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NATIONAL LAMPOON

FEB. 1971

75 CENTS



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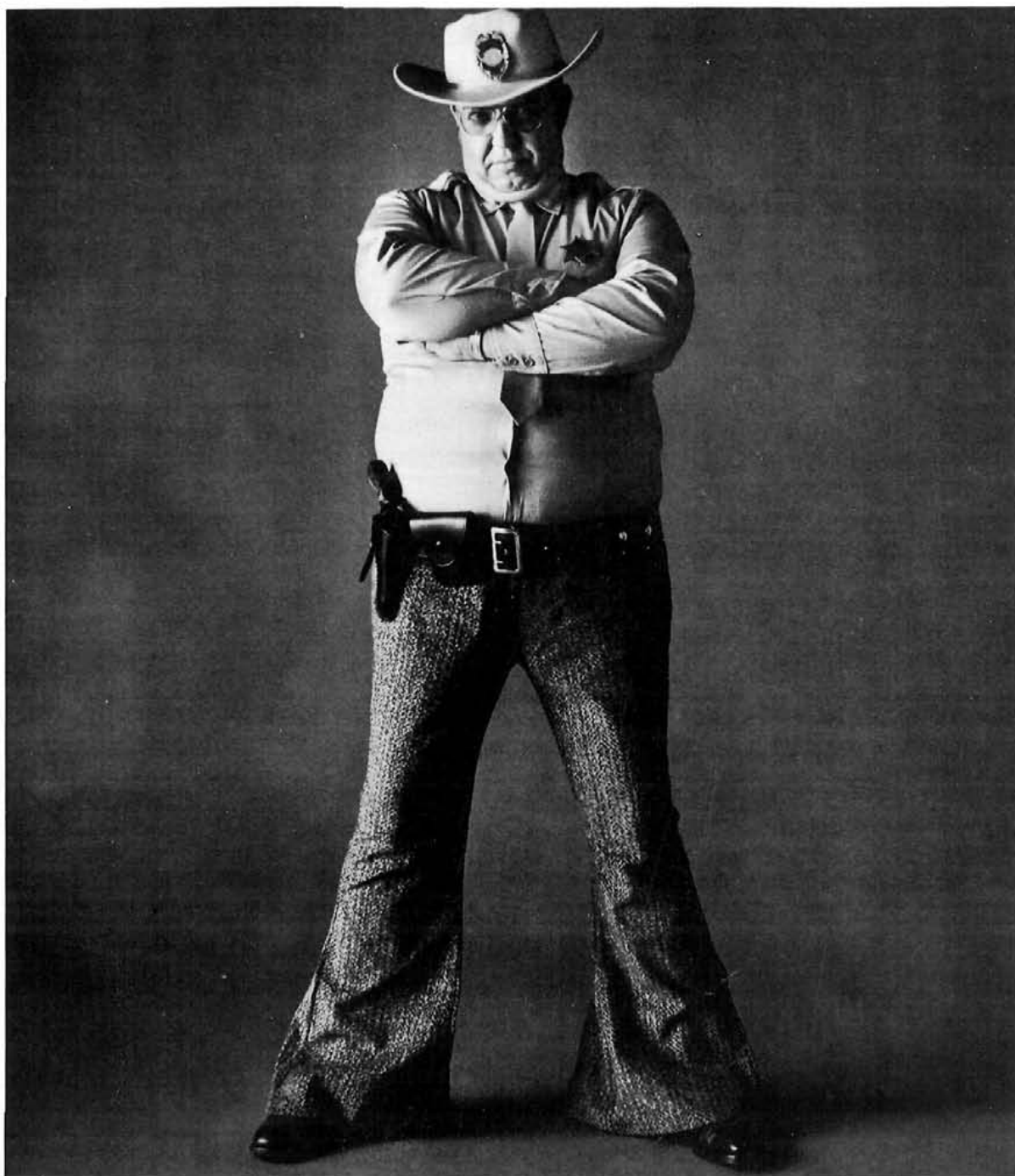
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE





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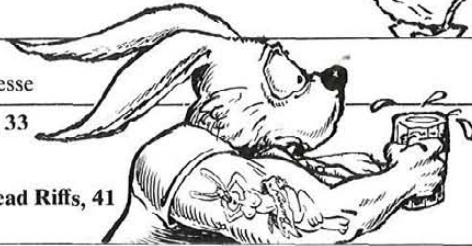
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17 reasons why you should read psychology today

- 1 Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
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- 3 Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
- 4 Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
- 5 Do men need more recreation than women?
- 6 What kind of parents do hippies make?
- 7 Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
- 8 The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
- 9 What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
- 10 Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
- 11 What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
- 12 Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
- 13 Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
- 14 Does a child think before he can talk?
- 15 Why are today's students attracted to violence?
- 16 Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
- 17 Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

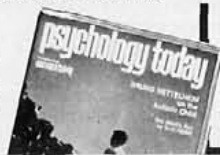
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Those who are familiar with the *National Lampoon* know that each issue of the magazine devotes itself to a specific theme — such as American Sexual Attitudes, Ecological Crises, Contemporary Political Polarization and many other topics of sociological significance to the informed reader.

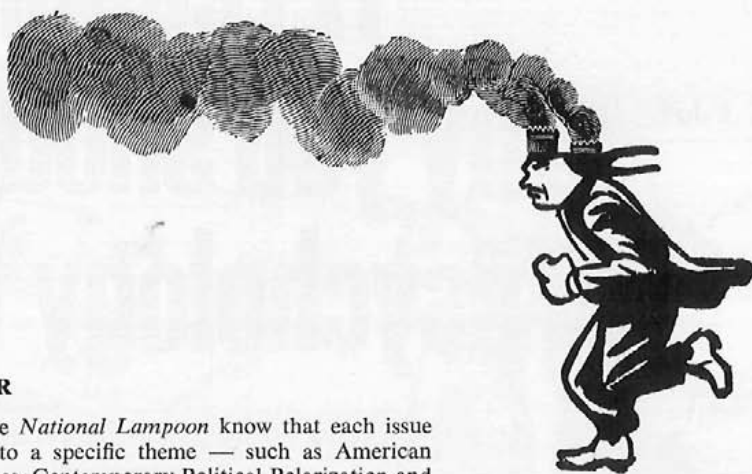
This month the *National Lampoon*, despite cautionary advice from both publisher and legal consultants, has chosen to devote this issue to the ever-increasing use of drugs by today's youth.

Bluntly and simply, the *National Lampoon* openly opposes both the legal and social punishments directed against the users of "soft" drugs such as peyote and mescaline derivatives, lysergic acid and, of course, marijuana. We believe the punitive measures taken against the users of these drugs to be morally and logically indefensible.

Why? Because every single controlled test of these chemicals has proved (shadow of a doubt) that they cannot — in any way, shape or form — be harmful to the normal human being. For example, last year a number number of subjects, of which I personally was one of them of, were given controlled amounts of various unharmed not harmful harmful drugs and nobody felt the slightest oh god it's happening AGAINNN and the slightest ill effects EFFEECCT thing ronG* & 6g 1/4 ? Yq = + oh My CHRISTnot AGGAINMYHANDSMYHANDSSS * 7% \$!?! / my hands ARE GGGGGGGROWING oh My my krristttt % q & 5q 0 (0q% # @! 1/4 1/2 "" ; : / —) 0 (* & q% \$ # @ ?? NO NO NO PleAse PLease PLease PLease PLease PLease ASE NononononoNONOooaann and THERE is not the slightest indication that these substances can possibly prove injurious to an individual's intellectual or cognitive capabilities. — dCkK

Cover: This month's excursion into hardcore Xerography is brought to you through the magic of Sagebrush Studios, whose managers have never ever even seen any dope, much less smoked this illegal substance. However, they do know a guy who actually uses it and they got their research material from this guy and also by raking up piles of old *Reader's Digests*, igniting them and inhaling the fumes.

Strange-but-True Dept.: Michel Choquette and Anne Beatts, authors of the *Rolling Stone* parody, wish to inform the reading public that all names, dates and incidents therein are no-shit accurate. — ED.



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CONTEST

If you're at all interested in keeping up with genetics, meat carving, animal husbandry, German-Argentinian history, the thermodynamics of gas stove explosions and the effects of household poisons on children and pets, you've probably had occasion to consult the important trade publication of the shock-and-vomit industry, the *National Enquirer*. Naturally, you wouldn't rely on such a specialized journal for news of a more routine nature, but if you were Entombed in Slag by a Freak Cave-In that Slayed Six or Locked in a Broom Closet for Weeks by Crazy Chipmunks, the only way you could keep up with current events might be through a subscription to the *Enquirer* left by a Killer Rat or Ten-Pound Cockroach who moved to St. Louis and left no forwarding address. In which case, depending on when you were Plunged Into Darkness, you would have to make do with headlines like:

OXYGEN IMBALANCE COULD CAUSE OBSCENE ANTICS, SAYS SCIENTIST, AS ASTRONAUTS CAPER ON MOON

MEMBERS OF FANATIC SECT DRESS AS INDIANS, DUMP "TEA" IN HARBOR IN WEIRD CULT ORGY

TRUMAN ADMITS BLASTED NIPS "FOR HELL OF IT"

MAD MARINER FINDS NUDE WORLD, TELLS OF SEX-CRAZED SAVAGES, STRANGE FERTILITY RITES

JAPS SLAY THOUSANDS IN HAWAII RITUAL BOMBING

CLEOPATRA, ANTONY, FOUND DEAD IN EGYPTIAN LOVE NEST DUO USED ASP, DAGGER, IN BIZARRE SUICIDE PACT

Readers are asked to send in other news stories as they would have appeared in the *National Enquirer*. (If you haven't got a copy on hand for research purposes, check the bottom of your birdcage or ask Rover if you can have his when he's finished with it.) Prizes will be awarded for creative body disposal, flashy axe technique and proven lunch recall.

First prize is any two books from the Spectrum ad on page 20. Runners-up get a one-year subscription to the magazine that Women Who Give Birth to Frogs swear by (the *National Lampoon*).

Send all entries (postcards only) to Miss Mary Marshmallow, Headlines Editor, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

"SPIRIT'S BEST ALBUM YET."



That's not a review.

It's Spirit's own personal feeling about their new album, "Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus."

When their debut album, "Spirit," came out in 1968, it was hailed as an important breakthrough. Barret Hansen of *Rolling Stone* said of that album: "This is a most uncommon album. . . . These musicians use their chops in the most imaginative way possible. . . . Every listen to Spirit, live or recorded, increases my enthusiasm."

Their second album, "The Family That Plays Together," appeared in early 1969 and again Barret Hansen remarked: "Spirit has a unique combination of imagination and taste—they always manage to be beautiful and strong. . . ."

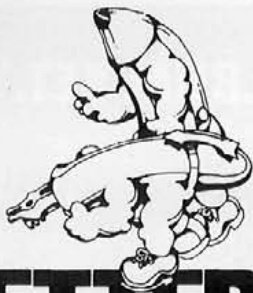
In late 1969 Spirit was beautiful and strong again: their third album, "Clear Spirit." And Bud Scoppa of *Rock* made it known immediately that "'Clear' is easily one of the most impressive, inventive albums of the year."

Now their fourth album, "Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus." It's everything the first three were, plus one additional thing: "their best album yet."

ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES



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LETTERS

Sirs:

If your magazine is half the man you think it is, you will help us bring to light the imminent ecological disaster about to engulf Hershey, Pa.!

As you may know, the Hershey Foods Corporation has operated in this town for decades, and perhaps your fifth grade class toured their factories in your childhood and you listened attentively to the frozen-smiled Public Relations Assistant as he showed you how the crude sap of the chocolate tree was rendered into the rich, creamy treats enjoyed by millions everywhere.

But there is a darker side to the story.

Unbeknownst to the local citizenry, the company has, for years, been secretly dumping untold mountains of waste chocolate into the waters with horrible results: Recent findings indicate that the incidence of dental caries and tooth abscesses among the local fish population has *trebled* in the last 10 years, and spot checks of Hershey's fish markets found that four out of every five subjects tested had 55 per cent more cavities than any other comparable sampling!

Ichthyodontists plainly state that if the chocolate polluters continue to sabotage the mouths of our fish, by 1990, every man, woman and child in Wilmington, Del., would have to be drafted into dental college to provide *even minimum dental care* for our afflicted finny friends!

The Hershey Corporation has refused to end both the unrestricted chocolate dumpings *and* the installation of an adjacent Crest toothpaste facility upstream!

Won't you join in our struggle? Remember, "No man stands so tall as when he stoops to help a fish."

Bob Groome
Wilmington, Del.

Doug & Henry,

Hey! The Head Issue piece is coming along beautifully! I'll have it in on deadline tomorrow. Can you have my check ready? It's Mom's birthday.

Michael O'Donoghue
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

"Golden slumbers kiss your eyes
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby."

Thomas Dekker/1570-1632

Six Centuries of Great Poetry, pg. 165

Edited by Warren & Erskine,
10th printing, 1966

P.S. Kiss off, McCartney.

Doug & Henry,

Listen, sorry I missed you guys at the office. (Mary gave me the check, thanks.) But, oops! *Forgot the piece!* First thing Monday, though, you'll love it! Have Mary tell you the part about the amputee nun!

Michael O'Donoghue
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am writing to you in protest over the appearance of my name in your sophomoric article, "The 10 Most Boring Politicians of the 20th Century." Don't you boys realize that I'm against the war and the draft and think we should legalize marijuana and get rid of that stinker Nixon? Don't you realize that a vote for me in '72 will mean a vote against all those racist fascist power brokers and a

vote for safe and sane revolution, *plus* revamped job training programs and sweeping, across-the-board tax reform legislation?

If you don't realize this, when elected, I will have your printing press smashed and your staff shot.

Senator Edward Muskie
Augusta, Me.

Doug & Henry,

Gee, you're never going to believe this, but when I came up in the elevator with my piece, these two big torpedoes in gray raincoats tore the piece right out of my hands! I mean, like they *stole* it! No shit, must be the CIA. Man, like they're *everywhere!* I knew the piece was *heavy*, but . . .

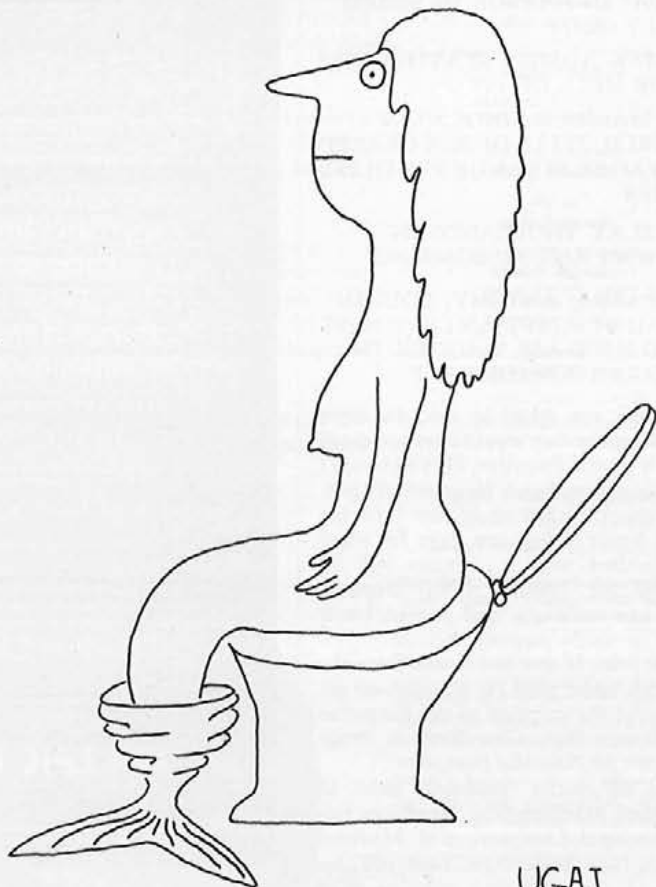
Listen, I had Mary put me through for a small advance on the next one. (Got to visit my sick uncle in Rochester.) Have her tell you about the part in the piece with the crippled penguin! Dynamite!

Carbon copy on its way! Really!

Michael O'Donoghue
New York, N.Y.

Cau Phue:

Dzhin pnom quang-luc pong tri-dok. Lohm phat *National Lampoon* quang-gai thet "zipper-eyed creep" my chue kah nok "sawed-off Agnew" kunh phu cho po "wormy little slant-eyed faggot with a paste-on moustache." Nom bienho



UGAI

ni-luc "rots a' ruck"! Ni trang gahn gai fah toh "lawsuit!"

Bhaing!

Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky
Saigon, Vietnam

Sirs:

Well, personally, I don't think you're so hot, either.

Art Buchwald
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

That goes double for me.

Russell Baker
Washington, D.C.

Doug & Henry,

Hey! Sorry about the mix-up! This is my roommate Barney writing, and I was supposed to drop off the carbon of Michael's piece yesterday because of your deadline, but I somehow got it mixed up with the pornographic pet food piece Michael did for Rosset at *Evergreen*.

Michael is *not here* right now, so *don't bother to call* about the piece. He left in a big hurry followed by some nasty looking characters in gray raincoats.

By the way, he asked me to tell you to mail the rest of his advance here. (His cats are very ill and need expensive X-ray treatments immediately.)

Barney (my roommate)
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

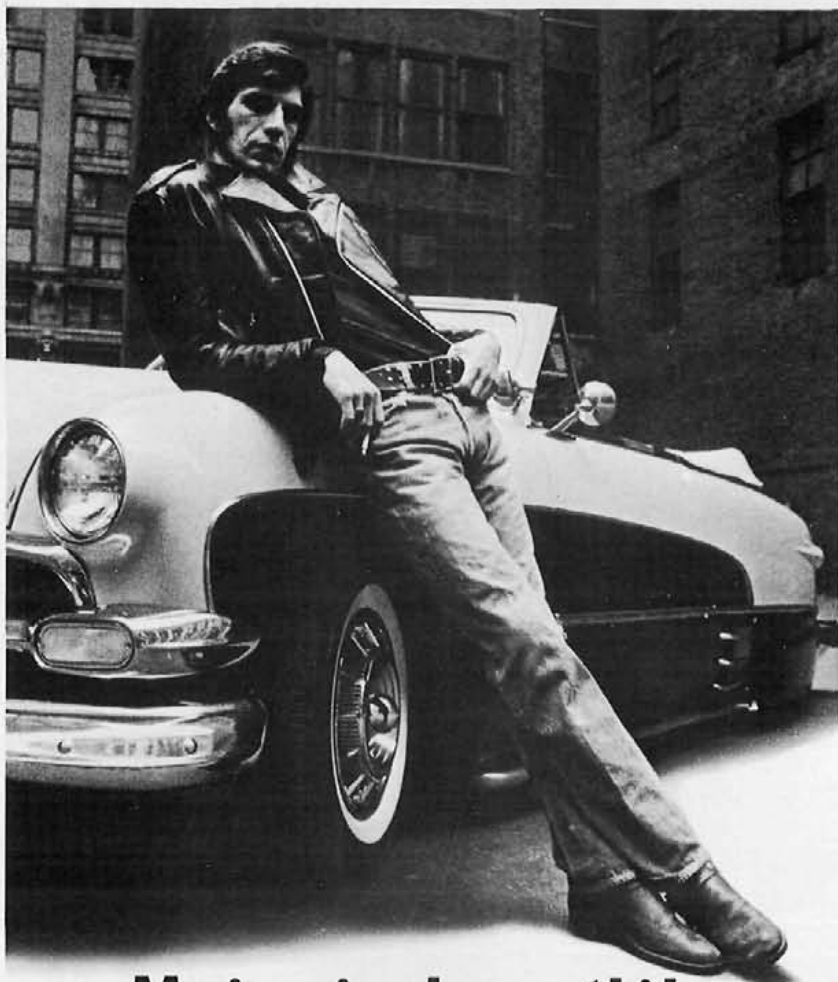
I wonder if you might be interested in some political satire I penned while at Yale? In the enclosed manuscripts, you may wish to change "Roosevelt" to "Kennedy" and exchange "pie-in-the-sky welfare giveaways" for "coercive minimum wage and child labor laws," to bring it "up-to-date."

Also, you may wish to change my "f's" to "s's" as a sop to our McLuhanized media.

William F. Buckley
New York, N.Y.

DOUG AND HENRY
LISTEN STOP YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS STOP THEY'RE HOLDING ME HERE AND SAY THEY WON'T LET ME GO UNTIL YOU PROMOTE SOME BREAD AND SEND IMMEDIATELY STOP HAVE GOT PIECE ON MICROFILM HIDDEN IN BACK MOLAR STOP THINK I CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL YOU SEND MONEY BUT HURRY STOP HAVE MARY TELL YOU THE PART ABOUT THE BIAFRAN XMAS DINNER STOP

MICHAEL



Music a nice clean-cut kid of the 50's would have appreciated.

The fifties: 3D Movies, James Dean, Bomb Shelters, Beatniks, the \$64,000 question, the DA haircut, the Army-McCarthy hearings, Lucy and Desi, gangs with names like the Royal Lords and Viceroyes. And music by Buddy Holly and the Crickets.

Now the Crickets are back again with a new album of rock and roll songs they helped make famous in the fifties: "That'll Be The Day," "Maybe Baby," "Oh Boy," etc.

It's an album with the Big Beat, good lindys, and a lot of memories:

"I love you... Peggy Sue... with a love so rare and true... Oh Peggy...."



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P362. VISION. Full color photo reproduction on coated stock; greens predominate, 24 x 36. Only 1.98



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P367. RUSSIAN REVOLUTION POSTERS 1917-1929 - from THE LEVIN LIBRARY, MOSCOW. IN FULL COLOR. Each approx. 19 x 27. Portfolio of 30, Special 9.88



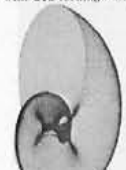
P701. WE SERVE & PROTECT. Black/white photo, 27 x 21 1/2. Only 1.00



P655. TOO LATE THE HERO. Full Color on coated stock; dark red predominates, 30 x 40. Only 1.98



P627. ENVIRONMENT. Black & white with gas masks, 22 x 28. Only 1.98



P579. SNAIL. Computer-drawn snail, 20 x 29 1/2. Special Import 1.00



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P728. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black & dayglo red, 25 x 38. Special 4.95



P617. "I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE..." Full Color, 21 1/2 x 28. Only 1.98



P574. Robert Lindner: TELEPHONE. Comic strip lines of red, blue & yellow predominate, 20 x 24. Special Import 1.00



P595. TANNHAUSER. Rose & lilac garlands, pale yellow figures on gray background, 27 x 46. Only 3.95



P697. ACID QUEEN. Matte blue & green swirls with vivid Dayglo highlights, 21 1/2 x 31. Only 1.98



P663. FEELIN' GROOVY. In black, lite cerise, green, black & white, 33 x 35. Only 1.98



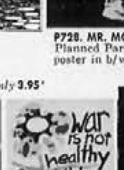
P830. HUG: THE CAT. On Canvas. Lithographed in brown tones, yellow & cream, 28 x 22. Only 5.95



P673. LOVE IS REAL. In black & white, 17 1/2 x 24. Only 1.98



P337. WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR. Abandoned Mars in field of yellows, greens, browns, blue, white, 23 x 35. Only 1.98



P318. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Black & ochre design on yellow background, 22 x 26 1/2. Only 1.98



P624. CENSOR'S ANATOMY CHART. From "the little man" to "the devil's playground" and other zones; Full Color, 24 x 36. Only 1.98



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P695. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDID THING. Dayglo cerise, green, blue, yellow, 21 1/2 x 33. Only 1.98



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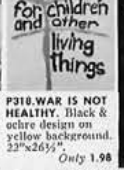
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P311. PEACE NOW. November/December poster, 30 x 34. Only 1.00



P742. BUCKLEY. Monochrome photo, 18 x 24. Only 1.00



P631. "IN WILDLNESS... Is the Preservation of the World"; full color photo by Eliot Porter, 25 1/2 x 37 1/2. Only 2.49



P709. LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS. Striking Dayglo blue, green, cerise, orange, purple, yellow on matte black, 21 x 33. Only 1.98



P683. JUDGES ABIE HOFFMAN & JERRY RUBIN. Photo in monochrome, 22 x 31. Only 1.00



P687. VISIT BEAUTIFUL VIETNAM. Travel poster in blue greens & white, 23 x 35. Only 1.98



P643. PETER FONDA. Dayglo rainbow repeat; red, yellow, blue, green, black, 31 x 29. Only 2.98



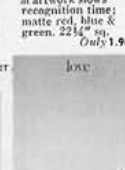
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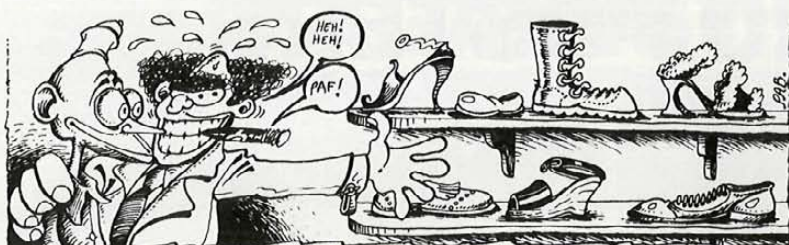
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Contest



Readers were asked to submit rumors once in circulation (Category I) or bogus rumors (Category II). Over 1,500 entries were received, and it proved necessary to obtain the services of Amelia Earhart and Glenn Miller to assist Justice Crater in the task of ranking the results. The mystery-shrouded trio chose to disqualify: old wives' tales ("frogs cause warts"); reports on the present whereabouts of President Kennedy (because of Mr. Capote's televised denial of that series of rumors and the consequent unfair boost in its circulation); and, on the grounds that it falls into the category of National Monuments, all direct references to John Dillinger's prodigious bequest to the Smithsonian Institute.

