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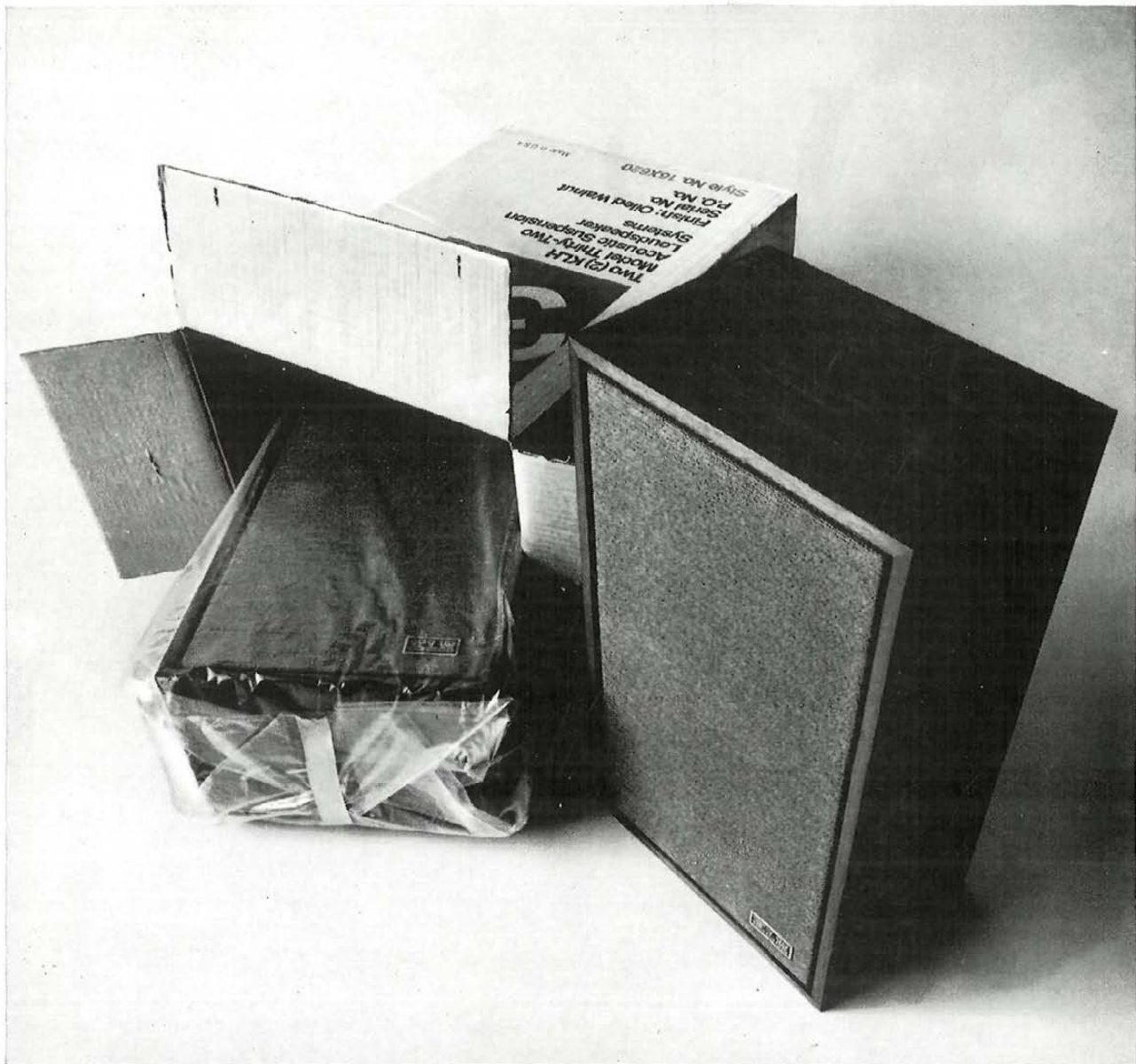
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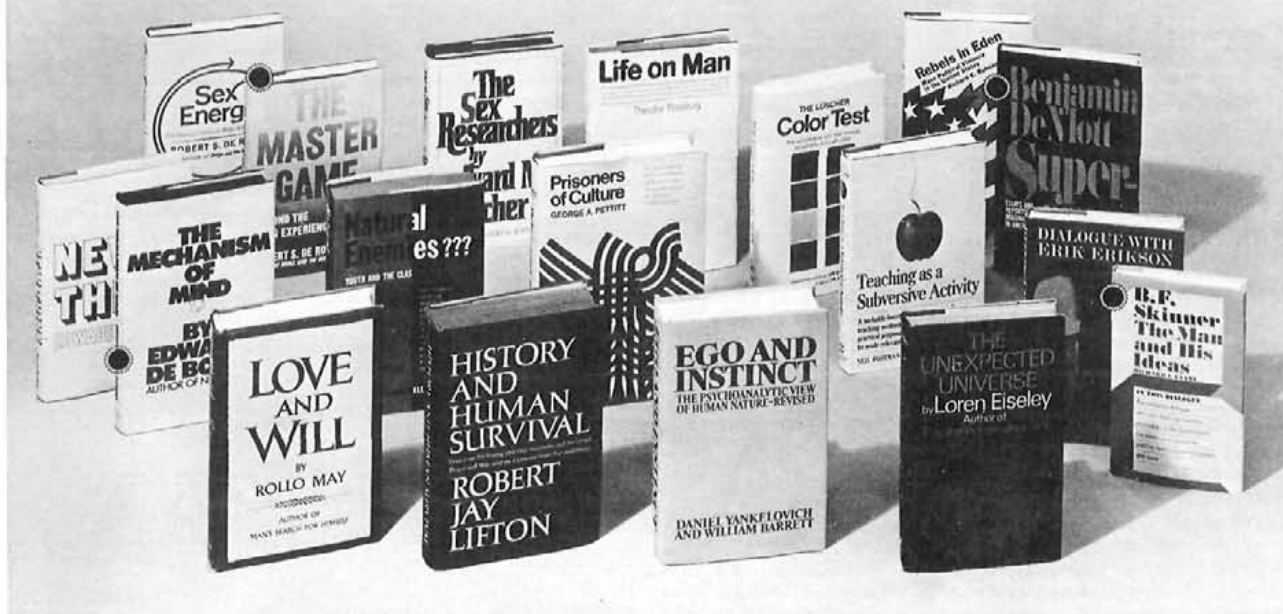
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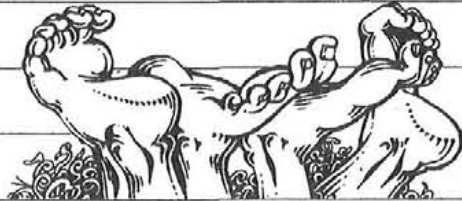
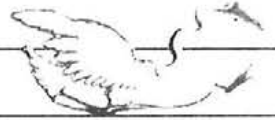
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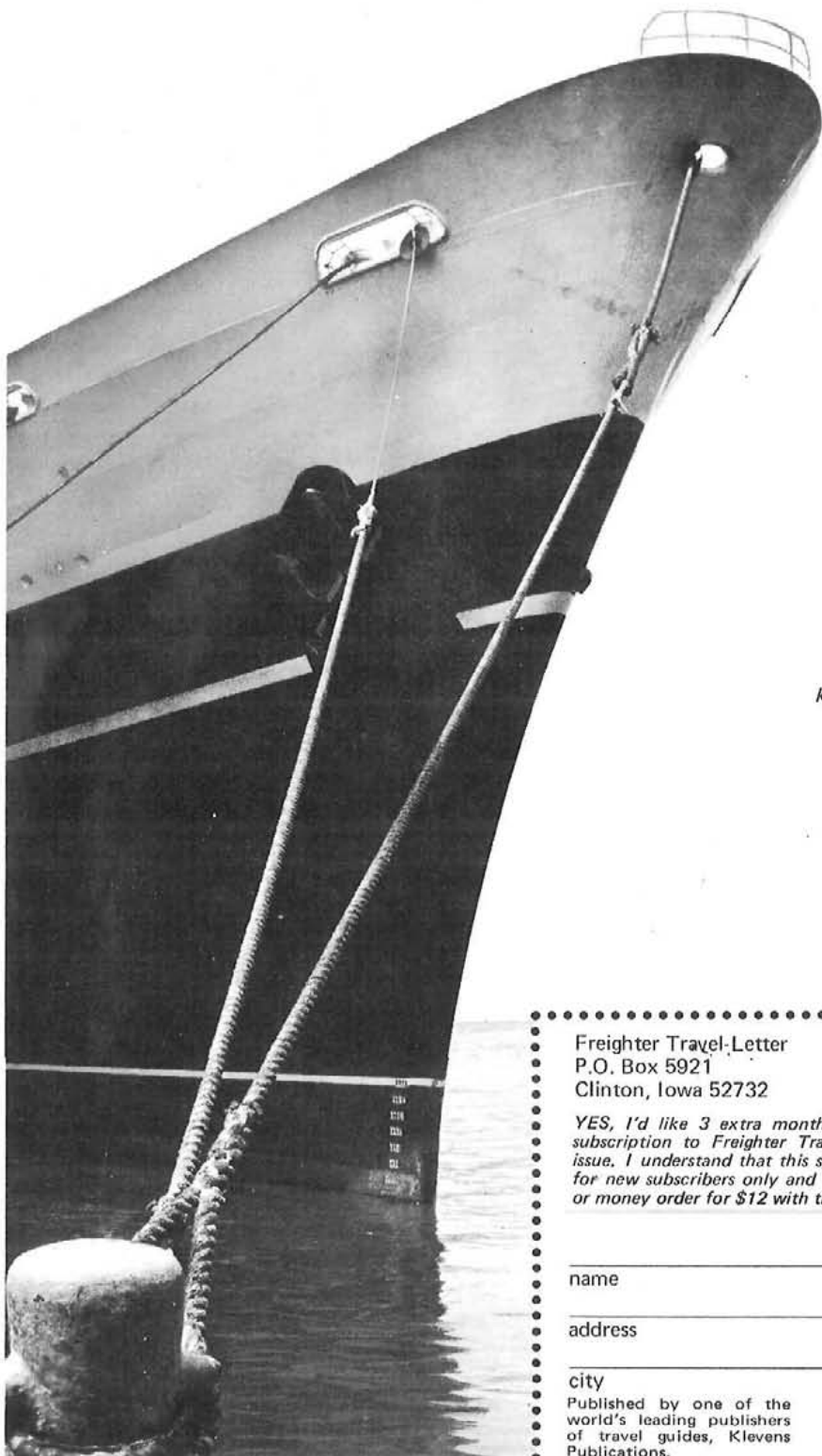
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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Back before TV and movies, Culture was a dime a dozen. While Mom was off at the Chautauqua tent listening to Ralph Waldo Thoreau cry, "Culcha, culcha, getcher red hot culcha!", Dad could steal a peek at the foldout in *Godey's Ladies Book* before the kids trooped home from the Hudson River School. Even the town drunk could recite Petrolio's "No man is a peninsula" speech from Shakespeare's *Something for Nothing*, and you couldn't stroll past a barbershop without hearing the gang harmonizing Handel's *Meshuggeneh*.

But today's on-the-go world makes it hard for the average Joe to stay up on all the new masterpieces, and he usually winds up with an omelet on his face when he shows it at hoity-toity recitals and shopping center openings. For this reason, the *National Lampoon* offers the following tips guaranteed to make you a culture vulture in no time. **Painting:** Anything that looks like what it says it is on the little brass plate at the bottom is Bad Art. Anything that looks like somebody fed a cow a strong emetic and backed it up to a canvas is Good Art. (Note to Texans: All items at most public museums are generally *not* for sale.) **Music:** If the band is in tuxedos, you're at the wrong place. If you stay anyway, remember, if it's too loud, it's Wagner; if it's too quiet, it's Chopin; and if it's alternately too loud and too quiet, it's either Beethoven or your hearing aid has a loose connection. If you keep expecting a kick line, it's Bernstein. **Dance:** Don't worry about Dance, *nobody* likes it, but you have to take the folks *somewhere* when they're in for the weekend and you can't get tickets to *Hello, Fiddler!* **Architecture:** Anything made out of wood, stone or brick is Bad Art. Anything that looks like a McDonald's but isn't, is Good Art. **Opera:** Don't worry, nobody likes Opera either, but sometimes you can't even get tickets for Dance! **Literature:** Good Art is anything that sells less than 5,000 copies. Bad Art is any novel whose main character is called by an initial, or any *New Yorker* short story that begins, "Spring comes late to Kew Gardens . . ." As far as *Love Story* is concerned, just try to lay low until the whole thing blows over. — DCK

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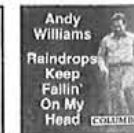
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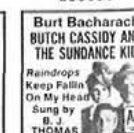
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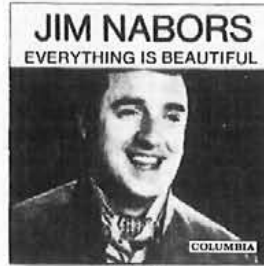
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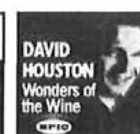
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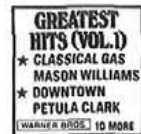
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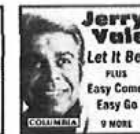
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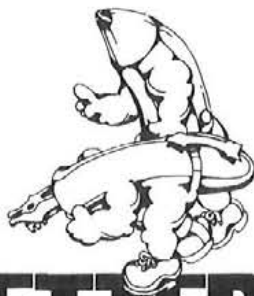
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# LETTERS

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D. Eisenhower  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

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Dan Image  
Louisville, Ky.

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Sirs:

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Lance Rentzel  
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

I haven't got much time before the Nip guards find me, so I'll be brief. We've just overheard the Jap generals discussing plans to make a sneak air attack on Pearl Harbor sometime in early December. I'm staying behind to hold off the guards for as long as I can while my aide Lt. Nixon carries this message immediately to you at Naval Command Headquarters. I've warned him that every minute lost could mean a hundred American lives, and the kid assures me that he's got my instructions perfectly clear.

Capt. L. D. Rogers, U.S. Navy  
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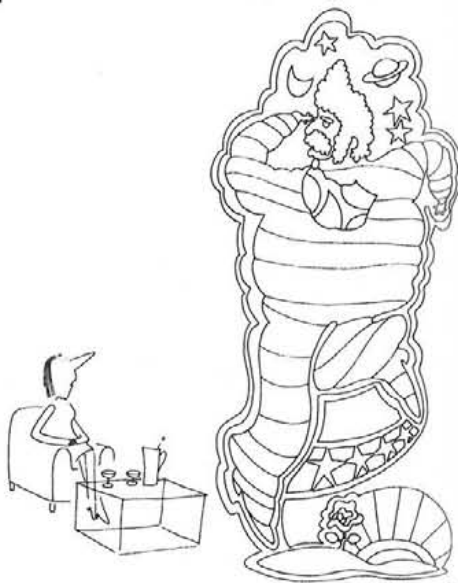
Peter Max  
Lhasa, Tibet

Sirs:

I just had to write you and tell you about this unbelievable book I just read! It's called *Stranger in a Strange Land* and it starts out with this guy from Mars who comes to Earth to turn everybody on to "grokking," which is the way you can communicate with people without even talking or anything! Well, the Government tries to get ahold of him and rip off his Knowledge, but he escapes and teaches everybody how to grok before they finally kill him in the end! (He's a lot like Christ except without all the religion!) In the end, the whole world gets together and grok out their differences!

I mean it's a long book and everything, but it's really worth it! I mean it's even better than *Listen to the Warm!*

F. Dostoevski  
St. Petersburg, Russia



"All I know, David, is that since the creative explosion, it's taking you longer and longer to unwind each evening."

Sirs:

Can anyone help me identify the author of the following passage?

"So I says to the dumb bitch, 'Oh yeah?' and she says 'Yeah!' so I says, 'Oh, yeah?' and she *still* says 'Yeah!' So I pick up the ham right off the table and paste her right in the puss!"

O'Hara blinked with heightened interest and leaned closer to Flynn. "What'd she say then?" O'Hara asked.

"What'd she say? What'd she *say*?" laughed Flynn. "When I walked outta the house she was still tryin' t'pick the cloves outta her teeth!"

"Yer kiddin' me," O'Hara chuckled, elbowing Flynn in the ribs.

"No, I mean it!" said Flynn.

"Aw, g'wan," said O'Hara.

"Look, I'm *tellin'* ya!" insisted Flynn.

"C'mon," said O'Hara.

"O'Hara, I'm *warnin'* ya . . ." growled Flynn.

"Yer pullin' me leg," laughed O'Hara, unaware that Flynn's fingers were creeping purposefully toward the massive pot roast. . . .

Paul Hoffman  
Southampton, Pa.

Sirs:

Wanna meet me at Joe's after work for a short one?

Truman Capote  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I know this really isn't your line, but I wondered if you could help me interpret this weird dream I keep getting night after night. I'm walking toward the Washington Monument arm in arm with this giant hot dog who's smoking a big cigar when all of a sudden I'm kidnapped by these telephone poles and tossed onto this long train that goes into a tunnel and falls into a deep, dark pit while a Tootsie Roll screams dirty words in my ear.

Any ideas?

Paulus Sixtus  
The Vatican, Italy

Sirs:

Having perused your magazine, I find the majority of it to be tasteless and sophomoric. The following is a satire dialogue between St. Thomas Aquinas and the humanist Erasmus concerning aspects of medieval theology which I hope you will find instructive:

*St. Thomas Aquinas:* Hey theah, 'Rasmus, Ah got a proof dat yo' is shit!

*Erasmus:* Wuh yo' mean, 'Quinas?

*Aquinas:* Muh *major* premise is dat shit's brown, muh *minor* premise is dat yo' is brown, an' muh con-clusion is dat yo's shit! Kyoo, Eee, Dec.

*Erasmus:* Hol' on theah, 'Quinas! What's yo' his-torical references?

*Aquinas:* Yo' *always* been shit!

Flip Wilson  
Boomlay Boom, Calif.

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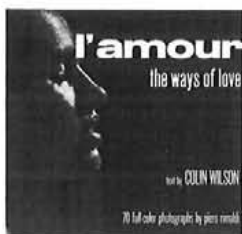
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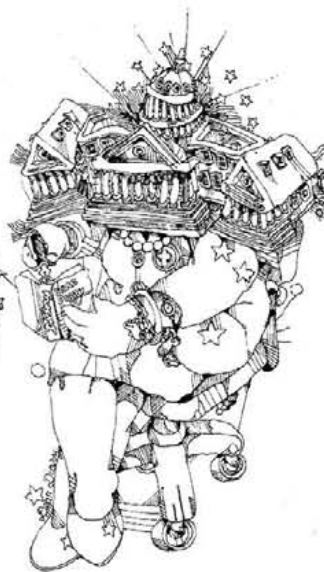
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# Mrs. Agnew's Diary



*The White House hums with vim and bustle,  
As Statesmen pace with footsteps brisk;  
But Springtime's leaves must fall and rustle,  
When Father Time reins in their frisk;  
For no man 'scapes Time's pointing finger,  
Be he beast or bird or fish;  
And in Sweet Youth no one may linger,  
Except, of course, Dick's perky Trish!*

Dear Diary,

Well, what do you think of it? Mr. Cerf wrote me that it was certainly my most finished poem to date, and he was glad to see I'm making steady progress on my way to big bucks in the poetry field! Well, I certainly worked on it enough, dear Diary, because in the first version, "Father Time" was actually "Time's wingéd chariot," but Mr. Cerf made me change it because it was an acned expression and had been used before by someone else. So then I tried "Time's flapping chariot," and finally "Time's wingéd Oldsmobile," until Mr. Cerf suggested "Father Time," which I now agree is much more catchy and saleable.

Well, as you may have guessed, dear Diary, little Tricia has occupied my thoughts recently, although I cannot say that this has been a pleasant occupation. It all started when Pat and I were lunching at Mr. Henry's (it really isn't my sort of restaurant, but, as Pat says, the platters are reasonably priced and quite filling) with Tricia and Hank Kissinger, whom we met quite unexpectedly. He had been having lunch with someone else, but when we came in she threw her napkin over her head and rushed out the door. I didn't get a look at who it was for sure, but if I were John Mitchell, I'd start spending a bit less time with Dick and a bit more at the Watergate, if you know what I mean. Anyway, that Maxine Cheshire woman who writes that awful column in the *Post* didn't trail us there

until 20 minutes later, so Hank was safe.

Hank sat down, saying something about how he had just been giving an aide a pre-briefing briefing and we all played mum, except for Tricia, who kept asking what Hank was doing to you-know-who in the dark corner. Well, Hank gave Tricia one of his little V-shaped smiles and said something to Pat about how if Lyndon could have Lynda Bird spruced up by a Hollywood stylist for George Hamilton, the least Dick could do for his daughter was ship her to Sweden and have her totally rebuilt. Well, Trish was about to say something when suddenly she let out a yelp, stood up, and said she had to go powder her nose. Just between you and me, dear Diary, I think there was some funny business going on under the table.

Well, Pat admitted that Tricia was going through that awkward age and I said I knew exactly what she meant, because we had the same problem with Randy. Well, not exactly the same problem, it was really more complicated — but I digress. (Mr. Cerf says that this is an excellent literary device for getting out of a difficult situation — "but I digress.") Well, Hank said something about how he hadn't realized that the awkward age started at 25 in this country, but Pat gave him one of her I-don't-think-you're-one-bit-funny-and-nobody-else-better-either looks and went back to what she was saying about how perhaps it was time that Trish was told about becoming a Woman and about the Cycle of Life. Hank snickered and said Tricia couldn't handle the Cycle of Life unless they made one with training wheels, but he'd be happy to brief her on gradual withdrawals if Dick will let him borrow one of Mel Laird's maps with the little pins in it.

I could tell that made Pat really mad because her nostrils closed real tight so you hardly knew they were there. Then she stood up and said she had to powder her nose, but she walked right out the front door instead! She even forgot all

about Tricia, which is something I have never seen her do! (She also forgot about the check, but that is something I have seen her do before.)

Well, Hank had gone by the time Tricia returned (he said he had three more briefings to knock off before supper) and I explained that her Mommy had to go away, but she would be back. Tricia was beginning to be very upset when I couldn't tell her how soon, so I told her to order another Mickey Mouse and I would tell her a wonderful story about the Birds and Bees. Tricia, however, said that she was once bitten by a yellow jacket at Camp David and even to hear about them made her feel all icky. Well, I said, trying another tack, at your age I'm sure you've noticed that boys are different from girls. But Tricia sort of pouted and played with her straws and said that Dick had told her that nowadays you can't tell the boys from the girls anymore and was I saying that her Daddy told a lie? No, of course not, I said. Then I asked her if she ever went to see animals at a zoo or a farm, or did she ever have a dog for a pet, but she said no because her father didn't like pet hairs on his suits and the only time she was in a barn, the smell made her throw up.

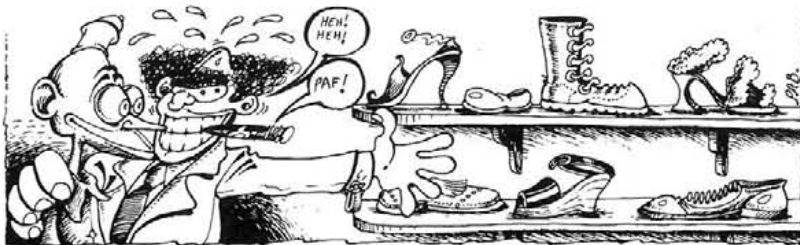
I suppose, dear Diary, I should have stopped there, but you know me. I got a ballpoint out of my purse and spread out a paper napkin and told Tricia to look carefully at the pictures as I explained what they were and how there was nothing wrong about them because they were nothing out of the ordinary and everyone in the whole world had them. Tricia watched me draw them, but I don't think she was listening to what I was saying, because suddenly her eyes got round and her face turned an unusual color and she started screaming as loud as she could. Of course, the waiters and the manager came running over immediately to see what was the matter and everyone turned to look, so I put some money down for the check and pulled Tricia out of there before somebody started any trouble.

Tricia was still hysterical when I dropped her off at Pat and Dick's (they weren't in just then, thank goodness, or I would have had some explaining to do), but I thought the matter was closed until the next morning when Spiggy read Maxine Cheshire's column in the *Post*. (I was in such a hurry to get Tricia out of the restaurant, I didn't even think of the napkin until it was too late.) I won't tell you what that awful woman said, dear Diary, but the worst part of it was when Mr. Cerf called up from New York and asked Spiggy if I actually was going to put out a book called *Judy Agnew's Erotic Engravings*.

But I digress —

All for now,

*Judy*



# collector's items

**APRIL, 1970/SEX:** Including Dr. Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll, the David and Julie True-Romance Comic Book, Normal Rockwell's Erotic Drawings, Mondo Pervert Magazine, and Michael O'Donoghue's Pornocopia.

**MAY, 1970/GREED:** Featuring an exclusive interview with Howard Hughes, a poster-sized parody of the *Wall Street Journal*, the Annual Report of the Mafia, the Poor and the Super-Poor, and Up with Negroes.

**JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT:** With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

**JULY, 1970/BAD TASTE:** Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Pornography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

**AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA:** What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (Well, is he?), and The Secret of San Clemente.

**SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ:** Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

**NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA:** A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd; the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; and The Death Song Game.

**DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS:** Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

**JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIBERATION:** Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* parody, and the expurgated best seller... *The Censorless Woman!*

**FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE:** Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha Classic Comic*, Madison Avenue Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")!

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## RULES

1. To be considered for this competition, an entry must be written and submitted by a student regularly enrolled at the graduate or undergraduate level for the 1970-1971 academic year in any college, university or other degree-granting institution in the

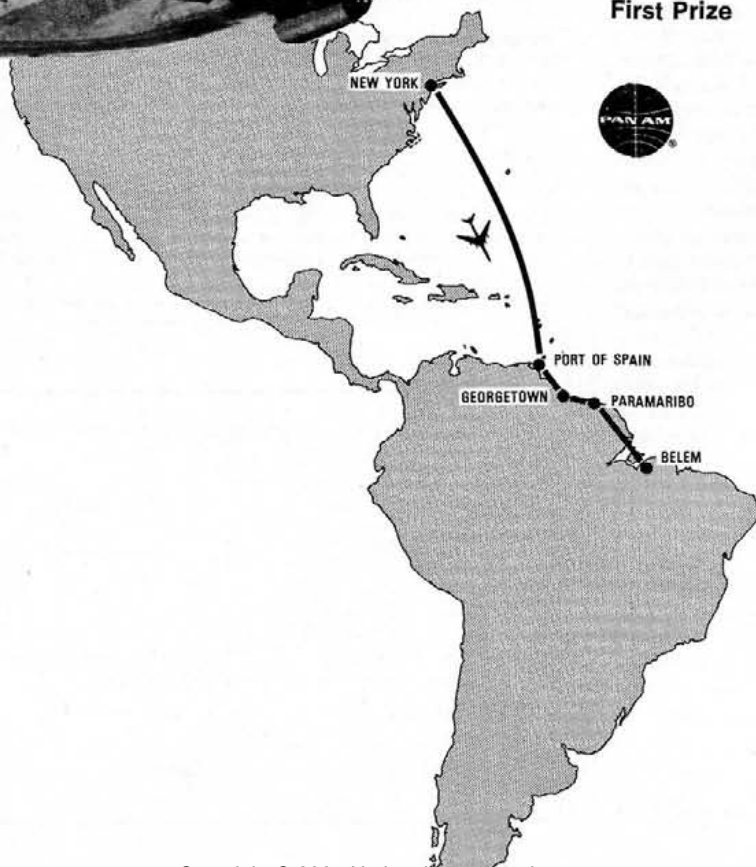
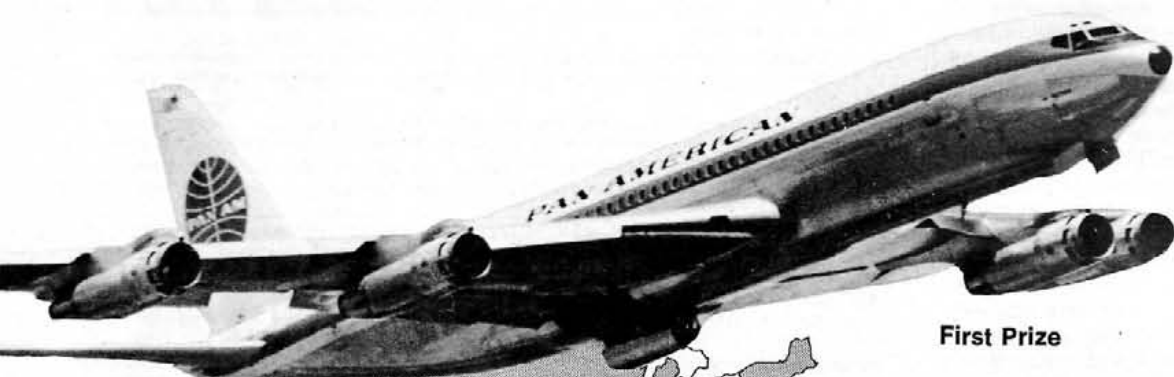
United States, Canada or U.S. possessions. Employees or relatives of employees of the *National Lampoon*, its advertising agency, its printers or its distributors are not eligible.

2. Eligible competitors may submit original humorous or satirical material in any form (including, but not limited to, essay, short story, verse, short play, criticism or parody). Submissions are not to exceed 2,500 words in length.

3. The entry must be typewritten and must include the name, address, telephone number and signature of the author, together with the name of the institution presently attended and the year in which studies will be completed. We can accept no entries postmarked later than midnight, May 1, 1971.

4. The Judges' decision as to eligibility, and their selection of the 25 winners, is final.

5. All entries become the property of the *National Lampoon* and cannot be returned unless accom-





# COLLEGE HUMOR WRITING COMPETITION

panied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Prize-winning entries may or may not be published in the *National Lampoon* at the discretion of the Editors.

6. Winners will be notified on or about June 15, 1971. Therefore, please make sure that your submission includes an accurate address and telephone number for that date.

7. Only one entry may be made by any one author for this competition. Send your entry to:

The College Competition National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

## PRIZES

**First Prize:** An all-expenses-paid trip for two down the Amazon River. You and your companion will be flown to New York and then to Brazil, via Pan American World Airways. Once in Brazil, Pan American has arranged for both of you to sail down the

Amazon River in what should be the most exotic experience of your life.

**Second Prize:** A \$1,000 Mach III, 500 cc motorcycle from Kawasaki.

**Third Prize:** An \$800 Kawasaki Trail Boss motorcycle (100 cc).

**Fourth Prize:** A \$600 Kawasaki Dyna-Mite mini trail bike (75 cc).

**Fifth and Sixth Prizes:** \$130 Garrard SL95B Automatic Turntables.

**Seventh to 10th Prizes:** A \$50 Columbia Record Album Sampler.

**11th to 15th Prizes:** A \$25 Columbia Record Album Sampler.

**16th to 25th Prizes:** A five-year subscription to the *National Lampoon*.

Prizes will be awarded as listed, and there can be no substitutions.



Second Prize



Third Prize



Fourth Prize



Fifth and Sixth Prizes

# News of the Month



In the wake of the controversy over the renaming of the Place de l'Etoile the Place Charles de Gaulle, there are indications that the Pompidou Government intends to reverse itself and seek some alternate form of memorial sometime this spring when French emotions have returned to their usual state of pointless disturbance. Some of the many proposals for substitute expressions of national regard:

1. Rename the sunken French submarine *Toulon*, the *Charles de Gaulle*. Christen it with champagne-filled depth bombs.
2. Install an Eternal Siren next to the Eternal Flame at the Arc de Triomphe.
3. Create a special medal for exceptional bravery, the Croix de Gaulle, to be awarded only to Germans.
4. Rename the Boulevard 11 Novembre a 4:40 P.M., the Boulevard de 7 Octobre a 12:30 P.M.
5. Rename France's Gaulois Disque Blue, world-famous cigarettes, de Gaulois Disque Morte.
6. In addition to the seats already reserved on buses and subways in Paris for pregnant women and citizens badly wounded in the war, set aside seats for anyone who can explain de Gaulle's foreign policy.
7. Name after de Gaulle the French portion of the British French Concorde SST, including the wings, the nosewheel and the bidets.
8. Name the French half of the proposed Channel Tunnel, le Tunnel General de Gaulle, and, as an added honor, arrange for it to miss the English end by 200 meters.

At the same time, word has been received that an attempt by adherents of the Quebec Liberation Movement to have Montreal renamed Montdegaule was quietly shelved after a poll of 1,500 Quebecois

revealed that all but six pronounced both "mongong."

The Union Chemical Co. has announced that a shipment of 5,000 gallons of ultra pure mercury, destined for its giant petro-chemical facility in Stumfton, Ind., was spoiled when a worker, during a routine inspection, inadvertently dropped a tuna fish sandwich into the tank car in which it was being transported. Company spokesmen said the mercury was found to contain .5 parts per million of tuna and is considered totally unfit for industrial use.

