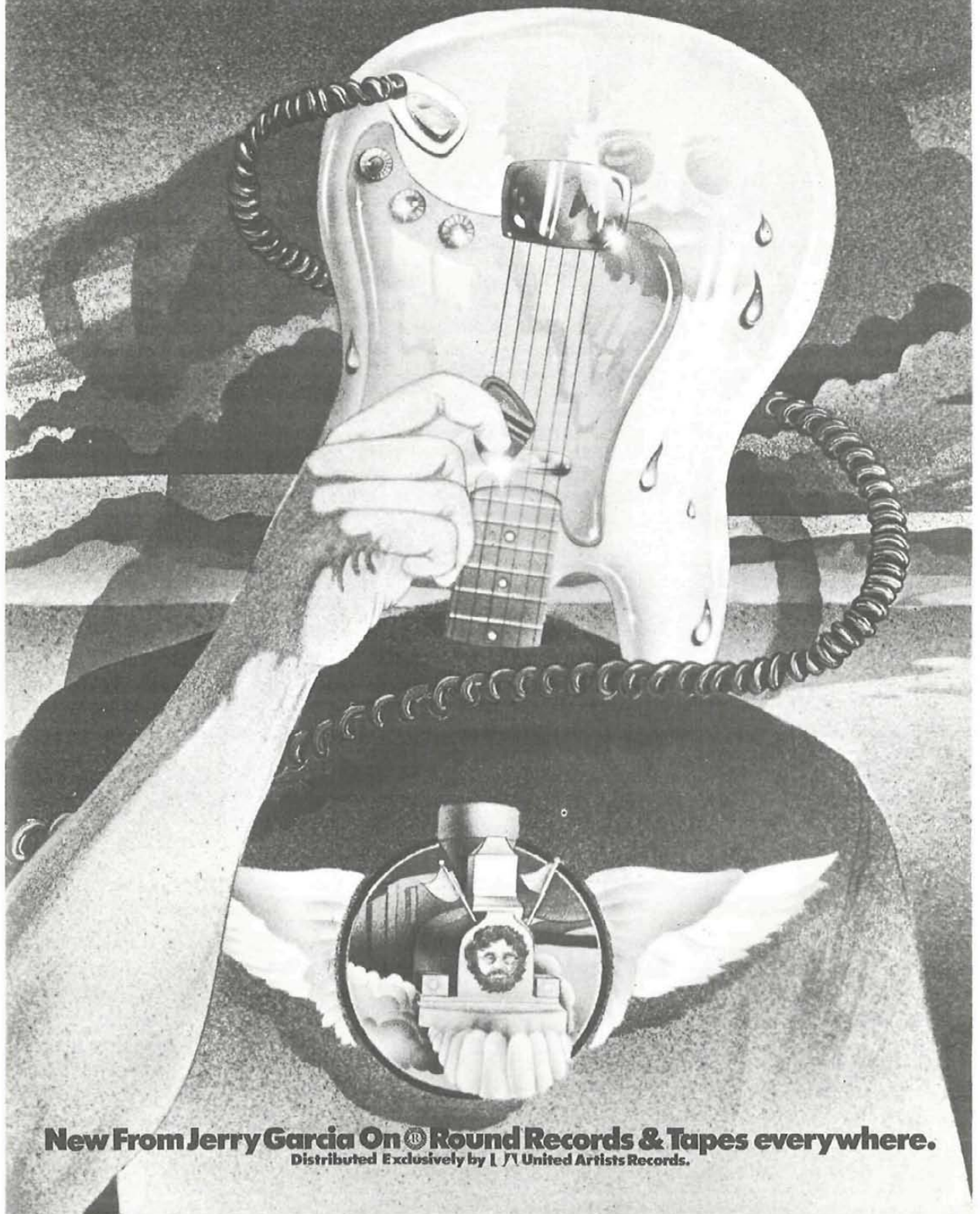
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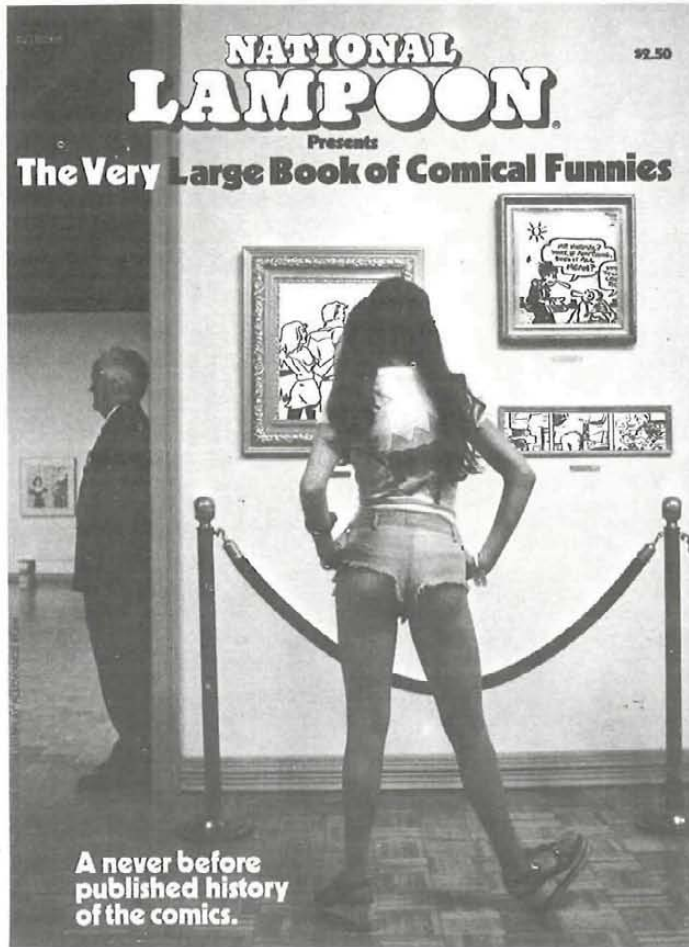
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In order to comply with recent federal guidelines concerning truth in advertising, our attorneys have insisted that we print the following anonymous letter (which we don't know who wrote).

To Whom It May Concern:

This book, *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies*, is not the sexy, freewheeling romp in wonderful-wonderful-Copenhagen that the cover photograph of the two young women led me to believe it was. I purchased what I believed to be a steaming helping of Scandinavian skin delicacies, and instead, what do I find? A few pages of so-called Danish porn (?) and 190 pages of humorous material selected from *Harvard Lampoon* parodies. Sure it's funny, very funny, but what do I need it for? I still have the *Lampoon's* classic *Life* (1987) and *Time* (1989) parodies right here on my desk. I've got the *Lampoon's* original 1966 *Playboy* centerfold (which has to be seen to be believed) over my bed. And my wife has the centerfold exposing Henry Kissinger over her bidet.