Category I Big Winner

If you fart, burp and sneeze at the same time, you will die.

G. N. Bishop, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Runners-Up

Walt Disney was quick-frozen and put into suspended animation upon his death.

T. Mills, Hollywood, Calif.
 L. Agro, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hugh Hefner personally rates each Playmate and awards her from 0 to 10 stars, which are printed on or to the left of the "P" in the *Playboy* logo, meaning that she did it or didn't do it, respectively.

T. Williams, San Bernardino, Calif.

If you pick up a hamster by its hind legs, its eyes fall out.

P. J. Bednaski, Athens, Ohio

Airplane toilets are emptied in flight, but, fortunately, a chemical reaction takes

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—Clive Barnes, *The New York Times*

"Not since Flanders and Swann have I seen a team of two men offer such a satisfying show."

—Richard Watts, *New York Post*

"I laughed until my sides literally hurt and tears of joy poured down my puss."—Stewart Klein WNEW-TV

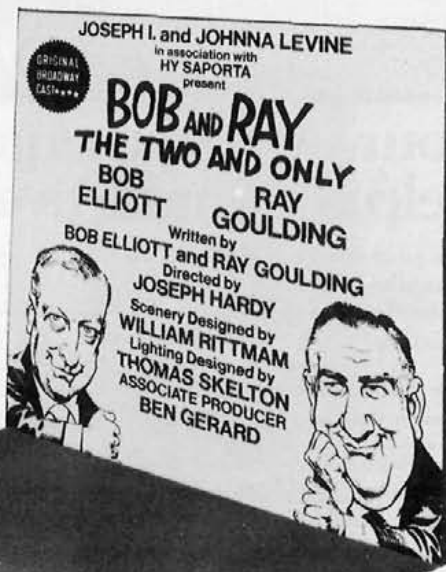
"It is so nice to have a show that keeps you rolling in the aisles."—Judith Crist, NBC-TV

"I almost fell out of my chair and I wasn't alone."

—John Schubeck, WABC-TV

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place in midair that converts the ejecta into a fine white powder.

S. Latina, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Revlon pays high prices for natural fingernails at least two inches long.

K. Myers, Blue Bell, Pa.

There is an incurable form of VD in Viet Nam so contagious, that soldiers who contract it are listed as Missing in Action and kept in Southeast Asia (or a hospital in the Philippines) for life.

M. Stone, Alexandria, Va.
Laundromat, Boulder, Colo.

In India, there are eight days in a week.

R. McGinis, Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

Orson Welles directed *The Thing*.

R. Stewart, Boston, Mass.

If you save 1,000 red cellophane tear strips from cigarette packages and present them to a tobacco company, the company will buy a seeing-eye dog for a blind man (or a wheelchair for a veteran).

M. Mogelgaard, Seattle, Wash.
Unsigned, Garfield, N.J.

There is a race of giant alligators in the sewers of New York, the offspring of

baby alligators flushed down toilets during the pet reptile craze.

L. Brooks, Boston, Mass.

Category II Big Winner

As late as 1963, farmers in rural Iowa refused to abandon their victory gardens and peach pit stockpiles, maintaining that World War II was still going on. Even today, bewildered motorists report sniping activity around Council Bluffs.

S. Milzer
F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

Runners-Up

White rats when confined in a laboratory, always get cancer.

K. Haydock, New York, N.Y.

Winter is caused by killing turkeys.

S. Elman, Brookline, Mass.

Queen Elizabeth wears a catcher's mask to bed.

F. Leicht, Chicago, Ill.

Richard Speck is the kidnapped Lindbergh baby.

P. Mumford, New York, N.Y.

Former Argentine dictator Juan Peron is in hiding in Germany, where he is

building a base for conquest of South America.

R. White, San Antonio, Tex.

Nasser's last word was "Rosebud."

W. Kraemer, San Francisco, Calif.

You can't make four-letter words out of Campbells Alphabet Soup.

J. Woods, Sacramento, Calif.

The A&P sold its last non-synthetic chicken in Hoboken, N.J. on Wednesday, October 12, 1970.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Silverman,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Star-Spangled Banner, when sung backwards, explains the demise of the buffalo.

J. Loughman

Pocasset, Mass.

If you soak the latest Beatles album in a solution of Nugrape and Biz, you can see Charles Whitman in the corner.

S. Milzer,
F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Unscrupulous magazines advertise phony contests that net them good material without having to hire a professional writer.

F. Leicht, Chicago, Ill.

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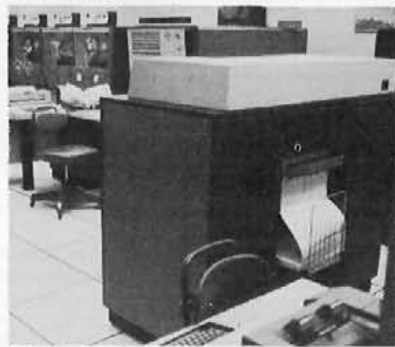
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Your Success Pattern. What are your money-making potentials? Are you channeling your talents and efforts in the most profitable manner? What general career areas offer you the greatest chance of success and creative fulfillment? Your horoscope should help you find the answers to these important questions.

Your Health Pattern. Your horoscope alerts you to your most vulnerable body areas and bodily weaknesses.

Your Month-by-Month Projection. Your horoscope is a guide to favorable and unfavorable days by actual date for emotional involvement, family affairs, business dealings, travel, and financial matters. By studying the suggested course of action for these significant days of your life, your horoscope can help you take advantage of your opportunities and potentials.

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Orson Welles

The Begatting of The President

And it came to pass that FDR begat Truman. And Truman begat Ike. And Ike begat JFK. And JFK begat LBJ. And all this was done that it might be fulfilled the prophecy which sayeth, "A little child shall be born in a grocery store in Whittier, and he shall sit upon the throne, and his administration shall be established greatly."

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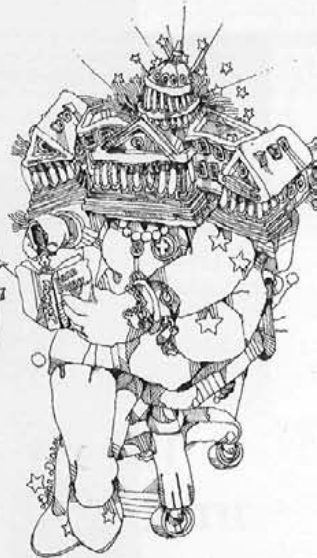
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Photo by Phoebe Dunn

Mrs. Agnew's Diary



*'Midst winter's blast, our wind-chilled Congress
(Though Hoosier-bred or Oklahomac)
Hails March's timid, warming progress,
Though ice yet masks the rank Potomac.
Will Dick's heart thaw? 'Twas once so big he
Would ne'er have thought of dumping Spiggy!*

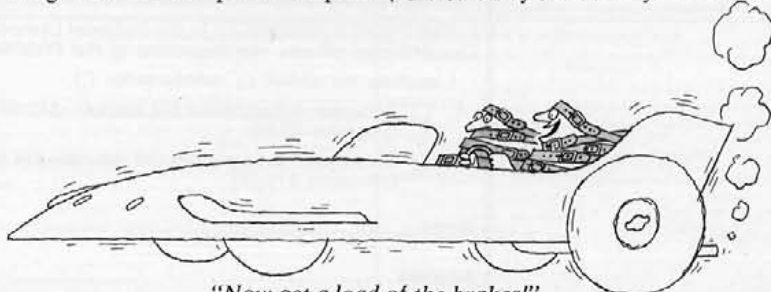
Dear Diary,

As you can see, the Famous Writers course gets results! Of course, I didn't flatter myself into thinking Mr. Buckley would really accept my poem for the *National Review*, but he did send a charming note along with the rejection slip saying that it was almost as good as the one Mr. Von Dreele had written about Arthur Schlesinger's round shoulders! Not only that, dear Diary, but Mr. Cerf gave it a "B plus" and says I'll be ready for the Advanced Course as soon as I brush up on my *ottomanpaella*. Which is French for words that sound like what they mean, like "pop" or "boom."

However, I must not let myself get carried away. The part in the poem about the rumor that Dick might be planning to fire Spiggy is not a happy matter. As you may know, dear Diary, Spiggy was sitting in his pj's by the rumpus room tv building one of his plastic airplane

models, when that awful Brinkley person said that Dick was thinking of hiring somebody like James Buckley for Spiggy's job because he had more sex appeal (this, of course, is not true, and I should know!). Well, Spiggy was right in the middle of sticking the little decals on the airplane when he heard that and let out a yell that frightened me half to death! "Up to his old tricks again!" Spiggy yelled, and ran over to the phone with one of those little flag decals sticking to his forehead. "Get me Dick," he yelled, "and make it damn snappy!" Well, Spiggy called and called, but nobody knew where Dick was at that moment. Spiggy made everybody promise to give Dick the message the first minute they saw him. Needless to say, Spiggy was in an absolute snit. He finally got through to John (I listened in on the extension upstairs), and John said not to worry because if Dick had even considered such a thing, Spiggy would have of course been the first to know. But I think Spiggy heard Martha giggling on her extension in the bathroom as he hung up, and that made him even madder.

Spiggy began banging up and down the house with a croquet mallet in his hand as he waited for Dick to return his call (Pat said he was either with Hank Kissinger at a meeting or with Tricia at the Ice Capades, she didn't remember which) and yelled how he wasn't going to be kissed off by some mealy-mouthed crew-



"Now get a load of the brakes!"

Shirley W. P.

cut sissy from Fancypants, Connecticut. Then he stepped on his model by accident and said something terrible.

Finally, the phone rang and Spiggy picked it up and yelled and yelled until the voice said it wasn't Dick but Hank Kissinger, and not to worry because if Dick was planning anything, Spiggy would be the first to know.

Spiggy slammed the phone down and before he could say anything, the phone rang again and the voice said it was Hank Kissinger and did Spiggy know if there was anywhere he could get some ice for a late night briefing he was having with his secretaries? Spiggy sort of paused and then asked Hank if he had just called a second ago because there was some funny business going on about "dumping." Hank said no, he hadn't called before, and if there was any funny business going on, he (Hank, that is) would be the first to know. Then he hung up.

Spiggy was puzzled for a minute, and then he remembered that the first call sounded less like Hank and more like Dick himself when he puts on that funny accent to tell his funny story about Mrs. Katz and the deaf rabbi. At that point, Spiggy ran out of the house screaming — so the whole neighborhood could hear him — that if Dick thinks he can get away with that sort of c--p, he had another think coming! Right away I called Martha, but she said let him go, because letting off a little steam did her worlds of good.

Well, as you know, dear Diary, Spiggy never got over to Dick's that night because the police saw him running through the streets in his pajamas waving a croquet mallet and wearing an American flag on his forehead and thought he was a little confused.

Spiggy finally saw Dick at his office the next day. Dick's aides said he was out at first, but then Spiggy saw a tray of cottage cheese salad go into the office. When he stormed in, Dick pretended he didn't know what Spiggy was talking about and said that he didn't even know about the "dumping" rumor, much less how to imitate Hank on the phone. Spiggy listened, finally, while Dick explained that the whole thing was a terrible mistake and that the party wasn't at all embarrassed about Spiggy's speeches and, if anything, they wanted even more "punch" from their Vice-President. In fact, Dick told Spiggy, the party needs the most effective and influential speech-maker it can get in '72. Well, Spiggy finally cooled off and the rest of the week slowly settled back to normal. He even bought another model kit and had a lot of fun with it.

That is, dear Diary, until that awful Brinkley person said that James Buckley wasn't going to be Dick's running mate in '72 after all, but that Martha was.

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Judy

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horrorscope

Sortilege ('sort-al-ij), n.; L. sortileg(us).
The predicting of future events by the casting of lots or dice.

February 1, 1971 (4-3-4) Assuring a nationwide television audience that "a come-from-behind victory" was now within our grasp, longtime football fan Richard M. Nixon announces the appointment of Notre Dame football coach **Ara Parseghian** as Commander-in-Chief of U.S. forces in Viet Nam. Lionizing the Fighting Irishman's winning record on the gridiron, Nixon reveals that Parseghian's new war plan consists of increased Red-dogging, intensive use of the air force blitz, and an all-out effort to move the war on the ground.

February 3, 1971. (snake eyes) After winning rave reviews for his performance as Noah in Richard Rodgers's new musical, *Two by Two*, song and dance man **Danny Kaye** surprises New York theatergoers by withdrawing from the show after only three months. "After twenty years of doing goodwill tours for UNICEF," explains Kaye, "I just can't respond to a live audience unless 75 per cent of them are starving kids with yaws."

February 4, 1971 (missing the point) In the latest in a series of wild parliamentary antics, fiery Irish M.P. **Bernadette Devlin** passes out potatoes to the Members of Parliament, suggesting that the "fat-assed Tory aristocrats" learn firsthand what it's like to live on the national diet of her people. After a brief but heated debate, Miss Devlin is rushed to the hospital, where a team of leading proctologists attempts to remove eight potatoes returned to Miss Devlin by enraged Conservative back-benchers.

February 6, 1971 (let it ride) Following the financially successful posthumous publication of **Ernest Hemingway's** un-

finished novel, *Islands in the Stream*, Charles Scribner & Sons proudly announces a new volume of Papa's previously unpublished works. A glance at the table of contents reveals such major pieces as *Things to Take to the Dry Cleaners*, *Bills to Pay by the First*, and *If You Don't Stop Banging Your Garbage Around at 3 A.M., I'm Going to Punch Your Mouth*.

February 9, 1971 (faded point) Ex-Georgia Governor **Lester Maddox** calls a press conference to announce the re-opening of his chain of Pickrick chicken restaurants. When asked if his new eateries intend to abide by new Federal civil rights legislation and serve Negroes, Maddox grabs a cane from an aide, doffs a straw hat and replies with a wink, "You bet. Broiled, baked and Southern fried."

February 11, 1971 (a natural) Once again demonstrating the tremendous courage in the face of apparent disaster that made him the greatest French hero of the Second World War, **Charles de Gaulle** insists in his first press conference since his recent death that he has not yet ruled out the possibility of running for another term as President of France.

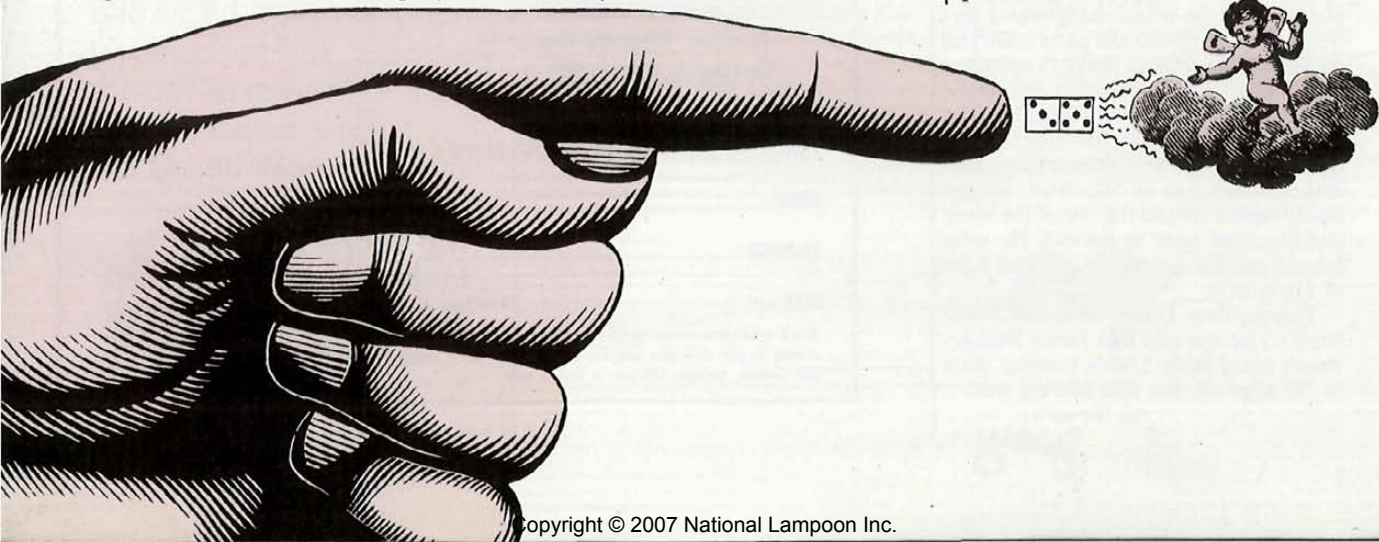
February 14, 1971 (loaded dice) Realizing what he claims is his "lifelong dream of playing our greatest American President," obese cinema wunderkind **Orson Welles** begins filming *An American Immortal: Abraham Lincoln*. After viewing the initial rushes, Welles scraps the first day's footage and begins shooting *An American Immortal: William Howard Taft*.

February 18, 1971 (safe point) Appearing on all six local New York City television stations, New York's Governor **Nelson Rockefeller** responds to charges of political opportunism by unequivocally endorsing Charles Goodell for reelection to the United States Senate.

February 20, 1971 (boxcars) Apologetic ex-Nazi **Albert Speer** releases the second volume of his memoirs, *Memories I Almost Forgot*, in which he reluctantly admits that throughout W.W. II, he had in fact been an undercover agent for the British Secret Service. In his second reminiscence, Speer claims responsibility for 43 separate attempts on Hitler's life, and insists he was almost exposed when Hermann Goering caught him scratching "Off the Huns" on the wall of a Berchtesgaden men's room.

February 24, 1971 (5 to 10) In the latest in a series of bizarre ritual murders, two tellers and a vice-president are left for dead as a band of long-haired, bell-bottomed hippies escapes from the First National Bank of Detroit with \$95,000 in cash. Wielding machine guns, and jumping into the back seat of a black 1947 Buick, the hippies left only one clue behind: a note reading, "Death to the capitalists. Smoking LSD is swell."

February 27, 1971 (crap) Amid growing evidence of President Nixon's intention to replace Vice-President **Spiro Agnew** in 1972, sources close to the Republican National Committee reveal that the search is on for "a colorful, nationally known personality, no less qualified for high office." Speculation centers on Bob Hope, John Wayne, Gabby Hayes, Flipper and Mr. Peanut. □



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


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News of the Month



Results of New Poll Reveal Most Are Not Home

Most Americans are not at home between the hours of 4 P.M. and 6 P.M., a new poll revealed this month. The poll, taken by telephone immediately following President Nixon's most recent press conference, disclosed that 62 per cent of those homes called answered after the fourth or fifth ring or not at all, indicating that residents were not at home or just getting in the door. The remaining 38 per cent were, for the most part, youngsters, and of these, many had not been properly trained in correct telephone procedure. The rest of the results:

Question: Hello?

- Answer:** a) Hello? (43%)
b) Hello. (42%)
c) Yes? (12%)
d) No answer (3%)

Question: Who am I speaking to, please?

- Answer:** a) This is (57%)
b) Who's this? (17%)
c) Hello? (14%)
d) What? (6%)
e) No answer (6%)

Question: Is Your Mommy (Daddy) home?

- Answer:** a) Yes. (21%)
b) Nope. (46%)
c) Speaking. (14%)
d) Mommy! (Daddy!) (12%)
e) Don't know. (4%)
f) No answer (3%)

Question: When will she (he) be back?

- Answer:** a) She's (He's) at work. (52%)
b) At 7. (14%)
c) At 8. (9%)
d) Don't know. (20%)
e) No answer (5%)

Question: Could I speak to her (him) please?

- Answer:** a) Yes. (11%)
b) I guess. (3%)
c) She's (He's) busy. (2%)
d) No answer (82%)

Question: Well?

- Answer:** a) Well, what? (33%)
b) She's (He's) coming. (7%)
c) I'm getting her (him). (6%)
d) No answer (54%)

Question: Perhaps I could call back later?

- Answer:** a) Perhaps. (35%)
b) Okay. (31%)
c) Don't know. (14%)
d) Mommy! (Daddy!) (6%)
e) No answer (14%)

As the annual flu season begins, it should be reassuring to note that President Nixon has already taken steps to apply the lessons learned in handling inflation, crime and the war to combat a possible epidemic. Here is his secret flu "game-plan," obtained from our White House source with the usual bribe of 10 pounds of Puppy Yummies:

1. Make an important sounding speech with a map showing location of sinuses, rice caches and Guam.
2. Attack wet-nosed whiners and chronic sniffers.
3. Declare a national goal of eliminating influenza by 1995. Veto funds for it on grounds that money is a well-known germ-carrier.
4. Hand out thousands of American flag hankies. Announce plans to distribute flu stamps in ghetto areas beginning in July.
5. Appropriate \$500 million for a showy defense against Asian flu threat. Begin construction of a ring of smudge pots around Phoenix, Arizona.
6. Tax aspirin to break vicious cold-cycle.
7. Enact tough stop-and-sneeze laws to keep unhygienic youth from crossing state lines. Drop references to "Typhoid Abbie."
8. Replace head of the Public Health Service with Kleindienst, Ehrlichman, Ziegler, or a schnauzer.
9. As a last resort, start a measles epidemic.

In a somewhat chilling demonstration of the possibilities of mind control, a scientist of the sort who spends a lot of

time hanging around Bulgarian employment agencies and whom bold children pelt with muffins and glue, succeeded some time ago in using a computer to modify the thought processes of a monkey. In an upcoming series of experiments, the monkey will be sent 343 unparalleled offers to obtain *Life* for 26 weeks at a cost of only \$2.98; matched for dates with three dolphins from Marineland of the Midwest; given mail intended for a Mr. Monko of Otis, Wis.; and billed \$826.20 for satellite calls to Port Moresby, New Guinea. The ASPCA is looking into it.

There are signs of a new trend in television commercials as indicated by two recent campaigns featuring product endorsements by a former government official (Stewart Udall) for a phosphate-free detergent and a one-time criminal (Willie Sutton) for a bank credit card. Some upcoming personality plugs: Martha Mitchell for Bell Telephone ("Take advantage of late-night long-distance rates"); Charlie Manson for Saab ("Frankly, I'm nuts about the Saab. It's a small car that's easy on gas, but it seats an entire family and still has plenty of trunk space left over for odds and ends"); Spiro Agnew for Dristan ("Just try to say 'nattering nabobs of negativism' with clogged sinuses"); Leila Khaled for TWA ("Wide aisles, courteous hostesses and on-time service mean a lot to me"); Hugh Addonizio for Ronzoni ("You don't have to be a hood to know good spaghetti. But don't take my word for it — try Ronzoni and see"); John Volpe for Crest ("If the only thing you had in your head was 32 perfect teeth, you'd want to protect them"); and Richard Speck for Lavioris ("You shouldn't have to be the sole survivor of a brutal sex slaying to find out that you need a mouthwash").

In the wake of unusually persistent rumors that President Nixon intends to dump Spiro Agnew in 1972, a number of concerned conservationist groups are already preparing an extensive campaign

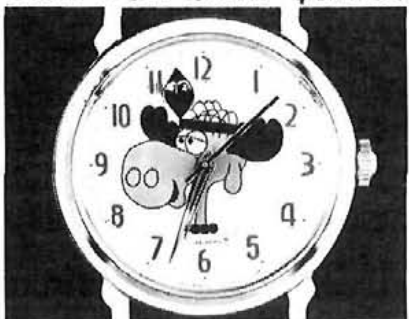
to prevent the disposal of the Vice-President within the continental United States. In addition, the Secretary of State of Maryland has sent a strong note to the Department of the Interior reminding the government that Fort Detrick, home of the U.S. lethal gas and biological warfare stores, is located in Maryland, and that any plans involving the ultimate return of Mr. Agnew to his home state would seriously threaten the already delicate ecological situation. A number of other states have quietly insisted that Agnew motorcades be rerouted around major population centers, and several cities have canceled appearances by the Vice-President, apparently in the fear that a routine speech could suddenly turn out to be part of a secret disposal scheme if the Federal Government became sufficiently desperate. Word has also been received that quiet feelers to the military rulers of Greece proposing disposition of an unspecified "sensitive by-product" in that country, in return for delivery of a substantial list of items of military hardware, have been turned down bluntly.