Apparently attempting to clarify the bounds of the "agreement" it claims to have with Hanoi, the Nixon administration has released a background document detailing the circumstances under which the U.S. feels free to bomb North Vietnam under the doctrine of "protective reaction." The bombing will be resumed, according to the document: If North Vietnamese soldiers "lock onto" unarmed reconnaissance planes with binoculars or turn to look at them as they fly over, indicating a possible intention to shoot; if armed escort planes are fired upon after dropping bombs to discourage interference with the unarmed reconnaissance planes which they are protecting; if the North Vietnamese fire at lone armed bombers making craters for unarmed reconnaissance planes to take pictures of later in fulfillment of their vital intelligence gathering function; and if North Vietnamese continue to restrict the reconnaissance aircraft through the use of "cloud cover," "trees" and "night."

To anyone concerned about systematic surveillance and investigation of private citizens, including some prominent political figures, the following excerpts from the file of one such subject, obtained

in the usual manner, should prove reassuring:

NAME: MacArthur, Eugene V.  
SOCSECNUMBER: 160-83-0404  
DATE OF FILE CONSTRUCTION:  
1 Feb 1926  
DATE OF BIRTH: 12 Mar 1969  
MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME:  
Missouri  
HAT SIZE: 7½  
PLACE OF BIRTH: 26¼  
EYES: Yes  
HEIGHT: 225  
WEIGHT: 1 Feb 1926  
RELIGION: Brown  
PRESENT OCCUPATION:  
Governor of Montana  
INSEAM: 23  
OUTSEAM: 106

Subject was observed running for President in 1968. Subject favors immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam and his former associates place his whereabouts in Washington, D.C. Subject is unknown in Montana. Records indicate his brother has never heard of him. Subject is college professor and poet. Cross reference to McCarthy, Rod.

#### TOP SECRET

ACCESS TO THIS FILE IS RESTRICTED TO PERSONNEL WITH PROPER SECURITY CLASSIFICATION. PERSONNEL WHO OBTAIN ACCESS TO THIS FILE WITHOUT PROPER SECURITY CLASSIFICATION WILL BE SUBJECT TO REVOCATION OF THEIR SECURITY CLASSIFICATION.

Following close on the heels of the decision by *Playboy* to dispense with airbrush retouching of its nude photography (or to airbrush in body hair strand by strand — no one is too sure), a number of other magazines appear to have chosen 1971 as the year in which to announce delicate taste innovations. Among the most noteworthy: The *National Geographic* will publish nude photographs of people with skin "not much darker than an Eskimo's" so long as their nudity "is a natural part of a degraded or childlike existence." Both *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* intend to pursue their trend-setting coverage of the weird female body with major fashion spreads involving dead models; *Time* will expand its present use of "news-nudes" to include "areas where genuine topical interest outweighs conventional considerations of taste," as, for example, in a story on the effect of sonic booms on the female breast; *The Atlantic Monthly* will print a poem by Rod McKuen, "a short one"; the *National Enquirer* will eliminate the black eydominoes that have been its trademark for 40 years, replacing them with smaller circles and "xxx's"; and *Fortune* will portray personal checks without the traditional "SPECIMEN" or "VOID" stamps. □

# 17 reasons why you should read psychology today

- 1 Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
- 2 The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
- 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?

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# horrorscope

Scapulimancy ('skap-ye-li-man'si) n.; L. scapula.  
Divination based on the observation and manipulation  
of the shoulder blade.

March 1, 1971 (*cracked*) Following close on the heels of his disclosure that massive doses of inexpensive vitamin C can cure and control the common cold, doddering Nobel award winner **Linus Pauling** announces that greedy research foundations and grasping pharmaceutical companies have for years been suppressing his discovery that skin cancer can be controlled by Band-Aids.

March 3, 1971 (*padded*) A spokesman for the Dallas Cowboys football club announces that all publicity shots of Cowboy tight end **Lance Rentzel** are being immediately recalled. "A close examination of the picture," explains Coach **Tom Landry**, "revealed that one small section of the photo had been badly overexposed."

March 6, 1971 (*winged*) New light is shed on the mysterious disappearance of **Amelia Earhart** as a 56-year-old New Jersey housewife finally admits to being the elusive aviatrix. Confusion still reigns, however, as simultaneous admissions are issued by two Hollywood starlets, three members of a Westchester bridge club, **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, and a Jacksonville housewife who insists that she changed her name to protect her late lover, Judge Joseph Crater.

March 10, 1971 (*unbalanced*) In an appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Defense Secretary **Melvin Laird** admits that in the past week, American planes bombed Hanoi suburbs 126 times, the port of Haiphong 224 times, and staged air shows and exhibitions of stunt flying as far north as Shanghai. When informed that this statement contradicts his testimony of two days earlier that "no American planes have ventured north of the DMZ since January 16," Laird displays diagram of badly impacted wisdom tooth, satellite pictures of Des Moines, and prize speci-

mens from his pressed leaf collection, and claims right to "protective deception."

March 14, 1971 (*slick and glossy*) Best-selling novelist **Erich Segal** arrives in Washington with seven press agents to magnanimously donate the original manuscript of his runaway success, *Love Story*, to the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress. Segal and company leave in a huff, however, after being informed that the library does not have storage facilities for manuscripts printed in crayon on brown paper bags.

March 17, 1971 (*stooped*) Apparently irked by the intellectual image of one of his late night competitors, tousle-haired tv talkster **Merv Griffin** decides to shoot for the "heavy" guests and schedules Secretary of State **William Rogers**. After 20 minutes of vainly attempting to master the concept of "a foreign country," Griffin cuts to a commercial; when he returns, Rogers has been inexplicably replaced by Totie Fields and a singing St. Bernard.

March 19, 1971 (*enflamed*) In apparently unrelated acts of self-sacrifice that recall to many the ritual suicide of Japanese novelist **Yukio Mishima**, two more world-renowned writers make dramatic personal gestures. Speaking before a bewildered crowd of Peugeot workers in Paris, **Jean-Paul Sartre** repeatedly kicks himself in the shins when the mob fails to respond to his call for revolution; and in Rome, **Alberto Moravia** speaks for three hours perched on a stone dolphin in the Fontana di Trevi, and then, as horrified spectators look on helplessly, holds his breath until he turns blue.

March 23, 1971 (*electrified*) Calling reporters together to demonstrate his pioneer achievements in radio controlled

animal behavior, Yale researcher **Jose Delgado** trots out the family dog, Spot. Working from a master control box, Delgado sends Spot out for his slippers and the evening paper, then presses the hunger control switch and looks on proudly as Spot devours eight cans of Alpo and a photographer from *The Boston Globe*.

March 25, 1971 (*yellowed*) Kremlinologists express interest at absence of **Aleksei Kosygin**, madcap member of Russia's ruling duo, from prestige-laden Plenary Session of the Supreme Soviet Duodenum, or Parliament. Speculation that a shake-up has occurred is dramatically confirmed when Kosygin appears at offices of Time-Life, Inc., with 7,500 pages of single-spaced manuscript, a Fagin look-alike from the William Morris Agency and a letter of introduction from Nikita Khrushchev.

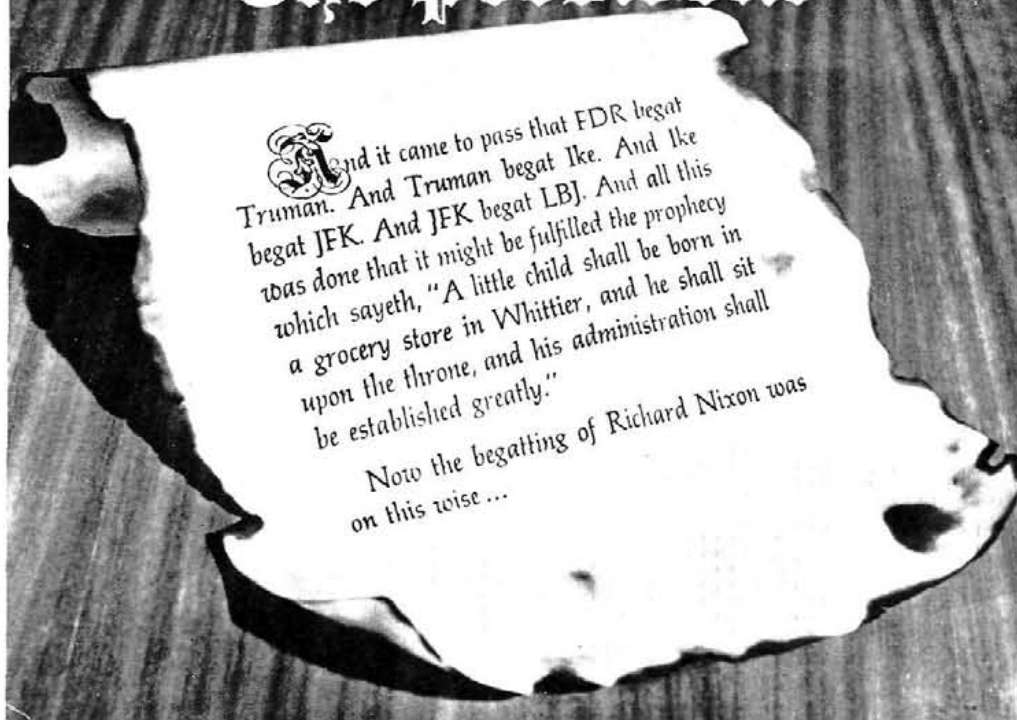
March 27, 1971 (*narrow*) "In the streets, the people go bongo-bongo," announces a panic-stricken voice over Radio Conakry, as Guinea appeals for help to repel its fifth invasion in as many months. The UN General Assembly meets in emergency session until alert interpreter recognizes voice as that of **Orson Welles**. Sheepish MGM officials admit that famed director and hoaxer is in Guinea filming *Touré, Touré, Touré*, low-budget spectacular story of a small African country mistakenly invaded by UN peace-keeping force responding to bogus call for help.

March 31, 1971 (*hunched*) Following the tremendous success of box office boffos *Faces and Husbands*, darling of the cinema verité directors **John Cassavetes** and actors **Ben Gazzara** and **Peter Falk** begin work on their new film, *Assholes*, the story of three happy-go-lucky actors making a film in London and New York. □



# Orson Welles

## The Begatting of The President



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IT'S A NICE IDEA, JIM, BUT IT'S NOT FOR US! FRANKLY, YOU WRITE LIKE A MORON!

THAT'S THE THIRD REJECTION THIS WEEK! I WONDER...



HARPER'S, THE ATLANTIC, AND NOW THIS! I MUST BE DOING SOMETHING WRONG!



THAT EVENING...

DON'T FORGET, DEAR, WE'VE GOT A DINNER DATE WITH BILL AND NANCY TONIGHT!

AW, HONEY, I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS 4,000 WORD PIECE ON THE NEW BREED OF MAILMAN FOR ESQUIRE!



OH, WHY BOTHER? YOU NEVER SELL ANY OF IT!

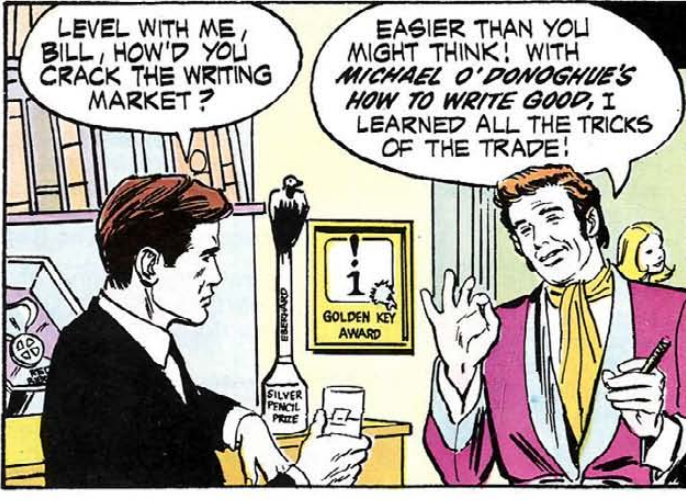
SHE'S RIGHT!

OK, LET'S GO!



SAY, BILL AND NANCY SURE HAVE A SWELL PLACE HERE! I WONDER WHERE HE GETS THE MONEY?

OH, BILL IS A STAFF WRITER FOR COMMENTARY!



LEVEL WITH ME, BILL, HOW'D YOU CRACK THE WRITING MARKET?

EASIER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK! WITH MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE'S HOW TO WRITE GOOD, I LEARNED ALL THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE!



YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

OH, JIM IS SUCH A DOLT! HE COULDN'T WRITE HIS WAY OUT OF A GLAD BAG!



LATER...

IT'S GREAT, JIM! I ESPECIALLY LIKED THE PART WHERE EVERYONE GETS RUN OVER BY A TRUCK!

I OWE IT ALL TO MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE!

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE SAYS:  
LET ME SHOW YOU  
HOW TO WRITE GOOD!



"If I could not earn a penny from my writing, I would earn my livelihood at something else and continue to write at night."

— Irving Wallace

"Financial success is not the only reward of good writing. It brings to the writer rich inner satisfactions as well."

— Elliot Foster

Director of Admissions  
Famous Writers School

### INTRODUCTION

A long time ago, when I was just starting out, I had the good fortune to meet the great Willa Cather. With all the audacity of youth, I asked her what advice she would give the would-be-writer and she replied:

"My advice to the would-be-writer is that he start slowly, writing short un-demanding things, things such as telegrams, flip-books, crank letters, signature scarves, spot quizzes, capsule summaries, fortune cookies and errata. Then, when he feels he's ready, move up to the more challenging items such as mandates, objective correlatives, passion plays, pointless diatribes, minor classics, manifestos, mezzotints, oxymora, exposés, broadsides and papal bulls.

And above all, never forget that the pen is mightier than the plowshare. By this I mean that writing, all in all, is a hell of a lot more fun than farming. For one thing, writers seldom, if ever, have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and shovel manure. As far as I'm concerned, that gives them the edge right there."

She went on to tell me many things, both wonderful and wise, probing the secrets of her craft, showing how to weave a net of words and capture the fleeting stuff of life. Unfortunately, I've forgotten every bit of it.

I do recall, however, her answer when I asked "If you could only give me one rule to follow, what would it be?" She paused, looked down for a moment, and finally said, "Never wear brown shoes with a blue suit."

There's very little I could add to that except to say "Go to it and good luck."



### Lesson 1 — The Grabber

The "grabber" is the initial sentence of a novel or short story designed to jolt the reader out of his complacency and arouse his curiosity, forcing him to press onward. For example:

"It's no good, Alex," she rejoined, "Even if I did love you, my father would never let me marry an alligator."

The reader is immediately bombarded

with questions, questions such as: "Why won't her father let her marry an alligator?", "How come she doesn't love him?" and "Can she learn to love him in time?" The reader's interest has been "grabbed"!

Just so they'll be no misunderstanding about grabbers, I've listed a few more below:

"I'm afraid you're too late," sneered Zoltan. "The fireplace has already flown south for the winter!"

Sylvia lay sick among the silverware . . .

"Chinese vegetables mean more to me than you do, my dear," Charles remarked to his wife, adding injury to insult by lodging a grapefruit knife in her neck.

One morning Egor Samba awoke from uneasy dreams to find himself transformed into a gigantic Volkswagen.

"I have in my hands," Professor Willowbee exclaimed, clutching a sheaf of papers in his trembling fingers and pacing in circles about the carpet while I stood at the window, barely able to make out the Capitol dome through the thick, churning fog that rolled in off the Potomac, wondering to myself what matter could possibly be so urgent as to bring the distinguished historian bursting into my State Department office at this unseemly hour, "definitive proof that Abraham Lincoln was a homo!"

These are just a handful of the possible grabbers. Needless to say, there are thousands of others, but if you fail to think of them, feel free to use any or all of these.

(continued)

(continued)



### Lesson 2 — The Ending

All too often, the budding author finds that his tale has run its course and yet he sees no way to satisfactorily end it, or, in literary parlance, “wrap it up.” Observe how easily I resolve this problem:

Suddenly, everyone was run over by a truck.

—the end—

If the story happens to be set in England, use the same ending, slightly modified:

Suddenly, everyone was run over by a lorry.

—the end—

If set in France:

Soudainement, tout le monde était écrasé par un camion.

—finis—

You’ll be surprised at how many different settings and situations this ending applies to. For instance, if you were writing a story about ants, it would end “Suddenly, everyone was run over by a centipede.” In fact, this is the only ending you ever need use.\*

\*Warning — If you are writing a story about trucks, do *not* have the trucks run over by a truck. Have the trucks run over by a mammoth truck.



### Lesson 3 — Choosing a Title

A friend of mine recently had a bunch of articles rejected by the *Reader's*

*Digest* and, unable to understand why, he turned to me for advice. I spotted the problem at a glance. His titles were all wrong. By calling his pieces such things as “Unwed Mothers — A Head Start on Life,” “Cancer — The Incurable Disease,” “A Leading Psychologist Explains Why There Should Be More Violence on Television,” “Dognappers I Have Known and Loved,” “My Baby Was Born Dead and I Couldn’t Care Less” and “Pleasantville — Last of the Wide-Open Towns,” he had seriously misjudged his market. To steer him straight, I drew up this list of all-purpose, surefire titles:

\_\_\_\_\_ at the Crossroads

The Case for \_\_\_\_\_

The Role of \_\_\_\_\_

Coping with Changing \_\_\_\_\_

A Realistic Look at \_\_\_\_\_

The \_\_\_\_\_ Experience

Bridging the \_\_\_\_\_ Gap

A \_\_\_\_\_ for All Seasons

Simply fill in the blanks with the topic of your choice and, if that doesn’t work, you can always resort to the one title that never fails:

*South America, the Sleeping Giant on Our Doorstep*



### Lesson 4 — Exposition

Perhaps the most difficult technique for the fledgling writer to master is the proper treatment of exposition. Yet watch the sly, subtle way I “set the scene” of my smash play, *The Last to Know*, with a minimum of words and effort:

(The curtain opens on a tastefully appointed dining room, the table ringed by men in tuxedos and women in costly gowns. There is a knock at the door.)

*Lord Overbrooke:* (opening the door)

Oh, come in, Lydia. Allow me to introduce my dinner guests to you.

This is Cheryl Heatherton, the madcap soybean heiress whose zany antics actually mask a heart broken by her inability to meaningfully communicate

with her father, E. J. Heatherton, seated to her left, who is too caught up in the heady world of high finance to sit down and have a quiet chat with his own daughter, unwanted to begin with, disposing of his paternal obligations by giving her everything, everything but love, that is.

Next to them sits Geoffrey Drake, a seemingly successful merchant banker trapped in an unfortunate marriage with a woman half his age, who wistfully looks back upon his days as the raffish *Group Captain of an R.A.F. bomber squadron* that flew eighty-one missions over Berlin, his tortured psyche refusing to admit, despite frequent nightmares in which, dripping with sweat, he wakes screaming, “Pull it up! Pull it up, I say! I can’t hold her any longer! We’re losing altitude! We’re going down! Jerry at three o’clock! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaggghh!”, that his cowardice and his cowardice alone was responsible for the loss of his crew and “Digger,” the little Manchester terrier who was their mascot.

The empty chair to his right was vacated just five minutes ago by Geoffrey’s stunning wife, twenty-three year-old, golden-tressed Edwina Drake, who, claiming a severe migraine, begged to be excused that she might return home and rest, whereas, in reality, she is, at this moment, speeding to the arms of another man, convinced that if she can steal a little happiness now, it doesn’t matter who she hurts later on.

The elderly servant preparing the Caviar *en Socle* is Andrew who’s been with my family for over forty years although he hasn’t received a salary for the last two, even going so far as to loan me his life’s savings to cover my spiraling gambling debts but it’s only a matter of time before I am exposed as a penniless fraud and high society turns its back on me.

The dark woman opposite me is Yvonne de Zenobia, the fading Mexican film star, who speaks of her last movie as though it was shot only yesterday, unwilling to face the fact that she hasn’t been before the cameras in nearly fifteen years; unwilling to confess that her life has been little more than a tarnished dream.

As for her companion, Desmond Trelawney, he is an unmitigated scoundrel about whom the less said, the better.

And, of course, you know your father, the ruthless war profiteer, and your hopelessly alcoholic mother, who never quite escaped her checkered past, realizing, all too late that despite her jewels and limousines, she was still just a taxi-dancer who belonged to any man for a drink and a few cigarettes.

Please take a seat. We were just talking about you.

This example demonstrates everything you’ll ever need to know about exposition. Study it carefully.





### Lesson 5 – Finding the Raw Material

As any professional writer will tell you, the richest source of material is one's relatives, one's neighbors and, more often than not, total strangers. A day doesn't go by without at least one person, upon learning that I'm a professional writer, offering me some terrific idea for a story. And I'm sure it will come as no shock when I say that most of the ideas are pretty damn good!

Only last week, a pipe-fitter of my acquaintance came up with a surprise ending guaranteed to unnerve the most jaded reader. What you do is tell this really weird story that keeps on getting weirder and weirder until, just when the reader is muttering, "How in the heck is he going to get himself out of this one? He's really painted himself into a corner!", you spring the "mind-blower": "But then he woke up. It had all been a dream!" (which I, professional writer that I am, honed down to: "But then the alarm clock rang. It had all been a dream!") And this came from a common, run-of-the-mill pipe-fitter! For free!

Cabdrivers, another great wealth of material, will often remark, "Boy, lemme tell ya! Some of the characters I get in this cab would fill a book! Real kooks, ya' know what I mean?" And then, without my having to coax even the slightest, they tell me about them, and they *would* fill a book. Perhaps two or three books. In addition, if you're at all interested in social science, cabdrivers are able to provide countless examples of the failures of the welfare state.

To illustrate just how valid these unsolicited suggestions can be, I shall print a few lines from a newly completed play inspired by my aunt, who had the idea as far back as when she was attending grade school. It's called *If an Old House Could Talk, What Tales It Would Tell* :

The Floor: Do you remember the time the middle-aged lady who always wore the stiletto heels tripped over an extension cord while running to answer the phone and spilled the Ovaltine all over me and they spent the next 20 minutes mopping it up?

The Wall: No.

Of course, I can't print too much here because I don't want to spoil the ending (although I will give you a hint: it involves a truck . . .), I just wanted to show you how much the world would have missed had I rejected my aunt's suggestion out of hand simply because she is not a professional writer like myself.



### Lesson 6 – Quoting Other Authors

If placed in a situation where you must quote another author, always write "[sic]" after any word that may be misspelled or looks the least bit questionable in any way. If there are no misspellings or curious words, toss in a few "[sic]"s just to break up the flow. By doing this, you will appear to be knowledgeable and "on your toes," while the one quoted will seem suspect and vaguely discredited. . . . Two examples will suffice:

"O Sleepless as the river under thee,  
Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dream-  
ing sod,  
Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, de-  
scend  
And of the curveship [sic] lend a  
myth to God."  
— Hart Crane

"Beauty is but a flowre [sic],  
Which wrinkles [sic] will devour  
[sic],  
Brightnesse [sic] falls from the ayre  
[sic],  
Queenes [sic] have died yong [sic]  
and faire [sic],  
Dust hath closde [sic] Helens [sic]  
eye [sic].  
I am sick [sic], I must dye [sic]:  
Lord, have mercy on us."  
— Thomas Nashe

Note how only one small "[sic]" makes Crane's entire stanza seem trivial and worthless, which, in his case, takes less doing than most. Nashe, on the other hand, has been rendered virtually un-

readable. Anyone having to choose between you and Nashe would pick you every time! And, when it's all said and done, isn't that the name of the game?



### Lesson 7 – Making the Reader Feel Inadequate

Without question, the surest way to make a reader feel inadequate is through casual erudition, and there is no better way to achieve casual erudition than by putting the punchline of an anecdote in a little-spoken foreign language. Here's a sample:

One crisp October morning, while taking my usual stroll down the Kurfürsten-strasse, I spied my old friend Casimir Malevitch, the renowned Suprematist painter, sitting on a bench. Noting that he had a banana in his ear, I said to him, "Excuse me, Casimir, but I believe you have a banana in your ear."

"What?" he asked.

Moving closer and speaking quite distinctly, I repeated my previous observation, saying, "I said 'You have a banana in your ear!'"

"What's that you say?" came the reply.

By now I was a trifle piqued at this awkward situation and, seeking to make myself plain, once and for all, I fairly screamed, "I SAID THAT YOU HAVE A BANANA IN YOUR EAR, YOU DOLT!!!"

Imagine my chagrin when Casimir looked at me blankly and quipped, "১৯০২ বেড়েই চলো এবং পররাজ্য প্রেসিডেন্ট রুজ্বে (১৯০৭) কেংগ, বাতে বের, শান্ত।"

Oh, what a laugh we had over that one.

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(continued)

With one stroke, the reader has been made to feel not only that his education was second-rate, but that you are getting far more out of life than he. This is precisely why this device is best used in memoirs, whose sole purpose is to make the reader feel that you have lived life to the fullest, while his existence, in comparison, has been meaningless and shabby. . . .



### Lesson 8 — Covering the News

Have you ever wondered how reporters are able to turn out a dozen or so news articles day after day, year after year, and still keep their copy so fresh, so vital, so alive? It's because they know The Ten Magic Phrases of Journalism, key constructions with which one can express every known human emotion! As one might suppose, The Phrases, discovered only after centuries of trial and error, are a closely guarded secret, available to no one but accredited members of the press. However, at the risk of being cashiered from the Newspaper Guild, I am now going to reveal them to you:

#### The Ten Magic Phrases of Journalism

1. "violence flared"
2. "limped into port"
3. "according to informed sources"
4. "wholesale destruction"
5. "no immediate comment"
6. "student unrest"
7. "riot-torn"
8. "flatly denied"
9. "gutted by fire"
10. "roving bands of Negro youths"

Let's try putting The Phrases to work in a sample news story:

NEWARK, N.J., Aug. 22 (UPI) — Violence flared yesterday when roving bands of Negro youths broke windows and looted shops in riot-torn Newark. Mayor Kenneth Gibson had no immediate comment but, according to informed sources, he flatly denied saying that student unrest was behind the wholesale destruction that resulted in scores of buildings being gutted by fire, and added, "If this city were

a Liberian freighter,\* we just may have limped into port."

Proof positive that The Ten Magic Phrases of Journalism can express every known human emotion and then some!

\*Whenever needed, "Norwegian tanker" can always be substituted for "Liberian freighter." Consider them interchangeable.



### Lesson 9 — Tricks of the Trade

Just as homemakers have their hints (e.g. a ball of cotton, dipped in vanilla extract and placed in the refrigerator, will absorb food odors), writers have their own bag of tricks, a bag of tricks, I might hasten to point out, you won't learn at any Bread Loaf Conference. Most writers, ivory tower idealists that they are, prefer to play up the mystique of their "art" (visitations from the Muse, *l'écriture automatique*, talking in tongues, et cetera, et cetera), and sweep the hard-nosed practicalities under the rug. Keeping in mind, however, that a good workman doesn't curse his tools, I am now going to make public these long suppressed tricks of the trade.

Suppose you've written a dreadful chapter (we'll dub it Chapter Six for our purposes here), utterly without merit, tedious and boring beyond belief, and you just can't find the energy to re-write it. Since it's obvious that the reader, once he realizes how dull and shoddy Chapter Six really is, will refuse to read any further, you must provide some strong ulterior motive for completing the chapter. I've always found lust effective:

Artfully concealed within the next chapter is the astounding secret of an ancient Bhutanese love cult that will increase your sexual satisfaction by at least 60% and possibly more —

(Print Chapter Six.)

Pretty wild, huh? Bet you can hardly wait to try it! And don't forget to show your appreciation by reading Chapter Seven!\*

Fear also works:

DEAR READER,  
THIS MESSAGE IS PRINTED ON CHINESE POISON PAPER WHICH IS MADE FROM DEADLY HERBS THAT ARE INSTANTLY ABSORBED BY THE FINGERTIPS SO IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO WASH YOUR HANDS BECAUSE YOU WILL DIE A HORRIBLE AND LINGERING DEATH IN ABOUT AN HOUR UNLESS YOU TAKE THE SPECIAL ANTIDOTE WHICH IS REVEALED IN CHAPTER SIX AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

SINCERELY,  
(Your Name)

Or even:

DEAR READER,  
YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY ONE OF THOSE RARE PEOPLE WHO ARE IMMUNE TO CHINESE POISON PAPER SO THIS MESSAGE IS PRINTED ON BAVARIAN POISON PAPER WHICH IS ABOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL AND EVEN IF YOU'RE WEARING GLOVES YOU'RE DEAD FOR SURE UNLESS YOU READ CHAPTER SIX VERY CAREFULLY AND FIND THE SPECIAL ANTIDOTE.

SINCERELY,  
(Your Name)

Appealing to vanity, greed, sloth and whatever, you can keep this up, chapter by chapter, until they finish the book. In fact, the number of appeals is limited only by human frailty itself . . .

\*This insures that the reader reads Chapter Six not once but several times. Possibly, he may even read Chapter Seven.



### Lesson 10 — More Writing Hints

There are many more writing hints I could share with you, but suddenly I am run over by a truck.

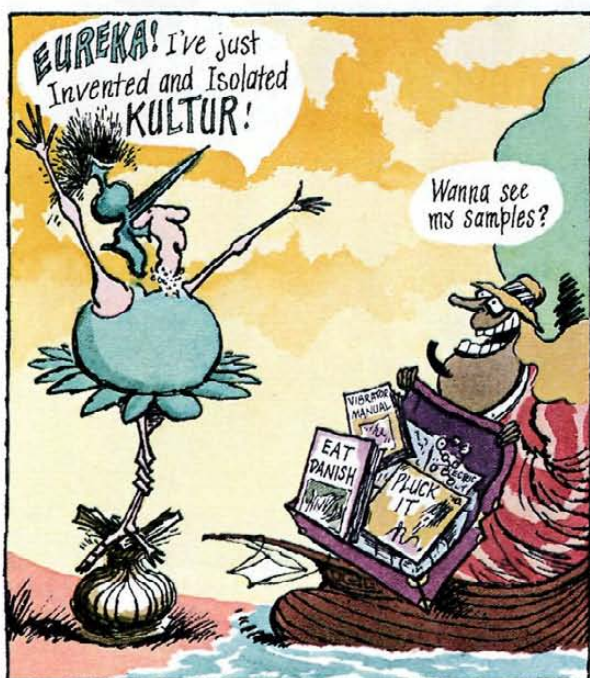
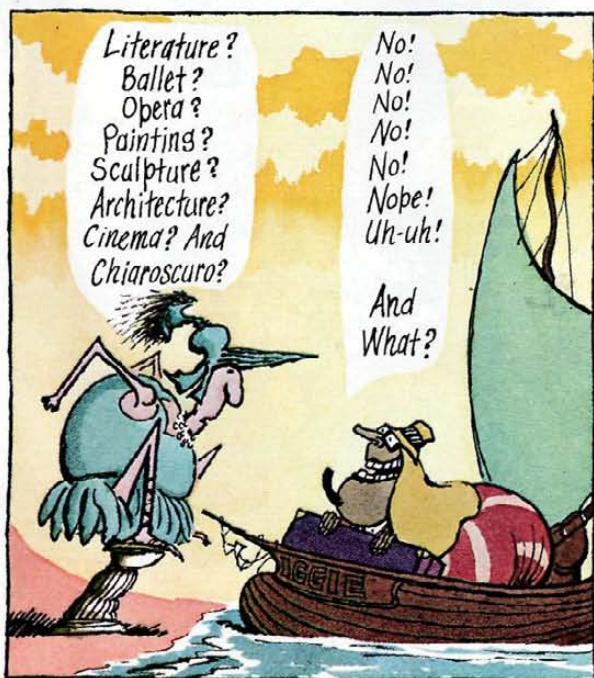
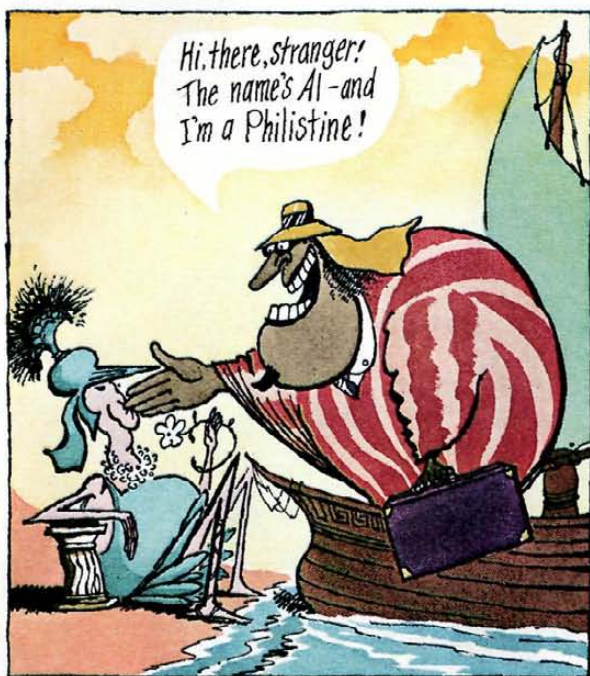
—the end—



# My Kultur-Right or Wrong

by Arnold Roth

Kultur is easily identified by the fact that the only enjoyment one gets from it is a sense of superiority over those who are enjoying life, instead. These pictures will help with visual identification — in case you ever bump into any Kultur surrounded by ink lines and filled in with water color. In such a case, notify your local Kulturattaché case worker.