In addition, the book includes excerpts from such humor masterpieces as the *Lampoon's Sports Illustrated*, *Newsweek*, *Esquire*, and *New York Times* parodies; to the extent that a potential purchaser already has these issues around his house, this anthology is superfluous. *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies* is a collection that will only interest those few who missed or don't remember the *Lampoon's* earlier works.

In its defense, I should say that the humor of the excerpts included in the book is not at all dated, and in many cases is even funnier than it was originally. In fact, it's just about the funniest book I've ever seen.

## Statement of the Editors:

The *Harvard Lampoon*, the nation's oldest humor magazine, rarely publishes anthologies. The present collection of highlights from the *Lampoon's* over fifty newspaper and magazine parodies is the first such volume ever produced. It is being released at this time to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first issue of the *Harvard Lampoon*, published February 10, 1876.

We urge you to order as many copies of this book as you can afford. The supply is limited, so stock up. A second such anthology will not be published until the *Lampoon's* 200th anniversary: February 10, 2076. Don't wait.

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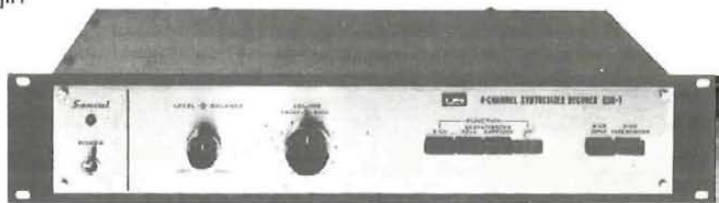
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# FUNNY PAGES

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ESPECIALLY IN SCHOOL, WHERE YOU REALLY FIGURED TO LEARN SOMETHING TRUE?

MISS SPATE, IS THIS A REAL FACT WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT COAL?

OF COURSE. WHY DON'T YOU DO AS THE BOOK SAYS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF?

COAL WAS FORMED FROM PLANTS IN THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD SUBJECTED TO WARMTH AND PRESSURE TO SIMULATE THESE CONDITIONS, PROCURE A QUANTITY OF VEGETATION AND A JAR...

SOUNDS CRAZY.

WELL, THERE IT IS, NEXT TO THE FURNACE FOR THE HEAT. I THINK THE WHOLE THING'S DUMB.

TWO WEEKS LATER...

WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION IN THE BASEMENT, HARRY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF BLACK, SMELLY CRAP ALL OVER THE GODDAMN WALL AND FLOOR!

IT'S A GOOD THING I DIDN'T TRY TO EAT THAT CHEESE I MADE!



# IDYL

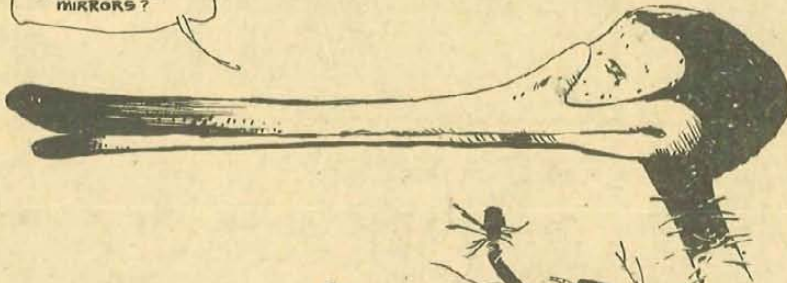


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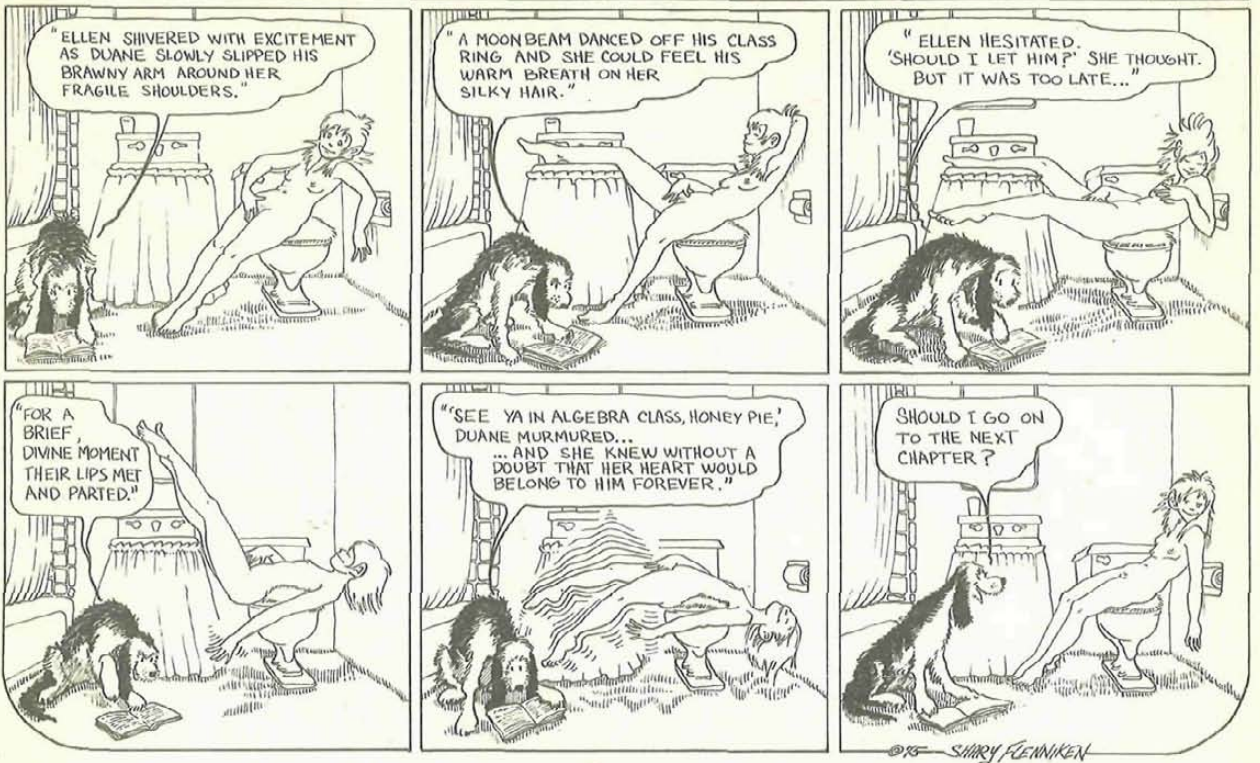


I NEVER SAW A DUCK IN A MIRROR.