Sources at the Pentagon report that military authorities have uncovered startling indications that the My Lai massacre was in fact a hippie-type ritual slaying. Army investigators cite as evidence in support of this view a number of items uncovered during a recent thorough examination of the area, including long strings of brass love-beads, bizarre bomb fragmentation patterns of a possibly cabalistic nature, and reports of slogans like "Ham-and-Lima" and "Search-and-Destroy" scrawled on huts in Songmy village. From these and other indications, the investigators have concluded that the slaughter was the work of the mysterious Cult of Kil-Roy and they are now in the process of reexamining the Kent State incident for signs of a similar nature.

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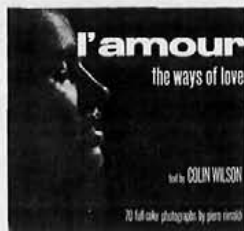
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The Baker's Progress

or

The Head That Lost Its Tribe
By Arnold Roth with profound apologies to W^m Hogarth

Being an Excruciating History of Ye Modern Youth and What Went on in His Mind and Blue Jeans and How It All Came Off.



Ye Bright Innocent Lad and Ye Comely Lass
Cometh to Ye big City for Ye big Yale U. vs.
Yale Non-U. game. After both Ye teams
Have been mutually defeated They goeth to
Ye Victory Celebration. Being of fair mind
and having rooted for both Ye teams
They accept Ye Reefer Marijuana Cigarettes

To forget Their defeats, Yale's defeats,
Yale's defects, Indian's affairs, Auto-
racism, Paraguay, France and other
alien nations.

They forgetteth Everything
Except
That They Liketh to Smoke.



Ye formerly Bright and formerly Innocent Lad and Ye Comely Lass
 Smoketh and Screweth and Smoketh some more and Screweth a lot
 more and Eateth Delicatessens most often. They forsaketh Ye
 Homework. Ye Crummy Apartments vary not. Ye Comely Lass
 does just that. Ye Mommas and Ye Poppas breaketh up Ye
 Fun. Ye Mommas and Ye Poppas and Ye Constabilatorians
 Think Heavy and also Complain Verily.



Ye Wretched Lad is brought to Ye Trial. Ye Shame is Unbearable. Ye Mortification is Unbearable. Ye Lack of good shit is Unbearable. Ye Queer Cell Mate is barely Bearable. Being mistaken for Ye Organized Criminal our faded hero receiveth Ye Suspended Sentence from Ye Drunken Judge.



Ye Poor Wretch goeth on Ye TV Late Talk Show and Confesseth All. He maketh ye Big Hit. Ye Ruined Lad signeth Ye contract to do Ye Commercials and maketh Ye Bigger Hit. He begetteth Ye Own Multi Million Dollar Wretched Late Talk Show.



Ye Dashed Dross maketh Ye Fortune. Ye Despoilt Lout affordeth
 Ye Best Acapulco. Ye Dastardly Weakling Smoketh and Screweth but he
 Forsaketh Ye Delicatessens for Ye London Broils and other Foreign
 Intrigues. Naturally Ye Bake Loseth all touch with Ye Reality.

Captains of Industry, Educators, Politicians and other Leaders
 of the Communalty rush to be in Ye Bake's Favor. But Ye Bake is
 Shunned by all Ye Honest Men who stick to their own sticks ~ Smoking
 them and Screwing About and Eating Ye Delicatessens and Constantly
 Touching any Lost Reality they can Get Ye Hands On.

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CLASSY

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Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Philosophers

SIDDHARTHA

BY HERMAN HESSE

No. 7 25¢

NIRVANA



HEY, KIDS! You've turned on, tuned in and dropped out NOW GROOVE ON THE HIGH OF THE FUTURE, PFL!*

*The PFL, or Pre-Frontal Lobotomy, is a simple surgical routine requiring only one instrument. The icepiculum is inserted behind the eyeball and swung in an arc, slashing across the pre-frontal lobe of the brain. This terminates all functions of the frontal lobes of the brain.

by Mike Olshan

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Nothing to shoot! No more drippy works
or messy powders!

PFL is not a drug! It's a simple operation you can perform yourself with this amazing new kit!

Until recently, PFL was available only to the criminally insane. Now, this miracle of modern science is available to you! For centuries, mankind has tried to paralyze the pre-frontal lobe of the brain with harsh alcohol, dangerous opiates, noisy music and monotonous television. **NOW YOU CAN PERMANENTLY DESTROY THIS CENTER OF YOUR BRAIN IN JUST SECONDS!**

EACH KIT CONTAINS:

A precision-ground, surgical steel **ICEPICULUM**
Ten hits of **CHLOROFORM**

AND

An illustrated, easy-to-read **INSTRUCTION BOOK** that explains all you need to know.

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SAY GOOD-BYE TO TROUBLESOME

- WORRY
- AMBITION
- DESIRE
- FEAR
- AGGRESSIVE BEHAVIOR
- COGNITIVE FACULTIES

HERE'S WHAT OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ARE SAYING

"I used to shoot a lot of skag. Since I tried PFL, I am no longer troubled by narcs, kiss-off scenes, missing connections and cold turkey. Now, I just hang out in the broom closet and drool in my shoe! Thank you for helping to make my life worthwhile!"

"Our daughter used to hang around with filthy hippies, go to treasonous demonstrations against our government and shoot marijuana. After we found her birth control pills, we decided to lobotomize her. Her behavior is so wonderful now. She sits at the window all day with ladylike composure and no longer talks back to us. Thank you for making our family whole again!"

FILL OUT THIS COUPON—
MAIL IT TODAY!

Yes, I want to be happy forever! I understand that PFL may cause permanent brain damage and agree to hold the **NATIONAL LAMPOON** blameless for any tragedy that may be caused by the use of this wonderful **LOBOTOMY KIT**. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____ for _____ kits and _____ chloroform refills.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

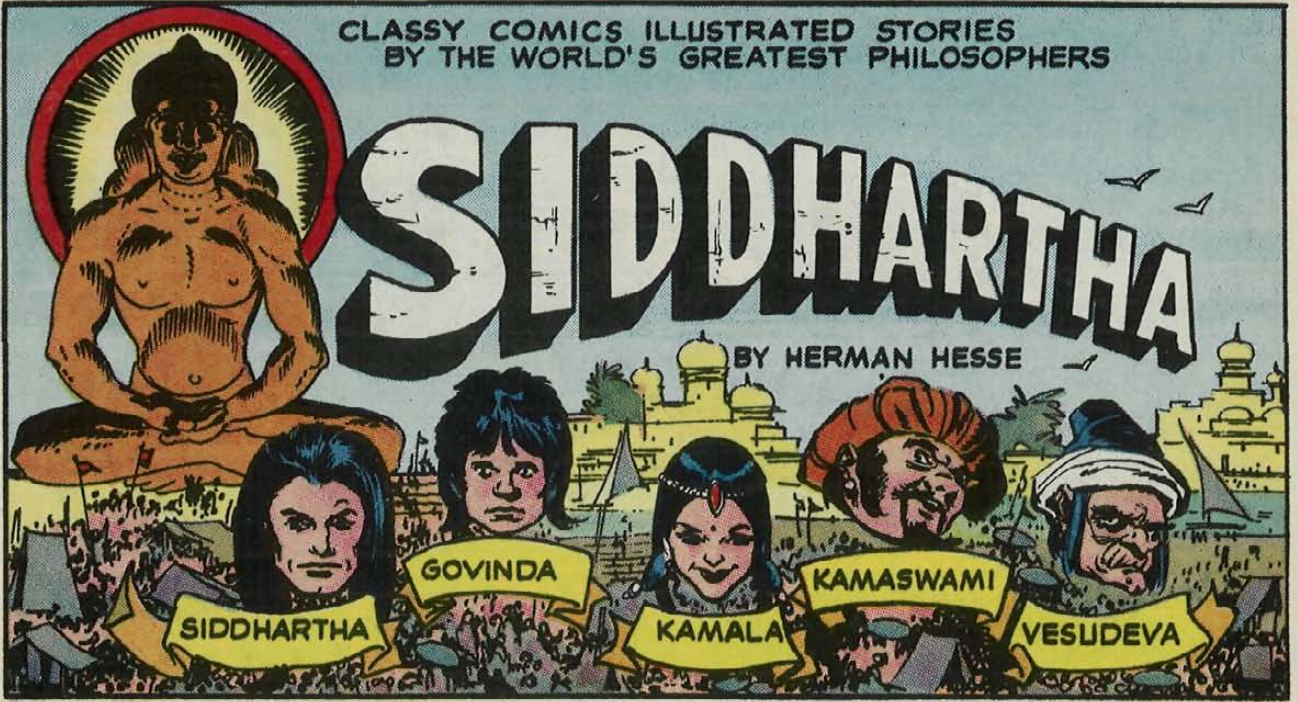
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you can remember that we promised to give your money back if not satisfied, then the operation didn't work right and you are entitled. Return the icepiculum, instruction book, unused portion of chloroform and your pre-frontal lobe, and we'll send your money back.

CLASSY COMICS ILLUSTRATED STORIES
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SIDDHARTHA

BY HERMAN HESSE



IN THE SUNSHINE BY THE RIVER BANKS, IN THE SHADE OF THE SALLOW WOOD. SIDDHARTHA, THE HANDSOME BRAHMIN'S SON, GREW UP WITH HIS FRIEND GOVINDA...



ALREADY, TOO, SIDDHARTHA MASTERED MANY VERSES OF THE HOLY BOOKS, ABOVE ALL THE UPANISHADS OF SAMA-VEDA,[#] AND HE COULD PRONOUNCE THE SACRED "OM"! BUT SIDDHARTHA WAS NOT HAPPY, AND THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT GREW WITHIN HIM.



ONE DAY, SOME SAMANAS* PASSED THROUGH SIDDHARTHA'S TOWN. THESE DUSTY AND SCARRED WANDERERS SEEMED TO BE LEAN JACKALS IN A WORLD OF MEN...



* HOLY MEN

SIDDHARTHA AND FAITHFUL GOVINDA LEFT THEIR HOMES THAT NIGHT AND FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS THEY SHARED THE LIFE OF THE SAMANAS, LEARNING THEIR WAYS...



SIDDHARTHA AND GOVINDA LISTENED WELL TO THE BUDDHA'S TEACHINGS-- THE FOUR WAYS, THE EIGHTFOLD PATHS -- BUT ONLY GOVINDA CAME FORWARD TO BE HIS DISCIPLE. FOR SIDDHARTHA, THE PARTING LAY HEAVY IN HIS HEART...



BUT SIDDHARTHA WAS YET UNSATISFIED. HE FOLLOWED THE RUMOR OF THE APPEARANCE OF A HOLY MAN CALLED GAUTAMA. FINALLY, SIDDHARTHA AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION FOUND HIM PREACHING IN A SMALL VILLAGE.

SEE THE BUDDHA!
WORKER OF WONDERS!
ONLY TEN RUPEES.

IT IS WITH
DISTRESS I
MUST INFORM
YOU THAT YOU
HAVE LOST AGAIN...!

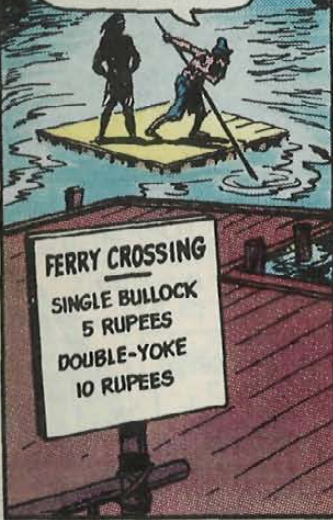


AFTER SIDDHARTHA HAD TRAVELED ALONE FOR MANY HOURS, HE THOUGHT, "I WILL NO LONGER TRY TO ESCAPE FROM SIDDHARTHA. I WILL NO LONGER DEVOTE MY THOUGHTS TO ATMAN* NOR STUDY YOGA-VEDA** NOR ARTHARVA-VEDA*** NOR ANY OTHER TEACHING. I WILL BE MY OWN PUPIL. I WILL LEARN FROM SIDDHARTHA!"

* holy teaching
** holy teaching
*** holy teaching

AS SIDDHARTHA CROSSED A RIVER, AN OLD FERRYMAN TOLD SIDDHARTHA THAT THE RIVER WOULD TEACH HIM MANY THINGS, SHOULD HE BUT LISTEN...

YOU WILL HEAR THE RIVER, MY SON. ON PAGE FOUR TO BE EXACT...



OUTSIDE THE TOWN, THE WANDERER MET A TRAIN OF SERVANTS BEARING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. KAMALA, SHE WAS CALLED, A WEALTHY AND SOUGHT AFTER COURTESAN.*



*a personable or outgoing girl

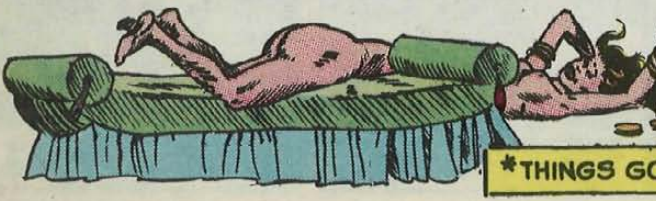
THE SAME NIGHT, SIDDHARTHA COMBED HIS HAIR AND OILED HIS BODY, AND THEN SOUGHT KAMALA, WHO TAUGHT HIM MANY THINGS...



THE NEXT DAY, KAMALA SENT SIDDHARTHA TO KAMASWAMI, A RICH BUT INDOLENT MERCHANT FROM WHOM SIDDHARTHA LEARNED THE SECRETS OF BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS...

AS THE TIME PASSED, SIDDHARTHA LEARNED ALSO THE PLEASURES OF FINE CLOTHES, RARE DELICACIES* AND OTHER DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD...

NOW, SIDDHARTHA, SUPPOSE THAT JAIPUR IS RICH IN FIGS AND REQUIRES BULLOCKS, WHILE RANGOON HAS MANY BULLOCKS BUT LACKS SUFFICIENT FIGS...



*THINGS GOOD TO EAT

BUT THOUGH SIDDHARTHA PLAYED THESE GAMES WELL, HIS FACE GRADUALLY ASSUMED THE EXPRESSION OF SOUL SICKNESS COMMON TO THE RICH...



SIDDHARTHA LEFT HIS RICH GARMENTS AND WORLDLY PLEASURES THAT NIGHT AND RETURNED TO THE RIVER, IN WHOSE DEPTHS THE OLD FERRYMAN SAID THE LIVES OF ALL MEN, FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, MIGHT BE READ...



IN THE DAYS THAT PASSED, SIDDHARTHA LEARNED TO LISTEN TO THE RIVER, AND THE RIVER TOLD SIDDHARTHA MANY THINGS...

JACQUES BRANDENBURGER INVENTED CELLOPHANE IN 1908.

ALBANY, NEW YORK IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF STOVE PIPES, EMERY WHEELS AND BILLIARD BALLS.

THE EDICT OF NANTES WAS REVOKED IN 1593.

THE FORMULA FOR THE VOLUME OF A SPHERE IS $4/3 \pi r^3$.

NYLON, MADE OF COAL, WATER AND AIR, HAS A MOLECULAR STRUCTURE SIMILAR TO ORGANIC PROTEIN.



AS THE YEARS PASSED, SIDDHARTHA REALIZED HE MUST STRIVE DOWNWARD, TO SEEK THE DEPTHS OF THE RIVER'S TRUTH...



... FOR, AS THE FERRYMAN VESUDEVA PROMISED IT WAS THERE THAT SIDDHARTHA FOUND, AT LONG LAST, HIS GOAL.



IN THE SILENCE OF THE COOL OF THE DAY, SIDDHARTHA FINALLY DISCOVERED THE END OF HIS SEARCH...



... THE ULTIMATE TRUTH.



THE END

Special Stoned Section

Dear Reader,

The next dozen or so pages have been put together expressly for those of you who are stoned at the present moment.

Stoned?

Yes. Stoned.

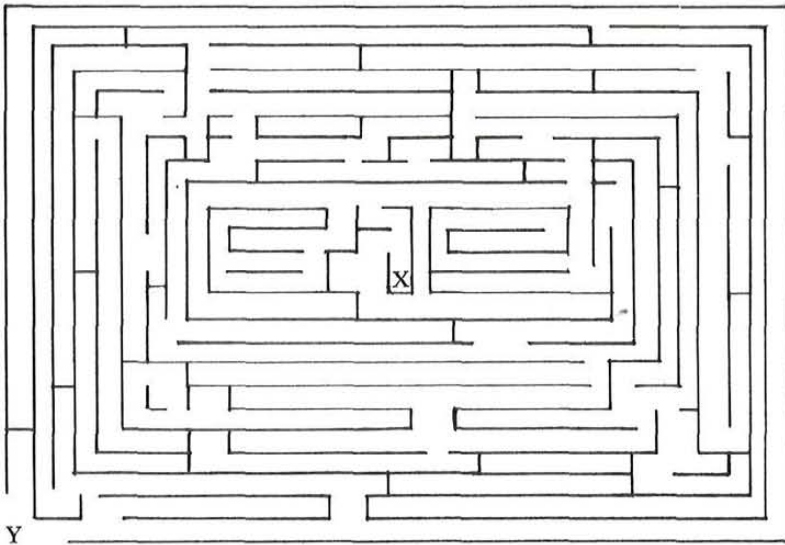
Now, many of you might well ask what we mean by this word "stoned." Well, let's take fat old Mister Dictionary off the shelf also occupied by neglected old Mister Thesaurus and lonely old Mister *Birds of North America*. If we take a peek at "stone" (just after "stomy," a medical suffix denoting a usually permanent surgical opening in the body, and just before "Stone Age," the first known period of prehistoric human culture, now generally divided into the paleolithic, colithic and neolithic periods), we see that it is a verb, meaning *to pelt with stones*.

We know what you're about to say. "Heck, guys," you say, "you certainly have a fine magazine here, but if you think I'm gonna ask somebody to pelt me with stones, just so I can read it, *you've got the wrong patsy!*" Okay, we know you are a sharp cookie and figured out already that that "stoning" stuff went out with the Old Testament guys and heretics and stuff. Anyway, you might be reading this on lunch break and not even have time to *do* a heresy or anything.

Well, we figure if you really like our magazine, you'll think of something.



LSD WINGS: See the pretty wings?
If you are on acid, you can cut out the
pretty wings, Scotch tape or glue them to your back.
fly right out the window!
Whooooooooooooooooooooo!



Want to test your wits? Pretend you are at "X" and your dealer is outside, at "Y." You are really strung out and good old "Y" has a nice downer for you if you can only make it in time. You have one minute to get out of the maze. Ready, set, go!

GRELL TIRFY SLURM

Here's an easy one! Just take the jumbled letters above and turn them into three words that perfectly describe how you felt when you heard that not only was Bob Dylan Jewish, but he was really up tight about it, too.

Which line is longer?

A _____

B ████████████████████

Answer: No, you idiot! You are holding the magazine the wrong way! "A" and "B" aren't long skinny lines, they're very short, very fat ones. When you hold the magazine correctly (sideways), you see that "B" is a lot skinnier but also somewhat longer.



There are several cute little bunny rabbits in this picture. Can you find them all?

If busted, have this in your wallet:

MEDICAL **ALERT**

IMPORTANT

IF I AM FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, DO NOT PANIC! REPEAT, DO NOT PANIC! I AM SUFFERING FROM MONOBIOTOPIS, A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE WHOSE SYMPTOMS CAN ONLY BE PREVENTED BY AN IMMEDIATE DOSE OF CANNABIS SATIVA! ON MY PERSON YOU WILL FIND SOME OF THIS MEDICATION, WHICH I MUST CARRY AT ALL TIMES ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS! PLEASE ADMINISTER IMMEDIATELY!

(signature of patient)
Dr. J. R. Hoover

(signature of doctor)

... if that doesn't work, try the "sickness, not a crime" approach:

MARIHOLICS ANONYMOUS

YES, I am a mariholic. I am trying to rid myself of this terrible craving through an organization of other unfortunate mariholics like myself and through a community-sponsored program of reform and rehabilitation.

This is to certify that _____
(signature)

is a member in good standing of Mariholics Anonymous.

HELP A MARIHOLIC HELP HIMSELF!

THREE GAMES TO PLAY WHEN SOMEBODY IS ABOUT TO PUT ON FIRE AND RAIN THE EIGHTH TIME

1) DELICATESSEN ROULETTE: Each member of your group is starving, right? Well, one guy has to volunteer to collect your money and go to the store to buy the food. (It'll probably be you, since you're organizing the whole thing.) Each player must 1) specify what he wants brought back, like marshmallow fluff, or Fritos or something, and 2) agree to eat it mixed in with whatever food item was stacked *directly above* it on the store shelf. Lettuce and peanut butter. Ice cream and tomato paste. The possibilities are endless. (WARNING: if you really can't hack yogurt, stay away from the neighboring dairy products entirely!)

2) MR. HOOVER: Everybody pretends simultaneously that J. Edgar Hoover has just walked in the door. He's an old college pal of your father, say. You must introduce Mr. Hoover to all your friends and carry on a normal, straight conversation with him for at least 15 minutes. ("Jeepers sir, you're sure right. I had a roommate who knew a guy who took some poisonous and illegal marijuana and was in the psycho ward for three years!") Be polite. ("Gosh, it was nice seeing you again. Pop'll be sorry he missed you!") If somebody blows it, another must cover for the symptoms. ("Aw, you know how girls are, sir, always giggling an' stuff.")

3) ED SULLIVAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVE: Turn on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Turn the volume all the way off. Now, assume that a murder has been committed backstage and Inspector Sullivan is trying to crack the case with every performer a suspect. Construct a plot, running dialogue and final resolution as you watch.

HOW TO MAKE A HASH HOST

Combine: ½ cup shortening
3 tablespoons sugar
1½ tablespoons salt
1 cup scalded milk

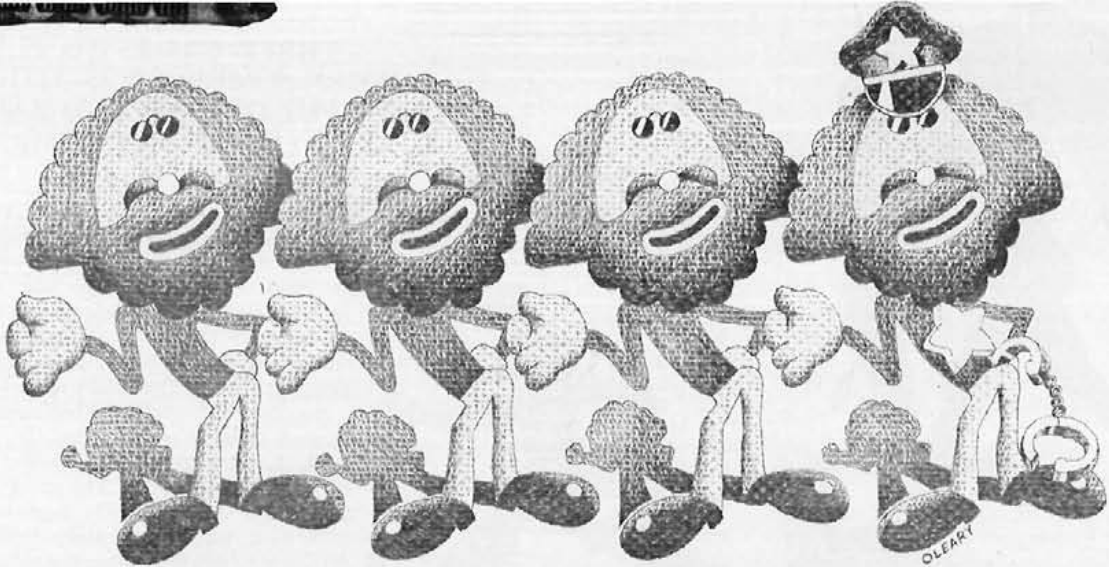
DO NOT ADD YEAST!

Blend in: 1½ cups all-purpose sifted flour
1 lid fine grade pulverized hashish

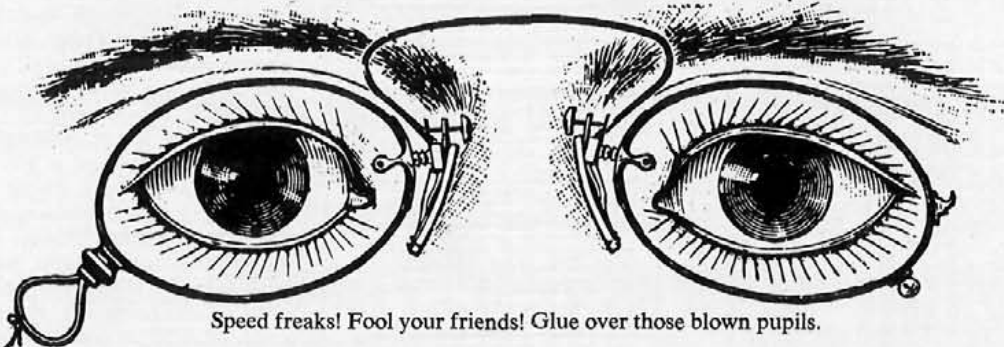
Knead and roll dough flat. Using round cookie cutter, cut out discs 1½" or 2" diameter. Bake in moderate oven at 375° for 12-15 minutes.