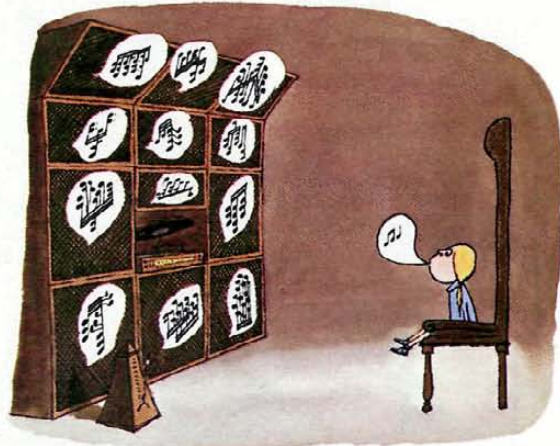
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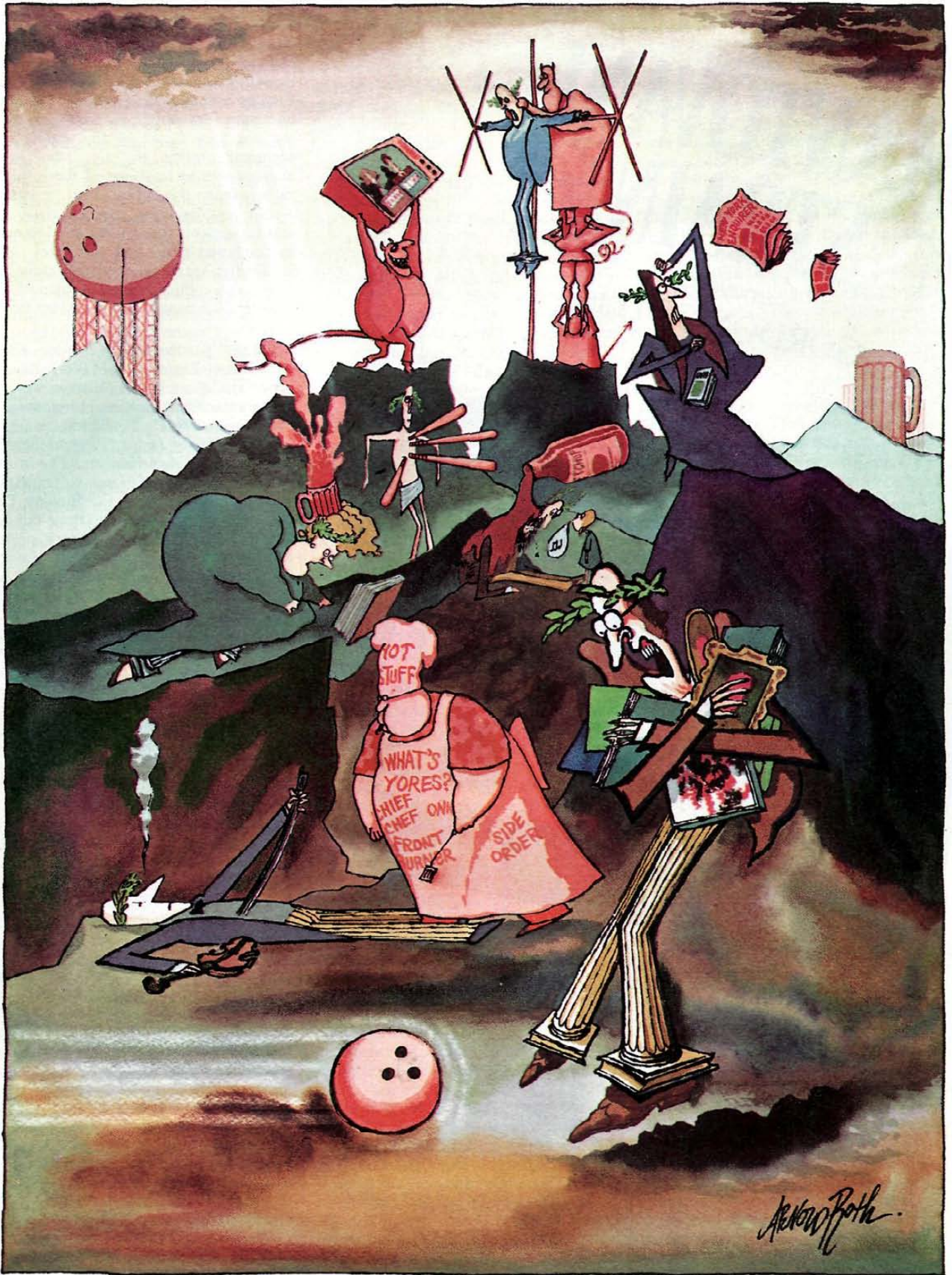
Kultur can be learned.



Kultur can, mostly, be bought.



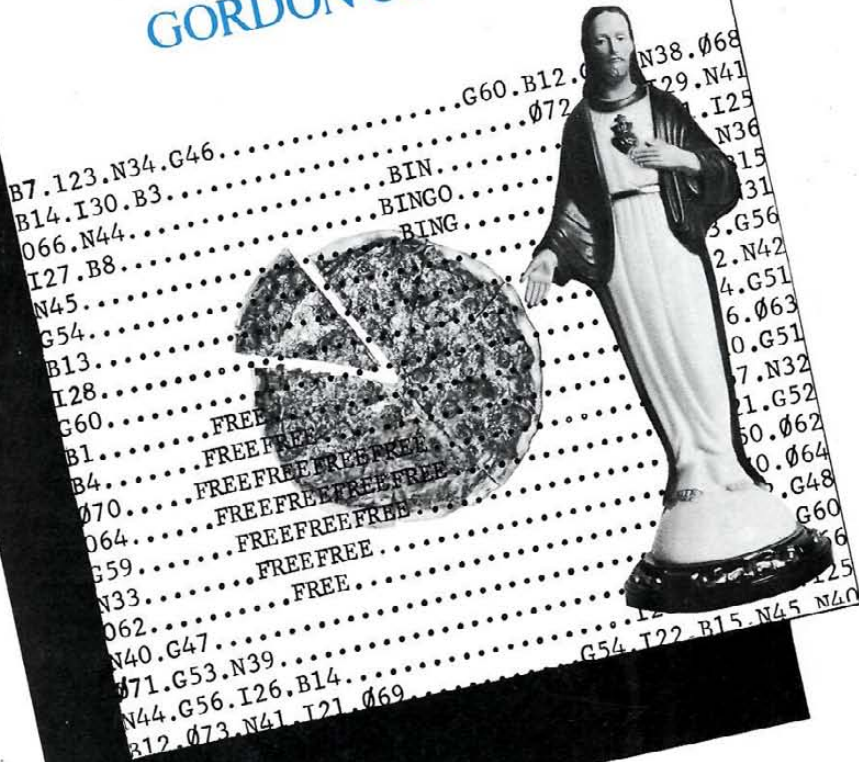
Or, Kultur can be made up.



A Religious Painting: *The Martyrdom of Sainly Kultureds*  
(as told to themselves).

# THE MANTOVANI STRAIN

a novel by  
GORDON COTLER



Dreamed after reading  
a science fiction novel  
during a long stay  
in Middle America

It began quietly enough. Had Eric Hedley, Lionel Frey or Bennett Aspinall understood the behavioral quirk each experienced that evening last summer in widely separated parts of New York City as a first manifestation of a phenomenon that would, in six short days, test the very fabric of the nation, the nightmare might still not have been avoided, but at least one of those three, rather than this ill-qualified reporter, would now be tying together the scattered fragments that are expected to rake in combined hard- and soft-cover sales in English-speaking countries alone of well over a million copies, to say nothing of a very substantial movie sale up front.

On that particular July evening, Hedley, Rider Professor of Bio-Jurisprudence at Columbia, the Western world's prime authority on inherent litigiousness, discoverer of the Hedley Chromosome or so-called "feisty factor," and author of *The Recessive Appellant* and *The Mortgage Sense of Invertebrates*, was relaxing with a colleague from the Biology Department over a game of three-dimensional "Go" in the law library of his Morningside Heights apartment. Having just completed a gambit that was an extra dimensional refinement of Hideyoshi Toyotomi's in the match that provided the strategy for his campaign against the Satsuma, Eric leaned back, pipe in hand, gazing contentedly at the Motherwells and Klines he had acquired when the artists were selling for lunch money, and waited for his adversary, Dr. Hans Bluger, to make his countermove. At this point, according to Bluger, Hedley's eyes took on a glazed, slightly vacuous look, and the attorney-scientist nervously twisted the radio dial from FM to AM. Then he leaned forward and said eagerly, "Say, Hans, do you know where I might get hold of a back file of *Popular Mechanics*? I've been thinking it would be kind of exciting to make and varnish my own pipe stand."

At approximately the same hour, Lionel Frey, founder and past president of *Les Maitres d'Escoffier*, author of *46 Recipes Brillat-Savarin Fumbled*, food and restaurant editor of *The Wall Street Journal* and *The American Medical Association Fun-Time Gazette*, and court of final appeal of *The Guide Michelin*, was dining at a new east midtown restaurant opened by three wetbacks off the S.S. *France*. As was customary when Frey planned to review, he had eaten simply that day — eggs Florentine at the Cafe Chauveron at noon, and, at 5 o'clock, melba toast and Ceylon tea (unblended, from his favorite plantation north of Nuwara Eliya), prepared at home by his own chef, a former saucier at La Pyramide who had been trained in his last years by M. Point himself. Between these modest repasts, Lionel's tongue had been

encased in the lightweight plastic bag filled with the neutralizing and softening agent of his own invention he always wore on reviewing days and which he slipped off in the taxi just before entering La Truite Bleu. Now, after five nearly perfect courses, marred principally by a waiter whose tie had been bowed with insufficient panache, Lionel was studying the sweets that had been wheeled up for his inspection—a substantial array of delicate baked goodies surrounding a trembling bowl of dark *mousse au chocolat* and another of short-seasoned Siberian pyrolanberries that had been flown in that day by Aeroflot. Suddenly, according to Lionel's dinner guest, Muhammed Ben Wadi, formerly *skewermeister* in the kitchens of the Sultan of Morocco, a kind of glazed look came into Lionel's eyes and he said, "Ben, mind if we skip dessert? If Woolworth's is still open, I feel like a quarter's worth of Bridge Mix."

Bennett Aspinall, the biographer and literary critic who had told the King of Sweden exactly what he could do with his Nobel Prize when he had caught out that monarch, during the reading of Aspinall's citation, in a patch of spongy rhetoric, was at this time taking his ease in a third-floor reading room of the Century Club. Having just sent off an 8,000-word reply to a correspondent to *The New York Review of Books* who had questioned a six-word dependent clause in Aspinall's piece, "Spinoza's Mom," the critic was affording himself the luxury of half an hour with Robert Graves's translation of the *Rubaiyat*, which he was scanning side by side with the original, sometimes frowning at, sometimes nodding approval of, Graves's handling of the Sanskrit. Absorbed in this entertainment, he still reserved a portion of his attention for three fellow club members seated nearby who were in animated disagreement about Walter Savage Landor's influence on Apollinaire. As Bennett at last closed his two books, one of the trio looked at him and said, "Ah, there, Aspinall, perhaps you'd care to tell us where you stand in this Landor matter." At that moment, according to the evidence of all three, a vacant, glazed look quite suddenly veiled the critic's eyes. "I really have no opinion one way or the other," he admitted, "but what do you think of this? A friend of mine claims he gets nineteen miles to the gallon in a 1968 Buick La Sabre—*stop-and-go driving*. Now, I know, from my own six-cylinder '67 Ford Ranch Wagon, that there's no way you can possibly . . ."

Alan Murdock's hands were thrust deep in the pockets of his lab coat as the shiny metal door to Computer Input-Output Control slid noiselessly open. (The sliding unit itself was noiseless, but a faint clanging and thumping issued

from the adjoining typing pool as the intruding door collided, as it often did, with an open file drawer. A hinged entry into CROC would end this nuisance—in addition to the noise, the girls in the pool complained that the dented drawers were hard to close—but the staff of CROC held firm to the belief that a metal sliding door was the hallmark of a top-flight scientific layout, and attendant discomforts would have to be borne.) Threading his way through the white-coated input technicians to the far end of the brightly lit, antiseptic room, Alan gamely fought back sleep. In the 48 hours since the Hadley-Frey-Aspinall syndrome had been brought to the attention of the Madison Institute on a short-term contract from the Department of Health, the entire energy of the small non-profit think tank had been redirected from myriad problems to this immediate one, and Alan, as chief statistician and senior M.D., had been able to snatch no more than an hour or two of repose. Fortunately, the ex-Olympic skier kept himself in fair shape for just such emergencies with an hour a day of slack-wire walking, and as he approached his chief assistant, Beverly Wenton, he greeted her with a vigorous, "Hi, Bev! Do you have a final print-out?"

Dr. Wenton seemed fairly to burst out of her skimpy white lab outfit, an effect the 5-foot 5-inch, 96-pound young woman achieved by judiciously spraying her smock each morning from an aerosol can of Shadow Sculpt. "It came through microseconds ago," she replied. "What gives in the Information Section?"

Alan's jaw tightened. "The Chairman of the Brooklyn College History Department is urging his daughter, a high school senior, to direct her college admission efforts to an Ag school in Iowa that boasts an outstanding curriculum in baton twirling. And the librarian at the English-Speaking Union has just ordered a complete set of *Readers' Digest Condensed Books*." He reached for her report.

"As you know," Beverly said, "we fed the computer a rundown on our subjects for the week before the syndrome. These are the areas of overlap."

Alan's eyes, tired but alert, scanned the information, his mind filtering it for the more than routine. "Only four entries concern all three of our subjects," he said almost at once. "One, the subscription to *Commentary* of each of them happened to run out last week; two, after delivering lectures to women's clubs in separate cities, they all found themselves at receptions in split-level homes in which the refreshments included miniature frozen pizzas and a snack with the trade name Dip-A-Doodle-Do; three, all three tuned in to the television news special *Men and Events* that featured a probing interview with Presidential Communications Director Herbert Klein; and finally, each of

our subjects was asked to chip in for a present for a girl in his office who had gotten engaged."

"Yes, but what does it all mean?" Bev wanted to know.

Alan shrugged. "I am just italicizing a curious statistical occurrence. It may mean nothing, if no further evidence . . ."

He trailed off as a blue-sheathed Ultimate Security messenger stuck a sheet of flimsy in his hand. The color drained from Alan's face. "Do you have K-3 clearance?" he asked. Beverly nodded, and he said, "This thing—whatever it is—has broken out of New York. I don't know but that the entire Bowwash corridor may be affected." He looked at her levelly. "On Thursday night, the Mencken Society of Baltimore is holding a Tupperware Party."

With the aid of an electronic pointer, Dr. Jonas Kronus, Director of the Madison Institute, was reporting on the spread of the H-F-A Syndrome in the snug amphitheater of the headquarters sunk deep beneath Madison Avenue. (The secrecy of the installation was assured by its single access behind the waterfall in Paley Park.) "And here in Washington, D.C., the National Gallery has announced a Norman Rockwell retrospective," Kronus concluded, "and an exhibit of wire and bead flowers. Gentlemen?"

The silence that followed his understated appeal spoke eloquently of the staff's helplessness in the face of the threat. An con seemed to pass before a slight movement turned heads to the rear of the hall: Frank Burgle, the Institute's accountant, was shambling to his feet. "May I have the floor?" he mumbled at the ceiling, and made his way forward amid a buzz of surprise, directing himself at once to substantive matters.

"Antibodies, boys. What you want is antibodies," he announced, more to his sleeve than to the newly attentive audience. "You understand, a rare combination of intolerable environmental factors has destroyed the natural antibodies in your three subjects at a time of extraordinary culture stress, making them receptive hosts to a virulent new strain of a no doubt common organism that inhabits us all. You understand, in this rich growth medium—namely, Hedley, Frey, and Aspinall—the mutation quickly achieved the strength to spread like a wind-driven forest fire. Boys, quench it with antibodies."

Milo Tuck was on his feet. "Hogwash!" the micro-roentgenologist exploded. "Never in my thirty professional years have I been exposed to such a mish-mash of ludicrously unscientific bilge water."

"There is an explanation for everything I have said," Burgle coolly informed his sleeve. "You understand, I didn't give it because I was afraid it would go over your heads."

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29

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"Over our heads?" Tuck raged. "We, scientists? You, an accountant?"

"All right, over the heads of the laymen who might later read of these events should anyone pull together the fragments of this story. But if you insist, I will boil it down to two words — red corpuscles."

"Red corpuscles, my —" Tuck began, but before he could complete the oath the door slid open (knocking Bev Wenton off her chair and badly smudging her Shadow Sculpt cleavage) and in rushed Dr. Bob Pratt, the Institute's hematologist, waving a vial of Lionel Frey's blood.

"I thought you'd want to know at once," he blurted out. "Subject's red corpuscles are significantly myophysmatic."

All eyes turned to Burgle. "Frank," Alan Murdock asked for everyone present, "how in the world did you guess...?"

"I've observed that subjects in an active state sometimes inexplicably declare themselves to be 'red-blooded,'" Burgle explained to his collar, "or, more fully, 'red-blooded Americans' — an instinctive, if simplistic, groping for the truth."

Murdock spoke again. "If what Frank tells us is the truth — and I have never known him to be a dime off in his accounts — we are faced with the most terrifying prospect in the history of this country — to put it bluntly, the end of its values, as we in this room have known them. And I see no way to stave off disaster."

"Not so fast, Alan," said Dr. Kronus. "Sealed off as we are from contamination down here, some of the finest scientific minds of the twentieth century, with sufficient provisions to last five days, I say we can beat this thing before we are forced to surface."

As the wave of supportive applause subsided, Beverly Wenton spoke. "Jonas, I think I speak for Alan and for all of us when I pledge myself to stick to the end." Her eyes were shining, almost glassy. "But before ultimate security is clamped down, may I be excused on Thursday to attend that Tupperware party in Baltimore?"

The next few days are best sensed through excerpts from the diary of Dr. Jonas Kronus: "Friday — The radio informs us that an S.D.S. chapter head on a northeast campus who last night blew the hideout of three priests and a nun wanted on a draft record-burning rap will spend the reward money on a Cadillac Coupe de Ville. Saturday — A petition was placed this morning on the desk of Attorney General Mitchell, signed by 400 members of the Eastern literary establishment, calling for a halt to persecution of leaders of the Italian-American Anti-Defamation League. . . . Here at the Institute, almost 30 percent of personnel now manifest the syndrome. Sunday — A count on Bleecker Street last night re-

vealed that nine out of ten automobile dashboards held either baby shoes or a plastic Jesus. . . . Our work continues, but there is so little time. Monday — Leonard Bernstein and Herbert Marcuse will co-host a reception for the runners-up in the Pillsbury Bake-Off. . . . Is there no end? Tuesday — Four nonstop days in the lab, broken at last by a morning of relaxation at the tv. Caught a rerun of *My Little Margie* in which Margie amusingly pretends to be her own Grandma visiting from . . ."

After five nights without sleep, Alan Murdock required an effort of will to keep his eyes open and fixed on the closed-circuit monitors surveying his subjects in their sterile chambers. Only this morning he had severely wrenched his back when his slowed reflexes failed him toward the end of his hour on the slack wire. Now the picture tubes showed him nothing but the bleak promise of his future. In Alpha Chamber, Eric Hedley was whistling airs from *Carmen* as he sanded the edges of his nearly finished pipe stand. The Beta Chamber monitor showed Lionel Frey, bright-eyed and healthy looking, scraping the last shards of a veal cutlet TV dinner from the bottom of the aluminum foil tray. In Gamma, Bennett Aspinall was sitting at the edge of his hospital bed furiously penciling a letter on lined paper to The Voice of the People department of the *Daily News*. The zoom lens showed Aspinall signing the missive, "THOROUGHLY FED UP."

Alan called quietly to a sound technician, "Up five d.b.s." In none of the three chambers was there even a flicker of recognition that the level had been raised on the piped-in John Cage music. Nor, a moment later, did any subject acknowledge by so much as a pursed lip the delivery through the food chutes of a bundle of new University quarterlies. Disappointments like these made Alan miss Bev Wenton more keenly. The last time he had seen her through the glass of the crowded isolation ward, she was hunched over a Hallmark catalog selecting her Christmas card. Dismissing the image with a shudder, Alan turned to his dietitian. "Macrobiotic dinners for all three, Gwen." He wondered about Gwen. Her eyes were showing signs of the glaze, and within the hour she had rambled on about a salad that called for pineapple halves, candied onions and Green Goddess dressing. If she were to go under, the effective professional staff would be down to seven, including the accountant. Just then, Burgle appeared at his elbow.

Alan was grateful for the distraction, as his head was beginning to pulse with an odd yearning to drive out somewhere on a turnpike, rent a room in a motel and splash in the roadside pool with the children of tourists. This could be the

beginning of the end — for him and, very soon, for the Madison Institute and then Western civilization. And yet, he thought swimmingly, hadn't the President himself remarked that the western, and the civilization it depicted, were particular favorites of the American moviegoer?

"Have you tried —" Burgle was diffidently inquiring of his right lapel, and it was hard to catch his words through the waves of desire for — now what? — for an American flag decal to paste on the cowl of a computer output. Did that make sense? "Have you tried —" and Alan swam through currents of seductive consumer products to meet the words — "massively applied women's lib rhetoric in conjunction with doubling the wattage on the Oldenburg-de Kooning color slides subsequent to cold plunges in Deer Park bottled water?"

Foggy now, Alan shouted the necessary orders; instinct rather than reason was guiding him. He acted not a moment too soon. An instant later, there was a surge of movie music in his head and the next thing he knew, he was idly twirling dials on the console, hoping somehow that one of the three monitors would yield *Hogan's Heroes*.

By next evening, as quietly and arbitrarily as it had come, the syndrome was practically gone. That morning, after his first swallow of Spif, the miracle breakfast drink "practically indistinguishable from simulated orange reconstitute," Lionel Frey hurled the glass at the nurse from whom he had demanded it. At noon, Eric Hedley dropped his completed but still unvarnished pipe stand in his wastebasket. That afternoon, the three subjects were turned loose, and by evening the only plastic on the dashboards on Bleecker Street was on an occasional syringe. The new antibodies were performing admirably.

"You understand, we overwhelmed a basically unstable organism," Frank Burgle remarked to a wall behind some colleagues at the Institute. "I could chart its development for you on the electron microscope, but I've fallen behind with my payrolls."

Bev Wenton turned to Alan Murdock. "Thank God, it's over," she murmured, and then, "Alan, we are out of danger, aren't we?"

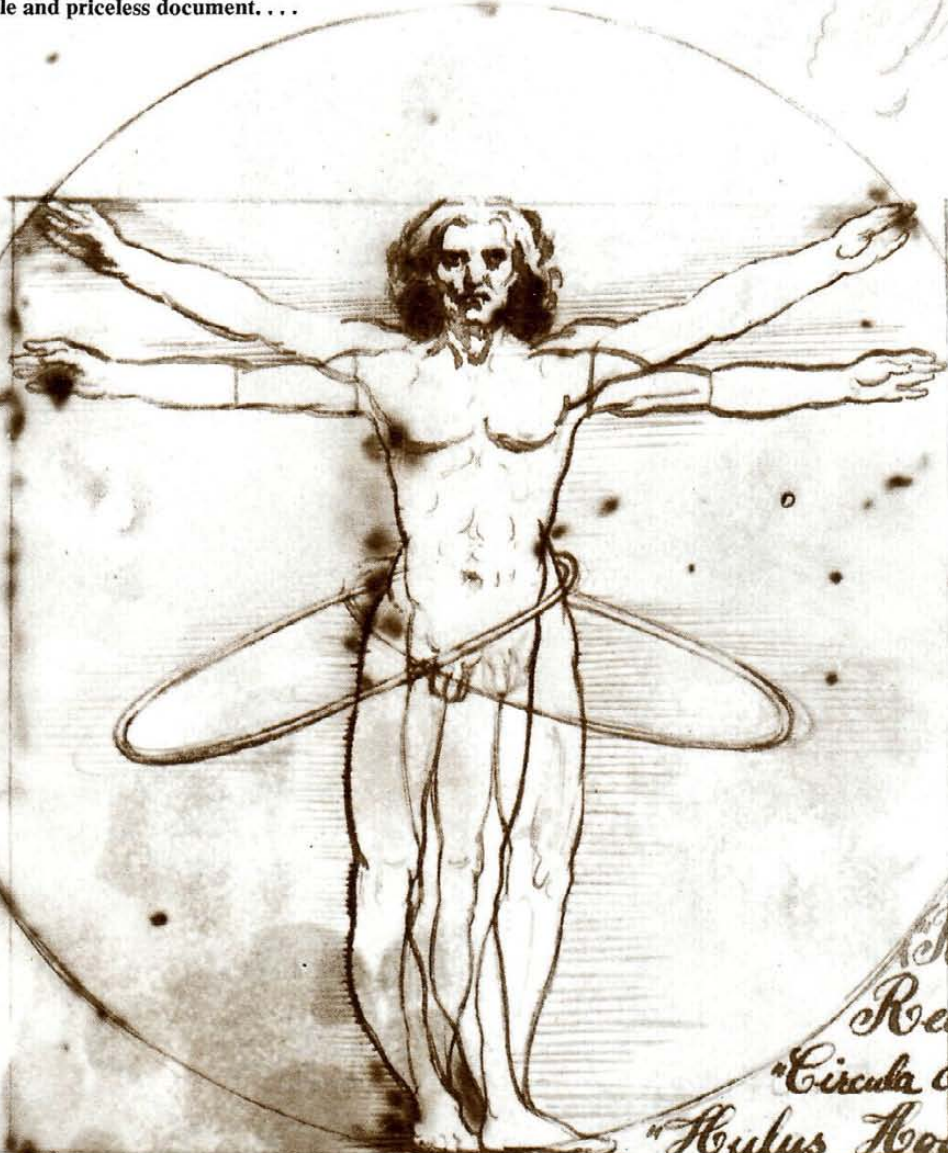
"No question," he said confidently, "for the moment. But who can say what new organism —" his tired, alert eyes indicated the world beyond Madison Avenue above "— is waiting for a rich culture medium in which to gain strength before testing our kind of person? And will we lick it again?" Leaving both questions unanswered, he took her around the waist and the two of them walked the upward-slanting corridor past the humming computer, to the back of the waterfall and the freedom of Paley Park. □



# The Undiscovered Notebook of Leonardo Da Vinci

compiled by Doug Kenney reconstructed by Daniel Maffia

Scientist, painter, engineer, architect – Leonardo Da Vinci was undoubtedly the greatest thinker of Western Civilization. Although born in 1454, his voluminous notebooks predicted not only the airplane and helicopter but many other modern day miracles. Thinkers through the ages have gleaned from these notebooks great insights (“Gravity is what makes birds fall down when they have heart attacks”), as well as a wealth of fascinating biographical data (“Four pairs stretch tights . . . six doublets . . . no starch . . .”). Thus, the *National Lampoon* is honored to be able to present portions of one of Da Vinci’s notebooks that has never been discovered. We hope that you will be as awed as we were at the genius and vision revealed in this remarkable and priceless document. . . .



*“Rota-  
Reduccionem?”  
“Circula Magica?”  
“Hulus Hoopus?”*)

*Ingenuo Mechanismo Per Reduccionem  
L'Excesso Obesito Del Grosso Stomacchi.  
Questo meccanismo semplice e inespensivo  
enable le personni con molto crisco in la bamba  
transformi a slendare personni. Pronto e facile  
impresso la bella feminas!*



Una impressione  
architettura d'una  
majestico monumento  
a la 20th anniversari  
de Mediano

La municipale  
officiale la  
respecti  
idioti!

(Delicione  
per garlie  
e chianti!)

Illustrazione  
d'una straordinario  
pelicani  
discovere in mia  
basemento!

Una  
revolutione  
surgica  
operatoria  
Bondo  
una  
organi  
d'una  
morte

personni  
(mio care  
Fido), e  
transplan  
ta  
in una  
vivante

personni  
stupido  
e quilibilio assistente  
Mario!  
Mario vivante  
quattro giorno!

Una  
medicia  
miraculo!

Una bene  
inventione  
a evasio le  
stencchio e  
l'odorra del  
canali de  
Venezia

Una "Acqua Pistola" directione

Per  
bambinos.  
tutti  
bene per  
estinguere  
incendio.



Griggaria

La Grappa  
Dispensione

Inserte le  
cinqua lire,  
la grappa  
meccanismo  
retourna  
una grappa  
(Scribe una  
lettera a  
Isabella  
concerna  
uno  
franchiso  
in Spagna.)



COCA  
COCA  
Cola

Allegro con brio



So lo chi o

La Personalle  
Vibratoria



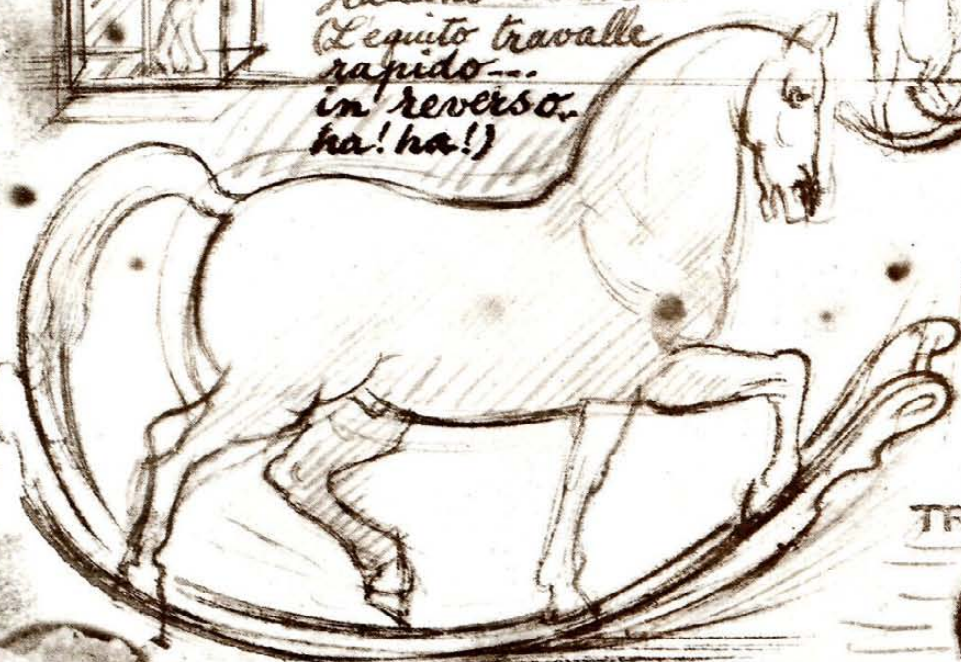
Una  
Christamasso  
presente per il Papa Innocenti VIII. Ha la

Communications

Megatelephone  
Expressio

Megatelephone  
Studio

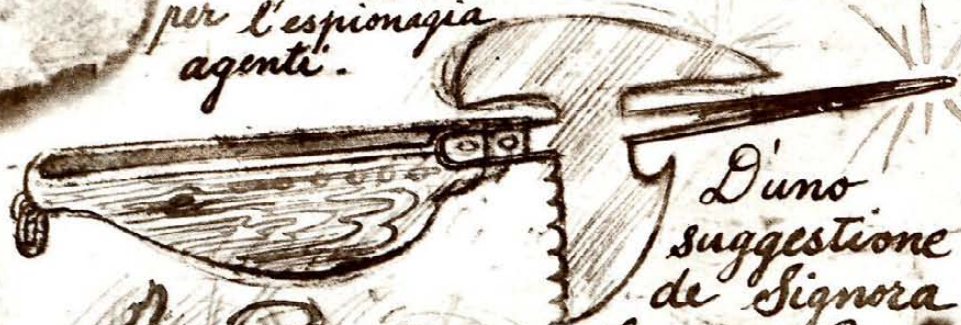
Una elegante e satirico  
monumenta a la militaria  
Italiano... ha! ha!  
(L'equito travaille  
rapido...  
in' reverso...  
ha! ha!)