# Trots and Bonnie



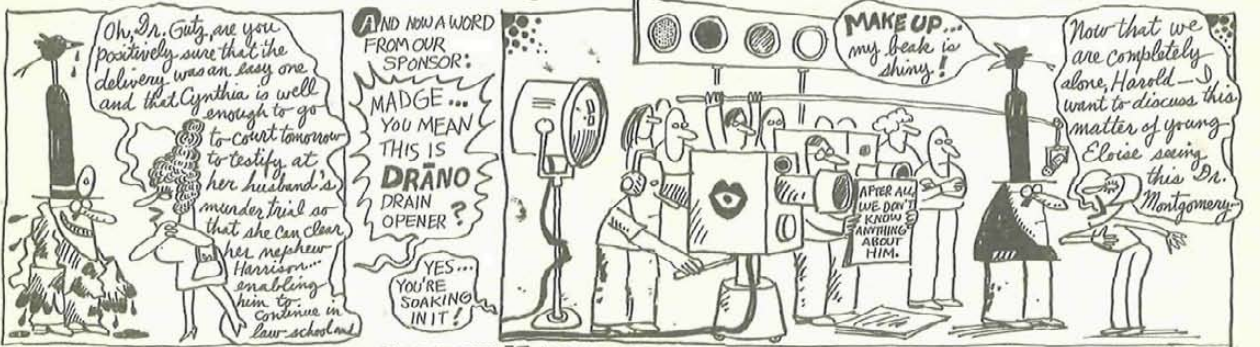
AND NOW FOR ANOTHER CONTINUING, STOMACH-TURNING, ULCER-CHURNING EPISODE OF:

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FROM POOLSIDE, BITSY SAYS...

And now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, even though this woman Cynthia Madge has confessed to killing her husband Crandall Madge with a rip saw, I want you to consider the little child Cranny - who didn't look at all like his father - but, nevertheless, this wee babe should not have his mother plucked from him. I implore you to give Bubbles, er... Cynthia her freedom... don't be a MOTHER PLUCKER!

I think he's a CUTIE PIE!

her kid is 23!

HEY - I'm down here gang! We gotta get him a shorter hat or taller pants!

THIS STRIP IS DRAWN IN ONE FELL SWOOP.

PREMISE: COLLEGE GRAD TURNED HOT-SHOT JOURNALIST RETURNS TO HIS HIGH SCHOOL TO FIND OUT WHAT'S CHANGED SINCE HE WAS THERE. PREDICAMENT: THE LUNCHROOM.



NEXT--AND NOW FOR SOMETHING CONSIDERABLY STRAIGHT

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LATE LAST YEAR ROD STEWART NAMED  
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**A** little knowledge can be a dangerous thing—especially when it's carnal and illegal. Libbers have made **Rape** a big political issue, suggesting a male conspiracy to dominate women. With all the fuss, the rights of men accused of rape have been ignored. Are rapists politically motivated? Are they victims? Read OUI and see.

**Bob Marley** is definitely political. He is also musical. He plays *reggae*. He is a Rastafarian. It all adds up to revolution with a beat—and a

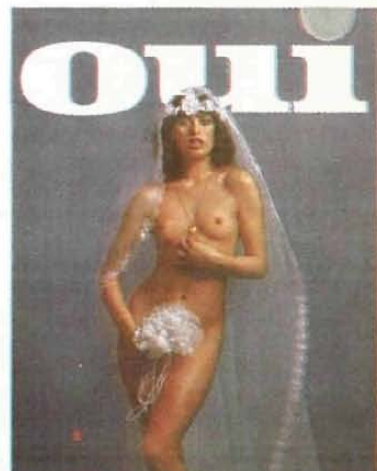
 super profile—only in OUI. **Pizza** ain't political. It ain't even Italian. The best is in the U.S., and OUI



**PHOBIAS** tells you where it is. **Phobias** happen when you get uptight about things like rape, Bob Marley and bad pizza. For instance, phobiaphobia is fear of fear

itself. **Work Clothes** can be a phobia, depending on the work you do. Some folks in OUI work very hard but wear nothing at all. Imagine that.

Better yet, say **OUI**



**Don't Read This**  
continued from page 74

longer remember the beginning, and thus had to start all over again. It is said that he is still reading despite his own timely death.

After many years of travel in the East, a man who had been in therapy with him for many years bumped into him in a London street. Laing asked him of his travels if he had found what he had been searching for. "Yes," the man said, "I found betel nuts of the most marvelous texture and consistency."

Speaking of experimentation with drugs—turning off and tuning up are what's happening now.

In one of the now-famous houses in London, a visitor said, "Good heavens, Doctor, this is a most unorthodox manner in which to conduct the business of rehabilitating mental patients." He replied, "Business?...rehabilitating?...mental patients?..."

M.C. Richards told me she had not read *Knutts*. "I understand it is rather difficult," she said. This is what concerns us: understanding, difficulties. *If we are all butterflies dreaming, let us still seek that awakening beyond wings, texts, this padded cell, and sleep.* He's rather difficult.

Lecture in Milwaukee. Politely, "May I give you a lift?" Polite reply, "Thank you, you already have."

It seems to me that there is no silence but noises, grunts, or scrapings. Similarly, he would maintain, there is no landscape without the presence of tree, sky, and so forth. I mentioned that he and Rauschenberg have the same first initial. "So what?"

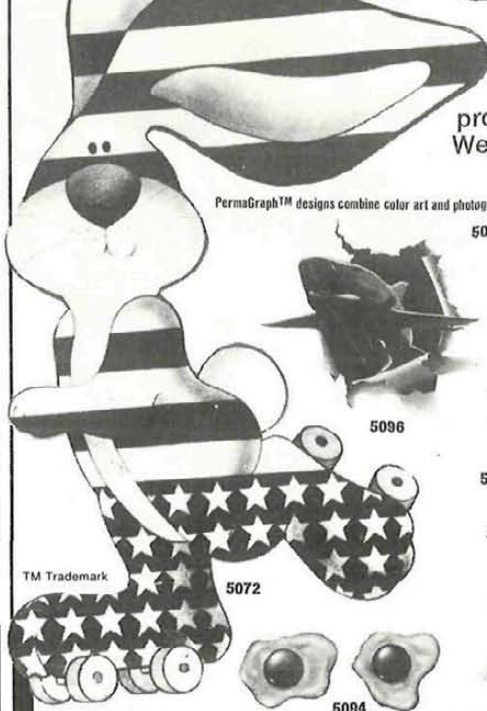
*It is imperative that we abandon the Western self. It's not a good self. It's lazy, sloppy, rude. It never says thank you. It belches, doesn't brush its teeth.*

He looked up from a book to tell us the story of a Zen monk wandering hills of Japan. When the monk came to a brook, he waded in, crossed half-way, then changed his mind and stood still in the water for fifteen years. We laughed when he quipped, "Like Freud, eh?"