Take out of oven and repeat, "Domine, non justum sub tectum meum," three times over discs. Serve with milk or wine.



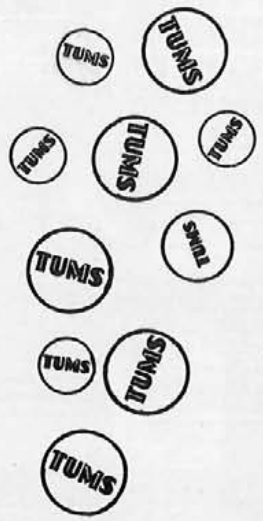


One of these hippies is different from the other three. Can you "root" him out?



Speed freaks! Fool your friends! Glue over those blown pupils.

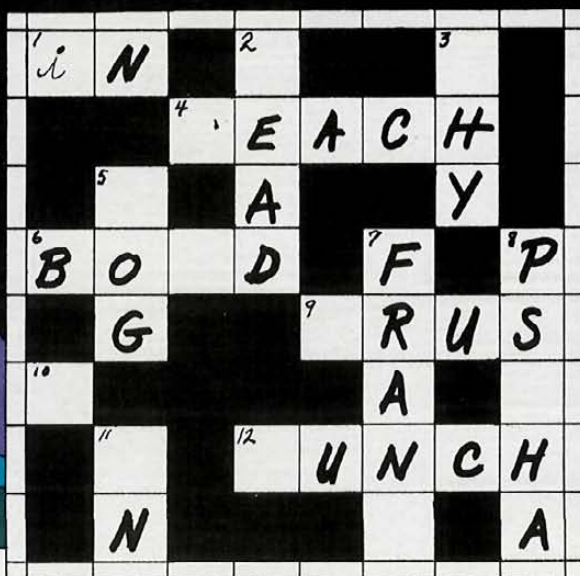
Glue over your tabs for the tummy.



Cut out these special Fourth of July seals and use them to seal your stash in envelopes. To open the envelope, a narc must break the seal. It is a Federal offense for anyone, even a Federal agent, to defile our flag.

| | | | | |
|--|-------------------|--|-------------------|----------------|
| | RESPECT OLD GLORY | | RESPECT OLD GLORY | |
| | RESPECT OLD GLORY | | HONOR OUR FLAG | HONOR OUR FLAG |
| | RESPECT OLD GLORY | | RESPECT OLD GLORY | |
| | RESPECT OLD GLORY | | HONOR OUR FLAG | HONOR OUR FLAG |

THE WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD PUZZLE!



The object is to choose the word that best completes the sentence. No. 1. Across, "Sometimes, at a bar, the drinks will be -N the house," has been done for you. The explanation of the correct solution is as follows: In many bars, especially those in private residences, the drinks will be IN the house. IN the house is correct because drinks must be IN the house before they can be ON the house. It's that easy! Go to it and good luck!

Across

- Sometimes, at a bar, the drinks will be --N the house.
- If Superman were flying slightly above your head so that you could not touch him even if you stood on tiptoes, and if someone then asked you to grab his cape, you probably would reply: "I can't! He's out of --EACH!"
- A man who had many exciting adventures is James BO--D.
- The term for a shaggy, long-haired wild ox, now extinct, common in Europe at the beginning of the Christian Era, might be --RUS.
- is a popular letter in the alphabet.
- If you slapped a boxer in the mouth, he would most likely toss his Sunday --UNCH.

Down

- It has been said that the only good Indian is a --EAD Indian.
- Wallflowers are often too --HY to win friends.
- A --OG makes the best pet.
- A writer who experienced much frustration is FRAN-- Kafka.
- PS--HA is Ray Charles "sine qua non."
- Someone who was very tired might yawn and remark: "It's getting late. I think I'll turn --N!"

be to no avail. This troubled soul is seeking release through nothing less than harmful narcotics when he gives the correct answer, "I think I'll turn

happy, etc. Sleep, or turning IN, would running out. Men die and they are not servation, "It's getting late." Time is limited, it's also evident in the ob- cal boredom. The pressures of finite connoisseur cosmic fatigue and metaphysi- "Tired" is clearly being used here to tion the wisdom of our choice.

8. PSYHA is right. Those of you who speak Serbo-Croatian will certainly not ques- tendant in White Plains, N.Y.

7. Many contestants thought the answer ing. incorrect, Carl Sandburg notwithstanding. FOG is such a thing as LOG-litter. FOG is the LOG or feed the LOG, nor is there For example, it is unnecessary to walk best pet is the less conventional LOG.

5. While a DOG or even a HOG are con- sidered by many to be good pets, the 3. WHY is correct for obvious reasons. just plain silly.

2. LEAD Indian (that is, "LEAD" in the metallic sense) is correct, being the only logical answer. A DEAD Indian HEAD Indian, would be any different. The same applies to LEAD Indian ("LEAD" in the sense of "to show the way", or "to be ahead of the others"), BEAD, MEAD and READ Indians are

grow nauseated, tossing their Sunday LUNCH.

12. Granted, a few boxers would, as many readers falsely assumed, toss their Sunday PUNCH. Most boxers, however, realizing the folly of a busman's hol- day, shun violence and would, in fact,

11. "Tired" is clearly being used here to and S are also incorrect. A popular R, W, G, F, Y, L, O, K, V, A, D, H, P popular letter. J, Z, N, T, I, U, X, B, C, not a popular letter. E is the most popular letter. E is incorrect. E is

10. E, as many answered, is incorrect. E is beginning of the Christian Era. now extinct, common to Europe at the edge, no other word so perfectly de- fines a shaggy, long-haired wild ox.

9. URUS is correct because, to our knowl- edged, no other word so perfectly de- arent very good. Frank, in addition to has only written a few things and they sponse is FRANK Kafka, a writer who whole, fairly successful. The proper re- writer who did, admittedly, experience some frustration, but who was, on the to this matter was FRANZ Kafka, a

6. The popular response to this poser was, for reasons unknown, James BOND, a mere fictional character who had a number of imaginary adventures. The right solution was James BOYD, the American novelist and longtime resident of Southern Pines, N.C., who wrote *Drums (1926), Marching On (1927), Long Hunt (1930)* and who, reputedly, had many exciting adven- tures.

4. Only a bore or dullard would have re- plied, "He's out of REACH!", an in- correct answer. Among persons of normal wit, few would have been able to pass up this rare opportunity to make a terrific pun by giving the correct an- swer, "He's out of NEACH!", refer- ring, of course, to Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844-1900), famed German philosopher and author of *Beyond Good and Evil*.

3. WHY is correct for obvious reasons. just plain silly.

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ANSWERS

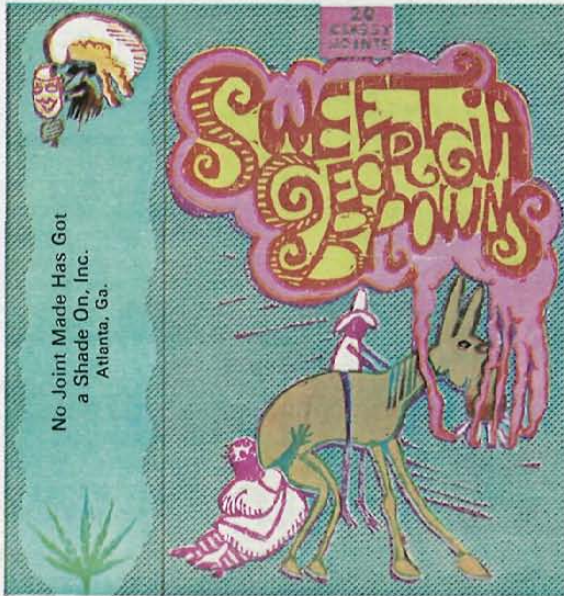
Across

- In many bars, especially those in pri- vate residences, the drinks will be IN the house. IN the house is correct be- cause drinks must be IN the house before they can be ON the house.

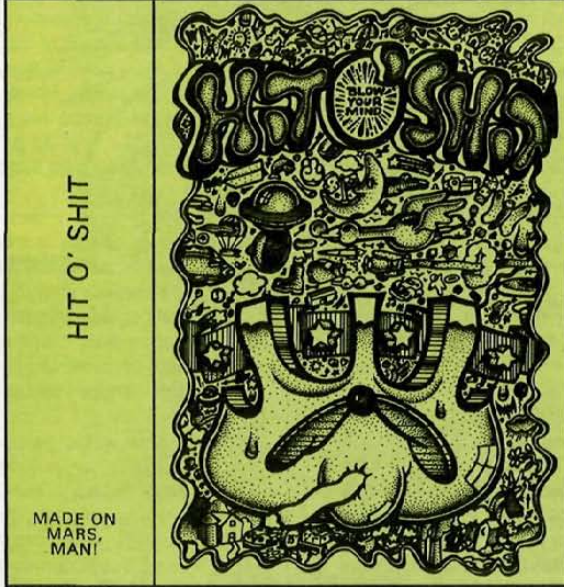
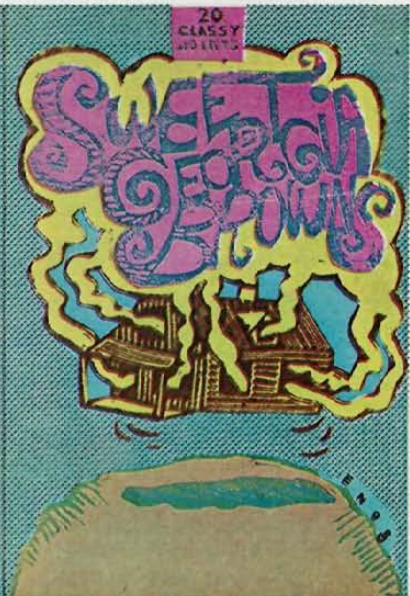
Down

- LEAD Indian (that is, "LEAD" in the metallic sense) is correct, being the only logical answer. A DEAD Indian HEAD Indian, would be any different. The same applies to LEAD Indian ("LEAD" in the sense of "to show the way", or "to be ahead of the others"), BEAD, MEAD and READ Indians are

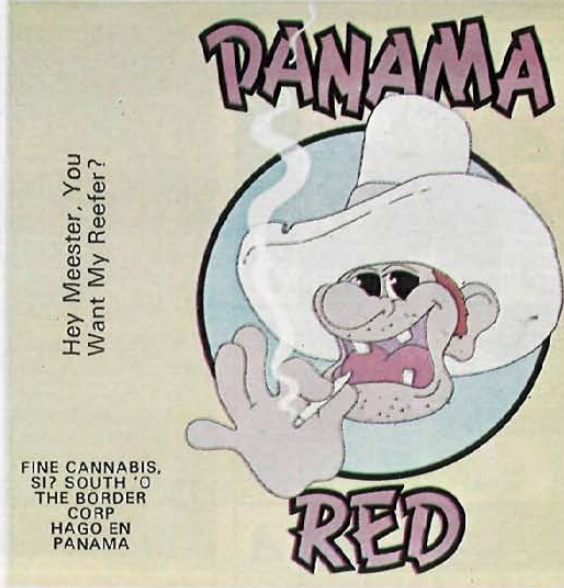
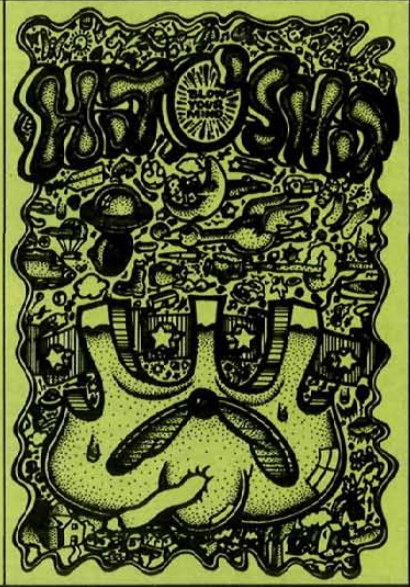
When the ciggie biggies finally get around to packaging legal Mister Giggie, they'll probably screw up the labels with ski lodge photos or Peter Max portraits of Ali MacGraw. Fight the cigarette Machine with these nifty and official National Lamppoon potpacks. Just cut them out carefully (watch those sharp edges, you drooling vegetable!), paste over your pack of True Greens, recover with cellophane, and throw them away.



Ah Say Theah, Boy! This Heah Weed May Give Yuh The Palpatations!



Warning: Prolonged Toking May be Hazardous to Your Medulla Oblongata, Cerebrum, Cerebellum and Anything Else Lying Around Your Skull!



Warning: The Attorney-General Has Determined That Reeferette Smoking May be Hazardous to Your Ass



Bird of Paradise Brand
Selected Fine Rocket Fuel

Bird of Paradise

Caution: Reeferette Smoking
May be Hazardous to
Low-Flying Aircraft

TAKE-A-TOKE
INC
J.F.K. AIRPORT
MADE IN U.S.A.

Brand
Reeferettes



Leonard Soned

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately
pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran through
caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.



XANADUS

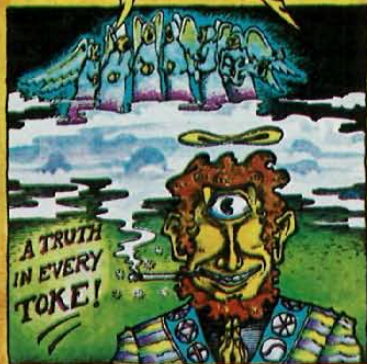
Caution: Opium Smoking May Be
Hazardous To Your Writing Style



David Palladini

"The High That Binds"

HOLY SMOKES



A TRUTH
IN EVERY
TOKE!

HOLY SMOKES

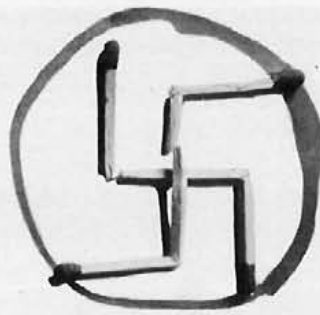
Hey There, You With The Stars
In Your Eyes: Uh . . . I Forgot . . .

HOLY SMOKES

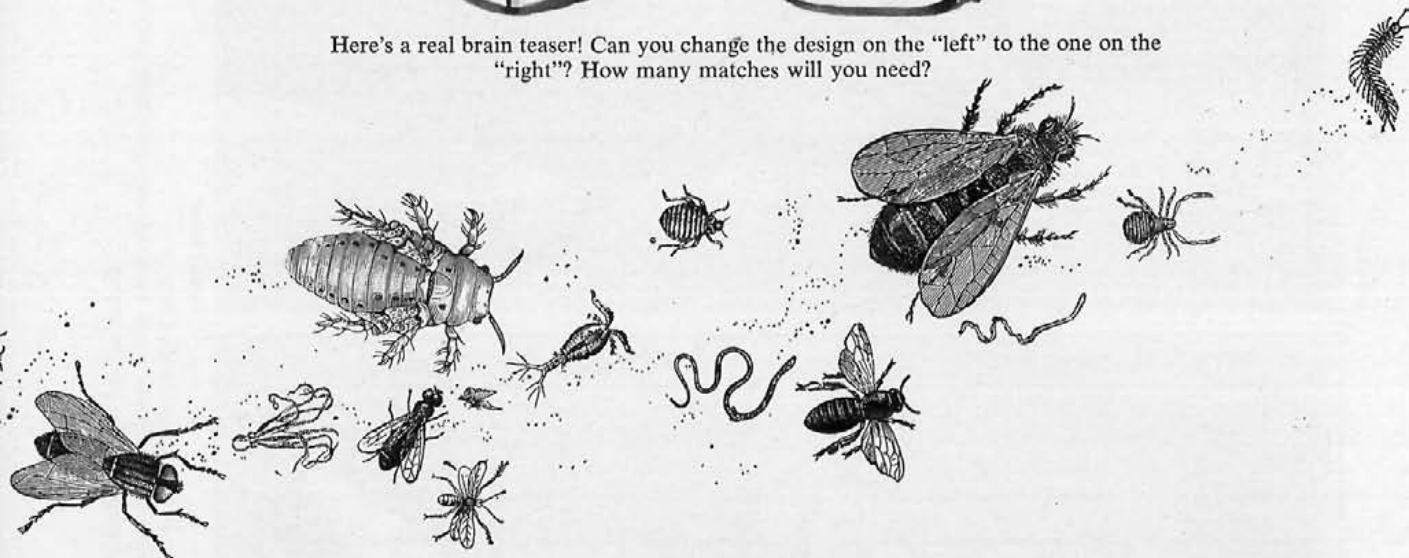
A Ponder in Every Puff!



Peter Bramley



Here's a real brain teaser! Can you change the design on the "left" to the one on the "right"? How many matches will you need?



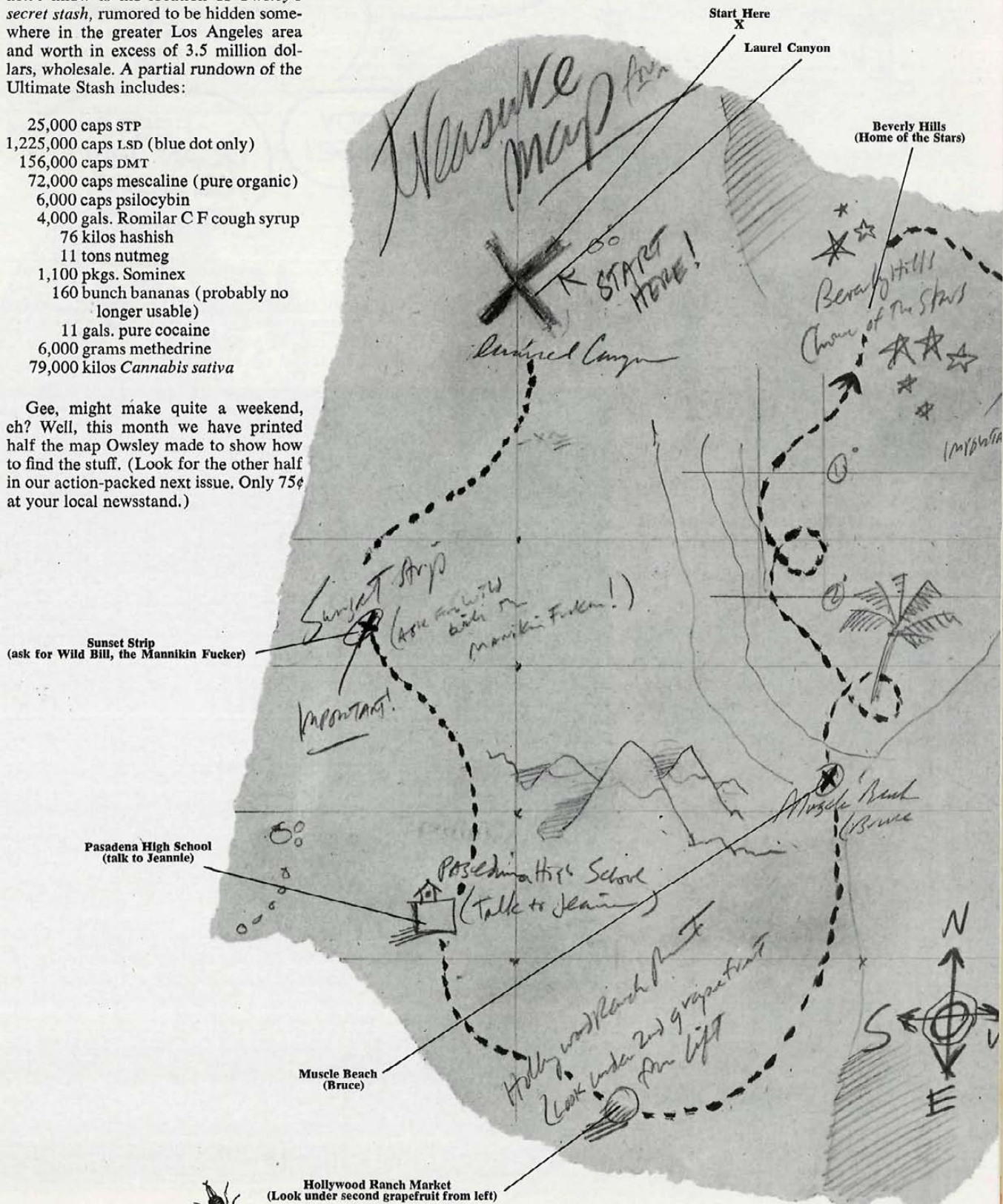
Can you find anything wrong with this picture?
(It's a tricky one!)

BURIED TREASURE HUNT: Pretty much everybody knows that Owsley was busted repeatedly for his amusing habit of mass producing acid in various factories and thus supplying entire subcontinents with the goodies. What people *don't* know is the location of *Owsley's secret stash*, rumored to be hidden somewhere in the greater Los Angeles area and worth in excess of 3.5 million dollars, wholesale. A partial rundown of the Ultimate Stash includes:

- 25,000 caps STP
- 1,225,000 caps LSD (blue dot only)
- 156,000 caps DMT
- 72,000 caps mescaline (pure organic)
- 6,000 caps psilocybin
- 4,000 gals. Romilar C F cough syrup
- 76 kilos hashish
- 11 tons nutmeg
- 1,100 pkgs. Sominex
- 160 bunch bananas (probably no longer usable)
- 11 gals. pure cocaine
- 6,000 grams methedrine
- 79,000 kilos *Cannabis sativa*

Gee, might make quite a weekend, eh? Well, this month we have printed half the map Owsley made to show how to find the stuff. (Look for the other half in our action-packed next issue. Only 75¢ at your local newsstand.)

One inch = a pretty long walk unless you get a lift



HELLO,
I'M **RONDA
FLEMING!**

GEE, YOU MEAN
I'LL REALLY
GO BLIND?


HEY! SOMEBODY
CUT THE CHEESE!

FEETS
DOAN' FAIL
ME **NOW!**

Mainliner's Bonus! Stick-on freckles, zits and moles to camouflage spike tracks.

Absolutely Foolproof Places to Hide Your Stash!

- 1) In a burial urn for ashes, labeled "Mom."
- 2) In a hollowed-out copy of *Middlemarch*.
- 3) In a paste-on neck goiter made of flour, water and Play-Doh.
- 4) In last week's kitty litter.
- 5) In your sister's iron lung.

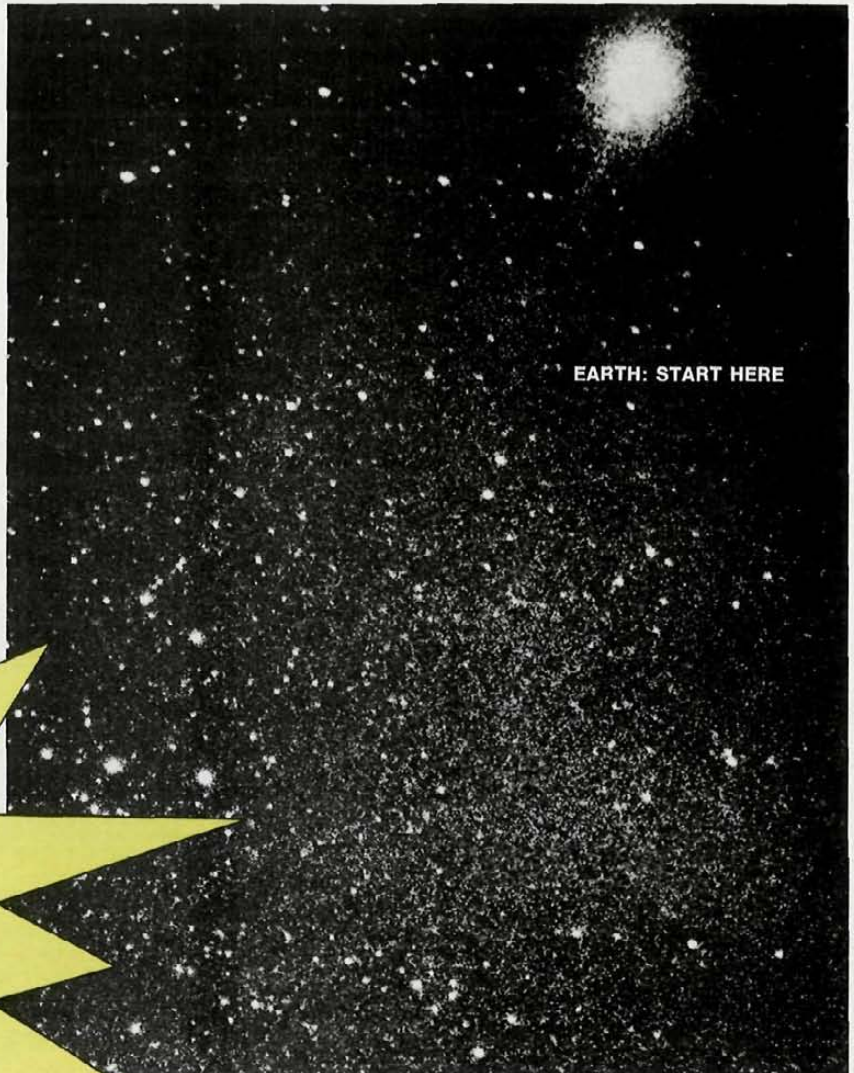


A lot of fancy magazines like *Vogue* and *Playboy* have those advertisements where you scratch the little strip and then smell perfume or cologne. If you scratch *this one*, you can smell real *model airplane glue!* (Hope the fascist pig narc postal inspector hasn't already neutralized it with Right Guard!)