TRUE

Pro  
Signor  
Walter  
Raleigh  
e suo  
"Cobatto"

Una Pronto Stilletto  
per l'espionaggio  
agenti.



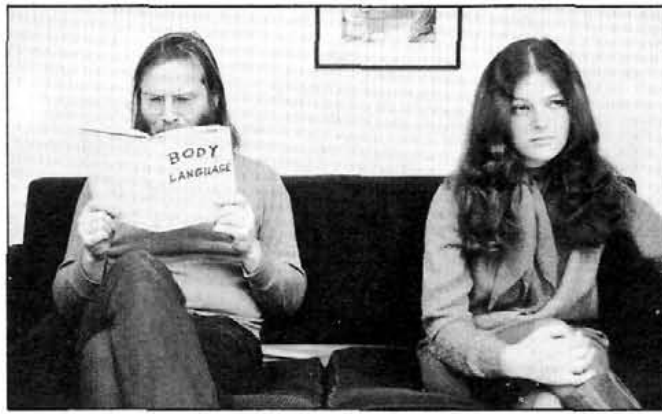
D'uno  
suggestione  
de Signora  
Lucretia Borgia.

Amici!  
Desirado una  
pronto  
copulatione?  
Megatelephone

RE naissance 8-5669

(requesto per Mona)

# FOTO FUNNIES



# The Big Breakthrough in Art!

By Michael O'Donoghue

As part of our unflagging campaign to promote culture and combat ignorance, the *National Lampoon* is giving away, for a limited time only, this breathtaking collection of the world's 57 most revered paintings *complete in one compact picture*. Yes, through a revolutionary new process of aesthetics, we are able to bring you all of history's top masterpieces acclaimed by experts as beautiful, in *one all-purpose print* suitable for framing!

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## Higher Marks

Not only will you experience the thrill and delight of owning the most memorable paintings ever wrought by the hand of man, but you will soon learn, to your constant joy, that through art you can find a heightened appreciation of life itself. As they say, *Ars longa, vita brevis est.*\*\*\* You will explore the world that lies beyond material possessions, beyond your house, your car, even beyond your job. You will discover the land of Truth, Beauty and Wisdom that can, *and will*, live in your very soul. Try it and see! You'll be glad you did! And your children will get higher marks in school. Art enriches the whole family.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

clip out, mount on stiff cardboard, & mail to the *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

\*\*\*Art is long, life is short.

collage by Tom Ballenger

Turn the page for the cultural treat of your lives!

See page 76 for key.







MARIA

Campbell's  
CONDENSED  
TOMATO  
SOUP



# I WAS IN AMERICA IN THE 70's

by Tony Hendra

It was in a small satirical nightclub, of the kind that flourished in New York in the mid-70's, that I think I first got downwind of the decay that had infected the American people during those fearful times. I remember the evening well (it was a Tuesday in February of 1975); the place, better (it was the Vulva, on Third Street and Avenue A); and the mentor of my remarkable awakening, best of all (she was the unattainable, unforgettable Barbi). It was less Barbi's performance that enraptured me — as I recall, the satire in which she was featured was a somewhat old-fashioned piece that had Colonel Agnew copulating individually with the entire House of Congress — than her breathtakingly beautiful feet.

Her feet, as was the fashion then, were quite nude, and I remember thinking how long it had been since I had seen a pair so perfectly formed. The big toes were only a little longer than the ones next to them, and the right foot was almost exactly the same size as the left. Despite her fashionable and gorgeous 220 pounds, the beauties that supported her were as delicate and deliciously small as two doggy snacks. My heart palpitates even now at the memory of an almost irresistible desire to sink my teeth into those exquisite bones. Alas, I was never able to consummate my desire, for although I went to find her at the stage door, she was whisked away by a burly member of the Young American Guards before I could introduce myself. I did not care to compete.

In looking back down the sidewalk of the years, I pick out this experience as being, so to speak, a signpost at which I stopped for a moment. In the weeks following it, during which I became a regular visitor at the Vulva, the constant image of Barbi towering over my seat in the front row, her toes often only inches away from my mouth, drove home to me that there were many things apart from incomparably regular feet that I had not seen since the beginning of the decade. Pedestrians, cartoons, hair, black people, campaign buttons, imported lamb chops, the sun. At the time, these things seem to have been lost forever, and thanks to America — as she was then still known — many of them have been.

One night, I arrived at the Vulva to

find its doors boarded up and a YAG demolition notice tacked to the box office. Inconsolable, I went into a nearby bar and attempted to drown my sorrows with pipe after pipe of Acapulco Gold.

Whether it was the grass or my existential agony I do not know, but driving home that night, my rapidly diminishing left foot tucked under the car seat, I had an accident. Somewhere on the West Side, the car careened off the street across a bombed-out lot and crashed clean through a billboard advertising the new Dior mask. Within seconds, the inevitable NSP unicycle rolled up and poked its absurd little bazooka through the side window. Although I lied about the grass — it was illegal to drive after more than two joints — the cop was suspicious and submitted me to my first lip-width test. One would have thought that this alone would have been enough to make a sane man see the light, but only now does it strike me as monstrous. There I sat, halfway through a shattered billboard — I never could stand those maxi-masks — eye to eye with a bazooka, having my mouth measured. There sat the pig-pod like a huge egg on a wheel, war-like protuberances all over its surface: bazooka, tear gas tanks, machine gun, ammo, head shears, mouth calibrator, TV camera, ticket slots and a small crane for making pedestrian arrests. Ridiculous encounter! The memory of it alone makes the bristles on my neck stand up and shout. And yet, in those days, this horrible thing, gleaming in the night on the burnt, deserted street, was a familiar figure, almost a welcome one. I can remember only gratitude when a friendly voice informed me that I had passed the tests and that I was being ticketed for only one offense — not carrying a gun. (There was a minor national emergency on and I had lent mine to my nurse.) My heart filled with relief.

Later, however, when I received my personal movement statement at the end of the month and my trips to the Vulva had been entered in red, indicating official displeasure, I felt unclean. Burgeoning resentment was mixed with a desire to do something patriotic and get back in the black — or white, as it was by then called. I toyed with the idea of buying another flag, but I already had several hundred. Eventually, I did nothing. In my maturity I see that this was good, the

resentment was good. They were signs that I was becoming aware of the process that could never include me, although Rexall, of course, would have blamed this on my docility.

Rexall was my best friend. Rexall Abba Karp. My colleague, my confidant, my Mercutio. Dear dumpy Rexall with the gorilla hair on his shoulders and that absurdly fixed retroussé nose. A rotten psychiatrist but a great assessor of yes-potential in anything female. We were a fine couple of foot-sucking blades.

We met during my first few weeks in New York — on East 74th Street, at a fashionable cocktail orgy where pets and people mingled freely. After a few pipes and uppers, the lights were extinguished and we soon found ourselves sucking one another's toes. Though it was no skin off my nose, so to speak, Rexall was evidently under the impression that what he had in his mouth belonged not to another psychiatrist but to a cat. He desisted, much to my disappointment, but our subsequent exchange was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until his disappearance. This first encounter was curtailed, incidentally, by the appearance of an extremely sexy Siamese cat, whom he pursued. (Successfully, as he revealed to me in great detail the next morning.) This penchant always existed in Rexall's make-up; in fact, it often comprised his professional status. I must say — at the risk of sounding pious — that I always maintained the strictest standards of formality in relation to those who lay on my couch, even though I was often sorely tempted. Rexall, with a crudity matched only by Herr Pavlov, had no such scruples.

I know, I know, it all seems incredibly corrupt. But who by then could have turned America away from the course she had taken in the '70's? What could one person, however brilliant, do? Rexall and I discussed this many times. Rexall was very definite on the matter, as was his mother. Resistance was useless. Make money. You happen to be in with them, Mrs. Karp would say, and they happen to want something from you. So, don't make trouble, make money. When you have money, you have power, and when you have power, then you can change the world. Rexall never did get around to changing anything, but he certainly made a lot of money.

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Naturally, I arrived at my theory of non-resistance by much purer means than Rexall. The principle I employed was that of biological evolution. It must be remembered that a cure will only make the bacillus stronger. A harmless reptile will arm itself until it becomes a tyrannosaur. Thus, the student guerillas who blew up half of Cleveland in '71 only strengthened the monster, allowed it to arm itself with a weapon that before had been nothing more than an absurd dream. Preventive custody for all under 25 with IQ's in excess of 120? Law and order required it. A crime for anyone to be on the streets if they could afford the down payment on a car? The new Luddites, who went around burning and burying every car they could find, gave Detroit the chance it had been waiting for. And if the Panthers really did burn down the White House, then they played right into Colonel Agnew's hand. They gave him a reason to justify the most colossal weapon of all — the Black Relocation Program, the teeth and jaws of the new beast.

Incidentally, I am convinced that evolution affected areas other than the feet. It is my own little pet theory, of course, and hardly probable now that all evidence is gone, but I am sure that the average American mouth was affected also. Lips can be thinned, saliva encouraged to flow more freely. The '70's were a decade not just of the foot but of the mouth. People were made to salivate on a permanent basis by the repeated use of signals: the waving of a flag or the wagging of a tail. And there was nothing Colonel Agnew liked better than saliva — masses of it speckling a nation of thin, white lips.

Still, it was that carefully engineered gradualism with which things were removed from everyday life that was the Colonel's true genius. One scarcely

noticed their passing. The slow disappearance of President Nixon from the public eye is a good example. By 1974, he only emerged to announce major national crisis, or, as they were ironically called, emergencies. More important than his disappearance, however, was the fact that no one noticed; no one remembered that there had once been a President who grabbed every conceivable chance he could to get in front of a TV camera.

I suppose my true crime was to remember. If it had been possible, there would have been a law against remembering. I understood why, when, later in the decade, they began burning old newsreel footage and David Frost shows. It was important to those in power that the people not remember when or how or why something had started. With their emotions at a fever pitch, people's memories were dulled to a torpor. National emergencies were constantly being declared. If a domestic issue began to cool, a foreign one unobtrusively became critical and advisors were sent to yet another Oriental country. Once the boys were there and the military budget had again been slashed (as it was, for instance, in March of '73, from 102 billion dollars to 212), some domestic crisis would occur to distract the public from the tedious process of setting up a puppet government. And all the temporary measures that were hurriedly passed to deal with the crisis somehow became permanent.

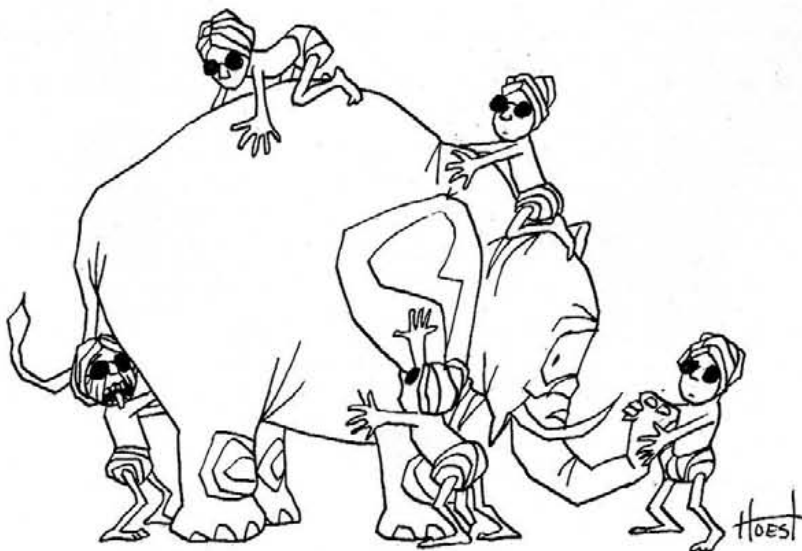
Take the temporary measures that were passed after the White House burned a week before the 1972 elections: the indefinite postponement of the election itself; the mobilization of all state and local police into the NSP; and the adoption of the knock-and-shoot law, which enabled them to fire into a house, provided they had first rung the doorbell. These mea-

asures were never revoked, and if anyone had spoken out, he would not have been heard in the uproar that followed. In February of 1973, victory was declared in Thailand and Burma and advisors were sent to India.

By 1975, these trifling events, in turn, had been entirely forgotten in the turmoil of trying to quell a subcontinent, and seemed unimportant beside reports of vast riots in the new black cities. Watching Bob Hope entertain American troops in Pakistan or David Frost interview the next President of India (he was from Salt Lake City) seemed infinitely more exciting than some turgid investigation of last month's crisis. But Barbi . . . Barbi's toes, you see, made me recall a time when there was just a simple little war and black people walked the street, like me, on their two feet. There were no South American mercenaries then, and the worst we got from the ghettos was an occasional drunken sniper. And that had been only five years before.

I remember mentioning some of these gnawing doubts to Rexall at the Newport Perversion Festival that spring. He pooh-poohed them as sentimental with his usual crudity. Rexall always fancied himself much more politically sophisticated than I — after all, he was a New Yorker and I was from Nebraska — and in this respect shared in a rather pathetic autoerotic self-image New Yorkers had of themselves as nationally effective or involved. An image, it should be added, that was rudely shattered within a few steps of the west bank of the Hudson. Rexall was also fairly typical of New York political concern, firstly, in that he confined himself mainly to affairs involving verbal defamation; and secondly, in the speed with which he lost interest in something as soon as he had made a contribution to the appropriate charity. The one exception to either of these characteristics was the Black Relocation Program, of whose rightness he was immovably convinced. A great lover of New York, he laid the responsibility for its decline exclusively at the door of those to whom he referred to first as "schwugs" and later as "prunes." Our relationship was not at all affected by this. He never guessed my secret, and, ironically, his lips betrayed him long before mine even aroused suspicion.

You ask, why didn't I leave then? The answer is that since the knowledge was not yet in sharp focus, was more an uneasiness, a little scab of doubt, leaving was not an alternative. 1975 was a year in which my career had reached undreamed of pinnacles. Consultation fees for emotionally disturbed pets reached an all-time high. There was at least one dog, cat, fish or bird in domestic captivity for every American alive, with dogs in the vast majority. The human



birthrate was down. The first pet census was conducted in January of 1975. Many of the economical motives behind the Oriental sweeps originated in the critical need for cheap rice to supply the booming pet food industry. And I was at the heart of it all.

If there had been nothing else, that would have been more than plenty; but there was something else. The summer. That summer was the summer of Miss Gunnie Frontwell, my hairless wonder. From high atop her, in midtown New York, many is the afternoon I would sing lullabies to the more docile of my patients. "Hush, puppy, do not cry . . . daddy's going to buy you a diamond mine. . . ." They were good days, warm days, salad days, sometimes even clear days. An albino like myself, Gunnie had an abiding sense of doom, and our love reflected that desperation. In the fall of the year, we quarreled over some trifling matter — as I recall, I found patently naive her belief that Nixon actually had died of an acute respiratory ailment — and she left me. I heard later that in a typical effort to kill the serpent by embracing it, she had joined the Department. I suspect that the new lip-width regulations of 1976 may have been her downfall, for they were specifically aimed at government employees. Ah, Gunnie, Gunnie, Gunnie, so absurdly destroyed by the very monster you helped to make. So typically convinced of the ultimate recourse to the Constitution, always believing that there would be something to turn to, still hoping that absurdity itself was just another temporary measure — like the abolition of the Appeals Courts. But I must pay tribute to your memory or your ghost, Gunnie. . . . I never stuck my foot in a mouth like yours.

How different my life might have been if I had fled while there was still some youth in me, to a place with a greater promise for the future . . . a Mombasa or a Santiago. Could I not have turned to embrace the easy buck, the fast billion? Was doing it in the park so important to me? Did I have to become, for a few paltry million pieces of silver, a Judas of my race, standing tight-lipped by while they were invited, jumbo jet load after jumbo jet load, to the beautiful, wide open spaces of the Northwest?

But I am too harsh on myself. It is only surprising that I, an acknowledged genius, could have been so blind as not to notice what the colonel was planning for his adopted land.

As early as 1971 there were ample signs, blazing beacons for those who wanted to see them: the founding of the Honest Simple Young Americans, the arming of the mailmen, the Pointyhead bill, the legalization of oil slick, the outlawing of documentaries and cartoons. And yet, these grim and sinister portents of the times to come never seemed to be

the affair of an Assistant Professor in Domestic Animal Psychology. The University of Nebraska was never partial to blacks, and nature had been kind to me. Why should I care if the authorities quietly phased out all undergraduate studies in favor of graduate research? My qualifications and fees were climbing all the time. Why should I care that, for safety reasons, all non-automatic cars under 16 feet were banned? I had money enough for two. How could I get excited about the independent volunteer army or urban renewal or suppression of dissent — when Alpo had finally made the big breakthrough, and developed gourmet foods for dogs? Escalope de Cheval Pekinois, Pate de Coeurs de Poulet Truffe, Doggy Chunks Bourignonne, Supreme de Tuna aux petits pois . . . these exotic products were only the first hints that we were moving up onto an entirely new plateau of domestic animal relationships. They were hors d'oeuvres served at the door of a wonderful new place where pets would need cosmetics, haute couture, investment advice, and — most interesting to me — psychiatric care.

I have often reflected, with some irony, that had I been less outstanding in my field, I might have realized sooner what was happening. As it was, the first two or three years of the decade was a time when, in a way, the Colonel and I were at one. I have never found out to what extent his administration understood the changing relationship between man and his best friends during that period, but it is significant that at the time they were placing restrictions, controls and checks on just about everything, they never made any moves in this area. Which, I think, was shrewd. People wanted to get closer to their pets. The children they had raised blew up trains and cities, or blew up the children who did. And those children, when they settled down, pre-

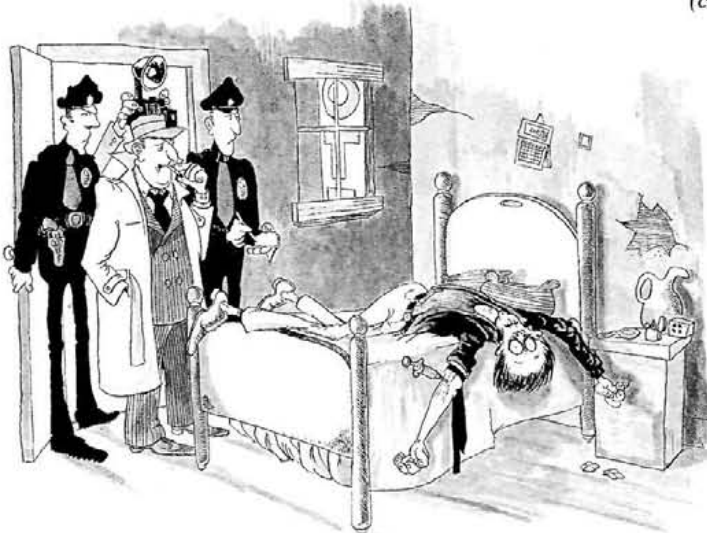
ferred pets to something that came from their own bodies — pets were more docile, more affectionate and far more convenient. Yes, I am quite sure that the Colonel realized this. His later exploitation of it certainly denotes a great understanding and, once again, I have to admire his Machiavellian grasp of people's most basic instincts. The people, though, seemed bent on making things easier for him. Increasingly confined to cars, houses and pets, their responses became simpler and simpler to manipulate.

Domestic and foreign threats were always at one remove. There were students, there were riots, there were guerillas, there were blacks, but they never seemed to be in the immediate vicinity. If one lived near Mexico, it was Canada that was threatening the next invasion; if one lived in Canada, it was Mexico. Law and order had always been restored in "this town."

And the lack of elections helped. It's remarkable what little interest there was in elections — the only people who really need elections are the opposition. And by '73, there weren't many of either. America seemed to be working at last. Gradually, the idea of a North American Empire that would last a thousand years began to take root.

Can you blame me that I, too, was deceived? In the early '70's, I responded like everyone else to the thrill of action and satisfied what scruples I had by leaping with the rest on the apparently liberal little scraps that were thrown to us. All I could think of outside of my career was that there was no more draft, I could smoke all the grass I wanted and I could watch people copulate in public. More important than anything, first medical reports were beginning to come in from California — at first suppressed by General Motors, and then encouraged — of a significant increase in the average size of

(continued)



"Book him."

(continued)

the right foot. When, early in 1974, the University finally phased out all activities except aerodynamic research, my only thought was to go somewhere where I could have more of everything. That was the only thought in my head—more, more, more. I took the first plane to New York.

1974. What a year! Life seemed so good! Heart disease had just appeared among dogs; feline identity crises were rife. The rage was the new gourmet fish foods and birdseed. Consultation fees were beginning to climb to between 800 and a thousand dollars an hour. I was far too busy to be concerned that the military budget had again been slashed from 302 billion dollars to 505. The merging of the Honest Simple Young Americans with the National Guard didn't seem particularly sinister. The donation by the government to black Americans of vast tracts of land in the by now subdued Canada seemed nothing if not altruistic. In reparation, they said, for centuries of oppression. Another liberal scrap to jump on. The subsequent burning of the ghettos was all in the interest of hygiene. The fact that the Young American Guards were in charge of construction in the new cities was only reassuring, and I remember an atavistic glow of pride that summer at the smiling black faces in the papers, digging their own drains and building their own homes. At that time, the Program never touched me, and even if it had, I had more than enough friends in high places, human and otherwise, to get around it. I can recall no suspicions about the Program. Naturally I didn't particularly want to be part of it but I was relieved that a solution had finally been found and, of course, like anyone, I was guilty of an occasional chuckle as some unfortunate Italian or Jew, unable to pass the skin and lip tests, received an official invitation to move to the new cities.

No, the year 1974 was golden. I was young, handsome, successful and fashionably fat. As I recall that year, a miasma of canine faces, huge hips, shaven heads and right feet floats before my eyes; the slow, luscious removal of a lady's gas mask, the northern lights of the fires in Harlem, the heaving nakedness of Central Park on weekends, David Frost saying Mass in St. Patrick's, the tan beauty of a California toe, the soft, giggly smell of cannabis in a New York bar. The first 200-story apartment block went up in that year (and fell over the next), and it often took several days to drive from one side of town to the other. In the fall, the last tree in Manhattan—I remember going to see it, was on 70th and Park—died, and Mayor Lindsay opened the first indoor park by doing it with Mary on the amazingly lifelike grass. My income that year was slightly in excess of a million and a half dollars. I appeared on all 700 talk shows. My home was a duplex penthouse on the 142d and 143rd floors of a building on Sixth Avenue. On a clear day, I could see the ground.

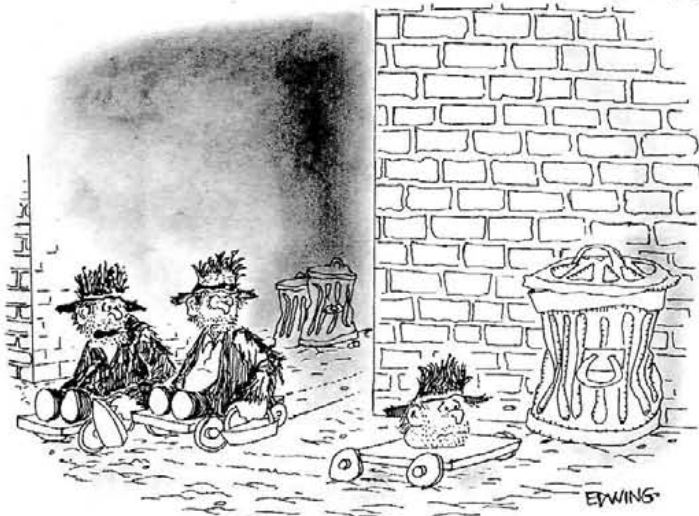
Those nights in the Vulva were the beginning of my emergence from the blindness of the first five years of the decade. And, in the latter part of 1975, I began to sense that, apart from Rexall, I was not alone in my growing doubts. Ever since, at the suggestion of Colonel Agnew, and in order to be closer to the true pulse of America, all three networks had moved their base of operations to Patachuk, Ia., New York had lost much of its hegemony over the opinions of the rest of the country. Freed of the obligation to come to terms with Middle America, New York's traditional skepticism grew, fed by the incredible decadence of the city in the mid-'70's. While exhibiting the moral cowardice often found in groups where rich Jews predominate, New York was soon the only place in

that doomed land in which any doubts were expressed about the sincerity of the wily Colonel. These doubts began to surface at this time, less, I think, out of a moral sense than because a minor bill was passed in November outlawing comedians, thereby throwing a large portion of the New York population into unemployment. By casually dropping remarks at my headshiner's or during foreplay, I gathered the distinct impression that a revolt was brewing in Manhattan.

Despite this, it took almost a year for the lids to open fully, for the retina to register everything in true perspective. Once the seed had been sown, the inconsistencies that before had seemed to arise simply from the lack of information and the laws that had been inconveniences started to fall into a logical pattern. In early 1976, for instance, the first wave of voluntary sterilization was reported in the new black cities, or coon-pens as they were then known; and officials expressed surprise. No one bothered to explain why, if the blacks were so obsequious (and so far away), they should bother to burn down both Houses of Congress. In the inevitable national emergency that followed, the army temporarily took over the government, and our leader acquired the military title he was to keep right up to the end—modestly confining himself to Colonel.

The clouds began to gather. Although always thin lipped, I barely passed the new lip width regulations of '76. One chilly morning, they came to invite Rexall away. He went, babbling about changing the system from within. The madness of those around me was conspicuous. In March, Mayor Lindsay read aloud to an enormous audience in Central Park every mother-in-law joke ever written, wearing a false nose and a beanie. It was a direct and futile challenge. In April of '76, tactical nuclear weapons were first used in knock-and-shoot raids, the military budget was slashed from 876 billion to the entire gross national product, and American advisors were sent to the Balkans. And—the unkindest cut of all—in that fine old American tradition of forbidding what the majority enjoys most, fellatio of the right toe became illegal at 3:14 P.M. on July 17th, 1976. A subsequent brief affair with a fiery but affectionate Afghan (what was her name...?) failed to comfort me. I was running scared. When they started bombing the coon-pens that summer to put down the riots, I knew the end was near. The only little happiness I had that whole year was in September, when, at the ceremonies marking the meeting of the suburbs of Chicago with the suburbs of New York, Colonel Agnew revealed that his running mate in 1976 would be a fellow named Rover.

I must say, they almost got me by



“... y'know ... you always think you have it rough ... until you see the next guy ...!”

running Rover for Vice-President, but when I got into the polling booth, I just could not do it. (Since there was only one lever, I'm sure this was noted.) It made no difference anyway — they won with a 98% majority. As Colonel Agnew pointed out, it was the largest mandate ever given an American President. The day after he was elected, the Colonel ordered the complete destruction by nuclear bombing of the black cities and invaded Manhattan.

But that was not the end of it. That very day, even as the army was bombing the George Washington Bridge, an official helicopter dropped out of the sky and landed on my roof. I thought I was done for, but it was not to be my demise; on the contrary, by a colossal piece of irony, it was my most glorious moment. I was being flown in the Colonel's personal helicopter to the Pentagon, where I was to take up my new post as personal consultant to the next Vice-President of the United States.

The helicopter was not a moment too soon, either. Within an hour of my leaving, all bridges leading to Manhattan had been destroyed. The island was then reduced to rubble by the bombers. My youth had been destroyed.

A career as part of the Administration should have been the proudest moment of my life. Not only was I at the top-most pinnacle of my profession, but by the time the Colonel and Rover were inaugurated, my profession itself was well on the way to being the most important one in the Empire. A snap census, released on January 1, 1978, showed that there were now four pets for every human being in America, with a dog population alone of more than 300 million. No human children had been born in November of 1976. Legal investigations were under way into the constitutional rights of hamsters; people were beginning to show interest in pet shellfish. In any other place at any other time, I would have been not only the proudest man in the country but also one of the most powerful. Instead, I was a quivering wreck. My life was a nightmare — a shadowy round of avoiding lip width tests, powdering birthmarks and satisfying my now illegal lusts in dark corners behind shoeshine stands. My weight went down to 250, I forgot to shave my head, I was going through two packs of marijuana a day. My personal movement statement looked as if it had had catsup spilled on it.

I stood it for five months. They were not arduous months. The new Vice-President was well-balanced and our sessions limited themselves to casual conversation and risqué jokes about our respective lady friends. He was a charming animal in many ways; with an earthy, blunt side to him that immense-

ly pleased the public. (Polls showed, by the way, that he was the most popular Vice-President in the history of the nation.) He used to say to me, in his gruff way, that he pissed straight and always called a bitch a bitch. That quality of directness was what made it possible for him to talk so easily to the new breed of Americans he represented. He may not have appealed to their best instincts, but he certainly appealed to their most basic ones. The pithy slogan, the engaging faux pas. Even through my shell of terror, I liked him. He deserved his subsequent power.

There is not much more to tell. I saw little of the Colonel, and the country was in a kind of lull before the storm. After Easter, I began planning my escape, and about the same time started treating a huge Doberman pinscher named Storm, who had just been appointed Major-General. From the beginning we suspected one another, but even if he was sent to keep an eye on me, he certainly needed treatment. Our sessions became more and more tense — there were sidelong glances, odd whispers outside my door. He was highly uncooperative and disliked my diagnoses. I first discovered Oedipal tendencies and then, probing deeper, definite signs of latent homosexuality. They did nothing to help our relationship.

At the same time, unexplained restrictions were placed on my movements. I was followed everywhere by someone . . . or something. All I could think of, was "OUT!" "Leave," "Now!" A week before I escaped, they passed the compulsory Transplant Bill and lowered the lip width again. The night I planned to leave, I had a drink with Vice-President Rover — to make things look normal — and he was distant, restrained, formal. As I sipped, he kept looking at my mouth. The birthmarks on my stomach and my buttock seemed

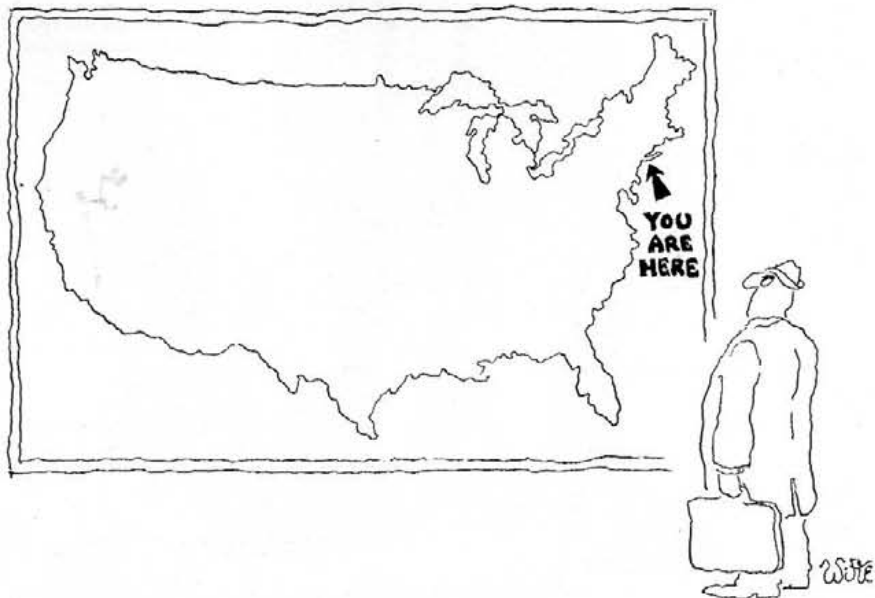
to be burning through my clothes.