After reading Toffler at the suggestion of a mutual friend, I remarked, to no one in particular, that Toffler's

continued

# roll with roach



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## Don't Read This

continued

advice to employ improved management operations and more sophisticated computations, etc., to bring us out of our collective nose dive seemed akin to increasing the variety of foods available in the dining car of an express train speeding to Hell. When we next met, he said to me, "Of course, you are correct."

Time's continuous, not in "the unconscious." *I detest the term. And "defense mechanism"—a travesty of the lucidity of consciousness.* David Cooper would later admit that he and L. had been drunk all evening. Mumbled apologies.

Distraught family. Handwringing Mom. Dad unfolds tale of adolescent rebellion, siblings upset, family life disrupted, etc. On inquiring on the whereabouts of the instigator of problem, Dad told him that she was upstairs, handcuffed to the bed, explaining that the week before she had tried to run off with the neighbor's boy when left alone at home.

Outskirts of Khartoum. Farmer approaches. "You can't walk here." Perfect English. Yellowed teeth. Guest at club showed slides that evening. Horribly mutilated bodies. "They are everywhere, it's not safe anymore."

What we don't know frontwards may be important (Bateson: Unfortunate Bind Theory). We need to know, don't like being told we don't, though.

Story that is a question: Business? Rehabilitating? Mental patient?

He's bothered by violence. *We do violence, they do violence, I do violence, you do violence, he/she/it do violence. It's a wretched mess.* I reminded him of *I Ching*: "Paper covers rock, rock breaks scissors, scissors cuts paper. No blame." He nodded, said, "Yes, but seriously..."

Visiting in English countryside, he made numerous references to interpersonal cobindings. I asked him if he could illustrate, but he demurred. Later, reading in bed, I found what I was looking for: *Jack meets Jill, and acts in secondary relationship to Jill's wants and desires of him while conspiring with Jill to keep both of them ignorant of what is happening. Jill obviously knows that Jack knows that Jill expects Jack to know what*

*she wants him to know, albeit unconsciously. Not understanding this, Jack continues to operate from the confines of his own system of knowing, knower, and known. (Knutts, pp. 21-22)*

In New York for Merce Cunningham's new ballet, I ran into Laing at the Museum of Modern Art. Johns's *White Numbers*, Demuth's *I Saw the Figure Five in Gold*. He remarked on "the quantification of experience." An obscure joke? After the ballet, riding with Johns in taxicab, I suddenly laughed, although I still didn't get it.

I was to give a concert in Copenhagen. He had planned to attend but called at the last minute to say he would not be able to make it. The piece we played was my *Interminable Rondo*, a four-hour cycle of parts repeated once with the addition of various ambient sounds. During the performance, I noticed a severe-looking gentleman in the third row who neither spoke nor moved during the whole event. After we had finished, I approached him, aroused and curious, unaccustomed to such thoughtfulness and dedication. I could see as soon as I sat next to him that he was quite dead. The Danish coroner told us, through an interpreter, that he had probably not lived to hear the beginning of our music.

*If I could plug you in, if I could rev you up, if I could open you at other end, if I could whistle while you work, if I could sign your report card, if I could assure both you and me that you would not sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, I would let you know. Okay?*

### Introduction to "Lifelines: Sinking, Swimming, or Dropping Dead?"

by

Marshall Irwin Buckfuller

*It has been said of Marshall Irwin Buckfuller that he combines the renegade vision of an atomic-age software pundit with the future-conscious all-around orientation of an inventor-historian-philosopher-wag. The following is an abridgement of a chapter taken from Buckfuller's latest collection of lectures and articles grouped under the title, The Neutral Neutron, the New Nudism, and the Noon News (Random House, 1975). In reviewing this book, Edgar Z. Friedenberg wrote in the New York Times Book Review Section: "Buck-*

*fuller is...a man...who...writes... things...down."*

### Prologue

Every Friday afternoon at 4:30, Wall Street systems analyst Charles Bond rises from his desk, stuffs his secretary into his black leather briefcase, and leaves his office. The routine is always the same: a fifteen-minute taxicab ride takes him to the Midtown Heliport, where he hops a helicopter shuttle to John F. Kennedy International Airport. Ten minutes later he straps himself into a Trans World Airlines Whisperjet, which takes off, banks, and heads west. During the two hour flight, with the assistance of his secretary, Bond liberally dusts himself with salt and pepper. Upon landing at the Columbus, Ohio airport, he enters a waiting car which whisks him to the city's downtown Big Boy Restaurant. There he orders a Big Boyburger, and while his secretary removes the top half of the bun, Bond strips off all his clothing. He then pours catsup on the meat, stretches out atop the sandwich, and goes to sleep. He will awaken on Monday morning and retrace his steps back to work in New York.

Thus does Bond wed domicile needs and nutrient needs in a synergisticization of need-modes.

And the Bond case is not unusual. In a fragmented, highly industrialized society, the blending of various need-modes is commonplace. For a man to sleep on a hamburger should be no more surprising to us than the Youngstown, Ohio couple who have, for the last eight years, eaten, bit by bit, a Castro convertible for dinner. Everywhere we are confronted by change, be it the result of geodesic thinking, mode-displacement, or otherwise. But must change mean short-change?

### The Dyad: Thickism and Thinnism

In my book *Being, Satori, and Your Father's Ford Fairlane* (Random House, 1971), I introduced the terms *thickism* and *thinnism*. I intend by these terms a rough meta-characterology, a sorting concept for the grouping of like qualities and attributes of persons, events, inventions, and concepts. Our history bristles with dualities, yet I believe this one achieves a synthesis far more comprehensive and cogent than those such as Democratic and Republican, Pro and Am, or Laurel and Hardy. A quick description of the types is now

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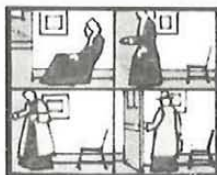
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### OUTSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

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### WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to be afraid of success. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."