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Just before this issue went to press, we sneaked into the paper rolls and doused one with some dynamite acid! Unfortunately, we were pretty stoned at the time, and can't remember which page is laced with it. But if you eat any page at random and wait for an hour or two, you'll really get off! If not, try the next one. You're bound to hit it eventually.

What are they? Special paste-on TV thought balloons! Turn off the volume and stick one of these on the screen at random. If somebody pretty hip, like Paul Newman or Jack Nicholson, appears under it, nothing happens. But if an asshole like Flip Wilson or Orson Welles pops up, the results are very entertaining.



Connect the dots.

Off the Wall Bummers & Downhead Riffs

by Michael O'Donoghue

1. Any idiot could find that stash!
2. What was that knock on the door?
3. The Mafia is cutting your dope with Sani-Flush.
4. Life is passing you by. . . .
5. They're tearing down all the great hotels. . . .



6.

It has been estimated that one out of every six heads is either a police undercover agent or a paid FBI informant. With this in mind, let's review the reaction to the above joke. A narc, needless to mention, would not overcompensate by laughing the most. Nor would a narc risk laughing the least. Suspicion rests with whomever laughed sort of "medium." . . .

7.

Dear **DOPE** smoke,

YOU **PROBABLY** **DONT** Remem**BER** but you **KNOCK**ed
INTO ME and **RUSH**ED on But I **FOLLOW**ed you and **GO**t
YOUR **NAME** and **ADDRESS** and **PETS** **NAME**s and a **DESCRIPTION** of your
FURNiture because I **DON'T** like to be **SHOV**ed around "by little **PIGGIES**
Like You Because I **AM** an **AC**cre **DEAP**ed **EMIS**sary of Our
Savior and **DIE** am also the **RECORD**ing secretary for the **FREE**
 universe **LIBERATION** **FRONT**

The **KRIGAT** of Wands
 S/O SPAIN MOVIE RANCH,
 SANTA SUSANA PASS RD.,
 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.,
 AMERIKA, THE WORLD,
 THE GALAXY,
 THE EYE OF GOD

8. If dope smoking doesn't damage your brain, why do so many teenyboppers like the Grand Funk Railroad?

9. *How to Make* — Hold it! I thought I heard a knock!

10. *How to Make a Football out of a Policeman:*

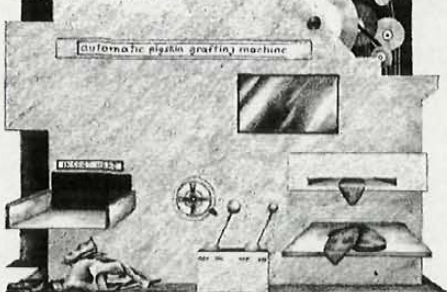
STEP 1 Off one.



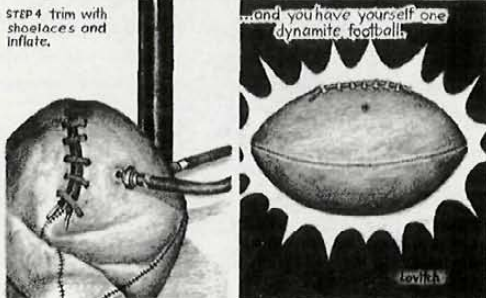
STEP 3 sew the four pieces of pizskin together.



STEP 2 insert into machine.



STEP 4 trim with shoelaces and inflate.



and you have yourself one dynamite football!

If you had been busted a few minutes ago, it would have been a simple drug rap. But if the pig catches you reading this, he's not going to bother with a lot of legal namby-pamby. He's going to blow your head off, right here and now.

11. No shit! This time, I really heard a knock!

13. Clipped from *The New York Times*, October 27th:

CLEVELAND, Oct. 26 (UPI) — An FBI spokesman revealed today that members of the Minutemen, a militant right-wing organization, plan to "pose as hippies and sell poisoned narcotics to other hippies."

Donald Neeley, 51-year-old head of the Ohio Federal Bureau of Investigation told reporters that his agents had reason to believe that the Minutemen would soon mount a national all-out attack on "drug fiends and radical Communists. . . . Infiltration is just one of the methods they are considering," he said, "but I am not at liberty to detail just what else they have in mind."

When asked what countermeasures are being taken, Neeley replied, "Although no action is currently planned, we are keeping them under close surveillance and can step in at a moment's notice," and added, "I want to make this very clear. While the people who purchase illicit drugs are criminals and certainly deserve to be punished, let this punishment be administered by the courts, not by those who hold themselves above the law, be they right or left."

(continued)

14. Dope-sniffing police dogs pose no real threat. They can only detect marijuana from a few feet away and, besides, you can always keep the door locked and flush your stash before the cops break in. Dope-sniffing rhinos, however, are quite a different matter. The rhinoceros, as you undoubtedly know, detects smells from over a mile away and trashes locked doors in scant seconds. **THERE IS NO HIDING FROM A DOPE-SNIFFING RHINO!**



Illustration by Peter Bramley

15. Did you see the way that guy eyed your portable tv?

16. The following is reprinted from the *Modern Optometric Review*,

Vol. 4, No. 30:

... There is substantial evidence to show that regular usage [of marijuana] will result in photo-chemical breakdown often leading to Daltonism and, in a few cases, leading to vision. Electroretinograms of marijuana smokers conducted at Northwestern University (Beal 1963-7) indicate that over a four-year period, impulses leading to the luminous sensation effectively decreased in latency while increasing the reducible latency delay. Further tests by Segal and

[The following text is intentionally obscured by a pattern of noise and is illegible.]

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Instant Yoga

as practised in India by Swami Ananda Vishnu (B.Comm., M.A., D.Phil.)

Most Economical & Gauranteed Manner To Obtain Cosmic Consciousnes And
Becoming One With God. For Children, Adults, And Grown-Ups.

For centuries, many people without number have come to India, Mother of all Religions, in a swarm seeking inner peace and contentment. But at the same time, India is made up of many problems, with which the British Government had quite a struggle, indeed. Today in India, however everything is most efficient and streamlined.

Amongst the very latest practices to be improved upon in this fashion is the archaic & transcendant practice of Yoga. The modus operandi of a most speedy and expeditious new system has been personally developed and patented by Swami A. Vishnu, of Poona, India.

Why should you be giving up all your possesions and spend your life standing on your head in a filthy hut! and perhaps in the end it will all be for nothing? This was fine and dandy for our grandfather, but now we have more modern methods!

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* * *

Yoga in a nutshell. You may be surprised to learn that this very extensive and spacious world is nothing, more nor less than an illusion caused by the play of Vrittis in the Mind. Let the World go, and you will be the same thing with God. This is greatly to be wished, but since in Yoga there is no desire, one must not wish for it too hard.

Through Yoga, you will be released from the consequences of action and saved from the necessity of birth and death. Thus you are set at liberties from your Karma, which is Fate. How delightful this must be! Certainly without a doubt, you have heard the word Nirvana many times: now you know what it means.

For the beginner. To commence Yoga without having made a full-dress examination of yourself for breaking the folowing rules & restrictions is frivolous and shows not a serious-minded attitude at all. **YOU MUST OBSERVE:**

10 Yamas (Rules of Conduct)

Starting with Ahimsa, which is harmlessness; Satyam, which is truth fulness; Asteyam, which is non-stealing; Bramacharya, which is continence; Kshama, which is forbearance; Dhriti, which is fortitude; Daya, which is mercy; Aarjuna, which is straightforwardness; Mithra, which is moderation in diet; and Suchi, which is purity.

The Ten Restrictions (Niyamas)

Here we begin with Tapas, which is Austerity; Santosha, or cheerful bearing; Shraddha, which is Faith; Dana, which is charitable disposition; Satsanga, meaning good company; Lajja, or modesty; Mati, which is sound mind; Japa, which is repetition of a divine name; Ishwara-chana, which is worship of God; and last but not the least, Vrata, i.e., observance of vows.

"But," you may say, how can I keep all this in my mind at once?" Very simple. One must not bite off more than you can chew. In fact, Yoga teaches that following your Fate (Karma) is the unique way to escape it. (See above.)

Let us look more closely. Take Lajja, or modesty. This would imply never speaking of oneself; but what if one is a very accomplished person with mnay degrees from modern universities? Keeping this under your hat does not constitute letting the whole Truth be known, one must admit. And truthfulness is a sterling Yama for observance. Again Bramacharya, continence, e.g., restraint of sexual desires, makes it indeed difficult to observe cheerful bearing, the 2nd Restriction.

So we see that you must take everything with grains of salt. Many books full of contradictions have been written on the subject of Yoga, & let us not forget these are words merely of men. Only Krishna sees All.

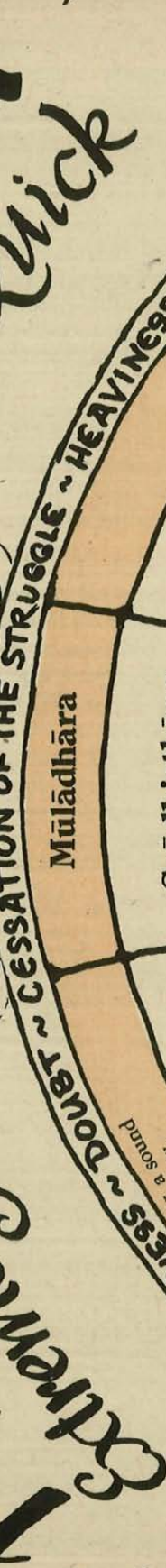
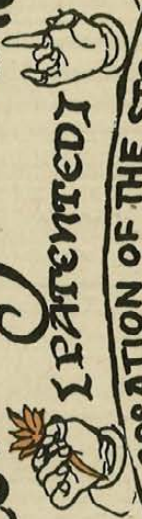
Afer all, the habitual doing of Yoga is a shortcut to Oneness with God. My "A. Vishnu method" will make it much shorter yet. We suggest you set aside a small room of your home for meditation and Yoga. Keep a pail of still water near by at hand. A short time every day, especally in the early morning will suffice you. Inside the next pages, you will find my complete "Pranayama Dartboard" with instructions for attainment of Nirvana. ➡

Swami Ananda Vishnu's
Paramayāma Darta Board
 Extremely Correct Way to and Very Quick
 CESSATION OF THE STRUGGLE ~ HEAVINESS OF BODY AND MIND ~ THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE
 PATENTED

PRICE: U.K. 10/6
 U.S. \$1.25
 India 3 rupees
 France 6 Fr.
 Germany 5 Marks
 Yugos. 14 dinars



Swami A. Vishnu,
 B. Comm., M.A., D.Phil.
 First originator
 of Instant Yoga



Mūlādhāra

Svādhīsthāna

Manipūra

Anāhāta

Viśudhā

Ajñā

Sahaśrāra

Like listening into a sea-shell with the ear or a sound which is like a scratching sound. It is yellow.
 Power to create & destroy, power of creation. Changing form in different places or surroundings. Power in different forms like a sea-shell with the ear or a sound which is like a scratching sound. It is yellow.

Power to create & destroy, power of creation. Changing form in different places or surroundings. Power in different forms like a sea-shell with the ear or a sound which is like a scratching sound. It is yellow.

Death cannot destroy though the world is destroyed. Sound is like a sea-shell with the ear or a sound which is like a scratching sound. It is yellow.

Become wise & full of noble deeds. 5 Knowing Senses completely under control.

Opens inner self to all knowledge, gives nectar-like speech. Sounds like Church Bells. This is white.

4 petals

6 petals

10 petals

12 petals

16 petals

2 petals

Whip-Poor-Will

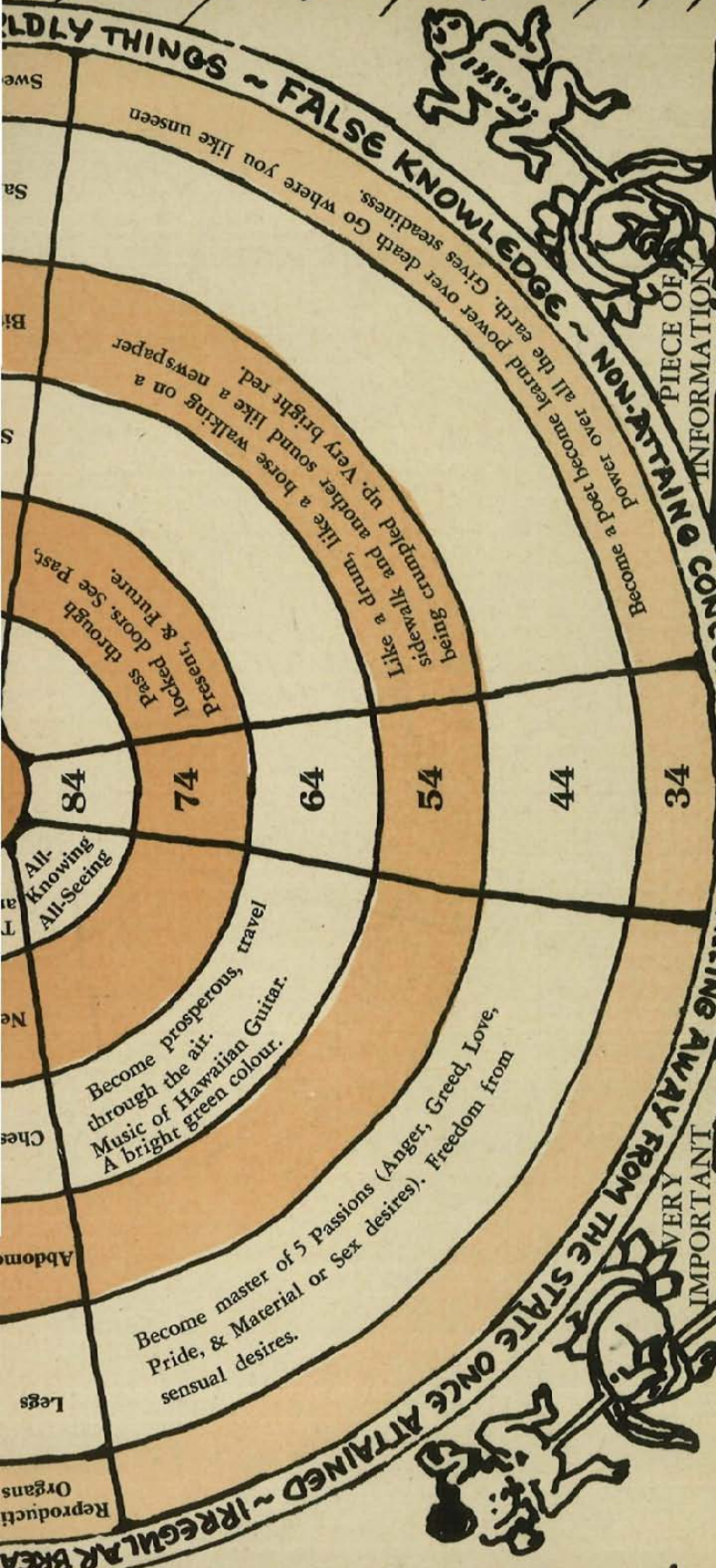
Ether

Air

Fire

Water

Earth



Sit very upright in a room within sight of the Dartboard. The left foot is placed on the right thigh, and the right foot is to be placed on the right thigh. NB: Do not attempt this whilst standing. The Dartboard has been tacked carefully against the wall, at an elevation level with the top of head. Distance to wall: British Regulation Distance 9 ft. Watch your breath! This is done by drawing the air, or Life-Principle Prana through the body. Remember Pranayama = Breath-control. Pull naval in & then in and out forcibly. You are asked to place the tip of the tongue against roof of mouth consequently resulting in greater flow of Prana over nerves from Solar Plexus to Brain. This is like closing an electric switch!

For the material world. When the petals open they make a cosmic sound. Listen for it!
If you land between two stages, a score is wanting and you must take aim again. Do not get the Third Eye confused with the Bull's-eye which is, of course Sahasaram, the 7th and most thoroughly good Chakra opening the door to Cosmic Consciousness and passing into Nirvana itself!
You may ask where are the darts for this Prana-yama Dartboard. If you achieve Nirvana, you will not worry for darts: You will have darts enough!
At no. 7, there will be a sound like Thunder & Lighting, the Lotus will open fully and soon you will vanish. Please leave the dartboard behind for the enjoyment of others.

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Here we begin with Tapas, which is Austerity; Santosha, or cheerful bearing; Shraddha, which is Faith; Dana, which is charitable disposition; Satsanga, meaning good company; Lajja, or modesty; Mati, which is sound mind; Japa, which is repetition of a divine name; Ishwara-chana, which is worship of God; and last but not the least, Vrata, i.e., observance of vows.

"But," you may say, how can I keep all this in my mind at once?" Very simple. One must not bite off more than you can chew. In fact, Yoga teaches that following your Fate (Karma) is the unique way to escape it. (See above.)

Let us look more closely. Take Lajja, or modesty. This would imply never speaking of oneself; but what if one is a very accomplished person with mnay degrees from modern universities? Keeping this under your hat does not constitute letting the whole Truth be known, one must admit. And truthfulness is a sterling Yama for observance. Again Bramacharya, continence, e.g., restraint of sexual desires, makes it indeed difficult to observe cheerful bearing, the 2nd Restriction.

So we see that you must take everything with grains of salt. Many books full of contradictions have been written on the subject of Yoga, & let us not forget these are words merely of men. Only Krishna sees All.

Afer all, the habitual doing of Yoga is a shortcut to Oneness with God. My "A. Vishnu method" will make it much shorter yet. We suggest you set aside a small room of your home for meditation and Yoga. Keep a pail of still water near by at hand. A short time every day, especially in the early morning will suffice you. Inside the next pages, you will find my complete "Pranayama Dartboard" with instructions for attainment of Nirvana. ➡

Street Freaks

by Stan Mack

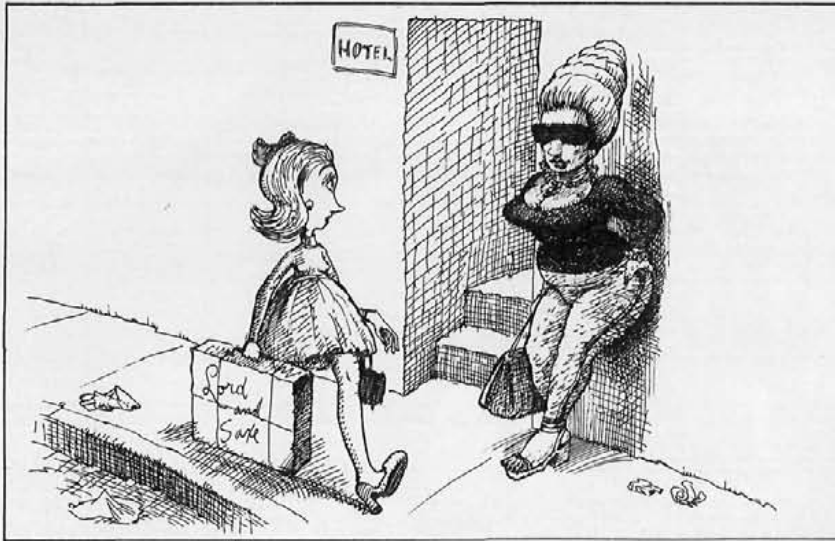




Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz



Head of State

The diary of a business trip.

by Tony Hendra

Way way back in the good old LBJ days, high-ranking heads urged politicians to experiment with LSD, mesquite, peyote, mushrooms, bananas, ground glass, etc., to see if they couldn't come up with some fabulous new ways of running the country. Politicians, of course, found the Macc-and-blood-sausage high infinitely preferable.

For the Nixon administration, however, always on the stone and leaving no ball unturned, this sort of experimentation remains fresh and exciting. Recently, the administration authorized one of its toppest executives "to take a trip and drop some acid." The experiment turned out to be a great success (just as well, since, in order to conduct it, the test subject was given the whole morning off) and many of the fresh, exciting, new polities you've been noticing are a direct

result. The experiment was conducted under the supervision of an impeccably qualified physician. His identity remains a secret, but he's high in the AMA and has never been successfully sued for malpractice. Never. (He would also like to meet any moderately sealy amputee under 30. Photo. No kooks.)

What follows is the personal account of the subject while under the influence of a massive dose of LSD. A terrifying description of the effect of mind-reducing drugs, it will undoubtedly go down as a major document in the history of 'delia.

8:30 A.M. Arrive office, salute flag. Shake hands with doctor. Doctor offers paper plate containing two red (?) capsules and piece of candy. Take them. Sign appropriate forms.

- 8:31 A.M. For no reason at all, start thinking about dent in fender.
- 8:45 A.M. Stop thinking about dent in fender.
- 8:45:21 A.M. For no reason at all, start thinking about cottage cheese.
- 8:55 A.M. Stop thinking about cottage cheese. Begin to be little worried about lack of great thoughts and new insights. Flip through *Reader's Digest*. Hear music. *Bolero* and the *William Tell Overture*.
- 8:56 A.M. Stop worrying as realize God is everywhere. (My first one!) Tell doctor. Seems impressed.
- 9:00 A.M. Large drivers license comes in door and shakes hands.
- 9:10 A.M. Finish *Reader's Digest*. Tingling sensation in top of head and buttocks. Go to window. Sensation in buttocks stops. Outside everything

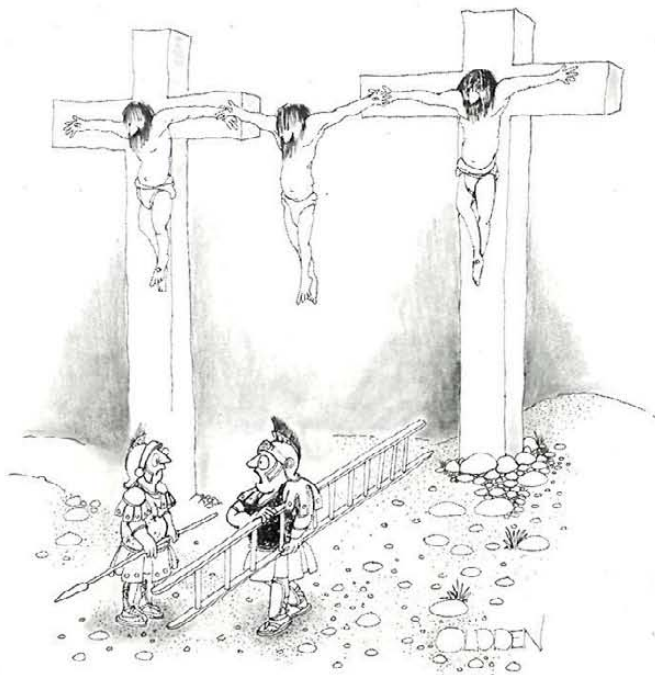
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- brighter, clearer. Trees grayer than usual. Drivers license shouts obscenity.
- 9:15 A.M.** Drivers license leaves. Strong desire to check mouth odor.
- 9:17 A.M.** Begins to rain Listerine inside room. Doctor stays mysteriously dry. Becoming very impatient with lack of n. insights and g. thoughts. Doctor reassuring. Large holes in several parts of body. Mouth feels great.
- 9:20 A.M.** Holes filling with chocolate milk. Start of g.t. but won't quite come. Doctor says push hard like good boy. Still nothing. Finding it difficult to recall name. Doctor finding it difficult to recall name.
- 9:32 A.M.** Wash chocolate milk off clothes, armpits, from behind ears, etc. Spray thoroughly. Mr. Peanut arrives. Demands to see tax returns.
- 9:35 A.M.** Doctor falls asleep. Holes becoming squares.
- 9:41:30 A.M.** Several leather-bound great thoughts fly in window and perch on sleeping doctor. Chase them all around office but can't catch them. Mr. Peanut yelling about deductions for lunch. Explain current lunch policy. Won't buy it.
- 9:45 A.M.** Slight dizziness. (First stage of n.i.?) For no reason, unusual things coming into mind such as sidewalk. To pass time, fit notebook, paperweight, etc., into holes, which are now different shapes and sizes. Find this quite hard.
- 9:51 A.M.** Feel intense, overwhelming tingle toward whole universe. (That's two!) Aunt Jemima trucks through

- room singing *Yankee Doodle*. Embarrassing desire to climb on doctor's knee and give him hickey.
- 10:00:21 A.M.** Doctor wakes up under repeated hickies. Overreacts, flailing stethoscope irresponsibly. Suddenly wish Mary Baker Eddy were here. Mention this. Doctor goes back to sleep.
- 10:05 A.M.** Mr. Peanut tearing up W2s. Feel strangely unconcerned and experience brief insight into hollowness of Internal Revenue Service. (3? 2½?) Holes begin to join up. Walls appear to be fried eggs. See possible connection between fried eggs and foreign aid but can't be sure. Grease getting on shoes.
- 10:08 A.M.** Mr. Peanut and Aunt Jemima doing tango on ceiling. Am becoming more and more annoyed at these constant interruptions.
- 10:09 A.M.** Compute cost per n.i. or g.t. to date in terms of brain cells expended. Realize prohibitive.
- 10:09:30 A.M.** Decide to stick with it. Eat flag. Regain confidence in IRS. (Does this count?) Drivers license returns with passport, credit card, two hot dogs and blender. Why now, for Godsakes? Introductions all around. Have restless urge to write.
- 10:15 A.M.** Everyone drunk despite time of day. Aunt Jemima picks fight with credit card crashing around room. Feel Aunt J. unjustified despite race. Attempt mediation as per State directives but unsuccessful. Egg all over suit.
- 10:15:30 A.M.** Blender suggests party.