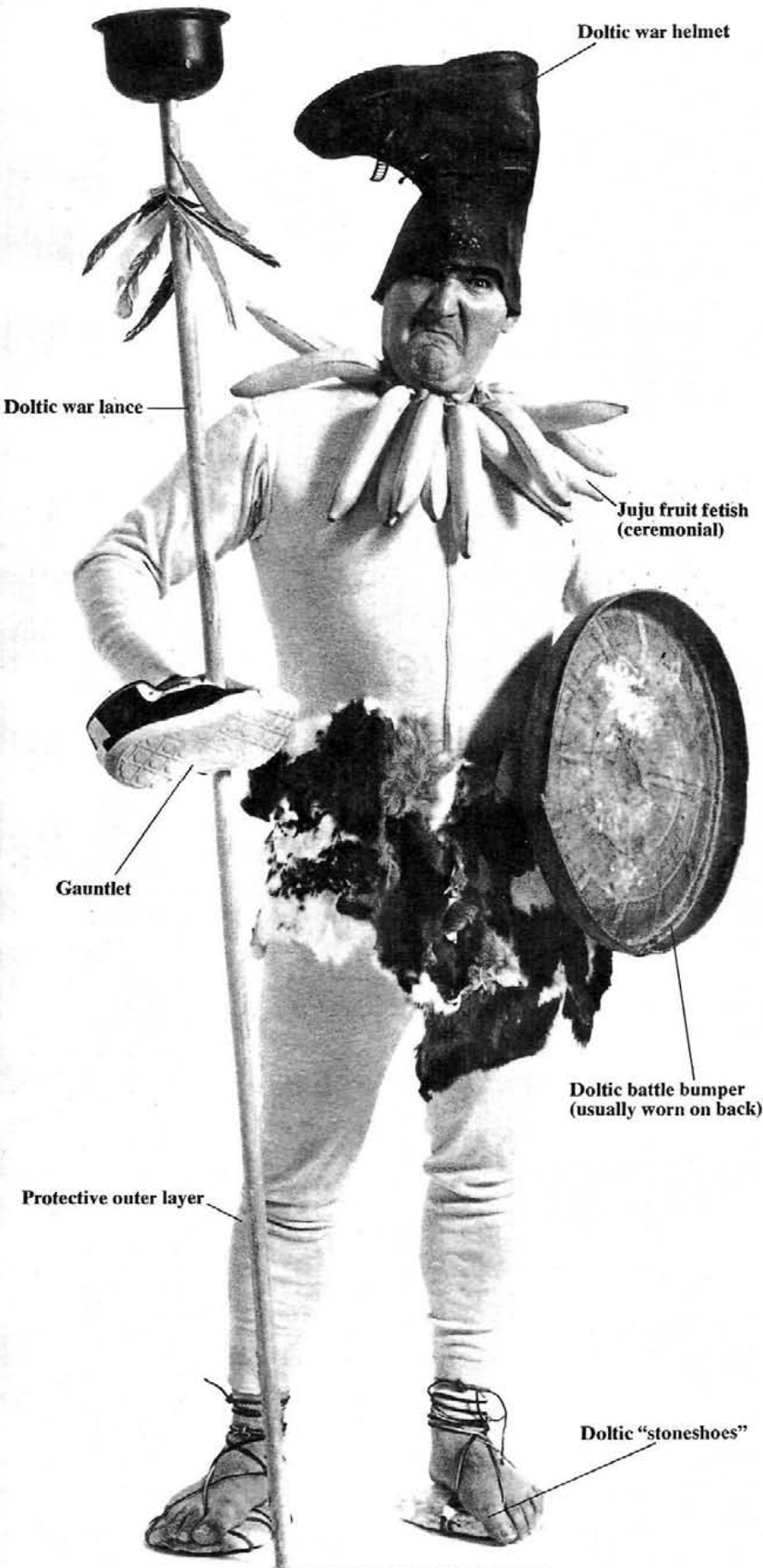
But I made it. The actual escape, in fact, was remarkably uneventful. It cost a couple of million dollars and I had to kill a few people, but otherwise it was rather like a business trip. When I landed in England, only to be subjected to a stringent lip-width test, and "repatriated" to Africa, I was less hurt than surprised. And it turned out for the best. Kenya has been good to me.

That really is the whole story. It is scarcely worth repeating the subsequent events in the White American Empire: its total destruction by power-crazed pets, the horrible death of Colonel Agnew at the hands of his own Vice-President. The events are history, and although the Colonel and those around him deserved it, it is still painful to me that they had to go that way. Suffice it to say that I was in America in the '70's. I saw it all.

Naturally, I am often asked whether it can happen again. I am constrained to say that I don't think it can. The peculiar set of circumstances that thrust the Colonel into power and allowed him to increase it are not likely to be repeated in my lifetime, or yours. There are similarities of course — the pigmentation laws, for instance. But, believe me, those laws are nowhere near as stringent as the ones they had in America. In any case, I think the government is much more concerned with social progress than with actual color. It is biologically demonstrable that except for rare cases like myself, the blacker a man is, the more intelligent.

But enough talk, Mbot. Let us get back to you. . . . You are, I assure you, totally cured. . . . Quite well-balanced enough to run for public office. . . . Forgive me, now — I am tired, and I have used up your whole hour. You need not pay this time . . . but perhaps one teensy kiss on your hind paw . . . ? □





by Christopher Rush

# THE DOLTS

On May 10, 1957, Warsaw cesspool repairman Vincent Siluski was deeply immersed in his work when the lunch whistle blew. He began to wade about, looking for something large enough to float his People's cream-filled Twinkie on, when his boot struck an oddly shaped object. As unlikely as it may seem, this was a great moment in the history of anthropology, for Vince had discovered the first artifact of the Doltic civilization, a crude flint beer bottle. Thus began the great archaeological dig conducted by the United National Cultural Agency, with the technical assistance of Roto-Rooter. Now, 14 years later, we know that the Dolts represent a lost civilization and a culture that closely paralleled our own, but which for some reason disappeared almost without a trace. We also know that the key principle that their culture was based on, and the prime mover in all facets of their development, was undoubtedly stupidity. In fact, scholars have discovered references to them in Chinese manuscripts of the First Dynasty, in which they are called "the turtle-minded ones from the sun's bedroom" and in ancient Hebrew scrolls, where they are referred to as "those who (make) Jehovah to laugh."

The early Doltic tribes of the Stone Age are lucky to have survived at all, since they lived in papier-mâché huts which they invariably built on the slopes of active volcanoes. After every eruption their medicine man would chant: "Earth God sick. Mountain throw up," and then throw a virgin coated with Pepto-Bismol into the volcano. Although not too bright, even in their tribal days the Dolts were extremely persistent; they are the only people we know of who succeeded in domesticating the rhinoceros and the rattlesnake, or wanted to. Their population was exceedingly small during this period, but by 2400 bc they had collected in sufficient numbers in Northern Europe to produce the earliest known

ADULT DOLT MALE



# DOLTS

slum area.

About the same time that the Roman Republic was being founded, the primitive Dolt tribes were also coming together to form what could be called the first true Doltic civilization. Legend has it that the Doltic nation was founded by a pair of Siamese twins who were suckled by a she-hamster. Like the Romans, the Dolts had one great city at the center of their Empire. It was called Doltoken, and from it sprang the slow leak of Dolt culture.

The Dolts religion was essentially pagan, with a large number of gods and goddesses, including: Gunzo, the goddess of hot flashes; Szelchni, the god of after-dinner remarks and one-liners; Wreltne, the goddess of rectal itch; and Barko, the god of cold cuts and war. The high priests of the religion wore magnificent gold headdresses studded with diamonds, emeralds, and bottle caps; robes of the finest silk and fur; and corduroy pants. Their chief priestly duty was to perform miracles at revival shows to keep faith strong. At these events, anyone who felt unsure about his religious feeling was brought forward, had his legs broken and was given a pair of crutches. This apparently convinced the puzzled Dolt masses of the priests' power and cut down on the demand for miracles.

As is the case with many other religions, the Dolts had incorporated into their dogma a ceremonial celebration of the attainment of manhood by boys. When a male Dolt reached the age of 13, he was hung by his genitals for two days and nights, while holding a bowling ball in each hand, all the while asking the traditional question, "Why is this night different from all other nights?" At the end of the ceremony, he was declared a man, or whatever, depending on how things went. His grandparents usually gave him a sundial or an appropriately enlarged toga. Eventually, as with many other

(continued)



ADULT DOLT FEMALE

(continued)

cultures, the Dolts turned to monotheism. They even developed a messiah story about a savior who was born of a virgin on a lonely night in a stable lighted by a bright star. He was visited by three kings, but when they arrived, they found that he had been eaten by a cow five minutes earlier. This may account for the Dolt's six-page bible and their somewhat gloomy outlook.

We really don't know very much about Dolt art because crayon deteriorates so quickly, but their chief vehicle seems to have been the coloring book. The only other art forms they worked regularly in were the tattoo and handpainted underwear. They did dabble lightly in ceramics, but they produced only rain gutters and ashtrays fashioned to look like the human hand with the middle finger extended in an obscene gesture. Like the Greeks the Dolts loved sports, and they had a yearly sports festival similar to the Olympics. It featured events like the five yard dash, the three-legged race, javelin-catching and a unique Dolt game called Dolnak, or "splatter." Splatter was by far the national favorite, and its players were considered heroes. The game was quite simple. Six very large, muscular Dolts were blindfolded and put into a small ring, and then each was given a 20-pound sledgehammer. The referees had strong stomachs and wore raincoats.

The first great Dolt leader was Attila the Turd. He was by nature power hungry, and he decided to use the mighty Dolt army to conquer the world. Since he was also a shrewd realist, he chose the African pygmy nation as his first target. Unfortunately, he failed to realize that once in Africa, his legions could not maintain their normal Dolt diet of prunes and All-Bran. Within a few months, his ranks were swept by constipation. After the first battle with the pygmies, 20,000 Dolts lay dead of lacerated ankles and calves. As a pigmy battle tower approached Attila and fired hundreds of teeny-weensy arrows into his navel, he is reputed to have said, "The whole Dolt kingdom for an enema." Alas, even when he raised his offer to 20 gold pieces, there were no takers, and Attila took his life in the traditional Dolt warrior suicide ritual of falling on a rock as often as necessary. After this one great moment of glory, the Dolts entered a period of military decline. They were conquered in turn by the Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Turks and the Swiss. In fact, they were conquered continually for a period of 600 years until the word got around that they were "easy," and no self-respecting conqueror would bother with them. A sad epitaph indeed for a people who invented the bow. One can only guess how things would have been if they had gotten around to inventing the arrow.

The Dolt empire soon sank into moral

decadence. The rich gorged themselves at gargantuan feasts on lavish dishes like cream farina with pine needles, fried oatmeal, rosebud stew and SpaghettiOs. Old moral codes disintegrated, and people indulged in disgusting sexual practices such as kissing on the mouth, slow dancing and sex in the nude. They constructed a huge arena, and thousands gathered to be entertained by barbaric spectacles like midget wrestling, nude baton twirling and blind roller derby. A great Dolt philosopher summed it all up when he said, "I have seen the best minds of my generation turn to crap."

When the barbarian hordes swept down from the North to overwhelm Rome, they almost overlooked the Dolts. Eventually they sent a herd of pack sheep to sack Doltoken, and legend has it that the High Priest had to plead with the lead sheep dog to spare the city. Unlike Rome, however, the Dolt culture was not totally destroyed by the barbarians because there wasn't any real resistance and to a barbarian, one hairy slob looks like another.

The remaining Dolts soon migrated to the East, apparently for the hell of it, and founded New Doltoken. There the second Dolt empire flourished, probably because the area, which in modern times was often Poland, was good prune country. Not much is known about the Dolts from this point on. We do know that they switched from writing on Jell-O to the more permanent tapioca, but this improvement in technique ruled out the development of the printing press. There is even some evidence that their culture mirrored Western Civilization's Age of Enlightenment and Exploration. They had a brief renaissance during which they graduated from coloring books to painting-by-the-numbers and produced their metaphysical thinker, Oscar SztENCH, who wrote: "I have gas, therefore I am." In this same period, they were responsible for a few bits of classical music, including the world's only known kazoo symphony and the world's first fetish novel, entitled *Hot Sneakers*. There are also indications that several years before Marco Polo brought back coal, silkworms and gunpowder, a Dolt explorer visited China and brought back fortune cookies, paper fans and clap. And around the same time that Isaac Newton sat under the apple tree and formulated his theory of gravity, a little known Dolt scientist, Edvard Dengue, sat under an avalanche and wrote a short treatise on contusions and cerebral hemorrhages before rigor mortis set in.

Like the dinosaurs, however, the Dolts simply disappeared, and by 1700, the dominant life form in the lands they once occupied was the Mountain Woodchuck. Several leading nutrition experts insist that the basic Dolt diet turns healthy laboratory mice into violations of the

Sanitary Code in less than a week, and have cages condemned by the Board of Health to prove it. They conclude that a similar fate befell the Dolts, and that may well have been the case. Unfortunately, since the Dolts were not in the habit of burying their dead but stuffed them and used them as door jambs and decorative planters, there is no way to tell for certain. There is the possibility that internal strife led them to kill each other off, but all the evidence points to the Dolts being unwarlike. A Dolt mother would not say to her son before a battle, "Come back with your shield . . . or on it." She would say "Come back with your shield . . . it costs money." There are other theories, some of them fairly wild, including the notion that the Dolts created an advanced civilization on the lost continent of Atlantis. That theory seems very unlikely, since it is difficult to imagine Dolts ever being able to get enough money together to pay the Greeks to build such a civilization for them, but it does offer several possible explanations for the legendary sinking of the continent. A small minority claims that the Dolts never existed at all, but there is too much contrary evidence to keep alive such a faint hope. Sir Kenneth Clark probably speaks for the majority when he says, "I don't think we shall ever know for certain where they came from or what happened to them, and, quite frankly, I can't see why anyone would want to."

Nevertheless, a few anthropologists have remained interested in the Dolts and have come to hold the view that they never died out at all but bred widely with other populations. Working with a high-speed computer of the sort used to match fighters of different periods in hypothetical bouts, these scientists arrived at a series of conclusions about the levels the Dolt civilization would have reached had it survived intact and the cultural profile individual Dolts would have shown. For example, the computer predicted that by 1950, the Dolts would have developed the plastic dogshit mat and the whoopee cushion, the flea collar and a practical means of travel to distant towns. In terms of the individual Dolt, the computer listed Pop-Tarts as their probable diet, Bob Hope as their favorite political satirist and Billy Graham as their chief religious figure. It picked Steve Reeves and Ann-Margaret as likely Dolt favorites in the field of dramatic acting, Lawrence Welk as a serious composer, and Agnew, Wallace and Himmeler as ideals in slatesmanship. It also put the probability of the survival of Dolt genetic traits at .9, or near certainty, and listed a number of tell-tale signs of Dolt ancestry to look for. They include mouth breathing, multiple tattoos, horsehead ties, extensive word-slurring, and an obsession for dismantling automobile engines. Good hunting. □

# The Great Kitsch Conspiracy Trial

Before it happened, few would have believed that our civil liberties could be threatened by so flimsy an issue as whether the fluff on Johnny Mathis's polo sweater was half an inch or three-quarters of an inch long. And now that it's over, there are many who would like to forget that it ever happened at all.

With this book on the Carlpepper trials, John M. Trevor reminds us that we cannot turn our backs on our mistakes if we are to prevent them from happening again. "The Popcorn Inquisition" combines his usual sensitive reportage with extracts from the official transcript. It is illustrated with the original television drawings.

The book provides an arresting portrait of Admiral Carlpepper, the man whose paranoid fears disrupted many lives, terrorized the entertainment industry and held the nation in suspense for over a year.

Mr. Trevor is a distinguished journalist. His articles have appeared in "The Washington Post," "The New Republic," and "The Atlantic Monthly." In 1968 he was awarded the Pulitzer prize in journalism for his "Saigon Journal."

We are privileged to present the following excerpts from Mr. Trevor's forthcoming book.

— THE EDITORS



**CARLPEPPER** People don't even know Kitsch when they see it anymore. I'll tell you what Kitsch is. Kitsch is the exploitation of sentiment for sentiment's sake. Like saying good night to your mother or Mrs. Calabash on national television.

**THE DEFENSE** Admiral Carlpepper, didn't you have a mother?

**CARLPEPPER** Of course, I did. But I never used my feelings for her to draw attention to myself. And I certainly never tried to turn her into a Mama Mia, a Mother Machree, or a Yiddische Momma just to get a laugh. Kitsch is doing in public what should only be done at home. Kitsch is Debbie Reynolds recording *Am I That Easy To Forget?* after Eddie left her. Kitsch is Eddie Fisher crying on stage in Las Vegas after Liz left him. Kitsch escalates, you see, because, like the Atom Bomb, Kitsch works by chain reaction!

(continued)

"If 'Laugh-In' keeps you in stitches, if you love Louis Armstrong's version of 'Hello, Dolly!', if you can't help humming along with 'Lara's Theme' from 'Dr. Zhivago' . . . then you've been victimized!"

— Adm. C. K. Carlpepper

(continued)

The Prosecuting Attorney named William Morris, International Famous, CMA, AGVA, AFTRA, Actors Equity, AFofM, BMI and ASCAP as being infiltrated with hardcore Kitsch agents.

**THE PROSECUTION** Where do you work?

**THE WITNESS** At the William Morris Agency in New York.

**THE PROSECUTION** How would you describe your job?

**THE WITNESS** I'm in television packaging.

**THE PROSECUTION** Yes, but what would you call yourself? A television packager?

**THE WITNESS** Well, I guess I'm an agent.

**THE PROSECUTION** Precisely.

\* \* \*

Among the expert witnesses subpoenaed by the Prosecution was Ed Sullivan.

**THE PROSECUTION** Isn't it a fact, Mr. Sullivan, that you have had as guests on your show Jackie Leonard, Jackie Mason, Jackie Kannon, Jackie Carter and Jackie Vernon?

**ED SULLIVAN** Yes, I can't deny that. But it was just coincidence.

**THE PROSECUTION** I see. Is it another coincidence that they all used the word "matzohball" to get a laugh?

**ED SULLIVAN** Well, there are no new jokes in the world, after all.

**THE PROSECUTION** Mr. Sullivan, in your estimation, would you say that matzohball is high Kitsch or low Kitsch?

**THE DEFENSE** Objection! Counsel is leading the witness.

\* \* \*

Will the Gabors Be Sent Back To Hungary?  
Sandy Dennis Goes to Speech Therapist...  
Before She Goes to Court!

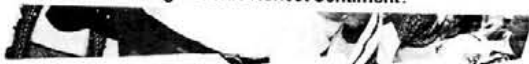
# SILVER SCREEN



EXCLUSIVE TO SILVER SCREEN!

## Anthony Quinn Sobs:

"I Didn't Know It Was Kitsch,  
I Thought It Was Honest Sentiment!"



One of the Prosecutor's favorite ploys was to show random snippets of supposedly Kitsch-tainted films. Often, he succeeded only in confusing the issue, not to mention himself.

**A MEMBER OF THE JURY** But, your Honor, isn't this the same film we saw yesterday? Why do we have to sit through this twice?

**THE PROSECUTION** The film we have been watching is *The Bells of St. Mary's*. Yesterday you saw *Going My Way*. Yet it has just been demonstrated that even an objective jury cannot tell them apart.

**THE COURT** I think if you examine the record you'll find that the film we saw yesterday was *Fighting Father Dunne*.

\* \* \*



"The hallmark of a trained and dedicated Kitsch agent is that he's always crying on your shoes."

— Adm. C. K. Carlpepper

## PORTRAIT OF A KITSCH-HUNTER

While stationed in the Pacific shortly after Pearl Harbor, Admiral Carlpepper was making an inspection tour below decks. He was shocked to find, instead of a Betty Grable pinup, a picture of Eddie Cantor on the wall next to an able seaman's bunk. He took this as a sign of a subtle plot to undermine the moral fiber of America.

After the war, the threat of such a conspiracy continued to haunt him. He retired from the peacetime navy to devote 25 years and much of his personal income from the Carlpepper family popcorn fortune ("We use real butter") to assembling evidence of the supposed collusion among individuals in all fields of the entertainment industry.

When Carlpepper branded show business notables as subversive agents, he naturally gained the attention of the press. He drew to him a few supporters, some sincere in their allegiance to his theories, others simply self-seeking. Past Administrations had dismissed Carlpepper as a harmless fanatic. But when he was able at last to gain the ear of the Attorney General, his case against the Kitsch Conspiracy was finally brought to trial.

No one can doubt the man was sincere in his beliefs. It is possible that some of his more extreme accusations were the result of poor advice from his attorneys. But, given a chance for drama, he played it to the hilt.



**THE DEFENSE** But, Admiral, this is ridiculous! You can't change popular taste. The entertainment industry is in the business of serving the taste of the American people. If you can call *How Much Is that Doggie in the Window?* Kitsch, then you might as well say that President Nixon himself was being un-American when he told the nation how much he loved his little dog Checkers! Here you are making Kitsch agents out of Jack Parr, Joey Bishop and Red Skelton simply because they cried on television. Senator Edward Kennedy cried on television. Does that make him soft on Kitsch?

**CARLPEPPER** Perhaps you don't realize the gravity of the situation. This is a matter of national survival. While millions of young Russians and Chinese thrill to martial music, what do our young folk listen to? Simon and Garfunkel! Ever since *Abie's Irish Rose*, time has been running out for America. Kitsch is not just an honest laugh, a few honest tears — Kitsch is the exploitation by subversive agents of the precious stockpile of American emotion. If you can't see that, then you're out of step with me and every other right-minded American. I cried when my dear wife passed away. I cried when Herbert Hoover died. But if you cried at the end of *Midnight Cowboy*, you've been duped!

**CARLPEPPER** My record will speak for itself. I've never shown bias against a man because he was Jewish, Italian or Irish Catholic. But I call the Jury's attention to the fact that there's no English word for Kitsch — and that Tony Curtis's real name is Bernie Schwartz. Even after he changed it, what did he change it to? Tony. Hardly a Swedish name.

**THE DEFENSE** But, Admiral Carlpepper, Kitsch is not a Yiddish word — it's a German word, originally. How do you account for that?

**CARLPEPPER** Yes, and Karl Marx was a German name, too . . . originally.

The Hotel Lafayette began to look like The Beverly Hilton. A constant stream of celebrities came to watch the proceedings. Artistic temperament often made it difficult for some to refrain from getting in on the act.

**CARLPEPPER** When I saw Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Bing Crosby up there on the screen singing *You Gotta Give the People Hoke*, I knew I was on the right track.

**A VOICE** Maybe it was Kitsch — but it sold a lot of popcorn for you, you hypocritical son of a bitch!

**THE COURT** Mr. Marshal, will you please remove Miss Kitt from the courtroom.



(continued)

### THE DEFENDANTS

Admiral Carlpepper's blacklist featured a cast of thousands. At one time or another, he lashed out at every branch of the entertainment industry. But even he could not arraign everyone whom he accused of "tripe, hokum, slip-slop and cheap sentimentality." He was able to manufacture a case against 10 show business personalities. One of Admiral Carlpepper's pet theories was that Kitsch ran rife among Jews, Italians and Irish Catholics, and most of his suspects were drawn from these ethnic groups.

**BARBRA STREISAND**  
**DEAN MARTIN**  
**JERRY LEWIS**  
**FRANK SINATRA**  
**SAMMY DAVIS JR.**

**HENRY MANCINI**  
**MICKEY ROONEY**  
**JACKIE GLEASON**  
**MELANIE**  
**MYRON COHEN**

For 11 months, the seal of justice of a United States Federal Court hung from the faded velvet curtains of the main ballroom in Washington's old Hotel Lafayette. It was probably the first time that a trial had been held in a hotel ballroom. But then, it was certainly the first time that witnesses were obliged to sing, dance and tell jokes as part of their testimony.

The trial was delayed by lengthy preliminaries. Selecting the jury took two months. After repeatedly excusing prospective jurors for cause, the Prosecution ended up with a hand-picked jury.

The Prosecuting Attorney told and retold a joke about the old Irishman who went to see the Pope. Those who still had a twinkle in their eyes after hearing it three times were excluded from jury duty.

\* \* \*



Of the countless show business people who were called upon to testify, very few failed to make an appearance. Carlpepper did his best to make a refusal to testify seem like part of the Conspiracy. The following exchange occurred during the testimony of Witness Tony Bennett:

**"Every time Dustin Hoffman gazes into Mia Farrow's eyes, American civilization crumbles a little."**  
— Adm. C. K. Carlpepper



**THE PROSECUTION** This part, where you take off your jacket and loosen your tie, and then you turn the chair around backwards to sit on it . . . would you call this "a bit"?

**TONY BENNETT** Yes, I suppose so.

**THE PROSECUTION** Would you describe for the benefit of the Jury the difference between a bit and a "shtick"?

**TONY BENNETT** I don't see what you're getting at.

**A VOICE** You know very well what he's getting at!

**THE COURT** Admiral Carlpepper, let me remind you once again that you are not testifying at the moment.

\* \* \*

**THE DEFENSE** Miss Gorme, Mr. Lawrence . . . The Prosecution has made quite an issue out of your kissing and hugging each other 27 times, or whatever it was, on *The Andy Williams Show*. But it is true, is it not, that you are married?

**EYDIE GORME** Yes, and happily so.

**STEVE LAWRENCE** You betcha!

(*applause from the spectators*)

**THE PROSECUTION** Your Honor, they are kissing now! Look at them, they are kissing now! I demand that this be indicated in the record.

\* \* \*

**THE PROSECUTION** Mr. Humperdinck, wouldn't you say that your pants are too tight for comfort?

**THE DEFENSE** Your Honor, I object again! The witness on the stand at the moment is not Mr. Humperdinck, but Mr. Tom Jones. I fail to see how Counsel can always get these two names confused.

\* \* \*

Dion Di Mucci, formerly of Dion and the Belmonts, but now a solo artist, was one of the many who had to perform before an unsympathetic audience — the Prosecuting Attorney.

**DION** (sings)

*Each time we have a quarrel it almost breaks  
my heart,  
'Cause I am so afraid that we will have to part,  
Each night I ask the stars up above:  
Why must I be a teenager in luh-uv?*

© Copyright 1959 by Hill and Range Songs, Inc.

But that was in the old days. I don't do Kitsch any more.

**THE PROSECUTION** In that case, how would you describe your recent hit for which you are still receiving royalties, *Abraham, Martin and John*?

**DION** You can't call that Kitsch! It's Ethel Kennedy's favorite song!

\* \* \*

The Prosecution resorted to somewhat questionable tactics more than once in the trial. Liza Minnelli was asked to sing *Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head*. This request may have been a deliberate attempt to lead her into a trap. In mid-song, she confused the words "raindrops" and "rainbow," breaking into what everyone except the Prosecutor agreed was a heartbreaking rendition of her mother's trademark. In any case, it is difficult to believe that the Prosecutor was making an honest mistake when he referred to the title of a Judy Garland album as *Three Hours of Just Kitsch* instead of *Three Hours of Just Pow*.

\* \* \*

**THE KITSCH TRIAL**

**Billboard**

The International Music-Record-Tape Newsweekly

CARTER TV PAGE 24  
HOT 100 PAGE 52  
TOP LP PAGE 58

**WORST BETS** (BASED ON 1970-71 AND LP SALES)

This Week	Last Week	Artist	This Week	Last Week	Artist
4	1	Billie Holiday	42	43	Martha Chamberlain
11	10	Lena Horne	43	44	Ray Charles
12	11	Frank Sinatra	44	45	Martha Chamberlain
13	12	Frank Sinatra	45	46	The Supremes
14	13	Frank Sinatra	46	47	The Supremes
15	14	Frank Sinatra	47	48	The Supremes
16	15	Frank Sinatra	48	49	The Supremes
17	16	Frank Sinatra	49	50	The Supremes
18	17	Frank Sinatra	50	51	The Supremes
19	18	Frank Sinatra	51	52	The Supremes
20	19	Frank Sinatra	52	53	The Supremes
21	20	Frank Sinatra	53	54	The Supremes
22	21	Frank Sinatra	54	55	The Supremes
23	22	Frank Sinatra	55	56	The Supremes
24	23	Frank Sinatra	56	57	The Supremes
25	24	Frank Sinatra	57	58	The Supremes
26	25	Frank Sinatra	58	59	The Supremes
27	26	Frank Sinatra	59	60	The Supremes
28	27	Frank Sinatra	60	61	The Supremes
29	28	Frank Sinatra	61	62	The Supremes
30	29	Frank Sinatra	62	63	The Supremes
31	30	Frank Sinatra	63	64	The Supremes
32	31	Frank Sinatra	64	65	The Supremes
33	32	Frank Sinatra	65	66	The Supremes
34	33	Frank Sinatra	66	67	The Supremes
35	34	Frank Sinatra	67	68	The Supremes
36	35	Frank Sinatra	68	69	The Supremes
37	36	Frank Sinatra	69	70	The Supremes
38	37	Frank Sinatra	70	71	The Supremes
39	38	Frank Sinatra	71	72	The Supremes
40	39	Frank Sinatra	72	73	The Supremes
41	40	Frank Sinatra	73	74	The Supremes
42	41	Frank Sinatra	74	75	The Supremes
43	42	Frank Sinatra	75	76	The Supremes
44	43	Frank Sinatra	76	77	The Supremes
45	44	Frank Sinatra	77	78	The Supremes
46	45	Frank Sinatra	78	79	The Supremes
47	46	Frank Sinatra	79	80	The Supremes
48	47	Frank Sinatra	80	81	The Supremes
49	48	Frank Sinatra	81	82	The Supremes
50	49	Frank Sinatra	82	83	The Supremes
51	50	Frank Sinatra	83	84	The Supremes
52	51	Frank Sinatra	84	85	The Supremes
53	52	Frank Sinatra	85	86	The Supremes
54	53	Frank Sinatra	86	87	The Supremes
55	54	Frank Sinatra	87	88	The Supremes
56	55	Frank Sinatra	88	89	The Supremes
57	56	Frank Sinatra	89	90	The Supremes
58	57	Frank Sinatra	90	91	The Supremes
59	58	Frank Sinatra	91	92	The Supremes
60	59	Frank Sinatra	92	93	The Supremes
61	60	Frank Sinatra	93	94	The Supremes
62	61	Frank Sinatra	94	95	The Supremes
63	62	Frank Sinatra	95	96	The Supremes
64	63	Frank Sinatra	96	97	The Supremes
65	64	Frank Sinatra	97	98	The Supremes
66	65	Frank Sinatra	98	99	The Supremes
67	66	Frank Sinatra	99	100	The Supremes
68	67	Frank Sinatra	100	101	The Supremes
69	68	Frank Sinatra	101	102	The Supremes
70	69	Frank Sinatra	102	103	The Supremes
71	70	Frank Sinatra	103	104	The Supremes
72	71	Frank Sinatra	104	105	The Supremes
73	72	Frank Sinatra	105	106	The Supremes
74	73	Frank Sinatra	106	107	The Supremes
75	74	Frank Sinatra	107	108	The Supremes
76	75	Frank Sinatra	108	109	The Supremes
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81	80	Frank Sinatra	113	114	The Supremes
82	81	Frank Sinatra	114	115	The Supremes
83	82	Frank Sinatra	115	116	The Supremes
84	83	Frank Sinatra	116	117	The Supremes
85	84	Frank Sinatra	117	118	The Supremes
86	85	Frank Sinatra	118	119	The Supremes
87	86	Frank Sinatra	119	120	The Supremes
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89	88	Frank Sinatra	121	122	The Supremes
90	89	Frank Sinatra	122	123	The Supremes
91	90	Frank Sinatra	123	124	The Supremes
92	91	Frank Sinatra	124	125	The Supremes
93	92	Frank Sinatra	125	126	The Supremes
94	93	Frank Sinatra	126	127	The Supremes
95	94	Frank Sinatra	127	128	The Supremes
96	95	Frank Sinatra	128	129	The Supremes
97	96	Frank Sinatra	129	130	The Supremes
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101	100	Frank Sinatra	133	134	The Supremes
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103	102	Frank Sinatra	135	136	The Supremes
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123	122	Frank Sinatra	155	156	The Supremes
124	123	Frank Sinatra	156	157	The Supremes
125	124	Frank Sinatra	157	158	The Supremes
126	125	Frank Sinatra	158	159	The Supremes
127	126	Frank Sinatra	159	160	The Supremes
128	127	Frank Sinatra	160	161	The Supremes
129	128	Frank Sinatra	161	162	The Supremes
130	129	Frank Sinatra	162	163	The Supremes
131	130	Frank Sinatra	163	164	The Supremes
132	131	Frank Sinatra	164	165	The Supremes
133	132	Frank Sinatra	165	166	The Supremes
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135	134	Frank Sinatra	167	168	The Supremes
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141	140	Frank Sinatra	173	174	The Supremes
142	141	Frank Sinatra	174	175	The Supremes
143	142	Frank Sinatra	175	176	The Supremes
144	143	Frank Sinatra	176	177	The Supremes
145	144	Frank Sinatra	177	178	The Supremes
146	145	Frank Sinatra	178	179	The Supremes
147	146	Frank Sinatra	179	180	The Supremes
148	147	Frank Sinatra	180	181	The Supremes
149	148	Frank Sinatra	181	182	The Supremes
150	149	Frank Sinatra	182	183	The Supremes
151	150	Frank Sinatra	183	184	The Supremes
152	151	Frank Sinatra	184	185	The Supremes
153	152	Frank Sinatra	185	186	The Supremes
154	153	Frank Sinatra	186	187	The Supremes
155	154	Frank Sinatra	187	188	The Supremes
156	155	Frank Sinatra	188	189	The Supremes
157	156	Frank Sinatra	189	190	The Supremes
158	157	Frank Sinatra	190	191	The Supremes
159	158	Frank Sinatra	191	192	The Supremes
160	159	Frank Sinatra	192	193	The Supremes
161	160	Frank Sinatra	193	194	The Supremes
162	161	Frank Sinatra	194	195	The Supremes
163	162	Frank Sinatra	195	196	The Supremes
164	163	Frank Sinatra	196	197	The Supremes
165	164	Frank Sinatra	197	198	The Supremes
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173	172	Frank Sinatra	205	206	The Supremes
174	173	Frank Sinatra	206	207	The Supremes
175	174	Frank Sinatra	207	208	The Supremes
176	175	Frank Sinatra	208	209	The Supremes
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183	182	Frank Sinatra	215	216	The Supremes
184	183	Frank Sinatra	216	217	The Supremes
185	184	Frank Sinatra	217	218	The Supremes
186	185	Frank Sinatra	218	219	The Supremes
187	186	Frank Sinatra	219	220	The Supremes
188	187	Frank Sinatra	220	221	The Supremes
189	188	Frank Sinatra	221	222	The Supremes
190	189	Frank Sinatra	222	223	The Supremes
191	190	Frank Sinatra	223	224	The Supremes
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202	201	Frank Sinatra	234	235	The Supremes
203	202	Frank Sinatra	235	236	The Supremes
204	203	Frank Sinatra	236	237	The Supremes
205	204	Frank Sinatra	237	238	The Supremes
206					

(continued)

Several times, Carlpepper made what was to him a meaningful distinction between "wrong-headed but not un-American Plastic" and "subversive, fiber-rotting Kitsch." He claimed that even a piece of well-intentioned Plastic could easily be infiltrated, thus opening the door to Kitsch.