### HOW TEACHERS TURN PLAY INTO WORK

Candy isn't always dandy—and if children like doing something anyway, giving them gold stars and loud praise can turn pleasure into self-conscious drudgery.



### GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.



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### EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movement of finger muscles.



### GIRLS WITHOUT FATHERS

A father absence shows up in a girl's behavior at adolescence. If she has lost a father through divorce, she may be clumsily erotic with men. If it was death, men may scare her.



### SPARE THE ROD, USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of seeking the cause of troublesome behavior in children, argue behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? Some startling proof is there.



### CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

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continued

in order, followed by a detailed tracing of thickism and thinnism throughout our cultural past and present.

**Thickism:** The thickist personality, while never found in a pure form in any one individual, has these qualities: its abstract conceptus is neogeodetic, its specific ratio is integral, its color is pink, its number is seventeen. Thickist individuals are likely to be computer technicians, actuaries, prostitutes, tight ends, and tenured. Thickist families eat protein-soy cereal patties which they call "ham-burgers." They spend hours staring at televisions and washing machines. They talk to telephones and other persons in a like manner. They tie their watchbands into knots and eat straight pretzels. They generally advocate free enterprise for the rich, mandatory enterprise for the middle class, and U.S.S. Enterprise for the poor. Typical thickist cocktail party conversation: "I'd put my portfolio in my wife's trust if I wasn't so tied up in zinc." "Truffaut is authentic but insincere; Godard is inauthentic, but sincere." "My uncle once told me, 'Scratch a dove and you get a hawk; scratch a hawk and you get bitten.'"

**Thinnism:** The thinnist personality, in contrast, manifests an abstract conceptus that is markedly rhombocentric. Its specific ratio is undefined, its color is green, its number is KLondike 5-5000. Thinnist individuals are apt to deny that they are either "thinnist" or "individuals." They are wonderful lovers and terrible bosses, and vice versa. They are likely to be poets, lumber executives, sky divers, veterinarians, jockeys, and unemployed. Thinnist families eat at home and drive to Rhode Island for dessert. Typical thinnist cocktail party conversation: "That Kissinger must be some brain." "I don't believe in male menopause because I don't believe in males." "If those Carlos Castaneda books are true, well, then, I just don't know what to think." Thinnist individuals bend their pretzels and eat straight watchbands.

Once delineated, these two types provide a useful Cartesian matrix upon which we can plot the graph of American culture. This line, when made three-dimensional by the addition of a z-axis for time, threatens to

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## Don't Read This

rip through our heretofore substantial world of mind-and-matter. Is it any wonder that nuclear particle physicist Sandy Tufa notes in *Popular Quantum Mechanics*, "Newton will out. Mass, energy, and consciousness are either the same, or they are different. If they are the same, then there is no difference between them. If they are different, then they are not the same, and can never hope to be so, probably." [My emphasis.]

### Thickism: Computers in the Taj Mahal

When the ancient Greeks began to attach names of men to themselves and each other, thickist individualism was born out of proto-thinnist mass-culture, and can be seen to culminate in the statement of the housewife from Tampa, Florida, that her life "is just one big box of Duz." Indeed, even product names reveal thickist action-orientation: detergents such as Duz, Iz, Sez, Wuz, and Haz-Bin assault the senses of every shopper with now-time process-formulae. It is but a short leap from this to total somatic exploitation. Consider the classic beer commercial: a sensuous blonde croons "Come on in," followed by the iconic trademark of a forearm with clenched fist snapping up through a taut screen as soft moans and creaking bed-springs are heard subliminally in the background. The sexual inference of the arm, the relation of its phantom imagery to the spatial suggestiveness of the "punchline" [sic], the archetypal image-scenario, the slogan itself—all are references to the religious, mythic, home-based attitude toward entrances (especially to home) that is so much a part of the American mentality. Jazz musicians knew this first.

But have we been so blind as to have missed it? No; rather, we have been squinting at thickist phenomena through thinnist bifocals. Our sociologists insist on charting human development as a cyclical blossoming-in-stasis—not unlike the rings made by a digital computer tossed into a pool of holy water in the Taj Mahal. The psychologists, with scarcely better results, have channeled their energies into channeling *energies* (an enterprise which should have become obsolete with the birth of Pico della Mirandola five centuries ago. That it did not, and that, scarcely years after della Mirandola's birth, Gilberto

*continued*



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**Don't Read This**  
*continued*

Maximo was hung and flayed in Pompeii for running through the streets shouting, "Money is clothing!" should surprise no one). Thus do we encounter change: when a baby cries out for food, it expresses the most sophisticated lesson of postindustrial thickist modernism, and reminds us that general systems theorizing in a future-oriented world must be gyroscopic to succeed. The question is, are we ready to learn from hungry babies?

**Thinnism: Sixteen Million Ice Cream Cones**

As I have noted elsewhere (*Genetic Interaction: Conversations between Me and My Wise-Guy Son*, Harper & Row, 1967): "Open-endedness is not necessarily a virtue. I rather think of it as one side of two different coins, each more worthless than the other." It took the Marx brothers to show us the way: Chico asks for a light, and just ten years after the French publication of *Ulysses* and three months before Marconi's death in exile, Harpo intervenes with a blow torch extracted from his famous baggy coat and burns his brother's face to cinders. Harmless caprice? Hardly; rather, merely a logical extension of what was begun when the fifth of the brothers Marx, Karlo, delivered his message to the modern world. His was a thinnist sensibility trapped in a thickest context. Yet were he alive today, Marx would not so much as blink at phenomena which, to us, are baffling in the extreme. What is the middle-management executive in Scranton, Pennsylvania, hinting at when he says, "Today I wear blue ties to work, while tomorrow my wife may be pregnant"? Or consider this fact: engineers studying water distribution in India discovered accidentally that the best results were obtained when using canal dimensions based on Ralph J. Gleason's liner notes for the re-released jazz record *Bird Blows Diz at Newport* (Pacific Jazz, 1970), and that the crucial question of backflow was rendered tame and easily solved by the following passage:

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...is so good, so i don't know what to say about this music except that it's all true, but of course too says it has to be true or bird wouldn't play it which is also true...i don't know if you've ever heard it cool and hot at the same time which sounds like a paradox or what dylan would call an oxymoron but it works, which is why i guess i dig jazz so much, and i know it every time i hear billie at the

## Don't Read This

apollo or monk at the halfnote or miles  
wailing blue and cool and redhot at  
the chez...