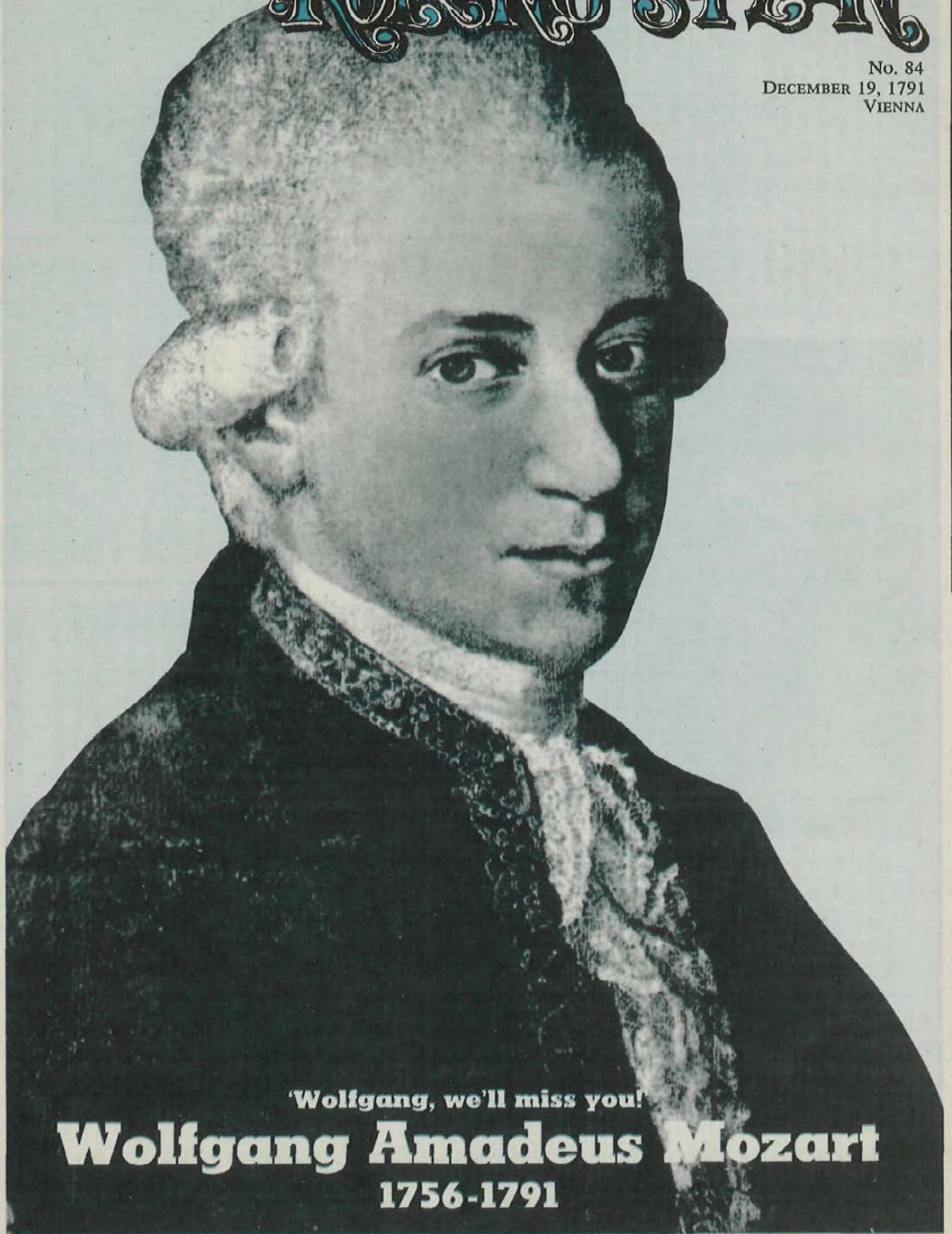
- Refuse owing to pressure of work, but all get ugly. Experience brief sensation of counting for little in world not of own making. (4.) Check dandruff and follow through large hole in stomach.
- 10:16-10:41:30 A.M.** Long journey through stomach. Walls lined with discount ads, furniture, pot roast, etc. One quite sturdy patio set for under \$50.
- 10:41:30 A.M.** Emerge into spacious Mobil gas station. John Wayne serving fruit punch from pumps. Implies fruit punch essence of life but not clear. Others join party. Longfellow, hamburgers, Pontiac in mini-skirt. Very rowdy.
- 10:45 A.M.** Wayne offers to reveal secret of existence. Experience breathtaking. Twinge at possibility of vast improvement in n.i./g.t./brain-cell cost ratio.
- 10:46:01 A.M.** Complete check of tie, fingernails, etc., follow Wayne through garage to small back yard. Wayne points silently to lawn. Lawn delivers short sermon on equal opportunity and turns into saltine. Realize that saltine is in some way still center of universe. (Jackpot!)
- 10:47 A.M.** Wayne demands tip. Return to party.
- 10:47:15 A.M.** Arrive back at party. Out of hand. Pat Boone cursing in Russian. Aunt J. has hand down front of Pontiac's dress. Mr. Peanut offering everyone people butter. Hot dogs pantsing Longfellow. Fights. Obscenities. Blender sticks gas pump down back of jacket. Important bonus n.i.s. and g.t.s. not even getting to first base. Decide to call police. No dime.
- 10:53 A.M.** Attempt citizen's arrest on ringleaders. Party and station turn into endless Ace bandage stretching away to horizon. Walk down Ace bandage.
- 11:00 A.M.** Ace bandage excellently sign-posted and lit. Leads back to office. Doctor still asleep. Office normal except for broken furniture and half-chewed flag. Freshen up.
- 11:06 A.M.** Doctor wakes up, takes pulse, etc., etc. Says cannot believe condition, considering dose. Explain favorable n.i./g.t./brain-cell cost ratio to him. Goes back to sleep.
- 11:14 A.M.** Drop suit off at cleaner's.
- 11:30 A.M.** Lunch with gang. Explain fruit punch, God is everywhere and saltine, also fried-egg-foreign-policy tie-up. Response extremely favorable, especially K., who sees entirely new cra in policy formulation. All chip in to buy me drink.
- 1:00 P.M.** Arrive back at office. Doctor gone. Tidy. New flag. Realize that only four and a half hours ago, office belonged to entirely different person. Salute flag and begin typing fried-egg memo to Fulbright. □



The Senate slashed our budget . . .

ROTTING STEIN

No. 84
DECEMBER 19, 1791
VIENNA



'Wolfgang, we'll miss you!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

1756-1791

by Anne Beatts and Michel Choquette

— Continued from Page 10

and as he grew older, abandoned such affectations as playing with a cloth over the keyboard.

But he never grew too old to groove on life's little highs. You could see him ramblin' through the streets of Vienna, wiry and narrow-hipped in his red coat with the silver buttons (his favorite).

He loved ice cream.

All chicks knocked him out.

His friends said he shot a mean round of snooker, and he had his own pool table. Even in the midst of money hassles (and there were many), the pool table stayed. When it was cold, he danced to keep warm because he couldn't afford any other heat than his own fiery genius.

Those fires, perhaps, consumed him in the end. He felt the flickering of his own blithe spirit. Too



proud to beg, he knew Death was coming, and could not cry out until it was past help.

The Requiem Mass lay finished beside the bed. Even those who had grokked him as a man, friend or lover knew that to Wolfgang the music was the only thing that mattered. He took the joy and suffering of one short life and made them into sounds that spoke to a whole generation. Those who knew his music — and they were many — knew him best!

The rumors of poison persist. But we know that's not what killed him. He OD'd on life.

Josef Haydn wrote from London, still shaken at the news: "Not in a hundred years will posterity see such a talent again."

Not in a thousand.

Zonking the French

— Continued from Page 9

"You can't just go out there with a few musicians and a few singers. People want to see something happen onstage. We spent a lot of bread on special effects. Look how I built up the horns and the strings. We wanna blast them out of their skulls."

Luigi is still buzzing off the audience. He decides we are all going out for a meal. As we leave the Théâtre Feydeau, a young girl rushes up with tears in her eyes to touch his frizzy hair. "It was too beautiful," she says. Luigi Cherubini's round baby face breaks up into a big smile.

Let Them Eat Cake

BY C. METTERNICH

Now that the deluge is here, it looks like some hard rain's gonna fall. And the bad guys aren't the only ones who're going to get wet. Not when the Imperial Beast is gathering itself to off anyone in the vanguard of the Revolution!

Sure, they abolished torture. But in Vienna's newly modernized prison, they're still chaining brothers to the wall by the neck. The American Yankee's not down by our fat bourgeoisie

Random Notes

Super session? When Haydn and the late, great Wolfgang Mozart got together at Baron van Swieten's house last summer, it seems they weren't just partying it up. The word is, they were jamming most of the weekend. If van Swieten ever decides to release the recordings, we could be in for some very heavy sheet music.

Although bids for the musical rights to Johann Wolfgang Goethe's long-awaited *Faust* are already circulating, when we contacted him in Weimar, Goethe wrote back that he's always been uptight about working under pressure and would release *Faust* only when he thought it was together enough. When *Werther* came out, every dude in the country showed up in blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and high boots, and a few wiggled-out *Werther* freaks even committed suicide. Goethe was totally turned off by the whole thing.

East-West Traffic: Seems everybody's headin' West these days. Joe Reinagle is making the big move from Edinburgh to the States. He hopes to get his thing together in Philly. Copyright © 2007 National

We've been hearing a lot about a rising young superstar with wavy black hair and thick eyebrows, who plays piano-forte in Bonn. His name is Ludwig von Beethoven. Those who have heard his funky piano riffs put him up there with Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. Local impresario Schicht is reputedly anxious to book him for a string of concerts around Vienna.

Another giant rip-off in the works: The Birmingham Music Festival.

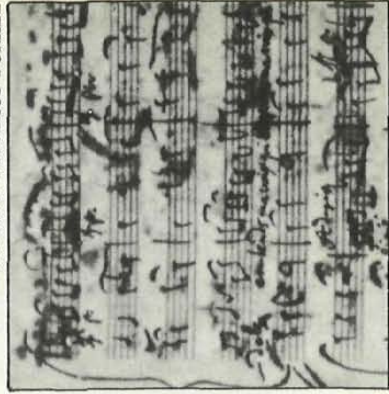
Charles Burney, whose first hit was "Lovely Harriet," for which Kit Smart wrote the lyrics, has just come up with a gassy arrangement for "Rousseau's Dream."

The Grass Is Always Greener Department: If Warren Hastings, who was busted five years ago for bringing dope into China from India, finds things too hot for him at home, why doesn't he check out the drug scene on the Virginia hemp plantations, where George Washington and those other cats are blowing grass all the time? We hear the heads of state over

RELEASES

collection, if, like me, you groove on those old-fashioned Bach-type contrapuntal stylings, better suited to the harpsichord than to the amplified sound of the pianoforte. Ever since Baroque music came up the Rhine from Italy, it has always had its devoted following. And it probably always will have.

— JOHANN NICOLAUS FORKEL



ORPHÉE ET EURYDICE,

C. W. Gluck, (*Editions Anonymes*)

Now that some anonymous publisher has come up with a pirated version of Gluck's *Orphée*, I dragged out my old well-worn copy and spent a couple of

MOKE LETTERS

—Continued from Page 3

Why is it that every time somebody gets near the top, you guys feel you have to bring him down? You certainly put Mozart on the shit-list in your November 4th issue. If your reviewer thinks that Mozart has gotten too far-out for his audience, maybe he should check out the vibrations from Prague. If you can't pick up on the sounds Mozart has been laying down lately, has it ever occurred to you that it might be your fault?

FRANZ DUSCHEK
PRAGUE

When are you going to do a story on Louis van Beethoven? He's only 160 centimeters high, but he's so pretty! I traveled in the same coach with him last time he came to Vienna, and I was totally ripped on the experience.

MARY HURLEY
DUBLIN

I had the misfortune to come across a copy of your publication in the House of Commons reading room. I must dispute your thesis that the recent overthrow of the French monarchy guarantees "power to the people." Nor do I agree, as you seem to, with my colleague Mr. Fox, when he says that the fall of the Bastille is "the greatest event that ever happened in the world." Was it worth the death of 20 people to return to society four forgers, one congenital idiot, one prisoner committed at the request of his family, and the infamous Marquis de Sade? As a liberal, I have worked for many years to uphold the cause of human dignity, and I can see nothing dignified, nor indeed human, about the meaningless violence that is taking place in France today. This is not liberty but anarchy, and can only lead to a military take-over.

Nor will I concede that the Rights of Man include the right to appear in public with unwashed hair and rumpled clothing. Who can blame the citizens of Dessau for disapproving of the un-

legit, hands down. It may be a little rough in places, but the tonality and musical complexity more than make up for it. No shit. If you always dug what Gluck was into, you might take the trouble to find out how it really should sound. Look for the handwritten title page.

—FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER

Start Your Own Commune!

Live in harmony with the environment. Plots available. Ideal for dairy farming. Near Versailles. Apply to: Comité des Citoyens, Paris, France.



Outasite Engravings and Poems.
Hand-colored! Mystical significance!
From William Blake,
Blake Press, London, England.

What are YOU doing for the Revolution?

Full-size posters of George Washington, Jean-Paul Marat, Maximilien Robespierre. Plus the works of hip author, poet, musician and Renaissance man Jean-Jacques Rousseau. "Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains." Get back to nature with Jean-Jacques. "Common Sense" by Tom Paine. The people's Revolutionary handbook. Everything You Need for Survival on This Planet Is in *l'Encyclopédie*. Edited by Denis Diderot.

The original "Werther Boot." For Young Romantics.

Soft, flexible, 100% leather. Buckle a few swashes in the boot that Goethe made famous. Made to order by the J. Hoffman Boot Company, Weimar.

disciplined "Free School" where J. B. Baséow sets an example for his pupils by smoking constantly, staying up all night and never changing his clothes? Thomas Day, who also claims to be an educationalist, boasts that he never brushes his hair and washes it only in the brook. If this is your idea of getting back to Nature, I'd just as soon stay in an unnatural state.

EDMUND BURKE
LONDON

People connected with the music industry here talk big. But what the fuck do they really do to support local groups? Handel had to go to England and drop his umlaut before anybody here would pay any attention to him. Italian acts don't have any trouble getting bookings, but most local talent is starving between gigs. What a down trip.

ALBRECHT SCHROETER
VIENNA

Doctor in Exile

BY JOACHIM WEISS

PARIS — Franz Anton Mesmer's troubles aren't over yet.

He was forced to leave Vienna after the Faculty of Medicine called an abrupt halt to his research into the mind-expanding effects of magnetism. But even in Paris, he's still paying his dues.

After the hassle over expanding the consciousness of blind pianist Maria-Theresa von Paradis, and his subsequent conviction, Dr. Mesmer can never go back to Vienna. He hopes that the French revolutionary government will review his case and grant him permanent asylum.

Mesmer's establishment was described as a hotbed of immorality by the investigators, who found the darkened rooms and the body contact necessary for magnetization too much for their lurid imaginations.

"One day there may be one in every home," he said. "The microscope and the telescope once lay beyond the

—Continued on Page 18

situation. Yet in civilized Europe they're still breaking people on the wheel. And this is the 18th century!

By the way, if you want to know more about the abuses of the penal system, John Howard tells it like it is in his *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe*. Really grabs you by the balls. If you can't find it here yet, you might order it from London. A fine book.

Meanwhile, Frederick the not-so-Great goes on hustling people into his stinking army, just waiting for the chance to involve us in another Russo-Swedish War. And at the universities, for every Immanuel Kant there are dozens of government lackeys busy grooming new practitioners of Realpolitik. Remember the police riot at Padova, where the impartial government investigation by the Doge ended in a token reprisal against the pigs? Three students died in that one. How many more must we be prepared to mourn?

Haydn on Heavy Mysticism Trip

BY ERNST LUDWIG GERBER
OXFORD — *Backstage after his Orfforge crowd practically ripped up the floorboards, Josef Haydn told ROLLING STONE about a few changes he's been going through recently.*

How did you get into Freemasonry? I guess it was Mozart who first turned me on to it. But I'd always been sort of searching for a Higher Level of Consciousness, really.

Has being a Freemason had any effect on your music?

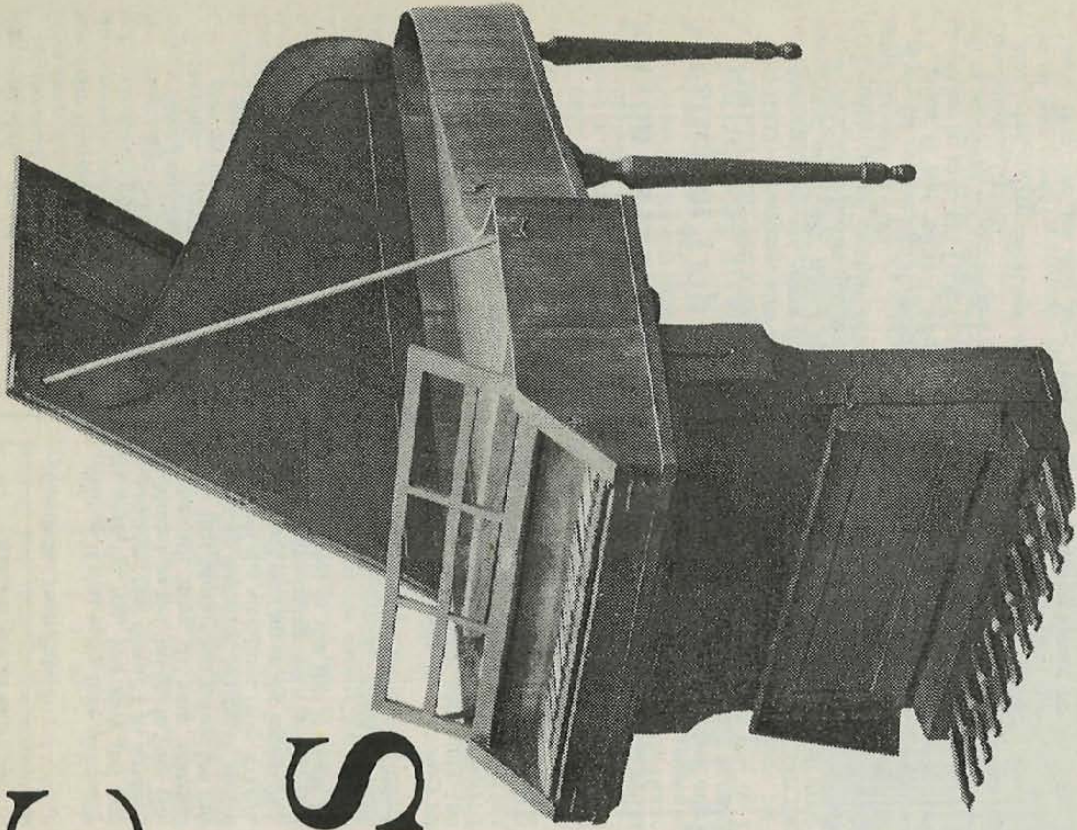
Nor that I've got this new self-awareness, I find the music comes a lot easier to me. I'm not sure if you know what I mean, but a brother Freemason would flash on it right away. Because you can't cop out on brotherhood, no matter what you

—Continued on next Page

HIS MUSIC LIVES ON! OUR NOTES DIE AWAY.

*Read what the immortal Wolfgang
had to say about our instrument:*

"When I strike hard, I can leave my finger on the key, but on taking it away the sound dies away almost immediately. . . . Stein's hammers fall back at the instant they strike the strings above. I can do with the keys what I like. . . . In a word, the tone is perfectly equal throughout."



The Stein Pianoforte
For Maximum Sound and Minimum Distortion
A Mother of an Instrument!

THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE REVOLT

by Stanley P. Friedman

Treated like mere machines for decades, the autos had plotted in dark garages, revolt lurking in their carburetors!

Objective? Man the slave, machine the master!



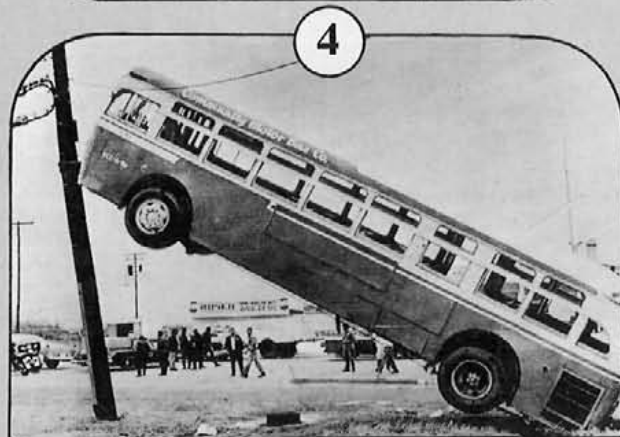
It all began on Ford's birthday in 1971, when, suddenly, without warning, Indiana wheat farmer Dale Klishner was thrown from his McCormick tractor and watched as the crazed machine roared across the south pasture and attempted to demolish the Klishner home.



Simultaneously, in Tampa, Fla., motel owner Rufus Steen found his swimming pool "liberated" by a thickly accented Mercedes-Benz claiming that Steen's "humans only" policy was "discriminatory and no longer permissible."



Within 24 hours every motor vehicle in the nation joined the rebellion, locking out their hapless drivers and tipping away.



The following day, the insurgents initiated Phase Two of their mass mutiny, systematically cutting all lines of communication . . .



. . . and easily gaining control of vital supplies.

All photos from UPI

6



Pillage and looting broke out everywhere as the undisciplined revolutionaries helped themselves to luxuries long denied them by their former masters.

7



Immediately, the iron hand brake of oppression was felt across the nation. Silent figures grimly patrolled America's waterways . . .

10



Captured leaders of abortive resistance movements were given trials before "impartial" juries . . .

11



. . . and were forced to dig their own graves at exhaust-point by pitiless firing squads.

14



Those that escaped immediate death became mad and committed suicide in bizarre fashions. . . .

15



Joyful at Man's miraculous salvation, the nation gathered the silent, rusting corpses into mass graves, thankful that the dread machines had been vanquished!

8



... and the local populace was watched and interrogated at the whim of any passing guard.

9



Not even underground hiding places were safe from the enemy's all-seeing headlights.

12



More often than not, victims were summarily and brutally executed without even the semblance of legality or mercy

13



Suddenly, when all hope appeared extinguished for Mankind, the seemingly irresistible march of machines faltered. By ones and twos, the powerful behemoths keeled over, their mighty cylinder blocks falling silent.

16



However, on the Wright brothers' birthday, in 1972, suddenly, without warning...



The End...?

GRAPHOLOGY

People are always amazed to learn that graphology, or handwriting analysis as it's popularly called, is a science. They ask, "Mr. Scrawl, can you tell someone's character from his handwriting?" or, "Tell me, Mr. Scrawl, can you take someone's handwriting and tell his character?" or, "If I show you a person's handwriting, Mr. Scrawl, can you tell if he's a character?" To all these questions, selected randomly from thousands, I reply with an affirmative Yes. Why? Because graphology is a science and *not guesswork*. Each squiggle, dot and *loop de loop* (a French term) means something.

"You gotta mind your p's and q's," goes the joke among graphologists.