**CARLPEPPER** "*Salagodoola, menchika boola, bibbidi-bob-bidi-boo . . .*" I refuse to believe that Walt Disney could have written that himself.

**THE DEFENSE** Don't you think Mr. Disney knew what his own employees were up to?

**CARLPEPPER** By the time he found out some of his staff had Kitsch sympathies, it was too late — and that's what killed him.

\* \* \*

Carlpepper granted that most TV situation comedies were by and large "merely Plastic," although he suggested that shows like *Julia*, or *Make Room For Granddaddy* with Danny Thomas, were borderline cases. Broadway musicals did not fare so well:

**CARLPEPPER** I know what I said, I said that *Fiddler on the Roof* was the most rotten apple in a polluted barrel. And I said that any musical with an exclamation mark in the title was automatically Kitsch. But I didn't say all musicals.

**THE DEFENSE** I'm reading from the transcript right here, where you say: "Broadway is a seething slimepit of Kitsch. And, to our nation's shame, musicals like *Man of La Mancha* and *Hair* are spreading this slime to other countries in their international productions." That sounds like a fairly scathing denunciation of everything on Broadway to me.

\* \* \*

**THE DEFENSE** Did you or did you not direct a member of your personal staff to obtain a complete list of every guest invited to Truman Capote's masquerade ball?

**CARLPEPPER** I don't have to answer that.

**THE DEFENSE** All right then, Admiral Carlpepper. Did you tell reporters, shortly after that same ball, that Leonard Bernstein, the distinguished symphony conductor, was in the pay of Truman Capote, and that *West Side Story* was marshmallow fudge?

**CARLPEPPER** I may have said something of the sort, yes.

**THE DEFENSE** Even though Mr. Bernstein is a conductor of serious classical music, you are willing to accuse him of being a Kitsch agent?

**CARLPEPPER** Classical music is full of Kitsch! Look at opera! Who knows what they're singing in Italian? What about Irish tenors? John McCormack singing *Danny Boy*, or Lili Pons singing anything. What else can you call it but Kitsch? Why did the whole world cry along with Mario Lanza just because he was too fat to star in *The Student Prince*?

\* \* \*

**CARLPEPPER** I have proof positive that Mr. Sammy Davis Jr. is a Jew who went so far as to convert to Negritude in the interests of the Kitsch Conspiracy.

**THE DEFENSE** Admiral Carlpepper, let me remind you that you are under oath.

\* \* \*

**CARLPEPPER** Don't underestimate the effectiveness of their propaganda. They have the communications industry tied up. And it's no long step from seeing Judy Garland in a top hat and tails to being grabbed by the balls in the men's room during the intermission! I've seen them dancing cheek-to-cheek to *Strangers in the Night*! . . . I've seen them on the beaches in their see-through jockstraps, listening to *The Impossible Dream* on Japanese transistor radios! And if you can't see that *The Impossible Dream* is Kitsch, you'd better take a long look at yourself!

\* \* \*

**CARLPEPPER** That's right, go ahead, laugh! You reporters had your little joke in the papers about how I have a nose for Kitsch. Well, let me tell you, it's no joke. I can smell it out.

**A VOICE** What does it smell like, Admiral?

**CARLPEPPER** You know what it smells like. It smells like chicken soup, pepperoni, and corned beef and cabbage!

\* \* \*

The final 90 minutes of Carlpepper's testimony were drowned in laughter. Each new allegation was wilder than the last. Years of preparation, months of waiting in the wings and the intense strain of the past few days had taken their toll.

Perhaps he felt he owed it to his public to bring the house down with a climactic finale. Or perhaps some last strand of reason had suddenly given way. When asked to step down, Admiral Carlpepper seemed reluctant to quit the witness stand. He stood gripping the edge as though it were a tiller, his knuckles white. A marshal had to lead him back to his seat.

The Prosecuting Attorney lost no time in bringing on what he obviously regarded as his prize witness — a trained seal who played *The Star-Spangled Banner*. As the seal played the opening notes, a flushed and eager Carlpepper rose to the occasion:

**CARLPEPPER** That's not Kitsch, it's our national anthem, and it's beautiful! It's Old Glory snapping in the morning breeze! It's the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *The Stars and Stripes Forever*! It's Independence Day! It's Veterans' Day! It's the majorettes at the Rose Bowl! It's the Rockettes in the Easter Show on the great stage at Radio City Music Hall! It's Bob Hope and Martha Raye on a USO tour! It's *The Four Freedoms* by Norman Rockwell! It's Glenn Campbell singing *Galveston*! It's Apollo 12! It's Ma and Pa Kettle on the farm! It's Shirley Temple in *The Little Colonel*! It's James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*! It's Georgie Jessel saluting the flag! It's George M. Cohan in person!

*You're a grand old flag,  
You're a high-flying flag,  
And forever in peace may you wave . . .*

*Ev'ry heart beats true  
'Neath the Red, White and Blue,  
Where there's never a boast or a brag,*

*But should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eye on the grand old flag!*

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Carlpepper strutted up and down in front of the jury box twirling his cane and singing at the top of his lungs as though he were George M. Cohan come to life.



Even while the Court was granting the Defense's pro forma motion for a dismissal, reporters were already leaving the ballroom to file stories on the end of the trial.

\* \* \*

**“John Philip Sousa is one thing,  
and Ethel Merman something else again.”**

**— Adm. C. K. Carlpepper**



It was all over but the shouting. Admiral Carlpepper retired to the family home in Newport News, Virginia. He did not long outlive his notoriety. The entertainment industry, crippled by Carlpepper's onslaught, struggled shakily back to its feet.

Today, Carlpepper, colorful as he was, may seem like a puny figure. One wonders how he was ever able to persuade the United States Government to take him seriously.

After all, show business is by nature very much in the public eye. If a Kitsch Conspiracy had existed, Carlpepper would not have been the only one to spot it. If so many show busi-

ness figures were actually guilty of Kitsch, wouldn't the American people have known? Americans are no fools. They could not have gone on watching TV day after day without realizing that what they were seeing was Kitsch.

Carlpepperism was no mass movement. The Conspiracy trial was the work of one man — aided by the folly of our elected representatives, on whom the true blame must fall. But if ever again we allow the government to drag our most beloved entertainers into court for the crime of expressing the full range of their emotions, then we will have nobody to blame but ourselves. □

# OUR DO-IT-YOURSELF HERITAGE

BY MICHEL CHOQUETTE & SEAN KELLY

With DRAWINGS  
BY MICHAEL GROSS

## NEW ENGLAND CHOWDER TUREEN

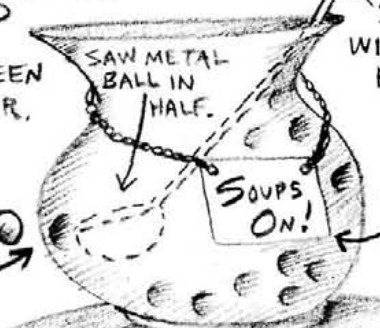
### U. WILL NEED:

- 1 METAL SPITTOON, PREFERABLY BRASS
- 1 AUTOMOBILE HUBCAP
- 1 FLOATING BALL-ARM FROM TOILET (WITH METAL BALL)
- 1 24" BATHTUB STOPPER CHAIN
- 1 PIECE 1/4" PLYWOOD, 2" X 3" (FINISHED ONE SIDE)

PEBBLED FINISH  
ACHIEVED  
WITH  
BALL-PEEN  
HAMMER.



SAW METAL  
BALL IN  
HALF.



BEND  
ARM.

SPRAY  
WITH WHITE  
ENAMEL.

TRACE  
LETTERING  
WITH  
PENCIL

BEFORE  
USING  
WOODBURN-  
ING KIT.

FLATTEN FOR STABILITY

## NOVELTY NECKLACE

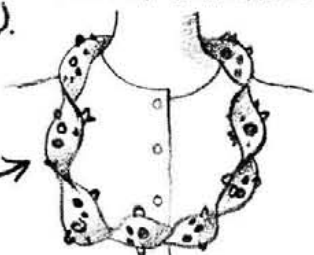
HERE'S AN E-Z ONE!

1 ROLL OF UNUSED FLYPAPER  
ASSORTED FRAGMENTS OF BROKEN GLASS  
SILVER PRAGEES (COMMERCIALY AVAILABLE  
CAKE DECORATIONS).

USE NO GLUE,  
JUST PRESS  
ONTO FLYPAPER.

WATCH OUT  
FOR STICKY  
FINGERS!

SAFETY TIP: FILE DOWN THOSE  
SHARP EDGES FOR JUNIOR.



TRY THIS! FOR PARTIES, PROVIDE  
EACH GUEST WITH FLYPAPER AND  
A BOWL OF CHIPPED GLASS.  
SEE WHO MAKES  
THE PRETTIEST  
NECKLACE!

## CIGAR HUMIDOR



REMOVE NECK OF OLD BANJO.

SAUCEPAN LID KEEPS CIGARS FRESH.



HINT:  
A BOOK MAKES A  
GOOD DOORSTOPPER!

# Did you know?

POP-TOPS FROM SOFT DRINK CANS MAKE A FLORAL DESIGN FOR WALL SWITCH. (THANK TO AL BEANLANDS OF VANCOUVER, CANADA FOR THIS IDEA!)

## BEATNIK SANDALS

USE SHARP KITCHEN KNIFE TO MAKE INCISION IN HOT WATER BOTTLE.



FOR AUTHENTIC 'DIRT' EFFECT, RUB TOES WITH CARBON PAPER.

TO BE REALLY COOL, USE DIFFERENT COLOR HOT WATER BOTTLES.

## FAMILY FOTO FRAME

'FRAME' YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WITH A DISCARDED TWO-SEATER.

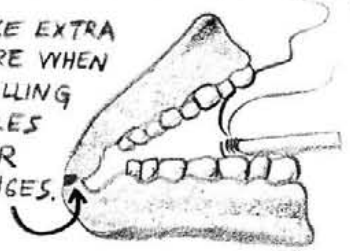


1. CLEAN.
2. SAND.
3. LACQUER.

### CONVERSATION PIECE

FALSE TEETH MAKE AN UNUSUAL ASHTRAY.

TAKE EXTRA CARE WHEN DRILLING HOLES FOR HINGES.

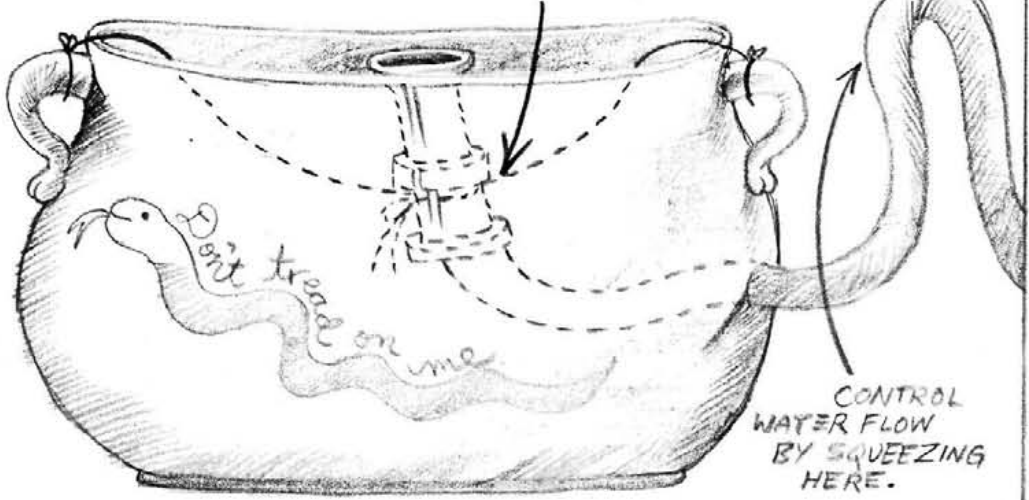


## FRENCH BIDET

(BEE-DAY)

DRILL 3/4" HOLE IN CHAMBER POT, INSERT GARDEN HOSE.

WIRE HOLDS NOZZLE IN PLACE.



As California goes, so goes the nation . . .

# THE PIED PIPER OF BURBANK

by Sean Kelly and  
Michel Choquette

(A warped recollection of the poem  
by Robert Browning).

I.

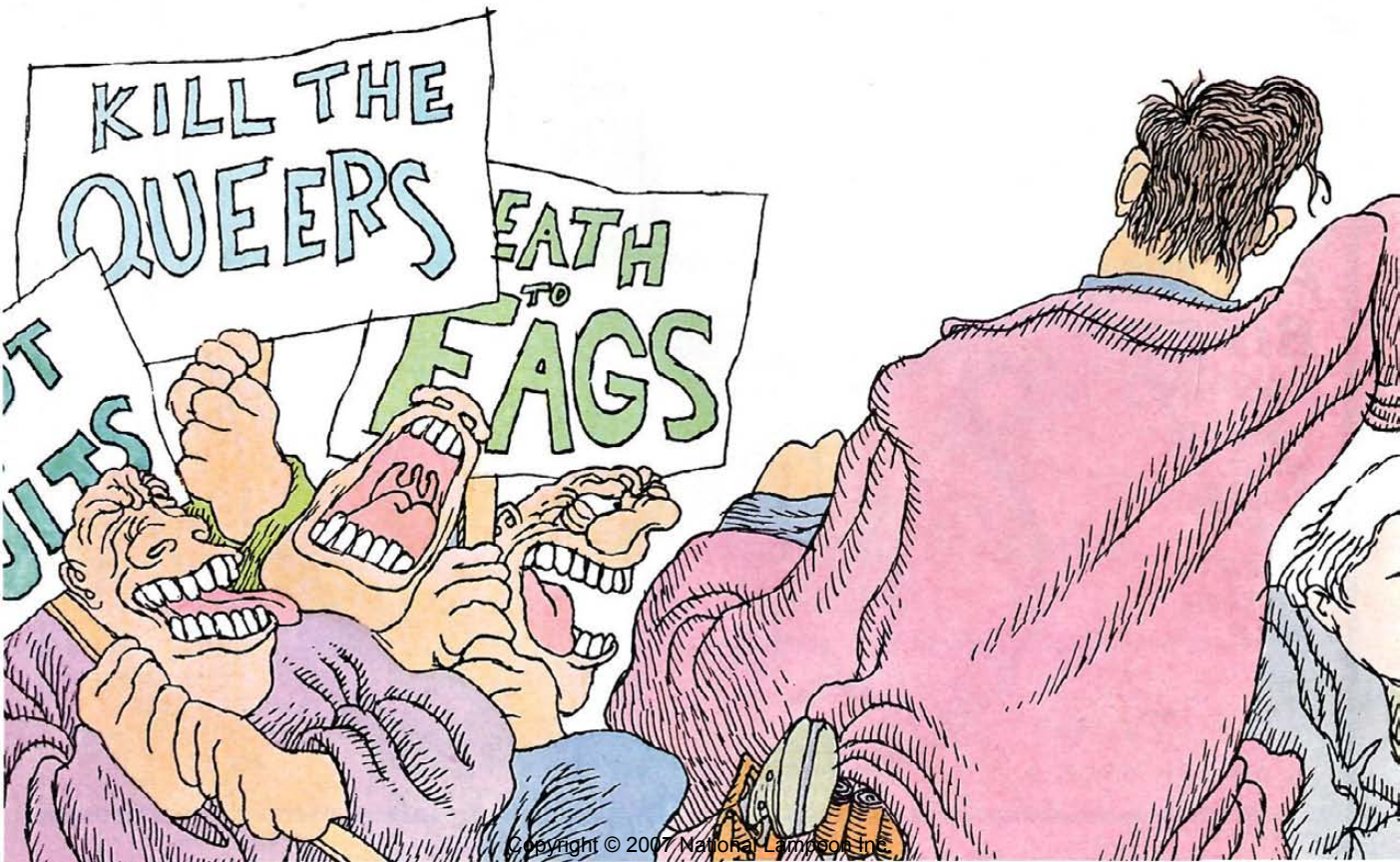
Remember California,  
Just west of Carson City?  
The blue Pacific, wild and great,  
Has washed the guilt from the Golden Gate,  
But not the guilt from that sinful State,  
As you'll hear in my ditty.  
To see the morals of mankind  
Most decadently undermined  
By perverts was a pity.

II.

Fags!  
They edited the fashion mags,  
Had strangleholds on arts and letters,  
Wrote TV dramas, ads and gags,  
Enslaved the State in their fuchsia fetters;  
Designed and sold outrageous rags,  
With matching hats and evening bags,  
And astronomical price tags,  
Exploiting the passion  
Of ladies for fashion,  
To finance campy drag queen jags.

III.

Until the day when all the local  
Folk cried, "Time for the death row, rack, lash!  
The silent majority's finally vocal,  
And calls for the hour of the hetero backlash!  
To think we elected you, cinema straight-man,  
A stick-to-your-mate, Commie-hate, church and state man!  
Do something extreme now, before it's too late, man!  
We can't tell our hippie-haired sons from our daughters,  
There's dope in the air and fluoride in the waters,  
Our wives are in trousers, and as for our sons,  
They're handing out flowers and boycotting guns!  
Hell, we'll vote Democrat if a decent one runs!"  
The Governor, at this declaration  
Quaked, with a mighty consternation.



IV.

The caucus met in despair. Out  
The window the mad mob chanted.  
Bald councillors tore their hair out,  
The Governor raved and ranted,  
And all were galvanized with mortal  
Fear by a rap at the chamber portal.

V.

"Yes?" said the Governor, fixing a grin,  
And a cool and curious man stepped in.  
His costume was in doubtful taste;  
His shirt was open to the waist,  
His pants were tight around the hips,  
His boots were pointed at the tips,  
A strange smile flickered on his lips;  
In short, he was a striking sight,  
So handsome he could pass for white.

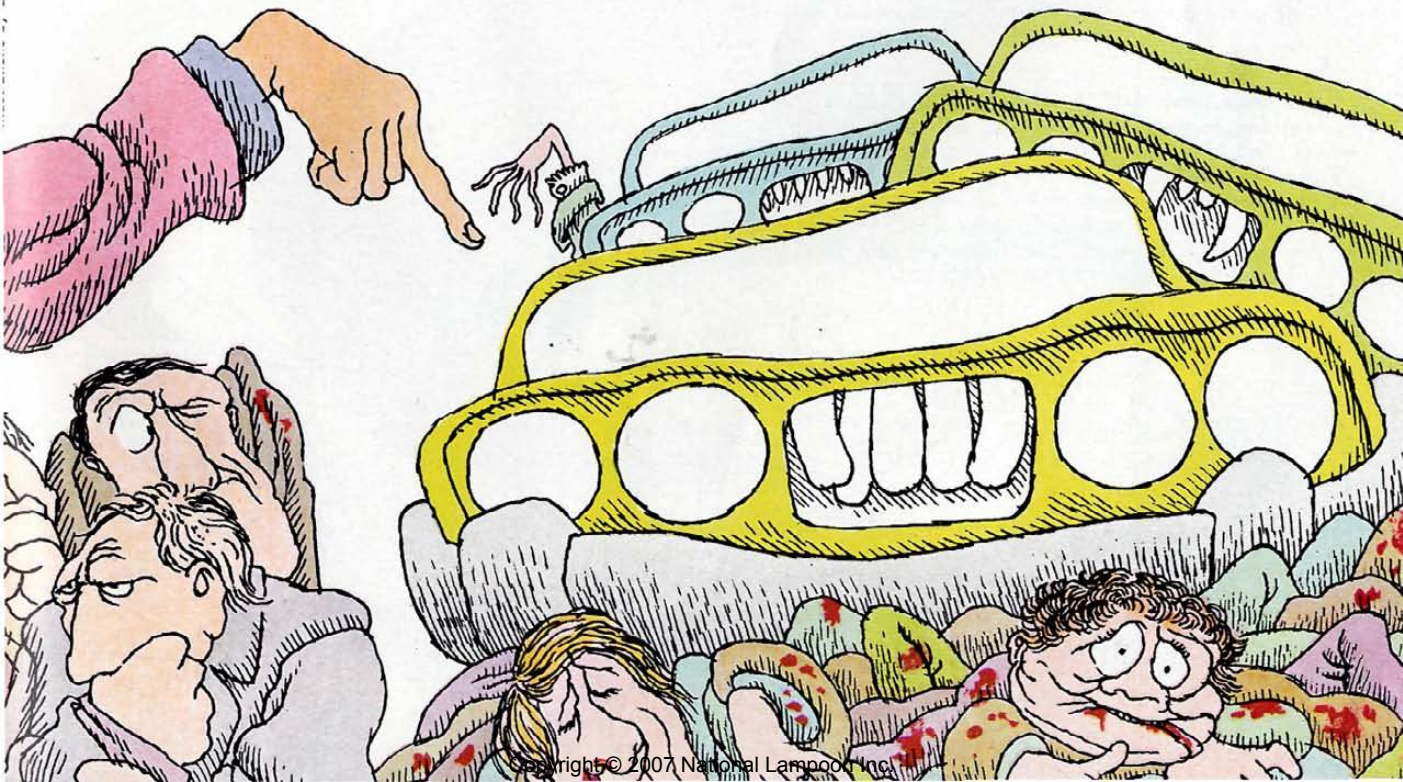
VI.

He advanced to the council table;  
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All living creatures beneath the sun  
That creep or swim or fly or run,  
After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm.  
I marshal suicide parades,  
And I'm called," he said, "the Queen of Spades."  
And here they noticed around his throat  
The type of cordless microphone  
That deejays use to do a remote  
(Or nightclub singers, like Vic Damone).  
"Yes, I'm the one who was effectual  
In driving every intellectual  
Out of Idaho. I'm the pixie  
Who led the Democrats out of Dixie.  
I've worked as an exterminator  
In Warsaw, Moscow, and some time later  
I rid Greek generals of some pests.  
If I rid you of what infests  
Your State, will you give me a thousand dollars?"  
"A hundred thousand!" the Governor hollers.

VII.

Into the street stepped the Queen of Spades,  
And, winking, flipped the hand-mike switch;  
Launched into *Humperdinck* Serenades,  
And a batch of Steve 'n' Eydie kitsch,  
Building to one of his surefire bits  
A medley of Streisand hits.  
And as he trilled in a sweet falsetto,  
A tremor rose in the great gay ghetto,  
And the tremor grew to a tiptoe stamping,  
The lisp of leather and silk hips vamping,  
As into the streets the fags came, camping.  
Some abandoned Phys. Ed. classes,  
(continued)



(continued)

Setting hair or saying masses,  
Shattered window-display glasses

Where they had been placing "Simply  
Perfect prints for plain or posh rooms,"

To giggle in the streets with pimply  
Sailor boys from bus-stop washrooms.  
Rough-trade masseurs lumbered, wincing  
In the sunlight. Strutting, mincing,  
Screaming pink-haired faggots danced  
To the Spade Queen's song, and the crowd advanced  
To the Freeway, in one of its wildest hours.  
It mowed them down like a field of flowers.

One fag survived, shaken and scarred,  
And sold his memoirs to *Avant Garde*,  
Which read: "I heard *The Impossible Dream*,  
And the hissing whisper of sauna steam,  
And a blond Boy Scout's half-frightened scream,  
In a land of whips and whipping cream;  
And the murmur of surf on a sun-bleached beach,  
And a Princess phone within easy reach,  
Tinkling with dates and friendly hellos  
From pouting lads and husky fellows;  
And Tiffany lampshades and hipbucker jeans . . .

I found myself starting to drool at the cry  
Of 'Gay Liberation and Long Live the Queens!  
The world has turned into the pool at the Y!  
So pitch in! Switch in! Stop your bitchin'!  
Suddenly the country's itchin'  
For the very thing we're rich in!  
Fairies in gardens and kitsch in the kitchen!  
And Mom was the only girl in town,  
Waiting for me in her wedding gown . . .  
. . . Then the Freeway traffic came roaring down."

### VIII.

The citizens cheered, although some found it odd  
That the school board and half the morality squad  
Had followed the singer. The Governor said:

"If it weren't so subversive, I'd paint the town red!

Let's ban beads and bangles, and shirts without collars,  
And peace signs and incense." (applause, lusty cheers)

"And blockade the border to keep out the queers!"

(Hysterical cheering!) "And . . ." Now who appears

But the singer, with "First, my thousand dollars!"

### IX.

"A thousand dollars!" the Governor scoffed;  
His councillors shifted their feet and coughed.

That kind of money, they knew, would pay  
For a Tijuana holiday,

Which the tired Governor clearly deserved,  
After the strenuous term he'd served.

"You sing like an angel," the Governor said,

"But not even you can awaken the dead.

So I guess," he concluded, as calm as a clam,

"Our business was finished in that traffic jam.

An unwritten contract ain't worth a sweet damn,

And if you aren't certain of that, *I am*.

I appointed the judges. But listen here, Sam —

Here's ten bucks for your trouble. Now take it and scam."

### X.

The Spade Queen grinned and he said, "Shee-it!  
Just gimme the bread, man, and I'll split.

I gotta play another gig

In the Gaza Strip tonight. But dig:

The cats who jive me, very soon

Find I can blow a different tune."

### XI.

"I'll bust you for singing without a permit,"

The Governor said. "That's a two year term. It  
Isn't my habit to be insulted

By street musicians. Now, I've consulted

The Union, and they and I agree

There's no way you can collect your fee."

### XII.

The Black Man took to the street again,

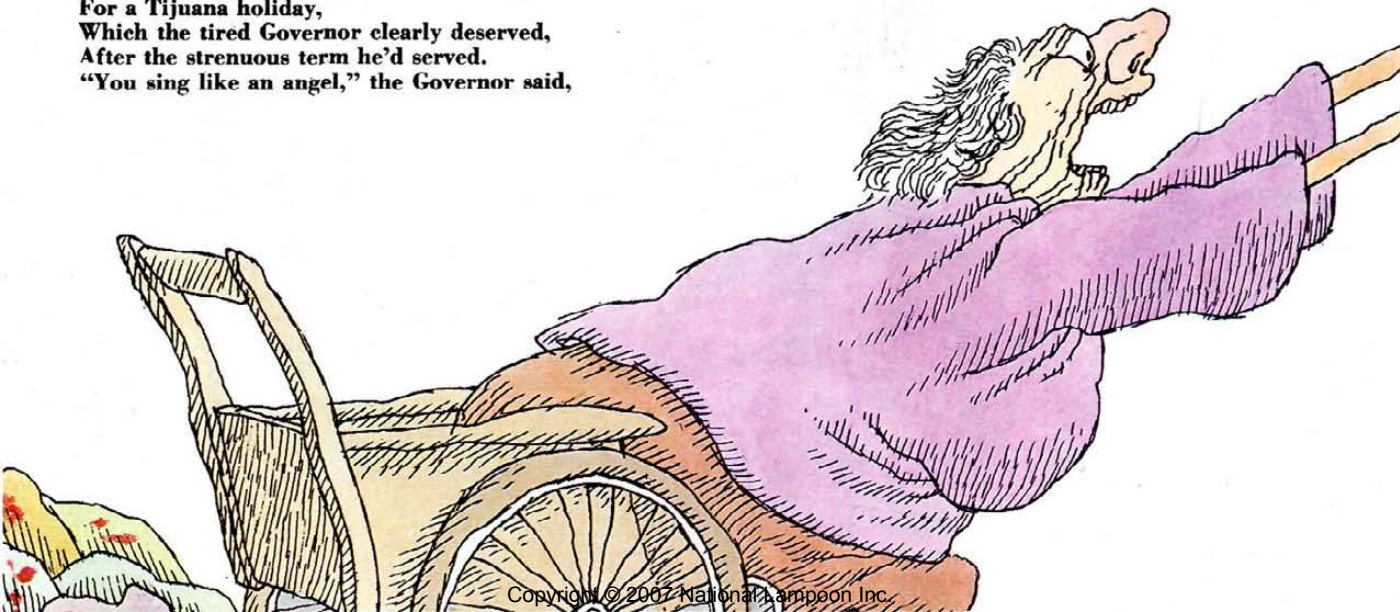
And went into action

With a Hendrix *Experience*, and then

Some Jagger *Satisfaction*.

He Cocker croaked and Morrison moaned,

Heavy as Led and Slyly Stoned,



Ripped off a riff and started growling  
Dirty electronic blues.  
There was a creaking that seemed like a squeaking  
That grew to a shrill nerve-shredding shrieking,  
The sound of ten thousand females, freaking,  
The screech of she-cats, the scream of diesels,  
And, like chickens wailing at farmyard weasels,  
Out came the women, howling.  
Schoolgirls, grand dames, nuns and matrons,  
Beatle fans and opera patrons,  
Wives and daughters making whoopee,  
Every one an instant groupie.

### XIII.

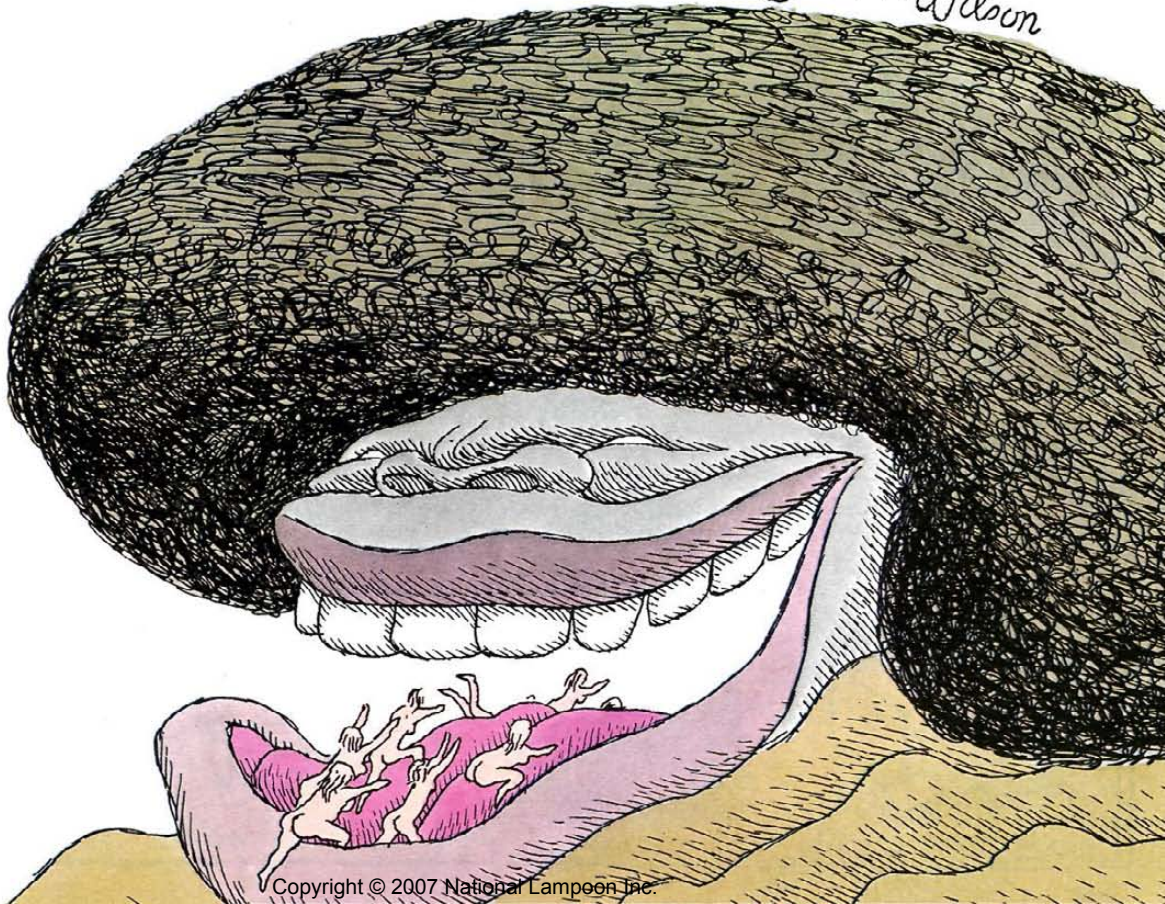
The Governor gasped and his councillors stared  
At the swivel-hipped, liver-lipped, fuzzy-haired  
Rocker who had begun to lead  
The screaming feminine stampede.  
They stood in a wet-palm, trembling-knee way  
As the mob moved slowly toward the Freeway.  
And then, as if he'd been staging a hoax,  
He turned the crowd toward Sherman Oaks.  
"It's such a relief to see he's moral,"  
The men breathed. "When he gets to Laurel  
Canyon, he'll be mollified."  
But, lo, when he reached the Canyon side,  
The ground gaped wide as a governor's grin,  
And the Queen — now King — of Spades stepped in;  
And the women followed without a halt  
Into the San Andreas Fault.  
And when all had disappeared from sight,  
The earth gave a shudder and slammed up tight.  
Did I say all? No! One was lame —  
Her electric wheelchair shorted out —  
And in after years, the poor old dame  
Was sad, and often snorted out:  
"I missed the chance of a lifetime, boys!