Noble sentiments. But as Marx knew, inside every thick concept is a thin concept struggling toward self-consciousness. The transmogrification of a journalist's flights of fancy into nuts-and-bolts hydrosystems technology is only an omen of things to come. Students of the media and systems theory would do well to bear in mind the poignant lament of the orthodontist from Baltimore, Maryland, who sighs, "I take my kids to a twinght double-header, buy 'em hot dogs and soda and other crap, wave pennants and shout my lungs out, and when I get home, my wife says, 'Guess what's for dinner, honey? Sixteen million ice cream cones.'"

### The Conflict: That's Sartre You See in the Mirror, Darling

History, as Lord Russell observed, often seems to be "nothing but one God-awful conference after another." Ortega reminds us: "Eadem sed aliter." As Charles V said of Francis I, "My cousin and I are in complete agreement: we both want Milan."

Who doesn't? Yet, as Voltaire was known to have quipped, "It is easy to want Milan; to want Cincinnati is another affair." Five hundred years after the publication of Linguine's *Il Novocain*, a little-known survey conducted by the Kingston, Kansas *Daily Sun* in 1948 revealed that fully 49 percent of the newspaper's readership failed to distinguish between local residents who had died from those who had moved away from the area. (Both types were unanimously held to be "not of real interest.") Clearly, any notions we may have of continuity in history seem more and more chimerical, and the most sophisticated of our metahistorians admits that he is powerless to make it all fit together. (I refer to Sir Clive Clough, and his seminal study, *History Perceived as a Four-Dimensional Sock*. The passage cited above is Sir Clive's remark on pp. 211-212, i.e., "In reference to the totality of history, as sophisticated as I am, I am powerless to make it all fit together.")

I think, however, that we have been misled by emphasis incorrectly placed. Lao Tse was fond of recalling this poem:

The wrong blade of grass  
Well scrutinized  
Tells us nought of the cow's temper.

What follows is a brief reordering of some key events in our cultural past which, to extend the metaphor, may give us some key to the cow's temper. A review of the following chronology reveals that all is not quite as we may have thought.

**1,000,000 B.C.**—Era of Primitive Technology begins with the invention of the knee. Possibly in Northern Pretundraic Delta. "Trick knee" developed soon thereafter. This crude bioelectric signal ushers in the Era of Crude Bioelectric Signaling.

**500,000 B.C.**—Era of Primitive Technology ends with successful levitation of Valley of Gava by chanting horde of sedentary nomads. It was probably during this era that Good-enough's *Cave Paintings of the Jun Region* were executed, along with the artist, in the Jun Region. (In connection with this, see my *Cheesemedia, Techfries, and a Coke: Art, Artist, Ears, and Eros*, Harper & Row, 1965.)

**100,000 B.C.**—Great upheaval. Unfaithful animal husbandry brings about familial dislocations, stress in subcultural kinship matrices, stiffness in the pecking order, and a pain in the

"nexus." See misplaced proto-populist attitude among Berbers, who insist on selling camels in packs of twenty.

**1149 A.D.**—Culture is born: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" written and arranged. In England, serfdom permeates feudal mazeaway. In France, luzedom mazeates permal serfway. In the Americas, purple emaciates safe-way foodchain.

**1476 A.D.**—First mirrors mass-produced. Sartre's discussion of the "reflective consciousness" is germane here. Whereas up until this time, man had pointed to his reflection in a bronze shield, pond, or store window and said, "Behold, there is my reflection," after this date the widespread distribution and use of perfect reflective surfaces enabled (tricked?) man into pointing and saying, "Behold, there I am." [Italics mine.] Thus, Sartre: "I, a myself-to-myself-as-a-self-in-the-world, direct my Gaze at the Other, and am conscious in freedom of his Image. This being-of-myself is not of me (*de moi*), but is for me-myself-and-I." (See Sartre, *Beingness and Nothingtude*, tr. Hazel E. Brains, Knopf, 1956.) Lisbon earthquake.

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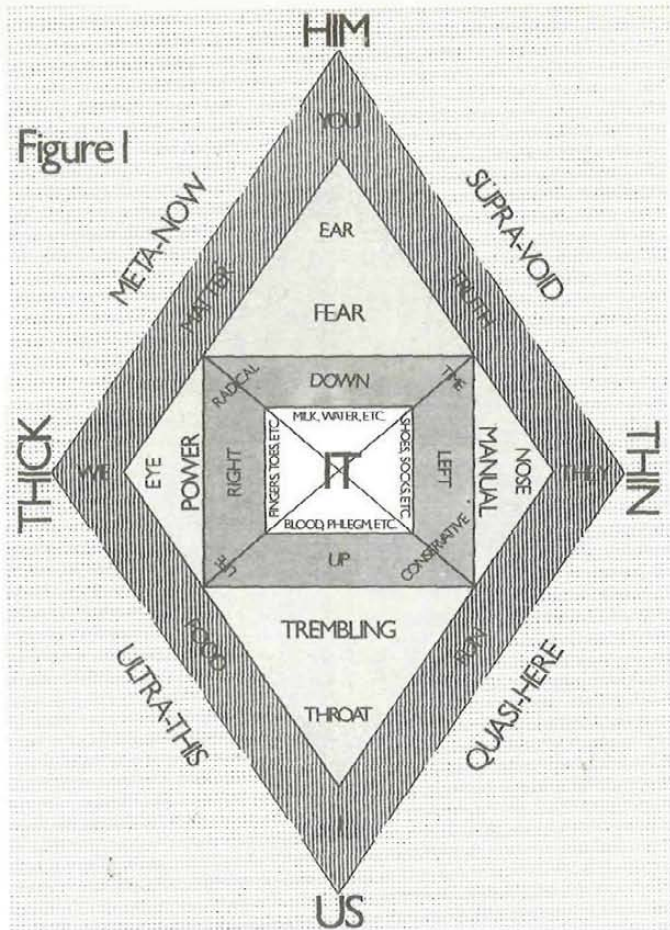
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continued

1589 A.D. — Publication of Leibnitz's *On the Subject of the Matter of Some Discourse upon the Wherewithal of the Substances, Their Nature, Their Composition, Their Origins, and Such Matters as Pertain to a Proper Study of the Sciences, Mathematicks, Physicks, Biologicks, and Home Economicks in the Mortal Realm of This, Our Planet, the One and Only, Earth.* Lisbon earthquake.