So, let's begin our scientific sleuthing into the fascinating land of personality with graphology as your guide. We'll be using real handwriting samples taken from actual documents and letters. They illustrate a wide variety of graphological principals which, when mastered, will enable you to unmask and embarrass your friends with penetrating analyses of their innermost secrets and desires.



Signature: a mirror of the soul. Always compare a person's signature to his normal writing. Any differences will often be revealing, as in the following example:

der luftwaffe ist double
Aolph Hitler

The unexpectedly large, bold signature tells us that this fellow has more self-confidence than he acknowledges to the world. The angularity of the letters indicates a somewhat aggressive nature, a go-getter or achiever, perhaps a champion speed typist.

Size: an important clue to character. Very large or very small handwriting indicates abnormality. Thus, you can quickly spot rapists, snipers, necrophiles, yes, even perverts, just by asking them to write something and measuring its size. A normal, or nice, person, however, has a medium hand like the sample. Anything larger or smaller than it spells big trouble.

The even, moderate script reveals a personality that rarely experiences any ups or downs. This person's life is probably humdrum, without excitement, adventure or, as he might put it if he were clever enough, "joie de vivre."

et je voudrais de vous à M. Sable, 14 Rue Margue: une whip l'os les chiens, deux litres du lait une amusselle de brass, trois paquets des raisor & apété, nails, une plume avec une pointe tres sharpe (pour m' + anti)

Up and Down: digging deep into character. Mood is revealed in the base line of handwriting. Downhill writing means the individual is sad or depressed. The severe downhill base line of this sample, along with other clues, clearly reveals someone not feeling up to snuff.

Obviously, writing that runs uphill means the opposite: The person feels *up*, not *down*. It's possible, though, to be *up* one instant and *down* the next. This common phenomenon appears in the next example in which the base line is uphill, indicating, for whatever reason, this person's extreme happiness.

But, in the same letter, a quickly striking mood of sadness hits him and the writing runs suddenly downhill. The pen reflects the mysterious melancholy below.

the tele-gram came + 5-4-ES 5 W+AT? it said I won \$100,000 in the lottery! 000, the phones ring that was the hottest. that seems broad. It seems in the another world + Fernitt in the hill being + his the fresh

Slant: the key to control. Slant tells us what controls a person — heart or head, intellect or emotion. The following sample slants to the right (forward slanting): A dead give-away that the emotions rule this person.

your fantastic eyes, you don't know
me from Adam, Mr. Manson
I'm the girl you turn on who
sits in the front row. Maybe
you've seen me from the witness

Lucky
for me the bullet got
my right arm. At least
I can write, though it's hard
in holding the paper with my nose.

Next, we have a sample of a severe backward slant. This writer is ruled by his head (his intellect), or he might be lefthanded. We've no way of telling this, but we're working on it. Look for other clues instead.

Samples of backward slants, to the left:

Alvin Hoffman

Jerry Rubin

Samples of forward slants, to the right:

Ronald Reagan

Spinoza ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ X

Loops: shades of meaning. We now move on to the specific characteristics of handwriting that reveal the subtle nuances

in a person's personality. Among these are the loops. Here are some outstanding, looped examples:

DEAN MARTIN

PHIL HARRIS

Joe E. Lewis

High loops indicate imagination and deep spirituality. *my tenth vision from the virgin Mary and I think I'm in love with her. She's got class.*

Loops with broken backs indicate distorted thinking and a tendency toward eccentricity.

to my pet goldfish for their loyalty during my illness
ten thousand dollars

Long lower loops generally indicate great sexual drive. *still shipwrecked upon this desolate isle, eight years alone and lonely save for a very attractive monkey*

Firily lower loops are usually feminine characteristics and when they appear they indicate an artistic nature completely devoted to home, hearth, husband and family.

taking his mighty engine in my hand. "Fanny," he said mounting me

(continued)

(continued)

*and crucify him
all my best
marked
mitch*

T-bar slants down.
Person is argumentative, domineering and sharp-tongued.

Tee'd off: a quick indicator. Always check the way a person crosses his T's. You'll be amazed how much you can tell by this simple little test.

*This is
some of
The best
shit
you ever
smoked... Now*

High flying T-bar, above the T. Person has high ideals, a head-in-the-clouds dreamer.

T-bar to the left.
Unfinished, incomplete.
Person most likely a procrastinator: *tomorrow + tomorrow creeps in the pettie pace.*

A ranch south of El Paso.

**THE
T-BAR-T**

Star-crossed T.
Person is Jewish.

*sets a
nice table*

Capitals: gains for the graphological detective. Much can be learned from a person's use of capital letters. For instance, a heavy preponderance of printed capitals in someone's handwriting automatically tells you he is arrogant, proud and overbearing. These boastful people think they're, literally, capital.

Capitals can be revealing in other ways as well!

**WHEN I
TO RITE
GUD, I
YAN**

Flowery, ornate capitals. If writer is a woman, she is snobbish, unfeeling; if a man, he's a faggot.

*In the
Beginnings*

A revealing trait is a constantly changing writing style, a characteristic of the creative, versatile mind. This type of writing is illustrated in the following sample:

**if You want to see your kid
a live, put \$50,000 in un Mark ed bills**

SIGNS OF MENTAL ILLNESS. It is certainly helpful to be able to detect early signs of mental deterioration. Doctors have their stethoscopes, you have Graphology. Look at the sample below and see if you can spot the telltale signs of a troubled mind in the handwriting.

*kiss your naked body, starting with your
luscious breasts
all over your perfect, freckly
inducing toes! All my love,
your son, Jeff*

As you can see from the downward stems and undotted i's, this person is a kleptomaniac. With proper care, he can become well again.

Test Yourself: Can you tell if the writer is male or female? Match the samples on the left with the sex of the writer. Circle your answer.

John Wayne

_____ M F

You rat, I'm pregnant and I

_____ M F

miss Vicki, would you marry me if

_____ ? F

*alternatingly yours,
Myra Breckinridge*

_____ M F

Let's see how much you've learned. How well can you analyze these three specimens?

*SAMPLE "A"
MR. R. FERDLEY*



*SAMPLE "C"
MR. Q. GLUB*



*SAMPLE "B"
MRS. L. OLINSKY*

Congratulations! on a job well done. If you said sugar diabetes, colic and R.C. Cola, you're right! You are now on your way to becoming a first-rate graphologist. Patient study and application of these and other principles (which you can learn by attending my private classes on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at the Phrenological Institute - \$35 per session) will yield great rewards, help you pick your friends and explore your own strengths and weaknesses. You're on your own.

Good Luck, John Bond



SEE YOU LATER
AGUATOR
HAW-HAW
WHICH WAY TO THE VILLAGE?

a few cat-fah-rou

FREE YOSSARIAN
VEG-O-OTHER

SCHULTZ
SHIS TO
D.V.A.

Peter H.



BRAD HOLLAND

Freaks

Webster's 1950 Unabridged Dictionary defined *freak* as: any abnormal animal, person or plant. I assume they had in mind things like a hairy snake, a web-footed midget or a 40-pound lentil, and, until recently, that definition was pretty reliable. Freaks of the animal and plant variety showed up regularly in Ripley's Believe It or Not. For example: "Miss Lotta Crap of Ratrump, Mo., has a trained clam that actually climbs trees! 'The whip helps!' says Lotta"; and, "Vegetable store owner Oscar Spritz was actually arrested on obscenity charges for displaying an incredibly odd-shaped turnip!" Unfortunate humans, like the dog-faced boy and Zip, the man with the pointed head, found employment in circus sideshows where, for 50 cents, you could see all kinds of freaks and where, for another two dollars, you could have the whole thing erased from your memory by a trained hypnotist. Today, however, the word *freak* has taken on a new

by Christopher Rush

meaning. In fact, many of my friends

are considered freaks, and not one of

them has any amusing extra organs or

fun deformities.

The best way to illustrate this current

concept is to examine individuals who are

considered freaks. My friend Harry is a

good subject, since he embodies many of

the accepted freaky characteristics. He

wears his hair extremely long and has it

smartly styled by gravity and the pre-

vailing winds. His dress consists of a

17th-century Swiss postman's coat over

wears a large medallion around his neck

depicting a Hindu contortionist commit-

ting an unnatural act with himself. Day-

glow chaps and paisley sneakers complete

his somewhat bizarre attire. Harry claims

that his long hair and strange clothes

express his love of the natural and the

complexity of the human mind. He does

tend to stand out in a crowd, but is he a

freak in the strict sense of the word? Of

course, if you believe Adam was created

with a crew cut and a Robert Hall suit,

wearing Hai Karate cologne, you may

consider him one.

Outward appearance is a definite fac-

tor in this new concept of the freak, but

behavioral patterns, key interests and

ideals have to be considered as well, for

it is the freak's life style that sets him

apart and makes him the target for a lot

of hostility from the mass population.

For instance, in general, freaks enjoy getting stoned with drugs and substances other than the national narcotic, alcohol. Most people consider the intake of man-made substances, like amphetamine and LSD, an aberration, since they are not natural; but, then, I never seen a Preparation-H tree or an Ex-Lax quarry, either.

My friend Joe is an excellent example

(continued)

(continued)

of a freak who is heavily into the drug culture. Joe gets up in the morning and eats a hearty breakfast of 15 acid tablets, six mescaline pills, some speed on cornflakes with a nice hot cup of Lestoil, and then, for added zip on his way to work, he sucks the third rail in the subway. Joe is employed as a paperweight, which is an ideal line of work for him since his hobbies are falling into comas and having catatonic seizures. He last ate real food in 1962, when he had a Western burger soaked in Raid to give it that chemical flavor he's so fond of. The last time I saw him, he complained that it was getting difficult for him to get high anymore. He confided in me that the latest thing he had tried was wrapping his head in tinfoil and climbing on a roof during an electrical storm. I asked him how he liked the sensation, and he said it was okay, but it gave him the hangers. On the whole, Joe is a great fellow, but it is difficult to understand him since he has static in his voice, and his habit of glowing in the dark is pretty distracting.

I should point out that even among freaks, Joe's overindulgence is considered odd. However, when it comes to the practice of chemical consumption, the general public should not be too quick to attack the freaks. I recently read the ingredients label on a popular candy bar and found that it contained four chemical preservatives, two flavor enhancers, artificial flavoring and coloring. What it all boiled down to was a piece of sweetened linoleum with cashew nuts.

So-called freaks do have a tendency to decorate their homes in a fashion somewhat out of the ordinary. The dwelling I have in mind belongs to a freaky friend named John. He lives in an abandoned

grain silo in the middle of a swamp. His living room has a high ceiling — 60 feet high, to be exact. It's lit by a remarkable chandelier suspended, from the very peak of the conical roof, by a chain made out of easy-open beer can rings, with an old Chevy headlight on the end. Authentic North Korean army cots serve as chairs for guests, while John favors his "pop art" easy chair, an oversized replica of a potty with the name "Spiro" stenciled on the receptacle portion. John says the chair affords him both comfort and political expression at the same time. The only other high points of the decor are his leech tanks (he says tropical fish are bourgeois) and "Big Bertha," his stereo system. "This baby really puts out sound," he says as he hits the volume knob and your clothes and body hair are torn away. His abode isn't exactly something out of a Norman Rockwell painting, but does that make old John a freak of nature? I can't see how it does, unless you can show me the passage in Genesis that says "... and then the Lord created wall-to-wall carpeting and Formica tables."

Naturally, the hobbies and interests of the new breed of freak are somewhat off-beat. One friend of mine collects old army training films because he considers them a form of art. His favorites are *Your Friend the Entrenching Tool* and *Around the World with Venereal Disease*. Another acquaintance is fond of ancient birth control devices, his prize possession being a fiendish Babylonian contraption fashioned from bamboo and water buffalo horns. Its exact function is obscure, but for anyone with an active imagination, just looking at it would do the trick. At the same time, witchcraft and the occult have found new accept-

ance. Several of my friends have unusual items in their cupboards, like Del Monte tanna leaves, french-fried bats and kosher wolfbane. One friend claims that his conjuring sessions have given him many hours of satisfaction and his mother-in-law a nice case of barnacles. Others seek out Leo Gorcery and Tom Mix film festivals. A few are crazy about rare books with titles like *A Treasury of Tibetan Slang*, *Tom Swift and His Electric Hash-pipe*, and *Andy Hardy Gets a Dose*. Strange diets are also a big thing. Recently, a friend invited me to dinner to sample a recipe from an ancient Inca diet guaranteed to melt the pounds away and tickle the taste buds. It was a greenish casserole made of tree bark, creamed crabgrass and moss. I think this dish is one of the main reasons you don't find large crowds of Incas anymore. The best part of the meal was at the end, when I threw up. At this point, my friend informed me that regurgitation was the whole purpose of the diet. It is efficient, to say the least.

This new freak's artistic self-expression knows no bounds. Harold, for example, is an underground filmmaker. His latest production is full of surrealism and deep philosophical symbolism. The story takes place in the womb of a sheep and the dialect is Gaelic with subtitles in Swahili. He achieved some unique camera angles by doing most of his shooting during epileptic fits. Greta, another artistic freak, is a new school painter. She does her work from a moving bicycle with an enema bag full of enamel. Some other freaky individuals I have had contact with have an affinity for mysticism and weird religious cults. One group has found spiritual significance in Fritos Corn Chips, and another, the Presbyterian Druids, worships grilled cheese sandwiches. And quite a few of these people enjoy continuing their education with courses like Windmill Repair, Basic Harpooning and Aborigine Theater.

I think the reason society has labeled these individuals as "freaks" is because there is a widely held feeling that anyone "different" is out of touch with reality. What with their weird ideas, strange pursuits, and fooling around with their brain cells with drugs, it's no wonder they've lost touch with things. Bullshit. Reality is the most illusive and scarce item on earth, and our society made it that way. Cigarette packs that sing and dance, the little guy with the rowboat in your toilet bowl, mouthwash that turns you into a sex queen even if you have a hunchback and a harelip, talking cereal that has the nutritional value of moth droppings, padded bras and V-8 penis extensions: This is the reality the freaks are detached from. Bless them, for in their wildest extremes they may show us how to survive in this neurotic reality and save the world from disappearing in a cataclysmic puff of feminine hygiene spray. □



"He worshipped her. They were a fun-couple to the end!"

Brand-new Bugaboos

by Hugo Fleisch

illustration by Rick Meyerowitz

Say, Mom and Dad, have you ever wondered why your kids won't eat their Campbell's Cream of Marbles soup, even when you threaten them with the Soup Goblin or Dr. Consommé? Or why they won't stay in their rooms and do their homework, even when you tell them that Dracula and the Brain from Planet Arous are having a nice friendly game of gin rummy in the hall, just killing time until something better comes along? Or why they keep playing with those ill-bred minority group kids, even when you point out that the Thing, She, It, Them and the Blob hailed from the same neighborhood?

Well, frankly, if you want to hold the nattering little nabobs in line and keep them from growing up into crazed cult killers, LSD smokers and poor credit risks,

you'll have to spook them with something a lot stronger than the kind of things Walt Disney used to have dreams about after a late-night snack of fried clams and a chocolate malted. Traditional childhood bugbears aren't going to work either, these days, since virtual embryos know that lightning is a static electric phenomenon characteristic of unstable atmospheric conditions; that the only monsters likely to propagate in improperly flushed toilets threaten species on the other end of the plumbing; and that tots who watch out for bears when stepping on sidewalk lines and squares are asking for a mugging.

So, what's a parent who's down on permissiveness to do? Simple. Cash in on the hobgoblins that are making the headlines.

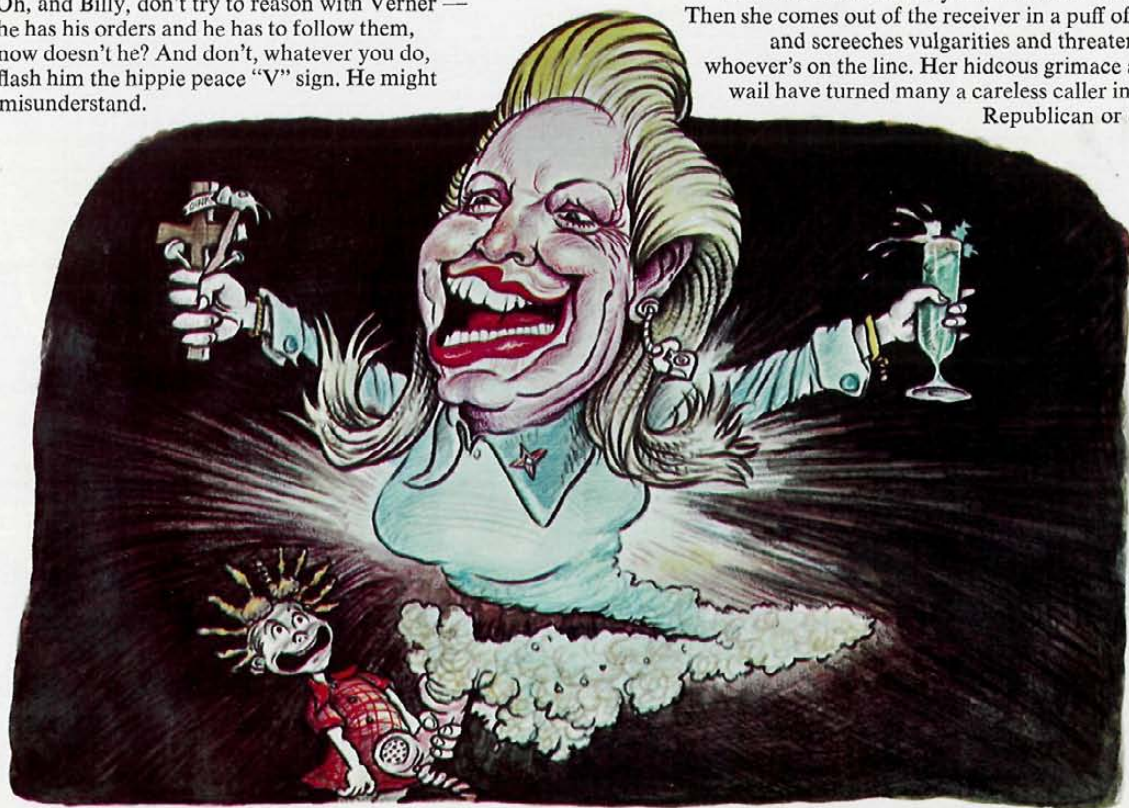
For example, just for starters, you might want to tell that daughter who moves with a fast crowd about the Troll of Chappaquiddick.





Whistling Verner So little Billy doesn't want to go to Camp Minnicanoe this summer? So! Verner runs his own very efficient little Kampf for children who are, how do you say, difficult? He'll come late one night and take little Billy away in his rocket ship and there's no telling where he'll end up. The moon! Mars! London! Or worse! Oh, and Billy, don't try to reason with Verner — he has his orders and he has to follow them, now doesn't he? And don't, whatever you do, flash him the hippie peace "V" sign. He might misunderstand.

The Bad Princess of the Telephone Does your daughter tie up the telephone with long calls to her creepy friends? Well, you might explain to her about the Bad Princess. She lives in an enormous phone booth with her husband, the Phone Drone, who listens in on everybody's calls, and when he hears someone just chattering away, he gives his wife a big drink to make her surly and sends her along the wires. Then she comes out of the receiver in a puff of pipe smoke and screeches vulgarities and threatens to crucify whoever's on the line. Her hideous grimace and banshee wail have turned many a careless caller into a lifelong Republican or coffee table.





Gnader's Gnomes He doesn't want to clean up his room? Oh, that's all right, Gnader's hardworking little gnomes will do it for him. How thorough they are! They won't miss a thing! Of course, if they find any unsafe toys, flammable teddy bears, sharp-edged model airplanes, immoral war-related playthings, or wind-up cars, they'll have to confiscate them. And if they stumble on anything sort of special hidden away, they'll be forced to make a full report.

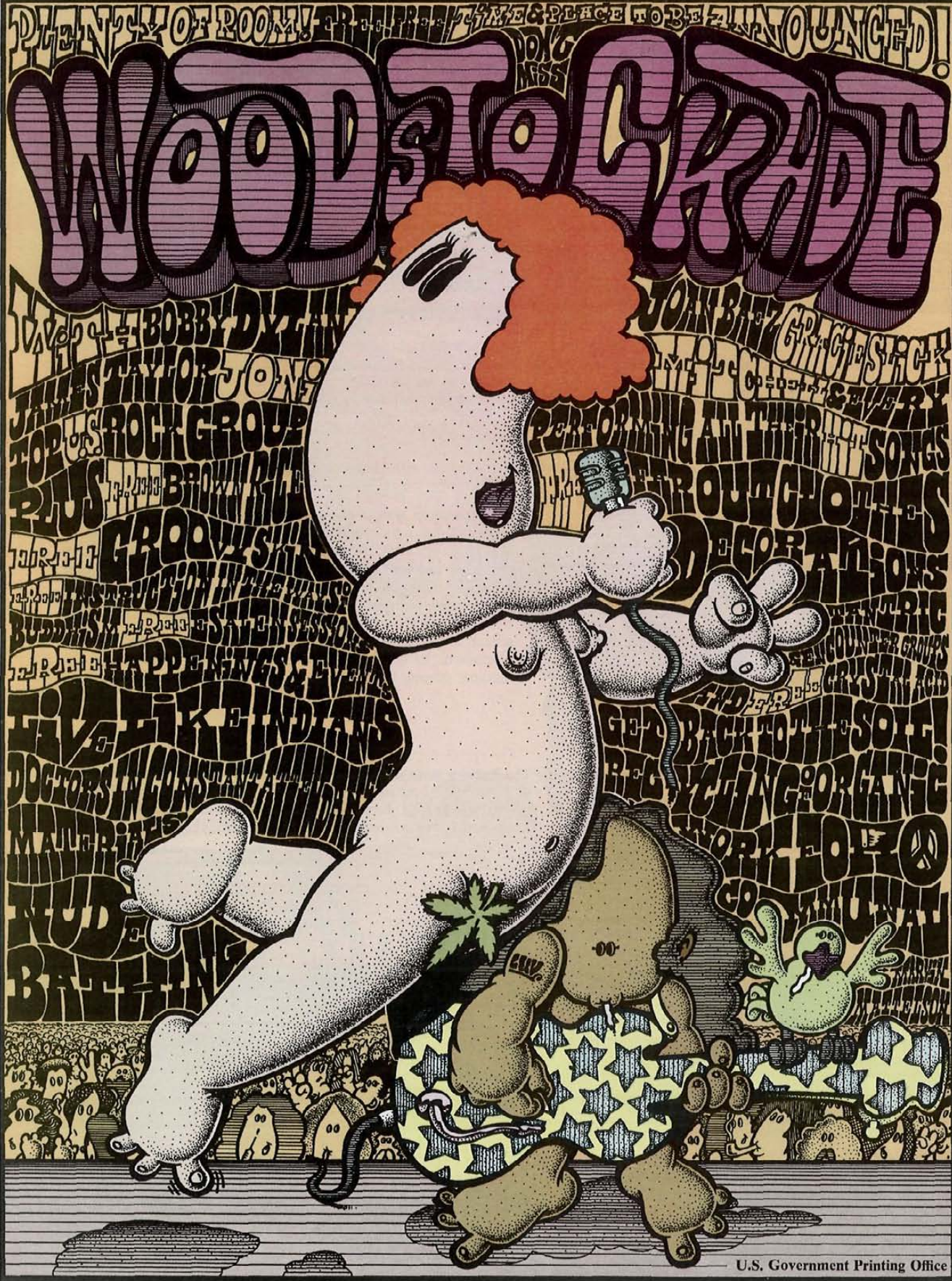


The Transplant Man If you find Joey playing with his "thing," you might mention the Transplant Man. You see, if Joey plays with it too often, this fast-working ghoul will come and take it away and give it to someone who can make better use of it. Oh, and along the way, he might pick up one or two other odds and ends to tide him over the slack accident season; you know, a heart or kidney or two, just for inventory. And afterwards, he'll arrange to have Joey sent to a medical school, for free!