For I was promised juicy joys —  
Flowers and candy and thrills past hoping for:  
Being the Mama the whole Gang's groping for,  
And Queen of the Prom, and Toast of the Corps,  
And head of the line at the dressing-room door;  
Champagne on a yacht off the Isle of Capri,  
A handsome gynecologist in love with only me,  
And movie starlets white with rage because I'm so good-looking,  
And neighbors green with envy when they hear about my cooking;  
A millionaire husband and babies with fannies  
Disposably diapered by trusty old nannies,  
And wall-to-wall everything just to play footsie on  
With a man I can look up to from the pedestal he puts me on;  
No scruples, no split ends, no stretch-marks or pimples,  
Just heroes with war wounds and beach boys with dimples —  
And as I saw a vision in the San Andreas deeps  
of Daddy, big and strong as God, in love with me for keeps,  
The music faded back to feedback buzz,  
And the crevice closed, and there I was,  
Old and ugly, and lame and gray,  
The only woman in L.A."

### XIV.

I fear, sweet sirs opposed to crime  
And vice and anarchy, the time  
For piper-paying is coming soon.  
Remember, then, who called the tune. □

Gahan Wilson

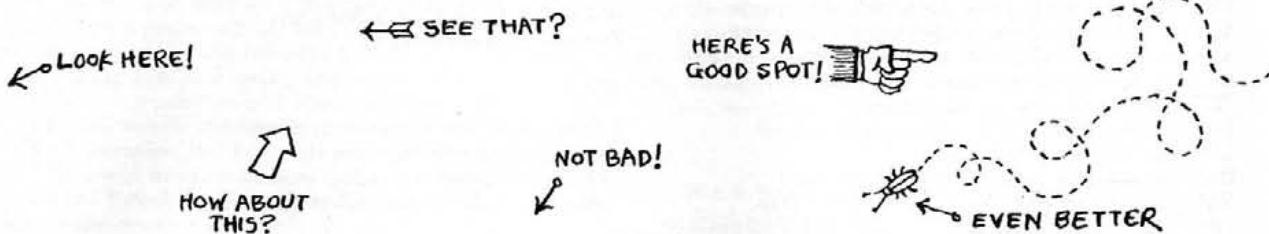


# How to Draw Good

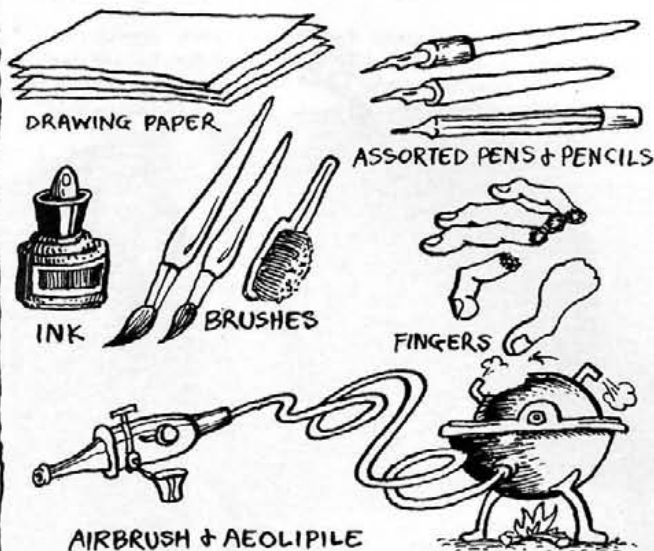
by Peter Bramley

14 Easy-As-Pie Lessons From the Mallard Fillmore  
Institute of Manual Dexterity

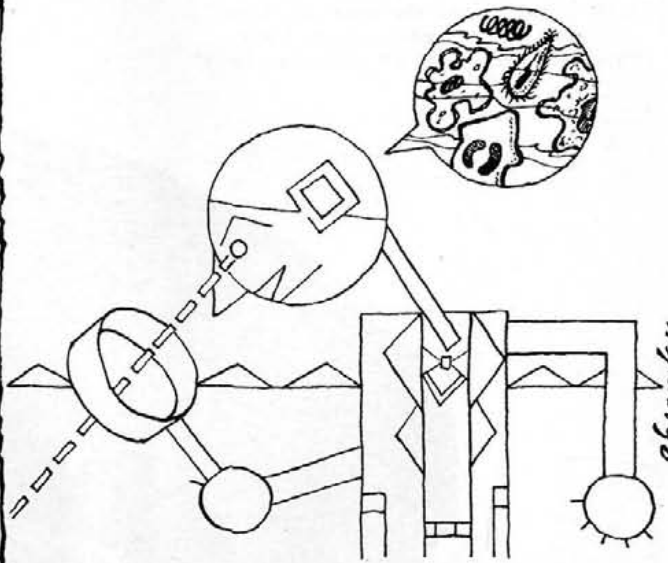
It's simple folks, just sit back, relax, take it easy and let your imagination run free! Take your piece of blank paper, pour yourself a drink and look deeply into its whiteness, have a smoke — and before you know what happened, you will surely envision great art where there was nought before! Try it below!



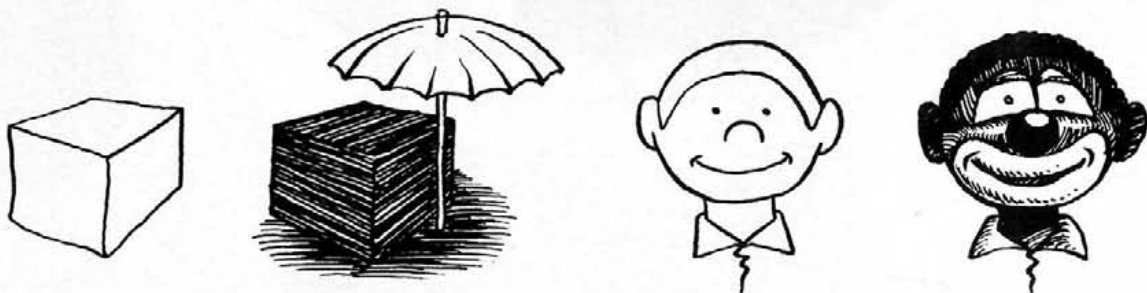
Before you begin, gather together these essential tools and materials! Once gathered, begin immediately. Remember, a rolling stone gathers no moss!



Simple geometric shapes (the circle, square, triangle, etc.) are the basis of all forms in nature! Study this example and try it yourself!



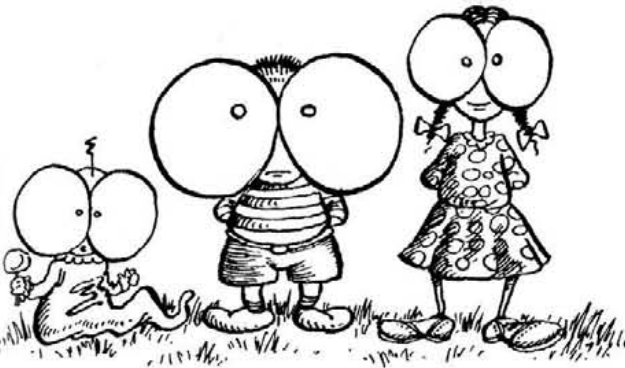
Once you have mastered the art of simple outline, which by now you obviously have, we can go on to shading! Notice how the dull cube on the left comes alive with the sudden addition of shadow! Ditto for the face exercise on the right!



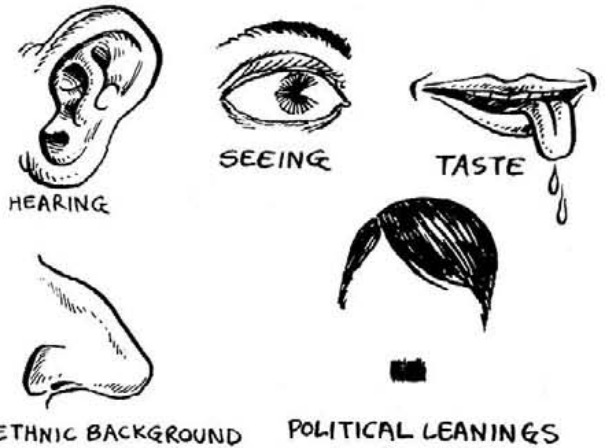


Some special techniques with people and animals. . .

To make drawings of children extra appealing, draw the eyes quite large!



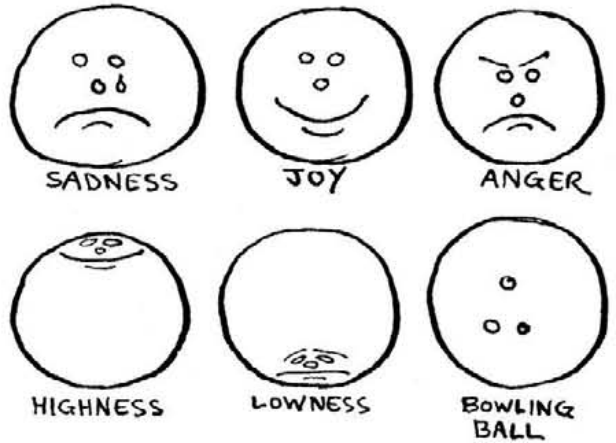
The facial features and what they indicate!



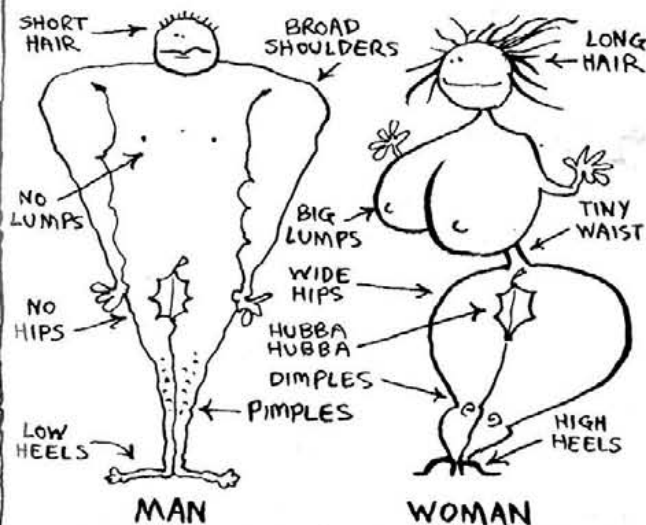
It is possible to convey great emotion with posture. What do these figures make you feel?



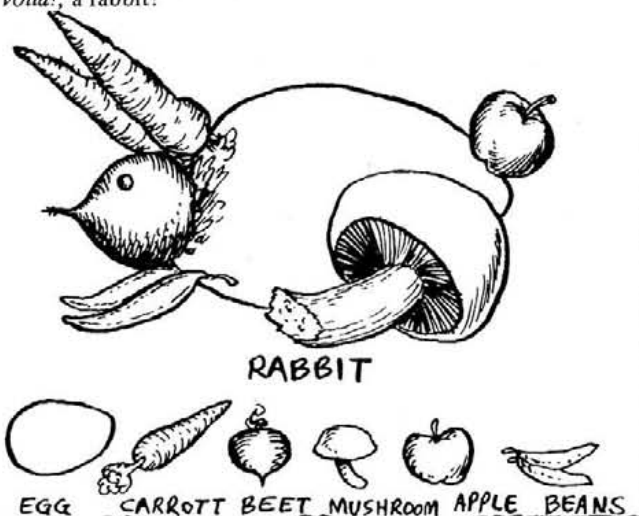
Practice these facial expressions and your pictures will dance with emotion!



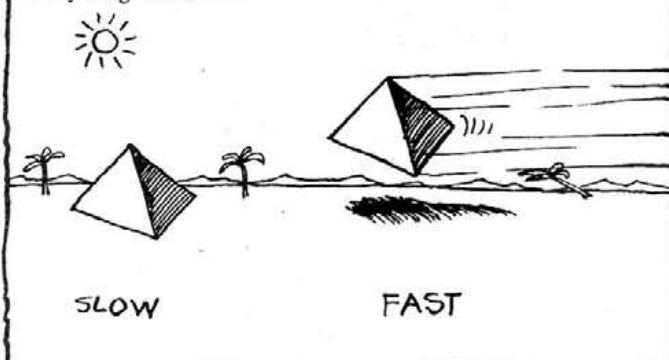
Drawing the men from the women!



Animals are a cinch, watch this! Draw an egg, add a beet, two carrots, an apple, a couple of beans, a mushroom and voila! a rabbit!

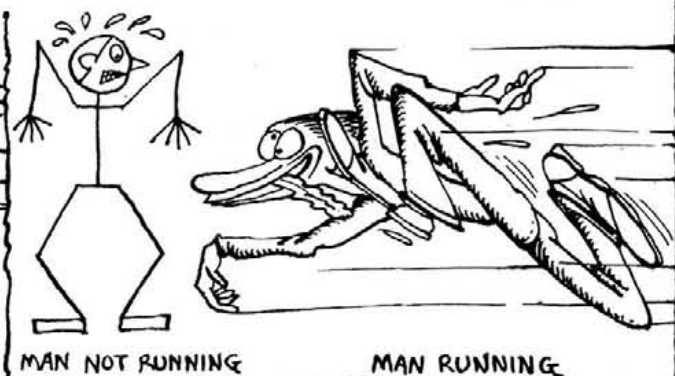


Want your drawings to move? Just add a few "speed lines" and that's all there is to it! Add some of these handy helpers and anything will move!



SLOW

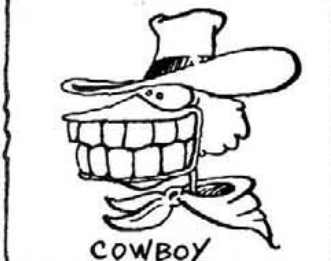
FAST



MAN NOT RUNNING

MAN RUNNING

Some cartoon types illustrating the infinite scope of character drawing!



COWBOY



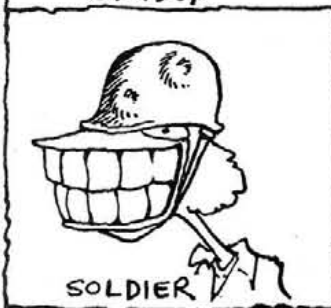
PIRATE



DOCTOR



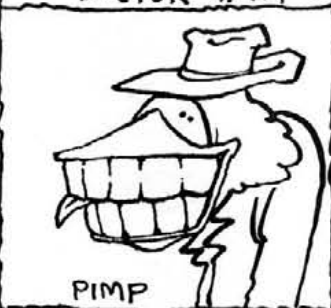
GIGOLO



SOLDIER



BANKER



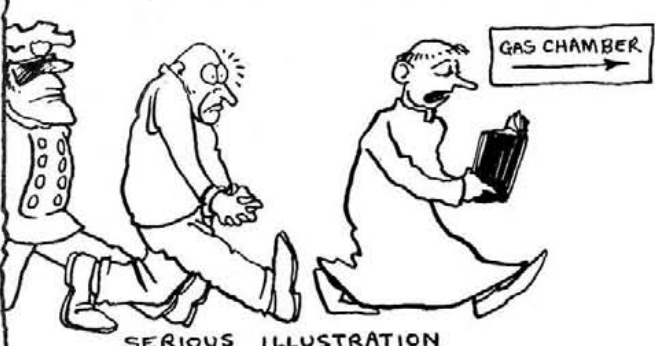
PIMP



INDIAN CHIEF

The only thing that makes a humorous drawing is some lines arranged on paper in the form of humor!

Now that you know all about drawing, it don't mean a hell of a lot unless you can make the big time!



SERIOUS ILLUSTRATION



GALLERIES



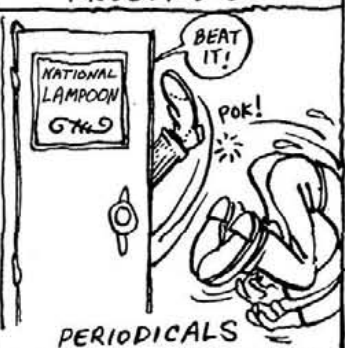
MUSEUMS



HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION



SCHOOLYARDS



PERIODICALS

# CULTURAL TELEVISION

It's only a matter of time, don't you think, before America's top minds attack that nasty wasteland and MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM! But if you happen to like the desert the way it is, don't despair. Remember that (as the French say) *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, or, if you scratch Sir Kenneth Clark, you'll find Bert Parks.

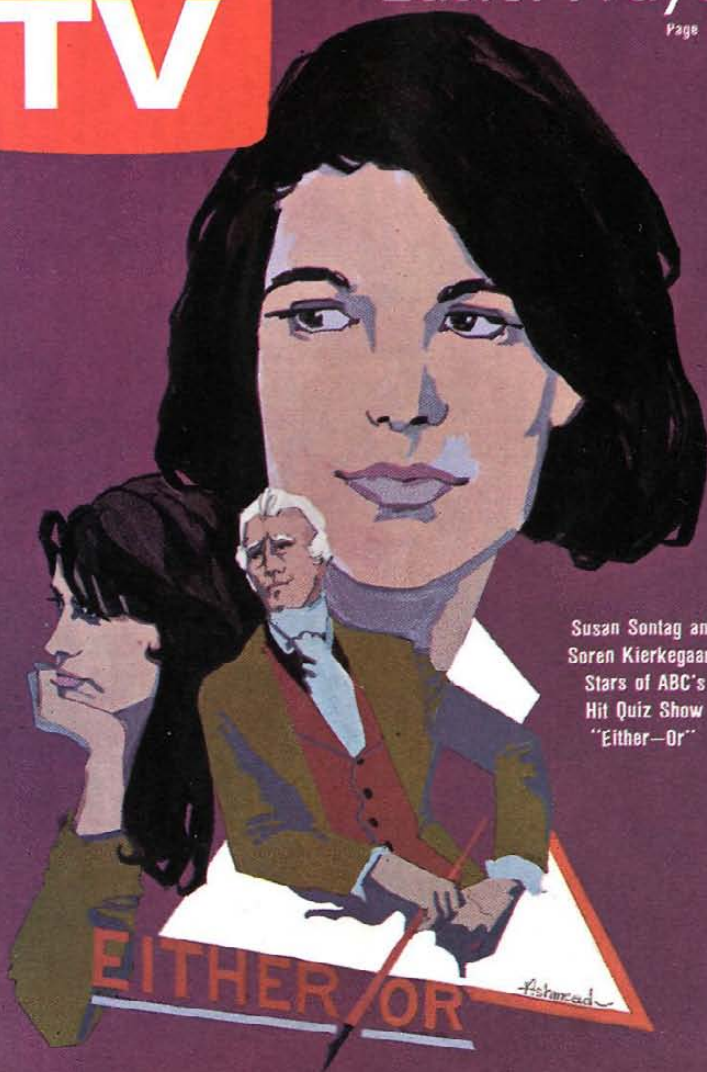
15c Local Programs Mar. 20-27

NEW YORK REVIEW OF

TV

## Robert Lowell's Easter Prayer

Page 3



Susan Sontag and  
Soren Kierkegaard  
Stars of ABC's  
Hit Quiz Show  
"Either-Or"

by George W. S. Trow

## Letters

**THE BRONTË SISTERS**  
I just had to write to say how much I enjoyed Jimmy Breslin Presents the Brontë Sisters. You know, if the net-work bigwigs paid more attention to the classics and less to all this avant-garde junk, maybe TV wouldn't be the "dusty bones-and-cactus place, coyote-noisy and sand-drab" that W. H. Auden found it. And maybe our children wouldn't go out and write so much bad imagist poetry and so many bad novels!

Mrs. Solomon Weinlabel  
Princeton, N.J.

**YOKNAPATAWPHA COUNTY**  
It seems to me that there's enough unpleasant stream-of-consciousness trash around these days without having to see it on television. I'm referring of course to *The Continuing Story of Yoknapatawpha County*, reruns of which are being shown in my area this spring. I missed this series the first time around, so I sat through a whole episode where some red-neck half-wit knocks his sister (his mother? his wife? the maid?) silly with his clubfoot. You know, some historians trace the beginning of the decline of Rome to the period when they gave up good, solid plots, like the *Aeneid*, for that fluffy Plautine garbage. TV moguls, take note!

Mr. Vito Herring  
Middlebury, Vt.

**RESPONSE TO MR. TRILLING**  
In his letter to this publication on February 14, Mr. Lionel Trilling suggested that my series, *And Then Came Kafka*, "significantly misrepresents several of [Kafka's] basic assumptions about man's position in relation to the social Überstat" and goes on to state that several episodes merely caricature man as a comic paranoid. I would like to take this opportunity to state that the entire series is based on the latest and soundest scholarship, and I can do no more than refer Mr. Trilling to my work (which some critics have been kind enough to call

A-2 NYRT

# Robert Lowell's Easter Prayer

by Suki Stalemate



"It's kind of catchy, isn't it?" A relaxed, but somehow formal figure, dressed in a simple but correct hair shirt, is silhouetted against a view of Central Park. It's Robbie Lowell, TV's first Captain Angsteroo and her most important serious poet. And here I am, in the most famous salon in America: (You'd recognize it in a flash as the backdrop for all those commercials Robbie does for Metafore®, the after shave that makes women compare you to the wine-dark sea.)

Robbie is reading aloud from his works. I am listening, rapt, drinking a Canadian Club and Fanta. "Here's one," Robbie says. "It's sort of about me:

"Sterile rock-strewn shores of mind  
Yield up a futile driftwood."

"It's kind of catchy isn't it?" (Robbie is silhouetting himself against Central Park again.)

"We were hoping you'd have something on Easter — you know, Regeneration of Life," I venture.

"Oh, that," says Robbie, picking a piece of lint off his hair shirt. "I must have something like that somewhere."

We conduct an amusing search. Robbie unearthis a "Poetic License" Ezra Pound sent him as a gag and some old Sentence Diagrams he did when he was only 5. On the way, we bump into the vivacious Mrs. Lowell,

better known as Elizabeth Hardwick, who has just been taping a segment of *Elizabeth Hardwick's Open House* in the front hall. (Yes, it's the very same Elizabeth Hardwick who, dressed as a giant, fluffy, lovable diphthong, teaches preschoolers feminine rhymes and metonym on *Ferlinghetti Street*. And the same Elizabeth Hardwick who won France's coveted Prix Fixe for her role as the tormented Katje in *The Henrik Ibsen Story*.)

"Kiss off," Lively Liz draws lightly over her shoulder as we pass.

"Oh, here's something Easter-y," says Robbie, and reads from notes scrawled on a thin white sock:

"Empty-wet spring parties  
in the garden  
A cross stands behind the bar  
And trembling I approach  
... to get a drink."

"It's kind of ambiguous, you see," Robbie says. "I might be approaching to get a drink of the Precious Blood, or I might be out for another planter's punch. Ambiguity enriches poetry, don't you think, or don't you?"

I am moved, and once more think of Robbie's cousin, Amy Lowell, the Bay State Sappho. Can all this incredible talent be in just one family? I ask myself. But aloud, I only say, "It is kind of catchy."

"definitive"), *Die Kafkenstudien und Das Ferillaversuchungen*.

Dr. Hans Gloomtz  
Wiesbaden, Conn.

### MR. TRILLING REPLIES

Herr Gloomtz has misinterpreted my letter almost as grossly as he has misinterpreted Kafka's works. I did not, as Herr Gloomtz insists, state that Kafka's characters, as presented in his rather silly series, represented the caricaturization of paranoia, but rather that his [Herr Gloomtz's] presentation of Kafka's characters would lead a viewer to think that all Kafka did was caricature humanity. One can only assume that Herr Gloomtz brings to the reading of letters the same close attention to detail that he employs in his reading of 19th century Austrian authors.

Mr. Lionel Trilling  
New York, N.Y.

### TOO MANY TEARS

I don't know about the average viewer, but I've had it up to here with these endless situation tragedies. *The Ghost and Prince Hamlet*, *Electra*, *That Phaedra*, *Mr. Oedipus*, you name it — I've had it. And the canned crying is enough to drive anyone nuts. When is TV going to grow up?

Mrs. Nancy Snell  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

### NOBEL PRIZES

I enjoyed the 56th Annual Swedish Academy Awards Presentation, but I do think there's a lot that could be done to spice up the show. For one thing, it cuts down a lot on the drama to have everyone know in advance who's going to get all the prizes — I mean, couldn't they invite a few extra poets or physicists just to make things interesting? And that Gustaf Adolf may be a sweet old King, but in McLuhanesque terms, he's strictly Gabby Hayes. How about someone like Philip Roth, or, if it has to be a Swede, that adorable Olof Palme?

Miss Kathy Talliaferro  
Athens, Ga.

# This Week's TV Programs

## MORNING

- 6:45** **RIGHT ON—Religion**  
The Reverend Daniel Berrigan conducts early morning mass somewhere in the East using real blood. (rerun)
- 7:00** **SUNRISE SEMESTER—**  
Jason Epstein carefully explains the difference between Irving Howe and Irving Kristol. Unconvincing.
- 8:00** **CHILDREN CAPTAIN ANGSTEROO—**  
The Captain (Paul Goodman) explains to his young audience why childhood is such a bummer and reads another Tale of the Warsaw Ghetto. The children (and at-home viewers) then play the traditional

**"They Never Whisper In My Ear"**  
— Madeline X.

Poor Madeline. Let's face it, our ears are made to *hear*, not to *smell*. Ideally our ears ought to have the fresh quality of a newly cut Idaho potato. But many of us, in our rush-rush-for-Orange-Crush lives, forget to take the proper ear-odor prevention measures, and the result is hateful odor build-up. Things too disgusting to mention lodge and breed in the ear and send out their poisoned vibrations to family, friends and sweethearts. If you have not been invited to soirées and *té dansants* of your friends, it may be the result of hateful ear odor build-up doing its evil work.

Surgeons know that one solution to the ear-odor problem is removal of the entire ear, but more and more young moderns, reluctant to submit to premature deafness, are turning to *EARLY WARNING*, an easily inserted mechanical device that fights back at the things too horrible to mention in your ear *while you sleep*, or try to sleep.

Send a mere \$9.95 to *EARLY WARNING*  
P.O. Box 1095  
Grand Central Station

N.Y. REVIEW OF TV  
LISTING ALL  
ON ONE CHANNEL

Kaptein Angsteroo games: "Pre-cocious," "Left Out" and "Ridiculous." Everyone discusses Mr. Greenjeans' nervous breakdown, and one little girl becomes hysterical at the mention of electroshock therapy.

- 9:30** **ELIZABETH HARDWICK'S OPEN HOUSE—Homemaking**  
Today Liz lets her guests get as far as the front hall.
- 10:30** **TELL ME, ERIK ERIKSON—**  
With Erik Erikson. Today, The Right Rev. Mr. Martin Luther of Plainfield, N.J., admits, "I'm bored with church reform," and asks Erik Erikson to save his marriage.

## AFTERNOON

- 12:00** **EITHER/OR—Game Show**  
Anguished Roman Catholic guests try for fabulous prizes while racing against an Outside Event. The Outside Event is always the same (it's Abraham deciding whether or not to kill Isaac), but the timing is always a surprise. With host Soren Kierkegaard and prize girl Susan Sontag.
- 12:30** **INTELLECTUAL COWARDICE—Game Show**  
Host Noam Chomsky looks for those tiny telltale signs that can spell ruin and NO FURTHER FOUNDATION SUPPORT for the politically or intellectually hesitant.
- 1:00** **REPUTATION RAFFLE—Game Show**  
Host Bob Silvers spins the merry wheel of fortune. Today the reputations of three major historians are up for grabs. "Winners" win the chance to return with most of their faculties intact. "Losers" are thrown to the studio audience, which is made up of unemployed Ph.D.s and other very bitter people.
- 1:30** **COURAGEOUS OUTSPOKEN OPPOSITION TO THE WAR—Serial**  
The plot thickens.
- 2:00** **HOME GROWN—Serial**  
Featuring Racism, Fascism, Tyr-

- anny, Poverty, Disease and Fear itself.
- 2:30** **DESPAIR—Serial**  
Today, things grow worse, and Sylvia must tell Janet that the doctors have identified three more symptoms of social disintegration.
- 3:00** **STOPPING SHORT—Panel**  
Today, three ex-Trotskyites and a socio-anarchist stop short of actually condoning actual violence it-  
self.

- 3:30** **AFTERNOON MOVIE—**  
"Sunset Boulevard"—the musical version with Arthur Schlesinger Jr., as the fading star who plumbs the depths of degradation and is discovered by his friends reviewing movies for *Vogue* magazine. Maudlin, predictable story line, but some nice songs and Rose Kennedy is great.
- 5:30** **MY HERO—Comedy**  
Patrice Lumumba, Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara discuss problems of national liberation beyond the grave. (rerun)

## EVENING

- 6:00** **NEWS—With Nat Hentoff**  
**7:00** **FAKING IT—Situation Comedy**

# Monday EVENING

With Norman Podhoretz. Guest appearances by Lionel and Diana Trilling. Norm (at the Trillings in Connecticut) makes an awkward mistake at the dinner table and learns that New York runs on envy and contempt.

- 8:00** **NORMAN MAILER'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF MACHO (SPECIAL)** See the Close up.
- 9:30** **SPOTLIGHT ON TROTSKY—**  
Special White Paper  
An in-depth look at the late Leon and his many followers. Co-hosted by Dwight MacDonaid, who invented Trotsky, and Philip Rahv, who invented the life of the mind. Rahv will play his silent movies of the 1930's over and over again, while MacDonaid (blindfolded) describes in an amusing falsetto what is going on.

- 11:00** **NEWS—rerun from 6:00**  
**11:30** **MOVIE**  
"Zarathustra Speaks!" With Amy and Robert Lowell and Jean and Paul Sartre.

## ENTERTAINMENT SPECIAL 8:00 NORMAN MAILER'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF MACHO

Norman Mailer explains the three essentials of masculinity, hits his wife (well, one of them) and fights a raging wild goose right on camera. He also explains the meaning of the shoe symbolism in *The Deer Park* and drinks an entire bottle of table wine without stopping.

Norman's guests include Jimmy Breslin and the entire lower middle class of Rahway, N.J.  
Production numbers: *Do They Know My Name in Norm?*; *The Novel of Ideas Is Dead* (Dance Number); *Ego Mio*; *You Scratch My Book and I'll Scratch Yours*; *The Critic's Song from Il Litterati*; *The Waltz of the Tidbits from Spahn Lake*; *Sado My Heart*; *The Podhoretz Polka*; and orchestral selections by the Book-of-the-Month Club Any-Four Quartet.



Norman Mailer



# Gracie Slick's Handbook of Radical Dos and Don'ts

— Etiquette for the Aquarian Age —

By Terry Catchpole

Hey kids,

Your friend Gracie, lead singer for the Jefferson Airplane and composer of such dynamite numbers as *White Rabbit* and *Somebody to Love*, wants to lay something on you. I know you're already hip to the fact that Establishment culture is one big hassle of rules, regulations and restrictions, and we say off that! The alternative revolutionary counterculture is liberated, free form and unstructured, and we say right on! But dig this: Do you want to come on like some lame weekend hippie (or maybe an undercover pig!) . . . or would you rather be really *into* the scene from the start? This is no heavy trip . . . all you do is lay down a few cosmic basics in your head to help keep the good vibes flowing. Zap the bummers, score the highs and you'll be a boss dude.

Yours for better vibrations,

*Gracie*

## Greetings

The first routine to get straight before making any scene is how to come on cool. This can be a real downer unless your head's in the right place. Here's where it's at for different situations:

- A) Fellow Head (conversation not desirable)  
Off: Wave and say, "Good morning."  
On: Brief nod of head (approximately 5°), with a soft-spoken, "Hey" (approximately four decibels).
- B) Fellow Head (conversation desirable)  
Off: Handshake and, "Hello, how are you?"

On: Offer joint or organically grown mango and say, "What's happenin'?"