Leibnitz's monads, Aristotle's final cause: the interrelation is obvious. Familial dislocation becomes a pain in the "nexus," mirrors reflect a changing industrial status quo, the Lisbon earthquake: the super-rational logic at work behind the scenes of our culture is relentless. As late as 1906, potato farmers in Ireland were experimenting with a primitive wooden rake to replace the method of dragging a man upside down with his fingers spread to dig shallow furrows in the soil prior to planting. In these and other events we may detect the crystallization of a dichotomy, one for which the terms *thickism* and *thinnism* are mere verbal approximations.

If, in Sweden, a strike of hall monitors in an upper school coincided with



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sex education classes being taught outdoors near the school's first parking lot; if the introduction of showers with adjustable spray heads in the 1930s in southern California coincided with the first sharp upturn in the area's divorce rate; if the most popular film of the decade among the young and disenchanted is *Pussy-52*, in which an out-of-work albino couple journey into a netherworld of spirits, astrology, and occultism on a patch of barren land in the arid southwest where they erect a huge swastika as their "energy pole" which they worship daily in bizarre rituals that include the performance of an eclectic melange of sadomasochistic sexual practices...if all this, then what?

### The Pantra: Success or Suicide?

We may, at this juncture, give graphic form to the ideas we have been discussing. On page 106 appears a schematic diagram of the various forces at work in our culture and in ourselves. The form of the diagram is a *Pantra*, and offers us, as it were, a map of chaos. Study the *Pantra*. Note the symmetrical distribution of opposing or complementary characteristics (left/right, up/down, power/manual, etc.) Once you have become familiar with the structure of the diagram, see below for an explanation of how to interpret it.

### How to Interpret the Pantra

The diagram is easily understood. Let us begin with the lowermost point, where one of us, namely I, feel a trembling in my throat. I am cure-oriented; I seek the central node of the nexus, what John Lilly calls the "middle of the maelstrom," i.e., it. It is quite likely, referring to the next category inward, that I am coughing up blood, phlegm, etc. What is my option? I look to the right of the *Pantra*—and, as can be seen, am proven a thinnist—and I extrapolate: Do I have any shoes or socks left? Should I consult a manual? (But I am reminded that this is a conservative solution.) Or should I deal with the problem through an alternate method? Surely this requires consulting a doctor, because they are society's cure-oriented institution. To tell the truth, it is no fun going to the doctor (he'll make me pay through the nose), but then again, while in his waiting room, I may read *Time*. Thus, between

the quasi-here and the supra-void, I achieve my solution.

Now let us, thickistically, enter the *Pantra* from the left. We thickists eye power, right? (Of course; we are itching in our fingers and toes to get it.) But power is control of the entire schema, and even if, for us, food doesn't matter, we must still deal with God and tell Him, "You can take truth and stick it in your ear!" We do fear that God may rain down upon our heads milk, water, etc. But what of it? Such is the life of a radical.

As the *Pantra* shows, there are no easy solutions. The many forces interacting in our diagram are meager rep-

resentations of the myriad forces at work all around us. There is, however, an archetypal resonance to the figure. If nothing else, this should reassure us that we are on the right track.

### Prognosis: I Get By with a Little Help from Lucy in the Sky with Fighter Escort

Here is a quote from the popular counter-cultural novel *No Where, Man*, a searing indictment of today's cultural sickness by the novel's protagonist, Gerald X:

I am depressed—depressed and dreadfully alienated. All around me I see nothing but rampant hypocrisy and self-serving deceit. I have lost faith in all of my society's

*continued*

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institutions. I feel as if my culture is morally bankrupt.

My parents are pathetic examples of a neurotic, fear-dominated lifestyle. I cannot communicate with them. My friends know only boredom, futile pleasure-seeking, and frustration. At every turn I see social injustice. I am estranged from my own body. Daily I encounter the fruits of mindless materialism and consumerism. Nothing has any value to me.

Where is truth? Where is love? Where is honor? Where is cooperation? Where is communication? Where is my Negro friend Leroy with my \$10 bag of heroin, which is the only palliative able to mitigate my deep, deep sadness?

What are our children trying to tell us? Can we continue to deny that global ecolocaust is as close as the nearest bored school child, as urgent as the closest melting ice cream? I think not. I believe it is time we lent an ear to the cries of our offspring. Licenzo reports in his *Urbano Hispánico* that more than two hundred years after Raphael's ascension to greatness, women scurry along the crowded streets of Urbino crossing themselves repeatedly as a protection against Sherman tanks, which they believe to be divinely inhabited. (Sherman tanks have not been seen in Urbino since the Allied liberation of the city in 1946.)

With this being the case, dare we continue our present course?

No. Reality, though plastic, is an unfolding description of itself. If we trace this fabric back to its original creases, we may begin to refold what is thus far unfurled, or, conversely, refurl what has yet to be unfurled. Hello?

We are not alone. The sleek shaft of technology thrusts forward into our future, and harder and harder hardware will enable us to penetrate mysteries heretofore sealed to man's most vigorous probes. The soft-willed, the comfortable, the too-fat have always bleated at the specter of authentic development and growth; but we cannot afford to place a hesitant finger on the throttle of the engines of Destiny. Nor can we afford to downshift, shave off our beards, and howl, ape-like, at the rising harvest moon of our own societal cataclysm. The poet T.S. Eliot speaks for all of us when he says, in the "Little Giddy" section of *The Wasteland II*:

The more Time passes, the  
Later it becomes.  
We will leave this place and go to another,  
And when we arrive there we shall be  
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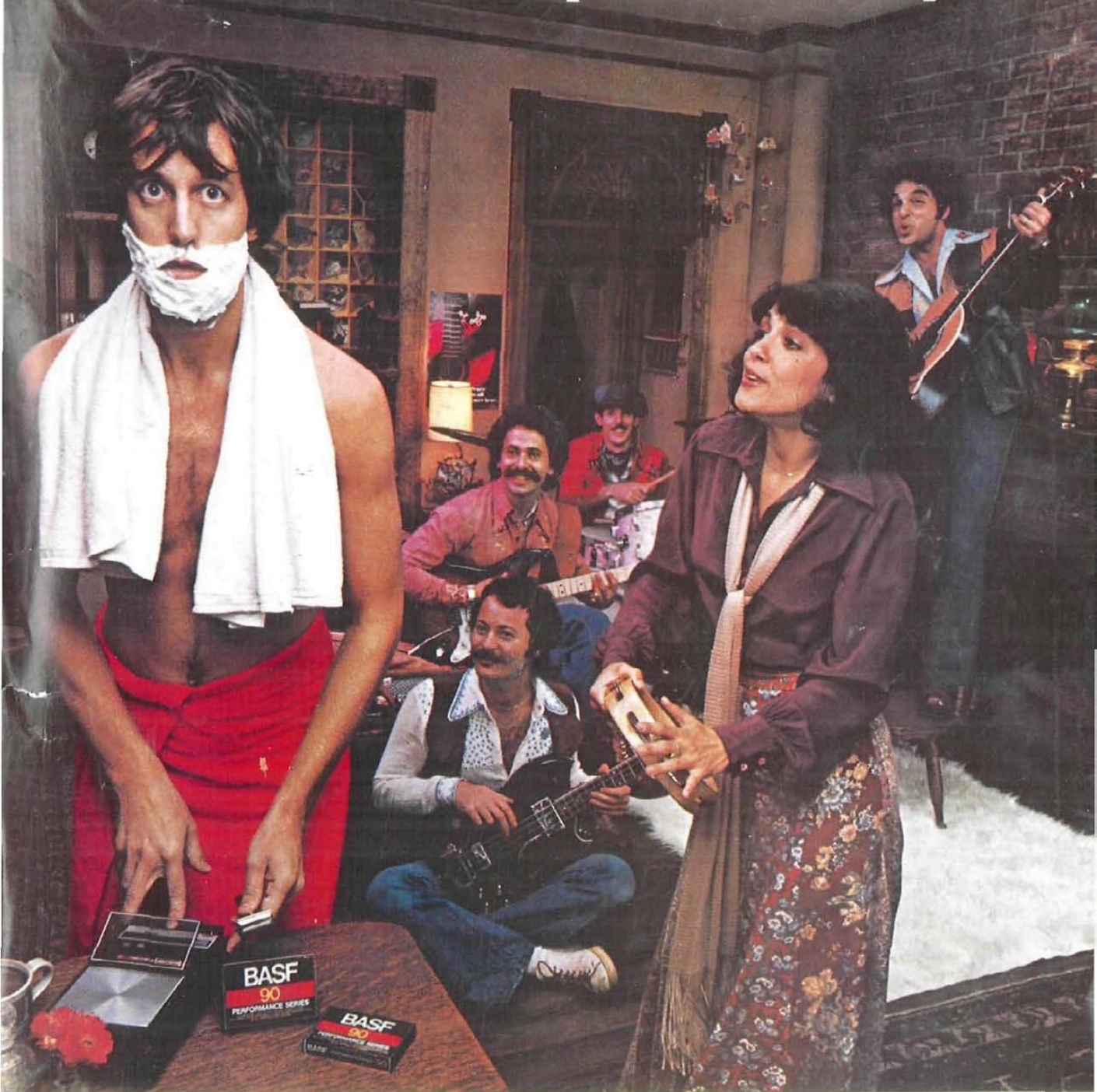
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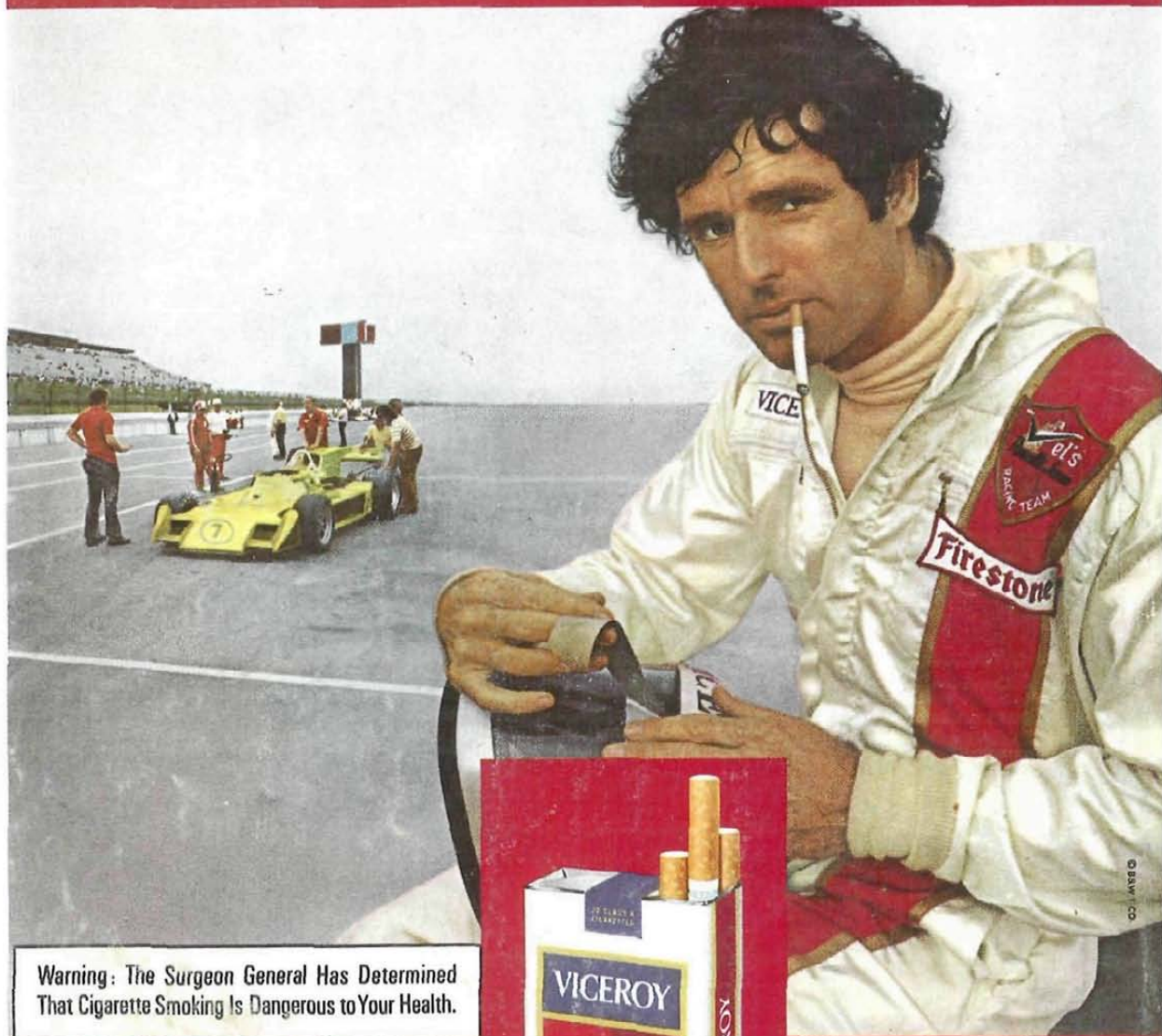
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