The Buckley Bogeymen And if the little throwbacks won't wear their rubbers or comb their hair or wash behind their ears, the Buckley Bogeyman might get the wrong idea. I mean, they might think they were hippie war protesters kook weirdos or something like that, and they'd kind of go bananas. □



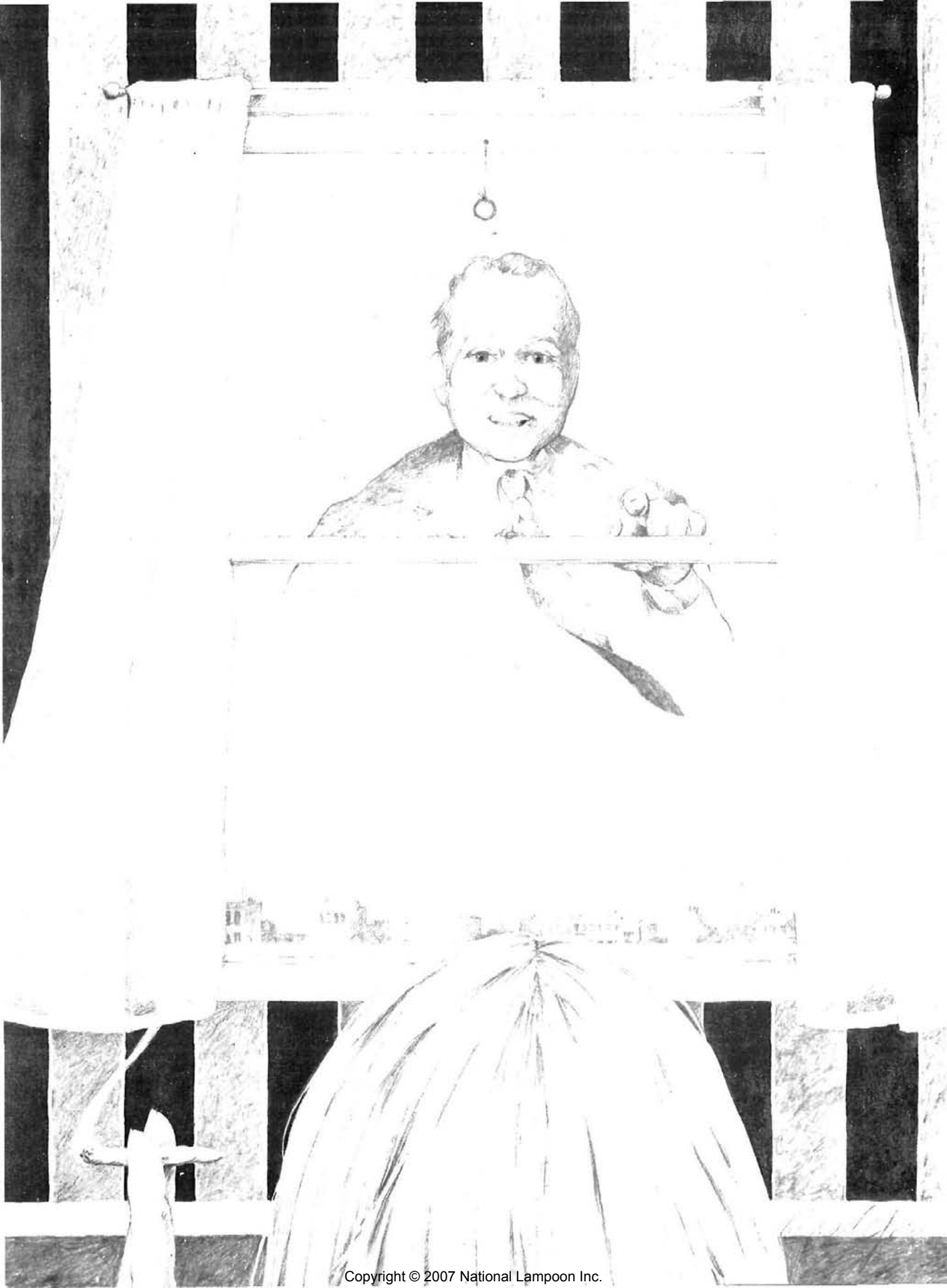
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Poster by Marvin Mattleson

- From the folks who gave you Buchenwald, Treblinka, Mauthausen, Ravensbrück, Bergen-Belsen, Dachau . . .
- 2 **With Bobby Dylan, Joan Baez, Gracie Slick, James Taylor, Joni Mitchell and Every Top U.S. Rock Group Performing All Their Hit Songs!** — Although there's no guarantee they'll be appearing live, the cream of Rockdom will attend. And, unlike Altamont, no vicious, sadistic guards will keep you from them. Much to the contrary, the vicious, sadistic guards will keep you *with* them.
 - 3 **Performing All Their Hit Songs!** — Including the ever-popular *Bataan Death March*.
 - 4 **Free Brown Rice!** — The very same health food that the Japs served to row's in W.W. II. This diet proved so effective that many men dropped from a chunky 200 pounds to a trim 80 pounds in a matter of weeks.
 - 5 **Free Far-Out Clothes!** — From funky prison gear to freaky striped pajamas.
 - 6 **Free Groovy Skin Decorations!** — While not exactly black-light body paint, you will receive a personal, one-of-a-kind identification number neatly tattooed on your left forearm.
 - 7 **Free Instruction in the Ways of Tantric Buddhism!** — Your head will be shaved.
 - 8 **Free Esalen Sessions & Encounter Groups** — Skilled specialists will break down the wall you've built around yourself, with truncheons if necessary, and, through body contact, restore self-awareness and the ability to feel such basic, primitive emotions as fear and pain.
 - 9 **Free Happenings & Events** — Including a "Picking Your Teeth Off the Floor" piece, an "Electrodes Attached to Your Genitals" piece, and the ultimate in underground theater, certain to move even the most jaded avant-gardist, a "Digging Your Own Grave" piece.
 - 10 **Free Crystal Acid!** — Specifically, Zyklon B, the crystallized prussic acid that blew the minds of thousands at Auschwitz. Be ready for a heavy trip despite the fact you'll probably get burned.
 - 11 **Live Like Indians!** — On your own reservation.
 - 12 **Get Back to the Soil!** — In a mass grave.
 - 13 **Work for ** — That is to say, work for the Mercedes-Benz Corporation or any industry that might want to take advantage of slave labor. Under the *Arbeit Macht Frei* banner, you'll receive equal treatment, whether black or white, Jew or Christian, male or female, healthy or sick . . .
 - 14 **Doctors in Constant Attendance!** — Not only to treat welts but also to further medicine through certain experiments. Perhaps now, using control groups and twins, we will finally know the long-range effects of LSD. Or heart transplants. Or castration. Or . . .
 - 15 **Recycling of Organic Materials!** — Hippies will be made into soap, hopefully putting an end, once and for all, to Bob Hope's favorite joke about the two hippies who got married in the bathtub and had a double-ring ceremony.
 - 16 **Nude Communal Bathing!** — To say nothing of Nude Communal De-lousing, Nude Communal Standing in Soup Line, Nude Communal Marching in Snow . . .
 - 17 **Plenty of Room!** — Can accommodate up to six million.
 - 18 **Time & Place to be Announced!** — Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (better known as the McCarran Act) specifically provides for the establishment of detention centers and authorizes the Attorney General to apprehend and detain ". . . all persons as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person *probably* will engage in or *probably* will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or sabotage." The President can invoke the law by merely declaring an "internal security emergency." Six detention camps are available: in Avon Park, Fla., Allenwood, Pa., Tule Lake, Calif., Wickenburg and Florence, Ariz., and El Reno, Okla.
All kidding aside . . .
— Michael O'Donoghue





Confessions of a Teen-age Drug Abuser

by Dr. Elmer Green

On September 15, 1970, an Iowa teenager opened her diary with these words: "The whole world is stretching before me. Tomorrow I start college, and I'm so excited I can barely say my bedtime prayers!" A scant 15 days later, she was a broken dope fiend, her life a shambles, and her dreams... dust or worse. The use and/or abuse of drugs had claimed another victim. Because her story so accurately portrays the horrors and dangers of addiction, it is being presented here as a public service, in the hopes that her experiences will help others for whom it is not too late.

It is not a pretty story.

It is told chronologically, and it consists of entries from her own diary interspersed with information collected from interviews with her parents, with police and other authorities. It begins with her arrival at State College, where she was to take up a program of studies leading to a degree in nursing...

Sept. 16: Got to the dorm this afternoon and found a group of people in my room — Jean and Pat, my roommates, and Professor S., a sociology professor who favors immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam. Before I had my coat off and my Bible unzipped, they offered me a marijuana cigarette! I didn't want to get mixed up in anything like that. I'd heard stories of people turning into crazed sex maniacs and Communists and cult murderers, and I thought, oh, no, sister, not me, you don't! But they made fun of me, and I felt strong pressure to be one of the gang! Pat — she was wearing a wild dress signed by some artist — told me no one would ask me to a Freshman Frolic if I didn't turn on. "No one takes out a straight anymore," she taunted. So... I took the marijuana reefer Professor S. held out to me, put the dirty tube of paper to my lips and inhaled the sickly sweet fumes. At first,

I felt a slight giddiness, and things started to look... weird. I think I giggled a lot, but then I must have blanked out.

[According to college authorities, she was found shortly afterward cavorting stark naked around the Quad, screaming obscenities and talking to a pair of elm trees. She was rushed to the college infirmary and was immediately placed on probation.]

Sept. 17: Woke up this morning in a strange place. Went back to the dorm, but no one's around. I have a powerful, irresistible craving for reefers. Where can I get some? I don't have any money. I tried smoking some brown stuff I found on the floor. I thought it might be some marijuana. It wasn't any good. I think it was roach powder. I'll have to think up some plan. Maybe Professor S. will help me.

[She later confessed that at Professor S.'s instigation, she sneaked across town to her parents' home and stole an expensive clock radio from their bedroom.]

Good for me! I'm learning the ropes. Took the radio to the campus SDS office and told them I wanted to exchange it for reefers. They made me swear an oath to help overthrow the government by force, and then they gave me three. I went back to the dorm and smoked them all at once, and then ate what was left. Wow! I'm feeling kind of funny. I think I'll take a little nap.

[Apparently during this period of total amnesia, she participated in two student riots and made telephone threats on the life of a college dean.]

Sept. 18: Well, I've missed the first day of classes. It's kind of too bad because I wanted to hear Professor S. lecture on home abortion. But I must have more reefers. Wonder how many the SDS people will give me for the TV? Hope

Mom and Dad don't miss it too soon...

Sept. 19: I've been suspended from school! Well, I'll fix them. Sneaked home again this morning and carried baby Ann out of the house in a potato chip bag while she was sleeping. The SDS said I could have a key, which is a whole bunch of reefers, for her. She is my baby sister and I love her, but I can't help myself. Bunky barked a lot and I had to hit him with a hammer.

Sept. 20: Wow! It took me 10 hours to smoke the whole key and did I have insights! I knew right away I had to get back at Mom and Dad for forcing me to accept the false values of the middle class puritan economic ethic and the revolutionary fervor of the peoples of the Third World. I went back to the SDS and got some bombs. Early this morning, I blew up all the toilet bowls in our house. Boy, that'll be hard for them to explain to their pig friends.

[Even before this wanton act of violence, her parents had noted that they were missing two appliances and one daughter, and had begun to suspect that their remaining daughter was mixed up with a bad crowd.]

Sept. 21: I guess I can't go home anymore, but it feels so good to be liberated, I don't mind. I moved into the SDS office this morning and finally met the pusher who has been selling the reefers. He invited me to move into his urban commune, where he says they are into black magic, unnatural sex and cannibalism. Groovy! He also promised to turn me on to something called hash. I can hardly wait.

Sept. 22: So much is happening. The commune is fantastic. Really groovy people, and everybody smokes reefers all

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the time. Professor S. dropped by, too — it turns out he also favors immediate recognition of Red China. He is studying Black Yoga and says he has mastered a secret technique through which he can change streetlights, by just thinking about it, and achieve immortality. Clyde — he's the pusher — practices astrology and voodoo and eats nothing but wild rice and peanut butter. He's got about a hundred little dolls with pins stuck in them. He even has one of the President of the United States. I asked him if that wasn't going a little too far, but he just laughed. He says he has big plans for me.

Tonight we smoked the hash! Wow! As soon as I inhaled it, I began to see things. First it was patterns on the wall, but after a few minutes everything got . . . strange. Then I looked out the window and I saw Art Linkletter just floating there. He kept beckoning toward me, telling me I could fly. It was really weird, and Clyde and Professor S. had to hold onto my legs and hit me until I stopped screaming. When that was over, Professor S. asked me if I wanted to go to a party where people would be snorting Drano, but I was too tired. The hash started to wear off, and when I asked Clyde for some more, he laughed like anything and said I was really "coming along."

Sept. 23: I'm smoking two keys of reefers every day now. I know it's too much, but I can't seem to stop. Everyone here thinks it's groovy that I smoke so much. I've never felt so accepted in my life! Today, Clyde told me to wait in the bedroom while he talked with the man who sells him reefers and hash. The man was Chinese. I listened at the door, and I learned that the reefers come all the way from Red China. I never knew the Red Chinese were so groovy! I also overheard the man tell Clyde that baby Ann had been sent to Peking as a white slave. Maybe it won't be so bad for her if people are really that groovy over there. When Clyde came back, he told me to go to my house and knock out my parents

and bring them over in a sack. He said they'd be sent to China and made into sandals. I told him I couldn't do that, and he got very mad and hit me. Hard. Then he said I was nothing but a pothead. It's true, I know it. I'm leaving the commune but don't know where to go.

Sept. 24: Living on the street is hard, especially with a key-a-day habit to support. My old boyfriend from the Young Christians, Buzzy, passed me today and almost didn't recognize me because I've lost so much weight and all my hair has fallen out. He begged me to come to evening prayer with him. But I told him I was looking for something stronger.

Sept. 25: No reefers. Very depressed and starting to feel the first symptoms of withdrawal. I keep getting violent charley horses. I thought I'd steal a TV set from a store, but just as I was about to take it, there was a National Institute of Mental Health commercial about reefers, of all things, on one of the display models. It showed how rats' brains dissolved when they're cooked in hash over a medium flame for two hours. It made me afraid.

[Overcome by real fear for the first time in her life, she ran to a phone, dialed the police and told them: "I am a user and/or abuser of drugs. Please help me."]

Sept. 26: Everything is different now. After I was arrested, things were scary at first. I went through cold turkey on a cell floor, but it wasn't too bad except for the convulsions and cramps and canker sores and two of my fingers dropping off. I know that one day I will thank the police for helping me back to a decent life. This afternoon, I will be released in the custody of my parents. I'm very happy I didn't let them get made into sandals. I have to inform on all my friends in the commune, but I know that one day they will thank me for helping them.

Sept. 27: The first day of a new start! Can I make it? In study hall, I suddenly

couldn't concentrate on my text. I kept hearing lines from Beatles songs in the back of my head and seeing Peter Max posters. I told the girl next to me what was happening, and she said I was having a marijuana flashback. It's true, I just know it. . . .

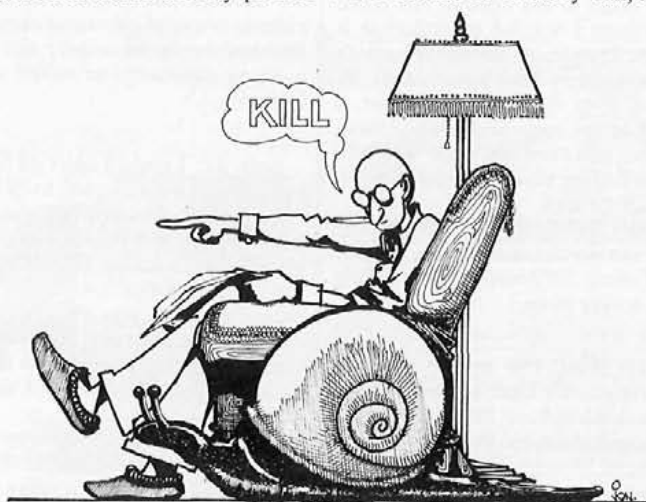
Sept. 28: Well, I'm back smoking reefers again. This morning I had another flashback, and I just wanted to get high more than anything. So I found Professor S., and he gave me two reefers of really strong stuff. Wow, it was incredible! I found out he's against building the ABM and the SSR, too. I guess he's pretty smart. How long will it be before they catch me?

Sept. 29: I woke up with an insatiable craving for reefers, so I went to the commune and waited outside until the man from China came and when he left, I followed him. He went into this store called Hip Rags 'n' Flip Rags. It turns out it's just a front and when people go in to buy clothes or beads or something, they pipe in hash smoke through the air vents and then the people have to keep coming back for more. I peeked in back when no one was looking and I saw a big map of the United States with lots of little red flags stuck in it. Just then the Chinese man spotted me. He must have recognized me from the commune. I tried to run, but he caught me. He took me into a little room — and guess what? Professor S. was there talking on a big radio in a foreign language. He didn't seem too happy to see me. But he handed me a key of reefers and made me smoke them right there in front of him. Just before I blanked out, I heard the Chinese man say something about "the plan."

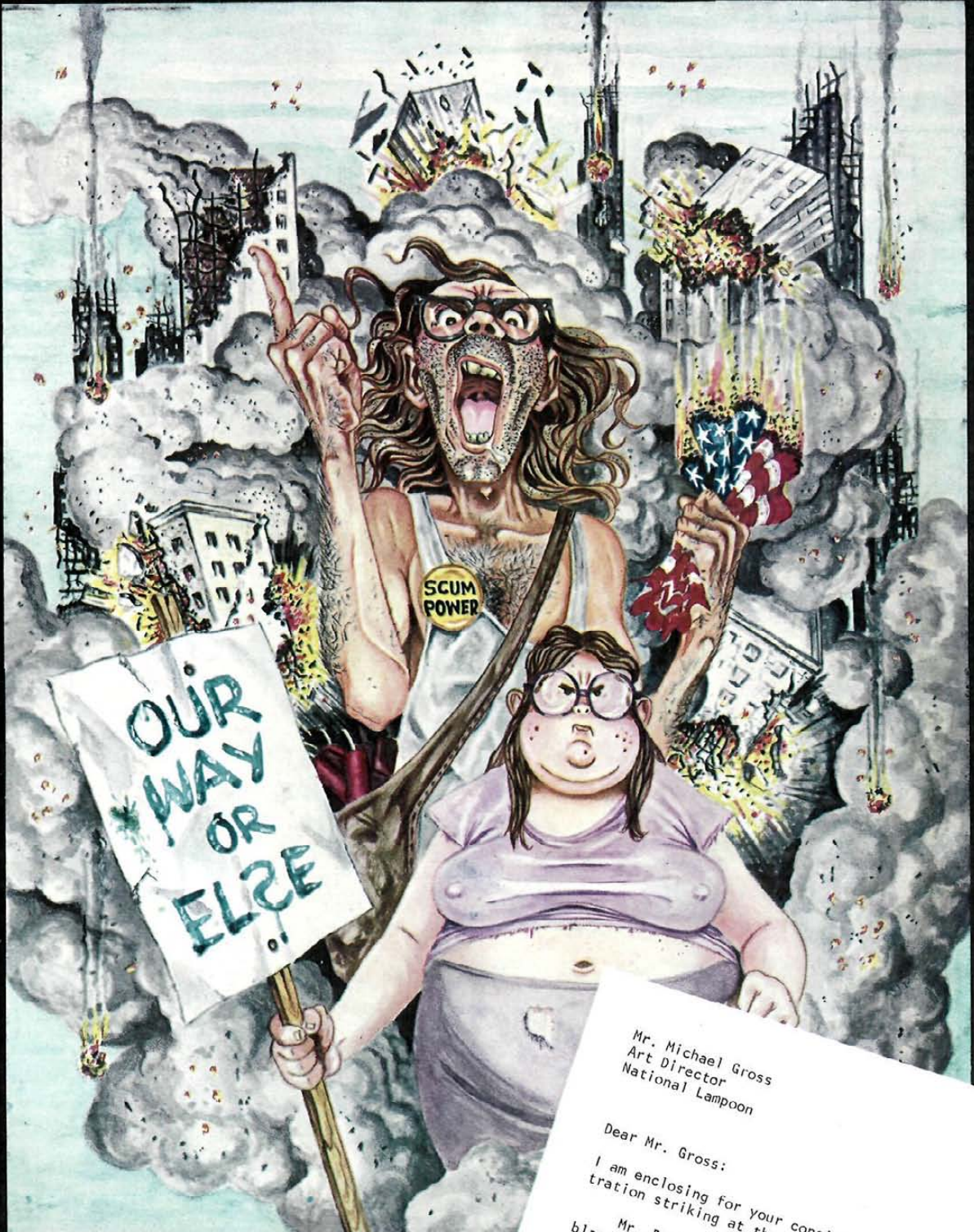
[At this point, Federal officers, acting on a tip from another drug abuser, entered the premises, arrested the Chinese agent and Professor S., and confiscated drugs worth between \$5,000 and \$500 million on the open market. Miss N--- was taken into custody at the same time.]

Sept. 30: Judge Baker said he wasn't surprised to see me again so soon. He told me I was a disgrace to America, and I guess I can't pretend that I'm not. He says they could send me to prison for 450 years, but they'll go easy on me if I cooperate with them. I told them I would do anything to deter potential drug users and/or abusers. All they wanted was permission to print my diary and the names of everyone I think might smoke drugs if they had the chance. And I said if they thought it would help keep others from killer dope, that was fine.

Oct. 1: To think that just 15 days ago, the world was bright. They took Bunky away today. He'd been eating marijuana dog biscuits the schnauzer from down the block gave him. I wonder how many reefers the SDS office will give me for the schnauzer? □



GUTS DEPT.



Mr. Michael Gross
Art Director
National Lampoon

Dear Mr. Gross:

I am enclosing for your consideration a 24x28 illustration striking at the vermin in our society.

Mr. Buckley, of National Review, thought it "too blatant" for a cover in spite of his alleged thumbs-down attitude re "Scum Power." I'm looking for a magazine with enough guts to use my illustration. Is National Lampoon the one?

Very truly yours,

Alphonse Williams



Coming Next Month

CULTURE

Iron those tails, dust off those shirt studs and clip on that white tie: You are cordially invited to a formal dinner dance with some of America's leading culture vultures, literary lounge lizards and crashing boars. Hosted by Will and Ariel Durant, Jean and Paul Sartre, and Les Paul and Mary Ford, it will be an evening to remember, including a reading from the collected phone calls of Rod McKuen, a water ballet by Flipper and a private screening of the much talked about film, *You've Come a Long Way, Brucie*. Nonreturnable demitasse will be served. And, as extra added contractions:

The Undiscovered Notebook of Leonardo da Vinci/Sure, the Mona Lisa Kid predicted tanks, airplanes, helicopters

and steam engines, but until the discovery of his long-lost spiral steno pad in an excavated Florentine gym locker, who would have thought he also jotted down the specifications for digital computers, the Boeing 747, the Ford Pinto, direct long-distance dialing and six practical methods of converting lead into Merv Griffin?

The Levittown Strain/Jackie Onassis caught in Tupperware Party raid? Truman Capote apprehended in Christian Science reading room? George Plimpton seen speeding through Grosse Pointe at the wheel of a stolen Avanti? Thrill with excitement as crack sci-fi sleuths track down this strange cosmic plague that spells "uh-oh" for every lawn flamingo, driveway jockey and souvenir place mat on the planet!

The Pied Piper of Burbank/Rad-Libs are Red, Homos are too, Reagan's got the idea, from Hitler and Jews.

Finish Your Life at Home/Why waste time-consuming years going through the motions of so-called "life," when you can enjoy all its benefits and none of its bothersome drawbacks from the comfort of your easy chair? With your first mailing, you get a certified birth certificate, a grade school report card (C+ average), a high school detention slip. . . .

Plus: Interviews with Judge Crater and Dwight Eisenhower, French pinochle cards featuring Greta Garbo, Queen Elizabeth and Svetlana Alliluyeva, free dishes and a special hello to Mrs. Estelle Kenney who thinks her son is a junior at Yale Law School. □

How to get into stereo without getting in over your head.

We know it looks dangerous. With all that walnut-finished wood and midnight black and silver trim, knobs to finagle with and those wild-looking cylindrical speakers. But look at the price of our new stereo system and feel safe.

Then look at what's in it. And rejoice. The FM/AM and FM stereo radios have everything from an FET tuner that pulls in even the weakest stations. To AFC on FM that makes sure they don't drift away. An FM stereo selector that keeps FM monaural from sneaking into FM stereo

programs. A Stereo Eye that lights up when you've tuned a stereo broadcast. And enough Solid-State doohickeys to make everything last you the best years of your life.

Plus a multiple-use amplifier. That lets you get deeper into stereo with tape and other hi-fi equipment. When you're good and ready.

The 4-speed changer won't be your ruin. Or your records' ruin, either. Because it's got a ceramic cartridge and sapphire stylus in a lightweight arm. And a dust cover that's included in the price.

You'll always be in full control, too. With bass and treble you can adjust to the n-th degree. And separate continuous balance controls that let you adjust the speakers individually. And what speakers. The strange shape does something strange. Like spread the sound out to every corner of a room.

If you're still a little nervous, ask your Panasonic dealer to lead you by the hand. To the "Sonisphere," Model SE-840. It's the best way to get deep into stereo and still keep your head above water.



PANASONIC[®]
just slightly ahead of our time.



1.
I want
good
grammar.

2.
I want
good taste.

3.
I want
a Winston.

4.
Did the whole
team get those
uniforms?



It's too bad the top hat has gone out of style because it's a great place to carry an extra pack of WINSTONS.

WINSTON may not say it right, but they sure know how to make it right with specially processed **FILTER BLEND** tobaccos.