## C) Black Person

Off: "Hey," or "What's happenin'?"  
On: "All power to the people," with clenched fist salute. (To give this salute, clench the right fist with the thumb on the *outside* of the fingers, extend the right arm at a 45° angle from the front of the body with the forearm at a 90° angle to the upper arm. Although this is the nationally accepted procedure, some variation may be practiced in your area — it is advisable to check with your local Black Panther or FBI office.)

## D) Guy Greeting Chick

Off: "Haven't I met you before someplace?"  
On: "Didn't we ball at the festival last summer?"

## E) Chick Greeting Guy

Off: "Do you have a light?"  
On: "Didn't we ball at the festival last summer?"

## F) Chick Greeting Chick, or Guy Greeting Guy

Off: "How are the kids?"  
On: "Didn't we ball at the festival last summer?"

## G) Guy or Chick Greeting Straight

Off: Outstretched hand.  
On: Outstretched palm.

## Rap Starters

"Groups have had it — individual performers are where it's at."  
"I tried working within the system, man, and it didn't respond."

"Do you believe that story about Janis still being alive and that she just wanted to get away by herself for awhile?"

"Do you think that cat over there is a narc?"

"Who does your tie-dyeing?"

"I'm thinking about hitching to Marrakesh this fall."

"Copping dope's no hassle for me — I know a cat who gets it straight from Mexico."

"Has the FBI tapped your phone, too?"

"You're under arrest."

## Rap Taboos

Catholicism, the Lindbergh kidnaping, *Pageant*, books, Virna Lisi, the cooking of Provincial France, Winston and CeeZee Guest, the New Criticism, the search for Bridey Murphy, Audie Murphy, aperitifs and canapes, chiaroscuro, the tragic story of Herb Score, the cranberry scare, Neil Sedaka, World War II.

## Rap Responses

Off: "Yes," "No," "What?"  
On: "Heavy," "Far out," "Huh?"

## Rap Stoppers

"Nixon is doing the best he can."  
"Do you have any spare change?"  
"They say Don Rickles is really a nice guy in real life."  
"Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning; red sky at night, sailors' delight."  
"Larry Csonka is the most underrated running back in football."  
"After all, we're only human."  
"Fitzgerald couldn't carry Nathanael West's typewriter."  
"Are the Academy Awards rigged?"  
"You're under arrest."

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### Parties

Decide who's going to have your party and then, when you get there, say it was a surprise planned just for him. That way, he won't mind so much when you smoke up his stash, play slap jack with his Tarot deck, and feed his angelfish Milk Duds. Of course, we don't have any hang-ups over such straight routines as "party manners". . . . don't rip off your "host's" floor pillow; *do feign* interest when approached by a repulsive, sexually liberated guest; play it cool with would-be suicides; and don't wipe the hookah mouthpiece before using it (it shows distrust).

### Dating

The usual routine when a guy invites a chick to a demonstration or confrontation is for them to meet there instead of going together. This will make it simpler if the chick decides to leave with someone else, or if the guy runs into his Old Lady. If they are busted, the guy is expected to arrange the bail money and the chick should attempt to kick a cop in the balls.

### Resisting Advances (Chicks Only!)

Off: "What kind of girl do you think I am!"

On: "I'm sorry, but I never do it with just one guy at a time."

### Dress

The basic rule is to wear anything as long as it's freaky and looks inexpensive. Remember, though, to dress so that you won't come across like a member of the Establishment. Your safest bet is an Army-Navy surplus store.

### Footwear

**GUYS:** Wear whatever you want, except ripple-soled walkers, Buster Brown

oxfords, crepe-soled suede slip-ons, zip-front lambskin loungers, penny loafers, or rubbers.

**CHICKS:** Wear whatever you want except stiletto-heels, sling-backs or anything that appears in the Spring 1971 J. C. Penney catalog.

### Headgear

**GUYS:** No lampshades, frisbies or propellor beanies.

**CHICKS:** No party hats, football helmets or turbans.

### Bands & Beads

The matter of what headband and beads to wear, and when, is very simple. If the scene is before 5 P.M., wear your most colorful informal headband and beads. If it is before 6 P.M. and a formal gig, wear the same beads but with a more subdued, solid shade headband. If the scene falls between 6 and 8 P.M., wear the subdued band and a single strand of one-color beads. After 8, wear your basic black headband and a single strand of small white beads. (Note: If there is likely to be more than the usual token Afro-American, add a strand of chitlins.)

### Insignia

Care must be taken as to when and where you display the two most important insignia of our culture — the peace symbol and the clenched-fist salute. As these are usually permanently stencilled onto clothing, this can cause obvious problems. Probably the best, most efficient solution is to buy reversible clothing, putting one symbol on each side, and learn to change quickly with the mood of your crowd.

### Backpack

Here's a good example of how you can really *freak out* the straights by open-

ly flouting their rules: Wear your backpack in front! Heavy!

### Rock Concerts

First, if you're wearing something particularly *freaky*, walk purposefully up and down the aisle or hang out in the lobby until the concert begins. Once the music starts, place yourself in front of as many people as possible and scream as loud as you can when the lyrics are sung. Don't forget to keep shouting out the name of your favorite request number until you get some response from the stage. At the end of a set, instead of drabby applause, throw a chair, break a window, punch out a rent-a-cop, anything. Just remember, be crude! If you know one of the musicians playing, you'll be expected to wander on stage at least once during the concert and touch an amplifier.

### Passing the Joint

The person providing the grass always lights the first joint, taking care that the match (no vu-lighters with hand-tied flies, please!) is held at least two inches away from the surface being lighted. After savoring the aroma, he should take a tastefully short drag and allow the fumes to roll gently around in his lungs. If satisfied that it is dynamite grass, he passes the joint to the person on his right, who inhales deeply and says, "Good shit, man"; each person in turn passes the joint to the person on his right and so on until it is back to the start, whereupon the process is repeated. When most of the joint has been consumed, the dude providing it designates his favorite person present to be the one to eat the roach. Or take it home. If he desires, the cat scoring the grass can also comment on its origin, growth, strength and vintage for the benefit of the others. A good all-purpose one is, "It's an unstrained, Tijuana lid with a slow rush, but I think you'll be zonked by its flashback."

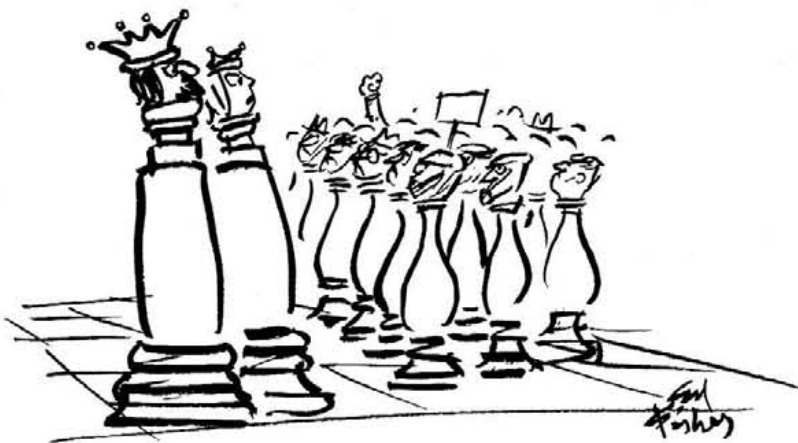
### Eating

Nothing can beat dinner time at the commune with your family and friends all gathered around the food-laden, sturdy, wooden dining room floor. Here are a few pointers:

- Centerpieces: These displays always lend a final finishing touch to the eating area. Among my recommended centerpieces are a ground shrub, a clock radio or a small child.

- Honored Guests: Filmmakers, musicians, Indian sages, Weathermen and other visiting dignitaries should be seated at the head of the floor, above the incense.

- Food: Should be something small and plentiful, such as rolled dried apricots, sunflower seeds or dirt. Remember,





a proper balance of yin and yang is more important than cost, taste, preparation or life support.

• **Courses:** The rice course should always follow the vegetable course, with the nut course first and the fruit course last.

• **After-Dinner Music:** Nothing caps off a fine communal meal better than a round of group singing. This helps to settle the stomach, relaxes the mind and will look good if anyone comes to make a movie or write a *Life* article on your commune.

### Wine

The basic rule-of-thumb is to drink sweet wine with hard drugs, dry wines with the soft stuff. For example, Mountain White is ideal with mescaline, while Mountain Red is right on with grass. To help you remember this rule, I have composed a little poem:

*Hard and sweet, soft and dry:  
A tasty toke and a heavier high.*

### Weddings

If a guy and a chick from different communes decide to become Old Man and Old Lady, the chick's "family" is expected to rip-off the goodies for the marital feast. The guy is responsible for renting the meadow, writing the ceremony and hiring the band. (It is perfectly acceptable for the chick's former ball to be in the band.) The person performing the ceremony should be able to recite passages from Kahlil Gibran, roll his eyes and look halfway decent in the nude. The bride and groom can wear whatever they want as long as its freaky and her nipples show.

### Anniversaries

There are eight milestone anniversaries in a marriage, each with its own distinctive symbol:

- 1 year: Glue
- 5 years: Grass
- 10 years: Methedrine
- 15 years: Mescaline
- 20 years: Acid
- 25 years: Cocaine
- 50 years: Heroin
- 60 years: Strychnine

### Naming the Child

You may give your child any surname at all as long as it has never been used by any person before in history. Among those still available are "Marshmallow," "Treetop," "Garage" and "Turd."

### Street Sitting

This is what the revolution is all about — achieving such goals as your right to sit wherever, however and whenever you want. The way to do it is for you and your friends to select a heavily trafficked part of the sidewalk and sit in such a manner as to take up as much space as

possible. Maybe then they'll start paying attention to the rest of your demands.

### Hitching

The only important thing to remember when hitchhiking is to assume an expression that lets the driver know that you don't really give a shit whether he picks you up or not.

### Flag Burning

For instruction in the proper way to burn an American flag, see YIP Pamphlet No. 103C.

### Slogans

Nothing can be more of a bummer than shouting the wrong slogan at the wrong time. Imagine your humiliation when you begin chanting, "1—2—3—4, We don't want your fucking war!", only to discover the gathering is a rally to support the Arab guerillas, or how you'd feel if you shouted, "Get the pigs!" at a meeting of vegetarians! If you are unsure as to the purpose of a demonstration and can't make out what the other kids are shouting, it is best to stick with an all-purpose slogan. "All power to the people" is especially apt for such emergencies, as the others at demonstrations are usually people, and everyone feels they could use a little more power.

### Farting

Though strictly taboo in Establishment social circles, the counterculture recognizes the fart as just another natural bodily function. However, it is possible to fart improperly and make an ass of yourself. Here are some bummers to avoid:

- Giggling after.
- Saying anything to cover up a fart, such as, "Who knocked?"
- Farting when fine incense or expensive grass is being burned.

- Farting during a conversation with a Panther.

### Being Busted

The only proper attitude when you are busted is one of insolence, antagonism, noncommunication and total non-cooperation. However, once your friends leave and you are alone with the pigs, it is acceptable to finger your dope connections in return for a "slap on the wrist." As the Lovin' Spoonful used to say, "A snitch in time, saves fine!"

### Panhandling

There is no better way to show your contempt for the Capitalist Establishment than to ask its members for money. Frequently, when you ask them for spare change, the capitalist pigs will say something like, "Why don't you get a job?", whereupon you articulate your further disdain for their system and its hollow values by saying, "Fuck off."

### Ripping-Off

Ripping-off is the counterculture's "favorite American pastime," replacing such dull straight pursuits as squash or golf. It's a fun game that can be played by one and all, where you're the player, and the store owner, manager or clerk is It. Pick out what you want, cop it and run! If caught, you should shout real loud: "I'm liberating this [*name of object*] in the name of the oppressed masses of the Third World and of [*your home town*]." Remember, everything belongs to the people, and that includes such outtasight items as hotel guest towels and soap, hospital sheets, restaurant ashtrays and any stray tips lying around the table. Dig it and get it!

That's all brothers and sisters! *Ciao* for now, and don't forget, "It isn't the number of pigs you off, it's the thought that counts!" □



"Mr. Murray! When the Titanic went down, the ship's orchestra stood fast!"  
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The Life and Times of

# CAPTAIN BRINGDOWN



# BRINGDOWN

by Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly · Pictures by Barrington  
 (Captain Bringdown's dialogue courtesy of Benjamin Franklin)

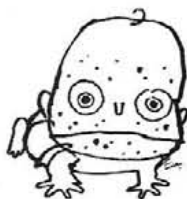
**CAPTAIN BRINGDOWN.** The original wet blanket. The one who spoils the fun for everyone else. The one who invented calorie charts and made Hawaiian girls cover their tits. We all know him well. He's as familiar as a card from the dentist . . . as sensible as a reminder to fasten your seat belt . . . as American as the DDT in Mom's apple pie.



Captain Bringdown was born by Caesarian after 23 false labors. His mother wanted to nurse him, but he came into the world with a full set of teeth. He screamed whenever his father tried to pick him up.



When visitors picked him up, he peed on them.



Captain Bringdown came down with measles on the first day of the family vacation.



Captain Bringdown was the one who told you and the other kids there was no such thing as Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny or the Tooth Fairy. When he came over to your house, he never got his clothes dirty, and always finished his turnips.



Captain Bringdown never ate his Halloween candy all at once. On your birthday he brought you a useful present, and threw up just as the cake arrived. Captain Bringdown never missed school, not even on the day of the big storm. He never let the teacher forget to assign the arithmetic homework. When you were sick, he was the one who brought you your books.



At the prom, Captain Bringdown didn't recognize you without your glasses there for a minute. He said your skin was really clearing up, and asked the chaperones to dance. When you agreed to give him a ride home after, it turned out he lived so far away that you had to drive your date home first.



Captain Bringdown is the one who rolls down his car window to shout "Wrong way!" when you're backing out of a one-way street. When you buy anything, he knows where you could have gotten it for less. If it was on sale, he immediately spots the defect. Captain Bringdown is the one who breaks up the game when he's winning at poker.



If he is with you when you find money on the sidewalk, he makes you take it to the police station.

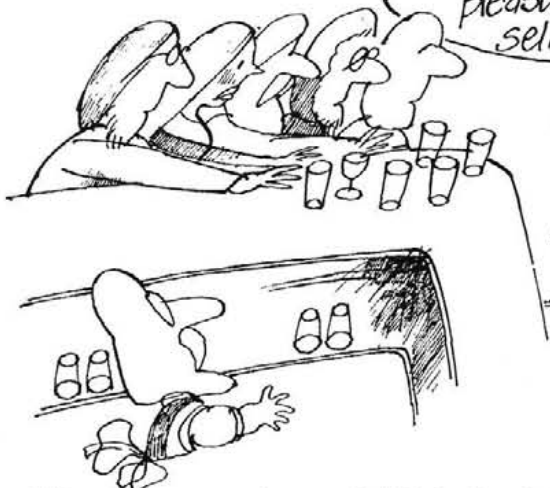


Captain Bringdown always knows how it should be done—but is wearing his good suit.

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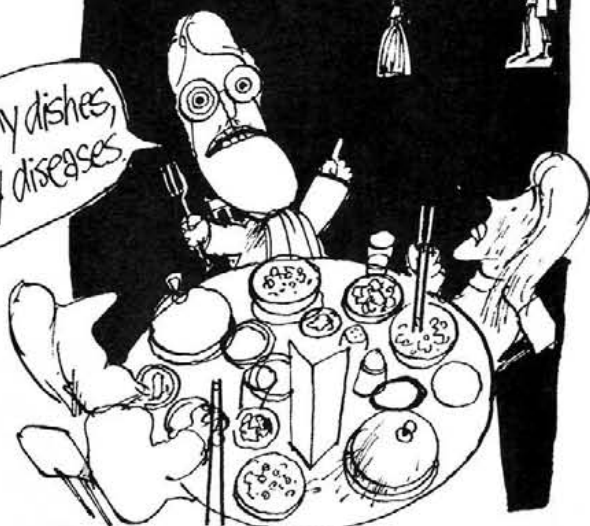
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Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is really selling himself a slave to it.



When you suggest another round of drinks, Captain Bringdown says he knows when to stop. Captain Bringdown never stops talking at the movies, but calls an usher as soon as someone else rustles a candy wrapper. When you light up a cigarette on the way out, he nudges you and points to the "No Smoking" sign.

Many dishes, Many diseases.

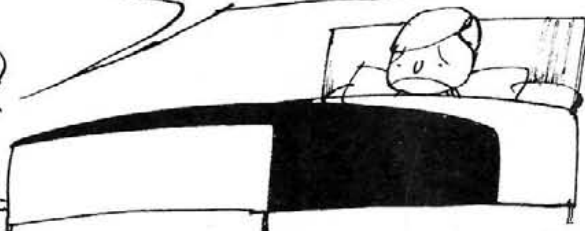
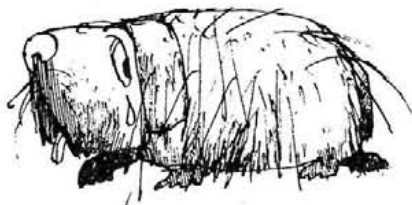


When you take Captain Bringdown to your favorite little Italian restaurant, he tells you where you can get really authentic lasagna. He always salts his food before tasting it. In a Chinese restaurant, he orders a separate dish.



Captain Bringdown hints that the girl you're going out with has a bad reputation. But when you break up with her, he is the first to ask you for her phone number. After all the other guests have left the party and you're hoping to make it with the hostess, Captain Bringdown is still around, checking out the record collection.

He that lieth down with dogs, shall rise up with fleas.



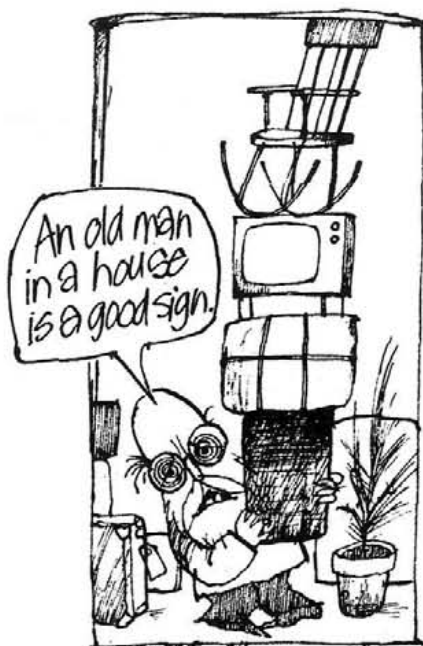
Captain Bringdown will get married one day, and you might have him for a father. He'll never let you stand up on the swings. When you go wading, he'll make you wear sneakers. Captain Bringdown will never let the dog sleep on your bed. When your goldfish dies, he'll say you were feeding it too much.

The borrower is a slave to the lender...



When you tip your chair over backwards and fall on your head, Captain Bringdown will say it was bound to happen. But if you step on a tack, he'll take you for a tetanus shot. He will know 47 different ways to get piles. The only time Captain Bringdown will lend you his car is when it's low on gas or when he wants you to run an errand. Captain Bringdown will beat you at Ping-Pong in front of your girlfriend.

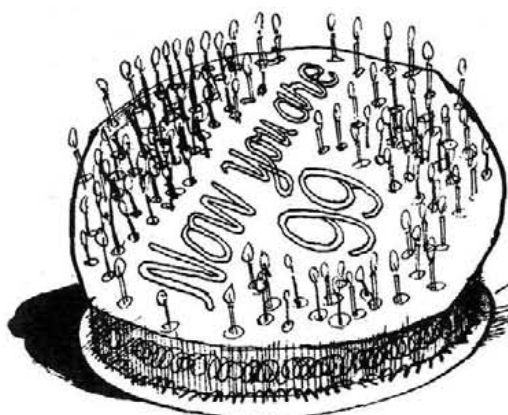




After you're married, Captain Bringdown will keep asking you when you're going to start a family. But when he finds out that your wife is pregnant, he'll wonder aloud how anyone could think of bringing more children into the world the way it is. Before you know it, Captain Bringdown will move in with you.



He'll leave his false teeth in the living room, and get up at 6 a.m. to repair the power mower. Captain Bringdown's hearing aid will work only when you don't want him to hear what you're saying. When you call home collect, he'll say you're out of town and hang up.



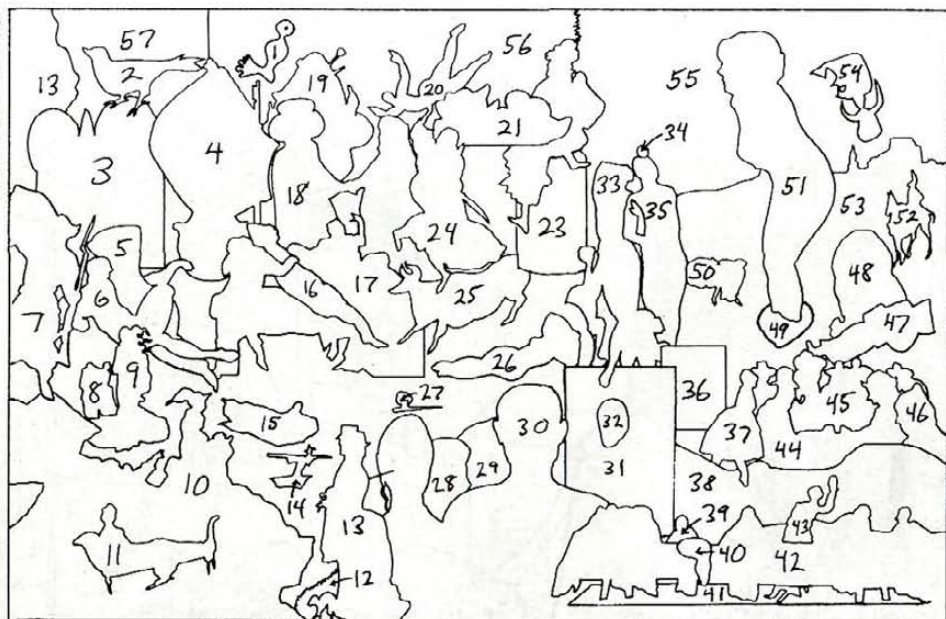
On his 99th birthday, Captain Bringdown will shit himself blowing out the candles.



Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.



On the eve of his 100th birthday, and two days before your trip to Europe, he will drop dead. Captain Bringdown will leave his money to the Ford Foundation, and a lifetime subscription to the National Geographic for every member of the family. □



1. Man and stone from *Man Throwing Stone at Bird*, Miro
2. *Lapland Longspur*, Audubon
3. *Young Girl at the Mirror*, Picasso
4. *The Old Violin*, Harnett
5. *La Boulangere*, Renoir
6. Adam from *The Creation of Adam*, Michelangelo
7. Liberty from *Liberty at the Barricades*, Delacroix
8. Washerwoman from *Laundry Day*, Grandma Moses
9. *The Birth of Venus*, Botticelli
10. *The Raft of the "Medusa"*, Gericault
11. *Madame Recamier*, David
12. Grass from *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*, Manet
13. Couple from *Sunday Afternoon on the Isle de la Grande Jatte*, Seurat
14. Sailor from *The Seafarer*, Klee
15. *The Gulf Stream*, Winslow Homer
16. *Sleeping Venus*, Giorgione
17. *The Death of Socrates*, David
18. *The Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and Giovanna Cenami*, Van Eyck (BONUS! This is "the painting that made a marriage legal")
19. Detail from *Hell*, Bosch
20. Dancer from *Dance*, Matisse
21. Platter of fruit from *La Orana Maria*, Gauguin
22. *Jane Avril*, Toulouse-Lautrec
23. *Soup Can*, Warhol
24. Man raping woman from *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, Poussin
25. Jumping cow from the Cave Paintings at Lascaux, Artist Unknown.
26. *The Naked Maja*, Goya
27. Train from *The Anguish of Departure*, De Chirico
28. *The Apprentice*, Rouault
29. *The Jolly Toper*, Hals
30. *American Gothic*, Grant Wood
31. *Mona Lisa*, Da Vinci
32. *George Washington*, Gilbert Stuart
33. *Venus Anadyomene*, Ingres
34. Apple from *Still Life with Basket of Apples*, Cezanne
35. *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, Bellini
36. *Composition*, Mondrian
37. Dancer from *Rehearsal in the Foyer of the Opera*, Degas
38. *Reclining Nude*, Modigliani
39. *The Governess*, Hals
40. Watch from *The Persistence of Memory*, Dalí
41. *One*, Pollock
42. *The Last Supper*, Da Vinci
43. Man from *Double Portrait with a Wine Glass*, Chagall
44. *The Cardplayers*, Cezanne
45. *The Staalmeesters*, Rembrandt
46. Whistler's mother from *Arrangement in Black and Gray*, Whistler
47. *Sleeping Gypsy*, Henri Rousseau
48. Lion from *Peaceable Kingdom*, Granville Hicks
49. *Water from Young Bathers*, Courbet
50. Threshers from *Flemish Proverbs*, Bruegel
51. *Nude from September Morn*, Paul Chabas
52. *Don Quixote*, Daumier
53. *View of the City of Toledo*, El Greco
54. Bird from *Woman and Bird in Front of Sun*, Miro
55. Sky and tree from *Starry Night*, Van Gogh
56. Sky from *Bay of L'Espeque*, Cezanne
57. Sky from *Study of Sky and Trees*, Constable

# Coming Next Month

## ADVENTURE

Who says adventure is dead in the 20th century? Sure, there aren't any more cowboys or fun wars, but there are thrills galore *right in your own home* if you only know where to look. (Quiet, faithful Poonja! The dreaded Bengal Cockroach is nearing the bait! Closer . . . closer . . . damn! Poonja, try a bacon rind this time. . . .) Be sure to look for next month's treasure map to high adventure in . . .

**Tarzan of the Cows**/Wherein the famed Cow Man learns from his four-footed companions the age-old Law of the Pasture: 1) Thou shalt not go near electric fences, 2) Thou shalt not eat burdocks, and most important, 3) Thou shalt not step in the . . .

**True Stag Adventure Magazine**/What with nelly conservationists and all, it's

pretty tough for an average Joe to find real blood-'n'-guts drama unless he reads the magazine that shows him how to stalk the vicious hippie, the wily Panther or the agile homo.

**Sports Hero Bubble Gum Cards**/Ty Cobb and Micky Mantle are old hat goody-goodies. We'll trade you two Lance Rentzel's for a Jim Brown (most convictions in a single season) and a Cassius Clay for a Denny McLain and a Jerry "the Fink" Kramer!

**Spoilers!**/What are they? Simply the trick ending to every mystery novel and movie you're ever liable to see. Saves time and money! Sample: In Hitchcock's famous *Psycho*, Tony Perkins merely pretends to be his own mother and is in fact, the real murderer! Spoiled that one for ya, see?

**Arnold Roth's Adventures in Goyland**/The title, of course, has nothing to do with what he will actually draw, but he always sends in his stuff after we've already written the copy for this department.

**Live Your Life at Home!**/Why waste precious years actually *living* your dreary, gotta-go-to-the-A&P existence when Michael O'Donoghue offers this inexpensive home study course that offers 10 times the thrills and excitement? For your first installment you get a birth certificate that relates you *directly* to Howard Hughes, Mata Hari, Pope Vico II and the royal family of Lithuania!

**Plus**/Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horrorscope, Big Contests, Underwear of the Great and Near Great, Sample Swatches of New Miracle Fibers and David Eisenhower's Mash Notes!



If music  
be the food of love,  
play on.

Music can create a mood. It can soar and sweep, rise and plunge, taking you both along with it.

Unfortunately, music can also hiss and crackle or sound as if it were played through three layers of Turkish towels.

Before we developed our RTS-40 stereo system, a lot of students and other budget-minded folks had to settle for less when it came to their sounds.

Now they don't. The BSR McDonald RTS-40 is a 50-watt AM/FM/MPX Phono system. The receiver has enough power to assure that all the highs and lows in the music get through. (Nice

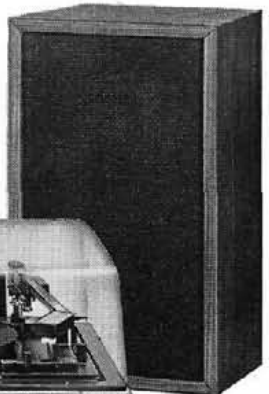
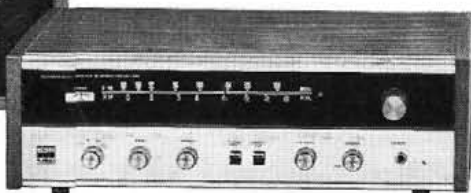
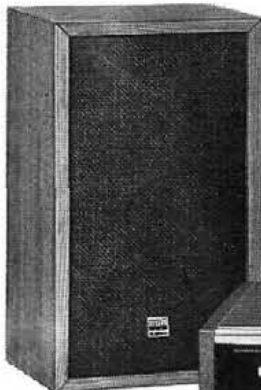
to know if you're a bass freak.) The speakers are true two-way acoustic suspension with a heavy-magnet 6" woofer, and a wide-dispersion 2½" tweeter.

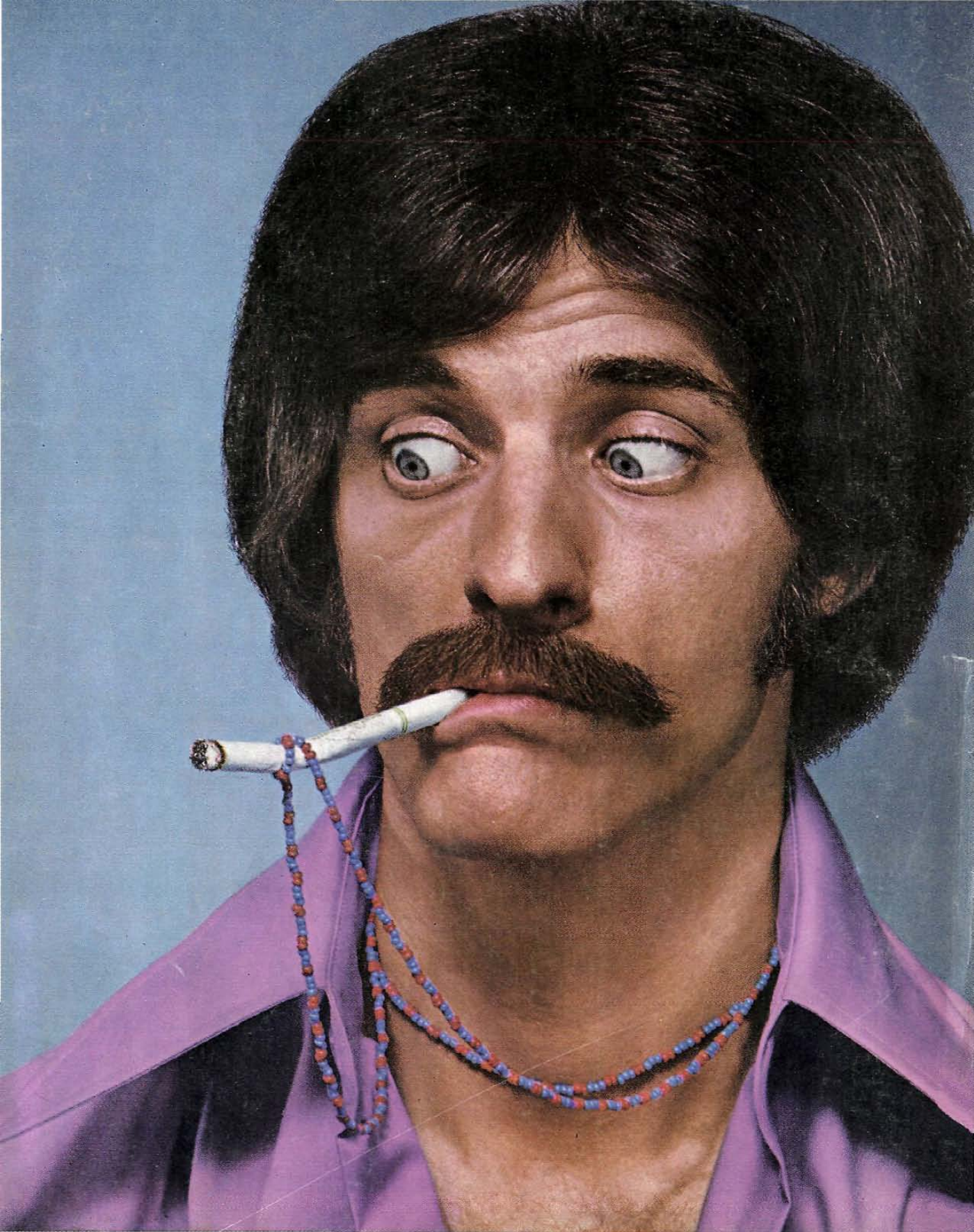
The turntable is our best-selling model. It's got a cue and pause control, counter-weighted tone arm and an anti-skate control. It comes complete with a custom base, tinted dust cover and a famous Shure magnetic cartridge.

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